

Notes on a Nonbinary Life

- a) the cards have been set up against you, all along. weren't things easier, at home in your own, child body, before it turned on you, too?
- b) nobody is listening to you. you're thirteen and you don't know the word for it yet, all you know is this isn't you. this can't be you.
- c) you cry, really late at night, nursing pain from wounds that remind you you're real.
- d) because you dont feel real, not anymore. it's like everyone is looking at another version of you through distorted glass, and
- e) you're banging on it with your fists and screaming for help, begging to be seen.
- f) you're working minimum wage at eighteen to save some money so you can become free, but it's such a long road and
- g) you are starting to wonder if you can do it anymore, the looks, confusion, the questions and defensiveness when you speak up for yourself, but
- h) you remember every day you've wondered that and still made it through.
- i) I can only hope someday I will be able to make this body feel like home.