

A Trans Woman's Fantasy

I was living in the moment
and the moment, it was mine.
The audience attentive as
I read each heartfelt line.

A bond had been created with
our wavelengths all aligned
by words that weaved a spell revealing
soul to soul entwined.

Then I heard a voice in back,
a sudden blatant cry.
"Oh, my God, I can't believe
that girl up there's a guy!"

In an instant, spell undone,
I started wondering why
a person would be rude enough
to turn the mood awry.

Again, he raised his voice to say,
"What a sorry sight."
I didn't come to listen to
some pervert transvestite".

The words stopped flowing from my mouth,
my poem came undone.
A restless silence filled that space,
a cloud across my sun.

I looked around that room and thought,
"Am I the only one?"
who felt the sting of hateful words,
the curse of social shun.

(over)

Then a voice nearby that man said
"What gives you the right
to trample on the dignity
of *any* here tonight?"

Another voice on down from her said
"Do you think you might
treat her like all human beings
that deserve God's light."

All eyes turned upon that man
who thought he had the floor.
He left his seat, turned on his heel
and headed out the door.

Then my listeners turned their gaze
toward the front once more
and urged me to continue,
our bond stronger than before.

by Erika Joyner