

# He:They

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My shower has a glass door, and across from my shower is a mirror. I catch glimpses of myself as I shampoo my hair and turn to grab the soap. I see my body, but it's not MY body. It's a fine body, I don't hate it, but it's not mine. I feel a sense of dissociation when I look at it, as if I'm looking at another person standing in front of me. Why is my head attached to this stranger's shoulders?

I feel a sense of dissociation looking at my body, but also looking at my past self. I see long hair and the feminine clothing. "Look at this cute picture of you in year eight camp," but it's not a picture of myself, it's a picture of some random kid, I don't know who they are. I feel numb.

Thinking back on memories of my old self is like watching a video on someone else's life, they weren't my experiences. That's not me, it never was me and it never will be me.

One thing that trans people hear from just about every person they come out to is "you're so brave." But the truth is, I don't feel brave. I feel scared to walk around my school by myself, scared to mention that I'm trans out loud. I feel ugly in this life, alienated by the world around me for living my truth. I don't know if the ugly feeling will ever go away, but I know that there's a strong community of other trans people around me who will always embrace me with open arms. I'm meant to be trans, trans is me and trans is beautiful.