

More Than a Statistic

February Plumpton

You sit on a bus one day,
It'll be fine, they say,
You think it's safe, I will be okay,
But still, a woman hurls a rock your way.

Let me show off my true colours,
Let me live my authentic truth,
It's a sure fire way to sooth,
Years and years of broken youth.

"Love is Love", rings from streets,
Yet what is there, for those who can't
sleep. For all we try, those words we can't
utter, Not a girl, not a guy, splitter, splutter.

I am not a trend, none of us are,
We speak for those, who hold the
scar, William Lound, Summer Taylor,
Murdered by hate, with still no wailer.

It is not just America, and the barbarity of the gun,
Zena Campbell of Wellington, only twenty-one.
Her killer, off the hook, Her life, over, done, All she
did was exist, over before it begun.

Here we are. We exist. We're people,
Please save us, transphobia is lethal,
So listen to us, before we go ballistic,
Trans people are more than a statistic.