

I'M NOT TRANS

ANONYMOUS

I'm not trans. I can't be. I always hear about transness as this, like, suffocating feeling—trapped in the wrong body, unable to escape. You look in the mirror and it's not really you; it's supposed to be a feeling of discomfort and wrongness constantly. So I'm not trans, because that's not me. I'm okay like this, with a feminine face and curved silhouette and large bust. It's just my body, and it's just fine.

Trans men are supposed to want to dress masculine. So I can't be trans, because I'll happily dress feminine. Honestly, I can't see why anyone wouldn't want to; 'men's clothes' are just plain boring. I mean, what, I'm gonna cycle through a collection of the same three button-ups open over a t-shirt that is totally-different-from-yesterday's every day? No thanks. I like skirts and dresses and jewelery and makeup, not like a guy, especially a trans guy, would. So I'm not trans.

Besides, I don't mind when people call me 'she', they're just words after all. If I were trans, which I'm surely not, I'd actively hate being referred to with she/her pronouns. It doesn't matter that I feel a thrill of joy every time someone calls me he. Because I'm fine with what I'm called now.

And hey, I may not like my distinctly feminine name, but everyone sorta hates their name, right?

So you see I can't be trans, because I'm fine as is.

Sometimes though, I can't help but think—what if. What if I could have a flat chest and a deeper voice; what if I could still enjoy femininity without being labelled 'just a girl'?

What if people called me 'they' or even 'he'? What if I had a name that I actually felt connected to?

What if people saw me as more than a woman?

What if I was not just 'fine', but happy?

What if I am trans?

