

Diaries of A Transgendered Youth

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Today I was watching 7th heaven (originally aired May 6th 2002). It was about the war on terror and Ruthie, one of the children on the show, was emailing a marine who was deployed to Afghanistan and died in an airplane crash. His name was staff sergeant Dwight J. Morgan. I am totally against war especially when so many innocent people are being injured or even killed. Because of this American show it made me thankful I live in Canada where we have so much freedom. Here in this great country I have the freedom to go outside wearing a skirt, I have the freedom to be who I am and not be sent to jail or even punished by death. People also have the freedom of speech so they have the right to say rude and criminalizing things against me, but they can be sent to jail because of that freedom. Certain things said and done because of certain freedoms is now considered hate crimes. I now have the freedom to walk the streets without fear even though it will always be there, especially as a transgendered person and that sucks. Yes I know this segment of the paper is called life of a trans youth, but watching that episode of 7th heaven made me take a little bit of a turn this month. It is now 11:05 P.M as I am writing this my mind is going a million miles a minute and is filled with thoughts of what I should write or say. I am who I am because I have the freedom to be who I am. Many trans youth have been disowned by their parents because of who they are and many have taken their own lives because of it, and others have become homeless. I have so many things to say and not a lot of space. I looked for a perfect way to end this segment and I found this poem on www.ravensrants.com

Understanding.

I don't expect you to understand me
I know how I act
the words that I say
the things that I feel
and the way that I live my life
are all mysteries to you.
you held me
you cherished me
and now you watch me disappear
fading into the mist of a darkened wood
heading down paths you dare not tread
and opening doors you
thought locked for good
but that's where we're different you and I
where you saw safety
I saw a prison
where you saw a closed door
I saw opportunity
where you saw taboo

no more then I understand you and your laws
and your petty ideals
but I ask you to let me live as I let you
give me the freedom I crave
spare me your ill tongue or your spiteful gaze
I offer neither to you
all I seek is the freedom I need
the freedom to open the doors
the freedom to chase my trails
and the freedom to follow the dreams that
suit me
that is all I ask of you
and that is all I ask of the world
because I can break all of the ties that bind me
save the ones imposed by my fellow man
in a senseless bid for safety
in a world missing all notion of compassion
I can throw my shackles aside and unlock my
own chains

I saw nothing but emptiness and lies
so no I don't expect you to understand me

| all while rotting in a world devoid
| of even the basic concept of understanding