

Stuck

Stuck. I've been stuck in a body that's not mine.
Born biologically as boy, but something was not right
Left feeling why and what and how I feel like this
Only to be told by others, "Calm down, it'll be fine"

To be how I feel inside, that feeling divine
Government and society bring it down out of spite
For me and the trans family, all because I want to be called "Miss"
Is it time for all of us to realign?

Realign our thoughts, think of the identity of mine?
A future for me, not looking so bright
My identity and gender and name just a thing to dismiss?
They wonder why to suicide we resign.

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Born biologically as boy, but something was not right
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Maybe I wasn't meant to be, and now is my time

Unbound

Times are changing. People come around.
With time, their close-minded chains are unbound.
Becoming more open, more willing to learn
Facing people like me and treating with kind kind concern

Gone from my own chains that I have found
The freedom of being truly unbound
No one can say who I can or can't do
Nor where or what I can't see or pursue

Head in the clouds and feet on the ground
I have now become unbound
I am honestly and unapologetically me
None now can or should take this away, this I guarantee.