poetry . . .

Wrong Body (for Jason) by Dallas Denny

I am not in the wrong body Wrong body Wrong body

I am not in the wrong body
I'm not "trapped"
I was never trapped
It's just that this body developed in ways
I would rather it had not
And it was necessary to do a little
Shall we say
Social and physical re-engineering
to make things more to my liking

It wasn't a question of wrong body It was a question of right body, wrong characteristics And a tune-up was required

And so I have resculpted it
Made it more to my liking
Gained this, lost that
Paid technicians to make some modifications
Took pills which made me
grow in important places
And shrink in important places
And I have gone under the knife for things
That the pills could not give me

I may not have liked everything about it
But it was not the wrong body
It was never the wrong body
It's the right body
It has already been the right body
It's my body
And now it's just as I have always wanted it
What could be simpler?

Perfectly Modular Male A song by Dallas Denny

I'm a Perfectly Modular Male
I bought the one I'm wearing at a rummage sale
I have one for every occasion
I have one for every need
I have one of every size
And I have one to stand and pee
They come in designer colors
And they serve me without fail
I'm a Perfectly Modular Male

I have one that's made of fabric (Well, it's really just a sock)
But it comes in very handy
When I need to have a cock
I've an assortment for the bedroom
And they never kiss and tell
I'm a Perfectly Modular Male

I have one called Widowmaker
I have one that gives off sparks
I have one that's fluorescent
And it glows red in the dark
I have one I can inflate
Until it's hard as any nail
I'm a Perfectly Modular Male

So if yours ever disappoints you
If yours ever doesn't spurt
You can always just go shopping
At the mall right after work
And if you see one that you fancy
You should buy it without fail
And be a Perfectly Modular
Perfectly Modular
Perfectly Modular

I wrote the above the day after Jason showed me an assortment of prosthetic devices. I was singularly unimpressed by the lack of quality of some of the commercial devices (I was dating an FTM at the time). It occurred to me that the perfect prosthetic is not one all-purpose device which does a number of things poorly, but an assortment, one of which fits every need perfectly, like the various detachable arms of the protagonist of Robert A. Heinlein's The Moon is a Harsh Mistress—Dallas