

Shenandoah Holy Vows

by Holly

*If for Transsexual People**(with apologies to Rudyard Kipling)*

*If you can pass when other men and women
Are getting clocked and blaming it on you;
If you can proudly take yourself in swimming,
And not be bothered by a stare or two;
If you stand firm when full of irresolution
And ask no pardon for the one you are,
If you are sensitive yet heed to criticism
And offer help to those less fortunate than you;*

*If clothes are things to cover up your body
And you are you no matter what you wear,
If you do work that makes you dull and shoddy
Yet are concerned about the slightest tear;
If you get up and look into the mirror,
And take some pleasure in your sleepy face;
Yet are not vain and do not primp and simper,
And take your compliments with style and grace;*

*If you stay steady on track with your transition
And waver not no matter what the cost;
Yet make allowance for your indecision,
And are honest with yourself when you are lost;
If you care about the feelings of your mother,
Yet stand your ground when she likes not what you do,
And listen closely to all of the others,
And are not swayed by their demands of you;*

*If you give ear to those who hold adverse opinion,
Yet are determined you're the master of your fate;
And give not to them direction nor dominion,
Although the good will of others turns to hate;
If you spend most of your money on your body
Yet give to others when you know it's right,
If you do all of this, and more, they you're transsexual,
And, furthermore, I know you'll win your fight.*

*Finding my way up by animal eyes
and shooting stars, with a foretaste
of lightning in my blood.
Meeting first rays, ridges, haze-sheathed
ripple into view.*

*Let hair down. Sit, rapt, in blanket.
Shut eyes eastward. Trills from tiny throats
unwill the spine, bloom the mouth,
sink the face, mutely skyward.
Waking, I move to sway with my lady
in privacy. Touching, we peak
above the misting river's vale.
Beaming right into the molten copper sunrise
beyond blonde locks, brushes
the silence I no longer block rushes
gladly, shivering in, to reign,
wept a vision:*

*"Here I am, in my present condition:
A wild and happy thing-- unafraid.
I am the most alien thing I know--
Free in the wilderness of my center.
Born outward on the crest of a wave,
Even lapses lapse...*

*Once these climates melt, thoughts run naked,
Sap rains up, the spores space out.
Let us rejoin all loving circuits, so
Leaves need never rustle the air.
Memory is sound, as an oak--
I'll not hold words above anyone.
I have entered her song-- her voice
Engenders all our songs, through each other
Becoming, the softest voice we hear
Can never be too soft.
I've tact enough to say this bluntly:
I will wear this beauty everywhere."*

*Since the mountain, my poems are prayers;
I'm lowering my voice to be heard.
With this new grace, I'm weightless;
without my watch, I'm free.*

*Shining-daughter of the stars,
we're all ready married.*