

E-Lament-Ary My Dear Watson

Vent Prose by Ash Tree Meadows, 18th June 2022

18 months since my first blocker, my first pill, the first time I took them home from the local Chemist Warehouse

I was hopeful, but like the patches I was given, the ones around me probably hoped that this “transgender thing” wouldn’t stick

Though those affected parties were hours away by transit, and light years away in terms of a familial bond

I started off with high hopes and vivid dreams of a slender body, natural beauty, a feminine energy, a 180

At least online, they made it look easy, a uniform experience, the idea that a change on the outside would cure the rotten insides

But don’t the insides eat the outsides? A human gender implosion of sorts, a permanent shattering in the family on Christmas Day

A broken, lost, empty shell. Never was a man, but unsure of who I was, let alone what I was. Half-baked, I always carried the words and the trauma of being half-baked, always playing catchup, but never being on par with peers.

Not giving my inner child its proper credence or care that was required of them, though I were my own parents, raising me into a lost and codependent adulthood.

Useful, but not much else. Where success and failure were both punished, and where my best couldn’t match their worst.

Where the mind could cage itself in its own prison, where the world all lived cotton candy lives, and rain simply dampened what I had.

Not paying attention to those who used spray paint and pillow stuffing to keep the appearance of cotton candy, though it wasn’t edible.

Where a lost soul was convinced that the blood that poisoned the roots of the tree had spread to every orchard, every stone, every lake.

That this was the pinnacle, the be all and end all. The blueprint, as it were in their own minds.

Where no path was carved, the hope they had was that I would return from whence I came, a stand-in crane wife as the old one had shed her feathers and flew the coop.

Through moss and leaves and puddles did this one’s paws tread, muddy paw pads and broken nails

Through torn clothing a peasant wouldn’t dare wear, and a parasocial link born from unresolved generational trauma.

The lost soul, with the glow of a faintly weak firefly, did trek further through gloomy clouds, endless rain, mildew-soaked leaves on wildly growing trees.

To finding remnants of a self not yet seen, but one that was known to be home, returning to the self as it were. Home wasn’t seen, but home was an energy, a surrendering to the need for self-love.

Were this cheetah girl coated in gold paint, as patches and pieces were fastened hastily and messily, like kintsugi in an earthquake.

The kintsu-chee started to mend, and fold into itself, the pieces moving like tectonic plates, blending and mending like malleable clay, with the gold kintsugi paint still glowing brightly and with purpose.

And it was through this understanding that home wasn't a stationary place, of sleek marble walls, spiralling stairwells or stainless steel elevators, luxury pools and McMansionery, or of vain vases, marble tiles, which echoed with haunting emptiness and cobbled kitsch. Home was a sensation, a mindset, one that you carried on your back, one that had your back, one that included the spine holding the back up. Home was the self, and coming home to the self was not finding an individual that trekked on the road, or the utopian safe house in an apocalypse. Home was present in body, mind, and soul. Home flowed within the rushing tides and rivers. Home was the love from friends. Home was the romance fostered with a soulmate. Home was busy hands, your favourite song, a treat on your birthday. Home was the blessing found in discovering what it was. Home was realising that the prison that caged you wasn't home, more a house you were barely a guest or tenant in. Home was its own royalty. Home did not need to be seen, for I was already there.