

About the Poem

This poem was originally written to my partner on the 18th of August 2003 because there were no words to explain my transsexualism. Often explaining facts to your loved ones is like serving frozen meat: it's both hard and cold. There was so much I needed to say, but for her there was no time to listen. For us then the Earth felt like it was opening up under our feet and we were sinking into darkness.

How do you explain to the love of your life that you are dying? You can't, and yet there is so much you do need to say.

How do you explain to a life-long partner and spouse that survival most likely will tear us apart? You just can't, and the accumulating words only get heavier.

Once when I was out walking in the woods, our dog was following and sadly looking at me. She knew, our dog knew, and yet not a word had to be spoken. The emotional contact was enough; it said it all. In my sorrow I felt that little girl inside me trying so hard to comfort me and show me the way, and it was then that she placed the words in my mind for this poem.

Back home I wrote the words down, but bringing them out in the open made them hard to read. The understanding is not in the words themselves but in the insight and emotions they convey. That evening my partner and I held each other and we both cried heavily; not a word was spoken for a long time.

The next day as we began talking it was with an insight saturated with emotional caring for each other, and as the sun began spreading light all around, some beams found their way into our darkness too. What before seemed to be a black empty abyss we now felt was a bit brighter, and it began filling up from below and gently preventing our fall.

Three years later when I'm writing this, I know I'm almost there. I have seen my true face; I didn't have to die. My partner is still with me, and with love and caring we have almost filled that crack opening up beneath us. But the ground we stand on will not be the same as before. Love works in mysterious ways, and the emotional bonds we tie today ensure we will never part.

Please care for your loved ones whoever they are, and remember that if an old bond breaks you can always tie a new one that's much stronger. What yesterday was, may not be today. We live today, and the love we share will be the bonds keeping us safe and happy tomorrow.

yours sincerely, Li Sam

The

a wish for a future

At dawn a little girl is about to see the light.
A gentle touch, something is not right.

She has longed with enthusiasm and joy,
But the touches she feels are meant for a boy.

Blindfolded she's held back by a silent ban,
Not to interfere with her image of a man.

With no friends for comfort or hand to hold,
The little girl does what she has been told.

While her manly image grows strong, but sad,
The little girl collects pieces of a life she never had.

The pile of pieces grows high as years pass by.
The little girl cherishes her pile, while wondering why.

Being who I am, is that so wrong?
Her pile grows heavy, her waiting has been far too long.

As pieces of her life fall hard to the ground,
For her only sorrow and pain are there to be found.

Blinded by her manhood image and eternal lies.
Will she ever see her true face, before she dies?

