

# Trans

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Invisible cocoon  
inside she looked out  
so tiny then older  
knowing she was different  
but having no words  
some how I knew not  
to clothe her in pink

He became the archangel Gabriel  
(just before the unwelcomed breasts  
and blood arrived as a kind  
of taunt)  
at the Christmas Pageant  
reminding us with astounding force

fear not  
good tidings, great joy  
all people  
his beautiful golden curls wreathed  
in an unnecessary halo

My angel  
a starfish of astral light  
swimming upstream  
in the fluidity  
of gender

