

Trans

by Angela Kubinec

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

