A JOURNEY THROUGH THE MIND OF A

TRANSGENDER



Project 2
Stage 2

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Understanding so far

Talk with Transgenders-
Understanding their hardships

Initial Approach

Taking incidents - Story formation

Expression through poem

- Narrative poem
- Free verse

List of Poems

- The mirror
- Like every Every day
- The last step
- The Banyan tree
- Thanks, But no thanks!
- The letter
- The makeup box
- The aimless aim
- The battle
- The recognized ones
- Fear will dissolve
- The complain
- The prayer
- Behind the Wall
- Life of lie
- The complain











THE MIRROR

It was late in the midnight around 3'clock
His hands switched on the room's light
The tears of the previous day had gone
The eyes echoed the pain
Only the dark circles and the puffiness around
With red swollen eyelids remain.

He went to the mirror to share his worry
His eyes spoke
of the grief
the pain
the hurt
Of the previous day.

The mirror pleaded him to look away
Or it will break
That it is pure and can see within him
the pain he went through every day

I know you hide things most precious to you
under the bed,
behind the table,
Because you fear
That it will not be accepted by elders here
Is it true? the mirror asked

Ohh mirror, More than the things i mask
Is my trueself which i hide.
You will never know, coz you are so unreal
So fake, the boy moaned.

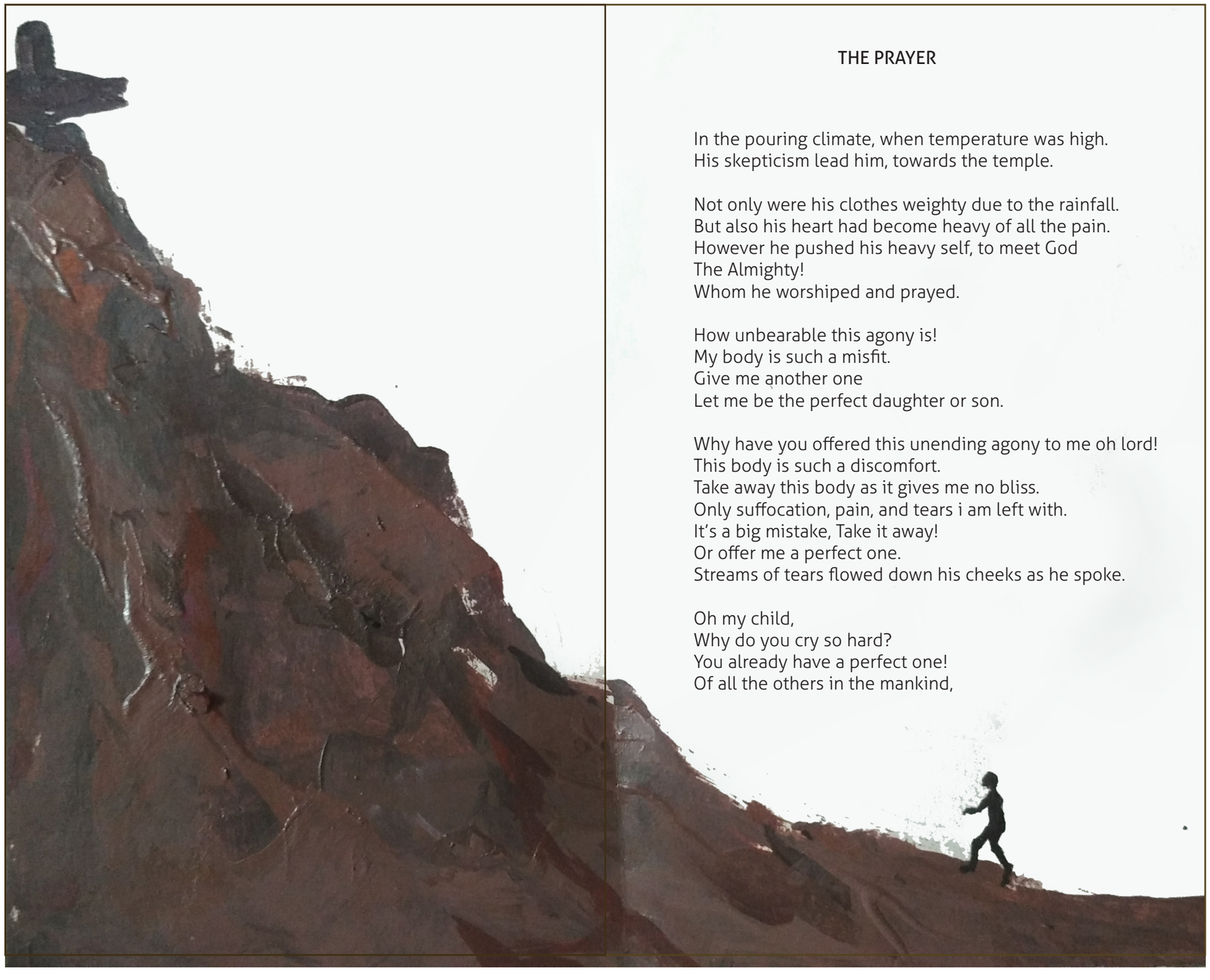


Ohh mirror, More than the things I mask
Is my trueself which I hide.
You will never know, coz you are so unreal
So fake, the boy screamed.

"You hurt me more mirror"
For you are a big lie than anybody could be
The tear which was paused for a while
could not hold on more
and flowed like a stream of pain.

You show me a body which is not mine.
Why u not expose the one which lie inside
Awaiting to be accepted
identified
Adored?

You are a fake mirror
I know.



THE PRAYER

In the pouring climate, when temperature was high.
His skepticism lead him, towards the temple.

Not only were his clothes weighty due to the rainfall.
But also his heart had become heavy of all the pain.
However he pushed his heavy self, to meet God
The Almighty!
Whom he worshiped and prayed.

How unbearable this agony is!
My body is such a misfit.
Give me another one
Let me be the perfect daughter or son.

Why have you offered this unending agony to me oh lord!
This body is such a discomfort.
Take away this body as it gives me no bliss.
Only suffocation, pain, and tears i am left with.
It's a big mistake, Take it away!
Or offer me a perfect one.
Streams of tears flowed down his cheeks as he spoke.

Oh my child,
Why do you cry so hard?
You already have a perfect one!
Of all the others in the mankind,



The last step



The Complain



Thanks, But no thanks!



The aimless aim

Like a Banyan tree



The Letter

Thank you