

SOME FOLK ARE TRANS - GET OVER IT!

and other poems by
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A new Zine by

Resisting Transphobia in Edinburgh

Version 1.0 October 2023 rtie.org

CONTENTS

- ☐ Some Folk are Trans – Get Over It!
- ☐ On the Gender Recognition Reform Bill
- ☐ It's my LIFE!
- ☐ X is the new Y
- ☐ My Second Life
- ☐ And When I Die

I really did suppress my true self for over sixty years, trying to conform to what my family and society expected of me, until, at the age of 73, my inner girl broke free, and I transitioned.

Some Folk are Trans – Get Over It!

Some folk are Trans – Get over it! – We just lead normal lives.
We won't molest your daughters, or your sisters, or your wives.
We won't molest you either, if that's what you're frightened of –
We only want to live a life of happiness and love.

Some folk are Trans – Get over it! – It's not a life we choose.
It simply is our destiny, a fate we can't refuse.
In my case, I suppressed it, for over sixty years,
But now I've found completeness and an end to many tears.

Some folk are Trans – Get over it! – Of course, we're all unique.
I know I mustn't generalise, it's of myself I speak.
But this I know for certain – we wish nobody ill.
Some folk are Trans – get over it – perhaps, one day, you will.

On the Gender Recognition Reform Bill

I stumbled on for sixty years and more
Not knowing how to reach the other shore
I had to leave my former self behind
I had to take a leap completely blind
I knew it must be done whate'er the cost
I dare not think of what I might have lost.
A terrifying leap, and so profound,
But now my true completeness I have found.
Please spare a little love for those like me
And ease the path towards our GRC.

With my GRC
I got married and will
die
My authentic self

It's my LIFE!

Some people say: "It's *MY* life, I shall live it as I choose".
That's true, but when I speak, a different *emphasis* I use.
I say that "It's my LIFE" – it's not a game – it's not a whim,
It isn't easy to become a "her" instead of "him".

It's destiny that drove me, from the bottom of my soul,
To turn my whole life upside down, in order to be whole,
To stop the sham – to live a life that I believe is true.
Don't judge me by my race or creed, but what I say and do.

So now I'm on a TransPride March – I never thought I would,
But if it helps just one more person, marching must be good:
To save them from depression, from unhappiness and strife.
That's why I say – it's not some whim – it's not a game
– it's LIFE!

X is the new Y

Death is the new life.
Ending is the new beginning.
The little deaths, each hour, each day,
The constant changes in our lives,
Cut through the ties that bind us now
And offer something new.

Death – the real death – takes us all.
But those who've seen it *know*
It's not the end.
We leave her body for an hour
To let her soul move on, in peace.
And if you're blessed – *and* cursed –
With being at your loved one's side
You'll *know* this, in a way I can't describe.

The little deaths – the everyday –
Are each of them important for a while,
A necessary movement on our path.
And though the cuts are hard to bear,
They heal with time.

But there are bigger deaths to face,
Parts of our life that *we* must kill
In order to replenish who we are.
A transformation, like the phoenix bird,
A symbol of our spirit breaking free;
A butterfly, a transcendental change,
That takes us to a place of no return.

And so it is with me.
I want to tell you of a change,
A new beginning in my life,
But one that may diminish how you see me,
Which makes it hard to tell.

There is an inner girl,
One who's been locked away so long,
One whose time is now
Who must have freedom and the light
At whatever cost.

So if you see a new girl round the town,
Or dancing, dancing through the night,
And if she has familiar looks or ways,
Then maybe – in that moment –
Diane

Is
The new
Me.

My Second Life

My second life, a new life, not a copy of the old,

Not just a life renewed, not just an opening of the eyes,
No reawakening of the heart, no sloughing of the skin,
But change – a total change – a second life.

The soul has many negatives that must be overcome –
Like worry, fear of ridicule, of failure and defeat,
They seize our minds and block us from the longing of our hearts,
And make us wonder how we can go on.

I faced the fear and needed all my strength to journey on.
I blessed my ageing years – no time to waste, no putting off –
The challenge and the changes must be faced before I die,
Or I shall never know what might have been.

And so I leap in the unknown, no matter what the cost.
I risk the loss of family and friends, of their esteem,
My house, my home, my work, my very life will be at stake,
But I have found my inner truth at last.

And this is where the magic and the miracle begins;
The moment one commits oneself, then providence will move –
All manner of occurrences one never could foresee
Touch other souls and bring them to your aid.

And so what seemed impossible can manifest as true;
The inner girl, whom I suppressed for years, is now alive,
Has tasted love, and marriage – but now mourns her
widowhood,
Another tragedy to overcome.

My husband, who supported me throughout my years of change,
Was stolen from me by the virus I alone survived
But though I grieve his loss, I know I never shall regret
My second life, that brought him to my side.

And When I Die

And when I die, please let me die with dignity
Speak of me now, and use my married name.
No need to turn the pages of my history,
Just as I am, the only life I claim.

And those who shunned me, after all I'd done for them,
Who could not follow as I journeyed on,
But stood in judgement of my right to freedom,
Don't waste your breath to tell them I have gone.

There was but one, but one true love in all my life,
We found true happiness, a rare and lovely place.
I hope and pray my husband and his loving wife
Will meet again, in love, through God's good grace.

When I look back at these poems,
I recognise that there is rather a lot
of “death” involved. I have an alibi
– I’m 82 years old, I have
leukaemia and am recovering from
a stroke – but that’s not
important. Most of these deaths
are symbolic – the old life that
must end in order for the new life
to begin. And I would never
change my new life – I sometimes
say my transition made me whole
and wholesome: whole because I
was no longer split in two, and
wholesome because I no longer
carry a burden of secrets about my
true self.

And my transition led to the
happiest and most fulfilling time of
my life:

Trans Joy



TRANS JOY

The Incredible
RIGHTNESS
of BEING.