

TRANSvisible

for Bamby and Katya

I pressed against barbed wire
as he forced himself into me
whispering in my ear,
you like that faggot?
take that shit you freak!

I lay here numb and dumb
waiting for someone to help,
chain-smoking as the sun disappears
my hip dislocated
my face bleeding
my dignity lost somewhereinbetween:
for once I'd like to do
something right,
to feel like a normal woman
to be seen as not a faggot
or a freak
but as a transwoman,
a woman.

Something squeaks in my elbow
shoulder and knee
like if a hundred hands laid on me
in me
decided I was looking for a fuck
and slipped a twenty into my purse,
but I was simply going to ask for directions.

Suddenly I am not myself:
I am back in *Guadalajara, Mexico*
soaking corn *tortillas* in hot broth
roll it up like a fat pencil
and put it in my mouth
a spoonful of squash and carrots follow,
living two lives, maybe three
and I kept going back to *marihuana*

and coke and liquor and prostitution,
I am back on the floor, drunk
trying to remember my name
trying to find my phone
with my black eye my broken nose
my ripped dress my broken soul.