

Poetry Series

Kynthia Rosgeal
- poems -

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Kynthia Rosgeal(25 DEC 1957)

Things, and people, change. True story.

I am a feminist, I have been raped and abused. I find none of it funny in any way shape or form. I own the word cunt. You are not allowed to use it against me because it is my most powerful and frightening weapon.

I am aware, I am intelligent, I am a woman. I am used to a boot heel on my neck, but that doesnt mean I accept it.

2: 34 A.M.

In the dark recesses of his mind
he creeps in on himself
He sees her lying there, and although they have made peace
He wants to kill her this time

She sleeps, soundly, a soft snore escapes her
He sneers, approaches slowly, deliberately
He raises his hand, like an instrument of divinity
He will rid his world of her

He pauses, stares down at her
her face, soft, beautiful
even angelic
GOD he hates her!

Her kind bother him.
Not intentionally,
her presence makes him uncomfortable
because she is him, and yet, she is not what he wants to be.

Two sides of the same coin, and yet
aliens, foreigners, speaking a different language
They both feel hot, cold, sad, happy
but she allows herself to feel it

He despises her,
even as the feelings of love swell
within his tortured breast
He weeps

She turns softly, sees him and smiles
she offers to comfort him
he turns and runs out
slamming the door

but this time, the door
it stayed open
just a tiny
bit.

Kynthia Rosgeal

A New Way To Celebrate

I sit before my notebook
looking at the blank screen
and ask myself what? What do
I put on this this time? What

experiences are waiting to flood
from my fingers onto the key
board, giving life to a part
of my formerly secret history?

And I realize, there is nothing
to write, beyond I am happy
it is a simple thing, but one I
control. Now, before I could

taste it, occasionally, until
my other half would remind
me I wasn't alone, not
completely, and my anger

and fear would haunt my
thoughts. When offered a penny
for my thoughts, I would laugh
ruefully, 'If you only knew'

And I knew, I knew what
a phony I was, what a lie
my life was, so no being
happy, not then, not ever.

But now I control it. I control
me, my happiness does not
depend on secrecy, lies
My happiness, is all I have

deep in my heart, my wonderful
two hearts.

After All

After all

A man is a man, and if he isn't, he is nothing
it's supposed to be sage advice
it is supposed to make one feel like accomplishing something

It hurt.

I was no man, I was no woman, I was nothing
not to be trusted
queer
useless
a girl

that was actually a compliment

and it hurt too.

I tried to be a man
I had the right equipment and abused it like any man
and the women that got used in the process
(If I could, I would take it back)

After all

A man is a man, and if he isn't, he is nothing
unless he is a boy in a dress
then he is just a queer.

after all.

Kynthia Rosgeal

Another Visit, From Myself, To Me.

When I open my eyes for the first time
I want to see everything
All of it, good, bad, indifferent
because, I went for far too long with

my eyes closed. Light streams in from
an unusual direction, just over the
shoulder of my former self, me
or, at least, that which was me, a part

that I recognize, am not proud of
but still accept, but looking up
seeing him, he doesn't look sad
like I thought he would be, he smiles

now, and it isn't a front this time
I really think he genuinely means it
he is as happy as I am, happier?
and I can sleep, now

we are at peace. Finally.

Kynthia Rosgeal

Being For The Benefit Of A Family Rating, (Deleted) This!

Coke, heroin, pot, benzedrine and alcohol
And don't forget the sex, oh no. cant forget that.
What was I thinking? Oh yeah, that's right,
crush the life out of this deviant (deleted)

Didn't work, I survived me despite myself
survived and thankfully, recently, have blossomed.
Now all I have to do is figure out, some way
where this vessel is headed, I am in uncharted waters here.

Its scary and exciting and thrilling and energizing
and empowering and agonizing and its (deleted) SCARY!
I love it. Just when I think, this time, this once
I can shut my yap and not tell - I speak right up

I'm TG! And (deleted) I am PROUD of it! I feel pride
in myself, in the fact I wont be silent and keep everyone
comfy and warm and fuzzy and safe.
Not my (deleted) job sister! I take care of ME, I respect

but I wont shed MY self-respect for others. Yes, I watch
to see how someone may take it, I introduce it slow
cause, like me, they don't need a build up, don't need
a heart attack thinking I am dying when all I am doing is

Dressing up. And hey, after all this time in my own personal
(deleted) the only direction I got, is up!

Kynthia Rosgeal

First (And Almost Last) Kiss

As if I really needed a new definition of clumsy
our faces slowly crawl towards each other
each juking and jiving like ace fighter pilots
in a dogfight for life.

Its supposed to be a first kiss
I waited how many years for this?
It feels like I should wait another ten or so
I'm nervous, I want to puke

Her hair smells so nice
I can smell the Marlboro on her breath
Oh God, can she smell the cigarettes on mine?
I can't breath, my head is pounding, I am going to pass out

Her eyes just closed
was that supposed to be good or bad?
How easy it is for her, she looks like she is asleep
but I can hear her breathing, I need to go to the bathroom.

Our lips actually meet, okay, I can do this
Wait, her lips are moving, she is OPENING HER MOUTH!
Oh my GOD! her mouth is opening
what do I d..open my mouth, got it.

So should I put my tongue in her mouth,
or does she put hers in mine, I don't know.
Her tongue, it is wet, cool
it feels, good, oh gosh it feels good.

She is hugging me, tight
Ordinarily, being grabbed like this
is cause for a wrestling match
Uh, not today.

We break apart, I can breathe
She smiles 'First kiss'?
I answer 'Nahhh, no big deal'
Her face falls, I turn to walk away

And I fall.

It was SO worth it!

Kynthia Rosgeal

Hey

Do I make you nervous?
uncomfortable? Anxious? Am I
that powerful? My very
existence makes yours less?

Who am I? That you ascribe
such power to me? That I hurt
your fragile sense of self while
you mock me, hate me, fear me.

I do not wish to hurt you, mostly not
all the time but I am glad you are
not comfortable. As I am all the time.
You only have to be for a little while.

Daily your stares, questions, looks watching
my @#! *% while denouncing me for 'one of those'
you question your own sexuality while enjoying
my femininity and hating my masculinity.

I am your brother, sister, father, mother, lover
I am you, in another time, or place, along
a separate reality there but for the grace
of God, go thou.

Go ahead and tremble, I do, every day.

Kynthia Rosgeal

I Love You, But Sorry.

You knew who I was from day one. I
never hid that from you. Never
is a long time, long enough for you to
change your mind. When it was a dirty

little secret it was fine, now, it is a problem
It has grown to a size you cannot handle
It is real I am real, and once free, no more
closeted bondage, no more hiding or lying

less and less you see of him, now you
see me more often than not, and that
Worries you. You no longer exert the control
you once had, you no longer call the shots

when and where and how and why, but you
wait for me, to say those things, and you sit
idly by, waiting to see who emerges.
What ever will you do, when that chrysalis

opens, and you see only yourself? I do. All
the time. It is the only thing I see that I know.
Everything else 'was' not 'is' any longer
'Is' is a very strange place for me,

But I will get used to it, you will walk your own path.

Kynthia Rosgeal

In Memorium, To My First Friend, Who Died Of Aids Complications.

To a friend, who is no longer alive.
(Gray Hankie I'll always love you)

Hey bud
you pissed me off
you made me laugh like a fool
you touched me

You died
you slug, how could you
you were younger than me
yeah, you had that disease

But to the outside
you were fully alive
you were our troupe dad
you died

I hate you
you left me behind
I thought you loved me
I guess you did. I do love you

but now I don't know
your gone
your in my heart
but your image is fading

like a photo
once clear
sharp and clean
age is making it fade

your memory burns bright
my memory burns bright
our days, together
are gone

The tears I spilled
that morning
at work
I couldn't talk, I could only bawl

They sent me home
in no shape to answer phones
or help callers
with their bank accounts

you belong to another
you wont come back
never
so wait for me

I'll be there
eventually
its the story of life
No one gets out alive.

Kynthia Rosgeal

Numb

In an abyss of my own filth I
Swirl Deep black waters surround
Me. Filling my mouth and lungs
With a stinging sweet bitter

Breath.

I can only gasp occasionally going
Round, down, back up, teasing me
With hope. Then nothing. Demons tug
At my hair, claw my eyes, tears feed them

Then

Nothing. Empty. Numbness. Pain without
Cessation, ongoing and paralysis I want
To scream but my lungs wont move
Now, or ever again. The sun, blue, cold

Dead

Shining on my face, ruined, blue
Cold and stiff. The freezing pale
Blue light awakens the demons
They hunger. They clamor

This time they feed, and feed well.

Kynthia Rosgeal

Saying Goodbye To Myself, And Hating It.

The time is coming, I know it
but, I don't want to admit it, neither
do you, this hurts a lot more than
I thought it would. It was supposed

to be liberating, exciting, but it is more
sad, than anything else. You are a part
of me now, no longer the other way
around. Were you as scared when

I became? Are you as scared and'
hurt as I am now? Do you feel it closing
around you suffocating you? Oh God
I don't want to hurt you, but your killing

me, sweetie. This is for the best. I HATE
that saying, someone has to hurt,
someone has to go. Honey, I love
you, but, you have to go. You took

the best care of me you knew, but,
your toxic. The masculinity you worked
so hard to prove, only proved I was
destined to be, eventually. And

you knew.

I love you, I'm so sorry.

Kynthia Rosgeal

Sexuality

I have found that sexuality
is as fluid a thing as can be,
when the mind is open to reason
and responsibility.

Kynthia Rosgeal

Sports

Light, diffuse, soft and warm
enters my barely open eyes
I smell grass and feel breeze
soft, gently blowing a hair loose

I do not wish to continue
waking up, this is so nice
in this gauzy, warm, sweet
dream, I am whomever I please

I am Catherine, well before the fall
of the house of Romanov
and I've no Rasputin to topple me
so I lay there, feeling the fist tingles of pain

My head begins to throb
I imagine the London Symphony
is inside, doing the 1812 Overture
And I am a kettle drum

I open my eyes, bright, harsh,
sunlight floods in I have been out,
cold, knowing if it was fight or collision,
this time, either way, again.

I prove I am no masculine failure
I am all boy, I fight, curse, play
sports. Hard, all out, and I score
Deep inside I despise me

I am what I detest, a jock
A poser, a lie in shorts and cleats
I look in the sun and see my escape
I hold my breath and the world swims

When I wake up this time
it is to a chemical smell, and I am inside of
it stinks of despair, dashed hopes and
broken dreams, like any stinking high school

I lay there, enjoying the noise, knowing it wont intrude
any further than that dark shadow that warns others
stay out. I can dream, now, dream of the day instead of
a masculine failure, I can be a feminine success.

I see her, when I grow up I wish I could be her
She looks like my mother, I miss her, but I love
Dad, he would never understand, but, knowing him
he would be disappointed, he wants me to earn a letter

Other than a scarlet Q, I mean. I wish I took Home Ec.

Kynthia Rosgeal

Strange Boy

Sitting quietly in the corner
'he's a strange one that boy'
'why doesn't he go outside? Books aren't proper for a boy'
'He needs to be in the scouts'.

Sitting quietly under a tree
'Someone want to build a fire?'
'When I was your age I had a hard time getting along too'
'You'll grow out of this, maybe you need to join a team'

Sitting quietly on the bench
'If you would train harder you could be first string'
'You are going to love basketball, I did'
'You might need to join the Army'

Sitting quietly in a dark hole watching the shadows move
' ' (motion of three fingers, downwards, pumped fist)
' ' (nods yes, releases safety on machine gun, opens fire)
'Maybe you should go to the hospital'

Sitting quietly on a couch
'Unless the attack is on your record we can't help you'
'It'll pass, a lot of soldiers get regrets at first, but you'll be fine'
'Maybe you ought to get a discharge, honorable, of course'

Sitting quietly at the VA
'next'
'last initial last four'
'take these pills and call us if anything changes'

Sitting quietly next to his bed
'I'm going to miss you dad'
'I wish I had told you, dad'
'Maybe I could just live my own life'

Sitting quietly as me, for the first time
What's done is done.
Tomorrow is a new day.
I still love my parents, and miss them.

I will not be quiet any longer.

Kynthia Rosgeal

The Incredible Rainbow Chasing Girl

See it there, in a cage of rotten flowers
For all to see! Keep the children back
Those of faint heart or weak nerves will
Not wish to view this freak.

She walks! She talks! She crawls
On her belly like a REPTILE!
Amazing, sad and horrifying she's the
Incredible Rainbow Chasing Girl!

It gives its life to others. Smiling
Like an empty minded idiot while the insults
Bounce off its broad shoulders like hailstones!
Each a hurt but it doesn't show it at all!

Hurry Hurry Hurry! Step right up. For the
Bravest only, you can get close enough to
Spit RIGHT ON IT'S HEART! It's right
There on its sleeve. Go ahead, the

Chains we bind it with are NOTHING
Compared to the chains it bound itself
With MANY years ago! It is bound to a
Rock of dream stuff stronger than any locomotive!

Is it man? Is it woman? It is nothing of the sort!
A freak! A real freak! It found us, we certainly
Weren't looking for anything this disgusting!
Go ahead, it can't hear (we think it can't) !

It acts like a human! Truly we do not lie!
It dresses itself, washes itself almost
Like a human, but not quite! IT WILL EVEN
CRY REAL TEARS! Don't worry, no

Freak was harmed in the show. Yet.
Don't cry little boy, it can't happen to you
Your normal, this beast isn't even really
Human like you or your mommy and daddy.

Hurry, Hurry, Hurry! Step right up
View the freak before its gone forever!
A once in a lifetime chance. (No flash photos
or videos please. Our insurance prohibits it) .

Kynthia Rosgeal

To Be Pandora, And To Be Glad.

I remember, when I first decided I
no longer wished to lie. Or hide
or be invisible, or be powerless over
my fate, any longer. I simply said

Enough! And it was. But, as soon as
I said it, I became Pandora, the
ills, of this world, my world, my private
little hell, were released. And I slammed

the lid down, too late, everything had gotten
loose, loosed upon my little world, my
twisted, painful, little world. I cried and
complained, but it did no good, what had

escaped was gone, loosed, never returning.
I knew what that ancient mythological woman
felt. I knew her despair, and I sat, resolute
not to whine, or cry, or snivel or be a pain

in the neck. No, If she could get through
all the evils in the world being her fault, I
could learn to deal, and that's when I heard
it, the tiny, unmistakable voice, the voice

of Hope. It told me to open the chest the
rest of the way, To let out the last sprite
To let Hope roam free. So I did, I opened
my chest, released hope. And am never

Regretting my decision. The growth I
have received from the personal goddess
has far outweighed the ills I released.
And, sometimes, every once in a while

You got to let it go.

Kynthia Rosgeal

Two Hearts

Two hearts, beating strong.
Wasichu, your culture, your heritage
only allows binary definitions
so to you I can only be one, or the other

I am me. I am always together
with my other self, as you are with
yours, the one that smiles, and nods
yet doesn't understand, you feel scorn

for me? I weep for you. You see what
you fear most, yourself, and that makes you
angry. I embrace it, love it, celebrate it and
am, in certain circles, held as sacred.

Yet you see only what you have been
taught to see. What you wish to see
you need to listen, not to my words
words lie, the heart, it never lies

The heart begs me love you, my
spirit tells me to mistrust you, I tell
my spirit to be still, to sit quiet and trust
the heart, I do, now, I didn't, but I learned

My spirit told me I was a great warrior, he lied
my spirit told me I was a great man, he lied
my spirit told me many things, but he lied.
My heart, told me be still, and my heart was right

When I was still, my spirit had nothing to
say, my heart had plenty to say, but bade me
be still, quietly, as a child waiting for a treat
and that's when I finally heard it, beating, quietly but strong

my second heart, myself, now I am never alone.
I am always with me.

Unabashed, Unapologetic, Me, Such As It Is.

I was born a boy, not a girl and at three years of age
I dressed in girls clothes but only when I wouldn't get caught
I remember because I had a good childhood
I was not abused, ignored or beaten I was encouraged and supported.

My siblings treated me, like, well, a sibling, which is good
We teased each other, fought each other, and stuck up for each other.
If you attacked one, you got attacked back by all three Rilea's
Tough being you if that happened, my big sister was a rottweiler.

So yeah, I remember I remember the fear I had of getting caught,
of being a fag or of disappointing those wonderful parents
I had awesome parents. Mom was supportive and loved intelligence
Dad looked like Ronald Reagen or Dean Martin, I liked that.

And they loved me. Oh, how I wish I understood that
while they were still alive, but I understood I had special
parents, and siblings. Not everyone can claim that.
I can, my sister could, if she was still alive, but she isn't

I never told her about my being a girl, inside, either or my Mom
or Dad, before they all died. I will regret that, but I told my baby
brother. I love him so much, it hurts. But love is painful.
He is everything I could not be. I take a lot of pride in him.

My wife, Sara, knows, she is my BFF, we shop together and she
keeps me from dressing, well, like a whore, I guess she has lots of pride
in me, but Sindee scares her. Because she is afraid Sindee will grow
past her. I can try and tell her what family means to me, but, well, no.

She will have to learn, I don't just need her, I love her
She is my life, as are all my children. And my children's children.
I could no sooner leave her behind, than leave my heart at the air port
She is my heart. Coming out should have happened sooner.

It didn't, I admit, I was a coward, I used the excuse
'In my day...' Yeah, but today isn't 'My day' it is today.
And today, we do not lie about who we are, not if we respect
us and others. You cannot respect others, if you do not respect you.

So yeah, I am a boy in a dress, no apologies, no excuses.
And no tag backs. I am this way, no going back to hiding
lying, about who I am, what I am, what I do and why.
These things matter so little now, for now, I live, and bloom, and

I celebrate, me, all that I am, and those in my life.

Kynthia Rosgeal

We Used To Call It Love, Now...

Her hands, rough, cold and hard
Her eyes, a far away and crazy look
her mouth, twisted in a parody of seduction
i hate my body

i lie there, time stands still
it will be over soon, just relax
you know you want it
quit being such a wuss

i can smell smoke, and booze
the carpet burns where it meets my skin
i can barely breathe, i want to scream,
i'll not give her the satisfaction, not this time. Never again.

My body responds like it is supposed to
i hate it, i hate me, i hate Her
convulsions, shaking, for her it's over
but, for me

it has just begun. i want to die, but can't.
She controls me, terrorizes me
I cannot see her on the street, in a store
that it doesn't happen all over again

and again

and again

And i cannot scream, like that horrible nightmare
but this time

i wont be

waking up

Kynthia Rosgeal

Writers Have No Secrets. Poets Have No Shame.

I sit here, writing, or typing
precisely
my feelings, memories, events
to be read

By you, nothing hides me more
than paper
but you see me, my soul, and heart
naked

On your screen, at your desk
whore
putting all of me out there, my emotions
like breasts

fascinating, untouchable if I were a true lady
I'm not
just another literary slut, flashing my soul
for your

prurient pleasure. No designer fashion here
skin deep
deeper by far is my shame, and my pleasure
orgasmic

by nature, this thing I write, this lyrical safari into
my shame
but is it not wrong, just rude, unashamed
civilized

People have shame, animals have ruts. am I
animal
or mineral? its not a game, its my life
up

here, on this page, absolute, open and no makeup
no hiding
No running, I could, but then this would still haunt me
am tired

of ghosts, always running things, making them happen
I
make things happen, now, and always, forever, until
I die

Then, until then, no fate, no destiny, until I have no
density
any longer. I remain my own woman. Haven't always been but will
be.

Kynthia Rosgeal