

Ryleigh

"Cis" Like Yesterday

I think I'm trans
But that's hard to say
So I'll be "cis" like yesterday
Will I be accepted or disowned
I don't know
So I'll be "cis" like yesterday
I'll be a man with a flat chest,
And stubble too,
Felix they'd call me
What would they call you?
You know I can't talk about that
I'd be shushed and shoved
Into the box of womanhood
So I'll be "cis" like yesterday
"Father, you have two sons not one"
I long to say
But that's difficult
So I'll be "cis" like yesterday
A man with piercings and broad shoulders
Tall & Dapper is who I'd be
But it's too difficult to say
So until I can
I'll be "cis" just like yesterday

Caged Song

*The bird wakes before the light remembers its name,
feathers folded like secrets it can't quite frame.
A thin gold cage hums quiet and cold,
bars like a story already told.*

It sings anyway.

*Not loud
not proud
but soft, like a bruise learning how to speak,
like a heartbeat playing hide and seek.*

*A note slips out,
then two
then something almost blue.*

The air leans closer.

*It sounds like wind that forgot how to fly,
like a question that never asks why,
like music left out in the rain
not broken,
just carrying pain.*

*Some days the bird forgets the sky exists,
like a dream dissolving into mist.
Its wings twitch, then rest again,
as if hope is a language it almost knew back then.*

Tick.

Pause.

Sing.

*The rhythm stutters,
a song with missing parts,
a melody stitched together
from secondhand hearts.*

And still

it sings.

*Not for freedom, not anymore,
but for something quieter than before.
For the echo that answers when no one's there,
for the shape of sound in borrowed air.*

*The cage doesn't clap.
The world doesn't hear.
But the music stays,
sharp and clear.*

*And when the final note
hangs thin in the room,
it doesn't feel like ending
just less like a tune.*

*Just silence,
learning how to bloom.*