




a zine of our voices,
for everyone

in celebration of
trans+ day of visibility

march 31, 2023





this zine was created by and is
dedicated to our trans+, nonbinary,
and queer community at xavier.

we love you

we see you

we hear you

we are you



*I want everyone to know I am lucky
Its true
that i have a parent who is less than accepting Less than
supportive
Less than
I deserve
But i also have him
Dad
Who stands by my side
Who fights for me
Who accepts me as i am
Who chooses love
Even when he doesn't understand
I am lucky
Not because my dad is perfect
Not because he fully understands
But because he doesn't
Because he doesn't know what it's like But he still chooses to love
me Because he isn't perfect
But he tries to be
For me
His actions seem to say Maybe i don't understand Maybe it
doesn't make sense But i believe you
And i love you
And I will support you everyday And he does
I am lucky
Because i have
Someone who will fight for me Even when they don't understand
And that's hard to find
But i never have to search Because i have
My dad*

anonymous

I was thirteen when I got my first chest binder. It wasn't a proper binder by any means. Instead, it was imperfectly made from an unworn pair of pantyhose meant to go with my church dresses. Following a pattern I found on Pinterest, I cut holes for my head and arms from the garment. At first, constructing the binder was an act of curiosity; a way to follow up on a hunch. Putting it on changed my life.

I can remember standing late at night in front of my bathroom mirror and just staring. I would wear my makeshift binder, shapeless clothing to hide my puberty-ridden body, and put eyeshadow on my face to imitate the facial hair I didn't have. Back then, I didn't have the terminology to describe what I was feeling when I saw myself dressed like a man. It felt like a puzzle piece had finally been slotted into place, changing the whole picture. A picture that I previously didn't even know existed.

I never wore that makeshift binder around others, nor did I tell anyone what I was doing. I was scared. I was scared of my family finding out, scared of losing who I thought I was, and scared of feelings that I couldn't name. The only one that had a semblance of what was happening was my journal. Despite my fears, like clockwork every night I ended up in front of that mirror. In a way, it was exciting. It was my secret; my act of rebellion, liberation, and joy in a home that demonized queerness. But it was also risky. Those were risks I was willing to take to experience what I now know as gender euphoria.

Even if my ways of describing what I felt back then were incomplete, the emotions were powerful. Even now, whenever I doubt myself, I think back to those moments of pure joy.

Moments of inexplicable internal peace. Moments of silence and quiet, where I could just be with myself as I was. In those moments it didn't matter that I didn't have facial hair or that I had wide hips; I was a boy and that was that.

I wish I had kept that makeshift binder. I don't want to wear it (nor do I think it would fit), but I wish I had kept it to tangibly remind myself of those early moments in my transition, like picking out my name, training myself with masculine mannerisms, and telling my first confidant. Moments where, considering the circumstances, I felt happy being trans.

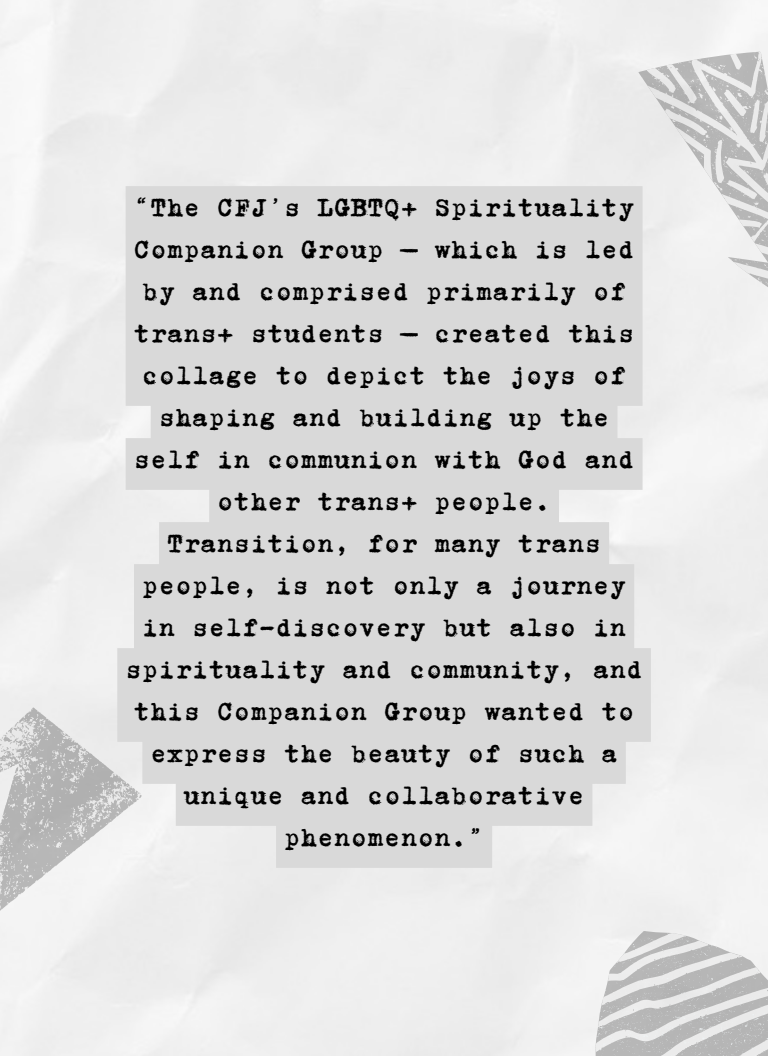
At the end of the day, being trans should be about being your authentic self without compromise. Coming to accept my identity has been a difficult journey (one that is still continuing), but I don't regret a second of it. My identity as a trans man is something that I take great pride in. Nowadays, when I catch myself looking in the mirror, I think of the teenager who did what he could to make himself happy even if he didn't know why he felt that way. I am so incredibly proud of him, for his courage, his curiosity, and his optimism.

Seeing others be visibly and unapologetically trans gave me the courage to keep going and hope for a bright and secure future. They made me feel a sense of camaraderie, especially when I was the only one who knew of my identity. They gave me space to explore what it meant to be me. Now that I am older, farther removed from that scared little teenage boy, I want to follow in the footsteps of those who gave comfort to me and give light back to my community.

by leo fowler

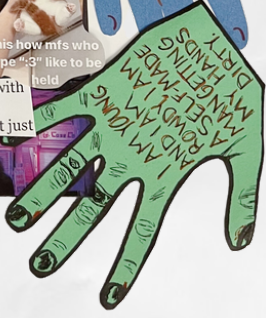


anonymous



“The CFJ’s LGBTQ+ Spirituality Companion Group – which is led by and comprised primarily of trans+ students – created this collage to depict the joys of shaping and building up the self in communion with God and other trans+ people.

Transition, for many trans people, is not only a journey in self-discovery but also in spirituality and community, and this Companion Group wanted to express the beauty of such a unique and collaborative phenomenon.”



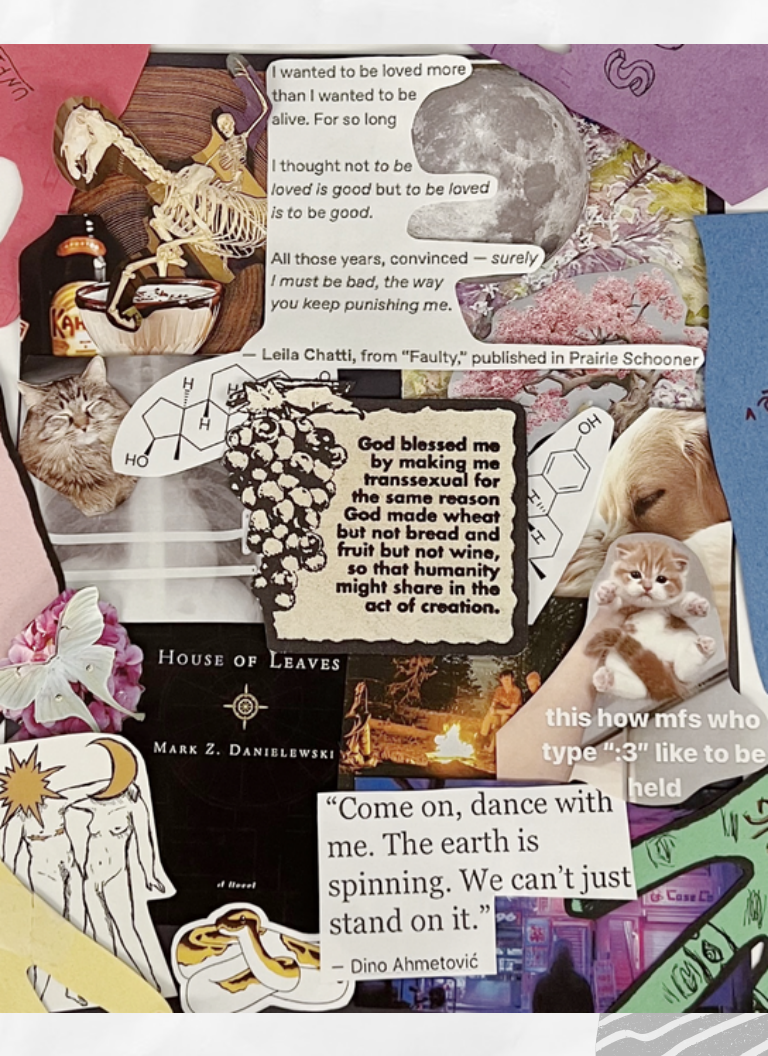
Lella Chatti, from "Faulty," published in *Prairie Schooner*



HOUSE OF LEAVES
MARK Z. DANIELEWSKI

this how mfs who type "3" like to be held

"Come on, dance with me. The earth is spinning. We can't just stand on it."
— Dino Ahmetović

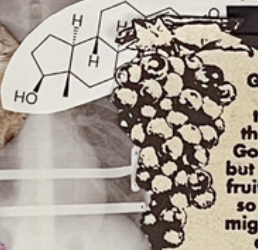


I wanted to be loved more
than I wanted to be
alive. For so long


I thought not to be
loved is good but to be loved
is to be good.

All those years, convinced — surely
I must be bad, the way
you keep punishing me.

— Leila Chatti, from "Faulty," published in *Prairie Schooner*




God blessed me
by making me
transsexual for
the same reason
God made wheat
but not bread and
fruit but not wine,
so that humanity
might share in the
act of creation.





HOUSE OF LEAVES

MARK Z. DANIELEWSKI



this how mfs who
type ":3" like to be
held



"Come on, dance with
me. The earth is
spinning. We can't just
stand on it."

— Dino Ahmetović

little girl

*What happened to my little girl?
A question hurled at me across the dinner table
Behind a slammed door
From the driver's seat of the car
What have you done with my little girl?*

*You used to be so pretty
Mild-tempered and polite
Remember when you used to wear dresses?
When you were my little girl?*

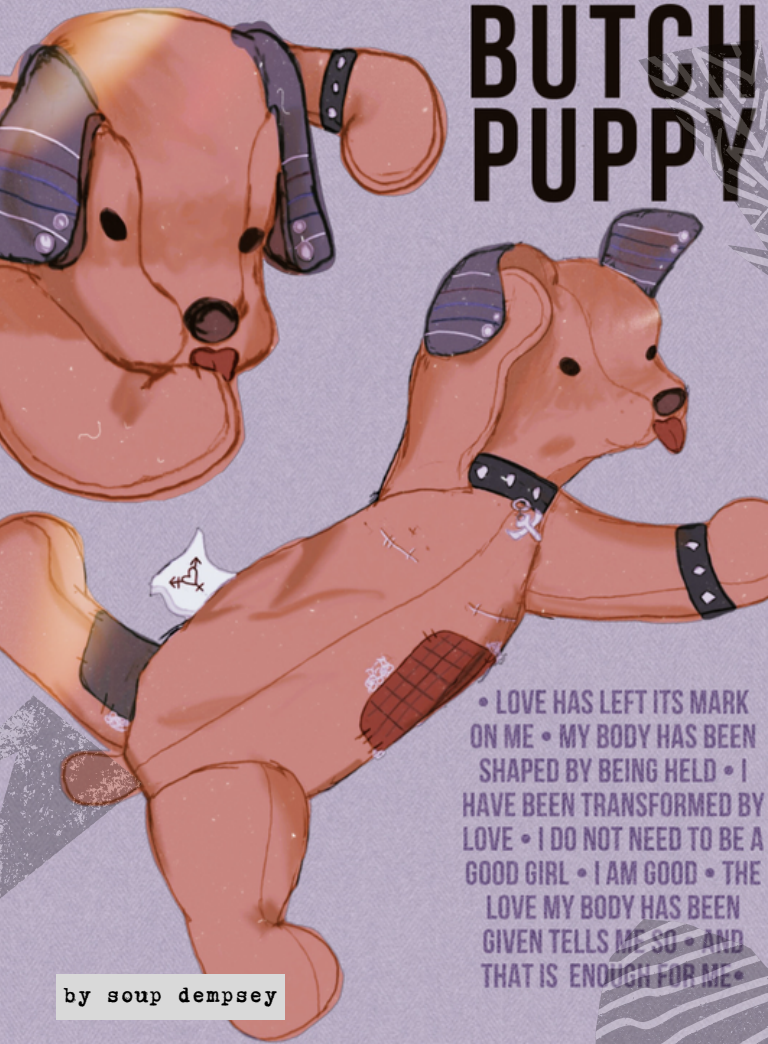
*I wish you could see that this person
The one you always talk about
She always was your little girl
She was never mine*

*And I have to live with the fact
that you' love this image of a child A child who never truly existed
More than you' ever love me*

*I don't know what happened to your little girl, mom
But your son is right here*

anonymous

BUTCH PUPPY



• LOVE HAS LEFT ITS MARK
ON ME • MY BODY HAS BEEN
SHAPED BY BEING HELD • I
HAVE BEEN TRANSFORMED BY
LOVE • I DO NOT NEED TO BE A
GOOD GIRL • I AM GOOD • THE
LOVE MY BODY HAS BEEN
GIVEN TELLS ME SO • AND
THAT IS ENOUGH FOR ME •

by soup dempsey

Would You Still Love Me if I Was a Worm?

"would you still love me if I was a worm?" I ask, eyes glued to yours as my question provokes a small laugh. "of course" you smile, shaking your head at the absurdity of my question "I'll keep you as my little worm pet" you add, forgetting about it as soon as it's answered.

I don't know what answer I really wanted out of you. Your response is what anyone expects, a way to satisfy me while brushing me off like a child that just keeps asking why. I know this is not the answer I wanted

Did I want you to tell me the truth? Do I wish you had said that of course you wouldn't still love me, that I was a worm and you were a human and we could never be? Did I want you to say that you would find me repulsive, that I would be chucked outside as soon as you found me and not a second thought would be given to it? I don't think I wanted to reminder of how disposable I am, how easy it would be to find someone else that was better than I was? I wouldn't want to know how easy it would be for you to forget about me and move on, even if i'm the only one who doesn't.

So then did I want you to tell me that you would always love me? That you cared for me so much that you would do whatever it took to protect me? Did I want to sit in a glass tank, watching as I became more and more a chore? Surely, I didn't want to see the love in your eyes fade each time you had to change the dirt. I don't know if I could handle watching you fall in love with someone else, moving on and spending late nights with another as I lay trapped, an unhappy audience member to a hypothetical situation of my own making.

What if you had said that you would try to turn me back? That you wouldn't rest until I was no longer a worm? That of course, wasn't the question, but what does that mean if you can't? What if I was never put back in my body? Would I still be worth keeping around? I don't know if I want to be reminded that before anything else I am seen as a woman, no matter how hard I protest otherwise. That most of the time, relationships come to me from the magnetic pull of physical attraction. That people see me as a physical thing before they consider anything beyond that. The painful memory of my heart being broken time and time again from man's ability to separate my feelings from my body, that if they couldn't touch me and feel me, then I wasn't worth keeping around. That every time I think this time they're different, I leave feeling sore and broken? No, I don't think I wanted you to solve the problem, or change me to be enough.

I smile back at you and force out a laugh, "as long as you remember to give me mango I think I'm okay with that" I tease, watching as I faded into the background, a nuisance that had been dealt with.

I don't think I needed a specific answer, I think I just needed you to care.

I know the question was stupid, but I wanted you to humor me. I wanted you to ask what kind of worm I was, if I could still talk, if you knew it was me. I think I needed to hear you consider your answer like it could happen tomorrow, to think about it like the decision mattered, that the choice you made would change my life forever and you couldn't imagine responding without considering all the factors. I desperately wanted you to say that your life would be immeasurably worse if I turned into a worm, that you would spend everyday craving the melody of my sleepy southern accent that only arrives in the dead of night, to experience the weight of my head on your chest, tapping your arm to the rhythm of your heart. That you would imagine the way my fingernails tracing endless lines on your back, our fingers intertwined and my thumb caressing the back of your hand felt against your skin. That you couldn't imagine how you would eat all your fries without me there to finish them. I longed to hear how much you loved me, and to be reassured that I mattered, that I will matter, even when I'm gone.

mia karlsson



anonymous

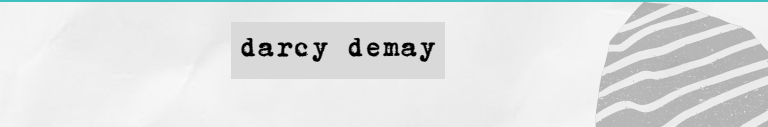
you say youve known me all my life

*you say youve known me all my life
but guess what?
so have i
youve watched me grow and laugh and cry
and id love to say youve been there through all the ups and downs
but you havent
how could you when so much was kept inside?
a secret i barely whispered to myself in the darkness tears wiped
away just in time to smile
"I'm me mom, I'm happy"
i know its hard for you, i do
but dont you see how much worse it is for me?
because im the one who has to live with myself every hour of every
day and its hard, living like this
i work so hard to keep living and thats something you dont see
because i often think how much easier it would be to just let go
if living like this is the problem
isnt the solution to just stop living?
but no im stronger than that- i have made myself stronger
thats how ive survived this long
and still you swear you know best
you somehow know me better than i do when the truth is: you dont
know me at all
so im going to live my life now- the way i want to live it no, the way i
have to live it
im done being quiet and polite
im done respecting opinions that dont respect me
its my turn to decide
its my turn to be happy
maybe this time its your turn to listen
you know me and have known me all my life, but you dont have to be
me I do*

anonymous

The background is a solid teal color. It is decorated with numerous white butterfly silhouettes of various sizes and orientations. There are also several white geometric shapes, including triangles and circles, scattered throughout. In the top right and bottom left corners, there are triangular sections of a patterned paper, possibly from a book cover, showing a dark green and black pattern. The text "Protect Trans Futures" is written in a white, handwritten-style font across the middle of the page.

Protect Trans Futures

The bottom section of the image has a white background. On the right side, there is a circular pattern of grey and white wavy stripes. The author's name "darcy demay" is printed in a grey, lowercase, sans-serif font on a light grey rectangular background.

darcy demay

what if it could be a fairytale

What if the story doesn't have to be a tragedy?

What if it could be a fairytale?

A story with a happy ending

And a magical beginning

Where all the changes are overcome

And our hero wins in the end

A story where the villains are clear

And their evils are defeated

Where we have a common enemy

And a we-loved prince

Does it always have to be a tragedy?

Does it have to be complex?

Could it be a fairytale?

Once upon a time there was a young prince

Who went on a magical journey and found himself

And he knew he was meant to be king someday,

Even though everyone seemed to believe he would grow to be queen

But the young prince knew they were wrong

And went on a quest to find out why

So when he returned from his journey-

The journey that helped him be certain

He told the king and queen

And the young prince was scared

What if they didn't understand?

The king and queen had not been on the quest with him


So he worried they would not believe him

But when he told them, they smiled

They embraced their son and welcomed him home as their prince



*So the young prince grew up and became king
He was a wonderful leader and the whole kingdom adored him
He ruled fairly
He communicated openly with a his subjects
And no one tried to beat him
And no one caed him names
He was we respected
And we loved throughout the kingdom
And the story wasn't a tragedy
And the parents weren't the viain
And the king lived Happily ever after*

anonymous



thanks for being a part of us,
a part of our community

we're glad to have you here.



march 31, 2023