

# The Transition and Trials of Therapy

By Helen Hill



Your life is a closed book  
I'm supposed to dump my whole life

You're strong  
I need to be stronger

You never cry  
I won't cry

You work hard  
I have to work harder

You have friends who can be around  
you  
I have people I would like to have as  
friends but can't

I have had to earn transition, every  
single step of it  
You don't know what that's like.

I have had to earn my right to be a  
woman  
You've never been evaluated as to  
your suitability to be a woman. You  
just are.

I have been on trial for a year and I'm  
tired, exhausted, all used up  
Have you ever been on trial for your  
gender?  
For your damn existence?

I have to continually prove myself...  
To my EX... To my work... To you...  
To ME...  
I can never really prove myself and I  
know it

I feel like I'm being continually blackmailed

I don't know how to rest

You don't see me interact in real life...  
So how can you know me?

You have someone who loves you and can interact with  
you  
I have never had anyone who loves me and wanted to  
interact with me  
Ever...

I don't know how to love and be myself  
I don't know how to be a lover

I know how to be a friend  
At least I think I know how to be a friend...

I'm passionate and my passion is killing me...  
I don't want to hurt anyone, ever, for anything...  
I hate myself when I hurt others...

I FEEL EVERYTHING!!!!!!!  
Every pain, every loss, every sadness, every desire,  
every longing, every hope, every love, every hate of  
myself and others...

It's evocative and debilitating all at the same time.

I'm angry... and I don't know what to do about it...