

Series VII: Endangered Gender

Serie VII: Gênero em risco de extinção (resumo: p. 6)

Serie VII: Género en peligro de extinción (resumen: p. 6)

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This series of poems attempts to address a myriad of psychological issues suffered by LGBTQI+ people today. These poems pinpoint those misconceptions and traumas about gender identity and sexuality that later reflect in insecurities, internalized oppression, and even death¹.

Keywords: Latin American poetry. Gender issues. LGBTQI+ poems.



I Wish I Were Trans

I wish I were trans,
But I can't.
It's okay to be gay and lesbian
But not trans.

Trans means
Scary
Awkward
Unnecessary
Maybe a little extreme?
Trans destroys your means.

No job
No home
No love
No *SEX* to call my own.

I wish I were trans,
But I can't.
I can't afford it.
My family can't bear it.
My society won't stand it.
I wish I were trans,
But they would still call me *HE*
When all I want is to be *SHE*.
But they would call me *IT*.



I never realized the power of the letter *S*.

*S*tructured

*S*tigmatized

*S*ENTENCED.

*T*RANSsexual!

*T*RANSgender!

*T*RANSgressor!

I wish I were trans,

But I can't.

But I deny myself.

But I shush myself.

But I HURT myself.



Blue Sequin High Heel Shoes

When I think of my childhood memories
I always remember my mom's blue sequin high heel shoes
So shiny
So stylish
So full of glitter fantasy.

I remember the times I tried them on:
Such a felony
Such a daring crime
Such a surreptitious strike.

I was no older than six years old,
But I knew clicking my heels in those blue sequin shoes
Would always transport me to pastel cues.

I knew I should've been playing in the mud
I knew I should've been learning how to tie knots
But how liberating and enchanting were those shoes!

I would sneak and be my own lookout
I couldn't afford getting caught,
For I knew little boys had no business trying on their mamas' shoes.

Oh, how wrong was I!
Had I known there was nothing to worry about,
I would have never taken off my mom's blue sequin high heel shoes.



Don't Be like Him

“Don't be like him!” Grandma said.

“Don't be like him!” Auntie said.

“Don't be like him!” Mama said.

Who am i supposed to be like then?

“He shouldn't be in the kitchen.”

“He shouldn't be playing with dolls.”

“He shouldn't be acting so feminine.”

**** What should i be doing when i am alone? ****

“I hope you'll never be like your cousin,” Grandma said,

“Asking for recipes and gossiping like a girl.”

“I hope you'll learn there's no place for men in the kitchen,

Unless it's mealtime and I get to serve.”

*****Can i expect not to be interested in all of that as well?*****

As a child, I understood I never wanted to be like him,
 One rejected gay boy who found no solace in being who he was.
 Even though I had my granny's and family's conditioned love,
 I felt the best way to survive through my childhood was to be
 less like him, less like me.

More like their idea of what little boys are meant to be.

******How is a kid supposed to grow carrying all of that?!******



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Reference

1. Elizondo González J. El clóset es para la ropa. San José: Edinexo; 2019.

Esta série de poemas tenta abordar uma miríade de problemas psicológicos sofridos por pessoas LGBTQI+ hoje. Esses poemas identificam esses equívocos e traumas sobre identidade de gênero e sexualidade que mais tarde refletem em inseguranças, opressão internalizada e até morte.

Palavras-chave: Poesia latino-americana. Questões de gênero. Poemas LGBTQI+.

Esta serie de poemas intenta abordar una miríada de problemas psicológicos que sufren las personas LGBTQI+ hoy en día. Estos poemas señalan esos conceptos erróneos y traumas sobre la identidad de género y la sexualidad que luego se reflejan en inseguridades, opresión internalizada e incluso la muerte.

Palabras clave: Poesía latinoamericana. Cuestiones de género. Poemas LGBTQI+.

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