

## TRANSLITERAL (a haibun)

Nature's cry stifled,  
body's language banned by law,  
birds and bees vanish.

Back then, he knew he was literally female. But feelings were confusing. Years of comfort in the tomboy stereotype—forever drawn to aggressive sports, rough-housing, guy things—made her wish she was born a boy. Confusion became conclusion, after the school counselor affirmed her sense of birth in the wrong body, warning him that failure to transition to his true inner gender might lead to self-destructive behavior.

Seasons in cycles,  
circling for ages, hit wall:  
ideology.

With operations done and hormones working, his campus hailed him as a modern hero. But his social high settled to a depressed low, even to suicidal thoughts. Then, he met a girl, who had transitioned from a male body but, now regretting it, was saving up for reversal surgery. Meeting her shook him, rousing his repressed mourning, felt first when fully realizing, *My breasts are gone!* So, he screamed at his inner mind, *Why didn't that counselor warn me that my feelings might finally change to match my body? Why did they push me toward this choice?*

Nature's resistance  
rattles proud agenda's ruse:  
mind over matter.

— David L. Hatton, 2/22/2020