

TRANS PEOPLE EXIST IN THE future.

A ZINE of celebrating
ART + POETRY
TRANS RESILIENCE

Trans People Exist in the Future

— *art and poetry celebrating trans resilience* —

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Learn more at www.tdor.co

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About

Dear one, you're holding a heartfelt offering—to trans people of color, from trans people of color. These pages are spilling with the seeds of our future world.

These images and poems are selections of work from the Trans Day of Resilience art project. Founded with the Audre Lorde Project in 2014, this project is an annual love offering to trans people of color everywhere. Led by Forward Together, its current name and spirit emerged from a 2015 call from New Orleans trans justice organization BreakOUT! to celebrate the resilience of our trans family.

November 20 marks Trans Day of Remembrance, an annual memorial for our murdered kin. The day gives us space to grieve the siblings—overwhelmingly Black trans women and femmes—who were pushed out of this world too soon.

Our rebellious mourning recommits us to the living. We refuse to forget or forfeit our power, even in the face of epidemic violence. We remember: we are pure possibility. Our freedom dreams could set the whole world free.

With art as our portal, we imagine and femifest the world we deserve. May this artwork and poetry, for and by trans people of color, help us see ourselves safe and cherished, rested and healed, fully alive. Let's dream and shape an irresistible future together.

Dreaming Prompts

After exploring the artwork and poetry, let your imagination take you to a world where trans people of color thrive. Dream into the prompts below using words, images, movement, sound, or whatever other mediums you're drawn toward.

- ✱ Inspired by Vita E.'s poem "A Dream Come True," what are your wildest dreams for trans people of color one hundred years from now?
- ✱ In "Girls," xoai pham writes, "The best part about being a trans girl," / is keeping the world's secret in your chest." What is that secret? (Bonus: can you describe a different "best part?")
- ✱ Inspired by Benji Hart's poem "Layleen's Bill (With Revisions)," once we abolish prisons, what will we do with the old facilities?
- ✱ In "An Offering," SA Smythe writes, "You must remember to reach only for the neither thing." When would this reminder be useful? Describe where "the neither thing" resides.

Layleen's Bill (With Revisions)

by Benji Hart

for Layleen Cubilette-Polanco Xtravaganza

~~The New York City Council will pass a package of legislation,~~
~~expanding services for transgender, gender nonconforming,~~
~~non-binary, and intersex inmates~~ *will turn out its pockets,*
never sign another ransom note

~~All officers with trans inmates in their custody will undergo~~
~~a competency training~~ *will have their badge numbers*
etched off with diamond-tipped acrylics, aquamarine

~~New beds will be added to the transgender housing unit~~
beds of wildflowers will erupt from lots that were not
vacant, just holding their breath

~~Counselors will be made available to all trans inmates~~ *we*
are each our sister's counsel

~~The Board of Correction will convene a task force~~ *will*
be tasked with something useful, like beekeeping, or collecting
rainwater

~~Sex workers will have their cases diverted to Human Sex~~
~~Trafficking Intervention Court~~ *will spray paint the words*
"we are the intervention" on the courthouse rubble

~~The Rikers Island compound will be replaced by a series of~~
~~smaller, borough-based facilities~~ *will slip into the rising*
Atlantic, the ribs of our dead prepared to cage it

~~Trans elders will be held in solitary confinement for their~~
~~own safety~~ *will have their charcoal locs retwisted in*
chosen hands

~~This legislation will take effect in the summer of 2020~~
we have never asked permission to sing



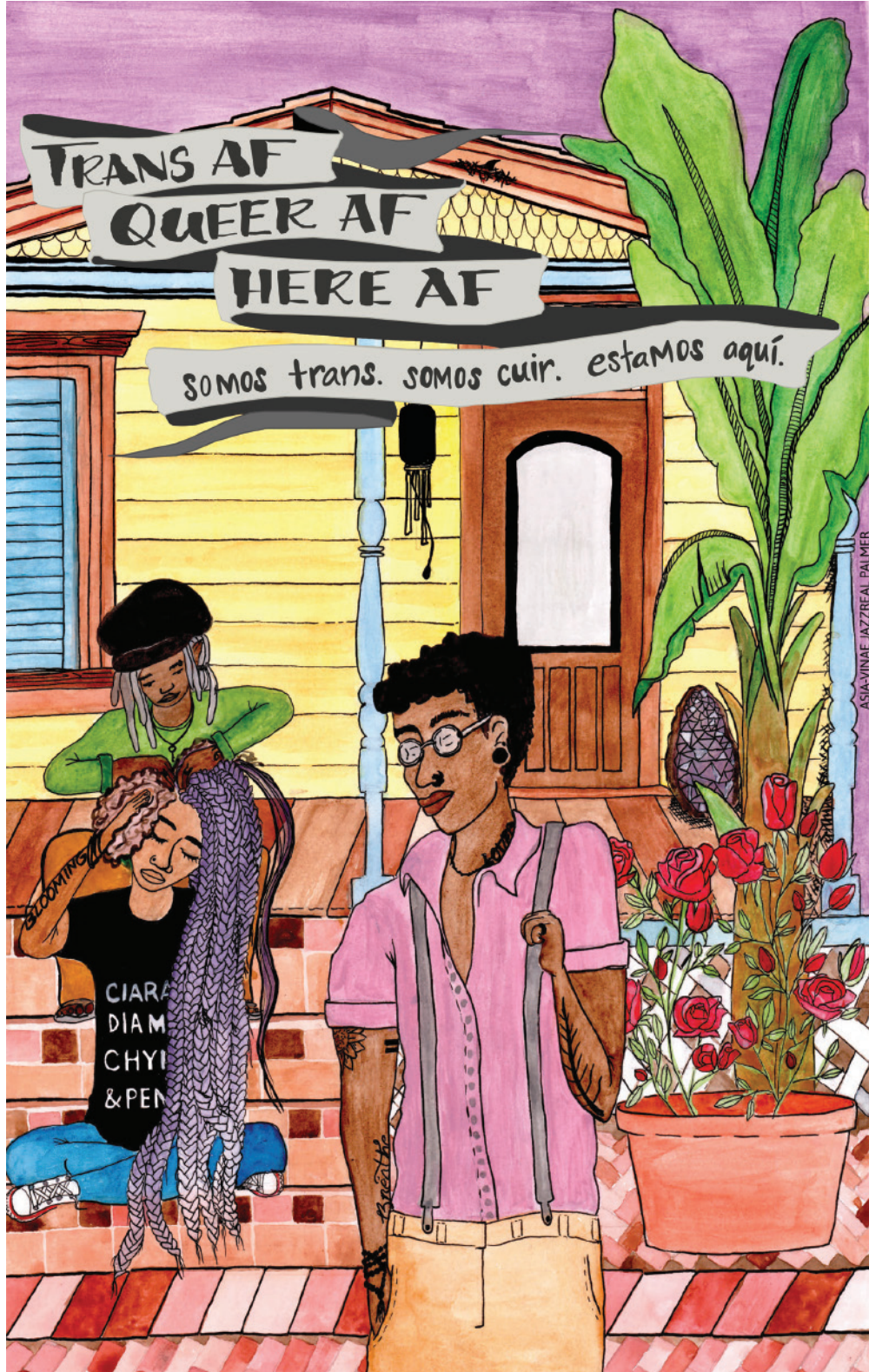
GLORI TUITT

TRANS AF

QUEER AF

HERE AF

somos trans. somos cuir. estamos aquí.



An Offering

by SA Smythe

Stop me if you've heard this one before
So that I can tell it again, and savor it.
I am here, yet they think of me as a relic.
Not forgotten, but unglorified
A rough beast with a hashtagged accent of defeat,
A weak heart, and a Bethlehem slouch.

I often find myself both sought after and shunned—
Unable to speak my own name if I wanted—eternally emptied,
Made to mourn the loss of any meaning I might yet make
Like a silenced clap of thunder, technicolor turned to ashes.
It seems that so many I've loved have wanted me dead,
Ground down into the ancestral mosaic of past and present gods.

Earthly siblings, sweet apparitions: can we sanctify ourselves into
new life?

I cannot warn the others of the coming storm alone,
Cannot take shelter from storms already here, and look! Just look.
Everywhere blood clings to the leaves, soot gnaws at the lungs
There's no water for miles, and soon all you can say is:
Well, we should've listened for the thunder.

Still, I was not the first to dream another world,
To crave the teeming darkness of the ocean floor,
Stories I would never fully know. With this I exalt myself,
Shapeshift into my harbinger skin. We have always been on
the move.

Lithe and wild and dangerous, we grow new lungs,
Spread our palms across the dirt and tend to new leaves.

But I can never forget the body that came before.
Acidic grief dries out along the cracks in this new flesh,
Phantom bruises from when them did hush up the clap, thief
the color.

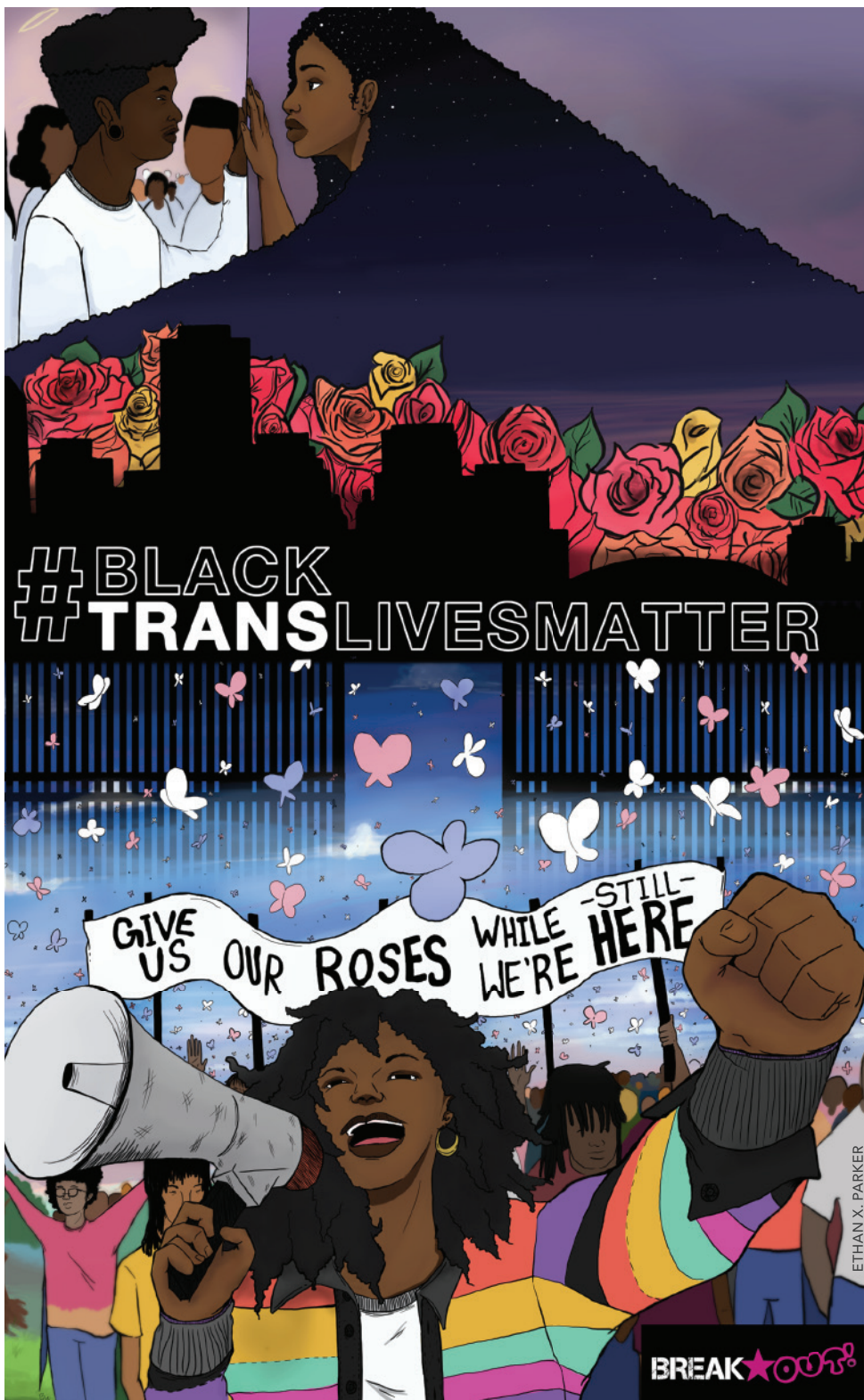
I divine myself as Ochumaré, a messenger with an offering
That you may call me rainbow serpent,
Sibling, lover, or freedom traveler

That in case language doesn't express desire, but hides it,
You must remember to reach only for the neither thing,
To be righteously unashamed of this grief until the otherwise
comes

Until that time when we may name ourselves whole, if not holy,
And stop eulogizing the project of living long enough to see
That it has yet to come, and so can never die.



GLORI TUITT



#BLACK
#TRANSLIVESMATTER

GIVE US OUR ROSES WHILE WE'RE -STILL- HERE

ETHAN X. PARKER

BREAK   

A Dream Come True

by Vita E.

We are the wildest dreams of our Transcestors come to life.
The beating of ancient drum, now transformed to the snap of fingers,
Clap of hand, spit of sickening syllables.
The full weight of bodies, spinning magick into the air,
Appearing weightless on descent, landing fiercely without effort.
Vibrant hair, bald heads, boss braids, lit wigs,
Tits out, clit, click, and dick out-hedonistic liberation.
Authenticity sourced from bloodlines of deities,
Brown skin perpetually creating euphoria,
Trans truth, Afro-tenacity.
Revolt beating in pulse with the heartbeats of Black Trans Elders,
Black Trans Futures learning and evolving the pace,
While we, the present, give and receive the lessons as we learn them.

We are the wildest dreams of our Trancestors come to life.
Warriors who refuse to let silence or submission be our melody.
We prove that shit with our feet, our canes, our wheels, our signs and
our voices,
Taking the streets before ignorance finishes its evening commute.
Rattling the earth, cracking the sky in two.
Streets know Black Trans rage,
Stronger than they know the red of our blood,
Though the streets still know it well.
Now the world knows history books with our names actually in them,
Immortalized in Black ink, leaving the red behind.

Like no more being error, more like icon.
More Marsha P. to Andy Warhol,
Jennicet to Obama's opportunism,
Miss Major to the whole country,
And your most recent Emmy winning Netflix search.
We are the wildest dreams of our Trancestors come to life.
We love ourselves out loud, we love each other.
I've shaken the hand of a child,
Clad in melanin, love, truth of identity and expression,
And "Black Trans Lives Matter" patched on their back.

The smiles of who no longer search for love in words kept in shadow,
Now the sunlight that makes shades of earth, stone, sand, and root
grow.
Makes our love pop like our skin, like our hearts.
That love, more viral than any campaign against us.
Our agency over our minds and bodies as fluid as the waves inside us,
Sorcery beyond the range of closed minds,
Conjuring outside the realms of hate and death.

We are the wildest dreams of our Trancestors come to life.
Once deemed more target than human,
Now clapping back at presidential proportions.
Every election will know that "president" cannot exist without the T.
Neither can ancesTry, wiTchery, resisTance,
Even culTure itself owes us for the bite in its articulation.
We carry our ratchet with our Black feminist theory and
unmatched aesthetic.
Holding our trauma and our dreams as armor.
Serpentine shade hand in hand with steel spirit as we Transform
the world.

They have been reminded of the ways we Transcend,
Transporting between the human, and the divine.
Living beyond the lies, into our power, into our magick.
annoinTed.
immorTal.
eTernal.

We are the wildest dreams of our Trancestors come to life.
And our dreams are wilder because of it.



MALACHI LILY

Make TRANS DREAMS Reality



Girls

by xoài pham

Remember when she drifted along the surface
of the ocean, hair like kelp
reflecting the surface of the sun.
The whales extending their foreheads
to graze her shoulder.
Her gaze rests on the gray cloud miles away, inching
towards her Sāmoa. A few moments later,
the sky opens with a hot downpour.
She submerges her brown head
into the Pacific, becomes ocean.
Gives baby whales wet kisses.
Peels back layers of coastline
to reveal the volcanic rock
that whispers a secret:
I'm not going anywhere.

✱

She is alive. Lights flash bright red.
Then blue. What did she know
about saving lives? She was someone's
baby girl, pumpkin, angel,
love dumpling, little one.
Here she is on Atlantic Ave.,
at the house with the fig tree
that reminds her of Cameroon. The police car
that she hijacked sits idly outside,
the sirens no longer work.

She packs her powder pink duffel
with playing cards, rope, a teddy bear
named Raven, sour patch kids,
castor oil, and a red canvas notebook.
She walks past the painting on the wall
of a full-circle rainbow glittering
around a white sun. Outside the door,
is a family of maybe five hundred.
Their bellies so accustomed
to the pain of uncontrollable laughter.

✱

The best part about being a trans girl
is keeping the world's secret in your chest.
We are shards of seaglass.
You see yourself in us:
Big and wide. Spines
long enough to play with purple clouds.
In the beginning there was us.
In the end, here we are. Here I am,
made of the same stuff
as my grandmother. And her grandmother.
And the mushrooms that sprouted before her.
Lift your head, close your eyes,
do you hear yourself
breathing?



#Say Her Name

BLACK • TRANS • FEMALE • BEAUTIFUL

STRATIGRAPHY

by Mia S. Willis

for the THEM!HOOD.

"Stratigraphy – The study of the layers (strata) of sediments, soils, and material culture at an archaeological site[.]" – The Archaeological Institute of America

V. MODERN LAYER

and each time the boi dies pour one out for ‘em.
the black word is left to the air again cry whole hailstorms.
new kindling in every mouth / love harder than thunder.
new dances for all the dust. all the living done together.

IV. 2013 – 2017

their fingertips cartographers of the land play the dozens with the devil.
meet red clay in the jaw / flame death mans be for everybody.
slate lining the ribcage / funny box run right over.
anoint altars with honest touch.

III. 2006 – 2012

throat a cavern of infinity water to a whale.
hair of pitch-pine smoke nappy as a briar patch.
and hands content with emptiness an appetite for every breath
the black word became the boi ayyyyyye.

II. 1995 – 2005

and so this black word spoke itself anew.
declared itself a body / a beating fire /
a burning heart /
a brown skin etiology.

aw shit.
go off, nigga.
yo, that's lit.

I. 1994

in the beginning there was the word.
and that word was black.
but this primordial black lacked a glyph;
a phoneme with no flesh equivalent./

oh word?

ayyyyyyye.

damn, that's cold.



HUNTER ASHLEIGH SHACKELFORD



litany in which you are still here

by kiki nicole

today you think about fear
 & fear it
but you do not die

today your black ass walks to the corner store
 or makes it out of bed

& where are the bells?
 where is the city on fire for you?
where the chorus of nigga,

you made it?
 & yes, of course you did

today
 your black ass walks to the corner store

& you pour one out with each step
 & your block becomes ancestor too
drunk on the living, which is you

today
 you inspire

today
 your black ass conjure spirit
like perennials in concrete

& yes
 you did that shit

for to water is to love
 is to feed
& you have been over/flowing

of course you have
 you care & you love
& you love & you love

so much you hold
 both a hot thing & nature's milk
for to stay is to carry

so much your black back be water & bridge
 so much your black ass be cargo

& like any goddexx
 you are scorned
& become the fire anyway

let it be okay
 to burn
without signal flare

let it be known
 the first brick thrown
was meant to strike

yesterday
 your black ache swelled
but today
 you are here
& what is resilience if not vengeance
 a heavy stream of salt
poured down the throat
 of all that should oppose your daily bloom

those who deserve it
 who never deserved you

for this you feel
 lighter

& for this,
 endless libation

for this,
 gardens wherever you roam

& this block be yours
 & this world, now
yours

yea tho you walk
 yea tho you rise
tho bitch you are here

& this,
 too,
is a form of resurrection

today
 you are
& you are not afraid

& what mistake
 what divine miracle

*note:

“black ache” inspired by the work of artist Blache Marie
“a hot thing” a line from Toni Morrison’s *Beloved*

divine
love
is
our
Birth
right



by jayy dodd

[Goal] is the solution / for the revolution | [pronoun] say

- | | |
|-----------------|-------------|
| • Wide Smiles | • she say |
| • Strong Hearts | • they say |
| • Safe Homes | • xe say |
| • Deep Laughs | • dey say |
| • Worthy Coin | • ze say |
| • Radical Care | • he say |
| • Open Streets | • we say |
| • Our Truth | • y'all say |

Imprecatory Prayer to the Transestors

To The Trans Ancestors & Elders who have guided us here:
We honor your legacy with new celebrations.

May our bodies persist, let them shine whole & well.
May our minds calibrate to the call of the universe.

Let our protest songs transfigure to peace hymns.
Let our cultural knowledge produce nourishment.

May our homes bustle warm with abundant love.
May our communities flourish despite borders.

Let our love quake open any lingering shackle.
Let our joy obliterate any festering contempt.

As we bind each other closer,
we manifest futures more possible.

DISMANTLE PRISONS



ABOLISH I.C.E.

In the Name Of

by Niko Shahbazian

Dear You, dear
border, and
hye-phen, and good
boi and tranny faggot,
and most divine, dear
Say Their Name

I am learning to love
the things about me
they call foreign
The way my name
dances on ten letters
and how I
carry a border
on two backs

I thought home was
supposed to taste sweet
prunes that make
a mouth curl into itself
and rosewater
for exhaling hands
In Iran, my mom says,
it is custom
to give breath to hands

In America, everything
is the name of redemption

Like the way the officer
says Iran and then takes
my father aside
for extra questioning
Like the way they say ma'am
and I think they mean me

What is the name we give
for sacrifice,
for a rhythm of
boundaries or
the inhabiting of a
space not made
Border between
what is there and
what is not

I am beautiful because I sacrificed
what was there for
what is (not)

What is resilient
If not the way I tremble
before God
before Allah
before Marsha
before Say Their Name
before The Next One Dead
before those more divine
than the blood of our illusions

We Keep Each Other Safe
• Nonconformers • Goddesses • Sisters •



The Limits of Language

by Benji Hart

When Sylvia Rivera, a “Boricua” (from the Arawak “Borinquen,” name for the island pre-colonization) “trans woman,” and Marsha P. Johnson,

a “Black” (from the European caste system, signifying “nadir,” “most depraved”) “trans woman,” founded “Street Transvestite

Action Revolutionaries” (or “STAR,” 1970), they took on a word now considered offensive. They were out all night at the bars, in the street,

before some scholar coined the term “transgender,” and needed nothing bestowed on them to know what ought to be done and do it.

(They would later inaugurate a makeshift shelter, infamously dropping an old refrigerator from the second story window on a murder of officers

attempting to evict them.) This is to say we are each a new symbol, requiring (should we long for it) its own definition: To choose “Blackness”

knowing “Blackness” was chosen to keep you quiet; To worship again that which was made profane for the very fact of its holiness;

To get up, to dress oneself, walk outside, all without needing a name for any of it; To be subversion’s mascot long before being its lover;

To inhabit futures in a bedroom of ghosts; To acknowledge language as another “border.” What is the word for “belonging to the land?”

What is the word for “ancestor moving in my throat?” (To know

The sign for “everything not yet imagined?” Back teeth biting
down on a tongue before it formed the phrase. (I share this with you

because you are even now a part of it.) Lips curled into the sound for
“world after this one.” What letter can stand in for a jail cell left open,

empty and ringing as a speechless mouth?



EDXIE BETTS

END TRANS DETENTION



art by rommy torrico

Prayer

by xoài pham

After Mark Aguhar

My knees kiss the bathroom floor,
my ancestors' blood
hugging the edges of my body.
I've been murdered by a man

afraid of his own heart.
My body splayed like a shadow
at dusk. Have you ever seen
a trans girl whole?

Stabbed, maimed, shot,
strangled, drowned,
set on fire. I was
next on the list.

As I lay swallowed by red,
my sisters arrive in a blanket of rain,
their eyes wet. Soft smiles
strung along their brown faces.

They lift my arms gently, like wind
cradling branches,
kiss my cheeks like butterflies.
We swim through rays of sun,

clouds turn into oceans.
The people below me are so small

they don't even move.
My arms and legs

become blades of light, I
am a whisper.
As we approach, the smell of Bà Ngoai's
pepper-seared beef fills the air.

I see the blessed ones—
the hot fat girls, the hookers,
the power bitches. The gender
illusionists, the disabled and dis-identifiers—

my family. Floating around me
like leaves—the girls
I had yet to meet: Ava, Kiwi,
Jaquarrius, and Jamie Lee.

Ciara, Chyna, and Gwynevere.
There are so many I have yet to name.
Whose names I will learn
and cherish. This time,

there are no goodbyes.
We sing whale-songs,
share laughs our skin
can barely hold. Our throats

are mountains of lost words.
We learn the lines of each other's
hands, the folds of skin,
the tickle of hair.

This is our final prayer. This time,
we, the blessed ones,
are stretched across the horizon.
This time,

you
are here.



TRANS IS



FREEDOM,

IS ADVENTURE,

IS ENDLESS!

Artists and Poets

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We are the Blessed Ones

