

## TRANS PERSON DIED OF NATURAL CAUSES

Cancer, or something just as inevitable.

Trans person loved flowers, trees, soil, the sky, and all bodies of water.

Trans person ate chocolate cake,  
tofu peanut noodles, plums,  
plums, plums.

At time of death trans person had a fantastic, violet  
bruise the circumference of a pomelo on the right bicep;

various rope burns on the torso, wrists, and ankles;  
welts in rows on the ass;

and on the calves and back: long, red lines  
as if from a recent flogging.

When the trans friends and lovers of the deceased  
were questioned about the markings,

they only smiled or turned red, fanning themselves and  
a few of them started licking their lips.

One of the trans friends and/or lovers was given some time  
to collect herself/himself after shrieking:

*Is there no evidence of tenderness on the body?*

She has/they have a point. A gentle kiss leaves no trace. A hand  
squeezed in the movie theater or on the living room couch

leaves no trace. The back of the neck grazed as you unclasp the chain  
leaves no trace.

And where do all the words go? Like, *Call me when you get there* and  
*You make me feel seen and like my life is important*  
*When I'm with you I feel, momentarily, safe*

*I forgive you and I'm sorry too and I love you and  
I love you and*

*I still love you*

And because we love in the context of community,  
don't we each get a chance to live forever? *and  
ever, you'll stay in my heart*

TRANS PERSON DIED OF:                      MAXIMUM PLEASURE

OF DEEP CONTENTMENT                      OF SWEET, SWEET LOVING

OF REAL FRIENDSHIP                      OF BELLY LAUGHTER

OF DANCING TOO MUCH                      OF SINGING OFF KEY

OF A REALLY                      NICE DREAM  
and is now waking up to the most beautiful music

not meant for the people                      of Planet Earth