I

Genesis arrives without permission.

We are born. We learn to walk, to speak.

Yet others see a truth so plain in me, that I cannot recognise. I do not yet know these foreign words, I do not understand. Yet they are somehow clear. *You are unlike us*.

It is an exquisite agony.

Does my body not move against the same gravity? Do I not lay under the same stars as you? I dream a different dream but are we all not dreamers?

I curl inward, blanket myself in the space and absence.

Why does it matter if I'm different from the rest of you? Doesn't anyone understand me?

II

I am thirteen and have carved a hollow within the marble of my flesh.As if devouring my innards could lead me to a great epiphany, a bloody transcendental understanding.

A child of thirteen is allowed such a naive thought.

The change pulls at me, my pursuit of enlightenment has only made me brittle and weak. These cracks form deep within and reach for my muscle and bone, inner lightning tearing me asunder.

I show my decaying form to others, to ask and beg for an explanation. Yet I wither under their cold and indifferent gaze.

Why does everything hurt? Please someone tell me what is going on. Please. I'm scared.

III

The hardest change comes now, blinding fast and screeching its arrival with seizure and convulsion.

It is a change that comes from another, cells shifting and growing. We assign malevolence to biological indifference.

I sit with the one who gave me form and silently ask everything that has come before and everything that may come after to gift me what I ask. I will ask this only once and never again.

I can accept my changed form. I can accept the difference within myself and the otherness of being.

Please, do not take from me the origin of who I am. If that is taken then I am lost.

Divine clarity of reason, my changes understood.

Let me guide and walk alongside the one who is meant to walk ahead. I know how to be broken, to be confused and unsure.

Please let her wake up, give me the chance… let everything I've gone through prepare me for this.

IV

Change happens only thrice is a lie I once told myself, a balm to soothe someone uncertain and scared.

Now I seek and embrace it, no longer the passive one who is changed, but the ones who changes.

A challenge and purpose of being, each time an aspect revealed.

I am ready.