

**Visibility**  
**by Cooper Kidd**

Oftentimes it is the fact that I am trans that makes me visible,  
Thankfully not a mockery or a disgrace,  
But visible enough to be vocal.  
I used to say that being trans was my superpower,  
But that was before I knew my superpower exists in wholeness,  
Not in silos or compartments.  
My superpower now consists of all of me,  
Not just parts pieced together haphazardly like bits of trash speckling the Philly streets,  
Loose, torn, fragmented, never still.  
But sadness is like that sometimes,  
Like a caged lion trying to escape,  
Trying to roar with no sound,  
Attempting to mask its frustration and cries for help.  
Time capsules help though,  
Transform me, motivate me, move me,  
Allows me to remember better times exist,  
Glimpses into a future untold but omnipresent.  
Like a ghost I am neither here nor there,  
Cutting in and out of lives, situations, places,  
Striving to stay,  
But unable not unwilling.  
Sometimes though I transform,  
Caged animals sing sometimes too you know,  
Sing loud and proud,  
Unmasking and rejoicing in freedom that has at long last come.