

# Gynandromorphism

I taxidermy my palms open like butterfly wings,  
with a seam down the middle.

Gynandromorphism:

stitched from two different blueprints,  
male and female characteristics,  
one in ten thousand butterflies.

Gynandromorphism:

a word for what happens when the body  
refuses to choose, when the world asks  
for a boy or a girl and the wings answer,  
yes.

I think about this a lot when the world  
seems too busy to make a fuss about  
the shape I make in it  
and at other times,  
when it reminds me it does.

There are never any gender-neutral bathrooms  
when I need them and women stop me,  
clock me, double-check the sign on the door  
when they see me.

I get pat-downs at airports,  
so often.

Do they think I'm trying to smuggle something  
in my binder?

I get charged \$60 for a *men's cut*,  
what even is a *men's cut*?

Does identity cost *extra*?

Every pat-down,  
every double-take,  
every ruling against trans people,  
every act of hate,

I wonder if the butterflies ever grow tired,  
of being made specimen instead of movement.  
Of being preserved when all they ever wanted  
was to unfold.

Some mornings I wake already upside down.

Like the world's been flipped and I'm the only one  
still standing on the wrong side of gravity.  
I wonder if the butterflies feel it too.  
The pull of two different names,  
the weight of flight and belonging.  
I haven't found a gender-neutral term for auntie yet,  
I can't correct people on my pronouns,  
my mouth folds inwards like a tongue-tie of wings.

Forget man.  
Forget woman.  
Forget every box that asked me to choose.  
Forget neat labels pressed flat under glass.  
Listen.  
I am flight  
and stillness  
at once.

My palms,  
like taxidermy butterflies.  
Not to preserve but to prove  
that in this world  
even pinned wings  
still remember  
how to move.