

When I tell you that I'm getting top surgery
you give me a confused, worried look,
ask if I'm mentally well and
lean in towards me, waiting
for me to answer your questions

I'm can't wait for top surgery

I can't wait for see-through tops, for unbuttoned shirts, for
something skin tight, for swimming in just my little red shorts

I can't wait to donate my old binder, now defunct as my shape-
shifter, and seeing someone else find comfort in it. This garment
has been a 7 year wardrobe staple and my ribs could use a very
long break.

I can't wait to decorate my scars with ink, to reveal this art piece
to the world and hold myself wide.

I can't wait for my body to feel like a home.

When I say I'll be "happier"
you assault me with your doubt
an endless barrage of questions that slide off me
How can you not see that your "concern" is just repackaged
transphobia?

I can't wait to be what I have always wanted, and getting to show
those on the road behind me that waiting isn't all a trans person
is made to do. I don't care if you can't see my trans joy for what
it is, because that doesn't make the feeling any less true.

I can't wait to hug my friends with all of me - our hearts closer
to each other than ever before.

I can't wait for the joyful relief to come, to be done with my
pain, which is well-documented in a bloated archive. Now, I will
build myself a new wonderful library and share it with all the
stunning acts of self creation I am blessed enough to witness.

I'm well aware of how difficult this will be, and I'm not looking
forward to the drains, the clinging hospital smell and not being
able to lift my arms higher than *this* for two whole weeks. But
none of these things remove my excitement. These things are
just tiny inconveniences by comparison.

I can't wait for what I will be once the bandages, scabs and
numbness have all fallen away.

I can't wait for being content. For not feeling at odds with myself
all the time. For having room to grow into a newly freed up
space.

Even still, you don't relent.

I can't wait for feeling shower spray on new skin, for feeling well
enough to stand tall, for walking with that long-lost spring in my
step, for being held, for the new clothes I'll get to wear, for
bulking out my shoulders, for parties and tattoos and the scars
and jumping and strength and lightness and talking and
breathing and breathing and breathing and being able to
breathe.

I can't wait for top surgery. I can't believe I made it this far, that
I am living in the *lead up* rather than a formless *before*. Soon, I
will feel more real than ever before.