

L. K. HOLT

Male-to-Female (2)

Centuries after Galen, her penis finally unblooms on the inside,
a timid resurrection of space that tried to mend like a sore
until she taught the flesh what is right, the good Christian

she might've—. The orchidectomy was a deflowering of sorts,
a relic of woman was found, always so, almost petrified.
She learned not to hold her breasts possessively.

The pain of mother in labor and baby cruelly worlded—
combined. To flesh out the sentient dress that always hung,
perfect-postured, just out of the mirror's line of sight,

the shrinks wanted her to write an autobiography.
She gave them the authoritative biography of a man who died
from a chronic lack of inside. Like an angel she delivered him from.