

www.madeforflight.com

JUST WISH IT HELPED.



Made for Flight is a project that honors transgender people who have been murdered by building kites and writing poems in their memory. What you have here is a collection of writing by Lesbian, Gay, Bisexual, Transgender/Two-Spirit, Queer and straight Allied youth from across Southern Arizona who are raising their voices to stop transphobia! We hope you will listen to them and enjoy this zine.

Transgender and genderqueer people deserve to be supported, celebrated, and valued.

It is my hope that *Made for Flight* will encourage those of us with privilege (and there are many kinds of privilege in this world - white, straight, passing, male, the list goes on) **to use that privilege to speak out, call out, and act out against transphobia and other forms of oppression.**

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We cannot talk about transphobia and ignore the fact that the majority of those we commemorate on Transgender Day of Remembrance are transwomen of color. Racism, sexism, classism, homophobia, and transphobia are inherently inter-related and we must work in solidarity with one another to overcome them all.

I created *Made for Flight* with the goals of building awareness, community, and a sense of the power and history of transgender people despite the many forms of violence and oppression we experience. I wanted to focus on our resiliency, our ability to transform and transcend. I hope that you will join us in this endeavor.

TC Tolbert
Made for Flight founder and director

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From *The Bone People* by Keri Hulm:

They were nothing more than people by themselves.

Even paired, any pairing, they were nothing more than people by themselves.

But in a group, they formed the heart and muscle and mind of something perilous and new. Something strange and growing and great.

Together, all together, they are the instruments of change.

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I am that tranny walking down your street the one who you think is no good and put out easy. With a small mini skirt fish net stockings and cute high heels loads of make up with looks that kill. The one who gets that rep for being worthless and nothing more the one that people often talk about as the dirty skanky whore. The one that you think is an outcast, who doesn't have any friends or support. The one who you think needs your sympathy, who needs your charity and concern. The one who will do sexual favors for you while you pay me small amounts of cash ask me to do things for you that I have never ever done for any other man. It's funny cuz when your with your friends and you see me you only speak of me as a freak call me an ugly stupid person and mention that I am not worth your time. I am THAT TRANNY WALKING DOWN YOUR STREET, but I am that tranny who goes to school and has a job the one who doesn't have to give you any kind of sexual favor because she makes a living for her self the one who doesn't wear promiscuous clothes that only identify her

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as a slut, I am that tranny that many people talk about and wish they could be more like the one you only dream about when your holding your pillow tight. I am that tranny who wont ever be talked down to the one who isn't ashamed to speak her mind the one who is always respectful and very kind. I am that tranny who has a life a real one and who doesn't need to waste time on you and your lies AND YOU your that married man who is still in the closet, who is fake to his wife and kids the one who has those fantasies and always dream about it, to your friends and family you'll always be living a lie. Reality and truth is that I am that tranny walking down your street holding my mans hand and showing the world my love for him and his love for me not living a lie or hiding behind a screen, so yes I am that tranny I am that tranny I am that fuckin fabulous tranny walking down your street that tranny I am that tranny is me.

by: Lowlaa Elean Tapia



And then...

A life was lived.
A friend was hugged.
A birthday was celebrated.
A family was loved.

A job was done.
A car was washed.
A heart was broken.
A love was lost.

A laugh was laughed.
A drink was downed.
A meal was made.
Lost love was found.

A tear was cried.
A song was sung.



An egg was found.
A wreath was hung.

Change...and then...

A life was taken.
Ze yelled a yell.
A gun was shot.
To the ground, ze fell.

And because a life was lived,
but the living veered from “right”
they refused to remember
and thus hate won the fight.

- Devon Moule



So many people
So many faces.
Just trying to live and be free
but you did not let them be.

You singled them out
made a fuss about a life that wasn't yours.
Why couldn't you just let them be?

What is it about their lives that so threatened
you?
Was it their need to be their true selves?
Or was it your insecurities with the world?

Did their existence harm you in any way?
Or was it just your hatred of anything you
consider gay?

Either way you don't have to worry now
Your homophobic ways literally put them
in the grave.
Just know that their spirit lives on
and those of us who loved them are
not going to let this go.



Two Women from China

Two women from China
Your names are lost
Your faces unseen
Alive no longer
Out of hatred you bleed

Two women from China
Your bodies lie cold
Your souls now free
But you live on
in the memory of me

Thank you,
two women from China.
RIP.

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I am at a loss.

For once, I am at a loss.

These murders, these senseless, senseless murders

Not just a simple shot to the head or a stab, but overkill, keep happening.

over and over.

They keep happening.

Families torn apart like limbs off a body, except these families will never get their "limbs" back.

Lives cut short.

The music of these beautiful people's lives stopped abruptly.

Too, too abruptly.

For no reason.

No reason except for how they look.

And homophobia.

Transphobia.

Ignorance.

When will it stop?

When will people understand,

"Everyone's just a person!"

EVERYONE!

- Katie Bruckmann

Shadow of the past
nothing more
rotting in the ground
nameless and alone

can no one hear her laugh that once pierced silence?

Did no one hear her scream when the light left her eyes?

A blank tombstone rests over her.

Woman who loved

Only met by hate.

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We Are

We are human.
 We were alive.
 We have a past.
 We had a future.
 We felt love.
 We felt sorrow.
 We have known
 the warmth of a
 sunrise.
 We have known
 the joy of a
 pet.
 We have not known
 the hate you feel towards
 us.

- Marty Aguirre

Made for Flight

Emotions rip through the pen
 as bullets rip through flesh,
 as knives tear muscle,
 as hands suffocate lungs,
 as unknown monsters kill
 and leave us to imagine.

Imagine the overkills, the violence,
 the indescribable torture faced by family.
 We acknowledge our queer brothers and
 sisters
 as they come out, live, work, marry.
 So why is there silence when they are killed.

Perhaps it's because it's silent.
 It's 10,000 miles away,
 they were black,
 they were sex workers,
 they had nothing in common with me.
 Or we just don't want to think about
 what could have happened
 if only we had been born a little different.

Embrace the pain.
 Embrace the sadness.
 Embrace the anger.
 Embrace the lives.
 Raise your pens and let them rip.

-Christina Bischoff

Look at Me

Look at me, what do you see?
 Look at me and let go of beliefs.
 Look at me. It's harder than it should be.
 But by looking at me you'll see as I see.

Look at me. What do you see?
 Look at me as you destroy my dreams.
 Look at me as I let out a scream.
 Please by looking at me you'll see what I see.

Look at you. What do you see?
 Look at you and let go of beliefs.
 Look at me.
 It's not as hard as it seems
 look at you, next to me,
 we can live in harmony.
 Look at me. Now what do you see?

- Michelle Martin

disowned, disposed
thrown out on the streets like trash.
A dishonor to my family.
I roamed the roads
darkness surrounds me.
I walk down a familiar path into a garden.
The smell of blossoming flowers surrounds
me
and I feel at peace.
I pluck a flower from the tree.
It crumbles in my hand just as my life
crumbles before me.

Love and a Kite

Faceless
yet remember
no face is needed
just love
and a kite

flying, flying, flying
faceless
but soaring, more than a number
more than a kite
remember

- Devin Espinoza

Transgender Victim

No name
 No face
 No history
 or at least to the killer.
 The killer only sees the body
 of a transgender person.

To the family
 there is
 a story
 a name
 a face
 a human being

The person is a child of parents
 a sibling
 a friend
 maybe a lover
 He, she, or ze has a story
 Let's keep the many victims's stories alive.

Columbia Flag

Yellow.
 Slow down, easy going
 Bright sunlight
 warmth
 caution
 smiley faces

Green.
 Go
 speed up
 on your way with no hindrance
 nature

Red
 Blood
 violence
 hate
 anger
 pain
 stop

Tyra Trent

By Annamae B.

You were brave
Proudly showing who you really are
You were brave

They were scared
Unable to understand
They were scared

You were strong
Facing ridicule and exclusion
You were strong

They were angry
Fear turned violent
They were angry

You were gone
Smile fading and bruises replacing
You were gone

a/b Gustavo

By Tierra

He dances in the warm sun.
He is captivated by beautiful girls such as himself.
He is the love of the land
He is as free as wind and colorful like the rainbow.

He strikes a disgusting alien, Devil's child pose to the worlds eyes.
Such a beautiful baby that has been cast out.

He now lays under the piles of cemetery dirt with nine holes
bleeding out

by Emerson

Memories flood my mind

Memories float by

Memories of gardens, friends, and home

Memories of my struggles, fears,

accomplishments

Memories of my life

Calmness overwhelms my brain

Calmness seeps in my skin

Calmness reminds me life is fine

Calmness likes to take its time

Calmness makes me want to rest

Things get swirly

Things get blurry

Things get lost

Things are forgotten

Things are destroyed

My life is ending

My breath is shortening

My eyelids flutter

My body dissipates

But my spirit is still strong

Untitled

by Emma Wilford

I was out in my garden

Planting new wonderful things

I was enjoying the afternoon air

and was content with the world

I was satisfied with my world

I had finished and anticipated my new plants

I was inside my living room

just relaxing and lost in thought

I was stabbed

What did I do to deserve this?

I was 45 years old

With so much left to do.

Untitled

by Hunter

I saw a group of people walking then.
I saw the gun they didn't try to hide.
I swathe the flash of a gun shot inside her house.
I saw them drag her out, yelling like she was still alive.
I saw them tie her to a car and get in.
I saw the blood left on the road as they drove away.
I saw ambulances speed after me, towards the car.
I saw something I couldn't even recognize anymore.
I saw tears. I saw agony and pain and hate.
I saw no compassion or forgiveness by those who did this.
I saw no hope in the eyes of those who cared.

I saw, in everyone, true hurt. But also, I saw something close to a lesson.

I saw an example of how hard life is for us, and so did they.

I saw a NEW hope.

All I tried to do was be nice
All I tried to do was be accepted
All people would do is make fun
of me
All I ever did was ignore them
All I tried to do was hide
But all I could do is be myself

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Beyond the Grave

(about Jurema [Evandro Santa de Silva])
By William "McCoy" Ronstadt

Why did you do this to me?
I never met, touched or hurt you.
Why didn't you just keep to yourself
I could have lived, seen another day.
But no, you came and took my life
I could have loved another day.
I'm so sorry for you, not for me
I can tell by what you did,
Your amount of hate.
But why?

I am a man

Not I'm not, I'm a girl
 I'm a man who is a girl
 Who can tell for sure
 I'm not very open
 I feel like a girl
 But when it comes to it
 I'm never too sure.
 My boyfriend's gay
 But that is ok
 For I honestly like it that way
 But he's not gay
 No he's straight as a noodle
 A
 cooked
 noodle
 Does that make sense?
 No, I suppose not
 But that's okay. I like it that way.

by birdie

I hit the floor, I didn't feel the pain anymore.
 I hit the floor, their hatred no longer
 confused me.
 I hit the floor, my will to live refused me.
 I hit the floor, no more screams or noises.
 I hit the floor but not any more.
 I am miles above my body.
 He hit the floor she is no more
 Her body unleashed.
 He hit the floor then men grew weary.
 I sit here.
 I see clearly
 He hit the floor once more.
 The men step eat easily.
 I hear them cheer
 Shed no tears
 As they drag away
 his body
 I sit here
 Feeling very pretty
 I look around
 There I found a mirror.
 I turn to see in front of me my female body
 so lovely.
 - by birdie

*You see me as handsome,
But I want to be beautiful.*

You're watching me grow
Looking at your little boy.
Dreaming of how he's
going to grow into something great.
You watch me grow, noticing my changes.
My social separation from my peers.
But you choose to accept me as an outcast.
All my friends are girls and I've never had a girlfriend.
You're suspicion grows but you deny it.
I go to prom with my best friend that is a boy.
Your suspicion grows but you decide to deny.

I come home from school and I'm covered in blood and bruises.
I tell you I'm fine and you don't have to worry.
Your suspicion grows but you choose to deny.
Finally I meet him.
I meet my decision.
I sit you down and tell you my life.
I tell you my secrets and my true self is revealed from beneath
its painted cloth.
I'm sorry I never saw you again, I'm sorry I wasn't accepted.
I'm sorry all I wanted to be was beautiful, and yet you saw me
handsome.

- by randilyn jager

Roses are red
Violets are blue we are
All missing you
together we survive but
now we are one
less. You were Blessed,
Angel of Entertainment
Guardian of the
show. But now the ending
we'll never know cause the
curtain has closed. But
when the wind blows
whispers become the noise
the grass the trees
love the breeze
as an actress you aimed
to please but that
was cut short by an
disease but you will be
forever loved by the communities.

Verse 1:

He walked through the halls
Never said a single word
smiled to disguise it
But inside he always hurt
Kids always called him a geek, a freak, and
even a nerd
He just wanted wings, so he could fly like
a bird
An angel he became, cuz the love he never
heard

Chorus:

We all go through it every day
Try to fit your shoes in his place
I know you don't like the cruel little names
Yet you still fight and play child games
It's not about who's wrong, right, or even
to blame
It's about starting the change tonight, let's
finally rid
all this shame

Verse 2:

He came out as a gay man
 Abandoned by all his family
 And lost all his friends
 The one he did it for
 Left him in the end
 He just couldn't take it anymore
 With a pistol in his mouth
 His knees fell to the floor
 And without a second thought
 His brains splattered on the door
 Chorus 1x

Verse 3:

The coffin stayed closed
 so no one has to know
 The pain and trauma
 His mind used to hold
 A bullet is what he swallowed
 Cuz his heart felt too cold
 His peers wanted to follow
 Yet they weren't that bold
 Sadly his life ended
 At only seventeen years old
 Chorus 1x


Untitled

by Shaina

I remember her smile
 A bright bolt of happy on a cloudy day
 I remember her saying goodbye
 With loving arms she embraced me
 for the last time
 I remember our plans
 Our plans of children, of laughter, of death
 I remember when I was alone
 She had no hesitation to comfort me
 I remember her scream
 I remember her yelling for help
 but I wasn't there
 I wish I was
 I remember calling her phone
 3 rings, and again I remember that
 I forgot
 I'm losing our memories
 I hope I will always remember
 Remember to remember

Ah hey girl you lookin good hahaha
I'm getting used to dat ever since he's
been gone. I remember him layin in bed
with me, touching me, putting on his cologne
that he got, but now since he's gone I don't
see that. I'm in my house drinking my
cognac when I'm suddenly shot I feel
this person carrying me out putting almost
a chain around my neck. I feel my back
on the hard concrete and hear the truck
sayin "I'm ready, I'm ready to tear
that girl's neck off and leave her
headless body on the road." All I remember
after that was a complete darkness.


He dances in the warm sun.
He is captures by beautiful girls such as himself.
He is the love of the land
He is as free as the wing and
colorful like the rainbow.
He strikes a disgusting
alien, devils child pose
to the world's eyes.
such a beautiful baby
that has been cast out.
He now lays under the piles of cemetery dirt
with nine holes bleeding
out.



Reach for the sky and when you do
go further... to the stars and
beyond. Be who you are and do
not be afraid to show yourself to the world.

To the stars and beyond. Be who you are.
Simple words, words that may be simple to read but
everlasting powerful to who may live it. These words
are uplifting but to what point? to what goal or chances
when you have chaos, destruction and hurt by envious
people. Humans that find the terms, “to the stars and
beyond” and “be who you are” different from you.
Especially to that of a 16 year old girl.

Seeing the faces and reading the names, I am
overcome with
sadness and a sense of humanity
Who am I to tell someone how they should
feel or who they should be
That is not my choice, and it is not my life to live
I am an ally
I will stand up for others, and most importantly
for what I believe
I believe in hope, peace, and harmony



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I don't understand how someone can
commit these acts.

They look past the essence of who someone is
and dehumanize the person.

I am so shocked to see how recurrent
and present this violence is.

I almost don't believe it is possible.

How do they go on with their lives?

Does it ever hit them?

The damage they've done.

The views they've reinforced.

How does it happen?

How does ignorance cause such violence?

It's scary to live your life. If this is looming
over your head.

I am so inspired by the transgender
people who are out and proud.

Courage.

No one has as much courage as that takes.

Strength.

No one has as much strength.

But we can.

We can have strength if we talk
if we fight the ignorance.


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And it's scary


to know this exists.

To know this happens.

That this is possible.



It is part of being a girl
getting to dress up, go out,
be pretty.
But we don't even have any pictures of you.
Mirela or Eduarda.
No one gets to look at your beautiful faces.
Dolled up how you wanted to be
and miss you how you were.
All of the transgendered people who were murdered
don't get the attention they deserve.
It is a wonderful human trait to be who you are
to be brave.
It is animalistic stupidity to harm what scares you.
Transgendered people need to be able
to live free from fear
before humanity can look at itself
with any sort of respect.
These people deserve respect.



When I hear of these deaths,
- no, these murders -
I am scared.
Not just for my own life,
as a genderqueer individual,
(one whom identifies alongside my transgender
brothers and sisters)
but as a person in society.
I am scared for all my family
friends and humans in general.
What has become of the human spirit?
If one can waste their life,
to take away that of a brother,
sister or even someone's mother.
It just doesn't make sense.
- I don't think it ever could. -

Dear Unknown,

I am sorry for the cruelties in this world. I am sorry for the people who don't know how to accept, don't want to accept, and can't accept the wonderful and unique person you are. What you had to endure was inhumane and wrong. I only hope when people hear about your story they will feel the loss in the world of a truly unique person – someone who deserved to be in this world. We will be flying a kite in your honor. I hope your name and your memory will be lifted for all to see and remember.

This is for you.

Kelly

In the “progressive” world of today, we encourage children,
murmuring “be yourself.”
But what does that encouragement mean
when given strict guidelines?
Why do we define things as right or wrong?
What is the purpose of the binary other than
alienation?
The little girl who has short hair is called
a dyke.
The little part of that little girl who loved her
short hair feels shame
and confusion.
As people we are the ones suppressing each
other.
Embodying hate and confusion.
Basking in ignorance.

Erica. All I know about you is that you were a sex worker at an age where it isn't legal to say yes. To drive. Your Christmas bells were the sound of a hammer striking shell. The clock chimes eleven. Merry Christmas, Erica. Found dead in a city I didn't know existed until it was where you died.

I'm about to explode,
the rage and power this has filled me with is
frightening.
I want my friends to be safe.
I want to protect them.
The thought of losing my transgendered
brothers and sisters to a scared man with a
loaded gun is
impossible to bare.

Be my inspiration to get up in the morning,
the one to help me find the perfect outfit,
the one to protect me from a broken heart,

and I will protect you with everything in my
voice, art, and being.

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Don't walk alone at night, through the
shady neighborhoods, if your phone is
dead..."

They say it's not safe – not for a girl.
"Maybe you should take self defense classes,
carry a taser, carry mace."
It's not safe out there for girls.

But why is the only danger out there for
girls?

One murdered every other day, that's a
different statistic.

That is the toll that rings out for our 1%.
Brutal violence lurks for the transgendered
individuals
and not just on the streets at night.
Restaurants, public places, where is safe for
a transperson?
Why is there no warning?

Today I stand.

No.

Not I.

What you want me to be.

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Today this female body stands.
With its voice, and its words.

Today she tells you she is ok.
She smiles
and pretends.

Today she goes on.
Trying to ignore that she could be next.
That she could have been Erica.
A 14 year old sex worker
shot

11 times

Because she was not what you wanted her
to be.
Because her gender and sex fought within
her.

Tomorrow I will stand.
Not she, but he.
And I will hope you understand.
I will hope that I will not be the next
the next Erica.

I dreamt of him last night—
My breast-less reflection
Taller than I
Eyes cloudier than mine
We met in wooded darkness
On moonlit snow
I
Me
He
She
We
Played hide-and-seek
Amongst the redwood trees
He took my hand—
Led me over the frozen
Lakes of Time
Where rivers cascaded

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From our mouths
Crashing endlessly
Like our feet on
The ballroom floor
Dancing in stark silence
I
Me
He
She
We
Spun fables like fountains
From Gaia's lips
To drown our secret
I hold him here
Though he slips as smoke
Consuming us
In perfect Wholeness

- by Sammy Dominguez

52 *My Life in a Death Note*

by Ben Griffith

It's quite a death sentence
this life affirming thing.
I'm safe now
here
among you
my friends.
but when I go out there,
it may all change.
I feel like myself
with my immediate circle
- which often varies -
but around others
I lose confidence.
faith.
in myself.
I got back to questioning
and not knowing the answer.
I'm open all over
yet I hide in plain sight.
I keep picturing my funeral -

I do not give myself hope
that it can't happen to me.
I just give myself hope
that I'm not the cause of my death.

53
For GG

by Ben Griffith

What was so wrong
about me
and what I looked like
and what I identified as
that you had to take
my security
break my body
and render my soul homeless
in all manners of blood
and fear?
What is so dangerous
about being a hidden treasure?
Why would you want
to put out my light
so you can stay safe
in your darkness?

When I was fourteen, I was in the 8th grade. I was not working in the sex industry. When I was 14, I was in love with my boyfriend. I was not finding my identity as another gender. Erica's reality is so far outside my own. What was her life like? Who was her family? Did she have friends? What did she enjoy? Too many things I don't know, too many things she can't tell me. What's happened to her family? Did she leave behind a family rocked by grief and shock? Was this a family who had rejected Erica for who she was? Was she living on the streets? Was she selling her body for drugs or alcohol, or worse, was it for money to support herself and those she loved in the only way she could? What were her dreams? And to the person who murdered her: why? A thousand times, why? She was a person, a human. A girl. A fourteen year old girl.

Why do they call me by the wrong name?
 Every time is a reminder,
 a reminder that I am outcast.
 Every day, walking down the street
 why do they stare?
 I am human too, not so unlike them.
 They see only the outside,
 only my clothes and my face,
 somehow wrong in their eyes.
 I never hurt anyone,
 why do they want to hurt me?
 Not a friend in the world,
 because no one will take the time
 to get to know my heart,
 my hopes, my dreams.
 I will never know what it feels like
 to be normal for one day.
 Why is it so hard for me to live
 the way I want to live?
 Who cares for me?
 Who will hold me? No one.
 Just because I do not fit in their boxes,
 just because I do not match.
 Don't tell me that I am wrong,
 because I know I am right.

Dedicated in memory of Kirat Pal

I knew blades long before you
 Had ever silenced me
 Your brothers gleamed sharp
 In the eyes of the self-proclaimed "Holy"
 And women at the market
 Turning their children' faces
 Away
 But it never split me
 Not for an instant
 I am whole
 Even now I am whole
 Like a song sweetly sung
 I was everything I wanted to become
 You took me from the world
 But you didn't take the world from me

He chose me
 but not for my beauty.
 He chose me
 but not for my body.
 He chose me
 and he could have chosen any of those girls
 on that street
 but he chose me.
 He whispered in my ear
 and as he gazed into my eyes
 I felt a pain like no other.
 The blade pierced through my heart
 and then my back
 and then my stomach
 and side
 each of my limbs.
 Over
 and
 over
 again.
 As I lay in that road
 my blood flowing into those very streets

I walked
 every night,
 he knelt down and whispered in my ear
 FUCK YOU TRANNY FAGGOT
 and finally slit my throat.
 He could have chosen any of those girls
 that night
 on that street
 but he chose me.
 I wasn't the first
 and I surely won't be the last.
 My blood
 on that street
 mixed with dirt
 and rocks
 and piss
 serves as a marker.
 My tombstone
 to say I was here
 but no longer.
 I am free.
 - Greg Daniels

I, Ashley Santiago Ocaso was born today.

Everyday is a struggle to fight for who I am and my beliefs.

I am a 31 year old woman who is a transgender hairdresser.
 April 19th, 2010 I was killed, I was found naked, stabbed 14
 times and shot in the head.

I was killed because you didn't like what you saw.

A brave beautiful human being who wasn't afraid to live their
 life the way they pursued.

I want to see the people who love me and tell them that I love
 them back, if it was possible.

I want to go back to the reflection of myself in the mirror and
 fully love myself instead of being afraid.

Most of all I want to warn myself about the murder that's
 about to occur.

The second I opened my eyes, I was free and knew I'd always be.
 No person would tell me differently, because I am Ashley
 Santiago Ocaso and my spirit is beautiful.
 My story will save lives, let people know to love their reflection.
 It will help you realize how truly brave you are, and that you
 have to fight to be heard to let others see your movement.

by Clarissa Holguin

Gratitude

First and foremost, *Made for Flight* would like to recognize the strong transwomen, transmen, two-spirit people, and genderqueers who make this world a more beautiful place. To those who have gone before us, we honor you.

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 -THANK YOU!

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with hope and love,

TC Tolbert
Made for Flight founder and director

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