

## They are known to us

Hey you! You can't come in here, you he-she!

But I just need... He? She? You mis-gendered me...

Get out of here, I don't want my kids to see,

I don't understand, I only want to pee!

But you aren't a real woman though are you, I mean really.

I'm standing right here, can't you see me?

But I mean, he's not really a he though, he doesn't have... you know?

Is that what makes **you** a man, having something to show?

Get away from my children, Tranny! They won't understand,

They understood before you used that label - like a brand.

You're confusing my child, he'll think boys can wear skirts,

But what if he wants to wear them, so much it hurts?

I want to tell her, but it'll change her life!

How will I tell her she married not a husband, but a wife!

She'll be so confused, what do I say?!

She'll scream "you're transgender... does this mean I'm gay?!"

"You're not a real woman" says Germaine Greer,

She snarls at you, her face an ugly sneer,

How could you be? You don't understand the inequality we face!

I guess you're right, I'm merely transgender, misunderstood by most of the human  
race.

Whilst ignorance still permeates the planet,

Whilst the population still calls Jack, Janet,

Whilst people still kill those they don't understand,

Whilst being who you are is still partially banned,  
Whilst people are bullied into becoming untied,  
Whilst people are still turning to suicide,

We will remember, we will fight,  
We will make them see the light,

Until Remembrance Day is a distant memory,  
Until it's a remnant of a forgotten century,

One day, all will survive,  
One day, we each, will thrive.