

~ About the Poem ~

I wrote this poem because I was inspired by all the amazing people I met when I was starting to learn about my true self. These people could be categorized anywhere in the range of homosexual to trans-whatever-people of various kinds, and yes, even transsexual people too. What they taught me by their pure and simple existence was that I had denied my true self, the person I really was, mostly because of a morality imposed outwardly by society instead of inwardly by my heart. I learned that this was wrong, in fact very wrong.

These people who inspired me I never before would have thought I'd be meeting, much less talking to. At that time I wasn't sure where I fit in all this, but I became very certain that among this group were a lot of nice, caring people, just like in society in general if not more so. They showed me another side of morality that I hadn't been aware of.

What shocked me the most about mingling with people on the margins of regular society was that their morality, their guidelines for living, felt like a relief to me. I was able to show myself with no strings attached, and I was very welcome to do so and even appreciated when I did. There were no condemning looks about what I (or anyone else) was wearing or how I looked. The barrier made by gender just wasn't there.

Becoming suddenly aware of all these people and their acceptance of each other was a wake-up call for me. A second wake-up call came when I understood that these people were not any different from "people in general." If there's any difference, it lies in how the public perceives them, not in how they perceive themselves.

We all have different points of view regarding morality—it's very much a personal thing. In groups morality tends to overshadow individuals and force a common view upon them that is supposed to reflect the "regular Joe," and sometimes one wonders: Can that "regular Joe" possibly even exist?

As I began considering morality as stemming from my heart, I learned I needed to accept myself regardless of my gender (that label society had put on me at birth). For me it became vital to accept myself as I was and to deal with my situation now and after any changes I were to make in the future. But in that process one other thing became equally vital to me, and that was my new understanding about the variety of people out there and that morals can have a colorful side too.

It's when we open our minds and see colors instead of black and white that we truly can love and be happy. Meeting these new colorful people opened my eyes. And you know, somehow colors do have the power to bring peace to our hearts, and what's more—colors are beautiful and they are there for us to enjoy and use in our search for happiness.

yours sincerely, *Li Sam*

~ Colors ~

a wish for a future

*In a world where morals reign over the heart,
Man and woman keep their sexes far apart.
Morals make people see sex as black and white;
Morals hold back love hard and tight.
When man and woman finally meet one day,
There are no colors, only a shade of grey.*

*We, the colorful people, rein in morals with the heart.
We don't keep our sexes that far apart.
We see the person in people, not black and white.
We see love as colors, sparkling in the light.*



*Colors make us persons, with sex put aside.
Colors open eyes, letting us see true and wide.
Colors are life, shaped as a peaceful white dove.
Colors bring beauty to a person in love.*

