

~ About the Poem ~

I wrote this poem because, while starting to change my gender, I had become very concerned about my partner (later to be my wife). Due to my change I felt we were drifting apart, but I desperately wanted to give our relationship a fair chance before that last string of affection burst.

During life crises we often have to make a choice even though we don't understand the options before us. I had no options if I was to survive, and the options my partner faced all appeared bad.

In my position I couldn't promise anything, and as a last attempt I tried to reach out for her with this poem. I wanted to give her at least one positive option even if it were small.

Those pearls in our relationship that we had nursed and made grow for almost twenty years seemed as if they were gone, leaving the two of us apart, out there in the chill, naked. How could I make her see that those missing pearls were not lost? They were still there—tarnished maybe—but they hadn't vanished forever. If the only option left for us was one of those tiny grains that long ago had brought us together, I so wanted to make it a pearl once again.

Just like oysters, we can make beautiful things happen out of almost nothing. A tiny grain of sand was like hope for us and likewise could be for others too. If a pearl in your life vanishes, what made it may not be gone. Sometimes those small things are what matter the most. When you're looking at pearls in life, the thought and love that made them you can't value enough. If there is a grain of hope, the power to make it happen is there within you.

yours sincerely, Li Sam



~ Reunion ~

a wish for a future

*Standing at the turning, your love goes by.
Still you stand there wondering why.
Your love changed shape from man to girl.
Is your love the oyster, or the pearl?
Pearls are beautiful, but they're not alive.
Oysters make it happen; they make love survive.
Despite their looks, oysters have a soul.
Do you choose by sight? What is your goal?
Pearls may vanish—still your love may not.
Your love is changing, but it's all you've got.
While waves pass, you stand frozen on the spot.
Does it even matter? If not, then what?*

*You look around searching, seeing other pearls nearby.
Polished they are—but like pictures—copies of a lie.
Those pearls you lost are still there, both valid and true.
What will it take to regain them, the love you once knew?
The dark narrow path where your love now goes
Looks scary, but down that path her love still glows.
It's there to guide you—that light wants you back.
Your love is spreading pearls, a path to track.
You may be scared, but what is there to lose?
Losing your love, is that what you choose?
Even if that path may bring on lots of abuse,
The track of your love you just can't refuse.*

*While walking the path you hear jeers everywhere.
Yet the pearl trail you follow—it's clearly there.
As pearls are changing, you learn who she is:
That girl your man was—her love was his.
The pearl trail is beauty, and yet taunts you hear.
Following it straight, that light becomes clear.
Ignorance and rejection are there all around;
You see hiding souls forced to the ground.
And as the light starts sparkling you see true and wide.
A woman you see, and now for you she doesn't hide.
As your hands meet, she guides you gently beside.
She's that girl, the woman you love, deep down inside.*

love spreads

