

and in all of this it comes to an end. for us to be reborn, an image anew. in the image of a visage so unholy, 2 u. damn, you really do hate us don't you? a child battered and operated by the dregs of social paradigm. yet you come at us with the switch, each and every time. how cruel of you. this has been a witch hunt. you love to hark to the lost sisters of salem, that's not your blood. you fail to see these women, unjustly burned, drowned and hanged- you say that you are their survived daughters, yet you fail to see that it would have been you tying the ragdolls at their feet, your husbands setting the wood alight, and your children cheering for the town witch to be damned to hell as you all watch in ecstasy, the skin boiling and peeling from her bones.

that was not you don't get to claim her power,

the witch burned was a pariah, she was deviant, she was other, she was queer, she was black, she was poor, she was old, she was disabled, she was NOT you.

maybe I am not a woman, by your definitions, but I certainly am that very witch,

I plan to live deliciously.

I invoke ishtar, goddess of love, war and fertility, worshipped by the queered bodies of the gala, kugarsu, assinu. I invoke cybele, mystery goddess, mother, earth, worshipped by the transfeminine gender terrorists, the galli- have you heard their song? I invoke my ancestors, not of the flesh but of the soul, the millenia of priestesses with bodies like mine- confined to their sex but revered and feared for their opposition to the patriarchy here. just as long as you-

I am the whore of babylon, I am the slut of the end times. BBY?

iWONDERIF IT?

forever in turmoil, the clinic non?

you're foaming at the mouth. You desire us, our divinity, our cock. abrahamic ideologies have forced us to see that the dolls are SEXING, so you go and think its sexy to have a husky voice to talk with you. these things I try to hide to survive my walk to tesco.

this has been a witch hunt, but you claim. you aren't at risk, you tell stories of being raped and rooms, on your walk home, in changin rooms- we've all been harassed. it could happen to me, it could happen to you it could happen to anyone, we have the easiest scapegoat right? see, we can place for us as you'd like, but none know it well. I could hold your hand while you piss still on your come up, we'd walk home together, you take the tazer I'll take the mace! but no, no I get it, my penis is volatile,

I read once as a teenager that my life expectancy is 32, not because I'm sick, but because so many of us kill ourselves or get killed trying to get by- I've also heard that the figures are inaccurate, but it doesn't change the frequency of violence we have to face. Too many of us die, more are dead, HIV, Suicide, Murder, Trans Panic, Homelessness, Poverty, isolation, exclusion- we just wanna live.

This is my rebirth. I emerge from a transniotic sick of rage and cunt. I'm here to party, I am here to spit in your face, I am here to LIVE, and you cant stop me, you cant stop us, there's an error in your mainframe gal, we're glitching this shit, watch me noclip my way out of your bullshit, it ends now! VIVRE LA REVOLUTION KUNTZ!

I came to win this game, for the witches, for my sisters, for myself in spite of you.

d3@th