

The Ballad of the Lazy Crossdresser, a Left Brain Right Brain Dialogue

I was a person of letters, you know? I took a class, a workshop, to become a better writer, where the class, the workshop, had my poetry critiqued and my ego spaghetti squashed until my persona fractured my bathroom mirror.

Using cliché, sorry, that will never get you past a good editor.

Are you trying to fit into a stereotype?

No just being realistic. You were saying you were a person of letters.

Once. The workshop class didn't give me a letter grade. I used to be a straight A student too.

I helped you with Math and Science.

Thank you. But about the fractured mirror, I'm trying to form an image.

Your fractured mirror could be deconstructed. Where did your mind go?

I took a sliding scale down to the foot of the rainbow.

Oh no. Not the 6-color rainbow?

Flew over the L

That was easy

Stumbled upon the G

I know. I was there. Stayed there for a while. Felt good to be in the majority of the minority.

But the fracture happened at Litquake. The author of *The Lazy Crossdresser*. I wanted to be them. Ran to Modern Times on Valencia and bought the book.

Yes, we bought our first dress for Halloween. But I hate make-up and body modifications.

So we're CD for Crossdresser, and some among the G don't like that leaning on the F side of the FM scale.

It's been argued that the difference between Crossdresser to Transgender is about 2 years. Your own experience may differ.

It gets better. As you launch yourself into an exploration of the letters, some who feel strongly about their letter start making boxes around them. So a gay crossdresser gets kicked out to look for another letter, and they make you feel like you're going down a dangerous path.

Skip B, of course. That's way too broad of a category.

So you land on T, which is beautiful. Check YES on every question, but then NO on body modifications gets you kicked out again.

So you're down to Q.

And Q is great. Q is like Limbo in Catholic Church, innocent babies who had no time to be baptized, left to dwell on fluffy cotton clouds with no obligations whatsoever. The letter Q does not appear on a phone, telemarketers leave you alone.

The Ballad of the Lazy Crossdresser, a Left Brain Right Brain Dialogue

10+ Years Later

As reflected by the all-inclusive flag, there are more letters and colors to try on!

Have you changed?

I have an X gender on my driver's license and my passport. It's like gender non-conforming.

But they cancelled that, the X.

I know, I'm not surrendering. They triggered my PTSD

More letters

And if you want, I go to ACA meetings, I'm an adult child

So you're Q,T, PTSD, and ACA

Yeah TMI but a good way to resist with joy

Still wearing skirts, I see

Yeah, that hasn't changed.

That's just cute, Q and T just say that

I'm a proud QT QT called BB