



National Ambulance LGBT Network

Transgender Day of Remembrance Poem

A poem by Steph Meech, Trans Experience Development Lead

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When I meet my maker,
And go up to the skies,
I will sit right down beside them,
And look them in their eyes.

Oh, why did you do this,
Oh, why will I cry,
My life has been a struggle,
Right up until I died.

I was not like the others,
I just did not fit in,
I had so many issues,
Just where would I begin.

I was born a boy,
But even I could see,
As I grew up,
There was no male in me.

I tried to be a good son,
A father and a dad,
But deep inside I am hurting,
And I'm feeling bad.

For I am a lady,
And I have always been,

I have just hidden her,
Didn't want her to be seen.

But now I am a female,
I just want you to see,
That girl that's there in front of you,
That girl is really me.

Please do not judge me,
I do that by myself,
I want to be me know,
Not anybody else.

I may not be a beauty,
That I must confess,
With my dyed red hair,
And my long coloured dress,

But I am at peace now,
For who you now see,
Yep that lady,
Well that lady is really me.

So don't be afraid,
Don't be shy,
Please don't ignore me,
Please don't walk on by.