

# Transcendence/Trans·sans·dance

by Jamela Law

In memory of Daphne Dorman

We have come together  
representing wavelengths on a spectrum  
Brick walls set asunder  
I see their faces and their lack of colours

The invaded greets the invasive with a song  
The Right and the Left  
Who's almighty and who's wrong

They gave us not the seed of peace  
even as the exiles' next of kin  
Let us ripen to death in life please  
We are still dying to be born and seen

Fleeting seconds, floating sensation  
Bawling eyes, bellowing silence  
I am ready to bid goodbye

The devil did not give us the dice  
We were always short-changed  
Keys hanging from golden chains  
We don't want an empty paradise

Not unlike Adam awaiting life  
expulsion from Eden for his lies  
His second Disobedience  
a chord struck too tense

Memories overflowing at the brim  
A rough patch in the brain  
choked with growing tumours  
Their cold-heartedness gave us  
broken hearts with murmurs

Flappers of yesteryear  
We shivered and we hid  
Perpetually on leashes

but never without faux lashes  
We swam alone telling lies  
to save the indoctrinated  
We waddled to the light  
to give my daughter a bid

We keep breathing lightly  
to feel alive under the blinding sun  
Some thought it better that we die  
before we truly suffered life

Our side of thoroughfare declared war  
for they only read chromosome dyes  
Genes transcribe the distorted lies  
and thereupon untrue in our eyes

Complex characters waiting to be found  
Profoundest thoughts enfold with breeze  
Laces on Cinderella slippers, frolic in the fire  
We debuted our dance amidst debris and dirt

White vision lingers on our black lingerie  
See me as a beauty and a glory whole!  
They think us a struggle amidst mankind  
A discord, a dream, unreachable whore  
Never to be found or rekindled  
a monster then, a crucible now

They race to build scandals to bring us down  
like a tailor with his snippers making art  
penetrating our rayon stockings  
Don't they love mayhem in their icy hearts

They cued a deafening a cappella  
to envelop our voice and drown our lust  
Eyes aflame with terror of a love  
wrought, made in strife over the firewall  
We take them in pride and bid farewell

Moving upwards, forward  
accusing and being accused  
Our misconducted march is  
definitely Stockholm syndrome

Lifting our heads, channeling our ears  
Sunbeams converge off our sequins  
Creating intense refraction and agonizing desire  
There will be a sequel underneath  
all these hertz  
All these hurts

*This poem is dedicated to Daphne Dorman, an American transgender comedian and notable friend of Dave Chapelle who died by suicide in 2019.*

*Jamela Law is an artist, designer and activist based in Singapore and Hong Kong. She is passionate about issues ranging from politics, human rights, public health and the environment. She believes that Expressive Arts can foster affinity across boundaries.*