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# Nonbinary Shenanigans

## Terrence Adams

### Abstract

This is a poetry/mixed media/collage piece representing my gender journey. I utilize nonlinear storytelling, code poetry, and intentional omission to take control over a narrative that has previously controlled me. I use mixed pronouns (I/he/them/you/me/she) to refer to a variety of characters that might all just be myself and I define functions without discussing much of the inner workings. These are fragmentary glances into varying viewpoints on my gender, my femininity, my masculinity, my sexuality. Glances into my Madness and how it is not something to fear but is integral to understanding how I interpret myself and the world around me. Many of these words are from my journals, my notes app, scraps of paper I scribbled something furiously on while feeling something so intensely—I hope you like it, I guess, and I hope you see yourself in some of the fragments. Every colour and scrap of paper is coming from a place of deep intention, though not always the same place. I do not always know where the intention is coming from, or what exactly the intention is. I feel it deeply, though, and hope you do too.

### Content Warnings:

dissociation, mental illness, psychiatry, slur reclamation, sexual assault

### Keywords

poetry, collage, nonlinear narrative, gender identity,



where a choice should be: nonbinary shenanigans

come to this title in a disorganized way. abstract is so foreign to me

I don't remember signing up for this. My eyes aren't mine

I've been writing on these topics for years. My title was written by a me that no longer pilots this body.

they/them is all that feels consistent enough to convey.

my fingers barely understand what a keyboard is.

I disagree with my initial plans so many times I lose track of what my argument is. the word shenanigans it feels good on my tongue

some of that writing is lost. some of that writing is gone.

I'm not sure what genre this is, born of nothing something and everything sometimes the lines in my elbow, other times in my head, and often within the marrow in some of the bones spared from rasve.

purpose. purpose. purpose. something from something and mismatched on an edge. A response. feels playful, but with

What we're about to go through is weird. lovely lovely lovely

I say success is getting through the whole thing without puking.

just for you

It's made of Madness and curated

though

you might actually mean me in this case.

Do I need an argument?

what if my thoughts are feelings?

how can I now know what you mean?

we interrupt this program to do a quirky algorithmic analysis of your life since becoming unwell. it's ok that you don't remember **XXXX** and **XXXXXX**, your doctor called you complex, remember? Don't worry, I'll keep track of it for you I'll organize it all and then it's up to you to make it happen oh the itch is back - every iteration that cascades into an under-utilized pilot seat contributes new conundrums, I love you and you will never be too much for me. someone else knows the origin of my pain they say it's just signals to the brain but when I can't **XXX XX** without seeing stars I feel normal normal normal normal.

I procrastinate more than my mind can interpolate and the words lose meaning the moment they leave my mind did the antipsychotics help or hinder my gender? They forced me to pause hrt to reduce the variable chemistry the already sensitive brain could experience be the scientist is me/her/them/it and there should only be one manipulated variable and the **XXXXX** suggests I'd be/she'd be/~~to wouldn't~~/they'd be/ it'd be good at figuring all that out..... what is it called when you're both too much and not enough? is that a gender? is it a politic? is it a narrow and long dildo with no harness compatibility? is that me? you can't see me. I'm too much. you shan't endeavour to provide care to someone as **XXX** as me/you/them/it who's the pilot? and it's just not up to you whether or not I feel helped I do love how the corset keeps my muscles from flying into a flurry my hair is longer than what kept me alive before hrt I the madness is so comfortable I slip into it through her and then and sometimes him. the thoughts get weighed down by the - I feel like nothing will ever fit me better than what I have in my closet aurore I'm the only one who's worn these bones and lord they'll full of dumb fuck serendipity. ♡ ♡ ♡

my gender is not psychotic but it is in my body  
mind body/mind and is that - is my body/mind  
psychotic? yes no.

When I first cut my hair I was hesitant to go short. E by my own thinking or hers,

I wasn't quite sure how to articulate what I wanted, nor certain I was ready to give up the memories held within cells. The motive was multifaceted as most things are, like why you'll sit in a restorative yoga pose and apply lip balm for 3+ min

before I knew you, I can get behind the whole order  
 but when I lean in and sink through the knowing I know separate of accepting beyond what I feel my head with care  
 the handle they have 'now'

```

void hair_situation(int age){
  if(2020){
    diy();
  }else if(age > 13 age < 20 && hairTouchingEars == TRUE){
    freak(out);
    physical_dys4ia++;
  }else{
    findHairElasticsOrBobbyPins();
    shakeHeadInTheMirror();
    /*
    —HAIR GROWS—
    Hair grows
    They remind me
    And I'm reminded myself
    As I check old photos and realize
    My hair hasn't touched my ears since
    I was a little girl and the pigtails
    I can make now
    can't be pulled on by men.
    */
    transjoy++;
  }
}

```













I know you're not hurt, but thank you for his name that kept sheltered from myself and I could hold it without hurting both myself and the name I was always meant to be.

the name change process is harder than I thought

She has the credit card and I pay her bill, yknow?

not done with what I once liked

```

if(physical_dys4ia > 7){
  beSadAboutItOrWhatever();
  goDOSomething();
}else{
  expanding_the_closet = TRUE;
  transjoy++;
}
break;
  
```

case(19): //2020  
printf("i started t");

aga:n  
ne she was

redecoratePartTwo(iMightBeMadeOfStars);

transjoy++

youngster than my genes a mystery, oh

and the spiral takes me down to the forgetful/rook of the mind I wish weren't mine to explore and nothing means any thing but some food might help

I just want a long name  
I've never loved short name  
It doesn't make sense  
and substitute teachers adjourn  
me with an n I don't deserve  
I love my  
Short name only 3 letters  
and seems so goddamn nonbinary  
without the a at the end

```

hair_situation(age);
love_thself(MAX);
love_thself(+some other stuff);
physical_dys4ia++;
physical_dys4ia--;
unless(locked){
  physical_dys4ia++;
}else{
  physical_dys4ia++;
}
  
```

older  
I hope it's making its older than me  
other than me  
I'm sorry  
the oldest thing I carry

This perform is not for you  
I know you are already the audience  
but no, this is all about you  
about your  
my track's  
more like  
think I'll  
normal  
normal  
normal

is too good for that too good for that

and outside of governmental documents the name

aid it deep within me

I cherish this name, the gift of my name that my mother and father gifted to me.





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## Author Biography

Terrence Adams (they/them) is a Mad non-binary poet, black belt, and radio host for a queer show living in Treaty 6 territory and region 4 of the Métis nation of Alberta. They are currently studying their undergrad in computer science and English, and hope to combine those topics in further education and research.