

Change

My hair becomes thinner and I grow younger.

My skin softer, the eyes more often friendly.

My shaped more pronounced, a shadow of hips.

My breasts more firm, soft and fragile.

Crying seems easy, but not of sorrow.

My patience disappearing for all the hustle.

But not for the child that wants to embrace me.

Or for the music vibrating in my body, my head.

Wonderful are my feelings almost every day.

Wonderful is the growing in my full grown body.

Wonderful the butterflies unexpected inside.

Wonderful all that I discover in me.

Smiling i do my make up for the new day.

Inpatient to go out again.

Not for someone else but just for me.

To feel the wind again in my heart.

You see the change in me happening.

You notice me going from squared to round.

You feel my old despair becoming trust.

You let me go from man to woman.