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No Longer a Shroud of Clouded Roles

by Name Withheld

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Not even I would allow myself to embrace the sanctity of self.

To be or not to be? Is that really the question? Am I really who I feel myself to be? Cogito ergo sum (I think, therefore I am).

First they ignored me, then they laughed at me, now it feels as if they are fighting me - yet - I have already won - can't they see?

What does this feeling have to do with what I think? This feeling of liberation I have had since I finally accepted myself as I am. "Be yourself." If I had a dollar for every time I'd heard this in my earlier years I'd have no problem footing the bill for my breast augmentation. My identity remained hidden behind closed doors, behind walls, in prison. Not even I would allow myself to embrace the sanctity of self. I lived to define myself in the eyes of all around me. A prisoner by virtue of my selfishness. Craving acceptance from others yet unable to find the balance of selfishness and selflessness required through acceptance of myself.

Boundaries: what were they? Or rather, whose were they? I'd sold out my responsibility for them years ago. They were what I made of what everyone else made of them.

At times the weight of roles I played out became too much. I was smothered in falsehoods if only to belong, if only to fake it till I made it. The clouds come and go along with the seasons of my life. Always here whether day or night. And if I am mistaken it is my mistake, a luxury to make a mistake of this kind. I am not a mistake. I am certainly not mistaken. The sky is as it is, as too am I. No longer a shroud of clouded roles, no construction of identity based on causal reasoning like a jigsaw puzzle. Just an insatiable appetite for peace. Yet not at the expense of disconnection from my surroundings; not the peace solitude can afford: the peace acquired from dropping the need to drive myself and simply be myself. No longer a passenger in my life. Not an observer to the roles of expectation played out for others to see. Not isolated by insecurity and self-loathing. Now liberated by the strength of which I am myself.

The walls are not mine any more. I am not a victim. I will not be made a victim. Yet the walls have consequences for me. I am a prisoner of the State of New South Wales. I am subject to the Manager's discretion. Policy exists to grant me voice. Yet what is true in the word of the law is often far different in the law's actuality. Yet, here I am. A thorn, apparently in the side of those who are my 'keepers'.

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The Gender Centre is committed to developing and providing services and activities, which enhance the ability of people with gender issues to make informed choices. We offer a wide range of services to people with gender issues, their partners, family members and friends in New South Wales. We are an accommodation service and also act as an education, support, training and referral resource centre to other organisations and service providers. The Gender Centre is committed to educating the public and service providers about the needs of people with gender issues. We specifically aim to provide a high quality service, which acknowledges human rights and ensures respect and confidentiality.