

## INTERSEX

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When I found out that I am intersex, I didn't know what to do.  
The clinician's hand writing is terrible. So maybe this isn't true?  
While I wish I can change my past, to instead grow up as a man.  
It was 1994, a different time for transgender folks back then.  
My body felt too big to be feminine, too little to be masculine.  
So I self-medicated on diet pills while habitually occupying restrooms.  
Physicians saw me as a walking skeleton, with unfilled prescriptions of Prozac.  
So I dodged most clinical visits and risked dying young of a heart attack.  
My assigned female body was a prison, or so I initially thought.  
Until vague notations in my medical records were unpredictably caught.  
As a healthy newborn, I was in the hospital for five days after my birth.  
Due to a medically unnecessary genital surgery with no empirical worth.  
At the time, doctors lied to my parents and said I needed a tympanostomy.  
So mom and dad thought nothing of it, equating degrees with ethics and honesty.  
However my medical records told a different story.  
The one of me having "ambiguous genitalia."  
So an obstetrician performed uncontested surgery on my genitals.  
And used their medical authority to control my anatomical features.  
When I found out about my intersex identity, I erroneously blamed myself.  
For all of the signs I missed, like the deep scar tissue and lack of menstrual blood.  
Until a medical scientist told me that it wasn't my fault.  
After all I was only a baby, this experience was surgical trauma and assault.  
If only my providers gave me a fighting chance, to live as my authentic self.  
While giving me the tools and resources I needed to be intersex and well.  
For now I keep learning and caring more about my body with each passing day.  
In the hopes of empowering myself, while helping intersex advocates pave the way.

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