Hannah Saiz

The Triangle

She stares at the
triangle on that stick
figure of a woman
and jealousy floods
the back of her
mouth. She bites her
lip and crosses her
legs,

and leans into the wall with all the weight of decisions *you*
don't face every day, but she does. Because when you stand

face-to-face with the bathroom door, you don't
see the sticks that deny access — you see a handle and
tile floor and sinks and stalls and maybe on the walls —
urinals. But when you come out of the bath room and the
door flutters close, she glances down the hallway and watches your
retreating back before the cost of being *wrong* makes this decision for her.
And so she opens the door with two bare legs, wanting to color them in with
sharpie, to put this wrong to rest with a ball gown, address the outside by which the
insides are judged. Because in the split second when you saw her, you didn't see *her* —
this triangulated stick figure — you saw a twiggy teen, long-haired, scraped out of some
Salvation Army dumpster. You
didn't look long enough to catch
the hints of rouge, the darkened
lashes, feet trained to high heels
in the secrecy of her room. You
trust your eyes, and your eyes see
a boy who slouches, not the girl
missing the breasts she never
had. Long hair to you is punk,
not a grab at femininity that
cascades, masks the
imperfections of being trapped in
the wrong body. It's only natural
to you that she enter the Men's
room, but before she leaves, she
stands before the mirror, until all
traces of her tears have gone.