

## The Truth Christopher Young

Truths can be told in two ways, the straight forward way which hurts the most; and, the subtle way that hides the hurt among a web of words and long-winded explanations. Truths sometimes are better appreciated when told tactfully and with a measure of grace, however, this method requires heavy discernment skills by critical thinkers who read between the lines. On the other hand, many of the readers that do blog sites place greater importance on simple ideas, so it's more advantageous to speak plainly, especially on the abstract noun, truth.

I'm gay. That's a truth and a fact evidenced by years of self-study; moreover, I am transgender. This fact was known to me by the time I was 12 years old and has been evidenced by my serious preoccupation with womanhood. I have always tried to reveal this truth in my writings by various means. As I stated before, the truth is sometimes appealing as subtle hints. Another truth about me is that I have lived two lives, (as many LGBT people have) one such life is as a man who wishes to hide his true self, in fear of being judged or ridiculed, the second life is being a woman. This life I now live without fear but not without consequence.

Some of the consequences I've dealt with are the sad truths about being transgender in a prison environment. Examples include harassment, hatred, social status issues, (being passed up for job opportunities, ect.) and medical care issues which are unique to the correctional community, and they despise us for it. Indeed, health care for Gender Identity dysphoria people exposes certain truths about the "system" at large. To name them all would warp the direction of this blog into a diatribe of immense proportions.

The truth is that regardless of how you present the truth, directly or otherwise, you will always find another buried under the first. The stories I will tell about the plight of GID's in prison are true but the stories uncover the darker truths that are best told straight forward. This way will hurt more; to tell and to read, but there is evidence to show that uncomfortable images are advantageous to understanding the truth. I want to be confrontational in the telling, as if directing the accusation and the cause of everything that is wrong, straight at you.

However, truthfully, it's not your fault; it's all of our fault. My situation is my fault as well as your fault. Think about it. First, you help create the system that is rife with corrupted asses who are addicted to the power you handed them. Second, when the corrupted officials are reelected, instead of thrown out on their butts, the system is perpetuated. Finally, you are too much of a coward to protest the injustices by marching straight to the capitol and throwing them out on their butts. Is this the truth???

I have been forced to tell the truth about myself. The few examples I've provided are hurtful to people I know who may read this, and thus to me. But the truth sometimes hurts, especially when there are layer upon layer to peel away. Let's do this again next time. Thank you for your attention to the truth. CEE