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**FIT THE FIRST:  
WE MUST SCREAM**  
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We wander.
 Without time,
 Without space,
 Without gender.

We wander.
 All is Circumstance.
 All is Turbulence.
 All is Chaos.

We wander
 Incorporeal,
 Midst spiritual clouds of dust.
 We are yet not,
 And yet must be.
 We have no voice, but
We must scream.

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**FIT THE SECOND:  
DNA**  
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Snow huddles against the night, clean and white, low to earth. Brutish creatures are upon the land, survival machines for that DNA molecule. Some have four legs, some have two. Some have hundreds, and some have none.

The interplay of circumstance riots upon the stage of chaos. Bodies join again and again in the turbulent dance of procreation, driven by yearnings built into all creatures by those DNA sequences which in their writhings do succeed to survive, to live again, and yet again.

DNA figured it out a long time ago.
Sex works fine with two genders.
And yet ...

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**FIT THE THIRD:  
KINDRED CREATURES**  
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Snow huddles against the night, dirty with urban filth. A cat lies dead against a brick wall, eyes staring vacantly at that which once could have been. A small child stands near, transfixed. Neurons connect, disconnect, and connect again in a furious whirlwind, implanting concepts within the mind of the child which will populate and shape that mind, now so young, and now so old, until one storybook of one life is closed.

The child is thin, with delicate hands and the soft face of the very young, wearing no socks within old shoes, a worn and tattered coat several sizes too large, and a woolen cap against the cold.

Oh, kitty, kitty, kitty, why must you die? I would hold you close to me, feel your fur with my little fingers, hear your purr, and try to find some milk for you. Kindred creatures are we, lost in a world neither of us understands.

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**FIT THE FOURTH:  
A BINARY WORLD**  
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Is this world comprehensible? If we lack comprehension, is it a matter of trying harder? Or are we confused actors upon a misty stage, forever denied the answers to the questions which come to our intellects? To be given the power to ask, and to be forever denied the answer: can a more demonic torment be imagined?

Perhaps.

For this child was born into a sexually binary society, yet does not fit that conscript. Our very language demands a terrible and final decision, and permits no exception. Let us call him "she"; let us call her "he."

He seems to be a boy, but she is there:

In thin delicate wrists;
In softness of body;
In tenderness felt
For little brave, weedy flowers
Poking through slum-city cracks
Seeking light;
As the child pokes through society's cracks
Seeking light.

She is there:

In blades of grass;
In sunlight coming through the trees;
In the sound of wind;
In songs of birds;
In stars of the sky;

And in loving sorrow felt
For a dead cat
In a dirty city alley.
She is there.

Let us scream. But we cannot, for we have no voice.

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**FIT THE FIFTH:  
EXISTENCE**  
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By all sweet reason, I cannot exist.

Consider the game of billiards taking place in my father's testicles when I was conceived. How many sperm are there in a typical ejaculate? The number is legion, and from that multitude, one made me. Then there were the circumstantial events governing the probabilities that my parents even met in the first place. Now repeat this computation for them and their existence. Follow this back to the proverbial slime, and the probability of my being is indistinguishable from flat-ass zero.

Yet, here I am! It seems that I have won the Big Casino. But to what end?

Life possibly has no purpose other than to preserve the immortality of those DNA sequences which play their cards right. We are nothing more than survival machines for that molecule, contrived by the ghosts of quantum mechanics. These ideas are so repugnant to humanity, that "purpose" is contrived, willy-nilly, out of gossamer.

Existence, specifically self-existence, troubles some people. Why is there something instead of nothing? That's an utterly vacuous question, but for some of us, it will not go away. I once conversed with a friend whose identical twin died at birth. As he pondered at me, I "felt" his being. Very few would understand what he was talking about. I was flattered, and humbled, to be a rare ear for his thoughts.

Norm and I were born and lowered in the slums of Newark, New Jersey, the last of eight. Three did not survive childhood. Five out of eight was typical in those days.

When we were very young, it became clear that the other little boys Norm tried to be friends, and play with, did not like me. Because of me, they made his life miserable. I suppressed. I hid from the world. I would come out to be with him only in the blackness of night, or on those rare times when we were alone. It hurt—a lot.

I so needed to scream to stop the pain ... but I had no voice.

For his own survival, he became a consummate actor— laughing at crude sexual jokes, feigning interest in violence. He learned well the myriad mannerisms which other little boys know instinctively, and instinctively detect any girlish deviations from.

When sitting, how does one cross one's legs? A boy puts one ankle atop the other knee, opens his crotch wide, and sprawls. This occupies horizontal space, and God forbid that in so doing, one boy's leg touches another's. Girls cross their shins and tuck their feet coyly to the side.

To look at the sky, a boy holds his head still, and rolls his eyes up. A girl tilts her head, and often will place a hand beside it, palm rotated outward, a finger held daintily to a cheek.

To look at fingernails, a boy's hand curls palm up. A girl's hand extends palm down with the fingers straight out.

Boys walk awkwardly but run gracefully, while just the opposite is true for girls. Men lead with their upper torsos while walking. They fall forward, rescuing their balance with their legs. Women lead with their hips, and are always balanced; their upper bodies just go along for the ride. On the other hand, when men run, their legs cycle in neat vertical planes. When running, a woman's legs flail outward. Men and women are hinged differently, and my body is hinged like a girl's.

Not only that, but my thin wrists, narrow trim waist, and rounded hips made Norm's life miserable in the required gym sessions. He hated those hours with a red hot passion. It wasn't much comfort to know that fat kids also suffered.

All of these differences are tests applied by boys to any new kid on the block. Girls don't seem as concerned over such issues, but they certainly are aware of them.

I always preferred the company of girls, but it was clear they didn't like me any more than the boys did. And so I adjusted as well as I could to self-imposed exile, discomfited but helpless, as Norm confronted society.

He became an isolate.
I yearned to scream...but I had no voice.

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**FIT THE SIXTH:  
DON'T HIT ME!**  
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Don't hit me!
I will be a boy.
I will sit as boys do.
I will talk as boys do.
I will walk as boys do.
I will be violent as boys do.
I will laugh at filth as boys do.
I will look at the sky as boys do.
I will look at my fingernails as boys do.
I will express my friendship
By shoving and punching
As boys do.
I will;
I will;
I promise.

Don't hit me!

But in the darkness of night,
When we are alone,

I am a girl.
I come to him
To comfort him.
I am a girl
Who needs so much to scream,
"I am, I am, I am, I am."
If I had a voice.
In the darkness of night,
Thoughts of death intrude.
Why should I exist?
If I died, others would grieve.
They would, wouldn't they?

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**FIT THE SEVENTH:  
THE CITY**  
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I hear through his ears, the city: rumbling traffic; screeching bus brakes; a radio through a window; neighborhood family arguments muffled through thin walls late at night; a bird, bravely singing from a telephone pole. Flee, little bird. Flee to the green mountains, to the meadows damp with morning dew, far from people, far from despair.

I smell through his nose, the city: car exhaust; sewer miasma; sweat; the stench of booze on mommy and daddy; greasy food. I have no appetite.

I see through his eyes, the city: dirty, broken windows; brick walls bearing strange scribbles; old papers blown by the wind; a popsicle stick floating down the gutter after a rain, on some private odyssey. Dandelion! Take it home. Mama cooks it.

Oh look! Someone lost her lipstick!

He picks it up tenderly, hides it in his pocket and runs to seclusion behind some garbage cans. There, he smiles so sweetly, and shyly gives it to me. With trembling hands, I uncap it. I turn it up so that it peeks out to greet me. I thrill at that sweet, sweet womanly aroma.

Oh, Hedy LaMarr.

Oh, Hedy LaMarr,

You are so beautiful.

Oh, Hedy LaMarr,

Your pictures in the newspapers

Are so divine!

Oh, Hedy LaMarr,

No one in my world is as pretty as you!

Oh, Hedy LaMarr.

And here in my hand, I hold a real lipstick. Embedded in a matrix of fear, the acid taste of desire coats my tongue. Trembling, trembling, I lift that luscious creamy redness toward my lips.

And stop short.

For I know, oh how I know, what would happen should he be so branded. And I strive to scream into the void, "Why can't I play with lipstick like other little girls do?"

But...I...Have...No...Voice.

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