

2023

FTM

Ryder Dietz

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Recommended CitationDietz, Ryder (2023) "FTM," *The Laureate*: Vol. 21, Article 21.Available at: <https://scholarworks.wmich.edu/laureate/vol21/iss1/21>

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RYDER DIETZ

FTM

Her smiles were long extinct
Before he came.
She was made of years of trials
While he was made of an instant.
Before him,
Everyone knew of her.
From her white bleached tipped hair
To her silent voice.
Before him,
She had a role in choir
And a place in a lane.
After him,
She was assigned to history.
Her friends quickly turned into his.
Her teachers now taught him.
Only her family could not see him.

She tried to be an ocean,
To drown him, who had taken her
place.
Her skills had been copied by him,
To which he added more.
Both competitive swimmers,
Only he was a lifeguard.
Though he may have briefly sunk
Inches 'neath the surface,
He soon reached the beach
Of the puddle she became.

He turned to her and knew,
Only one of them could be.
First, went her name.
Broken and mangled,
Its bones were made into his.
Second, her hair was shorn,
Made to match his.
Third, he unwove her clothes
To make his own.
He bound her chest and stained her hands,
Marred her skin and stole her voice,
As he did not yet have his own.
Lastly, he let his hands and feet turn to claws,
His teeth sharpened into fangs.
Tearing apart what lay before him,
Letting what remains melt into him.
He walks away from the scene,
Not a trace of guilt in his heart.
He puffs out his chest at what he did,
For it was his right.

A large, stylized handwritten signature in black ink, appearing to read "Ryder Dietz". The signature is written in a cursive, flowing style with a prominent horizontal line across the middle.