

BIRTH-MONGER

I Remember A Time When Androgynes Walked The Earth, Bones Still Brittle From Their Second Birth — The One Of The Self That So Many Others Never Live To Conceive. Tears In My Flesh Become Rips In Time Through Which I Seep To Remember And Reanimate The Legacies Of My Eradicated Sisters.

Cracks In What I Recall Being The Earth Split Us Further And Further Apart.

Angels Can Be Heard Singing Over The Malleability Of The Ethereal, Or Maybe They Were Demons Mocking The Gullibility Of New Found "Hopes." Varied Perceptions From All Around And The Fawn Barely Making Their Way To The Ground Post-Ascension.

The One That Hovers Over That Operating Table Is Only Ever Allowed To Be You, But Does The Same Go For The T-Section?

Labor In The Metropolis Could Lead To So Many Things: Isolation, Confrontation, Nurture, Frenzy, Miscarriage, Abortion, Or Your Coming Into The World Stripped Of Any Remnants Of Past-Self. Blinded By The Illusion Of Lights At The Ends Of Tunnels That Spiral And Stop At Points In The Segment, I Fell To The Ground, Felt Around, And Allowed For My Other Senses To See What My Eyes Could Not.

The Legion Of Natural Born Architects — The Ones Who'd Deconstructed And Reconstructed The Given Over And Over Again Until The Hammer And Chisel Decided That This Was It -- No, That This Was Them, The Shapeshifters Of Old That The Urban Legends Told.

Mothers Grab Their Children At The Sight Of Monsters But Also At The Sight Of People With The Agency And Intuitiveness To Strip Their Bodies Of Anything That Won't Correspond To The Legacy That They'll Eventually Carve Out, Their Bodies The Loop Tools. Monsters Are Those Whom Demonstrate Attributes That Eliminate Expectations Before They Sprout From Their Roots, Or The Father. The Seed That Gives Birth To The Aberration Plants Itself Almost To Defy How Tall Its Offspring Would Grow To Be And How Much Of Itself The World Would Eventually Get To See.

The Sheer Presence Of The Aura That Surged From The Fawn Cracked The Stone Platforms Beneath Its Hooves, Brought Heat To Surrounding Air, And Made The Masses Cower At The Ambiguity That Decorated That Body. They Found He/r And Made Sure To Erase Any Plausible History That S/he Could've Had By Renaming He/r "Project 8" Or "The Fawn" And Shucking The Body Of Any Remnants Of Non-Prescribed Characteristics Of Self.

Project 8 Is Activated And Sustained By Program Reanimation Which Uses The Antler Constructed From The Hybrid Stem Cells Of The Stags Which Once Roamed Lands Native To The Project As A Medium To Sustain The Deconstruction And The Reconstruction Of He/R Gene Code. Incubators Often Double As Prison Cells But The Fawn Never Had A Choice Via The Scrutinizing Gaze Of The Ones Who Had Their Own Plans For He/R Future As Well As H/Er Body And That Would Act On These Plans With Force.

I Woke Up Shivering In The Haziest Water I'd Ever Been In, Yet I Could See Through It To Look At My Abductor, The Silhouette Of A Tall Male Looking Back At Me. The Thread Glowed Gold And Coalesced With My Body In The Prison Bound My Body To The Essence Of An Austag's Antler.

My Hooves, Semi-Hairy Body, And My Metatarsals Have Somehow Morphed To Fit Into An Entirely Human Physiology. My Shapeshifting Abilities Have Seemingly Disappeared As Well Given The Fact That I Have Breasts Now That Are Stagnant In Size, Genitals That Won't Morph As I Will Them To, And I Can't Give Myself The Gills To Breathe In This Prison Of Mine.

I Remember Who I Was, "Aurel Haize Odogbo", Caught, A Gold Tailed Fawn Native To My Homeland Of Arcadia.

Submission To The Fate Bestowed Upon Me Is The Acceptance Of Death And So It's Imperative That I Find The Agency To Escape....