

## **My Favorite Song You've Never Heard**

**by Adrian Silbernagel**

When I say “organ” you think of a system of pipes exhaling old hymns through a gleaming cathedral. I think of my body, unconscious and limp under a fluorescent lamp, a man’s gloved hands, a scalpel digging for an atrophied pouch of estrogen.

It is our second date. I tell you I’m having a hysterectomy in three weeks. I flinch, expecting you to do the same. You don’t. I say “Doesn’t that freak you out?” The question is a test to determine whether, as a cis gay man, you’re bothered by my transness. You pass.

When I say that I pass, the word means something else. It means that when we walk into the leather bar together, all of the boys in their jockstraps and harnesses think “what a cute couple,” not “what’s he doing with that tranny?” It means that when you introduce me to your family, they don’t automatically question your sexuality, or wonder if you are “going straight.”

When you state that you are gay, you are stating it as a fact: you’re attracted to men, and one of those men is me. What I hear is an instrument exhaling euphoria in the spaces where my organs used to be.