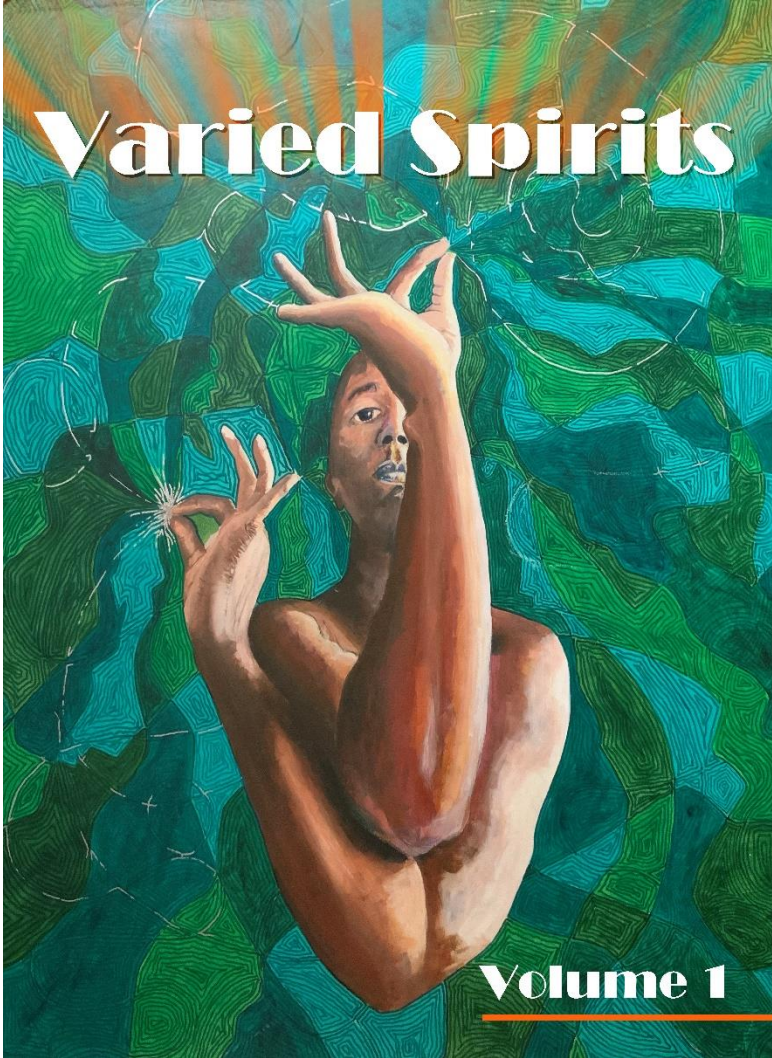


Varied Spirits



Volume 1

Varied Spirits – Volume 1

Cover Artwork by Folami Bayode.
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Dedication

To all our transgender, non-binary, genderfluid, Two-Spirit relatives known and unknown, who have been natural, vital parts of families, communities and societies since the beginning of time, and who continue to support, nurture, build bridges, heal and love human beings.

Ana Oihan Ametsa

...is a descendant of families from Lower Navarre Iparraldi Herria, Donegal, Ireland, Flanders, and others. Their endeavors include Awakening the Horse People and Weaving Oceans Collective.

Backword (Not a Foreword)

A Story

“A very long time ago, before memory, when the worlds were dark and covered by an endless ocean, a canoe of stardust drifted across the water. Lit by a single flame of birch tar and moss, the canoe held the seated figure of Old Woman. No one knew how long she had floated there. Her existence was a great mystery within the cosmos.

One moment she was alone. The next, a small bird emerged from the darkness and landed gracefully on the side of the canoe. Slowly, she turned to the bird.

“Hello Bird,” she softly spoke.

“Hello,” Bird answered. “Do you have a name?”

“My existence is so long and broad, my name has been forgotten,” she said.

“Can I call you Mystery then?” asked Bird.

The old woman Mystery smiled and slowly nodded. “What has brought you to my canoe, Bird?”

Bird looked at the Old Woman and then cast their gaze back out across the glassy sea, "I have flown for so long, my wings are too tired to fly any farther. I heard the sound of water against the canoe and followed the glow to you."

Mystery looked more pleased, than surprised. "You are welcome to rest upon this canoe for as long as you wish," she said. "But if you desire a lasting place to rest, you will need to swim to the bottom of the sea and find solid earth to build a home."

After a rest of some time, Bird slipped off the canoe and began to swim down towards the inky bottom with flapping wings and paddle like feet. Deeper and deeper Bird swam. Eventually, Bird could feel the bottom stirring, and with great skill, dug into the dense soil with their beak. They rose back to the surface, bobbing above the water next to the glowing canoe.

Bird exhaled and the earth spilled from its bill and floated on the water's surface.

"Thank you" Bird said to those around.

The Old Woman watched Bird swim down and then surface again, and again. Each time a small beak of soil joined the floating raft of earth. Soon, after a long while had past, the raft of earth had turned into an island. And following many more dives, into something even larger than that.

Bird appeared next to the canoe once again. The wrinkled being looked down with appreciation.

"What strength to dive again and again to retrieve the earth," she admired. "And what a skillful

beak you have to lay the earth so delicately upon the water.”

She laid a gnarled hand on the water and said, “Bird, will you swim down to the bottom once more and bring me earth from as deep as your beak can dig?”

Without a word, Bird disappeared below the water, and a short time later bobbed back to the surface. Gently bird emptied its bill of earth into the Mystery’s gnarled hand.

First, she cupped the soil in her hands and whispered silently to the earth as if she were greeting a loved relative after a long time apart. Then, she spat thickly into her furrowed hands and began kneading the dirt into a clay-like mud. Her fingers shaped the soil into more shapes than Bird could count. And so quickly!

With each shape, the Old Woman lovingly breathed into her hand before setting the completed form on the flat edge of the gunwale. With the final shape, she took one of her hairs and wrapped it around the shape’s roundish head. After sharing breath with this new shape, she set it on the gunwale and smiled.

“Now Bird, you must fly into the west until you see a red glow,” Mystery explained. “And when you get to the place where the sea turns red, you must dive as deep as you can go.”

Bird lifted from the canoe and flew west. To Bird’s surprise, darkness soon gave way to an orange-red glow. When Bird thought the sky would

turn to fire, they dove into the water and paddled deeper than they had ever gone.

After some time, Bird sensed they were paddling back towards the surface, though they did not know how that could be. Bird broke the surface and there in the sky above their head was Sister Sun and Sister Moon.

“Hello Bird,” they sang. “We have been waiting for you to lead us back to our Mother’s canoe.”

“I can take you there,” Bird said as he looked out across the lit sky and shimmering water.

Bird took to the sky and began flying in the direction of the canoe. After some time, they approached the small vessel of the Old Woman. Bird realized they were flying from the opposite direction than which they started. Mystery turned to them and smiled, singing greeting to the Bird and her daughters, Sun and Moon.

The Old Woman gestured to the Bird and swept her hand towards the land that Bird had brought from the bottom. Bird cooed in wonder. The earth Bird had gathered was now full of life with more colors than the bird had ever seen before. There were small plants, flowers, and trees. Towering mountains with snow. Flowing waters. And Bird could see animals of every shape, form, and size.

Bird looked to the gunwale of the canoe and realized the shapes the Old Woman created had become the Life of this new place. Bird looked again at the new land, and saw a two-legged animal, the one Mystery had given her hair.

“Thank you, Bird,” the Old Woman said warmly. “You have proven yourself as the one who can fly in the air as well as in the sea!”

She reached down to the water’s surface and retrieved a feather that had fallen from Bird’s plumage.

The woman then inquired, “Who will tell your story? Who will interpret and share all that has been created since we met? Who will remind those of the selfless strength and love you have shown that has made all of this possible?”

The Old Woman removed one more two-legged clay form from the woven folds of her clothes and held it up for the bird to see. She slipped the new feather into the form and warmed a smile.

“This one here. This will be your storyteller, Bird. This one, unique in form and role, will see what others of their kind do not, and will be able to travel to the home of my daughters Sun and Moon, through the stardust in my canoe, and through the worlds of other sacred beings. Theirs will be a unique form. They will tell the stories from this day onward.”

With one final gesture, Mystery’s breath vibrated through the feather and into the clay form. It disappeared from her hand, to reappear on land with others of its kind. The new being turned slowly to gaze out at the horizon towards Mystery and Bird. This new being raised a hand, and their song of connection and creation carried outward, on the breeze.”

** * * **

The preceding story comes from no single lineage. It draws from the diving bird/diving animal creation stories told in many places across the Earth, including in Eurasia. It is a touchstone, a grounding story for gender diverse and varied gendered people of ancestral origins where these kinds of stories have been lost, suppressed, or ignored. It is a reminder of our sacred connection and belonging with life, a call to a deeper purpose bigger than our material selves.

Stories are not just narrative journeys from a beginning to end. Stories are a living language that describes our existence with and between different life forms, both seen and unseen. Stories, themselves, are living beings. They are alive, and so are we within them. Through story, we connect our ancestors with those in the present, and to those generations yet to come.

The varied expressions of our beautifully gendered selves open pathways for us to mediate, interpret, and communicate our stories to others. Stories come in many forms. They can be told, sung, acted, played, percussed, drawn, portrayed visually, and even experienced ephemerally. Their telling can occur spontaneously and ecstatically. There is no one form or function to story.

Stories can resonate understanding, love, wellness, and balance with, and between Life. Even those stories of sickness, destruction, and taboo bring us closer to well-being with the living world around us. Since our creation, these have always been our roles across culture and time. Only as a

consequence of the Great Forgetting, have our unique forms and original instructions been made difficult to find.

Like Bird learns in the story above, these stories are not forgotten. Many are simply buried deep and can be brought to the surface once again. When we walk backwards into the future, we make possible the remembering, renewal and reinterpretation of these stories, and the birth of new ones needed to understand our place in this tumultuous age.

This anthology, *Varied Spirits*, is a proud expression of our story telling. It enters the future with an eye on the past, reflecting a union of ancient and modern experiences. *Varied Spirits* interprets the worlds seen and unseen with both tradition and imagination, creating new understandings that allow us to reconsider ourselves with greater courage, spirit, intelligence, and love.

“Totenkopf” by Lara Holy



“totenkopf” LH22

Vyacheslav Konoval

...is a member of the Geer Poetry Group (Wales, UK). His poetry has been published in journals The Anansi Archive Anthology», International Anthology of Poetry, Literary Waves Publishing, Sparks of Calliope, The Reach of Song 2022, Diogen pro-Culture Journal, and War scars in my heart. Their poems were also read at meetings of the different poetic groups Newman Poetry Group, Never Such Innocence, Voicing Art Poetry Reading for Ukraine, Worcester County Poetry, Brussels Writer's Circle.

The south will rise

The ashes covered,
fall the sparks, they are fade,
blazing in the anguish of the South,
without signs of life and maritime aide.

Guerrilla movements are blowing like a wind,
it is united by the idea as brothers twined,
they break tracks and shift the armored trains,
trying to cut the enemy and his life to grind.

The South is still on fire,
burning brightly and waiting for troops,
it will climb higher and higher,
for joining the strike units and groups.

A ballad about Botexical grandfather

At a three-meter table sat an old man in isolation,
whose embittered the aggressive nation,
he bathed in blood in old age,
world history will soon turn the page.

The leader led a propagandistic opinion
and annexed Belarus under the guise of dominion.
Grandfather tells a frank delusion,
my brain in a state of confusion.

He led the fools to trample on foreign land,
grandfather does not lend a hand,
the death he slowly waiting,
an old woman with a scythe calls for dating.

Hexe Fey

... (he/they) is a transmasculine Oglala Lakota and European interdisciplinary mover, art worker, curator, glitch user, interactive fiction writer, and community harm reductionist. Hexe is the creator of the video game Cursed Task, which focuses on the struggle of writing artist bios.



“Ghostberries”

Dana Ravyn

...is a trans poet, novelist, and educator. She has published a novel (Fearless Heart, KDP 2014) and her new novel (The Suicide Switch, Wynkyn Worde) will be released Spring 2023. Dana's poetry appears in The Edge of Humanity, Sparks of Calliope, Avocet, Wilderness Heart Literary Review, Anak Sastra Literary Journal, and more. When not writing, she works on empowering health literacy in her community in coastal Delaware, USA.*

The Death of Pretense

*"When one is pretending, the entire body revolts."
-Anaïs Nin*

I will break the ties that binds me,
free entwining flesh from soul
I will leave the house I died in,
Pass through all dividing walls.
When pretense dies.

I will be torn to bone and skin,
Be devoured by all creatures,
Reborn: shamanic women's kin,
Apotheotic and unfeatured.
When pretense dies.

I cannot cry just one more tear
For those inside the mirror,

They'll flee their silver prison
Their ashes free from all revision.
When pretense dies.

Your Skin

I cherish the landscape of your skin. Your scars
are a map leading me down translucent valleys
fed by pink rivulets, and over hills rolling from your
drooping eyelid to the coastline of your battered jaw.

I touch your thigh where they peeled off sheets,
stacking them on your face like layers of phyllo.
I gawk at the blank expression of a chest with no
nipples,
slender arms embossed with rows of diamonds,
pinchers that raise a cigarette to lopsided lips.

When I touch you, I shiver in temptation and sink
in shame. I never came to you in your gauzy shroud,
repelled by the memory: the sickening smell of
melting
skin when a match ignited the gasoline you huffed,
your lungs popping like a bottle of sparkling wine.

Reanimated, you are no less alluring to me now. I will
always love your skin because it's yours. It is the
tegument
of your soul, the crust of your character, the most
beautiful place for my kisses

Wings

Protective coloration
is cruelty's evolutionary strategy.

It blends into the heart
like a rattlesnake melds into the Sonora.

You will only see it when it is moving,
and by then it's too late.

I saw my aunt pull wings off a moth
when I was 5 years old.

It has pursued me since.

As hard as I look,
I still fail to see it sometimes.

Luckily, my wings grow back.

Kat

...is (for now) a closeted transfeminine artist. My public male self is an artist, art instructor and former graphic designer. An award-winning graduate of Ontario College of Art & Design, my work includes collage, signage and painting — encompassing bold graphics, subtle patterns, text, wit and wordplay. Recent exhibitions include: In Situ Multi Arts Festival, Queen West Art Crawl, The Red Head Gallery and Come Up to My Room at Gladstone House.

Artwork

The following three decollage works are explorations of gender, using male and female images, as well as the male-coded blue, female-coded pink and neutral-coded white of the transgender flag. Many layers of colors, patterns and images are lightly glued one on top of the other. Glimpses of lower layers are revealed by selectively removing parts of upper layer(s) by cutting or tearing — a dance between control and serendipity.



“Express”



“Excavate”

“Experiment”



C.S.W. Henry

...who is of Anishnaabe and Xicano descent, is an award-winning Indigiqueer writer, artist, and researcher. Her research interests include Indigenous futurism, Indigenous language use in contemporary media (code-calling), the 1989 Romanian revolution, and Juche, the official ideology of the Democratic People's Republic of Korea. Ms. Henry is also a 2017-18 Fulbright scholar to Romania and a veteran of the United States Navy.

YMMV (Your Mileage May Vary)

Squishing folding draping protruding
Trying to fit in a box
Or a shape a roundness a longing
What am i trying to be
Am i doing it for You
or for Me?

“Anishinaabemowin: enaagamig” means in English: “it (a liquid) is a certain way, tastes a certain way.”

Description: This piece grapples with the dysphoria experienced by many gender nonconforming individuals. It is also titled, Variance 02.



“Anishinaabemowin: daashkaa’bi’kizi” means in English: “s/he is split (animate intransitive verb - verb with an intransitive stem; an animate subject and no object.) Description: This piece celebrates the spectrum of gender expression. It is also titled, Variance 01.

Rachel Andeen

*...is a transgender author of romantic, speculative, and queer fiction, as well as a software developer, language enthusiast, and general nerd. She discovered writing in her forties, quite by accident, and has been hooked ever since. Her work has appeared in *The Future Fire* and various anthologies. She lives in Seattle, where her two cats graciously allow her to share their space.*

Words

What is a book
but a pile of words?
A hundred thousand of them,
sometimes less, sometimes more,
but always so, so many.

We authors talk incessantly of
plot and structure,
setting and character,
mood and theme.
Goal! Motivation! Conflict!
The craft books are endless.

We talk less of the words themselves,
the basic units of meaning from which
we assemble our narratives and build our worlds.
Minor details, in the scheme of things.

But words are luminous!

They seize our senses,
transport us to places familiar and strange.
They have shape and texture, rhythm and flow.

The gentle sway of the tallgrass prairie.
The sharp pop pop pop of backyard fireworks.
The sheer shimmery silk of the heroine's ball gown.
The unexpected
 pause
 before the stomach-churning
drop.

Every written word should be a treasure.
Every one.
Not an abstract unit of meaning,
but a physical manifestation,
printed on the page,
or spoken with the voice,
of the author's singular intention,
in harmony with its fellows.

Poetry hiding in prose.

Hannah

....(is Lara Holy) and some kind of child or cat and likes to cast spells and play around with words, sounds and colors. sometimes she will give people deeply suspicious looks and tries to curse with her mind those she sees as bullies. she is demand avoidant. sometimes her brain feels fizzy. she likes rhymes, rhythm, red, riddles, rhetoric and rolling her r's. she has a wonderful sense of humour. she is very caring and sensitive. sometimes she stares and says hello with a question mark? yes, definitely a question mark. good day!

Lara Holy

used to think I was my own worst enemy before I came out as self-dx autistic on social media
like non-real constructs can't lock ppl in very real prisons
can't have your quark n eat it, the particle way.
Quantum says I bridge it but that shit don't play.
can only be what you see, so they say, so they say...
the feeling is real, know the way, know the way...

If I wanna use the kitchen I spend 2 hours cleaning it
Born without a future so I create it by dreaming it
Castin' magic spells abracadabra start breathing it
I dunno if you hear this but if you do, are you feeling it?

Six-oh-5-20-20-zero-four

Its not an angel code it's the key to your door
I'm tryna represent and you cryin i'm a whore
What's your verse dry swerf?
imma grind coz i'm poor

Tears all spent laid out on the floor
Leadership shot by the new-class bore
Lifetime o hate but I lived for a cause
Wanna make a date? imma sharpen up my claws

Get your hair pulled back, get the ponytail high
Biggest hoops you can find, make 'em bad boys cry
Be quick to lose your soul goin' lookin in my eye
Or fall mad in love, make u wish you would die
die
die...

i'm the girl on the corner that you can't even see
i'm the body in the water that is ceasing to breathe
i'm the gold i'm the yellow i'm the green i'm the brown
i'm older than the mountains and this ain't my first
round

keep falling to earth to fall in love once again
damn humans keep my heart,
but God has my pen
i'm the pink i'm the black, i'm the purple, i'm the red
i know i look alive
but i'm certainly dead

and if you think about it, it's inside your head
and all the things you fear are the things that I said
i'm the flower and the pollen and the bird and the bee
i'm the water giving life to burned bushes and the
trees
i'm the stone in the corner
i'm the one looking down
i'm the stranger you miss when you're in your home
town
breaks my heart when i see you and I see all your
pain
makes me wanna come back,
and again
and again

but i know i'm not supposed to fall in love with you...
and every time i do it's just uncomfortable...
coz i have to go and leave you all alone in this world...
and they call the truth madness,
heavenly girl...

if you wanna see me just look up at the sky
i'll tell you how the people down in Douma died
turn your head to the left,
turn your head to the right,
i'll tell mycelium tales of the worker's pride

and if you listen closely then you might hear me smile
in the wind that is blowing so gentle and mild.
In the deep of the ocean
In the sand and the rock

Where there's no id, ego,
and no fuckin clock

and when there's nothing left to suffer i will see you
again.

When it's time to come home,
just listen out for my pen...

listen out for my pen...

listen out for my pen...

“Crime”



Fierce Grandmother

The names in this personal essay were changed to protect the identities of those described. The moniker was chosen to represent brethren who have parented, defended, sacrificed and even died for their children since time immemorial. The caregivers and the protectors of identities, spirits, and hearts, regardless of and inclusive to all genders and expressions.

These Three

I'm a 75-year-old retired person with many interests, I like playing cards and doing writing games, and I love my family. I'm a person who tries to be broad-minded and accepting of all people. I want to be a tolerant person as there's too much intolerance in the world. I feel I am a compassionate person willing to see another person's feeling, and to think well of them, if possible, instead of coming to a conclusion that's negative from the beginning. I believe in order to love other people, you have to love yourself. I believe there are a lot of people in the world who do not like themselves because they have not been allowed to be their real self or they do not have the courage.

I came to a realization of transgenderism through my grandson and by listening to him. When he was ten years old and expressed he felt he was a boy, although that was not his assigned gender at

birth, I felt I needed to do more research. Because of his young age especially, I felt it was about more than gender or sexuality, but rather a mental feeling, an inner mental struggle. If you see yourself outside a different way than inside that, of course, can create a struggle. It's about what's going on in your mind, which can be cause a conflict in you if your parents or people around you either do not understand or do not care.

I'm a deeply spiritual person who strongly believes in our Creator, and that all people come from the same parents and can have the same issues, but because of imperfection, we see so many different people affected by different systems. Some things we are born with, we have no control over, and our Creator understands that. But religions pose certain things they accept and things they don't, yet they are applying human thinking, not the Creator's thinking.

Many Christians today do not have true spirituality and connection to the Creator, they just have dogma. Religion has been the cause of so much hatred and many, many cruel acts. It continues to do so much damage. Facts and history show this. It's more of a social economic control force and power play than an actual, true spiritual attitude towards other humans. Instead of looking out for other people in a loving way, much of it is about judgement and condemnation.

One of my best friends, Ramona, she was a dear friend of mine who passed away from Covid-19. We were the same age. Long before the term

“transgender” was created or used, in the 50s, 60s and 70s, she was transgender. She came from a very religious family, and grew up in a hard, abusive situation. But what she endured made her a very loving, kind person, compassionate, who took time with others. She reflected on how she was treated, and never wanted to return that to others, no matter who they were. No matter their skin color, gender, background or whatever.

“Those who make themselves appear something they are not” is a judgmental attitude that places one’s personal opinion or prejudices before another’s right to self-identify. It’s an ugly accusation and generalization some make about transgender people. They are not just role-playing or having their bodies disfigured. Anyone who thinks that need to do more research or spend time with transgender people and learn more of the inner thinking. Many simply felt the understandable need to align their outward appearance to their inward feelings and identity, their self. Unless you take the time to talk to other people and put yourself in their place, you can form wrong hurtful opinions that distort reality. That applies not just to transgender people but to other groups that you're not part of. People also tell Natives and Black people if they’re speaking of trauma and hard times, to just "get over it", which is a foolish, foolish response.

At seventeen years of age, Ramona started making the journey, and I feel it was better for her developmentally to start making that journey.

Mentally, emotionally, and physically it was better, despite her family's and society's abusive treatment. Cross-dressing was not enough, because that was like living a lie to her, and the world often sees that as a sexual fetish, and she never saw herself as gay or lesbian. She simply knew herself to be a woman, female. Making the decision to have gender confirmation surgeries and hormone treatment was a healthy, necessary one for her. She became the true person she was meant to be which gave her confidence. Sometimes she did suffer low self-esteem that was brought on by other people, by the way they deliberately tried to make her feel badly or they said ignorant, stupid things. She still tried to live a good life.

Ramona was largely accepted in the Christian congregation I am a part of because she was no longer the person she was born but had become the person she was meant to be. She was a female woman who came to learn about the Creator, and no longer the male person she was born. No one could say she was male trying to be female. She was female. She was accepted because we are all imperfect, and sometimes when a person is born with such a struggle, the Creator sees that, and if it is corrected, it is acceptable that. Scripturally there is no reason to reject her. She simply corrected an error or chance of birth.

Micki was another person I knew who was transgender, but because of fear or financial issues was never able to make the full transition. I felt they

were so unhappy living as they were, what they described as “a half-life”. So much so, they couldn't go on. Ramona and Micki knew each other and several of the same people, and were part of the same Christian congregation at some point in time. When everyone first met Ramona, she was transitioned to female, but they had known Micki as “male” previously, and who started trying to transition later in life. Micki had difficulty being true to their self, which was how they also described it.

Everyone is different, and people who need the most support too often get it the least. Family standing, social standing, race, appearance, can affect the support some people receive. Humans judging other humans, fallible judgmental humans, which is so unfair. Some people are more sensitive to what others think about them, fearing reactions, and that can be something in their upbringing. In particular with Micki, their stepfather had been extremely abusive to them in many ways. Micki's wife had been supportive to the very end, but Micki's attraction was towards male approval. Her struggle with body dysphoria was also one that included sexual imagery and desire. In the end, I felt Micki couldn't go forward because of the burden of so much trauma and self-hate. Hate is taught, and she was taught to hate herself for her identity, feelings and desires.

With my grandson, my fears were how people would act in a violent way towards him. As we see today, with the hate campaigns thinly disguised as

defense of women's rights or Christianity, transphobia, transgender abuse, violence and murder is a quickly growing problem in western society when it shouldn't be. If it is not outright violence, it is apathy, a kind of, "Well, what do they expect?" attitude. As if simply existing as a transgender person is deserving of discrimination, beatings, or death. Whatever choice my grandson made I was supportive and would fight to the death to protect him because I completely believe with him or anyone else, you have to accept and see the person for who they are, not what you think they should be.

People are so hateful and transfixed on transgender people now because they have their own issues with trying to be a human being, a decent human being. Many of them are not, and don't know how to be decent human beings. They don't educate themselves about other genders, sexualities, races, and ethnicities or they do it only based on bigoted and biased material. And some of the most educated people in the world are still fools. Western society teaches you to disregard others, and Christianity is especially not what it should be. It is false.

Christ's original teachings have been twisted, misused and later added to by men and fallible kings. These revisions are being used for political and societal control, taken to extremes based on opinion to hurt ones they personally do not like or understand. This revised Christian religion teaches you are only acceptable or saved if you are in a certain category.

Another attitude they display is that if they cannot control or rule, then they will ruin or destroy.

Some are obsessed with judging others because of their own repressed sexuality and created rules on gender. Such ones are also quick to take offense at anything, fearful and paranoid. They fear being exposed about their own true feelings, and to redirect away from that, they are constantly pointing fingers at and condemning others because they know their peers and colleagues, in all their bigoted zealotry, their peers would burn them at the stake, too, if they knew. People are not true to themselves. They lie to themselves all the time.

I believe and have seen that being transgender is a spectrum even within that spectrum, that designation. There is so much disinformation, deliberate misinformation, ignorance and hate. It's even worse when people generalize or make broad stereotypes because it further dehumanizes and reduces unique individuals with one, but not every commonality.

It's so important to allow yourself to be flexible, to allow yourself to be all things to all people, and don't just dismiss them because they're not like you. Dismissing anyone isn't fair to them or you, and because then you have no way to grow in understanding or find common ground. And there is always common ground to be found. You don't know what brought people to where they are in their life, and it makes me sick when people make judgmental statements. I will tell them they have no right to judge,

because the ones they hate or condemn may well get into paradise although they do not.

Folami Bayode

...is a Black nonbinary artist and educator. From the UK, now living in Netherlands.

“Stand”



“Oral”



“Up”



Editors

Manuel Ricardo Garcia

*...is a Two-Spirit and queer FTM of color. He is a Trans*activist and Photo artist, founder of the Munich Trans*-and Inter*convention, the biggest Convention in Europe, and author of the book "Transmen of the World", which won the Pride Photo Award 2011 – Amsterdam.*

*Manuel also founded the QTPOC group "Beyond Color", and is considered a role model and developer for Trans*gay people, the largest safe sex campaign IWWIT in Germany. He is survivor of a hate crime, but remains a facilitator, a healer, a teacher for Empowerment spiritual work for POC. They are currently based in Munich, with family in Chihuahua, Mexico.*



"Self-Portraits"

Red Haircrow

...is an award winning Two-Spirit, non-binary writer, educator, psychologist and filmmaker of Chiricahua Apache, Cherokee and African American heritage. Their writing, fiction, non-fiction, and academic, has appeared in dozens of magazines, journals, anthologies, and books around the world.

Their research focuses include intergenerational historic trauma and healing, suicide prevention, autism spectrum disorder, and LGBTIQ+ deserves. Their next documentary project, "ALMOST", shares the intersection of realities, identities and Indigeneity, following the lives of people on Autistic Spectrum Disorder, sexuality, gender and the effects of stigma and prejudice. They grew up in a very multicultural community on the border of Alabama and Tennessee, and currently resides in Berlin, Germany.

Causal Loop

Because you're a thinker.
Because sometimes that
was all you could do was think,
but damned if you didn't want
your brain to stop analyzing,
contemplating, reviewing
what you did wrong
when it was another you,

back then when your mouth
couldn't say 'stop'
but only afterwards:
'how could you.

To My Son

When you were the little boy
in the white dress scattered with lilacs,
which was no different than
your pirate costume with the fake mustache,

You pretended to faint when the young man
from your favorite story appeared at
the height of our field with the brilliance
of the sun at his back and Amaterasu at his side.

With the ancient spirit's blessing, he took your hand
so that you rose to your feet with a smile,
and it was then that your father became my father
and the part of myself I knew I had to put away,

Yet which I had never truly been
though never understanding why,
only now knowing this aspect had to die,
for it served no purpose anymore, not to you or I.

Flying With Red Haircrow Productions

Opening its doors on October 31, 2010, Flying With Red Haircrow Productions is a creative, educational and multimedia company with special focus on cultural and intercultural competency, cooperation and collaboration.

We are interested in opportunities in film, music, verse and other mediums without limit and in many genres, and working with those share our goals, interests and mission of expanding minds, hearts and universes.

You are welcome to contact us with any questions or queries at www.flyingwithredhaircrow.com.

Varied Spirits Anthology

For hopefully future volumes, we will continue to be open to submissions from writers, artists and creatives who identify as transgender, non-binary, genderfluid, gender queer, other self-identifying terms, and/or Two-Spirit persons of Native or Indigenous heritage.

We will additionally accept select submissions from caregivers, supporters and family of these individuals and communities.