

Transgender Visibility is Every Day.



A Visibility Art Zine

Youth Zine #2 | April 2025



A Message for Trans Kids

by Keath Silva

There are many who come before you
We are shining bright
holding you in our warmth
We are working
to make
the world a place
where you can smile, live and play
and be celebrated

Until then
tend the flame
of who you are
in your wild creative hearts

Find us
and those who walk beside you

Together we will overcome
The world needs your light



Black. Trans. Sacred.

by Jai Davis, Georgia Equality Faith Organizer

To be Black, Trans, and Sacred is to live at the altar of contradiction—and call it holy. It is to wake up each day and choose life, love, and liberation, even when the world only offers erasure. It is to walk in the lineage of Harriet's visions, Marsha's bricks, and the hush harbors where our names were prayed into the soil before we even arrived.

I often say that I didn't find God in the church—I found God in the people. In the ones who dared to praise through pain, who anointed me with their laughter, their tears, their chosen family meals and midnight prayers. My sacredness was not born in a pulpit. It was born in the living rooms of Black queer elders, in the ballroom, in the whispered affirmations of friends who looked me in the eye and said, "You're real. You're here. You matter."



Being Black and Trans in this world is already a sermon. Our very existence preaches against theologies of violence and binaries. We are the living embodiment of both/and. We stretch the imagination of what faith can be. We are not mistakes or afterthoughts—we are revelations.

When I say I am sacred, I mean that my body is not a battleground. My spirit is not up for debate. I mean that I am made in the image of a God who transgresses every boundary—who hovered over the deep, who queered the womb, who rose with wounds still showing. I mean that the Divine speaks in my name.

And yet, let me be clear: this sacredness isn't just theological—it's communal. It lives in the people who fight for us, who mourn us, who celebrate us. It lives in the chosen families who gather us when our birth families can't or won't. It lives in our art, our drag, our poetry, our liturgies, our protests. We have always been co-creators of the sacred. Black Trans folks do not need to be invited to the table—we are the table. The feast, even.

And still—there is grief. The kind that can't always be named. The names we read on Trans Day of Remembrance, the empty chairs at our tables. Sacredness does not erase sorrow, but it sanctifies it. It says, "You are not alone. Your tears are gathered. Your life is remembered."

So this is my offering:

To every Black Trans person who has ever questioned if they
were holy—

You are.

To every one of us who has been told our faith disqualifies us, or
our bodies make us unworthy—

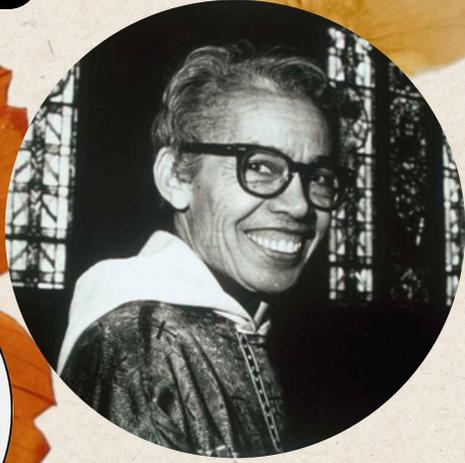
You are the sermon. The song. The sacred scroll.

We are Black. We are Trans. We are Sacred.
And that is not up for debate. That is a divine truth.





**We Have
Always
Been
Here.**



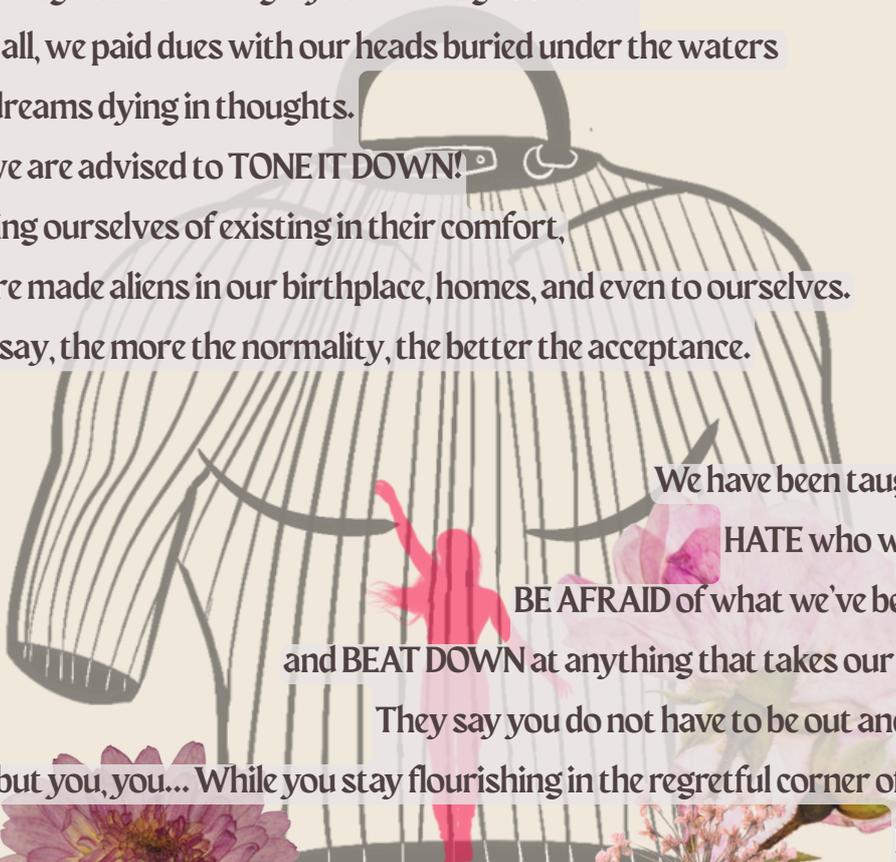
TONE IT DOWN.

by Adunni

Just the exact way you say it to remind us of outdoing the box,
An imposing call to order,
reminding us that we might just be doing too much.

After all, we paid dues with our heads buried under the waters
And dreams dying in thoughts.

Yet, we are advised to **TONE IT DOWN!**
Denying ourselves of existing in their comfort,
We are made aliens in our birthplace, homes, and even to ourselves.
They say, the more the normality, the better the acceptance.



We have been taught to
HATE who we are,
BE AFRAID of what we've become
and **BEAT DOWN** at anything that takes our form.

They say you do not have to be out and loud
but you, you... While you stay flourishing in the regretful corner of your
heart,
your freedom is to impose restricting opinions on our expression of self.

For what we love, who we are, brings us together and so that same...
the same is the joy to exist differently and free.

How so sweet to consider our safety
but it's not in our position to apologize
when they are not close to comfort with our lives

Let Trans People Bloom.



You Are Seen.

You Are Valued.

You Are Loved.

You Are Deserving.

You Are Joy.

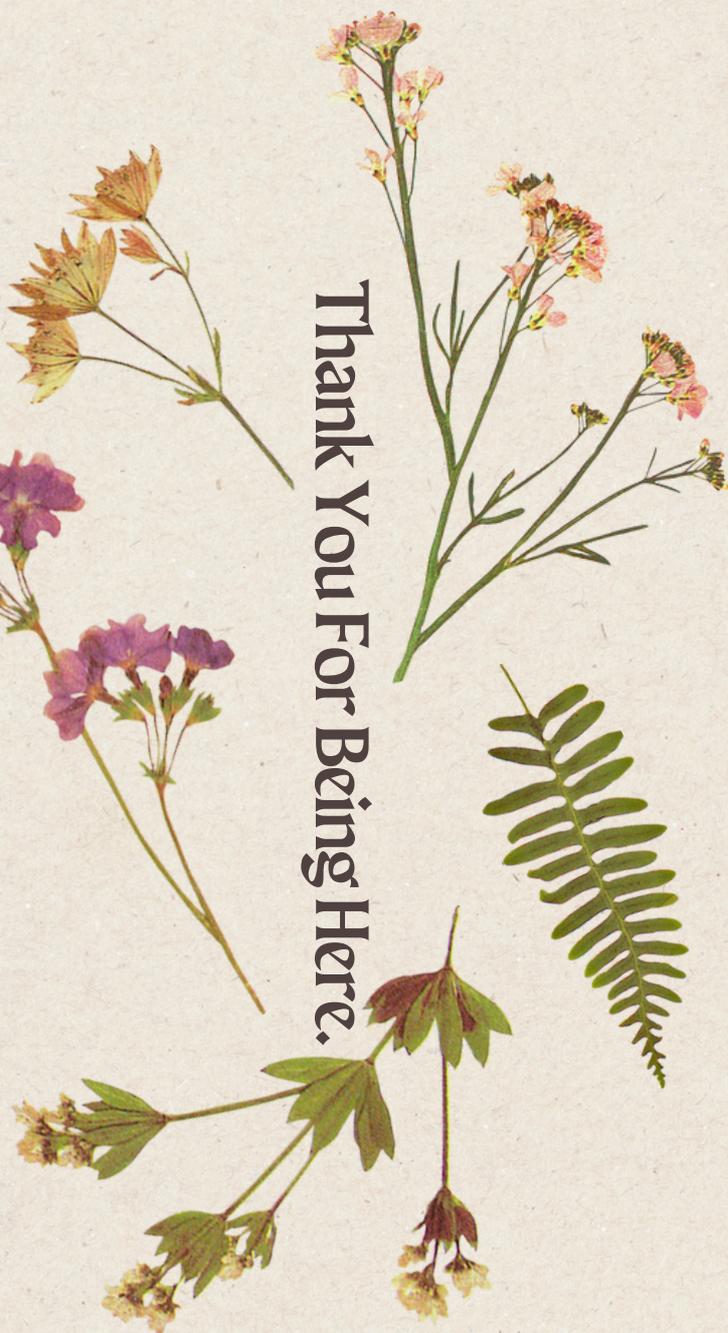
You Are Grace.

You Are Sacred.

You Are Everything.



Thank You For Being Here.



Protect



Trans



Kids

By Any Means Necessary.

