



# Transitioning

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[Litmus A Freeman](#)

The old me used to people please  
Wanting love from on my knees  
Almost begging to be liked  
"Hey old me. Take a hike!"

The new me will no longer try  
To be the apple of an eye  
I'll be authentic as I am  
And if not liked, won't give a damn

Just share my truth the way it be  
Whatever it may be, I'm Free!

Behind me leave the need for praise  
Up into free of praise I'll raise  
And be myself, the vulnerable me  
And I'll chop down that needy tree

I'm stepping into freedom's bliss  
I'll change my name to Chris R. Liss  
Hang from a tree beneath the sky  
Till I step in to butterfly

The old me felt he knew it all  
When I was younger, lean and tall  
I maybe judged what others did  
'Till Karma lifted off the lid

Of empathy so I could feel  
They way they did and it was real

The new feels no judgement now  
How can I judge with no know-how  
Until I've felt what others felt  
And moved into the place they dwelt