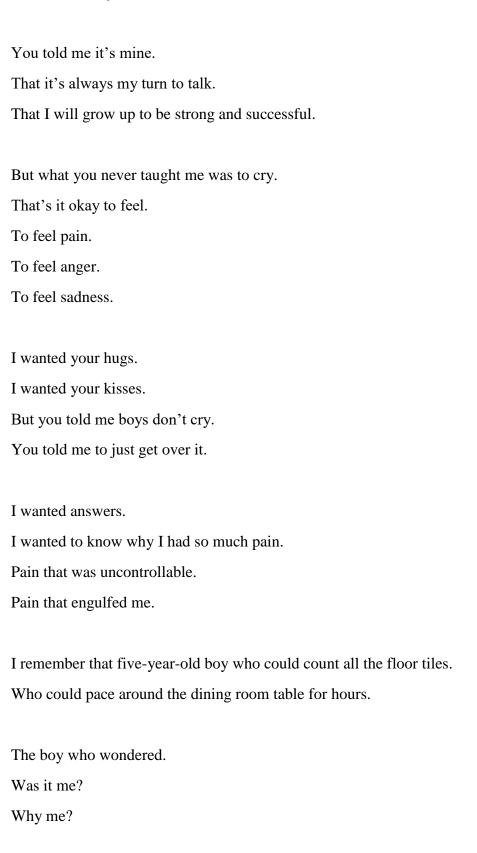
Queer Sexuality



Why does it hurt so much?
Always questions but never answers.
The little boy in pain, confused, and hurt.
I needed someone to tell me it's okay to feel scared.
Someone to let me know that my feelings were real.
That the anxiety was real.
That the depression was real.
That all of this was real.
The little boy who wanted friends but just didn't fit in.
The little boy who just who just wasn't as fast.
As good at basketball.
As good at baseball.
As good at soccer.
And just like that he even he just wasn't strong enough.
He wasn't man enough.
He just was different.
He didn't like talking about girls like all the other boys.
In fact, he didn't know what he liked
He was stripped. Alone.
Empty.
F-7.

No friends.
No love.
No future.
What is a future he wondered?
What does it look like?
What does prince charming look like?
How do I find him?
How do I let him find me?
Men?
Holding Hands?
No, impossible.
Cuddling?
Loving?
Can't be.
What storybook.
What movie.
Where?
Future?
I don't know one