

Queer Sexuality

You told me it's mine.

That it's always my turn to talk.

That I will grow up to be strong and successful.

But what you never taught me was to cry.

That's it okay to feel.

To feel pain.

To feel anger.

To feel sadness.

I wanted your hugs.

I wanted your kisses.

But you told me boys don't cry.

You told me to just get over it.

I wanted answers.

I wanted to know why I had so much pain.

Pain that was uncontrollable.

Pain that engulfed me.

I remember that five-year-old boy who could count all the floor tiles.

Who could pace around the dining room table for hours.

The boy who wondered.

Was it me?

Why me?

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.

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...