

An Ode To Those Who Told Me No

Kaylee Anderson

i wonder if my identity is still troubling to the first person who told me i was wrong
and i think it's messed up that there has been more than one person to tell me that my identity is wrong
but i guess that's just the world we live in.
so maybe it belongs to the person who told me i'm too young to know this being the same person who every time they saw me asked about all the boys i'd supposedly dated
turns out they thought I was too young to know my sexuality unless that sexuality was straight.
perhaps, my identity is a massive F-U to the parents who don't support me who told me i was disgusting as i cried my way through the word lesbian who promised they wouldn't come to my wedding.
maybe it's trying to prove that it isn't just a phase to the 27 people who have tried to convince me it is.
she calls my love a phase yet is onto her 15th boyfriend in the time i've had one crush.
it could belong to one of the many straight white cis males who have ding-dong-ditched my dms
and by that I mean the straight white cis males who have sent me an unsolicited pic of their ding-dong-dick and then quickly been blocked.
i wear a rainbow sash across my chest
i drape a rainbow cape over my shoulders
i dye my hair in rainbow colours
i coat my arms in rainbow ink
i change my aura into rainbow stripes
each colour shines and shimmers in its own invisible light.
a beacon to all around me
a flashing neon sign saying
'I'm A Dyke'
and i think to myself
my identity doesn't belong to anyone who told me i was wrong, or too young, or disgusting, or that it was just a phase, or anyone who didn't believe me.
my identity belongs to the constant slew of gay jokes leaving MY mouth
my identity belongs to the pride flag hanging on MY wall
my identity belongs to the pronouns in MY bio
my identity belongs to the words I use to describe it
my identity belongs to no one
But Me.