

Being Queer

Corey

Being Queer

Is living in a black and white world
When not only do you exist in grey
But you need a whole damn rainbow
Just to describe your average day.

Being Queer

Is always choosing 'Dare'
Hoping that one day
You'll do something so scary
That being queer doesn't even seem brave in comparison.

Being Queer

Is looking at your schools dress code
Over and over and over
And still never having a clear description
Of what you can wear.

Being Queer

Is hearing "who is she?"
"who is she, who is she?"
Until the words blend
Into an unidentifiable sound
Because I don't know who she is
But she is not me.
I am they.

Being queer

Is a butterfly dying in your chest



Knowing it only has 2 days on this earth to exist
But you keep it sheltered
Because something so beautiful
And so fragile
And So prone to flying in circles
Surely cannot survive
In a world so hell bent on keeping everything straight.

Being Queer

Is looking in a mirror one day
And thinking "Yes!"
"I am royalty"
And the next feeling so detached
That it takes you a while to realise
The pane of glass you're looking at
Is a mirror, and not a window.

Being Queer

Is spending half your life
Not knowing whether you're queer
Or just wanting attention.
Whilst holding the knowledge
That if you wanted attention
You would have come out a long time ago.
That if you wanted attention
There are a million less controversial
Less terrifying
Less exhausting things to be than being queer.
Like captain of your debate team.

Being Queer

Is so expansive



That your poem is so damn long
That just like you
It needs to break into the comments section
Just to be heard

Being Queer

Is responding to the same sound
Every day of your childhood existence
And never understanding
Why it is only a sound.
Never understanding
What hearing a person you love
Whisper your name is supposed to feel like.

Being Queer

Is hearing someone in conversation
10 meters away mention the words
"who" and "they"
And having to stop
Your excited inner child
Shouting to the rooftops
"I AM THEY!"

Being Queer

Is being asked by the kindly storeperson
"are you sure this is the right section dear?"
"surely the clothes you want to wear
Are over there"
As they point to the corner
That makes your heart hyperventilate
Because it took so much courage
Not to go to the clothes



That for so long
You were programmed to wear.

Being Queer

Is hearing that god created rainbows
As a symbol of hope
And swearing red through violet
That surely that was an undercover message
To your community.

Being queer

Is never choosing a favourite colour
Because you live them all.

Being Queer

Is choosing dream places to live
Based off whether you can safely have your pronouns used
Based off whether you can get married
Based off whether you can exist
In their black and white world
When you live in grey
And need a whole damn rainbow
Just to describe your average day.