

Grasp My Pride

February Plumpton

I had a normal childhood.
That's a lie. I didn't.
All good intents were there,
But let me give you a hint.

I put on this image.
It was safe, if such.
Yet all it did to me,
Was hid it a touch.

My friends all talked,
About the latest guys,
But all I seemed,
Was none the wise.

I noticed something different,
Only when I was seven,
Something I confirmed,
When I was eleven.

I wasn't a girl,
Yet I tried to be,
But where I was,
No one would agree.

So I hid. I hid.
I wanted it to go away.
But also,
What about the fact 'I'm Gay'?

Lost and confused,
No attraction. Why?
I am asexual,
And a little bit shy.

Emotional connection.
What a fun notion.
Gender not being a factor,
It made such a commotion.

I thought and I fought,
Little battles in my head.
Am I normal?
Am I? I said.

Gatekept was,
The doors to freedom,
Society blocked them,
But, boy, I need 'em.

Coming out allowed me,
To live my truth,
It was such a shame,
I wasted my youth.

Most friends were supportive,
But some were not.
And there was more than one,
That lost their plot.

"It's They/Them", I said,
I'll tell you this now.
Many a confused,
And simply ask 'How?'

My parents, confused,
Think it is just a phase,
It leaves me dysphoric,
I've had better days.

It doesn't go away.
It's words, mostly.
But now I keep an eye,
On people closely.

But all this aside,
My hair, now dyed,
The haters can try,
Yet, I still grasp my pride.