

This Town Has Outgrown Me

Saph Collins

Looming walls rub against dyed hair,
Broken bloody ribs beneath tightly bound
 chests, Too big, too concrete, too unloving.

Among crumbling schoolyard walls,
I am stifled and held down.
These grey streets have not allowed me to blossom.

Gathered in a hall without acknowledgement.
Tightly pressed against others, I have no face
Conformity has broken me.

My face still haunts newspaper stubs,
Supermarket cashiers who know me by name,
The wrong name, the one this town gave me.

Shouting words from a tightly bound chest,
My queerness is an instigator,
Fights that I did not ask for.

The road out shows hints of colour,
Testosterone injections, I gained my humanity,
But parental force pulled me back here.

Broken beer bottles on cracked mossy streets,
My wounds will not heal while I remain here,
In this town that has outgrown me.