

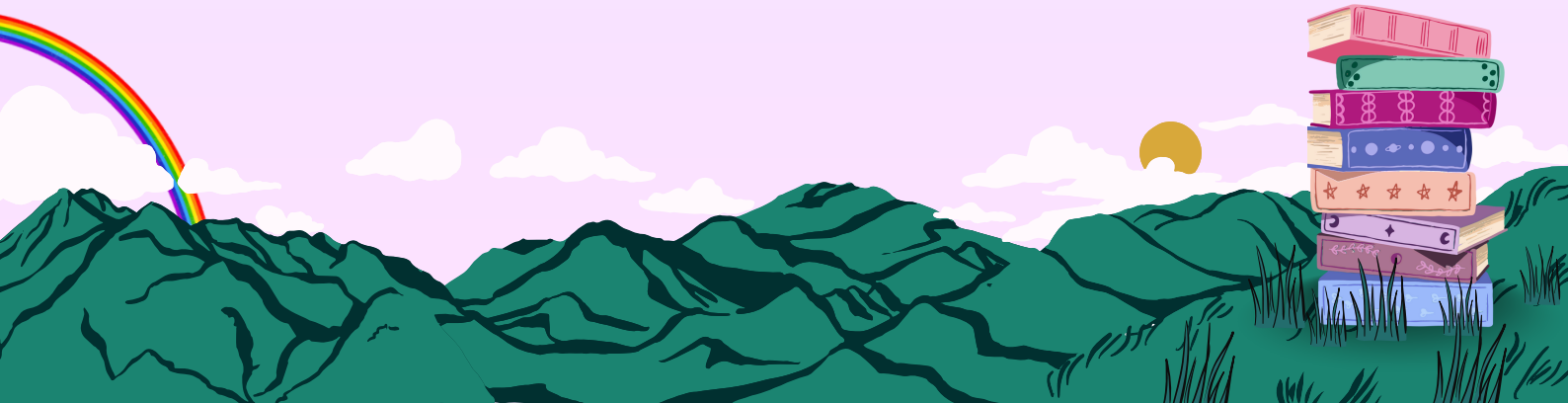
GAY

Aleise McGrath

Sitting with my laptop a face, my hands shake.
“You are gay” displayed, to my dismay.
Shame sinks my shoulders, yet I feel awake.
Merely crushed as guilt leads way,
I clear all searches.
Pray they don't look in the closet.
“You need to pray more at the churches”,
They say unleashing their cruel deposit.
My own guilt pulls me into the undertow.
I don't want my life to be a stir.

“Why are we watching this dumb show?”
My mother repeats another slur.
Its puncture is a personal strike.
Throbbing from the pain; my heart knows.
The girl on the tv, that is who I like.
In my stomach a quiet warmth arose.

Realisation is a smile.
I want to dance in this childlike joy.
Finally love feels worthwhile.
Blocked by societal walls, all a decoy.
It's this piece I had been missing all along.
I'd been trapped in their box.
How can this be so wrong?
Glad I broke their locks.
Now I see walls that fit like home.



Passion I've never felt.
My heart can be free to roam,
Without fear of the belt.
Pride is the freedom to fall in love.
Finding identity is what brought me bliss.
Comfort in a word that fits like a glove.
My prayers were answered, I received this:

Gay:
To be light-hearted and merry.

