

# I'M NOT SURE I AM

Toby

I am not sure when,  
I am not sure how,  
But I am not considered human,  
As of now.

Maybe it was when I was six  
And I did not like  
wearing dresses because  
they filled me with  
Indescribable disgust  
Who knows?  
Perhaps an unseen tail  
Revealed itself to the world.

Or maybe it was when I was ten  
When I was offered an apple  
Explaining why  
My mind strayed from form  
My questions finally answered,  
My brain and body, reborn.  
Who knows?  
Maybe the apple should have known.  
Horns sprouted from my head  
Marking me with  
This sinful enlightenment.



And maybe it was when I was twelve  
and I cut my hair short  
Wanting it short  
For two years.  
Who knows?  
My horns became visible  
through the hair  
and my fangs are as sharp as a snake's.

Was I deceitful; was I  
imitating something I wasn't?  
Was I Lucifer's serpent in disguise?  
I tried to hide these imperfections.  
I thought these made me ugly,  
and not worthy of love.

But, no matter how much I try to  
Curl up my tail,  
Break chunks off my horns,  
and sand down my teeth,  
I am only am left with  
a headache and toothaches,  
So I have learnt to just let it be.

I have been called many things for accepting myself  
None of the names were  
pretty but when  
I addressed these I was hit  
With, "What did you expect?"  
So I learnt to bite my tongue  
until I could to talk with  
a mouthful of blood.



I shouldn't have to say this  
but I do not  
have a tail,  
horns or fangs.  
Yet, they do not see me  
As a human.

I have grown weary of breaking myself down,  
Gargling blood in my mouth,  
Filling my glass  
That always appears endlessly hollow.

I am not sure when,  
I am not sure how,  
But I am not considered human,  
And have nothing to live for tomorrow.

