

THERE'S MORE CONFUSION IN THE CLOSET

Grace McDonald

I hide in a closet
with a chain fastened by myself
kept bolted by a padlock
Sealing the truth even from myself

Inside the closet isn't like Narnia at all
There's no wonder or beauty
No Snow covered hills and friendly mythical creators
but colourless confusion

This is where I grew up
All I ever knew was a lie
I steered my heart away from girls
like loving them was a crime

The key to my escape is in my sweat filled hands
Anxiety shaking my body
My heart beats in sync with the traveling of light
There's something wrong with me if don't just like boys



My body
trembling
at the thought of turning turning the key
releasing myself from the closet
the prison I live in
I'm scared if I'm honest with myself
My mouth will have no choice but to speak
from the overflow of my heart that loves personalities over sex
If the bottled up truth puts too much pressure on my lips
that have only kissed girls
my tongue will run from me
The truth will disappoint the ones I want to please so deeply

The key turns itself
The door becomes a jar
Sun seeps in
bringing the room to life
Through the looking glass the reflection of a girl so familiar smiles at me
more confident than ever
Her love doesn't need to be boxed
categorized
or defined
I believed
if I strayed from straight I was disgusting
a disappointment
a tarnish to my whānau name
I believed questioning would cause uncertainty
but my heart is beautiful
with all its colour and love

