

BUZZY BEA

ZOEY MAINE

What if one day
your secret got told
Would everyone say
“Wow you're very bold!”
Or would they laugh and snark
when you walk down the hall
You want to crawl into the dark

But they'd kill to see you fall
so you stand back up
With you chin pointed high
“Guys. I'm bi.”

You are not part of this story
I just like to say it so
It's really about a little kid
Who was afraid to grow
To think outside the grid
Afraid what they might think
If she didn't fit the norm
She just wanted to blink

And for it to go away
But it couldn't
It wanted to stay
It wouldn't and it shouldn't
It is a part of me
However much it gets pressed down
By the people I call “friends”

When I go into town
We all know how it ends
I think it'll be OK soon
If I tell everyone my secret
Just think and look up at the moon
What if one day
I tell everyone my secret?

