

Queer Everyday

I'm holding onto a part of me that doesn't exist anymore.

Yet,

Yet,

The fear doesn't go away.

It stays.

Forever? For a day longer? Who knows.

I touch my skin every time I feel the overwhelming sensation coming on, remind myself, I Am real.

What is it that I control?

What is in my power?

The society, it reminds me, controlling my power is a bit too much for cis het white men(heck brown men)(cis white women) to swallow.

I swallow my joy, my pride, for you, to fit your mould.

And for what?

Dad says I walk like him, without realising what it means for me, what it means for my trans body, what he has unknowingly said but will never admit.

(Gender Euphoria enters the chat)

I guess he isn't all that brave after all.

I guess, It's the power I have given him, the control that they feels, the anxiety that I live through that feeds on my discourse, but I'm braver, I'm here.

You can't break me any more than the bones that refuse to mend themselves.

I have been here a while and I love to roam. Might not be ready to write my pride an anthem poem, but I'm here.

Queer in ways that remind me I'm alive, queer in ways that set me apart from the shades of scared the society throws at me, this choice of lifestyle, burden on my parents, finding a husband, blah blah blah, man shut up, who asked you.

Gender euphoria ghosts me on the regular, gets scared of the amount of people watching, dysphoria enters, it's arm around my neck feels out of place, but it's invisible, so who's going to care.

How do I remind myself that I have a voice, invisible doesn't mean non existent.

I can shout and so I do.

QUEER, SCARED, HURT AND FEARED BUT I'M HERE.
And that's where my legacy begins.
I came, I saw, I conquered.

-Kai;