

Out

You said you loved me, both of you did.
You said you'd be with me through thick and thin.
You said you'd support me through my decisions,
my dreams, and even my mistakes.
You said you'd accept me for who I was.

*Age 5, when I wouldn't listen, out of anger I pushed the TV to the floor,
Mommy's eyes widened and her mouth formed an 'O' shape as big as a clock,
then furrowed in anger, eyes squinted, nose flared and teeth gritted like a
person rudely awoken out of his sleep. I was a bat outta hell, tripping and
bruising my way up three flights of stairs. I ran into mommy's walk-in closet
with her hundred pairs of shoes and tried to blend in with the dresses.*

*When she found me, I started balling crying, afraid of my punishment, waiting
for her hand to slap my face. But it never came.
I opened my eyes to see her warm smile. Her beautiful black hair dancing down
her back in curls. Her cyan eyes showed nothing but love as she picked my small
frame up, kissed my forehead, hugged me, told me she wasn't angry. She
laughed, she was glad, she hates that TV anyway. She told me she loved me,
sent me to play.*

Knowing you loved me
and would accept me made it easier.
Mom and dad, you were both
the first ones to know.
The first to reject me.
The first to tell me I was a faggot,
that I was going to get AIDS.
That I would die.
That I would rot in hell for all of eternity

*The day I finally made up my mind to tell you, my nerves were a thunderstorm
in my body. You were cuddled up together on the sofa. Your smiles gave me
encouragement. I sat criss cross on the floor in front of your entwined bodies
like a kid in pre-school waiting for book time. Looking straight in Dad's eyes, I
said I have a crush.*

*Mom awww-ed like she saw a baby laughing. I blushed and confidently said his
name: Seth.*

*The room fell quiet. The only noise came from the TV. Confusion in your eyes. A
little more nervous, I said, I like boys. Mom's face twisted in horror and shock,
dad's to anger and hate. He jumped up and swung. He grabbed my shirt,
"you're not my son, my son is not a faggot". He dropped me to the floor. I
begged him to stop swinging. "How could you do this to your mother and I?" I*

kept saying, I'm still your son, I'm still me, but it fell on deaf ears. Mom turned her head away. Dad dragged me to the front door.

I'm sorry for disappointing you, Mom and Dad.
I'm sorry for being the wrong sperm cell
that fertilized the egg, for being the son
you wish you never had.

But I feel like I deserve an apology.

An apology for putting me on the streets
at 12 years old.

An apology for being the reason
my body is a collapsing building.
For the reason young and old men
touch my body like lightning striking
a tree, burning my flesh. I wanted
to save this touch for a future lover
Who would love me through
my embarrassing innocence
But I refused to put my hand out and beg.

An apology for being the reason
I fill my veins with heroine and then cut
skin until I am lightheaded
from the loss of blood, flowing
down my arm like a relentless waterfall.

An apology for all the purple comets
and nebulas painted on my skin,
the broken limbs my pimp gives to me
for not bringing in enough of his money.

An apology for all the suicidal thoughts,
wanting to drift into the beautiful light
called death, silent as a broken clock.

An apology for the furnace I am trapped in.
For the ocean I drown in.

I came out of my shell
only to come out to a cruel world.