

Poetry for Parents



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Introduction

The idea to produce a booklet for friends, family and adults who live, work and know LGBT young people came from years of working within the LGBT community and hearing so many personal stories; some positive, but more often than not, mostly negative responses.

Vanessa Fay; a Manchester-based performance poet and supporter of LGBT Youth North West was asked to lead on the project of engaging young LGBT in creative writing to contribute to the poetry for parents publication.

Message from Vanessa Fay

'Heterosexual young people do not have to 'come out'. This is because we still live in heteronormative times where the assumed sexuality is straight and so young people who identify with any other sexuality are forced to come out; declare themselves as 'different'. But, are we LGBTQ young people actually 'different'/ the minority? Or are there actually many of us out there, but we are just often made invisible? The more that lesbian, bisexual, gay, transgender and questioning identifications are in our everyday discussions, the less invisible and alienated young people will feel and the less homophobic bullying and hate crimes there will be. This responsibility to talk open-mindedly and honestly lies with, amongst others, the parents, guardians, teachers and healthcare professionals, who are so influential in the lives of young people. Each of us should try to resist positioning heterosexuality as a so-called 'norm' and instead, actively challenge our stereotypes and assumptions. It is evident through some of the poems that coming out is sometimes met with the dismissive response that it is probably a misguided 'phase' which the young person will 'get over'. However, it appears through meeting the wonderful and diverse LGBTQ young people throughout the poetry workshops, that it is the parents and guardians etc that express these dismissive responses whom are the ones often going through a phase of shock or unknowing etc, a phase from which they in fact will be the ones to hopefully 'get over' with time, and whom will learn to accept, and embrace, the young person wholly for how they identify, no matter what that identification may be.

By each of these young people coming out they are partaking in, and furthering, LGBTQ histories and herstories. Who knows, one day rather than LGBTQ young people having to 'come out', there will be no closets to hold and segregate different sexualities to begin with? Thank you to all of the talented young LGBTQ people who took part in the poetry workshops. There's some reet cracking poets to watch out for!' What do we want written in the publication?

Sessions 1 and 2

Manchester: LGYM group

I was ten
I felt something
This odd feeling
A wave of confusion
I couldn't handle
These thoughts I could not untangle

I was ten
It happened again
These odd feelings
Crawling up the walls into my head
A disease eating me until I was dead

I was twelve
I hit a brick wall
I didn't talk
Waves of words crashed over me
Clouding my eyes until I couldn't see

I was twelve
A new place of learning
New women
How ironic I did not learn from previous mistakes
They crashed down on me to make me
Straight.



Mum, with her prying eyes
No point trying to conceal the lies
She said she thought no differently
As for me, I disagree
Things will never be the same
Life is just a stupid game



I've always known I was gay
I was scared what people would say
I never liked boys, always liked girls
Never fancied a lad in the whole world
I grew up in Wythenshawe
Around there being gay was raw
When I was fourteen I had to tell someone
This is when my obsession with Natalie Appleton began!



I started off with my best friend Danny
He let slip to my other friend Jack
We then had a massive fall out
But eventually worked it out
I then moved onto my best girlfriend Zoë
Who immediately wanted to go shopping.
She told a few of her friends
Who managed to stay quiet
After telling the rest of my friends
I posted on facebook and the response was amazing
Tons of support but the odd homophobic
Shrugged it off and carried on.
But a couple of months ago it all went sour
When I had my last conversation with Johny
He became abusive
So I tried to explain
He didn't want to know so I left him alone
I still haven't told my parents yet
But my mum should be o.k.
As she is fine with her brother
Not sure what to expect from my dad
Just hoping he'll be o.k. too.





Walking around, confused, lost and dazed
Why do I feel this way
It is just a phase?
Why do I feel this way?
Why do I not fit in?
In this body I was unconventionally born with
Curves, humps, hips...tumours
Some people would kill for
But not me
They make people stare
I think, why the hell are they there.

When my mum found out
She went ape
Like a wild animal in a cage
Wouldn't talk for days
Made me feel like an outcast
But give her a week
A month
A year
She has her days, one day good
One day bad
She will come round
She will again say
I still love you.



coming out can be hard and quite scary
if your friends are true
they won't be phased
when they're not, they will call you a bad name
and you will have the wrong type of fame
soon your family will start to realise
that you coming out wasn't really a big surprise
time had changed but not like you
your personality will stay the same

and whoever is your true love
will love you for you



I class as gay
-even though I'm not male

my friend classes as male
-even though he wasn't born male

I don't like the word 'lesbian'

My friend doesn't like being a girl

Why do I have to class as lesbian if I don't like it?

Why should I change what I want to call myself
To suit others?

Me and my friend are happy being who we are!



I am gay and I am proud
And I will spread it all around

I am gay and I am proud
Hope all gays are also proud

So we should stand all around
And shout it out all so loud

So all can hear!
That we are gay and we are proud.



When I came out

When I came out
To my mum, she was kool
She said you have fun

When I came out
To my dad, he was mad
He said get the fuck out

When I come out
To my friends, they was like wow
They said that's so kool
Let's go hang out



My sis once asked me
Are you gay?

I told her
Fuck, no way

My mum once asked me
Are you gay?

I told her
Ew no! I don't role that way

My dad asked me
Are you gay?

I said yes, why?...
is that o.k.?



I told my dad
I think I'm gay
He walked out
But came back to say
As long as you're safe
Then that's o.k.



Mother told me "it's just a phase"
But following him was part of this chase
Because as we get closer and closer
My heart began to race

It's about time to come out about me
A greater time to tell you who I want to be
Father thinks it's for attention and love
But I think I already had enough

It is the twenty-first century
My mother and father
I know that I am stepping on hot, hot lava
But please, my dear father and mother
I want this boy to be my lover

It's not a phase
Thank god for that
It won't pass
And that is that.



Session 3

Manchester: LGYM group

I was at a party
Elephant-grey clouded sky
Muted music drifting out from inside
A sugary boy who smelt of denim
Our toes touching
Asked if I fancied women
The weekend warmth wilted
As upon my reply
He cheetah-laughed
Spread his latest
Planet Ignorance gossip
Around the school
The next day



It's spring in the park
Smells like freshly cut grass and bubblegum
Sounds of children playing and laughing
Playing tig with the children at work
Find myself standing at the bottom of a cold metal slide
A ten year old asked if I am a boy or girl
I said: 'it doesn't matter, I don't care'
He's too young for me so he'll never find out.
I'm a pig
Pigs are whatever – pigs don't care
He asked who I fancied and I said I'm bi
My colleague came over to chat
In a black uniform, just like mine
And said: "well, you learn something new everyday!"



(IN A PIRATE VOICE)

Walking were we, for t'was Thursday, see
And thus due celebration
To escape the Manchester weather, took we shelter
in a small wood-musty pub in Failsworth
"Argh" cried he, "Fair, she be", for t'was a pub full of randy
pirates
"But gay, she be, so leave her be"
And we all drank shots
Stroked the pub dog
'til was time to leave for we was legless, Arr.



Friday's child, with his golden halo
And strawberry lips with a lavender smile
Softly recited Shakespeare in the classroom
The hot words were too loud to be heard
Unfurled his secret, peeling back his lily petals
And presenting the sacrificial lamb to me
His heart as big as Jupiter
He tossed the cricket ball
And bathed me in his laughter
Telling his love for the next door
His words as comforting as a silk scarf
Moving fluidly in the future set before us



The hotel lobby smelt of dark yellow honey
The ding of the bell was like lemon
Velvet voices from holiday
Winter spoke apologies
"Mr Smith, the room had a double bed"
I played musical chairs with my reply
And slinkily as ozone
Said, "It's alright, we like to cuddle at night"



In Bar Whatever

With electric blue lights whirling around the club
The summer evening of the Anniversary of Stonewall riots
The cold metal brushing against my exhausted skin
The smell of pansies floating around the rooftop
This was when the lion told people what the pickle was
He was male...just with female bits
The summer evening made him feel lifted and good about
himself
The taste of the sweet nectar of cider and black
Trickling down his throat
Liquid gold in my belly
The drinking games begin



My family are like a thorn
Catching your hand, making you bleed dark red
Their thoughts are as cold as a dark winter night
My nightmare game of cat and mouse
They are the cat
I am the mouse
I feel sick with disgust
Secluded like Pluto
Silent are my thoughts I hide behind



Train to Malinoi in Kenya
I told my friend Eevee
She was the only one
Who did not know
She found it hard to believe
The porter didn't.



A wave
Blue
Confusion
Crashing down

A choice held
Red
Asphyxiation
Falling down

A secret told
Black
Festering
Hurtling toward

A death
Blank
Empty
Hit the ground



Realisation

Music running through my head
I realise myself
What I could be
The person I see before me
In my imagination
Standing proud and confidently
And I know what to do to realise a dream
Something so small yet grand
A trivial thing which can affect me more than anything else
Am I ready to make this decision?
Can I put it off any longer?
I summon my courage and march off
To a destiny new



I was nervous
Heart beating faster
Talking to dad
Feeling sick inside
Finally come out
'I'm gay'

Told mum
Her face turned
A bloody rouge
The cries were rough
I was told it was a phase
The jaws had trapped slammed-shut

It was hot as Mercury
It was a Monday
It was tug of war for the rest of the week
An awkward silence filled the air
I was hurt and gagged

Slowly Winter turned to Spring
Birdsong broke out
Warm bread wafted through
The flowers hatched
And a new life was born.



Green, grey, brown train to Malinoi
Sit, whizzing freedom
Eve melts like an ice cube made of velvet
The summer is free
Myself bursts like the proverbial tulip of Spring
Discovered by the fox, inquisitive
My message of freedom reaches the porter's ears
Not much time for queers



HomoHaiku

Weekend, music runs
Decided to make a change
And now I am free



Essential

Essence of jade on my retinas
Bass pumping through thick wooden doors
The taste of pear, effervescing down my throat
A release at the end of the day
A release from in my chest
"I'm genderqueer"
"Fine by me"
and you sat back into the leather
and carried on with life.



Session 4

You struck a chord
My heart
Sang screamed
Music
Breathe
Lungs
Open up
Let love inside
This little life
Room within
To grow.
Beauty
Bloom
Reach for your light
Voice
Smooth
I rest
Retire
Recluse
Into your arms.

-Hebee



A gut feeling
My organs move
Rotate and churn
Grace the ceiling
Caress the walls
Watch me burn
Shrivelled

-Hebee



Lime Street
Bitter sweet
Cringe and crease
Fold my arms
Play another card
Two hearts
I am beaten
Beating.
Lime Street
Bitter sweets
Cool grass
Your scarf
On my neck
Safe, secure.

-Hebe



I am who I am
I love you
But it hurts me
How you can't just understand me
And respect me for who I am
I'm sorry I'm not perfect
I'm sorry I'm not the daughter
you wanted me to be!
But I'm not going to change who I am
to something I'm not
You might be my mum
Yes, I do love you
I just want you to respect me
For who I am!



People

People, that's what we are right?
Nothing more nothing less
But some of these people
Seem quite bizarre to me
Those who jump in and out
Of the closet
Play dumb when talking about issues

And would sacrifice their own harmony
Their own right to be
Wholly themselves
For the sake of appearances!
Their ability to be
Unapologetically fickle
To the pressures of
Society even in
An accepting place, baffles me
When will these persons here present
Realise that honesty to
themselves and others
will change nothing
about them being
people nothing but people
just like the rest of us.
-Tom. D.



Trees are yellow.
The sky isn't blue
-it's a misconception.
Lost in the dark
doesn't exist.
The seas colour
is a reflection of the sky
so is also clear.
Ducks are geese
in the form of ducks.
Umbilical.
Pigs can fly
if you put them on a plane.



I walked through the front door
It was dark, no one home
I felt so, so scared
Frightened and all alone
My mum hugged me and held me
Told me it's all o.k.
I thought is that all
You have got to say.

Session 5

Manchester: LGYM group

Limericks

There was once a young
Man named Phil, who took
A very dangerous pill
It made him feel
Weird, when he grew
A thick beard
He said he did it for
The thrill.



I don't think I can write you a limerick
The thought of it make me feel sick
My name doesn't rhyme
With words of our time
Sometimes I wish I wasn't this thick



People call me Meem
I once had a dream
My dad goes fishing on the stream
And catches some bream
I like to eat ice cream
Shereece makes me scream
My dykes are in my team
I don't like to be scene
To be mean
Because I am the Meem!



Dane was having a rave
And listening to waves in a cave
He got very brave and turned into a slave
But ended up craving a shave!



People call me Ben
Not hen, pen or ten
Don't call me lion
When my names actually Ryan
You shouted marker pen
When I skipped up the road again



Laura had some flora
They found Dora the explorer
But Dora was poorer
And Laura was no curer
Five days later Dora found the clawer
And stole all the flora from Laura
Now Flora is poorer
Now on CBBIES called Laura the explorer!



Don't be amazed
Don't be surprised
If they tell you they're different
Because all along this to them is normal
Don't think they're any different
They are who they are to you
Now be proud.
-Joshua



Josh was ever so posh
Stuffing his pockets with all dosh
Spending it all on nick nacks and nosh
But all he ever needed was a damn good wash
-Joshua



Session 6

Rochdale: PYOR group

Mercury was rising
Bathed in prickly electricity
A peacock proud boy at school
Called another boy, gay
Crimson red overcame me
Gun powder used in a weapon
Like a new independence day
I overheard and didn't think he should say that
The echoes of freedom budding within me
I told him if he wanted to meet a genuine gay
A marathon of justice, sweet like spring in May
He should come and talk to me

- Steven Booth



Lion came home from cherry tree London
The smell of smelly socks
And burning plastic filled the revolving room
I clicked orange; settings appeared
World burning around me
I deleted the name
Constant humming...
I changed the name

Dingy dark winter sad
my name was typed in
Evan Thomas was born
Farm Ville roared under the bed sheets
I was born... I was me

Evan Thomas Coombe



We stood and hugged
Her thin fiery red hair blanketing my cold arms
I pulled my arms from under her hair
And bared them to the cold large kitchen
I pulled away
The burning smell of basil now filled my burning cold nose
It was the blue bird that did it
The blue bird sat at the backdoor
And overpowered the lethal lemony silence
It cut through it with a cheerful whistle
And said to me, tell her
So I backed further away
And told her
Long black cord flowed as she jumped towards me
The room turned into a high pitched hot planet
I got square whilst the monotonous horses
Ran around the wet green course
We laughed and cried
Tears fell onto the hot red planet
Whilst the herby smell faded
And soft sweet scents surrounded me!



One, two, three, four
Breathe, step back, who's that?
It's you...look at me
Palms face down on mahogany
Don't press too hard
Just hold my stare

How blue
Lost behind shaped metal and screw
Breathe...Detective Mills
Heaving chest, burning nostrils...
Tell me, say it, press harder
Look deeper..
Force it upwards and out
There.
Left impression...left behind
Stop recording...dizzy relief

-Claire Stephan



Been trying to tell my father all day
Everyone knew now apart from him
Smoky anticipation from excitement
Yellow thinking of what's ahead
Too scared to knock through that stone brick wall
I turn to mother sat in chair
Relaxing now from long days work
New shoot green on the horizon
Asking her to tell my father
No. is the answer she does utter
Crashing down is my confidence
Jittering realisation, condolence she does not give
Thinking silence as battle rages inside
Do I object? Or shall I hide
Mousily charging into battle
Red disguising damaged green
Fighting for the chance to be seen
Nothing is given and so I retreat
Caught up in lost and dark
I tell my father against her will
Green stands strong as he finds out
And tells me his love has no doubt

- Stephen Boden

Session 7

Warrington: GLYSS group

being gay doesn't make you wrong
it makes you mental
like an unstable tower of jelly, burning
down from the homophobic glare
I stare into the eyes of my fellow partner
and am blanketed with warmth
to fight the warm of the coldness
why the air fails to warm us
you just lost the game
of connect four

GLYSS and co.



coming out was the best thing I did
it helps to get this weight off my chest
coming out was nerve wracking and scary
awkward and not amusing
unequivocal and always ever-changing
the darkening of my heart beat
repeats, stutters then spits out words
like a stuck record

GLYSS and co.



I walk into the room
but start to feel green
not the sick
but the mix of yellow and blue
in the air

yellow 'cause I'm happy
blue because I'm scared
I see Jane sitting down
on a fabric chair

like a rose with thorns
a good side with a bad
But telling Jane was good
at least I was not sad

the dryness in my mouth
as I start to speak
my heart is beating fast but I also feel weak

the coldness from the winter
as it closely draws in
I feel like an iguana
changing colours as I sway

I talk To Jane
but feel like Pluto
but oh so far away
But then I know, I know the truth
I tell her I am gay

-Luke Smith.



Sam munrawr says: Hi
you say: hey
Sam munrawr says: can we talk about
something private
you say: sure
Sam munrawr says: well...I think I might be....well...uh
you say: huh? what?
Sam munrawr says: I think I might be gay...
you say: oh...
Sam munrawr says: yeah...
Sam munrawr says: will...you go out with me?
you say: yes...I will Sam.
Sam munrawr says: yay

Lolface



Rosy red was my cheeks
sapphire blue was the sky
the strength of shockness was so high, I
could almost taste it

This moment of my life was quiet of all quiet
the soft wind was a contrast to my feelings
at the time,
hard.

smelling the canteen food is alerting me
to escape the awkward situation
a hero, a saviour
sizzling sun rays danced on my nervous skin
yet the day was miserable Monday

I felt like a mouse; small and timid
should I feel like this?
Especially after telling my closest friends
the biggest secret of my life.

Brad Skolozdra



I am who I am
I was sat, at the back, of science class
while the sky was bleeding milky grey
I heard their banging beat of crap
the sour milk they had to say
I felt the metal sharp at my chest
what they said was true, like a distant moon
like a lost wolf stabbed black to rest
I want to hide among the willows
while black Thursday burns on
I'll admit the truth, hide the sorrow
while bemused Bromley has gone
I'll admit the truth behind the lies
I'll see the look in their eyes
I am who I am, nothing more
for that accept me, not rip what's tore
take me for who I always have been
not the new thing you see
it has and always will be me...
I am who I am, nothing more

-Beth Neilens



On a wistful winter evening I joined my friends
on queen crescent park
we swung and we played but the maudlin Monday
still felt dark
I felt happy with my friends: the delectable diva
the class clown and the funny bubbly bear
but I was keeping a secret in my mind
As I sat on the swing of truth
I wanted to share my secret
but my confidence was dwindling like dandelion
petals in a ferocious wind
As the tension rose, I said I'm gay
and as the stunned silence took over

I could taste the fear
Finally, the funny bubbly bear broke the silence
with a tender hug and said you're our friend
and so what if you're gay
we will still be there
As my friends reacted well
we all had a youthful laugh
and as the grey clouds cleared
the electric blue sky shone through
Then me and my friends
were being as silly as the rings of Saturn
as we played joyfully on the slide
and my smile shone through
as my friends said we accept you.

-Matthew Hampton



Warm summer night
waling through the street
excitement running through my veins

get to where I'm going
inside
loud music, the smell of smoke
the taste of beer

walk upstairs
not alone, with a girl
minutes later friend comes in
filling up with red embarrassment
It's o.k.
It's o.k.

Hannah-Ruth Bowden



wind and birds playing softly in the background
the taste of Smirnoff in my mouth
the feel of wood under my fingers
the dog barking in the background
then my mate
telling my parents, I am gay

Joey Daniels



Tips for Parents

Try To

Try and be accepting and listen
Try not to stereotype
Try and support them and tell them you love
them regardless of what they are
Try not to be angry
Try to be calm and understanding

Don't

Don't disown and disrespect
Don't be homophobic to your children
Don't make assumptions
Don't treat them differently

Do

Be there when they need you
Accept what your child is,
it takes a lot for them to come out.
Find out more about what they are
Take them to places so you can understand better
Offer your support

Tell them you love them unconditionally



Poetree

During the Pride Youth Space at Manchester Pride in August 2009, Ali Hanbury ran a Poet-Tree session encouraging young people to write down responses they had experienced from coming out as LGBT. These were utilised to prompt ideas and creativity for the ongoing project.

Reaction from my friends:
"No shit, Sherlock!"
Reaction from my family:
"You were always special!"

massive stress!
Dramatic!

Upset my family when I came out, it was hard telling them

my parents were very understanding though I came out at an older age (32)

I'm 42 years old now and the last 15 years have been the best years of my life. I didn't come out until I was 27 years old and I was miserable. But when I did it turned my life around. Life is wonderful.

I felt so scared keeping my secret, I didn't think I could say it, but I felt liberated and my friends were very open, but my parents took a bit of time adjusting.

Dad: "when I was at university there was some gay guys and they were smashing blokes".

everyone was really happy. The people that reacted weirdly I don't really see anymore. I think most of my real friends knew anyway!

It was hard but with the support of my friends I got through it

It's only a phase, you will grow out of it.

I was happy to see my friend being himself! He's the best friend I could have, glad he can be himself and seeing a smile on his face.

Am not surprised...I'm disgusted!

My mam was ace. I cried.

be yourself!

shopping list

bread
milk
ham
cheese
b.t.w. I'm gay

I will love you anyway

"she's so far in the closet she's met the Queen of Narnia – she's going down on he. Aslan is bemused and the goatman is on facebook telling her mum".

"completely unsurprised"

my mum knew all the time but dad though different. But now he's my best friend as well as my dad.

It was easier telling friends than family. My dad was great even though he was the one I was worried about.

Me: Emily, I'm gay.
Sister: Oh, okay, Can I have the last cookie?

At least you won't get pregnant

Oh dear, we've got a bit of a problem with her!

- "She's a lesbian"
- "Awwww"

It was a mock Italian restaurant – in meadow hall. I told her I was going out with Rose for six months. She said, thought as much.

Mum said she already knew!

1996: I tell Mum I'm bi, I like girls, she says "I like girls too"

2004: I talk about being bi to mum she says "I thought you were joking"

2009: Mum supports me in all my bi projects

cried

I was 16 when I came out, it was kinda easy my dad just asked me.

I came out to my homophobic Muslim best friend and was terrified what his reaction would be. But when I told him he was amazed that there was something about me that he didn't know. Made me feel great.

Not quite accepted as only a 'half gay' but fine now!

Me: "I'm attracted to women, I think I'm a lesbian"

Sister: "I could've told you that when you were thirteen"

we were sat drinking in Essentials. I said: "I officially come out as genderqueer" they said, "o.k." and "fine by me", and carried on drinking.

she's gay? But she's such a clever girl

was asked by mum when told her my friend was 'a little bit gay', if I was 'a little bit gay', to take attention away from myself I admitted that I was 'a little bit gay' and continued to explain why my friend was so much more gay than myself.

"Be careful, there's a lot of attacks on lesbians and gays"
"oh, I won't have grandchildren now"

me: I'm gay too, I'm a lesbian
brother: no way, we can go to pride together now!

"I wouldn't care if you came home and told me you'd killed someone. I love you no matter what.

"Oh, it's o.k. though because you have a boyfriend anyway"

always been a 'tom boy' so people said they knew before me

My grandma called me "unnatural", slapped me but apologised a year later.

give support

Expected

"dad, I'm gay"
"Oh! I would love you no matter what you are"

Do you have a special friend?

Thank god; I though you were going to say you're a vegetarian!

my mother didn't talk to me and my father cried. It was just "a phase" but I am gay and can say it with pride.

My little sister said "you're nothing like Shaun off coronation street"

men have been in love with each other since the beginning of time, it's been the perfect crime

"we still love you unconditionally"

People were happy to see a weight lifted off my shoulders!

"I know"

"I never want to see you again"

my mum knew I was and when I told her she accepted who I was

It took time for me to come out, as I spent years as a priest but left because I was gay. But I was welcomed by one and all.

I was drunk

It's a curious mix
Of anxiety and bliss

I saw that coming, honestly,
you will be fine, we're a big
happy family and we look out
for each other

Me: "I'm gay"
Sister: "you don't know how
many years I've waited for
you to say that!"

it was really easy for me.
I had the most supportive
friends and the best mum in
the world.

oh darling that's o.k. it's
probably just a stage you're
going through.

"Mum, I'm thirteen and
pregnant"
"WHAT"
"Nah, not really, I'm just a
lesbian"

they bought us shots. Arr.

My parents told me, "do
whatever makes you happy!"

me: I'm gay
sister: everybody already
knows
me: this is my official
announcement

Angry, confused, didn't know
what to do. But my dad was
happy

"that's nice. Make me a cup
of tea"

There was a young man from
Rangoon, who did marvellous
tricks with a spoon. He could
bend it in two, shove it up
his flue, all by the light of the
moon.

I felt like I could take my
invisible skin off

last Christmas my mum
bought me a purple strap-on.
Her way of saying she's 'o.k.
with it'.

how can anyone who loves
Elvis so much be a lesbian?

that was obvious!

"what about grandchildren"

well, I think it's just a
phase...and don't tell your
dad

I was in English on Friday,
the last period of the day.
When the lesson was over
the boy I sat next to asked
me to wait with him
until everyone left. I did and
when everyone had gone he
grabbed me and kissed me
and asked me if I was gay.

I love you anyway

Homohaiku
Weekend, music runs,
Decided to make a change
And now I am free

it was a liberating moment
where regardless of the
mixed reaction I felt glad I
could be who I am.

I wish he'd said "me too!"

maybe you can be the person
you are instead of who you
think you are! Be happy, be
safe, and be loved!

you couldn't be a lesbian
you f***ing dyke

are you really? No way

"Mum, I'm trans, I've finally
realised that's why I wanted
to be a boy all these years"
"that makes sense. Does that
mean I don't have to sew up
the hole in the front of your
boxers anymore?"

Supportive and cool.

my mum asked me in the
middle of the supermarket
if I was a lesbian, I lied to
avoid the awkwardness. My
school nurse asked me
several months later.

when I was seventeen I
came out to my dad in the
pub. It was a positive
outcome apart from that
he forgot in the morning.

Oh...o.k.

I was on queen crescent park
And came out in the dark
All my friends said it was
nothing to worry about
And now I'm proud to be out!

I always knew. What do you
want for tea?

are you a boy or a man?



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