

Who Understands LGBTQ+, But Me?

By: Angelina Kreiger

1. They slammed the door, now i'm stuck in the closet, the dark, cold, scary closet,
2. they cover my colors, do I appear "normal?"
3. They squeezed me in a dress, suffocation for the price of love?
4. Being thrown around and shoved onto the ground, guys do this..right?
5. They handed me a bible, I read, prayed, and it only stung after page three
6. they took my phone, did it have that big of a toll on my life?
7. "You're going to hell!" My sister screamed, no room in heaven?
8. "Love who you love" they said, "you're disgusting for marrying a man!"
9. They trapped us, male or female, I guess everything else is taken?
10. I'm abused, my scars are pink and my bruises blue, yet the tears that shed and the blood that's bled is fluorescent purple. That part remains unseen.
11. My colors have been changed, i'm drenched in black and white
12. Your daughter? Here's a funny idea, can I be called your son for once?
13. Note after note, so much wasted paper, and for what? Acceptance I guess,
14. "Son you can buy a binder", "daughter you can wear makeup", imagination is a great illusion of the mind,
15. Who truly accepts me?
16. Who truly loves me for me?

17. I cannot go out into the real world without a key to unlock my cage,
18. I cannot enter the gates of heaven without a seal of approval
19. I can smile and work through this immense pain
20. I will work through this, even if it takes time
21. I will work it out with you, mom and dad
22. I know I can't make you accept me, but hopefully you'll understand?
23. "It's just a phase" you say that now, but just you wait,
24. I'm as fragile as glass, drop me, shatter me, but fixing me is something you can and will not do,
25. I have changed now, as the needle pierces my skin, I can't help but smile every time they inject testosterone into my body,
26. I came back to show you what all of these shots have done to my voice, but you still tell me that dudes don't have a chest or curves,
27. I decided to go find a doctor who could help me, but when I saw how much the surgeries would cost I couldn't help but cry, was there really no help for me anymore?
28. I went home that night in hopes you would at least help me through this, instead you threw more hits and punches at me, all of these colors starting to cover me, pink here, blue there, yet when the purple fluorescent tears fell you stopped and stared,
29. All of my true colors started to come through, you seemed shocked, did it reality just hit you now?
30. I'm changing, right in front of your eyes. I grew up. This is who I am now. I started to shout as the tears kept flowing
31. "My name is not Caitlyn! I am Dakota! I have been Dakota since the age of twelve! Why can't you accept me for who I truly am?!"
32. Her apologetic tone, mixed with her soft voice, passed through my ears like a gentle breeze in the

wind. The sound was yet to be heard to combine the words that are yet to be created.

33. "Caitlyn...I am-", "No! You are clearly not ready to form an apology that isn't false!" I stood up, my eyes flashing with the color blue. This color was yet to leave my body and leak out like the pink already has.

34. As I started to leave I felt a firm grasp, but this was not the grasp of a mother's touch. It was the grasp of society's words. I choked, coughing, hacking, praying. But nothing came to my rescue,

35. I fell to my knees as purple letters fell from my throat. One cough after another, I couldn't stop. The purple letters started to form words as my vision went black. There was only one world I could recall was "Girl."

36. What has society done to me?

37. Who truly loves me for me?

I tried to show the reader the life of some transgender teenagers and how their struggles truly do exist. It hurts a lot when you aren't accepted and I tried to show that by using smilies. For example: "I'm as fragile as glass, drop me, shatter me, but fixing me is something you can and will not do," (24). I incorporated sadness through the character's words and through figurative language, such as, similes and melancholy diction. The imagery I chose to use was shown through line 35.

Throughout the entire poem, the repetition of the three colors, pink, blue, and purple, emphasises the split gender roles, and the agony that can occur when they mix against society's will.

The theme is that we as people are limited by what other people wish to accept. The lesson to learn from this poem is acceptance. The take-away is you cannot judge a person by appearance, you don't know what they have to go through in order to gain acceptance from people who are different from them.

Yes, I wrote this passage within my own tone as an author. Yes, the word choice I decided to use was all depressing diction to get across the point of a harder topic to get into.