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(Untitled)

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Untitled

Ollie Winfield-Perez

I was struck by lightning at 10 years old
By a smaller human
Standing on a sandy path
On a windy summer day
The sun kept us out for
Way too long

The child strikes me with a question
She asks so much of me
A debilitating ask really

What's brought up just then
Is a full decade of
So much
Confusion

A dark know in my skull
A flesh-eating fear
Fear of an artificial difference
Fear of dysfunction

This small child
Just then
Puts me into a fright
A frozen type of state
I fear myself
I fear that I might be
I might not be who I should be

I panic at the thought of it
And everything brings it up

Delicate flower petals cause full collapse
Your slender and smooth crossed legs
 Sends chills up my spine
My grandmother's presents?
 I'm about to puke.

The anxiety pushing bile
Up my esophagus.

Confusion exists in this fear
Masks it, I can't see the face
A fog envelops an aching fear
Shrouds, blocks, I know terror is there
But why.

Why am I so afraid of myself?
Afraid of my own desire

Such a simple ask:
"Are you a tomboy?"
This short lanky human
Just pushed me off a cliff into myself
Into my deepest, darkest self

My self who knows, but fears
 Who knows, but denies
 Who knows, but is told no
 Who knows, and wants to love
 But knows, and hates
 Who knows, and will never
 Ever
 EVER
 Let anyone else know

Who shoves it out my tear ducts
Into a feathered pillow
At 2:12 AM on a cold Tuesday.

Fear of other is a mask it is a dam which blocks, blocks us from embracing ourselves. I feared my own gender deviance, but as I have grown I have connected, I have burnt of the fog of fear, and I have accepted.

One day, I knew.
I knew and there was no fear.
I knew and I rejoiced
I realized and I jumped up
Put my hands in the sky
And I celebrated
I said thank you, and you, and you
I pulled clouds down and hugged them tight
I kissed water
I floated on a wide lake
2 feet above the surface
Propelled up by my own joyous discovery

I bathe in myself at 2:12 AM
I breathe myself in
Roll around in thick beach grass
Tangled in my own ambiguous existence
I let myself be, love, and celebrate.
And in doing this, I love you.