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Shame, Fear, Breath, and Love

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Shame, Fear, Breath, and Love

Aang Younger

Books, movies, teachers, superiors,
You taught me to fear my sexual desires
Only a deviant gives into the tickle between their thighs
Disgust is the sensible aftertaste of a sensual thought
The only cure for these thoughts, these feelings is suppression
Don't speak of them, don't think of them
Don't you dare act on them
You taught me
Shame. Shame. Shame.

The men I thought I could trust,
You taught me that I was but a vessel to hold your sexual desires
My chest
My stomach
My thighs
A never ending buffet.
What were you hungry for today?
You didn't care that I didn't consent to this menu
I wasn't even your Mona Lisa,
to delicately examine the beauty in my shades and my curves.
I was your bucket of fried chicken
to be ravaged, dissected, and devoured.
It didn't matter what I said.
It didn't matter if I flinched.
It did not matter if I cried.
You taught me
Fear. Fear. Fear.

The trees, the dirt, the sun, the moon,
You taught me how to move again.
How to acknowledge my tears,
tapping into the expression of the divine one that flows under my toes,
through my veins,
all around and within.
Held my hand in my healing,
gave me time, provided space.
You sang to me and I sang to you,
holding my body gently, we shared our tales of trauma
we cried
we laughed
we lived
Virtuous regeneration and renewal.
You taught me to
Breathe. Breathe. Breathe.

My gentle lovers, my violet light, my queer dance partners,
You now teach me that I have a voice,
I have a choice.
You embrace my bodily expressions,
my turn ons, my triggers.
Our bodies fuse in a healing symbiosis
healing parts of my body that I didn't know could feel joy again
You listen to my words
You trust my body's truth
You see past my skin
Our bodies become one.
I can look in the mirror and smile
I can pleasure myself and feel my own power
I can fantasize and not feel guilt
I can walk down the street and feel confident
I can take my time to be gentle with my heart
You taught me that I deserve
Love. Love. Love.

