

Leo

Anonymous

I can admit that I'm a curious person- someone with many interests and facets of my being. I am like the vines and leaves of a growing ivy plant; the reaches of my mind can be tracked. It can be followed, but yet it has no scope as they travel deep into the darkness...

What lies within my eyes worthy enough for me to pry open my soul for all to bear witness? Eraser to pencil marks on the page- at what age will I be happy with myself? As I sit sunbathing in the window at my job- basking in the ethereal light from the heavens- I stretch my vines and withering leaves into an area unbeknownst to me.

I've come to the conclusion that there are two sides to my being: There's me that has grown into the nearly 20 year old lesbian all has come to know. And there's me- the child boy that loves frogs and mud and knick knacks and stories and video games and other boys- the me that just wants to be gay. Just like the ice melting off of the rooftops, I slowly begin to write more about a part of me that has always been covered by the snow of my own ignorance. Not anything that's deliberately bad- ignorance- just something that's just gone overlooked for too long.

Overlooked.

Overlooked.

Overlooked for no longer.

My leaves stretch more.

I'm warming up to the fact that I'm a boy.

A boy.

Not a man, per say, just a boy. I have to go through living still-

The joys and triumphs and trials and tribulations of growing. Of puberty. I am just a kid yearning to play on the playground without a care in the world- a kid that wants to eat dino-shaped chicken nuggets and smiley-face fries with chocolate milk...A teen just learning to shave...Still discovering who I am and what I am meant to be...

A teen that has yet to experience his first everything.

The other me has experienced these. Forever those firsts shall be embedded in my brain and associated with the part of me that's dying. Is that part of me dying?

I've been taught to be afraid.

I've been afraid of the world. I'm afraid of other people. I'm afraid of everything.

I've been afraid of myself.

But all that I've ever wanted was to be that little boy that gets to grow into a man. That little boy has been left behind in the past. Memories circulate.

In elementary, I was the tomboy. The one that was "not like other girls." It was true; I wanted to be on par with my male peers. I wanted to prove myself worthy of being in their presence. Lunch was the best of times- recess was not. Denied entry to the soccer field, I would sulk my way back to the girls. I was never a boy. I wasn't like the girls either. I was nothing.

*I wish I could tell myself that I was actually everything.*

My dark brown complexion did not help, but that's something to unpack for another day. I can imagine that if I knew any sooner, or if boys and girls and anyone in between were treated the same, I would have avoided a lot of trouble.

Memories of me in middle school...Middle school...

*There's not much of middle school-*

Memories of me in high school, yet again with the boys. Those boys...they were my boys. They made me feel. They gave me the world. They showed me who I could be. Who I was meant to be.

We only saw each other in the orchestra, but that was enough. Through all of high school, I made memories with the boys.

*I don't see them anymore.*

Memories of just two summers ago.

Fresh out of high school, I was alone and independent. What I looked for in love was evolving ever so quickly. I got into my first relationship with a boy since the beginning of high school- four years prior. It was a good relationship. We could have still been friends today.

*I don't know what I did wrong for you to turn me away.*

I told you I was not a woman, despite my feminine physique. I just liked women's clothing from time to time. You still had yet to see me the other way. The way where I wear whatever, but all adorned with a binder underneath. The me without makeup. The me that practiced a deeper voice. That me was the real me. I would still be me. Just different. Just...more masculine. But it was too masculine. That was my mistake.

*All I've wanted was to be a boy that likes boys. But the boys only liked the girl...*

Memories of my life. I was always in the theater. I wanted to be someone other than me. I guess that should have been the first indication. Now I don't go onstage anymore. I refuse to. The last time I was met with unbelievable amounts of dysphoria. It lasted nonstop for months. It was the worst that I've ever seen, and all because my castmate was the pinnacle of who I wanted to be. Because he was able to wear makeup and feminine things and still be perceived as a man. Because he was everything that I was not. Once the production was done, I was relieved; I still had the dysphoria, but at least I didn't have to see him again. I couldn't bear it. He was always nice to me. I wanted to be like him, but I just wanted to be his friend.

*Is this right? Is this okay? Am I just being too gay?*

I just learned that he always wanted to be my friend too. I guess I will try again. Hopefully, things will work out the way I want them to be.

*Please oh please, jealousy, don't get the best of me.*

Oh to be a teen again. My other half has seen the best and the worst of those days.

*I wonder what it would've been like to play the man in those plays...*

Oh to be a teen. A child. Someone- some age other than me. I look in the mirror. I see a nearly 20 year old woman. A lesbian. A butch. A wannabe. Someone other than.

I look in the mirror. Again. I see a boy- not too young but not very old. 18 is pushing it. Round face and big hips. Clothes too large for him as they engulf his figure. Hasn't hit puberty yet. Hair underarms and legs, but not hairy enough. A struggling hairline already- that's tough! No five o'clock shadow. No fuzziness anywhere to be seen. A...scrawny figure. No muscle. No nothing.

But yet I am still a boy. That is who I am and who I always wanted to be. Regardless of my appearance, I am me. Me is a boy.

It's as simple as that.

Hello world.

I am Leo.