

Boy or Girl?

I've always envied
those who felt at home
in their own bodies.

Those who were proud
of themselves and had
no doubts that they were
exactly who they were
supposed to be.

Those who had no doubts
about where they stood
when it came to the line
dividing the boys from
the girls.

I never wanted to be a boy
but I never felt like one of
the girls.

Why don't you like dolls?
You should wear dresses more.
Why do you always put her in
boy's clothes?

Why doesn't she have more
girl friends? Why is she
always with boys?

I stayed with the boys because
I just had more in common
with them.

No matter how hard I tried
I always felt out of place
around other girls.

Like I was wearing an
identity that didn't quite
fit right no matter how
much I moved it around.

Girls like dolls not cars.
Girls like dresses not jeans.
Girls like pink, not blue.
Girls like dressing up not

playing with dinosaurs and
action figures.

My parents didn't care if
they had a daughter who
preferred Jurassic Park over
Barbie so why should anyone
else?

Why did I?

If I tried to be myself they
criticized me for my interests.
If I tried to be more feminine
they could only talk about how
it was about time I acted like
a "real" little girl.

Why am I not good enough?
Why is what I am not enough
for you?

Why can't I like one or the other?
Why can't I like both?
Why can't I be feminine one day
and more boyish the next?

Why are you making me choose
between one side of the line or
another?

Why is there even a line at all?
Why did you do this to me?

Why can't I just be myself?
Why is myself not enough to
please you?

Why am I not pleased with myself?
Why can't I accept who I am?
Why can't I be comfortable in
my own skin?

Why do I feel as if any interest
in the masculine is a betrayal
of the feminine side I want to
embrace?

Why do we live in a society

where accepting your feminine
side is viewed as a betrayal to others?

Why must I live in such confusion?

Boy or girl?
Girl or boy?

Why do these ideas of what we are
and what we should be continue
to plague us even when we are
no longer children?

Why does this turmoil haunt
me even now as an adult?

Why can't I just be comfortable
and secure in my own body?
With my own identity?

Just once... please just once.

--Written April 25th, 2014