

Poems I Would've Written Had I Known Earlier

For seven years I lived at a private catholic school. Until I graduated I didn't realize I was queer, let alone transgender. That knowledge was forbidden, hidden away save for the moments I had at word play. Here's what I might've written if I had known earlier.

-Zines-
An Okay Time (as Lexi Chomps)
Poems I Would've Written Had I Known Earlier

There's something inside me

No, someone.

Not the person I think I am

Something I'll go to hell for so I better confess my sins

before next mass.

google searches that got me in trouble

why aren't I a girl

how do I change my name (it's never felt right)

why didn't god make me a girl

how do I run away from a private school

how do I skip mass

god is dead

where were the signs

they locked me in this house with 9 other boys

something was always there

I just ignored it like they told me do

most of my friends are queer so it makes

sense I am too

7 years wasted

why didn't I know earlier

because now it's never been clearer

getting out

getting out was viable before she died

getting out was an option before she died

now I'm stuck here

like a bird in a cage that can barely sing

what's the point?

Make another lethally statement just for the

attention

cry over catmeal just for attention

start a scene just for attention

but it wasn't the attention I needed

green day

one of the few things I have

the one shred of rebellion

they bought me a green day album

they bought me a green day album knowing

full well what green day was about.

Billie Joe Armstrong was the start.

The first one I had a crush on. Even in 2016 I still

thought he was hot.

King for a Day was an eyeopener but not

enough.

There were no drag queens in here.

The closest I got was Rent but I never quite

gapsed the concept

I could've had it much earlier but I didn't.

I could've known about myself earlier but I

didn't

let me go home

let me go home

let me go home

let me go home

let me go home

get called gay for flicking someone on the head

ideas

keep that shirt tucked in we don't want you getting any

khakis

polo

dress like a man every day of the week

go to mass every sunday

five years of this shit and I don't know myself any better

let me go home

let me go home

let me go home

let me go home

let me go home

let me go home

let me go home

let me go home

let me go home

let me go home

singing not winning?

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censored

it wasn't like I couldn't be queer

I sat at the queer table

and yet I tried to say that I couldn't possibly be queer

impossible

my house would've censored me if I said anything

my church would've censored me if I said anything

I never understood why my friends had such animosity

towards church

now I do

now I know better

les miserables

they walked out of les miserables in the first ten minutes

they wouldn't let us watch les miserables because of

that

rent is queer and mentions aids

they wouldn't let us watch it

I found a way anyways

they wanted me dumb

they kept me dumb

about myself about everyone else

word play

word play was the closest thing I had

every event was an awakening

i was always excited
for forum
for any church event
i'd pray every night
i'd read the scripture during mass
i was praised and encouraged every step of the way
and the truth about myself was pushed further down
they hoped i'd never find out because then they'd lose me
they had me for seven years
then it was stripped away and I had nothing

education

education is the best gift you can be giving
so why was it being withheld
when I left I wasn't ready for the world
I didn't know who I was
i was ashamed of myself at every turn
sometimes i still am
where was the education I was promised?

99 invisible balloons

the truth was out there
but it was kept at bay
under the radar
every single day
I could've grabbed it any day
even by mistake
they all slipped through my fingers

wax

wax was the only thing I had left
after she died
the music on them the only connection
she died and left me here
locked away
kept dumb
saying ok
googling things that got me in trouble
wondering where were the signs
dreaming of getting out
playing green day
begging to go home
censoring myself
going to word play
lacking the education I so sorely needed
the wax the only thing I had
the only thing that kept me together
whether it was armstrong, lennon, webber, or
williams.
I probably would've gone mad if I didn't have the
wax