

# *25 Years, An Awakening*

by Seven

I hear my name from down the hall  
of this place I know I've been.  
At 17, add up some months,  
back then eight, maybe even 10,  
his position in my life was to be  
that of hand holding,  
tuck-ins, of sweet dreams  
and maybe parties  
with dress-up  
and tea.

But I liked basketball.  
And so did he.  
And this made me  
special.

Late night video games and secrets,  
later night visits and locked doors.  
As a raven appears and elicits fears  
while I stall  
beggin' upward, nevermore.  
Perhaps my tomboy offered protection  
of a big boy who was insecure.  
But I'm unsure of this lesson  
or the definition of succession,  
accept intrepid guilt and depression  
while you silence my voice  
and try to score.

This was not basketball.

Card games in tiled closets where 21 takes the win,  
a numbers game my brain added up  
that you were there for you to sin.  
The heiress employed in the night  
left hours of opportunity,  
where it was not sweet dreams but a fight

and an imbalanced burden on me.

My locked door

locked monsters

in.

I hear my name from down the hall

of this place I know I've been.

I've announced that I'm in love.

And she

is not he.

But I can breath

in honesty.

Somehow this presents a challenge for you.

"Help me out, kiddo."

I'm staring, confused.

"Help me out, kiddo."

I'm now told I'm confused,

for I haven't met a man, he says,

that can counter my gay.

It's his job, he explains,

and he will show me the way.

I am "his," and it's his "right,"

and somehow it's ok.

But it's not; I'm not "ok."

Somehow I'm eight again, maybe 10.

The locked door is again unlocked, and

I'm fighting this monster, again.

With his pride showing through shorts

and no shirt,

a bed begging for me to oblige,

play my part.

I'm trying to say no, but he wants

what he wants.

My concern is not his concern.

All of this wrong, my stomach starts to churn

and I beg to let me leave, for the heiress is to return,  
and she does. Unannounced.  
She looks around, and he settles down,  
slowing the nausea and racing of my heart.

I fought my life to just keep my pants on,  
questioning my worth,  
expressing my confusion with actions,  
sexing in needing validation,  
or at least achieve self hurt.  
I wanted to die.  
Parts of me couldn't achieve, alive.  
And while self sabotaging, I was worried  
and consumed quietly  
about you.  
But I was wrong.  
I should have worried about me, too.  
Because honestly,  
me too.