

My fifth piece of art is me,
In the form of poetry.

My past.
Painful memories and traumas,
Consisting of nothing but regrets.

I used to use words to explain how much of a reject,
I was.

If my pains were color coded you would have thought,
that "this is what happens to a rainbow in the dark".
Deprived of light, fighting for a chance to shine.

My present.
Learning that healing hurts as much or even more than the trauma itself.
Intentionally reliving every moment of pain because I will not grow up to be bitter, and
The only way to let go is to accept that some things just are the way they are.

Finally accepting that it is okay to be non binary or pansexual,
without having to pay attention to what the streets says is " faggot shit".
I always wonder if those people know what it is like to be given up on while your a
Homeless, gay, minority, and felon who is mentally unstable..
I am trying to paint pictures over my wounds to remind me that there is beauty in the pain.

My future.
I have big dreams and I will be the queen I was born to be.
Never again will I let any form of oppression ,
By any type if person,
Subject me to their ways of living.