

# Unravelling

## Digging

I dig in the rot,  
The sick earth that brands my skin.  
My hands slide through slick mire  
And pull clay from the depths.

I dig in rotten thoughts  
That stick their barbs in my mind.  
I pull at the memories,  
As they spread, corrupt, infect.

I dig my nails into my arm.  
The hole I've dug is deep,  
Messy, and incomplete.  
In it, I plant a seed.

# Itch

The itch like a song stuck in my head that won't leave.  
It plays over and over in infinity.  
It feels like infinity.  
My blankets protect me from the cold,  
But not from the heat in my head, my stomach, my arm.

It burns as it begs to be noticed.  
It shouts and screams and  
Sings.  
The same attention hungry tune  
That I can't tune out.

I hold myself closer and sing louder.  
The fire burns higher,  
But I won't feed it.  
I tighten my grip, shut my eyes, and  
Sing.

# Pride

Red

Like Homer's "rosy fingered dawn"  
As the sun kisses the sky.  
Like a kiss of love,  
Or a kiss of Life.

Orange

As a blooming spring Heals  
That barren winter.  
The heat that melts snow  
And mends hearts.

Yellow

When the Sun in the sky  
Meets the flower in the Earth.  
They reach for each other  
And for a moment, they touch.

Green

Untouched, unbothered,  
It spreads like a fire.  
It breathes life in every corner  
Of the Natural world.

Indigo

Whispers sweet secrets  
And sings a lullaby.  
The feeling of drifting to sleep.  
Quiet. Serene.

Violet

Hot or cold,  
It burns within us .  
The body, the mind,  
And the lonely Spirit.

Pride

Feet march in a chorus.  
The beat becomes an Anthem  
Of life and love.  
It rings out in Every Color.

# Tip-Toes

The tightrope she treads twists  
Beneath her toes as her stomach turns.  
On tip-toes she twirls and topples  
And tries again.

The tantalizing task of reaching her target  
Entices her to persist.  
The distance to the ground taunts her,  
As she tests her footing  
And tries again.

Tactfully she traces her feet along the thread  
And steps to the tip.  
On the last tick, she trips and lands with a thud.  
She tugs herself up,  
And tries again.

# Layers and Layers

I made myself out of paper.  
Layer after layer I shaped  
Every curve, every Straight line.  
A guise too powerful to escape.  
In my real skin, I would only be an invader.

I came to Earth with a blueprint,  
Every detail was mapped.  
It was Straight forward,  
Until I went too far. I was trapped.  
I was afraid, and the rules were strict.

The layers of paper itched.  
It wasn't natural, but I was a natural.  
No one saw me underneath, they liked  
My layers, thought them rational.  
It was everything I wished.

Now, my layers are everything I hate.  
Claustrophobic, unnecessary, stiff.  
I want out, to finally be seen.  
I try to peel them away, but they stick.  
I tear at them, but maybe I'm too late.

Slowly, the layers fall away.  
People are confused, they liked  
Who I was, But that's not who I was.  
I'm becoming myself, sincere, upright.  
I'm Coming Out. I'm here to stay.