WELCOME TO BOYHOOD
when caterpillars retreat to their cocoons to undergo metamorphosis do they remember who they are when they come out?

will i remember who i am 5 years from now?

sometimes i think about dropping to my knees and shouting upward "please god, let me be right!"

can't really pray to a god who aint never been there
i told my friend i was afraid to die today i don't wanna die i don't wanna die i think there's so much good left in me but i'm tired

please god make me the boy i was meant to be
they call you "miss"
you still a boy
call you "her"
you still a boy
see your painted nails
you still a boy
hear you speak
you still a boy
just one look
you still a boy
"excuse me, you can't go in there"
you still a boy
you been a boy
you is a boy
you is a special kinda boy
a lil bit extra sprinkled in kinda boy
a beautiful kinda boy
a pretty kinda boy
tender but rough 'round the edges kinda boy
my own kinda boy
self-made kinda boy
fixed together outta magic n love
n tears n sweat n hurt n kisses n all that was and will ever been
i love you boy

ive been thinking about all the times
that ive had pregnancy scares
grant iv never had unprotected sex
i always think about a small child
growing, mumbling to itself inside me
"get me out, i don't go here."
i imagine it as a ball of energy
a light taking up space inside me
harvesting all my energy to make itself out of nothing
that's what it always was, nothing
i think maybe all my unborn children somehow got transferred to my sister
like empathy
the energy just shifted
please grow up to be big and strong

to separate myself from the so-called feminine is an act of self-destruction

i want to rise out of the ashes like a fucking phoenix
before doing what felt like stripping myself
of sin i stood in the mirror and looked at my
naked body
for the first time in a long time i looked at my
body while touching it
it felt weird to remind myself that i am myself
to start i hugged myself tightly
my hands ran over the bruises and stretch marks
covering the tops of my thighs.
i thought it would heal them
the inside of my bloodstained thighs pressed
together
my back pock•ed with acne scars
the little tattoo on my right side near my ribcage
i cupped my breasts and felt their weight
somet•ime i hadn't done in what felt like forever
they hurt.. they always hurt.. everything hurt
in the hair under my arms i used my fingers to
swirl patterns and tug at the growth
the thought of hormones making my body a "hot at
home" place for me had come to fruition.
it made me sad and angry but it was nonetheless
expected
i looked at my small palms and rest my face
between them—bite my chapped lips
i looked in the mirror and whispered
"i'm afraid to die; i dont want to die" twice
then i proceeded to wash myself clean
i felt like i was ridding my body of the sad
gunk i had been rolling in for a while
i made sure to wash the campfire out of my hair
i didn't want to smell the disappointment anymore