

THE CASES:
A SERIES
OF VERSES
DEVOTED TO
SEXUALITY

Case 1: Falling

He sat down.
He sat down.
He fell down.
No,
He sat down.
It felt like he was,
Falling.
All the time.
A sense of unknown.
It wasn't clear.
Nothing was clear.
He didn't understand.
His vision was hazy,
His mind was misty.
And yet,
Somehow,
He knew exactly what he wanted.
He did not want to fall anymore.
He wanted people to understand.
No,
Not understand.
Know.
Find out.
Discover.
He had been lying.
Or at least,
not telling the truth.
Not the full truth.
Of who he was.
His identity.
What would they think?
Why did that matter?
This was him.
Whether they accepted it or not
Did not matter.
What mattered was that they
Know
Find out
Discover.
No more secrets. No more
Lies.
Open the vault he thought.
Just rip it off.

Fast.
Now.
He needed to do it now.
He sat down.
But it felt like he was
Falling.
Like he had already
Fallen.
He felt like he
Fell.
Hard.
But he told them.
Opened.
They found out.
They discovered.
They
Knew.
Now.
Now they knew.
They cried.
Some:
Joy.
Others:
Confusion or merely
Shock.
They fell too.
Differently.
They sat.
They were happy.
Mostly.
But who cares.
Now it was out.
They knew their little boy,
Their cousin,
Friend,
Sibling,
Co-worker.
Their peer.
This man who was important
to them in
Different ways,
Was in fact different.
He wasn't a boy.

He was a girl.
That's how he felt.
That's what he was.
And there would
be no more
Falling.

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Case 2: Not Real

She was a unicorn.
Obviously.
Clearly.
That was the only possible
explanation.
Right?
Right.
Correct.
Because when you're
Not Real
You are a unicorn.
She was constantly told
She was
Not Real.
She did not exist.
Something out of
Imagination.
That what she was,
Was not a
Thing.
The people did not
Care how she felt.
They did not put
themselves in her
Shoes.
They just spoke.
Out of
Turn.
She did not
Care.
Not at first.
No.
But it became more constant.
No one believed her.
This is how she was.
And people decided to
Hurt her.
Even people she thought
she could trust.

No. She was not the
Confused one.
They were the
Confused Ones.
But they did not give up.
No.
It was not an occasional thing.
Something to do while
Intoxicated.
While out of your
Mind.
Not in your right state.
In fact,
She felt more drawn
Compelled
To her own
Kind.
But no. That did not make her
one way.
She liked both.
She would stand by that.
She would stand bi that.
Bi that.
Bi.
And if they did not believe her
Then she was clearly a Unicorn.
She was
Not Real.

Case 3: Don't

"Don't tell me what I am."
He always had to
Repeat it.
Don't tell him what he is.
He knows what he is.
You can't tell people
Who they
Are.
What they
Are.
Don't Label.
It's not that he was against
Labels.
It's that he should be the one
to label himself.
Not others doing it for
Him.
Thinking they were doing
Him
a favour.
They weren't.
So just
Don't.
Oh he was aware.
He was aware of who
He was.
He knew.
He was open about it.
He was
Out.
But *he* didn't like people
outright asking him.
It's quite
Personal.
Not that he didn't want to
Share.
But he wanted to
Bring it Up,
Not the other way around.

And
Don't assume.
That is always the worst.
A big turn
Off.
Perhaps he was just like that.
Acted like
That.
Dressed like
That.
Spoke like
That.
Like what?
Like
What?
Exactly.
We
They
Us
We have made our own perceptions.
Our own beliefs.
Views
Visions
of what *They* should be like.
Not to be offensive.
No.
Just because that's
How our
Society
Is.
Works.
But they were right.
He was gay.
Just
Don't ask him.
Don't tell him.
Just don't.
Don't

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Case 4: The First Letter

She was the first letter.
That made her happy.
Kind of.
No,
really. It did.
Because, really,
That was all she had.
She had been
Abused
Put Down
Hurt
Called Names.
Dyke.
Lezzie.
Faggot.
Which technically made
No sense.
She had been
In pain
Made to bleed
Physically
Mentally
Emotionally.
This was bullying.
They said they
Cared.
So why didn't they do anything?
Why didn't they do anything, then?
People pretended to support.
It became a thing.
Wear pink this day.
Purple the next.
If you support,
Then you stand up.
She was
Brought back up.
Only to be
Put
Down again.

Everyone knew what she was.
She wasn't the stereotypical
Vision.
But everyone knew.
Word of mouth
Is
Grand in high school.
The school became her
worst nightmare.
The hallways were a graveyard.
The class rooms were
boxing rings.
She was
Abused.
But she was the L.
The first letter.
And, really,
That was all she had.

