

Abomination.

“You’re a girl!”

they spit in my face

Insulting me,

suffocating me

with an identity

I know nothing of.

Dyke.

But I’m not a lesbian

I’m not a girl

who likes girls

Stop trying to

box me

unpack me

unearth me

The boy trapped in a mirror

you all so kindly

framed me.

Rape.

That’s not what you would call it?

What else could you name

bruising my body

stripping me of my armour

my masculinity

Forcing yourselves

inside of me  
Trespassing  
where you received  
no permission  
to enter.

Murder.

The body I hated  
lies limp  
in a pool of my blood  
My lifeless eyes  
look upon my  
rapists  
killers  
Who will go  
unpunished.

I am not the only one.  
Throughout the world  
there are so many lives  
who have started and  
ended  
in the same way  
Do you really think  
people deserve to be  
corrected  
and murdered  
because you do not

understand them?

My story was one of the

first

and it was not the last

But my death

forced the eyes of

millions

opened.

And now no one will

experience the pain

I went through,

right?