

# Attractive

*Violet Grant*

I have always found them attractive.

Stained glass windows  
are enchanting.  
Detailed browns and blues  
swirling out from dark pupils.  
Heralding the stories  
of the only church I will ever attend.

Canvases  
of so many different tones.  
Personality reflected through  
the practiced patting of a beauty blender  
or the awkward strokes of a finger.  
Confidence radiated through the wings  
sharp enough to cut me open  
and reveal the beating heart inside.

The canvas' frame  
is often what hits me the hardest.  
Natural wooden locks  
falling gently across shoulders  
or glamorously bleached metal  
reaching for the sky.  
I fall in love every time  
unthinking fingers double check  
that it's all still polished and presentable.

When I was younger  
I thought I was going to love the photographs.  
Expected to enjoy  
the flat chests and chiselled jaws.  
Love interests  
of the strong female lead.  
I couldn't help but fancy  
her instead.

Heteronormativity is odd  
I think.

Why was I



supposed to love  
the man  
who smirked at the camera?

Why was I  
not  
supposed to love  
the girl  
who sat in front of me in class?

Why was I  
never even  
told about  
those who fall  
outside that binary?

Why did I  
learn the term  
'LGBTQ+'  
from the internet  
years before  
I heard  
the term  
'gay'  
in school?

I questioned my sexuality for years.  
Wondered why  
I got embarrassed in changing rooms.  
Not because of my body  
but because of those surrounding me.

My first realised crush on a girl was wild.  
How my heartbeat sped up  
every time she looked at me.

Similar to how  
it had done years before  
when I thought  
I just  
wanted  
to be  
'friends'.

It was uncannily different  
from the so-called crushes on boys.



That I learnt I had  
from the teasing tone  
of classmates.

How I  
could  
never  
really  
see  
myself  
with  
him.

He  
Him

She  
Her

They  
Them

Why are we judged  
on the sets of pronouns  
we want to hold  
in our arms at night?

Why are we judged  
on which pair  
of stained glass windows  
we find ourselves staring into?

Why are we judged  
on how we paint our canvases  
on how we decorate our temples  
on how we chose to present ourselves?

I have always found girls attractive.

That fact has affected parts my life  
that I think  
it really shouldn't have to.

How has your sexuality  
affected your life?