

BETWEEN THE LINES

Lara Morgan

I align myself somewhere next to femininity,
It feels right.
But,
Simultaneously,
Also feels wrong.
There's a sort of power that comes with it,
A sense of strength in femininity.
But my connection is broken,
And I long to claw off parts of my flesh
Which I can compromise by binding.
Hiding the lumps on my chest that should not be there.
I align myself somewhere next to masculinity,
It feels right.
But,
Simultaneously,
Also feels wrong.
There's a sort of power that comes with it,
A sense of comfort in masculinity.
But I've always been too scared to strengthen that connection.
It's lodged itself in the back of my mind and I wonder why these feelings
didn't come sooner.
I was never comfortable with myself.
But the idea of hiding a part of my body away may be a good thing.
With that, I can blend in with my masculinity,
Hide myself away with a fantasy,
Be the man I know I'll never be.
Not that I want to be one,
Not completely.
Just,
Want to look like them,
Wear the clothes they wear.
(Lord knows they're more comfortable.)
I want to sit somewhere in between.
Achieve the strength that comes from femininity,
The comfort from masculinity,
And the power of being comfortable in my own skin.
To be someone aligned between other lines,
Between these broken walls of a dismantled binary.
To be free of the bonds tying me down to womanhood,
To stay away from the bonds that could trap me in manhood,



To be free.
That is all I could ever ask for.

