

QUESTIONED

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The world questioned me when I first opened my lips and formed words
memorised from words
spoken to me by my mother.

The questions were quiet at first, but grew into a deafening sound.

What right do I have to question when no-one can answer?

I was different in the way I hid behind my mother when meeting a friend

I was different in the way I thought.

I was different in the way I saw the beauty of the world.

I was the same in the way I didn't question.

You couldn't question anybody.

You couldn't ask why it was this way.

I first heard the word when the boys would argue.

It's a bad word

They would yell and scream it in a fit of rage.

I asked the girl sitting next to me what it meant

"It means you are a person that kisses girls"

But my mother kissed me on my marmite covered cheek in the morning?

But I kissed my infant sister's barren head?

I was starting to question.

The thoughts I pushed to the side, away from anything else, into the small
crevasses of my mind.

Not to be questioned.

When a loved one turned out to be **that word** I thought, how can I hate
someone that I've loved for years? What right do I have, does her mother
have, to push her away for something she can't change even if she wanted to.

I questioned why and found the answer.

Because I am different, and I understand why, now.

She's different and the same as me.

And shouldn't be questioned.

The word means happy because **she deserved to be.**

I questioned why not everyone should be too.

