It Wasn’t a Phase

By Kirsty Sanders

I painted my body with rainbow stripes
To conceal the wounds that you would not kiss away
You spoke my name with a blade amongst your lips
When the thought of me engendered shame between your thighs
In the dark I played with fire
In the hope that the flames would force us out of the closet we were both forced to hide in
Together we burned
Yet I rose from the ashes alone
You washed my touch from your skin
And buried the memory of me with the rest of your shameful past
I often think of you
As I march my stripes through the streets with my pride of brothers and sisters
Unashamed
Unafraid
Unstoppable.