

## 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.