

Isecurities

Who would love someone like me?

Too be a boy too small,

Too ugly for any gender at all.

But isn't that what I want?

Being a genderless mess without bond?

But who would want someone like that?

Too masculine to be cute,

Too feminine to not be put into said cube.

Changing between wanting that and not,

Between wannabe pretty and hot,

Between both and neither.

Can't decide most days either.

Who could handle this?

Who would call loving that a bliss?

Can't even handle that sometimes,

Though I know they're all just

Socially constructed categories,

Bitter as limes,

Their sourness burning boundaries

Through my mind,

Creating a labyrinth of insecurities,

Where out the way I'll never find –