

Closet in the Closet

Jacqui Beck - for Johnnie, 2014

Ever since I was little,
I had whispers of knowing,
didn't know how to make sense of feeling,
on the inside,
that I wasn't the girl
they said I was.

Confused.
People were seeing me as a girl.

Confused.
When the thought bubbled up,
maybe maybe maybe
I might not be a girl,
I would pop those bubbles.

People talk about the closet as if
it's a way we keep our secrets
from others.

But, honestly, I had a closet inside
my closet
where I kept the secret
from myself.