Responsibility Isn't Enough

I'm misunderstood,
As all teenagers are,
I suppose.
It's cliché, I know,
But only 'cause it's true.
No one knows what I have to deal with.
I barely know.

I'm the good child.
Responsible.
Eighteen-years-old
And I still haven't
Drank, smoked, done drugs.
I'm still a virgin.
Still single, of course.

I always let my parents know
If I'm going to be late.
I clean up after everyone
Without complaining.
And I seldom ask for anything.

I'm a straight-A student,
Accepted to my first choice college,
The cheapest of all my choices.

Apparently, I'm a financial burden.

I don't understand.

This is the Night

The black velvet curtains part,
But a white curtain of light remains.
I can't see them,
But I know they're there.
I can make out their fuzzy outline.
The terror to remember
Lines, blacking, music, dance:
Forgotten.

This is the night,
The night I've been working for for months.

I take a deep breath,
Inhaling my character,
My new identity.
Exhaling. . . me.
I am no longer an actor
Regurgitating lines.
I am someone else.
Someone fresh.

This is the night,
The night I live for

Because for once in my life,
I don't have to be me.

Because for once in my life,
I'm free.

So They Say

Something's wrong.
It's me.
It's in my genes.
A genetic mutation,
An anomaly.
So they say.

It's disgusting.
Immoral.
Unnatural.
A sin, the worst.
God hates me.
So they say.

They have drugs
For it now,
As though it's a disease.
I need help.
They can fix me.
So they say.

Nothing's wrong with me.
I choose love.
They choose judgment.
But what do they know?
All they see me as is gay.

It's Not Easy

It's not easy
Being raised
And baptized
Mormon.

It's not easy
Being bisexual,
Knowing your parents
Disapprove.

It's not easy
Being Mormon
And not believing in
God.

It's not easy
Keeping these secrets,
Scared, longing to tell
Them.
It's not easy,
But life goes on.