

This is not an inspirational story. In fact, this is no story at all, inspirational or otherwise. From time to time, I am asked to introspect and write about being queer. What is there to say that hasn't been said by someone else? What is so unique about my story? I don't want to talk about suffocating in the closet, suffering silently and struggling to be happy.



Although, sometimes I wish I wasn't queer. It makes me feel scared. It makes me feel like someone dipped my body in a puddle and I am covered in filth from head to toe. Not the kind of filth my mom says lotus grows in or the kind that necessitates a good, long bath. I could scrub all I want and particles of mud would still cling to my skin. I don't mean to sound morose, but being who I am, is not easy.

Sometimes, unintentionally, I come to notice a stray mole on her chin. I long to be a drop of sweat on her neck, I want to bask in her musk, I want to slide on her stretch marks. Her could be an elusive anybody. I am horrified by my thoughts. I wish I wasn't queer. Did Sappho ever feel like this?

I am a proud person. I have attended a couple of Prides. I too had put a sticker on my face and felt happy. But when I am alone, disgust creeps on me like little ants. The air feels stagnant and I am scared again.

What am I scared of? I am scared of being called slurs, I am scared of being invalidated by loved ones, I am scared of my employer making my workplace hell on earth, I am scared of my fears not being given importance in elections. Most of all, I am terrified of feeling disgusting for one more minute.

I won't lie, everything on Instagram is rosy. It seems like nobody is struggling with their body, desires and surroundings anymore. I will tell you, it's not true. I still do. Don't feel alone if you do too.

But, again, there is nothing special in what I have to say. I'm sure you would agree.

'On Being Scared Of Myself May 2021

