



Title: Binding Tape

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Binding Tape

my words pass over the wound like water
instead of blood, it is empty
a space where identity should reside
the pain is the nothingness
the pain is the walls crushing in
broken glass
every glance in the mirror is distorted
Who is the person I see there?
because I've been told

Be a good girl
Be kind, be gentle
Be passive
Put yourself outside for others

Who is that?
I've emptied myself to become that person
and now they want more

They want my body
They want me to desire
They want me objectified
They want me to smile

the light is gone
the moment they sexualized my body
I knew that I was nothing
and the darkness took over

the shell created for me is a weight on my heart
a millstone around the neck of a person who just wants to live
the void inside me is screaming
dysphoria
the pain of emptiness
gagging on expectations force fed down my throat
taking every attempt to fill me with what is not mine
I am translucent
I can't breathe
I want this space for me!
let me create

A. Broughton-Janes

holding out under the pressure
as the walls are crumbling in
soon they will see
in the light of day
I am empty
There is nothing here they will understand

binding tape
holding me together to stand up to some semblance of a fight
breaking the boxes around their minds
before I return to the hole that is mine
and tear off the pain
hot and scarred from my chest
like a million knives to my heart
but my heart is no longer there
binding tape
my armor against the world
defending my peace
staking claim to my emptiness
So that when they judge me
Maybe they will judge me as me

Biography

A. Broughton-Janes is a student studying Philosophy at Memorial University. They are focused on Gender Philosophy and Theory, and look to share their experiences as a LGBTQ+ person through poetry and writing.