

PART 3

A Sub-Human Burdensome Romance

I don't want to tell you
How my introduction to romantic love was an unspoken insult
How compulsory language of internalized ableism forced me to angrily deny every crush accusation
How I was never truly an option to society then; how it follows me still

I don't want to tell you
The massive dichotomy of the two dozen people who've deemed me their absolute favorite human, and the ones who Loved me had one foot out the door just to drag me through the swamps and hang me out to dry

I don't want to tell you
How even my heaviest loves still show up in my sleep in the form of manipulative monsters. The puppet strings at play made me think accepting red flags was love, as if they were a sign they needed it; as if panic attacks were proof that I loved the worst in them, still. I followed the unwritten rules set upon me - that I should take what I am given. I believed I could carry it all if it helped seep some light into the unforgiving space between us.

But I learned and now know I need myself more
than those who got to love without full reciprocity

I don't want to tell you
The alternative for me wasn't really an alternative. I saw what the world showed me - that the other types of people I would want to be with wouldn't feel the same. *Even those who got past the blockade of disability overshadowing personality couldn't (can't) see the glass barrier keeping them from a world of a core-to-core commitment (despite any duration).*

I don't want to tell you
How much I've still loved - *oh, how I've loved.*
The all-consuming, glittery world. The sounds of uncontrollable midnight laughing fits and afternoon sleepy talks of dreaming. Hours of talks where everything else around us goes quiet. Drives going nowhere just to listen to ourselves and our voices blend with our favorite songs; our own little island on wheels.

It's the sinking realization that you've never really been cracked open quite the same before; as painfully raw as it is enthralling. It's having two halves to one brain; an invisible string trailing between you no matter how far you each stray. The "I instantly feel better just with you near me" and the "I don't think I've had as many important conversations with any other single human as you" and "I'm an open book to everyone but you're the only one that can read its language" and the "of course you'll be fine - in the meantime, I'll make us some coffee" and "I like waking up next to you."

A voice that slows my pulse
A smile that causes my eyes to dilate
Electric hands that make me go weak in the knees
Tear filled nights from us opening our overwhelming hidden vaults
The dreams of you and me listening to vinyls and dancing at midnight

And yet, still seen as subpar; sub-human.

Most everyone has felt those Unwelcome, crawling feelings -
Unfavorable, Undesirable, Unwanted; the "doing them a favor" by preemptively rolling away on your cart of baggage.
But being a human in a body that is neglected, mistreated, tokenized, infantilized (on top of it all) carries its own cruel irony.

It's being too much and not enough; the ever-looming fog of burden. It's bubbles of grief that speak words of exhaustion of this corporal form. It's the culmination of patterns and sickly reminders making it feel like my insides are going to crawl out my mouth. It's the risks in being vulnerable, weighing like a punishment. It's being in a body with talents of opening others up just to further perfect the art of self-preservation. The dark magic of seeing and not being seen.

I don't want to tell you
These ugly, rusty, tar filled things
that might make you see how I can put up a blockade
rather than let it be the thing that will consume me

I don't want to tell you
That hiding flaws, heartaches, abuse, unrequited love, and heavy desires
is yet another subconscious attempt to reduce the "proof" that disabled equates to unloveable

I don't want to tell you
The questions I've learned the answers to
Do you want Attention instead of affection?
Do you want Approval more than connection?

I don't want to tell you
How it goes
how it feels
how to fix it
I do not care to be another
car wreck spectacle for you to slowly pass by

I can tell you though -
The "I'll take what I can get" shell to hide my core quickly molted into a fiery proactive avoidance of fool's gold;
a defiant refusal to self sabotage my heart and humanity any further - regardless of any vacancies.

You'll be able to find me surrounding, intertwining, bleeding colors with others' -
despite true symbiotic osmosis being a rare gold; despite the promises of implicit bias wounds.
I'll still always be a person that spreads a steady stream of warmth everywhere it can reach;
My blood is infused with a genetic predisposition to love humans despite countless afflictions.

I don't want to tell you -
How much laughing in secret with you gives me healing solace
The ways I see how the world treats me, showing up in you too
Of all the love I've always had inside of me

I don't want to tell you —

I want the hot and heavy
The sweet and tender
Like the taste of sweat and the
Humming while tracing your veins
Slow motion enthusiasm
Medicinal shivers
Part time seduction and full time friend

I want to go to cheap motels with you
And wander around odd shops in small towns
Joy in the mundane, warm comfortable silence
Feverish smiles of unabashed honesty
Shall we pick up a dancing class?
Will you stand there while I take a picture?

I want us to go back home
Where you kneel in front of me

Hands, lips, skin, together;
The place where shame dies.