

PART 2

Come Over

Sharing simple examples of real, regular parts of my existence becomes an educational spectacle to those who find a body that experiences daily adversity inspirational. Sexuality just happens to be the most neglected and “controversial” facet; in turn, being sexual in a visually disabled body feels like protesting. Every time I openly *am*, it’s taken as a message of liberation or some type of fucked up oxymoron in a world where sexuality is put on an idealized pedestal and used as a high standard for all relationships and media.

I’ve found my own actual liberation requires dismantling multiple systemic layers learned socially, interpersonally, and internally. Being a human with a body, desires, sexuality, and a multifaceted personality is almost impossible to comprehend for those who do not see you as such, simply based on your visual representation that does not mirror their own. Finding the words to explain the complexities of this type of existence - of this weight of responsibility to educate, and of the difficulties in navigating not only my personal situations but also the swarm of emotional and mental reactions from the constant absorption of it all - can seem a bit unachievable at times.

I’ve learned that the endless number of requirements, microaggressions, or ableist issues of being a disabled and/or visually different human are just simply not on people’s radar. People do not realize most of these things until it’s shoved in their face on a pretty little platter - presented not only to awaken the collective ignorance, but to also cradle their ego all at once.

People do not, at the core, realize that humans who do not look or function like them are still actually very much like them.

Often I find myself contemplating how to best display the armor I wear as well as the burdens I’ve thrown on the floor in a way that is most digestible for those who do not have the “privilege” of 9,954 days worth of experiential insight.

How am I supposed to explain to you that I’m not your fucking inspiration (because inspiration changes you and you haven’t done shit to change) but still attempt to alter your perspective and interactions? How can I try to normalize disableds being intersectional queer kinky sluts when you rarely perceive us as sexual beings? How will I ever present the thick, rusty, quivering emotions of occupying this home through romantic endeavors when we aren’t even put on the bill of qualified contenders?

The answers will never be resolved without the topics, subjects, and questions being presented. I cannot, in all fairness, expect humans to care about and tackle issues that are often shoved in a box under the nailed floorboards, considering those who know are either too uncomfortable with things that aren’t theirs or are just too sick and tired to deal with them personally anymore. I can logically understand why it has been humanity’s familial hushed secret - all while being one of the only informed members reaching for the goddamn crowbar.

I’ve found that it’s nearly impossible to separate my own precious intricate personal life from the words that need to be swallowed and eventually settled into the spines of everyone else.

Despite my continual contradictory opinions on publicly broadcasting that secret box under the floorboards and putting my ass on the stage with full expectations of awkward scrutiny, I believe taking up space can be a beautiful necessary evil.

It gives people permission to buy a ticket to the show or come watch me shouting out the window, crowbar in hand.

I’ll invite you inside my humble home
to see the wreck I made amongst the treasures
I’ve collected over time.

I’ll even show you my scrapbook of unconditional friends and saucy lovers, or I’ll read a few
of the hopes and losses written in the
leather journal by my bed.

I could show you my scars

and my favorite album on vinyl.
I could crack a joke to make you laugh if you prefer.

Then we can all sit down for coffee, and once you're comfortable, maybe we can talk about the musty opened box I've placed on the kitchen table.