I Confess to God in the Shower

by XXXX

During fifth grade, I was called closeted queer and tall faggot.

I still live at home but I've paid for many apartments

so homeless boys would bend me over, call me "Lover" or "Handsome."

With all that rent, I could move out, but without them I'd rather die in the street.

People laugh at me during parties, ask to touch my beard. Make it a game.

I ask men to spit on me. Hegel said: The subject must realize itself.

The Bible tells me I was made from dust. I am who I am when I am filth.