You are wearing leggings, black, and a white crop top that slightly exposes your pierced naval. It took two hours for your hair to obtain the person ocean waves he likes. You are confident in the way you look and you decide tonight will be fun. He said to be there at 10pm, but you and your friend both decide to go at eleven so you don’t seem too eager. She’s wearing leggings too, but aztec printed, girly, not black. Your mom drops you off at eleven exactly and tells you to be careful and have fun. No one answers the door when you ring the bell so you walk in to the sounds of laughter and pop music thats constantly on the radio. She pulls you to the side and asks you “Do you want a drink?” You consciously nod your head yes, yearning for the bitter taste that would numb your throat. You can feel him looking at you from across the room so you walk over after noticing she was already preoccupied with a new friend, a boy, who has been staring at her aztec leggings since you both walked in the door.

You were never good at small talk. Who likes to talk about the weather or what your New Years resolutions are going to be anyway? New Years resolutions are stupid, you follow them for a week and then go back to your tedious schedule. And through all this small talk, all you can think about is the way your voice sounds or if he notices the small gap in-between your teeth. He doesn’t notice the gap, but he notices that your cup is now empty. He tells you to wait there as he goes and gets you a new drink. When he hands you the red cup, the room goes dark but the tv is screaming “10! 9! 8! 7! 6! 5! 4!
3!”, he looks at you and wraps his gentle hands around your waist, “2!, 1! HAPPY NEW YEAR!”. You kiss but your lips get lost along the way.

You can spot her leggings from across the room but the aztec symbols seemed to blend altogether this time. You find yourself upstairs from a guiding hand, walking past a smoke filled room with a distinct smell that is hard to miss. Your favorite song comes on and you both start dancing, kissing, you are ok with the kissing. The kissing doesn't stop until you find yourself in a bedroom with the same hand that guided you up the stairs. But this time you don't feel so confident, and you want to be downstairs counting the patterns on her leggings. You stumble over to the door but the gentle hand from before turns firm. He picks you up and sets you down on the bed that was set in a spinning room. You say you have to go but when you reach the door its being blocked by a book shelf that you could have sworn was not there before. You are fading in and out.

The next moments seem like a painful blur, you don't know if it was 10 minutes, an hour, 2 hours, but your phone starts to ring and you are relieved. “Uhuh hello” “I'm outside to pick you up.” The book shelf was gone, the hands were gone. Your hands are against the walls for balance, you grab her from the same spot you left and go outside into the car. You get inside your house, inside the most comforting place you can think, where the water is the right temperature, and you begin to scrub. Pain is filling your body, physically and internally. The feeling of dirtiness does not leave you just as if you were swimming in the ocean for hours but the buoyancy of the water doesn't leave your body. You turn red with anger but no screams of hatred come out, only heavy rainclouds that get washed away by the steaming shower.
Three days go by and you still have that empty look in your eyes. You feel lost, confused, were you wrong? You convince yourself it was your fault, you were the one that willingly went to the party, you were the one who consciously kissed him. You decide not to tell anyone, there was no point after all, you induced this yourself, but still the dirty feeling has not left your body. You once read in a text book that your body reproduces so many cells that after 7 years you have a new body. You can not wait to have that new body, new skin, instead of being stuck in this empty, used carcass.

But now it’s two years later and you’re a junior in high school. You’re wearing your lazy jeans and a tank top that covers your naval. Your hair is straight, not wavy, it is the way you like it. You find yourself sitting alone at lunch but you are fine with that. You are confident being alone, being independent. You make friends with a girl who’s older than you, and she’s kind, smart, and funny. Her long brown hair sway so gently like the sand in an undercurrent. She invites you to sit with her at lunch, and then lunch turns into a party. You are hesitant into saying yes but you go anyway. You make your own drinks this time, and they taste even better. You make her a drink too, but not too strong. With her, there is no small talk about the weather, only laughter and rosy cheeks. You find yourself lost in the sound of her soft voice and the addicting smile that radiates euphoria. You go home and lay down in your bed, thinking of nothing but the beauty mark above her right eyebrow and the dimple over her right cheek.

Next week you hangout again but you are more eager to see her, but why? You feel your stomach going upside down as you approach her and debate going back but that radiant smile has a natural force that makes you chaotic inside. She becomes the first thing you think about in the morning and the last thing you think about at night before going to bed. When she looks at you, you swear you can’t breathe. And every time you see her, you look at her like a blind man seeing colors for the first time. With her in your life, flowers started to grow in the darkest parts
of your mind where bad memories used to blossom. These feelings fill you up with confusion and dishonesty in yourself, no you can't have a crush on a girl, no. You start to push her away instead of dealing with your feelings. You slowly stop talking everyday and her radiant smile eventually shines for someone else, and you are strangers again. A year later you have your 1st girlfriend and you are genuinely happy. It's amazing how drastically your life can change when you start to accept yourself.

You spend everyday together, the days seem too short. She is always over your house but she is not your “friend” as your parents think. Coming out to your parents is intimidating but it happens as fast as ripping off a bandaid that covered a healing wound. Your dad is sitting in the kitchen and your mom in the living room but still close enough to talk to. You are hiding behind the open fridge door when you start to speak. “Mom… dad… her and I are dating… she's not my-”, you stumble your words, “friend, she's my girlfriend.” The silence grows louder as your stomach turns into a double knot. Finally you see your dad's mouth move almost in slow motion, “Are you fucking with us?” You reply hesitantly, “No…”. You hear your mother's comforting voice almost forgetting she was in the next room, “Okay well we love you and accept you no matter what. So are you a lesbian?”

And that question still stands to this day, four years later. You don't know what exactly you are, because boys can be cute with gentle hands, but girls have cherry stained lips. You fall hard and fast for the sweet smell of their hair that lingers on your pillow. But nothing gets you sucked under the current more than when they are able to make you laugh the way you once did before that first New Years party when you were a freshman in high school. And now you realize everything you hadn't when you were fifteen. You realize that one day you will find someone who warms you in a way that a jacket can't. You realize that many people will come and take your breath away, but the one that reminds you to breathe will be the one to stay. You realize that at any point in your life you can walk away and completely change your life in an
instant if you want to. Sometimes bad things happen and there is nothing you can do about it, so you move on, and you get over it, but that doesn't mean it didn't happen.