

## A GAY REFLECTION

One morning, on waking from sleep,  
He felt so male, so masculine.  
Even in the shower he noticed  
Himself, his features, his manliness,  
And the sensation was so moving  
That he thought back . . .

It wasn't Mom . . . she was always there  
Smothering me with toys and clothes.  
Some people might blame poor old Dad,  
So quiet that I still don't know him.  
Yes, my playmates were mostly girls,  
Yet there was my friend Billy.  
Some acts we committed in secret  
We vowed to conceal forever.

But if there's a cause, as others say,  
They would surely accuse that teacher.  
"You're so much like me, Johnny," he said.  
"We have a special closeness, unlike others."  
He frightened me at first, it's true.  
It seemed dirty, wrong, repulsive,  
Until later, when I was more accustomed,  
When fear and shame dissolved in pleasure  
And I desired, even dreamed about it.

Who knows how much I spent on gay porn!  
Then it was Carl, Jim, Bob, Chuck, others.  
Girls were out of the picture, forever.  
No! There was Liz! That sweetheart . . .  
And because of her, that psychology course:  
An honest attempt to figure myself out.  
But in private with the professor,  
What comfort to find that he was gay, too!  
He helped me more than anyone else  
To accept and cherish myself as I am.

All those early experiences were only gifts  
To fan the hidden flame smoldering within,  
To help me break into my true identity,  
To free me to own those “special” passions  
Rightfully mine from the day of my birth!

But . . . I feel so strange this morning . . .  
As if an aura of grace surrounds me  
With a promise of healing, of possibility  
For a “new man,” a new “self,” a new life.

And for one brief moment, before the mirror,  
He thought he heard the voice of divine will:  
“Male and female created he them.”

And for one brief moment, as he dried off,  
He remembered from a lesson in Sunday school  
That Jesus the Healer died on a cross for sins.

And for one brief moment, as he dressed,  
It almost made sense, that God was in charge,  
That forgiveness and healing were possible.

But he ate and went on to work,  
And tried to forget about the incident.

— *David L. Hatton, 8/3/1989*