

Born free

Par admin

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We surely all agree on the fact that we do live in a total mess, a total intolerance would probably be a more appropriate word.

It's been a couple of years since i came out, to myself and to close people that i trust, or not. Since then, i have been fighting against my own person and the whole world, to just fit in. I had my ups and downs, but living in a heterosexual country never helped me assuming who i really was, so i just tried to forget about the life i had, left it behind and started a new one that i thought would make me a stronger assuming person. But that's not how things work, this whole thing wasn't my fault, i'm not the one who should change to fit in, i'm not the one whose mind is sick, and i'm certainly not the one making prejudice about everything and everyone.

I am proud of myself, why would everyone judge me for that ? why would everyone be disgusted when it comes to the fact that i am attracted to women?

Why would love between a man and a woman be okay while same sex love is considered against nature? I have loved, i still love and will always love a woman, not for her gender but for who she is, for the tenderness of her skin, for the beauty in her eyes, for that feeling of belonging with her. I personally had men and several of them in my life, but what i felt with a woman is far beyond normal. It's the warmth that runs through your whole body, the smile that won't fade away, the fact that nothing will ever take you away from her.

Shortly after I came out, I met the person who made me want to be who I am today. At first I didn't really notice her, she wasn't really the type of girl I saw myself with, but when I did I

couldn't get my eyes off of her anymore, no words could ever describe how I felt when she was around, and when she wasn't, all I could think of was being with her, holding her tight and feeling her back.

It was the most addictive feeling I have ever experienced, and I loved it, I couldn't live without it anymore. She made me want to fight for my right of being with her, of holding her hand and kissing her, showing the whole world that she is mine and i'm all hers. It might seem weird to say that but she was my trophy, my most precious gift, and I wanted everyone to know it. That feeling made me want to fight for my rights more and more and I despised anyone who stood in my way.

As a couple we had our moments, and our fights, we were so different and so alike at the same time, we were both stubborn and when It came to argue we were both right, we could spend days, weeks and even months proving eachother's wrong. It never ended. Never ever ends. We broke up a few times and got back as quickly as we could, sometimes I think I could barely breathe without her, she became oxygen to me.

We lived that way for over a year, I was devoted to her and she was to me, we dreamed, we laughed and cried, we lived a lifetime in a short time and we learned love and devotion. I couldn't ask for more, and the memories of her keep me alive today, and make me stronger. Maybe it didn't work out after a ll but how can I blame her or myself? I lived a dream with her, the most beautiful dream I could ever hope for.

I love girls, it's a fact. I can't play blind and ignore that we are persecuted everyday because of who we love while no one has the right to tell me who I should love or date or even marry. I am born free why would I care and follow the rules of some stupid people who obviously don't care about me, don't get me and

don't even make an effort to understand who I am. There is no giving up, love is all that matters today, and I am ready to give my life to that.