To Hoang Thien An (Andrew)

Dr. Heather Momyer

English II

3 October 2014

HOMOSEXUALITY

“This is the part of me that you’re never gonna ever take away from me,” the tune goes on and imprints like dancing words on my mind...

~ o ~

May 8th, 2014

My pajamas were soaked with sweat, the kind of sweat that my body released whenever I had a nightmare.

I disgusted myself. I disgusted my personality. I disgusted every parts of me.

Why am I homosexual? Why is there a difference in me, but not in others? Why?

I disgusted myself due to my difference. I felt those discriminations. I could feel them, as if I got on a time machine and returned to those Martin Luther King days. I was discriminated, was separated; and yet, I would always be a joke for this cruel society.

I disgusted myself due to the anxiety that I caused to my parents. I felt guilty. I could feel them, as if I was a criminal trying to escape from those sights of police officers, and of the society. But, I failed. The society viewed me as a perilous being. They assisted the police to hunt me down. They denounced me. I got caught. I got beaten.

I disgusted myself due to the thought that one day, I would disown my dearest parents, especially my Mom. I felt those pain. I could feel them, as if I just arrived to Hell and had a chat with Hades, then was heated on a boiling pan.

I disgusted myself. I disgusted my personality. I disgusted every parts of me.

~ o ~

May 10th, 2014

Just got bullied today. Today. Everyday…

Walked on the venues of Ho Chi Minh City, those eyes of strangers followed me. They whispered those nasty words in each other’s ears about me, that I am a vicious monster, which God exiled down to Earth to spread sins throughout the human race. When people judged others, do they ever thought about their victim’s feelings, or was it simply their nature to find happiness in such criticisms? What if they tried to stop for a while, and showed some sympathies towards their victims? Or, what if they were the victim? Will they changed and started to show some loves? Questions and confusions clouded my head.

~ o ~

May 11th, 2014

Many people also viewed homosexual as a trendy style that teenagers tried to achieve; thus affected their thinking that people CHOOSE to be homosexual, rather than BORN that way. That is what my parents believed.

~ o ~

May 12th, 2014 – 6:00 P.M.

*Bang*. The transparent door was closed with force; and those shiny glasses were scattered all over the floor.

“YOU, SICK CHILD! YOU, GO WITH US TO THE PSYCHIATRIST!” – Dad screamed.

“IF YOU BECOME A HOMOSEXUAL, I WILL JUMP DOWN RIGHT FROM THIS BALCONY,” – Mom furiously cried, attempted to open the balcony’s lock.

Those tears falling down from my Mom’s cheek, along with those fretfulness of my Dad made me numb. Suddenly, everything stopped. Literally. I was at *tabula rasa*.

May 12th, 2014 – 11:00 P.M.

The atmosphere of five hours ago was definitely an undesirable one, but that was what I had to face every single day.

My English teacher assigned an open-topic creative writing project. Choosing homosexually as my topic, because it was the best opportunity for me to learn more about myself, as well as a chance for me to accept that fact of me. Everything was normal at first, not until today, when my parents suddenly figured out I’m working on a project, on a topic, an undesirable one towards any parents. Homosexuality.

~ o ~

May 13th, 2014

“An, listen! The liberal, open-minded natures in democratic countries have harmed themselves in marriages.”

“Look at Russia! They never allow homosexual to take place, as a result, they maintain their glorious victories and been a strong nation throughout centuries of history.”

“Look at America! Plenty of failures in marriages, and now they even consider of giving consent to gay marriage?”

And that was how the conversation between my Dad and I often started and ended…

~ o ~

May 14th, 2014 – 5:00 P.M.

“You are our only son, you are our only hope, and you need to be a man: study, get a good job, get a wife, and give me a grandson.”

And that was how the conversation between my Mom and I often started and ended…

May 14th, 2014 – 10:00 P.M.

My sister returned home with her boyfriend a few minutes ago. Even though my parents opposed the relationship between the two of them, however, my sister ignored those words and continued with her true love. Why couldn’t I be like her? Just ignore everything and let it go. Will life be easier? Probably?

~ o ~

May 15th, 2014

Imagine those stereotypes that homophobians make for gay.

1./ Are gays interested in changing their sexual genders?

2./ Are all gays feminine?

3./ Do all gays possess what a normal guy has?

4./ Do all gays have STDs or AIDS?

5./ Can gays use female condoms or get pregnant?

The answers to all of these questions are simple. NO!!!!!

~ o ~

May 8th, 2014

My pajamas were soaked with sweat, the kind of sweat that my body released whenever I had a nightmare.

I disgusted myself. I disgusted my personality. I disgusted every parts of me.

But, not anymore. I accept the fact that I am gay. I accept every aspects of my personality. I accept that gay is a part of me that makes me gay every day.

Just face the reality, live truly to who you are, and you will understand the stunning essences of life.

~ o ~

“No matter gay, straight or bi, lesbian, transgendered life, I’m on the right track, baby, I was born to survive.”