

There Are No Boys Like Me

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Ce bref exposé touche l'identité sexuelle et comment quelquefois on essaie de se placer dans des situations dans lesquelles on ne se retrouve pas.

There are no boys like me.

At least I have never met one. Things made complete sense and I woke up the next morning and found myself the main character in that story about the ugly duckling who does not realize what he is.

I woke up yesterday and realized that I didn't know who I was anymore.

And I wonder if the confusion is a result of me trying to be something that I am not—trying to mold myself into something that I think you would want me to be.

Namely a boy, not like me. A boy like all the other boys we see in the world—with the right height and the right build and the right parts that fit with parts that girls have. The parts that you have. Well, that I have too; I guess. Boys that like cars and drink beer and enjoy sports—that are good at sports. Boys that could lift you up and carry you. Could move bigger and heavier pieces of furniture than I could. Well, not all boys but some. These are the boys that are easy to spot; identify. The ones that fit nicely into those boxes we create.

That sounds silly I guess. And I'm stereotyping.

But a boy like me can't do most of those things. But I can do other things. And now I can't even fit myself into any damn boxes anymore. The same boxes I can't carry; safer to be stereotyped. Except sometimes. Except I'm not really a boy. Sometimes I wish I was because everything would be easier. Then it would make sense to be mistaken for "sir" and those double-takes in the public washrooms would actually carry some meaning.

I don't know what I'm trying to say.

I don't want to want certain things but always have and have finally figured out that it is okay to want those things and now want other things—that I really haven't thought about yet and is it okay to want those things too?

So this boy is really a girl is really just me in love with you, a girl, and hopes that you, that girl, could love me, a girl or a boy or whoever or whatever or both maybe; could love me—confused and lost and scared and not really knowing what the hell is going on right now.

So you're in love with a mess in case you hadn't noticed.

Or maybe it is just as simple as this: no boys or girls or boxes or categories. No names to call ourselves besides the ones we use to distinguish who I am from who you are. As simple as "me"—and "you" and "I."

Me in love with you.

So tell me, because I'm wondering, do you think you could ever love a boy like me?

Clara Ho works and lives now, in Toronto having escaped the less than friendly surroundings of Calgary, Alberta. She spends her days thinking about early retirement and writes when she can to keep herself grounded.