

**UVic Diversity Writing Contest
2014, First-Place Poetry Winner
By Erin Cotton
Break the Box**

This is for anyone who was ever told that strength is for men or that crying is for girls, this is for any child who ever dreamed too big for the world, this is for the little boy who really wanted to be just like Sailor Moon, this is for the girl who swung through trees like spider man, this is for standing up when you pee, this is for yearning to be free, this is for the in between, those longing to be seen, this might be for you **Break**

This is for Frankenstein in black leather and stilettos, walking around like your bones are an out of tune grand piano, this is for wondering what desperate god could

have made a thing like you, this is for secret identities and the hazardous joy of losing a mask **Break**

This is for hentai and fucked up pornography: cram full of misogyny yet still somehow an escape hatch made of futanari and gender bent fantasy, This is for the identity crisis erection, wanting to fuck her and be her all in the same second this is for the potent mixture of shame and daydream on the bathroom floor **Break**

This is for teaching your kids how to hurt, in the hope that the world doesn't get to them first, this is for realizing you can't keep them safe from themselves, this is

for the skyrocket suicide, this is for it was nobody's fault. We didn't fit the mold. Didn't do as we're told. This is for sounding defiant, or maybe this is for the feeling of mis-shapen, of broken Oh, Susiegirl, Oh Tomboy playing pin me up dress up in the mirror in your closet, afraid someone might catch you, but wanting someone to see you, to see through all these fucked up facades, these barricades of broken. If only I could tell you that these bodies are not made of walls but of welcomes and that while some of us grew out of it, some of us grew into it and if you want to be that beauty-

handsome, let me tell you, you can make it, that you're already there This is for the heart too large to lock up **Break**

This is for little purple pills and going on T-shirts, this is for burning frilly under wear or buying lingerie, this is for binding your breasts or growing a garden in your chest, this is for growing. This is for learning to love the other side of the mirror, this is for anybody here, who thinks beauty was built for everybody else, this is for everybody, right here, still wavering between wonder and wounded

THE BOX