

Little Boy In a Dress

Running through the summer wind, my long dress making it hard to run fast like the other boys. I wish I wasn't wearing it, but that's not for me to decide. I don't know why I don't get to decide, but I guess that's just the way it is. I wish it wasn't. A little later, all the boys are playing a game. I go to play with them, but they say I can't play because I'm not a boy. But I am a boy, aren't i?

“Bed time.” my mom yelled from across the hall. I go to brush my teeth with my princess toothpaste, and get dressed in my unicorn pajamas before getting into bed. After I'm tucked in I look over at my brother, who was in really cool dinosaur pajamas. I wish my pajamas had really cool dinosaurs on them. Why does he get them? That's not fair. But that's not for me to decide. I wish I could.

On the first day of grade one, I'm stuck in that same long dress. I look at all the other boys my age in clothes and hair that actually makes them look like boys. Why is their hair short and mine a totally different length? Am I weird? When the first bell rings my parents usher me into the building along with all the other boys and girls as we follow the person that's supposed to teach us. I don't know what i'm doing, but i'll just do as i'm told for now.

Years later, running through the wonderful summer breeze without a dress holding me back and never feeling so free. My hair is soft, short and dancing as I ride my bike while gazing at the beautiful forest all around me. My pajamas finally the way I want as I lay in the comfort of my bed and drifting off to a wonder filled dream. The first day of school I don't need to look at all the other boys and wish I was living the life they had. No longer wondering if I was weird or the strange one out from the others. No longer that strange little boy in a dress, but the boy I want to be.