

## **'Just Like You'**

-by Rich Butnotfamous

Just why I don't see,  
Our sexuality,  
The originessence of our being,  
Is held in secrecy,  
Until of age we come to be.

A child can understand,  
Human  
Begets you, man,  
Woman,  
Same.

DNA mother and father are mixed,  
And balanced masculine, feminine traits and tricks,  
Of the trade,  
Held in shame,  
By tradition of dollar signing cock, tits and arse but no blame,  
For a state of pure bliss with loved ones.

Remiss I would be to not fully declare,  
I'm a sexual being, whole fully aware,  
That illusions of preferences, tendencies, tastes,  
Envelope our prejudice, pride and lets rape,  
Happen where love should be given and shared,  
Not a mirror amongst you shines no light on my bare,  
Soul.

Where love for the self is dismissed as ego,  
A softness emerges and raises it's head, not for show.

But timidly curious, naked and scared,  
Until the abyss of this abscess permits us be bare,  
With each other and say,  
'I FUCKING LOVE YOU!'  
To everyone each day.

What is it that keeps me from stroking your face,  
Elevating this feeling that regardless of race.  
You've a union,  
Within you,  
Just waiting to bloom,  
Into humanity true,  
No its not just a room,  
Or a cell that sells sextants to navigate shells of the sexual.

It's an energy unpolarised,  
And I on eyes,  
Under scrutiny lie,  
Because my gender illusory ripples inside.

With the awareness of frequently,  
Stereotyping inwardly,  
Afraid of you seeing me,  
Just being me nakedly.

Shamelessly humbled a human I am,  
Nailing self to the cross of, 'what is human?'

The Adam and Eve metaphor,  
For,  
Division in self is to die for,  
Identity within, two become four,  
People evolving in the afore,  
Said mentioned parable or platonic cave with no door,  
Nor retreat,  
From pornographic bleat.

We are not teaching our children they are beautiful.

A little human microcosm taught it is sinful.

Simply by being it is open to the wonder,  
Of a world all of their own in its splendour.

The green,  
The blue,  
The muck,  
And you.

Continue from the time you weren't,  
Alive until your end you've earned,  
The credits roll on DMT purge,  
And where are you now?

This game set to hardcore.  
What is it I live for?  
To grow or to shy, formidable,  
Plans to escape the landscape I painted, more,  
Likely a blasphemy,  
About my own humanity,  
Will earn me a degree of hostility,  
Because its wrong to enjoy,  
My own body.

With every creature with plumage, antlers or wings,  
Lacquered, gnarled, piercing, through skies eagles scream.

And here I am saying I can scream too!

I'm a human Godammit, or bless it instead,  
Because the world's full of people who enough have bled,  
For being born again into this school of the emotionally dead.

So slay any notion I'm different from you,  
Being scared, hurt or angry,  
I'm just like you too.