

Karli Davis

My hands nervously traced the cold trampoline as I recalled the last few months of coming to terms with my discovery. It was 2012 and I was 13 years old. I had been recalling the last few months that have been filled with my explorations of having a sexuality that opposed the rest of my surroundings.

When I first started to explore these eye-opening thoughts, it was warm out and I felt on top of the world. On the trampoline, months later, I still felt the same euphoria I felt those days in August. With every cold wind that November brought I felt as though they were entering my veins and filling me with life. I felt so certain I was who I was meant to be. I had never felt so sure of anything up to that point in my life. I felt like everything finally made so much sense.

I was at my dad's house, but he wasn't the one I felt comfortable sharing my news with. I felt like I needed my mom's approval and appreciation. In that moment, engulfed in the nature that wrapped my house, I felt the as if the world was standing behind me. I felt the warmth of the bright, gray sky shining on me. I picked my phone up and covered the screen, as to deflect the sun's glare on the glass, to get to my mom's contact.

I stared at her name for 20 minutes, contemplating whether or not I should wait until I see her next week. I decided that if I didn't do it right then and there that I wouldn't be able to sleep that night. I would have felt like I was lying to her, and that meant something to me back then.

I tapped on the call option. It rang almost for the whole duration of picking-up time.

“Hello?” My mom asked.

“Mom I have something to tell you,” I paused. I paused for a very long time. Without her saying anything I could feel her growing impatient.

“What’s going on? Are you okay?” I knew those words came from the fear of me harming myself and her having to pay for therapy that week. I grew very uncomfortable. I felt how much I was bothering her. “Kar, seriously? Answer me.”

“I don’t know if I can...” I said, trailing off at the realization that I didn’t have a jacket on. The sun was being covered by thicker, grayer clouds now. I was very aware of my physical position. I so badly wanted to go inside, but I felt paralyzed.

“Did you hurt yourself?”

“No.”

“Then what?”

“I can’t!”

“You will or I am hanging up! I’m busy, Karli.”

Knowing I didn’t have much time left, I quickly stated, “I’m bisexual.” It got completely silent for maybe 2 seconds before my mom let out a laugh. My ears started to pound as they burned up with embarrassment.

“No you’re not, Karli Lian. It’s always something else with you. You always have to be something.” She said, still laughing.

“Mom, I am serious.” I said, now starting to cry. My heart felt so heavy.

“I’m telling you, you aren’t. You’re going through another phase. Now stop.” She was getting angry with me. I was so shocked and hurt. I couldn’t believe what she was saying. “I don’t have time for this right now. You need to stop with your shit and stop filling your head with nonsense. In a matter of weeks you will come back to me and retract everything you are saying. Quit it. Goodbye.”

I pulled my phone away from my face, my other hand pinned to my leg, and watched as her name disappeared. I tossed my phone in front of me and put my hands in my lap.

I felt so empty and cold. My once favorite weather suddenly made me feel unbearably alone. I truly felt the weight of the fall turning into winter. I looked around and noticed just how gray everything was. Everything looked so dead. The trees were almost completely bare. I was all so uninviting. I searched around for anything that would offer me comfort, but to my dismay, I was stuck by myself. I wrapped my arms around myself the best I could and layed on my side; a familiar process.