

GOING FOR THE GLORY

I was almost out when I met my first lover. We were best friends in high school and I always thought he was gay, and he always thought I was. One day, he was in the shower and I was waiting in his room. He came out of the shower wearing only a towel and holding another towel to dry himself off with. He positioned himself on a chair so I couldn't help but see his "glory." He dropped the towel and then asked me if I wanted it. I said yes, and we basically came out then.

But, to me I officially came all the way out when I was almost nineteen. I was afraid of coming out because I had basically been taught that gayness was gross and gay people were the scum of the earth. I also didn't want to lose

my masculinity and become a "fairy."

Eventually, I described my status as being "bi, but preferring men." But I wanted to get out of that in-between stage and figure out if I was truly bi or gay. So, I did some deep soul-searching. In my mind I placed the finest woman you could ever imagine or hope for on a big bed, naked and spread-eagle. I then did the same with a man. I then asked myself, *What would you really do?*

Well, I asked the woman to leave, because he and I were going to be busy for awhile. So I then became gay to myself and to others.

I finally blew the doors off my closet one day. I did what I thought were the two sickest things: I passionately kissed a man, and I dressed up in drag. I'm not saying I'm a drag queen, but that release, being in touch with the woman in me, just like women have a little bit of men in them, was profound and the final touch on my identity.