

Junior Division, Poetry
Awsten Goodyear, Stephenville

Dysphoria

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Every day I wake up with these feelings in my stomach and head.

I feel so sick, when I look in the mirror I could throw up.

“That’s not me” I think to myself. The boy I am is not what I see in the mirror.

She, her, my little **girl.** I wished I was dead.

I look at the body in the mirror. Why do I see a girl? Who is that? Why do I look like that?

Disgusting.

Every day I hate myself more, every time I get called a girl I cringe.

Why am I like this? Why can’t I be **normal?**

I cry myself to sleep most nights because of how I look.

“Why do I sound like that?” I say disgusted with myself.

I know I’m only 14 but I know who I am and what I want but nobody listens.

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