

That's how it is

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Back to days a little hazy,
When people often called me crazy,
Or thought of it as just plain lazy.
Depression overwhelmed me.

Gone are those days of uncared laughter.
In such times they called me dafter,
Whispered jeers and then just after,
I cried of my condition.

I did not care that I was gay,
I knew that I'd been born that way,
And me? I thought it quite okay,
To be a raving poofter.

Those that claimed that it was wrong,
Were in the shadows all along.
I feared that I could not be strong.
But in my mind, I would be.

Convention claimed that I should fit,
And play the happy cheerful wit.
But plans like that were none but shit.
I wonder if they're laughing.

I now no longer fear I'm queer.
I have good friends that I hold dear.
I'm happy now and I should cheer.
That's how it is – in my life.