

STICKS AND STONES



At age 8 my five brothers used to call me “pansy poppers”.

At 14, I specifically asked to do “learn to swim” for high school sport but they put me in “surf lifesaving”. I soon didn’t mind.

At 21, I kissed for the first time. He had a moustache.

At 42, I still get nervous asking for a double bed at a hotel counter with my partner.

This is not another “coming out” story. It’s about living between invisibility and ostentation. My individual truth.