

Love Has No Limitations
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Grade 12

Please don't ask me if I'm okay because I'm not and the only things that're holding me together are our memories on repeat like broken records.

I don't think the bags under my eyes can get any darker and I don't think my mind will stop running.

Running to you when I'm trying to sleep and running to you when I'm driving or laughing or eating or studying or

It seems like you're the only thing my mind. I didn't think this would be so exhausting.

I just don't understand. Why did this happen? Why am I being alienated for being *myself*?

It took me a long time to be at peace with who I am. It took me a long time to accept myself and I don't have any time to waste on someone who doesn't approve of my "lifestyle." It took me a long time to realize that *gay is okay*. My "agenda," my "behavior," *does not* make me any less of a person.

Love isn't restricted or limited. It's the feeling you get when you see them first thing in the morning with sleep still in their eyes and hair a mess. It's seeing their favorite food when you're out shopping and even though it's not in your budget, you buy it for them anyway. It's letting them wear your jacket even though you have goosebumps too. Love is treating someone the way you would want to be treated.. and then some. Love is putting them first. Love is happiness. Love is..love.

No, I am not a boy.

But if I care for her, if I protect her, if I make her laugh, if *I respect her*, if *I love her*

Then what does it matter what my anatomy is?