

Maryanna

Julia Marcell

I want to be a boy and I wanna hit on girls,
the sun sets down in Olsztyn Town in 1984,
high school walls and high school walls
all about to dissolve.

She pulls a flower from her mouth,
a string of pearls from her eyes.
Chromosomes and martyrdom
dressed in suit and tie.
How I wished to understand,
but I couldn't even try.

Maryanna don't be afraid of me.
From far away I look ok,
but close up you can see.

Maryanna, on somedays you might say
no black, no white, a sea of grey
I am you and you are me.

Only wearing black, in this body I am bound.
Three rounds of bandage round my chest,
I get around in Olsztyn Town.
Closed up, with the curtains drawn,
so scared of what might hurt.