

Waiting for a welcome at a sailing regatta. (Welcome Waiting)

I am reborn and waiting for a welcome
Several months pass of painful joyous second puberty
I share stories with my tribe and am welcome
I share time with the normatives .
They are mainly silent, very few stories shared
I wait for a welcome.

I risk close scrutiny from a dead named past
My own generation
My life time folk
Sharers of an ancient passion
I wait for a welcome

It does not come

Some do tolerate, terms and conditions apply
Some do accept, mainly on terms, some without conditions
Terms and conditions most usually unsaid.
Some painfully patronise, fuck off
I wait for a welcome

Some show kind curiosity, some morbid
Only one woman of my generation welcomed me to womanhood
She was a kind stranger.
One man at the regatta
Brother to my best friend welcomed me to a new life
A life of my making in his mind
His kindness was beautiful
He mistook my womanhood for a choice
He understood my explanation of lifetime false living
He understood my courage he acknowledged my truth
He remains beautiful.

One welcome at the regatta

One to cast light on my aloneness in the normative world.

I will risk scrutiny again

My passion for sailing is worth it.

And

I am not waiting for welcome from normatives now.

Let me be pleasantly surprised

At future welcomes

Not waiting just here.