

# Poetry

## **Old and Grey and Gay**

In the film *Sunset BOULEVARD* the leading lady finds it **HARD** to face the **TRUTH** which is her **YOUTH** is a thing of the **PAST**.  
Her **DELUSION CONFUSION** means **CONSEQUENTLY SHE** fails to **SEE** her **POPULARITY** as a **MOVIE** must-**SEE** didn't **LAST**.

The **ANTITHESIS** of **THIS** happened to **ME** when I was filmed for a **DOCUMENTARY** in which not **ONLY** my same-sex **SEXUALITY** but my mature **AGE** takes centre **STAGE**.  
Thanks to that **MINI MOVIE** the **HISTORY** of my **SEXUALITY** will outlive mere mortal **ME** by being kept **ALIVE** in a film **ARCHIVE** and thus this **Liverpudlian** lesbian's **LEGACY** will **BE POSTHUMOUSLY** I will have **VISIBILITY DIGITALLY** and I will **BE** forever **FREE** of the closet's **CAGE!**

The luxurious **LIBERTY** of me feeling **FREE** to **PUBLICLY** share my **SEXUALITY STORY** is in **CONTRAST** to my painful **PAST** so mine is not a **WHOLLY HAPPY TALE**.  
**FEAR** of receiving a **QUEER-BASHING THRASHING DUE TO** homophobic **HATE** made me a compromised queer chameleon who pretended to be **STRAIGHT** so I used to **DWELL** in the homosexual-hiding **HELL** of a sapphic-stifling **CELL** because my marriage to a **MALE** was like being in **JAIL**.

Hiding from **HOMOPHOBIA** caused closet **CLAUSTROPHOBIA** and I suffered suffocation but I didn't **DARE** come out for **AIR** for **FEAR** of anti-**QUEER**, lesbian-loathing **REVULSION**.  
For many a **DECADE** I was **AFRAID** to tell even my friends and **FAMILY** about my **SEXUALITY** which **PAINFULLY** perpetuated in **ME** my closet-clinging **COMPULSION**.

I might have gone round the **BEND** if it hadn't been for **FRIEND MERSEYSIDE**, a queer community support system in which I could **CONFIDE** and that **ORGANISATION** was my **SALVATION** making more bearable my sexual **ORIENTATION ALIENATION**.  
Its kind counsellors on the end of a **PHONE** meant I wasn't **ALONE** thanks to them lending me a **QUEER EAR** so **THANKFULLY** I stopped suffering **SILENTLY** and sapphic **SOLIDARITY** replaced my **MISERY** with **ELATION**.

Friend also provided the safe **SPACE** of a meeting **PLACE** where **WEEKLY** sapphic sisters socialised **SECRETLY**  
And in that **SANCTUARY TEMPORARILY** albeit **SURREPTITIOUSLY** we

were at least PRIVATELY FREE to be open about our  
HOMOSEXUALITY thanks to queer COMMUNITY CAMARADERIE.

Merseyside's queer COMMUNITY was where homosexual hugs and queer carnal kisses were not looked upon NEGATIVELY and could take place OPENLY and WE had no need for the LIES of DISGUISE because THERE we WERE respectfully regarded by approving EYES.

It was where we who were GAY or queer in any WAY could dance the night and our cares AWAY but when the music stopped and the lights went up in the cold light of DAY we had to return to where we were at best MARGINALISED and at worst DESPISED and DEMONISED by everybody except our queer comrades and ALLIES.

Therefore in the wider world for safety's SAKE I was a FAKE who had to FORSAKE SEXUALITY AUTHENTICITY so SEXUALITY VISIBILITY was an IMPOSSIBILITY for ME and COMPULSIVELY I used to HIDE.

Fast forward to TODAY and I am an out and proud GAY thanks to law in the UK being on the LGBTQI...A community's SIDE and my strong sense of queer PRIDE instilled in ME by me worldwide queer kin FAMILY and SOLIDARITY means WE can say, "To Hell with anti-queer CONFORMITY!" which thanks to queer CAMARADERIE we can take in our STRIDE.

For QUEERS golden YEARS can cause TEARS because some SEE being queer and old as a double WHAMMY but this prehistoric PUFF has had ENOUGH of confidence crisis GUFF so over my self-DOUBT has no CLOUT!

I RECLAIM and REFRAME and proudly PROCLAIM each ageist and homophobic negative NAME SOCIETY has for ME - I am an old DEAR who is QUEER, I am an old FART with a homo HEART, I am an old BAG who is a female FAG, I am a HAG in dykey DRAG and an old boiler I may BE but I am bent BEAUTIFULLY so you SEE I am a bold BIDDY who WHOLEHEARTEDLY embraces her mature age and her HOMOSEXUALITY SO ALTHOUGH I am old and GREY and GAY I wouldn't want to be any other WAY and WITHOUT a DOUBT this old TROUT is OUT!

*by Ruthie Adamson*

**Ruthie Adamson** is a wonky wordsmith and a super sick superhero who is also a Mother, a friend, a Jew-Bu, and last but by no means least, an anti-speciesist vegan. She is an activist performance poet who performs poetry on a wide range of subjects at various venues to audiences large and small. She has performed at several festivals including DaDaFest (a deaf and disability arts festival) and Liverpool Pride. She is in the lineup for Diversity Festival 2018 and some of her published poetry is destined to be housed in Liverpool's Central Library's Picton Reading Room. Her famous fans include the singer-songwriter Suzanne Vega, Liverpool poet Brian Patten, The Scaffold's John Gorman and the UK queer community's David Hoyle. She is neither famous or infamous herself but she is working on being both.