

BELONGING

By Anh Le

I found myself sitting in high school classrooms again, BINcA. I noticed I wasn't the only one different from the rest. There is so much diversity here. There are people who have curly hair like me. This is the time I felt included. I no longer felt embarrassed of my hair, of my appearance. I no longer heard laughter or teasing, instead I heard self-acceptance. If someone asks me, what do I achieve as a student at BINcA. I'm going to say "I found friends who respect me. I found teachers put their trust in me. I found a family".



THE SENSE OF COMMUNITY

By Anh Le

I'm on my knees with hands crossed and close eyes. Trying to remember what I had done wrong, praying for forgiveness. "Anh!" A slap on my shoulder startled me. "Why are you still here? It's time to help people with the stairs" my friend said. "Click" "clack" the sound of the bricks touching each other. People were passing bricks to each other. "Hai, ba, hai, ba..." people were counting to make sure everyone was at the same time. Somehow these sounds befriended with dusk and dawn, until one day all the bricks were gone and hid themselves in the stairs.

*Note: "hai" means two, "ba" means three



NOT A PERFECT DAUGHTER

By Anh Le

When she was 13 years old, she was always looking for boys. However, her heart bloomed like a flower, when she met a girl. She asked her-self “What was wrong with me?” She tried to figure it out by asking parents and teachers, but no!! They yelled at her, beat her up instead of listening to her. She curled her up inside my arms, blamed herself for being a “disease”. After she got a chance to get connected with LGBTQ+ and earned her flag. Now, she is proudly, confidently standing there and says, “I’m bisexual, come and beat me up.”

