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## God Hates You

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## GOD HATES YOU

god hates you. that's what the signs read at your first pride parade, held by protesters cordoned off by caution tape and policemen. everyone else around you is holding hands, kissing, hugging, laughing. there's love here, you think. except there it is in big bold letters over painted flames: god hates you because you're gay, because you're trans, because you aren't what he created you to be. you aren't the same as adam and eve, fashioned from earth in his image.

so god hates you. that's what you think about, filling up your car at the gas station after work. the smell of fuel is strong, familiar—overpowering, actually. it reminds you of road trips to the beach with mom and dad under the warm summer sun, but it's january and it's too cold and it's just not good enough right now. you're just not good enough, hiding under clothes two sizes too big with your chest bound close to your heart. you're too tired and too vulgar and just too fucked up inside and when that all gets to be too much you laugh and say it's because god hates you. it's not because god hates you. it's because that's who you are. the pump jerks and shuts off and you drive away. you pull into an empty parking lot three blocks down and think.

you can't decide if god hates you or if you break his heart. maybe it's both.