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Student Works

Fall 2023

Bi, Bi, Bi

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Recommended Citation

Holt, Zac, "Bi, Bi, Bi" (2023). *Research Learning Experiences (RLEs)*. 23.
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Bi, Bi, Bi
Written by
Zachary T. Holt

Grey Man

I've been told how gay the way I
carry myself is. Something about
the angle at which I cross my
legs or how I move my hands
when I talk.

Because I'm a man I can't bring
a girl home without a 'Wow she's
pretty' or a 'Nice catch, bud.'
Yeah, I know she's pretty. She's
my best friend and I love her
but believe it or not I don't want
to fuck her.

Stop sexualizing my friendships.

There is a unique pressure in
this society to want women all
the time. The idea is forced on
me, on men, and I just like girls
as friends. Somehow people can't
accept that.

I'm told how gay that is.

I am *expected* to
desire women.

Maybe it is because I like men,
too, but I just want to exist for
a while without accusations of
homosexuality or without being
told I need to want women all the
time.

I exist in this double conscious
gray area, where everyone's telling
me how I should be.

And I just want to live and be
left to love who I so please.

Slurs of Affirmation

Mommy used to yell *fairy faggot*
at us when she got mad.

Smear the queer was a popular
game she played growing up in
Texas. That's a little funny to
me because her brother is gay.

Growing up *my* older brother would
call me gay when I killed him in
Halo because being gay is bad and
he was mad at me.

When I couldn't hold my rifle
steady, Daddy would say I'm shaking
like a fag eating a hotdog.

Quite the simile isn't it?

I can't really explain what it's
like liking men. But I like women
too, so I'll just hide behind that
when someone asks.

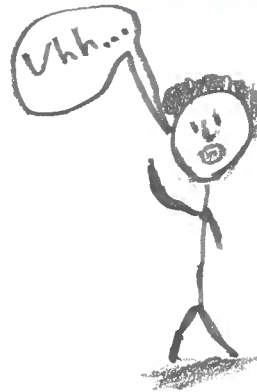
I'm not gay... I like women.

So, I can pretend like your comments
don't apply to me because I'm not gay.

But that's just not being true to myself.

No one cares that I'm lying to myself
when I say it doesn't hurt because

I like women-nobody cares.



Slur me to my Face

I was... rough around the edges when I was twelve. I hadn't yet come into my sexuality. I imagine there were a lot of environmental factors that came into play in both of the aforementioned ideas. Something about growing up in a violent, xenophobic, homophobic, and so forth household. Not a day went by without a glass breaking or slurs spoken. I embodied all of those traits and then some during the course of middle school. I could blame my environment for shaping me-behavioral psychology and all that-but I could have changed myself at any point if I applied myself. I guess that level of self application does come a little more with age and the development of post conventional thought patterns, but that's neither here nor there. I was bad, and I changed.

I remember the first time I called someone a faggot. In seventh grade after a theatrical performance of "Willy Wonka", the lead actor happened to sit behind me on the bus ride back to our school. I had always perceived him as being gay based on all of the typical stereotypes: female friends, flamboyant, "gay" voice, etc. He was in eighth grade-ready for high school. I turned around in my bus seat to face him and begin my attack.

"Hey." I said.

"Hi." He replied. His brow raised like he was watching me try to fit a square peg in a round hole.

"Fucking faggot. Your boyfriend must be pure imagination too."

"Uhh, okay." He disengaged from the conversation and I spun around in my seat content with my joke. From then on, when I saw him in the hallway or in class, I'd throw erasers or balls of paper at him. Just because. I didn't like him, but I could only give you one reason why. I didn't see him again after he graduated middle school. As my eighth grade year passed by, I never thought of him. I graduated top of the class and went into the summer knowing high school would be more of the same.

A few days into that summer before high school, something within me changed. I came to the realization that I had been living wrong. I was a bad person, I was in bad shape, and I needed to change. I dedicated every day of the summer to becoming better in every regard. Over many days, I stopped making "edgy" jokes. I ran a mile every single day. I took ice baths and watched scary movies alone in the dark to train my mind. I was determined to be a better person in high school. No more anti-social behavior. I was going to be kind. I was going to help others. I was going to be what my other family members could never be. A helpful human being.

I enter freshman year with a new outlook on life. I had changed for the better and I was ready to show that. I joined the cross country team at the behest of my friend. My first experience with the sport ended up being a nearly three mile race on one of the hilliest courses in our conference. I hadn't even been to a practice yet. I just showed up and stood on the line. I was in my running stance when another of my teammates lined up beside me. I looked to see who it was and by some miraculous series of events, it was "Willy Wonka." He looked at me but didn't say anything. I didn't blame him, I wouldn't have said anything either. I would have punched me. I would have wanted to hurt me. To make sure I knew what I did was wrong. He should have punished me, but he didn't. He just ran his race.

Months after that race, we were on a van ride back from another. Some almost three-hour drive from the course back to our school after a poor performance. I was in the middle row of seats struggling to find the courage to apologize to the man in the back for all the wrong I had done to him. You can only condition yourself in so many ways. There is little a thirteen-year-old could have done to harden himself to the bravery it takes to make a true apology. I turned around again, just as I had some years before, to face him. He looked up from his phone and met my eyes with his. He had the same look as he did before, and I almost shrunk back into my seat to disappear, but I didn't.

"Hey." I said.

"Hi." He replied.

"I just wanted to apologize for middle school..."

"What do you mean?"

"For how badly I treated you just because I thought you were gay. I called you the F-slur and threw shit at you. You were just trying to live your life and I couldn't accept that. There was some internalized stuff that went along with that, but that doesn't justify what I did to you. I came out as bisexual last year and nobody cared. I don't know why I had to make such a big deal about you and your sexuality. Which I just inferred by the way; also shitty. You don't have to say anything, or talk to me ever again, but I just wanted you to know how sorry I truly am. I regret what I said to you every day." I turned back in my seat expecting to be left in silence, but that wasn't the case; at least not for long.

"I am gay, so you weren't wrong." He said. "I really don't even remember much from middle school, so don't even worry about it. Let's just start new and build from here. How's that sound?" I turned back to face him, and I couldn't help but smile at how much strength that must have taken to forgive me just like that.

"That sounds great." I said, as I turned back and closed my eyes for the rest of the trip home.

Winter rolled around and a new student arrived in the freshman class. Blond hair, blue eyes, the blueprint kind of pretty boy. Once he showed up, a few of my friends started hanging out with him more than they did with me. After a week or so one of my friends that had been hanging around the new kid came up to me.

"Matthew's been saying some stuff about you." He said.

"Oh yeah? Like what?" I replied.

"He's been saying you're gay."

"Okay, so what?"

"He's been calling you the f-slur."

"Oh really? And what's that?"

"What's what?"

"Say the word."

"Oh, no. I can't say that."

"Why not? You'll hang out with that fucking asshole that's calling me a faggot, but you won't say it to my face? It's no different. You're a fucking weasle, you know that? Get your shit together and cut him off or tell him to correct his behavior. If something doesn't change, we're done, dude." The

Monday after that weekend, my friend stopped talking to Matthew, but my anger grew. If I saw him in passing, I would throw nickels or pennies at his back. Anything I could do to make his day inconvenient, I would do. I didn't like assholes—I still don't.

I had never been slurred before. It was a new experience and I really didn't know how I felt about it. I felt like it had affected me, but I wasn't sure why exactly. I wasn't even gay. I didn't know why it should have mattered to me. Maybe the principle? Maybe it was the intent to hurt me? I was unsure, but life went on.

In February my school's Winter Carnival began. It was formatted so that classes would be held during the first half of the day, and activities would occur after lunch. On Friday there were day-long activities. I walked in the gym Friday morning hoping to run into Matthew. I wore the brightest pink shirt I had. It said "tough guys wear pink" on the front. I climbed the stairs to the upper gym and saw Matthew making his way toward the stairwell. As he got about eight feet away from me I engaged with him.

"Hey, Matty! Like the shirt?" He just looked at me with the expression of a baby seeing grass for the first time and kept on walking.

Around midday the sport championships had gotten into full swing. It was volleyball and "Willy Wonka's" team was playing first against the seniors. As the game started I began to hear some vulgar jokes from the row in front of me. I looked ahead to see who it was and, sure enough, it was Matthew and one of his friends. I leaned in a little closer to hear exactly what was being said.

"Look at that fairy run!" Matthew said. "Why's he even here? Sports aren't for fags. Nothing is, actually. I think all faggots should be killed." I sat up tall in my chair. I looked much taller than I really was; felt taller too. Matthew was only a few chairs down from me so I didn't have to be too loud with my voice. I just projected in his general direction and figured he would get the point.

"What the fuck did you just say? That 'faggot' is my friend so you better watch your fucking mouth." My face was deadened with anger. Matthew turned to look at me. His face shrunk like a vacuum was stuck to the other side of it. His friend couldn't even look at me.

"Nothing man, I didn't mean it. I was just..." Matthew tried to plead.

"You're fucking right, nothing. If I hear from anyone that you've said that word again I'll fucking hurt you. And I know everyone." Every word that came from my mouth was deliberate and poignant. The few who witnessed the interaction knew I wasn't kidding. More importantly, Matthew knew I wasn't kidding.

He moved seats to be away from me, and after that day I never heard anything bad about him again. As a matter of fact, he approached me a few weeks later and apologized. We slowly became friends, Matthew and I, and the rest is history. It's funny how circular life is. I went from being the homophobe, to liking men and being a target myself. The experience helped me understand how important it is to be true to yourself, and that there is no reason to participate in antisocial behaviors such as what has been exhibited in this story.



Me: *sees a man with muscular arms* :oooo

Me, 5 sec later: *sees a woman with muscular arms*





Not gay,
Not straight

Different

fairy

out cast

Switch hitter

don't fit

You don't look
gay

You don't
look straight

gay

F*****

he don't want
she don't want
double reject

men at good
enough
y6no

You sit like
a woman

found yourself
a woman's son?

slamboyant

bottom

cock sucker

she's cute
*wink
wink*

bitch!

submissive

TAKE A DEER