

WRITING

My Name Is...Undecided

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TYPE

MEMOIR

GENRE

GRADES 10-11

Poly: many, several, much. Binary: relating to, composed of, or involving two things. Pan-sexual: attracted to people regardless of their sex or gender.

It was always said that I was a little excessive. I've occasionally been referred to as a com-

poser of songs or poems. When I was really, really little and innocent, I was attracted

platonically to many people, ever since I was in 4th grade, in Leadership Prep Ocean Hill.

I'm not sure why I said that because neither the story's setting nor time are right now. This

began in the seventh grade, during the COVID-19 school lockdown, at Achievement First

Aspire. So let's start with this.

Hello. My name is undecided. My name is a mound of clay, an abandoned ice cream cone

in the relentless sun. This wasn't always the case. It was the summer of 2020. TikTok was

a viral thing brought to my attention because of a school challenge I didn't end up doing.

But my mother allowed me to keep it.

I used it for anime and ASMR slime videos instead of school, occasionally posting my own

content. I also used it to determine my wedding dress type based on my zodiac sign and song covers. I enjoy singing, listening to others sing, and all types of music. What's my point

here? A song is what turned TERRA into an ice cream left in the ever-burning sun.

This song, can't remember the name, was about being addicted to a boy. But it was sung by a boy. OK. It was interesting so I clicked on the sound. I saw so many colors in so many combinations on many sheets of fabric.

The young man was playing the guitar and singing while his eyes were closed. In addition to looking stunning, he also had a playful appearance. To me, his beauty stemmed from this. Then I scrolled down until someone else caught my eye. A girl. Duetting with the boy while singing the same song was a very attractive girl. Only one thing was different. Instead of "boy," she sang "girl." OK.

I put on my headphones so I could turn up the volume and play the lovely melody
repeat-

edly until I felt it was time to move on while still grinning from this experience. The
video

right below it was the breaking point for me, and it's a pretty stupid one.

I sleep on a pull-out bed under the couch. Every time I take it out, there is always some
kind

of crumb. I always dust it off but when I wake up, there is always something else.

The next TikTok was about what it meant if your bed had crumbs to no end. The
caption,

more or less said, "You know you're a bisexual if you have crumbs in your bed." ...Oh.

Yeah. I scrolled back to the duet, turned up the music, and actually looked at the video,

more so the girl. Lo and behold, the caption said "this here for the lesbian sisters" and
the

hashtags sad #lgbtqia, #bipride, and #pridemonth.

OK! This must be a sign. Now that I was truly interested in it, I clicked the first hashtag and

began receiving messages from informants, activists, comedians, artists, and live streams.

For months, I couldn't stop watching! I came out as bisexual in the first three months since

March 2021 on my account and with friends who asked. Then, just in time for my first

Pride Month, I learned about non-binary and pansexual.

Non-binary was a life changer. The idea resonated with me because I was tired of always being a girl and didn't quite feel like a boy either.

If being pansexual was a new aspect of my identity, discovering that I could also be poly-

sexual came next. When I arrived at this school, both GSA and my friends were a big help.

I began to rant, reflect, and write poems. Making some art for art class, discrete in my interest and questions. And the questions keep on coming. And I'm hoping that eventually

the questions will be able to shape the lump of clay that is my identity and who I am.