

Demeter Agramonte
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Better Me, For you

I used to be religious.

Pray before bed every night.

The bible was my bedtime story.

Go to church on Sundays as a family.

Close my eyes at family prayers during dinner.

Say Amen after being given blessings.

Pray for all the things I wanted in life;

Like straight A's

High Scores on exams

Health for my family

Toys

Those were simple things.

But They say,

"To believe in God is to believe you've been given a purpose."

My purpose was to be absolutely used and trashed.

My purpose was to be abused and harassed.

It felt as if my purpose was to be a waste of space.

To be insulted.

"Disgrace"

"Freak"

"Not Normal"

"God does not accept that"

"The Devil is making you think this"

"Faggot"

"Sissy"

"Idiot"

"Bitch boy"

"Panty boy"

"Giraffe Neck"

"Mook"

"You think you are gay because you were raped" is what I have been told.

I left God as he left me.

I left and journeyed on my own.

I led myself, I guided myself, I pushed myself.

Smiled everyday,

Hugged everyone I saw,

Lied to their face,

Kept my secrets to myself.

Masked Myself.

Then I met him.

Who I thought would be the love of my life,

And Here's what I learned from him.

It's how we use the word love.

It's used Loosely, without passion or meaning.

And I was one who did the same until I met Him.

I learned love isn't something you can fully express into words.

I learned that love controls you.

You are always trying to impress, copying their movements, saying what they say, and doing what they enjoy more than you.

You are always nervous, with clammy hands, constant shaking and improper speech.

You lose the ability to put your love into words.

Saying things like: "I love you because you make me smile, I love you because you are smart, I love you because you are beautiful" isn't original and is just another way of worming into one's heart, because;

Love is when you find yourself speechless around them, especially when trying to explain your love.

Love is when you compare others to your lover and always say they are still the best at what they do.

Love is when you find everyone else less attractive than your lover, pointing out their flaws as beauty.

Love is when you find yourself missing them even when you're right next to them, missing their touch, the contact of your lips and your bodies becoming one.

Love is an essence that is hard to get rid of after heartbreak, that leaves you more than just heartbroken, it leaves you with mixed emotions, it leaves

you questioning and blaming yourself, it leaves you to mentally tear yourself apart until you finally have that same love again.

But will never be the same again.

Because the first love is and always will be, as mentioned before, an essence, that you will never forget or be able to get rid of as a feeling or memory.

That's why Real Love hurts more than just days, weeks, months.

Real love will make you cautious.

Real love will make you lifeless, and drained of energy once it's gone.

Real love will make you insane.

Using it out of fear, out of Ambition, out of ignorance, lack of experience or just to have that rebound.

That's what irks me about this generation, the overuse of "I love you", without knowing what it really means, using it in the wrong ways.

Hurting others, in ways you don't want to be hurt.

Love Is not about lying, betraying, or Using someone.

It's about caring for each other, being there when others can't, being that shoulder to cry on.

He showed me what Real love is...

And honestly..

I was lying to myself.

I still did not know what Real Love was.

At least not fully

Because shortly after that in another relationship,
I was raped by someone who "Loved" me.

Twice in one lifetime.

I was hopeless,

I was okay.

I would still get out of bed,

I would tell no one,

I was not hurting,

At Least that's what I would tell myself.

I battled everyday with the fact that my mother did not accept me,

I battled everyday with my body taken from me,

I battled everyday with the insults I wore on my sleeves,

I battled everyday with internal hate I had for myself

I hate the way my torso goes in and then comes back out,

I hate the way my body looks and feels so long and lanky,

I hate the way I see myself as unproportional,

I hate the way my nose is so large,

I hate the way my psoriasis acts up and makes my face dry and flaky,

I hate the way I have always had eye bags

I hate the way-

I hate myself, I hate the way I don't push myself

I hate the fact I am not ambitious enough.

I hate the fact I seek approval

I hate the way I gradually hunch over when I sit,

I hate the way I constantly need to know what everyone's thinking,

I hate feeling like I need to be constantly doing something and do nothing

I considered killing myself once.

Another Queer person of color statistic.

That's where I could've been

But I am here.

Because my sister is the most amazing human being on this planet.

She is no God,

But if there is a god,

She is my reason to wake up every morning,

She is the reason why I strive to be better. Why I AM better.

I've spent 4 years crawling out of a dark place.

She loves me for me,

She does not judge me,

She does not criticized me,

She is always there for me.

We saw a woman get hit by a car once,

And my stepfather stopped me from checking if she was okay.

So I held my sister tightly as we went home,
And I told my sister to always be kind and help those in need,
And I realized in that moment if I died,
Who would help her?
Who would be there for her in times of need?

Brian Agramonte died in 2018,
Dimitri Agramonte died in 2021,
I am Demeter Agramonte
I do not believe in the Christian God,
I believe in destiny, and higher being(s) in the universe
I believe my pain has become a strength
I believe that I need to live on and become Divine
I believe my sister is my soulmate and was born to keep me sane in this
world.
I believe am I am not perfect, but flaws are beautiful
I will force myself to love myself,
Because if i don't love myself
Will she love herself?
I am not a freak,
I am Normal,
I am beautiful,
I am one of a kind,
I am intelligent and remarkable,

I am a guardian of truth and power,
I am not a man, for I am beyond the Binary,
I know what I need to know and when I need to know it,
My purpose is to strive and to guide those whom I love,
My purpose is to be there for my sister,
My purpose is to love my sister and protect her,
I would and will sacrifice everything for her,
I will go through what I went through again and again to pave a path clear
for her,
I will hold her hand and ensure her journey would never be as rough as
mine,
She will never be homeless,
She will never be harmed, or attacked,
Because the divine are just better versions of ourselves,
And that's where I strive to be, A better version of myself for her.





