

# The Bi-Polar Bear from Sweden

I cut myself open in order to reproduce myself

I did it before.  
The doctors did it later on.

Now I can dare to dance.

I'm the bi-polar bear from Sweden

As Masculine, categorized as a man.  
My anger was considered to be a natural part of my "gender" and my tears were seen as something cute.

But later, as feminine, categorized as a woman. My anger and my tears was considered to be Hysteria, problems to be treated with antipsychotics.

Walking up and down the borderline.

As with Santa Claus, I'm a Ho Ho Ho; and just like good old Santa, people also think I'm a myth.

Queers are born everywhere, in every family.  
We are not to be controlled, we have no borders.  
We are here to crush them.

It's freezing

The poles aren't any countries'.  
We are all Santas, not really belonging anywhere.

Even though I before had a beard.

In contrary to Santa, I was never really considered to be a bear.

I thought there were two poles.

I came out as a bisexual, went from being a gay guy to be a heterosexual woman, became a lesbian, started to prefer feminine gay guys... a gay girl with lesbian experiences.

And now, I don't care so much!

I thought there were two poles.

Borne with the thought of being a cis-man, understood that I really was a woman. Started to accept that I'm actually none of them, stopped identifying as intergender.

I sad, Darling "There are no flags left".

I guess this is what Queer is.

It would be sick, not being sick in such a sick society!

We die too early!  
Trans, Queers and Polar Bears.

Indirectly murdered.  
For dead queers, nobody lights the candles. Fucking white and straight candles!  
But together we build a movement, (a movie event), and together we shine!

If one has experienced one oppression, hopefully one can easier relate to oppressions of other kinds.

I'm the bi-polar bear from Sweden and I have to drink a beer before I can pole dance...

We self-medicate.  
Hormones and drugs.

Bear that in mind!

As a transperson, I have to use the exotification of my body, in order to get some money and survive.

When the polar bear dose it, it's boxed in at a zoo.

We walk the pride parade,

On display for the normative eyes.

This is the bi-pole dance!

As proud I am of being trans. I'm proud of being bisexual. Proud of being a gay-guy and a femme lesbian. Proud of being non-binary

As proud I am of being Queer. I'm proud of been diagnosed with a certain mental health problem. That sometimes makes me really energetic and sometime fucking depressed.

None of them are who I am, but they are some, of many more perspectives and experiences that transformers me into who I am.

The are no poles, no poles of any kinds.

There are only one. World.