

Listen, Ronald...

when you go to my wedding,
(assuming that you'll go at all)
try not to embarrass yourself by asking
where the man I'll be marrying is.

Then go to your preacher, who you claim is so great,
to pray that being gay is just a phase.
Then talk to everyone behind my back
and tell them how much you disapprove.

When did I become
such a different person in your eyes?
You tell me you love me when I visit,
and write down those same words
in birthday cards that grandma
forces you (and probably herself too) to sign.
How can I believe you anymore?

So go break the news that your granddaughter
married a woman to your church,
and tell them how upset you are
that she doesn't belong to a man.

Tell them how devastated you'll be
to see me happily hold hands with my wife
at the annual Christmas parties
(that I will no longer be attending, by the way).

Why would I want to spend time
with people who are blood related to me
when I could spend time with my real family?

You say "Love thy neighbor",
yet you cannot love all of me.