

Sgàire Wood

*Puppy Love*

July 14 – September 15, 2018

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***PART 1: OPENING***

Hi everyone, this is Sgàire Wood speaking. This piece is entitled Puppy Love.

Much like this performance, my coming out was messy, poorly planned and made everyone in the room very uncomfortable. It was Summer 2008 and I was pubescing at a rate that no man woman or child could ever dream of controlling. Change was in the air. The banking crisis hadn't quite happened yet, Kosovo had formally declared independence from Serbia to mixed responses from the international community and Katy Perry was telling the world that she kissed a girl and liked it. I thought, if Katy and Kosovo can do it...why can't I?

*{ QUINCY JONES - SOUL BOSSA NOVA }*

*{ CONNIE FRANCIS - WHERE THE BOYS ARE }*

"I was in the winter of my life

And the men I met along the road were my only summer

At night I fell asleep with visions of myself dancing and laughing and crying with them

Three years down the line of being on an endless world tour and my memories of them were the only things that sustained me

And my only real happy times

I was a singer

Not a very popular one

I once had dreams of becoming a beautiful poet

But upon an unfortunate series of events saw those dreams dashed and divided like a million stars in the night sky

That I wished on over and over again, sparkling and broken

But I didn't really mind because I knew that it takes getting everything you ever wanted and then losing it to know what true freedom is

When the people I used to know found out what I had been doing how I had been living, they asked me why, but there's no use in talking to people who have a home

They have no idea what its like to seek safety in other people

For home to be wherever you lie your head

I was always an unusual girl

My mother told me that I had a chameleon soul

No moral compass pointing me due north

No fixed personality

Just an inner indecisiveness that was as wide and as wavering as the ocean

And if I said I didn't plan for it to turn out this way I'd be lying

Because I was born to be the other woman

Who belonged to no one

**cordoba**

Who belonged to everyone  
Who had nothing  
Who wanted everything  
With a fire for every experience and an obsession for freedom that terrified me to the point that I couldn't even talk about it  
And pushed me to a nomadic point of madness that both dazzled and dizzied me"

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### ***PART 2: DAD***

Throughout my childhood, my father modelled me on himself. The Verne Troyer to his Mike Myers. Any time my hair grew longer than an inch, it was shaven off. I used to put scarves on my head and pout at myself seductively in the mirror for hours on end. I used to tape yarn, tinsel, odd socks to my male dolls' heads and have them act out all the sophisticated, romantic, feminine escapades that I was being so cruelly denied. When this inevitably became tiresome I moved onto my sister's old barbies until I had amassed quite a girl gang and one day when I forgot to hide them away after a little roleplaying, I came home from school to find them all in the bin. This one's for you dad. I love you.

*{ BARBRA STREISAND - PAPA CAN YOU HEAR ME }*

*{ SINITTA - SO MACHO }*

*{ ELVIS PRESLEY - CAN'T HELP FALLING IN LOVE }*

I know what you're thinking... Does every look have a bodysuit underneath? Well that's for me to know and you to find out.

(yes!)

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### ***PART 3: MUM***

My mother cried when I told her I liked boys and kept repeating that she just thought I was sensitive. She cried as she told me that my father wouldn't react well. She cried because she knew I would have to leave and she didn't want me to. This one's for you mum. I love you.

*{ DONNY OSMOND - PUPPY LOVE }*

*{ TRACY BONHAM - MOTHER MOTHER }*

*{ GLORIA GAYNOR - I AM WHAT I AM }*

***END***

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