



destabilized



Bailey Annan 8-9
"So i was sitting there..."



Brooke Bellmar 1, 28
"Lets do the fork in the garbage disposal ring ding ding da ding da ding ding ding"



Kailey Blunk 4-5
"I write poetry for the liberation of society, my soul, and your mind. I create art for the pleasure of all"



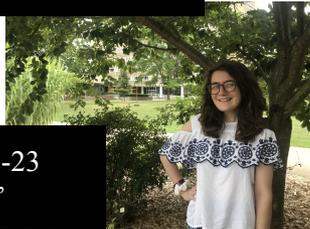
Nate Brown 12-13
"(exists.. *Proceded by bear*)"



Abby Conrad 6-7
"Can I PLEASE get a waffle?"



Josh Fraser 18-19
"Wishes are false. Hope is true. Hope makes its own magic?" -Laini Taylor



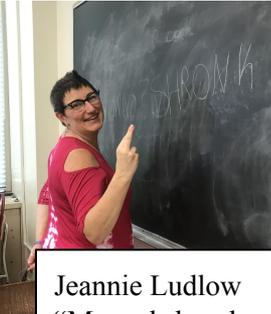
Maia Huddleston 22-23
"Writers block doesn't exist"



Kennedy Hughes 20-21
"I hate all of them, why are they so gay"



Ryder King 10-11
"Trans & pissed"



Jeannie Ludlow 24-27
"Me and shronk are like 'this'"



Taylor Richey 16-17
"I like womens"



Chloe Wicker 14-15
"The best of us are mad"

TRANS BOYS
ARE BOYS

learning about myself
by kailey ann blunk

girls love
and boy

and love is
a choice



candied apple cheeks,
red like fuji apples:
ripest in the fall,
barren in the winter.

gleaming jewels in her eye socket,
she looks at me and i feel frozen;
she whispered in my ear:
"i feel things i shouldn't know of."

she took me by the hand,
ropey fingers intertwining,
twisting and braiding,
palm to palm,

heart to heart,
mouth to mouth,

she holds me to her chest
and shushes me for i am a scared
lamb,

LGBTQIAN
LIVES
MATTER



YOU LOVE
PEOPLE NOT
ENDERS

GIRLS
LIKE
GIRLS



20GAYTEEN

bisexuals aren't
"confused"



PROTE
TRAN
GIRL

knees wobbling,
and i feel like running.

i'm not sure how i am feeling;
this is so wrong,
yet so right,
and i am captivated by her.

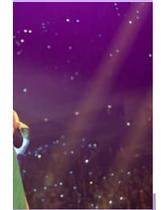
sinners applaud us,
catholics are quaking;
we sip red wine in a church,
and redefine praying.

if this is so wrong,
then why does it feel so...
forget it.

if this is so wrong then so be it,
i am wrong,

yet i am always right.

ality is
"phase"



TECT
ERFLUID
KIDS



Change; Mulan/Ping By Abby

The few weeks she had spent as a male soldier had affected Mulan incredibly. For years she'd always struggled with who she really was. She knew she was different, and making the decision to take her father's place in war opened her mind even more. Every glance in the mirror, every time her name was spoken, left her confused and lost. She wasn't Mulan. She never had been.

She was Ping.

He knew what he was. He wasn't truly a female. He was a male and after so many years of desperately struggling to figure out who he was and who he was meant to be, he had finally figured it out.

Impersonating a man for a short amount of time had showed him.

"Hau Ping," he murmured aloud, testing the name on his tongue. The sound of it sent chills down his spine, and the small smile on his face vanished quickly. How would he tell his family about this? What would they think of him?

He knew he couldn't keep it inside of him forever. If he did, it would eat away at his mind until he came out to them, but Ping was a strong human who had been through more than most. He'd battled through a war of defiance and resilience, and a literal war. He knew he'd be able to gather the courage to tell them in no time, but he was nervous. Who wouldn't be?



long hair in a tower

sapphic girl with twenty something feet of hair

mom keeps saying that maybe a handsome man will come rescue us but like... ://// what about a handsome... *woman*?

i keep dreaming of soft hands and sweet eyes and i don't think this is normal honestly. should i talk to mom?

i don't know what she'll say i never told her about the other thing....

i started a new painting! it's of those lanterns that go out every year on the same day. i asked why that happens recently and mom was really dismissive :// she said the king is looking for something but that was about it.

i hate when she does this.

i ran out of paints so mom is going into town to get some. it'll take a few days and like... WHAT IF, *WHAT IF* i got saved??? what if some beautiful girl came and swept me away...

i hate putting faith in what ifs but *what if*

putting faith in 'what if' paid off.

she is beautiful

bailey elizabeth annan





pan
by ryder king

he sits in the night, window open to the moon
i come to his windowsill, hand extended
i ask him to fly with me.

i take him to a forest
sitting under storybook trees
two boys softly brushing hands

he tells me he wishes things could be like this
forever
and i promise him they can be.



little red- a poem

inspired by the fairy tale "little red riding hood"

they called her "the wolf".
she was almost like a fable
or fairytale character,
she was a huntress
who wore wolf skin over her hair.
she was a lover of
trickling streams and painfully beautiful things
and girls.



red only felt little and lesser
around the boy who said he loved her.
but love shouldn't be said in-between
bruises and tear stained cheeks.

the wolf sits and waits
she hunts
and waits.
she wants
and waits.

little red, scared red,
please save me from him red.
the last day red listened
to her boyfriend say *i love you*
was after he wrapped a rose thorn noose
around her throat.
he said she was beautiful with petals around her neck
but all red could feel were the thorns.

the wolf first saw red
as she ducked behind trees
and ran
and pulled her little red hood
closer to her cheekbones.



red wanted to hide from him,
wanted to scrub her skin raw
until she couldn't remember
the way his calloused fingertips felt.

she appeared to red,
wearing the fur of a wolf around her,
and held out her hand.
"don't cry, tell me what you need and i will help you"
in that moment, she had never seen the kind of beauty
she saw in the face of red,
tears and apprehension and awe.

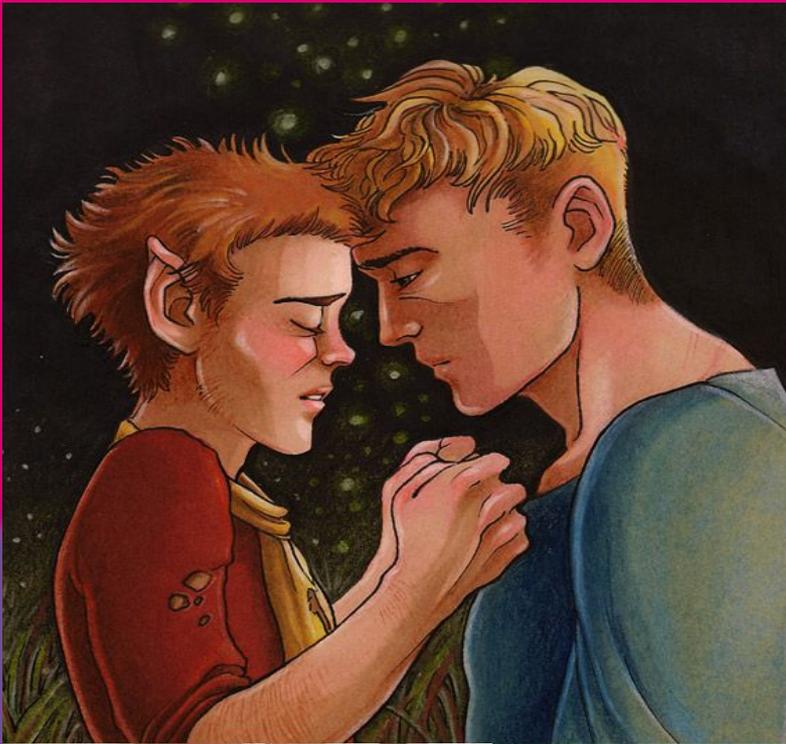
red stopped,
breathing heavy,
and locked eyes with the wolf.

take me away

please

-nate brown





KEEP
CALM
I'M
BISEXUAL



koreanyezus 🇺🇸
I hooked up with the hottest guy at pride, fucking good for me

love in the time of the babbling brook and the untamed groves

aysel is eternal,
lithe beneath fingertips
and fluid against the pebbles of the brook.

eden is solid,
peppered like the rocks
that line aysel's stream

a mirriad of gentle winds
blending the grit and the swift.
hers and hers,
ours and ours.

the fish that swim through your net
swallow the dirt your fingernails harbor.
they personify a brushing of fingertips,
a tangle of lips,
as they soon pass yours.

sweet and tender in the summer,
cold and bitter in the winter,
she is messy and wild and all things corybantic,
growing in all directions.
matched only by her gentle cascading splendor.
they are the mud your children trudge through.

aysel is eternal
as the blood in your veins,
which pumps slower
as she cools the skin wandering through.

eden is solid,
solid as the bones that shake
when you learn their love
surpasses what you believe is

but nature is performative,
defined as it is created.
organic.
the dirt beneath your toes and
the sweet, sweet water in your belly.
drink up.

babbling.
untamed.
love.

- t.r.



Emerald City

By: Josh Fraser

Sultry notes drift on cigarette smoke
Kisses pass lips like alcohol
Bodies press onto the dance floor and into corners
On stage the singer, heavy makeup and voluminous hair,
Satin gloves and an emerald dress
Holds the mic to their mouth as one would a lover.



Dot sits at a table with friends
Fresh off the farm some would say, as he was.
A black-and-white town, in a black-and-white world
People packaged into expectations of their futures
Dot knew he was never meant to live the quiet farm life,
He dreamed of being right where he now was,
A technicolor landscape full of people, each one different from the next

He was in awe of the people around him,
Man and man, lips and hands exploring
Woman and woman, pressed together, dancing
The dancers, the singers, the smokers,
All cast their own magic spell upon the room,
A collective heartbeat of independence and unity



Next to Dot, sits Crow
A man now, but not then.
Then, he was a boy, barely sixteen.
On his own in a world that was cold concrete and uncaring arms.
A straw boy lost on the fringes of two worlds
Naive and never the sharpest pitchfork in the barn
He made dumb choices
Met with men to afford to eat.



But now here he sits,
Looking out over the dancers, the singers, the smokers,
Looking back on his life, clutching a drink with both hands
Looking at the people beside him

Woodsy slumped on the table,
Their fifth drink empty in their hand.
A cold heart is what they were told they had,
A broken heart, all malfunctioning gaskets and twisted, mangled metal.
A new heart is all that is needed, a quick fix,
Woodsy drowns their heart in liquor



This is not the first time this has happened,
Woodsy has felt this many times before
An ache, an urge
Yes, sometimes it happens, but the moments are fleeting,
Few and far, far between.

Leon sits frozen,
Unmoving as not to attract the attention of a predatory eye
He wishes he had never come,
He is terrified that he did.
What would be the consequences
The life he has had, while not the life he wants,
Is peaceful, safe, secure
What would it be like, he wonders
To leave it all behind,
To find a new life, one he knows in his heart he is meant to have
He sits, he stays
Lost in thought, in hope.
A spark forming in his gut
Snuffed out by another drink
Still, he stays.



The four sit at a table
Just past the dancers, the singers, the smokers
All wishing for color, for brains, for love, for courage.

alice's father had always taught her that nothing was what it seemed. everything was never what it didn't seem. and alice was everything. alice inherited her adoration for the cattywampus from her father. inverted and abaft were the favorite of her things. alice grew up on her own. her father had disappeared when she was young and her mother strung out on valium. silently slipping. but alice was more ever than alive. even after her father disappeared alice continued to go on the daily walks they had taken together. one day while walking the same trail alice saw something. something... queer. behind a primrose bush scurried a pocket watch and a puffy tail. a hound to a fox she took to it. without a moment's notice alice was falling and falling into the nothingness. and alice was nothingness. alice felt... without. lacking in something but not lacking in enough to make incomplete alice. wholer and holier the more whole. alice cascaded to the ceiling as though the landing hadn't even happened. gravity suddenly spasmodic sent alice tumbling down again to the floor alas. this place was strange to say the least. as alice looked around, parts of the room began to distort. in color and in size. Furniture began to float and grow. at the pedestal center of the table alice found a poundcake & was signed, eat up. alice began to shrink. she was becoming more & more miniscule with every meandering minute. and he was too. but They. They were blossoming, finally personifying.

-kh

dear, dear how queer everything is to-day



pool of pretty person particles

'curiouser and curiouser!' cried alice (they were in so much surprised, that for the moment they quite forgot how to speak correct english) now i'm opening out like the largest telescope that ever was! good-bye, body (for when they looked down at themselves, they seemed to be almost out of sight, they were getting so far off). 'oh, my, poor me., alice wondered who will put on their earrings and binder for them now? *i'm sure i shan't be able! i am much too busy to worry about what things i might be called: and your silly little issues with my identification* and they went on planning to themselves how they would manage it. 'they must go by the carrier,' they thought; 'and how funny it'll seem, sending presents to one's own body! and how queer the presentation will look!

-kh



TOMORROWLAND

he missed the yellowjacket summers
when they were tangled in ten feet of fishing line and
laughing, wondering how to unravel the mess they'd made

he missed filling the tamales
he'd never met a dinner he didn't like, but ralph would
wash his down with whiskey
ignoring the flavor. savoring the burn.
ralph was always arthurian, always mechanical with his
rusted tools and somber phrases.

their home was dark
when a light was turned on, it was turned off almost
immediately after it had served its purpose
this is the way ralph saved on the energy bill.

ralph's husband felt like a king sometimes. in the darkness
of their living room, the recliner became his throne.

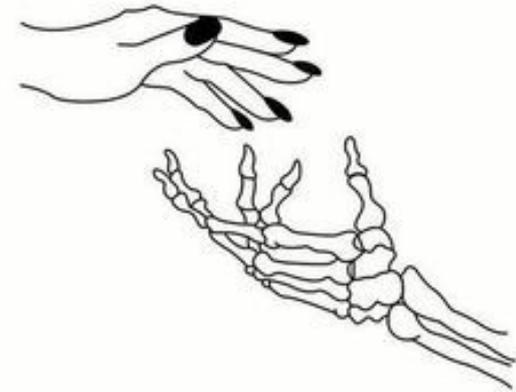
but summer came
and witches dove through the alley behind their backyard

ralph got sick.
his husband stayed bound to the recliner
ralph died.

ralph's husband missed the faux fur he had in the winter of
2007. it was the one he wore as he drove trapped inside the
funeral procession.

he saw ralph at night, sometimes, with that fishing pole.
his hologram husband reached out to him and tried to hand
him the trout he'd just reeled in.
the fish died in his hands. each time, it was the same.

-maia katherine



Living Texts

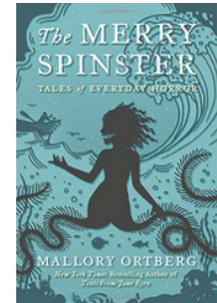
The stories we read in the "Queering Happily Ever After" workshop



Creative Aces Published, eds.
Unburied Fables. 2016.

Nepenthes, Laure. "Handsome and the Beast."

Willems, Elspeth. "Beauty's Beasts."



Ortberg, Daniel Mallory. *The Merry Spinster: Tales of Everyday Horror*. 2018.

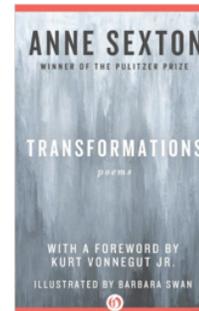
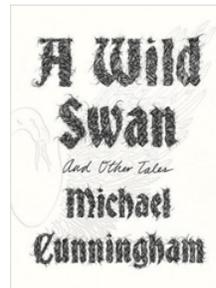
"The Frog's Princess."

"The Six Boy-Coffins."

Cunningham, Michael. *A Wild Swan and Other Tales*. 2015.

"A Wild Swan."

"Little Man."



Sexton, Anne. *Transformations: Poems*. 1971.

"Rumpelstiltskin."



Donoghue, Emma. *Kissing the Witch: Old Tales in New Skins*. 1997.

"The Tale of the Spinster."

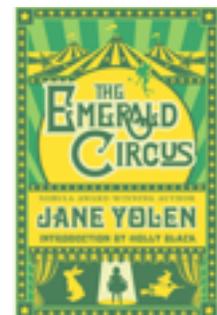
"The Tale of the Brother."

Yolen, Jane. *The Emerald Circus*. 2017.

"Blown Away."

"Lost Girls."

"Tough Alice."



Gay Glossary

Compiled & edited by the "Queering Happily Ever After"
workshop

THEORETICAL TERMS

queer—umbrella identity term, includes the entire GSD community

queer theory—field of study developed since the 1990s that: explains how sex & sexuality shape individual lives & cultures; suggests that being outside cultural norms can be powerful & empowering; provides a basis for analyzing & understanding texts (literature, art, popular culture, etc.)

GSD (Gender & Sexual Diversity)—an umbrella term used to unify the LGBTQQIAAP. . . community & to name members of the community without having to use a long list of letters

dominant culture—umbrella term for those with the most social power

erasure of the dominant—assuming that a dominant group is so normal that we don't need to name its identity; for example, when we talk about sexuality, we identify GSD people but do not name heterosexuality. Erasure of the dominant is a function of social power

power—access to benefits, goods, services, & respect within a cultural context; being perceived as "the norm"

performative—created all the time, through our own ideas & actions & through our interactions with others; in queer theory, we understand that gender is performative

fluidity—changeable, unstable, flexible, responsive; in queer theory, we understand that both sexual & gender identities are fluid

essentialism—a theory that argues that identity is something each one of us is born with & that it doesn't change a whole lot throughout our lives; queer theory rejects the theory of essentialism

standpoint theory—a theory that describes how identities & experiences shape our understanding. Who I am & what I have experienced (where I stand) determines what I can see & how I understand it. Standpoint theory argues that those with the least cultural power can see & understand the most (because they have to, in order to survive). The less powerful understand the more powerful better than vice versa

recuperation—taking back; in queer theory, we use this to describe taking back a derogatory term & using it within our community in ways that take away its power to hurt. Ex. "queer"

co-optation—taking as our own, perhaps changing it as we use it; in queer theory, we use this to describe redefining a concept or act in order to make it relevant to our community

GENDER IDENTITY TERMS

transgender—gender identity in which one's gender identity is not the same as the gender assigned to them by authorities & institutions (usually, but not always, at birth)

gender binary—a system of two genders (man & woman); an expectation that each person fits neatly into one or the other for their whole lives; queer theory rejects this

nonbinary—gender identity falling outside the two categories of the gender binary

agender—gender identity in which one does not identify with any part of the gender binary

cisgender—gender identity in which one's gender identity matches the gender assigned to them by authorities & institutions (usually, but not always, at birth); cisgender is the opposite of transgender

binder—compressive top to flatten biologically feminine chests

SEXUALITY TERMS

Sapphic—a woman (defined inclusively—transwomen, ciswomen, nonbinary women, etc.) who is romantically & sexually attracted to other women

lesbian—a woman who is romantically & sexually attracted to only women

Achilleian—a man (defined inclusively) who is romantically & sexually attracted to other men

gay—a man who is romantically & sexually attracted to only men; can be used as an umbrella term within the GSD community

bisexual—older definition: anyone who is romantically & sexually attracted to both women & men; newer definition: anyone who is romantically & sexually attracted to two groups, those whose gender is the same, & those whose gender is different from theirs

heterosexual—someone who is romantically & sexually attracted to anyone of the opposite gender

pansexual—someone whose romantic & sexual attractions are not limited to any particular identity (biological or social); someone whose potential attractions are open to all others

la- z

by: brooke bellmar

my mother
lies
slouched in a la-z-boy that belonged to a
prince
cigarette smoke burrows
over walls
under floors
hiding her talons in brambles and thorns

my mother
flies
in dreams haunted by kings she
screams
swans shot down by so called saviors
she left me to survive

my mother
died
strangled in her prince's perfect pleather
seats

