

The Unending Transition

Purple faggot jaywalking motherfucker tattooed on the back of my neck
to see when the drapes match the carpet.

The colors from my sixth grade dress painted on my pipe cleaner legs.
My bio reads DM, a bi queer, vaxx'd, he/they, up up, down down, left right, left right, b, a, start.
You walked through my closet to get to the toilet and the room behind felt smaller.

“You write a lot about masculinity and how yours is
different”

The story was about suicide but I'll nod my head until it rolls off into my lap and I blink.
I grew my scruff in my sister's childhood bedroom. Threw out the razors to keep away from
sharp objects.

I miss rain without thunder, but at least my boots have heels and my jackets' popped collars.

Why am I scared to talk about things I don't intend to shout?

Why do I jump at the brush of my shoulder?

Why is Autumn easier to plan for than Wednesday?

When I first built this schedule and had that thought, it was for another than myself. But as the
leaves rained around me in the sudden Summer heat and Winter wind, you were not on my mind.

Only what I said to you. Some fell into my dinner.

I am sad, but my tears don't come for me. They come when I should least expect them.

In confusion.

A bike wheel ricocheting off the tiles of the bathroom floor. A watch turning its dial to
five o'clock to drink a whiskey lemonade. A mirror doing what it's meant to.

Perhaps exhaustion with purpose is still exhaustion.

Perhaps vanilla is not a seasonal flavor.

Perhaps I should prepare for Winter.

seeing young gay Latina girls out and on dates with each other makes me feel sentimental
I feel like I wasted years in the past thinking I would never have to come out and I could just live
that till I died, knowing id never be truly happy but at least I wouldn't have to uproot my entire
life

I feel like im constantly trying to make my parents happy and be enough for them when they're so rooted in their thinking,

I don't know if they'll ever understand or see me the same way if they know

Thinking about my mom hurts the most and I don't know why

The constant yearning for acceptance drives me crazy, seeing her pace silently from time to time whenever we talk about "my situation" and "the life that I chose"

It makes me feel stupid

Like a child with no control

I don't know if its because I can't shake these feelings or because I never gave them proper time to be felt

What defines a human being? Their body? Their ancestors? Their longings? Are we born as unique creatures with immeasurable potential? Does it even matter how hard we work or how good we try to be? Will the world see us before we fade into certain obscurity? Where is love in all this?

I like Latinx, but others say I'm Hispanic and Latino. I am not really. I can be Latinx. I can be Latina. I am, well it means something, but I'm not always sure what it means to me. Perhaps, it's just a concept by which others can decide who I am. All those ideas and expectation about me come without my consent. Those labels are ever changing, but lasting forever is love. I identify with that.

Queer is a word I was forbidden to say all those decades ago, but they can say maricon/maricona. I am that, I know, but not forbidden any longer. I am lesbian--a very long time lesbian. I can own that now, the lesbian me--for always. But, even that is a limitation in ideas and expectations about me. I know there's more about me that I never talk about. Human disconnection, I forbade myself, then I forgave myself. That's what time brings, age related wisdom.

Oh I loved being sweet, young and flirty, though I didn't know I loved it until youth faded. I'm much older now and I love being sweet, wise and loving, but now I know it. It gets better and better as I go along. I live in the dimension of joyful queerness and human oneness.

In this queer place where the old threats and taunts and danger, so much danger, quietly went away like a toxic gas dissipating half life after half life. I am free to love. Now, that I have spent most of my lifespan seeking and longing, I am free. Another life begins in my advanced age, finally in this place where I belong. The truth is I fall in love with everyone—all the time. It is so good living and growing, feeling gorgeous little crushes and warm appreciation all the time. I am motivated by love. All the time my heart beats, like “Gracias a la vida”.

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