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305.90664 076 v.1 2003-2004

11610

outwrite! a queer review

2003-2004 :volume 01

social issues commission
alma mater society
queen's university

Nadia Guidotto fantasizes about being a rock star whenever she puts on her headphones.

Joe Hillier is brought to you by the letter P: his Pussycat, Prime Rib, Prada and Paul Martin.

angela kostenko was a riot grrrl in the mid-90s and she still believes the personal is political.

Carrie Morrison is a third year sociology student who has no idea what she wants to do when she graduates.

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printing henderson printing inc.

When Viv Lee grows up, she wants to be a pink/black penguin who operates a meditative and feminist B&B in Kelowna, BC.

thank you for your support and contributions to the 2004 edition

emily arway, social issues commissioner; roberta hawkins, deputy commissioner; anna camilleri; jean noble; the department of philosophy; the department of geography; the department of women's studies; the queen's students and community services group; the arts & science undergraduate society; cold beverage fund; www.queerradio.ca; queen's feminist review; cultureshock!; the social issues commission; alma mater society; the campus bookstore; novel idea; gomorrahs bookstore; come as you are co-operative; reelout queer film + video festival; tara foods; contributors!; everyone who sent in submissions.

:biochemistry student tina VASHISTHA is nourished by one person bedroom dance parties, pesto + layarting, future yamaha keyboard pop songs, robotic(!) amusements, :& do you see how chess cake is not cheese cake.

Pak-Kei Wong: Mathematician/Mathematics Educator by day, Future Canadian Idol/Pop-Star by night... Also fully skilled on a whole range of woodwind instruments.

editor's note

Welcome to OutWrite! A Queer Review's first edition as an independent publication under the Social Issues Commission, AMS. OutWrite! was established last year on a shoestring budget as a sub-committee of the Education on Queer Issues Project. Due to the overwhelming support and volume of submissions we received, the Social Issues Commission recognized the need for a queer outlet and decided to fund OutWrite! as an independent publication.

For a second year in a row, the editorial board has had the pleasure of reviewing an eclectic mix of submissions. To ensure fairness, we followed a blind selection process and all decisions were made by consensus. As a result, it was virtually impossible to ensure that every queer identity was represented. However, by judging pieces both by their literary or artistic merit and their queer content, we hope that our final product can offer at least a partial glimpse of the queer-positive experience. With subsequent volumes, the picture will inevitably become richer and fuller.

In this anthology, we strive to provide lesbian, gay, bisexual, trans-identified and queer-positive members of the Kingston community a forum to express their diverse life experiences. Considering the current political climate around gay rights claims combined with the explosion of queer themes in the media, it seems that queer issues are coming to the fore in complex ways. It is our hope that OutWrite! will provide a site for discussions about what this attention will mean for issues of gender and sexuality.

Nadia Guidotto,
Managing Editor.

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Adrienne Barker, like most good dykes, enjoys knitting, fair trade coffee, folk music and cats. She also likes women. A lot. She wonders why she only started submitting pieces to Queen's publications after she graduated. Adrienne is now in nursing at U of T and enjoys giving injections as well as taking blood. We all have our talents.

Elicia Loiselle is a 5'2" Ani DiFranco fanatic who writes to forge some connection with the real (ie: non-academic) world. She is madly in love with her partner, Nishad, and is extremely grateful for his presence in her life.

Jen Jones is in fourth year. She is taking History and Development Studies. One day, she hopes to measure out her life in coffee spoons. She is originally from Stratford, Ontario.

Lauren Hortie is a 3rd year devs student and huge dyke who sure hopes her conservative side of the family doesn't read this magazine...

Melissa Wallace loves watching *Survivor* while eating *Zesty Italian Doritos* with her zesty, Italian girl.

Rob Bickford is a 3rd Year, Concurrent Education (Primary Junior Candidate) History Major, Development Studies Minor. There's not much that's special about me. Just trying to find a balance between seriousness and silliness. I live downtown and have a

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collection of poems (including this one) all inspired by the parking lot outside my window.

angela kostenko is planning to ditch the student life and get a real job in the very near future. she enjoys working with editorial boards, the entire law and order franchise, and pretending like she knows what she's talking about.

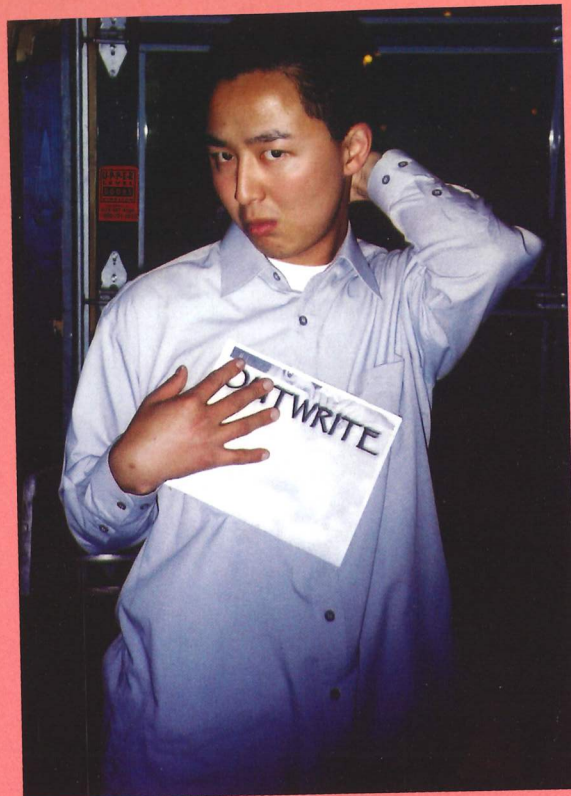
Ian Griffiths is in his last year at Queen's in Political Studies and Development Studies and enjoys interviewing himself in his mirror as if he were the first NDP Prime Minister of Canada. In general, he is too optimistic for his own good, but he is nonetheless trying to prepare himself for the shock of reality that will inevitably hit him in the next few months.

Karen came to Kingston many moons ago, was smitten by the beauty of this city in springtime, and never left...

Lisa Hall is currently working on the development of a Harry Potter musical. Bask in the geekness. Bask.

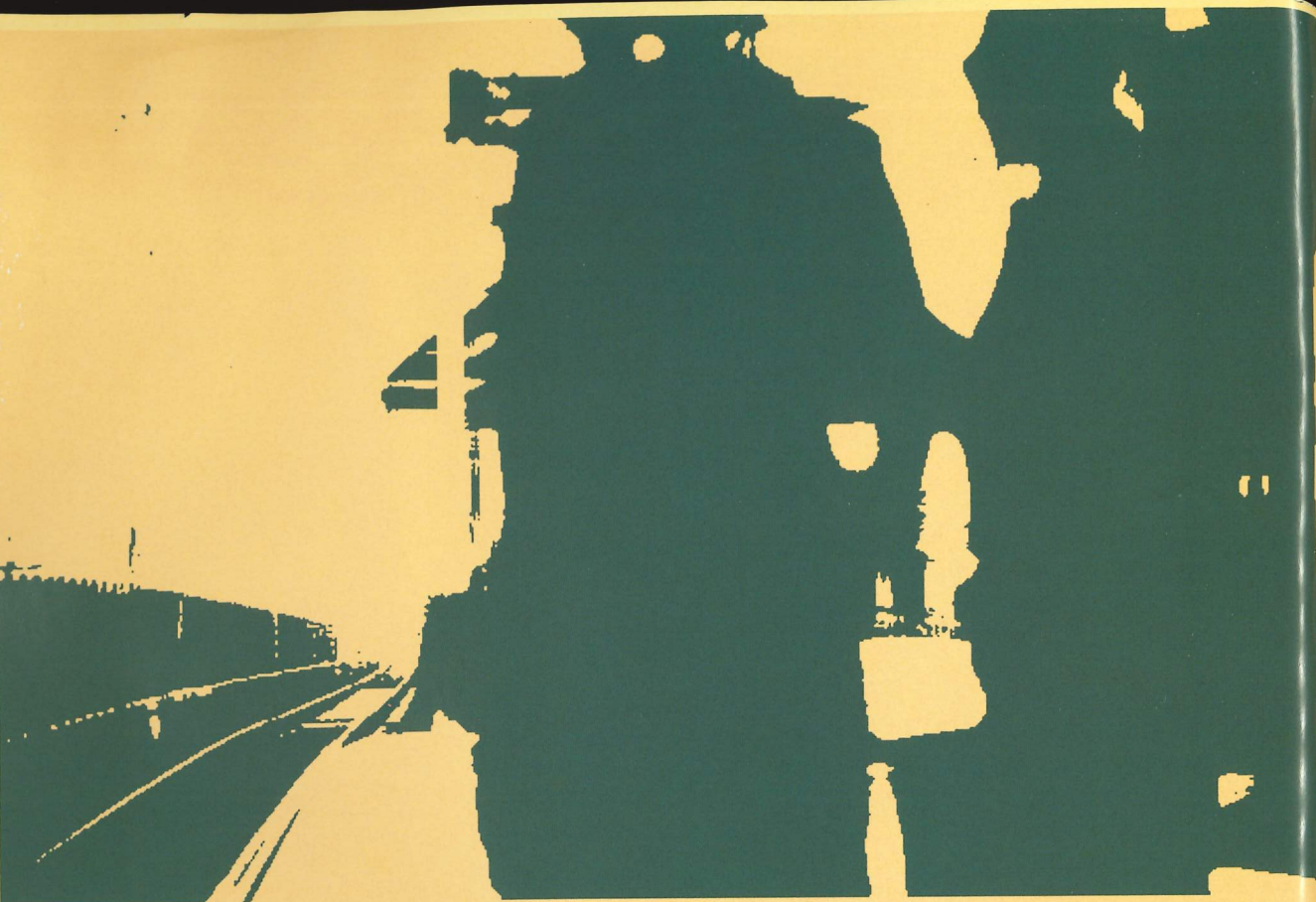
Nadia Guidotto used to buy dyke mags and movies face down. Now, she thoroughly enjoys buying the ones with explicit titles just to see the reaction of the vendor—at Blockbuster, they even read the titles back to you.

Suzanne Hocking needs a rich patron.



1980-2003

for Cam.



Portrait of a Rendezvous By Elena Esan

SUZANNE HOCKING

A train station, its arched ceiling funnelling the squeal of brakes across our heads like tinny thunder.

I stand a little aside from them, amused. I could measure the distance between my brother and his smooth-cheeked flame with a pin.

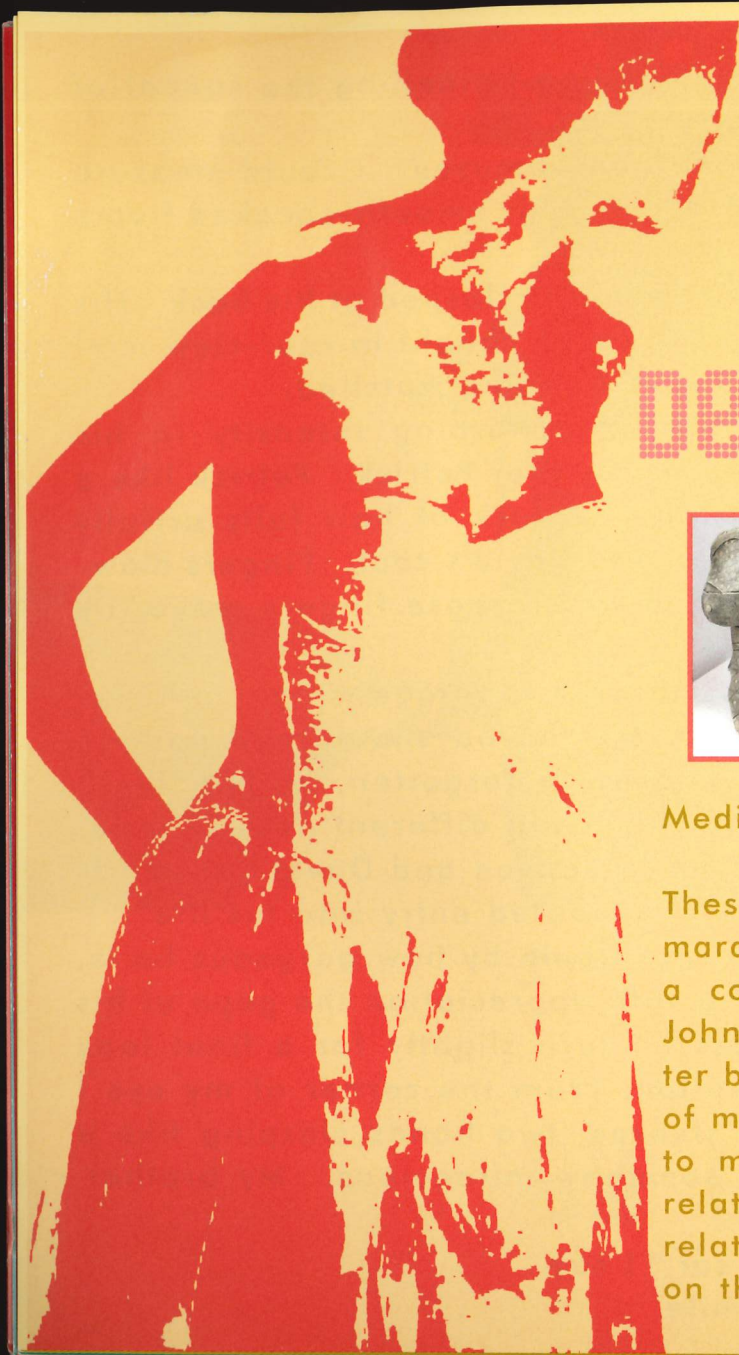
David, in profile, all in black, his hands clasped at his back. His face wears a cautious smile of the type caught in rear-view mirrors at night, gentle and unaware of being watched.

Patrick holds himself still, a disturbing intensity in his young man's frame. Low-voiced, cavalier Patrick. Patrick like a panther, patient and hardly tame. A lock of hair falls artfully across his eye as I follow his gaze to David's coat. Fingers clawing at cuffs, restless; thrilling to watch those fingers crave the touch of another man's skin.

All those courtly threats, network sabotage wreaking havoc with my computer and my life, his hatred shouldered past so many times during holidays and never forgotten, hatred like a gas filling up the spaces in my head, all different now. Karma. An ancient guru drew straws up in heaven and David got short-ended, blind-sided by Patrick's cat-footed entry into his life.

Watching Patrick I am struck again by how gorgeous he is. Breathe, David, I think, noting with appreciation the gape of his jaw, the smoulder in his eyes. I turn slightly for a final look around, pretending consideration. From the corner of my eye I glimpse motion: a rustle of sleeves, two hands clasping like a magician's trick, covert and somehow miraculous. My brother. In love. With another man.

"C'mon. I brought the car," I say.
I shake my head and smile.



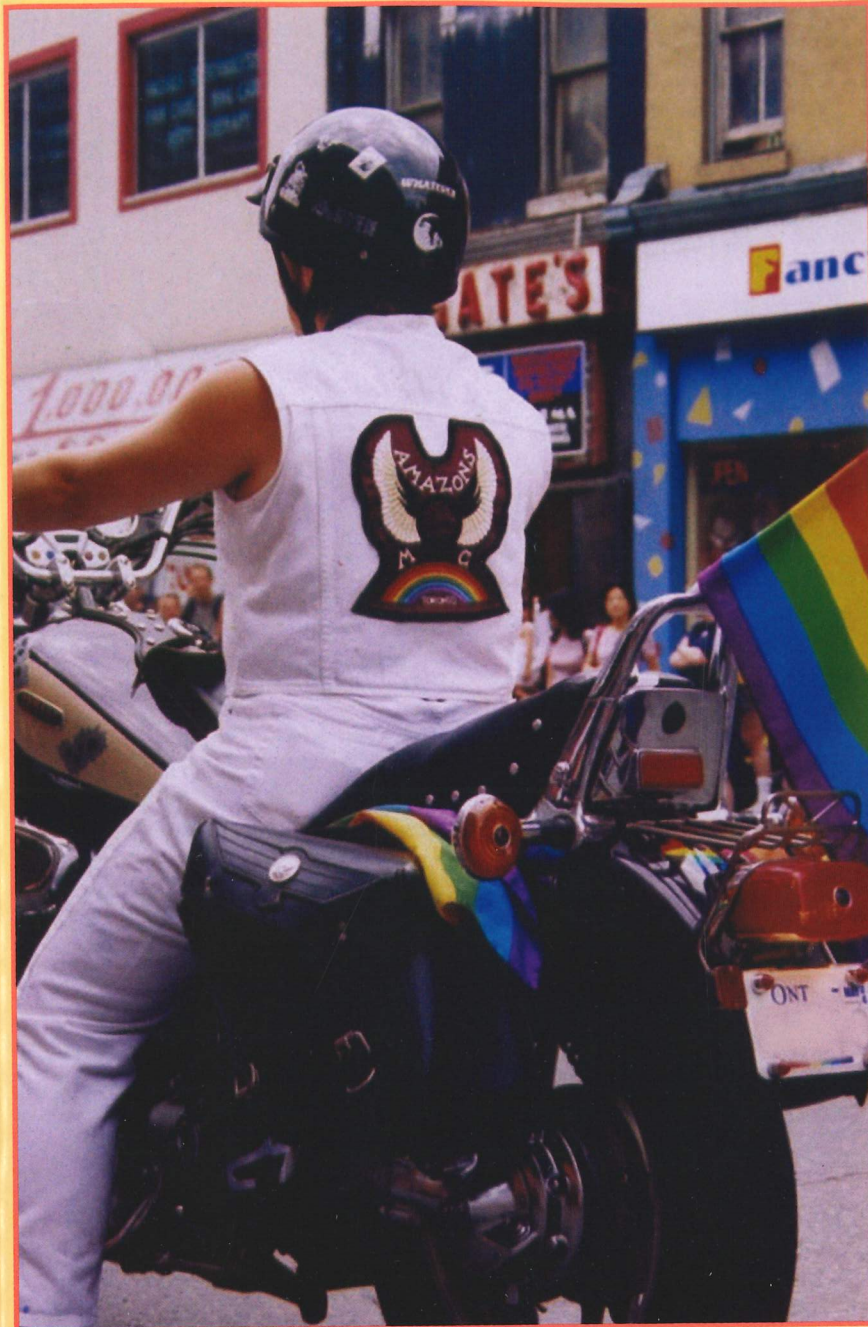
DESIRE & DOUBT

MARNEY MCDIARMID



Medium - Clay, porcelain / Life size

These pieces I did at a 24-hour art marathon which was a fundraiser for a contemporary art gallery in St. John's, Newfoundland. Using plaster bandages I formed a plaster cast of my torso and used this as a mold to make the ceramic bodice. Text relating to our sometimes conflicted relationship to "desire" is imprinted on the inner walls of the sculpture.



MELISSA WALLACE

UNTITLED

Bicyclesexual

ROSS VICTOR HERMISTON

Riding a recycled bicycle
At speeds too great to record
Just before dawn
Wearing crotchless panties
Towards the city's East Coast
To watch the sunrise

Unit hiding from the crisp autumn air,
A Charleston Lake Turtle's head seeking the warmth inside
and under its shell, the pubic bone,
And all this between powerful thighs, really fabulous legs!
Am I a woman or a man?
Mere stigmatizing labels,
Who gives a fuck?

Bicycle sweat seat riding higher and higher
Deeper and deeper between my cheeks
And into the loving universe of healthy vegetarian colon
folds
Body becoming bicycle
Arms are handlebars
Legs, the frame
Wheels, creative mind

Arriving before the pink-orange sunrise
Eyes blink in synch with brake pads
Another genderless rider rolls
Her tongue, gears shifting,
Slick sealed lips,
Multiple bells ringing ferociously.

Once, I dreamt
that you didn't know me as "Student,"
I didn't know you as "Teacher,"
and I saw you at a women's event
and asked you to dance.

THE DANCE
ANON.

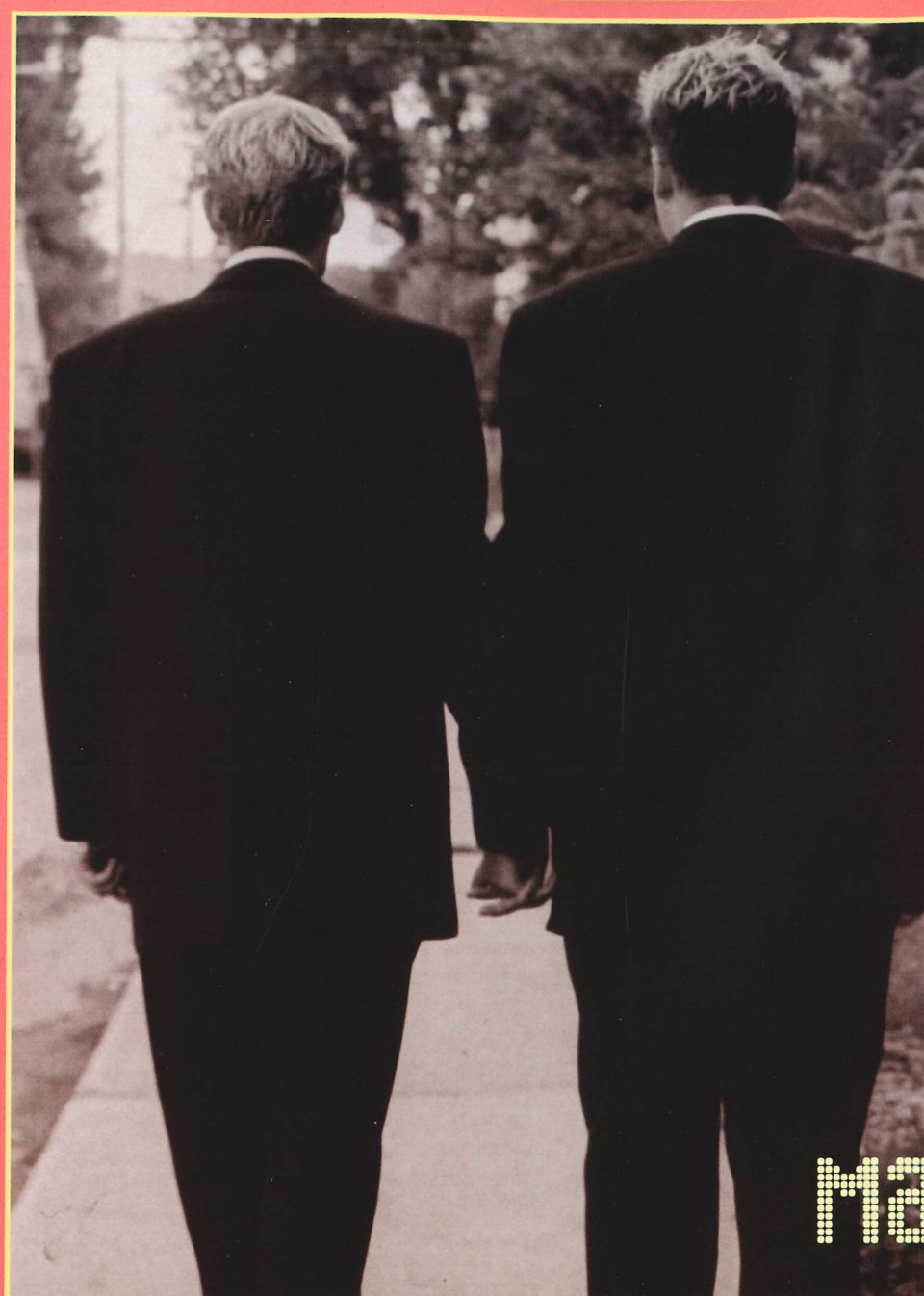
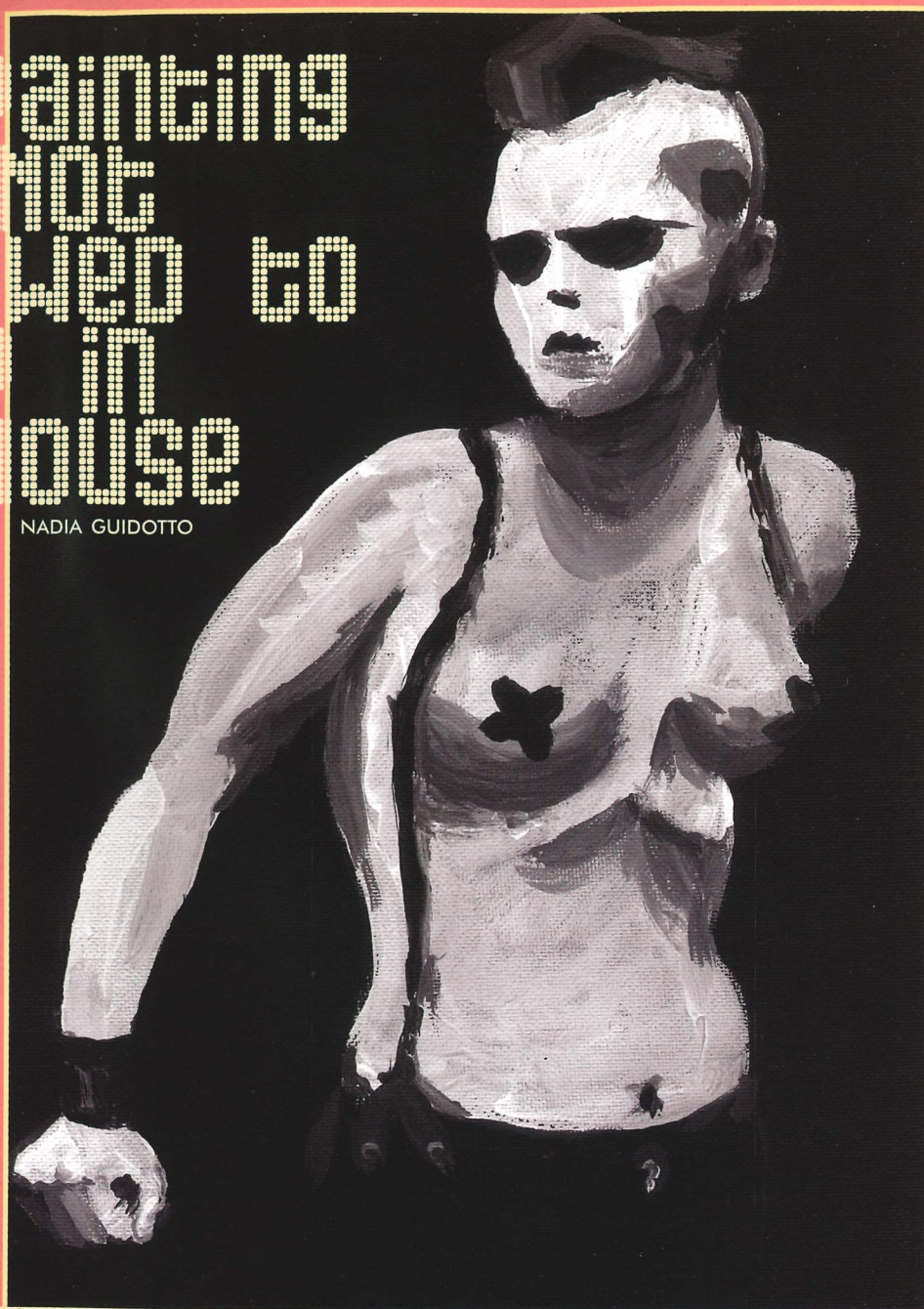


Jon is gay
Is that a fact?
I can confidently state that it is,
Because it is permanently etched
Into the concrete of University Avenue.
And maybe the aforementioned
Is just the butt of a joke,
But there it is,
Eternally impressed on the sidewalk
That I walk everyday.
Some may say,
What a cruel thing to write.
But I say,
What a good reminder.
What a simple statement,
So easily summarized.
Jon is gay
And that will never change.

Jon didn't choose
To have his sexuality written in stone
But there it is,
For everyone to see.
Walking past everyday,
People grow a little more accustomed
To the fact,
A little more accepting each time.
Knowing that message
Will still be there tomorrow,
And the next day.
Those that don't like it,
Learn not to look.
Those that do,
Anxiously await its arrival
On that long walk
Down University Avenue.
Jon is gay
How about that?

THE PAINTING
I'M NOT
ALLOWED TO
KEEP IN
THE HOUSE

NADIA GUIDOTTO



MELISSA WALLACE

JUST
MARRIED

meanderings through the midnight of a sexual parking lot.
blazing homosexualities scattered about,
glistening heterosexualities reflect in puddles,
trans and bi realities surround it all,
queers,
everywhere,
and drag kings and their queens loudly enter, splashing, waving, not
missing a moment,
devouring all that is feminine and masculine before our eyes.
parked here are the vehicles of stay at home-ism,
and hiding inside them:
the believers.

minus the humility

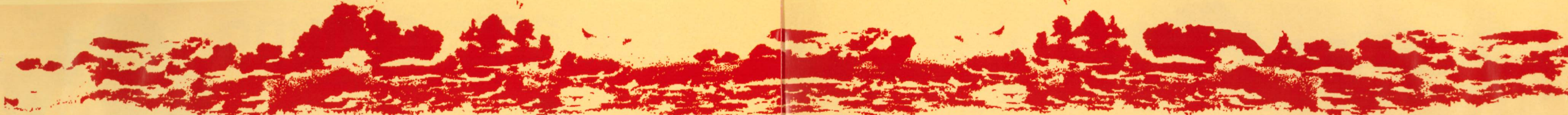
ROB BICKFORD

Pregnant clouds

ADRIENNE BARKER



Dark clouds filled the sky as I slowly made my way down the street; they intimidated me with their pregnant appearance, hanging low and full of water, threatening to give birth to an enormous litter of rain. The humidity had been rising steadily for the past week, relegating me to my air-conditioned apartment and the life of a hermit. I was loath to leave my temperate environment for anything short of an emergency. At the moment, my shirt was sticking to my body in an icky, damp and unpleasant manner as I walked down the street. I was on my way to visit a friend whom I hadn't seen in a very



long time.

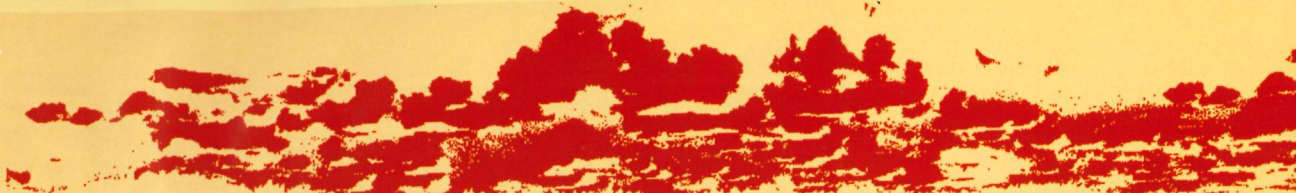
Once upon a time we were lovers, but it ended when she left town to work for the summer and decided not to come back. She stayed away for two years while I sulked and sobbed for months. We had both managed to move on with our lives, while maintaining a close relationship and large phone bills. Even though she had returned to town about a month ago, we could never seem to find the time to really connect. Numerous obligations-work, exhaustion, other friends and anything that might appear more imperative-barred the way until today when our schedules were finally forced to work around us seeing each other.

I would like to believe that the reason my shirt was clinging to my body was due solely to the weather. However, like most things in life, there's always more to the story-especially where Heather is concerned. As much as I wish I could say that the relationship was simply "see girl, meet girl, fuck girl, move on," I would only be fooling myself on a superficial level and perverting the entire relationship. In order to effectively describe the relationship, I'd have to toss in a "fell in love with girl" somewhere along the way as well as a "never really got over girl."

We met in a rather routine manner one night at the bar. Heather, no doubt, would go into great detail about the whole thing. She would describe how our eyes met across the dance

floor, stirring some sort of carnal recognition from deep within our souls, drawing us closer and closer until, caught up in the rhythm of the music and the atmosphere of the club, we engaged in a long and passionate kiss. My own description would be far less romantic and dignified; I saw her dancing, thought she was hot, began to move closer, introduced myself and eventually decided that I might like to stick my tongue down her throat. Regardless, we met in a bar and almost immediately began making out on the dance floor. Unlike most dirty bar sex stories, our tryst on the dance floor gave rise to a one-year relationship. Within such a small period of time she managed to suck me into her little world and I managed to suck her into mine. The more I saw her, the more I kissed her mouth, the deeper I fell into her. Each time we met I felt this intense desire to plunge into the deepest and most secretive pools of her mind.

It wasn't like we were a clingy couple, completely dependent on each other, and incapable of surviving even one day without seeing or talking to one another. We led our own lives, totally autonomous and unlike the life we lived together. Yet, when we were together we lived and breathed each other. Everything happened naturally and easily for us- our minds were seemingly connected with some sort of invisible link that told us exactly what the other was thinking at any given time. I suppose that's one of



the reasons why we avoided each other when Heather first came back to town. I'm now living with my current girlfriend and more than a little concerned that once I gaze into her eyes all the old, apparently resolved feelings I had for Heather will burst forth and upset my secure and comfortable world. Yet here I am walking down the street preparing to encounter, once again, the only girl who managed to turn me into heaving, wailing, red-eyed, emotional beast covered in tear stains and little bits of Kleenex.

My heart stopped momentarily as I arrived at her doorstep and pushed her doorbell, secretly hoping the two-year hiatus had not been good to her. A gentle breeze picked up as I stood outside her door, offering a brief respite from the heat and humidity. As Heather answered the door I noticed that the two years we had been apart had done nothing to change her appearance aside from the length of her hair.

"Hey you! You look a helluva lot like this girl I once knew." I said as I stepped into the foyer. Cracking a smile, she wrapped her arms around me-instantly I remembered the way her body felt when we held each other.

"Enough with the corny lines. How are you?" Her now long hair smelled amazing as I held her delicate frame in my arms. I resisted the urge to run my fingers through it.

"Same as yesterday, you?" She began to move away, grasp-

ing my hand and pulling me into the house. A few boxes were scattered around the living room, but in the short time she had been here, Heather had managed to firmly imprint herself in the house.

"Fucking weather is driving me nuts. I can't stand how hot I get with all this hair on my head."

"Yeah, when you'd start growing it out?" When Heather had left, she was a centimetre short of being confused for a cueball.

"Mmm...about the same day I left. I needed a change I suppose." I nodded in agreement as I glanced around the room. "Do you want something to drink? Normally I'd suggest that we go elsewhere to talk and stuff, but it looks like it's about to start pissing outside at any moment. Plus, it's quite a bit cooler in here than out there."

"Agreed. What do you have?" For the first time in my life I felt awkward around her. I longed to take her into my arms and kiss her. I watched her every move as she reached for a glass, set it on the counter and headed for the fridge.

"Umm...not much. It's a toss up between milk, water and pickle-juice." Smiling she poured me a glass of water. "I'll assume that you'll take the water." I laughed as she handed me the glass.

"Good call. As tasty as pickle juice sounds, I think I'll pass."



Smiling, we began to move in the direction of what appeared to be the living room. "So how do you like the place so far?" I asked.

"It's great. There's so much space, not like the last apartment I had here." Her voice softened and she dropped her gaze as she finished her thought. I remembered the many days and nights we spent there, talking well into the morning, ignoring the voice in the back of our minds that continually reminded us that we had to work at nine.

"Yeah, it was pretty tiny. It was cozy, though." I responded.

"True. That it was." Awkward Silence heaved its way into the conversation looming over our heads as we both searched for something to say.

"So...what's your new job like?" I queried. Heather's face immediately lit up.

"God. It is so amazing. I love it..." I tuned out as Heather began to describe, in great detail, every aspect of her job. Her passion was one of the reasons I fell in love with her so quickly. It enveloped and infused me whenever I was around her. I could feel a small stirring in my stomach as I watched her mouth move. I imagined tracing her lips with my thumb as I slowly moved my mouth closer to hers. I could feel the softness of her tongue and lips against mine as I sat pretending to be as enthralled with her

job as she was. I muttered the appropriate responses, prodding her along as I allowed myself to get carried away in thought. In my fantasy, both of my hands were now on her body, one placed gently on her face while the other moved slowly along her thigh. Heather gave me a quizzical look that jolted me back into reality. I shook my head as I stammered my apology.

"Sorry, the heat must have fried my brain today. I just completely floated off there." Heather smiled.

"Yeah, the blank stare indicated that you were either deep in thought or having a seizure." We laughed for a few seconds and sat silently as another awkward moment made its way back into our conversation. "How's Karen?" She asked. Right. Karen. Forgot about her. I shook my head.

"She's good. Been working a lot lately, but happy nonetheless." Heather nodded and smiled.

"Good. Good. How long have you two been living together?"

"Mmm...I dunno...about two months or so? Something like that. We've only been seeing each other for about six months, though." I couldn't believe it. I was now casually referring to my live-in girlfriend; passing her off as nothing special even though I apparently cared enough for her to share my bed every night. Heather nodded and looked beyond me. "Are you seeing anyone?" She smiled.



"No. I'm still single." She looked at me and I gave a small smile. In the little fantasy I had created we were now beginning to remove clothing. Heather was straddling my thighs and I was carefully kissing her neck while undoing the buttons on her shirt. Her skin was still the silky and soft texture that I remembered; it seemed to melt in my mouth as my lips moved tenderly down her neck and across her clavicle. With her blouse undone, I pulled her toward me running my hands along her back. "I haven't really been looking though, what with my job and all. Seems that all I do is work, eat, and sleep lately." I nodded as a flash of lightning brightened the living room. The clouds let out a low moan a few seconds later. As the sky continued to darken, Heather lit a lamp in the living room.

"You always liked it dark and mysterious in your apartments." I commented. Throwing back her head, Heather let loose a full and hearty laugh.

"I suppose. I never did like lots of light; everything looks so stark and unnatural. I like lots of shadows. I can nap anywhere in the house if I keep the lighting low which is a big plus." I smiled as I struggled to come up with some sort of witty reply. Just as it was becoming a little too late for me comment the phone rang, saving us from Awkward Silence. Heather quickly excused herself as she headed to the kitchen to answer the

phone. I took the opportunity to glance around the room. My mind wandered back to my fantasy just as I was gazing at one of the magazines on the coffee table. My mouth was beginning to find its way down Heather's sternum as she lifted my head and pulled me into a long kiss. She stopped briefly to remove my shirt, quickly reconnecting our lips once it was tossed aside. She began to tease me with her tongue, gently tracing the contours of my lips and probing deeper into my oral cavity. I responded by rising to meet her. I plunged my tongue into her mouth and we began to kiss in a hurried and frantic manner. It was the type of kissing that expends lots of energy and requires you to rely heavily on nose breathing. I was just about to clear off the coffee table with my free arm when Heather re-entered the living room.

"Sorry, that was Mom," she began, "she says 'Hi'." The sky let loose another scream, reminding us of the impending birth.

"How has your mother been?" I asked.

"She's fine, her doctor says that things are looking optimistic..." Heather's mother was diagnosed with Parkinson's about a year ago and has been working hard to slow the progress of the disease. We talked for awhile about her mom when another rumble indicated that the contractions were getting closer. Heather flicked on a few more lights in the room to compensate for the decreasing ambient light. We moved from Heather's mom to my



parents. There wasn't much to say about them. My parents had to be the most consistent people in the world- something they managed to pass on to me and my siblings along the way. We sat for a few minutes in silence. Just as I was about to tell Heather that I should mosey along, she spoke.

"I've missed you, you know." The words that I had been dying to say and to hear had now been said. She looked down as she continued. "Do you think that there's any chance that we might..." Heather's voice trailed off and I could see the holes her eyes were boring into the hardwood floors. The coffee table had been clear for some time now. Heather began to moan as I went down on her. With each kiss, nibble, and lick, her vocalisations became louder; as she approached climax she began to rock her pelvis against my face. Back arching, she came quickly- a loud crack of lightning prevented me from hearing her shout. It snapped me back into reality.

"I miss you too," I began, "but I don't think so. I mean, I'm with Karen now and we're happy." Heather smiled at me and we both sat on the couch in silence for a few moments.

"Yeah, I thought so, but I wanted to make sure. You never know until you ask." I smiled and looked down at my watch. The first few drops of rain were just beginning to fall outside. I stood up and took a few steps from the couch.

"I should probably head."

"Do you want to call a cab or something?" Another crash of lightning indicated that a taxi would be the smartest course of action.

"Nah. I'll be fine. It's only a ten minute walk." I began to move to the door.

"Yeah, but it's starting to spit already. What'll you do if it starts to rain while you're walking."

"Get wet." I said sarcastically. "Unless you have an umbrella I can borrow." Heather shook her head, opened a closet near the foyer and pulled out an umbrella.

"Here. Take it, but I want it back, not like that tape you borrowed two years ago." I laughed; the awkwardness that had been so predominant in the house was suddenly gone.

"I'm not finished listening to it yet." I stepped out the door and opened the umbrella. "I'll give you a call sometime when I'm done!" Heather laughed as I began walking away. With an enormous shout, the sky gave birth to an incredible torrent of rain. I smiled sadly to myself as I walked down the street. I celebrated the birth by closing the umbrella and letting loose a few raindrops of my own.

Ding!

Ding!

Something (or nothing) strikes me.

I'm in the mood

I'm in the groove

I'm ready to go

Perked up

My knob

Wants to bob.

When the quick massage starts

There are a few false starts

It may come too quickly

The electricity

May skip through the air

But gradually

It becomes a regular routine

Machine

Back and forth

Regular

Up and down

Quick and slow

Squeeze a little

Wait a little

Think a bit

Concentrate

Carry it

Keep it going

Almost there

Almost there

Almost there

Almost there....

It's coming...

Release

Release

Release

And I lay in peace, satisfied, as if I successfully connected a circuit.

INDYGO
MIRROR IMAGE

I remember looking into the mirror and wondering who I was going to be in 8 years.

And it was social claustrophobia.

Confined to my thoughts.

Smiling whilst in my head I was screaming.

I listened to them say,

This 'Western disease' doesn't belong in Kenya.

They're worse than dogs or pigs.

All she needs is a good fuck.

It was the knowledge that being gay was illegal,

And still is.

It was the fact that there was no word for who I was.

You're just confused, they said

Scribbling furiously on prescription pads.

It's an illness and you can be cured

And their eyes said you WILL be cured.

The sedation began its work

Dulling the edges of my now-evolving identity.

And yet there was joy in this discovery of myself.

But there was also fear.

Fear in telling her that I loved her

Hearing her say it back and being afraid of losing her.

Fear in the helplessness I felt

After she was raped.

Wanting hold her in my arms

And shield her.

But instead having to watch her drift

And then disappear.

Having no language to express myself

It was the gashes on my knuckles when I slammed my fist
against a window.

I fucking earned these scars

And I'm proud of them.

And I think back to that girl staring into the mirror

The pocket of her white school shirt ripped off

Wiping away the blood from the cut above her eye.

I want to tell her that this is going to be the first of many bat-
tles.

And I wonder if she'd still want to tread the path ahead of her.

THE FROG PRINCE FAIRYTALE REVISED, MY WAY

SKY OESTREICHER



... And when she kissed the frog, it turned into a handsome princess. Without much ado, the two girls passionately kissed and fell in love. They got married, had tons of marvelous sex, and lived happily ever after ... The End.

i could tell in the way your steps were halting,
never one to hesitate and yet there you were
full of awkward pauses on street corners;
pondering possibilities,
approaching the point where we separate.
where i turn first and walk away.

you stop to look at some cracks in the street and
i twirl around to catch you,
to tempt you back into step beside me.
we're blocking the sidewalk again and
i give up to finger some lilacs.

i watch your eyes refuse to meet mine when you call me one of the pretty girls,
the answer to some question is lying in your lap and you joke about my long hair.
relief in your eyes as i just laugh,
as we meet in the middle again.
i know you dream about my hair across your pillow,
in your hands,
stuck to the back of your sweaters.
i don't dream about you anymore.
you pause one last time on the corner and
before you can reach for me
i grin, lower my eyes, turn away.
good night - call me
trails behind my swaggering, no, swaying hips.
wondering on the subway bench if it will play like this next time.
with you, there will always be a next time.

navigating invisible lines

ANGELA KOSTENKO

veering

ELICIA LOISELLE

I was a straight girl.
Straight like the horizon.
Like the prairie sky touching down on a
Land where the words
Queer, faggot, dyke...
Fall out of mouths
like spit
Onto a dirt road.
In this place
The sky is a woman
The land is a man
And their children are straight.
I was growing up to be a straight girl.

I had the fantasies of a straight girl
Fantasizing like a glutton
Like I was ready to devour
Who I might really be
If only the lights of this prairie city
Did not fall short of the corners
Where the sky
And the land
Became one.
Became nameless.
I was salivating like a straight girl
Wanting to taste those corners.

I didn't think you were a straight girl.
You were cut differently.
Cut in the form of flesh that defied what it was to be feminine.
What it was to be a girl like me.
There was something different about your edges.
You hadn't let them chisel away at you like I had
Allowed them to do with me.
You were rough and beautiful.
Not like a straight girl.

I started to wonder if I was a straight girl
As your body became
The body of a friend
That became the body of my desire
That turned out to be a body with a boy inside.
A straight boy.
I didn't know that you were a
Straight
Boy.
Not when I started feeling for you
Falling for you.
And I came to realize I wasn't a straight girl...not quite...not anymore.

Q QUEER WORLD

JEN JONES

So I guess its like this big coming of age experience
Like the experiences you study in Grade 12 English class
People ask when did you know?
I respond with
I was always like this.
Nothing has changed.
Why does it matter anyway?
At first I wasn't sure
I thought "I don't really know so, I am not on any side"
Then I thought about it
Shit
I was so angry at first
I cried, I tried to be quiet
Why was there this terrible foreboding?
Why was it such a crime?
Why was I so afraid?
Then I thought if I like someone, I should be happy
Then I accepted it
The fact was that I was indeed a heterosexual

"YOU SEEM SURPRISED"

JAYA JOHANNA KARSEMEYER

You seem surprised
You think it's impossible
I have told you "I decided to date women again
I want to fall in love with a woman"
You are uncomfortable that this is a decision
I'm sorry that it's conscious
But I'm conscious

Of women all the time
A woman all the time
Sometimes my hand wants curve of breast more
Than slide of cock more I'm sorry
If you feel I discredit your rigid
Sexuality
Did you want it to take me by surprise?
I have been surprising everyone with it
Since I was eleven years old.



LAUREN HORTIE

CAPITAL PRIDE



LAUREN HORTIE

NETHERLANDS DIKEBOYKE TOUR 2002

THE RINGLET BRIGADE

LISA HALL

She tells me that I need a man.
She says this confidently as her finger twirls
around one of her perfectly formed blonde
ringlets.
I say nothing.

This is our custom.

She tells me what I need and what I don't while
wrapping her finger inside one of those ringlets
and puffing away on one of her menthol slims
cigarettes. She says this time she'll find the one
for me.

I stare at her,
in almost incredulation.

Hesitatingly, I say,
"Maybe I need a woman."
Quick puff.

"No. You need a man".
She untangles her fingers from the ringlet to
pat my hand reassuringly and then promptly
sticks them back up in the ringlet.

I met her men.
They are like her, except their hands do not
twirl ringlets.
They sit heavily against my shoulders,
Hips,
Ass.

They too tell me what I need
More beer,
A good lay.

I fake food poisoning and leave
Disgusted.

I'd like to say it's better on the other end,
But I know it isn't.

Looking in the wrong places again,
Scammy setups with men and women.

I start to look in the mornings,
Early 9 am on Sunday
Walking through the park.
People who are up at 9 am on Sunday have their lives
together;
They wear little jogging outfits and take their dogs out,
They eat wheat germ toast for breakfast.
I want to join their club.

I buy a jogging outfit,
I eat wheat germ toast,
I look for 9 am Sunday morning love.

But I can't find it.
The 9 am club is too perfect,
Too fit,
Too together.
I need something messier,
Something more like me.

KAREN

connection

I remember-

Your fingers on my body

The gentle, exploring strokes of massage

Your lips on my lips

my cheek

my neck

Soft kisses-playful, tender

Become forceful, passionate, seeking kisses

Energy building, tension rising

Looking into each others' eyes, knowing but not speaking

Afraid that if we speak reality we will lose this

Moment of connection, this (body) love remembered

When we act-

When your fingers enter me and

stroke my vulva, both

gingerly and forcefully

You send me to the moon

(The ripe, full, orange moon)

The connection is intense

Emotional

Life-giving and life-sustaining

Erasing memories of our hurt

You later (much later) say ... "it's like we melt into each other"

At that moment, we join, and our energy takes us to a higher plane

As I enter you, you moan so deeply

I love to hear those sounds

To know that I have brought you here-

brought you home

But afterwards, the awkwardness returns

You are still unhappy

You seem uncertain about how to address this sexual connection

How to make sense of it

You feel overpowered by it

You want to be alone, not

connected to another

To break our connection once again

And I am left thinking...if this part is so good,

how can the rest be wrong?

Confused by this emotional pain combined with physical joy,

I am left feeling...I think I still love you...

at least on the good days

WHEN MEETS

ELICIA LOISELLE

GIRL BOY

When you came to me
You were getting ready to leave.
The river rushed beside us.
But that hollow sound those
Stones made as I skipped them along the water
Cut between us
Like the secret you didn't want to tell.

I raged in your ear that you
Weren't allowed to just leave
Everyone behind.
I was worried about where you were going.
I grabbed your arm when you tried to walk away.
I broke the rule.
No touching.
Never touch you.
You couldn't go anywhere anyway.
You were my ride home.

I cried that night when I wrote you that letter.
I just wanted you to let go
Of what was holding you down.
Locking you up.
Casting sad shadows in your eyes.
I wanted you to tell me
What I had already figured out.
I told you in the letter that I just wanted
Those words to come from you.
That you're not who everyone thinks you are.

You said you thought about never seeing me again.
But I was persistent.
And you knew I knew the truth
Even if neither of us had ever spoken it.
So when I asked you if we were going to
Talk about it,
Your voice was nervous, and you said,
I guess they call it transgendered.
I said
I know that's what they call it.
And I smiled and told you it wasn't the defect you
Thought it was.
It doesn't change anything between us.

And as we were swinging in the park that night we talked
About relationships.
You said you knew
If things were different
You would have been the guy who made the first
Bold move
When a girl made you high.
I said you'd get your chance.
You said you weren't sure.
We didn't know it then,
But that first bold move
Would lead you and me to us.

DRIVING GME
NIGHT:
AN EROTIC
STORY

JAYA JOHANNA KARSEMEYER

The night I met Frances I was being very straight. Out to the El Mocambo for Blow Up, one of the last nights before it died. A man on my arm, a good man. It was a night to be pretty, the kind where people want to gawk, and point their puppet bodies towards you. You choose who to look at, and you are not the spectator. The texture of the night was written everywhere, its events cryptically foreshadowed in the goosebumps of the wall, the shiver of the air. Every surface hummed under the light, exposing itself like a cat under a sunbeam, dimly stroking the skin of the floor, rubbing up against the guarded backs of the people in line. The darkness begged for covert groping, anonymous stroking, illicit smells camouflaged in cigarette smoke. Each person wearing blinders, single and desperately alone, no matter who you were accessorizing upon arrival. Dank and urban, the feeling of being in the right place. This is where I should be tonight. This is a good place for me to be right now. Game on.

Frances stood between the dance floor and the bar; I passed that stranger several times. She brushed me with the cool realisation that you have just made eye contact with the most attractive person in the bar. It's like being second in command, you suddenly feel like you have your hand on the thigh of the driver. She's had the motor of the whole bar growling since she walked in, and you're the sexy sidekick with the quirky comebacks. You are close enough to make a move. I could put my hand on the wheel.

Frances held the driver's seat like a Russ Meyer bombshell. Her slouched smirk hid under a platinum Uma Fiction-cut wig; plenty of thigh, plenty of everything. Maybe she was playing to boys that night, too. But she gave me the eye. I knew it was the game. Turn away. Breathe. Engage. She rolled her tinted window down to me and offered me a cigarette. I wordlessly stepped into the close space around her with my lips parted. She slipped the dry stick in and I took out my lighter. She rested her hand on mine as we tipped our faces towards the flame. It rested there for a second, splitting silence humming its mocking samba. Then our cigarettes were lit. I exhaled and crinkled my smile. I got another drink.

Pacing alone in front of the bathroom, the urgency displaced from thighs and cunt and lips and shoulders, back, nipples, cheek, chin, neck, ear to pee I have to go pee! When I could sit down and feel the hot piss leaving me, a rush of deflated energy, I wanted it back. Where was the driver? I was so close, and I just walked away. The boy was waiting outside for me, "I sort of want to go, you?"

"Really? Just another twenty minutes or something."

"Fine."

A hiccup of emptiness, a gasp of, "How do I get it back? I want it back now!" How could everything disappear into one last dance, one dance with sweet boy, stupid boy, every word of desire muted by a lit cigarette? I bummed another from boy and positioned at the bar. Where was the driver of this dig?

Was she going to pick up the next lonely with her thumb out on the side of the road?

Boy paced waiting, wishing for his play of lasso and downed chase. My shakingly frantic sweaty circles aggravated him, I could tell he wanted to shoo me off. Stinging sensitivity like the heat in slapped skin shimmied down my shoulder blades; she was behind me. "My friends will never talk to me again if I don't give you my number, pretty girl," said Frances. I tipped my face towards the flame of her fingers, the heat of her face, and I pushed closer, grazing her lips to mine. Her teeth snatched a pinch of skin, kneaded my pain so it shot in debilitating surges from cunt to throat and ass to forehead. Breath like the definitive image in a commercial for cinnamon gum, my sigh splintered frost on the pane between us. Her hand broke through to the nook of my waist and squeezed minutes out of what must have been seconds. Tongue moistening lip, curling under its edge to wet what stays dry even under the brush of enhancing colour. The tingly girlness in the moment burst into tightened grip and fist digging into rib. Breath rushing from body to body from mouth to mouth, pulse through the vein of two. Hardly moving, our weight against each other became the throwing, shaking muscle of raucous tiger sex. Knees didn't buckle, but the song was over. Her number was in my hand and boy enviously waiting at my elbow. And we left that place.