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victim #07-2214



Meg Southee Molle Dorst Luciter Stege
editor

Editor's Note

Queer writing is undefinable. Is it the poetic lives and experiences of queer people? Is it always political? Where do our allies fit into the equation?

This year, we wanted to take you on a journey. We begin with celebration of the power of our identities. There is sex and drama, reclamation and anger. This year's edition ends on a darker note. We need to step back from the celebration and acknowledge the violence our brothers and sisters face because of their queerness. Let's use our energy to fight back in non-violent ways.

As Editor, I was blessed with an awesome committee. None of this would have been possible without them. Many nights of baking, and painting. Thank you to the travelling bakesale, Kingston Slam Fam, and EQUIP for helping with fundraising.

We hope that Outwrite 09 fulfills your wildest hopes and dreams. We wanted to compile submissions that spoke to the diversity of queer experience and expression. We would like to thank you all for submitting and for your continued support throughout the year.

• Happy Pride.



Molle Dorst
Women's Studies '11



Male
Female
Intersexed
Eunuch
MtF
FtM



Man
Woman
Androgyne
MtF
FtM
Transman
Transwoman
Bi-gender
A-gender
Genderqueer
Transgender
Fluid
Third
Questioning
Two-spirited
Gender-neutral



Butch
Femme
Bear
Twink
Cross-dress
Masculine
Feminine
(Drag) King
(Drag) Queen
Genderfucked
Bio
Androgynous



Bisexual
Lesbian
Homosexual
Heterosexual
Gay
Queer
Asexual
Heteroflexible
Homoflexible
Bi-curious
Vanilla
Straight
Kinky
Androsexual
Two-spirited
Questioning

Jedi Femme

Jeanne Faria

i am a Dyke.
i am a Diva.
i am Jedi Femme.

Flirting my way through the galaxy: Fuck me red lipstick and seamed stockings.
Light sabers and lip liners, an intergalactic queer.

You won't often see me represented at the round council kitchen table meetings of the Lesbian Collective. There is no place for my heels amongst the Birkenstocks and politically correct shoes of androgyny.

*You see me as wanting to pass. You say i'm not a dyke.
i see a lot of women who think packing is something you do for holidays. Talking about breaking out, breaking free, redefining OUR communities. Let's make room!!
You thinking you need to be in love to fuck.
i could tell You things.*

Some of the members of the Lesbian Illuminati have chosen not to accept FemMe because rumour has it, i have an unnaturally close relationship with my m.a.c red high gloss lip sex and perhaps a penetratively obsessive dalliance with my favourite dildo.

Your peril, if you let the heels and make up fool you.

i am a righteous and dedicated sistah.
i can walk the walk, AND chew gum at the same time. my sarcasm is sharp enough to file nails, and my Sapphic sisters, that's a good thing.
i can shoe shop, leap tall buildings in a single bound, landing perfectly on four inch stiletto's and still have the energy to kick a little patriarchal ass from down in the trenches.

i am honoured, to share in my sisters grief, and her clothes.
i am the water that breaks the stone. Madonna, Whore.

i can browse, watch for sales and still give a verbal thrashing if you try and invalidate my herstory.
i am magical creature. Dyke. Grrl. Princess. Bottom. Brat.

And yet, when i am not on the arm of my (a) dashing and yummy Butch, and i enter into the safe and queer dyke positive spaces i see advertised in the Lesbian journals that come when my period does, i have been given mean looks and stares, malicious comments like:

"are you lost?" or "Do you know this is a lesbian bar?"
(well, yes, sweetie....isn't this where lesbians come to fall in love??<sic>)

You ask if my Husband is coming to get me.
I want to say yes. She is.
But the words are stuck, galled in my throat by the bitter taste of exclusion. My Butch, no matter how dashing, is not my Key to Dykedom.

(Silly Lesbians, i'm a dyke, i'm a dyke...You're a goose!)

i am femme- alone or partnered. Take a good look, a woman identified woman.
A dyke with the artistic eye of looking good (for me) and my Butch. Femme. Wimmin. And oh my, ain't i a lesbian??

Do not let a little make up and the sheer perfection of my mascara application scare you.
Do not be afraid of the hair polish, hair spray,

mousse, gel, hair wax and sculpting lotions that transform me from grrl to goddess;
Nail polish garter belt pushup bra high heels teased hair swishy walks curvy hips corsets cleavage or flamboyant hand gestures get in the way of what could be a beautiful friendship.

For my femme S/sistahs: Queer Bitches. How gorgeous you all are! Don't you know that i bubble and giggle inside to see you.
Bosom. Thighs. Ass.

Knowing those shoes (and grrl, don't they look great!) must hurt, knowing you'll never show it.
You read a room and file away the dismissal like a ring that has lost its stone.
You know that being bashful is a cheap cologne.
Look at you. Owning the Space. Feeling all eyes on you, even in confusion and envy. Knowing, knowing exactly, it's all as it should be.

You're a super star, that is what You are.
A glittering, disco ball wall flower. Blending into the scenery like a full blown super nova.
We are rainbow and sparkles and fragrance, feathers and fur, leather and lace.

Femme. Fag. me . W/we.



Parkdale
Abrah McKeen

You are more important than those stares
and intrusive smiles.
More important than the comments that we get.
"Want to have a threesome?" He asks.
As you ignore and speak to me, and he stares
No, we don't.
You are more important than people watching
with smirks on their faces.
More important than friends with tough questions.

It is still hard to think about the people that I know.
A fear of being seen
An inconvenience to have to explain
But given a choice, I would choose you.
Because this is real.
And it is everything but this,
that must be questioned.

Coming Clean

Heather

I've known it forever.
My feelings don't match what the other boys say.

I'm weird.
I know how to hide it.
My thoughts wander places while other boys play.

I'm loved.
So now do I hide it?
My fears keep it buried for just one more day.

I'm married.
My secret's forever.
Two children a mortgage, what would my wife say?

I'm scared.
I can't just keep lying.
The hiding's too hard, can't keep living this way.

I'm out.
I just want to die.
My life is a mess that just won't go away.

I'm loved.
No secrets are kept.
My life comes together, just live one more day.

I'm happy.
My life's turned around.
Just happy to be here, and here will I stay.

I'm normal.
I've known it forever.
My feelings are normal, despite what they say.

I'm writing.
So others can read it.
And one day they too can feel happy this way.

approaching near
we hear
quite clearly
what was said
filling us with dread
knowing now
what will never be.
despondently
respond with motion
cause a commotion
without betraying
your emotions
swirling fiercely
in your belly,
you quake
and slowly break
under a serene
composure.
so strong

your broad shoulders
impose
on my mind
and I find
some time
to glance in your direction.
only my eyes
do not deceive
and I realize
the truth
of the situation
and your interest
in her dance,
my chance
with you
can never be
reality.

Reality

Meg Southée

Just Words

Colin McMillan

F A G

Faggot. Scour it. Tear it from the dictionary, rip it from the lips of those who would use it. For too long, words so cancerous to the soul have been accepted and used without care, and it is *enough*.

They think they understand, those people who don't know what it means to us, to me. They think that it is just a word. They see pain in others' eyes, and they think that it's the same as all the others. They think that it's a quick wound, one that scars and grows insensitive. They think it doesn't even matter.

They know nothing.

It is a wound that festers. It is a weapon that is blind. It is a knife that cuts the innocent before they even know why it hurts. It is a cut infected with fear, a sickness born of being told you are *wrong*. Abnormal. Broken. It is a scab that the wounded pick at, a reason to doubt, and deny, and destroy. It is not 'just a word.' It is hatred, it is fear, it is *wrong*.

Fag. "That's so gay." "He's so *queer*." One of *those people*. Each one is another nail in the coffin of a soul being buried alive. After a while... they just give up. They're buried, invisible, alone... and they think they deserved it. Those that find the strength, those that realize the need, to break out, find six feet of dirt. If they're lucky, there's a bit of light waiting for them in the distance, a hand or two digging down to pull them out, lead

them to the sky... but not enough. And every word, every *hate-filled, bigoted, careless* word is another handful of dirt, another nail, another agonizing step away from life. And no matter how many hands come reaching down, there are *always scars*.

Scour it. Let the word fall from the earth. May its every use bring moments of silence, reminders of the weeks, months, *years* of silence that we have faced. Let every head hang in shame for the ones who came before, who did not see the lives they slowly crushed, ripped, and abandoned to oblivion.

Not everyone feels the hurt of these words. Even those for whom their hateful meanings were made, not all fear them. Not all bleed from them. But among many, **I do**.

It is because of these words, it is because of this senseless, uninformed, thoughtless hatred that I learned fear. I learned pain. I learned despair. Every bit of harassment I had known before, all those insults and cruelties that had pushed me to the brink of self-destruction... When I learned the truth about myself, I believed they were true. *I was wrong*. Even when they didn't know what I was, they used those words, filled them with hate, and in this they taught me that *I was wrong*. They taught me that I was polluted, a pariah, and that every normal person, friend and stranger alike, would turn on me on even a hint of the truth. *They would hate me*. I thought I could change. I thought I could hide. And pieces of me died in that time, burned away, the dust scattered to the winds... I will never get those pieces back. And I am not the only one. All this... because of words. Words they didn't even think about. "Just words."

"Just words." Well, these are my words.

END IT. Make the cruelty *die*. Burn those words down and salt the land. And *never let them come back*.



The Space Between People

Lara Szabo Greisman

The Space between People
I want to talk about the peepholes in doors
And how you can stand
6 inches from someone without feeling their breathing
And we are gods in these moments
We can dictate the fate, the shape of shy souls, with a smile
Or wrathful, we can trap them in a fish bowl of mental maybes
Of our fears
The I wish I were's, the I could never be's, the they would never see's
That wedge under the skin of our humanity-like sandpaper
And I find it's always
I and I, not you and I or I and We
It's always I and I, not you and I or I and We
We think we're all lone rangers on an asphalt runway of contradictory dreams.
And it says we can't fly, just (breath) skin our knees.
We try to squeeze between the seams of individual assimilation.
But it's easier to talk another person's talk
In this upgrade- better wage-you are your trade- nation.
And I find it's always I and I, not you and I or I and We
It's always I and I, not you and I or I and We
But maybe it's no run-way - a highway - a try to be that guy-way.
Maybe we are all standing behind the bars of a social cattle guard.
But we know that rap,
Of someone fucking-up, fail-ing, fall-ing through the cracks-
But if all the ones in everyone

Become some
Some who found time to save space in life's line
For a peaceful paradigm.
Some, who got it into their minds to truly emphasize
Our same Smallness.
Then i might not always be

I and I, not you and I or I and We
Not always I and I, not you and I or I and We
And if this peephole distortion fills the right proportions
Of the myths we were told:
about the make your money now -about worth measured in gold.
Then the separation-desperation-sandpaper loneliness-lack of lustre
Are ruptures created to keep us from being whole.
But dependency always has a negative sense,
And these connotations are mitigations forged by fears of impotence.
Fears of vulnerability in union. of being othered. Excluded.
Labelled crazy, weird, stupid.
So we block, duck, cover our confusion : by hiding behind our I.
Always I -I and I- not you and I or I and We.
It's always I and I not you and I or I and We.
And I just want to buy the reflection of a utopian sky.
I want to reach through the fields of shields
Through the space between people.
And no longer be I and I-but you and I or I and We,
No longer I and I but you and I or I and We.



Two Men in Love, at a Diner

Dane Swan

"...six years of absolute and unadulterated bullshit
He muses, "1,2,3,4,5,6 years of sweat pain and tears
and I only got this stinking t-shirt"

"Maybe I should be the better man,
I understand, this love was fleeting,
and supposed to be short-term
but he is a worm"

"No, no, no he's a guy" I chime in,
"Let's begin, with the fact
every woman thinks we are dogs,
and you married a dog
(according to that theory),
Me, It's got to be a woman's touch"

He laughs, "1,2,3,4,5 remember that number"
his face turns blue chuckling as he falls over
"5 years with a selfish uncaring soul
who thieved your heart, and left you cold
she was an angel, that crushed your wings
at least he helped me sing"

"On, a corner, by yourself, for money
you may be a better man,
I understand,
but I feel like....I helped her stand"

"Yep, on your neck, wait a sec,
she now has a mini empire
where IF you did return,
you would merely be a squire,
and she is shitty to those who she hires"

"Her King must be named MANDINGO!!"
"No, that's YOUR Queen!
Don't be so mean!
I have a date with her at 6:15"
"Really, I see him tonight too,
I'll pray that she at least tries for you"
"I hope the same for you,
I love her smell"
"I love his as well"

"So why are you meeting?"
"She needs someone to talk to"
"All those people around her and none can listen?"
"Her life is not how even I envisioned, and you?"
"He is giving me some clothes of mine...
and needs some money....maybe..."
"Maybe he wants you back,"
"and maybe she doesn't want you on the market"
"Fuck it!" we proclaim in unison.

"He's not good for you,"
"She will ruin you"
"But when she says I love you"
"You almost believe it, me too"
"Good luck, here's my share for the pot of coffee"

A man-hug later,
I leave the diner

Letters

Anonymous

Letters.

he wrote me letters,
promised me one for each breath between heartbeats.

So did she.

I need you, he said.

My love will forever be yours, she said.

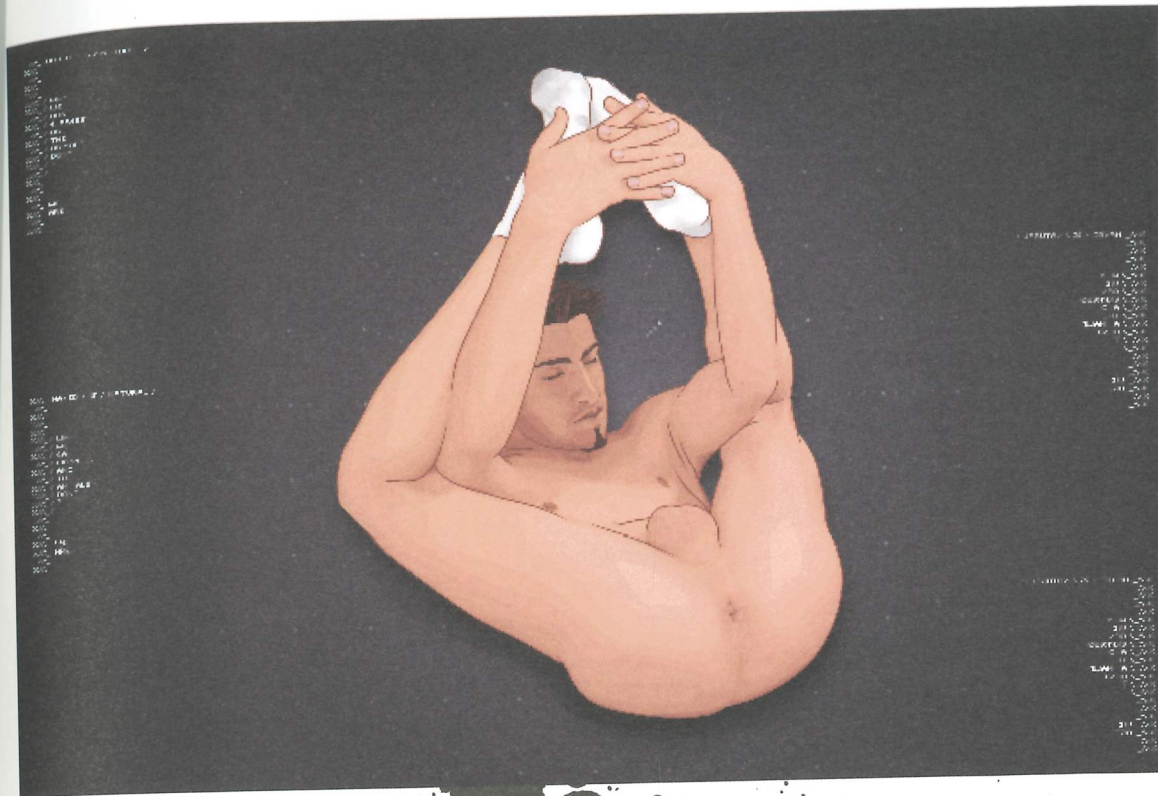
he told me of our future, our family.

she told me of our past, our passion.

I got two.

Then none.

Liars, both of them.



Fuck Your Socks Off
William Rectum

Based on a True Story

Lara Szabo Greisman

once upon a time there was a girl
no wait a boy? no wait a....
a

so A liked lego and books and dressing up like a superhero
A likes smoothies with fresh mango

A knew every word to every song in every scene of Rent, the musical.
so then one day this thing called choose said choose and A couldn't
and there were cover ups and drag and dates and a lot of symbols A didn't fit into.
because who would believe such a hot girl with such a great body could B
a dude inside, no a fag inside, no a Hedwig, flaming queer inside?

but wait: doesn't that make A straight?
or maybe a gay boy-girl could be into gay boy guys
and if that's just all, that would be fine.

but A wasn't

A was alone, instead.

but this is a fairy tale with a happy ending cause androgynous A met Mike.
and Mike was so busy talking about books and lego and

would you light my candle: kiss.
and it wasn't until A stood-up that he saw she was born she
then since he was into either-or, but mainly A
he got her to stay.

2005, 25th of July. it rained on two suits, two sets of slacks
one marriage, one rainy day that couldn't drown out
the sound of their vows.

Rise Up

Molle Dorst

Because doing it yourself is a forbidden
pleasure in our consumer culture.

Because standing up for yourself and go-
ing back to basics, throwing poems on
street corners, bombing or blogging are
ways of storytelling in our urban cen-
ters.

Because not everyone listens, we must
pursue. Because our mothers wanted us
to wear pink dresses on the first day
of school, and we wanted to wear clown
shoes and boy pants.

Because no one can hold us down.

Because we have the ability to scream
and be heard. Because we cant speak for
everyone, but we can try.

Because art is justice. Freedom is
Peace and our voices are gifts from the
gods.



Out

BethAnne Fischer

Sexuality, Individuality, Personality
Out, Out, Out

My lips are chapped, dry, they don't spout
The truth of the people that I date
The sex of my preferred mate
I'm clenched, stone, a statue from the hate
Internal homophobic state

Society, family, and myself
I've been stuck on a shelf,
Straight
Presumed heterosexual
Till I open my mouth its perpetual

But my tongue's tie, twisted in a knot
trapped, tripped up and caught

Out
I don't tell my family about Her
The love of my life
Sunrise, potential wife

Strife

Heart scars pump humidity and heat
The voice in my head is stuck on repeat
check the beat ...

That's sick, institutionalized, your disgusting
That's sick, institutionalized, your disgusting
That's sick, institutionalized, institutionalized

To be ostracized is my demise
but I hate these dancing words and awkward eyes
I don't want to continue to tell lies
and with hold information
from our conversation
it's clear
I can't submit to my fear

I must stand naked tall and speak my heart
be prepared to dodge the darts

if they may fly
have the courage NOT to lie
and be prepared to brake down and cry

... Cause you see, despite meaningful conver-
sation between you I
there's a large part of me that you've never met
that I've hidden through gender neutral language
absence of details when I talk
and silence

...

stories pop into my head
sounds flow to my tongue
but are stopped by my closed mouth...

...

I feel void of personality
existing with an altered reality
I've been mysteriously single for the past three years
and all my friends are straight up queers,
but still...

I'm heterosexuality has been given no doubt
no one has come up to me and said Beth
Anne come on will you please come out!!!
so I guess its gonna be all up to me
I sticky tack my feet to the floor so I can't flee

fear fear fear
is what I hear
yeah fear

despite this I kick it into gear
tell them I'm gay

yes today
I did it
no hit
no kit
still a misfit

and no one punched my face
said girl get outta my place
kicked me out from their life
stoned or disowned me
somebody even loaned me
a tissue..

to dry my tears
say good bye to my fears

[damn]
a weight has been lifted
I feel seriously gifted
that I shared this beautiful part of myself
its been really good for my mental health
My mom's kinda freaked and my dad's in
denial
but i can still make them smile
ting

my aunt's a little nervous and my uncle says
now he loves me more
family politics are no longer a bore
inside myself I've opened a door and closed a
door all in one shot
I'm happy to say now my soul won't rot
and my partner won't be forgot
from our family tree
I feel happiness joy and glee
quick somebody pinch me



Snapshot
Billie Rector

Trans Day of Remembrance 2008

Christina Clare

The 20th of November – it's raining.
I'm looking out my kitchen window and thinking of the concrete
That's being washed clean and the abstract that no one will see.
Is the rain some literary device, manifesting itself into my reality?
Or has nature finally succumbed to society
By washing away the evidence that a binary does not exist?

Bull's Eye

Christina Clare

Her eyes stare at me like the end of a double barrel shot gun
The smoke from the shot swirls around, sticking to me
"You"
She points her finger at my chest, like a knife poised for carving
The second shot is only suggested (don't belong here)
But distracted by the conversation, she moves her gaze
And I skulk quickly and quietly into the stall and keep my eyes down when I'm out
Until I can escape this

Because with my appearance comes a flashing bull's-eye target
And rarely do they miss

Where Were You in '82?

Molle Dorst

Where were you in 82?
when our brothers and sisters were dying
I'm frustrated
from being in purgatory for 27 years with no sign of a summit
I've stopped holding my breath
because I've got to start screaming
Imagine over the Course of a few fleeting moments
everyone in this room disappears
But before they vanish
you can tell them one thing....
I'd tell them that I won't let them be forgotten.
Time to take some notes kids
it all sits powerfully in a nexus
Just as oppressions based on gender, sexuality, class, race and ability manifest differently
The AIDS virus does the same
it doesn't discriminate
it started hitting gay men and iv drug users
who don't rank high on any administrations priority list
not the most loved members of society
it was an issue about the health of the nation
instead of scratching an itch, they cut off a limb
it was about letting the social outcasts die
as punishment for disobeying god's rules
This has ramifications in research and social policy
If it's so important, why was nothing being done?
It wasn't about being gay, or black, or an addict
it wasn't about who we were, but what we did that made them uncomfortable

The homosexual problem was killing the right people
I hope you're still taking notes
I hope you're still writing the names of the dead on the walls of corporate America
I hope you are screaming with me
Because heterosexual white-America was happy letting the marginalized die
as long as they didn't have to watch
Since 1981 research in North America was focused on the gay male
yet in Africa, 50% of the cases were women
how was there heterosexual transmission there, but not here?
Maybe if some heads were taken out of some asses
and some high horses were left to roam free
we'd realize that we are all in this together
leave the cooties in kindergarten
and help a brother out
how far into our sex lives will we allow the government policy makers?
its said the government has no place in our bedrooms,
but not all sex acts exist between the sheets.
Where was the education and awareness?
Where were the free condoms and lube?
Not only was this a biological war on the human body, but it is also a social disease of intolerance
Here is a problem we all face
when we go to uncover our status
we must be anonymous
for confidentiality can bar us from international travel
a positive status can keep us from moving to the US
so tell them you are Batman, they can't turn you away
Why does the colour of our skin, our income, our lack of penis and how we use it restrict our
treatment options?
Why was this disease thought of as a 'cure' to 'social problems'?
How could so many people turn a blind eye to the genocide of the marginalized?
Maybe I am writing this with post-first wave privilege that allows me hindsight
I am not watching all of my friends die in silence
I'm standing and screaming with them
I am involved in outreach, and education; two steps in the right direction. Why can't the adminis-
tration stop walking backwards?
So why the fuck do the rich get richer and the poor have to die?





Entice

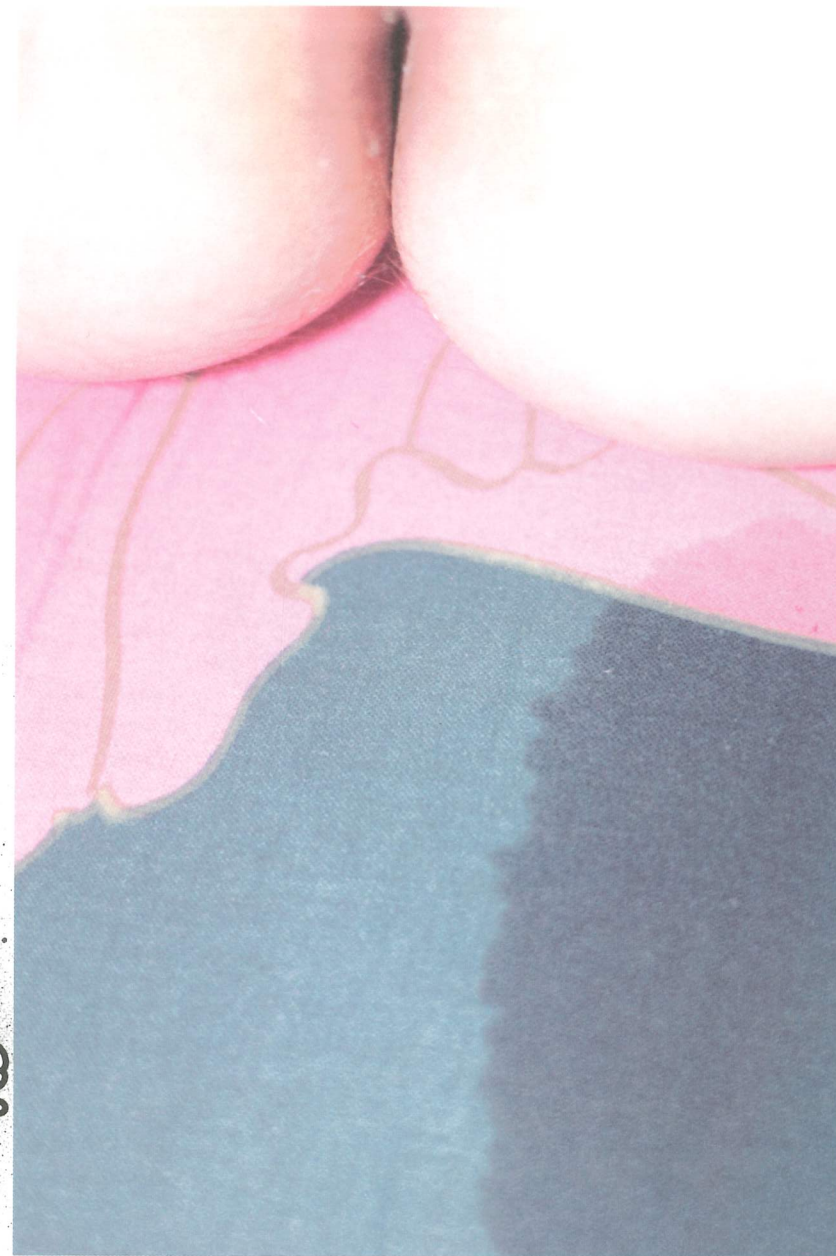
Meg Southee

scantly clad
i'm glad
i can see you
tonight.
the light
is right
to entice
all the senses.
did i mention
your eyes,
no lies
could ever
describe them.
to just close
my lids
and slip
into
your skin,
where to begin?
i want you
to pin me,
spin me,
peg me down
with your hips
caressing your lips
i want to be dripping
when the final stripping
begins.
shivering with sweat
your touch
will burn my skin,
yet i am akin
to that feeling.
we lie entwined,
two minds combined
in time and space,
both fleeting
and lasting.



She Came

Billie Rector



Archaeology

J. Bradley

baby
i wanna be the cop
who pulls you over
for a busted headlight,
thinks you suspicious,
reads your Miranda rights
then thoroughly searches
each
of your cavities.

i wanna be the blender
that makes your hips quake,
creating enough of your milkshake
to prune my skin, pour in a glass
and drink you in.

i want to be the Frank Oz
to your Ernie, Grover,
and Yoda.

so i just gotta know
will you be my Muppet
tonight?
because you gotta act polite
and ask right
when you want to induct your lover
into the four finger club
(because thumbs don't count as fingers
they're thumbs).

in so many words

i just want to fist you,
not the sadistic 270 twist
or the 540 double fist
just one hand
swimming in your love canal
until it caves in
and the sweet din of slurred Spanglish
oozes out your mouth
and the volume bores through the walls
of my apartment building
so the other tenants wonder if they should
listen closer
or call 9-1-1 to bring this expedition to a
close.

i want to see
if you can hit the octaves
you were able hit
when you were in high school chorus.

i promise i'll be gentle,
use a deft touch
to conduct your orchestral body
as your fingernails alternate
from creating sheet music
out of the upholstery of my couch
and the space between my shoulder blades.

i won't quit
until i have unearthed your treasures,
stumble across your pleasure centers

turn theories into fact
once i ensure your G-spot is no longer intact.

in so many words
i want to make you cum
a lot.

but i have to confess
i do this for selfish reasons
because as much as this pleases you
you leave behind something more
that mere perspiration and fluid
you leave behind
an ache.

i curl my fingers
into a fist
when you aren't around
and the pain,
the temporary nerve damage
becomes a physical metaphor.

in so many words,
i love you so much
it hurts sometimes.

let me be
that police officer
who would abuse your civil rights

let me be
that blender who mixes
such tasty delights

let me be
your Muppeteer
tonight.



Untitled Molle Dorst

Im trying to write you a love song
So that you might notice me
I want to write a pop tune you can sing along to in the shower
But every time I put pen to paper
All I write is I LOVE YOU
Over and over in every colour my pencil case will let me
Extrapolating from this point seems redundant
No other words seem to fit together
like my chin in the crux of your neck on a Friday night
or like chocolate and cheesecake
electronica and cocaine
my hand and yours

I LOVE YOU
I write over and over again



**I TOOK THE CAP OFF
MY GENDER MARKER TO WRITE
WHATEVER I WANT.**

Coming Out... Bi

PAN with

White Noise Machine, Ariel Platt, Gypsy Eyes and Truth Is

PAN: First,
Ariel & White Noise Machine (WNM) :
your friends know.
Ariel: What took you so long?
WNM: We figured it out
WNM & Ariel: it's sorta obvious

P: Well could someone have kindly told me?
It would have saved me months of questioning.
Maybe, I have more choices
But also more chances of rejection.

See, it's not what's between someone's legs
that captures my gaze
it's the smile on their face
not the shape of their chest
but the warmth of their heart

WNM & A: I think you're just
A: selfish M: confused
WNM & A: no just/yeah he's
A: confused M: selfish
WNM & A: It's just a phase
P: And from some, the silence persists
WNM & A: Then you know

WMN: m
A: 20
All.....bi

P: Those characters stared back at me
for hour long seconds
before I was able to
hit the enter key
WNM: That's just random chat room stats
A: Nobody really cares
WNM: For me, it wasn't that hard to come out.
As a lesbian.
In a man's body.
"Mom, I'm attracted to women."

P: "That's Fine, great.
All: Fucking get married already."
P: To me
it was an admission
a proclomation

larger than a highway billboard
louder than a siren
and I was the only one who heard it

All: then your family knows
A: Why did you need to get an HIV test?
P: well, I'm sexually active.
WNM: Please mom, just drop this
A: At least you're not active with guys
P: And I shot a glare
trying to say
WNM & P: I'm not ready for this
A: Are you active with guys?
P: Yes.
And with that one word

my life changed
A: well if you like both, you can chose girls
P: It isn't that simple
A: but it would make your life much easier
P: your life much easier

P: Because to my mother
A & P: Queer means AIDS
And what kills her most
is that she truly believes
WNM & A: It's all a choice
P: Alright, look. You like apples, right?
A: Yeah
P: And you like oranges, right?

WNM: Yeah
P: Well, I like both.
WNM: Ok, but what if you had an apple that
tasted like an orange?
P: No, see, that's more transgendered.
ALL: what?
P: Nevermind
P: It's Kinsey's no man's land
When you come out as a bisexual
It isn't like coming out gay.
To some it's not like coming out at all
Because you'll eventually
WNM: realise you're gay
A: decide you're straight
P: Even the bisexual girl I dated told me
A: I could never date a bi girl
They're too unstable
P: I guess when someone assumes some-
thing about you
for long enough
even you start to believe them

So I turned to the media to back me up
Found magazines like
"The Fence" and
WNM & P: "Anything That Moves"
WNM: Really?
P: Yeah...
WNM: Makes it a tough sell
P: so I looked to solid bisexual role models
WNM: oh wait... there aren't any
P: what about Angelina Jolie?

WNM & A: I'd fuck her / finger the soft folds of
her.....
P: I don't even get to be your one handed
fantasy
'cause two girls on one guy is hot but two
guys
A: I'd be lying if I never said I had a fantasy
about two guys
WNM: Yeah, but you're not a guy
P: I'm a guy
trying to make connections
in the middle of a world
that stands apart

P: And I guess that makes me selfish
WNM: makes me selfish
P: Or maybe it makes me confused
A: makes you confused

P: Because it's not about how the flesh con-
nects
I want.....
A & WNM: *banter* [guys/theesomes/to be
liked/a good score/etc]
P: NO. I want a connection of the soul

I Can Still Hear It Now

Victim #07-2214

Disgusted you turn to walk away. **crunch.** I can still hear it now. The loud smacking noise of skin being pounded into the icy concrete. Followed by a stream of insults and profanities.

"What the fuck are you looking at? Who the fuck do you think you are? You fucking bitch! You whore! Who the fuck do you think you are, you fucking pussy?"

"My name is #%@&."

"I don't give a fuck who you are, you fucking faggot."

The verbal assault continues; along with the physical. Why such strong feelings of hate towards a stranger? Not fully conscious of the pain you drift in and out. Like a ghost looking down from above. Seeing, yet not believing.

Days later, slowly trying to recover the shaken fragments of your world. Of yourself. Unable to focus. Feeling so powerless. Plagued by the unperceivable permanent damage that lurks inside and continues to haunt you.



Have you experienced violence in the street because you were holding hands with your partner?

Some people are gay, why can't we just accept it.

Contributor's biographies

Beth Anne Fischer

Beth Anne Fischer is a SpokenWord Poet, MC, and Performer. Her voice and psychi are currently raising up and out of our heteronormative and patriarchal society. She strives for the day when creativity and imagination flows through her as it once did as a child. Beth Anne is a passionate environmentalist and fosters community engagement through coordination of stream stewardship projects and spoken word events in the Guelph area.

Dane Swan

Toronto based Bermudian writer Dane Swan, is predominately known as a spoken-word artist. Dane has performed his unique brand of spoken word in over a dozen cities throughout North America. Performances of his poetry have also been featured on CDs and vinyls that have been distributed across Canada and the Atlantic. Dane has a BA in Law (Humanities) from Carleton University and a diploma in Entertainment Management from Trebas Institute.

Heather

Growing up with very conservative parents meant acting like a boy. I new I wasn't like other boys, but didn't figure out why until my mid 20s. I am a transsexual, lesbian woman. I fell in love with my best friend at 16. We were married for 20 years. My changes hurt my wife and my kids, but I had to be my real self. 2 very hard years later we are best friends again. Now I just want to help others navigate or avoid those very stormy waters.

Colin McMillan

Colin McMillan is a Queen's student in the second year of his BSc (Hons.) in Biology. He was born and raised in Kingston and still can't find his way around downtown. He enjoys spending his time with friends, books, and whatever mindless forms of entertainment present themselves. Colin has been writing for several years, and may possibly be an english student in a biology student's body.

Victim # 07-2214

Victim # 07-2214 will hopefully never be you or anyone you know. Stand up for your rights and beliefs, but pick your battles wisely. Violence can erupt very quickly when you are confronted with irrational people.

William Rectum

William Rectum hides in your address book. He exists in the realm of extreme possibilities. Your dirty little secret. Hairspray, straightner, eyeliner and converse. William shines with silver studs.

Billie Rector

Billie loves the X-files, comic books and video games. Zie is a member of the Toronto based Muskequeers (a society so awesome you don't know about it). Zie is getting ready for the coming Zombie uprising. Billie has a B.A (Hons) in philosophy and is working on figuring out the meaning of life.

Abrah McKeen

Abrah McKeen is a 3rd year environmental studies student at Queen's. After taking a womyn's studies class in her first year of university, she realized how comfortable she felt in a setting that questioned gender and sexuality norms. This class helped her to become more comfortable with her own sexuality. In her spare time, Abrah can often be found listening to Tegan & Sara, and cooking and eating food. She also enjoys talking.

J Bradley

J. Bradley is based out of Orlando, FL. He is the founder of the Broken Speech Poetry Slam, Florida's longest running poetry slam. Some of the magazines featuring J. Bradley's work include decomp, Prick of the Spindle, The Monongahela Review, MungBeing Magazine and will appear in Poetry Midwest. Hear him at myspace.com/jbradley.

PAN
PAN / Yehuda Fisher , is a poet, musician and actor who lives in Toronto with computers, quills, books and a dozen instruments... almost. He hosts the very successful series WordJam: Poetry/Music Fusion Playtime. He has competed with much success in poetry slams through Canada and the U.S. and had the honour of being one of the poets representing Toronto at the 2008 Rustbelt Regional Poetry Slam. Yehuda is currently part of the Toronto Poetry Project, a group focused on nurturing and promoting the spoken word scene in Toronto through events, slams and workshops. His poetry has been published and he has one chapbook - Pen to Paper.

Meg Southee
Meg Southee is living in each moment of time and is perpetually in motion. At night I cavort in good bars with live music or slam poetry, while during the day I can be found working on my masters thesis or running wild outside. I love canoe tripping and aspire to live in a tent for more than four months of the year, straight. That will be the only thing I do that's straight.

Molle Dorst
Molle is not only the Editor of this year's edition of OutWrite, but also the master of layout. She is a Women's Studies Major. Her publications include chapbooks, articles and a spoken word CD. She is the louder half of the Kingston Slam Fam, which has turned into Outwrite's official fundraiser. Shes falling for someone, and is scared of the broken heart bruises. Check her out at www.molledorst.com

Thank You

Traveling bakesale
Allan Graphics Ltd.
AK Fischer
Kavita and the SIC
Education on Queer Issues Project
Pam and the Artel
Peter Hand for photography
P&CC
KPS and the Kingston Slam Fam
Carla Henderson and Meg Southee
The Reelout Collective
Matt Toth aka Gypsy Eyes
Valentino Assenza
Greg Frankson
The Grad Club
Queen's Pride Project

RIP Steve Suavé

