

Not Exactly

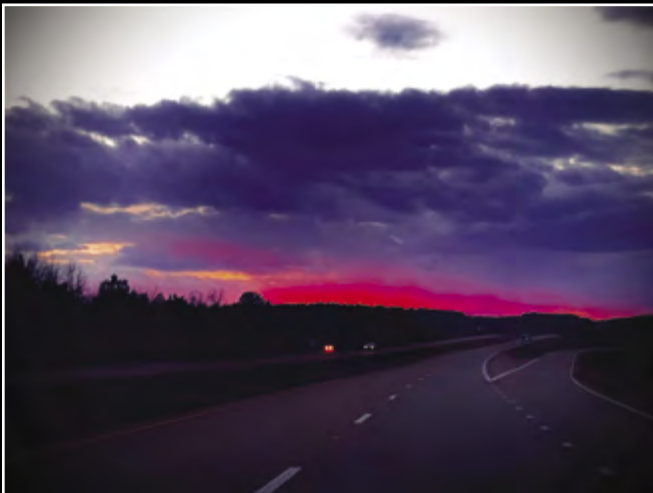
Jay Snodgrass

Yesterday I stood in my bathroom
squirting viscous gel onto my fingers from a translucent
teal tube,
spreading it into my hair,
slicking back each strand.
I became a new person, though not exactly.

Yesterday I plucked a slit in my right eyebrow—
it's your left if you're facing me, just here.
I didn't tell my mother,
but that'll be okay.
I became a new person, though not exactly.

Yesterday I said 'My name is Jay'
to crowded classrooms and auditoriums,
watchful eyes on my back
staring, wondering.
I became a new person, though not exactly.

Yesterday I learned the French 'iel,'
a word that did not exist until someone like me created
it.
Neutral in a language obsessed
with the dichotomy of masculine and feminine.
I became a new person, though not exactly.



The Drive Home

Zaria Cooper

Photography



Satire on "The Gay Agenda"

Taylor Paige Wypyski

Painting



Cerberus

Logan Harden

Acrylic

