

# Not Exactly

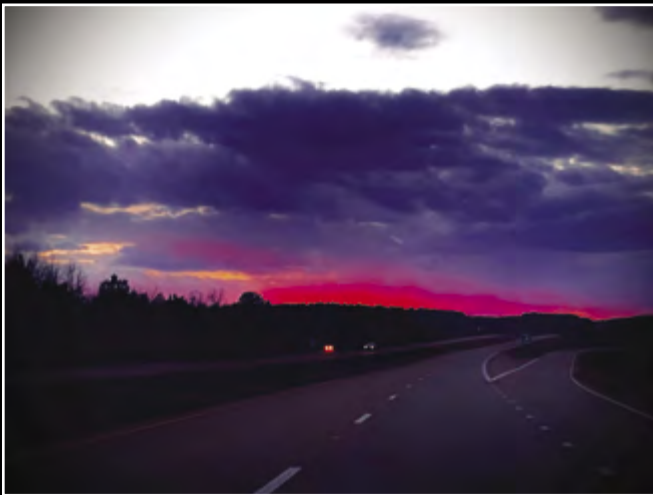
Jay Snodgrass

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