

BackWords

2012

*A compendium of
youth-created artwork*



by iNSIDEoUT

Letter from the Board:

Dear Reader,

We, the board of iNSIDEoUT, would like to thank you for your support. It takes a lot of work to put events and projects like the 'zine together, and we could not do it without your help. Having such a supportive community to fuel our work means a lot to us, which is why we like to give back with events like queer prom, workshops, and pride. We hope that you will continue to work with us in the future, and we hope you enjoy the artwork. We would also like to give a shout-out to Umstead Park United Church of Christ and Pilgrim United Church of Christ for providing free space for most of our events this year.

Thank you for your support,

Emi	Cami
Izzy	Ozioma
Bo	Spencer
Christine	America
Kelsey	Jackson

About iNSIDEoUT:

We are a youth-founded, youth-led organization that aims to unite not just local North Carolina GSAs and QSAs, but also gay, lesbian, bisexual, transgender, queer, questioning, straight, intersex, and asexual members of our community. We fight to end discrimination within the community, and to provide a safe place.

www.insideout180.org

Contributors:

Shani	Austin	Spottedtalon
Bo	Clare	Indigo
Spencer	Christine	Brianna
Tyler	Ben	Emily
Jackson	Nolwenn	Abigail

Outside In 180 is the adult-run 501(c)3 non-profit organization that represents iNSIDEoUT legally and financially. We would like to thank all of the adults that are part of Outside In for helping us in our fight for equality. We couldn't do it without you.

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Cover: **Frigates 1**
Back: **Frigates 3**
by Jackson

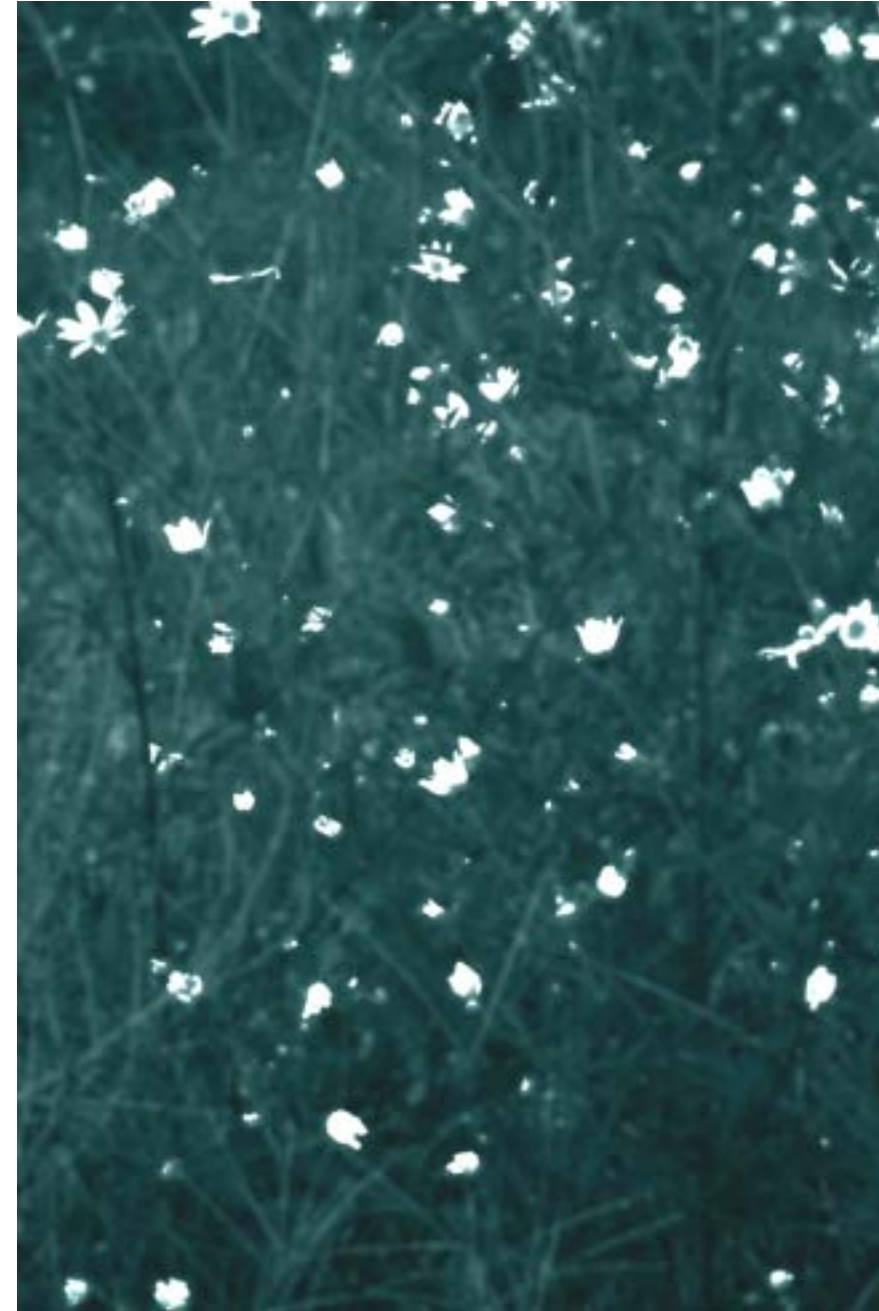
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Evolve from your roots, be the new foundation

by Shani

Today, I say, Let's start something new. Let's forget the old, and live life for you. Live as though it's your last day. Live so you may make a way, for those who shall walk when we've faded to gray. Walk with your head, forever held high, but not above others, only just as your guide. To sow the seeds, for those behind us, our hands will bleed, to always remind us. This is the blood of the soldiers who ran, ran the seeds before we watered the land. We walk upon, as though it was free, but only a few, truly see. We must sow the seeds, for future soldiers to water, so they can reap what we sowed, as we did from another. The passion filled fruits, fruits of our labor, are not to be thrust, upon a table, but are to be given, to our neighbor. Love others, as you want them to love you. Fight for freedom, no one is above you. We will walk, hand in hand, until our time comes, and we shall sing. Sing the song, of those, with no words, so that they may, be heard. At the last word, once again, we shall bleed, blood like rain, washing away, the dirt that is pain burning the cuts, we bare, as a symbol, to people, we have a voice, we were here, and we still are here.



Forgotten Souls
by Bo Warren

Selene
by Austin

A lovely figure drifts through the sky
Through the mists, she comes.
Rising, falling, coming, going,
Moving as the tide.

Her silver sheen upon my face
A soft caress, a gentle touch
Gifting with her grace
Through the strands of time

Joy and mirth spread 'cross my face
The moon, she laughs above
A silver tinkling of sweet, soft bells,
A smile to shame the seraphs above.

A cold, harsh wind brings now the day,
Hiding her radiant face,
And briny tears roll down my cheek.
A cry of anguished sorrow.

But lo, behold, she doth return,
As a sailor to the sea.
My love, the moon, returns to me,
And now, again, I'm complete.

Her silver sheen upon my face,
A soft caress, a gentle touch,
A silver tinkling of sweet, soft bells,
And a love to shame the love of God.

Underindulgence

by Christine

There are those who crave
the blinding pale
skin
stretched papery thin
over frames, bones,
narrowing compositions of calcium and
hunger,
hollow cheeks, hollow bones,
corners replacing curves,
with melting meat and muscle
evaporating from misuse,
abuse, pushing on treadmills
to wring out the weight through sweat and
the sharp gusts from a breathing
skeleton
too hollow to carry life,
every heartbeat a defiant display,
every motion a gritty smile at death--

But past the jutting cage
of ribs, of prison bars, is a
freedom from waste,
from digesting to losing
nourishment, to leaving and lacking the
self-indulgence they held in their fat fingers
traded in for small,
for fit
for dainty lightweight,
for dancing on the tip of a pin and
singing with lungs that can breathe on all sides and
that is the body I can move in.

Because this body is not mine;
it's hidden beneath layers of
wretched addictions,
too weighted to climb a staircase,
too inarticulate in swollen resignation.
And I know beneath this suit
is that small frame
my flesh can cling tightly to
and the empty space is inside and out--

I am a person who became
the blinding pale
skin
stretched papery thin
over frames, bones,
narrowing compositions of calcium
and the need to be
thin.

Pansy For Lysander

by Ben

My skin was marked with dirt and soil
from where I laid in the brush at the bottom of a tree
that would bear me fruit beyond what I could eat.

And who should I see lying there?
Underneath the foliage that creates the sky,
still sleeping as I tip-toe silently to your side.

Had the faeries done me right?
Had they come to you by night
and touched your silent eyelids with a dew for desiring me?

I pick the violet flow'rs from where I walk to cradle you in,
dreamed they danced encircling you,
and joined them for I am a flower; I am faerie too.

I linger over you now,
waiting patiently that you may wake
and by first quiver of eye you see me, your heart shall take.

Untitled

by Emily



Origin Story
by Abigaill

I am from cinnamon bread,
From too-small beds and too many people,
From the books stacked around my room.
I am from warm pants right out of the dryer,
From rainbows and aluminum foil,
Broken headphones and a too-loud laugh.
I am from ditch water,
Frozen over and cracking.
From the messy handwriting
Scrawled on the walls in green crayon.
I am from wrapping paper,
Crinkly and brightly colored,
From my dad's prickly moustache,
I'm from the deserted beach,
The flour stains on grandma's apron,
The wild horses,
From the "That's a girl?" and Looks like a boy to me.
The bedtime stories
I'm from the hole in the toe of my socks,
(never the same one twice),
And the tennis ball fuzz stuck on my clothes.
I am from bagels and cheese,
From the pet snake called Snakey,
The sharp smell of Sharpies,
And the dimples on my brothers' cheeks.

Inspired by the poem "Where I'm From" by George Ella Lyon

Cynicism
by Jackson

Used, stained
Your dull not-quite-yellow teeth
Supporting your groundchildren
Letting their bitter energy pass through you
To continue to power the world
Taking on their emotional baggage
You crisp, bleached pleated skirt turned wilted and muddy
You receive no thanks
And you are thrown out after your brewed passes
With little remorse
And replaced with a pristine new you
Coffee Filter

Ivory Shadow
by Clare

You are a wraith
treading in the moonlight.
A breeze makes you shimmer,
while I fear forgetting you.
Ambling about in my memories,
trailing your fingers behind,
leaving a pearl path for me.
It bends into the grove of trees,
that gossip about your passing.
I thirstily drink in the murmurs
until the glow begins to fade.
Then I run along the path,
painting my shadow's light.
As I wonder what made me stop,
and risk losing it all.
Suddenly you appear,
watching something I cannot see.
I hide behind the gnarled oak tree
and peer out in wonder.
I strain to hear your words
that I watch spring from your lips.
I close my eyes to concentrate
and when I open them you're gone.
So I creep to where you stood
and mimic your stance,
hoping the moon will bleach me too.



Untitled
by Spencer

Transcend

by Nolwenn

Your thighs like the fishnets you once wore,
Punctured by the weekly T-shots you dress your legs with by morning.
Them that were once curvy,
But now muscular
As a fencing fighter,
Transgender.
Its armor
The shield of masculinity you harbor to conceal the fact that your body's witnessed too many blows.
Like a rusty locomotive, with hissing gasps for every punch that was ridden through you,
When the daunting tram was traveling your way and you knew it,
That something didn't quite fit.
Along the way between your brain and your boxers,
Transgender.
When we met, you rocked the dykey side cut.
The infamous Bieber do we all went through to make sure the world knew we liked hers more than his,
And at those rad anarchist rendezvous,
You shaved your head into a mohawk,
Defying gender norms with politically correct,
And braving atheist mottos above your binded chest.
The shapely metamorphosis of your body for me the thesis of a new concept,
Bigger than just the T beside Bi-sexual,
Sexuality trivial next to the enormity of the story you were defining.

Sometimes I wonder how you keep going.
How you find the strength when I am still assembling
The pieces long after it seems Meyer's queer concept is crumbling
In the hands of the social conditioning
Defining an outdated gender binary that was never fitting,
I admire you.
For the 50% of Trans physically harassed,
Half of those verbally menaced,
You are a fighter,
Transgender.
In a battle cage of ignorance and misconception
Calling your transition a trend,
A tragic death of butch
For those lacking the courage to continue,
When the cravat is only a mere comparison to the complex identity that is yours,
Your sideburns a crevasse to the canyon of "could bes" that is gender,
So that one day will be listed in bold letter
By the corner of your medical paper,
Human.

Sarah's Sun

by Indigo

The Rose

Sarah's first love painted the rose. She still loved him, he loved her brother.

The Tree

Sarah's brother painted the tree. It was a family tree. She was on it, so was he. The rose was at its center. At the trees heart.

The Rabbit

Sarah's best friend drew the rabbit. Later she added a rose bush. The rabbit was eating it.

The Clouds

Sarah's mother drew the clouds. She thought the roses needed water. Sarah wanted them to wilt.

The Sun

Sarah's father painted the sun and said it was her, Sarah. She agreed, trees and roses needed the sun. And so did the clouds. But the sun only needed itself.

The Locusts

Sarah's ex-best friend painted the locusts. Locusts kill everything, including the sunlight.

The Desert

Sarah drew the desert, because there the sun reigns. And there are no roses, trees, or clouds.

Space

Sarah's grandmother painted space over the rose, the clouds, the tree, for Sarah's mother. Even the sun. Because the sun is a star. And after they die they are seen galaxies away, for years. Somewhere Sarah's sun is still shining-- because in space it takes years for stars to die. And like Sarah's they will never be truly gone.



Release
by Tyler

A Bullet for Love

by Spottedtalen

She walks the school's grey halls a loner,
taking every step with caution,
knowing if she speaks she's a goner,
wishes she could be who she wants to be.

She's wishing, wanting, praying, haunting.
She's crying, rocking, tripping, taunting.
Holding all her feelings inside,
wishing she didn't have to hide.

Yesterday he ran for his life,
straight away from the cold metal against his head,
crying, praying that this strife
was not because of who he wished to wed.

He's wishing, wanting, praying, haunting.
He's crying, rocking, tripping, taunting.
Holding all his feelings inside,
wishing he didn't have to hide.

Alyssa was threatened with death today,
the girls told her to stay away.
The teachers did nothing but look and watch
while Alyssa begged the girls to stop.

Alyssa is wishing, she's wanting, she's praying, haunting.
She's crying, and rocking, tripping, and taunting.
Holding all her feelings inside,
Oh, how Alyssa wishes she didn't have to hide.

All these children brought to their knees
for something they did not chose to be,
and every single one of them is...

Wishing, wanting, praying, haunting.
Crying, rocking, tripping, taunting.
Holding all their feelings inside,
wishing they didn't have to hide.

Paintbrush Poem

by Brianna

Whispers tickle the dust in abandoned passages
Latched doors hide what was once known
Were these thoughts forgotten
Or were they exiled?
But now it makes no difference
They lie limp on cold floors

I sit
Breathe deep down into the gut
Such a wonder that the comatose dreams
Are not awakened by the heaving of my chest

You catch the light
Though you should be dull
And worn with age
We observe each other
A moment of silent greeting

Reaching slowly
Your embrace warms me
Though we meet only at the fingertips
My troubled heart slows to a leisurely rhythm

We set to work
Deep, lively seas gush
From your small and tender hand
You twist and turn
Contorting your graceful body
So the sun shines from your breath

Is that a bird you've conjured?
Where does she fly?
If she could sing through your silence
Would her song be mine or yours?

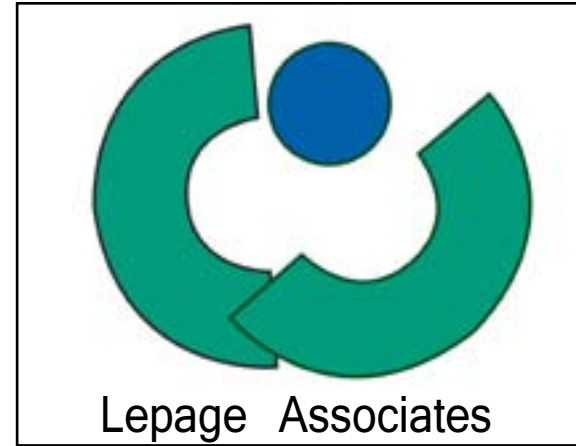
You dance through my dusty hallways
Drawing the curtains
Freeing the sun
There's a twinkle in your eye
And your sly smile is a mother's coo

My thoughts and dreams follow in your wake
Stretching and wandering and bursting
They dance a little jig in your trail
And smile at the world that forgot them

What is this?
Are you finished so soon?
What have you done with the hours?
At least you don't leave me alone

One last kiss for the canvas
You drop it on her blushing cheek
She and I lock eyes and weep
For your departure

We will not plead
Just wonder
What do you dream of when you sleep?
You, the liberator of my broken aspirations



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Upcoming Events

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Day of Silence Speak Out

May 11, 2012

Queer Prom

May 27, 2012

Sixth Annual Awards Banquet and Gaiety



www.iNSIDEoUT180.org
for more info.