

## Fatalist Ramblings

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Now's a different era. It's different than genital-free, hard plastic. Polyvinyl chloride mimicked curves I'd see in long car ride, car seat daydreams. Different from being a grade school outsider too queer for swimsuit clad pool parties and weekend sleepovers. Kids hadn't had the vocab, but knew I was our butch cafeteria lady type weird minus the cropped hair and sports bra flattened tits.

Now is different than years of straight sex splurging like one good screw could've proven that my parts worked because nothing felt as good as girls looked. One night, on a middle school like dare, I felt a girl's lips against mine. Drunk and sloppy, we moved like exhibitionists. I named her "Fireball Cinnamon Whisky" and assumed she was straight as she disappeared into a crowd, leaving my life as quickly as she entered. The taste of her lips washed away with vomit and Listerine, but the memory of her mouth visited me as I went home with my boyfriend and settled in for another comatose screw.

Now is different than the solitude like mid-days at dive bars. Quarantined with Catholics, I regressed to a secret dyke as my mind belonged to a body that wanted to evaporate into air. Days were spent with a word processor and nights were spent with films on my old flat screen. Nostalgia inspired my choices as I watched the Larry Clark and Gregg Araki movies I snuck as a preteen. I fell asleep with *Paris is Burning*, envisioning a life outside of a red state suburb.

I'm in a different era now. My fingers go numb pounding into my keyboard—vomiting out verbs I can't vocalize. I crack my knuckles and skim dating apps, finding couples looking for thirds. It feels like another year of my loner lesbianism. Online musings lead me to Instagram, where I find old friends getting married, having kids, and leaving the state. One day, maybe I'll really scratch my itch, dig in until my skin tears and bleeds, and flush out "Fireball Cinnamon Whiskey's" mouth and all the lips, pussies, and tits I've experienced since then, and be able to join them. Maybe I'll live as if I have multiple bodies. One body for me and one body for my Catholic parents. I'll drive one until its miles are up and then I'll move on to the other.