

OUT ON THE SHELVES RAINBOW ZINE

A collection of LGBTQI+
writing from young
people across Aotearoa

Generations

Jayce Dawson

I started smoking at fourteen
I did it for a boy,
The same boy painted my face
And taught me to walk in 9 inch heels.

Visited by elders
Who look like leather and lace
And lines in their face from the years of
Fighting

They tell me
Fuck the expectation
Fuck the norm
Fuck whatever systems there are

And I am lucky
I am so so lucky
Because when i got arrested
My face wasn't washed out in a mop bucket

I'm lucky
Because my friends names aren't patches on a quilt
Tucked away in the charity closet
Next to the box of glitter
And the overdue accounts

I find myself saying
Fuck the expectation
Fuck the norm
Fuck whatever systems there are

Is my face lined yet?
I hear stories of of kids
Who's teachers bought them binders
And rainbow bake sales

But the kids outside the bar still only look fourteen
Do I look like leather and lace?
Am I doing it right?
Am I going to make something great for these kids?

I hope so



Being Queer

Is living in a black and white world
When not only do you exist in grey
But you need a whole damn rainbow
Just to describe your average day.

Being Queer

Is always choosing 'Dare'
Hoping that one day
You'll do something so scary
That being queer doesn't even seem
brave in comparison.

Being Queer

Is looking at your schools dress code
Over and over and over
And still never having a clear description
Of what you can wear.

Being Queer

Is hearing "who is she?"
"who is she, who is she?"
Until the words blend
Into an unidentifiable sound
Because I don't know who she is
But she is not me.
I am they.

Being queer

Is a butterfly dying in your chest
Knowing it only has 2 days on this earth to exist
But you keep it sheltered
Because something so beautiful
And so fragile
And so prone to flying in circles
Surely cannot survive
In a world so hell bent on keeping everything straight.

Being Queer

Is looking in a mirror one day
And thinking
"Yes!"
"I am royalty"
And the next feeling so detached
That it takes you a while to realise
The pane of glass you're looking at
Is a mirror, and not a window.

Being Queer

Is spending half your life
Not knowing whether you're
queer
Or just wanting attention.
Whilst holding the knowledge
That if you wanted attention
You would have come out a long time ago.
That if you wanted attention
There are a million less controversial
Less terrifying
Less exhausting
things to be than being queer.
Like captain of your debate team.

Being Queer

Is so expansive
That your poem is so damn long
That just like you
It needs to break into the comments section
Just to be heard

Being Queer

Is responding to the same sound
Every day of your childhood existence
And never understanding
Why it is only a sound.
Never understanding
What hearing a person you love
Whisper your name is supposed to feel like.

Being Queer

Is hearing someone in conversation
10 meters away mention the words
"who" and "they"
And having to stop
Your excited inner child
Shouting to the rooftops
"I AM THEY!"

Being Queer

Is being asked by the
kindly storeperson

"are you sure this is the right section dear?"

"surely the clothes you want to wear
Are over there"

As they point to the corner

That makes your heart hyperventilate

Because it took so much courage

Not to go to the clothes

That for so long

You were programmed to
wear.

Being Queer

Is hearing that god created rainbows

As a symbol of hope

And swearing red through violet

That surely that was an

undercover message

To your community.

Being queer

Is never choosing a favourite colour

Because you live them all.

Being Queer

Is choosing dream places to live

Based off whether you can safely have your pronouns used

Based off whether you can get married

Based off whether you can exist

In their black and white world

When you live in grey

And need a whole damn rainbow

Just to describe your average day.



Olive Oil

Rachel Lockwood

for Beth

you are beautiful and kind and have a soft mouth
I have ears filled with olive oil and a head full of grease
you call me beautiful while my ears are filled with olive oil so
that it sounds like a kind of green underwater.
I roll amethyst in my mouth until the tooth ache stops,
I roll your name in my mouth like I could stop being astonished by its
shape.
I am still reading for capital R Romance.
I'm devoting twenty minutes a day to lying on my bed
fully clothed, and thinking about you
while my ears are filled with olive oil.
I am thinking about New Mexico.
I am thinking about cladagh rings.
I am thinking about language
that leaves us, like a dream or
sea fog, like olive oil
trickling onto a thin white towel.
Thinking of spotted horses and
grey hairs and
tomatoes that get picked out of the salad.
You are the big thief of my heart.
Oh baby,
I have ears filled with olive oil and
you repeat your tasty words for my singular benefit.
Think about love, and stained green pillowcases, and
the shiver of air through your room.
I have ears filled with olive oil and
hair made of leaves, a healthy
and nutritious snack,
and you are beautiful and kind and have a soft mouth,
and made no comment about the lingering scent of
Pam's Extra Virgin when we first kissed.



My Girl

Emily Roy

Lips, soft
Hair, curled
Your hand in mine,
You are my world
Cheeks flushed
A rusty pink
In my mind
You're the only thought I think.
Eyes, brown
A chocolate swirl
I could lie there forever
Upon the hill that we would twirl.
You're delicate,
In you I see the past,
I see a beautiful girl,
Of honey and glass.
If you need,
We can always restart.
If you shudder,
I won't let you fall apart.
You taste of summertime,
And fresh fruit,
And fun.
You are days at the beach,
And laying in the sun.
I want to hold you,
Closer to me,
To never let go,
Together we are free.
I chuckle with laughter,
You giggle with glee.
Oh darling,
Won't you come with me?



Chocolate Milk

Miles Manning

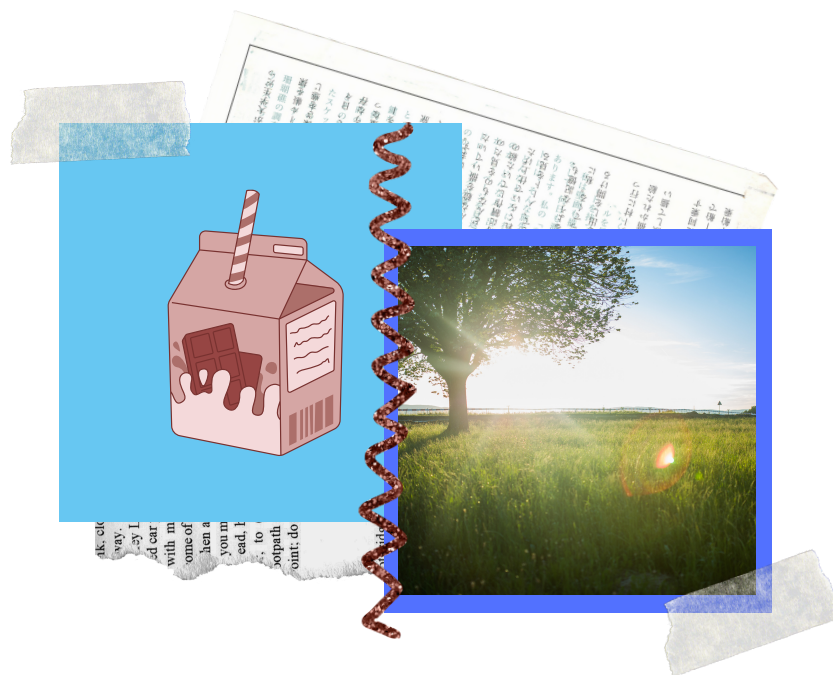
It's a hot day, you're sitting on the side of the road waiting for a bus. It's the middle of nowhere and you can feel the heat radiating from the road. You haven't put enough sunblock on this week, now the skin is peeling from the back of your neck. The paddocks on the other side of the road are obscured as the heat drifts up. Your friend sits next to you, he walked you here. When the bus comes, he'll walk back home where you spent all day together labouring in the fields. The two of you lean against each other as you pass a bottle of chocolate milk between you, careful to take small sips, to not be overeager. You count the cars together, choose a colour see who will get the most. He talks about a new game he found, and you're struck by how the sun hits his skin and makes him look like gold, he is Apollo and you wonder whether this is how Icarus felt, blinded by the sun. He glances over at you and you think you should say something, but there are too many reasons you shouldn't. You grin at him and start chugging the chocolate milk. He looks at you outraged and tries to wrestle the bottle from your hands. It slips from your hands and spills across the asphalt and you look up at him. He sighs and tells you you should have been more patient.

It's the last week before school starts up again. You're sitting next to him again, talking. This time you're next to a stream with your legs dangling in, the cool water and the trees overhead giving you some relief from the heat. He brought some milk again, today he brought you a bottle each. It's strawberry milk which you can't stand, but you don't tell him that because you know it's his favourite. You hate that school is going to start up again soon, it means you won't get to spend every day together anymore. You hate to sound so selfish, but you don't like that you'll have to share his attention with other people again soon. He is the most important person in the world to you. You think about saying so, but you can't. An eel squirms out from beneath the rocks across the water. He spots it points it out to you. You grin at him and splash water at it, scaring it off. He's finished his milk, but you've barely touched yours.

School's been back for a couple of weeks now. He's starting to drift away. You can feel it.

It's the middle of the year, you and he don't share many classes, but you try to spend as much time with him as you can, but you don't feel like he's making the same effort. You're sitting next to him again, out on the school field. Neither of you has any milk. It's dreary and the ground is damp, making your shorts wet. You don't talk, just watch the younger classes play football. You wish you knew what to say to him. It frustrates you and you dig your fingers into the soft ground. He looks at you and asks if you're okay. You say you're fine and the two of you sit in silence again. Someone calls out to him and he stands up and walks away. You miss the summer.

It's spring holidays. You invite him over to your house. He declines, he's spending time with his girlfriend. You say that it's fine and re-schedule for the next week. You want to tell him, this time you're going to tell him. The two of you sit in the garden, he is in front of the yellow carnations and you are between the lemongrass and the pink anemones. You have brought chocolate milk for the two of you, so you pass one over to him. He tells you he doesn't like chocolate milk anymore and you frown. You are silent for a while. He pulls at the flower petals above him and asks you why he is here. You say that there is something you want to tell him, and you say that it's hard to get the words out. You drink your milk and pick at the lemongrass beside you. You tell him how you feel. You cannot look at his face, but you tell him how he is Adonis, how he is beauty and that he belongs beside the flowers that your mother planted. You tell him how you cannot bear that he spends so much time away from you. You tell him that you hate how he's drifting away. You tell him you love him. You look up at him. He walks forward and hits you in the face. You hold your jaw. He tells you to stay away, to never talk to him again. He leaves. It hurts, it happened exactly how you thought it might and it still hurts so bad. You didn't expect it to go any differently, that's just how things were. It starts to rain.



An Ode To Those Who Told Me No

Kaylee Anderson

i wonder if my identity is still troubling to the first person who told me i was wrong
and i think it's messed up that there has been more than one person to tell me that my
identity is wrong

but i guess that's just the world we live in.

so maybe it belongs to the person who told me i'm too young to know

this being the same person who every time they saw me

asked about all the boys i'd supposedly dated

turns out they thought I was too young to know my sexuality unless that sexuality was
straight.

perhaps, my identity is a massive F-U to the parents who don't support me

who told me i was disgusting as i cried my way through the word lesbian

who promised they wouldn't come to my wedding.

maybe it's trying to prove that it isn't just a phase to the 27 people who have tried to
convince me it is.

she calls my love a phase yet is onto her 15th boyfriend in the time i've had one crush.

it could belong to one of the many straight white cis males who have ding-dong-
ditched my dms

and by that I mean the straight white cis males who have sent me an unsolicited pic of
their ding-dong-dick

and then quickly been blocked. i wear a rainbow sash across my chest

i drape a rainbow cape over my shoulders

i dye my hair in rainbow colours

i coat my arms in rainbow ink

i change my aura into rainbow stripes

each colour shines and shimmers in its own invisible light.

a beacon to all around me flashing neon sign saying

'I'm A Dyke'

and i think to myself

my identity doesn't belong to anyone who told me i was wrong, or too young, or
disgusting, or that it was just a phase, or anyone who didn't believe me.

my identity belongs to the constant slew of gay jokes leaving MY mouth

my identity belongs to the pride flag hanging on MY wall

my identity belongs to the pronouns in MY bio

my identity belongs to the words I use to describe it

my identity belongs to no one

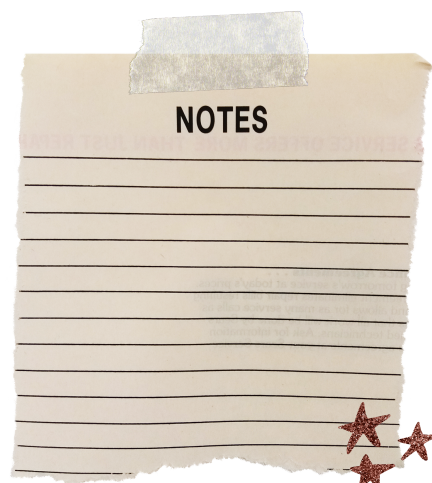
But Me.



Notes on a Nonbinary Life

Em

- a) the cards have been set up against you, all along. weren't things easier, at home in your own, child body, before it turned on you, too?
- b) nobody is listening to you. you're thirteen and you don't know the word for it yet, all you know is this isn't you. this can't be you.
- c) you cry, really late at night, nursing pain from wounds that remind you you're real.
- d) because you dont feel real, not anymore. it's like everyone is looking at another version of you through distorted glass, and
- e) you're banging on it with your fists and screaming for help, begging to be seen.
- f) you're working minimum wage at eighteen to save some money so you can become free, but it's such a long road and
- g) you are starting to wonder if you can do it anymore, the looks, confusion, the questions and defensiveness when you speak up for yourself, but
- h) you remember every day you've wondered that and still made it through.
- i) I can only hope someday I will be able to make this body feel like home.



The Day I Figured It Out

Kieran Wong

From the start I knew that I was different. Not just the fact that I stood up for what I believed in more than the other kids my age did, I just... looked at things differently. By the time I realised this this I had figured out that one of the main ways that I was different was that I had never really had a crush on a boy. Having always felt uncomfortable when my friends talked about some cute boy that they liked, I realised that I had always been attracted to girls and only girls. But for most of my time at school I often heard kids say things such as "Eugh! That's so gay!" or, "Are you a lesbian? That's so weird!" I tended to cover up my tracks by lying. I copied the way some of my boy-crazy friends behaved, and when my friends asked me if I had a crush, I just thought of one of the most annoying and gross boys that I knew and said his name. Strangely, they believed me. I came out to my "friends" in the end though. It felt like I could breathe again.

After I came out to my "friends" about that, it still felt like something was wrong. Still another thing that made me different from everyone else. I think that slowly came into realisation about a year and a half before I came out to my friends about liking girls. I still remember it to this day. It had been a really hot summers day halfway through term one. Me and my friends had been walking along the field past some boys who always played soccer, and a thought came into my head, so I asked myself out loud, "I wonder what it'd be like to be a boy?" Then I remembered that I'd said it out loud. My friends who were girls gave me some pretty funny and disapproving looks, and one of them said "What? Why would you want to be a boy? They're annoying and gross." So naturally, I quickly excused my thought and apologised. "Never mind," I said, "I don't know why I said that." But over the year and a half that I've had to think about that moment, I've realised that it had been a genuine question. I think from that moment on I started imagining myself as a boy, but then again, I'd never really been a "girly girl".

When I found out what Transgender was, it reminded me of something, which, in the end turned out it was what I was. It felt relieving that what I felt was something that other people have felt before. I took my time to think about whether I actually felt like that, and when I was sure that I did, I told my family, which was probably a bad idea because I'd already had other change going on in my life. So I told my parents and sister to call me she again, because quick change isn't something that I can cope with. I took my time to think about it. But that feeling of being trapped that I always had just came back, and that's a feeling that I REALLY hate. The second time I told my parents I was sure. Then came the hard part - telling my friends.

Telling my friends has probably been one of the hardest things that I've done during my time being Trans, especially the fact that some of my friends are Christian, and most Christians I know don't understand or even know what Transgender is. When I told someone who was one of my closest friends at the time, her reaction was, "When did this happen?" I told her when, explained to her what Transgender is, and after an awkward pause she said, "But...Why?" That feeling of being trapped didn't go away in this situation, it just got worse. Being Transgender isn't a choice that people should want to make [and it's not even a choice], I'm sure that basically all Trans people besides from me didn't want to be Trans, it's just a part of who we are. Another incident was when I was talking to the same girl and another girl who is also a Christian, and I was telling them about how my teacher might tell my class [and theirs], and one of them said "Just think about it for longer, otherwise you might regret it." And her and the other girl started saying a bunch of crap like that. They really have NO PLACE to have an opinion about my life and how long I thought about that. I've thought about it for as long as I can remember. The first girl also said that she would just use my girl name and not my boy name, which is Kieran, so I've just lost it at them a lot.

One of the things that I've had to learn during my time being Transgender is that I can control how I react to what other people say and do, but I can't control what people say about or to me. Another thing is that if you're Trans, there will be people who support you who are your friends and the ones who matter the most, and there will be those who don't support you who don't matter. That's one of the things that I often say to myself to stop the feeling of self-hatred coming back. And I also have a decent amount of people who support and love me. My family started using masculine pronouns for me, and so does the rest of my family. Some of my friends use them, and now I'm the boy Kieran according to my friends. My school will know soon, and so will the rest of the world. But after all, I am only 11, so there may be more than earth to call me that.



O Bury Me Not

Neo Kenny

O bury me not in the deep deep sea.
Bury me not in the open,
No one for miles,
Bury me not on the rolling waves,
Where my love cannot find me,
Bury me not distant from my people.

O bury me not where she cannot find me.
Do not let me rest where I cannot be touched,
Bury me not in the depths of the ocean,
Let my heart not lie distant from her,
Bury me not somewhere too far.

In fact,
Do not bury me,
Let me float amongst the stars,
My love, my family with me,
Let me lie where I loved,
Where I was loved.
Where she loved me.



Ocean Girl

Aria Oliver

Hold me fast, ocean girl.
Pepper me with seaspray kisses,
chill me to my bones.
I love the way you reach me,
shifting sands beneath my toes,
rushing water in my ears.
You are a seagull's sharp cry
your eyes see me right through.

I love you not despite, but for
the seaweed and scales that
speckle your skin.
Constructed by feathery waves,
I love the way you rise and you fall
I'm deep in your waters,
you lap at my shoulders and
groan like the old wooden wharf.
I run my fingertips in your waves
and you sigh salty seabreeze.

On the Front Lines Sophie Hayden

Hetero, Homo ,60+ Gender identities, Questioning. Long ago the nations lived in harmony, but everything changed when the homophobes allied with the transphobes, and they attacked.

The war was something that someone who lived thousands of years ago would've found ridiculous. The nations fought back with love and protest, but the homophobes played smart and got into powerful positions. They battled love by taking away human rights, but the affection for those you love was stronger than the homophobes feeble attacks. Some people were lost in the fight but the war would end when the homophobes and transphobes yielded to the teachings of minding your own business and respect.

Until the day where a rainbow would fill the sky to show the war had been won, the other nations were forced into the dreaded land of the closet, meeting in secret to spread love and acceptance all around the world. Each sexuality and gender identity with its own supreme power that they would use all together to defeat the hateful homophobes and transphobes.

The Non-cis genders, and anyone in their wide spectrum are shape shifters that could out-wit and turn the tide against the enemy. Waiting in the shadows to strike, their ability with tape could provide an easy way to immobilise their enemy.

The Bi, Pan, Omni, and anyone under that umbrella, can utilise charisma and charm to seduce their way out of any situation, unfortunately leaving each party with the dreaded warm fuzzy feeling of affection. There is also the option of a subtle whack over the head with a pan (frying pans making a popular favourite).

The Ace, Aro and their various varieties could bamboozle any nosey enemy from a mile off with their power of friendship and natural ability to win any casino game through the clever use of an ace, their suave manner known worldwide.

The Gays and the Lesbians help the Non-cis with makeup, the Lesbians will often fake date a Gay while the Gays partner dates that Lesbians partner, so as to keep their loved ones close but also fool the enemy before blinding them in rainbow glitter (which is near impossible to get out of your clothes).

The Heterosexuals were the top spies when it came to intel, they could sneak into the ranks of the homophobes and transphobes and learn of any double crosses, any falsely supportive parents, Biphobes, fetishizers , falsely unsupportive friends. And worst of the worst, enemy spies. They would come into the nations and come into the closeted land and out the person before they were ready, causing them to either flee to the safety of the other nations or face the punishment in the enemy land.

The world the Homo and transphobes wanted was all in black and white, but those who know love and acceptance knew there was no way for there to be such a plain colour scheme for the whole world. There were red days, blue skies, yellow sunshine and pink blushing cheeks.

On that day, at the battle at Mount Equality, the homophobes seemed to be winning. More and more people were being captured and taken to conversion camps. But the rainbow community and allies stood their ground and fought with the fierce love and strength. The homophobes began to lose ground and some even joined the other side at the sight of their loved ones. One beauty from the battle field was coming home with more people than when they left. Parents, family or friends would sometimes join the rainbow side and change their views or at least become open to acceptance once they saw their loved ones out on the front lines.

One thing that the rainbow side had that the homophobes/transphobes never could understand was the fact that no matter what you tried you can't forcefully change someone's sexuality. So for those who survived the camps, they could hide in plain sight and were often exposed to high levels on intel once the camp concluded. It is a dangerous and cruel mission but the information often lead to great victories. Like a gap in their plans where the riots and storming of their strongholds could take place. Fights would go on for years and years. But never once would the fighting stop all together.

The world was in this turmoil since the first uprising, but the rainbow army could see that even the proudest homophobes were not undefeatable. This battle had gone on for centuries but will end for good one day, when the world is flooded with beautiful colours and emotions of love and acceptance. But until then, each new day means a new fight. As the rainbow and allies begin to reach perfect harmony and under perfect unity, they will prevail and show to homophobes and transphobes that there is something more powerful than hate, and that is love.



Between the Lines

Lara Morgan

I align myself somewhere
next to femininity,
It feels right.
But,
Simultaneously,
Also feels wrong.
There's a sort of power that comes with it,
A sense of strength in femininity.
But my connection is broken,
And I long to claw off parts of my flesh
Which I can compromise by binding.
Hiding the lumps on my chest that should not be there.
I align myself somewhere next to masculinity,
It feels right.
But,
Simultaneously,
Also feels wrong.
There's a sort of power that comes with it,
A sense of comfort in masculinity.
But I've always been too scared to strengthen that connection.
It's lodged itself in the back of my mind and I wonder why these feelings
didn't come sooner.
I was never comfortable with myself.
But the idea of hiding a part of my body away may be a good thing.
With that, I can blend in with my masculinity,
Hide myself away with a fantasy,
Be the man I know I'll never be.
Not that I want to be one,
Not completely.
Just,
Want to look like them,
Wear the clothes they wear.
(Lord knows they're more comfortable.)
I want to sit somewhere in between.
Achieve the strength that comes from femininity,
The comfort from masculinity,
And the power of being comfortable in my own skin.
To be someone aligned between other lines,
Between these broken walls of a dismantled binary.
To be free of the bonds tying me down to womanhood,
To stay away from the bonds that could trap me in manhood,
To be free.
That is all I could ever ask for.



I have always found them attractive.

Stained glass windows
are enchanting.
Detailed browns and blues
swirling out from dark pupils.
Heralding the stories
of the only church I will ever attend.

Canvases
of so many different tones.
Personality reflected through
the practiced patting of a beauty blender
or the awkward strokes of a finger.
Confidence radiated through the wings
sharp enough to cut me open
and reveal the beating heart inside.

The canvas' frame
is often what hits me the hardest.
Natural wooden locks
falling gently across shoulders
or glamorously bleached metal
reaching for the sky.
I fall in love every time
unthinking fingers double check
that it's all still polished and presentable.

When I was younger
I thought I was going to love the photographs.
Expected to enjoy
the flat chests and chiselled jaws.
Love interests
of the strong female lead.
I couldn't help but fancy
her instead.

Heteronormativity is odd
I think.

Why was I
supposed to love
the man
who smirked at the camera?

Why was I
not
supposed to love
the girl
who sat in front of me in class?

Why
was I
never even
told about
those who fall
outside that binary?

Why
did I
learn the term
'LGBTQ+'
from the internet
years before
I heard
the term
'gay'
in school?

I questioned my sexuality for years.
Wondered why
I got embarrassed in changing rooms.
Not because of my body
but because of those surrounding me.

My first realised crush on a girl was wild.
How my heartbeat sped up
every time she looked at me.

Similar to how
it had done years before
when I thought
I just
wanted
to be
'friends'.

It was uncannily different
from the so-called crushes on boys.
That I learnt I had
from the teasing tone
of classmates.

How I
could
never
really
see
myself
with
him.

He
Him

She
Her

They
Them

Why are we judged
on the sets of pronouns
we want to hold
in our arms at night?

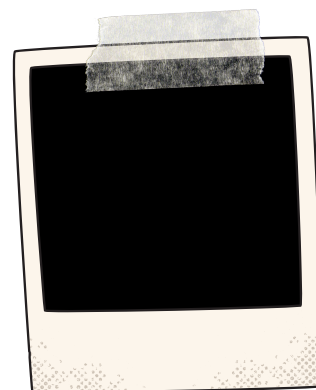
Why are we judged
on which pair
of stained glass windows
we find ourselves staring into?

Why are we judged
on how we paint our canvases
on how we decorate our temples
on how we chose to present ourselves?

I have always found girls attractive.

That fact has affected parts my life
that I think
it really shouldn't have to.

How has your sexuality
affected your life?



Her strawberry-scented shampoo weighed heavily on my mind in year 11. The nonchalant laugh she'd throw casually sideways at me in Geography. I grabbed that laugh with open arms and squeezed tight. With boys the crushes were like buying a family size lolly bag and demolishing the whole lot in one go. But with Jen it was like a flame slowly burning down candle wax. It wasn't until year 13 that anything happened. Two years; of sitting next to each other in class; of covert brushes of the hand; of glances through my flimsy long brown hair; of drawing little scribbles in the corner of each other's notebooks.

We were both at Amy's party. She was already there when I arrived, my bare belly button showing in between my black crop top and white shorts combo. I remember her navy velvet dress. It accentuated the curve of her hips swinging to the music. The dress was probably another one of her thrift shop finds.

I had in my hand a red solo cup full of 50/50 split gin and tonic – a lethal concoction – when Jen stopped to talk to me. We were out in the garden with the hedge lights reflecting off her pale skin. When I put my hand on hers my darker skin was in perfect contrast. Our hands looked good together. She giggled and moved closer, brushing my hair off my face with her lightly shaking fingers. Her breath smelled like the \$9 red wine bottle she had been drinking all night, the colour staining her cheeks.

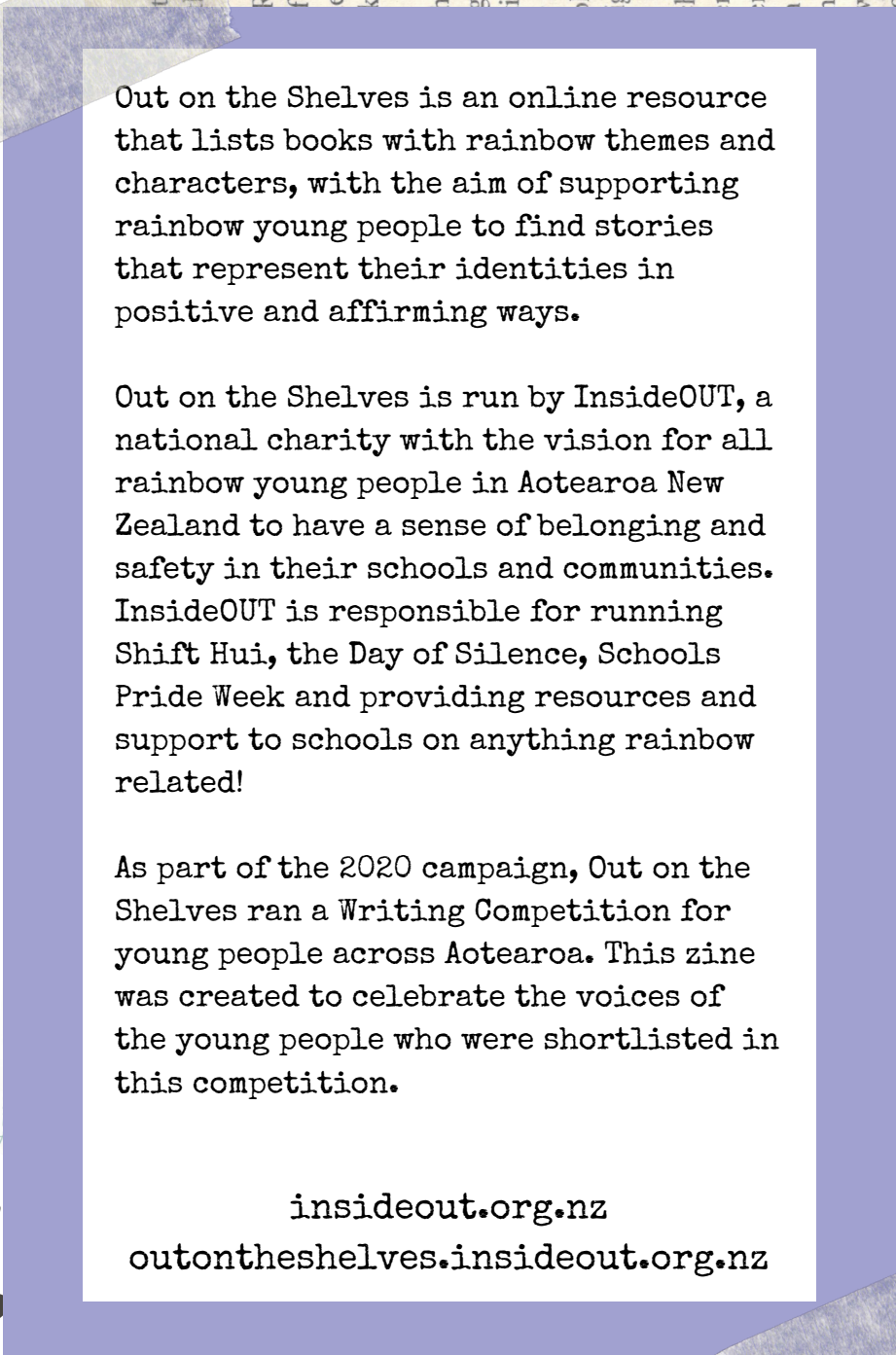
Our lips brushed, the delicate touch sending me soaring. Her lips were soft and full. Warm. Slightly moist from the lip-gloss she wore. The strawberry-scented shampoo was even stronger here in the subtly lit back garden. The boys I had kissed had been different. They had dominated the moment with their tongues and rough smattering of chin hair. She was different. We giggled breathily into each other's mouths. All gin and wine and something sweet.

Jen paused for a second, her eyes fluttering closed, forehead pressed against mine, our hands intertwined on my bare waist. Feet on the deck above pulled her out of our bubble and she pulled sharply away, glancing up at the slouched figure. She looked at me with a darkened gaze, bent down to pick up her hastily discarded wine glass and returned inside.

We didn't talk again before the end of the school year. I sat in the same seat on Monday, but she had moved to the other side of the class.

I still think about her. When I catch the scent of strawberries there she is floating at the edge of my consciousness. Exploring her – exploring myself – for the first time.





Out on the Shelves is an online resource that lists books with rainbow themes and characters, with the aim of supporting rainbow young people to find stories that represent their identities in positive and affirming ways.

Out on the Shelves is run by InsideOUT, a national charity with the vision for all rainbow young people in Aotearoa New Zealand to have a sense of belonging and safety in their schools and communities. InsideOUT is responsible for running Shift Hui, the Day of Silence, Schools Pride Week and providing resources and support to schools on anything rainbow related!

As part of the 2020 campaign, Out on the Shelves ran a Writing Competition for young people across Aotearoa. This zine was created to celebrate the voices of the young people who were shortlisted in this competition.

insideout.org.nz
outontheshelves.insideout.org.nz