

# Heart and Head

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I draw maps, when I spin a new world for a story. Maps to glorious dreams where homophobia and transphobia will never exist, where people would be imprisoned for the kind of brutality inflicted upon queer people throughout history, rather than applauded for it. Places where no friend or family member would even consider being disgusted by their loved ones' attraction. I craft these worlds like tapestries, pour into them hopes and dreams. Imagined answers to the mysteries of this hate infested globe. There are many questions in my mind, many musings that long for answers. At the top is always this; why, I ask, are people homophobic? Why, I ask, does defiance of gender norms make people throw fits?

Why does love make you uncomfortable?

Is love inappropriate for children?

Is love unnatural?

Is love disgusting?

Is it wrong to simply be?

Why should we hide?

Why don't the cishets's hide as well?

Who chooses which love is real?

I wonder if I'll ever know what lives inside my heart, why has society told us we need a little box? I don't want to wonder constantly if I'm bi or pan or ace. I don't want to struggle with these everlasting doubts. I want to destroy the facade that hides my reality from those who should support me. I want to shout, "I'm queer!" For them to laugh and cheer. I'm lost in a storm of questions and reflections, they grow louder as they build within me, soaking me and drowning me, and still the rain pounds on

There are constants that I cling to, life rafts among the flood. The fantasy tales of queer people being happy, emerging from the pages. My friends, loud and proud, sharing rainbow shoelaces, and bemoaning the unfairness of beautiful girls being straight. Then, the straight girl herself. In this mess of emotions, I am sure of her. Ridiculous, I tell myself. Why would you care so much for someone to whom you are barely a passing thought? I wish I knew, I wish I understood the workings of that strange, unknowable thing they call a heart. I suppose it won't matter in a few years why I cared for a girl who was my opposite, but if we always lived in the future, we'd never live at all. So I will smile at her cheery

laugh, chat mindlessly with her and try to return to feeling blissful apathy towards her. But she is loud and brash and beautiful, and it is all to no avail. It hurts to look upon her and know I was always doomed to fail. She finds me annoying, that I know. I laugh and say she's one to talk. I don't mean it. I care. I am queer, and one day perhaps I won't be afraid of those facts.