

THE END OF THE WORLD

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It's odd to think that some people genuinely think that we're plotting the end of the world

when really I'm

- scraping by in a trigonometry exam
- spending too long in the shower
- dancing in the parades
- messing up a friend's pronouns and apologising
- taking four different BuzzFeed Am I Gay quizzes and shrieking with laughter at the results
- resisting the urge to tape my tits
- making myself palatable for others
- applying for minimum wage jobs
- getting rejected from said minimum wage jobs
- becoming unhealthily obsessed with happier fictional lives
- kissing my friends
- trying not to throw my alarm clock at the wall everyday at 6.30AM
- crying down the phone to her late at night
- struggling to put the topsheet on my bed
- creating bad art joyfully
- breaking up with someone that loved me more than I could comprehend
- cracking jokes with the other queers
- putting up with stares and whispers and snide remarks

We've stopped making personal suicide jokes and started loving each other instead.

And maybe that's enough.

