

boys will be girls

a zine

thank you ariana, forever and always, for our friendship
thank you to my mother for my kidney problems
thank you to my father for my near constant nausea

welcome to *boys will be girls*.

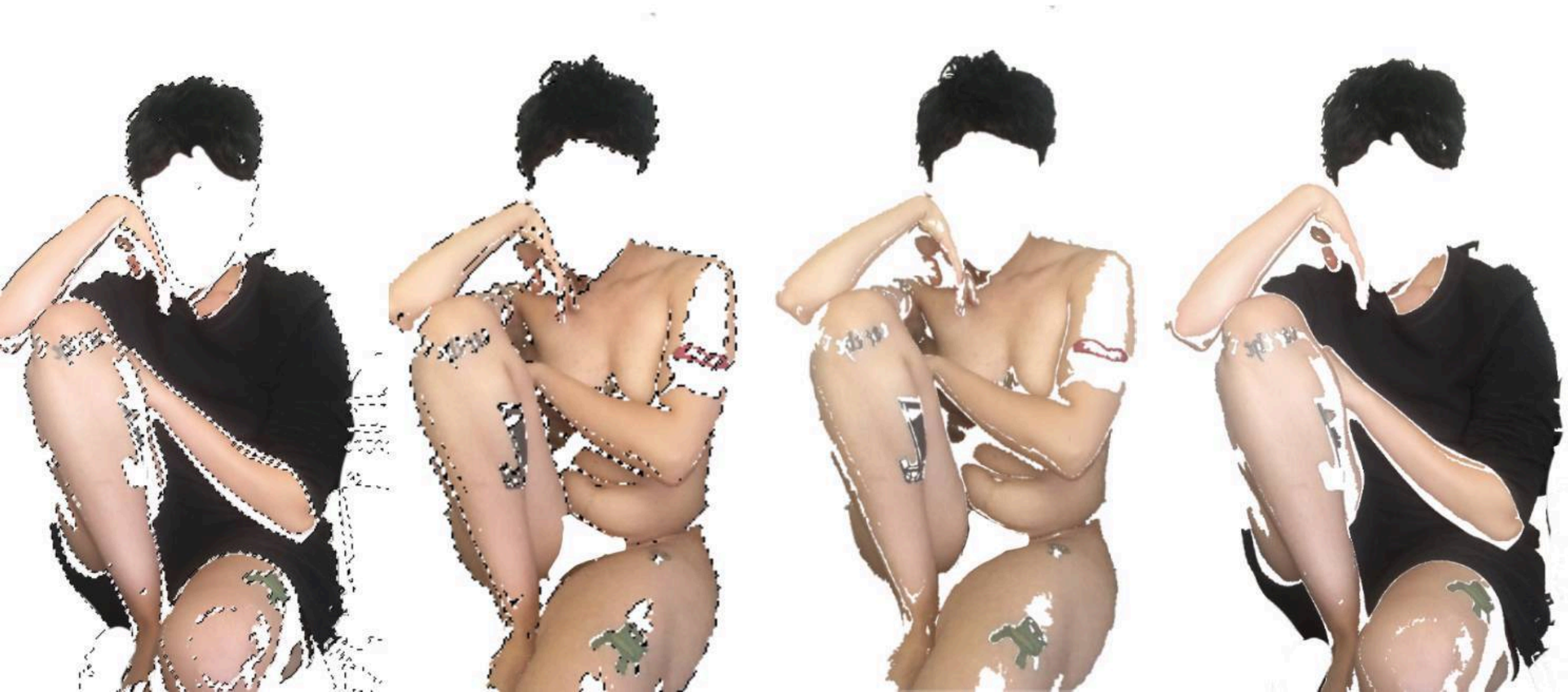
boys will be girls explores my childhood, growing pains, life, and death.

i recently turned 22 and with that came the lingering fear of what's to come and what has been. over the course of the last year, i made a conscious effort to look into my childhood in an attempt to try and understand myself and the people around me better. what came up wasn't always pretty. honestly, the majority of it wasn't pretty. i am immensely grateful to my therapist and friends for hearing out the not-so pretty parts and providing me with the support and love to come to terms with the past and leave it to rest where it belongs.

boys will be girls follows the last year of my life from therapy to starting testosterone to growing into myself as always. i'd like to think this an addition to the series of *an embarassing case of the twenty somethings*.

that being said, i hope you enjoy the zine i present before you.

with much love,
frankie



August 1, 2018 at 17:06

0:00

-0:12



Transcription Beta

"Hello baby hope you're doing OK I've been texting and calling you _____ times um _____ me I want to talk to you OK love you bye..."

I am icarus and _____ are my sun.

- A) curly haired men
- B) curly haired men
- C) curly haired men
- D) curly haired men

I would have let you kill me, kill us, without a second thought.
Till death do us part, right?

You have this way of making every single one of your friends appear special.

my therapist said our relationship ended due to a self-fulfilling prophecy
i am more careful about what i wish for nowadays
the first time i felt safe enough to admit i was a lesbian was in her office
last november
i proceeded to cry for the next half hour of our session
note to self: do not lie to yourself for 21 years

deep down i wish you'd stayed gold
maybe you never were



My uncle has recently switched from smoking Newports to American Spirits. It took 3 years for my little brother to utter his first words. I was 13 at the time and recently getting over the anger of having a sibling 10 years younger than me and the betrayal of my mother having fallen in love with someone other than my dad.

Childhoods spent residing in hotels and department stores. Feeling like fugitives in search of refuge from a crime they didn't commit.

Eating raw pasta and thinking of you.

You confirmed everything I had suspicions about. It is through you that I am able to lay my doubts to rest and cut ties. "Blood is thicker than water" is probably the biggest lie I'd been told.

seeing your friends through the lens of someone else brings a new meaning to the word love.



20:06

🔒 1% 🔋

< Notes



May 29, 2021 at 23:22

Voy a poner el backwood en la lavadora de platos

20:06

🔒 1% 🔋

< Notes



June 19, 2021 at 19:17

cock roach hair clips
juice box

SATURDAY

APRIL						
S	M	T	W	T	F	S
						1
2	3	4	5	6	7	8
9	10	11	12	13	14	15
16	17	18	19	20	21	22
23	24	25	26	27	28	29
30						

29

APR. 2000

Telling you
rather than
asking is
what you
prefer

~~curiosity~~
Pointing everything
out is isn't a
control issue

DAY OF THE YEAR 120 - SATURDAY, APR. 29 - 246 DAYS REMAINING

SUNDAY

MARCH						
S	M	T	W	T	F	S
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4	5	6	7	8	9	10
11	12	13	14	15	16	17
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25	26	27	28	29	30	31

30

APR. 2000

MAY						
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7:00

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4:00

4:30

5:00

Boy
It's hot outside.
Would you mind if I
close the door.
Shouldn't we close
the door
implies your stupid
job not paying attention
to it hot outside
therefore I should
say it.
Cleaner approach
Boy it's hot out
there.
Point is to make
me aware of the larger
picture

I'm sick of songs about Ohio; they all remind me of you.
(Why are there so many fucking songs about Ohio?)

There were several times I made it near impossible for you to love me.
Times where you had to consciously choose love. I'd like to think you
chose it for as long as you could. I can't fault you for all the times you
couldn't. I promise I chose to love you for as long as I could. I think I
held out much longer than I intended to.

You loved System of a Down.

my laptop sat in front of me as i typed my heart out onto the digital page.
the woman beside me trying her hardest not to ask why i hadn't stopped
crying in over 4 hours. she got off in north carolina and i sat alone for the
remainder of the trip. those 29 hours forced me to face myself. i could
point out the states where seasons properly took place. it was 93 degrees
in florida the day i left and 40 when i arrived in massachusetts
(uncomfortably unprepared). despite all my rage i was just a girl on a
train.

in the winter, light doesn't pour into my room the way it does in spring.
that thought alone shatters me.

reading to you before bed as a love language.
picking you up from the airport as a love language.
doing your eyeliner as a love language.

Not to be a cliché, but I think my life changed for the better the second I
heard Kathleen Hanna screaming over Bikini Kill's *Rebel Girl*.

every time i peel an orange, it's almost second nature to share it with you.
the worms in my brain feed off all those poems about love and oranges.

...

real painful how we said we didn't want to end up like our parents yet here we are



Queue

Post

...

if i could do it once, maybe i can do it again.



Queue

Post

...

still wishing i was *****..... gross absolutely disgusting



Queue

Post

...

i am so touch deprived right now i feel like i'll die if someone doesn't hug me soon



Queue

Post

...

05:32am haven't been able to fall asleep + can't stop thinking about the concept of *tenderness* i am really fucking going through it



Queue

Post

I've had this vision of
a white house with a red
roof since June 2019.

The other night it came
to me in a dream.

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A Kitchen Table Is The Closest Thing To A Home Within A Home

I sit at the dining room table awaiting your presence by my side. This is our first dinner together yet you moved across my kitchen looking right at home, only stopping to ask where things were kept here and there. We danced our way around the living room appearing to be straight out of a movie scene. I can't ever remember whether the wine was red or white, it's too late to matter.

I am in the kitchen cutting up the ingredients for our soup. This is your first time over for dinner and I want to get it right. You brought wine and flowers. Time passed as though it did not exist, I wish it hadn't. I burned my tongue and sweat from pure nervousness. 6am drew our night to a close.

We are in the kitchen, making ourselves breakfast. Waltzing around, feet bare, still half asleep. It's an intimate dance we do sharing this space without getting too close to the other. Your coffee percolating and evading the air surrounding us. Dishes piled miles high, as the first meal of the day is made.

I pass you an orange slice or two as you're sat across from me. Your eyes glued to the screen, you shoot over a smile that sends warmth through me.

Conversations as diverse as the people having them. This kitchen table has seen the depths of our love. As long as we all shall live, there will be floors to be swept, dishes to be put away, meals to be cooked, and a kitchen table to share. This kitchen table is the closest thing to a home within our home.



I learned a lot about myself when I gardened this past winter. A green thumb was always something I lacked, but determination I had in abundance. Having recently quit my job, I had time to spare. It's been said that the day you plant the seed is not the day you reap the fruits of your labor. Gardening was an exercise in patience. Within my garden, I planted spinach, squash, cucumber, celery, romaine lettuce, radish, avocado, kale, carrots, parsley, lavender, and dill, over the course of a few months. Some grew, some didn't. It goes without saying that my garden kept me alive as the winter months were coming to an end. It got me out of bed. It gave me a reason to get out of my room. My balcony became the safest space. I needed my garden as much as it needed me. Around this time, I began learning to make sour dough starter (unsuccessfully, I must confess) and kombucha from scratch (successfully!!!) as well. I grew a love of learning and knowing how to make things from scratch and all the time that goes into it. I'm grateful to say this passion hasn't waned and my yearning for springs arrival grows every day.

☆ Jan 1 **After all these years my heart still hurts**

Nothing will come of it

I want you to know that I love you. Even if it is never to your face, I just wanted to get it out into the universe. We have a really weird relationship, if that is even what you can call it. I know we both know what the other one is doing when something happens between us. I will stop second guessing, if you do the same.

Love Always!

☆ Dec 31 **I miss you using my throat**

YOU CAN'T ESCAPE THESE LIPS

SO SOFT-THEY SHOULD BE REGISTERED
YOU CAN'T ESCAPE THE NEED
SO READY TO SATISFY
WHEN DO I BEGIN?

☆ Nov 29 **Long shot: I am very sorry for everything an I miss you**

I still love you so much

I wish you were here next to me still. I just want you here. I don't care about anything else right now. I just miss you. I miss us and how we used to be. I want to hold you and pretend for a second we aren't falling apart. I love you so much still and I want you to come back home to me.

- do NOT contact me with unsolicited services or offers

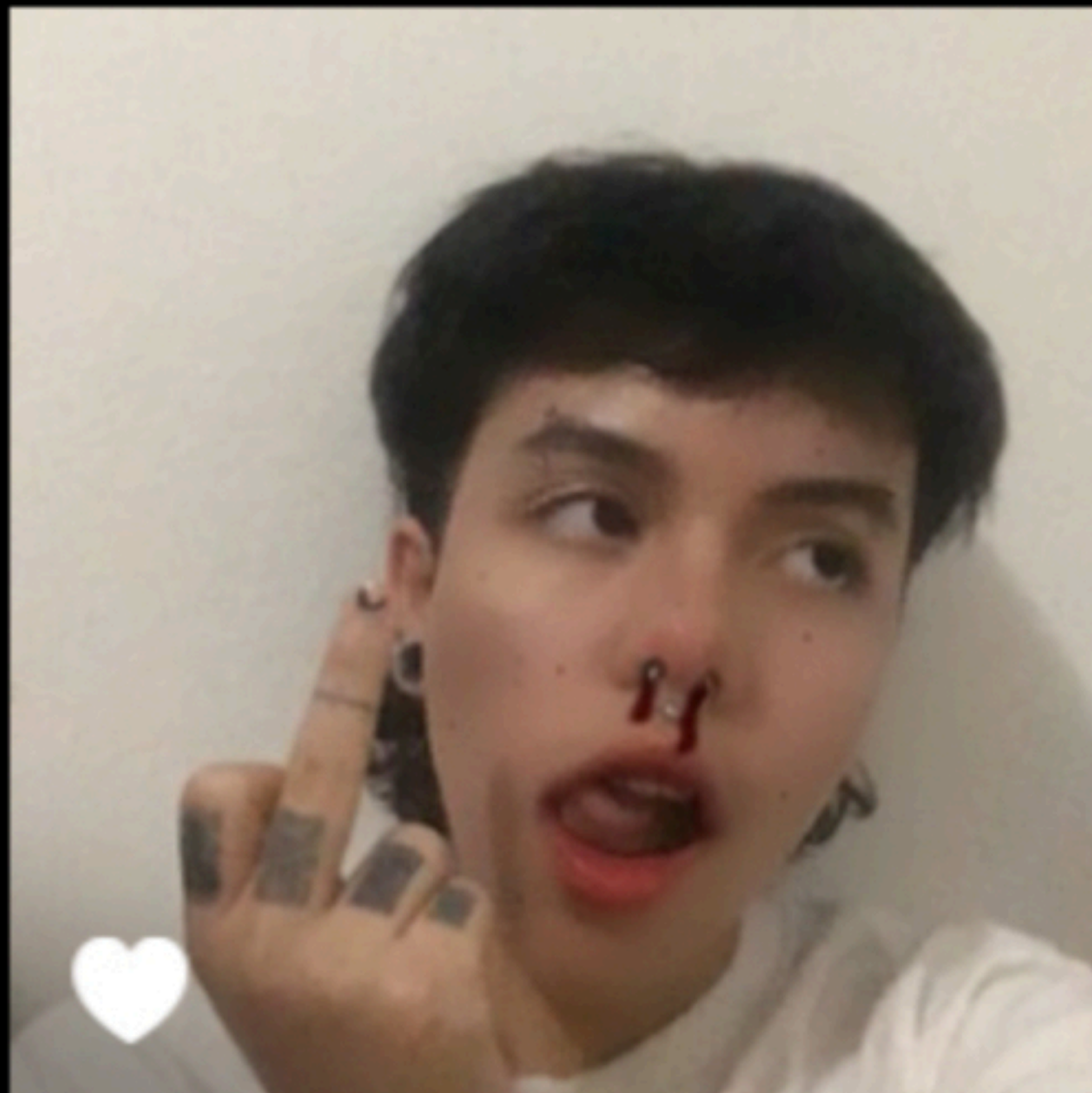
☆ Dec 7 **You look like you just stepped out of an anime show**

I've lost you again

You keep falling off the planet, then I find you here. I hope your looking too.

☆ Dec 31 **summer 2006 we were both like 15**

Favorites



I stopped making myself small when I realized I was letting my stuffed animals have more space than me in bed.

april 26 + october 23

I adore people who are a reminder of how to feel good in this life. It'd been two years since i got sick the way I did this time around; multi-faceted word "sick" is.
(this is the fifth fucking time i've been sick this year)

universal heat death consumes my mind far too often

my body has regenerated itself completely three times in my life.

i've never been as close to life and death as my 22nd birthday.

REJECTPILE'S BOOK CLUB!!!!!!

Books I've Read This Year!!!

- *Scum Manifesto* by Valerie Solanas
- *The Secret* by Rhonda Byrnes
- *Little Weirds* by Jenny Slate
- *The Body Keeps The Score* by Bessel Van Der Kolk, M.D.
- *Female, Chauvinist Pigs: Women and the Rise of Raunch Culture* by Ariel Levy
- *Okay For Now* by Gary D. Schmidt
- *Invisible Monsters* by Chuck Palahniuk
- *Eat, Pray, Love* by Elizabeth Gilbert
- *Voyeur's Motel* by Gay Talese
- *Trans/Love: Radical Sex, Love, and Relationships Beyond the Gender Binary* by Several Authors
- *Your Art Will Save Your Life* by Beth Pickens
- *The Celestine Prophecy* by James Redfield
- *Beautiful You* by Chuck Palahniuk
- *How To Cure A Ghost* by Fariha Roisin
- *All About Love: New Visions* by Bell Hooks
- *The Gender Accelerationist Manifesto* by Eme Flores and Vikky Storm
- *I Can't Date Jesus: Love, Sex, Family, Race, and Other Reasons I've Put My Faith in Beyonce* by Michael Arceneaux
- *Gender Outlaw: On Men, Women, and the Rest of Us* by Kate Bornstein
- *Not Working* by Lisa Owens

Other Books!!!

- *How They Met and Other Stories* by David Levithan
- *No One Belongs Here More Than You* by Miranda July
- *Living Green: A Practical Guide to Simple Sustainability* by Greg Horn
- *Aristotle and Dante Discover the Secrets of the Universe* by Benjamin Alire Saenz
- *Playlist for the Dead* by Michelle Falkoff
- *Suicide Notes from Beautiful Girls* by Lynn Weingarten
- *Stone Butch Blues* by Leslie Feinberg
- *We Are Okay* by Nina Lacour
- *Real Artists Have Day Jobs* by Sara Benincasa
- *The Beauty Myth* by Naomi Wolf
- *Voyeurs of War*
- *Ramona Blue* by Nina Lacour
- *The Quest for Mary Magdalene* by Michael Haag
- *Women Who Run With the Wolves: Myths and Stories of the Wild Woman Archetype* by Clarissa Pinkola Estes, Ph. D.
- *What's Love (or Case, Intimacy, Warmth, Affection) Got To Do With It?*
- *Swan: Poems and Prose Poems* by Mary Oliver
- *The Goldfinch* by Donna Tartt

each cluster is from a different conversation

HA
HA

people who know nothing
about gut health scare me

If god exists the only proof is
that we met

Honestly I might b nby4nby

!!

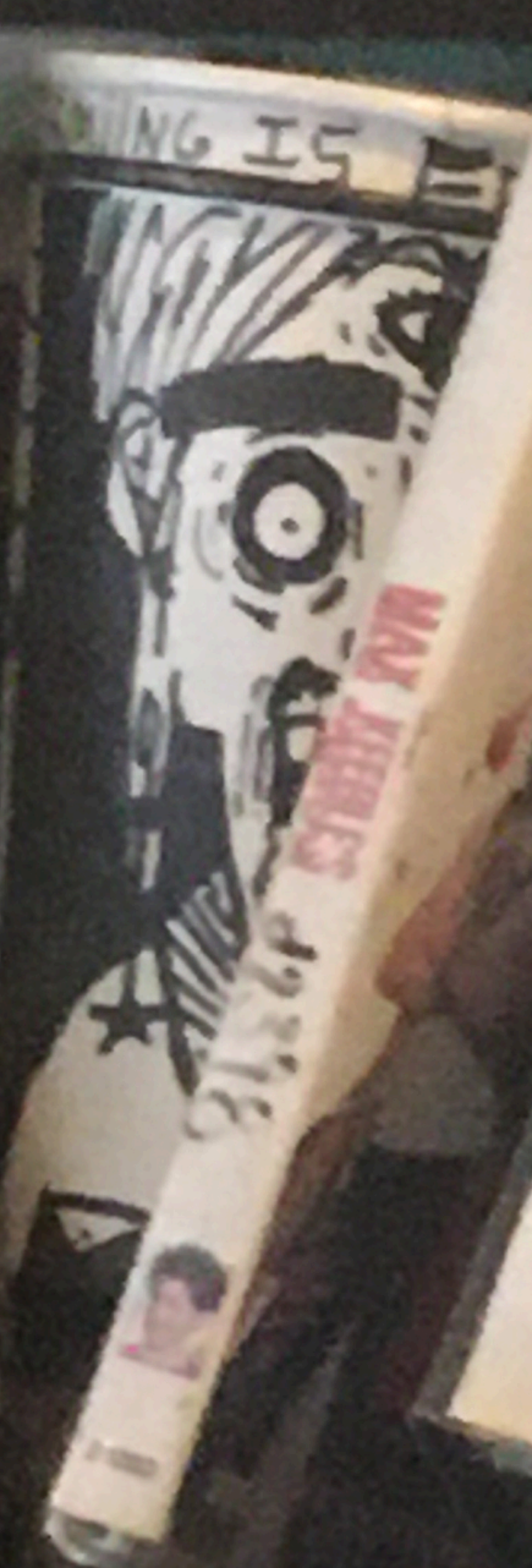
You men have projected your
personal problems on me for
the last time i swear

U: I wanna be loved!
Someone: *loves u*
U: no thanks!

U do b coming across as a
heterophobe ...

this morning i woke up and the worms in my brain were happy. the moon is in pisces. we laid under the purple light and our hearts grew in size. photosynthesis has always blown my mind. i've had unsupervised internet access since i was about 9. i miss living in virginia. i wonder if she remembers me and all the classes we shared and the time i failed the spelling bee. i spend more time convincing myself that i should leave my room than i actually spend outside of it. you're sitting on the edge of the bed in your childhood bedroom and oh my god, you want to throw up. fearing the lens my parents see me through. waking up at 7am is the best thing for me. ginger tea is best in the morning and chamomile lavender at night. i am a creature of (bad, irregular, inconsistent) habits. why do cartoons from the 1930's move like cosplayers? i wanna kiss you on the mouth for a little bit. this is your curtain call. as the credits roll down. the screen, we laugh. and laugh and laugh. i'm on my way to making shit suck as little as possible. you're like the yellow spot of oil paint on the inside of my right shoe. the full moon in arise. this new moon in scorpio. it's hard to explain the feeling of having walked in my first parade at pride. recovering from heart break felt like teaching myself it's okay to do things alone again (or alongside my best friend). i'm seeing you for who you are and this is the best thing i could never ask for. what happens if i don't survive this winter? girls make spaces safe. i don't know if i fell in love at the right time anymore. things that give me gender euphoria: holding beer bottles, driving stick shift, pajama pants. turns out i have a fear of monkeys? it's about his hands and her eyes and the way she prefers red slushees to blue or coke. it's the license plate photos we send each other or the memory receipts you keep.

NOBODY EVER
ASKED ME IF
I WAS GAY



WAT JAMES

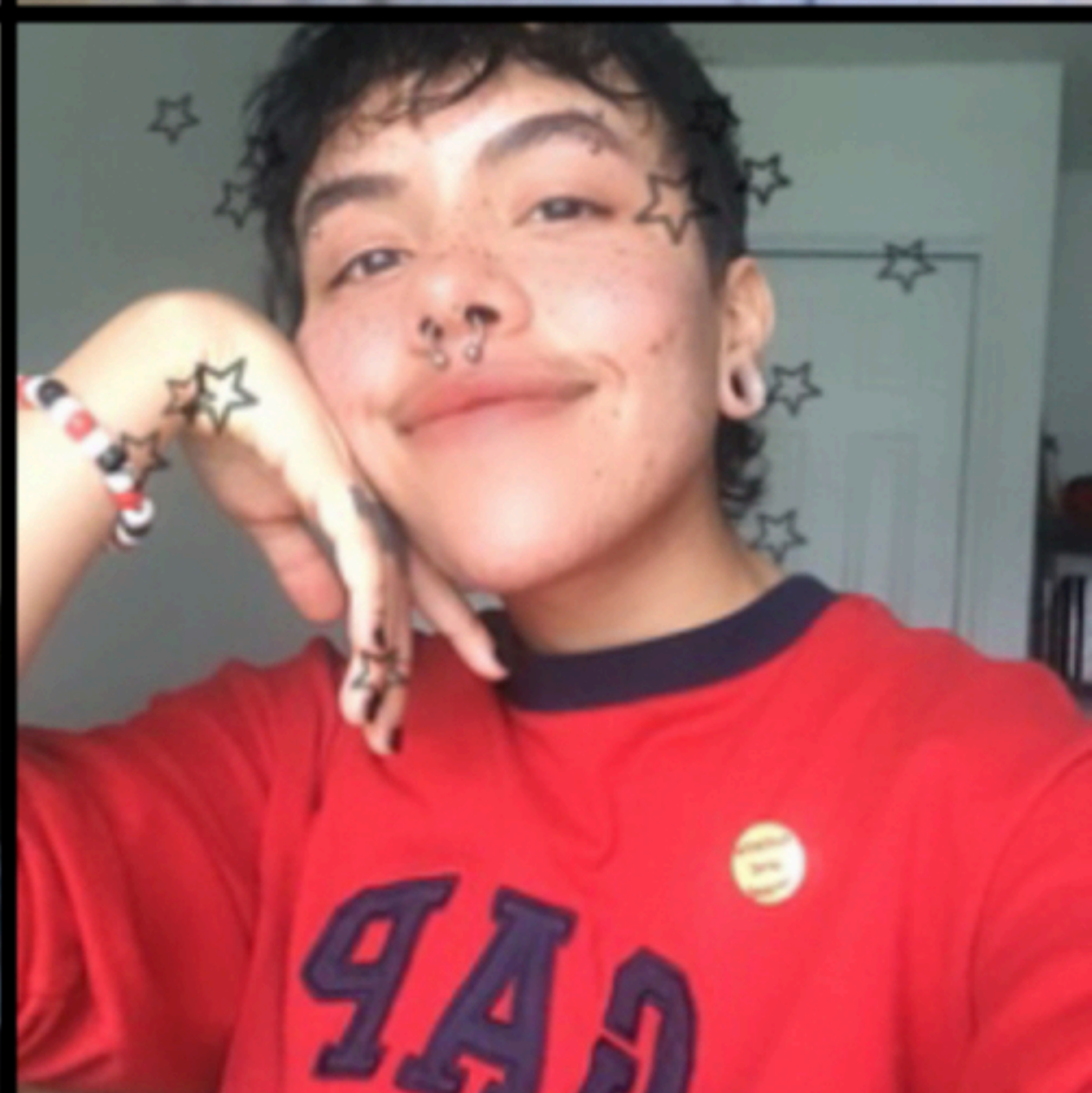
LESBIAN FUN

STEALING TIME

"HETEROSEXUALITY IS
THE OPIATE OF THE MASSES."

every tiny new hair is growing onto me like leaves on a tree
the overlapping and closeness of follicles slowly covering everything
below my navel, a treasure trail appearing in the absence of one

sitting comfortably in the path i've paved for myself
(idk shit about identity but i know for damn sure respectability
politics make me wanna puke)



+

TESTOSTERONE PROGREESS AS SHOWN:
(feb 22 - 2 weeks, apr 26 - 2 months,
jul 7 - 5 months, aug 27 - 6 months,
sep 20 - 7 months, oct 8 - 8 months)



jar32

im tired of masturbating. I wanna be in love

sitting amongst rows of erotica and pornography
unfulfilled voyeuristic tendencies reminding me i should've paid more
attention telefornication in place of real intimacy

recipe for disaster:

day one - nothing

day two - nothing

day three - cranberry vodka + an impending breakup

i wanted to tell my mother about you

about how it felt to drive to your house at 4am after going to bed far too
late; about how it felt to watch the sun rise that morning and to fall asleep
in your car on the way back into town

about not knowing anyone but for once not being afraid of the unknown

about when you kissed my hand and the way stars looked

you taught me how to experience life again and

the little time we spent together still holds a special place in my heart

our conversations consist almost entirely of freudian slips

this man is playing a song that sounds like what edging feels like

You pay the entrance fee to get into the gay bar. The bouncer stamps your
wrist with some black ink that you don't bother realizing reads "LOVE" until
near the end of the night. It's a dingy little place that appears to not have
been redecorated since the 80's but you immediately fall in love with it.
You fall in love with the pole dancers and the crowd of people standing
way too close to each other. You fall in love with every single girl who
comes up to you offering to buy you a drink or asking for a dance.

witnessing acts of love from afar, stray kitten in my lap, and a couple
dancing the night away a few houses over



Far too young to be holding on for dear life on the back of your motorcycle, there I'd sit.

Recently, I found this photo of you on your motorcycle in an old photo album at my mom's house. I slid it out of the flimsy plastic and into my hands, never to return.

Thank you for caring for me like your own child.

Their house always smelled of dust and too-strong coffee. I've not known comfort in that house since I stole that razor from the guest bathroom in the 8th grade, riddled with the worst parts of my insomnia and an indifference for being alive. My mom didn't shed a tear when he died. I fell asleep uneasily in the bedroom where the porcelain dolls were kept. That house feels like a check point between life and death.

of course an audiobook on the art of living longer would convince me i am on the brink of death. 6 hours ago i was having the kind of panic attack i used to get when i was a kid; the kind where it feels like my body is full of bees. it's humiliating how hard i cried into his chest.

On the sixth anniversary of your death, I injected my first testosterone shot. This step in my transition isn't meant for me to be anything close to a man, but if I've learned anything on how to be one it was thanks to you. There are few men I can confidently say loved me the way you did. I'd like to think you saw the direction my life was headed before I did. I wish I could have said the same for yours. It's been six years and I still think of you endlessly.

each cluster is from a different conversation

u are taller than naruto

I'm comrade 4 comrade but
that doesn't mean non-
communists can't shoot their
shot it just means they will be
communist when we're done

Die queer

I love when I come home and
my baby starts ranting about
capitalism

I'm begging u

No more cum jars

Congrats on the virginity
Frankie

What's Biden's plan for my
lobotomy

movies and toys are trends
being horny is forever

there's kindness in a complete stranger at a gas station offering to fix the car door you thought your broke. the temperature is just right at 05:46am. the next 16 hours get warmer and warmer. what ill fate to be bastardized and conceived out of wedlock. hazelnut coffee tastes like the worst of my mental health days. the fifth season of regular show is the one i remember the least. i stopped believing in god in the 7th grade. "one of the few times i've been actually buzzed, i was watching my little pony and was like, wow, trans people invented love." my maternal great-grandfather's voice always sounds like he's scolding you for something. my mom asks about you nowadays, she still manages to get your name wrong, though. i started working at an adult store a month before i turned 21. if you can comfortably share a twin size mattress with someone, that is love. molly sleepover exchanging secrets. "i wish i could hug 15 year old you". growing fond of the idea of growing grey hairs. 20:57 9/20 22:17 9/20. three of my mothers children were born under gemini moons. i hold far too much guilt about merely existing. respectability politics are a joke. "the truth hurts worse than anything i could bring myself to do to you". my almost-love's have always been virgos and aries. i'll never get the chance to go back to the first times i ever heard my friend's laughs. crying about mellow mushroom. you and i speak to each other in lines of poetry. thank you for not denying any facet of my being. fuck gay assimilationists. my stomach always fucking hurts. watching queercore documentaries has become my new favorite pastimes. i was diagnosed with autism spectrum disorder right before i stopped seeing my therapist again; a lot of things have begun to make sense since then. you loved System of a Down. the government has blood on its fucking hands. forget about saturday sinners and sunday saints. "i believe in all that jesus shit but..." right now i am so unbecoming.



the end