

# *In the Time of Grunge I Was a Soft Queer Girl with Dreams Like a Neil Diamond Banger*

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*for B*

In 1994, I wasn't cool enough to be the dyke I was, wasn't hip and hard and filled with braggadocio. I was fucking sensitive with my hair in my mother's pink foam curlers. I was anxious about the dimples in my thighs and shy about the dimples in my cheeks. In 1994, I was falling in love differently than the way I'd love a half-nude celebrity in the 13inch blue glow of my bedroom, splayed hot summer night in white baby doll pajamas. In 1994, I wasn't boyishly built with a face like a smirk—wasn't sidling and chin-rubbing and pushing my hips at the straight girls. I wasn't pushing the limits and demanding to play football and smoking weed and puking beer. I wasn't anybody's bro. Didn't wear big Docs and pierce my own tongue and nipples. In 1994, I wanted to kiss the girl in the prairie skirt, hold her down in the pink of my bed and dream of how we could tear away in the night in a raunchy Cadillac and sip Italian sodas on California beaches and buy cute clothes from the Deb in the mall. I wanted to bite her Janie's cookies and write her name on a balloon and send it up to Jesus like a thank you note. But I wasn't. And I didn't. So I wanted.