



Angelfish by Felicia Chung

The Unimagined

Mila Babic

No one has imagined us. We want to live like trees,
Sycamores blazing through the sulfuric air,
Dappled with our scars, still exuberantly budding,
Our animal passion rooted in the city (Adrienne Rich 25)

Like most queer people, I am in a constant battle with language. We are told that we must have a label, not as a comfort to us, but as an explanation for others. I have experimented with many: questioning, bisexual, and lesbian. But the constraints of language always felt claustrophobic. What if I wasn't any of these things? What if I accidentally fell in love with someone incompatible with my assigned label (which, funny enough, I did)? Eventually, I settled on queer. An identity of *in-between*. A neutral existence of love. But what I choose to call myself doesn't matter because I don't look gay. People look at me and automatically assume the language that defines me: straight, cisgender, *safe*. I revel in the feminine, and I have had intimate relationships with straight, cisgender men. So, how can I be queer/gay/lesbian/or anything else? My queer existence remains unimagined by language. I remember one time when my soon-to-be ex-friend interrupted a conversation I was having with an old high school classmate to ask, "Did you ever