

FAGGOTARD

I'm not usually in the business of reclaiming slurs.

"Retard" is too traumatic, and I still feel I don't have the right to say "faggot".

But slam them together, and it's something different.

A messy sort of queerness and neurodivergence, not rainbows for you to put in your window, not that one gay ADHD friend who is funny and quirky, not each side independent of the other.

It's a twisted tangle of eccentrics and esoterics. Subculture and stress and sickness and sappiness, more than you could imagine. It's blood and tears and snot and spit and every bodily fluid you can name, in a rush of strong emotions and medications and paranoia.

^Hold on. Is it really
paranoia if it's justified?

I mean, have you seen the suicide rates for autistics?
For trans people?
Hell, not to mention the murder rates.
Or sexual assault.
Shit's grim.

Sure, it's grim, but we're still here, against all odds and common sense. Go to your LGS or an anime convention or anywhere with a goth scene and you'll find us. Go to the theatre and we're probably there. Same luck at a hackathon. Check summer camps and philosophy classes.

We're digital,
Online,
In cities,
Not coming soon to a
store near you!

This shit's not for sale.

It's not Queer Eye or Love on the Spectrum.
It's going for an aimless walk
(You've been reading the situationists, haven't you?)
Where the purpose is that there is no purpose
(Your inspirations are too obvious.)
It's finding your way through the city and its heat
(Really? Is *that* where you're going?)
Abandoning trying to fit in, hoping only to make it
outside
(Land is a fascist, y'know)

How many energy drinks until I know what I'm doing? When do all
the threads – machines, rituals, performance, monsters, robots,
gender, love, friendship, aesthetics, subculture, music,
despair, websites, horror, camp, moths – come together into
something coherent?

Maybe tying everything into an incoherent singularity is what
being a faggotard is.