

You compulsively spend money on queer books (online, because the closest book store is over 30 minutes away, and the local library discarded their only book aimed at queer people, an outdated book from the 90s, and didn't get anything newer to replace it) so at least you can have good mail days and live vicariously through fiction.

Not telling your high school best friend you have a queer crush on them because if it went wrong you'd probably lose the friendship and there aren't a whole lot of other friend options in your area because everyone within a 40 minute drive in your state go to the same regional high school, and you already know you don't get along with most of them.

All the people in your high school group of friends were either most of the only open queer people in your small regional high school or ended up coming out after they graduated because the school administration made life hell for the GSA (which had one out gay guy and a bunch of "straight allies") and students pulled down their event posters.

You have a bunch of queer t-shirts and jewelry (again, bought online), but can never wear them in your hometown because you never know who's going to be a bigot, and everybody knows everybody and they all gossip.

You travel over an hour to get to the nearest non-student queer group or pride or any other queer event.

Organizing a queer group yourself is incredibly difficult because everyone is so far apart, has different and often unpredictable work schedules, and there's no public transportation for those who are unlucky enough to not drive.

YOU KNOW

YOU'RE A

RURAL QUEER

WHEN...

ISOLATED

QUEER

SOLIDARITY!

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