



IS THIS A ROCK-LIKE EGG



OR AN EGG-LIKE ROCK?

06/11/2022

Something fucked up about reading a fic about gender and relating too it a little too much

throw it?

Throw it?

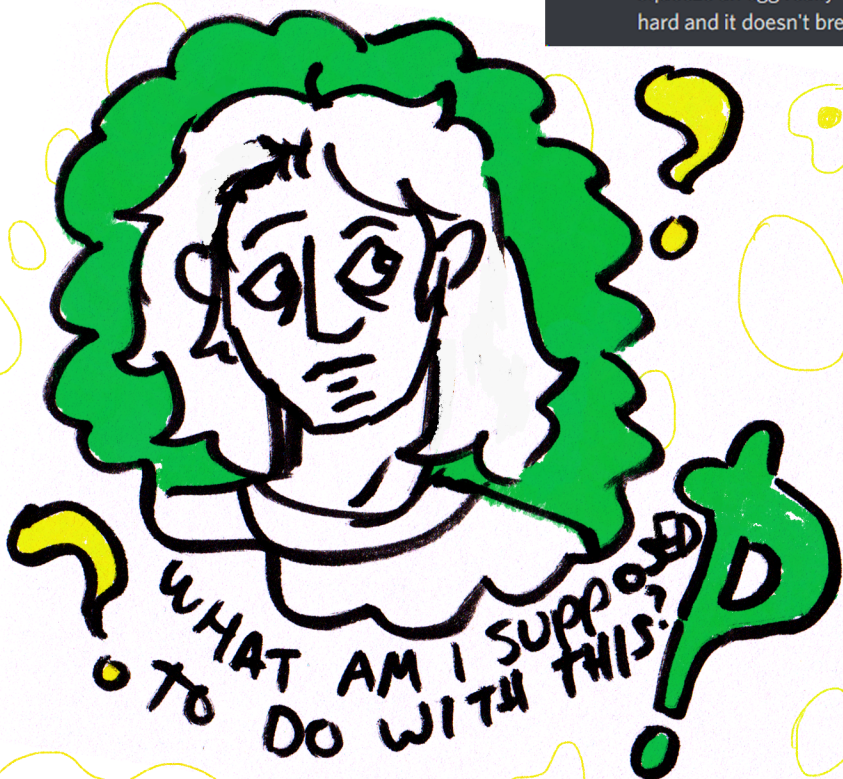
DROP IT?

DROP IT?

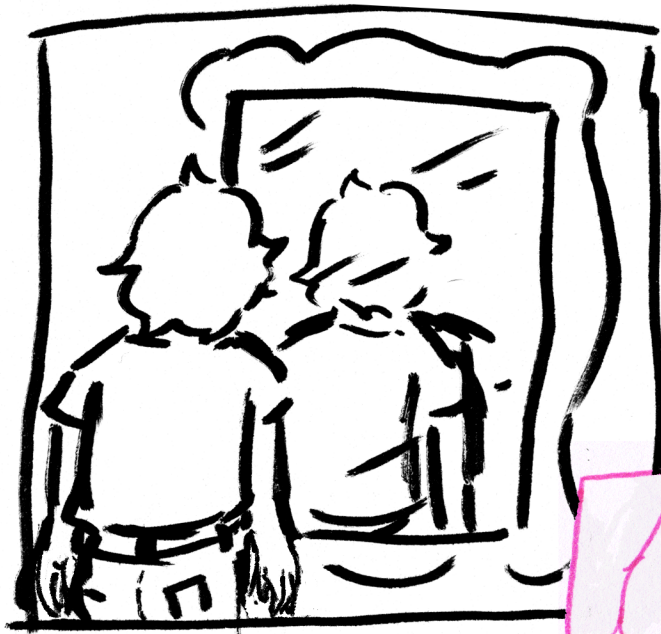


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Every time you say something like this it's like watching someone do that thing where they squeeze an egg really hard and it doesn't break



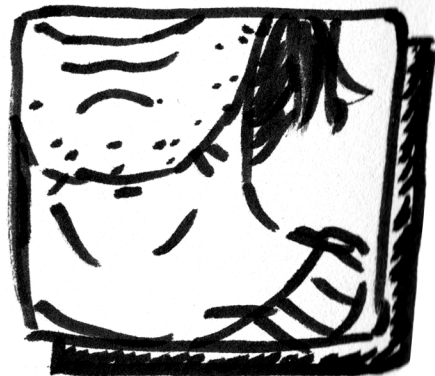




Sometimes
I wish I could
be a stranger
unto myself.



Doesn't have to be much.
Just slip in and out like a jacket.



but I cannot deal with permanence
or anyone knowing me as anything
but what I am now

idk what it makes me but sometimes i dont feel like im completely a woman. A pastiche of a woman.

like i feel like im just woman-shaped. im ok with being woman-shaped like, 70% of the time.

What does that make me? Idk.

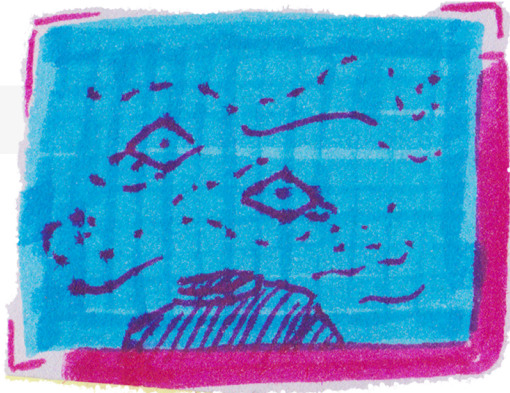
idk if this is just the experience of the inherent alienation from the self one feels as a cisfeeeeeeeemale regarding gender norms or if im legit not strictly a cis woman.

I like the traits i have that are typically seen as feminine, namely i would not cut off my long hair for the sake of androgyny. Look at all the men in rock music with long hair.

That isn't to say I wouldn't wish I had the ability to transform, werewolf like, into a hairy dude once in a while.

via 

23 notes 2 years ago



Did I spend years of my adolescence and young adulthood hiding myself so other people wouldn't notice?

196. SMOKER ON THE BALCONY - "Oh we're ambitious, we want to destroy the last vestiges of meaning, the last things people in Revachol have to hold on to, the true symbols of security -- the meaning of man and woman, mother and father, their marriage."

150. SMOKER ON THE BALCONY - "Everything* will be constantly shifting and moving under our rule, the future will belong to a circus of identities, just spinning around, surreal and unreal... You won't even know who you are anymore."

Did I spend years of my adolescence and young adulthood hiding from myself to convince myself this is fine?

Am I genuine or do I just overanalyze myself in order to feel "unique"?

If there's nothing strange going on with me, then why can't I stop scrutinizing my identity?!?!?

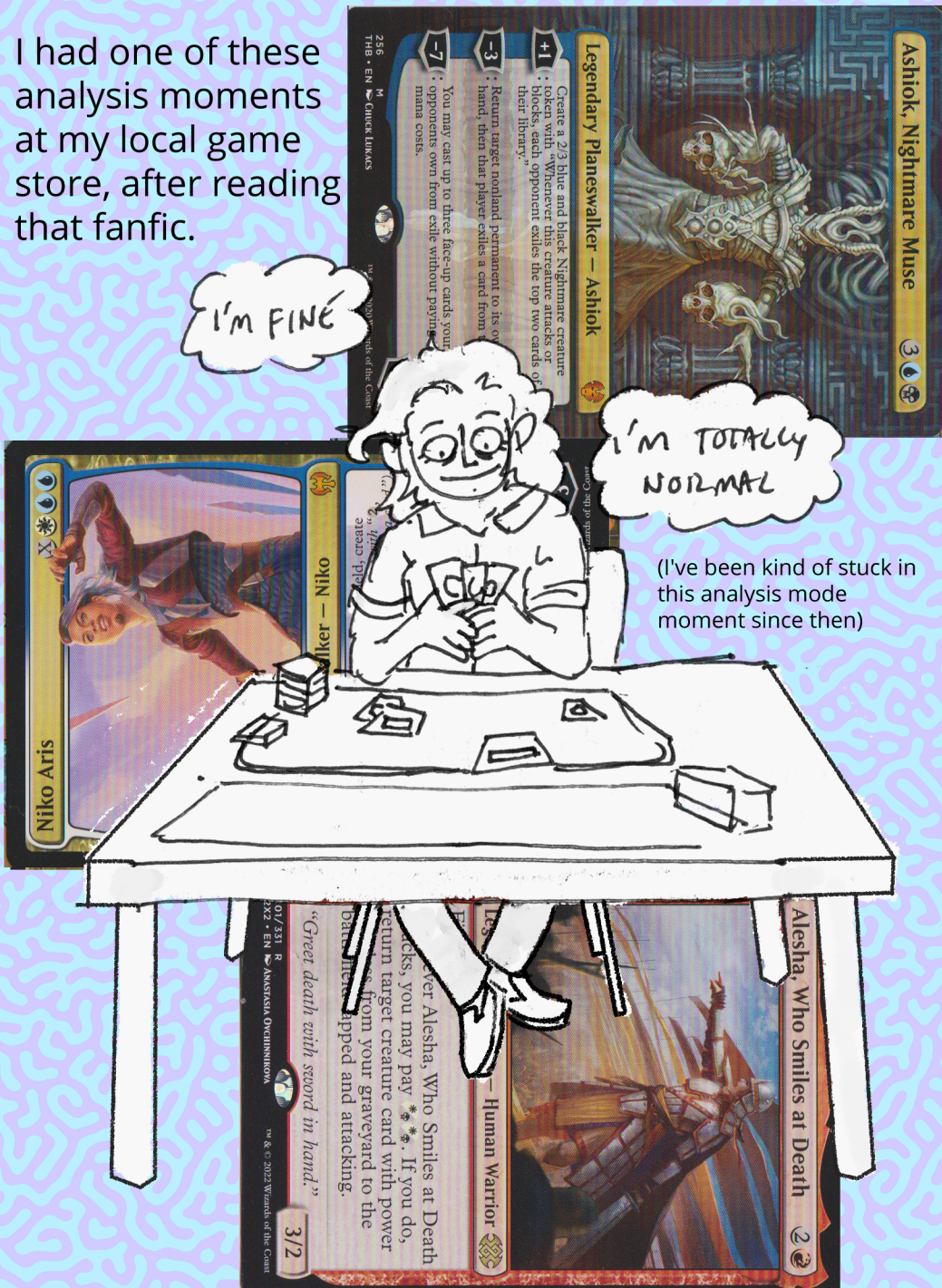


I had one of these analysis moments at my local game store, after reading that fanfic.

I'M FINE

I'M TOTALLY NORMAL

(I've been kind of stuck in this analysis mode moment since then)



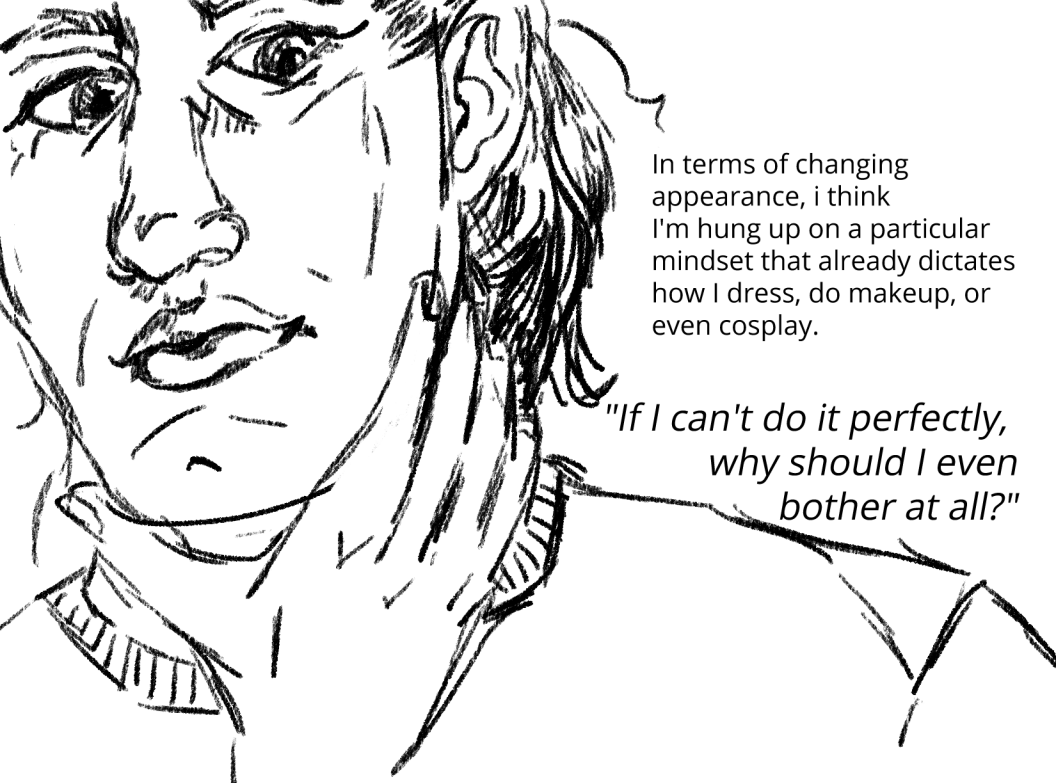
I remember putting on really dramatic makeup beforehand, maybe to pretend to be someone else to new strangers.

I FOUND MYSELF DOING
?STRANGE?
MEASURES TO SOOTHE IT.

I BOUGHT A
JUMPSUIT.

I CUT MY HAIR THE
SHORTEST IT'S EVER
BEEN.

I'VE TOLD STRANGERS
TO CALL ME A
DIFFERENT NAME.

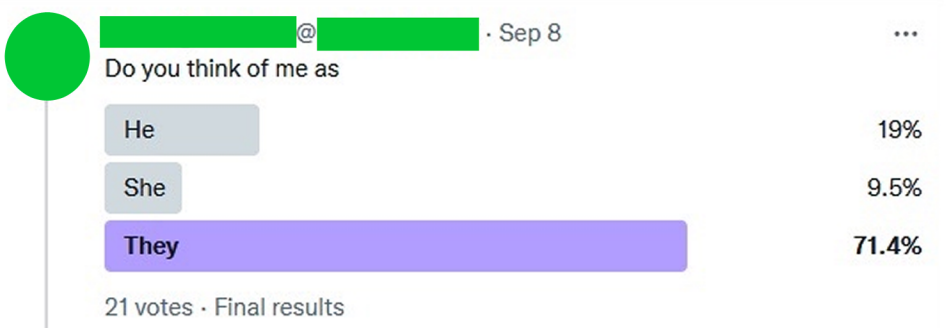


In terms of changing appearance, i think I'm hung up on a particular mindset that already dictates how I dress, do makeup, or even cosplay.

"If I can't do it perfectly, why should I even bother at all?"

I'm sorry that I don't have a good conclusion for this. It's an excuse for me to complain to no one in particular. I am unsure on how to work through it.

However, I asked people to decide my pronouns via democratic election, and I think I am funny as fuck for doing that.





Works Cited
"From Here to Utopia"
- Ramshackle Glory
Disco Elysium,
Magic: The Gathering
Things my friends
have said to me

MundaneSalad
September 2022

wiltedlettuce.neocities.org