

Ramblings

Ramblings is a publication designed by queer women for queer women as a venue to display the creative talents which exist within our community.

A literary publication for queer women and their many admirers



Ramblings, Ramblings, Ramblings. Ramblings, Ramblings, Ramblings, Ramblings, Ramblings, RAMBLINGS, Ramblings, Ramblings

choices

by Berta D.

lying at the center of a tangled web
 i look at the two paths before me
 and know that in the end there is only one choice.
 both can give me happiness only at the expense of
 someone else's feelings.

two paths,
 one leads to excitement and thrills and a future
 the other to comfort and security and a future

two paths,
 one leads to the lion's den
 the other leads to the center of the volcano
 both offer a doom

i pick and fate will pluck a piece of my heart and
 keep it from me forever.

the third option -
 walk away
 walk away from what i know and what i'm offered.
 never look back.

let both paths dissipate behind me as i walk down
 the third path.

let someone else pick up the crumbled pieces and
 put them back together

i am a coward, walking away from my future
 i yearn for something better, something easier,
 something new.

my tangled skin withers away
 while i make my choice

soon both paths will disappear, never forgotten,
 and ill be trapped again in the eye of the storm,
 unable to get out.

Love like Water

By Suo Mynona

i'm dirty and uncomfortable
 i secretly long to be clean
 i need to bathe
 maybe it will wash my fear away
 it's all building up
 the door handle is cold and the hinges
 creak

i get in the shower to wash it away
 i'm naked and freezing
 i'm vulnerable
 only guarded by thin plastic and hard
 porcelain

all i have to do is turn on the Water
 but it's that burst of cold i'm afraid of
 i suppose it will get warm if i wait
 (but i still can't believe it ever will)
 i'm too afraid of the cold i shiver
 and clutch my arms around my dirty
 skin for warmth

when will i ever get over my fear?
 i cower and put my clothes back on
 i squint at the sterile bathroom lights
 and shamefully escape

i run to a shadowed corner and rock my-
 self
 knees touching chin
 i hope no one saw me.
 i hope no one asks me.
 my filth becomes my comfort
 i smear my face on my sleeve and make
 up a new lie

Sally looked into
 her eyes, and
 shyly stammered,
 "I have been
 meaning to tell
 you, that, well, I,



Kathy smiled,
 looked down,
 and replied, "I'm
 glad. Me too.
 Want to get some
 coffee?"

Red Nailpolish

Fuck-me-red nailpolish on child-like fingertips
open a door into a room without time.

Closing my eyes briefly, I breathe deeply,
calming myself before looking once again.

I shield my gaze from the darkness of the room
and the sickness in the air.

Carefully I proceed, slowly I walk in these heels that hurt me,
six inches off the ground is not a better perspective of this
world.

I enter the room, carefully, for these fuck-me pumps
make me as unstable as the environment.

I feel like running, screaming and crying,
yet I do none of these as I toss my hair,
hoping to hide my disgust, my calm panic.

I pause, my open eyes now try to adjust to the darkness,
they do and yet my heart never does,
it only slowly becomes as dark as the surroundings.

Looking around I see nothing has changed
since the last time I was here,

and nothing will change by the next time I come.

The silence is deafening, almost as loud as the music and as
blinding as the flashing lights.

I check myself in the mirror to assure no matching
red lipstick is on my teeth.

No lipstick on my teeth,
no feeling in those eyes that peer back at me.

No time to think of that now.

I pray to a God that I do not believe in for
enough patience to make it,
enough strength for just one more night,
enough of me to survive as I slowly break apart.
It's been five seconds since red fingertips opened
that door.

I glide, smiling knowingly,
all eyes are upon me, gazing through me.

If they could only see the consuming rage behind

my flirtatious smile "Hi, lets go for a lap dance," I invite.

Its a matter of supply and demand you see,
mere economics, and yet its a smiling exchange of my soul for
green pieces of paper.

These men are in control, holding the money I so desperately
need.

"I am you fantasy girl, ask no more of me please."

I always shake, partly due to the lack of clothing, partly due to
my aching legs, and mostly because its all too much for me and
something within struggles to convince me to run and not stop
until this is all no longer real.

As I shower, the water, my tears, my sanity swirl down the
drain.

As I lay the money on my bed I can count my dignity in \$20
bills.

I've made more money than any other girl again tonight.

As I lay in bed I am thankful I am too tired to think.

In the morning it will all be a dream.

You know me. I sit next to you in class, did you ever imagine?

Remember me? I was the happiest there, the innocent-looking
beauty ready to please you.

God help us.

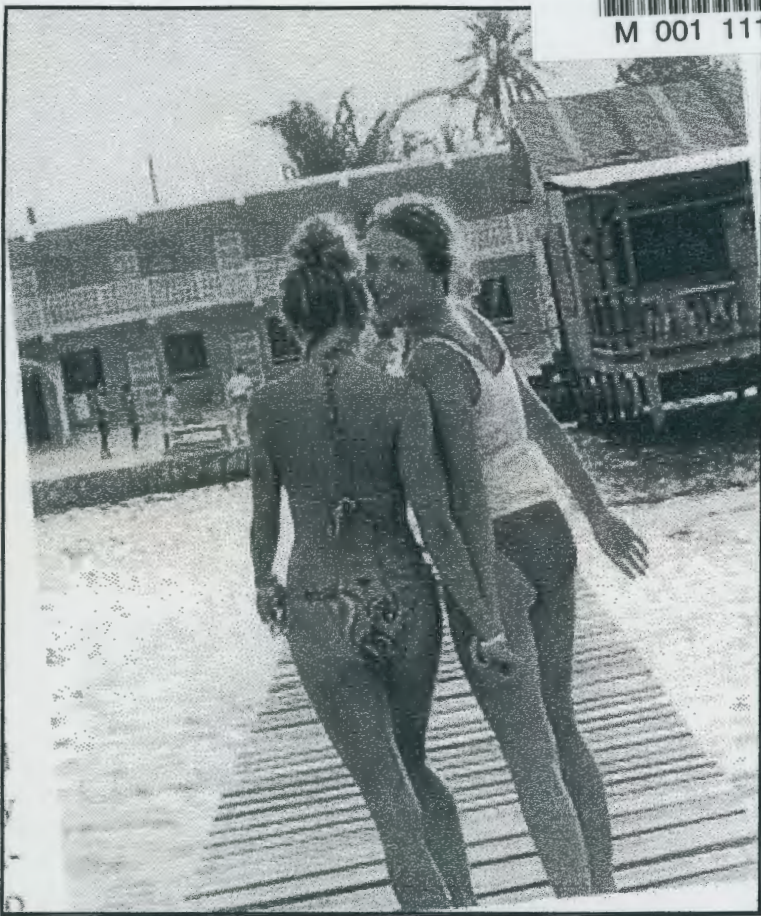
I pray this is not the true nature of man.

The resolution is not the best, but this is an early
1900s picture of a Butch-Femme Party





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Sigh

by Vegan Girl

the sound of sultry, soft,
 sexy whispers
 breathy fumbings
 of words said and unheard
 still linger...
 slapping, lapping me
 softly still.
 a love not meant to be, painful.
 a reminder of things to yearn,
 and ache, and wait for
 the pitter patter
 of tapping feet for,
 woman.
 a creature, powerfully soft
 and yielding.
 i sink into the memory of her,
 with every sigh.

The girl i didn't want..

By Vegan Girl

and i miss you, or i miss the idea.
 i needed someone, somewhere, sometime,
 there had to be a first.
 i didn't mean to do this,
 this thing i only do to boys.
 my old habits crept up.
 i tried to push them back,
 back into my head...but they came up and out,
 and walked all over you.
 you got great as soon as i let go.
 you got perfect as soon as i turned away,
 or so i'm told.
 now it's too late,
 and too little...to get you back.
 so i'm left with the memory,
 of the girl i didn't want.

home at last

By Vegan Girl

my fingers are fumbling
 between folds of flesh
 soft, warm, now moist
 my body is trembling
 and aching with anticipation
 finally awake.
 i wonder how anyone can think this is wrong
 or "unnatural"
 i feel like i'm home laying here,
 our silky girl skin, burning where we touch.
 just yesterday we were laughing about how
 i was "...scared i won't know what to do"
 but now, i'm home at last. it's as if i
 never knew anything but this,
 here, now, woman,
 goddess.



Untitled

by Vegan Girl

through the twisting,
turning, pulling
of hair mingling of flesh
and breath i exhale contented
lost in the woman.

In conclusion...



Always choose your friends carefully.

Submissions Are Welcome!

Submit writing, poetry, art, gushing praise, to:
creative_ramblings@hotmail.com
(email is preferred if at all possible so I don't have to re-type submissions, but don't stress if you don't email. I'd rather you snail mail them than not send them at all)

For a year subscription, (12 issues), mail \$15 check made out to Sandy Garcia. I will mail Ramblings to you in a discrete package.

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of January, 2001**

We are
HERE

We are
QUEER

We are
CREATIVE!!
(did I mention we rule?)