

Does it hint or does it show it?

I was standing beside his bed and he was sitting up between the sheets.
I couldn't be happy if I didn't see him every day.
I would never stumble through the confusions of my own character
again.

Does it make any difference?

I'm bad, not good like you.
No judgement, just a fact.
For God's sake, there's nothing left, I'm a shell.

They exist. Words, for what we do.

Sometimes you can tell from the way a person sounds
the visible incarnation of that unseen ideal
one of those rare smiles with a quality of eternal reassurance in it
one which seemed to interrupt the beating of my heart
queer in every sense of that multivalent word.

This is what a label refers to—

strange, but seductive
exquisite joys and exquisite sorrows
to face the whole eternal world for an instant
to shed your skin and then walk away, unencumbered, into the morning.

It seemed imperative that he did not know.

I was on the verge of a terrible crisis in my life
heartless terror
wrong or ugly
fierce and unfair
an irresistible prejudice
the next thing to suicide
all the sins you have never had the courage to commit.

I was scared.

I don't think we'll ever stop being scared.

What would happen if we spoke the truth?

I never backed away from anything in my life
I am one of the few honest people that I have ever known
I never let you know anything about this; it would have been impossible
I might be one thing deep within
I have never lied to you. I never will.

Perhaps I was stopped by that level of feeling, deeper than thought, which contains the truth.
I'm too old to lie to myself and call it honor.

I should have told him then that he was
absolutely necessary to me
much more than
my roommate
my best friend
my truth
my whole soul
my lover
because it means that this stuff happens.

Ask yourself what it was you were running from.
external influence
covert references
secret deaths
that simple, shocking self-acceptance
you would like to believe in.

They have no right anymore to tell us what to do.
I want to live now. And I can be anything I need to be. And I want to be with you.
And we must always remain so.

They threw us out, or threw us away.
We are not going away.

KEY

A SEPARATE PEACE (JOHN KNOWLES)

THE GREAT GATSBY (F. SCOTT FITZGERALD)

THE PICTURE OF DORIAN GRAY (OSCAR WILDE)

ANGELS IN AMERICA (TONY KUSHNER)

EDITH CAN SHOOT THINGS AND HIT THEM (A. REY PAMATMAT)

FUN HOME (ALISON BECHDEL)