

The New Queer Cosmology, for Us, for Them

by: Alison Lubar



“Seyton, I am sick at heart.” Oh Montero, so am I. This denial of biological complexity, perceiving diversity as a threat. If we can take that cherry blossoms burst every year, as fact, then why not that someone is exactly who they say they are. It makes just as much sense that we’re all furrowed&bodiless brains in vats of synthetic amniotic as the fact that I know who I am better than you ever could. When they tell us to go to hell, do they know they’ve made it here on earth? And that in each night, in the thumping dark, amidst the disco ball flash and iridescent sweat, we’ve made heaven a place on earth, too?

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