

Co-Editors' Corner

(Continued)

grown comfortable with.

My senior year was one of the greatest times in my life. I had gone from a poor, scared closeted boy to a out-and-about, fabulous gay guy. As the school year was coming to an end, my friend Corinne asked me who I was taking to the high school prom. I was like, "Gurl, I don't even know!" It was then that she suggested I take my boyfriend, Rodrick.

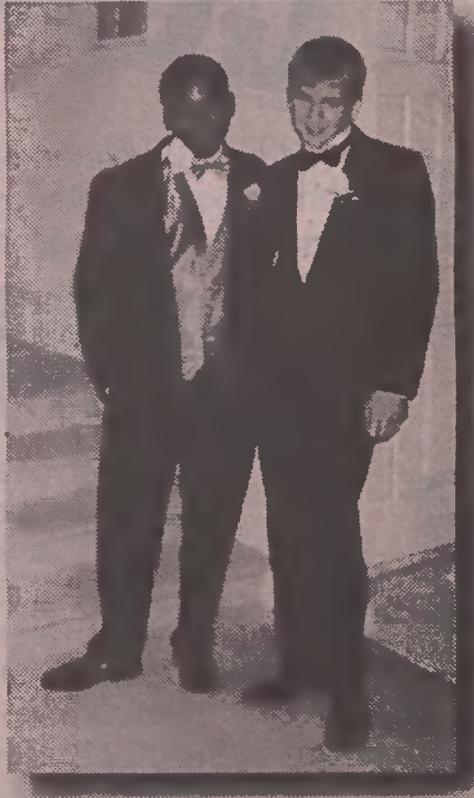
Taking my boyfriend to the prom had not even crossed my mind. I mean, I knew that I was out to a large portion of the school, but how would it look for me to take my boyfriend to the prom of a conservative, largely Republican high school? Well, as the days passed, I decided that I would be taking Rodrick.

Rodrick and I attended a pre-prom meal at Grady's in Greensboro with a group of friends, and then made our way to the prom. We danced and had a fabulous time. When I returned to school the following Monday, I received no harassing comments or anything. To my surprise, my taking a guy to the prom caused as little upset as if the cafeteria workers had been serving chicken freakin' nuggets or something. It was most excellent.

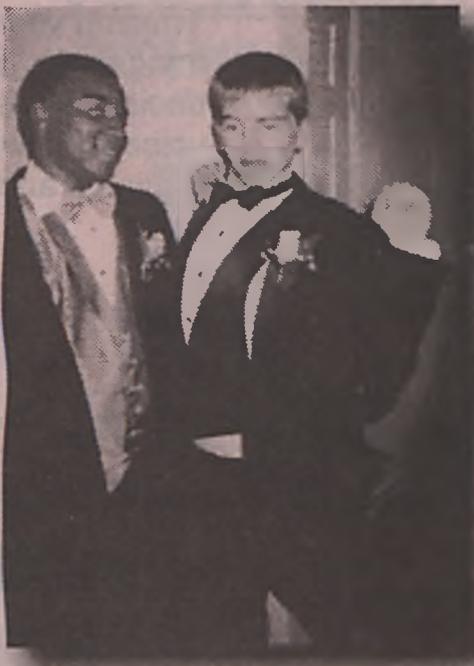
Since the prom, Rodrick and I have stayed together. Minus a small 2 month separation, we have been together, to this day, going on 10 months and all is well.

Well, I know that this entire article probably sounded like one of those Noxema commercials gone terribly awry, but that's ok, because it was still fabulous. I would just like to take this moment to tell all the closeted people out there that are too scared to tell their parents/friends, etc. of their sexuality --- DO IT! I was scared for the longest time, but my parents and friends all took it rather well. My mom, in fact, has met my boyfriend on many occasions... can you believe it... she approves!

(End of Article)



These are pictures of Rodrick and me after the prom.



Poetry submissions

(continued)

"Day of the Dove"

—Sterling Garmon

Upon his perch, the dove is held,
His claws around are tightly curled-
They strain to hold himself in place,
A chain that holds him to the world.

His neck is stretched towards the sky-
In his eyes only earth appears;
Above the world in consciousness
Apart from it in fear.

He does not breathe the air around
He only holds it inside him.
He does not feel it as it flows
Across his body and within.

But when a ghostly chilling wind
Comes seeping through the air
to him-
It creeps within him in the night
And spreads throughout his bones;

An unseen hand takes hold of his,

Releasing the bar held inside-
An external force pulled from within
And then his eyes are opened wide-

The essence intertwined between
He feels them all within himself
And knows the perch is not a cage.

Unto himself he was succumbed;
As he alights upon the wing
He dives toward eternity-
The day has come

The dove is free.

