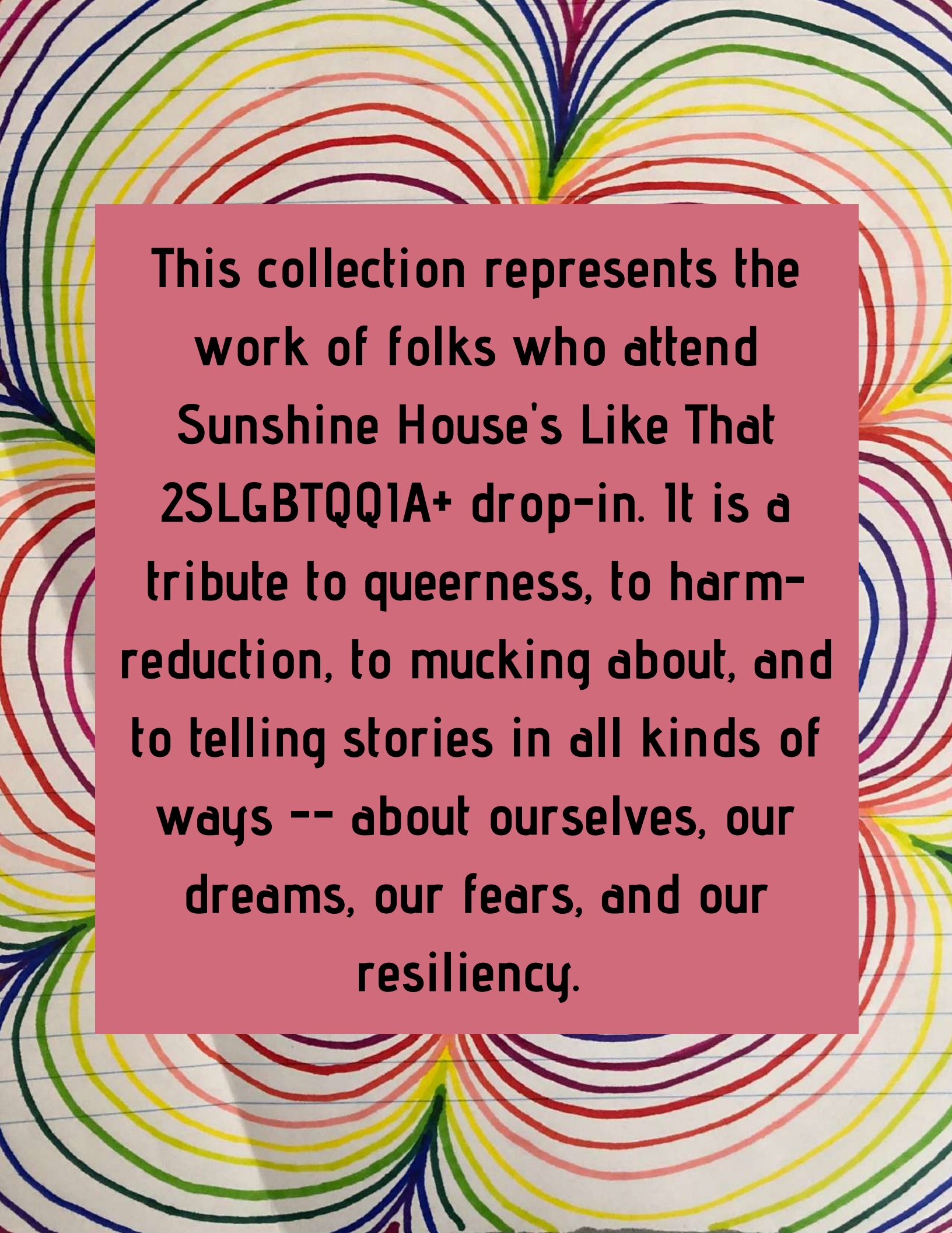




SUNSHINE HOUSE,  
WINNIPEG

JANUARY 22 - FEBRUARY 12, 2020



**This collection represents the work of folks who attend Sunshine House's Like That 2SLGBTQQIA+ drop-in. It is a tribute to queerness, to harm-reduction, to mucking about, and to telling stories in all kinds of ways -- about ourselves, our dreams, our fears, and our resiliency.**

How we define our  
reality shapes it.

Our words label items  
and things as things  
and items.

Worlds view is  
malleable Reality a matrix  
of our individuality

**BOOMER**



IDK WHO I  
AM 2  
0

**ROCKY**

Start edgy conversations.

has never  
that their  
nothing, b

Be direct. Let your

she says.

LGBTQ

LGBTQ

QUEER

—it's up to everyone else

to keep up.

Be indirect. When

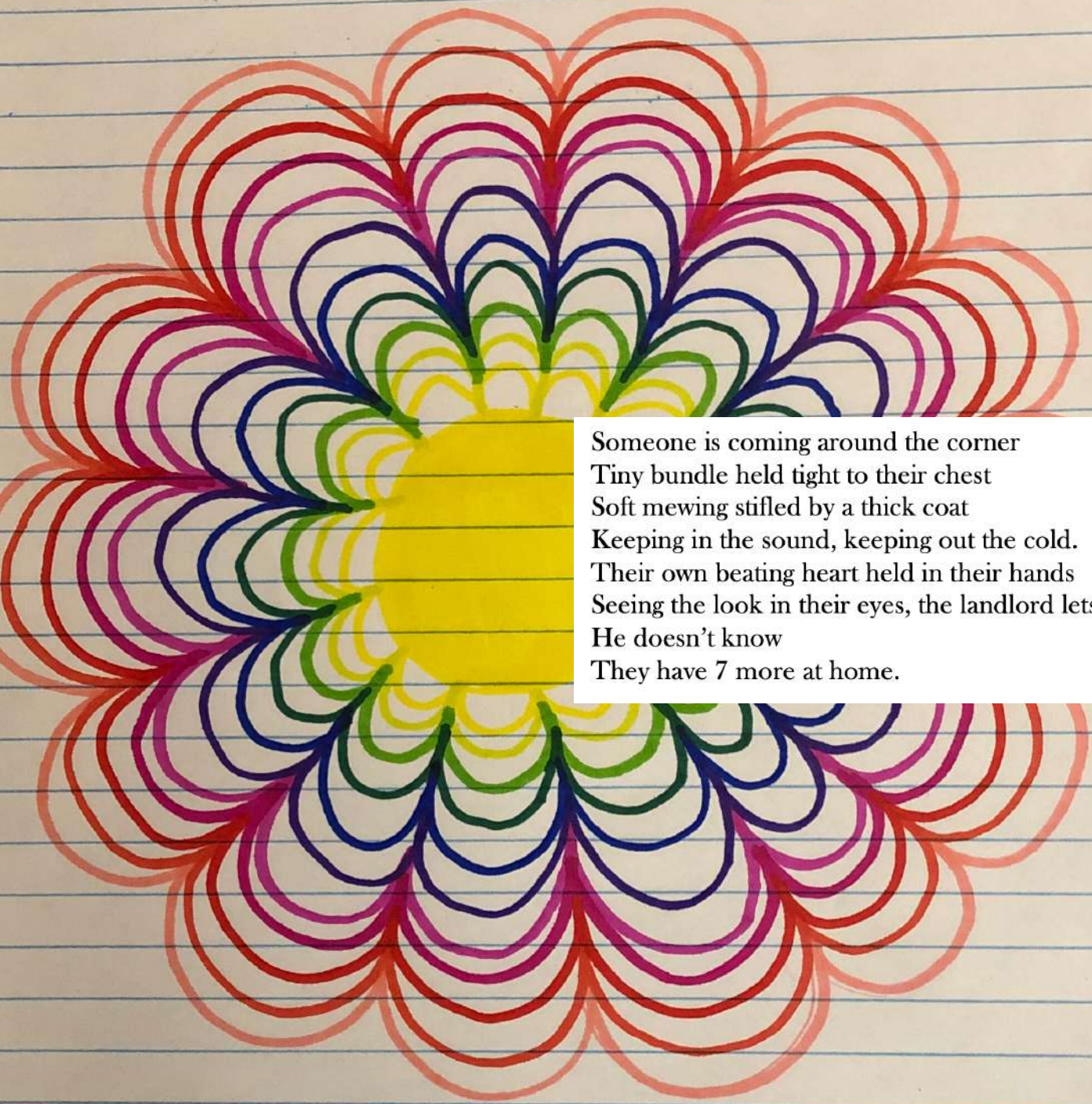
Sober (

LIFE?

OK!

"Certain relationships may appear in a new light,

their com  
alcohol,"  
It's on  
booze-fr  
Seedlip



Someone is coming around the corner  
Tiny bundle held tight to their chest  
Soft mewing stifled by a thick coat  
Keeping in the sound, keeping out the cold.  
Their own beating heart held in their hands  
Seeing the look in their eyes, the landlord lets this one slide  
He doesn't know  
They have 7 more at home.

John is 14. John is not quite short. He's not quite tall. He's not quite obviously a boy. He is emergent, coming out from around the dark space, the space that is quiet and his own. The light here is bright and he blinks. Blinks. Blinks. Blinks. It's too bright. There is too much yellow. Yellow used to be his favourite colour but it is not now. It's too far from the colour of dirt.

His shirt is hanging askew, and his arms feel twiggy, barely able to hold cloth up on his joints. He feels it slipping as he readjusts and adjusts again to the light.

"uhhh..." he utters. There are people. People who see him wonder. He can sense them wondering about his elbows. They do not curve to a stop, but plummet. They careen to nothing. They are wondering if he eats. They are wondering what he eats. It's not enough of this or too much of that. Not enough potatoes or butter. Neglect, maybe. His shoulders are a problem, too. His collar bone does not enter harmoniously back into his body. It's far too pointy.

What must he be made of, he is sure they are wondering. It is plastic, maybe. Or space rock. It could be space rock. 14 year old boys are meant to do space.

They're looking. He starts looking: 5 women (or at least they appear to be); 5 men (or stouter creatures with facial hair). He doesn't care what they are, or who. He's not sure why he doesn't turn, go back. Go back where is quiet and dark and his own.

He's quiet, except for the clicking of his finger nails together – a nervous kind of tick. He rubs them against his pants – also too bulky, too falling off his bones. He knows there is something in his pocket, but he forgets what it is. It's not quiet hard, and not quite large. It's not sharp. It's a balled-up paper, a balled-up memory. One he wants to keep. He tried to shift to make it smaller, but they have already seen the outline. They know it. They see.

**ANGELES**

Every morning I see you leave,  
I wait in a blue box,  
I wait quietly and when you are not around,  
The only friend I got is a monkey  
That watches me sleep,



Endless requests don't kill her vibe

BADASS WOMEN

Wild Wanderer  
Eclectic prints, mixed textures, and metallic accents combine for a luxe-bohemian edge.



Cheers to More Style

You left on a Tuesday. I remember because it was garbage day, and as you drove down the driveway I was sure you were going to knock over the bin. At least you remembered to take it to the end of the lane – a final domestic courtesy. The dishes were not done, though, but I was grateful for it after, when I stuck my hands in the water and they burned. A sensory distraction.

I didn't cry until after. Maybe it was long after. Though my face was wet. (The hot dish water, probably.) You always said I would never show you my crying face. I did in the shower, sometimes. Hot water bathing tears. You'd come in an wonder "what was the hold up?" Sometimes you'd hand me a facecloth and tell me to wash. Just a hand through the curtain. You'd never actually come in. Privacy, you'd say. But the truth was, you didn't want to face my naked body in the full light. The everyday movements I made – wash hair, shave legs.

I guess this is another break up story; one of many for you, I am sure. You always have had lovers on lovers. I was the one you left on Tuesday. The one who twitched in her sleep and you made sleep on the couch after sex. Your sleep was important, you'd say. But really it was my body breathing you couldn't stand – moving and doing everyday things.

Once you fixed my robe when it slid down my shoulder while I was making your coffee. You made it feel tender, but now I know it for what it was.

It's funny what happens when desire is making coffee, when fetish does dishes, when fucking turns to twitching in early sleeping unconsciousness.

And then you left. Finally tired of being nice to a thing, of loving an object that talked, spoke back, called you an infant, that mocked your way of being in rage, that spoke to you with contempt.

Your image cracked, and you just missed the garbage can as you stared at your own eyes in the rear-view.

**ANGELES**



**ROCKY**

We had <sup>almost</sup> given up on waiting, but there They were. Only we three had been there from the beginning; everyone else had left. The others didn't know our story. They came, admired the natural beauty of the trees, the valley full of perpetual mist, and then they left in their turn.

I say there was a beginning, but really there wasn't. This place

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I say there was a beginning, but really there wasn't. This place has been here longer than any of us can know, but it was empty of people before we came.

We knew it was special, and so we stayed, and the land kept us alive. It hurt us, yes - almost killed us - but we learned its ways, how to hear its voice, and in this way it taught us much more than we ever could have imagined.

And now, finally, They came. Faith alone told us to stay, to expect them, but I never thought it would be like this. They bore a candle. The wind gusted through the mountains, but could not touch its flame.

And all at once, we became one with it. By its light I can see you now, and through Mira's hand, I say, "Hello!"

**MIRA K.**

She is always just around the bend.  
Yet no one knows when she'll arrive.  
Her cold, silent touch is something  
that some dread,  
and others long for.  
Yet no one knows when she'll arrive.  
When she comes, she'll carry with her  
A sweet relief for some,  
and much pain for others.  
Yet no one knows when she'll arrive.  
She brings fear and she also brings comfort.  
And one day, before you know it—  
She'll arrive.

Sometimes when I come too soon  
I make people cry -  
Sometimes when I don't come soon enough  
I make people cry -  
Usually I just make people cry.  
Why do people always cry!?  
I wish they'd rejoice  
I wish they'd be thankful  
I am a once in a lifetime occurrence  
And people always cry -  
A sweet touch and release  
Please stop crying!  
\*tap tap\*  
\*touches forehead\*

Hey open up to  
all this wonder surrounding you.

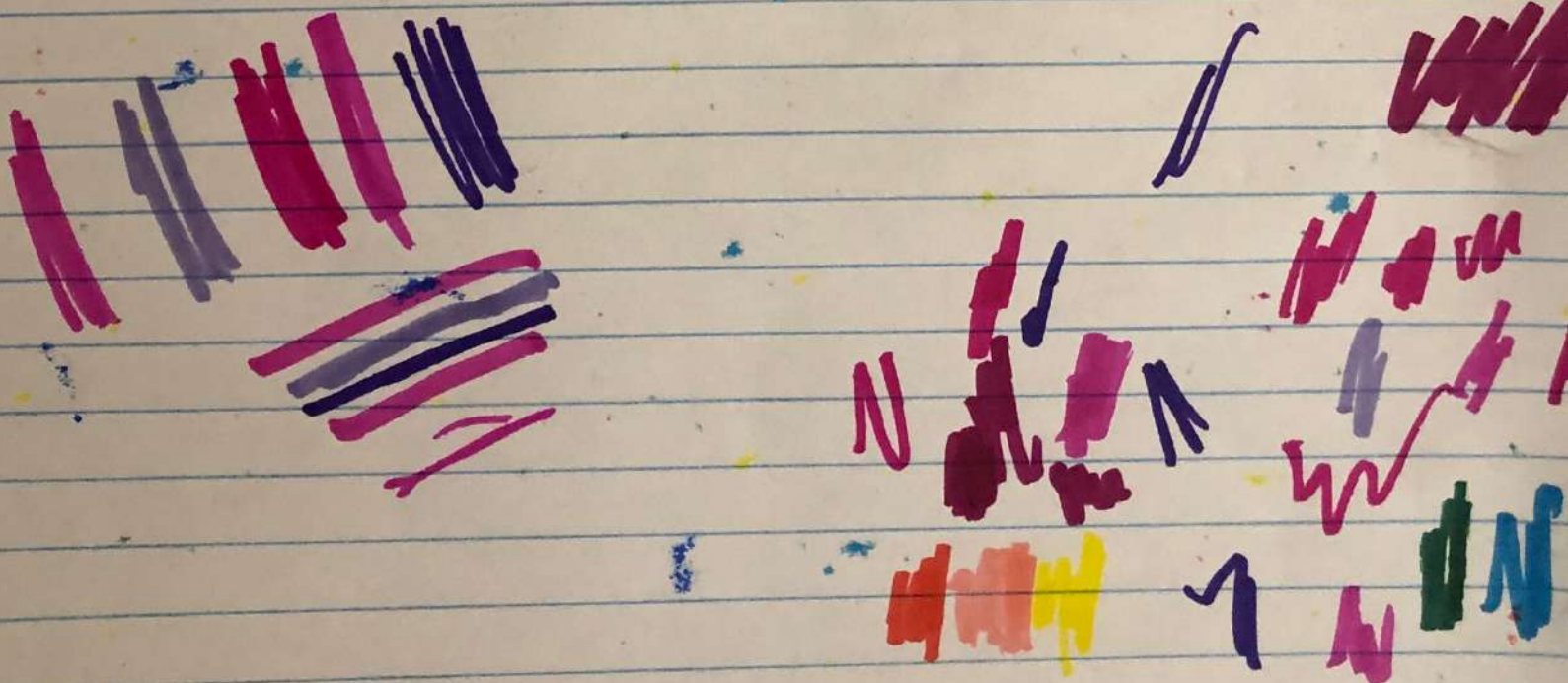
Do not contain yourself with fear.  
There is no need for fear.  
It is just a baser reaction.

Re Acting to a new which stimulates growth.

Failing to support growth stimulates stagnant cement conservatism  
and  
Classist Archetypes

**BOOMER**

The day I first met you,  
I knew that you had a life  
that wasn't beautiful,  
The clothes you wore seemed worn  
The smell of cigarettes circled  
me,  
You lived in a home that  
had a crooked look,  
The day I first met you,  
I knew the life you lived a life that  
wasn't the happiest.



were?!”

“I can’t believe you went there again tonight and didn’t even send me a text where you

“But Donna I needed to make some money, rent hasn’t been paid and --”

“You told me that you were going to come back! And then you went to that place again, not even a single text! I can’t believe this!”

“I know! I know ... But you get so much money from being at that place.”

“What? Aquarius? But Stephanie, that place is not classy at all!”



# BOOMER



It's stuffy and it smells like piss.  
Blinking, it's just getting light.  
The sunlight reflects off of dust.  
(Breathe in) Dead skin.

There are two half empty bottles of cologne,  
and two empty tall cans.  
One is knocked over.  
My clothes - or, some of them,  
the culprit.

Blinking.

It's a single bed,  
And worn sheets.  
Worn and unwashed.  
They smell like stale sweat  
and old sex.

I should say, I don't sleep with men.  
Not anymore.

There's a shower running  
Not well.  
A sick shower. A barely alive dripping.

There's a closet door, partly open.  
There's nothing on the hangers.  
Dumped. On the floor.

There is nowhere to step.  
Ballet toes between  
strewn  
stuff -  
nit-picking bits of me  
from around the room.

Old pizza box.  
Books - all dog-eared.

No dog. Not yet.  
But plenty of hair. A full plush of it under the bed.

(I guess I breathed that in, too.)

Sneaking out before  
the dripping stops.

**ANGELES**



Blik was coming around the corner. They wore the blue velour onesie that was all the rage.

Personally longing for a return to pants and shirts and no trap door in the back. Watching others' bare bottoms make Blik feel an usual energy.

thirsting thrusting thoughts  
thrills tongue tickles

Blik was moistly carrying a flush and hardening where they felt  
hrumph



### **DOLCE & GABBANA**

The Italian brand returns to its signature black-and-white "crown D&G" motif with this denim hybrid shirt-jacket and matching drawstring track pants with brocade side panels.

Dolce & Gabbana jacket, \$1,595, and pants, \$1,545.

**BOOMER**

Your Friday night pizza order  
always includes extra cheese.

The extra cheese costs \$2.  
And it's not the cheese that bothers me.

It's the lack of an ask.

It's my two dollars  
and I am lactose intolerant.

Well, I'm lactose intolerant  
light.

It hurts my guts,  
and Saturday morning I spend the morning on the toilet.  
But, you order the extra cheese.  
You pick the movie.

You say  
its time together.

I pick the extra cheese because  
it's what I like.

You could speak up.  
I hate that you don't.

I order extra cheese  
so you'll fight me.

So there  
will be something to say.

For a Friday, we should be something  
to each other.

I try to make us fiery, passionate  
about cheese. About the \$2 it cost you.

But, instead, you fume silently  
and mumble about your shits.

**ANGELES**

sensitive

Milk

help



DID YOU KNOW?

“Your child has SKIN’S...”

DO MORE FOR YOUR WHOE MOUTH

Through the door To the left is a small desk covered in socks Folded neatly, smelling of fabric softener. Ahead right a table with coffee pot and laptop and an overflowing ashtray   naked window looks out over a high view of the city.

They stand by the ashtray digging for a cut with some meat on it. "I've done it" they exclaim eyes looking a bit wild.

Hinders smells of  
time and  
the chemistry of Hinders

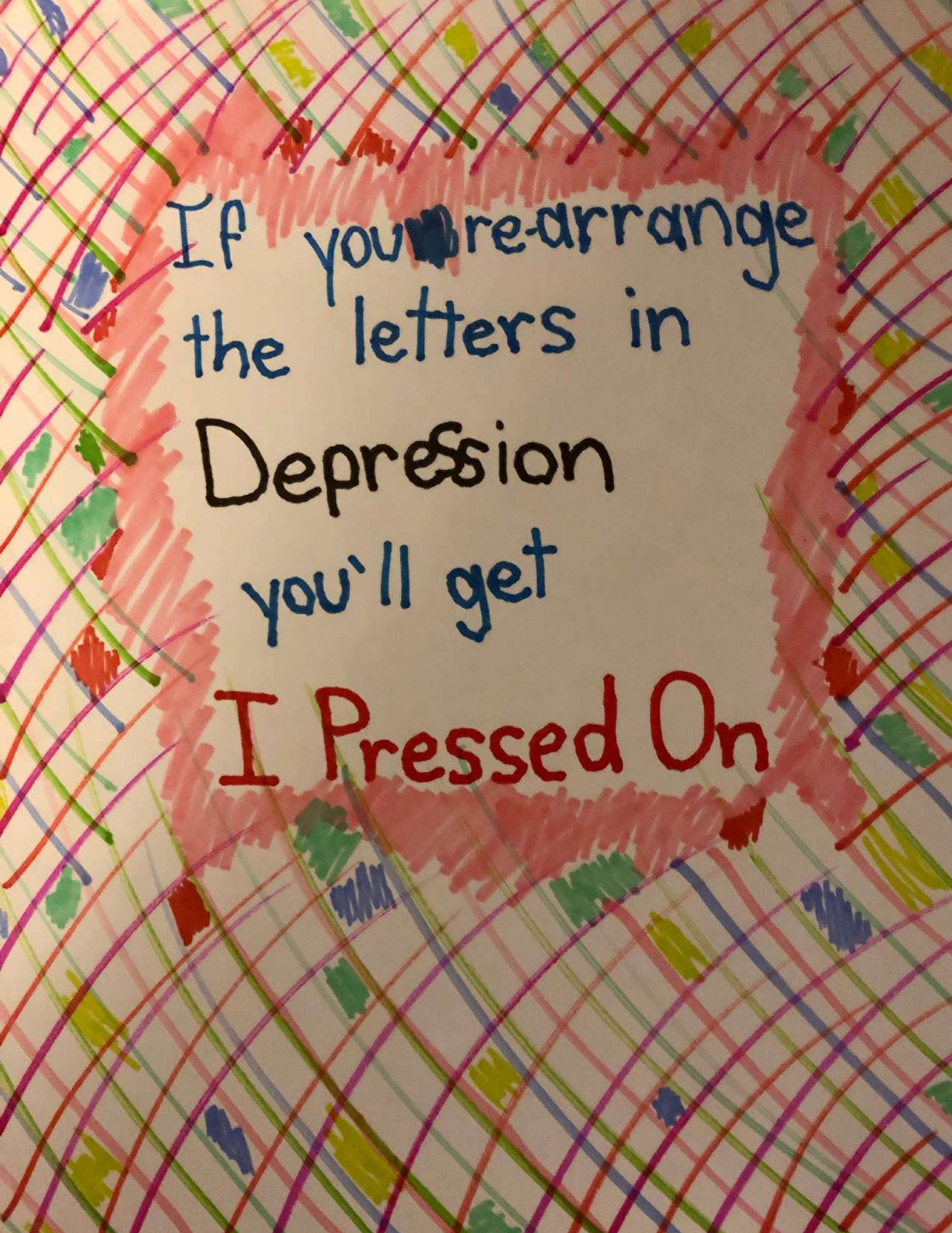
no food smells emanate  
from them so I will move  
on to more promising prey

BOOMER

As the days stretch longer, it's time to awaken to all the possibilities of the season.



to remake oneself each and every day...



If you re-arrange  
the letters in

Depression  
you'll get

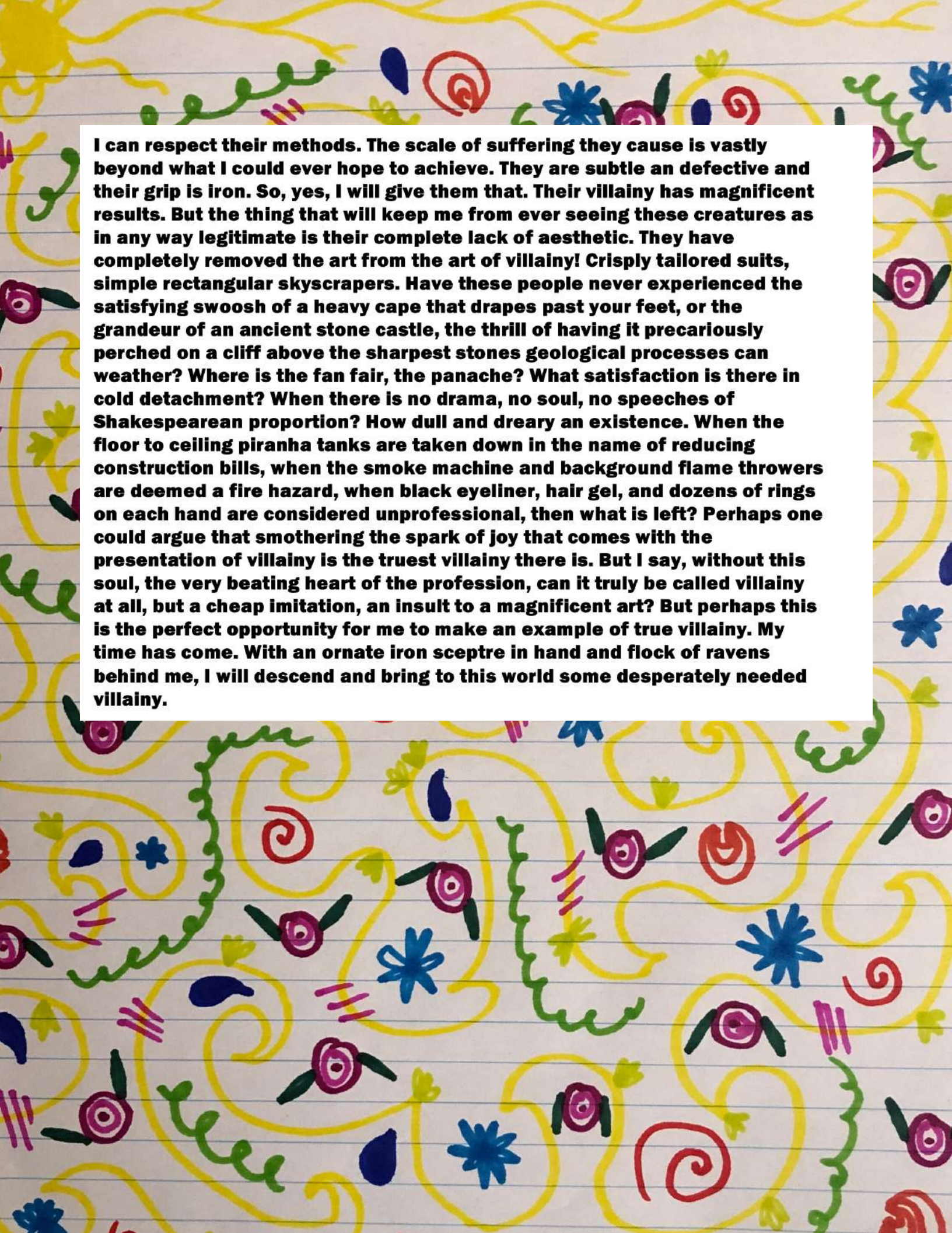
I Pressed On




Well, what happened  
Eh asked.

I went to the store to buy bread and they didn't have the 100% whole wheat Wonder bread so I got the 60% and I thought it should cost the same but when I got my change the pile was smaller so I asked and the staff called me stupid and I don't like being called stupid so I told them

BOO  
MER



**I can respect their methods. The scale of suffering they cause is vastly beyond what I could ever hope to achieve. They are subtle and defective and their grip is iron. So, yes, I will give them that. Their villainy has magnificent results. But the thing that will keep me from ever seeing these creatures as in any way legitimate is their complete lack of aesthetic. They have completely removed the art from the art of villainy! Crisply tailored suits, simple rectangular skyscrapers. Have these people never experienced the satisfying swoosh of a heavy cape that drapes past your feet, or the grandeur of an ancient stone castle, the thrill of having it precariously perched on a cliff above the sharpest stones geological processes can weather? Where is the fan fair, the panache? What satisfaction is there in cold detachment? When there is no drama, no soul, no speeches of Shakespearean proportion? How dull and dreary an existence. When the floor to ceiling piranha tanks are taken down in the name of reducing construction bills, when the smoke machine and background flame throwers are deemed a fire hazard, when black eyeliner, hair gel, and dozens of rings on each hand are considered unprofessional, then what is left? Perhaps one could argue that smothering the spark of joy that comes with the presentation of villainy is the truest villainy there is. But I say, without this soul, the very beating heart of the profession, can it truly be called villainy at all, but a cheap imitation, an insult to a magnificent art? But perhaps this is the perfect opportunity for me to make an example of true villainy. My time has come. With an ornate iron sceptre in hand and flock of ravens behind me, I will descend and bring to this world some desperately needed villainy.**



I am angered by myself, by my flaws.  
We are always told to practice self-forgiveness  
And forgiveness is like a first language, a love language, to me  
But I have hurt people and that cannot be ignored  
I have always sought to see things from as many sides as possible  
To believe that everyone has a reason for their actions  
Some trait to make them worthy of forgiveness  
But maybe it's is not my place to discover this  
It's is for me to share, and to heal if I can  
To help others not to repeat my mistakes  
Maybe I just hope others can forgive me.

**MIRA K.**

**Like That drop-in for 2SLGBTQ folks:  
Mondays and Wednesdays,  
6:00-8:30pm  
646 Logan Avenue**

**contact@sunshinehousewpg.org  
(204) 783-8565**



A special thank you to the University of Manitoba's Institute for the Humanities for providing the financial support to make this project possible.

Institute for the  
Humanities



University  
of Manitoba