

As a queer brown kid
mercilessly
bullied for being
queer and brown
in the jingoistic
nightmare that was
post-9/11
nowhere,
I saw for the first time a way of
feeling like salvation.
I saw a serious acknowledgment
of feeling
not oh-fucking-kay.

I saw in
My Chemical Romance
not a mirror
and not a grave
but a portal -
an outstretched hand
to somewhere else.
Somewhere better.
A future to be made.

Twenty years later
and little has changed.
We're still in
a jingoistic nightmare.
My feelings are still
too big for my body.
And I still love **Revenge**.

I told them that I did.
That I thought that it was
romantic.
And
I do.
(I'm a
romantic.
I've always
felt a lot.
My feelings have
always
been bigger
than my body.)
A friend once saw my
MCR
keychain
and
asked me if
I liked revenge.

**TWENTY
YEARS
OF
REVENGE**
(a my chemical romance zine)

**AND
SO LONG
GOOD NIGHT!**
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