

Queer Thoughts
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FOR
VIDA
TEAMO
MAYRA



I have a weird fantasy where I'm on an airplane and then there's some really intense turbulence and the oxygen masks come down, and the captain has this really choked up voice over the loudspeaker, and everyone thinks they're going to die, and the person I'm next to is holding me and I'm grabbing them, and everybody on the plane has no choice but to spend the last moments of their lives together, and the fear creates this comforting and very human bond between us, and we all realize how exactly the same we are, and then the plane crash-lands and nobody dies. I NEVER WANT THIS TO HAPPEN





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