

UNTOLD: Flash Prose

Morphology

DRESS CODE:
NONE

Editorial Note

There are words for some of us, and then there are
gaps.

The world keeps trying to name what doesn't want to
be boxed —
what moves, what shifts, what refuses to settle into
one solid noun.

This issue consists of flash prose and is for the kids
living in those gaps.

For the ones still trying to find a bathroom that feels
safe.

For everyone who ever deleted a text that said, that's
not me anymore.

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Eli
MIRROR ETIQUETTE

The mirror doesn't bite,
but it stares too long.
I brush my teeth sideways
so it won't catch my chest.

Some mornings I nod to it,
like we've signed a peace treaty—
you see me your way,
I'll live me mine.


Pronoun Pop Quiz

At roll call, I brace.
The teacher pauses, stumbles, looks up.
“Is it... uh—?”
Everyone’s watching the grammar happen to me.

After class she says, “I’m trying, you know?”
I say, “I know.”
Trying is a better word than sorry.

Author bio:

June R., queer and sleepy, likes geology and people who ask questions before assuming answers.



MY BROTHER'S HOODIE


Smells like detergent and
rebellion.

Soft armor.

When I wear it, the world
blurs
and I can breathe.

He said, "You look good,
man."

That was the first time
anyone called me that
and meant it like sunlight



THE HAIRCUT

They buzzed it off in the kitchen sink.
No mirrors, just a phone flashlight.
Mom cried—not because it was short,
but because I looked like someone
who had finally slept.

Author bio:
Simone (they/them) is seventeen, from
Miami, and loves kitech scissors!



Now long you stand outside
before walking in.

Now many glances you can take
before someone says something.

Now to leave before security
arrives.

It's all equations.
I'm just bad at math.





THE BINDER SINGS

Elastic hums against ribs.
It hurts, but the silence hurt
worse.

Every breath is a small
negotiation:
what I keep, what I lose.


Author bio:

Kaylen writes poems on
receipts and binder labels.
They live with two cats and
too many plants.



PE Locker Room, Period 2

SILENCE LOUDER THAN WHISTLES.
SHIRT HALF-OFF, MIND HALFWAY GONE.
SOMEONE SAYS, "BRO, HURRY UP."
I DO.
OUTSIDE, I BREATHE
LIKE I JUST ESCAPED ORBIT.



FAMILY GROUP CHAT

Mom sends baby photos.
Grandma replies: “Our pretty
girl!”

I type: “That’s me, but not
anymore.”

Then delete it.
Leave a heart emoji instead.

Arden runs the school’s LGBTQ+
alliance. They want to major in
social sciences.



Dress Code

They say, “skirts for girls, polos for boys.”

I say, “who wrote that rulebook, and why are we still reading it?”

Next week, I wore jeans and a tie.
Principal said, “That’s not appropriate.”
I said, “Maybe your definition isn’t.”



Sunday Service

The hymn says, He made us in
His image.

I hum along, thinking:
Maybe His image shifts too.
Maybe that's what divinity
means—
a form that never stops
becoming.

Author Bio:

Jay sings in the church choir
and plans to study theology.

