UNTOLD: Flash Prose

Morphology

DRESS CODE: NONE

Editorial Mote

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.

TABLE Of CONTENTS

| 01 | Mirror Etiquette | > |
|----|---------------------|-------------|
| 02 | Pronoun Pop Quiz | > |
| 03 | My Brother's Hoodie | > |
| 04 | The Haircut | > |
| 05 | Untitled | > |

TABLE Of CONTENTS

06 The Binder Sings

07 PE Locker Room >

08 Family Group Chat >

09 Dress Code >

10 Sunday Service >



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.

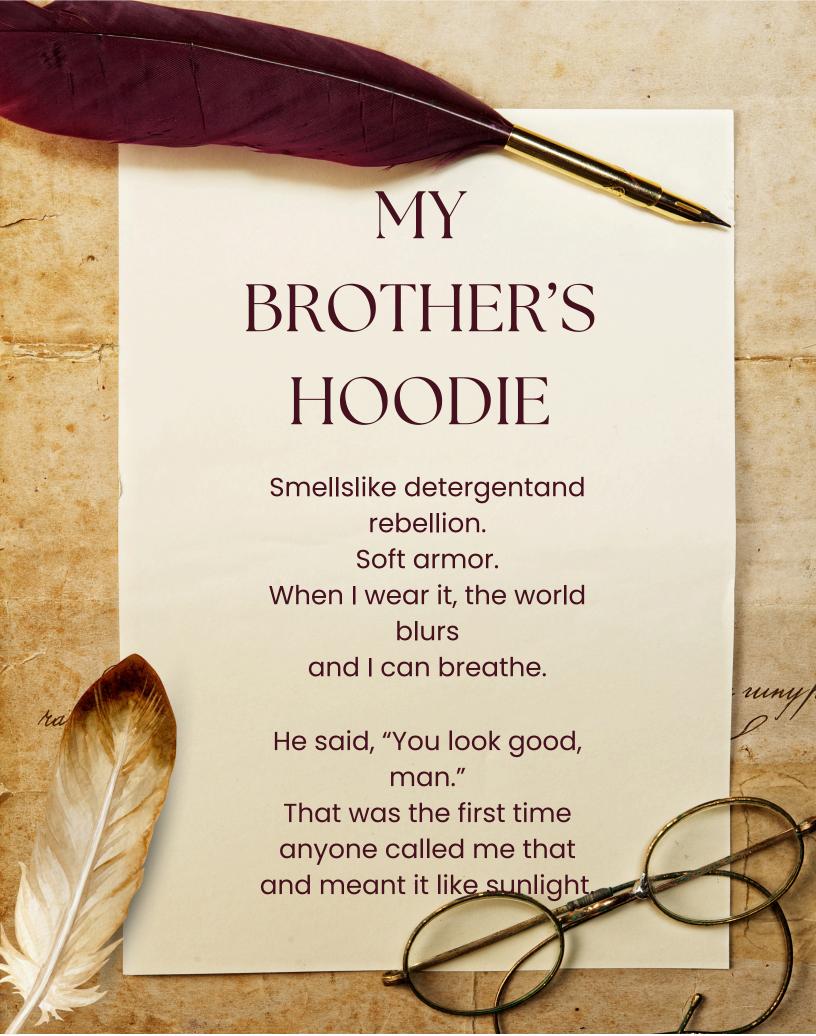
Pronoun Pop Quiz

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.



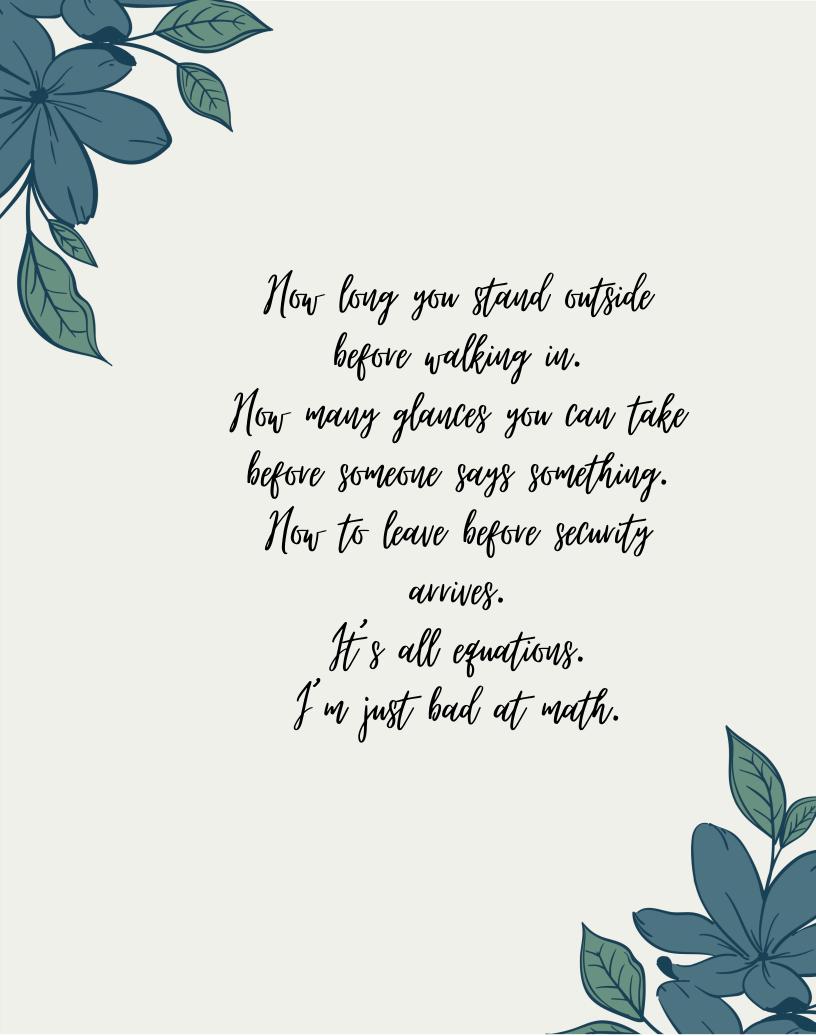
THE HAIRCUT

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!





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.



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.

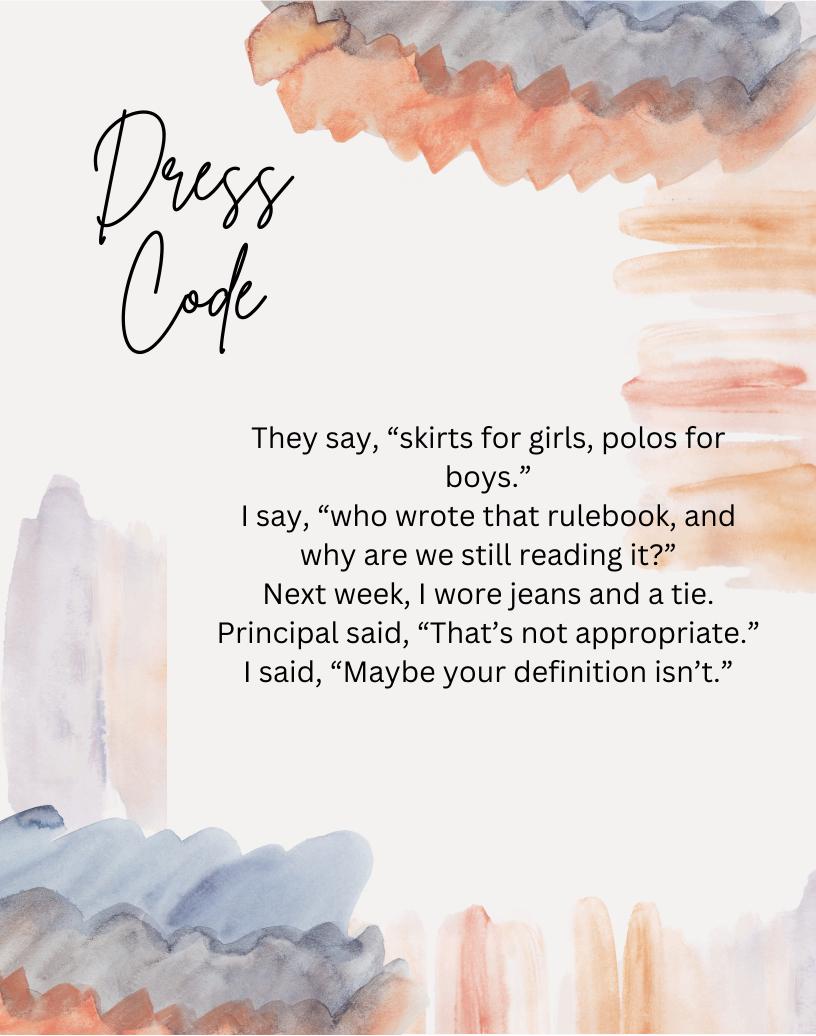
FAMILY GROUP CHAT

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.



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.

