



A Couple of
Queered
Flowers

and Some
Messy
Thoughts
About Them



It's cliché for lovestruck men to seek the favor of their lover with gifted bouquets of dehorned red roses, and for beautiful women to wear rose patterned dresses and classy colognes: symbols and accentuations of beauty and desire.



The othering of queerness and queer love has made such a gap that I feel my own queer desire and love cannot be represented in the same way.

While searching for queered flowers, I kept seeing white roses dyed with rainbow colors to represent queer love;



as if queer desire is unnatural in contrast to the normal desire of plain white and red roses.

The Pansy Crazy, and *pansy* as a slur

Are Pansies People?

AGE-OLD CONTROVERSY RAGES HERE ANEW AS
MEN DANCE WITH MEN(?) AT ANNUAL BALL FROM
WHICH ALL WOMEN ARE STRICTLY BARRED

Scientists are Still
Baffled as Fag
Balls Increase

Neuter Gender Flooding
America, Warns New York
Magazine. Inverts of Both
Sexes Growing Bolder, is
Claim.

Flowers have a very solid history of
having been queered.

Some of these queered flowers' have
their roots in many different aspects of
queerness:

in expression

in tragedy

in desire

Pansies are, for me, the first explicitly queered flower that
came to mind, and are the reason as to why I started
thinking about flowers.

Originally used as a slur against flamboyantly queer men, the word brought to mind an image of fragility and femininity.

The third sex is flooding America. It is no longer confined to side streets and obscure corners. Queer people, both men and women, who do not love or feel like ordinary men and women, are increasing. They have their own restaurants. Some bath houses cater to them. An intricate social system built up outside society is dominated by them.

“popular slang terms for flamboyant gay men, ‘daisy,’ ‘buttercup,’ and especially ‘pansy,’ which were generalized in the term ‘horticultural lad’ [...].”

It inevitably started applying to anyone feminine that was perceived as a man regardless, especially drag queens, whom a large portion of were trans.

The drags are attended by the queens and their sweethearts. Men escort other so-called men who are attired as beautiful women. Women dressed as men escort other women. The dances are gyrations of twisted sex which frequently have their endings in dark corners of the halls.

The Pansy Craze is exactly what it sounds like; queerness and queer nightlife had its presence noticeably increase in popularity and publicity.

People obviously still hated the queers, but it still had a huge impact on what modern drag culture is now.

Hyacinthus and Apollo

There are various versions of the Hyacinthus myth;

He was killed by Apollo himself, by a stray discus

He was killed by the jealous Zephyrus, who blew the discus
back into him

He was killed by his own discus

“When he beheld thy agony [Apollo] was dumb. He sought every remedy, he had recourse to cunning arts, he anointed all the wound, anointed it with ambrosia and with nectar; but

all remedies are powerless to heal the wounds of Fate”

Regardless, the lover of Apollo died, and from his blood bloomed a hyacinth* flower.

**Hyacinth may have referred to a different flower to what we consider to be hyacinth flowers now; possibly fritillary or larkspur flowers.*



Queerness, desire, and beauty

Queerness and flowers' relationship to one another aren't purely based on slurs and tragedy.

Beauty, desire, and love are essential to queerness, and to floral imagery.

*"These were the words that I answered her:
'Go and be happy; remember me, for you know
how we have paid court to you:*

*and if not, then I want to remind you ... and the
good things we have enjoyed:*


*for at my side, many the crowns of violets and
roses ... you have put on yourself,*

*and many the garlands woven from flowers you
have cast round your delicate neck,*

*and with quantities of ... flowery perfume ... fit
for a queen even, you anointed yourself all over,*

*and on soft beds ... delicate ... you have
satisfied desire ..."*

Sappho, Fragment 94



*"[...] He was full sad and sweet, and his
large eyes*

*Were strange with wondrous brightness,
staring wide*

*With gazing; and he sighed with many sighs
That moved me, and his cheeks were wan
and white*

*Like pallid lilies, and his lips were red
Like poppies, and his hands he clenched
tight,*

*And yet again unclenched, and his head
Was wreathed with moon-flowers pale as
lips of death. [...]"*

Lord Alfred Douglas, Two Loves

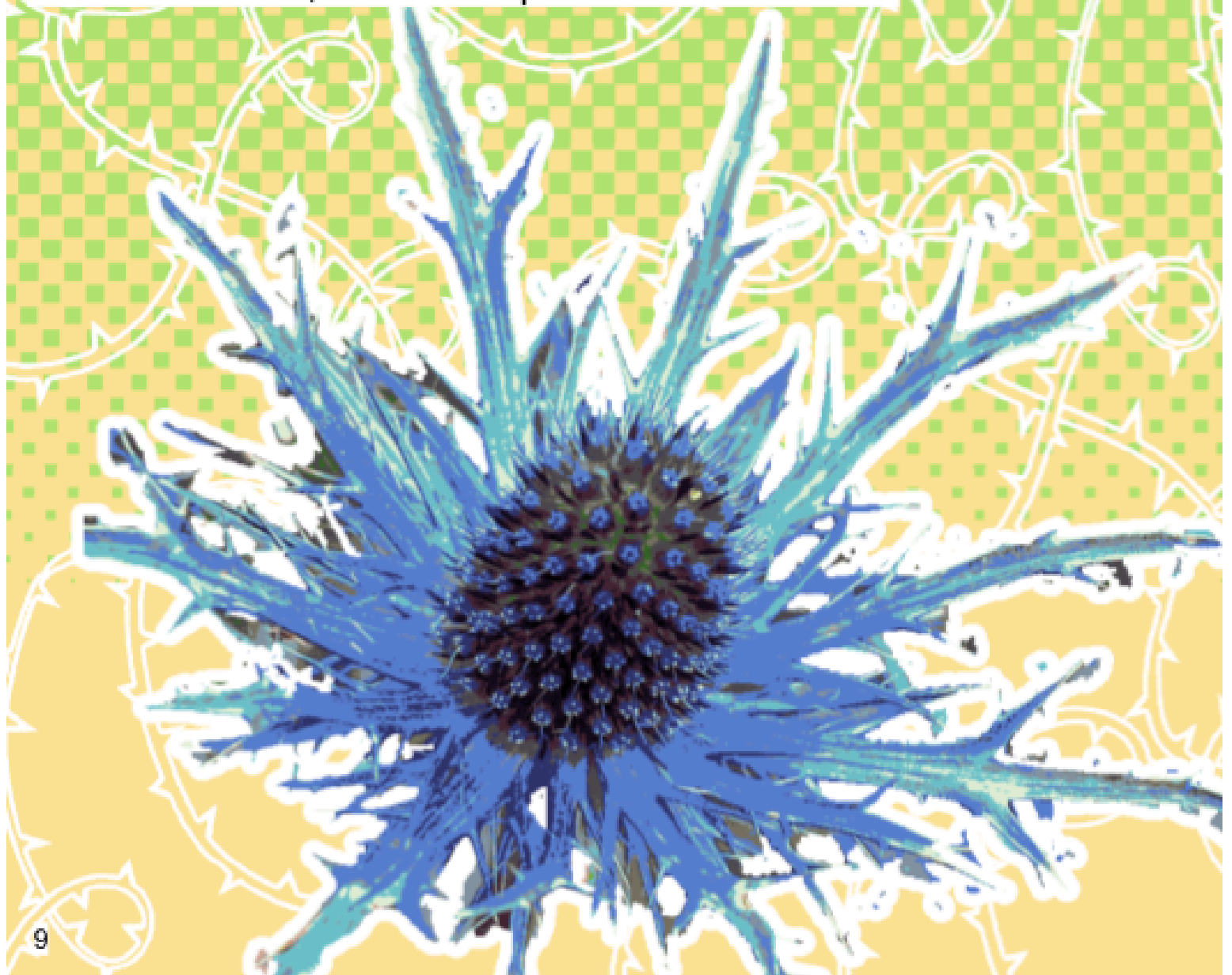
Queerness, its resilience, and the solidarity between the flowering weed and the weird queers

Queerness and flowers are inherently alike: in beauty, in change and rebirth, and in their refusal to wither away.

As a weird queer, I find myself closer to the disliked flowering plants.

I see myself in the stubborn weeds that have been pulled up 5 times before and keep coming back.

Maybe the weed is a thistle, or just a normal rose; any plant can be a weed, and most plants are stubborn.



Regardless, it's wrapped in barbs, and every time they try to pull it up, it hurts back, unpalatable to the touch.

Queerness cannot be dethorned.

And also queers are pretty like flowers <3

