

# How to Sext on Tumblr: A Guide

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**Abstract**—Queer on the concrete. I'm seeing magic for the first time, wrapped in the Moon and eating not-a-croissant. I'm a witness to and a participant in the beauty of queer magic. Today, the Sky conspired with the color blue to bring the curtain of Night across the heavens gently, and everyone held audience while the troupers spun an old story in a brilliant new way.

**Index Terms**—love, love, love, euphoria, fear, fear, fear

## I.

Today, unfortunately, I'm absolutely ruined.

## II.

I find myself being afraid of not knowing things sometimes. As a PhD student, sometimes I feel like I'm expected to know all the answers. However, I've found that life as a PhD student is learning how to be comfortable with being reminded (often, daily) that I have so much to learn. Some days this is empowering, some days this is terrifying. I'm learning to be better at saying "no, I don't know the answer to that" and not feeling shame for it. And my favorite addition: "... but we can learn it."

## III.

Lessons in embracing imperfection, and how imperfection is a universal constant. Love, research, progress: toiled this and that way with beautiful, beautiful imperfection and fuck it: i'm in love.

## IV.

I'm in the midst of something spectacular (I just know it). The lining of my mouth is shredded, wet confetti skin. Three dollars in quarters for the pool table: I put them in left, right, left, right. And break away, smooth pavement and springtime.

## V. THIRD PLACES

The Slab is my favorite third place here in Tucson. Physically, it's stuck between here and there and fits perfectly into this little nook where nothing and everything could go wrong or right. Plus, the trains coming and going are the ultimate reminder of places in-between. My other favorite third place is the back row of seats in the separate theater at the Loft during the latest showings when nobody else is there. Lots of peace there. Emotionally, and less-pleasantly, my other third place is when I'm hanging out with others but I don't feel like I'm participating in anything and have been trapped into the role of an observer. In this state i feel pretty hopelessly sandwiched between the anxiety of staying and the anxiety of leaving. Finally, a third place I've come to treasure: sometimes (often) when I'm at a party and I'm feeling overwhelmed I go play online chess in the bathroom as a way to regroup with myself.