




vivENCias BiSeXuaLas

English Version

Bisexual Women's
Experiences






Bisexualas México
Vivencias Bisexualas, English Version
Bisexual Women's Experiences, 2023

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Bisexualas México
www.bisexualasmexico.org



Who are we?

We are a group of Mexican feminist bisexual women, who seek to create spaces where our memories, knowledge, bodily experiences, struggles and social realities, as bisexual women, circulate to learn together, debate, build and share experiences and reflections.

We celebrate our bisexuality as part of a political identity that defines us and crosses our bodies, discourse and desire. We claim our existence and reject rigid boundaries.

Presentation

We are very happy and proud to share with you the first edition in English of *Vivencias Bisexualas* (Bisexual Women's Experiences), an initiative that arises with the purpose of compiling and remembering what it means for each one of us and you to be a bisexual women in this world; and thus, to leave a trace of how we live, recognize ourselves and feel –every day– as bisexual women in all spheres of our lives.

For this publication and for our conceptualization as: *Bugs, bicycles, bi-diverse*¹, we retake bugs and insects as part of the graphic identity, recognizing the metamorphosis they undergo throughout their lives, a series of changes, in their bodies, colors, sizes... situations that resonate with us as bisexual women, who discover and transmute the way we live our experiences throughout our lives.

We hope that your approach with this document will be a journey that serves as fresh wind, a personal space to reflect, remember, heal and resonate with the experiences that, when shared, become collective.

¹ From the original “Bichas, bicicletas bi-diversas” all of them, starting with BI.

*Blossoming in
Bi-sibility*

Author: Brenda Chon





VIVENCIAS
BISEXUALES

LiBing

Author: Yaya Tovar "Roja Flor"

I look around me and I feel.
There are so many souls to meet,
so many desires to share,
so many lessons to embrace.



Every human being has something to give me,
in their voices, looks and smiles,
in the memories and learnings,
in the experiences they share with me.

I allow myself to admire so much beauty:
The men's strength,
the women's warmth,
the authenticity of they.

I treasure a list full of names
of those who have trusted me with their secrets,
of those who have given me an "I love you"
and some others who have already forgotten me.

I would like the world to understand.
To know the sweetness, I taste in the differences,
the fire that possibilities light in my chest
and how easy it is for my heart to love.





TO BI (*Being Bisexual*)

Author: Ana Mijangos

I like to think of you, to see you, to admire you, to catch your women pheromones
in full flight.

I like that you are tender, I like that you are kind and your full lips,
I like to smoke the peace pipe and sing “banana papaya” in the morning.

I like you free, I like you feminist, I like you with dilemmas and I like you naked.
I love your deconstruction process, I like that you admire what I am.
I like marches, desserts and your bisexuality.

I like you free of romantic love with an overdose of tenderness.
I like your essence, I like your personality.
Don't get confused, I love your sexuality,
but it's not essential for kissing.

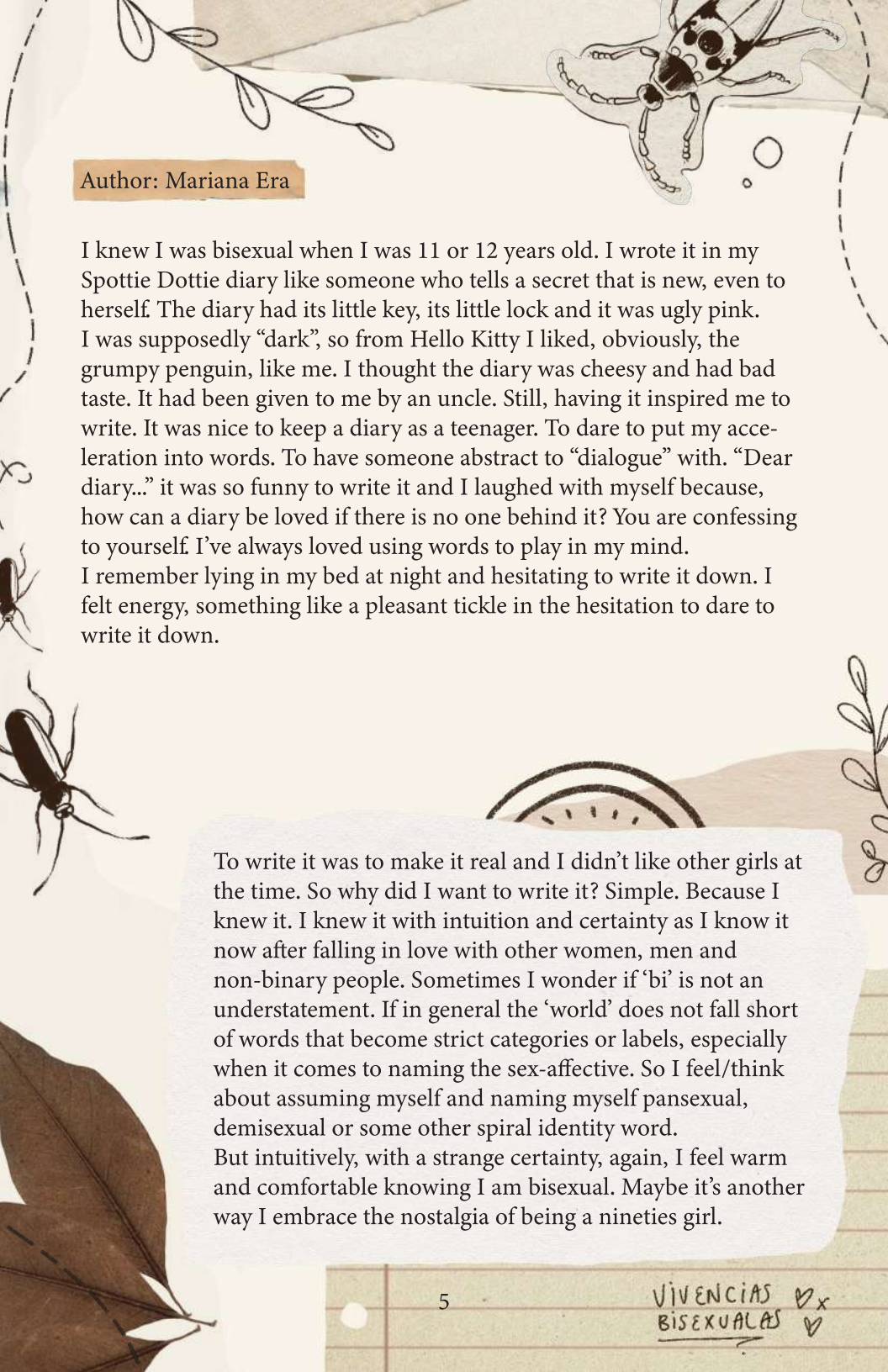
Because I like you bisexual,
I like you human,
I like your Being,
I like you.

To
Bi
Bi
To

I like you
I like your Being
I like you Human

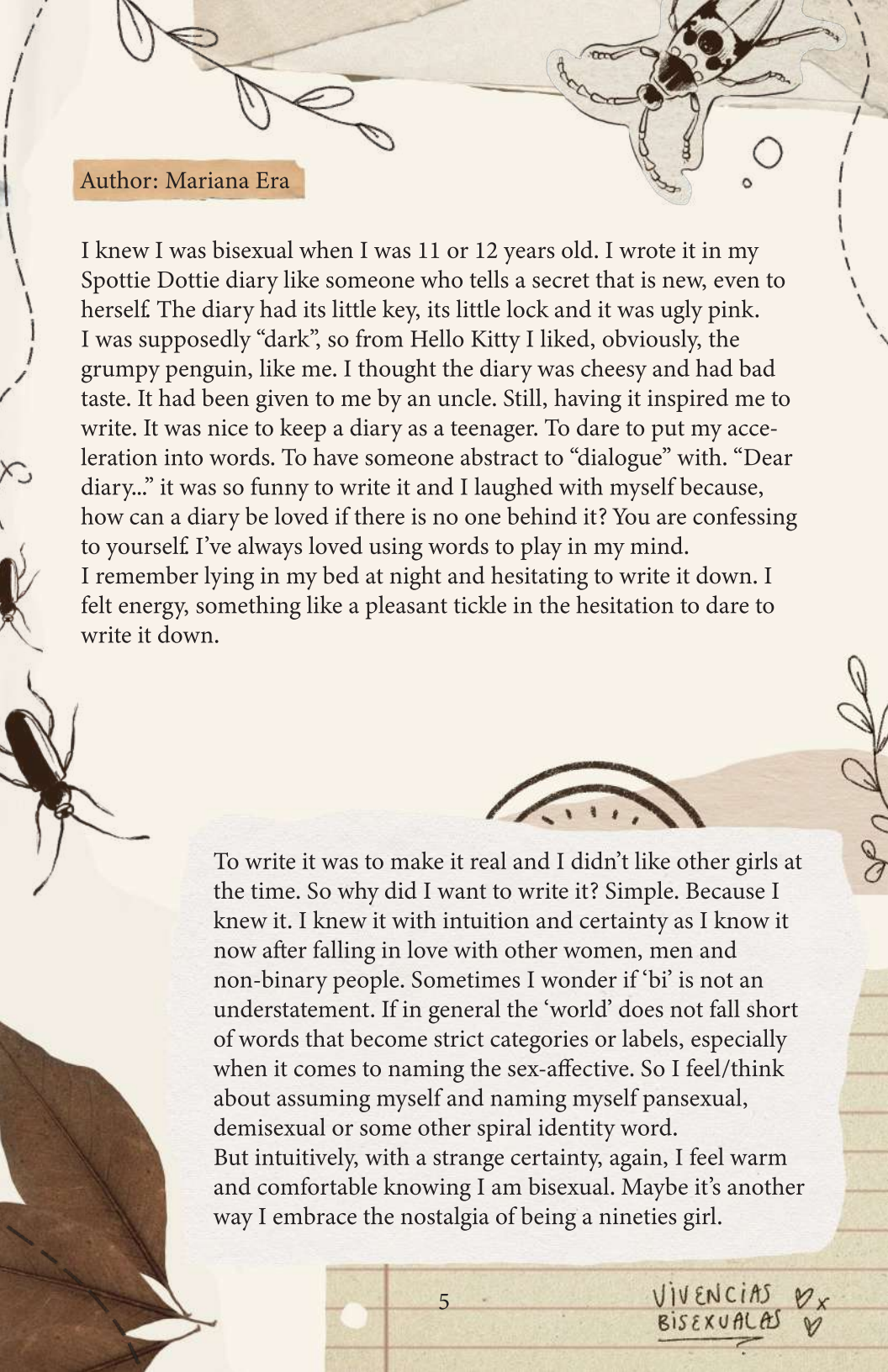
Because I like you bisexual
But none of this is essential to love.



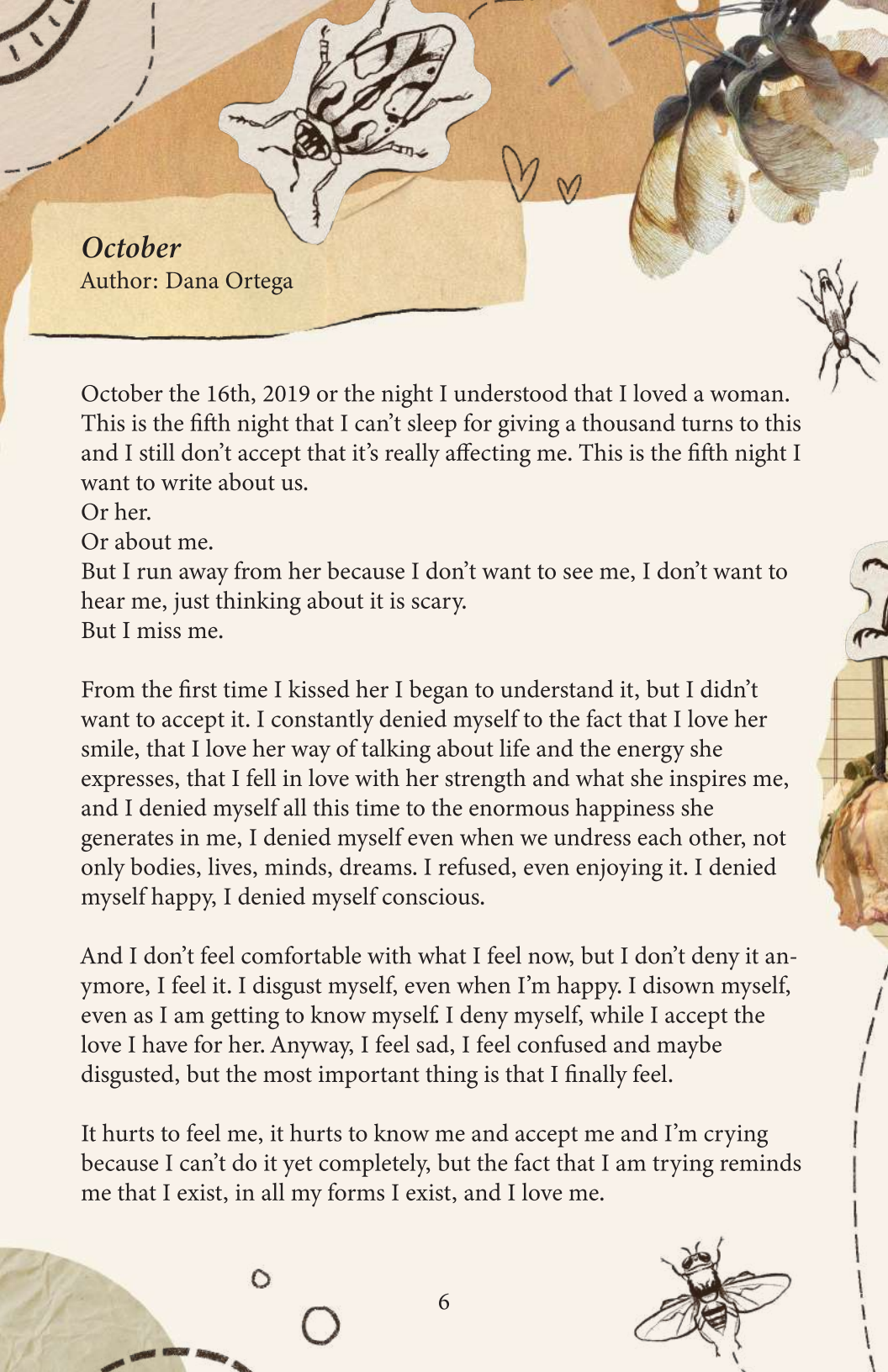


Author: Mariana Era

I knew I was bisexual when I was 11 or 12 years old. I wrote it in my Spottie Dottie diary like someone who tells a secret that is new, even to herself. The diary had its little key, its little lock and it was ugly pink. I was supposedly “dark”, so from Hello Kitty I liked, obviously, the grumpy penguin, like me. I thought the diary was cheesy and had bad taste. It had been given to me by an uncle. Still, having it inspired me to write. It was nice to keep a diary as a teenager. To dare to put my acceleration into words. To have someone abstract to “dialogue” with. “Dear diary...” it was so funny to write it and I laughed with myself because, how can a diary be loved if there is no one behind it? You are confessing to yourself. I’ve always loved using words to play in my mind. I remember lying in my bed at night and hesitating to write it down. I felt energy, something like a pleasant tickle in the hesitation to dare to write it down.



To write it was to make it real and I didn’t like other girls at the time. So why did I want to write it? Simple. Because I knew it. I knew it with intuition and certainty as I know it now after falling in love with other women, men and non-binary people. Sometimes I wonder if ‘bi’ is not an understatement. If in general the ‘world’ does not fall short of words that become strict categories or labels, especially when it comes to naming the sex-affective. So I feel/think about assuming myself and naming myself pansexual, demisexual or some other spiral identity word. But intuitively, with a strange certainty, again, I feel warm and comfortable knowing I am bisexual. Maybe it’s another way I embrace the nostalgia of being a nineties girl.



October

Author: Dana Ortega

October the 16th, 2019 or the night I understood that I loved a woman. This is the fifth night that I can't sleep for giving a thousand turns to this and I still don't accept that it's really affecting me. This is the fifth night I want to write about us.

Or her.

Or about me.

But I run away from her because I don't want to see me, I don't want to hear me, just thinking about it is scary.

But I miss me.

From the first time I kissed her I began to understand it, but I didn't want to accept it. I constantly denied myself to the fact that I love her smile, that I love her way of talking about life and the energy she expresses, that I fell in love with her strength and what she inspires me, and I denied myself all this time to the enormous happiness she generates in me, I denied myself even when we undress each other, not only bodies, lives, minds, dreams. I refused, even enjoying it. I denied myself happy, I denied myself conscious.

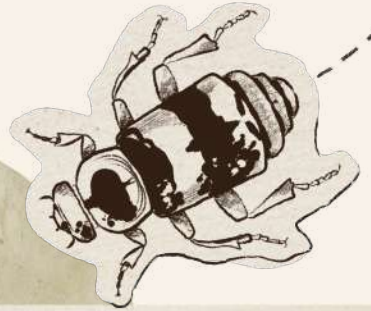
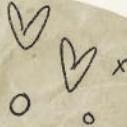
And I don't feel comfortable with what I feel now, but I don't deny it anymore, I feel it. I disgust myself, even when I'm happy. I disown myself, even as I am getting to know myself. I deny myself, while I accept the love I have for her. Anyway, I feel sad, I feel confused and maybe disgusted, but the most important thing is that I finally feel.

It hurts to feel me, it hurts to know me and accept me and I'm crying because I can't do it yet completely, but the fact that I am trying reminds me that I exist, in all my forms I exist, and I love me.

Now more than ever, in the midst of loneliness and inner chaos this generates me, I understand that the peace I can cling to, comes from beginning to feel comfortable in divergence, in the in(BI)sible, in what people deny but I feel is true, because by sharing that kiss I stopped feeling colored and could finally feel like a nuance.

For all this: I love you, I love me and I love us.

VIVENCIAS
BISEXUALAS



Twelve years
Author: Iyalli Luna

I was twelve years old and alone.
I didn't know about concepts, categories or labels. I didn't know if it was possible, I didn't know anyone else who felt what I was feeling.

I was a scared little girl who had just discovered something very big and very complex about herself, and who had no reference, trying to understand what she was feeling. The burden was enormous and the fear paralyzing. I was twelve years old and for the first time I felt lost.

I think it was the first time I was aware of myself as an individual. And from that moment I learned to conceive myself with my differences. That was too much for a girl who, up to that point, had only been concerned with fitting in to have friends. A girl who only wanted companionship, and in her search she discovered something that she could not accept for the next seven years, and that would define some of the most important moments of her life, but which, at the time, was like a bath in ice water and a punch to the stomach. She was a scared little girl, a confused little girl who had never thought it possible to feel what she was feeling.

I was twelve years old when I was able to give it a name, but I didn't want to be different, I didn't want to say it. I decided to send it to the back of my mind, and I ignored it until it was so big that I couldn't repress it any longer.

I was nineteen years old when I gave myself permission to feel, and I still remember how good it felt to sigh as I let go of that weight. I remember lying there, staring up at the ceiling, and wondering if what I felt for her was the same thing I had felt for him.

I knew, I always knew.

At twelve, I was a scared little girl who didn't want to be singled out. Shutting it up for seven years didn't make me feel any less different, even though that was all I wanted. I didn't want to be weird, I didn't want to be different.

Coming to terms with my bisexuality wasn't easy, but over time it got easier. That was me, that was part of me.

That is why it is important to talk about it, that is why it is important to write about it, that is why it is necessary to share it, because I owe it to that twelve year old girl who wanted to understand, and because I owe it to the seven years that I forced myself to keep silence about something that deep down I wanted to shout to the whole world.

I exist.



Author: Medju López González



To live bisexual is
to feel the opening of multiple doors
by sharing yourself with people.
It's to touch others with the softness of a warm hand
that gets its warmth from a rose that remains
growing in the heart.
It is not trying to find meaning in the chaos
of that experience of affection without a mark,
without a prefabricated floor.



Fig. 2
NOTHRIA *espece*

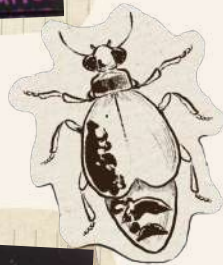
¡Ser BISEXUALA no
es sinónimo de
vivir en
Promiscuidad!

"Being bisexual is not a synonym of promiscuity!"

#Libroperformance

Bookmancy

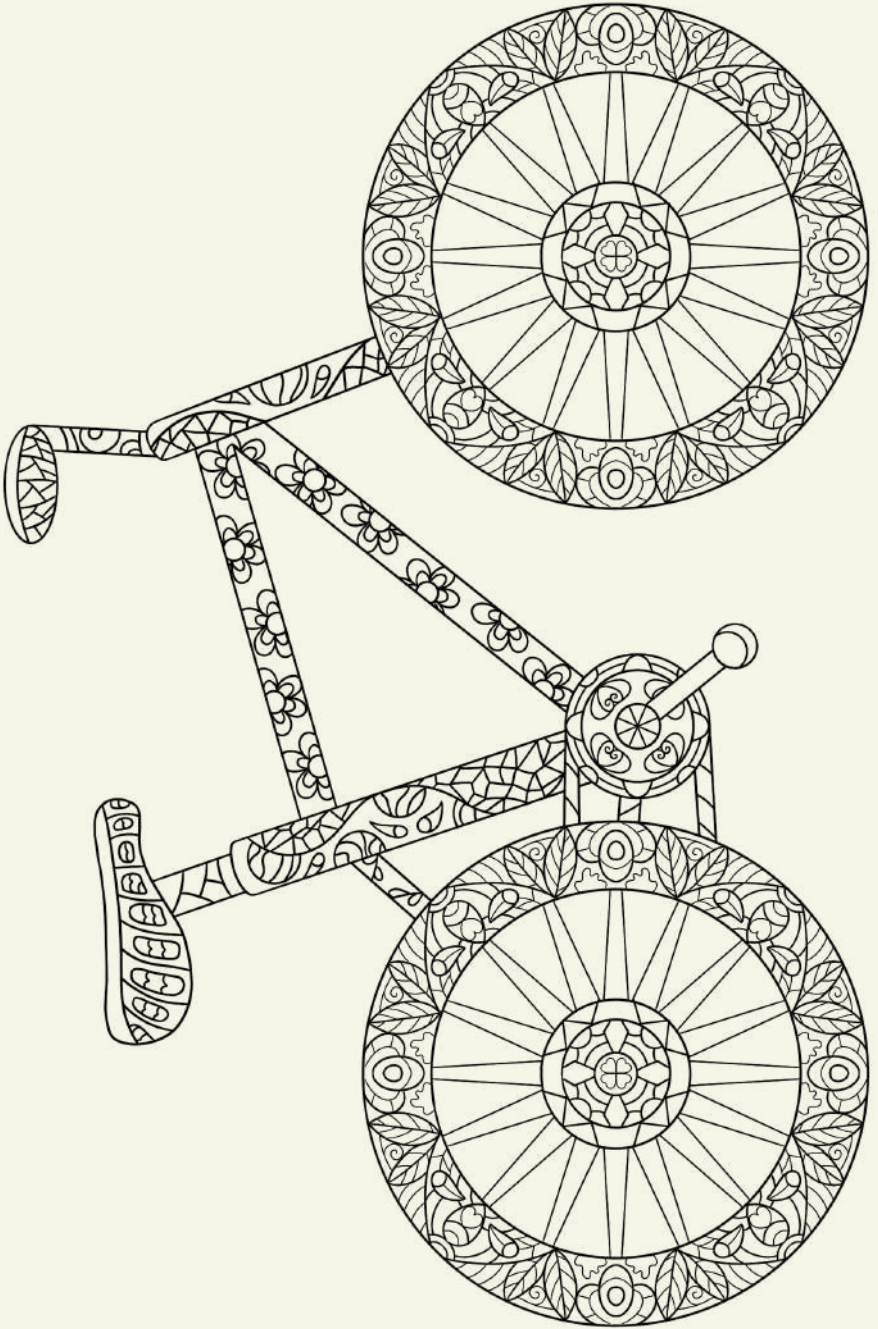
Author: Karla Paola
@lauterodekarlapaola



Ser BISEXUALA no
es una etapa
Transitoria de
confusion.

"Being bisexual is not a transitional
stage of confusion."

#Libroperformance



Bisexual De-Enouncing

Author: Rú Romero @BivenciaBisexuala

Faced with the need to
to make our identity visible,
to fight against
monosexism, misogyny

and bi-hate. Because what is personal, is political. Because being bisexual is also political. Today I introduce myself to you as a Bisexual Li(BI)ng called Rú.

Enunciating and denouncing that bisexualities include and welcome all kinds of people...

- Those who previously identified themselves as heterosexuals.
 - Those who previously identified themselves as lesbian or gay.
 - Those who do not want to use any label.
 - Those who are in a relationship with a woman.
 - Those who are in a relationship with a man.
 - Those who are in relationships with gender-fluid or non-binary people.
 - To those who are single; whether they are looking for a partner or prefer to be with themselves.
 - Those in monogamous and non-monogamous relationships.
 - And those who have never had sex with anyone.
 - Those who have been sexually abused.
 - Asexuals and sluts because we do not perceive them as opposites, we are allies.
 - Bisexualities include those who have had all kinds of sexual practices and relationships and professions.
 - Those who are sure they are bisexual.
 - And also, those who are not sure they are, but are thinking about it.
- Even if we feel confused, who knows, tomorrow we could be a totally different person.



VIVENCIAS
BISEXUALAS



I say to all of us. All of our BI identities are valid. Bisexualities are very broad and show the diversity of realities,

present in all humanity. Being “(BI)-sible” is your decision and responds to the context and the moment in which you live your present.

Let's remember that having sex and loving is not genital.

Bisexuality is inclusion, it is diversity, it is to expand the mind, the body, the possibilities and love.

It's worth it, everything is worth it.

The story of a very proud bisexual woman.

Author: Tania Martínez Hernández @tanuniversal

I remember perfectly, between junior high and high school, that not only did I find them “pretty”, but I was really attracted to some women; of course, in addition to men.

Although frankly I have had a favorable context to “come out of the closet” and that I have had the support of my people, it was not easy for me to recognize and accept the fact that I liked both, men and women, and that I could perfectly well have and build affective and sexual relationships... with them all. That I was a bisexual woman.

I want to tell you briefly about this process, because now I am absolutely proud to be a bisexual woman, who not only can and wants to build relationships with “two genders”, **but with more than one**. I have learned, understood and love it! Having the possibility to live many loves, to build so many types of relationships and to feel attracted to many different people. And the truth is, the only thing I want is for each person to live with this freedom of being able to choose, to express and live what they feel and with whom they feel it.

Anyway, let's start. I don't know if it's happened to you, but it did to me, that first crush with someone with whom "you shouldn't have it"; as soon as I arrived in my new 6th grade classroom and saw Gaby I said WOW!!!! Hahaha, of course, I also said it when I saw Memo, but Gaby... at that time (mid 90's), it didn't even cross my mind the possibility of something with Gaby, but of course I was Memo's little girlfriend.

Then I got into an only-girls high school, imagine all that was going through my head and my little body. At this point my doubts about my sexuality began, but also began this feeling of guilt, shame, of doing something wrong, something improper, and the desire to not do it, to correct myself, to change what I thought and felt about my sexuality, to change what I thought and felt with and for some girls.



At the end of high school I met D. I remember the first time I saw her, it was because I actually noticed a bunch of girls and boys around a single person, and that was D. That was always D., who had the attention, the eyes, who had us all fascinated all the time. Of course I saw her, and after two seconds, I knew that I wanted to meet her, not only because I thought "how interesting she is", but because she was (for me at the time, with 14 years old) the most beautiful woman in the world.

D. and I became best friends, we spent all our time almost every day together for several years. We were really close friends, but at the same time I –and I guess she did too– had this teenager experience where you have this great friendship that all of the sudden you don't know what it is anymore, or what kind of girlfriend you are, or if you feel something more than friendship.

Even when we both had boyfriends or things with guys, she and I were always together and had a dynamic that, honestly, wasn't just friendly. There was a time when she kissed me, when we had several acts, details, situations that were not really only "friends like". I was delighted, of course, I had my friend, whom I liked very much, whom I sometimes kissed, whom I held hands with, whom I always went out with, with whom I stayed every weekend, and of course, all of it very secretly;

and, in addition, I had my little boyfriend with whom I went out very publicly. Although at that time I had consciously left behind the guilt and this eagerness to correct myself, I also didn't identify myself, nor think of myself or recognize me as someone with a different sexual orientation than straight.

I just thought about how much I liked D., and that even though I loved being with her and what we were doing, NOBODY else could know, and that so, in that sense, I "could" or "should" be with other people –men– and truthfully I enjoyed it too. But if I had the tools I have now, I would have chosen to be very publicly and freely with D.

When I finished high school, I met G., she was the most confident person (for our age) and tremendously confident about her body and what she did with it. She was fascinating, I met her and that same day we kissed and started dating. At that time I was much more aware of sexual diversity, of bisexual people, and although all the demonstrations of affection with G were still in secret, I already acknowledged and accepted, and even shared with some people (only three, but that's something) that I liked some woman and was dating her. At that time, even though I already knew what bisexuality was and seemed a possibility for some people, I didn't see it as a possibility for me, I didn't recognize myself as bisexual nor did I feel the need to do so at that time, nor in the future.

After that, during college and beyond, I had several relationships with men and women. I started working on sexual reproductive health and Human Rights issues, I met many more people with whom I felt that I shared experiences, realities, needs, desires. I learned a lot, I broke down and rebuilt ideas about relationships, about love, about sex, about people, until today.

Today, after having lived in anguish, after not loving myself because of who I like, or how I like them, after having mistreated myself for it... **the truth is that today I feel very happy and tremendously proud of who I am and that is why I say loud and clear that I am a bisexual woman, that I am emotionally and sexually attracted to more than one gender, that this makes me tremendously happy and that I have every right to enjoy it and live it to the fullest.**

I always try to say it loud and clear because I do want to meet more people who have the possibility to live and enjoy their sexuality fully at all times. This is my process and my bet, I am sure that together we will continue, building the way for all of us to be a little freer day by day.

Author: Jenifer Chirinos



I am not only interested in carnal desire,
I intend to find the emotional one as well.
If I only use my body, I feel like an object;
and I deserve more than that.

Author: MissCherry

I allow myself to feel and express my desires thinking about my own pleasure. I manifest my sexual interests and generate agreements with my partner that allow us to move freely in our explorations.

I re-appropriate my body and recognize myself as a complete being. I do not mind making others uncomfortable.

Recognize ourselves as complete and independent beings. Understanding the value of the desires of each body regardless of their biological sex, empathy.




Author: Fer Come Flores

Right now, I am starting to look at it (bisexuality), to sit with it and acknowledge its existence. It is a bit like a new adolescence in which I am re-knowing even certain bodily sensations as reactions of attraction that I had, not necessarily recognized as such.

I think that in my affections it has been more “organic” because as a posture of life I already “lived this way” without knowing it, taking care and trying to prioritize the women in my life and inherently those with whom I have had a romantic relationship, although not a physical one.

The seed that I would love to see grow is visibility, the idea that bisexuality is one of the many possibilities that I have in my life.






Author: V

All my life I have lived my bisexuality without naming it. I have had sex-affective relationships with men and women. Now I name it and I come out of a closet installed in the dining room of a family that fulfills all the parameters that society imposes: man-woman marriage with children –the couple, to finish complying with the social requirement–. To declare myself bisexual in front of my children is to live it. Sexually, I allow myself to be attracted to both sexes, I allow myself fantasies and encounters. Affectively, I have favored or nurtured relationships with women much more than before.

I create more diverse fictions, fictions that include me, and in which women like me are protagonists.

My son and daughter are free to relate to whomever they want. To choose their identity among many possibilities and not just two, like the ones I was given.




BI History


Author: Pam Myau

Since high school I knew I was attracted to girls and boys. I have lived my sexuality with freedom, with learning and varied experiences.

I have gone from free, fun, pleasurable kisses, to kisses of intimacy and shared with an “I love you”. My sexual experience with a girl was spontaneous, unexpected, with a lot of communication and learning about mutual pleasure. Now I can say that I enjoy making decisions with freedom and awareness, I am happy being who I am and defining myself as a bisexual woman.



VIVENCIAS
BISEXUALAS





Author: Eliza Tabares

My body lives my bisexuality with freedom in my sexual practices, I feel it in my vulva, in my breasts, in my abdomen and the way I get excited with men, women or whoever I like.

I do not feel the same freedom in my affective relationships; I grew up in a Catholic family and I notice that my body tenses with the gaze of third parties. I feel it in my back and in my digestive system and in my arms, which are alert when, in the public eye, I show affection to women. This does not happen to me with men because third parties interpret this relationship as straight.

In long affectionate relationships, my body experiences periods of tension and relaxation.

What do you see in the future?

I think the new generations have access to more information and generally normalize issues of sexual diversity, but I think the seeds can't be only in the new generations. Hopefully those seeds will also blossom in those of us who grew up in compulsory heterosexuality so that we have more and more safe spaces to explore our broad bisexualities. Generate more and more group spaces for reflection on bisexualities every day.

Can you imagine? How beautiful it would be to be and to find psychotherapists who accompany others to know and deepen their bisexuality.



The pain of the phantom man

Author: Sara Pinet

Bisexuality lives in me as a drive, explosion, as possibility, openness and tidal wave. As desire, capacity, freedom and longing. I have not inhabited here the place of shame or fear. But...there is another sensation that has crossed me at times; one that is probably more of a thought or a memory that got stuck in the body. It has come up when I interact with men and this one has really put into my experience of bisexuality the words: discomfort, frustration, pause and denial.

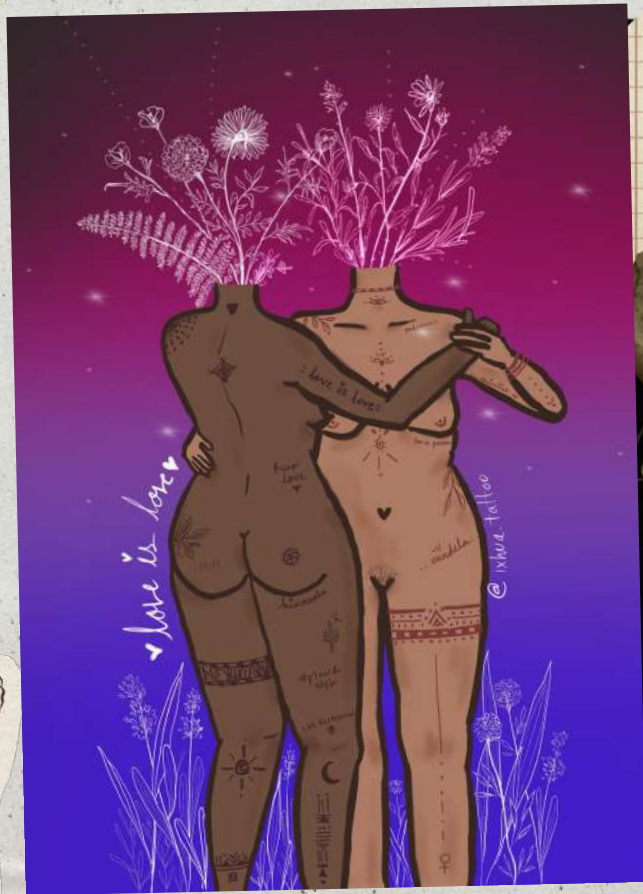
My body inhabits the sensations of taste, pleasure, desire and want, with decision, tranquility, freedom and joy and, in my relationships with women, the body is followed by the rest of my being.

But in my relationships with men, sometimes it happens that what the body feels and lives, is not the same as what it expresses, because the mind (that thought or that memory trapped who knows where), stops it or even a little more, blocks it. And then the mind fears, hides, prevents and builds an invisible wall impossible to cross.

During the Bisexualas Mexico Encounter, we named this sensation-thought-memory-action that builds impassable walls as:

the pain of the phantom man, alluding to *the pain of the phantom limb*, because the sensation of desire exists, it is real, but does not find a place to be placed and express itself freely and then becomes an invisible pain, a phantom limb, an unrealizable possibility and, like a longing that is not fulfilled, it floats around the body forming a protective barrier to something we would prefer to enjoy and not block.

To be able to recognize and name this *pain of the phantom man*, besides realizing that it is something I share with other bisexual women, was a beautiful gift of the Encounter, because it allows to unite what felt separated, to see what seemed invisible and to begin to understand and accommodate that which should not be lived with anything but pure joy and freedom.



Moving gardens

Author: @ixhua.tattoo

VIVENCING
BISEXUALS

17.41

Sock Poem

Author: Ana Mijangos

Where did the other pair of my sock go, where did you go if you were an atheist? Your scent has evaporated on the pillow and I no longer remember how you kissed me. Woman, friend, I free you from me, with my words.

Non-Binary Bisexual

Author: Ale Ara

Since I was a child with my hair ironed and my nails eaten.
Since I was a little girl with my knee cut
and a face full of pimples.
Since I was a tomboy,
but I'd rather be dead than humble.
The binary doesn't fit me,
they're like boxes.
Boxes that trap me while I fall in love with both.
That's how contradictory life is.
My (BI)life.
At 14 I had a boyfriend, but I loved my teammate girl friend. We used to sneak around together quietly.
When they found out at the farm, I was immediately a lesbian.
Without being one, I assumed it because they felt like it.
Yes, they felt like it.
In the meantime, I didn't get rid of my desire.
Then I had to hide from the evil tongues.
Yes, they called me treacherous.
Both sides did not like me.
But to force me to join one side or the other?
There is no sanction for them?
Me for being a whore. And them for assigning me my orientation.
How much pain we could have saved ourselves without having to live under their oppression. The lesbians called me hetero-curious, while I fell madly in love with their conversation.
That way of solving things by saying that love between women is the solution.



How do I do with my story, if I also fell in love with a male player?
Am I less valid because I have fucked with dildo and other times not?
Who can I talk to in order to be let into the women and love club? We
Bisexuals have been in bed, on the go and we also use condoms. Being bi-
sexual is more complicated when they look at you sideways because they
only see a whore who fucks for fun.

How fucked up is the mononorm that doesn't see that we are more hear,
than just a good fuck or a roll in the hay.

Divide us in two, always in two, as if there was no other option.

Man or woman.

As an institution form.

And all the identities that live outside that box?

The ones that are made fun of in jobs, news and in the sermon given by
the pastor. I'm butch because that's how the world pointed me out,

My sexuality is a little complicated.

And my identity is quite varied.

When I talk about bisexuality I have to say that I am a non-binary person.


It's the labels that gave me peace when I needed it.

Learning from the broken bottle, the policeman and military stopping me
because I'm butch, from the beer that was thrown in our faces, from all
those looks that told me to get lost, from the insult in the church when I
arrived shaved, from being exoticized by the progressive people and their
blowjobs.

To learn from all that and feel like a goddess even though the sore still
burns. To discover myself more and more outside the cave where I was
locked up.

To open my wings and never be silent again.





The Cuban Revolution

Author: Fernanda Piña

*To Ana Cristina González,
for each beer in República de Cuba Street.*

As Cuba plunged into social unrest in the 1950s, the yearning for revolution began to emerge among its people. Freedom became a fundamental objective among the renovating intentions of a hopeful and forward-looking middle class, with a vision directed towards the future. The reactions derived from this discontent shaped one of the important political and social movements in the history of Latin America. After that time, the consequences have been interpreted in the most diverse ways, one for each person who has inhabited or visited this island that for the foreigner is a total and absolute mystery.

That is why, when I heard about the Cuban Republic Street, in the Historic Center of Mexico City, it struck me as beautifully curious that a street with that name should be home to the LGBT+ bars that would have formed me for some years now. Just like the Cuban Republic, our Cuban Republic is an enigma for those who have never set foot on it. And just like the island, the street harbors a disruptive frenzy that I have learned to love a little more with each visit. To speak of this street is to speak of the street of the inverted, queens and kings and people in between. It is Cuban Republic, but there is no rhythm dry seeds as in Havana's theater. Here there is only a whiff of barley on weekends.

The first time I arrived on that street at night, I was still in doubt about my sexual orientation. That day we only visited number 18, a crowded space whose flowered columns won me over at first glance. I knew deep down that I was not heterosexual, I was not, and I had not yet found the strength to express it, but the accumulation of emotions that place provoked in me confirmed it all at once. It was as if a castle of fireworks had exploded inside my head. Feeling at home in the midst of a horde of sweaty people dancing under a sign displaying the phrase "Thank you for

your sexual preference” is an inexplicably pleasant feeling. My body was moving to the beat of an Ivy Queen’s theme song, “...may we both have to sweat, may we dance to the beat of the tra, tra, tra...”; as I dodged the Drag Queens that were speeding towards the door or towards the bathroom. All around me, several couples were kissing and kissing as they danced, while I realized how many women I had liked throughout my life. There were maybe five, six or seven. I had so many beers on me that remembering and doing the math became complicated. Then I thought about my boyfriend, with whom I’ve been in a relationship for four years, and how much I love him. I thought about how much I love him and how much I want to stay with him for many years to come, even if those five, six or seven women have appeared. I reflected on my self-denial, that idea that ruled my head and that had not allowed me to assume myself as a bisexual: I believed that, having never had a relationship with a woman, I did not have the “credentials” to define myself as such, in spite of those girls that throughout my life had caused me small parties in my heart.

Some time after that alcoholic epiphany, I confessed to being bisexual to my closest friends and to my boyfriend. When I received no questioning, I knew that they were my right place. I had heard that a home is not the place but the people: my home is not that street with the name of a country in revolution, but those who dance with me there.

To understand that it does not require a vast experience in sex-affective relationships with people of all genders was something that took me a lot of work and time, but I owe it to my friends, because they had to deal with the same doubts before me.

I have returned to the Cuban Republic on multiple occasions, with my friends and sometimes with my boyfriend. In those outings I have already known number 17 and number 2 on the street, but number 18 is still my favorite. We order a few beers and that’s how we create our little piece of the revolution. It has always been difficult for me to make sense of armed movements, but I realized that the revolution in my head had struck a “coup d’état” and ousted my heteronormative thinking from power. It sounds like a violent analogy, but it is actually the manifestation of an impetuous and necessary change.

For the past few years I have been certain that women friends are the revolution. Without them, everything in my life would be a little more complicated and doubts would take much longer to dissipate. With them, I know that I don't need to be at number 18, 17 or 2 in the Cuban Republic Street to be who I am. I don't need any certificate or curriculum vitae that accredits me as a bisexual, although there are those who insist on demanding it. It's enough for me. I am happy to feel at home with my friends, to have a drink and to dance for a while whenever I can. We have our own "Cuban" revolution.

BiHappy

Author: Michelle Arely Gómez Meza



Let me tell you,

We had just arrived from Tepito, we were hungry, tired and with a "michelada"² on top of us. I was still thinking (from a week before) about what I was going to send in order to participate in this publication. Suddenly, I went to the fridge to get a beer and when I came back and looked at them, I realized that it was such a quiet space, of immense trust and that we lived as bisexuals. The light was perfect, dim and warm like the warmth inside me, I made them turn around and took the picture.... The moment I captured is one of bisexual happiness.

² Mexican way to drink beer: in a glass topped with salt or chili flakes, they add lime juice and beer. May have some other sauces: Maggi, Worcestershire Sauce, Tajín, tomato and clam juice

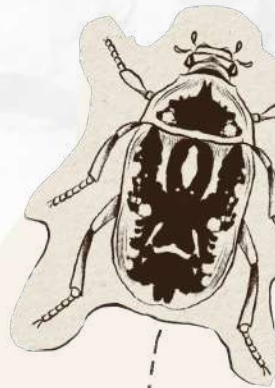
Flying low

Author: Hened

Pedaling with my friends,
pedaling among gals,
between dissidences,
pedaling among “compas”³.
It has saved me so many times from the daily
boredom,
from work in front of the computer,
from the harassment in the streets,
from some heartbreaks.

Bicycling while we demand justice
for those who are no longer with us,
for the self-managed and loving access to abortion,
cycling while we accompany each other
in our daily struggles
against patriarchal violence.

Get together to roll any weekend to see each
other’s faces,
to love each other,
to hold each other,
to cuddle
with beautiful routes
and shared food
when we reach our destination.



VIVENCIAS
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³ Short for “compadres/comadres”, meaning people of the same political or social fight as you.

To grab the bike when I want to
leave the house,
out of the meeting,
from any space where I no longer want to be,
without asking anyone's permission,
just get on the bike

and roll carefree,
feeling that security that I am taking myself where
I want to go,
that autonomy of movement.

When I pedal I feel that I am gliding
over the asphalt,
over the stones,
over the grass...

The cold air on my face,
the sun burning my arms.
Sometimes, the drizzle moistening my body.
When I pedal I feel like I'm flying, flying low...

Be Honest, Bisexual Woman

Author: Rú Romero
@BivenciaBisexuala

I was told:

The basis of every healthy relationship is honesty.
Being honest with yourself means being aware and accountable for how
you are doing in all aspects of your BI-life⁴. Yes, from my life with "B" for
Bisexual.

Letting go of self-deception is not an easy task. In this society we are
used to deny our discomforts, our emotions, our intuitions, our sexual
eroticizations, especially if you are bisexual. Ah, but what does society
say – don't go to the other extreme either, what is asexuality? What goes
against, what doesn't fit, doesn't advance.

⁴ Short for "compadres/comadres", meaning people of the same political or social fight as you.



What we are dealing with here, is to manage in the systematic denial of our truth, we will have to be normalized, I say normal, as if either of the two were an option, or something better. I am sorry: wanting to be normal only makes it increasingly complex to contact the truth, to understand it and to embody it. Who has the truth? Who is normal? Any monosexual who dictates to me how to love and judges me of betraying when it is their closed, monogamous, hetero institution that keeps all monosexualities wanting to find the dream prince.

And yes, as Thalia says: it wasn't Romeo, I was expecting my Juliet or even some other undefined creature that we still don't know how to name. Does the simple fact that she is a woman, that she is a Juliet, mean that there will be a happy ending?
Or do I remind you how Shakespeare and that story ends?

For my bisexuality I have been judged as a traitor, for being dishonest. But for me, what bisexuality has taught me over time is:

If you feel like a relationship isn't working anymore, be honest with yourself, not all the time being alone means feeling lonely. If a habit becomes unsustainable, be honest with yourself. You might as well accept and socialize and meet other people with the same habits.

If your habits inhabit you the same, a good home you will know how to conform.

Change that habit. It will end up inhabiting you completely to the point that you forget what you were one day.
Get rid of it!

If you have anger, rage, jealousy, envy, be honest with yourself, something is communicating the discomfort. Many times that feeling is connected to past hurts, which you drag into your present.

And believe me, male approval will not heal those feelings. And I'm sorry to tell you that neither will feminist, lesbian, gay, anarchist, ecologist, vegan, or any other multi-colored rainbow. Approval doesn't exist, you never end up getting it, it's fragile, it's a social construct, ephemeral and fleeting.

Approve yourself, accept yourself as undecided, non-conforming, fluctuating and flowing.

Be honest with yourself, bisexual woman.

Your being is good to the world.

Better to be honest with yourself bisexual.

Believe me, denying your truth only alienates you from yourself and eventually from others.

Dare to honor the truth within you and be consistent with it.

Only then will you be able to set boundaries to what is no longer healthy.

Be honest Bisexualalala.

For me, the least understood option is to remain an undefined inverted.

But I've already made up my mind,

I always have been and always will be Bisexuala⁵ all my BI-life.

Author: Yanet Miranda

The dawns are silhouettes that enjoy the mystery, they have met so many: they have laughed, they have danced, they have said goodbye twinkling like the stars, bathing the streets with their silhouettes, there they are sparkling with a slight captivating tremor flooding the city. One of those nights where they danced in agony, two twinkled with intensity when they met.

- What's that you carry?
- Do you think there are instruments like us who know no limits?
- Instruments?



⁵ In Spanish, common nouns have gender. The author writes "Bisexuala", meaning "Bisexual Woman"

VIVENCIRS
BISSEXUALAS

At that moment they began to play with the box hanging on their back, stretching it while lightly pressing some buttons and keys that were joined in the center by a piece of skin. He asked:

Did it break?

No, –I answer with a smile– it has never been broken, maybe it seems so because these two parts are joined together. But no, they are not. On one side you have buttons and on the other side you have keys. Their sounds accompany each other, they don't need another instrument to create a rich sound but they enjoy some others, too. Sometimes you can play only with buttons, sometimes only with keys and each one sounds in its own way, sometimes you play with both at the same time and it is so enriching and beautiful for the senses. All this happens while “the center” this piece of goatskin...

Satan's skin. – Said the other.

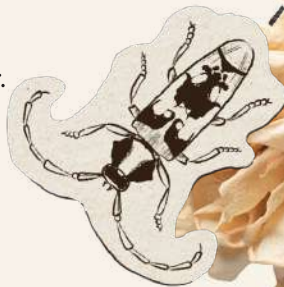
This binds them together and allows it to stretch and stretch and sound as loud or as subtle as we want it to. What about these little squares? – She asked curiously, as she caressed them and tried to understand the figures painted on them.

As if that weren't enough, these little squares can sound like other instruments.

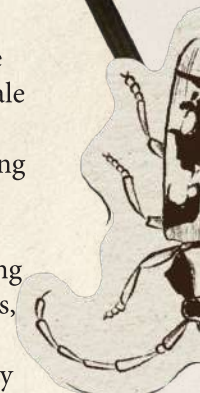
They looked at each other, touched by each other.

- Is it possible that such an instrument exists?
- As possible as it is that you and I exist.
- We exist.
- We do.

And with a sigh they took the accordion and began to play. They danced and danced, twinkling like stars that slipped into a pentagram...



VIVENCIAS
BISEXUALES



Hands

Author: Sandyconigriega

We embrace each other with our hands, we caress each other, we talk to each other and we kiss each other with our hands, because to do it with our hands is to be discreet. After all, that's what female friends like us do, right? College female friends hold hands to go everywhere: to the bathroom, to the cafeteria, to the library; during class, in front of everyone and alone. But that's as far as it goes. To be lovers in the imagination, then cuddle on each other's shoulder, to talk about everything that matters a lot and everything that matters a little less. While hands talk only about what matters, they know exactly where to go, at what speed and whether to the rhythm of the music, our breathing or our heartbeat. Their affinity is incredible when they touch your cotton hands and my hands sweaty with courage, soaked with dreams of you, covered with helpless tears, spilling my desires. Vulnerable desires because now you can see them and more than that, absorb them. I know you can. You can read my desires when I hold you and tell you in my thoughts how much I love and need you. Likewise, I know your feelings because of how you always talk to me and touch me softly.

Those sweet touches are no coincidence. You know it, it's intuition and as I said, it's mostly the hands. They whisper everything. Like bees, hands are not good with secrets. But it's not fair to anyone to live forever on a hunch. I want to be like the bees and tell you my secrets. Tell you that I don't just love you with my hands, I want to show you with my whole body. I want to sing it to you with my voice, to hear it from your lips, to give you all those kisses I've been saving and to know you in other ways. Let's confess now without further ado.

Let's learn from our hands to be brave and honest, let's learn from our best teachers to tell each other how we feel, maybe with fear, yes, but with the certainty that our affection is stronger.



Author: Jenifer Chirinos

One day at 4:27 a.m.

I feel like an addict in need of fresh skin with the smell of flowers, touching your skin soft as cotton; I need to know what your sweet ringing voice sounds like. I don't know who you are, but I want so much to caress you, I still don't know who you are and I'm dying to kiss you. As the days go by I feel I'm living in a false world. I don't feel myself because I lack you, I don't feel free because I lack you. I don't feel free because I lack you.



VIVIENCIAS
BISEXUALES





Author: Andrea C. Stephens

Vulvas & Hearts

Author: Ariesna González

I am eyes and smile, I am warmth and coldness, I am low tide and others, volcano. Sometimes complacent, sometimes stubbornness and in between, all shades from one point to the other. Sometimes I am powerful, other times, fragile as crystal and, in between, flexible garter or sometimes tamale. Sometimes it is my heart that moans, sometimes I feel my vulva crying. Vulva and heart. Sometimes yellow daisies, others succulent and, in between, empty meadow and juicy coconuts of pleasure. And I am much more than that, and sometimes much less, too.

Let your lips skim mine and silence them. Like a swallow the heart shudders and like she-wolf, you make my vulva scream. Vulva and heart. Not always, sometimes; others, I don't want to be.

You have deep eyes and a spark of sorrow, you have hair like foam and a mouth to kiss. I imagine your smells, like the taste of the sea. Lose myself in them, dance them, savor them. I feel that your body was made to embrace. And I fell apart, vulva and heart. I questioned myself, I thought about you, I denied it all. Shut up, vulva; stop, heart!

And my tide rises, my volcano sleeps; my fragility is empowered and my succulent is set to bloom. Everything spins me around. Vulva and heart. I was not going to fall in love.

Vulva

Author: Hened

I smell a pungent odor,
it is familiar and at the same time, I can't
distinguish it.

A sweet smell emanating from their face.

I feel a pleasant smell
after masturbating
and put my hand on my nose.
I realize it's the smell of them:
Their face smell like vulva.
Sweet, penetrating, pleasant.

They smell like the vulvas she's been to,
I smell the vulvas I lose myself in.
I don't care which vulva,
the smell of their face envelops me.

To remember is also to go through the body

Author: María Garambulla

"Write a bisexual experience to share in the fanzine," I thought for a few days. I thought about digging through my texts and sending one of those poems I wrote when I finally allowed myself to assume that I liked women, that I also like women. But then I thought it would be better to produce something, so that words would help me get this present crisis out of the way, and what is better than writing about pleasure.

Today, being an assumed and confirmed a bisexual ma'am, with a loving relationship with a woman and back in my hometown, I finally learned how to ejaculate. Not because it's an obligation to learn, but I really wanted to. I had been practicing for years, since that night I experienced it with a nice and patient guy with whom I ended a brief relationship confirming that I could ejaculate.

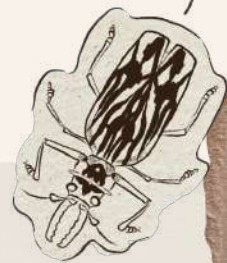
Years passed, lovers and many attempts, until recently, in an intimate session with myself, it finally succeeded. I was so happy, so happy that I told about it without shame or aggravation. However, it seemed an isolated event, it was



not clear to me how to repeat it. Until, by constancy or stubbornness, I understood the mechanism: insist, feel, release, let go, leave. It happened several times; and only then, I was sure that I had not “learned” but “remembered” how to ejaculate, as it had happened to me a long time ago.


When I first started menstruating, around the age of thirteen, I would touch myself out of pure instinct and “pee”. Of course, this was the most shameful and hidden part of the whole forbidden masturbatory affair. So it was that between guilt-ridden Catholicism and compulsory heterosexuality, I just stopped doing it. I don’t remember how it happened, what I do remember is that I was a high school teenager and I began to relate to boys. In the maelstrom of the discovery of sexual pleasure (heterosexual by mandate and bisexual in secret) and the fear of “losing my virginity”, I put myself at risk a few times and lived in silence during my first experiences.

I have years of reading about female pleasure, having endless chats with my friends and colleagues about it, and I could even say that for some time now, I have been firmly committed to my own pleasure. However, I didn’t remember that I could ejaculate, that I had been doing it since I was very young. It was through my body, literally, going through my body, this flesh that I inhabit, that I simply “remembered”. I went back through my heart and, above all, through my vulva, the same sensation as those first times when I felt sexual pleasure, when I experienced orgasms and released my waters, knowing absolutely nothing about it.



At thirteen, the only thing I knew was “that it was wrong”. What I celebrate, at the turn of my thirty-five, is that I still did it, I did it and that now, through my body, I could remember, re-inaugurating a new and exciting universe of pleasures. There is still much to reflect, to dialogue and to feel. I still have questions about how bodily memories operate and the force that guilt, prohibition or heterosexuality as a mandate can have. I’m still wondering about the power of embodied memory and the healing that this means for the menarche I was and for the adult I enjoy today.

Let’s talk a lot about our bodies, their processes and their enjoyment, so that the adolescent girls we were can heal and the bisexual adolescent girls of today can fully live their sexuality and their pleasure.



Bisexual Woman in fullness

Author: Ariesna González

... and yes, the She-Monster woke up. Suddenly people are beautiful, my gaze wanders and I am more grateful than ever for my bisexuality. Beloved Libido She-Monster! How I missed you! How beautiful you are, with all your sensuality and desire! For extreme situations, extreme measures. Sharing the bed, again becomes an unappealable animal whirlwind. The moisture of my vulva is constant and notorious; never uncomfortable, on the contrary, full and willing.

I can't remember the last time I touched my body with surprise and bated breath, as I do now. I enjoy seeing my naked body, alone or in company. I enjoy seeing their naked body. Because constant desire found its channel in their body. I don't know if by chance or by destiny –Really? At 42, suddenly, I think of destiny? Who am I?– but it found them. And the same desire tells me it's time to explore and enjoy other bodies; but my head and my vulva constantly scream their name. I'm not looking for anything else, I just feel full where I am. How does getting well treated feel so strange? So strange and, at the same time, so familiar, as if it had always been there, I just had to look at it.

As I reread these lines, I think "... this bisexual seems to be in love" Could it be? No doubt there is a huge desire, an incomparable trust, a lot of communication... that's how love feels... but I don't want to put labels, they make me feel that I have to fulfill some requirements that I prefer to modify, or skip, or mutate them into what I have (we have?) now. I prefer to call it fullness; because that's how I feel when I rest my head on their chest, while I play with their nipples and they sweetly caress my back, as we catch our breath to try, once again, to make my heart flip over.

Bicha⁶

Author: Karen Morales

I have always been bicha since I was a little girl.

I have always been bicha since I was a little girl. I've been a bicycle⁷ since my heart was pedaling for other girls or boys, which, by the way, happened long before I understood the concept of "falling in love". And, definitely, long before concepts such as "feminism", "compulsory heterosexuality", "monogamy" and other words that others like to use as a pretext to measure my quality of woman and bisexual. In short, I have been bi since long before many other words came into my life, among them the very word "bisexual".

I have been and have lived this way for thirty years now, even if for the first twelve I didn't have a word to define that part of me.

And honestly I must admit that it is only in recent years that I recognize the magnitude of the importance of it and all its nicknames such as "bicha, bichota, bicicleta, bicolora"⁸.

And how nice it is to make us all visible being so different and yet all equally bisexual. I know this has been said a million times and will be said a million times more (or as many times as necessary): no matter the percentages, no matter the current partner, if you like to pedal everywhere and you want to name it, here we are all to welcome you with open arms. And, in my opinion, there is a key issue, the desire to name ourselves. I would be the same with or without a word, but now that I know it I choose it for myself.

⁶ Word play, since "bug" in Spanish is "bicha", as in bisexual.

⁷ Same word play with "bicycle".

⁸ All words in Spanish: "little bug, big bug, bicycle, bicolor" that begin with "bi".

I choose it, even though for years I have decided only to build relationships with women. I choose it because I know I can fight against compulsory heterosexuality, from recognizing and loving my desires. I choose it because I know that my trench is with the morras⁹.

I choose it because it has allowed me to know myself and others like me.



(De)constructing

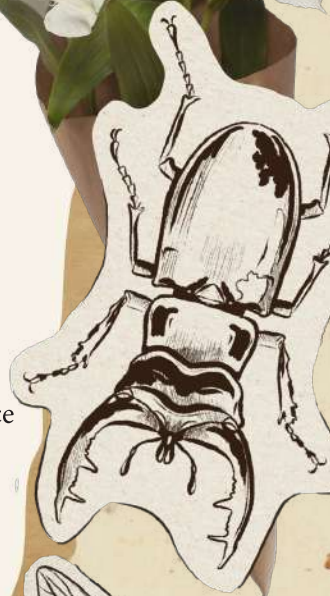
Author: Yaya Tovar "Roja Flor"

He came along and I learned the meaning of falling in love. I understood what the romances referred to talking about laughter, murmurs and nerves. I finally felt the gift of a mutual "I love you", the complexity of a first kiss and tenderness in the everyday ridiculousness. A comfortable affection translated into a loyalty to the norm but always real and sincere.

She came along and showed me what freedom is. She showed me that there was, beyond romance, a new world in which I could love my peers where I have always belonged, in spite of my reluctance and yet I was told "welcome". How easy it is to worship goddesses. How sweet is the taste of rebellion.

They arrived and gave me a new definition of living. They shared with me their joys, their knowledge, their sleepless nights. Their criteria, dreams and a secret or two.

How many treasures a soul can give you. I fought a new revolution when I held their hands and I tasted peace in each of their kisses.



⁹ Women

Today I look in the mirror and thank myself for letting me learn in other hearts, for sharing me in those unique experiences, for having discovered me in their smiles, in their silences and those few tears. Today I honor the existence of diversity and I give thanks for allowing me to be who I am.

VIVENCIAS
BISEXUALES

Chilaquitas¹⁰ in resistance

Author: Natalí Olac-Farfán¹⁰



Naming ourselves, recognizing ourselves and making ourselves visible as Bisexual Women is an act of connection, encounter and resistance.

¹⁰ Female chilaquil. Mexican dish: fried tortilla base coated with hot sauce, sour cream, onion and cheese. Bisexual women are told that, since they like chili (men) and tortilla (women).

Positive

Author: Pau García

Positive.

Congratulations.
I embrace you.
I'm with you.
I am sorry.
I'm sorry.

Stay positive.

Positive.

Seropositive?

Positive like hope.

Like when in search someone shouts
"Positive!"

Today a sister comes home to say goodbye.

Positive.

As a pregnancy test.

Breathalyzer.

Covid.

Positive.

Like my cry to abort Manichaeism.

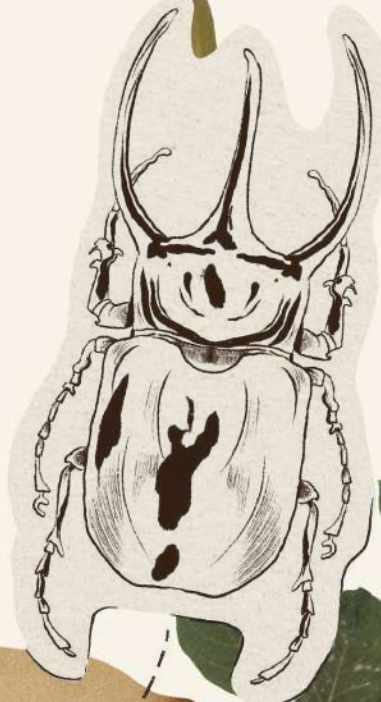
The universal perspective.

Monosexuality, monogamy, truth.

Pure reason.

Positive.

For you, for me,
to live ourselves,
for inha-BI-t ourselves.





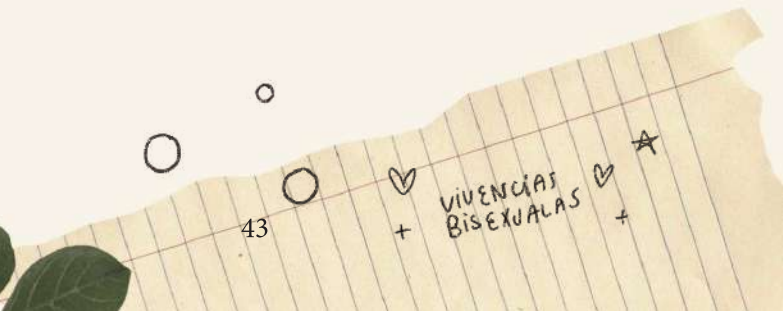
Positive as the room of my own that I carry in my backpack.
Positive as the quick test that made me get out of a relationship and wall off all the routes back.

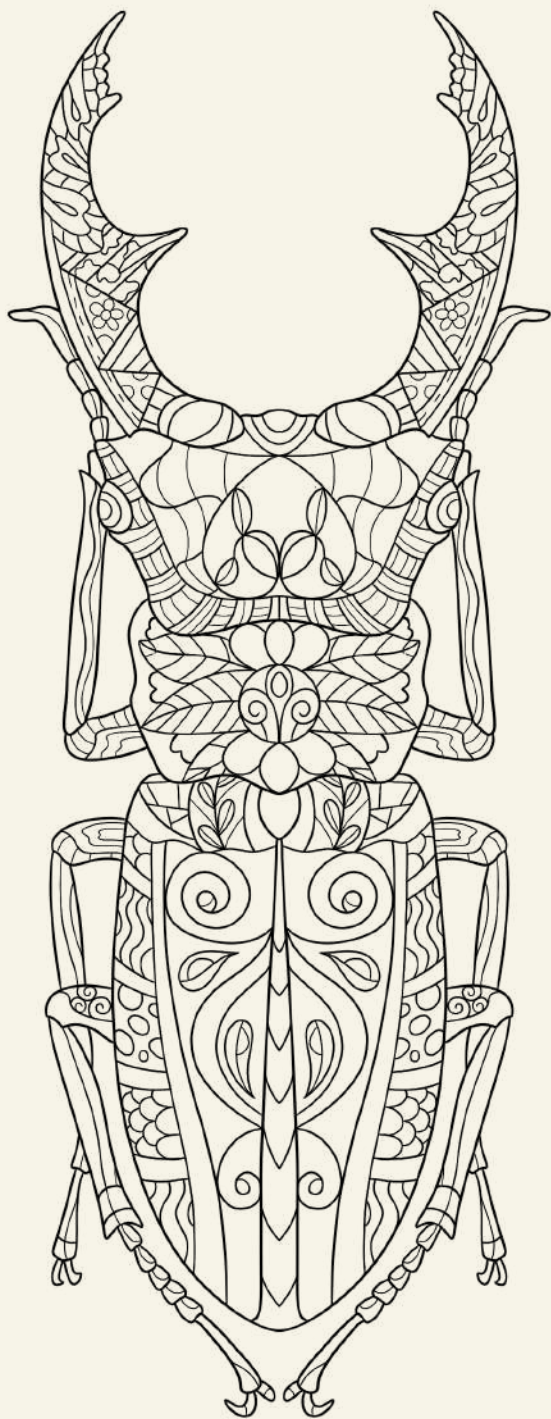
Positive.
Like a two-pole battery.
Undecided.
Traacherous.
Postmodern.

Positive. Frontier of the sacred metropolis.
Peripheral.
Bordering.
BI-nary.
BI-ological.
BI-sible
Undecidable.

BI-sexual.
BI-chota.
Omnisientent.
Omniscient.
Omnipresent.
Omnipotent.

Worthy representative of metadivinity because the universe is too small for us.





Rooftop

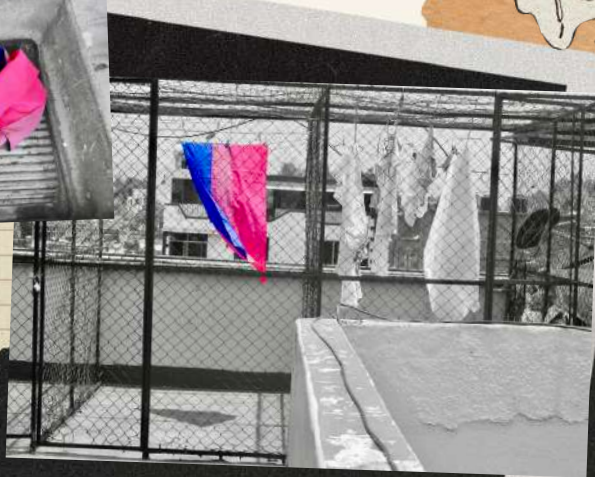
Author: Luz Elena Aranda

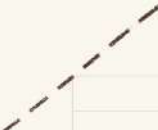


Rooftop with cage laying for clean clothes of a bisexual woman,
cage whipping a misunderstood bisexual woman,
unattended laundry and cleanliness over-understood.

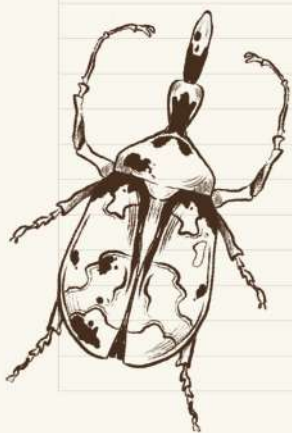
Bisexual understood.

Woman lying... stretched out.





A large rectangular area with horizontal ruling lines, intended for writing or drawing.





Special thanks to all who were
part of this journey through our
bisexual experiences.

Brenda Chon
Yaya Tovar "Roja Flor"
Ana Mijangos
Mariana Era
Dana Ortega
Iyalli Luna
Miyu
Karla Paola
Rú Romero
Tania Martínez
Jenifer Chirinos
MissCherry
Fer Come Flores
"V"

Pam Myau
Eliza Tabares
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Ale Ara
Fernanda Piña
Michelle Gómez
Hened
Yanet Miranda
Sandyconigriega
Andrea C. Stephens
Ariesna González
María Garambulla
Karen Morales
Natalí Olac-Farfán
Pau García
Luz Elena Aranda
Corina Martínez
Vanessa González-Rizzo




♡ VIVENCIAS
BISEXUALAS ♡





**CABARET Y
DERECHOS
HUMANOS A.C.**
LAS REINAS CHULAS

arcus
FOUNDATION



[1] From the original
“Bichas, bicicletas bi-diversas”
all of them, starting with BI.