Lesbian Bowling League

I once belonged to an all-women’s bowling league. Okay, okay, it was an all-lesbian league. There were dykes of all shapes, sizes, color, ages. anyone would think they’d hit a goldmine of gay gals.

I don’t even remember which lesbian first invited us to play. Who knew whom, you ask? Everyone knew everyone; we were family. A goldmine of gals, gentlewomen, femmes, ladies, bitches, all with the same goal: a three-hundred game, twelve strikes!

Everyone knew everyone everyone was gay. I admit, I didn’t know there were so many lesbians who liked to bowl. So, we joined their Sapphic alliance.

I admit, I didn’t know there was a community of lesbian bowlers just waiting to add us to their teams. So, we joined their Sapphic alliance, and learned a lot of new words and got better at bowling.

We were always picked last as kids, but these women wanted us! Dykes of all kinds, images, clothing, schooling, single, and not, Our bowling improved, and our courage was enhanced once we joined that all-women’s bowling league.