

Dyke* March Münster 2026: Birte Stolte, German - *Tagline: Queer-hostile violence*

Becoming a lesbian was the best decision of my life!

I'm a lesbian, but becoming one was a long journey for me.
A journey that seems to become more lesbian, wilder, and more exciting with each passing year—but also more challenging and dangerous.

This journey was about the freedom to define myself—in political spaces, in private rooms, and above all: in my desires and boundaries.

It was reading between the lines of my socialization.

It was defining my own label “lesbian”—one that has always been as genderqueer, trans, and butch as Leslie Feinberg in her book **Stone Butch Blues** and as so many dykes and lesbians are today.

It was the decision to stop dating cis men and to allow myself to feel that had always been there but had been neatly packaged, stowed away in the very back, and sealed airtight. Because in my younger years I had so many other problems in my early years and had to navigate so many dangers surrounding my body that I couldn't have asked myself: Who do I want to kiss? Whose hands do I want to feel around, in, or on my body? What should intimacy feel like, and with whom do I want to share it? It was the clarity in my heart when I was in my first queer relationship. About how my love and my body should feel. About how lesbian love can move mountains and can burn away hateful glances, because it is so real, so strong, so irresistibly all-encompassing.

She was, she is my truth.

Even today, I sometimes still call her “Decision,” because first and foremost, I chose myself—for all the signs and wonders that come with knowing yourself and finding peace in my own skin, love, and community.

Because I wanted to free myself from the pressure of “having to date men” in order to arrive at who I am and whom I want to love.

My inner lesbian was once the “most heterosexual friend in her clique” because I knew the male gaze by heart and knew how to conform all too well. Because I didn't yet know any alternatives and had a very strong belief in God.

At some point, my inner lesbian redefined her entire identity as “dyke*,” thereby slowly but surely opening my nonbinary doors.

My inner lesbian loves the phrase: “I am a lesbian, not a woman.”

My inner lesbian is still often speechless at how incredibly beautiful lesbians and queers are and how much I can desire them! With everything I feel and who I am.

My inner lesbian cried her eyes out when I first read “Stone Butch Blues” by Leslie Feinberg, because I'd never before felt so understood and embraced in my own story—in the tension between

love, solidarity, identity, and violence.

My inner lesbian finds it magical to sense our languages as they translate into codes and appearances, between self-descriptions and literature, and how we understand ourselves across the decades.

My inner lesbian was beaten black and blue two years ago and denied herself while fleeing.

“Are you one of those fucking lesbian sluts, too?” my attackers shouted.

“No,” I screamed as I ran for my life through those streets. That day turned me into a fighter!

Since then, I’ve promised myself never to deny who I am again, no matter what it takes.

Because it’s worth standing up for my own community, my love, and my skin.

Because fascists have always arrested and attacked us for who we are and how we look—for how our lives elude the control of the patriarchy and slip through its back doors.

Because they want to see us dead—in Berlin, Leipzig, and in at least 65 countries that criminalize us by law.

Because our happiness and our steadfast self-organization are a slap in the face to the capitalist system.

Because queer networks are inseparable and have always led to a spirit of resistance and solidarity.

Because when it hits one of us, it affects all of us!

And we can feel that—from Berlin to Münster and all across this goddamn world.

Today is a day when we stand together and are visible, a day when we embrace each other lovingly and publicly.

A day when we feel safe and sense the strength of our solidarity.

We are the spaces we create for ourselves.

We are who we are.

And we are tenacious and loving, tender and rough, resilient and emotional, loud and quiet all at once. We have always been this way and always will be, as long as we stand together in solidarity.

From shame to pride. From anger to love to resistance.

Stay gay, stay queer, stay everything you are, and never let the bastards grind you down!

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