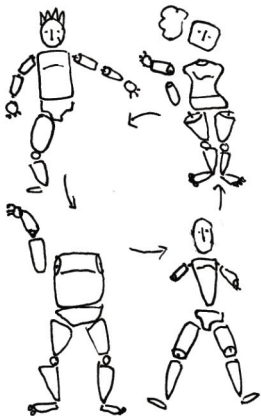


THE
HISTORY
OF
YOUR HEART

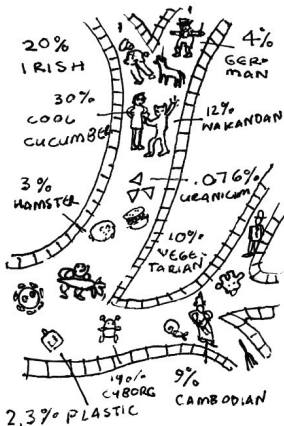


BY MAE WILSON

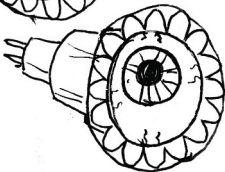
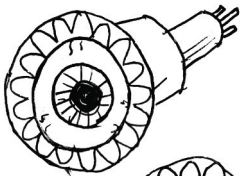
WHEN WE DIE,
WE ARE
TAKEN APART
AND REMADE,
THE SAME PARTS
REASSEMBLED
IN NEW
COMBINATIONS



WITH THE RIGHT
TESTS, YOU CAN
LEARN ABOUT
YOUR ROOTS
AND BEGIN TO
PUT TOGETHER
THE PIECES OF
YOUR PAST.



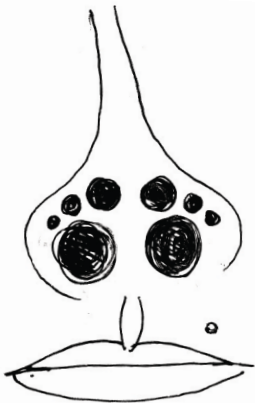
YOU HAVE YOUR
GREAT-GRANDMOTHER'S
EYES. THOUGH THEY
ARE A FAMILY
HEIRLOOM, SHE
NEVER REVEALED
WHERE SHE GOT
THEM. IT'S PROB-
ABLY BETTER
THAT WAY.



SEE THAT MARK
ON YOUR ARM?
IT ONCE BELONGED
TO A FAMOUS
WARRIOR. HE
INJURED HIMSELF
WHILE WRITING
POETRY.



IM SURE YOUVE
ALWAYS WONDERED
WHAT WAS UP
WITH YOUR NOSTRILS.
YOUR ANCESTORS
THOUGHT THEY
LOOKED BADASS
LIKE THAT



YOUR STOMACH
IS ONE OF THE
STRONGEST OF
THE PALEOLITHIC,
BUT IT NEVER
REALLY GOT
USED TO THE
RICHNESS OF
THE MODERN DIET.



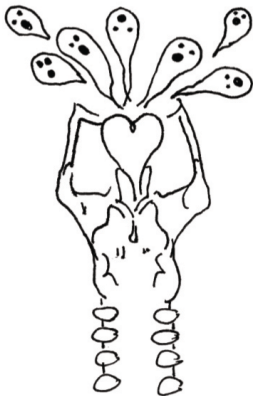
YOU CAN'T
SEE IT, BUT
'KILROY WAS
HERE' IS
WRITTEN IN-
SIDE YOUR
BUTT.



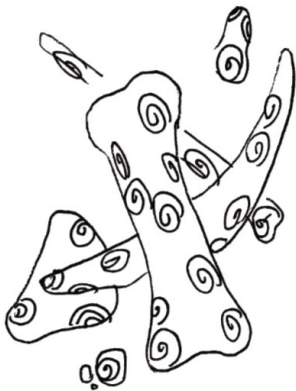
DUE TO UNSPEC-
IFIED TRAUMA,
YOUR LEGS TEND
TO RUN AWAY FROM
YOU. YOUR NEIG-
-HBOR CAME BY
TO FIX THEM ONE
DAY, AND NOW
THEY RUN FASTER
THAN EVER BEFORE



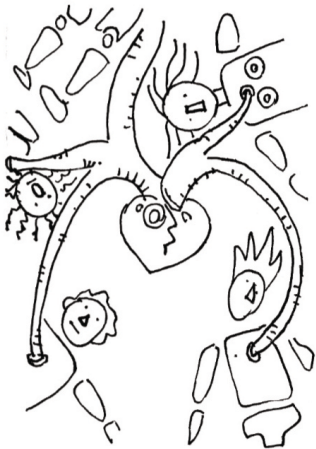
YOUR THROAT IS
STILL HAUNTED BY
THE MADRIGALS IT
ONCE SANG FOR ITS
BREAD. WHENEVER
THEY HEAR A FAM-
ILAR TUNE THEY
STIR, TRYING TO
JOIN IN.



AND STAMPED
UPON YOUR
BONES ARE
THE PRINTS OF
EVERYONE WHO
EVER LOVED
THEM,



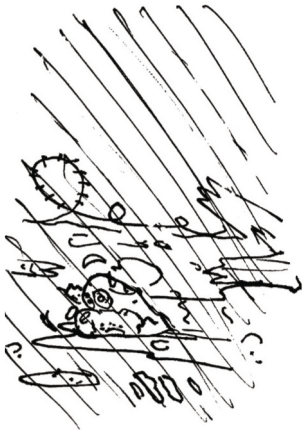
THE STRANGERS
YOU CARRY WITH.
IN YOU MAKE YOU
WHO YOU WHO
ARE, BUT
NONE ARE SO
STRANGE AS
THE MATTER OF
YOUR HEART.



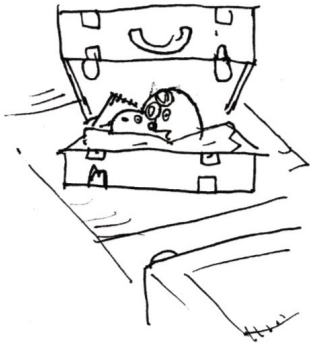
IT BELONGED
TO A MAN
WHO HELPED
ENSLAVE A
NATION -



AND TO A
GIRL WHO
DIED UNDER
HIS RULE -



IT BELONGED
TO YOUR FATHER
WHO LEFT FOR
SOMETHING
DIFFERENT.



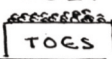
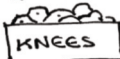
AND NOW,
IT BELONGS
TO YOU.



WRITTEN IN THE



WINTER OF 2024



IN SANTA BARBARA, CA



maewilsonstudios.com

IG: @GeneralMaehum