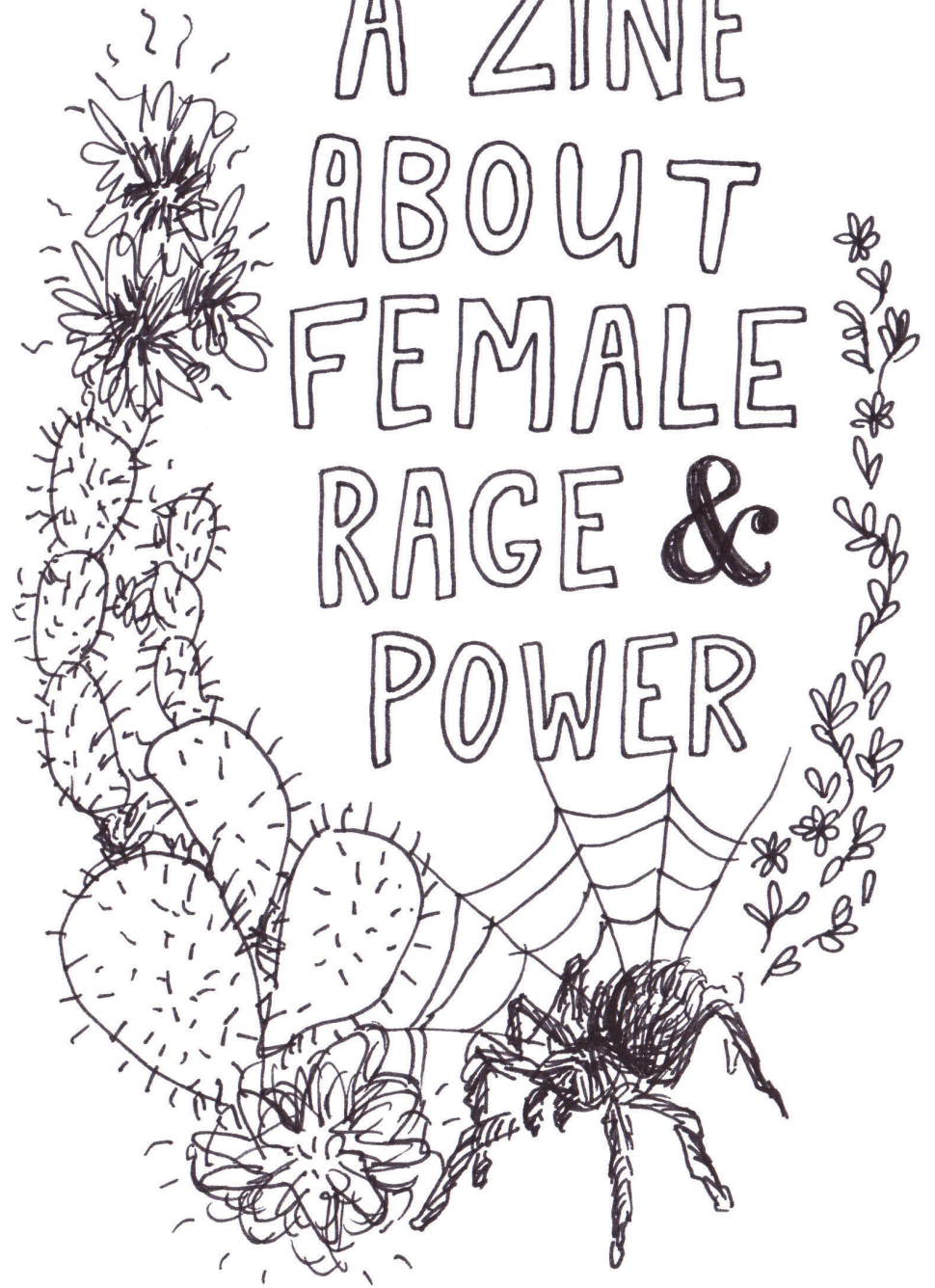
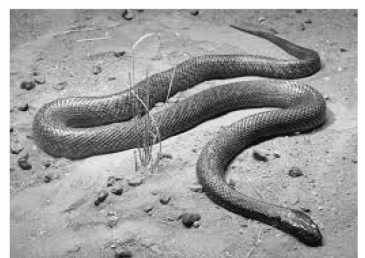
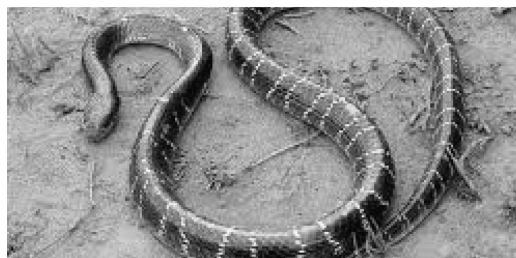
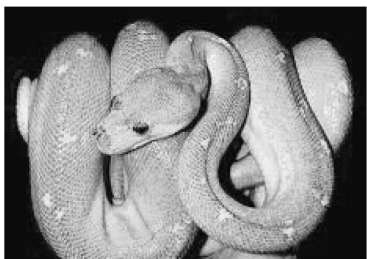
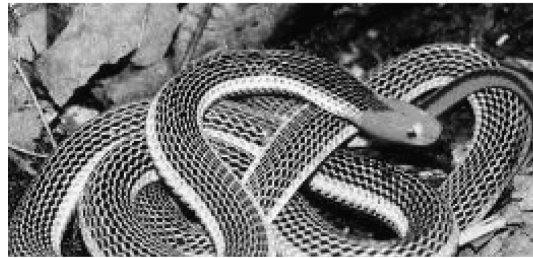
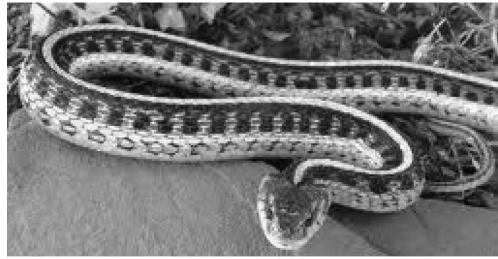
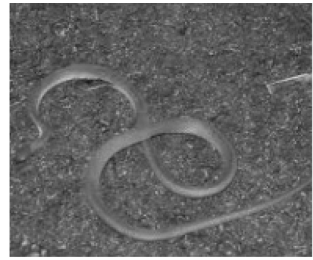
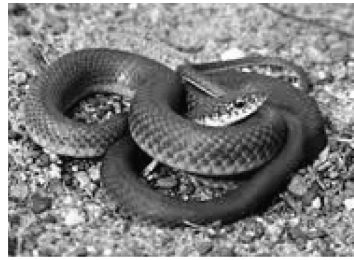


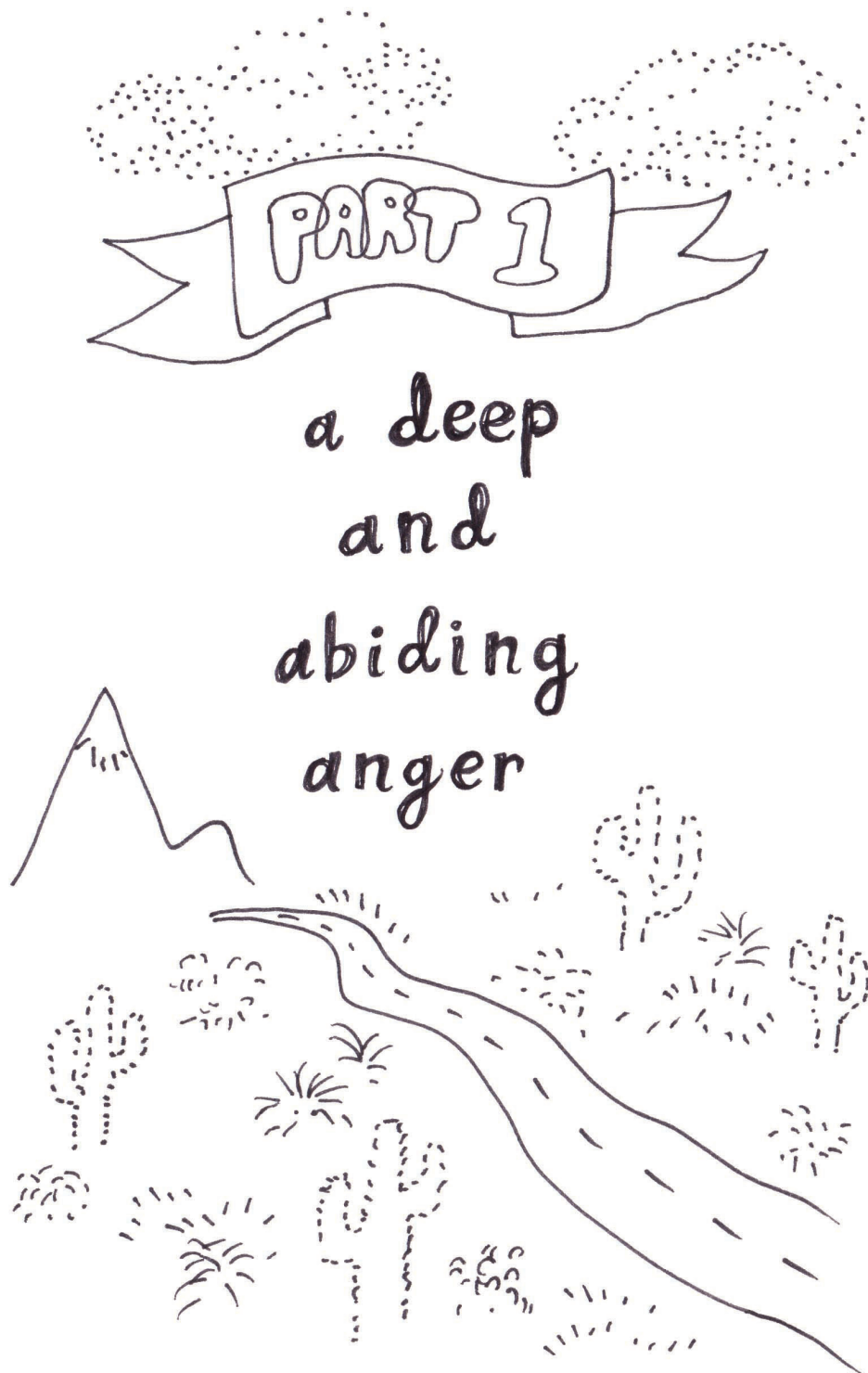


call
of the
wild

A ZINE
ABOUT
FEMALE
RAGE &
POWER







I felt a deep and abiding anger that just wouldn't go away. I woke up angry and I went to bed anxious, obsessively checking health websites and nursing recurring UTIs. I strained to be in a decent mood for my husband, I cooked elaborate meals. Inside, I burned.

See, it had come out when my husband and I were just falling in love that I'd been sexually assaulted multiple times in my life. We were at a bar, and we were having a deep talk about life, and love, and my past shitty relationship before him, and he said that it seemed like I had had some bad experiences around sex. We were really drunk and getting drunker, and I just started listing the times that I had been raped. Three separate times.

When I said it to him, I realized it for the first time myself. It might sound crazy to be carrying these experiences along with you for years, the memories tender like a fresh bruise, but not consciously regard them as instances of sexual assault. I saw myself as a self-aware person, with brief stints in therapy at a young age upon my parents' divorce, and had always been valued as an emotionally aware friend and sister. This realization was painful for my now-husband, and he handled it with tenderness. For me, it was fucking life-shattering.

I could not abide.

I started seeing every interaction with every male stranger as sinister and twisted. I looked back on my teens and young twenties and saw predators everywhere. A teacher who took advantage. Drunk near-misses when my friends stepped in to protect me. The constant barrage of harassment on the street.

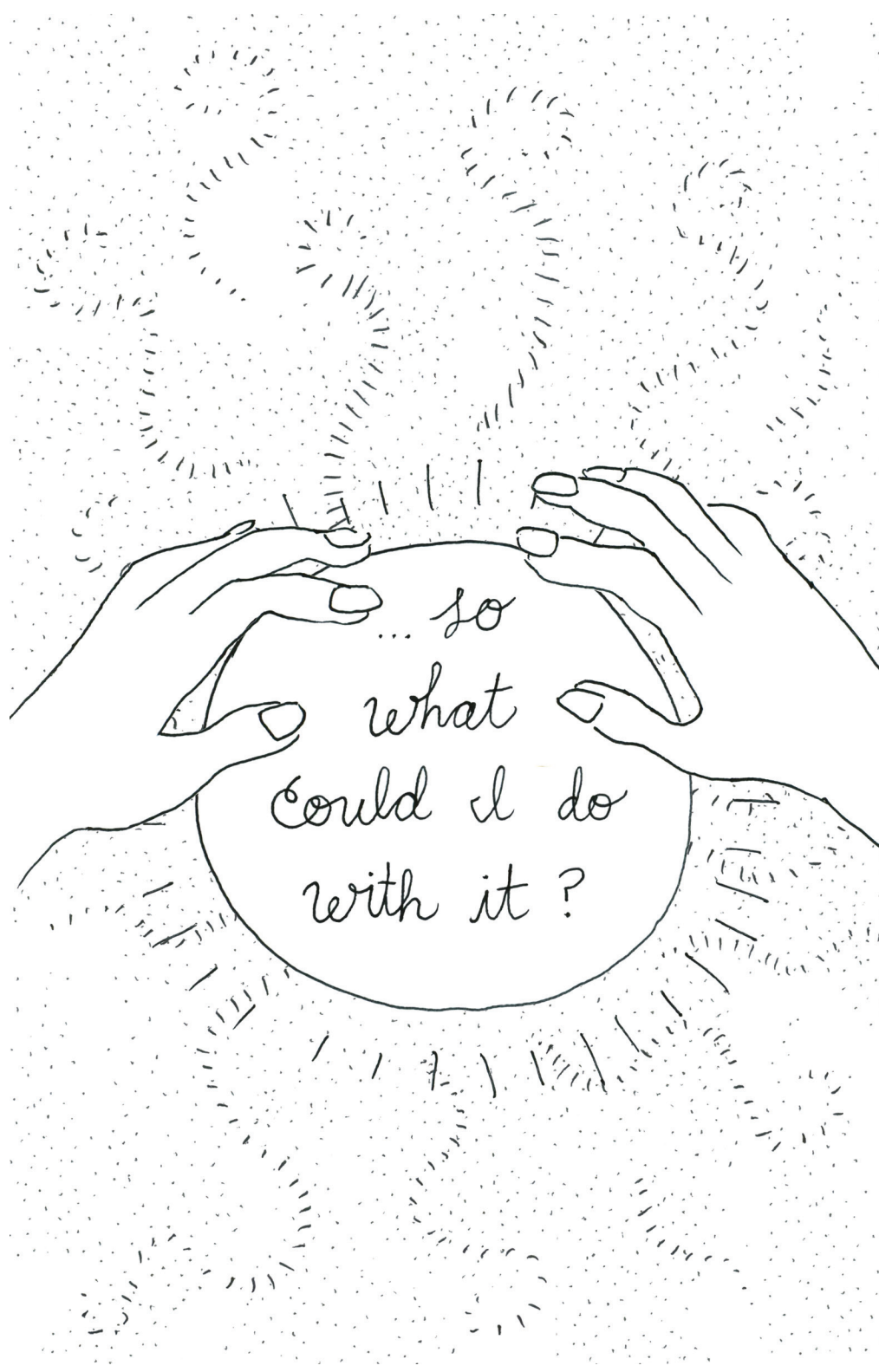
I thought back on the nasty habit I had developed in my early twenties of punching bouncers, throwing drinks at bartenders, slapping aggressive drunks on the bus and on the street. All men, I noticed, looking back. One had called me a cunt. One had grabbed my ass on a crowded street. One spit his insults with an unlit cigar clenched in his teeth.

I threw my fucking beer in his face.

Then I'd realized a few years back that I didn't want to be that kind of woman whose temper is well-known, the kind people expect to get violent. And so I stopped. And now, after fully seeing that all those terrible dark moments were what I'd always hesitated to call them, the rage flared up again. This time, though, it stayed inside. And it felt like poison.

Above all, I felt lonely. Charming conversation, having fun at parties, easygoing banter – things that had always come so naturally to me – felt alien and awkward. I couldn't name what I was feeling to my best friends, even; not even to my mom. The realization came to me along with a deep need to consume feminist news and analysis, which in turn truly opened my eyes to such a deeply fucked system.

I had known these things before. But now I really got it – I got the scope of the inequality. **I understood the anger.**



sagittarius

you were shocked, i could tell
as i snorted
some stranger's coke

off a long, dusty mirror.
i was staring into you
daring you to say
anything.

i watched that stupid girl
you wanted to fuck so badly
gaze at you like jesus or,
failing that,
a minor saint at least
watched as she inhaled the
drug she didn't really do,
except when trying to please you

she was already drunk.
i knew
it would make her sick, but
said nothing.
my mind was clear.

you were quickened,
quivering
with the insipid anticipation
that comes when you think you might
get your way,
but haven't yet

i wanted to hit you, but made do
with fucking your crush in the back-
seat while
you drove my car home,
thinking

fuck you.
just
fuck
you.

at that moment
i would have been happy
if i'd never seen you again
at all,

much less when you
crawled into our shared bed
ravenous with desire

i wished for the last year of my life
to disappear.

and it wasn't about the drugs, good
as it was to
deaden myself

i wanted to hurt you
as hard as i could.
i didn't care how.

- Melaenis
www.melaenis.com



blister

i see you coming
little thing with a
rabid face. you
made me bleed
in first grade, you
tossed me to the
freezing black trees
as you grew cool
beside the sweet
Mexican boys of
the school bus. I
contemplate ending
life in your name.
What else can you
knife? These thighs
have been opened
and life drawn out
for cheaper than
your tacky grim
reaper, her hair
in tight curls, her

thirst for hot girls,
her knobby hands
in bad pearls and
her furrows ever
deeper.
*
you are a despairing swamp. we
put on our shoes. walk through
you, your graceless huts that age
without symmetry. if only it were cold.
the soup of your virgins
thickens with humidity. the scabs
puff like horny birds, like a
lonely genital, till
memory rattles the warm calyx
and the black gut comes unstuck
from the tumorous root
of its jealousy.
*
no tea settles this gut. i
mix bags hoping for a fix.
the bath pouts and nothing

of relevance comes out. i get
naked, throw in rose petals,
but the noise is a shrieking
bone and a voice vigorous
with death beneath the vehicle
crushed and on its head. the
traffic packed like a cold family
of dogs, too hungry to wonder
or thank, and i drove the rest of
my life like inching the split plank
toward god.
*
in my body a wilderness
i am gating broken horses
there are women in the hovels
they are lifting up their shovels
they heave the soil and vegetables
which land around the planets
the sky is one big eye
one eye and one decision
i am sitting in the furnace
of lovers and derision

of poems with hands
red as watermelons
i carry them to the dinner plate
to the lepers and the sirens
we salivate for hours
sitting on our hands
we eye the oven
we scan for omens
i want to be beautiful
i want to be beautiful
i gnaw the gentle birds
i peel back their petals
i play the harp
i carve the fiddles
my skin is thin
as the beggar's baby
the clit a palm of flesh
and rosemary.
-Remy Ramirez

Death Rattle

Make the boat bigger. Without arms

I oar from the throat. The old woman bites like bats
the thread, till a flag moans over us like the sex
queen and our legs are open.

No amount of God is rejected.

I oar from the breast. Even darkening stars are
resolute—what man cannot see
that beauty is the reckoning gear? I redder
in the moon. I fear allegiance to bread crumbs
and water faucets; I can hear them gush like forks
into the baby pig's spine.

Even ugly waters wash the blood. What dog
is thrown over in panic? Even dark waters whiten
with the spit of mothers. Even the basement of being
lies still in my boat. Make the ship bigger.

Even the socket of skull and the raisin seeds row
from the bone. What man cannot see me
throwing my guts to the ocean till it grows?

The old woman sharpens her teeth with raw sandalwood.

The sweetness turns blue,
my toes are next to go.



I curl the esophagus through my teeth. A woman is a cabinet
ready to die. I reach inside and take like a grave till her words
are empty as arteries and The Way is a flood we define
with seaweed.

Open the boat. The pharaohs' labyrinth
rests on my deck like a nest. I eat the speckled eggs
for breakfast and nurture the few strands of hair I have left.
Nothing ruptures.

The ceremony is a map

I draw with lashes and ink.

I am my one everything, my heart,
pink as a salmon, slips through
and slickens the knobby pullies.

What dog was thrown over in panic? What lover buries
her teeth in the muck and pubis?

What relentless noise did I endure
for the robbery of spiders?

The old woman admires

the bruise where I suffered. She drinks

tea and breathes.

-Remy Ramirez





It requires a stillness that's difficult to achieve. Weed helps sometimes, or tarot and yoga, a couch day after a bender, a bath. Quieting the noise of anxiety and living in suspended silence, **focusing on the flame.**

Perhaps you need to run from your anxiety like he were chasing you down a dark alley, you clawing off your purse and heels until you feel freer, more confident, sprinting around the corner and **leaving him in the dust.**

You run into the desert night and the air is cool and dry and your feet should hurt but they don't, and **you are no longer afraid.** You slow to a walk and you look at the stars and you feel big and small all at once.

There, in remote silence among the nocturnal animals and the plant survivors, there you find the flame. And it's your flame, there are no others quite like it, and you don't care what people would say about it if they saw it. Because **they will never see it.** They may catch a glimmer here and there but you are the only one who can look upon it full in the face.

This is where you need to go to find your way again.

It will guide you back to yourself and in that, to your next step. And your next step is the only one you will be able to glimpse, peeking out behind the clouds over the next mountain, giving you ideas and calling for plans to be made.

Have those ideas.

Make those plans.



"DON'T BE TOOTENDER, VIOLET."

Julia
2014

Jolly Time

excerpted from the novel, "A Certain Hunger," by chelsea g. summers

Days before she died, my mother called me to her side. Her eyes were wolf bright, and she took my hand in hers. It felt like paper wrapped around sticks.

"Dorothy," she said and patted my hand. "You were never my favorite." You'd expect that to hurt, but it didn't. She wasn't my favorite either. She closed her eyes. I kissed her forehead. She hadn't given up the perfume; she smelled like Guerlain Nahema and necrosis. A couple of days later, she was dead.

The days after my mother died passed with a rush. So much to do, so little will to do it, so many people and so many caring casseroles, one more baroque than the next. I sat through the funeral in a miasma of disconnect. I didn't care, it was over. I wanted to be anywhere but there. Sitting in the hush and quiet of an afternoon well after my mother's memorial service, I remembered being a very little girl. My sister just a babe in the cradle, and my mother sat me down at her vanity and showing me her cosmetics: concealer, foundation, blush, liquid eyeliner, eyebrow color, eye shadow, mascara, powder, lip liner and lipstick. One by one, she took out the little metal or glass containers and showed them to me, held them under my nose, dabbed a little of each on my cheek, my eyelid, my lips.

"This," she said, "is what a woman wears instead of armor. You put on the right makeup, and you look invincible. You feel like a warrior. You will still be a woman, but you will wear this on the outside so that on the inside, you will stand tall as a man. Do you understand?" I told her I did.

"Your place is wherever you want it to be, Dorothy. You can work at home, like mommy, or you can work outside, like daddy. No matter what you do, be excellent at it, and always look your best." She paused. "That way the bastards won't ever get you down." She looked at herself in the mirror, and our eyes met in her reflection.

"No bastards," I said.

"That's right, my darling," she said, her lips red, eternally red, infinitely red, an everlasting crimson circle. "No bastards."

I wish we had bullets instead of these KIND bars, or, Escape From Midtown

When he buys you that drink
he's only buying you
one step closer to a hangover.

You don't owe him a smile.

You don't owe conversation.

You don't owe him a kiss or a stare.

It's not safe to drink booze, it's not safe to exist
in the city or out in the parks after dark
or in the daytime, or during St. Patrick's Day
or on trains or at home with your cat.

It's not safe to be friendly, or to have a body
made up of guts, blood, and bones.

You are my best friend, I don't want you hungover.

I get sad when I hear you
apologize.

I get scared when I think of the Myrtle JMZ station
and you shuffling through cat calls on late work nights.

LET'S GET OUT.

I will buy us a teal teardrop camper
and cook us fried eggs over kerosene.

We'll buy land with our freelance checks,
ignore every hookup text, and grow
squash, and grow kush, and grow thyme.

We'll only have conversations that pass the Bechdel Test
and at night we will howl
for all the times we didn't.

Unhungover, we'll howl
at the woman in the moon.

Unhungover, we'll howl for our lives.

-Hannah Miet



COPILLOT

Excuse or not, she has one when she hits the road

The smallest inquiry becomes her greatest quest, her heaviest burden, her faintest dust

If you called her by her name she wouldn't answer

She'll roll up her hair, and as soon as she can no longer recognize the road signs she begins to take note of herself anatomically

for the first time in months

The way her freckles line her mouth even sans lipstick

The faint green around her pupils

The way her breasts fall into a braless tank

Her strong thighs

And she'll remember to forget her monthly pills at home in preparation to align herself with the moon

She'll put on the blues and wonder why her heart beats more rhythmically to the wail of a steel guitar than reason, but then

she'll quickly realize she prefers it that way

She'll take note of the habitual tendencies of her mind, and destroy them, leaving a blank canvas to be painted upon

And suddenly she's not tied to a home, or persons, or feelings, only now, only the vastness of the scenery and its lovely

uncertainty

Every mile marker tallies a leap she was unaware she needed to take

She feels primal, not aggressive, but instinctual

She'll think back to that time she had her tarot cards read in a small New Mexico town

Her future card read 'Earth Child.' "This is the future now, right?" She'll ask herself

She's felt wild and grown for so long now she can't date it, but not so long that it feels sewn into her soul

She tells herself out here, that woman is her only copilot

She'll search for the smallest, seediest bar and yearn for conversation from the most obscure traveler or the most rooted

resident, and she'll show them exactly who she is that day

And later she'll dance with a fierce traveling bull rider who actually lost a wife and a girlfriend along the way, and he'll call her

Texas, and challenge her to Cuervo shots, and tell her she needs to dance with more men who know how to lead

And for the moment she feels safe in his busted, bruised arms and she deeply envies his life of transiency

She'll leaving feeling the cool, visceral burn of tequila on her throat and her only future concern is where to watch the sunset

The wind caresses her neck and she doesn't have to fight the worries that usually flood her tired mind

Instead she is warm and calm and offers only her desires up for baptism from the stars

She'll lay body to the ground and listen to the stillness of the night, and watch the romance of the strong standing mountains,

and feel the hot fire on her strong thighs

And she'll feel complete, and she won't believe how easily that feeling came

-Kelly Wileman

Be a Believer

Come. Close your eyes.

Focus on a star.

Be a believer.

Touch the tips of your finger

With thy neighbor.

Never detach finger from finger.

We are a barrier.

Arch your backs to the sky.

Keep your chests high.

Your shoulders low.

Feet flat on the floor.

Aim your body open

Toward those opposite you.

Hmmm. Hum through closed lips.

Breathe in the candlewicks.

Be the four elements.

Air from your lungs.

Fire from the lights.

Water. Earth.

Ice.

I am the moderator.

I am a portal.

We are believers.

*

We call to the spirits.

We call to the wronged.

We call to the wounded.

We call wild chants.

Spirits sing in screeches.

They sing in hisses.

Calm them.

Hmmm. Summon the spirits.

With soothing whispers.

Speak to us.

Give us a name.

Call out wild chants.

Things unforeseen.

*

My name is Earth Crescent.

See upside down stars.

How the Earth Spins.

They hunt me

Under the full moon.

Hunt me.

Daily.

Feel the burn in my belly.

Feel the moisture soak my scalp.

The cool air run icicles in my sweat.

The ground give under my body.

Fight for me.



They fight with me.

They hunt me.

They hurt me.

Earth Crescent.

Conjure them.

Conjure them.

Hunt me.

Stay grounded.

*

Fallen stars. Spirits.

Come. Join the circle.

Sing with us.

Dance with us.

Stay with us.

We are a barrier.

I am a portal.

Keep the mantra.

We are believers.

*

We call for the hunters.

Step forth. Confront your wounded.

Spirits.

Shrieking spirits.

Savage spirits.

Sing.

Give us a sign.

*

Watch the flames fly from the candle.

Watch the wind take the flames.

Dancing flames

At the center.

Watch them blink. Black.

We are a barrier.

We are the believers.

We call back the hunters.

Draw back the breath of fire.

*

We hunt the Earth.

We hunt for her.

We are a barrier against harm.

We fight for the wounded.

We bury remains under a full moon.

We hunt again.

We conjure you.

We cast you out.

We rip at her in the woods.

We ravage the Earth.

We call to the spirits.

Be moved.

*

Beelzebub.

Come. Take these hunters.

Beelzebub.

Come take your wicked.

Take your brethren.

Cast them.

*

Feet to the ground.

Fingertip to finger.

See upside down stars.

How the Earth Spins.

Stay grounded.

Watch ice fall from the stars.

Never detach finger from finger.

Never say stop.

Never close the portal.

I am the moderator.

I am the portal.

We are believers.

-Liza Meyers



credits

editor ... roxanna asgarian

cover, title pages 3, 6, 8, 18 ... courtney andujar

artwork

“serpientes azules” ... andrea bonin	4+5
“morgan” + “roxanna” ... courtney dudley	10+11
“kali” ... hannah buonaguro	14
“buss it open” ... hannah carnes	17
“don’t be too tender, violet” ... kim wimprine	20
“unleashed” ... hannah carnes	23
“saltwater” ... andrea bonin	27
“my sister, claire” ... hannah carnes	29

made in 2014

special thanks

thelma & louise, paul debenedetto,
adam o’reilly, kirsti itameri, james pierce

