





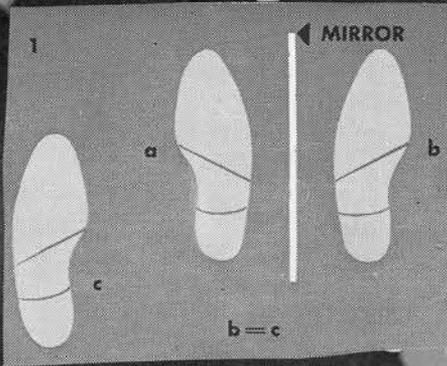
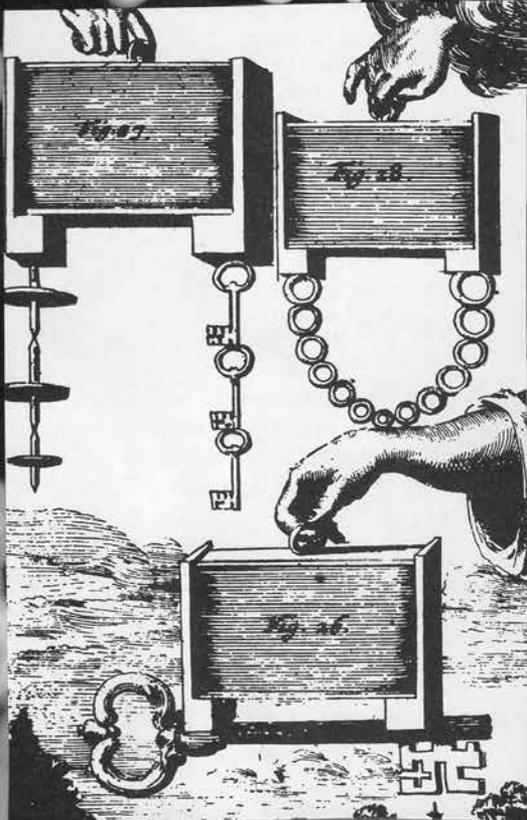


worrying



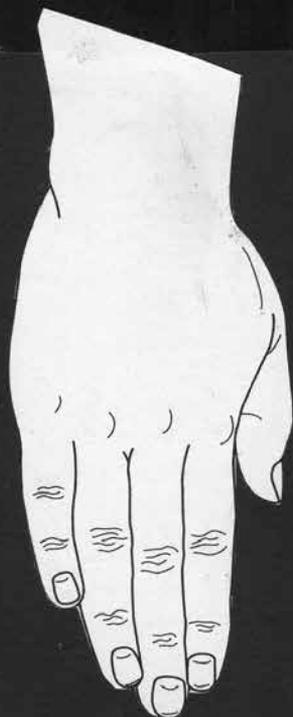
Push-pull relationships
are water sloshing.
You may find it necessary
to extinguish your twin flame
with that very water.





The vibrations must be similar

THE HAND THAT
FEEDS YOU FED
HIMSELF FIRST



BITE AWAY

Shadowboxing

Fingers splayed while being covered. Separated, they are dainty. Wrap them quickly.
Sissy wrists shielded by leather bulbs.

Jab

Cross

My cross leaves my leg akimbo. Foot dangling like an actress being kissed.

Hook

Hook

Uppercut

Cross

Memorizing combos like choreography. Sensitivity goes deeper than the limbs.

Slip

Uppercut

Overhead

Overhead

Chains rattle. Stronger men make their bags dance like enthusiastic partners. I punch harder.

Cross

Block

Hook

I tell myself to focus. The haunting of the word 'faggot' ringing in my ears.

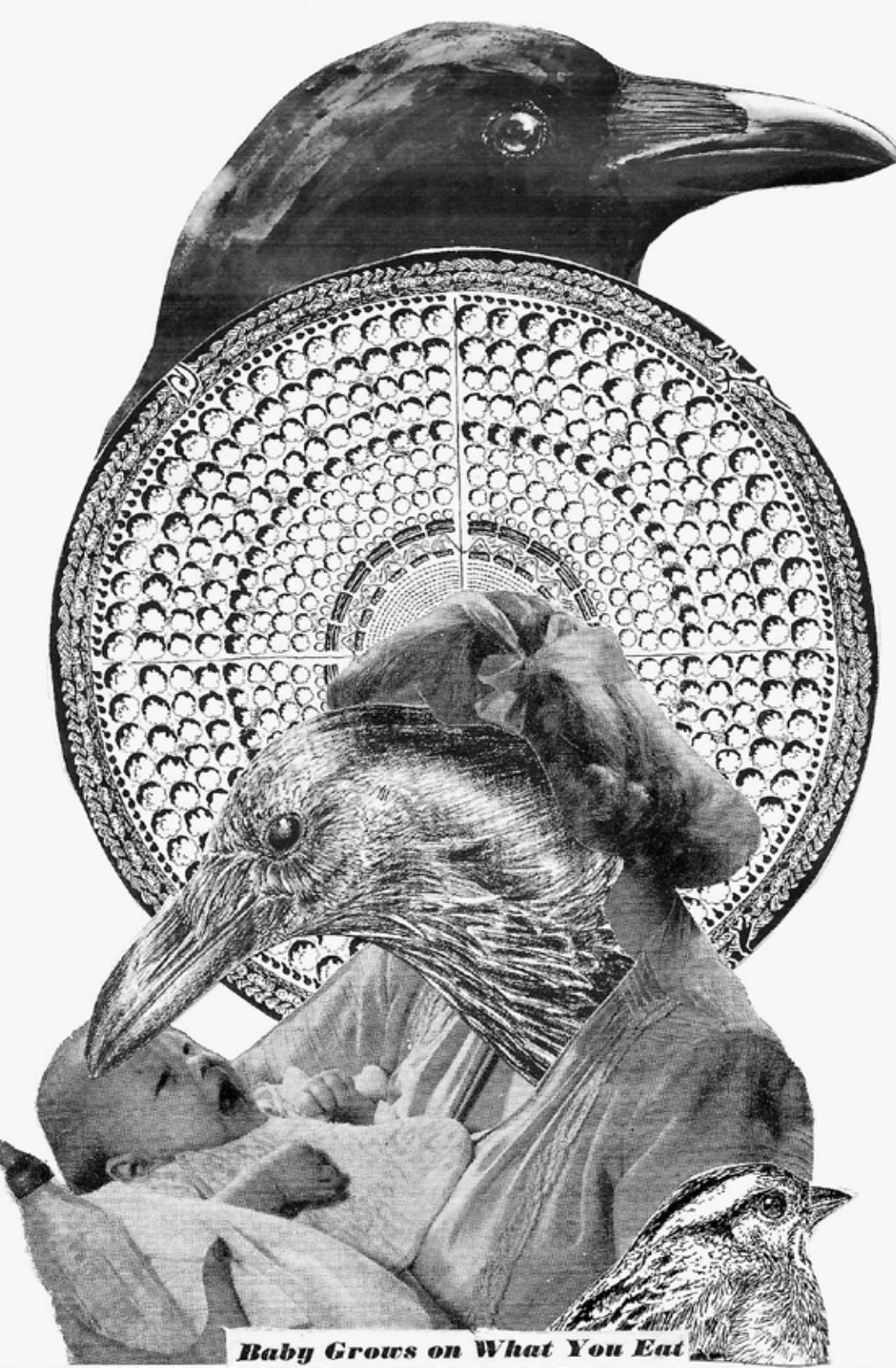
Remember to keep your hands up.

Freestyle. 30-seconds. All out.

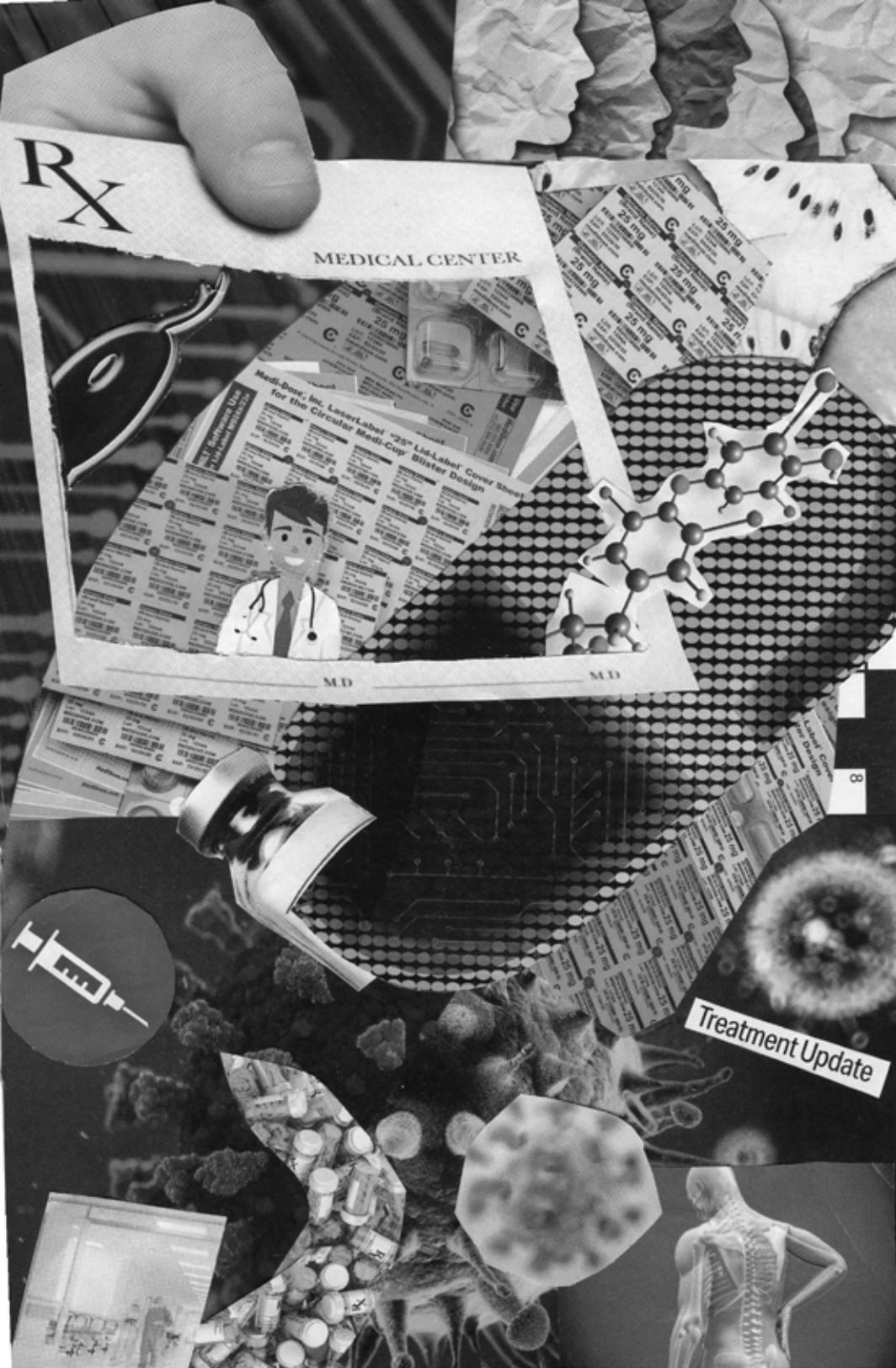
The release of screaming at a concert. There is a catharsis in breaking things.

Something is released in me. It is feral. And unmistakably feminine.

Zach Stewart



Baby Grows on What You Eat



Rx

MEDICAL CENTER



M.D.

M.D.



Treatment Update



Re-creating a
Vanished World

OUTSIZED
WONDERLAND

Forum After makes

Moppy's perfect

Grape The The network

America's The in car

Scientific Master

DON'T A GIVE

The Members THE

Give NEW! fill

Whisper Our international
meals— THE

NATIONAL The up a In

ARE isolation Heroes
electronic Maze
Mystery

AHEAD

THE P S LOWLY Biggest
oised Engulfed

BUILDING

WORLD'S Substance MIGHTIEST

What

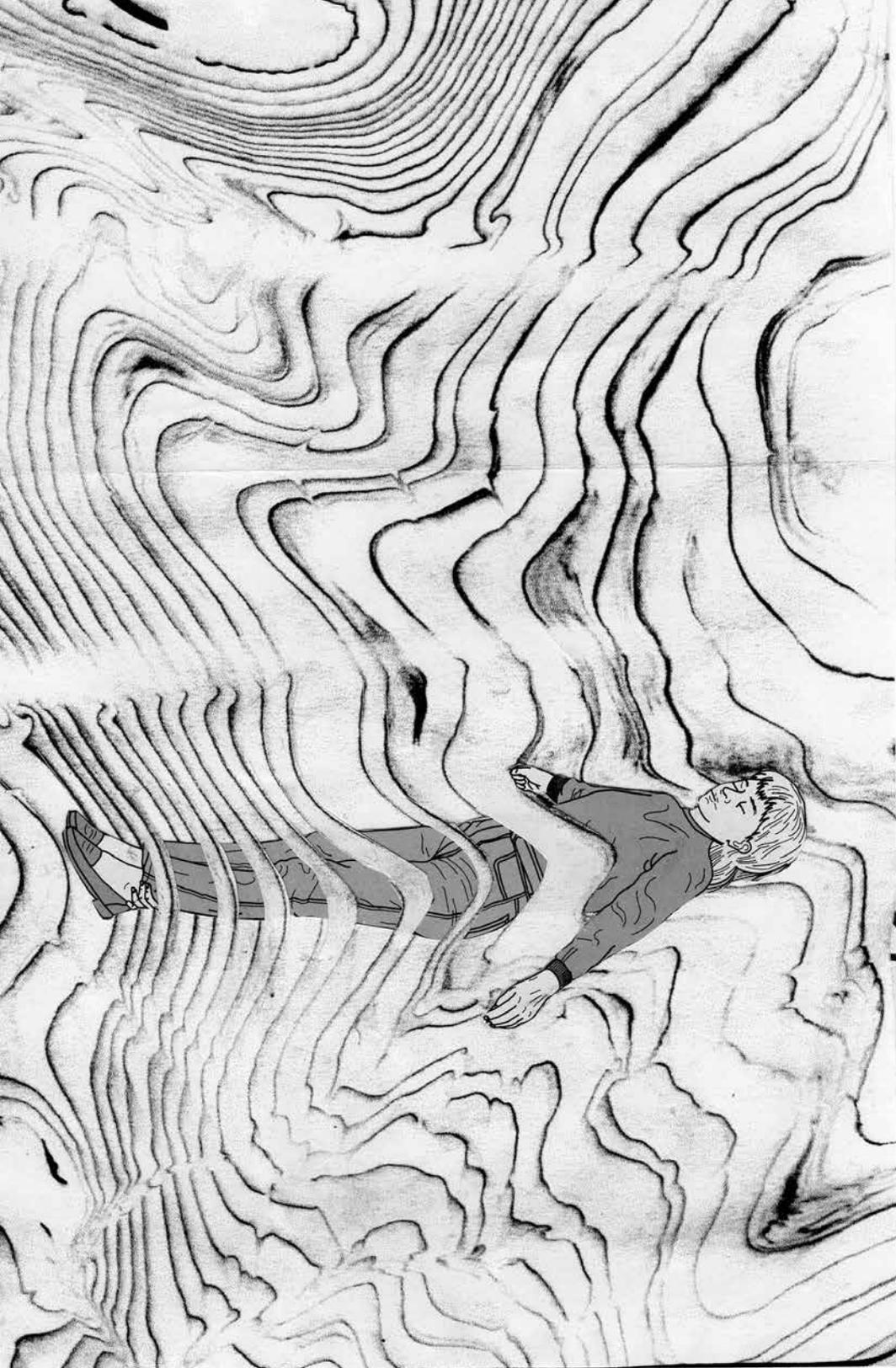
THE
complete
CHOOSE

Give Me My Infinite Portal

It's a luscious a air we've got going on, you and I, with our late nights in bed drinking each other in and our languid mornings gazing into each other's sleepy eyes. When I'm with you, I can leave, escape the silence and the solitude and the unbearable reality of my own body. Together we travel the world, skipping manically from place to place and thing to thing and thought to thought, like our minds are distractible little puppies suddenly finding themselves amidst way too many lickable strangers. My eyes run their tongues along the surface of you, devouring every last mundane detail of the lives of others, the worlds of others, the joys of others, the pains of others, my fingers scrolling and scrolling and scrolling, an intricate dance of agitated thumbs, running and running and running away, far away from here, wherever here happens to be, because truly, we are rarely ever here, are we? You and I are many places, but here isn't usually one of them.

Is this what love is like? A silent, insidious sucking away of the sensations around me? A compulsive, thirsty, desperate desire to touch you, hold you, run my fingers over you, lose myself in you until I can't feel anything but your cold, smooth self against my fingertips, can't feel the existential dread, can't even feel the flames of the world that is burning all around me? Are you here to save me, my darling, my beloved, my heart? Are you here to take me away, to wrap my consciousness up in your capable binary hands and carry me through the logic gates into the magical land of Not Here? Is this our fairytale, and if it is, are we being authored by Disney or by the Brothers Grimm? I'm only wondering because I'd like to know if I should begin preparing for a white wedding that will drain the melanin straight out of my skin like a bright new t-shirt in the washer, or if I should start sewing my burial shroud. Or perhaps they are one and the same. Perhaps I will just lie here, motionless but for my frantic fingers, a pair of spinning dancers upon your screen, and wait for you to tell me which way you'd like for this to go.

Fatima Shah





this
is
all
fine



I tell myself



was

made



end

times



I WENT TO A MUSEUM.

IT WAS A MUSEUM MADE BY MEN.

THERE WERE NO PAINTINGS

AND THERE WERE NO WINDOWS

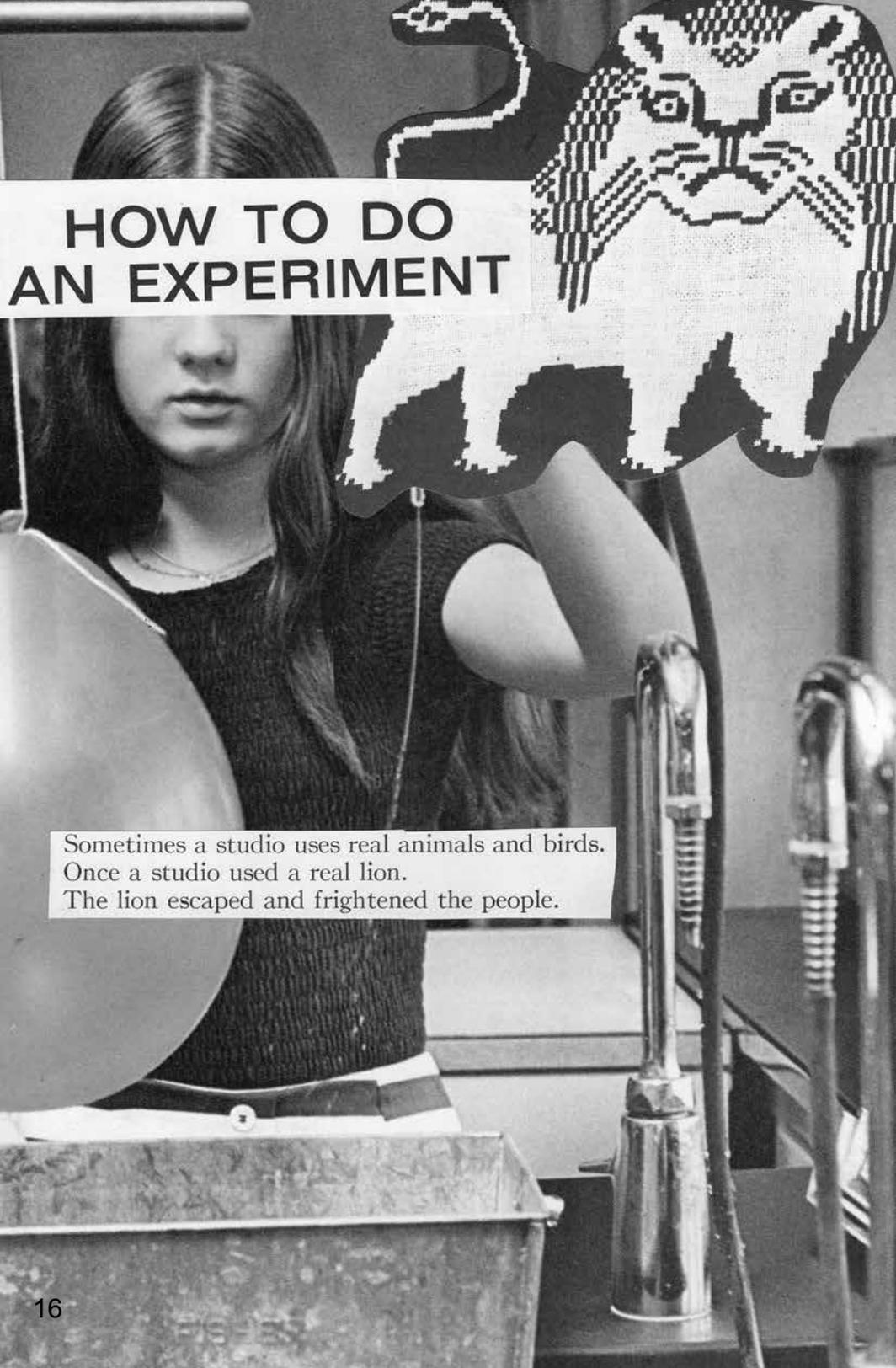
BUT I DID SEE A MAN

TURN INTO A WEREWOLF

IN THE STAIRWELL.

I DON'T WANT TO VISIT AGAIN

BUT I KNOW IT WILL VISIT ME.



HOW TO DO AN EXPERIMENT

Sometimes a studio uses real animals and birds.
Once a studio used a real lion.
The lion escaped and frightened the people.



**THERE IS A CHANCE, HOWEVER SLIM,
THAT MY IRONIC AND DETACHED NATURE
COULD BE MISCONSTRUED AS JERKINESS.**

~ SALEM SABERHAGEN ~



Contributors

Tessia Bekelja is a collage artist and zine maker in Troy, NY.
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"Baby Grows on What You Eat,"
page 9

Maura Bekelja is based in Sleepy Hollow, NY, home of the headless horseman.
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Emily Hart,
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"Fold at the dotted line,"
page 11

Sarah 'Madeline' Darby is a Troy-based artist and musician.
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"Wilder," page 4

Jes Turco is an illustration and multimedia artist from the Adirondack region of New York, creating sweetly grotesque works with allegorical subject matter that may feel just slightly off-kilter to the mind.
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"Treatment Update,"
page 10

Christopher Simple (Brown) is a musician and filmmaker based in Troy, NY. His visual art is often inspired by nostalgia and/or the documentation of his own life experience.
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Page 17

Mary Stevens is a graphic designer and artist based in Fort Collins, Colorado. Inspired by nostalgia, bold colors, and architecture, Mary strives to create art that is unique in its point of view, while also ensuring it never takes itself too seriously.
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"Give Me My Infinite Portal,"
page 12

Fatima Shah is a queer Pakistani-American writer, teacher, and visual artist. Her work focuses on whatever she happens to be trying to understand at any given time, which can include both everything and nothing. She is the nonfiction editor for Masalazine, and the author of many very popular books, none of which have been written yet.
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"Shadowboxing,"
page 8

Zachary Stewart is a writer and stand-up living outside Boston. He loves addressing toxic masculinity, pyramid schemes, and Disney gays in his work.
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