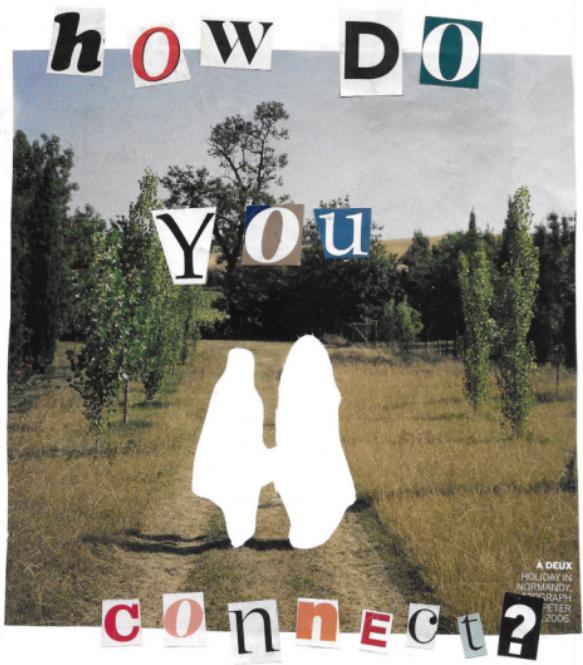


# wishful thinking (3)



a short zine



you are something that i love  
but i know you too well and too long.  
anytime you see something new  
and tell me about it, it's not enough.

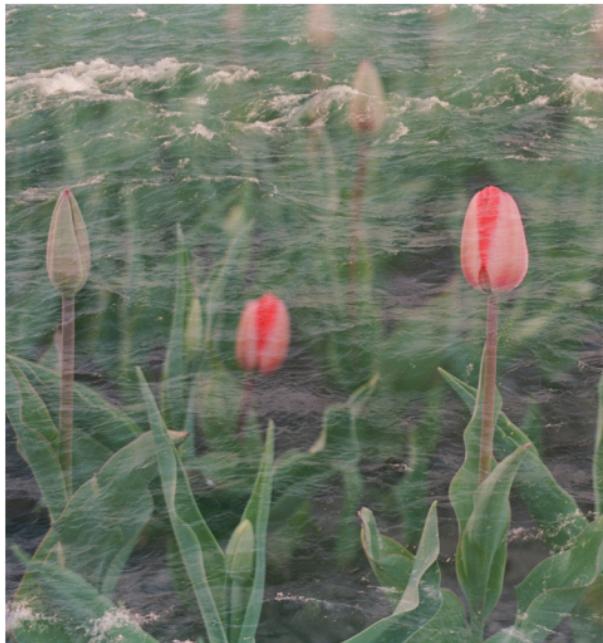
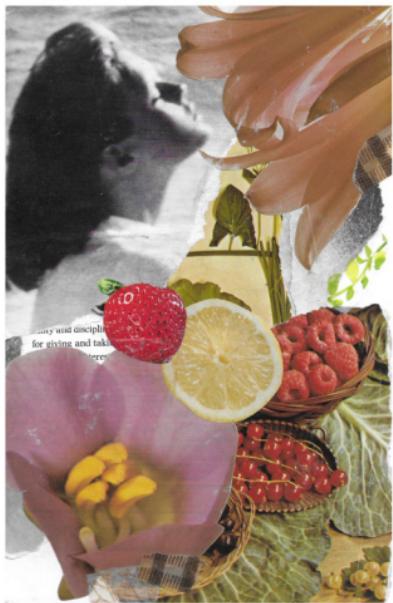
i am wrapped around you and neither of us  
can breathe. we get no choice. i wish i could  
forget the ways your thoughts mirror the last  
until you are a child with no idea. mundane  
moments like the fan calming your thighs in  
the dark make me realize that you are the  
same - you just can't change, sure try to  
show me the new things you can do with  
your hands hanging from your mouth but  
you are never going to be new to me.



there's a ghost in my basket  
with lots of faces  
expressions shifting like balloons  
i walk along, growing taller  
to pick fruits off the top of trees  
voices sing to me  
blend together  
pitches melding  
until all i hear is my head rocking  
back and forth  
i lay in the grass and disintegrate into  
miniature kaleidoscopes.



there will be time for fresh starts,  
to put myself back together when  
i'm ready. every moment i keep  
existing leaves room for that to  
happen, even if all i can do right  
now is put a meal in my stomach  
with no real memory of doing it.



there will be time for me to feel alive.  
it's never too late until my body is gone.



words by hazel rain  
photos and collages by jada bee

we're best friends who love  
creating. we thought it would be  
cool to work together on a  
collaborative art project. thanks for  
reading our zine :) <3