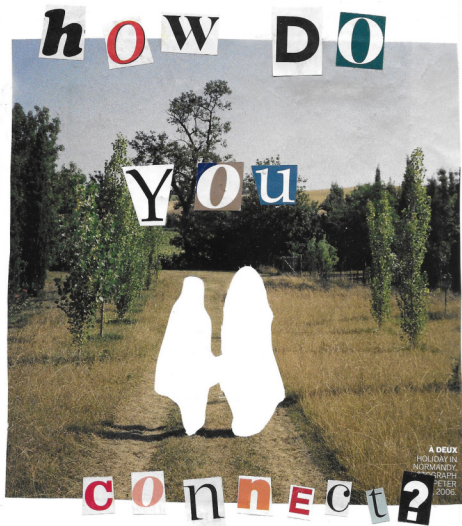


wishful thinking (3)



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