HOW DID THIS HAPPEN???

how can i do this to my own body???

a zine by

Ray & Shay Daylami-Frost
 HOW DID THIS HAPPEN???
 vol 9: how can I do this to my own body???

Without attribution:
untitled poem
May 15, 2017
...and then my life changed
outcomes
Designer
yet another home poem
untitled comic
The Creation of Ugly

October 2021
WHAT'S IN COYOTE

denim patch with wrong hue bias

DIY water bottle pocket Disco made them

glow in the dark mushroom pin that makes their day everytime they see it glow

the bag:
someone's older brother's old yellow JanSport Superbreak
UGLY'S BAG???

inventory:

- lock
- bike tools & pump
- rechargeable battery
- snacks
- bike lights
- cigs & lighter
- cigarette snuffer
- keys
- wallet
- reusable straws they always forget to use
- shades
- hand sanitizer
- face mask
- bandana
- Swiss Army Knife
- Advil

has $1.01 in it
easy access hand sanitizer because we're living through the endtimes

the bag:
someone's returned REI Flash22 daypack
NAILS' BAG???

backup mask because, again, endtimes

bike lights in homemade protective pouch

aeropress can opener

yes i smoke weed, why do you ask???

light pink, left back pocket if you know, you know

ancient, dying phone he refuses to replace

fancies himself a writer
sitting outside on a crisp autumn morning,
listening to birdsong,
drinking coffee,
unpicking the waistband of an old silk skirt,
the lump of sadness in my chest softens with each
stitch I pull out.
I wish I could bottle this feeling of contentment.

it takes so much tenderness to pull the stitches
out
without ripping the material
this skirt is the best parts of grandmothers,
soft, but surprisingly sturdy,
delicate, but impressively resilient,
maybe it will lend me some of their grace and
strength to wear it.

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May 15, 2017

All of the stories have already been told. I
am not telling a new story. I am merely retelling
old stories in a new order to beguile the reader
into thinking I am. I am rearranging all of the
words that have already been said into an order
that hasn’t appeared in that exact way before. I
am a magician, tricking the reader into thinking
my story is original when really it’s the same old
story, told and retold for all time. Newness is
simply illusion.
...and then my life changed

"the house I was living in didn't have working plumbing, so I pooped in a bag and showered with the garden hose..."

"...then I went and pitched Depressed Talking Horse Man..."

"...and they said, 'yes'..."

*inspired by Coralie Kraft’s August 2021 profile of Lisa Hanawalt for The New Yorker.*
outcomes
The first time I write out the words “I am a man”
will not be a coming out--
The first time I see myself flat chested with only
a t-shirt against my skin,
The first time I shave more than peach fuzz from
my face,
The last time I bleed? The last time I’m called
ma’am?
The last time I walk into a women’s restroom, head
down, trying to look small and unthreatening

The firsts that will become part of my routine and
eventually be taken for granted
The lasts that have been my life up till now that
will hopefully become hazy memories

It is not so much a new beginning, or a righting
of wrongs; it is a transition--
A process,
A journey. The trip really is more important than
the destination, because the destination will be a
full circle back to myself. I’ve never not been
me.

I’ll miss the opportunity to be a dyke on a bike
in a pride parade,
A stone butch,
Tender, strong, and masculine. Toxically so, even
more so than many of my brothers.
I’ll miss being a sign of safety and strength for
others like me who feel they have no place,
No right to an identity that has to be
constructed.
I’ll miss feeling like there is a long strong
history of people like me.
But I’ll still have a place in the parade,  
New label, same me,  
Still tender, strong, and masculine—becoming more secure in it by the day.  
I’ll be recognized by my brothers; I’ll welcome my sisters, protect my siblings.  
I’ll be a self-made man, visible to anyone even remotely like me.  
Revisionist history will be written to include people like me.
Home is the smell of wet rabbit brush after a terrifying downpour. Solid ground beneath your feet when surely a flash flood should have swept you away. Bird calls carrying for miles through canyons of green, gold, and every shade of brown. Water is everywhere, if you have time to find it. But distances are further out here.

The edge of the world, welcoming you to leap into a wild adventure where time stands still. Vast open areas closed in by mountain ranges crossed once upon a time by wagon trains heading west. What stories could the sagebrush tell?

Dust is my home.
Dry is my home.
Desert is my home.
When I am one day deemed no longer worthy, the very dirt I worship will reclaim me and the sun will bleach my bones.
on my way into town, there’s a spot where I can coast uphill if I want to

instead, I usually shift into a higher gear...

...and mash my way up the hill

I like to pretend that I’m outrunning death

that illusion of permanence is one of the reasons I make art...

... the hope that after I’m gone, someone will care that I ever existed
The Creation of Ugly
Thanks for reading!!!

We hope you enjoyed our brain dribblings! If you liked this zine, share it with your friends. If you really liked it, please consider supporting us on Patreon or purchasing from our Etsy shop so we can keep making new issues.

Follow your heart and maybe our socials!

Love,

Coyote Ugly & Disco Nails

COYOTE UGLY  @raydaylamifrost

DISCO NAILS  @shaydaylami

Etsy  etsy.com/shop/zeppystarduststudios

Patreon  patreon.com/raydaylamifrost

@howdidthishappen

zeppystarduststudios@gmail.com

#howdidthishappen
Everyone's Favorite Absurdist Spaghetti Western!

How Did This Happen?? returns with a short, but sweet, hauntingly good issue in How Can I Do This To My Own Body?? The ninth volume contemplates the meaning of home, mortality, originality, and gender identity with the tenderness, strange artwork and sardonic wit readers have come to know and love.

A Zeppy Stardust Studios Publication