

# wishful thinking (4)

a short zine

now life only happens to me  
if i give it reason to



i never continue to move around the wheel  
with no direction



language  
sits inside of me  
and i know that

i will never  
understand what to do

with words,  
or how to make myself  
like everyone else

when i speak.  
i wonder how much  
of my life

is a result of what i've said  
wrong or  
haven't said  
to other people.

if i was my ideal person,  
i'd be able to fill up an  
entire room



with love for people.  
there wouldn't be space to breathe.



standing on the sand in  
a soft brown coat my  
mother wore at my age  
i carry rocks with you  
and we add them to our  
collection;

i have chosen this day  
as an exception  
from the misery.





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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