

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

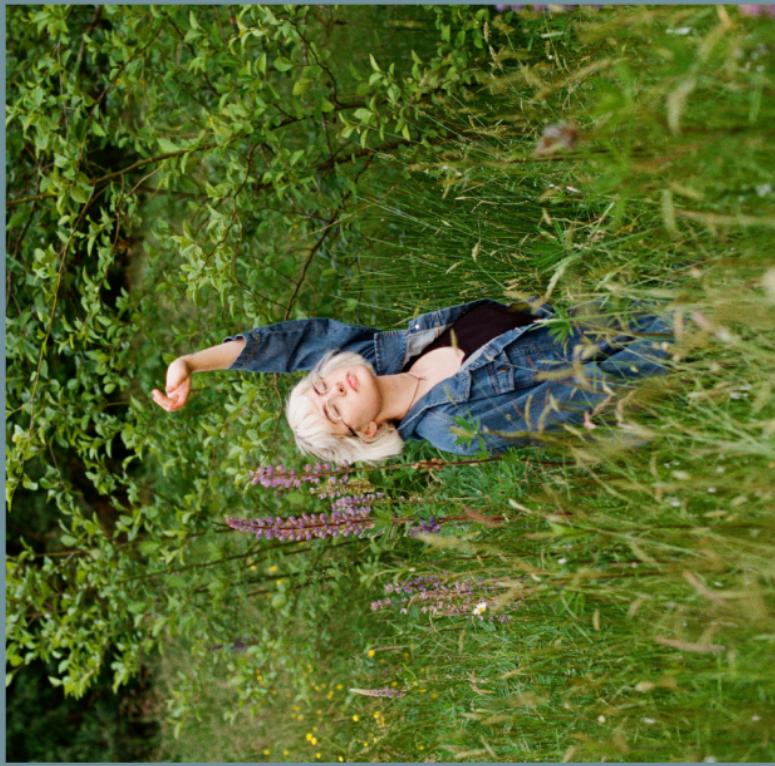
when i speak.
i wonder how much
of my life

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.



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