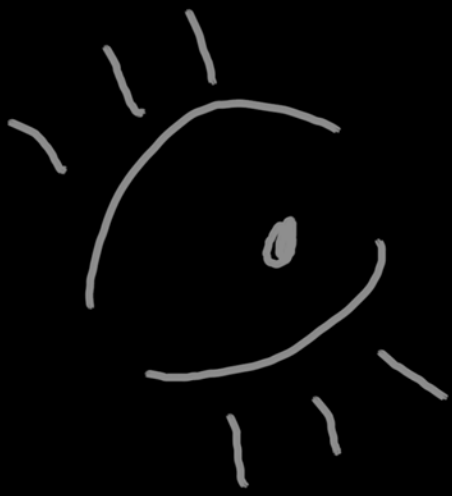






tw.

this zine deals with the
subject matter of Mental
health and isolation

take care of
yourself. ↓







IN

THE

BEGINNING

In the beginning art was a
REVELATION

a way to throw the weight
of my body against the

WORLD



Lately I
just feel the
weight



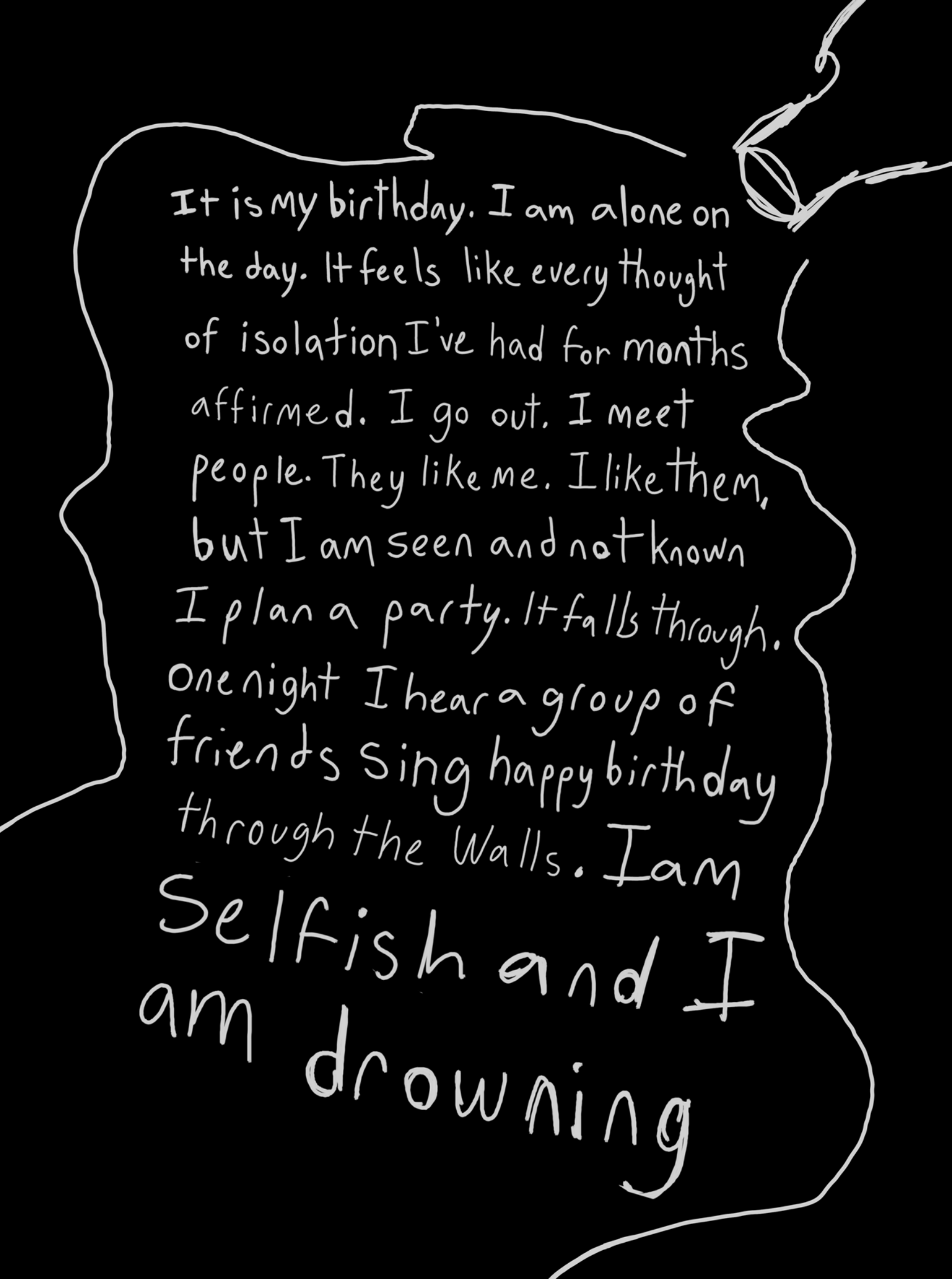
leaning on another body

I feel too heavy

A black and white illustration of a young girl with angel wings, crying, standing in a dark, rainy environment. The girl has blonde hair and is wearing a dark, short-sleeved dress. Her wings are large and feathery, extending outwards. She has tears streaming down her face. The background is dark and rainy, with raindrops visible in the air. The overall mood is somber and melancholic.

you let me

the landing is soft
the walk home is hard



It is my birthday. I am alone on
the day. It feels like every thought
of isolation I've had for months
affirmed. I go out. I meet
people. They like me. I like them,
but I am seen and not known
I plan a party. It falls through.
One night I hear a group of
friends sing happy birthday
through the walls. I am
Selfish and I
am drowning



I feel
when



too heavy
I lean on
others

So I
lean
back







I chose this



I FEEL
CHOSEN



Heffose

THIS



I FEEL
CHOSEN





I feel



Hey

I noticed
your shoe
broke



You can fix
it with this
hair tie. It's
not a permanent
solution but
it'll do for now.



Ah. This is
my stop.









I made this to be
loved and abandoned





In that way I feel/
like God



In subway
stations



and bathroom
floors

where the light
strains to reach

to be

held by

strangers





and all that

we might

be

THE ENDING
HAS ALREADY
HAPPENED