

SAD GIRL REVIEW



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contemporary art & text to bring you down

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Sad Girl Review is created, assembled, and edited by Amber.

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*These creators are featured in multiple sections.

FEATURED ARTIST

TESS MAJORS

FEATURED WRITER

LEANDRA LEE

PLAYLIST CURATOR

ASHLEY CLINE

EDITOR

AMBER MORRISON FOX



LETTER FROM THE EDITOR

RE: Issue 5 / Collections & Lists / Fall 2020

I selected Collections & Lists as the theme for this issue because what we choose to give our attention to informs our creative work (and our lives!) in a number of ways. Collecting and listing are processes that involve selection, documentation, and care. Collecting and listing can also be soothing activities which allow us to gain comfort and control over an aspect of our experience. I held these thoughts in my mind when I asked potential contributors: *what do you collect and how do you display it?* and *what do you write lists for?*



Portrait of Amber

MATTHEW J. FOX /@autist_savant

I received emails with attached images of bedrooms and bookshelves, sentimental scraps of paper, stuffed toys, trinkets, and other special treasures. People shared lists they wrote about their emotions, circumstances, and surroundings. It might've taken me a while but through these submissions I have come to realize that Sad Girl Review is my most important collection.

To keep with the spirit of the issue, here is a short list about why Issue 5 is very dear to me:

1. These pages feature work by many new artists, poets, and collectors. Welcome, we love and support emerging creatives here!
2. We are sharing the work of many highly experienced contributors, some of which have appeared in previous issues of SGR. Their skill and dedication continues to inspire us.
3. Our featured artist joins us posthumously: Tess Majors presents her beautiful photo series *The Flower Collector*. It is an incredible honour that she chose to share her photography with SGR in November of last year. This issue is dedicated to Tess and her interest in flowers is carried throughout the entire volume. It's our fall edition but Tess pushes us to think of springtime and all of its wonder and potential.

I want to express my heartfelt gratitude to the Majors family for allowing Sad Girl Review to share Tess's photography, and I certainly must thank Tess herself for taking a chance and reaching out. Thanks to all of the contributors for sharing their work and to my friends and mother for proofreading. (Side note: my mom was an early inspiration for this issue. She collected Happy Meal toys, canned food based on licensed TV shows, and discarded shopping lists.) Last but no less important, I'd like to offer my thanks to you, the reader, for picking up this collection. There's further information about this issue on the website if you're looking for more context and the SGR social media channels are open if you're feeling inspired to share your collection.

Amber ♥
Editor, Sad Girl Review
@ambervisualartist

PS: I highly encourage you to connect with the contributors. Tell them you value their work. Support their online sales, like/comment/subscribe, and generally cheer for their success. Your viewership and participation matters so much.



FEATURED ARTIST

TESS MAJORS

The Flower Collector



IN HER OWN WORDS:

“ *The Flower Collector* contrasts the ephemeral nature of flowers and the natural world with the permanence of documentation via photography. ”

Tess Majors (2001-2019) described herself as an emerging artist. She had just begun to attend university but she was no stranger to creativity. She expressed herself through writing, photography, music, and other artistic pursuits. Tess performed live and recorded gigs, and she and her friends released an album together as Patient 0 in September 2019. Her collected works have been gathered by her family and are available for viewing at www.tessmajors.com.

*Sad Girl Review offers a very heartfelt thank you to the Majors family.
Tess's photographs are shared with consent. Do not reproduce images without permission.*



VISUAL ANALYSIS OF *THE FLOWER COLLECTOR*

AN ESSAY BY AMBER MORRISON FOX

Editorial Note: Tess submitted her images with a brief description to Sad Girl Review on November 19, 2019. Her life ended on December 11 of 2019, but her email was not discovered until late July 2020. I deeply regret that I did not get the opportunity to ask her any questions about her work, and because of this I do not want to project any assumptions onto her images. I will simply share what I know and elaborate on what I see in her series.

In looking at Tess's pictures I asked myself: *what can be understood from only five images?*

Tess's submission email mentioned that she took this series of photographs between April 2018 and April 2019. *The Flower Collector* was received in the following order and the individual photos were untitled. I decided to visually examine Tess's work in an attempt to come to a better understanding as to why she sent it, though as expected, more questions than answers developed. While we may not be able to fully comprehend what *The Flower Collector* meant to Tess beyond her artist statement, we can look closely at what she provided and wonder what it might mean for us as viewers.

It is fascinating to sit with and analyze an artist's work, to see the visual language they are drawn to and how they use it to express themselves. I speculated about where Tess stood in relation to her subjects and questioned why she cropped images the way she did. Did she opt to apply any editing techniques or did she pull pictures right off of her camera? I thought of her focusing her lens as she placed little purple flowers in some shots and posed her friends with them in others. She coherently presents a theme and approach; she was drawn to the hallmarks of spring and she offered them to us for our consideration.



1 A Common Eastern Bumble Bee collects nectar from a flowering tree. The small insect is in the center of the composition and it dangles upside down on a branch as it gathers pollen. There are clusters of white flowers around each green leaf but the image overall is dark and out of focus. How close did she get to the bee? Did she happen to see it as it rested for the evening? Tess's statement mentions her interest in the natural world and its impermanence and there's no better symbol of this idea than the bumble bee. Bumble bees only live for a season but they are integral to us and our world, especially to flowers.



2

A detail of a cement sculpture, a headstone? The sculpture is close to the camera and its head and feet are beyond the edge of the frame. Its hands hover around a bunch of tiny purple flowers and the surrounding cement is faintly streaked green. The flowers and grass are contrasted by the weathered sculpture. Stone and stems are both natural objects, as are the rare earth minerals that power Tess's camera. Different scales of time are well represented here.



3

A pair of hands in the top right corner of the frame, wrists upturned. The subject, out of frame, holds their hands over a carpet of purple flowers and interlocks a few fingers. Their fingernails were painted red sometime ago and now the polish is chipped and worn away with use. The paint on each nail has naturally developed scalloped contours, not unlike the edges of the petals below.



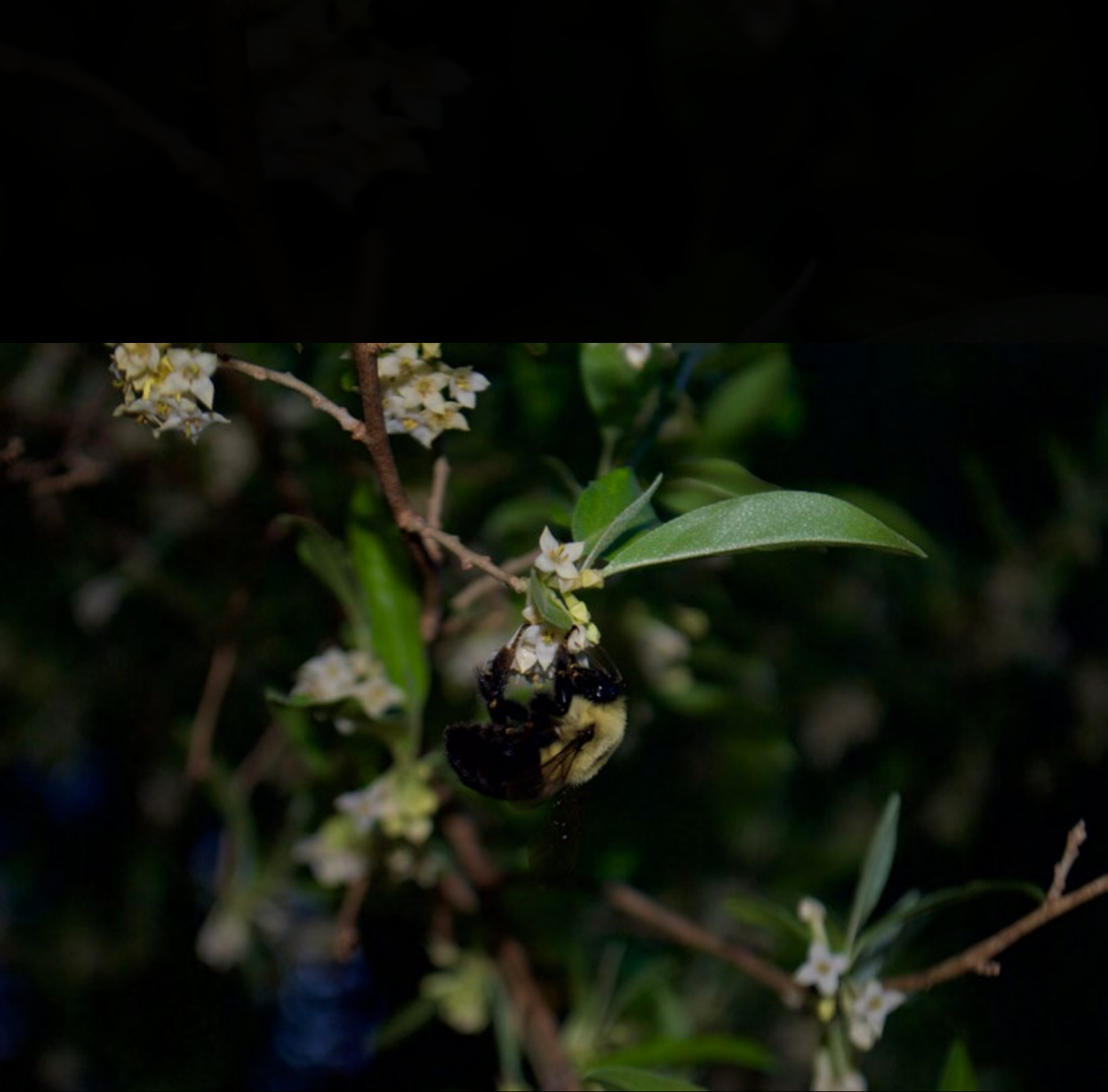
4

Two purple flowers tucked into the top two button holes of someone's shirt. Most of the image is occupied by the pale blue fabric of the shirt, with the flowers and buttons as the only details in focus. Tall trees blur in the sliver of background over the figure's shoulder. The image refers to a person by only showing a small aspect of them; a shoulder and part of the chest at collar bone level. There is a shadow of a chin. As in the other photos, we're denied access to more information through careful cropping. Tess is asking us to remain focused on the flowers, but the other details in her composition are intriguing too. Who put those flowers there and why?



5

Daffodils bloom in abundance and a black cat hides in the tall stems. The cat's green eyes blend into its environment and its black fur convincingly mimics the shadows in between the plants. Tess notices the cat as it notices her.





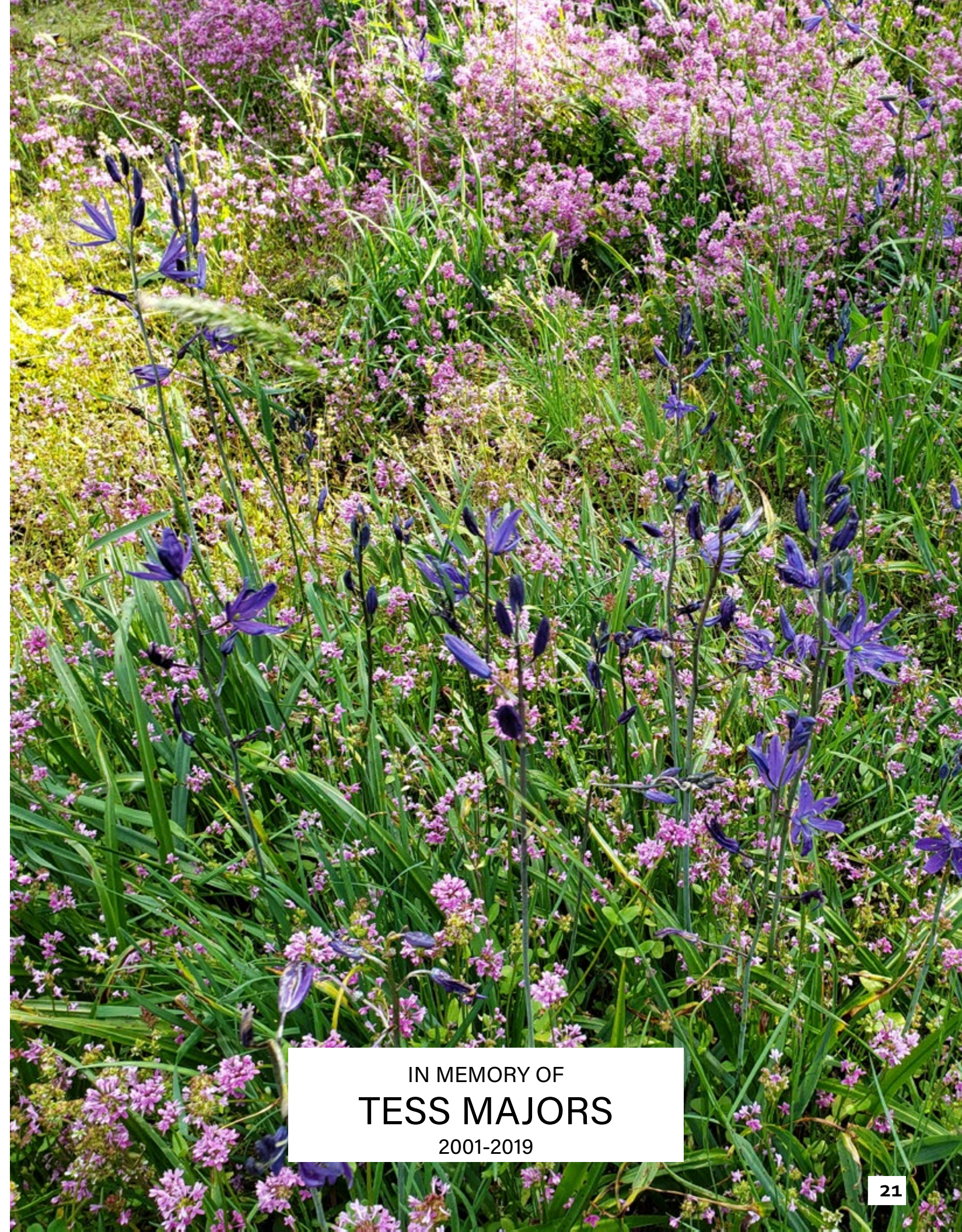




FEATURED ARTIST
TESS MAJORS / *The Flower Collector*

Tess Majors stated that she believed photography was a form of documentation and she viewed this as a kind of permanence. Sculptures erode, flowers wilt, and the life cycle of the bumble bee ends as summer comes to a close. Nevertheless, these fleeting things existed and she shows them to us across time. Her photos are part of the world as she saw it, photographed it, and presented it. Her choice to share her photographs with us was another act of permanence too.

Now when you breathe in the scent of fresh wildflowers you might remember one of Tess's photographs. Her ideas about nature and time and our place in it all are obscured because we have no certain answers, and yet, like the black cat lurking in the daffodils, her thoughts are still clearly present. Through her photography Tess reminds us of what it feels like to be a teenager with a camera, hanging out with close friends in springtime. The flowers are in full bloom and it's beautiful.



IN MEMORY OF
TESS MAJORS
2001-2019

FEATURED COLLECTIONS

OBJECTS OF DESIRE: *What Do You Collect?*



ARTIST
MEGHAN RENNIE
SAYS:

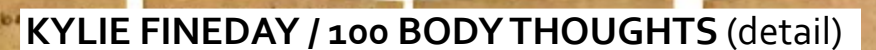
I collect buttons and pins. Currently my collection exceeds 150 pieces—I can't give an exact count because I am buying, trading for, and making more every day. Whether they be enamel pins, pin-back buttons, handmade polymer clay pins, old bottle caps, metal brooches, or something entirely different, if it's small and cute and I can pin it to my jacket, I'll take it.

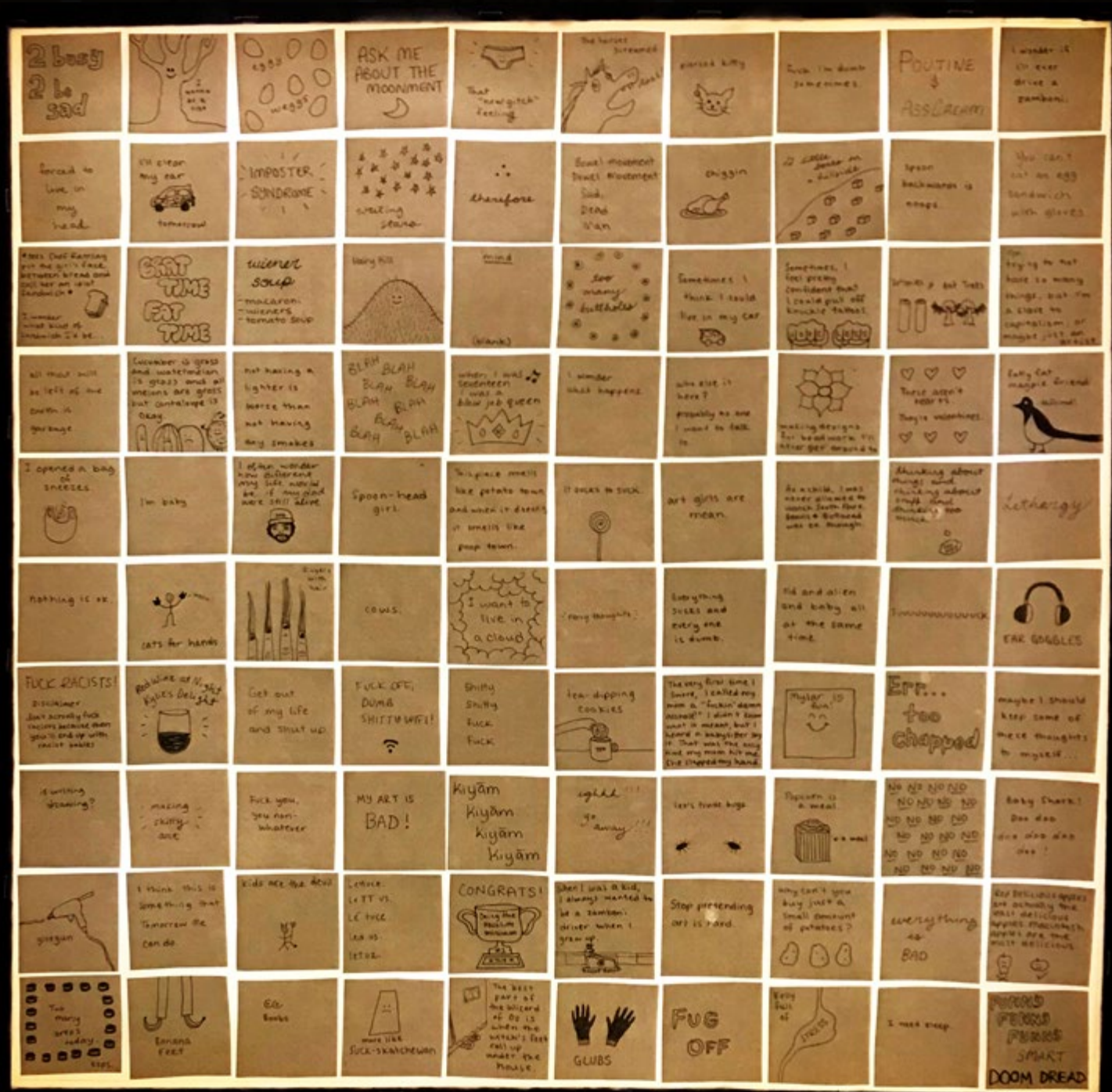
My collection has become too big to wear on one jacket, so I spread it out over two jackets, two purses, a vest, the bill of one of my hats, and a lanyard. This image of my jacket includes a couple of my favourite pieces. One is a vintage button I bought from a thrift store, which says "Alive and Doing Well." On the underside, it is labelled "Medicine Hat Rehab Centre." Another one I love is a shiny lizard brooch I've owned since the first grade, long before I started collecting in earnest. There's no story behind it—lizards are just cool.

I haven't always been this confident in my collection. I spent a lot of my life feeling shy and nervous around people, scared to stand out. I was diagnosed with Generalized Anxiety Disorder in 2017, and since then, I've learned a lot about coming out of my shell and living more truthfully. Wearing what makes me happy is an important part of that. These days, I wear my collection with pride, jingling happily through the hallways as I walk.



Kylie is a nehiyaw artist from Sweetgrass First Nation, SK. She recently completed her BFA in Art Studio at the University of Lethbridge. She has exhibited her work and participated in curatorial projects in various capacities within the community of Lethbridge, AB as well. Twitter and Instagram: @askiy_iskwew.





100 RANDOM THOUGHTS (2019)



KYLIE FINEDAY / 100 RANDOM THOUGHTS (detail)

Miner's Return, Lafayette, NJ



Margot DeSalvo and her husband visit the same antique shop every year to take photos of the same spots.

Margot is also a writing coach and can be found as @TheWritePlaceCoach on Facebook. Her work can be found in Buddylit Zine, Califragile, Ghost City Review, and Sonic Boom.

Retired Quest, Lafayette, NJ





HER OWN **PERSONAL LIBRARY**

December Lace collects books. When asked about her favourites she replied:

"Emilie Autumn's signed, original first edition of the *Asylum for Wayward Victorian Girls*, John Connolly's *The Book of Lost Things* with fairy tales included in the back, and *A Certain Slant of the Light* by Laura Whitcomb. I loaned the Whitcomb book to someone very special to me just before he died, and when I got it back I realized he'd left something in its pages for me. We both really loved the story, but now it'll always be pure magic."

December is a former professional wrestler and pinup model from Chicago. She is a Best of the Net nominee and has appeared in the Chicago Tribune, Pro Wrestling Illustrated, The Cabinet of Heed, Mooky-chick, Pussy Magic Lit, Vamp Cat, Coffin Bell, Sad Girl Review, Twist in Time, and Pink Plastic House. She loves Batman, burlesque, cats, and horror movies. She can be found at decemberlace.blogspot.com and on Twitter and Instagram: @TheMissDecember.



Endless anime.

@ShoujoRukiia has loved anime since childhood. She moderates online groups for collectors and select North American anime distributors. She doesn't know how many titles are in her collection but she thinks it's roughly over 1000! If you want to talk anime you can join her on Facebook by looking up [Anime Collectors Galore Group](#).

Rukiia has too many favourites to be able to list them here but she personally recommends that you check out these shows: *Akame ga Kill*, *Black Jack*, *Re: Zero*, and *JoJo's Bizarre Adventure*.





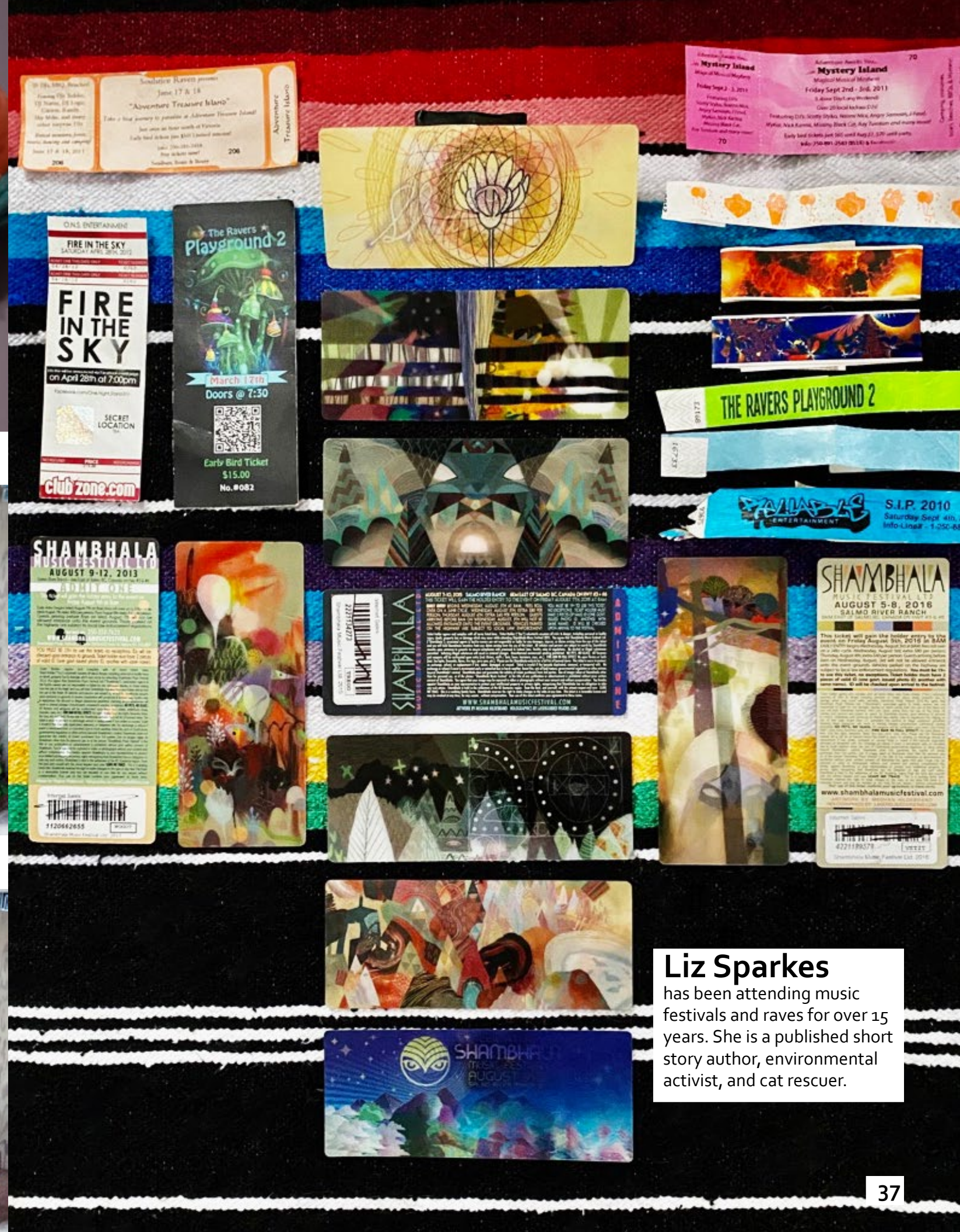
@arkstraveller has nets full of stuffed toys.



Cheryl Redquest collects salt and pepper shakers.



Cheryl collects angels too.
This is only a small fraction of what she has,
many of which were given to her by her mother.



Liz Sparkes
has been attending music
festivals and raves for over 15
years. She is a published short
story author, environmental
activist, and cat rescuer.

Jenene Ravesloot collects skulls.

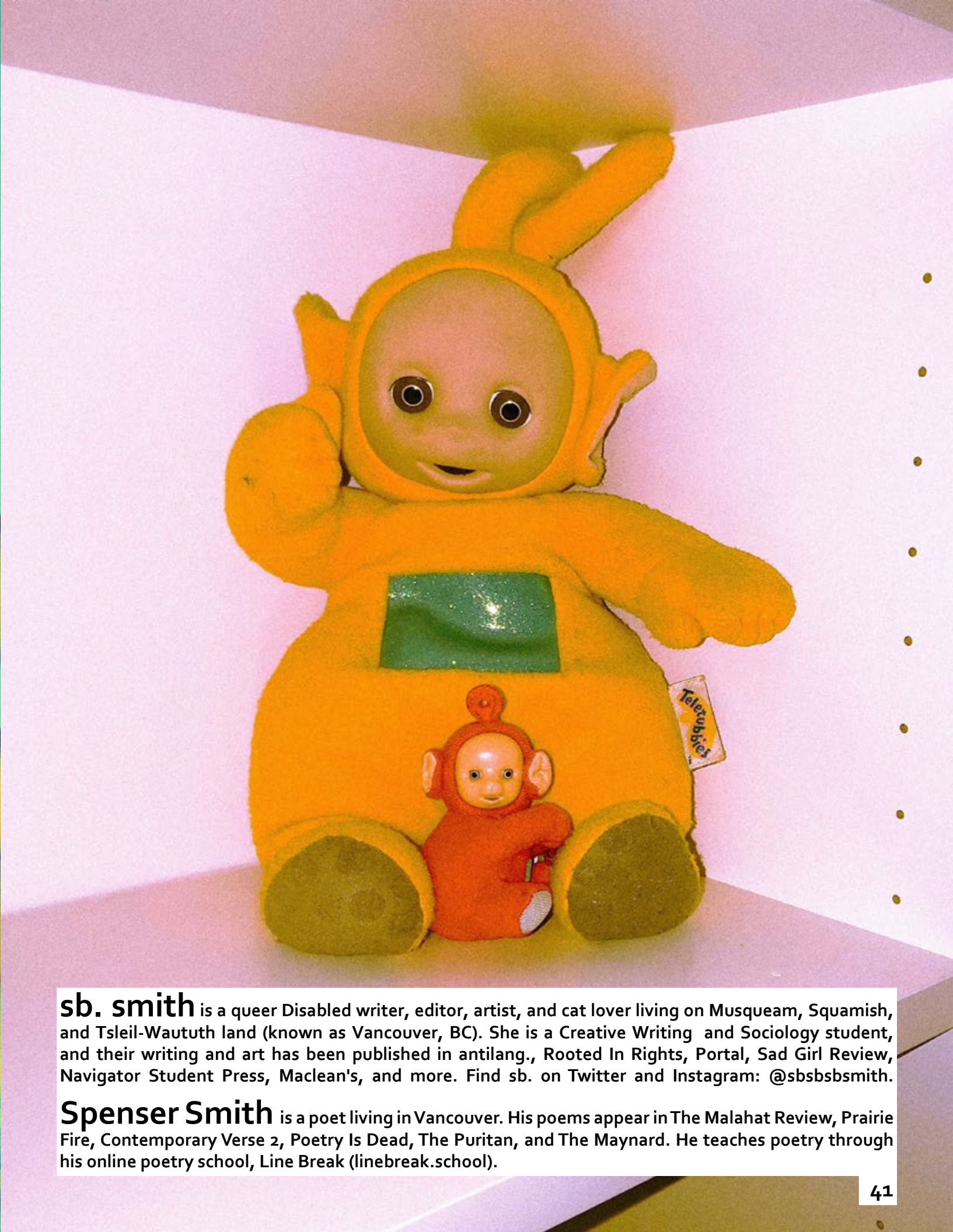
Jenene has also written five books of poetry. She has published in The Ekphrastic Review, After Hours Press, Sad Girl Review, the Caravel Literary Arts Journal, and many other online journals, print journals, chapbooks, and anthologies. She is a member of The Poets' Club of Chicago, the Illinois State Poetry Society, and Poets & Patrons. She has received two Pushcart Prize nominations in 2018.



family time.

sb. smith and Spenser Smith collaborated to photograph their joint Teletubbies plush doll collection. Spenser arranged the plushes and oversaw post-production, while sb. photographed the Teletubbies and edited the shots.





sb. smith is a queer Disabled writer, editor, artist, and cat lover living on Musqueam, Squamish, and Tsleil-Waututh land (known as Vancouver, BC). She is a Creative Writing and Sociology student, and their writing and art has been published in antilang., Rooted In Rights, Portal, Sad Girl Review, Navigator Student Press, Maclean's, and more. Find sb. on Twitter and Instagram: @sbsbsbsmith.

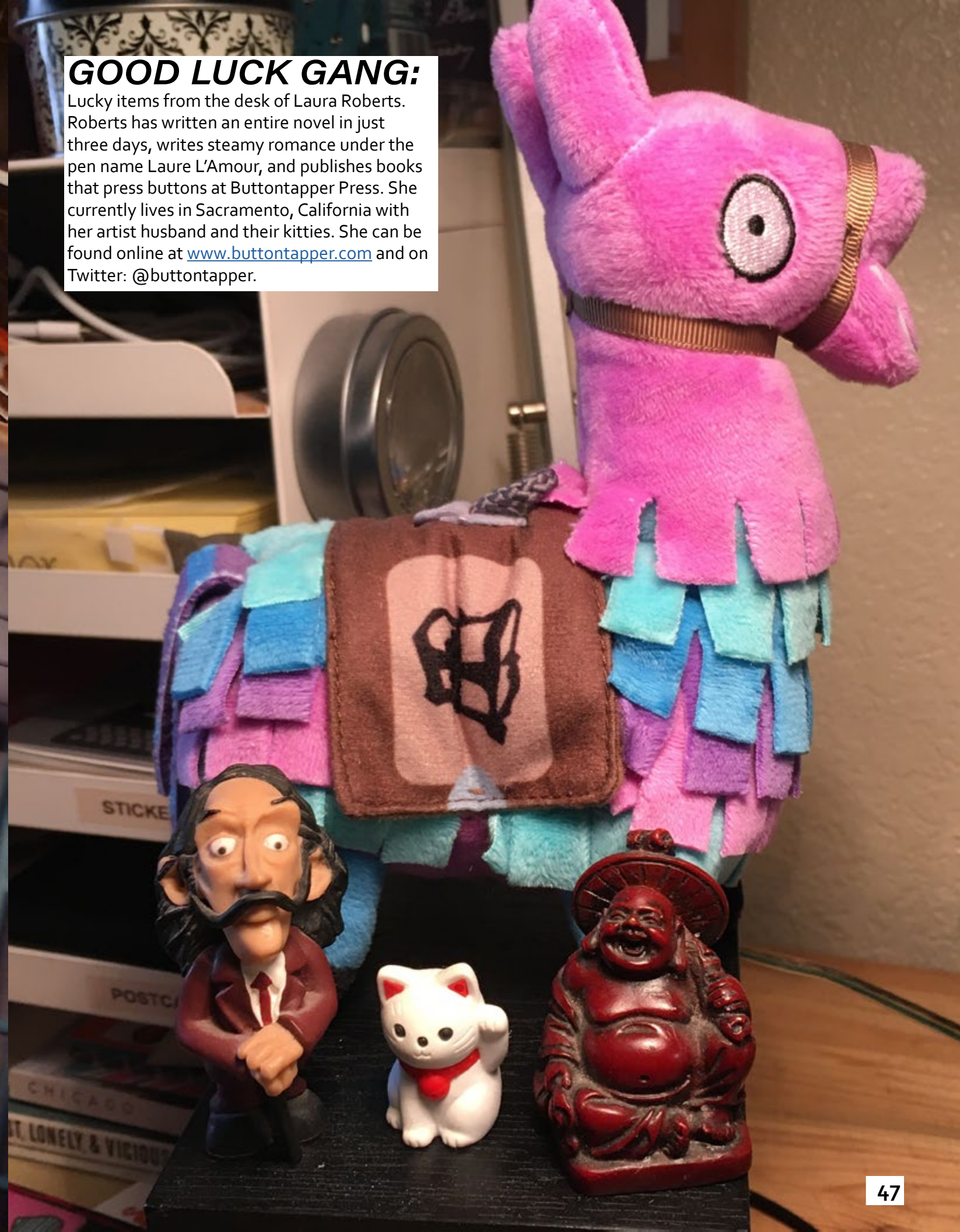
Spenser Smith is a poet living in Vancouver. His poems appear in The Malahat Review, Prairie Fire, Contemporary Verse 2, Poetry Is Dead, The Puritan, and The Maynard. He teaches poetry through his online poetry school, Line Break (linebreak.school).





GOOD LUCK GANG:

Lucky items from the desk of Laura Roberts. Roberts has written an entire novel in just three days, writes steamy romance under the pen name Laure L'Amour, and publishes books that press buttons at Buttontapper Press. She currently lives in Sacramento, California with her artist husband and their kitties. She can be found online at www.buttontapper.com and on Twitter: @buttontapper.



LEGO Minifigures:

A small corner of Ben Nelson's LEGO collection.





sb. smith shares a small snippet of their ever-growing Sailor Moon collection.

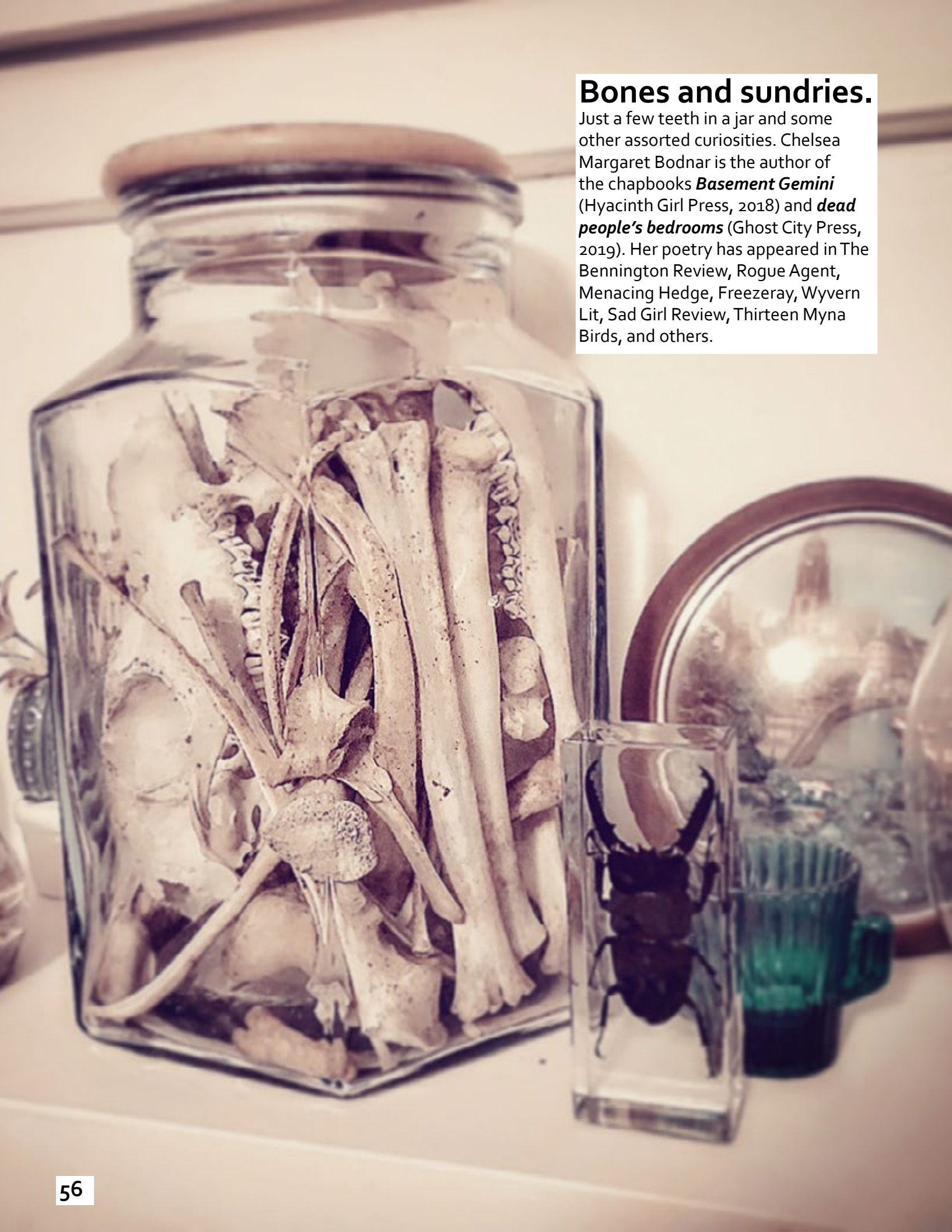




A collection by Chelsea Margaret Bodnar.

A collection by Chelsea Margaret Bodnar.

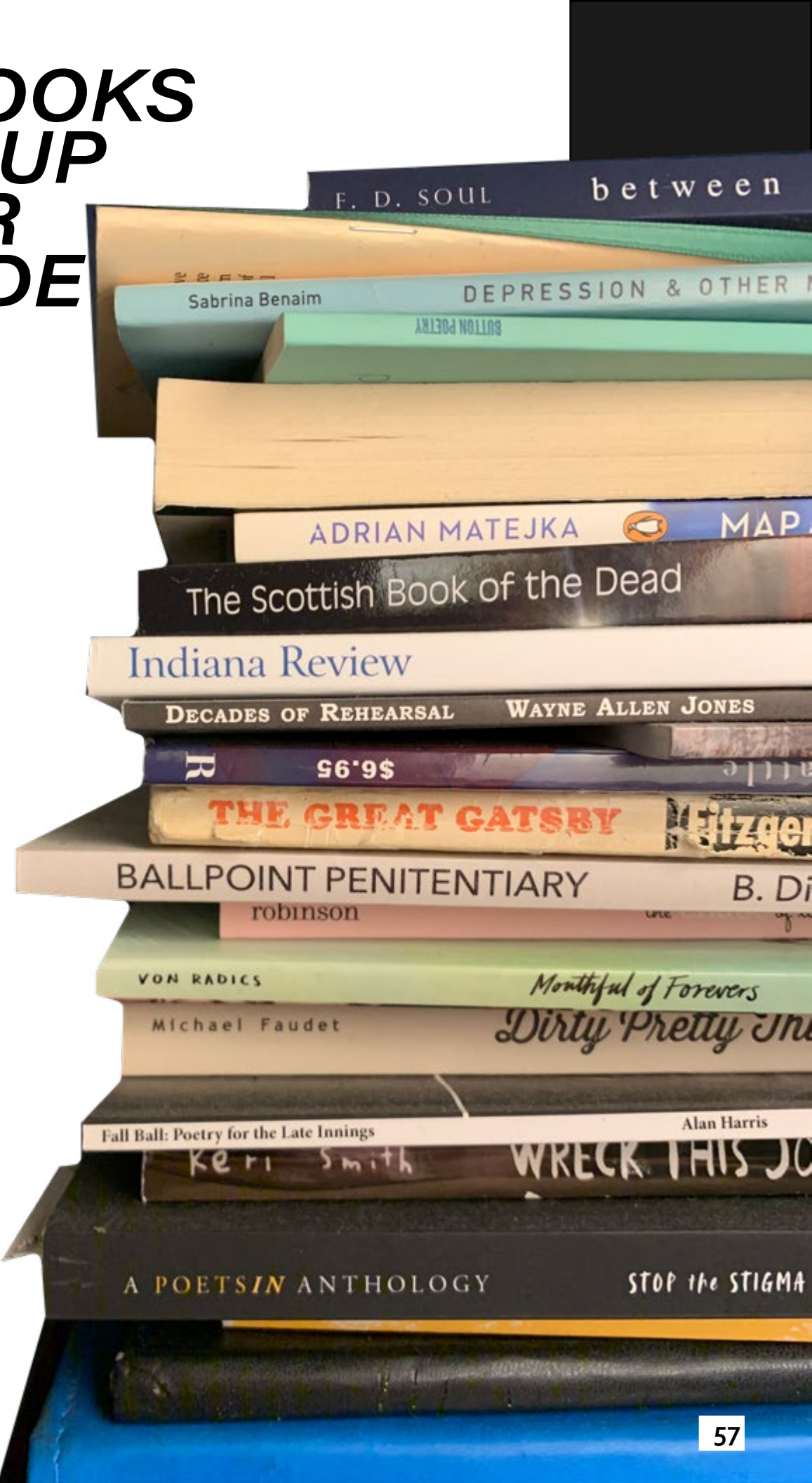




Bones and sundries.

Just a few teeth in a jar and some other assorted curiosities. Chelsea Margaret Bodnar is the author of the chapbooks *Basement Gemini* (Hyacinth Girl Press, 2018) and *dead people's bedrooms* (Ghost City Press, 2019). Her poetry has appeared in The Bennington Review, Rogue Agent, Menacing Hedge, Freezeray, Wyvern Lit, Sad Girl Review, Thirteen Myna Birds, and others.

**THE BOOKS
BUILD UP
BY HER
BEDSIDE**



**Isabella J
Mansfield is
busy reading
these titles.**

Some reads in process, a few journals, and a lot of to-be-read-one-day books too. Find a poem by Isabella in the Selected Poetry section.



Elisha Hamilton admits that she has an enamel pin problem...

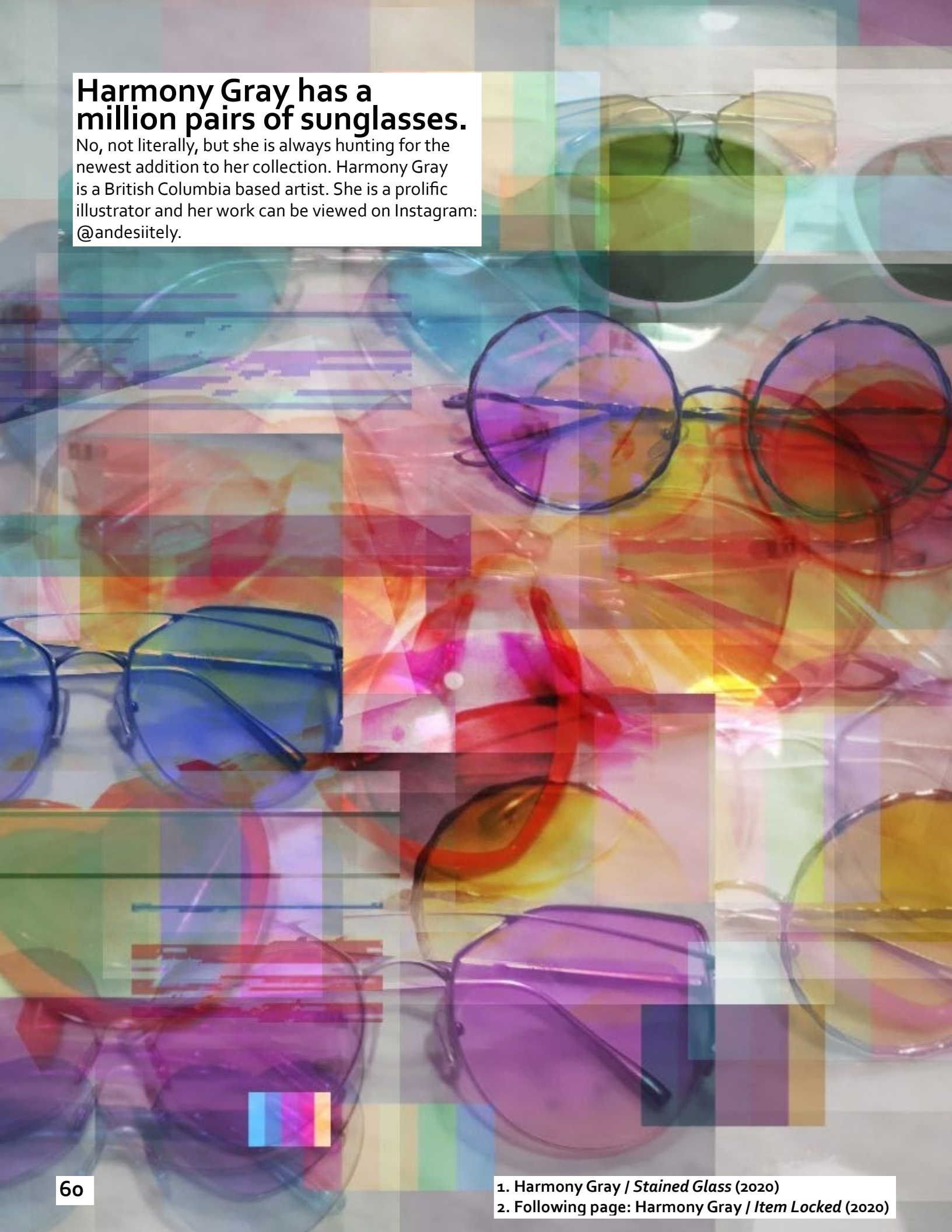
Anime, Disney, queer culture, animals, and other nerdy favourites are carefully organized on her bedroom wall (and everywhere else).

And she also admits...
that she might have more than a few foxes prowling about.



Harmony Gray has a million pairs of sunglasses.

No, not literally, but she is always hunting for the newest addition to her collection. Harmony Gray is a British Columbia based artist. She is a prolific illustrator and her work can be viewed on Instagram: @andesiitely.



1. Harmony Gray / *Stained Glass* (2020)
2. Following page: Harmony Gray / *Item Locked* (2020)



Eyewear



spell resistance
+2.5
magic absorption
+2.5



ice resistance
+1.5



fire resistance
+2.0
↑ charm



venom resistance
+2.5
↑ speed



lightning resistance
+2.0
↑ defense
↓ speed



????



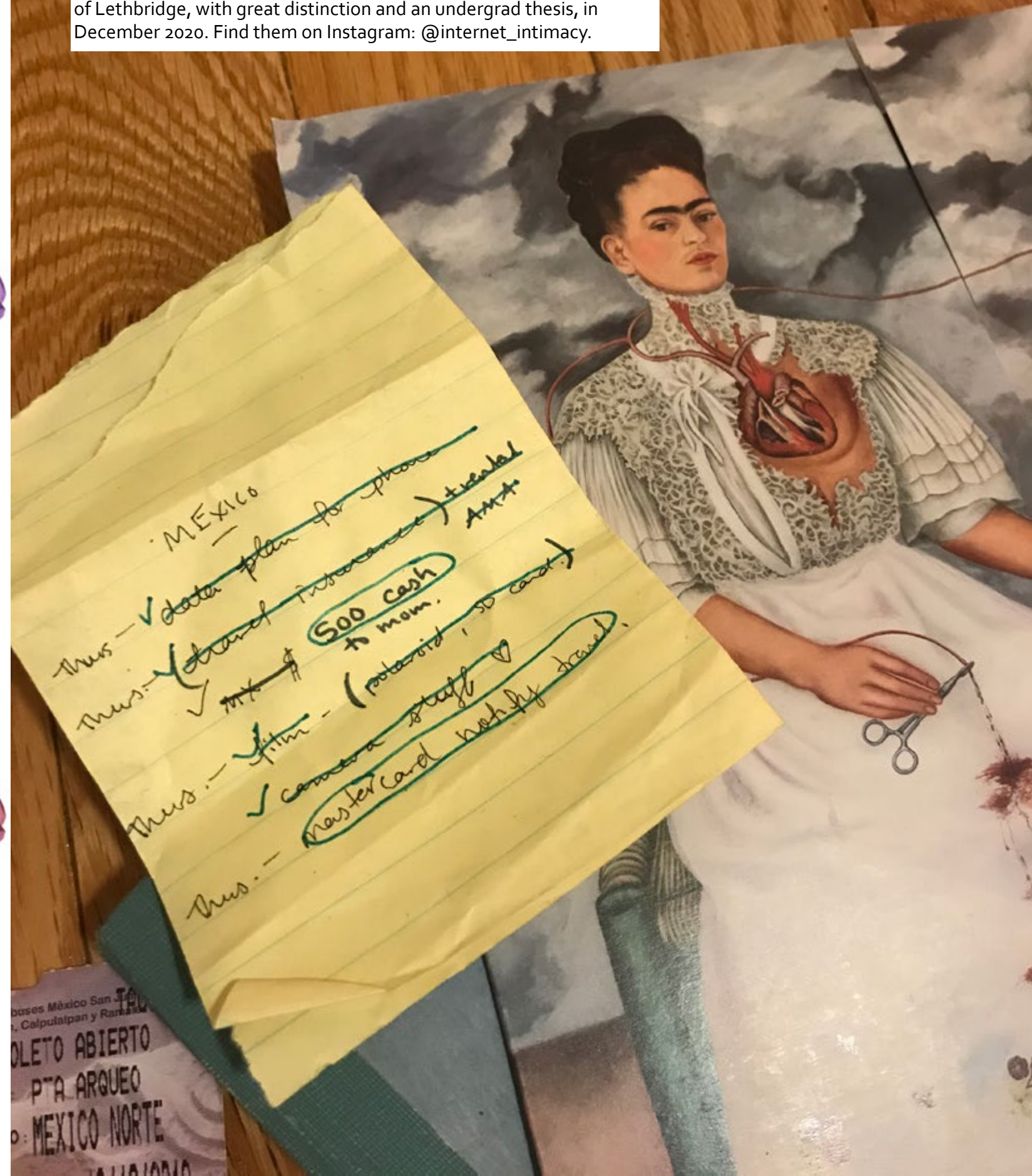
FEATURED LISTS

OBJECTS OF ORDER: *What's On Your List?*



Visiting Frida / 2019.

Courtney Faulkner is a visual artist based in Lethbridge, Alberta, Canada. They will complete their BFA in Art Studio from the University of Lethbridge, with great distinction and an undergrad thesis, in December 2020. Find them on Instagram: @internet_intimacy.



vegas packing list

trip date: 11/23/05 - 11/26/05
 Eugh, stupid marker

- ☐ undies/rocks
- ☐ toiletries
- ☐ nail polish
- ☐ ipod + charger
- ☐ fake ID (omg... i wish...)
- ☐ puffy vest
- ☐ boots
- ☐ bodycon dress (just in case?)
- ☐ smirnoff ice
- ☐ 8 tops
- ☐ 2 jackets
- ☐ 2 jeans
- ☐ beanie
- ☐ sunglasses
- ☐ shoulder purse
- ☐ cash for arcade
- ☐ flat iron (to straighten my stupid wavy hair :))
- ☐ sneakers
- ☐ hoops

Happy
 1-giving;
 i guess...

vegas packing list

trip date: 5/22/09 - 5/26/09

- ☐ make-up bag
- ☐ falseies and glue
- ☐ big hoops
- ☐ panties (don't forget thongs)
- ☐ parties
- ☐ wedges
- ☐ stilettos
- ☐ passable fake ID (yeah, right! am i ever gna get one of these??)
- ☐ 2 handlers of Jamey
- ☐ Coke zero cans
- ☐ swisher sweets wrappers
- ☐ leopard bikini
- ☐ pineapple one-piece
- ☐ sunglasses
- ☐ curling iron
- ☐ hairspray
- ☐ 4 tops
- ☐ 1 shorts
- ☐ 2 dresses
- ☐ G-verup
- ☐ eye drops

ERRANDS

- *nails
- *wax
- *Costco run
- *turn in midterm

MDW turn-UPPPPP

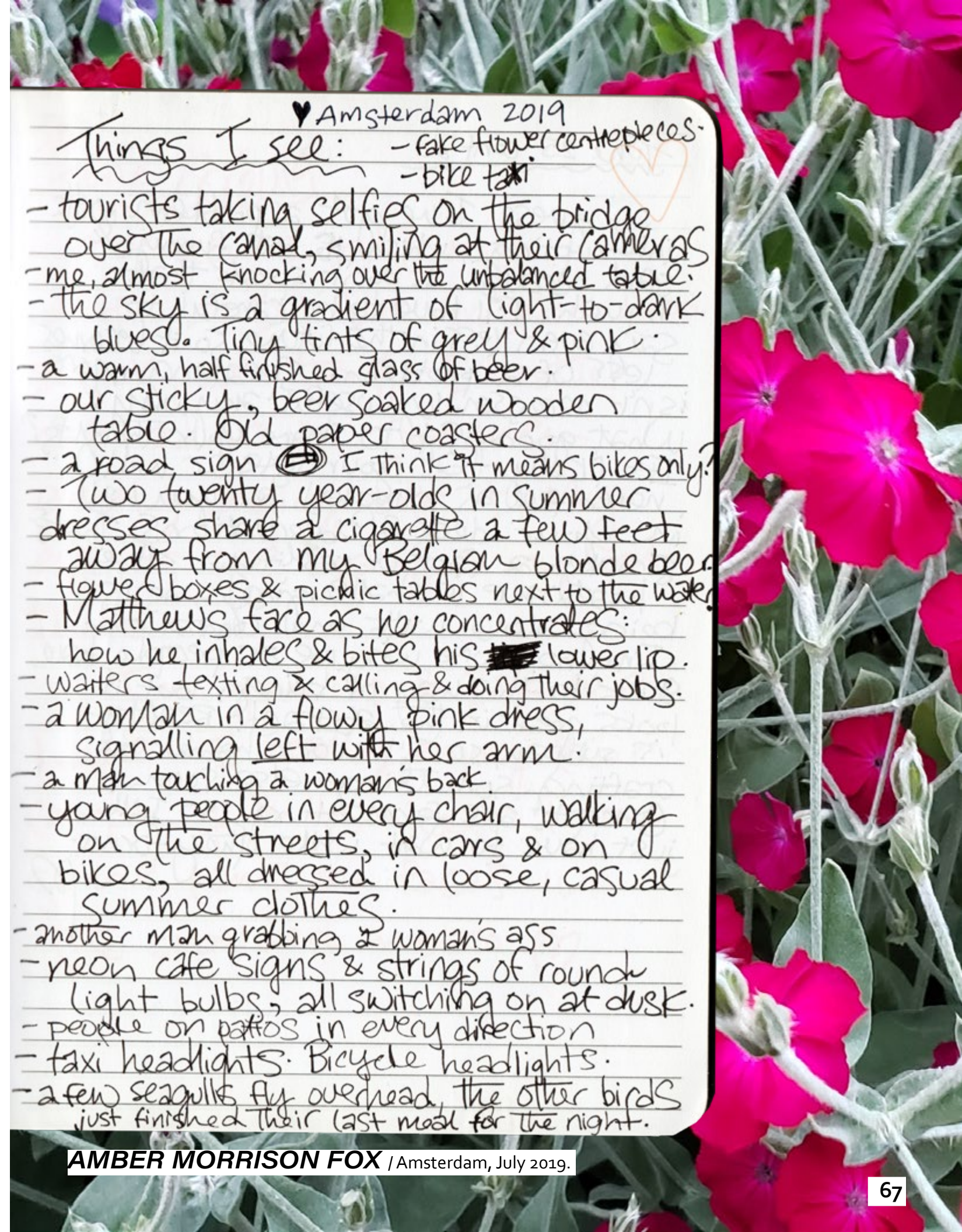
→ Vegas packing list
trip date: 8/3/17 - 8/6/17


- pants/rocks
- toiletries
- maxi dress
- wedges
- sneakers
- flip flops
- sunscreen
- black bathing suit
- sunglasses
- sweats
- sleeping shorts/shirt
- bath bomb
- face masks
- lingerie ☺
- 3 tops
- jeans
- travel pillow

five years!

- THINGS TO DO:
- drop off dogs
 - check discounted show tix
 - buffet pass w/ player's club?
 - place bets
 - call re: room upgrade

DONNALY Y ATAJAR is a Filipina American writer and educator based in Southern California. She holds a bachelor's in Sociology from UCLA and a master's in Higher Education Leadership from University of San Diego. You can usually catch her consuming copious amounts of pop culture or scouring online marketplaces for secondhand goods. Her daily affirmation: "I can't have it all, but I can have all that is for me." Find her musings on Twitter @donnalyy.



- ♥ Amsterdam 2019
- Things I see:
- fake flower centerpieces.
 - bike taxi
 - tourists taking selfies on the bridge over the canal, smiling at their cameras
 - me, almost knocking over the unbalanced table.
 - the sky is a gradient of light-to-dark blues. Tiny tints of grey & pink.
 - a warm, half finished glass of beer.
 - our sticky, beer soaked wooden table. Old paper coasters.
 - a road sign  I think it means bikes only?
 - (two twenty year-olds in summer dresses share a cigarette a few feet away from my Belgian blonde beer.
 - flower boxes & picnic tables next to the water.
 - Matthew's face as he concentrates: how he inhales & bites his ~~his~~ lower lip.
 - waiters texting & calling & doing their jobs.
 - a woman in a flowy pink dress, signalling left with her arm.
 - a man touching a woman's back.
 - young people in every chair, walking on the streets, in cars & on bikes, all dressed in loose, casual summer clothes.
 - another man grabbing a woman's ass
 - neon cafe signs & strings of round light bulbs, all switching on at dusk.
 - people on patios in every direction
 - taxi headlights. Bicycle headlights.
 - a few seagulls fly overhead, the other birds just finished their last meal for the night.

AMBER MORRISON FOX / Amsterdam, July 2019.

LEANDRA LEE

hodgepodge



A small detail of Judy Janzen's teapot collection.

Leandra Lee is a recent graduate of UNC-Wilmington, where she studied creative writing and publishing. She now works in Raleigh in finance during the week and spends her weekends taking long car rides, lounging around with her cats, spending time with her two younger siblings, going to the NC Museum of Art, writing poems and creative nonfiction, and laying on her back and listening records. Find her on Twitter: @DiscountDelRey.

i.

i used to collect pandas. and snowglobes and rocks and coins and precious moments, those porcelain animals and numbers that you could string together to make a tiny carnival train that had no purpose other than to sit on your bureau and make your nana happy. and they did.

i used to collect all of those things, and i still have remnants of all of those things scattered throughout my bedroom in my mother's house in wake forest, north carolina.

i pull out my rock collection every christmas eve, admire the geodes and fossilized dinosaur DNA and flat, glass-like synthetic stones that are all sitting in the cigar box in the closet, finally equals; no more playing favorites.

in college, at my brokest point, i took all of the quarters out of my coin collection, popped them out of the thick cardboard map of the united states that my nana and i had been pressing them into for years, rifling through change back from cashiers and out of pockets and bottoms of purse in search of an illinois and a nevada. those slots remained blank, but soon thereafter so did the rest of the map.

i reached for a sweatshirt on a particularly cold night at my mother's house over a holiday break from school, and along with it came tumbling down a small stuffed panda, one of the first that i had added to my collection. with the tiny mammal in my hand i looked up to see several others, maybe fifteen or twenty pairs of panda eyes looking back at me, longing to be held, to be touched, to be kissed goodnight like they had when i still doted on them. i closed the closet door, taking only the panda that could fit in the palm of my hand with me.

ii.

now, at nearly twenty-three, the only things i collect are words, songs, and heartbreak. they all work together; the songs feed the heartbreak, which feed my words. words and songs are small enough to fit into my pocket. maybe my purse, should i choose to carry a bigger notebook?

songs all fit in the palm of my hand, but choose, mainly, to reside in the back of my head, where they stay, usually along just *barely* the wrong melody until i play them outside of my head, praying for a reprieve from my own mental tone-deaf-ness. songs also fit at the foot of my bed, in big, old, wooden canada dry crates that are broken in more ways than one.

but the songs that sit there, at the foot of my bed, under my cats' paws and the dust that collects there, i've collected since before the pandas, and just after the coins and precious moments, and during the rocks. the songs-- albums-- that i collect are mostly from the flea market, where i spent countless hours on innumerable saturdays with my dad and my two siblings looking for them.

hot dog in my left hand, my right buried in years' worth of vinyl, obsession begins there. the songs that feed the heartbreak begin there. they begin there with *if you love me, let me know* by olivia newton-john. with *heart of glass* by blondie, which we found on *high energy*, a compilation album from k-tel put out in 1979.

throughout of all of my years of collecting vinyl and collecting words-- both my own and others' (see: bukowski, melissa broder, leslye walton, etc.)-- and collecting heartbreak-- both self-inflicted and involuntary-- and braiding them together in an attempt to make something beautiful, i've also been collecting the best parts of myself, and weaving them together just the same.

as i've been knitting and braiding and piecing together this quilt of a person that i wake up to each morning, i wonder how much longer i'll have to collect heartbreak before i get bored of it, before i cash it all in at the coinstar, before it becomes something that falls out of a dark corner of a closet, only to have the door shut on it again.

SELECTED POETRY

A FEW WORDS ON *Collections & Lists*



LIST LIST

List and listen—
each stem from

“liste”, desire in
Middle English.

List, not lust
lest you be lost.

Listen straight
less you be last,
let loose, unheard.

Word
earned. Lesson
learned.

Be silent when listening.

"Listen" is "Silent" if
letters shift round.

Listen to silence till
silence speaks.

PENN KEMP Poet, performer and playwright Penn Kemp has been celebrated as a trailblazer since her first publication (Coach House, 1972), a “poetic El Niño”, and a “one-woman literary industry” since she edited Canada’s first anthology of women’s poetry (1973). Chosen as the League of Canadian Poets’ Spoken Word Artist (2015), Kemp has long been a keen participant/activist in cultural life, with thirty books of poetry, prose and drama; seven plays and ten CDs produced as well as award-winning videopoems and two recent anthologies of women’s writing. Recent poetry collections include *River Revery*, *Fox Haunts*, *Local Heroes* and *Barbaric Cultural Practice*.

GOLDEN AGE

cypher: *perceived / reality*

in art:

ruby-plump tulips standing upright
as if over-caffeinated / words I spent the last six months
choking down and regurgitating,
finally committed to paper

in literature:

Victorian or something similarly
corseted / a napkin bleeding ink which narrowly avoided
an encounter with the abyss, moving
in its frantic honesty

in time:

a cross between the two categories above
with your preferred level of lust, lushness, legacy / the three seconds
four years ago before the ground caved in under our feet when He
was chosen, the last moments of uninformed optimism

in society:

the slipper-carrying band aid of a decade
that sits in the memory like a crystal vase reassembled with paperclips,
its ridiculousness part of its charm / still to be determined
so long as informed optimism tells us we can be better

in love:

the exception to the rule: binaries
don’t apply

in theory:

an end
looping back
to begin again

MARGARYTA GOLOVCHENKO

is a settler-immigrant,
poet, critic, and academic
based in Tkaronto/
Toronto, Treaty 13 and
Williams Treaty territory,
Canada. The author of two
poetry chapbooks, she
is completing her MA in
art history and curatorial
studies at York University.
Twitter: @Margaryta505.

THINGS I NEED

I am writing a grocery list
with an oversized novelty pencil
because it was the only thing I could find
that wasn't a broken white crayon or
a half-dried out sharpie

I write the word milk
something I want, but can't have
... it makes me think of you

I write strawberries
though they're out of season, not sweet
and a little bitter
...it makes me think of you

I write bread, eggs and all
the other things I need,
set down the novelty pencil
and put the list in my bag

when I get to the store
I pull the paper out and read
you
you
you
you
you

ISABELLA J MANSFIELD

writes about the many faces of anxiety, body image, intimacy, and the human condition. Most notably, Mansfield has performed at The Oberon Theatre, Cambridge, MA, Nambucca London, U.K., and at various readings and open mics across the US.

Her poems have been featured by The Wild Word, And So Yeah, Sad Girl Review, Liminality, and Philosophical Idiot, as well as in publications by Capsule Stories, PoetsIn, Augie's Bookshelf and Rebel Mountain Press. In 2017, she was a Brittany Noakes Award semi-finalist. She won the 2018 Mark Ritzenhein New Author Award. Finishing Line Press published her Pushcart Prize nominated chapbook, *The Hollows of Bone*, in 2019. She lives in Howell, MI with her family. Follow her on Instagram and Facebook: @isabellajmansfield.

a list of things i woke up in the middle of the night to write down

i've drank enough coffee that i feel like i have a lot to say
you look at me like you want to devour me and i'm really into that
my room is full of empty boxes like i need a reason to take up space
mythology of kale
how do you become the person who takes professional looking pictures
of clouds for a living?
my ghosts don't text back anymore
there's a man sitting alone in chicago who picks all the music for every
eat'n'park
you looked sad when you told me that
it was 11:52 for three days
i am drinking for a future when i forget your name
life divided by interstates
every radio station playing the same song
we thought we were clever the day we swallowed the sun
love will stay open, awkward
just waiting until it is late enough that i can text you and pretend that
you're asleep when you don't text back
the borrowed stove
i'm trying to prioritize what is important over what is not important but
i'm at the point where it's hard to tell the difference
i am packing my life in cardboard boxes
i need you to come over early and watch me curl my hair
i want it to be about me this time
just going to keep writing fictional autobiographies
like the ways we have eyes
the girl i was in love with in high school is super into jesus now
run faster than anything you can feel
we got such sky here
flying down the freeway nobody's hand on the wheel
i am trying to be loud enough to prove that i mean something
i want to take pictures of everywhere i've been so i don't forget a thing
videos of cornfields and interstates
i hate that you are beautiful and far away
i hate that you are beautiful and untouchable
hey what door is open

RBROWN is a poet from Ohio and semi-professional photographer of the sky. Recent or upcoming work can be found in Apogee, VIDA Review, Cosmonauts Avenue, and others. They are the author of the microchapbook, *Dear John, Love Letters to John Connor...* (Ghost City Press, 2018). You can usually find them on Twitter: @notalake.

I WANTED A DO-OVER AFTER ANIMAL CROSSING

There's not a lot to do. Not a lot to see.
I haven't memorized anyone's names because
eventually everyone moves on. Nobody stays here.
I live in these middle parts; I gather & catch
beneath a moon that is mostly mine
in a town that is mostly mine.
I give gifts. Write letters. Shake trees.
I do what I am asked. I do what I am able.
I do all there is to do & it's just enough.
I build. I demolish. I own the answers
of this land among animals.
I own the dreams of future shops, of updates,
of the creek by my house
that keeps my belly full of fish.
I don't expect much from this place.
This place doesn't expect much from me.

RACHEL TANNER is a queer, disabled Alabamian writer whose work has recently appeared in Impossible Task, The Amethyst Review, The Weekly Degree, and elsewhere. She tweets @rickit and more of her work can be found at neutralspaces.co/racheltanner.

TIMES I'VE GENDER-CONFUSED PEOPLE

- Someone walked into the bathroom and immediately went out to check the sign on the door.
- I set off the airport scanners. The two attendants looked at me, looked at each other, then looked back at me, lost, terrified. I missed my flight.
- I got told the men's changing room was over there.
- Went I went to the men's changing room. They told me the ladies changing room was back the way I came.
- Everyone in the circle gave their name. When finished, the facilitator asked me my pronouns. When I asked for theirs, they replied "isn't it obvious?" That's not how this fucking works, Karon.
- Bar staff called me ma'am, then sir, then just stared into the middle distance, vibrated slightly, and a single tear rolled down their cheek as their brain transcended.
- I have a colleague who shakes men by the hand and hugs women. He went to shake my hand, then switched to a hug halfway through. He hit me right in the jaw.
- Someone hit me right in the jaw.
- I cried at work. The girl behind me said "there there" and moved her hand up and down over my shoulder, but she did not touch me.
- All my official ID is wrong, but if it was right, the Government would know who I am.

SY BRAND

is a queer non-binary poet from Edinburgh, Scotland. They write through a haze of cat/child-induced sleep deprivation to try and make sense of gender and relationships. May or may not be a Twitter account disguised as a human: @TartanLlama.

do you remember
the color of my hair?

I spent this morning collecting the hairs from your pillow
Surprised by how blonde they are when they stand alone
Singularly scattered across the blanket

The chandelier too bright for my eyes
trying to remain dormant in preparation for tears that the goodbye will breed

Everything knows what is coming
Even the mosquitoes that inhabit the room from doors left open
Buzzing their condolences leaving red bumps on my arms
The itch a physical reminder of what was

The dozen hairs that I was able to find
twist between my thumb and forefinger
Making a haphazard knot to place between the pages of my notebook:
home to down peacock feathers, sentence fragments, and chewed-now-flavorless gum
The strands feel lonely, lifeless

Much like my bones will feel after a twelve hour bus ride
Made pale and cold by their solitary state
Sprawled stagnant across the blanket

lauren.napier

finds solace in melody and the written word. She has penned a children’s book, *All My Animals, stories for NPR Berlin*, amongst other texts and songs. lauren is often traveling with her feline and acoustic guitar, exploring her surroundings and sharing stories. Look her up on Instagram and Twitter: @punkrockdoll.

BREAKAGES LIST.
GIANT’S CAUSEWAY.
21 APRIL 2016.

Three umbrellas (two in a courtesy bus related scuffle).
The zips on four anoraks.
A talking guidebook: ‘I’m pressing the blue button, Norma.’
One suspected ankle.
A doll’s arm.
Two phone screens, shattered on the basalt.
Ditto Patricia’s spare reading glasses.
A tray of mugs in the café
(prompting nine sighs of relief and six hand to chest movements).
A – what were you thinking – stiletto heel.
The left wing mirror on Mr Becker’s hire car.

His heart.
When I said no.

AMANDA QUINN lives in the North East of England where she works as a freelance writer and tutor. Her writing has been published by Shooter Literary Magazine, Open Pen, Ellipsis Zine, Butcher’s Dog, and Spelk Fiction among others. She can be found online at www.amandaquinn.co.uk and on Twitter: @amandaqwriter.

ANXIETY IMAGERY

- You have fishing line growing taut inside of you over time, making you concave before you even realize something’s wrong. Butter knives grind on your stomach and a low pressure sits on your soft parts, and it all works so slowly that it’s hard to notice. You only recognize the danger when something inside you snaps from the wear. By then it’s too late—you’re already doomed.
- Your heart walks on hypodermic needles, adrenaline cracks open your rib cage like a set of window shutters, your head is pounded through with inch-long nails. The world is ending, and you can’t do anything but sit still.
- You are trapped in a cage. It is too short to stand up in and too small to let you sit. Existence is a trial you’re unsure how to pass.
- You want to go home. You are already home. You decide you want to get away. You dig yourself down, into the crawlspace, away from the light. If you continue your downward spiral for long enough, you have to land somewhere, right? You are tired of the world; you want to peel yourself away from it and throw yourself out. You want to get away. You want to go home. You are already home.
- You drive a sharp rock into the skull of something that’s already dead, over and over and over again. It is brutal, and vicious, and you should be done with it, but you can’t let go. Blood pools like oil slicks. The scene attracts flies and scavenger birds. Still you can’t will yourself to let go.
- You are staring at the back of your eyelids in the dark, trying to see. You learn nothing, you lose something—some sense of yourself, of how to view the world.
- The Earth is flat and you’ve walked off the edge. Air has never felt as cold as it does now, rushing past and stealing your breath. You face oblivion. You’ve never known a nothing like this before.
- You have swallowed a cyanide capsule. It is your own fault. Foam crests your lips and your skull starts to buzz. It is your own fault.
- You are shoving yourself full of yourself, like a fountain recirculating the same grimy, gray water. You are lukewarm and bitter-tasting. You cannot stop swallowing.
- You are a wolf gnawing off its own leg to be free of the trap. You are a wolf gnawing off its own face to be free of the trap. You are a wolf destroying its entire self to be free of the trap. You are a wolf and you are grinding your teeth but you don’t know how to escape the trap. You are a wolf but soon enough you are not. Soon enough, you are carrion on the side of the road.

MEGHAN RENNIE is a nineteen-year-old artist, writer, musician, entrepreneur, and generally busy person. Her work has appeared in various Canadian publications and was performed at the 2019 Verge Arts Festival in Cold Lake, Alberta. She currently resides in Lethbridge, where she makes art, makes friends, and attends university. She can be found on social media @sunsoftart. She hopes you have a lovely day.

A SHOPPING LIST FOR THE RETURN OF 7 MACAW

hatchlings

capelet

palm fruit

rose pulse

blood velvet (2 yards)

ray bans

polka dots

~~bright clay for eating~~

MONIQUE QUINTANA is the author of the dark fantasy novella *Cenote City* (Clash Books, 2019). She is a contributor at Luna Luna Magazine and has been nominated for a Pushcart and Best of the Net. Twitter: @quintanagothic.

PRAYER BOOK FOR CONTEMPORARY DATING: THE INDEX

For having sex at the right time, a now ill-defined concept - third date with a visiting professor who didn't believe me about my inexperience: wrong; third date with a single dad who would turn into my boyfriend: right. For confidence in dating app discernment. For no hiking on first dates. For cute underwear to match all my cute bras. For not getting dumped after actually investing in matching lingerie. For not getting dumped after finally upgrading to a Queen-sized mattress. For an end to dating website ads on Facebook. For more butches to show up when I search for women. For women who won't ask, "Have you had sex with women?" on the first date. For never again being told about the bathroom sex my date had in that very same bar. For not being seated next to a couple from my church. For avoidance of all "moderates" and anyone who would call themselves "apolitical." For an ability to still believe I might run headfirst into love, or else an ability to stop wanting it - an escape from this in-between, a cycle of shifting from cynic to romantic according to the man and moment. For a day when this book gets packed up or donated, and I can no longer imagine what it's like to go to bed alone.

MEGAN McDERMOTT is a poet and Episcopal priest based in Western Massachusetts. In 2018, she graduated from Yale Divinity School, where she also earned a certificate from the Institute of Sacred Music, an interdisciplinary program dedicated to religion and the arts. Her poetry has been published in a number of journals, most recently Christian Century, Earth & Altar, Rust + Moth, Psalter & Lyre, Rogue Agent, and Amethyst Review. Twitter: @megmcdermott92.

OBSESSIONS: A LIST

- 6) Oregon Trail – If Twitter is right, it's something about generations: dialup, post-nuclear, pre-active shooter. That or naming and killing my enemies. A sanitized view of the past, despite this. I drag my friends with me to a blameless paradise.
- 12) *The Three Musketeers* – Imagine this: friendship born of difference. Imagine the sound of a sword unsheathed on your behalf. In a composition notebook, I adapt Dumas and set it at an all-girls New York prep school. Athos is Amelia, gruff and hot. "Boys," Amelia says. "Don't trust them."
- 20) Cambridge Spies – It's not withholding, it's just good sense. "Don't marry a spy," my mom says. "They lie." All relationships are suspect. Better to be alone, to comb the heath for pickups and dead drops. When asked at a party what he did for a living, Guy Burgess declared, "I'm a Russian Spy, darling!" and was not believed. Give of yourself very little, and with great panache.
- 26) One Direction – Conflict, and I become a rock crawling with ants. I can't defend a self I am only just coming to know, so instead I go dormant. On Tumblr, there are laughing boys in a pile. There are solo rumors, gay rumors. In interviews, these boys laugh off every question. They build privacy in sterile rooms right in front of my eyes.
-) Oscar Wilde – At six, my dad took me to his tomb, told me, "This man died of a broken heart. He couldn't go home." Molly calls him gay Jesus who died for our sins. I am beginning to understand that "our sins" are my sins, too. I am beginning to understand that I can claim a fractional legacy, step out beyond the stone rim of this tomb and head home.

JACKIE HEDEMAN is a tea drinker and a Midwesterner. She holds an MFA from The Ohio State University. Her work has appeared in Electric Literature, The Best American Travel Writing 2017, Autostraddle, Entropy, The Offing, and elsewhere. Twitter: @JackieHedeman.

THE SIGNS AS DEPRESSION MEALS

- ARIES:** beer
- TAURUS:** cheese flavored taco shells (which are basically just stale Doritos)
- GEMINI:** a half-frozen Uncrustable
- CANCER:** spoonfuls of peanut butter
- and semi-sweet chocolate chips for baking
- LEO:** saltine crackers drizzled with Valentina hot sauce
- VIRGO:** unflavored oatmeal
- LIBRA:** a handful of the Lifesaver mints stolen from work
- SCORPIO:** sugar rice
- SAGITTARIUS:** two Slim Jims and a bag of hot fries
- CAPRICORN:** a chocolate Ensure protein shake
- AQUARIUS:** Instant Ramen (cooked or raw – Picante Chicken flavored)
- PISCES:** fallen tears

NATALIA MUJADZIC recently graduated with a MFA in Fiction from Texas State University in San Marcos, Texas. Her work has appeared in The Blue Route, The James Franco Review, Sugared Water, Sink Hollow, and Whiskey Island. Art Instagram: @NataliaSketches.



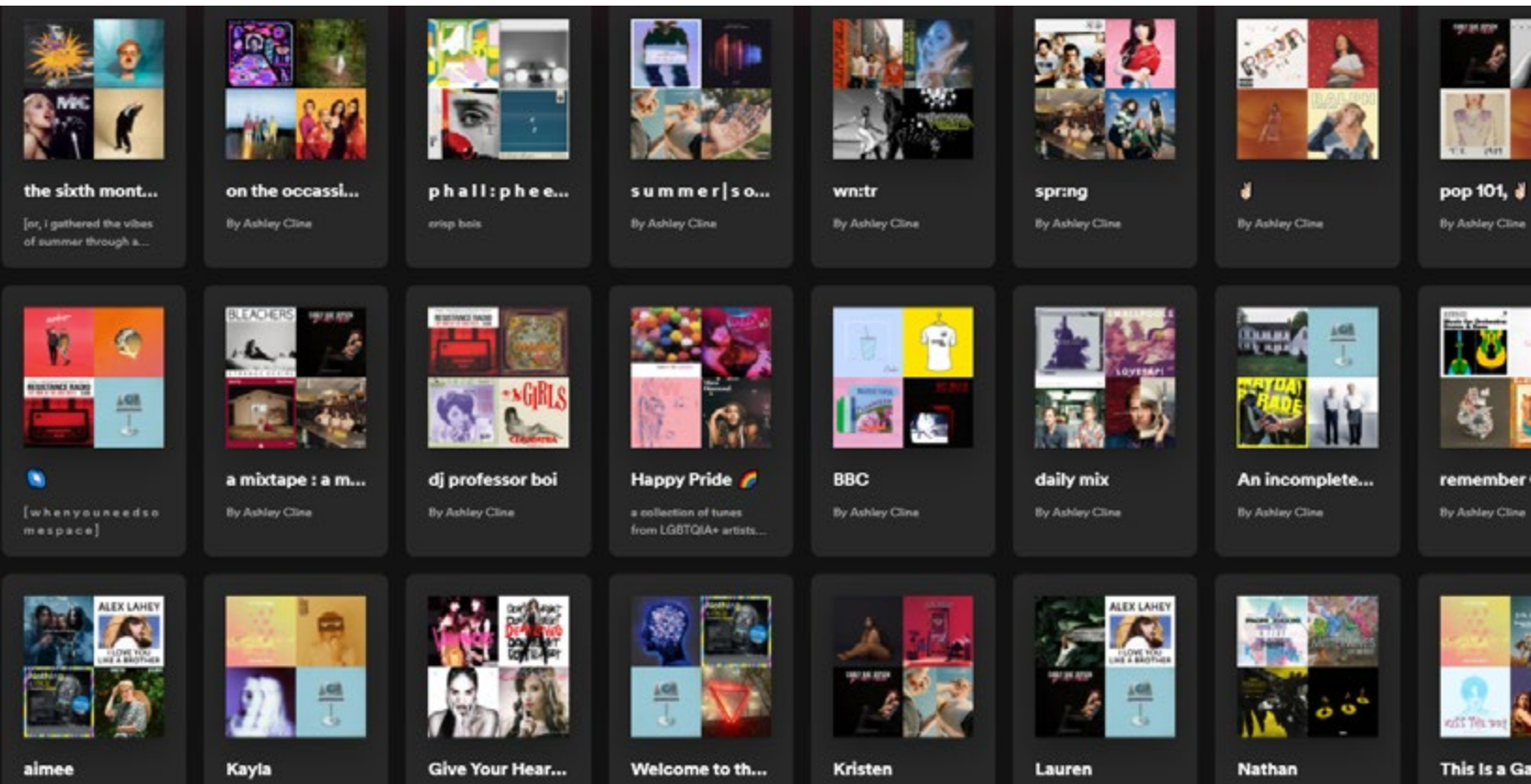
HARMONY GRAY wears all the sunglasses.

CHILL TUNES FOR CRISP WEATHER

phall:phaelings

Ashley Cline creates playlists. She also writes, and her essays on music and feelings can be found on Sound Bites Media, while her poetry has appeared in "404 Ink," "Landlocked Magazine" and, most recently, "SCUM Mag." An avid introvert and full-time carbon-based life-form, Cline crash landed in south Jersey twenty-nine years ago, and still calls that strange land home. She graduated from Rowan University in 2013 with a degree in Journalism, and crowd surfed an inflatable sword to Carly Rae Jepsen in the summer of 2019. Her first chapbook, "& watch how easily the jaw sings of god," is forthcoming ["Glass Poetry Press"]. Twitter: @the_Cline.

Find the playlist on Spotify, [here](#). or search Ashley Cline.



A selection of Ashley's playlists as found on Spotify.

phall:phaelings
3 hr 58 min

Something Has to Change
The Japanese House / Chewing Cotton Wool

jaguars in the air
Lykke Li / so sad so sexy

Fall Down
Ian Ewing, Akinyemi / Fall Down

Garden Bed
From Indian Lakes, Miriam Devora / Dimly Lit

Warm Blood
Carly Rae Jepsen / E•MO•TION (Deluxe ...

Stop the Clocks (Single Edit)
Enter Shikari / Stop the Clocks (Single Edit)

Wings of Love
liv / Wings of Love

People's Faces - Streatham Version
Kate Tempest / People's Faces (Streatham ...

Mr. November
(E) The National / Alligator

fri the 13th
Half-lit, B. P. Valenzuela / fri the 13th

Spooky Kids
Itch / The Manifesto EPs

Menswear
The 1975 / The 1975

I Haven't Been Taking Care of Myself
Alex Lehey / I Love You Like a Brother

Matinee
REYNA / Matinee

Much Higher
Kacy Hill / Is It Selfish If We Talk About Me ...

Tomorrow Tomorrow
Babygirl / Tomorrow Tomorrow

Clair
Have Mercy / The Love Life

smiling when i die
Sasha Sloan / smiling when i die

bad idea!
(E) girl in red / chapter 2

When I Get My Braces Off
(E) Mallrat / Driving Music

Electric Dream
Bien / Electric Dream

Loner Type
(E) Clara Kent, Benji / Loner Type

Drunk on a Rhythm
Gothic Tropic / Drunk on a Rhythm

About Today
The National / Cherry Tree

In My Brain
Kingsbury / U Take It Back

Bruce Willis
(E) Raffaella / Ballerina

Superbike
Jay Som / Anak Ko

Fear of God
Sports Boyfriend / Fear of God

The Modern Leper - from Tiny Changes ...
(E) Julie ... / The Modern Leper

You Could've Told Me
Your Smith / Wild Wild Woman

Gone
(E) Charli XCX, Christine and the Queens ...

Don't Speak - Recorded at Spotify Studios ...
Carly Rae Jepsen / Spotify Singles

Graceless
The National / Trouble Will Find ME

Seaworld
Akinyemi / Seaworld

The Hype - Alt Mix
Twenty One Pilots / The Hype (Alt Mix)

My Backwards Walk
Frightened Rabbit / The Midnight Organ Fight

Secret
Hatchi / Keepsake

Never Going Home
Hazel English / Just Give In / Never Going ...

Can't Help Myself
Now, Now / Saved

Charlie
Mallrat / Driving Music

Fever
Charlie Burg / Three, Fever

Greyhound
Pell / Greyhound

In Camera
Yumi Zouma / EP III

I Did It
(E) Kris Yute / I Did It

The Sound - Live in Lapland, Finland
Carly Rae Jepsen / The Sound (Live in ...

Walkaway
Weaves / Wide Open

Taken
MUNA / Saves the World

Buzzcut Season
Lorde / Pure Heroine

Never Going Back Again - 2004 Remaster
Fleetwood Mac / Rumours (Super Deluxe)

Roses
Carly Rae Jepsen / E•MO•TION Side B

Stay With Me
Hatchie / Keepsake

Can't Help Falling in Love
Beck / Resistance Radio: The Main in the ...

High
Lokki / High

Sleep Forever
Dreams We've Had / Sleep Forever

Slow Show
The National / Boxer

Now I'm In It - Bonus Track
HAIM / Women in Music Pt. III

Frail State of Mind
The 1975 / Frail State of Mind

Real Thing
Middle Kids / New Songs For Old Problems

Run Away With Me
San Fermin / Run Away With Me

The Judge
Twenty One Pilots / Blurryface

Changes
Charles Bradley, The Budos Band / Changes

Up Again - Yumi Zouma Remix
Chad Valley, Yumi Zouma / Up Again vs. ...

coming up for air
MisterWives / SUPERBLOOM



Tess Majors / www.tessmajors.com / *The Flower Collector #3* (detail)