



The Streets  
Elena Kassotaki



Hijo Elemental  
Osvaldo Rodriguez

Hijo Elemental  
Hijo del mar, confia en ti.  
Tan lejos nadaste, para estar aqui.  
Sin viento ni velero, todo esta en ti.  
El poder de ser sabio, el poder de servir.  
Hijo de fuego, no tengas miedo,  
Siempre has querido ser rey.  
El sol alumbraba tu camino,  
Confia en el destino y en todo lo que te dire.  
Hijo del aire, despeja tus nubes,  
Solo asi encontraras el sol.  
Abre las ventanas de tus pulmones,  
Respiro de vida y razonamiento.  
Hijo de la tierra, la sanacion comienza en la raiz,  
Recuerda los consejos de tu madre:  
Quitate las sandalias y camina por ahi;  
Por el verdor de la vida, infinita matriz.  
Hijo elemental, tu poder es especial.  
Nunca olvidas quien eres;  
Aire, Fuego, Tierra y Mar

↓ LIFT

Rudimentaire  
Madeline Grives  
D'habitude je comprends  
jusqu'à un certain point  
que j'habite sur la Terre.  
Ce n'est que les nuits où j'aperçois la lune,  
découpée contre le ciel rouge de bleu  
qui serre dans ses bras le soleil pas encore couché,  
où je me souviens : j'habite sur une planète.  
C'est le type de prise de conscience qui me fait mollen;  
une révélation froide et vaste  
dans laquelle je m'enveloppe.  
Aux jours où j'ai très envie d'être  
sans conséquence  
elle permit à moi d'hocher la tête aux gens dans le trottoir,  
parler du météo.  
D'habitude je comprends que je suis un être-humain;  
ce n'est que les nuits où le chant humide des cigales  
harmonise avec la membrane dorée d'une étoile,  
faisant fondre vers le bas de l'horizon,  
où je me souviens que  
je suis une créature.

**INCLUDED ARTISTS:**

Bianca Bassetto  
Koharu Ferguson  
Madeline Grives  
Elena Kassotaki  
Yolanda Pauly  
Elias Ravn  
Osvaldo Rodriguez  
Julia Sikorski Roehsner  
Boon Yang

TONGUE  
TIES

The Quarry 2024  
Multilingual Artists - Amplify  
Zine

Searching  
Julia Sikorski Roehsner



Acqua Alta  
Bianca Bassetto

La città si sveglia all'alba, con l'arrivo del sole che illumina le sue storie  
La Dama Venezia veglia sul popolo, scrivendo canzoni di sue glorie.  
Ora, anche la laguna e sveglia.  
L'acqua lambisce i muri dei palazzi, lentamente lavando via l'arte  
Passando sopra i ciottoli per cancellare le storie della città in disparte.  
Ora, anche la laguna e sveglia.  
E la vita continua, i Veneziani in stivaloni camminano lungo una calla  
Egli cavalcano le dighe sulle porte e la Dama Venezia ancora sta a galla.  
Ora, anche la laguna e sveglia.  
Le gondole passano per il Canal Grande mentre ingoia le sue rive  
La Dama Venetia guarda con orgoglio perche il suo mondo vive.  
Ora, anche la laguna e sveglia.  
A Piazza San Marco, per terra non c'è traccia dei piccioni  
Nell'evitare l'acqua alta si son ritirati sui tetti e i sui cornicioni.  
Ora, anche la laguna e sveglia.  
Non ci sarebbe una Dama Venezia senza la sua laguna  
Anche lei fa parte delle storie di una città come nessuna.  
Ora, anche la laguna e sveglia.  
E Venezia vive ancora.

← PULL



## I am One: Shape Shifting Yolanda Pauly

Inspired by Gloria Anzaldúa’s concept of Mestiza Consciousness from her writing, *Borderlands/La Frontera*\*

I come from a mother whose roots look nothing like mine. Our roots: entangled.

Like a recipe that is said to be too complex, writing on the pages of a dusty book; waiting to be tried. The research question with too many intertwining variables, a compound that cannot be separated.

The questions that can never be answered. The reflection in the mirror confuses me.

¿Ayúdame por favor?

I read the words, “*Woman is the stranger, the other.*”\* and there I am, the other, a stranger looking for connection. I look for my answers and leave more confused than before, 15 more questions.

Stuck.

Finding glimpses of clarity,

Only for them to be in tear soaked

fragmented sentences that only confuse me more.

The reflection in the mirror screams at me, demanding that I am this, or I am that...

So I confuse my words for theirs, telling myself that I am this or I am that, left feeling like I am

Caught “*in the spaces between the different worlds she inhabits.*”

Their assumptions and expectations bringing frustrated tears,

Solo quiero ser yo.

However,

The reflection in the mirror tells me all that I am,

A woman, learning to juggle cultures.\*

A confused girl just trying to find acceptance.

“*Una herida abierta*”\*

Conforming to the values of my cultures, pushing away the parts that don’t fit.\*



## Noj Tsiab Peb Caug Boon

この世界に私達は最小  
会ったことが一つだけあるな  
のにいつもその時に戻りた  
い。  
もう一回初めに会うと  
とがないのでこの分やこの空  
気を長く持つて胸を感じられ  
る。

## A Recipe for Belonging

Julia Sikorski Roehsner

Ingredients:

2 cups of fermented identity-based confusion

3/4 cup of liquid loneliness

1/2 cup of desperation, marinated

2 tspb tears

2 tspb questions, fresh

1 cup of memories, to be strained

1/2 cup of new experiences

1/4 cup advice, solicited or unsolicited

2-6 tbsps of ridicule, to taste

2 cups of internalized microaggressions

1 cup resultative lack of grounding

Garnishes, as desired

Combine confusion, loneliness, desperation, and tears in a large saucepan and set over medium-low heat. Simmer until the mixture is bubbling, has thickened, and has deepened in color. Thoroughly stir in questions and reduce heat to low.

Meanwhile, strain the memories with a fine mesh strainer until their brightness has mostly drained. The memories should look distorted or dull. In a large mixing bowl, whisk the strained memories with new experiences until smooth. Whisk in advice, then add ridicule, one tablespoon at a time. Pour the mixture into the saucepan and bring back to a boil.

Once the mixture is boiling consistently, slowly stir in one cup of internalized microaggressions. Add lack of grounding, then the remaining cup of microaggressions. There should be no notable change in the soup’s appearance, but the mixture may feel stiffer. Turn heat to low and simmer for one hour. You will end up with a strange concoction that doesn’t appear to be much better than before. That’s perfectly normal. Serve warm or refrigerate and serve chilled. Garnish with toppings of choice. If stored in an airtight container, the stew will keep for many years.

Blått hus der ute  
Og to fat på et bord  
Med utsikt over storhavet  
Og ei flagrende klessnor

## Blått Hus Elias Ravn

På det korte nasset

Under steilt grått fjell

Ligger den varme stua

Når dag blir til kveld

Under den dype fjorden

Maner strøm opp til ross

Ei skøyte kommer inn

Og ei anna kaster loss

Vi bor på det korte nasset

Med lys i ei rute

Kan du se oss i det blå  
huset,