on white veiled hands. discerning discolored blood a peek at the eight year old who is the mindless hum beseeching – tenacious suffocation is unfit to outweigh

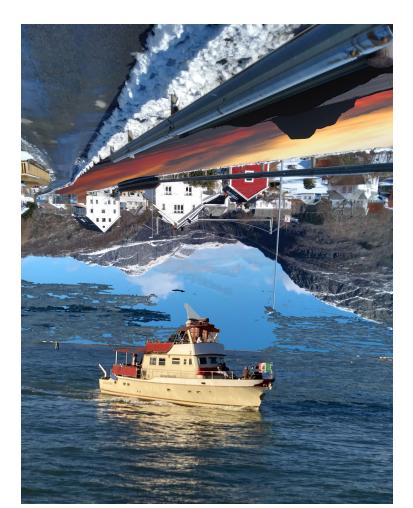
singing judgement deep into loved lungs. qgintily between holy vows don't peer into the gaps printed if they heard me they'd take my guitar.

the table securely ground.. the son's hands could have kept if religion wasn't political sniely they'd have kept nuns round the corner. if methodist god didn't want me to marry dad's eyebrows grow tall mom surprises herself with laughter

when god clearly designed me exactly as I Am. of another girl-born is named a sin curious why grasping the hand i'll question them to dad six years yet, why all christians don't vote blue. i ask mom so naively from the back seat

pog tsiboatsm

Hannah Gaff



Photomontage Dawn in the Adan Lali Garsia





What Do Daughters Want?

Elliot Mevissen

reckoning

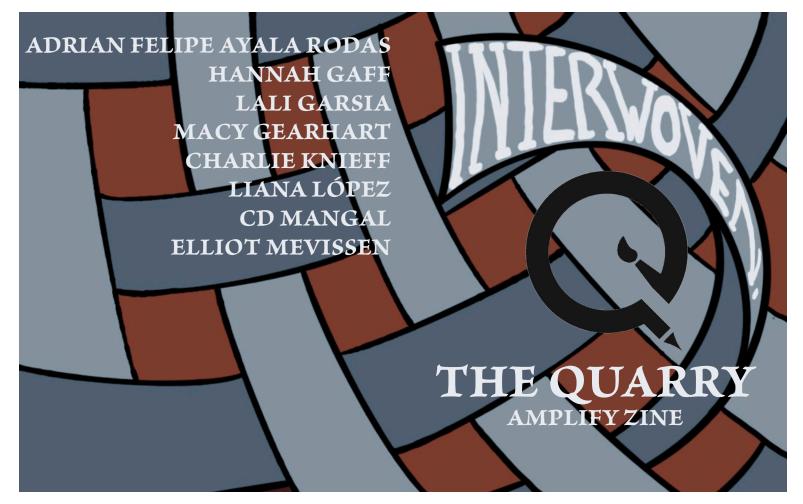
You are not a body that is easy to love, today. I am all aching with fatigue, with the simple truth that we are at war sometimes and still I have to hold you, fragile thing, in palms dry and callused; in gentleness. I cannot fear you more and yet I take you in as my own. Shower steam filling our lungs. Speak out kindness, angry one, let the pain pass, let me rest. And even as I stumble over my own rebelling feet I love you, I must love you, I try so hard to love you.

and remember what it was like when you were a daughter who wanted and then I want vou to come.









Innate Knowledge

When I was younger I remember playing sick like a game. Up to my ears in softness, one-of-a-kind crochet made by my grandmothers as they tried not to go insane, one sweating beneath a row of mango trees, yellow and green, the robins-egg blue of the sky crushed now, filled with smoke. The other in a silent living room with brass fixtures, a leather couch the color of mahogany, and the TV on mute. No magpies screeching. No bulbuls. Both of them with knotted hands, two women alone. Upstairs, my grandfather raised his anger, spit out a window at the smoking neighbors. Across the world, my other grandmother gets a chill. Her fingers tangle in the too-soft yarn she can barely see. Her eyes rot. Her lungs rot. We all rot. I shouldn't have known it back then, shivering to beg off school, but I did. Like the static that appeared when I turned on the TV to chase away the heavy silence of the house. I sat alone and ate the applesauce my mother poured into a katori for me before she left. I knew I wasn't anything else.









8&W Film Photography Series

Adrian Felipe Ayala Rodas

Charlie Knieff

FtMartyr

"After a while I began seeing how un-hard the whole scene was. . . . I just leaned up against a wall acting hard + it was fun. We're all girls pretending we're big shot boys!

"I think it's because when I'm alone, I have no man to pretend I am, no man to live through vicariously, which is what I did with you. You were 'me.' Now that I'm alone, I see . . . that we cannot expect others to fulfill us."

strung up & hung that we could share between ourselves. to dry in the darkroom, & I saw myself through your eyes, making reel into an image you could hold, in what little light I allowed to develop my bound body

They feel iron see iron within their skin, & fearing the removal of such recognition, cling to coherence shot through the ribcage. sprawling along my legs, my pectorals, a million tiny lines lost in endless intersections around my navel, a forest you could not fell so the shutter snapped again & again, too numerous to guide your sight