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CD MANGAL
ELLIOT MEVISSSEN

THE QUARRY

AMPLIFY ZINE

Hannah Gaff
methodist god

i ask mom so naively from the back seat
why all christians don't vote blue.
i'll question them to dad six years yet,
curious why grasping the hand
of another girl-born is named a sin
when god clearly designed me exactly as i am.
mom surprises herself with laughter
dad's eyebrows grow tall
if methodist god didn't want me to marry
surely they'd have kept nuns round the corner.
if religion wasn't political
the son's hands could have kept
the table securely ground..

if they heard me they'd take my guitar.
don't peer into the gaps printed
daintily between holy vows
singing judgement deep into loved lungs.
tenacious suffocation is unfit to outweigh
the mindless hum beseeching –
a peek at the eight year old who is
discerning discolored blood
on white veiled hands.



Liana López

What Do Daughters Want?

I want to exist
without being criticized
for the skin you birthed me in
I want to return from
tear-filled schooldays
without heavier nights
waiting for me at home
I want to make noise
Unlearn the strained tiptoe
Exhale the forbidden sigh
Soap the dishes without fear
of what should happen if they
clinked together too loudly
I want you to be reminded of
these dynamics you've recreated
I want to meet you in the eyes
and make you understand that
this is what you asked for
when you spent
tens of thousands of dollars
in the laboratory where
they make infertile mothers
dreams come true
I want you to realize that
children are human beings
Not your solution
Not your accessory
Not your therapist
Not your built-in best friend
I want you to reach into yourself
and remember what it was like when
you were a daughter who wanted
and then I want you to cry
like you really mean it



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
rebellious feet I love you,
I must love you, I try
so hard to love you.

Macy Gearhart
Strung Together
Ceramic Mixed Media

Lali Garsia
Dawn in the Adan
Photomontage





Adrian Felipe Ayala Rodas
“*Cut me out of the Picture!*”
B&W Film Photography Series



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! HA HA”

“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.”

- Lou Sullivan

I pictured pleasure in the bite of bark against my skin, strung up & hung to dry in the darkroom, & I saw myself through your eyes, making reel upon reel of martyrdom gleam in what little light I allowed to develop my bound body into an image you could hold, that we could share between ourselves.

I processed you wrapping me around myself in celluloid, winding around my wrists & over the limbs of a sap-soaked pine upon which I was stuck inseparably. I grew a garden of crosshairs around my navel, a forest you could not fell sprawling along my legs, my pectorals, a million tiny lines lost in endless intersections too numerous to guide your sight to one particular point - so the shutter snapped again & again, & arrows entwined their target with the will of the bow & I entered that canon of men, a million Mishimas who'll see themselves in any tragedy you've told before. They feel iron see iron within their skin, & fearing the removal of such recognition, cling to coherence shot through the ribcage.

CD Mangal
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.