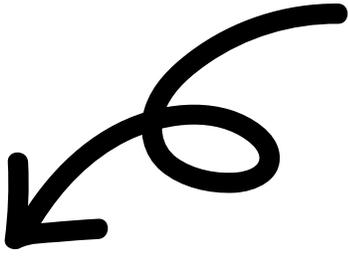


SWEET

ISSUE 10 - VOL 2



POLEMICAL
ZINE

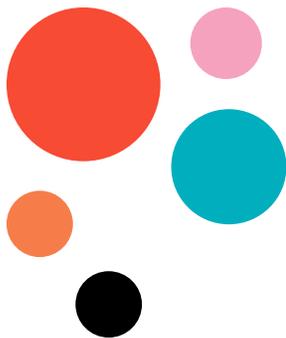


NEW FEATURE!

Click the coloured lines on the sides of each page to browse by medium

-  **WRITING/POETRY**
-  **PHOTOGRAPHY**
-  **VISUAL ART**
-  **MUSIC/VIDEO**





VOLUME 2

“For those who live in both the sweet and the **sour.**”

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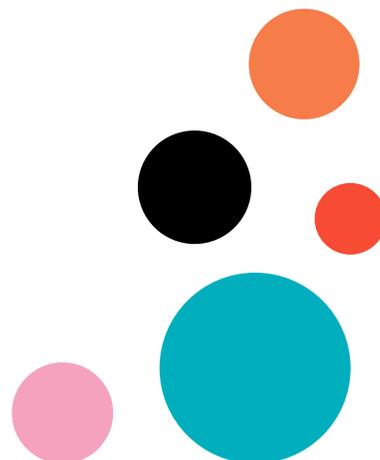
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BANANA PEEL | LUCY H. WEST | PHILADELPHIA, PA, USA | LUCYHWEST.COM | @AMATELUZART

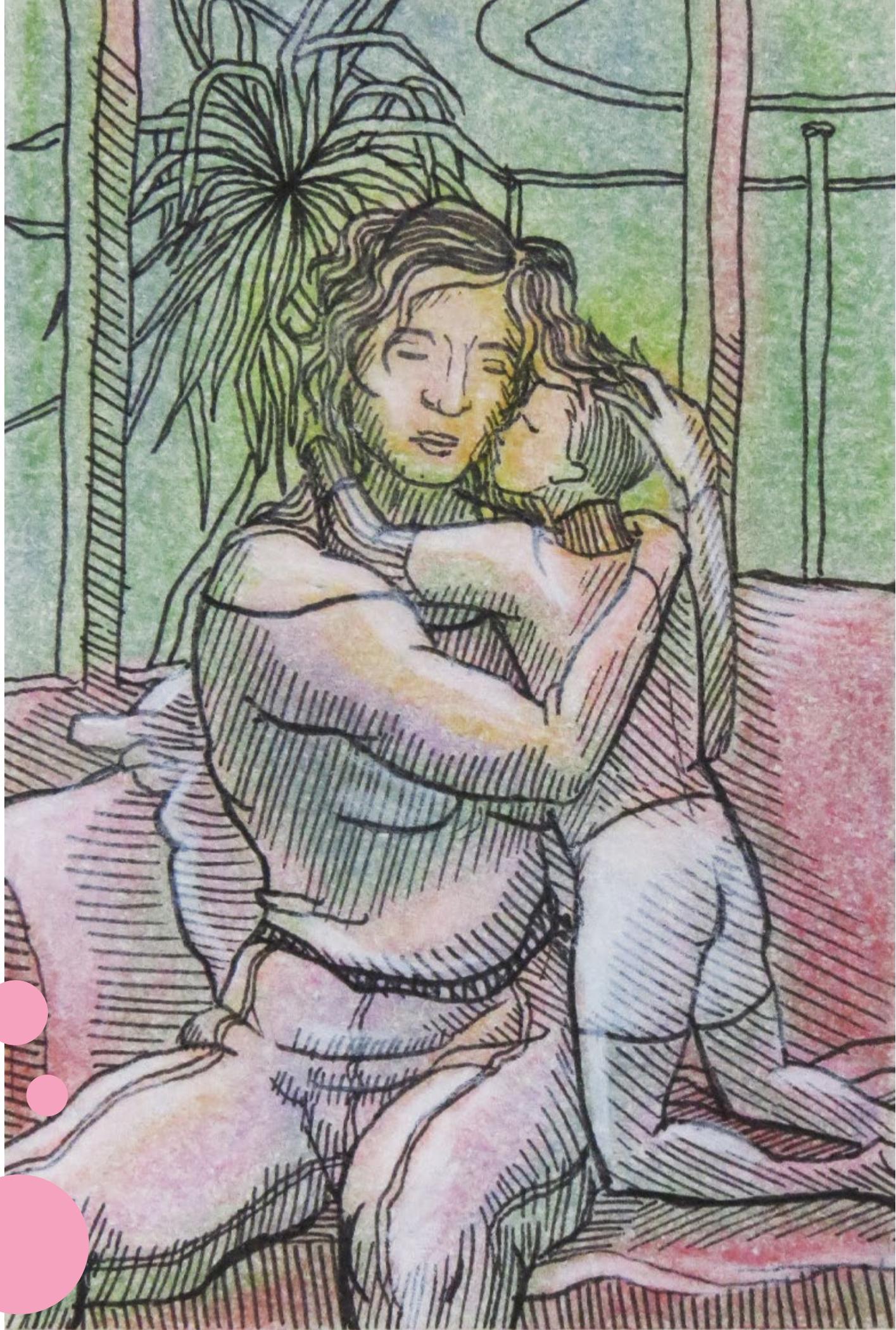


Banana Peel

Eye Candy

EYE CANDY | LUCY H. WEST | PHILADELPHIA, PA, USA | LUCYHWEST.COM | @AMATEURLUZART







i never had a large sweet tooth, but
i do love me some of that costco
cheesecake...

cheesecake reminds me of
the golden girls and the similar
conversations my mom and i
used to have over multiple slices.
we couldn't afford to get cheesecake
all the time, so it was a real treat,
it made those conversations with
cuss words, giggles, and demands
that the cats would stop licking the
whipped cream off all

the more
special....

it's been too long since we've done that,
and by the time i was finally home
for good, with a diploma frame in hand,
she was g o n e, because fate decided
she had enough
of this world.

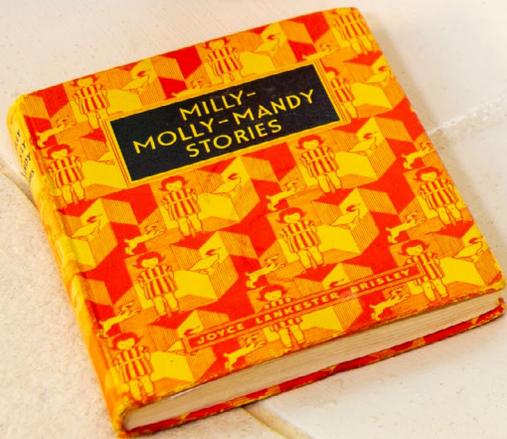
when i had a slice of cheesecake again,
i thought it would be all bitter,
tinged with salty tears and decorated
with the fact that i couldn't eat it with her
again, but then i took a bite...

and it was still sweet, with nothing
but good memories mixed in the recipe.

and i smiled.

KO FI: KATTRINAM

ETSY: KATTRINAM





Your dream girl orders one Shirley Temple, extra cherries

Sweet Lollies

I know words bare and raw, in the flesh—quivering and unrestrained, threatening to slide viscously from my lips. Some are sweet lollies I can roll my tongue around forever, and still never melt down to the bitter middle. Some are slivers of marrow twining around stripped rib cages discarded under the sun. I hope crows flock to twist their unrelenting beaks at the tapering bone, and after the bedlam subsides, the fossil gleams brighter than before.

I have known the importance of words for most of my life. After all, it was once my top priority to dry-swallow bulbous pills of remedial words, because it was a race—a race where everyone left me thrashing in the dust. The English language proved an impossible code to crack, an indelicate series of museum paintings I could not make sense of. It was only after my first tentative experiments, touching the strings of words together in new ways, explosive ways I had never once dreamed of, that I tasted the beauty of them for the first time. For the strokes of art gradually grew clearer to me, and when I spoke into the abyss, if I listened carefully—I could hear an echo back.

Now that I have rooted in the ground, I seek a garden. I want to turn my face up to the dormant redwoods that tower between comatose clouds and seek shade under their heavy branches; I want to tilt down to new saplings pressing up through soil. I have never before been immersed in a place of such delicate blossoms, growing with fervor, indulging in the passions that wring out their lives in unfathomable, beautiful ways. I want to watch myself erupt in unfurling petals, against all odds, and offer the words I know, bare and raw, in the flesh.



SADGRRLZ

Dessert Convoy



NOIRE



Click the video above to watch now

Or check out more from Sonia



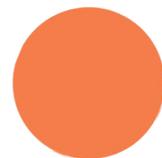
Siothán







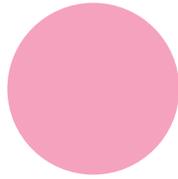
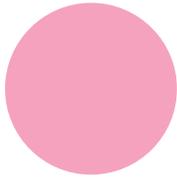
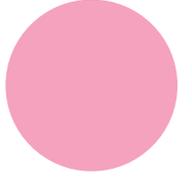
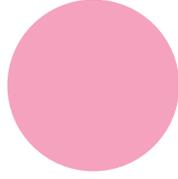
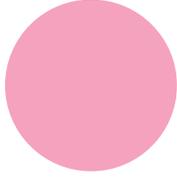
A series of photos by Filmmaker and Photographer **Anastasia Comelli** capturing her dear friend on the cusp of turning 18. Photographed on 35mm to capture the essence of her youth.





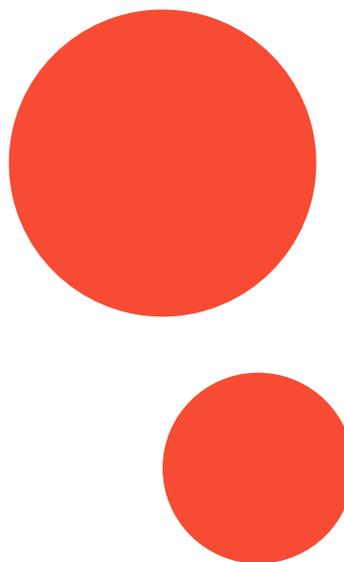
[ANASTASIACOMELLI.SQUARESPACE.COM](https://www.anastasiacomelli.squarespace.com)





NECTAR

Ever-thrashing wings
Hold her afloat;
A hummingbird
Dancing atop a cerulean horizon,
Her presence fleeting,
A spectacle
Carried by a gentle breeze,
Remembered in drops of sweet nectar,
Honeyed velvet blossoms,
The hues of hibiscus and lilac;
In narrowed, glimmering eyes
Reflecting iridescent feathers.
Her absence beckons bumblebees
Blanketed in dark fleece,
Their delicate legs dipped in gold.
As they, too, depart
Silk petals stand alone,
Offering endless stores of sugarcane.
Outstretched with the rising sun,
They await returning visitors
Whose yellows, greens, and blues
Still paint cloudless skies
As they search for rose and lavender,
Unceasing even as sugar settles
Into their stomachs,
Nectar coating their tongues.





those summer nights that felt like the end
by michaela emerson

It was the night we
All agreed that it felt like college
The night we had eight beers
In four different red-lit bars
And we laughed because
We didn't care about the end
It was the night I stood on
The corner of Havemeyer and
Fourth street and wondered
And watched as you drove away
And left me over that bridge
Left me to wonder how it would end
It was the night I stayed up until four
Just to remind myself that I could find
Ways to ignore all of the thoughts
That would find their way to my surface
That would bleed themselves out
And demand an end
It was the night I cried into my pillow
After what felt like a drought
Because I knew I was leaving
And I knew it was the end
And maybe I cried a little harder
Because I wasn't really sad
Because I was really crying
Over confusion
Over not knowing who I was
Crying after all the years of
Searching and hurting and
Swimming and drowning
That I still haven't found a feeling
For that sweetness that's almost
Bitter when I say your name
The sweetness I found in New York
The sweetness I felt in my pain

It was the night that I wrote this down
That I knew the moments I could let go of
And the ones to hold onto
I hold onto Brooklyn
And the late nights on sticky streets
Somehow I'm still holding onto you
A moment that will always be hard to let go
A moment I wanted to be sweet
But was really just so rotten
It kept making me sick

@MICHAELAEMERSON

MICHAELAEMERSON.COM





DON'T CALL ME Sweet

Oh, you're such a sweet girl, they used to say
I was young then, and thought it was endearing
Always craving attention and approval from those around me
I thought being a demure, obedient girl was something I should strive for
Only answering questions when asked, only speaking when spoken to
Invisible to the world, fading into the background, shying away from the spotlight
I was a sweet girl for many years, hiding in my shell, refusing to let my voice be heard

But something happened along the way
Something crazy, nerve-racking and life-altering
I grew up, became a little wiser, questioned the world, looked deeply into myself
And saw a girl who was tired of pretending
I couldn't stand the thought of constantly smiling and biting my tongue
When I just wanted to shout at the heavens and tell everyone how I was really feeling

My life has changed so much over the past few years
It's taken me on a rollercoaster of extreme highs and gut-wrenching lows
Yet through it all, I'm still here
Trying to live each day with a little more bravery, a little more heart
Adding my voice to the conversation, demanding to be seen
Showing the world a bit of my nasty streak
Most people in my life thought I was always going to be the sweet girl
Guess what? I'm not that person anymore.







Tell your friends you love them





"That's A Wrap" is a sweet font made from candy wrappers. The perfect way to wrap up any content and present your text as a present.

THE LIGHT IN THE ATTIC

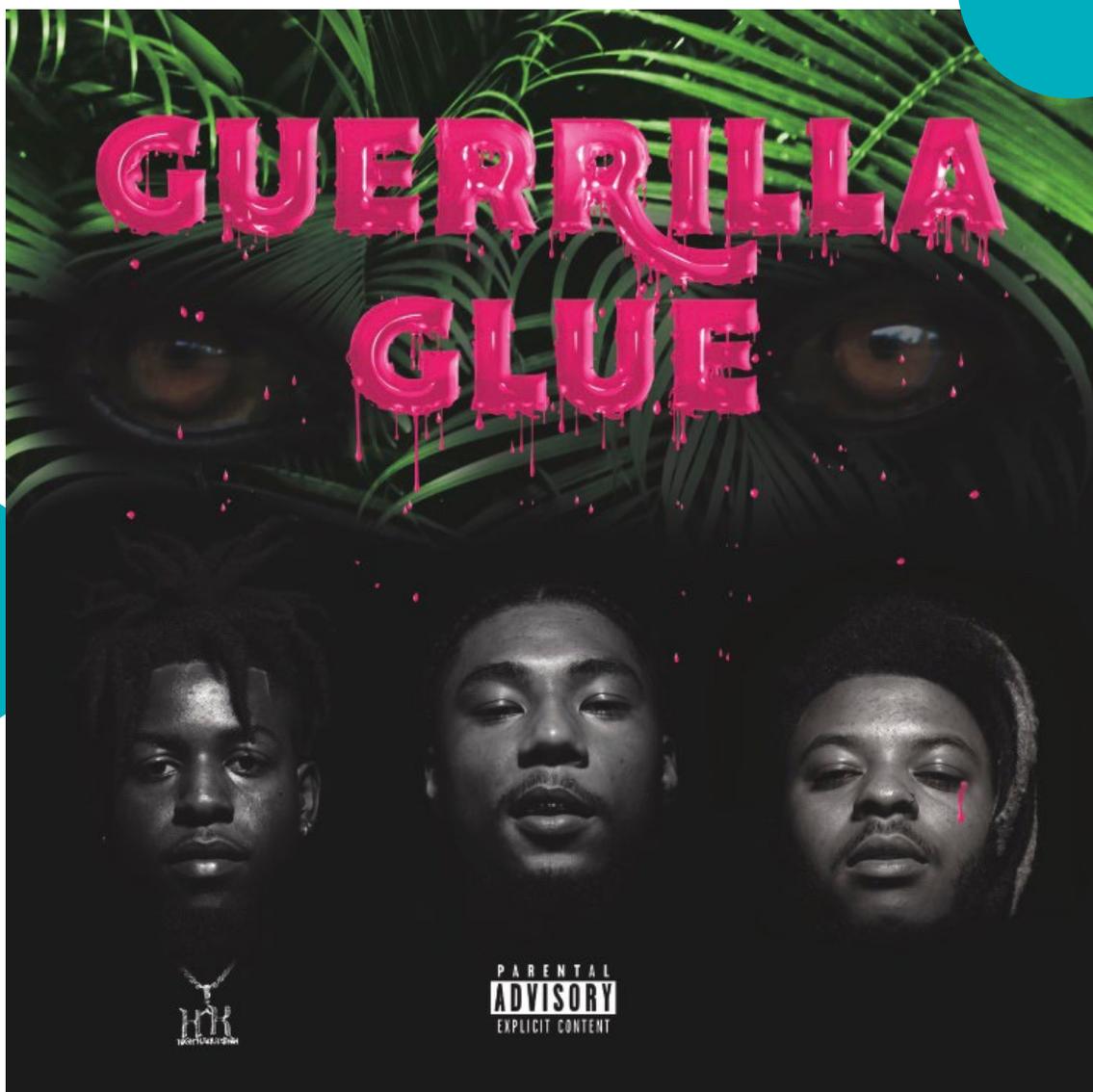
I remember that loomy, gloomy day
I saw the verses of my poetry chanted in mind
The heart was of a lion but rather, it was dark there
I heard a crack in the box which cut my soul through and through .
Memories of the lost days ruptured the heart and
hopeless times were all that remarked.
Complain and Complain was all that I did
Only to realize that finally, I had to close the lid .
The lifting of spirit was seen when the ray of hope peeped in.
Millions of strange things were creepin'
fruitless fugitives of time made me smitten by sunbeams.
I stood there to see how fragile our lives are .
O sweet Honey , I felt the dust and death
Making my dreams reared high
My senses mixed in that spirit's cup !
A delight rebelled , tears and joy drew back .
I shall rise to fulfill the rest of summer and perfume pride.
That light in the troubled Attic showed me gold and the burial things
and visions of new things that were meant for me !





@ANDREDUANE
WWW.ANDREWOODARD.COM





HIGH KARUP\$HIN

SPOTIFY | SOUNDCLOUD | YOUTUBE | INSTAGRAM

High Karup\$hin is an alternative hip hop trio coming out of West Haven, Connecticut. Group members are Txgh dye, Bvby Slurge and F\$A Phantom. Here they bring you their new album, Guerrilla Glue, following up from their 2015 project: DBOAN 2.

I must not be a very good feminist because
the first thing I want to do in the morning
when my eyelids wake to touch soft sun
is have you eat me like a piece of candy.

I think of the bed wrapper, polka-dotted cotton,
sheets uncrinkled until you pull them down
like the unsheathed plastic sliding off of ma's taffy.
And we're both there, just these two old candies lost
on the bottom of someone else's purse.

Did you know sweet is a proto-Germanic word? Old Frisian too,
as in swet, pronounced like the sweat of my brow which makes
me think of melting and boy I melt real good when the pressure
comes down, when your brown eyes become shiny sugared glass and I...

I can see right through them, right on
through them, and right through you and the witch walls holding
up our candy house and through the rest of the world till
the sticky-fingered passerby of these metro sugarlands
turn into faraway specs, particles of pink dust.
So I laugh now when I think of the question what do you want
to be when you grow up?"

Really I should have said a red vine or a licorice stick with the
way you unraveled me piece by red fucking piece. You shoved
my shoulder, my navel, the blue and red veins into your stubbled
mouth. If I changed my answer, would it have hurt so bad?

This bit. This bit I like the most: sweet nothings spoken
through peppermint and silver-tongued talkings because you
never really lie, do you. You told truths in nothings
so they were (in fact) sweet in the end,
but probably tasteless to begin with.

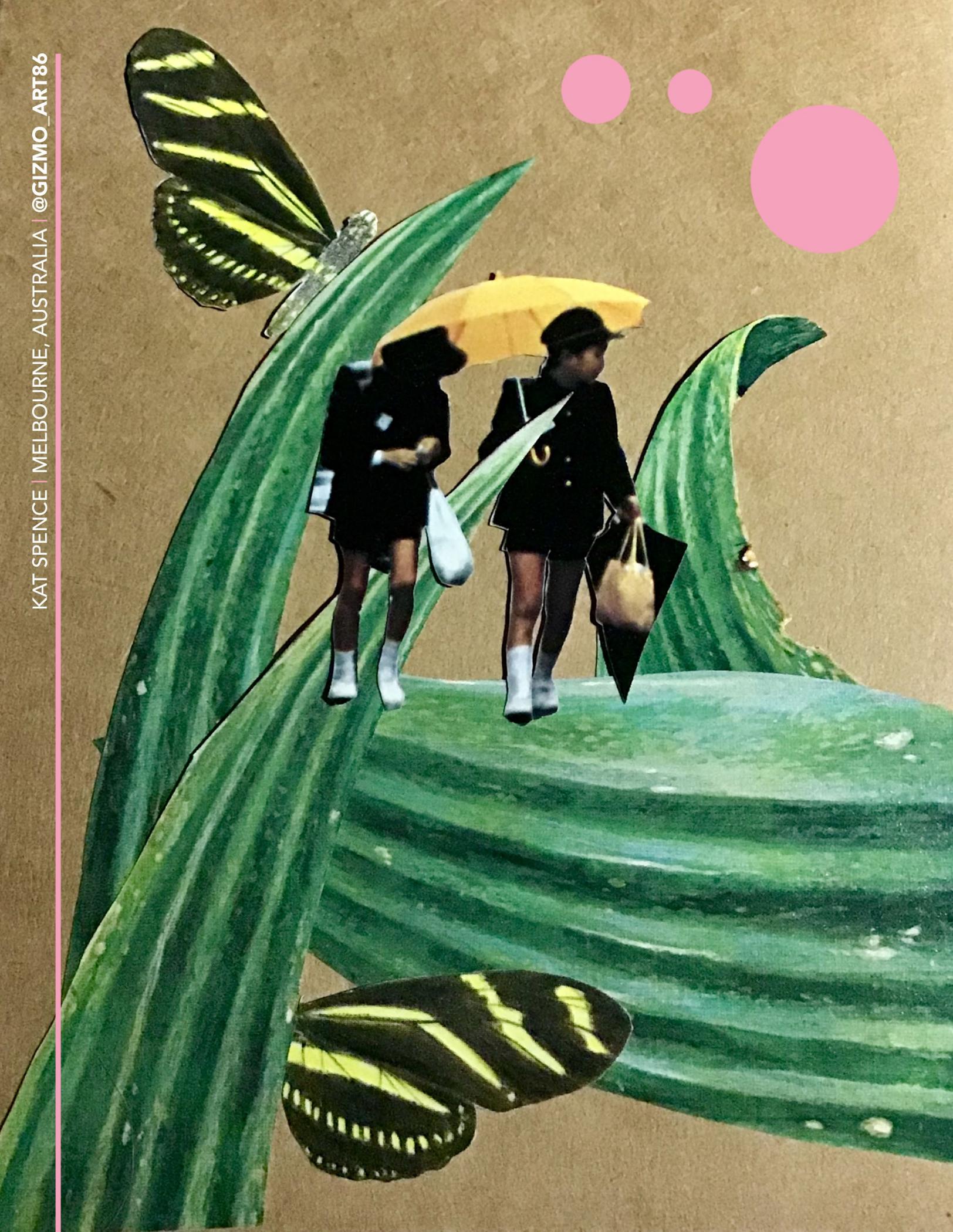
Because this whole thing—you and I— is just chemical you know.
It's all just disaccharide formulas: one -tose meets another -tose,
they bump and they grind in the night and bond, and sometimes

the sugars break.



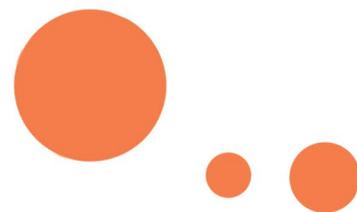


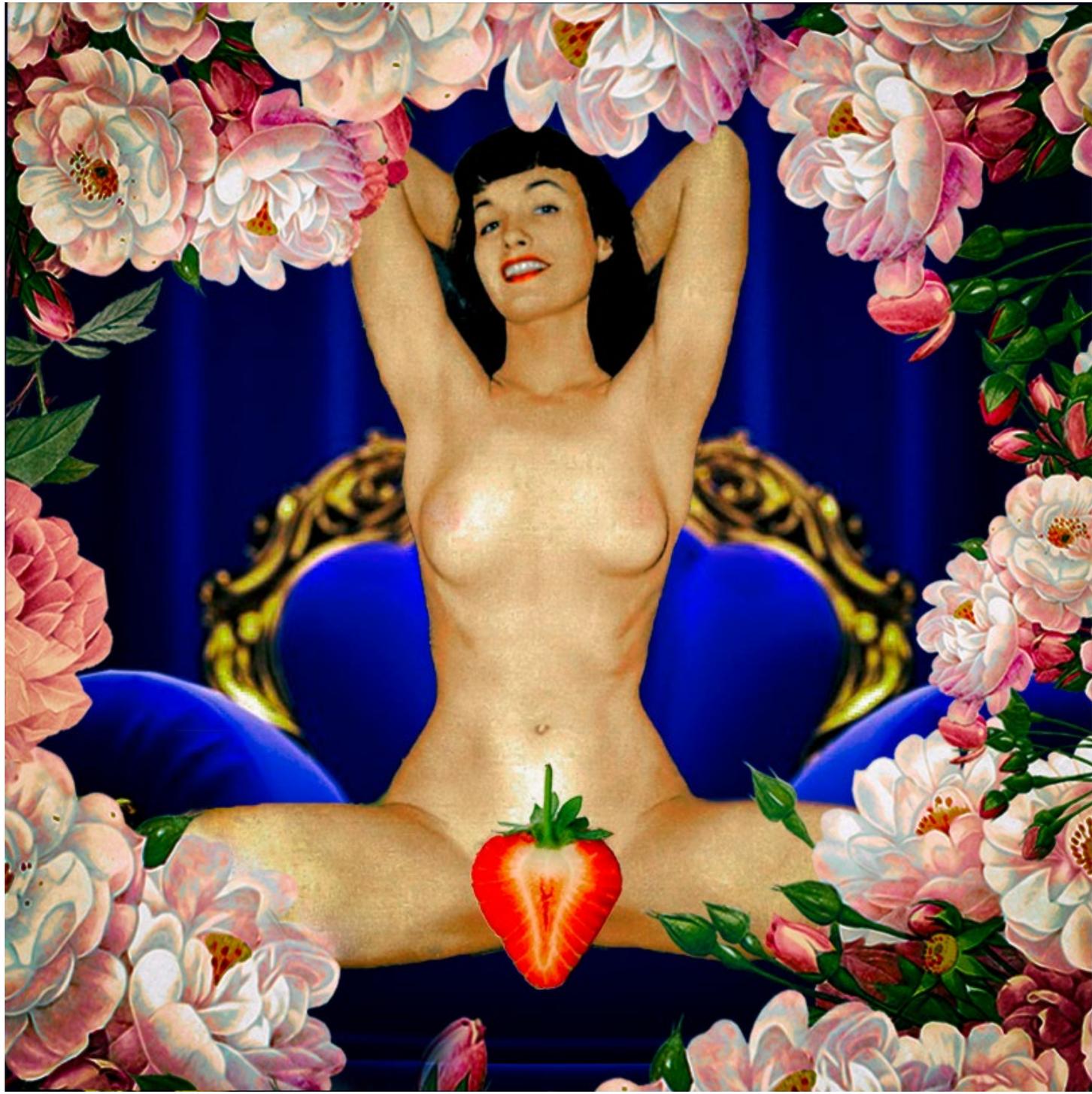
DUBÉ
2019





green goddess





Fantasies, FANTASIES

Caitlin H.

The boy tells me to stop teasing
and open my lips
for a kiss,
you could say,
you could pray,
so I bend over double
like a good girl

knees shaking and spit
pastel pink glitter onto his uniform.
It tastes sickly sweet,
rots the grinding teeth
just like all things intrinsic
to my life here.

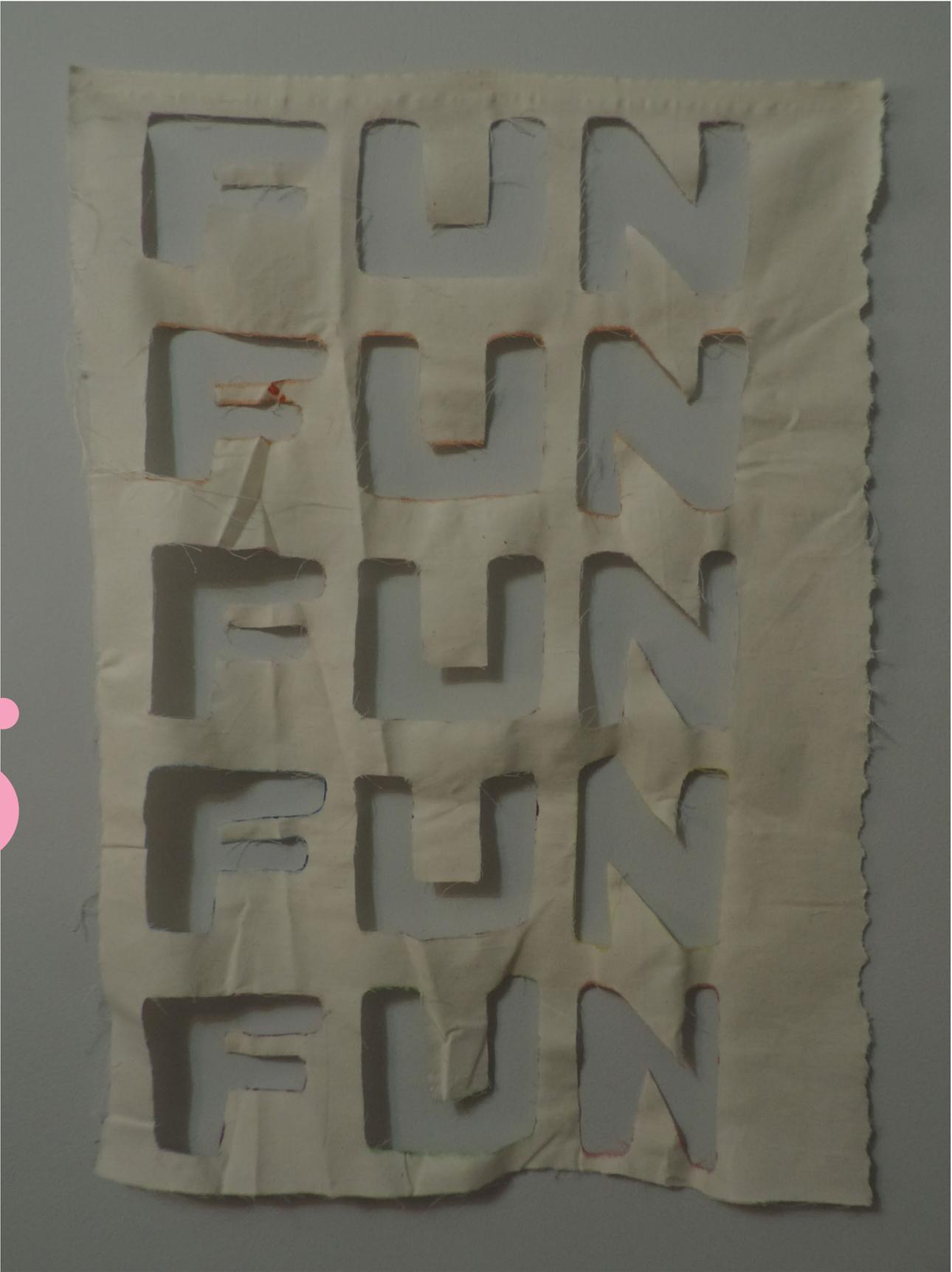
My bitter drool lingers
on the tongue
and so I do
what I was taught
because through it all I am
what nobody thought
I could
remain: a lady.

I wipe my mouth
with the back of a hand
pale from gripping at sanity
as if it were a stairwell railing
and tell him he's welcome.
I will make him thank me.

Caitlin H.
City: Brighton, United Kingdom
Instagram handle: @_soundsofwords_
Specific formatting requests: the line spacing used in the poem is its final
version, so ideally this would be preserved as closely as possible.



PLAY is a play on signage. I wanted to create propaganda for something light hearted and overlooked in our busy modern day lives. We should all endeavour to PLAY more.



FUN plays on word play. Here fun has been taken out of the work.

EGGSHELLS

read as: painted on beige and cracking skin.

EXPERIENCE

ruptured skin, our local cinema theater — *a girlfriend*

FEBRUARY 2016 - APRIL 2016

his fingers reeked of artificial colouring to the point where the scorch marks he left on my chest barely scratched the extra coating he painted on his skin. his lips didn't bleed when he spoke to me, even when i clawed him off and covered in my seat. i remember the way his breath tasted of salted vinegar next to my ear, and how i didn't care. because it was the words that caught me and coloured me pale gray that i chose to pay attention to, not the voice that smelt of rotting flesh that came out of his throat.

chapped lips, a public park — *a date*

NOVEMBER 2016 - JANUARY 2017

i could taste the mint from the way he moved; his limbs were stretched in order to bridge the gap between our generations, and his lips chapped in order to drench me in a sodden blue. we left spots of burning ash on the park bench we sat at, as we linked lips and cuddled bodies in an attempt to make the wind shed mercy on the shifting clouds above us. i didn't notice the ironclad grip i tried to tie onto him, nor did i notice the loosening fingerprints he left on my skin. i promise, i didn't notice. please.

broken limbs, my abandoned bedroom — *alone*

FEBRUARY 2017 - PRESENT

my nights have morphed into piles upon piles of discarded lip balm and emptied body lotion. my bedsheets have crinkled from the constant hours spent dancing on the graves of those



the alleyway behind
 that one abandoned house
 i used to visit when mom died. **Written by tah ai jia**

who have cut me more than they said they would. sometimes, if i'm lucky, the ghosts under my bed will grip my arms and legs so tight, the only way to save them is by tossing them into the sewers of my drizzling thoughts. because only then, do i feel the unwavering pain i know i have been sentenced to endure by the scriptures of god.

EDUCATION

homeschooled, the corners of my chest — *love*

FEBRUARY 2016 - PRESENT

my heart turned into burning flames the night i broke off my veins in favour for paper straws. i promise, i know what i'm doing.

PROJECTS

us — *we will prosper against my jagged waves of yesterday*

ONGOING

sleep paralysis won't haunt me anymore— *i promise, i won't let it.*

SKILLS

i can piece together crumbling skin cells and paint you a picture in the dead of night. the colours will be as vibrant as blood can be and the shades won't overshadow the whole piece. the moon is naught but a mere tool for the likes of my chest, rubbed to the point of a glowing madness the skies refuse to look at for more than a minute. i can promise you a view so beautiful, you won't notice the cracks on the canvas nor will you pay any attention to the faded paint on the walls. i can do it— i can.

AWARDS

shortest breaths shared in
 a room with another human
 being imagine a hiccup
 bubbling in your chest and
 disappearing right after.

the act of swimming past
 collateral damage just to dig
 out more dirt my palms bled
 and i had to scrape off excess
 skin, but my gardens are full
 and ready for the day of my
 reckoning.

jumping headfirst into a sea
 of piss in hopes of drinking
 salted water i'd like to think
 i'm just hopeful.

LANGUAGES

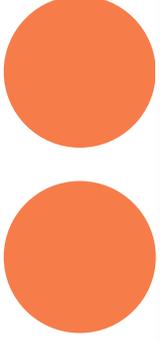
i speak in shattered tongues
 passed down to me from my
 withering ancestors, but i
 promise they won't cut you
 the way my skin does, nor will
 they break on impact when
 you hear my throat open up
 to speak. i have grown accus-
 tomed to the way the vowels
 sit on my lips, so trust that i
 will wrap them in silk before
 they reach you.

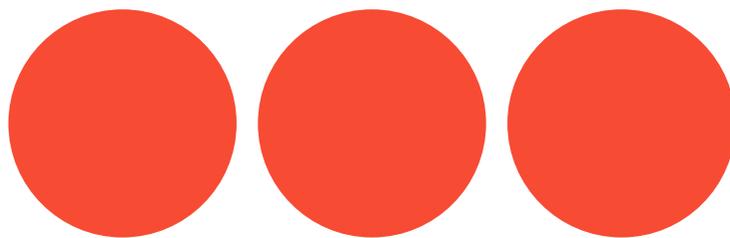






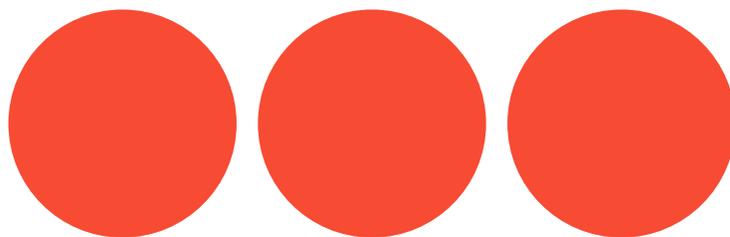
CANDY





FALSE POETRY

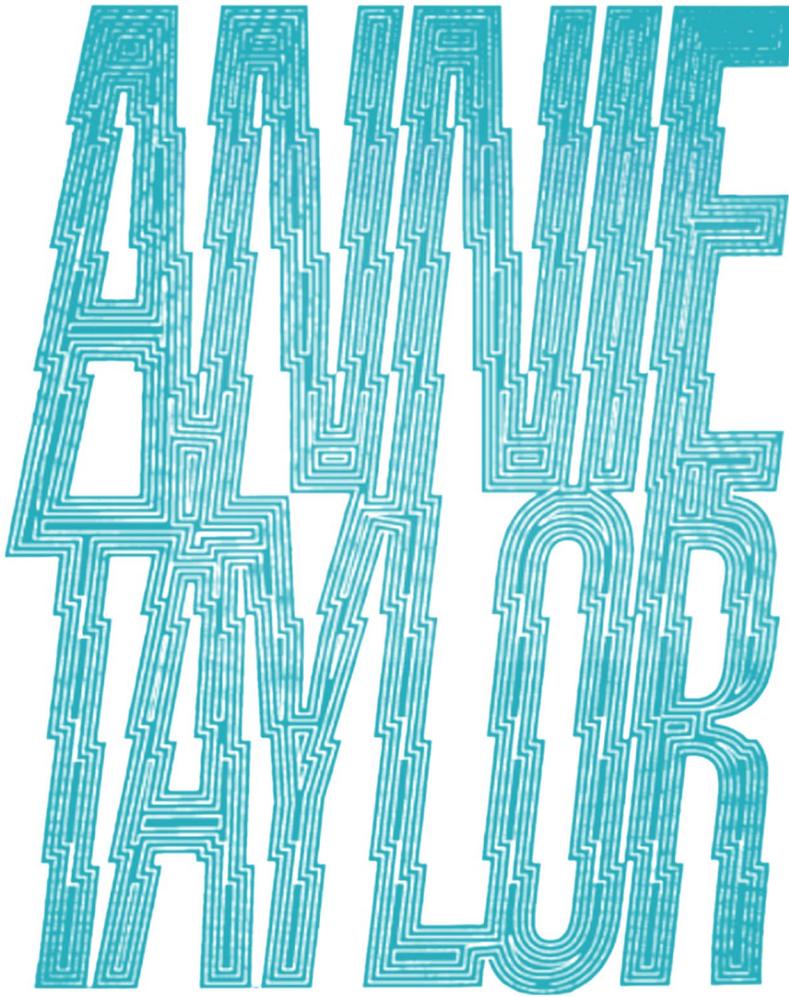
i never knew how sweet lies could taste
until you left my tongue coated in words
that seemed too beautiful to be spoken
the venom that dripped from your lips
looked so much like honey to someone
who has never known sweetness





@RHAIAH.COM





ANNIE TAYLOR

Grunge meets psychedelic rock with a touch of cheesy darkpop

Imagine **ANNIE TAYLOR**

as a rusty dog searching for his bone in the expanding universe. Pandora's Box opened in end of 2016, when Gini (singer & guitarist) forced her flatmate to rehearse in the living room, until the neighbours came by to sing along or shut them up. Her vision of a grungy duo mutated when they completed their four headed squad. The bands first move as **ANNIE TAYLOR** was to release three singles (Partner in Crime, Wasted Youth and Teach me Rock n' Roll) touring in Italy, France and Switzerland. Shortly after, ANNIE TAYLOR played with charming bands such as L.A.WITCH, SUNFLOWER BEAN and SUGAR CANDY MOUNTAIN. Instead of imitating the real Ms. Annie Taylor by tossing themselves over Niagara Falls in a barrel, Gini, Tobi, Michael and Jan somehow ended up jumping in TAXI GAUCHE RECORDS arms. The debut EP "NOT YOURS!", with their grunge, psychedelic, Lo-fi darkpop sounds on it, arrived in April 2019.



PHOTO: GINA HELD

Coming stronger than ever after their first sold-out EP release show "**NOT YOURS!**" in April 2019, the Swiss Alpine quartet **ANNIE TAYLOR** brings us the good dreamy California rock n roll sound in **their new single** "**17 Days**"



The riffs are tight, the beat restless, and the sweet female badass vocals remind us that *it's always good to keep count of the days when someone has messed with you.*





PHOTOS: TATJANA RÜEGSEGGER

...this band, which labels their sound "girl-grunge" would have sounded right at home on the American west coast of the late sixties, or the upper northwest Seattle sound of twenty years later. It is lo-fi, psychedelic rock-grunge done well, and the addition of a 12 string electric here and there just adds a satisfying side dish to the feast...."

- soundblab.com

annietaylor.bandcamp.com

Listen Now!

or check out the music video for
"17 Days"

Spectacle



Everything's Coming Up Roses

"My oil paintings reflect the feminine spectacle.

The over-the-top, sparkling works deliver a feminist message, celebrating the hilarity and ridiculousness of growing up female in America. Pageantry and fanfare often find themselves in my work."



Wallflower

Thoughts on Being Agreeable

"Working in oil lends a genuine quality to the images, giving way to the rich nature of the swirled frosting and brightly colored plastic objects. Taken individually the trifles are simply cute bunnies, stars, adorable pandas, scrumptious cupcakes, Hello Kitties and shiny bows. Yet clustered into a candied extravaganza, the image's complexity deepens and the sugary mass of artificial happiness overwhelms."





"This line of inquiry speaks to the pressure of maintaining the ideal woman's voice as precious and small, and the resistance to that pressure. Each painting is a loud parade of honeyed, traditional feminine qualities. Together this series aims to provide a place of reflection, asks you to question your rose-colored glasses, and ultimately works to dismantle the patriarchy (in the sweetest way possible)."

ingridwells.com

Pretty Expectations



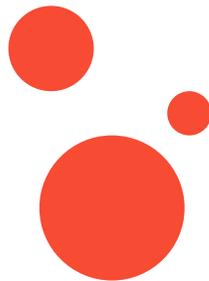
Put on a Happy Face





SWEET

You are sweetness in all contexts,
You'd win all the beauty contests,
They're just milk you're double cream,
Come walk with me in a lucid dream,
Sedate me with a caramex kiss,
Seductive strawberry flavoured bliss,
I'm a pesky bee and you're my honey,
My jokes are shite but you find them funny,
You're a drum with no sides, hard to beat.
No sugar in your tea, you're already sweet.





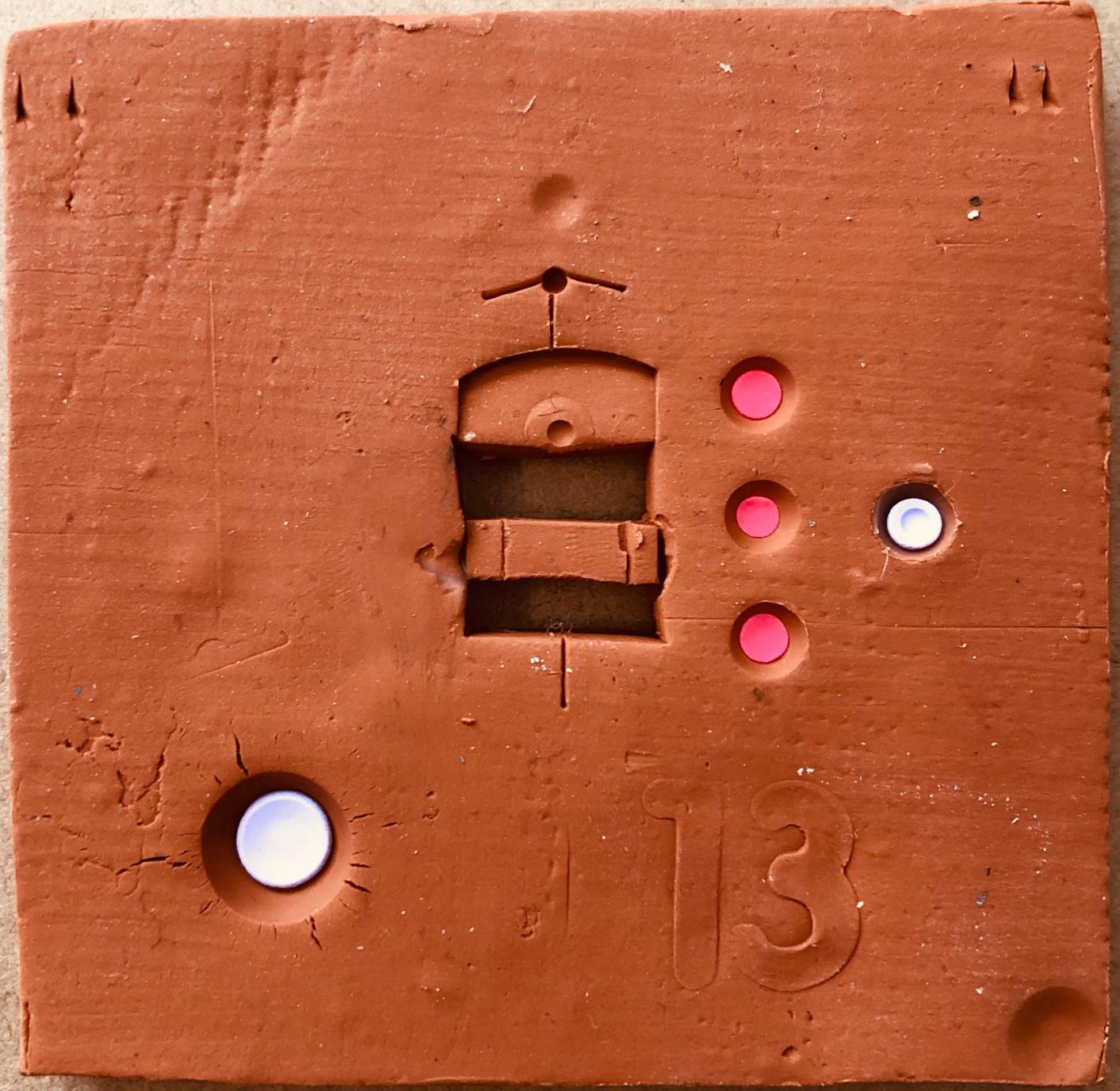


RE-IMAGINED DIASPORIC HOMES THAT VISCERALLY ATTEMPT TO RECONNECT TRANS
| CYNTHIAKVELASQUEZ.COM



NATIONAL FAMILIES.









Sweet

Sweet

Sweet

Sweet



Sweet

Sweet

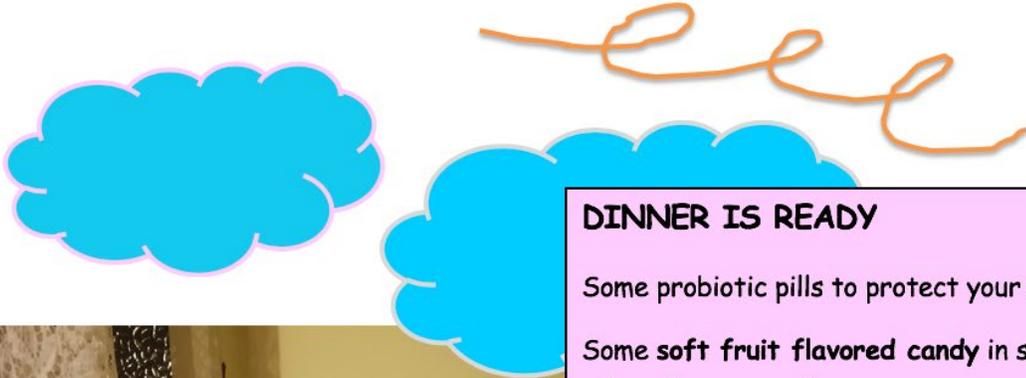
Sweet

Sweet

Sweet



DINNER IS READY



DINNER IS READY

Some probiotic pills to protect your guts

Some **soft fruit flavored candy** in soft colors for your soft tongue

Some lemonade sparkling bubbling lemonade

And my sweetness as the main dish

all my sweetness in a plate

Squeeze it

Taste it

Savor it

Bite it

Enjoy it now is fresh

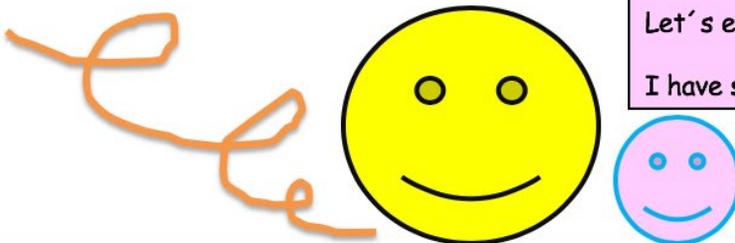
I don't know if I will be as **sweet as now** **in the future**

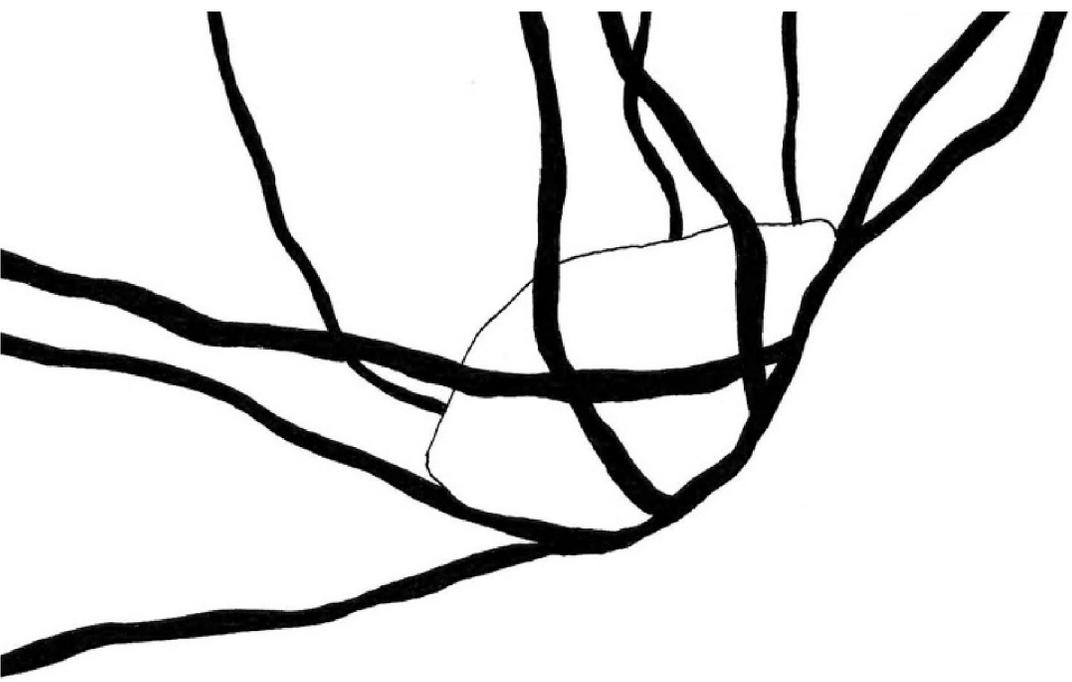
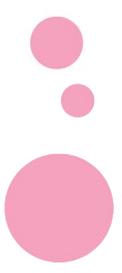
I don't **know if** I will keep my flavors only for you tomorrow

But the one thing I know now is that I am **hungry**

Let's eat now

I have **some kisses** for dessert.







| @MARY_KUAN & @MAHULAHOOOP
| MARYKUAN.COM
| MAHALAMILLER.COM

SWEETENER

i cannot take you with me,
my pretty little thing
but if i could, i know i would
tie you up with string

i'd put you in jar somewhere
all safe and warm and hid
to protect you from the world, my pet
and close it with a lid!

and if you want to leave me,
my love, my life, my light
i'd pluck you out real slowly
but would not put up a fight

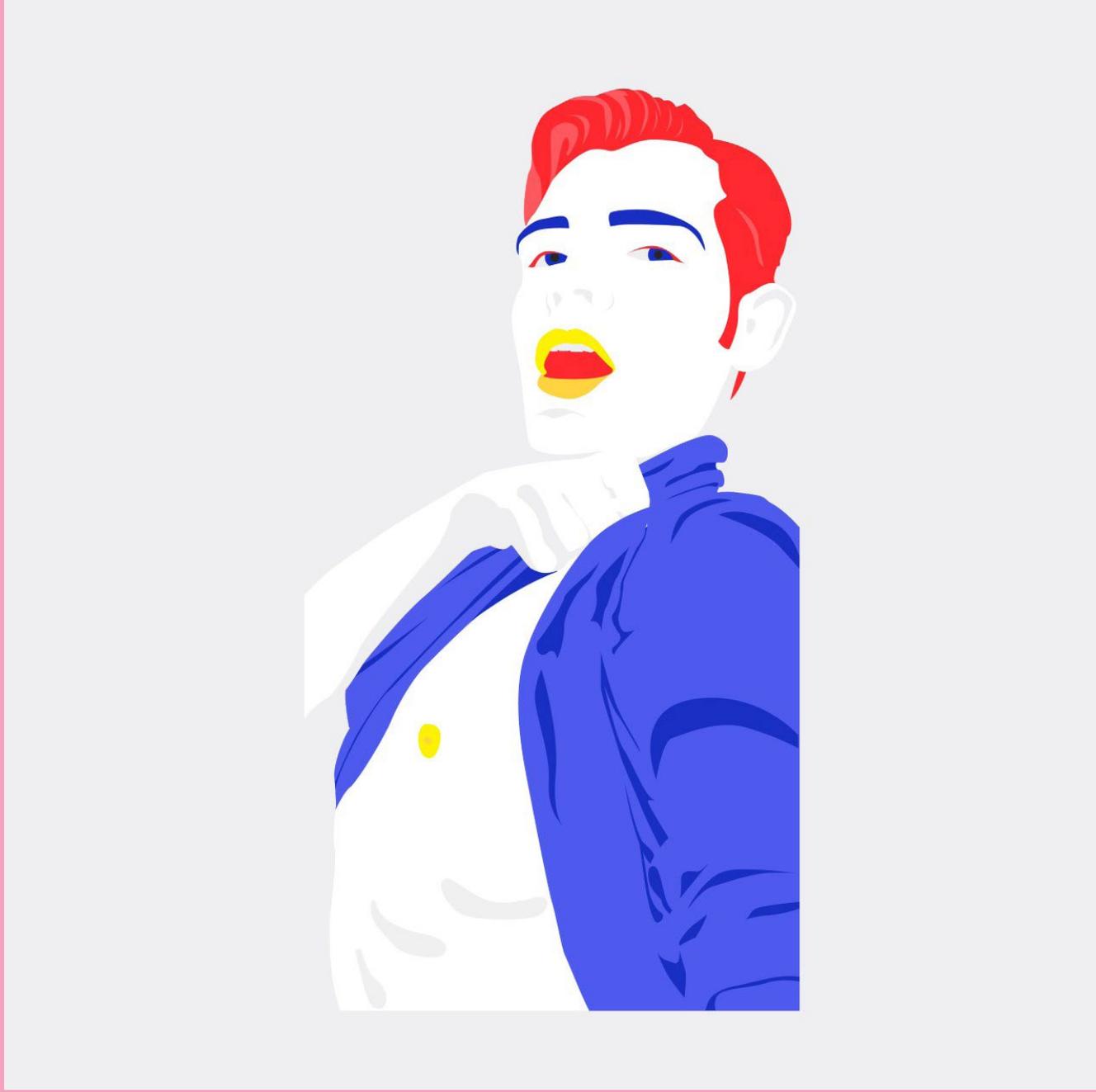
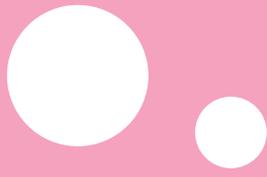
though if you let me keep you
all tucked away with me
my candy cane, my sugar cube,
i'd plop you in my tea!

and close it with a lid!
to protect you from the world, my pet
all safe and warm and hid
i'd put you in jar somewhere

tie you up with string
but if i could, i know i would
my pretty little thing
i cannot take you with me,

i'd pluck you out real slowly
my love, my life, my light
all tucked away with me
though if you let me keep you

but would not put up a fight
i'd plop you in my tea!
my candy cane, my sugar cube,
and if you want to leave me







"They're so pretty it hurts
I'm not talking about boys, I'm talking about girls
They're so pretty with their button-up shirts..."





A SLICE OF CARROT CAKE THAT I'D SHARE WITH MY DAD AFTERSCHOOL. HE ALWAYS LET ME EAT THE RED CARROT OFF THE TOP.

A CHERRY COUGH DROP THAT MY GRANDMOTHER WOULD HAND OUT TO US LIKE CANDY TO KEEP US QUIET IN CHURCH.



A COLLECTION OF CHILDHOOD SWEETS

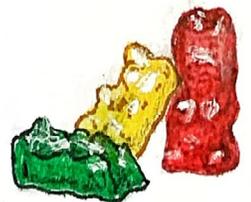
A CHOCOLATE CUP CAKE TOPPED WITH THE BUTTERY ICING THAT TURNS GRAINY WITH SUGAR CRYSTALS AS IT SITS OUT THROUGH BIRTHDAY PARTIES.



A SMALL CUP OF CHOCOLATE CHIP ICE CREAM WITH THE FLAT CHOCOLATE CHUNKS THAT STREAKED THE CORNERS OF MY MOUTH EVERY SUMMER.



GUMMY BEARS, SUCKED ON LIKE HARD CANDY AT THE MOVIE THEATER A LOOPHOLE TO THE "NO CHEWY CANDY" RULE WHEN I HAD BRACES.



MAKE A DATE

WHAT HAPPENED WAS... by Tom Noonan (Witchboy Theatre/Leroy St. Theatre). At the Assembly Theatre (1479 Queen West). Runs to May 5. \$20-\$35. witchboytheatre.com. Rating: **NNNN**

Those contemplating an office romance should swipe right for

his sweetheart.

deep human emotion and need.

joy and suffering.

mmm!



together.

tasty

They liked ~~the~~ honesty and simplicity.

liked what the words said.

attracted

appeal

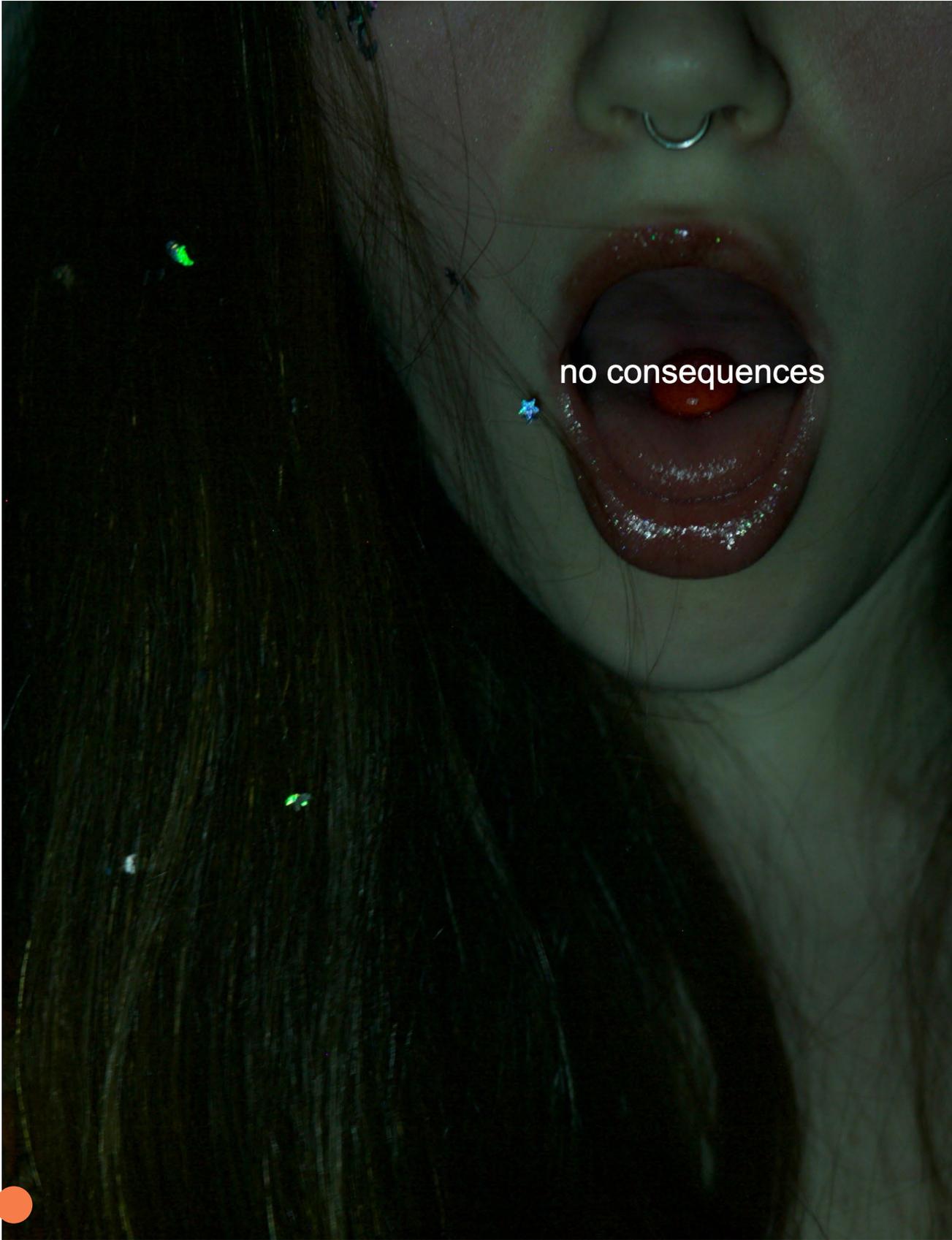
appeal



helped to pass the time, and made life seem easier.

Sweet!

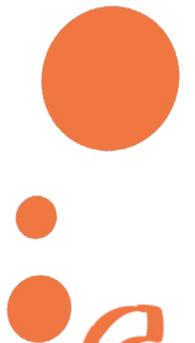




no consequences



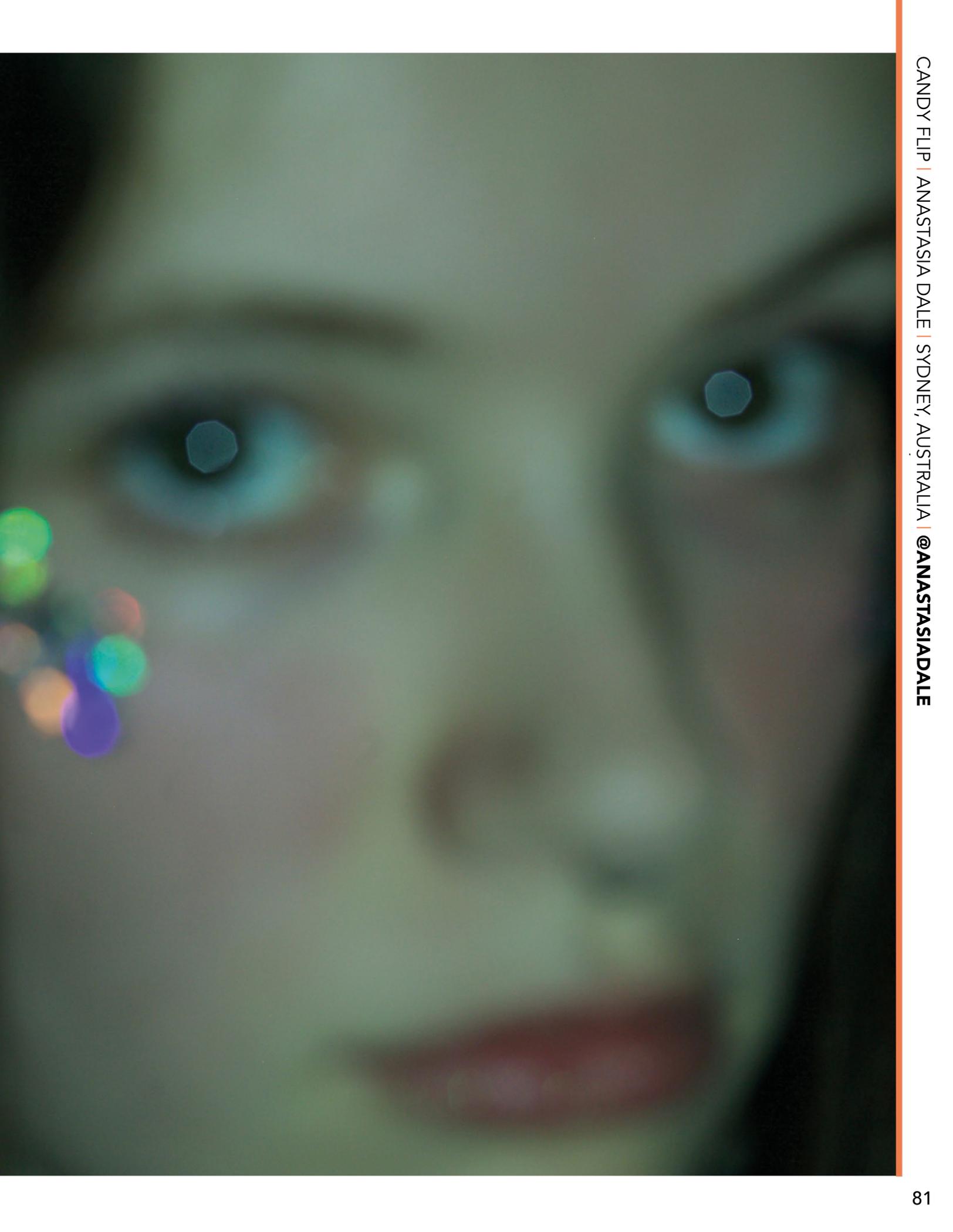




C
A
N
D
Y

F
L
I
P

(except the candy rots my teeth)



Lavender Honey



"I am genuinely curious as to what Lavender Honey tastes like. I bet it smells divine."

alexwphotoblog.tumblr.com



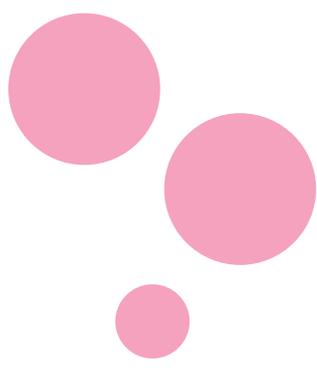
Some Of My Happy Places

"I thought I could make something dreamy like all girls & women love including a beautiful Victorian green house with lovely plants & a fairy tale castle"



Meghan Levaughn
6/19/19

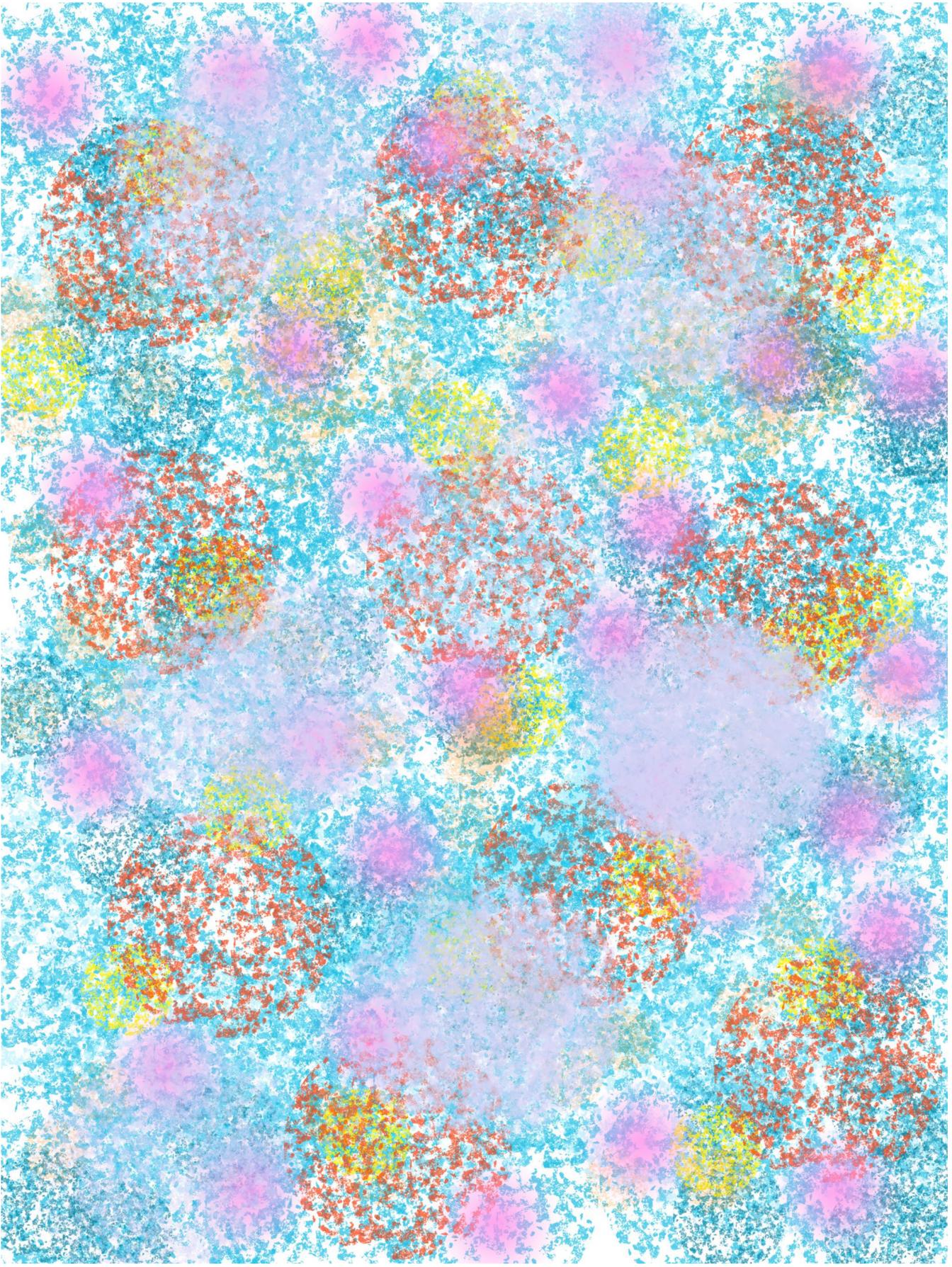




@ANDREDUANE
ANDREWOODARD.COM

“While I was drawing a cafe, I was thinking about how much I love Sanrio characters (mostly Hello Kitty, Cinnamoroll & Little Twin Stars), and I drew these doughnuts & cinnamon rolls as the cushions.”





Trigger Warning:

This piece contains subject matter related to death and suicidal ideation.

what if you died at sunset
you took your last breath
as the sun took its last stand
against the moon
somehow it doesn't feel right to let go
in broad daylight
but think of the way you'll look
when that golden sun hits your golden eyes
you'll look so pretty, like the sky behind you
and somehow that's peaceful
somehow, maybe we can all forget about
how much we think about death

somehow, maybe the pink and purple and orange
behind your greying skin
will be enough to help us forget
(just for a moment)
that we all want to die sometimes

SWEET RELEASE AT SUNSET

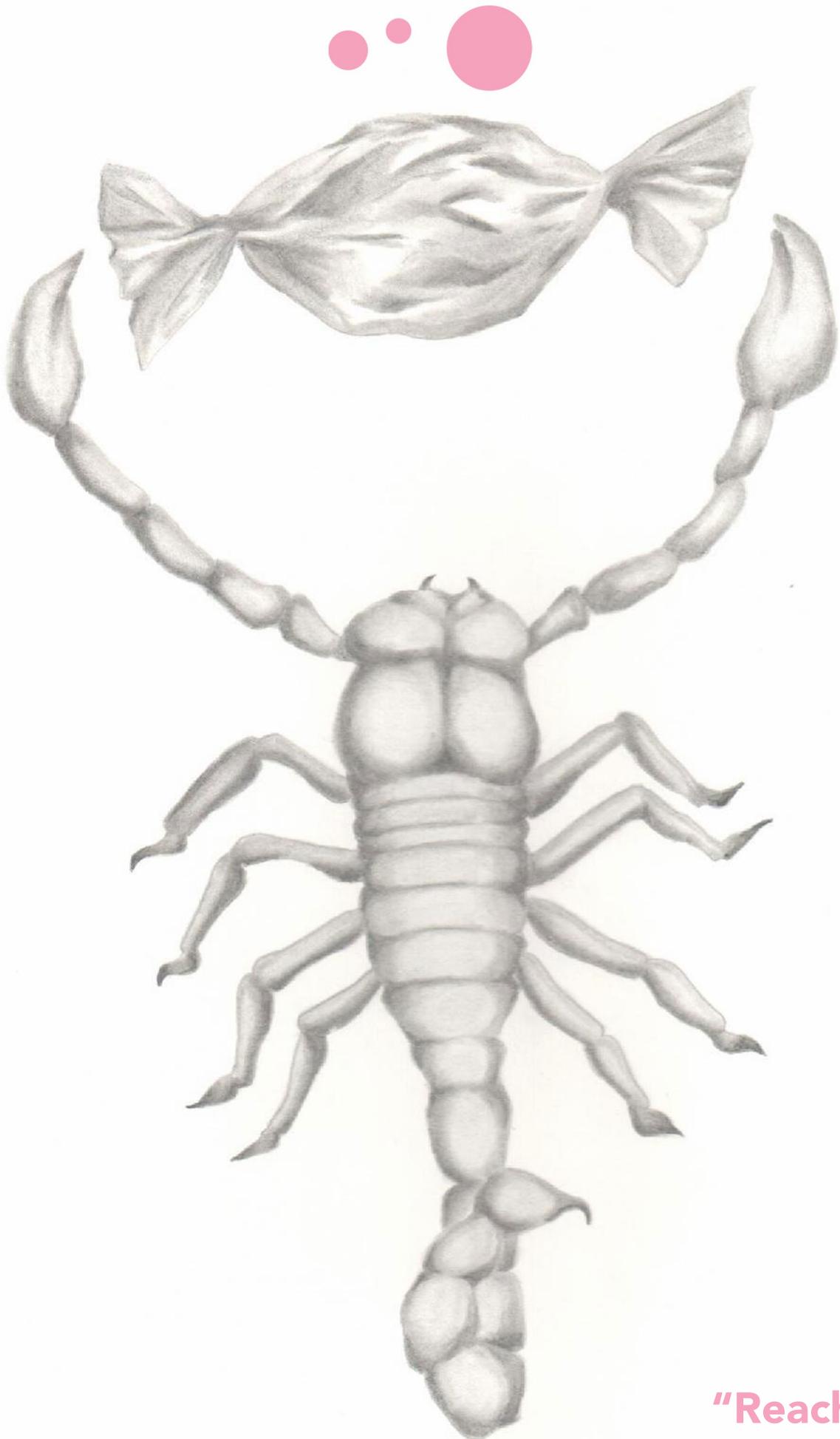
by michaelaemerson (m n e)



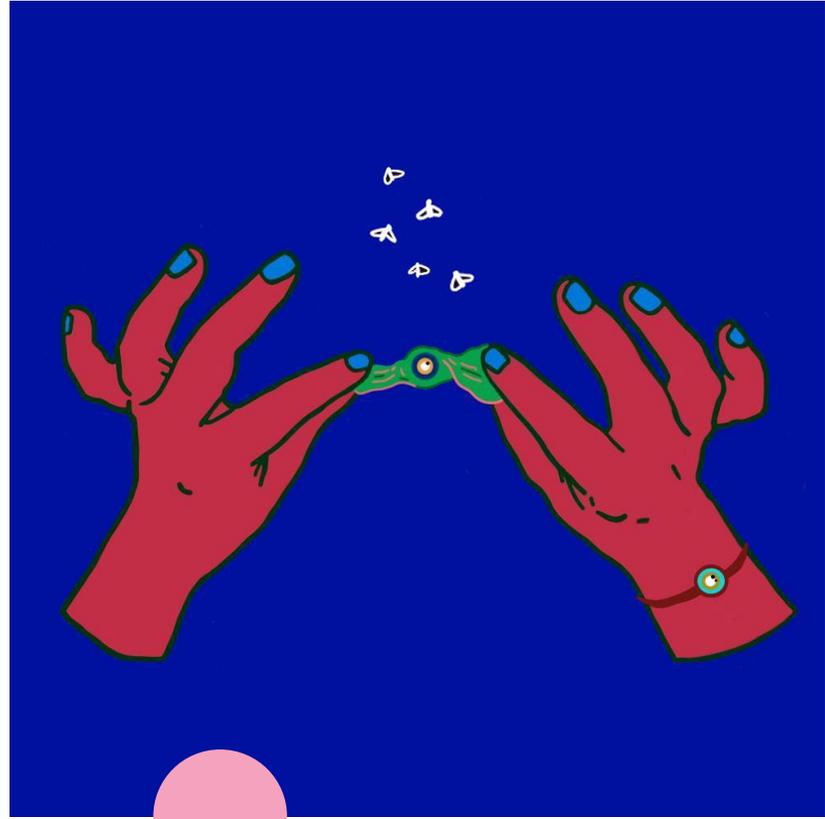
photo, design, and poem by @michaelaemerson

michaelaemerson.com





“Reaching”



SWEET



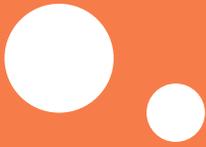
& SOUR

MELTBEAST





That's a wrap

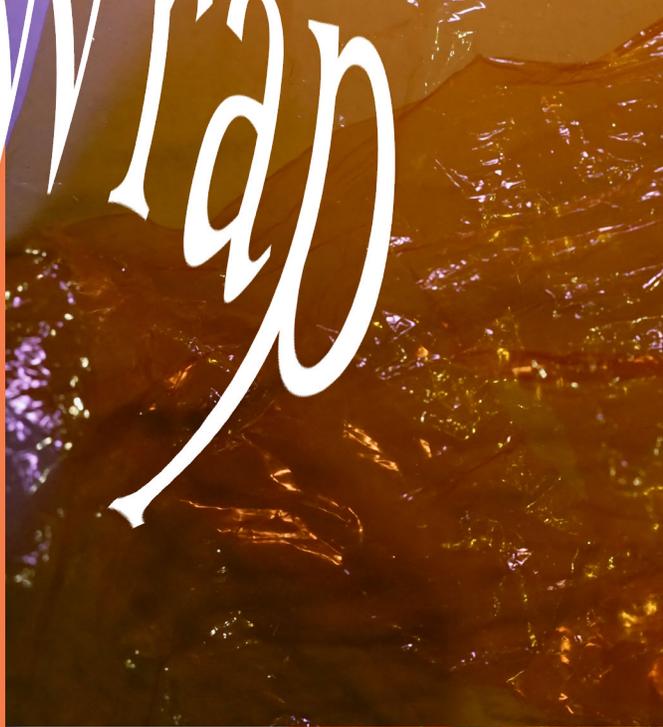
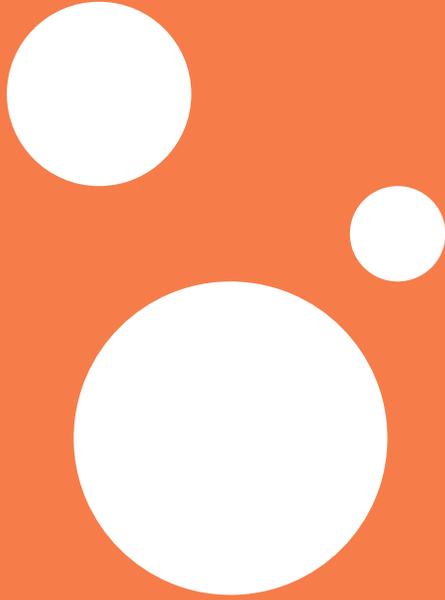


That's A Wrap
That's A Wrap



EXCERPT FROM AN ABSTRACT PHOTOGRAPHY SERIES MADE FROM CELLOPHANE. CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE...

That's A Wrap



EXCERPT FROM AN ABSTRACT PHOTOGRAPHY SERIES MADE FROM CELLOPHANE.

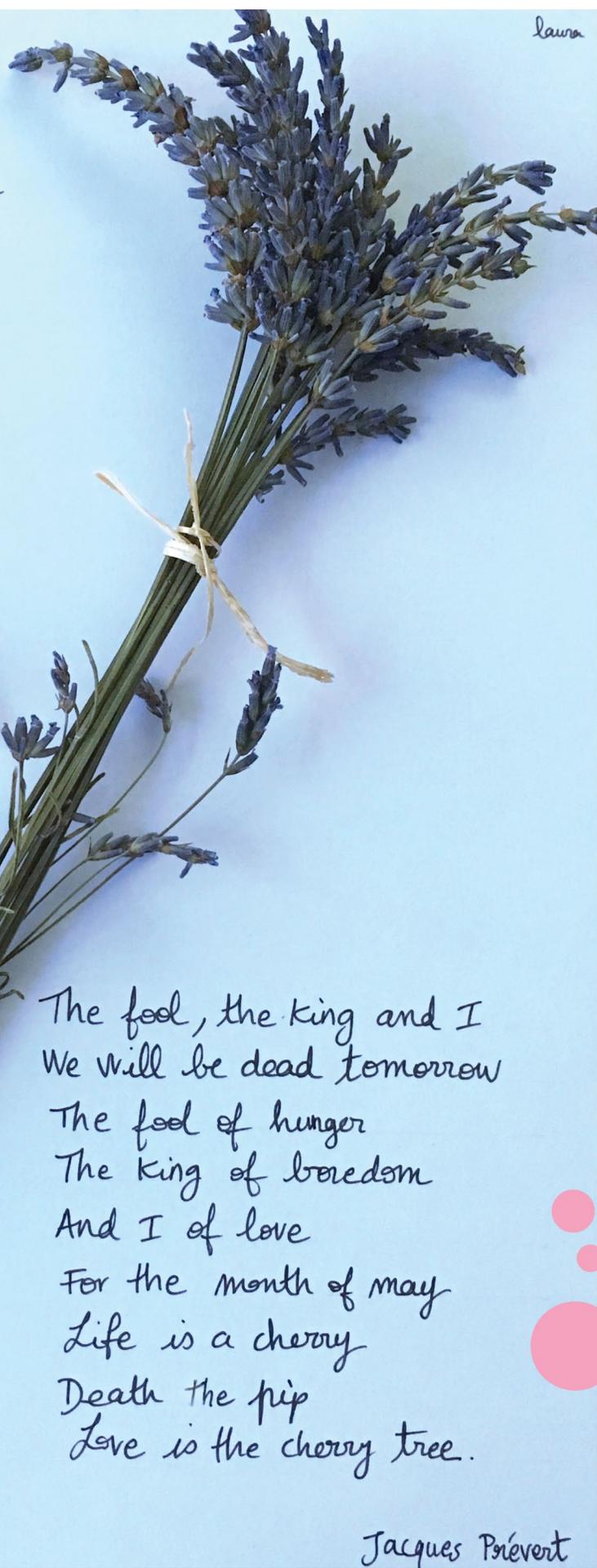




laura

laura

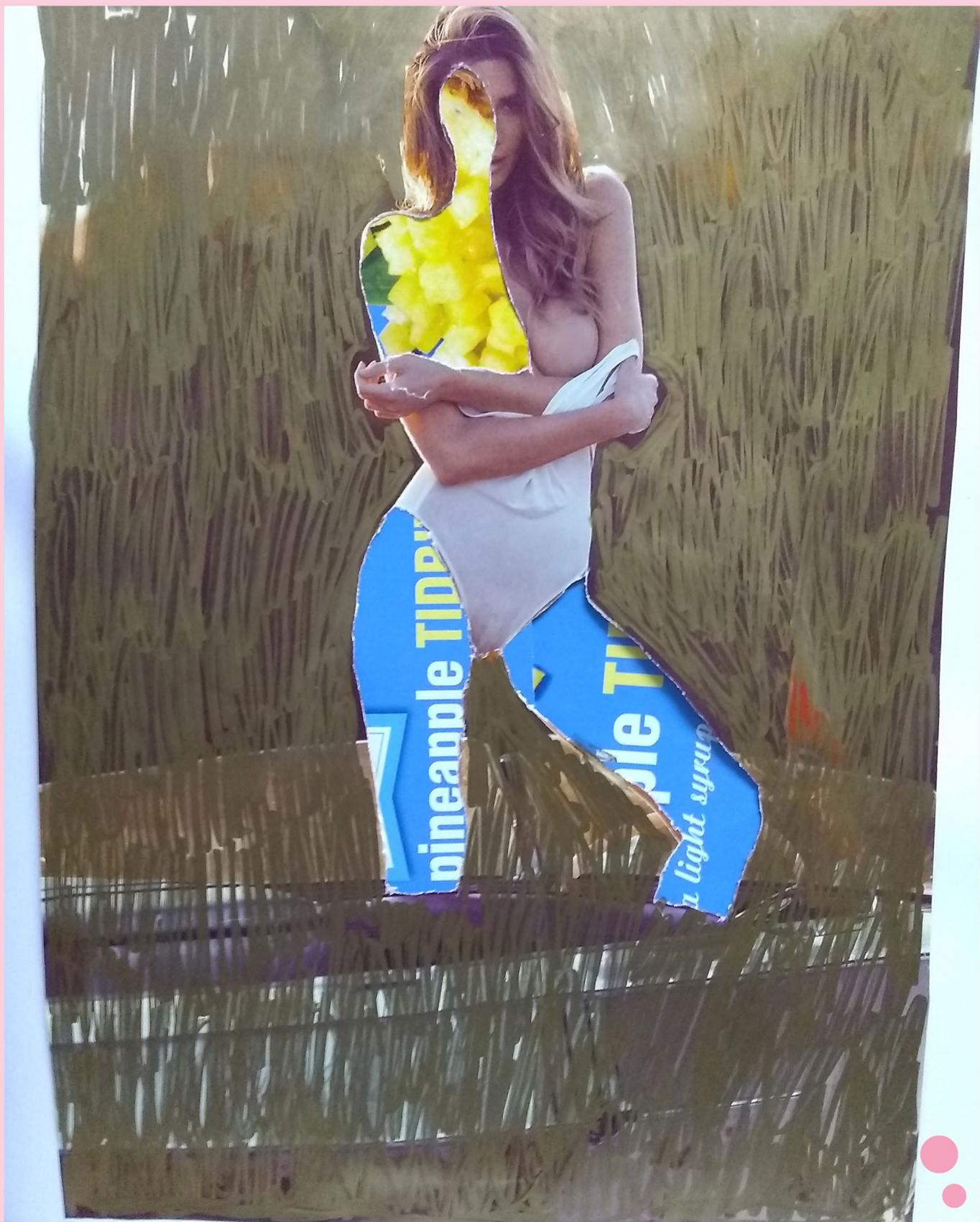
L'âne, le roi et moi
Nous serons morts demain
L'âne de faim
Le roi d'ennui
Et moi d'amour
Au mois de mai
La vie est une cerise
La mort est un noyau
L'amour un cerisier.

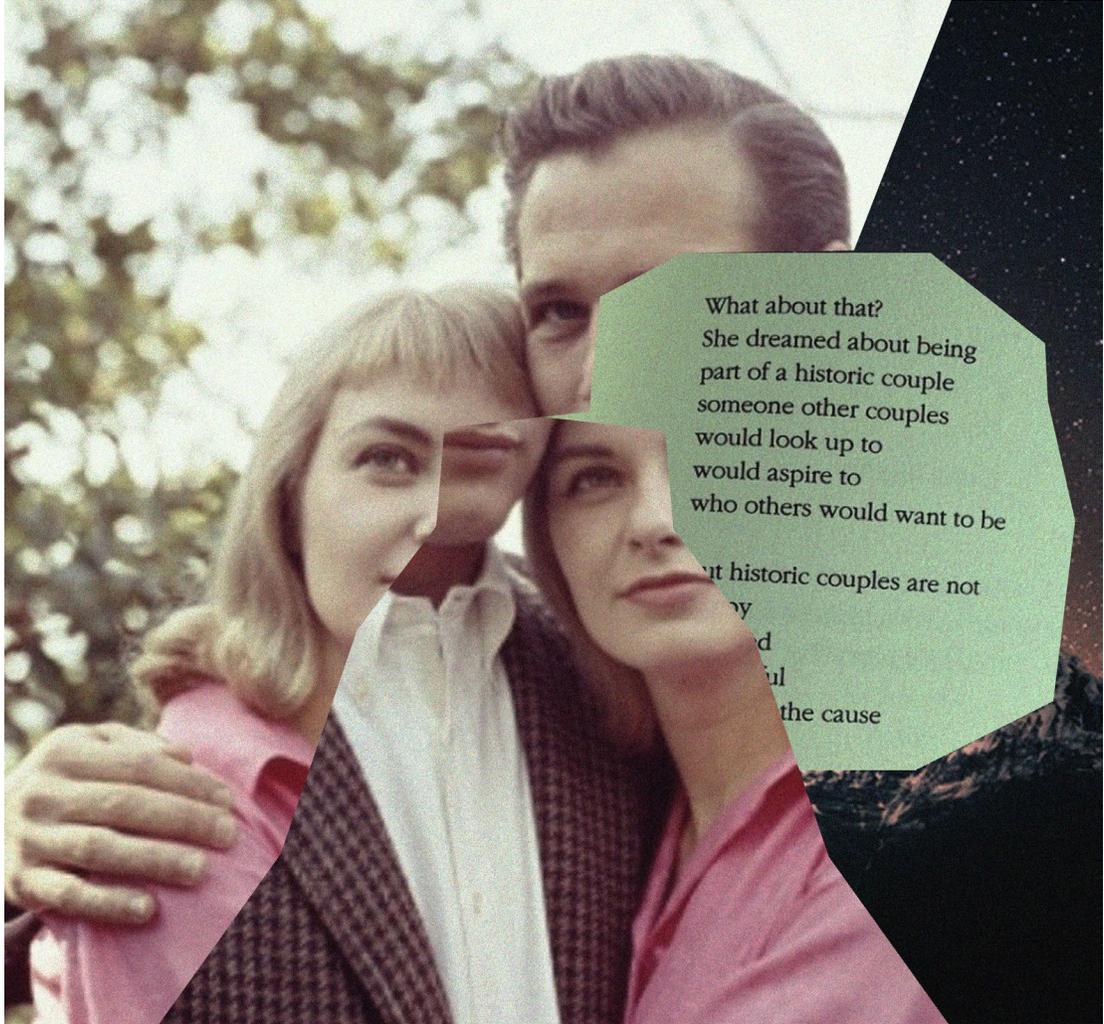


The fool, the king and I
We will be dead tomorrow
The fool of hunger
The king of boredom
And I of love
For the month of may
Life is a cherry
Death the pip
Love is the cherry tree.

Jacques Prévert







What about that?
She dreamed about being
part of a historic couple
someone other couples
would look up to
would aspire to
who others would want to be

ut historic couples are not
y
d
ul
the cause

Statement of Results

INTERNATIONAL CERTIFICATE OF EDUCATION

Candidate Name
I'M SORRY.

Date of Birth
**I NEVER WANT TO REMEMBER.
I ONLY WISH I COULD FORGET.**

Centre/Cand No.
FCK425/ 0075

Centre Name
YOU& m e . Series

Series
January 2019

To be quoted on all correspondence

ICE	ICE Award Result: Fail			
	Group	Syllabus Title	Result	Percentage Uniform Mark
IGCSE	1	First Language Love	F(f)	28%
IGCSE	1	Affection	C(c)	61%
IGCSE	2	Communication	E(e)	41.5%
IGCSE	3	Opening up as a Second Language	D(d)	52%
IGCSE	3	Silence as a Second Language	A*(a*)	92%
IGCSE	5	Us	UNGRADED	N/A

EXPLANATORY NOTES

The rain is dripping. I can feel the water condense on my skin as I breathe into the mic and speak your sideway glances and drooping lips into existence. I can feel my fingers move your lips into forming the words; into forming our reality, as i wave my hand around in an attempt to push your attention away from me. Is it working? I don't know.

Maybe I should've placed a warning sign outside the theater, or written a contract for you to sign: beware of dying stars and stolen skies, please sign here to consent. But then again, you probably would've left the moment you felt me tiptoe into the room with my hair covering my right eye and my glasses protecting my left. I knew you weren't going to stay for the encore, so I had to make sure I could properly drench you gray and purple the moment you hear my voice scratch your dead skin cells. I'm sorry it had to be done this way. I didn't know how else you would've listened.

I don't know if I've ever told you this, but that night when I stood by our driveway and gave you a piece of my trembling mind, I meant every word I said. Even the ones about drowning the ocean if it meant walking barefoot on its bed just so I could get through to your silver fingertips, and watch you make the sky shed melted sleet to clear up the draught. I could hear the mumble of a scoff when you heard me say this, and the limp of a touch when you tried to hold me close that night in an attempt to comfort me. But I meant every word I scraped out from my jagged teeth, even if you didn't. I promise, I did.

(Pause)

Yeah, I should've guessed that you'd stand up to leave right about now. Hey, can you hear me? You probably can't. But on the off chance you can. I. I just want you to know that Saturn has lost her rings and nobody knows why, how or what to do in order to save her from crumbling into dust right before their telescopes. And I know that you don't know what to do either in order to save me. But you don't have to, because I'm no longer your collateral damage-- but you already knew that.

It's okay, you don't have to turn around to tell me.
You don't have to say it; I've already done it for you.



THANK YOU TO OUR CONTRIBUTORS

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