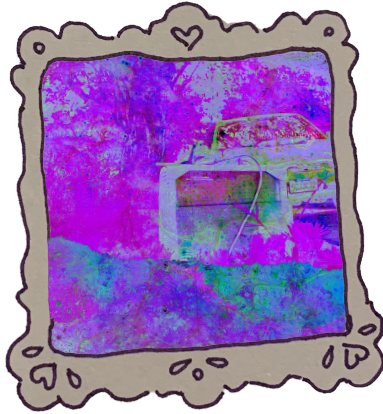


music recs & reviews

simulated death ft. omari by møni

"I'm gonna fly baby...
Stop playing with me"

Simulated death is slowed down and dreamy, the lyrics echo into one another. The music progresses almost like crashing waves or a beating heart. Let your thoughts meld and turn into clouds with møni.



Invisible Man by The Flowers

"I'm invisible man
And I do what I can"

If you want overload, give Invisible Man a listen. Full of terrifically loud guitar, maniacal laughter, and echoed screamy lyrics, this song feels like an exciting game of hide and go seek. Let yourself grind to a stop with the song as it ends.



Left Alone by Bad Spring

"fate is a real thing
it's just hard to find"

Left Alone immediately sounds like a romantic summer haze, like sunny days and sticky popsicle fingers meshed into clashing guitar and longing, heart-broken ripped out notebook page lyrics. We've all been left alone before, but that's alright if you've got music!





music recs & reviews



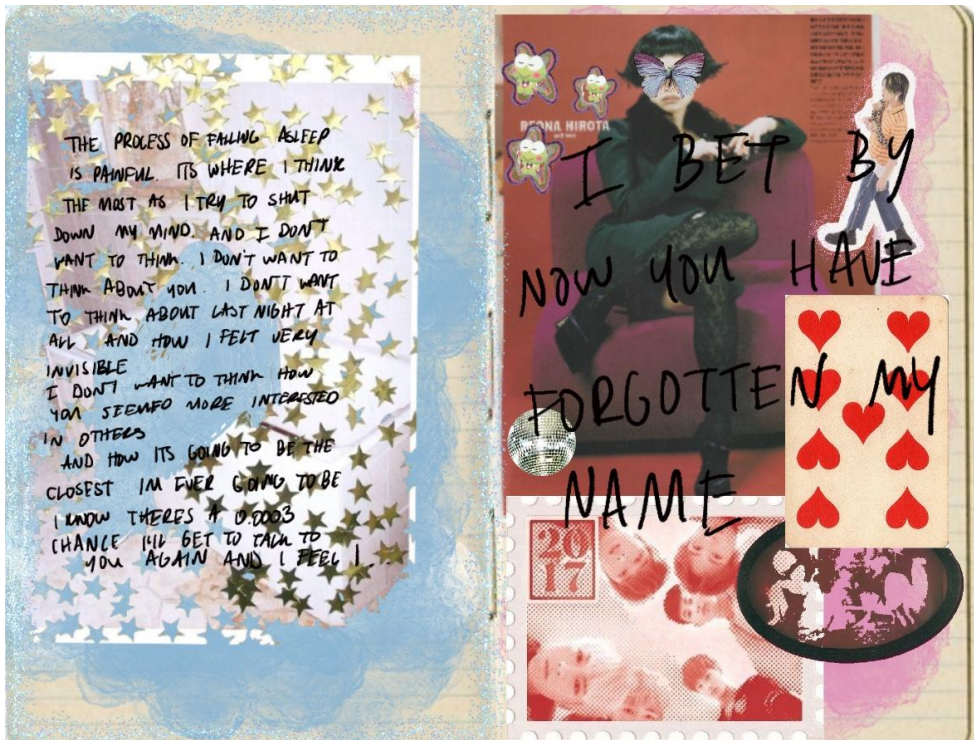
Music is one of those universal forms of art; it promotes connection and conversation, but also provides comfort and companionship in moments of loneliness and solitude. Here are some **local** curated songs to pull you out of, or put you into, a cool, mellow summer funk.

Written by Mahealani LaRosa

Obeah Man by Mox

"The faces in my telephone
they tell me ur not home"

Ease your way into the summer with Mox's sweet new song! The guitar sounds like it is exploring, out late at night, uncertain but also assured. The lyrics are almost like a threat, but the yearning voice pulls you in and the biting melodious Obeah Man envelops you.



anonymous

Evil Laugh by Ted Barber

"Wait for it to sour (yeah)
You're a bitchmade coward!"

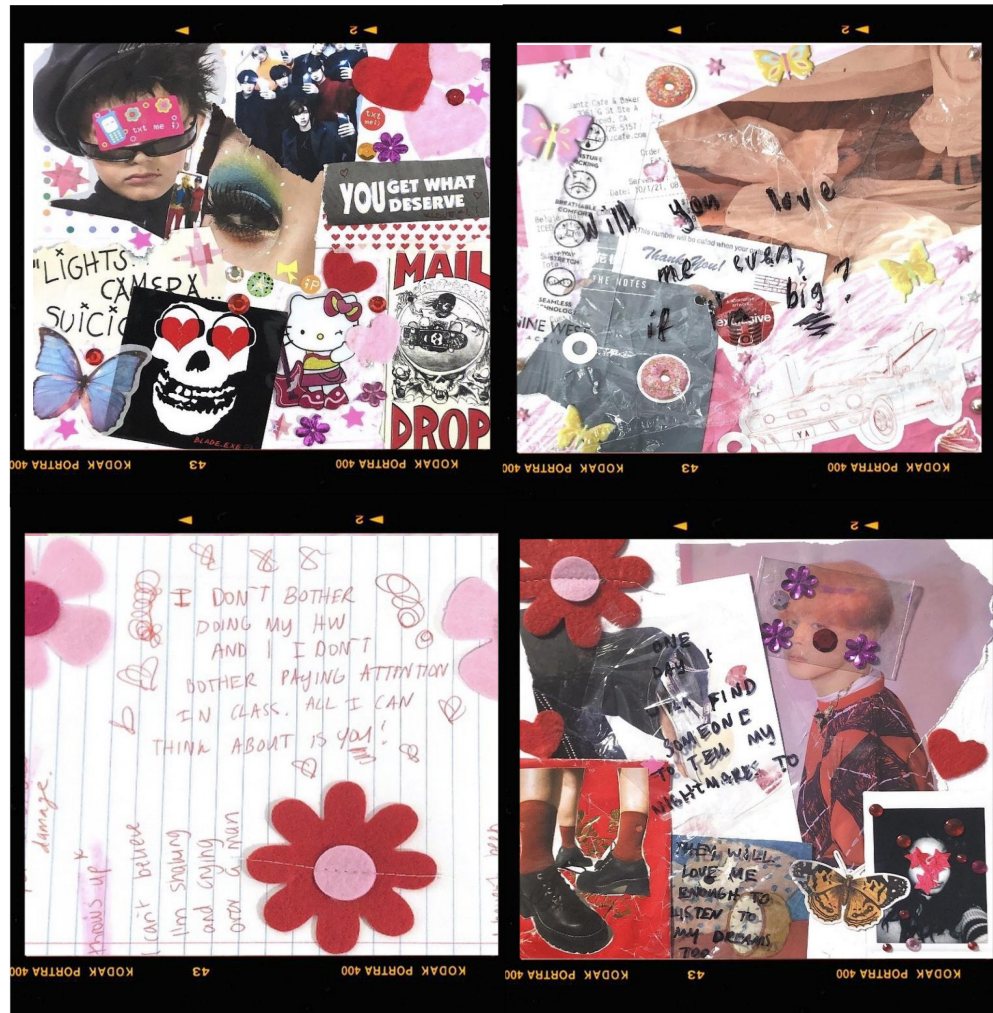
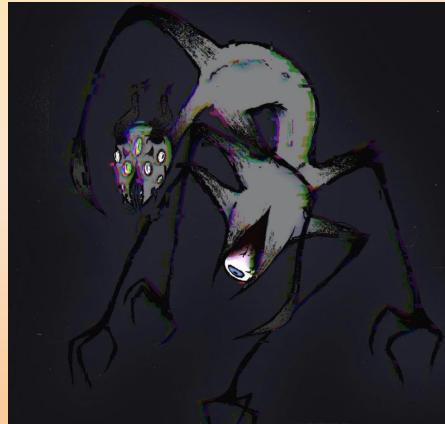
This absolutely stellar song will overload your mind with screeching riffs and exemplary guitar. The lyrics are reminiscent of a classic 2000's tune in the **best** possible way, and you can't help but sing along. This song is all-consuming, vibrational, nostalgic, and so passionately chaotic. Plus, the sneaky surprise included can't be beat!



"milky dreams" by milk



My star sits in the sky, dangling her feet from the clouds.
 She paints her lips the color of blossoms, her eyes colors of the sky.
 She steps down to me from the clouds, and my breath stops for a moment.
 I can't think of anything but her.
 She brushes her lips against mine.
 Every touch we share burning with love.
 But it cannot last forever.
 Just as she came, she is pulled from my arms.
 To the clouds she must return.
 With the daybreak she is gone.
 I wait once more for the moon to bring me my star.



a far off distant life of green .
 vast hearts, wide fields .
 a big wooden porch .
 i'm cupped in your hands .
 like a ceramic coffee mug .
 but the stillness whispers memories .

the sound of a turn signal .
 at sunrise in december .
 wrecked ...

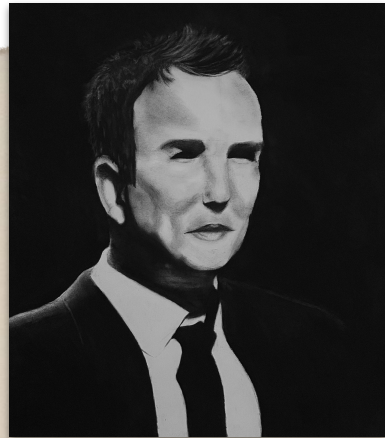
images & poem separately anonymous



"Hard Form" by darren roberson



Mush - grace garnica



Ol' Chunk of Charcoal
by Norman Samuelson

An 18x24 charcoal portrait
dedicated to the late great
comedian Norm Macdonald.

"Note to self: Remember no matter
how bad life gets, there's always
beer."

- Norm Macdonald (1959-2021)

"Charlie"

Charlie wants to talk
She never liked to chat
Never went for all that
"How's your day"
"How's your life" crap

Charlie wants to talk
What's new with her?
Doesn't she remember
What you talked about
Last time or ever?

Charlie needs to know
Where you've been
She's been wondering
Why you still show up
Without asking

Charlie wants to speak
She wants to know why
Why you stuck around
Just how you really found
The perfect way to lie

Charlie's getting mad
She wants an answer now
Why can't you leave her be
At night, just let her sleep
Isn't her happiness allowed?

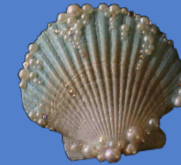
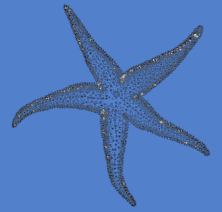
Charlie's acting up
Can't get no rest at all
Tosses and turns in bed
Bad thoughts in her head
And bitter memories fall

Charlie's getting scared
Why did you come back?
Hasn't she seen enough?
Think you're so tough
To come on the attack?

Charlie needs an answer
Where were you last night?
Is she safe anymore?
Are you outside her door
When she turns on her light?

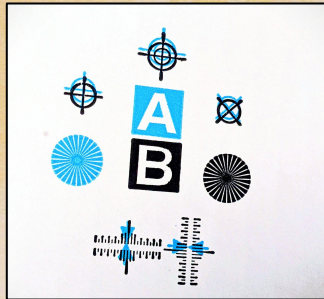
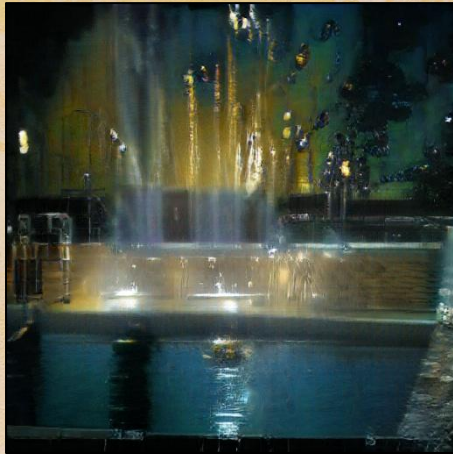
Charlie's gone away
Where? Who can say?
But from what she went
through
From another point of view
It's all just another day

M.A Lopez





images by abraham sanchez



"Splash" by M.A Lopez

images by elisa kanervisto



amor corrupto

quiero saber tus pensamientos
esos ojos tan cafes
en los cuales me pierdo
quiero ver lo que tu ves

ser quizás el viento
que rosa tu piel canela
tratando de entender
porque te gusta mi piel

blanca como blanca nieves
pero creo que ya se
si, yo se
yo sé lo que te gusta

te gusta la sal del sudor
el miedo que pesa en mi saliva
sentir que me das escalofríos
y fingir que no lo miras

cuando entras en mi cuarto en secreto
nuestro secreto
pero solo lo guardas tu
y el mundo, finge no saber

ese es el amor
que tu me haz enseñado
ese es el amor
que yo buscare.

- D.E



tulips

tulips were my mom's favorite flowers
she used to have white ones that bloomed whenever she passed by
they were playful, they giggled like little kids on christmas morning.
once they grew older my mom spent more time with her orchids
they reminded me of princesses floating in the wind.
veggies and fruta came next, tomatoes and avocados.
they never listened to her, stubborn and malevolent.
refusing to grow, she couldn't put them in her salad for a long time.
my mother's garden held the title of her children at times.
when we weren't home she would daydream and replace us for a
while.
until reality struck at her door, and she held us until we could bloom
some more.

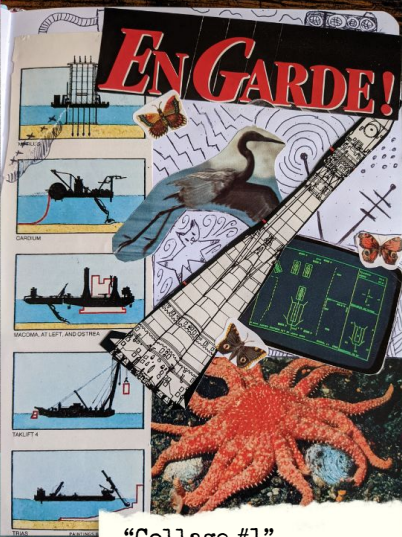
anonymous



macaroni art flowers made by yam members



"Doodles" by ethan b.
Assemblage: nickel and copper wire.



"Collage #1"
by ethan b.

image by
elisa kanervisto

(untitled)

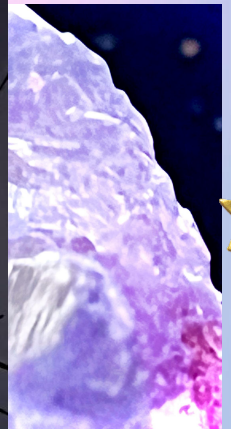
i fantasize about your death sometimes
maybe then loving you
wouldn't be so shameful
maybe i, could love a corpse

but you're breathing
and in your lungs
the memory of all your sins
the ones committed
and the ones you shall commit

it's all alive
like blood dripping from a thorn
like juice dripping from a vine

it's all flowing
in me
and i want it to die

- D.E



Photos by Abraham Sanchez



clone

undoubtedly
you will try to find me
in every girl you meet.

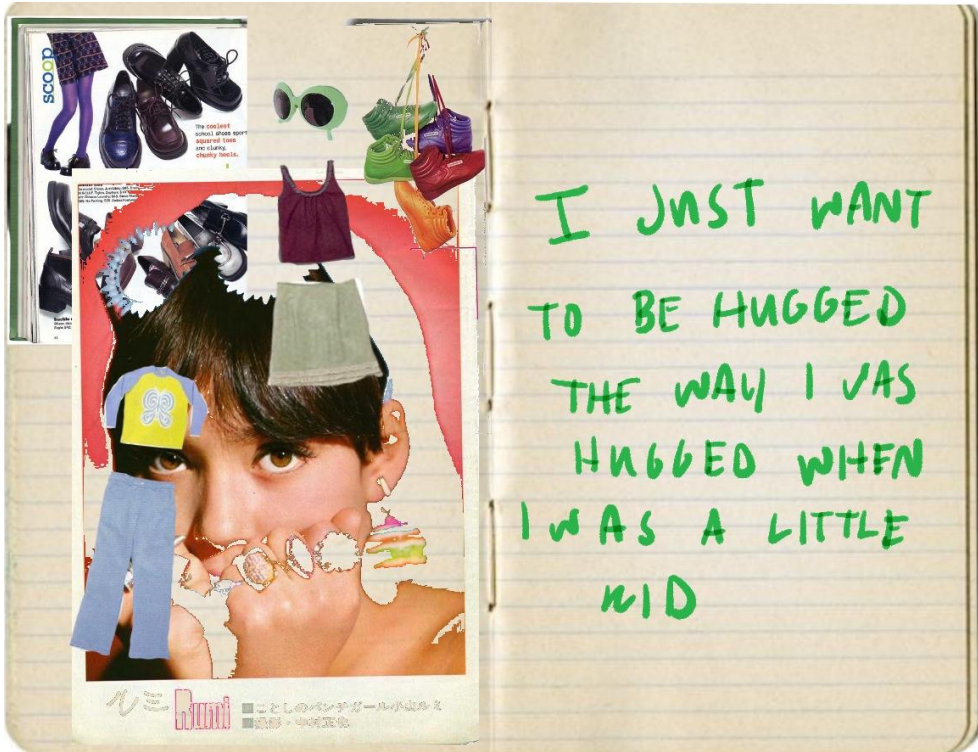
you will try to replace me
but never
try to have me.

maybe she always says the right things to you
at the right time,

and i never can.

maybe she,
will never be *me*
and that's exactly why you love her so,

i am reminded again
this, is the kind of girl you like.



"zine collection" by anonymous

"clone" and "i still am" by patricia brewer