

issue two: pink

Guest editor: Arden Hunter

the gamut mag



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issue two

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Meet the guest editor:

Arden Hunter is an ND aroace agender writer, artist and performer. They have words, audio and art hosted with Full House Literary, Fifth Wheel Press, Selcouth Station, Streetcake Magazine and Kissing Dynamite among other places. Arden has had two books (so far) published in 2022: 'Pull Yourself Together,' through Alien Buddha Press and 'Drifting Bottles,' through Gutslut Press. They also write a monthly craft column about hybrid work for jmww journal. Arden runs a free online writing workshop every Saturday for poets and storytellers and anyone is welcome to join. Find them on Twitter @hunterarden, Instagram @thegardenofarden and at ardenhunter.com.

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Editor's note

Pink – a colour so ‘soft’, so innocuous, you might think that there was little in the way of inspiration to be gleaned from so simple an issue theme. For many of us, our first memory of the colour is either that it was something FOR you, or NOT FOR you. You should or should not have been wearing something pink, your possessions should or should not have been pink, the people around you who said you were just like them happily enforced your apparently necessary preference (or not) of pink – pink was a battlefield, a culture war, a reclaimed and spat-out signal of who you are, who you were, and who you should be.

The writers and artists who contributed to ‘pink’ took all those preconceived ideas of what the colour is supposed to mean and scattered them like petals across a field. We received so much startling and meaningful work; art and writing that made me giggle with fond delight and pieces that made me shake my fist in solidarity at the screen. The work in this issue is not soft, it is not innocuous – it is powerful and passionate and proud.

The time, effort and care that the gamut team puts into the magazine is truly humbling, as is their (and my) gratitude to all the people who submit their work in order to communally create something beautiful. I am also so grateful to you, the reader, who are entering into a dialogue with all of us in order to explore and take inspiration and grow. So whatever the colour pink means to you, whatever pink connotation used to be dangerous or magical or irrelevant or terrifying, whatever pink thing you weren’t allowed to have – you can have this. We made this for you. We hope you enjoy it.

Arden Hunter, guest editor

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I Argue With Dead Writers For Fun

Roses are not just pink,
The sky is not just blue.
You know roses can be blue,
And the sky can too be pink.

The rose's body embodies multitudes beyond comprehension
besides taking note of what a
beautiful color.

Yellow like
Violet like
White like
Orange like
Blue like
Red like
Pink.

by L. Amariti

Reaching Pink Fingers

by Ruthenium



Image Description: Top half of picture is blurred background greenery, in the foreground is a grouping of small pink flowers in various levels of focus, tiny stamens reaching up and out at different angles.

warning:
religious imagery,
(mild) drowning imagery

baptism

for robin

in the iridescence of a pink saturday twilight
in the tub that we rent
you are jesus in the water,
myself john

but thank god that my absolution of sin never comes,
lain gloriously between blushing pilgrims,
rolled and tangled in the sheets on our bed,
tucked between the swirls of your fingertips,
stirred into the coffee i make you each morning,
it is an old friend, joining me along the banks of a pilgrimage
i would forever trek
for the privilege of holding your head above the waterline
and telling you that i love you
as i wash the shampoo from your hair,
the bathwater clouding around your head, a milky halo

and you laugh and ask what i said -
there's water in your ears -
in the iridescence of a pink saturday twilight
in the tub that we rent

and i don't need to say it aloud again

by Ame McLachlan



Learning to Pink

Throughout England one can find old plastered walls set with beautiful reliefs and scrollwork. This was created by a process called “pargeting”—except in Norfolk, where it is known as “pinking.” Why it has a different name in Norfolk is any philologist’s guess, but the intricate designs it creates recall the boldly irregular petals of the ‘garden pink’, the flower that (most likely) lent the color its name. The uncertain fortune of the plaster, erratically chipping away over centuries, only makes the resemblance stronger.

My American house has no pinking (its siding is an unremarkable Midwestern clapboard), but a house not far from mine demonstrates pink spectacularly for a fortnight each spring when the crabapple in its yard rends itself in a hemorrhage of blossoms along every limb; each petal a drop of blood mixed into cream. I wait all year for it and I am always surprised to find myself waiting alone. Minnesota is filled with crabapple blossoms as beautiful and fleeting as the cherries that cover Japan; yet while the Japanese greet cherry season with *hanami*—a thousand-year custom of flower-watching with family and friends over good food and sake—Minnesotans typically note the crabapples with only a passing comment. There are no grand public events or widespread private observances as one might find in Tokyo or Yokohama.

The cursory interest my neighbors take in the budding trees always seems to me to reflect a peculiarly northern concern with the shortness of the growing season—a sense that there is urgent work to be done, and that the tithes that keep a family in the same pew of the same church for centuries aren’t going to pay themselves. Yet Norfolk’s pinking bears witness, even in that dreary clime, to a sense of the fleetingness of a moment in which all things are fresh, and to the desire not to let it pass unmarked.

I don’t know at what age an English apprentice would have learned to pink the face of a house, but makeup is a skill I am acquiring late in life. One might say I have more need of it now that I am getting older, but, in truth, age is the least of my conditions. One chromosome in each of my cells appears short under the microscope, as though someone had taken a pair of pinking shears to my karyotype. These, too, are (probably) named after the flower, as the shears

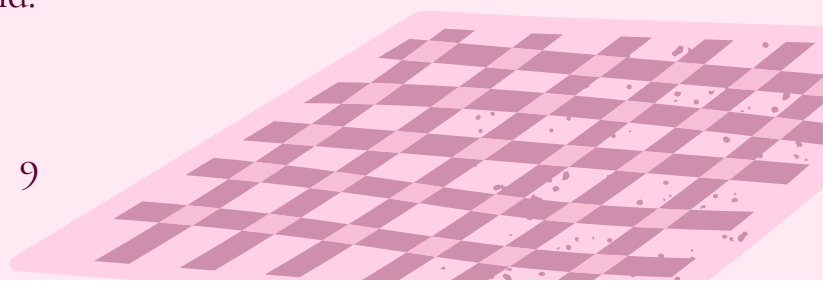
create a distinctive zigzag pattern at the edge of a piece of fabric, reminiscent of the narrowly scalloped petals. By dividing one long unfinished edge of a woven fabric (which could easily unravel down its whole length) into many shorter edges, the potential for fraying is minimized and the cloth lasts longer.

Unfortunately, the opposite is true in people. Y chromosomes commonly reduce the life expectancy of trans women, whether we unravel on our own or are cut short by others.

The pinking shear analogy is flawed in another way too, as the Y chromosome only assumes its namesake configuration during mitosis—that period of fresh, plaster-like pliability from which biologists cast the lasting images in our textbooks. Most of the time, all chromosomes are roughly even and vaguely X-shaped, much as all faces converge with age on a more androgynous set of features—a fact that, depending on one’s perspective, could make the effort to learn feminizing makeup appear either redundant or futile. Yet I persist, drawing and redrawing blushes in the mirror while the petals fall outside my window, as though I could carry their moment on my body—as though I had more time to give their color than they do.

There is a fairy tale collected by the Brothers Grimm in which the hero must save the maiden who saved him; she is afraid of the long journey ahead so he transforms her into a garden pink and carries her home in his pocket. To someone used to pressing flowers from the field, my array of brushes and powders probably does look like a way of preserving something, or at least trying to. The Japanese know better. Spreading out the blanket and opening the sake—much like lighting the Sabbath candles at Asia’s other end—is not a way of stopping time, but of starting it by drawing attention to its brevity. The deep appreciation of beauty’s fleetingness is expressed in Japanese by the phrase *mono no aware*. Various translations from a nonverbal expression, it is, literally, “the *ahh*-ness of things”—not a held breath, but a released one, much like a day that begins not with the dawn, but with the dusk. The petals fall, but the brush remains in my hand, not to replace them, but to pink the long, unfinished edge of an unstarted life. Maybe then the shorter, zigzag life that remains will hold together long enough for me to grow old.

by Reyzl Grace



warning:
homophobic slur,
needle

Pink & Trans Masc

Image Description: Digital collage. Texture of rainbows and bubbles overlays the entire image but lightly. Just about everything is tinged hyper-pink. Images of traditionally masculine white bodies paired with images of the white artist's transmasculine body. In the top left corner, the collage makes the impression that a fat and hairy white man's hand has painted nails and holds a peeled banana. In the top right corner, a torso with breasts, censored with pink dots and the words "Trans Joy" in blue ends in a pair of jean shorts with a banana sticking through the fly. Mirrored stags illustrated in black outline stand in the middle of the page. The word "faggot" is censored with asterisks across an image of the artist in a crop top and feminine panties. A small blue sign between the stags reads, "Doctor, Doctor, I want to look like a dirty little slut but like, in a boy way." Above this, a picture of the artist with a drawn-on mustache. At the bottom of the page, abs and beards, a man with a cigarette in his mouth, another man in a bubble bath. A large needle drips with liquid in a suggestive way, suggesting both testosterone and a penis cumming or pre-cumming. The tip of the needle is pointed right at the crotch of the image of the artist in panties. The colors are hot. Hot pink, hot aqua.

by Brooke Kolcow



warning:
ghosts, death,
hospital, needles, blood

before i thought about ghosts, i thought about rose petals

there came a day when i stitched their scent to my wrists, loosened it over my head; phantom petals haunted my cheeks. lovely thoughts. and i passed over concrete trying not to feel its hardness.

a hospital is not an ideal place to be when you're possessed by dead, lovely thoughts, but those petal thoughts were my armor that day. there was nothing big that day, there was no catastrophe, only some tests and a doctor needle-threading blood out of my brother's arm.

"you have hemoglobin, but you're a homo-goblin," i joked. he laughed. the laugh echoed and filled the empty art hung on the walls in the hallways.

after some pacing up and down my phone screen, my fingers shook and became bees. i heard the buzz through the crescendo in my ears, tapped on the new notification, then heard a song in my friend's falsetto voice about how too-bright the day was.

i remembered this friend of mine – what a ghost! – with their dilated pupils. i thought of how difficult it is to love a sunny day when even being inside a well-lit hospital is like being at the center of an exploding star.

and i laughed. *rip in pieces*, was the text i pasted over my rose petal face.

my petals were falling away like wax dripping down a candle. i wondered if my ghost would guess where i was from the picture.

wyd tmw, fren? text over a picture of their lovely face.

i breathed and paused my music. why would they ask?

i was just tryna hang out.

oh, right, that's what people ask to do when they're friends. i grinned. my petals were genuine – the bees that were my hands jittered and buzzed.

the following sequence of picture texts waltzed with me back down the hospital stairs beside my brother and back over the concrete, which wasn't hard anymore now that he was safe and wore a band-aid over his arm: his own armor that day.

we drove with my mother in her car, we got lost, we walked into a department store and within the hour, i ran out of petals to paste across my face. my brother sparked into life as my roses died away. he held my hand softly as my limbs fell horizontally in a parody of walking. i checked my phone and marveled at continuing notifications.

my brother, my mother, and i got sushi, then went home.

i slipped into bed and as the night wore away, and my ghost and i volleyed texts back and forth to each other.

so what have u been up to this weekend? more text over their lovely face.

hanging out with my brother, i replied.

your brother seems like a chill dude.

the room they were in was so dark, and i smiled at the words, snapped a picture. *he is! i love him a lot.* it was true. my words were petals over my face.

another message: *you're not so bad yourself you know.*

i vainly attempted to smother the sensation flowering across my mouth. i struggled to tread water, to not to drown in would-be things as i tapped out my reply. *aw how dare you.*

the face of my ghost friend floated to the surface of those waters, assuaging any illusion of depth with their next message.

you're a sweet, smart, and elegant person.

goddammit.

you're such a lovely person and an absolutely wonderful friend, and i'm honored to know you. i pressed the send icon.

i returned home the next morning having lost our message battle. my ghost waited outside my door, then passed through the summer air with hardly a whisper of impact on the concrete sidewalk. their hair swirled, their feet were sandaled. they smiled at me. i marveled at how they could incite the air without seeming to breathe. i marveled later at how they could know my petals without seeing them.

what a ghost!

that day, my whole body was a rose of lovely thoughts.

by Samari Zysk



by Morphic Rooms

specter, a spectacle

Collaborative analog and digital collage

Image Description: Swirling pink, white and black paper clippings create an abstract vortex framed by left-behind scraps of vinyl lettering that suggest absence. The composition is further accentuated by a perimeter of half-tone screens and weathered textures in pink, black and a complementary pale blue, acting as a portal.

under the roses

Collaborative analog and digital collage

Image Description: Two hands, one photographed and one illustrated, are layered amongst a variety of pink floral textiles, delicately patterned white lace, found magazine scraps and bits of curling, wheatpasted paper, creating a textured abstraction with both flowing and hard-edged elements.

specter, a spectacle



under the roses



The Problem with Pink: Field Notes from Earth



Saturday, February 5, 2000

Covered in pink slime. That's how I was discovered in this world: pink as a peach, and butt naked, my external human flesh soft and fuzzy. They named me Hồng Đào, literal translation: pink peach. My Earthly parents had been praying to Buddha and their ancestors for a child for decades, and there I appeared, a fully formed five-year-old, Asian-appearing child, wrapped in a pink bow—metaphorically speaking of course.

They'd been watching *Paris by Night* when I plopped into their backyard; their favorite Vietnamese comedienne, also named Hồng Đào, had just finished her skit. Is this what they call comedic timing? What they thought was a Lunar New Year's gift was an experiment, a process that had taken millennia. They had been picked from an algorithm, screened through thousands of potential options, chosen from a set of criteria that had been carefully coded.

They didn't need to know any of that. They just needed to provide a home and diverse upbringing that would enrich my new life as a human. My mission was to investigate the color pink. Simple, right? We aliens, robots, whatever you want to call us extraterrestrial beings, had all the encyclopedic knowledge known to man and beyond, but data always pales in comparison to lived experience.

The humans in the piece of land known as Japan had digitally released a collection of their very own creatures known as Pokémon. One of the very curious drawings was a pink blob called "Ditto" that could clone into any other Pokémon, so similar to our kind that one of the skittish scientists in charge got very paranoid and wanted to abort the mission. We kept a close eye on the franchise just to be sure there weren't any more coincidences, which ended up being quite a fun pastime once we realized it was harmless. Ditto sounded like a fine name to call us: something small, soft, and seemingly innocuous, but also smart and mighty.

I arrived just in time for the new millennium. The humans were going insane, conspiring about how the world's computers would fail and send the economy spiraling. Silly them, we had calculated their demise past 2050, when the rise in global temperatures would create catastrophic disasters. We Dittos don't intervene; we simply observe and study.

My comrades had easier missions, with blue or green or brown or yellow: colors that made up most of the natural world of this planet. I had pink, a color that is not even on the visible spectrum of the human eye, the recognition of it only made possible by their complex brains.

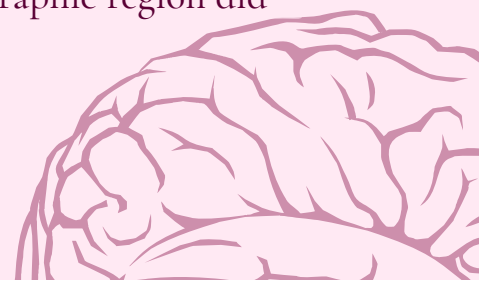
February 6, 2000

If I was going to live as a human, I was going to live it as a girl for the time being. I was to have breakfast with my new parents, but I didn't really need to eat. I did enjoy the leftover pink candied coconut ribbons, a sweet treat on my new human taste buds.

Observation: poor humans, always having to eat, their stomachs in pain, their systems shutting down if they don't have food. I simply zap a powerline or electrical device for energy, but humans also create waste, expelling their waste directly into their water system instead of letting it decompose into the ground, naturally. This sewage water then has to be put through an energy-intensive process of mechanical filtration, biochemical purification, and then chemical disinfection. Some treatment plants mess up the balance of nutrients and bacteria, causing the wastewater to turn pink. Some don't even bother to fix their mistakes and dump it into natural water systems, polluting the Earth and endangering the wildlife.

December 22, 2001

It was my second Christmas break from school, and normally, I would have just stayed home while my humans worked at the nail salon, but today, I had been invited over to a classmate's house. They dropped me off with a Christmas gift of some beautiful magenta dragon fruit for the family, but from my research it seemed like non-Asian humans from this geographic region did not eat such fruits.



I walked in, they opened the bag, and just as I expected, their eyes went wide. The very chatty mother talked slowly and loudly down to me: “Thank you so much. These look delicious!” Lies detected: their heart rate betrayed them.

I moved to the living room, and the children were already watching a movie on the television. *Barbie in the Nutcracker*. My brain lit up! Barbara Millicent Roberts?! My lifeless queen?! Yes! When I first entered the human school, I did not know how to properly interact with the children, how to modulate my behavior to fit theirs. Barbie gave my research a lifeline: role-playing with those dolls taught me so much.

When the movie finished, I couldn’t stop smiling on the inside. It was a cinematic masterpiece, more than any of the other black-and-white so-called “classics” I was tasked to watch as preliminary research on human culture. I make a mental note to catch all future films.

April 17, 2002

Since the Christmas get-together, the child named Lily and I had become best friends of sorts. We played at school on the playground, mostly impersonating the Powerpuff Girls—she was Bubbles and I was Blossom. On the swings, we pretended we were flying, and on the monkey bars, we fought Mojo Jojo. Human life could be fun at times.

This Easter Sunday, I joined her family again to observe the ceremonies of the Catholic Church and to partake in an egg hunt. My parents had bought me a new pastel pink dress just for the occasion.

Lily said that the mythical Easter Rabbit would most surely surprise us in person, unlike Santa Claus who operates in the shadows. As soon as we got home from a boring church service, Lily and her brother ran out to the backyard to start collecting eggs. By the time I got my basket, there were still plenty of plastic eggs hidden. I collected only the pink ones and ate the chocolates and strawberry candies inside. The mom told us to close our eyes, and I expected a man in a bunny costume. To my surprise, the dad brought out a white rabbit as a pet for Lily, who screeches in glee, hurting my ears. Its fur was super soft, but the highlight for me were its ears: more sensitive than mine and perfectly pink, just like in the books.



June 8, 2003

On a rare day off work, my humans took me to the zoo. I had seen the images of the bright flamingoes from space, but really it was nothing compared to the sight in front of my human eyes. I hopped the fence because I needed to feel those feathers; I needed to scan them to properly see the exact process of color conversion, how those brine shrimp and algae carotenoids bloomed into its plush plume. I was an inch away from getting a feather, but I was caught by a security guard, so I reacted the way a human child would—I cried hysterically.

I expected my humans to beat me, given our extensive data that humans skewed towards corporal punishment, but they did not. Perhaps, it was because they were older, wiser. I wonder what the other Dittos experienced in their homes. Did their humans calm their meltdowns? Did their humans hurt them? Did their humans show their love through food as mine did? Did their humans hug them or show physical affection as mine did not? How did their humans speak to them?

How did their humans love?

November 2, 2007

People-watching at lunch is my favorite activity. Today was an extracurricular field trip to a hockey game. I was surprised my parents let me go, but it was a good opportunity to observe my classmates outside of school in a new environment. Lily and I sat together on the bus (why are they yellow?), listening to Britney Spears' album, *Blackout*.

We had been talking on the phone more frequently, mostly because she needed help on homework. Other times, she just needed to vent about some boy. I didn't really know what to say back; Dittos are asexual beings, and most humans are not. But hey, "fake it until I make it," right? I had been recording all of the human clichés and slang words into a dictionary, but now sexual innuendos were making their way into my peers' vocabulary.

The hockey game was very rowdy; lots of men skating back and forth pushing a disk with a stick. Figure skating is much more pleasant to watch, more skill and pink outfits involved. Why are there no sports teams with pink in their logos or uniforms? In my head, I scroll through the history of pink as a gendered

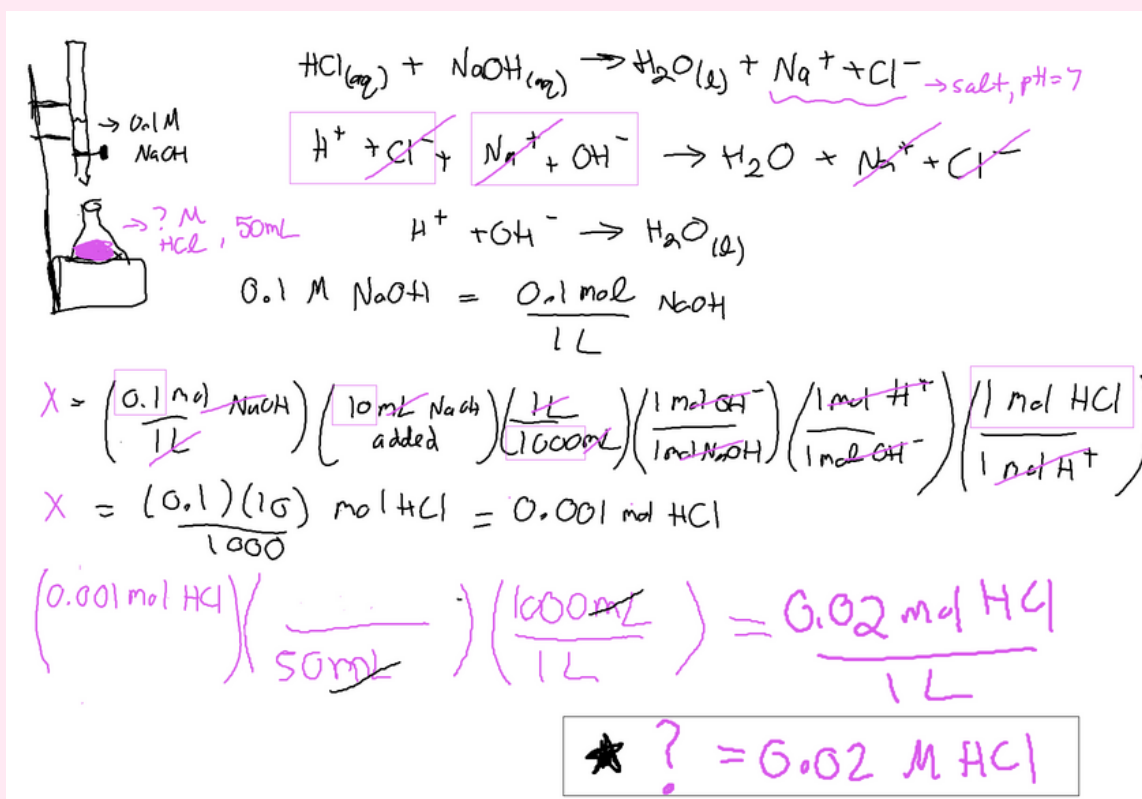
color in America. Was it really Dwight Eisenhower's wife that popularized the color? What about other countries and cultures?

After the game, we went to the mall, grabbed dinner in the food court, and explored the stores, including Victoria's Secret. Who was Victoria and what was her secret anyways? Was it that she exploited workers in prisons and sweatshops around the world to produce overpriced lingerie? Why does lace cloth illicit such emotion from humans? I hope she gets busted and her kingdom falls one day. I'm not supposed to say any of this out loud. I am just a 13-year-old teen with her friends, who giggle while trying to pull the flustered boys into the shop.

September 9, 2011

High school classes are a little more fun. My use of figurative language has increased, and we get to play with more toys in the science classes. The equipment on my planet is far more advanced, so I feel like an archaeologist at times, uncovering primitive tools. The lab experiment for today was titration. The point was to find the molarity, or concentration of a solution, called an analyte. A machine can easily do this work, but apparently students need to learn how to do this manually? Human school is silly.

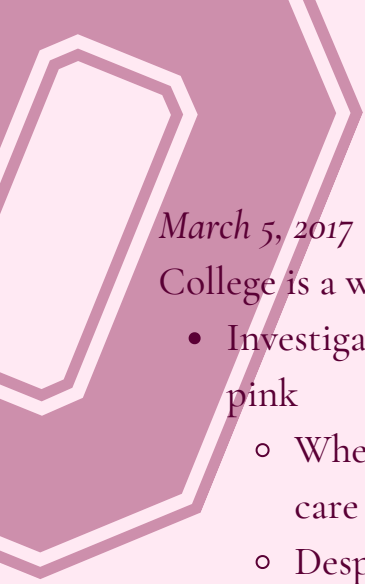
I set up the flask with the 50 mL hydrogen chloride (HCl) solution and added a drop of phenolphthalein, turning the color of the liquid a delicious fuchsia, indicating that the HCl is indeed acidic. The graduated pipette was filled with 20 mL of the reagent, a 0.1 M solution of sodium hydroxide (NaOH) and set above the flask. Slowly, the NaOH dripped into the flask, making the acidic HCl more basic, and less pink. Eventually, the pink disappeared with 10 mL of added NaOH, the resultant solution a neutral pH (and worst of all, colorless).



May 7, 2012

Prom season. Translation: a flamboyance of customers. Translation: in the nail shop, there are shelves and shelves of bottles of nail polish, many of them various shades of pink, to name a few— Essie's pastel "Ladylike", O.P.I.'s guava "Got Myself Into a Jam-Bayla," Smith & Cult's hot pink glitter "Palace in Wonderland" — and the aroma could only be described as something between sweet, acrid and bitter, so you could get drunk on the alcohol content evaporated into the air from the polish remover, but you could never lose sight of those black and silver tufts of hair amidst all of your dizziness because to lose sight of those people would be to lose sight of hope: of how these people strive everyday past those fumes to bring beautiful designs into people's nails and into their lives — those weary tired eyes melted by the hot and gentle pressure of a foot massage in a pink-lit bath whilst their backs get caressed by black leather chairs bought from a Vietnamese infomercial for hundreds of dollars, which is soon repaid by the cold cash of their customers and the smiles, those warm and kind reminders that care and connection cannot be replaced by robots. Tender touches require no translation.





March 5, 2017

College is a whirlwind. A summary of things I have done thus far:

- Investigated the sorority and fraternity systems to gauge their thoughts on pink
 - When in Rome, do as the Romans do: Instagram selfies, #SelfLove #Self-care #GirlBoss #Gatekeep #Gaslight
 - Despite following the social rules observed, failed to get into any of the “top” sororities because I apparently don’t have the right kind of jackets or boots or whatever elitist/classist criteria they have
 - What is up with the male humans and their complicated relationship to pink?
 - See: homophobia, See: salmon shorts and pink polos
- Started running to clear my mind, at least that’s what lots of women do
 - Discovered the meaning of “Insanity is doing the same thing over and over again, but expecting different results” (not said by Albert Einstein, by the way)
 - *My human body is not meant for exercise*
 - Read somewhere that if given the freedom, that’s what women want to do past sunset, their fear of men attacking them warranted by the statistics
 - Tried running again, finally gained the strength they speak of
- Graphed the number of times I have been catcalled or otherwise sexually harassed
 - Ran a t-test; there is no difference in the results when accounting for the variability of the clothes I wore at the time
 - Why is “that’s what she said” a euphemism instead of a statement of belief, of solidarity?
- Drank until Asian glow appeared on my skin; this pink warmth on my cheeks an indicator of the joy inside
 - Drank more until blackout, my tolerance lower than expected
 - Woke up in a panic—luckily nothing happened; my friends kept me safe
- Took a women’s self-defense class; my alien strength will protect me when sober

- It's nice to be in community with other women
- Is this what empowerment feels like?
- Went to the first ever Women's March—squished amongst other human flesh skeletons; stole a pink pussy hat to see how it felt on my head
 - It gave my brain a headache—the cognitive dissonance of it all
 - How could this drive any change?

To Do:

- Interview lesbians, bisexual, and transgender individuals (their flags have pink)
 - Really get inside their heads; spend as much time as needed
 - Questions:
 - Does their love transcend the struggles they have faced?
 - Or are their relationships still susceptible to intimate partner violence?
 - Do all hurt people hurt other people?
 - What is “pinkwashing”?
- Climb the highest mountains to see the pink sunrises and sunsets

October 5, 2019

Today, my cousin got married. A Chinese-American wedding means traditional red garments for the familial ceremonies, but a classic white dress and black tuxedo for the larger reception. My elderly parents and I share the silence of enjoying our food.

Last night, I saw pictures of my former college roommate's wedding. We spent so much time consoling each other about the precarious future, but we drifted apart after college. Unexpectedly, I broke down into tears, a very rare outburst of emotion from this alien. Perhaps I am homesick, exhausted from living on this world with no end in sight. I felt so stupid—it was a very logical decision for them to not invite me. I had been a ghost for the past few years: I had made myself invisible.



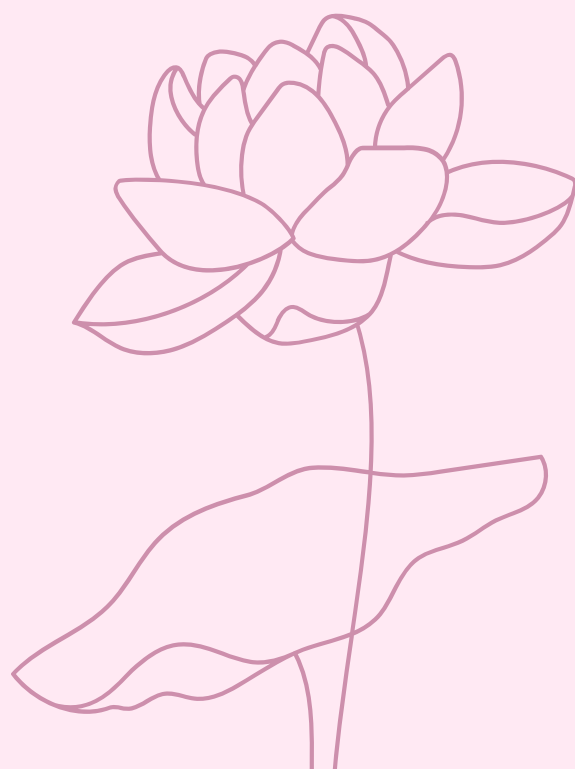
The last 'big' event I had been to was a gender reveal party of a high school classmate's baby. It ended in a forest fire, devastating hundreds of families and homes. I donated a year's worth of salary to help. Conclusion: created constructs can have considerable consequences (negative and positive).

Saturday, January 25, 2020

Another Lunar New Year, except this time, my humans are not with me. They passed away a few months ago, leaving me with everything they owned. I place a pink lotus at their tombstones, alongside a Cara Cara orange for them to eat. They gave me love in their own way, but I did not know how to reciprocate.

I have been on Earth for nearly twenty years, and I still don't know if I have captured the true essence of pink. The main conclusion I have discovered is that being a female human, or rather, perceived to be a girl or woman, is much more difficult than my research had shown. All this time, I was chasing the color pink as a scientist. Instead, all I had to do was simple: be present, fully and freely give love, and be at peace.

There are probably an infinite amount of pink things to investigate, but for now, I am logging off. My final report to headquarters: the color pink was never about gender as I thought it was. It was about true kindness; it was about how the concept of gender socializes girls into a very different world than that of boys; how true feminism was never about attaining equality on a man's level, but to create a new paradigm.



Appendix A: Table¹ of Various Pink Foods Consumed

Date M/D/Y	Food ²	Calories (kcal)	Wh (watts per hr)	~Equivalent ³ Appliance Usage/Hr
2/6/2000	8 oz. Char Siu pork	360.5	418.9	Garage Door Opener
8/3/2001	Watermelon (1 cup)	46.0	53.5	Pedestal Fan
4/17/2002	Beet Pickled Egg	99.6	115.7	55" LED TV
10/24/2004	1/8 Rhubarb Pie	336.0	390.4	Rice Cooker
6/8/2005	Pink Velvet Cupcake	266.0	309.1	Electric Trimmer
11/5/2006	4 oz. Grilled octopus	185.3	215.3	Electric Blanket
7/5/2007	Raspberry Sorbet	126.0	146.4	Humidifier
12/20/2008	2 Pink Oyster Mushroom Maki Rolls	112.7	130.9	65" LED TV
7/18/2011	1 Grapefruit	94.3	109.6	Desktop Computer
9/9/2013	Smoked salmon (1 cup)	159.0	184.8	PlayStation 3
5/3/2014	Strawberry Banana Protein Smoothie	350.3	407.1	Food Processor/Blender
1/1/2016	5 oz. Rosé Wine	130.7	151.8	Slow Cooker

4/1/2017	Roasted Radishes (1 cup)	56.5	65.7	Laptop
9/15/2017	1 Pink Guava	81.7	94.9	Sewing Machine
2/4/2018	Sautéed Radicchio (1 head)	88.5	102.8	DVD Player
5/20/2018	Ruby Chocolate (1/3 bar)	160.0	185.9	Paper Shredder
3/28/2019	Cherry Hibiscus Bubble Milk Tea with Sakura Crystal Boba	235.0	273.1	Dehumidifier
10/4/2019	Beef Tartare (& Raw Egg)	467.8	543.5	Refrigerator

-
- ¹ It is worth noting that humans take Calories very seriously; a calorie is a unit of energy, necessary for their daily survival, not something to be feared. Also, this table does not capture the nutrients and vitamins they need for various bodily functions.
 - ² Imperfect data as portion sizes were not consistent and in some cases, amounts were estimated.
 - ³ Imperfect data as appliance wattage usage varies per brand, etc. Also, conversion is not 1:1.

APPENDIX B: Table of *Barbie* Movies & Ratings

#	Movie Title	M/D/Y Released	Rating	Star
1	<i>Barbie in the Nutcracker</i>	10/23/01	5	★★★★★
2	<i>Barbie as Rapunzel</i>	10/1/02	3.5	★★★★½
3	<i>Barbie of Swan Lake</i>	9/30/03	5	★★★★★
4	<i>Barbie as the Princess and the Pauper</i>	9/28/04	4	★★★★★
5	<i>Barbie: Fairytopia</i>	3/6/05	3	★★★★
6	<i>Barbie and the Magic of Pegasus</i>	9/18/05	3	★★★★
7	<i>Barbie: Mermadia</i>	3/5/06	4.5	★★★★★😊
8	<i>The Barbie Diaries</i>	4/30/06	2.5	★★★½
9	<i>Barbie in the 12 Dancing Princesses</i>	9/10/06	3	★★★★
10	<i>Barbie Fairytopia: Magic of the Rainbow</i>	3/11/07	4	★★★★★
11	<i>Barbie as the Island Princess</i>	9/18/07	4.5	★★★★★😊
12	<i>Barbie: Mariposa</i>	2/26/08	4.5	★★★★★😊
13	<i>Barbie & the Diamond Castle</i>	9/7/08	3	★★★★
14	<i>Barbie in A Christmas Carol</i>	11/04/08	3.5	★★★★½
15	<i>Barbie Presents: Thumbelina</i>	3/17/09	3	★★★★
16	<i>Barbie and the Three Musketeers</i>	9/15/09	3	★★★★

17	<i>Barbie in A Mermaid Tale</i>	3/2/10	4.5	★★★★★😊
18	<i>Barbie: A Fashion Fairytale</i>	9/14/10	3.5	★★★★★
19	<i>Barbie: A Fairy Secret</i>	3/15/11		
20	<i>Barbie: Princess Charm School</i>	9/13/11		
21	<i>Barbie: A Perfect Christmas</i>	11/8/11		
22	<i>Barbie In A Mermaid Tale 2</i>	2/27/12	2.5	★★★
23	<i>Barbie: The Princess & the Popstar</i>	9/11/12	3	★★★★
24	<i>Barbie in the Pink Shoes</i>	2/26/13		
25	<i>Barbie: Mariposa & the Fairy Princess</i>	8/27/13		
26	<i>Barbie & Her Sisters in A Pony Tale</i>	10/22/13		
27	<i>Barbie: The Pearl Princess</i>	2/15/14		
28	<i>Barbie and the Secret Door</i>	8/7/14		
29	<i>Barbie in Princess Power</i>	2/26/15		
30	<i>Barbie in Rock 'N Royals</i>	8/13/15		
31	<i>Barbie & Her Sisters in The Great Puppy Adventure</i>	10/8/15		
32	<i>Barbie: Spy Squad</i>	1/15/16	3.5	★★★★★
33	<i>Barbie: Star Light Adventure</i>	8/29/16		
34	<i>Barbie & Her Sisters in A Puppy Chase</i>	10/18/16		

35	<i>Barbie: Video Game Hero</i>	1/31/17	3	★ ★ ★
36	<i>Barbie: Dolphin Magic</i>	9/18/17		

Appendix C: Pop Culture Case Studies

Questions: How does pop culture reflect society surrounding it? How does the way society treats female celebrities reflect the values that are taught to young girls and women?

Experimental Method

Hours that turned into months into years were spent watching these celebrities rise to fame and analyzing how media and fandom reacted to them.

Preliminary Data

	Britney Spears	Nicki Minaj	Blackpink
Nationality	American	Trinidadian-American	South Korean, Thai
Pink connection	"Bubblegum" pop	Albums: <i>Pink Friday</i> & <i>The Pinkprint</i>	"Pink" side of music & image = "girlier"
Debut Year First Song Released	1998	2007	2016
"Reign"	Late 90's - 2000's	2010's	Present
"Accomplishments"	Who determines this? What parameters are used as metric?		
# of Songs	150+	300+	~20

YouTube views	~7.5 Billion	~9 Billion	~24 Billion
Grammy/Daesangs	1 Grammy for "Toxic"	0 wins; 10 nominations	0 Daesangs- the Korean equivalent
"Scandals"	What stories does media push? From what POV?		
Present	TBD	TBD	TBD

Further Observations & Questions

- American pop culture thrives on the idea of "drama" for publicity sake; "reality" shows ramp up conflict in the scripts
 - How is this reflected in American society?
- Korean reality shows often show idols in very different situations
 - Competitive games that rely on teamwork
 - Peaceful scenes of them cooking and eating with each other
- Most Hollywood relationships are paraded on social media, on red carpets, etc.
 - Many Korean idols are shamed for being in relationships
- Very dedicated fans have parasocial relationships with their favorite celebrities
 - Has this cult-like group-think seeped into politics in dangerous ways?
- Both countries are capitalist countries
 - Did KPOP take consumerism and turn the dial up to an 11?
- What purpose does pop culture serve in society? What is the future of pop culture?
 - How does race intersect with sexism and perception?
 - How does the era in which they navigate their respective world/music market determine their "lows" and "highs"?

by Chanlee Luu

warning:
internalised queerphobia

Raspberry Vodka

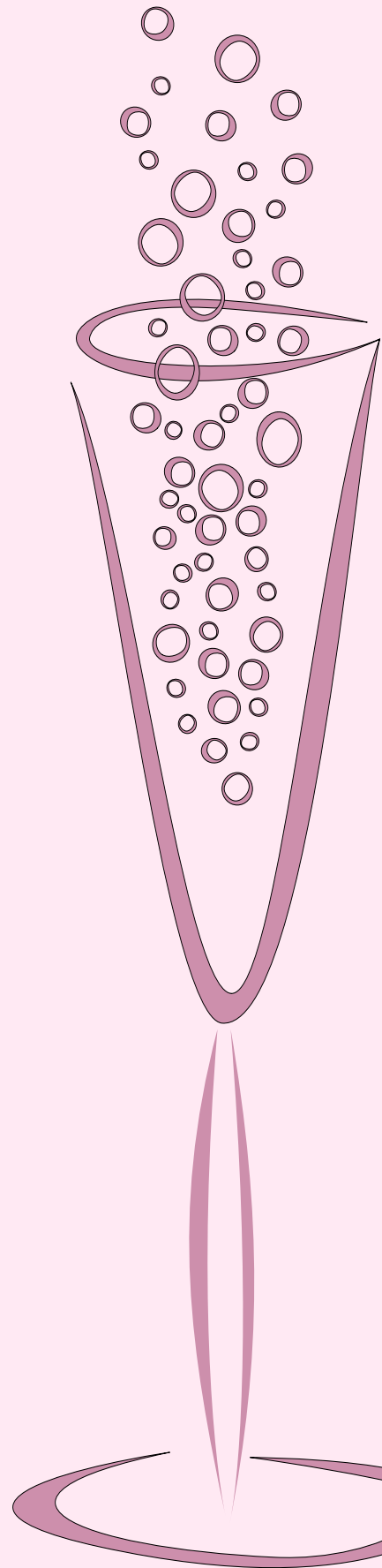
I am not like them.
I'm, y'know, normal or whatever,
in my short skirt and high heels
in my hand because how am I
meant to walk in these stupid things anyway.

I am not like them
with their short hair and flannel shirts,
drinking beer, playing pool. I'm a
raspberry vodka girl, hands in the air,
bopping in a circle with my crowd.

I am not like them,
that swagger, those tattoos, muscular arms.
I want to run my fingers down them, taste
malt on her tongue, oak on her skin.
I try to catch her eye but she ignores my smile.

I am not like them,
she thinks, and turns back to the pool table.

by Steph Amir



Blush

rosy cheeks, lips bitten red
cherry fingertips, strawberry perfume

pretty in your skirt, featherlight brush
of your ankles, chasing your touch

pretty in your teardrop earrings, glinting
above the apple of your throat

pretty in your skin, glitter freckled
smile, emerging from your chrysalis

first, i hold your face in my hands
and then i touch you all over

palms brushing the space between
your shoulder blades, which i love to kiss

nails scratching the ticklish, peach fuzzed
skin of your stomach, a dip into the naval

tracing the line of your thighs —
i press my lips to the inside of your knee

and then we're in each other's arms
laughing, crying, somewhere in between

as i run my fingers through your hair and whisper
i love you, i love you

by Sol Kim



warning:

blood, suggested sexual content,
alcohol, swear words

young fruit bodies, or wrinkled peaches

fairies hidden behind amethyst deceivers
bushes pulled back and brushed apart

fingers combing through angel hair grass
cheeks resting against giant puffballs

rosy veincaps aching for wrinkled peaches
firm caps atop fleshy gills, delicate and pink

white-spotted toadstools sprout through dirt
bright red and veiled in pyramid-shaped warts

the veiled lady dances amongst the fae,
holding hands with the Devil's tooth

sipping her red juice and tonguing strawberries
and cream, her mouth bleeding through kisses

hiding behind satyr's beard, they drink and fuck
young fruit bodies neatly netted and stained

by Melissa Martini

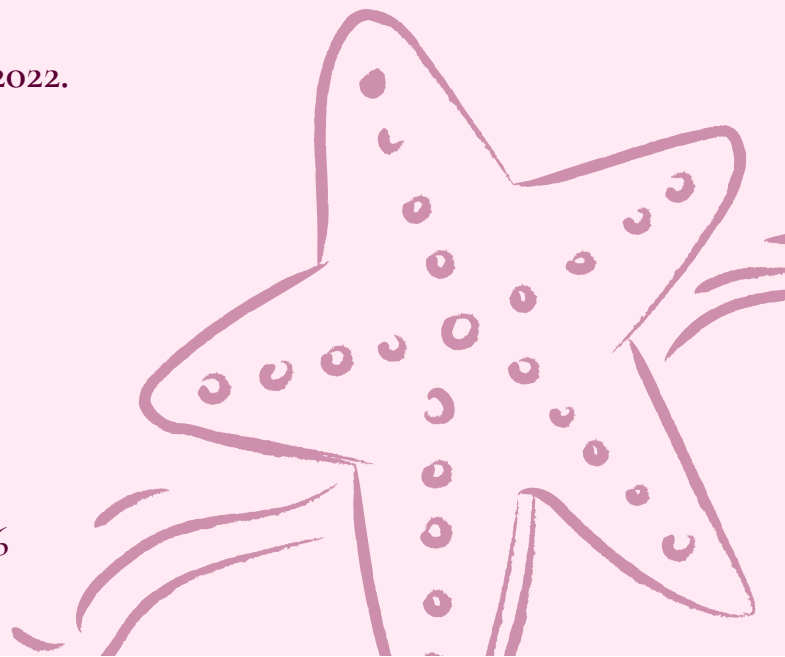


after catching toads from a well, after suburbia croaking in another realm, after playing leapfrog all night long

we're busy wringing our hands that shake with pink sweat, radiating a sicksweet warmth & sticky like candy on the tip of your tongue, spit dripping on your chin. we run our fingers in the burning sand, ready to wait out the sun & everything in between. still, the sky fills a fluid in our skin, sticky like vaseline, & mouths stars parasitic and numbing, & bites us—maybe mosquitos instead, we did pledge to each other with little ripples of plumpure blood, & we're so, so ripe—because if we let it, night will wrinkle us up. and *this?* this will be ours.

by Rachael Crosbie

First published in AFTER on June 24 2022.



warning:
mentions of homophobia,
death

Manhattan, again

and to think that I would forgive you
collapsed clocks, your grandmother's petal
necklace, hiding sandwiches in our bras,
you made me break up with New York City,
you ruined sun and stoops I can't eat in
front of my family but at least I know how
to eat pizza while crossing the street, did
you forget about the hot pink parrots in queens,
how we fought to survive after coming out,
the thick grass in patches of Central Park, the
man with the bubbles, how I got lost in evening,
I want to smudge you out of pictures, I want to
rest in my mother's bedroom and I want to
take the sewing machine back, smack pigeons
off the sill with a fan, I want to collapse the
apartment until I can see every room and I know
inherently that though the building has kept
the score I now can tell if I am alone or watched
I'll sleep on the rugs in our dead relative's
rooms, I'll be the one to save this space from
itself, from the rats, from your missteps and
crowded cabinets. When she finally dies, please
leave her for me. Make sure her ghost has room,
to observe my cooking skills and my cleanly
sliced platano disks, I'm asking you to leave
the living room light on, leave your name at
the door, leave and don't return, and to think
we could ever love each other again, not after
breakfast, not without our mothers, not
in the prayer room, not on the rosary, not on
my life, not even though you hugged me when
I came back and I caught you grimacing in the
gold mirrors.

by sam moe

so very loved

warning:
internalised religious
homophobia

i still associate pink
with you,
even if it's been years since
we last spoke and we're now
strangers;

couldn't quite pluck up the courage
to tell you how i felt—

you were my rose water fae
whose wings carried her far from the
crypt of my melancholy moons,

and i know it's my fault for pushing you away;

thought my mind was going to explode
all the religious indoctrination was hitting me
so hard that i all i could see was hellfire and brimstone—

i recognize now that love is love and there was
no reason for my shame,

and i regret wounding you;

if i could apologize i would give you every
white rose and even name a new breed of white rose
in your honor so that you could look upon their
beauty and know you were and are so very loved.

by Linda M. Crate



by Charlie Cole



Image Description: An overhead black and white photograph depicting lily pads with a vibrant splash of color from a flower sitting atop them.

Show, Don't Tell

I descend in straight fit chinos
seafoam Pink Floyd tee
tucked
wouldn't fit Abuela's husband
even after wrung with conditioner
bomber. a woman: loved me best*
red | white polka dot dress
watch gifted by Abuelito, revived
a man who laid on velvet, asking to slow my speech
retell the origins of the dead lights between us
Vans bloodletting
achilles

At the Landing

divine whether the day's outfit would still the Beloved
bestowed
five o' clock scrubbed across my temple

by André Habet

Pink Hair Who Cares?

I wasn't ready
the first time
I dyed my hair pink
I wasn't comfortable enough
in my masculinity
it wasn't the right time
for that *soft candyfloss pink*
to counteract my makeshift-gruff
maybe if I'd been on T
I would have felt masc enough
maybe if I had some scruff
to also dye *blushing rosy*
I would have felt trans enough
but back then I was all fragility
wrapped up in bravado and lynx
I wasn't man enough
maybe next time I'll try *brighter bolder pinks*

by Harvey Humphrey



warning:
implied violence
(pro wrestling)

"You think it's that easy?"

to see a giant -
a monster
a titan
an unstoppable force
a wrecking ball made flesh and bone -

to see this man
be brought to
tears
at the thought of bidding
farewell to childhood dreams he'd lived
for two decades

my heart
broke
for a man
whose on-screen self I had despised
for forever

he had won over me

& everyone in the arena &
everyone watching at home &
John Cena watching from ringside

& the fact he was doing it all in a
salmon-colored blazer
took me back to childhood, where
anything “weird” was attempted to
be berated & driven out of me, and
how when I said I wanted to wear
her clothes, my mom gave a patient
smile & told me boys can't wear pink
because pink is for girls & boys are tough
& didn't I want to be tough?

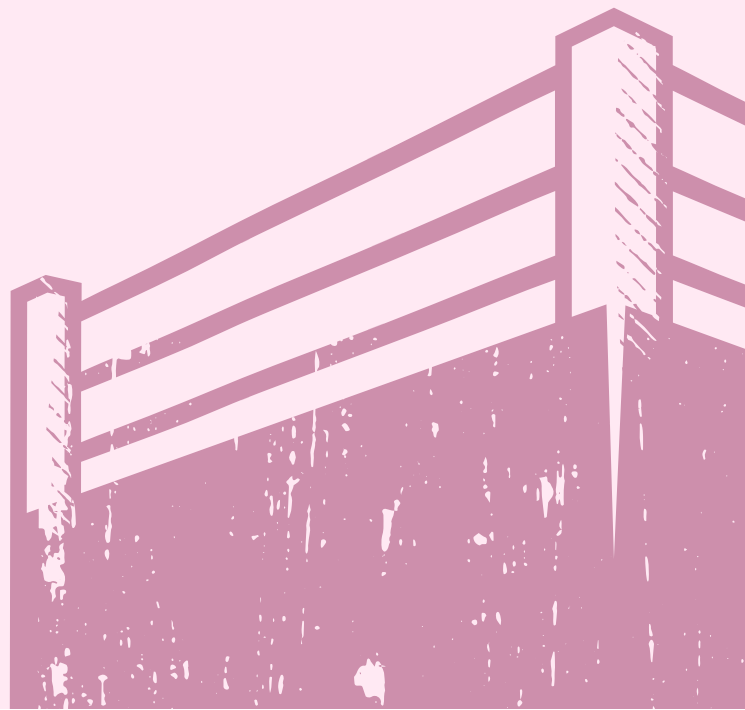
& then there was one of the toughest people
I had ever seen
wearing pink
& showing strong men have tears, too

then

he & John Cena hugged
then
he picked up & slammed John Cena
into oblivion

that blazer was still fantastic

by Clem Flowers



Role Reversal

I want to be feminine in the way a boy
with rouged cheeks and painted nails is feminine.

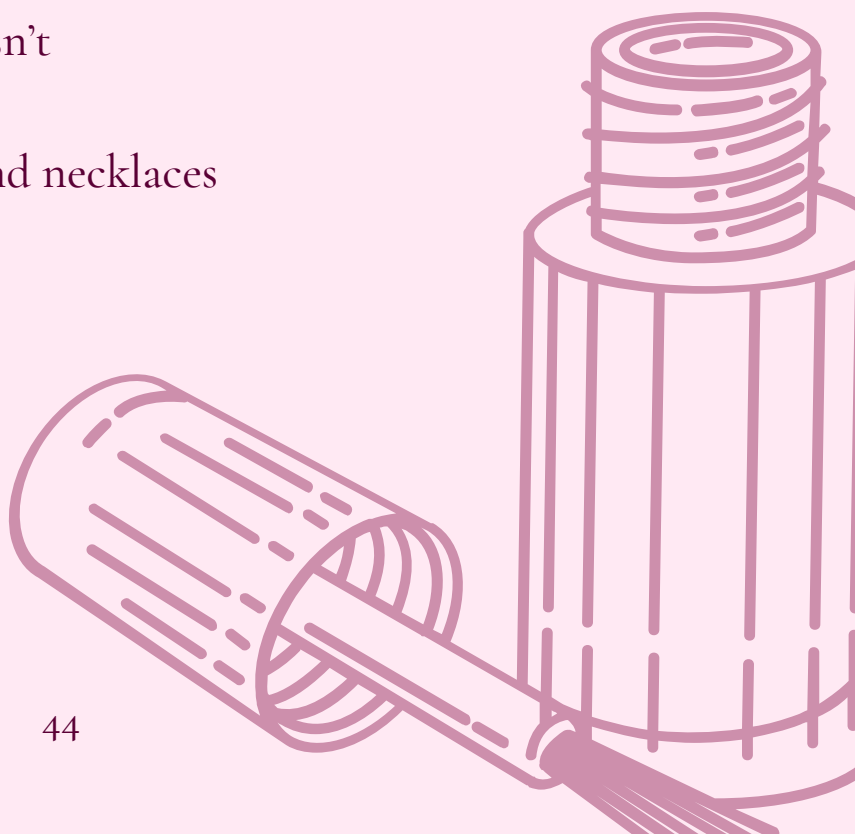
I want to wear rings on every finger
and call it a revolt. I want my long hair
to be a rejection of the norm, a signal
to all the Placebo and My Chem kids
that I am one of them.

But I was born with this rounded face
and clothed in little toddler dresses
and at my fifth grade graduation my mom
told me it was time to start shaving my underarms.

I cannot play with femininity
and have you think
of Kurt Cobain or River Phoenix;
any indulgence in girlishness isn't
a sly insult to expectations.

You will see me in my skirts and necklaces
and all you will think is
Good. She's doing it right.

by Erin McKay





Not all women menstruate, not all menstruators are women

Image Description: An illustration of the perspective of a person looking down at their sanitary pad while on the toilet. The pad sits central down to the bottom left corner, between two thighs with hair. It has wings wrapped around a pair of underwear down the person's calves. The underwear, legs and pad are all white, with a pink water colour stain spanning the pad, with text over the top in block capitals and a reddish pink: 'IT IS NOT A "WOMAN THING"'. The background includes a grey tiled floor meeting a hot pink tiled wall.

by Incarnadinea

First published in So Fi Zine, Edition #II, on June 24 2022.



warning:

infant death, ghosts, gender dysphoria,
dysfunctional/negative family dynamics

Taking Inventory

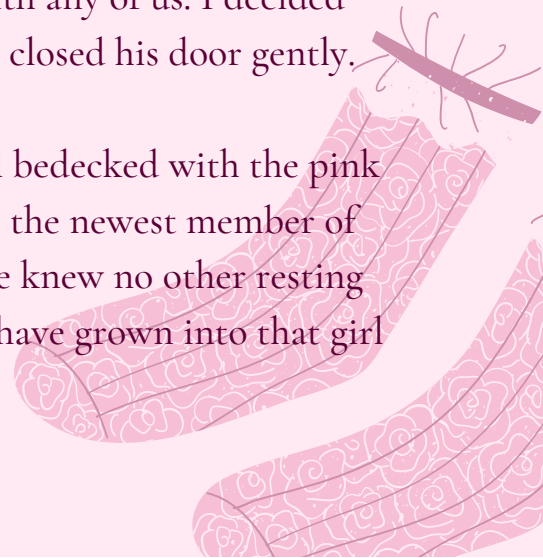
Purple has always been my favorite color. Neither pink nor blue for me, but some combination of both. Anywhere along the spectrum suits me fine, so long as I don't have to dwell in the bitter absolutes on either end.

When she still controlled my every waking moment, Mother dressed me all in pink with frills and tights and matching bows in my waist-length hair as befitted a proper young madam. Now she spends her time crouched at the kitchen table, glaring at me. My hair is cut short. My suits are any hue except pink. She would scold if she could, but she is only a washed-out shade of her former self, colorless and thin. Even her sighs are silent now, without the power to flatten me as they did when she was alive.

Father sits in the old wingback chair in the library, hiding behind his newspaper. The edition hasn't changed since the day he died. I'm beyond tired of seeing the same headlines, so I don't go in there anymore. He never approved of me but, unlike his wife, preferred to pretend my eccentricities didn't exist. I do believe he eventually forgot that I existed, but as he was a shell of a man even then, it didn't hurt quite as much as it might.

My brother moved away decades ago, so I was surprised when he appeared in his old bedroom the other day. He was staring at his college pennants and sports trophies when I went by in the hallway. He'd left home as soon as he could. Had secrets of his own, hidden places he'd no wish to share with any of us. I decided to let him have his privacy now that he had returned and closed his door gently.

And my sister? She lies in the cradle in the attic. It is still bedecked with the pink blanket Mother knitted and the teddy bear that I gave to the newest member of our family as welcome. She seems content enough, for she knew no other resting place in her short existence. I often wonder if she would have grown into that girl



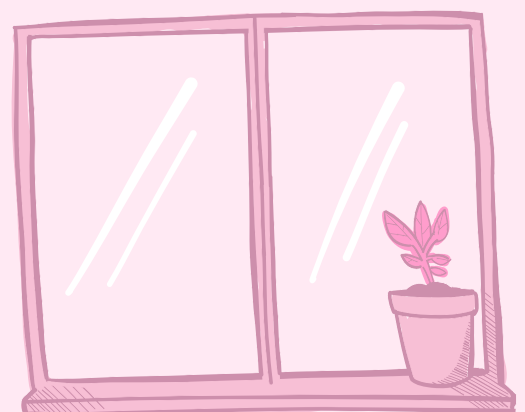
that Mother longed for and I could never be. Maybe that would have calmed the undercurrent of barely-concealed contempt that racketed around beneath our scattered surfaces, threatening always to chip away at the poorly plastered-over façade of a loving family.

Strange to think we are all bound together here under this roof. A complete stocktaking of my ghosts, though perhaps I should also count the many pets that roam the halls and lounge in odd corners. I remember each, their individual personalities. Jax, who hissed and spat at things then invisible. Fritz, his short legs scrambling more rapidly than you could see when he heard Father at the door. My favorite, Calliope, a tortoise-shell looker with pink nose and ears. She follows me around even now and is a comfort.

It might seem a burden to be the only living creature among so many restless spirits, but I have been an anomaly all my life. Neither this nor that. A loner, yet unafraid of being alone. I have made few friends and kept none of them. Grown weary of wearing a mask, of trying to fit in, of feeling shut out of every shared human experience. These walls are not my prison—they are a sanctuary. A haven where I am entirely myself every moment.

I've yet to pick which space I will haunt when my days are ended. Perhaps the broom closet where I disappeared so often as a child. It was always cool and peaceful in the dark. What color I wore, what I looked like didn't matter, and Mother never thought to look for me there. Better yet, I'll linger in the reading nook on the upstairs landing. It gets the morning sun, and Calliope and I can curl up there, shimmering. For when I transcend the unnatural limits of this earthly plane, all need for concealment will be at an end. Our family inventory will be complete.

by Helen Whistberry



Millennial Pink Mediocrity

caution! we are experiencing
gender as a blur

ACAB cutie

traditional perception as a softer hue
we are experiencing

yellow

neomint

an attention economy clash

a resulting plume

of ash that will cover the sky

predominantly over Europe resulting

in innumerable deaths of the masculine archetype

the terrifying force of raw
a warm copper

fragility a cultural flush
a wedding cake

a splintering participle & oft-cacophonous
medium in visual

keep ur fingers

inside! mix ur prints!
of corporate feminism

beware the soft milk
maybe at last our horizons

have come home to roost.

hey girlboss!

hey bestie! hey toned-down version



of my Barbie foil! i see you out here mutating!
expanding! to include just a touch

i see you, hybrid! androgynous girly-girl unbagged!
is that The™ berken? how early

ironist! how cheeky & insincere & nostalgic
all at once! i see you, my genderless

mascot, winking subtly at lesser aesthetic times!
sprawl on that Pepto couch, girl! how elegant

ly thin & iridescent you look! how suddenly
roses are everywhere, & no one can say why.

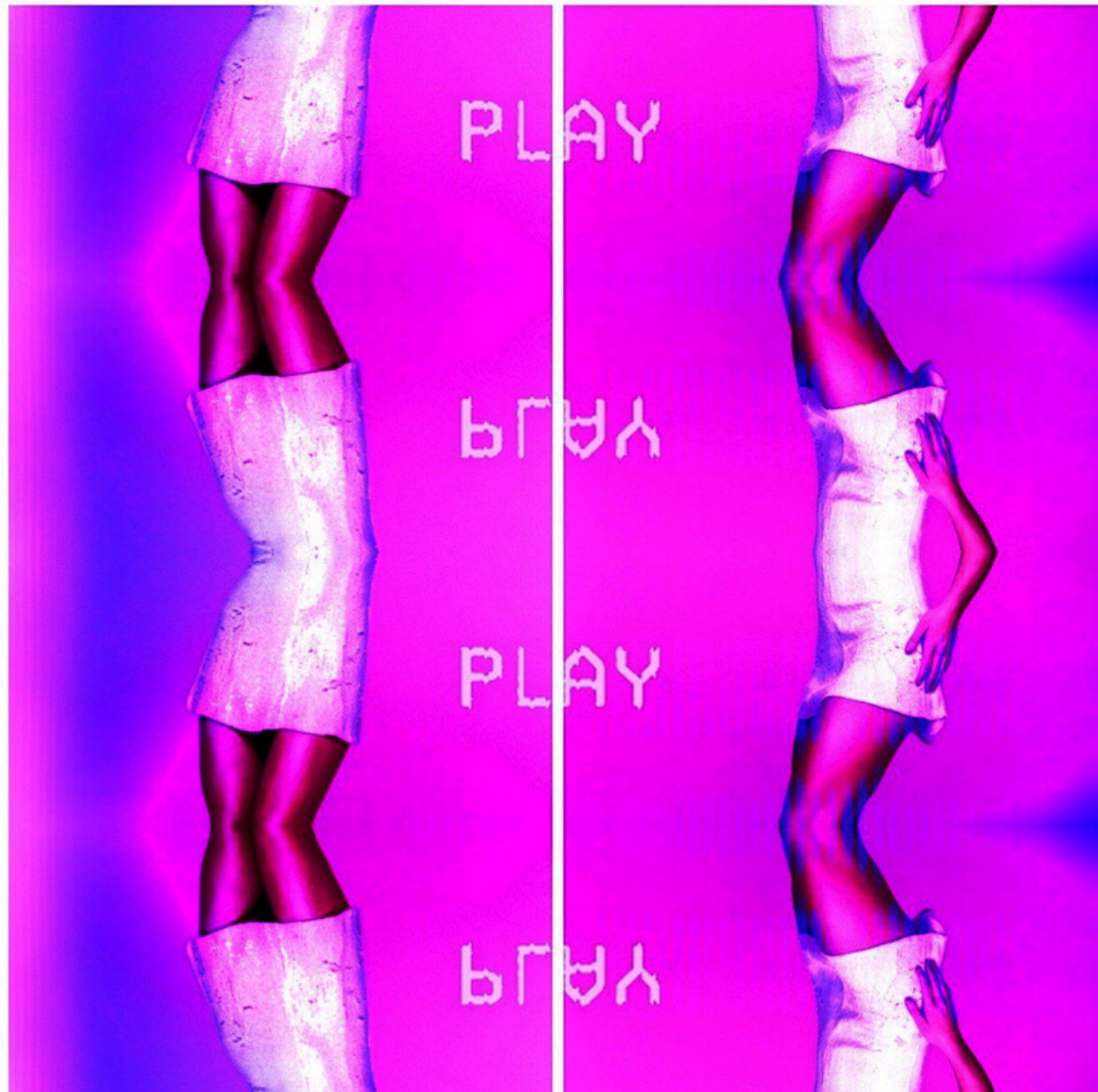
by Amy Janotti

Wishing Britney A Very Joyous Dissing and Dodging the Stupid Paparazzi

Image Description: The background is a saturated bluish-purple/pink, with a thin white border surrounding the image and running vertically down the middle. Along the vertical middle border is the word "PLAY," split evenly on both sides and repeated four times, the second and fourth "PLAY" being vertical reflections of the first and third. Finally, on either side of the border and centered in its respective panel is another mirroring — this time of a human in a white dress such that there are two chains of human legs and dresses, the reflections joining by the waist at the middle so that new figures are created: exempt of faces or anything else above the torso aside from joined, somewhat disconnected from the rest of the body arms in the right panel.

by Ami J. Sanghvi





FUCHSIA PINK DROWING IN MOONLIGHT

Sometimes, I glance at the light from a skyscraper reflected on the shimmering glass surface when I suck on a lozenge in my apartment. They're fuschia pink from a rectangular Indian ceramic jar that belonged to my grandmother, patterned with painted coral pink willow trees and little magnolia flowers.

"You're dreaming," Theo says, entering the room with a smirk dancing on his lips. They're fuschia pink, wet with rain. He's wearing his sports shirt, a school bag slumped over his shoulder. He lies beside me, his dirt-smeared trainers accidentally kicking the porcelain jar off the sill and onto the floor. He gently picks it up and examines the ivy patterns curling around the rim of the top.

There's a slight crack there, running adjacently from the direction of the ivy before running into an expanse of nothing. Theo places it back and then sits down again—much more carefully—with his hand resting on mine.

Then, twenty years pass and our fuschia pink tongues are still raw with kisses, our minds still hazy with intimate conversations that we bury deep into a hidden crevice in our chests. It sinks us down, keeps us rooted. We're scared to let go.

When I was a teenager, my grandmother used to tell me stories of war, of displacement, of racial dissociation and love. She told me how she met my grandfather, a soldier, and how he gifted her an assortment of desi sweets on their first date (lush gulab jamun, burning orange jalebi that glittered with syrup and more). She told me how they ended the day by locking their hands together, kissing softly underneath the warm glow of moonlight. The cloying scent of sweetness lingering in the air, mingling with passion and love and the youthful, divine taste of love.

I would dream of that moment, too: waking up when rosy dawn bathed the city holding Theo's hand, hearing the ocean of blood rush from his heart. I would make his heart mine, into a series of connected loops.

After all, our blood rushes with the same sweetness.

"I always come to see you dissociated from the world. Always dreaming," Theo says, entering the room with a smirk dancing on his lips. They're fuschia pink, reeking with sweet juice. He's wearing his work shirt, holding a briefcase in one hand. He's still got the same dark, curly wisps of air that he had on his child, the same charming grin that he'd flash to the elderly neighbours when he'd offer to help them. He's still gorgeous, but his heart has aged. The cracks have grown on the porcelain jar, the ivy is fading away, but Theo's heart has only blossomed under the warm glow of moonlight.

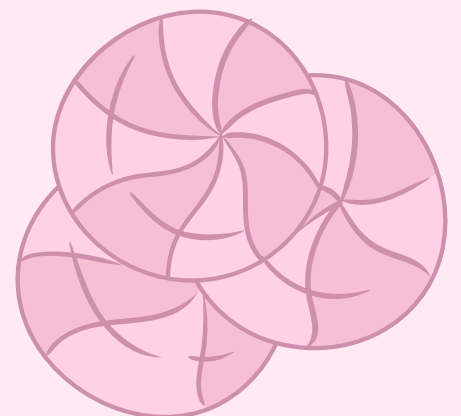
This beauty is so precious that sometimes I'm afraid to let it slip through the crevices of my own fractured heart.

"Here. Have one," Theo says, passing a fuschia pink sweet to me. I bring it to my lips, and suck on it. I swallow the juice. With age, it seems to be turning sickly sweet.

It's the little gifts that push me from reality to dreamland. Sometimes, the beauty of love is too much that I don't wish to acknowledge it so that I could just cling onto it for longer.

I'm going to make sure the porcelain jar never breaks apart. I'm not going to let the oceanic rush of blood ever break what we have. I'm going to keep dissociating, sucking on fuschia pink lips under the warm glow of moonlight like my grandmother.

by Indigo Carter



by Theresa Kohlbeck Jakobsen



Image Description: On a white background, a circular panel in the center is painted with wavy as well as dotted lines in gold, light pink, lilac and minty green. In the foreground, little bit to the right is a ink-traced stone cairn surrounded by a lush meadow of pinks and greens. To its left is an iridescent dark cyan circle. Under this moon-like shape are sequins shaped like flowers.

Strawberry Tigers

In one version of the old story, you
were contemplating strawberry tigers,
pink dwarf stars, and recessive genes. Speaking

of distance, when you're barely hanging on,
there are curious tigers splayed like light years
across the asphalt. You're loving the cliff

face with your fingernails. As for tigers,
you are loving with your fingers, you are
on the ceiling, eating the strawberries.

*(Many years ago, far away from here,)
(you were a photographer, and you were)
(lying on your back to shoot a picture)*

*(of the ceiling of a sacred chapel)
(when you were approached by curious pigeons.)
(The pigeons' little bird eyes love looking)*

*(down the lens, the present tense, the past, and)
(I love asking questions. I love looking)
(down from the ceiling, as if that could be enough.)*

by Meghan Kemp-Gee

Inspired by a [tweet by @phaylen](#).

i'll just dance

Image Description: A digital art piece of a person wearing a watermelon bodysuit and a seed emblazoned pink jacket poses with the words “i’ll just dance” written above their head. On the left, a simple sprout headed figure nervously peers towards the person. The words “on your own?” hang above its head. The words “on my own” run along the right arm of the central person. Misshapen stars dot the rest of the canvas in clusters.

by Fia Meng



warning:

sex, menstruation, oversex,
kink, confusion

Who ever said Passion was easy?

first light

should be warm skies,
soft skin

rosy fingers flushed cheeks heady eyelids

breaths snatched into scraps

lips slick with sultry dew drops

That is what makes a morning.

this morn, there are no more tears,
to dust the grass with

thus I *bleed*

rosy blood

burn with beginnings becomings
glow out of gashes

a fever of pink i can never sweat out
and thus remain a child

i smoulder beneath eyelashes

frosted pulp against my cheek

wet against the world

rosy fingers, flushed cheeks
blemished red hands,
my lips bloom, the threat of a fleshy
~~wail~~whimper sob
moan on my tongue-

soon soothed with a dick down my throat
(good girl)

as i crack away in genesis
the streets run pink
the ground is decorated with a whore's massacre
morning dew, evening bloodshed

The day is breaking.

this mourning, I break too

by Erin Clarke

Contributor bios

L. Amariti (they/them) is a queer, nonbinary writer from New Jersey with a penchant for imagery, musings, and being inspired by liminal spaces. They are currently pursuing an MFA in creative writing and MA in English. Their works have been featured in *Northern Otter Press*, *Snowflake Magazine*, *Yuzu Press*, and *Powders Press*, and have works forthcoming in *DEAR Poetry Journal* and *Snowflake Magazine's* blog. They can be found writing in their basement, or on Twitter [@Lamawriter1](#).



Steph Amir (she/her) is a queer, neurodiverse, disabled writer from Australia. Her poems have been published internationally in print and online, including recently in *Burrow* (Aus), *Ergi Press* (UK), *Ghost Girls* (US), *Meniscus* (Aus), *Phantom Kangaroo* (US), *Wordgathering* (US), *Snowflake Mag* (UK) and at the Dax Gallery at the University of Melbourne, in an exhibition focussing on queer mental health. She occasionally tweets and Insta-lurks from [@steph_kaymir](#).

Donate: <https://www.buymeacoffee.com/stephamir>

Indigo Carter [they/he] is a multidisciplinary artist and a rose with many thorns, whose work aspires to combine the haunting with the beautiful. Find more at [indigopoison.carrd.co](#)

Erin Clarke (she/her) is a poet that works to deconstruct form, most commonly writing on mental illness, neurodivergence and sex. She is a bisexual, neurodivergent, non-monogamous, kink friendly person with mental illness who celebrates all parts her identity, and writes to share her perspective and experiences. Erin has been published before in *Writing Notts* (2021), and can be found at [@cig_shots_poems](#) on instagram.

Donate: [PayPal](#) pperinclarke210@gmail.com





Charlie Cole (she/her) is a queer, passionate, and curious artist who brings a touch of vulnerability and humor to all her creations. She loves all things arts and media with a special fondness for film, and has used these interests to inspire her own work whether it be writing, photography, painting, and more.

Charlie believes in promoting inclusivity and humanity in whichever avenue she goes down and seeks to connect to others through her expression of authenticity and courage of conviction. Below are ways to further connect or see more of her work -

Medium: <https://charliecole.medium.com/>

Twitter: [@CharlieTheCole](https://twitter.com/CharlieTheCole)

Donate to [The Trevor Project](#)

Linda M. Crate's (she/her) poetry, short stories, articles, and reviews have been published in a myriad of magazines both online and in print. She has ten published chapbooks: A Mermaid Crashing Into Dawn (Fowlpox Press - June 2013), Less Than A Man (The Camel Saloon - January 2014), If Tomorrow Never Comes (Scars Publications, August 2016), My Wings Were Made to Fly (Flutter Press, September 2017), splintered with terror (Scars Publications, January 2018), More Than Bone Music (Clare Songbirds Publishing House, March 2019), the samurai (Yellow Arrowing Publishing, October 2020), Follow the Black Raven (Alien Buddha Publishing, July 2021), Unleashing the Archers (Guerilla Genesis Press, August 2021), and Hecate's Child (Alien Buddha Publishing, November 2021) and three micro-chapbooks Heaven Instead (Origami Poems Project, May 2018), moon mother (Origami Poems Project, March 2020), and & so I believe (Origami Poems Project, April 2021). She is also the author of the novella Mates (Alien Buddha Publishing, March 2022).

Donate: https://paypal.me/lindamcrate?locale.x=en_US





Rachael Crosbie (they/them) takes bisexual disaster to a new level with their love for hyperpop, mid-2000s emo hits, and beachy indie pop. They superimposed music and motels onto their poetry chapbooks *MIXTAPES* and *swerve*, respectively. Also, they wrote about the Internet in *Trick Mirror or Your Computer Screen*, and then their cat in *Peanut [the cat] auditions as Courage [...from Courage the Cowardly Dog]*. Rachael is currently contemplating compulsory cishet and ambiguous trauma through horror titles. You can find them on Twitter, Tumblr, and Instagram under the handle [@rachaelapoet](#).

Donate: [Venmo @Rachael-Crosbie-7](#)

Clem Flowers (They/ Them) is a poet, soft-spoken southern transplant, low rent aesthete, & dramatic tenor living in a mountain's shadow in Home of Truth, Utah with their awesome wife & sweet kitty. Hella queer & Nb poetry editor at Blue River Review, with publication credits including: Olney Magazine, Blue River Review, The Madrigal, Pink Plastic House Journal, Bullshit Lit, Corporeal, Holyflea, Anti-Heroine Chic, & Warning Lines Magazine. author of chapbooks *Stoked & Thrashing* (Alien Buddha Press,) *Two Out of Three Falls* (Bullshit Lit,) & *eating rain// matchstick graveyard* (Alien Buddha Press.) Found on Twitter [@clem_flowers](#)

Donate: [Cashapp \\$blessblam](#)

Reyzl Grace (יָרְזֵל / she) is a transfeminine Ashkenazi writer and librarian working in both English and Yiddish. A love of delicately illustrated flowers unites her current activities teaching Victorian literature and copy editing *Cordella Magazine*. Her favorite color is grey, but she has repeatedly been told that doesn't count. See more of her work at her website, [reyzlgrace.com](#), or by following her on Twitter [@reyzlgrace](#).



André Habet (he/him) writes, teaches, edits at Bent Pin Press, and works at his sister's restaurant The Eatery in Belmopan, Cayo. He has had poetry and comics criticism published with Glass Mountain, Funny Looking Dog Quarterly, Solrad, and Panel X Panel. Find him on Twitter and Instagram at [@aahscream](#).

Donate to Bent Pin Press: https://www.paypal.com/donate/?hosted_button_id=EFV9X9H9JK8YQ

Harvey Humphrey (they/them) is trying to be some kind of activist-academic (they want to try to change the world through language). They are a queer, trans, non-binary disabled person living in Glasgow. They have a PhD in sociology on trans and intersex activism. Their academic work and their poems explore the everyday, relationships and bodies (specifically relating to queer, trans and disability experiences). Their favourite food is ice cream. Previously published: *Powders Press*; *Snowflake Magazine*. Twitter: [@rharveyhumphrey](https://twitter.com/rharveyhumphrey).

Incarnadinea (they/she) is a queer visual artist currently living and working in India. Their art mainly explores notions of self-identity and also draws upon their experiences as a person living with mental illnesses. They can be found on [Instagram](https://www.instagram.com/incarnadinea) and [Tumblr](https://www.tumblr.com/incarnadinea) as @incarnadinea.

Amy Janotti (she/her) is a bisexual pile of dust in a trenchcoat from Philadelphia, where she received her BFA in Creative Writing from the University of the Arts. Her work has appeared in *Non.Plus Lit*, *Wrongdoing Magazine*, *Olney*, & elsewhere. She tweets [@cursetheground](https://twitter.com/cursetheground).
Donate: <https://www.patreon.com/cursetheground>



Meghan Kemp-Gee lives between Vancouver BC and Fredericton NB. She writes poetry, comics, and scripts of all kinds. Her debut poetry collection, *The Animal in the Room*, is forthcoming in Spring 2023. She also co-created *Contested Strip*, the world's best comic about ultimate frisbee. Find her on Twitter [@MadMollGreen](https://twitter.com/MadMollGreen).
Donate: <https://ko-fi.com/contestedstrip>

Sol Kim (he/it) is a transmasculine mixed Korean writer and local café regular. His work is forthcoming or published in *Roi Fainéant Press*, *Moss Puppy Magazine*, *Corporeal*, *en*gendered*, *The Bitchin' Kitsch*, *Bullshit Lit*, and more. At his *doljanchi*, he picked up the pencil, and he hasn't put it down since. He can be found on Twitter at [@solkimchi](https://twitter.com/solkimchi).
Donate: <https://ko-fi.com/solkimchi>

Theresa Kohlbeck Jakobsen (they/them) is a German creative, who after spending the pandemic on the remote Faroe Islands re-entered the colorful streets of Berlin city. The challenges of living in another country were a propulsion to their creativity. Theresa creates mixed media art and writes multilingual pieces that circle around the theme of human relationships in a digital age. Recently their works got published in Third Iris Zine, Polemical Zine, CERASUS and Moon Cola Zine. Right now Theresa is working for the student magazine STUDENTLIV and finishing their Master in Nordic Literature at the Humboldt-Universität zu Berlin.

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Brooke Kolcow is a queer trans writer and artist living in the Rust Belt. Their work has recently appeared in Hobart, HAD, and Identity Theory. Brooke is also the Deputy Editor at Taco Bell Quarterly. Read more: <https://linktr.ee/bkolcow> Follow them on Twitter: [@bkolcow](https://twitter.com/bkolcow)

Donate: <https://ko-fi.com/bkolcow>

Chanlee Luu (she/her) is a Vietnamese American writer from southern Virginia, currently working towards an MFA in creative writing at Hollins University. She received her BS in chemical engineering from the University of Virginia, where she performed and competed in spoken word and poetry slams. She writes poetry on all aspects of her identity (as a QWOC), pop culture, science, politics, and everything in between, but is open to experimentation on form and genre. She can be found on Twitter [@ChanleeLuu](https://twitter.com/ChanleeLuu).

Donate: [kofi.com/chanlee](https://ko-fi.com/chanlee)





Melissa Martini (she/her) is a short fiction writer and Capricorn from New Jersey. She studied Creative Writing in both undergrad and graduate school at Seton Hall University. Currently, she serves as Founder & EIC of Moss Puppy Magazine. She can be found [@melissquirtle](#) and her publications can be viewed at melibeans.wixsite.com/home. She has three dogs, all of which are fluffballs.

Ame McLachlan (they/them) is a queer writer and editor of poetry and fiction based in Nottingham, England. They love to explore the surreal magic beneath the mundane routine of everyday life in their work, opting to find and walk the path most strange. They can be found skulking around on Twitter and Instagram [@amemclachlan](#)
Donate: <https://ko-fi.com/amemclachlan>



Erin McKay (she/her) is a young writer and Maisie Peters enthusiast. She has been previously published in Stone of Madness Press and you can find her on Twitter [@motiionpictures](#).

Fia Meng (she/her) is a college student who enjoys reading, writing, and the company of her cat Fitz. She has no previously published works.



Morphic Rooms is a collaborative collage laboratory founded in 2021 by **allison anne** (Minneapolis, Minnesota, USA) and **Jeremy P. Bushnell** (Dedham, Massachusetts, USA). They produce layered, abstract work that utilizes systematic parameters, creative rulesets, chance operations, and collaborative interplay as tools for radically reimagining a collection of images, texts, ephemera, and detritus, drawn from centuries of cultural accretion and mechanical reproduction. Together, they support the expansion of the public domain, cast a critical eye on the mechanisms of capitalized acquisition, aspire to produce convivial tools for the making of art, and to make these tools accessible to all.
Donate: <https://www.buymeacoffee.com/morphicrooms>

sam moe (she/her) is a queer writer of fiction, non-fiction, and poetry. she is the first-place winner of *Invisible City's Blurred Genres* contest in 2022, and the 2021 recipient of an Author Fellowship from *Martha's Vineyard Institute of Creative Writing*. she holds an MFA in creative writing from Converse College. her work has appeared in *Overheard Lit mag*, *Gone Lawn*, *The Shore*, *Yuzu Press*, and others. You can find her on Twitter [@SamAnneMoe](#)
Donate: [Venmo @Sam-Moe-4](#)



Ruthenium (she/they) is an artist and writer currently living in the state of uncertainty. They believe creativity is real-life magic, and are obsessed with texture, context, light, and the question “what if?...” Their art has been published in *Rabble Review*, *Celestite Poetry*, *Vulnerary Magazine*, *Lavender Lime Literary*, and *Warning Lines Literary*, among other wonderful places. Their various presences, publications, and collections can be found at <https://linktr.ee/Ruthenium>

Ami J. Sanghvi (he/him, they/them) is an agender, non-binary, Indian-American, queer author, artist, designer, and boxer, and holds an M.F.A. in Creative Writing from CalArts. He is the managing editor in addition to a poetry reader for *Wrongdoing Magazine*, and review editor for *the winnow magazine*, as well as the co-founder of *Gutslut Press*. Their work has appeared in *So It Goes: The Literary Journal of the Kurt Vonnegut Museum and Library*, *Inverted Syntax*, *Brave Voices*, *I Hope You'll Still Love Me: A South Asian LGBTQIA+ Anthology*, and numerous other publications and exhibitions. More is forthcoming in *Fence*, *Peach Magazine*, and the *Harpy Hybrid Review*, among other places.



Additionally, he was a featured author for *LUPERCALIApress's VULCANALIA '21* anthology and the runner-up of *Baby Teeth's* 2022 Black-Out Contest. They are the winner of *Really Serious Literature's* Beefy Chapbook Potato-Rito Remote Residency To-Go Contest XXL, and the author of *[in]transpiring (swallow::tale press: 2021)*, *Confessions of a Baby Vamp: Letters to John Milton (Gutslut Press: 2021)*, *Baby Wraith Burrito Bones (Really Serious Literature, 2022)*, *The Great Wraith Finale (Bullshit Magazine, 2022)*, and *Lipstick[less] Mania: A Ritual For No One, (Bottlecap Press, 2022)*.

His first three full-length books, *Into Oblivion* (Sweat-Drenched Press, 2022), *x()-id <3* (Trickhouse Press, 2022), and *Experiments in Quietus* (Really Serious Literature, 2023) are forthcoming.

Twitter, Instagram, & Tumblr: [@HotWraithBones](#) & [@GutslutPress](#)

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[VENMO](#) — [@AmiJS](#)

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Helen Whistberry (she/they) is the pen name for an indie author and artist who began writing after retiring from a long career working in libraries. She has published three novels in her Jim Malhaven Mysteries series, a collection of forest-themed short stories (*The Melody of Trees*), as well as contributing horror and fantasy stories to numerous anthologies. Helen's writing often explores her own experiences with gender, asexuality, alienation, and autism. Her whimsical digital artwork focuses on the natural world. She also loves to read and review books by fellow indie and small press authors. You can follow Helen on Twitter ([@whistberry](#)). Please visit <https://www.helenwhistberry.com/> for a complete list of publications and links.

Samari Zysk is a queer Jewish poet with a Masters degree in poetry from Mills College. You can find their work in *Ghost City Review*, *Fifth Wheel Press*, and *Giallo Lit*, among others. You can also visit them online at samarizys.wixsite.com/rosepetalface.

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o: pink



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