

LESBIANS are MIRACLES

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HOME

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lesbians are miracles magazine

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HOME

For members of the LGBTQ+ community, the idea of “home” can be a complicated issue at best, and so we wanted to invite our contributors to re-claim, explore, and give voice to the homes that have shaped and defined them. This issue is a tribute to the places we come from, the places we leave behind, the places we return to, and the places in which we discover ourselves. We hope you find a home within these pages.

Forever yours,
Lia Ottaviano
Lesbians are Miracles

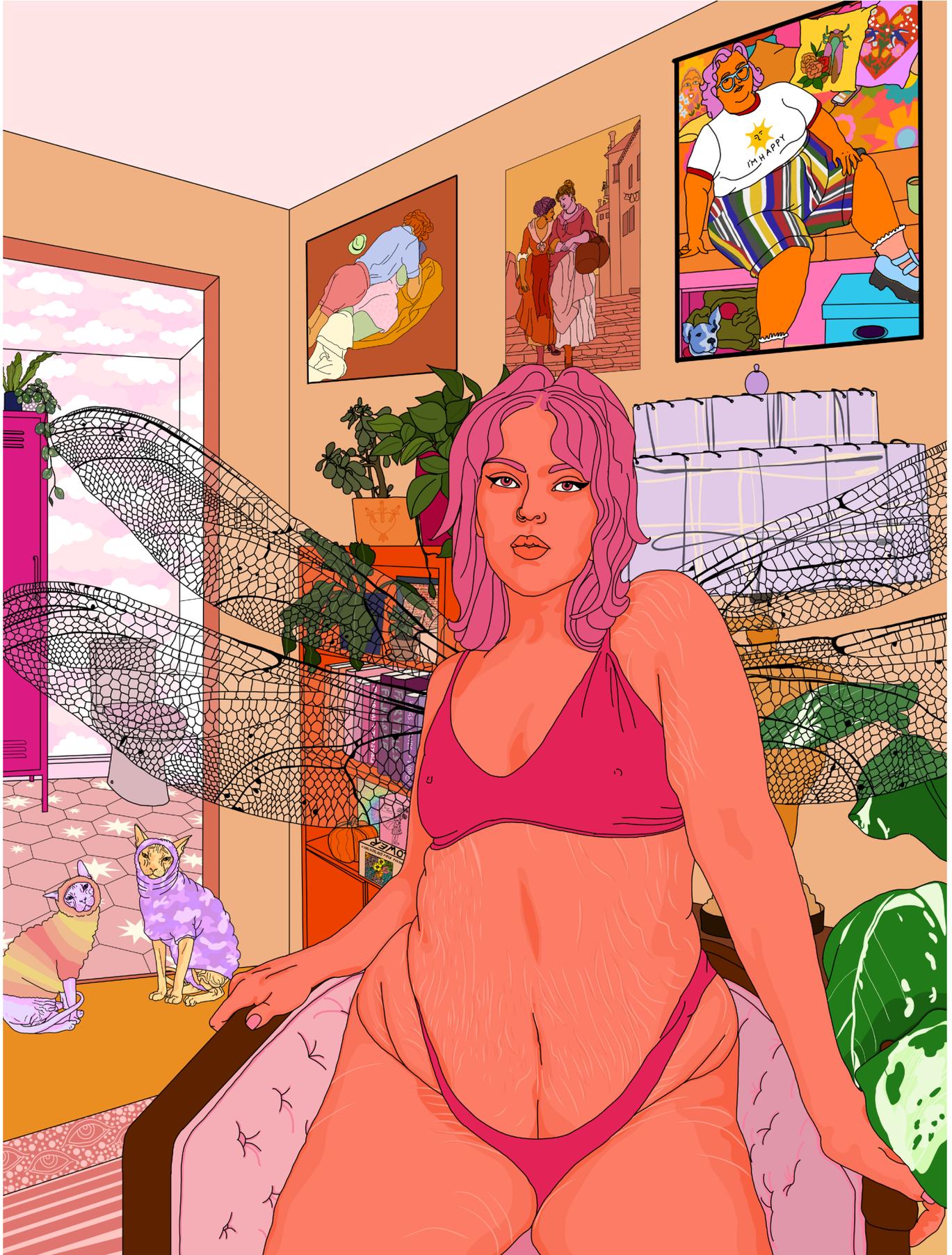


Esther Renehan





Esther Renehan





Search for Myself in the Suburbs

by Albi Jae

On two wheels, I sailed down the street, smiling triumphantly, the wind in my hair, feeling the thrill of riding a bicycle for the first time. Except I wasn't really sailing; I was moving forward quite slowly, painting wobbly 'S' shapes with the wheels of my tires, and stifling panic about how any limb from my body could slip and cause a catastrophic accident at any second. Despite this, I was positively beaming. I had just conquered my fear of getting my feet off the ground, and made it from point A to point B riding a bicycle. It doesn't matter that those points were only a few yards apart. I yelled for my mom to look, hoping she wouldn't miss a spectacle of this magnitude. A momentous achievement in the life of any child! Only I wasn't a child. I was 31 years old.

I spent my 20s being afraid of bicycles seeking greater meaning in my life, but lacking the confidence and introspection to unwrap my own identity. One excuse was that I lacked the time. Another was that I lacked life experience. The most obstructive was my denial that anything could possibly be wrong with my own mental and emotional health. My contradictory, at the same time fulfilling and soul-draining, work as a public school teacher kept me occupied while capitalism used its controlling power to keep my life on autopilot. Then, like a tidal wave consuming the Earth, the early quarantining effects of the pandemic did a number on my comfortable but vapid life. My routines were shattered and my relationship broke down, but this ultimately allowed me to finally understand myself through months of learning, introspection, reflection, and tears. Today I live with intention, proudly identifying as a nonbinary, trans, asexual, lesbian.



A nonbinary, trans, asexual, lesbian that finally knows how to ride a bike, no less!

In true millennial fashion, I've found myself living back in my childhood home with my mother in Henderson, Nevada, a sprawling city occupying the southeast portion of the Las Vegas Valley. Living in the modest, labyrinthine suburban neighborhood where I grew up socialized as a boy, life feels surreal. Now, instead of being a confused, captive youth of suburban despair, I'm a returning visitor with a critical eye and a traveled outsider's perspective. I live in a world full of nostalgia, trying to unwrap the layers of suburban isolation, uniformity, authority, patriarchy, and heteronormativity that cover my past. I'm searching for clues about my earlier life buried underneath these layers. What tricks did this place play on me? How did I live here until my early 20s without ever realizing my own truth?

I use my newly learned mobility to ride around the maze of single-family homes, subconsciously searching for clues. Around the first corner, I find a home flying a thin blue line flag. In the most direct loop around my home, there are a few more of them, nearly one on every street. I scan the streets for Pride flags, but find none. I ride past the homes of childhood friends and think about their families. While they certainly had their own working-class struggles, every family I knew heavily fostered outdated gender roles. I reminisce about impressionable moments and where they took place. Embarrassing memories of prepubescent romance with both boys and girls resurface. I pass the roads where I walked home from school, often alone, hoping to avoid harassment from other students. I try to remember seeing any signs of even the slightest queerness around me, but I'm grasping at straws. Is it any wonder I always wanted to stay invisible in such

an alienating setting?

When I entered my pre-teen years, I started to see that the world seemed to make sense to those around me. This environment, this way of living, the larger American society it all fit into-- it seemingly worked for the other kids in the neighborhood. They had sports, they had widening social circles, they had routes to grow and live "normal" lives. Why wasn't it working for me? I couldn't understand and certainly didn't have the vocabulary to figure it out. In retrospect, the naivety of my misled, closeted, queer, assimilated Asian-American self is painful. *American suburbs weren't built to work for someone like me.*

This alienation carried on into my teenage years, but I began retreating to the safety of my bedroom to lose myself in digital worlds. I gravitated toward worlds that were as different from the real life as possible. Through technological expertise, I had a semblance of control while online. With physical anonymity, I could be myself in this place where things did make sense to me. My attachment to digital self grew while my physical self remained stagnant and slowly forgotten. By the time I was finishing high school, I all but gave up trying to make space in these suburbs for myself. Luckily, my home life with family was always comfortable (albeit emotionally distant), and these digital diversions carried me to early adult life, where I finally got the chance to leave this neighborhood behind in a hazy cloud of estrangement.

Nowadays, a victim of perpetual wanderlust, I thrive while roaming without an ultimate destination. I embark on long, unplanned, meandering road trips, taking care to go off the beaten path and take the scenic route. I'm particularly excited that my next journey will include a bike! I find solace in being a vagabond, moving from city to city, camping in remote locations, backpacking through the forest, and couchsurfing with others, hoping to learn how they have managed to find comfort and happiness in their own chosen homes.

Perhaps this is because my 'comfortable' life in the neighborhood I grew up in betrayed me in the past. The layout of the seemingly never-ending, winding

roads and dead-end cul-de-sacs, lined with houses bearing only slight aesthetic differences, manifests the ideological maze of conformity that American suburbs trap us into. As I stare at the face of my home, I can't help but envision myself, caught up in the anxieties of my mind, trapped in the wrong body, hiding behind a glowing computer screen in a locked bedroom, inside of an insular home in a sea of identical homes, far on the outskirts of a city which itself is isolated within a ring of mountains in the middle of the Mojave desert. Perhaps I fear ever getting trapped in that isolation again.

I'm unsure how long I will stay in this old, wistful place, and I have no idea where I will go next, but one thing will remain: this house, in this neighborhood, in this sprawling city, will always be here waiting, shrouding mysteries from my past, and inviting me to come back home. ♦

Carolina Lehan



Southern Bones

by Hannah Chapin

The South I called home but by some
Escher-like trick of space I both lived there
and was also standing at the window,
looking in. It seemed
more comfortable out there,
the accent settled into my ears
but not my mouth,
my teeth aching
at the tea's sweetness,
vaguely perplexed
by pastels and worship,
I felt like a polite guest, never quite
making myself at home even though
I was born and raised in that house.

In the mysterious path of growing up and out
The moment you step away from a place
It becomes where you're from
and with each step I took North
I rested my weight on bones
that grew in the South.

Bones are hidden by flesh, almost forgotten,
until the X-rays of visitation
surprise me. Walking through
the thick summer
I find an intimacy with place
that catches me off guard,
noticing the smallest moments
that only a lover or old friend
would find reassuringly familiar.

I know how the air slips past my arms
as they swing through finally-almost cool
nights, washed by the chorus of
cicadas and peepers, leapfrogging
my shadow in the streetlights,
walking on the still-warm road
because who thought of sidewalks back then.

I know how the needles of a loblolly pine,
So conveniently bundled in threes,
twist as you braid them.
Their ridged spines
curling for a bored girl
just as they do for this woman
waiting for the baby to wake.

I know how when
watching night thunderstorms
from the back of a pickup truck,
the momentary light illuminating
every dogwood berry,
bathed by the smell of damp pine
and clay and cement,
you cringe with anticipation
at the stifled first sound of thunder.

Were you to ask me I could tell you
how jewelweed pods
explode when you pinch them
just right and that your hand will jump back
in joyful surprise the first time,
and maybe the third.
I could tell you how to roll your weight
just so across your bare foot to
avoid coming down hard on
a sweetgum ball or pinecone.
The pinecones hurt more, I'd caution.

Were you to ask I could explain
how to be from the South
If not how to be Southern.
The convenience of embracing
origin without identity
validating both my history
and my ambivalence.
A visitor with southern bones
and mossy northern flesh can slip free.
A Southerner just might want to stay.

A Shlechteh Mameh Iz Nitto¹

by Ilyssa Forman

You told me the moths were visiting spirits
and I could not touch their wings
without destroying them. Last week,

I read that touching their wings did not kill them
but could make their flight pattern more disorienting. This must

be worse than dying—to weave cobwebs out of stars
and watch them be broomed down
by a girl's pink hands. You told me

about the different winter light, and the Earth that shifted
without our noticing. I made a sky-chart

for January from our porch and named the constellations
after us. I called yours *makhasheyfe*², then dreamt

you were a crescent moon, coming and going at once,
and so, never moving. Sometimes I see you

watching from the streaked windows
while I rewrite the way you left home at seventeen
and let your grandparents raise you instead. What

did you mean when you named me after the mother
you left behind, but also, the grandfather who took you in?

1 Yiddish expression meaning: “There is no such thing as a bad mother.”

2 Yiddish expression meaning “witch;” a derogatory term that can only refer to women. The Bible forbids going to a makhasheyfe for advice, because sorcery and witchcraft are deemed blasphemous.



lily

by Isabelle Rupani

waking up is so hard. so much dragging your brain out of the mire,
distending your heart, outmolding yourself. can't we just stay flowerlike?
unblossoming roses? when a plant flowers it fruits and when it
fruits it goes to seed: we strain, like a chained dog, against our own
rebirth. it's so hard, my god, the grip, the choking. when you want to sink
your teeth into the sheets, stay un beholden.

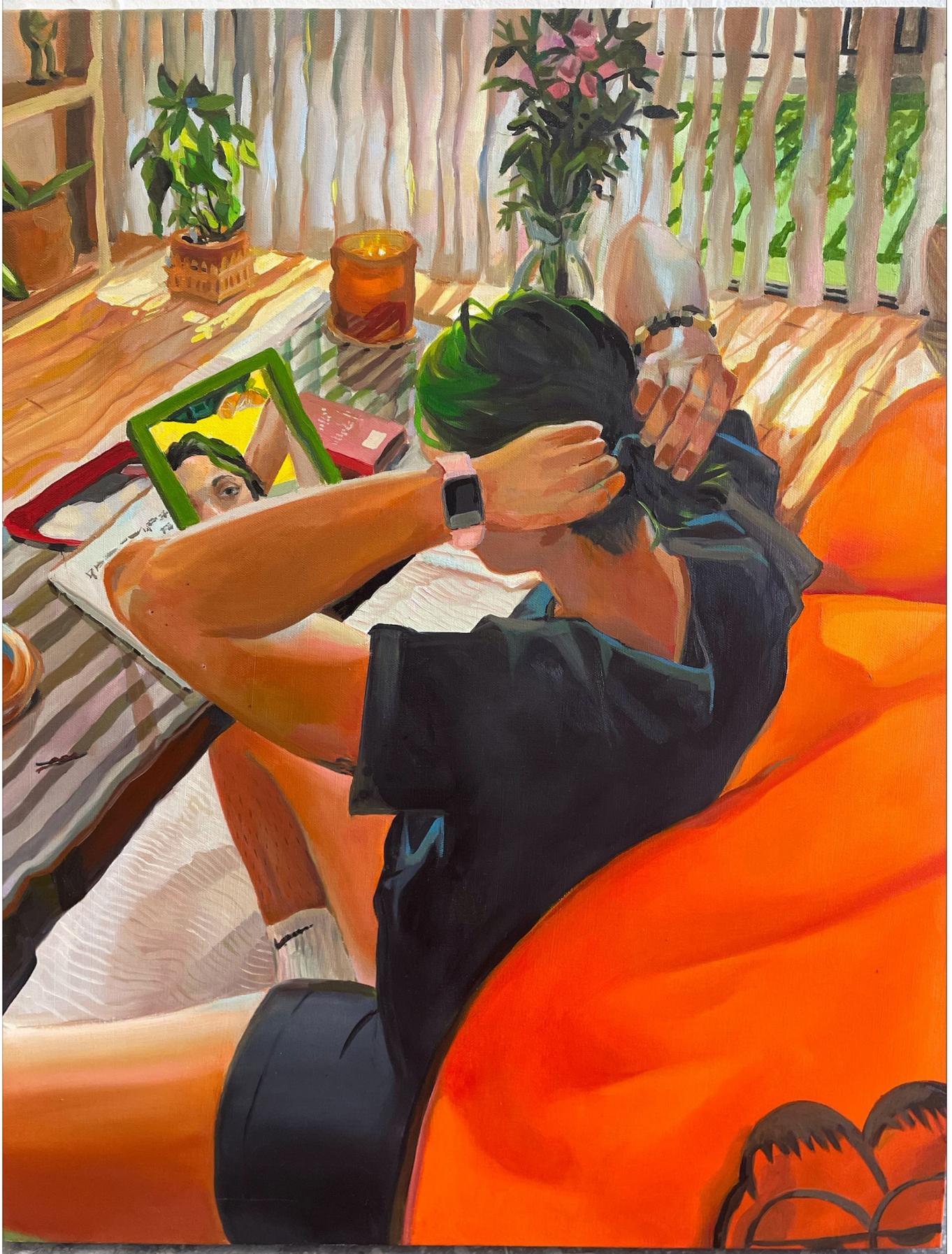
and yet.

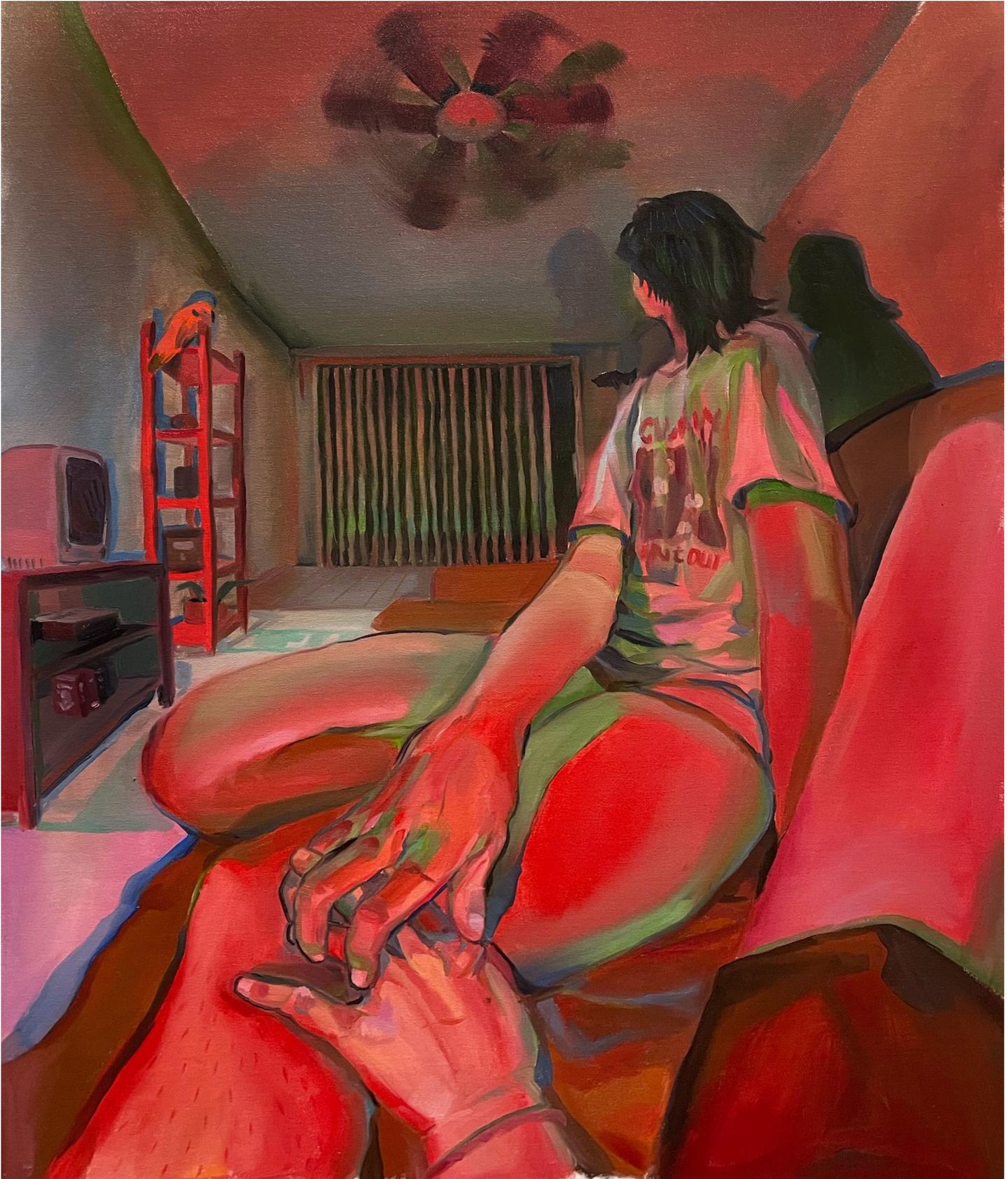
against all odds i open my eyes and see the soft curl of your hand on a
pillow. i can't tell the difference between this and the sun. i touch your
fingers fearing ghostness but you are realer than a hand plunged into
dark earth. i realize: i have a duty to living. if only to watch you come into
focus as sleep falls away, and bear witness to you forever. the truth is your
yawn, your stretch, your smile. your eyes crinkling in laughter, changing
colour in the light. i could get overwhelmed just staring at your back as
you turn on the stove.

you make waking up easy. can you stay here a second, and hold my hand.
after that i will get out of bed.



Alex C





Jenna Williams





Jenna Williams



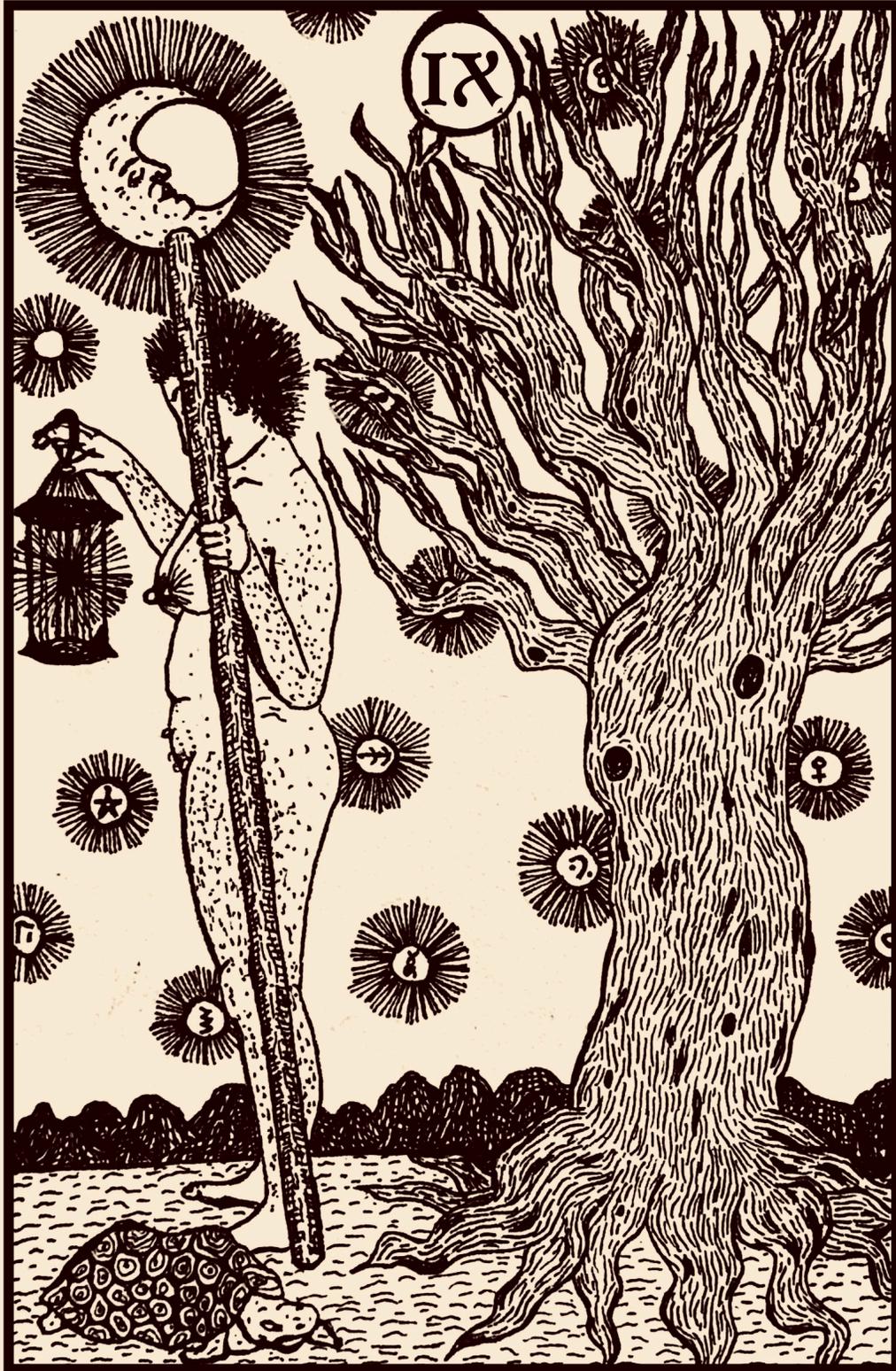


Lindsey Eisenmann





Ayshe-Mira Yashin



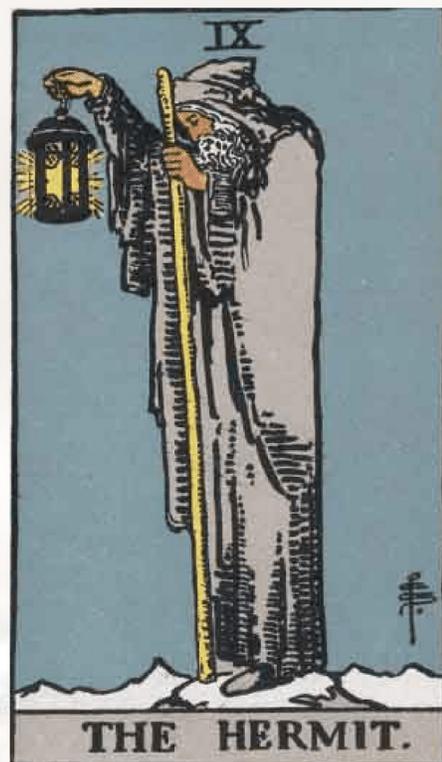
THE HERMIT



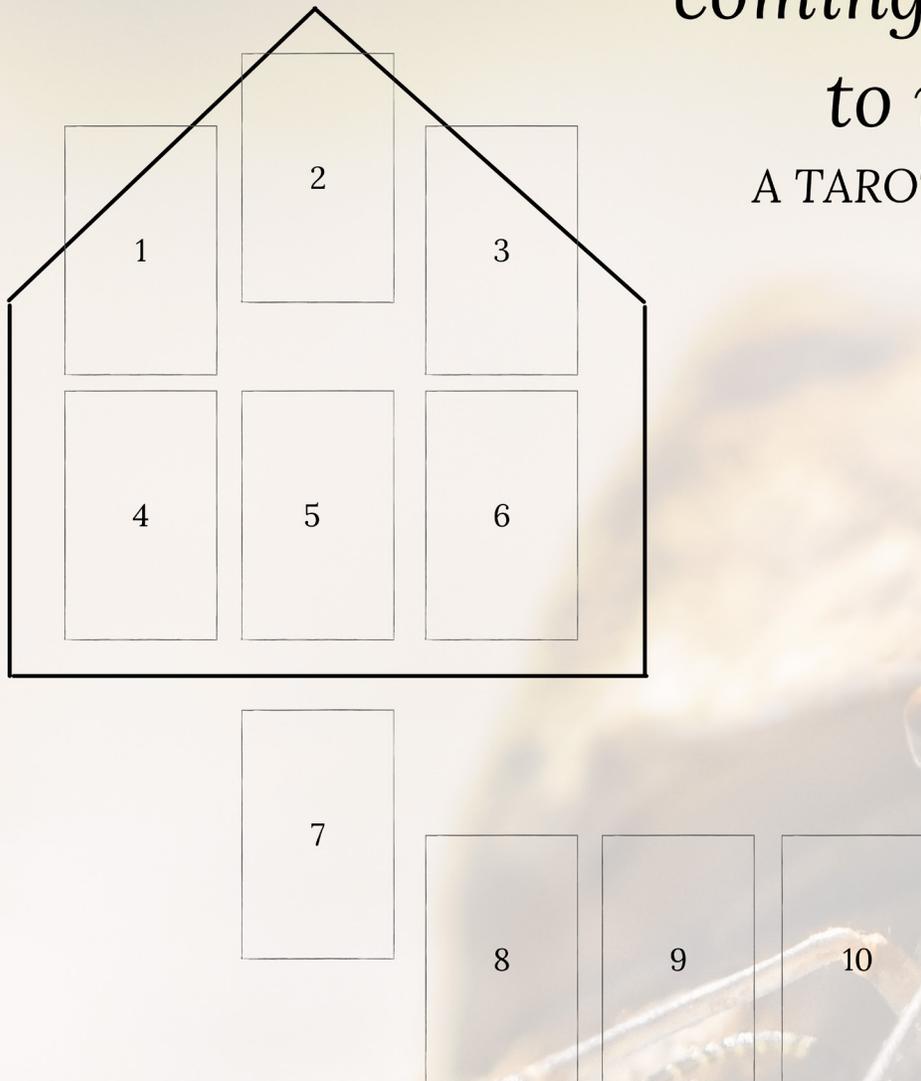
coming home to myself

A TAROT SPREAD: GENTLE GUIDANCE

- Pull a tarot card for each rectangle and corresponding question. If you don't have a tarot or oracle deck, many free printable decks are available online. This site offers a great option:
<https://spells8.com/printable-tarot-cards>
- Anyone can read tarot.
- There are no *good* or *bad* cards. All cards offer deep wisdom if we are available to receive it.
- There is no right/wrong way to shuffle, pull cards, cut the deck, etc. Your tarot practice belongs to you.
- There are many card interpretations available online, in books, in podcasts, and so on. Many of these are helpful. Some of these are outdated and in need of an upgrade. Tarot is for everyone and is for our times. Outdated interpretations are not. Allow for flexibility in card meanings. Start with what you see. What symbols and pictures jump out at you? Let your own intuition lead the way.
- Have fun! <3



*coming home
to myself*
A TAROT SPREAD



1. Where am I on my journey?
2. Where am I transforming?
3. What am I clearing away in order to move forward?
4. What am I invited to see as it relates to my relationships?
5. What am I invited to see as it relates to my path?
6. What am I invited to consider as I move forward?
7. What resources are available to me?
8. A message from my fear.
9. How can I offer myself care in the midst of this liminal space?
10. How can I honor this cycle of my life?

Courtney Coles





Andi García



Fertile Hands of a Country That Is Not Third

by Hilary Cruz Mejia

Where do you come from?
But like really really from?
I am from a very small coastal port
where you get by fishing
and driving people around
in a tricycle for 3 to 5 quetzales
from a 5-minute walk to the beach
from the hope of rain
that can freshen up la milpa
from the hope that rain
doesn't make the ocean mad
and hug us all with her water
and welcomes us with a hurricane

But where do you come from?
But like really really from?
I am from a small municipio
that lives en las orillas del océano pacifico
bathed with the rivers
Michatoya, María Linda y el Canal de Chiquimulilla
from the inlets of the river
where the conqueror Pedro de Alvarado built six ships
to go together with Francisco Pizarro
in the conquest of Peru

I am from a conservative
and diverse neighborhood
that i call home

I am from Puerto de Iztapa, Escuintla
I am from Puerto de Champerico, Retalhuleu
I am from the blood of my Mayan ancestors
I am from the roots of my Mesoamerica

from a country in the world
that i call home

But i am really
like really really from
the hands of Pachamama
and the rage of poetry
as a movement to heal
the wounds that penetrate
our meaning of home

of the land where conquistadores
told us our home was not ours anymore
of the land where tea can heal
the pain within your heart

from *Guate* good
not *Guate* what they think is bad

the land of the trees
Guatemala.

Sarah Schellenberg



Bedside Table

by Vanessa Woy

Jeff Buckley sings, *the sky is a landfill*
And I know he's not lying because when
It cracks open, it fills the valleys
With lumpy comforters and candy
Wrappers from your bedside table

Mounds and mounds of
Sweet variations that never
Quite made it to my mouth

And just so you know,
I would still pick up if you called
Even if all you did was exhale but it came out as:
Frozen peppermint patties are still a good idea

I would reach through the phone,
Wrap a string around your cavities
And yank you home

Lindsey Eisenmann





Bethany Habegger





Entangled

by Josie Pierce

I found the mud in Eastern Kentucky (was it feral or fetal?)
I like the mud because it makes sense. Mud is simple,
soft, slopped over the entryway and spilling down the back.

Before the aftermath I had the desire to drown myself in bathwater.
In the aftermath we all developed a fear of the rain, river so dark
and low in its bed, like the whole town was trying once to be flat.

If there was some way to exorcise the patriarch in me,
I'd unslip my shovel, return every nail, and move so slow - stop even.
Maybe the mud is just Maine. It's elemental in us, it's biblical.

In uncharted territory, I begin and then forget, lose track of punctuation
(mundane almost, except for the way it approaches - godly,
on the horizon of a phrase). Rhythm of my boot, breath and breath -

I cannot stop now - *Live gently. Touch objects as if they are not yourself.*
Apologize often. The walnut logs drifted all the way out to the neighbor's
house in the flood, along with the debris, a washer left out in the sun.

Every morning I look at that one scraggly tree with the branches
forming a square-ish circle, the illusion of a knot from the street -
that tree I worship unabashedly, through the stale water and muck.

That one tree, and we saw a cardinal today, but it wasn't enough
or was it? Perhaps for him it was, or for a while (is a while enough?)
At the end of the poem, or the disaster, how much of me belongs there still?

remember

by Kat Heatherington

remember not that you argued
with your sister, but that you sang
in the kitchen alone,
and the house remembered
a sound it had not heard in years.
remember fireflies blinking
slowly in the roadside dark
and a night sky as open
as the Arizona night sky –
remember, on the last night, every star
in the heavens shone on that place.
a comet streaked to the east
bright as a firecracker, potent, silent.
remember the vine that entered the door
and the softness of your father's voice
and the way his eyes lit up
every time he looked up and saw you there.
remember his pleasure, and his pride.
the way the creek sank when the rain stopped,
the six-part insect harmony every night,
and his hand on your shoulder,
blessing you. remember
his hands when he talks,
his big, precise gestures,
his carefully kept and yellowing fingernails.
the black trees in silhouette
against a star-strewn horizon.
his voice, retelling
the story of your birth – *when the nurse
handed you to me, i felt a love
i had never known before.
and it has never stopped.*
the scent of honeysuckle,
a redolent night,
that infinite sky.
it has never stopped.

Daisy Blower





Daisy Blower



The Uncounted Things

by Michele Gagnon

Julie feels John's baby slip through her and hears it splash in the toilet. After that, she sits at her kitchen table for hours, every day, counting the cracks in the drywall.

The house is falling apart.

John doesn't care about those kinds of things. He's always at work and he gets to see different kinds of spaces. She's always in the same place counting all the things that go wrong. At night he tries to pull her towards him, but she flinches from his fingers.

"You're not the same," he says. "I remember us laughing once."

She doesn't say anything. There are no words to soothe the ache.

The moon is full and spilling its light into every corner. It pokes at her and prompts her to fix the cracks. He's asleep unaware of the moon, innocent to the prying of silver rayed fingers. She slips out of the bed and sinks her toes into the carpet wondering why it has not yet been pulled up and replaced with something easier to clean. She packs some things in a bag and places it by the door. She spreads plaster over every crack on the wall. John will notice the cracks, she thinks.

He will notice them now that they're gone.

She puts the bag over her shoulder, gets in her car and drives until she finds a place she's never seen before. It's nestled in a mountain by a lake. People live there together in cabins with no computers or phones. They sell vegetables and eggs to tourists.

She rents a room from these people and leaves her bag at the door. She spends her mornings feeding their chickens. She thinks about how strange chickens are as she dumps grain into a feeder. The birds come running as though they have not eaten in weeks, their strange amber eyes round with stupidity and their ridiculous necks jutting out mechanically. There are thirty chickens and they all cluck in a way that makes her think that they are desperate to be heard. After the chickens, she moves on to quieter things, plucking weeds one by one from the dark soil. She counts each unwanted cluster of roots and places them in a pile.

At night she sits with the people by the fire flaking off her sunburnt skin. In the warm glow she slips slowly into forgetting. Her fingers intertwine with the fingers of Sandra, a woman with long dark curls and coffee eyes that reflect the light. They share a cabin at first and then a bed.

Julie presses her hollow belly, her hard hip bones into Sandra's soft flesh and rests her face on Sandra's breast. She traces the outline of Sandra's nipple, counting the rotations, counting freckles and stretch marks until the light becomes too dim and her eyes begin to blur.

In the morning she puts her feet onto the bare floor boards and feels the shock of its roughness on her soles. She digs her toes in hard to feel every imperfect edge. Sandra pulls a sliver out of her toe with little tweezers and then makes love to her before the chickens get too loud with hunger.

One day there's nothing left to count on Sandra's body. On a cold night when the snow begins to fall and doesn't melt, Sandra pulls Julie close.

"You're a ghost," she whispers, "I'm never sure if you're really here."

Julie stays quiet, just like a spirit not wanting to be brought out from the shadows.

"I might love you," Sandra says, "but the only thing I seem to know about you is the outline of your body."

The moon light dances on the new snow and it digs itself into Julie's dreams. She remembers she has sandpaper for the drywall tucked into the bag. She counts five silver hairs at Sandra's temple as she checks, for a third time, if she has everything she needs.

She walks back into her kitchen as the sun paints the world yellow, a gentle surprise of colour. It seems the walls have been painted by the same sun. The cracks cannot be counted, the plaster already blended and disguised in yellow. She tucks the useless sandpaper in a drawer.

John's sleeping, the room is still dark, soft morning light sneaks in as Julie cracks the door. His arms are spread out across the bed, the back of his hand rests flat on the place where she once slept so restlessly. She undresses and lets her feet sink into the soft carpet. The heater hums as she crawls under the blankets, nestling herself into the crook of John's arm. She places her head on his chest.

"Hi," he says, still half asleep, "You don't have to say anything. You don't have to talk." He moves in closer and kisses her forehead.

She kisses his lips three times, slow.

She knows. She confirms.

"I'm only a ghost, I'll be gone again before you know."

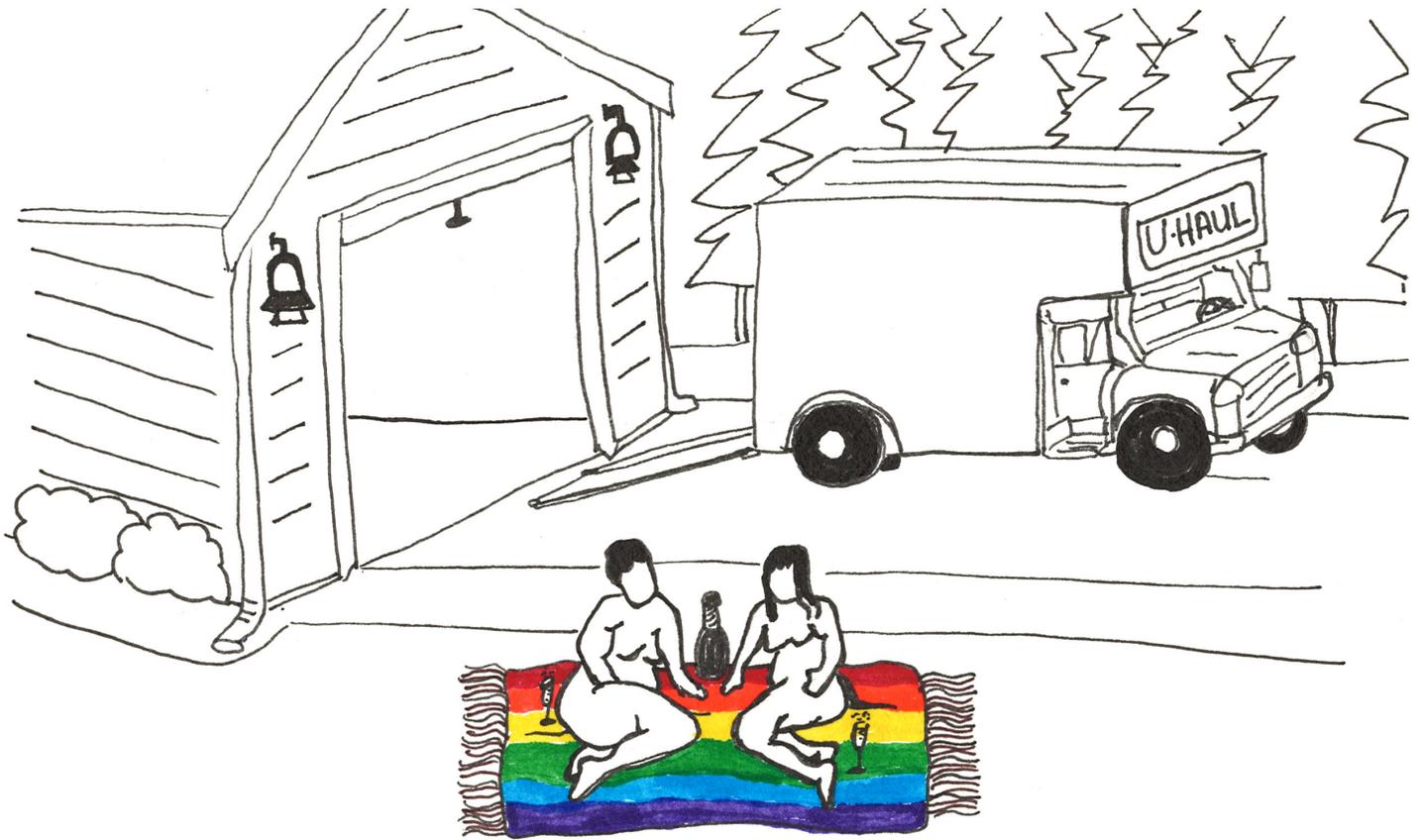
Her voice cracks, her tongue freed.

She runs her finger along the familiar outline of his shoulder, without counting, until she falls asleep. ♦

Masada Warner



Amy Kendall LaBree

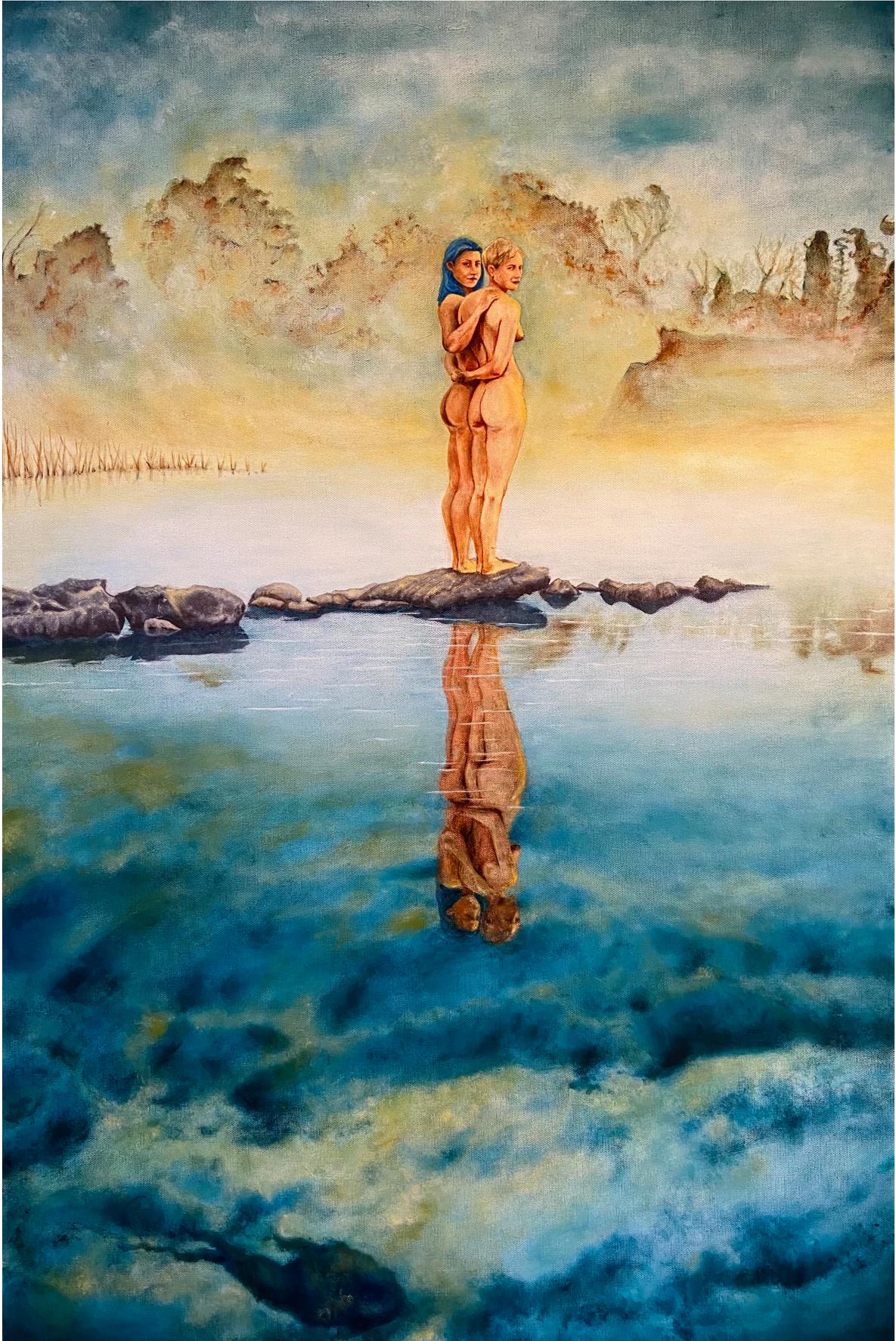


U-Haul



T. K. LaBree

Jesi Zinn





Jenna Williams





Denise Rosal





WE LOVE OUR CONTRIBUTORS!

Mel Bee (she/her) is a queer cat lady living and making art in Toronto. She uses natural items, craft supplies and trash to explore feelings of longing and connection, creating visually dense works infused with dark humour and child-like wonder. Find her on Instagram @melbeestitchin.

Daisy Blower (she/her) is a queer artist based in London making 3D feminist artworks on a miniature scale. "Gunk and oozing," featured within these pages, tries to grapple with the messiness of a queer feminist life; introspection, intimacy and intimate space, queer agency and bodily remnants. Follow Daisy on Instagram @daisyblower and visit her at www.daisyblower.com.

Alex C. is a lesbian painter from central Louisiana. They create work that's autobiographical, yet visually exaggerated in order to share their experience of being a lesbian in the conservative Bible belt. Their work is divided into themes of domesticity, intimate moments, anxiety, and fear. Follow Alex on Instagram @jackalnope.

Hannah Chapin (she/her) is a science educator and artist living in the Pacific Northwest. She is always looking for ways to help her hold onto the beauty in the world. Follow her on Instagram @noticing_.

Courtney Coles (she/her) is a photographer and writer born and raised in Los Angeles. She received her MFA with an emphasis in photography & media from CalArts in 2019 and her BFA in photography from the Pacific Northwest College of Art in 2014. Her practice is rooted in her fascination with the multiple ways she considers people, places and memories "home" and her desire to preserve it. She is enthralled by making photographs that are soft and sincere because the world has been anything but to Black queer women like her. She extends grace first to herself, as seen in her self-portraits, and then to her loved ones who so graciously invite her into their lives. Where the world has failed in protecting her, she has stepped in to make the quiet photographs that soothe her. For a number of years she has made intimate photographs in the music industry and in 2016 she co-founded [to the front](#), a traveling art show and collective for women and non-binary artists working in the music industry. Follow Courtney on Instagram @kernieflakes.

Lindsey Eisenmann (they/them/theirs) is a non-binary lesbian in Oklahoma City. Film photography has become their greatest passion and a way for them to explore their identity freely. When they're not at work as a barista, you can find them with their camera strolling through their neighborhood or taking self-portraits in their home. Follow them on Instagram @lindsey_eisenmann.

Ilyssa Forman (she/they) is a lesbian poet living between Brooklyn, New York and Amherst, Massachusetts. She is a senior studying History at Amherst College. You can read their other works at poems-byisraela.wordpress.com.

Michele Gagnon (she/her; they/them) is an illustrator, designer, writer, late-to-the-game lesbian, angry feminist, and tired-but-grateful mom who loves to hide out in the woods of Quebec Canada. Find her on Instagram @mishedesign.

Andi García (she/her) is a young Peruvian and lesbian artist based in Lima, Perú. She really loves drawing, painting, mixed media and digital art, but uses any material that allows her to create with mean-

ing. Andi's work is inspired by her social context: being lesbian in a conservative country, her queer friends as her place to feel free, her loves, her family to laugh or to cry and her ancestral origins. She likes resignifying the symbolism of images, sensations, and materials from her daily life to express herself without fear. Follow Andi on Instagram @muy.rarita.

Bethany Habegger (she/they) is a painter originally from Indianapolis, IN. They recently received their BFA in painting from Indiana University in the fall of 2020. They work mainly with oils and watercolors and focus on creating diverse textures in their work. Often, the work relates to abandoned places and images of decaying infrastructure. More work can be found at their website, bethanyhabegger.com, or Instagram, @bethanyhabegger.

Kat Heatherington's (she/her) work addresses the interconnectivity of human relationships, sustainability, and the natural world, and the complex intersections of grief and love in the face of change. Kat is a queer ecofeminist poet, sometime artist, organic gardener, and co-founder of Sunflower River intentional community in the Rio Grande Valley. Kat's work has been published in *The Harwood Anthology*, *Más Tequila Review*, *Sin Fronteras*, *Rebelle*, *Manorborn*, *Sky Island Journal*, *Manzano Mountain Review*, and *Burning Word Journal*, among others. Follow Kat on Instagram @yarrowkat (photography) and @sometimesaparticle (poetry).

Albi Jae (they/she) is a queer wanderer from the deserts of Las Vegas. She can be found online at www.albijae.com and seldom hints of her existence are posted on Instagram at @trans_vegas. Her physical manifestation can typically be found outside with her poodle, Otis.

Katya Kón (she/her) is a founding member of a Russian queer music project SADO OPERA, the resident band of Berlin's Wilde Renate and Ficken3000. They play shows across Europe, spreading their message of unrestrained, gender-fluid love. SADO OPERA songs offer a mix of disco, boogie and electro-funk fused into a high energy live show experience. Katya's own sets are a mix of house and disco with a taste of frisky and romantic russian electronica records & underground dance music. One of the prevailing themes in the SADO OPERA philosophy is inclusivity, and the band talk passionately about queer visibility. For them, serious political action and serious fun can – and should co-exist. Follow Katya on Instagram @_pimppi_, follow SADO OPERA on Instagram @sadoopera, visit Katya's Soundcloud at <https://soundcloud.com/sado-opera/sets/katinka-sounds>, and find out more about Katya's art collective at https://linktr.ee/sado_opera.

Amy Kendall LaBree (she/her) is a queer human, lesbian wife, mom of fur babies and a human, self-taught artist, kitchen goddess and life liver from the Pacific Northwest (currently living in Tacoma, WA). With the loss of her mother in 2018, Amy turned to art as a way to process her grief and with the onset of the Covid pandemic she dug in even deeper. No fancy stories, other than she spends her days passionate about learning, helping others grow and practicing self-care. Follow Amy on Instagram @Amy.Kendall.LaBree.

Carolina Lehan (she/her) is a Tel Aviv based visual artist, working mainly in techniques of painting and sculpture. In her creative process, she explores spaces that lie between the personal and the social and the old and the new, that are gathered together through strolling in public playgrounds, construction sites, churches, and internet

browsing. These environments blend in drawings that depict physical and spiritual events, both human and fantastic. Follow her on Instagram @carolinalehan and visit her at www.carolinalehan.com.

Hilary Cruz Mejia (she/her/ella) is a Latinx poet and activist from the coastal waters of Guatemala. Her work has appeared in *MiGoZine* (an imprint of Paloma Press), and *Portside*. Hilary's transition to the U.S. as a lesbian, immigrant, and first-generation college student has been presented in her poetry where she hopes to encourage her readers to preserve the indigenous roots of the lands that were stolen. Outside of writing, she spends her time baking bagels and keeping on track with her homework. Follow her on Instagram @hilary_natasha.

Josie Pierce is a poet/filmmaker/artist originally from Portland, Maine. She/he/they graduated from Sarah Lawrence College, and is currently serving with AmeriCorps as an educator in New York City. You can occasionally find them on Instagram at @josieroo.

Esther Renehan (she/her/hers) is an artist, illustrator and dog walker living in Clerkenwell, London. An art school dropout, she honed her skills through many different media, including sculpture, felting, crochet and painting. She is currently focusing on digital illustration. Her art is influenced by nature, fat bodies, the occult, old movie musicals and abundance. Follow her on Instagram @clouds.and.cakes.art.

Denise Rosal (they/them) is a queer Central American artist based in Los Angeles. They work primarily with fantasy and LGBTQA+ subject matter and their mediums are both digital and traditional. Their preferred traditional medium is acrylic painting and they mostly use colorful palettes in their work. Follow them on Instagram @chumbystudios.

Isabelle Rupani (they/them) is a visual artist and experimental poet. They recently graduated with a BA in Literature & Writing from the University of California, San Diego, where their poetry thesis was awarded Honors with Highest Distinction. Their work focuses mainly on the relationships between art, lesbianism, colonialism, and religion. They have previously been published in *Serendipity*. You can follow them on Twitter @bmaeus.

Sara Schellenberg (she/her) is a painter and artist based in Fayetteville, Arkansas. In addition to visual art, Sara is currently completing a tattoo apprenticeship. You can find her paintings, drawings, and tattoo designs at @schberg on Instagram.

Lyn W. (she/they) is a tarot reader, tarot teacher, and life-long tarot student. Their work is centered on gentle, heart-centered tarot that examines real circumstances from new perspectives, helping to understand the mundane more deeply and to empower soul-centered decision-making. Lyn believes pleasure is the compass on this journey as we work to come home to ourselves, our bodies, and to one another, holding our relationships to each other and community as sacred. Lyn resides in unceded Piscataway Land commonly referred to as Baltimore, MD with their dog, Hank. Find more of their work on Instagram at @lyn.reads.tarot.

Amanda Wand (she/her) is a Toronto-based abstract intuitive painter that uses painting to process her lived experiences and emotions. She does not plan her pieces, instead, she allows her vulnerability to lead the way. As a prolific painter, this process creates multiple authentic works representing the full spectrum of human emotion. Every piece is an extension of her subconscious and they all hold a certain energy

and message. Her work is influenced by how people treat others and themselves. It explores concepts of connectivity, identity, and self-worth. Mando and the World is all about connection, bringing art and people together. Mando believes her art is bigger than herself, there is more purpose behind it than only being aesthetically pleasing. Her art is collective because it is inspired by the world around her and she feels she is co-creating what needs to be felt. Visit her at www.mandoandtheworld.com.

Masada Warner (she/her) is visual artist, college student, and lesbian from Ohio. For her art is a means of response to life, not the subject or end in itself. A lot of her art is in response to foreign affairs, cultures, history, and women she wants to understand better. Follow her on Instagram @use.potatoes.freely.

Jenna Williams (they/them) is a lesbian photographer from the SF Bay Area who enjoys shooting film. The photos featured in this issue were all shot on a Hasselblad ELM in 2021. Follow Jenna on Instagram @whoaretheyilovethem.

Vanessa Woy (she/her) is a queer gal living in LA, working as a community manager in market research and moonlighting (for no one) as a self-proclaimed scent aficionado. She believes in access to education as a conduit for social change and celery as a conduit for peanut butter.

Ayshe-Mira Yashin (she/her) is an 18-year-old lesbian artist and poetess from Istanbul, Turkey, and Nicosia, Cyprus. She is currently based in Cambridge, England, and is a prospective UAL Camberwell art foundation student. Her poetry and art focus on themes of sapphic intimacy, healing and spirituality, with large ties to the occult. She is currently working on her illustrated poetry zine, to be published by Zines and Things, and is also completing her 78-card Tarot deck. She independently runs the Illustration Witch Shop (www.ayshemira.com/the-illustration-witch-shop) where she sells handmade bookmarks, necklaces, stickers, zines, art prints, handmade notebooks, and her major arcana Sapphic Enchantress tarot deck. Follow her on Instagram @illustrationwitch to stay in tune with her art and poetry!

Jesi Zinn (she/her) is a hyper-saturated realistic painter based in Brooklyn, New York. With a love for nature, Jesi opens a vibrant conversation with her work about the fluid connection we retain within ourselves and the environment around us. She focuses on precise composition and dances with loose layering to make the real surreal and the mundane magnificent. Jesi was born (1993) in the suburbs of Harrisburg, Pennsylvania. From a young age, she drew images of nature and people to render the powerfully and cunningly attractive world around her. Later, she studied painting at Messiah University in PA where she received her BFA. Since undergrad, Jesi has invested into another passion, as well, and received her Masters of Science in Special Education at Brooklyn College. She currently works as a Special Education art and English teacher in Brooklyn and continues to create personal work as well as utilizing art as a means for expression for students and her community. Find her on Instagram @jesizinn. ♦

