



# Love Letters

Teen Creative Magazine



Issue #4: Fresh





# Editors Note:

I

When our team met to brainstorm the theme of the fourth issue of our magazine, we all reached the same consensus: we want our next issue to reflect the time for new beginnings. We all remember quite well how 2020 went, so it's best to leave that unsaid. However, looking ahead, we want to hold on to our newfound hope – because, if we aren't hopeful for better things to come, then what else can we do? Hold on to the loss and negativity of last year? Brace ourselves for more bad news? Of course, there will always be bad news – the ups and downs that come with being human. Still, we figured that in 2021, we will be optimistic. We are looking forward to something new – something *fresh*.

As you read issue 04: fresh, we want you to be filled with hope by the incredible poems, prose, art, and photography that we're featuring. We want it to help you get through your day, week, month, and, ultimately, the rest of this year. We're so thankful to get to run this magazine and be able to publish pieces by such talented people. Thank you so much for reading, and we hope you enjoy this issue!

Best,

The Love Letters Team





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# - *Heart Blossom* - 1



Isla Walker

A Heart  
doesn't always  
need a heart in return.

A heart needs  
to be loved  
by the creature it resides in,

not another heart that rests inside another creature.

A heart  
needs care  
like a newborn who cries.

A heart  
cannot suffer  
from breaking and shattering  
from a cruel creature who tears others apart.

A heart  
doesn't need  
to intertwine with gnawing thorns

to be a blooming heart.



“[As I was writing *Heart Blossom*], I was thinking that sometimes we do not even need a significant other to feel refreshed and loved, but only to love yourself.”  
-Isla Walker





## Tom Levy

"Ayisha," Sivan groaned, barely audible over the loud music, "I'm going to be hungover tomorrow, and it's going to be your fault."

Ayisha, all sparkling makeup and knowing smiles, took another sip from her drink. "You don't have to drink, you know. I just want to stay a little longer." She nodded her head to the DJ station, and turned to Sivan again. "I promised Nur I'd take over when she's tired, and it looks like she needs a break. You stay here and have a good time, or I'm going to tell your brother you didn't enjoy today because you thought too much about him." She raised her right eyebrow. "We're clear here?"

Sivan rolled her eyes. Ayisha would not, in fact, tell Sivan's ten-years-old brother Sivan thinks about him too much, but the sentiment was clear. She nodded and let Ayisha take over her friend's place, but still remained seated at the bar with an uninteresting beer in her hand. She never liked drinking very much - the haziness wasn't exactly unpleasant, but in her opinion it was never worth the hangovers and weird aftertaste of the alcohol in her mouth. But, after all, she really had to step up her game and stop stressing too much when she's at parties.

The thing is this - given different circumstances, Sivan truly believed she'd be a party person. As much as she was hesitant to admit it, she really was a people person, and on her good days she even liked dancing. But with her younger brother at home, parents that were only there to give them money when they needed it but never to ask about their day and her antidepressants.



The thing is this - given different circumstances, Sivan truly believed she'd be a party person. As much as she was hesitant to admit it, she really was a people person, and on her good days she even liked dancing. But with her younger brother at home, parents that were only there to give them money when they needed it but never to ask about their day and her antidepressants.

Sivan didn't really think of parties as a priority. Her major priority was, at least until today, to just finish this day with three good things that happened. It worked well for her, and even though it wasn't perfect, it was enough. And she could work with enough.



“You seem to be enjoying yourself,” said a voice next to her. Sivan jumped in surprise – she was too focused on one spot on the floor to notice the girl next to her. Her curls jumped around her head with every small movement, her makeup matching perfectly both the bright blue of her hair and her dark skin tone. Sivan might have taken too long to manage to form a sentence, but no one could blame her.

“I’m just – I don’t go to parties much” Sivan admitted. The curly haired girl laughed and looked at the dance floor, and wow, Sivan really didn’t mean to fall head over heels for anyone tonight.

“I figured. No idea why, though. Everyone here is really nice.” She nodded her head to the people dancing as if no one’s watching them. “I’m Layla, by the way,” she added, looking at Sivan. “I don’t think we’ve met.”

Sivan shook her head. “No, I don’t think so either. I’m Sivan.”

Layla turned to her, now leaning on the bar. “And what brings you here, Sivan, if you don’t go to parties much?”

Sivan smiled. Why is she so jumpy suddenly? “The reason is Ayisha. You probably know her. She’s covering for the DJ now.”

Layla nodded. “Yeah, well, everyone knows her. Nice to see a new face.”

“Yeah, she kind of forced me to come and told me everyone’s nice.” Sivan shrugged, trying to play it cool, and hoped she wasn’t failing miserably. “And what brings you here, Layla?”

Layla smiled mischievously. “That depends. Do you mean here as in this specific party, or here as in Tel Aviv parties?”

“Hmm. Whichever you prefer to answer, I guess.”

“Well, then,” Layla started, her blue curls jumping around her head when she took a deep, quick breath. “I’m at this party because Nur – she’s the DJ Ayisha is covering for, by the way – told me she’d put on my favourite songs. And I’m in Tel Aviv because there aren’t many lesbian-themes parties in Jaffa.” Sivan laughed. Great. Cool. Now it’s time to casually see if she’s single. “And did she? Put on your favourite songs?”

“Not yet,” Layla admitted, “But, as the poets, say, the night is young.”

Sivan laughed again. How is it always so easy for pretty girls to make her laugh?

“Well, I’d say it’s not very young, it’s like one AM.” Well. Time to shoot her shot. “If I were you, I’d expect my girlfriend to put on my favourite songs before I fall asleep on the bar.”

Layla stopped dead in her tracks for a second, then looked at Sivan with a confused look. “Did you just assume Nur and I are dating?”

“Maybe I did. Was I wrong?”

Layla looked at her as if she just fell from the sky. “No. Of course not. Are you and Ayisha dating?”

Sivan snorted. “Obviously we aren’t. She’s too busy being an eternal bachelorette, and in any case she’s too much of a close friend.”

“Oh, you’re one of the non dating friends crowd?” Layla asked.

Sivan made a face as if she just ate something very sour.



“Not exactly, but you say that like it’s a bad thing. Dating friends can be really messy, you know? A close friend of mine dated his best friend for a while, and things are weird between them since they broke up. I don’t know how they’re still friends, but I do know I don’t believe I’d be able to do it.”

“Hmm. Alright. Who do you date, then?”

Sivan looked at her, surprised. “What?”

“If you don’t date friends, who *do* you date?” There’s a challenge in Layla’s eyes, Sivan can see it clear as day, and she doesn’t know if reads it correctly.

“I don’t know. It’s too much of a broad question, don’t you think?”

“Would you like me to be more specific?”

“Oh, yes, please.”

“Do you date girls with blue hair?” She asks, and Sivan has to physically stop herself from laughing with joy. She plays it cool instead.

“This might be an option.”

“And do you date girls with very curly hair?”

“Why shouldn’t I?”

“Do you date girls whose name starts with an L?”

Sivan smiled.

“I might. If they ask me.”

Layla leaned in, taking a step closer to Sivan. She looked down, then gently picked up Sivan’s palm and held it with both her hands.

“Well, then,” she said in a low voice, almost as if she only wants Sivan to hear her. The thought itself is enough to leave Sivan awake all night. “If that’s not clear, this is me asking.”

Sivan hoped the party lightning hides the way she blushes all around her face. She leans closer too, smiling, and says, “I guess that means this is me saying yes.”



## About The Author

Tom Levy is a Mizrahi-Jewish teenager, whose works appear on Potted Purple Magazine, More Color Media and Stanchion Zine (forthcoming). They like reading and writing both in Hebrew and English, and use their writing to explore the everyday and the supernatural. You can find them on Twitter (@tomlevy\_\_) and on Instagram.



# - *A New Beginning* -

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Neha Ahmed







# - *Yellow Mellow* -

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Neha Ahmed



Karachi, Pakistan



## About Neha:

Neha Ahmed is from Karachi, Pakistan. She's currently getting a bachelors in mass communications. Her never ending love for photography helps her explore new aspects and keeps her sane. Her photographs have been displayed at an exhibition and her work has been published in multiple magazines. In her words "My photographs are an expression of my sensitivity. I'm looking to communicate and share emotions."

Instagram account @monogrambynay



# – *Monologue of a Barnes* – 7 & *Noble Stocker*

Morgan Flodman

Through the waft of Starbucks's famous brew,  
the shoppers float toward their favorite shelf  
and toss ev'ry title that blocks their view  
of a novel I failed to write myself—  
whether it's prose or Shakespearean rhyme,  
I hold the keys to your internal muse,  
but when you throw them out of my spare time,  
is my merit sincerely worth the use?  
I must be Ophelia hanging on  
to the weeping willow about to break  
into the brook which boredom seems to spawn  
when genius carries less than it should take—  
but when your muse creeps a grin to inspire,  
surely the water can't put out that fire.



Cherry Valley,  
Massachusetts USA

Morgan Flodman (she/her) is a writer from Cherry Valley, Massachusetts. Her work has appeared or is forthcoming in *The Apprentice Writer*, *Blue Marble Review*, *Calm Down Magazine*, and *Kalopsia Literary Journal* among others. Morgan has been honorably recognized by the International Torrance Legacy Creativity Awards and the Scholastic Art Writing Awards. When she's not overanalyzing her drafts, she strives to help fellow young writers explore their craft and promote literary arts in her community. Keep up with Morgan endeavors on Instagram (@morganflodmanwrites) and Twitter (@morganfwrites).



# - Pomegranate -

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Kore

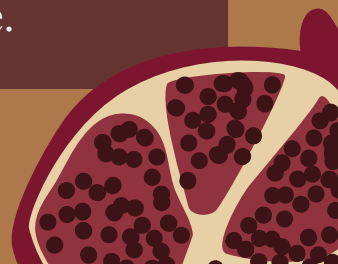
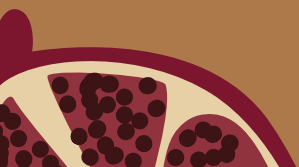
i have laid for a thousand years within  
this decaying womb, this lonely casket.  
it is barely dusk but i hear your voice,  
calling out and carried for miles. beneath,  
i wake. i am filled with a sudden sense,  
a catching of air, and with a breath  
i am bound. crawling out of artificial walls,  
i rise like sun from the dead. the soil  
is thick and fresh and unbreathable,  
but surfacing i see you, and it is worth  
the blood i bleed, trickling in a drizzle,  
from these old, unspeaking bones.  
in your hands a pale pomegranate,  
round and the rawest red. it is split  
open in the middle, ruby jewels  
hidden within. take a bite, you say,  
and i do, a corpse possessed. i do  
as you say and i take it in my hands,  
flesh relivens in my palms as  
you give me the first unrotten thing  
i have ever held, i have ever tasted.  
the flavour is a swirling of a million worlds  
and, fresh love, it tastes bittersweet.  
thus borne by your loving heart i die,  
i wake, i hope, i am reborn. i am  
the fresh juice on my lips, sweet as fruit,  
and hope, the remaking of a new life,  
the founding of youthful devotion,  
and joy, bright in the lightless horizon,  
and the sun, she rises in fresh blossoms.

"Through the imagery of being reborn, I hope to convey the feelings experienced by the narrator in a fresh start. Having been buried for a long time, she is rotting away in a self-imposed prison. Her savior, who raises her from 'the dead', offers her a fresh pomegranate, a piece of kindness and love, and there she finds hope to live again in the taste of a rising sun."

-Kore

## About the Author

Kore (she/her) is a student, aspiring writer and persistent dreamer. With a pen in hand, she puts to ink the brightest and darkest corners tucked away in her mind. She currently lives in Southeast Asia, and hopes to someday embark on an adventure of a lifetime.





# - *Eating Fresh* - 9

Ananya Thakur



"I connected the theme 'fresh' with eating fresh food. We are in the middle of a pandemic and eating healthy and fresh produce is more important than ever. I hope to spread awareness on eating healthy through my work and hope that it reminds people to be mindful of their food choices."

-Ananya

## About Ananya:

Ananya Thakur is a poet who recently started dabbling in digital art. She works in the graphic designing department of several non profits and has headed several projects for them.

She is a poetry editor at Uplift Magazine. Her work has been published and is forthcoming at The Trouvaille Review, the Crossed Paths Magazine, the Hearth Magazine and more.



# -*The Room That Trapped Me*- 10

Isla Walker

The raw sick smell of this room  
is forever ingrained into me;  
I am used to it.  
In fact

I sorta now like it.

But somehow, when the door  
finally lost it's lock and  
swung ajar, welcoming me  
to the crisp scent  
of independence that kisses me.

Back then, I liked that room  
with it's rusty old lock and  
suffocating scent, yet clean air  
strikes me much better  
than being trapped in a fake  
home.



*"The Room that Trapped Me* refers to when I had no freedom to explore my sexuality except to bow down to the idea we are all born heterosexual and how I was used to the submission. However, when the doors suddenly opened and when I finally got the chance to explore and discover my sexuality, it felt like being kissed by freedom and independence."  
-Isla Walker



# – Waves –

11

Emily Tennant

Sometimes the wave is a gift  
Tumbling down over the delicate  
structure,  
Sweeping away all else –  
Cracking  
Creaking  
Shuddering  
Shaking  
Until all is torn away  
But the saxophone in that song, or  
The fractured light of that  
sunrise,  
The sound the duvet makes as he  
rolls towards you to tell you, once  
again, that he  
Loves you  
And you feel, so wholly  
You feel it in your fingertips and  
within  
Your eyes and beneath your ribs,  
under  
Your skin and on top of  
Your tongue,  
The back of your throat, the soles  
of your feet, the beat of  
Your heart,  
Making your ribs creak as it  
accepts every scrap of joy thrown  
its way.

It is not always a gift, the wave.  
Sometimes, it comes crashing  
down with a cacophony  
That refuses to be silenced –  
Bruising  
Bashing  
Shattering  
Slashing  
Until nought else it left, but  
The 12pt Times New Roman  
rejection letter, or  
The shards of that mug on the  
kitchen tiles,  
The piercing words that run from  
between your teeth and you can't  
Take them back,  
And you feel, so staggeringly  
The tumble-dryer of guilt in your  
stomach and the  
Salt-sweat on your brow, the  
Pressure on your chest and the  
heat behind your eyes, the  
Stutter of your words.  
Squeezing every breath from  
your lungs,  
As your heart forgets any memory  
of the warmth it once felt.



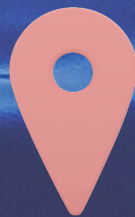
# - *About: Waves* - 12

Emily Tennant

## About the Poet:

Emily Tennant (she/her) is a student at Edinburgh University, currently working towards a degree in Philosophy and Politics. Over the last few years, she has spent much of her free time writing and editing essays, stories, and poetry. Her recent publications include House Magazine, the Dublin Law and Politics Review, and the Welcome to Wonderland short story competition.

"My poem navigates the duality of excitement and apprehension when attempting something new, and how heavily our emotions are involved in every small action we do. This poem looks into the highs and lows of everyday life, from the big moments such as falling in love to the simple joy of a good riff, or the everyday bouts of anxiety some"  
-Emily Tennant



Edinburgh, Scotland



# -A Morning Bird's Call-

13

Isla Walker

## A Morning Bird's Call

A brain, scribbling night that phases  
into the succulent scape of morning  
shines down like heavens upon a  
clean fruit, abundant of growth and

the recipe for achievement.

The pain in those puffy, sore eyes,  
rubbed against the cotton of your  
pillow,

now lay dry as it hits the sunlit,  
slowly

feeling crisp and burnt,

drowned in immense levels of sand.

Yet the cacophony of the birds and  
the mellow breeze that masks the  
morning sun call down to you,

signaling  
that this isn't yesterday, but of  
course,

the start of something new.



“A Morning Birds Call explains the moment [when] you wake up after a long night of crying. I have found those moments very calming actually, since it signals you have made it through the night, and that you can start off the day nice and new.”

-Isla Walker





# About Isla Walker

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Author of *The Room That Trapped Me*, *Heart Blossom*, and *A Morning Bird's Call*

Isla Walker (she/her) is a freshman writer from the beloved Orange County. Since her brain is literally a whirring mess, she uses writing as a creative outlet to morph those thoughts into stories. If Isla isn't writing, she's probably teaching herself Japanese, reading novels and manga, or watching cursed kid shows that get away with extreme amounts of adult humor. Currently, she goes to Orange County School of the Arts, where she is in the Creative Writing Conservatory, and has a poem published on All Ears.



Orange County, California, USA



# - Heartbreak -

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painted by: Cecilia Britten



"The painting is simply called "Heartbreak". It is an expression of how we grow from the pain our little hearts might experience during the wild ride of life. The stars within the heart's tear reflect the sky above, which symbolizes that we are not alone in many of the things we go through"  
-Cecilia Britten



Seattle,  
Washington, USA

## About Cecilia:

Cecilia Britten (she/her) is a senior in High School! Over the past few years, she has found that painting is one of her favorite ways to express her thoughts and feelings. Aside from art and other crafts, Cecilia enjoys reading fantasy, the outdoors, baking, and rollerblading.



# – *Fresh Start* –

16

Ash Reynolds

July 14th, 2019

Dear Jordie,

I wanted to start this letter off by first apologizing. The way I left you so abruptly was very rude but I fear it was the only choice that was right for me. I was suffocating in that town. As you well know, I so desperately needed to get out of Sun Valley and I wish I could've done it in a way that didn't hurt you. But I felt that there was no other way.

I hitchhiked all the way from the valley to the city. I didn't have enough cash on me for bus fare but I figured the hardships would make me a more sympathetic candidate for the lead in an upcoming Broadway show.

The first woman who picked me up was so old she definitely shouldn't have been driving. She said she was headed for a fresh start as well, but for some reason she wanted to start over in Topeka, Kansas. Why anyone would ever voluntarily go to Kansas is beyond me, but nevertheless she dropped me off and I had to find another person to hitch a ride off of.

Surprisingly enough, the next person I hitched a ride from was also searching for a fresh start in New York City. She told me her name was Olivia Benedict. She was not much younger than me and much less attractive (if I do say so myself). We were both searching for work on Broadway. I thought we could form some sort of alliance, but she did not seem very interested. Finally we arrived in New York and went our separate ways.



Unfortunately, for all the trouble I went through to get this fresh start it hasn't been going as I planned. New York City is much bigger than I thought it would be. It's rather cliché but I kind of thought I would've been discovered by now. I've been singing in subway stations and shoving my resume in the face of anyone who will take it, but unfortunately nothing seems to stick. One director had the audacity to tell my singing sounded like 'a cat getting its tail slammed in a very heavy door'. The people of this city are so rude!

My apartment is cramped and awful. Mold hangs from the ceiling and the bed makes an ear splitting squeak every single time I so much as look at it. Not to mention, my neighbors are truly putrid people. The Downley's are a family of seven who live in the apartment next to me and can't seem to do anything but scream. Happy screams, of course, they're not being murdered or anything (unfortunately).



One evening, I was walking down the always crowded New York City streets when I saw an advertisement for a show returning to Broadway. *Les Miserables* for a one night only show. I had to see it! I scavenged enough money to buy tickets and was just settling into my seat when I opened the program and found the most infuriating thing I had seen so far. The part of Cosette, the lead female character, was being played by no other than that slimy scoundrel Olivia Benedict. I was furious, but decided to stay seated so I could watch her embarrass herself in front of the entire theater. *That'll show her*, I thought to myself.

Much to my dismay, Benedict was rather good as Cosette. Not as good as I would've been, but still passable. She hit every note with only a little bit of effort and was just barely pretty enough to give the role the charm it needed. How infuriating.

Perhaps the biggest mistake I've made in my time here happened that same night. The curtain had closed and the show had come to an end and I found myself so antsy I just had to act. When almost all of the audience had left the theater I hopped up onto the stage and found my way backstage where the cast and crew were spread out sporadically doing your typical theater nerd things. I stormed into the dressing room marked with a star and the name *Olivia Benedict*.

I didn't even bother knocking, I just stormed in and shouted.

"Olivia Benedict! I demand to know how you did it!"

The girl was startled, still dressed in her Cosette costume, but with her blonde wig off. "Who are you?" she said with a slight laugh.

"I am Maya Murdoc, the woman who you drove to New York last month."

Olivia thought for a moment. "Doesn't ring a bell," she shrugged.

Now, I'm not proud of this, but that was when I lost it. The disappointment of my time in New York, my sleep deprivation caused by the yelling of the Downley family and most prevalently, my fury that a girl that was so rude had landed the role of my dreams, all lead me to do something I now regret. I lost control and lunged forward at the scoundrel known as Olivia and we engaged in a full on brawl.





I won't bore you with the details, but my fresh start ended up getting me banned from most theaters in New York City as well as a charge of third degree assault. I thought New York City would be a great place for me to start over. An escape from the drabness of Sun Valley, if you will. I realize now that perhaps I wasn't quite ready. So I've decided to return to the Valley for another fresh start!

Unfortunately, I will have changed my name and appearance by then, for... personal reasons. The Valley will be a great place to lie low while my charges are processed. I'm looking forward to seeing you again Jordie. Hopefully, I'll arrive shortly after this letter does.

Love,  
Maya



## About the Author:

Ash Reynolds (they/them) is a junior in high school and actually our prose editor! In their free time they love to write, draw and listen to whatever new project Taylor Swift is dropping that night (that woman never sleeps). In the future they hope to pursue a career in writing and they hope you enjoy their work!



# - A Year in Review -

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Isabella Fiore

10:13am, jan 1st 2020

i'm typing this on a new laptop with a new sound and predictive text that is trying to make me sound less melodramatic.

i mean at least i'm not wearing a real bra. is this what 2020 will look like? forget free the nipple. free the whole damn boob.

this computer has surround sound. god's plan actually sounds good. new decade bitches.

i spent the first hour of 2020 uncomfortable and the subsequent eight hours dead asleep. then i was really fucking hung over. i mean it could be worse i guess. i could be in a foursome with my best friend's boyfriend and a girl on molly. true story. i wish it was mine.





# - A Year in Review -

20

Isabella Fiore

10:13am, jan 1st 2020 (cont.)

i really want to get a tattoo  
this year and a girlfriend and a  
social life and i want to post  
pictures on instagram with people  
i care about. i also want to eat  
better and work out more and get  
my cat to love me.

it's funny how we all think that  
the passage of time marked by a  
rotation

of the earth upon the sun is supposed  
to make us different people. time is  
a social construct and life is fucked  
and if we continue to think and think  
and think and think about the finite  
life we have to live we'll all just die first.

welp. that was dark.





# – A Year in Review –

Isabella Fiore

21

new year's day 2021

today i cried in the kitchen corner while  
my eggs cooked on our new stove.  
i write about it to try to understand  
my twitching eyes and shaky hands.  
words aren't always enough.

in 2021 i am looking forward to  
being less aware of my existence.  
perhaps the walls will seem less like  
close friends and more like the inanimate  
structures they used to be.

my new year's resolution is to put less  
pressure on myself and also to grow  
out my hair. i don't foresee success  
on either avenue. many parts of me are  
breaking (including my split ends) and  
there is no amount of hot glue to put  
it all back together.



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## About the Author

Isabella Fiore (she/they) is a writer who chronicles her experiences through love, sadness, and figuring out what it means to be a queer "woman" in her world. her publications include Cathartic Lit Magazine and TEEN-ZINE, and she is a staff contributor at The Aurora Journal. when she is not writing, isabella can be found baking, napping, or wrapping herself in a blanket like a burrito.





# - A Year in Review -

22

Isabella Fiore

if the world was ending (except it is) - jan  
21st, 2021

the world is ending and i'm surprisingly  
okay with it. we watch things burn on  
the news and i read food network magazine.  
in the apocalypse i can make a lobster  
out of cake. awesome.

here i was thinking it was going to be  
armageddon last year. 2020 seemed  
like a dumpster fire, and we all drank  
champagne before midnight on new  
years like somehow it would usher in  
2021 on borrowed time. little did we know.  
american is burning and death row is  
teeming and we are still in our houses.

whether time means anything or not  
is none of my business. new years feels  
like an excuse to get tipsy and watch  
terrible live performances, rather than  
actually ringing in a new era of living.  
nothing changes as the sun rotates.  
we make ourselves believe it to cement  
a hold on human existence. that's okay.  
humans need social constructs to not  
melt into the ground, wither and wilt.



"My first piece is actually from the very beginning of 2020; it's a nice contrast with the two following poems from the beginning of 2021. to me, my submission explores the social construct of a new year and the "fresh" starts it gives us. I have a lot of disdain for new year's in terms of the stress around it, but at the same time I'm always trying to start fresh and do something new. it's a juxtaposition that I hope you appreciate :)"

-Isabella Fiore



# - A Year in Review -

Isabella Fiore

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if the world was ending (except it is) - jan 21st, 2021 (cont.)

january 20th 2021 is a day that will go down in history as one of peace, love, hope, and lady gaga's gigantic dove pin. talk about pulling focus. i've always thought that both the beginning and the end of civilization will be marked by gaudy gays of some sort. it is simply a shame no drag queen performed at a bar in washington after the inauguration in a slapdash version of michelle obama's wineberry suit. don't worry; there's still time for hopelessness and revitalization.

in 2021 i resolved to stop using calendars in my life. the passage of time became overwhelming and i wondered why we bound ourselves to this binary when there could be so much more to explore. what happened to sundials? licking our finger and feeling the direction of the wind? did we not function fine without the analog or digital clock?

this is redundant. what i am trying to say is that it has been ten months in this pandemic and i am tired of watching time run away from me. when you are simply waiting for everything to catch fire from the dining room table,

**nothing seems to matter.**  
**i hope one day it will again.**

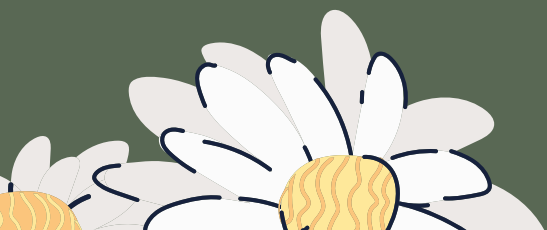




- After. -



Phoebe Yung





# -About: *After.* -

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Phoebe Yung

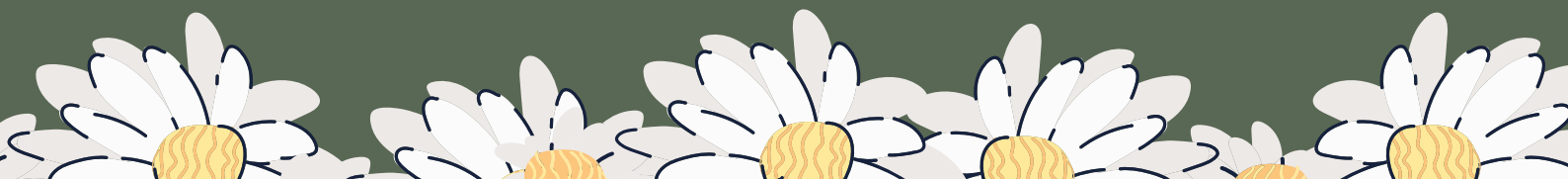
The photo “after.” depicts the washing away of the pain from the past and focuses on the fresh renewal of opportunities to come. This image takes place in a bathtub with raw, heavily flawed and semi-washed away make up in order to portray the emotions of upset sorrow, however, with this idea also comes the realization that moving forwards, it is vital to take a breather – perhaps a relaxing bath – and center your attention back to prioritizing yourself and what really matters.

## About the Author

Phoebe J Yung (she/her/hers) is a creative portrait photographer and aspiring filmmaker originally from northern New Jersey who pursues her artistic endeavors at Columbia College Chicago in Illinois. Inspired by the human condition, she aims to tell visual stories focusing on emotional aspects that may not otherwise be highlighted. Overall, Phoebe hopes to work in creative development and production for film and to continue working with portrait and street photography in urban areas as well as studio locations.



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