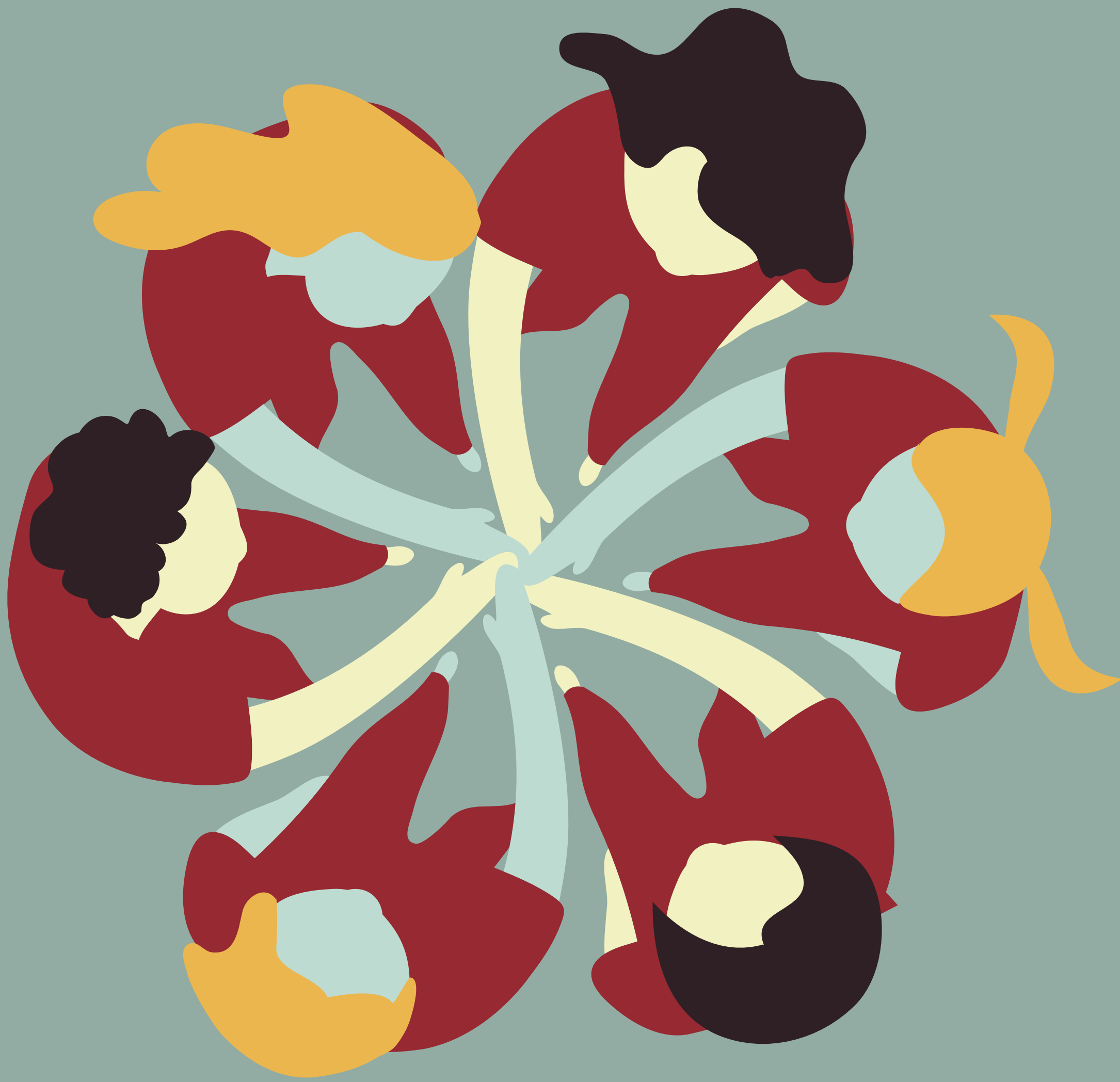




Love Letters

Teen Creative Magazine



Issue #05: Belonging





Editor's Note

I

As we came together to brainstorm the theme of the fifth issue of our magazine, we looked back to the past several months and the communities they were celebrating : Women's History Month in March, Asian American and Pacific Islander Heritage Month in May, and just recently, Pride Month in June. All of these months of celebrations come together to recognize specific communities and their importance in our society, and we knew we wanted to highlight this in our fifth issue. However, even more so, we wanted to recognize a certain feeling; one of feeling safe, in a community of people who look and think like you, while you know that deep down, you are meant to be there – that you belong.

We hope you enjoy our fifth issue and all of the pieces we have featured in it about belonging! Thank you for supporting us and our work.

Best,

Shira Zur, Head Editor and Founder of Love Letters Magazine

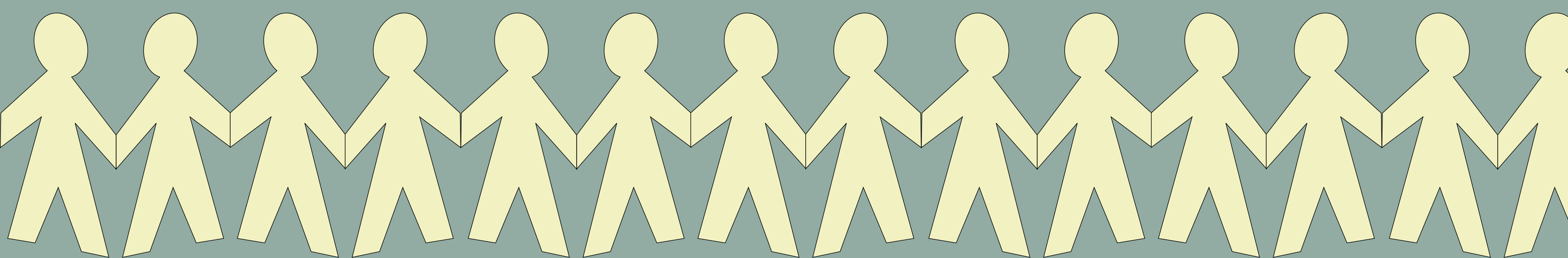




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– *Strangers Belonging* – 1

Samantha Gerber



About Samantha:

Samantha Gerber (she/her) is an 18 year old photographer in the Dallas, Texas area.

She has attended programs such as the School of The New York Times, and has contributed to other magazines including Underground Zine. She will be attending the University of Texas at Austin in the fall, and can't wait to continue her photographic career.



Take a more detailed look on the next page!

Dallas, Texas

Artist Statement:

"This submission involves street photography: capturing individuals in their fleeting moments. I found subjects as they were belonging in their environments, and captured them for show." –Samantha Gerber





– *River Rocks* –

Parker-Glenn Sheppard

3

You, despite my hesitance, manage
to scoop three rocks between your
fingers.

They are the ones you had wanted
from under the river's push.

I feel bad to tell you they are ugly.

I point you to the fermented yellow
of their skin. Complain about the
cracks
cradled between your slight hands. I
tell

you they're too fragile. You deserve
moonrocks and rose crystals.

You remind me:
yellow is your favorite color,
that rough waters make cracks
natural.

You say I deserve just as much
and pass two rocks to my pocket.

I ask what you will do
with the last. You laugh to the river,
tell it a joke I do not know and pull
my hand
to sit me on the bank. Grass tickles
our sides
and blooms flowers around our
knees.

You look out to me
and stick the rock between your
teeth.

Swallow it down to keep
forever.

You laugh again to the river and,
too late,
I find I love you.

I rub the rocks into my skin
when you tell me you'll have to
go
across the width of the river.
You say you will see me
and I know we've met our end.

You are gone months later, and I
lean
the rocks forward with stiff
back,

let them go into the water that
held your hands.

They sink to the bottom like
nothing
but the river moves fast just the
same.



- About: *River Rocks* -

4

Parker-Glenn Sheppard

About the Poet:

Parker-Glenn Sheppard (he/them) is a rising senior at Douglas Anderson School of the Arts. They are studying creative writing but they've loved all the arts since they can remember. His work has previously been awarded one silver key and one gold key (as well as an honorable mention) in the Regional Scholastic Art and Writing Awards. He is the Junior Art Director for his school's Literary Magazine.



Jacksonville, Florida

Artist Statement:

"River Rocks" is a poem about wanting to belong within a relationship. The speaker is insecure while their partner tries to encourage them to see that their flaws aren't actual flaws. It isn't until the partner leaves that the speaker realizes that they had found belonging only to let it go, which they regretfully reminisce about at the end of the poem. The theme of belonging I think is well expressed for me in this piece. I have a difficult time understanding social situations and therefore romantic relationships. The relationship I'm reflecting on was the first that I didn't feel taken advantage in and looking back has been the only other relationship I felt I belonged in until now with my current relationship. The poem is a thorough expression of that desire to be normal and feel good about your partner, even if you don't realize until it's too late."
-Parker-Glenn Sheppard



- *Don't Fit In* -

Cassidy Jean

5



"Belonging to me is about being your authentic self and not pretending to be like everyone else to fit in."

-Cassidy Jean

See it in even more detail on the next page!

Racy Red
64RR 12/436

R21

TO

BELONG



Kismet Pink 52RR

IS

TO

Royal Cranberry 50

NOT

FIT

IN



Megan Pitt

I was named after a constellation...

Vela in Latin, the Sail of the Argonauts' ship in English.

I had always admired the quiet elegance of my name. I imagined my mother picking it out as she cradled me in her delicate arms.

My mother was a goddess herself--an aesthete and an avid reader. She spoke with grace, painted in the late hours of the night when the moon could be seen from her bedroom window.

I often sit there, perched on her floral sheets, watching the moon. Her smell lingered for years after she was gone, the vanilla perfume that my father had gotten her for her 30th birthday. Now, though, I was straining for her scent, longing for it.

Prior to my mother's death, I had fallen madly in love. Andre was his name--the kind of boy who admired Shakespeare and black and white films. My mother loved him.

To my Vela, you are strong.

He always repeated this to me, caressing my cheek, wiping my tears away with his index finger. He would read me *Romeo and Juliet*, pronouncing each word in a flawed English accent, trying desperately to provoke a laugh.

I had become incredibly sad. I painted this picture of my mother, one I spoke to each night. I would recite poetry to her, reading her all the books she hadn't gotten to.

I started seeing him at school after the breakup. It was as if the farther apart our hearts got, the closer our bodies. He was everywhere, but his eyes showed he was nowhere. Andre was a ghost, floating through the hallways, haunting my every move.

Over lunch, he bumped into me.

"Vela, you look beautiful as ever," he had murmured, his voice raspy like each word was draining him of his will to live.

"Why, thank you. You're looking quite good yourself Andre," As I spoke, I recognized the glassy contents of his eyes--seemingly, holding back tears.

I had turned, hoping to fly away like a leaf in the wind.

I could feel him following behind me; I could hear the soft patter of his footsteps on the linoleum. The tension between us could have been cut with a knife. I wondered if everyone else in the hallway could feel it, feel it spoiling their days as it was spoiling mine.

Then, he touched me. It was just as I had remembered. It felt complicated like his soul housed an array of stories he had yet to tell.



The Vela Constellation

Megan Pitt

His hands were quite bony, wrapped around my fragile wrist. Pulled back like a tidal wave, we were abruptly face to face.

His facial detailing was intricate, his cheekbones as if they had been sculpted out by an artist.

“You are no longer mine. So, please vacate my heart,” his voice was poetic, his emotions so vulnerably exposed.

“I can be happy without you Andre.”

“And who are you trying to convince of this? Always so stubborn, Vela. Let it go. You don’t have to always be alone, sweet girl. It is okay to love me, to trust me, to rely on me.”

I disagreed. I always disagreed. If we are to rely on someone, it shall be ourselves.

I walked away that day in the hallway, just as I had walked away from his love. That evening, I was visited in my dreams.

There she was, my mother, seated upon her rocking chair--the one that sat in our living room, dust-covered since her passing. She smiled, her angelic glow forming a halo above her golden hair. Her green eyes had a sweet sparkle to them as they guided me toward her.

“Oh Vela, baby, how I have missed your beauty. You’re a forever reminder of the meaning of life,” She stroked my hair gently, lovingly.

I sobbed, tucking my head beneath her petite arm, begging her weight to keep me up. She wiped my tears, humming in my ear.

“I watch over you; did you know that? I watch you everyday. I watch you read. I watch you cry. And I watched you break the heart of the love of your life. Oh, why Vela, why? You’re scared, I know that. I left you, how could you not be? But, my beautiful daughter, he’s not going to leave you. Not if you don’t let him. You’re a strong young woman, but love is not a weakness.”

Weeks went by. It was as if I were sleepwalking, evaluating my decisions based on the comments of someone in the great beyond.

I left him a letter. On his front porch.

Andre,

Come to my home. Knock on my door. I shall be there, we must talk.

*Best,
Vela*

3 hours went by and then he knocked.

He stood silently, observing my stance, my body language--trying to evaluate my emotions.

“Love is not a weakness.”



About the Author:

Megan Pitt is a 16 year old writer and avid reader from New Jersey. As editor-in-chief of her school's newspaper, she enjoys not only editing the work of others, but gaining inspiration from them. She has an upcoming piece in the Chasing Shadows Magazine. Writing is her passion and she hopes to pursue it in France in her future.



Artist Statement:

"In "a thin line between strength and weakness", the main character Vela is confused. She's not sure where love belongs in her life, or if it even does. Her mother has passed away and she has broken up with her boyfriend, the love of her life. She views love as a weakness, but with the guidance of her deceased mother (via a dream), she begins to understand it as a strength. She invites it back into her life, realizing it is the one thing that truly belongs."

-Megan Pitt



- *Belonging* -

Fahima Hossain

10



"My submission is about my country. Through art I've shown what my belonging came through. And how my belonging, my country has come this far and became a independent country"

-Fahima Hossain



– Heaven –

11

Elizabeth Swallow

broken bones, your house was never a home. your father and
the devil,
associates: disgraceful. wailing, potent screams, he never said
hello, he said
'how dare you'. i stayed on the phone with you: starlit
delirium, 2am whispers,
your breathing steady and slow as the window pane smashed
downstairs. i
told you stories about heaven, how i found it in your eyes, in
your smile. how
one day we'd find a place where a house is a home, where
despair wasn't rooted
in the brickwork, where sharpened teeth weren't found in the
sink.
lowlight in the early evening: your lips, my cheek, the sun was
setting and we were
waiting on my doorstep for time to slow down, for time to
stop. your lips, my cheek,
my mother came home and bathed us in sin, car lights and
interrogations. she
didn't speak to me until she'd finished the wine; i didn't see
you again until
i left town after graduation, but i dreamt of you every night,
heaven in your lips.
summer breeze, i met you in the park, daisies in your hair: you
held me like
you knew, so i told you. i said 'i love you' and you cried.



– Heaven (cont.) –

12

Elizabeth Swallow

we move to minnesota in the fall, the sky is brighter here,
away from the city,
from shame and sin, the devil and his associate. chains cut
lose, we're on the run,
we're living the dream, we're free and we're innocent so
we find a house on top of a
mountain. red bricks draped in ivy, there's a broken
drainpipe and that's
it. we'll be happy here. you're smiling in the hallway like
you're made of gold,
illuminated in the glow; daydream turned fairytale. you're
divine, you're beautiful,
tracing 'forever' into my bones. we'll find peace here: in
heaven, at home

Elizabeth Sallow (she/her) is a queer nineteen year old who lives in a small village in the UK. She believes in the universal and connective power of literature and hopes that she can make people feel understood in a way that she did growing up with her head in a book. Her work has been featured in Interstellar Lit, Paracosm Lit, and Dust Poetry amongst others. You can find her on Instagram [@elizabeth.sallow](https://www.instagram.com/elizabeth.sallow)



- *A Sense of Place* -

13

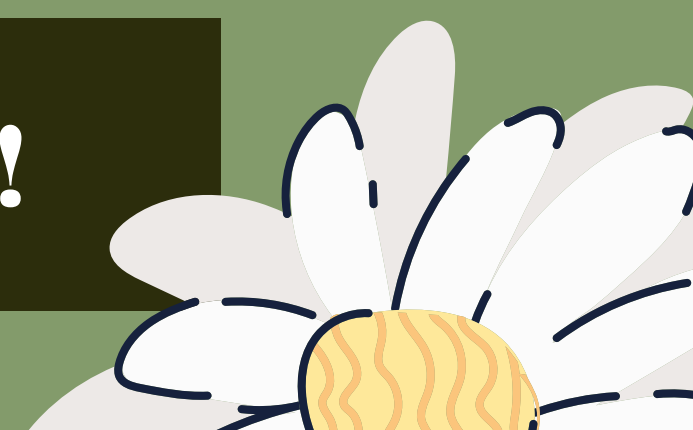
Eva Woodman



"I felt like this photograph felt very grounded, like the girl belonged right in that place, almost like she came from the grass."
-Eva Woodman

Eva (she/her) is a fifteen year old photographer and artist living in Texas. She loves to paint, thrift, take photos, and draw.

See it in even more detail on the next pages!









- *Baking For Friends* -

16

Emily Morales

Heart-shaped cookie cutters are scattered about
my countertops, As I roll out my half frozen
dough,
Pinching and molding it between my fingertips,
An ache in my chest starts to grow.
I press the cookie cutters into the dough one by
one,
And I peel and toss the excess to the side,
Picking each cookie up carefully, I hold them in
my hands for just a second, And the ache in my
chest turns to pride.
I spread them out evenly on my baking sheet,
Not a single cookie out of place,
I pop them in the oven and smile,
And in the glass, just for a second, I catch a
glimpse of my face.
I pull empty bottles off the shelves and pop the
lids off each, Catching little blown kisses in my
hands,
I will top my cookies with all the love I've
fermented in my chest, And not a drop of
anything else, lest it ruin my plans.
Finally the oven dings and I pull the cookies out,
And as the heat hits my hands, I feel full,
Carefully frosting my little delights with that
feelings,





Emily Morales

Letting it p

o

u

r out of me until I feel that pull.

There they are! My distinguished guests,

Tugging at me rope,

They welcome me with hugs and smiles,

And in my chest, there's hope;

Hope that my creations will win them over,

With anticipation, I watch as one takes a bite,

And in my mouth I taste what he's tasting,

His smile fills me with delight.



About the Author:

Emily is a 15 year old high-school student and aspiring author from northern California hoping to get her writing out there. Having grown up in a small town, her head was filled with big dreams and big plans as a stark contrast for little opportunity around her. Her work is made with love and plucked from the darkest corners of her heart, ripe for the world to see. Her

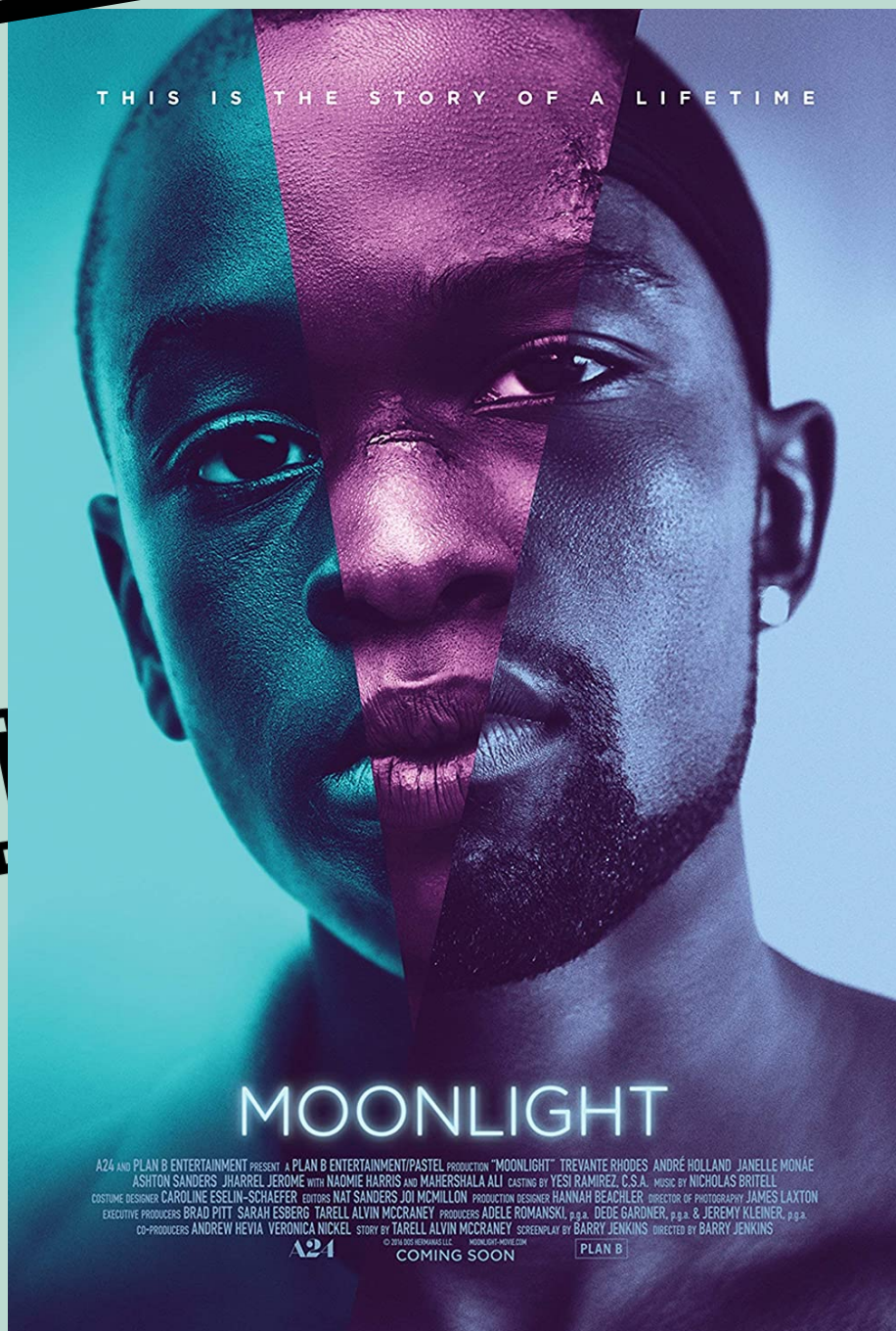


prior publications include one-issue online literary magazine, Issue o.





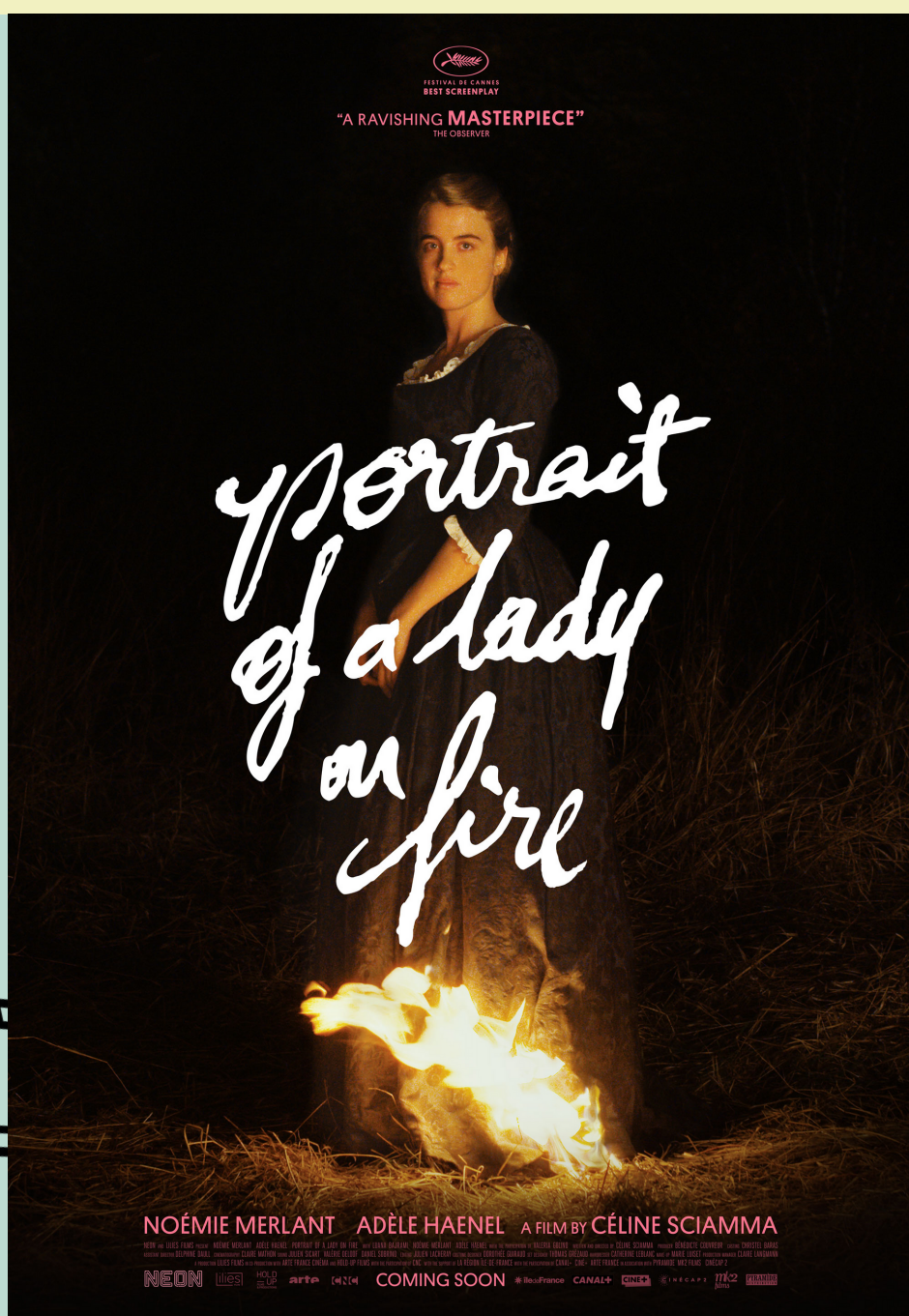
"What are some of your favorite movies about belonging?"



Moonlight (2016)
Available on: Hulu Premium

Booksmart (2019)
Available on: Hulu

Juno (2007)
Available on: Hulu Premium



Portrait of a Lady on Fire (2019)
Available on: Hulu Premium

Sing Street (2016)
Available on: Tubi

Lady Bird (2017)
Available on: Netflix

- The Bond Between Human and Nature - 19

Paulina Zurita



"My name is Paulina Zurita (she/her), I'm a 19 year old and I live in Mexico. I am an amateur artist and photographer. I recently finished high school and I'll be starting collage in August. My main goal is to express my feelings through photography and art. I believe that the mixture between creativity, art and feelings is a way to open your mind and soul to others and that is why I do what I do. "



Artist's Statement:

"The second we're born we immediately become part of nature. We all belong to it, and personally the ocean, the mountains, the sky, the trees, animals, all the amazing landscapes that our nature gives us make me feel comforted and in peace. This makes me wonder the reason why if nature accepts us without a doubt, why do humans keep destroying and ruining the only place where we are accepted without a single prejudice?. Our mere existence makes us belong to the most amazing place, and we pay back with destruction and negligence. The photography that I related to the issue of belonging is a photo of my 9 year old brother, and several photos of the moon, clouds, and mountains, taken by me. It reflects the belonging of nature and how we need to stop and think and start taking care of nature and fixing our behaviour towards the care that we give to our planet."

-Paulina Zurita





- Indian Enough? -

21

Navya Bahl

"Oh my gosh, this looks like a scene out of Kabhi Khushi Kabhie Gham"...

my twelve year old cousin exclaimed, as we entered the hotel hosting the big fat Indian wedding we were to be a part of, and were instantly surrounded by the hustle and the bustle, the echoing laughter and the frantic fall of feet rushing to make sure the appropriate arrangements were in place.

When I didn't reply, she turned to look at me, cocking her head. "Don't tell me you haven't seen it", she exclaimed, and when I shook my head, she proceeded to rattle off names of all popular Bollywood features, names I had heard, but never bothered to watch. With each name, every shake of my head, her eyes widened, before she smiled and made me promise we'd have a watch party soon, so that she could show me all of her favourites.

This role reversal struck me as ironic. Shouldn't I be the one in her shoes, and she in mine?

Growing up, I've never had the closest of relationships with any of my four cousins, owing to the fact that they always lived abroad and any meetups were few and far between. Every single time they arrived, they seemed to be a little more Indian than they had been previously. I have almost gotten used to the raise of their eyebrows when I mention mango isn't my favourite fruit, or the fact that my spice tolerance is lower than theirs, owing to which I have to guzzle a bottle of water down each time we have butter chicken.



Every single time, I've felt myself lacking in one very specific personality trait: I wasn't Indian enough. This was an odd feeling, to say the least, and something I had never experienced before.

I've grown up here, in the capital of this very country, unlike my cousins, who visit once every two years, so shouldn't I technically be more 'Indian' than them?

So when the pandemic started, and all of us were left with a little extra time on our hands, I decided this was my chance to watch every single Bollywood movie I could get my hands on, especially the more popular ones. That plan fell off track the very first week, when I ditched the list my cousins had sent me, in favour of watching black and white Bollywood and Hollywood blockbusters.



- Indian Enough? -

22

Navya Bahl

As the year progressed, I proceeded to eventually tick off that list, and now I can proudly say that I've seen all the popular Bollywood flicks, everything from *Dilwale Dulhania Le Jaayenge* and *Kuch Kuch Hota Hai* to *Chupke Chupke* and *Amar Akbar Anthony*, appropriately fawned over the outfits and the over the top dance choreographies and marvelled at how ridiculously silly yet entertaining the plots are. I can even sing along to a bunch of songs now!

But you know what I've realised? Aside from the fact that older Bollywood songs are much superior to the current ones, I've come to the strangely comforting conclusion that I don't need to have seen every single Shahrukh Khan movie, or have tried all the different kinds of mangoes. I don't have to have learnt kathak and the harmonium, or love spicy food and butter chicken with butter naan.

I am Indian, from my brown eyes, the colour of the earth, my pachamama, to the Hindi I'm fluent in, from my slightly accented English to my broken spoken Punjabi, from the navy blue passport to the kurtis stuffed in my closet and the bangles and jhumkas lying inside a random cup on my bookshelf, from the roots of my thick black hair to the tips of my painted and chipped brown toes. I may get ripped off like a common tourist every time I shop at the roadside markets, or fadis, due to my severely lacking bargaining skills, much to my grandmother's chagrin, but the richness of my country and its culture has unquestionably seeped into my bones, and courses through my veins, and forever will, no matter where I end up planting my roots in the future.

And for me, knowing that is enough.



Kabhi Khushi Kab Gham (2001)



Navya Bahl

Artist's Statement:

"Indian Enough?" expresses my relationship with the country I may have spent my entire life in, but one I've always been made to feel alienated from, and my vexation with all the stereotypes I'm somehow supposed to measure up to. Through this personal narrative, I hope to convey how the pandemic, and doing all the things that would make me more 'native', so to speak, have changed my perspective and given me the gift of belonging to the place I'll forever call my home."

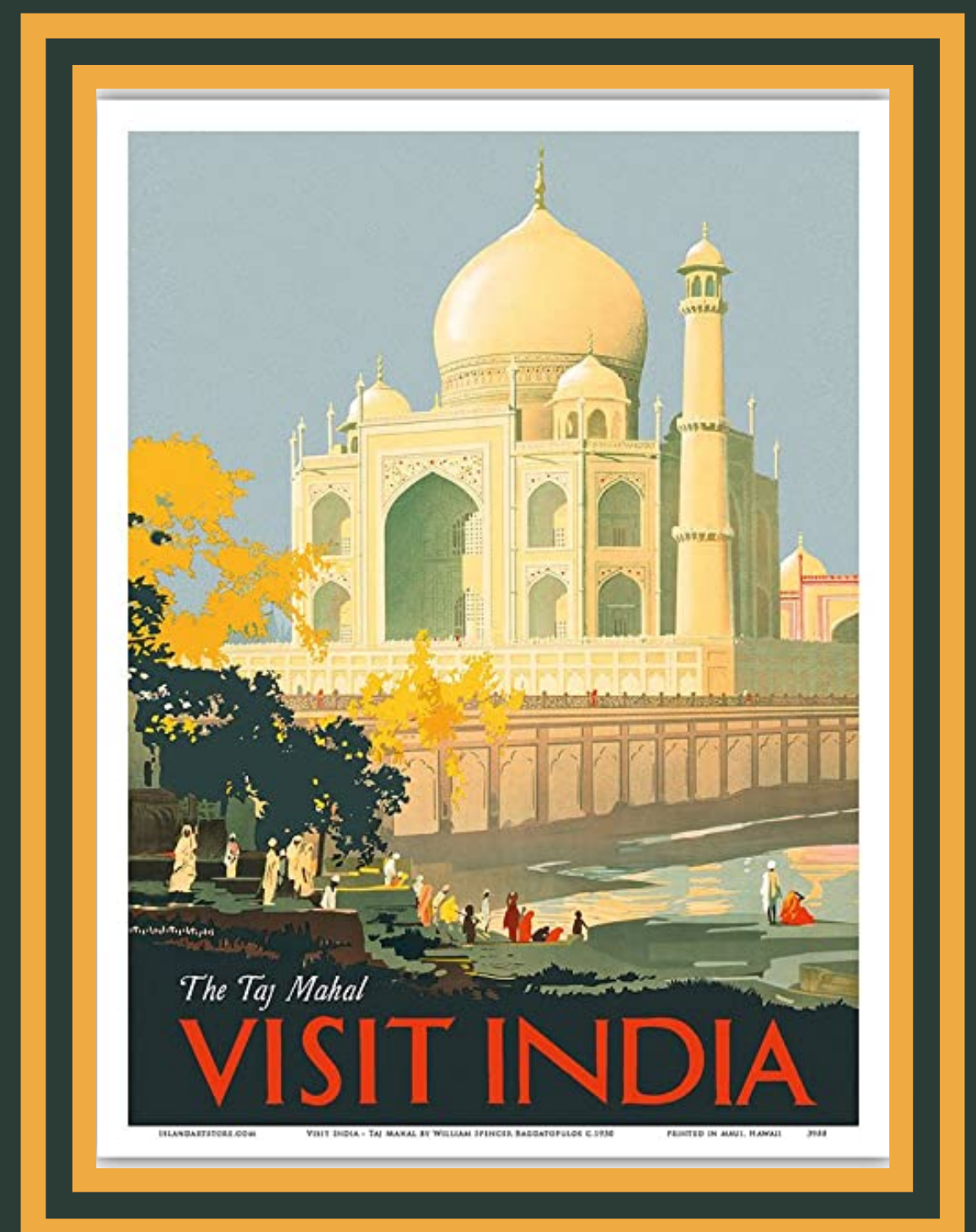
-Navya Bahl

About the Author:

Navya Bahl (she/her) is a 17 year old high school student from New Delhi, India. An incorrigible dreamer, when she isn't weaving stories from myths and lores, that may, or may not, be infused with magic, she can be found reading yet another book, baking something disastrous or crying over her schoolwork. Her writing has been recognized and published by the Scholastic Quill Club, among others.



New Delhi, India





Britnee Blake



Artist's Statement:

"My sister has always been connected to nature, butterflies specifically. So photographing her in her element with what she loves and feels embraced by radiates the sense of belonging!"

-Britnee Blake



About the Artist:

Britnee Blake (she/her) is an 18 year old creative director, photographer & filmmaker from Florida! Her work has previously been featured in "The Angels Magazine", "Potted Purple" magazine, and Voyage Tampa Bay. With a emphasis on bringing to life how music makes her feel, Britnee focuses on creating music videos and visualizers! As she ventures into music and being an on camera personality for the talk show "The Water Down", she never forgets the beauty of creating art behind the camera.



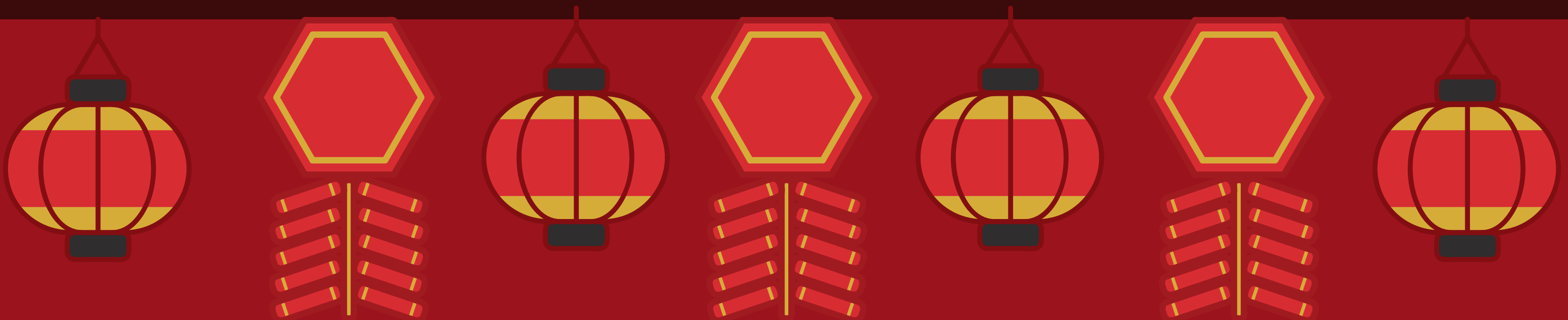




Alisha Tan

iii. last drink

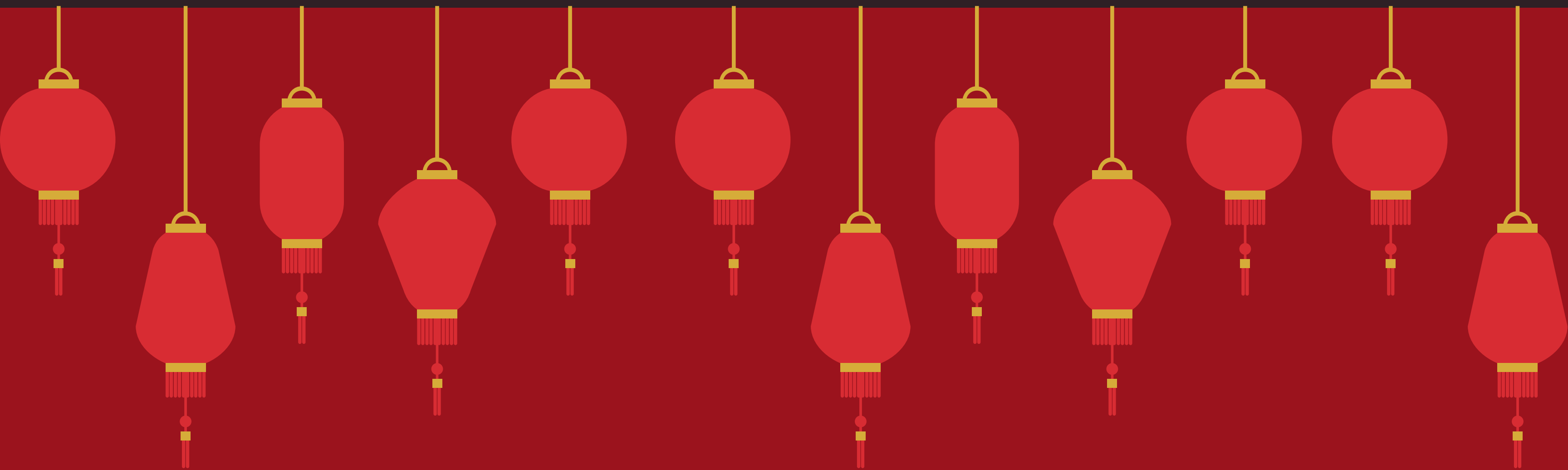
the slivers of clay and comfort weigh uneasy. glasses shatter as easily
as hope. i feel the hangover hit - your words running the way
the huang he slips through my fingers (pounding, fleeting).
we have done this before: drink with tea and spice, but
silence slithers down my throat, burning like a wildfire.
a foreign clamp of acute unbelonging, undoing -
somehow i am an alcoholic voyeur spying on a
ritual from a wooden screen door. i watch
my mother sip with loose hands and
a looser tongue, ladling luck, but
for the first time it is i who
cannot drink. the liquid
splashes on my coat,
staining sorrow.
ganbei is a
promise -
easily whispered, easily forgotten.





ii. learned drink

i find that oddly love does not deal with / details, only directions /
three strips of camouflaged skin / one ventricle of a brittle heart /
smooth-serpent tongue / youthful yearning that stings of /
vinegar / ripped straight from the bone / dried leeks for seasoning
/ hope that sinks or swells like fresh buns from the oven / poured
from your cup to mine / again / again / again intermingled into a
fabric of smell woven by my path / your silken laugh / ringing
through the cacophony of sense / for the heart, you say / to my
heart, i think / and i drink it down / chiseling an ache in my
bamboo arms / ganbei is a promise / easily repeated / easily
eroded





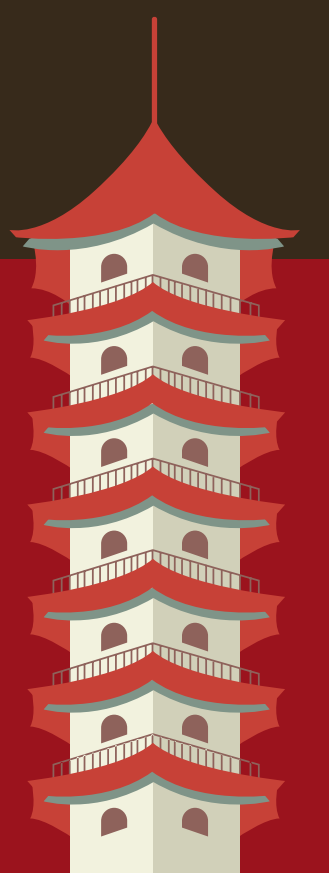
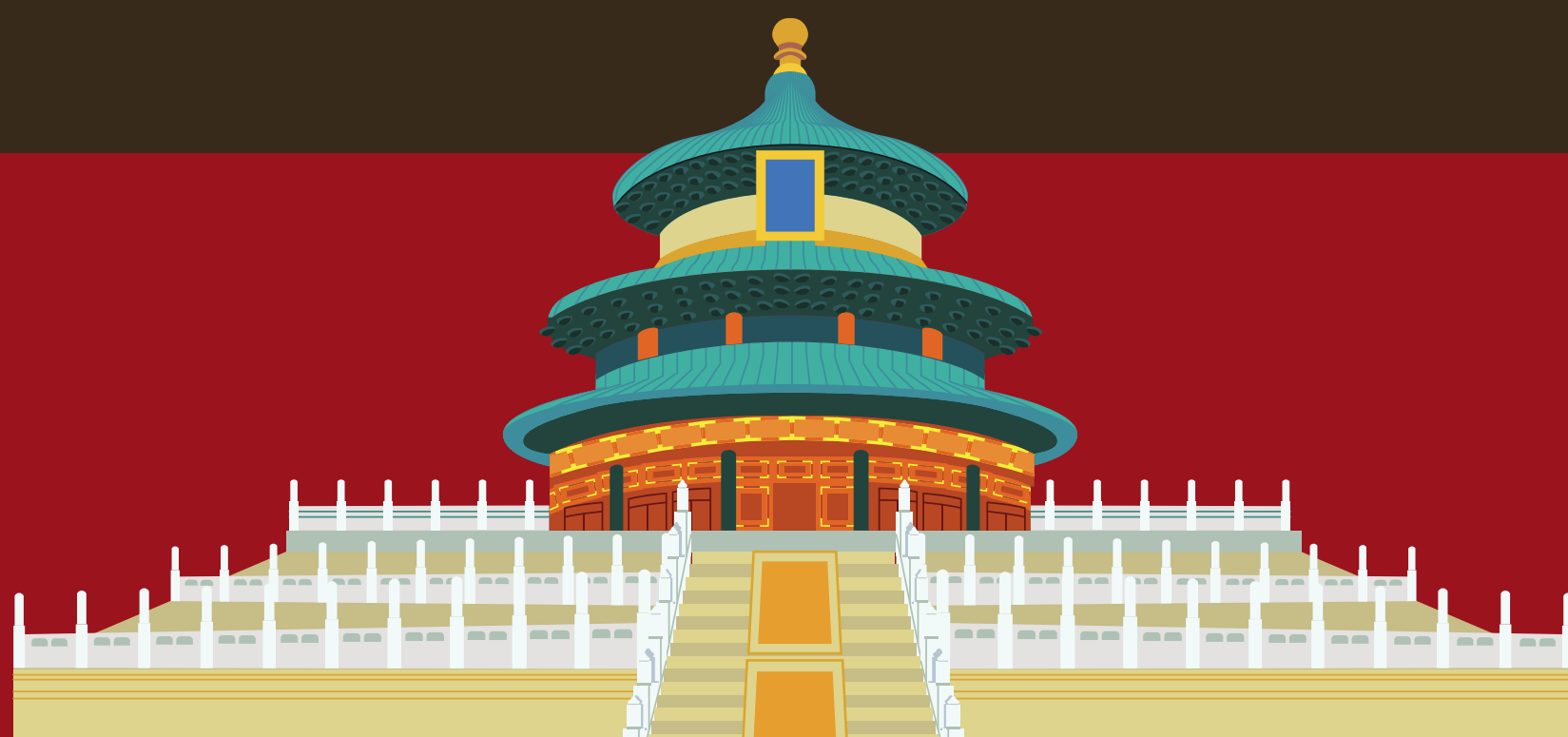
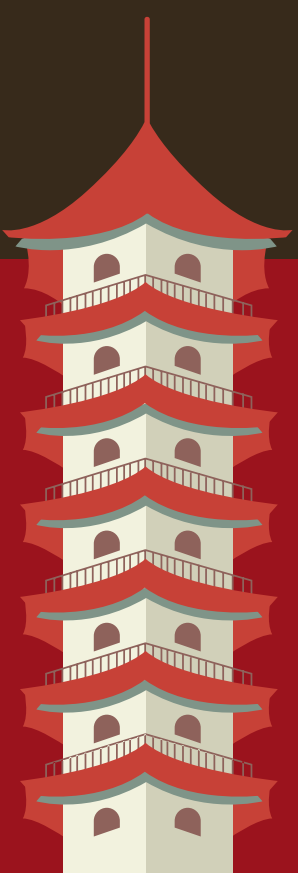
- *China Drunk* -

28

Alisha Tan

i. first drink

the storm
drains through
the cobblestone as
a lightning bolt of veracity
crackles through my head. i
stumble home into open arms
to find your river lethe, bottled into
one cup. it's true - the first taste can
pull you under, golden smooth, like nectar
for my heart. porcelain meets skin and everything
is now, now, frighteningly, beautifully now, streaming
past my lips in a way i cannot describe. yes, you are my
motherland, muttered into my mind, it has never been so clear.
you tell me this is home, and my bones hum in drunken agreement,
a promise that this is the truth, and the only truth there ever was. i
plunge
my cup to my mouth once more and chant in harmony. ganbei is a
promise,
easily birthed, easily loved.





Alisha Tan

Artist's Statement:

"This poem is split into three, trailing backward through my personal journey with my identity. As an ABC (American Born Chinese), there is a tumultuous push and pull of belonging. Growing up in the US allowed me to assimilate with the culture, but I was one of the few who looked like me. As a child, I was able to visit China and fit in. But now, revisiting my homeland, I feel like a stranger in a familiar land. This poem uses a common Chinese phrase to detail my journey."

-Alisha Tan

About the Poet:

Alisha Tan (she/her) is a writer and student in Atlanta, Georgia. Her work has been published in Just Poetry and the Pulse, among others. She is currently on the writing staff of her high school's literary magazine and guest writes for the school newspaper. When she's not obsessing over a first draft or attempting to wrestle wild ideas onto paper, she's probably listening to Phoebe Bridgers, analyzing one of Bo Burnham's specials, or rewatching *New Girl*.



- *The Girls* -

30

Emma Jean Hermacinski

the girls snicker behind pink-glitter nails
accentuating the shines of layered lokai bracelets. they'll
explain, off-handedly, that they wear the plastic
for its meaning:
a balance between liquid and soil, water and earth,
drowning and suffocation. they'll turn [on you] forty-five
delicate degrees to the side and giggle behind spot-silver cuticles
in invitation of your gaze, begging you to embrace
the vacuous, to pour your neural networks into
an urn for scattering amongst the winds of realpolitik.
should you fail to understand that mortal emptiness
is their final goal, expect to know their cheery laughs as files
for their elegant canines. they'll guffaw as you stare
at their dressing-room manicures, realizing the claws
were merely a projected distraction from the poised
tact of disgust embroidered in hair ties and painted
above their sniping eyes. their nuclear pupils, one thousand
suns more powerful than any semblance of seduction, bring
about your damnation:





- *The Girls* -

31

Emma Jean Hermacinski

you, pitied one, live each day
far from the truths we hold in our smiles,
the flat-rate boxes we send to each other as

housewarming every other week, for we
have built castles on the walls of river canyons,
cottages on corporate preservations,
summer homes on islands you cannot fathom with
pithy satellite gazes.

we are immortal, never to leave your
fickle, tortured mind, for you cannot outrun
the sainthood of our secrecy,
the euphoria of your exclusion.





Emma Jean Hermacinski

About the Poet:

emma jean hermacinski [she/her] is a seventeen-year-old writer from zionsville, indiana. she attends school in wallingford, connecticut, where she can often be found by the campus's polluted creek, scribbling her poetry on a board she fished out of there. outside of poetry, emma enjoys crusading against capitalization, reading travelogues and spanish-language magical realism, and cuddling her cavapoo, lola. her work is featured or forthcoming in 3 moon magazine, stone of madness press, southchild lit, and gnashing teeth publishing's SHE anthology.

Artist's Statement:

"the girls" is a poem that i wrote about the reality of exclusion through the perspective of my alienation from social circles as a kid because i was somewhat of a nerd and oftentimes didn't understand the social cues or trends relevant to other girls my age. i tried to capture this in light of the ways that this exclusion is often petty or can go overboard [i was bullied out of a friend group as a kid by a similar group of people to those i describe in the poem] while also remembering i'm lucky to have wonderful, understanding friends nowadays."

-Emma Jean Hermacinski



Lottie Bowden

There's no harsher critique
than the one in my head.
So how much worse
could it really get?

She's always loudest when I
go to bed,
drawing out nightmarish
illusions
the second the pillow meets
my hair.

And I've realised that
meditation
isn't going to work.
Because I sat cross legged on
my bed
for half an hour
with a pretty rock in my hand
and I did all the breathing
things that the voice in the
app
told me to do,
but that writhing black mass
is still sitting on my chest.
So what am I supposed to do
now?

"Self Care in the Digital
Age' [is] about trying
(and often failing) to
find belonging within
your own mind, and
struggling with the lack
of peace within it, that
fear that you're stuck
with your brain forever
and in it's darkest
moments, you wonder if
it'll ever get better."
-Lottie Bowden





– *Projections* –

34

Lottie Bowden

Lottie is the author of the previous poem and the photographer and subject of the next two pages.

With June being Pride month (and my new sunset lamp conveniently arriving during this time), I wanted to embrace my bisexuality fully and shamelessly and tell the world who I am. With aforementioned sunset lamp and my phone on self timer, I captured these images showing myself awash in purple, pink and blue lighting. To me, this piece shows me being unapologetically myself, harnessing the power of my sexuality and refusing to let anyone dampen my pride.

–Lottie Bowden

Lottie Bowden (she/they) is a 19 year old Film Production student from the UK, with a love for anything visually experimental and unique. Most of her work focuses on blending her two loves together: poetry and film. Lottie takes lines and ideas from their poetry and then injects those ideas into a short film or photography piece, usually focussing on something that they've experienced throughout their own life.









Prompt:

Write a haiku (5-7-5 syllable poem)
relating to theme: "culture"

Congratulations to our Winner!

Srishti Pandey!



...And Our Runner-Up:

Ana Vega





Srishti Pandey

united effort

it's human necessity

belief in mankind

-Srishti Pandey





Bold and Strong I stand.

Esta es mi bandera.

aur mujhe garv hai.

-Ana Vega

English Translation:

English, the culture I was born into

Spanish, a culture I fell in love with

Hindi, the culture of my people





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