



Love Letters

Young Adult Creative Magazine



BITTERSWEET

Issue #06: Bittersweet





Editor's Note

I

Dear readers,

When the Love Letters team came together to brainstorm ideas for our sixth issue's theme, which we (idealistically) hoped would come out around Halloween time, we wanted to capture the true essence of the spooky season. We turned to the word bittersweet: something sweet with a bitter aftertaste.

It goes without saying that because of COVID-19, we know that bitter aftertaste all too well; we know the struggle of being on too many Zoom calls too many hours a day, the struggle of making personal connections online, the struggle of online learning as a whole. On the other hand, doing things remote has its sweet aspects. For our sixth issue, we added four new members to our team, three of which are joining us remotely, logging onto Zoom calls from over the whole globe. Despite the bitter aftertastes, we have found the sweet moments that we can look forward to.

In the sixth issue of Love Letters Magazine, we bring you pieces that sparked emotions of anger, sadness, and bitterness in us, as well as pieces that brought us moments of laughter, joy, and sweetness. We hope you enjoy these pieces as much as we did, and as always, thank you for supporting us and our magazine.

Until next time,

Best,

Shira Zur, Founder of Love Letters Magazine

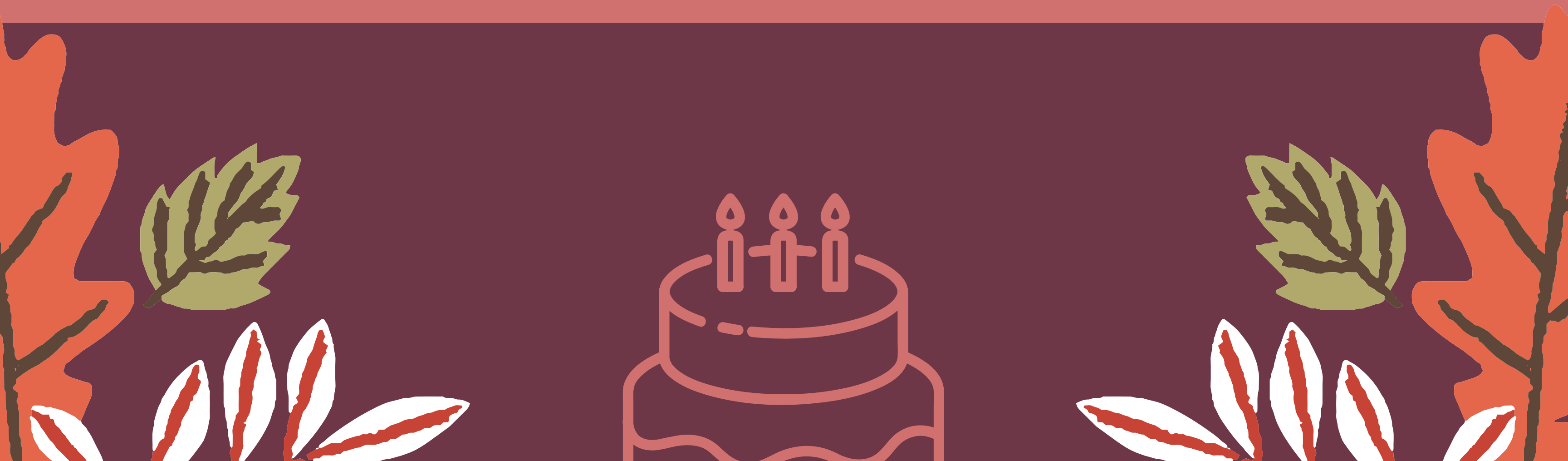
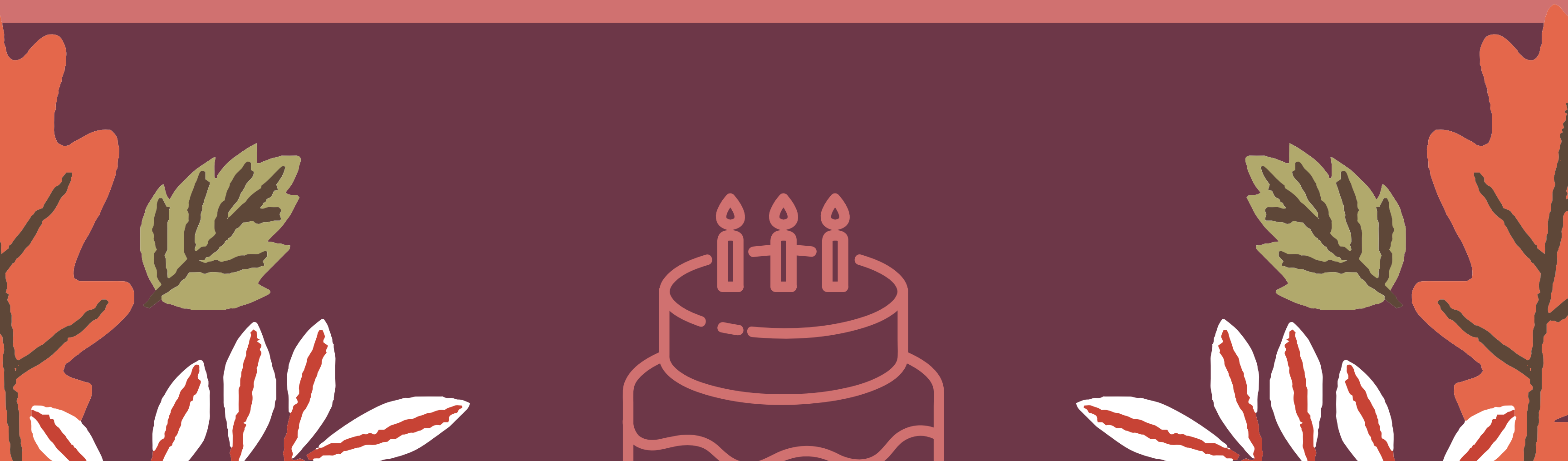




Table of Contents

<i>college morning routine.</i> – Kayla Kim.....	1
<i>Outgrowth</i> – Ysabe Red.....	3
Ask The Edtiors – The Love Letters Team.....	5
<i>The Wednesday</i> – Sabahat Solangi.....	6
<i>The Often</i> – Sabahat Solangi.....	7
<i>A Letter I Couldn't Send</i> – Kyra Everett.....	9
<i>Up</i> – Avery Nguyen.....	11
<i>Rules and Regulations</i> – Madisyn Meek.....	13
<i>(In)Consistency</i> – Madisyn Meek.....	15
<i>egg yolk echolalia</i> – Dimasilaw.....	17
<i>Bed of Thorns</i> – Edwin Favour.....	20
<i>Ode To My Lover</i> – Pampam Josh.....	22
<i>For Her</i> – Ellianna Anisa.....	23





- *college morning routine.* -

1

Kayla Kim

Aloe Vera is a sweet drink from the aloe vera plant.

After a rare trip to the Korean grocery store, I used to chug straight from the bottle of aloe vera,

with only small sticky drips remaining on the cold kitchen tile.

Completely alone in the kitchen,

drinking in the company of the fresh produce and the fresh bulgogi bought for dinner, to be

eaten in the company of conversations about school or work.

-

Every morning at nine o'clock, I wipe down my desk. Opening the rented mini fridge, I take out a

bottle and start to take a sip. The bottle cap flips away, tumbling onto the ground. With every

drink my throat is plagued and attacked with a burning sensation of sickly sweetness. I reach for

another swig, eroding teeth in an empty mouth, as the drink spools over the brim of my mug and

onto the desk. The silence of an early morning is broken by the churning of my swallows, and if I

listen hard enough, it could sound just like a conversation with another person, about how their

day is, or about what homework assignment they have for class. I drink for an audience of green

succulents lining my windowsill like soldiers, still adorned with the price tags of the local

convenience store and their neighbors include the cobwebs creeping from the corners with their

residents nowhere to be seen.



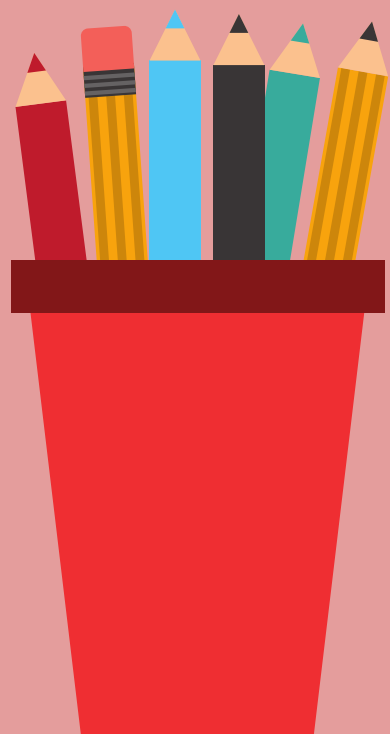
Kayla Kim

Artist Statement:

"This connects to the theme because it tells the story of how a drink that I used to love became an unhealthy coping mechanism."

About the Poet:

Kayla Kim (she/they) is a freshman at Oberlin College. Her work has been recognized by the Scholastic Art and Writing Awards. She enjoys completing crossword puzzles.





- *Outgrowth* -

3

Ysabel Red

When I hear the word "bittersweet," it reminds me of little things like finishing a book I enjoyed, donating clothes, or taking the last bite of my favorite cake...

However, as I grew older, I learned that the true definition of bittersweet was actually "outgrowth".

It was bittersweet for me to grow apart from my old friends. Outgrowing friendships creates conflicting feelings for me because it is something you never anticipate to happen. At first, everything seems to be great; you imagine everything with them. Attending countless parties, traveling across the globe with each other, or simply relaxing on the couch one Sunday afternoon. You can even hope they'll stick around long enough to be one of your bridesmaids or until both of your hairs turn gray.

My friend and I were both idealistic when it came to friendships, thus making it truthfully unrealistic. Every out-of-this-world scenario we discussed we wanted to put into action in real life. We fantasized about the memories we'd make as we grew older, and we had dreams that were well beyond our means. Because she spoke about it in such a manner that it seemed realistic, I believed her. When it came to this bond, anything felt achievable. Every challenge we faced seemed readily surmountable, and our relationship seemed indestructible.

As time progressed, I gradually became aware that we were not on the same page. I eventually realized that our plans were infeasible and impractical. We couldn't seem to connect every time we called, our friendship stances differed, and our friendship was no longer what it had been. As much as I didn't want to admit it, I knew I had outgrown it. I had to let it go, despite knowing it would be difficult.





- *Outgrowth (cont.)* -

4

Ysabel Red

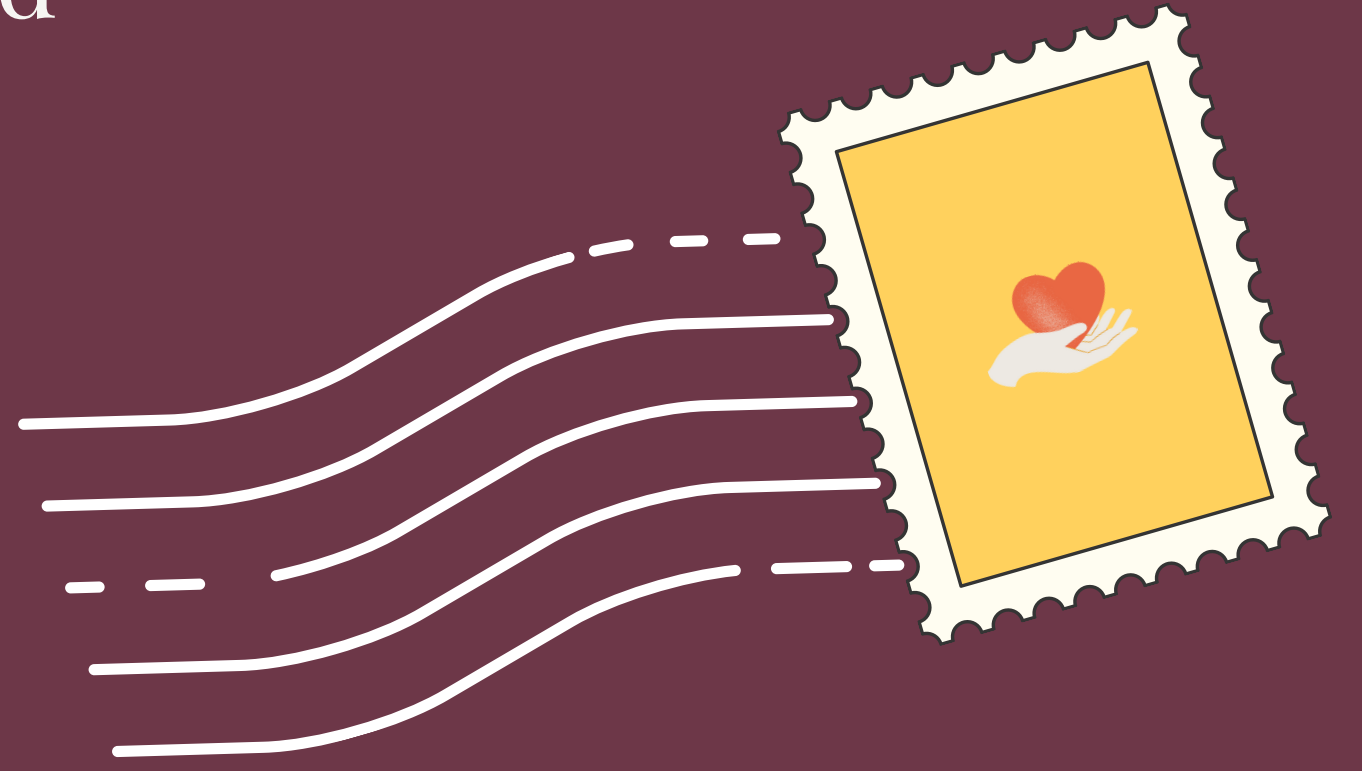
Letting go of this relationship had made me realize that in friendships, not everything is permanent. Oftentimes, the only thing that binds two people together is their shared past. You outgrow people, and they can outgrow you, too. We let go of friendships not because of bad feelings or wrongdoings, but simply because we are not complementary. The real meaning of friendship is created when we enable each other to grow.

I had also realized that you do not have to be surrounded by people on a daily basis to be happy. It takes time, but you can eventually be alone and yet comfortable. I may be saddened that we drifted away, but the outcome is that I am now content with my own company.

About the Author:

Ysabel Red is 15, currently living in the Philippines.

Ysabel's pronouns are she/her, and loves to write. She currently has submitting her proses, and have been accept to some zines already.



Perhaps in other instances of outgrown friendships, it may purely be a matter of the right person at the wrong time. Maybe you are both on the opposite sides of the road now. But one day, you may be willing to start over and bond like you used to at some point in the future.

It may be uncomfortable in the short term, but it will benefit both of you in the long run; That is what makes outgrowth bittersweet.

Artist's Statement:

"For the theme prompt, I talked about bittersweet being outgrowth. While there are sad parts in outgrowing a friend, such as possibly missing out a part of their life without you, but there are good parts too, like working on yourself and being surrounded by healthier relationships."



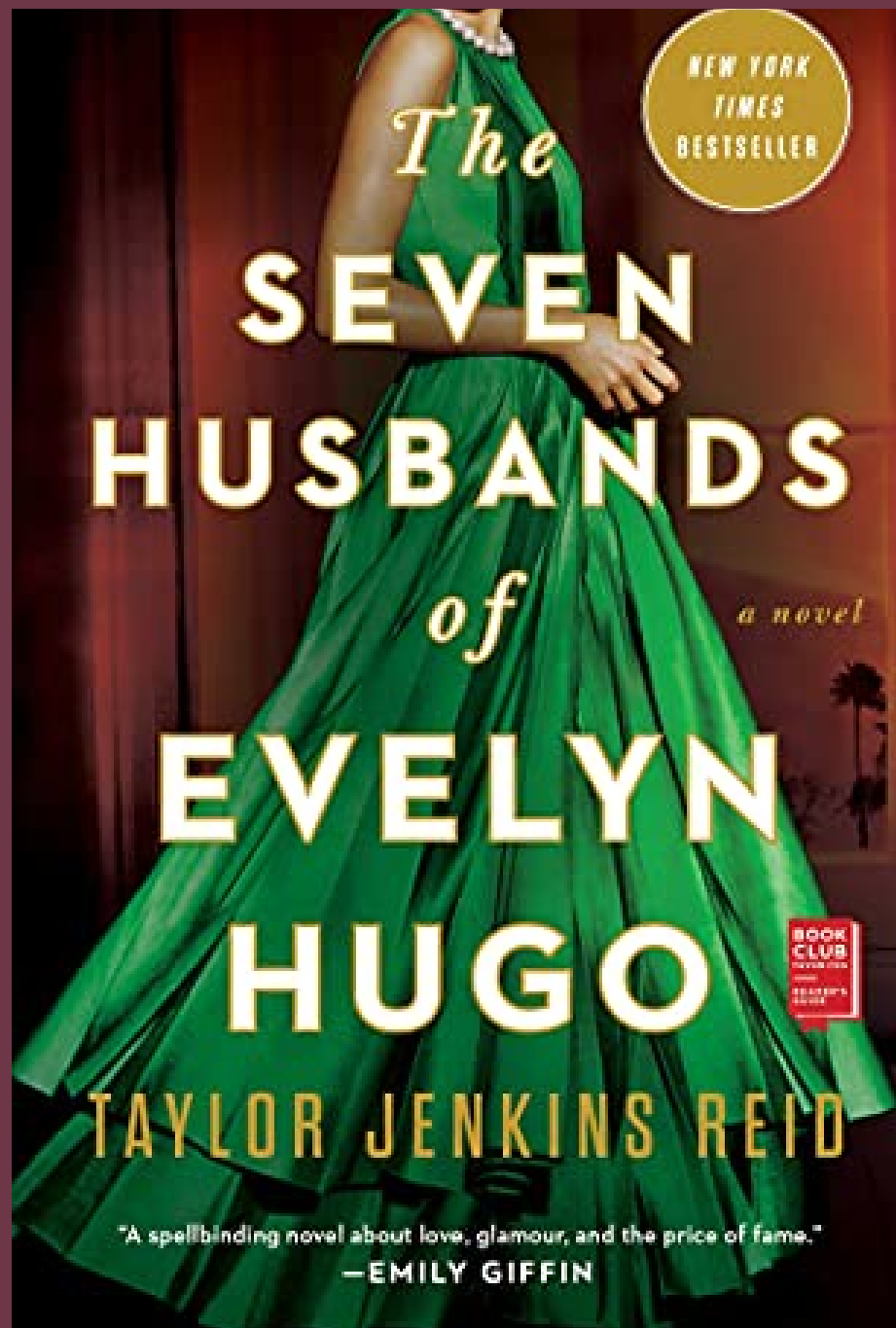
- Ask The Editors -

The Love Letters Team

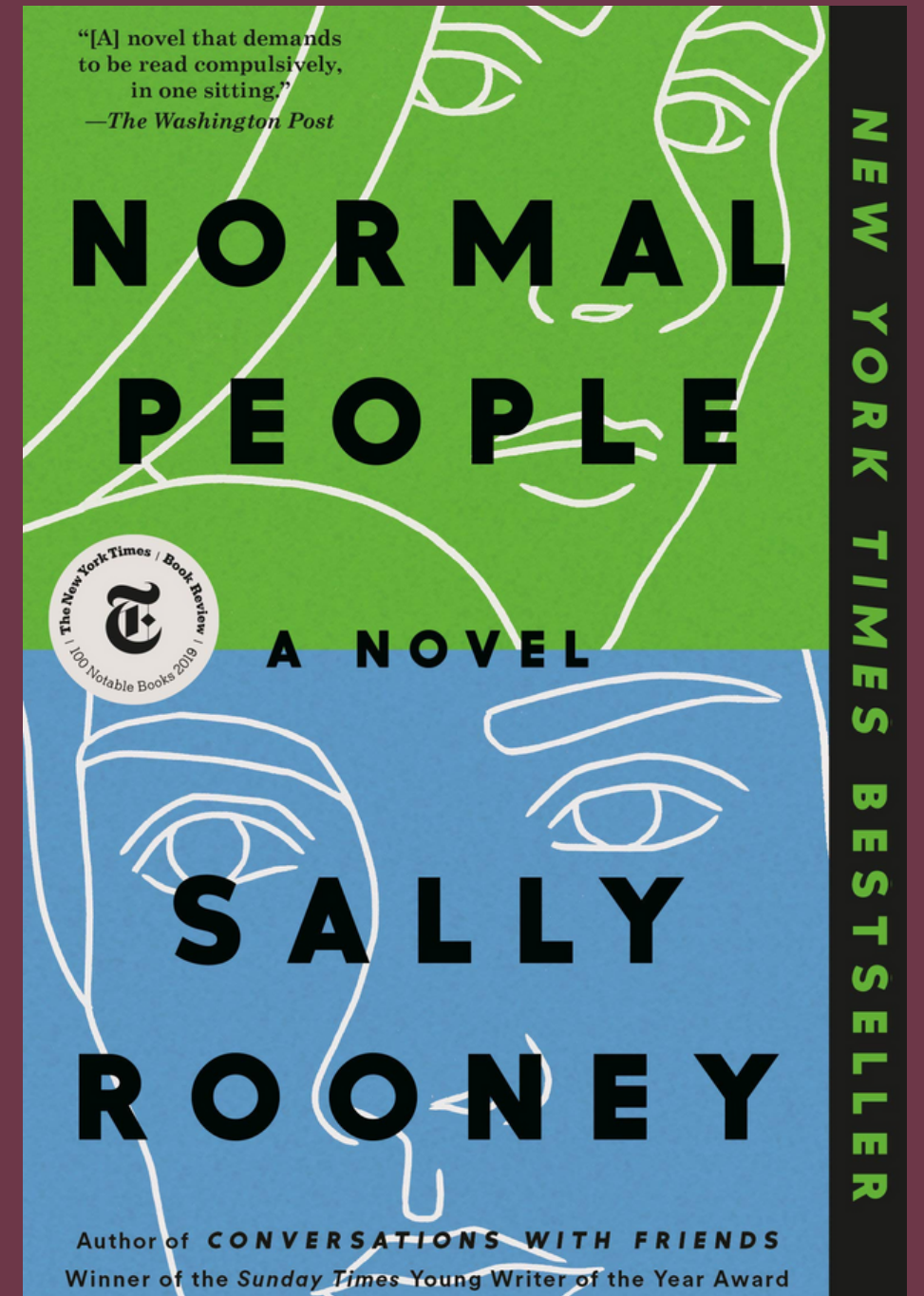
"What's your favorite story with a bittersweet ending?"



Such A Fun Age
Kiley Reid (2019)



The Seven Husbands of Evelyn Hugo
Taylor Jenkins Reid (2017)



Normal People
Sally Rooney (2018)



La La Land (2016)
Available on: Hulu Premium



Toy Story 3 (2010)
Available on: Disney+



All Too Well (2021)
Available on: YouTube



- *The Wednesday* -

Sabahat Solangi

6

A Wednesday

I don't know why I still choose to live everyday despite running away from places where they hang the mirrors, Maybe it's because my Maama wakes up early from her warm bed on freezing cold December morning to make breakfast for me.

Or it's because of the stray dog waiting for me to get home safe because I patted him once.

I don't know why I still choose to live every day, Maybe it's because my father loses on purpose when we play crossword puzzle on Sunday mornings.

Or maybe it's because I promised my friend that I'll help them paint the starry night by Van Gogh.

I don't know why I still choose to live every day, Maybe it's because a stranger once told me that my smile reminds them of a beautiful, blurry, distant memory.

Or maybe it's because I promised my little cousin that I'll read Sylvia's poems to her every night.

Maybe It's all these moments.

And the popsicle on a June evening,

Or finding lost money in an old worn-out shirt,

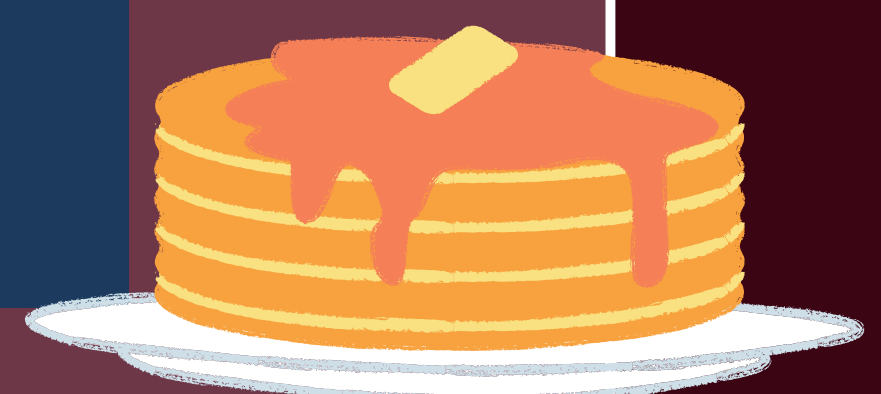
Blooming of flowers in my garden that I once thought were dead,

Finally falling asleep after a long day,

And finding a familiar face in an unfamiliar place,

Or to listen as the rain collides with the air,

I think the only thing stopping death is my mom's pancake on a Wednesday.





-The Often-

Sabahat Solangi

Often

Often, I remind myself that this lump of grief that has made its home in my throat with its branches spreading through my being will one day finally wash off and that this lump won't feel like a rock weighing me down with all its might.

Often, I remind myself that thinking won't always feel like spiraling in a dark tornado of my own thoughts and the sun will finally hover out of the shadows shining bright on everything that's been lately covered by gloomy clouds.

Often, I remind myself that something as small as a grain of sand on a beach won't always just come and crumble the tower of my healing to pieces. A tower that I built. brick by brick. Tear by tear. Second by second. For years and centuries.

And if so, I'll make it all over again like children making sand castles after each wave that strikes it down into damp mud.

Often, I remind myself that this white mist that encloses my eyes and makes everything hazy will finally be carried away by a warm autumn breeze. A breeze that always comes after a blurry blue day.

Often, I remind myself that just like all those walks that I took in chilling cedar forests,

By myself,

Oh so alone,

With darkness engulfing me,

surrounding me,



-The Often-

Sabahat Solangi

8

Thinking I'll never make it out alive,
I did so, beautifully.
With light waiting for me at the end,
finally enveloping my damp skin like fine golden dust.
Often, I remind myself that these waves of grief that
catch me unguarded and knock me off my feet,
Oh so often,
Will become flowers in the garden of my memories,
And I'll watch them as they become specks of dust in the
universe of all the things that once had power over me.

Artist's Statement

My poems are about our inner struggles. They are about finding happiness in little things. They are 'bittersweet' because they explain how we manage to find happiness in little things when we are going through something big emotionally. When our inner world is torn but we still find things to be happy about. Things that keep us going. In my poem 'A Wednesday' I have described how little moments like an ice-cream, or a puzzle can draw away feelings of emotional turmoil.

About the Poet:

Sabahat Solangi is a poet and a short story writer based in Pakistan. Currently she is pursuing her undergraduate degree in English Literature and Linguistics from Mehran Jamshoro. Her work has been published in various literary arts magazines. Her poetry is mostly focused on mental health issues and female sexuality. She aims to raise awareness about them through her art. Her Favorite poets include Sylvia Plath and Kahlil Gibran and she draws her inspiration from them.



- *A Letter I Couldn't Send* -

9

Kyra Everett

A letter that I couldn't send
I thought that, maybe one day, we'd wear
matching rings... But now there are piles of
my belongings I left at your house Stacked
and tumbled in the back of my Honda Civic
Because I couldn't leave them behind, but it
hurts too much To bring them inside.

I'm not good at reconciling my emotions;
So for me, it has taken all four months until
I've finally understood... This was meant to
be an ending.

Are you still so sure that we can't work
things out?

An ending with you is something that I'd
hoped I'd never see. I wish we could go back
to when you were by my side And that was
enough

For the both of us.

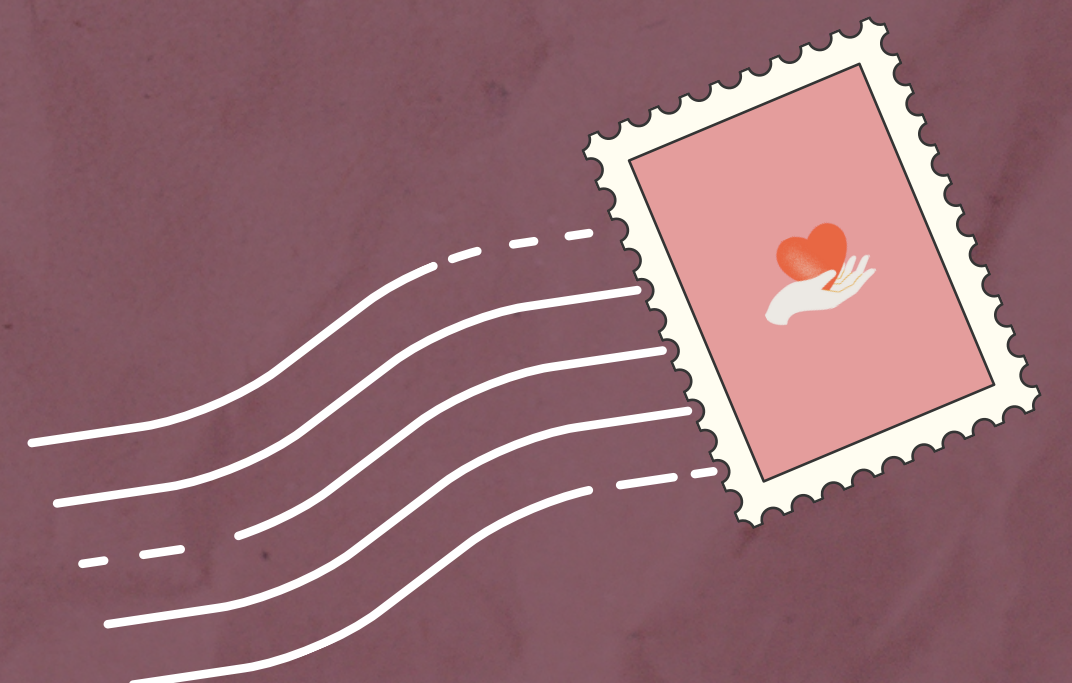
If I close my eyes now
Will this all cease to be?

P.S.

Do you remember how it all began, 3.11.19?

K. R. EVERETT / CONNECTICUT

ADDRESSED TO: LOVE LETTERS MAGAZINE





Kyra Everett

About the Poet:

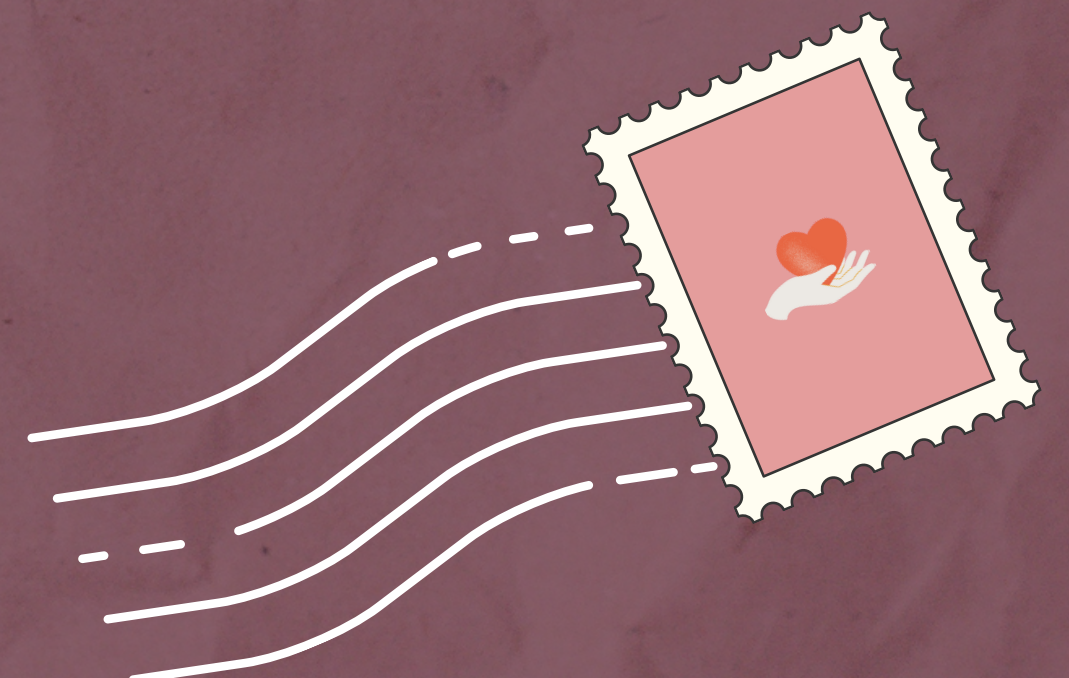
K. R. Everett is a 22 year old, Connecticut based writer born in Bremerton, Washington. They recently graduated from Central Connecticut State University with a B.A. in English Literature. They spend most of their free time on writing or with their close friends who inspire a lot of their poetry.

Artist's Statement

"This piece is about a recent break-up that neither me nor my partner really wanted. We came to a point where we couldn't compromise on something and decided to part ways in a rather abrupt way. I think that this ties back to the theme of bittersweet because it is hard to feel any one way about sudden endings; on the one hand there is the pain in finding that something is over, which can leave a bitter taste, but on the other there is the lingering feelings of love that make it hard to stay bitter for long."

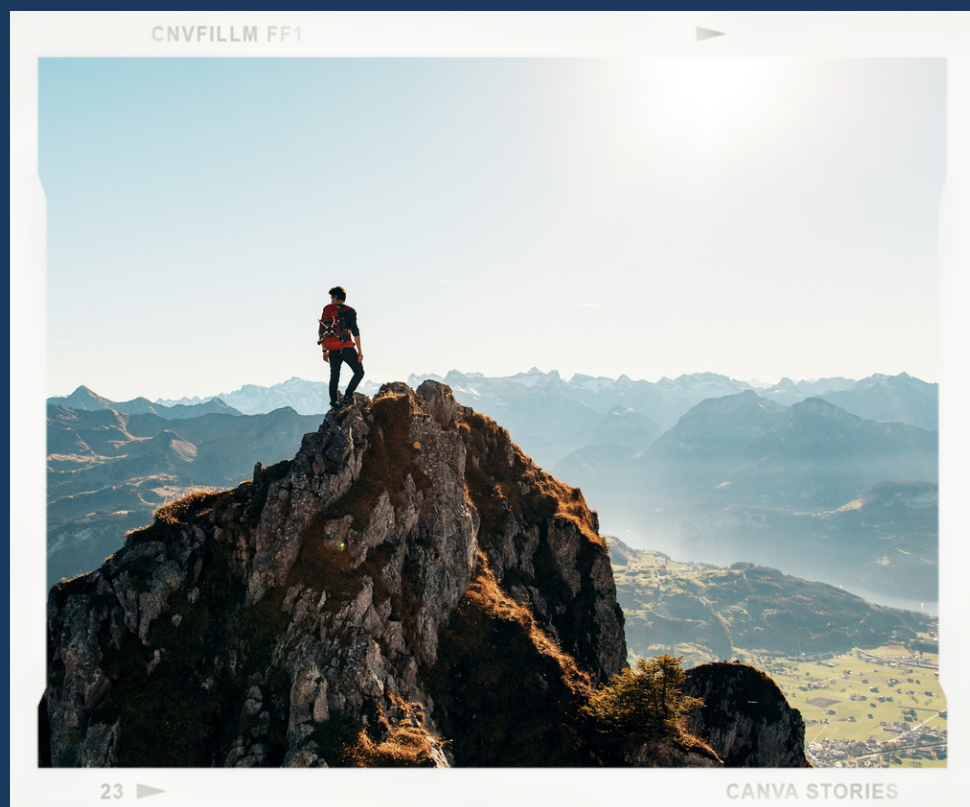
-Kyra Everett

K. R. EVERETT / CONNECTICUT
ADDRESSED TO: LOVE LETTERS MAGAZINE





Avery Nguyen



I am here for the adventure...

I am looking out of the windows of this conference room, the ones that stretch from floor to ceiling, the ones with heavy frames in wrought iron, the ones with thick panes of glass older and clearer than any dream or intention I've ever had, and I am seeing the rain coming, the wind in the trees and the clouds rolling in. I am ignoring the notification that lights up my phone screen, the one that screams about a thunderstorm warning, about the gusts and the gale forces and the water pouring down, about the lightning that cracks through the sky the way the knots in my shoulder crack under your thumbs. I am rolling my bike down the stairs and out of the hallway and onto the avenue that slices through this city like a heartline, and I am cycling down the streets in this midsummer swelter and storm, because I have to get home somehow and I can't hide inside forever, and at least this will be novel. At least this will be new.

Scarcely twelve hours after we meet for the first time, umbrellas in hand and the cosmos in our stares, I am leaning into the smooth arch of you, as if you could fold me up and tuck me inside of your pocket and keep me hidden pressed against your heartbeat forever. You murmur soft into my hair, as if you are breaking news that will shatter me into a thousand pieces on your living room floor, "I haven't really done this before."

A long time ago I drove a Ford Fiesta and lived at the end of a road with a bend, a deep curve that flooded every time it rained even a quarter of an inch. I drove to high school in the downpour. I never fretted much about my car hydroplaning, because I figured I had to get to school somehow. I couldn't spare the worry. My tires would cease to touch asphalt, and the thought would briefly flash before my eyes, as momentum carried my compact through the little lake and I spun my steering wheel to no avail: maybe I could die like this. Biking through six-inch puddles feels a bit like that, except I can feel the connection between my body and the earth, and if I spin out and crash the worst injury might be a skinned elbow or scraped knee. I am not several tons of gleaming metal, a roaring engine in my chest. I am just one small cataclysm wrapped up inside another.



Avery Nguyen

I haven't done this before either, but you wouldn't believe me. This comes too easily. Here I am standing in your kitchen, surrounded by your appliances (a stand mixer, I am so jealous of your stand mixer) and your groceries (you don't keep snacks around, but you offer me an overripe banana, a tall glass of water) and all the evidence of your life as you live, and I am comfortable, undaunted, unafraid. I am too ready to curl into the space that you carve out for me. I think that scares you. I think I see in the tremble of your hand how much you fear the taste of your desire, how the salt of your longing is the same as the salt of my own. I think you want me to be scared too.

Of course I'm terrified. But I look out at the landscape of the uncertain and unknown, and I don't see ghosts around every corner, hauntings in every shadow, horror in the twist of every murky possibility. I see the glimmer of something gorgeous, interwoven in all the things I still don't know. I'll spend my life chasing that.

When you take up an eyeglass and hold it to the world, you see only the dark of the night and the vastness of the things you can't yet know. You did not come here for whirlwinds, for falling with no end in sight, for fast and hard beneath the velvet of midnight. You came for the gentle and slow.

I wish I wanted something in the in-between, the mediary space, the plane between waking and dreams. I wish I could bring you to a place where you only laugh at the idea of sprinting through a storm. Instead your eyebrows crease with worry and I have to confess to the light of the moon that you were not meant for me.

So in the end I will write you a long letter with all of my heartache, and in the end I will hope for less bitter, more sweet.

Artist's Statement

"This is very much a love letter for someone who could have been the right person, but at the wrong time. The conclusion also hinges on the juxtaposition of bitter and sweet!"

-Avery Nguyen

About the Author

Avery Nguyen (they/them) reads and writes from MIT, where they are a chemical engineering undergrad and moonlight alternately as a materials scientist, nuclear engineer, and words enthusiast. Their work has appeared in Southchild Lit, Corporeal, and other publications.



- *Rules and Regulations* -

13

Madisyn Meek

Flirting and figure skating shouldn't go together.

It's not supposed to.

But it's not often you see a boy at the rink.

And it's even more not often that he happens to be your age.

So how do you flirt while you're supposed to be focused on yourself?

The short answer: you can't.

Well, at least not verbally.

Everything was stolen glances and prolonged eye contact.

You aren't supposed to use practice time as a dating site. No talking allowed.

It wasn't always easy.

But that was just rule number one.

Sometimes, though, just sometimes,

Rules were meant to be broken.

So you do what any other member of Gen Z does: DM them on Instagram

After three weeks of stalking their profile and debating with all of your friends, of course.

That was rule number two.

Rule number three, however, was by far the scariest.

Actually talking to them...

I never get that far

But perhaps this time

This time will be different.

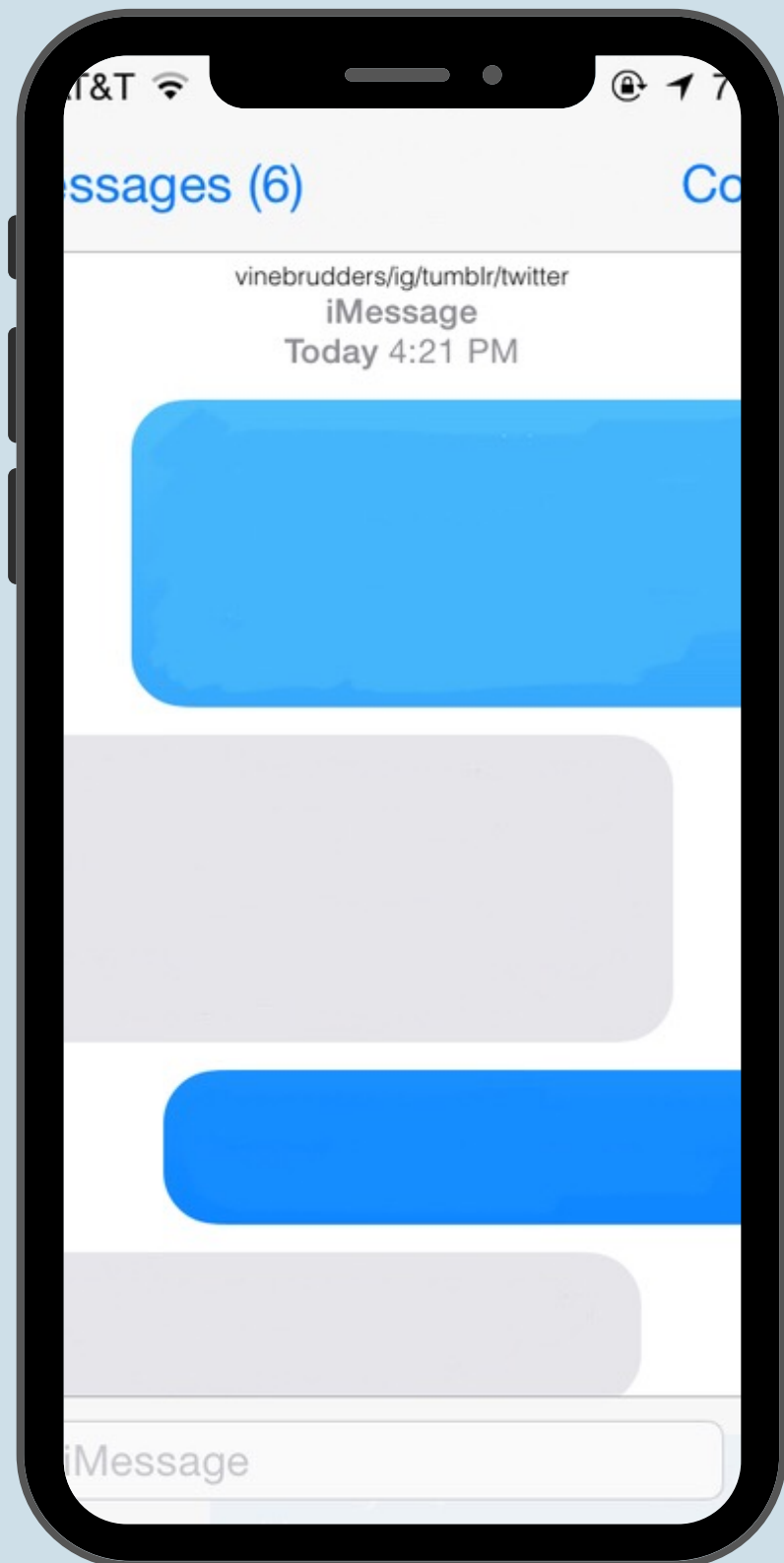
I'll make sure it's different.



- *Rules and Regulations* -

14

Madisyn Meek



update:
it wasn't different

i just couldn't do it.
no matter how hard I try.
my tongue sticks to the roof of my mouth
silencing me, despite how badly I want to speak

nothing ever changes
slowly
oh so slowly
i start believing that it is not worth it
and i am unlovable
and unattractive

i wish I could say that i'll try again
but it hard to convince myself that I will

Artist's Statement:

"Rules and Regulations" goes through the cycle of someone hopeful about a possible new interest. They reach out to them and all is going well until they have to speak to them in person. They choke on their own words and end up blaming themselves, believing that they are no longer worthy of having a relationship. "Rules and Regulations" follows the theme because it shows those raw emotions and the heartbreak that happens when denied the chance to even begin a relationship.



- (*In*)Consistency -

15

Madisyn Meek

The consistency in life is inconsistency

The wind never blows the same way twice.

The sun never shines exactly how you want it to.

The trees never produce the same number of apples as years past.

Where does this leave the rest of us?

We desperately search

for meaning,

for love,

for something that will hold our broken pieces together.

The inconsistency of life is still consistency.

The grass will always grow, even if it's a different direction.

The clouds will always provide us shade, even if it's never quite the same.

The rivers will always flow, even if it slows or forms different twists and turns.

So where doesn't this leave the rest of us?

Despite everything we go through,

we still persevere,

we still live,

we continue to walk through life with our scars as our trophies.

Don't blame the inconsistency.

Live in it.



- (*In*)Consistency -

16

Madisyn Meek

Artist's Statement:

"For a lot of people, they can find their purpose or their point of living with their friendships and relations to others. However, life is on a big bowl of inconsistency and we can't always rely on those things. "(In)consistency" encourages its readers that while we may dislike the changes we experience day to day, that these moments and experiences are to be viewed as a good thing. But while doing this, it still validates those feelings of sadness while trying to positively look at the future. This, in itself, is bittersweet but it's the cycle of life."

About the Poet:

Madisyn Meek is the poet who wrote *Rules and Regulation* and *(In)consistency*. Madisyn is a LGBTQ+ writer at the University of Iowa. They have been previously published in Zenith Literary Magazine and are constantly finding new and different ways to improve their writing.





- egg yolk echolalia -

17

Dimasilaw

egg yolk echolalia

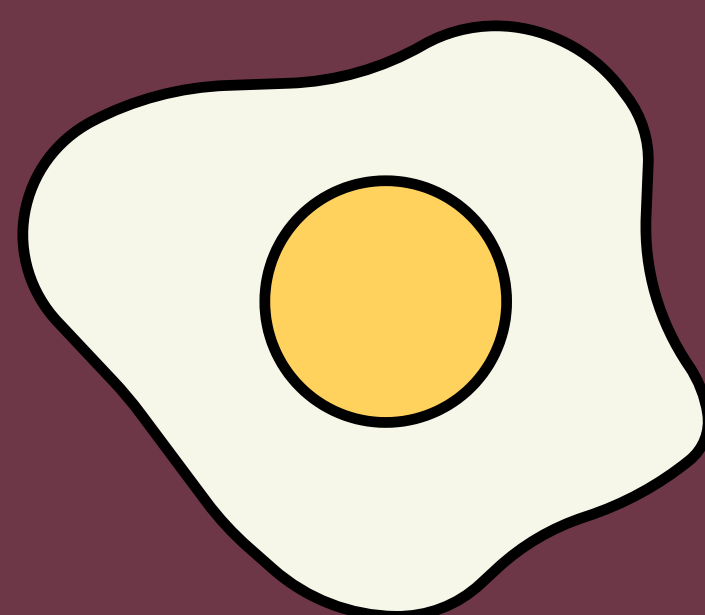
to my mother:

i love you as an echo. we insist on
all the wrong words,
repeating nonsense palindromes.
syllables rolling off
the tongue. small bowl. small bowl
means happy.
we watch our reflections glistening
at the bowl's
mouth, its mirror-like rim. small
bowl. small bowl
small bowl small bowl. i repeat the
words, fascinated—

my hands echo my voice, fingers
flying. i try to explain
the joy of flapping my hands. small
bowl. flapping is
the sound of ceramic clattering as
we crack yolk-weeping
eggs against the bowl's lips. it's the
lyrical, metallic scrape
of the whisk against its base. you
ask me to describe it
and i say small bowl small bowl
small bowl. you echo me

and you say small bowl, your voice
springing forth
from the kitchen walls. we are all
made of words—
you say christ is the word as flesh. i
think we are words
inhabiting human flesh. i dwell in
human flesh
because i cannot be made solely of
words. you dwell
in words because you cannot be
made solely of flesh.

we build our pidgin of echoes. an
atypical idioglossia.
an argot. in our grammar, echo is
joy. echo is a secret
made into sound when the sun
lights my aching hands,
when the egg sizzles to perfection
on a brilliant plate.
echo is scribbled in the margins of
communication
and i forget that this language is
our secret. on a walk





- egg yolk echolalia -

Dimasilaw

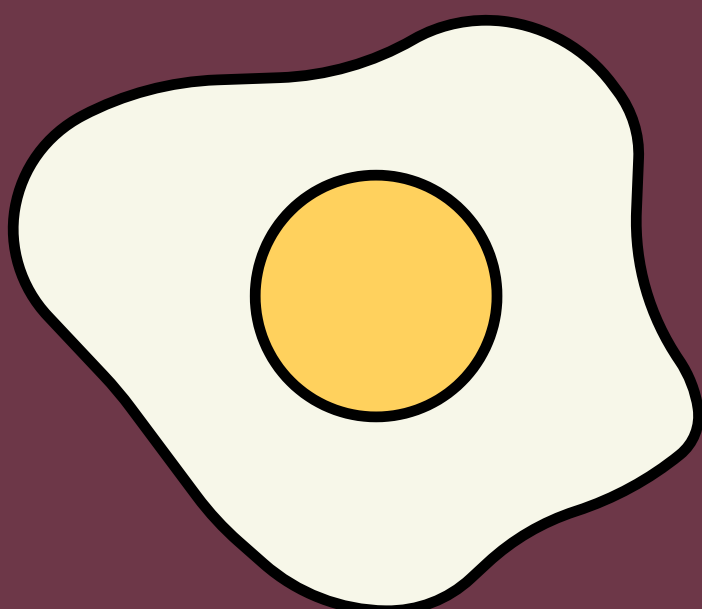
18

with my class, i see birds flitting
between bunches
of leaves on a tree and i say small
bowl small bowl
small bowl. my classmates have
their own echo—
laughter. if their laughter meant
happy, i would laugh
with them. every time i pass by
them, they say small
bowl small bowl small bowl. if
small bowl still meant

happy, i would say it back. they
burst into cackles
and when i return home sobbing,
you say small bowl
small bowl small bowl. to you, it
still means happy
and i try to tell you that echo is
every bully's weapon.
you tell me that echo is our
weapon too. when you hold
me, i am warm. i am happy but i
remember the laughter—

small bowl small bowl small bowl.
when i echo, i do it
in silence. we parse the syntax of
shame in our lect
of repeated secrets. my lips snap
shut in the presence
of those who are outsiders to our
tongue. we bind
our language tighter over the
savour of egg yolk
and as it flows through my mouth, i
cough up courage:

small bowl small bowl small bowl.





- *egg yolk echolalia* -

Dimasilaw

19

Artist's Statement:

I wanted to write about the love between me and my mother. As I'm autistic, lots of our communication together features repeating the exact same words over and over again. To others, it's nonsensical, but we've basically built a 'language', or at least a rudimentary system of expression, composed of random words that only we speak—I think it's absolutely beautiful, but unfortunately, people don't understand how we communicate and tend to mock the way I display joy and express myself. It's disheartening and thus bittersweet that way, but I know my mom has my back. Always.

About the Author:

Dimasilaw (he/him) is an overwhelmingly enthusiastic artist and writer from the Philippines who loves anime wizards, Biblical hermeneutics, and Philippine and Latin American history. His work has appeared in *Ayaskala*, *Warning Lines*, and others; he has been nominated for Best of the Net and is the editor-in-chief of *Provenance Journal*. He would do anything for his dogs. See [@dimasiilaw](#) on Twitter where he posts nothing worthwhile but would be happy people said hi anyway.



- *Bed of Thorns* -

20

Edwin Favour

This grave is yawning awake
Won't you get in with me?
I've made a bed of thorns in your name.
The sweetest gift ever
 Let me in
I have castrated my pride
I'm exactly how you want me now
The worn book in your priced collection
An Oscar-winning nominee
There are more things to write than Romance
More fights to win than these pointless arguments
 But perchance you win
I will laugh my broken laughter and pretend to play dead
Put my heart in someone else's dreams cause it's safer there
Create colossal damage you may never heal from
Then disappear into an afterthought with someone that's nothing like you
Perhaps it all came from wanting?
Wanting to live so desperately that we're dead before we know it?
I will cling to gipsy's belief
Follow you with my eyes shut tight
Trust you with a child's trust
Because when the wind is done blowing west,
There's a survivor's calm in my backbone
I will straighten my spine
And save me first





- *Bed of Thorns* -

Edwin Favour

21

About the Poet:

Edwin Favour is a Spoken word artist and a creative writer from Nigeria. She's one of Nigeria's finest poets, having won several prizes taking second and third places in several Poetry competitions. She's a member of Poets In Nigeria(PIN), Anambra literary Society and Abuja Literary Society in Nigeria. She's performed and aired with other accomplished spoken Word Artists in Nigeria like Toby Abiodun. A huge fan of Button poetry, she believes in the miracle of poetry. Also a content creator for blogs, she's passionate about her art changing lives, most especially the lives of women.

Artist's Statement:

"This is a love poem layered with confessions, audacity, heart and aches. It shows how encapsulating love can be and how we buy into it, blind to all the places we could be hurting. How a lover can be both burn and ache, a bittersweet mixture of what affection really is. In this poem, you choose a lover till you decide to choose yourself."

-Edwin Favour





- *Ode To My Lover* -

22

Pampam Josh

What would I eat to forget
the dew that enriched my naive mindset
at the dawn of my life.
warm mouths of novel wine,
seraphic sun-smiles by the seaside.
drippy eyes, cruising on the screen
of a comedy skit,
ointment on an aching spot,
a sweetener to my herby heart.

A summer to my muddy mind-
wearing the reel of a riped banana,
changing now to a lemon-like.
a cedar tree. Redolent,
growing, and glowing in me.



About the Poet:

Josh Pampam is a Hairstylist who fell in love with poetry after his High school days and writes it in his leisure time. He's from Ota, in Ogun State, Nigeria.

His poems have been featured in many magazines like Cathartic lit, Spillwords, Praxis online magazine, Writers Space lit mag, etc. And has won himself accolades from Facebook groups and WhatsApp platforms. He is currently working as a moderator for an online Poetry Institution. In his leisure time, if Josh is not writing poems, he's reading them.



- *For Her* -

23

Ellianna Anisa

For Her

In veil of dark our love takes form
Gentle, sheltered from the swarm
Of calloused wasps drawn to our heat;
Suckle, nurse on spoiled meat.
Be wrathful in this Sodom shrine,
Drunk for pillared salt and wine
(No other soul will dare trespass –
Swirl us ‘round the high-rimmed glass)
So we sit long in folds of rope
Enamored as our minds elope.
Find in embers true love reborn –
Burn, burn away our vengeful scorn.

About the Poet:

Ellianna Anisa Thayne (she/her/hers) has been writing since she could pick up a pencil. In fourth grade she published her first poem in the youth collection *Only Rocks and Fire* [italicized], and went on to pursue competitive writing in junior high school. Her essay “Love in the Face of Faith” was published in the September 2021 volume of the Freedom From Religion Foundation’s *Freethought Today* [italicized] newspaper. She is currently pursuing a minor in creative writing at the University of Washington.



Artist Statement:

“For Her” is about Sapphic relationships, and the way they’re viewed by a largely Abrahamic society. Homophobia is often an underlying element of homosexual relationships no matter how hard we try to offset it, but societal scorn can also create a unique kind of intimacy between sexuality-queer peoples. So, I wrote “For Her” with the intention of putting words to the feeling I’ve often experienced in WLW relationships – external scorn creating a bitter solitude, but from that solitude blossoming a uniquely sweet romance

Check out our blog!

If you're like us and cannot wait for our next issue, be sure to check out our blog on our website for op-eds from our team.

We already have some great ones up there! Check out October's favorites:

Exciting Times - Martha Hammond *Ghibli and Girlhood* - Aarani Diana

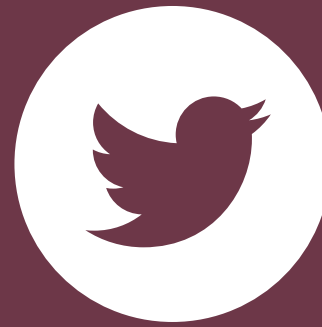
<https://www.thelovelettersmag.com/blog>

Thanks for Reading!

Looking for more sweetness in your life?

Check out our website for more!

www.thelovelettersmag.com



Check us out on social media:

Instagram: @lovelettersmag

Twitter: @loveletters_mag



Cover art by our prose co-editor Ash Reynolds

Love Letters Chronology

#05: Belonging



#06: Bittersweet



#07: Wanderlust!





Love Letters Magazine

