Zines are small-press independently-published magazines with a history in alternative, counter-culture, or underground communities.

The Pocket Art Collective zine is compiled of contributions from teens in Pierce County Washington.

Learn more about zines at https://guides.library.cornell.edu/zines101

The Pierce County Library System does not endorse submission content.

Cover Art: Summer Days, photograph
Artist: MatchStick, Age 17

*names reflect contributor preferences
I CAN’T SEE THE RAVENS
BY HALCYON STOKER-GRAHAM
AGE 15

I can’t see the ravens but they call now and then
Madrones and anthills there is wet on the wind
Two people dogwalking dog unseen
Sticks, early barren, snap clean
—mercyquick—
as cat claps life from mouse.
Pursued and pursuer lock eyes
—everbrief—
and the teeth clack a blink
before death.

I can’t see the ravens but they call once and go quiet
In three weeks we fold into October, money moon
Copper harvest and crickets scratching each other’s backs in the field.

Bone is godly in grasses’ eye
the closest vessel to vicarious grief
where before lay these brittles?
where before did they roam?
Does the ground peel and strip with precision
or devour open mouthed?
Or does it hold every fetlock, each finger to sky
and gnaw with the love of the unseen dog?

I can’t see the ravens but they call raucous again
and the crickets hide treasure
in gold turning green.

FALL IS IN THE AIR
BY MATCHSTICK
AGE 17

I can’t see the ravens but they call raucous again
and the crickets hide treasure
in gold turning green.
A STEP OUTSIDE

LONELY LEAF

MISSING SHOE

CONES

PHOTOS BY MATCHSTICK, AGE 17
So far, 2020 has been a wild card pulled from the deep pockets of a pair of pants that were never supposed to exist. It was a combination of tiny little anomalies that led us to find those pants, in a place forgotten, unknown, but familiar.

As humans, we sometimes forget what is normal, it is only natural as we live in our separate worlds. We only see change when it comes knocking on our door. You open the door. It’s alone. You stare into its face, and it stares back with wide, black, open eyes.

Instead, imagine a large group. 2020 was a place where the past, present, and future collided to give many an unreal experience never seen before on this planet.

PHOTOS: MOTHER MARY LA CHICA

BY MATCHSTICK, AGE 17
DEFLATED

TENNIS MATCH

BY MATCHSTICK, AGE 17

BY TRISTEN ARIAS, AGE 16
PHOTOS BY MATCHSTICK, AGE 17
We were a family
Up until I was 2
Then you moved away and missed so many moments
You tried to split me into two

I called you every week
Almost every other day
Hoping to take a peek
Into your new life
Without me

You said you loved me
You said you cared
But now I think
It’s all a lie

Are you happy now without me?
Caring for my sisters without me?
Loving your own wife and your own family
Without me

Are you happy now the calls have stopped
Are happy how much my heart has dropped
Did you ever wonder if I am more than what you see?
Are you happy without me?

Don't You Dare Tell them That I don't care anymore
Don't You Dare Tell them That I'm the one who slammed the door
I still love them I still care And my heart so very much aware That it was all you

You walked out the door
 Barely said goodbye
 Are happy about how much I've cried
 While you've been silent

Are you happy now without me?
Caring for my sisters without me?
Loving your own wife and your own family
Without me

Are you happy now the calls have stopped
Are happy how much my heart has dropped
Did you ever wonder if I am more than what you see?
Are you happy without me?
The sun was settling in its den when they came out to hunt. The dense undergrowth covered their tracks as three quick shadows dashed to and fro, tree to tree. It seemed like an evening dance was taking place. The three shadows danced up and down trees and clearings, catching anything from mice to rabbits. One shadow ran too far up a tall tree chasing a squirrel, without realizing how high they were they stopped and looked down. Seeing how far down the two remaining shadows were, it panicked and froze, paralyzed in fear of falling.

The tree rumbled and almost shook the shadow off of the tree, the small shadow used a set of sharp claws to hang on just enough to stay on. As it positioned itself on a branch the tree fell. The tree fell into a leaning position onto another tree allowing the little shadow to jump off and run back to their den with the two other shadows. The three shadows continued their dusk dance and raced back, mouths full of freshly killed prey. They all slowed their pace and entered into a large den. The den of a mountain lion, lying on her haunches, a rather old female mountain lion was relaxing from a day's work of patrolling territory borders with her son. Her children were in fact the three dancing shadows. The eldest, being in second place of size and first of strength, greeted her mother with a nod. The second, was first in size and second in strength, had given his mother a large rabbit to feast upon. The third mountain lion was a small female and had put her share of caught-prey in the corner of the den to be kept for later, she even took a small mouse as a snack to satisfy her hunger till morning. Each one gradually fell asleep around themselves and in a huddled pile.

As dawn approached the den a tall figure stood outside it. A female human, she had a small stature, but in spite of her being small, she was a sort-of beast tamer. She had tamed the mountain lion's mother when she was just a cub and the three cubs admired her. Which in turn, led to the girl befriend four mountain lions. As the girl's shadow loomed over the den, the mother mountain lion pawed her way out of the den with her son not far behind.

"Hello Branch," the girl said to the mother, gently rubbing her hand across Branch's cheek. Then turned and said, "Hello to you too, Leaf," the little boy purred at the sound of his name. The eldest daughter and youngest had padded their way out as soon as they heard the girl's breath call their brother's name.

"Cherry, hunting still prospering, right?" The girl questioned. The eldest had nodded her head in reply.

"Also Flower, how are you? I just heard from your mother that you got stuck in a tree" the girl asked. The youngest nodded and purred next to the girl telling her Flower was indeed okay.

As the day progressed nothing much had happened. Flower practiced her tree pouncing and Branch watched her. While Cherry and Leaf did some practice sparing. The girl left around the sun high and all their lives were peaceful, for now.
THE UNDERWORLD
BY NAYLIA GODSEY
AGE 12
This was based off of a book series called "Wings of Fire"!

A WARRIOR’S LAMENT
BY ALEXANDRA ARRASCUE
AGE 18
This was for the Warrior Cats fandom, made for the Twitter #wcotw of Swiftpaw!

THE GHOST
BY ZYRENNNA MEDINA, AGE 16
This is a fanart of my favorite character from genshin impact. It’s a digital artwork done on my iPad. I had a lot of fun making it!

HYMN FOR A SCARECROW
BY KATELYN LEWIS, AGE 13
This is fanart of Zubin Sedghi of Tally Hall, based off the song Hymn for a Scarecrow.
In late October you may see a wandering spirit in a blue raincoat near the edge of the woods. If you dare to approach it, it will glide along the forest floor and vanish amongst the trees.
Five Fifty Five
I'm not ready to go live. 😞
Six
Waking up's like lifting bricks
Six fifteen
The alarm clock sounds like a scream
Six thirty
OK, I'm just going to turn off the alarm.
Seven o'one
Oh shoot, I got to run.
A SIMPLE FLOWER
BY NIXON CHASE
AGE 16

A SLICE OF TRANQUILITY

SUNRAYS
BY MORGAN ACKERLAND
AGE 15
I think it was october/31/2008? I was at a Halloween party. You know like any other freshmen would do. I went with my 2 sisters. Oh, I forgot to introduce myself. My name is Katie. I have 2 sisters and 2 brothers. I know it's a lot. Kaitlyn, and Katherin are both Seniors and twins. They always team up on me. Kellen, one of my brothers is a Sophomore and my other brother is in 8th grade. Ok back to that night. The party ended at like 1:00? It was pretty late so me and my sisters decided to go home. Remember how I told you my sisters always teamed up one me. They thought it would be fun when I went to the restroom to leave me and drive home by themselves. It was not funny. You see, I am very scared of the dark. LIKE VERY. So in panic I called my mom. No answer. My dad was away on a business trip. Ok I am panicking even more now. Before we move on I want to inform you that our house was about a 10min walk from the place the Hallowed party was hosted. But it was pitch dark. Anyways back to the story. While I was just standing there in the driveway panicking I noticed a boy next to me. Tall but skinny. He also had really big glasses and was wearing a dracula costume. Oh boy, I did not know that boy would change my whole life. I went and asked him why he was standing in the driveway. He told me his brothers left him here. I told him why I was here too and we decided to walk home together. Let me remind you that he was a person I just met for 5 minutes and now we're walking home together. I mean he looked nice and all but he was still a stranger. I asked for his name and he said Ronald Adim. What a weird name right? But at least I wasn't walking alone, you know. So I told him my name and surprisingly we had a lot in common. We both had 5 siblings, we both like sushi, and most importantly we both like to read. We talked and talked about books. I was pretty impressed by all the books he knew. I know I am just a stranger but after I talked to him I kinda had a crush. Like I mean he likes to read and he likes the same food. He was also super cute. He was kinda like a nerd type? Just like me.

When we reach my house he tells me goodbye and leaves. But I couldn't just let him leave. I don't know if i'm gonna see him again. So I asked him if we could take a picture. He said yes and we took a few photos before he really left. I go in to see my sisters on the sofa watching a movie. They started asking me how I got home and did not tell mom. I told them I wouldn't if they bought me a new book. They agreed and asked me how I got home. I told them I walked home with a boy. They were really shocked because I'm not really that type of girl.You know? I tell him his name and their face's turn white. And not from all the white powder they put on their face to look like Ghost for the costume. I thought it was just because they were jealous but oh oy was I wrong. They told me Ronald Adim died 4 years ago from a car accident. I thought they were just messing with me so I told them to stop. But after a few minutes they showed me a video of a news story saying how a 10 year old Ronald Adim died from a car accident because of his drunk father. I WAS SCARED. Then who was that. Who was I walking home with 20 minutes ago. I remembered the photo we took and checked to show my sisters. Well that didn't work because

in the photo there was only me. Alone. No one else.
UNDER THE FLUFFY WHITE COAT

BY @HERETHEREBEWETPLATE, AGE 16

This photo was made using the wet plate collodion photography process, which was created in 1851! Steilacoom High School started a club a couple of years ago learning and teaching this process, and this is one of the photos I made at the club. It has been a super fun experience, both learning chemistry and photography composition to make these photos!
THE ECONOMIC BENEFITS OF BATTERY ELECTRIC VEHICLES

BY MATCHSTICK, AGE 17

One of a country's most valuable assets is its people. Therefore, health and safety should be a priority for bolstering its economy. Deaths and compromised health issues can be attributed to air pollution caused by driving ICE vehicles. Several harmful chemicals and gases are created from the process of burning fuel in internal combustion engines. The use of electric vehicles can dramatically reduce the number of deaths attributed to these toxic emissions. In the scientific article, “Assessing the Health Impacts of Electric Vehicles Through Air Pollution in the United States,” researchers were able to calculate and compare how many people can die from air pollutants for every 10,000 miles driven by either an EV or ICE vehicle. They used available 2014 tailpipe emission data from the National Emissions Inventory for fifty-three metropolitan areas and found the health impact of driving an ICE vehicle in each area. To discover the health impact of an EV, they used the U.S. Environmental Protection Agency's model, AVERT, to find the emissions of driving and charging an EV in the same areas. The results were measured in micro-deaths per 10,000 miles driven, with one micro-death equaling 0.000001 of one full death (Choma et al.). The results of the study found on average ICE vehicles led to sixty-five micro-deaths per 10,000 miles driven. For EVs, it was twenty-five micro-deaths per 10,000 miles (Choma et al.). These statistics may seem small but driving EVs will save lives because total vehicle miles traveled by a nation could be in the trillions of miles. Cleaner air would decrease respiratory and pulmonary issues and increase longevity. Because healthcare accounts for a significant percentage of a country's national budget, any reduction would be a financial benefit.

BY ELLIOT CARLSSON

AGE 18

I have done portrait photography for a while now and I wanted to get out of my comfort zone. I came to macro photography to appreciate the things that I see in everyday life in a new perspective. I hope to take something that we have taken for granted and paint it into a new light.
MOTHER EARTH

BY SASHA ZHANG
AGE 16

This poem is a satire I wrote about the climate crisis. Why do we treat our one chance of survival with disregard? Is it because we characterize her as a woman?

Mama, are you dead yet?  
Sorry,  
I forgot to put the fires out  
Cause I was busy making matches

Mama, won't you forgive me?  
I didn't know that I knew all along that  
You would be hurting  
That you would be burning

The oracle told me  
That this path, this path was cursed  
And I'm watching things get worse  
With my hands tied to the purse

You provide  
And I tell lies  
It's chlorophyll or enterprise  
When you're married to a dollar sign  
Rose glasses,  
No  
They're emerald

Now I see you in the ICU  
And I can't help but pull the plug  
I wanna hear beeping beeping screaming  
I'm watching you bleeding bleeding bleeding

Mama, are you dead yet?  
Why can't you wipe my bloody hands  
Help the people understand  
That I'm no villain, I'm just wicked  
Am I evil?  
Or am I human.
Love, Lucas

Oh my god I practically jumped in joy that he said “Love”. I slowly dragged the paper I was going to draw on and wrote...

   Dear Lucas,
   I’m fine thanks for asking, I just wasn’t looking where I was going.
   Love,
   Nuna

I tapped Dean on the shoulder to pass it to Lucas. Dean’s a good friend he told me to be quiet then he grabbed the note from under the desk and passed back to Lucas. Lucas read it then folded it and put it in his pocket. That made me wonder what he was thinking and boy I couldn’t wait for school to be over.

“Hem, Hem”

“Everyone grab your things and put them away. We are done for today”

I put my things away swiftly and soundlessly and then there was thing ringing like a bell echoing through the school. It was a pitch high sound. Then followed the bright white light. Everyone panicked and grabbed their bags and ran out the door and down the left hallway to the outside fields. I walked at a fast pace breathing heavily towards the outback door that leads to the fields. Lucas, Dean, Riley, and Mrs. Franks followed me and we headed for the field. It was a very cold day with frost all over the fields. It was lovely but the sky was coated with a thick heavy smoke. I ran to the field with everyone else searching for Noah. I couldn’t find him. I could feel my eyes fill with tears as a felt a warm cushy feeling hands wrap around my waist. It wasn't the hands of Noah, it was the hands of Oliver. I was in the back of the crowd as Oliver covered my mouth and dragged me slowly into the woods behind our school. There was a cold, damp shed around me as a woke up, I could feel my shoes dripping with mud from being dragged across the fields.

I went on a trip to Ocean Shores and I was talking to God as he let the waves crash one after another. His love was felt and I had to take a picture to remember where He has brought me.
A LIMINAL SPACE
BY MATCHSTICK
AGE 17

I don't see your reflection in me I see the dark eyes How can I not Deep ink filled pools No light escaping Light reflecting A two way mirror For a soul that you Gave me I don't see it But I hear it It's in the lessons From my mother The soulful voice Of her mother And the aged voice Of her mother I don't see it But I feel it It's in the curls That are here faster than they can leave It's in pain of my scalp And the hot comb I prefer not to touch I don't see your life in me I should I know But I think it's been too long

HISTORY
BY DEVIN WILLIAMS
AGE 17

History is a poem that I wrote while exploring an exhibit at the Tacoma Art Museum. The exhibit featured artwork created by black artists. The pieces made me think about how I see my ancestors.
SUNSET ON TOP OF THE WORLD

BY MATCHSTICK, AGE 17

ART OF THE TIMES

BY KATIE STAFFORD, AGE 15
The music begins.
Melancholy notes fill the barren air.
Sorrowful tunes fall upon the ears of grieving minds.
Heartbroken melodies, mournful in spirit.
Despairing harmonies sit on somber hearts.
The dismal opera penetrates weeping souls.
The sound is mourning.
The sound is hopeless.
The sound is misery.
The music stops.
The room is silent except for the murmurs of tears.

The music begins.
The room fills with exhilaration and merriment.
Euphoric tunes fill blissful minds.
The jovial melody is vivacious in spirit.
Optimistic notes add to the elation.
Lighthearted souls laugh in unison.
The sound is humorous.
The sound is gleeful.
The sound is jubilant.
The music stops.
THE HEATH LEDGER JOKER

I drew this after watching the Batman movies and finding out that heath ledger had passed away. I think he was one of the best actors for the Joker.

BY DESTINY WOODRUFF
AGE 15

THE CUTENESS OF THE FORCE

Baby Yoda is one of the cutest characters in tv history! It took an hour or so to draw and was very fun too!

BY DESTINY WOODRUFF
AGE 15

POKÉMON

“Pikachu (Japanese: ピカチュウ Pikachu) is an Electric-type Pokémon introduced in Generation I. It evolves from Pichu when leveled up with high friendship and evolves into Raichu when exposed to a Thunder Stone. In Alola, Pikachu will evolve into Alolan Raichu when exposed to a Thunder Stone. Pikachu has a Gigantamax form.”

BY CHEY
AGE 12
Implied Ghost Hunting
BY GIGI KRUPA
AGE 17

Ren (they/them)
BY JENNA STEFANSKI
AGE 14
EVERMORE

Even if I knew that we wouldn't last
I still would've hopped in the car with you
Danced with you till morning
Kissed you at midnight on New Year's
I still wouldn't trade even one moment I've gotten with you
I wish our romance could go on a loop
That I could live in for evermore
Even though I know that it won't always be good
I would trade everything I have to make you stay
To make you miss me and come back
Because I love you
And how could I move on from that

BY KEIGHLAUNA
AGE 14

BY KAILIEANN FERNANDES
AGE 15

SUGAR RUSH ALICE

Alice follows a mysterious gummy rabbit into a dark hole and enters a world full of sweets!
Planetary Boy meaning boy who belongs to the planets is a self portrait with a sepia filter meant to feel disconnected from reality with the lack of color and pupils in the eyes.
Autumn in the smudgeprints of early-darkened windows
and autumn in my breast—
clap of damp hands holding heart in its place.

Autumn all in the rafters where spider chastises absent children—

Autumn in the achespace that which compels one to call their brother to say “I miss you” That which wants for tears —the good kind—

that which cultivates lonely space and brings me to the Puget Sound. I will never be immersible. I will never be of the 7:00 fog for I am a body hardpacked and dense. I will never be a bird in blossom nor a leaf on Snake Lake waters.

Autumn, too, in gentle glints that shimmer on night roads— Autumn in the towhee’s dance, in the cordial croak of forest toads— But no fall hints in the cold, soft rain for the cold, soft rain won’t come.

\*\*\*

**THROUGH THE LEAVES**

**BY EMMA PETERS, AGE 15**

This photo happened kind of by accident. It was taken while standing on a rock, and just as I was about to trip off of the rock is when I snapped the photo. This is one of my favorite pictures I have ever taken, even if it’s not the most sophisticated; I am very proud of it. :)

Autumn in the leaves that which cultivates lonely space and brings me to the Puget Sound.

I will never be immersible.

I will never be of the 7:00 fog for I am a body hardpacked and dense.

I will never be a bird in blossom nor a leaf on Snake Lake waters.

**AUTUMNAL ACHESPACE**

**BY HALCYON STOKER-GRAHAM**

**AGE 16**
MY DAD IS BIGFOOT

BY HARVEY WILLIAMS, AGE 13

My dad is Bigfoot because he is hairy all over and he has the biggest feet in our family. Not only that he is almost 6 feet tall. He is defiantly Bigfoot, I just know it! He makes me think I am part Sasquatch. I think I might be the first ever blond Bigfoot. That would be awesome! Ooooh I could go by Harvey Bigfootson, if I were a viking, maybe. If I am going to be a Bigfoot I can break bricks and talk to animals, maybe my best friend would be a squirrel.

That’s it I finally figured out why my mom and dad love nature so much; my dad is Bigfoot. My mom and dad must have lied, they did not meet at church, they met on a hike! oh my gosh I am really getting tooo the bottom of things right now.

Oh my gosh my life is a lie I should have known they are running from this government. No wonder we moved to Gig Harbor, Washington; we literally live on a nature filled island. No wonder we went to a cabin in the winter next to Mount Rainer; they send search parties in the winter. I wondered why we always go on forest hikes. Well not any more my dad is Bigfoot, this solves everything! Oh my that house in that tree must be my dad’s friend Gnomesons house.

Oh my my life is so much different all the sudden. No wonder I am so weird and love conspiracy theories so much... and why I felt bad when I accidentally killed a bat at the cabin.... and why I love animals so much... aaaaahhhhhhhhh!!!!!!! Too much to take in.
AN ARTIST'S SELF-PORTRAIT
BY JULIA CLARKE, AGE 16
i.
you look like a broken heart and a revolution at the same time, the memory pieces of a prince rupert's drop.
upon further research, perhaps they should not be considered so different; you have gone through war and heartache, you have survived bullets, ripping through your soul and flesh. sometimes it's a wonder that you are still standing, if i have not touched your human flesh, i would consider you to be made of the finest of metal, a machine. never once have they seen you crumple, but they have watched on the sidelines when your blood drains into gold, the leftovers staining their fingers with wealth. they dance for your immortality, but forget you have lost the humanity i love you for.

ii.
you have the eyes on an eternal soul.
such as, you'll never grow enough into them no matter what you have been through. they are eerily, an attachment to your body, transplanted.
as it happens, i love the way they pierce, as bottomless as mother earth.
your unmeasured calm is still immature but your hands don't shake when they take your heritage. it shines in your hands, one must admit you were the right choice for this choking crown.
it slumps your spine and seeps away your glory, but the silver that drips from your eyes taste faintly of your tearing soul. have you remembered what it is like to be human, and miss it now, godly?

iii.
you do not flinch when they rob you of godhood.
i think i saw relief in your features and they wretched that crown from your head, your blood is equal parts gold and red, dampening your hair where the crown had dug itself into.
you look the part of a defeated villain, but only i remember that you are not, memories and stories have slowly warped you, where revolutions have been replaced with calculated riots.
even in this pitiable state you are beautiful, silk that embodies you and armor when they take you to the cliffs and toss you into the abyss.

iv.
i have found you again.
Follow us on Instagram @pclteens.
Share your art, writing, ideas, and more on Discord.

#anime-manga
#books-ya-lit
#cosplay
#comics
#wholesome-content
#horror
#gaming
#music
#tabletop-rpgs
#trivia