Music Duo 'Dancing on Glass' releases new album. Shares behind the scenes and how to create chart topping music.
Color Your World
Summer Reading Challenge

POCKET ART COLLECTIVE

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WHAT ARE ZINES?

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

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Cover Art: Earned Wisdom, pencil drawing

Artist Statement: The subject is earned wisdom, in this drawing that is portrayed by an old woman who seems to have the answer to everything if someone were to ask. She has spent her life learning and gaining wisdom daily and you can see in her eyes the stories she must hold of her life when she was young and still learning.

Artist: Julia Clarke, Age 15

Pierce County Library System & Foundation
It's obvious you're unwell undereye skidmarks gentle wet light quivering acne on the back congrats on your baggy burnlines waves recede on sandy shores scar tissue swept under the rug again just dirty day detritus guests are coming you must cleanse

Bent parabolic under microscope thumbing combing you smell so nice is that astringent do you take it in paper cups or straight from the tap? turning stopping spigot spittle slick backed grief did I ever tell you how pretty you are

I'm sorry for whatever the night said I'm sorry for what the night said you're unwell it's too obvious do you mean for us to see? sap from my feet in the floorboards gum stains pine-scented rearview baubles irritable bowel syndrome I left only milk in the bowl and one sick little midge, I balance on the bridge between care and overcompensation just tell me when to stop just tell me how to stomach this tell me how to look like you
a call in the dead of night is not how the cards should’ve fallen
when I promised
I swore
that your name wouldn’t cross,
wouldn’t absolutely demolish my mind.

a plague.
that’s what I’ve decided.
a plague is what you are,
a vicious, silent killer.
a death sentence with a face,
with convincing clarity.
a six feet under statement
that buries hope in a casket with its victims.

a call that rang and echoed,
bounced around aimlessly until snatched from the air.
I signed that death sentence.

Mama,
a tug, so light it could’ve been the wind.
*where do we go when we die?*

how many people do you reckon have fallen ill
to those inverse colors
because we were tired of the black and white?

*Depends on what you believe,*
a detached response.

it was a sudden slap to the face,
an embarrassing existence when realization settles
and you’ve come to accept that you’ve been tricked
by the person who assured trust.

*What do I believe?*

A call only when in desperation.
when you need to be bailed out.
or maybe you crave more morbid enjoyment.

*I don’t know,*
a careless shrug.
*That’s for you to decide.*
History books have taught us about the Black Plague and the Spanish Flu but those were just words on a paper, that didn’t prepare us for complete devastation. So what’s it like being alive during a global pandemic?

Being alive during Covid is...

Attempting to catch your breath in a sea of masks,
Fighting to have your voice heard in a breakout room of silence,
Trying to find human connection with faceless black screens,
And Missing out on memories that never had the opportunity to be made.

Being alive during Covid is...

Excepting all of the bad that may have come
Yet Savoring all of those moments that the world once took for granted

Being alive during Covid is...

Stealing moments with the ones you love,
Finding how easily life can be taken away,
Exploring new interests that never felt possible,
And Learning that the human spirit is stronger than any virus.

By Brooklyn McAnally, Age 14
PROMPT:
BEING ALIVE DURING COVID IS...
The door unlocks as I am led inside. “Five minutes,” the man says. “You got five minutes. Better make it quick.” I gulp down the lump of fear and doubt in my throat, take a deep breath, and take a step. As soon as my foot hits the tile in the room I am overcome by a massive weight in the air. This kind of weight which only follows close behind one other thing: Death. No one can ever describe to you this feeling unless they have truly lived it. I force myself to take another step forward and to stop holding my breath. That won’t help anything. Not now.

Five minutes. What do I even say in such a small amount of time? It’s not enough time to summarize years of words unsaid. Gratitude left unshared; time spent wasted. How can I leave such a giant hole of time wasted by patching it up now with a tiny, 5 minute poorly constructed apology? How does a person make up all that time? I’m so far out of my depth, I don’t even have a right to be in here right now. I really shouldn’t be here, I had to pull strings and technicalities to even get just 1 minute, let alone 5.

I shake my head to rid the thoughts that bring back the rising lump of fear. All I have to do is hold it together in here for 5 minutes and then I can fall apart all I want. I just need to suck it up and move forward a measly 7 feet. That’s what he would tell me. As I get closer all I can feel is the somber eyes following me; followed by a very small, weak hand trying with everything it has to reach for my own hand. I swiftly take a seat next to the bed and accept the hand’s invitation. Here it is, the last 5 minutes we will ever have. I smile weakly, and muster out two words “hi, Grandpa.”

THIS IS VERY LOOSELY BASED ON MY OWN RELATIONSHIP WITH MY NOW PASSED GRANDFATHER. I UNFORTUNATELY NEVER GOT TO SAY GOODBYE.
MY BROTHER, HAPPY
BY CHARLOTTE SOUTHWORTH, AGE 15

I TRIED TO CAPTURE MY BROTHER'S SMILE. THESE MOMENTS ARE IMPORTANT TO REMEMBER.
My favorite hobby is peoplewatching
Sounds stalker-ish, but it's true
I like to sit and watch them
As people do what people do

Chattering and preening,
They flit about like birds
I keep a mental journal
Recording what I've heard

Their mannerisms intrigue me
Their inflections leave me awed
Some people think I'm quiet
Others think I'm odd

I'm just trying to figure out
What makes people tick
Is it love or money
That binds our little cliques?

In survival of the fittest,
Where does humanity fit in?
Do we owe duty to our species
Or only to our kin?

And if diversity is key,
Why must flocks remain the same?
The color of someone's feathers
Deserves neither praise nor shame

These questions and many more
Circle tirelessly in my mind
I must do much more research
To understand our human kind.
HIDDEN IN PLAIN SIGHT
BY PIPER RHINES, AGE 16

Through thickets of holly and hemlock, to rivers of green and blue, where dragonflies will give you a ride across the surface of the sky.

Where mushrooms tip their caps in welcome and spiders teach you to spin,

Yes this is where your journey begins, in a world within the world we know. You can see it if you like tis hidden in plain sight.

But you must stop and listen, let the trees tell you their stories of long lost glory and the glorious future yet to come.

Hear the symphonies of frogs and crickets rippling across fields of cattails and deep water.

And yet the loudest and hardest song to find is silence.

Somethings are hidden in plain sight, you just have to take the time to see them, which can be hard some times, but it's well worth it when you do! I hope this poem gives you joy and a new way of looking at this amazing world we live in!
A MAN'S DREAM
BY KAILIE, AGE 15

A man’s dream
Blue eyes as deep and dark as the Pacific Ocean
Blonde hair the color of sunshine and honeysuckle
A zest for life and adventure that any man would be drawn too
All she wanted was for him to love her
No requirements
She was in love with the moon and the stars
And spent her nights talking to them like friends
She loved to hang out with the sun and clouds during the day
They were her family
She was larger than life
She was a storybook character made in the imagination of the gods
She was placed here to teach him how to love a goddess
And he taught her how to love a god

I LOVE WRITING POEMS LIKE THIS WITH A ROMANTIC AIR TO THEM.
I THINK THAT GREEK GODS AND THE MOON AND SUN ARE VERY
ROMANTIC THINGS TO WRITE ABOUT BUT THAT COULD JUST BE ME.
Sometimes the best stories come at the least expected times, or the least convenient. For instance at 3:00 in the morning. I tried to lay still, but my eyes were welling up, I felt sick, like the words were trying to dig their way out of my brain and body. Slowly your mind turns against you and you fight yourself.

Clawing into your own being, looking for the reason you can't see. Trying to remember the soft touch of that one word, hope, what did it feel like? Why can't I get it back? You feel yourself start to sink into the unforgiving tar that never lets go. Your throat is hoarse from screaming for the help that you know will never come.

No up, no down, no right, no wrong, so your world goes quiet. Your brain, melting from the sound of nothing. Your eyes bleeding from the strain of wanting to cry but no tears come. You fall to the ground and roll onto your back, laying so still that only sound is your heartbeat.

You still have a heartbeat, you're still alive, your still alive but wishing with all your being that you could just leave the never ending walls of your mind, by whatever means necessary. As you lay there, you can't feel your stomach, you've dealt with so much that the knots in your stomach that used to form, no longer exist. The stabbing pain was gone, the urge to cry was gone, you are completely numb. The only thing differing you, and a corpse, is that pulse, that pulse that you just can't get rid of. The slow, steady, constant beating reminder that you can’t escape the ever growing darkness. For the last time, you strain every muscle you have, every ounce of life left, to form one word.

Hope.
The one word that ends any sad story.

sometimes the best stories come at the least expected times, or the least convenient. For instance at 3:00 in the morning: I tried to lay still, but my eyes were welling up, I felt sick, like the words were trying to dig their way out of my brain and body. So I gave in. The tears flowed and my heart flew to my fingers while I tried to get my emotions down on the keyboard, literally not being able to see my screen because of the saltwater that consumed my eyes. When I was finally done I felt relief, the balled up tension and tears were practically almost gone. So then I fell asleep.

Long story short I woke up the next morning thinking the whole ordeal was a fever dream, got on my iPad and saw that it wasn't and thought “hey! This is kinda sorta almost alright! I should enter it” :D

I also have no idea if it's a short story or a poem...so I'll just say it's a, “freestyle poem.”
WE ARE YOUTH FOR

ABOLITION
of policing, prisons, and oppressive systems

TRANSFORMATIVE JUSTICE
for healing, safety, and accountability defined by and for the people

COMMUNITY POWER
to build a world where all are fed, whole, and free

MEET THE
YOUTH AGAINST POLICING

TINYURL.COM/253ABOLISH

JOIN US:

MEET PJ
"Abolition is allowing us to dream of a future in which we exist.
It is an act of love. It is so easy to feel clouded by our current state and society that we never see past the fog."

MEET ODALYS
"Abolition is dedicated to creating a safe space for our community and creating a welcoming environment for all."
Youth Against Policing is a collective of youth and young adult organizers based in Pierce County, WA working to build a world free of policing and systems of oppression.

We're launching a podcast called "We Are Abolition" where we'll be talking about alternatives to policing, transformative justice, and ways that we can mobilize for change.

Follow us on IG and TikTok @youthagainstpolicing and stream our podcast on Spotify and Youtube!

MEET IRIDIAN
"Abolition is ending something from its grass roots in order to feel free. We look forward to abolition because our community needs to be allowed to grow and feel safe at all times."

MEET ISHA
"Abolition is fighting every single day, not losing hope even when we feel like there’s no point in fighting anymore. Feeling joy every step we take to get closer to our goal. Abolition means tearing America down and rebuilding it the way we want it even though it’s going to take blood, sweat, and tears. Abolition is having the world we envisioned as little kids come into reality."

MEET ALEX
"Abolition is the sense of freedom. Today, that comes far and few; we as a group are working towards making a better future, where no one will have to fear a target for the simplest thing; existing. Abolition is going to give space for us to breathe knowing there is not a threat of retaliation for being and living your authentic life."

JOIN US: TINYURL.COM/253ABOLISH
DUST
BY J, AGE 14

It's quite unkind, this stabbing silence
underwater it bubbles inside
can't ruin what the past created
shutting out the pull,
It's the enemy of us all
closing in the air
broken pieces are never whole
silence is power
It brings suspense to those who have shattered
It's the epitome of alone

Forward is effort. the will to be living
the effort to stay.

"For all of you struggling with a silent hurt.
You matter.
You are not alone.
You are loved.
I see you."
- Fred Aceves

you are enough, i care about u. im sorry for ur hurt. know there is peace, there is joy, there is life. there is help, i know its hard plz know i love u and i am proud of u for fighting.
ART BY
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Share your art on Discord.

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#anime-manga
#books-ya-lit
#cosplay
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