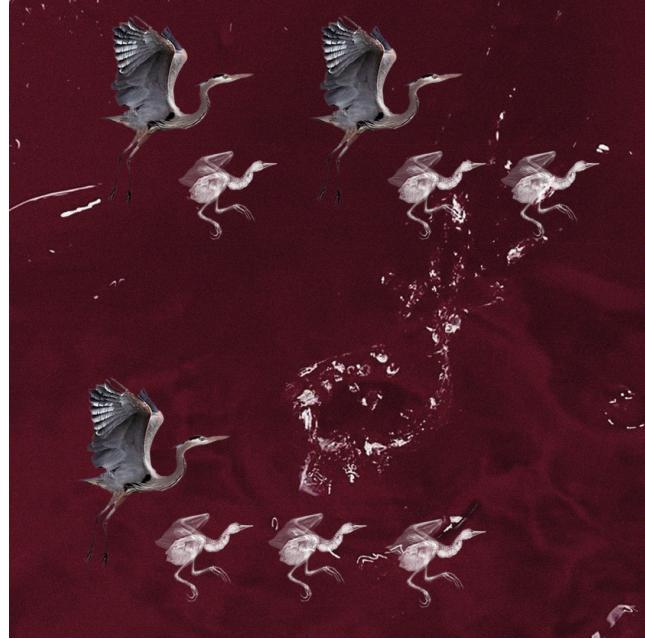




desktop as metaphor



desktop, folder, file as ocean,
oyster, pearl



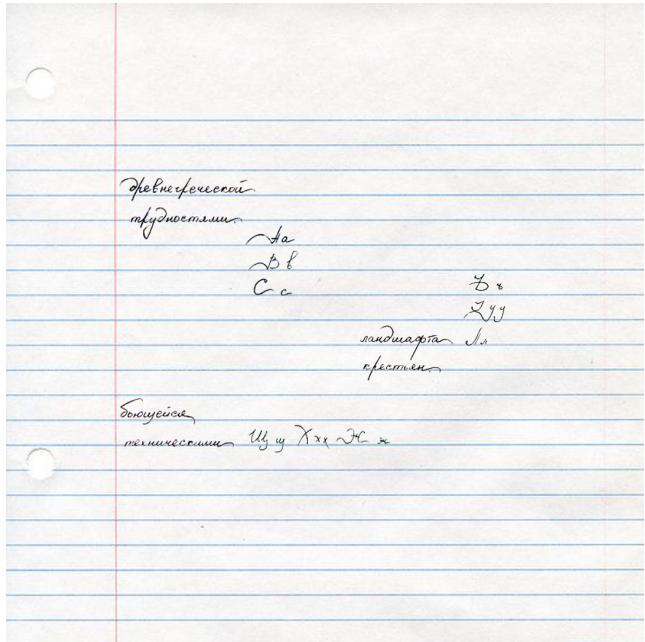
desktop, folder, file as body,
bone, blood



desktop, folder, file as snowman,
snowball, snowflake



desktop, folder, file as garden,
flower, seed



desktop, folder, file as language,
words, letters

Your friend comes up to you and hands you a gift. It looks like a shell, an oyster, a pearl. It rattles and clinks like a sparkle in a cave. Feet in the sand, toes curling, feeling the grain of seaglass, pumous, cracked shells. You both sink deeper with every new wave that crashes to shore drifting into the tide until you are ankle-deep together.

"You can open it," they say. "There's knowledge beyond just its physical form. Memories and feelings. All of what reminds me of you."

Lodged into the wetness of clay becoming colder, you still feel warmth together. You hold it to your heart and open the shell. It glimmers with light until you're transported to a memory from years ago. Just when you both were sitting at their mom's kitchen table yearning to finally get your license so you can both drive the 1 together along the California coast, tops down, salty air in your hair. Until now, you were both rooted on the opposite sides of the country. But because our world's connected like mycelium underneath the roots of our trees, you're together now, rooted like trees but with your feet in the sand.



this zine was made in collaboration with the
students of school for poetic
computation's digital love languages class
taught by melanie hoff,
lee beckwith, and alexa ann bonomo