

September 2019

vol 1

# HOW DID THIS HAPPEN???



how do i make it stop???

a zine by

Ray & Shay Daylami-Frost



# HOW DID THIS HAPPEN???

vol 1: how do I make it stop???

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September 2019

notch from  
losing a fight  
with a pair of  
clippers

always  
smoking

literally  
142 pounds  
soaking  
wet with  
boots on

will fuck  
you up  
with  
these  
claws

always  
wears  
Docs

# COYOTE UGLY

they/them pronouns





# DISCO NAILS

(THE CROW)

they/them pronouns

## The Pact

I stopped wanting to die when I got married;  
the suicidal ideations didn't stop  
—they just stopped feeling like tangible,  
viable options.  
getting married was a promise.  
"I will not kill myself, for you."

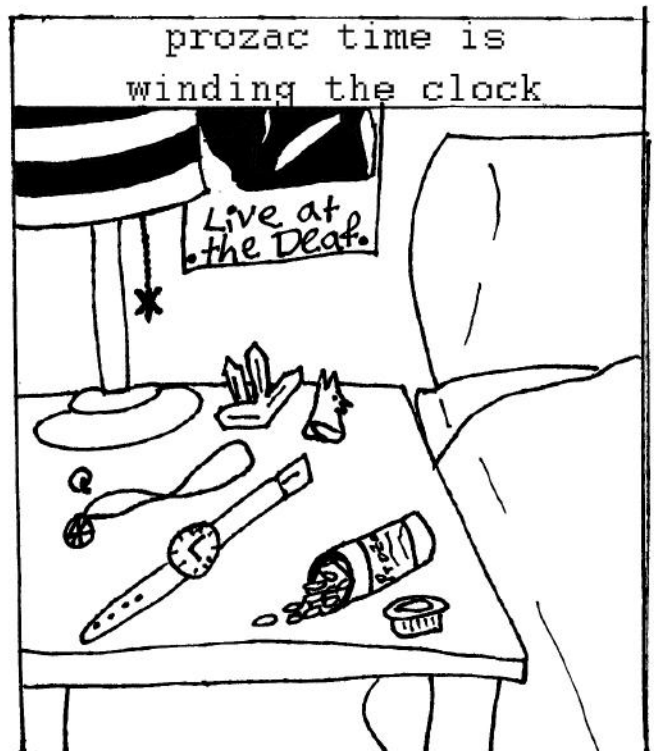
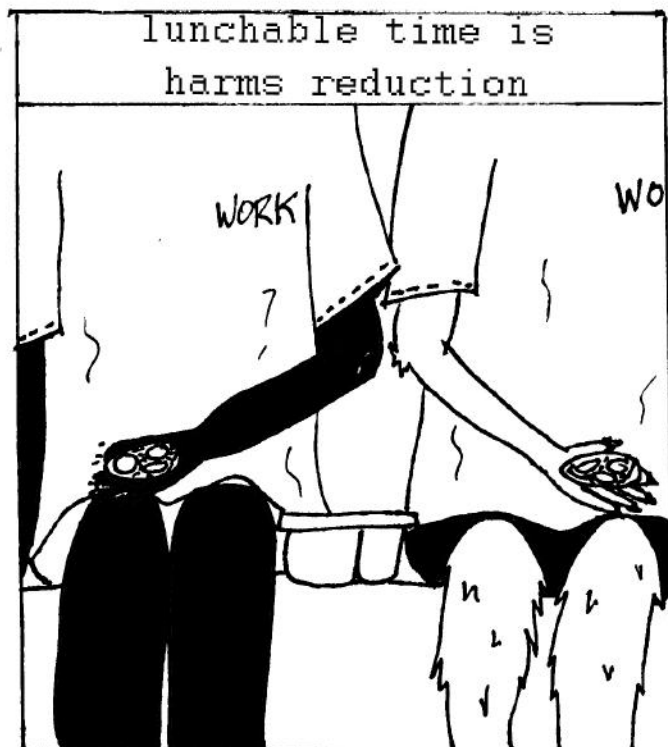
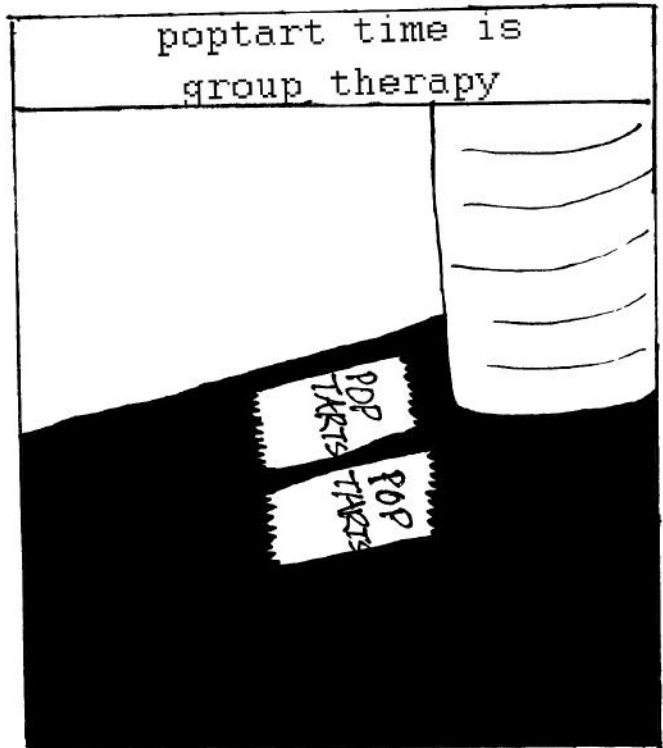
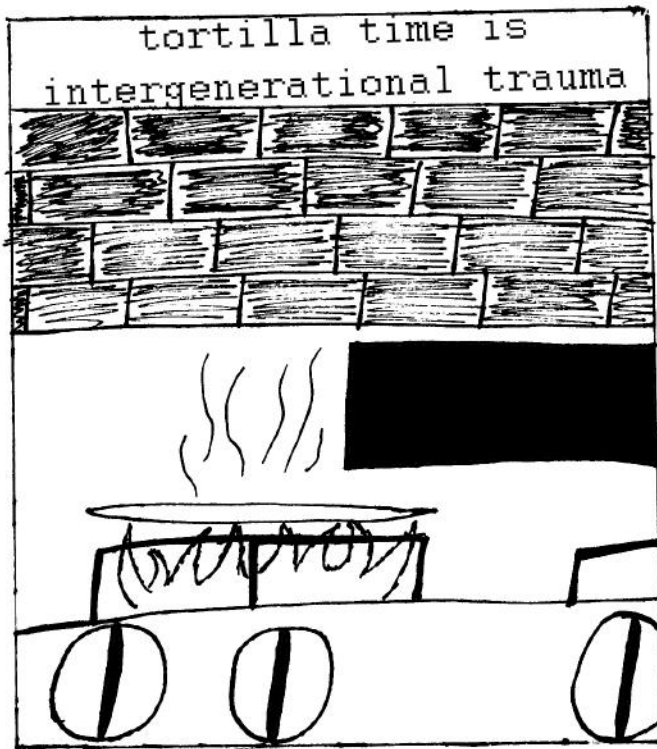
we're going out together,  
when the end has come for real.

ditch our bikes at the trailhead,  
wander out into our mountains,  
to a hard to reach spot in our pines, exhaling  
their vanilla perfume,  
one last cook, bent spoon handle hot in my  
fingers,  
one last prick and into the white hot  
oblivion,  
curled together, fingers entwined.

but not yet.  
there is still so much left to do.

we signed an oath on blue legal paper in my  
city of dreams,  
the anti-suicide pact.  
in the meantime, 'til death we do art.

# GOOD FOOD PART 1



## **Ink Therapy:**

### **Tattoos as an Alternative to Self-Harm**

When I got my first tattoo I expected pain.

I was prepared for the vibration,

the stab of the needle

being dragged across my flesh.

What surprised me was how identical

the sensation of being tattooed would be to

the sweet slice of a fresh razorblade.

But instead of a sting followed by blood--

cathartic flow, more than you meant,

frightening not in its quantity but in how much

you enjoy the sight--

the tattoo gun leaves a trail of

something meaningful in its wake.

Something worth having etched

indelibly into your skin

by a skilled and passionate hand.

Pain imbued with beauty.

The sting of the needle across my arm

satisfies my need to slice up my flesh

and the lines left behind give me the same sense

of control.

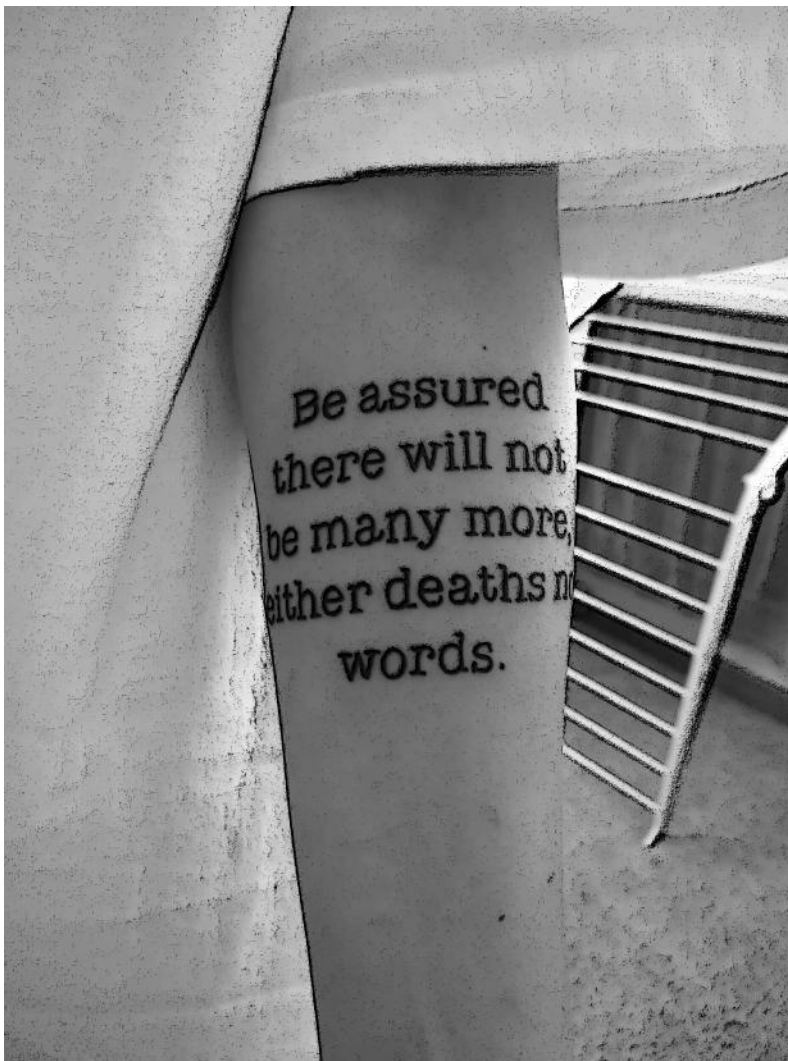
Ink therapy.

Tattoos as an alternative to self-harm.

It's cheaper than seeing a psychiatrist.



July 14, 2019



My B.S. Johnson quote is my "don't kill yourself" tattoo. It's my favorite line from my favorite book by my favorite author. "Be assured there will not be many more, neither deaths nor words." Don't worry, it will all be over soon anyway.

But it's so much more than that. When I first read *Christy Malry's Own Double-Entry*, I was coming

out of one of my worst depressive episodes and it was the first thing that made me genuinely happy in months. I devoured it in one afternoon, sitting in the gutter behind the English building. That line struck me as an encapsulation of the novel and also of the delightful futility of being alive.

When I was getting the tattoo, "Police Truck" came on the shop's radio. I thought it was the best omen that a song by my favorite band came on.

Until it was immediately followed by my favorite song by my favorite band. "Moon Over Marin." My "don't kill yourself" song. That song got me through many a dark night. Once it ended, I'd want to hear it again. So, I'd flip the record over and start from the beginning. I'd have to

keep living for the whole album just to see it again. Until I fell asleep or morning came and I had obligations. Over and over, spinning circles 'round the turntable. As it played as B.S. Johnson was etched into my arm, I laid still, smiling with tears in my eyes. It was a sign: choose life.



**HEY!!! You seem cool!!! Need some stickers to match???**




[etsy.com/shop/zeppystarduststudios](https://etsy.com/shop/zeppystarduststudios)

# HOT NEW TREND #identityshirts

WEAR YOUR HEART  
ON YOUR TEE!!!



inspired by a meme started by Lucy  
Knisley  @lucyknisley

## Balance

A permanent lump in my throat  
But even the hardest cry can be happy--  
The added hilarity of each lived day  
    seen through the lens of suicide  
I laugh very hard  
    because I'm very very sad

Chemicals in the brain good for little else  
besides maintaining a careful equilibrium  
between killing myself  
and seeing another reason to live  
in each petal of every flower  
and the shadows cast by birds in flight

The smile of a loved one who forgets  
for a moment that you're a dead man walking  
so the gesture is not tinged  
    with your contagion  
Sadness begets sadness  
    begets occasional delirious joy--  
laughing till you cry  
happy tears of sweet release



72 Hour Hold

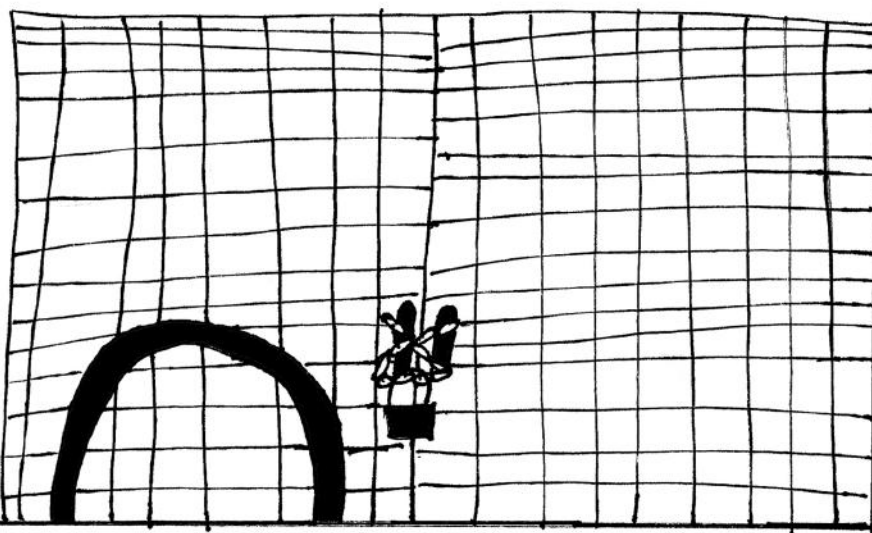


# COYOTE UGLY BUYS BUTTERFLY BANDAGES

bandages. bandages. gotta buy  
bandages. butterfly bandages.  
need butterfly bandages.  
bandages. bandages. bandages.  
butterfly bandages. gotta buy  
butterfly bandages. need some  
butterfly bandages. butterfly  
bandages. gonna be with the  
other ones. butterfly bandages.  
gotta buy some butterfly  
bandages. don't forget:  
butterfly bandages. butterfly  
bandages. butter-fly-band-ages.  
gotta get the fucking bandages.  
bandages. bandages. bandages.  
butter-fuck-fly-band-ages.  
bandages. gotta buy butterfly  
bandages. butterfly bandages.  
butterfly bandages. butterfly  
fucking bandages. fucking  
butterfly bandages. butterfly  
bandages. gotta get those  
butterfly bandages. butterfly



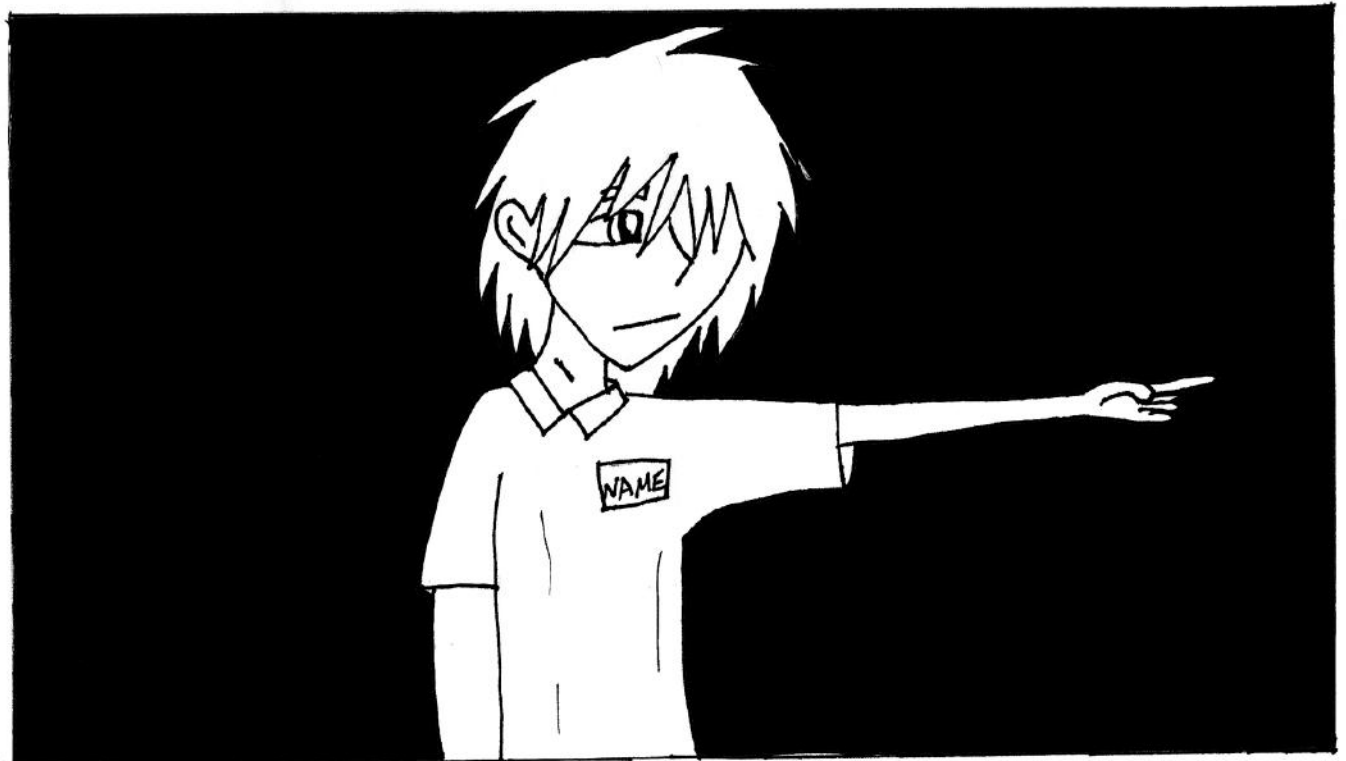
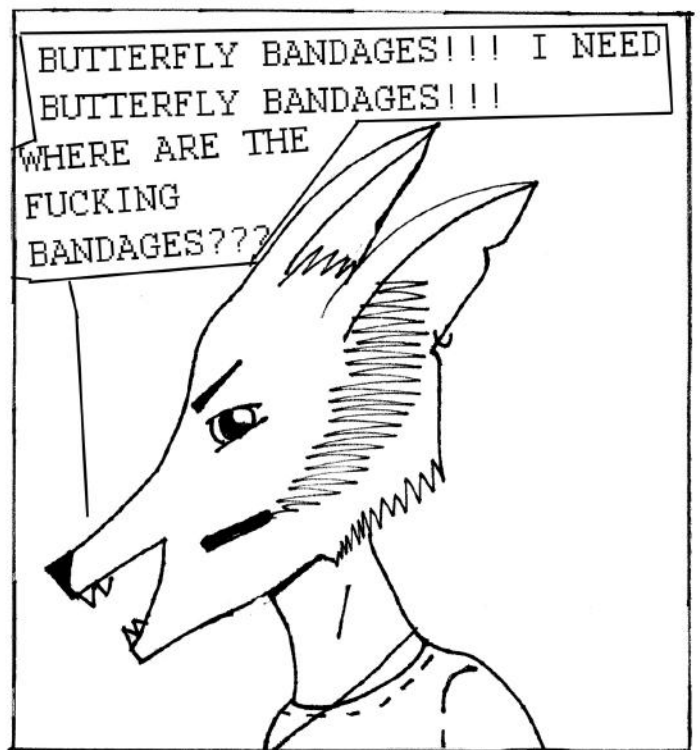
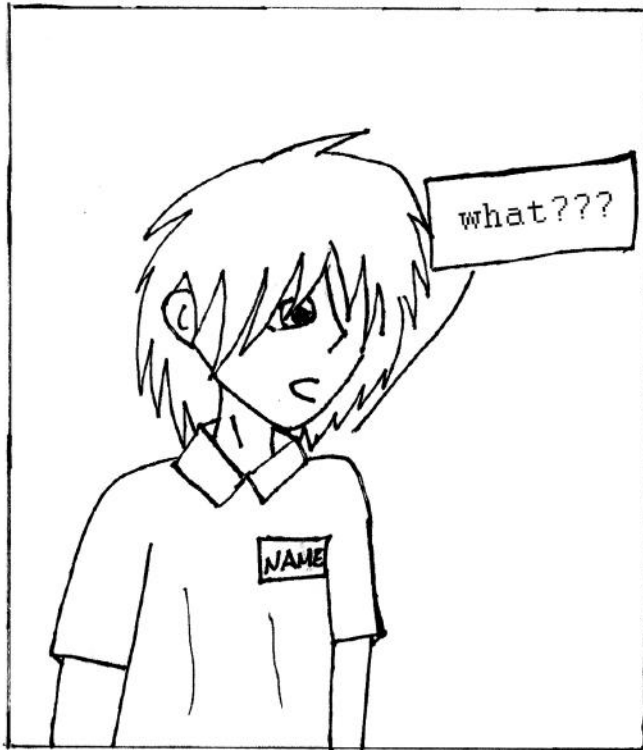
## Pharmacy



fuck. okay. bandages. gotta go  
somewhere else for bandages.  
butterfly bandages. grocery  
store??? grocery store. grocery  
store. bandages. gonna have  
something that will work.  
bandages. butterfly  
bandages. gotta get butterfly  
bandages. gotta get some  
butterfly bandages. it's gonna be  
okay. i've got this. bandages.  
bandages. butterfly bandages.  
gotta get butterfly bandages.  
what if grocery store doesn't  
have butterfly bandages?? gonna  
make it work. they're gonna have  
something i can handle this.











## Bronchitis and Broken Ribs

So, I went to the doctor after being sick for two weeks and it turned out that I had bronchitis with a little fluid in my lungs. I was pretty unbothered by it; I'd been going to work, riding my bike all over hell's halfacre in the pouring rain, smoking cigarettes. I vended at the Punk Rock Flea Market and had generally been up to my usual bullshit, albeit on DayQuil™. I just thought I had a cold. I thought I was fine. Is that because I'm tough or because I'm stupid?

I feel like if I'm at all realistic, this is how I'm going to die: I'll get sick and think I just have a cold and end up dying of pneumonia because I think I'm okay. When I found out that I had bronchitis, I felt both like a badass and an idiot; because I had been able to function so well, while being seriously ill; because I wouldn't have gone to a doctor at all if my partner hadn't gotten so sick after catching my "cold."

This incident made me think of the three broken ribs I have on my right side. The first time they were broken was in high school when I

got the fuck beat out of me for being a faggot. The second time was in a bar parking lot when my rapist's sister hit me with a two-by-four. The third was when my rapist came back for more and was surprised to find that, not paralyzed by GHB, I fought for my bodily autonomy—it was all I had left. The fourth was when my partner and I got into a hilarious inner tube accident in the Truckee River and we lost our sunglasses—but I didn't lose the ugly hat I'd borrowed from them. I only went to a doctor about it the first time; even then, there wasn't anything to be done about it, so I just went about my life as usual. When I broke them the fourth time, I got up the next morning, went to work and took thirty middle schoolers on a two mile hike in the hundred-and-ten degree heat.

By some stroke of luck, none of these incidents occurred during one of my actively suicidal episodes. Still, I cannot help but wonder if my general disregard for my health is just another manifestation of my tendency toward passive self-harm, passive suicidality. Really, how different is ignoring a painful cough for two

weeks from riding down the hill faster and more recklessly than I know I should? Maybe it's not so much that I'm tough or stupid but that my general apathy toward myself means that I don't care enough to mitigate my own suffering. Instead, I'll roll the dice, see if I live or die.

\*\*\*

"Yes, Cat"

I pick a piece of dead skin and flick it on the carpet.

The cat comes running.

Yes, Cat,

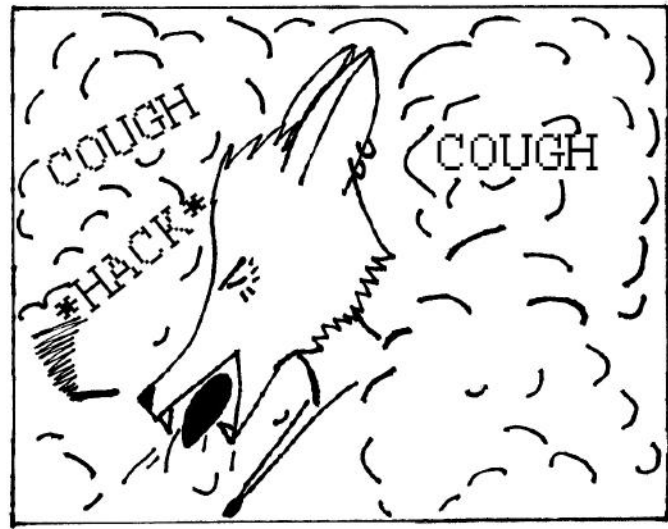
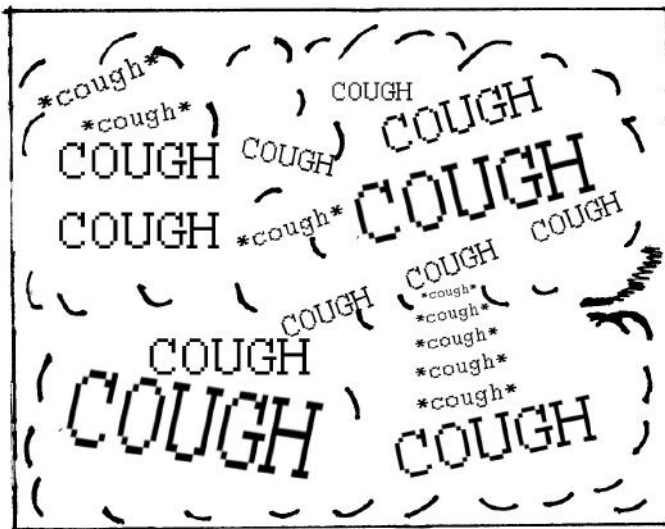
consume my flesh.

Develop a taste for it

so when I die you may feast

on my still warm carcass.

# COYOTE UGLY COUGHS UP A LUNG

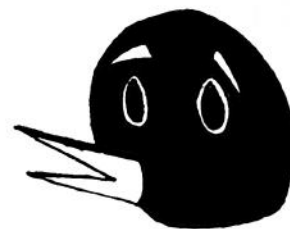




Boots



# Thanks for reading!!!





We hope you enjoyed our brain dribblings! If you liked this zine, share it with your friends. If you really liked it, consider telling them to buy a copy from our Etsy shop so we can keep making new issues. Follow your heart and maybe our socials!

Love,


Coyote Ugly & Disco Nails


**COYOTE UGLY**

 @raydaylamifrost

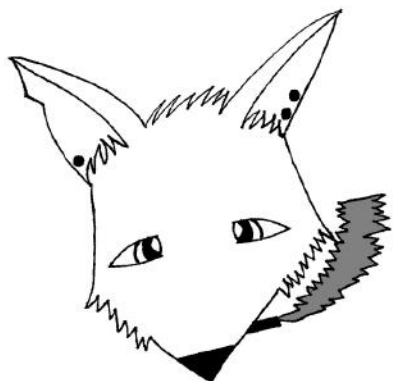
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**DISCO NAILS**

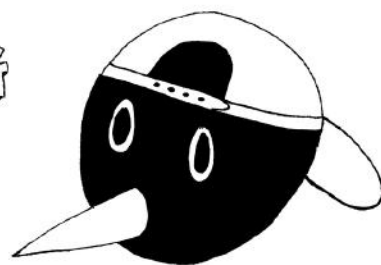
 @shaydaylami

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# GOT A LIFELONG CASE OF THE MORBS???



Then this might be the zine for you!!!  
*HOW DID THIS HAPPEN???* is a zine series  
written by a pair of queer desert  
dwellers with lifelong morbid  
depression. This series focuses on the  
hilarity of life that gets us through  
the day. Our first volume, *how do i  
make it stop???*, examines tattoos,  
self-harm, bikes, sickness, and cats,  
with a good dose of humor, fashion  
tips, and bad drawings to keep it  
light.



A Zeppy Stardust Studios  
Publication