

July 2021

vol 8

HOW DID THIS HAPPEN???



how could i love you less???

a zine by

Ray & Shay Daylami-Frost



*cover image is a scan of Ray's first block print

HOW DID THIS HAPPEN???

vol 8: how could I love you less???

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July 2021

LITTLE THINGS THAT ANNOY COYOTE UGLY



Disco drinking
their water



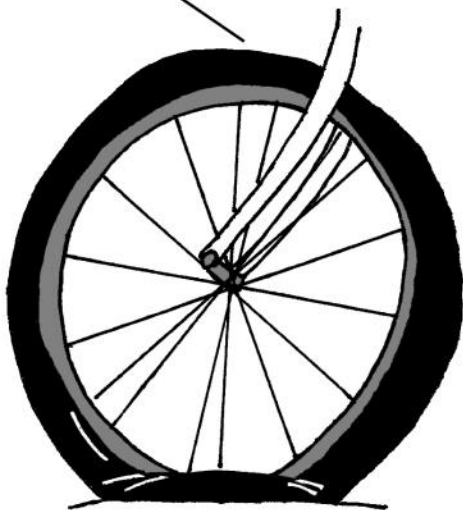
immediately dribbling
food on a freshly
washed shirt

getting somewhere
and realizing they
rode the whole way
with a strap
dangling in their
wheel



being (mis)gendered
as female

flat tires



excuse me,
ma'am

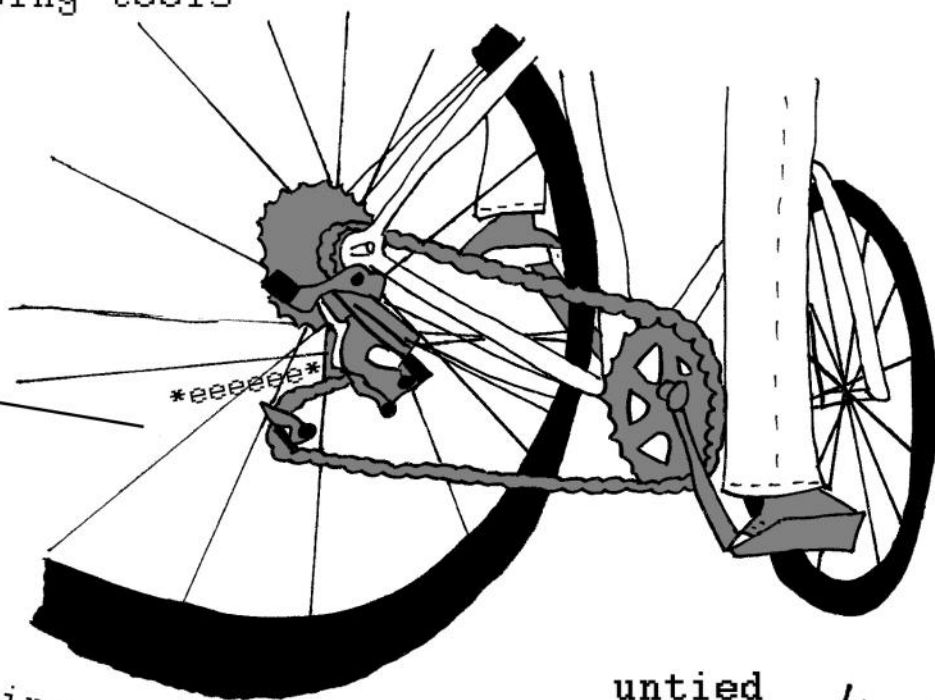
LITTLE THINGS THAT ANNOY DISCO NAILS



hangnails



squeaky bike chains



having a stuffy nose



untied shoes on other people



bike tours cure all

I woke up in the dirt next to friends and for the first time in six months didn't want to kill myself. Instead, my first thought was that I wanted to be up and riding before it got hot. I rolled onto my stomach to stretch my back and heard quiet careful footsteps approach me. I looked up and K [REDACTED], who planned the route and brought the three of us together, grinned and whispered "your sleeping bag says Disco!" That's how I know it's mine, har har.

I don't have a routine for camping mornings yet, but I woke up clear headed and happy, so I had almost no trouble loading up my bike for the second day of my longest two riding days ever. After my standby breakfast of cold soaked oats and coffee, I was ready to go.

Day two started with a short climb to a jaw dropping view across the Reese River Valley to the Toiyabe Range's Arc Dome Wilderness. Then it was a short drop down into the valley to follow Newe Road through the Yomba Reservation before climbing back into the Shoshone range. We rode up Ione Canyon to the town that refused to die, Ione: a near-ghost town plastered with private property and no trespassing signs. The playground was open, so C [REDACTED] and I tried out the swingset. Poor proprioception means nausea sets in fast on a swing, but being sensory seeking I always try it anyway. I got about two dozen swings in before I had to stop. A quick photo op on the way out of "town" and then we were back on the road we had ridden out on the day before.

The scenery on this trip was exactly the color palette that I can't capture faithfully in photographs. The Nevada sky is the bluest blue you'll ever see, and though the desert landscape is often described as bleak and barren and brown, the diversity of plant and animal and bug life represents more colors than I can even distinguish, let alone name. The scrubby pinyon and juniper trees that we woke up surrounded by may not be what most people picture when they think of a forest, but to me they are the perfect image of mountain greenery. And on top of it all, everything changes hue as the sun moves across the sky. This place is a feast for the senses, with plenty to see if you give your eyes a few moments to adjust. I typically favor loops over out-and-backs, but I have no good justification for that preference since the desert has a funny way of looking completely different when you go back the other way.

We crossed back through the Ione Valley on miles of rolling hills that had been tiring the day before but for me felt far more rideable in the other direction. I worked hard to build enough momentum going down them to make it up the next and for a long time I was leading the pack. Halfway across the valley I fished out my earbuds, music to ease the pain. Mostly to help me keep a rhythm and pass the time since we weren't close enough (or fresh legged enough) to be chatting at this point. I've never considered myself athletic, but my attitude might be slowly changing. I call myself a casual rider because I can't take anything seriously, not even the one thing that consistently saves me. Do I have to take it very

seriously to get seriously good at it? If I ride enough--which I intend to--I will get "good" at it. I'll get faster or fitter or whatever. I just want to ride my bike. I want to ride every day, every opportunity. I want to still ride like this when I'm 50, or 70--or 90?? If I make it that far. And I probably will, as long as I can keep riding.

I rode far beyond what I thought was my limit and afterward bounced happily into a tall barstool at a restaurant in the middle of nowhere, Middlegate, NV. I squashed my anxiety down enough to order and even approached the bar to ask for more water, which seems insignificant but for me was a fairly huge indicator of improving mental health. I stayed calm the entire drive home until USA Pkwy, where the interstate turns twisty. I was even able to unload my bike the same night, and woke up Monday morning without the crushing dread that usually comes with a new week.

This time it was like a switch. It's been three days and I'm still doing okay. It's hard not to worry about the next time, fretting over how little time I might have left before each day is a struggle again. But this time, like last time, like next time . . .

I just have to keep pedaling.

ZEPPY vs. MECHANICAL MONSTERS



Working Class Loser

back on the diet of a teenage junkie
I can't stomach much more than poptarts and ramen,
coffee and cigarettes

my life is a stack of overdue library books
I've been meaning to read
but haven't had the time

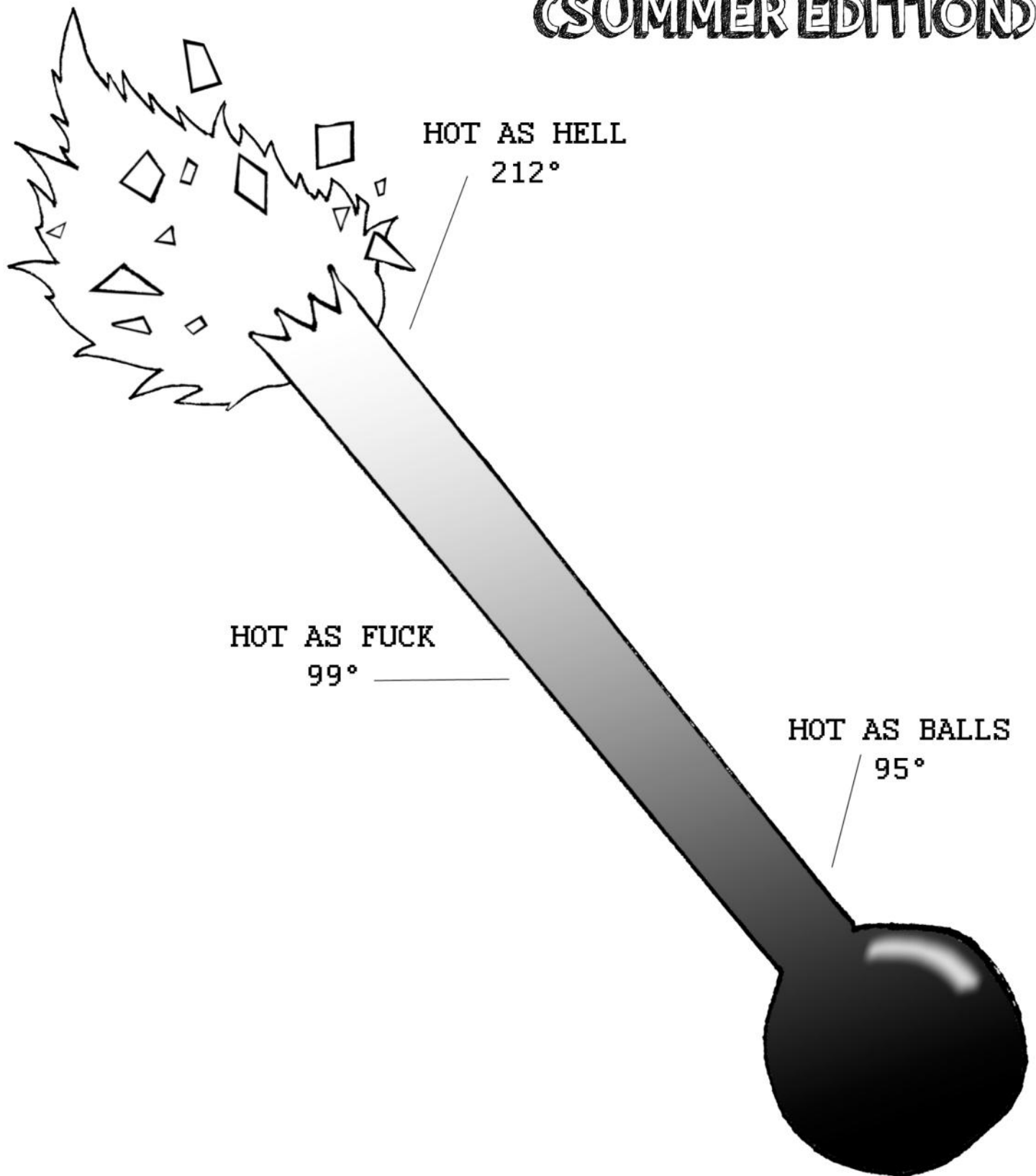
my life is an unlubed bike chain
squeaking with every pedal stroke

my life is waiting for the mail
in hopes of hearing from a friend
or getting some trinket to bring me momentary joy

underfed and underdressed,
I careen down the hill, chaotic and reckless,
unprepared for a world that wasn't made for me

COLLOQUIAL TEMPERATURE GUIDE

(SUMMER EDITION)



*"Hot as Balls" temperature based on the average internal temperature of human testicles.
"Hot as Fuck" temperature based on the average temperature human bodies rise to during sex.
"Hot as Hell" temperature is the boiling point of human blood, assuming that the boiling river of blood in Circle 7, Ditch 1 of Dante's *Inferno* is the hottest part of Hell.

birthday boy

Spring air

warm

but thick with pollen and heavy in my lungs

Blue sky

bright azure directly overhead

muddled with haze around the edges

Buds bloom

fragrant

mixing with the pungent aroma of alleys

overflowing with hot garbage

Pale skin

exposed for the first time in months

reddens with the first burn of the season

New life

emerging from the cold

my life carries on, each day just like the last

Whatever this year holds, I'm not ready--

but time and tide and all that jazz.

A privilege it is to pass the time

ROADKILL OBITUARY

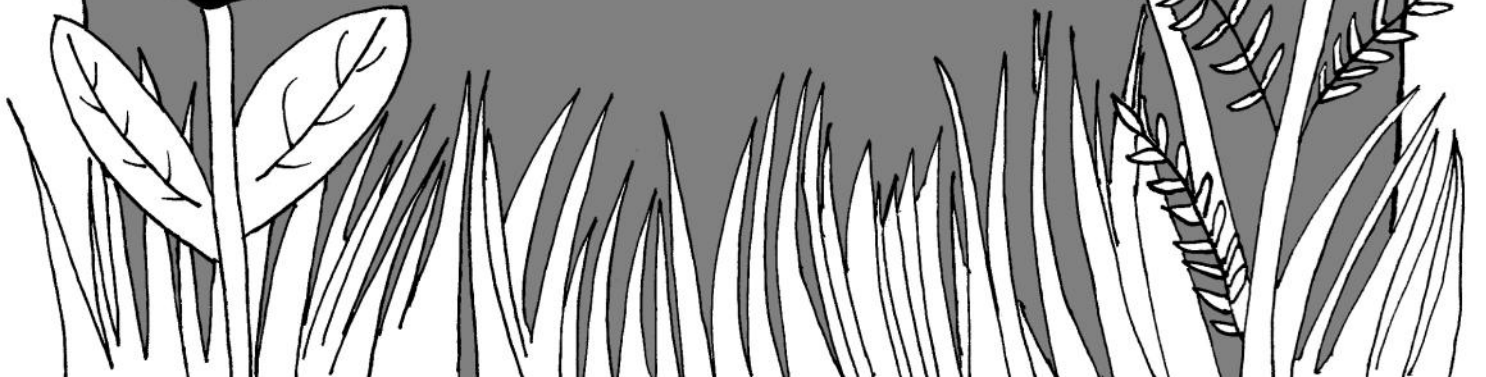


Big Beautiful
Raccoon

May 4, 2021

he was in the
bike lane
he should have
been safe

he had a
family he will
be missed



How can I say a prayer for a friend who doesn't believe in god?

But then again, *I* don't believe in god and I've prayed for myself plenty.

At my lowest, I've begged for an end, for an atheist's death, for nothing and to not exist;
At my highest, uttered thanks for the blood in my veins with every breath.

I've willed the universe to continue in its current trajectory

And cried out for the strength to continue in mine.

The act is grounding and the words are more a statement of my own intention than an actual appeal to any higher power--

Still, I would feel strange praying for someone whose dogma is science.

The Eye

The smell of rain heavy in my nostrils
wet from the inside out in my hand-me-down slicker
over-prepared for a desert storm that teased
with a few cold drops and dark clouds so low
that they settled on top of me like a blanket
flung into place
on an unmade bed.

My snake's tongue tasting the moisture in the
air--

the child in me looked for puddles--
the constant fear I feel should have had me braced
for a lightning strike
but, uncharacteristically, I was calm.

Pedaling between the drops
senses full and mind blessedly empty
for a handful of miles
I was free of myself.

Only in an environment as harsh as this
can a storm bring such complete peace.
Which is the more unforgiving landscape,
without or within?

HAVING A DIAGNOSIS IS PRETTY COOL

before



after



Killin' Time (Part 2)

on Monday, I cleaned and listed things on eBay and started some embroidery and walked to Maverick for some chips

on Tuesday, I donated some clothes and figured out my screen exposure problem and taught a kid's class

on Wednesday, I took some scraps to the textile recycler and taught an embroidery class

on Thursday, my partner and I had dinner with a friend

on Friday, I stayed home and drew

and the next week came and I went to a bike repair clinic and got a vaccine booster and taught another class

and I sent letters to my friends and read library books and saved vinyl scraps in a sandwich bag and rode my bike and cleaned the litter box and cooked and bandaged cut shins and packed and unpacked and took the garbage out and fucked the person I married and opened the windows and printed t-shirts and put stickers on the backs of signs and sat down by the river and looked for open public bathrooms and licked the spoon and came to love the color blue and tuned in to my Release Radar and Discover Weekly and found songs I loved and songs I hated and cut the cat's nails and closed the blinds and drank cheap beer and took my pills and mended clothes and smoked and killed

spiders and repotted aloe vera pups and paced and researched coyotes and lost my yellow bandana and watched the sun set and planted a garden and drew pictures of flowers and made comic books and cried sitting on the concrete by the bike rack and stapled zines and learned to block print and bought stamps and scratched my scalp and painted my eyelids with glitter and kissed my friends and listened to the highway on summer nights and ate Taco Bell and pissed behind bushes and burned clove-scented candles and remembered how to paint a damn good cut-in and baked a carrot cake on my birthday and got tattooed and tied my flannel to my waist and waited...

...so long I forgot what I was waiting for.



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, please consider supporting us on Buy Me a Coffee or purchasing 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


DISCO NAILS

 @shaydaylami

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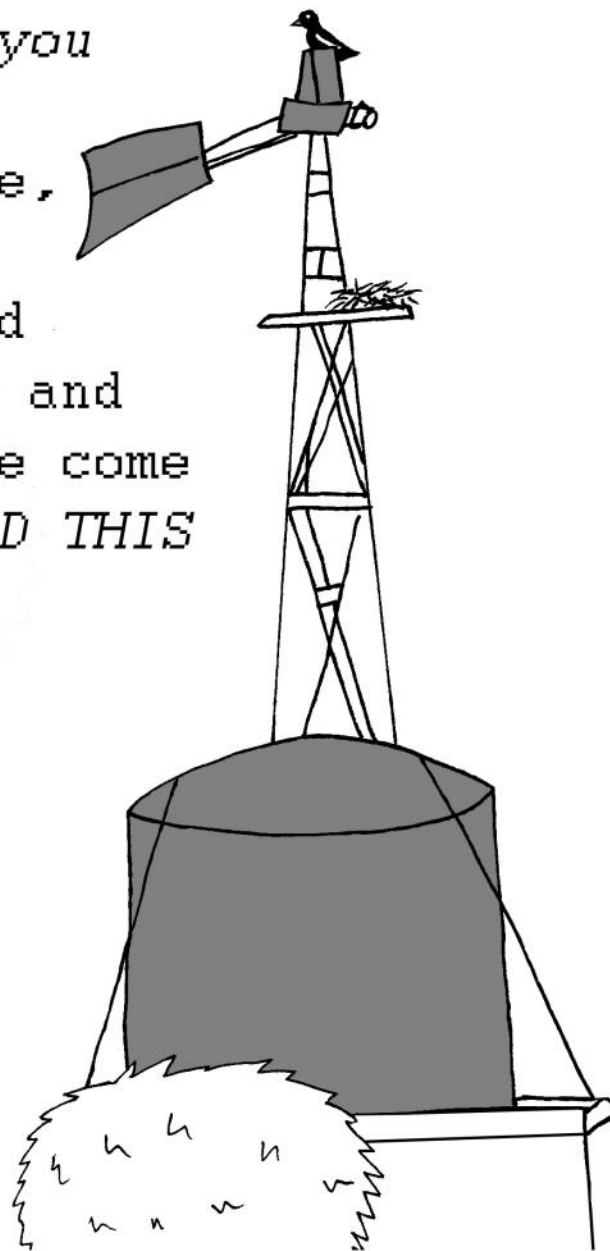
#howdidthishappenzine



"IN SPRING WE CAME ALIVE AND WE LOST OUR MINDS..."

We're back with a summer issue
to chronicle some of our
adventures from this spring!!!

volume 8 *how could i love you
less???* contemplates bike
tours, how we pass the time,
roadkill, being diagnosed
with a chronic illness, and
prayer with the dark humor and
strange perspectives you've come
to know and love in *HOW DID THIS
HAPPEN???*



A Zeppy Stardust Studios
Publication