

(noise, please, shut up.)

you are reading this you are not listening behind read this zine, this is

are warping the pages v these pages are crea

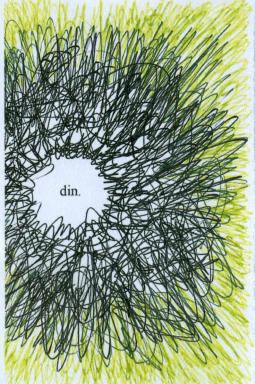
and screaming for your hands;

for your

does your skin feel lik does the sound crawling zine, right now to the conversation you.

a zine. your fingers with your cold sweat. king and weeping and breaking for your eyes.

e it belongs to you? through your teeth?



it does not. none of this is yours. do you think you own a thing?



i am making this
in silence, and everything
around me is very loud,
and i am getting sweat
on the pages.

my ears are not my
own, your voice echoes
in them without a
moment to breathe.

my lungs are yours!

i am yours. (regretfully) read this zine.

it is yours. my voice is loud in your head so now you are mine.

i am yours. let's switch ears. I WANT YOUR

shut up. give it to me &

please, for a second, let your eyes be

let your eyes be

watch a body move, so full of noise and silent.

THIS IS THE WRONG SIDE.