



(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.
aking and weeping
and breaking
for your eyes.
ears.

e it belongs to you?
g through your teeth?



din.

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

why?
why?

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
D I N .

shut up. give it to me &
SHUT UP!

please, for a second,
let your eyes be

silent.



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

THIS IS THE WRONG SIDE.