

theres a light at the end at the tunnel run towards it

WILDFIRE



OUR FANTASY

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harmonius
frequencies

ISSUE 00

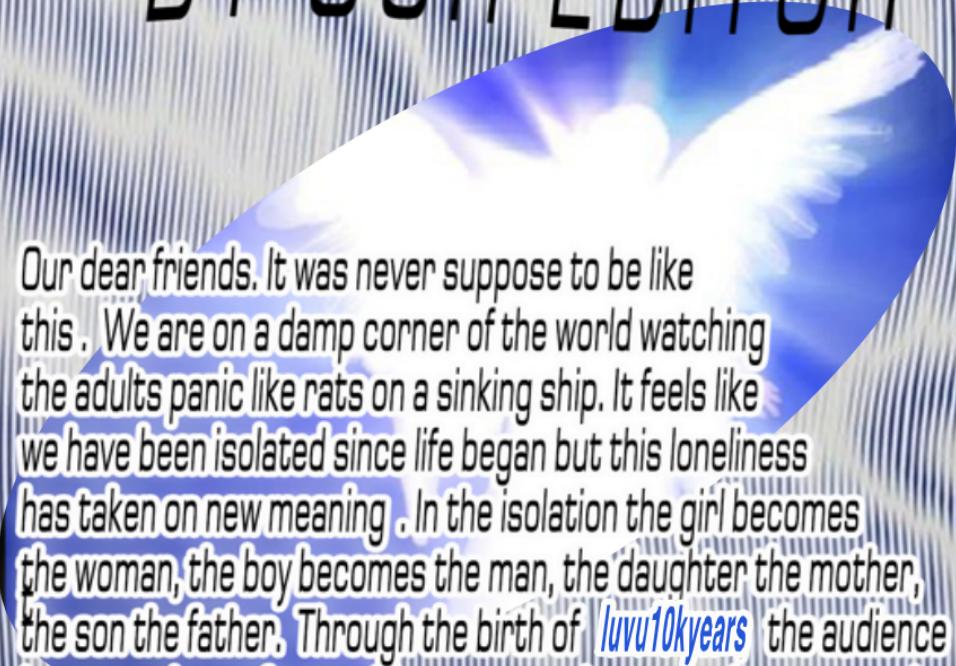


an ode to collectivism , a heartfelt goodbye to our world before
and hope for the future

87 896 5669 4663

06.22

A WORD BY OUR EDITOR



Our dear friends. It was never suppose to be like this . We are on a damp corner of the world watching the adults panic like rats on a sinking ship. It feels like we have been isolated since life began but this loneliness has taken on new meaning . In the isolation the girl becomes the woman, the boy becomes the man, the daughter the mother, the son the father. Through the birth of [luvu10kyears](#) the audience becomes the performer. The consumer becomes the consumed. What was once invisible becomes a marvel so bright its impossible to look away. Fill your soul with the energy to keep moving, the hope for a new future and a LOVE FOR YOUR WORLD!

THE 5 LAWS OF BOUNDAries

1. The law of sowing and reaping: letting people face the consequences of their own actions – reaping what they sow, in order to learn and grow on their own, enforcing consequences for people who disrespect boundaries.

3. the law of power: it is human to want other people to change, but we cannot change others, we can only change ourselves

4. the law of respect: respect goes both ways. "if we learn to love and respect people who tell us no, they will begin to love and accept our no as well ... our concern with others should not be "are they doing exactly what I want them to do?" but "do they really have a free choice?"

5. the law of motivation: "a gift must be given out of free choice." this requires that we make our choices based on our values and not out of fear (of disapproval, rejection, loneliness, shame, guilt, disappointing others). when we say yes, we must make sure that our motives are right, or we may resent it later. this does not mean only saying yes when we "feel like it" – we still may choose to do things uncomfortable/painful for us, but the choice is based on love and responsibility, not fear.



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becomes real



REJECTED

We regret to inform you. Rejected. We have decided to take another route. Rejected. Your application has been denied. Rejected. We loved your portfolio but...Rejected. You did not make the final...Rejected. After reviewing your application. Rejected. We invite you to apply with us again. Rejected. We are unable to currently offer you...Rejected. After intense deliberation we unfortunately...Rejected. We regret to inform you. Rejected. We have decided to take another route. Rejected. Your application has been denied. Rejected. We loved your portfolio but...Rejected. You did not make the final...Rejected. You did not re-reviewing your application. Rejected. READ THIS TILL YOU BECOME NUMB.

FORMAL REJECTION SHOULD NEVER DEBILITATE YOUR DESIRE TO KEEP TRYING. WHY IS ONES TO THOUSANDS DENIAL OF YOU A FRAME OF FAILURE? WHAT IS TRULY LOST FROM MERE LETTERS OF DISSENT? HOW HAS ANY REJECTION STRIPPED YOU OF NOTHING BUT YOUR PRIDE? PRIDE, A RESTRICTIVE ENCOMPASSING FORCE AS GROUNDING AS GRAVITY, BUT EVEN GRAVITY NO LONGER HOLDS US DOWN WHEN WE REACH BEYOND THE REALM OF OUR ATMOSPHERE. STRIP THE PRIDE THAT FORCES US TO REMAIN AMONGST THE SOIL OF THOSE THAT INTERNALIZE THE DISAPPROVAL OF ANOTHER AS A REFLECTIVE MIRROR OF YOUR SELF WORTH. THE DIRECTION OF THE LETTERS DISMISSIVE INTENT FALL SHORT AGAINST THE SECURITY OF YOUR FUTURE ASCENT.

INSIDE OUTNESS

Jessica gives me a chill pill

I keep waking up in different beds and in this same body. I have to say this right away so you know it didn't start with limbs slackened, hair oily, a cruelty towards the sun. It started in the backseat of Jessica's Pepto-dismal truck. She tied my hair back with rubber bands when the freeway passed clean through us.

Jessica says I can feel like a cherry blossom tree wobbling under lightning. Jessica has a forehead scar from the deep end of a pool. I ask Jessica what drowning feels like and she says not everything feels like something else.

angie sijun lou



The ever accelerating forces of climate change are fast approaching and with it comes the intensification of every sorrow and every plight to exist on this wretched earth. The ever growing number of climate refugees, american imperialist invasions and resource wars are on the rise as well as the intensification of racial, class, gender and sexual disparities. There is no end in sight for the atrocities that lay ahead. And there might have been a time where we all thought to ourselves that the revolution would be inevitable, with enough of us left unfed and unentertained we would have no choice but to confront the raging realities of capitalism and finally rise up.



But the more we educate ourselves on the insidious natures of late stage capitalism the wearier we get. The realizations of data mining, digital colonialism and the shape shifting abilities of colonial empires crushes our hopes of ever escaping this cycle of suffering. And so without a revolution, without a fight, we see the inevitable slip into facism on the horizon and ask ourselves what now? Now is all we have. In a sense it's almost liberating to materialize death within our lifetime - to have it do what it couldn't in its natural form which is offer us the urgency and knowingness to live unapologetically in the fullest extent of this existence. The full breadth of human experience is limited and for your sake we hope you explore it well before the spectacle of its death swallows you whole.

deforestation is suicide
deforestation is suicide



i
till im cant sleep till im not me

HARMONIOUS



FREQUENCIES

TILL I CANT BREATHE TILL I CANT

AFTER A PERSON DIES YOU FIND WHAT IS LEFT BEHIND. A DRESS, A MAGAZINE POSTER,A CUPBOARD. THE DISCARDED ARTIFACTS THAT REMAIN LONG AFTER A BODY DISAPPEARS. WHAT OBJECTS MAKE UP A LIFE? THE SPOUSE OF A DECEASED DJ BRINGS HER CORSETS TO A VINTAGE RESALE STORE. HER VIVIENNE WESTWOOD CORSETS ARE BOUGHT AND BECOME SCATTERED ACROSS NYC. A WORKWEAR DRESS FROM 1850 IS CUT INTO AN APRON A FEW LATER AND A SMALL OUTFIT FOR A HANDMADE DOLL A FEW AFTER THAT AND THEN A RAG. THE RAG IS SEWN TOGETHER WITH OTHER RAGS WITH THE INTENTION OF BECOMING A QUILT THEN FORGOTTEN AND ABANDONED. THE RAG PARTS REMAIN IN AN ATTIC UNTIL AN OLD WOMAN DIES AND ANOTHER WOMAN GOES TO AN ESTATE SALE IN 2015 BUYS IT AND SELLS IT IN HER SHOP IN MASSACHUSETTS FILLED WITH MANY ANTIQUE QUILTING SQUARES. THE SQUARES COMPOSED OF MANY RAG PARTS THAT ONCE MADE UP MANY DRESSES . MANY LIVES. YOU BUY THE QUILTING SQUARE . HER HISTORY. YOU GO HOME AND SCAN THE QUILTING SQUARE AND LOOK AT YOUR COMPUTER SCREEN . THE FRAGMENTS THAT MAKE UP A ONCE LIFE. WHO WAS SHE? AND HOW DID SHE ONCE EXIST? NOT FAMOUS, BUT WHO DECIDES WHO ITS IMPORTANT ? HERE LIES THE REMAINS OF WHAT ONCE WAS. WE DO NOT KNOW WHO

i feel like i could dive right into your arms

i like

i feel

i fell

i live

i feel

i like

i fell cold

i feel like i could die

i could die

you

you

right into your arms

in you

right you

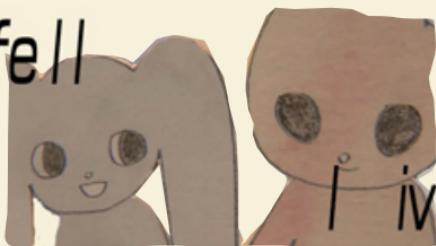
to you

in your arms

in your arms

your

s



A BIG THANK YOU TO OUR
WONDERFUL CONTRIBUTORS!

A SINCERE THANKS TO
ALL OUR READERS!

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