Throughout my time, I have constantly felt caught up in contradictions. There are so many traditional ways to interpret what happens that it becomes easy to just adopt them rather than have the character to ask: “what is the motivation behind being told to think about things in this way?”. These traditions we have inherited make it arduous or even impossible to make sense of the more complex facets of life, such as identity. By choosing these well-worn paths of thought, we foreclose the ability to think about things from multiple vantage points and even prevent ourselves from perceiving the features of what it means to exist in this world. The dominant narratives of anti-queerness, racism, sexism and classism all suffocate us until they are the only means through which we craft our thoughts.

The way that histories are communicated to us inform what we think of as possible and impossible. The artificial bifurcations of poetics/politics, vulnerability/strength, and passion/logic define how we think about ourselves, each other, and the interactions between us. However, just because these borders exist to some, does not mean we must live our lives mending fences we didn’t even ask to be built.

It is a choice to be open to new perspectives.
It is a choice to be complacent in old ones.
But above all, it is a choice to define who you are and which perspectives you engage the world with.

Always yours,

Natalie Willoughby
Wetlands Magazine provides an inclusive, accessible, critical and safe form for students to amplify marginalized voices and facilitate mutual education through the celebration of intersectional art, poetry, literature, performance, and advocacy on the University of Puget Sound campus.
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Cole by Quin Severo
Quin Severo is a senior here at Puget Sound and just recently started delving into digital art this past summer- which all of her work results from. She used old photos as the bases and builds upon them, calling this new medium “rewarding in its endless possibilities.”
Existence by Mushawn Knowles

you don’t have to
hide anymore love
you can come out
and play
you don’t have to
pry anymore love
you can just exist
today
seeking
through the looking glass
as you reflect
on the pass of days
a constant metamorphic
a never ending masquerade
it’s already within
no matter what you portray
the pressure
ever so grueling
please
go at your own pace
even when it hurts
untitled by Sophia Sangervasi
Misperception
by Marlowe Moser
i’d be obscuring the truth
if i said this wasn’t hard
be patient with me
i get delicate in the fall
especially the winter
i don’t mean to be complex and closed off
during this season
i must be misery because i love company
even when it hurts
untitled
by Anonymous

HAVE SPACE SUIT WILL TRAVEL

Extraordinary

HUMAN

AGAINST THE GRAIN
Anthony by Quin Severo
I’m Done
by Sophia Sangervasi
La última vez que te vi fue en el desierto.
Nos susurrábamos el uno al otro sentados en la tierra roja,
y todo lo que nos rodeaba era tan quieta.

Rasgaste el suéter en un arbusto nudoso — nunca fuiste muy cuidadoso.
Había pasado dos años con tu cabeza sobre mi hombro,
pero últimamente comenzó a doler.
La nieve comenzó a caer.
Mis dedos estaban fríos dentro de tus manos cálidas, como siempre.

No podía respirar.

Esta mañana la luz brillante perezosamente se volvió opaca,
retrocediendo sus dedos de las profundidades de mi cuarto.
La niebla pesada trepó a través de ramas caídas y piedras musgosas.
Silenciaría tus pasos si viniste a encontrarme.

¿Vendrás?

Florecí en tu ausencia;
Crecí sola en la primavera.
Encendí un fuego para mantenerte cómoda sin ti cuando la luz se va.

Demasiado pronto podré ver mi respiración en el aire.
Witching Hour
by Julia Obbart

Head in the Clouds
by Julia Obbart
heartfelt by Mushawn Knowles

maybe tears are to wash our hands
after all the hard work
we’ve done
digging beneath
surface level
bitterbland cortados and seltzer
at my favorite cafe
no words
loose dogs
invisible twine binds us
our lives
together
intertwined
chin nestled on the tailgate
such precious cargo
wondering when i’ll return
waiting to be free again
roaming
with no destination
the crows give me hope
feathered beaches
just lovers exploring old homes

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