WETLANDS
MAGAZINE
FALL 2022

GENERATION TO GENERATION
Cover Statement

“Dad” by Chloe Knopf
cmyk photo screen print

The original source image was taken by my grandfather, of my dad as a child. Using an image taken by grandfather was a full-circle moment for me, as making art with my grandpa when I was young played a large roll in my foundational appreciation of art and me seeking out an education in art.
Editor’s Note

Aurora Schneider

Last spring, when I heard my friend mention in passing that there were efforts happening to get Wetlands up and running after its COVID-long sabbatical, I had no idea what they were talking about. Upon learning what Wetlands used to be (and had the potential to be again), however, I knew immediately that I just had to be a part of its revival. From that day forward, I did everything that I could to ensure that I would be involved in the future of this incredible organization. I met with ASUPS officials, I talked with other media heads, and I ignored everyone who told me that reviving Wetlands would be an unenjoyable and soul-crushing job.

Because of the nature of the UPS student body, an organization like Wetlands is absolutely essential as a space that allows people to be seen, heard, and surrounded by others who both validate and challenge their ideas. I truly believe that Wetlands is well on its way to becoming this space and I have so many people to thank for helping me make it so. My fellow heads of media have been invaluable as they have celebrated with me at every milestone, encouraged me when I have had setbacks, and inspired me with their commitment to their respective medias. My dedicated and talented student leaders have come together to create a team that not only works for the success of Wetlands, but also for the success of each other; you make the work that I do so much more enjoyable. My general staff has contributed so many wonderful ideas and consistently have the most brilliant conversations that I truly enjoy listening to; I look forward to each and every one of our meetings. Finally, the greater student body has contributed so much with each and every submission; I thank you all for your help in the process of reviving Wetlands and I sincerely hope that you enjoy what we have all created.
We as members of Wetlands want to preface to the reader that this issue contains potentially triggering topics. Our goal as a publication is to honor choices made by the artists to use the language and visuals that best serve and express themselves. That means we do not censor reclaimed violent language just because it is uncomfortable. That being said, we have exercised our best judgment to flag content for potential triggers so our readers can engage with the magazine in the way that best suits them.

All potentially triggering content will be marked with this symbol: என்றுஅடைத்ததும்
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All potentially triggering content will be marked with this symbol: ⚠️
Golden Girl
D.L.A

I'm in love with a girl named Lenore.
She is older than me,
Beautiful,
A collage of aesthetics.
Her strawberry blonde hair falls in perfect curls,
Her cheeks always flushed,
Her under eyes never marred by dark circles.
Freckles splatter her face like paint
She likes to paint,
She has time to paint.
    She has time to write.

Lenore lives in the golden hour,
Takes ballet classes
Every saturday,
Teaches English
At the local high school,
Goes on walks
With her cat,
And tends her garden.

Lenore is an author.
Stories flow from her
Like water from a river,
Like juice from a ripe peach
Just bitten.
She is goddess of the page,
Mother of worlds.
Lenore is steady,  
And she is always with me,  
Her heart beating in time with mine.  
She is known by no one,  
Other than me.  
She lives behind my eyes,  
Behind my name,  
Dormant.  
I don’t know if I will ever meet her,  
But I would like to.
Every winter dad would build an ice rink in our backyard, where Jack and I would skate past dark each puck drop invariably ending in a fight illuminated by a bright porch light, with rosy cheeks and sweaty hair even after promising to play fair. Dad waited till he felt

just the right amount of leaves crunch under his old REI hiking boots, much older than me, like so much else he refused to replace, a John Deere riding mower or the silver racing bike, they didn’t work right but it wasn’t in his nature to let go.

His mallet slammed the plastic stakes through the grassy bounty of green lake county slowly hardening to cold westerly winds. one year, dad started too late, so we sat in the biting winds, warming my ten 10-year-old toes, in boots beneath the snow. pounding plastic into frozen ground, not breathing a word till our mallet’s head broke loose from its handle followed by curses from cold lips.
Wood boards made the rectangle,  
painted only by my mind  
our backyard was a real rink,  
an arena beneath winter sky  
where we were backyard Gretzkys  
brotherly rivals, carving memories beneath us as we skate  
late beneath porch light, cold creeping through  
thin hockey gloves, playing on  

I think we knew the ice  
was dad’s labor of love,  
his way of showing us what we found difficult to say  

Ted Williams Card  
Andrew Benoit  

My mom took me and my brother with our report cards  
goods store where they gave discounts to kids with real  
good grades.  
Jack had just finished the sixth grade  
and I was two days done with the third  
he was just old enough to care  
about the skates and the bats and the balls but I paid them  
no mind.  
The important part was the card corner where you could  
find the most beautiful baseball cards in the whole wide  
world. Players’ faces seemed to sparkle  
off the cardboard, even the ones  
in the box labeled used.  
My brother bought a new hockey stick
with his hard-won straight As
but my eye was on a greater prize,
the Ted Williams card sitting
on the top display.
I didn’t care that it was a cheap reprint for a player I barely knew,
that card called out to me.
But when I showed the man
at the register
the results on my report card
he shook his head
and put the card back on display.

**Artist’s Statement - Above**
“Backyard Gretzkys” looks back on the often rocky relationship I
had with my father through one of my fondest annual memories -- a
backyard hockey rink. Sometimes when I’m back home and mowing
the lawn I think I can see an outline in the grass of the place the rink
would be, reminding me of the good times I had in the bitter cold of
the Chicago suburbs. “Ted Williams Card” similarly outlines my rela-
tionship with my mother through a beloved annual tradition.

**Artist’s Statement - Across**
At the national, major league level, a professional baseball player in
the United States has a nation’s eyes on him. We watch because we
depend on his success and failure. A pitcher has a special weight on
his position. Before the ball flies, anticipation grips the spectators.
To make this print, I used a photo taken by Mitchell Layton in 2016 for
Getty Images Sport as a reference.
with his hard-won straight As but my eye was on a greater prize, the Ted Williams card sitting on the top display. I didn’t care that it was a cheap reprint for a player I barely knew, that card called out to me. But when I showed the man at the register the results on my report card he shook his head and put the card back on display.
Mid-March Migration
Sara Orozco

First there was dirt,
Still some houses lack a pathway
Paved to form a side street
Mud clings to heels, heels attached to feet
That stomp and smash and pound
Turning plums into jam
Against the harsh concrete
They burst on the surface
Leaving trails of blood red flow
Following the hills and valleys
Between stones and the mortar
That holds it whole and sturdy,
Deeper cracks reveal displaced
Earth where roots radicalize
Dirt and break way, meeting
Conflict with the bricks
Above, with all the time
Of a tree it takes to break
Concrete and make of it
A fleet of foreign pieces,
Where today
It is soaked in precipitation’s
Libations for the meek
Humble snail, from out of the grass he come
Searching for peaceful passage
Only to meet
The same fate as the plums.
Crying for Calvin
James Addicott

I have seen the face of an angel.
He had the freckled nose I knew
Slipping through a foreign figure.

I have heard the voice of an angel,
Listened to his new grunge album and wept
for him
for me
for how deep and far his voice has wandered from the one I knew.

I have touched the thorns of the roses
He sang about and bled
for him
for me
for all the years our cut palms never shook.

Sometimes I speak of him as if dead,
bubblegum cheeks washed white
But my angel yet lives
hidden in my inside forests
sleeping under enchanted glass.

I will not kiss him to wake him
I dare not disturb him,
so peaceful lying there,
ever meaning to smell like flowers.

Until I see them again at the gate
A man will walk the earth
carrying my angel’s blue eyes
from a distance.

For i’d have no strength to meet them in life
Had this man wept for me with my angel’s eyes
for the days we floated as twin islands on Washington lakes
sharing the blue sky
boy hand in boy hand

wishing to one day be men
wishing to always be together.

O Angel,

How I love you
How I loved you.

**Artist’s Statement - Across**
This work is of a blushing heart with welling eyes, made with linoleum
and printed on fabric. This work is meant to represent my relation-
ship with love as a plus sized person, as love often comes at a cost.
While the content of the work is simple, it was meant to represent
the doe eyed love of romantic relationships that consistently causes
pain. I think of this generation’s tendency to assume that self love is
the cure to all, and while it is important, it does not account for the
loss of knowing that the only reason for the pain is the body I live in.
So much value is placed on who we love that the true romantic love
experience is stripped away.
Blushing Heart
Kayleigh Scott; linoleum printed on fabric
“Want me to open a window?”
Liz Salvatori

You, my darling, never should have had to do anything
You should have never felt as though it was your job
to fix
Or hold together
Anything or anyone
You were a child
A toddler whose parents never should have
been together
A middle schooler who should have only held
the weight of a backpack
You did nothing wrong
You were the victim of something so awful you do not
want to remember it
And who could blame you?
I am so sorry that the breaking of generational trauma
falls on you
Falls on us.
I am so sorry no one was there to hold you together
But please never forget those who shielded you
As long as they could
From the anger of your father’s fists.
You deserve better
And all I can say is,
Give better to your children.
Don’t make them suffer the way you did.
We deserved better
But our children will have better.

In middle school, I had a teacher named Mrs. Rusk. She was my Lead
- ership teacher, who inspired me to be a leader throughout my life. She was also
openly lesbian and would often speak of her wife.
Shortly before my freshman year of high school, I discovered I was
genderqueer. After finding myself drawn to a nonbinary character on a TV show,
I finally grasped why I cried whenever I saw blood on my underwear or looked
down at my chest. I sought a word to describe myself and came upon the term
“agender,” a gender identity marked by the lack of a gender.
Later in the year, I visited Mrs. Rusk. Having gained this profound realiza-
tion, I professed my genderlessness.
And was rebuffed by a chuckle. She thought I was merely being naïve.
She didn’t believe me.
“Well, I don’t have any problem with being a woman, so I don’t see why
you would.”
I didn’t know what to say. I was instantly forced to defend myself, but my
mind was left fishing for a rebuttal in an infinitesimal fishing hole surrounded by
ice, trapping all replies beneath the surface.
I thought, of all people, she’d accept me. She had declared her queer-
ness on the first day of class and shared the struggles of being the only out gay
teacher at our school. But discrimination between the LGB and the T is common
place.
If I could come out to her a second time, I’d tell her that I don’t under
stand it any more than she does. Since our meeting, I went from thinking I was
genderless to a nonbinary person with an “in-between” gender to a boy to a
nonbinary girl. I feel that gender is an amalgamation of many different influences
rather than the result of any one cause, which makes it difficult to unravel. I doubt
I’ll ever understand my gender in all its complexity, much less anyone else’s. And
that’s okay.
The members of Trans Youth Taking Action Now, an activist youth group,
taught me that I don’t have to figure it out right now. They taught me to accept my
gender, however unfathomable, as I accept theirs.
I’m allowed to simply be.
In middle school, I had a teacher named Mrs. Rusk. She was my Leadership teacher, who inspired me to be a leader throughout my life. She was also openly lesbian and would often speak of her wife.

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**Artist’s Statement - Previous page**

This piece was actually crafted from several of my supplemental college essays. It was easiest to only write on one topic and alter the essay for each college instead of writing completely new essays. As I went through the list, revising it to fit every college’s essay prompt, I discovered new revelations and made a huge breakthrough about gender during that process. I can’t fully fathom my gender, so there’s no need to think about it too much or stress over it. That’s why, instead of trying to find a specific nonbinary label to identify with, I just call myself genderqueer. This is also, I think, the best argument I can make to people who are prejudiced against those under the trans umbrella. I’m not required to explain myself; I don’t have to find a reason why I feel this way. I just do. Gender inhabits an uncertainty that I think needs to be more embraced.
Morning Routine
Mali Matthews

Artist's Statement - This is not my morning routine
This world gets real too quickly. But let me rewind,
that’s all my mind ever does, ordering the emotions to stop swirling around
my vision.

My intentions didn’t align,
I tried to subtly speak,
as my thoughts traced past.
I can use my words, I can, I can, I can

bury it, so very deep inside a part of me
where I don’t want to face it.
I wanted to cry, but I couldn’t;
somehow I sought out what I knew about
detachment.

This wasn’t the first time.
Oh, how apologetic but it’s ok, it’s ok, it’s ok...
Really, I don’t mind brushing it off.
I’m a big girl, I’m not sad, yes I promise.
I find within me: it must’ve been me, after all, I can use my words, my big
girl words.

My heart aches. It yearns to suck in every thought
decorated by my verbal soothing
because in your objective to smother the words I did speak,
I am asked to respond to your remaining desire.

Oh, how we love each other, I love you, I love you, I love you...
but I feel like breaking a little
over and over again.
I can’t regain my thoughts,
it’s too much, all at once,
my one word but it’s not to be said:
“error: this word cannot be found” (violated)

I’ve had this feeling before,
I just had folded it up into a tiny piece
and made myself “forgive and forget”
until the waves crash over my head again
and I’m waterboarded into the memory.

I line up your lasting signature of “sorry”,
and what it means to me,
so I know what I should hear myself follow with:
“It’s ok.” (But it’s not! I’m not ok...)

My words are missing this time, I’m shutting down,
I don’t want to think about it, it, it,
as it slithers through my mind
with blurred motion of those moments,
but it’s all my brain can try to digest,
circling, weaving trauma into my soul.
Please...I just want to feel safe.

**Artist’s Statement**
This poem was my immediate outlet after an experience I had with sexual coercion. My mind was astir after the fact, and I felt so many emotions, simply lost for ways to reconcile. I felt alone and like this experience had to be an innermost secret,
since I had eventually said yes under duress. What this poem has become after I’ve sought help and made my peace is a way to elicit empathy and moreover, emphasize how important consent is.
Crow’s Nest
James Addicott

I think good thoughts when I touch your braids,
growing past your shoulders,
past your chest
with its long scar like a seam,
they brush me lightly, like a blessing;
no evil spirits can hide where every crack and fleck of dust is blessed
and dead storytellers from your bedside table walk beside you
As shadows in lines of sweetgrass smoke.

I want a child with your face
and soft black feathers to touch and think good thoughts
to take home to a sweetgrass house.

I want a child to know me by your names,
Blackhawk and Crow
will reach out their vast wings and cover me with medicine
and cleanse me of sin as you have.

Artist’s Statement
* Blackhawk/Blackbird = Ancestral name of my ex-partner, whose tribe is Little Traverse Bay Band of Odawa Indians
* Crow = symbol of Two-Spirit traditional third gender of many Indigenous American/Canadian tribes

This poem is about the interconnection of queer love and indigenous spirituality. About two years ago, my partner at the time asked me to write a love poem about them, which is this poem. In falling in love with a Two-Spirit person, I fell in love with our shared transness, but also their ancestors, their culture, and their beliefs, as they are one and the same. Their hair connects them to their ancestors, which is why it is only cut in times of grief, and why when I touched it, I would think good thoughts about them and the future I hoped we would one day share.
I think good thoughts when I touch your braids,
growing past your shoulders,
past your chest
with its long scar like a seam,
they brush me lightly, like a blessing;
no evil spirits can hide where every crack and fleck of dust is blessed
and dead storytellers from your bedside table walk beside you
As shadows in lines of sweetgrass smoke.

I want a child with your face
and soft black feathers to touch and think good thoughts
to take home to a sweetgrass house.
I want a child to know me by your names,
Blackhawk and Crow
will reach out their vast wings and cover me with medicine
and cleanse me of sin as you have.

Untitled (Hawaiian landscape)
Chloe Knopf ; Linocut Print

Artist’s Statement
This is a jigsaw linocut print inspired by a Hawaiian landscape and a comment on the Red Hill fuel leakage in Oahu, as well as the over-tourism of Hawaii.
I made this piece after I read an essay called “The Once and Future River,” published by Red Canary Magazine. While I live in Tacoma most of the year, I always have a far away city on my mind. This is a river that, like so many here in Washington state and beyond, has been shaped and constrained by concrete channels and dams. As people continue to talk about unmaking and re-making rivers across the United States, I think about water, elemental, always moving. This river, like all the others it reflects, is large, interconnected, and intangible.
Untitled
Gabriel Chbeir
Hau/η
Anpetu waste. Toked yauŋ he?
Cantemasica. Tecihila misuŋka.

Dad: Remember resilience

Hau
Toksa ake, ate. Cantemasica.
Tecihila ate.

Ina: and survivance.

Hau/η
Haŋ’hanna waste. Hi kpajaja.
Owinja pikiya. Toksa ake.

Lola: Bahay, mahal kita.

Hau,
Tecihila ate. Wakiŋyan hotoŋpi.
Wana wahde kte. Omani ya.

Hermana: fluoxetine, hydroxyzine,
sertraline, mirtazapine

Hau/η
Ociciye kte. Tecihila misuŋka.

Sister: I inherit queerness.
Translation:
Hello (male/female)
Good day. How are you?
My heart is sad/sick.
I love you my little brother.

Hello (male)
See you again ate*
My heart is sad/sick.
I love you ate.

Hello (male/female)
Good morning. Brush your teeth.
Make your bed. See you again.

Hello (male)
I love you ate. It is thundering.
I’m going home now. Go for a walk.

Hello (male/female)
I will help you. I love you my little brother.
Grandma: Home, I love you.

Artist’s Statement
First note: Ina means mom in Dakota, hermana means sister in Spanish, and the parts about grandma are in Tagalog. I wrote this poem as a love letter to my family. Growing up in a multiracial household is complicated. Some parts of culture drift from home while others hide in grandma’s rice cooker. As I learn more about myself and heritage, I embrace the people I come from. Second note: the line hermana lists medication for anxiety.

*Ate means father in Dakota and older sister in Tagalog. This is the word I use for myself because it traverses language and gender: mixed and genderfluid.
“לדור ודור”

Macy Hance

for the most part
i know only the Ghosts
countless retellings
the history of the Damned
of the Chosen

an oral record
living and breathing
a Mother pressing a licked finger
to rosy cheeks gently tucking unruly peyes
an empty Soldier looking down at the hordes
of romans from the plateau of masada
an entire Village desperate to go unnoticed
in the snow capped mountains
of russia

now me

i’ve been told
the fear is inherited

i’ve felt that fear
i know that fear
but is it really Their fear

regardless,
it is mine to hold

it feels a tragedy
to swaddle a baby in that shroud of grief
a tallit
eternal as the flame
weaving threads of traditions
talmud and terror

my Mother would say
simchat Shelanu
   Our wellness
   kindles Her light

לדור ודור
today I ask the four questions
tomorrow I am to be the Matriarch

protecting and preserving

echoes of memories
and moments shared
by Sons and Daughters
closer to Yaakov than i

bearing the weight of Their truth
   the truth
   kindles Our light

לדור ודור
ageless repititions
passed through the texts
   through stories

time spent at the foot of an armchair
the aromatic steam of turkish coffee
smoke wisps floating
from a wrinkled hand
clarinet and accordion
dancing rhythmic circles
a rambunctious harmony
playing softly
as if to not contradict
the solemnity
of Her melodic narrative

since i was the age at which
tongue in cheek at the dinner table
no longer flew above my head
   i have believed
i would be doing no favor for kin
by expelling them onto this earth
as it will be

regardless,

from my first thought
since my first lesson
despite the context i have accrued
   i have believed
i am on this earth to
nurture teach celebrate

if a baby born
is to enter a fiery barren
on which i once
climbed frolicked rejoiced

then for what have i been lugging
this searing burden
kept safe in my softest center
hoping one day
sharing it
would be my salve
my most divine duty

believing that pouring this
wealth of knowledge
filling a youthful, empty basin
relinquishing this burden
and acquiring the assurance
long awaited
that it would live
continue to grow beyond the light
that glows onto this earth
from one lone nefesh behamit

regardless,

Cheat Sheet for goyim

Generation to generation: לדור ודור

● Jews, biblically, are referred to as “the chosen people”
● Tallit: Jewish prayer shawl
● Simchat shelanu: our happiness
● The youngest child at the table asks the 4 questions on Passover
● Torah speaks of the Jewish people growing from the children of Yaakov (Jacob)
● Nefesh behamit: Jewish texts speak of two souls, one is the divine and is independent from your earthly body, the other, nefesh behamit is tied to your body, it enters when you are born and leaves when you die.
"I did all I can, Right?"

Liz Salvatori

You, my darling, never should have had to do anything
You should have never felt as though it was your job
to fix
Or hold together
Anything or anyone
You were a child
A toddler whose parents never should have
been together
A middle schooler who should have only held
the weight of a backpack
You did nothing wrong
You were the victim of something so awful you do not
want to remember it
And who could blame you?
I am so sorry that the breaking of generational trauma
falls on you
Falls on us.
I am so sorry no one was there to hold you together
But please never forget those who shielded you
As long as they could
From the anger of your father’s fists.
You deserve better
And all I can say is,
Give better to your children.
Don’t make them suffer the way you did.
We deserved better
But our children will have better.
Gift For My Sister
Cas Almond
The reason for my most recent trip to the pharmacy

Brier Moreno

I got a call the other day saying did you know he overdosed
Without surprise, I joked again since when is this news?
Then the next words out of you stopped me in my tracks
He’s dead
This time finally did him in
My mind goes blank, and I can’t breathe
Flashing to the moment
I saw him turn blue face down in a public toilet
He was 15 years old, just a boy
Saved with a little bit of spray and a whole lot of hope
An invincible man on a suicide mission
Four more times and he still came out alive
The reaper wouldn’t take him
He always said It’s hard to be poor and white
I always replied It’s hard to be
I can’t help but grieve for him
You might not understand
He had done me wrong in a million different ways
My only response is
Yeah
He did some fucked up shit but that’s what addicts do
Maybe it’s not even about him
he has become the amalgamation
Of every kid, I’ve ever loved
Who was alone strung out and crying for help
I think of that boy in his casket
Too far gone and not even 17
He will never outgrow his teenage rage
I wish to sweep back his hair
Lay a kiss on his forehead
Show him the tenderness no one bothered to in his life
That night I called in an order for Narcan

**Artist’s Statement**
This is a poem that I wrote trying to work out some feelings about a friend’s recent death and the conversations surrounding it. He, like many other people across this nation, was addicted to fentanyl. Narcan is a theme of this poem; it is an emergency treatment medication mostly seen as a nasal spray used to reverse the effects of opioids during overdoses. I have seen this drug save lives. I ask anyone reading this to take a look into acquiring some. It’s cheap, effective, and you never know when it might help someone.
i don’t think i’ve ever seen two women kiss on screen on screen and felt anything which is weird because that’s supposed to be me, right? but it doesn’t feel real

yk, now that i think ab it, me either for me, it’s the fact that they touch lips then go home to their husbands who probably get off to it later

yeah if anything, shouldn’t i be the one finding it hot? but i don’t

if you’re looking for real, i recommend the ‘amateur’ category lol

yeah but it’s like searching for a needle in a haystack. they play it up for men or have strange kinks or something

congrats on discovering the problems with the porn industry
haha.
but even the actual couples don't feel like
they love each other. they don’t talk or laugh
or make mistakes

like that time when you and your ex...

don’t even remind me oh god

but yeah, i totally get you
sometimes i call myself a dyke just because
that’s what they said decades ago.

makes me feel more connected to them
silly ik

not silly at all. honestly i might start
doing that
it’s a powerful word
a beautiful one

you know what we can both agree on?
nothing feels more real than
when i’m between her thighs

or how seeing her naked feels like
the first time every time
god. when she smiles at you and
nothing else in the world matters

how everything in you softens
when you see her

i love being a lesbian

me too <3

Artist’s Statement
Being a lesbian can be so hard. Having other lesbians to talk to always
reminds me of how beautiful it is to love women.
Here are a few pieces of media that have been highlighted by various staff members throughout the semester. These are pieces that have started conversations, provided representation, and inspired us to create our own art. We hope you enjoy them as much as we have.

**Books**

- *La Raza Cosmética: Beauty, Identity, and Settler Colonialism in Postrevolutionary Mexico* by Natasha Verner
- *The Sentence* by Louise Erdrich

**Music**

- Dakota
- Paper Native
- Kal Ho Naa Ho

**Webcomics**

- Shootaround
- Suspu

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