

# “verdon gorge (2)”

[ photo by jill williamson ]

i have no idea who i am.  
my music taste is not mine,  
i take everyone’s ideas and combine,  
them into “my own way of thinking” and my whole belief system,  
so many things i’ve wanted to do but have missed them  
because it didn’t align with what pleased everyone  
and everyone knows that you’re no one if you’re not a “someone”



so i take that thought with me wherever i go,  
so who am i really? not even i know.  
my humor varies from situation to situation  
because what if i say something wrong? therefore everything i say is a citation  
of someone else’s thought process or joke or action  
everything i ever do sets myself on a chain reaction  
of losing who i am or who i ever could have been  
but if i never was myself, how can i find myself again?”

[ writing by gabby waton ]

*who i am*  
*i have no idea*

# to my brother

[ writing by olivia traxler ]

Although we were not  
born as siblings  
We were unknowingly  
fated to become them on  
the day we met  
You gave me company  
where I had none  
So I learned to love you  
like a brother  
And hate you as one too  
I was known to chase you  
around the block,  
shouting at you  
While you made faces  
and hid from me  
Yet  
You held me while I cried  
And cried with me  
You defended my honor  
and I defended yours  
You gave me the first true  
heartbreak of my life  
When you left  
And still  
We have stayed siblings  
through it all  
We have held each other’s  
hands  
As we walked the battle-  
field of life  
And although we were  
not born as siblings  
I hope we die as them

Although we were not born as siblings We were unknowingly fated to become them on the day we met You gave me company where I had none So I learned to love you like a brother And hate you as one too I was known to chase you around the block, shouting at you While you made faces and hid



# “boy blue”

[ art by sofia pantano ]