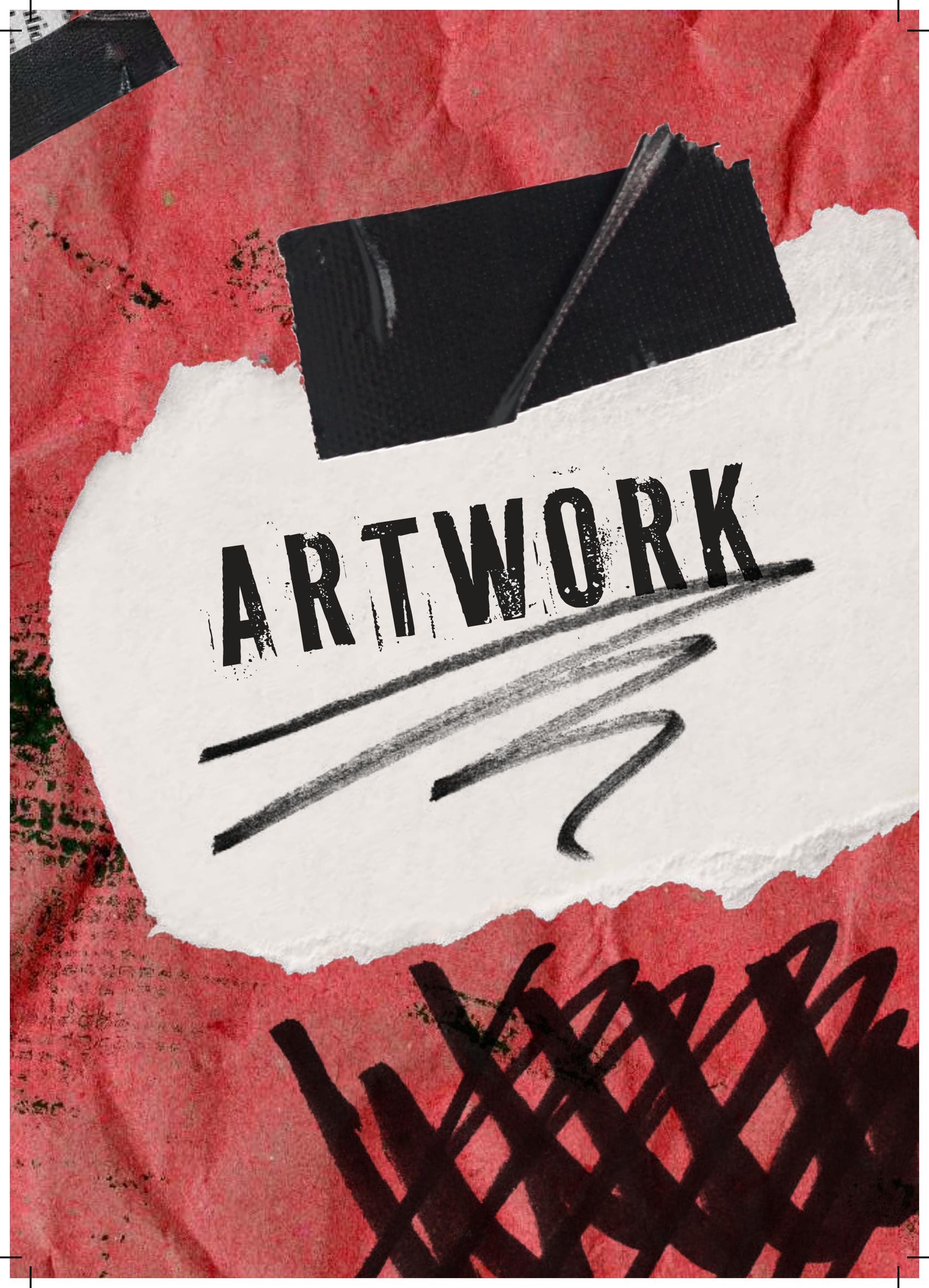
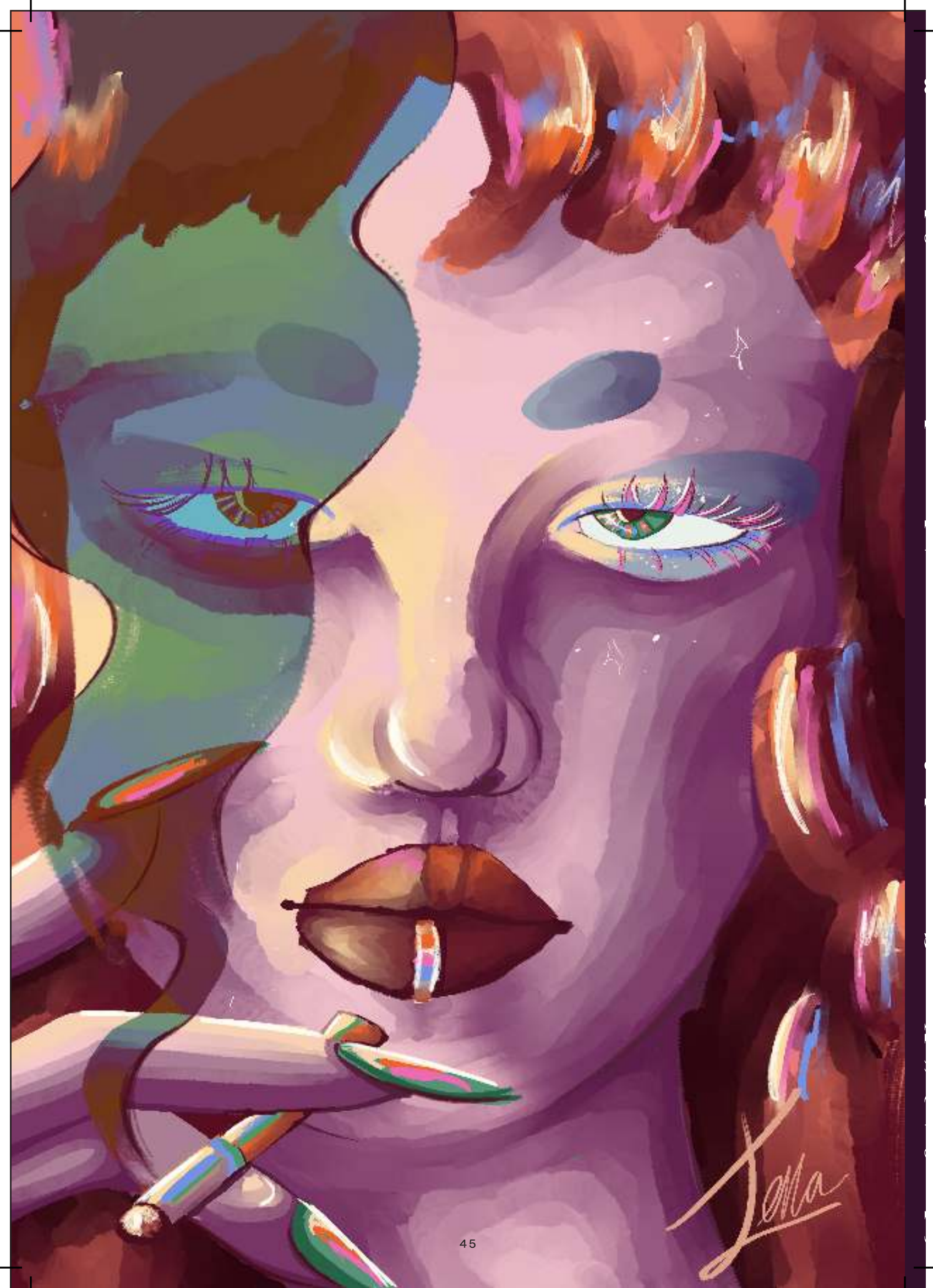




ARTWORK



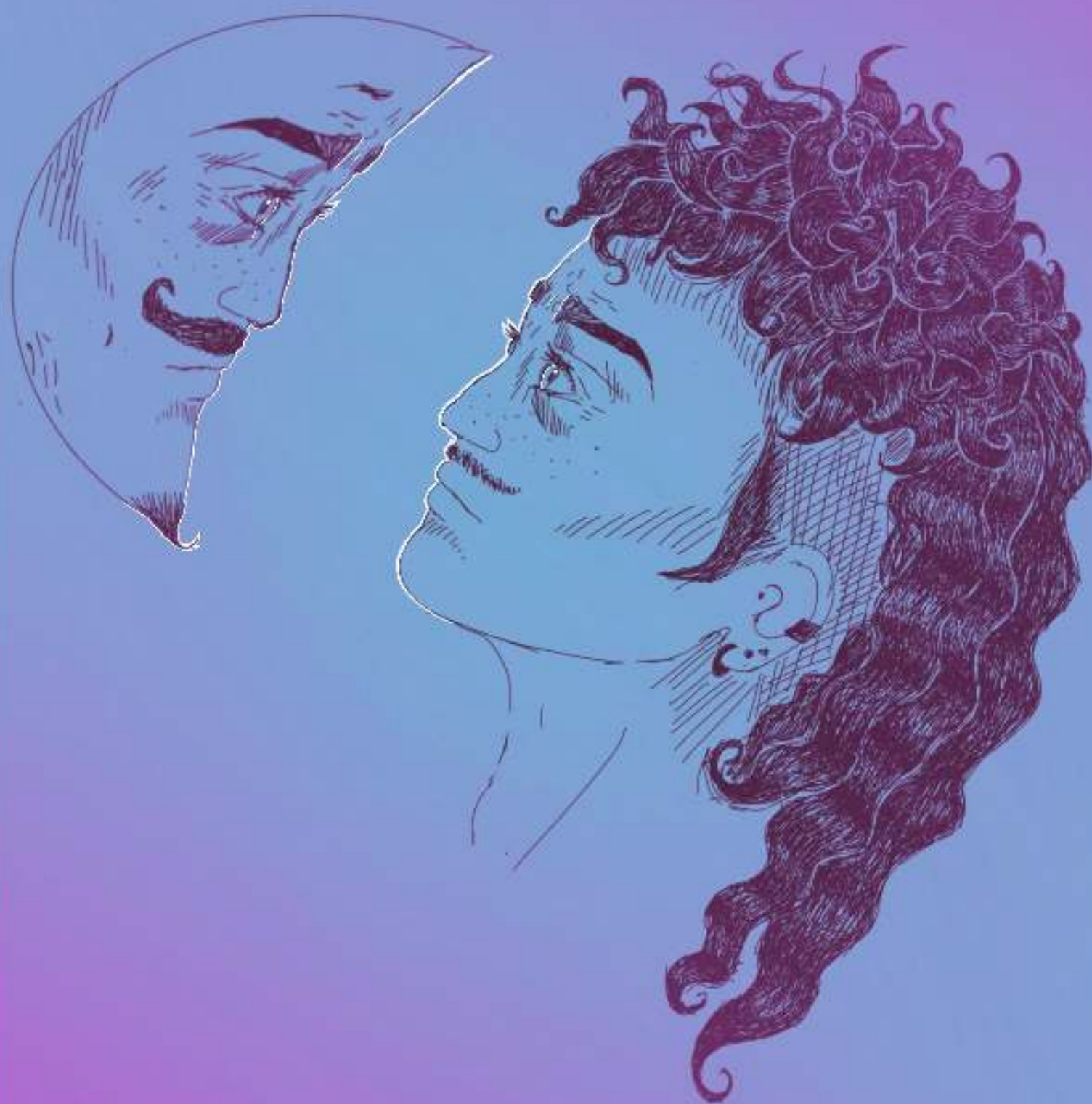
(left) "No Smoking on the dance floor" (below) "listening to chapel roan rn" Art By Elia Jade



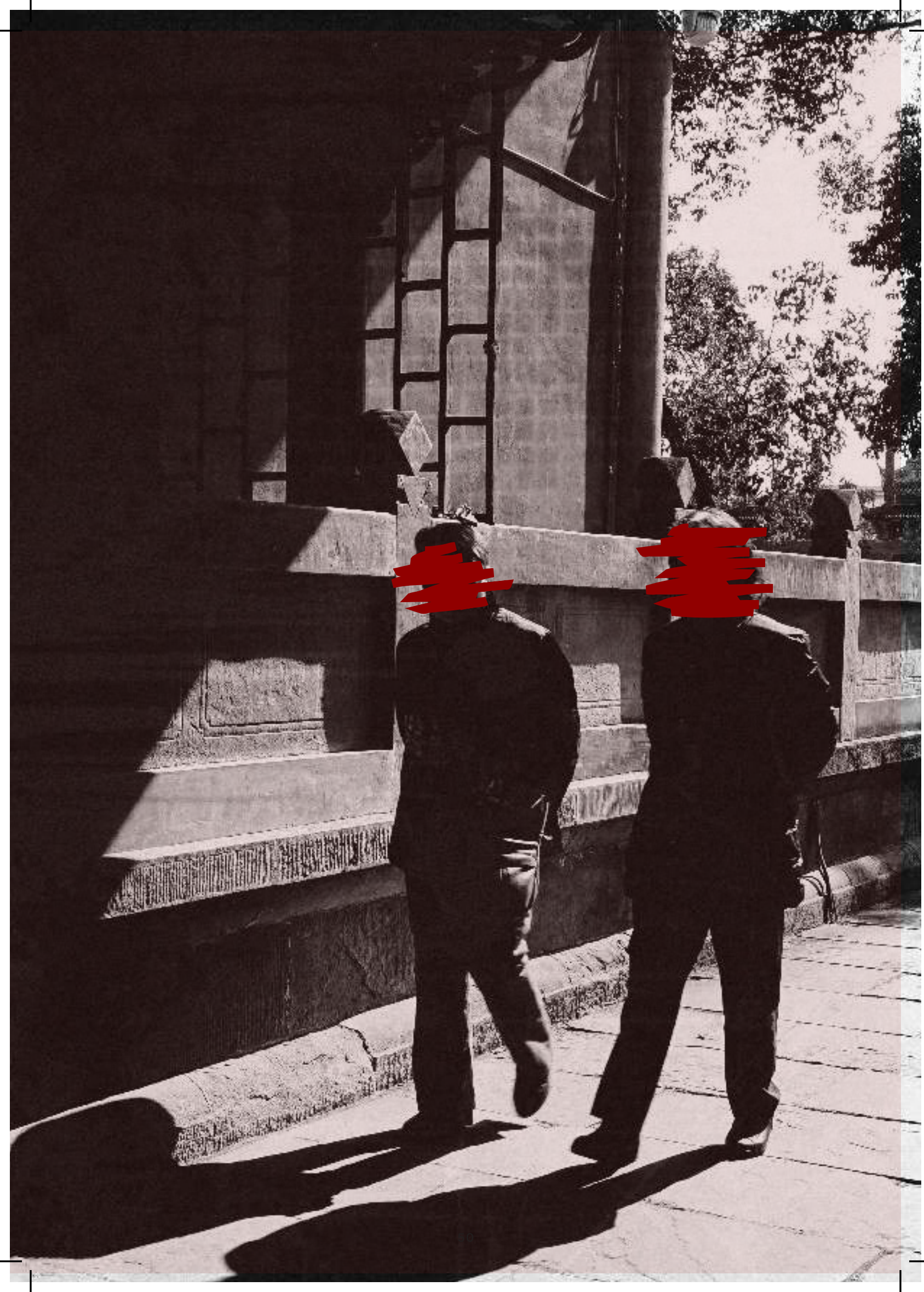
@Jadedella @Jadedella

MAN IN THE MOON

Serena Emanuele



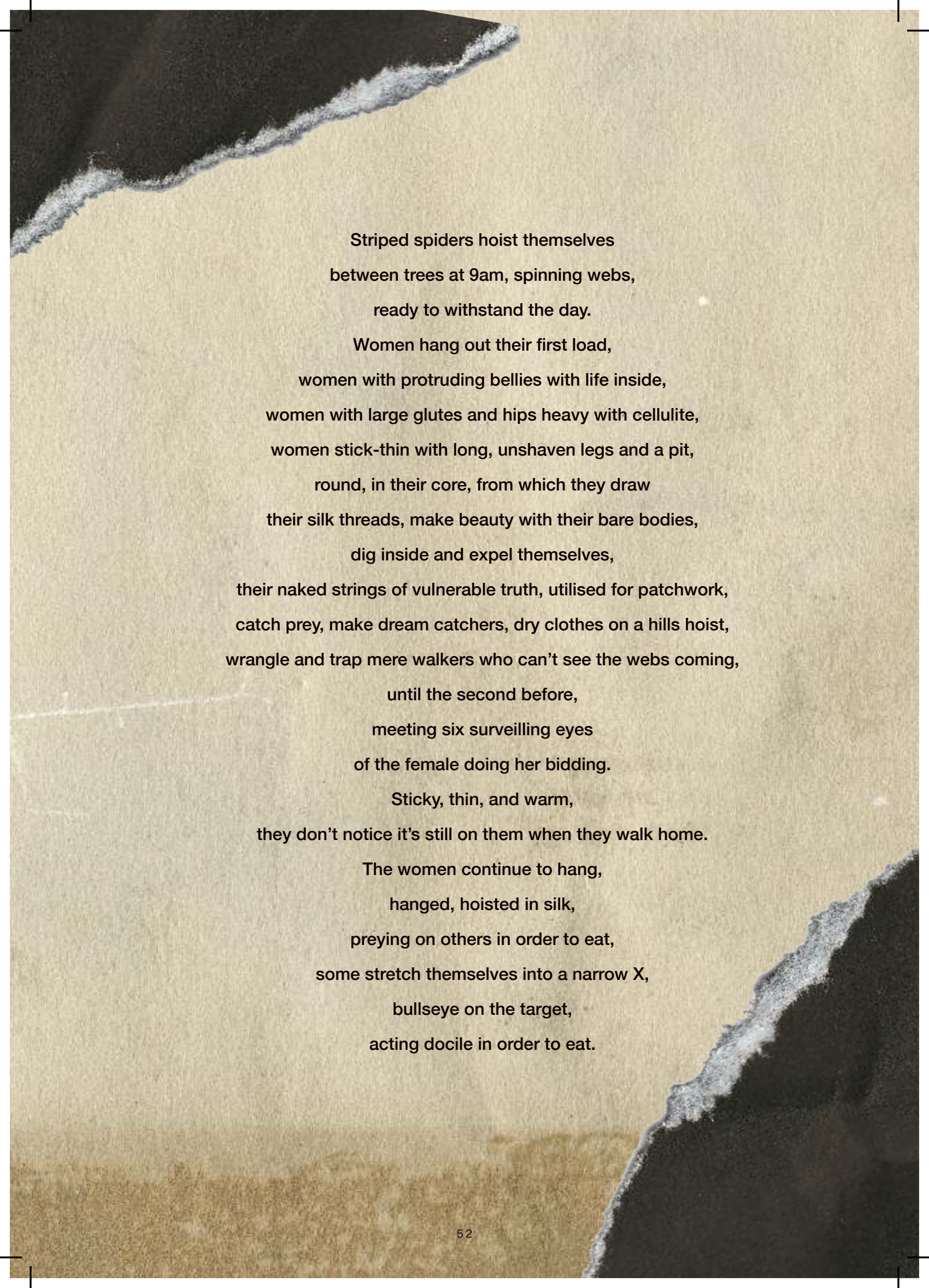
POETRY



SPINNING

By Angelina Sokolsky





Striped spiders hoist themselves
between trees at 9am, spinning webs,
ready to withstand the day.

Women hang out their first load,
women with protruding bellies with life inside,
women with large glutes and hips heavy with cellulite,
women stick-thin with long, unshaven legs and a pit,
round, in their core, from which they draw
their silk threads, make beauty with their bare bodies,
dig inside and expel themselves,
their naked strings of vulnerable truth, utilised for patchwork,
catch prey, make dream catchers, dry clothes on a hills hoist,
wrangle and trap mere walkers who can't see the webs coming,
until the second before,
meeting six surveilling eyes
of the female doing her bidding.

Sticky, thin, and warm,
they don't notice it's still on them when they walk home.

The women continue to hang,
hanged, hoisted in silk,
preying on others in order to eat,
some stretch themselves into a narrow X,
bullseye on the target,
acting docile in order to eat.

ARTARTART

By Angelina Sokolsky

She is called a slut and throws a chair at her mother.

She dies seventeen more times,

always on weekdays and during school pick-up times,

then her body goes in 1982,

followed by her history, held in purgatory.

Her capsule holds the scent of burnt paper,

a firm grip, whispering to her: silence.

Her ghost eats air around her,

photosynthesising and emitting a red glow,

infrared and sacred,

only seen by them, the She's.

It's a warning to the enraged,

do not stop feeling it,

and a smothering blow to the ones dancing around it,

if you don't feel it,

another woman will have to feel it double.

Her ghost's body shudders, electrified,

and is submerged in a hot, merlot river

every time a man ends his sentence with *for a female*.

She's churned in rapids with salmon whitewash,

running so fast it sounds like a crowd, furiously roaring.

