Maren Logan

Maren Logan is a multimedia artist and writer
who takes her inspiration
from Fiona Apple and
Karen Finley. Currently
(as of 2023) a Purdue
Student in Creative
Writing, she is a founding
member of Theoves Collective.

instagram: @thieves collective

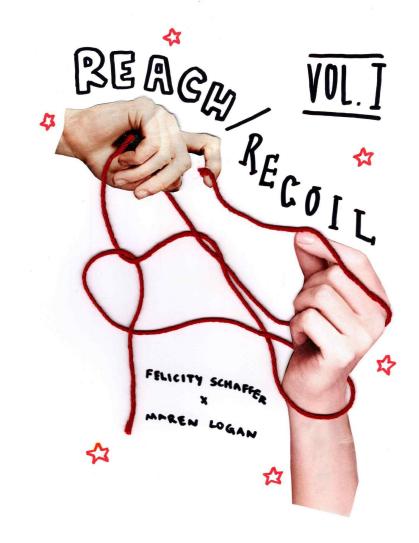
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FELICITY SCHAFFER

is a multi-media artist from Champalgn, IL.
Currently a Purdue student (as of 2023), she focuses her art on botany and entomology, as well as branching out to other subjects.



Ofericity.schaffer.art





Hands are a home to the bones in my face folding over my scalp

and my chin catch a lightning bug like I am light I am cracks in lightning pink the way you lightning bug like I am listening to sky I am your fingers and orange

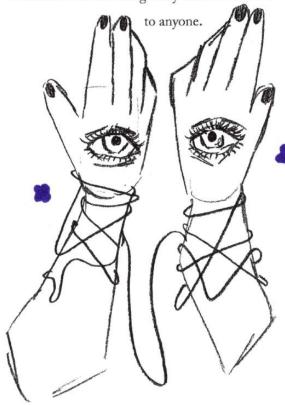
I am lightning like your fists







Wrists are a sacred thing. They cannot be home



A handshake means hello goodbye. A handshake means, if you're lucky, you will see me again. A handshak e, in my church, means "peace be with you." Α handshake means the universe meant for

us to meet. A handshake means I hope I get the job.

Handshake almost sounds like milkshake almost sounds like hiding pills in your vanilla ice cream so you'll take them this time sounds like letting the dog sleep in my bed even though he bites.





Thumbs are a home to my chin, index hook to my neck

d dad, teach me how to be cruel. I Mom an am tired of this kindness. Who is it who knows ell? Who is it who knows so it so w that I don't know who is kind well who is cruel? and

at is a home what is a thu what is a knife? What is it agging along my chin? W me that scar? What gave at s What is it that face like lightning? That scar? strikes my 💸 Lightni | ng w hen my sister told me that lightnin g will make you blind if you look at it. So, I sleet p with my lights on during a storm. Did you A hear What? I sleep with my lights on

During

dr

Iam building a grave for you, I am diggin g a house for you, beating around the whip, snapping the bush, your dirty fingernails remind of paper cuts and anti-biotics. Did take you anti-bio tics your this mornin g? I swallo am wing you, I kissi am the ng pills, uld wo you pour me

glass

or do you expect me to let it scratch my throat all the way down? All the way down all the way down all the way the way you expect me to go, your throat is home to my throat and I go all way down.

You tell me you had a You crazy dream. digesting were me. want to say but reality! that's That's reality that's real that's inst ead I "did say, shit you me out too?"





