

## MAREN LOGAN

Maren Logan is a multi-media 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 Thieves Collective.

Instagram: @thievescollective

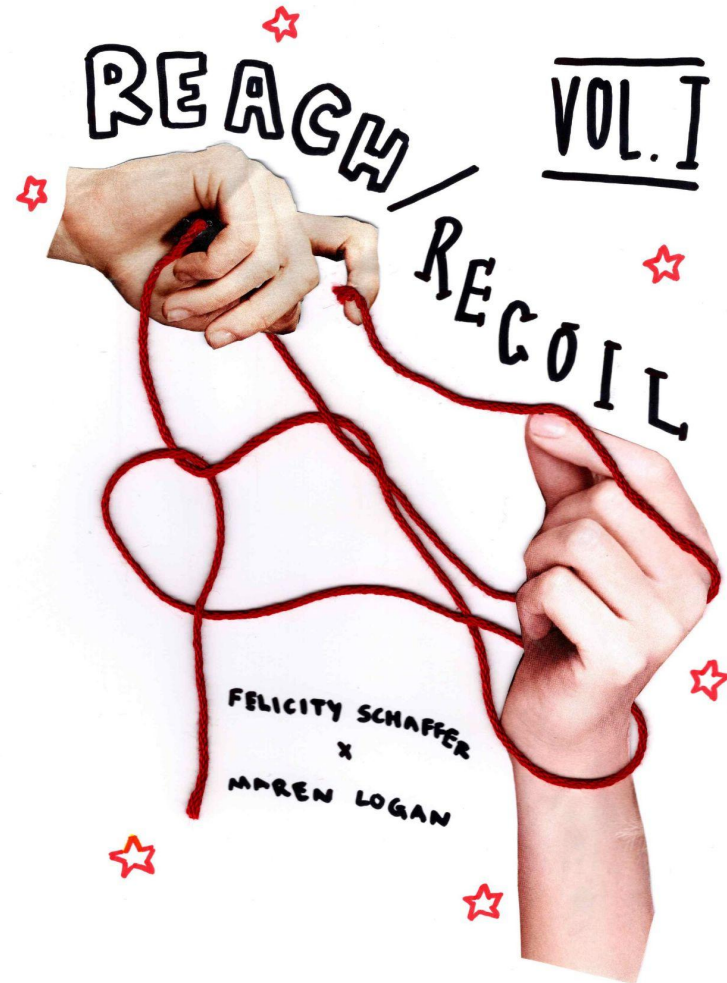


## FELICITY SCHAFFER

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

♥ INSTAGRAM: ♥

@felicity.schaffer.art



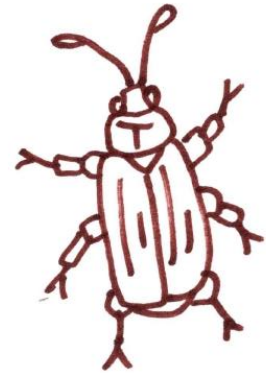


Hands are a home to the bones in my  
face folding over my scalp

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



I am lightning like your fists



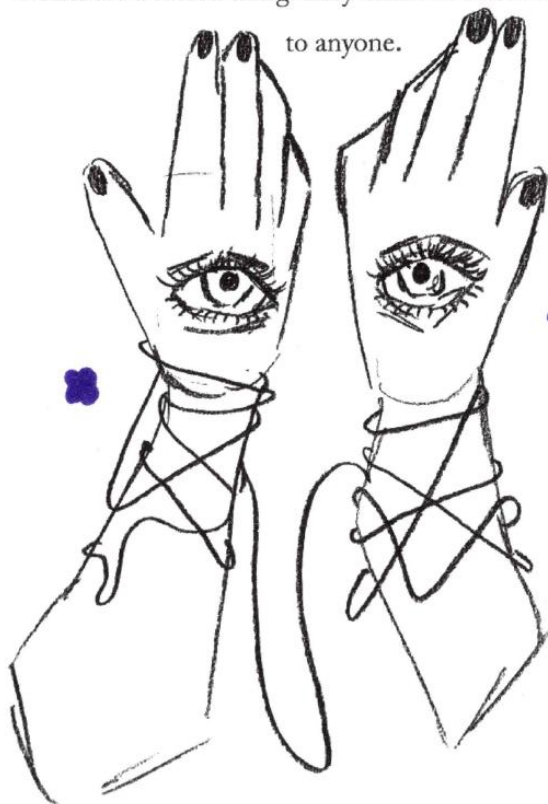
Look!  
Look!  
Look at this home I built  
it's empty

But when I open  
the door  
it's empty  
When I open  
the door it's  
empty  
I open the  
door

it's empty I open  
your hands it's empty  
I open your hands  
Open



Wrists are a sacred thing. They cannot be home  
to anyone.



A  
handshake  
means hello  
or goodbye. A  
handshake  
means, if you're  
lucky, you will  
see me again.

A  
handshak  
e, in my  
church,  
means  
"peace be  
with you."

A  
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.

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

During

me                      pour  
glass                  a

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  
 the way down.

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

You me.

too?"