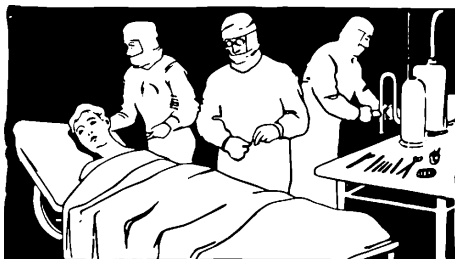


# *The Quaranzine*



*Writing inspired by the Coronavirus Pandemic.*

## **Featuring...**

Mike Andrelczyk / Lily Arnell /  
Jack Champion / Anthony Dragonetti /  
Nathaniel Duggan / Nick Farriella /  
Kat Giordano / Cavin Bryce Gonzalez /  
KKUURRTT / Lindsay Lerman /  
Tao Lin / Giacomo Pope /  
Donald Ryan / Tom Snarsky /  
Zac Smith / the Tabs Out Podcast

*Edited by Zac Smith.*

*Released online March 26, 2020*

*The CDC Says*  
**by Nick Farriella**

when you work from home to keep your  
routines  
so, this morning I sat on the floor  
staring at my refrigerator for forty-five  
minutes  
to simulate how it feels to be in traffic  
on my commute  
with much of what nourishes me out of  
sight  
on the other side of some door I can't  
reach the handle to  
but no one flipped me off or called me a  
fucking dickhead  
so, I haven't kept that routine, yet  
well, I have  
if you count my thoughts  
and the undertones of my boss's emails.

\*\*\*

Earlier, I imagined quitting my job while  
working from home  
Where would I go?  
To bed?  
The shower?  
What equates packing up my stuff?  
Somehow, the closing of a laptop doesn't  
suffice.

\*\*\*

Zac said more poems with bad words so,  
Fuck fuck fuck fuck fuck fuck fuck  
Fuck fuck fuck fuck fuck fuck fuck  
Fuck fuck fuck fuck fuck fuck fuck  
Fuck fuck fuck fuck fuck fuck fuck  
And now I feel like I can read minds.

# *TINY EXPLOSIONS*

by **Lily Arnell**

I keep my binoculars next to me  
So I can see the birds closer  
I'm beginning to understand why  
People love *Orange is the New Black*  
Which is not to say that I love it  
I watched all of season one  
in bed yesterday  
After making a quiche and  
Organizing pantry shelves  
I am trying to make good and funny  
Comic strips but they all suck  
They all remind me of 6th grade  
When I thought I was a good artist  
And drew lots of wolves  
And today is 70 degrees and raining  
Which feels like the sky's sick joke  
But it wouldn't matter if it was sunny  
    anyway  
Because I have diarrhea  
From the quiche I made yesterday

*SELECTED (PANDEMIC)  
TWEETS*

**by the TABS OUT CASSETTE  
PODCAST**

@tabsout 9:19 AM · Feb 28, 2020

I was actually infected with Coronavirus at a basement show in the 90s when no one was talking about it.

@tabsout 12:52 PM · Mar 5, 2020

Bernie hit a witch with his 1994 Subaru Outback and is now cursed to primary an establishment Dem every 4 years

@tabsout 6:48 PM · Mar 7, 2020

All you ambient/drone musicians better clean those two or three keys on your synthesizers that you actually use. Probably caked in corona.

@tabsout 10:33 AM · Mar 17, 2020

The Governors of all states going through with elections today should be forced to hang out with me while I smoke weed and talk about literally anything as punishment

@tabsout 4:32 PM · Mar 17, 2020

Cover an album you've never heard before. Song for song. Just what you assume it sounds like.

@tabsout 10:25 AM · Mar 19, 2020

My only advice to parents trying to figure out education at home: Start with space. Space is fucking crazy. Put on a Sun Ra record and talk about space.

Reply to @tabsout

Plus framing time in millions - trillions of years is helping my anxiety

@tabsout 10:20 AM · Mar 20, 2020  
100% of the sales from our Bandcamp  
will go directly to the virus. Today only.

@tabsout 4:04 PM · Mar 21, 2020  
It's a beautiful day! ☀️ Folks are getting  
out, listening to podcasts. People are  
riding bikes and listening to podcasts.  
Squirrels and birds are all about in the  
sun listening to the Doughboys and shit.

@tabsout 9:10 AM · Mar 23, 2020<sup>1</sup>  
At least it's Friday

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<sup>1</sup> March 23<sup>rd</sup> 2020 was a Monday.

*Six Pandemic Poems*  
**by Giacomo Pope**

**This is a Poem About Being Under  
Quarantine**

I'm stuck inside  
my house and  
Zac is making  
all the rules.

I wanted to write  
about a moose.  
I wanted to write  
about the grass.

About how they are  
both warm in the sun,  
how they both taste  
sweet, after it rains.

But Zac is making  
all the rules and  
I'm here, stuck  
inside my house.



## **For at Least Twenty Seconds**

Running my hand over red  
Bricks and paint feeling  
Skin softly dragged from me

I think my hands are cleaner  
Than they were before

## **Quarantine Ideas**

Sex idea where Purell is lube to prevent  
STIs

Purell idea where you have sex to avoid  
diseases

Sex idea because you can't have sex

Idea sex by putting people's thoughts into  
your brain

Alienating yourself from everyone so you  
don't have to buy Purell or have sex

## **Love to You and your Family**

Signing my emails

Hope you're not sick.

I don't care though.

Can't catch COVID-19

Through the internet.

## **From A Distance of Two Meters**

Spent, like, approximately

fifteen minutes reading

tweets on the ways people

live now the world is ending

That everyone is unhappy

with a life indistinguishable

from, like, my last fifteen-million

two-hundred and forty-two

thousand minutes of days

A World-ending anxiety that

I have got so much wrong,

for so long. I go for a sleepy  
walk in the park, a wanting  
to be touched but there's no one  
with arms that are long enough

## **Supporting My Friends**

Buying indie lit

From Amazon

To support

Artists and

To clean my

Dirty Asshole

*Pandemic: Day 4: Return to Bone  
Mountain*

**by Kat Giordano**

we were walking in the woods  
with lotus dragging us behind her  
by the pink, skull-print leash.

i watched her eat a deer turd,  
watched her shove her nose in a hole  
to Hoover up the musk of a chipmunk  
that may or may not have existed.  
then she dove into the leaves  
and pulled out an old bone  
caked with some kind of organ,  
with no effort to distinguish it  
from the ones we buy her at the store  
that are bacon-wrapped and bent  
into the shapes of pretzels. like  
they were all just the same thing.

then she smelled something and we  
were off again. i looked at her and said,  
“she probably thinks everything is just

like this, she probably thinks the whole  
world

is just trees and this is what we do  
when we leave the house every day,  
we just run around in the woods all day  
and come home and there are no cars  
or other people and we don't have to  
work.”

“yeah.”

“yeah, and when we go to the store or  
something we're just like, buying  
bones.”

“that's kind of sad though.”

“yeah, i guess.

but it's nice that she thinks  
it's like this, right?”

*Tossing Self-Control into The Infinite  
Pit of Time That Exists Mere  
Moments Before You Make a Bad  
Decision*

**by Zac Smith**

Kjersti Skomsvold spent \$19.95 on the remastered, PlayStation 4-compatible version of Final Fantasy 8. While it downloaded, she left her apartment and walked to the pizza place two blocks up the street and placed an order for a large pizza with pineapple and feta cheese and an order of mozzarella sticks. While the pizza was being made, she walked over to the Nepalese-owned convenience store and purchased sour watermelon gummies, coconut water, Sprite (to mix with vodka), Dutch butter cookies, a bag of Masala Munch, and two family/party-sized bags of Andy Capp's Cheddar Flavored Fries. She left the Nepalese-owned convenience store and stood on the sidewalk and swung

the plastic bag around while looking at a bird scavenging a squirrel corpse in the twilight. She was alone. She touched her face. The man from the pizza place called out to her that her pizza was ready. She picked up the pizza and walked back to her apartment.

She put the coconut water in the refrigerator and laid out all the food next to the couch. She washed her hands. She looked at the tv screen – the remastered, PlayStation 4-compatible version of Final Fantasy 8 had finished downloading. She opened the window to let in the cool spring air. She ate two THC-infused gummy bears. She thought about how long you can keep leftover pizza in the fridge. She thought about the bird scavenging the squirrel corpse. She played the remastered, PlayStation 4-compatible version of Final Fantasy 8 for forty-five minutes and said, “Oh my God, what the fuck is this game” in a low monotone.

*Selected (Pandemic) DMs*  
**by Cavin Bryce Gonzalez**

**1.**

workin security

*Cavin*

oh shit

did they give you a gun

*Zac*

hahaha just a mask and a list of symptoms  
and some gloves

not even the rivht mask

*Cavin*

incredible

god bless america

*Zac*

at least cavin can work  
like a true american

*Giacomo*

I Am An American

cant go inside without a brain scan

(literally a temp gun that shoots yr  
brain)

*Cavin*



WHAT  
a brain scan??  
what does it...scan?

*Zac*

hahaha temp  
its just a temp gun  
that shoots yr brain

*Cavin*

thermometer?

*Giacomo*

yeah for yr brain  
so no contact

*Cavin*

i don't understand the brain part  
like...if you have a special brain fever?

*Zac*

just so theres no contact  
i assume it is scanning the blood betweej  
skull and skin which is super thin  
comared to the test of the body

*Cavin*

\*\*\*

[redacted] confirmed cases at work  
feel like dogshit if i could adford to b  
home i would b  
brian is melting

*Cavin*

is your brain cool?

*Giacomo*

almost got beat up by some fuck head  
todY

*Cavin*

your brain must be cool

*Giacomo*

my brain is smoking a cigarette Rivht  
Now

*Cavin*

**2.**

i wish i could live stream what my job is  
like rn  
had to stop a guy from hopping over the  
barricade to steal fucking masks  
had a dude some fuck head lawnscape  
straight bow up to me and i was like  
homie u can hit me and lose your job

and get sued or you can answer these  
three real easy fucking questions  
this was bc he wanted to buy a coke  
inside. you know whats literally on the  
side of the next building? outside? a  
vending machine

[expletive deleted]

its even cheaper from the vending  
machine

*Cavin*

### 3.

this girl bro

walks up “i need my Rx” i go thru the Q’s  
she aswers no to all of them

i let her in

*Cavin*

oh boy]

*Zac*

walks out not 1 minute later “yeah they  
dont have shit in there —”

on the phone

lied about a Rx just to get in and view our  
supplies

*Cavin*

**4.**

i started an anime last night about space  
janitors  
the year is like 2046 and all the space  
debris keeps smashing into shuttles so  
crews get made to pick up space litter  
basically  
and theyre treated like regular ass janitors  
despite being literal fucking astronauts  
its rilly cool  
the english dub is fucking hot garbage /  
hilarious

*Cavin*

**5.**

its 2pm and i havent eaten yet despite  
being up since 7am  
so sad that i have to go back to bullshit  
corona virus nonsense tomorrow

*Cavin*

hahahaha  
ugh dude don't go  
*Zac*

i have too  
so sad

*Cavin*

say you have a fever

*Zac*

even if i dont go  
like they'll let me call off  
but then i'll be homeless  
i have \$200 in savings  
at best this will be an easy-ish two weekd  
at worst? corona virus

*Cavin*

shit dude  
party it up today

*Zac*

hahahaha  
yeah im ballin  
hummus and chicken wings

*Cavin*

**6.**

love that i have to shave this morning so  
that my N-95 face mask filter will  
properly adhere to my face while i

screen potential COVID patients  
today 🍆 100

*Cavin*

\*\*\*

typing on a broken phone with fucking  
latex gloves on  
at least there's no glass in my fingies  
this mask is like having an asthma attack  
all the time

*Cavin*

\*\*\*

100 fucking degrees im taking these gloves  
off

*Cavin*

**7.**

Just watched a girl  
spray hand sanitizer  
on her bike seat  
and then rub her ass  
back and forth  
on the seat?

*Cavin*

## *Two Poems*

**By KUUURRTT**

### **Introduction**

Hi Zac,

I took acid last weekend and things got really weird. While still high, but on the comedown, I wrote a poem. Hope you feel like this could fit your digital zine. I had already sent an earlier draft to Cavin, but I don't necessarily think he fucked with it. 🙌

### **Psychedelics in the time of Coronavirus**

love love love and art is art and art is the  
art of art and  
love in the time of psychedelics of  
coronavirus  
art touching art touching other art art  
touching art touching  
other art art touching art touching the  
love of other art love in  
psychedelics in love with art touching  
other art

# *Harder, Dumber*

by **Lindsay Lerman**

## I.

I send something to Zac for his pandemic zine – something stupid and stoner-intellectual and kind of academic – something too floaty and disconnected.

He writes back to say “this is too heady, send me something dumb!” and I’m so thankful [*editor’s note: It had citations! Multiple citations!*]. I know what he means [*editor’s note: it used the phrase “negative atheology”!*].

I had been trying, in the first thing I sent, to wrestle with the question of just how trapped we are – in our homes, in our heads, in the economic-political-social structures that put us here, but it was stupid [*editor’s note: It was the opposite! It was brilliant! Too brilliant for a publication with a pun for a name!*]. It was nothing but a set of questions it’s actually very easy for me to ask, because



the answers are unknowable and they have no bearing on my life right now – asking them requires nothing of me.

## **II.**

Here's the harder question, the dumb question Zac encouraged me to ask, even if he didn't know it:

Should I text everyone I've ever loved to say I love you and I'm sorry for the times I haven't known how to love you,

and I forgive you for not knowing how to love me?

## **III.**

Maybe at the end of the world there are just some people admitting that they could've done better.

*this zine is halfway over*



*please wash your hands*

## *Bill Gates Seems Evil*

**by Tao Lin**

Ronald Reagan didn't say the word  
AIDS. He said  
people can't sue corporations for vaccine  
damages.  
Now Trump is slashing all the red tape,  
etc.,  
and Bill Gates is involved.

Bill Gates doesn't trust nature at all.  
He has a technology  
that makes everyone the same.  
He was the person  
who did Event 201.

Google it. Microsoft co-founder Bill Gates  
wants to make human-implantable  
capsules  
which can show who has been vaccinated  
against the coronavirus.

He hates vitamin C.  
Don't take any vitamin C  
in case it doesn't help at all.  
Don't touch your face.

Mandatory quarantine  
for visitors to Hawaii.  
Mandatory virtual book club.  
Mandatory virtual happy hour.

The thing about owls and larks  
not being on Netflix and not tweeting  
and not being on Facebook or Instagram.

*Untitled*

**by Tom Snarsky**

The dad berating his son for screwing up  
Their Texas Roadhouse takeout order  
flashed me

A look that could singlehandedly take  
A left from the right lane and lay on the  
horn

Like you being in the way was *your* fault,  
The six-foot-spaced line outside Total  
Wine

Rounding the corner so as to witness this  
Incident from every possible vantage. God  
Is probably out on the porch smoking a  
cigarette,

Figured leaving us alone for a hot second  
Couldn't do any harm. Gentle Animal  
Planet

Sounds drone on behind us as we wear  
deep

All the little channels / in our farm.

*SELECTED (PANDEMIC)  
TWEETS*

**by Anthony Dragonetti**

@dragoneddied 1:16 PM · Mar 15, 2020  
effective immediately?? all traffic lights in  
NYC suspended until further notice???  
drunk driving is temporarily legal?!

@dragoneddied 12:27 PM · Mar 17, 2020  
got a warning on my work laptop about  
'bash' trying to access key logger and I  
just clicked deny so I think I thwarted  
their security

@dragoneddied 2:55 PM · Mar 17, 2020  
going to take this opportunity to get  
incredibly fat

@dragoneddied 12:43 PM · Mar 18, 2020  
having the horrible realization that paper towels are also sold out because people are going to wipe their ass with them

@dragoneddied 1:06 PM · Mar 18, 2020  
trying to create a heartwarming viral video where me and my musician friends try to play a song as a band over video chat but everyone's lag is different so it sounds like total dogshit

@dragoneddied 1:39 PM · Mar 19, 2020  
you've heard Mother Nature is angry and that's why she's "getting rid of the real virus" but now imagine she was incredibly horny

@dragoneddied 2:03 PM · Mar 19, 2020  
you have a quarantine routine checklist?  
how does it feel to be a huge nerd lol  
fucking loser

@dragoneddied 3:42 PM · Mar 19, 2020  
got bored, gave myself bangs

@dragoneddied 6:34 PM · Mar 19, 2020  
had the chance to “fall” in front of one of those comically small cop cars they drive through Central Park but I chickened out

@dragoneddied 7:01 PM · Mar 19, 2020  
murdering an old man over the last box of entenmann’s chocolate chip cookies at the corner store in the grips of marijuana psychosis

@dragoneddied 1:26 PM · Mar 20, 2020  
my upstairs neighbor is screaming “BUT IM IN LOVE WITH HIM” so this is going well



@dragoneddied 5:01 PM · Mar 21, 2020  
standing naked in the window daring  
someone to call the police. they won't  
come. there's a national emergency.  
they've closed the airports

@dragoneddied 10:44 PM · Mar 23, 2020  
(doctor looking inside my skull)

hmm not good

*Four Pandemic Poems*

**by Zac Smith**

**oh no**

we have plenty of essentials  
but i need to ration out these doritos  
oh my god  
oh no

**oh no 2**

went out into nature to not lose our minds  
saw a kid coughing on a stick  
saw a bird fly into a car window  
& saw a tick  
on my dog

**oh no 3**

googling how to unsubscribe from family  
group chats  
doesn't seem to be possible

## **oh no 4**

on the phone with her mom  
her neighbors had a fucking basement  
beer party

like a bunch of like 50-year-olds

now they're all posting on facebook about  
not being able to breath and having  
high fevers

before the party they were like "it's fine  
it's fine we all have coughs anyway ya  
know heh heh we'll be fine vote for  
trump"

now they're all gonna die

*doomsday apocalypse coronavirus  
obliteration annihilation poem*  
**by Nathaniel Duggan**

Hello caller  
if your world has been creaking  
like an empty bone  
then it is time  
to divest from your investments  
quarantine a dog  
go to the beach  
before it can follow you home.  
Because the horizon is  
a supermassive dying angel  
and the sky will once again bloody  
like tissue paper  
even in your bedroom ceiling's blankness  
where there is no sky.  
Somewhere buried beneath all this  
stirs a tiny but battle-  
starved beetle.  
How quickly any place  
can become your shell.

## *And When It Was the Fourth Night<sup>1</sup>* **by Donald Ryan**

Reading Sir Richard Francis Burton's *A Thousand Nights and a Night* for a video conference book club without a club® is the closest I get to working from home.

Even with nothing to do (and loving every second of it), still manage to dick around too much, which means still somehow perpetually playing catchup which means *more than a Night in one sitting is too much*.

We watch *Nightmare on Elm Street 4: The Dream Master*. To my surprise, the wife digs it. Like really digs it. Says if she can't find Alice and Dan fanfiction, she would need to spend this time writing some.

Which she finds. Along with some "very aggressive Freddy and Jason shipping."

Need groceries. We use the smaller buggy to justify our weekly shopping trip amidst the panic and hoarding around us. As if to say, why yes, we did come here specifically for the

canned yams, this lone dented can of corn, and that last bag of Bucatini my wife wishes I'd stop calling "those thick boys."

Thought it best to ask our homebound neighbor if he needs anything. He opens the door to me standing at the curb. The old dude uses an oxygen tank in his day to day. Social distancing is the new polite. I don't need a dead Mr. Bill (oh no) on my conscious.

Okay, what the actual fuck is up with *Nightmare on Elm Street 5: The Dream Child*? C'mon, Alice. Get your shit together. Just because you dye your hair and upgrade your pad doesn't mean you can forget about your brother and his love of Dramarama!

This is my complaint when my boss texts to check in on how we are doing.

Along with: *they don't make sfx like they used to.*

I spend a lot of time staring out the window at the drainage runoff that has formed a creek between apartments. Despite being unclear, I find the bottle-brown water soothing.

Wife casually mentions an asteroid no one is now talking about is set to pass us in a few hours. “This one’s the small one,” she says, “but if the one in April veers off course, we’re fucked.” Futures of hope and no hope.

Watched *Freddy’s Dead: The Final Nightmare*. But the nightmare of 6 is the film itself. Not even Freddy Vision® could save us.

However, it’s a comfort to know in 10 years, when and if we survive this bad dream, we’ll be living in the land of bad haircuts.

In this time of crisis, there’s now only one hope: *New Nightmare!*

And the crowd goes wild. And by crowd I mean the neighborhood children, running, playing, laughing in the glorious sunshine like spring breakers on St. Patty’s Day. They’ve found a frog. Add this to the *pestilence and plagues*.

A ladybug lands on my wife’s shirt. She freaks out, and I learn she hates ladybugs. Also learn insisting they’re good luck “isn’t helping.”

Wife headlines, “It’s going to flood next week.”  
File this under *prophecies and revelations*.

We’re almost out of *Elm Street*, so we order the *Friday the 13th* box set. Our plan is to get to *Freddy Vs Jason* before getting to the remakes but we’ll see when/if it comes, because, you know, it’s good to have a plan since from east to west no one has a fucking clue.

Scratch that. Wife wants to watch the remake so I guess we’re watching the remake because what else do we got to do?

<sup>1</sup>These *nights* are a confined blur of length and meaning.

Also reading #murdertrending for a teen book club that now isn’t happening.

Continuity be damned!

Life consists of headlines.

Brother, this morning: “Crazy part is, all this going on and I look outside and it’s beautiful.”



*Four Pandemic Poems*

**by Cavin Bryce Gonzalez**

**Untitled**

Making \$10 an hour  
to sit outside a clinic  
for 8 hours  
by yourself  
wondering who  
you talk to  
is infected  
with COVID-19.

**Untitled**

A rash is forming on my hands.  
Probably from the latex gloves.  
Mmmm, crusty skin!  
Hey, you, hey – fuck –  
HEY!  
You can't go in.  
Not until I ask you questions.

## **Untitled**

The world is silent.  
Even the fountains have stopped.  
Wind blowing birds chirping sun in my  
skin.

It's not so bad really.  
I think, maybe, I'd like living in the city.  
If everyone stayed inside, I mean.  
Like I usually do.

## **Untitled**

This guy is trying to buy Plan-B.  
Another guy just bought some condoms.  
Ayeeee, it's a party it's a party it's a par-  
TAY!

*fence hoppers*

**by Jack Champion**

when i step outside for a cigarette  
i step over the overgrown weed-eaten  
flower bed that's slowly eating up my  
front porch and listen to the shallow beats  
of next door's constant music  
they smoke weed a lot and  
i don't really mind that so much but i do  
mind the smell

one time they kicked a ball into my  
garden  
without asking me they just hopped the  
fence  
and took it back  
i went round to theirs after and  
knocked on the door i told them to knock  
if they  
did it again and i'd get their ball for them

you can't just kick balls into other people's  
gardens you know

they looked pretty irate  
and didn't say much in response  
later that night i didn't sleep a whole lot

most nights i just sit in the dark  
i eat spaghetti and watch TV  
whatever's on except the news which i  
can't stand

i haven't even heard of this goddamn  
disease

i don't think i need to worry about it i'm  
pretty healthy I eat a lot of spaghetti  
but shit is getting crazy to be sure

i try and stay away from it because  
any moment a ball could land in my  
garden

it hasn't happened for a while  
i haven't seen anyone or heard any of the  
shallow beats the neighbours usually play  
i haven't seen any fence hoppers  
maybe i should go outside and see  
what's going on

*Pandemic Questions*

by **Giacomo Pope**

**Does MySpace have VideoChat?**

Why does everyone  
Call Skype zoom now?

**A Lifetime of Mojitos**

If we all stop  
Buying corona

Who will eat  
The limes?

**Self-Awareness**

Thinking do I normally  
cough when I wake up?

How many times is it normal  
for me to clear my throat?

Will my parents die?

*Will you still starve yourself at the end of the world?*

**by Lindsay Lerman**

*“I’m generally a vegetarian of the ovo-lacto type, minus the ovo, yet I’m keenly aware of the fact that Hitler was a vegetarian. When he visited Mussolini in Italy he rejected the state dinner. He didn’t drink or smoke. I hold him up as an example of how an aversion virtue can be a negative sign.”*

– Marilynne Robinson,  
*The Paris Review* no. 198

Hey babe I quit meat!  
Did I tell u?

yesssss girl! I quit gluten, so over  
it. Also all GMO products.  
I feel soooo much better.

Girl that’s great. I quit most  
booze. just makes me feel un-  
clean, u know? I’m just rockin  
that sparkling water now  
lololollll

I quit nightshades, lol! all,  
like \*all\* of them, nothing  
left to eat now lol

oh nice! decided to quit all  
juices that aren't cold-pressed.  
Just over here gettin my cold-  
pressed juice on lol.

Super important. I stopped  
with caffeine just like  
yesterday! God caffeine  
is such a druggg

ugh it is. But also I gave  
up dairy, did I tell you?

gonna start doing a juice fast  
every month, like how gross  
is fat right? I'm like practically  
all bones now, it's so disgusting.  
I do look way hotter than I  
used to tho lol

whatever girl you're such  
a babe. And I totes do the  
same! I add in some super-  
greens tho, the powder form.  
found this woman-owned  
company that makes the best  
ones. so important to support  
other women #girlboss  
#badbitches

oh also collagen – I'm having  
collagen powder for like every  
meal. hope i don't starve lol

Get it gurl. drinks soon?  
we so need to celebrate



## *Three Poems*

**by Mike Andrelczyk**

### **plants (bored)**

My wife has 47 different plants  
in our apartment

I like looking at them  
And I feel like they improve the air quality  
in here

Sometimes I wonder though, as I play  
with my lighter, like how  
people discovered you could get high  
from smoking cannabis  
like did they just smoke every plant?

### **carpet (bored)**

Do you ever just stare  
deeply at the patterns  
of your carpet?  
Lots of swirls  
I guess there are ways  
to stop time

## **Exile and the Kingdom**

Haha nah it's not that serious

I'm just looking at this  
Camus book cover with its minimal  
mountains and pale purple sun  
and it has this cool effect  
as if you're looking through blinds

I'm gonna read it  
I'm gonna read everything  
Haha nah I'm not

Last night my wife and I were playing  
New (it's old) Super Mario Bros. Wii  
(Wii the only video game thing we (heh)  
have, we rarely play but, like,  
quarantine)

Anyway we were on the last level  
— in Bowser's castle —  
And he's huge, and chasing you  
and even if you're  
wearing the propeller hat thing  
you basically die every time

*If given the choice between dying and plunging the country I love into a Great Depression, I'd happily die.*

**by Jesse Kelly**



**Jesse Kelly** ✓

@JesseKellyDC

If given the choice between dying and plunging the country I love into a Great Depression, I'd happily die.

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*thank you for reading*



*please don't die*