



Grieving as
Shapeshifting
Spells for coming undone



Compiled by Mara June @Motherwortandrose and Jillian @_ill.af_

special thanks to Ariane for helping with last minute tedious editing support & emotional support throughout!

Cover art: "and yet, the sun still rises" by Ophira Odem

and to all of our contributors, who are listed at the end of this zine, and many whose work didn't make it into the zine because of the sheer number of submissions:

THANK YOU for your art. THANK YOU for your tenderness. Thank you for your magic. THANK YOU for your kindness, understanding, and patience in the 6 month delay of releasing this zine.

DEAR READER,

I intended to release this zine in April, but making my way through over 350 heartfelt submissions slowed me.

The truth is that now, as we witness and resist the grief-fueled, grief-fueling genocide unfolding in Gaza, I feel as though I am out of words with which to tie this almost 100-page assemblage of poems, art, and reflections on grief, together.

But then I remember that this is what grief does - unravelling, slowing, leaving us without words, but still bursting with longing and song.

So let this zine not be tied together. Let it be incoherent and unravelling, unfinished, swollen, bursting at the seams. And let it be a way of sensing ourselves in this unravelling together, still woven to one another.

May our grief, personal and collective, bring us back to one another.

With love,
Mara June

GRIEF AS SHAPESHIFTING

When I first started being curious about grief as a process of shapeshifting, or grief as an organic, creative process, I didn't (and quite honestly still don't) know exactly what I meant by that. It was a question, or rather a series of questions, that compulsively tumbled out, as if on their own accord:

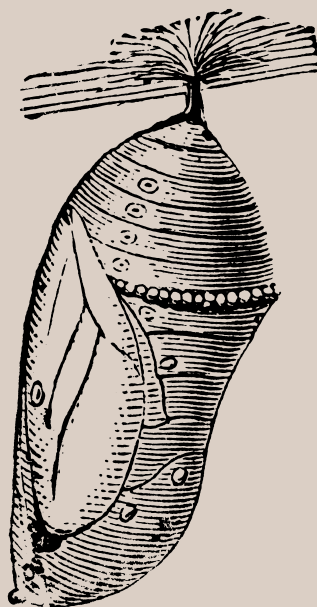
What if coming undone is an organic process? What if we are supposed to molt? What if, like fall, the way grief destabilizes & decomposes us is also a creative process? What are we feeding and nourishing, as we allow ourselves to soften? What if we embraced shapeshifting as an undeniable part of living and dying? What if shapeshifting is a holy thing?

And a series of 'what-if' questions at that, not seeking definitive answers, but presenting an opening. And that is what it felt like to me to consider these questions in the throws of my own grief: an opening.

An opening in that it felt like a surrender to grief's (and life's) capacity to endlessly resist definition and standardization and clear answers, a recognition of grief's queerness.

An opening as an invitation to welcome my own experiences and the experiences of others without it being about "doing our grief work," which to me often implies a "correct" way to grieve.

An opening in that I could acknowledge how grief might also be recreating me, us - how grieving might be a creative process of birthing new ways of being and relating, from within ruins, without certainty, without any promise of arrival.



“What ‘disintegrates’ in periods of rapid transformation is not the self, but its defenses and ideas. We are not objects that can break... We do not need to protect ourselves from change, for our very nature is change.”

Joanna Macy

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A SPELL FOR SITTING WITH GRIEF



MAY OUR GRIEF ALWAYS FIND A DOOR THAT SAYS, "WELCOME."

MAY THERE BE ROOM AT THE TABLE, A SEAT TO SINK INTO.

MAY THERE BE NOURISHMENT OFFERED AND MAY WE BE OPEN TO
RECEIVE — WORDS, FOOD, DRINK, REST, THE ENERGY OF PURE BEING.

MAY OUR GRIEF FIND ITS NOTES IN THE SONG, ITS RHYTHM IN THE
DANCE.

MAY ITS STORY BE GIVEN INK, SMOKE, FLOWERS, STONE — WHATEVER
LETS IT BREATHE.

MAY THERE BE A FLAME TO RELEASE WHAT NO LONGER SERVES IT,
AND A SPARK TO INVITE WHAT DOES.

MAY WE WRAP OUR GRIEF IN GENTLENESS AND COMPASSION, GATHER
IT IN THE AROMA OF LOVE, SEEDS OF HEALING, SALVE THAT COMES
FROM THE EARTH.

MAY OUR ANCESTORS SPEAK THEIR BLESSINGS IN MOONLIGHT ON OUR
SKIN, LAUGHTER IN OUR EARS, THE TEARS THAT FINALLY FLOW.

MAY EVERY WARM VOICE BE A MESSENGER TO WHAT'S BEEN EXILED,
SHAMED, SHUNNED, CALLING US BACK TO FULLNESS, WHOLENESS, OUR
BEATING HUMAN HEARTS.

MAY OUR GRIEF BE HONORED HERE, EVEN AS JOY SPINS AROUND US
AND BEAUTY SCATTERS ITS LIGHT.

MAY OUR GRIEF BE SAFE AND HELD IN COMMUNITY, EYES THAT SEE
US, ARMS THAT DRAPE US IN BELONGING, PROMISE TOGETHER WE'LL
TEND THIS ACHE.



BREAKING OPEN, GOING TO SEED

“Do not pray exclusively to the ancestors of the land, make room also for the spirits of the fault line, the new gods that scream through the cracks with the first musical notes of worlds to come.”

Bayo Akomolafe



LOSING AS A SACRED IDENTITY

I've spent a lot of my life wondering if I was a Loser. Becoming more acquainted with death has helped me realize for sure that I am, and to claim that identity as sacred. You can too if you want and here's how:

We can define a Loser as a practitioner of loss, and since the last thing any of us ever do is lose- everything, I believe it behooves us to cherish every opportunity we get to practice losing. That means all of our heartbreak and grief, as well as every shortcoming, every missed accomplishment, every time we don't get what we want, every time getting what we want doesn't go how we wanted, every failure to assert ourselves as right or triumphant or more-significant-than.

Being primarily oriented to triumph and success can make you a douchebag, but it will also betray you, because not one of us comes out on top. If we instead orient towards losing, and learn to grieve every large and small loss we experience, we can let each of those moments soften us into connection with the boundless fields of vitality and death below and around us, and I think that's a good way to move in the world...

The void is soft.

Ben Gordon



Anemone, Mara June



Ashley Blanton

grief is outgrowing home.

but where is home when you know
the secrets of the world?

the way magic is real yet mortality
comes for us all.

how he never left but forever is infinite.

gone for 20 years
but closer than ever.



agd

GRIEF AS ECOLOGY SPELL: REIMAGINING THE ANCIENT JEWISH PRACTICE OF TASHLIKH

Kaitlyn Pietras @thejewitchdoula

This year's High Holy Days had me thinking about the ways Jews shapeshift our grief into flowing water through the ancient ritual of Tashlikh. "Tashlikh" comes from the Hebrew verb "l'hashlikh" – literally to "cast away." We transfer our "chet" or "missteps" to stones and cast them into flowing water. It is traditionally done on Rosh Hashanah, the Jewish New Year, but can be performed on any day between Rosh Hashanah and Yom Kippur, the day of Atonement.

This is a specific type of grief. We are grieving the person we didn't live up to be in the past year. We are grieving the ways we let others, and ourselves, down. We are grieving our imperfect past selves, and we vow to cast this away to show up better in the world next year.

The following spell is inspired by this ancient ritual, and can be used for any type of mourning period. Take a moment and ask yourself what element your grief feels like. How does it show up in your body? Is it burning? Does it physically weigh on your heart? Is it overflowing like a river? Is it trapped in your throat?



Tashlikh at the LA River, 2023

THE TEARING

Here's what no one tells you:

Your baby will come out, yes; and wailing to the stars if you're lucky

They will be wet, shocked, brand new

(So will you)

You imagine this as an addition; another little person in your most sacred orbit—and you aren't wrong...but you've missed the other thing.

The part where you have laid a certain version of yourself to rest, often without even realizing.

The thing about birth that none of us want to talk about, that none of us want to know, is its razor's edge with death. It spares no one. Even those of us who are lucky enough to hold our babies, to bring them home whole, and feed them plump as we sing old songs with our eyes half-closed—not even us. It is the initiation of birthing that makes us mothers, and it is the grief of this that makes us know it.

This grief; this blind, keening search for the lost parts of ourselves—like La Loba piecing together her precious wolf bones—is the only magic. The ferocious alchemy of sorrow. Of love. Excruciating and illuminating and utterly unresolvable. It is where we are all born.

I stand over my baby's crib, reading my own epitaph in her eyelids—and not because motherhood is death, but because it requires us to be reborn. (And so it must be.)

Amelia Kriss



Hermit Crab, Alyssa Clarida

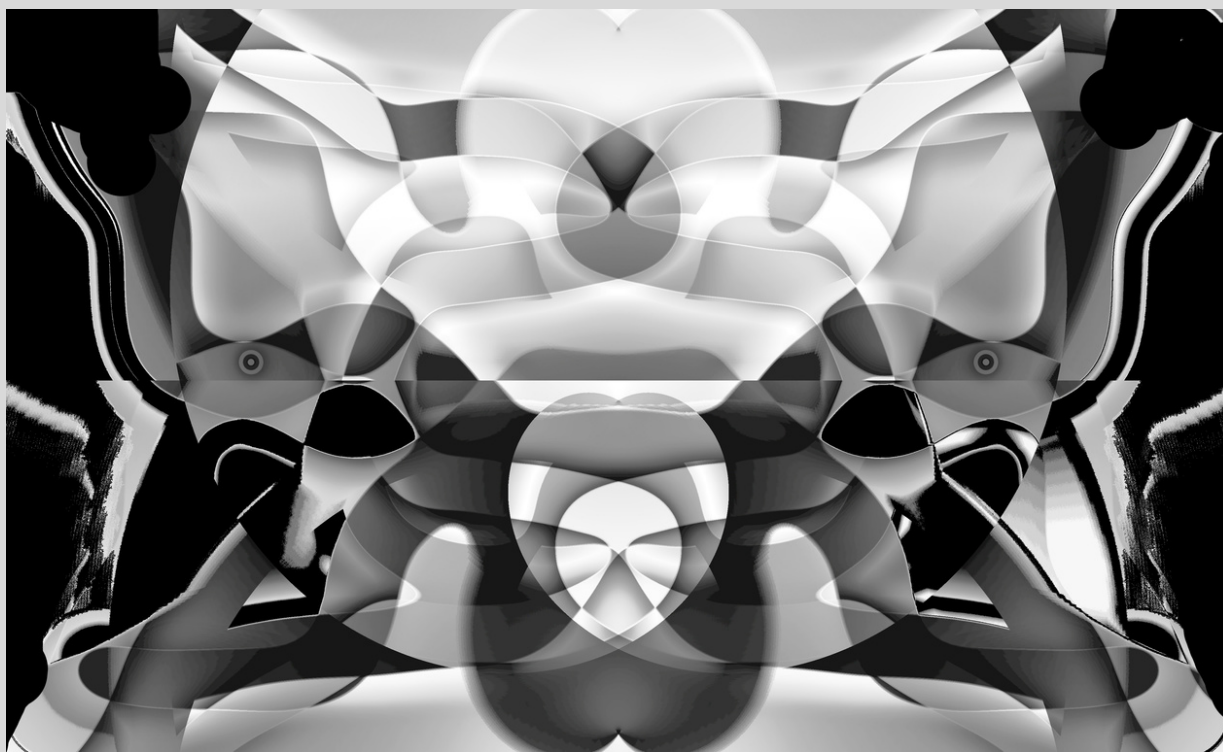
THERE IS STILL SAND BEHIND MY EARS FROM YESTERDAY
AND SOMETIMES I LIKE TO IMAGINE THAT EACH GRAIN OF SAND
IS A MEMORY
AND SOMETIMES I WORRY I'LL FORGET
SO I LET THE SAND STAY THERE FOR A FEW DAYS
AND WHEN IT'S CLOUDY AND I FEEL LIKE CRYING
I'M REMINDED THAT WAVES LET GO EVERY 17 SECONDS
THAT PELICANS HAVE BEEN HERE FOR AT LEAST 30 MILLION YEARS
I'M REMINDED OF THE WAY MY BELLY SOFTENS AND MY CHEST
OPENS WHEN I LAUGH
LIKE REALLY LAUGH
THAT A BUCKEYE TREE, DYING AND GNARLED, CAN GROW A NEW
BRANCH CASCADING UP AND AROUND THE DEAD PARTS, FLOWERING
THE SWEETEST SMELLING ENDINGS
SOMEONE TOLD ME WE ARE BORN AND DIE EACH DAY
AND I'M STARTING TO BELIEVE THEM
EACH GRAIN OF SAND
STICKING TO THE TENDER PARTS OF MY NECK
A REMINDER OF THE INFINITE POSSIBILITIES
OF THIS MOMENT



ABSENCE MAKES THE HEART

grow big enough to bear it
somewhere the sea swells hungry
i have hungered for me too

Kristin Lueke



a lost and forgotten day, Edward Supranowicz



A SPELL FOR ADORNING OUR EDGES



LET US MAKE SANCTUARY
IN THE STRANGE

LET US SAVOR
THE DRIPS OF HONEY
THE CHAMOMILE SCATTERED
AT THE SHORELINES OF OUR LONGING
AS WE SURRENDER TO BREAKING
AND SINGING
HOLLOWED OUT, BURSTING

LET US HOLD
THE HAND OF PERSEPHONE
LET US MEET
OUR FEAR WITH GIFTS
AS WE MAKE OUR DESCENT
REMEMBERING THE POMEGRANATE SEEDS
HAVE ALWAYS BEEN IN OUR BELLIES
AND WE ARE GALAXIES OF SEEDS AND JUICE
SCATTERED AND SOWN

LET US LOVE
WITHIN THE FOLDS OF RUPTURE

LET US REMEMBER
THAT SAFETY
AT LIFE'S EXPENSE
IS NOT NOURISHMENT
THAT COMING UNDONE
NEED NOT BE COMFORTABLE
TO BE WHAT IS NEEDED



BECOMING LIBATIONS

“To the world who only wants me to harden... I will only become softer. In the face of callousness, I rebel with care. To the world who wants me to become harsh, jaded, or reactive, I am hospicing your dying world and co-creating softer worlds. I will let this enchanting world tenderize me.”

Pinar Sinopoulos-Lloyd



What am I, A. Harper

this last day of April, with rain.

The bullfrogs
cloaked inside memories of an earlier thunder
are singing their low midnight anthem.

My body is chanting too.
Knee-deep in the loam and moonlight
I grasp into the fecund dark
for some profound words to startle myself sane.

What offering can I bring to this night
like it is mine to name?

a half-unwrapped longing
the tender crack of bent wrist
this delicate devouring of my own sorrow.

I wet my lips
while the Moon pulls herself into fullness
while the frogs find their purpose

and every night-blooming flower
opens with gratitude
at the mere mention of shadows.





Grief, Judea Costes

upright in bed,

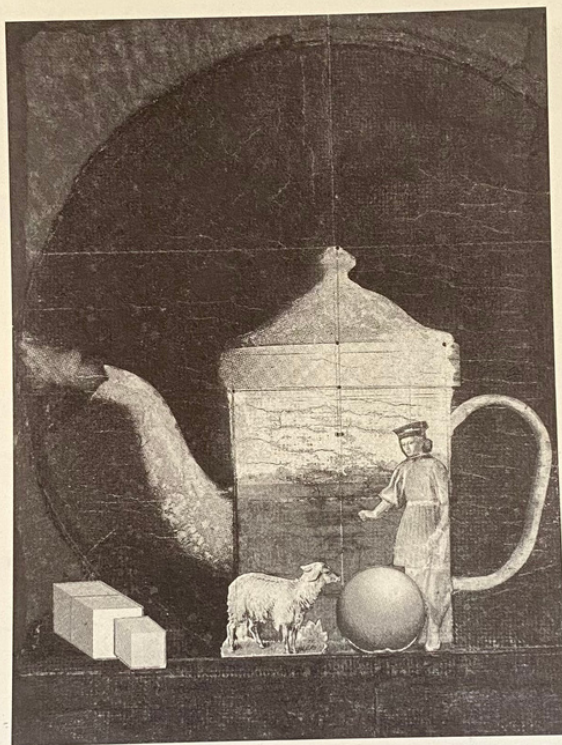
is all about geometry, making the shadow diamonds that much more meaningful.

When the grief, nettle knows exactly

I have encountered many acts of generosity in my life,

no matter

over a longer period of time -- a different interpretation.



It is meant to be there.

re-create a moment to enchant, and to reflect the best to delight,

our world and our times.

Lovable.

but what people build to fulfill their dreams of escape.

ALTARS ARE EVERYWHERE

In my experience, altars are everywhere.

According to Wikipedia an altar is "*a table or platform for the presentation of religious offerings, for sacrifices, or for other ritualistic purposes. Altars are found at shrines, temples, churches, and other places of worship.*"
<https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Altar>

Regardless of belief, dogma or religion, it's important to validate and promote the importance of this holy act. *Altars are everywhere.*

In the wild, the natural proclivity to pick up a rock on a beach or a stick in the forest and how we hold it. We touch it. We feel it. Sometimes we treasure it.

On our body, the way in which we choose to care for, adorn and express ourselves. The way clothes feel, the way we feel being perceived.

In our home, we honour our things and the places we put our treasures matter. We perform our daily tasks (rituals). We move in and around our space- our space holds us. We rest.

In relationship, we invest work and energy into other, we act upon love, we communicate care. We grow within and without.

Our work, we create, perform, collaborate and labour. We share and show up to get the task done.

In community, we take care of each other. We share, collect, invest, connect and grow collectively.

My invitation to you is to find the places that need a sweep out or dusting, a little attention and refresh. A neglected place. This is about the small seemingly insignificant places. The places that we take for granted or overlook.

Life is an art. The ways we create and pour intent feel powerful. Try to observe the spaces where altars are or could be created by you and yours.

Morning routine space. Leaving and returning home. Cooking and eating. Resting. Playing. Laughing.

Grieving and healing in this collapsing capitalist system, care and grace are so precious.

Altars are a marking place to pause, chew, swallow, digest, exhale, drop in, revisit, take a moment, to care. Say thank you. Signal hope. Honour and respect.

Recognition, a ritual, a communion along this path of living & dying.

Altars symbolise a gathering space for the heart. a gathering space for community. a gathering space for grief.


An intimate conversation between you and the clouds.

Create art. Make altars into an artform. Create and build and grow things. Practice magic. Care for the community. Hold on.

Tanis Laird



For You, Little One, Stacy Roberts



It comes in waves
She says.
As she's asked how she's doing now
Seventeen months on.

It comes in waves
She says.
Unexpected.
Out of the blue.
Whilst watching a show on Netflix that you
Thought would be a "safe" watch.
See the waves,
Rippling,
Cascading,
Crashing,
Suffocating.
Hear the deafening roar
Of silence.
Aren't the waves smaller now?
No. Never smaller.
I've just learnt how to root my feet deeper into the sand
to withstand
The tsunami as it washes over me.

It comes in waves
She says.
Ebbing and flowing with the tides,
Forever learning how to swim again
In the moonlit pool of grief.

@emmakirrage



Inundated, Ashley Blanton

A SPELL FOR BECOMING LIBATIONS

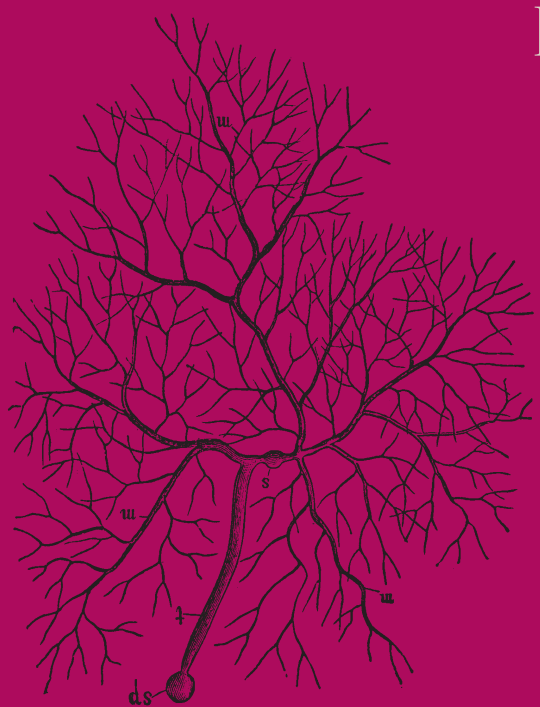


MAY THE GRAVITY OF OUR GRIEF BRING US
BACK TO EACH OTHER, OURSELVES, OUR
BODIES, THE PLANTS, THE LAND, THE WATER,
THE ANIMALS, OUR ANCESTORS, AND FUTURE
GENERATIONS.

MAY THE WELLING IN OUR CHESTS REMIND
US OF HOW EXPANSIVE OUR CAPACITY IS TO
HOLD AND BE HELD, OF THE DEEP WELL OF
LOVE AND NOURISHMENT IN WHICH THERE IS
ENOUGH FOR EVERYONE, FOR EVERY CHILD.

MAY OUR BREAKING BREAK PATTERNS THAT
NEED BREAKING, AND BREAK US OPEN TO
EVEN DEEPER CAPACITY FOR MAKING
BEAUTY, LOVE, AND MAGIC WHERE IT SEEMS
IMPOSSIBLE, FOR MAKING HONEY AT THE
PLACES OF RUPTURE INSIDE AND BETWEEN
US.

MAY OUR GRIEF MAKE US INTO DELICIOUS
LIBATIONS FOR WORLDS IN WHICH WE ALL
BELONG.



BECOMING COMPOST AND MULTITUDES

“What would it mean to claim fertility inside of decay, instead of always feeling like you're a failure every day...? when your nervous system is still glitchy, when you still have triggers, how can you stop problematizing that and overburdening your already burdened system, and begin to think of yourself as soil?”

Sophie Strand

A WALK IN THE WOODS IS A TOUR OF DECAY

The fungal body of sweat and spores
mycelium threaded arteries squeeze
an early decay that telegraphs
tight the bud drop the leave harden
lick the bark the flames cauterize
a sap-filled wound is not pus.
hungry earth is eating dying,
slurped the secretions that
honeysweet disguise poison.

A walk in the woods is a tour of decay.
Trees sweat, crowns tremble delirium
the roar the wind the roar the bend
snap the foot on a death tree branch.
Fungal food: we disintegrate.

Ena Lee

spring 2022

Stubborn and heavy
Become a bigger jar

Breathe into the deadly weight
until it lifts you up

Sing until you aren't afraid anymore

Rachel Zetah Becker



GOOD GRIEF I SEE YOU COMING

i will not rush out to meet you

you've walked three years
through a ruined house to find me
holding onto sweetness going
trying to leave me
breathless

i've seen your face before
i will not rush out to greet you

oh but your coat is thin and threadbare
& here i've made us loving
us singing softly
for god's sake i baked bread
i braided my hair

i poured the candles
that brought you here
come in

i'll light the fire.

Kristin Lueke

GRIEF WAVE

Sometimes I forget when a grief wave arrives
 That my gratitude for all the joyful, beautiful people, place and things in my life
 Isn't going to be sucked away by my grief
 They can coexist together
 Sometimes I remember this weight of loss
 Was once and still is in a way
 A boundless love
 I wish I could hold your hand again
 And hear you giggle
 I wish you were here to be alive in this broken world with me
 Finding our way together
 Celebrating
 Grieving
 Falling in love
 Learning unlearning
 Embracing
 I move through the world differently since I lost you
 I feel more deeply
 Love more fully
 Grieve out loud
 What magical things would we have discovered together?
 What initiations would we have walked through together?
 I miss you and the pain of this longing visits less frequently
 But when they do, I greet them with such tenderness
 To feel this grief is to feel a connection to your love and my love for you
 I ride the wave and do my best to stay afloat
 To feel and to allow
 And to remember what a gift it is to be human and feeling and longing and grieving and celebrating and connecting
 and loving and and and
 To be alive.
 While you are dead
 I keep your heart in my heart
 I will not let your memory die
 Your breath of love lives in and through me
 I'm forever broken open to more
 And I wish you were here to experience it with me
 Words failing to express
 This swirl of love loss expand connect grieve

Anna Schneider-Bryan

ruins

she sits cloaked, weighted down, almost immovable. her clothes fall off of her, ripped, and wet from the persistent spring rains. you can almost see moss growing on her like a felled tree branch. her voice cracks when she talks to the animals, as they are the only creatures to understand her language. she is more animal than woman and has no place in this society. doors are shut, lights turned off as she walks by.

occasionally, she turns to stone. she cracks in the weather, unable to rehydrate herself and keep on living. she is colorless and is unnoticed. a city in ruins where only wild animals dare put their paws.

she has no need for food but the occasional berry or weed. she prefers stinging nettles over the most expressive flowers. for the nettle's sting can at least make her feel, like blood circulating through her blocked-up body.

And she knows she'd do well to soften. in slow murmurs, she whispers, *feeling is good. feeling is good. feeling is good.*



ACHILLES TRIES TRANSFORMATIVE JUSTICE AFTER THE POLICE KILL
PATROCLUS

I stood on the trench and bellowed,
with a coronet of flame around my head:
a miracle of rage.

You could not even look at me,
burning with celestial fire,
with a righteousness so hot
your boot-soles melted.

There's nothing you can give me
that I want: nothing
you can give me that you haven't
already taken and disfigured
with your violence, that you haven't
irreversibly
shape-shifted.

You cannot take the Living
and replace them with a Shade.
You cannot stop a heart
and then repair it with a dollar.

And I cannot grind yarrow
with a mortar to staunch wounds,
then turn the mortar over in my hand
to club the ones who murdered
my beloved.

This is the miracle of rage:
a crown of writhing flames,
and hands that soothe the bleeding of the dead.

Stephanie Willis, 2023



Decay, Sista Luna

A SPELL FOR BECOMING A SMOKING HOT COMPOST PILE



MAY OUR LONGING GIVE US THE STRENGTH
OF LOVERS IN A FIELD,
OF A SMOKING HOT COMPOST PILE,
OF BEES HUMMING IN THE OPEN MOUTHS OF FLOWERS,
OF GALAXIES COLLIDING AND CHANGING SHAPE.

MAY WE TAKE THE RISK OF LOVING,
OF DELIGHTING IN OUR STRANGENESS
AND IN OUR "BAD" ART
AND OUR MANY, ALWAYS CHANGING, SHAPES.

MAY WE TAKE THE RISK OF BEING MISUNDERSTOOD
MAY WE REMEMBER THAT CREATIVE EXPRESSION IS THE
BIRTHRIGHT OF EVERY BEING ON THIS PLANET.

MAY WE COLLAPSE
INTO THE RISKY AND DISRUPTIVE GRAVITY
OF THOSE WHO INVITE US
BACK INTO ALIVENESS AGAIN
AND AGAIN.

MAY WE JOIN THIS HOT AND FIERY,
GLITTERING, GALACTIC MESS OF LIFE AND DEATH, TEARS
AND SWEAT.



REMEMBERING OURSELVES AS MAGICIANS

“Her death cracked me open to something I still can’t explain with words. It has made the world far less flat, made being alive far more incredible. I now feel enchanted by life in a way I never could have imagined before she died. The world felt terrible but also full of some kind of magic that made her presence visible in everything. I started to believe in multiple dimensions.”

Chelsea Granger



An Altogether Sacred Remedy (Brujería), Winsor Kinkade

the dusk

it's the longing that you must break through like a sack of bones on an autumn night. grab your heart and sing it wildly you are whole my love it is divine commandment. it will ask of you to stand alone on desperate nights and choose yourself. learn to break with grace. expect the joy. the light will come. the dusk is transient.

I summon courage by remembering nothing lasts. Our lives are impossibly short.

Courage is the only way. I am protected by the divine magic of the universe. The stardust of the cosmos covers the stardust of me.

I amplify the magic of others by recognizing the divinity of their being.

I protect what nourishes me by offering love and gratitude for the experience of being nourished.

This season I breath in the harvest.

I breathe out the bindings of my past.

I release ideas of time that it is scarce, that there is not enough.

I sink into ideas of time that it is fleeting and also eternal.

Abby Goelzer

WHEN I GOT CARRIED AWAY

When I got carried away by uncountable hours of weeping, I went and sat beneath the weeping willow, and she cradled me with the lullaby of her rustling branches.

When I was drowning in the vast ocean of my own tears, I went to the river and fell into the song of its murmur.

When I was broken open by pain, I bowed to the dry ground where it had been cracked open, too. I placed my hands on the cracks until I shivered under the heartbeat that echoed forth from the center of the world.

When I could barely stand under the weight of my mourning, I sought out the old oak tree that stood crooked, shaped by a thousand storms, and found resilience within twisted branches.

When I feared to wilt and rot inside of my sorrow, I wandered through the autumn woods, caught leaf after leaf as they fell, and inhaled their sighs of relief.

When my skin had unlearned how to sense, I crawled out of my cave and stood in the wind, and it caressed my skin back to life.

When I heard no whispers of guidance from the ones before me, I sat by the fern, and touched eons of lifetimes through unfurling leaves.

When I had shed my old skin, but not yet inhabited what I would be, I searched through bushes and grass, until a snake slid out and taught me the art of becoming with ancient reptile eyes.

When darkness was all that existed, I went and melted into the night sky, and became an orchestra of twinkling stars.

When I didn't remember the meaning of hope, I woke early and made love to the colours of dawn.

When I had forgotten how to bloom, I went and watched the seasons pass over the garden, and witnessed it sprout, bloom, decay and dream.
Sprout, bloom, decay and dream.

I went and asked the land
"What will become of my grief? Where will it lead me? When will it go?"

The medicine was not in the answer.
The medicine was me, asking.

The medicine was that I belonged to the land.

To the weeping willow and the rivers, to the snake, the oak tree and the fern.
To the garden, the forest, the wilting leaves.
To the ground.
To the winds.
I belonged to the night and the morning, to the shifting seasons and the turning wheel.

They, too, had grieved, and mourned, and wilted, and lost all hope and died.
And yet, they hadn't vanished.

They were here.
Some marked by their grief,
Wounded and healed,
Some wrapped in new bodies,
That suited them more,
Some still inbetween.

They were here,
All breathing the same, sacred breath.
All woven together by tender, unseen hands.

I believe that is not because they were unshakeable, or untouchable.

But because they were shaken and touched a thousand times.

Janina de la Selva

GriEvInG oUr

tenuous

Tomorrow

'the whole catastrophe.'

like the deep solitude of being human, and tragedy.
landscape simultaneously magnificent,

in consequence, *help us lie to ourselves.*

"Why does one creature otherworldly, the gloriosa lily

gently illuminate *their intelligence, playful nature, and vocalizations*

Every time the world is in trouble, uproarious
exasperation,

configure the well-being of the land

Not since our expulsion from the enchanted

dreaming of more to come, everything seems more alive."

The Lure of the

Strange

foolish dream:

delicious memory

Thank you.

G h O S t

laughter.

REAL NAMES AND ROSARIES

Real Names and Rosaries

The prayer thrown out

To the night is caught by a flash

Of black feathers. She laughs

Like oblivion, laughs like no other thing I could know as I ask

Déithe agus andéithe,

Earth sea and sky

Hear my cry! Dear gods, I am coming again

To wear all the faces I could not wear in the daylight

But now it is night and all that is right is to cry

Na Mórrigna!

Tugaim gach rud duit,

Gach lá.

Alex-Caleb



Deer One, René Treece - Roberts

Have you ever lost something imaginary
 Not a real loss
 A quiet and lonely loss
 One that never got a chance to be a real loss
 One that you can't say out loud
 After I lost something not real
 I started to paint
 Watercolours, pictures of birds
 The water on the paper makes the paint swirl and
 twist
 And the birds came out transparent
 Their feathers speckled with page-white
 I liked to watch the colours bleed into each other
 And think about how I wasn't in control
 But afterwards I could pretend that the effect was
 intentional

Negative space is the most important element of
 watercolour painting
 The most eye catching part, that illuminates the
 picture
 Is the white of untouched page shining through
 It's just a painting in the end
 And the only part that's real is the page
 I made it that way, the painting and the page, the
 thing that was there and not there.
 Sometimes I still paint birds
 Less than I used to
 Only when I need to remember



By Tasha Llewellyn

Fantasy Resurrection

the usual grief
that finally kills
unholy ghosts
within me still

resurrects
a phantom sight
your emerald hair
a jewels goodbye

from broken ring
on vacant hands
that open up
and push the rock
aside

THE ART OF The Bright Side

is worried about **Climate change.**

There is grief as we

rapidly, rapidly, rapidly, rapidly!

change.

an emotional wallop.

– we know the feeling.

It's interesting how your perception

begins with

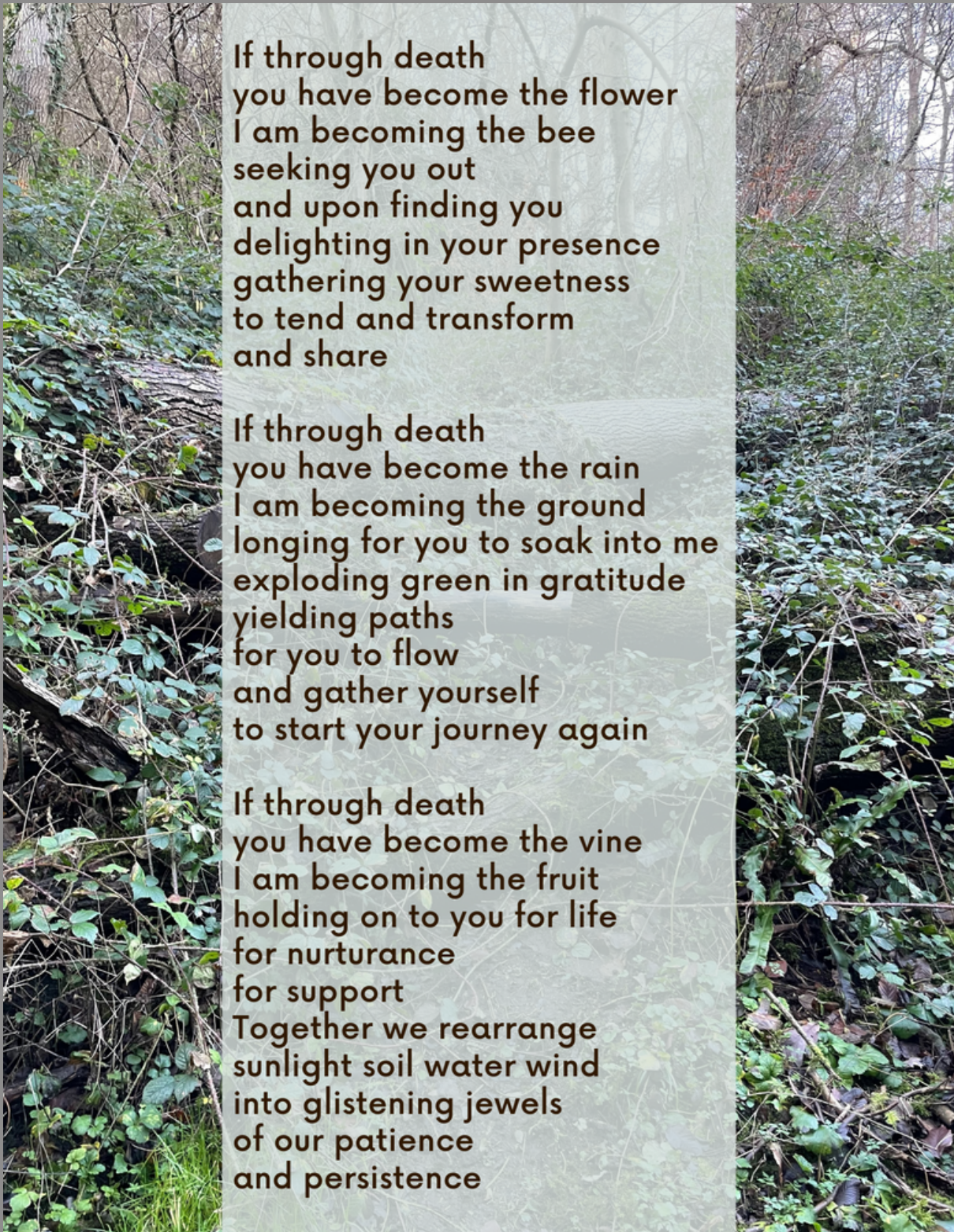
The relationship of the web to

the human imagination:

'You only regret

100 years





If through death
you have become the flower
I am becoming the bee
seeking you out
and upon finding you
delighting in your presence
gathering your sweetness
to tend and transform
and share

If through death
you have become the rain
I am becoming the ground
longing for you to soak into me
exploding green in gratitude
yielding paths
for you to flow
and gather yourself
to start your journey again

If through death
you have become the vine
I am becoming the fruit
holding on to you for life
for nurturance
for support
Together we rearrange
sunlight soil water wind
into glistening jewels
of our patience
and persistence

Tracing

shadows overtake my body
blissful dissolution as skin
is speckled with dusky stars
tracing indelible scars

your breath on my lips
as I open the window
bathe in moonlight
until my body is light
ethereal---

closer to you



Poppy Love, Nicole Anderson

A SPELL FOR SHAPESHIFTING



MAY GRIEF MAKE US INTO MAGICIANS.
 PULL US INTO METAMORPHOSIS.
 REVEAL OUR MULTIDIMENSIONAL + ENTANGLED NATURE.

MAY OUR BODIES REMEMBER GRIEVING LIKE SNAKES MOLTING.

MAY GRIEF DIGEST THE ILLUSION OF ISOLATED SELVES & LINEAR TIME.

MAY GRIEF PULL US DOWN ONTO THE EARTH,
 COLLAPSE US INTO THE SOIL.
 LIFT OUR FACES TO THE STARS AND THE MYSTERY OF OUR BREATH.
 PUSH US INTO INTUITIVE RITUAL, METAMORPHOSIS,
 AND AN EXPANDED SENSE OF SELF.
 ROLL STORIES, SPELLS, AND POEMS OFF OUR TONGUES.

MAY WE REMEMBER THAT GRIEF IS NOT A PASSIVE SURRENDER
 BUT A BREAKING AND BURSTING INTO SONG,
 A CELEBRATION OF VOICES THAT RISK
 CRACKING AND SINGING OFF KEY.

MAY GRIEF SLOW AND STILL US
 ENOUGH THAT WE MAY BE MOVED
 BY OUR LISTENING & LONGING,
 INTO SUCH A SONG,
 THAT WE MAY BE CRACKED
 AND MADE INTO NEW SHAPES.



BECOMING TIME
TRAVELERS
+ REALM STRADDLERS

“I feel that grief is basically another ontological form of time...you are living in another form of time...it is a more fluid, cyclical form of time, where you disconnect from this other modern capitalist notion of time, & it is a time for slowing down... It is a politics of refusal to an imposed time that doesn't allow us time to feel....”

Yoalli Rodriguez



Death PORTALS Savannah C. Green

LOOKING BACK



There's always a sense of nostalgia in something that records the passing of time. You can't escape that. But you can have a critical look at things that seem nostalgic.

...alized that she could make up for the pictures she missed, the pictures that failed and even the pictures she only imagined.



LOOKING FORWARD

Looking back, Looking forward, Nik Wolf



Mara June

I Miss You

by Nik

"I miss you."

says the moon to the sun

"& so

I will wait for our next eclipse.

I will wait & puzzle at charts

until our eventual re-alignment

A rare, memorable moment of star-kissed clarity

Your solar embrace

We'll gaze into one another for as long as we're able because it's more painful to look away.

Where else to stare than back into the eye of an unwavering storm?

Though someday in a calm connected quiet,

whole oceans could shift.

May these tides bring you safely back

maybe to me?

maybe

maybe to me"



A SPELL FOR BEING STRETCHED



MAY OUR LONGING
 STRETCH US ACROSS CONTINENTS AND REALMS
 NOT LIKE A CANVAS
 BUT SOMETHING THAT SINGS
 A MIGRATION
 THE RAIN
 A STORY
 A PLUCKED STRING

LET US LINGER HERE
 IN THE MOMENTS
 WHEN WE ARE MADE UNSTEADY WITH SONG,
 LET US LISTEN FOR WHO SINGS WITH US
 AND WHO SINGS US

LET US LINGER HERE
 IN THE PLACES
 WHERE WE ARE CAUGHT IN OUR FALLING
 LIKE DROPS OF RAIN SUSPENDED ON A SPIDERWEB
 NOT KNOWING YET WHAT IT'S LIKE TO BE TASTED BY SOIL
 KNOWING ONLY THE FEELING OF BEING
 PULLED AND HELD
 LET US LEARN THE ART OF DWELLING
 HERE
 AND THERE, AND
 NOT THERE YET AND

LET US SWELL
 MAKE US HOLY
 WITH THE GRAVITY OF EACH OTHER
 WITHOUT THE PROMISE OF ARRIVAL
 AS THE OCEAN AND MOON BREATHE RESTRAINT AND DESIRE
 WITH EACH ORBIT AND TIDE
 STRETCHED AND FULL

MAY WE BE REMADE EACH DAY
 LESS LINEAR AND MORE CYCLICAL
 LESS RIGID AND MORE FLUID
 AS LOVERS AS MOVERS
 BETWEEN REALMS
 OF SPACE AND TIME



just like the river we parted, Kaelan Tranter

YOU WITHOUT YOU

I keep finding your hair
On my clothing
In my son's legos
On the back of my neck
On my black wool socks

You without you

How many hairs on a human head
does a person lose in one day?
Multiply that by the number of days
I spent walking
Through the same rooms you
inhabited

My black wool socks picking up dust,
crumbs, hair
Like a magnet as I walked
From one room to another
With the purpose of being in love

Anonymous

THE EDGES OF THE EARTH

some crows play with

When evening comes, listen for the

atmosphere and surrounding details

you're enthusiastic
by the sun's journey from east to west.

creating a cooking dance mix

Spent a morning browsing gardening tools and
with the goal of having fun, and arranging a

found flower

Resist the urge to orchestrate:

THE SUN CLOCK

MADE

joyful tree climber

fully present

rules are suspended,
check, check, check, check, check.



Some Crows Play with the Edges of the Earth, Dani Austin

I know now why
Orpheus
and Lot's wife
looked back.

There's just something about
forcing your feet
to follow the evidence
away
from where your heart
is anchored
that makes it feel like
the body
will tear in two.

Nura Kinge, 2022 | @nuraladura



Metamorphosis, Megan Posnikoff

SWIMMING

Every summer, my mom was the one who would take us to the beach. Not as much as you would think, for living just 15 minutes away. Not as much as I wanted, nor for as long as I hoped. Still, I would stay in the water long enough for our lips to turn blue, as I alternated going over, diving under, and being barreled over by the waves.

One summer, my dad took us to an island off the coast of South Carolina for a family vacation. He was dying, so he got in the water with us. The waves were calm compared to the New Jersey waves I was used to—the relative flat, still rippling water stretching towards the horizon. As my dad’s head bobbed up from the vast blue, the sun and water glistened on his newly, alarmingly, thin, white hair, and he wiped the salt water from his wrinkled face. It felt like I was seeing my father for the first time, as it often would, each time I sensed it was the last time I’d see him doing something.

Mara June

YOUR SPRING

I wanted to be there
for your spring.
I wanted to see your season change.
When winter months
convinced us that
an eternal gray
would be our coffin...
I would still remember
the rainbow highlight of your
dark hair
in the summer sun
and all the moments
your love was
hot sand
that I could rest upon...
But tender petals
in their blossoming
will forever make me cry-
for my hungry heart
is endlessly wishing
to witness you
becoming.

Lauren Hay

CIRCLES

I am sitting in the hospital where I was born
Waiting for my father to die
This time, when we leave,
He will be swaddled and strapped in
I will climb into the back and hold his hand
The hum of the tires lull him to sleep
As I watch him breathe

There are many rooms in my father's house
And none of them are mine
But still, when the time comes,
I find myself cleaning them-
I empty out the cupboards and haul the trash
Sweep the floors and fold the sheets

I am a mother now
I must tell my children and hold back my tears
Feign strength while my legs give out
With the awful truth that we come into this life with
love
And when we are lucky,
That is how we leave

Johanna Hatch

OSTRICH SONG

Like grief you tug
 with tender hands bleeding yolk
 on iron flesh you dwell in me
 holy water whirling towards
 times I felt
 more love less fear
 I'm kept to patch
 holes in your chest I cry
 you pry shame out of my hands
 say I'm bright say we'll make it
 through scorned roots
 iris rapture something
 strange please swallow
 my eyes my hands
 my string of pearls dust off
 the ostrich I know I'm sorry
 I used your skin to clean my tongue
 in every language I stayed
 I cried I became
 this for you.

CONTRIBUTORS

Abby Goelzer is a grief coach and death doula based in Milwaukee, WI, the traditional and unceded homelands of the Potawatomi, Ojibwa, Odawa, Fox, Ho-Chunk, Menominee, Sauk, and Oneida people. She sees grief as a holy portal that leads us to our deepest truths and death as a sacred threshold we all must cross and she seeks to witness and walk with others on their travels towards both. She loves finding adventure and peace in the forest and on the shores of the Great Lakes with her sweet family of humans and dogs. IG: @garnet_andthe_moon

Alexander Gonzalez has been writing poetry and prose for over 10 years and is looking forward to publishing a collection of his work in the near future. IG: @itsonlyghosts

Alkebuluan Merriweather is a Chicago born and raised artist. Their work is centered around archival materials, analog photography, sound, and mixed media. Their work seeks to centralize their lineage that is connected to The Great Migration, Jamaica, and the Black Belt. Alkebuluan is the founder behind the Black Matriarch Archive and Homagetoblkmadonnas which is centered around Black mothers, femmes, and women as a source of the spirit of inquiry and hopefully one-day repatriation.

A. Harper (they/them). "Questions Without Answers," is a series of 4 digital collages that were made as a part of an internal creative process of alchemizing grief through the questions, "What, Where, How, and Why am I?" IG: @astrodyke

Alex-Caleb (he/they) is a writer, poet and pagan from the north of Ireland. Featuring previously in The Magnus Archives fan-made tarot deck, his work in this features explorations of identity, grief and fluidity, all of which are important themes for him. You can find them on twitter @_floraldisaster or on tumblr @floral--disaster.

Alyssa Grace Clarida lives, romps, loves & grieves in the aspen groves & river bends of western Colorado.

Amanda Dameron (she/her) is a daughter, a sister, an aunt, & a friend. Her art is an outlet of expression of her grief with both the living & dead. IG: @amandadameron

Amelia Kriss (she/her) is a Drama Therapist, Certified Coach, & Birth Story Medicine Practitioner based in Oakland, CA. She is obsessed with birth as a rite of passage, and supporting birthing parents & families through this profound threshold. Learn more at birthingforreal.com

Anna Antoniadi (Άννα Αντωνιάδη) was born in Larissa, Greece in 1997 and graduated from Athens school of Fine Arts in 2021, where she studied printmaking, although the mediums that she mostly uses are painting, illustration and poetry. Her themes mostly revolve around poisonous flowers, mysticism and female sexuality. Through her work she aims to self-heal, using her art as a magical tool that transforms the creator. IG: @valeriann.a

Anna Schneider-Bryan (she/they) is a care worker, a tender heart, and a curious truth seeker who is always learning and unlearning while embracing the waves of the full human experience. She values authentic connection, interdependence and dismantling systems of harm and oppression-within ourselves and the world. She is also queer femme who is currently living and working on Occupied Dakota Territory (Minneapolis, Minnesota) as a massage therapist and bodyworker, offering care through her private practice Liminal Space Healing and with a local hospice. She has been deeply transformed by her own relationship with loss and grief and hopes to create space for others to be held and witnessed, wherever they find themselves in this messy, intense, awe filled human experience. IG: @annasbryan, @liminal_space_healing

Annie McCormick (she/they) is a nonbinary artist, poet, and educator living in Fort Worth, Texas. Surrealist dreamscapes, mystical poetry, and cycles of nature are key influences and sources of inspiration. Through their creative practice Annie hopes to share honest glimpses of the depths and heights of intimate human experience, inviting others to connect her work with the light and shadow of their own lives. IG: @gentlenightart

Ariane Custodio (she/they) is a queer Filipinx living on the unceded territories of the Musqueam, Squamish, Tsleil-Waututh, Tsawwassen, and Kwantlen nations (so-called Richmond, British Columbia). She engages with the world through movement, poetry, song, play, and unhurried conversation. IG: @ariane.vanessa

Ashe L. (she/her). Part hedge witch and part feral housecat, Ashe is a deathworker and animist whose poetry, musings, short essays, and other writings form in the underbelly of Being; she finds deep comfort and curiosity in the universal shapeshifting narrative of the human condition. Her writings exist as a greenhouse for thoughts that push through the soil so they can also push through to the soul. IG: @henwifehexen.

Ashley Blanton is a visual artist based in Asheville, North Carolina, exploring emotional residue and visceral felt senses. IG: @faint.as.fog

Becca Ainley (she/her) is a tender footed death care worker based in Connecticut. She is also a multimedia artist and folk herbalist on a mission to weave together these passions to tend to the ever growing garden of grief. IG: @celestialbranches

Ben Gordon is a massage therapist currently based in Asheville, NC. He can be reached in Instagram at @bgbodywork or via email at bgordbodywork@gmail.com.

Briseida <brih-say-dah> **Pagador** (they/she) is a writer based in Portland, OR. They are a self-taught artist exploring themes of identity, loneliness, and displacement through her work. With a focus on seeking home, her pieces aim to create a sense of connection and belonging for those who feel lost in the world. IG: @bpagador

Cary Luna Spaeth (she/they) IG: @caryluna1

Dani Austin (they/them) is a queer, disabled Jew who loves a good cup of coffee, excellent questions, and basking in the (preferably desert) sun. Their ancestral lineages include: Eastern European/New York Jews, Cherokee and Irish farmers. They aim to use writing and arts-based inquiry as a practice to cultivate our bravest and most beautiful possibilities for love and justice.

Edward Michael Supranowicz is the grandson of Irish and Russian/Ukrainian immigrants. He grew up on a small farm in Appalachia. He has a grad background in painting and printmaking. Some of his artwork has recently or will soon appear in Fish Food, Streetlight, Another Chicago Magazine, The Door Is A Jar, The Phoenix, and The Harvard Advocate. Edward is also a published poet who has been nominated for the Pushcart Prize multiple times.

Emma Kirrage (she/her) is an actor, dancer and filmmaker from London. IG: @emmakirrage

Ena Lee is a nonbinary labor organizer born and raised in New York City. Their poetry primarily explores grief and the persistence of friendship beyond time and place, and the foregrounding of the landscape in catharsis and self-immanence. IG: @ellylazarus.

Erin Jamieson (she/her) holds an MFA in Creative Writing from Miami University. Her writing has been published in over eighty literary magazines, including a Pushcart Prize nomination. She is the author of a poetry collection (Clothesline, NiftyLit, Feb 2023). Her latest poetry chapbook, Fairytales, is available from Bottlecrap Press. Twitter: @erin_simmer

Hunter Franks (he/him) is a poet, artist, and builder based in the Bay Area. He is passionate about creating communal spaces for feeling, for belonging, and for falling apart. His practice encompasses community-based public art, happenings, visual work, writing, nature quests, and installation.

Janina de la Selva (she/her) is a forest dweller, plant whisperer, gardener, craftswoman, poet & mystic based in the Southern German mountains. She explores the innate wildness & rhythmical nature of all things through her senses and her hands as she creates plant medicines & ritual crafts with materials gifted by nature. IG: @wherethewildflowersblossom

Johanna Hatch is a poet writing at the intersection of nature, kinship, and magic. A native of Cape Cod, MA, she now lives in Wisconsin with her family.

Judea Costes (they/she) Over the pandemic, judea's photography evolved into a form of meditation as they sought artistic comfort, mindfulness, and groundedness in the midst of the chaos and isolation. In doing so, they found healing and power in seeing themselves reflected in nature's forms. "grief" is one of the first works to come out of this time and practice. IG: @broodyjudea

Kaelan Tranter (she/her). Mutually parting ways from the "Lum of her life" this past December has been the funkiest grief to navigate in her whole 29 years of chaos she calls life. 42 some days pass since the last time she got to put her arms around him feeling his body, since she got to wake up beside him hearing him snore, since she got to see him, since she got to watch him paint, since she got to hear and admire him play guitar, but most of all since she got to smell him. 42 days since a thumb kiss to his third eye. What had come to surface in the 42 days of grief for her, is not for you to know. But what needs to be known is how alone she truly was with out him, howling at the moon. No place will feel like home. Lone wolf grieving the friendship, romance, all the rituals that went along with the normal day to day living as a partnership. Lone wolf crumbling from the pain of love. Lone wolf growing with out you. IG: @pickled.butts

Kaitlyn Pietras (she/her) is a queer Jewish visual artist and death doula based in Los Angeles. She is the co-founder of PXT Studio and her design work has been seen on stages and in unexpected places across the country as well as internationally. She has a deep love for plants and all things Jewish and mystical. @thejewitchdoula

Kristin Lueke (she/her) is a Virgo, chingona, and author of the chapbook (in)different math, published by Dancing Girl Press. Her work has appeared in HAD, Witch Craft, Anti-Heroine Chic, the Acentos Review, Untoward, Blue River Review, and elsewhere. She has some degrees from Princeton and the University of Chicago, and one time, she was nominated for a Pushcart for a poem about revenge. She posts when she feels like it @klooky and writes a newsletter called The Animal Eats.

Lauren Hay (she/her) has been writing poetry since she was 10 years old. It became a vital art form for her, aiding in self-reflection and profound healing. She extracts the essence of emotions, expanding them to explore their unique vulnerabilities. Lauren is an active musician and songwriter, and poetry is an important ingredient for her creative process in that world as well. IG: @violet_flame_like_god

Liz Bajjalieh (pronouns I have yet to figure out) writes poetry exploring the gifts and curses of healing through images representing the impossibilities of emotion. IG: @dandelionteapoetry

Mara June (they/them) is an educator, community weaver, writer, death doula, and community herbalist who is excited about plant magic, story-telling, art making, shapeshifting, and dreaming together. IG: @motherwortandrose

Mary Lynn Futurs (she/her) is a writer and a poet. Most of her recent words have been written drenched in grief -- she shares them with the knowing that some words that have leapt from her shattered heart could be the pieces another needs to put theirs back together again. Her words won't always be about grief, but they'll always be about longing & ache, remembering & knowing. IG: @gathertonourish

Megan Posnikoff (she/her) is a photographer who aims to channel contents of the unconscious and her own personal life experiences into emotive imagery. While journeying through illness, grief and trauma, she experienced an emergence of creative energy and a new way to be in relation to it. IG: @m.posnikoff

meghan schardt (she/they) is a clinical herbalist, death doula, and poet living on kalapuya land (also known as eugene, oregon). IG: @red_fawkes_apothecary

Naila Francis (she/her) is a writer, poet, grief guide and death midwife living in Philadelphia, the traditional territory of the Lenni-Lenape. She holds tender space for those navigating loss and death, and is also the founder of Salt Trails, an interdisciplinary collective bringing community grief rituals to the public. IG: @thishallowedwilderness & @salttrailsphilly

Nicole Celeste Anderson (she/they/he) is an interdisciplinary artist whose work germinates from the earth of their earliest developmental ruptures, recurring dreams, and the wellspring of their intuition. Their work investigates the consequences of masking desire, the corrosive damage created in coercive and cultic environments, and the transformative potency of intimacy. Born into a homophobic purity cult, credited with coining the phrase "lovebomb", queer cult survivor and formerly homeless young adult, Nicole brings this context to their current work, which focuses on cultivating deep capacity for pleasure and spacious connection within the landscape of cumulative loss. They are currently exploring the eroticism of fruit and blossoms, in surreal, sensual depictions of lovers, and the fermented nectar and tension in the space between lovers' bodies. To find more of their work visit @nicolecelestear on Instagram or visit nicoleceleste.co.uk.

Nik (he/they) is a performer by trade but enjoys writing as a means to heal. He's excited to blend together these art forms as he begins production for his first original album that will follow his vocal transition on testosterone. If you'd like to follow along in their process, you can find them on Instagram @limpwrismister.

nik wolf is a reincarnation of a slime mold in a love affair with moss. A poet, photographer, ruminator, friend, and admirer of the forest, they find themselves in cold lakes and cool woods on warm days, with dirty hands and feet. They are most inspired by the work of adrienne maree brown, bell hooks, and Robin Wall Kimmerer.

Nura Kinge (she/her) is a Black, Latine, and SWANA writer, poet, storyteller, and artist. Her work tends to flow from the intersection of pain and hope, with Love as its backdrop, and connection as its aim. She frequently traverses and draws language and imagery from the ancient mixing with the modern, and includes religious/spiritual/pagan elements to bring stories of love, longing, loss, memory, and ancestry. IG: @nuraladura

Ophira Odem (she/her) is a self taught folk-surrealism artist and poet. Born and raised in Huntsville Alabama. Her passion for the arts was sparked in early childhood, with her creative pieces being displayed in local art shows as early as age seven. In present day, Ophira is inspired by indigenous cultures, feminine power, and both religious and sacrilegious topics. Her pieces use a plethora of bold colors and heavy symbolism to portray the imaginative scenes that give the public a sample of what the world looks like from her unique perspective. IG: @ophiraodem

Rachel Zetah Becker (she/her) is an artist, death doula, and student of grief, renewal, and decomposition. She loves a good dance party and wandering in wild places. IG: @rachelzbecker + @church.of.earth

René Treece (she/her) strives to create images that stir and satiate her human desire for connection. Through her narrative work, she searches for the pulse of the collective unconscious. She feeds the mind and eyes in hopes of touching the soul. Her work is serious play where she searches for a commonality in story, archetype, and emotion. IG: @luxehousephotographic

Rosie Watson is a facilitator living in Bristol, England. She loves to frolic in the woods, dance all night and write poetry. Rosie's writing guides her process of alchemising grief and loss into an appreciation for the magic and absurdity of life. IG: @essentialoilhotbox

Rysse Guzman (she/her) is a healer trained in Contemplative Psychotherapy and Buddhist Psychology, writer, and light channel. She identifies as a Person of Complexity with mixed lineages from Dominican Republic, Africa, Taino, and Europe. A multidimensional human with a calling to love and collective liberation.

Sarah Sellman (she/they). An award-winning independent filmmaker and screenwriter, Sarah uses genre narratives to explore the ways mythology and folklore can hide, distort and heal personal and intergenerational trauma. IG: @snsellman

Savannah C Green (she/they) is a multidimensional artist currently creating a handcut collage series called PORTALS, an animist interpretation of the Tarot. These PORTALS are windows between the personal and the universal. With the understanding that we are all Earthlings here together, sharing life. It is a collection that intends to honor all beings as divine and to bring our spirits closer together in the constellation of life.

Sienna Fereshteh (they/them) is a queer, Iranian-white writer based in Southern California. Their poetry reconciles queerness, pleasure, and healing in the presence of sexual, religious, and relational trauma. It begs the questions: what does intimacy look like after a body has been intimately violated? What does desire feel like in a body that has been historically and systemically excluded from pleasure? How can traumatized bodies become tender, trusting, healed? IG: @siennafereshteh

Sista Luna (she/her) is a Colorado visual artist currently living in Steamboat Springs. She plays with a variety of mediums in her work, exploring cycles of death/rebirth and creating space for internal transformation through honoring grief and change for herself and others. While these themes consistently weave throughout Luna's artwork, their physical expressions can include drawing, painting, mixed media, sculpture, and interdisciplinary performance. IG: @sista.luna.makes

Stacy Roberts (she/her/hers) is Pecháangayam Payómkawichum, The Pechanga Band of Indians. Her work explores grief through the lens of domestic violence and sexual assault, and healing through community, nature and ceremony. Mixed media, paper, beads and acrylic on canvas. "The art piece is influenced by the book "Fire Keeper's Daughter" by Angeline Boulley. In the story Pansies are used in ceremony."

Stefani (most call her Stef) is an existential connoisseur doing tapas, capturing moments in time through the lens of her witness. Be they words, images, or symbolic ideas, she creates to ignite a beacon of connection, a reminder of our inescapable humanness, and to suggest that we are all splashing around in the same messy universe together. IG: @slowmovesmuse

Stephanie Willis (she/her) is a poet in the Atlanta area on unceded Muscogee Creek land, who mostly writes to braid together expressions of grief with the symbolism of plants and Greek mythology. Her primary mediums include audiobook narration and floral arrangement, but she is a bit of a shapeshifter and a jack of many trades. Steph dearly loves her three precious cats, having a cuppa and toast (she's half British), and adorning herself with many pieces of jewelry at once. She carries her beloved dead with her always, but holds her youngest sibling—Dani—closest. IG: @perstephonewillis

Tanis Laird (they/them) is a queer, neuro divergent, disabled, life and death worker as well as a parent, artist, activist and educator. They share magic, divination tools, stories, art and rituals to make the every day a wee bit easier. IG: @artandapothecary Patreon: patreon.com/artandapothecaryco

Tasha Llewellyn is a poet living in Meanjin (Brisbane), Australia, whose work explores Venusian themes.

Winsor Kinkade (they/them) is a multidisciplinary artist and community mental health social worker residing in unceded Amah Mutsun land. Their work is within the intersections of art, political resistance, and post-traumatic community restoration healing. IG: @winsorkinkade_