


THE FEAR JOURNAL



*A Compilation of Artistic Works in
Response to 2020*

CREATED BY: KAITLIN RUBY

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LETTER FROM THE CREATOR



Twenty-five artists from around the world join forces to provide the collective with a cathartic journey during a time of crisis, trauma, and incredible amounts of societal upheaval.

I first got the idea for this project while I was writing about my own fear in the middle of a pandemic.

Then I began to think: *should we, as an arts community, provide some sort of artistic response?*

The arts are, after all, a way to catalog a very personal individualistic history while simultaneously appealing to the collective emotions and experiences of humanity. Why not catalog history through art? In a world that seems to be dictated by the victors and chosen historians--why don't we, the people, those who are affected, **the artists**--choose what to say, how to say it, and how to tell *our* story? *The Fear Journal* is my first "experiment" (for lack of a better word) delving into this particular realm.

While this began initially as a response to COVID-19, it quickly turned into something much more all-encompassing and profound. With the necessary resurgence and mainstream coverage of the Black Lives Matter movement, and what we are going through as a society when it comes to systemic oppression, *The Fear Journal* seems to be needed on a level in which I wasn't fully aware of upon its creation.

We all process fear differently. Some process it by looking towards a hopeful future and the light at the end of the tunnel. Conversely, some people need to process by being vulnerable and unloading all their fears and doubts into their art. Some people may fall somewhere in between the two. This book represents the broad spectrum of what fear means to us--both collectively and individually--and how we move forward from this point.

I can not tell you how to engage with this material. I can not speak for you on your opinions, your outlook, and the way that you interact with the world around you. What I can tell you, is this:

*Art is history, and history is art.
The arts **heal**. The arts **reveal**. And the arts **renew**.*

Pay attention to artists--they may see something that you don't.

-KAITLIN RUBY

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Rabbit Hole Anxiety

*Thursday evening anxiety kicking in
Vast majority of the day I went down the rabbit hole of conspiracy theories.
Not sure what is real these days since it feels like we are living in the twilight zone
Regardless all i know is we are confined to our house.
Our home feels overwhelming like I can't quite maintain the peace, the calmness I strive for.
Since this started, it's been such a challenge to maintain anything let alone tranquility.
I'm nervous
Anxious
Worried
Concerned
A little scared to be honest
I just don't know what's around the corner
I know that right now this is a test for me to level up
And i can find the strength
I will find it
I have it
I am it
Lead me to a rock that is higher than I
Help me to get above water, the tightness in my neck release it, take it away
It makes it harder to breath
I can breath
I am breathing
I see lights as we drive around trying to put the babies to sleep
I see my husband driving us around, he has really become my hero
I see trees rustling a little from the breeze*

*I see cars full of people hoping to find some normalcy
They are just like us
They needed to get out, change the scenery
Whatever that is
Even just an evening cruise
One that helps break out the mundane
Here we are just people on the road
Moms, dads, kids, sisters, brothers, primos, amigos
Gente just tryna catch a break
Pero, Thats been us que no
For as long as we can remember
Working hard
Always overworked and underpaid
Yet here we are figuring it out as always
Doing the best we can
I feel better
Not perfect
But were headed down the right path
We gon be aight
We always are
Rhiannon playing in the background
..she is like a cat in the dark and then she is the darkness...
God above me
Angels beside me
Ancestors to guide me
Protect me and get me through
This one we can't go under or around it
We gotta go through it
And when we do
We'll be better for it*

AZUL

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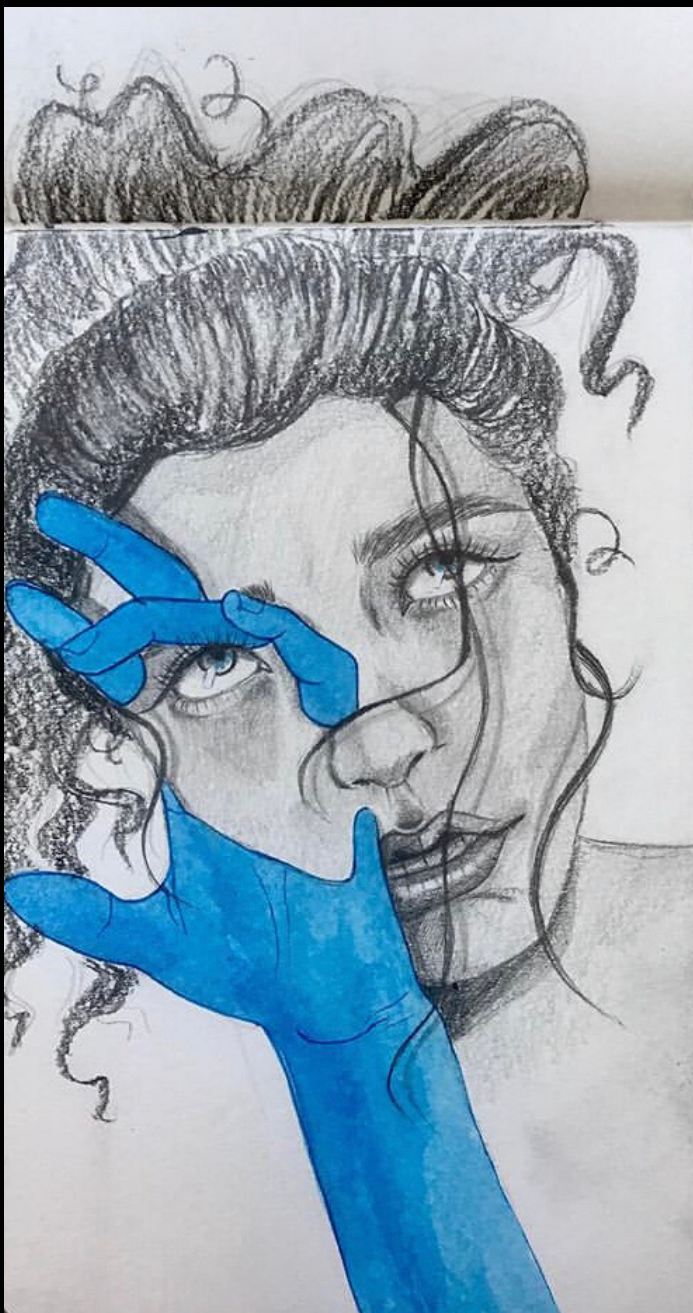
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*"I scraped my knees while I was praying // With us, you're never alone."
Sketch in acrylic and ink.*



"It all feels the same"
Sketch in watercolor, graphite, and ink

BARBIE STATTMAN

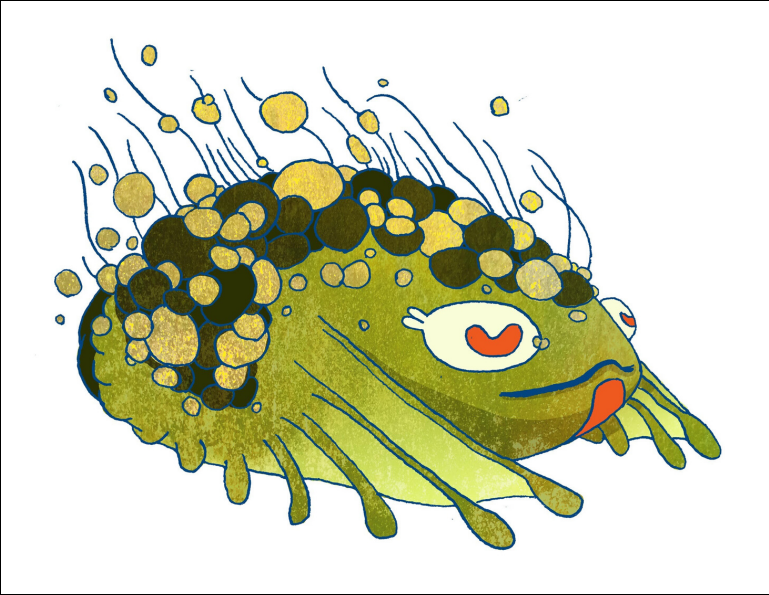
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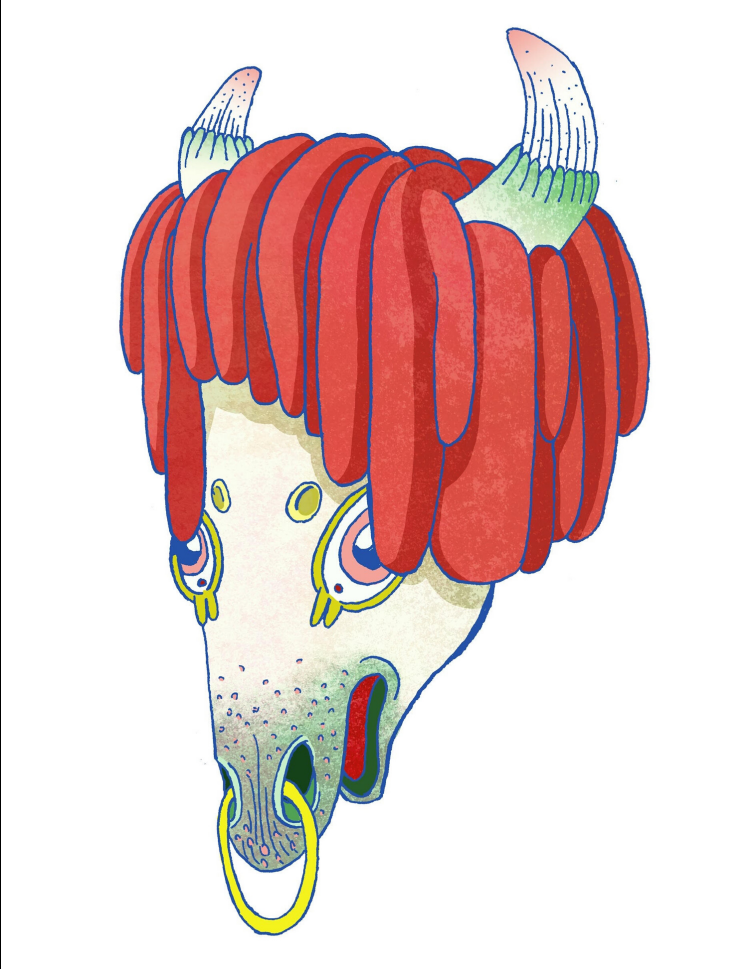
Barbie Stattman, 2020



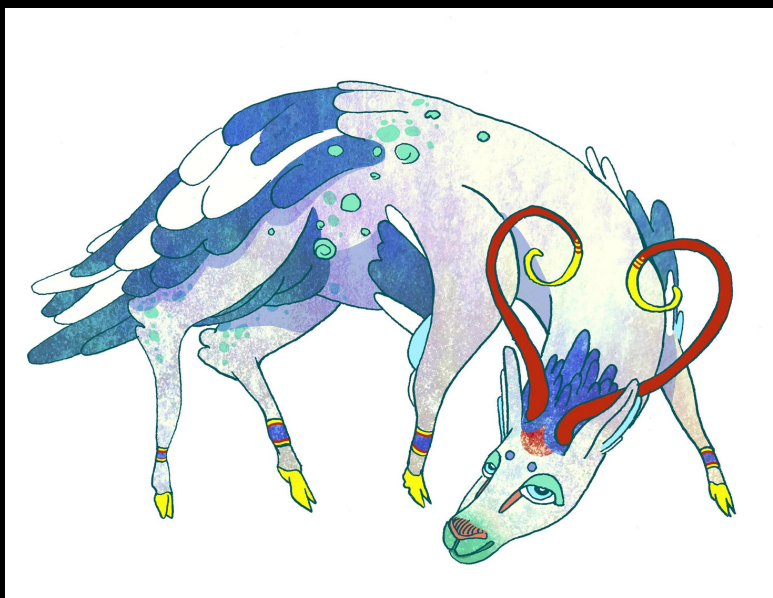
Barbie Stattman, 2020



Barbie Stottman, 2020



Barbie Stattman, 2020



Barbie Stattman, 2020

BRANDON NICHOLAS PFELTZ

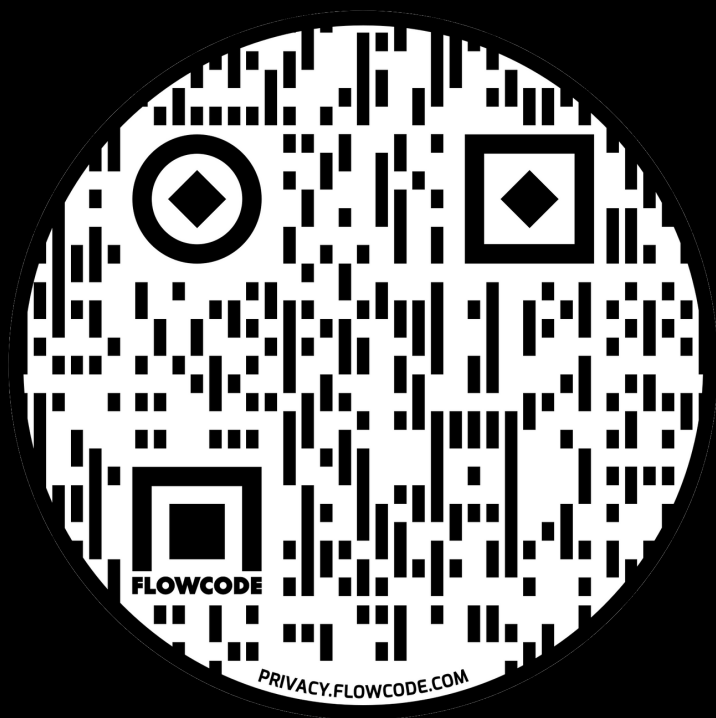
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Fire Game
by BEARLY Music



📱 **SCAN ME**

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Conjuring

*Light incense and wait;
seductive aroma flows,
a mix of
cedarwood, spice, and cypress,
spiralling, snaking all around.
Smell him in the room.
Assurance swells:
He will call.
Sultry scent grows faint.
This seductive smog --
this mossy-sweet musk,
with hints of mint and myrrh --
stirs memories of him and me.
I choke on the smoke
and mental souvenirs,
supplicating still—
Make him call.
Panic possesses me,
burns away
trust and certainty,
leaving ashes of putrid hope,
smoldering doubt.
Room reeks of weeks wasted
wanting and wishing
to hear his voice
feel his love.
Conjure him
again and again,
whisper pleas and prayers
into the freshly cleansed air;
but my desperate petitions

go unheard until
Sultry scent of incense descends
Invoked words glow
like embers in the dark:
"It's more than love."*

Request of Roses

*I was persistent in my request of Roses,
spent all day asking St. Therese:
Yellow is for yes, my dreams will manifest;
White is for no;
and Red is to show
he still loves me,
he will reach out,
we will be together,
and the other roses don't matter.
But they do matter,
don't they?
Aren't dreams and their fulfillment
more important than a man and his love?
So I ask St. Therese again:
Yellow is for yes, dreams will manifest;
White is for no;
and Red is to show
he still loves me
he will reach out
we will be together.
Elation:
Requested rose was sent.
No White or Yellow,
but a single thorny Red.
I shouldn't be so happy.*

Banishment

Go away you lying Ram. Ride away on your Chariot, I banish you. Your horns aren't fashioned for fighting, they're fashioned for destruction: toppling Towers, emptying Queen of Cups, puncturing hearts, etc. Though I'm not even sure you know how to use your horns. You're so accustomed to being the Hermit, accustomed to soul-searching and exiling yourself from people who love you. People like me. Well, your hermetic introspection and refusal to act has sapped the once bright light of this Star, and I banish you for it. So go away, tell your lies to someone gullible enough to believe them.

XV

Long before the fear of catching Covid-19 spread across the globe, I feared that godforsaken 15th card in the Major Arcana: the Devil card.

You insisted I need not fear it (never mind that the card represents fear, among other things). But I did fear it, and for good reason. Your Star, your rose, your chirosophic Gemini saw something that you, with your hermetic introspection and Aries self-centeredness, overlooked. I saw the truth. We were holding each other back.

And it crushed me, sent me spiralling into worry: How could you have overlooked a truth that crept into every pull, every afternoon reading? How could you have ignored the prickling foreboding, the pit of dread in your stomach when that Devil card surfaced? How could you have been so arrogant to think the card didn't apply to you and I? How could you tell me not to fear the truth?

When I saw the woman and man in chains, with Dionysus glaring from behind, I immediately knew what it meant. I knew that an invisible cosmic force was trying to not-so-gently remind you and I that we were heading down a bad path. We were enslaved by our passions for each other, tempted by this notion of a perfect relationship (even though our relationship was far from perfect), seduced by this unhealthy, unholy union; and that we needed to break free of it. Yet you insisted the card meant we were enslaved to our respective situations, that it was simply instructing us that we need to break away from the bondage of unhealthy emotional ties and feeling trapped.

Like the love-drunk Fool that I am, I believed you. And for good reason: I wanted so badly not to have to fear the end of you and I, not to have to break away from our situation no matter how unhealthy and unholy I sometimes thought it seemed. So much so that I ignored the prickling foreboding that festered in my heart and stomach every time that Devil card surfaced. I told myself, as you instructed, that it was referring to another part of my life. Even amidst this period of pretending to be blind to the truth, I felt the fear of that Devil card.

Libra Full Moon

A full moon occurs when the earth comes between the Sun and the Moon. In astrology, a Full Moon signifies the closing or culmination of a cycle. This is because lunations -- particularly New & Full Moons -- work in pairs. The cycle goes like this: you set an intention on a new moon in a particular sign, and six months later, your intention should manifest on or around the full moon of that same sign.

Today, the moon is full in cardinal air sign Libra, the sign of partnerships, balance, beauty, and love. This lunation is closing the 6-month long cycle that began on the Libra New Moon in September.

September was a long time ago. That was before Covid-19 blanketed the globe in panic, before we all had to hole away at home and worry about their health and safety and futures, and before face masks and toilet paper became the world's most sought-after items. Indeed, September's Libra New Moon seems like centuries ago, yet I remember it vividly, as though the events of that night were tattooed onto my brain...

It was September 28, the Aries and I were sharing one of our usual before-bed conversations. Like the silky September sky, with its blanket of stars glittering softly behind wisps of clouds, I felt calm and serene. This was largely because of the ongoing planetary transits.

Venus and Jupiter united that day, making the sixth-harmonic aspect: the sextile. This celestial union sent particles of playful passion through space; down they fell through the atmosphere -- the clouds, the sky -- and finally, through my bedroom window, straight into my heart.

The fortuitous meeting of the two celestial bodies was blessed even more by the New Moon. Both she and the Sun were stationed in Libra, so the divine masculine (the Sun) and the divine feminine (the Moon) were in perfect harmony. All seemed beautiful and perfect.

I laid in my soft and warm bed, fit to burst with warm and happy feelings as the Aries and I talked about the first kiss we shared just a few days before.

"I had to kiss you," the Aries said. I pictured him, the swarthy-skinned, brown-eyed, tattooed hunk, laying in his dark bedroom just as I did, staring up at the ceiling, daydreaming before bed. "For the same reason I told you I love you," he continued, "I felt it so strongly in my heart, I just had to share it with you."

I too had pressing feelings that needed to be shared.

"I love you," I said, smiling as I rolled onto my back. "I love you, and I should've told you I loved you when you told me you loved me. I should've--"

"Baby, why are you apologizing?" he interrupted. He sounded just as moonstruck as I felt. "I didn't tell you that I love you because I wanted to hear it back, I told you because--"

"You're an Aries, and Aries always have to be the first one to do something?" I giggled.

The Aries laughed. It was a husky chuckle that made me burn to see his handsome face, how it crinkles his big brown eyes when he smiles.

"True," he said, "but mostly I told you because I've never felt like this before, I've never felt so drawn to another person. I'm certain you're my Twin Flame."

Slivers of starlight shimmered through the blinds of my bedroom window. My glass-less vision blurred the soft speckles, creating a mini Milky Way on my ceiling.

"Twin Flame?" I repeated, trying to sound unaffected. "You know those aren't real, right?"

"Oh, they're very real," he said, still sounding moonstruck. "I'm talking to mine right now."

It was my turn to laugh. Then I rolled onto my side, away from the mini Milky Way.

"Listen to us talking about love and twin flames," I scoffed. "Damn Libra New Moon."

"What about it is so damning?"

"The Sun and Moon and Venus and Jupiter-- oh, it's too much to whisper into the phone."

"Do you know what's not too much to whisper?" the Aries said, his voice soft and low. "How much I love you."

"You already said that," I said, smiling to myself.

"That's because I mean it." He sounded like he was smiling, too. "I love you."

"I'm full of so much right now," I said, giggling again. "I'm-- well, I don't know what I am."

"You're in love," the Aries said. "It's beautiful. Like you, my gorgeous Gemini goddess."

A warming sensation came over me. It swirled through every particle in my body.

"I really do love you," I said, my voice as soft as the starlight. "It's not the Libra New Moon, or Venus or Jupiter... It's you. I love you. And I do believe we're Twin Flames! Do you believe me?" I rested my hand on my heart and closed my eyes. "I'm sending you this energy. Can you feel it?"

"Yes," he said emphatically. "I can feel it. Just like I felt you the other day. And it's beautiful. Babe, I want to fall in love with you."

"Um, isn't that what we're already doing?"

"I mean, I... want to fall in love and never stop falling. I want to love you forever."

I felt like I was soaring through the heavens; yet I remained quite still and comfortable in my bed, wrapped in the plush blanket, the firm-yet-fluffy pillows cradling my neck.

"You know, this is a very magical lunation. I think we should set an intention!" I said.

"Together?"

"Yes! New Moons are perfect for setting intentions," I whispered.

"Whatever is in your heart--right now, let's focus on it with all our might, and then release it into the universe. Ok?"

"Yes, my love," he said.

"On the count of three. One -- two -- three--"

I closed my eyes even tighter than before, and held my breath as I focused on my intention, which was to feel this way forever, to share moments like these with the Aries again and again. I rolled onto my stomach once more, and opened my eyes, blinking away the bright spots that added to the galaxy on my ceiling.

"Do you want to know what my intention was?" the Aries asked.

"Of course!"

"My intention was for Union between you and I. I want us to be together forever. I want us to fall in love and never stop falling."

I was once told by a respected astrologer that when the New Moon is sextile natal Mars, a love relationship can begin, because there is energy and dynamism towards a love interest. When the moon is also sextile natal Jupiter, relationships expand and move forward, and it's the night to make a wish that is guaranteed to come true.

As fate would have it, that Libra New Moon was making all of those aspects to all those planets in my chart. That night, those planets united, as did the Aries and I.

But that unity didn't last. Venus and Jupiter moved into other signs, as did the Moon. And all the aspects those planets made to the planets in my chart faded away, taking the Aries with them. He broke up with me, prematurely ending the six-month-long cycle we started on that Libra New Moon.

The Aries and I spoke about forever as though it was within our grasp, as though it was a very real thing. But as a Gemini, I have an instinctive distrust of forever. How can something like love exist always and for all time? Love, like my Sun sign, is mutable, inconstant and always changing. All the planets and luminaries in our galaxy know this to be an irrefutable truth. But perhaps no luminary knows this more than the Moon. She shifts and changes every month, waxing and waning through her phases, swelling in size and visibility. To the Moon, forever is a chimeric dream. And that's how the Aries will forever seem to me.

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Doug Krantz, 2020

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SGT. Poof, Emily Wilson, 2020

"Birds are the most untrustworthy of creatures. He is grumpy and disappointed in the world."



Summer Bear, Emily Wilson, 2020

"Representative of clarity and hope."

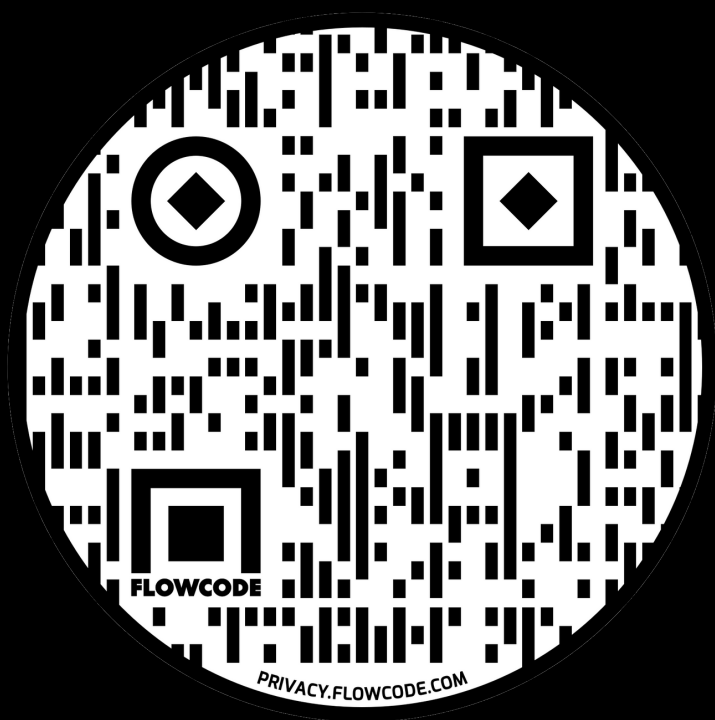
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Broken Water/Pandemic
by George Robson



📱 **SCAN ME**

Broken Water/Pandemic by George Robson--Lyrics

Verse 1

*I don't know why
the light's so bright it hurts my eyes
is that my voice? It's a surprise...to me.
MomDad, is that you?
I've never seen your face like this before
I seemed fine just where I was the ocean never broke*

Refrain

*coming out the womb with fury
get me back there what's the hurry? Then again...
I've never heard such words so sweetly*

Chorus

*spoke, now, is this how
life really begins
with me cutting off the cord with which you fed me from within I guess
oxygen tastes like this
like broken water with a kiss
I never thought it'd be like this
it shakes me to my core
And I've never seen your face like this before*

Verse 2

*I don't know how
to live with this uncertain hunger
now up close, you seem much younger still
and I've never felt so close to you until
Tornado not a Hurricane
I was dreaming until you woke*

Refrain

*coming out the womb with fury
get me back there what's the hurry? Then again...
I've never heard such words so sweetly spoke*

***Broken Water/Pandemic* by George Robson--Accompanying Poem**

*To not need my bag.
To not purchase gas.
To not lift burdens unheeded.*

*To wake and fall to the rhythms of the sun and the wind. To be placed at
the feet of G-d's grace in the uncertain terror and unfathomable peace of
an infant who cries at the injustice of discomfort.*

*Struck by the dissolvment of illusory security. Yet though the womb was
once our home, we cannot glimpse the face of our (C)reator without the
violent eviction from our perceived home.*

*So we are born. It isn't happy. It isn't clean or pain free. But
constrained and enfleshed by time and space, we are confronted by the
rarified, unjust, unasked for, undeserved, beautiful, terrifying, holy
gift of Life.*

*And we are now given the gift of second (third, fourth, ten millionth)
birth.*

*How we receive this gift is our business. Happy optimism isn't required or
demanded or asked for. Tears, and crying, and outright screaming is
normal.*

This is birth we're talking about.

But in exchange we see the face of G-d.

*This was our home all along...only now do we maybe glimpse it. I pray that
the glimpse be gentle, kind, and ultimately joyful.*

But not my will...but Thine be done.

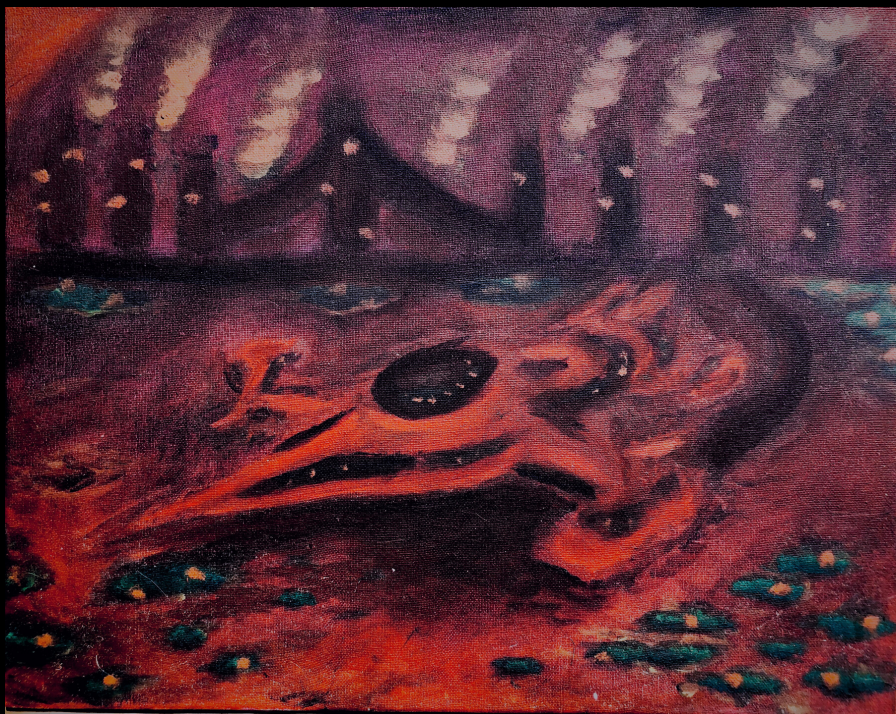
"Both works play with the idea that birth, though commonly thought of as joyful, is often a violent eviction that results in the gift of new life on the other side. I think we end up going through a lot of these figurative births...the Pandemic (and now the calls for justice) being a particularly extreme version. "

-George Robson

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Blue Crow, Jermaine Keys, 2020

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Land of the Free / Home of the Sick

*It is the beating of the ground
It is the fire and the sound
The voiceless music
And dance-less jig
All once United
For a final gig*

*It is the energy of the echo
It is the whispers of the song
As the crowd swings to and fro
We bang the final gong*

*It is time for a swing
One final blow
To the priesthood
The sainthood
Of those down below
They writhe and wriggle
In their golden-clad chambers
Begging forgiveness
From a savior*

*When a demon knocks
On a saints door--
Begging for forgiveness,
Nothing more
We ask ourselves
What the demon did
To rectify his sacrilege*

*Has he saved the poor
Or beat them more
What has he done
Worth fighting for*

*Do we let this demon
Trode on our core
Bumbling with lies and gore
Or do we fight for justice
And something more
Than a simple bargain
At hell's door.*

thought I

*i sit here
and can't bear
The Thought
for
two
seconds*

thought II

*what if
i am
so afraid
that
i never even
finish
the fear journal*

thought III

i tell others to be fearless but find it incomprehensible to do the same.

thought IV

*it is
not so much
the expansiveness
of the Universe
that scares me--*

*but the
limitations
that exist
within it*

thought V

*can both
fear and
fearlessness
exist simultaneously?*

thought VI

*how can fear
be so uncontrollable
and yet
completely controllable?*

thought VII

*life wouldn't
be life
without fear*

*but life can not
be life
with it*

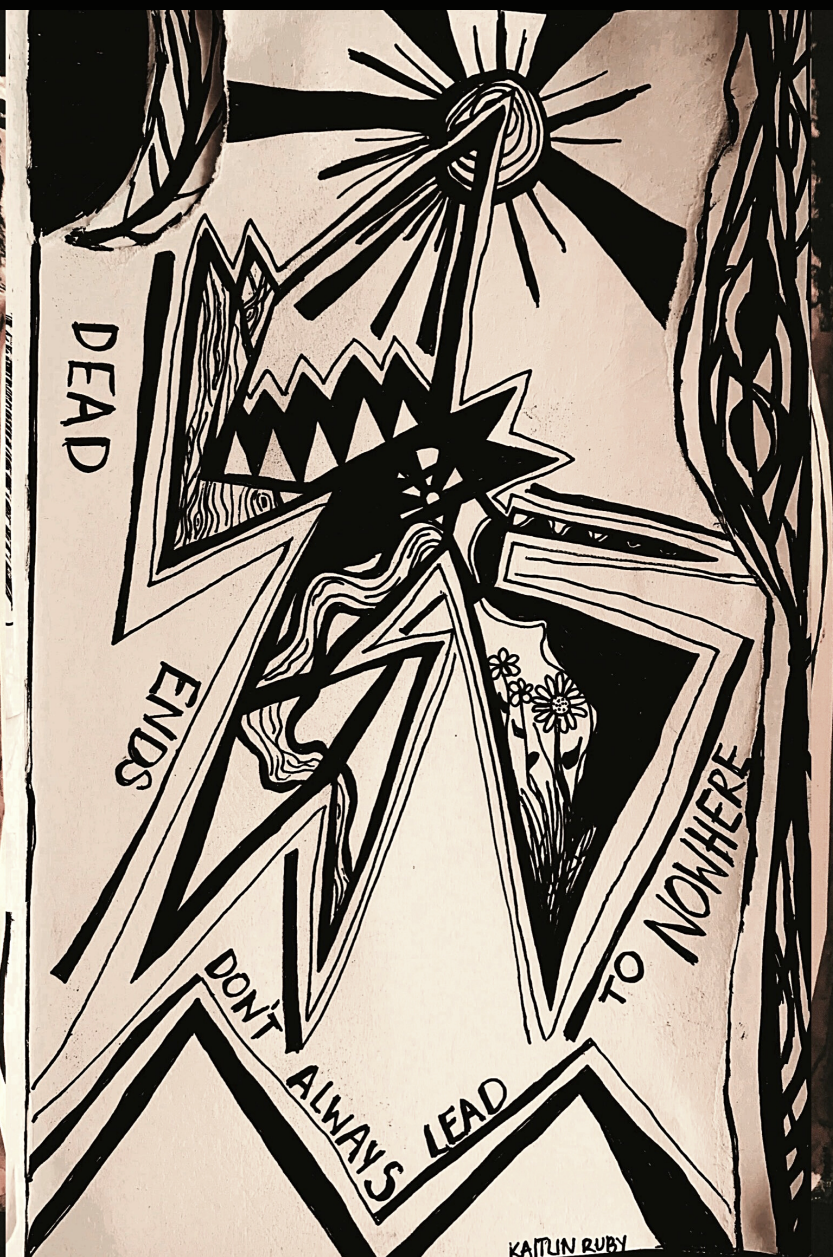


"Charybdis", Kaitlin Ruby, pen + ink on paper, 2020

KAITLIN RUBY



"Nature is Calling", Kaitlin Ruby, pen + ink on paper, 2020



"Dead Ends Don't Always Lead to Nowhere", Kaitlin Ruby, pen + ink on paper, 2019



"This is America", Kaitlin Ruby, Mixed Media, 2019

NOTE: Special illustration made for "Can You Hear Us Now?" at the Lincoln Center in celebration of the work of youth activists. Made for spoken word poetry by [@totmi](#).



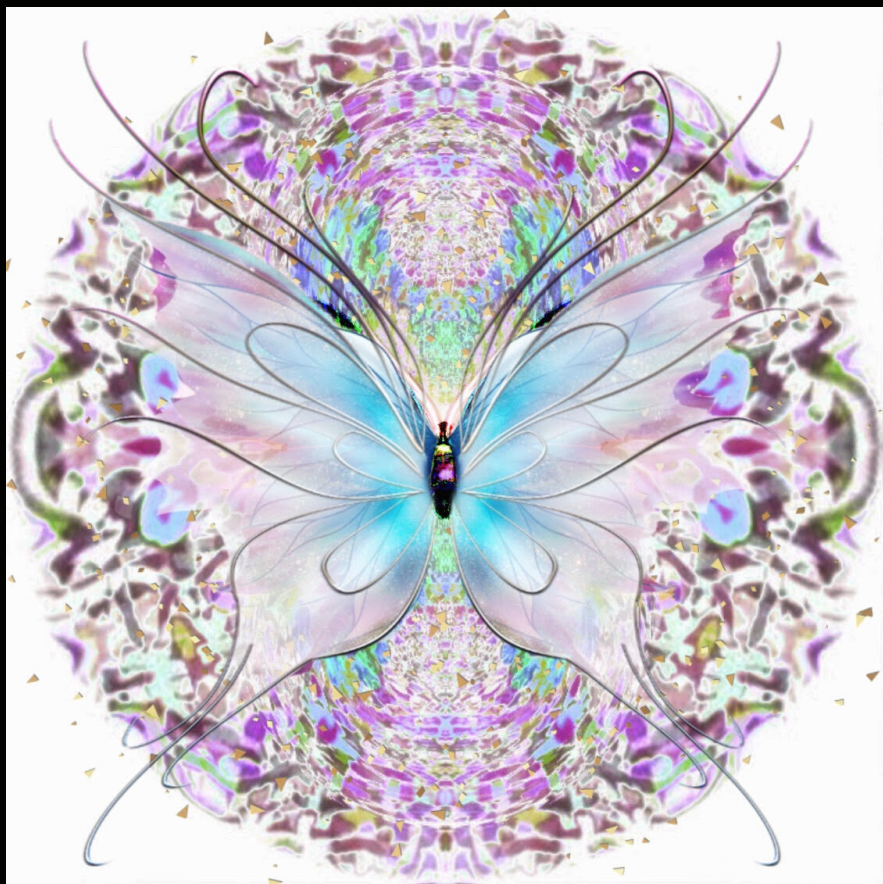
"Insecurity", Kaitlin Ruby, Mixed Media, 2019

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Leigh Heasley, 2020

"This is a piece of art made from an image of the corona virus. In times of challenge i look for ways to transmute the energy into something enlightening."

-Leigh Heasley

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Waiting for 'Normal'

*Shades feel more like a prison than privacy
Home no longer holds comfort in its sound
Driving has no destination
Other than allowing our thoughts a small vacation
We strive to cope with the unknown
Though it feels like all we have ever known
We slide through the days in a haze
Of valleys littered with peaks of hope
That this will not last
Breathe in and breathe out
This too shall pass*

LILY LYON

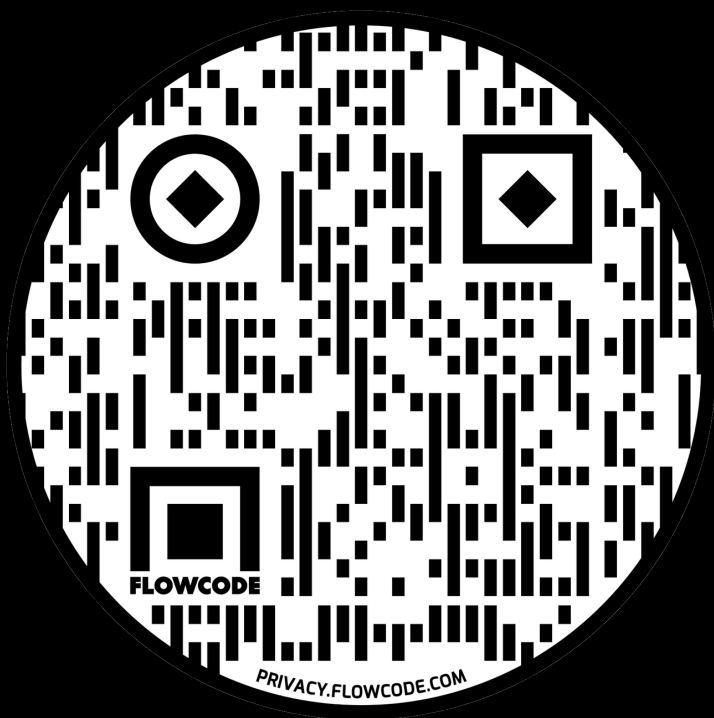
Website: www.lilylyonmusic.com

Soundcloud: [Lily Lyon](#)

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Roses
by Lily Lyon



 **SCAN ME**

Roses by Lily Lyon--Lyrics

*When all the things that I have said are done
Swimming in regret a tinge on none
But all the roses they were seeds once
And I am one
When all the roses bloom in to beauty
No one will know of how they came to be
From Piles of dirt to yellow broken seeds
To red bombs of love one day I'll be
Through mazes and the choices things I've said
Trying to hold a piece already dead
The face you made is burned into my head
And I'll bury it
The roses dont have secrets once they've bloomed
All petals open vibrant breathing wounds
But she is just as strong as thorns and roots
One day I'll bloom
One day I'll
Through mazes and the choices things I've said
Trying to hold a piece already dead
The face you made is burned into my head
And I'll bury it
The roses dont have secrets once they've bloomed
All petals open vibrant breathing wounds
But she is just as strong as thorns and roots
One day I'll bloom
One day I'll bloom
One day I'll bloom*

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"do u even Zoom bro?", Lina Alf, Digital Art, 2020

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delenda est

*grief upon grief
an empire collapsing
around us
barbarians howling
in the streets
time to take out
the trash
and see what
can be salvaged
what new spring
we can summon*

8 April 2020

MARK + SHANNON STORER

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The Sunrise Poems

by Mark Storer and Shannon Storer

Sunrise

*Beginning at sunrise, a warmth, the nod of a few heads and a turn
toward the east,*

A closing end to a chapter like the peak of dawn; silence recedes.

*Picking up my night things, I put a pack over my shoulder and walk that
pre-destined way-*

*The path where steps outnumber words spoken yet the air is filled as I
continue on.*

*Fresh air forward and fetid air behind, it's a rising sun I walk toward, out
of clouds, out of*

darkness.

*Blindly stumbling with the ever-changing shades of light beating down,
Unnerved by my stumbles but content with the light, my falls are
painless*

And remind me that it is the only way forward.

*Because all I need is to rise like our sun and embrace each fall, each
mistake, each turn, and*

each day.

Sunlight

*Like satellites floating in orbit, I've watched as repeated rhythms of light
brighten moments*

*To glimpses of uniting undeniable forces colliding, dispelling all
agitation,*

All sorrow and confusion.

*Light, bathing all that can be seen and much that cannot, calling those
who are lost.*

*Shadows disperse and all is found beyond the constraints of pitiful
illusion.*

A calmness washes over as the waves wash over a shore.

*In the stillness of that moment, the revelation of time becomes isolate in
its clarity.*

*I am no longer blind. I am no longer adrift. The light has called me out
from inside myself and*

rescued me from a chasm of uncertainty.

*Small rays dapple through darkness, a path laid out before me arrayed
in gold. Changed and*

*unchanged. Seen and unknown. Everything behind me fades away and
the warmth draws me in*

closer, until the moment of rapture-or resplendence.

All is revealed. All is love and then, all fades...

And begins again.

Forever

*The day sprouts from night like a seed towards the sun,
Wilder than itself, wandering from nature like a three-years child
Distancing further and further inwards and upwards and outwards
And an eternal path behind it, languishes in the heat of day.*

A sun swept sky radiating forward.

*Sitting still feels like death. Motion is all that is, all that loves
In the face of the moon and in the face of the dark,
Trusting in a world much beyond your own eyes.
It is faith and it is hope, like dew-laden flowers in early morning*

*Swarming in existence against all odds.
Bees humming in cadence with the sunrise, making honey-
Stars that never seem to dissipate, waiting for the watchful eye
Of a God known, whose presence is felt, yearned for.
We leave our shore, soft breezes, and gentle waves
Giving back to the day what is the day's to love-forever.*

MIKE PERRIE JR.

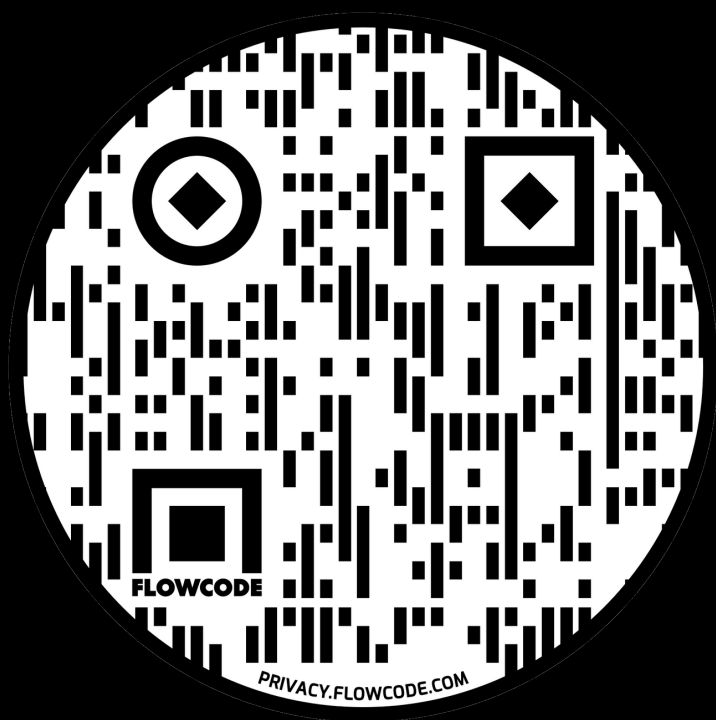
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Quarantine
by Mike Perrie Jr.



📱 SCAN ME

Quarantine (Lyrical Art)

by Mike Perrie Jr.



PASSENGER POET

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I Tend to the worry

*With paced steps around my living room
Letting the kettle boil over
Deep breaths, I remind myself
One day at a time
My mothers hands are red and raw from over-washing
Mine are calloused from the ivy in the front yard
Barring sickness from the door
Looking always for any kind of luck left lying around
Looking for extra air as mine is held
I tend to the worry with romanticized
Notions
Letters wrapped in ribbon
Letting the world feel strange outside the window
Feeling like a child again
Left with making wishes on dandelion seeds
Sending light to the ones we have lost in the dark
Wrapping the old world around my eyes like a
Fever dream
Wondering where I will wake
Once this is over*

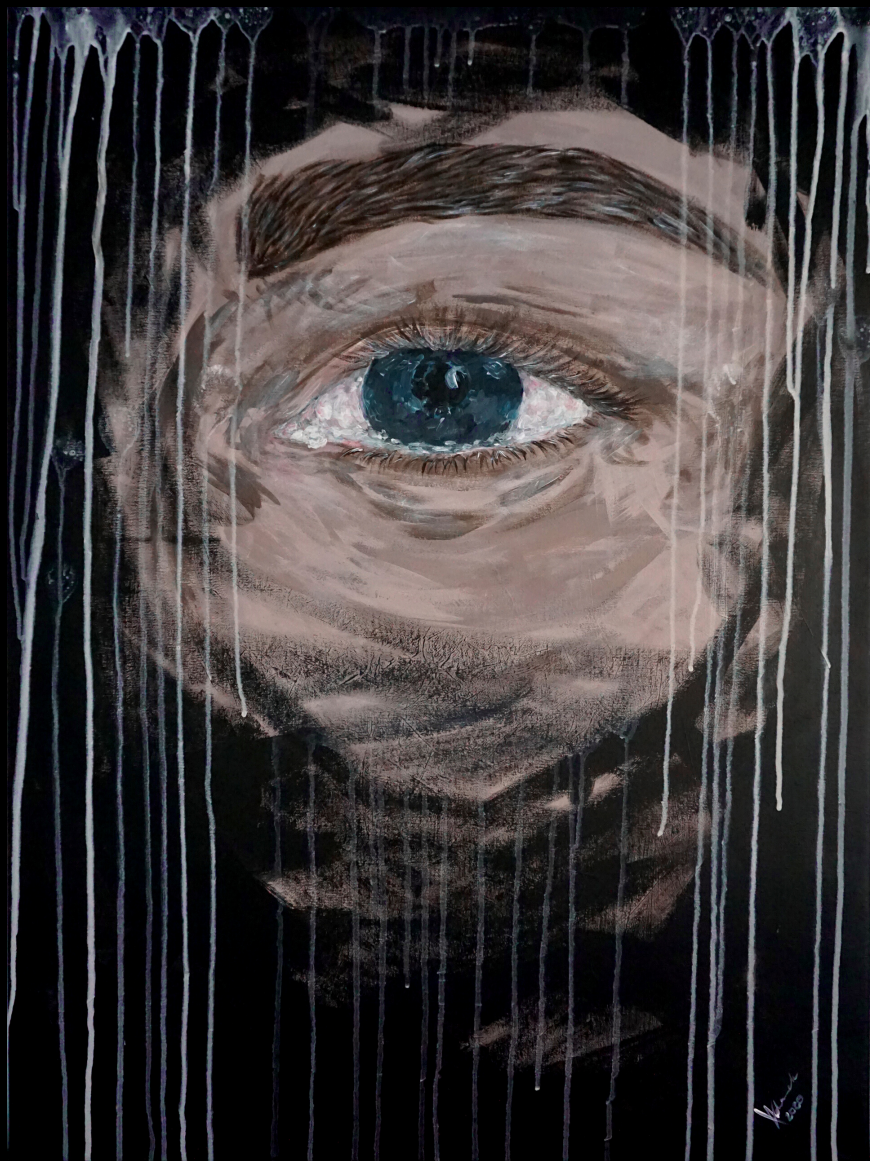
-Passenger Poet

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"Silver Tear", Patrycja Adamek-Pysz, 2020

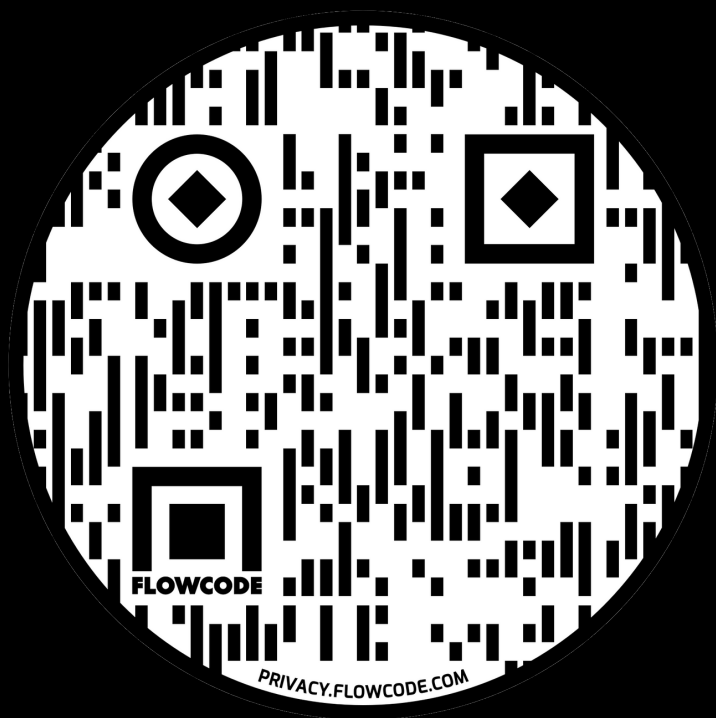
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Real
by Paul Kellogg



📱 SCAN ME

Real by Paul Kellogg--Lyrics

*I'm driving home at 3 AM
Taking 60 minutes when I could've taken 10
Wanna fill this longing in my heart
Want you riding shotgun but we're 15 hours apart
Haven't heard your voice in a couple of days
Since you left it felt like sunny skies gave way to rain
Our days together are too few
It's been 8 months but only 4 I've spent with you*

*Do you know how much I care?
Do you know how I feel?
Love this true doesn't rest
And that's what makes it real*

*We met when I was lost at sea
Swaying with the tide no solid ground under my feet
Funny how so little changed so much
Funny how you calm my fears with just a simple touch
In return I've tried to give my all
Made every effort but I can't escape my faults
Not just one promise have I broke
More than once I've hurt you with the careless words I spoke*

*I know love's not always fair
I know it's not ideal
Still we try our best
And that's what makes it real*

*We both have our flaws
But we bring out the best in each other
We hold fast to hope
And we're there to lift up one another
Together we'll beat the odds
Time will reveal
Our love is real*

SHANNON EVANS

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*number fifty-seven, 40 inches by 40 inches, oil on canvas, Shannon
Evans, 2020*



*number fifty-one, 36 inches by 36 inches, oil on canvas, Shannon Evans,
2020*



peonies, 12 inches by 12 inches, oil on canvas, Shannon Evans, 2020



*number forty-eight, 36 inches by 36 inches, oil on canvas, Shannon
Evans, 2020*



untitled, 11 inches by 8 inches, watercolor, Shannon Evans, 2020

"I have always used painting as a form of escapism. Getting lost in the colors and the brushstrokes helps me get out of my own head and find a sense of peace. During this time is no different. I find myself painting anytime I can to try and get some sort of relief. My color palettes have gotten brighter and lighter, the shapes have more of an sense of urgency; just my attempt of bringing some beauty into a very uncertain world."

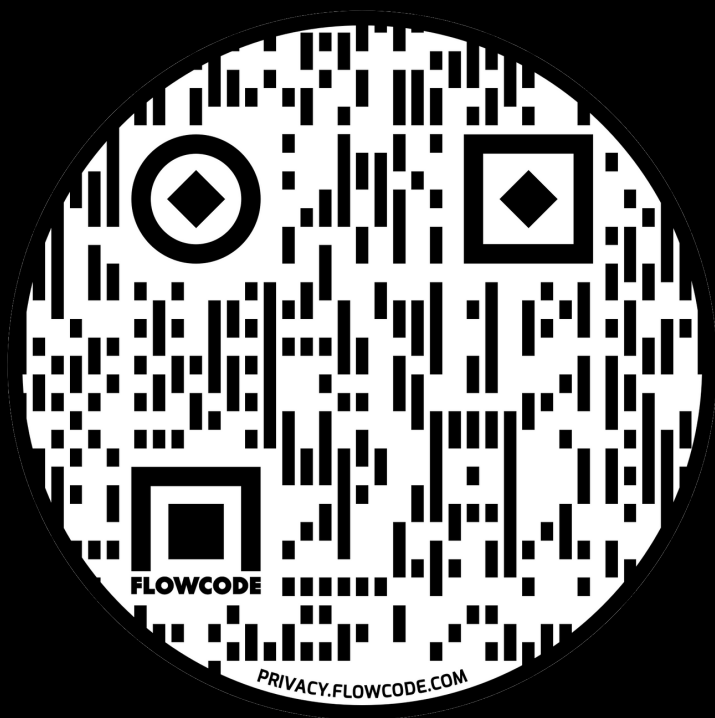
-Shannon Evans

TOM RUBIO (MAJOR TOM)

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Rescue
by Major Tom



📱 SCAN ME

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A Collection of Lyrics

A SHADOW THAT I CAN'T EXPLAIN

*There's nothing in the sky to blame
No clouds above or threat of rain
and there's no need to be afraid
it's just a shadow that I can't explain.
I'm not sure how to shoo away
A phantom pain that haunts a face
And I can't tell how long he'll stay*

*But darling rest your heart, I say
That there's no need to be afraid
It's just a shadow that I can't explain
And friend it mustn't seem like much
But petal-soft compassion's touch and truth
can reassure
that love fights tooth and nail to raise us up
And stand us firm on ground above
And a time will come
when nameless haze can't throw his weight
cause daylight's sent him to his grave
My mind will never even pay*

*A second note or crumpled page-
To a shadow that I can't explain.*

EAV

Hello Eav

As I walk down your veins

Barefoot in the rain

What does it mean to be salt and light

In a place that's familiar but foreign

*I can't hear my footsteps over the sound of the tires and the generators
runnin'.*

Nothing but noise and a wet blanket

What does it mean to forget

What does it mean to regret

What does it mean to be "upset"

To encounter a loss,

to know the cost,

to pay for what's already been bought...

I'm tied up in the mind of someone else's pain

bound for hundreds of years enslaved

*entrenched in fear of the ideologies of the ones with the upper hand with
arguments of*

sand - this will not stand.

No...

I'm ready to see our ivory towers crumble

the eloquent fumble

the broken rejoice

The fated to weep at the thought that they just might now have a choice?

Yeah once you get past me,

I'm sure you'll come to see I'm not such a terrible guy.

NAVIGATOR

*Somehow amidst all the rum and the running
I got lost in all the maps upon my desk
And clinging to the driftwood
we call keeping face
I hold on tight and pray you're coming soon
Where did we go?
It's as if the whole world
kept on spinning and I'm still just a kid
We go round and round
and all our motion
hasn't gotten us anywhere
Wandering
Drifting
Will it ever end?
Floating
Sinking
When did it begin?
Capsized
Shipwrecked
Maybe one day all of this will never ever ever make any sense at all.
I just wanna stay
A ship that takes its time bobbing o'er the waves
And they can all stay at shore
Because from out here on the seas of peace
It's a sight sordid & strange
By the torchlight of industry
how they willingly hasten their march to the grave*

NOTHING HURTS

*Nothing hurts more than knowing I've let you down
Am I towering?
Am I cowering?*

*I have to stop and ask myself- are my anecdotes just clever jokes
or potent antidotes for ignorance?*

*We're all a-sea, casting our hopes to the depths as we pay off our debts
While the propaganda shaped nets of the birds in red and the talking heads
are hedging
their bets*

*and the charlatans in office pay each other off in cabs- "4 for you, 6 for me,
I'll get you
on the next one..." while the minimum waged stretch a dollar over a
hospital bed*

*And the people that I once thought my nearest dearest friends are a cluster
of witch
hunters in the dark*

*Well if there's four things we've come to find-
Five things you've taught me dear old Misunderstood,*

*It's in the living we find love
It's in the giving we receive
It's in the losing that we find
It's in the dying that we live
It's in empathy that peace is found*

*And if there's just one thing
I hope you take away
it's this one simple truth:
This life is hard on the body,
And even harder on the mind.*

*So cut some slack,
and show yourself a little grace
take it easy; allow yourself some peace of mind.
And when your day has gone to absolute and total utter shit, despite
what this
commercial, urgency machine might tell you:
The clock isn't moving quite as fast as you might think - as a matter of
fact -
theres absolutely no present like the time.*

ZACH MACKY

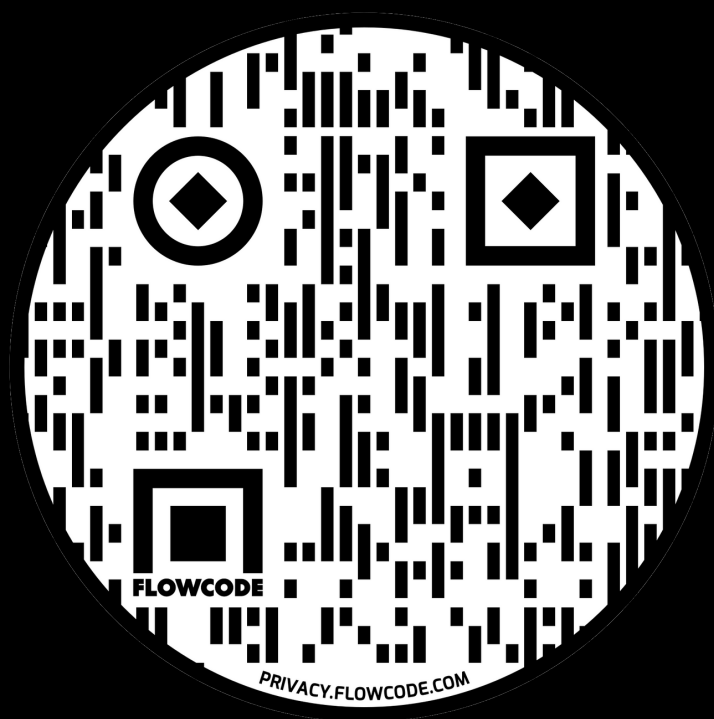
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To Be, Again
by Zach Mackey



📱 **SCAN ME**

"This piece is from the perspective of Mother Nature. As the majority of the world shut down and became isolated to their homes, unable to push out toxic gases into our atmosphere and pollute our lands and waters as easily, it is undeniable that we saw Mother Earth quickly reclaim her domain. We are the problem, the parasite of the planet that only seems to take. Our air quality improved within a matter of weeks in LA. Creatures began returning to areas of the world that have not been seen lifetimes. Water began to clear up in its color. Out of all the darkness Coronavirus has provided us, our planet has began to breath again shortly. We must act on this. We must say "No More" to the mindless destruction of our only home as the human race. This pandemic has one clear bright side, and we should maintain that."

-Zach Mackey

ZACHARY CARLISLE SANDERS

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"Ruthless Thoughts"

Ruthless

Ruthless thoughts

Ruthless thoughts of the

Ruthless thoughts of the haves and have nots

Both Equally as half hearted

trying to tie knots with feeble hands and faint frayed ends

A life of backbends sends the message that whether we go backwards or forwards its always towards the ground

Until we are buried in unsound reasoning inconceivably conceiving the unthinkable

The once thought unsinkable is now shrinking

like the tipping point of the iceberg

slipping in the blink of an eye

converging in the boiling pot

A plot twist thickening

changed by what's been quickening at a pace and scope

the hope for humankind depends on whether we climb the escape rope or we let it be our noose

Regardless of what we choose and what we have to lose, our chances are 50/50

Even if we're thrifty

our sitting pretty years are long behind us,

we chose not to hear and see the signs,

waste in the seas no one seems to pay no mind,

we may not have the time to laugh and say hindsight is 20/20

It's quite a funny thing being human

You'd think we'd quit while we are ahead

but instead fall back into doing the same ol' shit

Bruised cracks

shift in our fault lines we cover in shadow

Rib cage rattles and rumbles

*like the battling of the dirt of the earth
we've been birthed from destruction
Yet expect to function in peace piecing together phrases that you can't
quite remember other than
"Somebody once told me the world is gonna roll me"
but left out that the hole we
digging is only getting deeper
So is it cheaper to henceforth lay ourselves to rest
or test what we may be worth and what we become after*

*No matter where your beliefs may stem we are all a part of the same
problem
In a world where the reflection of narcissus is in every crevice
misdirection and self-remedies are spoon fed without practice
and we act as if we've progressed much further than we have,
when the fact is we are still lost not knowing any answers
Seems a pic on the gram with namaste hands
is all we need to make ourselves believe we understand
While we live on standby as the sand of time keeps on "slipping slipping
slipping into the future"
and right through our fingers
Any trace that lingers of the analog is now replaced by the digital
even down to the likes we are given.
Causing a spike in overdriven self-deemed divinity trying to decide how
others should be living
Proving ourselves right
that if we ain't happy with our own lives,
the hive tends to pressure us to
to extend our self-judgement onto others
instead of being a lover to our own self esteem
I mean when has that ever worked?
With all our awe inspiring quirks,
of course we were destined to become desk clerks
At first it must have been nice to be provided the comfort
Didn't have to suffer and just survive on what we could run for
unless its change*

That,
we never stop chasing,
pacing in circles
with warrior face paint
Wasting and worrying only to taste the warring moment it gets thrown
on the floor
We close doors with and by our own minds
Limit ourselves to confines
In it we cannot rewind
and find the meaning of what we've come here for
For, forscore and seven years ago is like a dream fading as if it never
happened
Nothing in life is as it seems and we strapped in
but we'd rather be ah snappin and telling yo mama jokes
cuz it stokes the flames of misogyny
underneath the feminine that we keep continuing to burn at the stake

Watching while having cake and eating it too
Framing the point of view that papa-atrarchy don't preach, don't sway,
nor will he play
Well not at least leaving long enough to even stay around
Found nothing but empty promises in the attic
Static wishes made tossing tarnished coins into an empty well
As each one fell they carved the cave drawings of my ancestors on the
walls
Clinging strings
Singing an ancient alchemy to guard this hypocrite we hide,
that we often side and dwell with down there in the great divide
Galant on the outside but truly goofus
Foot in mouth wide open but toothless
Espousing the calcified words of the truthless
Ruthless thoughts of the haves and have nots
Ruthless thoughts of the
Ruthless thoughts
Ruthless

"Caveman"

*You see me try
Rising up from the lies
We may see that the light is in sight
but it doesn't come without the fighting against the night taking over
again.
Slipping into a brighter future, but are letting go of the threads
that are stitching the suture
I can be over here brooding over the possibility of the way you may
rightfully
act as a reaction to my actions
While most likely you're split into fractions wondering
If I let down my walls and let him in,
how will I know if I'm not just gonna get tricked over again,
dicked over again,
then just as quick it's over,
and he can leave me hurt over it again
How can I trust anything he says, what he does, where he goes, how
things happen, or who they happen with?
Trust runs both ways, internally and out.
How easy it can be to be trustworthy,
and how difficult life becomes when two backs are stabbed
With you holding the knife.*

*Somewhere along the way I chose to live in strife.
My life wasn't fucked up enough so I had to fuck it up myself
Dusty shelves in my mind hold the knowledge of who I am and who i will
be,
but I forgot how to believe
and barely learning how to read*

"Progress"

*Sometimes I ask myself "what are we hiding from?"
Whether I walk 500 miles or run, it feels as though I can end up equally
as far away from myself
With internal health being overshadowed by external wealth
While passion felt is ignored or set aside
A compromise with a damage done we can't yet see with our eyes
but our hearts and minds experience it all
Waiting for the other shoe to fall
or tilt at the least
Between the balance of beauty and beast
that's unleashed and feasting on a world of colors
now contrasted only by the lack of them
Praying to the gods above then,
holding fast to the mast of a sinking ship
that has sailed too far
being led by dying stars
that think they are
the center of attention
Not to mention the need to argue and criticize,
give excuses and minimize
No Matter how many times you realize that we project what's inside
We progress without making progress
Become depressed by all that we've suppressed
Distressed by this chest board ruled by self serving undeserving Kings
and queens
With no successes for the rest of us, on whose backs their blessings are
made from
Who are stuck in the game
with the pieces that came shamefully forcing us to play wrong
Held to expectations that are not kept
Except in situations when passing judgment
Example met when you look behind bars*

Cages filled with scars made from the programming they were born into

When do

we stop?

Souls running on empty

While a plenty of pockets being filled, to build penis rockets as people go hungry

War mongering children play make believe with their egos

as our own ethos is forgotten and swept under the carpet

And wherever you are this

is the reality we live in

Yet we are driven to seek for those better days people speak of regardless if we ever see them

We all have the right to be breathin'

For no good reason we've been leavin' it up to the seasons

Leaving us to make our decisions based on the darknesses that emerge

While feeling surges of being alone and unheard

With all that we've endured to just to be here

Let's give ourselves the chance to see what it's like just to be free here