

# "That (devil) girl"

by eye.scream.sand.wiitch



When I was young I dreamt of ruling the world only, before I watched the Crown and realized the bits of Breakfast at Tiffany's was jumbled garbage of NYC with rodents doing gymnastics across avenues and streets and stations, line F to Brooklyn was not a pathway to becoming a city girl but only a tattooed one. my renewed belief, daisy princesses are hitchhikers seeking a fair palace where they will cast themselves to oresses and firls only to kiss an npc, the nameless white knight: me, I used to have barbies as a girl but owned a collection to fit in like a survival instructor, and at home, my mom used to say, you should have a daughter just like you I told her that it could be a son with a personality worse than mine, it's possible because I once ran away when my parents would not let me stay at an Airbnb when I drove and was stopped by police on I-95 he had a full-grown mustache so I burst into tears, my sliced hair bited in the wiled wind and he told me to stop acting— listen, the sad truth is I have never met anyone who believes in my dream with an absolute belief in zodiac signs

"childhood dream" by Inseo-Yang

"Hun Cries, Supine" by Eula Kerr

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After having a spring awakening, hosting a dinner party, and getting into a relationship it's time to wrap up our first zine series by letting our poets run naked and wild in this issue! Aptly named

hot people cause chaos

Enjoy, take your meds, andddd don't do anything we wouldn't do

By Laraly

"WHY I WRITE POEMS"

Not for the money. For the household-name level of fame. For how the frazzled mom of six in aisle 5 at the Valley Drive Walmart spots me and dead-stops her cart. For how TSA agents swarm me and beg me to autograph copies of my self-published volume. For the way the flight attendants fight, brawling in the aisle to see who will grab the cabin's microphone and win the right to recite my collected works from memory. In the flyover desert of Arizona, a saguaro unseen from the stratosphere, unwitnessed from the paved tourist road, waits as long as thirty years to produce a solitary bloom, a hundred to raise one arm to the empty sky. What a loser.

by X.P. Callahan

@PoetryTrapperKeeper is a weekly poetry newsletter founded by Kelly Mullins and Larissa Fantini based on a shared love for unprecious poetry.

our agents of chaos:

**Laraly** 🐼 a lyrical singer-songwriter from Switzerland who writes pop-folk melodies, usually sad songs which talk about heartbreak, hope of new starts and finding yourself. Regularly on tiktok: @laraly\_music and instagram: @laraly\_music

**Eula Kerr** 🇪🇺 Just your friendly, Scottish neighborhood tran out here finding her queer in South East London. Subby, kinky, but down to try whatever. Tend to want a connection before other things. Also just interested in meeting other queeros. Ask me on a date and I'll take you for a meal deal (no cis dudes allowed, soz not soz). xoxo, NB I can read AND write... proof on my gram @eula\_kerr

**Inseo Yang** 🇰🇷 a seventeen-year-old poet from Connecticut. Her work has been recognized by the Alliance for Young Artists & Writers and can be found in numerous journals. She serves as the poetry and non-fiction editor of Parallax Literary Journal. She enjoys getting into extensive debates with her friends on controversial topics without getting anywhere near a resolution.

**Eye.scream.sand.wiitch** 🐱 Eye.scream.sand.wiitch is a visual artist whose work explores themes of queerness, mental health and relationships. They like pretty colours and silly things. Instagram: @eye.scream.sand.wiitch

**X.P. Callahan** 🇺🇸 X.P. Callahan's work has appeared in Calyx, Rattle, Terror House, One Sentence Poems, and elsewhere. She translates French and Latin American poetry and literary theory, is the proprietor of CENTORAMA: Happy Home of the Recombinant Poem, and writes the Diary Poems newsletter on Substack





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