

A Spring 2023 Zine

trans

youth

joy



Trans *
People *
Are * *
Beautiful

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name

Jesse Young-Paulson

pronouns

they/them

age

17

instagram

@jesseyoungpaulson

bio

Jesse is a high school senior in the so-called Boston area. They enjoy drawing, printmaking, vegan cooking, reading nonfiction (particularly sociological texts and critical theory), spending time outdoors, and connecting with nature.

You Can Breathe Now

For so long
I've written my anguish
Translated it from pain to prose
So many lines about

*Live with it, misshapen angel
Pull out my lungs, my ribs collapse
But what if I'm tired of living with it?*

What happens if I can turn my rejoicing into rhyme?
Maybe I can write about

*Sewing my pronouns into my jacket like skin
Hanging a pink, white, and blue flag on my wall*

My joy can be beautiful too
My pain isn't all the world should get to see
I am allowed to write with a smile

*Run my hand down my new flat chest
I could get used to these scars*

Someday children won't have to feel this way
Someday all they'll feel will be the joy
I can't wait to see what poems they'll write



meet

the

artist

name

Jay Schroeder

pronouns

they/he

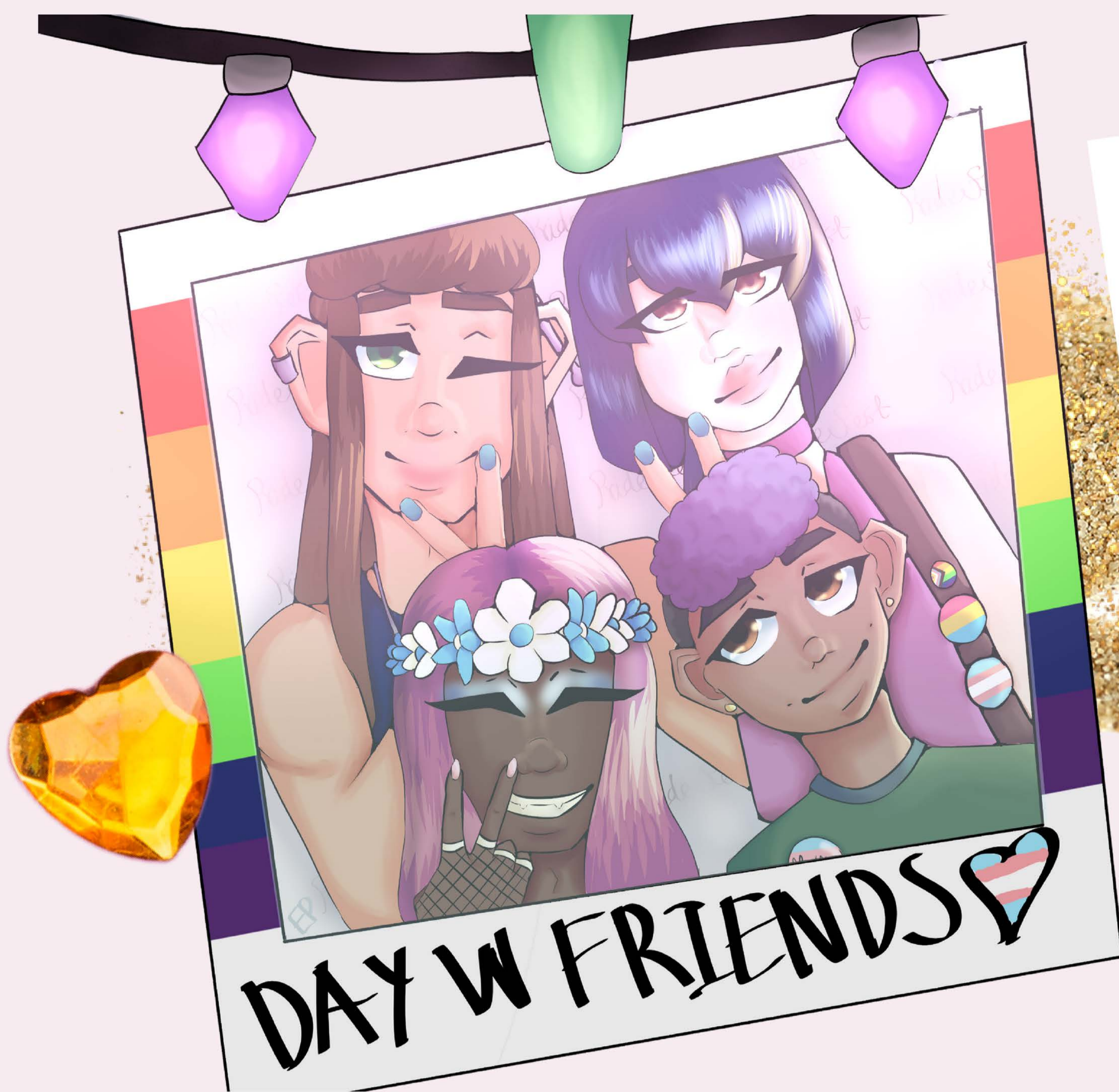
age

14

bio

Jay Schroeder is a high school student who, despite having known they were trans for a while has only recently come out to the rest of the world. He has a passion for writing, both poems and stories, and photography.





meet

the

artist

name

Ehko Phantasos

pronouns

they/he

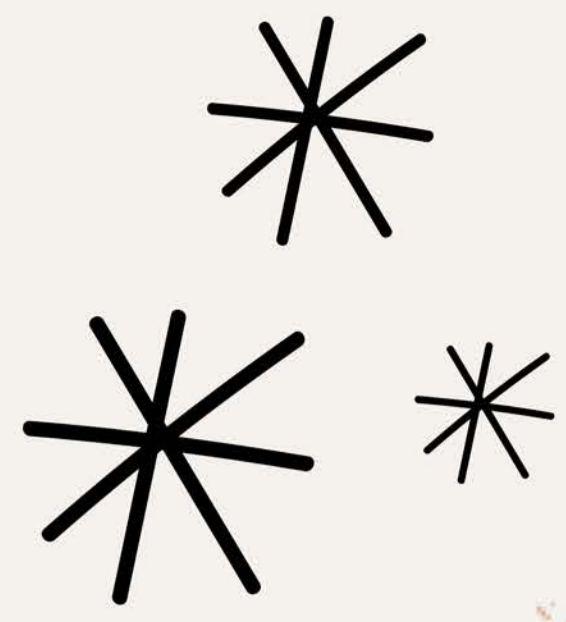
age

14

bio

Ehko (They/He) is a high school freshman who has been drawing since the third grade. Ehko has placed second in local competitions but this is their first time participating in a zine. The piece he created is meant to show a group of trans friends being themselves together.





meet

the

artist



name

Jayden Mayers

pronouns

he/him

age

15

instagram

@jaydenz_01

bio

My name is Jayden, I am 15 years old. I love to express myself in many different forms of art. Poems, photography, painting – I love it all. My goal is for my art to reach many people.

The Gardener

What is a scar but a memory? What is a breath but a blessing?

What are my two hands if not made to create and what is a body but the site to imagine?

There are angels tucked between each of my ribs and a marigold is growing behind each of my eyes and my body is missing some things it once had. Isn't such a surreality beautiful? I've always found such bodies sacred.

Perhaps I will swallow my eyes and lay in the sun, let the marigolds sprout. Don't you think that to be the site of such creation is holy?

What is more natural than a body in flux? What is more instinctive than transformation? What is more joyous than change?

I have been made, and now I will make. I quilt small squares of joy into my soul so light can shine through. It lets the flowers grow.

Would you like one? (I love you) there's plenty to share. It can take a long time to grow your own garden.



name

Ray Winig

pronouns

they/them

age

16

instagram

@raywinig





name

Silas Reed Logan

pronouns

they/them

age

18

instagram

@silas.r.logan

bio

I'm a disabled trans artist and activist who's been creating poetry and paintings for as long as I can remember. I hope that others can see themselves in my art and feel like they're not alone.

The Children of the Stars

They call us children of darkness. They're right— but only because nobody had figured out what it was like to be alive when we were born. Creation was a dark, wet thing.

Let's go back.

The beginning is the best place to start. When humanity is birthed from the very first womb, we are there. We scream with it as it grows, as everyone figures out how to be alive, how to survive in this harsh world. We find that we are better at it than the others. There are days at the dawn of civilization and storytelling when we are celebrated. We are acolytes of gods, sacred and beautiful and holy. Knife-sharp and free. When later people change the way they speak to us, we meet in secret forests, gather around our own fires together and hold hands. *We are different, but we are not alone.* It's a different kind of holy. Our smoke trails up into the indigo sky and the stars reach down to brush their fingers across our cheeks. Some of us bleed beneath the moon and do not like it. Others say, *I would take it from you, if I could,* and they smile back. *We know. We're sorry we can't give it to you.* The solidarity makes things easier.

We live beneath ancient skies, we cross ancient lands. They're the same skies we live beneath today, the same lands our feet tread each day. But these stars shine brighter. The days are clearer. They have not yet been polluted by the smog of distaste and hatred. Remember. We must savor these days. They won't last long.

We chase the stars through the ages. Constellations shift across the sky as we watch. In all corners of the world, people are pushing forward with innovation, with invention. Sometimes it seems like their inventions have no place for us. We are being locked out of the world, or at least, the world the western conquerors want us to remember. Time is moving swiftly toward the present, a galloping horse with reins flying loose. We still exist, but we are being pushed to the margins. Why? Because we're different from the ones in power? Who are you to decide what differences are good and which are bad? Still, we meet in secret, show who we are in ways small enough to ensure we are not caught and hurt. *We are the same, you and I. We can't say it out loud, but we are here. We are here. We grow restless. Stop tearing us down, we say. Stop.*

Violence is directed toward us. Some of us choose the end that comes on a rope because of it. We will not stand for it. Restlessness becomes anger. We deserve to live. Our meetings have moved from forest clearings to bars that smell of liquor and sweat, but that changes nothing. We hold hands, dance together beneath our roofs, angry but taking savage joy in coming together. These nights, this joy, is resistance. To partake in that which is being torn down, to love it, is the greatest defiance of all.

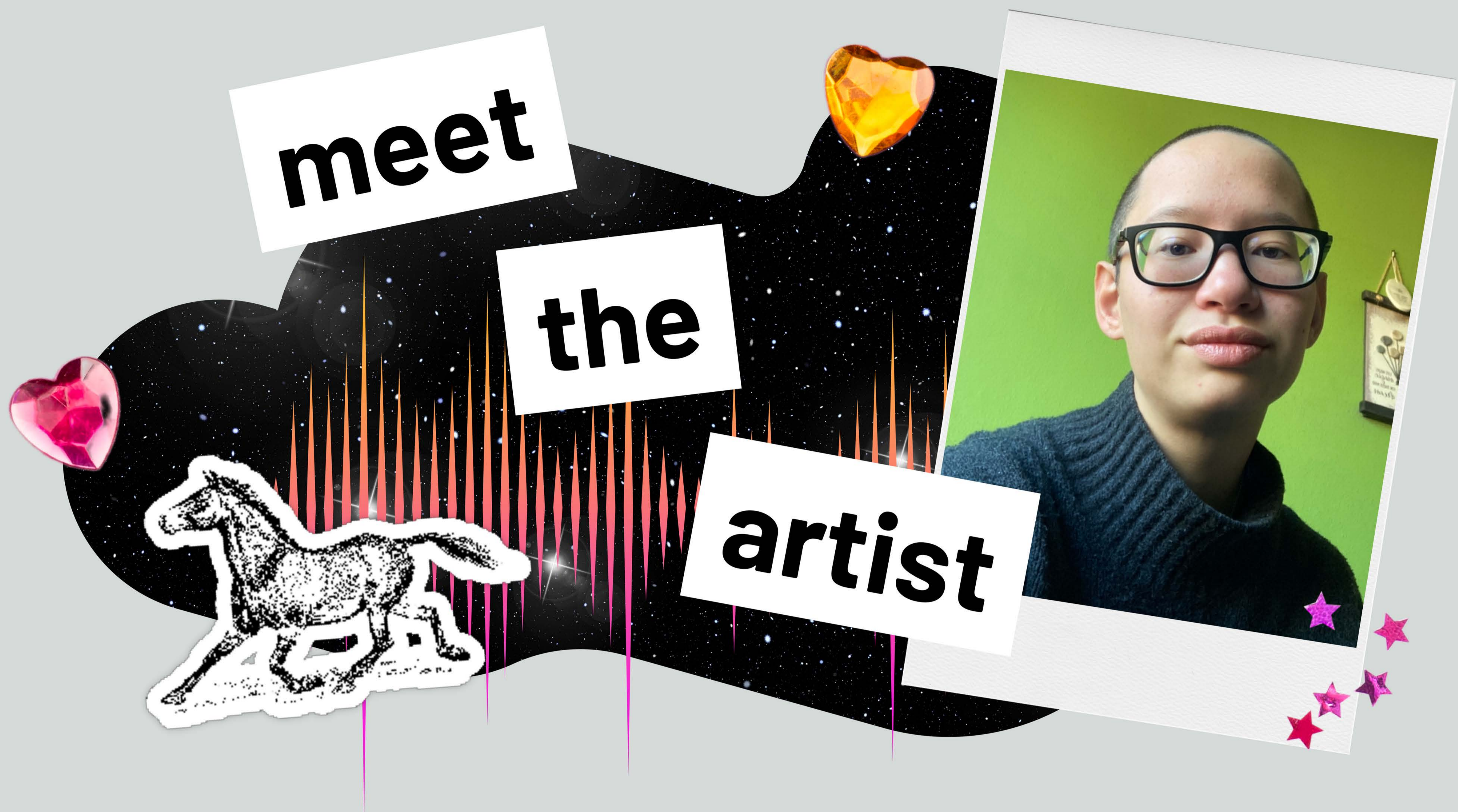
We fight. Oh, we fight. We gain enemies who will stop at nothing to tear us down for good. But we will not be stopped. We are the inexorable tide washing toward the beach of a brighter future. They tell us that we are perverted, bringers of a night of degeneracy, but the older ones among us scream *No! You are the ones who are making children hate themselves, don't you see? Isn't that worse than anything else?* We reach out and take the

tentative, trembling hands of the young who are questioning, who are afraid of who they are, pull them to their feet and hug them. Look at us. We are proof of our community's resilience. Look at history. See? There were priests like us in the culture our oldest written story comes from. You can survive. We have been here all along.

Stay here. For staying is both defiance and how we honor those who came before.

We look up at the night sky and remember those nights in starlit clearings. There is something in all of us that remembers what it was like to be there, to stand barefoot on the damp grass and feel that thing, that *community* flowing between us. We are ancient, we are eternal. We are enduring. Maybe there is a little bit of starlight in us all.

They call us children of darkness. They forget that the darkness is what allows humankind to see the stars.



name

Cassian Miller-Felix

pronouns

they/them

age

17

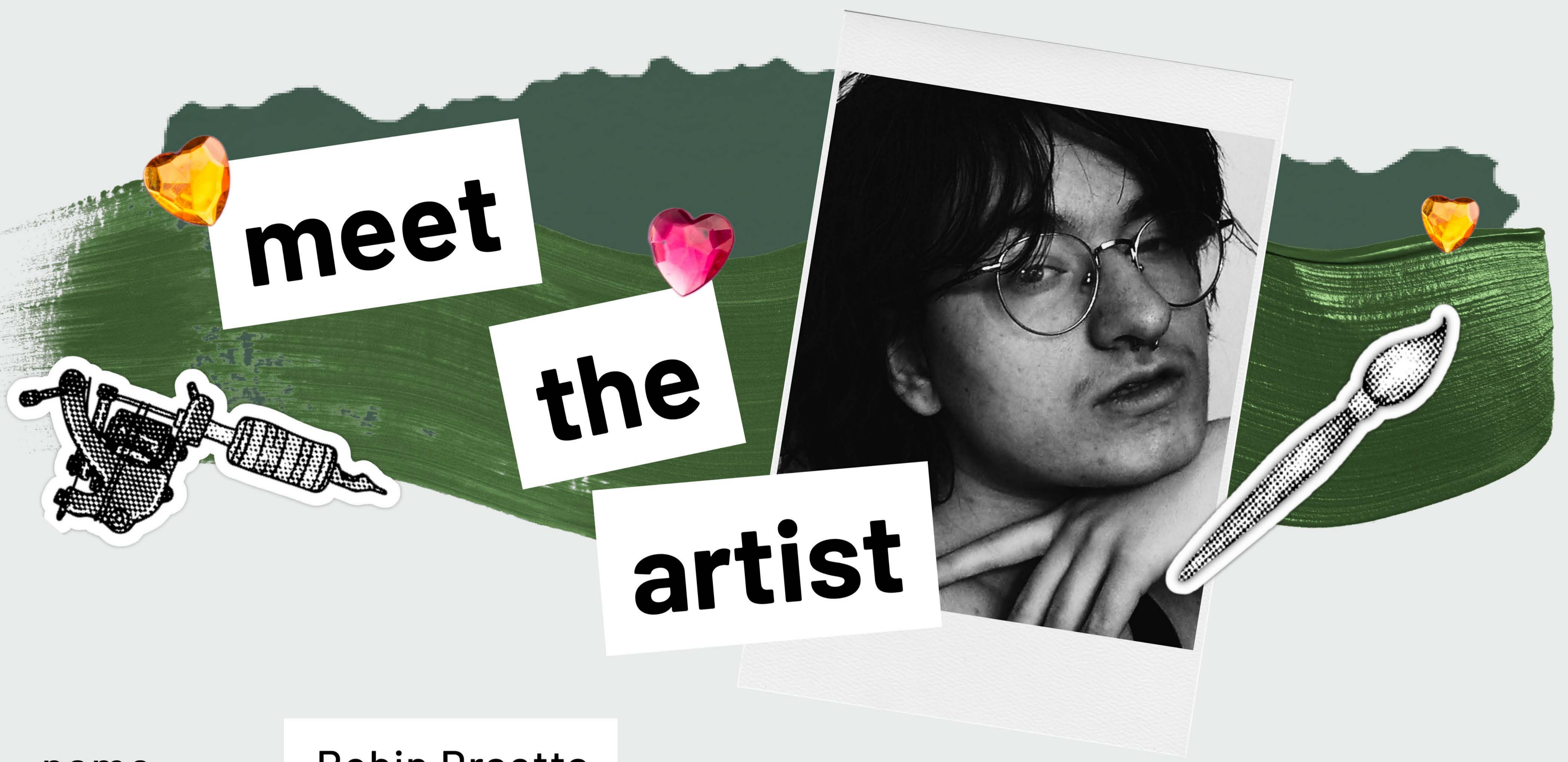
instagram

@osseouscreations

bio

Cassian is a genderqueer creator from Southern California. When not writing, they like to ride horses, read queer literature, and listen to way too many hours of music.





name Robin Draetta

pronouns he/him/they age 18

instagram @at0micpunk6 (personal), @phntmshops (business)

bio

Realizing I was transgender helped my artwork flourish. I've explored new concepts and created portraits that reflect the new ways in which I see myself. The self-actualization required to reach the point I am at in my life has led to extensive work on my craft. I have the dream of being a tattoo artist as I am currently furthering my art education as a studio art major at a private college. I take extraordinary pride in my identity and being a part of this community, and I aim to help others feel this way about themselves.





name

DJ Little Bull

pronouns

they/he

age

16

instagram

@dejarae.littlebull

bio

My name is DJ and I am a Two-Spirit Lakota. Two-Spirit is a pan-Indian umbrella term for indigenous peoples who are outside traditional gender roles. Personally, I am Two-Spirit in the way that I am not quite a man nor a woman. Nagi Nunpa (the title of my artwork) is the Lakota translation of Two-Spirit. My piece is a self-portrait and collage of images I feel abstractly express what I see my gender as: delicate masculinity, feminine rage, oddities, rawness, and euphoric joy. These are themes I love to explore in my art. Outside of art, I am drawn to community activism and always seek to advance the rights of my fellow queer and indigenous people.



"I Couldn't Write a Poem About What You Were To Me
So I Told You A Story" by Paris Woodward-Ganz



name

Paris Woodward-Ganz

pronouns

he/him/his

age

18

instagram

@parisofthedark

bio

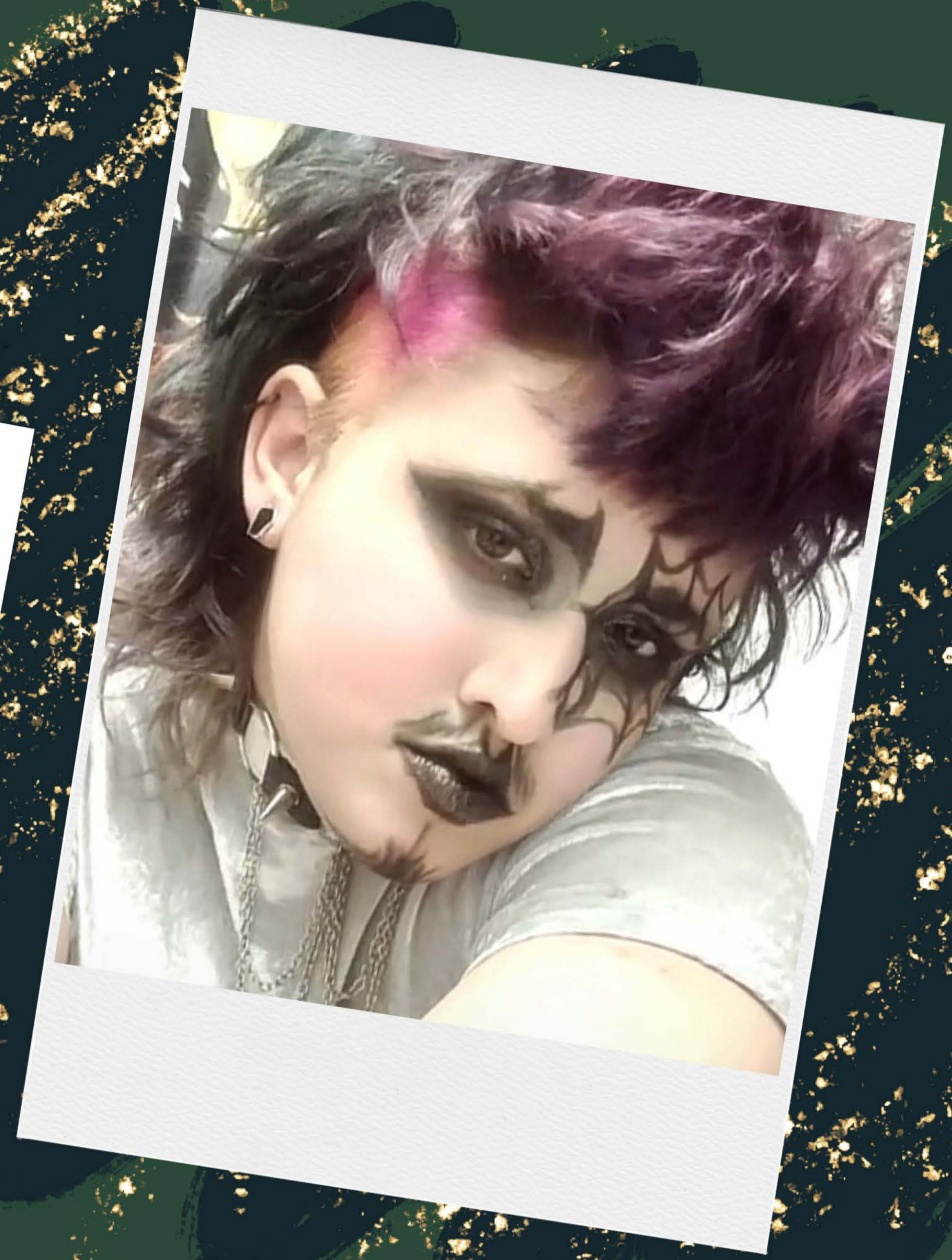
Paris is a 18 year old poet and currently studies English at the University of Oregon. He is the creative writing editor for a newspaper called The Student Insurgent, and has been published before in North Dakota Quarterly. He has poems upcoming in Crow & Cross Keys, and in Querencia Press. You can find him @parisofthedark on his Instagram and Twitter.



meet

the

artist



name

Valentine Lucas

pronouns

they/he

age

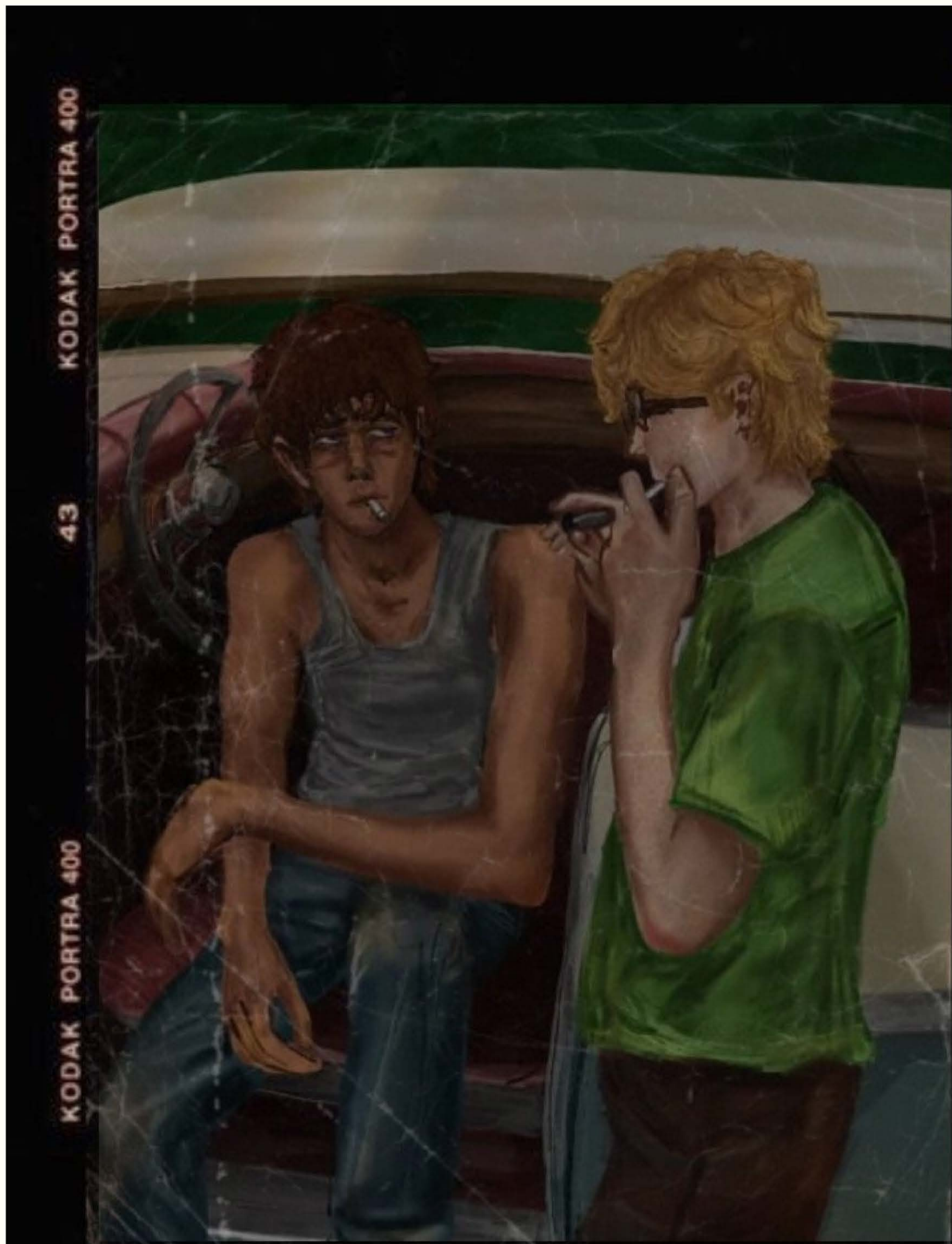
18

instagram

@t4p3w0rmz.n.f4ngz

bio

Valentine is a genderqueer artist who specializes in digital paintings. His art focuses on their experiences with trauma, psychosis, and being a trans youth.



hippiekimboz.inc

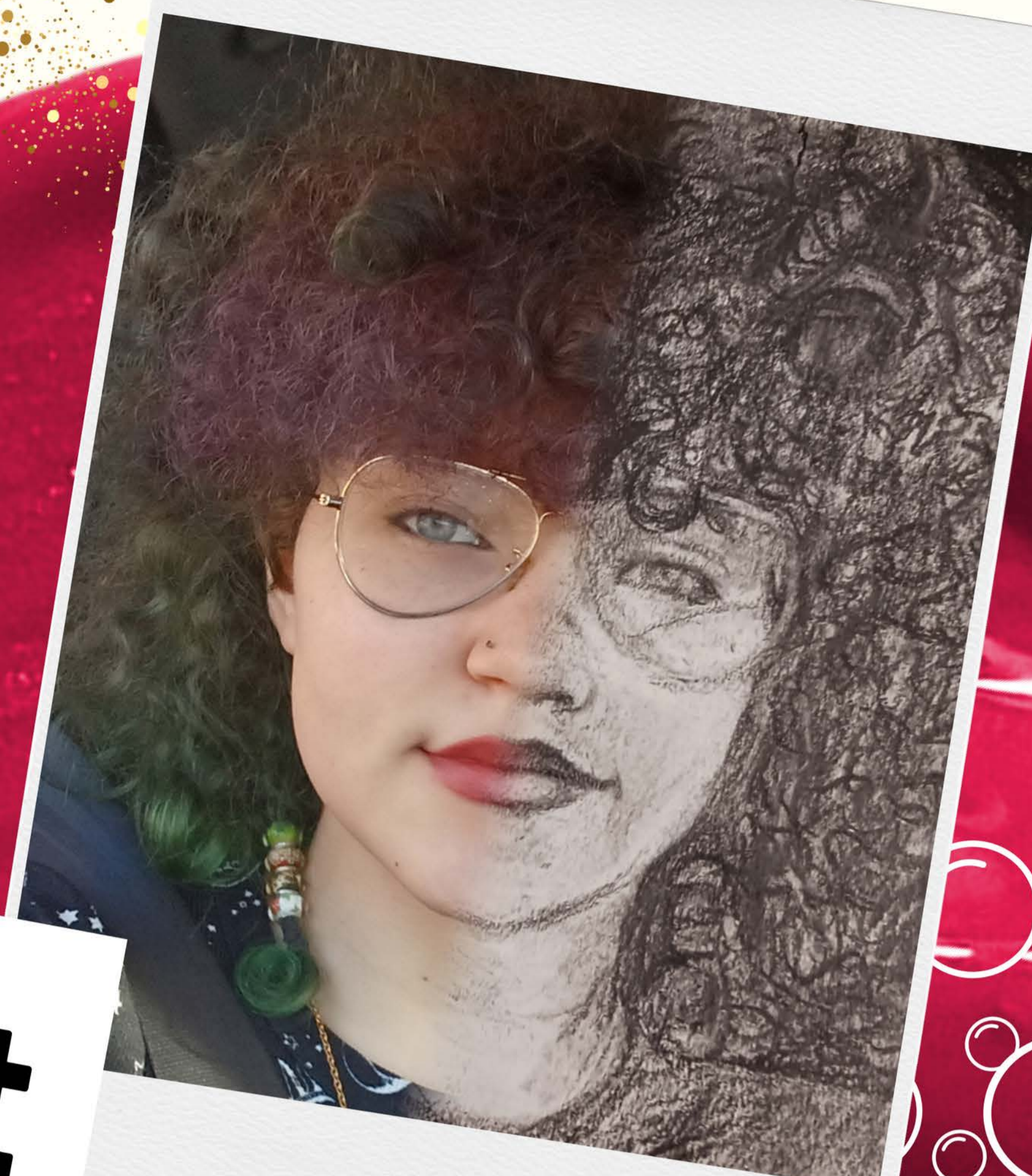
hippiekimboz.inc



meet

the

artist



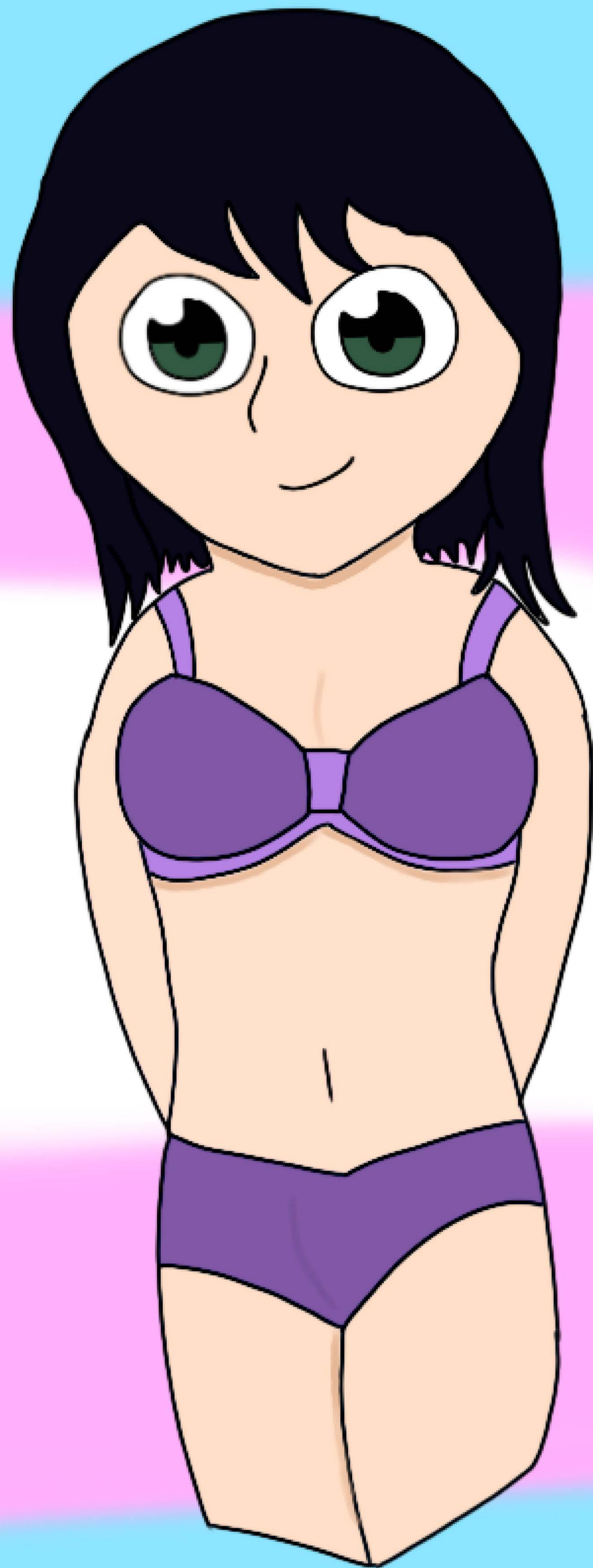
name **Mikey Aston-Clark**

pronouns **He/Him** age **16**

instagram **@hippiehimboz.inc**

bio **My name is Mikey Aston Clark! I'm a sixteen year old Biracial, autistic, trans, gay boy. I'm passionate about activism and community engagement. I currently attend a performing arts highschool and I love sketching, music and horsing around with my friends. I hope to attend UCONN in the future and major in Human Rights!**

TRANS IS



BEAUTIFUL

meet

the

artist



name

Delilah Martin

pronouns

she/they

age

15

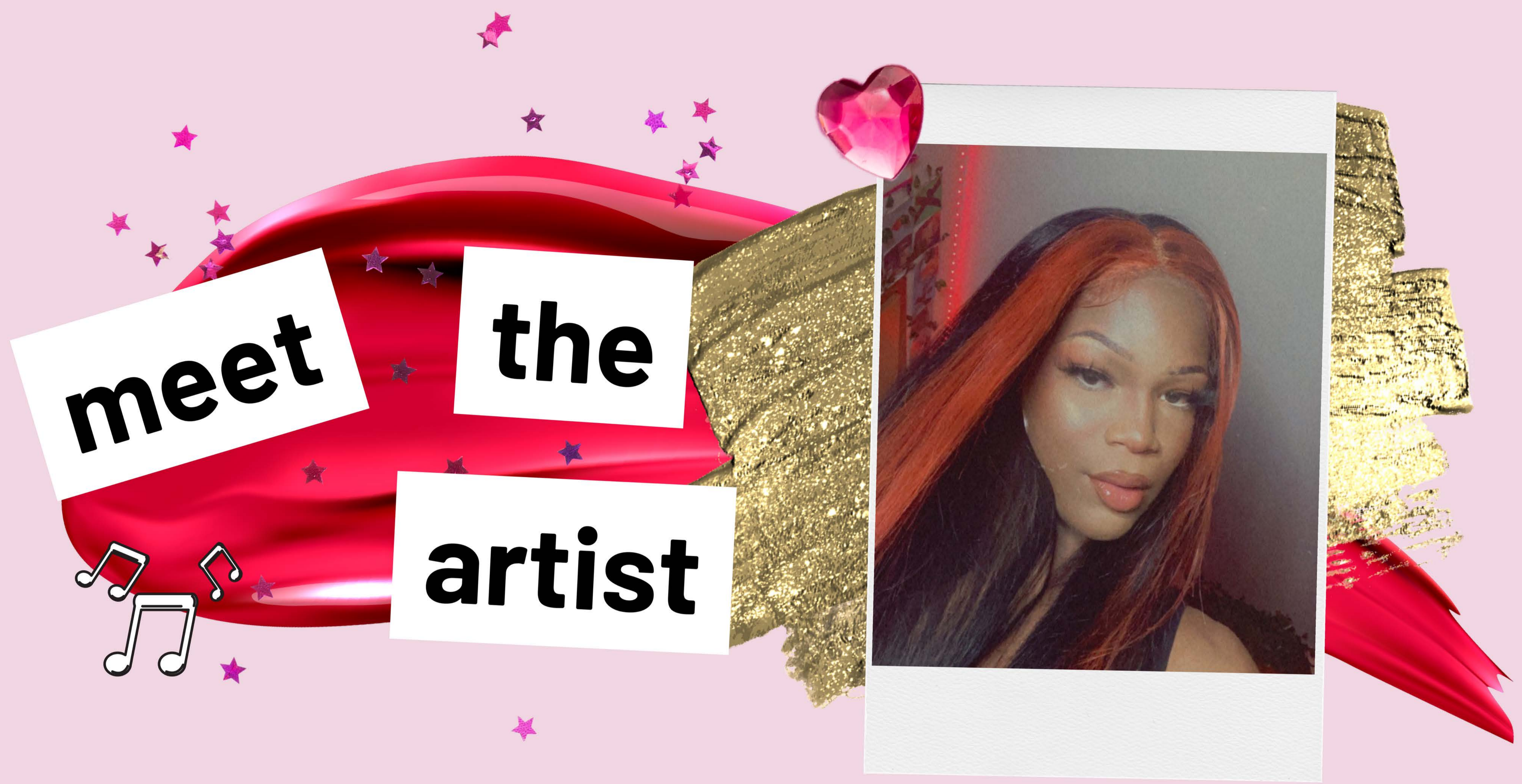
instagram

@enderkingdraws

bio

My name is Delilah also known as @enderkingdraws online and I make a lot of LGBTQ+ inclusive art. I am a bisexual transgender woman and I like to create things that represent me and others in the queer community. I have lots of characters and artwork related to being LGBTQ+. I have done art based online content for almost three years now and it's been an amazing experience.





name

Aaliyah Monét

pronouns

she/her

age

16

instagram

@iamaaliyahmonet

bio

Hello I am Aaliyah Monét I am a Black Trans woman, pronouns she/her. I live in Seattle, Washington (unceded Duwamish land). I'm 16 years old and I enjoy art, writing, makeup, shopping and music.





meet

the

artist

name

Felix Duarte

pronouns

he/they

age

15

instagram

@MP3Felix

bio

My name is Felix, and I like to draw, read, and write, but drawing is my favorite, and has been my favorite since I was young. I like to consider myself a creative person, but despite that I often find myself procrastinating, which is annoying, but music helps me with that a lot. Right now, I'm hoping to become a professional artist.