



IT WAS A NIGHT
NO
OY
I WAS
had
TRICKOR TREAT

TRICKOR TREAT

Another two months gone, another stack of work to share.

I am particularly excited to share a new mixed piece titled "I Matter."

This piece carries a lot of different meanings and speaks to a number of things that have been on my mind lately. Chief among those is censorship.

This piece began life at a time when I was feeling very caged and stymied by the regular castration of my content by Instagram and Facebook. The morning that I began work on "I Matter" I was exhausted after a night shift. I had just been locked out of all my Facebook pages and had my Instagram posts ransacked.

That morning I was in my studio furious and frustrated to tears.

I painted a large piece of masking tape black with the word "censored" in white. I shot several portraits with the tape over my mouth. With the extra black paint I scratched "I Matter" on a board.

The piece grew into the finished work exhibited here. It is a picture grown from the same boiling emotions as this magazine.

Welcome, friends, to my new home, a space free from censorship, a space where the only agenda is sharing myself with you. Welcome to issue #2 of Trigger Warning.

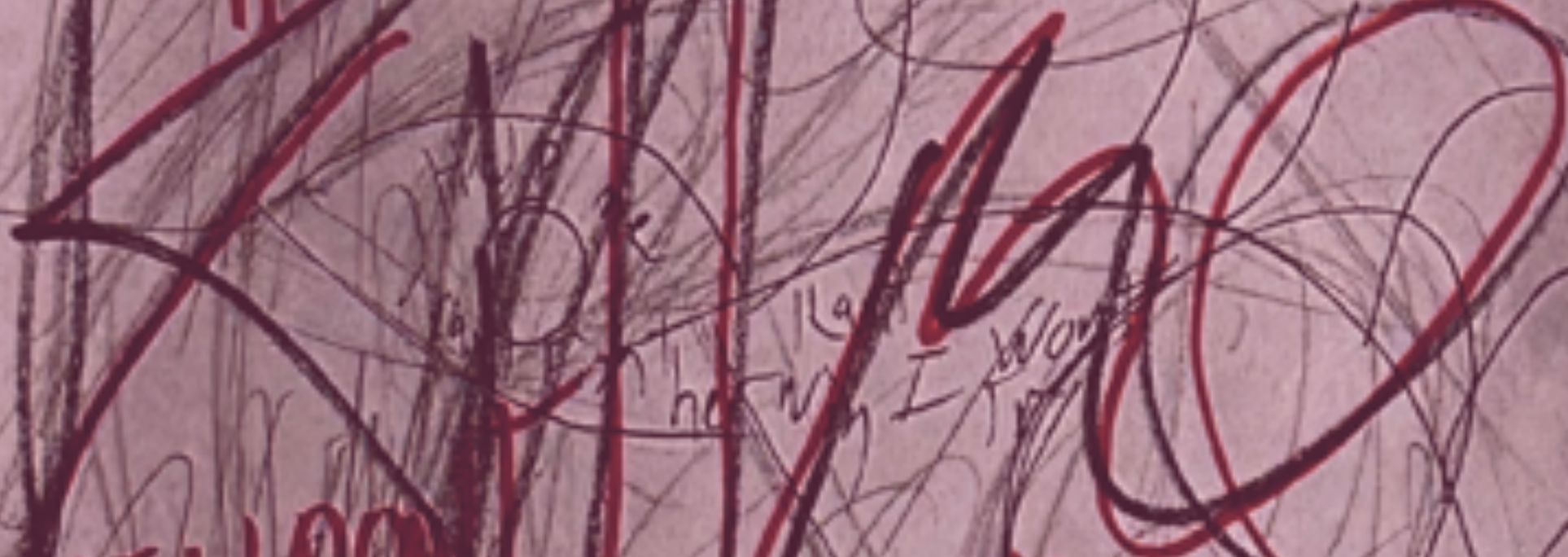




TRIGGER WARNING

vol 1 issue 2

IT didn't matter
ANY MORE



IF U DON'T
SHE WILL
I GOT LOST
THIS WAS ME
15
me

NO WAY
OVI
ALL GONE
2 LOAD

☆ I WAS GOING 2 TE A ☆

inside
now I'm
just going

I WAS
Good
and it didn't
matter

give me your edge
slash me thin
my tears run
in rivers of crimson
bleed me
dry
bleed me clean
until they see
what i've become
give me your hunger
turn me inside out
i'm your star now
let there be no doubt
starve me
hollow
feed me pain
make them see
me born again
show them the fear
show them the dark
show them what
they've made of me
show them the fallen
angel
show them my wings
show them my scars
show them what
they've made

show them



"please care" digital collage



MY STORY MATTERS
I MATTER

censorship hurts
it erodes the foundation
of a society built on
free speech
and it stops discussion
of topics that
need discussed



I was
Feeling
defeated

I just wanted someone
to know where
I've been
see what
I've seen
but the truth is

it doesn't matter and no one cares

When I write
This

no one
but me



ALSO
I

i just wanted someone else
to hear
the same whispers
that i do
i just wanted someone else
to feel the stares
i just came here to tell
the truth
as i have
come to know it

but my truth is a human one
and this is a world for machines
equations tell me i'm obscene
and their servants
who keep the gates of truth
refuse me access
because the truth as i see it
can't be exchanged for cash

N
O
O
N
E
B
U
T
M
E

was
using
a lot of
drugs

ALL
OF
MY
ART
IS
A
SELF
PORTRAIT



TO CENSOR MY ART
IS TAPE MY MOUTH
SHUT



"I
MATTER"

Approx 10" x 23"
mixed media on wood

IT didn't matter
 ANY NOISE

NO way
 OVI
 All gone
 2 loud

IFU DON'T
 she will
 I Got lost
 This was me
 IS
 me inside
 The noise

I WAS
 Good
 and it didn't
 matter

I WAS
 I WAS
 I WAS

When I am
 upset I
 Find it
 helpful To Free
 write



I have
 a lot
 OF THESE

These words
 and
 These pictures
 are my
 Feelings in
 THAT MOMENT

female symbol furious at the lack of control.

my hands are a lost cause

wrapped in spit soaked gauze no

wonder no wonder

we are you fight me *male symbol*

cut me wipe me clean i'm a wound

A obscene out of control the cause

P the end the foe the friend and it

doesn't matter it never did i never

was more than a scared kid all *star*

E alone trying trying to make a home *handprint*

M crafting an asylum a madhouse a

bin of split up her and split up him

A and cast down dropped plopped

shit slopped all the same all the

B same we am i and i am them and it

never mattered not the beginning

Y or the end *Y*

i didn't know
some gifts cannot be returned
some punishments cannot be
unearned

if you stand in the
shadow long enough
you will become
it

she was only trying to help
to do her best

but this is the way
and it never was
meant to be fair
this is the way
we are not meant
to care

if you stand in the
shadow long enough
you will
never come
back

we didn't know that
and it wasn't fair.

A
Poem

About
Being

A

~~Hero~~

Idiot

★

"unearned"



i am in a cavern. a cave. a cave of
madness. pillars of living bone
stretch to the ceiling. pathways lead
out and in. up and down. there is no
difference. no order. everything is
screaming.



bodies turn to bone turn to stone and
all back again blending. all of it
archways. columns. road and walls.
all of it is twisting and straining. all of
it is alive and screaming. all of it
wants out. i want out.



"Fused"

8 x 8 pen/pencil on paper



fuck

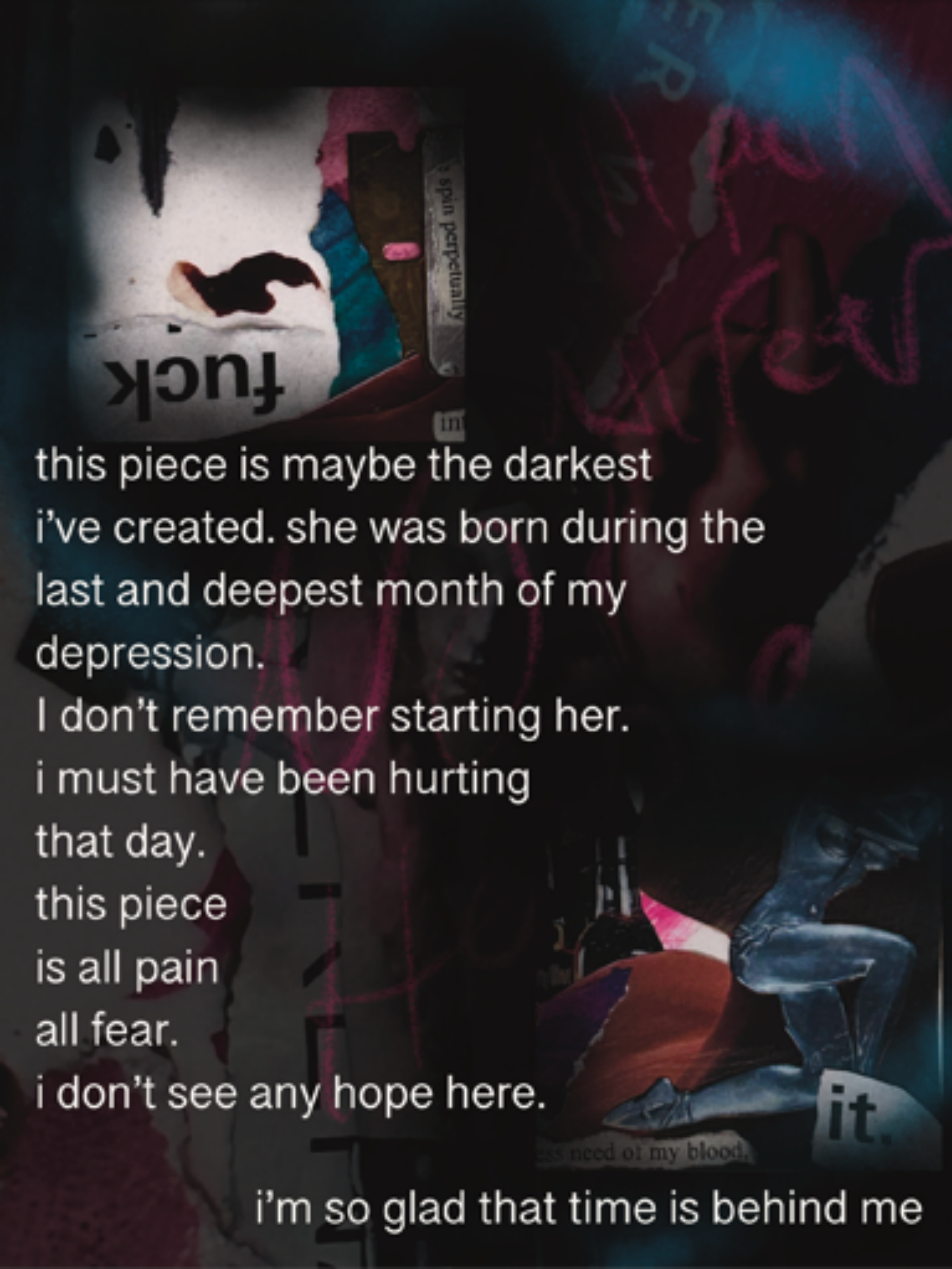
it.

into the endless need of my blood.

I Don't Think
I need To
eXplain This

"fuckit" x collage on paper





fuck

this piece is maybe the darkest
i've created. she was born during the
last and deepest month of my
depression.


I don't remember starting her.
i must have been hurting
that day.

this piece
is all pain
all fear.

i don't see any hope here.

it.

i'm so glad that time is behind me



OUR FIRST TIME

I didn't know
some gifts cannot be returned
some punishments cannot be
unearned
if you stand in the
shadow long enough
you will become
it



"comet's tale" digital collage
credit to Julie Wilmeth i used her beautiful abstract work for the
background

here is a question, for any who look or listen.
maybe you know the answer. maybe you can guess.

is she high?
very frequently
is she crazy?
most definitely
or is she just sad?
interminably
does it matter?
did it ever?

i barely notice the difference anymore. mania is stupor is dissociated is panicked is sobbing the
effect is the same same face same pupils dilated and wet-eyed staring into a camera which is a
mirror which is empty space.

no
it doesn't matter.
it never did.
all are true
all were inevitable
she is nothing more than a shattered plate
a broken bitch
born to break

please believe i wasn't always like this.

"Born To Break"

more of the
same
whether pay attention
to me sad girl poem
with a
sad girl name

NOT



i glide
float
across the floor
i feel nothing
not in my heart
not on my feet
i am a
ghost
there is no me
i don't
even
remember
ever being alive
i've lost
all
time
i spend an eternity
i spend a second
i watch a body that isn't
mine
i watch it walk
it goes nowhere
it goes no when
and no one
cares
because
no one notices
a ghost

"locked" digitally altered photograph



THANKS

FOR looking ART
AT my ART

