

Zig Zag is a magazine devoted to total freedom of speech & expression. It's free of charge and we don't make a dime. The purpose is for your art to be seen and voice to be heard. So get on it...

It's your zine so roll one up and put it in your pocket.

ZIGZAG



Contributors

Cover: Joey Heart

Contact Info:

joepheninger@rocketmail.com

Samantha Strutt (1)

A.J. Novel (2)

Chase Arden Sage Taylor (3)

Carrie (4)

Chance Mitchell (5)

Monster (6)

Thomas Taylor (7)

Freddie Lamoreaux (8)

Holly Enlow (9)

Jodan Stone (10)

Scott Prather (11)

Boots (12)

Joey Heart (13-14)

Van Jazmin (15)

Devin Hughes (16)

Marissa Spratt (17)

Vivian Bomblat (18)

Collin Lindstrom (19)

Paolo Cogliati (20)

Matt Coombs (21)

Ashley Zych (22)

Clay Barclay (23)

James Cassettari (24)

Jack Quack (25)

Jackie Wang (26)

Creative Directors:

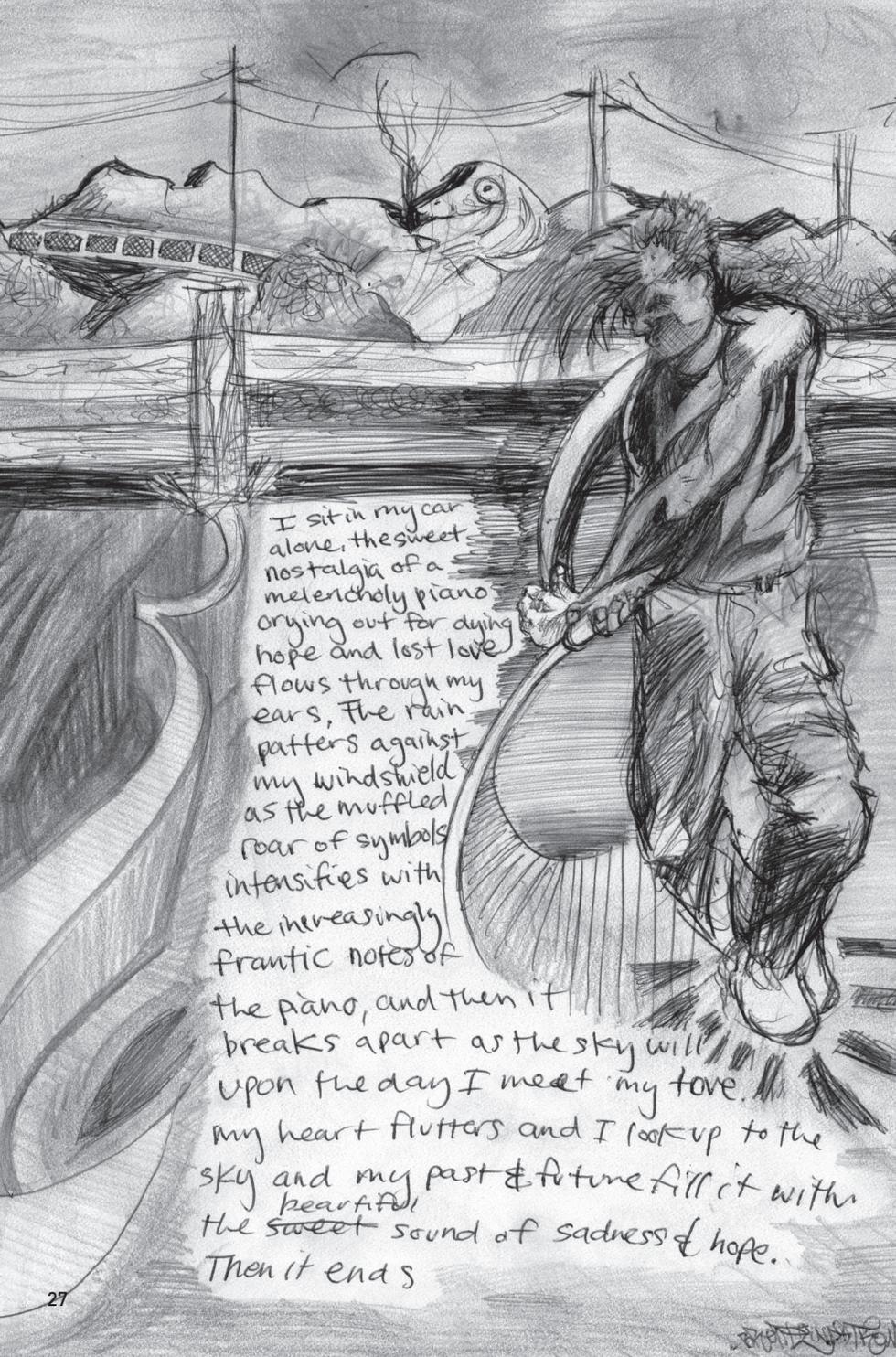
Van

Jack Quack

Brett J. Lindstrom

zigzagcrew@gmail.com

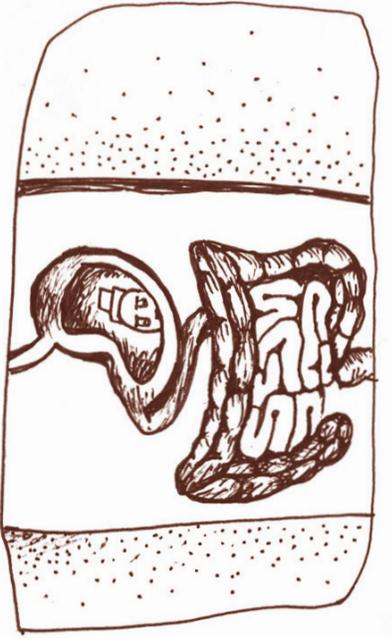
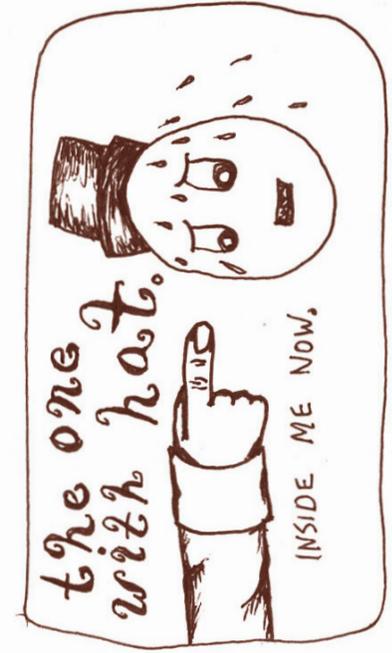
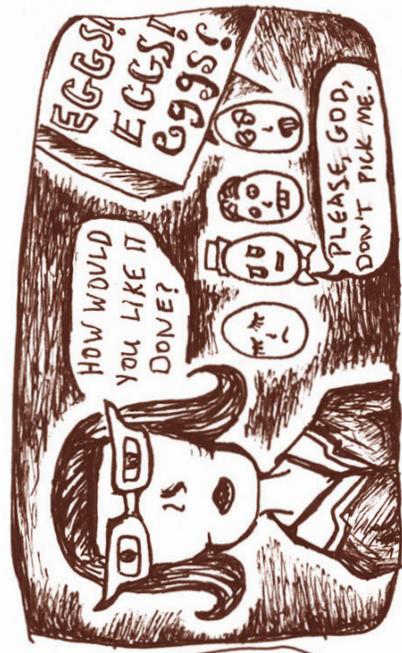
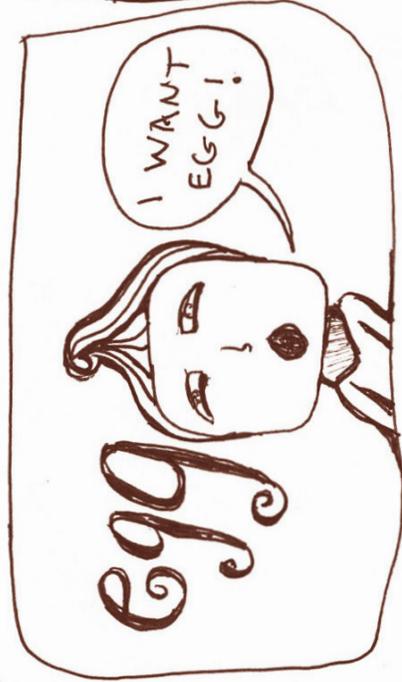
Submit your page in black and white
preferably 400 dpi.



I sit in my car
alone, the sweet
nostalgia of a
melancholy piano
crying out for dying
hope and lost love
flows through my
ears, the rain
patters against
my windshield
as the muffled
roar of symbols
intensifies with
the increasingly
frantic notes of
the piano, and then it
breaks apart as the sky will
upon the day I meet my love.
my heart flutters and I look up to the
sky and my past & future fill it with
the ^{beautiful} ~~sweet~~ sound of sadness & hope.
Then it ends



freEDom of sPeEcH iS nOT dEad Yet



I and I, sigh and vilify

They sense my shame and being the selfless souls they apparently are they wave for a perfect instant and are gone by, only one taillight glowing and all I can do is give over more to this gluttonous monster inside and I press on through the feverish wind, allowing my shame to coil tighter and tighter still, till, my goosebumps are squawking and my mind is bawking and with an unpleasant/pleasant hawking, I spit out this delighting doubt.

Been re-reading my fate and slamming its covers shut, upset that even when I or it changes even estranges still nothing is new everything still *deja vu* (already seen) always in an unremembered dream fake sunshine phony moonbeam

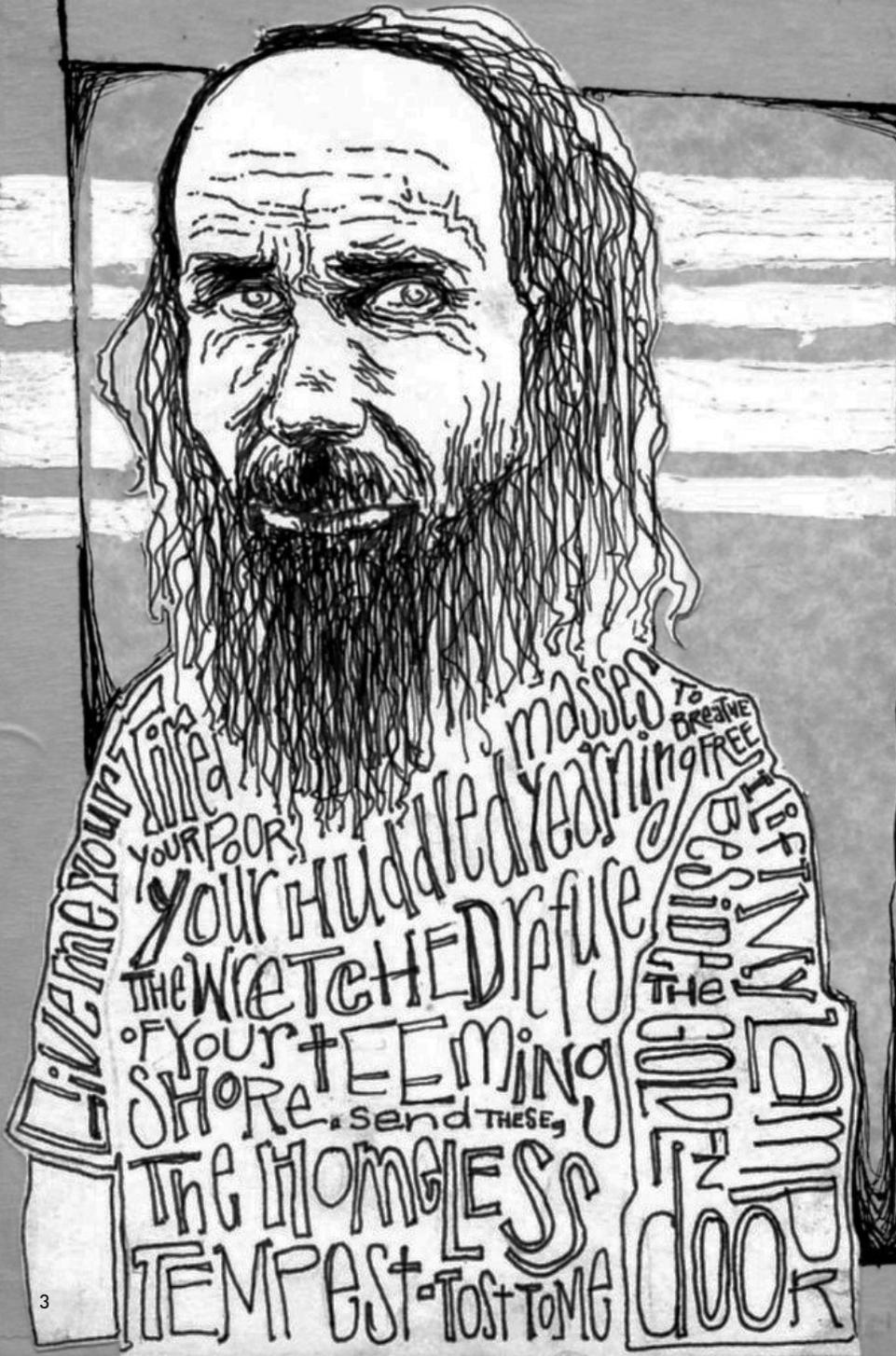
2nd glances negate the authenticity of the first look, 2nd glances negate the authenticity of the first look, looks truly being irrelevant fore its not even a lone look that makes it feel forced but rather faded gloss that slowly creeps into our minds' photo albums turning once crisp brilliant ideas times and things into what feels like pre-chosen jumping strings attached, broken but lashed, and with a pinprick anchored to the blessed and/or cursed but surely versed crazed limbs of a puppet with your and/or my name.

So I've been pullin' my own strings frowning at my smile burning everything because my favorite colors ash, not like I can help it and run my brain faucet's shower of sparks polluted with dumb and/or wasted plans that I maybe/probably subconsciously knew couldn't come true wondering whom self sabotage serves, certainly not its maker, and perhaps, neither should you and/or I.

In the service of no one I shall do nothing for myself because I too am someone and being a someone, I come with the obligation to do.

The first steps into the nothing ahead are blind though not thoughtless though thoughts are currently rendered of no importance in accordance with nothings belief that it is nothing and then the nothing hole opens and its a sleepy morning's slow wake and/or a bedded mind's nightly escape but either way something stutters something sturrs at first all blurred, at second shapes rounding, at third its clearly changing and still, an abstract artifact, and then I'm welcoming an unknown home in a artificial host's tone that I suddenly recognize as my own. Am I talking to myself?



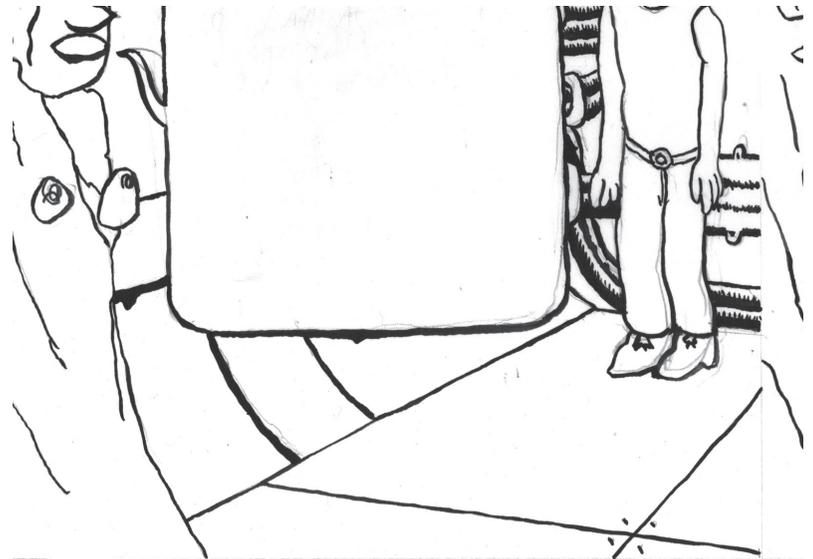


What is Real

by Clay Barclay

Journal entry "What is Real," written for the public access of the school board, discusses whether the chair the reader is sitting on is real or not. In old philosophy, to be real the matter needs to be something that stays constant, such as an element. To this young writer, that view seems to be far too complicated and pompous for something as relative as being real. A chair is real; it can be used for sitting, felt by strangers, crushed by giant men (or women, you're not dealing with a sexist here), and used to heat up a room to keep you and your dog warm. By the last two examples, the chair can come out of existence and be forgotten. The chair can be viewed as wood, a pile of sticks or a collection of dust, but that doesn't make it less of a chair. There's a cat that I put a hat on that comes and goes through my room, it can be called Scratches, lucky sperm, cat in a hat, cat, rotting heap in my backyard, etc. No matter what it's called, the view has no weight on its ability to exist. Throughout the course of existence, things will come and go. It needs to be understood that there are rooms that we will

never walk through and places that have appeared/disappeared after/before our creation. A tree can fall down in a forest that we will never hear but it needs to be understood that everything doesn't have to be witnessed by us to give it matter. Our family and friends can have extreme underlying problems that they never address but that doesn't mean that these problems are not real. These problems still affect the said person contaminated by the said mental disease. Their victims are just as real as our victims. But "aw, man, but what if your chair is just nothing man, then what???" The answer is irrelevant. You're still able to sit on your chair and smoke out of your bong. To conclude this journal, written for the public access of the school board, the answer to "What is Real?" is G-d or Dog, if it's preferred to be spelled backwards. Please visit your local church to be saved immediately. Opus Helpus!





Shards

As shards strewn about me
the pieces lay
Memories reflected in mirrors
the pieces of pain
Too many to gather into
the pieces of one
Dying light accents red hues
the pieces hold blood
Deep into stagnant flesh
the pieces are caught
Familiar shadows bounce only
in mirrored remembrance
Sharp
the pieces stick

What is life?

by Matt Coombs

Everything in our time has questioned what defines a human being as such. We have tried to define when life begins in the debate about abortion. Tried to assess the possibility of artificial intelligence and mechanical life. We have gone through a period in

which under the law, corporations were recognized as a single person which has rights, and can act as a legal human being. We have assigned patents to seeds, crops, livestock, stem cells which are bought, sold, and guarded by these same corporations regarded as human. So, we have decided that we can't agree on when life begins, are working toward mechanically creating it, have added literal legal personification to a conceptual entity, and demoted actual life to the role of a commodity. It is completely irrational to think that a society could ever be so indecisive about the definition of life, while simultaneously making so many decisions on it's behalf.







Leaps and bounds from falling
off of the top, he relished in
compassion and toiled with
devotion. Empty and hollowed
out like canoe on a storm drive
river. Pointless to continue
this way. The likes of us are
gone now anyway my friend.

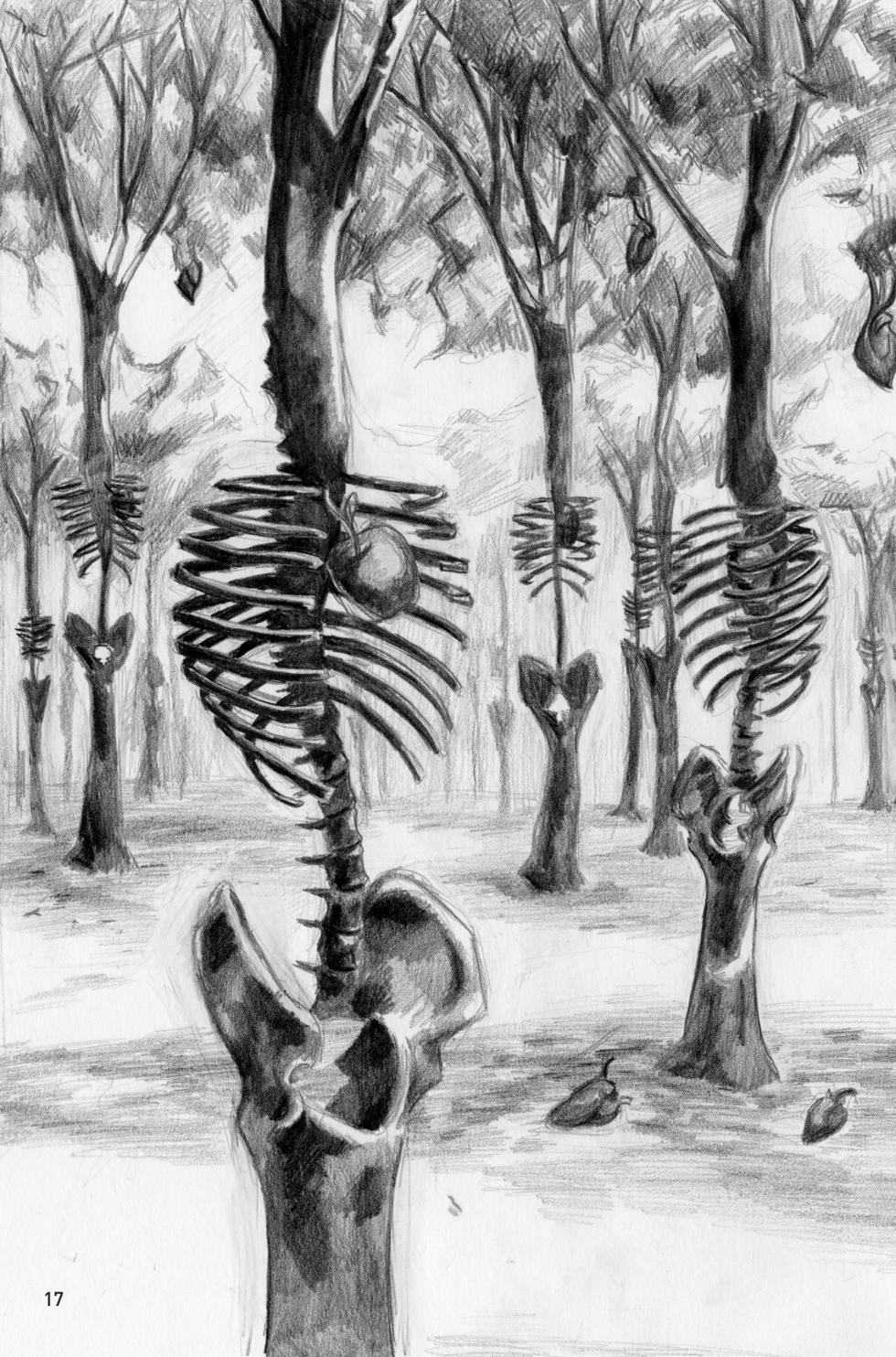
Carry on,
Carry forward,
because eventually we all will
be Carried in the end.





Radiant with Ruin
Holtbock





Open Like the Sea

If the sand withdraws
in every crashing wave,

But keeps homeostasis
with the imported tide,

What monster would it take,
to rake every grain from the shore?

Off the Coast

She walks around me
like I'm sandpaper in velvet arms.

She is the stale air
in a trunk full of my loved keepsakes

I am far too surrounded
in silent accusations
And splitting a million clones of her.

And considering the present
as uncreative.

And every letter has been drawn
to the very line before.
And how Off the Coast of here,
somewhere where my corner of the
sky never grows gray.

-Jordan Stone



IT SHOWS

SENSORY INTERTWINING THE
MOTOR NERVOUS FIBERS

