in the summer
by bre jané
I amble along the river's edge,
Watching the water ripple and swirl in the lazy current.
I step into the soft cool silt.
It feels good to be held by the Earth.
I close my eyes. I hear the whispers of the wildflowers in the breeze.
When I open my eyes, the rolling hills in the distance wrap into each other.
on the walk home
I pass the old barn

It reminds me nothing lasts forever.
Clouds shapeshift above me. I stop to watch one morph into a sloth, reaching for something celestial.
I stroll through pink, apricot, and lavender hues. The world becomes cloaked in indigo.
the insects sing as the moon rises
I lean into the warm embrace of the summer night.
The photos in this zine are from the tub in the garage labeled 'Family Pictures. Most were taken by my Dad or Grandma Rox.

After sorting the family pictures with my mom, dad, brothers, and grandma, I altered some (with permission)
using diluted bleach and nail polish.

I used clippings from magazines to collage the cover.