

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.

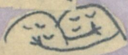
It feels good to be held by the Earth.

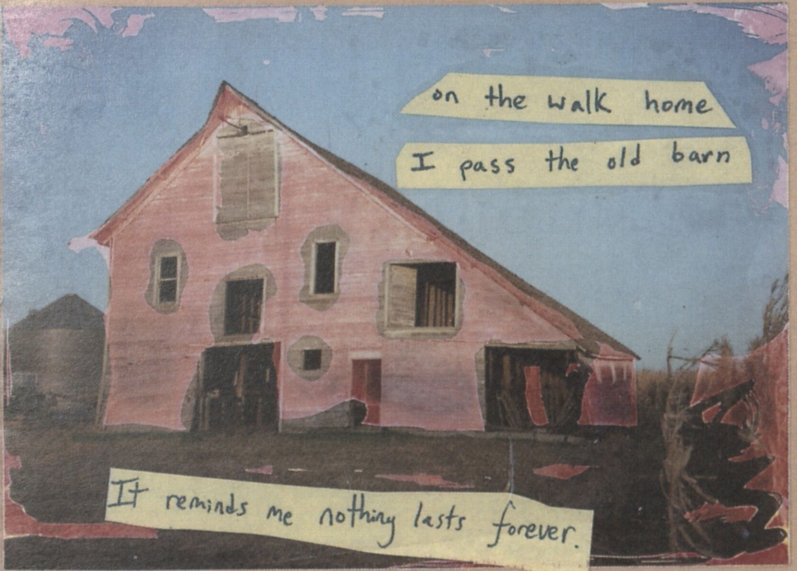


I close my eyes. I hear the whispers
of the wildflowers as they sway
in the breeze.



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.

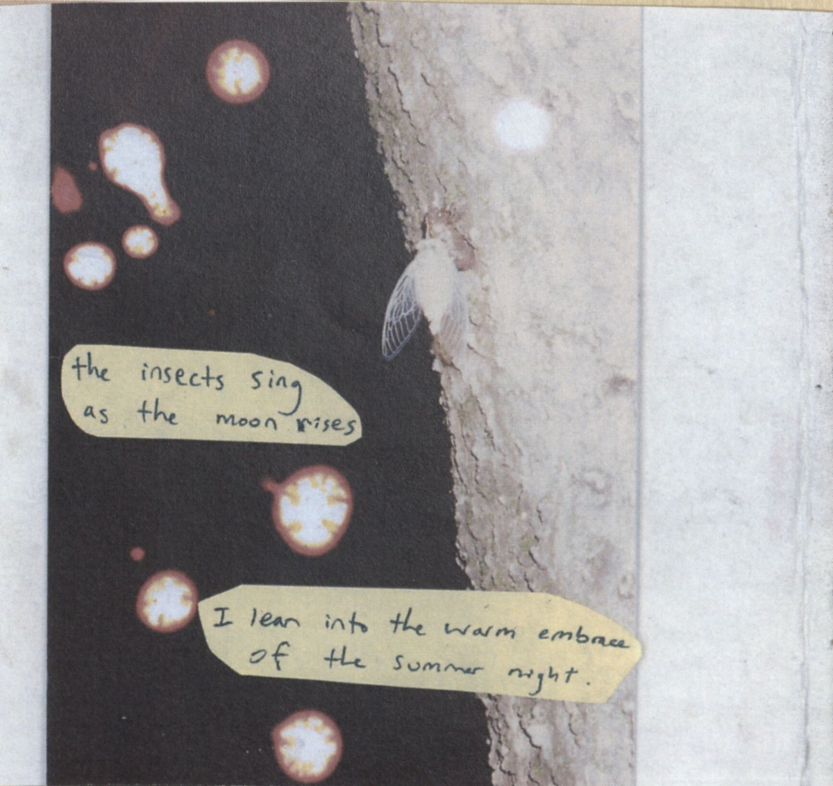


clouds shapeshift above me.

I stop to watch one morph into a sloth,
reaching for something celestial.



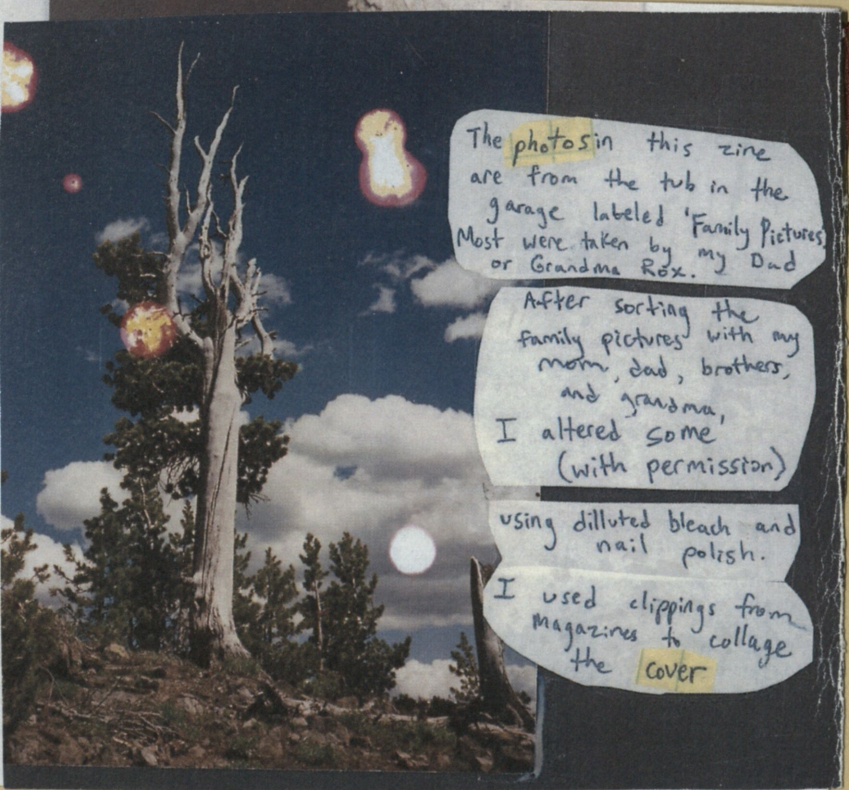
I stroll through pink apricot and lavender hues.
The world becomes cloaked in indigo.



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 Rex.

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