

# wetlands magazine

fall  
2019

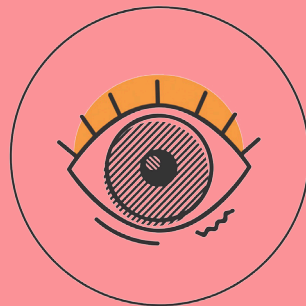
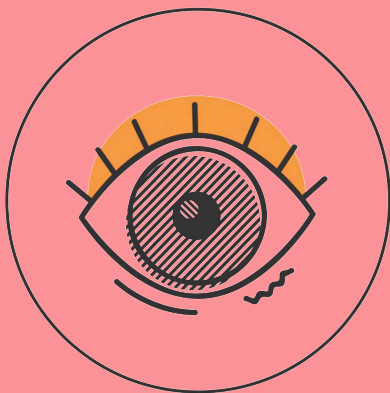
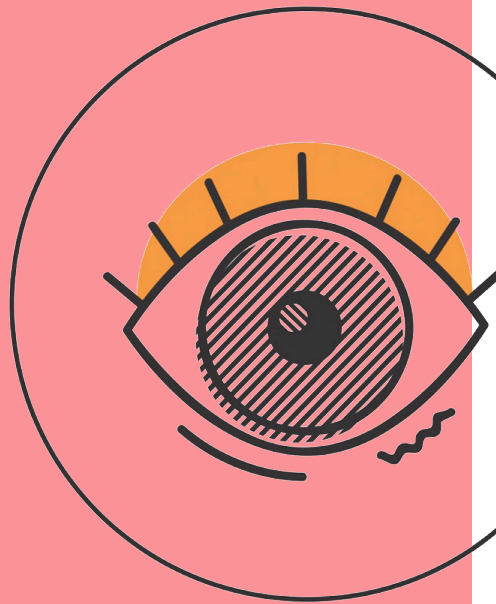




# WETLANDS

Fall 2019

Issue Sweet 16



# editor's note



Throughout my time, I have constantly felt caught up in contradictions. There are so many traditional ways to interpret what happens that it becomes easy to just adopt them rather than have the character to ask, "what is the motivation behind being told to think about things in this way?". These traditions we have inherited make it arduous or even impossible to make sense of the more complex facets of life, such as identity. By choosing these well-worn paths of thought, we foreclose the ability to think about things from multiple vantage points and even prevent ourselves from perceiving the features of what it means to exist in this world. The dominant narratives of anti-queerness, racism, sexism and classism all suffocate us until they are the only means through which we craft our thoughts.

The way that histories are communicated to us inform what we think of as possible and impossible. The artificial bifurcations of poetics/politics, vulnerability/strength, and passion/logic define how we think about ourselves, each other, and the interactions between us. However, just because these borders exist to some, does not mean we must live our lives mending fences we didn't even ask to be built.

It is a choice to be open to new perspectives.

It is a choice to be complacent in old ones.

But above all, it is a choice to define who you are and which perspectives you engage the world with.

Always yours,

Natalie Willoughby

# fall 2019 staff

## **EDITOR IN CHIEF**

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Willoughby

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Stegmaier

Katie  
Larsen

Emma  
Conway

Lilah  
Hillard

Wetlands Magazine provides an inclusive, accessible, critical and safe form for students to amplify marginalized voices and facilitate mutual education through the celebration of intersectional art, poetry, literature, performance, and advocacy on the University of Puget Sound campus.



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# Cole by Quin Severo





# Peach by Quin Severo



**Quin Severo** is a senior here at Puget Sound and just recently started delving into digital art this past summer- which all of her work results from. She used old photos as the bases and builds upon them, calling this new medium “rewarding in its endless possibilities.”

# Existence

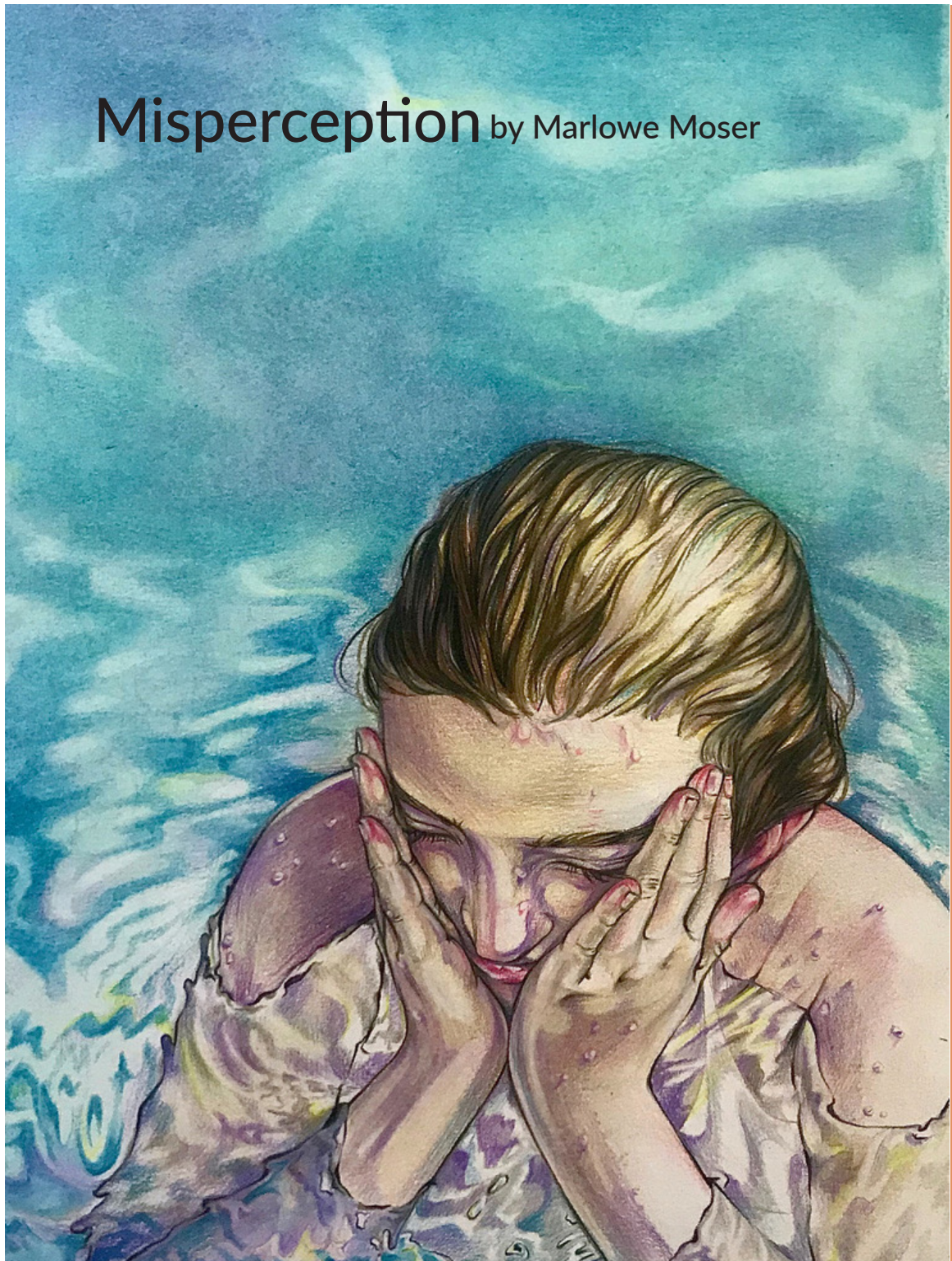
by Mushawn Knowles

you don't have to  
hide anymore love  
you can come out  
and play  
you don't have to  
pry anymore love  
you can just exist  
today  
seeking  
through the looking glass  
as you reflect  
on the pass of days  
a constant metamorphic  
a never ending masquerade  
it's already within  
no matter what you portray  
the pressure  
ever so grueling  
please  
go at your own pace  
even when it hurts

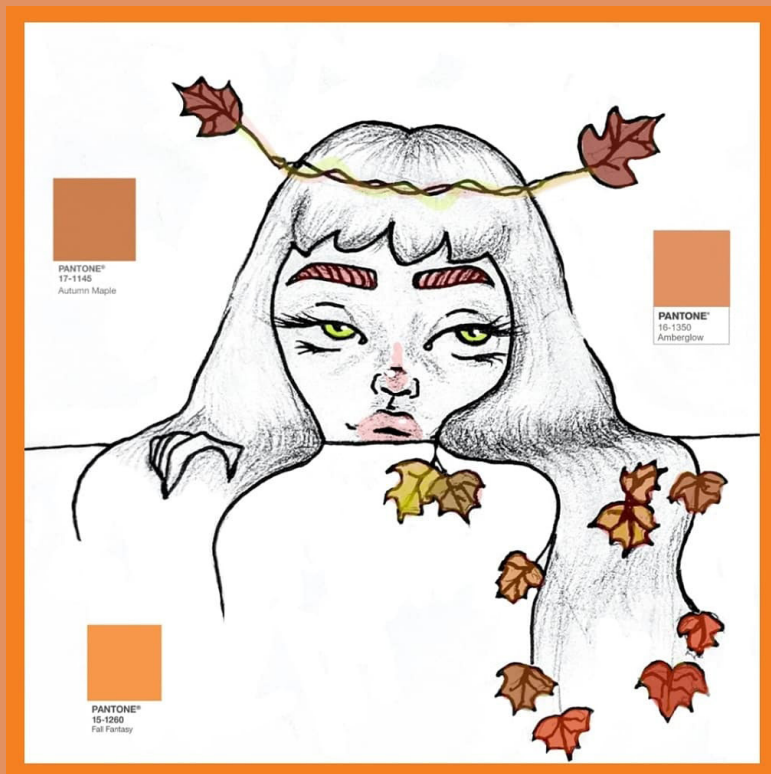
untitled by Sophia Sangervasi



# Misperception by Marlowe Moser



# Overgrown by Julia Obbart



## Seasonal

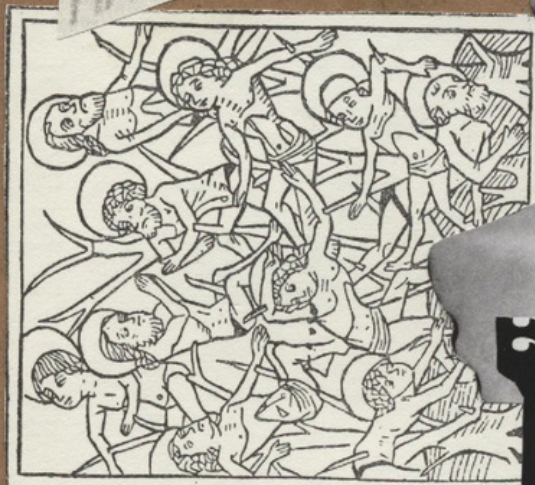
by Mushawn Knowles

i'd be obscuring the truth  
if i said this wasn't hard  
be patient with me  
i get delicate in the fall  
especially the winter  
i don't mean to be complex and closed off  
during this season  
i must be misery because i love company  
even when it hurts

# untitled

by Anonymous

HAVE SPACE SUIT-WILL TRAVEL



Extraordinary

**HUMAN**

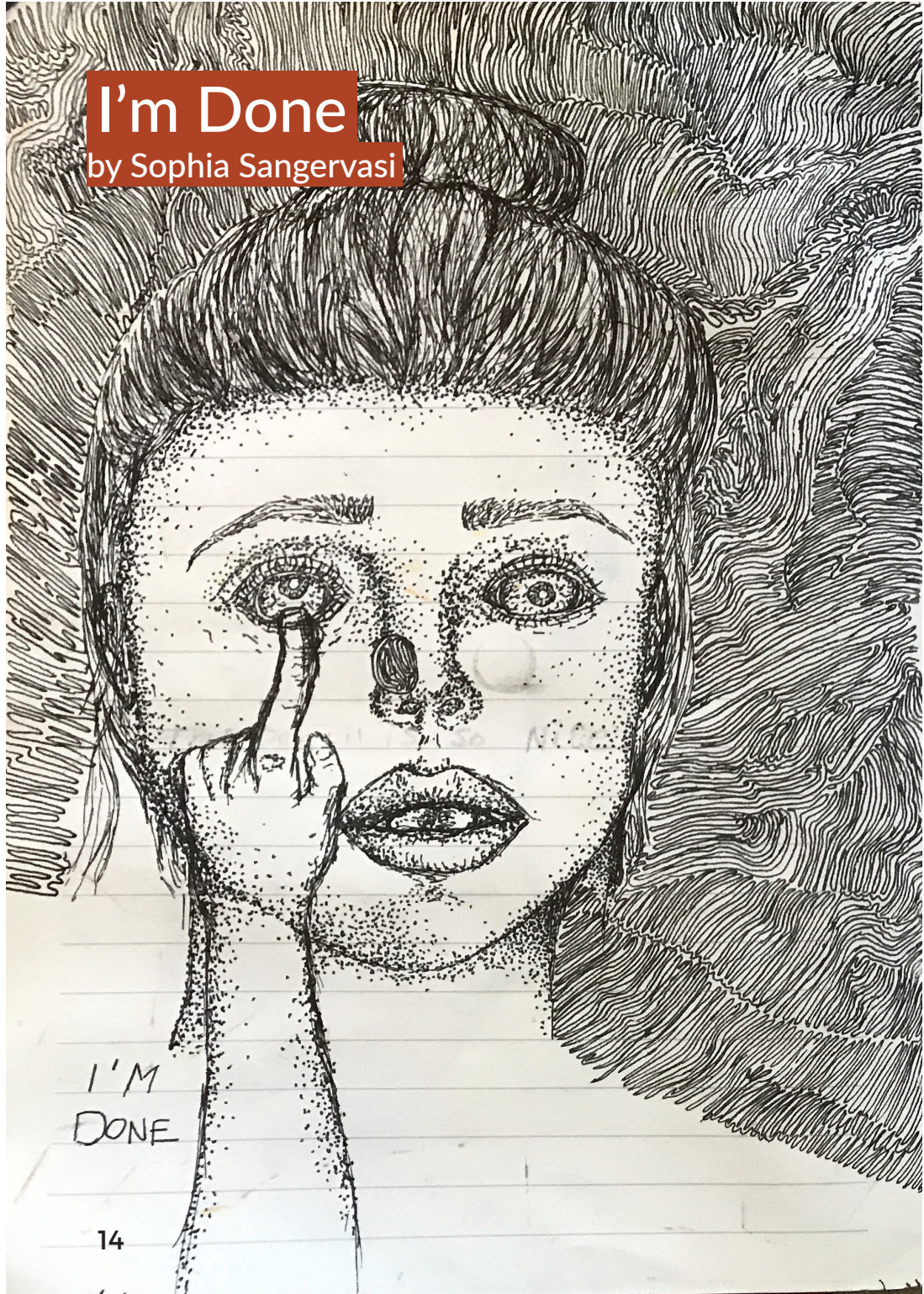
**AGAINST THE GRAIN**

# Anthony by Quin Severo



# I'm Done

by Sophia Sangervasi



I'M  
DONE



# Crecimiento en el invierno

by Rachael Stegmaier

La última vez que te vi fue en el desierto.  
Nos susurramos el uno al otro sentados en la tierra roja,  
y todo lo que nos rodeaba era tan quieta.

Rasgaste el suéter en un arbusto nudoso — nunca fuiste muy cuidadoso.  
Había pasado dos años con tu cabeza sobre mi hombro,  
pero últimamente comenzó a doler.  
La nieve comenzó a caer.  
Mis dedos estaban fríos dentro de tus manos cálidas, como siempre.

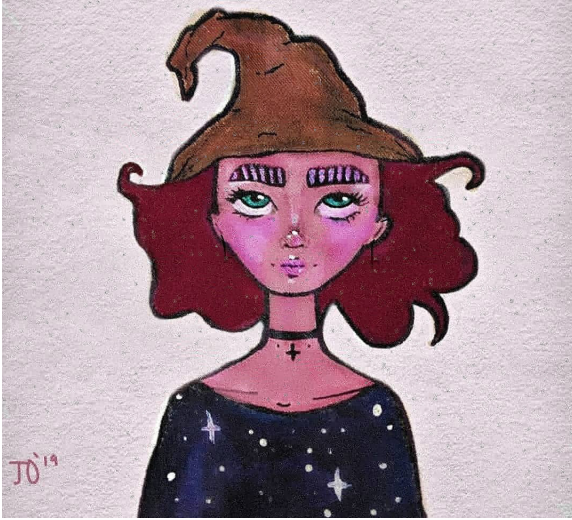
No podía respirar.

Esta mañana la luz brillante perezosamente se volviera opaco,  
retrocediendo sus dedos de las profundidades de mi cuarto.  
La niebla pesada trepó a través de ramas caídas y piedras musgosas.  
Silenciaría tus pasos si viniste a encontrarme.

¿Vendrás?

Florecí en tu ausencia;  
Crecí sola en la primavera.  
Encendí un fuego para mantenerme cómoda sin ti cuando la luz se va.

Demasiado pronto podré ver mi respiración en el aire.



# Witching Hour

by Julia Obbart

by Julia Obbart

# Head in the Clouds



# heartfelt by Mushawn Knowles

maybe tears are to wash our hands  
after all the hard work  
we've done  
digging beneath  
surface level  
bitterbland cortados and seltzer  
at my favorite cafe  
no words  
loose dogs  
invisible twine binds us  
our lives  
together  
intertwined  
chin nestled on the tailgate  
such precious cargo  
wondering when i'll return  
waiting to be free again  
roaming  
with no destination  
the crows give me hope  
feathered beaches  
just lovers exploring old homes

~~~~~



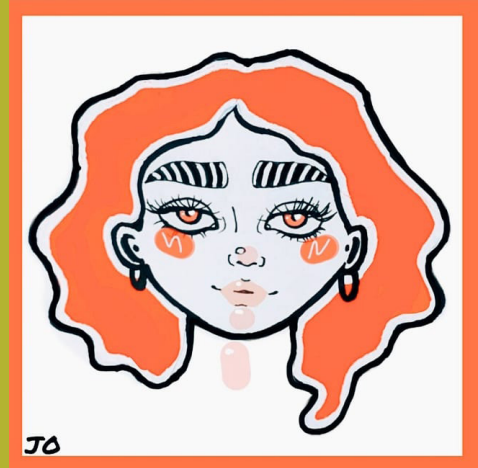
# untitled

by Lia Chin-Purcell



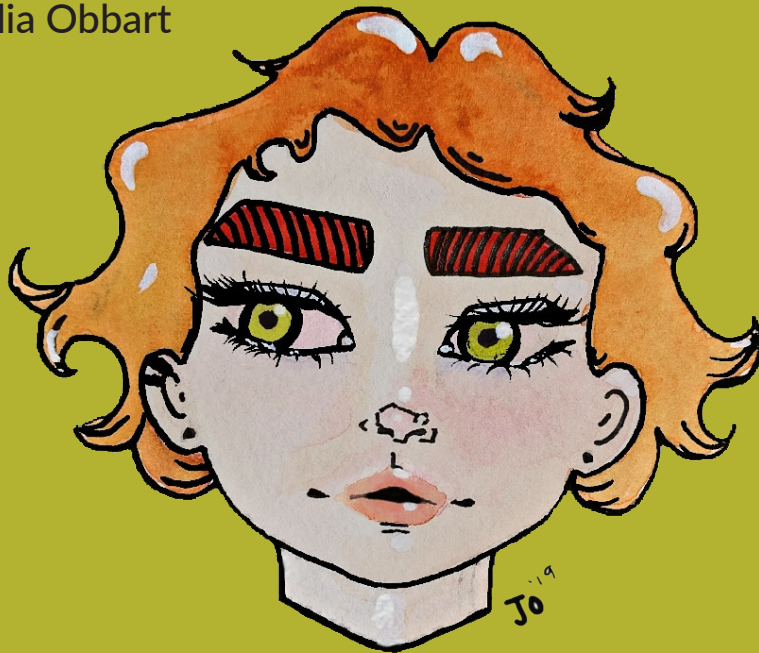
# Lava Girl

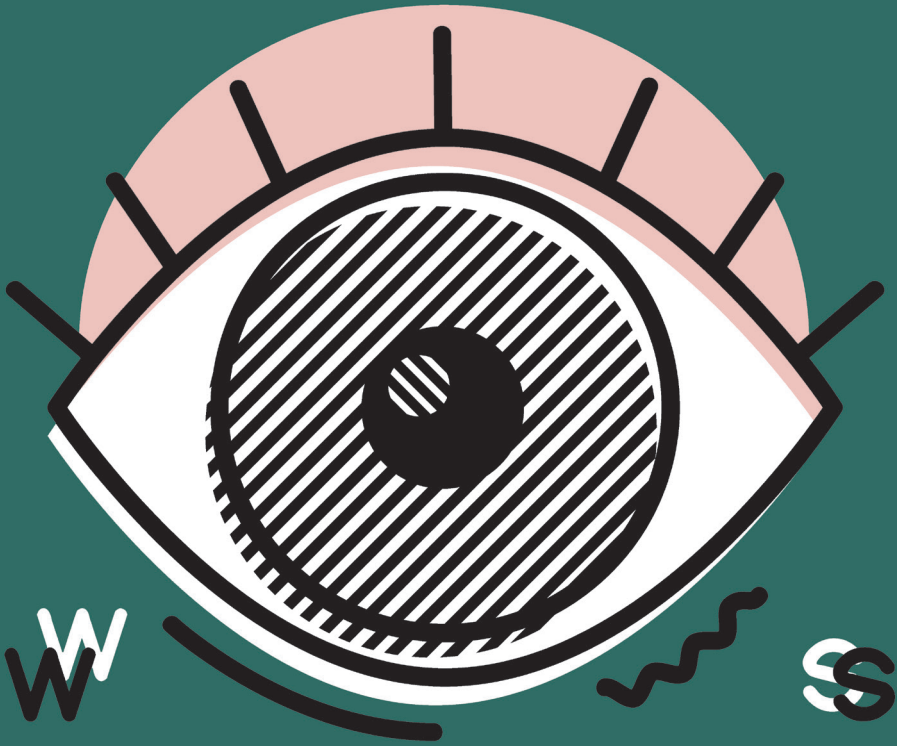
by Julia Obbart



# Clementine

by Julia Obbart





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