

FEMMESCAPES

vol 2



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March, 2017

From the editors,

Femmescares is a zine collecting visual and written work by queer and trans people who experience an affinity with femmeness.

In making our second issue, we thought about our frustration with recent liberal attacks on identity politics (sidelining transgender civil rights as "boutique" issues too specialized for most to grasp, or dismissing critiques of reductive, genital-obsessed cis feminism as "divisive"). At the same time, we remembered that identity isn't the sole (or even most important) determinant of who we are and whom we can trust; we have also been harmed by people who look and talk like us. Now, we are writing less than a week into a Trump presidency of accelerated Islamophobia, anti-science, xenophobia, and "alternative fact," and we can feel the fear and the resistance around us building. We know we are going to need new ways of relating that disrupt the compartmentalization of family, self, country, so that we can begin learning how to take care of one another across difference.

We asked our contributors a central question: How do we understand our femininity in this changing world, where fascism is escalating every day?

Death, by murder and suicide, is present in the work they sent us. So is repression, originating from inside and out. KOKUMO depicts the lateral violence of a movement that calls her crazy while scolding her that it's working to save her life. Ray Ferreira zooms in on a moment of the body's resistance to being overwhelmed by the endlessly growing list of names of murdered trans women, stretching out the tactile experience of tears and snow melting together on

their face in slo-mo: the "ssssssssssawft" is a mode of body-memory that might let us hold onto everyone we have lost.

In this world, Joss Barton affirms to herself, "I have the right to be an insecure transsexual with daddy issues." Of this world, this universe, Janea Kelly says, "Some worry she is too big to be healthy." We know that we will need to draw on all of her, everything we can see and imagine, if we're going to live.



Charles + Julieta

* we would like to offer a content warning for discussion in detail of suicide, murder, transmisogynist violence, reclaimed slurs, and drug use.

CONTENTS

Aneeta x Diego Montoya

we be the future

6

KOKUMO

All I Have

9

Psychological Share-Croppin'

10

Psych Ward Soliloquy

12

Dear John Letter to the Movement

12

Joss Barton

Transsexual Love Dreams on the Inauguration of Trump

13

Raquel Salas Rivera

techo de zinc / zinc roof

20

"el dinero figura como mero medio evanescente de circulación" /
"the money appears as mere evanescent medium of circulation"

24

Sal Muñoz

I Wear My Armor with the Chinks Exposed
My Femme Is to Be Revered, Not Reviled

26

27

Tyler Vile

28 This Is Not a Pain Poem
29 Bad Vibes Only
30 Glitterthighs

Kiyan Williams

31 Unearthing

Ray Ferreira

34 so c o o o o l d l e t m e _ drop

Janea Kelly

38 Messages with word: body
39 Infinite Matter

Catherine Graffam

40 Anthem for a Seventeen-Year-Old-Me
41 Fear
42 Head High, Tears Dry

Biographies

Aneeta x Diego Montoya
we be the future







**KOKUMO
All I Have**

I'mma melted cheese on my flamin hots eatin / playin tag while bullets flyin / iz time fo da perculata uh duh daz y we's perculatin perculatin / peppamint n penny candy n my pickle lip smackin / I can't tell time but so wat I'm still gon floss my gummi watch rockin / hey yaw dey finely got my overalls out da Goldblatt's layaway afta almos two years stuntin / da ice cream truck left bfo I cud tho my shoes on sobbin / Jezus is da answa fo da wurl today Calvary Missionary Baptist Church on na corna ah 87th Stony Island cross da street from da KFC evry Sunday goin / dirty dirty dozens yo mama yo daddy yo greazy greazy granpappy playin / who you callin black bitch getcho big lookin azz u better R.E.S.P.E.K. me demandin / Uncle Remus ain't got shit on Harold's Chicken debatin / bang bang bang skeet skeet skeet lemme see you juke jukin / fuck you mean da Wesside betta at footwork defendin / poppin prepubescent pussy up at da famley reunion papa n big brutha embarrassin / los my virginity in ah abandoned garage I'll suck yo dick as long as you lumme u lumme don't you Rashan askin / use ta be boo boo da foo talking bout he can do wateva he wants ta me so long as he got waves n lite skin thirstin / Rupaul waz my role model til I discovered Sylvester n Grace Jones evolvin / Moesha waz da gurl I swo I wud one day grow up to be hopin / soufside Chi til u muthafuckin die reppin / hair ruffa denna Brillo pad / skin darka denna Black N Mile / voice louda den a shootout tween da Moe's n na Foe's / wit sharpa den da blade ya boy use ta cut crack wit / yea dat b me / n whiles othaz may hide dey history / I plops like ah pig playin wit itz puzzy in mines / cuz I know alls too well dat when na cam'ras stop rollin n awards stop bein received / I / will once again / be all I have.

Psychological Share-Croppin'

Get tha fuck off me, muthafuckas!

The constant triangulation!

The convenient respectability!

Then ta top it allll off.

Presto-chango-alakazaam!

My pain, is now magically your platform.

I ask you.

When did community become a form of currency?

They only show you love as long as they can use you.

They only show up when the bodies hit the ground.

And eum then, it's just ta take pictures ova da corpse.

Shh!

Shh!

Shh!

U hea dat?

Iz da soun ah my bonez

whistlin from u suckin em dry fa sound bites.

Iz da soun of my joints poppin from overextendin

demselfes fa people who'd neva return da fava!

They made it illegal ta hunt elephants.

But wat dey shudda outlawed, was u unoriginal,

pedestrian ass muthafuckas,

from bitin da analysis of actual intellects,

via da social media milieu.

The devil, is in the DMs and subtweets my nigga.

The DMs, and subtweets, my nigga!

Niggaz swea upndown, dey been sent from da burnin bush.

When alley did waz bite yo analysis,

n slap da face odda right typa wrong on it.

But you should be so lucky,

if any of the assorted market-made messiahs,

do decide ta, "amplify" your voice.

Jus don't be surprised if dat amplification

look mo like da muzzlin offa rabid dog.

Cuz make no mistakes about it,

datz precisely what you are ta dem.

A dog.

A dog barkin n bitin at da heels ah da good nice white folks.

N we's can't have de undesireables,

fuckin it up fa da beautiful people.

Now can we?

They eat first ugly.

And if you're good!

You get to lick their fingers.

Imma jus say it like dis.

As long as progress is gauged by strides in assimilation,

we're all doomed.

Psych Ward Soliloquy

Bipolar!

Anti-social!

Egomaniacal!

Schizophrenic!

Megalomaniacal!

Yaw'll calla black bitch anything but right.

Dear John Letter to the Movement

I do have a mental problem.

And it's called you.

Good bye!

Joss Barton

TRANSSEXUAL LOVE DREAMS ON THE INAUGURATION OF TRUMP

why does he love me?

why do I want him cradling my body in his arms?

why do I constantly crave his skin pressed against mine?

why am I terrified of fucking it up?

why don't I believe him when he says my body is femme enough?

why can't I let it go?

why do I want to know who he really wants to fuck?

what if I were the last trans woman on earth?

what does it mean to love him 'til his momma loves me too?

what if I stay the same after he's changed?

what if karma is a broken heart?



A TRANS FEMMES GUIDE TO DATING: or HOW TO MARRY HIM UNDER THE PRETENSE THAT YOU'LL PROMISE TO GET A PUSSY SOON AS DAT TAX RETURN CLEARS: or HOW TO FUCK BOTTOMS WHO LUV DAT TRANNY STICK BUT WANT TO KEEP THEIR CHIN STRAPS AND JOHN LEGEND ALBUMS?: or why does every man in my DMs wanna smoke me out on kush or crack or anything to make me forget I'm alive and deserving of love?

the meth

the cocaine

the marijuana

the taste of chlorine in my nose

the smell of vodka soaking my tongue

the sound of ANTI playing in the background as my pussy is fucked raw and wet

The morning I hear about the Pulse Slaughter, I'm hungover and off the grid in the woods. I don't learn the full horror until I return to civilization, in my apartment, blazed by summer sun, a shitty box air conditioner sputtering cold air, I read the 49 names in between texts from tricks asking when they can breed my ass again. It was then I chose to remove my body, my mind, and my heart from these men. I decided that my happiness was paramount to their orgasms. I began to accept that their sadness, their self-loathing, their shame did not have to transfer inside me



who wanna pat dis puss?
who wanna suck dis cock?
who wanna pretend they aint see me, aint know me, aint
fuck me?
who wanna order me a drink at the bar, roll up shots, bring
me home blacked out, limbs limp, easy to fuck and swallow
up like last call but you broke so let's just run and hope they
lose?
who wanna eat dis ass?
who wanna teach me how to fire a sniper rifle?
who wanna hold me when it's cold?
who wanna kiss my face and tell me i'm gorgeous while i'm
sleeping?
who wanna cum inside me and pretend imma get prego?
who wanna pinch my nipples and make me moan?
who wanna ask me for one last fuck before they move to
Denver, cause i'm the only tranny they ever gonna luv?

another trans woman has killed herself, and so 2016 ends where it began, when Bryn Kelly hung herself in New York City, and Noony Norwood was shot to death, and Brandi Bledsoe's skull was bashed in, and Jazz Alford bled to death in a hotel in Birmingham, and Crystal Edmonds was shot execution style, and T.T.'s throat was slit on the west side of Chicago, and Lexxi Sironen was found floating in a lake reservoir, and Rae'Lynn Thomas died begging for her momma to hold her, and Erykah Tijerina is post-mortem misgendered in El Paso, and Skye Mockabee's body is found dumped in a parking lot, and Deeniquia Dodds dies after nine days on life support with a bullet wound in her neck, and Goddess Diamond is bludgeoned and immolated in an abandoned car outside New Orleans, and Amos Beede is murdered, and Mercedes Successful is murdered, and Simon Bush is murdered, and Reecey Walker is murdered, and Keyonna Blakeney is murdered, and Shante Isaac is murdered, and Quartney Davia Dawson-Yochum is murdered, and Kandicee Johnson is murdered, and Demarkis Stansberry is murdered, and Maya Young is murdered, and Veronica Banks Cano is murdered, and Kayden Clarke is murdered by the police, and a massacre happens in Oakland, and Jasmine Sierra is dead, and Monica Loera is dead, and Dee Whigham is stabbed 119 times



DADDY the cishet authoritarian STATE

DADDY the body pushing raw gum inside guts while praying for god to die

DADDY the blue lives matter bumper sticker

DADDY the bullet

DADDY the look from strangers that lets me know I disgust them

DADDY the bible

DADDY trump

DADDY pence



DADDY reptilian monster republicans masturbating to race riot pornography, open tabs for hung raw shemale tops, back page/craigslist/plentyofTS ads searching for PnP parTy gurls willing to host or meet at a road side trucker motel to fuck on hand held cameras, must have long hair or wig, must wear heels, must be a fully functional VersTop, must like poppers, must be SOFT SOFT SOFT

DADDY the man who raised me, who loves his grand babies, who got bad knees and shingles, who always saves his pennies, who carried me home wrapped in a pastel knitted yarn blanket, who gave me his favorite Levi jean jacket, whose eyes will always be the bluest color on earth, who bows his head to pray before every meal, who lit fireworks into humid July skies, who still eats his food like a Marine grunt, whose only vice was a 12pack of Dr. Pepper, who called to tell me grandma was gone, who I only once witnessed weep the night he asked me if I wanted to become a woman

and when we look back, and history books are written to replace the ones burned in the name of greatness, and we lay white rose wreaths on the tombs of our sisters, remember that we fought against the forces of fascism as the specter of fear was paraded in gold chariots across a global stage

we spit into the wrinkled lips and bulging white sacks under black glass eyes of our toddler-king

we locked our bodies together in rainbow orgies for hours, days, weeks, pissing, fucking and ejaculating in the hopes that our psychic sexual energy could kill the beast

we kissed on the dawn of an inauguration for grand wizards, neo-nazi skin heads, neo-liberal world banks, police unions, defense contractors, rabid coyotes, shit whiskered swine, crocodile smiles, sepsis induced abortions, new apartheid, new jim crows, new drug wars, new conspiracy theories, new lynchings, for the old order of white genitals, for the pledge of allegiance, for the ghost of John Ashcroft, for the Book of Revelations, for the joy of blood letting, for vampires eating vampires

we screamed with birth pangs of post-apocalyptic children building guerrilla rebellions, training femme queen operatives to assassinate Christian death-cult leaders and white nationalist military junta generals, playing little pioneer tranny on the prairie rendering animal fat and hashish crops into psycho-active organic lube and butt plug butters

we soaked american flags in gasoline and marched in the streets waving their flames

we cried and held each other against dark winds

we lit candles for trans femme cultural genocide

we summoned our ancestors with

smoke,
songs,
drums,

we fell in love
and we won.

RAQUEL SALAS RIVERA

techo de zinc

entre dos láminas de zinc,
el mundo comienza,
no porque sea huequito,
ni por la luz.
comienza porque duele
lo que circunda.
porque cuando piensas en el único
techo permissible a \$5 la hora,
recuerdas que el mundo,
como lo hemos concebido
lxs puertorriqueñxs,
existe entre láminas de zinc,
un corte de pastelillo,
y dos llamadas perdidas.

la feminidad, producto de ser puertorriqueñx,
comienza entre dos láminas de zinc,
no porque hayas nacido en mayagüez,
ni por la cervecería,
ni las latas de aluminio pintadas de oro,
sino porque duele lo que circunda,
porque cuando piensas en el espejo requerido,
piensas en cambiar la bombilla,
en pintarte con la luz del carro,
el ángulo defectuoso,
la línea inexacta.
conoces tu cara
porque te pintas la bembá
con la luna menguante.

más que nada.
sobre todo.

no porque seas real,
no porque creas en techos o estrellas.
la luz no tiene que estar viva para alumbrarte,
ni tienes que ser mujer para verte regia.
comienza porque duele lo que circunda.

en el centro del imperio existe una periferia.
antes de estas elecciones,
fuimos terreno experimental.
primero la junta, luego el presidente.
lo que circunda es un imperio.
lo que circunda tu feminidad es un imperio.

el mundo comienza
entre dos imperios,
o tres,
o cuatro láminas de imperio.
no porque sea ausencia,
ni por la sombra.
comienza porque duele nunca existir.
comienza porque no existen los comienzos.

zinc roof

between two zinc sheets,
the world begins,
not because it is a holie,
nor because there is light.
it begins because it is painful,
what surrounds.

because when you think about
the only permissible roof at \$5 an hour,
you remember that the world,
as we, the puertorriqueñxs,
conceive it,
exists between zinc sheets,
a corte de pastelillo,
and two missed calls.

femininity, the product of being puertorriqueñx,
begins between two zinc sheets,
not because you were born in mayagüez,
nor because of the beer factory,
nor because of the gold-painted aluminum cans,
but because it is painful, what surrounds,
because when you think of the mirror you need,
you think of changing the lightbulb,
of painting your lips with the carlight,
the defective angle,
the inexact line.

you know your face
because you paint your lips
with the waning moon.

more than nothing
(more than anything).
above all
(no doubt).

not because you are real,
nor because you believe in roofs or stars.
the light doesn't have to be alive to light you up,
you don't have to be a woman to be fine af.
it begins because it is painful,
what surrounds.

in the center of the empire there is a periphery.
before these elections,
we were an experimental territory.
first the control board, then the president.
what surrounds is an empire.
what surrounds your femininity is an empire.

the world begins
between two empires,
or three,
or four sheets of empire.
not because it is absence,
or shadow.
it begins because non-existence is painful.
it begins because beginnings don't exist.

"el dinero figura como mero medio evanescente de circulación"

palpito y duelo por colindancia.
si le dices nena a mi nena, ya tú sabes.
si le dices nene a mi nena, ya tú sabes.
si no sabes y le dices nene o nena a mi personificación,
ya tú sabes lo que te espera.

la proximidad es suficiente.
me debes cincuenta pushups.
establecemos un sistema mediante el cual
si me jodes a los queridos te parto la uña.

la luna creciente es la uña de la hostia comida
en nombre de todos,
tu carne.
transmutarse es nombrarnos.
me hago tu nena al llamarte nene cuando eres nene.
me hago tu nene al llamarte nena cuando eres nena.
me devengo tu nene al llamarte nene pues nene seamos.

si no sabes decir hola con pronombre retroalimenticio,
mejor no saludes.

si le dices tierra a mi ternura, ya tu sabes.
si lo dices con ternura, igual
que refunfuñando,
o cambias n por ñ en coño,
o crees que ll es lacio,
te partiré el repartimiento.

colíndate del cuerpo que no eres
conmigo.

"the money appears as mere evanescent medium of circulation"

i'm pained and palpitate because we are adjoined.
if you say girl to my girl, you know what's up.
if you say boy to my girl, i mean
you know what to expect.

the proximity is sufficient.
you owe me fifty pushups.
we've established a system through which
if you fuck with my loves i'll split your nail.

the crescent moon is a nail of the wafer eaten
in the name of all,
your flesh.

to transmute is to name ourselves.
i become your boy when calling you girl when you are girl.
i becoming (you)r boy when calling you boy cuz boy we'll
be.

if you don't know how to say hi without the feedback pro-
noun,
it's best you don't, really.

if you say earth to my tenderness, you know.
if you say it with tenderness, the same
as begrudgingly,
or change n for ñ in coño,
or believe ll is limp-haired,
i'll split your splitting.

adjoin yourself from the body you aren't
with me.



My Femme Is to Be Revered, Not Reviled



TYLER VILE

THIS IS NOT A PAIN POEM

I want to talk about
something else, not
the way my knees are
locking up or how I can
barely turn on my side.

On Friday, I was shvitzing,
today, I'm shivering
I want to turn the
space heater on,
but I'm barely making
rent this month.

It was supposed to be
Spring, what the fuck
happened to spring?

I can't get down the
steps to cook dinner;
I was gonna make chili
or use all the broccoli.
I'll go to bed early,
wake up hungry,
see if I can get out of bed.

BAD VIBES ONLY

The minute I got home,
I ran to the sink and puked
my kishkes out, I cleaned up
the undigested chunks of
potato and carrot, scrubbed
the sink so hard it was shining
like the moon, but I couldn't
get you out of my system.

I can still taste the whiskey
you shoved in my face,
I can still feel your tongue
snake its way down my throat,
I can hear you laughing.

You were never my friend,
you were never my lover,
you were never a stranger,
you're nothing to me now.

Fuck you, I'm going out dancing tonight.

GLITTERTHIGHS

I want to see you all
and dance with you.
I want to let you
run your fingers
through my hair,
ask if I can kiss
your lips,
complain to you
about the stairs.

I'd pull each of you in closer
in different corners of the
night, order a cocktail
I can't fucking afford,
laugh, drink the neon
pink light in til the lines
in your faces start to glow.



Unearthing, 2016
Dixon Place, NY, NY

Unearthing is a performance installation that meditates on gender, Blackness, in/visibility, transformation and resistance. Presented as a part of the 25th annual HOT! Festival at Dixon Place, the world's longest running queer arts festival.

Photo Documentation by Cristobal Guerra





RAY FERREIRA

so c o o o l d l e t m e _ d r o p

ssssssssssssawft caressssssssssss

drop

liquid water

dripping

zooooowwwwnn

snow melting

on somehow warm skin

ssssssssssssawft caressssssssssss

drop

tears

dripping

zooooowwwwnn

from eyes

the wind drying them

to make them wet

glitter

shimmer

the slightest hint of blue

winterhascāmt

o its so co o o old

let me in

to

wards

ssssssssssssawft caressssssssssss

drop

look up

down

wait

look up

still

that look

still

look down

around

up

still

o its so co o o old

penetrating

a stare
violence conceals fears of desires

and the grls is dying

(#)MESHACALDWELL

(#)JAIMELEEWOUNDEDARROW

new names to learn

only be replaced by newer names

andnewernamesandnewernamesandnewernamesandnewernames
andnewernamesandnewernamesandnewernamesandnewernames

a fraction of a totality

erased

o its so co o o old

absolute zero

Totalities aren't monolithic

not everyone is remembered

(#)MESHACALDWELL

(#)JAIMELEEWOUNDEDARROW

o its so co o o old

25

10 years before an expected death

freshly sharpened talons

painted blood red

symbolic wards because #men

reach

in to w a r d

I'll be some shitty number
hashtag
or something
forgotten

t o w a r d

pepper spray

ready

ssssssssssawft caressssssssssss

drop

it was just a look #safe(ish)

o its so co o o old

the body resists absolute zero

as in zero motion

as in that still shit

as in fascism

it's real white outside

let me

in

t o

(#) MESHACALDWELL

(#) JAIMELEEWOUNDEDARROW

Memories collapse pasts|presents|futures

those things we tie in

t o

what we call lives

to remember is

to re live

to bring back

to life

or whatever

I'm tired of having to remember people taken away too soon

but

maybe remembering is an act of resistance

and

resistance is resilience

maybe remembering is also relating

changing the proximity to those we lost

maybe they're also found here

a mutant

Mystique is a bad bitch

a shapeshift

and I hold multiplicities

including those who came before(?) me
remembered, relived, honored

drop

JANEA KELLY

Messages with word: body

[+ New Message](#)

Janea: apparently my body is falling apart 6/4/12

Janea: i think my body is trying to make me laugh 9/26/12

Janea: my body can't do this anymore Jan 26

Janea: Haha, my body is used to it May 3

Janea: i'm a body of contradictions Jun 30

Janea: therefore my body wants to fall apart all the time Jun 30

Infinite Matter

Do you think the universe wished it were tiny?
Something small enough to be decorative
but serve no function. Instead of multitudes, it contained
infinite less. Maybe it remembers when it used to
and remembers the faint desire of wanting to
swell and perk—
Expectations and reality.

Can you imagine one day
The Universe awoke Gregor Samsa,
startled, grossly human,
and realized it'd changed impossibly—
Swollen, sweaty flesh stretching rapidly.

Sound of celestial flesh expanding,
comets shooting across the skin blue
spider veins, plasma jiggling. Some
worry she is too big to be healthy and
others just want to feel the endless depth.

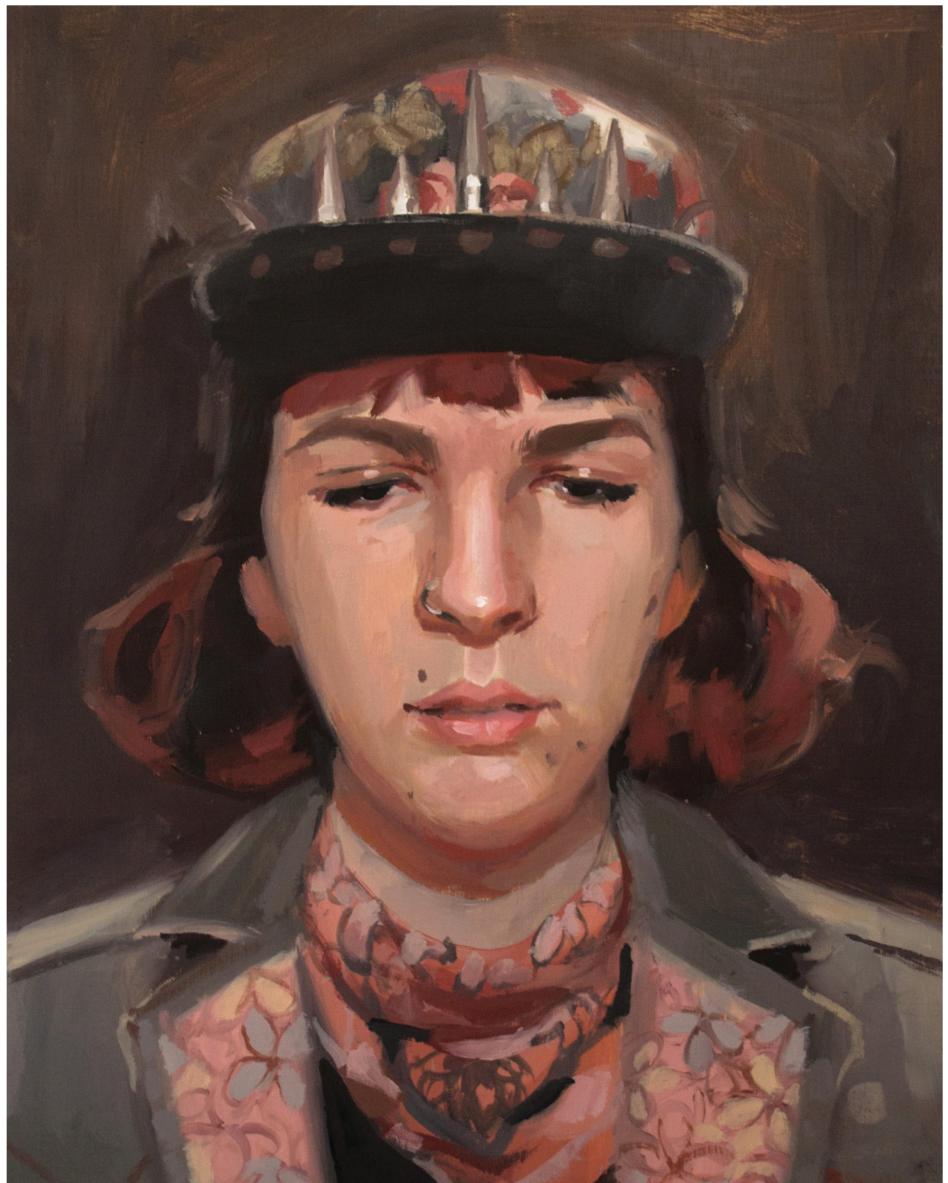
She screams but this is space
No one can hear her.
Cosmonaut Magazine says:
the only time you ever feel small
is when all your emotions can't fit
inside your body.

Astronomers, physicists, stargazers
all love the universe's body. That's
what will always seem to matter.
Ever-changing and constant.
So many eyes gaze upon
the many folds and
sigh "real universes
have curves."

Top Pornhub search:
Big, Beautiful Universe.

The universe awaits death.

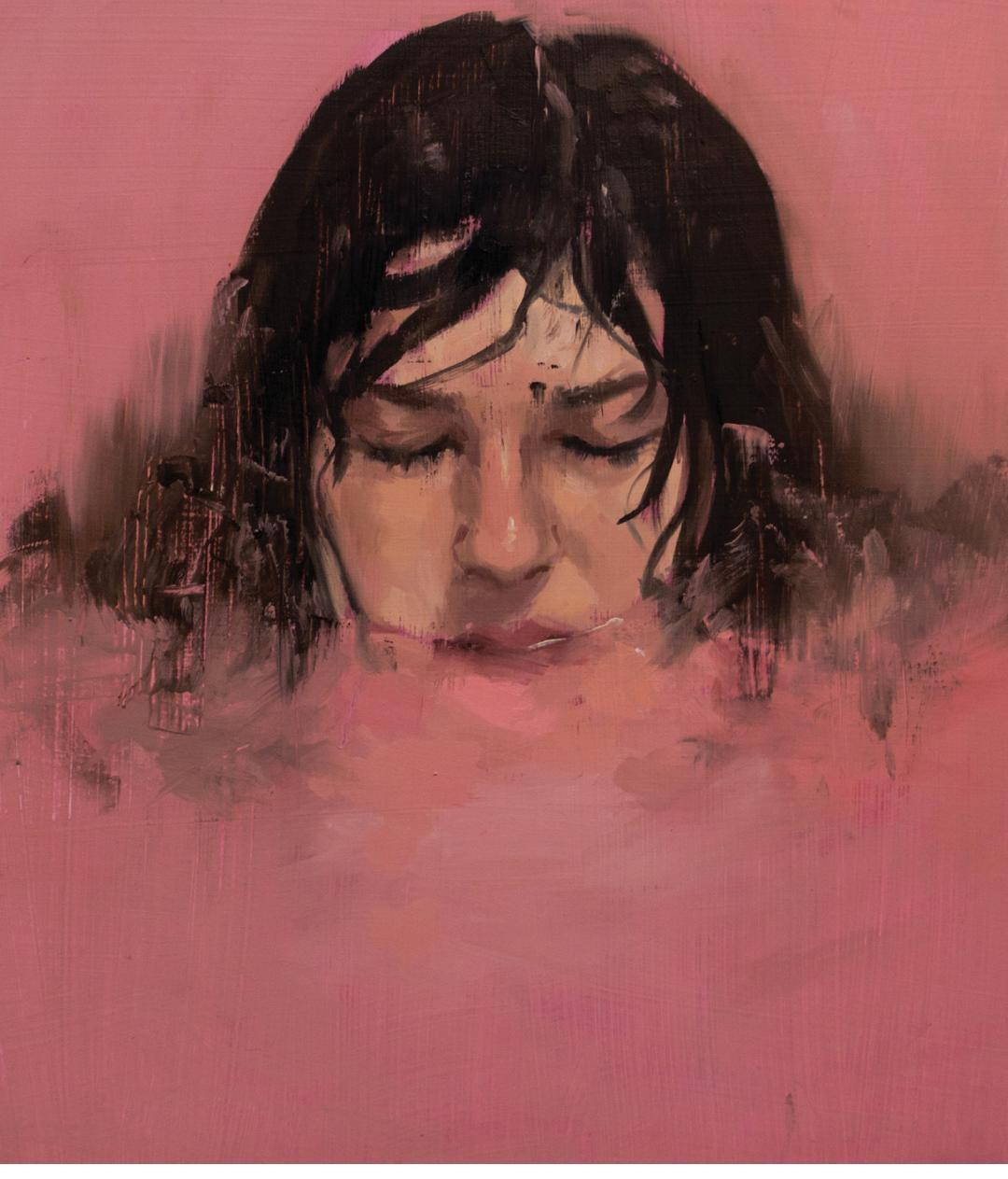
CATHERINE GRAFFAM



this page: Anthem For A Seventeen-Year-Old Me, Oil on Wood, 8x10in

opposite: Fear, detail, Oil on Wood, 8x10





Head High, Tears Dry, detail
Oil on Wood
11x14in

CONTRIBUTOR BIOS

aneeta is a Queer South Asian narrative photographer. their intention is to use photography in alignment with the stories and radical visions of communities of color and freedom movements. the reconceptualization of power and vulnerability are the key expressions of their work. IG @ijigoesmeep

Catherine Graffam is a painter based out of Manchester, NH. Her work is almost entirely figurative with a continuing motif of portraiture. Portraits help her better understand the people in her life, and by painting she is able to build upon and express relationships. Self portraiture is a way for her to cathartically process emotions and regain agency over her body as a queer trans woman living with a chronic illness.

Diego Montoya is a Brooklyn based, Peruvian born visual artist. His work merges costume and installation to create interactive vignettes. Diego has been making queer centric work in New York for the past 10 years. His most recent exhibitions have been at Samek Art Museum, MIX NYC 2010-2014, Strange Loop Gallery 2014, and Leslie-Lohman Museum 2015. Diego also designs a fashion line in collaboration with Elkel.nyc. They are currently in their 2nd season. DiegoLovesYou.com @diegomontoya3D

Janea Kelly is a young ficus from Baltimore, Maryland. Kelly is a Sagittarius who loves papaya, pistachios and peonies. She co-curates and co-hosts Tender FM, a monthly performance night in Baltimore. Def one of those people who should've probably known better but did it anyway. Please forward chain mail to the.importance.of.being.kelly@gmail.com.

Joss Barton is a writer, photographer, journalist, and artist documenting queer and trans* life and love in St. Louis. She was most recently a 2016 fellow at Topsider Press' Writers Workshop for Trans Women Writers and a 2013 Fiction Fellow at the Lambda Literary Foundation's Emerging LGBT Writers Retreat. She was an exhibition artist for Nine Network's 2015 Public Media Commons Artist Showcase and is also an alumni of the Regional Arts Commission's Train-

-ing Institute. Her work has been published by Ethica Press, Vice Magazine, HIV Here & Now, Locusts: A Post-Queer Nation Zine, and Vetch Poetry: A Transgender Poetry Journal. Her first book, An Ozark Rainbow, a forthcoming collection of poetry and prose will be published in 2017 by Indolent Books.

Kiyan Williams (gender pronouns they/them/theirs) is a multidisciplinary artist who explores Black queer subjectivity. They create performances, texts, objects, videos, sounds, and installations informed by autoethnography, archival research, and social practice. Kiyan was born in Newark, NJ and currently lives and works in the San Francisco Bay Area. They have performed/exhibited work across the country and internationally at venues including: Dixon Place (NYC), JACK Theater (NYC), La Mama Experimental Theater Club (NYC), SOMArts (San Francisco), SFMOMA (San Francisco), Bing Concert Hall (Stanford), Orpheum Theater (Graz, Austria) and more. You can see more of their work at kiyanwilliams.com

KOKUMO is a musician. Have you heard her debut EP, "There Will Come A Day"? Stop sleepin'. KOKUMO is the thought leader responsible for influencing the very framework of the modern-day Trans Movement. Yep! She's your fav'rite advocates, fav'rite advocate. KOKUMO is a performance artist. Her first play, "The Faggot Who Could Fly" headlined the world's biggest African-American poetry conference, The Gwendolyn Brooks Conference, when she was only 23. She even put together a cute tour. Dat'z cool! Broadway wudn't ready. KOKUMO is a poet! And this, is her first book of poems. Enjoy! Fat/intersex/dark-skint/femmes fuckin rock. You ain't know?

Raquel Salas Rivera ha publicado poemas y ensayos en numerosas revistas y antologías. En el 2011, publicó su primer libro, Caneca de anhelos turbios, con Editora Educación Emergente. En el 2016, publicó su segundo libro, oropel/tinsel, con Lark Books & Writing Studio, y su tercer libro huequitos/holies con La Impresora. Actualmente es editorx contribuyente para The Wanderer. Si para Roque Dalton no existe revolución sin poesía, para Raquel no existe poesía sin Puerto Rico.

Raquel Salas Rivera has published poetry and essays in numerous anthologies and journals. In 2011, their first book, Caneca de anhelos turbios, was published by Editora Educación Emergente. In 2016,

their chapbook, oropel/tinsel, was published by Lark Books & Writing Studio, and their chapbook huequitos/holies was published by La Impresora. Currently, they are a Contributing Editor at The Wanderer. If for Roque Dalton there is no revolution without poetry, for Raquel there is no poetry without Puerto Rico.

Ray Ferreira ¿whenami? blklatinx from the occupied Lenape lands of the colonizing United States: Corona, Queens. Their performative practices use iridescence, movement, projection, repetition, and *~~~*quantum poetics*~~~* Englishes, Spanishes, and other body languages spiral, dance, and twirl to create a banj criticality: turnup w/the grls and swerve past white cishet patriarchy

Salvador Muñoz is an artist and organizer living and working in Bed-Stuy, Brooklyn. His work focuses on the intersections of race, class, gender, and sexuality. He received his BA in Studio Art from the University of California, Santa Barbara where he graduated with honors. Working in a variety of mediums, primarily photography, installation, and artist multiples, Salvador uses his art to contribute to larger social movements and encourage individual and interpersonal change. He has participated in several group and solo shows throughout New York City and California, most recently at the Brooklyn Academy of Music and the Minan Gallery in Los Angeles. Salvador is a 2016 Laundromat Project Create Change Fellow. sal@salmunoz.com.

Tyler Vile is a writer, performer, and activist from Baltimore, MD whose novel-in-verse, Never Coming Home, is available on Topside Press. She is a member of the Baltimore Transgender Alliance leadership team and the vocalist in a punk band called Anti-Androgen. Her interactive poetry zine, Hassidic Witch Murderer is available on her website, tylervile.wordpress.com. She aspires to one day become the world's greatest transsexual yenta.



EDITORS:

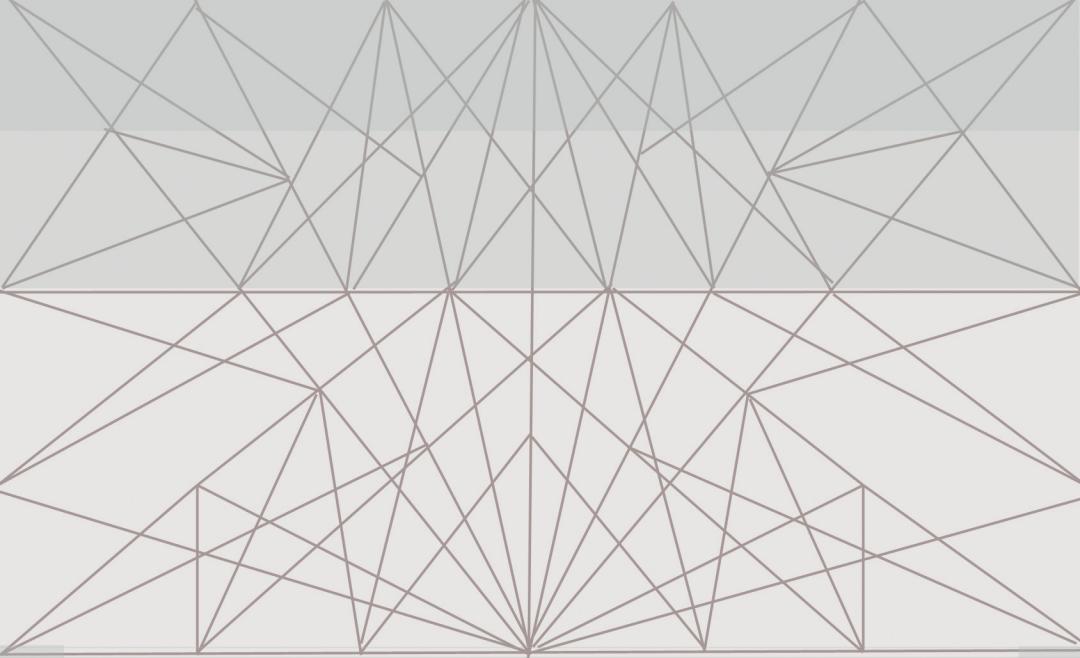
Charles Theonia is a Brooklyn poet, teacher, and high-anxiety, low-femme. They are the author of *Which One Is the Bridge*, and they keep a mostly-poetry blog at qu-arles.tumblr.com

Julieta Salgado is a queer femme mestiza artist from Brooklyn, New York via Manabí, Ecuador. She is a photographer, an occasional poet, and a secret singer who is currently exploring decolonial anarchisms. Her visual work documents popular justice movements in both Ecuador and the U.S., most recently focusing on trans & queer immigrants and their resistance to law and border enforcement in NYC and beyond. Through her self-portraiture, she also explores themes of queer sexuality, femme affinity, desire, depression, diaspora, generational trauma, and resisting coloniality.

julietasalgado.com

ZINE DESIGNER:

Abigail Lloyd is an artist and metalworker living in Brooklyn, NY, by way of San Francisco and Maine. Since receiving her degree in Installation Art from Bard College in 2007, she has maintained a studio practice at her home studio and at residencies. Abigail is interested in exploring grief, secrets and American mythology with a maximalist femme sensibility. Abigail is on instagram at [@pinepinestudio](https://www.instagram.com/pinepinestudio).



Zine Design by **Abigail Lloyd**
pinepinestudio.net

Cover Photograph of **Kiyan Williams**: "Kill White Supremacy" by **Julieta Salgado**

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NOTES:

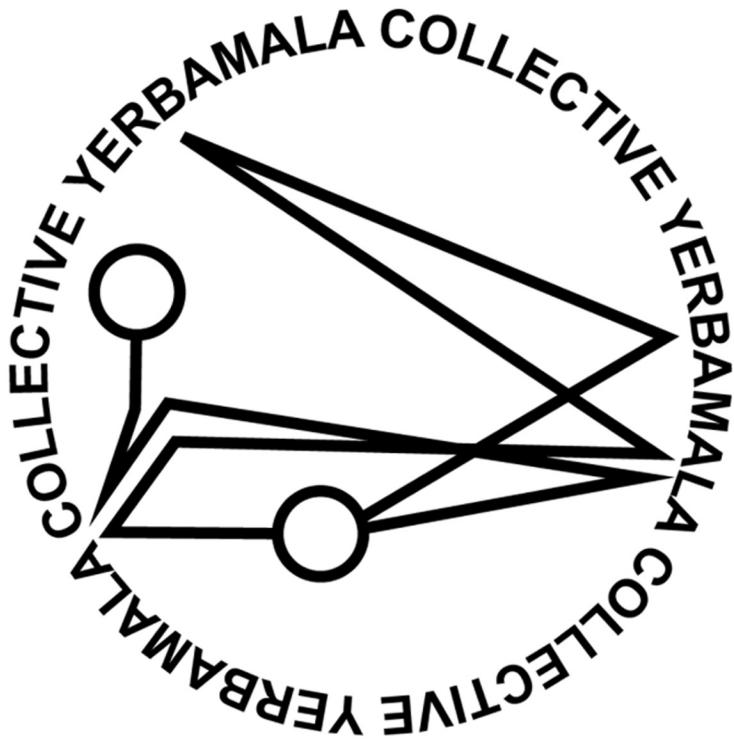
KOKUMQ's "Psychological Share-Croppin'" first appeared in *The Wanderer*. The four poems included here are from *Reacquainted with Life*, published by Topside Press.

Tyler Vile's "Glitterhighs" first appeared in the zine "Groin Pains" by the Little Deaths collective.

Kiyan Williams' "Unearthing" was documented by Cristobal Guerera.

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JOIN THE
RESISTANCE
CRAFT ANTIFA POEMS
LIKE RN // FORGET EVERYTHING
YOU'VE LEARNED ABT POETRY //
YOU'VE GOT REAMS OF BEAUTIFUL
WORDS IN YOU THAT LIVE TO
DESTROY YOUR OWN CHAINS //
WRITE WITH ONE GOAL: DESTROY
FASCISM WITH POETIC WITCHCRAFT
// TYPE IN 60PT ARIAL TO PROTECT
YOUR ANONIMITY: YOU ARE NOW
ONE OF US // PRINT IMMEDIATELY//
DO NOT SAVE // DISSEMINATE //
WASH RINSE REPEAT THE WORK
ISN'T FINISHED UNTIL FASCISM IS
DEAD

CALLING ALL
VAMPIRE
FEMMES TO
FEAST ON
FASCIST
BLOOD

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