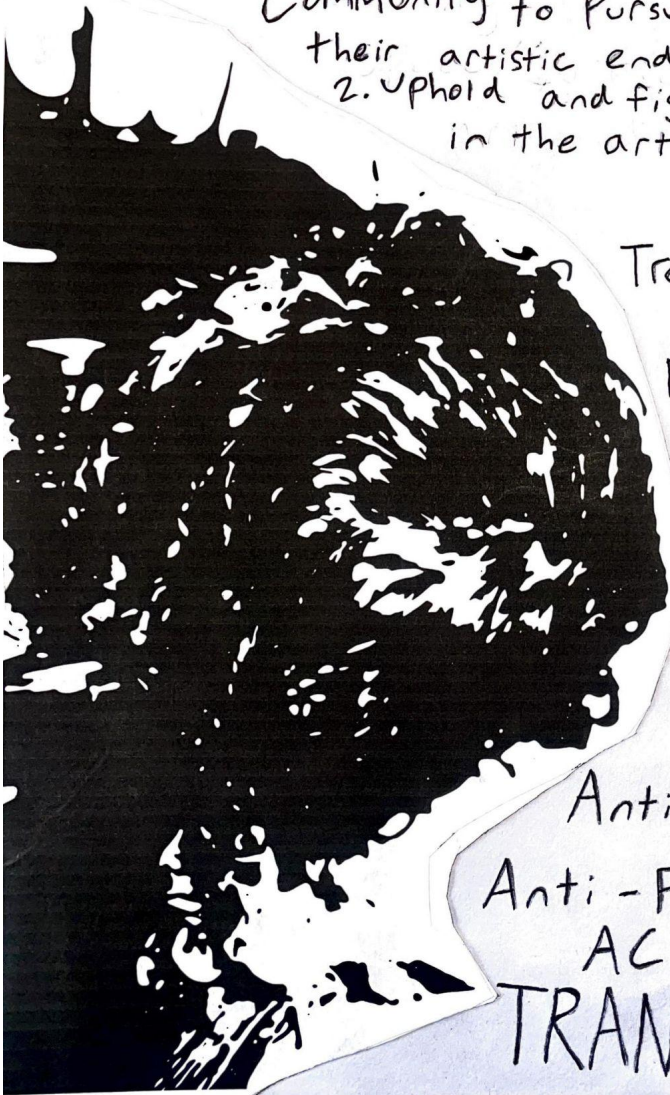




Bug Collective is a collective of LGBTQ+  
People and artists Working towards:

1. Creating a safe space for our  
Community to pursue and display  
their artistic endeavors.
2. Uphold and fight for justice  
in the art and music  
Scenes.



Trans Liberation  
Now.

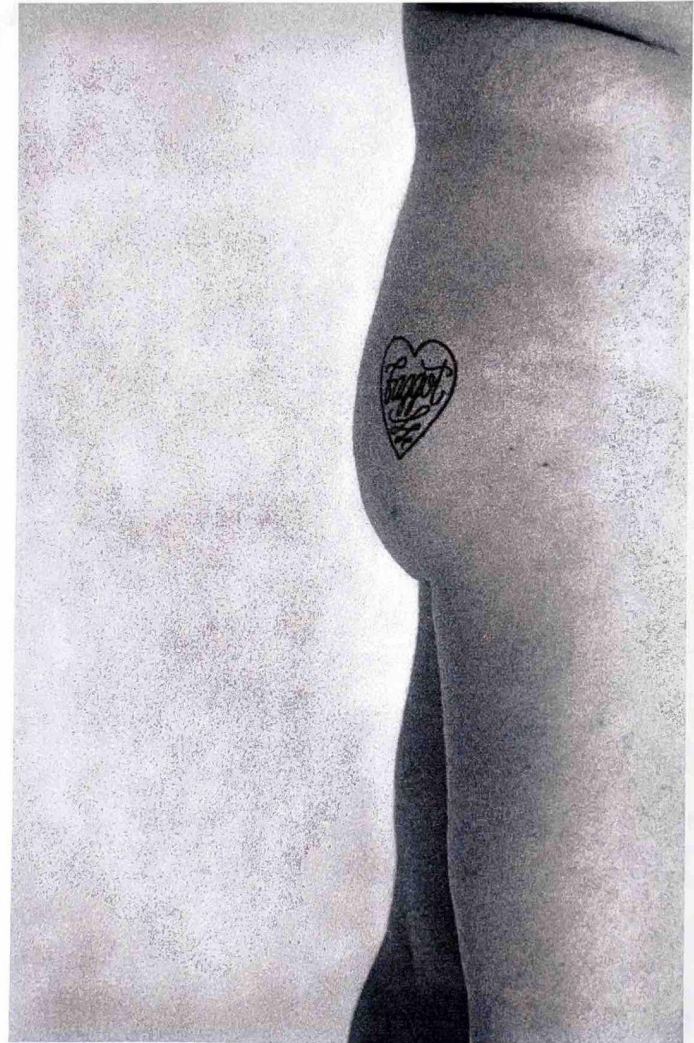
Black Lives  
Matter.

Support Trans  
- Queer  
Black,  
Indigenous  
People of  
Color.

Anti-Racist.

Anti-Fascist.  
ACAB

TRANARCHY.





# !!RESOURCES!!

-The Trevor Project @trevorproject  
To reach a trained Counselor call:  
866-488-7386

-Lucy Parsons Center @LucyParsonsCenter

-Trans Resistance MA  
@TransresistanceMA

-TAASN @transasylumsupport

-Trans Life Line @translifeline



Thank you to all the artists  
that submitted to this zine! The  
artists featured are:







JAN

M

JANUARY 2022

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
2	3	4	5	6	7	8
9	10	11	12	13	14	15
16	17	18	19	20	21	22
23	24	25	26	27	28	29
30	31					

DEC. 2021 / JAN 2022

Week 52

31	FRIDAY 365-0	1	SATURDAY 1-364 <small>New Year's Day</small>
		2	SUNDAY 2-363

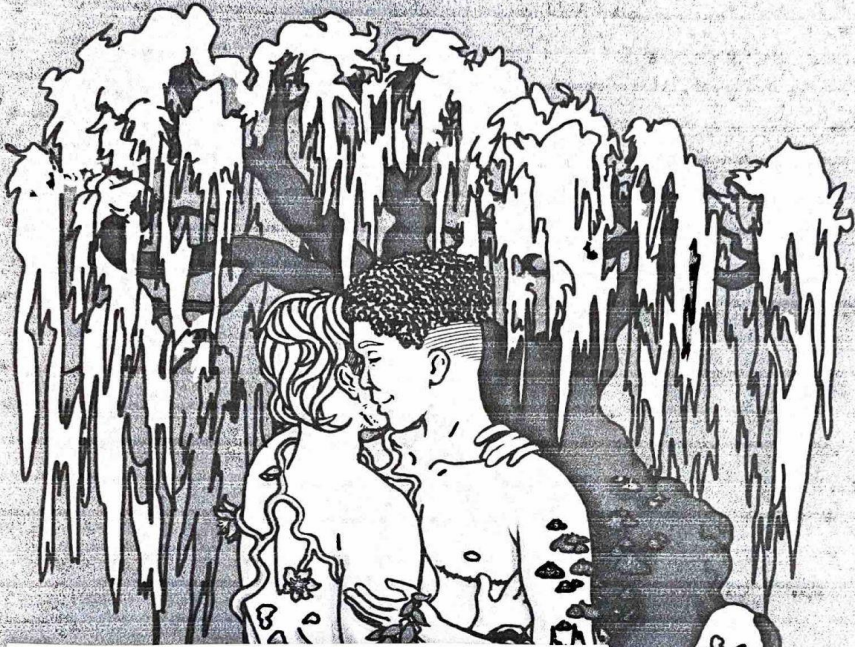
**THINGS TO DO**



You got your  
 whole world, in  
 your hands you  
 got your whole  
 wide world, in  
 your hands you  
 got your whole  
 the world in  
 your hands you  
 got your whole  
 world in your  
 hands you got  
 you and you, in  
 Literature To Send  
 your hands you  
 got you and you,  
 in your hands you  
 got you and you  
 in your hands  
 you got the whole  
 world in your  
 hands... you  
 got all of you  
 in your hands,  
 you got all of  
 you in your hands  
 you got all of  
 you and you, in  
 your hands you  
 got the whole  
 world in your  
 hands... you got  
 who you'll be, in  
 your hands you got  
 who you'll be, in  
 your hands you got



## A Home



There's a place between the willow trees right at 5:15  
Embedded in the orange hues of the sunset gleam  
A place that only you know and I know and our sisters try to reach  
A place, more like a feeling woven into the skin of the colors of you and me  
An oasis for a traveler a lost soul a poet and a painter  
A songbird, a storyteller, and a commentator  
All are welcome at their wish for there is peace  
Pure silence, pure joy  
No harm inflicted  
No fouls like a game  
A place where we sit and ponder why the colors are so warm  
Why the peaches grow so round  
Why we are all so uniquely our own identity  
The beauty of just being and sitting in this time this place this home  
For all the colors of the rainbow to fade away together  
Washed away by water blending into the sea and sky  
Oh how we would sing in harmony  
Oh what a place this could be  
If only it existed in reality

## HAIKU No.1:

# I LOVE MY TRANSFRIENDS!



# TOGETHER WE MAKE PANCAKES, TOPPED WITH CANNED PEACHES



For My Friends And Me

not I, as we will be fortunately  
and unapologetically naive

We will listen to ourselves  
why not?

Surrounded by love and with inclinations  
toward

For my friends and me  
no more swollen eye hangouts

We should know better,  
as whenever we so please

we will cascade as dresses made of running  
water

reflected off irises

with waists bulbous and shoestring and  
beautiful and ours

For my friends and me

we will notch our way into peels washed in  
the sink we share

and never itch and never spew

but be held and fluffed and comprehended

not in blurbs but wide  
hunched, squinted, agonized over

To my friends encompassing and heartfelt  
and forever calloused

camouflaged by the twilight  
you curled in at night  
where hands became houses,  
and held together flesh

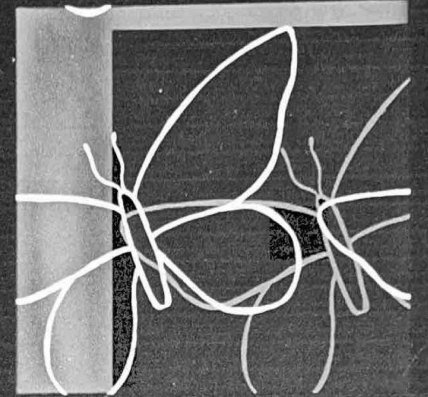
I sought dew drops  
lightning in clear skies  
staring through the fog  
collecting on your window

my gaze ensnared  
by glimmering sun  
butterflies wrapped you in silk  
which turned to dust

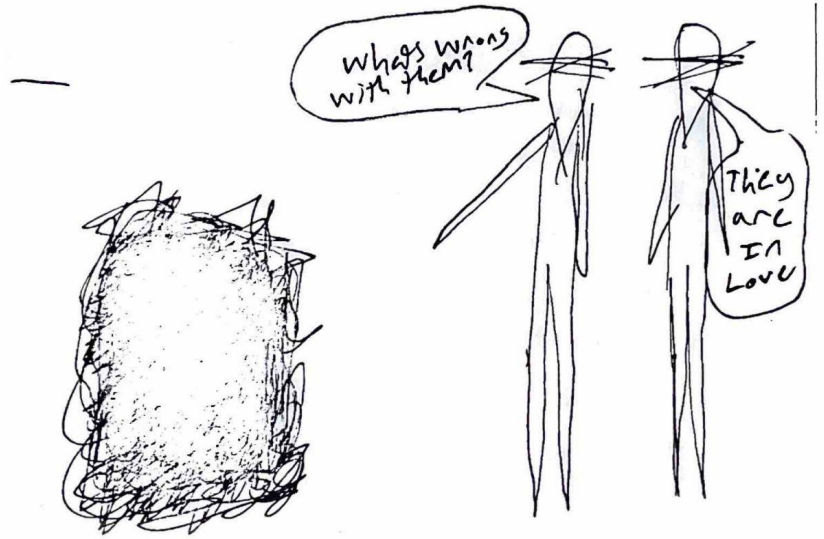
I watched your wings open  
while linens held me to the bed

the dew drops  
disappeared into clouds

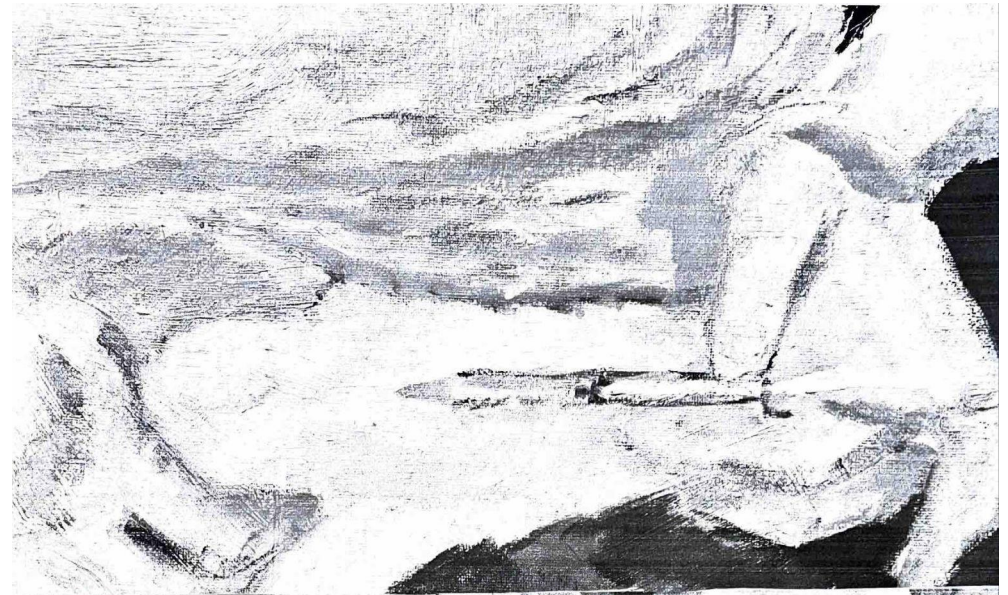
paralyzed  
I watched you fly













## Queer

I want you to realize that you loved me before I was me. Your hands were as hot as July. I had wished for those hands many more times than I had pleaded for forgiveness. Your fists beneath the lamplight, fighting my fear. Your hair upon my thigh. Your cheek pressed against my own, my lips parting for a long withheld scream,

*This is my body. I live here.*

I felt the current between us, parting a sea of rage I had long kept hidden. I let you remove every thick shirt that I had placed upon my shoulders, crushing with years of guilt. It was not up to you and I, the terrific pull. We were honest in our intimacy. I didn't know so much back then. I was brand new. I was queer in my love. I was swiftly cracked open, imperfect form shining like a polished ring.

My hips had never felt like home. You traced them with steady fingers. The sound of my own voice conjured a strong fear within me. All alone, I often heard its weak pitch quietly jump and unfurl, mimicking those familiar words,

*It's a girl.  
It's a girl!*

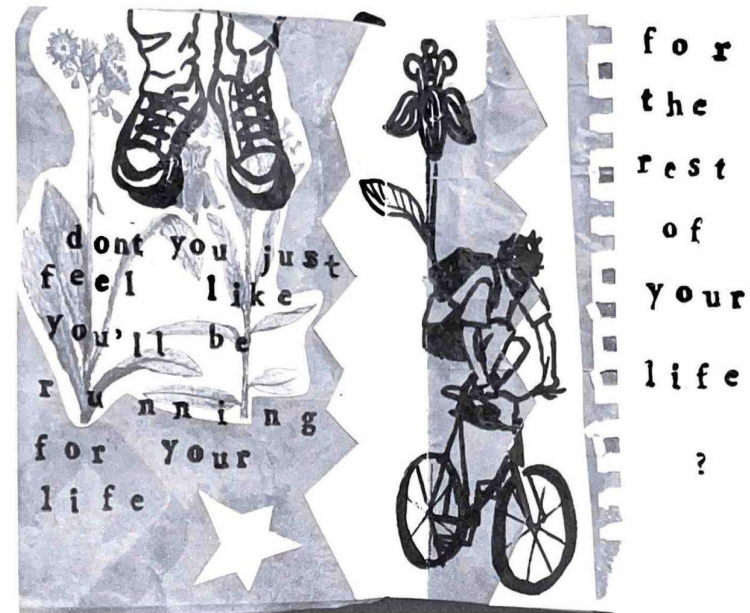
But to feel you beside me dissolved the weight of these lies. I was a long and looping string of ivy, the sweetness of smiling teeth, finally something other than what had been forced upon me. I had ceased to participate in the nightly and ritualistic separation of myself from my given shape. You knew I was beautiful, and I began to believe you.

When I wanted to send you to sleep, I would use my index finger to lazily write a thousand, messy letters against your back. They would have been useless to speak, simple phrases flickering through my mind and bouncing between us with a forever lingering understanding;

*I entered your world with a drunken sadness. With soft arms,  
you let me in.*

*No one has been so close to me. You have taught me that my  
passion is not sin.*

*We are bound by so much more than companionship. Our love  
is sacred, a prayer, unlimited.*



i am an atom and you are an atom and we are colliding into something green and gold and bright. there is something at the edge of my mouth and it seeps out slowly. there is red hot anger within me and it aches. i ache to move you, to yell. some days i still see the pain and anger i shed to become who i am now. a snake shedding its skin, i am gentle and green on the forest floor. i am gods creation creating again, molding the shape of myself, unraveling into a thread, to be woven through the years, to tie them together with my aching, with my power. if i die i will die brightly. if i live i will live brightly. out of your grasp. your touch cannot control me if i am the mist from the hand of the waterfall, drowning out the words placed at the top of your mouth.





First, you start gardening  
Then, you start dancing  
Then, you start coming for  
all the white men  
in your life.  
That's what they  
don't want you to  
know. Once you  
can love another  
woman. Once you can  
love yourself, then  
you realize...

**LOVE**

can be worth  
fighting for.

CREATION AS



SELF-LOVE



# Conversations with Alyson.

"What do you think about trans love..  
queer relationships?"

"I think its an embrace, of a full identity,  
not a feared identity,  
everytime I masturbate I am making love to myself"

"But, don't you think when you come out,  
you kill that part of you? It's catharsis,  
a death to create a life."

"Being trans isn't annihilating anything,  
it's bringing your full self to life, there's beauty in it,  
I think the suffering that comes from being trans,  
I think, creates the groundwork for compassion, and  
sensitivity.

And to be able to survive that, creates moments of  
gratitude."



If you came to Me Without my  
asking. While My house is silent  
and my lights are dim. When My  
window is cracked and all I can hear  
is a quiet dribble of water, and the  
creaking of a few frogs. Your arrival  
being as quiet as the passing by of a  
ghost.

When you'd finally make your presence  
known I'd slowly open the door for  
you and let you in wordlessly. I'd  
take your hand and pull you close.  
Then I'd look into your eyes and  
I would see greyness there and  
when you'd look into mine you'd find  
hollow moons.

We'd stare at each other and our  
lips would part and for a longtime  
neither of us would move.  
Prolonging the longing.





The Mirror Swallows Me Whole

My reflection seems distantly familiar,  
Like a celebrity doppelganger on the street  
And you're not sure enough to ask them for an autograph.  
This body may look human, but  
This is not I. Me.  
A vessel, fleshy mass stretched  
Across a maze of bone and blood,  
Stitched together with divine thread and scotch tape.  
But she is not I, she is a body that obeys body rules-

Blink. Breathe. Chew. Sneeze.  
Never touch a hot stovetop.  
Shield your eyes on a sunny day.  
Wear these clothes, but only when other eyes can see you  
And don't give it up on the first date.

I search her face for a glimpse of Me,  
But I remain cramped in her bony fortress  
Appearing only in the glimmer of her honey-toned eyes,  
In the scar on her lower lip, seen only when she smiles.  
She asks me to know her, love her, be her  
To kiss her cracked knuckles on a dry winter morning-  
She longs for a friend, mother, lover.

These eyes are not mine, but her tears flow freely  
From the reservoir of the loneliest Me;  
These arms are foreign, yet the sweet-sour scent  
That lingers after untethered dance  
Clings to her skin like spilled beer and warmth.  
Her sole blisters, and I bear her staggered weight,  
Her vision blurs, and I remind her to blink;  
I tell her fingers to brush the palm  
Of the charming face beside her,  
Only she tilts her chin towards those magnetic lips..  
Perhaps she knows Me better than I know myself.

As her voice thaws from too many "I love you's"  
And her skin softens around tendril veins,  
I see Me taking the shape  
Of the callus on her right middle finger from  
Years of scribbling on a page;  
Or the deep purple moon rings beneath her lids  
Bruised from sleepless nights, smeared over sleek silk pillows.  
I have grown to know her aches and pleasures,  
And I start to understand  
She is betrayed by her body's limits,  
Daring to laugh and sob and sigh-  
She braves the revolution of existence  
Whispering to herself, Not I.



The sunlight breaks through the window placing its hand on your tan skin. It marks the curve of your spine and traces its fingers down your back and onto the blanket all the way out the door. The sunlight seems to know you pretty well. I want to frame you in this light. I want to keep you in this bed with the sun's hands all over you. And when the sun goes down its hands are replaced with mine. And now I am tracing my fingers down your back, and I can't see the color of it but I know how it feels when I am running my fingers through your long hair. The sun can touch and graze but it can not hold. But I can touch and I can graze and I can hold and the sun will always slip away and still I am always here when it does.





LOVE EACH OTHER.

