



ISSUE NO 3 | FEBRUARY 2020

Photography by Mia Barnes

About UnBound

Unbound is a fully online magazine created in 2019 by Ohio-based musician, writer, and creative Lashonda Love. This magazine seeks to create a space for the voices and works of womyn, nonbinary, and transgender individuals as direct opposition to the frequent cis-male gatekeeping in professional creative communities.

Up-to-date submission calls and guidelines can be found at both unbound-zine.com and daisie.com.

Any and all inquiries can be sent to the UnBound Team at unboundzine@gmail.com with the subject line "UnBound Zine".

Check This Out!

UnBound Zine would like to offer a huge shoutout to a new film by Diana Foronda titled, "Chasing Love". Our friends at *Chasing Love* boast a cast and crew featuring a diverse range of women, POC, and LGBTQ+ individuals, which is exactly what we love here at the zine.

The film is still in pre-production with plans to show at film festivals once completed. In order to do so, they are humbly asking for donations through Venmo, Paypal, and CashApp!

You can also visit chasinglovefilm.com for more information or follow the film on instagram [@chasinglovefilm](https://www.instagram.com/chasinglovefilm).

From the *Chasing Love* website:

"Emma, who works as a waitress, struggles to find love in NYC, when faith brings her to meet Ryan: a confident, handsome, entertainment writer, trans man and queer activist. As their friendship begins to blossom into a relationship, Emma invites Ryan over to meet her religious parents who eventually are faced with transphobia remarks. Will Emma, fight for her one true love or will it lead her to a downward spiral of questioning her own faith?"

Want to promote your own project in UnBound Zine?
Contact unboundzine@gmail.com for more information.



ABOUT ISSUE NO. 3/JANUARY 2020

To Our Dear Zinesters,

Our February issue of UnBound was announced in December 2019 and since then, *you* have all flooded the UnBound email, instagram, and facebook pages with your gorgeous, powerful, and beautifully risqué works. This issue called you to create works dealing with themes of beauty/ugliness, bodies/body positivity, attraction, sexuality, pornography, and self-love.

Our collaborators had a *lot* to say. On the following pages, hear their voices through their poetry, illustrations, paintings, sketches, photography, short stories, and much more!

I am honored to bring you Issue 3 and I hope it moves you to create, to see and to be seen, and to feel inspired/empowered.

If you would like to be featured in a future issue of the zine, please visit **unbound-zine.com/submissions** or email unboundzine@gmail.com.

With gratitude,

A handwritten signature in black ink that reads "Lashonda Love". The script is fluid and cursive, with the first letters of "Lashonda" and "Love" being capitalized and prominent.

Executive Director

A photograph of a person's back, likely a woman, with a lit candle placed on their skin. The candle is lit, casting a warm glow. A necklace with a crescent moon pendant is visible around the person's neck. The background is dark and moody, with some red and orange tones. The overall atmosphere is intimate and artistic.

Al DiLorenzo

They/Them

Al DiLorenzo is an artist from Columbus, Ohio. They use a combination of traditional and digital media to explore mixed reality, UX/UI design, and social practice. Their most recent project is a series of immersive illustrations viewable in virtual reality.

Email - aldilorenzoart@gmail.com

Website - www.aldilorenzo.art

Instagram - [@almakesart](https://www.instagram.com/almakesart)

"Push" 2020

Photography by: Al DiLorenzo

Model: Lashonda Love



"Sweet" 2020
Photography by: Al DiLorenzo
Model: Lashonda Love

Alex Almeida

THEY/THEM

Alex Almeida (Apogee711) is a multipurpose writer & photographer. They write from a non binary, queer perspective. They have a Bachelor of Arts in Creative Writing and English from SNHU. They have published many short stories & poems. They enjoy reading, writing, animals, nature, travel, road trips, photography, video games, tv shows, movies, bardic activities and cultural endeavors, LGBTQIA+ / Women's / Animal / Climate & Ecology activism, chillin with friends, stargazing and spreading cheer and good will. They will rarely be found online (#amwriting).

Alexathebard.blogspot.com, instagram.com/alexathbard, alexathebard on Daisie & Apogee711 on HitRecord for collaboration (expect slow response because a tortoise is one of my spirit animals).

RABBIT AND THE ROOST

Rabbit often avoided the more active and large party animals like Horse, Ibe, and even Charlotte. Rabbit preferred to hang out in the deep meadows of Hazel's Farm. She liked to watch the butterflies while sniffing the grass during the day. At night she would forage in the clearing near the barn which is where she and the other rabbits called home, Wrascally Warren. It was ranked number 5 of the top warrens to live by The New York Regional Warrens Association.

All the high profile Rabbit families belonged to the Association, or The Ass as it was known among the Rabbit's gang. This is not to be confused with Ibe ("the ass") who comes from a wealthy donkey family up near Albany. He has his own mini paddock near the roost. Ibe was always up for good conversation, and is probably one of the most likable asses around.

The Rabbit would spend part of her day, when she wasn't eating or sleeping, hanging with the Chickens who were really a relaxed pack of Ol'wings. Everyone always thinks they spend their time

riled up laying eggs, clucking away, and deflecting the advances of the Rooster. But really it's just an act to keep the roost clear of any riffraff, or schmoozer. Back in the day, the Roost was the hook-up place, but too many eggs went missing during the fiestas. Consequently, the Roost closed down for business, and was reopened under new management, the Chicken, the head mamma.

They say she came up from Brookline, down south. The Royal Roost was soon to have its Grand Opening because she confidently paraded her feathers in front of the Rooster. This was a few seasons before the Rabbit was even born. When the Chicken began running the place she had to lay down the law with some of those hay-mongering, egg-snatching, oregano-sniffing wayfarers. She hired a team, the F-Ants, to escort these miscreants to the door. The F-Ants seem like pushovers upon first impression, but let's just say that those who did not take the hint were reminded of the overwhelming power of a colony of swarming insects.

The Rabbit happened upon the Royal Roost one day on her way back from Hoof's Hill. She was hanging with her posse

when they were separated by a freak OMG AHO (A Hawk Overhead) encounter. She fled in terror dodging from left to right, under the stump, through the bushes, over the brook and into the woods to avoid dinner plans she hadn't booked. She managed to slip beneath a hole into an unknown large box. When she arrived inside she could hear laughter and music. When she opened her eyes, Big Mamma said "Well hello honey, is that the mean old bird, Hawk, about again? I swear we get half our new clients running from that SOB. Welcome to the Royal Roost. The Best Little Chicken Roost North of Kentucky."

Mama Chicken said four little words that would forever remain in the Rabbit's heart, "What is your pleasure?" As it turned out Rabbit's pleasure was not for the soft plucky body of Chicken's Hens. Rather, she was in love with Goose from the Lucky Lake, one meadow over. She enjoyed relaxing at the Royal Roost hearing the Hen stories about various sex-capades. The Rabbit lacked sexual experience, but the Hens provided support and advice. The Goose after all is a bird. And as Mama Chicken says, "A bird in the hay; happy for a day."



SHE/HER

Anne is a young, independent woman who currently lives in Columbus, Ohio. A recent college graduate, she is currently working at a women-owned financial planning firm, where she is constantly empowered by the strong women around her. Born a writer, Anne's voice has always been more powerful via written than it is spoken. As a profound thinker and listener, Anne's narrative is centered on what she sees and how she interprets it. As writing is one of the most powerful forms of self-reflection, she is hoping that her works will help her discover more about her place in this world, how her mental health is connected to her environment, and how this is all related to greater social forces at power. While everyone has an individual story, Anne hopes that her writing will relate to others and empower them to recognize their own voice.

SWEATSHIRT

I hate you because you didn't take your sweatshirt.

I hold it and smell your aftershave,

feel the comfort of the soft fleece,

swim in the extra fabric meant to fit your body.

I remember what it was like to be in the safety of your embrace,

I nearly forget the tears you made me cry at restaurants,

almost forget the love you *said* you had but

not once felt for me,

the goodbye you promised you would never say.

I gave your sweatshirt away.

Ari J.

SHE/HER

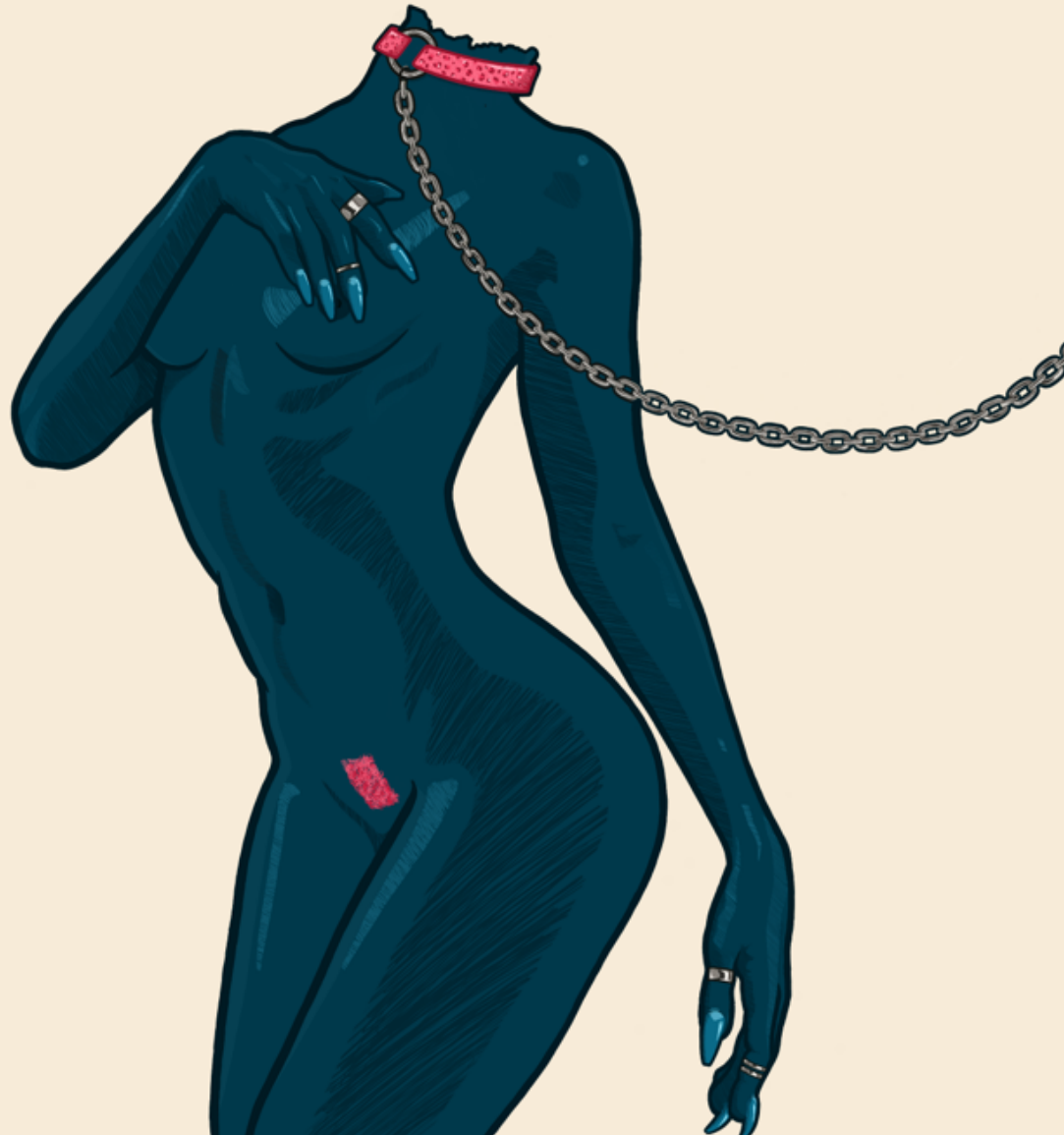
I'm a visual artist and I go by Ari J. I've been doing art since my childhood but have been seriously doing graphic design for 5 years and painting for 8 years.

Twitter/Instagram: @ariannajhynae

MS. TRESS (2019)



ART J. 2018



SHE (2018)

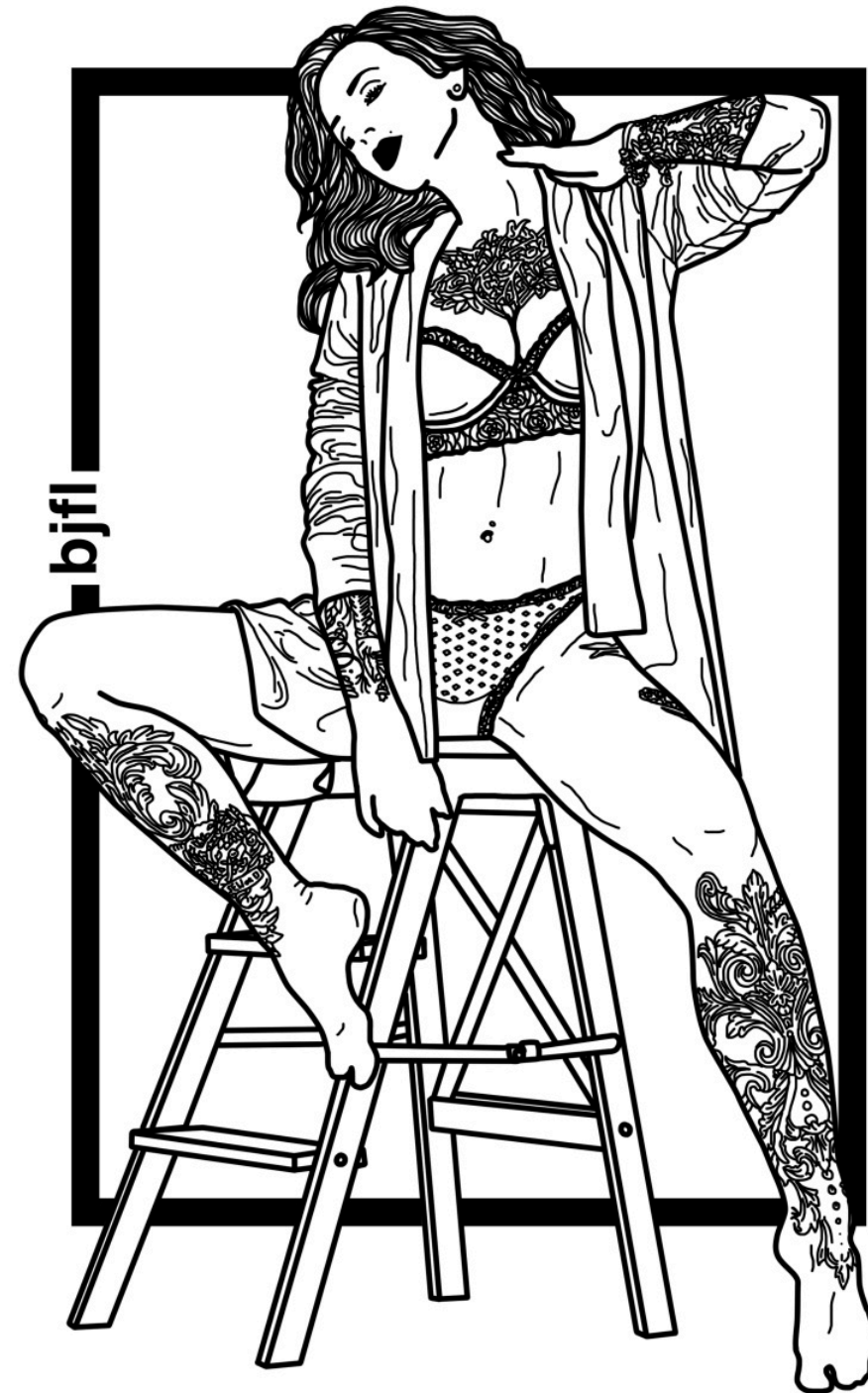
Bethanyjlf

SHE/HER

Eroticism, the human form, sensuality, and sexuality. That's my game. What began with a project investigating female identity and representation within pornography led to an obsession with depicting the weird and wonderful world of kink. I like to delve into the dark parts of people's minds and draw what I find.

BA Fine Art Graduate from Loughborough University, UK.

Instagram: @Bethanyjlf



Ladders Are Unlucky (2017)



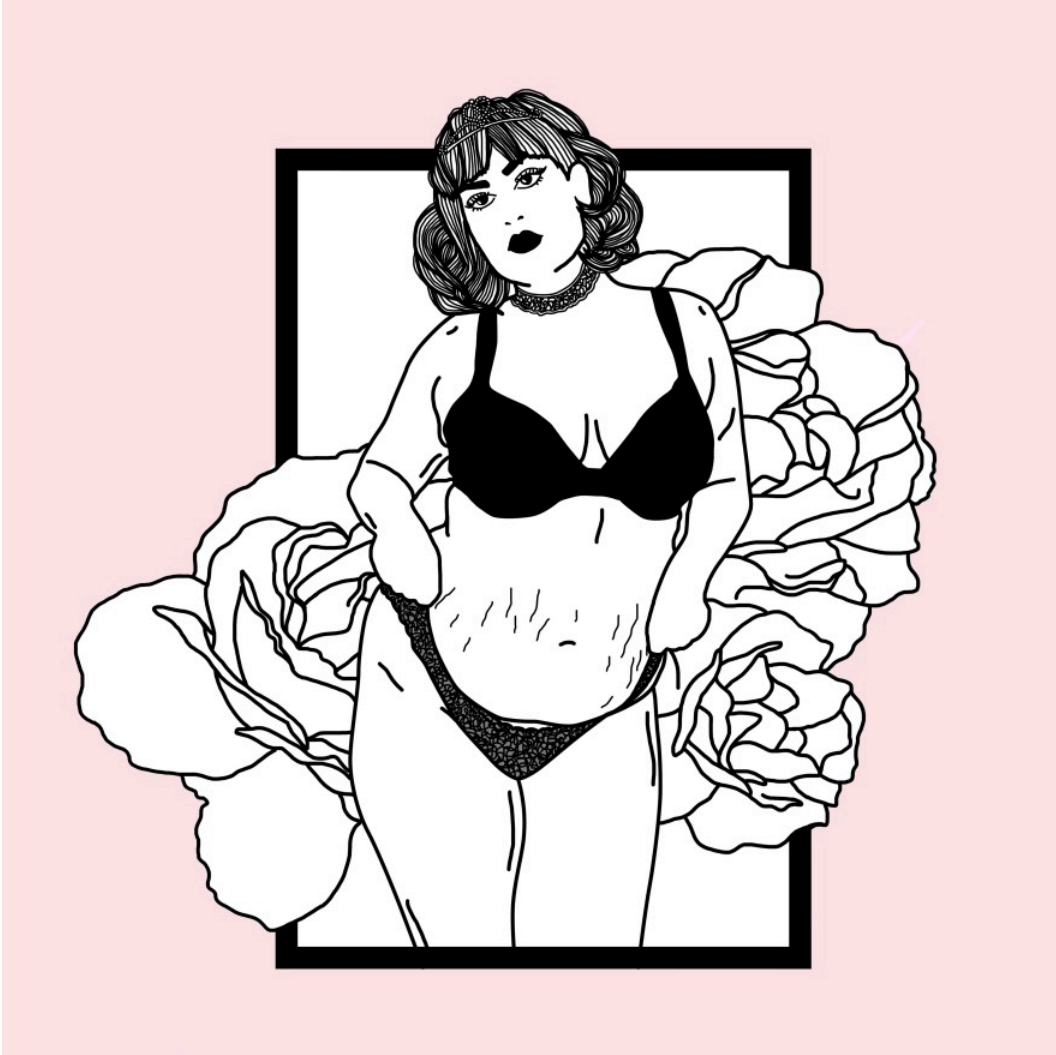
bjlf

Kiss (2017)



bjlf

Three Times A Lady (2017)



Pretty in Pink (2017)

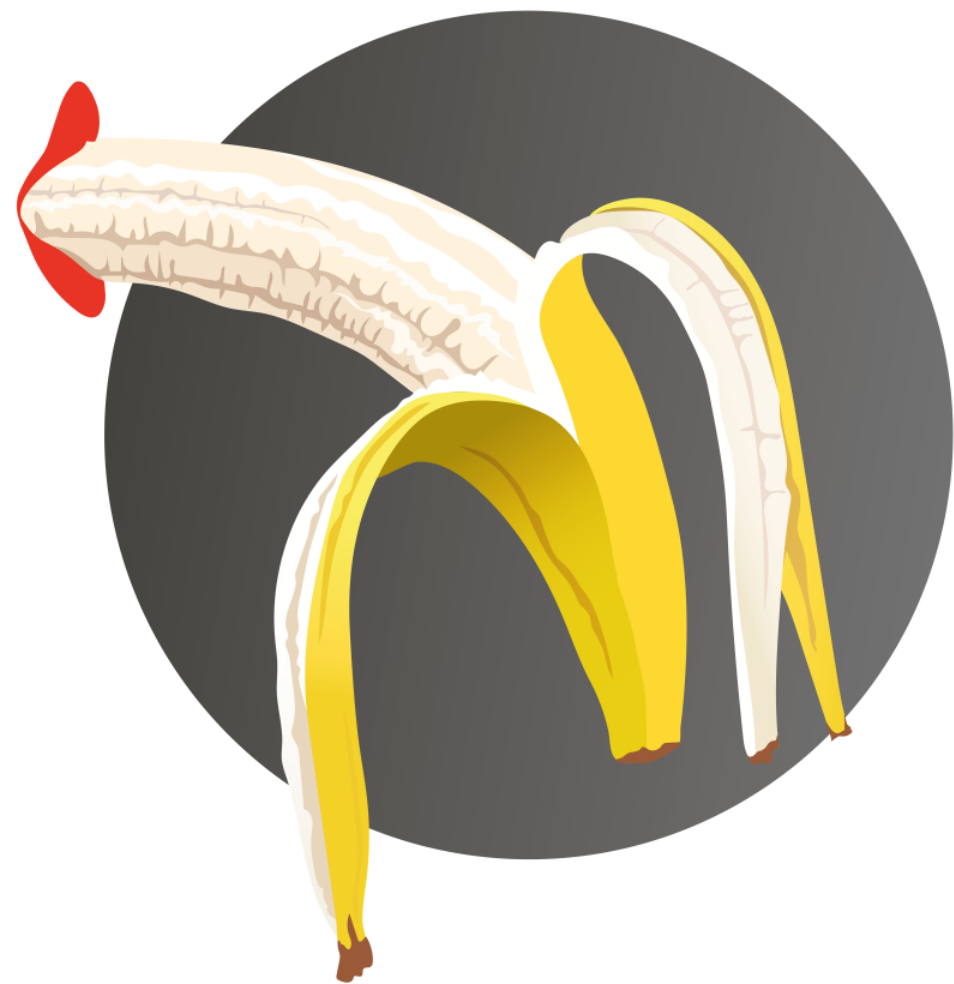


Off With Her Head (2020)

"She didn't like what she saw in the mirror, so she chopped it off"



"Latex Lover" (2020)



"A Mouthful of Potassium" (2019)



Chelsea Sally

SHE/HER

I am an artist in all aspects, as it is a way of life for me rather than an interest or hobby. I specialize in photography, philosophical/creative non fiction writing, drawing/painting and lastly wood working.

Instagram: @SomeSallySoul







DeAnn

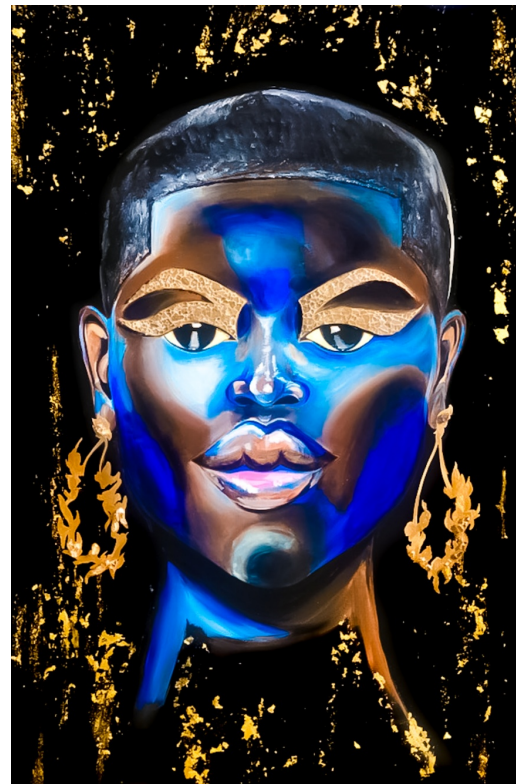
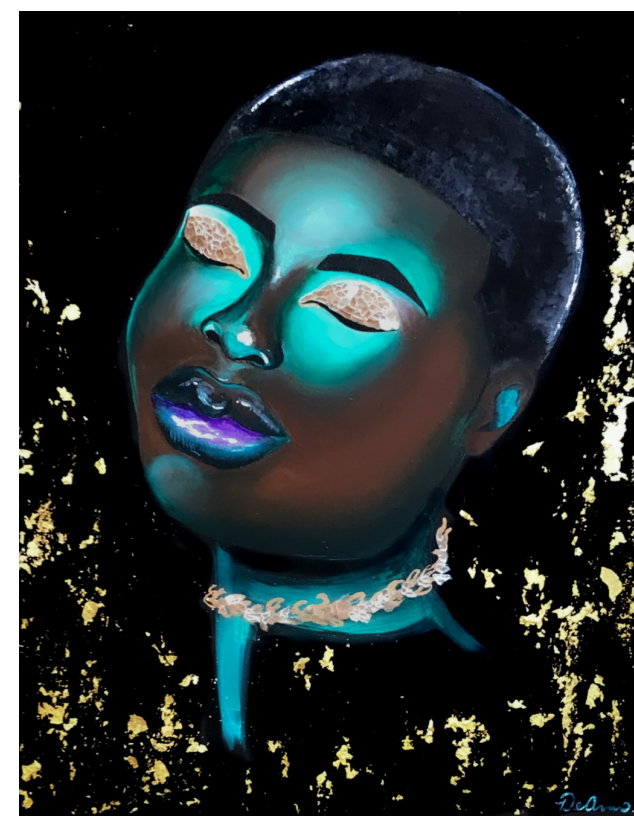
SHE/HER

Born & raised in Detroit. I have been painting, self taught, for 4 years. I am an advocate for social justice as I sit at the intersection of many identities: Black, Woman, Queer & (Dis)Able, and stand in solidarity with those communities that I am not a member of. Currently in grad school for Counseling Psychology, with a strong belief that we need more BW in the field. So when I'm not painting, I'm learning, growing, healing and each phase of my journey can be seen through my art.

This is my Moon Light series. It's about finding beauty in the androgyny of humans. Featuring humans who sit between masc and femme.

Instagram: DeeDeeLaShee

Twitter: @_yourewelcome__





Moonlight # 2



Moonlight # 3



Moonlight # 1



Moonlight # 4
Dellm.

Erin Ricketts

SHE/HER

Erin is a young woman from Columbus, Ohio who is passionate about introspection, feminism, horticulture, animals, and writing creatively. She is excited to contribute to UnBound Zine because it combines her love of critical thinking, female empowerment, and syntax.

SEX WORK - A DOUBLE EDGED SWORD

Empowerment. Dehumanization. Two words that don't seem to fit together. But the nights I spent in dimly lit clubs, or blabbing lies into my webcam, relying on male approval to pay my bills, taught me that the two are not necessarily mutually exclusive. It IS possible to feel fierce and powerful one second and degraded and worthless the next. Let's face it, sex work primarily profits from the patriarchy. Without misogyny, hypersexualization and dehumanization, it wouldn't be such a prolific business. And whether I was complicit in my own suppression or finding my power, I couldn't decide.

It can be argued that the movement of glorifying sex work just fans the flames of patriarchal suppression, but it is equally arguable that as suppressed and marginalized people, sex workers reserve the right to profit off of something they have to deal with for free anyway. It's morally ambiguous but so is just about everything else in life. It's not for us to decide if anybody else is on the right path. However, it does bring up a much needed point - which is that sex work needs to stop being pushed as a totally safe, healthy occupation and seen as the double-edged sword it truly is.

Recently I had a wonderful discussion with a friend, who is also a former sex worker. I was initially a bit nervous to state my opinion, but I was amazed to find out her views were very similar to mine.

I explained that after being removed from the situation for a few years now, I can't help but see the toxicity and feigned empowerment that lies in wait every time you walk into the club or login for a camshow. It's very easy to be gaslit into feeling powerful whilst having your power stolen.

It's very possible to confuse "feeling yourself" and self love.

Why is it that we can call anything else toxic, but when it comes to this topic, our voices are silenced by people who have never done sex work in their lives, screaming that we are the oppressors? It's a slap in the face to those of us who have lived it and formed our opinions based on our experiences.

It is important for there to be an open dialogue about the complexity of sex work. Sex workers deserve to be respected

and protected, that shouldn't even need to be said. Simultaneously, they should also have the right to negatively view their trade without being castigated if that's their truth.

As people who have lived it, we deserve not to be silenced and rebuked for our shared opinion that there is inherent toxicity in sex work and it can be extremely draining for the soul.

In no way does this opinion give us the right to police what other people choose, to take some kind of moral high ground, to decide how others should feel, or to treat sex workers with anything but dignity and love. In fact, this particular viewpoint stems from a place of understanding and love. We've been there. We want to see successful, happy, healthy women. We want people to be truly empowered.

Empowerment looks different on different people. If you choose to be empowered by something that somebody else feels degraded by, that's certainly your right. However, it's a great disservice to sex workers to claim that sex work is

founded on female empowerment. From the second you walk into a strip club, a man is deciding your worth. A man tells you if you're sexy enough to get up on stage. A man tells you how to look to be more appealing. Your success depends on how much you can get men to like you.

We have no problem calling any other occupation toxic - whether because of workplace hostility, being overworked and underpaid, or any other reason. We can look at the factors in any other job with the clear insight that - 'hey, this is bad for people's mental health', but it seems the second this point is brought up in regards to sex work, it's taken as an attack on sex workers and an effort to invalidate sex work as a whole. Which is not the case.

Rather, we want sex workers to have a safe place to say "This has destroyed my self esteem", "I lost myself along the way", "I let other people determine my worth and it was harmful to me", "I regret it", "I went down a dark path", "It took me years to recover from the trauma I endured as a sex worker", "Being in an environment where my worth was solely based on sex

appeal and I was constantly degraded destroyed my mental health", "I wish I had known then what I know now about it"...But I see these women being torn down for sharing their truth. I see former sex workers being treated as oppressors for trying to share their views and experiences. There is no fault in sharing your truth in hopes that it'll help someone not make the same painful mistakes as you. There is a difference between genuinely wanting to make a difference for people who are hurting, and demonizing an entire community. What people choose to do with it is their business, but I think it's time sex workers were allowed to speak negatively about their profession, too.

Til my dying day I will support sex workers. I will defend their humanity until my lungs collapse. However, in order to truly defend their humanity, I think it's just as important to acknowledge that they are fighting against a system that is constantly devaluing them, and therefore they are much more likely to struggle with their mental wellbeing, as it is to say they have a right to do what they do and be respected.

Georgia Smith-Marr

SHE/HER

London born and raised, I am a feminist, novice witch and well, another millennial trying to find their way. I'm beginning to try to make sense of it all through writing and trying not to get trapped in the 9-5.

Instagram: @gloriamariagoesmeow

I guess I'll remain invisible.

They said: Strike a pose!
But wait - my nose!
I just want to be in bed.

Forever in the way,
Is it really okay?
I think as I scroll through Insta.

Surgery is a thing,
A notion I tightly cling.
Anyway, they say beauty is pain.

Besides - after I will be pretty,
But will I feel less shitty?
Or are there more inadequacies?

But could I do that to my face?
Would I not see a disgrace?
I know the decision would stalk me.

A betrayal that runs deep,
And guilt felt when asleep.
I guess I'll remain invisible.



Greta Sharp

THEY/THEM

I am a 23 year old artist and writer living and working in London, and have shown my films in various exhibitions and film screenings in the UK. My work draws from my personal experiences, and focusses on sexuality, memory, language and relationships, both with myself, the world around me and the people and things in it. I use my creativity to express a lot of thoughts about my personal traumas, and this piece reflects on my ever evolving and complicated relationship with my sexuality.

Website: gretasharp.co.uk

Instagram: @greta.sharp

I'M STARTING TO THINK I'M OBSESSED WITH SEX

I'm starting to think I'm obsessed with sex because all I want to write about is sex. But I don't want to be put in a box. It cuts off the circulation when you bend my body and squeeze it tightly so that you can push me inside. Like sleeping bags. They aren't meant to fit in that sack. They did once. but when you take them out, their surface area expands, and the laws of space no longer apply. They increase in size and will never fit again. Once you take me out, I can no longer fit.

I like being fucked suspended in air.

If I write about my sex life does it make me a narcissist? Am I paining you with the details of how I like to have sex? Because unless I'm sleeping with you why the fuck should you care. It's private and personal, and doesn't need to be discussed with the general public (i.e. you, or whoever ends up reading this). But obviously, it's important that we can talk about this. Like duh. It's very important for womxn to have conversations with

other womxn about sex. Like did you know I masturbate? I know. This can be another [insert medium used] about masturbation and how important it is. This might as well be an Instagram post.

I started crying because I was gagging on his dick.

So the thing with masturbation is. Firstly, hardly any of my female friends do it. They just have sex. Like what's the point of masturbating if you have a boyfriend? Maybe because I don't have one I don't understand or something. So that's that firstly: is my friends think I'm fantastically liberated because I masturbate. Secondly, when anyone ever does masturbate, they just use their hands and finger themselves. Maybe one person has a bullet vibrator, but that's about it. If we're really talking, they have a dildo. But those who have dildos are basically mythical creatures. Like unicorns. (We can talk about actual unicorns later).

But I don't masturbate like the norm. The shocking norm, but still the norm, which still fits nice and safely in the box. In the box of what is acceptable masturbation. (Word count = 4). I

like to start with a finger in my arse, and slowly work in my 8 inch dildo. Then I take my rabbit and get that inside my vagina awkwardly whilst still holding the dildo in my arse. At this point I'm super wet, like dripping down my legs because anything arse related makes me go insane. Sometimes I put nipple clamps on whilst I'm doing this too. It's really important to be stimulated from all angles.

I hope you are finding this sufficiently un-liberating as you realize you haven't lived up to some ideal of what it means to be a liberated womxn. No, you're not a hoe, and you never will be. If you aren't one now, you might as well give up. Yes, you are masturbating wrong. Yes, you are doing it wrong if you don't ever fuck two men in one day. What kind of liberated womxn are you? You've only had sex with 5 people and you're not even sure you can count one of them because no one came (he had smoked so much weed and you weren't really into him to begin with). But he said he was a musician (played bass obviously) and he was 10 years older than you so you thought you should for the story and it made you feel mature. It's okay to judge yourself according

to who you've slept with. The hotter your partners have been, the hotter that makes you. It's not actually science, but it works in a similar way.

It's really wholesome to spend quality time with two sexual partners at the same time. We walked down the street hand-in-hand. I loved being the centre of attention. Find two friends and start sleeping with both of them. You'll be surprised at how cosy it is to spend time together. I wonder what they talk about when I'm not there. How could they possibly have anything else to talk about except from me?

I like being fucked suspended in air. It tastes better.

You pick up my legs and put them on your hips, the rest of my weight being supported by rope. It digs into my chest. I'm struggling to breath properly. I close my eyes as I hang in the air, gravity pushing me down, my determination holding me up. You push into me and I scream out, my whole body is on fire with pain. You bounce me against you and the pain is dulled by pleasure.

I don't like being put in a box that size. It cuts off 2 inches, which isn't so bad that it is massively noticeable, but over time it starts to ache from bending down slightly, and then it's too late, you've been in the box too long, when you realize that it's a bit too small. Just slightly uncomfortable, but stay there long enough and it gives you permanent pain. It takes a while to readjust, once you come out, to standing up properly again. Your body wants to contract in again, stay in that same position, so you have to work out the muscles, massage them, until it feels normal.

Habibullah

THEY/HE

You can call me Habib, it's from an Arabic word meaning "baby" or "beloved". (Yes, you can also call me babe). I'm from Indonesia and do illustration and graphic design. I am also a part-time lgbtq+ supportive ally!

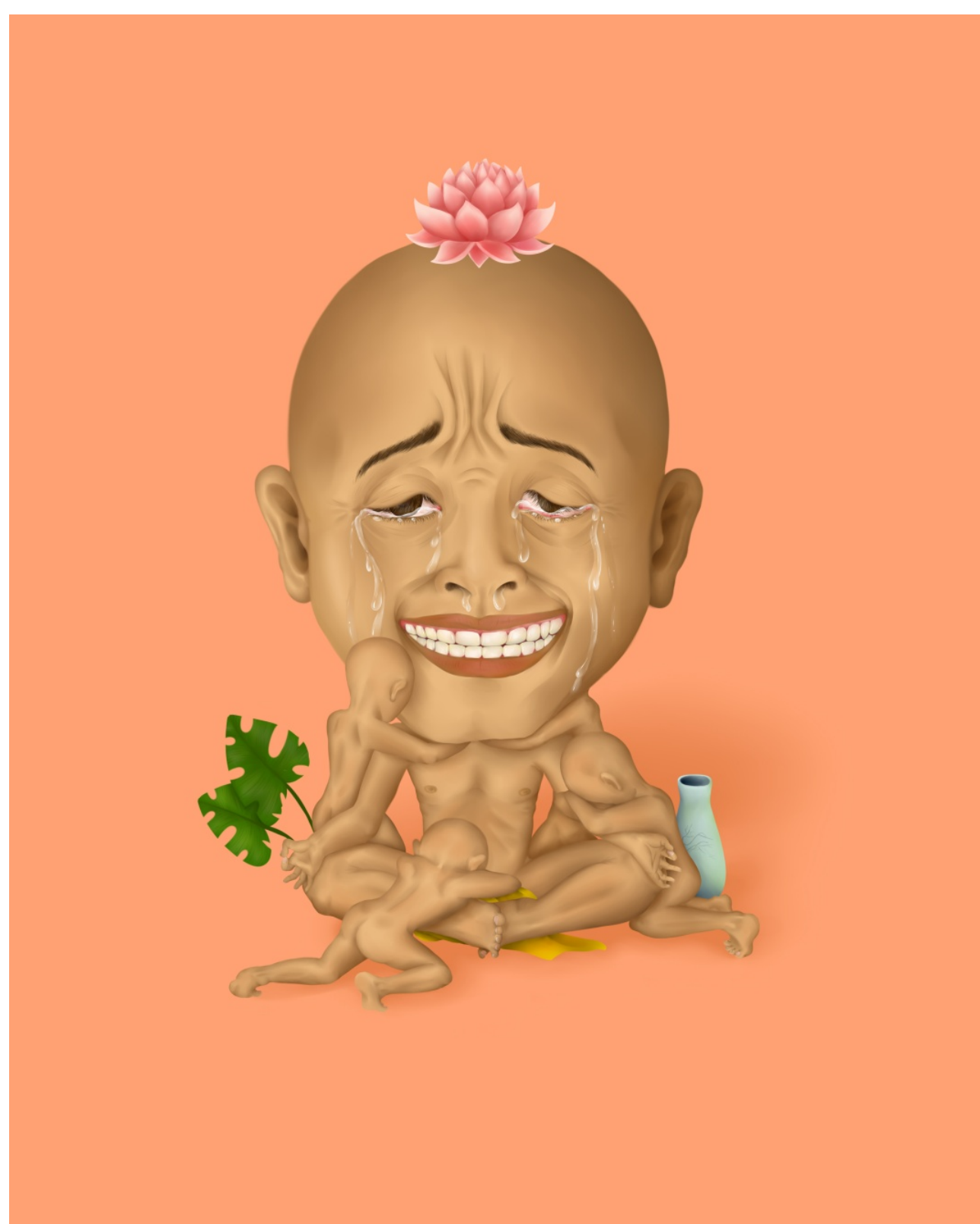
You can see my other artwork on Instagram:
[@h.ab_b](#)

Title : Relieve

Year: 2019

A3 Canvas, Digital Painting.

Description : This work is about self love, when you just need to let all of your sadness and ego flow with the tears that fall from your eyes.



Title : Desire

Year: 2018

Canvas, Digital Painting.

Description : Sex is desire, pleasure, and making love. This work is about an unidentified person with an anonymous gender who strongly desires the taste of pleasure.





Title : Hand"Sex"

Year: 2018

Canvas, Digital Painting.

Description : This aims to represent sexual harassment, beginning with the act of "hands flirting".

Title : Women in Venus Form

Year Made : 2019

4 : 5 Canvas, Digital Painting.

Description : "In the modern age, women are becoming a symbols of sex and men of satisfaction."

From the portrait of the Venus statue, there's the image of women's beauty. The open and closed eyes represent public control, especially over how the vagina looks.



Kloie James

SHE/HER

Kloie James Louise, born and raised in Minneapolis, is currently residing in Memphis, TN with her partner and kitty cat Uli. She has just recently begun illustrating and continues to explore her more illustrative side. Kloie seeks to flood the illustration field with diverse stories of fat, womxn of color.

Instagram: @jameslouiseart



"Cosmic Pleasure"

Lashonda Love

SHE/HER

I am 24 years old from Columbus, OH. I have my B.A. in Music Performance from Denison University in Granville, OH. I am also the founder and Executive Director of *UnBound*.

As a queer, pagan, woman of color, the intersections of identity and the validation of those identities in creative spaces is of incredible importance to me. *UnBound* is one of many projects I am working on in this capacity.

Scenes From My Love Life is a series I first published through the Ohio State University Young Writer's Workshop. They are short to medium length snippets detailing my romantic and sexual experiences.

"I Ate Your Other Heart" is a work that aims to examine the ways in which my sexual experiences with my partner are sometimes tied, through PTSD, with the experiences of my childhood sexual assaults at the hands of my own brother. It pokes and prods at my relationship with arousal and shame in the aftermath of violation.

You can find me on instagram @madonnarihannailanalashonda

SCENES FROM MY LOVE LIFE (REVISITED)

I Ate Your Other Heart

(Trigger warning: description of sexual abuse/incest)

It is probably just the odor of the papers and clothes stuffed in boxes for years. It also could be the combination of cigarette-smell from my Dad's old things and the soaked cat spray from when Luna was in heat. Still, part of me believes there's an awful stench that settles over a place when there's too much turmoil. The stench of trauma. It gets tightly packed in little boxes and big boxes and wrapped in bubble wrap and secured with foam packing peanuts and tissue paper. It stays there for years and years, becoming more potent until the day it's moved, or unpacked, or decluttered in a flurry of KonMari method-ing. It puffs up in big clouds of dust that permeate the air long after the unpacking is done.

I think this because it haunts my space like so many ghosts.

I believe in ghosts. I smell the phantom odors of my Dad's aftershave, the Bath and Bodyworks perfume I wore in 7th grade, the rubbing alcohol my mother used to kill bedbugs, my brother's skin. It's utterly different than recognizing a scent on the wind or in a crowd of people; it's there in the shower, in bed with

me at night, in the car on my way to work. Purely hallucination. My therapist says this is part of PTSD.

She knows what happened to me, but the words settle in my chest, refusing to come out. Part of me thinks she's just bad at her job. She can't seem to see past my high-functioning facade enough to prod me further. She asks me how my cats are doing.

I cry in the car on the way home.

In the apartment, the smell hits me like a brick wall the moment I walk through the door. I check the usual suspects: the litter-boxes, the garbage can, the produce drawer of the fridge. No culprit to be found. I light a candle. Another. An incense stick. I fill the diffuser with water. Peppermint oil because it's the most potent I have. My last resort is to waft burning sage around the apartment, not to scare the ghosts, but to cling to the air, overpowering any other scent.

I sit on the couch, enveloped in swirling smokes and vapors. I know, logically, that what I smell, I smell in my head alone. That knowledge makes it no less real. No less putrid. Ten minutes go by on the couch. Luna chatters at the birds on the patio, her tail twitching minutely. Back. Forth. Thoughts

race to catch my attention: the floor needs vacuuming, the couch cover is untucked, the plants are drooping, Luna's bowl is empty, I haven't put away the clean laundry, there are no clean spoons. I settle on trying to locate my old high school yearbook, buried in the storage closet.

In a tattered, old trunk my hands rifle through dry pages of notebooks. Tracing dates with my fingers, reading the ramblings from times of other, more vibrant hallucinations and memories. On some level, we all write in our journals under the assumption that someday, strange eyes will come across it. My words glare at me from the page, bold letters scribbled in haste, scratched several layers deep. Their imprints sink, soft under my fingertips like some foreign braille. I would never say these things in person.

"He asked me to let him examine me. Two pencils in his hand. I felt the cold erasers pull apart my skin. I wondered if it was something he was learning in school. I had never seen it in any of his homework. Dad said I would be starting next summer, maybe I would learn, too. He pushed a pencil inside and asked me what it felt like. It was a dull sensation, but you always know when something has scratched you. Looking back on it, it was probably the metal casing of the eraser."

My boyfriend chastises me for never having gone to the gynecologist. My friends tell me I am irresponsible. I should care more about my reproductive health. If not that, I should care about the cancer risk. My doctor made an appointment for me once, but I skipped it as easily as high school biology.

I can't stand the clinical feeling. I don't know what parts they'll pry open.

At night, my boyfriend's fingers find themselves under my sweatpants. After the first time we had sex, I explained to him that I don't like his fingers inside me. I know he would understand if I shared the full extent of what happened, but I don't want to feel broken. I don't want him to see me that way.

He likes my mouth on him. To quote Lana Del Rey, he says it feels like heaven to him. There are times when it's okay, too. There are times when I genuinely enjoy it and like it. These moments swirl around, fodder for the guilt and shame I feel when it's not okay. Times when he sweat too much at work and I can smell it radiating off of him. I don't know if they're the same smell - it's been so long I'm sure I must be projecting - but I feel my throat inadvertently close

nonetheless. When he asks what's wrong, I jokingly tell him he needs to shower.

In the darkness of the room, before my eyes, I see figures swelling and morphing at the end of the bed. I learned years ago they were also hallucinations.

"They show up at night because that's when the worst of it happened" I was told.

I see them now. Think of the sour smell of sweat and skin. My brother's hands as they forced my head down. Most girls wish they didn't have a gag reflex. *I feel my throat inadvertently close.*

"It's my other heart," he said.

"It feels good for me" he said.

It didn't matter what he said. The only reason I hesitated was that *Blue's Clues* had just come on and it was my favorite show. I was four years old. I didn't know what he was asking me to do. I didn't know I would care later.

I shove notebooks, ripped and crumpled papers, back into the depths of the trunk. Ram against it with my entire body

until it's well-hidden at the back of the closet. Heavy stench hangs around the air where it sat open.

I wash and wash my hands. Out damned spot. I wash them until they crack and sting. I smell myself. It lingers, still. I spray my body down with perfume. When my boyfriend comes home from work, he asks what I'm wearing. Says it smells nice.

Lexie Dungan

SHE/HER

Lexie is a queer, radically feminist artist based in Columbus, Ohio. Her work includes paintings, comics, animation, photography, and physical installations among many other projects. Some of her current projects include collaboration on a mixed-media fantasy novel as well as collaboration on a story-telling project where she uses comics to represent interview experiences of people of color.

She can be found on instagram
@l.d.m.a.art

COLORING PAGE

Feel free to print and color! (Full page available at unbound-zine.com on Lexie's artist page)
(Share on instagram and tag @unboundzine and @l.d.m.a.art for a repost!)



If you leave me naked, don't forget to draw in my nipples <3

Mary Damsen

THEY/THEM

MJ is an illustrator, printmaker, and all around delightfully disgusting orc.

They like collages, comics, and collecting evidence of bigfoot.

Don't ask to see pictures of their cat.
They will trap you for two hours.

Mdamsen.com

instagram.com/possum.ink

"Greased Sheets, Right Hand Free"
Watercolor and linoleum block print
2020 Artist's proof

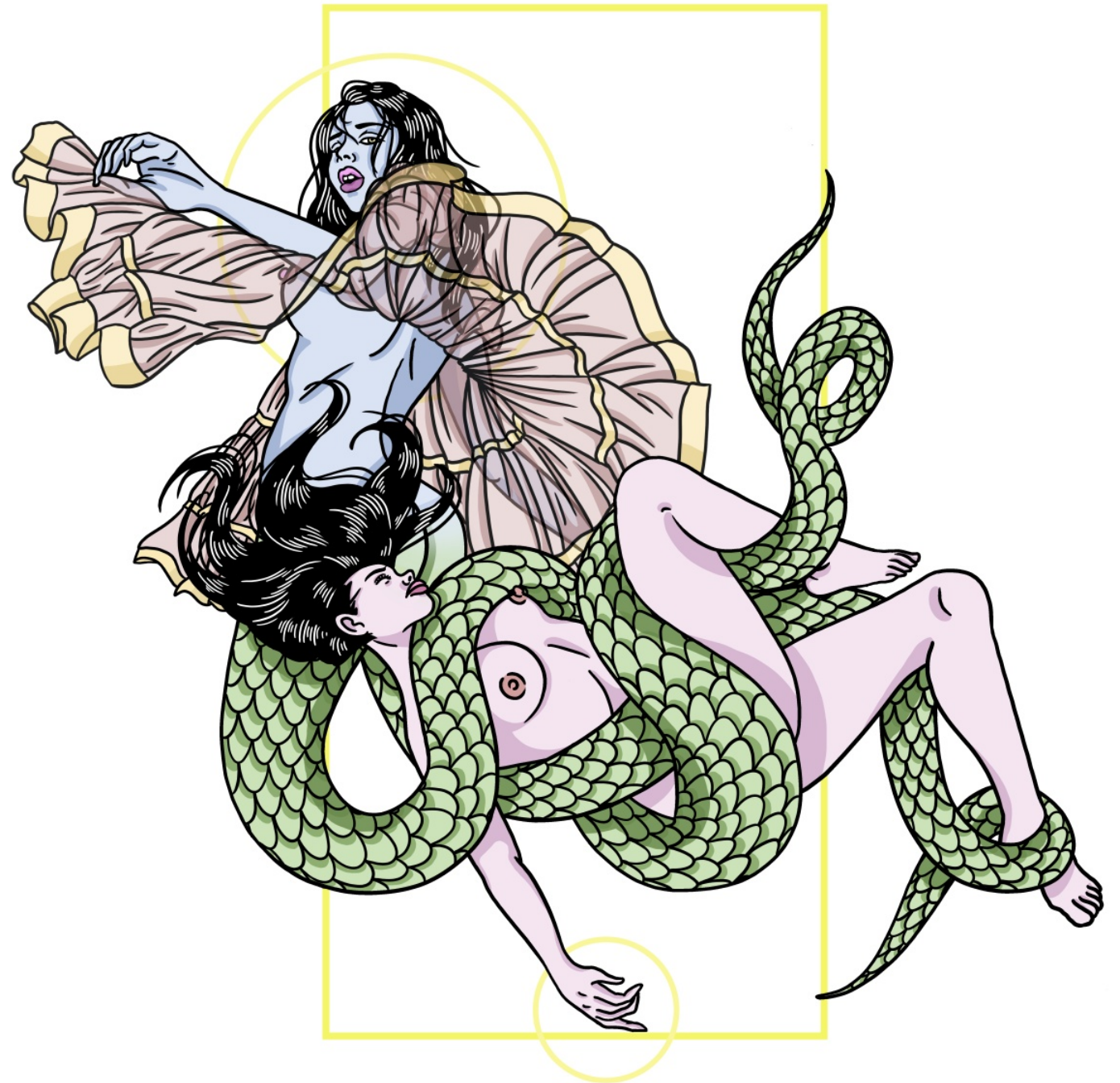


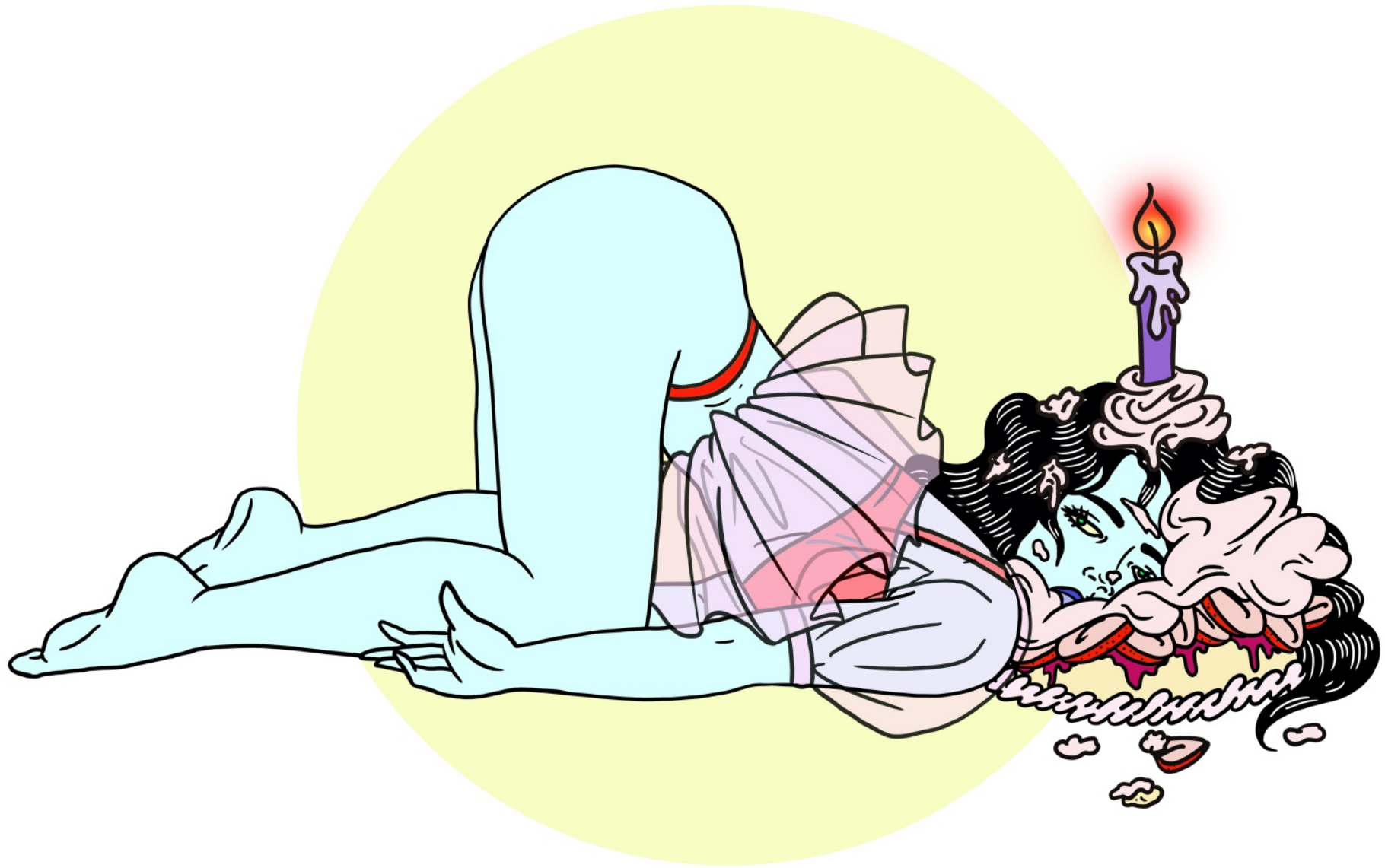
Melanie Lee

SHE/HER

Melanie is a NYC based illustrator. Inspired by the female form and mystic imagery, she uses these concepts to express ideas on femininity and female sexuality.

Instagram: @smellanie.jpeg







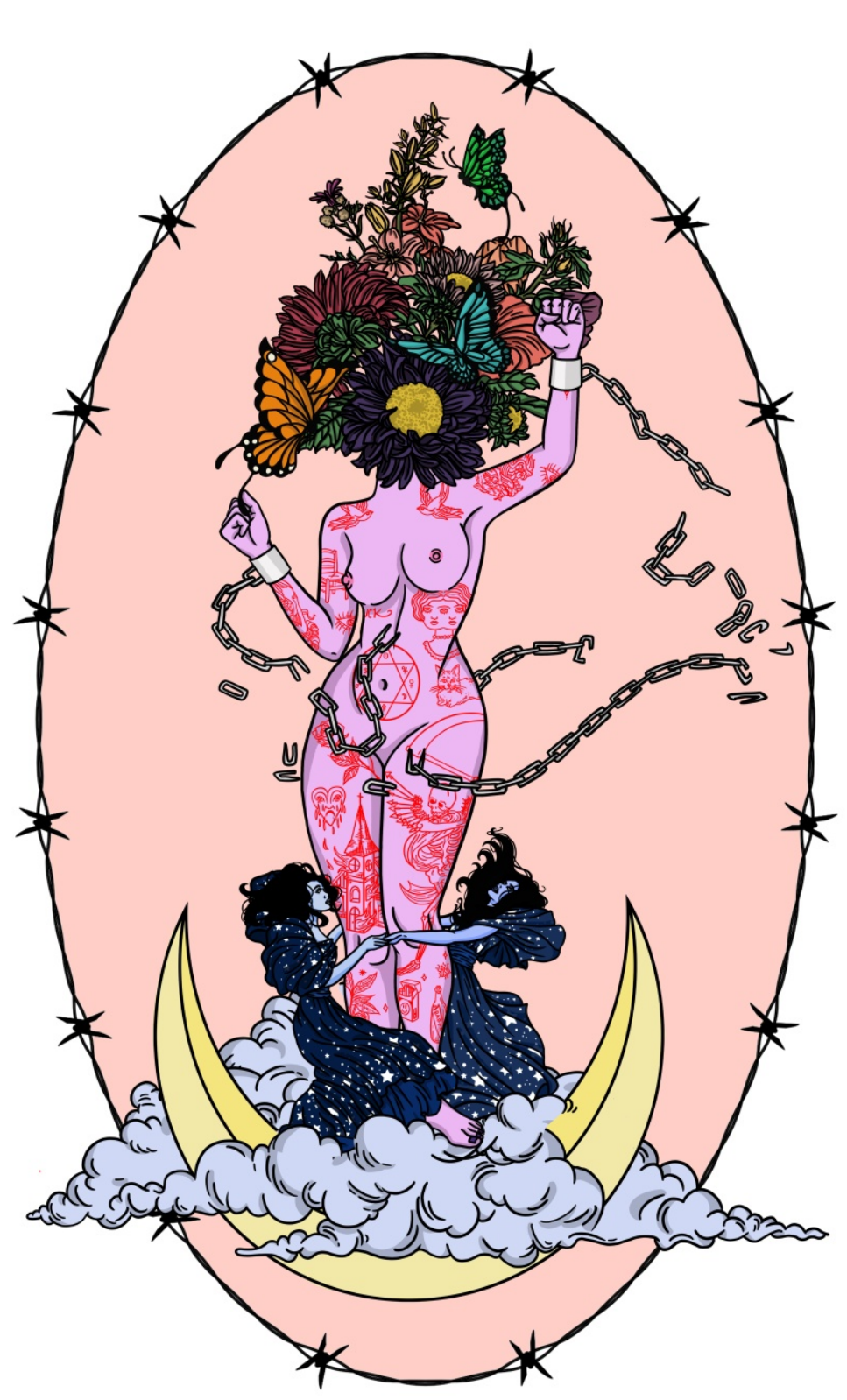
"Stairway to Heaven"







"This is a Woman"



Mia Barnes

SHE/HER

Mia was born in Columbus, Ohio and grew up surrounded by photographers and artists. She went to Ohio University to study commercial photography and graduated in 2019, then moved to Los Angeles after receiving a job offer from Dave Meyers to be his creative lead in music video and photography production. She loves shooting people above all else and hopes to continue a career in the arts :)

Website: miabarnesphotography.com

Instagram/Twitter: @_miabarnes









are guys grossed out by stretch marks





A step-by-step proven way of easily removing **#stretchmarks!**





Got **stretch marks**? Learn how to remove them quickly! [#beauty](#)



[How to Minimize the Appearance of Stretch Marks](#)





are stretch marks on breasts a turn off

Niamh Cullen

THEY/THEM

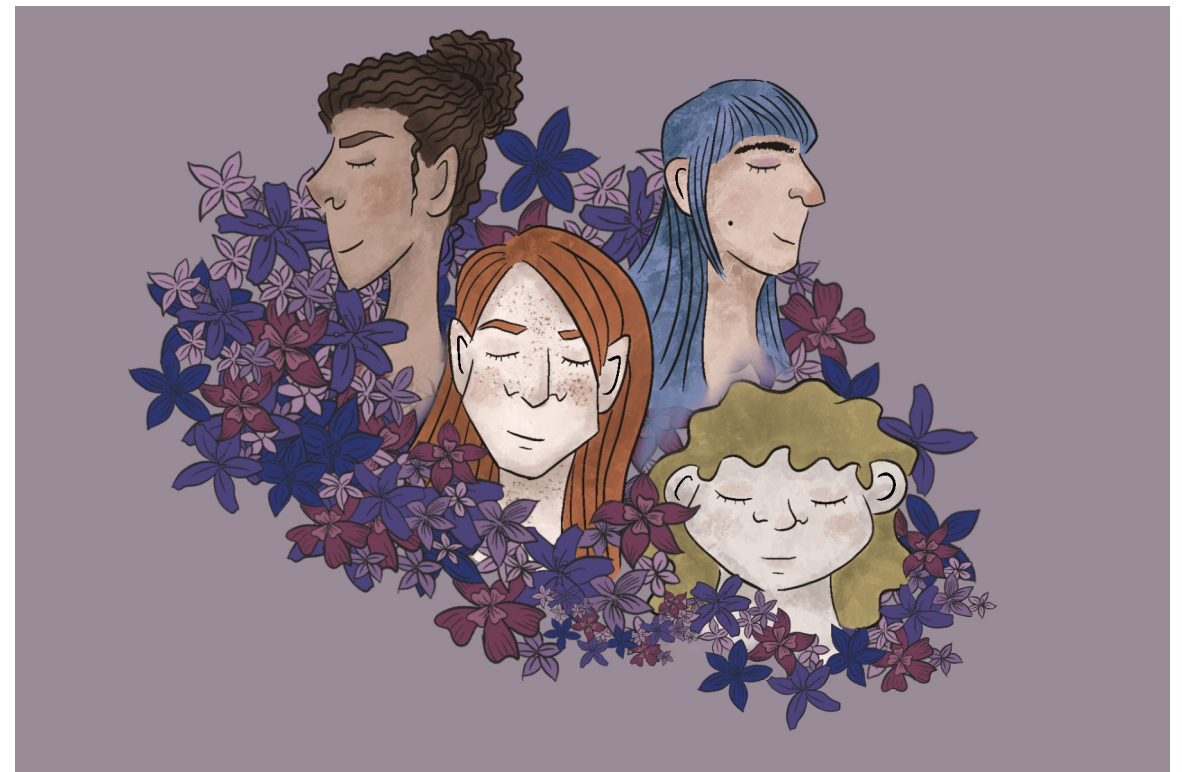
A young illustrator who is a passionate member of the LGBTQ+ community. My work usually focuses on animals and nature but I wanted to explore something more linked to me and my interests with this submission.

Instagram @niamhcullenart

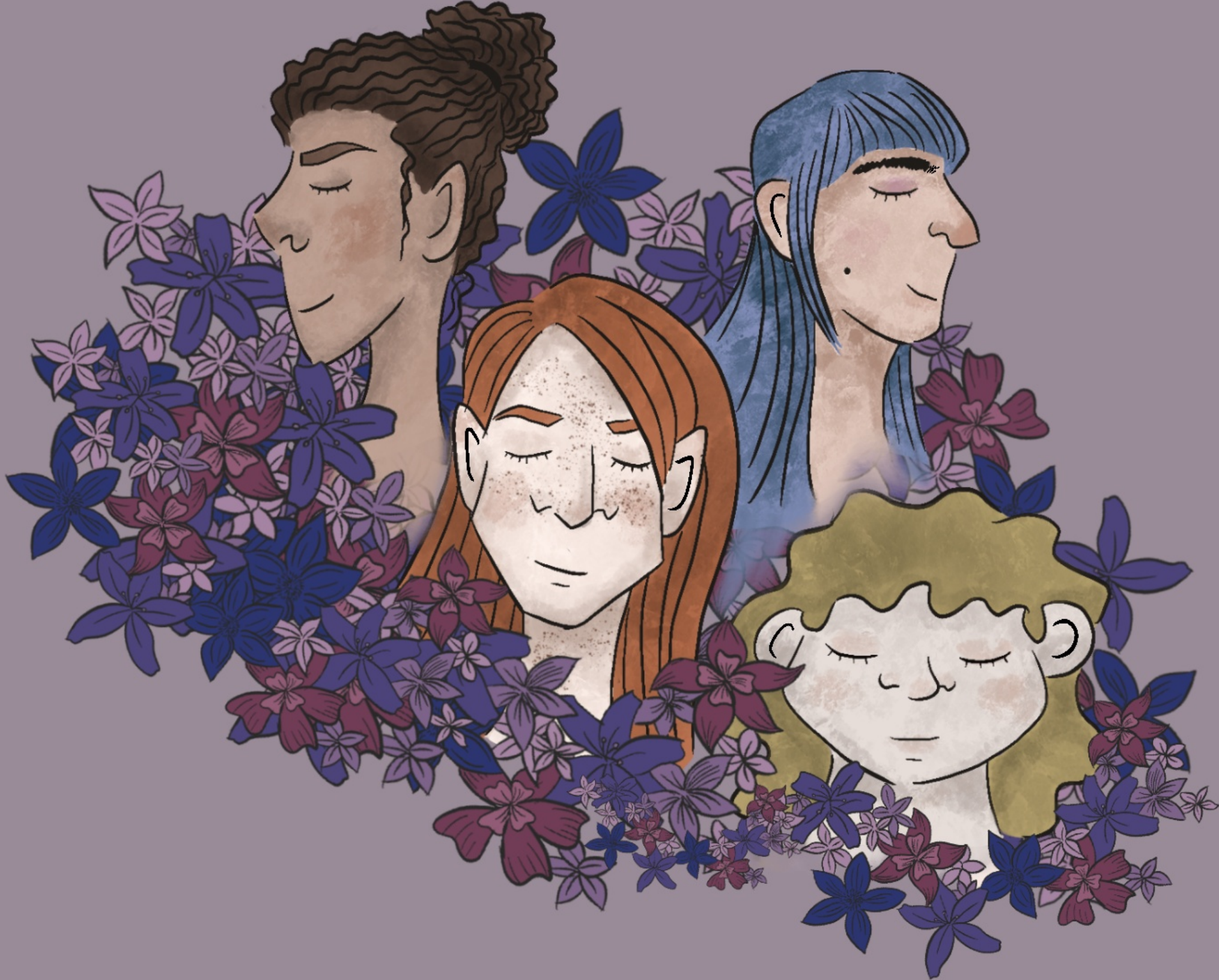
Tumblr @niamhdrawsstuff

“No Flower Looks the Same” (2020)

The work is centered around the theme of self love and standards of beauty in society. I wanted to focus on trying to represent a variety of female women who can all be seen as beautiful in their own unique ways





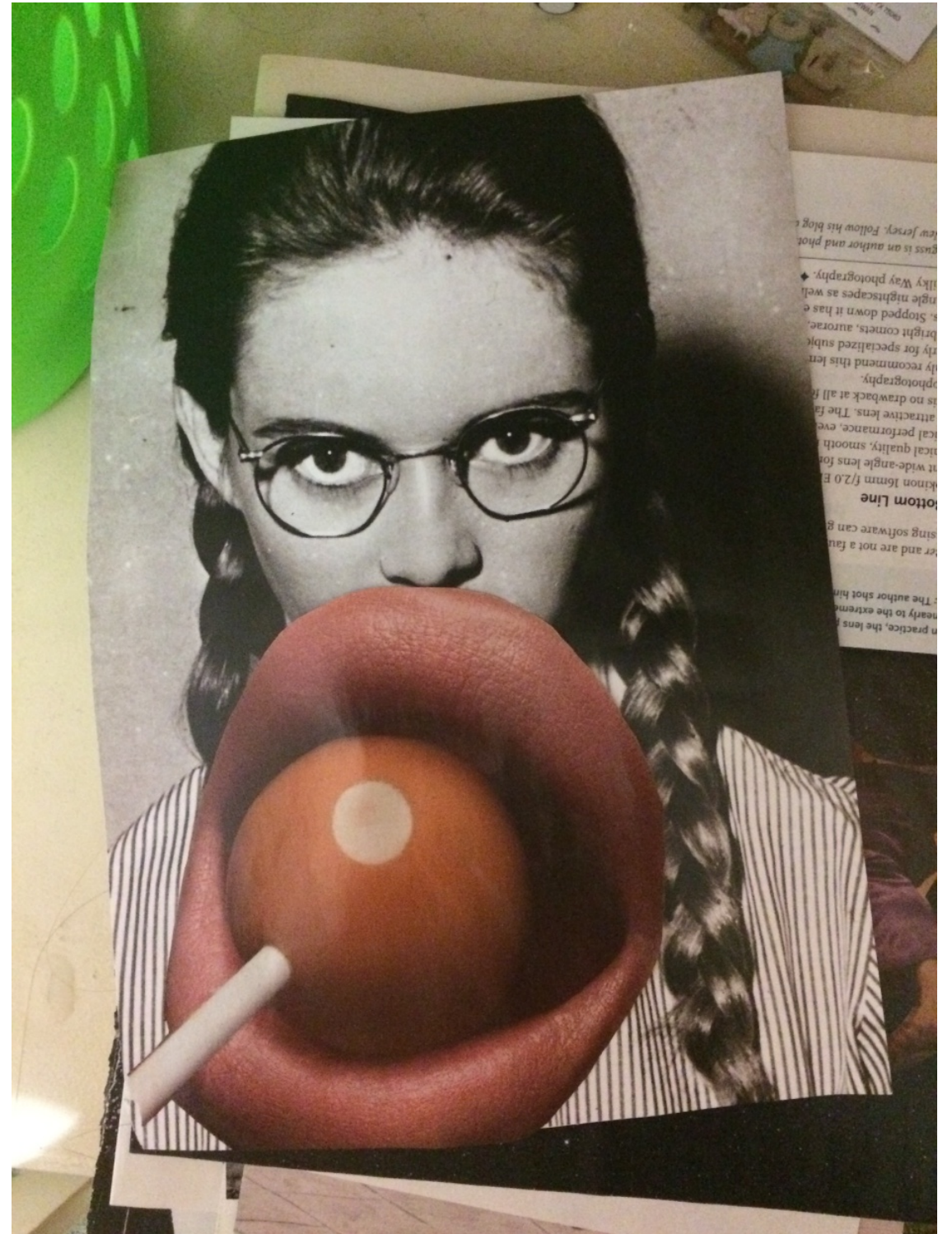


Robin Bissett

SHE/HER

Robin Bissett is a writer, artist, and undergraduate student at Trinity University in San Antonio, Texas. After graduating in May, she hopes to pursue an MFA in fiction.

Find her on instagram @robinbissett.



KISS

I dreamt that we were kissing
Each one was gentle and full
When I woke up, I moved closer to your side of the bed to
hold you

VENUS

The soft dead butterflies lay still on the table
Each one you placed on my skin felt like a kiss
Thank you

TO MY BODY

Today, I see that you are long and limber and strong
Your existence allows me to
Sweep the sky & shake hands with the ground
& cradle my family closely to the
Beating, bright pulp of my heart

You are, you are, you.

Stone Blue

SHE/HER

I'm Stone Blue but sometimes go by Eli. I'm a 23 year-old Gemini who chooses various creative outlets depending on my mood (and energy level) that include but are not limited to photography, modeling, and writing.

My work can be reflective of a couple different things: First would be the acknowledgment of past trauma and the healing process associated with it, typically seen in my writing. It can be dark, and messy but it's important for me to acknowledge. Creating dark content gives me a safe way to express the negative things I've felt in life. Second would be the reflection of my growth and confidence that I've worked so hard for, which is typically seen in my modeling and photography. It's self expression of my pride and self love. Creating beautiful images gives me the opportunity to show people the beauty I see in myself and the world around me.

You can find me on various social media platforms:

Twitter/Instagram: @bitchyvixxen

VSCO: @itsstoneblue







Photo Credit:

Matt Giordano
IG: @geos_eye2









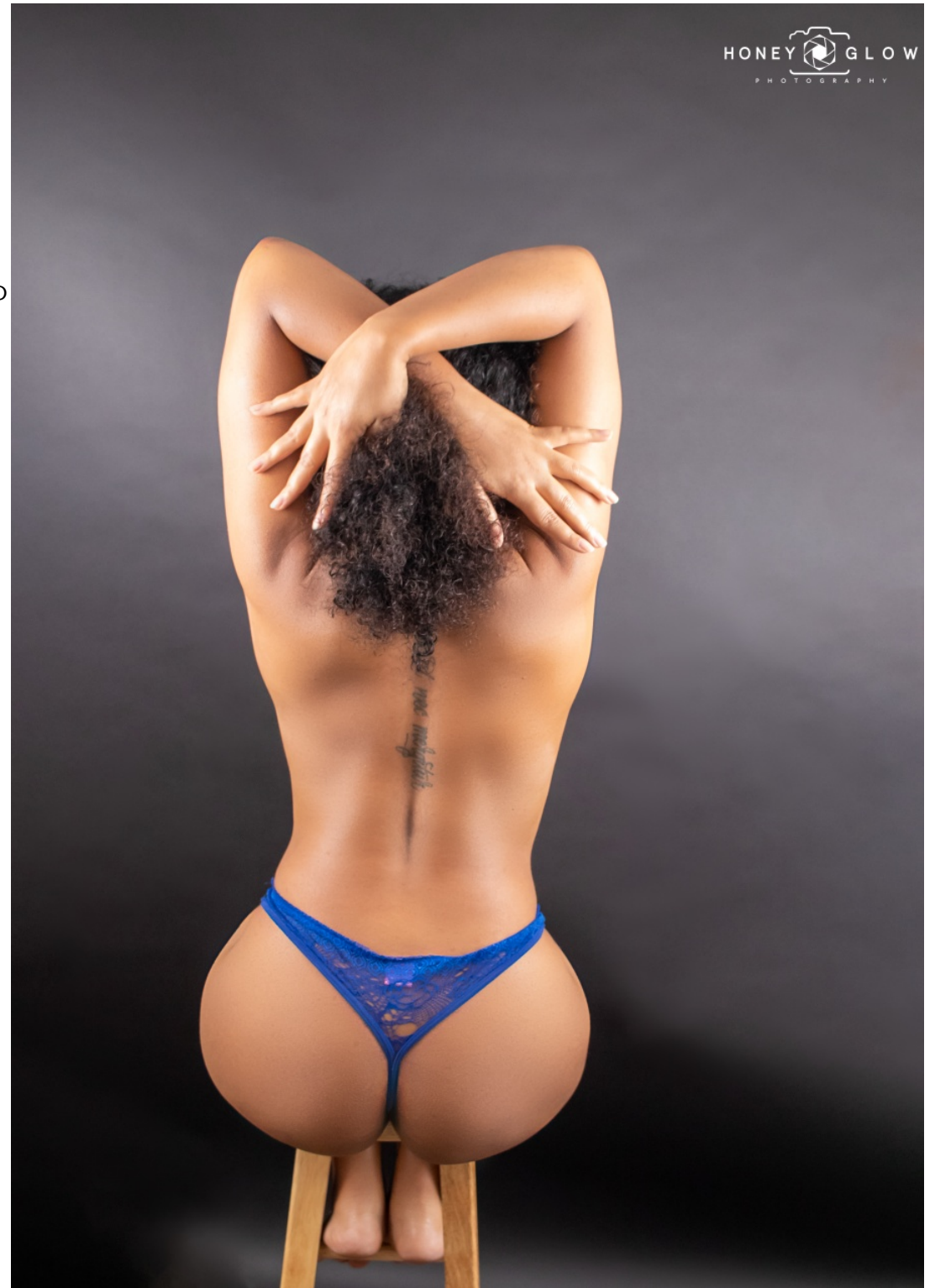


Photo credit:

Malik Perkins

IG/Twitter @honeyglowphoto

honeyglowphotos.com



UnBound Thanks

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Melanie Lee

Mia Barnes

MJ Damsen

Niamh Cullen

Robin Bissett

Stone Blue

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