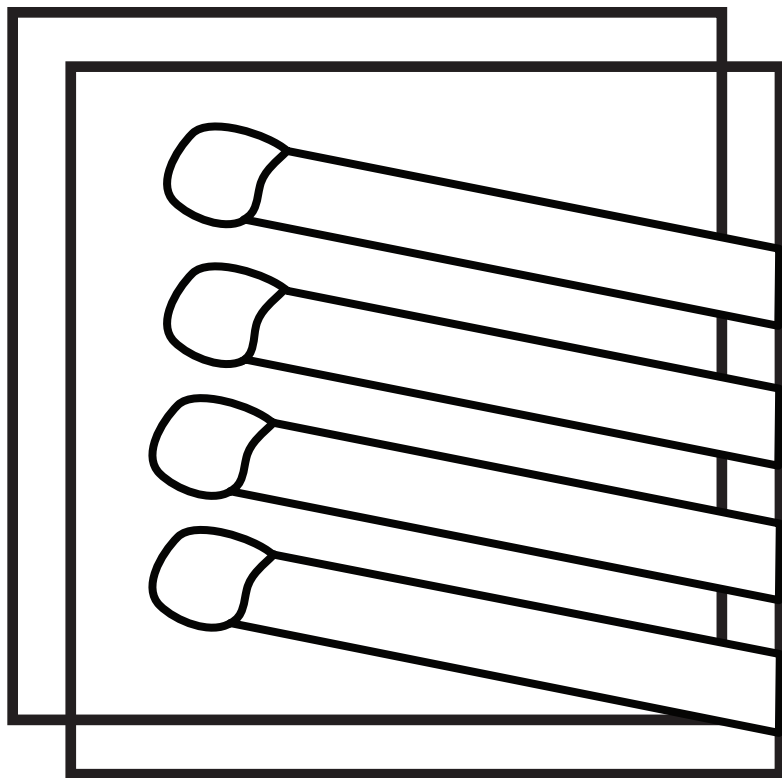




BURN SOMETHING ZINE
ISSUE 2





BURN SOMETHING ZINE

Burn Something is a submission-based, queer-inclusive & community-owned alternative media space focused on amplifying the voices of women of color in the Twin Cities.

The vision for Burn Something includes an artist collective that produces the zine and throws community-based parties and events. If you are interested in becoming a part of the collective, please send a private message or email burnsomethingzine@gmail.com

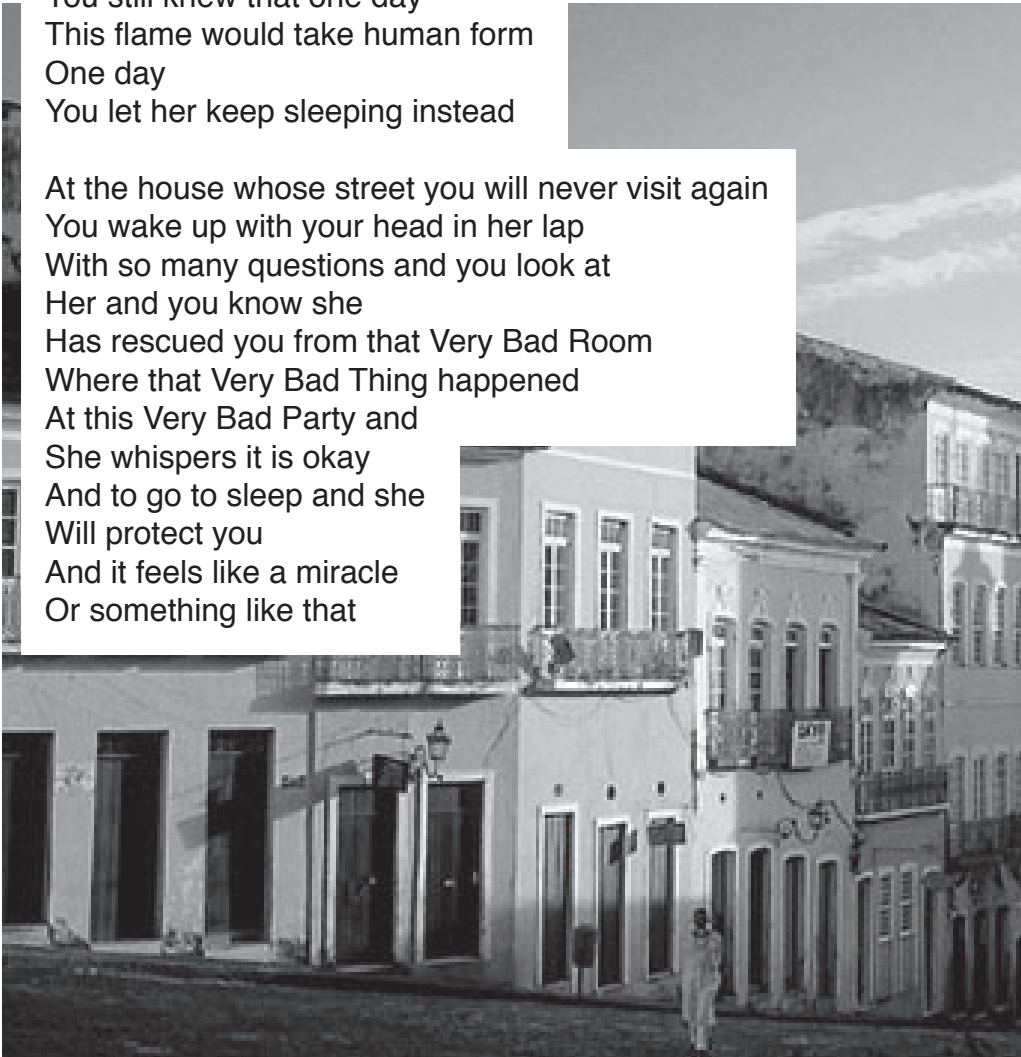
SEND UR SHIT

Send submissions to burnsomethingzine@gmail.com.

You will be visited by three strangers (*or, three ways women*)
// Sam White

The sun dances over her body and you are a little bit in love
The morning is quiet and the light that radiates from her is so loud
and
You want to wake her up and tell her that years ago
When you were thirteen
And the feelings made your cheeks feel like they were on fire
You still knew that one day
This flame would take human form
One day
You let her keep sleeping instead

At the house whose street you will never visit again
You wake up with your head in her lap
With so many questions and you look at
Her and you know she
Has rescued you from that Very Bad Room
Where that Very Bad Thing happened
At this Very Bad Party and
She whispers it is okay
And to go to sleep and she
Will protect you
And it feels like a miracle
Or something like that



n have saved my life)

In Brasil, in Bahia that is so black and brown
And haunted by the legacies of colonization
Ushering away the ghosts she tells you

“Te amo

Nos somos negras

E mulheres

Nossa vidas são importantes

Sempre”

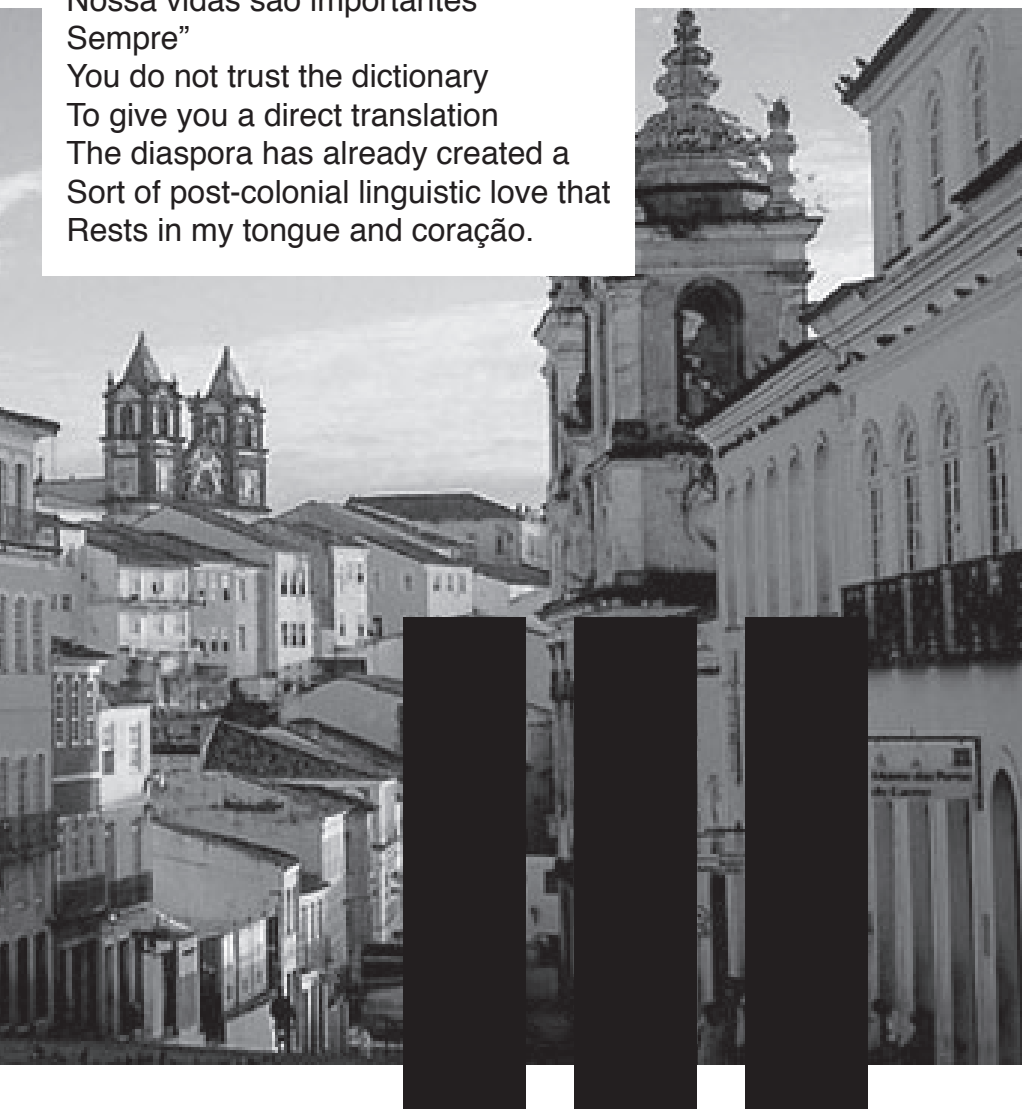
You do not trust the dictionary

To give you a direct translation

The diaspora has already created a

Sort of post-colonial linguistic love that

Rests in my tongue and coração.



UNTITLED

// Jen Wang

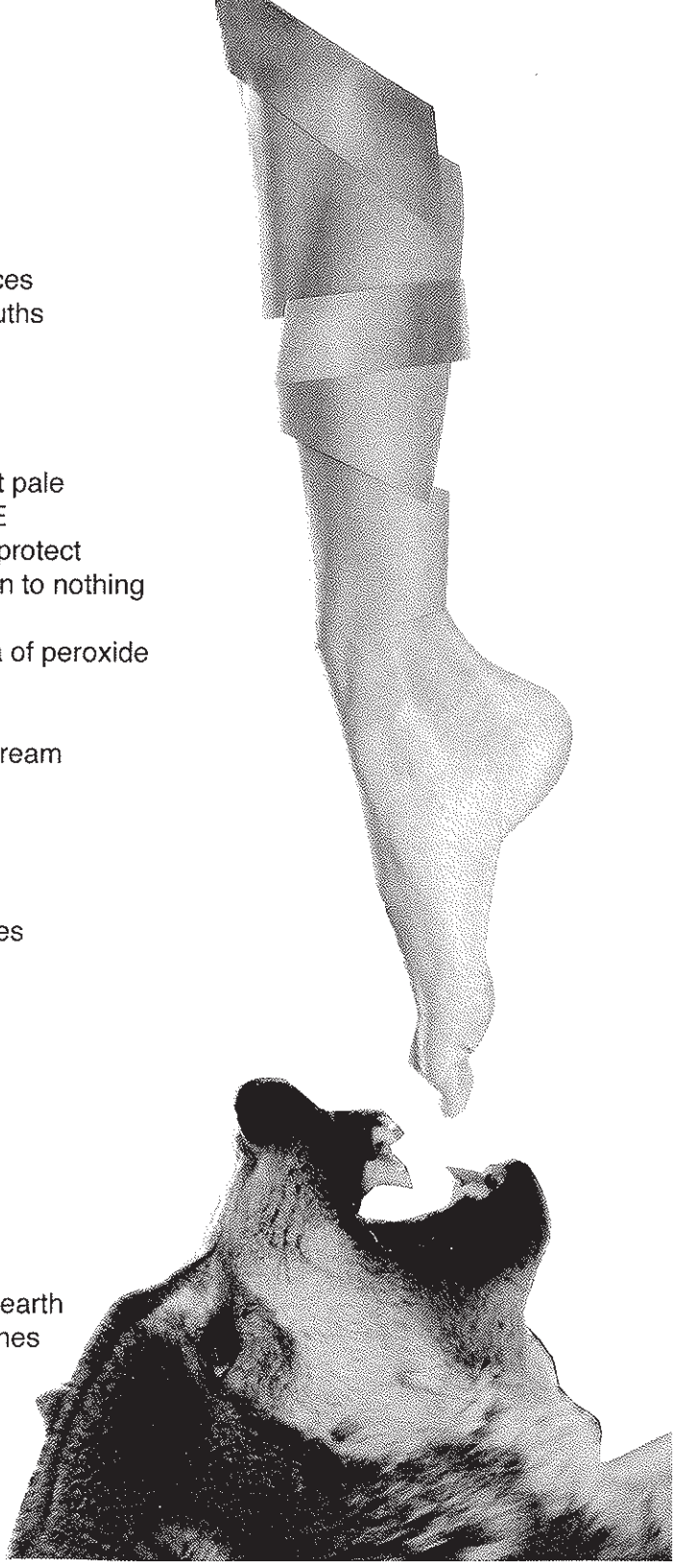
upon my birth,
i fell from the sky
into a sea of white faces
with gaping open mouths

when i hit the water
it burned bleach
my skin withered and
stretched but wouldn't pale
read the burn as FIRE
read the fire as gotta protect
what they trying to turn to nothing

years floating in a sea of peroxide
hardened my skin
cowhide
and after a delirious dream
of melting snow
i woke up
mooing in a field

with a wolf at my ankles
it snarled
"mother,
come be
the marrow
in my bones"

how could i refuse
a hungry babe?
i named the child
minneapolis
it tore my udders split earth
chewed out my intestines
and then climbed in
burrowed into
my belly



this was the moment
when I remembered to be afraid of dying
and was grateful when life did not leave me

i like to think minneapolis eats all my worst dreams
the ones where i am utterly nothing
where there is a kitchen knife in my shoulder
the blade snaps, the world still keeps swinging
and there is no blood to call forth
and the earth is crying a sea of faceless bodies

and for a long time, all of them looked just like me

it wasn't until minneapolis that i really looked at my body
traced the stitches where its teeth
re-taught me that i had flesh
the mirror called me a poet and i said yes
i like that
the poet called me a revolutionary and i said
that sounds about right
the revolution asked for my mind and i said
here are the teeth with which i chew
i learned from minneapolis that we
have to break things down
to build them up

when minneapolis grew older,
it split open my torso and spilled out of me as a mountain
my chest ached, i said i'll miss you
minneapolis said you're a survivor

you'll live



You Can Call Me No
// Katie Robinson

I believe in parts of us that never stop colliding.
I want to call a spade a queen.
I'm an effigy unwinding into my stone middle and
you can call me no.
you can call me no
I will name myself Baby
call myself Baby and smear my ink
up down and through your weary tongue.
how's that taste?
do you like my hat? it matches my cape.

(A large, stylized graphic element consisting of thick black lines forming the letters 'NO!!!' and a series of smaller, repeating 'NO' characters below it.)

Untitled

// Amal Gazey

Living in minnesota is like mental suicide
Attempting to conform
Dying to reform
Hating the norm
It's a perfect storm ... Waiting to happen
Passive aggressive .. White men and women
Holding strong..... To.... Whiteness
The very whiteness that is toxic to my existence
My brown presence exists.. Bitches
Take that now what?
Your tongues Spits and
Hearts filled with internalized racism

Yet your tongues ... Speak reverse racism

Black and brown men and women:
Our turn is now
Our vibrant beings
The sun is longing to shine on our spirits
We must claim our Brownness and blackness ... It is.... And
shall be the sun

MY BROWN PRESENCE EXISTS

MY BROWN PRESENCE EXISTS

MY BROWN PRESENCE EXISTS

MY BROWN PRESENCE EXISTS

MY BROWN PRESENCE EXISTS

MY BROWN PRESENCE EXISTS

MY BROWN PRESENCE EXISTS

MY BROWN PRESENCE EXISTS

MY BROWN PRESENCE EXISTS

MY BROWN PRESENCE EXISTS

MY BROWN PRESENCE EXISTS

MY BROWN PRESENCE EXISTS



BITCHES



Where the Grass Grows

// Adja Gildersleve

The sun rises
The morning dew leaves us shivering
Trying to keep our cool with all of our might
Evening arrives with a ray of light
And the wind blows all the leaves away
Leaving us naked
We are exposed to the world
But no one sees us
We are not as loved as the daisy or sunflower
We are walked and trampled on
Without say or power
All we can do is stand tall and bold
Until we become frail
Or that guy mows us down
But tomorrow comes
And we rise again



UNTITLED

// Crystal Brown

I. Sometimes

The Village is spread

Far

and

WIDE

&

those that are Woke

remain in a constant,

steady

cycle of

Inspiration and Exhaustion

Knowing deep loss in many forms &

Cultivating Hope when it is the only

Logical and yet Spiritually satisfying

move to make

hand to play

taking time to mediate

Seeking answers and knowledge

Moving forward always

with the past as

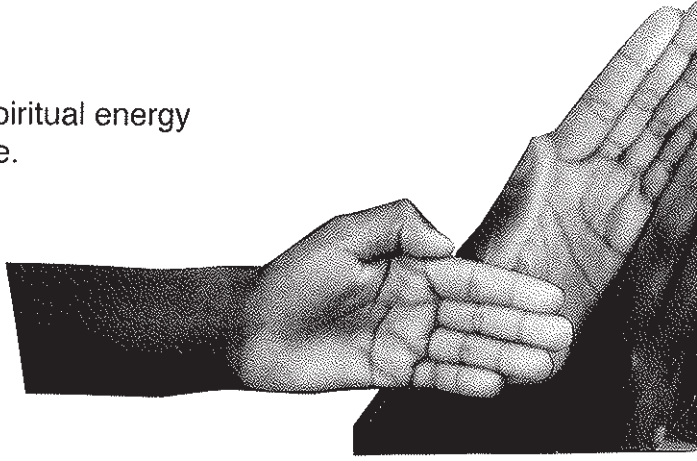
Lesson

Reaching out

feeling

the collective spiritual energy

Inside The Tribe.



II. Granted

(Lately) I have found myself
examining my own
Whiteness
within the context of
belonging to 'minoritygroups'
that folks use First anyway...



III. ***boxes***

You still

wanna

put me in a

box

check here

optional/not optional

Prefer not to Answer

for research/government/statistical

purposes ONLY

save the Speech for some

person who has the time

'cuz

mine is always

precious

black/white/native/two or more races/multicultural

heterosexual/bisexual/queer

what if I don't like any-

another box

Another Fucking box

been trying to break free for a long time

The World keeps creating more

four corners for me to fit in

all nice and neat and clean

four corners for all my selves

as if they could be contained

four corners to house your perception

Of Me

as if Mark Here really says who I Am

four corners The World keeps creating

for Its Own Convenience

to further stall the Dream to

See Me
as anything other than
Human
anything other than
Crystal
where my authentic self
is Born over and over again

It's
 So
 Beautiful

but you wanna box It up
as if you know Me
you wanna box It up
as if by doing so you've
got Me Figured Out
wanna box It up
to keep Me down
with Policy and Practice
for your twisted Pleasure
box It up
because It benefits you

How am I suppose dismantle The System
using the same
boxes
language
mentality
they used to Steal
MyFreedom
from the Start ?

IV. Rebirth

Today I woke up with a renewed Spirit
my Heart filled with a New Sense of Beating from the
Drums

a

Power

Strength

Ain't gonna take This Shit NO MORE

Time to March On

Demand the Impossible

Attitude

cuz

We Must

No other options left

Revolution is around The

Corner

are You

With US?

#letsdothisalready #revolution

#blacklivesmatter

END WHITE PRIVILEGE

**UNARMED
CIVILLIAN**

**HANDS UP
DON'T SHOOT**

**WE ARE NOT
THE ENEMY**

**BLACK QUEER TRANS
LIVES MATTER**

**BOYCOTT
BLACK FRIDAY**

**THE WHOLE
DAMN SYSTEM IS
GUILTY AS HELL**

SHUT IT DOWN

I AM AN AMERICAN

photo // Amal Gazey



**DO I LOOK
OPPRESSED TO YOU?**

UNTITLED

// Adrienne Doyle

Thinking about space.

Thinking about being a woman of color in public space.

Thinking about the ways in which I've learned to behave in public space as a woman of color.

Thinking about the way I want to lower my voice when speaking with another woman of color about race and organizing and personal experiences while we sit in a café full of white folks.

Thinking about how I don't lower my voice.

Thinking about gay bars.

Thinking about how my personal space and important discussions with other women of color have been interrupted by men immersed in their whiteness and their entitlement and their game of pool.

Thinking about not moving for white folks.

Thinking about trying not to feel bad about not moving for white folks.

Thinking about the intersectionality of my identity as a fat queer brown woman, and wondering why I've learned to make myself small.





Thinking about safe space.

Thinking about creating safe spaces as an act of resistance.

Thinking about the improvised safe spaces – the ones made up of folks' houses or music or people or love.

Thinking about all the vulnerability and gentleness and laughter and growth that happens there.

Thinking about feeling valued there, being understood there, loving others there.

Thinking about why we have to make those spaces in the first place.

Thinking about the work of acknowledging and valuing and loving and validating myself enough to feel comfortable and unapologetic about taking up public space.

