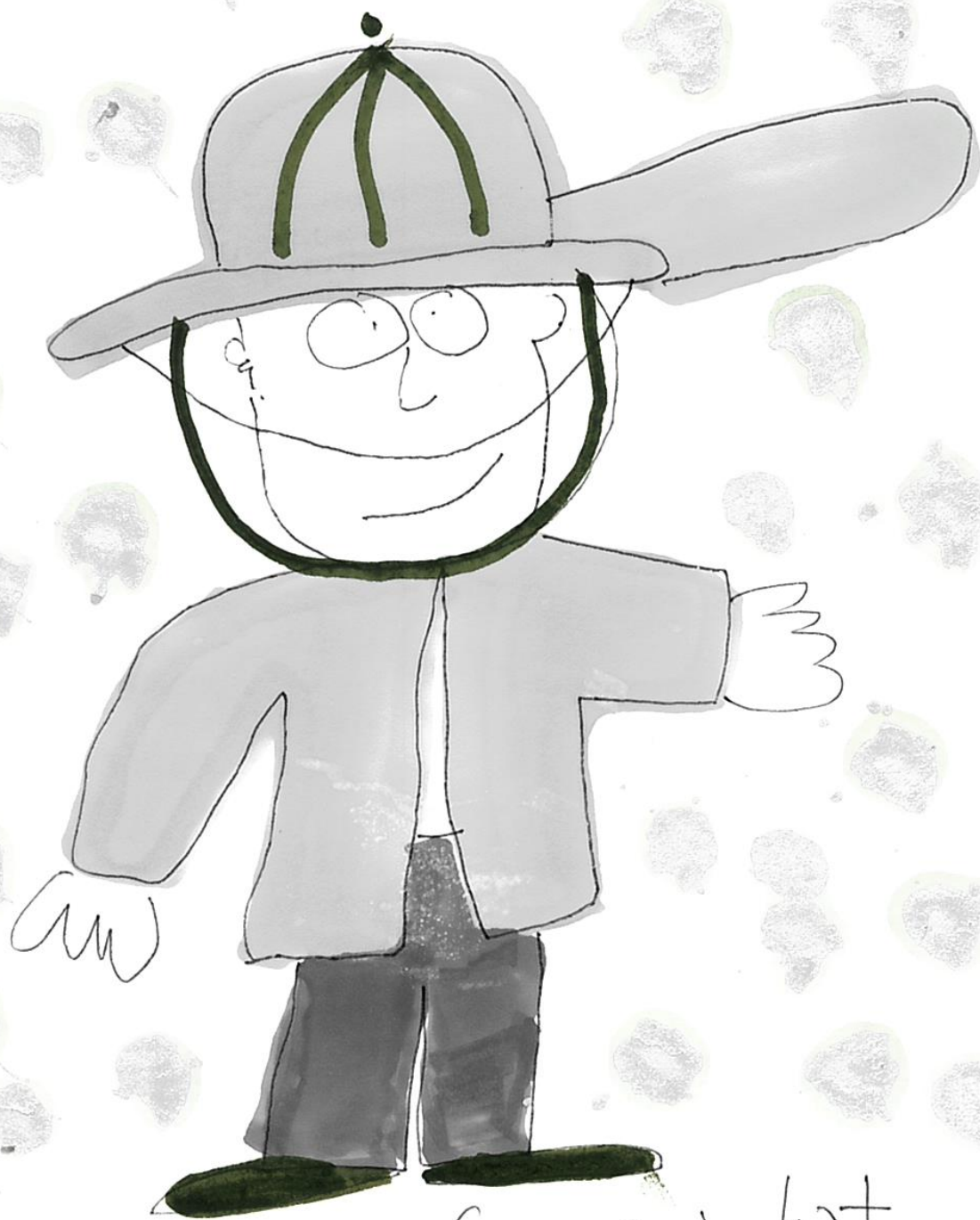


# Zine by mae

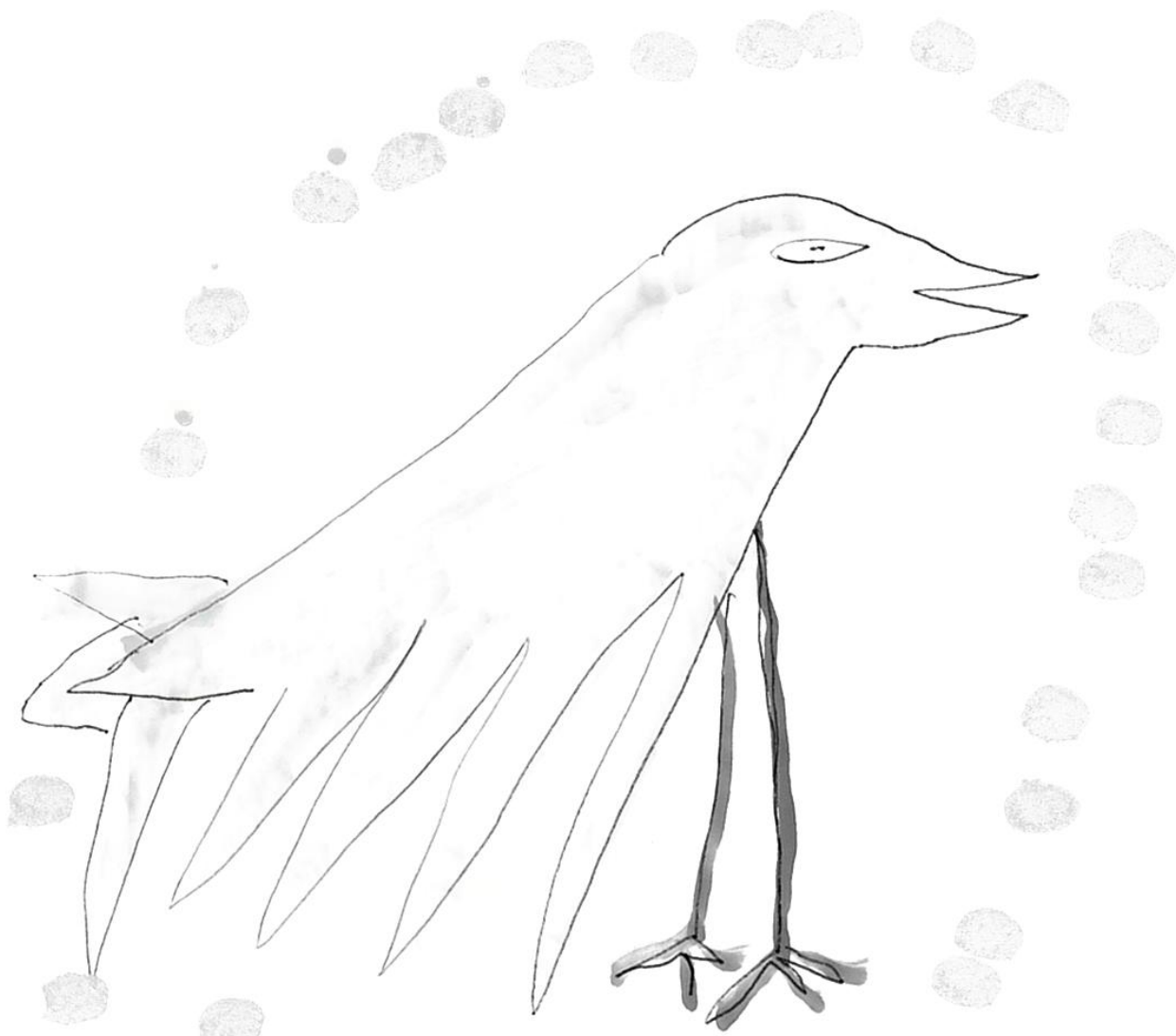


Thoughts with  
SPLOTS

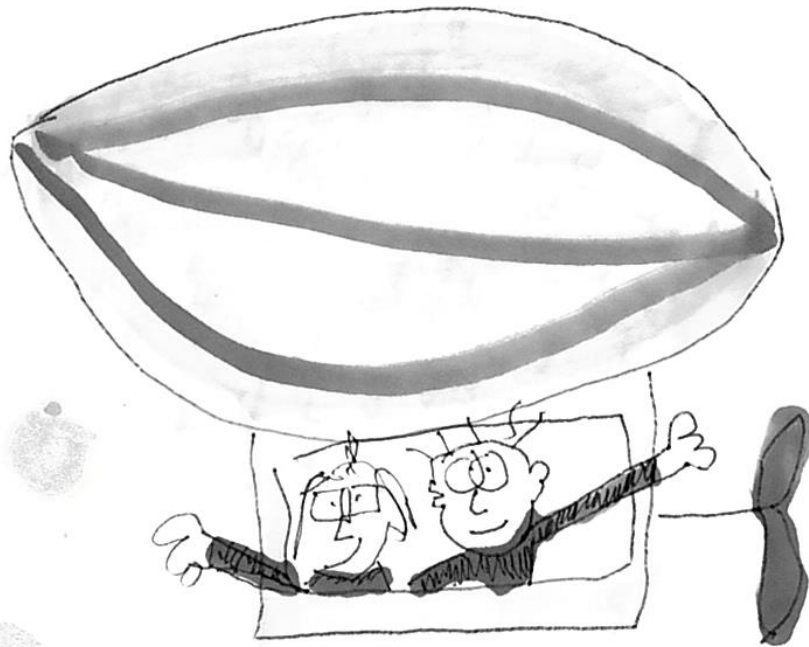
mae



Wear my fireman's hat  
No fire but reminds me  
When I fought fires



Crane on beach  
Beach on water  
me on beach  
Pay attention Don't miss  
what is in front



wish we could  
fly around dirship  
ship in the dir  
Bring back the blimps  
Blimping around  
together



What kind of bird  
would I be?

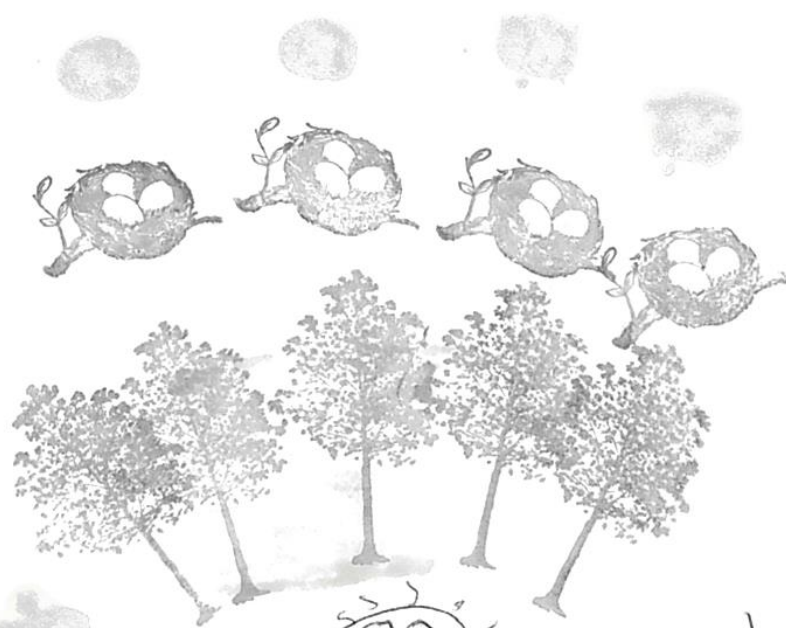
Maybe, a dove?

Flying over seeing down  
Eating grains and grass



Jesus said see  
how the birds live on  
the land. free on the land  
They freeze to death, also  
Drop dead from hunger, also  
Get hunted, also  
They don't have free life  
They have another life

Birds come from eggs  
hear the birds  
where I walk



Hill  
behind  
apartment  
behind  
where I

live

There is a protective cry  
walk too close to the nest

So much to do  
not enough time

trying to  
figure out

what is important



what comes first  
and second and third

Standing on my head  
might help my head  
get right with life

Write about getting  
right

Just to put my life  
in

Perspective

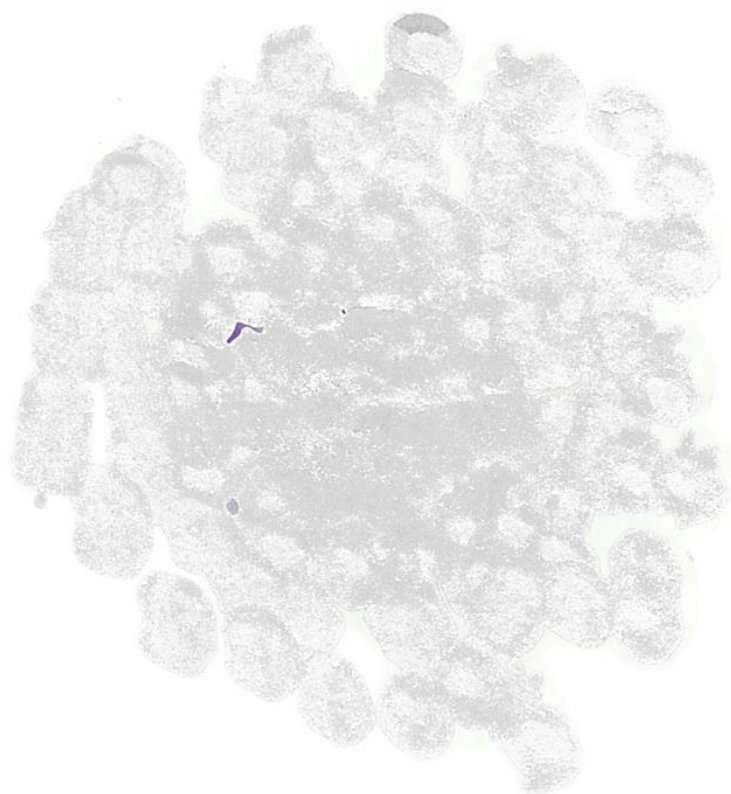


If a hippo can  
I can  
well, not  
always



Hippos live in  
water longer than  
me

Hippos waddle  
I walk  
still like the looks of  
Hippo



When is the end  
not the end?

When the end  
doesn't end

THE END