this zine-maker now works in an office with no windows. this zine was born on day 2, by lunch hour.
Invisible people

Today I crashed into an invisible woman

One of the invisible people

I pushed open the office door, smack into her face

Her broom clattered to the floor

A frown creased her forehead

She saw me. Smiled her official smile,

And disappeared.

Invisible woman. One of the invisible people
And she said, ‘we are all just prisoners here, of our own device’

‘Hotel California’
aboriginal Box art depicting the ceiling with AC vents and lights.
ID IS NOT AN OFFICIAL HOLIDAY EVER.

YOU LEARN NEW THINGS EVERY DAY.