

Nightstand

Over the past year of pandemic, as we navigate more at-home-ness, rest and explore a deeper intimacy with our internal selves - the spaces we inhabit become portals for self reflection, noticing and altars for honoring the daily task of surviving.

This zine is a glimpse into the everyday sacred and mundane of people we know. The parts of themselves we seldom see yet are alive with stories of humanness. The nightstand as a witness to our long days & early mornings, our tears and cereal in bed, our sex and new/old lovers.

Each person was asked to take an un-curated snap of thier nightstand + name it with a title. These are their stories.



## Tools & Elixirs





sleepless nights





Ralph, she's tired



Sky watcher





Days soft edge





We have a nightstand ?



Liminal blooms





Tincture Baby





I'd Rather Use  
This Make  
Shift  
Nightstand  
Than Sleep On  
Your Side Of  
The Bed



Cups of Lovers Spit





Untitled





Untitled



# Bedside Manner

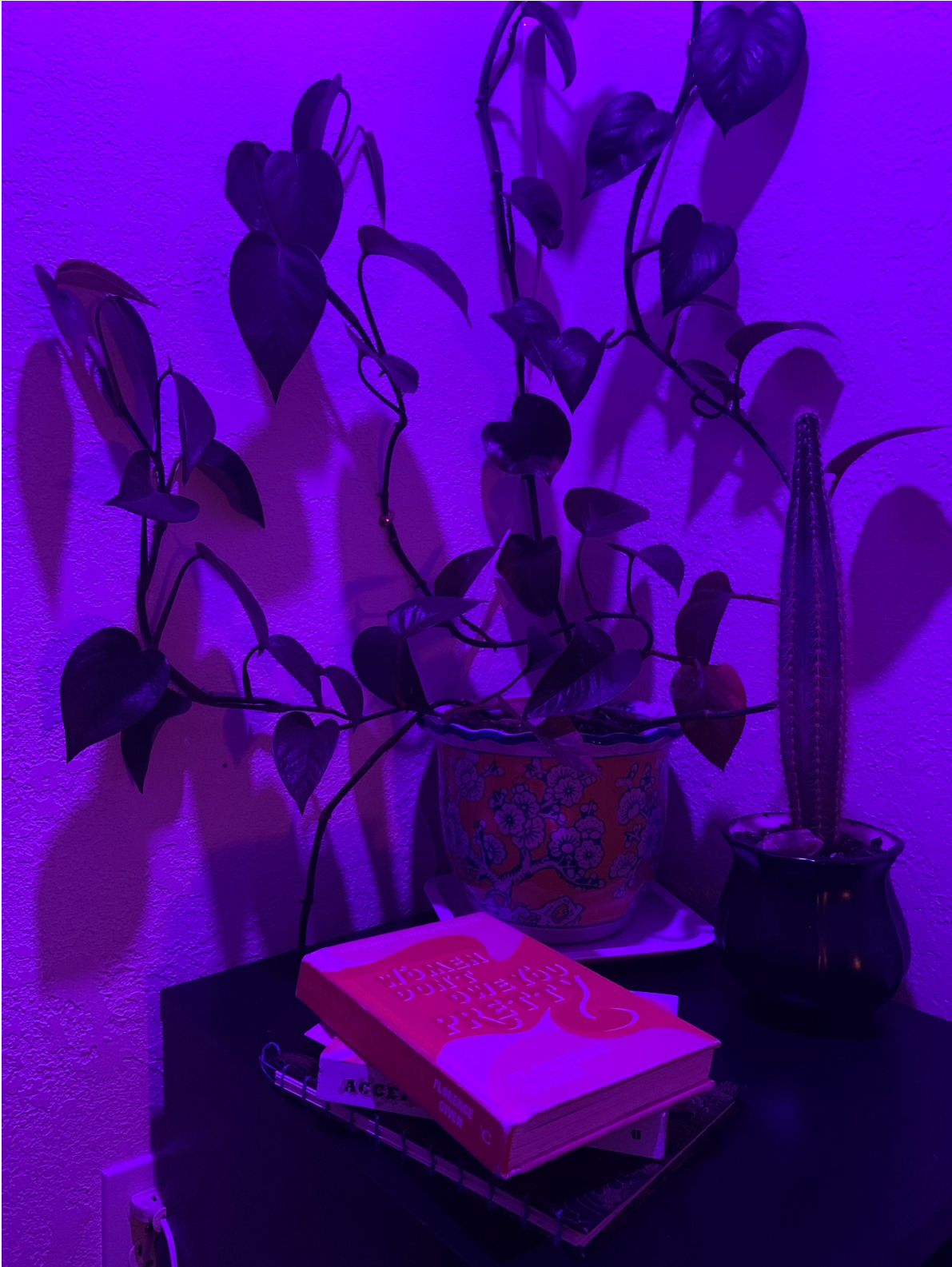


Trying To Save





4sex



Untitled





Voyais Violet



A Mess



Visioned by  
Carmelle & Dax

Sweet Dreams from  
Coast Salish  
Territory

