

**FRIENDS WHO
CARE**

**This zine was made in
gratitude of living and
creating on the Wsanec,
Esquimalt and Lekwungen
speaking peoples
homelands.**

**HOW DOES CARING WORK WHEN WE
FEEL BURNOUT/ WE ARE
UNLEARNING/ WE ARE IN OUR
TRAUMA? HOW DO WE SHOW UP AND
GIVE? CARING IS THE INTERSECTION
OF HEALING, LOVE AND GENTLENESS.
THIS ZINE EXPLORES HOW WE SEE
AND EVOKE CARE WITHIN OURSELVES
AND COMMUNITIES.**

Relation

The words I care
Loose on my lips
I try not to say it too loud
Where do love and care cross over
And separate their bodies of water once again

When Am I the gardener and you are the fig
tree

And when does it change
What is martyrdom and how do I stop
How much am I centring myself
And how much do I dissolve away

I get paid to care
And if that is how capitalism works
and I've commodify what I am good at
I've lost myself during this process
I am hard worker and does that mean more than
my rest?

Written By Dax

Ask for support tea

Plants that offer care for when we have over extended ourselves. A deeply tonifying, nutritive and gently adaptogenic blend to offer support to the nervous system and adrenals. Taken daily as a tonic or acutely in times of stress and depletion.

1 tbsp oat straw or milky oats

1 tbsp tulsi

1 tbsp nettle

1 tbsp mint

Add all herbs to a large 32oz mason jar or tea press. Cover with boiling water, stir and let steep for 20 mins with a lid. Serve hot or cold with honey to sweeten. Ask for support while sipping the brew.

Recipe by Carmelle



Maren Sinclair-Eckert

Disembody

Something has changed.

The rug pulled out from under me, I am standing on
new ground now.

Last night was disorienting.

Unfamiliar,

I didn't recognize her face or

How we'd ended up beside each other. I was newly in
my body,

Feeling her gaze for the first time.

I could ground into her love, Our touch.

Hand on my body, Discovering.

Soft.

Each movement meant something. Every kiss an
invitation,

Closer.

"I don't have to be afraid, I'm drawn to you."

We stop to look at each other.

As I see her depth,

I feel my own.

Am I my body, or am I something else,
Somewhere else?

It's true.

We are just humans who've found our way
next to each other.

Still, I feel there's more.
It is not deeper or hidden,
But moving and flowing
All around.

Dissociated,
Disembodied.

Where did I go and
How did the expansion happen?

I feel as though I've been blown open. Now
to see this world from a
Different point of view.
I feel naked,

Unsure of how to behave. How do I move
now? How do I want to dance?
It's okay to be changed, I can rest.
This will settle, too.

Written by D Elliott



Maren Sinclair-Eckert

Hands, Holding

Letting go;

She is an expression of myself, a knowing
She visits often when my grasp tightens on
life, when my eyes grow accustomed to old
comforts Comforts of a younger self, ways of
witnessing and being witnessed
that I cherished when I first encountered them
Being understood, one layer deeper
A freedom, a pleasure, in feeling seen
I hadn't quite felt it like this before
It feels honest this way, to show yourself
Patiently, closer to yourself
One layer at a time
I am whole where I am and where I was, as
much as I knew how to feel
But I made myself so much smaller then

Relationships built on an honest love, from and
for a smaller self

What happens when I start to speak up? To
show myself, again, one layer deeper To share
myself, a little less afraid of not being as
easygoing

not acting with as much of a need to please
still with a tender heart

Will there still be space for me?

Will they still witness me with understanding
eyes?

This space, that allows me to move more
honestly, more easefully than before
it is unfamiliar to them, too

Bitter it might taste to some, and incredibly
sweet to others

I can't control this

it can only be a gift in showing itself to me

Like roots sink deep into soil, interwoven,
nurturing each other
we grow into similar spaces
in the moments we're able to hold each other, in
the ways we know how

This changes as my limbs stretch to the earth
and sun, as my heart grows wider and eyes
clearer as my voice grows more honest and less
afraid

We grow deeper, together, in showing ourselves
In reaching my fingers to meet yours, and feeling
our hands hold each other

There is room for us both to reach

I'm still learning this

Learning that I don't need to hold my arms close
to me to feel your warmth

I don't need to make myself smaller to be held,
valued, loved

I am learning this in reaching

Some hands feel colder to the touch than I
knew to recognize, maybe they preferred
a smaller self I'm coming to peace with
this

They are still learning how to share space,
too

Other hands feel so much safer, more loving
and tender and honest than I could've
known I can let go into holding each other, I
can let go into myself
I can let go

Written by Olivia Zappone



It's a photo of a garden
from an old north coast
fishing village that was
tended by a Japanese family
before the internment. I'm
thinking lately about how
gardens and land tending
knowledge get passed
through generations as a
practice of care, historically
how we treat the earth as a
mirror for how we treat
each other and the parallels
of generational healing and
trauma that are passed
down in cellular memory of
both plant and flesh

Photo and Words By Carmelle

THINKS TO THE
FRIENDS WHO
MADE THIS
MEAN
SOMETHING.
SO MUCH LOVE.

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