

BOY GIRL BABBLER

ISSUE #01:
HOMECOMING

BY: JENNA

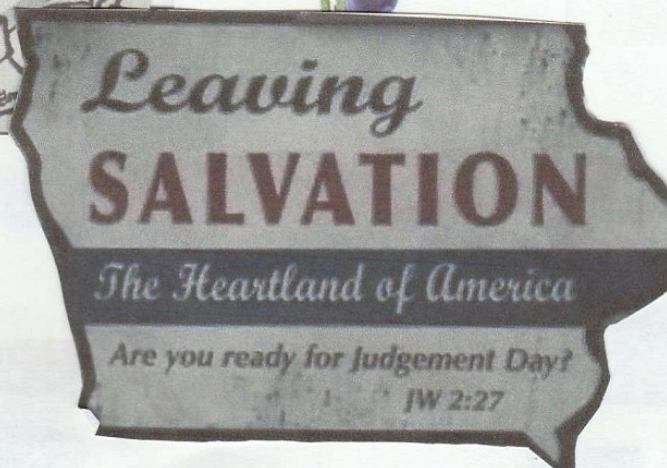
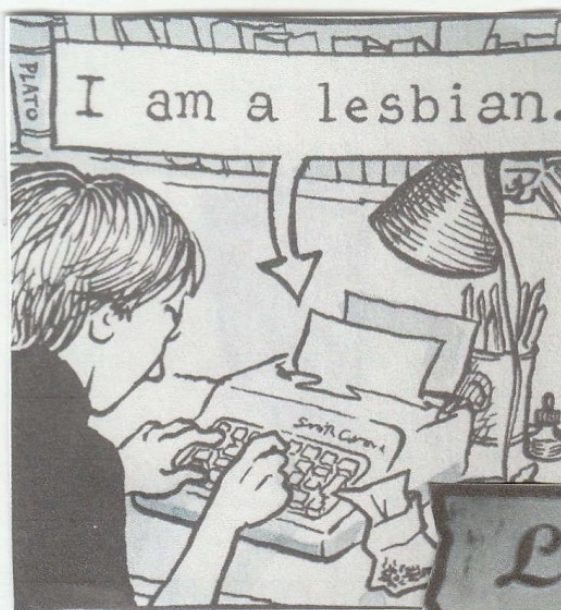
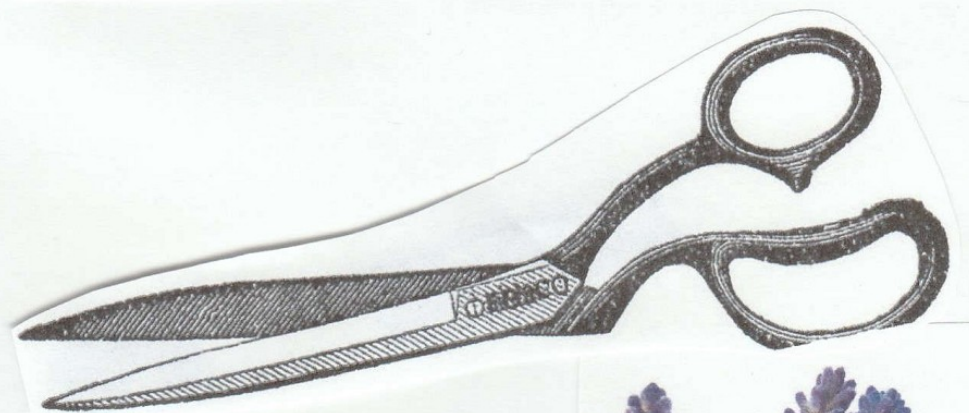


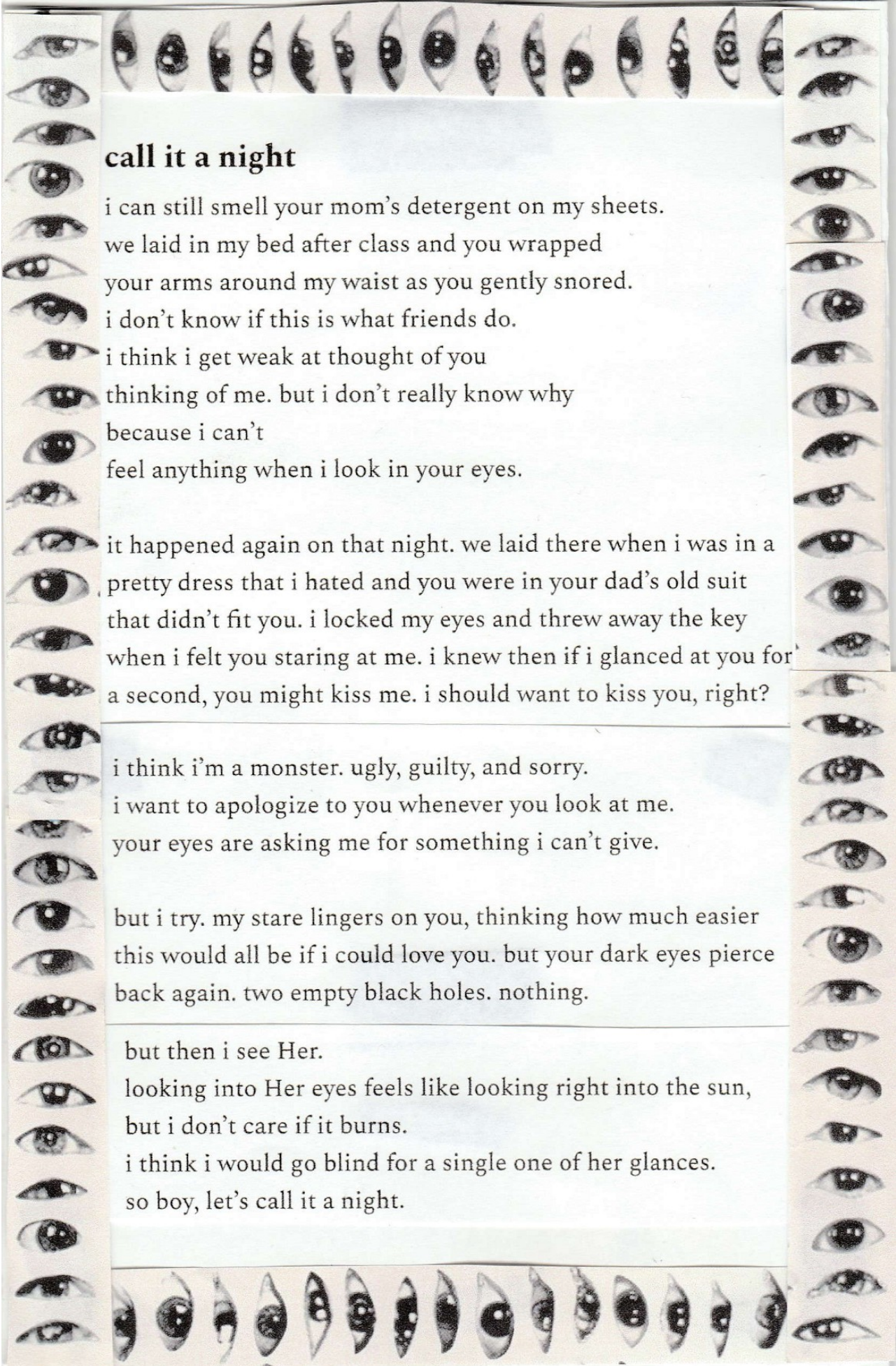
hello, welcome to the boygirl babbles
zine! my name is jenna and here are
some of my very queer emotions spilled
out on these pages for you to read.
i hope you enjoy :)



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call it a night

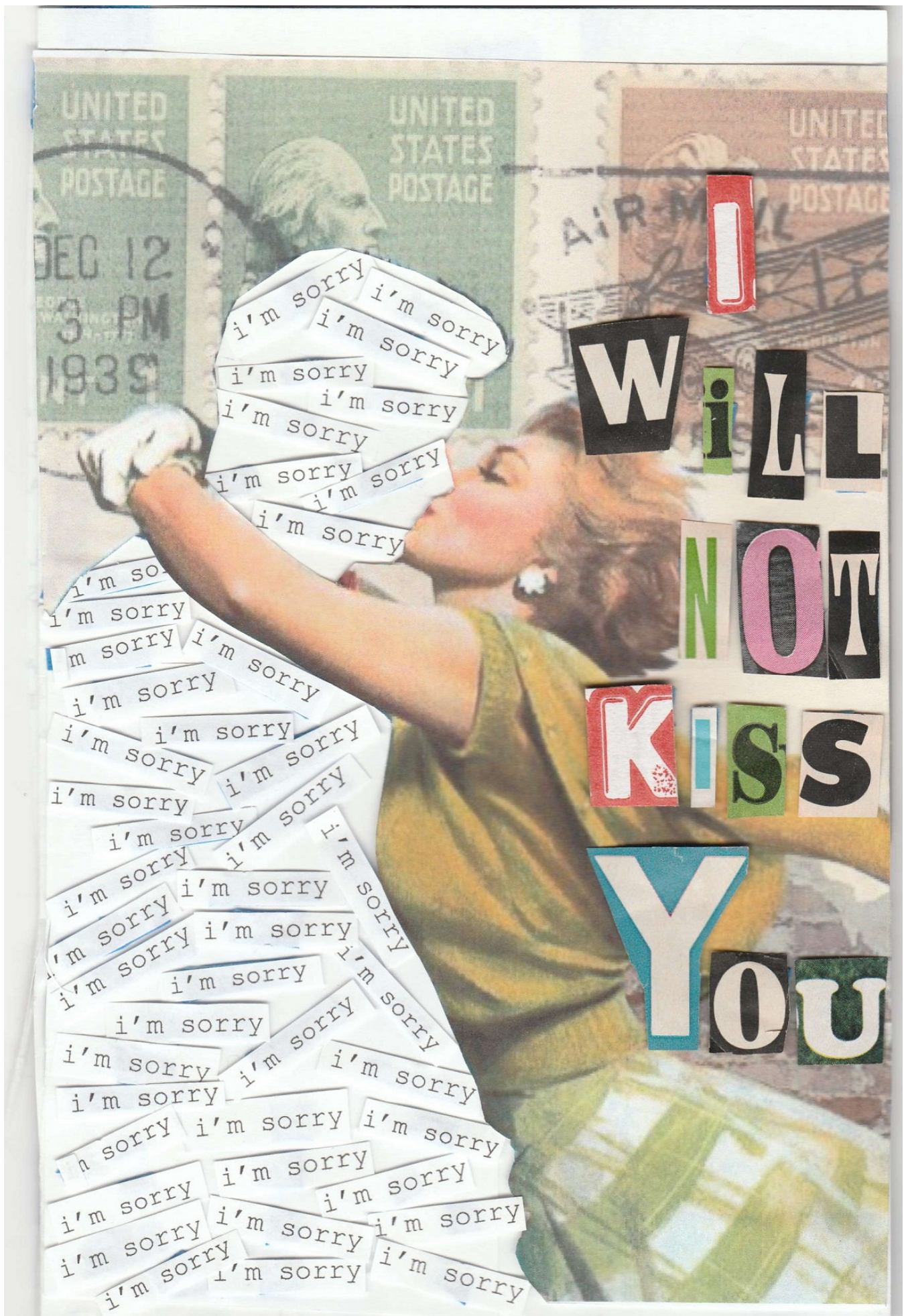
i can still smell your mom's detergent on my sheets.
we laid in my bed after class and you wrapped
your arms around my waist as you gently snored.
i don't know if this is what friends do.
i think i get weak at thought of you
thinking of me. but i don't really know why
because i can't
feel anything when i look in your eyes.

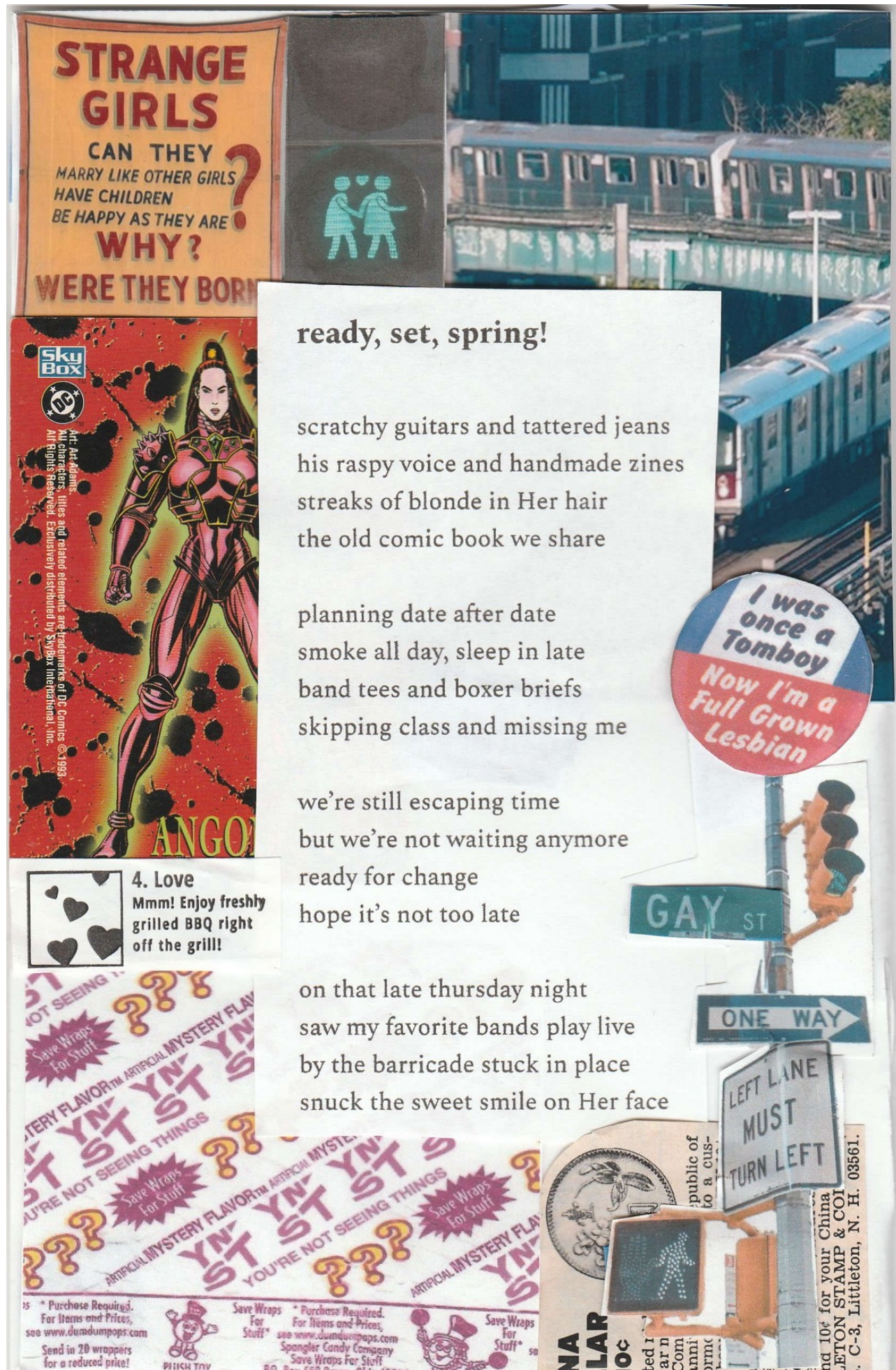
it happened again on that night. we laid there when i was in a
pretty dress that i hated and you were in your dad's old suit
that didn't fit you. i locked my eyes and threw away the key
when i felt you staring at me. i knew then if i glanced at you for
a second, you might kiss me. i should want to kiss you, right?

i think i'm a monster. ugly, guilty, and sorry.
i want to apologize to you whenever you look at me.
your eyes are asking me for something i can't give.

but i try. my stare lingers on you, thinking how much easier
this would all be if i could love you. but your dark eyes pierce
back again. two empty black holes. nothing.

but then i see Her.
looking into Her eyes feels like looking right into the sun,
but i don't care if it burns.
i think i would go blind for a single one of her glances.
so boy, let's call it a night.





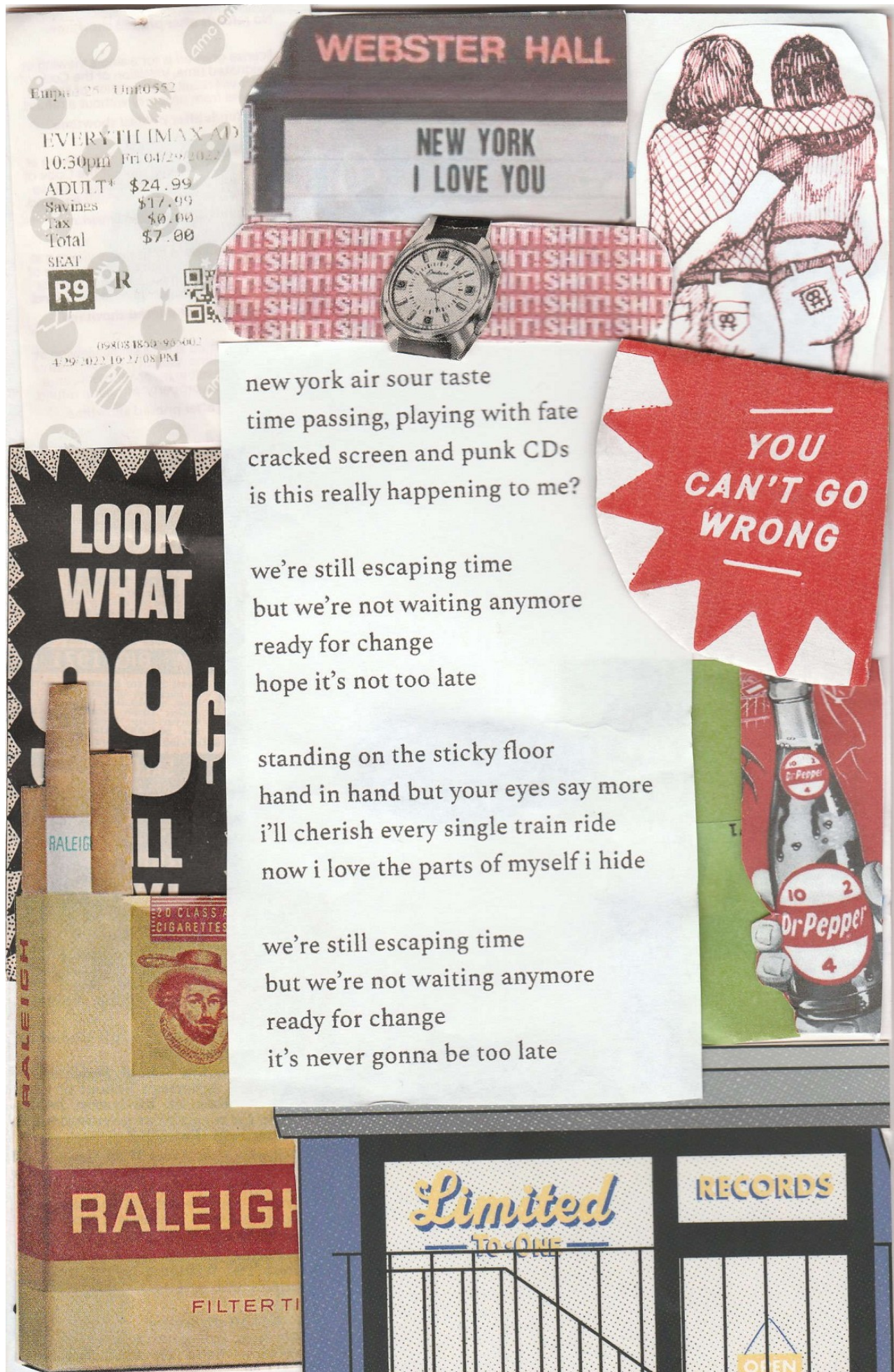
ready, set, spring!

scratchy guitars and tattered jeans
his raspy voice and handmade zines
streaks of blonde in Her hair
the old comic book we share

planning date after date
smoke all day, sleep in late
band tees and boxer briefs
skipping class and missing me

we're still escaping time
but we're not waiting anymore
ready for change
hope it's not too late

on that late thursday night
saw my favorite bands play live
by the barricade stuck in place
snuck the sweet smile on Her face



"he looks better as a girl"

a joke made in confidence
something other people
wouldn't find funny
flooded in a sea of laughter,
the signals of understanding
my stomach and cheeks ached
but not like how they usually do.

a joke i wouldn't be able
to speak out loud
back when i first met you
as the fear whispered back at me
"it's too much."

a joke that i knew would make you laugh
because through this lens
i can see every part of you
so there, laughing in my messy room
lost into girlish adolescence,
i understood you so queerly.





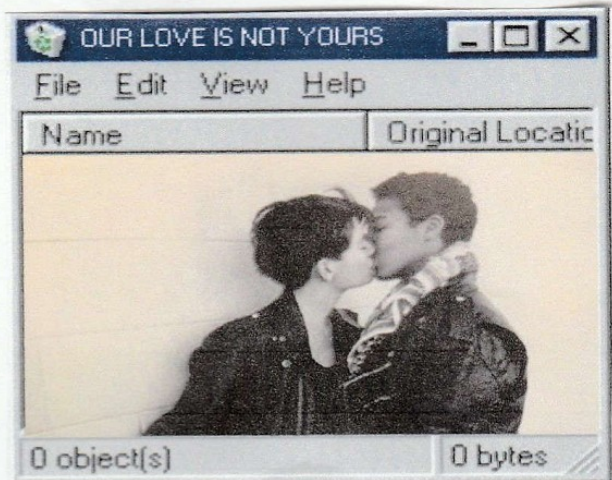
sweet nothing



in my brother's old clothes
my hand on the back of your neck
can i slide down to your waste
before i can forget?

i don't care if there's pictures
or lingering eyes
to a straight club song
you let me in
for a night

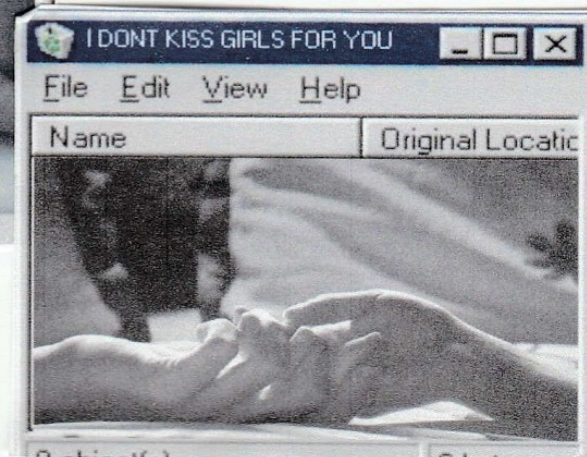
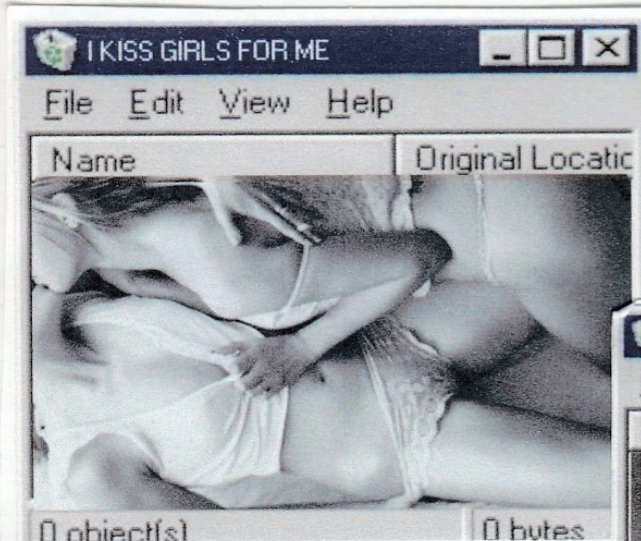
in the back of the dirty bar
your hand is my fading hair
can we go to the stall
so they don't have to see it all?

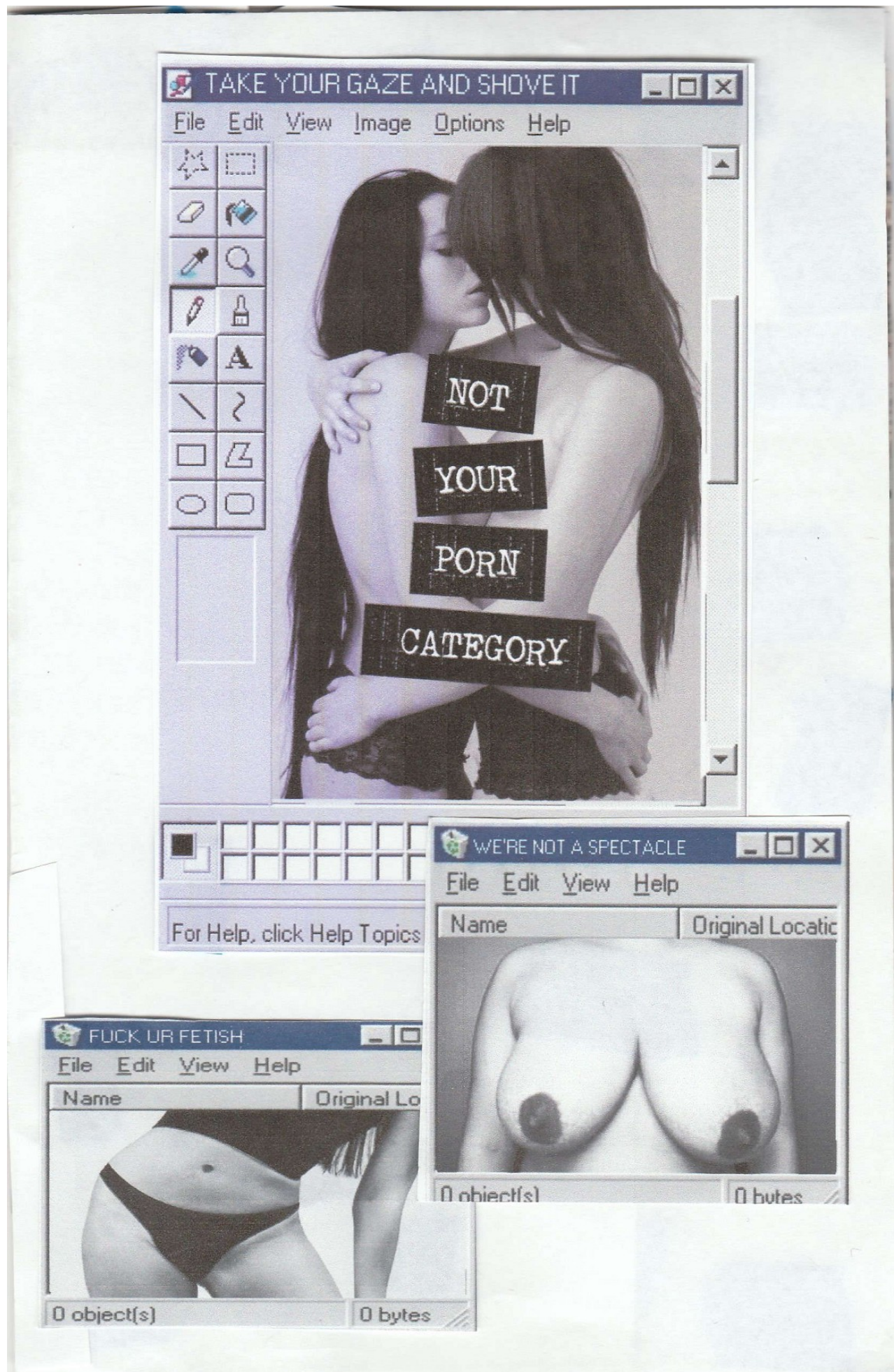


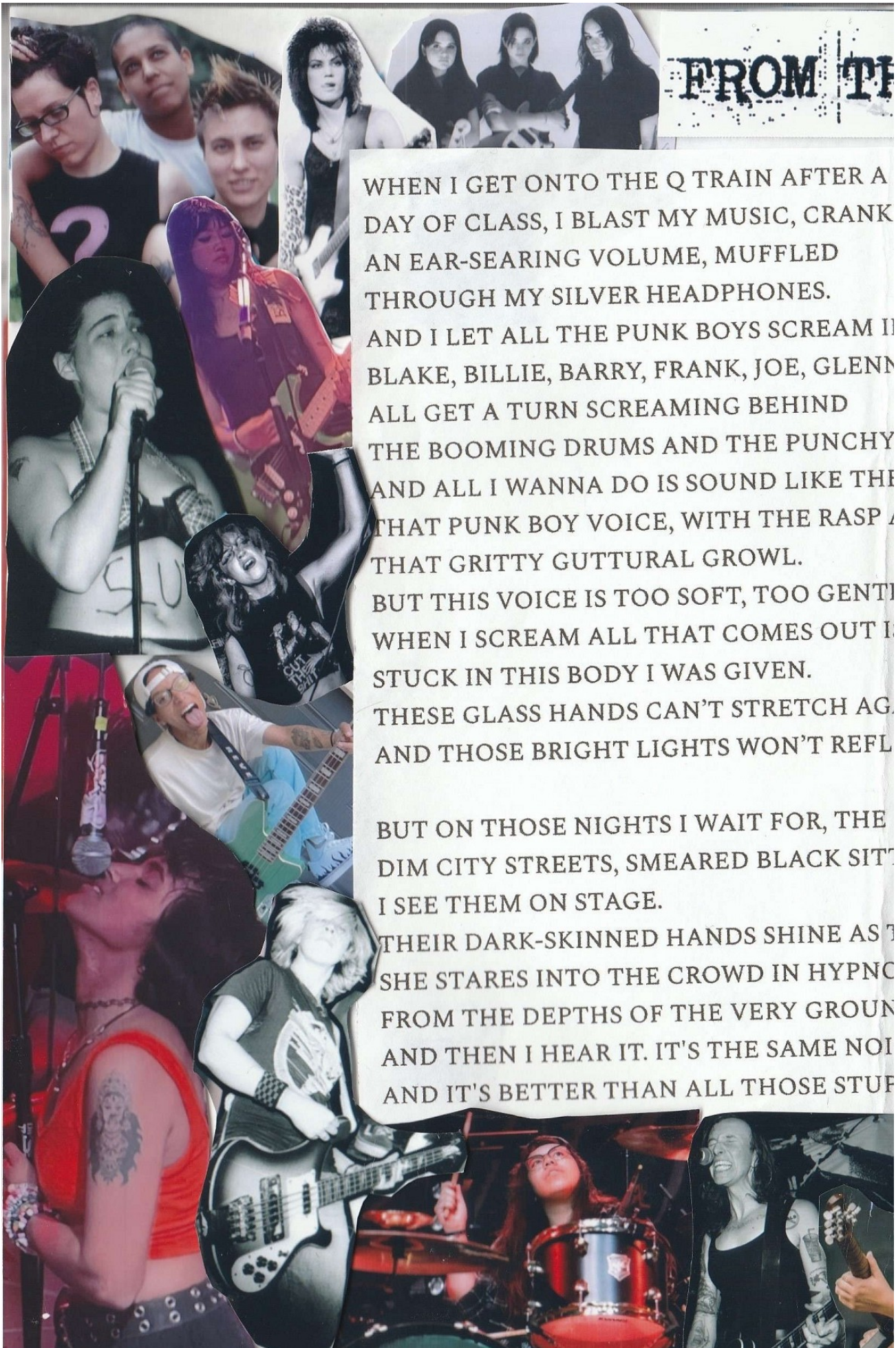
i don't want any pictures
or lingering eyes
we're not some spectacle
you use to get off to
for the night

stumbling to the car
our hands draped across the dash
can you kiss me once more
while it fades to black?

maybe i'm glad there's pictures
of me looking in your eyes
it was a sweet soft
sour kiss baby
for a fleeting time







THE PIT

A LONG, DREADFUL
KED UP TO

IN MY EARS.
IN, AND TOMMY

Y GUITARS.
HEM. LIKE HIM.
AND CRACKS.

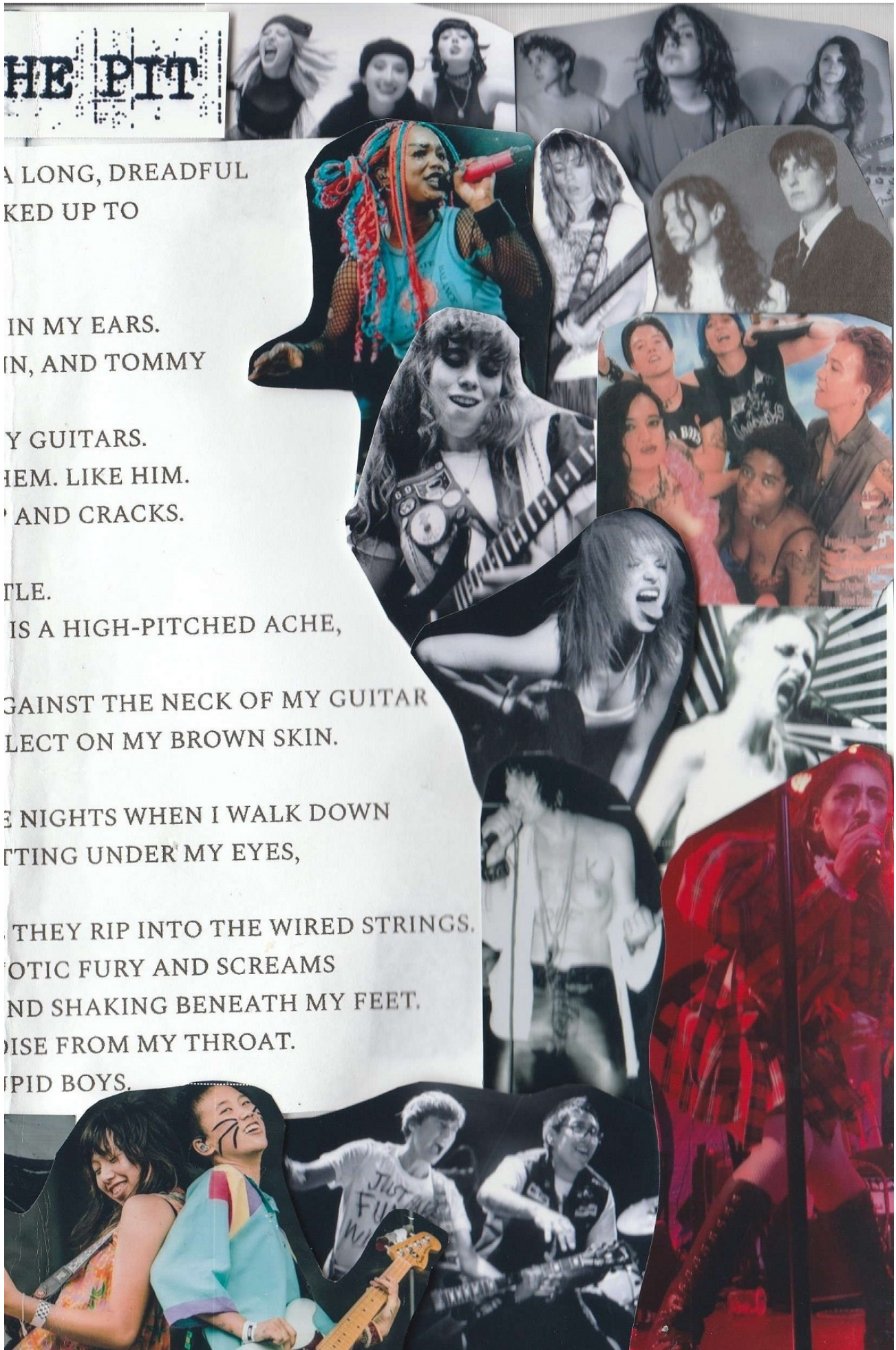
TLE.

IS A HIGH-PITCHED ACHE,

AGAINST THE NECK OF MY GUITAR
LECT ON MY BROWN SKIN.

E NIGHTS WHEN I WALK DOWN
TING UNDER MY EYES,

THEY RIP INTO THE WIRED STRINGS.
OTIC FURY AND SCREAMS
ND SHAKING BENEATH MY FEET.
ISE FROM MY THROAT.
PID BOYS.



thank you so so much for reading. i've wanted to make something like this for a long time and i finally did it! this whole process has brought me out of what feels like a years-long art block and reminded me why i love art so much. i'm so grateful i got to share some of my lesbian thoughts about guilt, attraction, friendship, fetishization, gender envy, and love. i hope you can find something, anything at all, out of these printed pages. thank you again!! and i hope to see you in the next issue <3



shoot me a message
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on instagram :)

