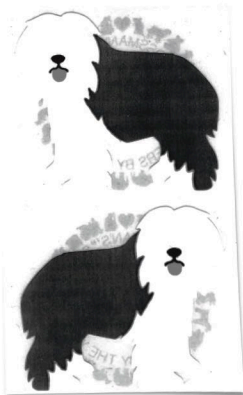


Wordsoup.neocities.org
@Scrape_your_knee



WORD
SOUP
ISSUE 8
AUG 25



April come she will
when streams are ripe
and swelled with rain

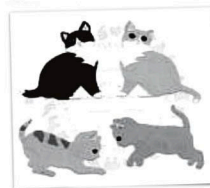
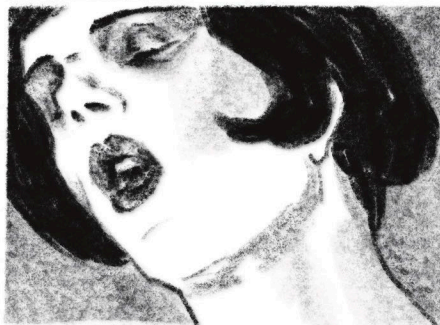
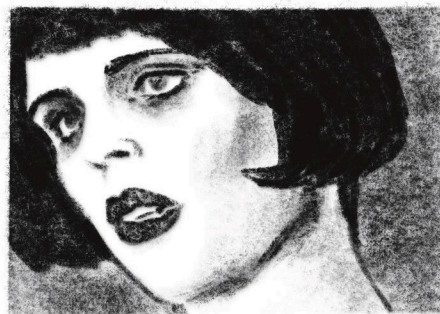
May she will stay
resting in my arms again

June she'll change her tune
in restless walks
she'll growl the night

July she will fly
and give no warnings
to her flight

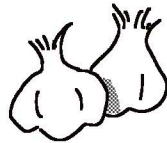
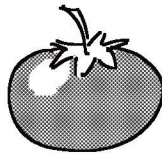
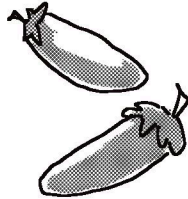
[August
die she must]
the autumn winds
blow chilly and cold

September I remember
a love once new
has now grown old.



august has been odd.
i think it has taken me until now to fully
understand/process that nearly 8 months
have passed. usually things move so fast
that it can be hard to feel the passage of
time but for whatever reason, i feel it now.
i feel very tired, i always do, but now it feels
like the result of something,
instead of a state of being.
it's been such a hot summer. all my ideas
are melted and stuck to the floor. this is a
collection of all the thoughts i've managed
to put together this month (a word soup,
some might call it).
all the fonts on here are ugly.

sometime in july I bought four jalapenos and a big bag of lentils at the store and my total was under \$3. and I think that that experience has really contributed to my recent love of lentils. I love lentils. you can put them in everything. cook up some lentils and put them in a salad. add them to your soups and curries. or give them the spotlight that they deserve (lentils as a main dish yayyy).

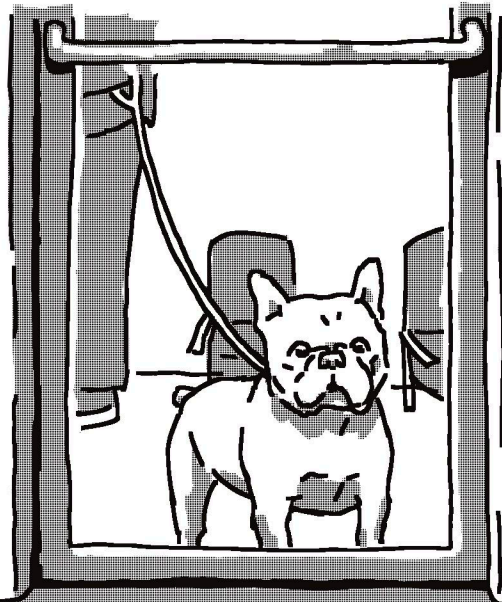


I like to get my little scoop of lentils, boil in 3-4x water for at least 30 minutes. add in some minced garlic, maybe some onion, perhaps one of the four jalapenos that you bought (for less than \$3). a nice drizzle of olive oil, a spoonful of tahini or maybe some peanut butter. get some spices in there. and then you have some lovely lentils! I serve them with a big scoop of greek yogurt, chopped tomato, and some sort of green stuff (maybe some steamed spinach, maybe some zucchini). and that is a delightful little meal just for you! I hope this inspires you to eat some lentils. #lentils #mylentils



if I was at *rhythm o*, I would use the feather to tickle her and make her laugh. I would put on the hat and make funny faces. I would stand next to her and hold her hand. I would hum songs to her. I would use the hammer and the nails to build a box, and I would put all of the dangerous things inside it.

I walk past the doors of a veterinarian's office extremely often, and the doors are set up so that the animals of the people inside can look out at the parking lot while they pay/make appointments/etc, so I always peek inside to see if there's anyone there. my most recent sighting was a white french bulldog. she made direct eye contact with me, as most of the dogs do. I wave to them as I go past.

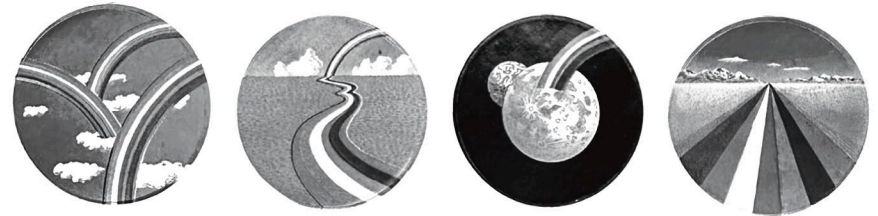


I was in a thrift store recently and as I walked up and down the aisles, I could hear multiple people singing to themselves as *sittin on the dock of the bay* played over the loudspeakers. *peace, love, and otis redding* I guess.

when I speak, it feels like I'm doing an accent.

extremely aware of how many of my sentences, in this zine and in other issues, start with 'I'. I don't like it, but I also don't know if there's another way to start a personal anecdote. how does one make a perzine or tell a story about themselves without it seeming like they are only interested in speaking about themselves? is there an inherent disconnect with the way that I am approaching this?

if you ever find yourself in a used bookstore, I recommend buying any copies you can find of your favorite book so that you can give them away to friends and other people who haven't read it (my book of choice is *pale fire*. btw).



in the last week or so I haven't been able to stop thinking about *I'm going home* from the rocky horror picture show. I haven't seen it in a few years. I've had no real reason to think about it. and yet one day I just felt a strong urge to listen to that song, and it hasn't really gone away.



***NO MATTER WHAT I DO, HE DIES
AT THE END OF THE MOVIE***

I went to a birding festival this month. I had never done anything like that before (going to a festival for a hobby, actively seeking out likeminded or likehobbed people, birding in a group). I just wanted to see what the experience was like. so I signed up for a few fieldtrips, woke up at 4am so I could be on time to said fieldtrip, and got in a van with a bunch of strangers to go look for birds. and whenever someone noticed any birds or animals, they would let the group know. and at one point I noticed a little curved tail on the top of a hill, so I very quietly mentioned it as we drove past it. and the van *stopped* and suddenly we were driving backwards on a dirt road to try and get back to the point where I saw it. and it was so weird to realize 'oh, these people are listening to me.' and even though we were in the middle of a terrible heat wave (it was over 110 F every day), and even though I didn't say much for the rest of the day, it was a very fun experience. maybe just for that one moment of instantly feeling accepted/trusted by this group of strangers. I hope it works out so that I can go next year (but also that there is no heat wave at the same time. because oh my god. oh my god. you can't escape those kinds of temperatures. not to call back to my own zine but I really had a point with *burst into flames*). anyway that is how our van group got to see a huge family (including several little babies) of white-nosed coati cross the road and climb up a cliff face. never doubt your coati-identifying skills, never be afraid to speak up, never doubt yourself, never admit when you're wrong, never apologize, etc.

those last few are jokes



DO IT FOR HER
DO IT FOR HER
DO IT FOR HER
DO IT FOR HER
DO IT FOR HER
DO IT FOR HER
DO IT FOR HER
DO IT FOR HER



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songs I've enjoyed recently

the doll house ★★
PHIL OCHS

this summer
BRIAN D'ADDARIO

tomorrow is my turn
one september day
NINA SIMONE

colourour > preferably the
bless me blackalackia
gagarin versions
MOSES SUMNEY



100% going to be my
most played song of the year

love takes miles
nausicaä (love will be revealed)
CAMERON WINTER

trinidad ← album out
next month
GEESE


wait for the summer
no need to worry
YEASAYER

point of disgust
LOW

i really, really like -like you ♡
only one
SEAN LEONARD

never rest
GREAT GRANDPA



I'm alright 
bless the telephone ***
love song for someone
a little more line

we can work it out
sir duke
if it's magic
STEVE WONDER

LABI SIMPRE

I know I'm late to
the party, but wow →

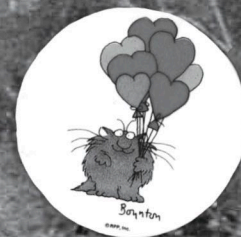
← sir duke has really been
stuck in my head recently.
it's just always playing, it's almost
as if... I can feel it all over.

I've been listening to a lot of phil ochs recently, especially *rehearsals for retirement*. and as a result of listening to a lot of phil ochs, I get recommended a lot of protest songs from the 60s and 70s. *universal soldier* by donovan, *lyndon johnson told the nation* by tom paxton, the joan baez version of *there but for fortune*, etc. and the sentiments in those songs feel so far away now. so many people seem to have this unchecked reverence for the u.s. military, something that they've never even thought to question. where the smallest bit of criticism is taken as blasphemy. but it's still nice to hear those sentiments, even if they're in songs from 50 years ago. they've existed before, they can exist again.



Y R E V E
E R E H W
S ' T I
V E E B
E H T
E M A S

die she must
~~die she must~~
die she must
die she must



august
die she must
die she must