



Superfroot

LIST

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	ISSUE #	<input checked="" type="checkbox"/>
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COMPLETE ALL!



K T



h E n i e Y



Juliana



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shyla j

Shyla is the editor-in-chief of Superfroot. She's a 25 year old writer and Creative Writing student. She's been writing since she was six years old and loves writing novels, short fiction, and prose poetry.

jones

editor-in-chief

Shyla is in charge of overseeing things, reading your submissions, and is the one you'll see most often on our social media! When she's not writing, she's collecting toys, reading, drawing, and learning photography.

retrograde

happy moon day she says and hand you a glass of her eyes
she spent the night peeling them out, a careful (ballerina)
a blanched goddess; she smells like venus born by the sea
drink the piece of her that sees you most, swallow the solidity
and clink your citrine glass to hers as the ocean ruffles with foam
there's a show in the sky tonight if you wait long enough
when the silence is as loud as a tree song in the blue light
we might hurt tonight she says and you believe her when
her eyes are the color and taste of bruised grapefruit

aquarius sun

Kissed pink in a sour apple green hat,
I'm going to catch up to those skate marks that
you left in the newly paved 7-Eleven parking lot
It's not much but my sister told me the planets
danced a similar dance at the times we were born
The sun rose a specific way, turned over and kissed
the earth just right so we could do something magical
Cyan magenta and buzzy blue under the neon lights of a
3 AM diner, I'm following you, that's what I'm good at
If you meet me in the dark I'll be there with a thorny
stem in my mouth, cut up with blood smiling
through my Aquarius teeth





TW: BLOOD/BODILY HARM

My mom always said that a best friend is like a lucky clover— hard to find and lucky to have. So I searched for one like a gardener, plucking the weeds with girls who didn't fit and planting seeds with girls that might. I thought that maybe I'd find a clover in the girls who wore pigtail braids and rode horses on weekend afternoons, but their clothes were peppered with hay and they mostly smelled of barn. The rich girls with plaid skirts and sweater vests were too prissy for me, their hair too sleek and their noses too upturned. But the band girls weren't it for me either. I hated their instruments, and I hated their dedication to school. I thought there'd be luck in the way the popular girls talked to me, but they were off too. There was something about how they flocked like birds, all matching sweatsuits and tiny backpacks. Before Bunny came to school, my only friend was the baby blue parakeet that had escaped someone's home and roamed the city when the sun was out.

Bunny was dark eyed and dark haired, with a poppy fastened in one of her pigtails and a turtleneck too big for her neck. I plucked the flower and stepped on it when we met. I was miserable like that. Bunny said she was the new girl in five schools so far. She unearthed a seashell patterned journal from her backpack and showed me the list of schools written in green gel pen. She said she would conquer every school in the country, and I said we're only in sixth grade, and she said that didn't matter. We climbed onto the monkey bars, the metal burning the thinness of my palms. I watched as Bunny pushed a second grader out of the way to get to the top and decided that she was a best friend contender. Back at home after school, I found a clover in the front yard, the stem sprouting up like it shot up to see me.

Bunny brought me a taxidermied frog. Her grandma owned a taxidermy shop, and Bunny said that was where she did all of her homework. I asked why she was kicked out of so many schools, but she didn't answer. She smiled and showed me the wonky tooth she had growing behind the row of normal teeth. I called it her special friend, and she laughed and said I was her special friend, but I corrected her and said we were best friends.

I thought that maybe Bunny was a baby killer like I had heard about in the cop shows my mom watched. I told her about Bunny's schools and her taxidermy, but all my mom did was laugh. I asked

her if she thought Bunny could be a baby killer. Maybe she hurt people and had to jump from school to school to run from the law. Instead, my mom told me that I should invite Bunny over for dinner and board games, so Bunny came over in a matching shark-print pajama set carrying a pizza box with monopoly inside of it.

Truth or dare? I asked Bunny. We sat by ourselves at lunch. I imagined the best friends I had rejected staring at us in envy. I picked Bunny, not you losers— you should be jealous. Bunny said *dare* and stabbed her fork into a chicken patty. *I dare you to go up to a popular girl and call her ugly.* She said no. I said please. She said if I were her best friend, I would make her do something better. She got up and dropped her tray of food onto a popular girl's head, the sound of it like a drum roll silencing the entire room.

I slept over Bunny's house and learned her grandma was toothless and chased her around with an old vase when she disobeyed. I asked her why she had no parents, and she said her grandma pushed them down the stairs, but she laughed when she said it, so I didn't believe her. We slept in Bunny's bed, tucked into a bright orange, scratchy blanket that made my hair bloom with static. The entire house smelled of chicken wings and pennies and there was a small, ratty dog Bunny referred to as *burlap*. When I went home, I told my mom that I didn't know if Bunny was lucky to have. She shook her head at me, smiling, and I let out a silver screech.


Will we be best friends forever? Bunny asked me at lunch. I shrugged, but said yes. I told her about the clover I found the day she came to school. About the quote. I told her I thought she was the lucky clover, and maybe God planted her in my school so I could meet her. She liked that answer. I offered my pinky to her. *This is a pinky promise. We'll be BFFs forever.* She smiled. The wonky tooth poked out at me, making my stomach flip. Bunny brought her fork to her hand and jabbed it through her palm. *Do it too,* she said. *This is a real promise.*

pinky
promise





**I DONT
WANNNA
BESAD
ANNYN**



Last year on December 31st, I wrote one thing in my journal: I don't wanna be sad anymore. I have entered each new year with this sole thought in my mind for as long as I can remember. While everyone around me vowed to start new habits (I often being one of them), capitalism preyed on our insecurities (what else is new), and the ones immersed in social media (myself included) reflected on the shortcomings, disappointments, and most memorable trends and memes of that year alike, I found myself coming back to one thought and one thought only: I don't wanna be sad anymore.

New Year's resolutions have always felt futile to me, being that I actively and habitually try to acclimate my behaviors and actions to suit my best self. However, there can be something said for turning over a new leaf, starting on a clean slate, whatever euphemism you fancy— we do love a fresh start. Why is that?

The only answer I can find is that we feel dirtied by each passing year. There is too much happening, too many bad things, and fuck if this hasn't been the dirtiest year of them all. But the deep-rooted desire to restart seems to stem from a feeling of inadequacy, a chronic fear that we are not measuring up to our own standards, unfortunately and intrinsically linked with societal standards; that we are dirty or bad, that we're failures for abandoning the previous year's resolutions, and if only we had more willpower, if only the conditions were more apt for meeting our goals, if only this or that hadn't gotten in the way and made you lose steam, maybe then things would be different, maybe then we'd be rich or famous or thin or beautiful or loved or— happy. Or all of the above.

NO MORE

**PLEASE
LET THIS BE
THE
I**



So many things snowballed into adulthood and became an overwhelming feeling of not being where I'm supposed to be. Not being the complete version of myself, not reaching my potential. This thought followed me everywhere, but it was especially loud in the final seconds of the year: I don't wanna be sad anymore, please let this be the year I like myself— maybe even love myself. But who am I? How can I love myself if I don't even know myself? Please let this be the year I find stable income doing what I love, which is what exactly? Do I even want to pursue my path of study? Speaking of which, please let this be the year I come out of debt, let this be the year I stand on my own, provide for myself, live free of abuse, oppression, limitation, what-have-you. Let this be it, let this be it, let this be it. And it never is.



THE YEAR LIKE MYSELF

It never will be when you're framing it in this context, because New Year's resolutions are designed to burn bright and fade fast. Simply put, it clashes with the stagnancy of sadness. You're smothered by the pressure of starting anew and your best self is already set up for failure. At its core, it is a bone of contention that will defeat us every time. It's a matter of our waking selves conflicting with our idealized selves, muddying our self perception until we don't even know who we are anymore.





And that's exactly it— I lived with myself and I didn't even know myself, too blinded by that sadness to realize that I'm exactly where I'm supposed to be, even if that's rock bottom. Life balances itself out in a way that always ensures things will be different some time from now. Maybe not better, but different, and in knowing that, we can make it feel better. Good, even. Being okay with your sadness despite the bad things because you have reassurance that it'll pass. Wouldn't that be a dream? You don't always have control over a situation or even your feelings about a situation, but you do possess the ability to make peace with how those feelings affect you, and subsequently, how you react to them.



It's not a matter of not being sad, but releasing your control over the inevitable sadness. Because it WILL come, it always comes even to the best of us, and the most challenging thing of all is coming to terms with that. On some level, that's why it's ever-present, always looming, depression static and staggering. Because we know we're sad, we know we're going to keep being sad, and why even get out of bed if all you have to look forward to is more sadness?



All I can tell you is that wholeheartedly accepting your grief as a natural inevitability and relinquishing your hold on it is the most fruitful thing you can do for yourself. It is the most useful coping mechanism I have, because it doesn't feel like coping. It just feels like...living. Living with the knowledge that it's always there on the edge of possibility, and that's okay, it'll pass, just as happiness passes, just as anger, just as fear, we normalize the feeling. The sadness neutralizes and with it becomes such an integrated part of our lives that just by KNOWING that— heaving a sigh and being okay with that, or at least trying to be, because that's all we can do, really— it lessens the gravity of it. Suddenly it doesn't feel so big and bad anymore.



It desaturates the world a little less and allows us to see things more clearly. Everything starts to unfold, you become acquainted with yourself like you're on a first date, rifling through all the standard get-to-know-you questions: Who are you? What do you do, and I don't mean how do you make your money, I mean what's your daily routine like? When do you get up, and how do you feel upon waking? What gives you comfort, and what makes your heart race? It's an incredibly grounding process that I'm still in the midst of, and probably always will be. But as luck would have it, I'm actually starting to like myself— maybe someday I'll even love myself.

All I can tell you, between all the sickness and death and uprising and justice or lack thereof, this has been a year of coming to know myself, and with that, becoming familiarized with the emotions I've always feared; sadness being the most debilitating of all. The undertaking of it has been a beautiful, tumultuous thing. So let me be earnest, just this once.

**MAYBE
SOMEDAY
ILL EVEN
LOVE
MYSELF**



I only ever want to be the most honest version of myself, and that's precisely who I'll be today and tomorrow and this coming year and the year after that until it's all I know. And maybe it is all I have ever known. I will be myself, even the sad parts of myself, because those are me too. Just as much as the happy parts, the passionate parts, the silly parts, all parts angry and confused and inspired and thoughtful and stressed and excited, I'll let it happen. I'll let it happen. Maybe you will, too.



KT is Superfroot's poetry and managing editor. They are a 26 year old artist and work as an art teacher and art therapist. They've been writing and drawing since they can remember. They currently work with a variety of art mediums, but specialize in digital art and illustration. They are currently dreaming up plans for a graphic novel! They strive to express themselves creatively, whether it's through vlogging, journaling, candle making, experimenting in the kitchen, or lifting weights like the jock they are.

I HAVE A BAD HABIT
OF COMPARING MYSELF
TO OTHERS

T
SELF

AND BEING MEAN
TO MYSELF



**THIS MADE ME
STOP TAKING
PHOTOS**



BUT LOOKING
MY OLD A
ARE A
VERY B

ING BACK,
PHOTOS
ACTUALLY
BEAUTIFUL

AND I'M SORRY
TO MYSELF FOR
OVERLOOKING THAT



Juliana is Superfroot's photography director and designer. She has been a photographer for twelve years. After years of being dormant, she's finally breaking out of her shell and is ready to share some art with all of our readers. When Juliana's not behind the camera, she enjoys laughing with her friends and trying her best to make the world a better place.







WHAT'S NEW
EVER

HENLEY

Henley is Superfroot's art and music director. She is a 23 year old digital artist who enjoys anything visual—including bright and muted color palettes, outer space, and more. When she's not working she's watching Youtube videos, dreaming up new comic ideas, traveling, and living life like she's in a daydream. With the right soundtrack, of course. She aspires to release a comic book one day and make going with the flow her full time career.











Superfruit



PLAYLIST
GRAPHIC

Issue 0

1. Highway - St. Panther
2. Man of Oil - Animal Collective
3. Happy Things - Molly Burman
4. What Once Was - Her's
5. boys lie - BAYLI
6. Cherries - Hope Tala, Aminé
7. Waving, Smiling - Angel Olsen
8. Tomb - Angelo de Augustine
9. For The First Time - Best Coast
10. I Miss That - Porches
11. pink lightning - Purity Ring
12. Gospel For A New Century - Yves Tumor



THANK YOU
THANK YOU
THANK YOU
THANK YOU
THANK YOU
THANK YOU

Have A Nice Day

made with love

