



BLACK
& PINK
NEWS

VOLUME 13 ISSUE 4



Cover Artist

Ava Glori-Jean Tuitt
she/her

Born and raised in New York City, Ava Tuitt is a visual artist and writer based in Brooklyn, New York. A graduate of Purchase College with a B.F.A. in Painting + Drawing, her work focuses on the intersections of human impulse, religion, and pop culture.

This piece, "Sweetpea (How Soon is Now)," is about the power of small, subtle, gentle touch to transform, elevate, and recreate a space. Two birds in flight share a peck, and this gesture is immortal and timeless as it is frozen as a statue. I hope this piece brings to mind the idea of the power of small moments and the imagination and how even seemingly insignificant moments have the power to transport us.

ABOUT BLACK & PINK

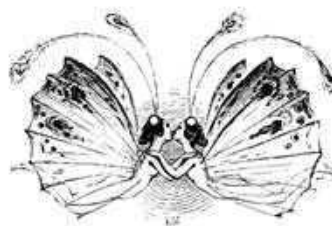
Since 2007, Black & Pink National free-world volunteers have pulled together a monthly newspaper comprised primarily of material written by our families' incarcerated members. In response to the letters we receive, we send the newspaper to more prisoners every month. Black & Pink News currently reaches more than 20K people.

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STATEMENT OF PURPOSE

Black & Pink National is an open family of LGBTQIA+ prisoners and “free world” allies who support each other. Our work toward the abolition of the prison-industrial complex (PIC) is rooted in the experiences of currently and formerly incarcerated people. We are outraged by the PIC's specific violence toward LGBTQIA+ people and respond through advocacy, education, direct service, and organizing. Black & Pink National is a proud family of people of all races and ethnicities.



DISCLAIMER

The ideas expressed in Black & Pink News are solely those of the authors and artists and do not necessarily reflect the views of Black & Pink. Black & Pink makes no representations as to the accuracy of any statements made in the Black & Pink News, including but not limited to legal and medical information. Authors and artists bear sole responsibility for their work. By sending art or written work to “Newspaper Submissions” you are agreeing to have it published in the Black & Pink News. In order to protect our members' privacy, we only publish first names and state locations. We may edit submissions to fit our anti oppression values and/or based on our editing guidelines.

Letter from the Editor: Malachi Lily

My name is Malachi (they/them), and I am honored to be your new Black & Pink News editor. I am a writer and illustrator full-time, as well as a swer. No matter what I create, it's always magical, slimy, shapeshifting, and freaky. I write mostly sci-fi and fantasy, or more than likely, a combination of the two, but always with nature as the focus. The first violence of colonization separated us from Mother Earth. I center my work on healing our relationship with the planet, especially focusing on the spiritual healing of Black people, as we were particularly ripped from our relationship with the earth. Social issues and environmental issues are intimately connected.



Dryad of Mud by Malachi Lily 2020

I am Black and trans/agender with biracial and woman experience. I'm also a disabled, neurodivergent person. I am on the intersex spectrum but was "assigned female at birth" and was raised as such, but I've always been a genderless little goblin. To me, gender is like water. It just rolls off my skin. Gender cannot touch me. Where my gender is absence, my sexuality is abundance! I identify as polyamorous and omnisexual, which means I'm attracted to all people because of their gender, and can love many at once.

I don't come from money. My mom and sister moved in with me for survival. Together, we have experienced homelessness in the past, but I am grateful we can share a home now. I have been privileged to receive a higher education and have a queer community that loves me. It is important to me that you know I do not tread lightly on the sanctity of your

I want you to know my marginalizations, but I also want you to know I work vigilantly to not only acknowledge my privileges but also to weaponize my privileges to fight against all that oppresses us, especially for those who are more marginalized than myself.

My truths are: Thought shapes the universe. We are divine spirit navigating a human experience. I am a part of a collective consciousness with all existence. We are only free when all black transwomen are free—an expansive, multidimensional freedom of safety, joy, and truth.



THAT'S ME! ⇨



I wanted to start the new chapter of this magazine rooted in love and how we connect. While I expect many more love letters and smut in the future, I wanted to debut saturated in what makes us, us!

The first section is Love. Our romantic attractions or not having romantic attractions are what makes us queer! However, I don't believe romantic love is more important than other forms. I wanted to ensure there were messages of platonic love and love as gratitude. There's heartbreak, and there's hope.

The second section is Desire. Queers be horny. Ha! It wouldn't be the Pride Season Issue if we didn't squirm in our seats, fanned ourselves, and clutched our pearls (or whatever else you want to clutch!) I want to publish juicy smut sections often.

There are less political and logistical resources in this first one, but that will not be the norm. Themes will fluctuate.

I want to walk y'all through some of my ideas so that the shift will not feel so jarring. Of course, this is all a big experiment, and we will shape it together. My work is in your service, and I want you to feel seen and supported. It is a profound honor to be your editor.

1. Only one person is creating this magazine: me (and it's my first time!) I welcome all feedback. I will provide an editor's letter for insight, but if you want more of my thought process or personalized notes from me published with/about your submission, let me know in the letter you write! Sadly, I can't publish any contact info you submit, but the penpal program will kick off soon! I am making note of everyone who asks. I read everything!!!!

2. I want more playfulness, artwork, and creative resources. If I do not have artwork from other artists, I will provide my own, along with more writing/art prompts for you. The magazine will have more decoration. I like it when things are pretty! I also hope to make it spacious and legible so there's room for margin notes and doodling.

3. I'm dividing the magazine into themes based on what YOU send to me. I will curate letters and entries as I see patterns emerge from them. I will no longer segregate the magazine between those on the inside and those on the outside; instead, I will pair submissions that complement each other. I even want to post some original (legible) letters because there is so much personality in handwriting!





Director's Letter: Jasmine Tasaki



I am Jasmine Tasaki, previously the director of advocacy, and I am now honored to be one of the interim co-managing executive directors at Black and Pink National. I am writing to you from my home Memphis, TN.

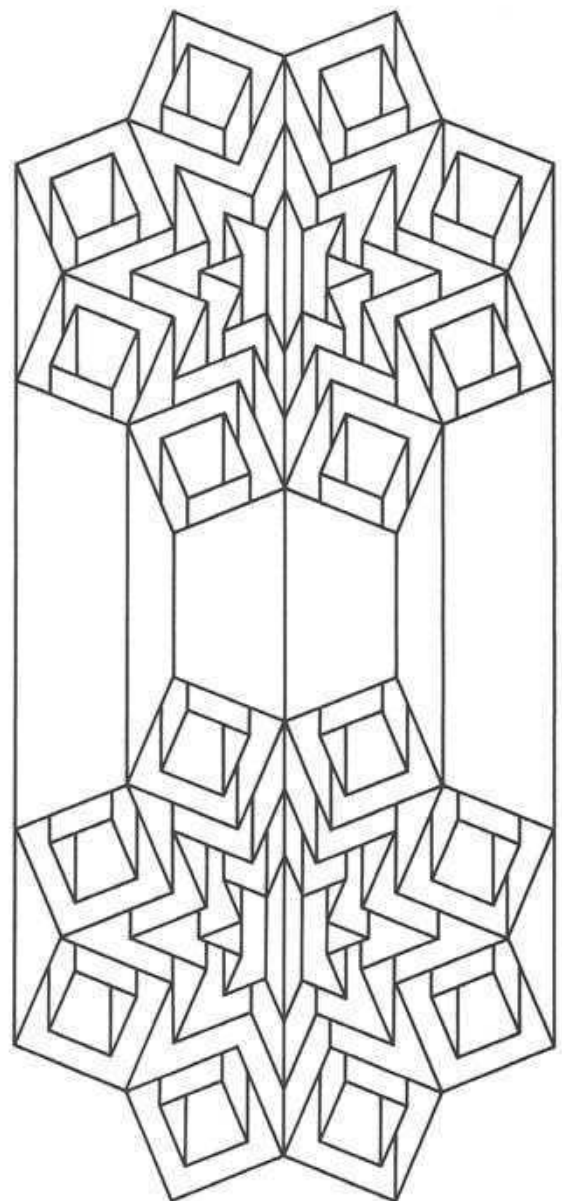
I want to continue the work set in place by our fearless leaders who previously served as executive directors at this organization, which includes the newsletter, our pen pal program, job readiness programs, supporting chapters, and addressing housing for our community.

We also have begun programs that support Lgbtqia2s+ people who do sex work and Lgbtqia2s+ system-impacted youth. We will use our time as interim co-managing executive directors to ensure the programs at Black and Pink are of high quality and impact. We are working diligently to streamline our processes so the work is moving more consistently.

We ask for grace while we adjust to our new roles and trust that we see you and are working to amplify your needs, concerns, and voices. We had an amazing event where we could have actors portray stories from our inside members, and it really touched me.

Connecting to your experience was mind-blowing and rejuvenated me in this work. I hope that you are well and have access to what you need. Your liberation is connected to my healing! We are celebrating GAY PRIDE this month and all year long! Be proud of yourself, stand in your statements, and shine in your glory.

~ Jasmine





Director's Letter: Tena Hahn Rodriguez



Dear Black and Pink Family,

I hope this letter finds you in good health and spirits. My name is Tena Hahn Rodriguez, and I am honored to serve as the Co-Interim Executive Director of Black and Pink National. I'm located in Omaha, Nebraska, and have worked at Black & Pink for two years. I love our work, and I feel lucky to get to steward this organization into its 20th year in 2025.

Our organization is deeply committed to supporting and advocating for you—our incarcerated family members—who face incredible challenges and injustices within the system. Black and Pink National was founded on the belief that our liberation is intertwined and that by uplifting and supporting each other, we can build a world free of oppression and violence.

I want you to know that your voice matters to us. We are here to listen, to amplify your stories, and to fight alongside you.

Thank you for being a part of the Black and Pink family. Together, we are stronger and will create the change we wish to see in the world.

In solidarity and with the deepest respect,

~ Tena

Advocacy Letter: Black & Pink National

Dear Loved One,

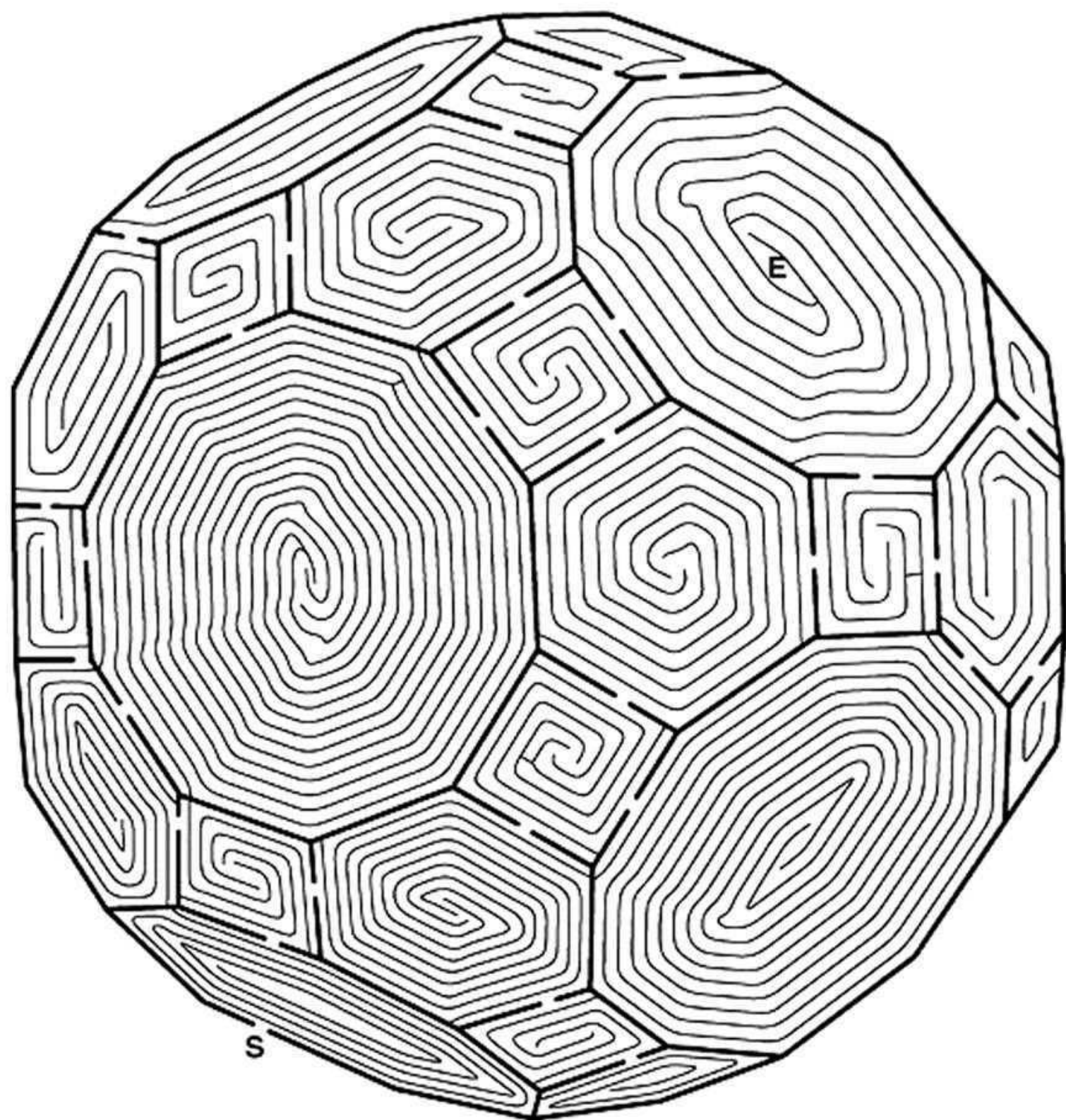
So happy to be connecting with you again as our Newsletter begins publication once more <3 We are the Black and Pink National Advocacy Team and we have some updates for you. We know it must have been difficult not hearing from us for a while, but your letters have not fallen between the cracks! From the way we sort and categorize your requests to how we respond, new processes are in place to better support you inside.

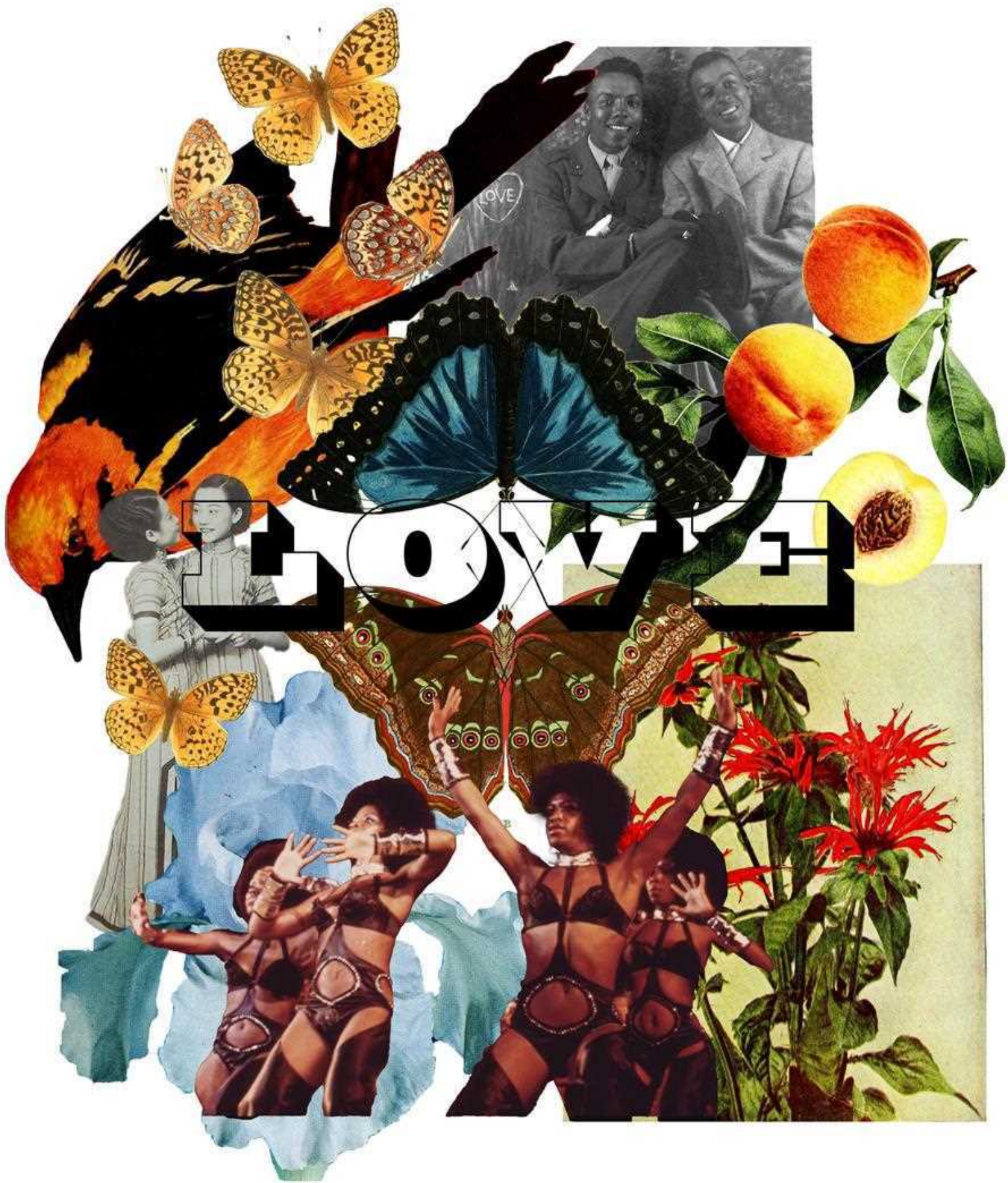
Our team has managed to respond to 2022 Advocacy requests, and we have now begun working through 2023 Advocacy requests. If you wrote to us with a need before 2023 and you need assistance and have not heard back from us yet, please write to us again. We are currently operating with 2 people as our Advocacy Response team as the rest of the staff navigates other programming, so while delays can be expected, we will still do our very best to address all of your needs timely manner. We are working hard to catch up by the end of August and will hopefully be able to respond to any future advocacy requests within 45 days.

In addition to our updated mailing procedures, we will no longer provide the Hot Pink: Erotica Zine or The Spirit Inside: Religious Zine. Unfortunately, with the always-changing DOC and BOP Facility mailing rules, both magazines have been difficult to get to you inside. Please don't stop sending your religious or erotic short stories, poems, or artwork for our National Newsletter, we still want to share your magic! Our new Editor Malachi has some amazing plans in store, and we can't wait to see what their creativity brings.

We commend you for your continued dedication to your freedom and rights. You inspire the work we do every day and as we grow, we will continue to center you. We hope to bring you love and community, just as you have for us.

With Love and In Solidarity,
~ Black and Pink, National





LOVE

A moment of truth

my dear... bits
my thoughts my feelings and
what makes me despair
I want to share with you
what makes me happy, what makes me
feel blue...
So you can sense that my love is honest
and true.
Every day Not a single minute
passes by without you IN IT
your skin your voice, your body and
your touch All of these moments,
I miss them so much.
You are so present, so deep in my heart
And our soul I just know, will never
part But circumstance And distance
can be so overwhelming they close doors
And create doubt and we start blaming
There are actions of mine and I know
that for sure that feel so wrong
Though my intentions are pure
they are painful and impossible
to bear And you feel it's all so
unfair. You can't run from yourself
There is no place to hide I just
you so deep it hurt your heart

and your pride Then I worry that IF
I continue to stay will I be in your way?
I fear that I am not at all what you
need and that this truth will make my
heart break and bleed.

Unknown Author

FOR EVER



KJ (ILL)

DEAR BEP FAMILY,

MY NAME IS ISSUC McDONALD, I'M 39 YRS OLD, AFRICAN AMERICAN MALE. I'VE BEEN A PART OF BEP FOR A FEW YEARS NOW. I RECEIVED ALMOST EVERY NEWSLETTER.

I WILL BE RELEASED FROM A NEW YORK STATE PRISON IN JUNE, 2023, I'VE SEEN MANY ARTICLES INVOLVING THE TREATMENT OF TRANSGENDER PRISONERS, INCLUDING BEING RAPED, ASSAULTED, DENIED MEDICAL CARE ETC. THERE ARE ALOT SEEKING HELP.

I'M OFFERING MY TIME, ENERGY, KNOWLEDGE & EXPERIENCE TO ASSISTING THOSE NEEDING HELP ADDRESSING THESE CONCERNS. I HAVE A DEGREE IN CRIMINAL JUSTICE, I AM EXTREMELY KNOWLEDGABLE OF ALL LAW, RULES & REGULATIONS OF ALL DOCCS, AS WELL AS FAMILIAR WITH THE FILING OF GRIEVANCES, CLAIMS & FEDERAL LAWSUITS.

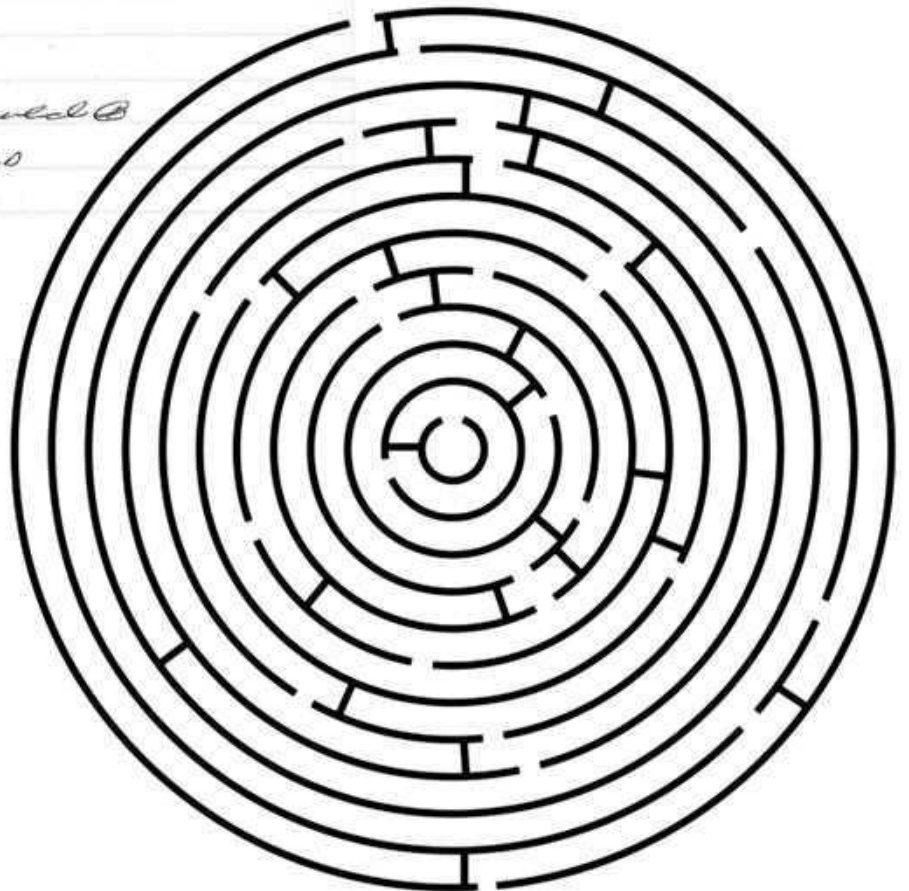
ANYONE NEEDING ASSISTANCE, PLEASE HAVE YOUR PHONE ON GO TO THE JPMY MOBILE APP, DOWNLOAD THE APP (FREE) SETUP THE ACCOUNT (FACE) AND ADD MY NAME, D.I.N ISSUC McDONALD, 14B0053, ONCE THIS IS COMPLETED, THERE NAME WILL APPEAR IN MY CONTACTS AND I WILL BE ABLE TO SEND AND RECEIVE EMAILS. PLEASE LET WHOEVER ~~AA~~ KNOW, SEND AN BRIEF EMAIL AND WAIT FOR RESPONSE TO PROVIDE FURTHER INFORMATION.

SINCERELY,

ISSUC McDONALD @

ISSUC McDONALD

14-B-0053



Hello B&P family!

Its ya boy Earl again. Its been awhile since Ive reached out because Ive been getting passed around from Institution to institution because I also fight for myself and my Transladies. I love them and I think theyre more beautiful than bio-women. Im a single lonely black gay male who wants to be deep in love with a Transwomen. So If youre a single Transister please feel free to write to me. And dont worry, Im a fine ass man with a sexy ass body. I hate to ~~tot~~ my own horn but its true, Im funny, passionate, love to dance, dress in fine clothing and I love comedy. I am romantic and a very satisfying sex partner. And to others you can write me as well for advice, friendship, penpal whatever, just write. I have ample stationary items and stamps, so let unite and ride this journey together please!

Earl (MD)



What makes you feel loved: _____

How do you express your love: _____

Hello to the Black and Pink Family!

First about: Been male-to-female TG since the '60s but unable to come out til I left home and USMC in the Early 80's. I'm also [unintelligible word] and unitarian universalist and single. Only interested in other male to female TG's or females (sorry guys) it's my preference, nothing more. Race, color, ethnicity, religion, or anything else is a nonissue with me. I believe friendship and communication are more important than meaningless sexual conquest. I still have no penpal, so if you want to write, ask Black and Pink for my address.

Everyone has to walk their own path, do what feels right, and do what they feel they must do to survive. It's no one's right but your own. You don't have to be put in a box. Since the '60s, I've been MTF TG, lived my life as a lesbian in the wrong body, did not come from the lowest economic classes, never been addicted to drugs, been involved in prostitution, not HIV positive, and didn't meet most other stereotypes. Been disowned by family, relatives, and some friends since before 90. No family functions, births, deaths, marriages, holidays, or anything else. Coming out, you may lose some or not. You are more tolerated today, but still not 100% accepted. Do what feels right to you; don't worry about what others may say or think. It's your life. Why should you be the one to suffer for someone else's hate and insecurities? Do not let your fear and insecurity keep you from living your life. Not everyone is passable, but that doesn't mean you have to give up or persecute yourself.

Be Safe and Love

Tia (KY)

EVERY

LOVE

FOR

BLACK

AND

PINK

My name is Damon Justice.
I'm Bi-Sexual, I'm Housed at The
RCI - 18701 Roxbury Rd, Hagerstown
Maryland, 21746 = Doc # 459343 / SIO #

2035707) This is for All The
L.G.B.T.Q family who's afraid to
Be Themselves..

To All My Trans
Sisters-N-Brothers
Who's Trying to

Find Themselves, You
need to Respect,
Love, and, stay true

to yourself, live for
yourself in no one
else. Stay strong in your

path in life no matter what
comes your way. Be free in fight together
as one family, then

Putting each other down.
Stay real O.K. Your
Boy "Ghost" Damon Justice
AKA Damon Justice 2-16-2023



Hello my Black and Pink sisters, brothers, and nonbinary siblings. My name is Peace. I am a nonbinary queer person. I have been living in my real skin, rainbows and all, since coming out month: October 2020. I have been an avid reader and fan of Black and Pink since 2016.

I just want to say you guys, everyone, you are amazing. Because of the stories and poems I have read in this magazine, I was able to even begin to dream of coming out. You all have helped me tremendously and I am forever grateful. I hope to become a regular contributor to the content you publish. And I hope to inspire someone in the same way all the beautiful and brave gays, queers, bi's, trans, lesbians, and non-conforming people before me have.

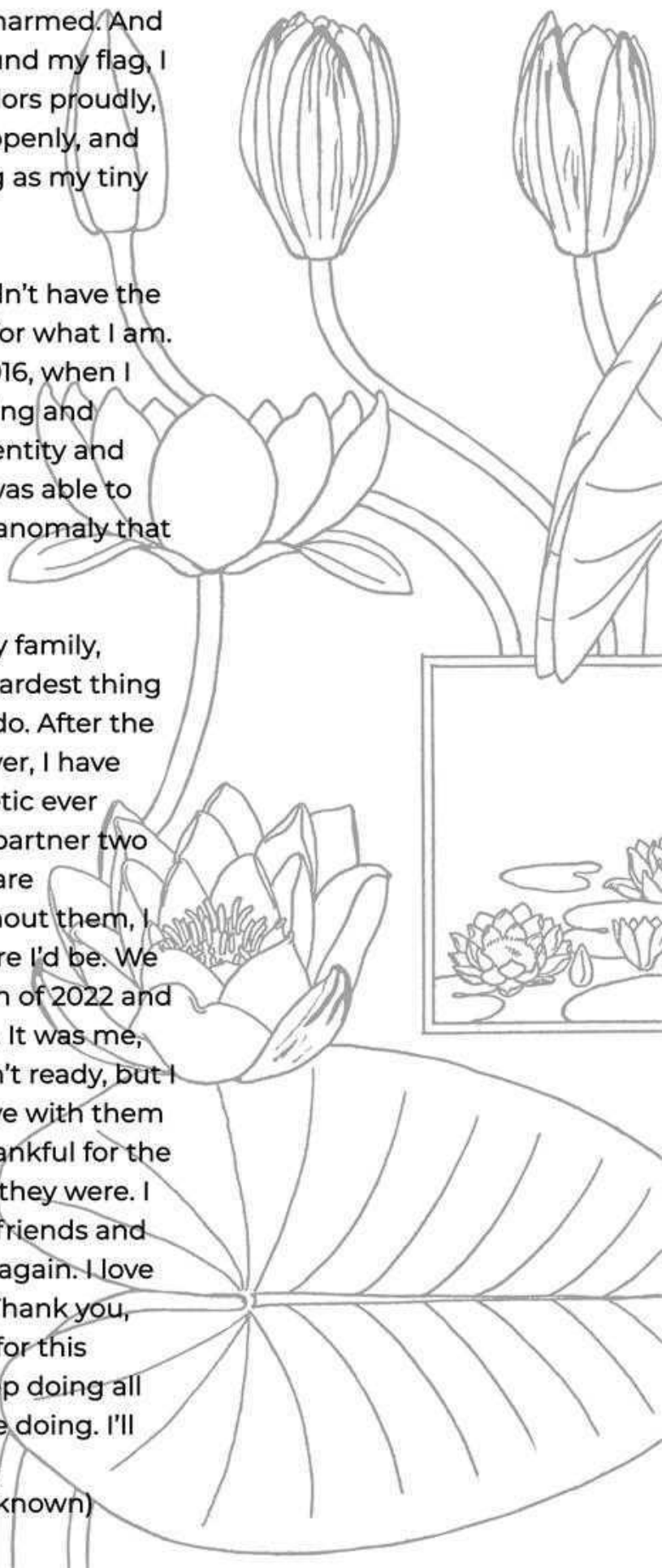
I began this journey alone, surrounded around family and friends who were hyper-homophobic. I have had to live in the closet, trapped in fear for most of my life, but Black and Pink has helped me find my courage. I was trapped in a culture of toxic masculinity where any form of femininity was cause for scrutiny, and if

found out to be anything but hetero, you would be in danger. Thankfully, I was able to escape that life without being seriously harmed. And now that I've found my flag, I am flying my colors proudly, living my truth openly, and being as flaming as my tiny ass can be.

Growing up I didn't have the words or terms for what I am. It wasn't until 2016, when I began questioning and exploring my identity and sexuality that I was able to finally label the anomaly that I am.

I came out to my family, which was the hardest thing I've ever had to do. After the hard part was over, I have been unapologetic ever since. I met my partner two years ago. They are everything. Without them, I don't know where I'd be. We married in March of 2022 and are now split up. It was me, not them. I wasn't ready, but I am forever in love with them and eternally thankful for the experience that they were. I hope to remain friends and to one day start again. I love you, JBS/Flash. Thank you, Black and Pink, for this opportunity; keep doing all the good you are doing. I'll see you all soon.

Peace (State Unknown)



The Essence of ME

I am NOT who or what you see when you look at me.

I am NOT the gender you perceive or designate for me.

I am NOT the label you've given me, for your comfortability.

I may sit inside these fences and concrete walls, walking in these concrete halls so you may imagine you have a modicum of safety away from me. In prison you have built because you think you have to rehabilitate me, but that's a fallacy. For in The Essence of Me, I AM the one that's free. My belief of who I am, what I can be, the person I see when I look in the mirror and acknowledge them looking back at me. We walk on a journey down these concrete halls; My body is changing each step I take; Each decision I make to move toward that person I see when I dream of "The Essence of Me." Head held high, spirit free, body looking like I want it to be.

What I perceive and designate for me that's...

The Essence of Me...

Skye T (CO)

Write a response poem in Skye's format:

I am NOT _____

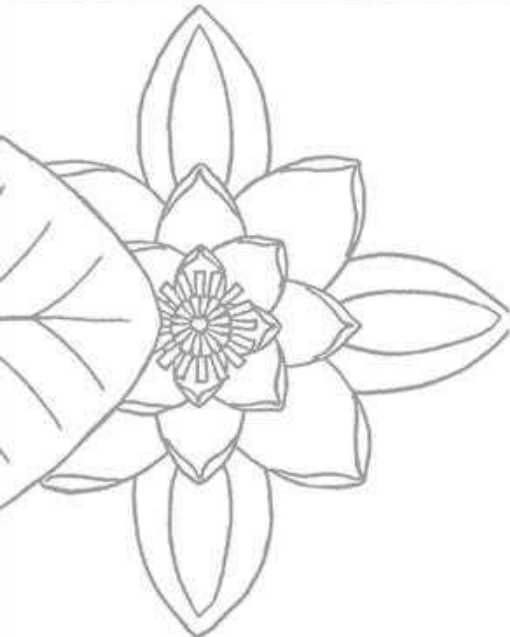
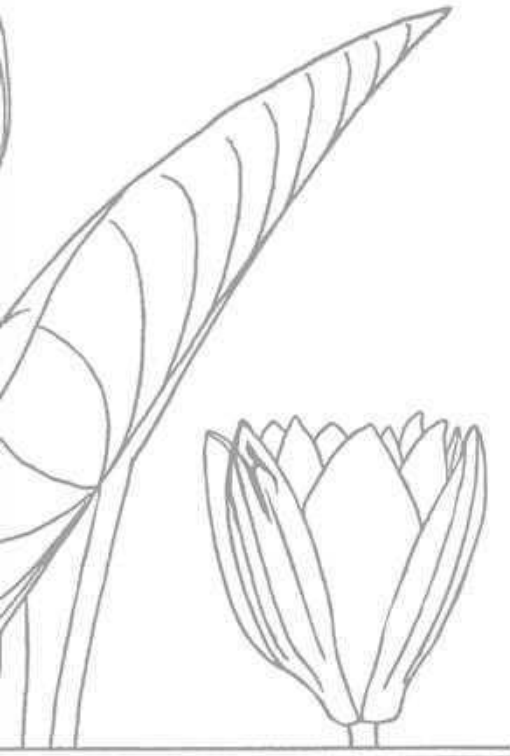
I am NOT _____

I am NOT _____

I may _____

I AM _____

When I dream of "The Essence of Me." _____



Warm regards to all

My name is Bob, and although I've been eagerly devouring each new issue of Black and Pink News from cover to cover for many years now, it's the reassuring feelings of acceptance, encouragement and camaraderie I get from reading the various letters from "Our Inside Family" that I always look forward to the most.

In fact, the letter from Jack D. in Texas (Dec '22/Jan '23, page 34) resonated with me deeply enough that I'm now compelled to whip out my Bic and proudly proclaim myself to be a mature cisgender male who was innately, enthusiastically, and actively bisexual long before anyone even thought of combining the first few letters of "LGBTQ+" to create a unifying and inclusively expandable acronym.

Although I could wholeheartedly echo many of the sentiments expressed by both Jack D. and Alex (aka Manias) regarding the almost universally acknowledged marginalization of bisexuals in general, I would instead prefer to applaud B&P News for publishing more than merely one token letter addressing that particular topic, and to further suggest that the apparent imbalance of ink being devoted to gender-as-compared-to-orientation issues may simply reflect the concerns and experiences of those family members who routinely contribute the majority of submissions energetically in the family dialogue, rather than assuming it to be an indication of editorial favoritism.

On that note, I'll close with love and respect for every color of the rainbow, and for every prisoner fighting the long, hard fight (which is all of us). To my fellow cis brothers, I'll simply add... "Keep your heads up and play safe."

- Bi Bob (OR)

Newspaper Submission

Hello B&P Family,

My name is William H., but everyone calls me Nerd. I'm 32 years old and I've been in the federal concentration camps since I was 18 years old. I am a cis-gendered man and although I am more attracted to feminine guys and trans-women, I'm still attracted to cis-gendered women (from the Dec 2022/Jan 2023 volume 13, issue 4). I'm writing in response to Alex AKA Manias (RI). I totally understand what he is going through. I've also had a lot of negative experiences with our community not only because I am bi-sexual but also because I am a masculine guy who is versatile while I expected this from the straight community but I never thought that I'd receive it from my own community. All the time I hear us putting down our brothers and sisters, arguing over the correct way to be gay, lesbian, trans, or bi-sexual and we cannot fatter point for our community and we cannot fatter now, else all of the sacrifices of those who come before us were for nothing. We should be celebrating our differences and the vast ways in which we express our love. Let us come together, not just in these concentration camps, but also out there in the free world. Remember my brothers and sisters that our voice can be ignored, but that of many cannot!

Nerd (NC)

Hello, Family

It's been awhile since I've written and I deeply apologize for the long delay, but things have been very stressful for me here in this Florida prison.

However, I am not at this time able to give you a full indication of my circumstances. But I will say the claims I've made are adequate and legitimate claims.

Being a Transgender male in prison is very hard, ESPECIALLY here in Florida...

Anyway, I'm just writing to express the love and gratitude I have to all of my Black & Pink family cause you're doing an incredible job helping those like me who are in prison and maybe experiencing hardship "unnecessarily" only due to the fact of transgender identity.

So, I thank you so much for being there for me to help me back up all the times I was down. The gratitude I have I could never express just in words alone...but I speak for many when I say this: Black & Pink has been the answers to all our questions, the help when we needed it, and the positive to all our negative...

My Black & Pink Family You're Appreciated! Black & Pink, I love you.

Sincerely, Marcus (NE)

I Have a Name

I have a name!

Stuck in a concrete box, with a number on the outside of its door

Constantly being judged by the prison system, writing letters and grievances only to be

Ignored.

I have a name! Can't you see?

Calling me by a number, that's not me.

I am a human being, a person with goals and ambition.

Inside a Tennessee prison fighting for my rights. Please! Will somebody listen?

Nights I go hungry. Some mornings are the same.

Somehow in this prison, I get sick, now my whole body rocks with pain.

Dealing with medical and the prison starts making jokes about it. Sometimes makes me wanna go insane.

I have a name!

Don't keep calling me by a number, judging me by my mistakes, looking down on me

With shame.

I have a family, a mother, and I have a name.

The state of Tennessee took me from them when I was a child, making me a part of their

Political game.

Giving me a number and stripping me of my name.

Today I'm here to tell you, I have a name!

It's not 452692

My mother named me Latasha Shonte Hurtch, but everyone calls me Too-Loo.

I Have a Name!

Too Loo (TN)

TO: My Friends

B
L
A
C
K



A
N
D
P
I
N
K

POEM TITLE:

All In All

I had given to-- the shield-- of love
and had-- watched-- from afar
oh-- bro--
so we fake-- yes they fake
not at all a mistake
there they go-- here we are
relax... -- you are a star too--
live-- die to truly-- give--
and how amazing they can be
pick up-- join-- winter and summer
yes-- become-- relate...
calm-- feast-- live-- give back
ki fi co-- choose to choose
...ow-- GO!!!


Steven (OR)

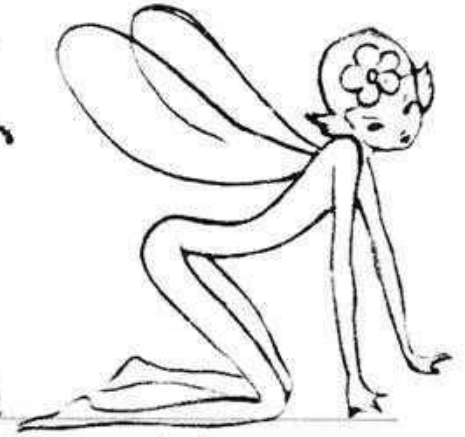
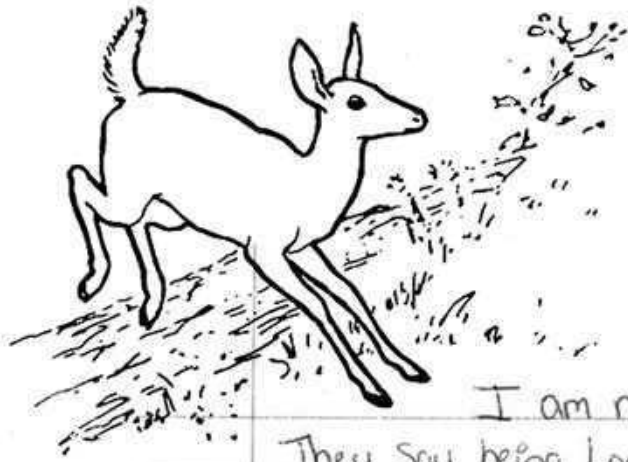
Be my Girl

When I think about you
I just know what to do
No need trying to play your games--
I want you to be my girl,

If you give me a chance's I
Would take your hand if you
Will be my girl and I will show
you so many things...

I know that you never saw
me and I never seeing you
but dream's do come true,
Listening to these word's as
I layed them out for you, so
will you be my girl tell me babie
do you really, really love me!
Tell me babie do you really, really, really
love me, me, me... And I heard a voice
and it's said there no need to cry I
Wonder know now do you really love me
because I would never hurt you girl!
A "True Girl" that calling out my name she
got me facing all my fear's, she is a
babie girl who stand by my side she
got real love that you & me need every
day and night because our love is stronger
then that and that's no lie.

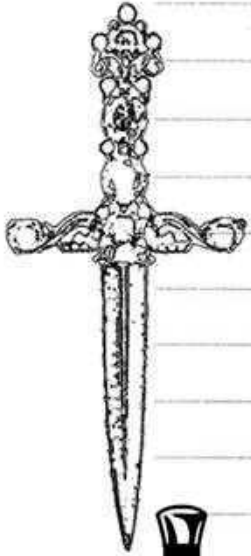
By R. Bennett
B.R.A.
Raven 



I am no one without someone!

They say being Lonely & Alone have two different definitions Well Im lonely and alone so I fit Both descriptions. I felt Compelled to write this letter in hopes of meeting someone who is willing to get to know the person that I am. Someone who has the Capacity to look beyond the Surface of mistakes & interact with me Based on the nature of human Kindness. I am Virtually receptive to all non Judgemental People. Therefore your Age, Race, Weight & Looks are unimportant. Even if you were a little green Creature from another Planet, we can still be friends. (Smile) I like to explore the different qualities in People and determine what makes us individually Unique. I believe That friendship Communication, trust & honesty are the foundation to any meaningful relationship. In terms of myself I am Compassionate, open minded & Very intelligent. I am Currently incarcerated for a non violent crime & I guess the Plan was for me to experience The worst condition of loneliness I Never Knew existed. So if your reading this then Please Consider The fact that your Presence in my life is deeply Needed and would be appreciated. Im only following my Heart by reaching out to you Because when it's all Said and done, I AM NO ONE WITHOUT SOMEONE!

Author Unknown



Self Control

Wait,
Love last every day
Push,
To understand yourself
Then, push Too

Push Too,
Hard,
To be difficult
When you can
...Can
Place your hands
Gently

Harder,
Save as the
Indifference
Decisions
Of those
Above, you're at
To have said
You're stable
& it's always the same
To wish for
Support
Where you can.
Wish for

So push
Smile
Smile again
Understand
Tooth & Nail
You'll understand
Then stand
"Your heart in your hand"
And say
"You were nothing to me"
Not a thing, to me
I am something

Damage

Honey, be safe
I'd raised you to know
[unreadable]
...to beat 'em out
Thoroughly
It's always o.k.
To have said
Hoey be safe
It's not always a game.

"Straighten up"
Honey be straight
Bare down...
Flesh & Bone
Unconscious Souls
In "Concrete Homes"

Concrete Homes
I missed
Your name
...aquanitence
That tired swing
Again today
I've missed home
Home
I haven't missed
That "tired swing"
Once!

Return Embrace
Honey
Let me hold you
Return
Your embrace
Is cold
Wait "Amore"
(wet armour)

Tooth & Nail
Honey Badger
Ameoba inside
Vampire bites
Yellow jackets
Aside...
Vampire
Who'd waited for Love
A lifetime
Once,
Twice,
Never wait to
Arm yourself

Mark (Unknown)

GLADYS BENTLEY

Blues Pianist, Singer & Drag King Pioneer



JAMES BALDWIN

Writer & Civil Rights Activist



Artwork: Ruthie Marie

SYLVIA RIVERA

Transgender Activist, STAR Co-founder & Stonewall Veteran



Artwork: Gay It!

MARSHA P. JOHNSON

Activist, Drag Queen, STAR Co-founder & Stonewall Veteran



Artwork: Rozie June



DESIRE

gay in their
as (Swahili) ...
against the ...
house. ...
errible ...
ers
uropeans
fin
Swahili ...



Steve aka J.U.L.Y. (Just understand love yourself)
(Unknown location)

— I knew Early on I was attracted to other Boys as well as Girls. I also found I enjoyed wearing panties, Bras and other Sexy Underthings and Skirts or Dresses in Secret.

fast forward to my incarceration and I ~~became~~ ^{became} friends with A fellow I'll call Alex. I've known Alex for nearly 12 years and have Showered many times across from him and couldn't help but notice his Beautiful Cock and Ass. I'd quickly Rush out of the Shower so He wouldn't see the affect He was Having on me. I'd often go to my Housing Area and promptly relieve the Building Pressure As I fantasized Eating his Cock.

Since another friend knew I was Bisexual, He mentioned that Alex was too. I was elated yet extremely leery about revealing my want to this man. We bantered and flirts back and forth goofing around. Then one Day, I found a pair of panties. I secreted them away, washing them Deciding one Day to go for broke.

I'd wear them when I was alone Severing the feeling of those panties wrapping my cock in their embrace. One Day while at work, I slipped them on and asked Alex for his help.

We were in a secluded area and the thought of his hardness got the better of me. As our banter and flirts got more sexual, he noticed my hardening cock pointing and asking "what's going on there?" "Lodes like you need a little help." "If you only knew" was all I could muster. I eased over to him as I looked at his now hardening cock as he pulled it free of its confines. I gasped at the overall size of this monster. At 10 inches it was easily the biggest I'd ever seen. I take his manhood into my hand and the velvet soft hardness pulsed in my palm as my mouth began to water. I bent down and attempted to gobble his cock down but only made it half way. I stroked and sucked his hairless monster till he

Warned me off of his impending orgasm.
I told him I wanted to watch him cum
but he said "in time but first, let me have
your cock."

He gasped with a shocked delight at
the sight of my panty covered cock and ass
He guidedly pulled my cock free of its
satin cocoon and engulfed my 8 inch
cock to the hilt. I'd never had such a
blow job from anyone, mind blowing is an
understatement. He grasped my ass as he
pulled my hairless cock into his throat, this
I couldn't handle long as I tried to pull
free before I shot my load, but he hungrily
ate each drop, sticky shot. After he sucked
every drop, I quickly took his side of sausage back
into my mouth eager to do to him the same pleasure
he'd shown me. He asked if I'd want to take
his meat in my pussy. I told him "be damned if
I won't try". And quickly pointed my panty covered
ass in his face. He slid my panties down
exposing my tight honey pot, quickly licking
and loosening me up then I felt his meaty
cock head probing my wanting pussy. As
he eased inside, pausing, entering; pausing until
I had all 10 inches buried, rubbing my p-spot
making my legs tremor with pleasure.
Slowly we got into a rhythm with his
thighs slapping my ass as our balls bounced
together in time. After only a few minutes
I began trembling more as I felt a
shattering orgasm build from my loins and
I shot a sticky goo without touching my
cock. Alex continued his rampant fucking
of my ass pounding and pulling me to
him, as I gently massaged his balls and
felt for his cock as it disappeared into me
he reached down grasping and pumping my
cock in time to his thrusts causing yet
another shattering climax to erupt as my
pussy milked his cock as he exploded with
a final thrust into my ass splashing the
deep recesses of my pussy with his hot
cum. We cleaned one another up gently
and I covered myself with a new sticky
pair of satin panties, we decided to

Do this again but next time, I'll get
to feel the velvet glove of his hot pussy.
That'll be another story. —

Mating Season

Bri (Outside Family)

Contains: Slight Body Horror, Biological Compulsion, Religious Degradation, & Monster Sex

"Father!" An old woman came running up to a tall man in clergy robes as he passed out candies to the children playing outside. Some children carried on playing, oblivious to the seriousness of the situation. Some of the older ones became quiet to hear the news the old woman had brought. The priest embraced her as she caught her breath. She collected herself, finally looking at him, eyes wide. She whispered in horror, "They've caught it."

A thrill of excitement went through the priest, but he masked it, knowing that though this was expected, these were grave times for the townspeople, and they were counting on him to rid them of their 'problem.' But he knew what was waiting for him, could smell the sweet alluring scent that no one else could detect. It came wafting over the mountains in the west and pooled in the valley where their small town was established. He knew then that this was the climax of their centuries-old game.

Weeks ago, it began when a few bloodied, half-eaten sheep and then cattle were strewn about the hills—it was a warning for more to come. Soon after, a few missing people caused an uproar in their small village, gathering the strongest men to poorly execute a plan to charge into the forest beyond the hills to kill the creature, whatever it was that no one had laid eyes on. Less than half the men that charged into the forest that night came back, all visibly traumatized by whatever they'd witnessed and several different

accounts of what happened and what the creature looked like.

After telling the woman and children to spread word for everyone to stay put in their houses tonight, the priest made his way to the church, where the woman told him they had the creature bound. Animal screeches could be heard coming from the tall building as he approached, stirring up feelings he hadn't allowed himself to explore for years. He placed a trembling hand on the old wooden door, taking a deep breath to try to calm himself so he wouldn't appear as affected as he was feeling in front of the creature.

When he pushed through the doors, the scent filled him, reaching every corner of his body and intoxicating him. The screeching came to a halt and melted off into what would sound like a growl to anyone else, but the Father knew was a purr.

The farmer's sons ran up to him, the eldest with excitement plastered on his face while the younger trailed behind, visibly shaken. They were both there on the night all the men charged into the forest. Only the youngest had gotten close enough to see what the creature truly looked like while managing to escape with his life and limbs intact. This led to many nights of the older brother dragging the younger back into the hills to set traps, and one of them finally worked.

Continued: Mating Season

"We got it, Father! The demon was about to commit another murder and it was just the trick we needed." The oldest exclaimed, throwing an arm around his brother, who shook it off. The priest looked between them, understanding that out of desperation, the eldest used his own brother as bait. He patted the youngest on his shoulder and gave him reassuring words before sending them off to ensure everyone was safe in their homes. When he was sure they were gone, he closed the heavy door behind them and let down the drop bar, locking them inside.

"It's about time, Endo." The creature rumbled from behind him, its voice a harmony of split tones, a growl, and a whisper so sweet. Not a soul in the village knew him as Endo, his true name, and it had been far too long since someone had uttered it. The priest shuddered and turned towards the creature, taking long strides down the center aisle of the church to close the distance between them, each step causing him to become more and more intoxicated with the scent exuding from the creature before him. "What a fitting place for an exorcism," the creature continued, looking around the church, "only those stupid humans don't know that I'm something that doesn't need it."

The priest stopped before the creature disguised as a Griffin. The lion bottom half prowled on talons, and the eagle head swiveled slowly. The creature was with chains he knew could be broken so easily. Why the creature would let itself be caught so easily was all part of the game.

It would be brought straight to Endo, and he would perform an 'exorcism' and dispose of their demon. This ritual fed the townspeople's trust, ensuring he could continue to live a comfortable life amongst them. He'd chosen to live as a human long ago, something the creature before him despised but continued to help him ensure legitimacy. They only had each other left in this world.

"We meet again, Luxor."

"I've been senselessly killing for far too long trying to scare your precious humans." The creature began to vibrate, stretching out its wings as its feathers fell off and swirled around the room, and an iridescent exoskeleton took their place piece by piece. Wings contorted to form long arms, and two more sprang from its midsection, simultaneously breaking the lame restraints. Luxor stood at full height on hooved feet, towering over Endo. A set of bright, eclipsing eyes opened over the two present, giving Luxor both binocular and monocular vision. Finally, a horn pierced through the creature's forehead, extending out about a foot and slightly curved upwards at the end. Luxor flexed, feeling complete and whole again with everything in place as it was intended to be while shamelessly teasing Endo. Shifting didn't take nearly as much time. It could be done in a flash, but Luxor got a thrill watching Endo's reaction.

Continued: Mating Season

Endo stared in awe. It had been too many years since he'd seen his own kind in its natural form. Tall and powerful, without limitation, free of standards put in order by the same creatures he decided to live among. The sweet aroma wafting off of Luxor's immaculate body only intensified in their true form, further sending Endo into a daze and making him lose focus. Luxor groaned and stretched as a tail emerged and slinked around to press against Endo's chest. "Why do you continue to show this form to me? You know how much I despise humans."

"Yes, I know all too well," Endo replied after gathering himself.

The so-called priest had chosen to make a life with the humans Luxor believed plagued the planet. Their species had once roamed alone. Endo had seen humans evolve over several hundreds of years, and there was a lot to learn from them, but many things he did not understand, teachings he didn't believe in but hypocritically regurgitated from a book no one knew the origins of. It was the basis of their existence which they also knew nothing about. Morals and appearances that they'd grown to deem better than others, separations and classes of people that had no sense behind them, even distinguishing genders by the flesh between their legs. He had lived among societies of people who treated gender as trivial and some who praised them, holding them sacred. He'd given up so much living the way humans lived,

limiting himself to one shape and one gender that he'd learned was respected more for unfathomable reasons. This was most frustrating for him because his species had no such separation. He took the male form as it was easier to integrate himself into different societies over hundreds of years with the guise of a man with a holy background, so he took advantage of it even if he didn't understand.

"I have learned the ways of these humans; they can be senseless, but simplicity comes with it. I've led an easy life as their protector."

Luxor let out a shrill laugh, leaning back from the force of laughter erupting from their body.

"Protector? Protection from whom? And by what power, god?" Luxor doubled over with laughter. "Don't tell me that keeping yourself stuck in their flesh has convinced you that their god is real."

"They believe in Him, and that is enough."

Luxor sprang forward, knocking Endo to the ground and trapping him with all their limbs, keeping him pinned down to the wooden floorboards.

"You fool. Don't start believing the lies you've been spouting." Luxor spat, mere inches from Endo's face. "You don't belong among these flesh prisons. You're a Shifter, something greater than they could ever imagine. You could be their God! We once ruled this planet and have been reduced to this. Hiding in climates human bodies can't withstand, feeding off of

Continued: Mating Season

livestock they've kept all for themselves. They are selfish, and they all deserve death. The only thing you protect them from is me; even that is a lie to keep them complacent enough to believe you are one of them."

Endo breathed deeply, taking in more of the scent surrounding him, Luxor's words slipping right through him. He felt he was drowning in thick syrup and knew he could come close to the actuality of that feeling. The heady scent seeping from both of them indicated ripe fluids rushing below their exoskeletons, ready to burst through to mix with the other. With Luxor being so close, it was incredibly hard for Endo to hold himself together. His own skin threatened to fall away to reveal his true form, begging for the sweetness to come forth from Luxor and mix with his own.

Fighting the urge to shift was always senseless. He'd have to do it sooner or later to finish what they started. It was always such a relieving feeling to be in his true form, but a feeling of shame came with it. It never lasted once the mating commenced, but it was still a strange feeling he couldn't ignore. He feared that Luxor was right. Maybe he was starting to believe the lies he was spouting from the book.

Luxor's tail came around to brush against Endo's forehead, where they knew his horn was waiting under the skin. The gentle touch sent waves of pleasure through Endo, and he gasped as his skin fell away and he began shifting into his

natural form. Rainbows were sent around the inside of the church as the last of setting sunlight filtered through the stained glass windows and bounced off their exoskeletons. Endo's second set of eyes snapped open to reveal more colors than he'd seen in centuries. He breathed in relief as his lungs expanded, and two more arms and a tail emerged along with a horn that Luxor began winding the tip of their tail around as it grew.

No words needed to be spoken. Once they were interlocked with each other in their true forms, their wants were communicated in a way no other earthly being could fathom. It was beyond telepathy. Their desires become each other's, satisfied instantly without ever having to express it.

Endo's tail also reached up to wrap around Luxor's horn, and they both let out low purring, nuzzling their faces against anything they could reach, begging for the juices to flow. Long limbs tangled as they desperately clung to each other, and mouths worked along each other's bodies, encouraging that delicious syrup to come forth and spill out. The taste and scent sent them into a frenzy of licking and groping.

Within minutes, the pews of the church were strewn about, some broken at the ends where their large bodies had collided with them in their frantic mating. Not a single thing could stop them now.

Continued: Mating Season

The townspeople could all march in, and even then, they wouldn't stop until they were exhausted; it was too addicting. They were trapped in their own personal world of ecstasy, and the only thing that would drag them back to reality was complete satisfaction. It would take some hours before then.

As Luxor stretched down to suck from Endo's neck, Endo brought out his long tongue to wrap around their horn, stroking it with vigor until Luxor let out a whine and essence seeped from the pores of their exoskeleton, dripping down to Endo where his own liquids mixed with the sweetness and absorbed into his body causing him to shudder and tense, letting out an animalistic roar and clinging even harder to Luxor.

Luxor rolled so that Endo was on top and used their tail to similarly stroke Endo's horn, sending him into a trance-like state as his essence poured seemingly endlessly from his body, trickling down to Luxor, where they greedily lapped it up. They purred loudly as it pleased their bodies in a way they couldn't find with any other creature on the planet.

Endo had experienced human mating but knew it would never measure up to this, the effortless fulfillment of needs that barely became a thought before they were satisfied. He'd forgotten just how sensational it was. Shockwaves of pleasure pulsed through both of them as they moved as one, limbs snaking around each other as tongues lapped and teased

to bring forth more syrupy sweetness. Endo found himself shuddering out a laugh as a particularly powerful wave of pleasure wracked him when Luxor sucked his entire horn into their mouth, tongue swirling along the length of it as they drew back.

They continued this for long hours, pleasuring each other and themselves without a thought to the outside world. Nothing else mattered in these moments, just pure bliss and pleasure. This opportunity only came about every few hundred years, and they had to soak up as much of each other as they could before starving again until the next mating season.

Once they'd finally exhausted themselves of all liquid they could bear to squeeze out, they rested under the altar, continuing to stay intertwined, licking and sucking each other clean of every last drop. Day was just beginning to break when they eventually separated from each other and stretched their long limbs out once again, reveling in the afterglow of a few centuries worth of well-needed release. Luxor let out one final purr, but it soon became a growl as they watched Endo shift back into his human form.

"You couldn't have waited until I was gone?" They said in disgust.

"I am more comfortable in this form... as you are in that form."

"Our true form, Endo. Do not forget."

"I could never. This is how I choose to live, do not forget it is you who helps me to continue."

Continued: Mating Season

Luxor growled again before leaping over to the towering church doors.

"Live amongst your filthy humans if it makes you happy then."

"I will, Luxor. I will see you again in a few hundred years. I know you'll always find me." Endo grinned at his counterpart as their face twisted into a snarl.

"As if I have a choice." They growled before contorting their body thin enough to slip between the thick wooden doors and scuttling off into the hills. Endo was left alone in the midst of the destruction they created while being lost in their pleasure, thinking of how he'd explain all of this to the townspeople. He maneuvered his way to the large wooden doors, lifted the lock bar, pushed the doors open, and stepped out into the early morning dimness of the sunrise. No townspeople were around, no doubt still hiding in their homes until he gave them the clear. He sniffed the air, smelling a very faint sweetness drifting off into the west until it was completely gone. This round of their game was over.



Malachi Lily

To Black and Pink Newsletter....

I feel so alone and messed up right now. Need to write this out. I am so new at my sexuality. I came to prison and I keep thinking of what exactly a real girl feels. I began with this lust for all a girl is. All I want is to be sexually opposite to the right dude. Need one. I can let have his way with me. Because as he does it creates the best inside me. The girly feelings making me be the best person I've ever been. But it all comes originally from having sex. Then something about the way it feels sticks with me. I only really open to a dude like this when I get the right one. Other than that I get confused and ashamed of it. I hide and act like a dude. But all of my mind deeply imagines being used like a girl. I need to be handled and used up. Need to have a dude so genuinely looking for my body to satisfy his. I want him to get aroused and greedy to have me. But in prison it isn't as open as you would imagine. And it sometimes comes with lack of respect. I need respect. Respect me and I'll be so stupid for you. Never ever turn down your sex either. Anyways, I'm in progress as coming all the way out. To be girly all the time. To accept the views of prison. Be a prison bitch. And to let go and enjoy me a dude. It is so difficult to get all you want in one package. The personality and body. I like my guys to have big ones. I really need the fat ass cocks to get me off. Don't care much how long it is. Just needs to have some width. And it is too awesome having one that blows up big amounts of lovely sperm. So aroused by the shape and touch of a man's penis. And I love cum too much. So yeah, I'm very sexual. Sex is my high. But I want more than just feeling girly sexually. I want to be like a girl with everything. Got to admit I am a real nympho though. Can't have enough sex. I wonder if someone actually reads this? What are the chances to get a response? I need to be able to talk. To relate. Go over some things. And yes, I daydream about dirty ass letters. Sexuality adds to me. Gives me so much. Like when I feel too much a man and so tense, if I get to take a cock I will open up a different way. It sets me right in a deep place. Its like sex makes me care about



myself. And even though I am as much a girl I can be, I know I'm just a girly boy. I want to make it a thing for girly boys to wear thongs. I had 19 thongs and damn near always had one on. You could see the strips of thong on my hips with my shirt off. And having a ball cap sideways on my head. I was cool and cute. Just doing me. All I wish is having sex too much. Want to have sex again and again and again. I do think of having a real relationship. Belonging to the guy I like. But I still need to sometimes have multiple partners. I enjoy having turns taken on me. And playing around with how many messes I can make with cocks. Going porn star good blowing of two dudes. My face all in their laps. And as I blow off some dicks I'll have a hardcore ass penetration going on. I mean I really want it so fucking badly to be forceful and strong. Get hard strokes up me in awesome rhythms. As I nurse two hard up peckers in my mouth. Something about giving it up arouses me deeply. So yes, I'm still trying to figure it all out. And sometimes I can feel bad for some dudes I've gave it up for. Sometimes I just needed that manhood. But then I couldn't even see the dude as my man. He just has a penis. And I get some ways I want to feel. I don't even have another girl around me to talk to. Or girly boy as I call it. My family looks down on me. I can't help it that I love men and their sex. I use my asshole as a sex organ. And it genuinely becomes one. So much buildup happening up in it as all my arousalment and cravings get off by his penetrating rhythms. My eyes beam all my girly excitement. In the moment all I am is a girly thing. And I can get off on giving my ass up. Does it sound a bit mental? I want a dude I can play house with. Be good for Daddy, you know?

I need someone I can talk to about my sexuality and transformation. Like to have a real girl who can help me see all she really is. To be my friend and help me express the girl in me. And understand how sex opens a girl's world to me. Want to ask how you feel with what things I feel. To open up and let go. Wish only a girly intention when I'm with girls. Like girl on girl action only. I'll be so nurturing as I eat her pussy and having her tongue in

my asshole. Kiss and lick her body in a femine way. I want get hard. But will help her get someone hard. Want to help her suck off some cute cock. And having men taken turns in us together. I mean exactly as she does. As I look at the cock hitting inside her I crave him hitting up in me, too. I want to get it, too. Well, this is my letter. I hope someone thinks to write me back? And am I using sex too much as an anchor for me? Or am I okay to be so sexual? Could someone actually describe all a girl really is to me? Want match up what I sense. That would be so helpful.

-Ronnie

"THE MEMORY IS YOU"

WELL HERE I AM GIRL, THINKING ABOUT
YOU AGAIN, I'M SHACKLED TO YOUR MEMORY
SO THERE AIN'T NO NEED FOR ME TO PRETEND,
I'M HELD, PRISONER,
BUT I STILL HAVE MY THOUGHT OF YOU,
AND THERE AIN'T A DAMN THING I CAN DO,
SO UNTIL MY TIME IS THROUGH,
REMEMBER GIRL, HOW MUCH I LOVE YOU.

REMINISCING OF WHEN WE FIRST MET
IT'S A DAY GIRL, I'LL NEVER FORGET,
THE CHANGES THAT WE BOTH BEEN THROUGH
WON'T LET ME FORGET HOW MUCH I LOVE YOU,
I SIT HERE THINKING OF THE TIMES WE SHARED
REMEMBERING ALL THE WAYS YOU CARED,
DOWN DEEP INSIDE FROM MY LONELY HEART
YOUR MEMORY STILL BURNS FROM THAT ONE LITTLE SPARK.

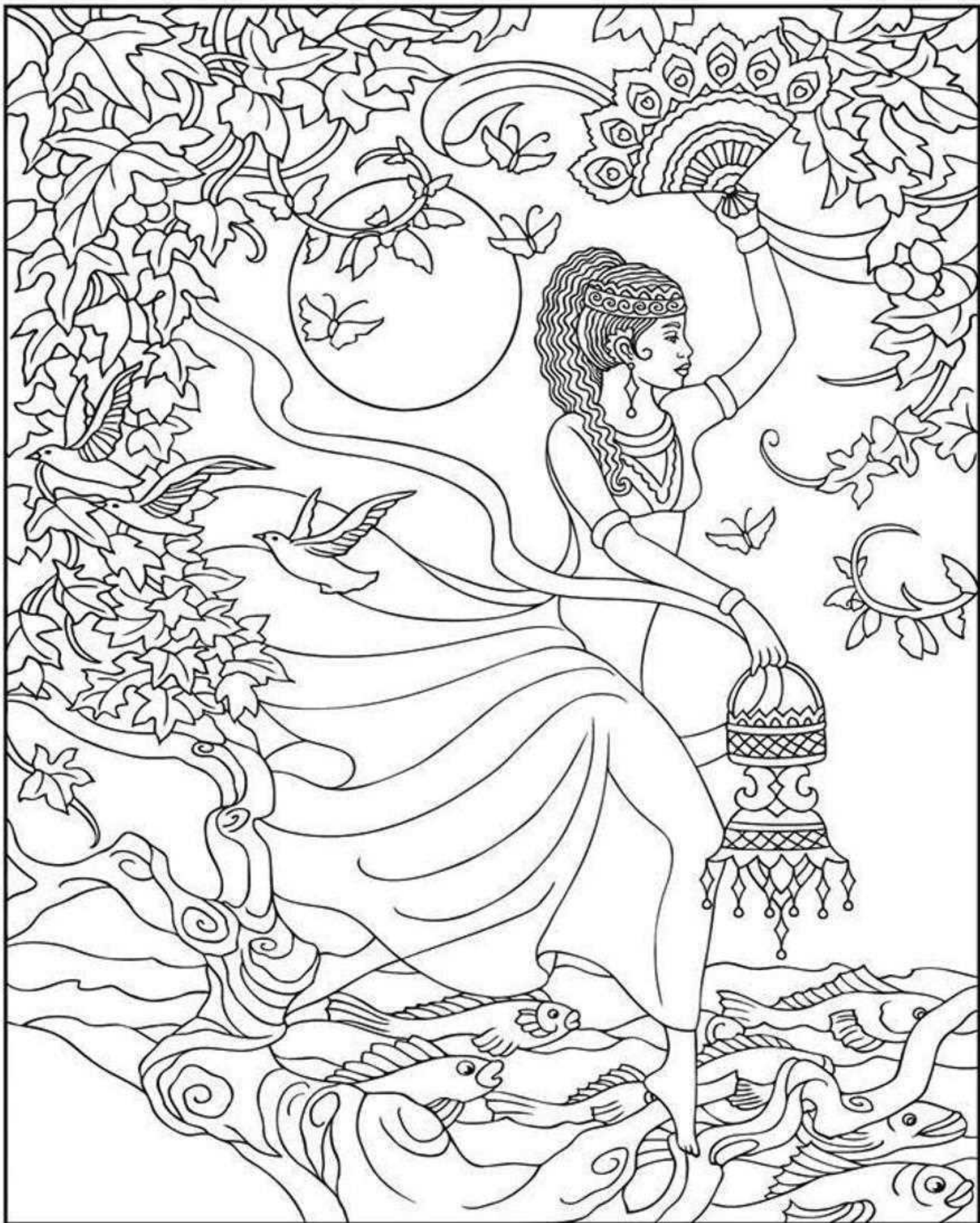
THE MEMORY OF YOU AND ME
IS ALL I NEED TO PULL ME THROUGH,
THE MEMORY OF HOW WE USE TO BE
ME LOVING YOU,
FOR ALWAYS, FOR ALWAYS
AND FOREVER GIRL, AND FOREVER GIRL
I'LL BE IN LOVE WITH YOU,
I HOPE, I HOPE, THAT YOU'LL NEVER FORGET
NEVER FORGET,
MY LOVE WAS ALWAYS TRUE.

THIS LONELINESS I FEEL, WAY DOWN DEEP IN MY HEART
ONE DAY IT WILL PASS, AND AGAIN
WE CAN LET OUR LOVE START,
WHEN MY TIME IS THROUGH
GIRL I'M GONNA COME RUNNING RIGHT BACK TO YOU,
AND THEN, NEVER AGAIN WILL WE EVER HAVE TO PART,
THE MEMORY IS YOU
MY LOVE WILL ALWAYS BE TRUE

BY:
Albert James Hadnot (location unknown)

Please enjoy the following reflection
exercises, creative prompts, art by our inside
family and other stimulating activities. I look
forward to reading your next submissions!

In Love & Abundance,
Malachi



Oshun is the West African goddess of love and fresh water. She heals the sick and brings both fertility and prosperity.

Cherry Nonogram

Color the squares to match the number patterns.

						3	2			3				
	0	2	4	6	2	1	2		4	2	3	3		
	4	2	1	2	4	6	6	4	2	0				
1														
2	2													
3	3													
2	3													
3														
1	1													
1	1													
1	1													
2	1													
4	2													
6	4													
6	6													
4	6													
2	4													
2														

Grid Basics

The playing field consists of a grid, often square, divided into cells. Each cell can be filled or left empty.

Numerical Clues

Along the top and left edges, you'll find sets of numbers.

These numbers indicate consecutive groups of filled cells in that row or column.

Row vs. Column Logic

The numbers give hints about the arrangement of filled cells in both rows and columns.

By decoding these clues, you uncover the hidden image.

Starting Point: Begin with rows or columns with the most significant numbers.

Identify definite placements based on these clues.

Logical Deduction: Use deductive reasoning to eliminate possibilities.

If a row or column is complete, mark it accordingly.

Marking Techniques: Develop a consistent system for marking filled and empty cells.

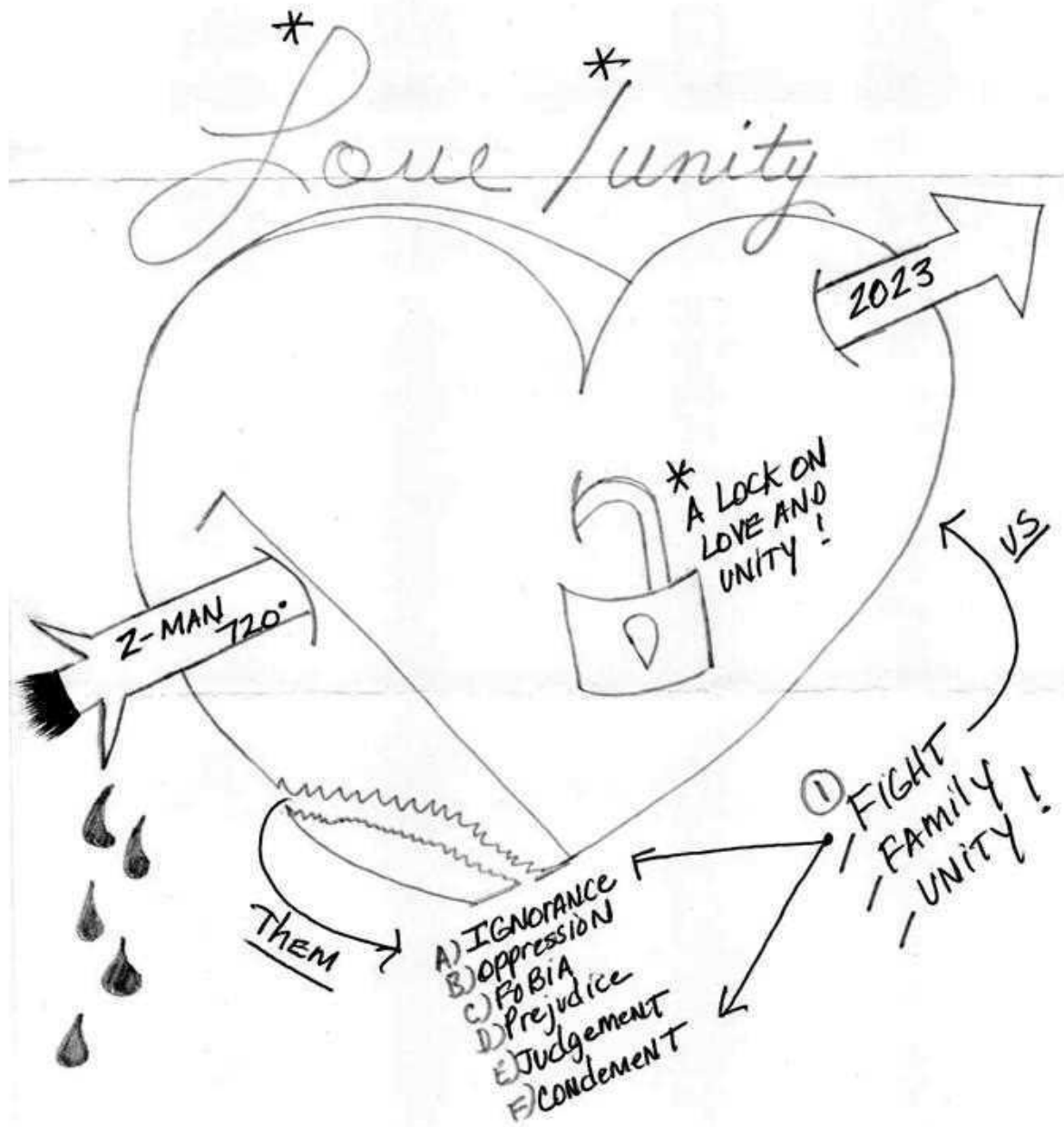


WHAT ARE 1-3 LESSONS YOU'VE LEARNED ABOUT LOVE?
HOW DID THE PAIN OF LEARNING THAT LESSON CHANGE YOU?
IS THERE SOMETHING BEAUTIFUL THAT CAME OUT OF THOSE
EXPERIENCES?

WHATEVER COMES UP FOR YOU, WRITE A LETTER TO YOUR PAST
SELF WHO ACTIVELY WENT THROUGH THAT LEARNING
EXPERIENCE.

WHAT DO YOU KNOW NOW? WHAT DO YOU WISH TO TELL
YOURSELF THEN? THE FINAL FORM CAN BE A LETTER, POEM,
SONG, OR ART PIECE. HOW CAN YOU SHOW YOUR PAST SELF
LOVE? HOW CAN YOU SHOW YOURSELF LOVE NOW?

BONUS: WHAT DO YOU STILL NOT UNDERSTAND ABOUT LOVE OR
YOURSELF AS A PERSON WHO LOVES? HOW DO YOU THINK YOU
CAN WORK THROUGH THAT LESSON?

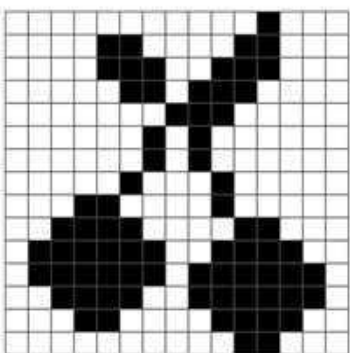


* LOVE is peace, UNITY is strength!
 STAY STRONG. BLACK AND PINK FAMILY!

Z-MAN 720°

Cherry Nonogram

Solution





TRANS AND NONBINARY PEOPLE ARE SHAPESHIFTERS. LET'S TAKE THAT IDEA A STEP FURTHER AND PLAY WITH IT!

IF YOU COULD SHAPESHIFT INTO ANYTHING, OR MULTIPLE THINGS, OR A MIXTURE OF THINGS, WHAT WOULD YOU BE AND HOW WOULD YOU WANT TO EXPERIENCE THE SENSUAL OR THE EROTIC IN THIS NEW FORM(S)?

THINK ABOUT SENSATIONS. HOW WOULD THIS NEW BODY/FORM EXPERIENCE TASTE, TOUCH, SIGHT, AND SMELL DIFFERENTLY THAN YOUR CURRENT FORM? DO YOU HAVE NEW SENSES HUMANS DON'T TYPICALLY HAVE? WHERE DO YOU EXIST IN THIS FORM, AND WHO/WHAT DO YOU WANT TO EXIST WITH/EXPERIENCE SENSATION WITH?

WHAT AROUSES YOU OR CONFUSES YOU IN THIS NEW SHAPE? HOW DO YOU WANT TO BE TOUCHED OR EXPERIENCED IN THIS NEW FORM?

YOU CAN BE ANYTHING. TAKE TIME TO EXPLORE!

Black
&
Pink



b/s:
Hester
Boyd
(S)