



# MY ZINE

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# Sleep deprived

I feel the strain in my eyes  
Losing focus in the light  
I could fall asleep on needles  
But stay awake hugging pillows.  
Theirs a song, a conversation,  
ticking clock, or the kettle,  
all alarms I keep forgetting  
In a void because I'm working

# November

No need for sorry.  
Its that,  
hope left my soul.  
It hurts to say  
you told me not to worry  
But this rain wont rest,  
even New York's depressed

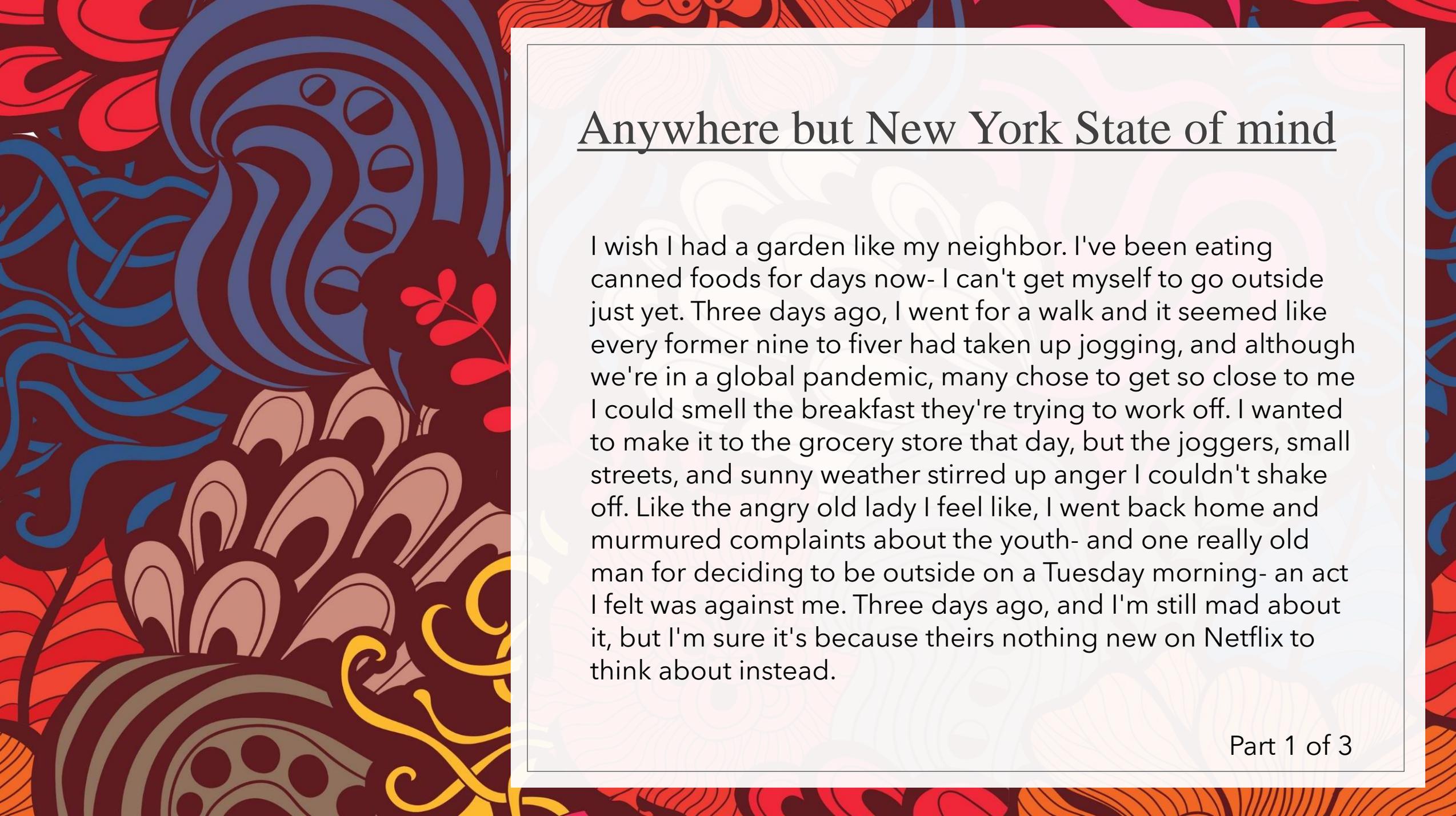
# Don't pray on it

It hurts my soul  
I thought I knew her  
Like an olive branch,  
I said "come march"

If its God you ask  
he's telling you to do  
When you said that prayer  
the answer is in you

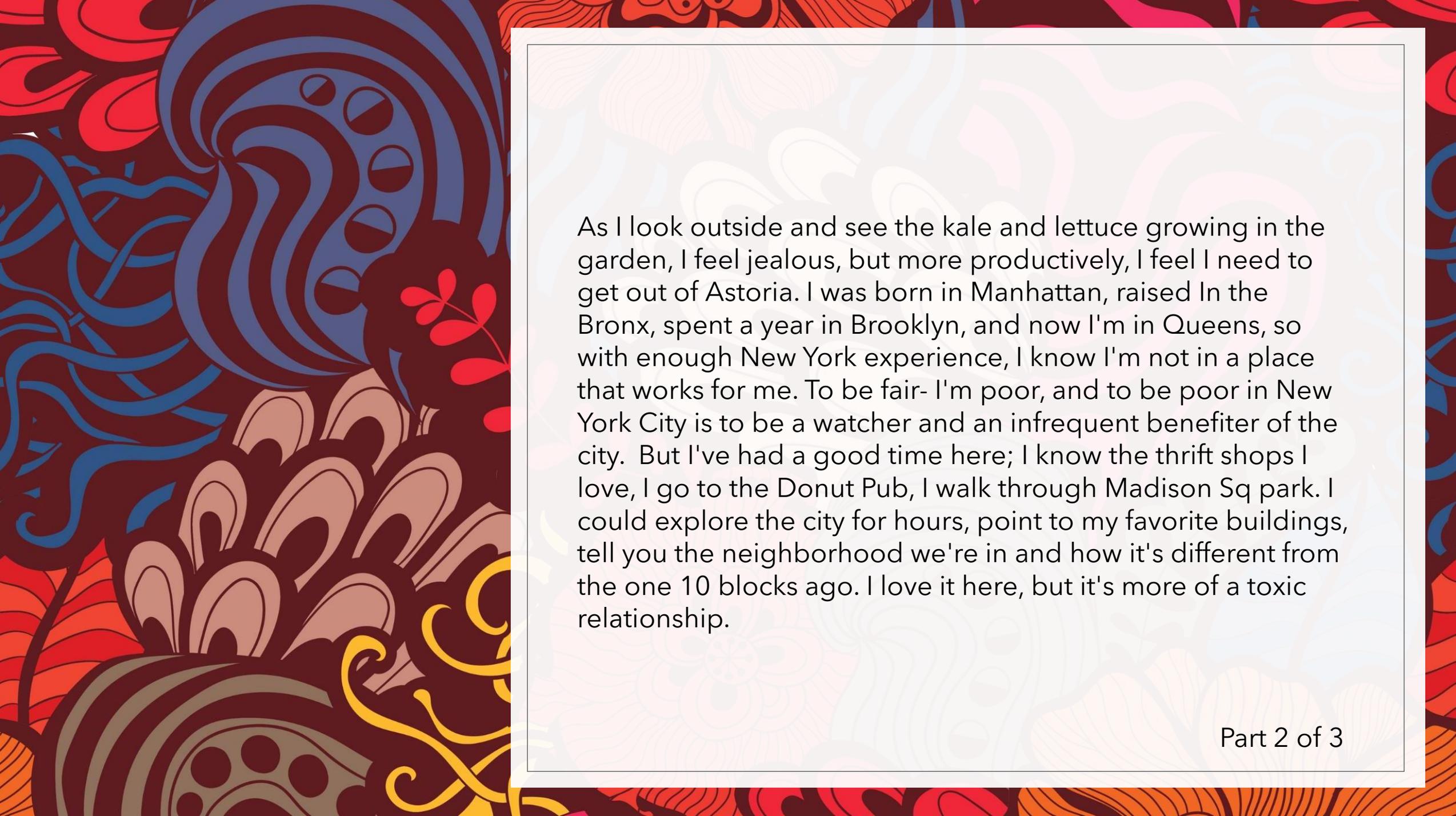
A foreign concept,  
An "e" with all the accents.  
To me it's simple,  
If he sees us equal



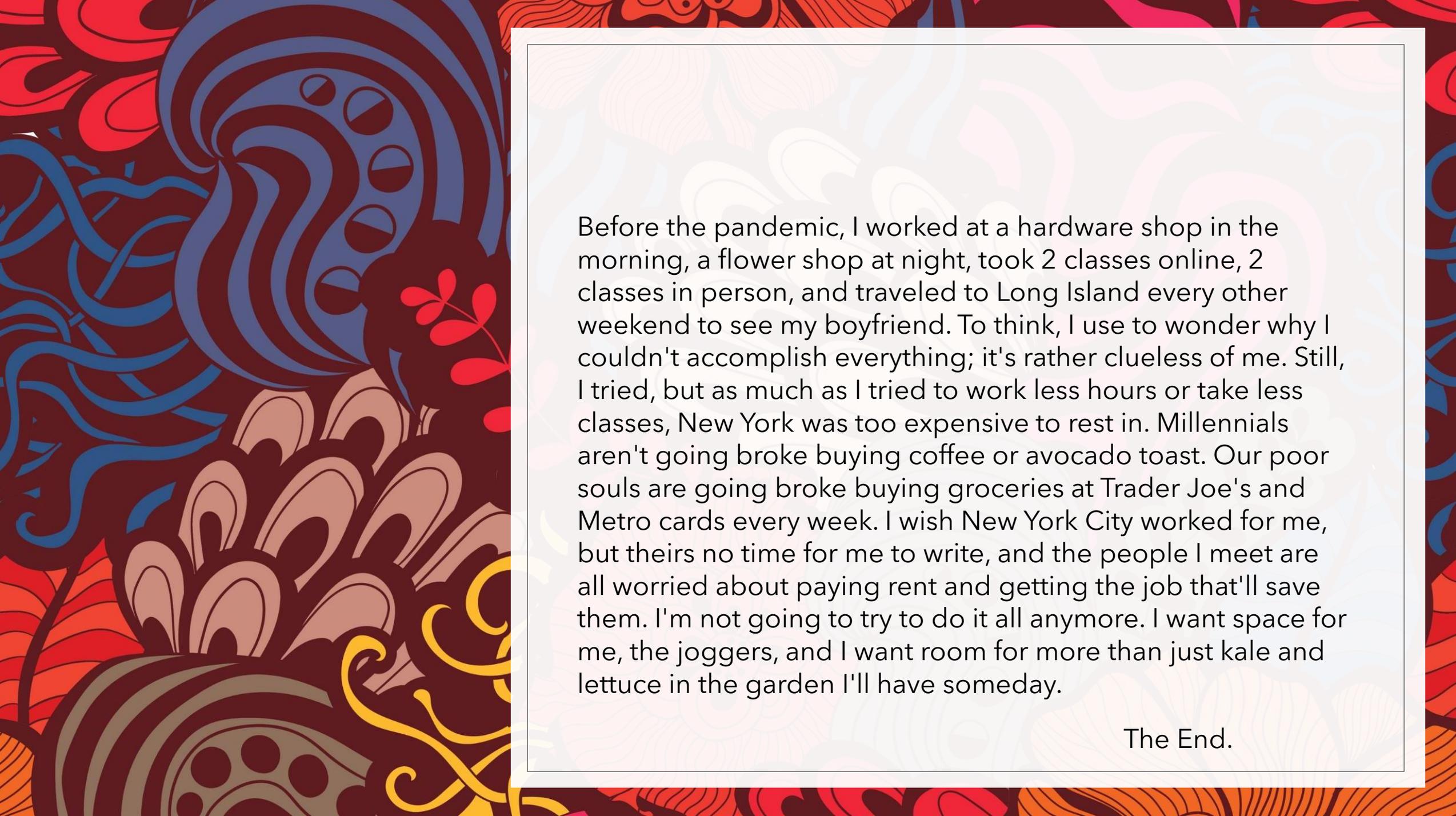


## Anywhere but New York State of mind

I wish I had a garden like my neighbor. I've been eating canned foods for days now- I can't get myself to go outside just yet. Three days ago, I went for a walk and it seemed like every former nine to fiver had taken up jogging, and although we're in a global pandemic, many chose to get so close to me I could smell the breakfast they're trying to work off. I wanted to make it to the grocery store that day, but the joggers, small streets, and sunny weather stirred up anger I couldn't shake off. Like the angry old lady I feel like, I went back home and murmured complaints about the youth- and one really old man for deciding to be outside on a Tuesday morning- an act I felt was against me. Three days ago, and I'm still mad about it, but I'm sure it's because there's nothing new on Netflix to think about instead.



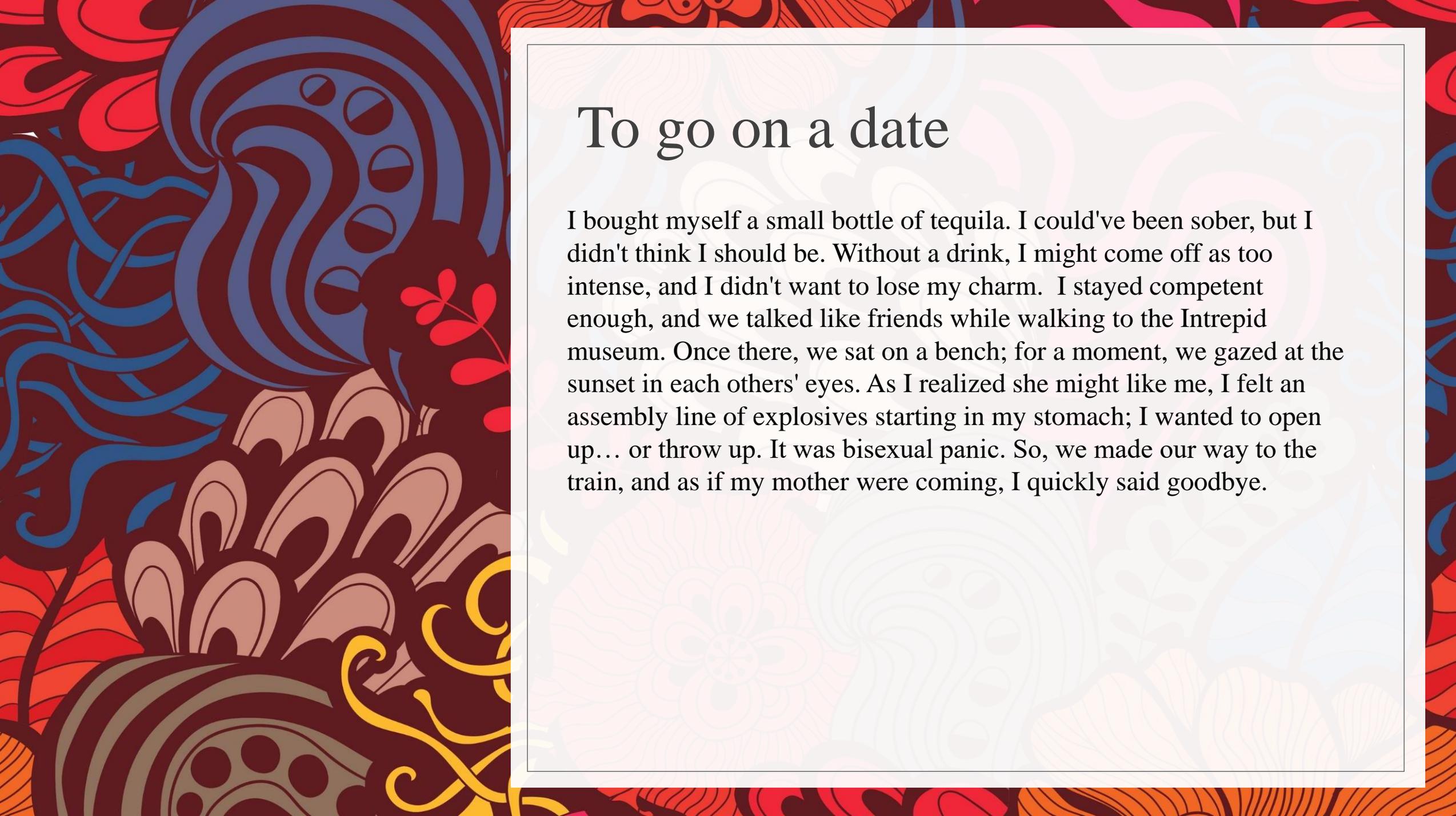
As I look outside and see the kale and lettuce growing in the garden, I feel jealous, but more productively, I feel I need to get out of Astoria. I was born in Manhattan, raised in the Bronx, spent a year in Brooklyn, and now I'm in Queens, so with enough New York experience, I know I'm not in a place that works for me. To be fair- I'm poor, and to be poor in New York City is to be a watcher and an infrequent benefiter of the city. But I've had a good time here; I know the thrift shops I love, I go to the Donut Pub, I walk through Madison Sq park. I could explore the city for hours, point to my favorite buildings, tell you the neighborhood we're in and how it's different from the one 10 blocks ago. I love it here, but it's more of a toxic relationship.



Before the pandemic, I worked at a hardware shop in the morning, a flower shop at night, took 2 classes online, 2 classes in person, and traveled to Long Island every other weekend to see my boyfriend. To think, I use to wonder why I couldn't accomplish everything; it's rather clueless of me. Still, I tried, but as much as I tried to work less hours or take less classes, New York was too expensive to rest in. Millennials aren't going broke buying coffee or avocado toast. Our poor souls are going broke buying groceries at Trader Joe's and Metro cards every week. I wish New York City worked for me, but theirs no time for me to write, and the people I meet are all worried about paying rent and getting the job that'll save them. I'm not going to try to do it all anymore. I want space for me, the joggers, and I want room for more than just kale and lettuce in the garden I'll have someday.

The End.





## To go on a date

I bought myself a small bottle of tequila. I could've been sober, but I didn't think I should be. Without a drink, I might come off as too intense, and I didn't want to lose my charm. I stayed competent enough, and we talked like friends while walking to the Intrepid museum. Once there, we sat on a bench; for a moment, we gazed at the sunset in each others' eyes. As I realized she might like me, I felt an assembly line of explosives starting in my stomach; I wanted to open up... or throw up. It was bisexual panic. So, we made our way to the train, and as if my mother were coming, I quickly said goodbye.

# Untitled

I found a place where you and I can stay  
with people cooler than the shade.  
The flies attack like seagulls eat  
pull down my socks to have a feast.  
On the bay, the moon shines as day  
Its magic moves me like the waves.  
Forget the road, lets call this home  
Let go of time and drown my phone



Thank you.