

# REACTION



NO. 09 TAN LINES



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# FO RE

*AWKWAFINA, "POCKIEZ"*

"I'm yellow as an egg yolk"

*CARDI B, "BACKIN' IT UP"*

"You could call me cinnamon"

*AZEALIA BANKS, "L8R"*

"Light skin girls, light skin world  
Switching his vanilla 'cause he likes that swirl"

*BELLY, "IMMIGRANT"*

"This ain't a tan, my skin the same color as sand"

# WORD

*WALE, "SHADES"*

"All my light skinned girls to my dark skin brothers  
Shades doesn't matter heart makes the lover  
Boy you're so beautiful boy  
You're so beautiful shades doesn't matter  
Heart makes the lover  
Boy (beautiful caramel),  
Boy (beautiful coffeepot)  
Boy (Beautiful chocolate)  
Boy (Beautiful toffee)  
Boy (Beautiful pecan)  
Boy (beautiful licorice)"

*LOGIC, "BLACK SPIDERMAN"*

"I'm just as white as that Mona Lisa  
I'm just as black as my cousin Keisha  
I'm biracial, so bye Felicia"

*WILL SMITH, "MIAMI"*

"Can y'all feel me, all ages and races  
Real sweet faces  
Every different nation, Spanish, Hatian, Indian, Jamaican  
Black, White, Cuban, and Asian  
I only came for two days of playing  
But every time I come I always wind up stayin'  
This the type of town I could spend a few days in  
Miami the city that keeps the roof blazin'"

*KENDRICK LAMAR, "COMPLEXION"*

"The new James Bond gon' be black as me  
Black as brown, hazelnut, cinnamon, black tea  
And it's all beautiful to me"

*PRINCESS NOKIA, "BRICK CITY"*

"Got braids in tight twists  
I'm slim with big hips  
I'm brown with big lips  
I'm little but real thick (real thick)"

*curated by Kailla Coomes*

Marion



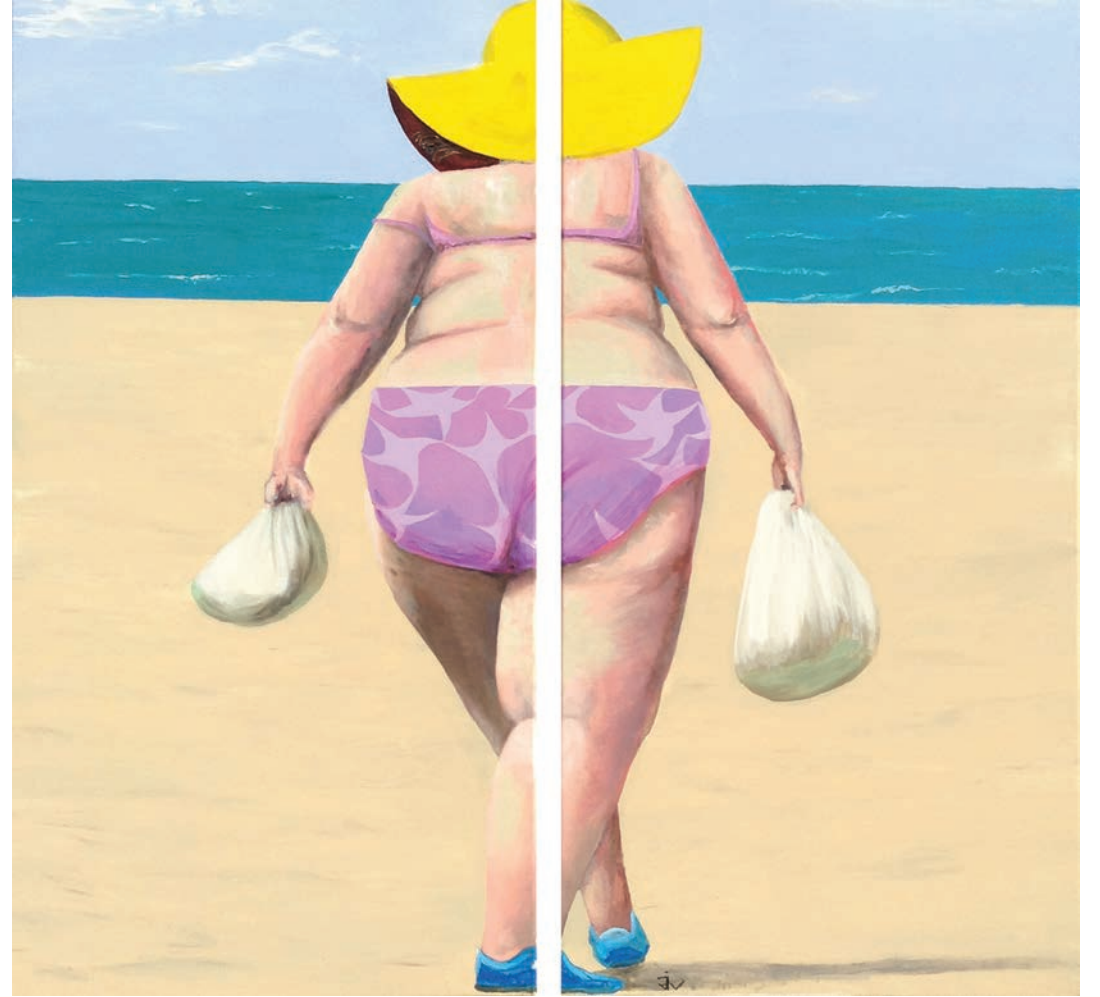
Costentin



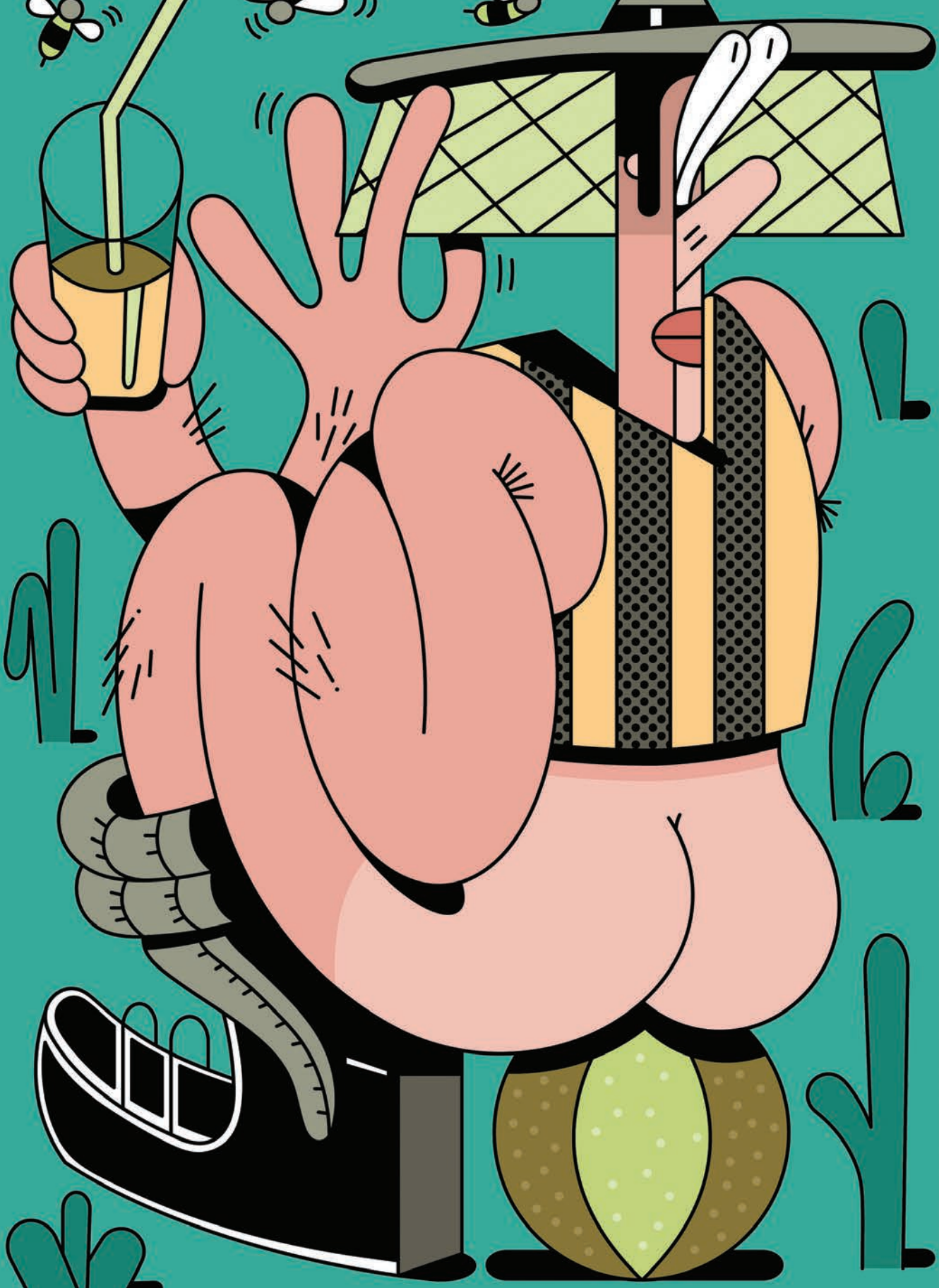
**POL KURUCZ**



TAN LINES



JULIO  
VASCONCELOS



# SKIN DEEP

Aurose Beauty, an in-home custom spray tan service, and Cap’N Coconut, a Portland made product line, are both in the business of bringing the feeling of sunshine to your beauty routine. The two companies share in their passion of making your skin glow with quality products and thoughtful branding. Feeling good about your skin routine may mean protecting yourself from skin cancer—a solution Aurose Beauty offers by spray tanning rather than exposing your skin to UV rays for hours—or by participating in Cap’N Coconut’s jar exchange program where buyers are encouraged to return their empty jars when in need of new product.

Many of Cap’N Coconut’s products are coconut based and smell like sitting on a beach sipping piña coladas on a far away tropical island. As it turns out, founder Emily Griffith, was raised in Alaska and influenced by her knowing all too well the need

for sunshine and beaches. Her first batch of products were coconut body balm and coffee scrub intended to help her friend in desperate need of a product that would actually help her psoriasis. Today, Cap’N Coconut continues to develop from that single batch to a fully branded company that is now sold wholesale and in boutiques.

As stated on the website "for busy women who want to look and feel their best" Aurose Beauty was founded on the premise of meeting the client where they are at—literally. Founder Haley Geiger is in the business of catering to your schedule in the convenience of your own home. Her products are organic or contain naturally derived ingredients and are

paraben free. She is no novice when it comes to staying tan year round and wants to inspire others to share in her passion for a safer alternative in tanning culture.

... BOTH IN THE BUSINESS OF BRINGING THE FEELING OF SUNSHINE TO YOUR BEAUTY ROUTINE





# TAN LINES

## “DO YOU JUST HAVE TAN LINES YEAR ROUND?”

I CONSIDERED THE QUESTION, SINCE I WAS YOUNG, I HAD BEEN KNOWN FOR MAINTAINING A 4 SEASON TAN.

The swimsuit with white stars I tanned through resulting in big splotches covering my body was an anecdote told every summer without fail. I brought myself back to the question at hand. I couldn't formulate an answer that matched the theme of the evening. Dinner quickly

had turned into drinks, which conveniently for him turned into “you're too drunk to drive, let's just hang at my place.” Did I remember to wear my cute underwear, the ones that resembled the color of the bra I was wearing? I racked my brain, why couldn't I remember this

simple questio?! My legs were covered in stubble; it was the dead of winter—he'd understand. It wasn't 10 minutes after arriving at his disheveled apartment he eagerly stuck his tongue down my throat. I was convinced the statement "alcohol serves as liquid courage" was more applicable to men than women. I wasn't intoxicated enough to want this, I needed another drink. “Do you have any beer?” Slowly surfacing from the haze of sucking my mouth into his, he opened his eyes and shuffled to the fridge, emerging with two beers without a word. We sat on his couch that gave no comfort, covered in what I prayed was clean laundry. He had been charming at the restaurant, oozing charisma and seeming to take interest in my answers to his baited questions. Now he remained mute, his plans had been halted. I searched for things to say, wanting my brain to produce a witty yet simultane-

ously sexy remark. Instead, I chugged the remainder of my beer, feeling at fault for the deafening silence. I stroked my hand on his thigh, closing my eyes and absorbing the buzz from the watered down cheap alcohol, allowing myself to be swallowed up in the moment. Without hesitation, he turned his body into mine, quickly pressing his chest into my collar bone, sinking me lower into the couch. He drunkenly whispered in my ear the charismatic lines again—his plans were back on track.

Why did guilt surround me after I pulled away from his initial advances? I hadn't paid for dinner, nor my drinks. In my defense he did choose the restaurant. Conveniently, it was less than a five minute drive from his house. This was a blind date, a mutual friend had set us up and I wasn't about to behave in accordance with how online dates typically ended. There was no rap sheet to reference to before I met him—is this how people used to date before the onset of Tinder, Bumble and Hinge? I had nothing to show my friends, no pictures to judge or location to track. Without these tools, I didn't know who this man resembled or if I liked the neighborhood he lived in enough to consider moving in with him!

I had imbibed just enough for us to have sex and to know I wanted to have sex with him. After I arrived at this decision, he was already five steps ahead of me. We had migrated to his bedroom. I scanned the room, jotting down quick mental notes of the lackadaisical style it reflected. This was what the life of a 33-year-old man looked like? I wanted to call my mother and proclaim how staunchly incorrect her theory had been about men in their thirties being more developed and mature than those of my young age of 24 were. Perhaps it wasn't the room itself, more so of what filled it. Old condom wrappers carelessly lay on the bedside table with an open bottle of cologne and an expired bottle of lube. A faded tapestry loosely hung on the wall missing a thumbtack. A smudged mirror was propped up against a poster of a half naked woman holding what looked to be a rescue tube across her chest. Had a stranger walked into this room, they might have thought it was winter quarter in the college dorms again.

I HAD NEVER SEEN A MAN FIND MY CLOTHES FOR ME SO QUICKLY

His cold and gritty hands swiftly unbuttoned my jeans and pulled up my bra, revealing the bottom half of my breasts. This was a common occurrence with men. They had no respect for the construct of a bra or how to properly take it off! Nor do they take into account its fragility and how women loathed the destruction of it. I must compare with girlfriends at our next ceremonial brunch to ask if they have fallen victim to this horrid offense too. Clearly age was not a factor when it came to skill set in the bedroom.

He remarked on the unveiling of my tan lines, how sexy they looked on me and how he wanted to see how far down they went. He said this with a suggesting grin, almost as if he was warning me of what was to come. With every man who was privy to my tan lines, they symbolized a sexual fantasy; the divide of light and dark strategically placed where they were vying for the most. It was a testament to their desire for that perfect woman in the poster, fueling their attraction towards those of us who attained them in the physical world.

I never saw him after that next morning, realizing he had no desire to schedule a second date. It was as uncomfortable as it could've been. The awkward fumbling of words as he attempted to make an excuse for needing to get moving early on a Saturday morning. I had never seen a man find my clothes for me so quickly it rivaled the speed of which he took them off. As I was hurriedly ushered out of the apartment, I thought how the mood had shifted drastically in the matter of hours. It reminded me of a quote from the famous actress Rita Hayworth. "They go to bed with Gilda, they wake up with me." Men enjoyed what lead up to sex and what occurred into the dark hours of the night with the part we were expected to play, but didn't like the reality with which they woke up to.

WHO KNOWS, MAYBE HER TAN LINES WERE BETTER THAN MINE

Adam has since gotten married and is consistently tagged in photos on social media of the inner most private feelings his wife has towards him. Every time it would show up on my feed, I did my best vomit noise and disgustingly dropped my phone from my hands. It was almost as if she was delighted at the rate she could irritate me; realistically I knew she hadn't the faintest idea I could see her posts. I wondered if he had subjected her to the same lines, if she had seen the same room, her clothes had been taken off as fast as mine had. Who knows, maybe her tan lines were better than mine?

— written by Susan Lena Christopher



Katelyn Kilburg

# MORE and MELANIN

A summer can be measured in nostalgias: a mental photo album of time spent in water bodies, long days matched to longer nights, giving way only to an infinity not held by anything but the pressing heat, rolls of film captured and maybe damaged from lingering in ones back-seat, and a recreated youth made from all the years summers were for freedom. Though is there a memory sweeter than friendship turning to love, newly budding at the end of spring and almost blooming in the months of summer? I have determined there is not, after carefully reviewing all known metrics of you and I. I have also determined that meeting someone is not the part of the story that matters much, but rather, how one meets again and again, until such a meeting wrings you free of all reasonable thought outside this person's subtle mannerisms, genuine laughter, or perfectly symmetrical face.

In my hope that it can be agreed that the beginning of a thing is acceptably glossed over, I will tell you, the you who hears only these clumsy and unjust words, formed from my own poor hug that lasted hours, lasted until morning, and the culmination of one long overdue and highly impassioned kiss, complete with one broken gold hoop earring as intensity's proof. They say it takes four minutes of direct eye contact for some to fall in love, four to

linguistic limitations, that on my otherwise anticlimactic 29th turn around the sun, there was a night sitting on the bluffs after a game of pool. A walk to the trainyard view, patriotic beer cans in hand, trading stories on the merits of the kinds of living and working that might honor a tender heart. Later, a

eight weeks of time together is another offered figure. Sometimes I wonder if this dusk to dawn study of details like the map of gold in your green eyes is what unravelled even the most expertly made armor around my heart. Then again and again, this followed, anywhere a person might dance or find a pool table, or anywhere somewhat within the proximity of your arms, until the pain that rifted through this repeated act created new enforcements.

I found myself in the next summer, one devoted to forgetting the ache of your chosen absence. I made different tan lines halfway across the world, many of which were the result of swimming off the shore of a certain town likened to your ancestral name. I burnt my shoulder badly there, accidentally sleeping in the sunlight after a long morning spent hunting images that might invoke what I could no longer feel after the long silence between us. I did everything but forget, attempts drowned at sea by forces I don't name, just willfully enjoying the thought of this failure as belonging to some entity or physical property of inertia far greater than I. I fell in love with cheap replacements for you: unnamed roads, people with free hearts risking it all to barrel through winding streets on skeletal dirtbikes, little old men with almost your eyes and certainly your elbows, and sunsets so beautiful they made

anything but knowing how it feels to love seem plain. These acting visions a slight and weak replica of your qualities, only truly refreshed once again in the last month of this summer.

At its end, I introduced you to these new variants in my bare skin, when we met for yet another time in the very first place, after walking through my favorite garden with you, one that bears hundreds and maybe thousands of roses. They bloomed well into the fall, and sometimes it pleases me to think that they were renewed even when we could not. You had wrapped me in your jacket, and sang my favorite SZA song to me in the kitchen, hands held to my face. Then you lifted my watermelon-colored dress, unearthing all the ways I can't hide what I feel, defenses there but turned invisible in the last glow of summer or perhaps by the tips of your fingers.

The shoulder is the body part I kissed when I left you last, in what I knew would be a final counting of each freckle on your back. No plans for this irony. I still want to know, did you feel it sting when my lips brushed you,

pretending to sleep, the way the Greek sun burned into mine? I have questions never given up for answer. I hang on

tightly, and it would even be secretly, if not for my occupation as a writer, and oh how that title enacts a self-imposed duty to both the truth and vulnerability of a thing, however incriminating and wrenching. I hang onto these summers in the now barely distinguished boundaries of my old and new skin, only through memories and melanin. No other re-telling, except through a few small artifacts I might only name in their colors, some orange, gold and blue, none enough as object without the stories and photographs I made that tell weakly of their invoked uses. I've fallen short despite how I hope to preserve them. Not even a photograph, when nearly all I love, except who I once most loved, has been immortalized on film. Would it be enough, when nearly all things fade and are left to what we remember of them? When all that's left are the tan lines, capturing the unchanged against that which has wholly changed, and the stories we tell ourselves, and those who will listen, about how we got them...

I HANG ONTO THESE SUMMERS IN THE NOW BARELY DISTINGUISHED BOUNDARIES OF MY OLD AND NEW SKIN, ONLY THROUGH MEMORIES AND MELANIN.



YVES ELIZALDE

I laughed at it, sort of, but inside I was full-on screaming. The comment had to do with the quality of people at the river's mouth that day, the beachy strip passed over by HWY 84 and swarmed by more than a hundred residents of the semi-rural and economically depressed suburbs of Portland, OR. I don't remember exactly the words she said about trash people, but I recall the ire rising like geysered mud, pressing on my esophagus like so much roiling barf. I turned my head away from her and looked out the window, felt red.

The acquaintance had invited me to the river that day. It was over 100 degrees otherwise I might have said no, disinterested as I was in new friends, in the stumbling dance of two adults testing one another through a series of small-talk type questions and answers. So in the car on the way to the river when she said the thing about trash people, I knew she was talking about me, but she didn't, and because of that she failed the test.

Granted, the people to which she was referring were mostly overweight. They were drinking cheap beer and blasting KGNU New Rock 95.1 on boom boxes. They wore clothes from Walmart. Their children shrieked and smeared Dorito powder in bright arcs across their faces and thighs. Their flip flops were worn thin. Ghosts of tee shirts whitened their torsos, highlighting their pudgy bellies, faded tattoos, and sunscorched necks. So I knew what she meant, but I also knew we weren't seeing the same thing, not really.

# TAKE THE TRASH OUT

But what was I supposed to do? Say, Well I think you should consider the problem of structural poverty and its relationship to and impact on the working poor and welfare dependent and their ilk. I mean for crying out loud, it was our first friend date and at least two hours lay like a sandy river bank ahead of us.

So I laughed at her stupid fucking comment, breathed the red down from my cheeks, sucked in air through clenched teeth to cool and send the bile back down to the gut. I let it rest, thinking to myself I can't take everything so personal. I can't let the haters get me down. I can't waste my time trying to cleanse the ruling elite of their disdain for the underclass. I can't let my feelings get in the way of doing business.

We trash people know that these things are a matter of survival. You can't have too many feelings or opinions or, you can, but you have to hold them loose, loose like thin-kneed work pants, loose like your boss holds your ass sometimes in the break room, but what are you going to do? You need the work.

The acquaintance waded out into the river, perched on a rock. She had the body of a yoga instructor, the soft hands and feet of the country club class. I must say, she was gorgeous. I looked at her looking at the water and then I was looking at family photos on the orange backs of my eyelids: Granny making potato salad; cousins dunking their fat ankles into a plastic kiddie pool; my mom spitting the tannic swill of her chew into an empty wide-mouth Pepsi bottle; some kids wrestling on a mess of old sheets; me picking at the weeds on the lawn.

Our Yoga Instructor Not-Friend returned from her rock and let out a sigh. She started talking, but by then I hated her too much to listen. While she yammered, I thought about my boss and I wondered if I put up with her abuse because at the

end of the day, I believe that I'm trash and that trash people don't have time to be sensitive.

WE TRASH PEOPLE KNOW THAT THESE THINGS ARE A MATTER OF SURVIVAL.

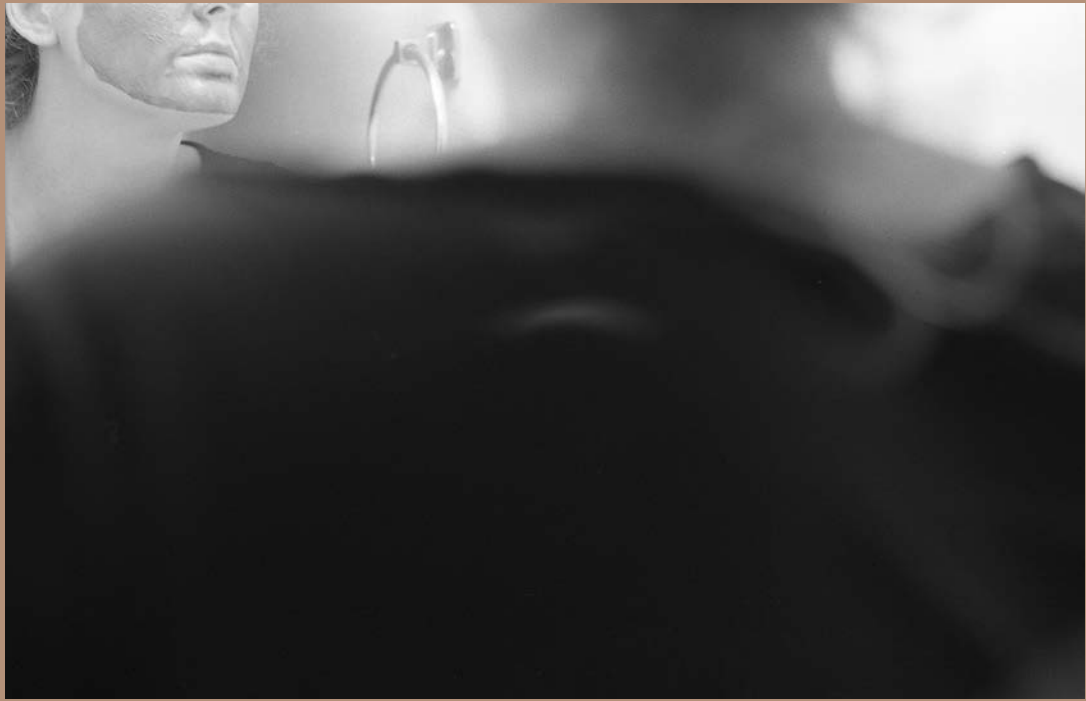
My mind wandered to the piles and piles of actual trash outside my mother's house, where it's cheaper to go to the dump once a month than to have garbage service. I thought then of the end-of-shift routine for at least seven jobs I've had: check the trash, change the trash, take the trash out. I thought of my husband's father who, when he was alive, lived at the dump or rather right on the edge, in a tent. Next it's the beaches in places like China and India that are really just a riot of plastic, a thin underlayer of sand. The amount of trash that piles up in camps for the houseless occurred to me then, and of course that led to how people use their trash as yet another reason to hate them.

So maybe this not-friend of ours and all of her people are, again, onto something. My people are rich with trash. We pile it up outside, create it, live next to it, move it, and burn it. We mine it for usables and occasionally we accidentally leave some of it at the river, maybe a beer can or dirty diaper, a billowing white flag fallen soiled in the bushes, a monument to our resourcefulness and our suffering.

— written by Jaydra Johnson



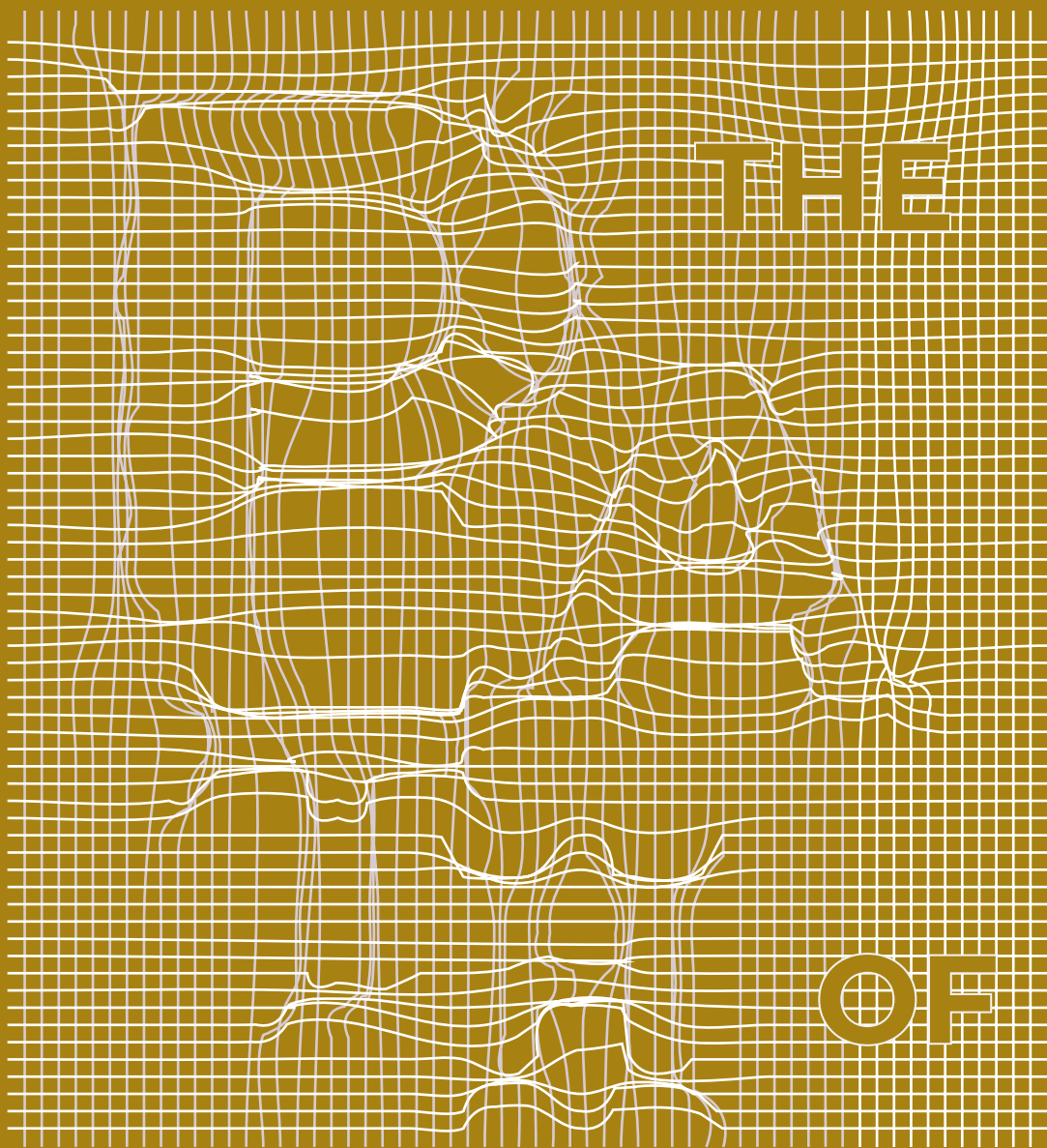




TRACY PITTS



JUSTIN ANANTAWAN



# TOTALITY

do I maintain this body façade  
 or should I nap  
 I had time for this once  
 but tripping on the activity of men  
 has me limping  
 but more time for the sunset  
 or is it eclipse light again  
 just a quick dimming  
 & back to don't look at me

I have met those who would accept  
 the total path of me  
 the place where you can remove glasses  
 and fully look  
 not as rare as we want  
 not as common as we hope

& all the crows silenced  
 all the crickets turned up  
 the drop in temperature  
 the rise in hollering  
 the corona shimmers  
 a door we walk through

I don't always want  
 something to do  
 & so I say no to you  
 but there is more yes at the top of my ladder

— NATHAN WADE CARTER



[1]

*Our love  
Was like  
Tan lines  
It disappeared  
Slowly  
And then  
All at once*

[4]

*Into my eyes  
And I am  
Afraid of  
The sun's  
Temporary scars  
They Call  
Tan lines  
To Destroy  
Their glitter  
I was lying in the  
clouds*

[2]

*The sun left tan lines on my skin  
But what really burned me down  
Was your absence  
— praying to the moon*

[3]

*Did you notice  
The tan lines  
On my skin  
Maybe it's reverse  
And not the sun  
Burns my skin  
But the moon  
By leaving light  
Stripes  
On my  
Body  
You put stars*

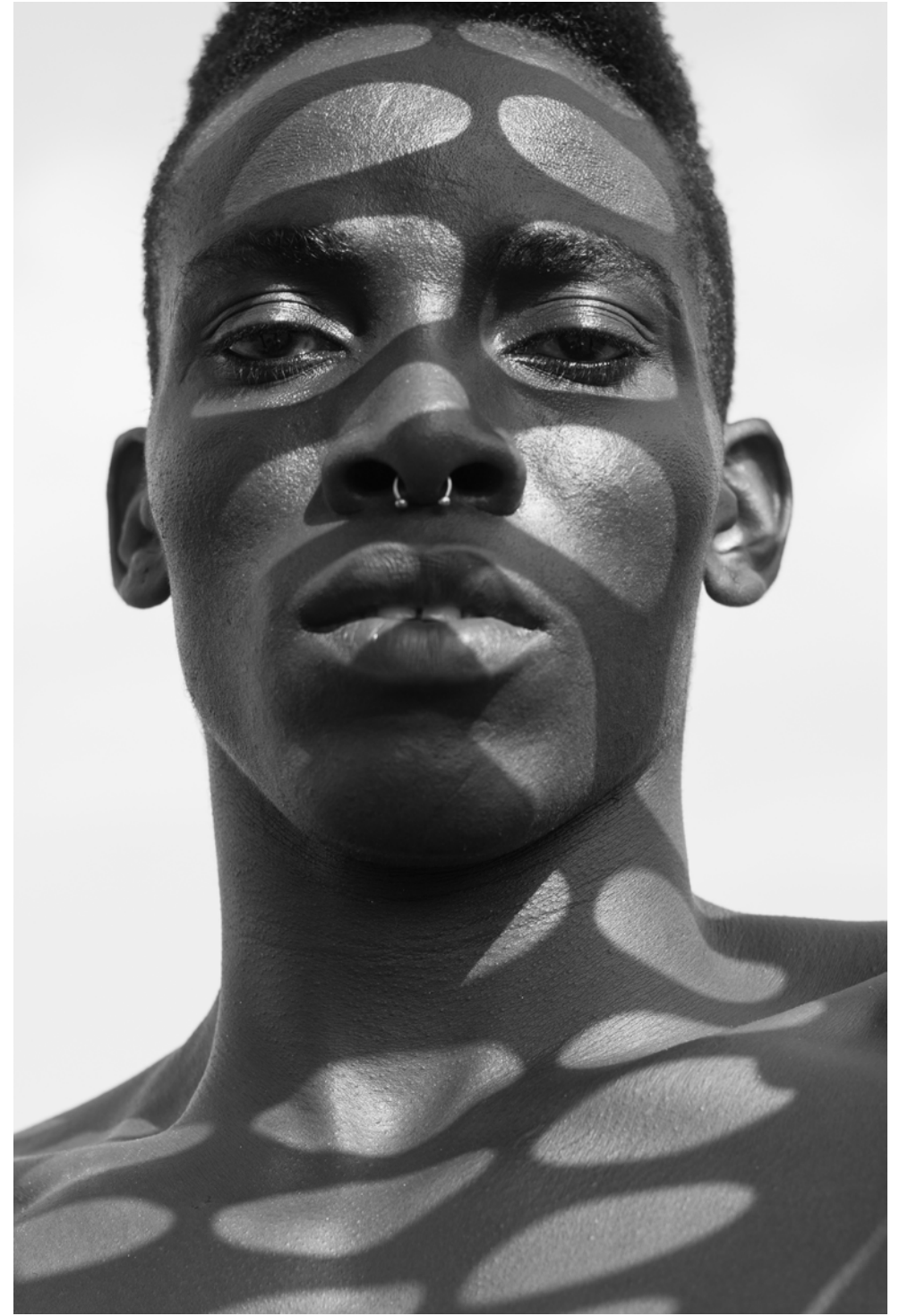
[5]

*My mind was dazzled by the sun  
And while I tried to  
Find a way to keep my soul  
Protected from its flames  
She burned my heart down  
And all it left  
Was tan lines*

TAMI FIORE







**ANTOANETA ABADZHIEVA**  
FETISH | 2014  
pg. 42  
[behance.net/a\\_abajieva](http://behance.net/a_abajieva)

**DAVID WIEN**  
SUNBATHER  
pg. 14  
[Davidwien.com](http://Davidwien.com)

**CLAY HOWARD**  
SUNBATHE  
inside cover  
[slipperydirty.com](http://slipperydirty.com)

**JAYDRA JOHNSON**  
TAKE THE TRASH OUT 2018  
pg. 28  
[@jaydranicole](https://twitter.com/jaydranicole)

**JÚLIO VASCONCELOS**  
PENSADOR / PIC NIC  
pg. 10, 11  
[www.julio-vasconcelos.squarespace.com](http://www.julio-vasconcelos.squarespace.com)

**JUSTIN ANANTAWAN**  
TAN LINES 2016/JULY 2018  
pg. 33, 44, 45  
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David Durrant @durrantt321  
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**KATELYN KILBURG**  
MEMORIES AND MELANIN 2019  
pg. 22  
[@katekilburg](https://twitter.com/katekilburg)

**KLAUS PINTER**  
UNTITLED  
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[Klaus-pinter.net](http://Klaus-pinter.net)

**MARION COSTENTIN**  
YOU MADE ME WISH I WERE BUTTER  
pg. 6, 7  
[marioncostentin.com/](http://marioncostentin.com/)

**MASSIMO NOTA**  
AGAINST / TASK FORCE  
pg. 36, 37  
<http://www.notamax.it/>

**NATHAN WADE CARTER**  
PATH OF TOTALITY 2017  
pg. 34  
[@purrrbot](https://twitter.com/purrrbot)  
[nathanwadecarter.com](http://nathanwadecarter.com)

**PARKER DAY**  
SIZZLE  
cover  
Rachel Daily, MUA Ally McGillicuddy  
[Parkerdayphotography.com](http://Parkerdayphotography.com)

**POL KURUCZ**  
pg. 8  
Model: Edna Serpa, Thiago Rex  
Photo and Art Dir.: @polkurucz  
Retouch.: @polkurucz  
Set design:@manulibman  
Beauty: Julia Nunes, gabriel ramos  
Hair: Julia Nunes, gabriel ramos  
Nails: Julia Nunes, gabriel ramos  
Coordination: @melongass  
Styling: @palomaborges  
Production:@falsiany\_, @marycruzis  
Tech./Light.: @falsiany\_, @marycruzis  
[Polkurucz.com](http://Polkurucz.com)

**ROB WOODCOX**  
INTERCONNECTIVITY  
pg. 30, 31  
Photographer:  
Rob Woodcox- @robwoodcoxphoto  
Models:  
Michelle Waters- @michellexists  
Vinicius Yuri- @viniciusyr  
MUA/String Design:  
Rob Woodcox- @robwoodcoxphoto  
Geovanni Aburto- @geovanniaburto  
[Robwoodcox.com](http://Robwoodcox.com)

**SEBASTIAN SCHWAMM**  
BEEKEEPER  
pg. 12  
[Sebastianschwamm.com](http://Sebastianschwamm.com)

**SUSAN LENA CHRISTOPHER**  
TAN LINES 2019  
pg. 16  
[@susanlenac](https://twitter.com/susanlenac)

**SUSANNAH MARTIN**  
BAVARIA / HELIUM  
pg. 4, 20  
[Susannahmartin.de](http://Susannahmartin.de)

**TAMI FIORE**  
TAN LINES POEMS 2019  
pg. 38  
[@tami\\_fiore](https://twitter.com/tami_fiore)

**TRACY PITTS**  
UNTITLED  
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**YVES ELIZALDE**  
pg. 26, 27  
[elizaldeyves.com](http://elizaldeyves.com)

**CHACHA SANDS** | editor-in-chief  
*I have the word hello scarred on my left forearm.*

**ZACH WESTERMAN** | director of design  
*I am the tannest one in my family and I rarely burn.*

**BRITT MOHR** | director of visual content  
*When I was a teen, my brother pushed me into a glass vase, leaving me with the worst scar on my ass.*

**KAILLA COOMES** | director of written content  
*My mom, my sister, and I have matching tattoos, but they are all in different places.*

**REID KILLE** | director of video production  
*When I was in first grade, my best friend stabbed me in the hand with a pencil, and the lead is still there.*

**ARIEL WEISER** | senior graphic designer  
*I had a sunburn so bad my tan lines lasted for about two years.*

**OLYA BELLERI** | lead graphic designer  
*My first time to America 13 years ago, I got really bad acne from eating only pizza and Dr. Pepper.*

**STEPHANIE GUY** | senior graphic designer  
*One time, the back of my legs swelled so much from mosquito bites I couldn't bend my knees.*

**NATHAN BERGFELT** | senior graphic designer  
*I technically had skin cancer in one single pore.*

**APHELION CRAMPTON** | digital communications  
*I once ate some donuts that gave me hives all over my body.*

**CAMERON OLSZEWSKI** | graphic design intern  
*I have so many scars on my arm from cooking that people think I'm a junkie.*

**CLAY HOWARD** | graphic design intern  
*My mom had to buy me hand deodorant because my hands are so sweaty.*

[beaconquarterly.com](http://beaconquarterly.com) | [@beaconquarterly](https://twitter.com/beaconquarterly)



OUR LOVE  
WAS LIKE  
TAN LINES  
IT DISAPPEARED  
SLOWLY  
AND THEN  
ALL AT ONCE

TAMI FIORE