

NEEDLE DROP MAGAZINE

Issue 1–albums that changed my life

note from the editor

AHHHHH!!! GUYS!!! I am SO beyond excited for you all to read our first ever issue, albums that changed our lives. I think that this whole journey has been so insanely eye opening, and the talent our youth has is absolutely insane. I got to see so many visual art pieces, music reviews, essays, poems and more that made my heart absolutely melt. When I started Needle Drop, I didn't expect anyone to even follow the instagram, let alone submit to our issues. I would like to thank everyone for submitting and even following from afar, and keep creating, writing, and being you.

Rock on,
Jacky Hazan
Editor in Chief + Writer

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I listened to Sade in 2025 and pretended she was a new artist.
Let's talk about it.

It is a warm sunny day in southern California. A chic coffee shop is full of customers. Some wait in line, some have conversations over lattes, some are working on their laptops with their headphones. You enter the sunlit room and the first thing you hear is

"Coast to coast /
L.A to chicago"

The woman's voice is slow. It is smooth. It is rich. Rich like the chocolate espresso cake on display and rich like the woman next to you. It is almost hauntingly beautiful–and you can't put your finger on the release date. She sounds timeless. She sounds like Marilyn Monroe's glimmering "Happy Birthday Mr. President" dress, but she also sounds like she could be a Peggy Gou sample.

This timeless essence isn't done by accident–but it doesn't feel forced either. Sade's choices sound natural. They sound both technically complex, while still sounding ethereal. The tone in her voice sits in a unique sweet spot between jazz phrasing and contemporary R&B, which adds to the quality of the sound. She elongates syllables like a trumpet player holding a final note, then slips into smooth, conversational cadences. This in-between quality—both classic and modern—is part of what makes her feel brand new in 2025, and even what makes her music reminiscent of eras before her.

To a new listener, her sound may be foreign, but it is more familiar than you'd expect. Many artists today use techniques that were signatures of Sade. Songs like *Paradise* use intricate and precise bass guitar. Newer artists like Thundercat, Solange, Blood Orange, and even Tyler, the Creator owe part of their sonic DNA to this kind of musical restraint. Techniques like these contribute to her unique sound—some may even call her genreless. If she dropped her debut album in 2025, she'd probably be called genreless. Critics would scramble to name her sound—jazz-adjacent, alternative soul, ambient R&B. TikTok might slow down her vocals for a "midnight city drive" edit. Fashion houses would book her before the Grammys even caught up.

Fashion houses and grammys aside—all music eventually ends up in the hands of coffee-drinkers and daydreamers. Both kinds of people can be found in a coffee shop in southern California, on a sunny day. You'd find me there.



Sade is the blueprint. Smooth, sultry, and timeless, she doesn't just sing—she seduces. With her signature blend of soul, jazz, and quiet storm, Sade Adu turned vulnerability into elegance. No Ordinary Love, Smooth Operator, By Your Side—these aren't just songs, they're emotions in silk. Her voice is a balm, her presence is grace, and her music is eternal. You don't listen to Sade—you live in her world for a moment and come out softer.

Cowgirl Boots and Football Jerseys: The Megan Moroney Dilemma

Megan Moroney.

Country-pop princess. Midnight-blue queen. Visuals on point. The new generation of country loves her—and so do I. She's poised, pretty, and polished, but like so many in our generation, she's missing something crucial: substance.

The Georgia-raised always-praised princess of tiktok country has taken the scene by storm for her girly style and distinctive voice. She's like a perfect pair of heels—pretty to look at, but you just want to kick them off at the end of the night and throw on some flip flops. Flip Flops have character. They might not be beautiful, but you're comfortable wearing them. You enjoy feeling grounded. Megan's music isn't exactly that feeling. But you don't have to choose between a stiletto and flip flop. What about a wedge?

Many country-pop girls wear those wedges perfectly. For example, Taylor Swift, before she was strictly pop, did it flawlessly. On *Tim McGraw*, she writes "<u>September saw a month of tears /</u>
<u>And thankin' God that you weren't here / To see me like that</u> /
<u>But in a box beneath my bed / Is a letter that you never read /</u>
<u>From three summers back</u>". A metaphor that explores her true, gut feeling, but the song overall is still arranged beautifully like Megan's.

Her music is what you *wished* a therapy session looked like. You talk about the situation, but there's not crying, screaming, throwing up involved. Her lyrics usually tackle the base of a situation, like on her song *Tennessee Orange.* She writes; "I met somebody, / and he's got blue eyes / He opens the door, and he don't make me cry / He ain't from where we're from, but he feels like home / Yeah, he's got me doing things I've never done" which expresses her general feeling, but she's just sweet. She doesn't use metaphors or explore complex feelings. We know she feels safe and happy, but we don't *feel* it with her. Where's the ache? The longing? The detail that makes it personal? That makes it *real*?

Her popularity online contributes to this problem. I think where there's a disconnection is the line between internet-famous and truly musically engaging. Just because something is widely consumed doesn't always mean it's emotionally mature or lyrically interesting. An example would be the TikTok icon Addison Rae, who recently resurfaced for her trailblazing music career. Her sound is unique and beautiful, but her lyrics aren't absorbent like previous pop pioneers from the 90s and 2000s, pre-social media like Britney Spears and even Avril Lavigne. Megan walks that same tightrope as Addison: trending, beautiful, but distant.

Her recent single, 6 Months Later, shows some potential lyrically. It's still pretty safe—but it's a bit punchier. I think she's on the right track, but maybe she needs to do some soul searching. Maybe it's just me who still longs for that ache a little. Maybe the world's moved on and forgotten about flip flops. Nonetheless, I'll wear them out till' I can't anymore.

NEW MUSIC

Amy Winehouse and Lana del Rey's lovechild;
Jessie Murph shines on new album *Sex Hysteria* and song *1965*



Jessie Murph—everyone who's someone knows her. Everyone who doesn't care about being anyone loves her. The unique raspy voice—the bouffant on *Sex Hysteria*'s cover art—she's the full package, but being the full package doesn't mean she gets full praise in critics' eyes. With the release of her new album and viral tracks like 1965, she's going through a musical breakthrough.

Despite controversy on TikTok and criticism of her lyrics, she uses her powerhouse vocals and style on *1965*. She taps into a 60s sound. Light, airy, and reminiscent of doo-wop styles, but she adds her own twist with her beautifully guttural pipes. She has her southern twang—and the vocal technique complements the accent perfectly. She hits alto notes against staccato piano and classic trumpet—true to the song's name. It feels both fresh and familiar.

She doesn't just do *cutesy.* She does *grit.* She isn't perfectly pretty like country-pop-sister Megan Moroney, but she has this certain spunk. She's like black mascara and eyeliner. Dark, but beautiful. When you cry, the makeup runs down your face, but you rock the look anyway. You walk around with the residue proudly. She taps into this same energy on her new album. It's a smudged-mascara masterpiece that taps into that "F-ck you" spunk she's had since the very beginning. This is thanks to her rap influence and love for artists like Gucci Mane and Lil Baby—both artists featured on *Sex Hysteria*.

The name, 1965, comes from the to-the-point lyrics of the song. She is literal, clear, and even clever. She writes; "I might get a little slap-slap, but you wouldn't hit me on Snapchat / Don't fuckin' text me at 2AM sayin', "Where you at, at?", boy, fuck you". Jessie's lyrics sparked TikTok chatter—some say her casual tone lacks depth. I disagree. Her clever, straightforward lines don't try to be cosmic, and that's exactly the point. Megan Moroney writes stars; Jessie draws pictures in clouds—and sometimes, that's all you need. I think her lyrics resonate with a lot of women today. We're tired of the snapchat pictures of your abs. We want to be loved like it's 1965 (without the racism, homophobia, and sexism, of course).

"Jessie Murph's fireball voice and persona first popped onto our radar almost five years ago, but with "Sex Hysteria," she's truly arrived."

-Variety

I think people are misjudging her intent—and it's hurting the marketing of *Sex Hysteria.* The beginning of the song is a clapback to the men of the 1960s. She has this Charli XCX *track 10-esque* intro, with the radio switches and glitches. The pieces of audio are subtle jabs at the patriarchy—snapshots of what men expected from women in 1965—and they're central to the song's message.“My hair is high, coke is cheap—It's a great time to be alive! Studies are now saying that cigarettes are recommended and women belong in the kitchen” are both inherently wrong according to not only me, but Jessie herself. That's why she included those pieces of the song. The song isn't saying “I miss the abuse of the past”—it's saying “I miss the idea of love you'd expect in 1965.”

Everyone wants to praise Lana Del Rey for *Ultraviolence* and worship Amy for her writing on songs like *Stronger Than Me,* but when it's time to get deep like those bodies of work in 2025, it's "romanticizing abuse” according to a TikTok comment on a post praising the album. Jessie Murph is sort of the lovechild of Lana and Amy, and It's refreshing to see. She's emotional like Lana on songs like *Heroin* and beautifully raunchy with her use of F-bombs. A blend so perfect—it's rare.

“Her tone is satirical throughout, with Murph once again stepping into the shoes of the conflicted lover stuck in a highly toxic affair.”

-Holler Country

The album itself is beautifully messy, much like the mascara on your face. I think it's innovative—and nobody's doing what Jessie is doing right now. She's blending heartbroken realness, rap influence, and The Crystals instrumentals—three incredible elements both on their own, and together on this album. She's taken heat for her style—but I think she's celestial. The album is diverse—with contrasting tracks like the Elvis-esque *Touch Me Like A Gangster* and *Bad As The Rest*. They're extremely different songs with different chords, but have that same Jessie Murph spark. She's like Jeff Bezos. Who was Jeff Bezos before he was the owner of a trillion-dollar company? A man selling books from a computer in his garage. Who is Jessie Murph before the world sees her for her potential? A girl with killer pipes and a vision.

Jessie's gritty, Winehouse-style vocals are a rarity in today's scene. She's unplugged, unhinged, and everything you'd never expect from a country girl—but Sex Hysteria proves she's the real deal.

LOCAL PIECE

COCONUT GROOVE STUNS IN NEW SINGLE: “COALESCE”

***Coalesce* by Coconut Groove is a Miami native’s anthem; the spunk of Brickell and the naturality of Miami Beach.**

Picture this: It’s 10 AM on a sunny Sunday. You’re biking through South Pointe Park, weaving past families, couples, and old men fishing off the rocks. A robin’s egg blue bike carries a speaker in its basket, and blaring from it is *Coalesce* by Coconut Groove.

With a quirky intro from lead singer Julia Grace, *Coalesce* feels fresh, playful, and unmistakably indie—with hints of rap and a silky guitar line that gives it depth. Think The Marías meets Shelly (yes, Clairo’s band), but with its own sun-kissed, Magic City twist. It’s the kind of song you don’t expect from Miami—and that’s exactly what makes it special. It’s not just indie pop. It’s a reincarnated feeling.

The song levels up twice: first, with a surprise rap verse from TRAVIAN —spunky, self-aware, and undeniably fun. Then comes a shimmering key change, complete with whistle notes from Julia Grace that feel straight out of a dream. One part sweet, one part spiky—together they form a sound that’s distinctly Coconut Groove.

The guitar deserves its own praise. Soft and smooth, it brings a retro flair reminiscent of The Fall or even The Smiths. It's the glue of the track, tying the vocals, beat, and spirit into one coastal, contagious groove.

By now, you've biked from South Beach to Haulover. The sun's high, your skin's glowing, and *Coalesce* is still blasting. That's how you know it's not just a song—it's a soundtrack.

You can listen to Coalesce by Coconut Groove anywhere you listen to music. Follow their Instagram @coconutgroove.band on Instagram for updates.



SDOKU: UP AND COMING

Orchestral Pop, Indie Heart: Sdoku's Infinite Moments

Picture this: It's a late, muggy night in 1987. It's dark, and your window is open. The wind flows in and out of your room while you lie in your bed overthinking. It's the ultimate crash-out moment. *What We Stay Alive For* by Sdoku plays on your walkman while you give a stellar performance—and the director says cut.

***Infinite Moments,* Sdoku's latest album is the soundtrack to a coming-of-age movie straight from Cannes. It blends pop, indie, and even flashes of disco—especially on standout track *Left In You*. It's a cohesive piece of art showcasing diverse abilities in both production and lyricism. It isn't your average indie album—it's a snapshot of what music looks like right now. Experimental, expressive and a melting pot of genres.**

The album opens with *What We Stay Alive For*, a beautifully arranged, lyric-free piece that leans orchestral—then slowly weaves in casual elements like guitar. It's cinematic in the truest sense. I'd love to see more of this from Sdoku: soft, Clairo-esque ballads that spotlight his talent for atmosphere. While this album sticks mostly to upbeat pop tracks, his style is distinctive enough to pull off both. A fusion of those moods? That's a whole new movie.

***The Fisherman,* an acoustic hidden gem behind the pine-tree-pillar tracks like *Like That* and *Left In You,* is stunning. It's almost á la *Hey There Delilah* by The Plain White T's, in the best way. *The Fisherman* is a trailer to the ending track, *We Only Know*. It's that credits-worthy ballad that I was looking for; soft, emotional, but still keeping that Pop/rock spunk.**

There are two tracks to close out, *I Wanna Live It With You* and *We Only Know. I Wanna Live It With You* is actually one of my favorite songs on the album. It's light, feathery, and perfectly alternative, similar to The Backseat Lovers' signature style. It's a strictly indie track that captures exactly what I'd like to see more of on Sdoku. The skipping guitar line is almost what pulls it together, along with the humble drums.

***Infinite Moments* feels like a debut film from a director who already knows their aesthetic—and isn't afraid to break genre rules. You'll want to say you heard it before everyone else.**

Luna Martinez-Nunez Co-Editor



Jul 24th 2025



For Ozzy

Ozzy Osbourne, the godfather of metal and one of the most influential voices in rock history, has passed away—leaving behind a legacy that shaped the very foundation of heavy music. Metal wouldn't exist without Ozzy, and fans across every genre are united in grief, mourning the loss of a true icon.



No More Tears

There's a kind of silence that settles after a death like this.
Not quiet, not peace.
The silence Ozzy leaves behind feels like the hum of an amp that's been unplugged mid-set—like the crowd is still screaming, but the stage is empty. Like something's still echoing, even though it's gone.
And maybe that's what No More Tears always was:
A goodbye stretched over seven minutes. A descent through memory, grief, and madness. A funeral dirge that knew the coffin wasn't ready yet.

"The light in the window is a crack in the sky / A stairway to darkness in the blink of an eye..."

It's easy to mythologize Ozzy—god of chaos, bat-biter, reality TV punchline, messiah of metal. But beneath the spectacle, there was always something aching in his voice. Something human clawing at the inside of the monster mask.
No More Tears doesn't open with fire—it oozes in.
That bassline is wet cement, dragging you under and drowning you into Ozzy's dark soul. Ozzy's voice doesn't scream—it hovers, it haunts, it warns.
He's not performing here. He's remembering.
The lyrics drip with cryptic imagery, but you feel every word like a splinter in the chest. "A stairway to darkness..."That's not just a metaphor. That's the hallway behind your eyelids when you've stayed up too many nights trying not to think about the things you've done—or the ones you lost.





And when that instrumental break hits—Zakk Wylde spiraling through distortion and light delay—it's like you're tumbling backwards through time. Like the whole track is shot in slow motion, underwater, bleeding into itself. It's not just a guitar solo. It's a descent.
Ozzy knew something about grief most people couldn't articulate. That it's not always loud. That sometimes it just sits in the room with you. Smokes your last cigarette. Stares you down until you cry.

He was a man made of paradox.



A voice like a razor wrapped in velvet. A showman who somehow never lied. For all his madness, Ozzy told the truth—especially in this song. Not the clean kind of truth. The kind that tastes like blood and bourbon and regret. No More Tears is Ozzy at his most cinematic, his most spiritual, his most terrifyingly honest.



It's Sabbath's funeral and the devil's lullaby. It's a song that doesn't just mourn—it understands mourning.

And now, it's our turn.

Because Ozzy's gone.

And with him goes the voice that made metal more than noise.

The voice that cracked open the dark and let generations of weird, angry, broken kids know they weren't alone. So yeah—no more tears.

But if you find yourself screaming along to this song at 2 a.m. mascara bleeding, heart axed wide open—he'd understand. He'd probably be right there with you, laughing like hell from the other side.

Long live the prince of darkness.

SUBMISSIONS



Hangeli—19 “It is a watercolor portrait of the singer MICO!”

Gone Hollywood

Just another obstacle in my messy room, a stack of vintage records sat idly at the foot of my bed. I'd push them around while getting clothes from my closet, or lean them against my lamp to diffuse the light. Billy Joel, Elton John, and The Beatles watched me waste the days from afar as I returned to life as normal after college. My turntable, a dingy 70s Panasonic, emitted an unusual eerie silence from its speakers.

I had a hard time getting used to things back at home after graduating. I missed my independence but I also longed for structure. I had so many dreams but no way to realize them.

Most days, I'd be bedridden in the middle of the day from splitting headaches. If they stemmed from stress or lack of sleep, no one really knew. I was lost, aimless, void of any drive or inspiration. I was unsure of where life was taking me, and enjoying something as simple as a movie or story seemed so far from me then.

One particularly bad evening, I desperately plugged in my turntable to feel some noise around me. I was sick of my phone, I couldn't focus on reading, and I needed *something* to distract myself. As I sorted through the torn paper albums looking for something to play, I stopped at the Supertramp record hidden under all the others. It was the *Breakfast in America* album, with a grinning waitress towering above a faux New York City skyline. I remembered being really drawn to the song for a period of time, and it encouraged me to buy the full album when I came across it one weekend.

***Screw it*, I thought as I slipped the record from its cover. To my surprise, I was met with song lyrics printed onto the dust sleeve. It followed the album songs in order—detailing each word—trailing like ants up and down the length of the plastic. I was intrigued, and a little excited to see what story was trying to be told. Admittedly, I never cared much for song lyrics. I would rather let the melody of the song or artist's voice move me. However, these seemed to call out to me.**

The first song was “Gone Hollywood.” As I lay the record down and placed the needle, I was met with nothing but silence. I turned the volume up but could only make out small static. Slowly, a sharp piano unearthed from the dark. It grew louder and louder, until the piercing notes were running around the room. I felt myself sink into my bed as I clutched the album on my chest. It was hypnotizing, it was electric. I grabbed the sleeve and placed my finger over the words to follow along. As quickly as it arrived, the piano was replaced by a loud, crashing

Chorus:

It's just heartbreaking
I should have known that it would let me down
It's just a mind aching
I used to dream about this town

Immediately, I felt connected to the lyrics. Part of my restlessness was because I often fantasized about running away somewhere new after college. A big city, like New York or Los Angeles, where I was sure I could make *something* of myself. I imagined this cool, successful version of me, forgetting the past and marching towards the unknown. But I never imagined it could all be a lie. What if the place I’m escaping to is just an extension of my prison?

It's such a shame about it
I used to think that it would feel so good
But who's to blame about it
So many creeps in Hollywood…

Then the song calmed into a soft melody. I was back in my room, still in my bed. I heard the muffled voices of my family in the dining room. Within the stillness, a saxophone resonated through the speakers, engulfing the air with sonorous waves. Through the notes, I was carried into the dark desolate streets of L.A.

Ain't nothing new
In my life today

I stared up at my ceiling. It was as if all my decisions had been laid out for me plainly to see. Strangely, my anxiety was replaced by something else—a feeling I hadn't experienced much lately.

Ain't nothing true
It's all gone away

Although I felt the musician's solitude through the lyrics, I realized the universal nature of my stress. I felt comforted.

I've had enough of walking from place to place
I've yet to come across a friendly face
And now the words sound familiar, as you slam the door
“You're not what we're looking for”

I felt unprepared to face the real world. I knew others my age said they felt lost after graduating, but I was so desperate to prove them all wrong. I had so much on my plate, so many wishes unfulfilled, that I fell into a pattern of doubt and restlessness. But the truth is, the world moves for those who know what they’re looking for.

Ain't nothing new
In my life today

I looked out my window as the sunlight began to dim. The palm trees cast a silhouette over the Spanish homes, a blend of pink and blue. It was surely going to be a slow process. I knew who I wanted to be, I knew there was nothing going to stop me from becoming it. I just need to be prepared to fight.
The chorus chimed again, picking up the tempo and calling back to the album’s theme.
From then on, I knew I was going to be obsessed with this song for a while. At the very least, it lightened my spirits for a bit.

I set the dust sleeve down as I drank up the last of the lyrics. From then on, I played them over and over in my head. Maybe misery loves company, but they comforted me more than any pep talk could. I had a new dream now, to have my own story to tell others when in moments of doubt. I didn’t know how I was going to do it, but I knew that I wouldn’t rest until I did.

It was a heartbreaking
Now I ride in a big fine car
It was mind aching
Yeah, I'm the talk of the boulevard
So keep your chin up boy, forget the pain
I know you'll make it if you try again
There's no use in quitting
When the world is waiting for you

Ana Guardado

“My name is Ana, and I recently graduated FSU! I love anything artsy from painting, to writing, to dancing. This piece sort of represents the struggle of having to adapt to a new way of life after spending 4 years away from home. This song (and the whole album) really helped me navigate through the changes.”

girl on the moon: for mitski

she left earth quietly—
no heels, no glam,
just a shimmer of synth
and a silver balloon.
the world didn’t clap.
it sighed.
because she always knew how to leave
before the echo got old.
this new sound?
it’s a haunted lullaby.
a diary left in a drawer
with lipstick kisses on the corners
and rocket fuel in the spine.
mitski sings
like she’s watering a dying flower
with the last tears she owns.
and it blooms anyway.
she is a girl again.
then a ghost.
then a storm in velvet gloves.
her voice,
barefoot and bruised,
walks across stars
we haven’t named yet.
each track is a farewell
disguised as a promise.
each lyric:
a stitch in the spacesuit
that kept her heart from spilling

in zero gravity.
somewhere in the silence
between verse and chorus,
she tells us—
i hurt because i remember.
i sing because i have to.
i leave because i love you.
and then,
just like that,
she’s gone again.
off to another planet
where pain is currency
and music is god.



Anonymous

“This piece is modeled after Mitski’s music. Her album, The Land Is Inhospitable and so are we, got me through everything. I listened to this album during my darkest and lightest days. When my hand was smaller, when my hand was larger, when it was held by someone else’s.”

"we’ll never be those kids again" a poem after frank ocean’s “ivy”

i thought that i was dreaming
when you said you loved me.
but we were too old to be innocent,
too young to be careful.
it felt real.
it was real.
you cut deep.
i bled slow.
still, i didn’t flinch—
not when your words turned
into knives
and your silence
into a symphony.
i remember that house—
the walls soft with dust and sunlight,
where our laughter
hid bruises under the floorboards.
the summers were long,
but we were longer.

or so we thought.
we fought—
oh god, we fought like we had forever.
like our anger could outlive
our tenderness.
“the start of nothing,”
you called it.
but you said you loved me.
you said it in the way
your voice cracked on the second verse.
you said it in the space
between “dreaming”
and
“when you said.”
we both know
you could never hurt me
that bad.
(but you did.)
and i could never hate you
that much.
(but i did.)
we were the garden,
and the weed.
we were growing wild—
reckless, tangled,
beautiful
in the way that only
doomed things are.

time isn’t real
when you’re sixteen
and in love with a ghost
that still sleeps in your skin.
you changed me.
i changed you.
and maybe that’s all
love was ever meant to do.
so here’s to the lie
that felt like truth.
to the dream
that tasted like blood.
and to the boy
i’ll never be again.
and the one
you couldn’t stay to see.
we’ll never be those kids again.
it’s not the same,
i’m not the same.
but i still play that song
when the night
is too quiet
and the past
is too loud.

Anonymous

“I love this song and frank as a whole. He’s cool”

SHE LAYS DOWN

When you listen to “she lays down”
do you still think of my dressing gown,
and the little frown I had when my hair was still brown?
Did you think my pain was poetic?
Something to be made into an aesthetic?
Would you like to put on my shoes,
and experience my type of blues,
and see if you’d still be able to choose?
I know you may not understand, but you tried
or did you?
Cause now when I lay down on my side,
and think about the 1975
I think of you.

And now here I am,
lying down on my bedroom floor
thinking about what we had before,
before i lost the great war
But to what did I lose it for?
Was it something inside you,
something that told you it wasn’t true,
that I didn’t love you?

And in the end I didn’t choose cocaine
cause I knew we’d talk again
But I did recall
that I didn’t love you *at all*
and I’ll admit, I was appalled
But I don’t feel anything,
and I don't think that's asking for too much
cause we had everything,
but I was still scared to touch

And I don’t light like a child,
I lost my sun, because I lost you
so I lay down on my side,
Praying that my message goes through
I swear I tried my best,
but like you said; it hurt my chest
it hurt to breathe,
it hurt to think about the word I wish I said
the words I wish I said before it all got to your head
before I switched from my bedroom floor to my bedspread
before I learnt that dread is what mislead your thread
before I learnt just how much I had bled and shred
because of all of the unsaid

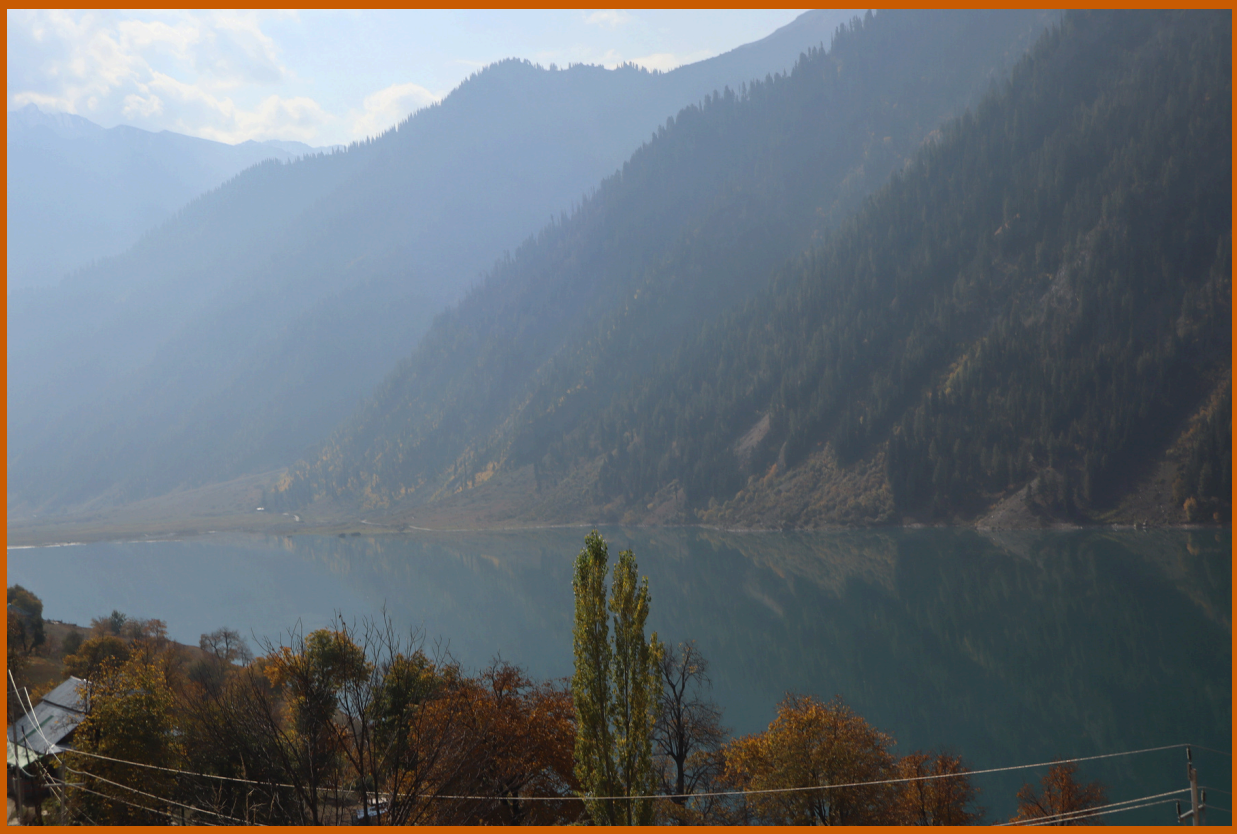
So here I am, writing this on my bed
the floor is dirty nevertheless,
you knew it would hurt my chest
And I suppose I should have prepared
because this day would come
and as I type the message with my thumb;
“Hey, what have I become?”
You left me on read
while I was filled with dread
and that's what I should have expected
from day one

I know you’re not good for me,
and I know I’m no longer “she’’
but do you listen to “she lays down”,
and think of me?

-Soph N ☽

Lua

“poem i wrote about a guy that sent me a song and then broke my heart”





Atreyo Basu

I Am a 17 year old enthusiastic photographer who likes to click pictures that describes peace and vibrancy

THANK YOU

Stay tuned for issue two!!!

