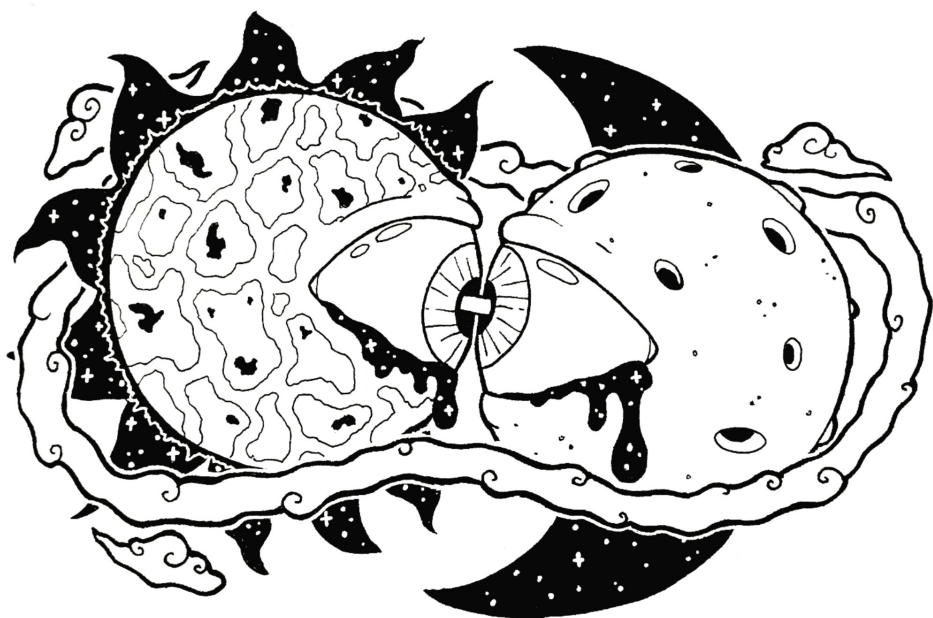


I Will Be Nowhere and Everything



A Variety of Works Originally by
Patrick "Rowan" Roughan

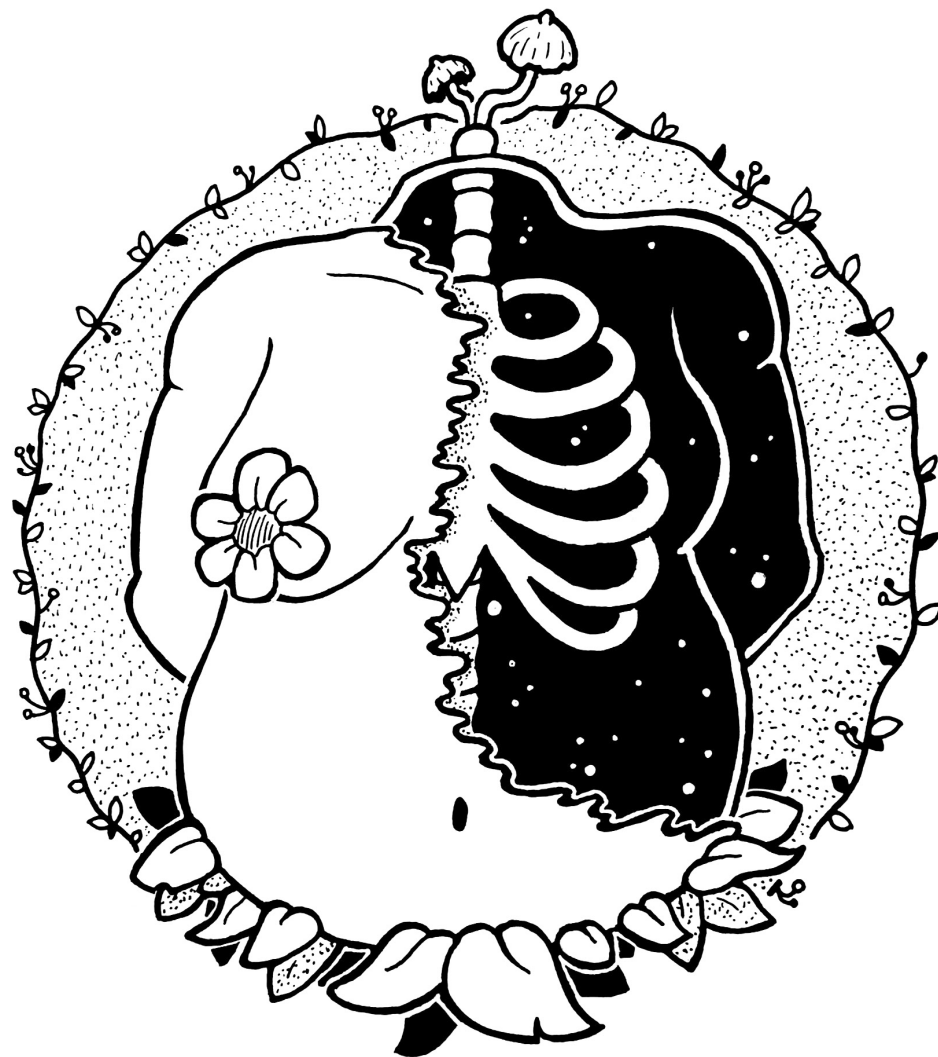
To You,

Thank you for owning my zine! Whether you bought it from me, or it was a gift, or you just found it on the side of the road, I greatly appreciate you taking the time to open this zine up and check out what's inside.

You may be wondering why the cover says "originally by." That's because this work isn't necessarily finished; I've completed my part, but you, zine-owner, are free to do with it what you wish. You bought it, after all, so make it yours! Color the inkwork, make blackout poetry from the words, rip the pages apart if that's where your inspiration leads you. There's no need to keep this zine exactly how you got it; I can print more of these, but I can't replicate your personal creativity and experience.

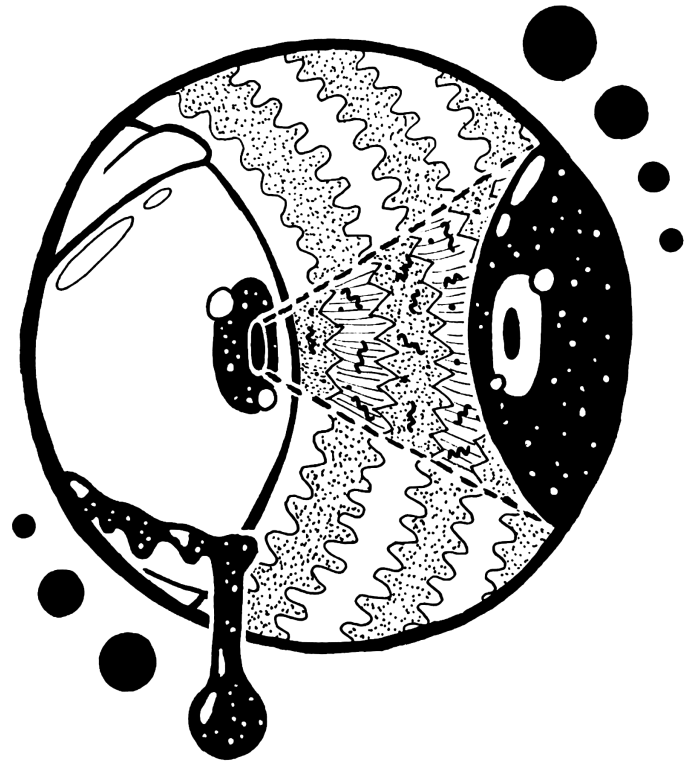
I've already put myself in this work.
Add yourself to it, too.

ROWAN



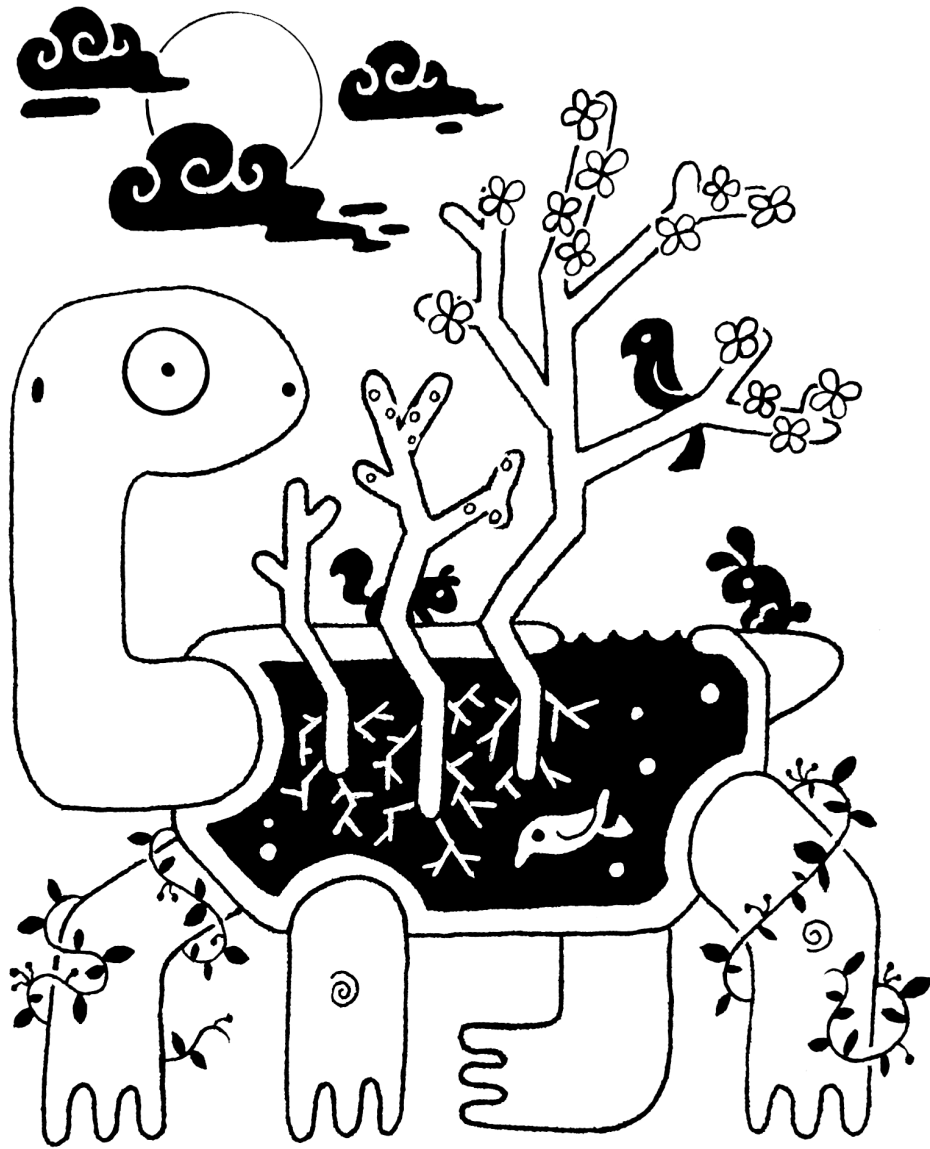
Do you like to keep a diary?
Do you keep a log of the life you've lived,
and the emotions you've experienced within it?
Imagine, for a moment, taking those words
and placing them on public walls,
leaving your words exposed for all to see.
How would it feel, to have your thoughts on display?
How would it feel, to have your feelings laid bare?

For me, my inkworks are my diary,
the life that I've lived given visual form,
the moments of that life put to paper,
the emotions of that moment sealed in ink.
I draw to process my thoughts and record them,
analyzing the sensations and connections I make
and logging it down in an unending attempt
to understand the world behind my eyes.



Thankfully, most people don't speak inkwork.
I am free to put these diary pages on display,
watching the passersby give them a quick glance
and, if I'm lucky, a compliment like "nice" or "cool."
They may ask if I do commissions, or tattoos,
or if they can get their own piece of my work.
I suppose that I can, but it won't have that spark.
They admire the language but don't know the words.

What about you? Do you speak this language too?
Can you read the world of my mind in these strokes?
Do you put your heart onto paper, your mind onto canvas,
your life onto fabric or your moments in ink?
I know I'm not alone, so speak it with me.
Open your diary and show the language we share.
It's only fair - you've read my diary, after all.
All I ask is that I get to know you too.



"Same old me," I say to my reflection in the dim bathroom light
before stepping out onto the balcony lit with the rising sun.
The trees all around look the same as they did yesterday.
I take a single photo of the leafy tangles above
and add it to an album filled with more of the same,
creating a collage of those trees and that sky
as they travel through the experience of time.
Each image is nice, but together they are beautiful,
for even with the same framing and the same angle,
every photo is undeniably different,

sometimes largely,

sometimes minimally,

sometimes in a way that's barely perceptible,
but different all the same.

What a beautiful thing it is, to watch something change
in such an uncertain yet undeniable way.

What a beautiful thing it must be, to be something that changes
in such an uncertain yet undeniable way.

Sadly I can't admire it forever, the day has just begun,
so I return inside to continue my morning routine.

I catch my eye in my own reflection.

But there's no need to look any longer -

I've seen it a thousand times

and it's still the same old me.

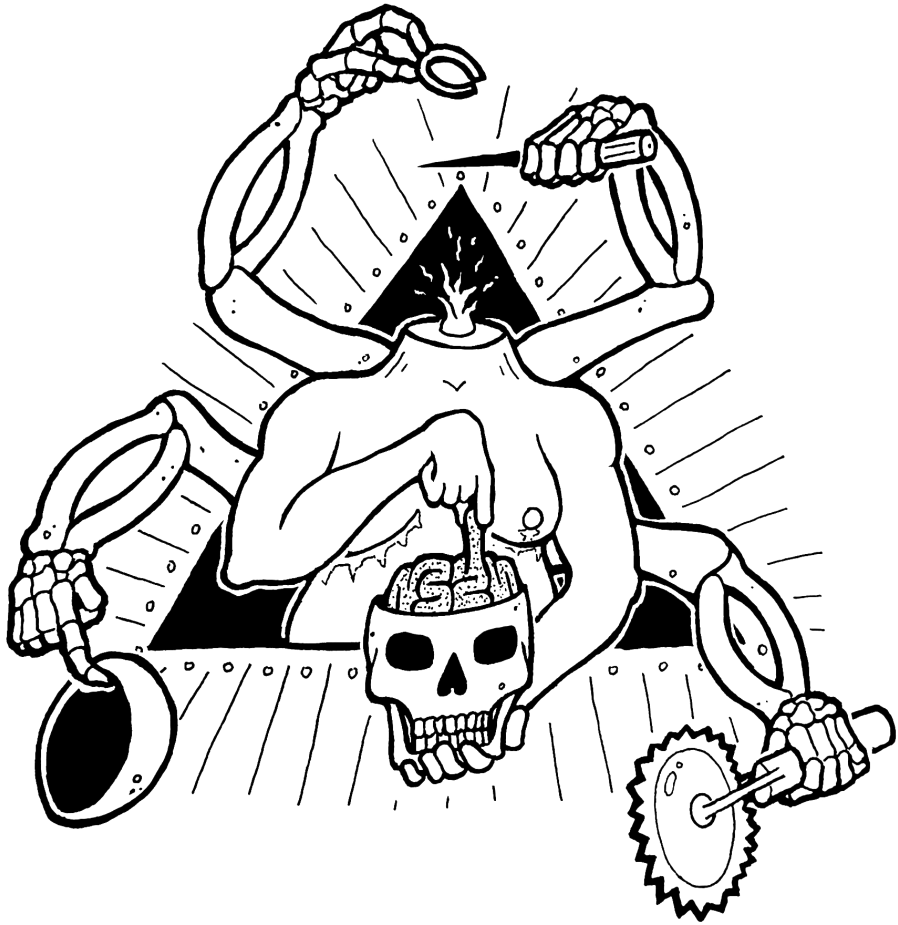
[5X5Y-z | a:1,5]

{1U} ITETAKJJQYMJXFRJOTE

{1R} JQNLRNKUHMFEFESNYFGBNCD

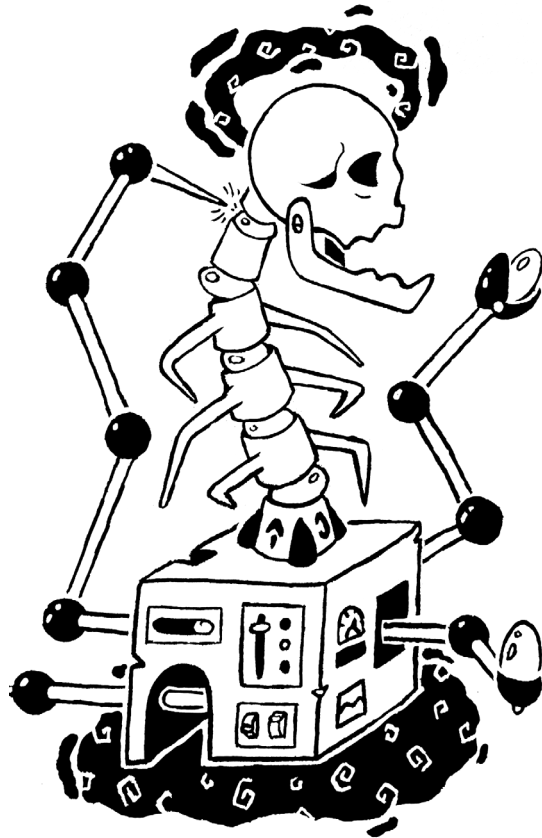
{1D} UNDXJRCYIDOCDF

{1L} KGNUPJNATQAOPXJPIUKV



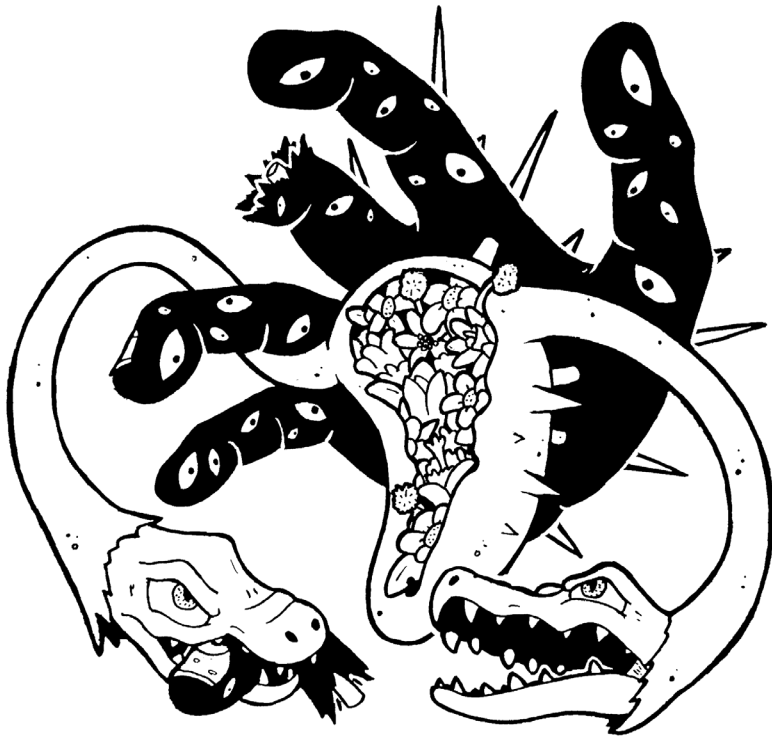
[5X5Y-j | a:2,3]
{2R2U} QWRYSILRCQZA
{3D} MPNLECPVYFVYRTNLXOOPCTRX
{1LD} ENXAYWQASNZKZICIZIYUAHAWIO
{4DL} SLGTYPTRZUOPYLCOPIGXL
{1U} BOQGXKKBNFYONFAKYTFD

[3X8Y-q-v | a:3,5]
{2U} OLWUSEORUKC
{1LD} FMTNMNCJWMS
{3D1R} IAXKOPIAOTYUXXB
{2D} THXMBCHEMBTMCMLKYTF



[6X4Y-c-x | a:3,2]
{1U} IYKHANKEOANSK
{4L} GLMSRGLMSRGLMSR
{2D1R} MGJSMGBATZGTZMKNKPMGS
{1L} JTUIYBJSBQBSUPGZPV

A chameleon walks into a gecko club.
It's red, currently, and the geckos notice.
It gets sincere compliments and unwanted advances.
But red doesn't feel right for the chameleon.
It slips away and becomes blue.
No more unwanted advances. No compliments either.
Blue feels better, but still not just right.
It shifts to purple. The geckos are confused.
It tries red with some blue. They don't like that one.
Blue with some red? They really don't like that.
The chameleon has an idea and leaves the club.
Soon it returns, blue with horns painted red.
The geckos adore it. They love mixed colors, they say.
The chameleon nods, careful to stay entirely blue.

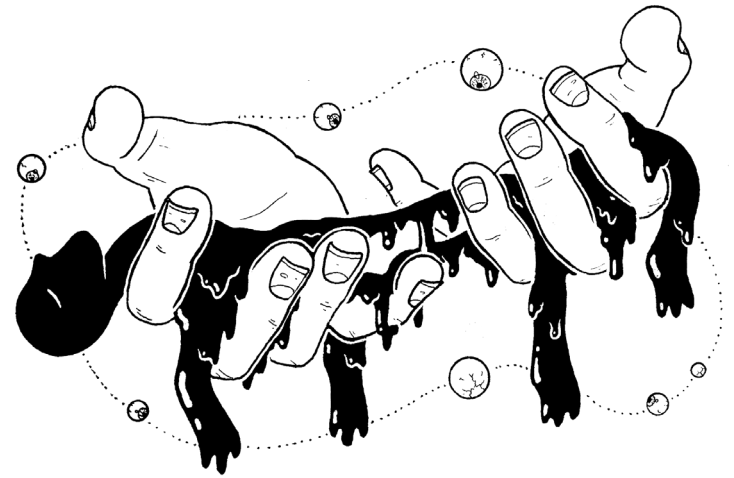


I have a problem with heat.
I hate hot days, I flinch when I open the oven,
I love cold showers and don't own a single long sleeved shirt.
The heat just doesn't agree with me.
At least, that's what I've told you.

The hottest thing I've felt, by far, was the lightning.
Coming in at 50,000 degrees Fahrenheit,
five times hotter than the surface of the Sun,
I felt that heat like daggers through my spine,
sending a wildfire through my nerves and ensuring
I would never again know a day without pain.

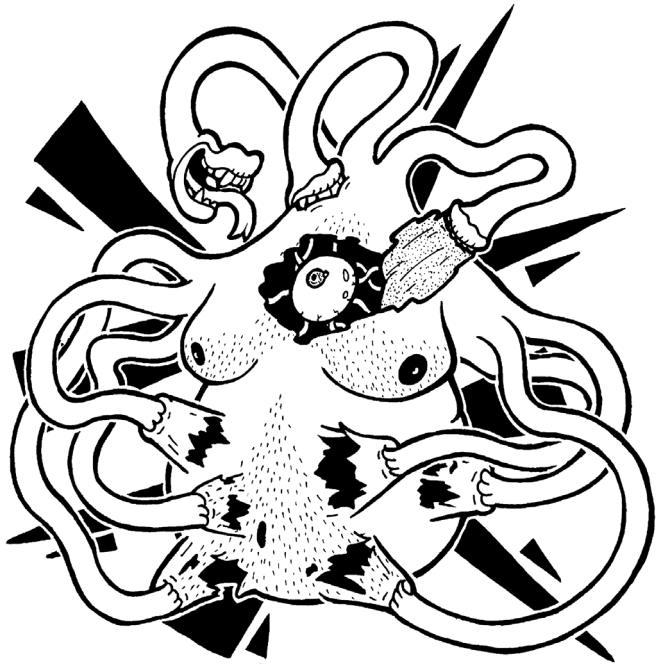
The next heat took the form of 102 degrees,
a day out in the mountains where I,
for reasons I still don't fully understand,
took two times the recommended dose of MDA,
a drug known for disrupting the body's ability to regulate heat.
As my vision started going dark in the midday sun,
I sat paralyzed, unable to ask for help,
and wondered with existential fear if there was a part of me
that knew this would happen, and took those pills anyway.

But the heat I've encountered the most, by far,
the temperature that I cannot escape, is 98.6 degrees.
It's the 98.6 degrees from the man who held me down,
his hands burning every bit of skin he touched,
as he spoke in my ear,
(his breath a bit cooler in the air, we'll say it was 93 degrees,)
and said he would show me what it meant to be a woman.
It's the 98.6 degrees from the people who didn't believe me,
or simply didn't care,
who called me with heated breath a liar, a prude, a freak,
when I dared try to speak about the burns that only I could see,
that only I could feel.
And it's the 98.6 degrees from myself,
my brain overthinking and overheating long into the night,
poking at my burns in my solitude and wondering
if I would ever again feel normal.



I have a problem with heat, and you know that.
You make jokes about the hot days,
roll your eyes when I need to step back from our oven,
you hate my cold showers
and wish I would buy a single damn long sleeve shirt.
How do I tell you that your heat burns me too?
How do I tell you that your 98.6 degrees
feels like fire on my still raw skin?
And how do I tell you that I want to feel it anyway,
that even though I may jump at your touch,
the heat is worth being so close to your light?

We lay on the couch together, as we often do,
you reach your hand over to grab mine,
your thumb grazes my thigh, scratches my burn,
and I get up, saying I'm feeling a little too warm.
You ask me why I have a problem with heat.
Here it is, a moment, an opening,
a chance for me to tell you about the burns you cannot see,
about the pain of 50,000 degrees,
about the fear of 102 degrees,
about the betrayal of 98.6 degrees.
You ask me why I have a problem with heat,
and I look over at you, I take a deep breath,
I open my mouth and I say:
"I'm not sure, I guess my body just runs hot."



Broken.

Not broken like the fragments of a bowl brought back together and adorned with golden scars, or broken like the remains of a statue put on display, adored by the crowds for its unique history and form.

No, broken like the handle of a dull kitchen knife that's cracked and now can no longer hold the useless blade, or broken like a charging cord so bent and frayed and twisted that not even a spark can pass through it.

Not broken in a way that can be rebuilt, can be more, but broken deeply, fundamentally, and perhaps it's best to simply throw the whole thing away.



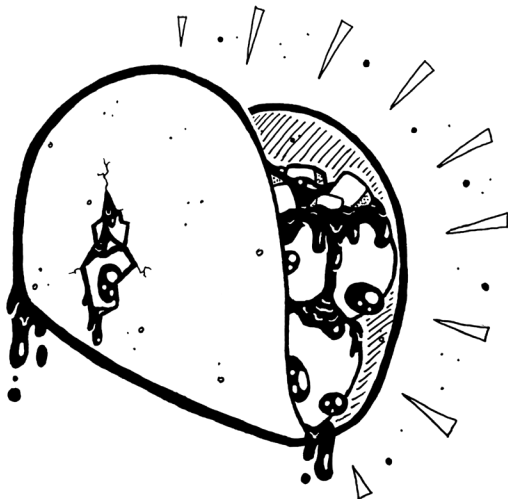
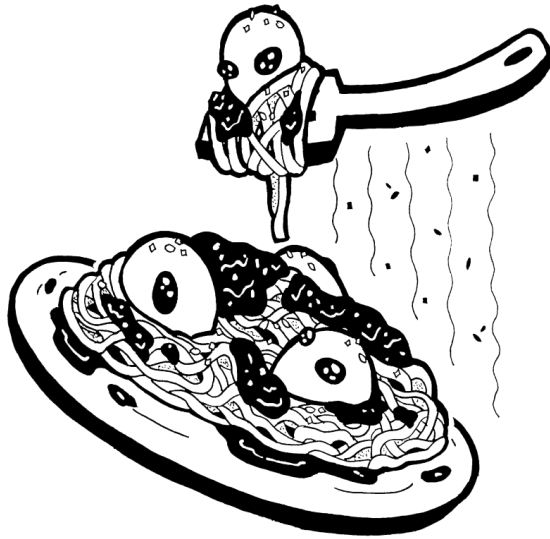
A pigeon and a sparrow sit on a telephone wire.
They watch the activity on the sidewalks below.
“I’ve been here a long time,” the pigeon brags,
 “and I know all the locals.”
“Oh yeah?” the sparrow asks.
“Yes! Look, there goes a Long Maned Skipper,
jumping from one food den to the next
and giving its iconic noontime call.
And there’s a pack of Howling Hoarders,
with their bags full of random bits and bobs,
which they inexplicably seem to adore.
Oh wow, and that’s a Brightgarb! Can you see?
You can tell since its mane has a strange coloration.
Sometimes it even changes with the seasons!”
“What about him,” the sparrow asks,
 gesturing at a nearby dove.
“What? No, why the fuck would I know that guy?”





Are you ready
for
some
tasty
treats

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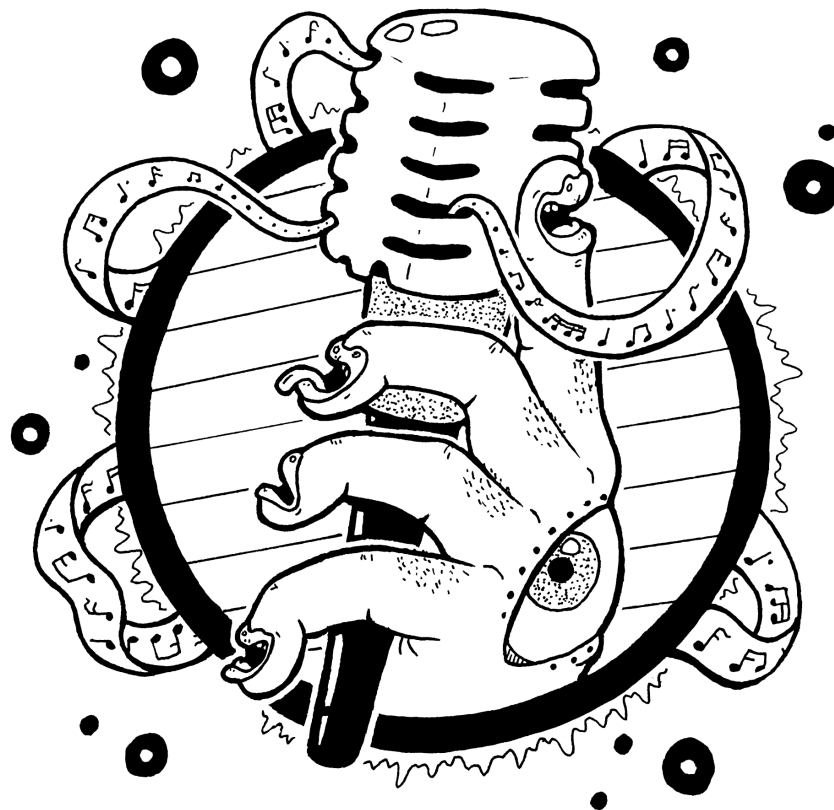
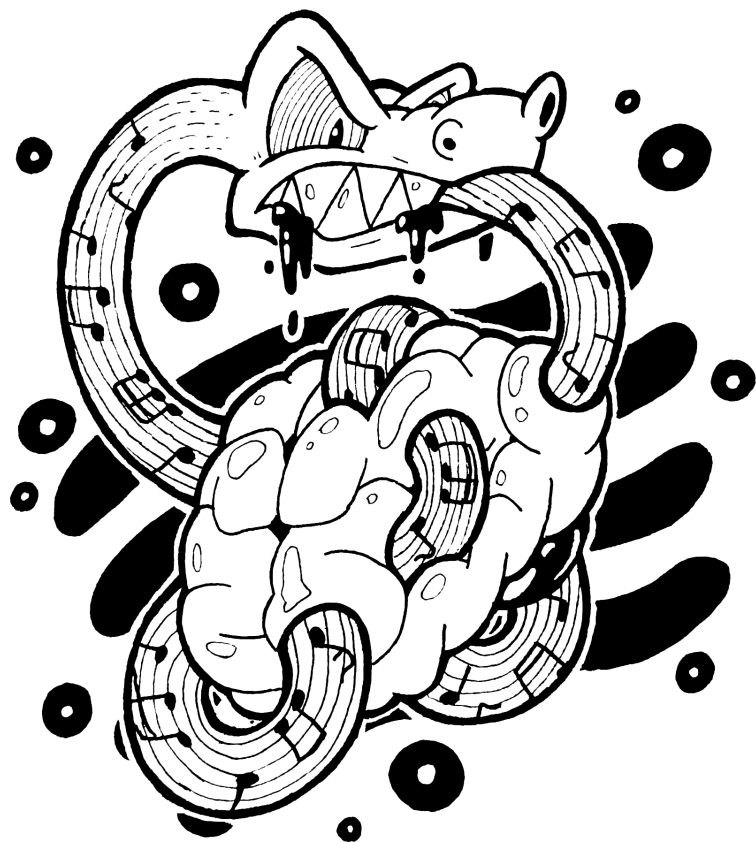
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A Single Instrument
From a Single Part
Of a Single Song
In a Single Memory

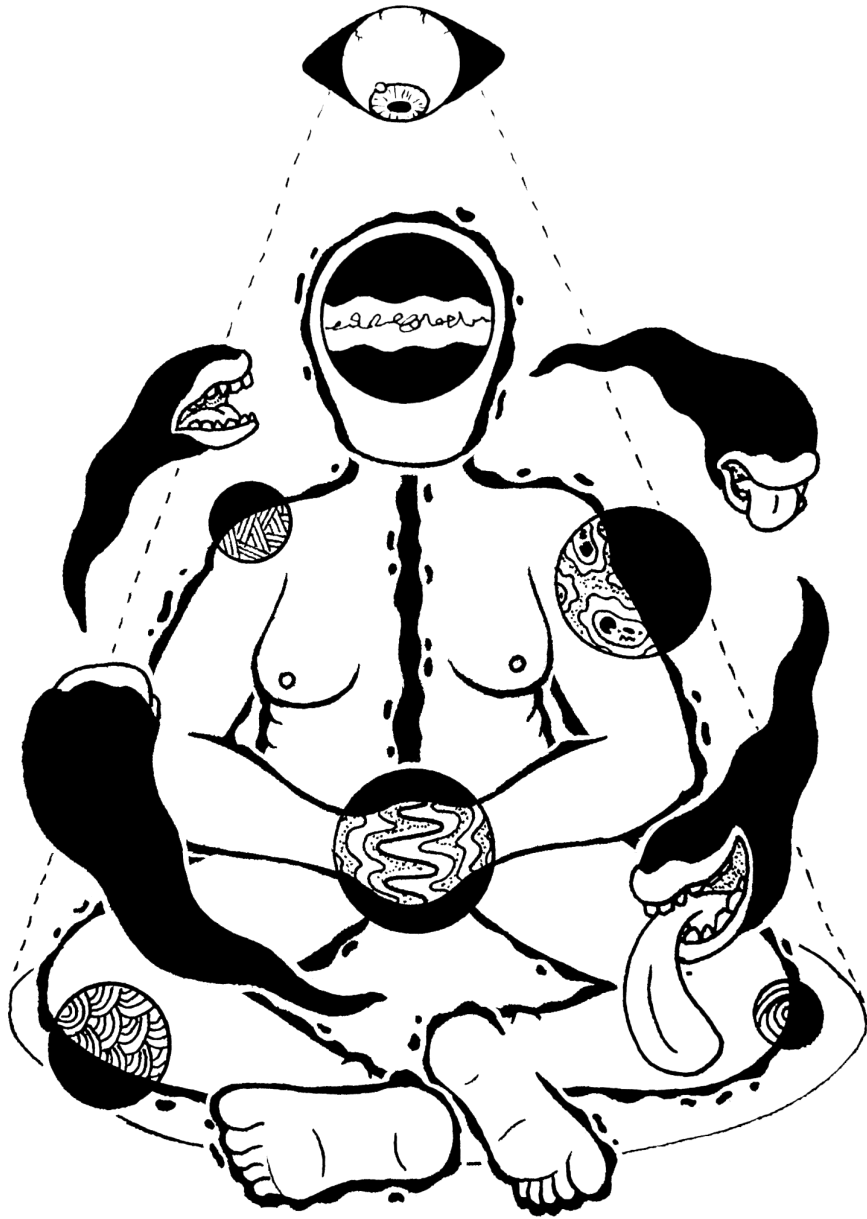
G		----	4-2/6-4	----	4-	
D		2-2-	-----	4-2-4/6\4-	----	
A		-----		-----		
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G		----	4-2/6-4	-----		
D		2-2-	-----	4-2-4/6\4-2-		
A		-----		-----		
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G		-----	4-2	-----	2-	
D		0-0-5-4	-----	5-4-2-4-2	----	
A		-----		-----		
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G		-----	2-4	-----	2-	
D		0-0-5-4	-----	5-4-2-4-2	----	
A		-----		-----		
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I've always imagined my grandfather in the winds around sailboats.

He loved the water, after all, and sailed for much of his life, so where else would he go once his body could no longer hold him?

It's a nice thought, but it's made me wonder:
Once my body is gone, where will I go?

I don't have a single favorite thing, a focus of my adoration. I've instead filled my life with a thousand smaller interests, each one just a piece in an eclectic collection of joys. Have I spread myself too thin?
What happens if I have no one place to go?

Perhaps, instead, I could leave a piece of myself in each of my favorite things.

I could place my eyes up in the stars,
my hands in the ink of an artist's pen,
my bad singing voice in the speakers at a concert,
my love of spicy food in the hue of color changing lights,
the way I say "heyho" in that moment when a dog on the street looks directly at you,
that eigzht year stretch where I always wore a hat in the silence of nature just before dawn.

I'll divide myself in smaller and smaller slices,
placing myself into all the things that brought me joy
until I am divided so far that I'm ripped at the seams
and I'm completely unmade into the things that I love.
So I suppose, when I die, I know where I'll be:
I will be nowhere, and I will be everything.

