

An abstract painting with a dark, textured background of deep blues and purples. A prominent, thick, curved streak of orange, red, and white paint arcs from the top right towards the center. In the bottom left, there is a starburst or flower-like shape composed of many sharp, radiating strokes of orange, yellow, and white. The overall style is expressive and gestural.

*extra,  
extra!*

*a future histories art zine  
spring 2024 special edition*

## *hello there!*

Thank you for picking up this zine, a celebration of some of the amazing artwork that Future Histories received last semester but didn't have room for in our semesterly print. Alongside these pieces of art, you will find works of poetry and prose that participants of our writing workshop wrote inspired by this collection of artwork.

Thank you to all of the talented artists whose works are featured in this zine, the members of Future Histories that helped make this zine and our workshops happen, and to the participants of our writing and bookbinding workshops!

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Future Histories is Tufts' premier literary and arts magazine dedicated to amplifying traditionally marginalized voices in the arts. Want to get involved in what we do? You can join our mailing list, participate in weekly content meetings where we review and discuss writing submissions, keep an eye out for our full magazine at the end of the semester, and submit your creative work next fall!

Yours,  
The Future Histories team

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*"Portrait of Girl Drawing" by Annika Crawford*

*cover: "falling star" by Phoebe Yao*



*after "a social dilemma" by Phoebe Yao*

the flame feels the way static  
feels, like the wrapper  
crunch and the sharpness  
of glass glare  
across a vacant stare  
the table is weeping. No matter what,  
under elbows, it is glistening,  
greasy spoon and maybe  
a soft blue solemn grin  
maybe a surface not so thin  
the image is still not living  
but staticing just  
beyond reach, a something  
a pinch a wake at night  
a rippling for the light

*by Newt Gordon-Rein*

*after "height" by Amelia Miller*

Daddy frogs carry their babies on their backs till they hatch  
Division of labor  
It's kinda gross to open your flesh up for the sake  
of spreading your seed  
At least mommy frogs don't do all the work alone.  
My daddy gets to do the work  
And 30 years later, he made it to the tallest box  
with the tallest lines.  
So tall he could see the birds outside and imagine  
how they chirp, an ode to his lackluster morning  
commute.

In his tall box, with short ceilings,  
In his tall box with short ceilings

the air is stiller in his small box, but the whining  
of the office vents sings him a song once  
whistled by what they call the outside.

But in these tall boxes, the walls are memorized,  
the creak a gentle reminder, a repetition I once  
yearned for

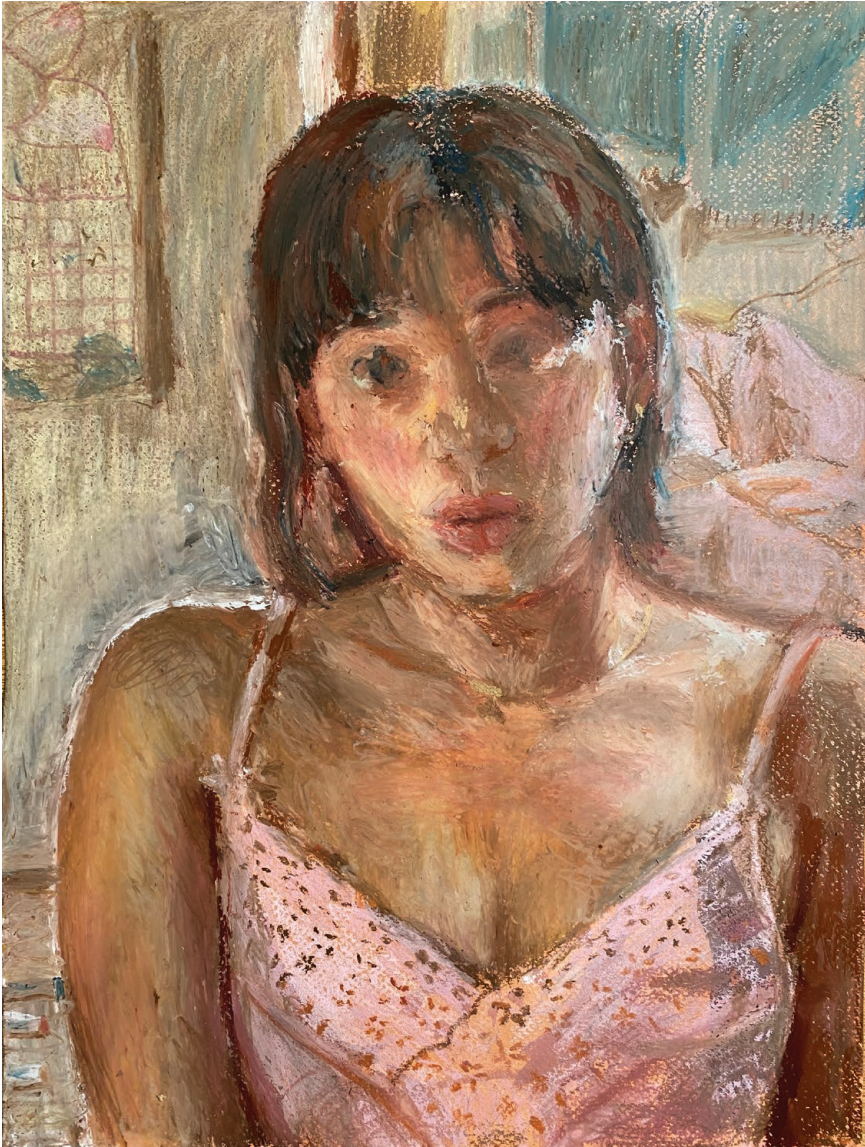
Division of labor.

*by Rachel Oriuwa*

I accept it  
does it matter?  
Suppose not.  
It changes little, but my  
home. I'll still  
leave, one day  
grasping each  
other like fingers  
& steeping in  
the friendly  
height.

*by Jay Guo*





*“Self Portrait” by Annika Crawford*

*“Strings” by Evelyn Hsy*





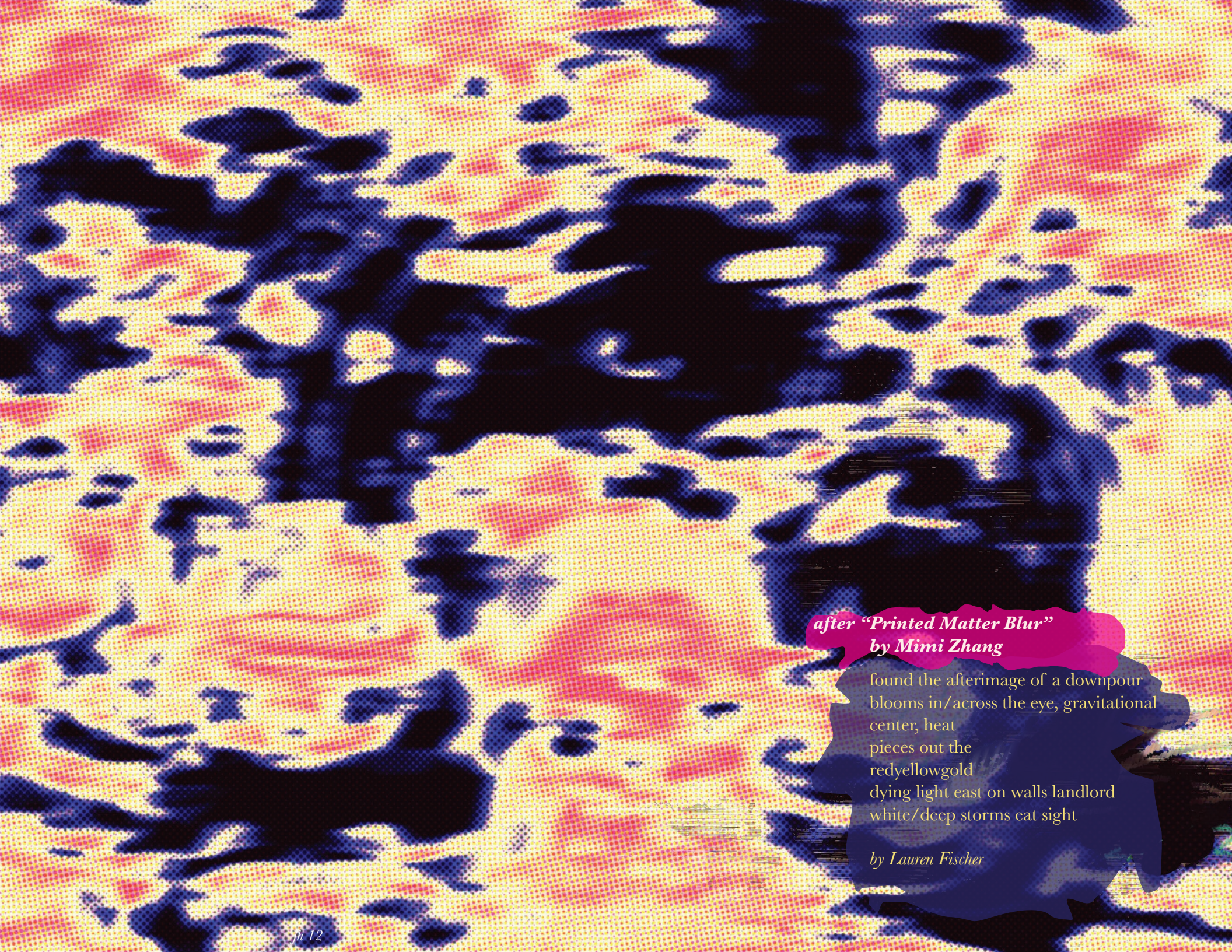
*“george washington bridge” by Amelia Miller*



*“lower manhattan” by Amelia Miller*

*right: “Beacon” by Tony Li*





*after "Printed Matter Blur"*  
*by Mimi Zhang*

found the afterimage of a downpour  
blooms in/across the eye, gravitational  
center, heat  
pieces out the  
redyellowgold  
dying light east on walls landlord  
white/deep storms eat sight

*by Lauren Fischer*

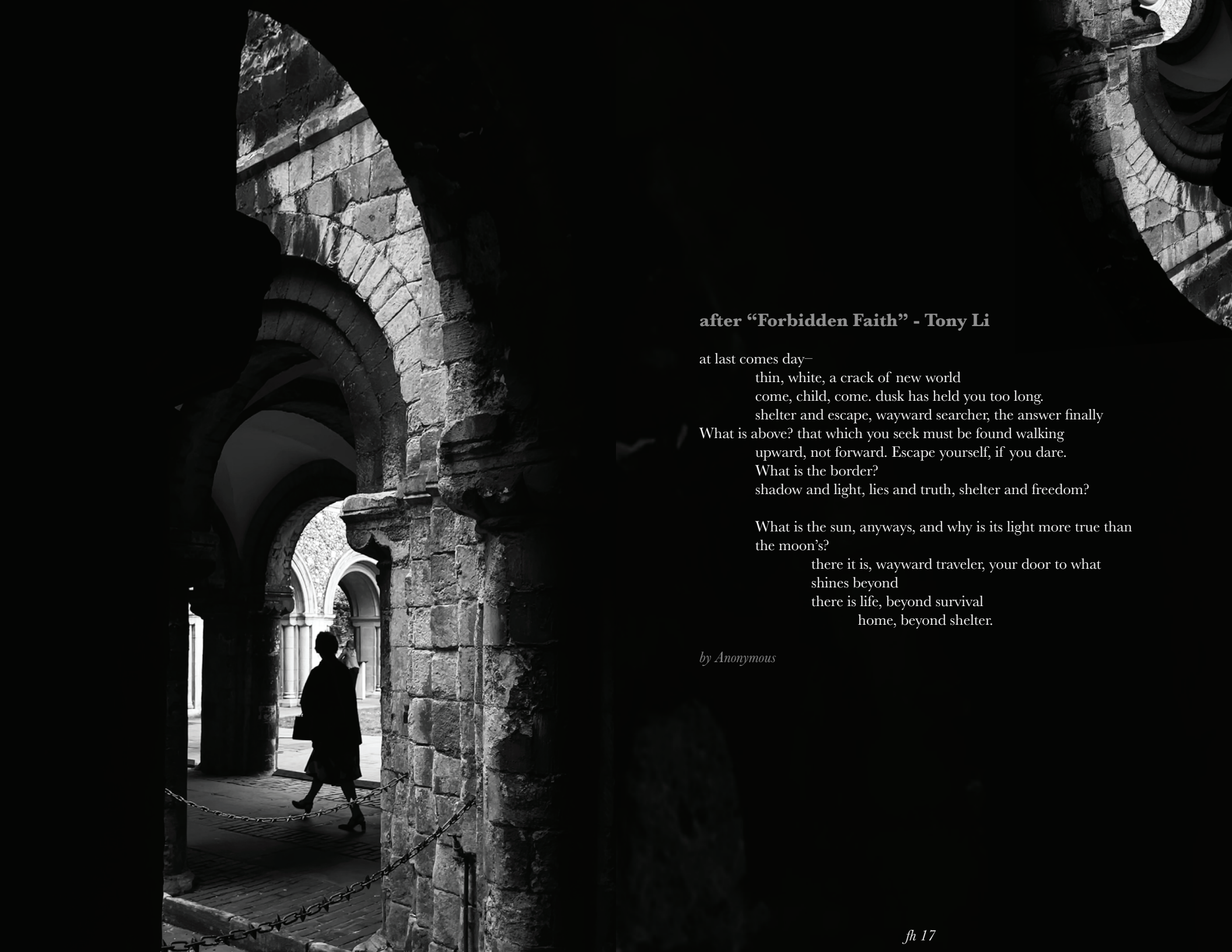
*after "building geometry" by Amelia Miller*

dark mirror:  
skyline climb  
in to the sky

*by Lauren Fisher*



*"midtown manhattan" by Amelia Miller*

A black and white photograph of a stone archway. The arch is made of large, rough-hewn stones. A person is walking through the arch, their figure silhouetted against the light coming from the other side. The person is wearing a dark coat and a hat. The background shows more arches and a bright sky. The overall mood is somber and contemplative.

**after “Forbidden Faith” - Tony Li**

at last comes day—

thin, white, a crack of new world

come, child, come. dusk has held you too long.

shelter and escape, wayward searcher, the answer finally

What is above? that which you seek must be found walking

upward, not forward. Escape yourself, if you dare.

What is the border?

shadow and light, lies and truth, shelter and freedom?

What is the sun, anyways, and why is its light more true than  
the moon's?

there it is, wayward traveler, your door to what

shines beyond

there is life, beyond survival

home, beyond shelter.

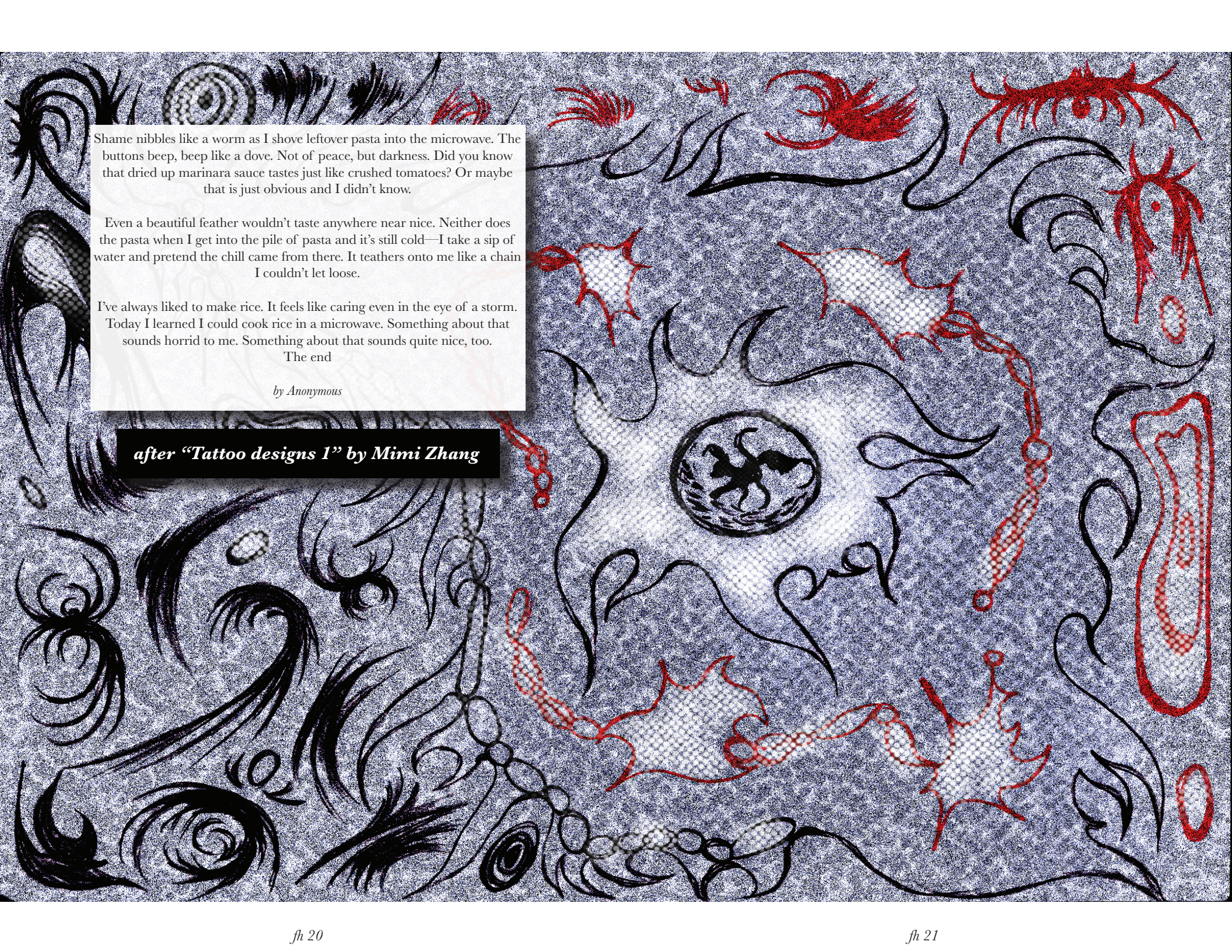
*by Anonymous*



*"\$age" by Phoebe Yao*

*"self portrait" by Annika Crawford*





Shame nibbles like a worm as I shove leftover pasta into the microwave. The buttons beep, beep like a dove. Not of peace, but darkness. Did you know that dried up marinara sauce tastes just like crushed tomatoes? Or maybe that is just obvious and I didn't know.

Even a beautiful feather wouldn't taste anywhere near nice. Neither does the pasta when I get into the pile of pasta and it's still cold—I take a sip of water and pretend the chill came from there. It teathers onto me like a chain I couldn't let loose.

I've always liked to make rice. It feels like caring even in the eye of a storm. Today I learned I could cook rice in a microwave. Something about that sounds horrid to me. Something about that sounds quite nice, too.  
The end

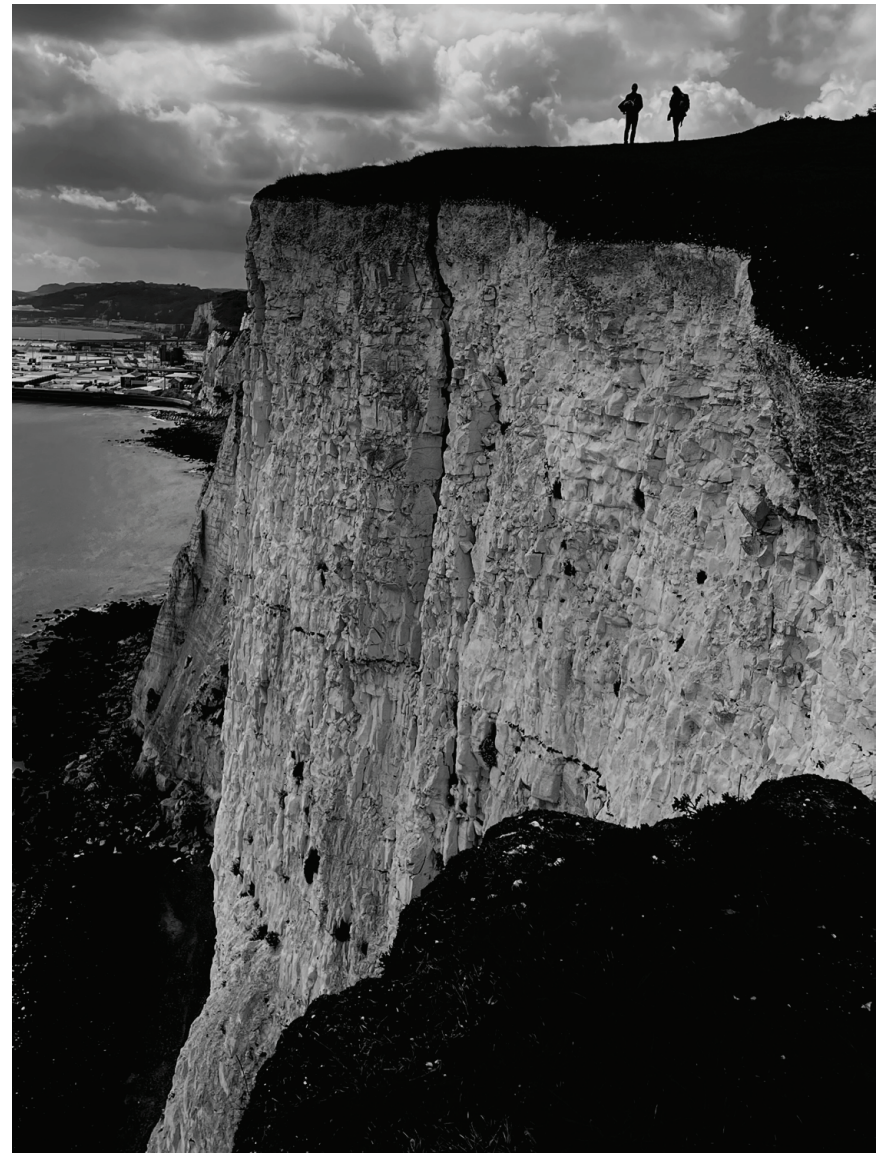
*by Anonymous*

*after "Tattoo designs 1" by Mimi Zhang*



*“where are you” by Phoebe Yao*

*“Sheer” by Tony Li*



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