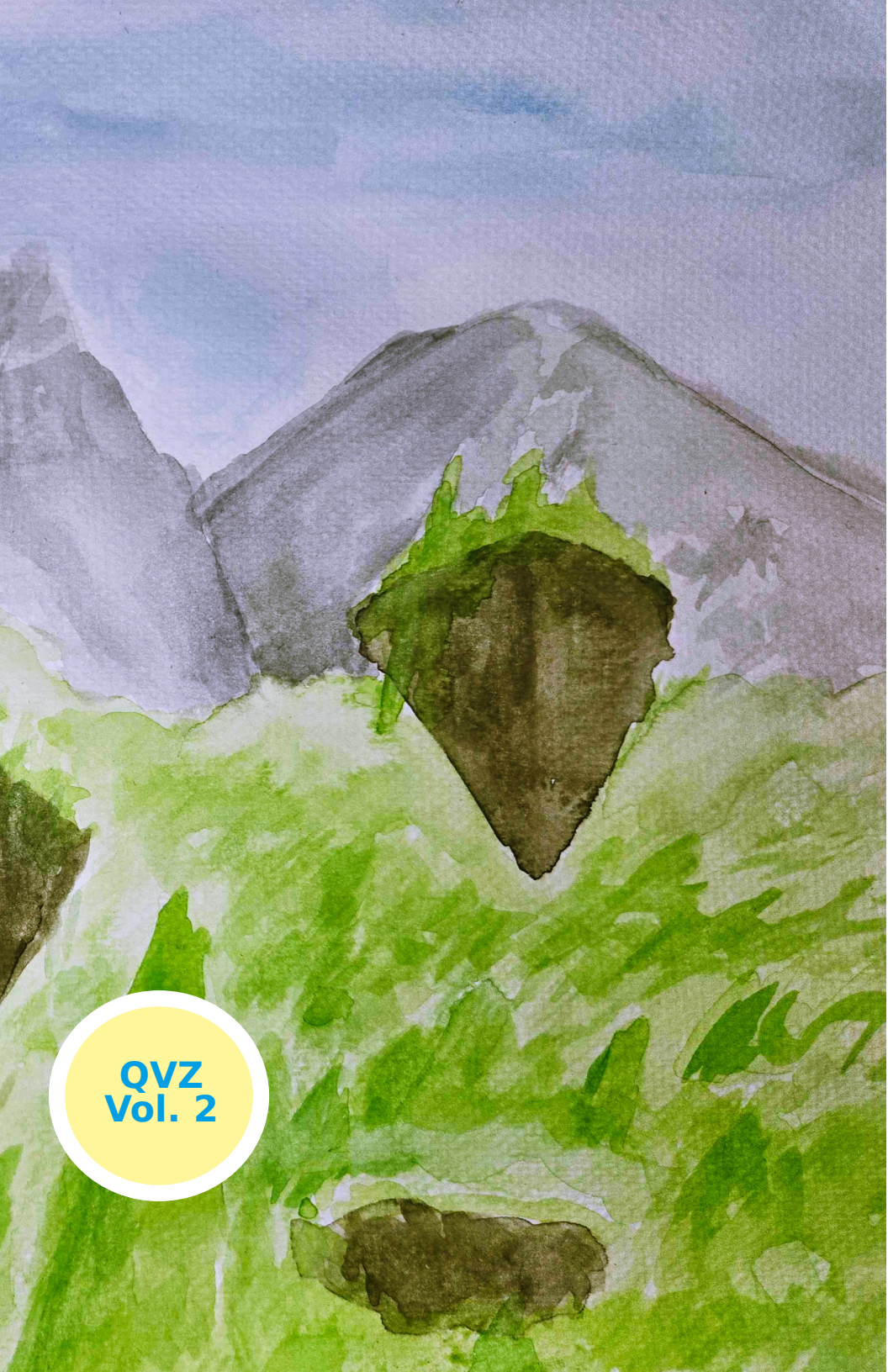




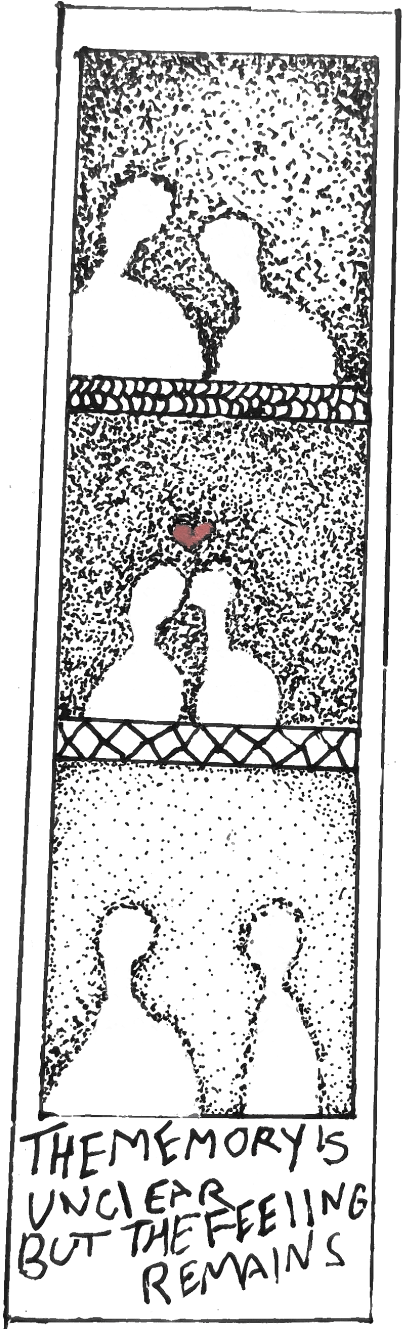
QVZ
Vol. 2

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"I Remember?"



"I Watch As Life Goes On" - Laura C



Laura C

They/Them



insta:
[@laurac.photography](https://www.instagram.com/laurac.photography)

i love you

written by Rhannon

Loving someone is hard.

You put the effort into being a part of them, of letting them be a part of you, and you cherish it because you want to.

You cherish it because you care for them.

But it's hard. It's hard for many reasons.

It's hard because it's confusing. Love can be seen as scars on your face, tear stains on your bed, calloused hands and broken hearts, but it isn't supposed to be that way.

You know it isn't supposed to be that way, yet you can't get it out of your head.

It's hard because it means something. Your family, the ones who raised you, despite their words, despite the ways they may yell, they raised you, and you're here now.

Your friends, whom you may split apart from time and time again, whom you may never find your place with, you care for them. You don't want things to end badly. And any crush, any person you take a secret glance at, you want to tell them what it means, because it means everything, the actions coated in care mean more than anything in the world, but you don't say a word.

It's hard because they can hurt you. You can feel safe in warm embraces, you can feel safe in gentle words, until knives are in your back, and you bleed, vulnerable and afraid.

It's hard because once one betrays you, you feel like everyone is out to get you.

That once you're unsafe, you'll never be safe again. That once you're told you're loved, it's just a lie, because if you were loved, you wouldn't get hurt.

It's the sad truth though, we are loved, and we are hurt. It stings and stings and stings when it's happening at the same time, because you want to only be loved, not hurt by anyone, not hurt by the ones you hold close.

Sometimes, the ones you hold close are hurt too, and they hurt you because they know no other way. Sometimes, you have to let go, and your world crumbles apart.

Once you let go, you don't quite feel whole again.

You're not sure if you can feel whole again.

Loving someone is hard because you can lose them. In horrible fights, in tears, in death, we all lose people. You don't want to think about the sweet memories you had with the ones you loved that are now sour because you know you won't be able to look at them without seeing their anger, without seeing them hate you. You don't want to think about them because however you lose them, you might see their tear ridden faces, you might hear their angry words, or you might feel their lifeless skin.

Grief is hard, and we hate to go through it. Grief comes in many different ways, and we all experience it more frequently than we think we do.

Loving someone is hard because grief is hard. Loving someone is hard because grief is love. Loving someone is hard because love is difficult.

Love comes with a difficult phrase.

Love comes with a difficult heart.

Love comes with the simple words of "I love you"
The weight of those words should not feel as heavy as
they do.

Maybe it's because "I love you" means I care for you.
Maybe it's because "I love you" means that you mean
the world to me.

Maybe it's because "I love you" means that I'm glad
you take care of me.

I love you means that I love my family.

I love you means that I love my friends.

I love you means that I love the people I've lost.

I want to say "I love you" and it oozes out of me more
naturally than most, but I find myself choked up at the
words.

Am I afraid to say "I love you"?

Are you afraid to say it too?

Why are we so afraid of it? Why are we so afraid of
being told we're loved?

Does it mean there's one more person to lose if we
hear it?

Does it mean that if we declare it, we're vulnerable?

Nobody wants to be vulnerable. Nobody wants to be
weak.

But in order to be loved, we have to be weak.

We have to be weak to thankful words

We have to be weak to kind gestures

We have to be weak to "I love you"s.

It's okay to be weak. It's okay to cry when "I love you" is said, it's okay to cry when you hear it for the last time, or the first time.

It's okay to cry when you're not sure how much you can love someone.

Life is hard. Love is hard. Weakness is hard.
But I believe that even if you've been left, even if you're not sure how to be loved, even if you don't want to be loved, even if you refuse to be weak, that you should try to let yourself be loved.

We deserve to be loved.

And we deserve to give love back.

There's no way to avoid grief, there's no way to avoid heartbreak, and it will sting, it always stings.

You pick yourself up eventually, there will be hands to guide you.

Someone will tell you that they love you, because they're there for you, because there will always be someone that wants you.

You'll become whole again with time, you'll repair from the withering you've been faced with.

Loving someone will be hard. It will be hard to trust them, it will be hard to form that connection without being afraid of what will happen, but you will be able to do it.

You will be able to love.

You will be able to say "I love you".

I've been faced with this before, as I look upon the people I hold close, and the people I've had to let go of.

I know how it hurts.

I know how hard it is.

Keep looking for love, you will find it.

You will find it in the form of a friend, your family
member, an animal, a lover, someone.
Someone will be love, because they are grief, because
they are weak, because they are home.
You can hold love close, and no matter how many times it
may fly away, you will find it, and you will hold onto it, I
swear to you.

Loving someone is hard.
Someone loving you is hard.
It is hard because it is grief.
It is hard because it is weakness.
It is hard because it is pain.
It is hard because it is confusion.
It is hard because you don't know if you will be whole
again after each time you love.

It will continue to be hard, but it will get easier.
There will be people to guide you, smiles to look at,
hands to hold.
There will be love to find.
There will be love that finds you.

Be strong, listener.
You are loving.
You are love.
You are loved.
I love you.

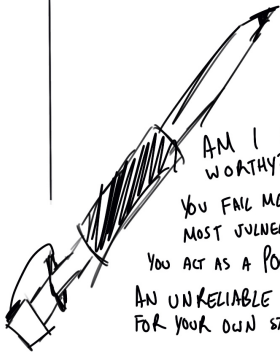
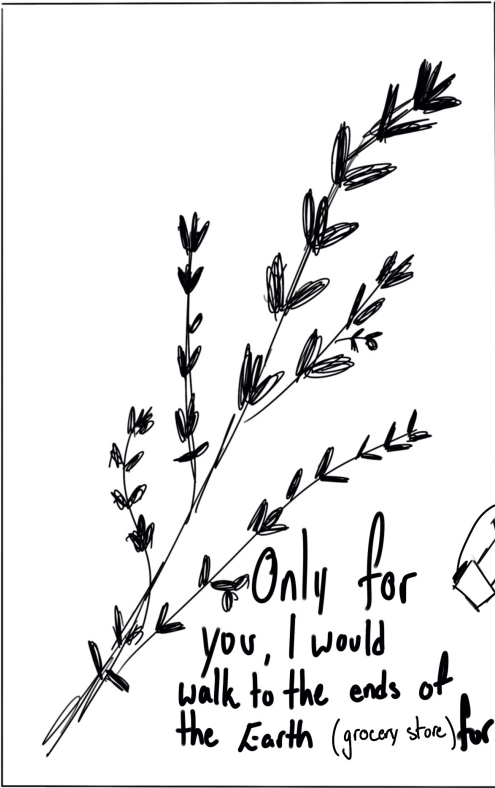
Rhiannon Macdonald

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rhiannon-macdonald](https://rhimsical.my.canva.site/rhiannon-macdonald)

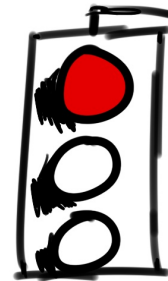




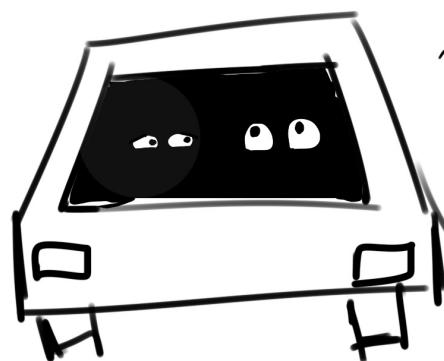
MAY YOUR MECHANICAL
INNER WORKINGS FAIL AND
RUST WITH NO-ONE TO MOURN YOU.

LONG LIVE THE (real) PEN.

Red Light & The Long Ride Home
- James



and... go!
and... go!
and... go!



~and...go!
and...go!
and...go!

out of magic, but not unarmed
- James

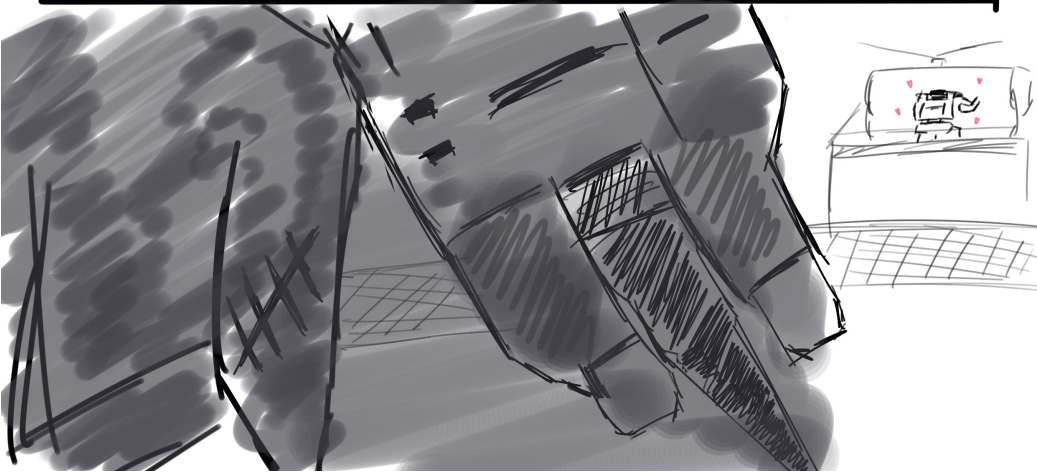
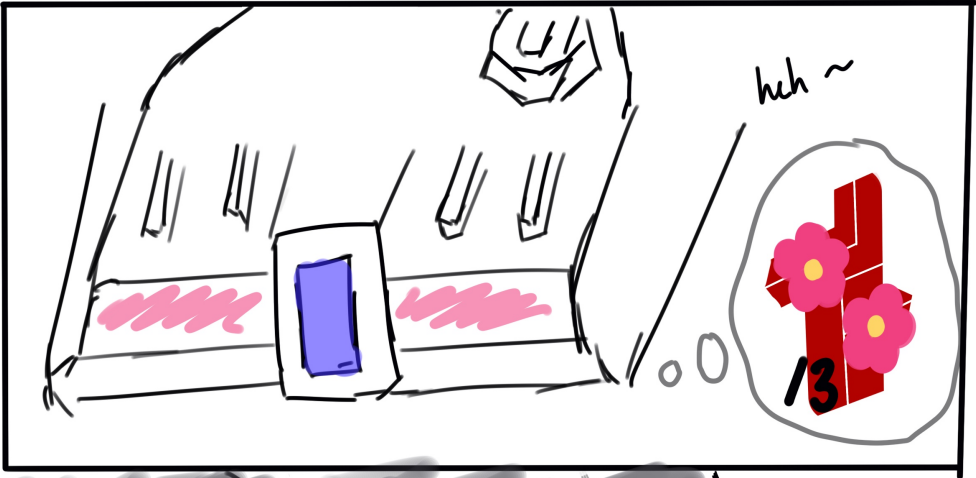
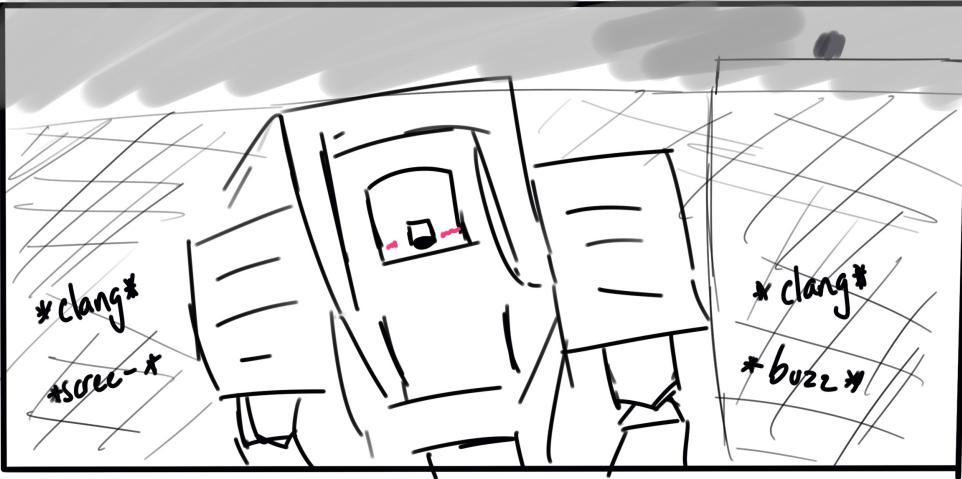
(You think we can do 600 damage?)

(Yuh)

600/600



bright eyes and full hearts - James

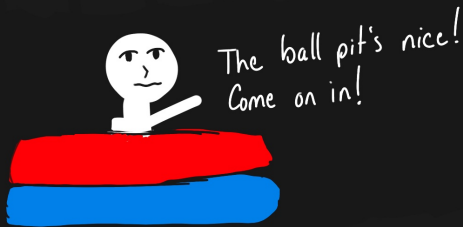


James

He/Him

Contact: *hiss*

"I'd like my tomato
soup to taste like
tomatoes."



mini comic - Ivy Gifford



The Quarry's View Zine

Volume 2

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Watch Out For The
Next Volume!

