



A MICRO MIXTAP
PER-ZINE BY
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Again...



Seventeen

x-x

When i listen to it, i remember the whiplash of waking up from little sleep, from a night or weekend of uncertainty (and, occasionally, numbs tenor) and returning to the fluorescent lit hallway of high school.

i remember the magic of getting stoned on a sunny Wednesday afternoon in a garden of black and white my like aimlessly, or listening to music in my room.

(brooding)

angry

What can i still learn from her?
What did i know at seventeen that i've since forgotten?

i knew how to be brave and stupid. How to love fearfully. Armed with a cracked through pie football cotten, these might be just the qualities to revisit now in these unpredictable times of numbs tenor.

insecure

(male gaze)

horny

dreamy

What was the emotional terrain of that age and time? i developed a grid system.

The x-axis-the "brooding" axis-- runs from Dreamy to Angry.

The y-axis-the "male gaze" axis-- runs from Insecure to Horny.

Candidate tracks were placed in their quadrants and balanced in the narrative through the use of a labyrinthine spiral pattern, one state to the next, just as i remembered.

"it was " I Saw The TV Glow", btw

i think it was entire months into my thirty-fourth year when a film* and its soundtrack specifically, stirred up feelings that made me realize 34 was seventeen, again.

when i turned 34 last year, i searched for a reference point to give the milestone value. i was long done with a disastrous Saturn return, coming off of 33's "age of christ at the time of the crucifixion" bit (it didn't really land), and not yet arrived at the coming milestone, 35: the exit from the MTV demographic and entrance into statistical middle age.



ROOF TIMEZ

Seventeen was a terrible year for me. i had hit the ground running into sixteen with a wild double birthday party at an older guys house (how cool that his roommate could buy us all alcohol! what a chill, cool, totally functional adult!) and that night set the tone for a year of high risk adventures and boundary testing.

i turned seventeen in the hangover fallout of all the fear, violence, confusion, and self-loathing of that time. i came to and found, at the fulcrum of my junior year, that i was failing multiple classes.

i don't know whether anyone bothered to ask what was going on, but i know i probably didn't answer them if they did.



One of my best friends ditched me to become a cheerleader.

i got in two car wrecks. Got called a slut by the whole football team and my drama teacher.

Stank in fields with a dead flip phone.

I semi-ditched my other best friends to become a stoner with my new stoner boyfriend.

No feeble attempt at grounding could contain me: hot tub Mike's friend, "Yule" Lenny's house, the Travelodge on 5th, ROTC bag too fast on Ecstasy, the country club pool at night, The Ruck, The Strig, The Spot, The New.

QUEST WHT..

for adulthood, i've tried to heal and move on and care for that lost girl who had such a hard time so invisibly. But now i'm thinking,

what can i learn from her?

Even during a time of ongoing trauma and shitty days, she was able to keep searching for meaning, whether in her favorite movies (SOMETIME out there (not me, lol) needs justice!!!)

She also, for good or ill, wasn't afraid.

**Me and you and Everyone else knows, for one.

