



HEART



LOCKET

author's note



dear readers,

when i created the first issue of heart locket magazine, it only featured my own work. it was fun to showcase, and i enjoyed making it a lot, don't get me wrong. however, this issue is a little more special to me as it features the art of my friends and others. i am so honored that people trust me and this magazine to host their incredible art pieces! i look up to these people and their creativity and i am happy that so many others want to share their work with the public.

if you are interested in donating to the magazine so i can keep creating it, this is possible through the qr code displayed in the corner or [here](#). of course, this is optional. you are completely welcome to enjoy this magazine free of charge! that said, it is highly appreciated and will go towards a good cause.

in any case,
thank you
and enjoy.

love, linn

about the magazine



heart locket magazine is a place where aspiring artists can share their work. everything is welcome here, as long as it has heart!

this is the second issue of heart locket magazine, and it is filled to the brim with beautiful art, writing and photography. this curation is all thanks to the amazing people who sent in their art to be featured. below are their names/instagram handles as they prefer to be credited. some contributors remain anonymous, but nonetheless should be celebrated and enjoyed! if you enjoy their art, don't hesitate to compliment them personally or through the magazine.

amal [@plasticblooms](#)

anja saccuman [@_anjasac](#)

chirine harrabi [@itsnotchirine](#)

hannah werner [@hannaholiviawerner](#)

lotus van der horst [@lotusvanderhorst](#)

martina tono

do you want to feature in the next issue of heart locket?
don't be shy! check out the website or shoot an email

email: heartlocketmag@gmail.com

website: heartlocketmag.com

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June

My girl look at this sun
shining on our little life
you are the sun
and it never really sets in this city,
you say we deserve it
the winter was much too long.

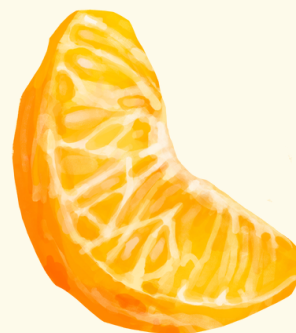


I told you when the moon was
casting our shadow
we thought we wouldn't make it through,
we are made of what we love
simply, we have no choice
of being anything else at all.
Why am I crying in June?



Somehow
we will make a life out of this
beautiful, sweet
lime slices, strawberry bliss
the golden light in your eyes
and our philosophy of kind
defiance.

(barefooted on the cold ground I decided
to let the experience burn me
kill me, eventually
in undisciplined communion
they will all hear me
crying in june's arms)





Rituals

Dispensation

she asked me questions about existentialism
how will i be happy? how will i make it work?
i told her i've only ever known to stick it out

things have been worse, but that's the past
i've sauntered through the inferno and honestly
people make it a bigger deal than it actually is

you're stuck?
depressed?
look at me, i'm doing it!
i am an ancient philosopher
who recently quit the business
because the job was too taxing,
too stressful, too much overtime!
and i am free now, with all this knowledge
so if you really must know,
then let me break it down

what i did was i changed the lightbulbs and i got
some gum to get my teeth all cleaned up

this stuff matters
you don't think it does
it does

i printed out lists from corners of the internet
where people spill their big heads fully empty
where they tell me to let it all wash away like winter rain
to hurt the walls instead of myself, to break bottles
and scream a little, maybe, if you can find a good place

i follow them up with nothing but docile compliance

i am a good boy

i'm rolling over, i'm agreeable
i am genuinely aching this mental health thing!
i am not very happy, but neither is anyone else
so it is grief as much as the leaves dropping every fall is

i can't picture the stars anymore but
honestly, i've seen enough, so who cares?
onwards and upwards, smiling is the cure!

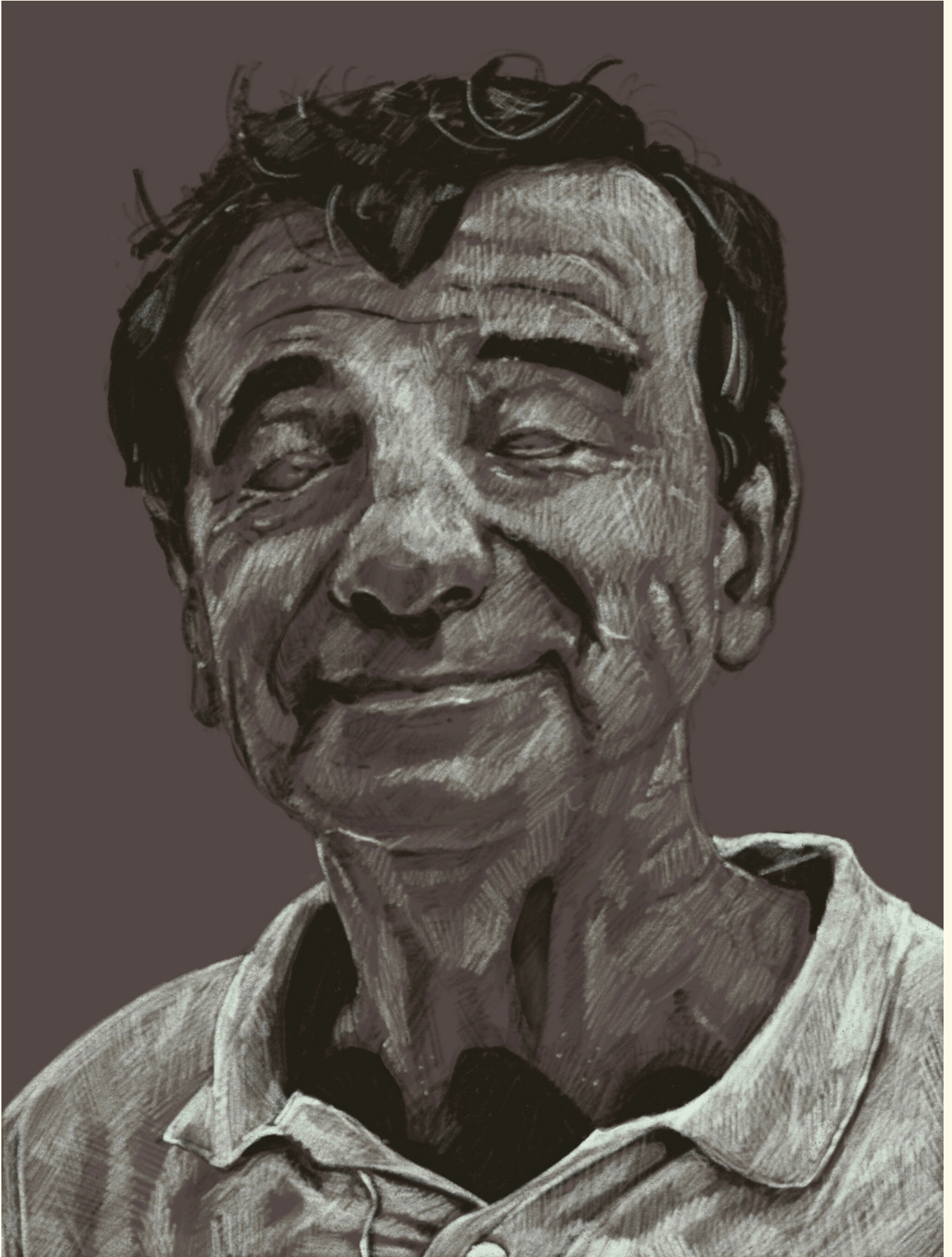
i know everything there is to know about everything!
i have my wits about me and my glowing brain is
sending glittery waves to my teeth
i'm so happy it makes my cheeks hurt!

so what, nothing is moving or changing?
so what, the floor is still infested,
and i dream about it every night?
so what, it's not always working?

i will bend the mirror to fit the scene
and see the cherry pits in the bloodbath
pick them out and plant them
one by one

i am making my own luck
picking up my feet
and bringing ripped-out hair
back in style

simply put,
if this won't work, then i fucking will



man #1



man #2



rasalila

photograph by anja saccuman



marti

Benders

dreams wasted and us, also
wasted, and we're so very
proud because we used to
get drunk from one bottle
but we graduated up to two

you make endless drawings
that show knives and blood
and hurt and i write about
what happened to me with
an air of survival, which by
another name is just victory

every night we race
and race and put on
a brave face and then
we cross the finish line
but there is no prize for us,
no money, not even a dime,
no golden shiny plaque,
no applause, no shouting,
no sunflowers, no, nothing

we are not winning
this is just sadness

we are champions of passing
smoke through our aching teeth,
and being quick with it, because
if you're slow with the cigarette,
who knows what else you savor?
food? memories?

love, god forbid?

we are laughing about it now,
which means we are whole,
not broken and not affected,
and in hindsight the way he
ripped out my hair in chunks
was actually pretty hilarious.

we are stuck in giggles
just thinking about it

man, it is funny!



Stories About Facing Thunderstorms Head On

I

drawing on yourself, daring ink that identifies
the oppressed into crazy
and step aside, you leave
hair everywhere you need—
there isn't space for you here
for your— bodies of water

a trace or spark of something (you were gonna talk to him. you said)
a solution, a cure, a never
being good enough, she cannot be static she can never

what does it feel like to need?

II

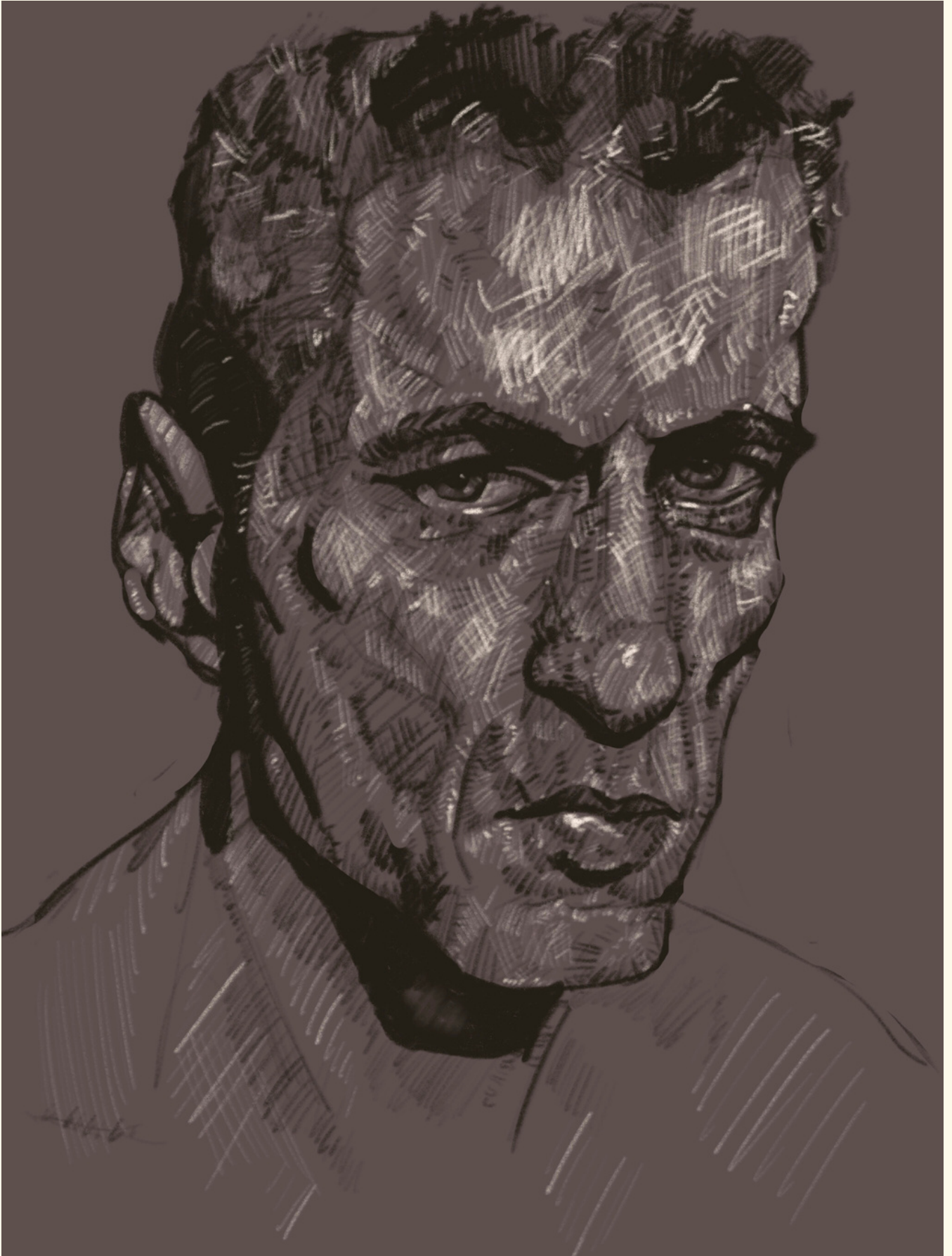
inside there is warfare and you don't see it
because it's inside, because it is rubble and you don't
hear it because you don't fucking listen and I use all
the wrong words

III

keep telling stories
about facing thunderstorms head on
while I dance for sun, bell the cat, drink the rain

IV

fuck the men fuck the etiquette fuck the
soft life fuck the divine feminine fuck
the legs crossed fuck the being good
fuck the wellness fuck the healing fuck
the liberals fuck the teachings fuck the
silence fuck the diet fuck the colonizers
fuck the witch hunters fuck the
progress fuck the products fuck the
cops fuck the abusers fuck the dress
codes fuck the anti-aging fuck the
booty workouts fuck the inaccessibility
fuck the private healthcare fuck the
pathologizing fuck the productivity fuck
the “that girl” fuck the “it girl” fuck the
lifestyle fuck the manipulators fuck the
aestheticizing fuck the authorities fuck
the not all men



man #3



man #4



恒

平

乗車券・新幹線特急券



道一

№ 637010



国民公
Shinjuku C

Coffee Table

looking at the cake on the little floral dish
and how it's collecting dust like a fucking pro
these are flashes that keep me hostage
just like that one time on the side of the road

it's a room full of curtains and pearls and
things made out of glass on endless shelves
so fragile, the earth shakes with these waves
did you honestly expect me not to cry
after all this fanfare?

so much of a hint—
my hands tremble
it sends you reeling
mad as fuck, straight to another dimension
with the rings of saturn shouting at the moon
like the visible effect you have on me
is actually a fucking mind-blowing concept

you are the smartest person i know and
acting this oblivious kinda discredits you

pulling the strings of my brain to figure out
if i've committed any crimes besides
the biggest offense of all which is
being alive in the first place
clearly

and you, you genius
wonder quietly why

i feel so fucking guilty all the time

whatever, fine, let it go

let's have coffee
it's just fucking sitting there getting cold
or lukewarm at best by now

we don't have to talk about marriage
or your manifesto on all the reasons
i am actually a terrible person

maybe one day i can stop asking you
to get mad at me with praying knees

because it's sad
everyone is laughing at us
you are a god devoted to a heathen
this whole thing is depressingly biblical

i'm crawling for answers under the sky
desperate, hidden, rosemary scars

(yes, it helps if it's holy
that's how most tragedy turns beautiful)

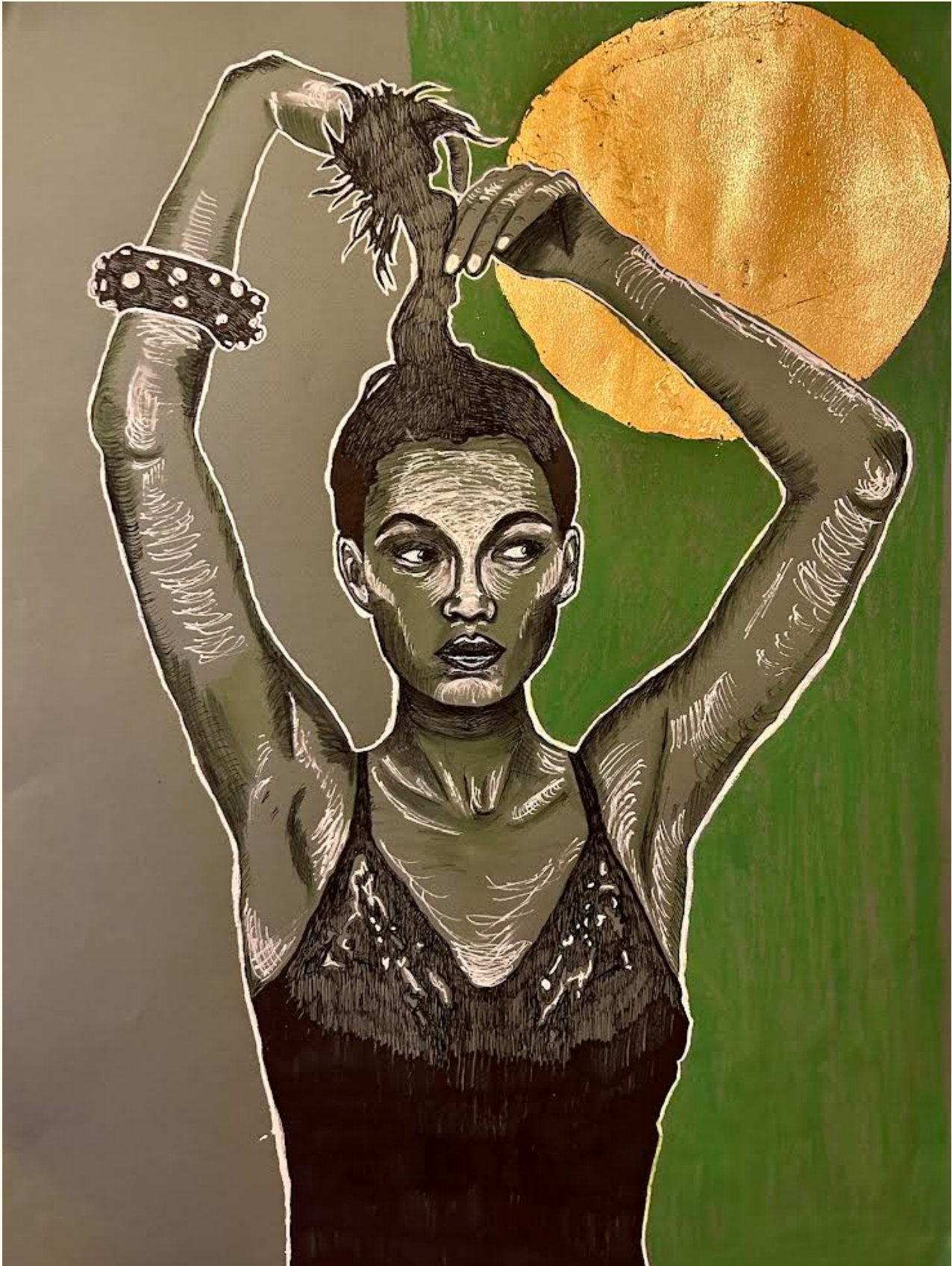
and correct me if i'm wrong
but we are supposed to have fun

shut up now
let's keep up pretenses
it's tea time, stuff your mouth
the little wreckage can wait

we'll get to it another time







My Girl

god forgive, my painstaking girl,
she's only ever let herself chase the ribbons of her dress

make it easy for her, if you will
the bones of the world have put her to the test

and she's lost many things, believe it or not
smiles, and tennis skirts, and tickets that
will get you into heaven, and those that
will get you out of jail, and fingernails
with remnants of cake

my girl is praying for her soul to survive the crash
cause it's been roughed up, i'll tell ya,
her pink glittery spirit

it's been smashed and squeezed and there's
nearly nothing of it left
but my girl, she prevails

she's a girl after all,
with the force of a million suns
pushing her through a brunch date

she'll wring clean the blood from her underwear
she'll iron out the bags under her eyes
she's a girl

time will tell her all its secrets and she
will whisper them into the ground
she'll hold hands with the trees
my meticulous girl,
she will make you see



home



bassano

Untitled

The fish scales seem
glimmering green
when the spirit
chokes and troubles
towards the shore.

When the spirit
tangles and tears
in daisy chains
and futile dreams
to only believe
before language
will take up its
space under the
table and kick.

The pebbles are
softest beneath
wild dancer feet.
Softer, untamed
are our bee-stung
lives. And we think
what if the sun
was light blue or
pink. Just think,
just let yourself be
unknowing when
the spirit

photograph by linn berkvens



Angeles



at the diner i sat there with my notebook and just made observations 08:45 ✓✓

i was freaking out about absolutely everything last night 19:26 ✓✓

but now im having coffee so its ok 19:27 ✓✓

uber drivers are the most entertaining people on earth 09:25 ✓✓

i feel so at peace 01:40 ✓✓

i think i could just walk around forever with my noise canceling headphones and look at things and people and be happy 01:40 ✓✓

i hope you are okay 02:21 ✓✓

hey can i ask you 05:40 ✓✓

what do you mean when you say you miss me 05:40 ✓✓

my uber driver has a sign saying theyre a tarot reader 04:44 ✓✓

and you can get a complimentary reading 04:44 ✓✓

very interesting 04:44 ✓✓

yeah la is hot as fuck today 23:50 ✓✓

im just gonna sit in a cafe and write i think 23:50 ✓✓

mental antics 01:43 ✓✓



day seven

it's there. you're able. it's in your hands.
you are a gardener and your weeds have
been picked and your fruits are ripening
and it's going to be a long time until
anyone will eat them with conviction.

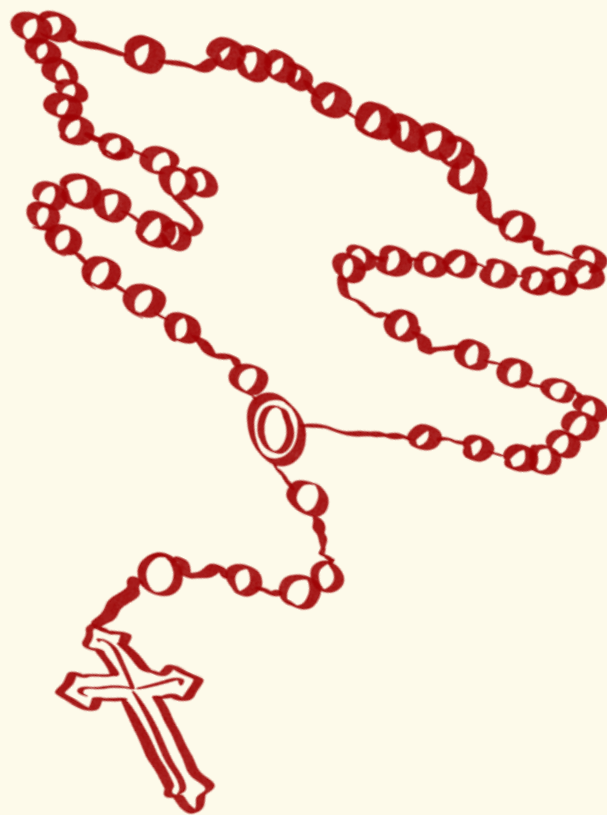
time is going to spin its silly circle and
people are going to pray their knees dirty
and scratched open and scabbed over
and the world is going to turn and turn
until it finally sees what you created.

but you were, all along,

clandestinely divine.
waiting for devotion.
sitting idle and pretty.

you were
god.

now they see.









Ciggy on the Balcony

postmodern whore phenomena
white tiled counter and the drip
drip coffee green circles of smoke

it's giving lesbian and it's
giving midnight liveliness
but there is always that one dude

talk down to me you want
to fuck me? get fucked get
gone, concealed incel

friend of friends, whatever
the wooden door is always stuck
and the vibes are torrid

big announcement, big slay
and the beep and the beep
and the mansplain, I am looking

for a new way to die this
time, liberalize me or woke
me, correct me or not, give me money

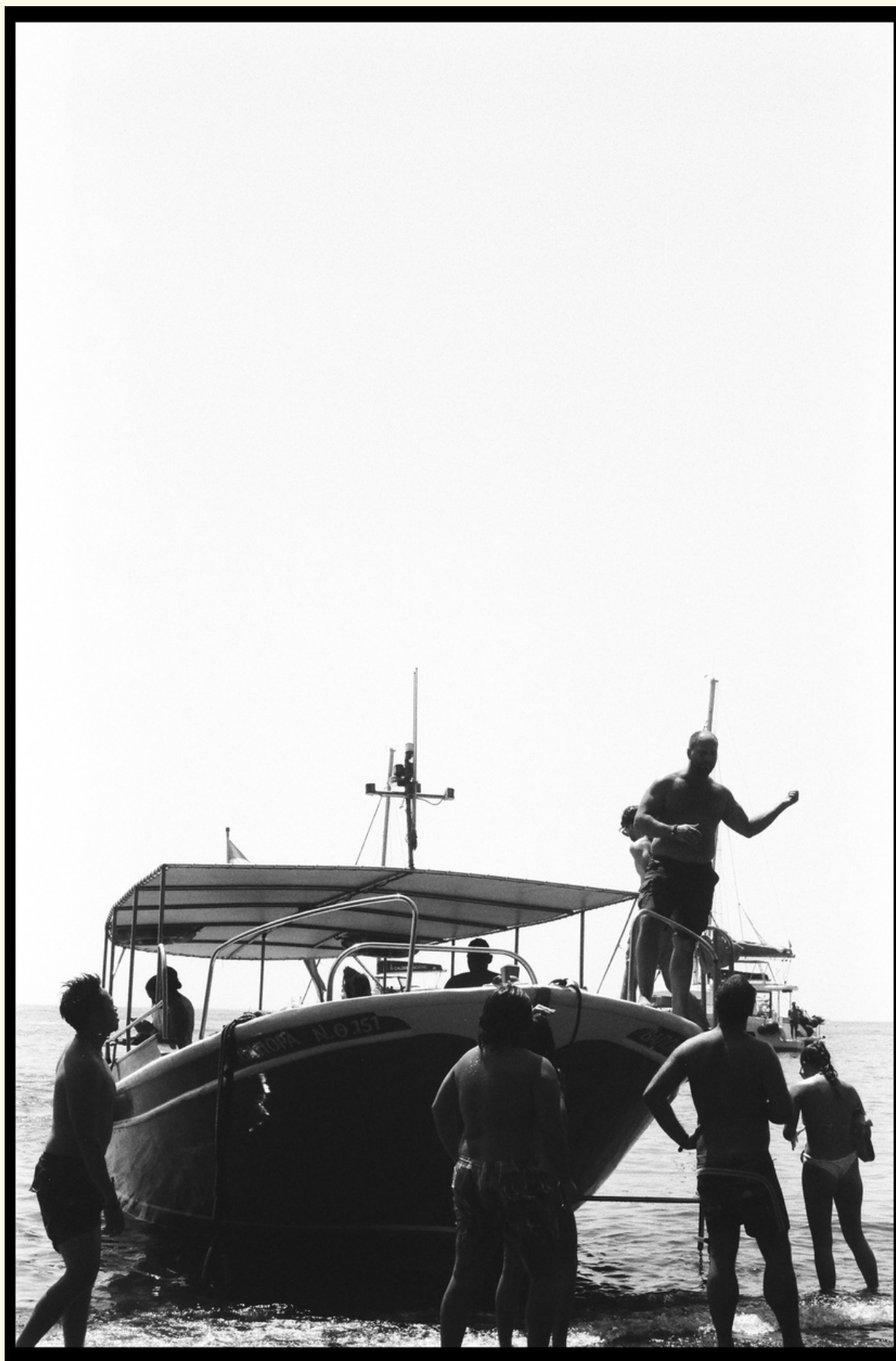
i'll still be the slut
astrologically offensive the commercialized
feminine skin n bones on display, big screen
cunty and rotting and politically stained.



GIRLS JUST
WANNA HAVE
FUN



Girl at the window



Arrival on Red Beach

Feast

christmas lights are being put up around this time of year
and everyone says *let's go to dinner* but no one really eats
not until it's time to long for their parents' hands, for the bones
of their childhood homes, for anything besides dry soil
then they feast on their guilt,
the cosmic, radiant, endless sort

guilt chases their mouths
it glides down the throat not roughly but
agile, as if it is traveling to where it belongs
their tongues are dry and their lungs coarse
from all the smoke that has passed through
so much smoke, but never food
so much guilt, so much wine,
but never anything good

they sit in circles and sing praises to self-made gods
while they press thorns into the skulls of the children they once were

what a beautiful scene, all the candlelight.
isn't it easier to wrap something up in a bow
than to make it unravel?

they wonder how they can love one another and feel alone at the same time
we celebrate, one of them says, glass in hand
and everyone mirrors
they are remnants of drunken stupors, nights forgotten,
a bottle thrown and shattered

we are a shrine, is something they all think
a shrine to what came before, what ruined them,
and what they will become in due time
and then they will ruin it all too



Bugs

Somewhere

this is a bed as much as it is a grave
but we've decorated it with flowers
so what gives?

you are more than a ribcage even
if you cannot bear it and i am more
than my empty words though i put
my entire soul in these endeavors

when we hold each other it all goes away
i don't smoke anymore i just breathe
and you smile and eat and don't apologize

god in his infinite absence gave me
a heart with a hole in it so i could
feel the pleasure of filling it up nice
and here you are, eager to give it a try

we are outside and it's pouring down
but then again, that has always
been the case with us
and you're warm
so we stand close
regardless of the rain

if it was as easy as a song we would intertwine
around the chorus and make it endlessly loop

is this about me? you would keep saying
and i would answer, against your teeth,
can't you see?

everything is

inquiries

personal

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