

This zine is a collab between:

See Us, Support Us is a national youth-led community for youth with incarcerated parents, an initiative of Osborne Association.



www.susu-osborne.org

Re/Creation Creative Collective is a community of writers and artists with a shared vision for abolition and a world free of oppression.

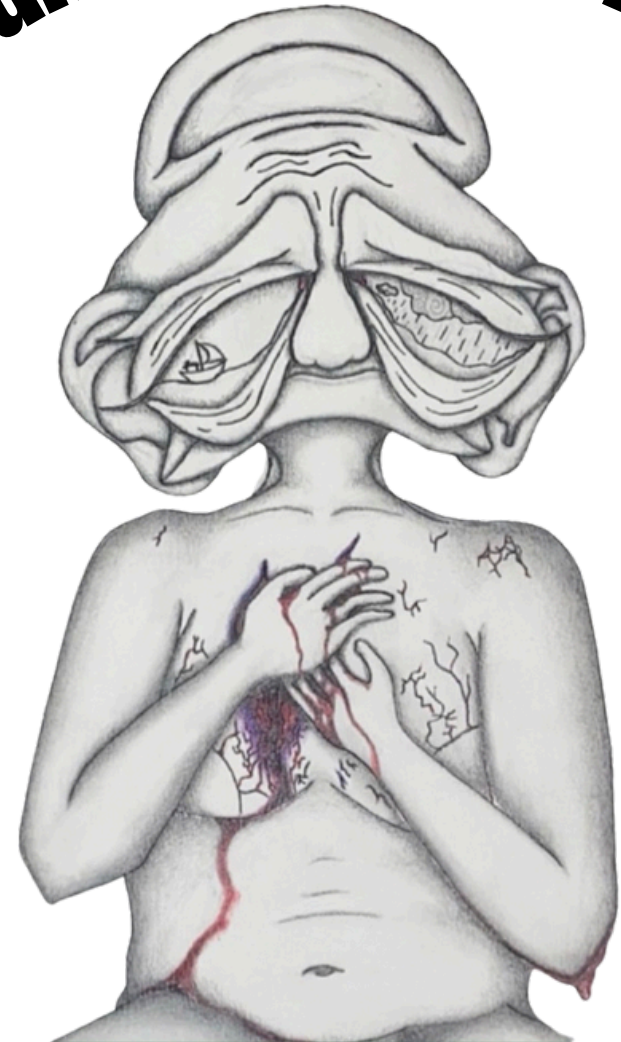


recreationwriters.substack.com



Danyil, Artist

Can you hear me?



**"Looking Through My Lens,"
Marley-Moon, Artist**

Having an incarcerated parent is...

...complicated...meaning connection is very important
...difficult when you initially didn't have a strong relationship
...something I don't feel I should be ashamed of or judged for.
...which a lot of people will do but we are different
...not my identity or whom I will become
...scary



I want you to know this about my incarcerated parent...

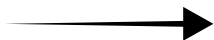
...He is actually sweet and loves to go to church
...He is a human being worthy of dignity and respect. He's made mistakes. He just needs help and much much more support and love. Punishment and shame are much less progressive forms of change.
...I want you to know that my dad is more than his incarceration. He used to be a well known artist in the Dominican Republic. Selling 25 paintings a day minimum. He knows how to ride a motorcycle. My father used to walk my siblings and I off to school and we'd stop for Dunkin every morning. He's a fluent Spanish speaker.
...I wish you knew what got him where he is now. I wish I knew too
...he has troubles with anger

I want you to know this about me...

...I hold the same anger temper but i allow myself to learn and be freed of my trauma...I would not want to be my incarcerated parent, though I see the reflections, but I still love my incarcerated parent
...I'm at a loss...I feel activated and a bit sad now
...I want you to know that I'm an older sister. Someone who wants communication and harmony in my family. I don't want to be angry or hold resentment against anyone. I want to feel chosen by those who I chose. I've realized that God has been my strength and guide throughout my existence.



Marley-Moon, Artist



Dear Diary,

I'm experiencing some insane writer's block. So, today I'm being reminded to celebrate the little things. I'm 24. I have a cat. My roommates are my best friends. And my dad finally has a steady job after 3 years of being home. I'm really proud of him and how far he has come. It makes me think about how easy it is for me to celebrate other people's progress rather than my own. And if I'm honest with myself, I think I have felt stuck in the same orbit for the last 2 years. It was a comfortable and cushy orbit of post-grad friends, a steady corporate job that made my parents proud, and a solid 5 year plan I had all laid out for myself before I made the big decision to move out on my own and pursue my acting career. The things I once turned to as a safety net now feel like a memory growing more distant every day. It feels like everything is out of focus and still I have to remind myself that this is the path forward. And that, like my mom always reminds me, no one grows in their comfort zone. I don't think I was really ready for this kind of growth until now and that sucks to admit because for so long I've seen myself as someone who is always ready to face her fears. And it turns out that my biggest fears were never public speaking, performing, or challenging the status quo. It was uncertainty. That's the recurring thing in my life that I feel I've had to navigate the most because it requires me to simultaneously grieve the potential loss of something while I prepare myself to gain something greater. I think for anyone that's got to be downright terrifying. But even this realization for me is progress because I can remain grounded knowing that my progress is not linear, and that just because it feels like everything's falling apart doesn't mean it really is. Maybe this is when it all comes together.

-Anye

If I could tell my parent one thing...

...Why did you choose these paths and is it hard...What was your hardest day? I would say I love you and I want a hug

...I would say i love you js wish we could be cooler nd get it right but only time ah tell mah dude so i see you when i see you gang

...I want to fix this, I forgive you, and forgive yourself!

...I would say I love you and that's why I'm leaving. Good luck

...Why choose those who don't choose you? (Malenda)
#power

If I could tell the DOC one thing...

...FUCK YALL...sorray...Do better be better

...Let them get more contact but nah I'm with danyil...I can't even get a hug or nothing on a visit

...Remember that we're all humans that go through different things and make different mistakes

...If I could tell the DOC one thing get abolished



Marley-Moon, Artist

Dear Dad,

I don't know what you got locked up for but I'm glad it got you clean. I miss you. I miss the you I never got to meet, the one that everyone else seems to remember when you mistreat me.

Dad, I wish you would go to therapy or come on hikes with me or something.

Were you so fractured before the hole?

Dad, I feel like you said goodbye before we met.

Even now when I see you, I still feel like that little girl waiting at the bottom of the steps with her shoes on for someone who'd never be there. My mom tried to tell me but I still hoped. You were my dad y'know? You were supposed to be my hero...

Anyway dad, now I'm grown and saving myself from your mistakes. In another world I think we're best friends. Wherever they are, I envy them.

Goodbye and good luck.

One Love,
Your first kid



Dear You,

Remember when pleasing and satisfying others was always something you'd put before yourself. As a people pleaser the word "No" feels like hurting someone when in reality the only person who's being hurt is yourself. Being in this position can make you completely forget about your own feelings.

Solivance is a word I recently came across; a word that resonates with me and describes something I want to learn. Finally choosing oneself without feeling guilty of it. Many like to use the label "Selfish". Choosing oneself and setting boundaries should never feel like you care any less about others. It's about returning the stage lights that you have always given others back to yourself.

-Anonymous

MAD MUD

Marley-Moon, 2025



"Why doesn't she just stand up?"

Unseen shattered femurs are deemed 'laziness' as she drudges through mud— Feeling as though her struggle is a spectator sport, she tries to make it look good. She crawls on her elbows and wrists with clenched fists and cleanly parted flat twists, pulling along her heavy limbs.

Bacteria enter her open wounds, but she can't stop now— can't afford to lose.

"Right." "Left, right. Left, right. You got this!"

Lucky to have friends in her corner. She's grateful for the people who support her, for without them, the price of her life is not a prize worth the win.

Her back aches, and she hopes for someone to save her— to pick her up, pull her out, and perform first aid. But, everyone is all fighting in their own form of this same twisted game.

She wishes there were someone smaller to blame, something simple, like her parents for not properly caring, or herself for not being strong enough.

But that would take all the credit away from the folks who constructed this sick, Saw-like arcade.

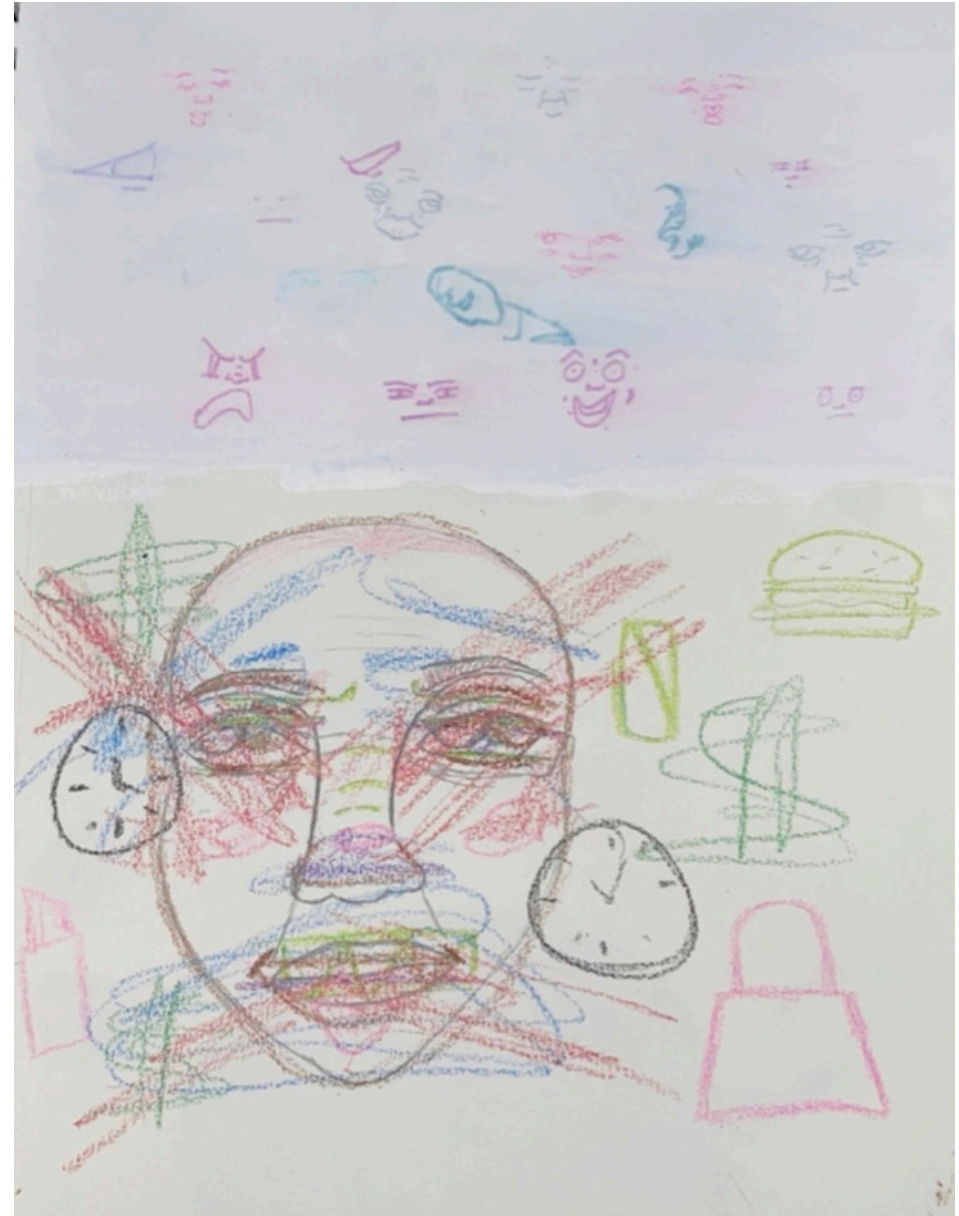


They shattered her legs, then told her she should feel ashamed for not healing fast enough; that if she could just stand up, she could join in their fun.

What is their purpose? If we all die, then who will be their puppets, their Barbies, and their toy soldiers? When they move to Mars, who will be in their armies?

What's the plan, Grand Wizards? And who the fuck put you in charge?

I'm about to burn this bitch down. If we're all gonna die, I'mma choose how I go out!



DEAR PEOPLE, LASHEA

ENERGY:

Access to our parents supports our healing and well being

Having an incarcerated parent can be hard. The struggles and hard times that nobody speaks of can consist of communication. Seeing for just the daily hard you woulda possible had if they weren't incarcerated.

There was once a 5 year old girl growing up not remembering anything of her incarcerated dad only the stories her family would tell her. As she got older more questions arose about her dad that nobody had the answer for besides he was in and out of jail her whole life and labeled him as a liar. Later in her life as she got older she finally got to talk to her dad after losing a sibling and going through multiple struggles at home she finally spoke to this mysterious man who left her hurt and sad wondering with a lot of question most started with why? but the biggest was did you purposely go to jail because you didn't want to see me or have me to love as your child and as he answered she

listened crying thinking she wasn't really talking to her father but it was it was him the person who helped birth her the one she thought disappeared but no he called with only 2 min left to talk to her he said I love you, she said it back later in time he came home she seen him she noticed they looked exactly alike and embraced a hug she thought she would never get. She even tried living with him until he told her to kill herself on a roof and gave her the knife she just left went to her great grandmother not to long after he went back to jail for 2 cases and now he is in jail and that aren't enough he did more and got sent to the box but through all of this she still wants a bond and connection with him that he over looks because he was forced at a young age and he doesn't communicate well this hurt soul finding her path is named Lashea Waring. And she realize her Access to her dad helps her healing but pretty not her well being.