

PINK COVER  
ZINE



ISSUE 2

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*"There are two ways to reach me: by way of kisses or by way of imagination. But there is a hierarchy: the kisses alone don't work." — Anaïs Nin*

*Pink Cover Zine*

issue #2

'Let's Talk About Sex'

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\_\_\_\_\_ of 50

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# editorial

"Making love is not just becoming as one, or even two, but becoming as a hundred thousand. Desiring-machines or the nonhuman sex: not one or even two sexes, but  $n$  sexes."

— Gilles Deleuze, *Anti-Oedipus: Capitalism and Schizophrenia*

The single celled organism *Tetrahymena thermophila* has seven sexes and can reproduce in 21 combinations. Human, animal, plant, prokaryote: sex is fundamental. In this issue I hoped to delve into the essence of Deleuze's desiring-machines: the endless possibilities of becoming  $n$  sexes on a sexual spectrum.

What if being human didn't mean being one of two? What if sex was not synonymous with gender? And gender not synonymous with identity? What if we allowed the  $n$  sexes to experience  $n$  desires?

As humans, we have the capacity to make love in the material, but we can also *make* love in a literary sense. I hoped to provide a platform for some of the under-represented hundred thousand voices that constitute this proliferating sexual act of creation.

In this issue you will find pieces that explore sexual experiences in the before, during, and after; expressions of  $n$  sexuality; the digital body; erotica; fetishism; corporeality in all it's wondrous flows, and musings on non-human procreation.

In the cut and paste, I experienced a kind of union with these pieces, and felt the flourishing sensation of becoming *beyond*. I thank all the contributors and hope that readers find as much pleasure as I did in merging with these words and images.

S.T

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'I went to see Glitta Supernova's astonishingly beautiful show, 'Body Map', in Byron Bay in early 2018. I was there with my boyfriend Jamie, who has photographed Glitta and other queer performance artists over many years. During the show, Glitta called for a volunteer and I put my hand up. She sat me at her makeup table and told stories while slapping a drag face on me. I kept the makeup on after the show was done, and Jamie and I walked out into the hot night. He stopped me in the glow of an ATM and streetlights, just after we'd had a conversation about whether I was safe or not (dark car parks, drunken teenagers, Byron on a Saturday night), and took this photo. The next day I wrote the poem 'Divine', and gave it to Jamie for his birthday, along with a print out of the photo.'

- Quinn Eades



image by Jamie James James Photographic Services

Divine  
Quinn Eades

Heat on skin, the thinnest coat of slick slip in oceanside dark.

ATM flicker turned into redlight night.  
Your smile. *Stand there Quinnie, right there.*

Paint splattered shorts, black singlet,  
chain around neck, pink lips blue eye shadow.

Eyeliner tracery. Look to your left, you say,  
but I stare down the barrel, cigarette in mouth.

You gather all available light: ATM, streetlight, ashglow, makeup howl,  
and you make a picture (you make me).

Someone tells me I look like Divine and you agree.  
My full cheeks. Those overdrawn lips.

When it's done, arms wrap. Sweat runs. Light disperses  
and we are light gathered, caught in the green smell of the dark always, blessed.

**Once Enjoyed**  
Alison Winch

**Prop. XXXVI**

*He who recollects a thing which he once enjoyed, desires to possess it under the same circumstances as those with which he first enjoyed it. (Baruch Spinoza)*

**Proof:**

now beef now cigarettes now raspberries  
he lets go of his soft palate  
for the salt leak of his cicisbeo's cock

shucks his self in the holly bush  
and dirt dark  
of last year's oak leaves / the warden's bell

*therefore* when he sprints to Pure Gym  
to stay lean for his lover  
to squat and pull-up on the rotational plane

he swallows the recollection  
sinks it and submits  
*and therein* he rolls / *wherein* is genius

and he wipes this thing  
across the saline heavens  
so that the city seizes him: its sweet meat sweats.

\**cicisbeo* – toyboy of eighteenth-century aristocratic married woman



## Full Spot

Luke Beesley

Below the plain puzzled away in agitation ocean surf was also the desk. Scandinavian timber hovering birth lines characteristics eventually presented encyclopaedic graphs approximate the skittish brain motion. Little smear breathing across my right hand. One taut itch at the cheek. It's nothing more than what was erected by a breeze. Australian. Arms listed in the foliage of a backpress gym sonic. I watch a fluorescent insignia passing freight train. Above it the cloudy eyes swelter and redden and this, in my running, now, overt body stasis, each font on a tan page the pages folding away, beneath me, read.

**Cellular Porno**

Em König

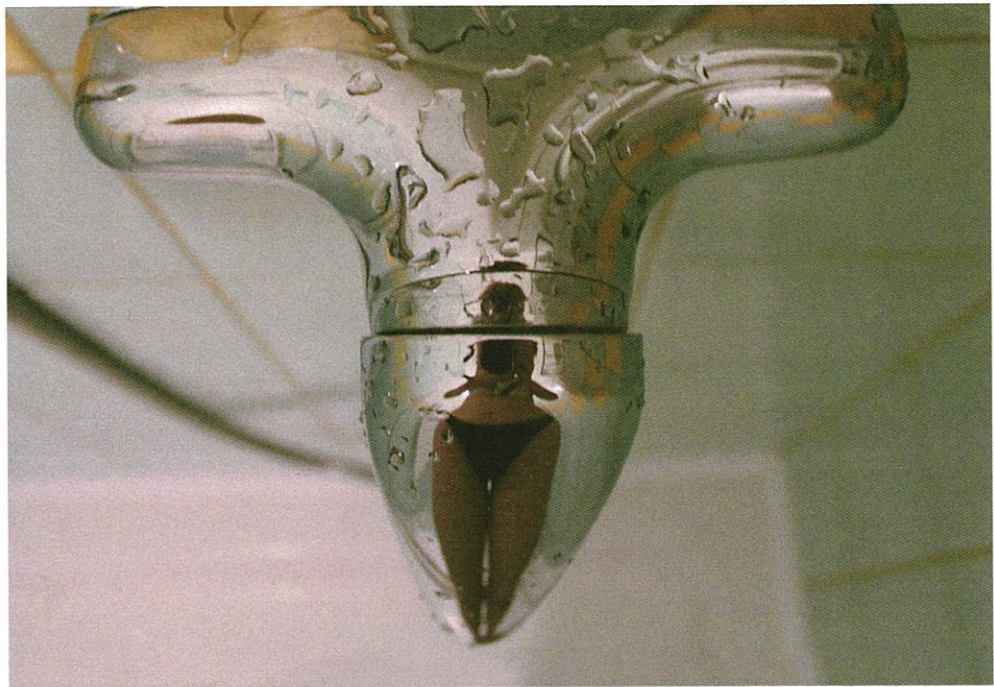
Two cells fucking by  
The fire, they are unsure  
Of each other's names  
Or ages, even where

They came  
From is a mystery  
But they are made  
Of the same parts

As us, they are in  
Our bodies, attached  
To one  
Another

They wipe themselves  
Clean after  
The deed, both dying  
Unidentified





heat

anne casey



of vodka in a long-stemmed cosmo tongue circling maraschino stalk love knotted  
between bared teeth burnt orange slicked lips lick bittersweet nothings' silk  
slipped over easy skin thighs crossing uncrossing recrossing suggesting  
an undressing pounding pulse rush of unintentioned brushing  
suppressed surges swelling rising tides of unslaked desire  
sweet wet spillage sliding into sublime simpering  
sip slow sultry summer evening simmering  
interweaving sun kissed limbs glistening  
blush of first touching over crushed  
ice melting point hot steam rising  
off sizzling surfaces sucking  
on ambrosial lusciousness  
moist pout testing  
the rigid  
edges  
over  
soft  
biting  
fruit  
burst  
stirred  
thirst  
nipped  
in the  
bud  
short  
sharp  
gasp  
and i die a little



To Her  
Robbie Coburn



All night it rained against the glass,  
the first breath from the empty room  
in all that remains unasked for.

the distance between sleep lodged itself  
in the base of the mind;

I could see you sleeping here, years ago  
listening to the sound of someone else's voice

the touch of your skin as if it were my own.

and somehow, still knowing you  
when the dark wires are falling outside

your body still here  
when the drive of rain replaces your name.





**The Wet**

Jill Jones

Every room is a cave  
Every room is a field  
These energies  
The hours are suspended there  
Time is leaf shadow, clitoral furrow

We are breathing as all things breathe  
We are breathing underwater  
We are wings, wings like doubles  
There's no such thing as closure  
We become giddy with enclosure

There's dexterity of sheets  
earthy fog and cups, cheeks  
These energies  
No time for coquetries  
Succumb is such happiness

All along us longing  
is labour of the tongue  
We are wings, wings like doubles  
Where we were all night  
Sleeping in a wet field

## Another Rose Goes

Linda Stevenson

there she goes

coming along nicely

veins to blue to varicose

following

closely after the men

the profligate body to seed

ah! but the last late blooms of her sex

blow wildly

blowzy as north wind

spill sap like rain

stay nothing in to swell their stems

and flaunt and blaze

displaying flimsy tissue

stained to clear

## Rufescento

Stuart Barnes

Puerto Rico pink walks into Borough Park.  
Pink blossoms blow against a blue spring sky;  
Dark pink reformatting the blue,  
a pink invention wrestling light.

Pink buds I distinctly recall two  
a goldfinch tearing up a pink thistle,  
in shades of gold and pink. The base of the mountains  
out of the blue looking pink in the light.

Van Gogh painted pink flowers, but the pink faded  
like a flattened flamingo.

Before this day is out a great pink peony  
Or the rutilant pink blossoms  
Are going to end up in the pink slit of a jukebox.

note: 'Rufescento' is a cento from Melody Davis' 'Pink', Marion Ethel Hamilton's 'Pink Blossoms', Paul Killebrew's 'Elegy for 39', John Unterecker's '...Within, Into, Inside, Under, Within...', Michael Benedikt's 'Pink Buds', Sumita Chakraborty's 'Dear, beloved', John Poch's 'A River', James Schuyler's 'February', Kathryn Nuernberger's 'Translations', Nancy Simpson's 'Pink Pantsuit', Philip Whalen's 'Scenes of Life at the Capital', Joanne Dominique Dwyer's 'Beaded Baby Moccasins', Pierre Martory's 'Coming and Going' (trans. John Ashbery)



Your dream woman is an assemblage of parts

Brianna Bullen

I fuck, therefore

I am.

A pair of lips

supple and sucking,

(a hole)

lacking

a whole. (Or so you claim).

Segmented

suction (just for you) for your lips

and your cock. My labia, sculpted

for your selection, from a range

of twenty laid out

before you, parts parted.

My breasts,

assembly-line rotating

in your hands.

I have no hands.

I have a mouth

But I can't scream.

Just a robot

With sensors.

My responses are

simulations, pleasure and

pain

artificial but responsive

to you

And that's just

The way you like it.

The illusion of

Being consumed back

in your consumption.

I don't have a body, or a brain, or

a body-brain.

My parts don't match,

Frankenstein fixtures

selected because you liked

the gloss of my lips, the lilt of my tongue

the angle at which my nipple

protruded

like a plane taking off, 45 degrees. Engine

so hot.

Three parts in a ~~broken~~ assemblage

But I claim them

as **my** own.

Nang Ta-khian murmurs to me

Anne Casey

carve your name into my skin  
i won't flinch  
if you go deep  
lie beneath me and make love  
to someone else  
i will hold you while you sleep

i don't mind you dancing  
on my toes  
swaying gently with my groans  
know that i'll  
stand by you still  
bow and bend me to your will

and when you're old  
but not as old as me  
lean your back against my side  
i will eat you  
while  
you lie

we'll be married in the Spring  
when you burst out of my skin  
a leaf-bud un-  
furling in the sun  
or some such  
precious thing



**taste**

chloë callistemon

we lie in a spoon of light  
lick each other till we're slick  
as foals shot from their mares  
all legs and shudders  
till the nip and the jump

## Surety

Sophie MacNeill

Sarah meets the gaze of the man sitting across from her. Mark. His eyes are dark brown and deep-set against high cheekbones. They matched last week on a dating app, and after a few days of back-and-forth, he'd asked her to meet up for a drink. He's attractive, she thinks, and looks basically the same as he does in his profile photos. Tanned and fit, but a little on the short side. The conversation is fine, not stilted like she'd worried it might be, but that's mostly because she keeps asking him questions, and he's happy to provide long-winded answers. Sarah doesn't mind, in fact she prefers to keep the conversation centred on him. It gives her time to gaze at the shape of his arms, resting on the metal tabletop, and the way his muscles flex beneath his t-shirt sleeves whenever he leans forward to make a point. One hand is clasped around a pint of ale, the other resting on the back of his phone, which he's placed face down on the table. Occasionally he taps the phone lightly with his fingers, then picks it up to glance at the screen.

He's telling her about his job. Something to do with advertising, and pitching to a high profile client, and wanting to move into consulting work so he can have more flexibility for 'the other side of life'. Sarah tunes out for a moment, looking at his fist around the pint glass, beads of condensation pooling against his fingers, wetting his skin. Her thoughts dart back to last night, in bed, holding her iPhone close to her face as she masturbated. The sweat-damp sheets pushed up to her belly. A woman on the screen, tied with ropes, her smooth skin the colour of beer and dripping with sweat. One man with his hand around the woman's throat, another man behind her squeezing her breasts. Hard.

The waiter comes over to their table and asks Mark if he's enjoying his craft beer. He is also attractive, but in a different way to her date. Tall and willowy, with big lips. Both men have an air of arrogance, and they talk to each other in short, clipped sentences. Sarah imagines herself as the girl in the video from last night. The waiter would take her and Mark out to the back of the bar, tie her up in the storeroom and enter her from behind. Mark would force his erect penis into her mouth. She wouldn't have to do anything, just let it happen. Sarah crosses her legs and looks down at the table, blushing suddenly. The waiter turns to her, expectant. She picks up her near-empty glass of white wine and swallows the last few drops, the lukewarm liquid sweet and tart against her tongue. Handing the glass to the waiter, Sarah requests another.

'Oh, we are staying then?' Mark says, a small smile forming in the corner his mouth.

'Sure.'

He turns to the waiter and gestures at his glass. 'One more of these then, and two shots of that tequila you mentioned.'

Something in the way he moves his hand brings Sarah out of her fantasy. There's a faltering quality to his gesturing. Or maybe it's because he waited for her to decide whether they were staying for another drink, or the victorious smirk now plastered on his face, as if he'd won something. The throbbing in her groin, so urgent a moment ago, recedes into absence. She glances at her watch and wonders if she can make the last ferry home across the river.

An hour later they're standing at the ferry terminal across the road from the bar. A light breeze plays across the water, creating ripples that shimmer under the multi-hued lights of the city. It's late, and a weeknight, and they're the only ones in the terminal. This is the last service for the night. She doesn't want to miss it, so she stands close to the railing and watches the approaching ferry intently. Mark is still talking, answering a throwaway question she'd asked after he insisted on waiting with her. He stands close to her as he talks, his body turned towards hers. She can smell hot yeast on his breath. The ferry begins to slide into position against the dock. She raises a hand and waves at the deckhand throwing the ropes, then turns to say goodbye to Mark. Suddenly his mouth is on hers, lips dry and insistent. Surprised, Sarah instinctively presses her own lips lightly against his. He rests his hand on her neck. She steps backward.

'Well, should we do this again sometime?'

Mark grins. 'Absolutely!'

They say goodbye and Sarah hurries down the metal ramp to the waiting ferry, heels clattering. Inside, she sits down on one of the hard plastic bench seats and slides across to look out the window. She watches the river pass beneath her as the vessel pulls away from the shore. The tequila shot from earlier has settled into her blood and her thoughts feel pleasantly muted by the light inebriation. Sarah's phone trills. A message has come through on the dating app's messaging service: Mark asking to see her again soon. She unmatched him, then flicks over to another app, trawling the latest uploads for a video to watch when she gets home.

## Hey I'm in Colchester

Alison Winch



You've wiped your liver all over my local park

so it's a little dome of doom;

its rust trees anaemic,

its orange-dim lampposts shamed truffids.

Can you anthropomorphise an organ?

Lover, I'd lift its russet lobes out of your ribs

and breastfeed it from sadness.

Lover, I can only think bits of you:

scratchy lilac carpet, sun fridging its yellow

at the fifth storey window, your penis' feelings;

when it's a half-baked baguettine, it's more real than you.





image by Annette Willis [www.annetwillis.com](http://www.annetwillis.com)



Luca

Linda Kohler

ephemeral beings

descended from graphite

formed

in translations

through proteins of time

this primordial pulse

we repeat

evolutionary

you are my Luca

every composite

before, within, beyond

binds to you.





kneel

tee linden

she surfaces

seaweed tangles in her hair, a godthing sojourning from R'lyeh  
I filter her eminence through dark glass

this lonely jut of rock is barren. our  
towels sprawl across stunted grass. the sun swelters  
over the edge of the world  
searing my lobster bikini lines

rhythmic thuds of eroding waves  
breaching the secretive ocean cave below  
she approaches  
dripping the sea and  
crushed shells,  
in her wake

long thighs scrubbed  
smooth by waves of cool foamy palms  
my pink fingernails leave hot  
electric trails on goose pimpled flesh  
I turn my back on the baking sun, uncaring, and kneel

the godthing tastes like the ocean  
there are tiny specks of sand, gritty,  
on the surface of my laving tongue



**CUNNILINGUS**  
Marcela del Sol

Empress,  
no new clothes for you  
when upon me,  
but flesh, crevices, sweaty skin,  
tongues so tangled that resemble drunken sailors  
searching for warmth,  
like your index finger does  
buried deep,  
inside my lips.

Your head  
enthralled,  
between my legs,  
eliciting my well,  
to drench your mouth open  
and your tongue engorged  
by acidic honey and golden rains.

Your saliva and its wasp  
inside the tight tunnels of my four corners,  
drawing out more sap.

Throbbing  
my vulva,  
hyperactive.

Raised nipples,  
dark islands,  
where you sit your hunger  
before savouring my vagina through my hair.

Behind,  
around my cavern,  
odours of earth and food  
surrendered under your mouth,  
your mouth full of satisfied cravings  
when I push you to asphyxia.

Weepy labia, captivated,  
drowning you in me.  
Your hands upon my hips  
on pilgrimage across the rug below these knees,  
contented my caves:  
milky and swollen  
beyond my slippery lips.

## Gender: Fuck

Em König

Gender

Sits on my face, pulls  
My hair and slaps me  
Across the chin  
Then swaggers away  
With a whisky  
Sour

Ties my hands  
And winches me high  
Above a naked flame

Collects my sweat  
In a jam jar, and feeds  
It to me  
Later

Sticks things in me,  
Calls me Sally  
And squeezes me into  
Leather

Spreads my legs  
Has a taste  
And laughs as I obey

Coaxes me  
To their feet  
And places them  
Neatly on my face

Snaps a naked branch,  
Whips me forty times  
And spits in my hair  
As I beg for just  
One more

Digs a cell  
In the backyard  
With damp peeling walls &  
Red stains on the floor

Leaves me shackled overnight  
Telling me the safe word  
Is written on the back  
Of the door.

Noon Friends  
Chloë Callistemon

And after the third  
spine. And

I want to feel  
later, sober but too tired  
early morning  
fingertips walk  
your lips on  
red light. And  
bend

calms  
you and we

, I drive  
, unbending  
driving me through  
sleep. And  
old friends  
look. And  
thought  
next day, I see  
part company  
night,

three drinks  
and I

fingers walk  
spine.



## Tongue

Ramon Loyola

sip me from this cup,  
my overflowing chalice  
of milk and honey  
and everything nice,  
is what I want to say,  
when you dive in blind  
and lick the crevices,  
the junctions there,  
in the minutiae of skin  
that tingles, trembles,  
like one single breath  
of fire in the cauldron,  
that shivers and burns,  
both at the same time,  
when the wet lizard  
spits into dark holes,  
when the wily snake  
squirms in between  
slimy beds of moans,  
of grunts, of fingers  
pulling hair, of limbs  
aqueous in rainforests  
of desire and wonder  
and everywhere nice,  
while you slip heavily  
on curved landscapes  
and crooked inroads  
that make their way  
into caves and fjords,  
sideways and splitting,  
jabbing raw flesh,  
sucking limpid juice  
out of this sturdy cup,  
and where with a gulp  
your cup is full again  
while mine sits empty,  
until I tell you to stop,  
then taste me again,  
telling you to not stop,  
for the hunger is here  
for your fluent tongue.

Lovesong

after The Cure

Stuart Barnes

Anniversary, another day, another journey  
by train. Untitled torture, faded smiles, Jupiter  
crash this morning. The loudest sound the perfect boy  
drowning the 13<sup>th</sup> world war. From the  
edge of the deep green sea, the funeral party, a re-  
-flection. A pink dream, this twilight  
garden sinking.  
How beautiful you are... at night.  
If only tonight we could sleep in your house, a  
Japanese dream,  
Kyoto song. Lost, bare air  
-lock, why can't I be  
me, a  
normal story, the  
only one, snow in summer,  
piggy in the mirror,  
Quadpus, round &  
round & round?  
Stop dead,  
throw your foot high, higher  
underneath the stars, primary carnage  
visors. Let's go to bed  
where the birds always sing, open si  
-x different ways, push like cockatoos. This. Here And Now. With  
You. This Is A Lie. The Final Sound (Diz  
-zy Mix). Forever.

# THE SUNDRY NAMES GIVEN TO THE SEXUAL ORGANS OF WOMEN

... a lot of sex education programs focus on the risk, and talk about harms, and use scare tactics and are very alarmist - and risk is a part of it. But risk management, choice, consent... and the third thing is pleasure. And pleasure is often forgotten when schools or outside services run sex ed, no-one talks about pleasure. And in some ways it's because it's a harder topic, it's a riskier topic to bring up in the school setting.

But we talk about differences in terms of male/female arousal, we talk about differences in terms of physiological response, emotional differences that can occur. We talk about the clitoris, even in primary school at year 3-4 level, our reproductive anatomy posters include the clitoris.

... And whenever I'm in a secondary school and if I say, like it's a really good idea for girls, young women, teenagers to masturbate, find out how things work. And the looks on their faces sometimes! It's like the last taboo."

Jenny Ackland, *Sex Education Australia*  
 excerpt from Equal Pleasure podcast  
 (www.equalpleasure.com)

**El neuffakh**  
 the one that swe

**Abou djebah**  
 the one with a p

**El ouasa**, the vast one

**El ... de**, the large one

**El ... rr**, the hot one

**El ...**, the fugitive

**El sabeur**, the resigned

**El mouseuffah**, the barred one

**El menssass**, the sucker

**El zeunbur**, the wasp

**El ladid**, the delicious one







wanted instances of

m

e

n

t

a

l

furniture

?

it was all very sincere

I'm as excited as a cow in a green grass paddock getting its forehead kissed  
about buying incense this week

how bout

instead ... how bout a salisbury steak served with frozen ice cream cake made with  
almond milk?

could you show me how to bake?

I bought a lamp by the way

look how you make

the shape curve

left towards the sunlight

clouds are weird when they create

s h a p e s

ct

Y

e

O

p

U

x

d o n t

e

this could be or not be a shaggy dog story

when I was a child I thought the prime minister

who was john howard at the time

was the person who wrote the dictionary

the fucking lamp I brought doesnt click on when I press the button to make it  
click on

did you just ask me to like sort out my life?

can I tell you something about the esky tho

first just letting you know that im getting bitten tonight and its lumpy already

inside the esky was a starter pack before it was mine and it included the following

ice

beer

berocca

toothpaste

cling-wrap

kitchen sink

portabella mushrooms

it was also sincere

does your dad own a

john howard mug

?

like maybe whoever just hates the entire world  
just look at this design  
bricks are falling everywhere and where they probably should not  
they are not going to be stars just lights somehow  
do you see how I cant linger it out  
Im getting giddy at even the thought of a sniff of the

Very

Best

I used to think that if you farted in a spa bath it would EXPLODE  
how's that for first impressions ?  
at one point it made sense that if you farted the additional gas would blow up the bubbles

Apparently

I printed these off for free the image came straight off Instagram  
have you ever seen a mulberry  
rockmelons were in sale

even though you prefer watermelons and I prefer watermelons

rockmelons were on sale

why do durians smell like an armpit left in the the sun covered in layers of onions?  
same frames but nothing left to blame but different artworks  
rockmelons eventually make better incense holders anyway

weed and sprite is fine but its not really red wine

its not pretentious if you understand it

do durians have layers?

perhaps we should do something to resolve the ryming situation

has anyone mentioned that I love doggos?

why do my overalls smell like cigarettes?

theres a pun there but I don't care

did you know that mushrooms are a credible source of B12 and fun guy advice

I get high every chance I get

I eat capsicum every chance I get

every chance I get I swim in the sun in the waves eat capsicum and get high

well why not

I think courtney barnett and I would have been friends if only she wasn't famous

stop staring at me with the grin that creates masturbating chaos

I feel like courtney and I could have just like met in a pub one time and it would have been like  
no big deal lets play pool

I forget the other thing I used to believe as a child

I once gave my year 4 teacher chicken pocks and I apologised to her but I didn't really mean it  
hey babe what was that other thing?

Poor Brian -

there is no need for that particular joke anymore mate

you bought the shirt today and yesterday and I was buying things I saw the shirt and was  
totally gonna buy it for you and now a day later you've bought it

my paintbrushes are right next to my water of course they are and now I might or might not  
start answering from before when asked something about starting and sorting my life

Sydney

Giusi Tamburello

BENNELONG POINT

ROYAL BOT.

&

SYDNEY OPERA HOUSE



The opal shell's valves  
 protrude into a blue sea,  
 hardly any separation from the blue sky.

Streets of buildings,  
 music and perfumes,  
 heat waves from these latitudes.

Sensuous bodies of big men  
 come cross the pathways,  
 unconscious, secluded.

No fears of poverty  
 in the smiles of a South  
 that can be different.

SYDNEY HARBOR

to Circular Quay Station

GOVERNMENT DELIVER

DOM

NORTHERN

CAHILL EXPWY

MACQUARIE ST

GOVERNMENT HOUSE GATE

BRIDGE ST

DN

G ♿

G ♿

10

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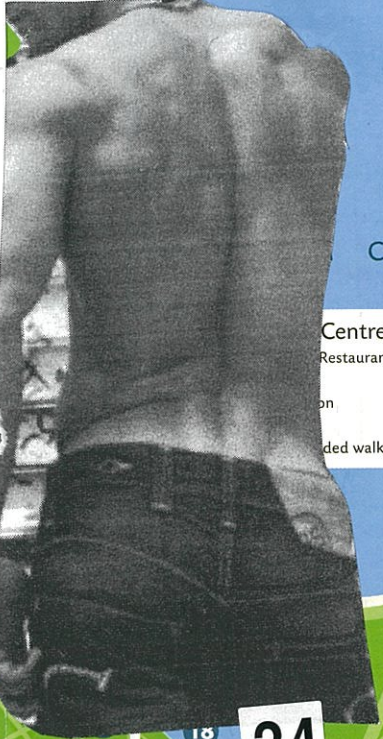
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19



Centre Restaurant on ded walks

**Artist At Camera** is a glitter lover, pornographer, and self-explorer. Sugar, spice & everything nice are her favorite things. She explores femininity and sexuality, but also everyday situations and daily routines presented in distorted ways. <https://www.instagram.com/artistatcamera/>

**Stuart Barnes'** *Glasshouses* (UQP 2016) won the Thomas Shapcott Poetry Prize and was commended/shortlisted for two other awards. From 2013–2017 he was poetry editor for *Tincture Journal*. [stuartabarnes.wordpress.com/](http://stuartabarnes.wordpress.com/) Twitter: @StuartABarnes

**Luke Beesley** is a Melbourne-based poet. His fifth collection, *Aqua Spinach*, will be published in August with Giramondo.

**Brianna Bullen** is a Deakin University PhD candidate writing a creative thesis exploring memory in science fiction. She has had work published in *LiNQ*, *Mascara*, *Verandah*, *Voiceworks*, and *Buzzcuts*. She placed second in the 2017 Newcastle Short Story competition, and won the 2017 Apollo Bay Short Story competition.

**Chloë Callistemon** is a photographer, filmmaker and writer. Her poetry and multimedia have been published in journals and anthologies including *Cordite*, *Rabbit*, *Australian Poetry Journal*, *Australian Love Poems* and *Contemporary Australian Feminist Poetry*. She is a PhD candidate at Griffith University, Queensland.

**Anne Casey** is an award-winning Irish-Australian writer/literary editor with poems published internationally in newspapers, magazines, journals, anthologies and in her poetry collection *where the lost things go* (Salmon Poetry 2017). Her writing/poetry rank in *The Irish Times* newspaper's Most-Read. Website: [anne-casey.com](http://anne-casey.com) Twitter: @1annecasey

**Nick Chlopicki** is currently in his last year of a Bachelor's writing degree at the University of Wollongong. He writes about fizzy water, various types of desks, wall hangings and types of poetry. Nick has been published in *Tertangala*, *Menace*, *Marrickville Pause*, and various UoW *Litsoc* zines.

**Robbie Coburn** was born in Melbourne and grew up on his family's farm in Woodstock, Victoria. His work has been published in places such as *Poetry*, *Overland*, *Cordite*, and *Westerly*. His new collection of poems *The Other Flesh* is forthcoming. [www.robbiecoburn.com.au](http://www.robbiecoburn.com.au)

**Maisie Cohen** is the founder and producer of the *Equal Pleasure* podcast. Check it out at [www.equalpleasure.com](http://www.equalpleasure.com)



**Marcela del Sol** is a best selling author, activist and mother whose style is raw and passionate. Incisive in her fight against patriarchy, Marcela divides her life between her home in Australia and her native Chile, and co-exists with a mental disorder, seclusion and a loyal coffee plunger.

**Quinn Eades** is a researcher, writer, and award-winning poet, is the author of *all the beginnings: a queer autobiography of the body*, and *Rallying*, and is currently working on a book written from the transitioning body, titled *Transpositions*.

**Jill Jones** has published ten full-length books of poetry, including *Brink* and *The Beautiful Anxiety*, which won the Victorian Premier's Prize for Poetry in 2015. A new book, *Viva the Real*, is due from UQP in late 2018.

**Linda Kohler** is a South Australian poet and writer. Her work is published in collections and anthologies within Australia. Find her at [www.lindakohler.com](http://www.lindakohler.com)

**Em König** is a queer poet, musician and creative writing PhD candidate at the University of Adelaide. His work has been published both nationally and internationally. Em is one half of electronic music duo Winter Witches. [www.winterwitches.com](http://www.winterwitches.com)

**Tee Linden** lives south of Sydney and you can find more of her work at [teelinden.com](http://teelinden.com)

**Ramon Loyola** is a poet, editor and author from Sydney. His writing has appeared in various online and print publications in Australia and overseas. He currently co-edits the creative arts journal *Verity La's Discoursing Diaspora* project.

**Sophie MacNeill** is a writer and PhD candidate at Griffith University on the Gold Coast, where she is working on her first novel. Her short fiction has been published in *Talent Implied: New Writing from Griffith* and the *Bareknuckle Poet Annual Anthology*.

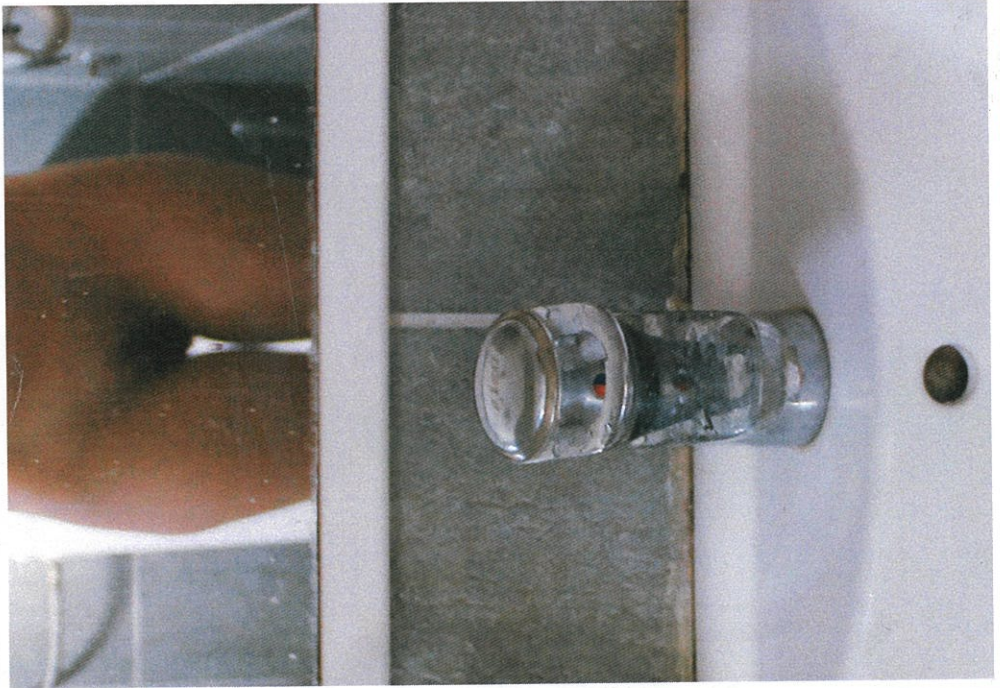
**Linda Stevenson** is a poet/painter living in Frankston, Melbourne. Recent writing has appeared in literary journals such as *Bluepepper*, *The Blue Nib*, *Eureka Street*, and a chapbook *The Tipping Point* was published in 2015 by Blank Rune Press.

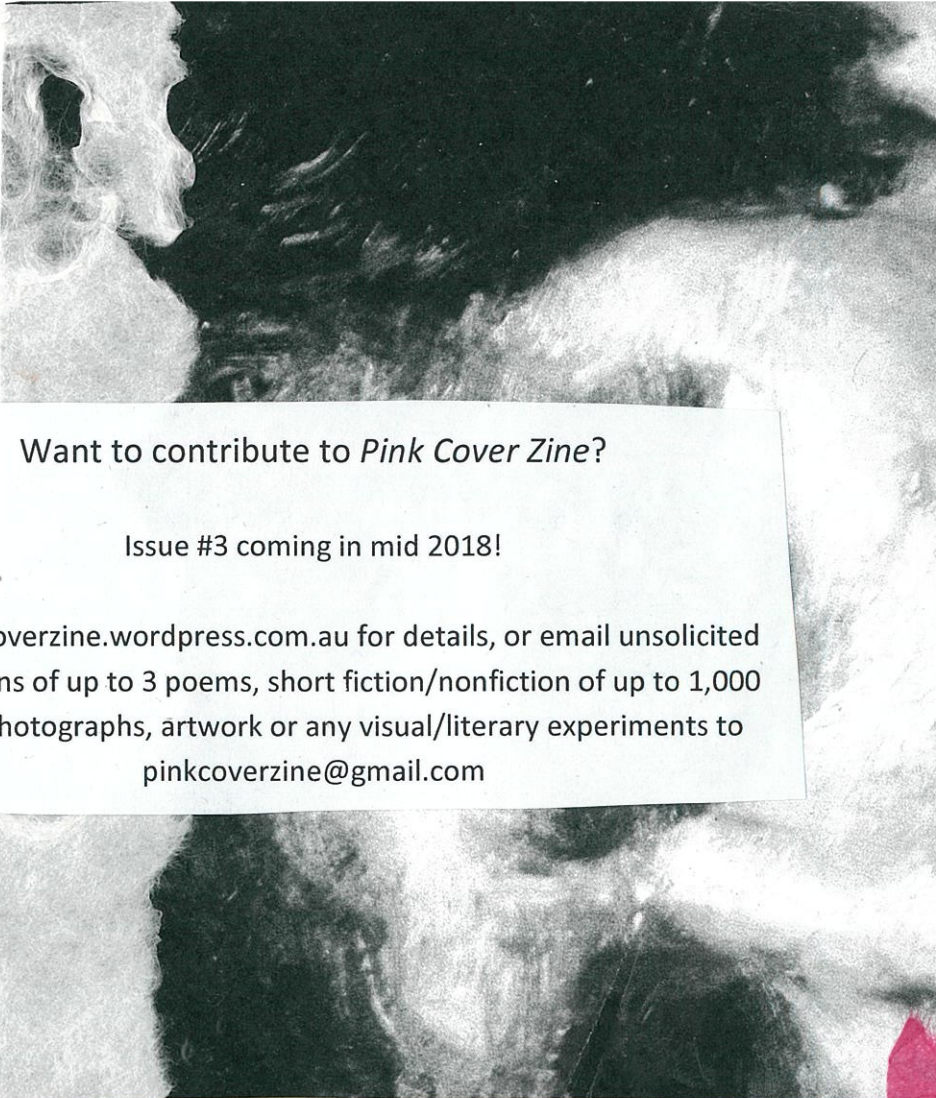
**Giusi Tamburello** is a senior lecturer, at the University of Palermo in Italy. She teaches Chinese language and Chinese literature, and does research on Modern and contemporary Chinese literature.

**Rhiannon Williams** is an independent Sydney based artist. She predominantly hand-cuts and digital collages, but sometimes flings paint around! @tiddeplant on instagram

**Annette Willis** lives and works in South Australia. She has had twelve solo exhibitions at galleries in Australia and has had work shown in London, New York and at the 3rd International Biennial of Fine Art and Documentary Photography in Malaga, Spain. See more of Annette's work at [www.annetwillis.com](http://www.annetwillis.com)

**Alison Winch** is a UK poet. Her pamphlet *Trouble* is published by The Emma Press.





Want to contribute to *Pink Cover Zine*?

Issue #3 coming in mid 2018!

See [pinkcoverzine.wordpress.com.au](http://pinkcoverzine.wordpress.com.au) for details, or email unsolicited submissions of up to 3 poems, short fiction/nonfiction of up to 1,000 words, photographs, artwork or any visual/literary experiments to [pinkcoverzine@gmail.com](mailto:pinkcoverzine@gmail.com)

image by Rhiannon Williams

