

At home here: I spend a lot of time on my front porch these days, even as the temperature rises above 100 degrees during the day. The mornings are my favorite for this reason, but I am also more of a morning person. This has become apparent (again) in how I wake up without an alarm most days between 6:00 - 6:30am. I haven't kept a "schedule" like this since I was a child, honestly. I'd wake up early and go ride my bike before school. I find similar feelings these days in getting up to water my garden and take walks, meditating on the peace and quiet.

Peace and quiet: I've been sheltering in place for 80 days, officially. This means I get to work from home and that is mostly fine by me. For the first few weeks I really did not leave my house aside from taking walks around my neighborhood. I've gotten to know my neighborhood better since I haven't ventured far beyond it for nearly three months. Sitting on my porch offers me a different perspective that is equally as pleasant as observing through walking; I watch and listen to the birds in my yard, spot lizards doing push-ups, and notice every new leaf on the adjacent plants. A hummingbird decided to make a nest at the top of the porch swing, so now we share this space.

Share this space: Most of the time, and especially pre-COVID-19, my walks are perfunctory and just take me from point A to point B and I'm less inclined to consider my surroundings so closely. During this time of shelter-in-place, the purpose of my walks have changed; they are a much needed source of solace, self-care, curiosity, observation, recreation, and safe way to connect to my community and my neighbors. I realize that it is a privilege to get out and enjoy the outdoors during this time, to walk, and to have time and energy. I do not take this reality for granted, and I hope that by sharing a little about our close-to-home journeys we are able to share the beauty of our walks with everyone who cannot get out, whether for safety, ability, or health reasons.

Kind, creative, and wonderful people from the internet contributed pictures and words to this zine. I know some of them in real life and some of them I've never met, but I hope I get to meet them all some day. For now, we'll pretend we're walking around Tucson together. We walk in solidarity of public health and safety, even if we are distant, and for that I'm grateful. As I share others' contributions, you'll see their contact info and names. I encourage you to follow them and connect.

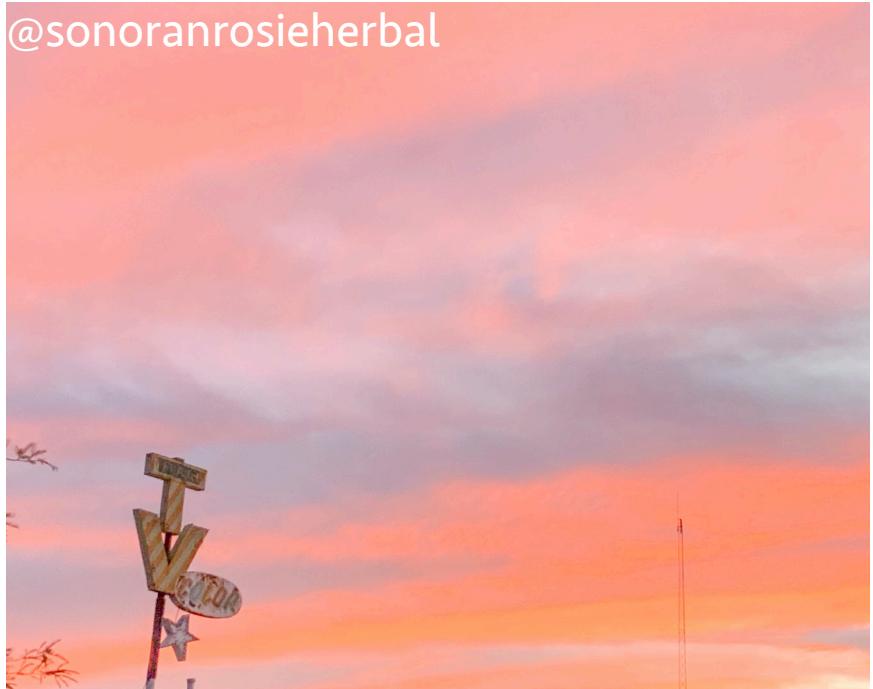
Connect: We've only been in Tucson since August 2019--not even a year--so I am still getting to know the city and communities here. One of my main goals in moving to Tucson was to find and build creative community. Outspokin' & Bookish is just one vehicle (literal and figurative) for doing that. I'm also generally interested in what others are doing and how I can support them in creative endeavors. Once an art teacher, always an art teacher. However, it's difficult to find community during a global pandemic in which you are ordered to stay at home and all of the markets, events, workshops are cancelled or postponed indefinitely. I've experienced a fair amount of grief over this. Walking has provided short respites from the grief and I've been reminded a few times why I love it here and why I chose this place over San Francisco, Louisville, Flagstaff. We could have made a home anywhere, really, but Tucson was calling. My neighbors are generous. Since the start of sheltering in place, I've been gifted a tomato plant, herbs and vegetables from gardens, seeds, grapefruits, flagstone, and even a few succulent and cactus plants. Most of these items were either delivered or picked up on foot.



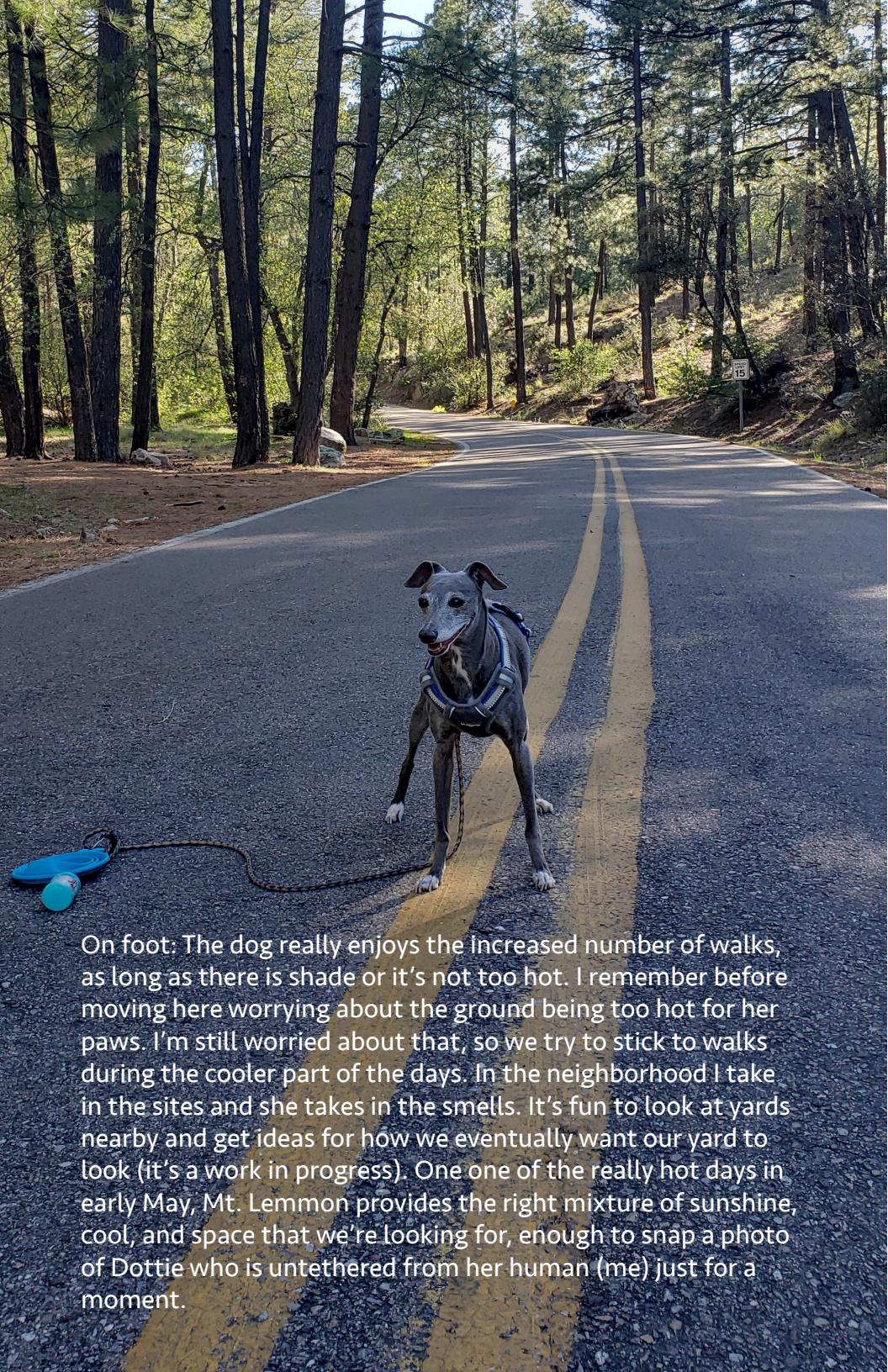


Sonoran Rosie

@sonoranrosieherbal







On foot: The dog really enjoys the increased number of walks, as long as there is shade or it's not too hot. I remember before moving here worrying about the ground being too hot for her paws. I'm still worried about that, so we try to stick to walks during the cooler part of the days. In the neighborhood I take in the sites and she takes in the smells. It's fun to look at yards nearby and get ideas for how we eventually want our yard to look (it's a work in progress). One of the really hot days in early May, Mt. Lemmon provides the right mixture of sunshine, cool, and space that we're looking for, enough to snap a photo of Dottie who is untethered from her human (me) just for a moment.



I LOVE YOU.

IT'S GOING TO BE OK.

-THE UNIVERSE

520-

Jamie A. Lee
@jamie.lee.qarchives

For a moment: Walking has a lot of connotations that percolate in my headspace as I meander through the neighborhood that's starting to feel like home. Who is able to walk safely in their neighborhood and who isn't? Is it lost on me that as a white womxn I am able to walk freely around my neighborhood without being the target of white supremacy and state sanctioned violence? No. Are people walking across the nation in protest of police brutality against Black people? Yes. I long for a world where Black people feel and *are* just as safe as I am, where everyone feels just as at home here.



Alessondra Springmann

<http://www.sondy.com>





INWARD REFRACTING,
RECKON FUTILE DEVICES
NEW FAMILIAR

Arlo

@sunscreen.lord



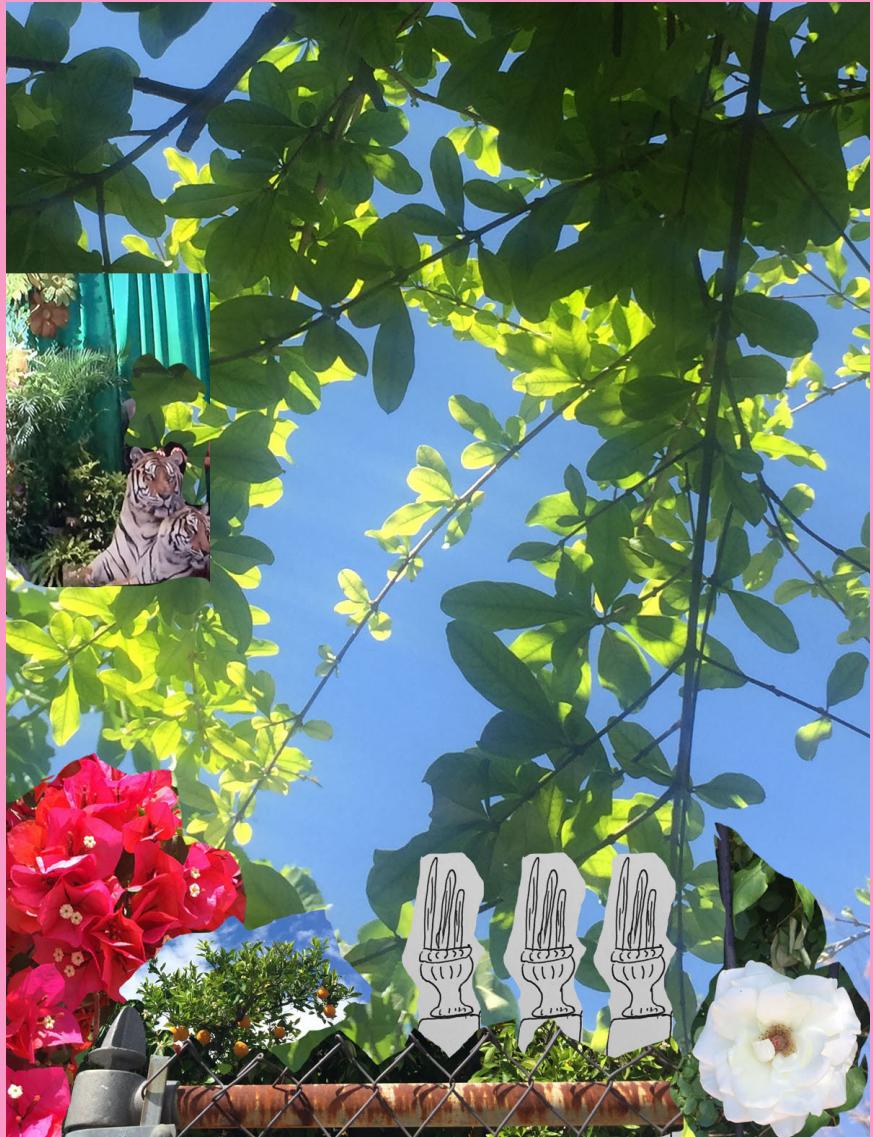
Maggie Evancho
@ziggy.and.charlie





Emily Weirich
emilyuna@gmail.com

Danielle Sanchez





Walking alone, together

Alessondra Springmann
<http://www.sondy.com>

On a windy, chilly night in early April I went walking through the neighborhood adjacent to mine. A man was sitting on his retaining wall, playing folk songs on his guitar, sending music out into the blustery dark. I stayed to listen for four songs, sang along to one, and walked home. I try to notice details I've missed in the years of living here: a gate decorated with irises; a house that always has cats sitting out in front, watching the street.

Distantly social walks with friends pose other challenges. We're conditioned to not want to be 10' away from one another. With apologies to Jonathan Larson, we crave connection in an isolating age, yet we can't physically be close to one another. When hiking, is it safe to put my hand on the same rock the other person just did? Should I be wary of brushing past the same brittlebush? But, the excitement of seeing a person and talking face-to-separated-face is stunning in its buoying our souls. In the mountains surrounded by saguaro we teach one another names of plants and the natural history of an area. We adapt, we talk, we share what's working for us, we move forward physically and emotionally by putting one foot in front of the other.



My friend Karen and I try to walk weekly through our neighborhoods. We've explored on our own, and I strongly associate some streets with parts of books I listen to while walking alone. Sharing our experiences of these streets with one another, we bring the other person into our neighborhood spaces, even as we cannot bring them into our homes or physical embraces. It's a different awareness of walking solo versus incorporating another person into your routines. We watched wildflowers bloom and die back, rainbows form over the Catalinas, and how it's more acceptable to just walk down the center of a street. Sometimes we dress up; anything to look forward to, and to delineate time in this liminal space where days can run together. We're looking at the longer-term here: how do we intentionally keep the neighborhoods interesting? Getting bored is not an option if one of the safer ways to be close is to walk yards apart, past yards in front of our neighbors' houses.

On a walk around the neighborhood I kept encountering these piles of stones. Monuments of stones. Cities of stones. Never before have I understood so deeply humanity's penchant for building something to remember ourselves by. Simply seeing that someone had been there before me made me feel less alone.

Danielle Sanchez







Janae Phillips
@janaeisms / janae.online



Tawney Weir
@tawneyroseblush

I always wonder
About these secret gardens
Beyond prying eyes





Desert penstemons
Nestled midst thorny comrades
Sheltering in place

Tawney Weir
@tawneyroseblush





Stacy Szymaszek
stacyszymaszek.org