



free press

the phoenix issue

Letter from the Editors

Hey, cutie, long time no see!

We wanna thank you for picking up this copy of Free Press. This issue—the phoenix issue—is so very personal to us. It’s all about growing, transforming, changing, dying, ending, restarting, and adapting. Most importantly, though, this issue is about living.

In the magazine you’re holding, you’ll find things that put people’s emotions on display, leaving their hearts vulnerable and exposed. You’ll see poetry, art, photography, and articles that embody the one thing we can all be so afraid of: change. Change is scary, and it can hurt, but it can also be exceedingly beautiful when you accept it. In a world that’s in nearly constant flux, learning to shift with the changes is part of life. We hope that through reading this issue, you’ll agree with us, and maybe what you read will resonate with you.

This edition would not have been possible without the efforts of the e-board, our contributors, and you, the reader! We are forever grateful to everyone who supports our little magazine. Keep an eye out—there’s more to come. See you next time, and enjoy the phoenix issue.

Love,
Amber & KT

**If you wanna see our issue in beautiful full color,
visit binghamtonfreepress.com!**

**To get involved in Free Press,
contact publisher@bufreepress for information.**

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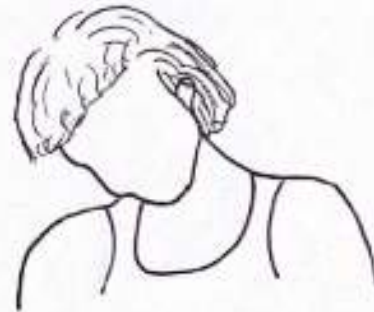
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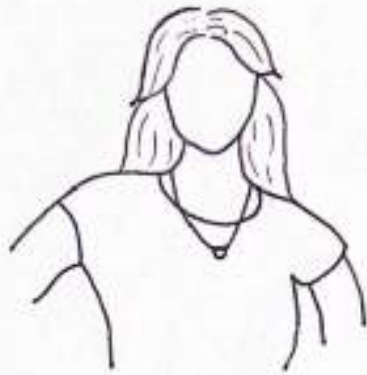
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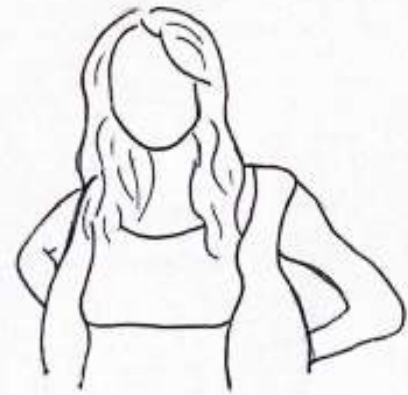
Meet The E-Board

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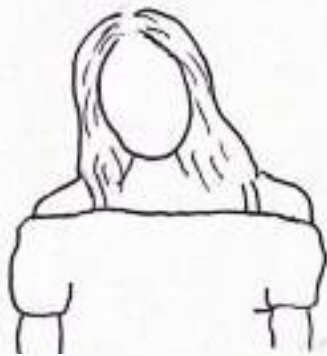
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Scan here to listen to the E-Board's
playlist for the phoenix issue!

Coat

by Agamyra Rao

Orange.

Like a crackle.

Like a tap tap tap on a crack crack crack-ed phone screen, and all I've got to say for it is a g-g-good morning, mom.

It's weird because there's always been a rhythm, her hand pat-patting my head until I slept, fingers co-combing my hair down, her heart thump-thumping in my ear. Now it's just me blink-blinking at a text message. And yet the only conversation I'm having is with the reflection of my eyes on a switched off screen.

It's not easy. To introduce all new, nothing reproduced off my lips.

Tough. Like the tips of my mother's fingers, a little grazed but warm nonetheless. Maybe that's being wise. Will I ever get there?

Yellow.

Like a glow.

Like the hahas after cracking a joke that isn't that funny, but it's late and we're tired and maybe sleeping early so tomorrow can come quickly isn't always the best idea.

This feeling fizzes warmth in my chest, glimpses of happiness should always outweigh the rest.

Comfort. Grays and taupes fill my closet, yet my hair has a bright red, flaming in the sun, fading in the rain. Maybe that's not a bad thing.

It's kind of nice. Lights are speckled around the place, little fireflies buzzing about. I promise to catch them and set them free when I'm ready.

Blue.

A parallel.

Like the sunsets at the top of a mountain, looking over the campus.

I used to do the same in my own room at the top of a hill. See the evergreens in the distance, the houses just a backyard away.

Everything from home is here, my lights, plants, clothes. But earning the title of “home” takes at least a decade and a half.

I hear voices when I fall asleep in this room, I sleep better like this anyway. Maybe it’s because I’m used to the muffled chatter of my parents in the kitchen, laughs of joy that warmed my heart, even if I was a floor above in a pitch black room, listening, drifting off to the sound of their happiness.

White.

Like a loose thread.

I’ll tug on it, unravel, no, burn every part of me I can muster and sew together a whole new garment.

This coat of mine will be my best work yet.

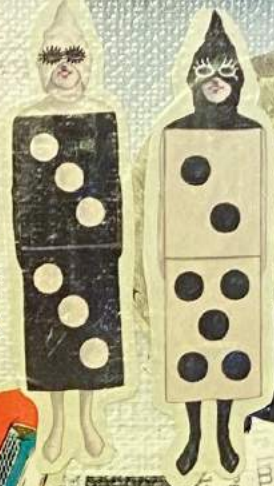
Wearing it, I now know that the first switch on the bathroom wall lights up the whole room, instead of the second. Now I can see myself in the mirror, artificial light neither flaming nor fading my hair; it’s simply present. At rest. I can only look at myself now. Now, the tap tap taps are my footsteps, walking out of this building, down a hill, into a classroom full of strangers, trying to make sense of it all.

Now, home doesn’t need to be a place. It can be the sleepy voice of a loved one, listening to me worry wrinkles into both of our faces as midnight passes into morning. It can be a love story, one I could never relate to but I am always inspired by. It can be the certain song of a bird outside my window that sounds eerily similar to the lullaby my mother would sing to me as a child.

With this coat, home can be anything, absolutely anything, as long as it makes me breathe in and out with tranquility. Even if there is uncertainty.

222

6666



NEW PHONE,
WHO'S?



STOP



END
P THE
POW!





Lonely

by Sydney Newton

September never felt so lonely, you said
We were driving in circles, watching the brown leaves
spiral on the charred pavement.
Isn't it always a bit lonely to be alone?

I tied your shoelaces before you got on the swingset,
our car an ugly heap in the parking lot, but the
sky perfectly cracked open like an egg, the yolk
dripping, dripping onto your shoes as you stood
on the faded blue swing, rocking back and forth.

Isn't it always a bit lonely to be alone? We parted ways
on an October evening filled with firelight and heavy
breath
huddled close, cider in my chapped hands, the blue hues
of the night drenching us in shadow.

You were going one way and I the other, you said
The fire fizzled out, embers swirling in the brisk night
air, your white shoes muddy as you stood and receded into
the background, the gray area of wishing for the past,
but unable to pinpoint the moment it faded away.

Deceiving Storms

by Sameena Rao

The heavy clouds lay their shadows on our landscape
 Hunkering down into safety
 Running home into warmth
 They ran as the grim forecast came to fruition

But she stayed to look the storm in his eyes
 She wasn't scared of him

He plummeted down
 Proving his dark and booming power
 But she stood tall in the danger of it

And as she embraced this menacing storm
 She realized
 The storm was a blessing



Art // Emily Gangloff

Ode to Bread

By Karen Qiu

The poor man's lobster
 Warm dough rests in my stomach
 Rebirth from within



Art // Amber Cherichetti

Twenty

By Chelsea Cohn

I wish I had appreciated being nineteen
How all the songs were for me
And the bliss of the in-between
When I was half child half adult

Lost in memories that were once green—
I'm sneaking out past curfew
But it fades like end of a sad scene
That I'm not ready to move past

I wish I had appreciated being nineteen
Before the intricacy of age began
To lose its iridescent sheen
Like eroded sea glass being washed up

When coffee was more than just caffeine:
A sweet treat to get with your friends
Who were part of your everyday routine
That's now dissolved in the bitter, black aroma

I wish I had appreciated being nineteen
Because I was the epitome of what
I dreamed before reality intervened
And I hadn't realized it until now

As I float with arms crossed on the ravine
Plummeting through the uncertainty of twenty
Hoping the cruel, the Grimm, the mean
Agitating age I'm in lets me breath

14 Your fall mix of songs to make you feel like a girlboss as you walk through campus

By Ashley Dua

There's always going to be days where you don't feel 100%, and it's hard to find the motivation to get out of bed and actually walk to your classes. Music is a way to push through your mental dips and get fired up. I've asked people to give me songs that not only empower them but keep their energies high throughout their day. Once receiving a submission, I added two other songs from the artist that I personally believe are just as good. These are a few of the artists on the playlist I created, which can be found on spotify @ashley.dua. I hope that these songs can keep you moving throughout the semester!

Who's Gonna Save U Now?- Rina Sawayama

XS- Rina Sawayama

STFU- Rina Sawayama

Rina is one of those iconic artists where she never fails to either make you rock out or do a little dance (or both). Here are 3 of her best songs to exemplify your inner badass.

Pyramids- Frank Ocean

Swim Good- Frank Ocean

Super Rich Kids- Frank Ocean, Earl Sweatshirt

Although Frank is typically known for his more chill vibes, some of his songs are great to bust a move to. His unique beats and verses along with his cute voice can provide some great vibes to your day. Pyramids is 9 minutes long, with varying sections that range from chill to fast paced. Super Rich Kids will be stuck in your head all day after you listen, and will keep you motivated without the headphones in your ears. Swim Good is an underrated Frank song, and I highly recommend it.

IPHONE - Rico Nasty

OHFR? - Rico Nasty

Smack a Bitch - Rico Nasty

How could you not include Rico? Rico Nasty makes you feel like you are the most important person in the world, that no one even comes close to how great you are. No one comes close to being as iconic as Rico though.

Take Off Ur Pants - Indigo de Souza

Kill Me - Índigo de Souza

Way Out - Índigo de Souza

Sometimes you're not in the mood to listen to loud electronic music, and Indigo de Souza provides chill rock that can really get you going. However, beware, if you click on the wrong song, Miss de Souza will get you in your feels. I just personally started to get into her music, and love the unique sound she produces in each song.

The Spins- Mac Miller

Rush Hour- Mac Miller

Dang!- Mac Miller. Anderson .Paak

Mac Millers got some of the best vibes and saddest songs out there. The Spins has serotonin literally ejected into it. Rush Hour makes you feel like a king. Dang's jazzy vibe is perfect to boost your mood. You better like it. He is the best. If you didn't listen to the Spins when you graduated high school you missed out.

I THINK - Tyler, the Creator

JUGGERNAUT - Tyler, the Creator, Lil Uzi Vert, Pharrell Williams

LUMBERJACK - Tyler, the Creator

Tyler will never fail to get you hype. He is a genius. His lyrics are incredible and so are his samples and albums as a whole. These are a mere 3 songs out of the tons of songs that could make you feel hype. He's one of my favorite artists, and I hope that he becomes one of yours too.

t r a n s p a r e n t s o u l - WILLOW, Travis Baker

Meet Me At Our Spot - WILLOW, THE ANXIETY, Tyler Cole

Gaslight - WILLOW, Travis Baker

Willow Smith's voice itself is empowering. Their energy on stage and their vibe in general is unmatched. They stand out anywhere, whether it be from their outfits to their incredible vocal range. I'd sell my left kidney for Willow.





Photo // Erin Zipman