

# POPP 2

Vol 2

Featuring

Ever Joelle

Juan Almader

Rho Bloom Wang

+many more

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# HOW TO MAKE SEED BOMBS

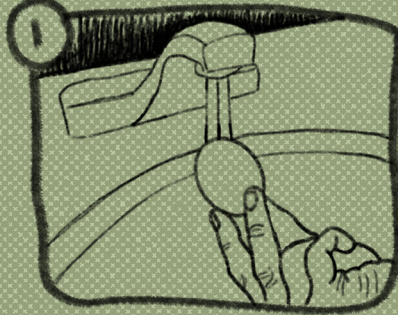
## materials:

- seeds
- eggs
- needle
- marker
- bowl

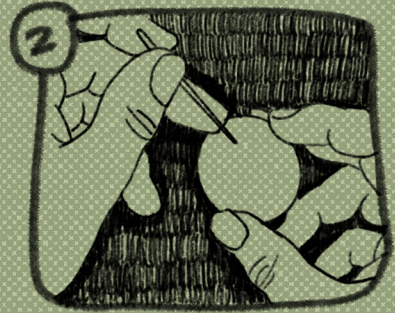
## what is guerilla gardening?

the act of growing plants in neglected public or private spaces.

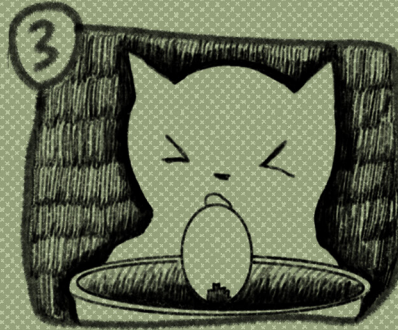
guerrilla gardeners' motivations can differ and overlap. some may want to improve the quality of life in a neighborhood, provide food to a community, and/or plant as an act of protest against land-use practices and policies.



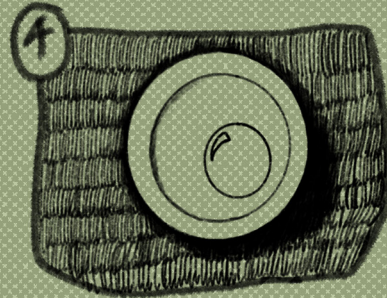
wash  
your  
egg



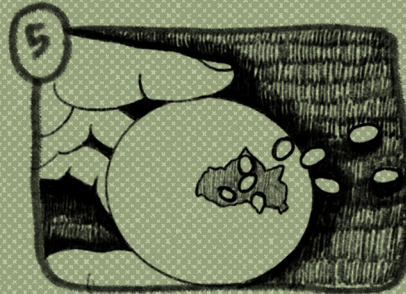
pierce  
the  
bottom  
and top  
of the  
egg



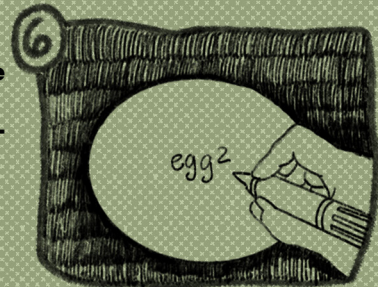
over a  
bowl,  
firmly  
hold  
your  
egg and  
blow  
into the  
top



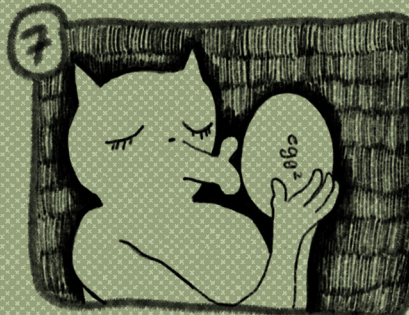
keep blowing  
until all of the  
egg  
is out of  
the egg-  
shell (save  
for scram-  
bled or  
sunny side  
up eggs)



through  
the big-  
gest hole  
in the  
egg, deli-  
cately  
put  
seeds  
into the  
eggshell



write a  
message  
on your  
egg



Carefully  
bring  
your eggs  
to the  
launch  
site and  
give them  
a little  
kiss  
before  
you  
throw it!





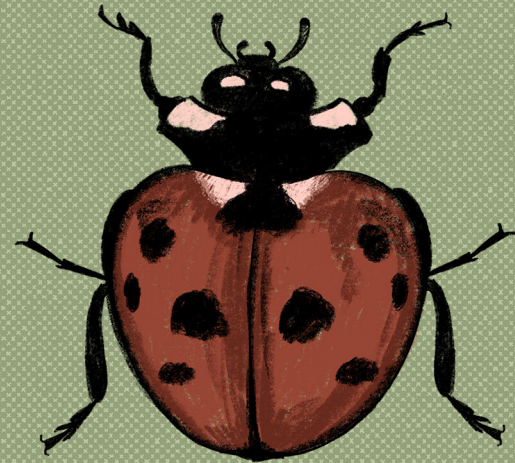


**Globally, 1 in 6 bee species are regionally extinct and 40% are vulnerable to extinction. Bees have been affected by habitat loss, the use of Neonicotinoids (an insecticide) and many more reasons.**

**To help:** Avoid using neonicotinoids (Read the label to determine whether a product contains neonicotinoids, look out for imidacloprid, acetamiprid, dinotefuran, clothianidin, and thiamethoxam), encourage your city or park district against using neonicotinoids in areas that bees frequent, or create patches of pesticide-free and pollinator friendly plants in your home or community.

**In October, Asian Lady Beetles (non-native in America) invade homes in preparation for overwintering. They congregate in attics, ceilings, and walls while seeking protection and warmth for the winter. Homeowners have reported sinus problems due to infestations of Asian Lady Beetles because the beetle's defensive tactic, when disturbed, is to emit a yellow, foul-smelling chemical – which can stain walls and other surfaces.**

**To help:** Check out the Lost Ladybug Project to identify the difference between Asian Lady Beetles and Native Ladybugs: <http://www.lostladybug.org/index.php> and buy larvae from or donate to the Lost Ladybug Project.



**There are more than 20 butterflies and moths listed as endangered by the U.S. Fish and Wildlife Service due to loss of habitat, poor land management practices, excessive use of pesticides and herbicides, and loss of the butterfly's host plant that is necessary for its growth and development.**

**To help:** learn what butterflies are native to your area and plant their host plant in your garden or toss it into a seed bomb! Look here to learn about endangered butterflies, their host plants, and the areas they are native to: <https://www.saveourmoarchs.org/blog/10-endangered-butterflies>



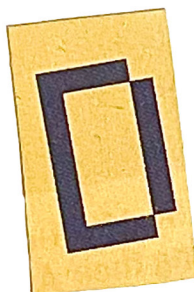
# ENDANGERED INSECTS





A

u



i





# Coffee BDeA<sup>th</sup>

w/ Ever Joelle

**EVER JOELLE**  
SINGER, GUITAR, AND  
BASS



SHE/HER  
COFFEE ORDER: LIKE  
A LATTE BUT I WILL  
TAKE ANY COFFEE I  
CAN GET!

\*I HAVE BEEN  
INSIDE A VOLCANO.  
\* I HAVE BEEN IN  
25 MUSICALS.  
\*I HATE SQUASH.

**Interviewer: Saria**  
**Videographer: Cole**  
**Editor: Rory**

**Saria:** So how do you like the coffee?

**Ever:** It's amazing. You did a really good job.

**Saria:** Thank you!

**S:** So the first question is, how would you describe your music to an alien who has never listened to music before?

**E:** Okay. Well, I mean, it's mostly very sad for the most part and, you know, I like it when the music goes through...like it feels like it's going through your brain. So I try to do that as well. Like, it feels like it hits like right in here. (*points to forehead*)

**S:** Like surround sound?

**E:** Yeah.

**S:** Wow. Okay, so what initially inspired your single Eyes of a Deer?

**E:** So I love like figurative language, like metaphors and stuff, so I was focusing on like a deer in the headlights for this one.

And like the feeling that surrounds that, and also like anxiety, like feeling like being like caught, you know, frozen. Like a deer in the headlights!

**S:** And it was like connected to the tears in the water. How did you come up with that?

**E:** It just, it just like came to me. One night.

**S:** So what is the Goldilocks Zone?

**E:** Well, the Goldilocks zone is where we live. And my dad was like, what if you made your album named the Goldilocks Zone? And I thought about it cause I'm usually like, no, immediately to like his music ideas, like what he tells me to do because I'm my own person. But this one, I thought about it. And it made sense. It just felt right.

**S:** Yeah, it's a good name. So it's like your neighborhood??

**E:** Well, no, it's the galaxy? Like yeah, yeah, it's where we live: the Goldilocks Zone. It's just right.

**S:** Ohhh I see, like where everyone lives, the earth. (*duh Saria*)



**S:** So did you film the music video for Eyes of a Deer and what was the process like?

**E:** Well, yeah, I'm a one-man band, you know what I mean? So I got to do everything myself and the cul-de-sac that I'm in, everything is like right by my house and I just went like with my guitar, set up the camera, and and just like filmed it all in like a couple days, I think over the summer.

**S:** It was just you and the camera?

**E:** It was just me and the camera.

**S:** So you're preparing for the release of your new album, what should we be expecting or looking forward to?

**E:** You should be expecting, well, not to cry, but just like to feel like somber. You know if you actually decide to listen to the whole thing, which I hope at least a couple people will.

**S:** I will!

**E:** Then maybe...maybe expect like one tear to fall from your eye. If you feel like doing that.

**S:** Are the songs going to be like related to each other?

**E:** I try to make them related as much as I can.

**S:** Is it gonna be in sequence like a story or?

**E:** Maybe, I mean they are all connected in like a certain way but maybe like other people won't really like notice.

**S:** Yeah, so your music is very personal?

**E:** Yeah!

**E:** Some of them are, some, I just like you know I like plays on words and like puns. I love puns. So sometimes you start with that but then I realize later like that like oh! That like makes sense for like this exact thing that was happening when I wrote that.

**S:** Interesting, so you realize after.

**S:** So why do you have a cross on your head in the album cover?

**E:** Oh! Because it's like the target!

**S:** The target of what?

**E:** You know like when you're like you're like shooting, it's a target. So I guess on top of the fact that I am in the headlights about to get hit by a car, like, I guess someone's trying to shoot at me too. So we're really like doubly in danger.

**S:** Elaborate on your fear of elevators.

**E:** Oh, ok, I know who told you this *(looks at Cole)*

**S:** I found it on your YouTube bio.

**E:** OHHH, okay, well I'm really putting it out there. Well, you know, I don't understand people who don't have a fear of elevators.

Watch the rest of the interview on YouTube @Egg Squared --->

☹️: Ever Joelle

🎵: Ever Joelle





## Willa Supple

## Travel Song lyrics

Capo 2nd

G Em C

She'll travel the world with me  
We'll see each star and all 7 seas  
And with every passing second in every hour in each day  
She'll stay in my mind in every sort of way

Looking through the fields through desert and the mountains  
Picking up flowers and rocks for my collections  
I'm walking through the seasons to get to you  
Cause I want you to be with me in everything we do

G C Em D

I wanna go to every country I can name  
Take the girl I love and relieve her of her pain  
I've counted all my shirts and I've got plenty for the days  
I'll wear one pair of pants and we'll be on our way



**anonymous**

*A Simple Song About Ice*  
lyrics

I have this ice in my stomach  
It melts but never goes away  
Soaking my guts in my regrets  
Coursing the cold through my veins

Chills come whenever you look at me  
Hurts but I don't mind the pain  
I'd let the ice stay here forever  
If it means you won't go away

**Chorus:**

I like the cold x3  
Makes this so unreal x3  
Makes it so easy  
Don't be real to me x3

Frost consumes the windowpane  
But I don't draw a smiley face  
I'd rather freeze to death then  
Admit how I feel

Chorus x2



## A SHOUT DUE!

### Person 1

You know, I know, you know, I like you  
so why do you lie and say you like me too

### Person 2

If I loved you, you would never know  
I'd never tell you even if you told me  
I'd say I'm sorry, I'm flakey, I like the bark of a willow tree

### Person 1

There are days when you don't even say my name  
And I convince myself we are dead  
But then, a week later your head is on my shoulder and then  
I forget all the pain

### Person 2

I'll tell you in the small things like giving you a gift  
watching your favorite movie, or the hint of a kiss  
But I don't know my feelings  
I'm empty like the attic in my ceiling

### Person 1

① I want you to feel the way I do

### Person 2

② Give you everything, you deserve  
take this fleeting feeling

③ Package it like a present,

④ But you need more than me  
I'll just throw you a curve  
Don't waste your time on me

⑤ I'll waste my time on you

## overlapping chorus

### Person 1

I'm gullible  
I'll fall for it and fall for you  
the attention that you crave  
I'll give it to you and your brain

### Person 2

But I need your affection  
My selfish reasons for accepting  
watching my feelings to yours  
I crave your admiration  
adoration  
validation

I let myself fall into your arms

But if I loved you, you  
would never

know...

I'm gullible for  
you...

anonymous

Gullible Love  
lyrics

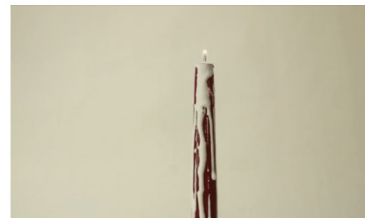






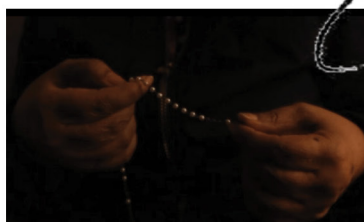


- Blood red -



*van  
Almader*

- Mi papá y yo -



- Orange moon -



- Amada -





- fashion collection -

- Cannon Falconer -

- leila solis -

- Matthew cbner -







## Alice Yang

*Bloom*

17"x24"

Procreate

This artwork represents spring. I made the flowers bloom in body by human, she has a pink face and colorful eyelashes, we can see she's enjoying the spring just like the blooming flower. Referring to Victor Ngai's style, I made a lot of repetition of green leaves in nature in the background. The color tones are bright for the spring. This piece was made in April, so happy April guys!



**Jae Harrison**

**@jupito\_art**

*The Winged  
Victory*

13"x19"

White charcoal  
pencil on black  
paper







**anonymous**

*Owls burrowing*  
Photography









**Rho Bloom Wang** is a 17-year-old from Los Angeles and Pittsburgh. Rho served as the 2022-23 Youth Poet Laureate of Allegheny County, and has been recognized by the Oakland Sidewalk Poetry Contest, DePaul's Bluebook, YoungArts, and the Alliance for Young Artists and Writers. You can find their work in Lumiere Review; the tide rises, the tide falls; Eunoia Review, and elsewhere. Rho loves long hikes along trails with wild blueberries.



**still raining**

soon i will wonder where this slow-moving  
time went. the days turned to spells & here  
we are. yet i am no witch only light-bound  
& graying hoping to one day reach the end  
of your songs without falls hold your words without  
hurting:

*you'll never feel as real as grieving or when you dance  
on your own. i tried to be*

a dandelion spun until every bristle  
fit my lungs. you used to smile like swollen sunlight  
now each bright mouth a countdown.

*i promise we'll grow up*

i'm not sure  
which way that is.

**When I Grow Up**

I want to be unrecognizable. Unafraid  
of the predators I serve and afraid

of those I've become. I want to seethe against  
my scarring silence but fear blades

and scrapes. To be clearly queer and  
queerly clear, floating tranquil among cacti but rooted

deep in moss-soaked ground. I want to scream  
but only where it matters and whisper

where it does, too. To care enough  
but not this much. To be flannel, soft

and warm and strong and worn, woven  
from tiny threads and shades. To be

a jar of droplets, infinity stacked up upon itself  
because infinity minus one is still infinity. Water

never really dies, it just seeps into air  
and skin and stays there, pleasantly present

or rushing untrusting but never the murky mucky  
yucky stuff I am now. I want to be the bad-good parts that

frown and think too much but not the  
good-bad parts that stay sweet a little too long. To belong

to myself but not this self, to be layers of river  
and clay and colors - everything I am

and everything I am not.



## Jiangsu, 1944

& when I open my eyes  
we are leaving. Fleeing east to greet the bleeding  
dusk, gone as its tendrils crawl forth. *You are*  
*lucky* & we move in blankets of bees  
how can one mass hold a million  
jolts? Two million breaths but not my  
mother's & not the sister's whose name I wear  
& still we ripple into the outskirts. Bodies-  
I guess that's what we became when  
they forced pork down my mother's closed throat. *Your*  
*brothers & sisters weren't lucky like you* & we are leaving  
again, so I try to close my eyes but end up  
pressing the wind into lotus petals.  
I seal boxes of books that can never  
be read because you need to hurry  
& I wonder how that soldier aimed so  
slick his bullet danced through my uncle's  
one cheek & clean out the other & somehow  
I know we are not going back. I untwist  
the waves from my hair. Miss the days  
I won't remember. Wish my aunt would take me b  
-ut no, no paper can buy back a revolution.  
This time when the harvest moon rises I know  
we really are leaving.  
I have a ticket past the shore as if  
the bodies aren't dangling underside  
the train & off the rails & there  
now we are leaving  
fast skimming toward sea away from a sun so red  
I close my eyes.

## Tide Over

On the train I try to break the distance.  
  
On the bus, my hellos too small and my smiles  
double-masked. Oh, Ocean, take me back.  
  
It's lonely on land: every fire famished  
every ash a hazard. Oh, Ocean, the day you fell  
  
ill we shimmered. Capillaries more acid  
than water, carbon full-swell in your throat  
  
your children too dead to tide us over.  
How did it feel when their arms turned  
  
pink to green to stone? To feel their bones  
sink into your flesh? Your life scraped out  
  
from the bottom up: *she's growing stormy*  
*heartless*, we say of you. We give up  
  
on the timeline for plastic decay  
make everything hurt into she.  
  
Oh, Ocean, do you know this race  
we're running? For that fossil elixir  
  
that won't really save us. Can you drown us  
out of sprinting? Roll, roll  
  
the contents of your stomach winding up  
fury breaks past the beach. I watch  
  
the buildings cascade, the cogwheels slow  
only tops of heads left afloat  
  
as witness.



**Max Siegal**

*Why Storms are Named  
After People*

Why storms are named after people

I heard a poem once

about why storms are named after people

it spoke of blood

of thunder and lightning

of flooding and crashing

it is true that we are destructive creatures

we break what we love and we love to break

but this is not why storms are named after people

it is because storms are full of life

the tears of the clouds fall upon us

and soothe the parts of us that are far too dry for far too long

and after storms come rainbows

just as after pain comes love

it is true that storms bring darkness

but this is only so that the sun shines that much brighter in their absence

storms are named after people

because it is only the thunder of heartbreak that can exemplify the lightning of love

and it is only with lightning that rainbows can shine



## anonymous

### *Read*

The strongest arms that hold me are made of paper,  
Their words console me.  
Bringing me out of the deepest, darkest, places,  
With no one but me.  
So read  
Because  
I don't know who to be,  
Or why I am me.  
Read.  
To forget,  
Forget every single little misfortune,  
Seeing your dying uncle pass out on the couch  
Too exhausted from fighting to even live.  
Saying goodbye to your grandfather,  
Knowing that he was far too gone.  
Visiting his grave,  
Wondering why his addiction was more important than you.  
Living with your grandmother,  
Seeing the color drain from her face, as her eyes lost their purpose.  
Hearing the news, that they had all died,  
Not shedding a single tear because you don't know what to do.  
Read to feel love and comfort.  
To feel important, like life didn't pass you by.  
For a purpose.  
To tell their story, which will one day become yours.  
Let me escape  
Into a book,  
And I will stay there  
Forever.



Mahrynn  
McLaughlin  
@mahrynnmclaugh

What am I?

I'm too much

I'm too little

I'm too bold

I'm too simple

I'm too old

I'm too young

I'm too wise

I'm too naïve

I'm too quiet when I talk

I'm too loud when I breathe

I'm a pencil that will only erase  
A clock without a face

flowers without a vase  
the fall without the brace

I am lost without a trace

What am I?

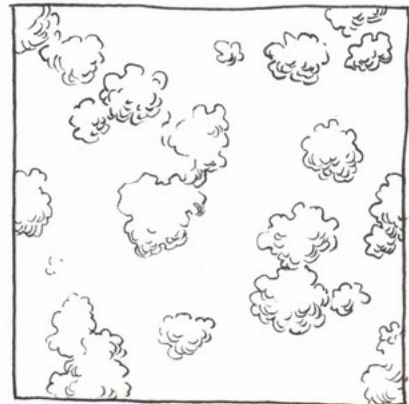
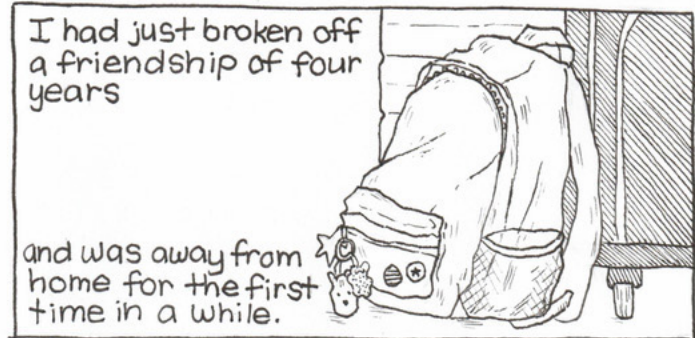
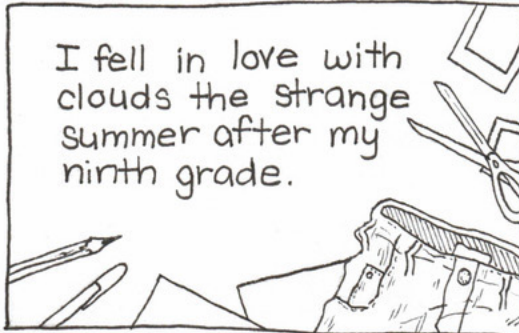


FUNNIES



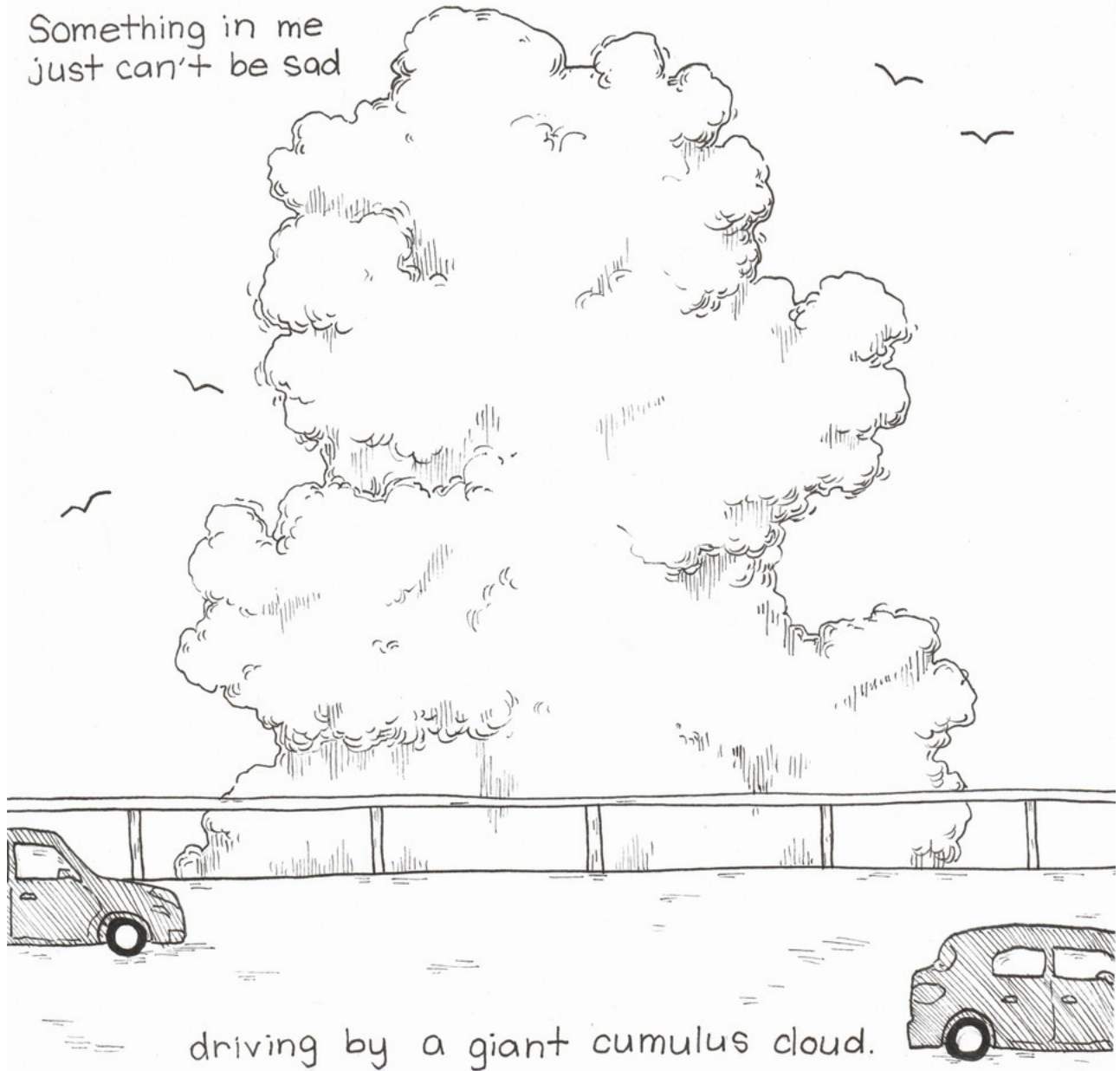
# Untitled

Danika Gorak





Something in me  
just can't be sad







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