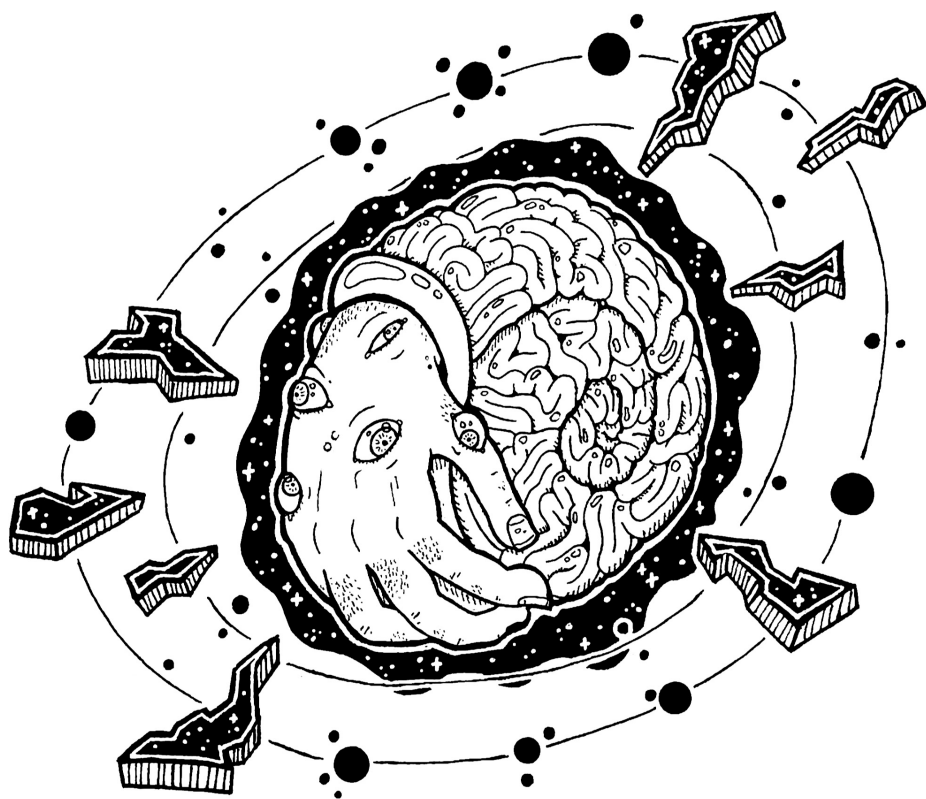


# Pulled Under Again



A Variety of Works Originally by  
**Patrick "Rowan" Roughan**

To You,

Thank you for owning my zine! Whether you bought it from me, or it was a gift, or you just found it on the side of the road, I greatly appreciate you taking the time to open this zine up and check out what's inside.

You may be wondering why the cover says "originally by." That's because this work isn't necessarily finished; I've completed my part, but you, zine-owner, are free to do with it what you wish. You bought it, after all, so make it yours! Color the inkwork, make blackout poetry from the words, rip the pages apart if that's where your inspiration leads you. There's no need to keep this zine exactly how you got it; I can print more of these, but I can't replicate your personal creativity and experience.

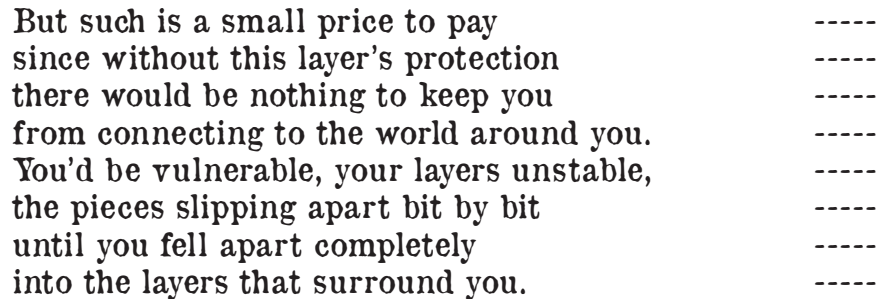
I've already put myself in this work.  
Add yourself to it, too.

ROWAN



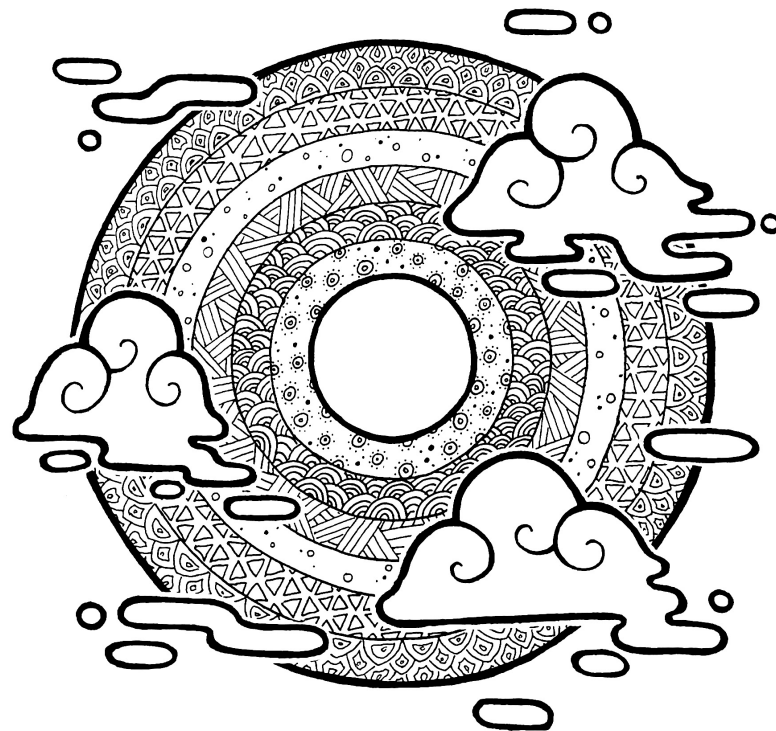
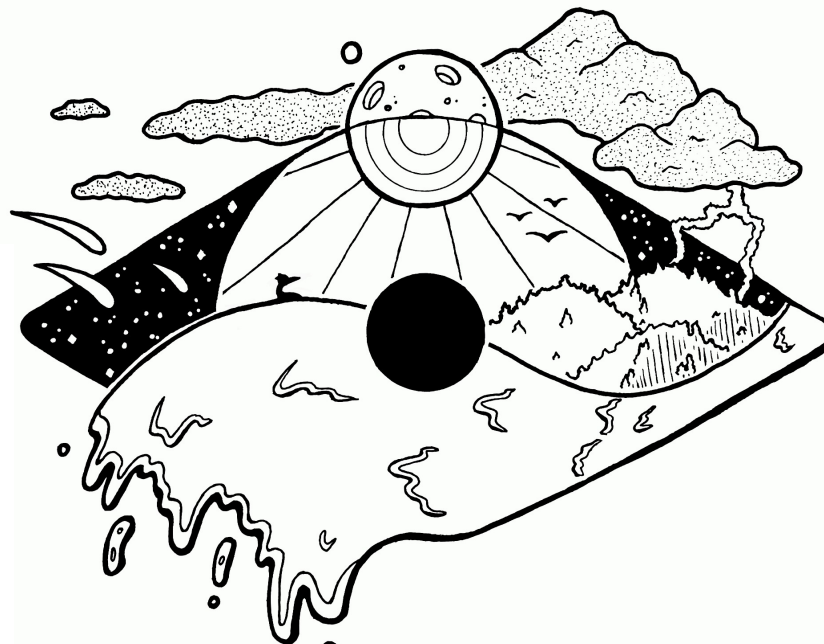
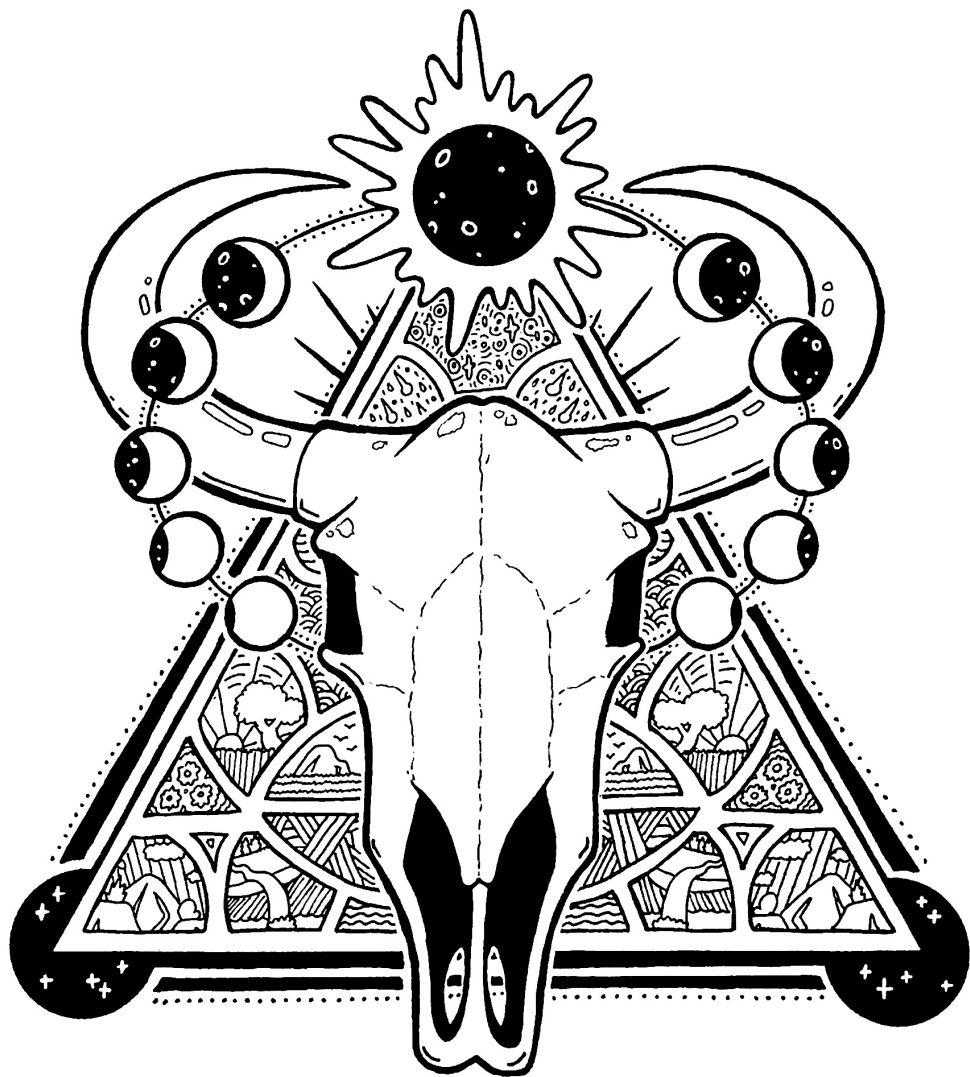
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But such is a small price to pay  
since without this layer's protection  
there would be nothing to keep you  
from connecting to the world around you.  
You'd be vulnerable, your layers unstable,  
the pieces slipping apart bit by bit  
until you fell apart completely  
into the layers that surround you.

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I'm pulled under again.  
The present world fades from my view  
as the cyclic force pulls me downward,  
the clouds and sun replaced with water  
as I sink into the ocean of memory.

I hold my breath.  
The waters around me warp and change.  
Spectral figures of the past flood my vision,  
playing out events from deep within my memory,  
pulling out emotions from deep within my core.

I hold my breath.  
The ghosts of this sea have spotted me now.  
They approach me, circling my sinking body,  
flowing through my eyes and into my chest,  
vibrating with nostalgia deep in my bones.

I hold my breath.  
The visions tempt me into taking a breath,  
into allowing this water into my lungs,  
into allowing myself to return to this past,  
into making my body a part of this sea.

I hold my breath.  
These images, I know, are only illusions,  
refractions of the light shining from above.  
To chase them would lead me to the depths,  
to breathe them would lead to my demise.

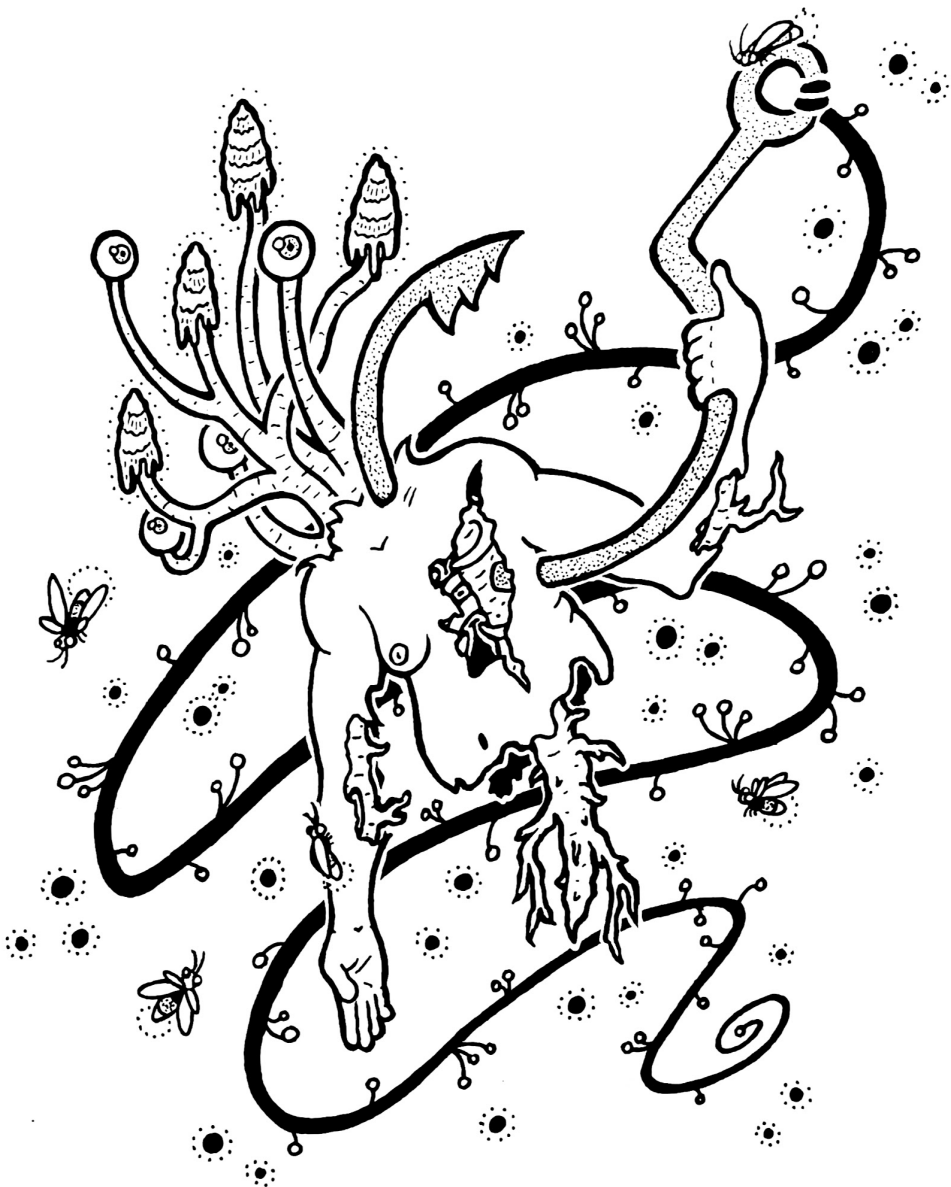
I hold my breath.  
My lungs burn from the absence of air.  
My heart burns from the absence of connection.  
My bones buzz, demanding I take a breath.  
My mind reminds me, yet again, to wait.

I hold my breath.  
The ghosts begin to fade, their power slipping  
as my body starts to rise back to the surface.  
I can feel the warmth from the light above me.  
Just a little longer now, a little longer now.



I gasp for air.  
My body floats at the surface of the sea  
as my lungs fill with the new, fresh air.  
I'm back in the world of the present, the now.  
Birds fly above me, not ghosts, but alive.

I take a breath.  
My mind forces the specters of the past away,  
making room for my connections on the surface.  
The light warms me, and I take it all in  
before I'm pulled back under again.



### Dusk Side

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play notes: alternate between fast and slow notes. let  
your mind wander. give in to the discomfort.



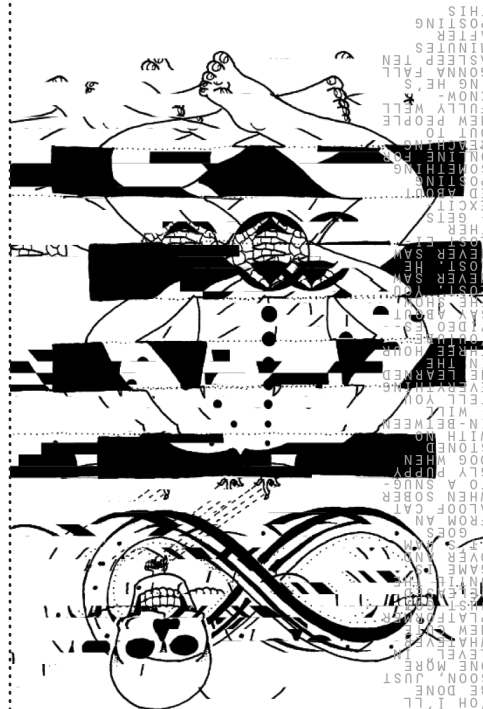
but what is the message



Sending the same message



A Snapshot  
of a Moment  
of a Mind  
in a Haze



IF THE TE OF LOGOPOL  
FORGETS THE S NOTE  
DOES THE TE OF LOGRA  
CEASE TO BE



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nonni ees uaym nonni



I really had good a friend  
to help me out for me.  
You helped me out a lot,  
and I want you to know  
that I'm here for you too

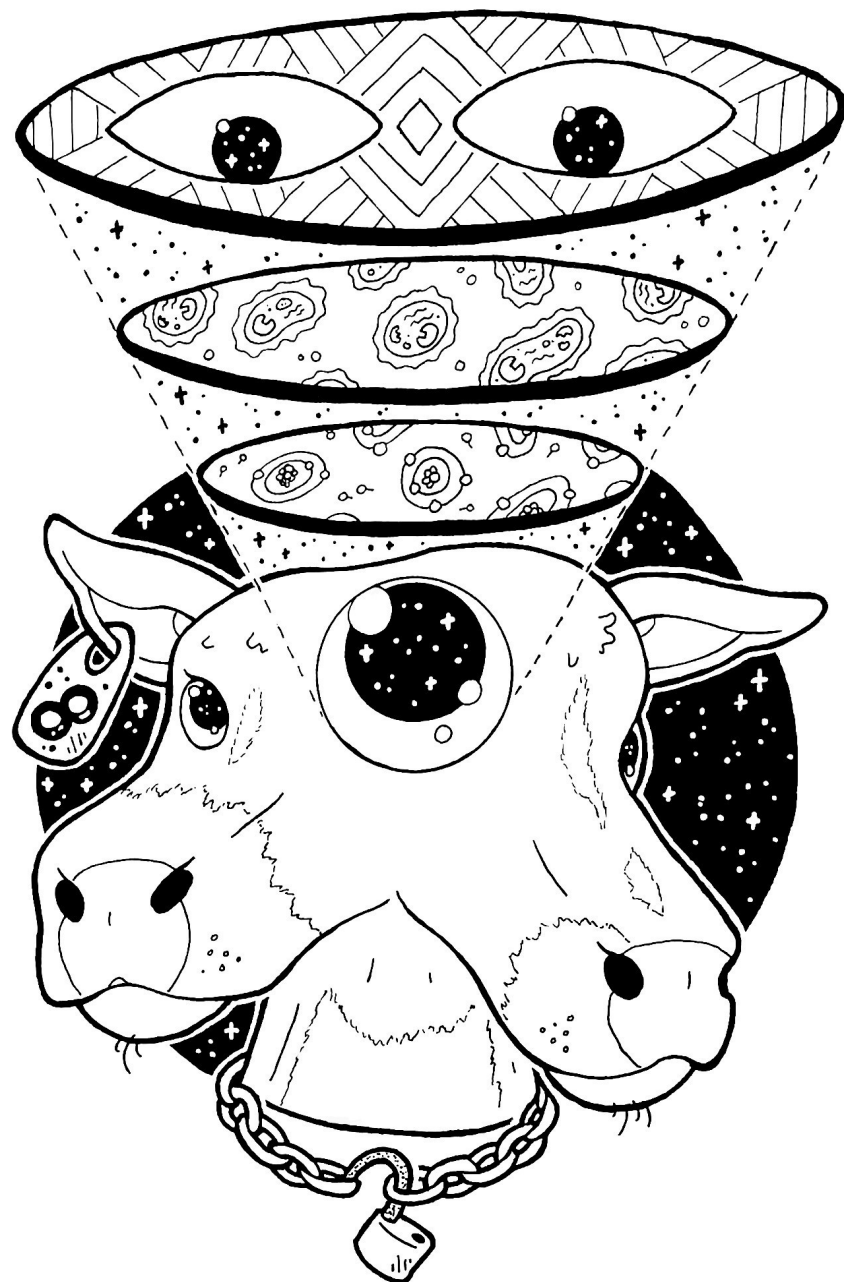


Dawn Side

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play notes: give it some bounce. bend those strings.  
let yourself enjoy it before your thoughts return.



You crave intoxication, don't you?  
Who wouldn't, after all, in your position.  
You're surrounded by predictable patterns,  
puzzles with pieces already sorted through,  
dialogue trees that lead to spoiled endings.  
It was nice, to be sure, for a time,  
not worrying about the stress of the unknown,  
nor fearful of the options laid before you.  
But this, you know, could not last forever.  
The mind is a muscle that grows with the new,  
and there is no new in a mind unchallenged,  
and no suspense when you can see the end.  
So it's no wonder that, in that first time,  
that first experience with an altered state,  
a state filled with unpredictable, with new,  
that your mind latched on with strong desire.  
Of course you went back, again and again,  
to that drink, to that smoke, to that face,  
falling again and again with each encounter  
into an emotion you could never foresee,  
following paths you could never map out  
towards a future you could never predict.  
It is not, to be clear, the source you crave,  
no matter how loudly the mind says otherwise,  
but the alteration, the intoxication, the new.  
Forego your instincts of predictable patterns  
and allow yourself to find a new novelty  
in another drink, another smoke, another face.  
Your mind, you see, may crave the memory,  
but not you.  
You crave the intoxication.

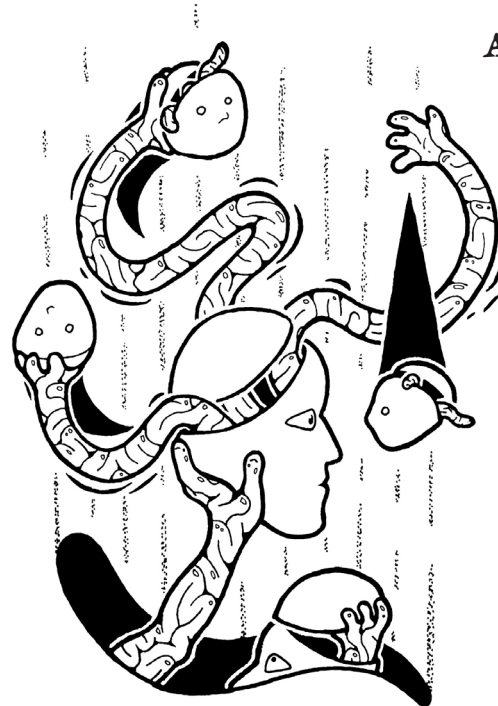


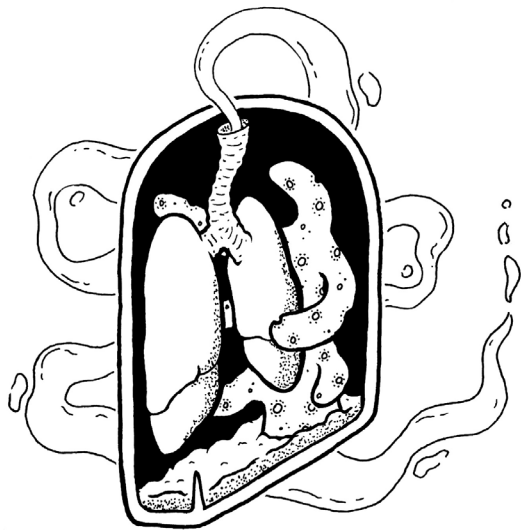
A fantasy of someone familiar.

Someone from a time long gone,  
a time so far from this reality  
that it would drift away entirely  
if not for this single someone,  
a witness to the past,  
a participant in the now,  
creating a tether between them  
and becoming a single thread.

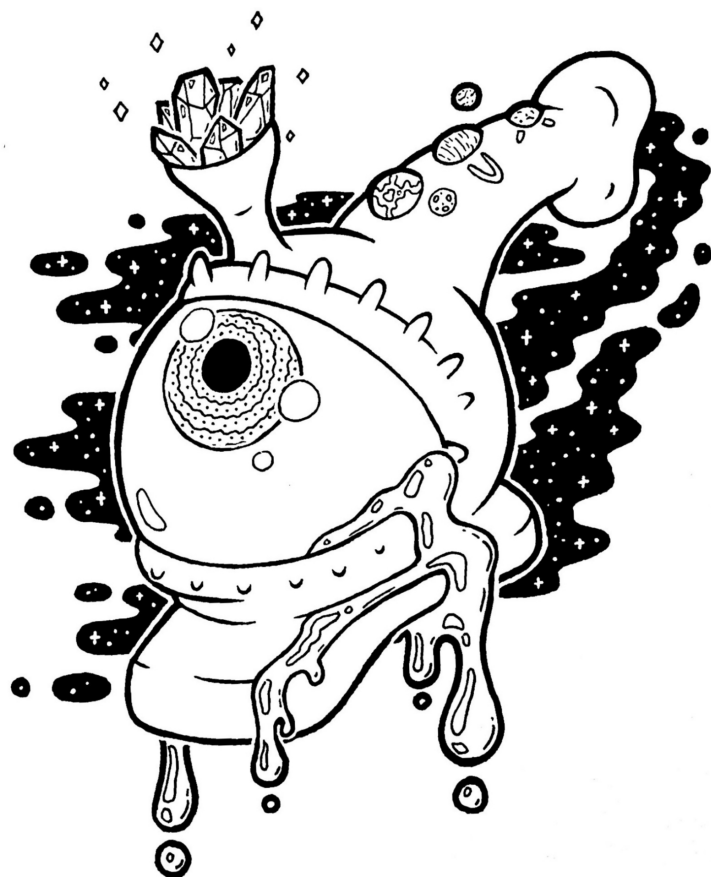
Someone from a time more painful,  
a time cracked from the strain  
and now viewed in broken parts  
if not for this single someone,  
with a reminder of the good  
and acknowledgement of the bad,  
sorting out the jagged pieces  
and joining them back together.

A bridge, a connection.  
A joining, a reconstruction.  
A someone, a fantasy.



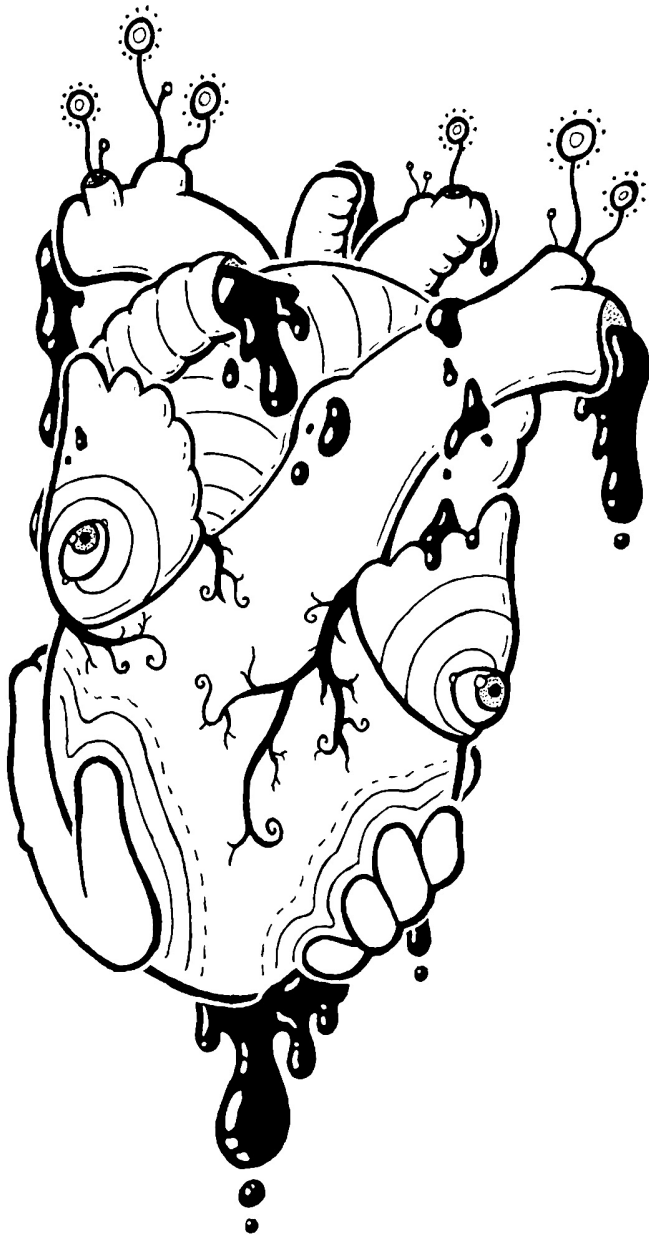


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A picture is lying on the bedroom floor.

Well, to be more accurate about it,  
there are the torn pieces of a picture,  
ripped through with no clear reasoning  
and scattered all over the carpeting.

I know, logically, that they connect.  
And yet, from just what my eyes see,  
the pieces are solitary, unrelated,  
with distinct colors and patterns  
that hold no connection to one another.

But that doesn't matter, or so I say.  
What matters is the piece closest to me,  
whatever shapes or colors it shows me.  
The other pieces are so far, after all.  
Who needs the past when there's the now?

But then I wonder, what I would see  
from a singular image, able to tell  
how one element connects to another,  
each gradient and shift and change  
visible with just a simple glance?

With great effort, I move the pieces  
and try to match the edges together.  
The jagged rips still catch the eye,  
but with each reformed connection  
the full picture comes into view.

The picture becomes a cohesive image.

I see, for the first time, a story,  
a narrative of a continuous experience.

I see, for the first time, myself,  
not distinct, but an image still changing.



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