FPL PRESENTS

Quaranzine

VOLUME 1.

A compilation of all your stuck-at-home projects!

faylib.org/quaranzine
Thank you for checking out Fayetteville Public Library’s Quaranzine, Vol. 1! We are so pleased to share this zine full of community experiences from the 2020 global pandemic.

As we prepare to reopen our expanded building and society continues to social distance, we strive to look for ways in which we can safely bring our community together. Zine culture helps bridge the gap created by distance. Whether you are reading this in Northwest Arkansas or elsewhere, this zine serves to capture the experiences and feelings we have shared in this moment.

Thank you to everyone who submitted to our first volume. And thank you for taking the time to read it! Stay safe, wear a mask and know that Fayetteville Public Library is here for you. Happy reading!
Let not this virus upend your sense of wonder; better to be six feet apart than six feet under.

Gerry S.
All the things I know,
All the things I say,
The places that I go,
Things I see along the way

Are fragments of a dream,
They’re not reality.
They are not what they seem
Though they feel like that to me.

Things that I let slide,
Things that make me fret
(That I think I can’t abide)
Have not killed me yet.

Those that I extoll,
I honor and obey.
Things I can’t control,
I try to anyway:

Paints on paper glide
And bloom when wet-on-wet
When patience is my guide
Surprising results I get.

With time as pigments fade
And colors softly spread,
I look at what’s been made
By serendipity instead.

It just confirms for me
Results are not all MY decree.
I accept proximity;
Resilience I shall be.

Dawn F. | 9.20.20
Homemade Tahini by Carol F.

Corañata by Julia F.
Spicy Isolation Soup

by Doc M.

- 1 Large Onion, diced
- 5 Carrots, diced
- 1 Sweet Potato, diced
- 2 Celery Stalks, diced
- 1 Bell Pepper, diced
- 6 Garlic Cloves, minced

1. Heat oil in large pot.
2. Add red pepper, onion, carrots, celery, bell pepper, salt, & pepper.
3. Set timer for 16 minutes.
4. At 10 minutes remaining, add potatoes.
5. At alarm, make well & add garlic, stirring for one minute.
6. Add thyme, basil, parsley, achiote, sazón Goya, & stir to coat for one minute.
7. Add tomatoes & broth, stir.
8. Bring to boil, cover, & simmer 25 minutes.
10. Serve, eat, refrigerate, or whatever.

1 T Olive Oil
32 oz Broth
2 9 oz Habanero Hot, canned diced
tomatoes, drained
1 T Salt
1 T Pepper
1 T Thyme
1 T Basil
1 T Crushed Chili
2 T Parsley
1 T Tajín Clásico
1 T Achiote, Molido Conimetado
2 packets Sazón Goya con culantro y achiote
At the oak table
in strategic place sitting
to better appreciate the hummingbirds
who have returned to our Spring suddenly cold, stormy and pandemic

Green all I see as I write:
The rioting leaves in the wind fly
(Are they dancing? They are!)
to the beat of Ehecatl.
Almost fully grown,
they will for a long time
(what is a long time?)
Stay. But not Dogwood’s
White blooms.
They’ve now surrendered..
Advancing in death.
The contingency.

-Rosario N.
Bloom by Allison U.

Don’t Wash Away the Color by Miriam S.
Pandemic Pantry by Carol F.

Raised from my yard - Free Range - Artisan Salad Greens - Ethically produced dandelions, violets, chickweed, more!

First Rays of the New Rising Sun by Randal D.
In the moment, it was aggravating, maddening. So many questions. So few logical answers. Such a sense of urgency to move through, beyond. In hindsight, though, it was divine. The pause before a pause. Now we live a pause. A pause

to question if the old normal is what we want for a new normal. A pause
to look deeper, question more even when there are no answers maybe especially because there are no answers. A pause
to breathe, be grateful connect deeper to self and others. A pause

to recognize an ever growing discomfort and disconnect that’s been there awhile able to be ignored in the busy-ness (business?) but no longer able to be tolerated. A pause
to see who is also looking creatively, generously for solutions beyond the obvious plans D-Z if this, then that A pause
to see who relishes the victim role whose minds are too atrophied by pain and the past to see the present let alone a future better than we can imagine. A pause
to see the fingers pointing, the armchair quarterbacks and name callers to send them love who need it now more than ever. So do those being pointed at, second guessed even if I disagree with their choices (or morals). A pause

to say this sucks and yet... what a gift.
Once there was a dog named Pup. Sometimes, he played with his friends. But then...

One day... are you sure you're ready?

Then he fell ill. Then he was done for.

But then he started feeling better. I guess so! I guess it's the vitamins!

By: Benson Hicks

Super Pup and the Unstoppable Corona by Benson H.
CHAPTER ONE
A NEW CRIME FIGHTER

Pup and his owner were stuck at home.

But then Pup watched the Channel 8 news.

Pup ran out of his house to stop Gill of the battle began.

But Pup was too weak.

Air Pollution

Air pollution

he started fitting.

And fitting.

It looked like it was going to end.

Everyone gasped);

There was a virus spreading:

but not just any virus.

I gotta stop this!

It can not be true. It's very

in his heart.

Dog VS Virus

hand sanitizer

Which caused the virus to go away:

Then Pup went back home.

THE END
I'm so sick and tired of COVID-19
That I think I might be ready to scream!
I wish I could go to the neighborhood park,
To finally find a beautiful monarch.
This silly disease really gets on my nerves,
I think the world is being somewhat absurd.
This terrible virus is very unclean,
I do hope very soon we’ll find a vaccine.
We're waiting on the beauty of 2020 to be born.
A color that makes us collectively exhale
In awe and wonder why it is there?
Was it behind that ugliness or this darkness?
Was it this color all along?
How will it ever force its way into our view?
We can never know for sure.
But, listen, the unborn color is bright and magic,
A tone once familiar to us, full of connection and life.
But we must wait.
Through winter,
then spring,
then summer,
now fall,
we wait.
We clutch our sinking raft through endless high tide,
News, hate, slapping us most fiercely,
Almost methodically—we're hit every few moments, hours, days, weeks on end.
We're riding a sea of stained glass,
Waiting for the beauty to appear.
Thank you for reading! Questions about the FPL Quaranzine? Want to contribute original work you have created while in quarantine? Please email quaranzine@faylib.org.