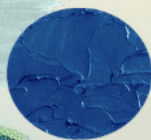


Unseen!

New words and visuals



Endings



Unseen! 4 - Endings

Unseen is a collective committed to encouraging creativity. Our mission is to establish a platform for diverse creative expression whilst building a supportive online community. Our quarterly webzine, Unseen! showcases recent work from emerging artists and writers..

For our spring issue we've asked contributors to reflect on endings, those unexpected, unwelcome, formative or figurative. Endings are inevitable, as freeing as they are frightening.

Robin Hobb wrote in 'Fool's Errand':

"Despite my pain, I felt not the regret of an ending, but the foreboding of a beginning."

We'd like to thank everyone involved in the Unseen! community for making our zine possible.

Thanks so much and hope you enjoy the zine!

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Contents

Editor Meg Phipps
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Arts for All

All proceeds from issue 4 go to Arts For All, a charity offering art therapy in Hackney and Tower Hamlets. Their weekly sessions offer long-term support to people from disadvantaged communities and those with special needs, helping them build up their confidence and making a huge difference to their lives. Donate via:

[JustGiving](#)

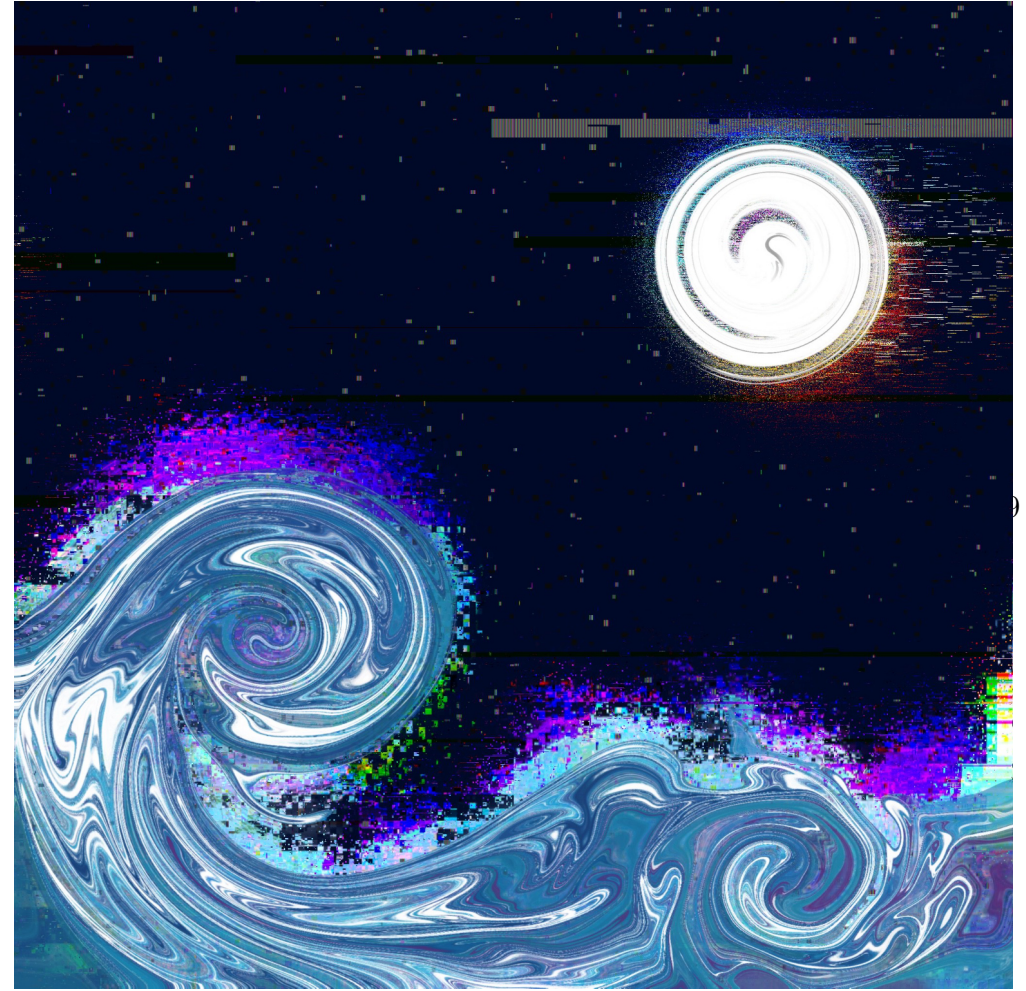
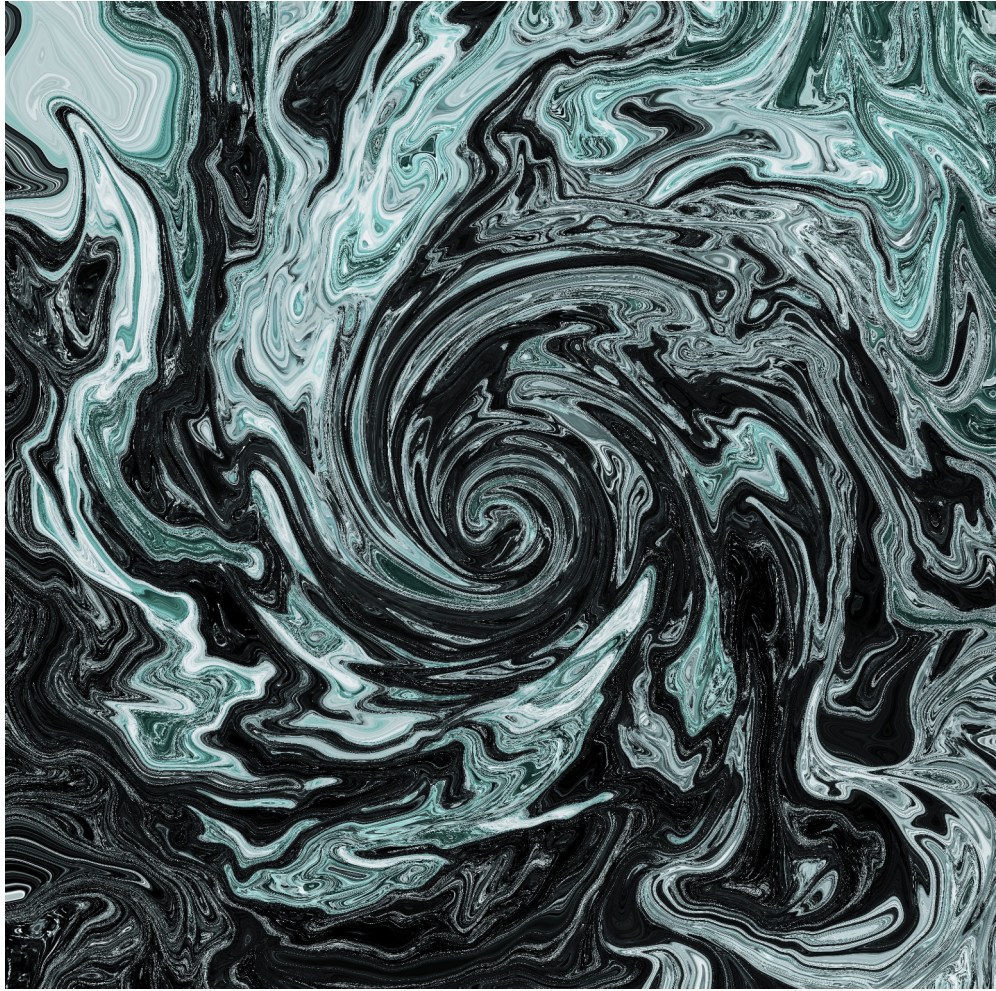
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Danial Alias

Danial is a photographer and abstract artist, more of their visuals are collated on Instagram [@_enonforetsam](https://www.instagram.com/enonforetsam)









▲ End Of The Road



▲ The Final Sunset

Anissa Aouar

Anissa Aouar [@AnissaAouarillustration](#) uses conceptual and colourful digital and non digital illustrations to bring the viewer into a vibrant and pop surrealist world.



The End | Renée Murray [@rensphotography95](#)

▼ Lost In Space



▲ Hung Up On You

Laura Mitchell-Ghafoor

Laura [@loraemjee](#) writes poetry and short fiction and has been published on Dear Damsels and Tipping the Scales. This poem was inspired by a prompt brought to a poetry collective (affectionately known as The Coven) Laura attends.

It wasn't meant to end like this

We'd danced in the bright light of the bedroom

Licked with anticipation and fizzy wine

The whole world waiting for our mayhem.

Now, with tears and grazed knees

Pulled to chins on the cold damp curb.

Breath stained with red wine

Pressing the souls of feet into the tarmac

Letting the wet ground score them.

Tights drinking up the evening's leftover rain,

Head's spinning,

Cheeks graffitied with rubbed out eyeliner

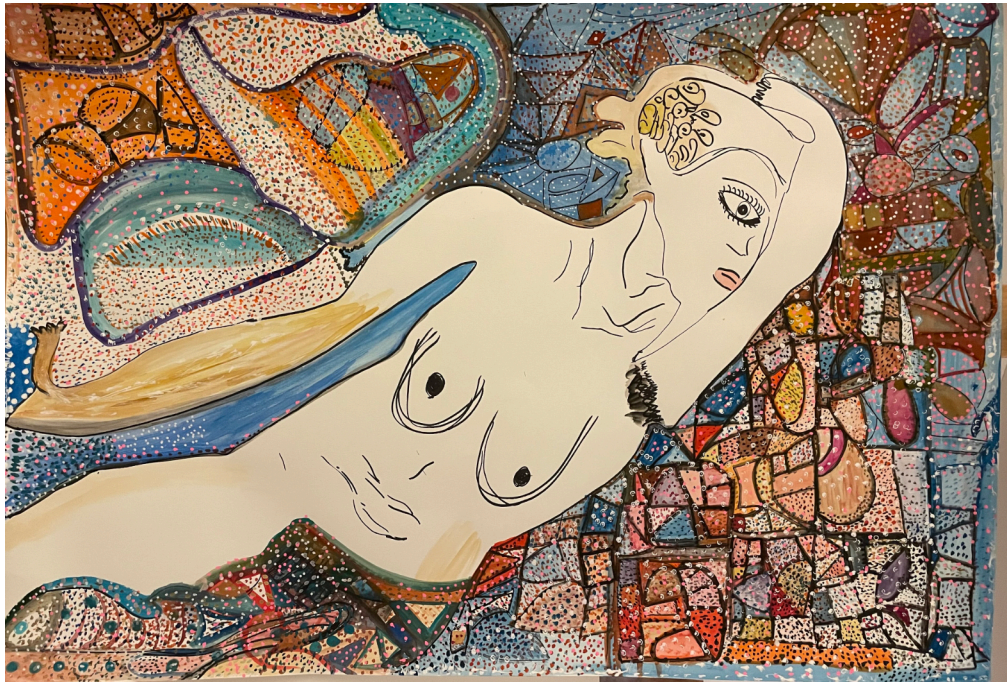
Cheese cooling atop forgotten chips.

The taxi pulls up and we sit in the back obediently, woozy and silent.

Yael Teitler

Paper, watercolors, acrylic and silk are constant companions to Yael [@yael_tei_art](#). Her inspiration comes from nature, the environment, fellow human beings, everyday life and many other artistic and cultural influences.







Sheila Chapman

Sheila [@sheilachapmanart](#) is a figurative artist based in Edinburgh, mostly inspired by nature and people: *I enjoy painting people interacting with nature, in our busy modern world.*



▲ "The Journey", acrylic on canvas, 100 x 70cm



▲ "Mirror, Mirror", acrylic on wood panel, 30 x 23cm

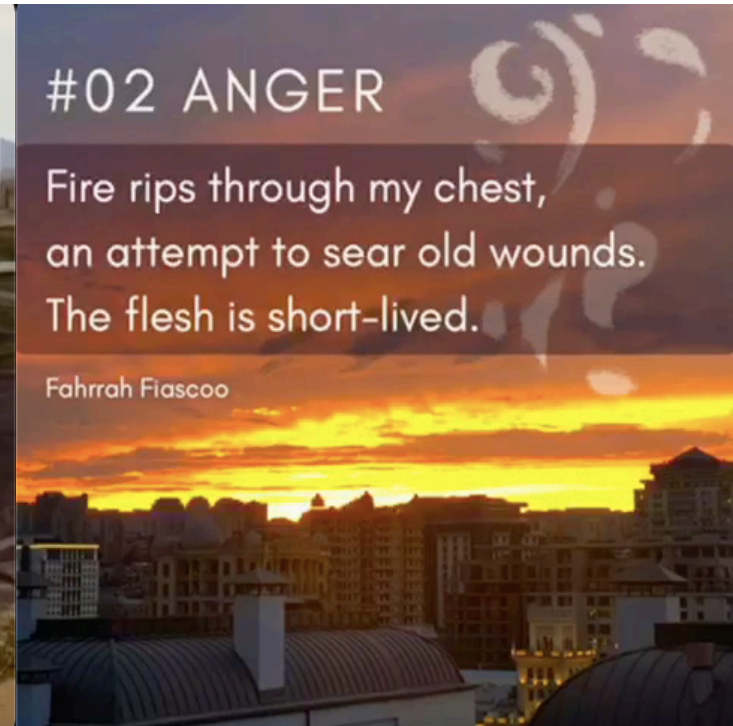
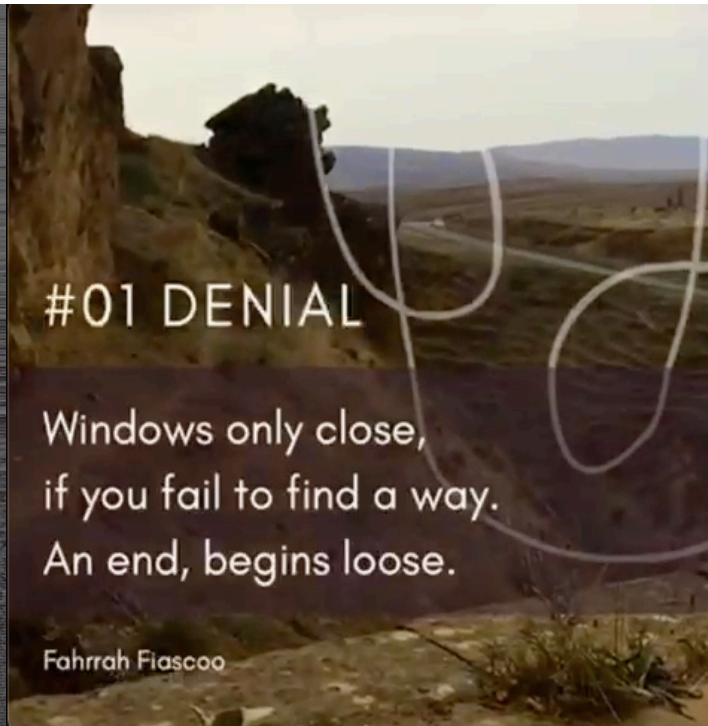
Obscure beautiful end? | Fifi Bea

Fifi Bea [@fifibeabstracts](#) is a dyslexic, disabled artist from South London. She explores beauty and interest in what others might not even see in the world around them: *Most people see rotten fruit and peelings as rubbish. But I see interesting colours, textures, an end but also a beginning.*



Exploring Grief | Fahrrah Fiasco

[@fahrrah.fiasco](#) collection of 5 haikus is a brief exploration of the 5 stages of grief: *When ending nasty habits or traits in ourselves, sometimes, we hold on to the memory of them as if a part of us will also end with it. That is still a loss, grief for the end of the people we once were and an acceptance of the awesome humans we can be.*



#03 BARGAINING

"Dear, am I enough?"
She quivered, staring blankly.
"More than," he assured.

Fahrrah Fiasco

#04 DEPRESSION

I would like to go.
But, there are hundreds of miles,
before we will know.

Fahrrah Fiasco

#05 ACCEPTANCE

A light at the end,
blinding darkness, floating hope.
Untold conclusions.

Fahrrah Fiasco

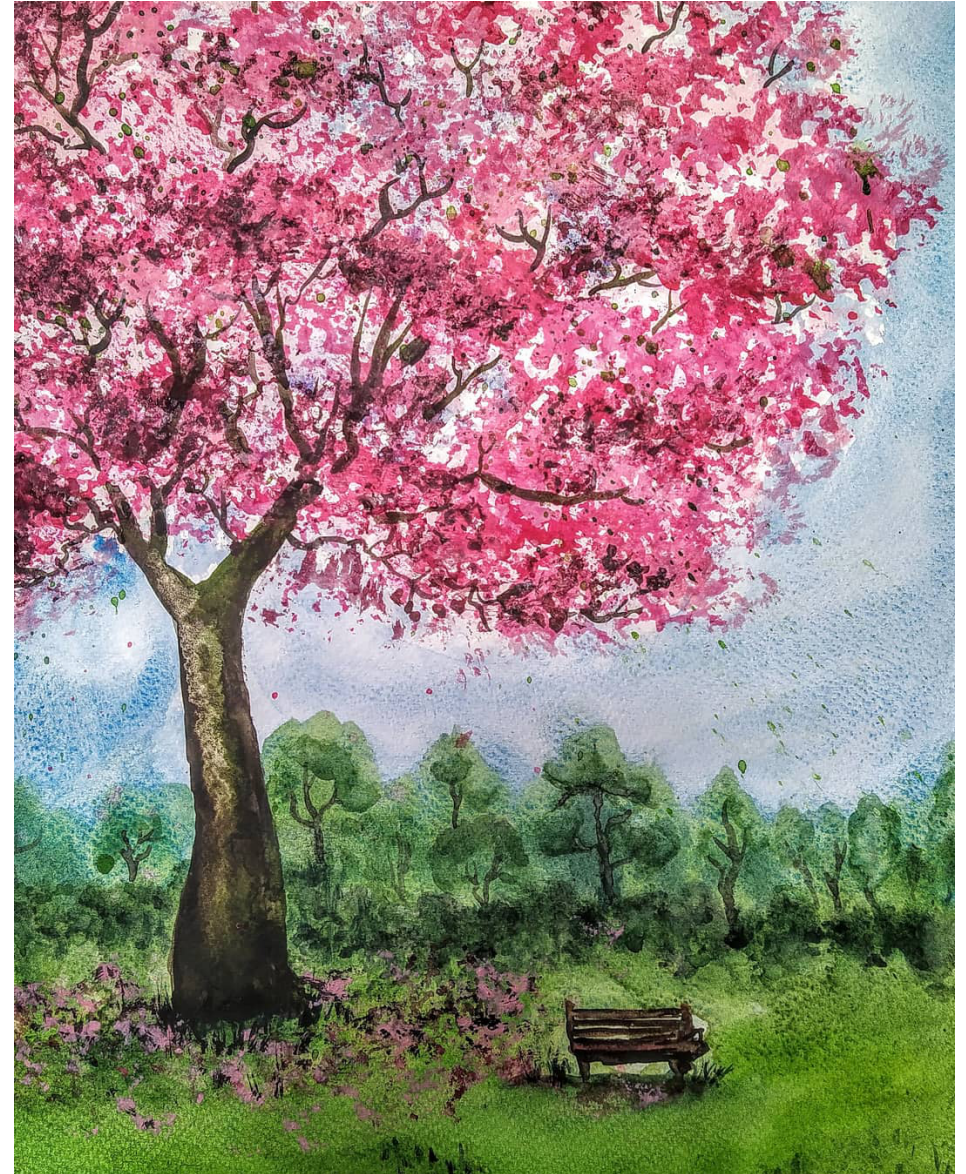
Inner World | Aganetha (Nan) Peters

Nan [@nanpetersart](#) is a traditional artist who works with all kinds of mediums and techniques to create pieces. *'Inner World' was based on this idea that I had of an island with just nature and the mountains, kind of my ideal place. I wanted to create the perfect place for me and anyone who enjoys the solitude of being in nature.*



Imaginary Worlds | Neringa Barmute

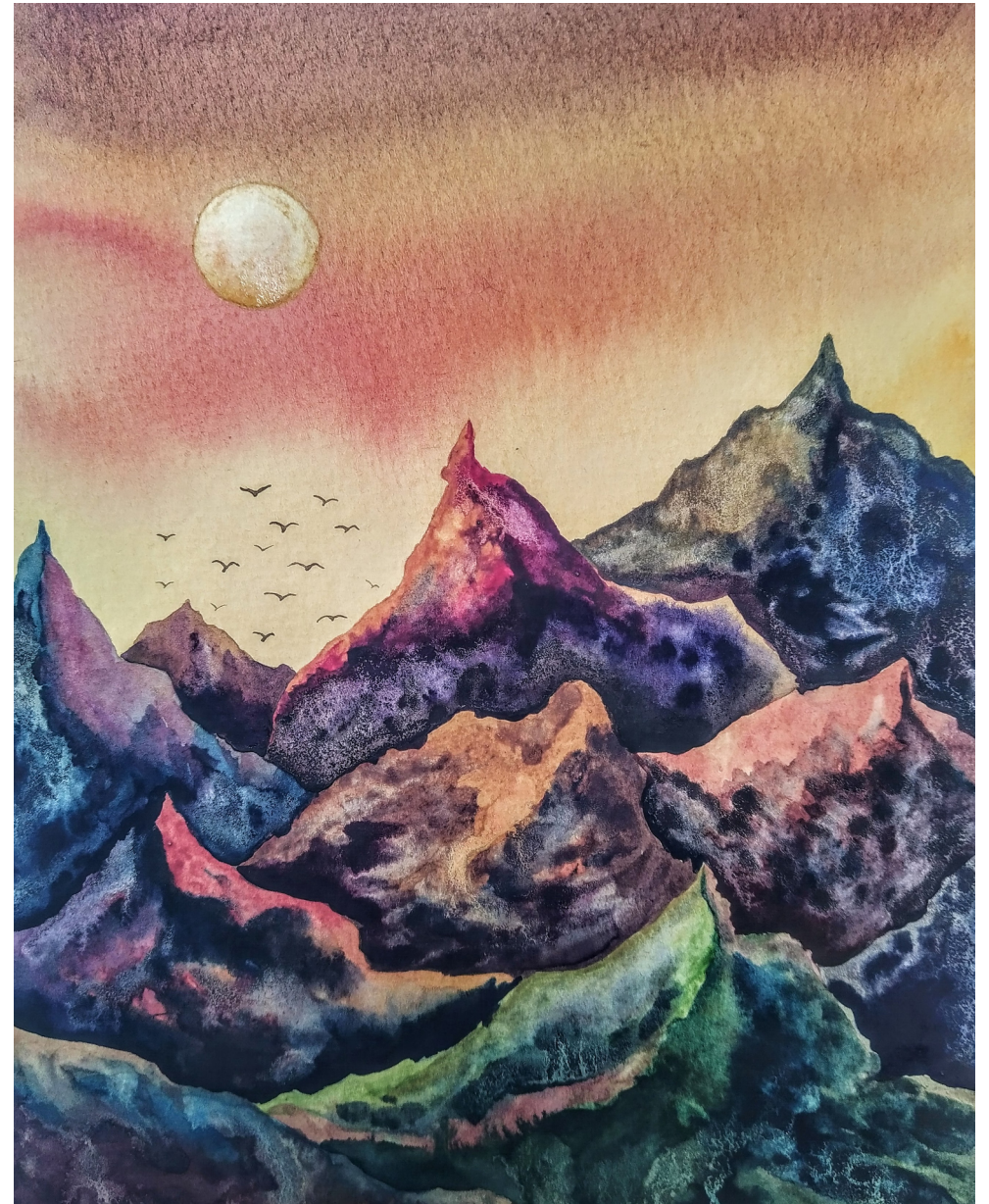
Neringa [@creativeseagullart](#) (paintings) [@creativeseagull](#) (photography) is the author and illustrator of the self-help book "Christmas alone: make it fun". She's based in London, and during her spare time after work she's working on her next book. Since the beginning of the pandemic she started painting every weekend, exploring new styles and subjects. Website: www.creativeseagull.com/



▲ Blossoming Tree



▲ “Dreamy Mountains”, a fantasy landscape, watercolour and granulating fluid





▲ "It is still Winter", a fantasy landscape, watercolour painting



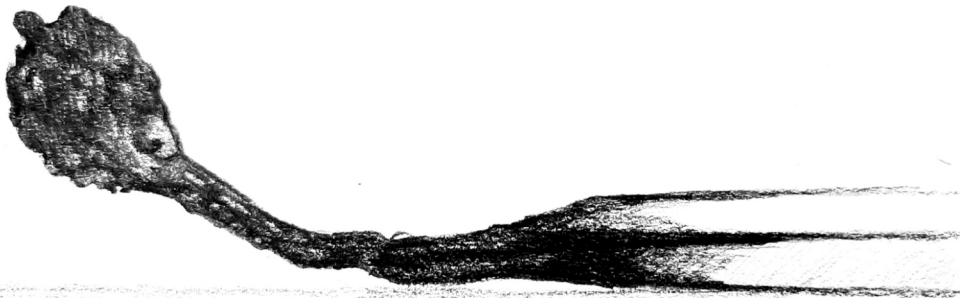
▲ "3 colours" - experimental watercolour painting with only 3 colours

*when one thing ends, something else starts
igniting and supporting each other on our journeys is the challenge and joy in life*

Clark

It was never hard to love you.
That was your one flaw.
You draped me in such subtle affection
a blanket of perfection, awaiting your protection.
Comforter,
you embalmed purpose into me.
Married consciousness with cadaver.
Automata ready to drench you in praise
Let me coat your skin like oil.

Can I wash your sins with my tears?
Will you empty your will into me, while I bandage your shame with my hair.
Weaving each tuft of under and around every lie.
It is too late to live and let live
You're in my marrow.
platelets mix your wants with my needs.
Pray, let's assume positions, I will worship you on my knees.
Detest, the only emotion in your eyes I see.
Endure It all and do so alone.
In an effort to reflect the only thing I know.
Malnourished by the maternal,
jaded by the paternal
and you,..
smell so much like home.



Endings with new beginnings | Hendrikus Bervoets

Hendrikus [@hendrikusbervoets](https://www.instagram.com/hendrikusbervoets) has long used collage as a medium and began incorporating photography on his frequent travels for the youth and art based charity he runs, Art for AIDS International www.artforaidsinternational.org

“The “Ending” of trees, many dead trees and stumps, some laying horizontal. The forests filled with what looked like the end. What’s interesting is that it’s the survival of nature. This whole process has created a passion inside me to record the beauty of this event. The changeover from ending to a new beginning.”







Sandpaper hands

On December night,
your cheeks are eggs bulging pink.

Shoulders hung like a tortoiseshell glasses case.
You only know one way to warm the corners of a mouth.

We are talking in pop song,
each verse sung male/female.

You're saying an ex planned a pregnancy to trap you,
eyes widening because you know it sounds predictable.

In a friend's eyelid, I look disgusted.
Smoke trails become egg whites in cling film.

I want Lucozade spit on dragon skin,
to fill the night with ancient itching.

My head retracts behind pulsating tealights,
I expand in the air of the smoking area.

You jump on the back of some guy
and lift my skirt up behind me.

Lava edges outline
imagined boil sores where hands pinch,
burn up a sea flick -

but my wave is situational,
not from his 'lucky girl' oral,
from my own synapses.

From fantasy bumping in a king bed,
limbs that make the star of Christ.

All it took was listening
to see you look so young and lost,
eyes dazed as wilting daisies.

That ghostly bravado,
when you spat out dried pasta with your tooth.

Later, we are on blood speckled cotton,
and I struggle to have a shower alone.

In between breaths, I count your compliments
piled like paper folded wonky.

I remember pausing that night
(before you groped me and I pretended
I wanted you all along)

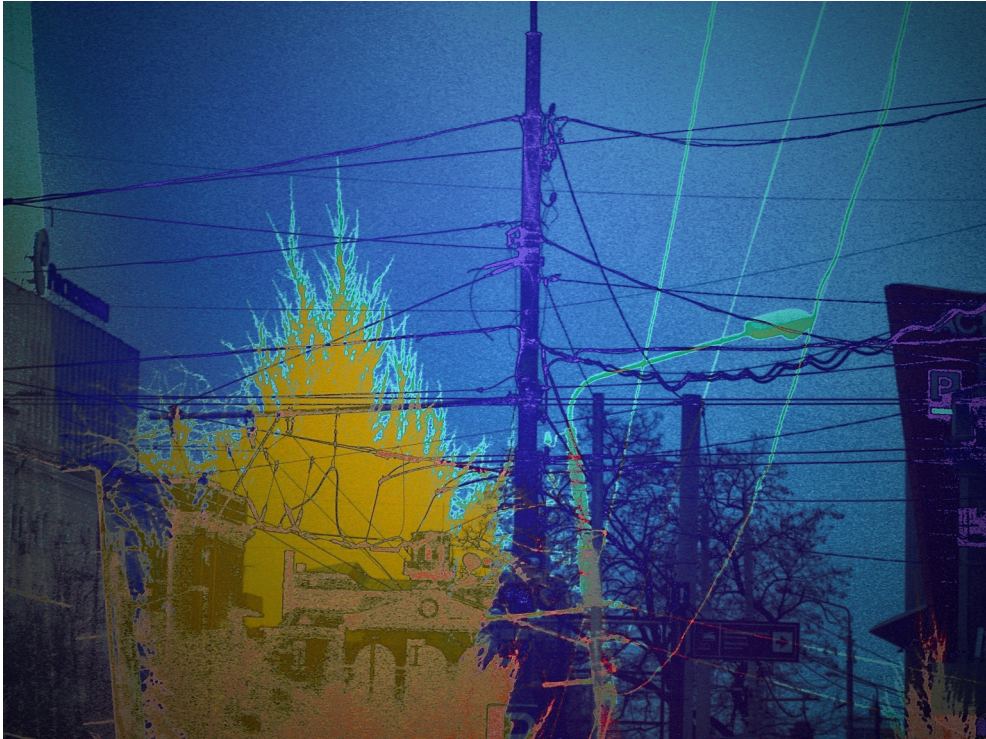
when you said you were a father,
like you had something to teach me -

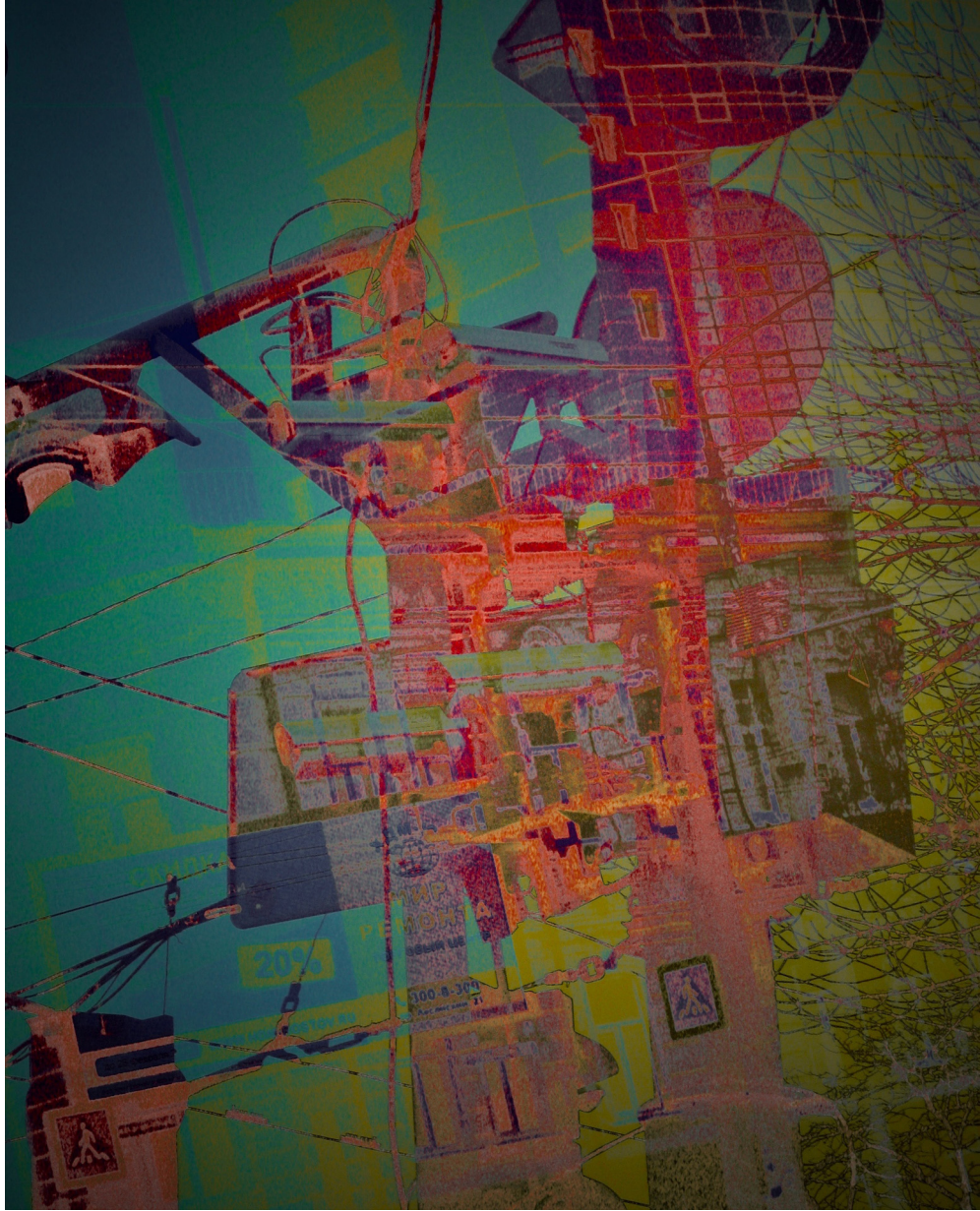
but you had sandpaper hands
and a cage around your mouth.

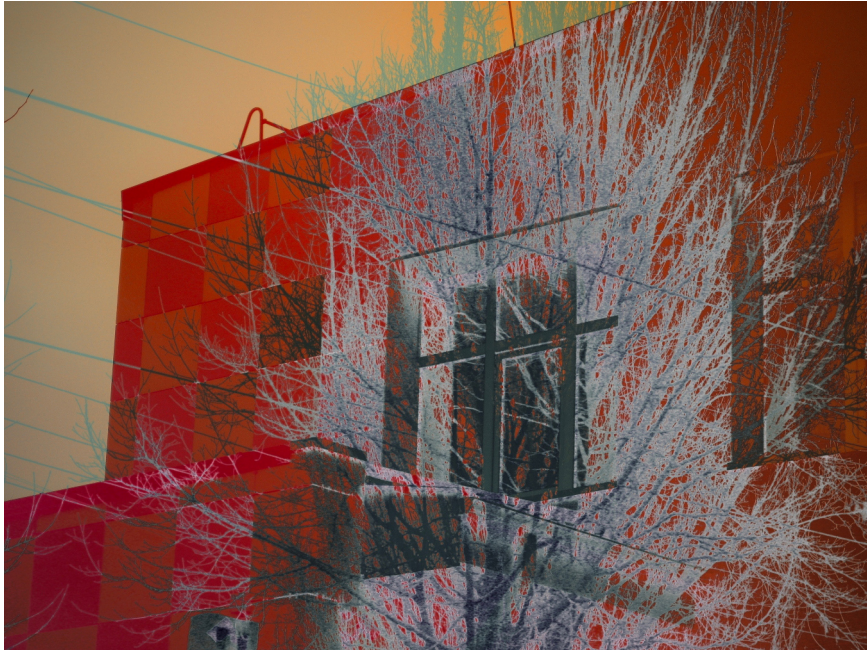
Marianne [@razmazz](#) writes: *My submission piece 'Sandpaper Hands' returns to a past sexual relationship after it has ended. I wanted to create a fresh dialogue surrounding*

Rostov | Marine Smith

«Rostov» is a collection of stories about how nature struggles with civilisation, historical context, and personal memory: one is embedded in another, interrupts and at the same time gives a new layer and something very organic emerge - [@marinesmth studio](#)





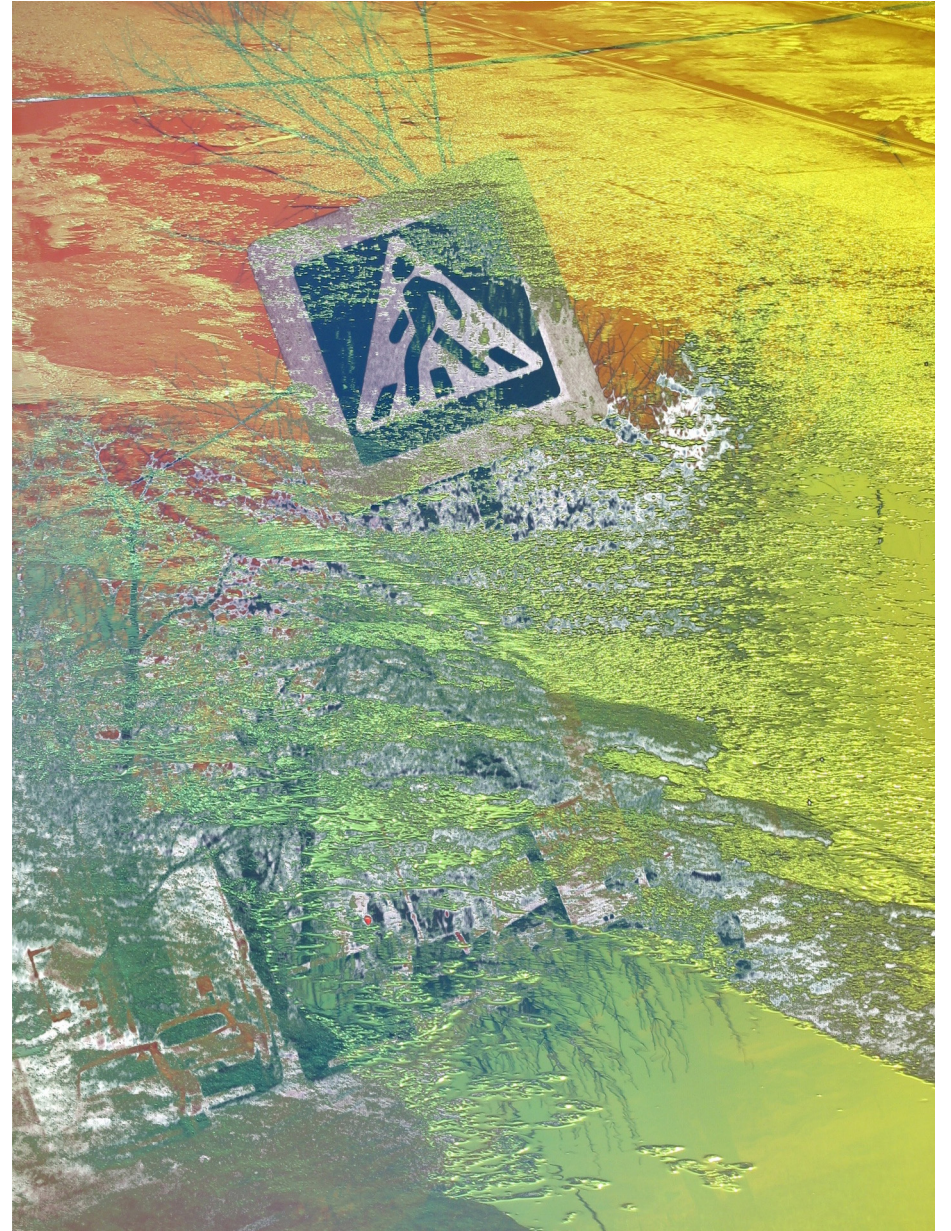
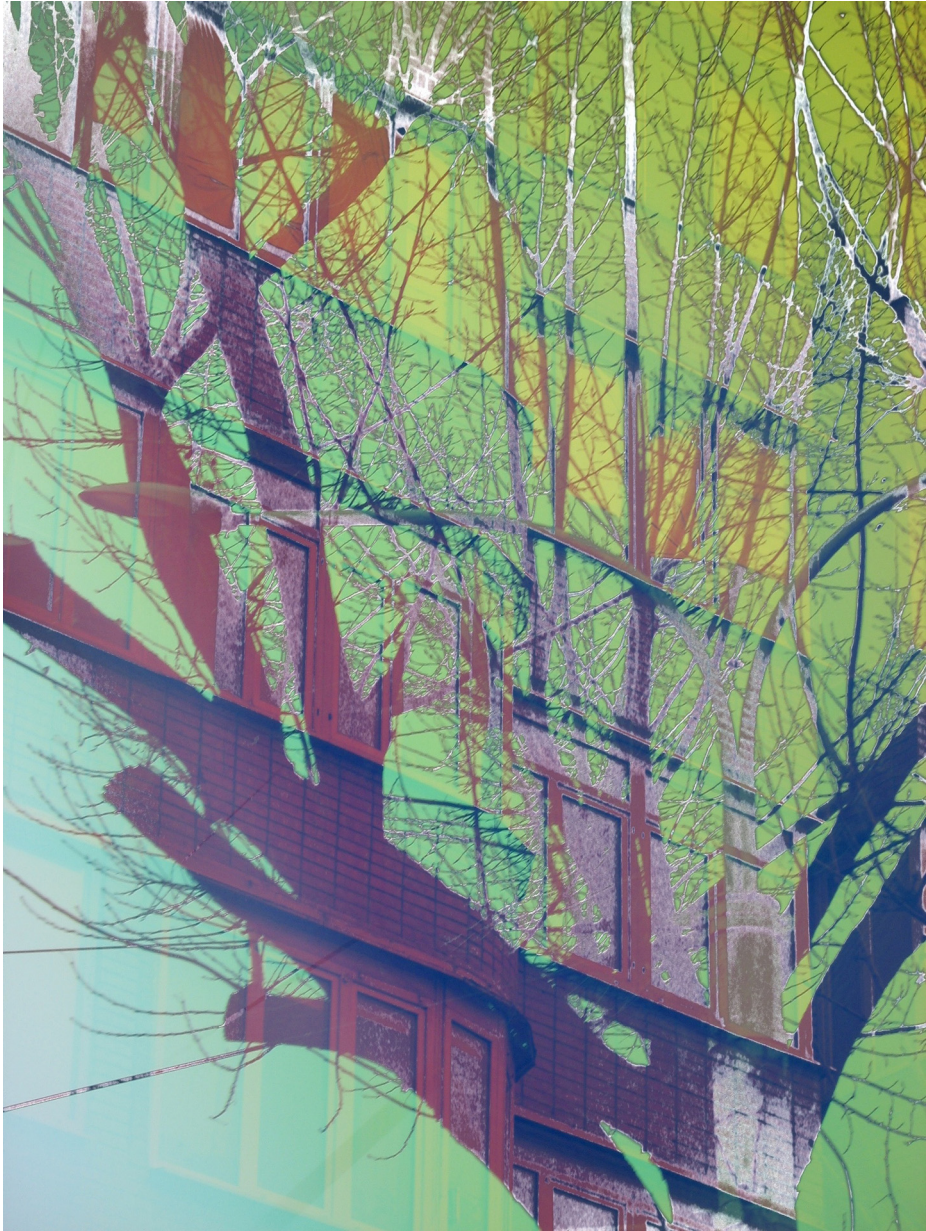




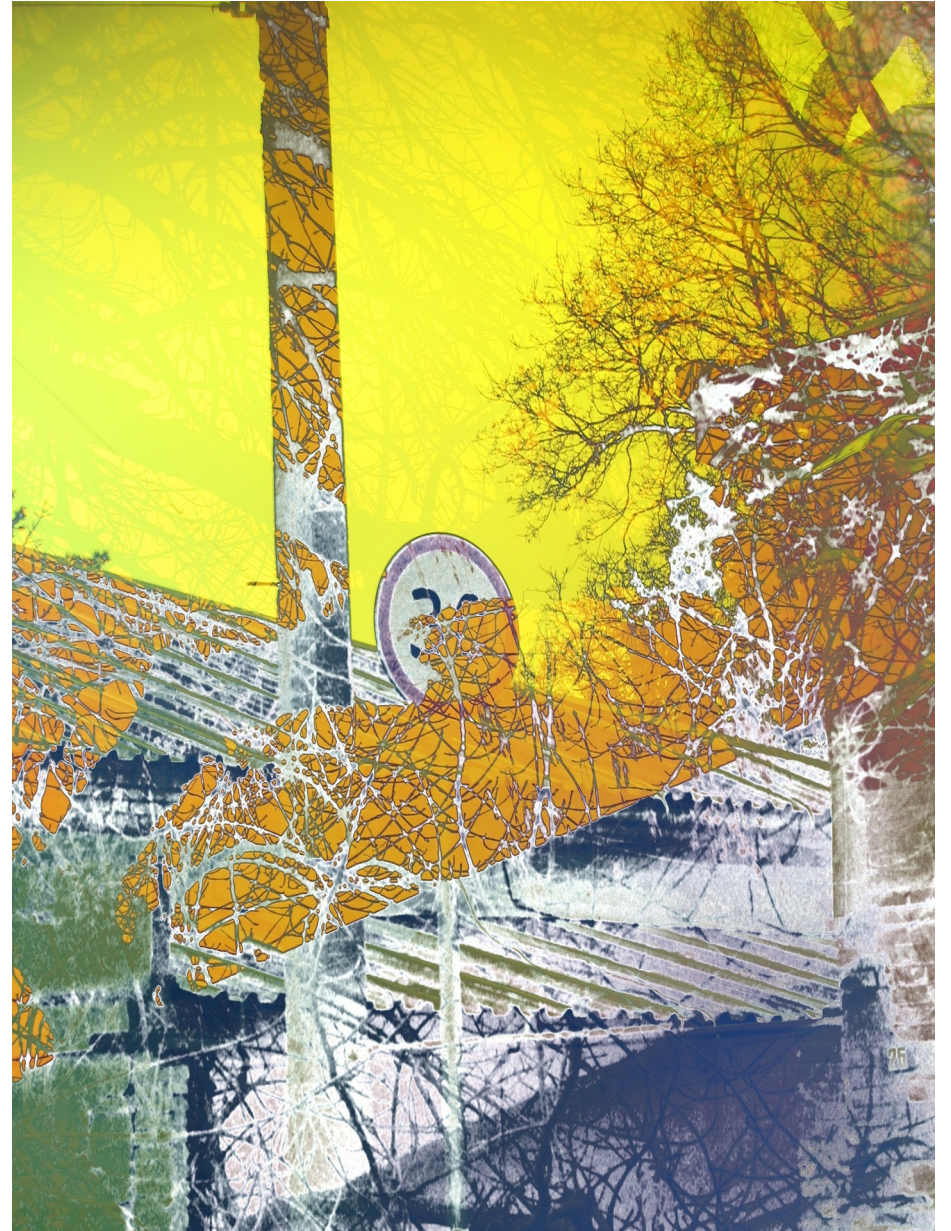
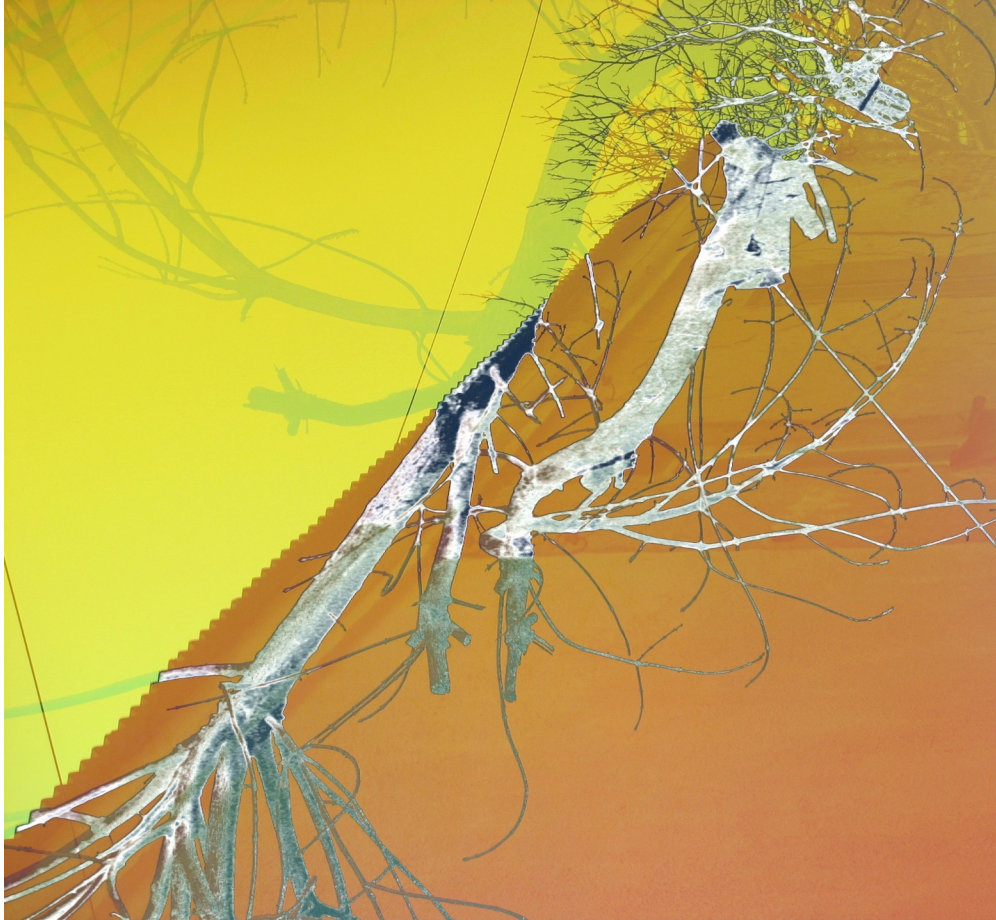






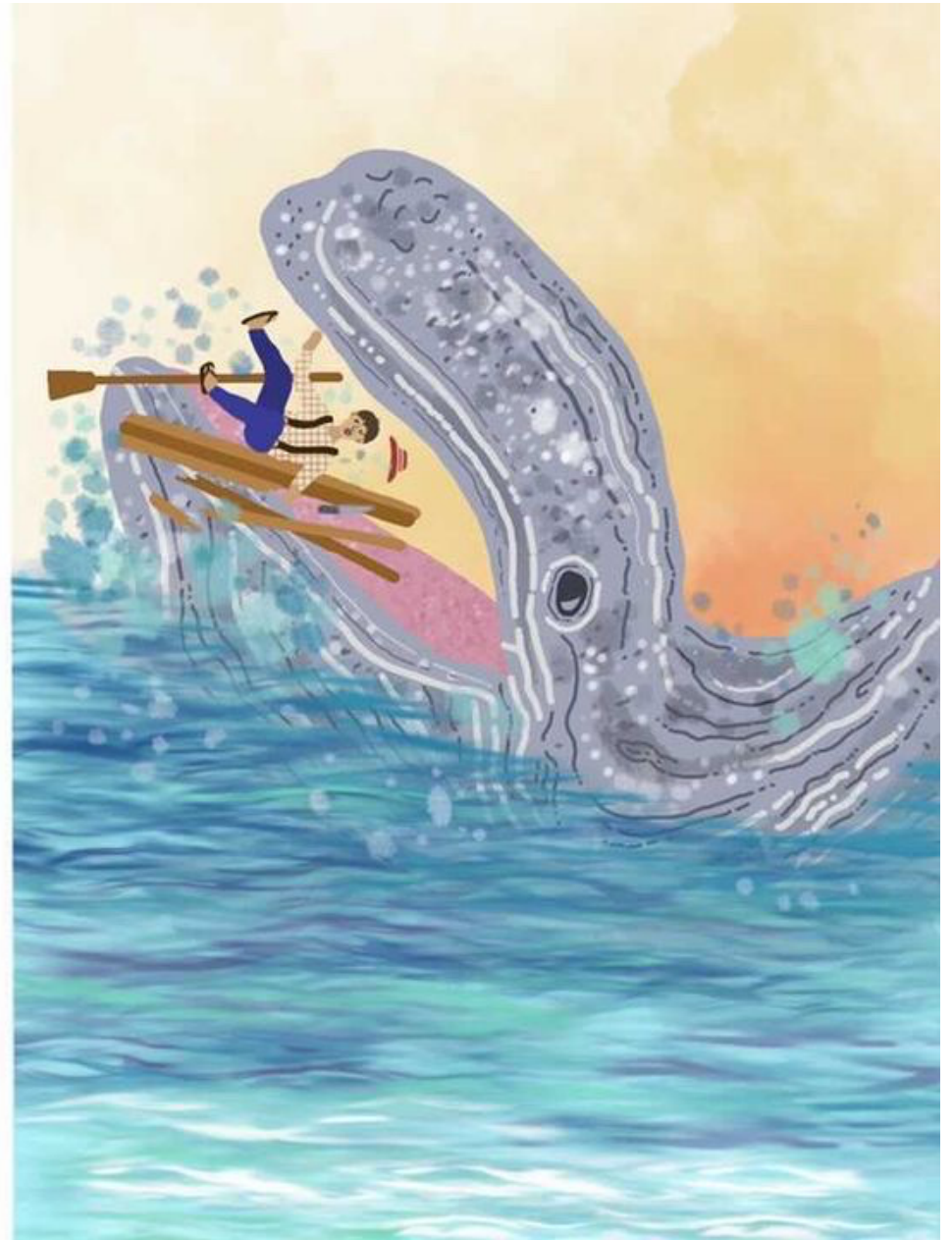
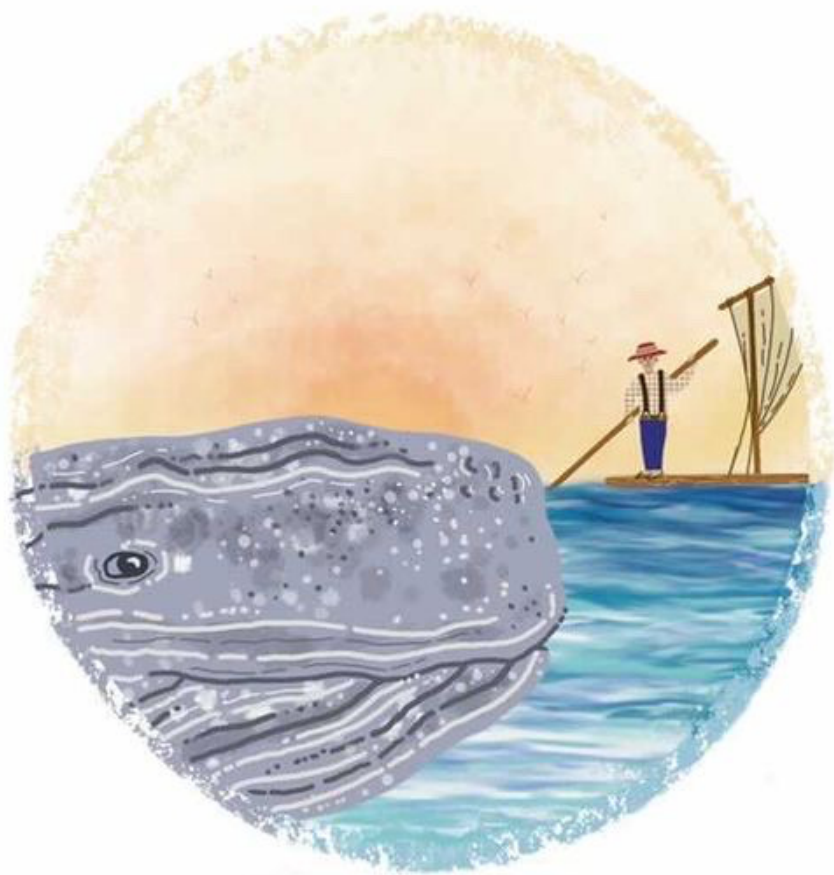




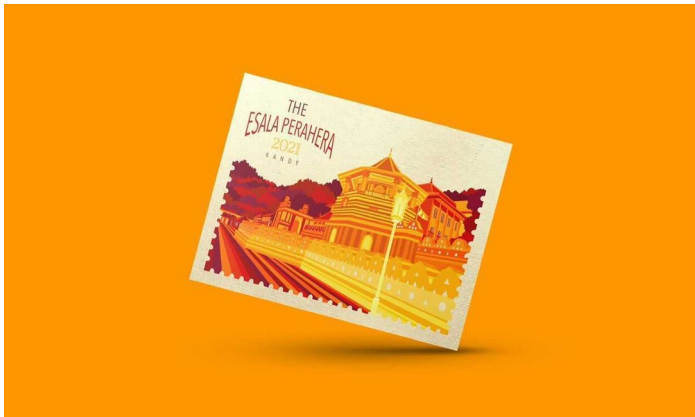








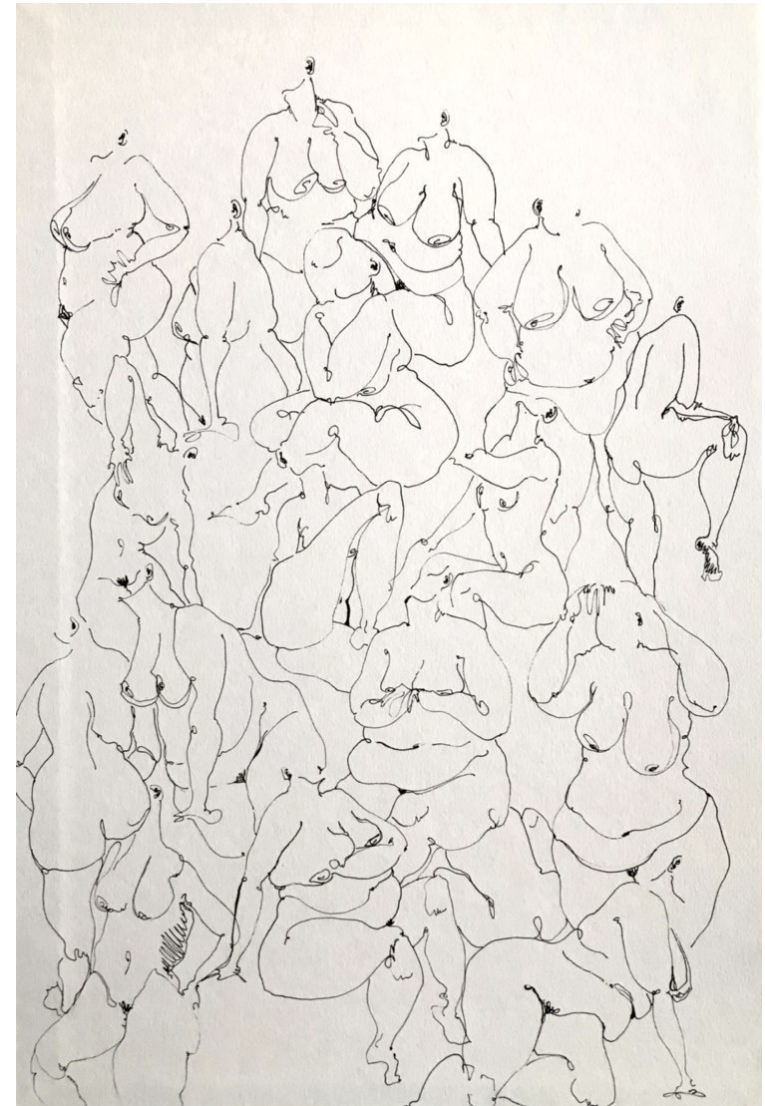






I love to draw the figure and the many variations and shapes we take. The curves and shapes are so unique to each individual and I like to celebrate that individuality in my art and within [@inthe_nud](#). I hope my work allows people to take a step back and see their bodies in a new, accepting and appreciative light as opposed to the pressures and expectations society often reflects on us instead.

I like the fluidity and movement within this drawing and how the end of one body becomes the beginning of another.



Farewell | Mr Twisted

Mr Twisted [@mrtwistedart](https://www.instagram.com/mrtwistedart) creates digital collage art using free and personal images.



▲ Together Forever



▲ It's Over



▲ Fun While It Lasted

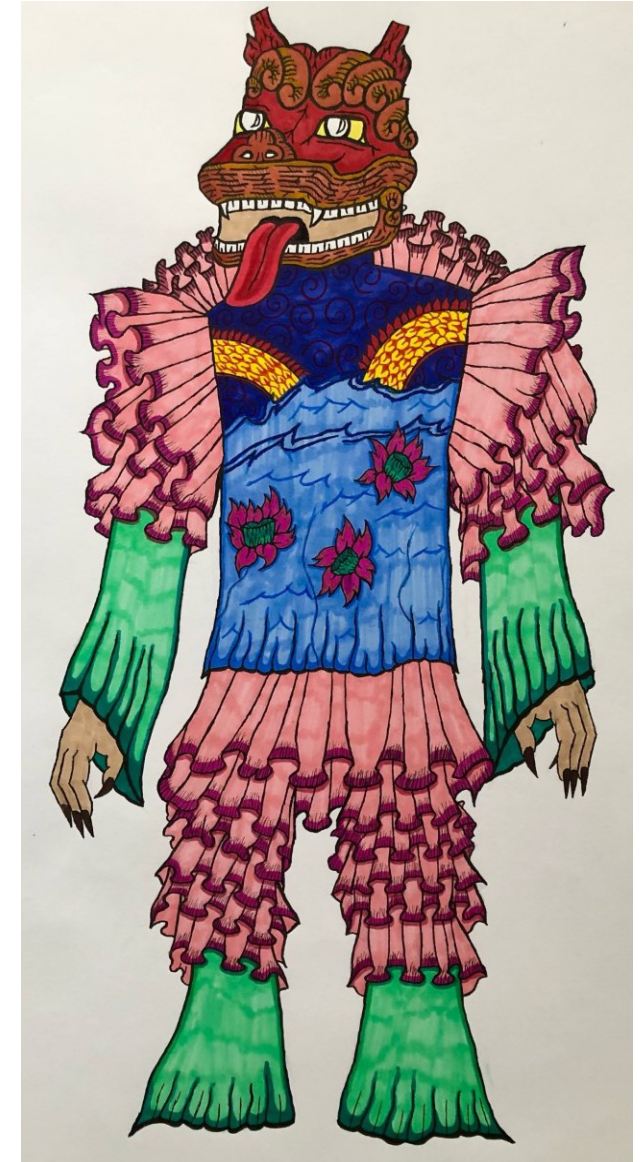


▲ Endings

Khris Kwin

Khris' [@khriskwin](#) work is largely centred around Mythologies and surrealism, drawing inspiration from Thai, and various Asian and European mythologies.

I believe when it comes to fashion or textiles - I wanted everyone to wear my design, no specific gender or identity, which is why I tend to create mythical creatures to be an illustration for everyone.



Endings

The wind blows my hair to cleanse my struggles away, puts me in peace but it doesn't make it go away.

I tried to let go of all the struggles that I tend to keep inside me, getting it out bit by bit as the sounds of cars running past the streets.

Somehow it comes back, back during the times that I am struggling, though it was the end of it all.

The lights on the street shows there are things that I will encounter & not repeating the same experiences I had in the past.

More or less they will be times I will experiences It once again.

My emotions is giving me spare room where I can feel happiness, remembering myself back when I was naive & humble to learn about myself & love myself.

Somehow I don't feel like that anymore, guess time changed us like a fresh apple slowly turns to rotten.

The silence surrounding me is like a silent treatment where the brain makes you expose of all the pain you been through from the past & try to bring it into the present.

When this intrusive thoughts ever stop I wonder, Am I really care what people think of me? What am I so afraid of?

Why can't make this thoughts to the end of the chapter & start anew?

Me seeing the world that is different than others, seeing people wearing masks just not to let them see their struggles & emotions.

They are just like me.

May not be the only one standing in the crowd. The intrusive thoughts may still in me, but I will kept on cherish every moment as I can in this mysterious & strange life.

I will soon come to realize that this intrusive thoughts will come to its own endings.

Sooner or later.

The 'ending' for my writing was inspired by Emily Dickinson 'This world is not conclusion'. It reflects on myself that the world is not the end in death because my struggles, us humans will continue to functions in expressions & motivations.

The Lee Bank Flattered Factory has ended.

Workers passing through its entrance has ended. In recent years they pretended but Goods in, Goods out, has ended. The delivery drivers at the delivery bay, tapping the little window, that's ended.

The City Council's flattered factory is sold, and private apartments are descending; gentrification is forever never ending. The thick concrete floors for open plan living - not as intended – but as a place of work? No. That's ended. Are we surprised or even offended, the building's still sound, the tenants still keen, but in a post-industrial Birmingham there aren't any prizes for any surprises? Grime and dirt on a workday shirt, that's long gone, that's ended.

The clickety-clack of machines and industrious scenes had their plans upended when news broke of the flats and maisonettes and the property bets; all business plans forcibly suspended. A city with a design as grand as its global brand and international conferences its vision for its centre might be defended, but sweat and toil, rolled up sleeves in a rolled up city has all but ended.

In Red Lee Bank Business Centre few people leave and fewer arrive – have an appointment? No need, that's ended. In Yellow Lee Bank Business Centre – you avoiding the pallets? There isn't any need to heed the speed, all that's ended. No one throws and no one goes to catch a light from the first floor window – don't you know? – smoking ended. No one from accounts chats with Griff from the fifth - all that chatter, no matter, all that ended.

A proud trade within the city heat of a metro street, not anymore, that's ended. It seems honest labour isn't in favour amidst zeros and ones and a skyscraper caper in the local paper. Brummie blisters within the new Brummie brand - not anymore, that's wrong, that's gone, that's ended. Three hundred souls clocking in, clocking out, are no longer heard in the neat penthouse suite and as for the drinks after work? Well, that's ended.

Carl made frames, Doreen did payroll, Des drilled holes and Ed worked a lathe; none pretended – this was work. Work that ended. The office whip-rounds, the workshop parties, this has ended. The pub quiz team - last we heard – they'd ended. A lineage of physical trade and stuff being made in the heart of the city has virtually ended. Its place in hearts and minds has ended and its relevance in today's city is barely contended. That time, that lifetime, that's now ended.

And so, in its last days the Lee Bank Business Centre stood faithfully, unknowing, unaware. Bit by bit and hit by hit the businesses moved out and commerce slowly ended. Confused, the machines descended and gnawed at its bones, its familiar face gone, its utilitarian spirit – it ended. Bended and mended, the rhythm of weekly graft - that's all now been brought to an end.

Sabrina Rosenheim

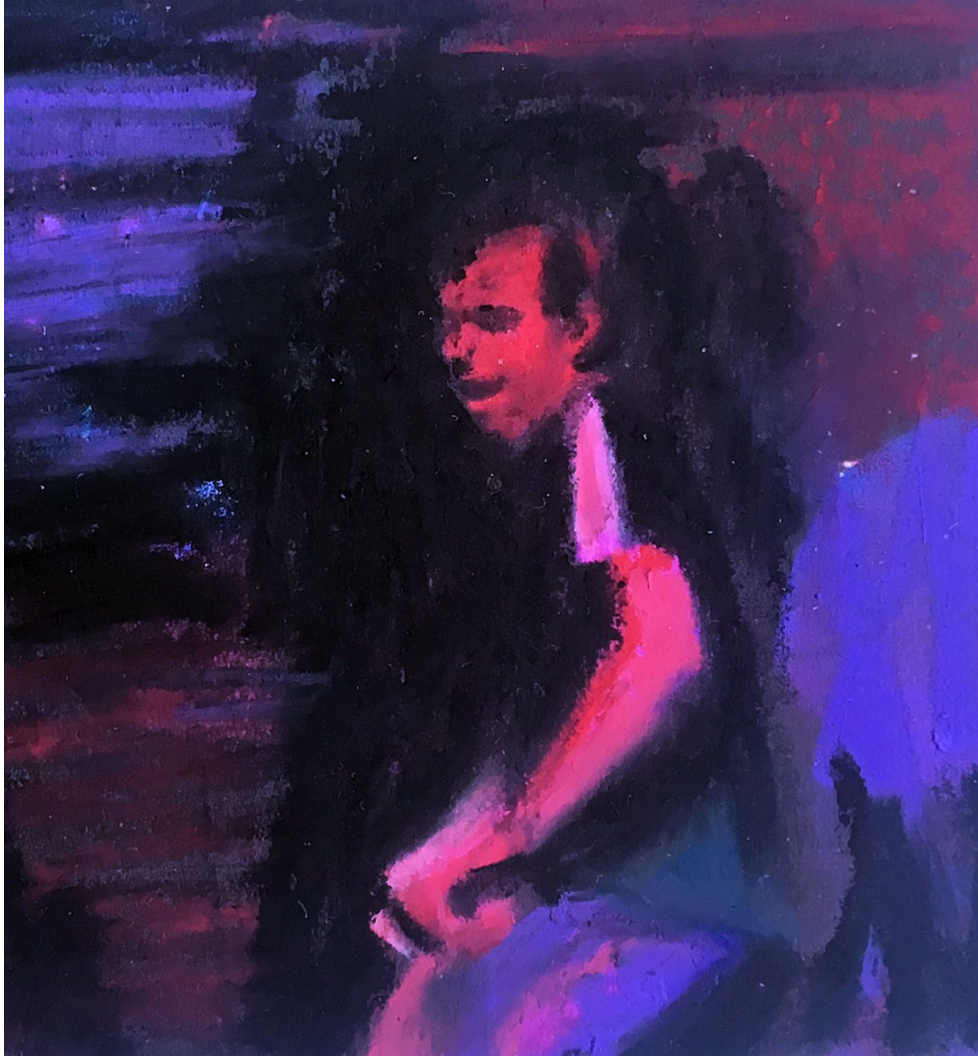
Sabrina Rosenheim is a painter and animator based in London. Her work can be found on Instagram [@sabrinarosenheim](https://www.instagram.com/sabrinarosenheim) and at [sabrinarosenheim.com](https://www.sabrinarosenheim.com)



▲ Pausing



▲ Cousins in Deptford Graveyard



▲ Night End

Unseen! Bookclub

Books related to the theme of 'Endings' chosen by our contributors.

Pans Labyrinth - Guillermo del Toro

Hold Back the Tide - Melinda Salisbury

The Empire Must Die: Russia's Revolutionary Collapse, 1900-1917 - Mikhail Zygar

Nothing to Be Frightened Of - Julian Barnes

Cat's Cradle - Kurt Vonnegut

On Chesil Beach - Ian McEwan

This World is not Conclusion - Emily Dickinson

Giovanni's Room - James Baldwin

Acknowledgements

From all of the team at Unseen! - thanks for reading. It has been a pleasure to collate this issue, celebrating our new creative community. If you've enjoyed reading feel free to donate to arts for all by following this link:

<https://www.justgiving.com/fundraising/unseencollective>