
IF
DEATH
IS NOT THE
END
AN ICHIRUKI POETRY ZINE

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HEAD MOD'S NOTE

Before anything else, let me set the scene: it was a bright, sunny morning. I was getting ready for work, packing my tablet, laptop and all your usual suspects for performative productivity. I didn't have time for breakfast, not even for coffee; I didn't have time for anything, really. As I walked out of the house, it seemed to me that the birds were mocking the way I couldn't crack a smile. I didn't want to spend another day offering my blood and sweat to my corporate overlords. What a boring simulation this is. I needed something to pull me out of this formulaic funk.

I passed by a flower shop and it surprised me how clean the mirrors on their windows were. I could see myself so clearly, so bare—the exhaustion in my eyes wasn't fooling anyone anymore, not even me. I swear, I tried my best to lift the corners of my mouth, but my face didn't suit how beautiful the weather was. That was when I decided I was going to be the one to wrench myself from this mundane cycle. So instead of turning right, I went in the opposite direction from my usual route to my hybrid job.

I walked until there were no birds, no mirrors, no crowds of salarymen rushing through the streets. There was only a song playing in my ears: "Glow" by Masakazu Morita and Fumiko Orikasa. It was pretty anticlimactic since it's such a slow, soft song but at that moment, I was more pumped up than ever. Eventually, I made my way to the nearest café and sat there with one heel tapping against the floor. I was breathing like crazy. The heat had come too quickly, clinging to my skin as I tried to catch my breath. Then, as I opened my laptop to begin—

Finally, a genuine smile lifted my face.

I always wanted to do a fandom collaboration. But what would it be about? Something magical !! Something I love and that others would love to join in on, too !! With a heart brimming with newfound joy and a mind full of whimsy, I perused my Tumblr and Twitter pages until I stumbled upon the perfect subject:

Ichigo's words to Rukia in the Fade to Black Movie:

"Hey, if death really isn't the end, then that may not have been the very first time we met. Maybe we've been linked together for a lot longer. I can't say for sure, but I think that once a bond is formed, it never disappears. So even if we forget everything, we'll be joined together again someday."

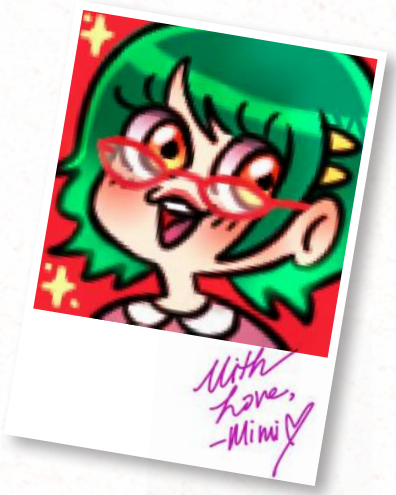
And from that spark came our first-ever Ichiruki Poetry Zine, aptly titled **If Death Is Not The End**. This anthology explores the idea of Ichigo and Rukia's bond continuing beyond themselves, beyond death itself. Within these pages are poems and illustrations beautifully crafted by our talented writers and artists, from veterans of the Ichiruki fandom to those joining us for the first time.

What began as a concept at that café table became something I could never have put together alone. We spent months working on this and we're so proud of the final product !! More than that, we had so much fun bringing everything together and watching a community grow around it. To each and every one of you who gave your time, words, art and support to this zine: thank you for making it possible. May you continue to shine wherever this life takes you !!

And to our readers:

We hope you lose yourself in these pages. Wander through the depths of Ichigo and Rukia's journey or perhaps fall in love with them all over again. Let these poems and prose leave you with a feeling, a thought, a spark that stays with you even after you've finished reading. And if that feeling finds its way into something of your own, we'll be more than happy to have passed it on.

So there, that's how I ended up spearheading this project. Maybe all I needed was to take a different turn that day. To step away from the life I had grown accustomed to. Perhaps things don't always have to end when we think they do. Sometimes, they simply take another form, another meaning and in the fullness of time, become something new—yet somehow, so familiar to the touch.



ABOUT THE ZINE

If Death Is Not the End is a poetry zine that dives into the gap where life & death brush against each other. It follows a human who straddles the living world & the unseen, and a Soul Reaper whose job is to guide souls across that fragile boundary.

In the realm of Ichigo Kurosaki & Rukia Kuchiki, death is rarely final. Souls move on with or without their memories; brief crossings can leave marks that ripple far beyond a single existence.

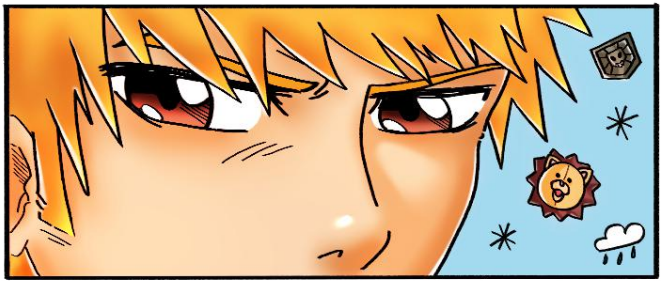
Like sand in a rotator, their paths shift, circle back & align in ways that neither could have ever planned. What begins as a tragic encounter becomes something steadier: two broken people who changed each other's worlds.

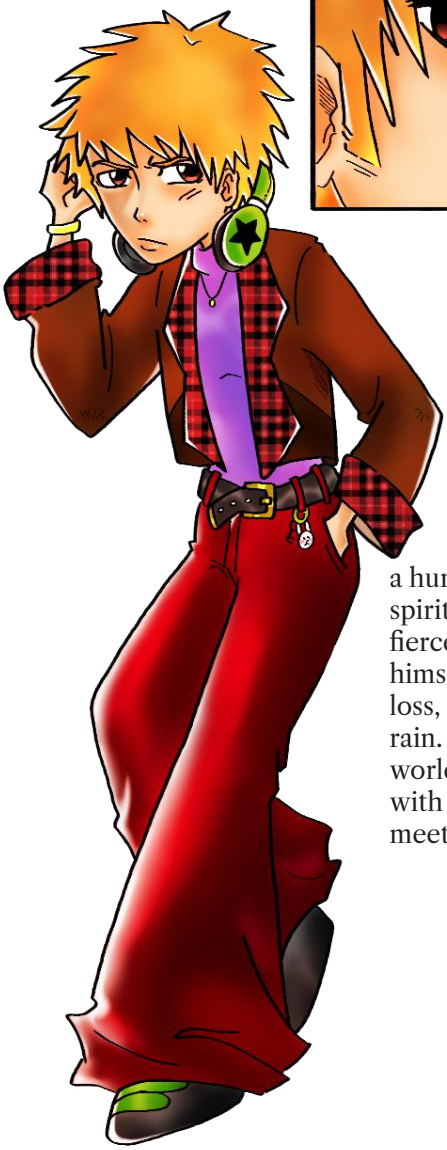
This zine invites the readers to immerse themselves in both the beauty & melancholia of looking back—at the force that keeps them close & the bonds that won't wither even when everything else does.

This zine is a non-commercial fan work made simply out of love for Ichigo & Rukia, both as individuals & as a pair. It is an unofficial work & is not affiliated with or endorsed by Tite Kubo or the official rights holders.

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CHARA
INTROD





ICHIGO KUROSAKI

a human turned Substitute Soul Reaper. Able to see spirits from a young age, Ichigo is strong-willed & fiercely protective of those around him, often putting himself in harm's way to keep others safe. No stranger to loss, his tragic past has left his heart beneath a constant rain. When Rukia enters his life, he is drawn into the world of Soul Reapers & the responsibilities that come with it. The Black Sun to Rukia's White Moon, their meeting would change the course of his world.

Rukia saved my Life.
She changed my Destiny...
Because of Rukia,
I became a Shinigami,
that's how I am able to fight...
and Protect Everyone Now!
- Chapter 155

ACTER
UCTION





RUKIA KUCHIKI

a Soul Reaper from the 13th Division, the military & law enforcement organization of the Soul Society. She was tasked to patrol Karakura Town & protect its residents. On one fateful night, while defending Ichigo & his family from Hollows, she transfers her Soul Reaper powers to him. Reserved, stubborn yet highly dignified & determined, she would become the light that brings an end to the rain that had long followed Ichigo.

That's Right. From the Very Beginning,
He Never Changed. Just by that one
Man's Unchanging Resolve...

Everyone's... Even My Own;
One Million Years of Soul Society's
Unwavering Rigidity...
All of them were wiped clean... Ichigo!
- Chapter 476

TABLE OF CONTENTS

Chapter 1: This Heart Will Wait Its Turn

12 The Seed

14 Sundress

15 Little Mushroom

16 The Golden Boy

18 perennial

20 Orchard Of Unpicked Fruit

22 Custodian Of Lasting Rain

24 Forget Me Not

Chapter 2: Even As I Break From The Path

28 Parting Is Such Sweet Sorrow

30 The Gospel According To Death.

32 Barren And Breathless Winter

34 Of Shadows

36 Bargaining

38 Invisible Wor(l)ds

40 Metaphors For Being Lost

42 Winged Things

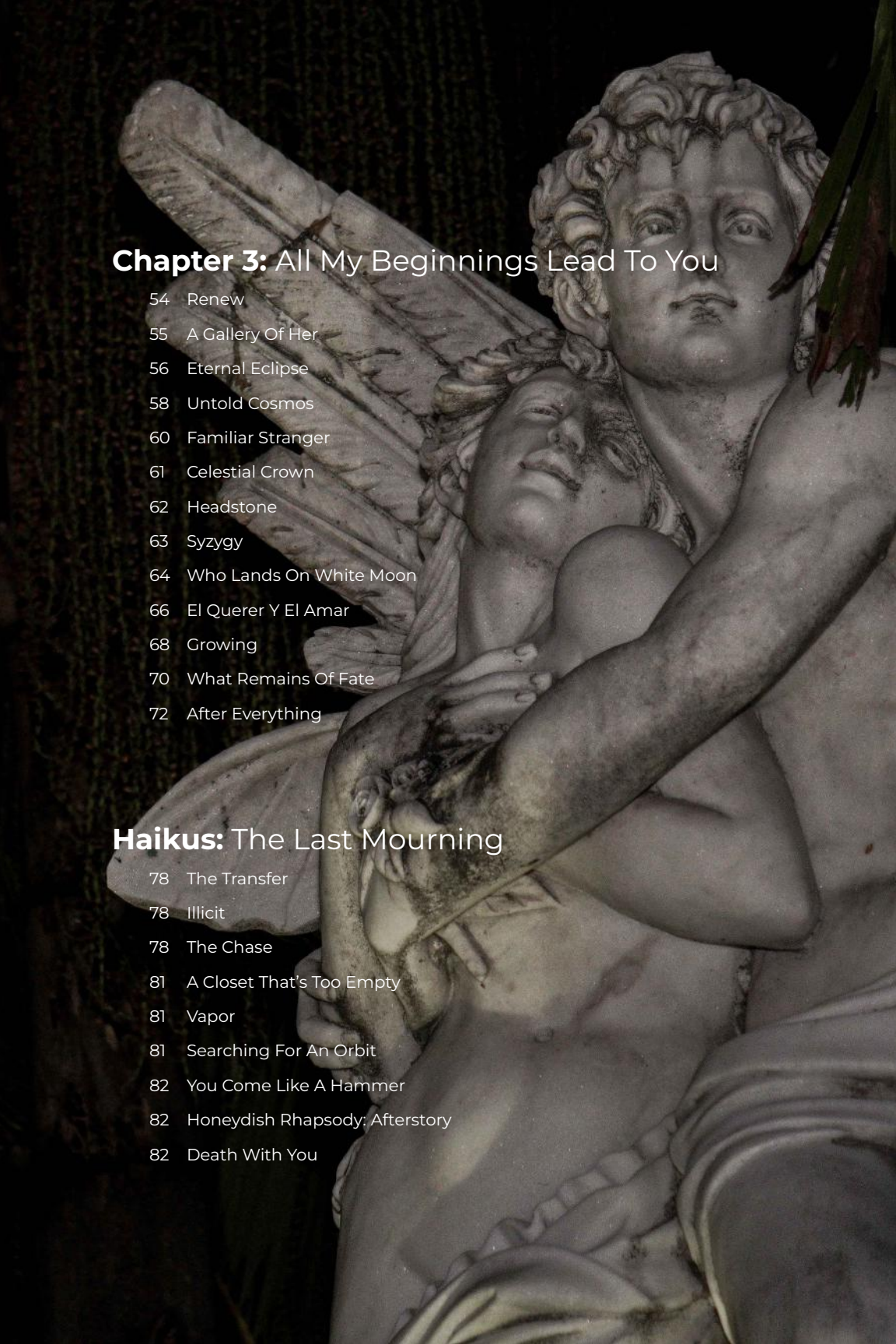
44 The Kiss Of Snow

46 You Took My Name (With You)

47 Parapraxis

48 Not Delivered.

50 Clouded Skies



Chapter 3: All My Beginnings Lead To You

54 Renew

55 A Gallery Of Her

56 Eternal Eclipse

58 Untold Cosmos

60 Familiar Stranger

61 Celestial Crown

62 Headstone

63 Syzygy

64 Who Lands On White Moon

66 El Querer Y El Amar

68 Growing

70 What Remains Of Fate

72 After Everything

Haikus: The Last Mourning

78 The Transfer

78 Illicit

78 The Chase

81 A Closet That's Too Empty

81 Vapor

81 Searching For An Orbit

82 You Come Like A Hammer

82 Honeydish Rhapsody: Afterstory

82 Death With You



CHAPTER ONE

THIS HEART WILL WAIT ITS TURN

Some love is so deep, so patient, that you cannot claim it. The purest kind of devotion that waits quietly, like a flower too beautiful to pluck. This chapter dwells in the weightless awe of watching someone you cherish grow & bloom, cradling your longing in the soil of your own heart while the world dances along with them. A love that waits for its season, knowing it will come no matter the wait.



FEATURING POEMS BY:
Abri_Chan • AKnightOfAGoodKing •
farewellswords • Lyre_27 • Mimidorika • SP

THE SEED

By AKnightOfAGoodKing

He was a boy. She was a ghost.
They should have never, ever met,
and yet, fate rewrote it differently.
The moon cast its glow over the night
and shone a path through the city.
When morning came, life had changed;
buried beneath thick, deafening ice,
a seed was awakening, peeking through,
and its name was *devotion*.

One by one, the ghost removed the splinters
from the boy's eyes, taking down his walls.
He was hollow, but not empty, and his lungs
were filled with snow, crisp and pristine.
Winter had never, ever been so beautiful;
the seed thrived in the cold, and it grew
and grew and grew, its roots
mending the boy's fragile heart.

Spring came with a content sigh,
and the seed blossomed. Shy and tender,
it called itself *love*, and it filled the boy
like the sweetest nectar—for her.
Then, like a ghost, like the winter,
she vanished, shedding her black garb
to take her place in her tower:
the moon, as white as snow.

She'd gone where he couldn't follow,
but he'd been *changed*.
He would go where she'd gone,
vowing to return her smile.



SUNDRESS

By Mimidorika

I often talk
of soft—
milk-warm,
sunbeams,
in rhythm.

On June mornings,
with no distress,
but lotus blossoms.

By the lucent river
in a sundress;
a feral novel
no one could fathom.
I often write
of wistful you—
like water;
a chaos bouquet.

In rolling waves,
I'd plunge my feet;
rinse my pot of clay.

By the hem of my dress,
the wind blows heat.
You'd call me
your *heroine*—
and brighten
my day.

LITTLE MUSHROOM

By Lyre_27



Deep in the dark, the little mushroom waits
She lures lost wanderers and grants them death
Inconsequential lives, she liberates
As she counts down to each soul's final breath

Spores travel a million miles to prairies
And settle in a place of glitt'ring light
A fae tends to a meadow of berries
And embraces the spores with warm delight

A joyous feeling fills her hollow heart
Perchance, this time she learns at last to laugh
But she brings chaos, thus she must depart
So none shall ever need an epitaph

Away she goes, away from the meadow
Lest all she loves be swallowed by sorrow

WELCOME THE GOLDEN BOY

By Mimidorika

What an idiotic thing—falling for you. My arms and legs have become disobedient. How easy it is for them to remember how to tremble and flail. They lost the spirit to clutch onto anything anymore, no plans to save me from all of this. From all of you.

I'm plummeting—the wind twisting my hair into whips, my robes into lashing sundered banners—and all I see are bleached bones for eyes—bashed figs for lips. Even as the hole rapidly encloses, strangling tail ends of pouring light; I wouldn't mind if all I could see were smithereens of your maple sugar smile.

You make me want to overcome the bashful side of me. The thought of you makes me want to breathe and suffocate, all at once.

I feel the drop but, not the pain. It's dark, and musty all around but, the beacon above urges me to be unafraid. You feel like sunlight, a scintillating miracle; unfiltered and mellow. You permeate throughout the chasmic fractures, unclothing the hidden territories of my soul; shells upon shells caused by a sole touch from your aftershock.

I anticipate the unconventional tale to unfurl. The solar hero unaware of a careless noble girl. The replaceable, toned-down token pursues the lead character's blueprint. Have I tackled the harshest of climates and paid the highest and most foolish of costs—even presently, I languish; exploit after exploit, trying to protect you from you.

I bat my eyelids at the beacon above me, and it leaps down before I can react. Its dewy reflection diffuses heaven's night and pervades my glooming hell. I am stripped down to my nourishment, from years of ruthless winter. Nowhere to hide. No safe brood to run behind to. Ancestors, absolve me! For I am forgetting the shadows of your features—inside the limits of this solitude, he is the origin; the primordial follicle in stasis.

You pull me up without contact, merely a bob of the head. You introduce yourself—shoulders hunched with unfinished fury, humble yet somewhat burning and I, a sappy sweating spectacle, so if you must dissect my reputation—melt the turbid, purple clouds in my pupils first. Soften them until they are but, a shapeless puddle beneath your feet. Tear my mouth open and awaken the ecstatic, wild youth I have never kissed. Nourish back this blighted breed. Decorate this gaping darkness like a home for our future children.

Glut the cleft between

our famished collarbones; the chronic solstice you have yet to coax—
I welcome it.

PERENNIAL

By farewellswords

we'd been sleeping
parallel every night

with the walls between us growing
thinner

then the sharp edge of spring cut
open an estival tempest

raindrops and cicadas sung
rhapsodic lullabies

my thighs pillowed
his nape

at dawn the decaying tree sprouted
perennial blooms

he recklessly climbed
to join me aloft a branch

as the sinless sun peeked
over the horizon back at us

he invited
my muddy footprints into his heart

our walls crumbled
into stardust

and june purled
promises that july can't keep

but for the first time
i'm living like a human girl


I + R

ORCHARD OF UNPICKED FRUIT

By SP

Rich as winter plums, sweetness I could never forget—fruit of another season, a shame to pluck from its cradle.

Under pendulous boughs, she stands apart the harvest—resolve ripening where easier hearts would crumble through extreme weather.

Kind as kumquat rind, she meets the living world without flinching; untouched by fear of consequence or praise.

In every promise she has never broken for someone's sake, I find the same fierce mercy coming through my mouth.

Apricots blush under my sun, yet she—as the stubborn beauty she is—does not change her complexion for anyone.

Knotted in midnight, her charcoal hair gathers like blackberries behind treacherous thorns.

Unruled by expectation—she dances like wild fern along a rock edge grove—self-sown, governed by no gardener.

Cold blossoms bow before her, pale at first frost; an epiphany arouses in her lonely existence.

Huckleberry, scarlet berry lips, ever so tempting for a bite; I hesitate to confess, she'll grow in ways I'll never venture.

I know of no fruit more misjudged than her—admired for her modest yet daunting brilliance; seen, but never taken.

Keeping still, I have come to know the heart's endurance beyond unyielding time—at dusk, I pray I may remain her witness, her freedom in perpetuity.

I stand where the orchard opens to the eastern horizon, knowing this love will persist well after I enter her soil.

CUSTODIAN OF LASTING RAIN

By SP

In hours when the field lies tangled after the storm, I see him heading through broken reeds and littered buttercups, saving what others would leave to rot.

Constant as cove set against battering currents, wrought between two circles, between two paths: life and what lies after.

Hardened beginnings once traced his early days, yet he goes tender whenever he looks out his bedroom window. It's a mystery what he views from up there, but sometimes I get a glimpse of my reflection from the twinkle in his eyes.

I would take in every downpour he conjures, until my worn branches would answer with a booming pulse. He need not ask for it—I will protect him, no matter the fate that awaits me.

Grief followed him often, it never ceased. Despite his relentless rain, I could never fear him; what is this sensation I keep coming back to?

Over the years, I watched the clouds loosen their hold on him, little by little. I hope, in time, he knows that even the heaviest skies were never his to bear alone.

Knowing him is like finding a sun in endless wilderness; I rested there long enough to realize I had been seeking for it all along.

Upon meeting him, I discovered the smallest truths: the way he forgot his own pricked fingers, his own bleeding knees; scarcely noticing his own pain. He never paused to count what he had lost, only what he could still offer to those who called his heart home.

Rare is the person who opens a gate and does not ask for a toll. Behind him was a world built from all the things he never allowed others to see—the wishes he abandoned, the scars from losing loved ones, the loneliness he had mistaken for strength. I sat among them, befriending all of his wounds.

One, two three, four—it seems death cannot touch the bond we swore.

Some men would have taken every flower they wanted for themselves, but he only stayed until my petals could reach the sun, then smiled when they no longer needed his shadow.

And if the world is kinder now, it's because of him.

Keeping watch from afar, he became the reason I walked forward when I could have remained where I was.

I remember the boy who tended to the smallest shoots with scuffed hands, his smile stretching from ear to ear. As my love returns to him across years and worlds alike, I hope some part of it came from seeing what his waters raised.

FORGET ME NOT

By Abri_Chan

Beneath a kaleidoscope canopy,
the rabbit-girl has purple-dusk eyes.
No one knows what secrets they hold.

Her feet alone bear the burden—
the weight of damp snow,
of withered dreams in yellowed weather,
and of longing: a sunbeam on water at daybreak.
.
.
.
.
.
Forget me.
Forget me not.
Play it in reverse,
and remember me forevermore.





FEATURING POEMS BY:
Abri_Chan • Emily P. • farewellswords • I.N. • Jcell • Lamy • Lyre_27 • Mimidorika •



CHAPTER TWO

EVEN AS I BREAK FROM THE PATH

Even love meant to endure can be broken by life's cruelties. Imagine the quiet dread of drifting alone through the open sea. No harbor or familiar shore in sight. Only the crackling rhythm of lightning, of waves & of the aching thoughts of existing apart. Yet you refuse to float aimlessly. Through the storm & restless water, you search for a lighthouse. A distant glow that reminds you there's still a way forward.

PARTING IS SUCH SWEET SORROW

By Lamy

I see you, lying there, in a state of bliss,
A sight I cannot help but take in,
Alabaster skin and a shock of raven hair,
Before I lay a kiss on your cheek,
I look at the time on the alarm clock,
And the first streaks of flame in the dark sky,
I only wish to slow down the clock
So I can spend more time with you.

A new day has begun, and I can start to hear
The warbler's joyful song, yet when I am awoken,
By your kiss, and my lilac eyes meet
Your pools of honey, I can already see, how sombre,
Your gaze is, like a dagger, which pierces my
Heart, I only wish I could take that pain away.

The sky's colours look like an artist's palette,
Sublime shades of azure, vermillion, rose, plum,
And amber — a sight I wish I could take in forever,
With you, by my side.
I remember how small and delicate,
Your hands feel in mine.
Yet, now, I cannot help but feel repelled by your touch,
How we are only honest with each other when we are dishonest.

Turtle Dove, and Bulbul, they both become
Welcomed performers, accompanying the warbler
In the beautiful chorus, and the first streams of sunlight,
Warm and gentle, they make my skin glow,
The rays turn your head into a halo of flame,
These rays, they purify me, of the shame and the sin,
That I partook in with you, on that last night.

I make matcha for the two of us,
A bitter and warm delight, befitting of our,
Addictive, mutually-assured, self-destruction.
We sip, and I will begin to take in your form,
Those subtle curves,
that smile that you only give to me
Once more, for the last time, this year.
"Until next time", I say to you.

"Yes, until next time", I respond.
As the last throes and colours of dawn,
Give way to the cream hues of day,
I mark my diary for the year to come,
Of next year, and as you dress, and close the door,
I take in your height - that way you make me seem small,
And those warm pools of coffee-like eyes,
For the last time.

THE GOSPEL ACCORDING TO DEATH.

By Emily P.



Cotton swabs
and cherry rust

A clinic house
to summer dust

There is no doorway
left unexplored

No human heartbeat
I yet ignore

He speaks my name
like prayer half-begun

Like winter aching
for a distant sun

My heart is but a stone
beneath his grieving sky

And his Gospel remains the reason
I have not sought to die.



BARREN AND BREATHLESS WINTER

By Lyre_27

I wonder, can I keep up with it

The speed of the world without you in it

The scent of winter reawakens memories

Of that day, that time, those eyes

If you are the west, then I am the east
You dwell in the country of the dead
Steel shears poised above my thread
Protected my soul from a vile breach
What to do but to love you, at least
In this life and death script
For you, I may not be fit
Still, I would chase your form
Against a landslip, against a storm
I wonder, can I keep up with it

I would contest Hollow's feast
In a frost-bound waste, a lone shed
Snow gathered where our footsteps bled
The splintered chambers of your heart re-pieced
My love for you only increased
Ash drifting from a blackened writ
Saving you from the tower's pit
Hoarfrost thick on the beam and the door
I fear your absence at my core
And the speed of the world without you in it

Echoes of quarrels and of sharp remarks
Still, I am glad I found you
Beneath the sky washed iron-blue
Where shadows nested in the dark
And fate bent through its arcs
Dew jeweling winter-black berries
Ghost of rabbit-clasped accessories
The ache in all its forms remains
Sleet threading through endless rains
And the scent of winter reawakens memories

The pavement beneath us glowed
Breath unraveling into haze
Through a wandering frost-struck maze
Even gloved hands stiffened and slowed
Life with you carried thorns and gold
We've parted like gods at the world's demise
My eyes know no tears, yet my soul cries
Your fading form could not sever
From that barren and breathless winter
Of that day, that time, those eyes

OF SHADOWS

By I.N.

she follows me with a relentless pursuit,
my secondary self.
she springs from the places I touch the earth.
when the sun dazzles my eyes,
I find her wherever I turn for solace.

midday and I am the tallest
version of myself around,
clear-headed as an arrow.
when night encroaches, her influence grows;
she peels away from me with reckless confidence.

she goes where I cannot.
I stand above you,
cut between you and the sunrise,
and she falls
across your face with terrible softness,
blurring your uplifted features.

you and I touch only in moments
of instruction or emergency,
but my double and yours are freer
with each other. Light knows
no hierarchy, ignores propriety;
it simply reveals.

you meet me outside of your house at dusk;
backlit by the open doorway, your shape
is cast down the stoop towards me.
I, with the dying sun on my side,
can keep our prerequisite distance and yet still,
with one step,
watch our shadows merge on the pavement
into an inkblot shape of desire.

the gap between our bodies rings;
the echo of a struck bell in an empty chamber.

I am envious of absence.

BARGAINING

By farewellswords

nothing lingers when she leaves.
no scent, no footprints in the snow,
no scarf on his desk or gloves on his bed frame;
no echo or whisper or even
the weighted silence of her pressure—
once as light and cold as the wind on a cheek.

all the color follows her,
a gray world behind.
she takes the sunshine with her,
and the moonlight and every star
is swallowed in a gasp.
it all melts on her tongue.
only clouds and rain and smoke and sleet stay.
she never does. she never can.
then, undead, she rises,
and it's a kick in the face,
a fist to the chin,
a sword through the chest—
and a smile on his lips.
but it doesn't last.

Ichigo is forced to watch Rukia die,
over and over and over again—
without a picture in a frame or ash in an urn;
no passing of bones or renaming ritual,
no funeral or wake or eulogy.
nothing to have. nothing to hold. nothing to kiss.

all that's left are dreams of her:
so sound a songstress, borderless but bound.
and in these dreams of endless sky,
beseeching, he indites:

"Tell me, O Moon, do you now mourn for me,
The way I mourn for you these lonely days?"
"Nay, I do not," she blankly versifies.
"For you, O Sun, yet live."

then, as he wakes,
he is forced to watch her leave again,
while clinging to the macabre hope
that it's not the last time she dies.

INVIS
WOR(

The pitter-patter of the rain
Endlessly pouring
Slowly sinking
Drowning
in this dream

A silhouette
—fading to black

I can't look away
Now only a memory that lingers

See you
Will you even remember me?
Your name
falls to my lips,
pricks my tongue and
burrows deep
into my heart

You fool
Grasping for a trace
Your voice rings
like whispers
to my heart

An empty closet and the clock
stills
My mind is a blur
from the speed of the world

without you in it

A faint winter scent nudges me
softly
Only for it to scatter like white haze

A cruel mirage meant just for me
My road to you

—a lifetime away



IBLE
L)DS

By Jcell



Your gallant back
The deep lines between your brows
That cheeky
and stupid smile
Your burning gaze that never wavers

You came in a roaring tide
Yet calmed down the storm
I step back—
but you pull our strings entangled

My heart just unravels
Beyond what I can contain
Emotions overflow like a river
Seeping through the cracks in my soul

As sunny spots fall on my cheeks,
and tickle my skin under the shade,
I wonder how you are
As the sunset blush and
warmth of dawn comforts me,
I hope you're well

As leaves flutter, the flowers bloom;
the still snow whispers—
I wish you're happy
As trees sway, the waves dance;
the summer night sky shimmers—
I run to you.

A season of you dyed my whole life.

I wave to you—
though you cannot see
Even if my voice can't reach you
By and by,
I'll always be with you.

METAPHORS FOR BEING LOST

By I.N.

My mother told me once it was called 'the bends'
when you surface too quickly after too long and too
deep underwater.
Bubbles forming in the blood. The pain folds you in half.

I didn't know I was underwater until I rose towards you,
a crippling instinct,
and felt the insistent bow of my spine.

You remain the hinge I unfold from
open shut case.
You enter a room and I am
half-sick with gravity.

My mother told me once that a broken egg cannot be fixed
as she scooped it from the kitchen tile, bare hands to
the trash.
Shell doesn't heal like skin. There is no going back.

My world split open in much the same way at your hands,
an irreversible, unrepeatable reveal
of true function.

The knife loves the whetstone; tides, the moon.
I draw sand under myself to draw closer to you,
eat coastlines and arch my back towards the clouds,
grow sharp as you need.

Is it the steel you've formed me to that I treasure
or the person that did it? Any answer is impotent;
a convict's play at disinterest cannot erode bars.

My mother told me once that some roads
can only be understood when you are already halfway
down them.
Combustion, attraction, death. They require experience.

Years later, I will tell her of the hole I carved
in my chest for you; confession to her stone in a field of
stones.
She would've said it was inevitable, I think. She knew
my heart.

It's simple in the end:
wherever you stand, this body tilts towards.
No amount of time, or choice,
or other hands,
can remove the iron in my blood
or the magnet in your skin.

WINGED THINGS

By farewellswords

Were we Angels, pure,
In another life, language, or skin?
Is that why this
Thing I call a body—like yours—holds stinging
Scars collected but flesh unmarred,
Unhealed, still, by the shields we wield?
Deeper than that, old wounds remain; the soul of a Reaper
Stays in the fray
Long after the battle's swan song.

Awaited my execution date,
Lay in my tower—my feathers clipped—and played
Reels in my head, of our struck deal;
Of when you were too easy to love,
We were free,
And my fingers fit fatefully in your hand
On the hilt of a sword I'd drawn
To save you.
Fought with myself and thought
How I'd strung you up with me on my gallows bough
Before I even knew the end to our story.

Anything with wings
Finds itself inevitably trapped in a bind:
Like the cunning shrike,
Born with a bloody chest and amidst thorns,
May fall as if its own prey
To the bramble it ever deftly flew through.

You appeared to me like that too:
Some winged thing and I your plumb,
Leaded weight for you to carry from the dreaded
Cage you found me in. all to wage
War in my name, on my shore,
Where you rushed to tear
Apart the blackest of all hearts,
Mine being the darkest among the Divine—
Though you didn't know.
Still don't. not who I've killed;
Sins I cannot begin
To atone for. yet, you
Can escape the thicket I trapped you in without a plan,
If I could just let you live.

THE KISS OF SNOW

By Abri_Chan

Snow drapes the mountains,
white as crystal, and above,
the sky murmurs like a deer's breath.

The kiss of the girl in the snow,
ignites a burning within you.

Neon lights the windows
of fleece-covered apartments.
The city burns thoughtfully
through the night.

Her eyes and body
never cease to haunt,
yet she always escapes.

The deaf ground shifts
with steadfast fortune.
Spring follows Winter
into the abyss.
Snow whistles as it
cascades off the precipice.

The girl, with years in her eyes,
remains.

You tremble—
when you step onto the thawing snow,
bereft.



YOU TOOK MY NAME (WITH YOU)

By I.N.

I stitched a strawberry into your veil,
caught my palm with the needle and bled on the hem;
thought,
at least she'll carry part of me to the altar.

PARAPRAXIS

By Mimidorika

I stopped beside a shop and thought of her,
that purple shade that broke my steady sight;
I watched the years dissolve within that color,
and knew that bruise would lead me back to light.

You stood there while I turned it in my grip,
your fingers grazing where the fabric folds;
I took it like a passing, one stray slip,
not how my mind had drifted from the cold.

I draped the cloth on you as I moved aside,
you kept it close as silence came on cue;
I said the scarf matched the brown in your eyes,
but truth has learned to split itself in two.

And all I swore was certain turned to sin—
as I touched your flesh and meant her skin.

NOT DELIVERED.

By Emily P.

Goodbye, Rukia—
spoken as if his touch
could cross the divide where only duty passes,
as if what is offered briefly
could endure where worlds refuse to meet.
But how could I?

When everything he leaves behind
belongs to a day
already swallowed by another realm's twilight,
where the hours we borrowed decay
before either heart can truly keep them.

Again, I let go with
words that gripped my throat;
they settle deeper than blade wounds,
deeper than judgments bellowed
within Seireitei halls.

I keep what his body gave
as evidence
that parting can falter mid-execution,
and that endings
are not always granted dominion.
Yet, how could I?

When even Hell Butterflies
arrive, hollow of him still—
only the suggestion that he persists
somewhere,
too far gone for summons,
too near for forgetting to succeed.
Now that the living has torn itself away from me.

I pace through corridors of white stone
that offer no sanctuary of him,
through duties that demand discipline,
where I first witnessed a new language.

Even so—
there are instants when reality distorts
along an unsteady seam,
and I swear his reiatsu drifts
through another vessel,
another voice;
misplaced.

I miss you, Ichigo—
I fold what he left behind
like sealed correspondence from a place
that pretends it has no need of him,
though every route of return
curves away before it can be delivered.
But how could I?

CLOUDED SKIES

By I.N.

barely at bay,
swollen ceiling cracked by telephone lines;
I shelter under awnings for sweet intervals
in the steps between the dentist's office and the
convenience store and what
once was my father's house.
doorways, shop bells, walking light countdown;
an essential delay.

morse code communications
over breakfast; sigh, swallow, spoons clinking.
my son and his mother sway in psychic communion,
his laughter smothered into her chest, his small back
imbuing her hands with such importance.
the flare of her long hair,
which in the right angle, looks like my mother's; excuse
enough
for the mistake.

time hurtles or crawls;
far across the water, some country is invading another.
I am caught by churning wings at a newspaper stand;
greed, that familiar revenant.
bills, grocery lists, bedtime stories of knights and fate.
homesick for a land within myself
I long ago gave up the travel permits to.
still, the sky waits.

daybreak repeats its drumbeat.
the inertia of my son's eyelashes and plump kneecaps.
I carry him to the park so he can jump, soar, discover
his own blood under torn skin;
when he cries, the sound bears me towards him as a
boat in the rapids.

relief in the urgency of his existence,
weight enough to disrupt, at least for a moment, my
missing centre of gravity.

in this way, I endure,

living off a meteorologist's hope
that any day now,
the air pressure will shift
and I will finally see you again.



CHAPTER THREE

ALL MY BEGINNINGS LEAD TO YOU

After all that's passed, they arrive at each other once more. A ribbon loops endlessly, each curve returning to the same place, constant & unshaken. Through countless turns, you meet them again—older, wiser, carrying everything you've both weathered—and still, without hesitation, you step into their presence as if no time had passed. Seeing that smile again is like coming back home, where every loop, every twist, has always been meant to bring you back.



FEATURING POEMS BY:
Cynical Potato • Fer • I.N. • koust • Lamy • Mimidorika • Fubuki Norris • Wuda

RENEW

By Cynical Potato

Her eyes, boundless and deep,
Diving into them ignites my soul.
Coals burn though long asleep,
A shattered heart, once again made whole.

Her gaze, so firm yet so soft,
Makes me feel that I can fly.
With her keeping me aloft,
Joy returns; no need to cry.

Her smile, rare and exquisite,
Rouses me in ways only she can.
To do things quite raw and explicit,
To show her I'll always be her man.

Upon this day, two souls shall renew
The vow once spoken in lives long past.
A bond eternal, death cannot undo—
Soulmates forever, a love built to last.

A GALLERY OF HER

By Fubuki Norris

when winter comes, a spell is cast
in an instant, a gallery of memories come to past
your elegant figure underneath the starlight
and your fierce gaze that leaves a sparkle in your eyes

dark as midnight, your raven hair would sway,
framing a face that never looked away;
small in stature, yet somehow standing tall,
with a will so strong it dwarfed us all.

your words were sharp, a blade without disguise,
yet kindness lingered deep behind your eyes;
you'd hide your burdens underneath a grin,
and bear the weight of storms that raged within.

I still recall the snow upon your sleeve,
the quiet strength you taught me to believe;
how fear would falter when you took your stand,
as courage bloomed wherever reached your hand.

among these frames that time could never bury,
through every season memory makes me carry,
one portrait shines beyond the rest I see,
because you are, the soul who changed the world for me.

ETERNAL ECLIPSE

By koust

It's a stable stream which your spine follows through;
fierce determination sustains your courage.
Adrenaline runs high as your bravery bounds my spirit.
The sun doesn't set till your promises become a legacy.
Hero's Excalibur raised to the skies in the name of glory!

It's your clasped hand which i hang on to,
white-knuckled at the edge of a cliff.
It's your heel i grasp, as you're submerged in too deep.
You have always held on to the burden of a tragedy.
The ones you fail to save
have always been the guilt you harbor.

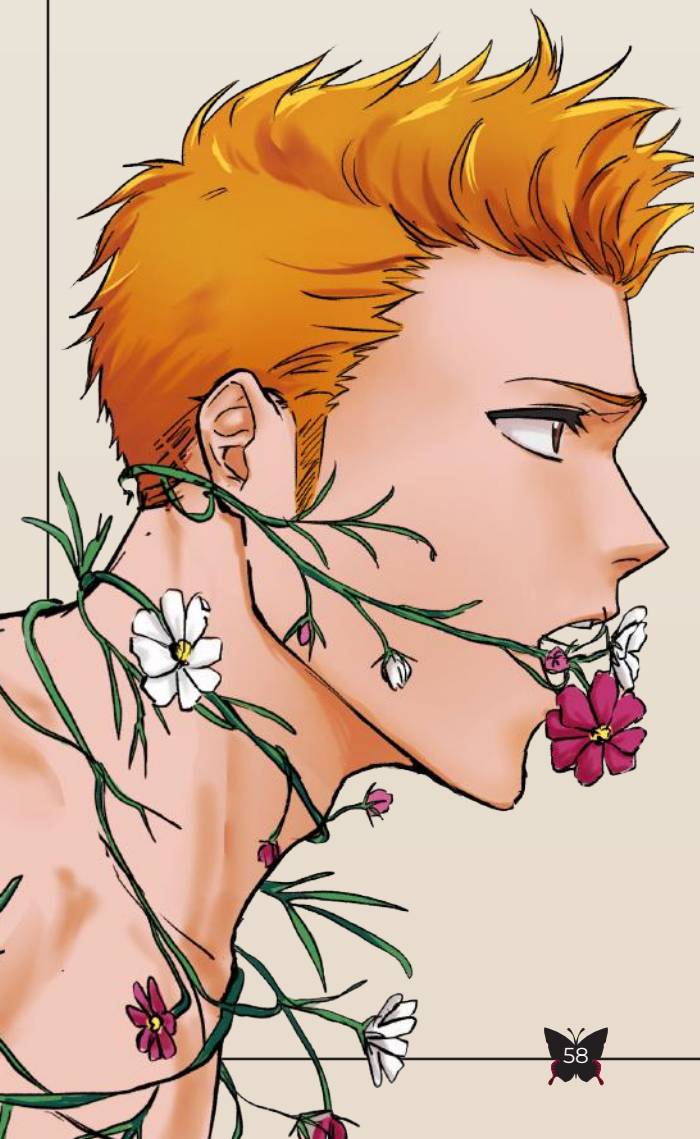
As we stand back-to-back, i ask you:
your diaphragm as a diagram,
your air into my lungs.
Inhale through me. i will exhale through you.
Let our hearts synchronize,
these cogs within the same machine.
I'll trace your anatomy: your soul from your will.

I'll be a shadow that shelters the fallen,
and I'll be the absence that comforts the wronged,
and I'll be at your feet, always,
as the beating of our hearts prolonged.

This is a battle you do not have to fight.
I'll kneel for you as a knight.
I'll be the weapon at your word.

My bright vermillion sun—
shine beyond me.
A ring bound by a vow to keep you safe.
You do not have to be lonely.

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of the frozen

of the unfettered life,

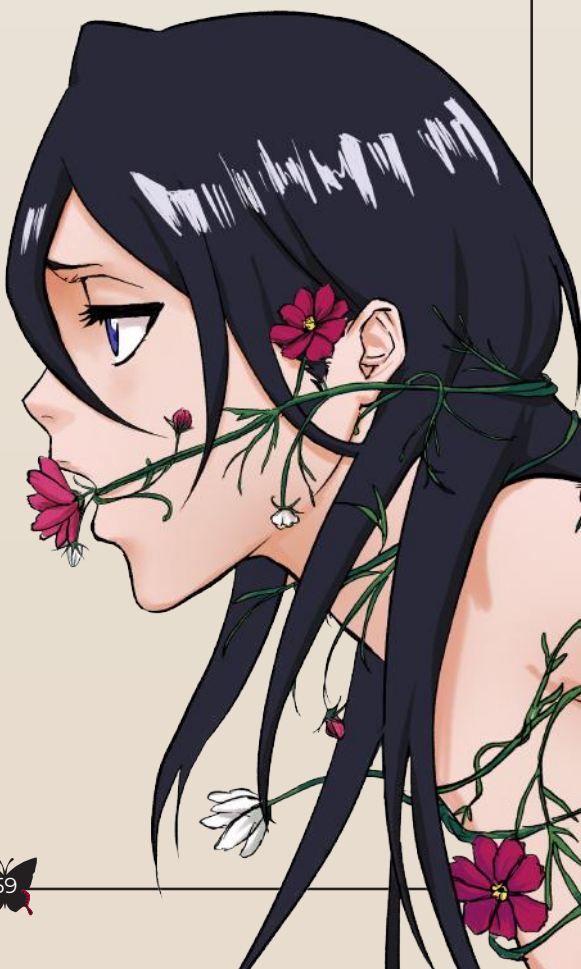
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TOLD MOS

By Mimidorika

Even with a cluster
of stellar glimmers
and felicities,
of which
they have carelessly,
and unwittingly,
created—
neither spoke,
midsummer madness,
of stomachs overfilled
with butterfly wings,
audience of dewdrops
elling sub rosa springs,
ed by the jagged coast,
ile, she loves the most,
wilderness set on fire,
we all come to inspire.
Even when trespassers,
ould revolt and forbid.
This universe
would always know—
it always did.



FAMILIAR STRANGER

By Cynical Potato

She feels the stare before she sees him,
longing in his eyes, but for good reason.
He knows her face; she remembers his voice,
unwilling to stop staring, as if they have a choice.

I know you, they speak in unison.
Neither fully aware that this is a reunion.

He's drawn to her, just as she is drawn to him,
memories sparking at the touch of their skin.

At once, they realize this isn't just a blind date.
Their forgotten love is restored by the clarity of fate.

CELESTIAL CROWN

By Fubuki Norris

cold moon over Karakura
painting gold across his face
fierce as storms and kind as dawn
my moonlit fool

sharp amber eyes in twilight
watching over friend and foe
though he grumbles, still he stays
guarding all

clouds may cover silver skies
yet the moon is never lost
just like courage in his heart
burning bright
when the night grows dark and deep
and the world begins to fade
his warm spirit lights the way
like moon fire

orange hair beneath moonbeams
wind-tossed, wild, impossible
still I find my gaze returns
to that moon

across silent winter nights
across battles, tears and years
he remains my constant light
in the dark

HEADSTONE

By Cynical Potato

Drawn to that place,
to where he now rests,
tears drown her face,
heart sank in her chest.

The sky turns gray
as the grass grows cold;
thoughts of that day
begin to unfold.

Her pain abounds
as she gazes down—
an ornate shrine
where he lay supine.

Loneliness grows,
yet she'll refrain.
She has no doubt:
his soul lives again.

Soon she will see
his smile once again.
Headstones won't be
where their story ends.

SYZYGY

By Lamy

Beautiful, pale moon,
Steadfast, watching over the asleep
and the dead, ever patient, graceful
And wise
Surrounded by stars
And yet so alone
For one moment,
Would you join me?

I am the one who separates the
Earth and the Moon,
Keeps them in their orbits
Tireless, thankless work
Maintaining flow, time, order
And yet,
I am not heartless,
For one moment,
I will bring them into alignment

Little blue marble,
Forever in flux,
Always growing, and changing,
Full of anger, and full of joy,
Bastion of life and laughter,
Dedicated to a fault,
In a realm full of nothingness,
Funny little earth,
Would you join me?

When we align,
Just for a brief moment,
You mask my glow,
Yet now I can finally feel your light,
Beautiful moon,
So small and delicate in my shadow.
Strange earth,
I enjoy seeing the living so closely.

As we part,
Back to our ways,
And orbits,
We will count down the days,
Until we meet again

WHO LANDS ON THE WHITE MOON

By koust

it's the fragile heart that
breaks in the minute
it defies the skies.

my bare feet lead me to the cliff,
the only way I know how to.
ingrained in my dreams:
how do I see you again?

your beauty breaks against the waves,
but I crumple upon myself—
the unfaltering Jordan river
which quenches your thirst,
contains a distance I cannot leap, crawl
or clamor.
Buried under—
coarse grains scraping corroded metal.

how will I ever hold you once more?

how does the warmth of that bunny
nested in between your palms
compare to the heat of my callused hands?

with endless constellations,
where do we go from here?
what was so familiar
feels so phantom.

with those suns shot down,
your white elegance illuminates
against the stark raven sky—
better to drink in your glistening waves and
your haunting spirit.

cascading white sands,
leading to a pearlescent resonance.

As you appear in the looming night,
the waters will part—
and I shall finally be set free.

EL QUERER Y EL AMAR

By Wuda

Me atrevo a asegurar que pretendo con maestría,
Desde cristalinas lágrimas hasta falsas sonrisas
Aunque aquello no responda,
El porque me lo pregunto ahora,
No hay razón para afirmarlo, no se trata de una mentira

Cuando preguntan por ti,
Basta afirmar que solo somos amigos,
Que me envuelve un profundo respeto y gratitud
Una profunda admiración por el hombre
Que tantas veces me ha protegido

Todo lo que guardo en mi corazón
Lleva tu nombre y se pronuncia en cada suspiro
Y aunque en cada uno de mis pensamientos estés
No puede tratarse de amor, ¡Simplemente no lo es!
Una vez me dijiste que de no ser la muerte el final,
La conexión entre almas no desaparecería
De ser cierto, y me hes permitido mantenerme unida a ti,
Ichigo, cuán privilegiada yo sería.

Admiraría tu sonrisa,
protegería tu empático corazón,
Abrazaría cada una de tus heridas
Mientras creamos más momentos juntos los dos
Hasta que esta vida culmine,
Y la nueva decida empezar

Translation:

I could pretend I'm good at it,
I can fake my smiles and even cry.
But I don't know why
        I'm thinking like this,
It shouldn't matter, right?
        I'm not lying.

Just a friendship—nothing else.
Every question about you, I repeat,
a profound gratitude,
        a mutual kind of respect;
An enormous admiration
        for the man who saved me
        in more ways than one.

All of this is stuck in my chest,
It bears your name,
        pronounced in every breath.
It's not love—definitely not that.
It's not like I dwell on you
        in my every waking thought.

You told me once,
        that if death isn't the end—

some bonds between people
        don't disappear once they're made.

If we are to remain bound together,
what a privilege it is
        to be by your side forever, Ichigo;
To be able to admire
        the softness of your eyes,
        the perfection of your smile.

I will protect
        your empathetic heart,
embrace your wounds,
capture even more moments
        between the two of us,
until this life ends
        and the next begins.

GROWING

By I.N.

had the thought the other day that you marked the end of my childhood; not a theft, but a door opening, a hand urging me forward, giving purpose to my feet; gatecrasher you with your bird shoulders, authority hanging off you like a coat you hadn't grown into yet; you looked at me like I was something; I had to become it to make it true

and I taught you how to drink a juice box, do you remember that?

trading expertise; monsters for calculus, swords for school lunches; and you took to the role with an ease only a runaway could have; in exchange, the heel of your hand on my chest, a forced shed of exoskeleton, scientific; and I accepted the scalpel as a benediction; whatever you found in my ribcage would be made worthy once you touched it, not that I comprehended it then; you sat on my bed once and my body turned inside out; bluster and insults; but there are worse things to keep in closets; skeletons or shame

and I lay awake listening for you across the room more nights than not, did i ever tell you that?

it had already ended once before, of course; sky swollen with water; body turned blanket turning cold; "I heard he killed his mom,"; knuckles swapping skin for loose teeth in the school parking lot; but that was a stunting, an erasure too incomplete to remove me from school picture lineups, illusions of ordinary prestige still on the horizon; with you I didn't have to pretend that I was anything other than

ruined; spoiled for baseball games and A pluses and cold drinks at the convenience store after school; you saw the rot and didn't shrink; your knees were skinned the same, long before you saw my face

and you never got to have one, did you?

tossed aside as too much work when you were too new to do any of it yourself; dirt-caked feet and well-worn anger burnt into the pan; reformed as nobility too late to scrub off all the layers of dust, neglect; an imposed, inherited regret; and I understandnow why you clung to that second state of being so firmly; it helped you to reject the first; but as much as the style of speech suited you, the distance of upper crust chafed; in the same uniform as mine, you found a different way to be; and when you left you carried it with you along with my heart; your real theft, worse because you didn't do it on purpose

in the right light, we would've matched; but I was sunrise and you were midnight; I was beginning and you were in the middle

I am old enough for you now; did I miss the time we were set to meet?

could we both be kids again?

WHAT REMAINS OF FATE

By Fubuki Norris

beneath the full moon's fire, the snow maintained,
two souls met where the silent shadows flow;
though eclipsed by fate, their bond remained.

the winter sky with silver sorrow stained,
yet sparks of orange lit the drifts below;
beneath the full moon's fire, the snow maintained.

a borrowed power through the darkness waned,
a frozen heart learned once again to glow;
though eclipsed by fate, their bond remained.

the moon grew dark, and all the heavens strained,
as fire and frost entwined in quiet snow;
beneath the full moon's fire, the snow maintained.

across the worlds, by distance they were chained,
yet every parting fed the light they'd know;
though eclipsed by fate, their bond remained.

when spring returned, no grief could leave them drained,
for in each other's strength their spirits grow;
beneath the full moon's fire, the snow maintained,
though eclipsed by fate, their bond remained.

AFTER EVERYTHING

By Fer

After everything that happened,
I saw you again.

It was almost evening.
The sky was soft and orange,
like it remembered you, too.

You were standing near the river,
with your hands in your pockets,
trying to act the same
as you always did.

Your hair was still bright,
still impossible to miss,
but your eyes seemed quieter now—
like you had carried too many battles
that had learned not to be spoken.

For a moment,
I did not know what to say.

I had imagined this before,
many times, but in my mind
I was always braver.

I thought I would tease you,
call you an idiot,
pretend nothing
hurt.

But when I saw you there—
alive,
older,
already looking at me
    like you knew me—
I only felt relief.

    We had changed.

That was easy to see.
You are taller now;
the past feels far away,
and I was no longer the girl
who first walked into your room
with a sword in her hand
and a secret world behind her.

But when your gaze settled on mine,
something familiar came back—

a lasting hush,
a promise withheld,
gentle, like the first breath
after holding it too long.

You did not ask me why I came.
I did not ask if you had missed me.

Maybe we were both afraid
of what the answer would sound like.

So we just stood there,
with the evening glow between us,
with the river drifting past the bank,
with all the things we never said
resting in the silence.

And somehow,
it was not empty.

It was full of everything—

the fights,
the goodbyes,
the times we saved each other,
the times we had to let
go.

I wanted to tell you
that I was glad you were here.

I wanted to tell you
that even after all this time—
the shape of your soul
is something I know
by heart.

But in the end,
all I did was smile a little.

And you smiled back.

After everything,
after all the distance,
after all the worlds
that tried to pull us apart,

we found each other again.

And in that moment,
it was enough.



HAIKUS

THE LAST MOURNING





FEATURING WORKS BY:
farewellswords • I.N. • Lamy
• Lyre_27 • Mimidorika •

THE TRANSFER

by Lyre_27

A blade crossed my chest
And in that fleeting moment,
A soul answered mine.

ILLICIT

by Mimidorika

unspoken stories—
they pulsate through lovers' lips,
yet deny the truth.

THE CHASE

by I.N.

Greyhound boy, built
Hunger in your frame; if i
run, will you follow?





A CLOSET THAT'S TOO EMPTY

by Lamy

When I look for shirts,
Or socks, I still reach for you—
But you're never there.

VAPOR

by farewellswords

But she was always
Vanishing like melted snow,
A sigh in rimed air.

SEARCHING FOR AN ORBIT

by Lyre_27

Lost in finite space
Among unknown, dying stars—
yearning for the sun.

YOU COME LIKE A HAMMER

by Lamy

Headstrong fool, don't come
A hammer against cold walls—
Too much, too soon still.

HONEY DISH RHAPSODY: AFTER STORY

by Mimidorika

Your taste on my tongue
burns like the spicy curry
we've cooked together.

DEATH WITH YOU

by Mimidorika

is the final wind
that pulls me out of this life,
and into your arms.




CON
M

END MATTER

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DEDICATION
ZINE CREDITS
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POETS

ABRI_CHAN

abri_chan abri-chan abri_chan



I'm a fic writer, mainly in prose, and one day I plan to publish my original works. I started dabbling in poetry only recently; I wrote my first long-form poetic piece for a JJBA anthology I ideated and hosted. I use poetry as a way to improve imagery and play with various ideas that later lead me to longer prose. I'm excited to write more poems.

WORKS:
Forget Me Not..... 24
The Kiss Of Snow..... 44

CYNICAL POTATO

Cynical Potato



I am an elder IR, been in this fandom since the early to mid 00's.

WORKS:
Familiar Stranger..... 60
Headstone..... 62
Renew..... 54

EMILY P.

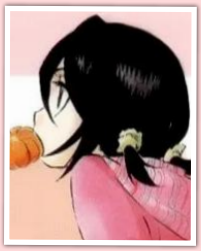


Anonymous.

WORKS:
Not Delivered. 48
The Gospel According To Death. 30

FAREWELLSWORDS

farewellswords forcebookish lapmonster



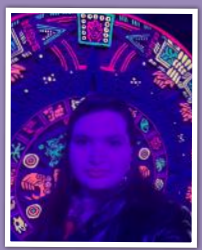
I've been a fan of Bleach and IchiRuki for over twenty years! As a lifelong poet, I find myself returning again and again to Kubo Tite's works largely because of their poetry, and I even already had a series on AO3 of Bleach-inspired poems. In addition to animanga, I love animals (especially cats), K-pop, and Thai dramas.

WORKS:
Bargaining..... 36
perennial..... 18
Vapor..... 81
Winged Things..... 42

POETS

FER

Fernand22525979



I'm one on the Bleach veterans that's been following the series since SS arc I'm Multishipper but Ichiruki is special to me because it still is one of my favs. I'm also into lots of other fandoms. Nice to meet you all!

WORKS:

After Everything..... 72

FUBUKI NORRIS

FubukiNorris athanaeumwrites HetaGist_123



I'm a writer who's definitely planning everything on vibes. I like character driven-stories with hints of magic and more. I like giving my own spin on canon and I pay attention to things after rewatching and rereading more than once.

WORKS:

A Gallery Of Her..... 55
Celestial Crown..... 61
What Remains Of Fate..... 70

I.N.



I fell in love with Bleach in the mid-2000s as a teenager; the very first fanfic I ever wrote was a Bleach fic on a since-deleted forum a friend from my high school created. IchiRuki taught me the term OTP. Since then, I've written countless stories across multiple fandoms.

WORKS:

Clouded Skies..... 50
Growing 68
Metaphors For Being Lost 40
Of Shadows 34
you took my name (with you) 46
The Chase 78

KOUST

katsusho_



hi! i dabble in art and writing! its been a minute since ive been watching bleach, but i love this duo so much!! (tho im a little newbie) excited to collaborate on this piece :)

WORKS:

Eternal Eclipse..... 56
who lands on white moon..... 64

POETS

LAMY

suisenka lamy4242564



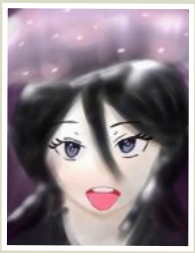
been a fan of IR since I was 11 (I am 25 now), amateur fanfic writer, studying japanese, heavy metal enjoyer, currently unemployed but i was a software engineer, capricorn, big lover of one piece, naruto and a bunch of other animes and manga.

WORKS:

A Closet That's Too Empty..... 81
Parting Is Such Sweet Sorrow..... 28
Syzygy..... 63
You Come Like A Hammer..... 82

LYRE_27

lyrehiding 2Lira7 Lyre27



is an IchiRuki fan whose love started from the anime and made stronger by the manga. She loves pairings who tease each other and bicker constantly, yet be "us-against-the-world" on occasions it's needed. She's enamored of dark-haired x gingers, with other favorite pairings.

WORKS:

Barren And Breathless Winter..... 32
Little Mushroom..... 15
Searching For An Orbit..... 81
The Transfer..... 78

SP



Anonymous.

WORKS:

Custodian Of Lasting Rain..... 22
Orchard Of Unpicked Fruit..... 20

WUDA

SaraEvo10 wudaland



I'm a bit of a "veteran" in anime/manga, so I discovered IR at a young age, and they've been one of my OTPs since adolescence. My native language is Spanish, I understand English, but I also have some friends who speak it fluently helping me. I hope I can support you all in this project and have a wonderful experience to remember.

WORKS:

El Querer y El Amar..... 66

ARTISTS

ANI

little_snackz ani_snackz



Call me Ani! Multishipper and Multifandom artist returning to Bleach after a few years, I really like drawing couples. So, it's a pleasure to participate in this project to make people happy

ILLUSTRATIONS:
perennial..... 19

JCELL

Jcell_works jcell_works



artist, I draw mostly fandom content especially Rukia and Ichiruki. I will be an Ichiruki till the day I die lol. I really love shipping and have multiple fandom interest mostly 2000s shounen. People often mistake my fave series to be bleach but tbh I only like Ichiruki now (my fave is Hitman Reborn btw)

WORKS & ILLUSTRATION:
Invisible Wor(l)ds..... 38
Untold Cosmos (Illustration)..... 58 - 59

KYRAA

kyraa_arts kyraa_arts

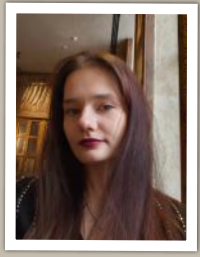


Recently rejoined the Bleach fandom after a long drawing pause! But I'm happy to be back!

ILLUSTRATION:
who lands on white moon..... 65

VALENTINE

vallavart vallavart vallavart



Im an artist, in every social my nickname is vallavart
I watched bleach for the 1st time last year and it was bc of KatRan's Ichiruki fanarts (she posts in twitter and tumblr) and I really loved Ichigo and Rukia together, I was disappointed they arent canon despite many hints they could be such

ILLUSTRATION:
Sundress..... 14

CHAU

springbloombrew



Just a simple artist whose been an ichiruki fan since the beginning. Happy to contribute to my first ichiruki zine ever! Current status: drowning in atla. Another tidbit about me is I am a huge sushi and movie enjoyer!

Illustrations Mod

ILLUSTRATIONS:
Forget Me Not..... 25
The Kiss Of Snow..... 45
Invisible Wor(l)ds..... 38 - 39

SKETCHI

sketchbreak



Chronically online and chronically tired ttrpg/ manga/video game/ book enthusiast. Old timer Ichiruki enjoyer, first time doing a zine! Let's all have fun ~

Asst. Illustrations Mod

ILLUSTRATION:
After Everything..... 75

MEET THE MODS

AKNIGHTOFAGOODKING



I must be silly, or I will scream. Please be nice to me because I will cry. QvQ

Promotions Mod

WORK:
The Seed..... 12

ICUOCHINX

icu0chinx icu0chinx



Multimedia Specialist. Sanguine melancholic. Likes Lino Brocka & Brillante Mendoza movies. A sucker for Metroidvania games. Last-minute panic is the best panic. *Isang Batikang Actor, pero hindi naman talaga.*

Graphics & Format Mod

WORKS:
Overall Book Design & Layout.
Social Media Posts (Static & Video).

MIMIDORIKA

mimidorika mimidorika

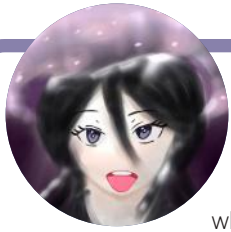


I am built upon matcha, egg tarts, horror movies & indie / pop-punk / J-pop music. Chronic overthinker with a soft spot for musicals & poetry. I draw, write, and take photographs for a living. I have terrible eyesight.

Head Mod & Writing Mod

WORKS:
Death With You..... 82
Honeydish Rhapsody: After Story..... 82
Illicit..... 78
Parapraxis..... 47
Sundress..... 14
Untold Cosmos..... 58
Welcome The Golden Boy..... 16

DEDICATION



Lyre_27

To Ate Louise, who introduced Fanfiction.net to me, thank you for the world of fan works. I miss you so much. This one is for you!



Fubuki Norris

This is a thanks and dedication to the artists, writers, mods and editors, and to Bleach fans alike! From the bottom of my heart, thank you for bringing the zine to life!



icuOchinx

Thank you to all who participated and all of the Ichiruki Fandom. Specially The Art Mods from Chau, Sketchi and AKOAGK, and ofcourse to my Wife. Mika (mimidorika). You give color to my black & white coloring book called Life. I hope I could show you more of what the world can offer and that there is always more to life that we have right now. Remember that I Love You and Its going to be Ok.



chau

To all the talented individuals who introduced me to ichiruki, from ship edits and beautiful writings and art, I sincerely thank everyone for sharing the love for these characters. Let's love ichiruki!





Ani

Love your favorite pairings, create content that makes you happy, everyone has the right to ship whatever they want. Keep creating!



Dedication



Abri_Chan

I only started reading Bleach a few years ago, so I feel very fortunate to still be able to write for a fandom with a long history that precedes me. Ichigo/Rukia isn't my main ship, but its community has been one of the few corners of the current fandom where I've felt truly welcomed. So my involvement with the zine is therefore also a love letter to the IR community and to the beautiful things they continue to build for what they love. Create good things, and the right people will notice!



farewellswords

For Lina, Zina, and Eren, all of whom would have loved this project. I want to thank Mimi and all the mods, my fellow writers, and our artists (special shoutout to Ani for choosing my poem!) for making this crazy, wonderful thing happen. My talented friend Robin, who helped me with the iambic pentameter in "Bargaining" when I was struggling. Everyone still kicking around this fandom loving IchiRuki no matter what! And finally, as crazy as it sounds, I give my thanks to Ichigo and Rukia themselves.

SP



to the mods- thank you for creating this project and gathering all of us to make it a reality! i joined this labor of love as an anon. Nevertheless, i had so much fun seeing my fellow ichirukis find joy in supporting each other through this zine. to the writers and artists- it was an honor working with all of you. May you never lose heart. to our ichiruki community- i have found lifelong friendships in this circle and for that i'm thankful. to anyone new in the fandom- don't be afraid of the haters, be afraid of not expressing yourself! Continue on!



Koust:

To Zine mods and contributors:
Thank You for giving me a chance to participate in this zine! Its been a while since I watched Bleach, as well as putting pen to paper to craft a poem. I had such a fun time thinking of what to write and how to express the love I have for IchiRuki.
This entire experience have been so inspiring, and I'm so excited to see this whole project come together! After taking on this Zine, I'm so inspired to create more, through drawing and writing.

Dedication



Lamy

To the mods & all contributors:
Thank you to all the mods who worked so hard on this zine (supporting me when I was going through a tough time - I am forever in your debt!) and created a wonderful opportunity for fellow IRs to come together!
Working with people I knew from the IR basement discord on poetry, plus other folks I hadn't met before was super exciting and I feel like I've learnt a lot about how diverse poetry and its types and structure can be!
Working on this zine was such a fantastic learning opportunity plus a really good creative challenge, and if you ever decide to make another zine - I'd love to work with you all together again!
Also in a weird way - I'd like to thank Tite Kubo too. Yes, he gave us an atrocious ending to bleach that resulted in fandom wars that gave me trauma but, he also gave us Ichiruki/ Deathberry - and for that, I am grateful too.
Without these two characters, I wouldn't have fallen in love with other anime and manga series, nor would I have started to write or read fanfiction, nor would I have joined tumblr or twitter, nor would I have started studying Japanese, or did an essay for school talking about the portrayals of gender roles in shounen manga, taking the JLPT, or applying to jobs like the JET scheme.
IR truly changed everything for me.
I hope this isn't goodbye - we'll find each other again!



Mimidorika

Heyaaaaa !! Huge thanks to my fellow mods & amazing contributors for pouring your hearts & souls into this project !! I'm so grateful for you all *I will treat you to a mango float if ever we meet hihi*
I hope this zine spreads love & positivity within the IR fandom. May we keep creating what we love, inspiring one another & never EVER let negativity dim our passion !! Let's keep the Ichiruki love alive !!

Sketchi



From the bottom of my heart, thank you for giving me a chance to participate to my first ever zine
I had very fun time! I love Ichiruki and the community so much and seeing the zine come together has been amazing~
Let's keep loving Ichiruki forever ~~



ZINE CREDITS

A big thank-you to these wonderful people who dedicated their time & skills to help round out the zine. We're happy to have had your help along the way & appreciate you being part of this project !!

Asstistant Writing Moderator
Emily P.

Admin Support
Xen

Character Introduction Illustration
Photography
Mimidorika

Cover Illustration
Kyraa

Playlist Art, Chapter Art
& Promotional Art
Chau

End Card Illustration
Abby
𝕏 abcheeks_

Background Textures & Floral Images:
Envato Elements



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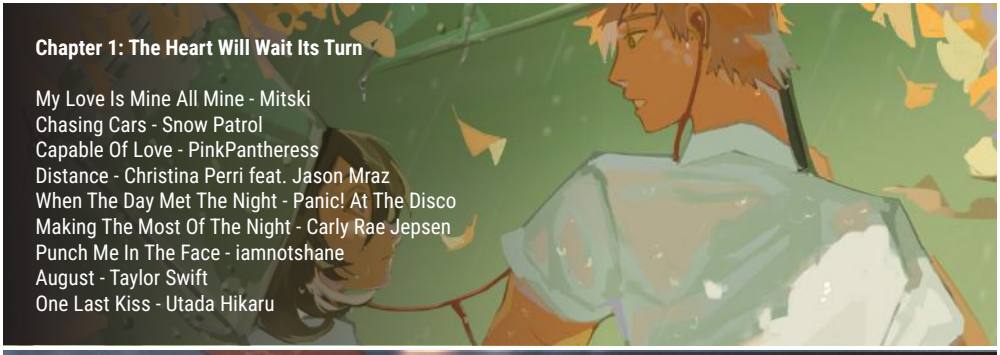
ichirukizinecollection.itch.io

irpoetryzine.carrd.co/



LISTEN ALONG AS YOU READ

SCAN IN SPOTIFY TO LISTEN



Chapter 1: The Heart Will Wait Its Turn

My Love Is Mine All Mine - Mitski
Chasing Cars - Snow Patrol
Capable Of Love - PinkPantheress
Distance - Christina Perri feat. Jason Mraz
When The Day Met The Night - Panic! At The Disco
Making The Most Of The Night - Carly Rae Jepsen
Punch Me In The Face - iamnotshane
August - Taylor Swift
One Last Kiss - Utada Hikaru



Chapter 2: Even As I Break From The Path

Multo (Stripped Down) - Cup Of Joe
Ghost - Justin Bieber
Homesick - Dua Lipa
Iris - Goo Goo Dolls
In My Room - Alec Chambers
Beautiful - Anyma, Joji
So Sick - Ne-yo
Parachute - Hayley Williams
Mercy - Shawn Mendes
Je te laisserai des mots - Patrick Watson
Listen Before I Go - Billie Eilish
Do I Wanna Know - Hozier



Chapter 3: All My Beginnings Lead To You

Give Me Your Fire, Give Me Your Rain - The Paper Kites
Falling Leaves Are Beautiful - Heize
In A Week - Hozier, Karen Cowley
Lost Stars - Maroon 5
I Wouldn't Mind - He Is We
Those Eyes - New West
Now And Then - Lily Kershaw, Goody Grace
Her - JVKE, Annika Wells
Heaven (Candlelight Mix) - DJ Sammy, Yanou, Do

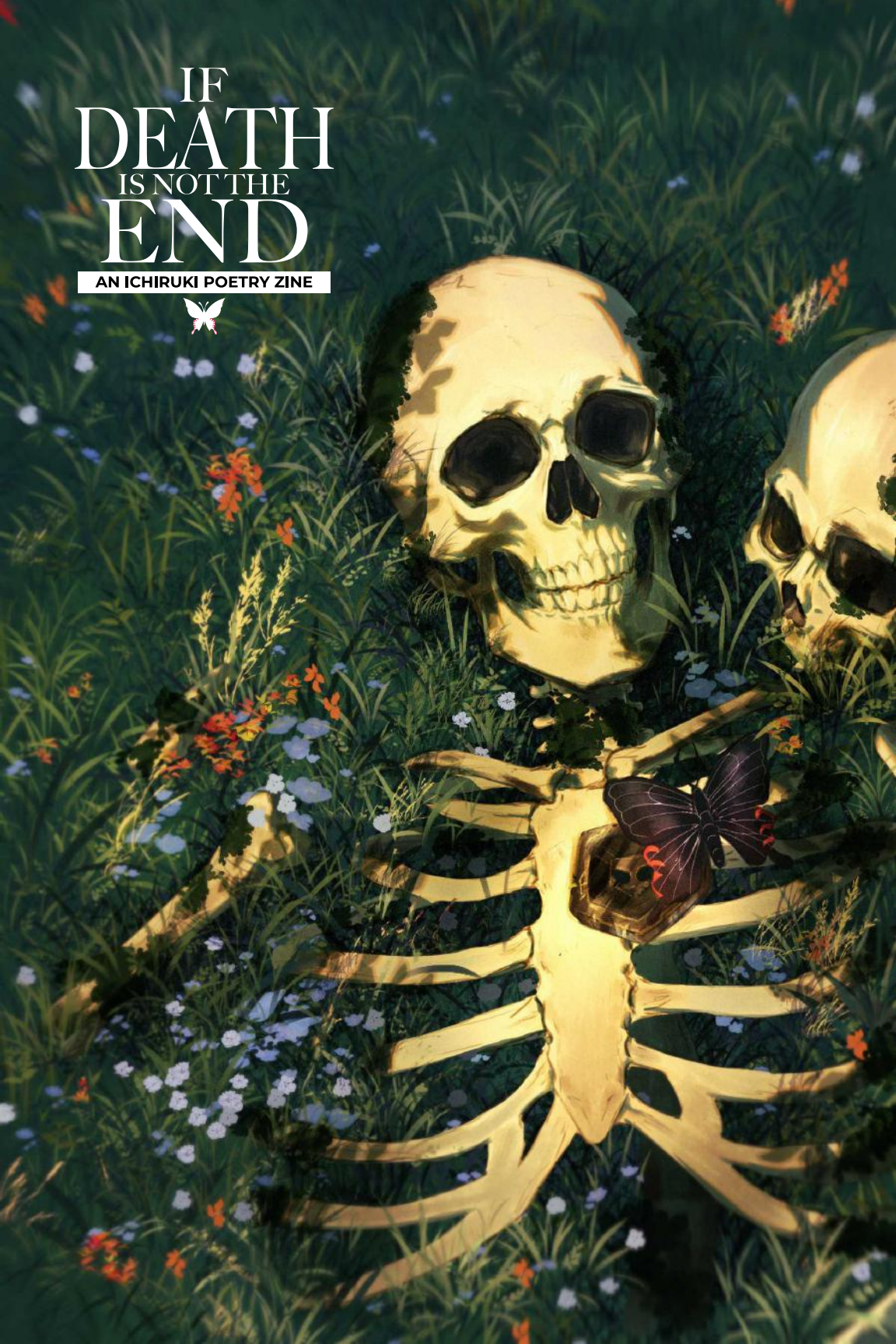


Even without form,
we shall not cease our steps.

BLEACH, vol 74
EP#50 [Death & Strawberry]

-Tite Kubo




IF
DEATH
IS NOT THE
END
AN ICHIRUKI POETRY ZINE