



INKED

A Transformation and Corruption kink zine by

Shapeless Ink

aka: A. A. Reynolds.





There's something
about ink...

It's a
medium to
share and
preserve
ideas,
thoughts,
feelings...

As such, every
bottle has untold
potential.

A black and white illustration of a woman sitting at a desk in a cluttered room. She is looking at a photograph on her desk. The room is filled with papers, some of which are pinned to the wall. A large, dark spiderweb is visible in the upper right corner of the scene.

I use it to capture
and collect that
potential.

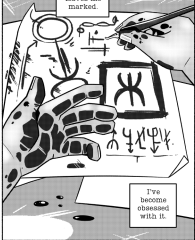
where I can.

Preserving
for a short time,
moments of me.

It's never
enough,
though.

There is so much of
me to transcribe,

and the
work
leaves me
marked.



I've
become
obsessed
with it.



The texture
is perfect.

The way it
leaves behind
an echo of its
presence,

like I'm some
strange fleshy
paper.

Proof of the
dedication.



Maybe the stains
would fade if I
helped them to.

"If."



I hope
it never
washes
out, now.

I want to be
marked
permanently.



I've been consumed
by this medium,
and the
process of
creation.

It's bled into me
just as I've bled
my thoughts.

It corrupts oh so
beautifully.



I'm too weak to
resist it anyway.

I need to be
its canvas.

I need to turn my
body over to its
markings.



I need to be part of it.

Hhhh

CRACK

CRICK

How better to ensure my work's survival for some future eyes?

I have to let it
take me.



Worship the
process.

Shluck

Become
the
medium.





Mhh...

Spluck

Know myself
and it together.

Feel the
extents of
it's reach.





Until we're
indistinguishable.



Now I can
better complete
my work.

Artistic
devotion as
lustful
madness.

All that
remains
now...



Is to seed the
medium's
spread.

INKED

Thanks for reading!

Consider checking out my website for more varied stuff.

Shapeless Ink

shapelessink.com



[@shapelessink.bsky.social](https://bsky.app/profile/shapelessink.bsky.social)



shapeless-ink.itch.io



[shapelessink](https://github.com/shapelessink)



The threshold between devotion and obsession is often narrow.

Sometimes we have to step over it, in order to feed the beast of creation.

When we give ourselves fully to the process of making art, whatever that art is, we decide that it is worth the hours of toil and heartache and pain.

Art is not just the object, it's the dedication to a god of our own making, upon an altar of eyes and hands and hearts. It is the voluntary spilling of our souls, a little or a lot, so that someone else might see, and understand.

I'm queer and trans. I didn't know myself for a long time. I feared my body the same way someone fears a tool they haven't yet used. But now I know my body, and I will keep perfecting it and using it to make art that says "I was here" for as long as I can.