



issue 2 streetcake

contents

a selection from godzenie – marcus please

chuggers – tom wainwright

if I could have – adam r. patterson

the best ever story in the world – kerry budd

panther – james davies

a selection from Godzenie

22:38

give us a rolling egg
into the sun-clotted bladder
shrunken urethra and ovum medulla
cherries & cut-away heels
with the copulation of shadows
pink'd & prick'd eyeballs over asshole
ears cupped to warmwood hooch &
a ride in the brambic heat loveseat
yesterday is all we have
time is a diamond in the dog's ass
you can never choose poetry over suicide
wigged judges on leather chairs
motored away Vroooooom
no one knows the birds of the heaven
white caps flesh the distance
poking around in rapture
bottomless prayers
in the banker's bucket
nippers at the heels of time
fountains in the shit-caked park
slick the walls with sexsweat
meat-up and stick IT out
ambient bound with pubic hair
atonement is a financial building

10:34

waking up armed
and tangled
lampposts and composts
sounds destroy the flag
nightcoughs and hiccups
fish it up
a laughing bandit with square flowers
stubby fingers in the air duct
and not enough sleeping pills
hope you'll come too
aided by exquisite cheese and wet tomatoes
black beer floats in the sky
I'm a runaway frog still sweating the lily pad
torso of iron & a hankering for jungeeeeer lines
there's turbulence in the slippery line
contact high
tell me what you find
can you read my mind
let me show you the ghost in the boat
spell IT and sell IT SASS & pumps
the writing lies
behind the rim of the clockface is a piece of dry celery
cleric overload
damp mischief
the curve of the letter U
time doesn't pass
mouth of mud
pawned by endless hallucinations of paradise
saint retreat
nameless reversal complete

17:18

ornamented & defined by never enuf
story with a thin and simple line
it's about time & my legs are long Karateboy
burst turtle pale buildings colorless city
grayed out accursed barefoot
underwater one cannot tell what reason is
oxygen blind contradictions
Pessoa under bedsheets
fly under kitchen table
big bulbus ass buzzing
try to remove the contaminated eye
old women echoes of children
thunder of pigeons mass transit
complementary colour theme
no fields or oceans in Katowice
nads got my tongue
nuff soul for everyone

19:38

dream doll
rumbling
in stomach
clumsily
creating
chicken
undercooked
now I got gas
want to ride the bride
florid funeral
sound of a mirror filmed backwards
vaults of floating cows
spray-painted
RESIDENT EVIL BIO HAZARD
the word is a made place
loud sausages & tram bells
exalted fox
awakened degree zero
a queer way of talking
doBRA
tufted
torn
real beats for the Post-Communist thaw
skin pinned together
remember to feel real

Chuggers

So what do you do?

What do I do?

What do you do?

I carry on walking, one foot in front of the other, shoulder to shoulder with the rest of these sorry cretins going absolutely bloody nowhere. I carry on walking. And then I see something awful.

The fish.

No. Not the fish; something far more terrifying: it's a team of those people with clipboards who ask you if you can spare a minute and try to sign you up to a monthly direct debit to some charity or other. Chuggers I think they're called.

I run. The first one doesn't see me until it's too late. He does a funny weave in and out and says - Hey, dude! - But I'm too fast for him. The next one is a much tougher cookie. She's a young white woman with dreadlocks and she smiles at me.

She smiles?

Yes, she smiles, but the smile isn't the problem, it's the eyes.

The eyes?

Yes, the eyes

What's the problem with the eyes?

The eyes are saying - If you get your debit card out and sign up to a minimum of five pounds a month - that's less than a couple of pints - not only will that pay for a new goat for the Mambeti family, quarterly letters of thanks from the Mambetis themselves and a framed photograph of the goat, but most importantly you will in all likelihood end up having sex with me. If you sign. Only if you sign. Go on, sign. Then we can have sex. But you must sign. Sign for the sex, and the goat, and the Mambetis, but especially the sex-

Then what happens?

I say I'm already signed up.

Are you?

No.

Good work.

Thank you.

Then what happens?

Number three, and this guy's good. He's tall, blonde, also dreadlocked, with a ring through his lip and a spike through his left eyebrow. He's seen me coming a mile off. I look up and bang, he's got me on missile lock. I start crossing the road, but he's seen me and he's drifting over. He's already smiling - he knows I can see him - and then he begins the Bounce.

The bounce?

The Bounce. It's a chugger mind trick. He starts bouncing up and down; it's barely noticeable at first but within second it's a clearly defined, perfectly executed bounce. He's practically dancing now. I quickly head back to other side of the street but he's already moonwalked his way there. Now it's Saturday Night Fever. The arm's going from side to side and he knows he's got me. And then he goes in for the kill. Just as I am approaching his arms open out in benediction and then he turns, *turns* his body 180 degrees as I am passing as if to say I will follow you through the Gates of Hell if I have to but you will, you *will* buy Mambeti's family a goat and in the process secure my bonus for the week. And so he begins The Train.

The train?

The train. Walking along side me, he begins turning his arms in a circular motion, like an old fashioned locomotive. Then moving in towards me on the diagonal, effectively cutting me up whilst maintaining his bounce he pumps his arms faster and faster going Hey, hey, hey, hey, hey, hey, hey, hey, hey.... I'm powerless to resist, my legs are going weak.

I'm frozen, stunned, rooted to the spot

...

And then he finishes me off. He gives me The Spiel.

The Spiel?

His Spiel. It's brilliant.

...

Hello, mate. Thanks for stopping. I know how it is, you've got your thing to do and I'm just standing here going - Can you spare a minute? - and you have and that's wicked so before you sign up I just want to say thank you. I really appreciate it.

It's fine, but I'm not necessarily-

Oh, bless you. I wish I had more people like you. You know the other day I had a guy go - Why don't you F off and get a proper job you irritating graduate git? - Can you believe that?

Yes.

What?

Yes. What did you say?

- Thanks anyway. Have a nice day! - You gotta spread the love, man. All these people, working 9 to 5, workin' for the man, they can't *maintain*. Anyway, you wanna hear it? You wanna hear my spiel? [Forced laugh] I gotta do it man. I'll keep it brief though. Hey what's your name, man?

Blake.

Blake? *Cool*. My name's Sennen. It's a beach off Cornwall. Yeah. Hey, Blake, you mind me asking, what do you do for a living?

I'm a care worker.

Care worker? Dude, that is cool. I got so much respect for people who care...and work...must be hard man. Yeah. You know what, Blake? Carebears always sign up to this charity so I got a *good* feeling about you. So let me cut to the chase. We're in the business of saving lives and business is good. But business could be *so much better*. Africa: nightmare. Civil war, AIDS, Robert Mugabe, civil war, Robert Mugabe. Nightmare. Ibbily bibbily. Hoo hoo hoo. AIDS. Robert Mugabe. Nightmare. And it's easy for us to - 5 pounds - to just stand here and say - Jennifer, put it down: it's not yours and you've no idea where it's been. Now wash your hands - We can say that. We don't have to but - Ooooooooooooooh. Jennifer! Jennifer! Put it back where you found it. Filthy little beast. 5 pounds - And the Ganjaweed militia in the Yemen? Thank the pan-god we live in a democracy. Because if we didn't, we wouldn't be cold chillin' like this, brother, we'd be like, Pik up me spear an me hunt a gazelle. Me dance round a fire an me drum up a spell. Robert Mugabe. AIDS. Nightmare. 5 pounds a month, literally one two thousandth of your annual salary a month and you can save Africa. That's two soy lattes, that's a pannini, that's a Tim Buckley CD from Fopp, that's a bottle of Jacob's Creek, that's the price of a goldfish, that's a one day travel card, that's a ticket to the flicks to see Harold and Kumar escape from Guantanamo Bay, that's a short back and sides, that's an eighth of your monthly phone bill, that's 5 items from your local pound shop, that's an intensively farmed chicken, that's a special fried rice. If you could forego buying all of these items once in an entire year you would save Africa. And maybe you should, Blake, because, Blake: shoulda,

woulda coulda are the last words of a fool. Beverly Nightmare. You will sign here.
You will sign. You will sign. You will sign.

Where do I sign

Here.

Well done, man, you just saved Africa. Be well.

...

Then what happens?

I'm turning away from number three. He's still waving goodbye to me with an insufferably jolly look on his face, but as he sees me turn he reciprocates and in one flowing movement goes straight into the harpoon.

The harpoon?

The harpoon. Like I say without the slightest readjustment he goes straight into a harpoon on a young female student - Have a nice day! - Thwack. He stops her dead in her tracks. And reels her in. He's feeding her some intolerable bullshit when I finally turn away and then...

Then what?

Then it's number four. It's...it's...

The fish?

The fish, yes. In tails. It's just standing there waiting for me side-on, gleaming at me with it's engorged pustulous eye. It doesn't seem particularly malevolent, just expectant, assuming a cold polite indifference as it waits for me.

What do you do?

What do I do?

What do you do?

1. If I could have →

This is where it begins →

When you hated →

Told you the truth →

It begins with →

You loved me →

Then I wouldn't be here →

A lie →

When you die →

But I couldn't tell myself →

2. If this is where I started →

You live →

A truth →

Where is the gun →

When you kill →

So why could I →

Where is the line →

You save →

Tell you →

How has it →

3. A life →

I guess this is where it ends →

Been so long →

And it's yours. ←

The Best Ever Story in the World

Trying to decide what to write is so hard. Especially if you want to write a really good story, the best fucking story of the century. How do you begin something like that? To be taught to kids for the rest of eternity? Fuck. Maybe I should start with my childhood. That was full of the kind of shit people write about. No. I'm going to be different. After all, this is going to be the best ever story in the universe. Maybe I should write about how I ended up in this room, in this shithole of a town with this pen in my hand.

The wallpaper I'm leaning against is that grainy cheap shit from the bargain bin at B&Q. I know it is because I used to work there. I was actually quite good at my job. Didn't even mind the luminous orange apron. Things change though don't they? Shit happens. The tins of paint; Magnolia, Bathroom Blue blurred in front of my eyes as I dropped to the floor. In a right old panic they were. Called an ambulance. The whole fucking shebang.

A month I was in that fucking pisspot for. This specialist, that fucking specialist. Pills, food, pills food. Ward 4, Ward 2 then God knows where. If God did know I'd kill the bastard. Leaving me in that stinking pisshole with my ass hanging out. Bastards, the lot of them. I'm alright now though. I'll be back at work soon. Any day now I reckon. Just bored. Thought I'd write. Got to keep my mind off it.

I'm on a protest. I know what they're trying to do. That's what I'm going to write about. The politics that keep people like me in the gutter. I can smell them a mile off. Fucking vultures. You read about it every day, don't you? The scams, the lies, the hypocrisy. I'm going to blow them all out the water, expose the lot of them. Not only will this be the best bollocking bastard story ever written but it'll be for the good of the people as well. I'll be known as a freedom fighter, in my own way doing my bit. Publicly supporting the little man. The backbone of this country.

I know what they're trying to do. All those pills. Stopping my freedom of speech. Specialists my arse. This is big brother mate. Orwell knew the coo and he was like well in the past. I've stopped taking them. My two-fingered salute to this government. If more people stood up for themselves, Britain would be back to where it should be. Back on the fucking map. Not America's little whorebag taking it every opportunity. Begging for every little crumb. It's an embarrassment.

Haven't noticed any of those shitting things they said would happen. Cunt twatting liars. I knew this would happen, they won't believe me. Don't want to know. There is this ant right, the little guy. Doesn't know his own strength. They'd rule the world if they were the same size as us. He's been crawling across this table I'm writing on for two days now. Like following the writing I've made, like he knows its good shit. But now he's in my hair, massaging. Won't leave me alone.

I had a dream last night. I dreamt I was on a boat cruising through the Atlantic. The wind through my hair and delicate arms around my waist. The sun bleached the clouds until they were almost invisible. This view was eternity. You could stay looking forever and still notice something new in the gently rippling sea. Sweat droplets appeared at my temples and she licked them off with a look in her eye. One of those looks that you instantly feel the bulge tighten and throb. I reached for her breast without unlocking my eyes from hers. Her pupils swelled into neon

blackness as I took her nipple between my thumb and forefinger. She pushed herself in towards me and whispered “fuck me Oliver. Do it now”. I threw her onto the bed in the cabin and slowly encircled her with my tongue feeling her jerks of anticipation.

Fucking leave. All of you. I’m trying to write. I’m writing the best ever story in the world. About corrupt politicians, the truth mate. Bush, that two-bit hickory dickory wanker. I know what he wants. He looks straight at me. I don’t know how he does it. He knows that I hate him and he knows that I know that he knows I hate him. Big brother. It’s out there. Blair has started now too. I saw him pointing at me at a press conference. Letting his security know what I look like no doubt. Just in case. When he reads this story he’ll shit himself. It’ll outlive him and his fucking frog-faced wife. He won’t know what’s hit him when he reads the truth. Pure unadulterated truth.

You have to include me Alan. I’m here to stay. I’m hijacking this paragraph. After all, if you’re writing the most elaborately exquisite story in the world you’ll need my help. There was a reason for my dream. Psychoanalysis has never been my strong point but I did a little training in Vienna. The boat in the Atlantic was a symbol. It was all a symbol. You need me. I dream the same dream every night with slight variations but all contain explicit scenes of a sexual nature. You’re a dirty boy Alan. Your vivid imagination is leaking into my unconscious. One moment I am reading the classics and the next I’m masturbating like a fifteen year-old. This has to stop. Allow me in some more Alan and I can help you. Show you the symbols of my dreams. The dreams of the world.

You can’t help me. You’re just in my head. You’re not real. I’m writing about real things, real people. Real people who fuck and eat and cry and sleep. Real people who do bad things and want to say sorry but they can’t because nobody knows they’ve done these terrible things and they can’t tell anyone.

I’m here Alan. I’ll listen. Just let me in a little bit more and all the pain will go away. You can talk to me. Come on Alan.

It’s all Bush’s fault. And Blair. They fucking lied. They made me do it. It was a protest. I was helping. I was showing people the truth.

There are always grey areas when dealing with the truth. The truth is velvet Alan. It is soft. You can stroke and change the truth. Very gently smooth it in the direction you want it to take.

Even this blade. It’s a lie. None of it’s real. It’s fake. Look. That’s not my vein pumping blood on the shitty cheap wallpaper. It’s just a cheap trick. It doesn’t even look real. Like a cheap horror film. It’s too red. Too much and too red.

Alan? Talk to me. Focus on me Alan. Let me in. Quickly before it’s too late. The boat Alan, climb on the boat. We’ll sail away from all of this. Into pink rippling sands where sunsets last for hours. Just step up onto the rung Alan.

It’s not real. It’s fake. A fucking cartoon. It’s going. It’s all going. Mum. I want my mum. I’m sorry, I’m sorry Mum. Sorry.

Alan?... Alan? Are you there? Come back. Come back. Alan?

Alan?

North

raddish
spiral that warps
lycra
seagull in plum sauce
call me ninny
dom one

West

assorted putting
green lemon
sore bottom
mixed peeling
bricks playing
velvet cash

East

tubby ahmed
fanny pop
in a gold line
pussy paw
owe me 10
transparent lines

Panther

South

what wood
post funkcd
yellow gibbon
sanded toast
milk moulds
side policy