



issue 1 streetcake

contents

watermelon song – trini decombe

from in the assarts – jeff hilson

when we young – nikki dudley

handbag – jason king

the wind carries us – mike zand

watermelon song

sing a
poem
that wrote
 in bed
looking @
 you
smile
& sleep
 roll
over
 the bridge
first kiss
hold hands
 sun
 shines
 sparkles
become stars
 a constellation
 de sueños
 colores
turned to black
 maze
no ends
 disaster
 ahead
is Oz and England
maybe Canada
 build a truck
 cuac cuac
delirious
trust me
I'm a nurse
 traición
 dolor engaño
learn from
 experience
love
 no hate
big effort
 to forget
the plane is
 gone
I
 am a
watermelon
 with
no seeds

jeff hilson

From *In the Assarts*

22

To every beautiful stranger I bring
3 things the faerie queene
trans. richmond lattimore
a stolen trout & courier new
to put in it a minor type
of key.
His heart in me keeps me & him in.
Now I tapestry.
Open your heart miss,
you hold his deer & mine.
3 things the mersey sound
trans europe express
& by just exchange
heartless him & me brought down to this.

30

I lost my way in a new
york school way
& did simply anything
by phone. Hi
jimmy do something you
great charming girl on great
neck I said sorry I
chopped up
all your horse jimmy
died to say
& john kiss'd jimmy &
jim kiss'd johnny &
if I was a crossbowman
I'd say to everyone just bye.

I loved you o anne Boleyn
instead of thomas wyatt I
wrote your falling name on my
mistake. You in very small
trunks. You in dark green.
You in tough smooth tops.
Since I went to pieces
alas my american tats were this bad
when I got off with your head
when I was just a boy.
Yes no I don't know why I
spent my life in wood.
These hands made the best french boots.
These hands make the best english bats.

mike zand

the wind . carries us

(after Forough Farrokhzad)

in your tiny un . night
the wind caress . is
a tree
listenen b goosh
whisper . cherish . wi
to point of hap
hungs . of overusus
shud her
so it panes of f . raps
the window the

a . green . a . green
from one end he
tah . ph . burns
palms against glass
like mememory
divi . deded
so their lips melt
on wind . on bard
as we are . as we are
it carries us . s