

issue 34

streetcake



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great expectations

am i weird 'cause i listen to Mahler while washing the dishes? maybe i'm
acting out some kind of romantic stereotype maybe you don't know how to
grow up

wallflower
grandma
you need to let loose
i do it my own way

we're dancing & you know it

This Is a Metaphor

My room.
Four walls
Of slumber.
Sucking my fist
I am here
As a threat to myself.

My friends
And I
Sit here sometimes
And we play
Recital.
When I clap my hands

People behind the glass, they laugh
(you bitch, you bitch).
Sometimes I stop and
I think, "wait a minute,
This is my future."
O God, Now I must go back.

cellmate, Word,
always in room(humming breathing farting).

When I was on the run, you ratted me out, *then*
testified my innocence. Do you love me? I wanted
but you rolled over in bed / snored.

Dreaming about stabbing me when I closed my eyes?

You you you vowels and consonants ganging
in the shower, crowding like
hungry flies looking for death. Your eyes
bulbous and wide,
slits of light in the darkness all

At once, What do you want from me? The bars
shrinking around my heart, *for my own protection?*
You wrote on the walls when I left you alone.

We never spoke
about it, Word. You disguised yourself so
I could send messages
to my family my friends, but you didn't
tell them how you watched me every
minute, minute, second, first, zero how
you whispered about me to the prisoners and guards.

Come on, Word, tell me why you coat my pillow
as my breathing shallows and I drown in
restless dreams, why you hang over
my bed like clouds

in the morning let the dreams mourn me
waiting for
sunlight to break, why you told me she might live
and then told me she was dead, why you kept me
guarded between shelves but let them throw you
at me cowering beside lockers, why you taught me
I love you but a million ways to lose. Tell me
you they he she we all want to hear

The definition, The synonyms, The antonyms you're hiding
between your split ----- characters. Stop
talking about me, Word! This is your last warning, your final final warning,
before I close my eyes tight, block my ears with glue, and
tell my brain not to think of
you.

But I will think of you, Word. I'll hold you tight when
all the lights

are off and
I'm shivering in the dark, when
I accidentally open my eyes and see
soft shapes and blurry light, when
my ears hum and
make dull sounds. I will speculate, Word,
and hunt for you in the trenches of my brain and when you pop your head up,

BOOM!

robert francis

John and Jackie Drink Coke

John and Jackie drink coke

My skin holds sacred scars
Battle marks
Tattooed in time
Tattooed from time
Tracks from time's battles and time's scars
Are traced over my skin

John and Jackie drink coke

*I told you all you are
I sold it in a sealed pack
I sealed you in the deal
You thought you'd chosen*

Technicolor Pomp of
half time sales
snowballing into a mammoth
of kitchens, cars, soda and soup.

John and Jackie drink coke

My flesh flexes and flushes
It is flaked and freckled
It fits
It fits in the flash of a battle
In the flash of time
My flesh traces the tracks

*Reflections change and strip and fray
We are productively wasting away*

John and Jackie drink coke

Sand

Unmade
glass shifts
 falls
tells
 the ticking of grains
slipping. Blows
free before waves
erupt, consume in creeping
inches.
 Erodes by touch,
smoothes as it abases everything
in its pass.

Key in Soap

If this key in lock does not turn, they will march on in.
Up end the furniture, and discipline, burn cigarettes
like old bank statements. Turn this key. Turn this key.
Keep the acid waves from reaching the mind's shore.
Cut off the tree-branched thoughts. Close eyelids to wild
cocained eyes, the bottle clinking-blether and thick-furred
dressing gowns of sedatives. *The dulled chatter as narrow
as alleys.* Remove key, for they will suck it through
as beer from a straw. Will impress it onto soap.
Fill the wearied imprint with hap-hazardous
chemical intentions. Then break on through, into
the mind. Let loose - into a clean, quivering world -
all the unwashed demons.

fOrty-twO symptOms all tOld

On an envelOpe she hOlds and

un fOlds by twO un fOlds by fOur

u n r O l l s

it's a cartOOn scrOll

spOoling Off a pOle

dOwn tO the fLOOR

a wOe-scrOll tolling

Old mOans and grOans

chrOnic cOlds it's the

scOre of a h O p e less

dOlOrOus sOng Over

and Over flOwing frOm

thOse jOllOpy jOwls

clOthing crOne-bOnes

a wOe-scrOll sO lOng it

rOlls Out the dOOr

Over the rOad grOaning

grOwing blOwing

hOles thrOUGH hOmes

rOw upon rOw whOOsh!

dOwn slOpes lObbing

slOppily bOuncing the

bOnces of dOmes

On, On, lOud sOng

Of her dOlOur gOes Oh

nO fOl-de-rOl-hey-nOnny,

nO! bassO prOfundO what

tO dO what's sO sOre,

is it OsteOpOrOsis?

is it CrOhns?

rOll On hOp-alOng

vOllaying Oak wOODs

bOpping bOggy willOws

gOuing fOrests

smOthering cOasts

O! OleaginOus pOllutiOn

Of her tOO-lOng Opining

she's Over her quOta

Of mOan!

but Onwards it gOes,

lObbing grOggily Over

cOntinents OdiOus

On, On cOnning her

Is it cOlic? Is it chOlera?

autO-immunO-haemO

rOund and rOund

the whOle glObe the scrOll

the wOe-scrOll unrOlls,

sOme wOebegOne furbelOw,

nO iOta of hOpe amOngst the glOOmy

sOrrOw-sOng glOpping and crOaking

like a glOOp-sOdden tOad

Oh Oh Oh nO,

fOrty-twO symptOms all tOld

sO quOth she

"SOS.

YU. DO

sOme vOOdOO.

On my broken

sOul"