

streetcake

issue 53



'not thought about' © tony rickaby

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jeff bagato

Some New Wizard at the Wheel

A river broken on the rocks,
a cry
dies on the wind
throated only
in a hoarse gasp

Who marks the rising
tide? A priest
in command
at a hard wheel,
data crunching
under teeth stained in heart's blood;
an oracle—giblets spread
on a clean table—
sifted for meaning
as good
or better than fact;

Here lies our god,

vivisected and raw
or just under the knife
to rebuild the walls,
the columns
of the temple, the pits
of the bathhouse and the pits
of the sewers

Which roads, which
avenues to repair?

Those that lead home also
lead astray

tomas sanchez hidalgo

El niño la mira, mira, el niño la está mirando

(excuse me, Don Federico)

The Garcías,
or call them whatever,
average provincial family
(penis, pussy... baby,
and, some years later, the same):
they decide to travel around the world,
and, after getting over,
so it seems,
our deepest economic crisis
(the horse of Guernica
inside out),
they come to Madrid, the Town and Court,
and visit a theme park,
on the outskirts of the capital city:
Renaissance wine,
Renaissance music,
Renaissance food,
where props is very accomplished
and one of the actresses is wearing
a cow fur coat,
then photos,
and facebook;
already in Madrid downtown,
they visit an opera full of Muscovites,
and a sort of suspects
local authorities,
who live brilliantly yoked
to the concept of vice

(and go by coach to skip their brains);
a cow fur coat again, at the exit,
this time it belongs to of one of the Muscovites,
more photos,
and facebook,
the boy, or girl, then says
<<I wish we were already at Burger King>>.

zoë síobhan howarth-lowe

Distraction

You stand beside my chair
as I sit, typing out today's words and your hand
resting against my shoulder, softly traces patterns
into my skin with your loose fingers.
I can feel you tracing out questions,
trying to steal my attention,
away from the screen, away from the fragments
of words half-written.

You spin me towards you, work your hands
through the twists of my hair,
scratch at my scalp – gently, whilst I
turn my attention to you;
words forgotten, replaced
with the shape of you.

Why I Write

Because his arms around my waist
smolder like paradise.

Because trains and deserts seduce
me until I put pen to paper.

Because strumming the guitar
was something I only tried for two months
'till I started getting blisters that burned.

Because the smell of bonfire left
in my hair transports me to a seafoam dream.

Because *frijoles chileros* is my
favorite Spanish phrase.

Because I just don't say fuck enough.

Because a ripe tomato sprinkled
with salt savors like childhood.

Because I was abandoned twice
by the same person at 3 and 16.

Because my father took me to a crack house
but I was too young to remember.

Because I never learned how
to properly unburden my anger.

Because people always told me shit like
"it's beautiful you've managed to rise above probability".

Because I should have followed the "path of promiscuity"
but chose the English language instead.

Because
 the blaze
 never
 quits.

joel schueler

Hanging in there

She is like the new five pound note. Strange at first now I'm over it.
She is like all my worlds, imaginary

c. derick varn

Learning How to Fall

The glittered dust in the carpet
is all the more breathtaking as I stare
face down against the floor I press against the
streaked plum purple of
my fractured rib To trip
to travel down into the railing and have
your blood pulse each square inch of skin
illuminated by a floodlight of a
heart beat

footing lost likened to turbulence
tossed about I am vacated and vacant The groceries never
make it to the second floor the
inertia calibrated to pull apart the side
like a pelican feeding her
young on her own blood
vulning herself
a myth no doubt but potent my lungs
ache from lying like damaged
goods here I remember
watching a brown pelican dive
towards the coastline outside of Tybee Island
a grace a downward blossoming
into the ocean Its hollow bones
could shatter against the wrong wave
Now as I lie still on the
stairs

to my apartment pecked apart
by gravity I only wish I knew
the exact angle between flight and
falling

jim zola

The Poem You Didn't Ask For

Lines on my hands
lead to a house
surrounded by jonquil
and weeping willow,
lives lived, lines unwritten.
I tried for years.
My attempts ended
without a word,
as if a single mark
would be a betrayal.

They found you days
after. I suppose
in that time, your face
lost its sharpness,
the lines around your eyes,
fading, still.

I remember your voice
like a deck of cards
spilling
from the window
of a train.