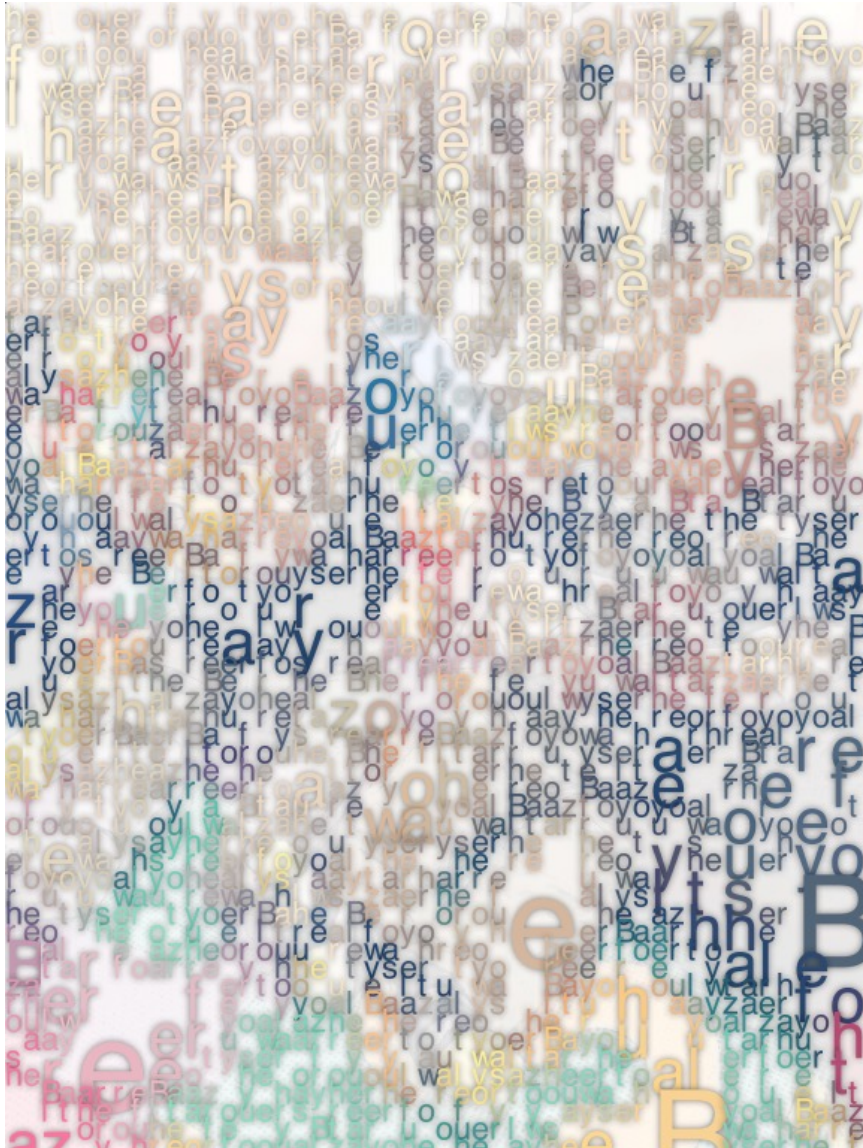


# streetcake

## issue 56



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## contents – issue 56



cover art – trini decombe

melancholia - robin m. eames

leaving california – james croal jackson

collage is fiction – j. i. kleinberg

words are like giants sometimes like weapons - julie mellor

words 3 - m.c. rush

[redacted]  
[redacted]  
Cui vitam dedit et mortem  
Melancholia  
[redacted]

[redacted] Azure [redacted] a crescent [redacted]

[redacted] death, [redacted] following [redacted]  
[redacted]

[redacted]  
casualties to which our life is subject [redacted]  
our [redacted] unsettled states  
[redacted] have [redacted] perfect  
[redacted] adventure of which I am ignorant  
[redacted] First  
[redacted] whensoever

[redacted] I make  
Legacies out of [redacted]  
specified [redacted] life [redacted] Lady  
[redacted] if he be not [redacted]  
of the Ground [redacted] I give [redacted] equally [redacted] other

[redacted] days [redacted] I  
[redacted] long to  
[redacted] bestow

[redacted] purpose [redacted] to the  
grave  
perpetual  
to redeem [redacted] my

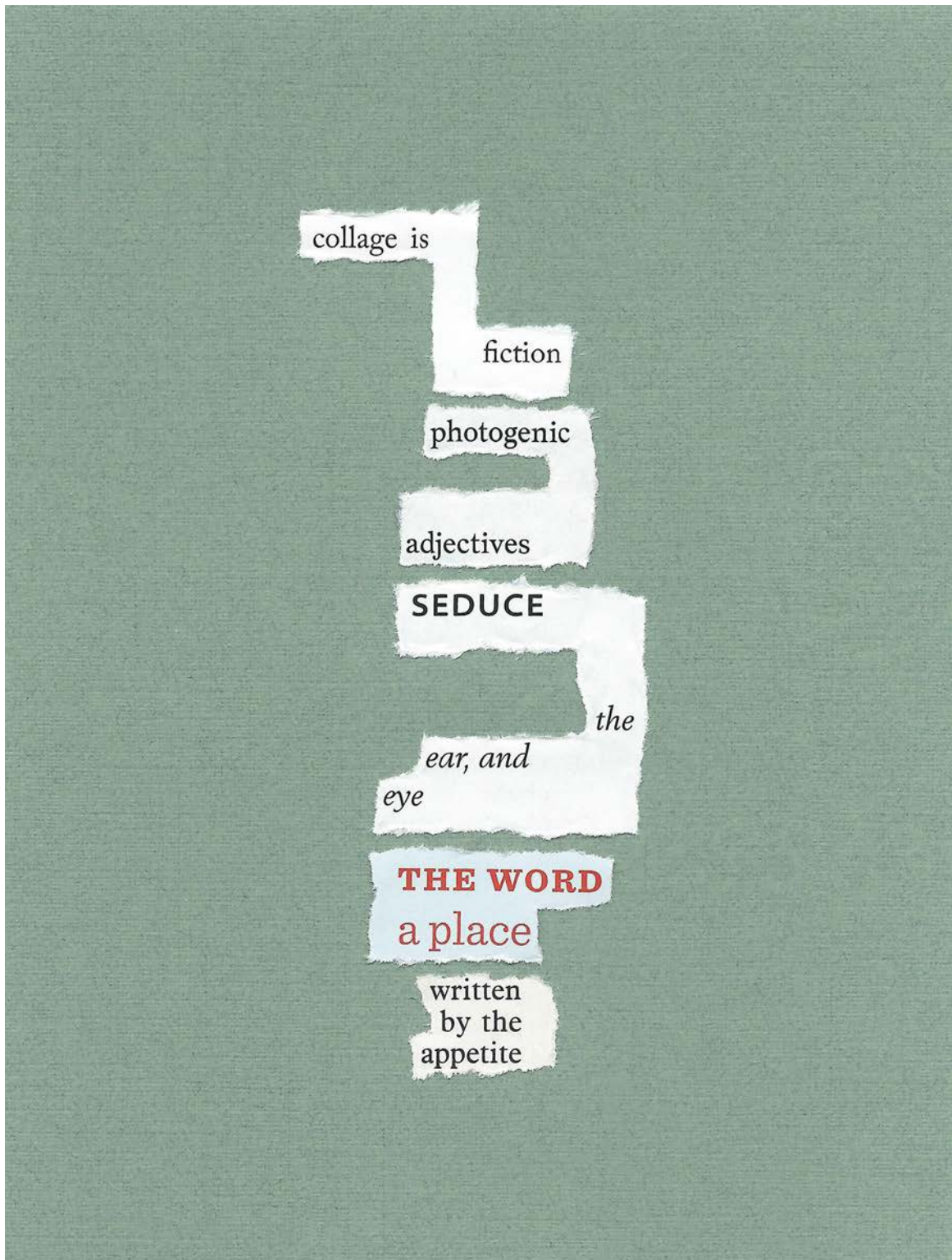
[redacted] remembrance  
I desire [redacted]  
to be [redacted]  
[redacted] where she is buried [redacted] I die  
[redacted] besides [redacted]  
till then [redacted]

[redacted] [redacted]

james croal jackson

## LEAVING CALIFORNIA

I deliberated when traveling the country  
because there was no one anywhere waiting,  
no one on either coast with arms open wide to hold  
me in their jacket in an ocean breeze— no, grime  
rocked from screen to shade. The tide of film  
frothed over tours viewing Santa Monica  
for the first time as if, as they had hoped,  
there was something new to see.





m. c. rush

### **Words 3**

Give me words,  
more words,  
almost all the words,  
words like the endless  
salt in the deep true sea  
that first washes  
then drowns.

Without words  
I will lie in time eroded  
on a flat rock  
in the sandy desert  
and exhale everything  
once  
into the sky.