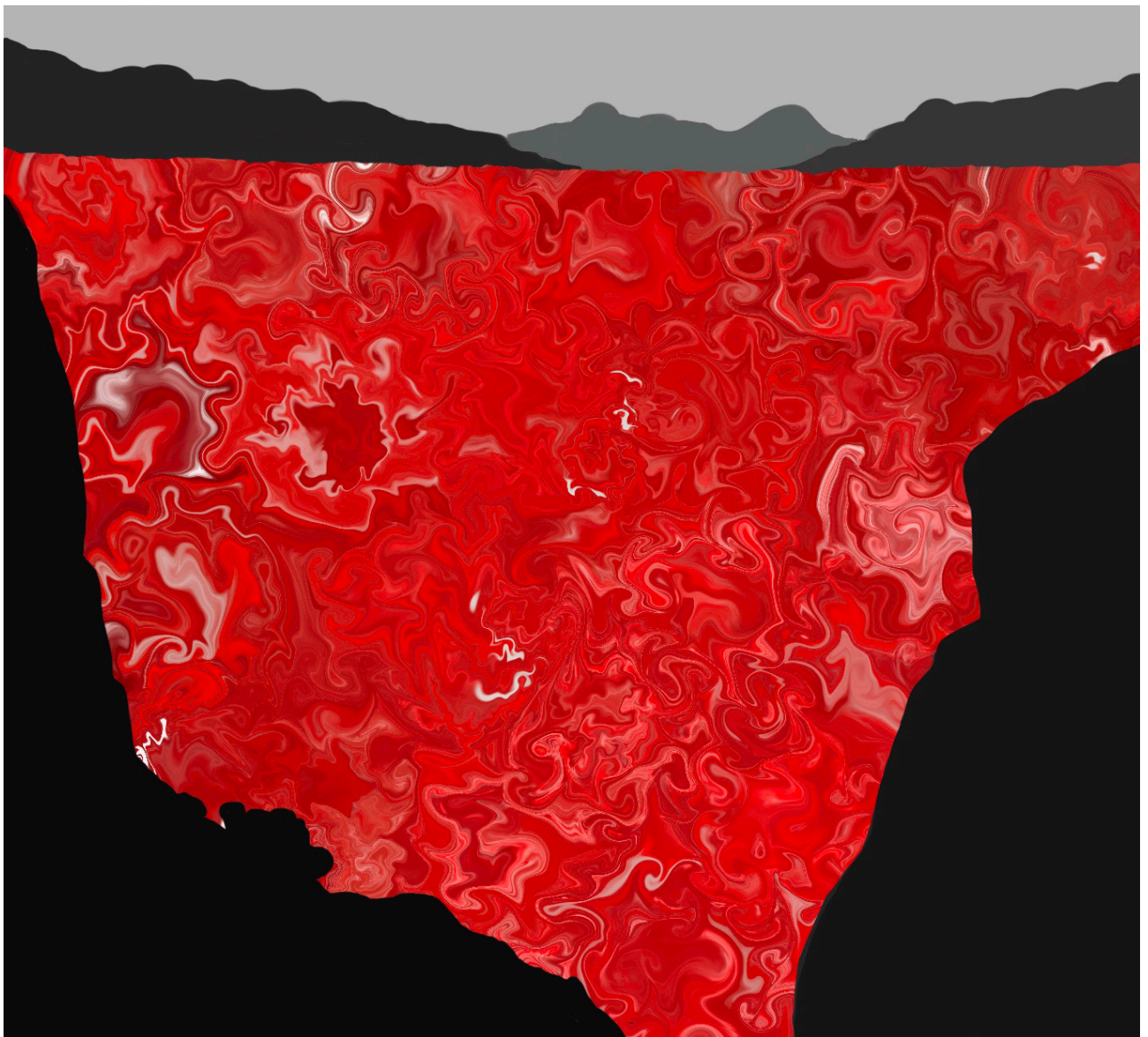


# STREET CAKE

experimental writing magazine

## issue 85



@trini decombe

# contents

## issue 85

COVER: trini decombe - what you can't see

elizabeth m castillo – regret

ronita chattopadhyay – coming home

seth crook – the best point

wesley finch – gapped scale

s.c. flynn – invitation

grant guy – poem

peggy hammond – scrabble wisdom, xiv

nam hoang tran – friendship test

audrey lin – 林妍希 - 一段楼梯, 一首诗 / for the love of stairs,  
a flight of lovers

steph morris – bridge

sylvia santiago – iv

## *Regret*

shark	in the water
blood on	her fingers
blood on	the water
shark (death) on her	hands

## Coming Home

It started when I lived in Mumbai. My eyes would burn and tear up, often at the most inconvenient of times. My life became this constant struggle of evading light. Ophthalmologists across multiple cities were clueless.

Was it some kind of allergy?

Allergy to light? Pollution?

Then, one guy in Ahmedabad said – “It is almost like your eye lashes are trying to go inside your eyes.” It wasn’t that farfetched. I was born with my eye lashes turned inwards. An old, experienced general physician had come with up with the most unexpected, practical solution. “Put sticking tape below her eyes and it will stretch the soft, baby skin and the eye lashes will come out on their own.”

It had worked. For a while.

I guess, in the end, we all just want to come home. Don’t we?

**THIS IS THE BEST POINT IN THE UNIVERSE,**

RIGHT NOW,

RIGHT HERE,

JUST BESIDE

AND LOOKING ADORINGLY AT

YOU ●

Gapped Scale

Dear\_\_\_\_,

\_\_\_\_\_  
 \_\_\_\_\_.  
 \_\_\_\_\_ a drop of golden sun \_\_\_\_\_.  
 \_\_\_\_\_.

\_\_\_\_\_ a name I call myself,  
 \_\_\_\_\_.  
 \_\_\_\_\_.  
 \_\_\_\_\_.  
 \_\_\_\_\_.  
 \_\_\_\_\_ a long, long way to run.

So,\_\_\_\_\_ a note \_\_\_\_\_.  
 \_\_\_\_\_ a drink \_\_\_\_\_.  
 \_\_\_\_\_ bring us back \_\_\_\_\_.  
 \_\_\_\_\_  
 \_\_\_\_\_.

Yours, \_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

## INVITATION

*[Written on the first page of a  
family photo album]*

Here is a book  
of emotions  
Feel free  
to tear them out  
and rearrange them  
as you think fit

poem

p  
o  
e  
m

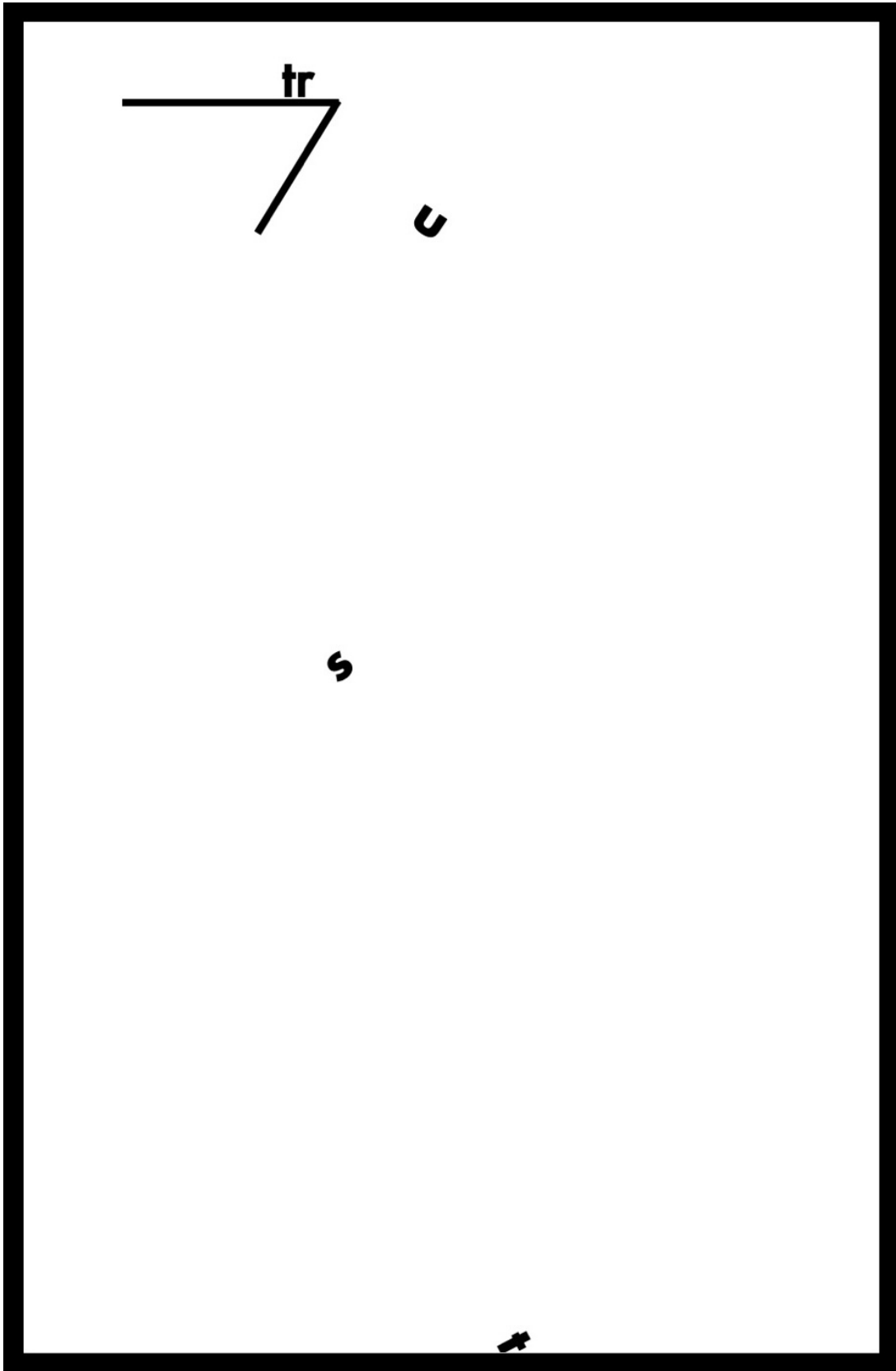
that's enough for one day



Scrabble Wisdom, xiv.

G R I E F  
 E Q  
 H E A V Y U  
 L E I  
 S T I M E  
 T  
 L O S S

*Grief feels heavy yet time quiets loss.*



“Friendship Test”

一段楼梯，一首诗  
(hint: 横着竖着一起读)

爱人  
性别  
处理  
解散  
开放  
大水  
力作  
爱人

in translation: for the love of stairs, a flight of lovers

g  
lover/human nature  
n  
d  
elsewhere  
r a  
n  
d  
l  
understand  
i  
separate  
s  
o  
bloom  
v a  
e g  
n h  
i y  
flood  
y r  
a  
u  
l m  
i a  
c k  
masterpiece  
l  
o  
v  
lover

**BRING**

**PEOPLE**

**TOGETHER**

**BACK**

