

issue 35

streetcake



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invite the flies

shreds and gobbets ripped free
blood pumps gurgles grip tides
moon maddened critics slash blind
rapier talons slice senses and
the poem lies
dead dead unimagined dead

now the bones are sucked abandoned clatter
the flaccid flayed flesh has no use no reason
to rhyme

Tension

Noun for a high, faraway thing
is a bright, homely thing
of a thing far from home.

Noun for the wet / icy
is the dark, quietly
burning the whole way.

☆

Glances
stealing.

The moon is O.

The stars are like,
explain?

☆

Closer,

a word exists

in absence
growing

soft; See

here. We could've made it
brief (and to the heart).

CLOSER

When it starts raining, a fake romanticism seduces me
Like an experienced hetaira's when it starts raining,
Be alone on the street, be alone, please
In the rain, be alone like an hetaira after the ball,
The populace is still clapping its hands, the laughter's still hot,
The streets are the only ones who love us,
Who trust us, the streets are waiting for us to
walk down them, "We'll forever exist, somewhere,
We can't disappear", when it starts raining,
We won't be washed out like facades, we're together
Because that's the best we know,
I'm reading your features because
That's the only language in which I have a native competence,
I'm reading you like my bedside book,
When it starts raining, I always remember our descents
Down the streets which change their shape depending on who you are with;
It was raining cats and dogs and
my unfurled umbrella got stuck,
and we didn't buy a bus ticket,
and our mute words were scattered all over,
I remember all our soaked embraces
And then came that snowy evening and that innocuous
utterance of yours, innocent as a hymen: "*You're going somewhere tonight?*"
which means that I go somewhere all alone and all alone means
without you around. Yes, I'm going somewhere tonight, dear,
Somewhere nowhere, as always when raining.
Still you came naked as an autumn tree.
Naked as soul.
The rings you make with the cigarette smoke lull me.
It started raining.
You came.
It's started raining torrentially.

This Is When I Need You to Kill Me

If I ever use the word "*maudlin*"
while exhaling like a foaling mare
and my eyes are unsteady like the legs
of a lamb staked in a bear pit,
 then know that when I said the word
 I said the word in earnest,
 and it's time to go into the attic
 for the Harrington and buckshot.

Because shit is serious
if "*maudlin*" passes my lips
and I'm not the slightest bit derisive-
I'm one blown light bulb from crying
then singing country songs to the neighbor's cats;
I'm one snapchat of puppies lapping a toddler's face
from buying a fedora and doing 45
down the interstate while belting late-nineties
power ballads and taking selfies
when the sun suggests a strong jawline.

So when you hear the word "*maudlin*"
tell me about a refurbished beau monde
you got for a song at some estate sale,
 then load the shotgun
 grab the shovel
 say "*go check it out,*
 it's on the back patio."

jeremiah Walton

4 AM

4 am walks
swallow lamp posts.
Sticking forks in light sockets
hoping to shock lightning bugs under flesh awake.
Talking ugly harmonica
trying to remember good from bad
Walk out the door with the worst intent
of coping's necessary evils.
Clouds gather
smoke in lungs in sky.
Angels star disgrace.
Angels gather for funeral
link hands,
link fingers.
Full Moon
dead Moon.
The Sun inside dead
Solar light
finally hitting home.
Worst intentions manifest as baseball bat.

Fighting my own dead oak.

The end of

The line was not quite complete.

It was felt
very unlikely it would ever be
complete.

In fact it was known that it would
always be so. There would always be some
-thing missing.

Of course, it was not known what
this something was. It was not known what this
something looked like. It was not known whether
one could touch it, or taste it, or hear it. And

surely
if we are to discover
then there must be some hint of
presence?

However, it was sensed
and consequence seeped
to a measure that
something
was expected
to follow the