

issue 36

streetcake



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seth crook

Don't sing the blues

sing the oranges,
a finer, more expressive sound.
It is

full of sun,
and satisfying sweetness,
even pips.

tatjana debeljacki

ON THE WAY TO JAPAN

The muscles were tense to extremes but I never thought of giving up. With the strength of an animal, so typical of a desperado, I clutched the railing although I was not convinced that the Lord was with me. Drops of sweat were falling down my forehead, stinging my wide open eyes, and the vein on my neck, puffed up like a pipe, was pumping blood into my head. A transparent haze was spreading treacherously, and micro stars were twinkling in a cluster, whistling monotonously.

Everything was in colour.

Terrified, I realized that that my fingers were wet and that the railing was sliding from my helpless hands. I tried something but without success. The train went on quickly down the track while I was lying in the mud, defeated.

He was on it.

john grey

BULLFIGHT

From my seat
way up in the Plaza,
I see the bull,
sweating, stamping weakly,
dripping with knives,
and the matador,
with one grand flourish
of sword and cape,
plunging the blade into
its weary heart.

Near a hundred degrees,
deafening roar,
a haze of dust over the toppling beast...
and then the blood,
a squirt, a spurt, a stream,
everyone on their feet,
including me.

I'm halfway between a retch and a faint.
The bull was right to charge as it did.
I want El Toro to win.
I want mankind to be over.

matthew konkel

YOU CAN'T AVOID THAT SWERVE IN THE ROAD

The willow in the yard where I grew up is no longer there.
And I am no longer there.
My brothers are no longer there.
The willow was tired of us leaving and got out before anyone else did.

There's an unopened package from a guy named Schrödinger.

That swerve in the road is there whether you continue to move or not.
It's unavoidable— like the smell of new painted walls.

There's a comic strip character walking the streets.
He doesn't know he's left his frames.

A child from China digs a hole in his yard trying to reach America.
He's got one match in the rain.
One chance to get it right.

The devil lurks somewhere in the dark sharpening his pencils.
He's composing a complaint letter to the cereal company that sold him a stale box.

The phone rings, caller: unknown.

joan mcnerney

This Savage God

Calamity hides under cover
lurking in corners ready
to rear its head.

It lies in neat lab reports
charting white blood cells
run wild.

*What is this savage God
who pushes us down to comas?*

Sneaking along icy roads
daylight ends while sea gulls
circle steel grey skies.

Brake belts wheeze and whine
snapping apart as we careen
against the long cold night.

*What is this savage God
who lunges us into storms?*

An official white envelope
stuffed with subpoenas
waits at the mailbox.

Memories of hot words
like razor blades slash
across our faces.

*What is this savage God
who rips open the heart?*

So we stand on the edge
breathing mean air
smelling fear.

Fires leaping out of rooms
where twisted wires
blaze from walls.

*What is this savage God
who stabs us with flames?*

mark staniforth

Basic Dictionary Exercises

abolish: to do **a w a y** with

repulse: 'We Repel'

Glorious:

charm : ma

peach : ch

2 eagles

~~runs away or flees from something~~

an orbit is

gymnasts, acrobats

a mermaid:

a hotel for motorists

no, it is beyond normal hearing range

1 rehearsal