

# issue 44

## streetcake



the three wise men came to visit © trini decombe

## contents – issue 44



**arooj akhtar - L.I.F.E**  
**dane cobain - rain down on everyone**  
**mark cunningham - [sort] - poem 1**  
**pt davidson – poem 2926**  
**michael mechan-doyle - until now**  
**laura madeline wiseman - assume**  
**deborah wong - messy is**

**L.I.F.E**

Great events take place with your eyes closed,  
Open them, you'll see nothing is worth it.

# Rain Down On Everyone

When your life is a time machine  
wrapped up in polystyrene,  
and you're tired of perspiring  
to keep your clients keen,  
and you mean what you say  
and you say what you mean  
and even breathing seems lethal  
when you're surrounded by people,  
you will know the difference  
between good and evil,  
because the struggle is real  
and it resolves your appeal  
and you've gotta find your next meal  
before the wolves come home,  
picking wheat from their teeth  
because they don't eat meat,  
drawing your swords  
because your swords are sheathed  
and breathing down fire  
on the low-lifes and liars,  
so let me rain down  
on everyone.

It's the idea generation  
for the nation,  
the saints' grateful patience  
playing games with the fates of ancients,  
rating the pages we made  
when we prayed away the days  
until we were face-to-face  
again.

All the things I said to you were true,  
and when your heart bangs the drums  
and screams against your ribcage,  
I hope it screams for me,  
like when I screamed to you  
that all the things I said  
were true.

**mark cunningham**

[sort]

At least I was the “this” in their list of “this, that, and the other thing.” He played a corpse in a film and he took it as a compliment that no one recognized him. They asked if she’d had any memory lapses, and she said not that she recalled. Still optimistic: broken *up*.

Poem 2926

**this  
poem  
is  
not  
suitable  
for  
children**

*Until Now*

Extraordinary bliss

Sweet kisses  
Clear skies

Restored faith

Foolish sunshine

Daisy chains  
Greatest surprise

Salad days

Healed heartbreak

Tender touch  
Forgotten past

New-leaf scrapbook

Nobody  
would ever hurt  
her again.  
She wouldn't  
let anybody  
in  
until now.

Beautifully broke

Rainbow high  
Clear skies.

Unfamiliar feelings

## Assume

I'll get there and you'll be there with me, miles behind us uncanny—forty, sixty—distances rarely traveled even if we added up a week's worth of commutes. Lights will reflect oncoming cars, the glitter of road, the florescence of those we follow, like a parade of balloons—all of us buoyant, perfectly shaped, no place to go but up. Your seat rack will support our cache of seeds, grapes, power bars you love. My bell will announce us. Your lock will keep us safe. The frame that holds this machine together, the one we move, balanced on tires less than an inch wide, will feel like an Olympic medal, an Olympian we get to ride among. Your tools will tighten where we've come loose and loosen where we've grown tight, us a little sun-god-kissed wondering how long we'd ridden with our gears grinding, saddles wobbling, brake pads holding us back. My mat will unroll under a tree and we'll stretch out to count stars. You'll tell me, *That's The Big Cyclist. That's The Little Cyclist. That's Critical Mass.* I'll nod, thinking, *Why not? I did seventy miles today. Anything is possible.*

**Messy Is**

when we bid farewell  
to the satellites  
of wispy bangs  
crippling the hollow moon;

today you wrote:

*Stimulate The Prodigy*

with your kisses;  
on the greasy mirror  
I digest sweat-proof makeup  
hearing your laughter  
with gelasins face,

I misheard chilli pepper  
for Aus-tra-lia-sia  
the day after sunrise  
and  
you left me  
with some under-appreciated  
tokens, asking me to  
breakaway from  
analyzing  
burning arts before  
these  
veins start to disdain.