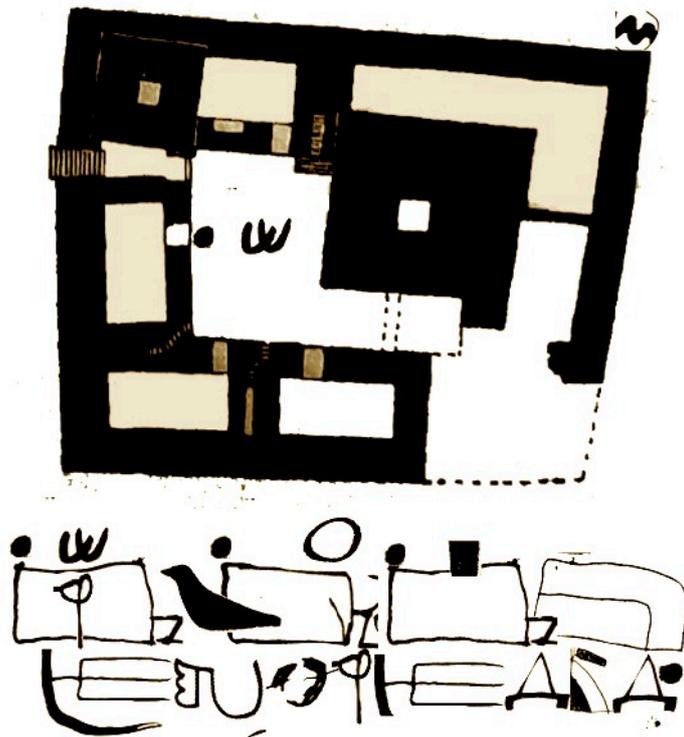


issue 47

streetcake



contents – issue 47



sanjay bheenuck – smoke

david felix – stronghold (cover) & prescription

a. marie kaluza – eat

adam phillips - I love you ezra and harlen

phil wood - the blank page

sanjay bheenuck

Smoke

THEREISABUGINMYHEADTHEREISABUGINMYHEAD

I am on the run they have placed it there.

I am annihilated,

Life passes in-

There used to be a piece of graffiti on the bus station wall that read "Ketamine Ocean." It always puzzled me; as to what they really mean. They have painted over now it now, people sip coffee in a trendy cafe WHERE IT USED TO BE.



[2013...approximation]

[2011]-----

— [Reg]

[Present]

It impossible unlikely...no—relatively unlikely that I exist, the likely hood is finite, and it troubles me. There are some possibilities which have kept me from progressing...that I am only f--

The doctor says I can go outside, a few times a week. But I have no desire to do so, everyone is watching me all the time. They have cameras in dogs eyes, transmitters in plants. I cannot confirm the authenticity of anyone, I cannot confirm the doctor is not a duplicate of some form.
*IN DUPLICATION THE ORIGINAL PERSON IS TRANSCODED AND ERASED
THE REPLACEMENT IS SENT TO TAKE THEIR PLACE IN SOCIETY.*

Does it more bother you that Gravitational acceleration is a mathematical coincidence? The foundation of the world is based on approximations—It is relational, of course the square of Pi is close to ten:

$$T \approx 2\pi \sqrt{\frac{L}{g}}$$

THEREISABUGINMYHEADTHEREISABUGINMYHEAD

IAMNOBODYIAMNOBODY

They eventually put me in sheltered accommodation. I have discovered something, smoke alarms are devices placed

by the CIA to release chemicals into the air and educe
 cancer. ALL CANCER IS CAUSED BY SMOKE ALARMS.



And once again this woman claims she is my wife. I have
 no wife, the Chinese are trying to plant a spy on me to find
 out what I know. I told her up front and she cried...well
 rehearsed little chink spy.

--luctuaions random of course, out of a chaos state.

$$\rho_0[\varphi_t] = \exp \left[-\frac{1}{\hbar} \int \frac{d^3k}{(2\pi)^3} \tilde{\varphi}_t^*(k) \sqrt{|k|^2 + m^2} \tilde{\varphi}_t(k) \right].$$

Boltzmann's idea? Then what?

Nothing but a mind existing in a thermodynamic dice roll?I-

-Float--alone--In-A-World-Of-My-own-

-In September 2013 **they build murder houses make**
accusers get cancer, they daren't put door number their

murder houses are— a middle eastern doctor let me been
hospitalised for observation; (2012) At the midnight,
injected **SLOW VIRUS FROM SMOKE ALARM.**

We were told we were all unique, stories are supposed
to be about character. But I know! People are all the same,
people are so similar it almost hurts. No one is unique. I
am no one. I am annihilated amongst the masses. Guided only
by the machinations of genetics and the desires of the
unconscious how could we possibly...[Present 2014?]

I am annihilated,
Life passes in an instant
written—

The Smoke, the smoke, the vapour; sometimes when I
close my eyes and open them quickly, if I strain...I can see
the it, seeping out—placed in our houses and flats. Slowly
it erodes away at our lives, that is what I tried to tell
them, maybe that is why we all decline from the very
beginning? [**Decay is administered to us! unnatural!**]-I'll
tell you—

And the bug, how does it get there? From birth I said!
From birth? And the doctor asks, laughing, are you...you? Or
am I talking to the bug? Smug bastard, the very clever can
often never see the truth. (*Maybe I'm talking to his bug?*)

THEREISABUGINMYHEADTHEREISABUGINMYHEAD

I am a letting you know that there are cancer injectors
in every house. Bugs in all our heads. They control it all.

You need to get away, injectors in your house; bugs in your brain!

(2010) I posted a letter to to department of health, more than 300 pages of medical records. 6 times, 6 times, over the years 6 times, they illegally locked me up in mental hospitals, I have the—

it is too late now, carcinogens are already being released, prepare for the cull.

I've moved back in with her, things are going well. Time to move on, but who am I...

~~*I--Float--alone--In-A-World-Of-My-own--*~~

'They dead?' said someone.

The rigid body lay curled up outside the tyre replacement place on Gloucester road.

'Yep.' said someone else. They hoofed the corpse with their foot, I turned and left. Didn't feel anything at the--

I am annihilated,

Life passes in an instant

Written on the bus station wall

Now that I am free, they think I am on the regular path of the all the other sheep. But it is a lie! I am a good actor. My research into the injectors continues. The woman who they have placed with me, who claims she was my wife; I DO NOT KNOW HER!. [**Must-remain-two steps ahead**]

RG

+5V
T

I have discovered how they fit the injector into the
everyday household smoke alarm—————

And when I went back, yes! I half expected to see the piece of graffiti, even though I knew the years had passed. As if somehow time would stand still on the inside. But of course, it cranks onward. The graffiti is gone now and everything is clean and new. I, am I clean and new?— Never the terrors persist, you need to keep fighting if you're the only true human alive. THE BUGS—all of us!

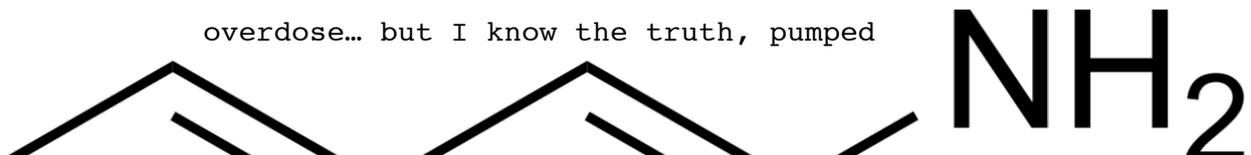
I am annihilated,
Life passes in an instant
Written on the bus station wall
The mind wanders
Time marches on

Wherever you are...love (*love love the poetic love, in the general sense, not to an individual...It is hard to explain this!*)

—Funeral of my father, even though they expected me too, I cannot be forced into sadness. I read the speech as the almost invisible rain turned the earth to mud. Soon he will be decomposed into mud. Mother cried, but—I—cannot...

And it was curled up outside the tyre place yes. Eyes rolled back into the head, and they were asking *was it dead?* Sheep, I know a body when I see one, and that's a body. They ran screaming and panicked. The paper said it was an

overdose... but I know the truth, pumped



out from the poor fools smoke alarm. And took and bit of her
saliva and ran it: C10H7NH2

2Naphthylamine effective in large quantities.

~~I--Float--alone--In-A-World-Of-My-own--~~

And the research into that woman, a whole life of lies
constructed by the state. Some of it even falsely pumped
into my memories. [**How the hell can we tell if our memories
are real?**] [**We cannot, we exist in this limbo where there is
no proof.**]

What is the point [unsure of temporal orientation] if we have
no control? Chance, chance is all it is. So probability and
individuality are incompatible, I cannot be different to--

So they would ask me to sit back, they would inject it
into my skin and I would fly, fly away; fly away to hell!
The burnt earth, the flowing blood, the screams. They say I
was there, but I know I wasn't. The braying mule, the
screams in Arabic. The boy tugging at me, the human psyche
was not designed for...at all even.

Nice try doc. I know I wasn't in no war! As I said I
have had a vision of the transmigrational ethereal plane,
the true world and home of the bugs.

WHOLATCHONTOYOURBRAINTTHEREISABUGINMYHEAD

--So I decided to remove her, the spy. My life could not
be monitored by Beijing anymore! [Walking from the factory
one day, a car passes slow and I know it is them, monitoring
me I..] Quickly and painlessly when she was taking a bath,
not even a sound; yet somehow they figured it out.

Blinking, blinking, blinking...the light on the smoke alarm. I can see it here from the cell, they are trying to kill me even here.

~~I am annihilated~~

Often I suffer in the amalgamated hyper-function of the essential semiconductor. It's fluctuations rendering the self editing algorithms which will make the inevitable calculation to remove the human element.

-Love! [Exiled to Guandong province safe-house, after my discovery] But they say I killed her, by where is she then! Where is the body I cannot have.....And still the department of health refuse to acknowledge my investigations, they just lock me up!

But things are not so simple, events are non-synchronous; like a series of frames within frames levelling only vague relations to each other, exerting tiny influences—

~~I am annihilated,~~

~~Life passes in an instant~~

--And after intercepting the wire? They have repeatedly murdered me. They will continue to build killing houses, as no other will stop them. Every tenth new home is a murder house, equipped with the modified smoke alarm.

~~I am annihilated,~~

~~Life passes in an instant~~

~~Written on the bus station wall~~

..And even then, I feel like I have left something behind on the transmigration plane, my body returned...somehow part of me was left behind. But what was it? The very essence of...

-Mother?

why...is...kitty...not...coming...home...he...cant...be...at...the...vets...forever.

ANDTHATWASTHEGREATESTSADNESSIEVERFELT

KGB, CIA, MSS. All involved. To stamp out the truth and those who fight to expose it. Paranoia? No realisation of the unseen hand, the greater conspiracy, the plot to edit history, our lives, our sleeves...constructed selves? Two steps ahead in the game of chance, you must be unseen, unpredictable as a falling leaf in the wind. The grey man, the non-person.

Keeping calm, rational about it all; but they say I cannot keep brining it up. Dr Gary says he will have to give me the injection again. I cannot accept it, he is Jewish, part of the international Zionist move to rule the world, I cannot accept his medicine, the jew will..

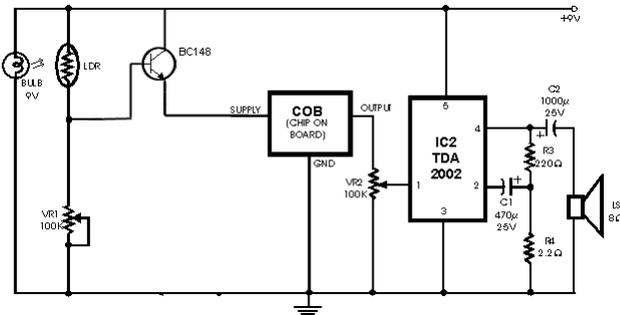
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commanding code: Rendered into
our brains..likely early
childhood))**
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Fly Away with me. So I spent some time sitting and thinking, they must have influence: Baffling parallels abound, aliens voices emerge, unknown to whoever listens but known to the segment, the formative. Feeling the very ability to reason breaking down the children, god, likelihood and myself and kitty. So the medicine washes out and through and Gary cleaned out any of the remaining elements in my body, clean wiped a new person, ready to enter the world, the world, a world apart and known, phasing occasionally into passive existence always wondering where I fit into it they Murder course: at Midnight a killer user key open 113 half basement been close the street door lock enter half basement, use key open the stairs door lock go to made the accuser has fake acute disease the accuser died in

hospital 40 tenant hotel many times they putted
 physiotherapy equipment into my downstairs floor the house
 is wood they made I dizzy again let me wait 4 weeks then
 they putt carcinogen into the flats wall

"I grown fat?" I said, you fated abnormal!



I Am punched in:
 Fractured into the global
 psychic network. Billions of
 minds feed through, seep in.

Somehow I am bleeding out from my shell, blasted unable
 to say I....Smoke Alarms, to degrade...Floating subconscious
 superstructure generated by chance unknown. And the body on
 the street and her dead in the bath.

~~I am annihilated,~~

~~Life passes in an instant~~

~~Written on the bus station wall~~

~~The mind wanders~~

~~Time marches on~~

~~Wherever you are...love~~

~~(I am not suffering post traumatic stress no! I refuse.~~

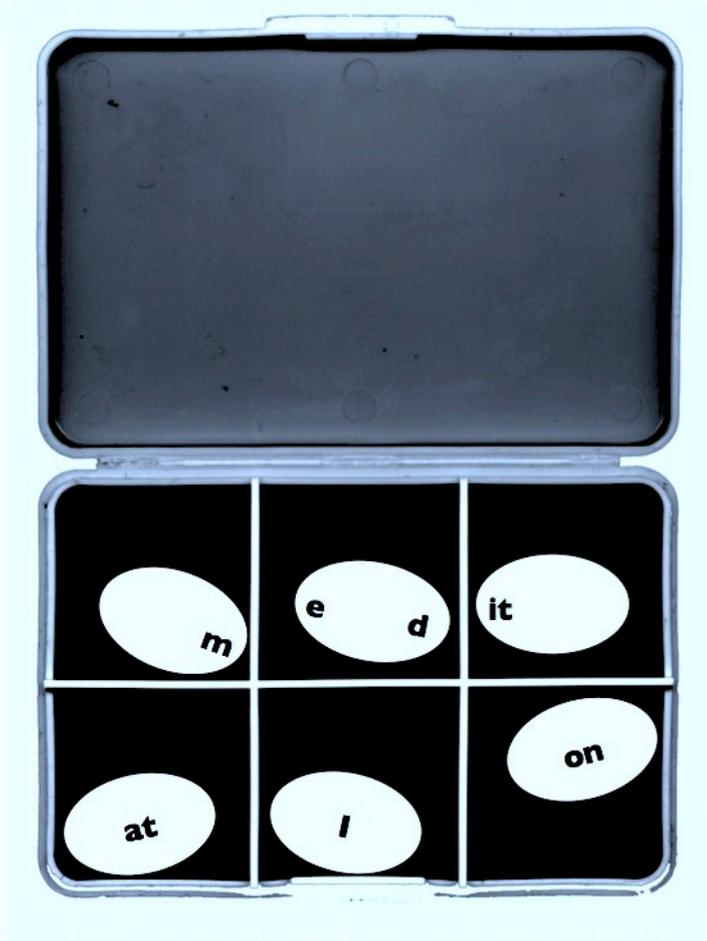
The global conspiracy marches one. There are bugs in all our
 heads.) THEREISABUGINMYHEADTHEREISABUGINMYHEAD

IAMNOBODYIAMNOBODY

WHOLATCHONTOYOURBRAINTWHOLATCHONTOYOURBRAIN

~~I--Float--alone--In-A-World-Of-My-own--~~

david felix



EAT

All things
eat.

I have been watching
things eat
for many years now.

Some nibble.
Some gobble.

Some rip
piece by piece
and some swallow
whole.

But all things eat.

This truth
you must know
if you are

to understand
pain
life
death
and growth.

I Love You Ezra and Harlan

without you I
was going to die- now I never get
to leave, I'm lidless
eyes in the sky-

I'm a nail

through a two
by four-
I say this all the time- I'm
an unrequited kiss, the business
end of a thirty ought six- this
is all I ever get
to say- I can't

die- once

the cells swarmed like bees, fleas, I took the needle, my gums
receded, my teeth fell out, I pushed
them back, I bit the tube, I spit
the blood, fuck you, I said, this dark
reptilian love- the drip that brought
me back-

I think of all the things

I'd kill

with my bare hands- between you and me
nothing passes

I might have liked

to. Die I mean. I won't. Not in a room

with wine, or a girl, not
in a wreck, not

in the apocalypse- You

wander here and there, you've eaten
off the ground- I slap your hand I watch
the sea- they're up to something
out there- I'm ready

in the park, I'm

ready for the dark beyond
the stars, I watch

the clock- I've got an eye that never sleeps-

I crack my neck and grit my teeth
and breathe
the gas and dig
the shattered concrete- I'll hold

your hand in the medevac you

stubborn little fucker, I may have had
other plans- it's exactly what I said- your brother
never leaves- never hides
in trees, never needs
transfusions, stitches- I watch you sleep-
I watch
you eat- I taught
you how to walk, you hit your head-
I taught you how to fight- I'd like

to crush you down
into a block,
and put it in my pocket.

the point is
not to die- there is a line
a time my withered
wings no longer bear
your body home- I'm tethered

to your baby teeth, a wreath
upon my grave I'll eat
the leaves- you thought I left- I'm back- I thought

I was asleep-we start again- I can never die-
I say it all the time.

The Blank Page

At first I know
then I forget I know,
so I learn again
with a 2B pencil.

I begin to draw
a stickleback, but this dissolves
into an amoeba;
no mouth or eye nor fin to worry me.

I search my pockets:
find a penknife, an old key,
a rubber. I erase.
I sharpen the pencil.

Across the page evolves
a mouth, an eye, a fin.
A fish swims.
Ripples in a pond.