

# streetcake

## issue 53



'not thought about' © tony rickaby

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Some New Wizard at the Wheel

A river broken on the rocks,  
a cry  
dies on the wind  
throated only  
in a hoarse gasp

Who marks the rising  
tide? A priest  
in command  
at a hard wheel,  
data crunching  
under teeth stained in heart's blood;  
an oracle—giblets spread  
on a clean table—  
sifted for meaning  
as good  
or better than fact;

Here lies our god,

vivisected and raw  
or just under the knife  
to rebuild the walls,  
the columns  
of the temple, the pits  
of the bathhouse and the pits  
of the sewers

Which roads, which  
avenues to repair?

Those that lead home also  
lead astray

**tomas sanchez hidalgo**

**El niño la mira, mira, el niño la está mirando**

(excuse me, Don Federico)

The Garcías,  
or call them whatever,  
average provincial family  
(penis, pussy... baby,  
and, some years later, the same):  
they decide to travel around the world,  
and, after getting over,  
so it seems,  
our deepest economic crisis  
(the horse of Guernica  
inside out),  
they come to Madrid, the Town and Court,  
and visit a theme park,  
on the outskirts of the capital city:  
Renaissance wine,  
Renaissance music,  
Renaissance food,  
where props is very accomplished  
and one of the actresses is wearing  
a cow fur coat,  
then photos,  
and facebook;  
already in Madrid downtown,  
they visit an opera full of Muscovites,  
and a sort of suspects  
local authorities,  
who live brilliantly yoked  
to the concept of vice

(and go by coach to skip their brains);  
a cow fur coat again, at the exit,  
this time it belongs to of one of the Muscovites,  
more photos,  
and facebook,  
the boy, or girl, then says  
<<I wish we were already at Burger King>>.

## zoë síobhan howarth-lowe

### Distraction

You stand beside my chair  
as I sit, typing out today's words and your hand  
resting against my shoulder, softly traces patterns  
into my skin with your loose fingers.  
I can feel you tracing out questions,  
trying to steal my attention,  
away from the screen, away from the fragments  
of words half-written.

You spin me towards you, work your hands  
through the twists of my hair,  
scratch at my scalp – gently, whilst I  
turn my attention to you;  
words forgotten, replaced  
with the shape of you.

**Why I Write**

Because his arms around my waist  
smolder like paradise.

Because trains and deserts seduce  
me until I put pen to paper.

Because strumming the guitar  
was something I only tried for two months  
'till I started getting blisters that burned.

Because the smell of bonfire left  
in my hair transports me to a seafoam dream.

Because *frijoles chileros* is my  
favorite Spanish phrase.

Because I just don't say fuck enough.

Because a ripe tomato sprinkled  
with salt savors like childhood.

Because I was abandoned twice  
by the same person at 3 and 16.

Because my father took me to a crack house  
but I was too young to remember.

Because I never learned how  
to properly unburden my anger.

Because people always told me shit like  
"it's beautiful you've managed to rise above probability".

Because I should have followed the "path of promiscuity"  
but chose the English language instead.

Because  
    the blaze  
        never  
            quits.



**joel schueler**

**Hanging in there**

She is like the new five pound note. Strange at first now I'm over it.  
She is like all my worlds, imaginary

## c. derick varn

### Learning How to Fall

The glittered dust in the carpet  
is all the more breathtaking as I stare  
face down against the floor I press against the  
streaked plum purple of  
my fractured rib To trip  
to travel down into the railing and have  
your blood pulse each square inch of skin  
illuminated by a floodlight of a  
heart beat

footing lost likened to turbulence  
tossed about I am vacated and vacant The groceries never  
make it to the second floor the  
inertia calibrated to pull apart the side  
like a pelican feeding her  
young on her own blood  
vulning herself  
a myth no doubt but potent my lungs  
ache from lying like damaged  
goods here I remember  
watching a brown pelican dive  
towards the coastline outside of Tybee Island  
a grace a downward blossoming  
into the ocean Its hollow bones  
could shatter against the wrong wave  
Now as I lie still on the  
stairs

to my apartment pecked apart  
by gravity I only wish I knew  
the exact angle between flight and  
falling

**jim zola**

**The Poem You Didn't Ask For**

Lines on my hands  
lead to a house  
surrounded by jonquil  
and weeping willow,  
lives lived, lines unwritten.  
I tried for years.  
My attempts ended  
without a word,  
as if a single mark  
would be a betrayal.

They found you days  
after. I suppose  
in that time, your face  
lost its sharpness,  
the lines around your eyes,  
fading, still.

I remember your voice  
like a deck of cards  
spilling  
from the window  
of a train.