

# STREET CAKE

experimental writing magazine

## issue 70

### part 1



@ kristine snodgrass - hello 50

# contents

## issue 70

### part 1

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My editor says you can't write English because you speak Urdu

Leave

Urdu.

*sakool, na-lij, kalij* look faint

don't live in the nostalgia of chalkboard.

Open MS Word on your computer,

(Fold the paper in half)

Type School, Knowledge and College in Arial, 11-pt

(Fold the top corners from the centre crease)

Click effects and add a shadow to these three words

(Flip it over and fold again from the centre crease)

Increase the font size to 36-pt

(Fold from the top to the tip)

Read these words aloud as you did in Ms Sarah's English class

(Pierce it with a pencil)

The silence of shadow will too accompany your voice

*(no aeroplane for you, sorry)*

What a brawny brute, I wonder.

Let me pour a glass of water on the half-skinned paper

Blue ink, the *brown* writer go together.

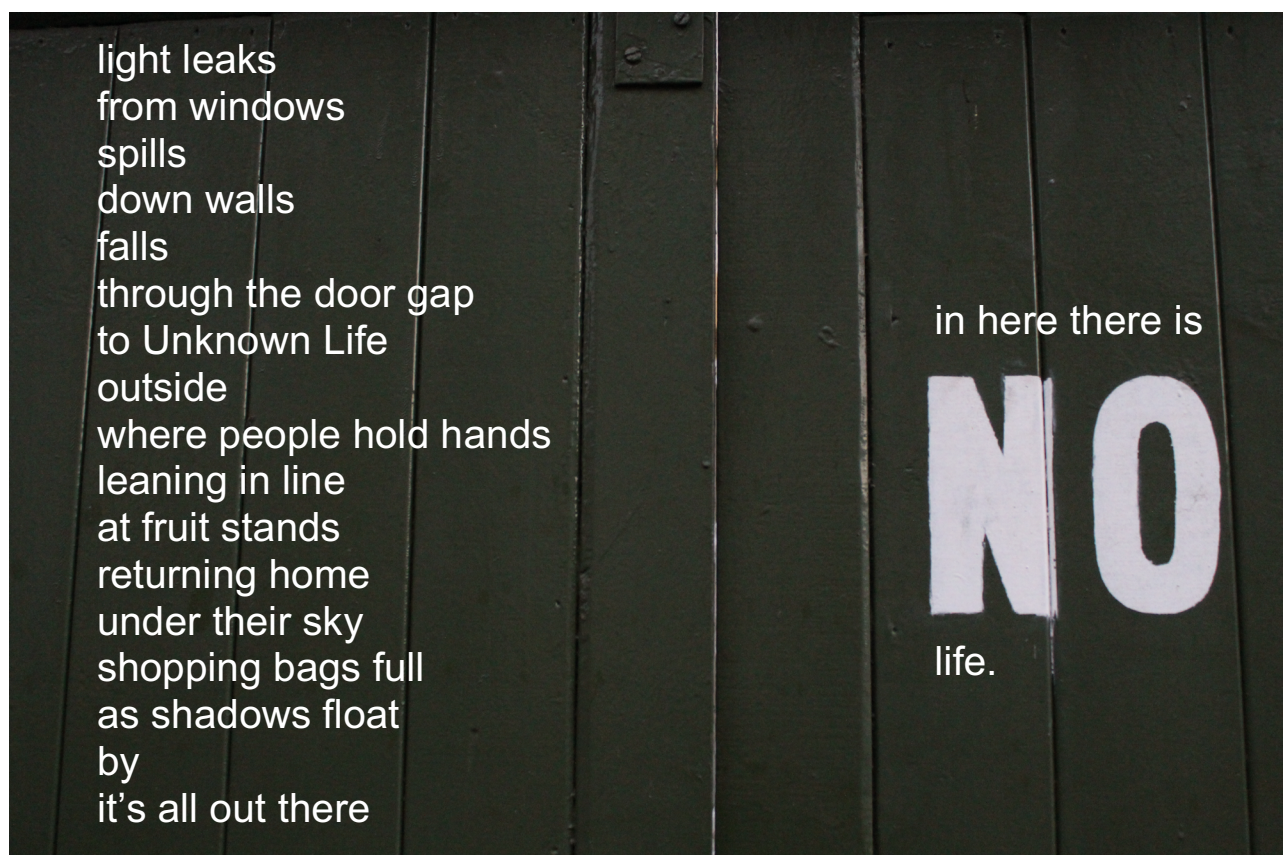
[illegible]

you ok?

yeah.



## IN HERE



## All in the game (after The Wire)

you cannot lose

if you do not play.

The Gods

will not save you

All in the game...

...and all the pieces

matter. The king

stay the king.

Dope on the damn table.

All in the game...

It's a thin line

'tween heaven and here

How come

they don't fly away?

All in the game...

This ain't Aruba, bitch.

I need to get clean.

Lambs to the slaughter here.

Just a gangster, I suppose.

All in the game...

A man must have a code.

...while you're waiting

...when it's not your turn

for moments that never

come.

All in the game...

Don't matter how many times

you get burnt you just keep

doing the same

If I hear music, I'm gonna dance

All in the game...

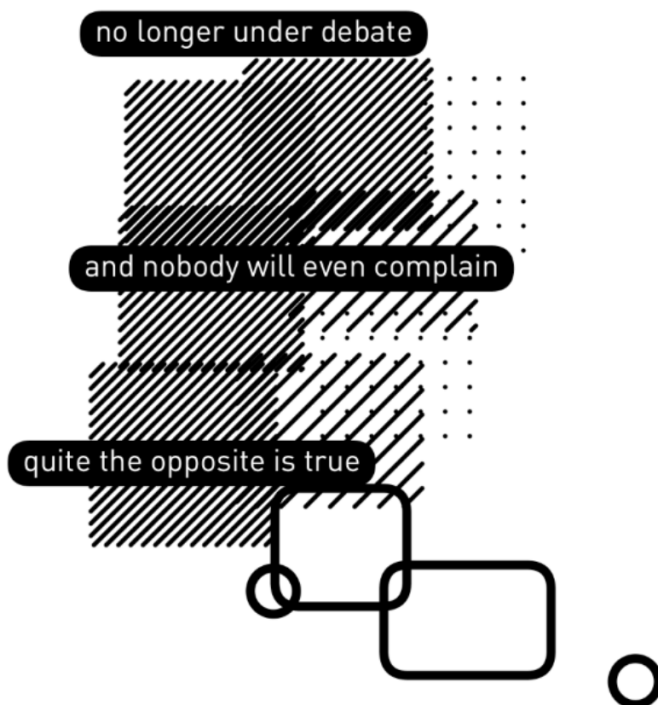
If you with us you with us. If you have a problem with this, I understand completely.

## Mothering in the Far Oeste

I'm a child-mothering gunslinger  
Sometimes I don't make the call  
**And I suffer for it**  
Quero fazer cocô no penico  
Too slow on the draw  
I discover the deed is done

It  
Only  
Remains  
For me to  
Hose away  
The stains

Other times my trigger finger is twitchingly ready  
Milk rising roiling  
**In unbroken pans**  
**Flame snuffed out**  
With knife-edge accuracy  
Before a drop can be spilled  
Calmed and corralled



This piece is from a series entitled *Orbital Reveries*, and was created by applying machine vision algorithms to Landsat 8 satellite images, turning the visual data into generative concrete poems, meditating on themes of digital environmental sensing. The source image for this piece depicted forest fires on the American west coast in September 2020.



**On the      If**

She wasn't there  
She objected to the old sexist phrase

TORII

Lift the veil

Destroy the pearls

The sun has abandoned us

1. Update the spreadsheet
2. Visualise the project status
3. Take teamwork to the next level

Join us

D

o

w

n the rabbit hole

We're deadly rich

Milquetoast

Plant-based 100% vegan diet  
Delivered to your door  
**Try it**

Cookies help deliver our services

I agree

[Learn more](#)

## Taken

I was  
When we met  
When you let that man pass when  
It was your right of way  
When you were kind to my mother when she  
Criticised your hair  
When you squeezed my love  
Handles  
As we watched a sunrise  
When you smiled from a stage when  
Your music was wild  
When you cried when  
I told you the ways I could break  
When you laughed like a seal  
When I kissed you in bed  
And  
When a woman with letters by her name said  
You would be

The ground disappeared

Jetsam

The institution  
is a burden.

\*

Language has removed its  
customs.

\*

Even silence  
gurgles.

\*

It spreads the white through  
this house.



imagine  
that / instead of walking  
                  through / the forest  
the forest / is walking  
                  through / us  
and the language /  
                  of trees / is instead  
the language / of us  
                  amongst trees

## hair clogging up the sink

now I know I'm home   tomorrow I will hear the sound of   *save your soul!*   an  
 ending   of dry clay   in a wet mouth   kitchen cupboard ransacked   for a  
 breathalyser   decluttered   for a drug test   *only human!*   pregnancy test   &  
 long-lost strawberry lube   down the sofa like dog treats

the dog is licked & bites

at ease   *so save your breath!*   I will press on my bladder   my fraying school  
 skirt hem line   in the heat of july   dad misses the days I'd destroy a glazed  
 doughnut   & the flakes would dribble down my swimsuit   tomorrow I will  
 surrender   to the dog piss   in the cup

## COURT REPORTER'S NOTEBOOK

demi monde means half  
mistress tells all / talk  
no trousers red tuxedo  
great disadvantage  
beside better  
half truths &  
lapses

green in the  
face king pin &  
prison crimes to  
turn a man's gut / well

"now at least you have certainty"





# Poem

charlie hill

motion

after

before

motion

motion

disjoining

a coalescing

motion

motion

relation

presence

motion

## In Winter

In winter: the distance is purple

In winter: the empty boxes    biding their time

In winter: paint flakes from a white fence    that demarcates // between you and the purple distance

In winter: the birds are circling

In winter: the bones of small animals

In winter: hot chamomile tea

In winter: the honeycomb remnants

In winter: the mountains    moving ever closer → to the sea

In winter: acid eating away at metallic structures

In winter: the delicate tones of something that might be jazz    quietly played on guitar

In winter: the white tile of bathroom    or the pinkish-gray tile of flooring

In winter: a photograph of water and leaves    a hint of ice that keys the abstraction

The bridge in winter: its metallic framework stretched    above the gray coldness (*cold grayness*) of river

Coldness visible    at a distance

In winter: the seamless connection    within each family

In winter: the vulture    laughing from a great height

In winter: I cut my hair and grow my beard

Cold-bearded winter.