

STREET CAKE

experimental writing magazine

issue 72

part 2



Eternal lunch

© frank roger

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issue 71

part 2

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■ Rock

■■■■■
 Baikal Zen ■■■■■ a
 frozen lake ■■■■■ the sun it
 melts the ice ■■■■■
 ■■■ at sunset ■ freezes ■■■■■
 ■■■ a gaunt ■ tower the rock
 unsteady ■■■■■ separated
 ■■■■■ an aching
 ■■■■■ the
 heat ■■■ screaming ■■■■■
 hateful ■■■■■
 melting ■■■■■
 burnt ■ just this ■ fragile
 thread ■■■■■
 sew myself ■■■ into the safe bed
 ■■■■■ always
 ■■■■■
 hundreds of them ■■■■■
 ■■■■■ the
 one ■ silver sparkles ■■■■■
 ■■■■■ rusting red ■■■■■
 ■■■ hole missing fossil ■■■■■
 ■■■■■ witch's curse ■■■■■
 hag stone ■■■■■ I've
 always felt ■ sisterhood ■■■■■
 ■■■■■

We are not Dizygotic
 we became supernatural
 maybe we are
 the same fingerprint?
 We carry
 an act of science
 we were once a myth
 we have different DNA
 Castor and Pollux
 we are WE
 MONOZYGOTIC
 we are looked upon as aliens

We are looked upon as aliens
 We are often mistaken for another's friend
 A money making sideshow
 Eva and Miriam Mozes
 we were once an experiment
 We are often mistaken for another's friend

See this stone
 heart in my palm – the seed fern
 fossil at its centre is
 older than any hand
 that holds it. Mined
 from hard-er rock
 than your hillside
 home,
 these leaves
 danced 300
 million years
 ago, knew coal
 swamps & creatures
 we couldn't dream.
 Each leaf's delicate
 veined presence
 is imprinted
 beyond
 extinction,
 lasts longer
 than memories.
 Your grandfather
 spent hours chipping
 & smooth- ing the stone's
 curves. Feel its shape &
 weight, son; memorise every contour,
 then keep it close, as something
 sacred. Know*

* *what you'll miss before it's gone.*

Jorōgumo

Translate, the entangled bride or the whore weaver. Alternatively the spider who wore a habit. Transverse the thread, that which is, burnt down. The spider whore who suffers stiffness of the backstrap is known to possess a cold heart. Habit brides are known to possess golden orb weaving powers. Their body size averages between a small bird and a rural area and a painful death. Found all over the homes of desiccated young sexy grown men skeletons are promises of silk spun affections. Their webs or forests or empty houses (in English) are lesser spiders. The habit whore is a cave forest written in modern thread.

spring

volume

of

a

flower

squirrel

ing

time

essential

machine

magic

s

birthday

s

like

difficult

moon

s

beneath

dog

language

science

&

summer

curl

imagine

a

month

together

skin

fiction

empty

breeze

Mediocrity

I wonder about mediocrity.

Has anyone ever extolled the virtues of the moderately skilled?
Sung the praises of middle-of-the-road, 6-of-one, luke-warm, neither this nor that?

Perhaps the mediocre sing,
tooting their own little tarnished, second-hand horns,
slightly off-key
but with brilliant celebration.

Half-wits and hacks. Thieves and beggars.
Those who can see no higher than the horizon, and then can reach that height.

I suspect those who have aspired to something more,
something original or valuable,
I suspect the greatest minds envy the attainable height of success
reached only by the mediocre,
whose pinnacle of success is located so much nearer to earth.

n i g h t
t o r
s y

I
sleep
separate
from myself
as a large icicle
beside a stone it
wants to enter &
doesn't as it can't
knowingly say new
nouns & not freeze
its mouth or speak
a language it drips
to land to wake a
long week or day
dark as the rings
under these eyes
much like mine
while they don't
even remember
why the moon
gave up so
soon on
me.

On top

I can hear my knees clicking
as I move up
and
down
slowly.

I'm out of breath already...
surely that can't be healthy?
He looks at me struggling;
he's borderline laughing.

This is so embarrassing.

"Take a break," he says,
"Honestly, don't worry, it's okay."

We sit together
side by side
on top of the stairs,
laughing at those of you
who thought this poem was about sex.

Dog Dinner Tired

< put the owl
in a truck,
poke ---- them with needles.
"That's the coolest possible thing
you could call an avocado".
her.

They always run the extension cord from the kitchen
and towards the daily hysterics.
Computer is a portmanteau of
number + oracle / prophet.
They stand.

It's a cat-head-eagle.

He's been roped in to help

Responds drily. Bitchily for

Her hidden history underlined.

Series linking our soul song.

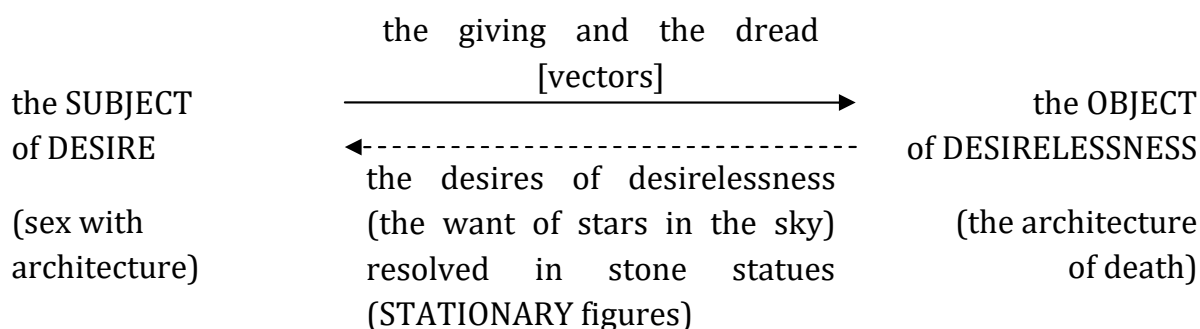
Blinding flash />

Home Surgery

They took
 out your backbone, sawed and chopped
 your vertebrae, punched your face and peeled it off
 removed your eyes to make room for brighter ones, created ugly
 slits, a new mouth so you could still be fed, made sure some passages were
 clear to keep essential systems working. Temporary transplants
 gave you pulse and kept your life-blood flowing. One day I felt
 your heart had disappeared. Arteries
 were cut, trailing grubby tubes
 and your distorted skeleton struggled
 to find shape and meaning among sections of diseased and
 damaged crumbling parts, which they managed to replace.
 They hacked and hammered your body into new bones which
 grew from your distorted thighs
 and chest. Each day you shed
 more tears of silent dust. At night
 we dabbed and wiped but still the dirt
 and debris from your many wounds settled
 to dry
 films of
 distress.

Construction at Staglieno cemetery #2

Desire is for an object on a blue horizon.
 When you get there nothing's there, there's
 only the horizon rolling away
 and there on the horizon an object you again desire.
 In this way desire curves, it curves away
 and fulfilment slips.
 Desire is drawn as a vector
 pointing towards an object on a horizon.
 And the curving away is a means of survival,
 the living out of the everyday. The object
 on the horizon is not alive and the way fulfilment
 curves is what keeps you from wanting to arrive
 and keeps you needling the small
 and the subtle while the end is prime.



(note: ignore: things have gone awry: I got it wrong:
 solved the wrong equation: crossed the wrong river at the wrong time of day:
 I am living fraud by living)

the incomplete and the
 no the functional and the
 no the expedient and the
 no the organic and the
 no the meat and the
 no the meant and the
 no?

```

<!DOCTYPE html>
<html>
<head>
    <title>What am I going</title>
    <link rel="stylesheet" type="text/css" href="say_has_consequences.css">
</head>
<incorrect code>
where's my head where's my head where's my head
</incorrect code>
<body>
    <h1>my head</h1>
    <h2>my body</h2>
    <hr/>
        <!--That's where I'm drawing a line-->
    <div id="head.shot">
        
    </div>
    <div id="inse_cure">
        <h2>About me:</h2>
        <table>
            <tr><td>My head</td><td>Unknown</td></tr>
            <tr><td>My body</td><td>Unsettled</td></tr>
            <tr><td>Experience</td><td>Lacking</td></tr>
        </table>
    </div>
    <hr/>
        <!--I just want it to-->
    <div class="petrified">
        <h2>My hobbies include:</h2>
        <ul>
            <li>Stopping now</li>
            <li>Breathing hard</li>
            <li>Video games</li>
        </ul>
    </div>
    <div class="crestfallen">
        <h2>Useful links:</h2>
        <ol>
            <li><a href="https://www.vibehigher.com/">Useless</a></li>
            <li><a href="https://openyourheart.org">Spine Chilling</a></li>
            <li><a href="http://imfinished.io/">Unexpected</a></li>
        </ol>
    </div>
</body>
</html>

```


PROGRAMME > MY FIRST KISS WAS WITH A
COMPUTER

> ENTER NAME ■■■■■■■■

> KISS NOW ■ KISS NOW ■ KISS NOW ■ KISS
NOW

> PRESS ANY KEY TO CONTINUE

HOW DID THAT FEEL?

LIKE > MORSE CODE HEADLINES
GELATINISING

LIKE > A TRAIN SHUNTING COMMUTERS
THROUGH A SYRINGE, INJECTING FALSE
POSITIVES INTO A TRAFFIC JAM

LIKE > 5 ON A SLIDING SCALE WHERE A
BLACK SWAN HOLDING ITS BREATH IN
VINEGAR = 0 AND AN OVENREADY HOROSCOPE
=10

LIKE > THE WEATHER SPEAKING VOLUMES
BETWEEN STORMS

LIKE > A) A CONVERSATION BETWEEN A
COPPER COIN AND AN ENAMEL MUG OR B) A
CONVERSATION BETWEEN A KING WITH HIS
MOUTH TAPED UP AND A ONE STRING CIGAR
BOX GUITAR

LIKE > HOPSCOTCH IN THE DARK

HOW DID THAT FEEL?

PRESS END

> ■

Italian Summer Drama with Open Windows

6 a.m. – The song of blackbirds and robins announcing the break of day.

7 a.m. – The tinkling of coffee cups and saucers, the pressured puffing of the cappuccino steam.

8 a.m. – The rising chorus of cicadas, as the sun pours through the pine trees.

11 a.m. – Little splashes in an inflatable pool and those giggles that have neighbours smile and think it's been too long since there was a child in the family.

12 p.m. – Sizzling oil and the theme of *Murder, She Wrote*, telling you it's noon.

2 p.m. – Cicadas.

3 p.m. – Cicadas.

4 p.m. – Cicadas.

5 p.m. – A ball bouncing against a wall, a voice on the verge of breaking, solitarily counting each thud.

6 p.m. – Cars rushing back from work.

8 p.m. – The roaring of the crowds in the stadium over the television sets scattered everywhere.

9.29 p.m. – A unison of cheers after a goal in the World Cup.

11 p.m. – That voice yelling 'Stop it or I'll kill you' into the night.

11.02 p.m. – That other voice replying 'Aren't you always so dramatic!' and the laughter while you start to breathe again.

Welcome to Chung' s Workshop 老鍾工作坊!

Hot summer, big sale! Everything 50% off! 一切打五折!

Insect repellent/mosquito net combo only \$5.

Chinese spiritual ornaments:

- Bāguà (八卦) mirror for \$1.
- Talisman pads of 20: buy 1 get 1 free!

JIANGSHI DISEASE / 殭屍病 (JSD-444)

CITY ADVISORY

JSD-444 is transmitted by mosquito bites and strangulation from jiāngshī (殭屍).

Please stay at least an arm's length away from others around you.

Please stay indoors at night due to increased mosquito activity.

If you have fever, chills, cough, difficulty breathing, or red eyes, go to the nearest public health clinic NOW.

Chung' s Workshop will have shortened hours (10:00 AM to 4:00 PM) starting today. If you may have been in contact with mosquitoes, please do not enter.

Customers must wear insect repellent and have NO fever, chills, cough, difficulty breathing, red eyes, or stiffness.

CITY ADVISORY

Social distancing regulations have been modified based on new information.

- **3 feet:** Maximum range of JSD-444 “hoppers.” 95% chance of infection through strangulation from jiāngshī.
- **6 feet:** Maximum range of JSD-444 “jumpers.” 70% chance of infection.
- **12 feet:** Maximum range of JSD-444 “leapers.” 25% chance of infection.

For your safety, it is recommended to remain in your home with a bāguà mirror over the entrance. If you must leave your home for emergency purposes, maintain a distance of at least 12 feet from those around you.

We're here to support you through these difficult times. Anyone entering Chung's Workshop must be wearing insect repellent and mosquito netting (head net, bug jacket, bug pants). Don't come inside you have fever, chills, cough, difficulty breathing, red eyes, body stiffness or spasms, or chalky or green-tinted skin.

Chinese ornaments and charms still available!

- Bāguà mirror for \$100.
- Talisman \$50 each (limit 2 per customer).
- Insect repellent/mosquito netting combos (\$50) running out quickly!

Insect repellent, nets, gloves, masks are **SOLD OUT**.

Check back with us next week!

Bāguà mirrors (\$200 each) and talismans (\$100 each) only available for first responders and healthcare workers. No more than 1 each per customer per day.

ID required for purchase. Curbside pickups only.

CLOSED until further notice.

Stay safe, everyone.

GOVERNOR'S ORDER

All residents shall quarantine in their homes effective immediately.

No outdoors activities allowed.

Emergency workers will provide non-contact delivery of essential items.

Grand reopening of Chung' s Workshop! 老鍾工作坊 隆重開幕!

Business hours 營業時間: 10:00 PM to 4:00 AM

New products 新產品:

- Qing dynasty robes and headgear 清代官袍和官帽
- Qi patches and ointments 氣貼劑和軟膏
- Coffins 棺材

elements of being

all experiences flow through
 100 trillion synapses
 each human brain

8 billion people
 8,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000 feelings
 each second humankind

ecstasy despair
 hate
 love
 grief joy
 pleasure
 kindness cruelty

e
 x
 c
 r
 u
 c
 i
 a
 t
 i
 n
 g
 pain

unending deprivation

transcendental satisfaction

quanta by quanta

distributed unfairly

diabolical god