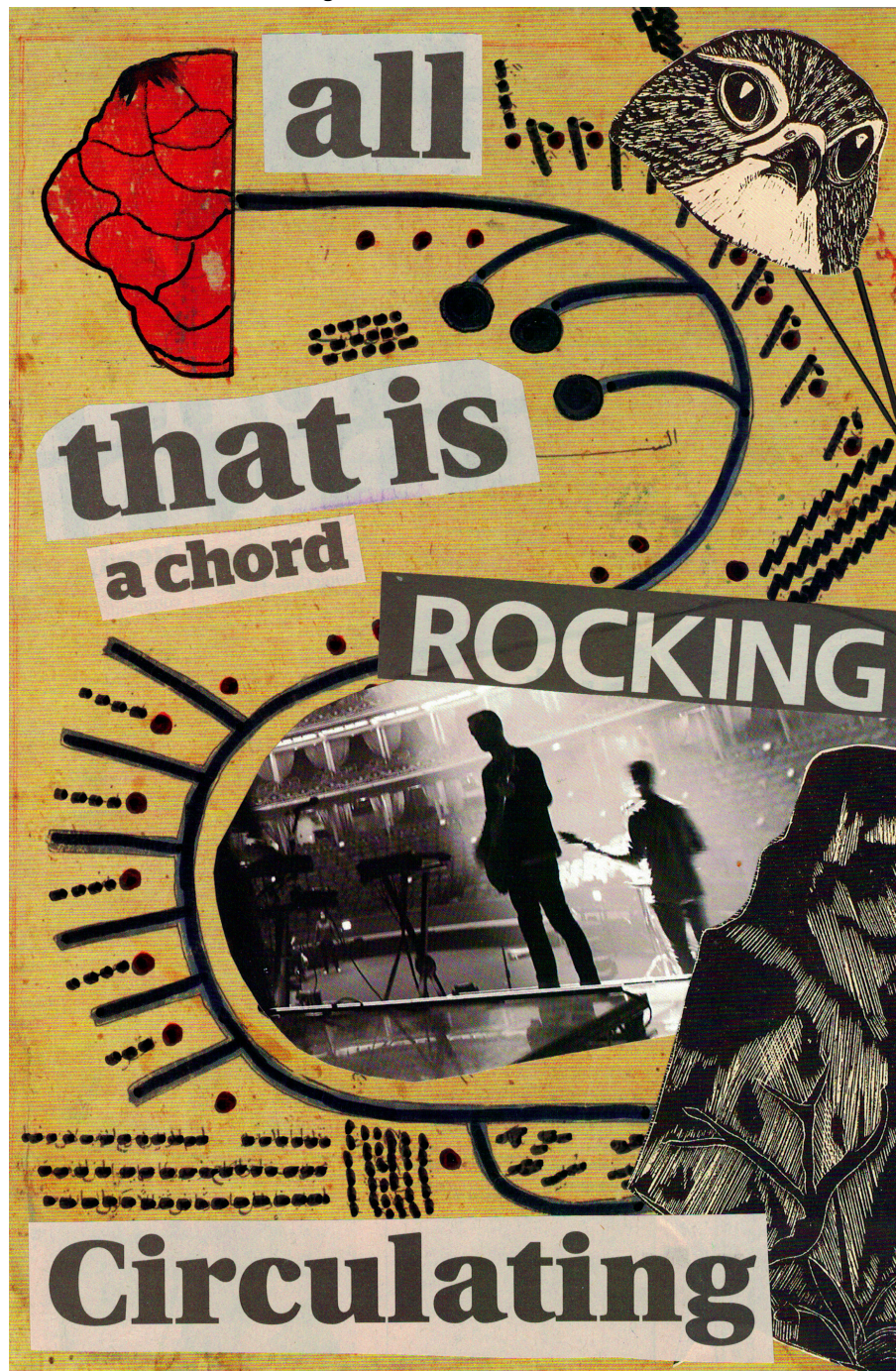


STREET CAKE

experimental writing magazine

issue 76

part 1



@ julius smit

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issue 76

part 1

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Life illicit

An extra cup of caffeine, a poem in the middle of the night, not justifying or explaining, not ringing, not reaching out, not keeping track of news, not following social media, not feeding a belief, not cherishing an opinion, speaking honestly, striving for rigour, detachment – you might as well be in prison . . .

*

The thread of dawn – colour through clouds breaks up, darn some pattern, trees and telegraph poles, because the mind must. Pole stands out, wire fades in. Blue accepts. Perspectives beyond the hedge. This the courtyard, this side the window, eucalypt branches, leaves in a wicker pot. I have none. Except what the eye gives. Three birds in flight fade to the beyond power pole – I may never see them again. Peach leaves don't shake, no wind. What am I making? A sky. A landscape.

*

The note flies to pierce the darkness like a flare. Magic note. Uttered again. Dawn spreads like a virus that heals. Draws us out. Through trees, floating eucalyptus oil. To the lake. Past the gang of 16 ducklings. To the water that drags in down to drown in a jive. Out shaking, like jumpy dog. Walk on towards mountain, deciding a stick, incising tune. Whistling back to the dawn note. Out. Siding up beside cracking frogs. Coughing and whirring like them. Past statues of roos, ears turning, this side, that. Out, brushing past plants that wild with unguents. Rosemary. Past straw flowers that bird us in, hold to the hill, trap us there, flower, dry and fade, become next. Sideways up slopes, casuarina catching, the virus grips. We climb like scales of infection to cleaner air, sterilised by filthy crows. Stop and chain ourselves to the view at the saddle. Enough. Die here.

The Burial of the Dead

April is the cruellest month, CANCELLED

CANCELLED dead land, CANCELLED

Memory and desire, CANCELLED in

Dull CANCELLED spring CANCELLED

CANCELLED kept us warm CANCELLED

CANCELLED

little life CANCELLED dried CANCELLED

Summer surprised us, CANCELLED the CANCELLED

CANCELLED rain CANCELLED stopped CANCELLED

And we CANCELLED in sunlight, CANCELLED

CANCELLED drank CANCELLED and talked for an hour.

CANCELLED

CANCELLED we were children, CANCELLED

CANCELLED out on a sled,

CANCELLED frightened CANCELLED

CANCELLED

CANCELLED t CANCELLED o feel free.

CANCELLED

Poem for Doris Odhneri

se_a le_{mo}n

se_a lemon

sea lemon?

Tremors' Songs (fat highpass 2.0hz drumplot)

how I adore you that song you sing in fire
 moments only glow in the dark
 give me more lusciousness fire alive
 welling up like desire passion bestowed
 watching waiting anticipating
 touch kiss bliss
 more of this take me
 flow over me subsume me
 drown me always run
 hot fingers over my skin
 burn me blister me lust lashing
 drink me down swallow me whole
 take me with you I offer myself to you
 see, my white wedding dress
 aflame with desire for annihilation
 burn me I forget
 my desire that no one wants or sees
 blind eyes back to hiding shivering
 take me deep inside
 love me love me love me
 destroy me

Existential Trouble

incorrect { PASSWORD } or { USERNAME }
> please try again

> server says sorry
{ USERNAME } exists already

forgotten { PASSWORD } or { USERNAME } ?
> click [here] to reset them

if you enter { PASSWORD } incorrectly once more
> server will remove your []

> nice try sunshine
= come on: prove you're human

> look at him
= sweating

> can't: can you?
= no

> right: that's it
= worthless piece of shit

your { ACCOUNT } has been terminated
> server says you're dead

Death Plays Hide And Seek

1	1	0	0	0	1	1
1	1	0	0	1	0	0
		1	0	0	1	0
				1	0	1
						1
				1	0	0
		1	1	0	0	1
			1	1	1	1
		1	0	0	1	0
			1	1	1	0
			1	1	1	1
		1	0	1	0	0
			1	0	0	1
			1	1	0	1
					1	1
			1	1	1	1
			1	1	0	1
			1	0	0	1
			1	1	1	0
				1	1	1

I Fucked Up the Story

Oh shit

I have this piece but

I'm pretty sure I shouldn't
Have his information

Until the end

It's impossible to find the narrative

But there must be a through line

If we can find the sense
Within the madness

I think I can figure out

Where I was meant to begin

A story with a clear beginning

Middle and end

The big reveal has been ruined
But I don't need a story

Made of twists and cliches

God all I want is

A solid middle

To see me through

A straightforward plot
Untangled
from
the

distortion

Irrealis

in language, irrealis moods refer
to things *that are not necessarily real*
like the subjunctive and my life

if I *were* already half made of death
I *would like* the flowers now
rather than later
I *want to be* covered in them
not to hide
but *to be* a fertile soil

#irrealis #thatsawholemood

Persuasion

It's snake season again, and here they come in their straw bonnets and buttoned-up blazers, swinging canes in unlikely hands, hissing like characters from an Austen novel. It's a truth universsally acknowledged that prelapsarian snakes strode upright, though the how the Hell that worked is anyone's guess. All the world loves a willowy heroine, but six foot of brown snake swaying in a corset and kid leather pumps is a bit much for anyone brought up on Greer Garson, Emma Thompson, or even Keira Knightley. Yet, it issssn't what we ssssay or think that definessssss usssssss, but what we do, and those snakes sure sashay as they slink demurely in seemly lace and giggles, turning genteel heads and catching roving eyes, as they link loops instead of elbows and dash between country piles. It's all ballgowns at the breakfast table and whispers behind fans, but while friendship is certainly the finesssssssst balm for the pangssssssss of disssssssssappointed love, one bite from an almossssssssst pretty mouth and it's a dead, dead season, friends or not.

Diagonal

What
is
this?
Simply,
shorty,
diagonally,
a
lovely
piece
of
poetry

Level up

- ↑ Level 12 Keep writing and submitting poems (respected poet)
- ↑ Level 11 First submission of our collection accepted (book)
- ↑ Level 10 First submission of our collection of poems
- ↑ Level 9 First collection of written poems
- ↑ Level 8 First pamphlet accepted
- ↑ Level 7 First written pamphlet
- ↑ Level 6 First submission of a poem accepted in a book
- ↑ Level 5 First submission of a poem in a book
- ↑ Level 4 First submission accepted in a magazine
- ↑ Level 3 First magazine submission
- ↑ Level 2 First poem posted (blog, personal website, social networks, etc.)
- ↑ Level 1 First written poem