

# STREET CAKE

experimental writing magazine

## issue 76

### part 2



@lathalia song

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## **issue 76**

### **part 2**

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*c      ivil    ised*

*c      ivil    I      said*

*c      ivil:    manipulate all  
                  to what  
                  it isn't  
                  or seems  
                  accountant numbers  
                  electric views  
                  fence cages  
                  seperate lovers  
                  constant dots,  
                  lines, walls  
                  of colour,  
                  broken stories  
                  fight inside  
                  air conditioned  
                  city boxes  
                  pens war  
                  on voiceless  
                  cries submerged*

*civilised*

the faker

they say you need to fake it to make it. but how many fakes does it take to make something real? and how can you be sure the eventual reality amounts to anything more than the sum of its fakes? and what is *it* you've made exactly? what if a secret fake remains hidden beneath the surface waiting to rush up into the real like a stripper jumping out of a surprise birthday cake nobody's ordered? *please get back in the cake*, the party begs. *your embellishments are no longer valid here*. that is how we live with our fakes; not by turning them into something real, but by omission.

*Just Another Search Engine Love Poem*

*okay maybe this is just another search engine love poem but i want you to know i would search beyond the end of the entire internet if i had to so that i could be with you again because you are everything to me and because i love all that you are*

okay maybe not  
okay maybe it happened  
okay maybe it did happen  
okay maybe i am straight

this is us  
this is the end  
this is 40  
this is fine

just another manic monday  
just another brick in the wall  
just another day in paradise  
just another girl on the i.r.t.

search engine optimization  
search engine definition  
search engine marketing  
search engine land

love poem for her  
love poem for him  
love poem generator  
love poem for my wife

but i digress meaning  
but i love you so  
but i got high  
but i only think of you

want you back  
want you gone  
want you to want me  
want you bad

to know in spanish  
to know him is to love him  
to know you is to love you  
to know synonym

i would walk 500 miles  
i would like to see the baby  
i would do anything for love  
i would be remiss

search beyond the employee door  
search beyond google  
search beyond calgary  
search beyond singapore

the end of the f\*\*\*ing world  
the end of the world  
the end hot sauce  
the end in spanish

of the people, by the people, for the people  
of the day  
of the month club  
of the following

entire internet down  
entire internet size  
entire internet search  
entire internet cidr

if i stay  
if i die young  
if i were a boy  
if i didn't love you

had to do it to em guy  
had to synonym  
had to cry today  
had to in spanish

so that was a lie  
so that synonym  
so that others may live  
so that meaning

i could be brown i could be blue  
i could never be your woman  
i could care less  
i could fall in love

be with you  
be with me  
be with you chinese variety show  
be with someone who quotes

you again cast  
you again movie  
you again 2  
you again trailer

because you loved me  
because you move me  
because you shot me daniel  
because you were home

are everything bagels healthy  
are everything bagels vegan  
are everything bagels good for you  
are everything bagels bad for you

to me synonym  
to me or for me  
to me you are perfect  
to me in spanish

and because god is the greatest power  
and because synonym  
and because love beatles  
and because iniquity shall abound

i love you with my entire being  
i love you immensely  
i love you because the entire universe  
i love you with my whole being

all that this entails  
all that remains  
all that jazz  
all that heaven allows

you are my whole life  
you are my entire existence  
you are the absolute best  
you are my whole world

RECORDING

(Do not record over audio file)

Red light

:::talk about the practicalities:::

That was you, wasn't it?

*Subtext: The next move*

You rest your thinning arms

*[You were so thin by then][were you always so?]*

your patience grew thin too.

Late at night

*"I'm saving you,"* you said.

Falling

javelines

walls

caving

pursued

as you embraced  
the fire.

Jelly beans

/in mouth / down sofa


anything

with the word 'jelly'

**pulsing/ (convulsing)**  
body becoming  
j l  
l  
e  
y.

Confusion sets in

sets in sets in.

The mind? 

I couldn't deny you

how do you deny a *dying man*?

**Screaming** in my memory

GET OFF, GET OFF!

That annoyed tone.

The last ----- breath

annoyed by me.  
That was our **love**.

You and me/ father and daughter



bickering to the end.

I drank tea

watched tv

listening to your breath rattle\*.

*\*[trying not to think about]*

I found

RECORDING.

So I'd know what to do / you always liked telling me what to do

Last message of

how to live without

you.

I press the **STOP** button

But there is no

[end]

## reptilia

the number of times i have decided i have cancer

already a creature of lumps

out of joint

de-orbited

or my jaw is rotting from the inside

flaking yellow like sunbleached wallpaper chips

smell like cheese and onion crisps and death.

the number of times i have crawled out of the sea

compared to the number of times i have flown

if i had legs i would walk them to stumps

i would turn the sleepers russet with my bloody knees

from norwich to the edge of the sambation.

i cannot count

myself

among the many mothered other life forms

i cannot breathe without us.

night and day are unseparated and sleep is a harrow for tilling the land

i have not yet named all the creatures

i would like it very much if you gave me a hand,

it's hard work

the walled garden doesn't offer much in the way of shade,

there is creeping life and flying

swimming

sprouting and fruiting

meat in meat growing

living and breathing

animate

and then there is us.

my many siblings, my many souls

erupting in crystalline fountains

hanging in the air like kids outside a shopping centre

vapourised

god i love you, i don't know if i say that nearly enough

i dream nightly of scraping the skin off

and wringing out your jaundiced bodies

please understand i mean nothing by it. please understand i was born to this.

i know you know

in your heart of hearts.

the number of times i have beaten an animal to death

is one

i am so sorry

ill fetch the lash

(i have no head for numbers)

i can only age or hurt on a geological scale, my body has this astonishing property

it vents pus even from inside the bones

it infinitely contains all manner of mould in fractal archives

i can run at up to 30 mph in a straight line! if i am pursuing you you should run in zigzags

because i cannot turn easily

my nails,

hair,

scales,

vaginal secretions all have topical applications in powdered form

and all

my friends have poisonous spit

and all my friends once had wings,  
tails,  
swords,  
our diet consists mostly of insects  
live and wiggling.

## Space To Put Things In

I'm reading a book about Iceland. It says that when rubber boots first arrived people were surprised to find you could go working all day and not get your feet wet. But the old folk didn't like it, didn't think it healthy and would pour a little water into their boots each morning. The moral of this story is:

.

## This Vagina of Mine

in which I find

thirty-seven cents divided into  
one quarter, two pennies, and a dime  
an emergency twenty, crumpled  
a 3"x3" hand-written chapbook given to me in 1995 by  
a poet who quit raging against capitalism and  
went to business school instead  
a New York City bullseye token from the 90s  
a folded fortune reading "don't skate on thin ice, wait for a deep freeze" (in bed),  
a bottle cap sporting a trout head,  
a ticket stub--Phish circa 2004,  
one snaking USB cable,  
a random address in Queens hastily scribbled on coffee-ringed note paper,  
a stale bag of stems and seeds,  
a recipe for rugelach on a dog-eared index card splattered with oil stains,  
a twenty-five cents off coupon for sriracha,  
a set of house keys from my old apartment,  
a red string bracelet given to me by an ample-hipped wrinkled woman in Jerusalem two  
decades ago,  
a single copy of the outline for my master's thesis,  
one tube of feminist-inspired lip balm,  
a faded orange bus transfer from my junior year in high school,

and

an argument for deeper pockets

## on news of late & late nights

news of late is served at all hours. never over easy. burnt toast on chipped ceramic dishes. daily bowls of soup often cold. digital soup always hot. also, always plentiful. steaks of many cuts in limited supply. most stakes raw. meals plated of expired goods. cans of curious collections and confinements. most plates seasoned of bitter herbs. sleep slips through back door screens (open 24/7) & window cracks (open even when shut). binary perspectives blend in hues of blueberry & cream. expectations blur. reality rolls & toils. *no news is good news* elders would say. at times when silence simmered. prescient & predictive of times both present & pressing. now all day is all news, and all news is bad. with good & bad neither binary nor bold enough to duo. with dares & dangers also served at all hours, questions mount. ready. set. go. how does one consume with care & caution? how does one continue to care with curiosity & compassion? how does one continue to feel? how does one continue?

~~instructions~~ reflections on avoiding states of numbness, securing sleep & valuing disappointment (of news & new beginnings)

1. Define value. Define video. How are the two similar? How are the two different?
2. Define fake. Define ache. How are the two similar? How are the two different?
3. Define binary. Is fake a binary concept? Is ache a binary concept?
4. Statistics suggest many videos are fake. Which is of greater value. The statistic or the video?
5. True or False: Most new stories are fake.
6. True or False: Most news causes aches.
7. Which of the following terms is least like the others? Cake / Fake / Take / Ache
8. Reflect on the following phrase: "a piece of cake".
9. Are all pieces of cake open to take? What does one do when a piece of sweet cake causes a belly ache?
10. Are cake walks binary concepts?

## Condescension

She ordered a side saddle with dinner last night.

The carers come in with a key code on the front door. They talk about the milkman and the doctor loudly and help her get out of bed.

*The Brasserie*, the Greek restaurant on the sea front, is the brassière, for anyone who's asking. Without her hearing aid in, there's no way to question.

I'm sat in Grandad's old armchair on a rare visit home and she watches the cleaner talk with me.

Condescension, she says, as water tracks run patterns down the steamed-up window. We sit quietly while Doris Day sings in pyjamas on her telly.



last autumn leaves on the pavement rotting away

frost silence

**roots**

I push the door open step into

the empty bookshop to read the classics



