# STREET CAKE experimental writing magazine 

# issue 79 part 1 


@ trini decombe

# contents issue 79 part 1 

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## Anecdote

Filipina nannies, the professor said,
by raising children everywhere
control the world,
revealing his simple grasp
of domestic work,
migration,
and power.

## growing pains

forgetting to speak forgetting how to
your own demons
layering the cake sticky
messy
dripping
an echo
slip-sliding
dis // integration

## mistake n

i,
the selfmadesolecism, am :
"Oops-"
i
am :
mistake


I went diving for monsters, to see those water-bastards with my own optic nerves and imprint the patterns of my finger-swirls on their slime-scales.
To seek out all those sandy-backed-sleepers, as still
as stone, on mattresses of sunken
litter and giants blanched by the weight of the sea, glowing with human obsession, reflected.
To feel Phorcys in the haunted currents, to follow the voices and unravel lyric-ribbons from the throats of sirens.
I stood on the dark line of the horizon then plunged
down
down
where my limbs moved, slowly, pushing
away from the light, towards the shadow
of the wreck.
Fish
flashed,
fast, flicking light back from the other
world, I swam
through time, letters, maps
floating past,
paper jelly fish

| plunged |
| :---: |
| down |
| down |
| moved, slowly, pushing |

where my limbs the light,
away from
towards the shadow
of the wreck.
flashed,
emerging, deformed, on the sea skin. Reflections, not monsters. All sound internal. Rushing \& beating: the whole business of converting
oxygen into
movement into
thought. Into
the iron rib-cage the currents
swam me,
through calcareous architecture built on derelict histories.
Sea moss beginning to line my arteries. A new layer of life
forcing the
ground
deeper into the
asthenosphere.

These are the things I won't talk about because I'd cry
1.
2.
3.
4.
5.

Especially 5.

## Plan Blue

Try to execute the sky. Try to execute the sky as an embroiderer would an embroidery. Remember there's no true blue in nature. Life tricks the eye to create its illusion. The reasons run deep, deep as the deepest blue, which we've imagined as midnight. Who imagined it first? Not Marc Franz or Yves Klein haha. No time to joke, not now. Return to the palette and mix. "This isn't working. This sky perceived with feeling proves impossible to represent. I recall my mother's eyes, for instance, mirroring cloudless summer or winter skies. She could be hot or cold depending on things we never understood as children and that our father barely understood, in retrospect." Nevertheless, proceed with aesthetic caution. Horsehair works best. Mimic the admired, the models, the bold who richly nourished you. They, too, toyed with parody, though often unwittingly. No shame in trying it yourself. Perhaps there is. Focus, focus. Several shady mummers shuffle lengthwise along the scaffolding of the unfinished building across from yours, white-faced, in blue-and-white stripes. Strange things can be fixed on pre-existing structures or imagined on structures left to be completed or even imagined, as the case may be.

## Checklist

|  |
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|  |
| $\square$ Shower |
| $\square$ Shit |
| $\square$ Commemmamameme |
| $\square \mathrm{K}$ Kis wake up, feed, dress |
| $\square$ |
| $\square$ |
|  |
| $\checkmark$ Iilin jonesers |
|  |
| fruspoem |
| $\square$ School run [late: always] |
| $\square$ Avoid head ofTA [School laye hell |
|  |
| $\checkmark$ Adi froery shop Imidele aise biss] |
|  |
|  |
| $\square$ |
| $\square$ |
| $\square$ |
| Q |
|  |
|  |
| 『 smomeation |
| $\square$ Pray [God bothering] |



## Tea for Two

Simultaneous movement
without coincidence.
There can be no balance without a little
randomness. I'd
miss you best in
retrospect, if we had never met.

(Source Material: Pang, Angela. "UCD Iranian students explore heritage." The California Aggie [Davis], vol. 122, no. 088, 27 May, 2003, p. 3. California Digital Newspaper Collection.)

## Where?



Here.

## naked, and

| we float | grief-bound |
| :---: | :---: |
| toward the sea of trees | heads barely high |
| above lake's grasping for us | instead of a fall of rain |
| we are a flame | a gasp |
| in the parched forest | then bonedust |
| once there was a strange sound | like snow crunching |
| under our feet | once |
| we held hands | we ate from the same paper plate |
| dipped figs | in curiosities |
| spread them | our skin, hungry |
| tonguing and... | eyes, traversing |
| we peer into each other | the way a big toe peeks out of a sock's hole |
| there is light | there is too much yearning |
| we are not as moths | we, bodies burning, |
| do not want to ash | we will not become |
| like that Wednesday's mark | the snow globe's glass |
| not as a hook | or some corset |
| we want | no, demand, of the tamarack: |
| to be the grand branches | defiance |
| of the sky's limits | be the embrace to hold |
| our unravelling | our rocking |

H He Li Be B CNOFNe Na Mg Al Si P S Cl Ar K Ca Sc Ti V Cr Mn Fe Co Ni Cu Zn Ga Ge As Se Br Kr Rb Sr Y Zr Nb Mo Tc Ru Rh Pd Ag Cd In Sn Sb Te I Xe Cs Ba La Ce Pr Nd Pm Sm Eu Gd Tb Dy Ho Er Tm Yb Lu Hf Ta W Re

Os Ir Pt Au H Fm Md No Lr
CNOFNer Ge As Se Br K La Ce Pr Nd F Hg Tl Pb Bi Pc Rf Db Sg Bh F Na Mg Al Si P Rb Sr Y Zr Nb Sm Eu Gd Tb
Rn Fr Ra Ac 7 Mt Ds Rg Cn Cl Ar K Ca Sc
Mo Tc Ru Rh
Dy Ho Er Tm Th Pa U Np P
Nh Fl Mc Lv 7
Ti V Cr Mn Fr
$\mathrm{Pd} \mathrm{Ag} \mathrm{Cd} \operatorname{In} \mathrm{S}$ Yb Lu Hf Ta V Am Cm Bk Cf Og H He Li B Co Ni Cu Zn 1 Sb Te I Xe Cs
Re Os Ir Pt Aı eddying around the last leaf

Tec $_{\text {tonic }}{ }^{\text {Time }}$
found fragment, thought to date from 1975,
recovered in a salvage op in 2119
my life's already laying itself down
in the future's stone strata
a thousand years later
perhaps part of the ocean bed
bones bead a kind of coral
strung and bound by plastic shreds
in the sediment, bottle-top eyes
and carrier-bag jellyfish
distant memories rise from emerald fronds
stirred by currents of melted ice
assuming green still exists
outside of stagnant water
maybe nothing moves at all
except swirls of flotsam

Am Cm Bk Cf Es
Og H He Li Be B Co Ni CuZn Ga Sb Te I Xe Cs Ba $N$ Re Os Ir Pt Au 'Es Fm Md No Lr Be B C N O F Ne ja Ge As Se Br Kr a La Ce Pr Nd Pm Ag Tl Pb Bi Po At r Rf Db Sg Bh Hs $\therefore \mathrm{Na} \mathrm{Mg} \mathrm{Al} \mathrm{Si} \mathrm{PS}$ <r Rb Sr Y Zr Nb Pm Sm Eu Gd Tb o At Rn Fr Ra Ac Hs Mt Ds Rg Cn ? S Cl ArKCaSc Nb Mo Tc Ru Rh Tb Dy Ho Er Tm ${ }_{\text {Ic }}$ Th Pa U Np Pu n Nh Fl Mc Lv Ts 3c Ti VCrMnFe h Pd Ag Cd In Sn n Yb Lu Hf Ta W Pu Am Cm Bk Cf「s Og H He Li Be B CNOFNe Na Mg Al Si P S Cl Ar K Ca Sc TiVCrMnFe Co Ni Cu Zn Ga Ge As Se Br Kr Rb Sr Y Zr Nb Mo Tc Ru Rh Pd Ag Cd In Sn Sb Te I Xe Cs Ba La Ce Pr Nd Pm Sm Eu Gd Tb Dy Ho Er Tm Yb Lu Hf Ta W Re Os Ir Pt Au Hg Tl Pb Bi Po At Rn Fr Ra Ac Th Pa U Np Pu Am Cm Bk Cf Es Fm Md No Lr Rf Db Sg Bh Hs Mt Ds Rg Cn Nh Fl Mc Lv Ts Og H He Li Be B C N O F Ne Na Mg Al Si P S Cl Ar K Ca Sc TiVCr Mn Fe Co Ni Cu Zn Ga Ge As Se Br Kr Rb Sr Y Zr Nb Mo Tc Ru Rh Pd Ag Cd In Sn Sb Te I Xe Cs Ba La Ce Pr Nd Pm

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