

**STREET CAKE**  
experimental writing magazine

# issue 79

## part 2



are you ready @robert frede kenter

# contents

## issue 79

### part 2

COVER: robert frede kenter – are you ready

ulka karandikar - the rambler's association advice for walking  
through a field of zombies

richard kitchen - words in the wind #3

martha lane - dear dugee

louise mather - death's head erasure: an experiment in hopelessness

leela raj-sankar - diary entry with failing pen

john rogers - what comes to pass shall pass

jp seabright - notwithstanding

beatriz seelaender - bread[s]

thea smiley - information for new members of the antisocial social club

paul stephenson - the printable area

laura titzer - flashes of falling stars

moira walsh - tablespoons if overseas honey proof

laura warner - darling belly

harry wilding - it's spring 2011 and you're smoking at the window in  
that red dress

jill zheng – hook

The Rambler's Association advice for walking through a field of zombies

What you should do:

- Stop look and listen on entering a field
- Avoid getting in between zombies and their young
- Move quietly and quickly and if possible move around the decaying crowd

What you shouldn't do:

- Don't put yourself at risk by wishing them 'Good Morning' or 'Good afternoon'
- Don't panic or run. Most zombies will lose a limb or two before they even reach you

What do you do if there are zombies on your path and there's no way around them:

- If a zombie is blocking your path you are well within your rights to stab it through the heart. Please remember to dispose of any bloodied weapons responsibly – the English countryside is not a tipping ground.



4

streetcake magazine

[illegible]

Dear Duggee

Dear Duggee,

It was good while it lasted. I mean, really good. My god it was good. I was so happy it was you taking up my time, I could stare into those brown eyes forever. And you seemed happy with me, gobbling up my attention, feeding that big round belly of yours. You consumed my waking hours, my conversations, my telly. And that glorious day you made the bold move to appear at the door of my house. Plush and plump with buttons that sung and peeled squeals of delight from everyone that saw you. Those buttons are frayed and grubby now. The music fuzzy from overuse. I tried to clean you properly after the ketchup incident. Some stains don't shift Duggee. Let's just be grateful it wasn't mudpies you were forced to eat. Oh Duggee, even with your tomato-stained lips you were charming. Funny and smart. So wise too, and good with kids. You were a rare find. A gleaming treasure among the landfill rejects that make up children's TV characters. It didn't matter to me that you were a cartoon dog, and that you could only speak to me in emphatic woofs. That your life was narrated by that posh bloke I suspect secretly votes blue. We had a connection, Duggee. You were a knight. Your shining armour, a boy scout uniform. Your sword, a yellow woggle. You saved me from Ryder, Pat, and Bing and all those other jerks. You made the pre-5am mornings more bearable, meaning, you made most of my days more bearable. How I loved you for it. Unfortunately, my love is not enough.

Please believe me when I say it's not you.

It's not me either.

It's the last member to our once-happy trio. He's ready to move on. He hasn't got the time for you. He's learning letters and numbers and how to brush his own hair. He thinks he's a

big boy now he's discovered Spiderman. He can change channel by himself, Duggee. He doesn't want us anymore. No amount of squirrel club badges will coax him back.

I know it's hard to imagine the baby in the highchair with porridge-crust ed eyebrows riding a bike. The toddler with wild golden curls sitting for a cut and style. The nappy-wearer proudly swinging his legs on a grown-up toilet. It'll not be long before he pisses standing up, Duggee!

The boy who once wore you on his pyjamas, who sang your songs, and whispered impressions of you across my pillow now walks into school without looking back.

Which is why, my dear Duggee, I have to say goodbye.

# Death's Head Erasure:

## An Experiment in Hopelessness

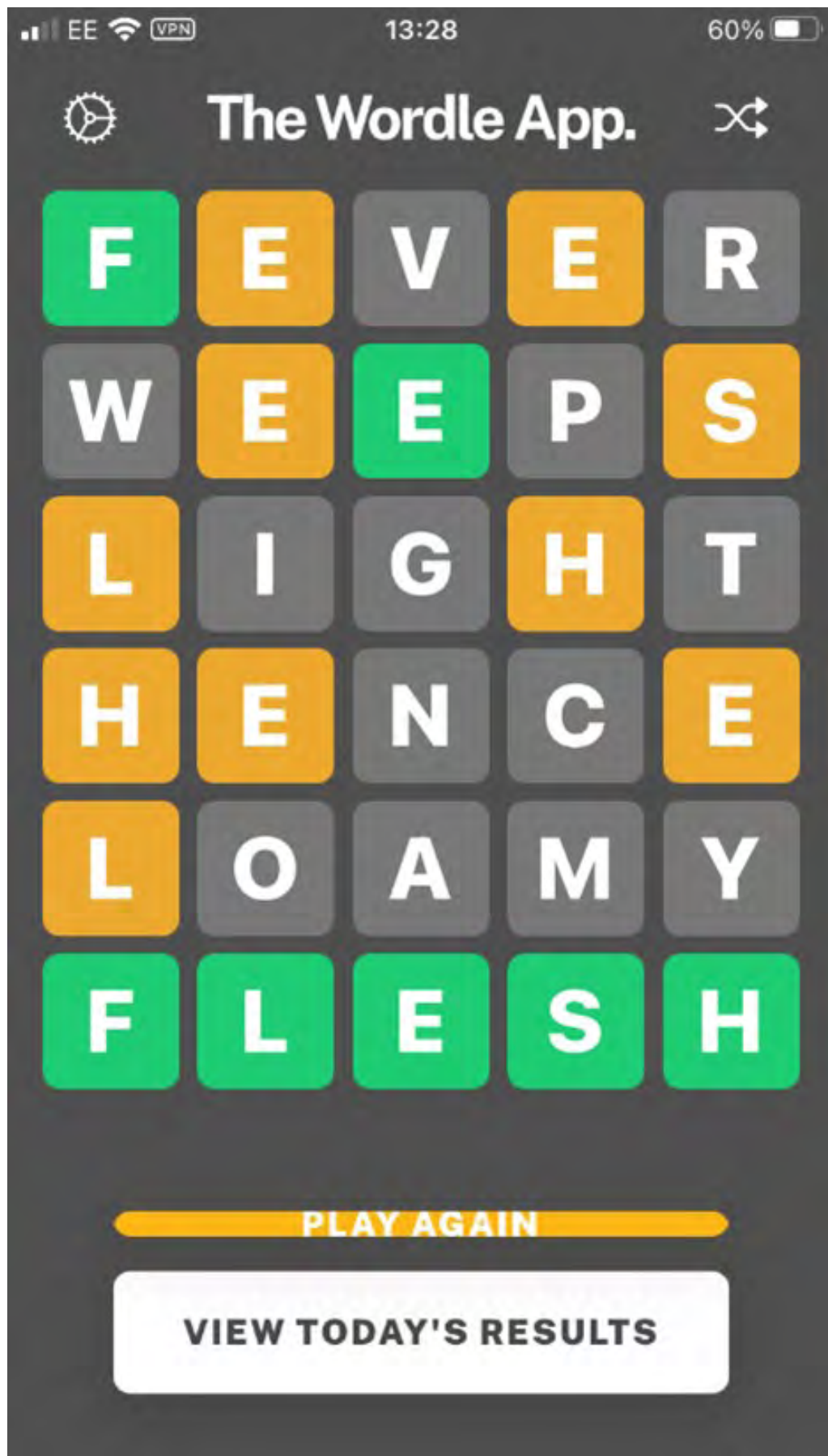
louise mather



**diary entry with failing pen**

& truthfully i spent most of my life wanting to write like those restless white men like  
bukowski's unique brand of sadness so permeable i could smell it if i put my face to the paper &  
truthfully i spent most of my life wanting to be bleak by nature to write about trees shorn of  
leaves so intuitively understood in my desolation though i don't know if it would save me to  
make my misery nameless & abstract & able to disappear into the ink & it's mostly because i  
don't think that sort of torment belongs to me the lethargic sort i mean i thought i was supposed  
to make something useful from my sorrow take the needle & thread & sew the gap together &  
truthfully i spent most of my life wanting to be visible but only in the ways i could control i  
wanted to be a beautiful girl wasting away on someone's leather couch eating only the air &  
didn't those white men have wives & children & families how did they afford to lock themselves  
in a room for hours on end drunk on bottom-shelf liquor & truthfully i wanted my torment to be  
tangible but nothing else i wanted to ask CAN YOU SEE ME at the top of my lungs & hear  
someone shout I'M RIGHT HERE back at me sweep their tender breath over my stammering  
nerves i wanted to write things falling from the sky i wanted to write love into existence i wanted  
to write my depression into just a bad dream a bad dream a bad dre





nevertheless, nonetheless, even  
so, all the same, in spite of this,  
despite that, after everything,  
however, still, yet, be that as it  
may, having said that, that said,  
for all that, just the same, anyway,  
in any event, at any rate, at all  
events, when all is said and done,  
withal, even so, all the same, in  
spite of this, despite that, after  
everything, however, still, yet, be  
that as it may, having said that,  
that said, for all that, just the  
same, anyway, in any event, at  
any rate, at all events, when all is  
said and done, withal, howbeit

**NOT  
WIT  
HST  
AND  
ING**



She salts her dust  
She dusts her salt  
She licks it off  
in different tongues

1 Pão, 2 Pães  
Das Brot, Die Brote  
Le Pain [Quotidien], Les Pains [Quotidiens]  
The pain in the ass, the pains in the ass  
Les Pains, toujours! The breads, jamais!

listen, I've always been bad at Math  
if you don't want to count anymore, I won't blame you  
just put in 'some' upfront / switch it up to plural so much no one notices anymore,  
as in the case of water and coffee.  
either that, or pack up your breadsticks and go.



We never meet.  
If we do, we rarely speak.  
If we speak, we keep it brief.  
We say *Sometime, we must meet  
for a drink at the pub or cup of tea,  
a wild night out or walk on the beach*  
and, briefly, it almost seems that we  
could enjoy each other's company.  
We make a date weeks and weeks  
away, knowing we won't be free  
and that it's all a fantasy.  
We never meet.

I am outside **the printable area**. Here where nothing prints. Where the word can't reach.

I can	't see
or	read
the	type
I've	typed.
But	hey,
I am	sav
ing	ink.
Dod	gy
docu	ment.
Thi	ngs
must	have
got	too
nar	row.
It	did
n't	like
my	gut
ter.	May
be	that
I for	got
my	set
ings.	Left.
Rig	ht.
Top.	Bot
tom.	You
can	imag
ine	what
I ha	ve to
tell	you.
lma	gine
my	phra
ses,	my
sent	ences.

Some short, others long. Black and white. All mine, invisible, outside the printable area.

## Flashes of Falling Stars

bashing<sup>1</sup>  
 coveting<sup>2</sup>  
 selecting<sup>3</sup>  
 indexing<sup>4</sup>  
 smearing<sup>5</sup>  
 canceling<sup>6</sup>

---

<sup>1</sup> Forehead and temple on the powder blue counter while mom styled my hair before school; my body to pavement before our troop was to perform in a parade; the red linoleum kitchen floor when my head bounced because I was caught off guard; the tightly woven, pretzel-infused, never-quite-clean plane floor, twice; the bus floor but all I remember is blurring landscapes and blonde hair.

<sup>2</sup> Scabs while my voice box clamps shut like the snapping turtle on my brothers thumb; with prying fingers perched on my shoulder at 5am like a diving crow; scabs when my concentration is like that of a ferret; control, by way of picking, a trifle of a thing, a secret that is only for me.

<sup>3</sup> Her over him in a bright red booth at Steak N' Shake while I'm thinking about her and the bathroom at Denny's; him over her while sitting on the couch watching *Eraserhead* after three bottles of wine; not her after getting ready for her show, imagining myself aloof at the bar but instead drunk by myself on a couch at home.

<sup>4</sup> All the things I can't do; all the things I can do; all the things I have to do, should do, or want to do. Each December I buy a new planner to count the molted exoskeletons.

<sup>5</sup> Tears onto white tiles while showering, in those moments that are only for me; eyeglasses from my wet lashes making them look like solar-flare tomatoes; blood between finger and nail but never from slamming.

<sup>6</sup> Myself into the tiniest of cardboard packages ready to be mailed nowhere; my voice into the smallest of music boxes that does not open. Can I bash my coveted selections which are indexed into smeared cancellations?

## TABLESPOONS IF OVERSEAS HONEY PROOF

Hey fatigue, hay  
 fever? Get  
 me some  
 goldang  
 bee con  
 centrate  
 from tro  
 pic  
 al la  
 tit  
 ude  
 s





Darling Belly,

full up belly, soft, round pot  
 with polka-dot cotton skirt skimming  
 over you, warm, quiet as a sleeping lapdog,  
 I look down and want to pet you. I'm sorry  
 for the violence: for the sharp-toothed  
 zip of jeans; for the scarr-  
 ing seams of  
 waistbands;  
 compression  
 underwear  
 -

Where

did I think it would go:  
 the new flesh and tissue that you  
 were growing and nurturing? Obedient, diligent,  
 committed to following hormonal instructions, to the process of vascularisation and those  
 billions of tiny blood cells that proliferate when you, miraculous belly, tell the uterine glands to  
 e l o n g a t e

You are magnificent, belly; you cradle the magnificent womb that never rests,  
 makes meal after meal, fluffs bed after bed, its thickening endometrium rich with the richest  
 blood so thick it will clot to a string of dripping black cherries – uterine utopia – belly, I've been  
 raging at the way you shapeshift. I've not been eating right. I've been making myself so  
 fucking tired.

I didn't know:

loving you is like feasting on blackforest gateau  
 passing-out in a mound of cotton flowers.

Dearest belly.

Dear belly.

Dear

be

ll

y

**It's Spring 2011 and You're Smoking at the Window in that Red Dress**

*for Ali*

**(read from bottom to top)**

cool  
hot &  
both taps:  
you run  
  
skipping as  
heart  
just, my  
  
parted  
bare legs  
against white  
  
red hem  
along  
eyes drift  
  
clouds, my  
blue  
exhale  
you

