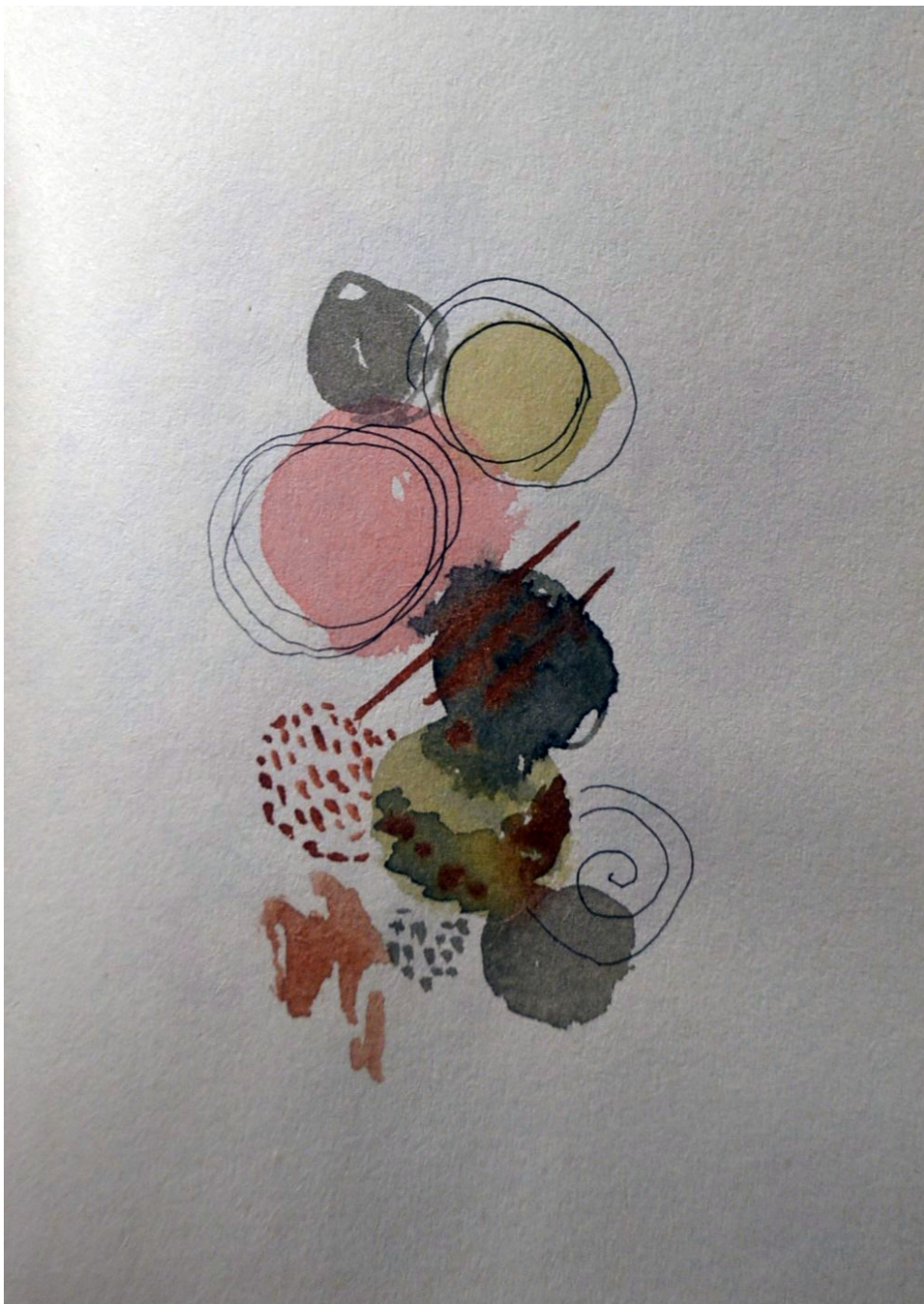


# STREET CAKE

experimental writing magazine

## issue 82



@ stephanie ivanova

# contents

## issue 82

COVER: stephanie ivanova – softness

galia admoni – 11:34pm

julia biggs – ‘ii’ (an erasure poem based on emily brontë’s stars)

lee campbell – democracy

seth crook – we’re in the spirit, you and i

jon gilbert – cobbleshell

emma harding – immortal jellyfish

amy marques – whimsical sidewalk

bruach mhor – seals of happiness doing their bent banana-ing  
out on carraigan in loch schridan

sophia mold – moon

evie newman – untitled

juliana ocean – the mile high club

e. martin pedersen – the business of mindfulness

ron riekki – letter in which I explain to my fellow townspeople that  
the sighting of a dead comet predicts that the dragon  
may emerge from the thickets tonight to destroy the  
world and leave only night (with edits)

mohammed rizwan – movements through the reference section of  
the library over the course of 4 months

andy smith – this bastard pen

edward michael supranowicz – madness lacks manners

john tereshinski – a near silent hum of electricity between two  
people

11.34pm

I slip to my  
knees on wet  
decking and

the night  
is suddenly  
open. An

eerie dark  
grimy thing  
with

claws. Cupped  
leaves overflow with  
cigarette butts and

rain. I am  
burning  
the candle

at both ends and  
the candle  
is also

a grenade. I move  
past weighty  
pub noises. Rooms

full of weekend  
joy. Full of  
dread

and deliberately  
dreadful. There are  
no honeyed

fingers to point me  
home. Latibulate  
my body

until morning. No  
guide for this  
night. Doorways



honeycomb the  
street like  
dovecotes. Like

the inside of my  
head. Like how  
apples and

oranges both  
sit next to  
each other at the

supermarket. They  
are both  
fruit. We go

out on the weekend  
because we are more  
than just our jobs; more than

a musk that  
coalesces with  
the fragrance of

overripe fruit and  
alcohol. I can't see with  
my eyes or

hear through the  
buzzing in my  
ears. But somehow

it continues with  
music. The wind  
makes it real.

why  
Have you  
left?

your eyes  
Were mine,  
And

I  
revelled in

sweet

fire,

Blood-red,  
fierce

blazing

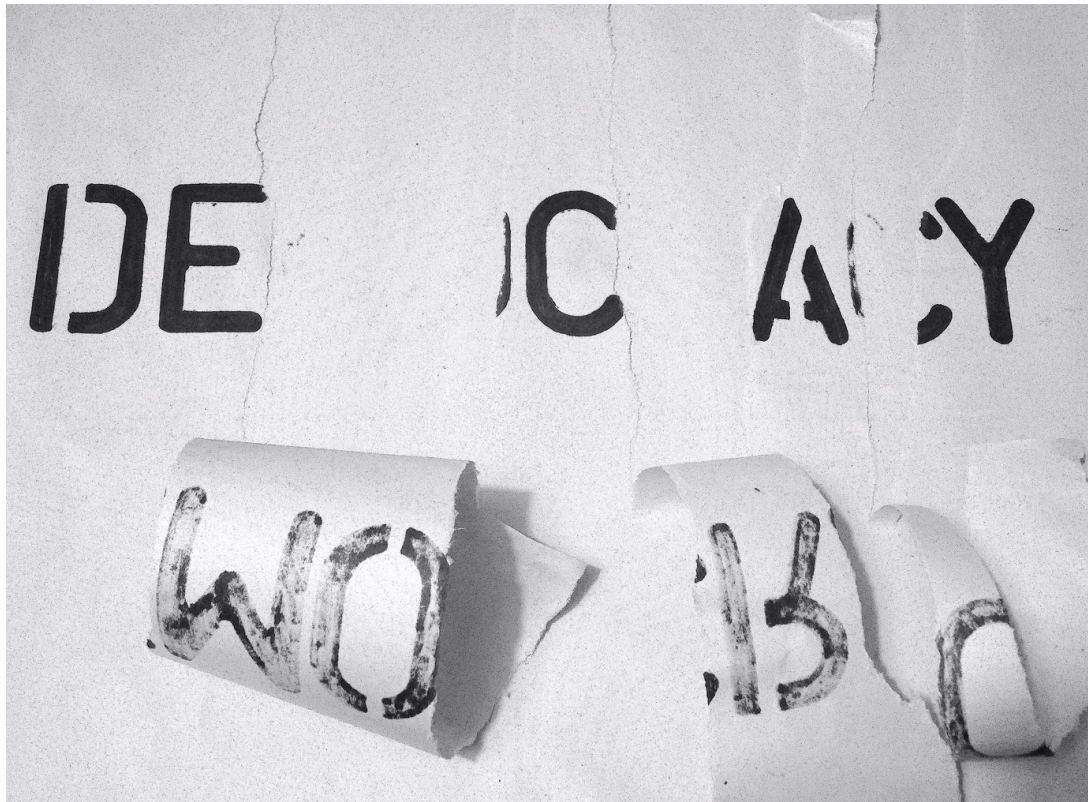
call back and see  
me!

the pillow  
in

my room

Drinks tears ;  
Let me  
wake with you

Source text: Emily Brontë's *Stars* (1846)



We're getting into the

spirit

Cobbleshell*after Roy Fisher*

the city rolls on its cobbles

*you're all going to get arrested**and you don't even know it*

finger knuckles to nose and

you've seen it

*because you'll let them*

the trick he says is to do just enough to keep the streets  
vaguely clean and public displays of violence to a  
reasonable minimum and to maintain the optimum amount  
of homelessness

the lights turn green

and the benches are wet

somewhere west

*you've got**you've got**you've got dirty eyes**dirty eyes and hollow hands*

i

*aye what do you think of Norwegian birds?*

the lights turn green

unfamiliar with the vengaboys  
but they're coming  
we know that they're coming

*if you're ever attacked by a crocodile  
remember to cover its eyes      cover its eyes  
it gets disorientated      and then you can get away*

*Over ver ver ver ver cobbleshell sellshock cobbleshock sell*  
Over Overtly 'ave a lee

meet me at the train station      again  
and we can provide each other the necessary  
i      eye contact that says      we've had  
   this conversation      before

*i'm not a bad person*      i'm not a bad person

you break me into tiny pieces  
   and put me in boxes      scattered  
around the city  
an arm paved over by the calls  
   an eye toward headingley  
   my legs up woodhouse lane  
   and my toes wrapped under the cobbles



*think what you mean think what you mean think what you mean*  
*and talk properly*

some things are best  
not recorded  
(the irony of this  
should be avoided)  
and some things are better achieved  
without the presence of the bereaved  
and

the rain is fitting if predictable  
and it magnifies this part of the screen the melting point  
and cuts  
and cuts  
and cuts the black  
into a l l the colours  
crippling the fingers that drive between the benches  
which we are reminded are wet

so take me to a place  
a place where again  
ev  
re  
ve  
rb  
is a wound  
and every vowel a cut below the public transport coverage

*yeah but*

*but you don't have kids anymore*

*you don't have kids anymore*

walk with the broad shoulders of the men present on  
pelican crossings            then    brush the hand of your  
nearest neighbour            it can be cold    when the city is  
cold    and warm when the city is warm            and    in  
this way we all gauge temperature

*it's going to get worse*

*i said*

*it's going to get worse    before*

*before    it gets better*

so i drew a line that links cyclists to typewriters

and then i

stopped

.

this vertigo forest is            is not    pleasurable

and you            w

e            can follow the scars wound

from margin to margin            to once again find our way

here

so break my bones

and cover me in clay

then    be satisfied

be satisfied

with the flags corroding above unstationary streets

where the benches are wet and we can    talk property

there is such      terrible writing in this place  
and

we will shortly be arriving at the last line where this poem  
terminates      please ensure you have all your personal  
belongings with you before departing the page

the lights turn green

**Immortal Jellyfish***after James Richardson*

Mature, immortal jellyfish,  
 common prey, forgotten predator,  
 mindlessly float through your body.  
 You're no pink meanie but a softie,  
 flavorless venom passively paralyzing  
 plankton. Mute under your medusa bell,  
 your stress glows like an orange cuttlefish  
 in your stomach. I would lose my head, too,  
 if I ran out of food. Translucent blue decay,  
 b r e a k d o w n y o u r p a r a c h u t e  
 a n d b e r e b o r n .

I pop your moon bubble pill  
 in my orange tulip, illuminating  
 600 million-year-old sea salt,  
 but you're not crusty in your  
 celled fountain of youth.

You let me cheat

d P m i p  
 e r e n a  
 a e r  
 t s a  
 h e l  
 . r y  
 v s  
 e i  
 s  
 .

# Sidewalk Art

DON' T

LOOK DOWN

Forget to



The old mountain man



finally mounted his sea horse



and crossed the mountain range,



his trusted bunny leading the way.





His trampled heart



longed to run towards



the bleeding heart of



an awaiting embrace.





For he had been running for so long,



and had met long-limbed dancers,



friendly googly-eyed otters,



and ostrich-like pandas that sunk their  
heads into the sand.





A wily rat



and an elderly wise turtle



both said the winding road



would lead to a hope-full sunset.  
Or maybe a black hole.

Seals of Happiness doing their bent banana-ing  
out on Carraigean in Loch Schridan

Head up  
up, tail

No, ing  
we're not mov

We here  
like it













the mile-high club



Ladies and gentlemen,

We are losing altitude. ... And etiquette. ... And inhibitions.

please unfasten your seatbelts and make your way

towards someone attractive.

Wear that attractive person like an oxygen mask.



And a seat belt

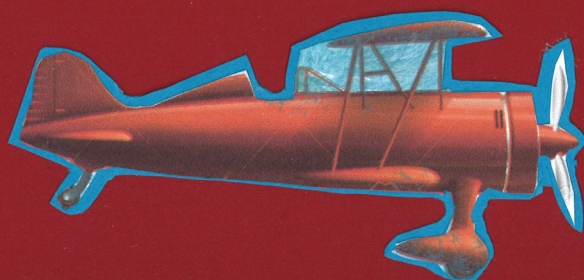
And a life jacket

Wear them like a decadent duty-free fragrance from our oriboard catalogue

That way, you can come and go at the same time.

Thank you for choosing Amorous Airlines.

Enjoy your sojourn.





## The Business of Mindfulness

we aim to please	if you want to climb a mountain, begin at the top
exchanges acceptable	life is a balance of holding on and letting go
talk to us (not a recording)	there is no way to peace, peace is the way
the customer is always right	to understand nothing takes time
different roles, equal respect	the sound of one hand clapping
full benefits for all employees	a river too pure yields no fish
we don't advertise, no need to	the mind like a mad monkey
a quality product for a fair price	leap and the net will appear
your happiness is our top concern	see everything as illusion
no questions asked lifetime guarantee	when you walk just walk
if you can't pay we can work something out	empty your mind
our CEO makes 10 times our salaried workers	be water





## *Movements through the reference section of the library over the course of 4 months*

**2 April**

600 Technology and Application of Knowledge

610 Medicine and Health

616 Diseases

616.9 Other Diseases

616.99 Tumours and miscellaneous communicable diseases

616.994 Cancer

### *Cancer*

Disease of cells. Everyone is cells. So, you'll get it. You're probably already in the early stages.

You definitely know someone who has it.

200 Religion

290 Other Religions

297 Islam

297.3 Islamic ethics and religious experience, life, practice

### *Supplication: A natural return to God*

Supplication is submission. At admittance that God is in control. So, pray to Him, supplicate to Him.

297.2 Islamic doctrinal theology

*The Nature of God*

God is Will. What happens is through his Will and what doesn't happen is through his Will Not.

**16 April**

616.994 Cancer

616.99449 Breast Cancer

616.99406 Therapy

616.994061 Drug Therapy

*Treating Breast Cancer*

Therapy depends on the stage.

Radio and chemo and hormonal and targeted.

297.3

Back again, are you?

**23 July**

616.99406 Therapy

616.9940654 Diet Therapy

*Food Kills Cancer!*

What are you doing in this section? Aren't you supposed to be enlightened?

Targeted foods won't damage her hair or her breasts, though, so, it's worth a go, surely?

And hope is worth a go, surely.

### **31 August**

100 Philosophy and Psychology

150 Psychology

155 Developmental and Differential Psychology

155.9 Environmental Psychology

155.93 Death and Dying

*Dealing with loss: how to explain death to children*

You should have just come here at the start.

Why does your religion mandate three days of mourning only? How is that enough, when forever won't be enough?

155.93 Death and Dying

*Grief: what's the point?*

The point is that your hugs are longer, your *I love yous* are more frequent, your tears are heavier, your vision is changed, and you now see the world tinged with light.

## This bastard pen

This bastard pen. Leaks at will. Does nothing but spill. Ink and sanity – all the same.. Oh how I love its enthusiasm, however misguided. The squid in my grip. So desperate to spread its mark. Determined to stain like humanity to the Earth. Draining my spirit just the same. It renders me the hapless snake charmer, taunted by the bare page while I boast hands, blackened. We used to get on famously, but somewhere along lost our way. A fine line it is between palm and page, scribe and splay. A clear communication breakdown, purpose now split and frayed.

Anywhere but the paper, like a twisted climate protest. “save the trees!” each seep of would-be substance screams as my skin it smears. Bleeding us dry, as the pact doth cry. Impotence has become the strong point. It renders me rushing to scrawl the first nonsense my mind produces at all: A feeble attempt to seize control, marked with manic splurges usurping words. Fragments of a skewed ego ferment the empty space. Swelling, my rage. Swimming against ink current. Skirmishing with my dearest friend; my greatest enemy – in the ilk of quarrelling teens. Caught in the throes of writers blot, insults stream jabs to tears. Sobering reconciliation washes over.

Truce embraced, in a palm of its own blood my dearest writhes as we seek to heal the wound. But by now, the brilliance that had mustered in my mind is a million miles away, and all I can do is grip the fist of dissent. Clutching my own doom ever tighter, leaking it further around me. Peace is a lie. It renders me one to wear my words; ink spills as my spirit stills. A chorus of weeps echo my pain.

Wading through, pressing on, with what remains I shall wri...



The near silent hum of electricity between two people

