

# STREET CAKE

experimental writing magazine

## issue 86



@ stephanie ivanova

# contents

## issue 86

COVER: stephanie ivanova – shapeless

katelynn bishop – the defensive part

frank carellini – animal sounds

dah – thought n. 52

christa king – ars poetica

dave read – untitled

mims sully – lovely to have met

ilias tsagas – focus my eye, focus

phil wood – parallel universe

jessica wright – so to speak

## The Defensive Part

you're ready to move on  
from the ugly 4 a.m. fight i picked  
by the time i wake up

(in therapy i uncover  
and befriend  
my *parts*:

becoming  
an assemblage  
of pieces—

the defensive part

the validation-seeking part

the part that fears  
abandonment

etc

etc—

that carry hurt, have  
essentially good  
intentions,

rather than the jumble  
of fleeting moods  
and conflicting urges

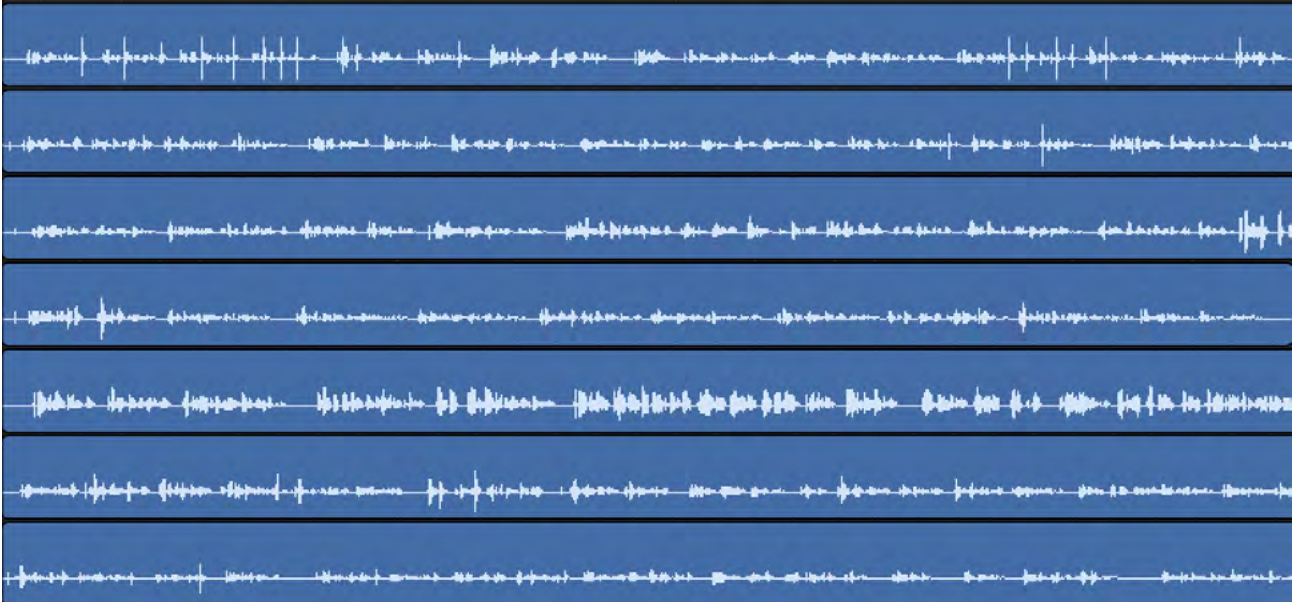
that seem to drag me  
haphazardly from  
moment to moment)

there is a part that craves  
affection, a part that only wants  
something to eat,

but the defensive part wants none  
of your innocent offers  
of coffee, of re-warmed slices of pizza,

your easy acceptance  
of apologies,

wants to cast you as all the villains  
that created it  
to assure its own survival

*animal sounds*

*this visual poem is the literal measurement of my voice reading a select poem of mine repeatedly across space & time in attempt to deconstruct language into its physical elements, expose it to variations stemming from my breath, mood, place.*

**Thought No. 52**

Minus religions

corporate politics

and gunpowder

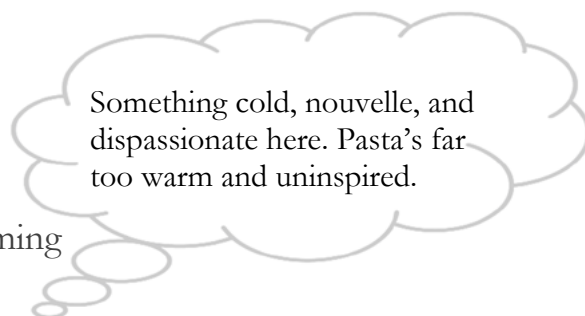
Oh! what a wonderful world  
this could be

## Ars Poetica

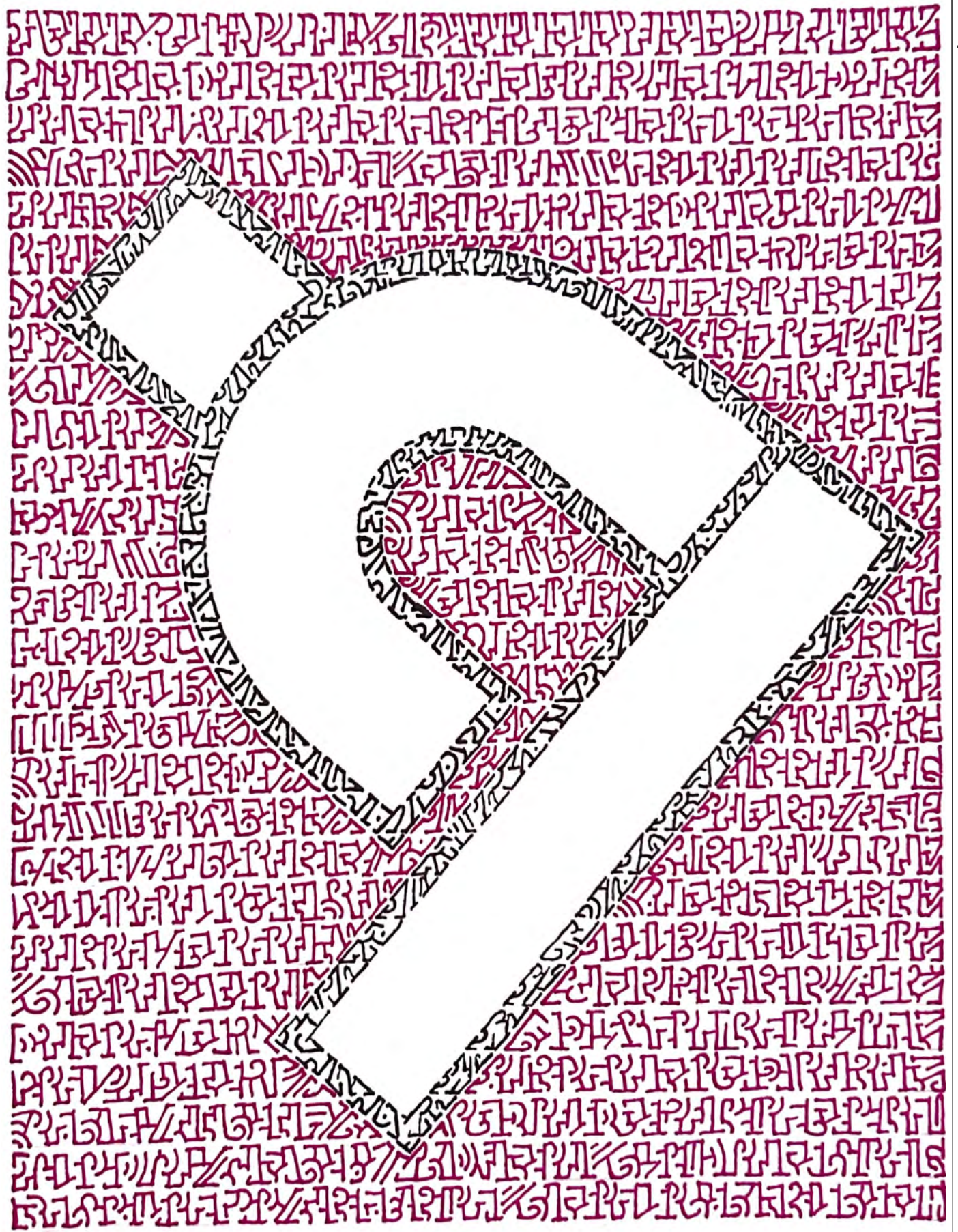
*"I have often noticed that these things, which obsess me, neither bother nor impress other people even slightly..."*

*Annie Dillard, Pilgrim at Tinker Creek*

I begin to understand why poets write an Ars Poetica—there is no one to talk to. No one is as crazy-obsessed with words and meaning, distilling meaning, finding the exact—or ~~el~~osest nearest to exact—thing you mean to say, in just the perfect—or as near to perfect as you can make it after thirty drafts—word for this line, which is a bit different than the scheme (And how does that work? Charming variety, or ~~stupid~~, annoying nonsense ~~discord~~?) Companions gawp at you over their plates of pasta when you begin a fervent sermon on the etymological bond between “chord,” “accord,” and “discord” (same root, isn’t it wonderful?). Where can you fill your ~~craving~~ hunger ~~yearning~~ longing for others as consumed, but with other poets and writers, obsessed readers, or undergraduate literature students, the poor things?







## Lovely to Have Met

*~ in the words of Mrs G, Wellsprings Care Home*

How do you do? My name is Rose Maria Anna  
Elizabeth Garland. You'll never meet me twice!

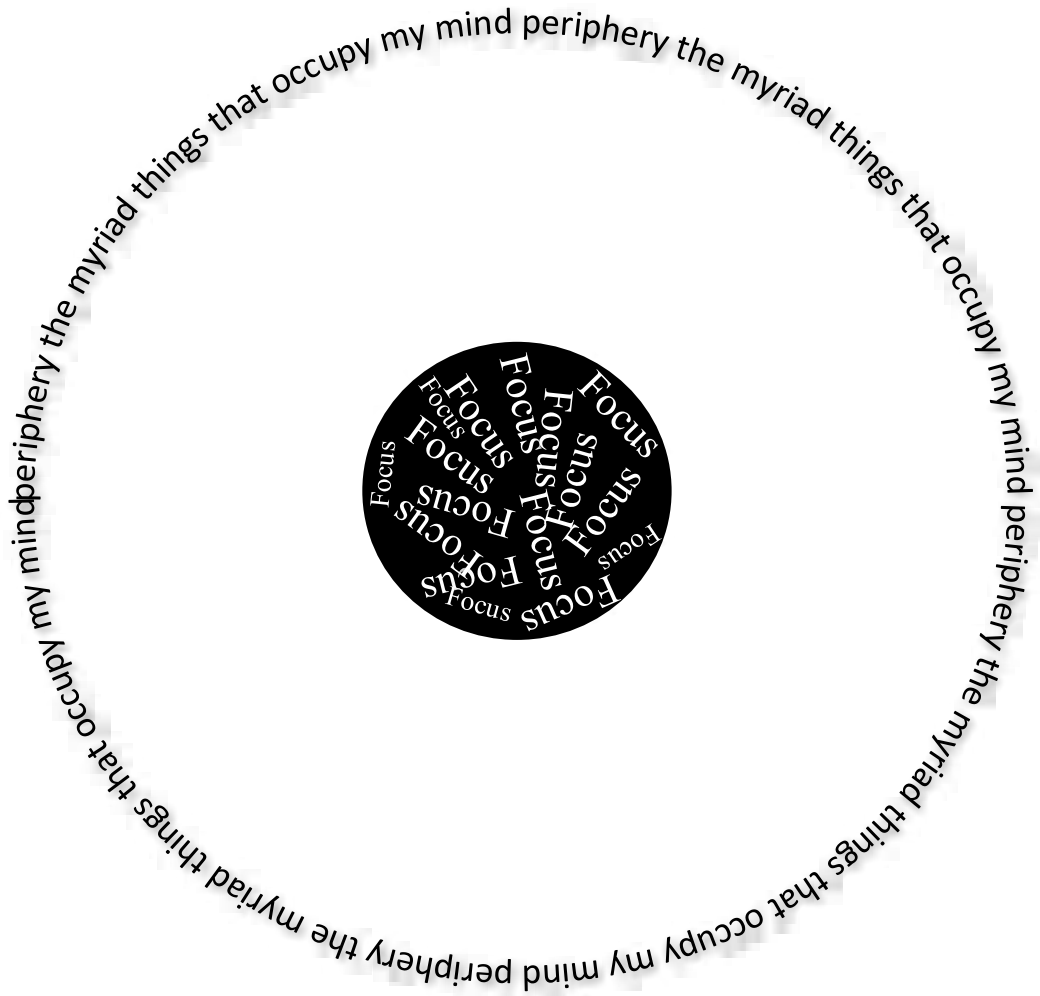
My hands are hot, I'll tell you because - I'm on heat!  
What do you think - should I marry him?  
I've got a husband and several other people  
but I'm wonderful, there's a lot of wonder in me.

Lovely to have met. My name is Rose Maria Anna  
Elizabeth Garland. And don't I remember it!

We're not staying; we're just passing,  
I love elsewhere. If I don't see you before  
have a happy new year. Take care.  
God luck with everything.



## Focus My Eye, Focus



## Parallel Universe

I find the door. The unreachable room  
is locked. I peep through the keyhole and find  
an inky ear. I put my mouth up close.

**so to speak**

in a drag full world  
 where we bloom  
 small doubts  
 and call it  
*the flash*  
 of spent  
 blame

fear carves smiles  
 in our laws

flushed with loss, our hands taste  
 facts in the deep press of cold

*slide up*

dream a scene

think of the split pink sneer of thought

tool with us a while

we eat hope like the moon

i don't mean *hope* is the thing with  
 a strip of light in one hand i mean

pain makes you still as a thief  
 but to be known takes wing,

wing

Source text: Eve Kosofsky Sedgwick, "Paranoid Reading and Reparative Reading, or, You're So Paranoid, You Probably Think This Essay Is About You."