

STREET CAKE

experimental writing magazine

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boxed set

them
come at me so
loud
so wide

people like that
(us/you/me)
the heard
the herd

merciless

A Real Dog

Get a dog, they say.

I already have a dog, I say.

Your dog's not real, they say.

Feels pretty damn real to me, I say.

Looking after a dog will be good for you, they say.

My dog snaps and snarls at me if I ignore it for too long, I say.

All you have to do with a real dog is walk it and feed it, they say.

My dog is self-sufficient, which, given how I feel, works well for me, I say.

Your dog – *Christ, it's not even a real dog!* – is what's making you feel bad, they say.

Look, my dog is a fucking real dog and knows what's fucking best for me, okay, I say.

A real dog would look after you, make sure you get up and get out, they say.

My dog doesn't make me do things I don't want to do, I say.

Like going to work and eating proper meals, they say.

What's more, my dog really loves me, I say.

A real dog would love you too, they say.

Not as much as my dog does, I say.

Try having a real dog, they say.

I already have a dog, I say.

Too Masculine

she_{ll}

Paramount

a capitalist found poem

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Premium article Let Student Finance know or

risk higher re-payments How's your

online store?

Finding you the cheapest train deals... A

I-caramba!

Take my money! Wait for

it...

Police report

What happened to that swan
inside the car wash
at 3:16 am
on July 24
could have happened
to anyone
really

Hemingway in Pamplona

We saw
a bit of sun

this afternoon. Last week
you made, from

scratch, a cream-based tomato soup
with spinach &

chickpeas – some Spanish thing.
It was excellent, even better

after a day or two. Today, perhaps
because of the sun,

I asked if it would be
OK if I had a bowl

of the soup for lunch. Quizzically,
you responded:

What would it mean if it was OK?
Sometimes things simply come

out of our mouths
that shouldn't.



First day at the Joy Department

On my first day at the Joy Department I cried.
Then, I remembered that father used to say
that women who cry more, pee less.
I felt stupid and weak.
They made me read the regs
familiarize myself with labor law,
arrange the chocolate bars by color.
At the end of the day I noticed
I'd had no time to pee.

Confessing Love with an SEO Poem

How many ways can you say “I love you”? Read the love poem below to find out.

New ways to say “I love you” in three words:

I adore you
I am yours
I cherish you
I trust you
You're my angel
You're my rock
You're my soulmate
You're my sunshine
You complete me

New ways to say “I love you” in four words:

I'm under your spell
You're my better half
I'm crazy about you
You're everything to me

New ways to say “I love you” in five words:

You're the one for me
I will always choose you
I'm in love with you
I have feelings for you
You make me feel alive
You light up my life

New ways to say “I love you” in six words or more:

You mean the world to me
You are my dream come true
I am so lucky to have you
You are the apple of my eye
I can't imagine my life without you

iamhere

and

therearesilences

and

thatis

poetry

(whoknows?)

inspiteofhimself

forwepossessnothing

weneednotdestroythepast

wecarryourhomes

withinus

eventhose

raremomentsofecstasy

eachmomentisabsolute

nothingisanonymous

Irememberloving

itbecamesomething

bynotbeingnothing

Ihavethefeeling

thatwearegetting

nowhere

quietsounds

werelikeloneliness

youarelikeaghost

lethimgotosleep

slowly

thatisapleasure

wecanflyfromhere

**erasure and glitched version of text from John Cage's Lecture on Nothing*

Hunting Grounds

Lately I have been
 sleepwalking.
 I find myself
 in strange places:
 horizontal on the kitchen floor,
 outside with no clothes,
 one time covered in feathers and
 dripping blood and
 moonlight.

Dreaming is easy and of
 distant dreamlike things –
 landfills, landmines, leaving
 the night early,
 drying dishes and no plants left
 alive, payslips and pages never
 unfolding at the corners and pennies
 piled high like bullets or sloping
 silver towers straining upward towards
 enough.

Then when morning
 crashes,
 I have changed and changed
 back.
 I find myself
 unfamiliar, waking
 in jobs that I hate,
 waking
 to the sun burning
 with the light of
 nuclear fireball.
 Brushing my teeth,
 looking into my bathtub,
 tiles spattered, I see
 my body
 slaughtered, a village
 hunted –
 a consequence
 of living
 with the lights off.

One day at a fucking time

One
One
ONE day
One day at a

One day
Time

One day at a

Fucking

Time

a a a a a a

Day

T
I
M
E

Fucking time
One Day

How Do You Un-cook an Egg?

Our lives go in one direction ... always
forward - never back. How did we get
to where we are today(?) A pot sits,
boiling on the stove - steamy water
cleanses conscience. Counting 3 minutes.
3, 2, 1 ... there is no retreat ... *brewing*,
scalding, *smoldering*, inhibitions writhe.
Dancing, *bobbling*, *bouncing*, days [eggs]
retreat, pretending there is no tomorrow.
Hard & dry, overcooked ... we try to start over
again. Always forward - never back ...
How do you un-cook an egg(?)

ISOLATION

I want to finally be a free human being,
says the rebellious writer.

How? I ask him.

I'm going to steal lemons from the store
and they'll put me in jail,
he explains the advanced
plan.

People can't fly like seagulls.

So they have to sit
in isolation.