

# STREET CAKE

experimental writing magazine

## issue 95

No, I'm  
not a cat. I  
may be able to  
fool you, though, if  
you don't read all the  
telltale signs. Firstly,  
note my green eyes, as I  
respond to urgent calls  
for 'Kitty'. Anything  
unusual? There's also  
my circle of friends  
that includes T. S. Eliot  
and Florence Nightingale. If  
you really want to understand  
me, though, you will need to go  
further back through time. There  
were giants storming our citadel.  
Fleeing through Greek myths still  
being chased, we arrived in Egypt  
and hid in plain sight in a variety  
of disguises. Aloof, dignified, even  
a little spiteful, my feline persona  
quickly drew adherents. However, not  
wishing to seem conspicuously regal,  
I also assumed comical qualities, so  
blending in. At night slipping under  
the radar, I perform needed magical  
acts, such as recently in Privet Drive  
and at Hogwarts, cloaked in invisibility  
usually, notes Hollander. My movements are  
camouflaged through a trail of destruction:  
squirrels, rabbits,  
greenfinches,  
goldfinches,  
chaffinches,  
woodlarks,  
thrushes,  
robins,  
wrens.

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edward michael supranowicz – she tries on new dresses

laurie swinarton – half asleep

christian ward – fugue

## Deconstructing

He spoke to her in riddles, things that needed to be deconstructed beforehand, things that were more opaque than transparent. She listened to his words with an intensity she never knew she had, tilting her head on one side and then the other, his words flowing through her like sand in a timer.

She studied the slim lines which converged to make a mouth, his mouth, a holy opening through which sprung a voice, his voice, a voice she imagined to be neat, careful, deliberately choosing his words so that she could understand and construct them into a shape she could read.

## Life is a Scratch Card

Mirrors, nothing but silvered glass,  
unless you're a small girl,  
                                it's a door.  
Best chance for everyone else—reflect  
a better you. Sadly, today has a serious

stance, the least interesting for some.  
Perhaps more alphabet,  
                                more grammar?

At the pathology lab specimens  
have been re-animated—deaf

politicians make speeches, want  
to probe your coccyx,  
                                measure your  
devotion to their cause. All I wanted  
was a cup of hot cocoa and whistle

down your ears—neither worked out.  
Discouraged, I saw myself  
                                as fractals  
in the mirror. Life is a scratch card.  
Anyway, *help*.

**Thought No. 22**

People are like fruit  
some ripen early  
some ripen late  
and others go straight to rot

write wasteful words.

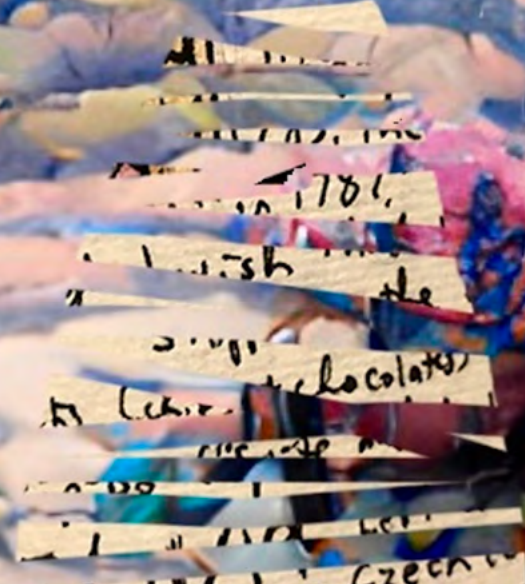


Also that I am normal enough -

Speaking of incessant "internal" narration.



Figure 13-51  
Leonardo da Vinci's Vitruvian Man was thought to depict the ideal human proportions.



# Introducing the Elegance Décor Monochrome Colour Chart

Elegance Décor is proud to introduce our new range for all indoor walls and ceilings! Constrain your creativity with stunning combinations from our breathtaking monochrome range!



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Deep Space Nuance



Resounding Disappointment



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Dismality



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Antimatter Inspiration



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Hangover Internal View



Souvenir de Colliery



Celebration of Dullness



Drain Cover Antigloss



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Redacted



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Forever Basalt

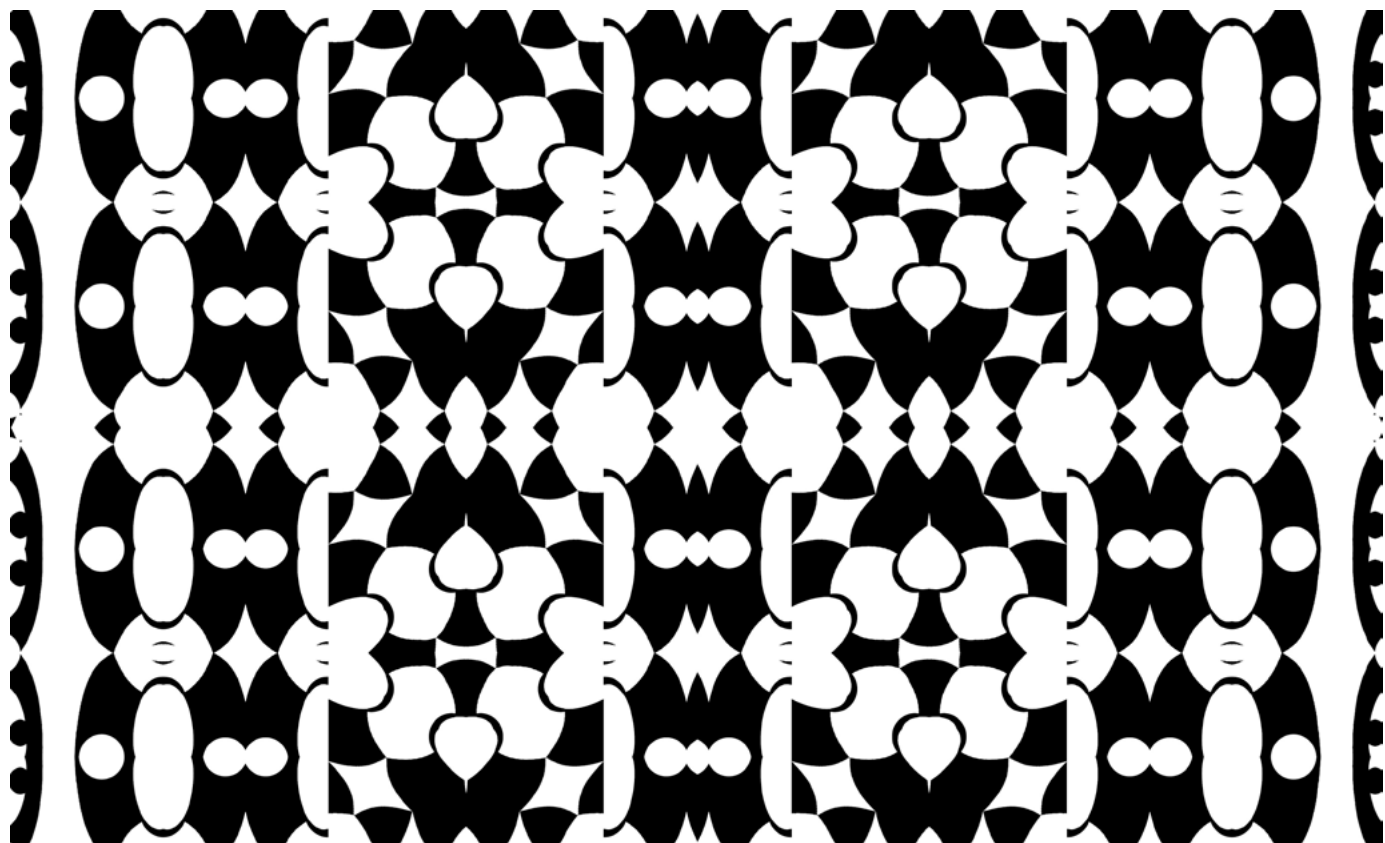
Alzheimer's

I've grown to expect it.  
you should stop writing  
poems while you're able to  
stop. otherwise – this: no life  
that's not typed. no memory.  
rooms surrounded  
with words like sprung ivy  
massaging their damp  
through the plaster  
and brickwork, sucking  
and trapping in  
moisture. some of my friends  
have children. some just get on  
with things. a poem is a room  
surrounded by beautiful leaves: wild  
and in contrastic colours  
and rotting the bones  
which they cling to.



**How to Get Over Your Father Not Returning.**

You don't.



*The Old Man and the Sea*

He started to work his way back to the stern on his hands and knees, being careful not to jerk against the fish. He may be half asleep himself, he thought. But I do not want him to rest. He must pull until he dies.

Back in the stern he turned so that his left hand held the strain of the line across his shoulders and drew his knife from its sheath with his right hand. The stars were bright now and he saw the dolphin clearly and he pushed the blade of his knife into his head and drew him out from under the stern. He put one of his feet on the fish and slit him quickly from the vent up to the tip of his lower jaw. Then he put his knife down and gutted him with his right hand, scooping him clean and pulling the gills clear. He felt the maw heavy and slippery in his hands and he slit it open. There were two flying fish inside. They were fresh and hard and he laid them side by side and dropped the guts and the gills over the stern. They sank leaving a trail of phosphorescence in the water. The dolphin was cold and a leprous gray-white now in the starlight and the old man skinned one side of him while he held his right foot on the fish's head. Then he turned him over and skinned the other side and cut each side off from the head down to the tail.

half asleep until  
 the stars pushed into his head  
 and drew him  
 to the flying fish and  
 a trail of phosphorescence

## Fugue

The antelope in the smart Versace suit is here to help you run away from yourself. Your heart is floating like a corpse on a motel swimming pool, the smashed bottle of fake champagne jutting out like a poem squealing pick me! pick me! pick me! The antelope has ordered the limo, flowers, and box of handmade Belgian chocolates. A townhouse hotel staffed by a receptionist with the personality of a stuffed toucan has been booked. You will be wined and dined until you are on a first name basis with the constellations joining you later for after dinner drinks. There will be brunch the following day. Your eggs benedict will split like the atom once love has left the table. The necessary physics of silence will be explained some other time. You grew horns last Tuesday but can't remember it yet.