STREET CAKE

experimental writing magazine

issue 97

@ angela caporaso

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issue 97

kaleideneurodivergescope

if the / colours / clash merge / a

cacophony of [discordant / shrinking / off-white / muted] clanging

twist / the other way / and

life /

embrace / the meld / this
patterns of / your neuro

[as colours curl and crouch] divergent

[upon themselves]

an aromatic dance / a self
of cobalt / azure / crimson /

let the eye / decide / wild

no need / to half –

disguise unbalanced / flustering / or try

to cover up [variegation]

to make the patterns work /

keep on on / turning

search for your / shape [a whole]

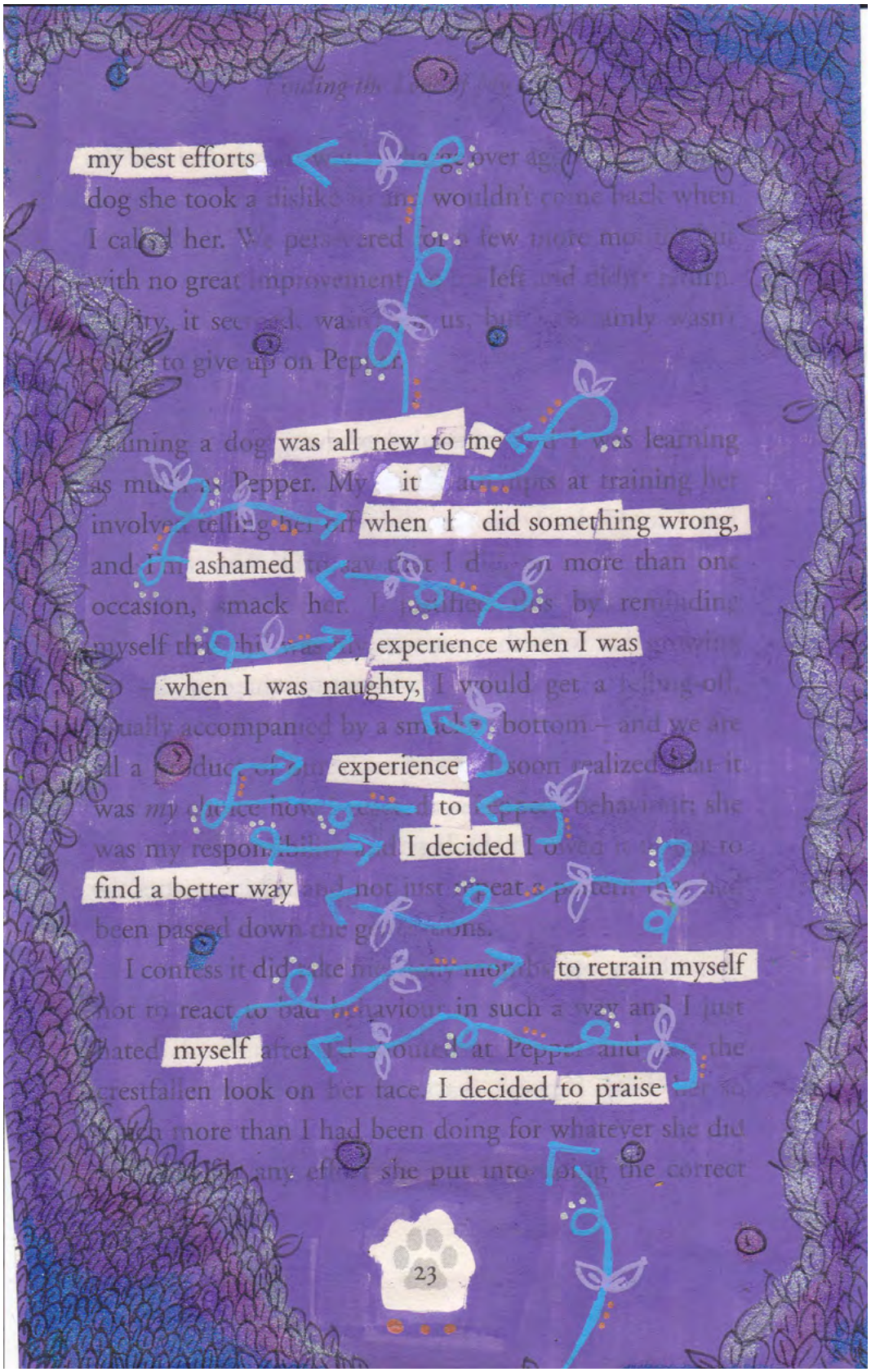
// in constellation

slightly change your position to be free

Un**i**ted

Un t**i**ed

Getting Better



The Glass Woman Elaborates

Who is going
to tell him

this is what I've always
wanted?

Someone to be
unafraid of loving me
yet oblivious to

the inevitable truth that
we will both be marked?

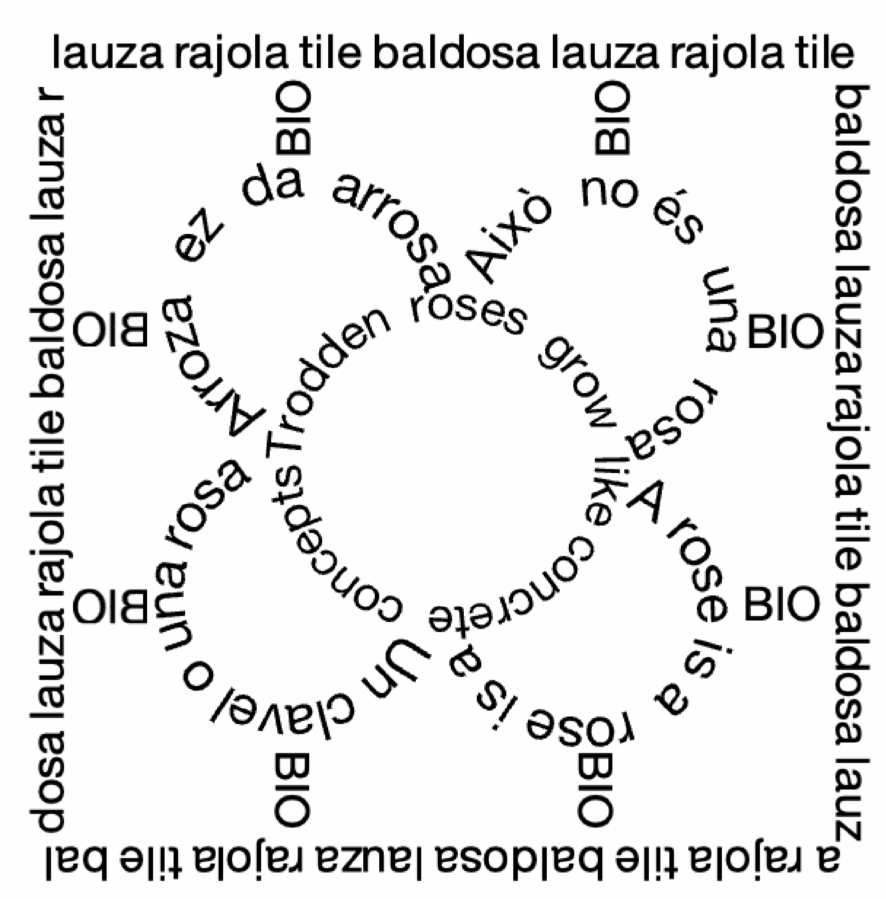
My cells sneaked under his fingernails.
His fingerprints are tattooed on my scalp.

He doesn't care about what will happen later.
He is not scared,
and if he were, he would do it
scared. Maybe he does know. Don't we all,
to some extent,
always do things
whether we know the outcome?

SPECIFIC

Bad as in
Awful?
Nasty?
Foul?
Vicious?
Savage?
Wild?
Untamed?
Natural?
Artless?
Open?
Available?
Accessible?
Cordial?
Warm?
Balmy?
Fragrant?
Sweet?
Pleasant?
Nice?
Good?


searching
the
light
in
my body


lauza rajola tile baldosa lauza rajola tile
baldosa lauza rajola tile baldosa lauz
a rajola tile baldosa lauza rajola tile bal
dosa lauza rajola tile baldosa lauza r
Arroza ez da arrosa
Això no és una rosa
A rose is a rose is a rose
Un clavel o una rosa
Trodden roses grow like concrete concepts
BIO
BIO
BIO
BIO
BIO
BIO
BIO
BIO

LASAGNA

I've convinced myself
I've had conversations with da Vinci
and my beloved uncle, among
a number of the departed. And happy to hear

them telling me every time
they've never been in better spirits.
"You wouldn't believe how fabulous the lasagna
is here," my uncle says

and if that doesn't make me a believer, nothing will.
I confess I'm generally leery of perfect endings,
but why not, when it's much I've gotten wrong.
As long as I'm on earth, I'll ride the mystery trains

until the end of the line, stepping off with a bag
of books, heading for the Italian restaurant to meet
my uncle and da Vinci with his notebook, prepared
to doodle for us another flying machine in the clouds.

Clarity

I thought to murder it.
Come, I whispered, *drink this*.