

streetcake

issue 58



'havana' © trini decombe

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barbara daniels

Not

Not drunk on 1 part vodka,
tequila, rum, gin, triple sec,

1 ½ parts sour mix,
and a splash of Coca-Cola.

Not arms and legs wound round
a boy I barely know. Gerrit?

Richard? When I get off
his motorbike, no long burn

on the inside of my calf. No
skirt so short I can't sit down.

No little two piece,
not with these scars.

Not pulling it off, sliding
into a pool in the dark.

Now I walk among butterflies,
their wings covered with eyes.

One kind of butterfly
heads straight to me, lands

on my arms and rumpled pants
seeking the salts of my body.

It takes me days to remember—
hackberry emperor butterfly,

Gerrit Schoonhoven, recipe for
Long Island Iced Tea.

Perfect

I don't know anything about cars. I just know
how to reduce a section of jointed and bolted metal
to a shoebox full of meaninglessness
with just a wrench and a screwdriver,
just the right size to bury in the garden
in the light of a full moon, and with a muttered prayer.

You don't know anything about women. You do
know how to bait a fishhook
with earthworms and cyanide, light candles
set a table, pour cocktails of antifreeze and absinthe
get the dog to take the blame
for whatever dead things happen in this house.

james croal jackson

Wall, Edge, Chandelier

past the corner of this house's Kubrick architecture
on the couch a bundle of eyes
a slopping visual stain
but it's true. my vision is blurry
I spent the walking sidewalk
grapes inside my right cheek
thinking how I want to win you.
so romantic, you
with a stranger in my house
about to
dine on the fruit of
ancient gods and I am laughing
now to have the ghost
within my walls, my green
heart long and longing
lunging out my chest
it sticks to paint
like spaghetti

It's easy, because all you need is a metaphor.

poetry
is simpler than prose. don't let anyone
tell you otherwise. all these poets
who write like tame lions
and act like they
are unspooling gods fishing line
don't know what they're up against.
prose v poetry - the title fight.
and it's easy, because all you need is a metaphor
and not to think for a while about anyone but you. stories are hard
because they take longer
and you have to spend more time lying to people.
poetry though? no arcs to deal with,
no narrative,
just butterflies
pinned to the page
and only flickering
when you blow on them. chief,
you think you're doing anything here
but typing? you never even gave the girl a name
when you wrote her down.

michelle wareham

Paper doll::::

Paper doll. my journey to the forgotten. snipped in half. my purple ribcage. reaches
above me. Still. Dead

+++++++ frozen legs don't feel

a t a l l

(Now your lazy cup makes a dull
ring out of me on the coffee table...)

I.am. one.hurt. away.from. ashes.