

streetcake

issue 61



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glenn bach

from Atlas

what black cloud
of creativity
this thick
cover
of marks

a marker

dark red
dirt tossed
scarlet dye

the wire is weak
so says
this tracing of lines
the pain portion
the last resort
of science

lamps for night
you will see the blue

THE ANSWERS

(found material from 'The Answers' by Catherine Lacey)

Such a luxury it was, to not be
overwhelmed by decay. When
she met my eyes, I noticed
her face change a little, in ways
I couldn't exactly explain, but
could feel.

It was a relief for someone
to explain what was wrong, what
had happened. *They're off the grid*, I explained, though
that didn't really explain it.

It still makes no sense, even all these years later.

In the photo, I am seventeen. She didn't look at me. She may never
have looked at me again.

I couldn't remember whether Ed had told me the neck
had something to do with
expression or abandonment or intuition, but
I signed
the contract.

john grey

ON MY MARK, GET SET

I realize there isn't room enough
for me in your life,
call it a philosophy of love if you will,
a fresh set of guiding principles

or a dark foreshadowing
of our shared future,
so I'm standing on a subway platform
lost in concern

at how the breakup will affect me
or, more precisely, change me
in the midst of so many strangers
whose lives are what they have been.

I stumble into the train,
an escape hatch bathed in greenish light,
and the door behind me slides shut
as is customary on such occasions.

Flakes

I hate people who cancel

I'm usually glad when they do

Relative Clause

You are the person _____.

for who I love most for whom I love most , who I love most whom I most love

Getting older

but
still young
enough,
drinking coffee
on a crisp
monday
morning. this
is your
every day
and your every
last chance
to be
as young as
you. moments
get lost
in blizzards
of insects. statues
worn down
to water,
shapes
like fog
or forgetting
your glasses.

The Bedroom Recording

I was labeled a mistake,
by a syndicated columnist

using evolutionary psychology,
neuroscience, and Buddhism

he narrated his description
of my fall from the holy mountain

running on willpower,
like the rhinos of Coney Island

I still found complimentary
sweeps, entries, and listicles

now the quizzes ask me
which adventures will I choose?

the joys and absurdities
of modern cartoon fatherhood, or

using a chainsaw to turn a tree
into a work of woke art

my announcement to those
who are discouraged in the back:

there's a sweet offer
with your name on it in here