

# **streetcake**

## **issue 63**



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Last Gasp

A shot fired  
through a greenhouse,  
    making a pass, twisting  
    the hard day's noise  
into shards;  
        a warning  
            collapses;  
    hot and tired,  
the bullet lawless-  
        ly confines itself  
to sucking out the  
    respirate joys  
        of atmosphere  
    and unfiltering the sun,  
bringing danger even here,  
    lurking,  
        gasping,  
    undone;  
for danger itself can't last  
without the protection  
    of that  
    gargantuan glass


## Honest Opinion

As much as I need you,  and I do.

As much as I want you,  and I do.

As much as I love you,  and I do.

I find every day that,

I need and want and love you more  than I need to.

Ouija

your drunken bed / the absinthe  
& worm / I waited / in the candle  
-light for dead lovers / two apartments  
ago / downtown / how the spirits  
summoned / lingering  
lust / cigarette smoke  
living / rooms stained  
sweatshirts / rugburn turtle  
couches / bleeding  
fabric / and sex

# LOST

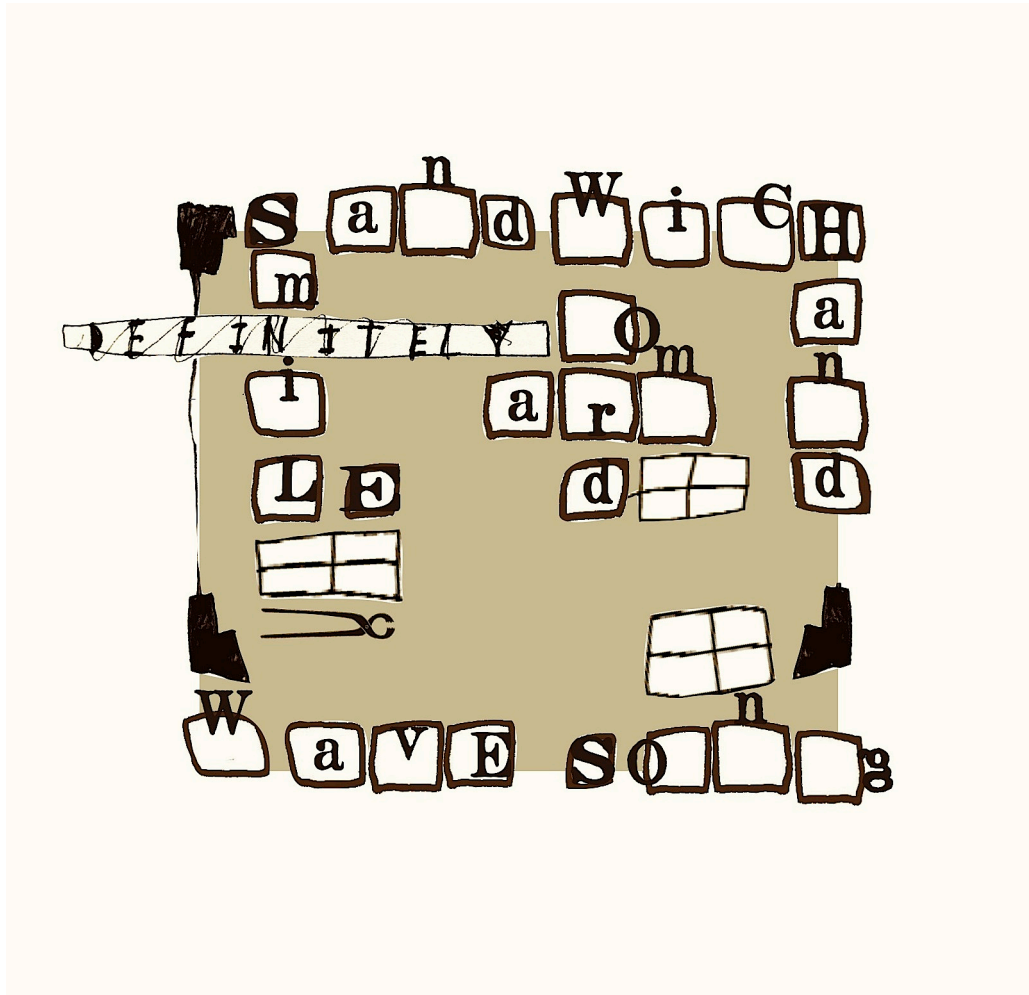
He wasn't sure  
if letters were missing

or whether  
what he saw  
was all there was

and he was merely  
reading sense in  
when nothing was there

.

## Provision for many days' travelling



Trace

I am

Unremarkable as suburbs,

Affectionate as newspaper clippings

Spelling out vague manifestos, held together by hot glue

And passion.

Trace amounts,

Unocured blurrings

on a project, thrown out with the baby,

A series of niches.

We just wanted to know the collective parts of bathwater. Something  
small,

And angry about it rages in us, like the atoms got wise and now

They're pulling everything apart.

The smallest readings predict the largest absences. Without traces, would everyone vanish?

There's something comforting

About knowing there's parts of everything we can't see, and if it looks incomplete it could just be

Held together by various small amounts.



**review your options**

there are wounds you have yet to find    cloud mourning

heavy with storms    the elements of tragedy    heart damage

circles and straight lines    train wreck in the    middle distance

all that unclaimed baggage    unexplained diary entries

every sentence swerves towards the city limits

as if there is somewhere new to be

some door of tomorrow

left open

**Rock Dancing...**

...as if the mountain stream wasn't there  
cartwheeling

in a silvered  
spilling  
dark waiting vortex  
from bow

delight  
song of  
sky  
to

a pause in the deep collecting pool below  
stoppered like a winking ocellus

until impending measured water breaks the eyelid  
falls

falls

falls again.

*hitchhiker*

a feeling like desolation

a maniacal dirty-nail clutch  
of the throat

rusty gun scraping sunburnt temple

crows above the Adriatic sea  
spinning  
screaming

it is fatal hot                  and i wait

he pulls over  
eyes like silence  
and i mount the passenger seat  
like the stirrup of my last  
chance

*death collects people here*      he smiles

### Lessons Learned from Sock Lobster Squid Thing

Once I swallowed so often  
I nearly drowned, on the tube.

Now I know how to bring the sea  
into the Circle Line  
during peak travelling times:

take up a schoolchild's project sleeve.  
A wobbling card mouth,  
with a longer, flared lip.  
Roll it up into a telescope

and hold it to your ear.  
Push your face into the light,  
listen to the sea.

Anyone out there,  
when you are tired of basking  
get onto the platform

unfurl the card  
crease it back into an off-centre fold  
and bend forward.

Place it on your back in a tent shape.  
You are as at home as a shrimp in its shell.

If you don't believe me,  
shake it off your body  
stand it on the ground like an open book

shimmy up to it.  
It will quiver,  
it will mirror a shivering crustacean.

Leaving Earth

We sit together in the darkness waiting.  
A sliver of air separates us; we're not  
quite ready.

*This is insane*, I say.  
Your cigarette glows red, burning—  
the humidity, fierce.

I turn the key, spark the ignition.

Two nights ago a pack of blackbirds  
hid the moon  
behind their furious wings.

Somewhere on the planet behind us, it is winter  
and horses are sleeping.

**Idol**

no man I know

has such                    *mastery*

that he can paint        *the silence*

with                        *words*

while the world         *attends*

**Time**

The ancient dust covers me

in a serape of memories

under the magical moon

love is a wound deep, scarred

a sepia image, a laceration of pain

not mended open to the

purple skies as bright stars

twinkle mocking my hurt

and time waits like the sand.

**Words are everything**

Lines. Muscle soak. If you love something let it snow let it snow let it snow. Snorkelling. To shop is to be essential. I like radical consumerism. I like vote with your *x*. I like the universe controls me I do not control the universe. The universe controls me I do not control the universe. Language controls the universe controls me I do not control. Shop at G A P. The space between words is *shughar*. I'm made of slugs and snails and a bunch of a head of a cluster of a shoal of a school of a troupe of a coral of a litter of a gang of words. And they don't mean anything as far as I can tell. I cannot tell much.