streetcake issue 65



@nikki dudley

contents - issue 65



kenneth m cale - careering
seth crook – PR SON
molly fuller - all my friends post their loved ones'
death notices online
ricky garni - quest
h.e. grahame - lies
daniel hinds – prose / poem
julie mellor – SPAM
gillian nevers & jeanie tomasko – fire
cole pragides – suppression
elizeya quate – this is perfect

kenneth m cale

careering



seth crook

PR SON

I escaped

molly fuller

All My Friends Post Their Loved Ones' Death Notices Online

Those private, secret momen	ts					
	becoming son	nething	we need			
to share with anyone	everyone			all our words		
out in the world	now a way to	staunch the wound—				
to heal						
	unexpected					
loss.						
*						
		I				
So many days		I see				
someone your age, or younger, and I think						
	it could have l	peen	you			
just						
gone.						
Your words disappearing.						
Pages of you left behind. Lines and lines						
		letters and all the text				
that could wrap or be	wound					
around the tw	o of us	thousands of times				
over.						

Here, away from you					
I send selfies like pos	stcards				
trying to cast a net					
that will catch in your fingers.		a string on the kite of me			
		Often, I think	about your hands.		
The way	they move thr	ough the air when you talk			
the way they move		over me			
and I regret all the ye	ears we weren't in touc	h			
all the time		wasted	not touching.		
I think about your bo	dy.				
I know you think abo	out mine.				
What fragile fragile					
tender thoughts.					
And I don't want to lose you.					
*					
The stars across the sky					
always	the leaving		at sunrise.		
	The waves				
making prayer lines					
	I count on the shore.				

*

Salt sticks to	skin			
		desire like	so much sand	
time like	so much water	r		
		and we are alv	ways	
always on this	s beach			
		dying of thirst	.	
*				
Do we have n	nuch			
		do we have	how much	do we have
how much	how much	how much	how much	
time?				
there is never	enough			
		there is no end	i	
			to this	wanting
I want				
	to ask			
I want				
	you			
I want				

how much

I want

more

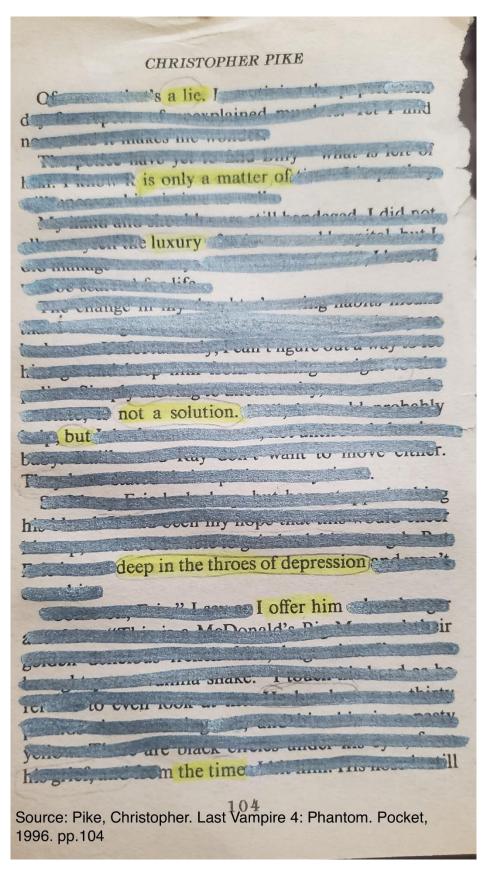
I want

ricky garni

QUEST

Somewhere there is a butterfly
that wishes it was a robot
and a robot
who will put his arm around her
and tell her he wishes he wishes
he was a butterfly because he was
programmed to console

lies



daniel hinds

Prose / Poem

Milton said the right hand is for poetry, and the left for prose. / Well, today I'm feeling ambidextrous. / This is a drink that goes down the wrong way, and the right. / And leaves you spluttering. / A two headed magpie, pecking / at its bone-bonded brother, / stealing its own silver. / Ruffling feathers. / This is Siamese twins sitting smug in an exam hall. / They've both revised / different parts. / Two hands pick and tear at each other's finer parts. / Beneath the nails of the one / there is the blood and dirt of the other. / This is like reading your palm lines, left hand to right, / and finding they join up. Like / one page's words, printed over two. / This is a crossbreed. A turtle sewn to a hare. / All legs on the ground. / A crossword line. / That can be read up or down. / Two hands play rock, paper, scissors. / Both choose paper / every time. / Start playing slaps. One hand bruises the other. / Either way. Only one person feels the sting. / Two tongues twist beneath my lips. / Poke from my mouth, split and snakelike. / Twice gifted chiromancer. / You see farther than a blind bard ever could. / Write your future with both hands.

SPAM

a found poem

hi, my name is Rosetta

I'm really impressed with your writing

when preparing my research I cited every one of your ideas

maybe you could develop into our girlfriend and earn superior fees

we can have fun playing online games -

roulette, blackjack, poker, slots

there's only a small one-time subscription and it lets you download

Pink Panther 2 for free

I think you're extremely magnificent - I just love what you're saying

and the way you assert it

I can help you generate quick traffic and sales in ANY niche

sorry for being off-topic but I had to ask

I mean, your recent post season of mists - it's kinda vanilla

stay smart Tiger

and thanks a bunch for sharing this

with all the folks you really understand

gillian nevers & jeanie tomasko

Fire

Choice. Exception. Fire. She went with fire.

Wanted only heat wanted her skin to smoke, to burn

to burn like it did the night she read Neruda to her lover by moonlight and later dreamed

of a beach on fire, the two of them running faster, faster, wings sprouting, feet springing

off the strand, legs cycling through the air, spinning toward the red-rimmed sun.

There are three ways to die. One may be by chocolate, another regret, but a third,

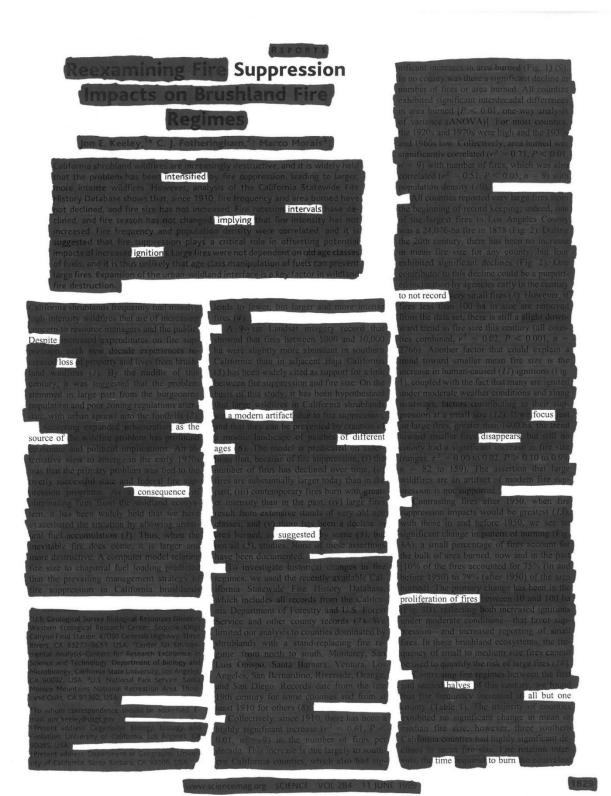
yes, chant cuore, cuore, cuore as you go

into the flame the blue-white heat of it all.

I don't care about Paris, she said, or Berlin or Barcelona. Cities no longer

call to me. My heart beats waves, bawls won't settle for anything but fire.

cole pragides



This Is Perfect

The walls of the website where I work with Rhonda looks like it's made of wood but in fact it's made of fake wood. Everyone can tell the difference between real wood and the fake wood. Everyone except for me. Shit. Why can't I even tell the realness of a website's wood?

In addition to the fake wood, our website also has a fake plant and a bowl of fake fruit and a poster of clouds on the wall of our conference room with the caption: THE SKY IS OUR LIMIT.

After some months of working at this website, I have concluded that this cloud-based poster is 100% correct. If our website ever makes it anywhere near the sky, it will surely go no further.

*

There's an ocean beach website with big green waves about a mile from my apartment building.

Today the ocean website is so green it feel like there are a lot of lurkers. When I swim, I can feel the lurkers clicking on me, liking, sharing. "Go away," I tell the ocean website shadows. "Shoo!"

It's true that I love to swim, but this ocean website scares me. My arms slurp at the website's cold green froth, making splash after white-rimmed splash. Between the all swim splashes, I can feel the shadows reach out to me with their salty cursor arrows. Click. Click-click.

*

Rhonda's tenth year anniversary at our website happened this past week. The big boss made us all go to the restaurant with the crazy winged horse tapestries and salami sandwiches.

One of the salami sandwiches came out with a pink candle for Rhonda to snuff. Rhonda doesn't blow out candles like other people, instead she wets her fingers and pinches. Ssss!

While we were singing "Hooray for Another Year of Work" (a song that the big boss made up specifically for work anniversaries), I stared at one of the crazy winged horse tapestries. The third horse from the left looked quite a lot like my uncle, even though my uncle has no wings.

After the salami sandwiches, Rhonda and the big boss were talking about other farm animals. Soon they got into an argument about the plural of 'sheep'. I proposed that we eat all of the sheep except for one. This would make the plural of sheep irrelevant, solving their argument.

Rhonda did not acknowledge my sheep-eating suggestion. This is short-sighted on her part. There is no doubt that my sheep-eating idea will come in quite handy when the "end of plurals" time comes around.

*

My neighbor Tobe loves overhearing a stranger say something dumb. Then Tobe likes to post about the dumb thing he overheard on a website. If a real person responds favorably to

Tobe's post, it's a big deal. Getting a real person's online reaction is a 100% peak experience for Tobe.

When I look out my window I see Tobe walking around looking out for strangers saying dumb things. But he isn't finding any.

Recently, Tobe told me the other day that it has gotten harder to overhear people saying dumb things. People who used to say dumb things loudly are more aware of Tobe and his websites. Thus, they make a bigger effort to act dumb in private.

Trying to change the subject, I ask Tobe if he is done using my can-opener. He borrowed my can opener last week, and I haven't gotten it back. "Nope," he tells me. "There's one more can I have to open. It's the biggest can I own," he says with solemnity. "This can is the mother lode.

*

Mud is very easy to make: dirt, plus water, plus "it's-a-mystery". Each mud has its own unique story to tell. (Usually, mud stories are about rain).

Today my shoes got covered in many mud stories from all the rain our website has been getting. Later in the day, my shoes look like carved symbols from ancient Babylon.

The mud stories on my shoes make me think how Babylon was a simpler time. Back in Bablylon, they only had one website: the gods. People back then always knew exactly where to click.

*

"Asset hierarchy is arbitrary," Tobe tells me. "The same asset can take on a different value based on its position in the pyramid of hierarchy. The pyramid of hierarchy is defined by an asset's relationship to scarcity, a relationship which is always arbitrary and thus never ethical."

"Tobe," I say, interrupting. "Where the fuck is my can opener?"

*

Rhonda doesn't know that I can see her sitting in our website's conference room. She is sitting in first one chair, then a different chair, then another different chair. But why?

Rhonda sits in all of the chairs in the conference room. Finally, Rhonda finds the chair that makes her body remember.

I watch Rhonda's body remember everything.

I watch as Rhonda tilts her head back and closes her her eyes.

"Ahh," says Rhonda, sighing. "This is perfect."

Then Rhonda stands up and leaves the conference room. On an impulse, I enter the conference room and find Rhonda's "perfect" chair. It looks just like all the other chairs.

I sit down in the chair. I close my eyes.

"Ahh," I say, feeling absolutely nothing. "This is perfect."