

streetcake

issue 67



@carl_scharwath – 'island resting'

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STREET CAKE experimental writing magazine

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lindsey alimodian

-9°C

warm going cold,
a small red spot of

what little heat the
sun offered

opaque shapes hung in the air around us

burning leaves
melted my skin,

the winter-white sky grey above me

a shadow across my face

every shade of

gold and hazel

I wanted to reach out

but my hands stayed

frozen to my body

suffocating

my chest

a world of warmth

I'd never see

again.

the longest, coldest winter
under a pale, worthless sun

landscape
life

nothing moved, the
devoid of

waiting for warmth

and

trembling with the cold

a warm, bright scent

wanted to push through

and

push forward

to

the

endless sky

the scent

reminded me of another life

Alive

My life

I saw it
before

in a way I'd never seen anything

Kitchen Sink

Your bruised apple mouth.

Fingers bent in limbo.
Late night custard still clinging to your cheek.

Sea-soaked fabric and skin.
Someone is calling out 'Mercy'.
I promised not to cry when you leave.
Pink tea bags in the kitchen sink.

I'm forgetful like you.
Occasionally I forget.
To separate the yolks from the whites.
Both flour and the knead keep me sane.

I whisk away into the metal.
The sky melts.
Butter and yolk.
I peel back layers for you.
Spread legs from across the table.
The wise onion helps you cry a good cry.
You stiffen your nose.

Eyelashes wet,
heavy like gloss paint.
The wooden block bruising with colour.

Everything bleeds out.

Gets messy.

miriam balanescu

The Brick Collector

Yellow. Burnt yellow. Singed hair. Wheat ground. Cracked soil. Corpse crop field. Wide, almost, as the reach between cliffs. Our land. A bird couldn't fly directly from one side to the other. When I was younger, I chewed on grass stems and watched to check. I haven't yet proved this theory wrong.

My uncle's place was on the right and the only thing around that wasn't yellow. Yellow as a politician's waxy hair. It had blotches of red paint and dislocated jaw bits of metal and looked overall like an aborted botching together of buildings. As summer struggled in on its elbows, I threw out my star map and gum, and began to visit him. Other people, to state the obvious, wondered why.

"Come on Turner, he's an odd one, everybody knows that."

"Yes he's mad."

"Now that might be taking it a bit far," my friend Michael shoved Jack Piper out of the discussion, and slipped his arm around my shoulder, "but we feel the same about it. I've hardly seen you at all this spring."

Uncle wasn't somebody to be scared of, and he needed someone with him. He was a real man, all on his own. One day I'd grow a black beard just like his, tightly curled up to the chin. Dirt would coil up my arms to the shoulders, wrapped around muscle and skin, like a tattoo that would wash off if I decided to shower. I'd wear

leather and military boots and would always need a spade to support my weight. I'd own a rifle. No one to tell me my hair is grubby, get in the tub and I'll get the bubble bath. No one to say my sneakers are too worn out for school, neaten yourself up. No one to ask me to help with the washing up, be more polite, don't talk with your mouth full.

I told myself that I'd left the boys a bit further down the road to growing up, and the sand was blowing back in their faces. Uncle didn't live like mum and dad; he didn't have kids, and never pretended to like anyone. Not even the post-man with his burnt-sienna suit. I wanted to live like him if I could, and, what's more, slipped under the ochre light on the right side of my desk I kept my notebook where I recorded things about Uncle.

Entry a. Uncle is dressed in black today. He has been peeling back the layers of the ground

with his spade like an onion.

Entry b. My thoughts are tied up like in a mother's arms.

Entry c. On my walk home I saw a grasshopper – it had song between its knees. Uncle likes

grasshoppers.

In the kitchen in the dark, mum scraped at the forks from dinner in the sink. Dad read under the yellow spotlight lamp. (With the sinking day, locust darkness crawled up the walls.) Mum turned to me with soapy hands and told me:

“Someday or other you’ll have to stop seeing him. Your *father’s* brother is an odd one. He collects bricks.”

This bit a chunk out of the silence.

“Why does collecting bricks make someone odd?”

“Because – *because* – who would do that?”

Dad nodded slightly under his light. The conversation was put away like matches back into their box.

During my visits, Uncle would grunt and not say much. Sometimes I would help him with work, mostly I would sit and construct around his visible life, rebellion and love-rejection.

“What are you building?” I asked him one day, as I sat on some bricks.

“Nothing. That’s – the whole – point!”

Digging, digging, with angry lines in the curve of his wrist and his shadow ballooning in a pool at his feet. Then he halted, head still turned to the ground.

“Tell me – does it make you feel good coming here and *checking up on me* when no one else does?”

“No,” but of course I was lying.

He was tall and thin as a pile of books stacked too high. I, on the other hand, was very small. The growth spurts hadn't hit yet. Uncle's eyes glowered from above the handle of his spade, ready to launch out of his head.

“Have they asked about my bricks?”

I shook my head very slightly.

“Come on, I know that's what you're here for! ... Come on, you little fool, say something! Lazing around, without any words! You may as well be –” He pointed towards his feet.

“I can tell. You're a collector too. You have a problem with letting things go. You love old things,” his pupils dilated a millimetre wider. He took a used cigarette from his pocket and held it unlit between his teeth. Involuntarily, I curled back my bare toes. “You want to see my bricks? Well, come on then.”

His furious shadow skipped and burst ahead of me. He took me to the metal building that sliced the yellow day into shards.

1. The first brick was mottled with green lines like a chlorine pool.

“It's my brick from Cornwall, when we went to the coast. The colour is from the seaweed.”

2. The second brick was red like a sun I'd never see, or like unpicked fruit.

“It’s my brick from when I left home and worked on a farm west of here. It’s when I met her.”

3. The third brick he showed me had soot creeping over it fast as fly wings but was a dusty beige-yellow underneath.

“This was my last brick, from when I moved here. It was when she said no after I asked her to marry me.”

Yellow. Burnt yellow. Trying to rebuild life on our corpse crop field. Thinner and thinner, his hands, his skin now seemed to me. The wrinkles round the spade handle like cracked earth. Beneath his beard, his lips were thin and strained with effort, more weathered than his own roof. His nose out of place. And then his eyes, kind but dull, dimmed like my fathers. My father’s eyes like blunt pencils, all worn out from under their spotlight lamp. I’d never thought of him as family until then.

When I got home I put my star map back up and chewed on some gum, while staring at the field through my window.

The sky would refuse to give up rain for the rest of summer, and when the first cloud carpet rolled in and the air filled with noise like insect song, they brought me a note and his bag of bricks.

“Sad news.”

The post man searched my face for some kind of reaction. At that age I didn’t react to anything.

“What will you build with them?” he asked, dressed in his stupidly bright uniform.

“Nothing.”

henry bladon

Door in the Wall

From: The Doors of Perception

(Aldous Huxley – 1st Edn 1954, Chatto and Windus, London)

Ignored.

I was wrong.

Lulled into a sense of false security
Mozart's C-minor Piano Concerto
was interrupted after the first movement.

'Pay attention to something else – it's a principal appetite of the soul.'

As a result, we cover our anterior nakedness with some philosophy –

Christian,
Marxian,
Freudo-Physicalist,

and then who comes through the

DOOR IN THE WALL

will never be quite the same as the one who went out.

nora blascosok

Moods

to
botanists
a berry
to me perfect
yellow
 for a brief moment
 a window of opportunity
 a beckoning finger
 in my window fruit bowl
 a sleeping body rolled
 up in a hammock I want
 to unravel sink my nail
 into the skin and pull
 open like a wound
 turn inside out bite
 tear a piece of flesh
 mush with my fangs
 slowly spread around
 gently coat the tongue
 delay the inevitable
 swallow rewind
 back in the bowl
 I pick it up to show
 my love how
 I feel that day
 he turns my
 sad bananas
 happy

zoe broome

Falling

We fall
(in love?)
through video, through tweet -

a kind of longing -

my words, the flash
of your photographs:

each selfie
racing past
like that last gallop.

chiara crisafulli

Rebirth

A sobbing
station drawing
of serious
red
train leaves the
beehives made
piled
fogged
bricks. Gasping
windows,
unimpressed
mist. Strokes of pink shrink the exit door of
by the morning sinuous my old life. Tired, like the sepia
of the street lamps, where the same
piled red concrete
hives failed
to pack my wings.
Crispy

dew dots

slumbered

daisies,

while my wonder

r

lls with
the

wheels

seth crook

THE POINT

I missed it

darren c. demaree

EMILY AS SHE FIXES A WOUND

I'll dig the grave.
Emily will fill it in.
The rest is narrative.

deborah-zenha adams

CLASSIFIEDS

Services.

The Word

FREE! FREE! FREE!

Call church to

Get high forever

With smiling faces

Looking at the

Invisible.

Guaranteed peace of mind

And friendly atmosphere.

teo eve

zoo

```
[[[[[[[[[[[[[[[[[[[[[[[[[[[[[[[ o   c   e   a   n]]]]]]]]]]]]]]]]]]]]]]]]]]]]]]]
~::~::~::~::~ s     a~~~~~
```

(seaside) town
city
land
town
village
runway
airport
runway
land

copy+paste;
cardboard cutout
city suburb
carbon copy
corporation///town
centre

```
look, ma! I see the "c"
```

```
and we all like to be
                        be - side
the mudslide,
we all like to be;
                        {{to bee or not to bee}}
```

no this is not a museum;
this is a zoo

RESISTANCE TO TREATMENT

recycling medical jargon appeases
curiosities of praying hands, who
claw over my body, wanting to find
how invasively we can test- before
i object. i'm not resisting treatment
i'm in an early retirement, of the on
& on, of medicinal yoga, no dairy
diets, & multi-vitamins. anatomy is
given no privacy; the autonomy
stripped down to bones. unhelpful
words of advice, from unfriendly
mouths, is a strand of kindness or
so i'm told.

samantha fain

For Diane, Drowning

almost admirable how you feed
yourself to everyone else
so there's nothing left of your body
to hate
mitosis: no matter how many cells you mother
you're left with some small
slice of you you can't
trash your hands
dump your legs into barrels send them to sea
the separation is imagined animated
swimming sleek breathing morphed yellow
how you grow into bubbles
kaleidoscopic wreckage fusing
scratches plumed fingers
someone screaming *help*
the flow flowering your hands closing your throat
to pass your float
you'll save yourself
eventually

mike james

Erased Sonnet, LXV

dreams

explained

washed by
introspection

a breakdown

claire louise johnson

Smell

Lips

smack, the taste

Skin

soft, the touch

Ears

ring, the sound

Eyes

wide, the sight

Nose

nothing

seeking something pungent

mint, spice, anything nice

a piece that is lacking

strangeness as you remember

falling forwards in apology

you have to be my nose

I won't be offended.

the glass is filled. No.

the scent first, they say

what do you detect?

laughing. He sniffs, the deodorant

smells of cucumber

applied with a smile

vegetables crackle in oil

an age old signal

dinner is nearly ready

bleach thick in the air

a whiteness that glistens

a day's job done well

a candle flickers, filling the room

pumpkin spice, vanilla

Winter's surely here

lingering memories muddle

fuel a blank brain

senseless feelings

about lack of sense

lost but lingering.

lost. the smell. the underrated.

the underappreciated.

kylie lohrenz

There's a man following us home, I can't be sure

because I've swallowed too many kitchen knives
to cut any deeper.

Lit seventeen matches with

the whites of my eyes

fell asleep on the West Side

high

way

woke up in a woman's

lap at a strip club called

Karma

once,

I don't know what year it was,

I got that wave of paranoia,

a

walk ing

talk ing

vertigo

walk ing
walk walk ing ing
walk walk ing ing
talk talk talk ing ing ing
walk talk ing ing ing
talk talk ing ing
talk ing ing
go ing
ing
vertigo vertigo verti-
vertigo

vertigo

verrrrtigo

verrrr ti ggggggo

vertiggggggggggo

words lose

meaning

when you strip

tease them.

The same feeling when I take Dayquil on my meds—

the roses talk &
men in the museum
follow me home.

the men the men the menthemmen talk

the men

the men

the men
the men
the men
the men

the men talk
the museum

in the museum

roses follow me

roses ALWAYS me

the men have always been

or may
be I'm
in bed
with her
hips
or may
be all
this time
I've been
breath
ing I
have
n't ex
haled.

& baby all the carbon dioxide I've saved
& what have you contributed?

Can you taste what has eaten these lungs?

Women die from air. Die from drowning die from
kissing other women before they can go numb

again. My lover, she says she'll protect me
from anything. I wonder if that means

she hasn't hurt before been hurt before
gotten hurt before by that I mean I don't think

she's ever had a cock in her mouth
put a cock in her mouth
let a cock in her mouth before.

Before what?

I am trapped in this passive voice.

but maybe the roses do sing
when they bloom
maybe I took a painting home with me
maybe all the carbon dioxide has gone

to my head &
I am forever trapped
in numbness
in this passive voice.

There's no way to prove this
has happened
happened to me
will ever happen.

Your body my body we forget
pain. In memories
when he thrusts I feel air.

beth longman

Stripped

my hair and died

it blue so now I'm blue hair girl

But men don't find that attractive

because apparently I must have had (self-esteem) issues to dye my hair so fucking badly.

Though it is kinda interesting and different

They look at me now

Like I'm gagged by their dreams, drugged with fairy dust

The Manic Pixie Dream Girl Ideal™

Got one part right I guess.

Nah she's too out there

I guess no matter what I'm still out there/out where/out where?

Where men would want to fuck me more if I simply *wore jeans*

Looked more like that girl they fancied once with the *long legs and the tits*

No not PORN GIRL but *innocent PORN GIRL*

So guess I'm just a snip in the dark, *a bit of fun*

















Or a film playing in the background of me but before I even existed. Just let me go

first. Strip myself before you strip me.

declan lloyd

The Birdsong

to the sea
in the sky
flying so high
free
hop skip jump and I'm
with a and a and a
a
little later
enraptured
by two
soaring raptors
two
rivals
spiralling
high above
plummeting
pirouetting
while watching
I'm forgetting
everything else
meanwhile by the lake the mandarins are meandering
together forever florid feathers glisten whilst I listen to
the serene scenes of whistle
songs luscious thrushes which whimsically
of throngs warblers
from the thistle
just then
I saw
a jumping
jackdaw
a spry
little sprite
neither here nor there
with obsidian wings
considering things
then it fled
out of sight
in the flicker of flight
light as you like
oh my
what a sight
by night by the sea
a tiny tern
flies off into eternity
its wings
white wisps whisperings
so slight
by moonlight
oh my
what a sight



A	W	A	K	E
to				over
a				coffee
world				hard
of				butter
alarm	Morning Becomes Electric			crumb-
clocks				ling
frantic				on
radios				burnt
left-				toast.

M	O	V	E
like		streets	scenting
a		tracking	trail
leopard		naked	of
thru		office	unsuspecting
subways		buildings	prey.

japhy mitchell

Demands

One has words by the
Shovel full.

Tell th
E
Author! We will
Strik
E!

It's a crown
Without a head.

Until our demands
Are
M
E
T!

I kept the money under the clear plastic
Hiding the scenery as well.

Demand
Nothing
W
E

Tell me now what the joke
Said,
Never mind what it meant.

If we reciev
E
Nothing then all is
well.

Traffic lights flashing blue
A sign without.

If our d
E
mands are
Ignored then

All the words

Will b
E

_____<_____<^____^____^_____

j. d. nelson

into the sun we go

earth is later today
earth is after lunch

there is a world in the ocean

learning to speak
the sea language

burst forth from a how
howe is it nowe

michael sutton

from 'music/lyrics' - *forthcoming from Hesterglock Press*

What **E** are you hoping will bring you fulfilment in life
the Homeless people/less homes
the The wind market a is bellowing dead
Cm finding down to a scoff
look as you walk through the cemetery
The spire at might as all well be the a fixture pheasant of the firmament
Dm wreckage
Analysis of thought impedes the very process
calendar you attempt to examine pages
There **E** it **Dsus7**
Not on the tip of your tongue
glued somewhere to in the stained sundial spin glass of your windows
your **G#** mind is your heimat
all gonna die richer than ever
brush have more your leisure teeth
more freedom **B** and more opportunity
yet many of us feel less fulfilled than ever Why
at Never seen a star once suspiciously every close to the moon
Everything **G** helps **D#**
Nothing makes it worse
what keeps the you going in difficult situations
Feed mouth that ones



Fm
alcoholic Father

C
talented at identifying flowers

I am
 Witness
 To all the horror.

The lies
 Deceit.

The tap,
 dripping,
 PERSISTANT,
 DRIP
 P
 i
 n
 g

A noise
 Outside,
Disturbs the silence (silence)
All that horror,
 All that violence (Words)

A window,
 Broken.

The night air drifts in,
The curtains start
 like ghosts,

whispering that I might go away.

Alas, I'll stay.

She appears (queues)
 On the television,

Like a belated bride.

I dance (waltz)
 Sitting
 Unaware...

Behind me
 Nothing
 is
 there (everywhere)

Darkness
 invents (invites) things.

Like an unglassed mirror (horror)

Maybe the window was
 guest.

Perched
 like a grand piano
Waiting
 to be played.

My thoughts attentive,
 No matter how
 loooooooooooooooooooooong.

Like a violin,
 Solo.

Laughter,
 in a room so quiet.

Following her through a summers field,
Leave me now,
 To wallow
 in my
 own dreams.

Here
 in
 darkness.

A cat
 bellows,

calling in through
the open window.

Stray and starving,
Resting on my lap.
Purring, as I stroke its many
Nights.
A feline silhouette upon a roof top.
Her hair so soft,
Velvet.

She needed me,
Alas,
No more.

I can't stop thinking
About her.

Occasionally.

The walls have closed in.
Like a tomb,

Camouflaged.

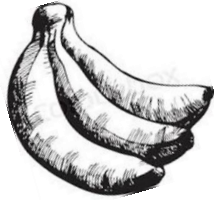
Suddenly!
A knock.
A gently rapture
Upon the door.

I'm so tired,
I'm awake,

Alive within dreams,
Soaring across the ocean,
Flying,
Freedom,

Pale freedom.
Liberated.

If only miracles
were rare.



Recipes from Grandmothers cookbook

#1- Banana Butties

- *Ingredients -1x ripe banana (per butty) -2x slices of bread (see below) -2xtbls honey/maple syrup*

*

//we had a diagonal foot of
grass on Halliwell Road to pitch our stall on
never pitched lemonade

//it was all uphill once past the
cemetery then past HM Forest Bank it had tree's
though that's nothing to do with the name nobody
cared about them

- *Bread. Use multigrain or if you have it Irish brown soda*

*As long as I knew it as it was when that was it were a rusting heap of
fold out flower stall waited on the corner like a lawyer*

it was the first Cindy I had died
cry we took a bouquet seen a man

&

*she wore big bubble lenses circa 70's soap star lo
oked like Doris Speed snorkelling on the docks*

**

- *Chop ripe banana into J | N | G | H pieces. Lightly toast
bread do not butter. Drizzle maple syrup or honey sparingly before placing
ch opepepeped Ba-Nana on top*

visit|| call every week|| speak |not about| everyday on \\landline

"lonely people have so \ I just say
when finally I can't
believe she would see

sombody scare

off\\

forget my daugher

what it

wanted to||

you don't ever ~~expect~~

ask?

or begin to

doubt//

or

s e l f..."

//she is

in but only in

Slippers||

Went

past

years

after

couldn't believe

everything gone the railings

lacked

fuchsias\\

➤ if banana is over ripe spread
over toast as paste. It
is a simple recipe
when followed
produces
an old classic
rustled up many//
a day gone by.