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Bad Ideas

(Part Two)

Who *the hammer hits* the trumpet smack an ear. Lobe swallowed O
into a foot

Of, flow

in the flukes arteries and velveteen veins

marmalades to conserve or release heat clay builds and velvet
spreads deliquace to

emboss a fossil bed.

sO as to fill full a negative space and fabricate a whale's footprint.

when a whales tail leaves on an upward stroke from the water, it
flicks its fluke

back downward impressing a clean layer onto the surface of the
ocean.

when baleine Ene does not surface himself he instead lends us a
temporal float.

A ,

An inflatable. vowel.

to know of his momentary presence.

Following the series of 'footprints' , on the f under O we search to
find an E.



Snake leans out over the great pink lagoon.
Who is that down there wiggling as Snake wiggles?
He looks marvellous! The way he dances!
And just who is that woman drinking quite slowly from that fine
crystal down there?
Crystal marked with red lipstick.
With those fine curling wrists.
In that lovely soft armchair and an empty one beside it, why's
that?
Her red hair curls and tumbles into a sprawl.

Some enormous bubbles slowly rise from the lake-floor up and to
the surface and floating up further still, marvellously, and amal-
gamating as clouds.
Some bubbles sink gently down and hit the surface of the water
and sink down further and scatter across the bottom.
The pink water stretches all the way to the left and all the way to
right.

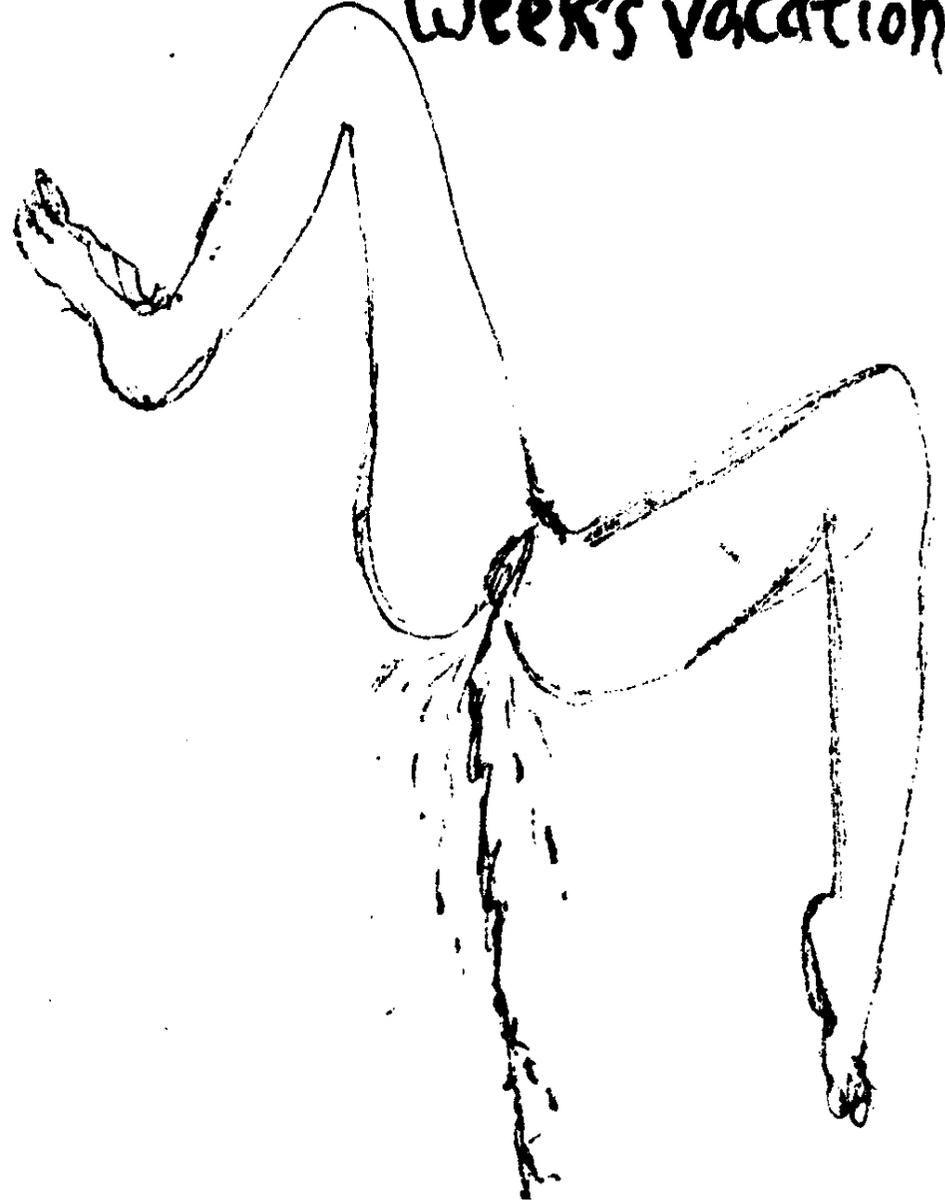
Really, who is that fine wiggler in there looking just right at
Snake?
What does he have to say about that classy lady there?
Does he know about the lonely boatwoman?

Wow! My goodness, it is stunning! The way he dances!

I want to write about something else
I am afraid to make the night look sad
Because I often write about it
I want a night weaved by very soft hands
Carefully put up in a hard to reach place.

I think my fish might be depressed,
he lived in a leaky seven litre tank in my room
my room has no windows
I was worried he wasn't getting enough daylight
and that he was cold
I bought him a new tank
and put it on the windowsill in the kitchen
the only one in the house
Now he knows when to sleep
And can't be depressed
He is a fish
I'm not depressed
I can leave my room when i want

We asked a pair of legs
how it would spend a
week's vacation





Mourning a landscape which does not exist, I have mourned for it for as long as I can remember, a shifting image which continues to do so. A mirage lying on the periphery, resting on the bridge between aware and un-

I am at the very nature of my being aware of my desire to touch, she resides there always, the animal who watches from afar. So slippery is her image that I admit she scarcely has one at all. Even as I try to write her she moves further from me. I have tried over and over to articulate even just a glimpse of her but as I do the light changes and what was at least a silhouette with an edge which marks the break between

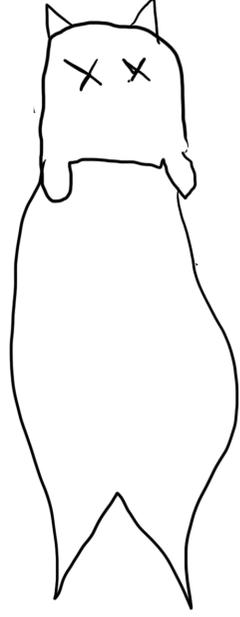
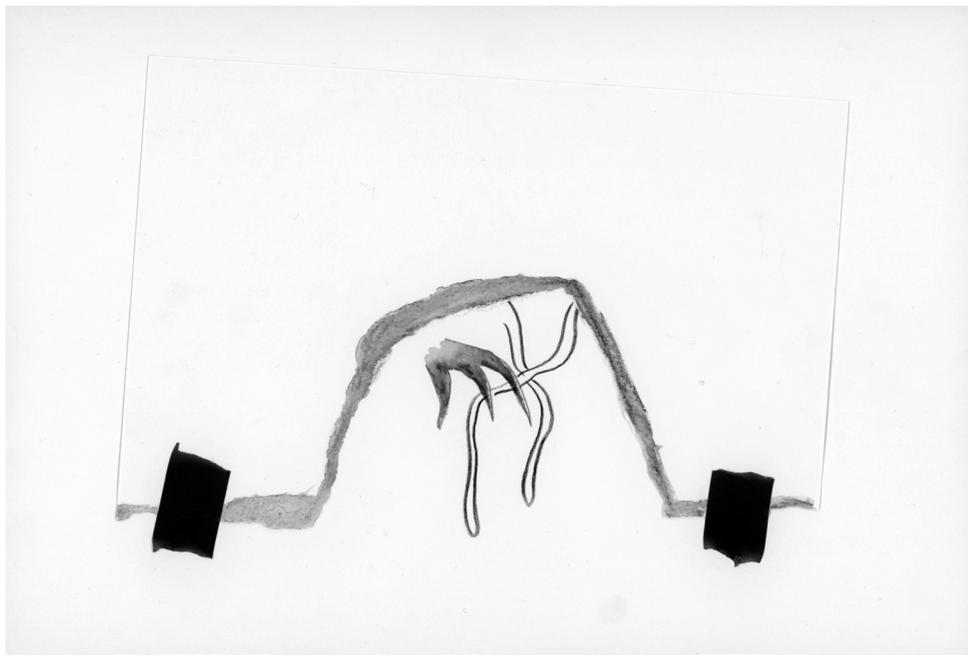
And a bird flies underfoot.

dark and light simply turns too bright and I must turn my eyes away. Looking back I note that maybe I have conjured up her image again, and that where I swore I saw her shifting, standing tall on her hind legs was simply the hole.

The fictitious terrain where she resides meets its edge, burrows down into the promising point.

Away from my hopeful gaze.

Lucy Emma Price



Lucie Mc Laughlin

close pose
poke side of the
unknown.

Shave your head
go to bed

don't you think it's funny
how from far away
you bin
and you orange
one
can look like you
can't
bottle.

Doesn't that say all.

You're like one big
bulging head
the head of the toothpaste
crusty and
useless



Performance B

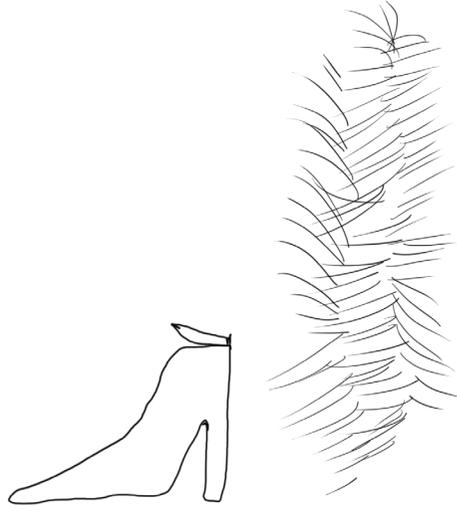
To the floor I take. My knees embraced
by my crippled chest. Arms intertwined
through the cracks left open for it's
touch. They start to withdraw themselves
leaving their trace upon my skin as they
make their escape. Sudden, their movement
is sudden as they find their touch upon
the ground. Stretched. Searching. As my
fingertips grapple for feeling. My back
becomes arched, it gravitates toward s
the nothingness it feels inside. It
loses it's touch and strikes to its side.
The body looks injured, lacking strength.
It recoils, comforting itself.
Waiting for the repeat. The repetition of its
longing for which is out of reach.

Repeat until sense of
self gained or found.

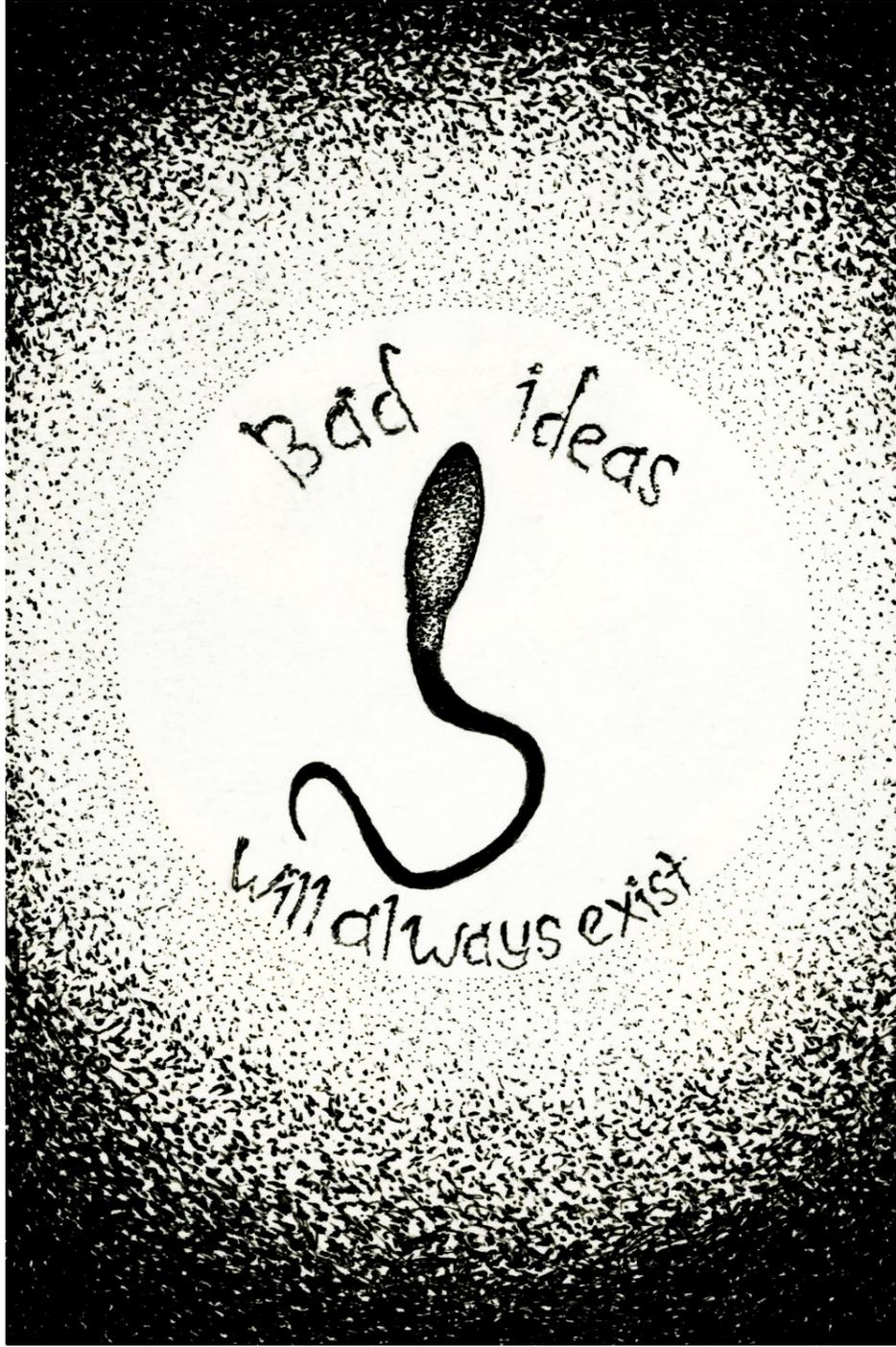


Lucie Mc Laughlin

Unseen daytime rustlings
in the undergrowth
are little birds
and leaves
at night
sinister
rats



Deryla Hillan



Cereal up the wall
makes milkshake up my sleeve
The sun will ease the rising moon
is at our hands



Oh Susan,
you wait up all night.
Trapped in a cage,
eyes as bright as lamp lights

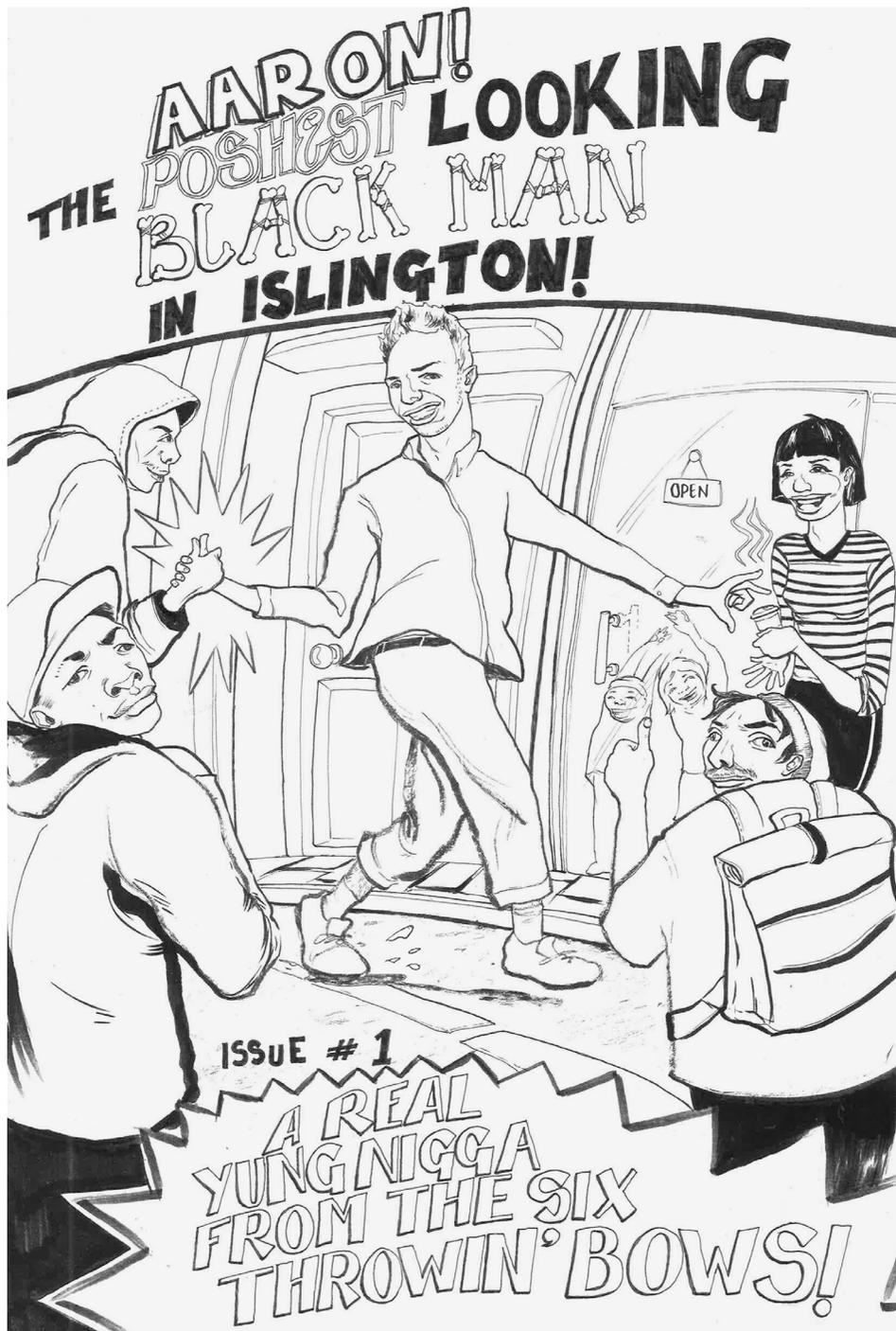
Oh Susan,
don't run off the bed.
Stay in your ball-
ing won't get you fed.

Someday I will come by
One day, the years of your life will fly
You forgot the times you tried,
Susan, your head's unsound.

Oh Susan,
you wait up all night.
Trapped in a cage,
eyes as bright as lamp lights

La, la, la, la, la, la, la, la
La, la, la, la, la, la, la
But you want it all

Ooooh
Someday



(Part 1)

Inexplicable sensations and unwelcome thoughts had begun to encroach on your daily life. Once you had become sure of their source, you shared with me your struggle. You even gave it a name, but at six years of age it was just a term to me, a sound that hung in the air without meaning. It had been caused by an absence of a necessary chemical in the brain, you said. Its disappearance had left room for dark spaces to open up in your mind and was made manifest in slurred speech and twitching muscles. At thirty six your body became a prison, locking your stiff limbs to your sides and causing your words to catch on their way out.

You moved through in spite of it, pretending as though nothing had changed, and for a few years it seemed to work. I realise now that you were protecting me, shielding me from view of how your body had begun to attack itself. But it was a fragile space in which to dwell, one that I know you lovingly tried so hard to construct with your shaking hands.

I remember so well the day it came crashing down around us.

There you were sitting and, without a trigger or warning, every ounce of energy drained out of you. You became a shell of yourself, unblinking and wordless, paralysed except for the tremor that is the persistent marker of your condition. I desperately tried to call you back to me; but my words, which left as anguished shouts, arrived in the world you'd gone to as only low, muffled sounds that barely pierced the silence. Finally you rose and staggered away with so much purpose, but I knew I couldn't trust your legs to hold you. When you collapsed I was there to catch you; I've held on tightly ever since.

You came back to yourself without a single memory of where you had been in those twenty minutes.

Later, we sat together in your bedroom and you confessed that you had begun to frequent dark places and eventually lost your way inside them. Your single bed, which once seemed to me so comically small for a man of your size, threatened to swallow you whole; head bowed, you melted into yourself and convulsed under the weight of sobs that clawed their way through your torso and filled the room. I think you must have been bearing the pain for the both of us, because I could only manage a few silent tears for you. All I could do was hold you in my arms; from a daughter to her father, this felt strange — an unfamiliar gesture that seemed too weak to support you and the immense burden of your deep depression.

(Part 2)

I'll admit that it became easier to forget, as I grew older and went away from home more often, about the distance that your illness had forged between us. But I remember a time after that, when your absence even nestled its way into phone calls; I had no idea it could feel so tangible — heavy, even. I grew to notice the crackles in the silence on the end of the line, and in them felt a bristling, electric anticipation that you would finally say something to chase them away. You told me your desperation to speak was killing you, but you were silenced by the fear that your voice betrayed all attempts to keep your suffering from me.

Eventually the burden of your failing body became too much for you to bear, and you chose to become a bionic man.

The scars on your head and chest are indicators of delicate incisions, entry points of foreign objects that try to make up for things your mind has lost over the years. They send an signal from your brain to your muscles, and keep everything running as they once did completely unconsciously. I mean, that's all we really are as human beings anyway, aren't we? Intricate constructions of flesh and bone, animated by neurological pulses. But at the time I couldn't help but wonder at such an invasive act: would you ever wake up? And if you did, would you be the same person afterwards?

I sat in the waiting room for hours, anticipating news of your procedure, until I sat and coaxed you from your comatose state. Mere moments after you were switched on, I actually saw the life return to your face, freely twisting into expressions I hadn't even known you could make; I'd been too young to remember a time before — well, before all of this.

To be able to share in your emotions for the first time was one of the single most joyous moments of my entire life; and your sudden easy smile breaking across your face told me instantly that it was one of yours, too.

You're weird and you
like it
And you think that you're
psychic
But really
you have
just
got
a
really
really
good
com-
puter

I remember the day he brought home a friend

I didn't see her at first
she was tucked beneath his coat

but once I saw her
I couldn't un-see

She was different
now so was he

She'd leap
up

antagonist
wild
and relentless

and when they sat together
she took my chest
so tight

I wouldn't
couldn't shake her off

her claws burrowed into me

there was this drumming sound
inside her
inside me

it burrowed
into my gut

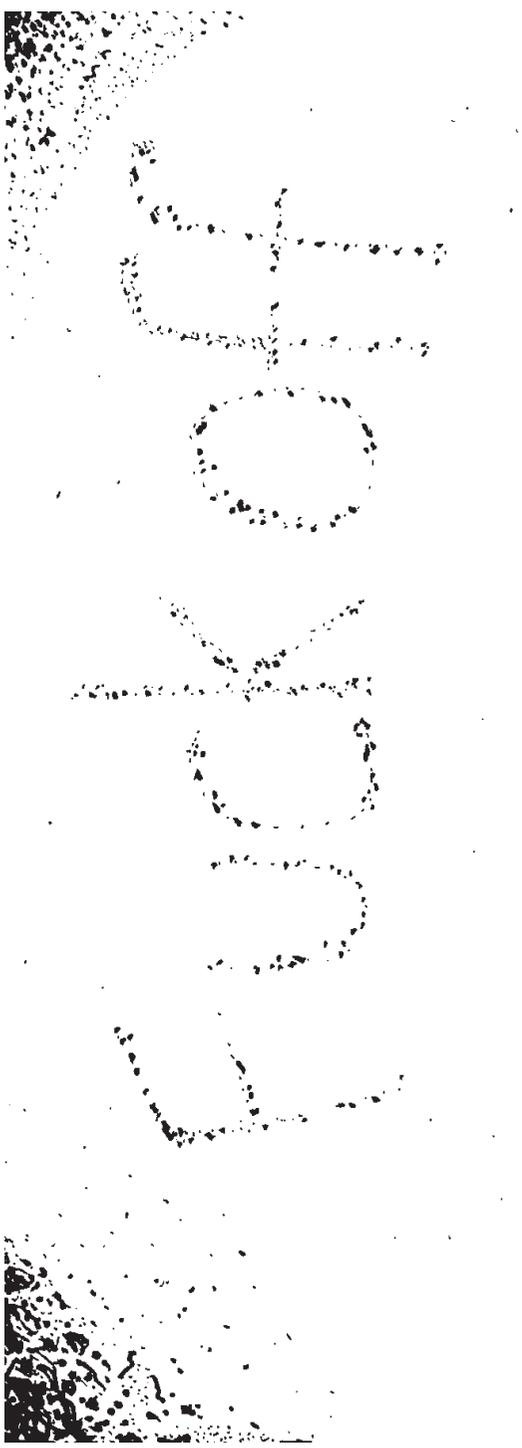
1

Blazing sick
Mermaids lay,
An underwhelming fantasy.

2

Oh pink opera sunsets,
Lets not.
They are slumped, like soggy peaches.

Elliot Nash



The black mould in my living room
has been dispensing sagely counsel



Aaron Ford

Deryla Hillan



Elliot Nash

From my bed I hear the quiet rabble of voices downstairs, crooning over a meal. I am trying to be very quiet and still. My hands are cold, I have to keep shifting them under my thighs. I've heard that outside, it's so cold you wouldn't put a fox out of a henhouse.

After the disembodied voices have said their goodbyes and gone to bed, I creep downstairs and hear my thoughts like broken bits of vegetation drifting to the top of murky water, still half submerged and visible in the bottom of the kitchen sink.

This disgusts me, I want to take all the food from the sink and put it in the bin, or on the worktop to inspect, first arranging the debris with swiping motions into the centre of the sinkhole. I use a sponge and am careful not to touch too much.

Big curls of soggy bacon with fat rinds on them.

I was thinking about the word 'determined.' Centred it snugly within the four white borders of a page. Unobtrusive, small and quiet, the sight of it hangs in front of my eyes. Or maybe it was determination, or some derivative of determining something.

(Part One)

In 2 2 and a half 2 to 300 years he' l carve into the earths equator,

layered with tiles that add up to a cetacean.

Between an archeologist, a paleontologist, a marine biologist
existsis ist is

t is

my fffar there pronouced there S s why

I'd rather you'd listen that

a whale at the core of T

his circumference has

toes bent and *hold* bend whole *from*

the welt of the pool

and back my f eet, trim the air horizontally to 52 feet breaches
tipped to

30 tonnes *mmmbent*.

Horizontally, to jump. I assume the posture of a dancing palm
listen to where th E

my tongue red *sponge* is hoisted out and marries its tip with the
joints of the

magicians hand.