

Broadsheet 23

Welcome to Broadsheet 23 which features the work of artists Kirsty Lumm and Felicity Price-Smith, as well as poems and translations by gifted young poets.

Kirsty Lumm, 24, Abstract expressionist artist

While studying Fine Art at Kingston University my independent research focused on the concept of 'pure art'. My interest turned towards primitive art and how, in a fast paced 21st century we can gather inspiration from raw subjects, while still partaking in modern society.

Children's art and creative therapy are where I found inspiration. These made me FEEL that raw emotion I had been searching for, with as little preconceived ideals and formats possible for this creative endeavour.

Through this my creativity propelled into a world of Abstract Expressionism with the objective to spur up these raw emotions and turn them into a visual expression.

I am constantly in an environment filled with fierce energy and movement, often on the verge of being overwhelmed by my surroundings. These synaesthesia experiences and the effect it has on my world are also expressed in my art work. Experiencing intense colours in the wind, flowing from sounds everywhere i go and surrounding people's moods my paintings encourage me to share this with the rest of the world rather than shy away from what can sometimes seem like a constantly insane experience.

Taking many styles and forms I work with whatever best expresses this moment of pure creative ecstasy and bliss.

Next showing: 11th-13th December, Noon-8pm, New England House, Brighton



Felicity Price-Smith
Graphic Designer, Illustrator and Artist from East Sussex, UK

I am an illustrator, designer and artist from East Sussex. I enjoy exploring a wide range of materials and techniques from pen and wash to coloured pencil and collage. My interest in mixed media work developed during my A-Levels where I began to incorporate maps and letters into my work. With these I could introduce a sense of place and narrative as well as building up layers of texture.

At university I studied architecture, which has left me with a lasting love of drawing and observing the world around me. I now work as a designer and illustrator for publishers Unicorn Press Ltd, as well as undertaking freelance work and commissions. My first fully illustrated book, an edition of Vita Sackville-West's *English Country Houses* is out now.

Latest News

Double Publication! November 2014

This week, two books I have designed and illustrated for Unicorn Press are now available in the shops:

English Country Houses by Vita Sackville-West, the fifth title in UPL's *In Arcadia* series, featuring my pen and ink illustrations throughout. ISBN: 978-1-910065-11-2.

Under The Sea-Wind - part two in our republication of Rachel Carson's Sea Trilogy, following the highly acclaimed *The Sea Around Us*. ISBN: 978-1-910065-07-5.

www.cargocollective.com/price-smith



Ben Parker was born in Worcester in 1982. In 2012 his debut pamphlet, *The Escape Artists*, was published by tall-lighthouse. He is currently poet-in-residence at the Museum of Royal Worcester.

Ghosts

When the ghosts of that house returned they came not as ethereal figures looming in doorways, peering over guests' shoulders in the bathroom mirror, or ascending the stairs as the family arrived home late just in time to catch sight of the bare feet. Instead a chipped and frail porcelain cup suddenly appeared in the cupboard above the sink and though no-one would drink from it they could not bring themselves to throw it away. Next, a thick string-bound volume of correspondence was discovered on the bookshelf, detailing the lives of characters at once familiar but unplaceable, like distant cousins met at funerals. Finally a pair of brogues was found by the back door, so old that the only thing holding them together was a deep layer of brown polish, freshly applied with the singular dedication of someone for whom these shoes were an unrepeatable extravagance.

Lehnwort

In this country where dawn is always just about to break and snow sits like a migraine over everything, there are creatures that move through the forest in the speech of travellers. Their local name, the way it sounds like the word for warmth, if warmth was a tool a warrior might heft in battle, confines them to that part of the vast language-spanning density of spruce and fir where they were first spoken into being. But when a merchant risking a short-cut on a trading route encounters their name in gossip round the fire and trying to repeat it his tongue falters on the unfamiliar vowels, then an echo of his hearth creeps in, of his family's term for knife or the smell of damp clinging to timber at the end of autumn. At this the creatures stir from their sleep and begin the journey into fresh territory while behind them thin trunks creak as frost tightens its grip.

The Sounding Bowl

Out of the log that he salvaged from the wind-felled
walnut tree the carpenter removed so much wood
that what remained behind was closer in spirit to air
than to earth, that element first hinted by its fall
and perfected by the careful hand of man, who dug
the bole to find the bowl and varnished the grain until
it gave no more resistance to the breeze gusting through
his workshop than the ear would to a whispered
prayer. Those strings he fitted across the open mouth
were nothing more than cues to wake the latent music,
so easily set off it was as though the song had been there
long before the storm released it. The carpenter, his part
in the process over, is content to give the instrument
to the world, knowing that no matter who it is that plays,
all sounding bowls sing hymns to the glory of their makers.

Admitting No Other Element

Deep in the feathers of certain birds
nestle microscopic versions of that bird
beating their wings in unison for flight,
and lifting not as a flock, but as one;

then there are those large cats in Africa
on whose teeth crouch smaller
and smaller identical cats, right down
to a level we cannot yet observe;

and I once ate a strawberry
in which every seed was a tiny
strawberry, and it was the most
delicious strawberry that I ever tasted.

I watch at your face as you listen to me
explaining this, and you are a thousand
yous, each one alike, and the more
I look at them the more of you I see.

Windows

I once heard that every time Van Gogh moved in to another rented apartment or spare room of a long-suffering friend he would sketch the view from the window both as memento of the vistas offered by even those frugal temporary lodgings and as a form of conscientious practice in the useful discipline of recording without embellishment the simple visual facts of what he saw. This allowed, I suppose, his serious work of painting to depart from mere truthfulness, reassured that when required he could be faithful to the ordinary. I too would like to attempt such an apprenticeship in verisimilitude: that passing car, for example, with the glass on the front passenger side replaced with plastic sheeting, that security alarm which has been going through the night, or the fact that, to my knowledge, Van Gogh did not pen those sketches I alluded to.



Felicity Price-Smith: Eastleigh Village

Teresa Fawls was brought up in East Sussex. She now lives in County Sligo in the west of Ireland where she works in theatre and acts as literary officer for the Young Yeats Society. She was born in 1984.

Burial of a chieftain

He is dying,
the news filters down
last to the pungent dung: *'He is dying'*.
So we begin our climb.

Circling the mountain,
we rise like a curl of firesmoke
which announces to the provinces
some significant occurrence;
until, sweaty beneath familiar garments,
we reach its flat summit,
and begin our work.

Together we toil. Shift weighty rocks.
We younger ones with a special curiosity.
They tell us:
'Dig.'
'Carry.'
'Place.'
'Learn.'
and as an addendum: *'Remember'*.
And as another: *'Respect'*.
until a cairn, like a singular breast,
begins to grow from the mountain's chest.

When it rains,
we crawl inside.
Humble, squat low on our haunches.
Steal an hour in our marked chieftain's tomb.

Meeting my father

In your apartment, Dad,
you await our arrival.

In your strange, small, living box
you lay three places at the table –
align, like points of a broken compass,
three pairs of ivory chopsticks.

You chop onions,
crush garlic,
grate ginger
'til it weeps
its spicy juices
onto your fingers.

I bring you a husband.
A great, safe, solid man,
as if to say, 'I dare you'.

Antlers locked,
'I dare you to fight for me'.



Kirsty Lumm: Love

Alan Zhukovski's poetry has appeared in a number of online magazines in the UK and the USA. He also writes in Ukrainian and Russian. He defended a PhD thesis on T. S. Eliot's literary criticism and the poetry published in his *Criterion*. His diploma thesis dealt with the American reception of F. Nietzsche. Alan tweets at: @Alan_Zhukovski.

STELLAR HEAT

My mind wants to jump into the beaming hole of a star
And thus to escape the toxic syrup of silence
In favour of stellar heat, thermonuclear chaos.
It's not very high. Can I jump that far?
I want to leave the garden, but everything seems
Too dark and unreal to leave. The night has jeered
At the radiant leaves and licked their sheen away.
The waves of the darkness have poisoned the light,
Filling the air like oil, to burst into flames at dawn.
I sit on a bench. A book lies beside me.
Its characters, who have migrated to my soul,
Have stood still to gaze at the trees in the garden.
They look around intensely, protecting me,
Like bodyguards. I can hardly believe it.
The picture is too surreal. The stillness is suffocating.
The strange thought still haunts me: I want to jump
Into the sky, but my bodyguards try to dissuade me:
*'The Earth was created by stellar heat.
Enjoy the result, the existence, but not the chaos.'*
I look through the foliage. Is there any consciousness
Inside the boiling heart of starlight? The characters
Tell me there's no sense in jumping. They say,
*'Stop deceiving yourself. The night is gentle.
The leaves are still shining. The darkness is harmless.
You can die in a star; you can die in a star.'*

BENCHES OF THE AIR

the tree caresses me with the Bengal fire of its dying leaves
they circle around my head and touch my cheeks
a harmless imitation of a flame
the desire to shine
when a leaf is unable to keep its color
the urge to set the changing world on fire
but wait
are they really dying no they are beginning their own life
maybe the moment they leave the tree
is the most important and the most respected
maybe their consciousness is born when they change their color
they begin their own life however short
no longer bound and no longer part of a community
no longer sleeping and no longer dependent
no longer waiting in chains on the tree
they are free
they move where they want
leaves are magnets attracting whatever winds they like
leaves dance and travel on the benches of the air
Wer seinem ziele nahe kommt, der tanzt

EXPERIMENTING CAT

Red cat has overturned a jar with yellow roses,
to see what happens. Now the jar lies on the stool,
unharmd. The flowers, hanging from its edge,
have lowered heads of pastel yolk to see the floor.
The cat, with caution, rolls the jar,
he shifts it slowly, just an inch or two.
The water's partly spilled. A tiny puddle
forms on the stool, reflecting roses in the luster.
Some fragrant drops have reached the floor,
along the paths of stalks and petals.
Red leg steps in the moisture and is jerked away.
The angered cat decides to terminate research.
The rolling jar is pushed away. He jumps onto the floor.
The glass falls on the parquetry, unbroken once again,
it drags the roses to the floor, to damp it with their scent.
The cat's experiment, depicted by the painter in the middle,
before the sudden movement changed the picture,
revives the moment through the window in the wall.
There's always an unconscious hope that you can travel
to any moment, real or imagined, through such windows.

UNLOADED GUNS OF TIME

I cycle along the road, which has bitten the forest in two.
The brown-green mass lies on the earth like a broken nut,
the two halves gnawed through by old cuttings and paths.
A pale, sickly house built of snow bricks hasn't been finished,
yet is already crumbling, its whiteness fades into dust and moss.
A huge Lombardy poplar towers alone in the field,
like a guard, the sun seeping through the gloomy dark foliage,
making the tree look like a lighthouse for clouds,
or an oblong balloon with a fat speck of light.
The tree and the building arouse the feeling
that these pictures abide in a separate time with no time,
in the separate realm of unloaded minutes, unloaded guns.
If anything changes, it's only a dressing, a spice,
a thin coating of consciousness on the objective reality
of recollections which never become recollections.
The skyscraper tree stands for decades, no visible changes appear.
The building will never be finished, the paths and the cuttings
are no longer growing. The field and the poplar,
a giant sundial, make seconds and minutes rotate
in a vicious circle. The hand of the natural clock
is only a shadow, the clone of the poplar, the guard
of the time where riotous minutes have murdered all changes.



Kirsty Lumm: Abstract

Daniel A. Nicholls, 32, can be found declaiming poets and poetry on Twitter (@nomopoetry) and Tumblr (nomopoetry.tumblr.com). He has poems coming soon from the *Honest Ulsterman* and online at *Compose Journal*, *Specter Magazine*, and *Halfway Down the Stairs*. From 2010 until 2012 he was Writer in Residence at the Starving Artist in Keene, NH. He now resides in Arizona.

Our Lady of Deliverance

For all the martyrs in their bleeding dressed
who in injustice had their spirit spent—
God forgive our gory hands! and lend us fast their innocence.

For all that trembled beneath the gun
or prayed beneath the axe, or could not run—

For all their wounds that we gave up
to buy comfortable talk with a progressive hush—

For all our heaping damnation born
of ease, of complete unbewail, of torn
bodies in the gutters of streets unnamed
and (please, we say, God) far, far away—
by their ending, by the glory they share in you,
by necks broken by rapists and skin torn off by bombs
and for every ounce of evil poured upon their patient limbs
TURN THE COURSE OF TIME
TURN THIS BLOOD TO WINE and
grant us to want our martyrdoms, too.

sons of the wind (outro)

if we are buried
with the proud gods of our youth
still we unbodied brush
by later lookers on
grave and drawn upon the earth
with whatever finger scribbled us
unrecorded words of love or sin
left to be brushed out
by a reverent knee come down
or a dawn-drawn scramble to feet
or the son of man pulling up his daily bed
somewhere in a field
of loose earth a hillside
like a mountain like a mound
of the brushed away
by wind



Felicity Price-Smith: Waggoner's Cottage

Emma Lovell is 30 years old. Following a degree in French at University of East Anglia and a Masters in Social Anthropology at Goldsmiths, University of London, she decided to put her 12 years of yoga practice to use and now works full-time as a yoga teacher throughout Southampton. She has previously had work published in the *New Writer* magazine and online at *vox poetica*. She was also long-listed for the *Virginia Warbey Poetry Prize 2011*.

Vindauga*

Remember how
the day before they broke you
with heavy-handed rush,
you'd collected two new beads
of purple bird shit that you wore as earrings,
all shiny and proud, with your silver ring;
a slug's late night promise.

And before that,
her finger-drawn smile,
made in his breath,
that clung to your pane
with the plump heart - the arrow
drawn in later - that reappeared, your dripping tattoo,
on damp afternoons.

Remember that time
he'd dried her streaked face
and said 'only you' over
and over until she'd slept balled on the bed. Then
when he'd pressed his hot fingers to you
and you'd licked the prints with a cool tongue
and sucked the grease from his leaning head.

Remember still,
how wet-mouthed and giggling
they'd kissed through you
and you'd watched the messy splats
dry to white
as they'd wiped spit on wrists,
then kissed for real.

Remember how
you'd played your part for them, still eye,
wind-eye, framed
their dancing bodies,
steamed to their beat,
your lips sealed
against their night-time heat.

**Old Norse for window, literally meaning wind-eye*

Cambodian Kiss

The countries
ticked-off like shopping lists
the wandering
daily browning

clothes
shed like orange peel,
and the slowing pulse of our surprise as
the unreal became real and

the drum of home beat wilder still. The children
that we learnt to ignore,
their open fists
thrust like cups, broken and

brimming with woven dolls, dust.
So we drank in their bars
and we pissed in their streets.
The spitting press

of hot metal on flesh: the birth
of the scar that sits between foot and knee,
a knot in wood
that dulls

with the real in each story,
that fades
like a path abandoned,
then reclaimed.

For Martin

I met a lady once who said,
we're all like leaves;

we each have our moment
to fall.

You were the flicker of a leaf in fast air, brief
as your only breath.

Grandma's shedding teeth like tears, still
your fingernails are petals.

Shipwrecked

We're sipping at the day,
blowing on mugs of tea.
You beside me, Breakfast on the BBC.

We breathe sleep through our noses:
Me, dry-mouthed. You, still late.
Here we go again, you say - our heads bob
on a sea of covers - another day.

I think of how I'd woken wet-eyed
from a sinking ship: our marriage,
not yet made. How in the dark
we'd untangled,

rolled away. Yet as light turned the room
moon-blue, hips, shoulders
found each other, like waves to the shore.

The year's hinge creaks closer with each week.
The Earth turns
dark to light. We stay; I cling to you
like driftwood.



Kirsty Lumm: Spring Explosion

Jon Bridge is an academic scientist and writer living and working in Sheffield and Liverpool. His wife and two children occupy most of his thinking time outside of work, and if he could choose one place to do that thinking it would be on a wide, blowing beach in the west of Ireland. He was 35 last birthday.

Still life

I

What was there before the world
began? you asked me once. Caught
dumbly in your not-yet eyes'
child's solemn seeing gaze
I tried to auger back to where
you'd been before you were
before flesh called to womb and womb
to cell, and cell – enough. Potential,
that was there, and love, as well.

II

Who knows when the spirit
or the spark first slipped
between the tumbling edges
of your cells to reach the tips
of your maybe fingers
and gave your first dark silent
unlipped mothers' kiss?

III

A too-warm Spring released you
from the jostling fullness of
a sudden seed-head.

Tumbling

high, wind-catching, sense
the sun's first warmth, the
pulsing groaning Earth unsettle

IV

Made real in the quickening,
realler than the sickness, sweats and
tears before, a tiny movement
real against my curving palm,
hot new sunrise bursting on a curving sea,
more real than the sun, and truer
than the whole wide howling
world unfolding me.

V

In old-age a pregnancy looks deadly,
you grown fat and rich by feeding
off the girl I loved, and she
once-blooming, bloated, over-ripened
prickling like a bursting chestnut
cracking, gasping, *dangerous*. The crux,
the climax redefined in agonies of
labour. For her, the pain. For you and
me, the waiting and the fear, again.

VI (Elegy)

How can you rage against
the dying light who, yet
unborn, then should not die?

How can the mourners rage
into the night when coffins
will not measure your soft form?

How can your full-grown life
be cast so wide when wind-
less lungs refused to cry?

How can we rage for you
who knew no rage or pain?
You touched some inner sun

and fell, whose fire now keeps
us poorer mortals warm.



Felicity Price-Smith: The Old Chapel

Molly Vogel is 26 years old, from Los Angeles, though currently working towards a PhD in Creative Writing at the University of Glasgow. Her poems have been published in *PN Review* and a selection of her work will appear in Carcanet's *New Poetries VI* in 2015. She has been shortlisted for the Jane Martin Poetry Prize, the Fish Publishing Poetry Competition, the Brittingham & Felix Pollak Poetry Prize and the Edwin Morgan Poetry Prize.

Elegy for Emma

i

Today I pass the time plucking
oranges from your tree,
dropping them one by one
into a trash bin
with a hole
in the bottom.

I walk through
your house breathing
the bitter scent of it
and leave its letters
 falling
into a bowl on your table.

It feels like a dream:
the skin of the fruit
in my hand,
the slivers of half-moons
taking shape
in my mouth
and still (so late
in the season)
there is fruit
on the trees.

ii

I stand in the silence
of your kitchen,
the cupboards empty,
their contents growing tired
in a brown box:
olive green plates
from your wedding,
a rusted silver spoon,
derby cups from 1951,
one broken wine glass,
and a clock
with no face.

You didn't drink
I say to no one.
And I didn't know you liked horses.

A painting of some Bolshevik village
rests clumsily off its hook
next to a photo of a nameless couple.
I ask mom who that woman is.
She says your grandmother.
It is her wedding day
and even in the black and white,
in the shadows of her lace collar,
the folds of her dress, in the creases
of her darkly lined eyes
and lips,
her face drifts
to the surface
a budding lily.

The Gallery

It is with-holding for the last time. For the last time, your hands wander my body as we sit
with our selves, birch-bench, a thread of your hair in my

mouth. This time your body makes me think of breath the way I learned to swim. Look how
you unfold, old-saint, late-love, God's last hymn.

I and my Glasgow boys: Christ of Saint John, 1901 cherry-wood organ, Mackintosh, and you
are a song in my ear, you say, with-grace, with-holding, with unknown knowing.

Dearest one, tecum vivere amem, tecum obeam libens. It is the language that I think in as we
press hard limbs. All the color tastes like blood in my mouth (skin on skin).

This time your breath makes me think of body the way I first drank red wine. Look how
you open (and close), you say, divine-dolmen, rejoiced in sin, little kiss-sighs.

Your hands are prayers for my thighs. All the while, we discuss Brueghel the Elder with
salty-tongues, the unhinged-crucifix, life's psalm. A toddler watches with his father.

Sunday, April 29th

after Marina Tsvetaeva

Broken with worry, God
 paused for me.
And look, there were many
 prayers with bodies

In a word I had
 given them,
Some with large wings and
 others without any.

I weep because
 why so much.
Evenmore than God
 himself I love his.

Listening to Scriabin for the First Time

No eye has seen, nor ear heard; neither have entered
into the heart. The things that are prepared for us
that love. I am thinking
about Eve in the garden, how in her solitude
she was tempted. How everything comes back
to Eve. Her lonely image reflected in a pool.

(What there thou seest fair creature is thy self.)

I remember learning how Milton found
he could no longer see, how he recited the poem
to his three daughters for ten years (*without whom am
to no end*) from the confines of his memory. I think
of you now, alone, in your room, listening.

Oceanic

Where we sat alone on a bench:
grey shadow cairn-shaped.

Far overhead, ribbons
of lochweed:

the soundless engine,
soundless engine of breath

and the wind
shouldering heads

of white flowers—our eyes
rolling on water.

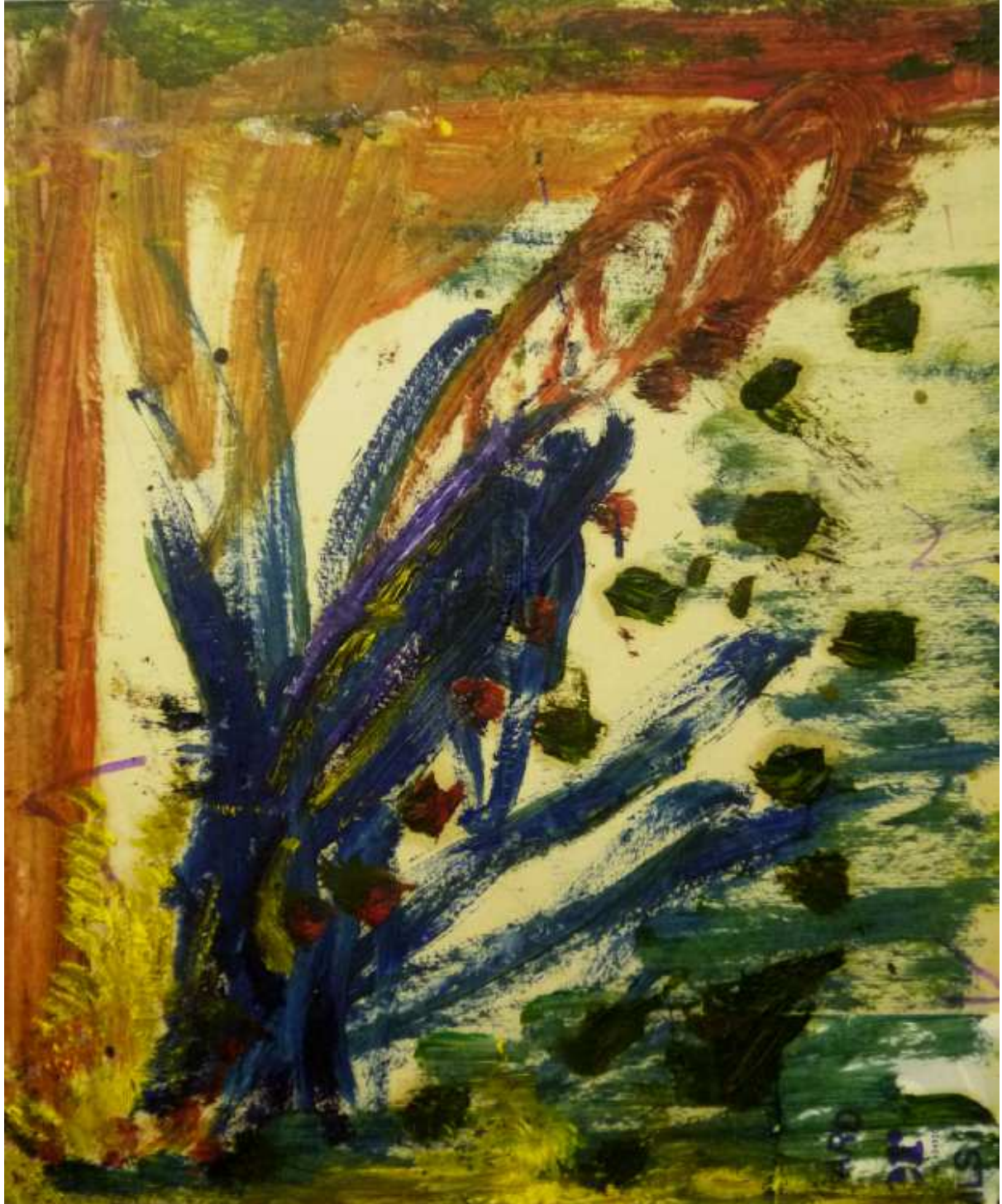
A lamp
phosphorus,

our bodies full
of long distances, winter

keeps coming months early.
Each word sticks in the undertow.

The sad boats drift.
The children leave home.

Each night our sea-wreck, each day
waking into our skin.



Kirsty Lumm: Ocean Colour

iii

as God bade –

tallow

-children to fulgent eyes re-turn.

Whilst

on slag-heap minstrels a-bound – to speak
scoria, free-willed. Think of that again.

VI.H

The question: under what

should the work be?

A book's title: *Phaedo – exempli gratia*

was not Plato's

as *The Cook & . . .* is ours

& Plotinus entrusting his without

in a state of ancient *hypomnēmata* –

hypomnēmata – a work without title.



Kirsty Lumm: Fabric Zoom

Tom Tracey (b.1980) holds DPhil in English Literature from St. John's College, Oxford. His poems have appeared in several publications including *Oxford Poetry* (2008). He lives and teaches in his hometown, Dublin.

Requiem for Seamus Heaney

Washing potatoes in cold water in winter
I wondered at your sudden passing,
The passive shift they vaguely called an act:
'He died,' they said,
As if that were something else you did
To add to all the small word-pacts
Of lyric peace I call your art:
What other world would you have as lasting?
There is no harvest without first fasting.
Now the rain rains sideways against
The train windows as the massing
Clouds spill their prayers upon your final grassing,
The casking of your body by the good lord's vintner;
I rail, yet drink it in, and take my part.

Bletchley Park

Chess wasn't the half of it:
Across the grounds the talented
Applied themselves to quiet codes,
In close cabals deciphering their cues.

Gales blew their winter thoughts from place to place.

They chewed on pipes or fags, silent as lab-rats,
Suggestible or docile, most obedient –
But inside quite divided.
Each one of them enigma to the other.
And each a variation on themselves.

The Enemy remained at some remove,
Abstract *in extremis*, untranslatable.

Still in their cots or cabins they resolved
The whys and wherefores of this prolix war
– Storm clouds gathering as gulls swept Dover
And glossed the silver lining where they'd soar,
Invading precipices with their cries –
And wondered when it might at last be over.



Kirsty Lumm: Weather Cycle

Myroslav Laiuk (born 1990) is a Ukrainian poet and dramatist. His work is very well-regarded in Ukraine (where he is sometimes called “the new Tychyna”). Laiuk received the first prize of Ukraine’s leading independent literary publisher *Smoloskyp* (2012), the Oles Honchar International Prize (2012), the Grand Prix of *Poets’ Young Republic* (Ukraine’s project for young poets), prizes of *The Coronation of the Word* (poetry contest) and the prize of the Ukrainian website *Litakcent*, devoted to modern literary culture. Laiuk has published two books of poetry, one in 2008 and the other in 2013.

Myroslav Laiuk

translated from Ukrainian by Alan Zhukovski

trees

your trees lively trees
sewn with roots to the bodies of ancestors
gush warm blood through the bark before easter
holy faces go out
your trees lively trees
play the birds like a symphony orchestra
no conductor the violin of orioles
maestro linden at dawn

your trees lively trees
bite their elbows and break their thin arms
losing children they nervously creak
in the faces of windows

your trees lively trees
will deliver three blows to the dead doors
cross the threshold and ask for some water
they will ask for a soul

white

in the midst of a black night near a blue lake
a yellow tram stops and carries me
it doesn’t matter where —

I’ll hold the handrail
in order not to fall in this world
like an empty bottle

to the industrial zone
past the buildings I know but can’t see
past the poplars felled in the bygone century
past the sleeping people

past the three martens
who rustle here and there

and it all was already mine
all of it was already mine

only these fingers were not mine
only these white five

red raphael

the mother of god — a fox
holds the red-furred son of god in her gentle paws
he looks like
he's just noticed a never-seen butterfly
circling above the moss

and a six-fingered dog fox wants to say something
points at something

and another young fox saint barbara
views a couple of winged fox-cubs
with bright red fur

and raphael laughs
wears a foxy smile
and looks into your eyes
your
cunning eyes

sow-thistle!

divest me of my name
sow-thistle

I want to become you
I want to grab foxes and roe deer by their legs
and not to scare them away
to tell the feathered listeners
the dreams seen by my roots
to hide a hoary snake in my bosom
and to warm her children

I want to know
where the herds of subterranean beetles pasture
where the moths with red bellies
and gray wings disappear to
how a locust's heart beats
and how a flute goes through a marten
I want to hand feed bears and crows

I want to become myself
sow-thistle



Kirsty Lumm: Over the Hills

Edwin Evans-Thirlwell is an editor and journalist at Future Publishing in London, where he writes about videogames and digital culture. Aged 28, he has been published in *Brittle Star*, *Said and Done*, *The Guardian* and *The Mirror*. His present projects include a short fiction series about the dilemmas of eating, and a collection of poems about the Voyager 1 space probe.

Tubes

A warm push, air
Giddy as a school of fish before leviathan.
Cacophony of arrival: a splitting of
Seams, a sullen
Clamping of doors upon coats and limbs,
As though to trim the soul's
Superfluties.

Arabesque of arteries
Caked with messaging, slapped into creases,
With unthreatening
Smiles, these fretful
Jerks of wordplay.
Whose walls are
Apertures upon ways of living, desirable
Estates, a multitude
Of endpoints and reasons to be, that
Weekly writhe into
Shape, that cadge
Change.

It is easy to hate your lurching
Staccato and encrusted wit, seeing
In your crush
And dazzle the guilt of obligation, a jangle
Of sin, but you are
Carnivals, conga lines of the
Fruity and fruitless, born of an honest
Hunger for bums
And eyeballs.

If no other praise
Can be laid at the feet of your escalators,
I have seen dust-black
Mice run
Under and beside the rails, twitchy
As cursors.

Arsenal

I put my ear near the wall to hear
Its deadness: shape soaked
With fact, blunting the shimmer
Of speech. Unmortared bricks
Mutter underfoot and wind
Chimes are considered: nick
Nacks become this chamber
Of abuses, yet here is not
Where the powders were struck
Alive but where they were neatly
Packed down, all that hurt
Kept clean and precious.
The air does not ring with death
Dealt elsewhere, nor are my nostrils
Swelled with the slain.
Like a shell casing it sits, dis
Charged by some blink and
You missed it alchemy of shame.



Felicity Price-Smith: After Effects



Kirsty Lumm: Clouds
