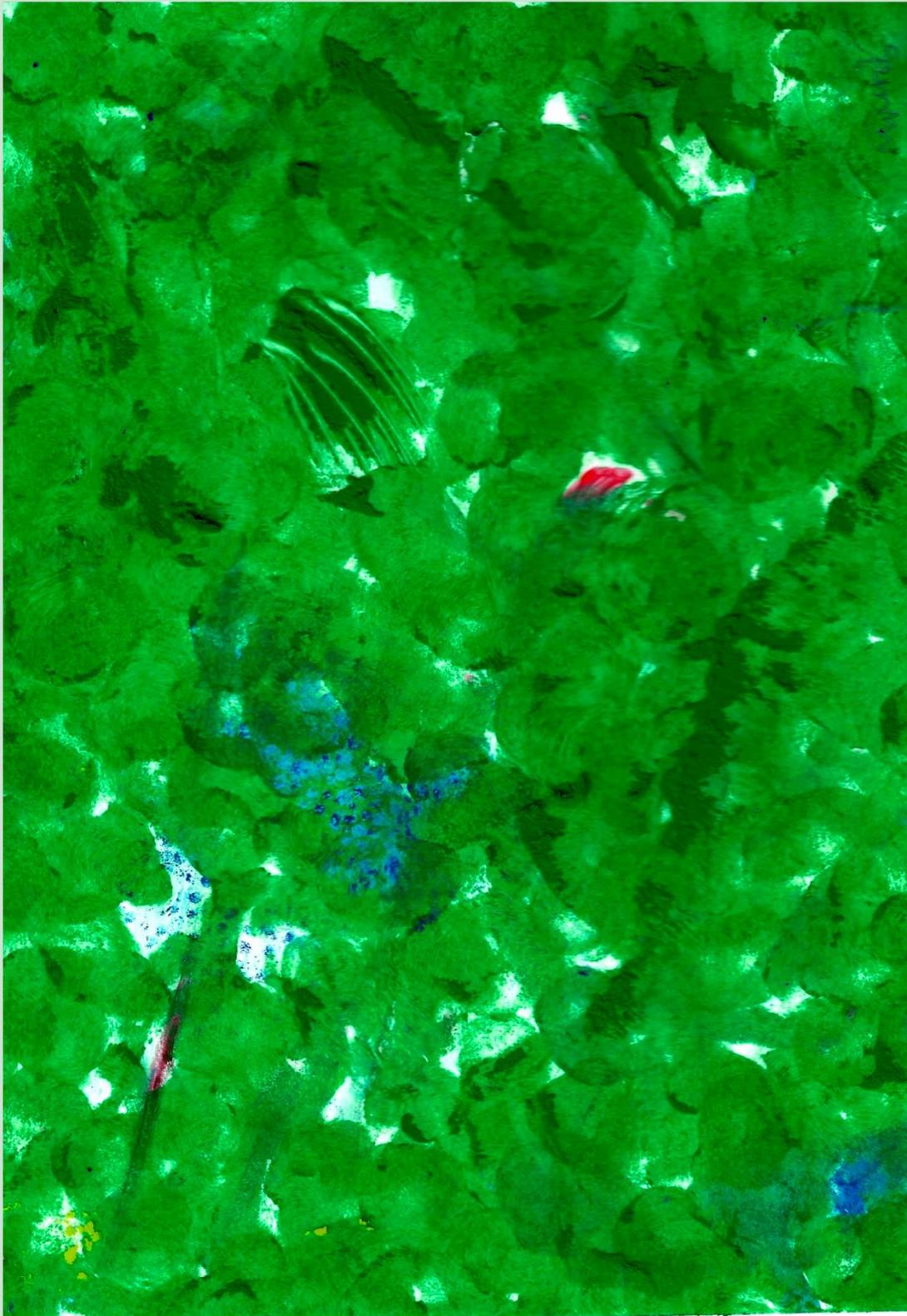


Coven Poetry



Issue No. 1

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Skye Addison

Skye Addison is a queer writer and nomad.
You can find them exploring woods and new
neighborhoods, lighting dim fires with
strangers and on twitter @flannel_punk

What is Stone

See that rock,
 jutting out in the middle of the river.
It's called Lochlann.
That's his head.

This forest where we stand was a desert until a horrible storm turned it green. Lochlann, from the south, and Anlain, from the north, lead their people for days through rivers and marshes to arrive at high ground.

Both warriors, Lochlann and Anlain dedicated their strength to helping the displaced to make a new life. They spent many years together,
 days wandering the forest,
 nights in the village they built.

But where every challenge had failed, one illness would take Anlain down. Lochlann was left to wander the forest alone.

Lochlann summoned Mako, the witch of this land, to take his pain away but she refused. She suggested he suffer with the community of all who remembered Anlain, that there was no need for him to feel alone as he overcame his loss. Lochlann roared and begged and sobbed. He was uninterested in overcoming and wished only to forget.

A year later, Mako was deep in her own grief. Lochlann had cried this river for his loss, the home he and Anlain had built in the forest would be beneath it forever. Lochlann asked one more time.

 Take my pain away.
 And Mako agreed.

Surrendering his memories, Lochlann turned to stone. And she was envious.

That's why we never look sad, never look overtaken. When your feelings are beyond you, the witch of the forest will come to take them away to protect this place.

And you'll be nothing
 but stone
 eroding forever in her garden.

Simon Alderwick

Simon Alderwick is a poet currently living in Wales. His work has recently or will soon be featured in *Dust*, *Near Window*, *Eye Flash*, *Green Ink*, *Burnt Breakfast* and *Dwelling*.

@SimonAlderwick

it's time to dress in green

no use thinking whatofmight
less you better on your head
did I say, you be outside
naked with desire

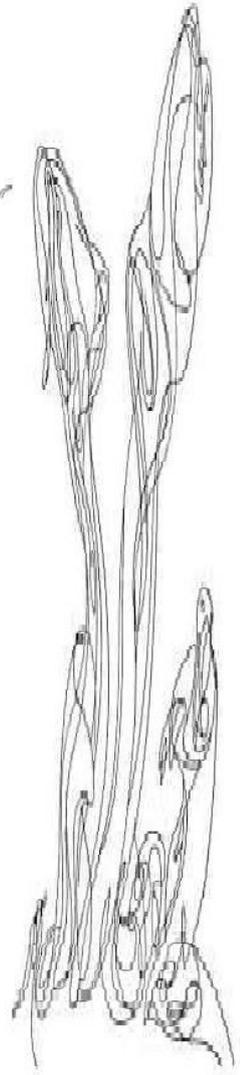
when head connects with ground
tidal pulse blue satellite
dig a small hole out of dirt
scoop dirt into hands

roll up spirit, pack it down
throw it at your god
watch it break when it hits ground
cratered blue ungod

repeat after four weeks
if you make the same mistakes — repeat
until it all makes sense
or you run out of dirt

László Aranyi

Laszlo Aranyi (Frater Azmon) poet, anarchist, occultist from Hungary. Earlier books: (szellem)válaszok, A Nap és Holderók egyensúlya . New: Kiterített rókabőr. English poems published: Quail Bell Magazine, Lumin Journal, Moonchild Magazine, Scum Gentry Magazine, Pussy Magic, The Zen Space, Crêpe & Penn, Briars Lit, Acclamation Point, Truly U, Sage Cigarettes Magazine, Lots of Light Literary Foundation, Honey Mag, Theta Wave, Re-side, Cape Magazine, Neuro Logical, The Daily Drunk Mag, Unpublishable Zine, Melbourne Culture Corner, Beir Bua Journal, All Ears (India), Utsanga (Italy). Known spiritualist mediums, art and explores the relationship between magic.



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... ..

A Csillag

(Tarot, Nagy Arkánus XVII.)

A kéztől, lábtól megfosztott menekült
agyafúrt, nyakatekert orgiáján
habzó, zöld masszát okádik az elnöklő
kecskebak.
Az eleven tócsa amorf alakzattá tágul a falszteron.
(Hátának tüskéire tűzött körtét visz a sün,
az ásó lótetűt fordít ki a felázott földből...)



Ez a kuglifejű zsarú ma már másodszor kéri tőlem
a személyi igazolványt.
„Látom, *gimnáziumista*” –
mert az állt benne: Vajda János Gimnázium...
„S engedik, hogy így nézzen ki? Akár egy munkakerülő?”

Az Állam az új Wendigo.

(Hogy a szocializmust építi,
vagy sem,

az inkább nézőpontunktól függ.)

Nem az éhségből,

hanem a kapzsiságból falja
a természet eddig háborítatlan erőforrásait,
nem éri be szükségletei kielégítésével,
csak gyűjt, gyűjt, anélkül,
hogy bármit felhasználna abból. Korunk sohasem virágzott,

koravénként, progeriásan jött,

hámló, pergament-bőrű múmiává aszalódva.

A „jóléti társadalom” vásári szemfényvesztés,
a Szent Szűz tántorgó, pucér seggű tánca;
penészes, szőrösödő,
rothadásnak indult harcsapörkölt Abaddon terített boncasztalán.

**Az állandósult hányinger korát éljük.
A fémizű undorét. Maszkot mindenkinek!**

Ne lássuk ezt a tömérdek fancsali pofát! Stratégiai fontosságú az olcsó munkaerő igényes szórkoztatása!

Ám a lótetű, amelyet ásó fordít ki a savanyú földből:

születő csillag!



Ahogy a mindenütt megbúvó, titkoztos közellét,



ahogy az émelyítő nedvű körte a sün tüskéin...

Star

(Tarot, Major Arcana XVII.)

In the cunning, crabbed orgy
of a refugee deprived of his hands and feet
the presiding billy-goat
is vomiting a foaming green mass.
A living puddle expands into an amorphous shape on the asphalt.

(A hedgehog carries a pear pinned to the spines of its back,
the spade turns a mole cricket from the soggy ground...)



This skittle headed cop ID'd me two times
today already.

I see, *high school student*" –
because the ID said: Janos Vajda High School...
"And they let you look like this? Like a shirker?"

The State is the new Wendigo.

(Building socialism
or not

depends on our views.)

The State devours
nature's undisturbed resources,
not out of hunger, but out of greed,
it doesn't settle for satisfying its needs,
it collects, collects without using
anything from its collection. Our era has never flourished,

it came precociously, smitten with progeria
as a dried up, parchment and scaly skinned mummy.

The 'welfare society' is window dressing
the staggering, naked-ass dance of the Holy Virgin,
moldy, hairy,
a catfish stew that is rotting on Abaddon's set dissection table.

We live in the age of persistent nausea.
Of metallic disgust. Mask for everyone!

Let's not look at the legions of wry muzzles!

**The quality entertainment
of the workforce is of strategic importance!
Yet, the mole-cricket which is dug up from
the sour earth by a spade
is a natural born star!**



**Same as the ubiquitous mysterious proximity,
same as the pear with its nauseating juice stuck
on the thorns of a hedgehog...**



(Translated by Gabor Gyukics)

Richard Capener

Richard Capener currently lives and works in Bristol. His writing has been featured in Sublinary Editions' Subscriptions, Streetcake, Overground Underground, Spontaneous Poetics and Selcouth Station, among others. His debut pamphlet is forthcoming from Broken Sleep Books. He also edits The Babel Tower Notice Board.

Canticle for St. Micheal's Tower

O, Devil. The crossroads aren't Micheal's but here his tower stands, the point of the city closest to heaven, where grebos gathered and claimed they worshipped you. *For ye are bought with a price: therefore, glorify God in your body, and in your spirit...* When the church told me to recite a verse, I couldn't say it.

O, Micheal. The elderly man at the pulpit looked more serious than usual, *Don't pray to saints. They're demons in disguise*, as if you were a double agent. I'd use any weapon. The scolding I received when I said God's name in vain. The faithful whispered, *O, sugar*, when they meant, *O, shit*. They didn't not sin, just hid it in their throats.

O, Tower. Babel fell but you stood as storage then the Civic Trust renamed you, *A Tower of Learning*. May your stories not be disses scrawled on park slides. May they breathe more than comparative reports of unemployment statistics for South West counties. May they run through the streets shouting like a stag do.

O, Babel. I have been for you since I walked through Tredworth: a halal sign on a butcher's door; Ganesh in a living room window; corner shops selling sugarcanes and okra. My brother had a CD called *Culture Clash in New York City*. My grandmother lived near. The delivery man was surprised when I called her *Nonna*. No one saw the bronze of her skin in mine.

O, I am Babel. Tall but slouched, slurring my speech. I couldn't say, *Sh, Ch, R...* A glossolalia of my body. I couldn't be discerned from my splutters and pauses so all the church heard was a boy who made his own meaning. When I spoke their language, my arms grew spots the doctor couldn't diagnose. When they burst, white stained my clothes and the scars stayed for years like mouths that couldn't close or make a sound.

Cat Chong

Cat is a transcultural twister child negotiating an embodied rejection of fixity and belonging, they're a graduate of the Poetic Practice MA at Royal Holloway currently doing a PhD on global female-authored illness narratives at Nanyang Technological University in Singapore where they're the recipient of an NPGS scholarship. Cat's a proud queer crip whose durational work flails wildly between conceptual and confessional tendencies. Their interests include ecology, feminism, gender, health, contemporary poetics, medical humanities, and disability studies

合家平安

to hope is to invoke is to say is also
to surrender

招財進寶

廣生堂

風生水起

合家平安

to put context back into colour is to
place desire at a distance that can't
be returned from

財源廣進

財源廣進

風生水起

合家平安

closer to oblivion than something which
moves towards breathing

財進門

財進門

風生水起

合家平安

to distant cars catching light maybe
I always knew the moon was coming all
noise and divinity

財源廣進

財源廣進

風生水起



合家平安

I want to say there's something
disgustingly romantic about sirens as
though the sound of ambulances might
always be far away about the smallest
sense of disaster and passing over

廣濟同善堂

財進招

風生水起

合家平安

to invoke this is a promise to keep us
out of trouble a promise to keep
getting away with it

招財進寶

廣利源

風生水起

合家平安

to put down picked up flowers a promise
to get away with all we can see
imminent and approaching

寶
進
財
招



廣
蘇
川
砂

風生水起

合家平安

to say I am trying to find a safe place
possibly in language too that is to
say perhaps a way through which to
speak the uninhabitable

財進招

財進招

風生水起

合家平安

to say I invoke is also to hope
surrender

萬事如意

財源廣進

風生水起

合家平安

I am so much a longing for language
Robert Hass said desire is so full
of distance

財源廣進

財源廣進

風生水起

合家平安

is also to surrender to write in what
my partner calls distractingly
terrible English

財源廣進

利國利民

風生水起

合家平安

to invoke the pathetic fallacy of rain
that Thursday of twelve hours after
the man who was always the shape of my
grandfather passed away

寶
進
財
招

博
漢
川
砂

風生水起

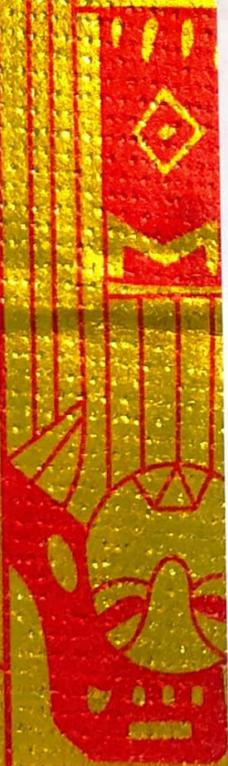
合家平安

is to invoke to say I surrender to
nights of blue dreams I'm not sure I
know how to wake up to

招財進寶

財源廣進

風生水起



合家平安

to life on a series of islands an
exodus of language into its aggregates
and there speaks the safety of the
ocean

廣濟川吟

風生水起

財源廣進

合家平安

here I invoke a monolingual London
speaker who is attempting a self-taught
understanding of Mandarin Chinese she
says I have had a dog since I was
9 o'clock

寶
運
財
招

財
運
廣
進

風生水起

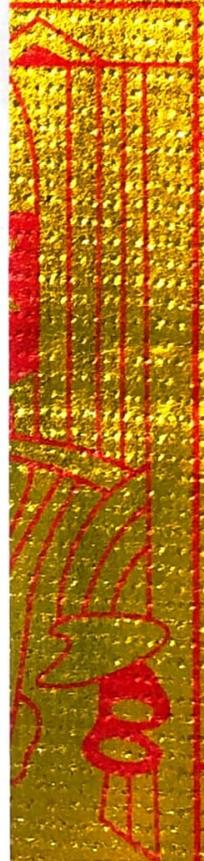
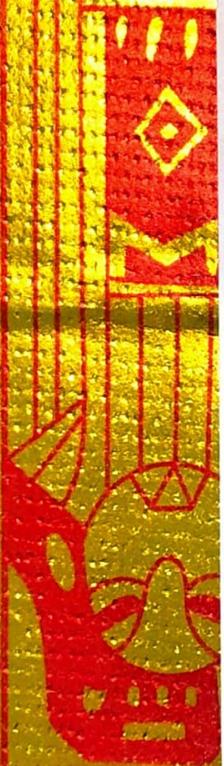
合家平安

to bless these strange temporalities
of scale what I believe is mine is ours
even if I'm nowhere near you incinerated
at the end of my fingertips the video
repeating over and over

廣川金

財進寶

風生水起



合家平安

to burn these during the month your
ghost hungers and demands to be fed

利萬川用

財庫招

風生水起

合家平安

is to invoke the moon full of small
insects passing over underlit flowers
and the slow reality of scattering

財源廣進

財源廣進

風生水起

合家平安

I wish to quit entirely the sphere of
rational sense to be alight and
flammable in this your devouring

廣濟堂

寶進財招

風生水起

合家平安

as sino-diasporic living twice
dispersed partial and so far apart I
will never be entirely buried

財
招
財
寶

財
招
財
寶

風生水起

合家平安

to follow in love the most violent act
with unbreakable silence

厚福同享

招财进宝

風生水起

合家平安

I am so scared is it so obvious here
burning

財源廣進

財源廣進

風生水起

合家平安

to say I don't want to be without the
intractable pathos of your laughter
that only speaks in your eyes

廣濟堂

寶
進
財
招

風生水起

to caress as a kind knowing of detail
and impending death

合家平安

財進招

財源廣進

風生水起

合家平安

to invoke here is not to know enough
maybe yet or never or not at all is
quite together entering into this
which is to say

財源廣進

財源廣進

風生水起

合家平安

commuting the shared telling beyond
the recurrence which is really just
the structure of memory closer to heat
than that which moves towards speaking

廣川砂

財庫招

風生水起

合家平安

is to invoke the question as lived with
negotiation always taking place past
the point of failure contingent and
revisional with no real cogency

財源廣進

利源廣進

風生水起

合家平安

to the swallows as they fly out of
their minds on the tenth floor at some
level I hope I am getting away and
with all this

財源廣進

財源廣進

風生水起

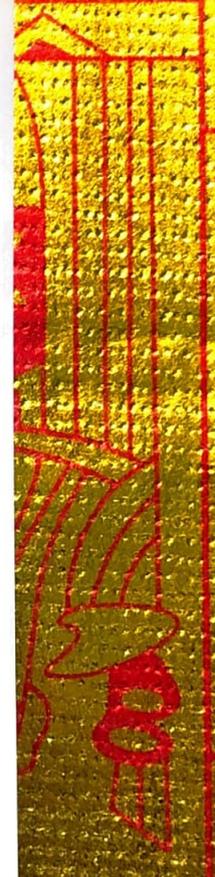
合家平安

to surrender the need to motivate
myself through the nature of the story
which hasn't happened yet

廣濟同公

覺進財招

風生水起



合家平安

is a promise that all starts here in
flame

財
招

利
萬

風生水起

合家平安

to invoke and surrender what I mean
that kind of time

招財進寶

廣濟川砂

風生水起

合家平安

don't worry I am well you can see that
I regularly practice running away from
things

財源廣進

寶貴進財招

風生水起

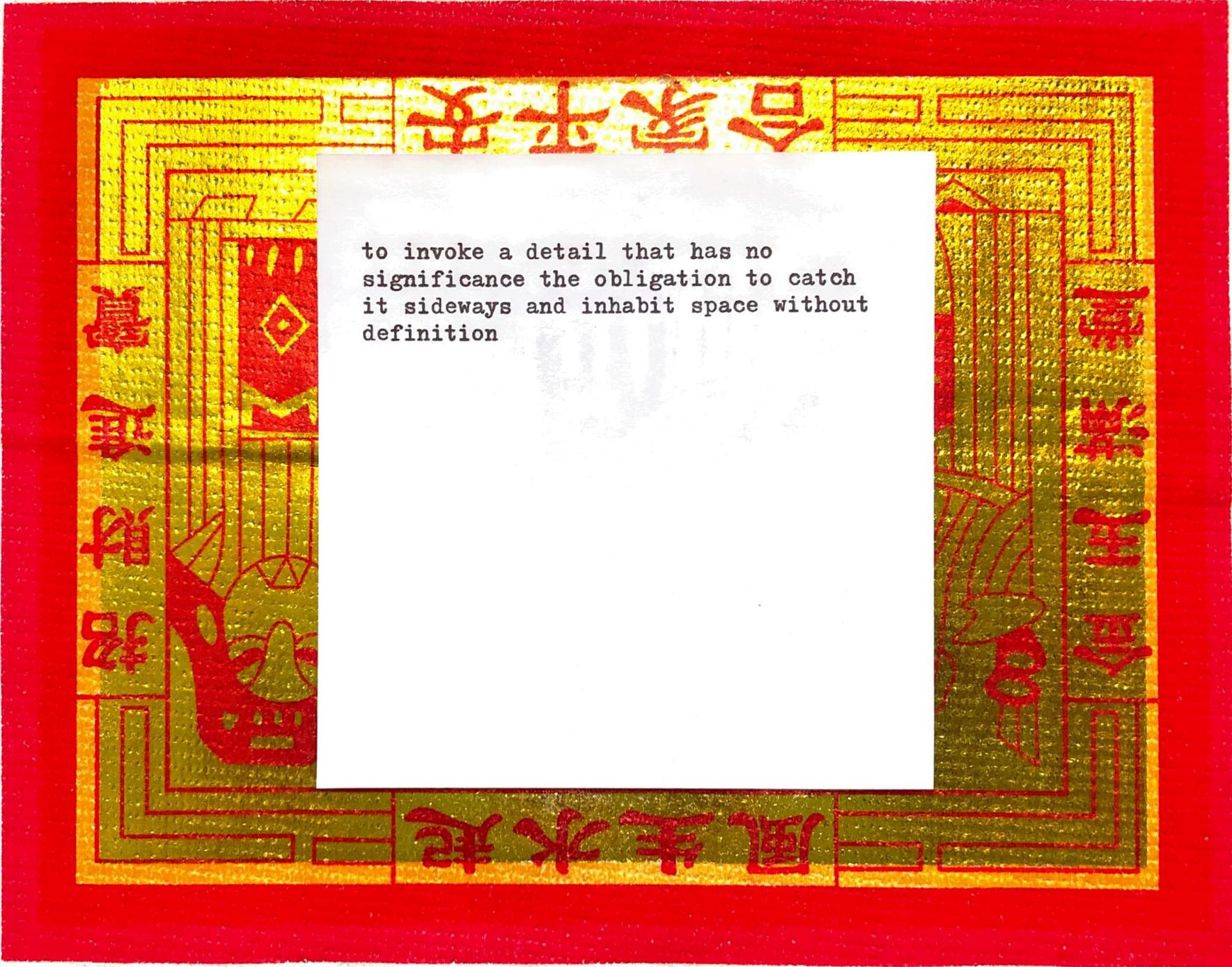
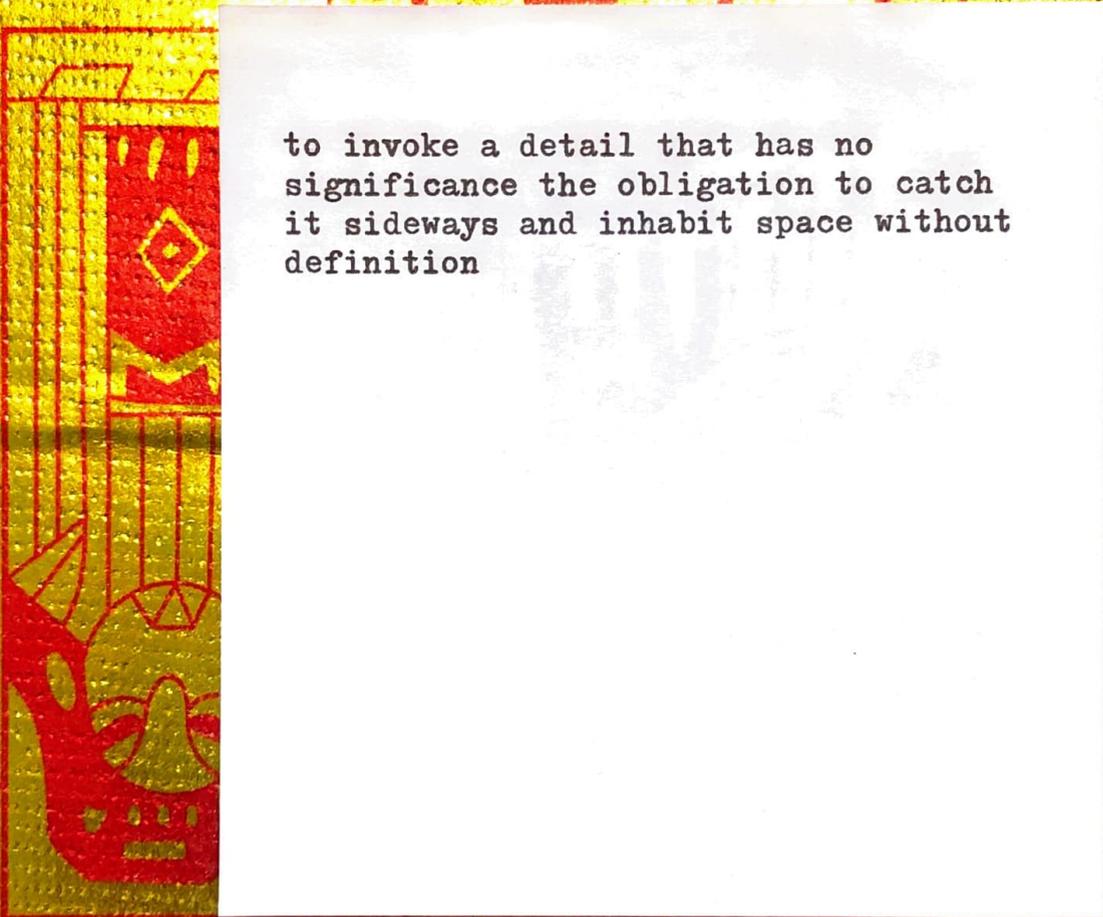
合家平安

to invoke a detail that has no
significance the obligation to catch
it sideways and inhabit space without
definition

財源廣進

財源廣進

風生水起



合家平安

and hope in what is found in the salvage
beginnings are endings which are
hardest to write gradually getting
cold that could have gone on

廣濟川

寶
隆
財
招

風生水起

合家平安

to say dear distance I'm still looking
for shelter in an unresolved series
of shadows soft and connected by partial
lightness tell me there's land here
tell me I can do this apotropaic
and holding

財源廣進

招財進寶

風生水起

合家平安

to hope as though my hands cannot tell
that I am breathing

廣濟川

寶進財招

風生水起



合家平安

to invoke the writing of a textile
that can hold together in solidarity

傳滿川吟

招財進寶

風生水起

合家平安

to pin the tail on that sad childhood
donkey the one brought into possibility
by re-membering

萬里無疆

財源廣進

風生水起

合家平安

to surrender an act of gathering back
what has been severed

廣濟三合

風生水起

招財進寶



合家平安

to speak new life under whatever star
planet sky body happens to be in
retrograde

廣濟萬砂

財庫招

風生水起

合家平安

is to say I still don't know what it
means to grieve past the end of the
poem to be in sorrow without language
and aloneness

廣蘇川砂砂

招財進寶

風生水起

合家平安

to say I don't believe any speech-act
is anymore commensurate a mechanism
for cope or hope or ongoing

廣濟川砂

招財進寶

風生水起

合家平安

to be inarticulate without shame

蘇州砂

風生水起

招財進寶

合家平安

to invoke hope and surrender as staying
unsure constant and figuring

廣濟同公

招財進寶

風生水起

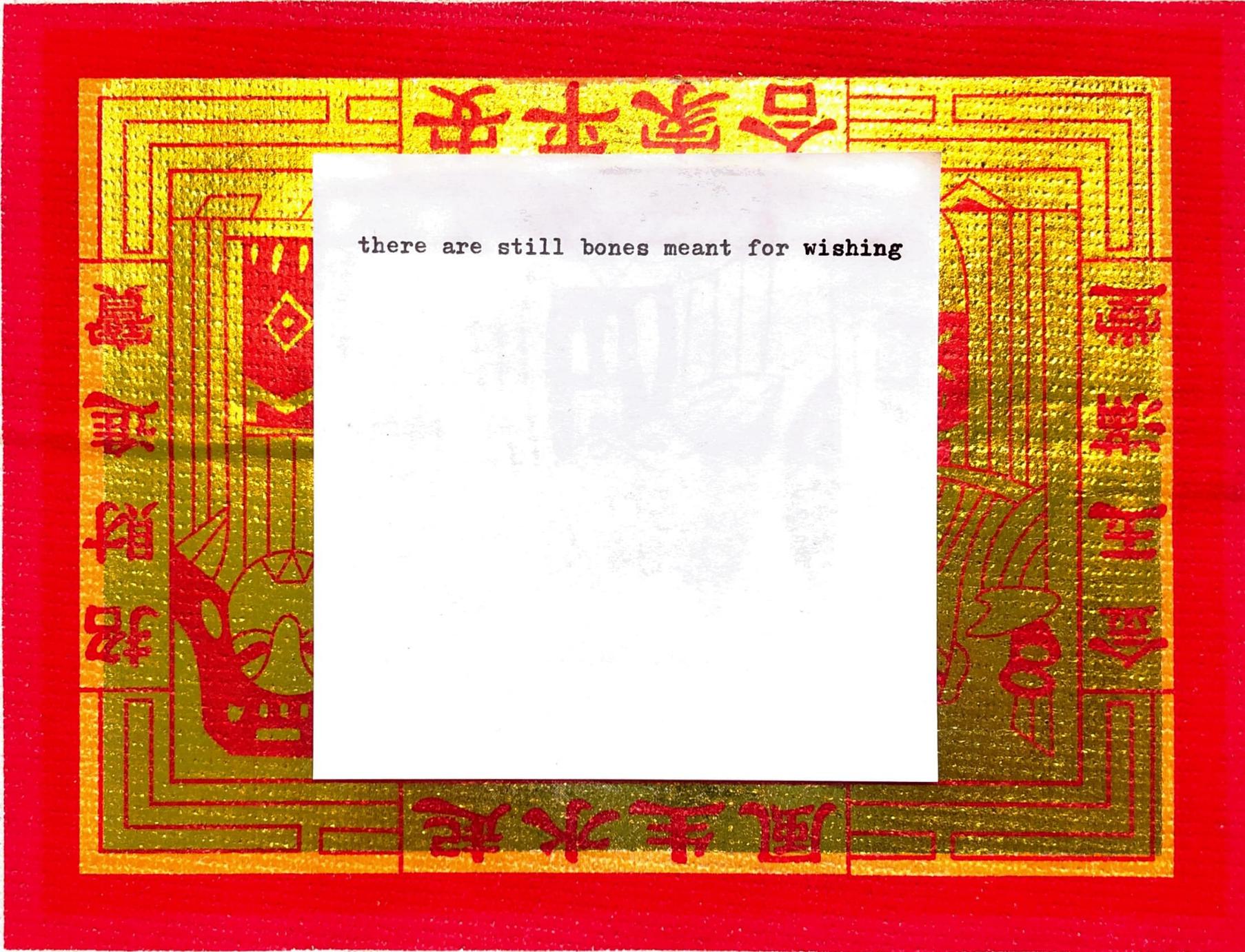
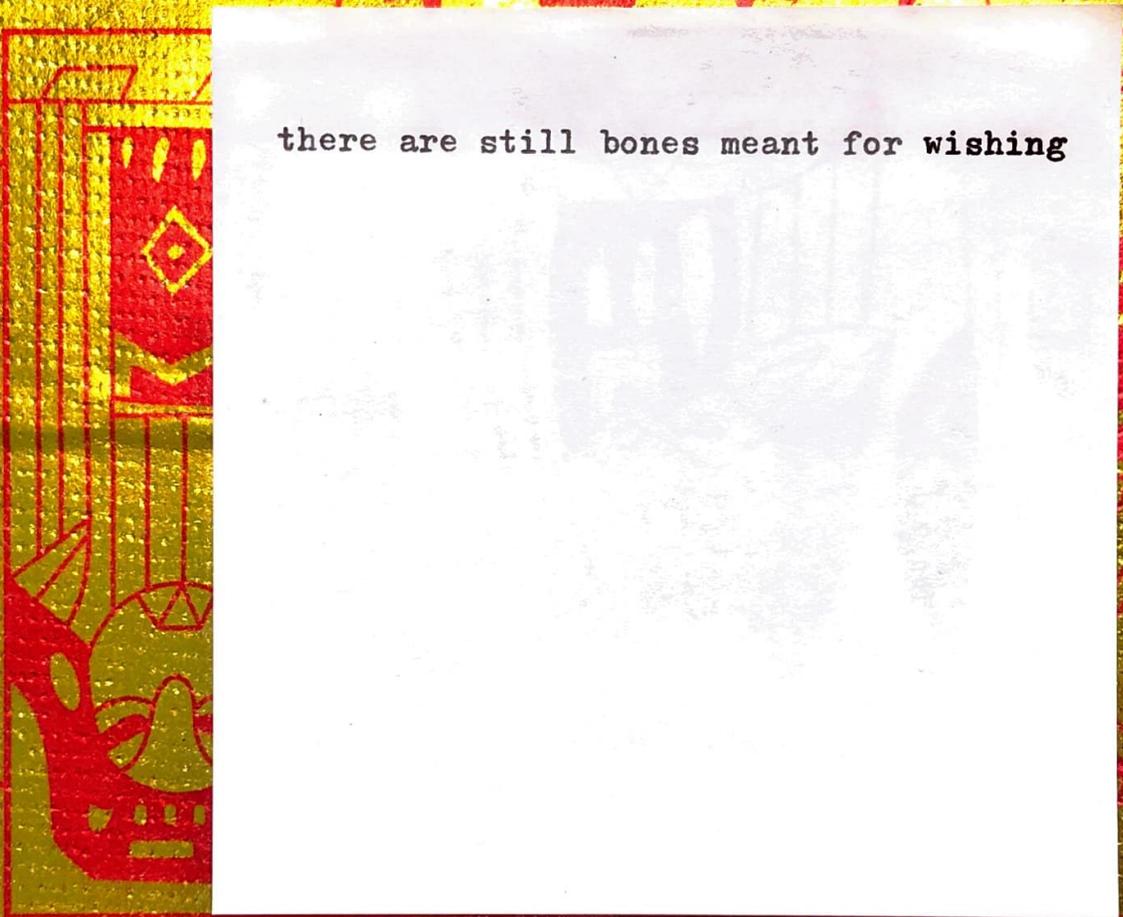
合家平安

there are still bones meant for wishing

利川州

財源廣進

風生水起



Aspen Duscha

Aspen is a poet who collects words and stones between cups of coffee, often found admiring leaves freckled with raindrops. Aspen's poems have appeared in Marias at Sampaguitas, Small leaf press and Leaves of Ink.

Nobody's Flotsam

My heart is driftwood,
with the tide it ebbs,
swelling, swallowing, curving
alongside the current-
flowing not to the shore
where the sun's scrutiny
dries and bleaches
all things, such as the
the bones and branches
strewn among its pebbles-

my pulse will sing in tandem
with the crash of waves
until only a speck of dust
bobs in the current,
let the drumming
brewing in the clouds
crumble my core,
let the fiery cracks
electrify the water
where I drift
but do not let the sun
split, drain and dry
the wood wedged in my ribs

Roseanne Fahey

Roseanne Fahey is a twenty-one-year-old student living in the midlands of Ireland. She studies Creative Writing at the National University of Ireland, Galway. Her poetry and prose have been published in *The Five-Two*, *In Parenthesis*, *Ice-Lolly Review*, and *The Daily Drunk*. You can find her listening to sad songs in the forest or on Twitter at [@FaheyRoseanne](https://twitter.com/FaheyRoseanne).

She's a witch.

The townspeople stare
at the finger you've pressed
to my chest, your hair still
a mess from my nails.

She summoned me here.

I watch the elderly woman,
whose eyebrows are raised at
the spare pillow,
where your drool stain lays.

*I was curled up at home
when I felt her
calling for me to come.*

Through my gag, I ask if ringing a bell
up and down the town,
summoning neighbours into my home
counts as witchcraft as well.

*I've proof. Look at this.
Look at what's written on her parchment
in her ink using her quill.*

The sheet is passed from
gloved hand to gloved hand,
as several spectacles read
the repeated line,

He'll come back to me.
He'll come back to me.
He'll come back to me.

*Today's date is there in the corner.
I've not spoken to this woman in eleven months
and a fortnight, and yet tonight,*

*she writes my return and my feet
are drawn from my sheets,
pulling me straight towards hers.*

Your eyes are on fire
while their eyes are on mine,
estimating my worth, knowing
no man will marry me now.

Well, have you anything to say for yourself?

The cloth that's torn from my mouth
tasted worse than your tongue,
but after a moment of swallowing
salvia and searching for pride, I say that

I prayed and hoped you'd come,
but I did not drag or beg
you into my bed.

Mark Goodwin

Mark Goodwin is a poet-sound-artist, and speaks and writes in various ways. He has books with various poetry houses: including KFS, Leaf Press, Longbarrow Press, Shearsman Books, & The Red Ceilings Press. Mark was brought up on a farm in South Leicestershire, and now lives with his partner on a narrowboat just north of Leicester. The following poem is from his unpublished full-length collection - *Hat Apple & Leaves*. @kramawoodgin

One From The Book of The Black Bowler Hat

dig up the attic

pull out the mulch
let the soil-stink squeak out

with your reading eyes
spade out the little black runes

with the tool of your tongue

pilfer the cabinet of forest
release the twig-snap hasp

and pull out a human hat

big hat now
you get all little
teeter on the rim
of the rich dark dome

of The Black Bowler

flick through crisp cream leaves
of brain-folds whorled

like a dying white rose in a throat

and when you're ready
when your tongue's snug

do something rude
to curled up words

gleaming in their hole of volatile saliva

set the attic alight

and then taste
the smoke ghost

shimmying up from the attic's

exhumed mouth

Taylor Greene

Taylor Greene is an archaeologist living in Mississippi. His work is largely inspired by his lived experience in, and the nature of, the American South. You can find his work elsewhere in *The Bitchin' Kitsch*, *the tide rises*, and *The Cryptonaturalist Podcast*. You can find him online [@olemiss_archy](#).

Sans titre

Plume les fleurs de ma poitrine,
un bouquet de tournesol, gypsophile, et belladone –
n'est-ce-pas de la violence ?
tu peux arranger quelque chose de beau
les fleurs vont mourir.

M'embrasse –
n'est-ce-pas de la violence ?
nous pouvons arranger quelque chose de formidable
mais ça va finir,
il doit
il doit faire mal.

Qu'est-ce que je pourrais dire ?
Chaque baiser est un coup, retardé.
Un jour il y aura le coup de grâce,
mes mains vont fleurir en champs violets –
lavande, rose trémière, liseron.

A Ritual for Strength

Swallow the iron ball and feel
its weight struggle down

creating a lump sitting in your
throat. To remove it

you only need a furnace. First
find your letters, written

in raven colors, burn them over
a charcoal flame. Energy,

born of a love, should satisfy
your needs. Breath deep,

that newly sacred smoke. When you
cough, breath deeper still.

When the burning starts, cry not,
or it will not

end. Drink that red-hot iron,
wear it as scales.

A Portrait of the Poet as Prometheus

Does the sight of blood make you nauseous?
Well, please, look away,
the shackles have cut through to my bone, but my hands won't come off.
This desperation doesn't even matter in the end,
struggling only makes things worse.

There are two people sitting on a park bench together,
the hostile architecture separates them,
his arm is around her shoulders and her hand is in his lap
it's a spring day and the dogwoods are blooming or maybe they're the
redbuds
but the trees are in bloom
and you're one of those people on the park bench
and you sigh and feel content
and the other says,
 "We need to talk."

I have come to fear the wingbeats
in the same way one fears their depression.
It is simply a constant
one day you forget it wasn't ever there.

This is not the conversation you wanted to be having
but here you are having this conversation
trying not to sob on the park bench
as his arm is around your shoulder squeezing you in the approximation of
a hug
as her hand is on your knee squeezing reassurances
as you breakdown into your hands trying to say anything
that isn't pleading
that isn't begging to understand
 (understand what you already do,
 you are not so unaware, are you?)

The eagle's talons only hurt at first.
He (she?) is really quite beautiful,
her (his?) feathers hide a multitude of colors you can only see
from this close –
can only see when they are digging claw into your shoulder
digging beak into your side
dark crimson of your body splashes across the night black of their
weaponry
red beads crown their golden brown head.

You are now sitting on the park bench alone
the hollow ghost of touch lingers
the pit in you grows ever deeper,
it is dark and it is cold and you sit on the bench

and these chains hurt.

I am still on the bench when you return,
the shackles have cut to the bone.

David Hay

David Hay is an English Teacher in the Northwest of England. He has written poetry and prose since the age of 18 when he discovered Virginia Woolf's *The Waves* and the poetry of John Keats. These and other artists encouraged him to seek his own poetic voice. He has currently been accepted for publication in *Dreich*, *Abridged*, *Acumen*, *The Honest Ulsterman*, *The Dawntreader*, *Versification*, *The Babel Tower Notice Board*, *The Stone of Madness Press*, *The Fortnightly Review*, *The Lake*, *Selcouth Station*, *GreenInk Poetry*, *Dodging the Rain*, *The Morning Star* as well as *The New River Press 2020 Anthology*.

A series of lists

i. A bridge is being built

ii. A father is hanging his clothes on the washing line
(as if they were artefacts of grief)
It frames the Loch into two realities
it frames his body in two.

iii. The lower:

the white legs thick as honeycombs, the odd socks,
the bare feet on a Scottish winter morning,
the grime of the depths collecting in the crevasses of his toes
and the hair like marram grass falls in waves upon the shore of his thighs.

iv. The upper:

His potbelly is a horizontal hillside,
no, a bumper car to chart a course through the supermarkets he despises.
His completion, ruddy like nerdy boys on the precipices of puberty.
His hair (what's left of it) is constantly on end,
as if life is just one continual big shock.
Each strand a flag in the wind.
And the eyes ... the eyes are the buried cosmos of a man
He is a junkie on route to his paradise of tears
An eternity
a supplication to the waters, to the Lord, to big J.C
or Muhammad with his illiterate brain inking Gabriele's words
direct from the big mystery himself
the truth of the world and all its matter,
And yet
And yet
he is
as isolated
as a paedophile.

V. rubble:

a man is a pile of rubble,
he contains only hiccups of meaning,
his is a jumble sale of bad advice and too much drink
a chaser of failed lusts and misanthropic dreams ... down it ... down it ...

VI.

he is a mixed metaphor that no one bothered to correct.
and the ghost of his youth, grimeyed in Chicago is reflected
in light in shadow.

The Waves

An opening brief but full of time,
full of the shoo, sharr, shhhh of waves,
and manly fragrant armpits of dirt in bedtime sheets,
warm as roses in that peachy sunlight of morning
 breaking like silent despair over
the end of childhood

The groggy opening of satori eyes-
the deep intake of god's petrol breath
overwhelmed by the urine filled bowls that scream
release me I'm going to die

This leads to an opening,
a broken illumination of the western mind
'the world is matter and symbols and that's all fuckface
so Go back to sleep' your dusty dream self says
and see your granddad again
its been a while
he's only a shadow now,
an image captured long
before erections
heart tablets,
and crummy paranoia,
before you were bored of being a man,
and you'd better get used to it boy for the wind knows your name,
it will carry your ashes across borders ,
through the heart of night
it will fall on lovers as they obliterate distinctions
in the pilgrimage of mutual orgasms
that speak gospel, that speak truth.
it will fall in the coffee mugs of police chiefs
who think 96 is just a number
and juice cups of children unplanted
from the past, from measurable time
as they, with fists like comets
carve up our yawning days
with their fitful illuminations,
your years drank then expelled into the bowls
of the city sanitised and sanctified before you
meet your eternal brother the sea
Shhh sharr shoo
leaves break like bones
someone's there out of sight

waiting to make their move
and I won't
no I can't
get out of bed,
To remove those covers would
Be as simple
as painless as tearing
my sun scarred skin to reveal my beatific guts;
sacrilege to my mother
the seamstress
who weaved my image
out of my father's name.

JD Howse

JD Howse works across poetry, film, and collage with a particular interest in form and structure. His work thematically deals with hauntology and media, often in tandem with gay history and neurodivergance. He has a BA in English and MA in Creative Writing from Royal Holloway, University of London and works in print production. His poetry and art has recently appeared in Babel Tower Notice Board, Spam, Fruit, Datableed, and Rewilding. He curates PermeableBarrier, an online journal for film art, video poetry, and internet-based writing, and previously organised Theatre of Failure, a night of live experimental writing by LGBT+ poets.

Poems from CRT Séance Project

[11]

It is this, I think I mean;
that the self is an internal thing that can only

properly be understood in
proximity to the external.

& the internet does not
exist, but it can be accessed

and understood like
a person might be.

So when you
say I am a poet, my response is that I do not,

in fact, have any
kind of long-term debilitation to the negative

which
would stop me from living my life.

& perhaps that
is not what a poet is.

But I no longer think I
am a poet. I am not dull enough for a “Community™”

[12]

Remember [don't remember
it was minutes ago, months ago] when that man

on bumble
[it was on fucking BUMBLE] said he

didn't want to talk to me
because he thought it

would be wrong for him to date a retard? I've
never felt more loved than in that moment.

Or remember [why remember? There is an
archive, there is a log of edits]

when I asked you what
loneliness is and you said

'loneliness is being an
actor who thinks he is a poet'?

I knew I was not lonely then,
because falsehoods have never been

something I have been particularly
good at. & yet

I am an actor, in the way I drive myself
to exhaustion attempting to

contort myself into an acceptable
approximation of a person.

[13]

My generation's music sucks I wish
The Chipmunks didn't die in the tragic

car accident in 1989. I hate that I
understand completely why this was

recommended to me. This is
vaporwave for people who do heroin. Due to the

brevity of the form, promulgating a
complex and multiphastic view. The

bark is bruised and used to intoxicate
fish. Bounce your lights off ceilings and

walls, or try placing a translucent sheet
between the light and you. Wish I could

have seen the internet in the 90's. I bet
it was a magical place. It implies imaginary

nostalgia. If in that year there had been
a televoting, Yugoslavia would have won.

[14]

I had a dream that was like a
book by Stein, where nobody

ever died but everyone kept
fucking until eventually they

were all stacked up next to
each other like bowling
pins

face to back and unable to
move even an inch, the
bodies

even going into the ocean
where people had their
lungs

fill up with water and salt but
still couldn't ever just die.

Remember when I insisted
on being an author, and not a

case study? Now I am not
so sure there is a meaningful

difference between one
and the other. Time will not tell.

[15]

Logan Paul has spent \$2m
on Pokemon cards. The staff of

Waterstones are on furlough
and having to access food

banks. If you think you are
closer to the first than the

second then you are fully
delusional. I haven't killed

myself yet because I'm an
optimist. I'll keep wallowing

through shit towards the
promise of green pastures

until I drown in it, because
I convince myself that the

level badness of everything
is evidence of an uptake

that's coming along for
me eventually. Eventually.

How many books do
you have to own before it's a

library? How many books
do you have to read before

you are a poet? LMS if
you have a hard time caring.

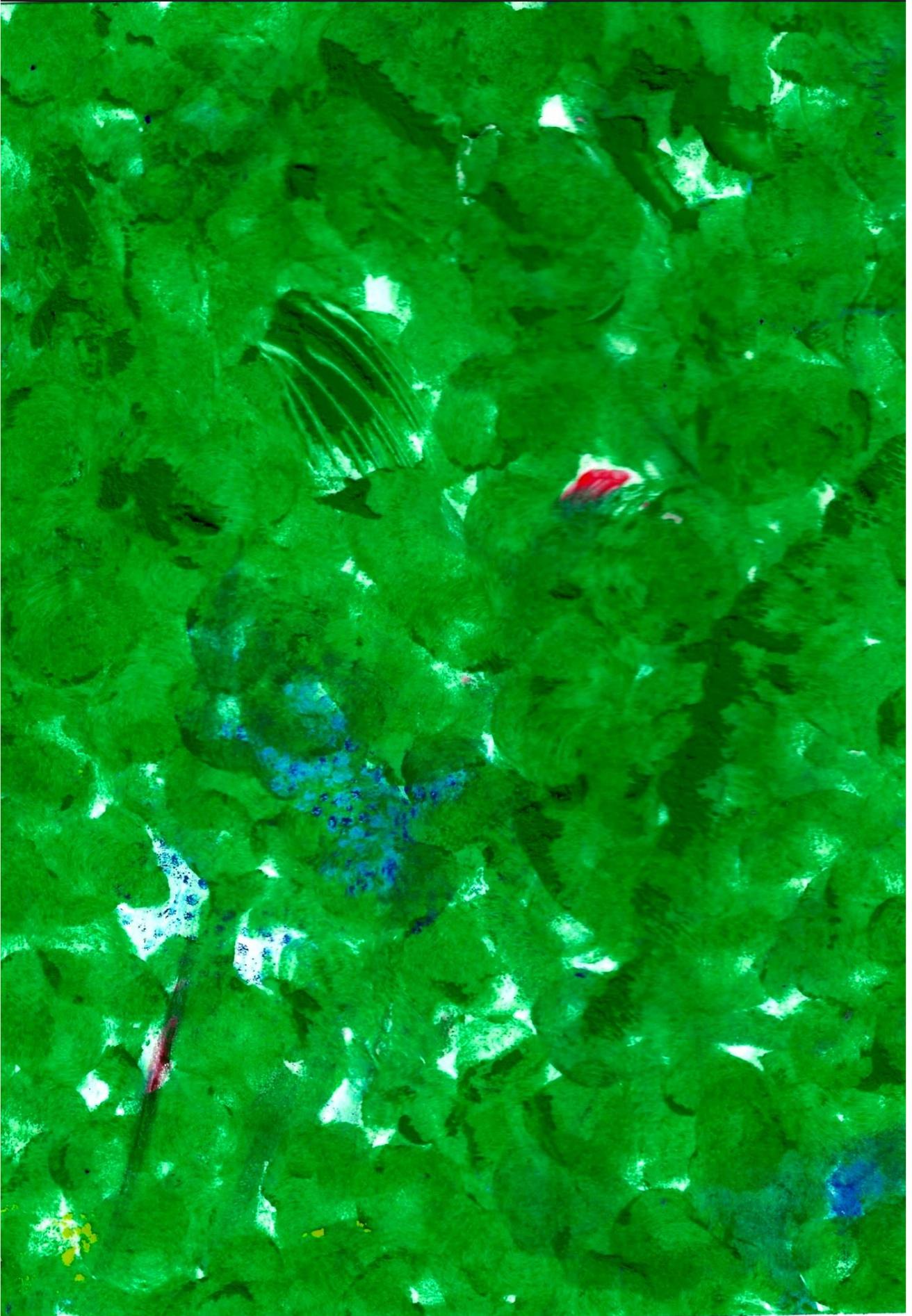


https://youtu.be/Exj_LTSv-ls

Michelle Moloney King

Michelle Moloney King {she/her} experimental poet,
visual poet of asemic poetry, & editor of Beir Bua Journal.
Degree in computer science, post grad in education &
Master Hypnotherapist. Work published in Streetcake, a
glimpse of, The Pi Review, Spillwords, Artistic
Differences, Babel Tower Notice Board amongst others.
Pushcart Nominee 2021. Visual Artists Ireland member.
www.michellemoloneyking.wordpress.com

Claw into the Day
An Asemic poem



Mayah Lovell

Mayah Lovell is a Black lesbian latinx from suburban-area D.C. Her artistry grounds in transcendental trauma beside Black queer ancestors and awakened by practice of dream recall, radical love, and ritualism. The multidimensions of her writing intersects abstract and realism to the reveal fluidity, power, and vulnerability of being.

Her work requires a conglomerate of mediums which are synthesized by cultivating essence through materials—auditory, visual, performative, and text. By portraying transparency of bodymind exchange, sci-fi and exploitation of ego, Mayah illustrates the psyche of neo-erotica to strike warfare against spiritual, sexual, and physical dysphoria

B.B

in the rain she hinged her ass
across their pelvis square
to seep my belly inside out
and soft my back was syrup
when I bent over

twined fabric fibers
beamed in love's fields

my body a vector to my farthest uncle
the land of my farthest uncle
and my uncles farthest chosen son
his body a vector to the uncle
and the newest son to me
a graph of the land
blistering there

there,
please return
please hurry
please come

we felt over our heads
a gentle stroke its fibers
knowing me close

I will come
I will hurry
I missed you
before you had gone

coiled my shoulder s
unbound in your shape
the tarot mine
a sea some thing
the egg of a tortoise
eye wet from its touch

protect me
sucked a thumb
then the index
the thumb again
shlurped the wall took
your body after mine

seep
rain
cold
close
warm
hold
apart
honey
carry
talk
purse
bridal
shape
wet
dreams
think
me
comb
growth
know
no
for

"In Mount" circa 2110 in Response to Zora Neale Hurston's, "Tell my Horse"

"A tragic case of a Guedé mount happened near Pont Beaudet. A woman known to be a Lesbian was "mounted" one afternoon. The spirit announced through her mouth, "Tell my horse I have told this woman repeatedly to stop making love to women. It is a vile thing and I object to it. Tell my horse that this woman promised me twice that she would never do such a thing again, but each time she has broken her word to me as soon as she could find a woman suitable for her purpose. But she has made love to women for the last time. Tell my horse to tell that woman I am going to kill her today. She will not lie again." The woman pranced and galloped like a horse to a great mango tree, climbed it far up among the top limbs and dived off and broke her neck." - (Zora Neale Hurston's, "Tell my Horse," Chapter 15, Page 222).

Papa Guedé is a powerful loa. We call him Papa because he operates and takes charge of everyone and everything within the realm of the dead. He is an andogryonous grave-digging psychopomp; he usually hangs around cemeteries or morgues, waiting to send fresh dead to do his work. He opens tombs, takes out their souls, and uses them in his service, on his own time. Bocor is just one of Guedé's right hand men, he enters the tomb, and calls the name of the victim to a half-waking state.

Victims are taken to a hounfort to begin the zombification process. This is a voodoo temple and its surroundings. They are carried past their house where they once lived. This is always done and it's non-negotiable. Once they are taken past their home, they lose it from their consciousness. If the victim isn't taken past, they would

later recognize it, and we don't want that. The secret potion is injected. This is important. I can't say where it is injected in the body. I said it's a secret. Zombification is not an awakening of the dead but rather an appearance of death induced by the potion.

The person mounted does nothing on their own accord, but rather through spirit. Guede is the horse of the loa until the spirit steps out. Under the whip and guidance of the spirit-rider, the horse says and does crazy shit unconsciously. The spirit takes over until the victim acknowledges their afterlife

she didn't know they were already dead She was invited to get fucked at their place a Sunday night. I'll tie you up, make you feel good. the door to their bedpod lead to an alluring, thick, strapon; its high Ego grabbed its own light, it flash-flicked kira-kira filter (Fig. 1) in her eyes. The mattress had a bedcover, but nothing else. Pretty as a porn scene. the genital shined in the center portal whirl of the bed. do you know kira-kira filter? no sheets no blankets no pillows, nothing but the strapon and its halo



fig. 1

Guedé dresses like the homies, black pants with one leg rolled up, a macuto (straw bag) across his chest, a set of shades with one lens missing, a long cape, and high hat (Fig. 2). the dude is crude as Hell. always a cigar in his mouth. you can find him playing cards or dominos, cussing up a storm, or laughing hysterically at some shit that's proolly not his business. Although he has as much drip as the next man, Guedé is never visible. He manifests himself by “mounting” a subject as a rider mounts a horse, then he speaks and acts through his mount. Papa Gé is the Lord of the dead.

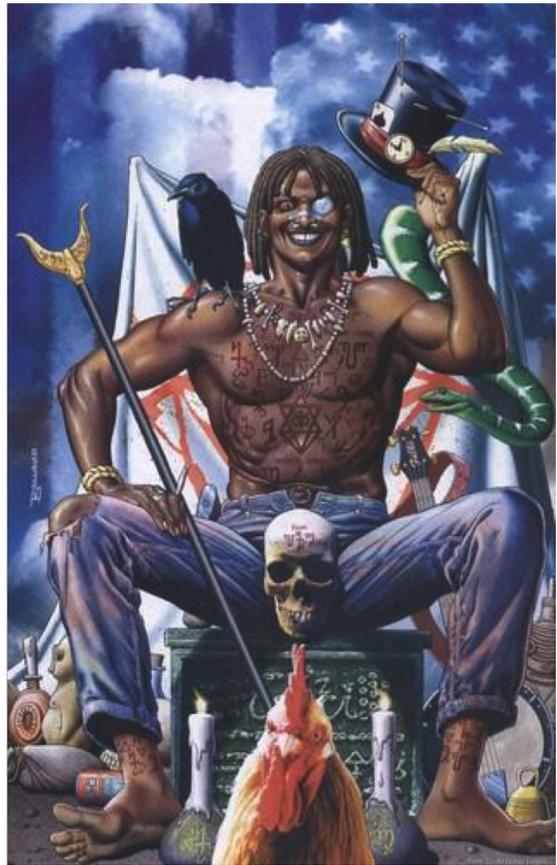


fig. 2

tonight she would be throbbled open and given love in the process. the zombie used its arms to push her shoulders to suggest her seat in the wooden chair. Having lost track of themselves, they moved in molasses like none of their limbs were attached to their head attached to their neck, made breath sounds that sounded like their lungs were full of shattered Selenite. zombie wrapped bondage tape around all six legs. if you're keeping up, that's 4 for the chair and 2 of hers. They put their mouth in her vulva and ate it hungrily. the sound of classical oldies like lo fi hip-hop radio beats to relax/study to plays in the background. This was their first oral delivery in this half-wake state.

Zombies are good for two main things-labor and theft. Labor can be spent designing blueprints to 3D print earthship homes (Fig. 3), doing community mediation, hunting cyborgs, or demonstrating the justice of sexual liberation. Theft is spent by performing SAKAWA (Fig. 4)- the alchemy of 22nd century and age-old african practices. This gives us pen pal scams, astrological hack, romance misalignment, and direct net pocketing from white folks! This is how we heal the community and get our coin. Under zombification, a novice and meek hotep becomes a total nigromancer-that is black divination, skilled in black arts. true. full. pure. blackness.

The function of the tale of 1900's lesbian tragedy in "Tell My Horse" is not meant to center homosociality, but rather discuss spiritual infidelity, neglect of spiritual duties, and the jealousy this brings to the spiritual masters of the dead. In the dark ages of taboo yuckies of gender binary and heteronormativity, the death of a lesbian was a convulated cliché used to center queer liberation. In 2100's spiritual post-apocalyptic world, zombies must fully comply with labor to the beloved. the girls are thriving; they're getting deep heavy love, radical service, and justice in bed



fig.3



fig. 4

in their natural state the victim could never be devotional, aligned, or authentic to trust and show honesty, so they were given as a sacrifice to support and reflect the sexual sacraments of lust, compassion, and the power of bottoming and submission.

The zombie is *not* mean y'all, just senseless. It works unconsciously of its surroundings and without memory of its former self.

She was eased on the bed so lovingly and instructed to flip over for her pleasure. Zombie ripped her wide open, threw her on her side and ran in on her; she loved every moment. in missionary position, the zombie kept a wide dull gaze. they were looking at her eyes intensely but not truly seeing her. it was fucking weird. Libra sun, Leo Moon, and Scorpio Rising in case you're still taking notes. do you know the difference between looking and seeing? The Leo Moon gives the passion, the Scorpio is intense, but the Libra Sun remains fleeting, empty, ambivalent. the girl stayed open. she welcomed the trust, the heart, the head. with her mouth hung, she threw her ass right back on the corpse inside her.

-Mayah Lovell

Simon Maddrell

Simon Maddrell was born in the Isle of Man in 1965, brought up in Bolton, lived in London for twenty years and then moved to Brighton & Hove in Feb. 2020.

Simon writes through the lens of a queer Manx man, thriving with HIV.

In 2020, Simon was first runner-up in the Frogmore Poetry Prize. His debut chapbook, *Throatbone* (UnCollected Press) was longlisted for the Poetry Book Awards. Simon also appeared in *The Sixty-Four: Best Poets of 2019* (Black Mountain Press).

Queerfella was Joint Winner in The Rialto Open Pamphlet Competition and published in Dec.2020

Unyoked tears

pour into desert cracks

the sun rises

beyond a Saguaro cactus

an eagle starts

snakeskin at its feet.

ANOTHER DAY – ANOTHER LIFE
ENDS TOO SOON – NOT TO

REGRET

THAT TIME IS – WHAT TIME IS
IT CANNOT STEAL – IT JUST

PASSES

ANOTHER DAY – ANOTHER LIFE
ENDS TOO SOON – NOW TO

GRIEVE

SOME TIME & LONGER
IT CANNOT PASS – IT LASTS

TIL YOU DIE



Sage Pantony

Sage Pantony is a queer and non-binary writer and zinester. They are the author of a zine trilogy about transitioning and a couple of chapbooks. Their work has appeared in several small publications over the years and they self-publish to their website, www.sagepantony.com. You can follow them [@sage_pantony](#) on social media.

Wolf Moon

Wolf moon, full moon, I am here to listen to you. Wolf moon, full moon, I am here to honour you.

Wolf moon, full moon, you are the canine forces of winter. Wolf moon, full moon, I used to be afraid of you. Your frosty days and your icy nights, accompanied by rising numbers, isolation, and prolonged threat. I was afraid to face you. I was afraid to be here. I was afraid I couldn't pull through.

Here I stand and here you are: big, beautiful, somber, still. Lives begin and they end. Hearts break and they carry on. Worlds shatter and they reform. You've remained, our Wolf Moon in January, since before I arrived and you'll be here long after I die. Whether behind clouds or shining bright on a clear night, you remain.

Wolf moon, full moon, I am here to speak with you. Wolf moon, full moon, I am here to honour you.

Steady are your shadows, bright is your light, abundant is your knowledge. Wolf moon, full moon, you carry the weight of this world too. You bear silent witness to all that happens on this plane. As we gaze upon you, you watch us too.

Wolf moon, full moon, you are as ordinary as a spoon. You are as magical as the call of a loon before the sun world wakes. You reign over the night. You are friends with the day. You allow us to look upon the sun's blinding light without pain. You allow us to pray under your gaze.

Wolf moon, full moon, I am here to call to you. Wolf moon, full moon, we are here to call to you.

I tilt back my head and gaze upon you. My call forms quiet words spoken into a still city night. Other calls come as howls of hunger. All the noises of life make their way up to you. It is midwinter. You are a wolf. I am your moon. We are alive. We are, none of us, alone.

Wolf moon, full moon, I am here to be with you. Wolf moon, full moon, you are here in honour too.

Dan Pounds

Dan Pounds is an Aquarian & lives in the Godless city of Norwich. He writes texts & makes text-based artworks. Within the last year his texts/images appeared in Overground Underground #1, Babel Tower Notice Board, morphrog21, Glove Magazine #7, The Morning Star (newspaper) online, Seiren Quarterly III (and forthcoming in Rejection Letters).

FATBERG 001

**CONGEALED THICKEN CLOT SOLIDY CAKE GEL COAGULATE MASS
HARDEN INPISSATE CURDLE DENSE babywipes SUNFLOWEROIL PIZZAVOMIT CONDOMSMICROPLASTICS
LARD VEGETABLE OIL DIAPERS TWIX polypropylene HARD PLASTIC CARTONS fossillised HELLOMAGAZIN
WATERCITRICACID PEG-40HYDROGENATED CASTOROIL
SODIUMCITRATE SORBITANCAPRYLATESODIUMBENZOATEDISODIUMEDT BENZOCAINE CASEIN SPISSUS
DRYDUSTING POWDER DRUG HYPOC DENSAS uncoatedgroundwoodpaper GLYCERIN LARGININE LATEX LIDOCAINE
NITRSAMINES NONOXYNOL-9PARABENS SILICONE CRASSUS triacylglycerolsdiacylglycerolstocopherolstocotrienols Pramoxine
hydrochloride polysorbate20 cocoamphodiacetate polypropylene polyethylene polyester fluffedwoodpulp super absorbent polymers
elastic SPISSUS CRASSUS DENSAS CONGEALED CLOT CAKE COAGULATE SOLIDiFY GEL THICKEN MASS
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Pramoxine hydrochloride polysorbate20 cocoamphodiacetate polypropylene polyethylene polyester fluffedwoodpulp super absorbent polymers
elastic SPISSUS CRASSUS DENSAS**

Kali Richmond

Kali Richmond is a lapsed video artist living in the north of England. Her poetry, often contemporary gothic in nature, has featured in various publications, including *Gutter*, *The Babel Tower*, and *Porridge*. In 2020 she won both the *Reflex Press* and *Lucent Dreaming* flash fiction competitions. Her debut pamphlet, *Gradual Reduction to Bone*, is coming out this year with *Nine Pens*

venous system

the ground teems with wires
and we are not orbited by a halo nor a canopy but by space junk
steam punk more real than corsets and sword fights
facilitating our descent into fantasy bastardisation
of history
the tree
notched and split
in repeating motifs
and subtle mutation unfurling spinal cords
which twitch
in time with dreaming
eyes
contort into
constricting snakes
old gods meet new gods
contort into
zoomorphic
shapes
lion man of symbolic
code
slip into his skin
then burst into
flame
white bull
nefarious swan
golden rain
lithe as ancients
brain tissue
spilling from buds
we see
nothing but branches
but roots
pointillistic
spikes of energy
abstraction
you can trace
undulating flow
mechanical heart embraced

Dissonance

Jupiter supposed caretaker
of earth/sky in truth guilty
of driving the stars away enraged
when they outshone him
so he threatened to reduce them
to sand demonstrated
his intent with examples
so numerous that even he
no longer remembers how
many he crushed
to grain and since his burst
of hysteria Luna's whelps
have been galloping wider
frothing at the mouth
with the strain of expansion
and his as yet unpurged clay
poppets seek answers to this
phenomenon but tired
of the wailing cherubs
he ignores their pleas their smoke
of charred flesh clasped
hands messianic monuments
leaves them to ululate the filth
of blasphemy allows existentialism
to thrive hopes flourishing depravity
might stir him might pierce his epoch
of decline his fatigue
of limp pathos

Elyssa Tappero

Elyssa Tappero is a queer pagan who writes fragments of prose and poetry about mental illness, the gods, the agony of writing, and how it feels to be alive for the end of the world (which is pretty not great) in hopes of touching others who might feel the same. You can find more of her work at www.onlyfragments.com and follow her on Twitter at [@OnlyFragments](https://twitter.com/OnlyFragments).

Bastet

When your raging heart demands justice
and you can stomach no more sour lies
cry out to the Goddess.

Hers are the swift claws of judgment.
Hers are the red teeth of retribution.
Hers is the molten heart of the sun
that annihilates all shadow.

Even Ra the Great and Powerful
sends forth His bright-burning daughters
when evil demands holy reckoning.

I Am Not

I am not the granddaughter of the witches you couldn't burn.

I am not the blood of their blood or any of that suburban white witch bullshit.

I am Witch because the title is mine to claim by right:

by right of my rage

by right of my resistance

by right of my existence in a world

that threatens to crush everything I love under the boot heel of assimilation.

You want Burning Times?

I'll show you some motherfucking Burning Times.

Isis

I wake with death prophecies clumped like ash in my mouth
in my ears the wails of a goddess pleading

*I have lost so much
must I lose this too?*

Mark Valentine

Mark Valentine curates found art from old books. His work in this form has been published at *Pamenar*, *RIC Journal*, *M58* and *Abridged*. He also writes ghost stories, poetry and essays on the obscure.

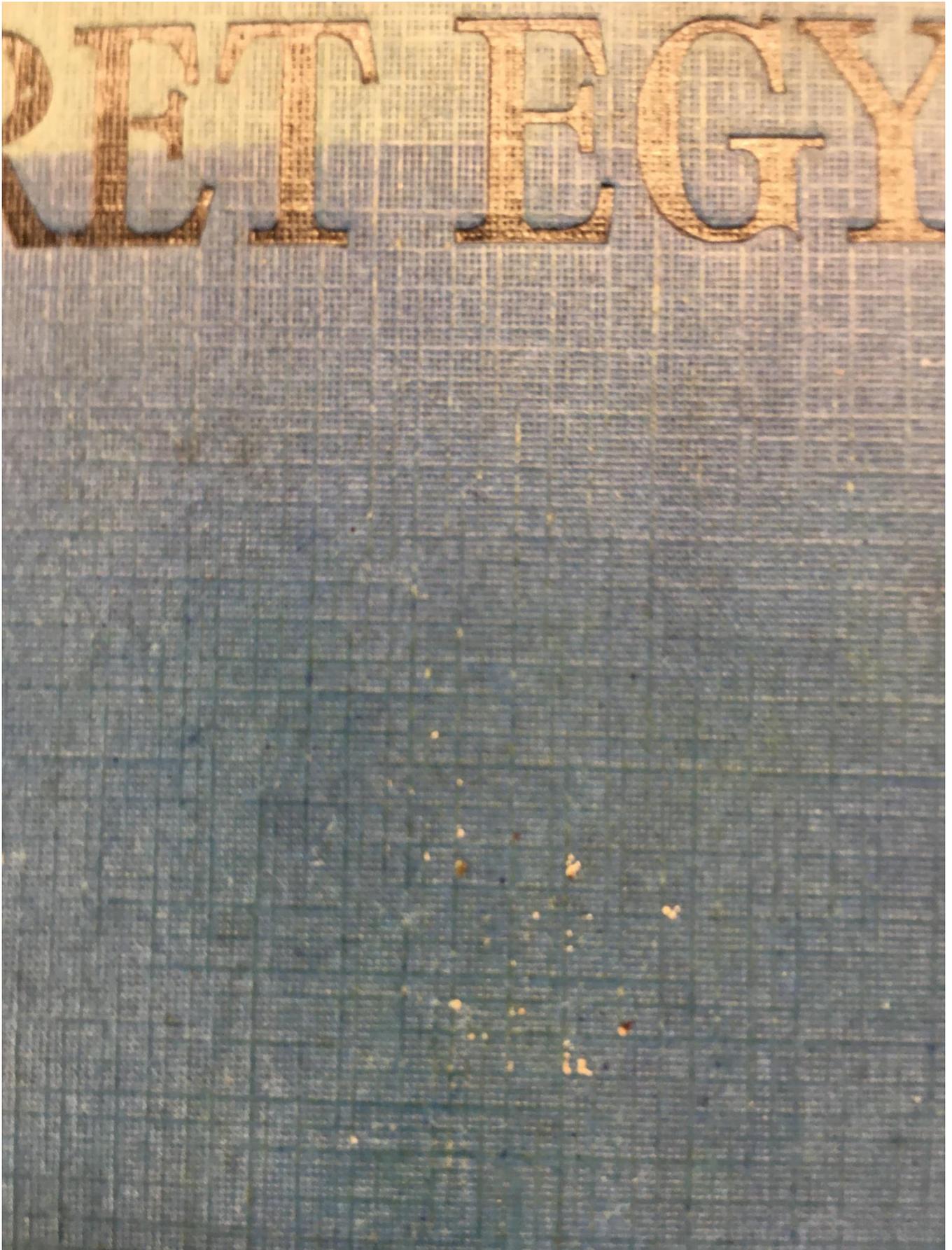
Gypsy Queen Dream Book

THE GYPSY QUEEN DREAM BOOK AND
FORTUNE TELLER BY MADAME JUNO

Handwritten numbers and scribbles at the top of the page, including "1-0", "9/3", "6", "6 4 7 5-3", "1-1", "2-1", and "2-6".

Handwritten numbers and scribbles in the middle and bottom of the page, including "149", "154", "212", "210", "230", "218", "12", "7", "14", "21", "28", "35", "42", "236", and "170".

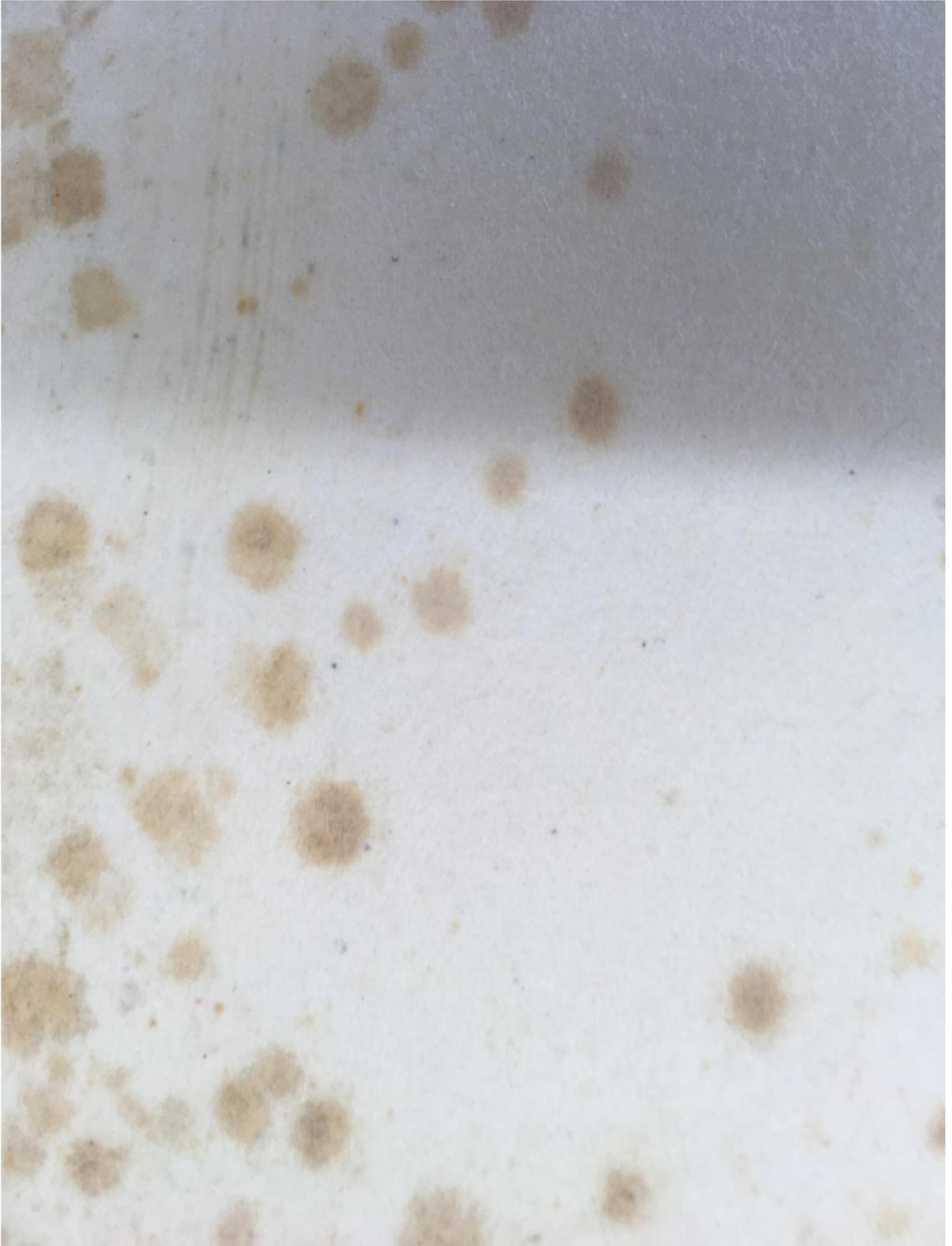
Secret Egypt



The White Knights



Brood 2



Microsporidial by Briony Hughes
(Reviewed by E.P Jenkins)

Having brown reddish hair, hearing loss, and an admiration for Briony Hughes are all things I have in common with Honey the bunny, the muse for *Microsporidial*. In late 2019 Briony and her partner Laura had to prepare for the worst, putting their beloved companion animal to sleep. After a rapid decline in health, it was found that Honey was infected with a parasite which ‘affects the brain and spinal cord in rabbits, resulting in head-tilt, paralysis, hind-leg paresis, tremors, cataracts and renal failure’. The chapbook, published in 2020 by Sampson Low, explores the impact of the parasite, navigates through the intimacies of bodies, and meditates on medical and spatial connections between humans, animals, microbes, and water.

The starts and stops of Honey’s movement and recuperation are translated onto the fractural structure of the micro-poems.

‘the pituitary is triggered
 to withdraw
 conversation’

The gaps, which appear to have been surgically created with a scalpel, speaks to the hollow feeling that rattles around your ribs as you wait on the edge of bad news. They also point to the unseen potential damage left behind by the parasite.

Briony’s language is both energetic and meditative. Counting and numbers tick away time throughout the collection, setting an anxious pace. Yet there are moments of stillness.

‘ear choreographed
 by heart
beating sit
 tight’

these moments explore subtle movements and developments as Honey begins to heal. They create a space that allows the reader to take a breath among the moments of crisis.

Briony's poems are joined by stunning illustrations by Ellie Arden. Ellie's illustrations move between inky watercolour and sgraffito style pen markings. They capture a transitory energy beautifully, between health and illness, anxiety and meditation, partial and whole. Her work in *Microsporidial* does not only compliment Briony's poetry wonderfully but takes their own journey through spaces, solids, liquids, and their intimate relationships.

I am very pleased to report that over a year on Honey is doing very well, thanks to the love and care of her mums and some wonderful vets. *Microsporidial* does not only serve as a documentation of crisis but traces transitory journeys between bodies using innovative and exploratory poetics. A must read, and still available on at www.sampsonlow.com. For more by Briony and Ellie visit:

www.brionyhughes.blogspot.com

@brihughespoet on Twitter

and for Ellie

@ginger_ on Instagram

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Editor – E.P Jenkins