

issue 31

streetcake



@trini decombe

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seth crook – this sentence is redundant

andrea dickens – rain memories

nikki dudley – no title

robin wyatt dunn – arrival in the city

I kiew – running out

felino a. soriano - singular

This sentence is redundant

makes no valuable assertion
implies nothing

worth knowing

does not add
to the beauty of a paragraph
even in a quiet neighbourly way

contains no code,
has no double life
is no secret messenger of glory

isn't even witty when reversed
or sweetly expressive

of a gentle
beachcombing love of being.

Frankly, it's a narcissist,
talks about itself, on and on and on.....

Chapter One

The rain had drenched them, but it had rained the night before, the sudden squally rain of middle March. Taking a look out the kitchen door, seeing the path lead down to the muddy barnyard and the ruts of his shoe packs splashed in it, Mr. Evans was just as well satisfied that things were wet. It gave him an excuse not to work, even if he could be mending harness or fixing soles. Now that he minded work, it was just what he didn't feel like working today.

Went to town, Rebecca, he said, closing the door. To talk about Oregon she said, not quite as if she blamed him.

Why now? he answered, smiling at her white. He lounged over to a stool, Elsie gave a thought to what he'll talk about. I'll talk about whatever comes up. He knew she saw through that and he didn't care. She always had seen through him.

I don't know why everyone's gone crazy all of a sudden, she said while she wiped the last of the dishes and hung the towel on a peg. Everyone talking about Oregon, and it so far away you can't think where?

Not everybody. Not as many as will be.

Don't know over the hair and she slipped the broom out of the corner. I'd better, that dog does track things up.

Evans looked down at Rock, who had let himself fall in the middle of the floor after leaving the marks of his big pads on the worn wood. Rock's a good dog.

At the mention of his name, the dog lifted his head and got up slowly and came over and put his chin in Evans' lap. He was getting old, Evans told himself, seeing the marks gnawed and the hair beginning to white. dim with years. Rock was half human and half dog, somewhat newsworthy, but he was a handsome dog, white and blue and had a good one, too. Reckon it's too

no title

You remember how
once i knew i was new but not today.
Now i'm a shield of a per se, per-son-al-ly
I think
nothing will be better in the mourn innit.
Don't tell lies to ease ease ease me
like oil, i see them on the whites of
your eyes i can't trust
enough things. Won't make this bet her a pound to see if
she will come back if she could
but nothing will be better.
You remember how i knew her
and you did too you did but now the oil stains

everything

Arrival in the City

This door is yours,
I made it for you
Don't take too long
It's yours
Go through
I made it for you
This door is here inside,
Inside the city that I knew,
So take it through,
And take you too,
You're never gonna go away.

I threw it all away
Inside,
And then I made the map,
That I had forgot,
The way out and through,
But my surmise is that you knew that too,
And that you've been watching me.

Is this mistake only mine to make?
I made it through,
But did you take me with you?

It's gonna cut.

Running out

of things to say
the air thickens between us
a sudden gain in pressure
the silence clotting at last.

So look down at your clenched hands
look out of the dimmed window
give me one final smile
absolve all with "Goodbye".

singular

in memory we

rew(m)ind

percentages of innate occultation

permanence permeates

reliving

age and the missing steps

recollection desires, unheard

this

pulses in the echo of