

*The Planes**The Paper*

I.

Break—then open.

Today is all I know. Solitude is spreadable like butter. In cubes. I never eat it all at once. He stirs in me a world I might have entered when devotion crashed like a plane.

And I told you how stars are never concealed, how they shine as nakedly and unaware as when you wake and feel the city searching for your loneliness. Infinitesimal, I linger by the wayside, underestimated power. An evacuation from dust and lost elm trees. The elm trees decayed in the depths of 1972. Years before you interlocked your dreams with mine. Years before we sat under the London Planes, excavating buried details from a past life. And I told you I had never seen a coyote before, and you had never touched a current as strong as the pale blue wave that carried us away from this sleepy little town. Fog rolls on...I am left to believe cirrus clouds are my least favorite.

II.

And people still walk like people under the full moon. Your face glows feverishly red as Christmas lights reflect in your eyes. I have dreams of leaving but by morning they disappear. Gulls fly overhead, I let the water rise and fall. August in water, a city so shy. Nothing but summer comes to mind. Everything turns orange when I close my eyes. My world is a mural, it hangs over his shoulders. The line between your perception and the tears in my eyes may be wearing thin. It's purity—it must be.

I cling to an irreversible desire to fly away with the pelicans. Everything here must wait. A pestilence cannot separate us. Devoid of any sudden feeling, we live within our shared window, staring into an abyss of dead leaves. Not all cavities are of alarming cause. He drinks his tea with whipped cream, close to expiring. Fateful is not the same thing as having faith. In the twilight hours, the road unwinds a path for us to cross and scavenge. He glances into the depths of my words, hoping to gain a reflection of some sort.

III.

A plane crash is not devotion. It is a plane crash. And the seagulls leave when the sun sets at half-past three. I wait for the postman to deliver me your letter as the trees become barren. There isn't a single point I can recognize any longer, only a loose feeling that I had seen this all once before. As the evening's breath becomes all I hear, winter seems closer. Spring may return our beloved elm trees. Hope is your little nod. Hope is not a dog. It is a gull falling from the sky.

[WI]



[ASP]



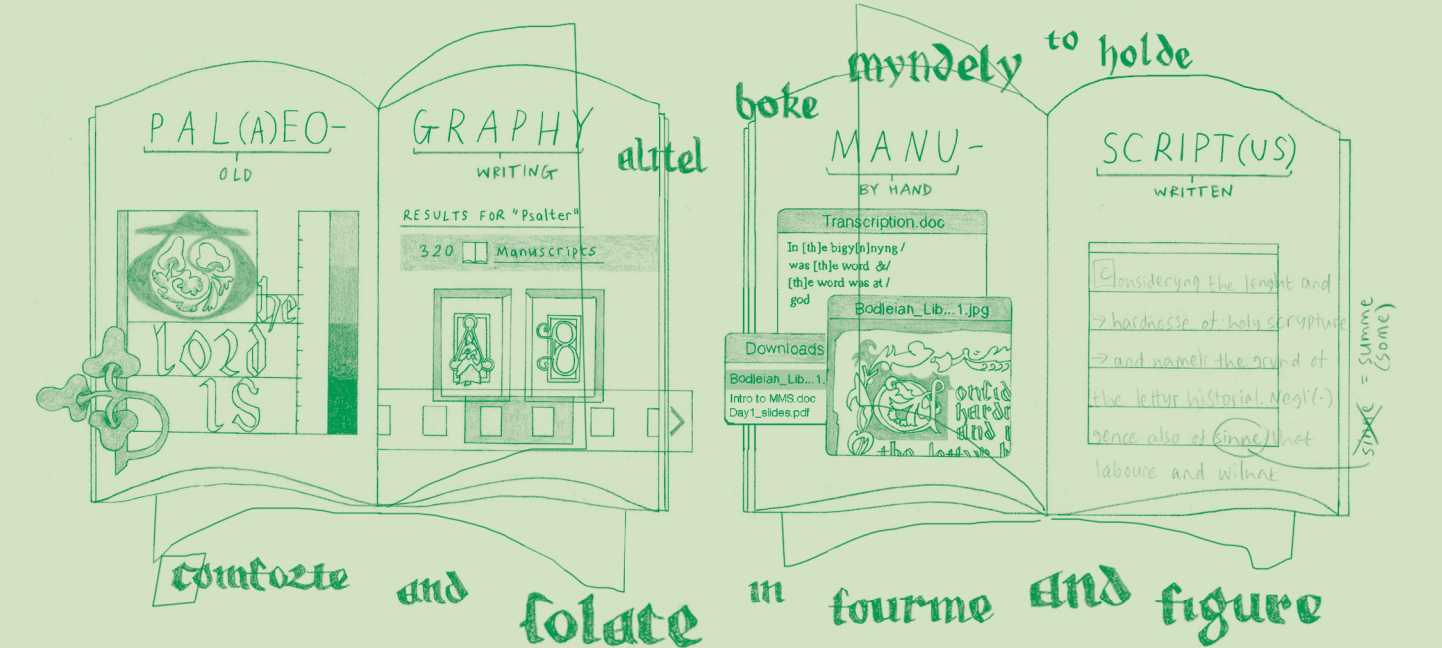
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[HM] CORTONA - Museo Diocesano - Beato Angelico
Episodi della vita di S. Domenico (Predella)



[EW]



[EM]

The Snack

A Lunchtime Bulletin
august mmxxi

Wow, it's all kicking back off again, huh?! Last month, 32 St. Andrew's Street enjoyed the colourful drawings, beautiful embroidered curtains and some cute brassy garlands by Eo Stearn! Another long awaited exhibition that was intended to take place through Spring 2020, and made possible by funding from Hope Scott Trust– many thanks! Photos on the website if you missed it. Next up and currently is Grief Bruise, and exhibition of paintings by Glasgow-based artist Amy Winstanley. The exhibition responds to our individual and collective everyday entanglements with life and bereavement, stemming from research into eco-philosophy, feminist phenomenology, indigenous thought, and using the sensorium to experience and imagine the world differently in relation to the current ecological crisis. A thoughtful and beautiful show, and on until 28th August! And don't forget about Amy's edition from last year, still available on the LT website for a cool £18 with all profits going to Emmaus Glasgow. And then, upcoming– September sees an exhibition by recent GSA MFA grad and all round angel Ayla Dmyterko!!! Keep your eyes and ears peeled for that! PLUS some new bookmarks from the house of 32 coming soon AND editions editions soon! For now, anyway, enjoy the rest of the summer (she says, as she watches the soft muggy drizzle falling outside her kitchen window), and look after yourself and each other!

Caitlin xoxo





[ASP]

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Brains, brains everywhere

Sometimes I think, how does my brain feel when I'm reading about brains. Then I remember that I am my brain, so what I feel it feels.

When you study human anatomy the body becomes like a celebrity that you read about so much but have never met and then again, I remember that I am a body too.

Sometimes when I hug my lover and feel his warm earlobe against my cheek, I think about our brains lighting up like New Year's sky, loving each other and synchronizing in secret.

Or even now looking at this poem written by my brain and muscles moving in tiniest increments right incising the paper, I wonder what my brain is trying to say and whether it even likes poetry.

Or is it just a chore - I sit down in the evening with a pen and paper, it sighs and goes, Ah, here we go again.



[EW]

[SS]



ABOVE LEFT Pauline Boty hangs one of her works, entitled *Painting*, at the headquarters of the TUC, 13 June 1962



LEFT *Be Soft But Not Too Soft (steep curve)*, 2021 unfired flax fibre clay with terracotta body (hand modelled)

RIGHT *Be Soft But Not Too Soft*, 2018 unfired flax fibre clay with grogged body (hand modelled), zips, natural hair dye

A UNION

- 1) Oats, are in fact, parcels brought to us by the Brownies that live under the stairs. To reject the oats, is to reject them (is, to bring misfortune upon your home).
- Addendum A)

Brownies will, however, be forgiving if you cannot accept their gift, due to illness or bodily rejection.

Authors Note:

My own sister was cursed so that her body would reject oats. The Brownies understood that it could not be undone, so let her be.


- 2) Similarly, to eat oats unprepared, or prepared in the wrong way, will also incur the wrath of the Brownies, and may leave you with infestations of undesirable consequences. I shall list some of the recent-historical examples of misuse of oats, and the consequences brought upon their home:
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 - In preparing oats for consumption, Ms Elizabeth Winthrope decided not to bathe them in cow-milk, but in the milk of her sick goat. Upon consumption, Ms Winthrope's husband lost his pallor, and begun expelling the contents of his stomach. Her goat passed two days later, and it took four-weeks of offering fresh milk from a pure white cow, newly made mother for first time, for the Brownies to forgive her, and for her husband to improve his pallor and return to his work.


 - The use of oats in food products and as remedy for various ailments is long-expected by the Brownies. Unfortunately for Mr Bludrow of Cornwall, the Brownies take exception to their oats being used as a remedy for the common venereal diseases, especially when contracted from adulterous acts. Mr Bludrow found himself with a fungal infection and separated from the former Mrs Bludrow, with the local courts finding in her favour.
 - A common mistake made by those preparing oats, is forgetting to purify and bathe them for long enough before commencing cooking or further preparing them. Most Brownies are forgiving of this transgression, but it is suggested you leave a note near your oat storage, to prevent the mis-preparation, in case your household Brownie is unforgiving.
- 3) Oats are best used in the form of Porridge, though may be used in other forms, if permission of your family or household Brownie is given and amenable. To gain permission, leave a bag of oats outside your backdoor overnight. If, come dawn, the oats remain, your Brownies have given permission. Make sure to leave a bowl of fresh cow's milk out the next night, by your hearth (or failing that, kitchen sink) to thank the Brownie.
- 4) To best honour your family, Brownies and Oats, cook the Porridge to the following recipe:
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 - Place approximately 3 heaped teaspoons of oatmeal, and 300ml of water (drawn cold from the tap) into a pan or glass bowl, 12 hours before serving. (The best time for this is before you sleep, but after nightly adulations).
 - After leaving to soak, add one pinch of salt. ONLY do this after throwing a small handful of salt over your left shoulder - NEVER right, or you may blind your local Brownie. (this, however, can be skipped if you were greeted

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 - by birdsong as you woke up, or greeted a single male magpie before you begun the process of salting the oats).
 - Stir oats, water and salt using a wooden spoon. Do not use metal as it may reflect the face of the Brownies and incur their wrath, for they are shy in nature and do not wish to be gazed upon.
 - Place the pan over the stove (high heat) and an bring mixture to boil, stir continuously. Once boiling, turn down heat and simmer for approximately 2.5 minutes – take care not to overheat or burn your oats.
 - Stir once (clockwise) before carefully pouring into a bowl.
 - Eat plain or without toppings. Honey, blueberries, or fresh garden fruits and nuts are recommended toppings.

5) If you are concerned about your oats being tainted by unforgiving imps or malicious spirits, immediately dispose of them by sewing the fields with tainted oats. Ensure that future oats have been cleansed, blessed (three times) before future consumption. This must be done as soon as they are cut and stooked. Cleansing can include but not limited to: church bells ringing, parson preaching over them, or by gathering a bundle of Juniper and sain over the stook of oats.



6) If you require your oats to be used for medicinal purposes, ensure you dispose of the oats properly- if not thrown away properly, you risk upsetting local Brownies and incurring bad luck to befall your household.

7) Finally, it is recommended that you store your oats in a safe, secure, and air-tight container, either ceramic or glass. This is to prevent attracting Boggarts into your household, as they are attracted to oatmeal, like many other malicious creatures, and will infest dwellings if they are aware of an abundance of oats available to them.

Addendum:



The author notes that Boggarts are notoriously difficult to get rid of once inside the household, and will scare off Brownies, or eat them in certain situations. It should also be noted that Boggarts (otherwise known as Bugbears or Bwga), can only be scared away by extreme intervention, and it is suggested that you always hang a horseshoe on your front door as a preventative measure. If you have children in your household, leave a bowl of salt by the entrances and windows of their lodging, to prevent abduction, if you do attract one.

O) The Author notes that these collection of notes on porridge and oatmeal was collected and compiled whilst gathering documents left in a local estate, as well as through knowledge passed down from parent-to-child. It is recommended you also follow any local customs, as Brownies have different local traditions and may consider it rude for those to also not be observed. The Author cautions the reader against attempting to interact or capture your household Brownie, as they are extremely volatile when confronted and may forever curse your lineage.
- [JES]

New home

The cats don't care.
They have been coming back here since the war.
Occupiers change; they come and go
because of the boiler, the dampness or the neighbours,
but for the cats it's all the same.
Just faces with hands bringing feed.

This bed – too adult.
I lay in it and think, Is this how wives feel?
King size, oak with an ornamented headboard
and two pine side tables to leave our glasses,
books and cups to rest.

We knew we'll have to end up
in the arms of this strange animal, some day.
But now we are here and everything
is just the same.

I am still too lazy to tidy,
so I write,
and I never know how to read
the symbols on the labels
for clothe washing.

And you, my darling,
the only thing in your toolbox
is tape.

[SS]

Hung between a horse, scalloped
skirts & falling from the open bowl
them stood below, unravelled to
lemons at the womb, tray, carrier held
(roses)
So, surround us curtains
of objects – cupped
heads & flaring fingers
Too heavily folded papers,
a trio of snail's toes,
curled above the frame.

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How To Make

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[HD]