



{AM}

I felt sick as soon as I saw it. Good sick. The lovesick kind of sick. I'm in love. The angels of destiny had brought me to this street, this shop, this aisle, this record with my true love's face and name on it. A sign! Fate had brought us back together despite everything — oh merciful God!

It technically wasn't her face on the cover. It wasn't her full name either or actually even a part of it. But the woman's picture on it reminded me of her. Yes, there was a little glimmer there, no mistaking it.

She moved house a short while after she told me to fuck off for the umpteenth time. Shouldn't be too hard to find her new place, God willing. And He is willing! She didn't mean it I don't think. I know she must have felt something too. I could see it in her body language, playing hard to get. There's no way in hell I could feel so much and her nothing. Nope. No way in burning hell.

{PS}

haywire Act

Seasoned. I enter the room.  
Handling  
one. A microphone. Talk is too cheap, for  
bad faith to fall on someone else.

{DP}

MAGPIE—*Pica rustica* (Scopoli)

{DME}

Communicationan elaborate gift

a little bit of text  
 on the coast folded out  
 lines were drawn in the sand  
 a bleak reference in writing  
 burning their midnight oil for the miracle  
     sound of the oyster.  
 It wasn't that they tried to win  
 is that they refused to fail –  
 the credit was taken  
 but never  
 always never the blame.  
 All the many skills, and performed registers  
 All the happy accidents  
 lead the language where it never naturally leaned  
 how far the money spreads made them  
     the archetypes.

{DP}

at the birthday party  
 I hooked up with the cancerous cat  
 who assisted me in making movies  
 in which I tell you  
 I'm crossing the ocean  
 on the day  
 I came to earth  
 at least five takes  
 the light was forgiving  
 the cat's cancer not  
 when dogs have it  
 scabs fall off like leaves  
 cats on the other hand  
 just have to walk around  
 with crusty holes  
 for everyone to see in spring

after the cat left me  
 for some even darker corner  
 I cycled through the night  
 bicycle lights on flickering  
 as if something important  
 had happened or maybe was  
 happening or going to happen  
 once home I took off  
 half of my clothes  
 fell deep  
 dreamt of  
 half-naked men  
 fighting each other  
 inefficiently  
 looking pasty  
 on a too green lawn

{LB}



{PM}

Open Book

Honey,  
 I ate many carrots  
 and gummy vitamins  
 a slice of leftover pizza  
 which I later forgot  
 in the kitchen that became a closet  
 Now the blinds are raised  
 and no one in uniform  
 is bothered

{LB}

the healing power of sunshine//

When the dust finally settles  
 What irresponsible consolation when time  
 meant much longer  
 A finished epiphany later, muscles ache  
 covered in vines, we sit pretty we  
 two mutuals in two straight lines, two waving  
 flags. The sun baked my back –  
 an attachment that seeks to bundle  
 this is the start of  
 the good ol' days.

Song

{DP}

blue vase  
 green vase  
 the murmur of a fountain

{LB}

Doors

The say that doors are opportunities or is it windows? I guess having too many doors is a bit (ahem) capitalist, but I need at least one to slam it in someone's face when I've had enough of them. What's behind the door? SURPRISE! You said you hated parties, but nobody gives a fuck, at this point you should be old enough to know that birthdays aren't for the birthday person. Doors like to be white and beige or wooden, real or veneer. Closed, they're a sniper in camo, a chameleon, an airplane painted bluish-greyish-white. Any and all the excitement comes from cracking them open. Holding the stainless handle, grip tight, full fisted and pushing with elbow and shoulder, using the same muscle group that's reserved to open jars, cans and tins. You're opening a present, one that you didn't ask for and it isn't really your vibe but thanks anyhow. Removing a door is removing excitement from the world, and maybe that's a crime, and where does the door go? All these open-plan, open-concept kitchen isles. Maybe the door becomes a (French accent) sculpture, a (Italian accent) can-vás, a thing with potential and potentialless. Maybe it's a stand against flashing, oversharing, and AdBlock's. Maybe it's a push towards freedom.

*This text is part of 'Real or Veneer?' a sculptural installation, I don't know if you'd like some images of the physical work too? They might not be very Riso friendly - I'll attach some so you know what I mean.*



{PM}

{PM}



Old Paradise

I was satisfied  
We inspected the planet  
It's all very well

{DP}



{AM}

Raining

Smoking the curtains when he shrugged  
in sleep like a dog batting daylight  
it was cute it was

coma-ish parched in my morning eyes  
it's always raining in private  
lately please will you

let me crawl inside the way you see us  
the kitchen tap-water fanning  
the way piss splits for some

reason so I fell asleep on his shoulder  
the pinkness laying empty stuck  
to the side of my thigh

his head in the valley between pillows  
i tried to drive quietly I really did  
beating his belly with a slipper.

{CF}

{CF}

Contributors

- Lotte Brown
- Callum Foulds
- Andreia Matos
- David McQueen Emmerson
- Percy Miranda
- Devika Pararasasinghe
- Phoebe Smith