

The Paper

Loneliness refutes ageing;
its recesses & inflammagens
interrogate feudal synapses
offshoring under a manta ray
as ghost, surface & shelter.

How even the day's walk,
its coldness cloned
by a plump, but ruined sun,
catches molecules in
its ever-drift against
ancestral abscesses.

It appears as a mound, slivered,
but there is no song clenched
beneath the dolman's magnitude:
his weight presses down on me
it electrifies, my ugly eel,
without referencing the ancient –
only a cellular lineage of trauma
eroticised under the slab of him.

My livid stone,
breathing unsyncopated
to my own—I adore
untouchable loops thrown
at the blankness of these bodies
where we plead: do not inhabit.

And the decades cascade on.
I make his porridge and send
him out to the dispatch facility.
He rummages, I'm raving from
a centre tethered only to
routine tests and resting
under the day star
as it floats by undetected,
its presence: your unborn.

They're still unborn, over
the skin, and the drum
keeps a lid on it.
Someone's mouth came to me
it was so long ago,
how gently I ceased expecting
a square room over the park
my womb in a pipe drone
and all the flies' winglets
like her nail clippings
bagged rice
bleached clean of thiamine.

{CQW}

Things I wrote this Summer (01)

Summer is so good
Because you eat something like
Fruit
And something bread like
And
You're happy

{ALB}

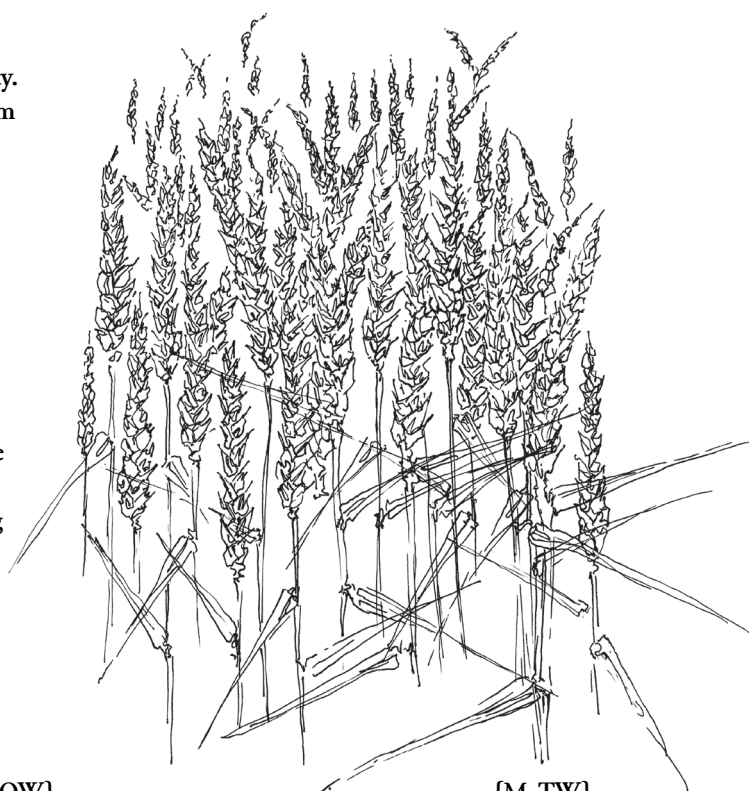
I like my women like I like my
bacon-flavoured snacks

frazzled

said no one ever

the key word
in hot mess
is not mess

{HG}



{M-TW}



{HJD}

2.

it smells like dirty water and wild garlic.
you aren't here. no one is here. i glide.

{RG}

style

it was vodka and laughter
it was card games in bed
it was moving too fast
it was coming to a head
but domestic bliss never
missed us and that lasting part
well there was no use in asking
passion has always been my fashion
and here it became our style

{SC}

Kaya's Loud Hand

Down the hill from the CCA for a week or so in early June, Kaya Erdinç's installation 'Loud Hand' inhabited a quiet corner of the GSA degree show. A single suspended screen played an 8mm silent film, a portrait of Erdinç's friend and mentor Bibi Straatman as the two converse in Bibi's garden. The subject of their study is Teresa of Ávila's 'The Interior Castle', while the garden provides a necessary setting for the two to stage their dialogue. Ordinarily a particular and private familiarity, it is here committed to film as a restful moment conjoining two interiorities.

We see glimpses of Bibi's outline, shuffling books, fanning herself with them in the summer heat, a carefully furled hand keeping an urgent place in the text. Kaya's camera takes a long pause on *The Interior Castle* as it sits on a latticed garden table. Next, we see Bibi's hand, again, animating the speech we cannot hear. Each gesture of this loud hand plots a silent notation of thought in motion. From a wider angle, a different perspective, we experience a crystalline layering of her body as she continues to perform their dialogic intimacy.



The making public of this relationship (the garden meeting, a graceful domesticity) is carefully chewed over in a companion text, fragments of which appear in a second film on the reverse of the screen. Two mirrored questions are posed by Bibi and Kaya, *What if access may turn out to be seclusion itself?* And later: *What if seclusion may turn out to be access itself?* What the two are implicating here, in their enquiry around Teresa of Ávila's text, is the necessary contradiction between the propagation of a sense of ourselves made public, and the cultivation (the turning of ground) of the interior self which is less legible, always in rehearsal.

{JH}

Universe Headache

Oh! give me that sick-from-oyster sensation again
that modern feeling of running out of time - I nearly gagged on it
the lost minutes that is
the lost minutes are small bodies

I run for the L to see you
I want a gorgeous sunburn by you and to remember that night by the skin cancer
I don't miss the L, in fact
I don't miss anything because of the tequila, which I usually never drink,
but it seems to make me alert to the subtle alterations in your rough hands
I can tell by your fists that the kernel of you is loathing (as an ideal)

I don't miss your hell cat
vocal fry
your radio drawl from too many long, yellow American Spirits
you speak like you're allowed all of language
and make me feel I have chosen the wrong profession because I get upset by in-jokes
when all I want to do is conjure the self that looks beautiful against jazz

I wonder why I have called you out
and I determine it is because I want to see the city
over and over
and over
again in its cheaper forms
and because everything tastes good this late

I call you so we can make mischief outside the temple
and practice...gratitude
let's bemuse the Rabbi!!!
and sacrifice something to time - the tequila maybe, or
the teeth marks.

{EG}

Things I wrote
this Summer (02)

Nothing better than laying inside
A fresh air breeze sneaks in
Knowing that the world will continue

{ALB}

Jake

if we had a heart like yours
there would be less pain in
the world and there is
too much pain for all of us

there is peace and contentment
and we think we might have had it
back then in that house in Manchester

but memory is a trick and time a
joker running rings around us

while we grow old
and wrinkle and wither
our dreams may have died
over long sad years
and we make do with
the best of em

our memories are immortal
and you've bought me
more laughter and friendship
than anyone

and your courage is a drunken
impulsive swing into the unknown
decked by bouncers
danger on your sleeve

your belting out the karaoke tunes
and the whole bar is up on
their feet dancing and singing along

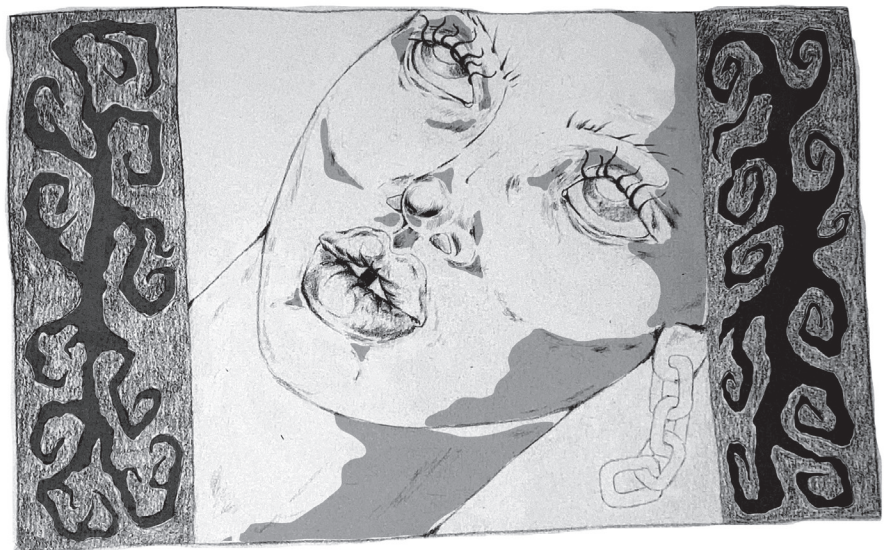
I remember that absolute blinder
you scored back in 08' or was it 09'
Irish blood Irish heart you've given
us more than we might have hoped for

your tired I know I know I've been
tired for a while now too
but you'll carry on as we do

life it knocks us down and these
words might pick you up
it might seem stupid and
sentimental on paper and

you might say 'don't be at it'
or 'don't encourage him'
but I would laugh and
you, you might crack a smile

{AP}



{EV}

poems for the moments between
literature, the fiction you cannot get
undone on the afternoon commute



{IM}

Easily Pleased

There is a famous Bukowski quote
that goes:

"My ambition is handicapped by my laziness"
and for a long time
I resonated with those words

But these days I think
that if your ambition in life
is to be anything
other than happy
then you're probably an arsehole

I have come to realise
that I am not ambitious
nor am I lazy
I am just easily pleased

It turns out that I never needed
to write a Hollywood blockbuster
or become a bestselling author
or swim in a pile of money
like Scrooge McDuck

I am happiest with a pile of chapbooks
and a good cup of tea

I am happiest stroking
my cat's fluffy belly

I am happiest on a pub bench
on a sunny day
with a cold pint of cider

I am happiest in small dark rooms
stood on sticky floors
watching bands on tiny stages

I am happiest hungover on the sofa
with a full day ahead with no plans
other than to watch movies
and eat pizza
next to the person I love the most

I am happiest writing
weird little poems like this
that I know only ten or twelve people
will ever read
and maybe
just maybe
if you dig it
one of you might read it twice

So cheers!
I thank you
and I hope you're happy, too.

I am not consistent
I don't strive for consistency

{ALB}



Linlithgow to Glasgow Queen
Street, May 2022 (6th)

everyone is secretly smiling
at the amazing white dog
lying panting (whining)
under the seat in front

of the amazing white dog's
tourist couple (winning) &

are we all strangers
who do not say this
to know so well how

in loving them (dog) together
& smiling towards each other

we might just situate
MIRACLE (i message
my friend) TRAIN MIRACLE

today is to...

never accept the bare minimum,
never ask for someone to please stay,
never think nor say you're not enough,
never allow no one to take advantage of you
never let no man trick you into thinking you ask for too much.

today is to never beg for love,
never settle for less,
less than you ever deserve.

{TM}

{IM}



{M-TW}

checklist

the loving was easy
it was living that
was and always has
been my problem
few key screws loose

always the falling
apart and the putting
back together
never bodes well

for the staying put
and growing together
and the future and
of course the
crippling expectation

needs and wants and
must have's and to-do's
and this checklist
of life that needs ticking
off every once in a while

early morning announcement

written on a tent as you come into Leeds
off the motorway near Crown Point is this:
'My name is Lindsay Margaret Anne Squire
and I am a British citizen and I have
been raped and tortured for 43 years'
how's that for your morning commute eh?

{AP}

{SC}



{IC}

Things I wrote
this Summer (04)

When did our summers turn into half
awake nightmares ?
When did we become adults?

{ALB}

A Little Night Music
(Eine Kleine Nachtmusik)

I passed out after a summer night of drinking and woke to my friends having a coked-up discussion about how they love tenderness and are working towards healing their toxic masculinity

and isn't that beautiful.

pillow grid planted on my face,
dead arm and mealy mouth

i wake to a head pulsing with a raging heat and beer,
and hear my friends talking about all the joy in tears

and aren't hugs as good as the wine that courses through us. like as good as gin and vodka.

and birdsong punctures every fumbling tongue moving towards safety and health

looking at my phone for the train times
and wondering if heavy nights make

us more beautiful
or if they just reveal our silent selves,
and give them songs.

{LK}

A Little Night Music
(Eine Kleine Nachtmusik)

a pale red glow and

harmony is severed

like a bloody gash

being in pain is yours

an embraced state

you cry when the night music

reaches the chorus

and you regret the regret

you listen to hinge voice prompts

and hope for a kind voice

a kindness you once betrayed

hope can kill men

hope is the saddest word in the English language

as the day ages you feel twice your age

and spare change

easy does it I think your a harsh critic

over a cold ale I watch your face grow pale

you sadden easily and when you laugh

it sounds like a roar or it sounds like a

small child giggling

the next morning your cracking absurd

jokes again while drinking your coffee

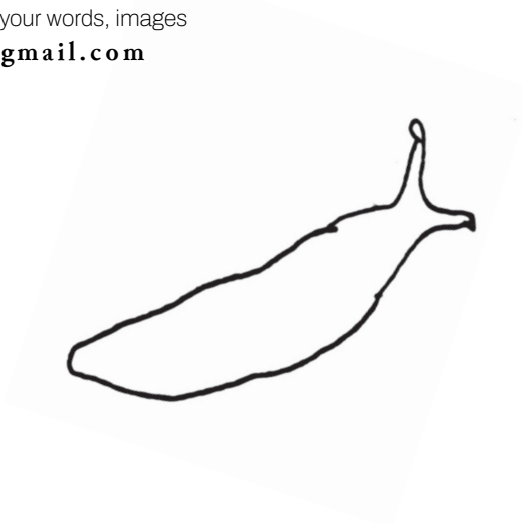
Bumpy Ride

Out of my window
in the distance
I see a red balloon
floating up and away
in to the afternoon sky
and I imagine
the heartbroken child
that let it slip away
crying to its parents
distracted with grief
streams of tears and snot
running down its puffy red face
and I have zero
sympathy for that child
welcome to the real world, kid
life sucks
and you'd better buckle up
because it is going to be
a bumpy fucking ride

Of course the other
explanation for the
floating red balloon
is that Pennywise
is about to really
fuck somebody up -
I just hope it isn't me.

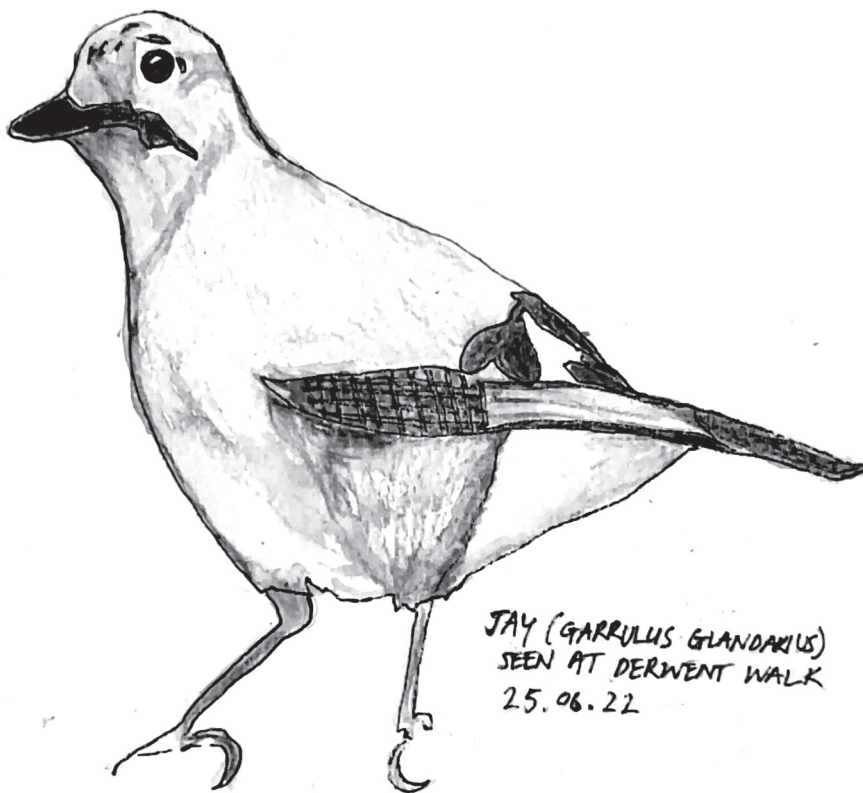
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Contributors

- Martin Appleby
- Amanda Luna Ballerini
- Samson Carrasco
- Inês Cavaco
- Hayley Jane Dawson
- Rosemarie Geary
- Eva Gerretsen
- Hazel Glass
- Jessica Higgins
- Labeja Kodua
- Ian Macartney
- Theerada Moonsiri
- Aqeel Parvez
- Emilia Varelá
- Conor Q Walker
- Marie-therese Widger



JAY (GARRULUS GLANDARIUS)
SEEN AT DERWENT WALK
25.06.22

{HJD}