

The Paper

REGENERATION LAMENT

PUB HAIKU

A Case for the Return of the Estuary

I fucking hate the Clyde
It eats people
Bright young things
Pickled old men
Soft moody feckless writers

It freezes foxes and green bottles
indiscriminately
turns bodies into soap

We don't need you anymore.
Fill it in--
Pour dirt in its greedy mouth
Choke the hungry
Fill it in--
bring back the sandbanks
and shallow waters
Close the built-on-our-backs shipyards

Abhainn Chluaidh
you are
an open grave
an ever present possibility

something natural made unnatural--
It's exorcism time
for all who mourn

And for the starving

[FO'K]

SLOW FIZZ

Valleys of silt and soda streams
Slow fizz
Crackle
Gravel and hot sick air
Weaves around the privatised ambience
still
Eventually all will be redeveloped
Reorganised
Pyramids flattened
For practicality
Words replaced with punches
Ftse 100 lines singed upon skin
Like drooped arteries

[RC]



HEART MUNCHING

I am shoeless and breathless and careless and every evening he licks me
half to death.

My heart all scrunched up in his and peeled back like a tangerine,
nibbled and squeezed,
sweet to the teeth.

This is juice running down my hands.

This is orange juice in glass bottles, clinking in the wind and sending
shivers down my throat.

Stickiness becomes me.

I wear purple scarfs and
strange hats and
paint my skin green
to lie down in the field behind his house.

It's too close for comfort and
my ears ring
constantly-

Flies come looking for me in the field, and they whisper like
childhood friends,
they swarm my heart and
tell me:

"Chew it up and swallow down, turn yourself *around and round*. Push
and pull and pound the town. Hold your hands to the moon and s t
r e t c h it out"

I raise my arms and stand entirely still.

I wait for the moon and squint in blackness.

I repent in clots like swollen raisins, each piece of myself spat out onto
the grass.

He joins me, lungs hanging from a cord at his neck,
and lies down, green.

Flies gather and mouths slather and we're all munched up by the night.

[IL]

Concentric circles
On a wood pulp landing pad
Ever eroding

Losing pricey drops
Evaporate. Condensate.
Dew on the stained glass

Windows turn opaque
Fingers disturb the frost
Write your name backwards

[JR]

FURTHER VIEWING

It's dark
and it's ruptured
Hm
Och whit ye like! What are you like?
No big deal, you've just ruptured it
An insignificant drainage issue,
solved with some simple grotesque
non-invasive prodding
Yes, it's fetid, already
and I'm skirting around the words
that I really want to say
putrescent and cruel

[CW]



[DF]

In memory of the broken wine glass.

Recalling the awkwardness of mopping the spills of the beer,
Bubbling

while

e-x-p-a-n-d-i-n-g

before

being

wiped out.

Everything was so alive,
Even the broken pieces of the wine glass.
Rolling, as if painfully, struggling to death.
Motionlessly,
A whole is becoming a few uneven segments.

against the mirror stage

to be a child afraid of the dark. to be a child who can only fall asleep after calling out the name of a loved one. to be a child who can only fall asleep if holding a hand. and to hold that hand as yours. to feel it expanding and connecting to your flesh, and witness for the first time how the lines between bodies become lose, how the body becomes uncontained.

to be given a name that comes from the latin and means *lamb*, as in *lamb of god*, the biblical meaning of *sacrifice*. to understand a name is more than a name. to understand it is your mother's name you carry, and the history of migrant women is always one of sacrifice.

to be a child who looks at her reflection and knows she's been born into a body of relationality. to stare at your reflection and know, the same way you know a name is more than a name, that you have the body of a caregiver. and how this has been inscribed into your flesh, your body a text when you were only given the possibility of voice. how this often feels like a shared wound. sometimes, a blessing.

to never afford a mirror stage.

to learn to name an open wound. to be born into a world of legs and hands and flesh and soil, unravelling, and shifting. to learn to name pain and love. to learn to say care and sacrifice.

to redefine care outside of the parameters of sacrifice. to begin to understand the ways care has drained you. how your body, never granted the right to self-containment, has often become a container to be unfilled. to begin to understand the ways care has saved you, how it has allowed you to envision yourself within interrelatedness.

to know the dichotomy between self-care and collective care is a western construct.

to learn to mend an open wound. to learn to say care and sacrifice. and to consciously choose care. to experience its expansive effect, cast into a world of multiplicities and small bits, of bodies assembling and mutating by touch and encounter. bodies that come apart and together to become something else, and always, constantly, become. how a hand that feeds another body becomes an extension of that body. how love curls bodies together to form ghostly presences. how the outline of our bodies with your hands around births a strange insect, human and all the beyond.

to draw boundaries between words and boundaries between bodies. to know a boundary is not a border.

to redefine what a body is outside of pre-existent parameters. to dare to refuse the body, known as contained and autonomous. to reclaim your genealogies and a future of interdependence.

to know your history does not need to be one of sacrifice.

IN MEMORY OF THE BROKEN WINE GLASS. 2

On Create, destroy, rupture, love and queerness.

"It is much easier to destroy than to create"

A sentence, to
our shared destiny
towards

A state of madness,
Of mind, sliding into
disorder and chaos.

- According to entropy.

Yet,

the repaired broken glass exists
As an exemplary failure
to the fallen nature of ManKind.
Where a new glass was given birth to.

Dance to the costly celebration of
human creativity

: A vessel,
Containing ultimate body fluid, -idty.

High in productivity,
a hell, of the artificial new-borns.

Baby (babe).

nouns, pronouns...

Whatever you name it,

As a wipeout of its own history.

[CMD]

I had a dream of her
wearing a black glittery dress
Her belly looked happy and relaxed and
so did her face
She told me I looked pretty
I was in ice blue and bright red
colours
Her happiness is warm and hers,
built on experiences that I love her for.

We are fruity shapes
moving alongside
Wavy bases
Cheeky thoughts
Surreal landscapes
Orange shimmer
Heavily dancing hearts.

[LW]

INTRODUCTIONS

Call me old fashioned but
I use :) over ☺
I'm passionate
About travel love films
Photographing fathers trying
To hold a child's hand
Without crushing it
I'm sorry, I'm stammering my
Secrets away like keeping an
Ice cube from melting
City life < Country Life
Love listening to music and
Hold knives in my hands
Whilst baking cakes with
Calculated crimes
You know
What you did
Meringue pie
Clench fast now drunkenly rumbling
Sometimes my mouth is just open
Can't help it though
Disturbing headless duck
Wandering on the beach
Oops found the head
Enough about me
Let me introduce myself instead

[LB]



I'M HERE FOR THE MCPLANT

O meaty little puck.
How good you taste
I can't stop thinking about you
I'm daydream about seeing you again
Slipping that wet patty down my gullet,
that's my favourite thing about you,
how succulent you are
I close my eyes and I can still taste you
Nibbled with your salty little friends
And washed down with a large iron bru

[IN]



[WI]

Desperado

3

He warned his daughters not to go to that neighborhood at that hour. They asked him why and he said nevermind why. Actually only his older daughter asked him why, and she did not ask in good faith. She well knew why.

He watched his football club win by a score of one nil. In the stadium, he tearfully told a stranger that it was the little things in life, though this did not feel like a little thing.

He debated brands of powdered coffee with his wife. He said the new powdered coffee didn't fully dissolve in water. She said this was the water heater's fault, not the powdered coffee's. He said not to drag the water heater into this.

He turned through a book from his youth. It was a book of western stories. He did not read the stories, but ran his fingers over their letters. In their serifs and columns, he saw the halls and doors of a university, such as he had imagined universities then, in his youth, when he imagined things like that.

He saw three men hanging. They were men he knew.

He approached the gallows in horror and thought of every man he knew who was alive, as if surveying a gallery of portraits from which he would soon remove three.

When he drew close to the gallows he saw that he didn't know the men after all. But what did that matter now? He had already removed the portraits.

He sat in a café with three other men, sipping coffee from a tiny cup. Though the cup was meant to be held with the fingers, he held it with his whole hand. A long window looked out on a famous street, where a troop of policemen climbed out of a covered truck.

Whispering, his accomplices exalted the hanged men and vowed that their deaths would not be in vain.

He spoke these words, too. But he did not speak them with his whole heart. His heart was elsewhere. His heart was on a ship and the gangplank was going up and there was something ashore he'd forgotten. And his daughters were on the pier. They had little yellow pinwheels. They were waving him goodbye.

[DH]



How tame can a lovebird become?

It can become very tame, with tender loving care, especially if you start off with a baby. Like all those nights I stayed up watching Say Yes to the Dress when I was in elementary school, and middle school, and high school. It can become tame like the moon is tame, which is to say untame, but always on time, like the moon is, except when it's not. It can become tame best at nighttime, right before the world is lulled to sleep by a gentle breeze that is neither gentle nor kind. It can become tame in my dreams, like I dreamt all those nights so long ago, that have become my dreams that I have now, that I will have forever. I cannot tame a dream like I cannot tame a lovebird, a lovebird I love so much because it doesn't love me, despite itself, in spite of me. I tame the lovebird in my heart like I tame the moon, first lovingly then not at all, and like this, they become tame. You ask me how tame a lovebird can become and I ask you why you would want to tame a lovebird in the first place.

[TM]



4

I want you to crawl inside me and see me from within. Walk through the cells of my brain and discover every single corner that makes up my mind. Swim against the current of my thoughts and learn how and from where they originate. Steal your way into all of the dark places and light them on fire to burn away all of the monsters that haunt me.

I want you to crawl inside me and stroll through my memories. Explore all of the moments that have molded me into my present form. Experience all of the things and people that have broken me and, if you can bear it, meet the lovers who helped me put myself back together before you.

I want you to crawl inside me, so I can give you a guided tour of all the places I have been to. The mountains that I drove by as a child but never climbed have become as much a part of me as the hills and valleys of my spine. The lake where I almost drowned as a child, the taste of whose water my lungs still remember because it fills my mouth during every panic attack.

I want you to crawl inside me and understand every part of me. For how can you love who I really am if you don't know me in my entirety?

I want you to crawl inside me and leave pieces of yourself everywhere you go. Years from now, when we have inevitably ended, I can crawl within myself and find them again. Little reminders that you were once there. Idiosyncrasies that my cells have picked up from you on your travels through the lands of me and that have now become my own habit; your crooked smile and the exact way you frown. The markings on the walls of my heart from when you entered it and when you left it again, forever.

I want to crawl inside you and see you from within. Study your thoughts and analyse their patterns by watching how one rushes after another, connected by a thread. Understand how they send impulses to your nerve endings and lead to your actions. Follow as syllables, sentences, speech build in your mind to perceive the meaning behind the words you say.

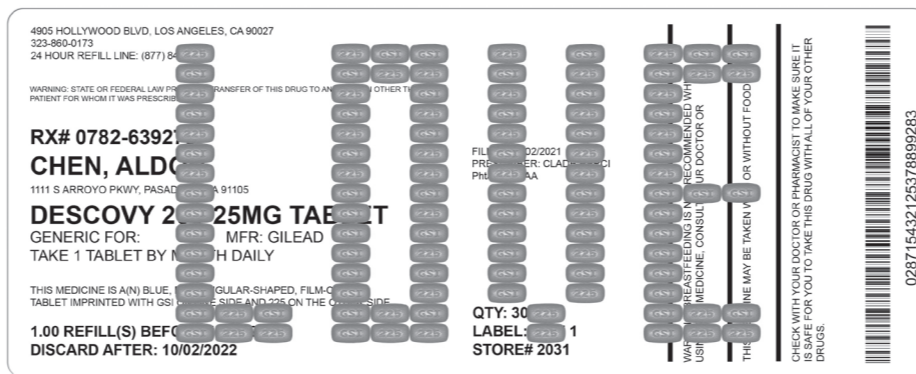
I want to crawl inside you and meet the people you have loved. Observe how important they were to you and appreciate them for the love and safety they have given you before me. Attempt to not compare myself to them and remind myself that they are your memories, I am your present.

I want to crawl inside you, so you can show me all of the places that no longer exist in our reality. The room that you slept in every night when you did not yet dream next to me and became yourself in. The school whose hallways you walked each weekday of your teenage years, your experiences leaving you with dents, resembling the lockers that framed them.

I want to crawl inside you and understand every part of you. For I am so in love with you, I am desperate to know you in your entirety.

I want to crawl inside you and touch every single place that I visit. In the deepest and darkest caves of you, I will whisper how much I love you, so that years from now, when we have inevitably ended, my voice will echo back to you and make your heart beat again. I will inscribe my name in the windings of your mind so that the thoughts that come by these paths will carry with them the letters and phonetics of me. I have let you crawl inside me, and I want you to never forget me the way I never will you.

[VH]

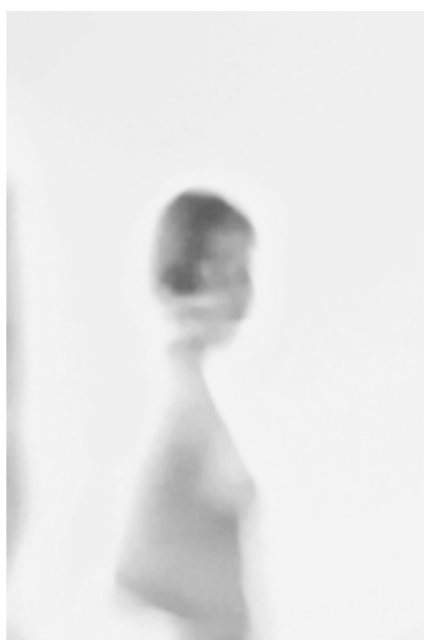


[AC]

SEASONING

autumn tics,
burnt soil to make space
smell to make currency
of what the poet can call pastoral,
but stinks to breathe, in close proximity
(like most things foggy in close proximity,
TV for one and TV for all)
the gibbering along,
gobbled garble in form
chewing gum in essence.
the neighbouring sheep seem to agree
a neighbouring language
in perfunctory syntax:
meh.

the clock's tocs,
missing entirely,
but not missed.
a punch mocked
twitching, imperative,
a phantom limb,
but not missed.



[JD]

the latest vines,
burning near and now
distant foods, whole
way down in the chain of command,
the general's general, that is,
ordering from abroad.

it's clickbait, but fun.

and so you wait,
the baker comes before dawn breaks,
brave labour,
to bet on the Sun.

and win.

the girl leaving school syncs up
with public exuberance,
fingers, winks, jumps
and all. she will faint,
if so she wills.

some time passed and some of it became a
dance.

others will, others won't.

[GL]



SONG 3

up close the 3 runners
premium movers
don't look so lofty

yes I know it surprised me too
not so stable
shivering pulsating
absolute car wash inflatable statue energy

a gleaming surface your eye can't read
grainy and glitchy
loosing their edges

to multiply
lock their eyes
hold on to necks
keep things hydrated

one after another, they turn and look towards
a slip and a backbend
until those unruly lips
reach to lick
micro speeding blades
of grass

a small hissing cut
and blood is bubbling loud
out of a long tongue

[viewer]

dipping dirt in dirt
chin in chin juice
grade 5 survival
drop drop
drop
domestic ecosystem
with largest window on
medieval thoughts
and tomorrows heroes

touch it
come on
my ponytails
spread
your exotic thoughts
onto my vast land

you stick, 45 degrees east
stew is always tastier the day after

you understand the last encounter
right
and the finest friends
even chosen carefully

[GS]

If you don't have butterflies in your stomach you are not paying attention

My escape route starts when I fall down. I fall into a wet thing that spreads, that mirrors. It is water but it is not. It is mercury but it is not. I remember breaking a thermometer as a child and seeing mercury adding together and taking form. But my kind of mercury is transparent like water.

Falling and tripping and getting up. But my stumble is infinite. But it ends. This explains that pandimensionality is an accessible state, or even natural.

Nietzsche, remember the aquatic habitat that spawned you - posthuman feminist theories echo in the cave of the fertile.

Blah blah blah

It is this fluid that is amniotic but it is also a poison.

Six years ago, my therapist in a strategy to bypass my conscious mind pushes me the question: name three animals, don't think too much, just speak. Answer: tiger, eagle, boa constrictor. She replicates with the minimum explanation of the exercise: the first animal is how you would like to be seen, the second how you see yourself, the third how you really are.

Squeezing life. Breaking the bones and eating them. The problem is the indigestion of feeding on the chaos of cosmic possibilities. Burp - word, does it have the same character?

The words, corrupt and transparent material, have supported my escape. Words that come out of my muscles. Not knowing what comes to be drawn in crooked lines - letters, alphabet, codes - and delighting me with the flavor of this aphrodisiac liquid. And suddenly I'm no longer alone - I inhabit new worlds and create communities. I read what I wrote and I see myself as in a room of mirrors of the circus. Distorted but me, like the me of the next second.

I acknowledge that I am tragic. Living in Lisbon goes well with my melancholy. No no no. I decided last week that I am not melancholic, just tragic - dionisiaca, pulsante, bacante, amante, ente, ente, ente, ama ente, ente, ente.

I have 424 notes on my iCloud. I'm going to copy the last five to end this route, which is just one of the 32 possible routes that this text could have drawn:

The possibility of death by astonishment
Luminous anguish
Turbulence
Hunger
Beyond mountains, more mountains.

[MB]



5

POST GLACIAL LANDSCAPES

Corries and circular lakes marking beginnings
 And beginnings again
 Glacial flow, presents, from the start,
 Monolithic front, in essence transparent
 Though yellowed and filthy, fag ash scattered
 Bitter spilt carpet sticky,

U shaped valleys, introspection.
 Aimless meanders, geological spoor.
 Discarded lines, projects, jobs
 Catalogued erratics populate CV

Knife edged ridges, scar tissue contours
 Cairns and lonely bothys, depression
 Zero visibility cloud cover, freeze, thaw
 Weathered rock edged arete.

The crag, stubborn promontory castle topped
 Upper lip stiffened, tail smeared and hidden
 Question ignored, self-care unbidden

Deformational theory of drumlin formation,
 Substance abuse, melt water flooded
 Loess covered plains, slate grey skies over
 Post glacial landscape littered terminal moraines.

TITRATION ANALYSIS*

Burette measured titrant,
 Standard volume analyte,
 Indicator solution.

Towards

The titrant saturation threshold,

Uric acid
 alcohol

Metabolic breakdown product
 Acid saturation
 Pain threshold indicator.

Burette tap
 twist drip

Drips deliver Serotonin

Repeat drip twist towards threshold

Uric acid builds

Toe flare.

indicator solutions blooms
 Pink blossom fades.
 Buffer solution buffers,
 Practicing habits habituates.

Tap twist drip,
 twist drip.

Joint flare,
 Angrily repeat.
 Thresholds fascinate,
 Pain ones only more so.

Tap twist drink,
 Joint flare limp.

Tap twist drip
 Twist limp pain twist

Drink, gout again,
 Pain as the threshold indicator

Body as an assay.

*Titration is a common laboratory method of quantitative analysis.

[DE]

- to awaken a wintering body:
1. collectors for rain water
 2. early hours dissolved by pattern
 3. crystalline wash
 4. A blob made of Arborvitae greens
 5. flyaway hairs suspended in halo
 6. floors that shift
 7. steady drift in-between
 8. a smudged, irregular rhythm
 9. voluntary absorption
 10. scents mixed into paint
 11. metallic aftertaste
 12. a sun-infused fog

[CS]



i was hoping for this



[RS]

I PHOTOGRAPH POORLY WITH OTHERS

And with every image an asterisk of apology for not being quite who I am

Instantaneously when I am with you

who can shrug there largely comfortable but you see I've forgotten myself with

you my eyes closed or the jaw askew –

[CB]

Somesuch flush off-kilter the thravn skintones in to shadow smear. Hush the lens. Leave me not

knowing myself for posterity's feeble miracle.

6 7



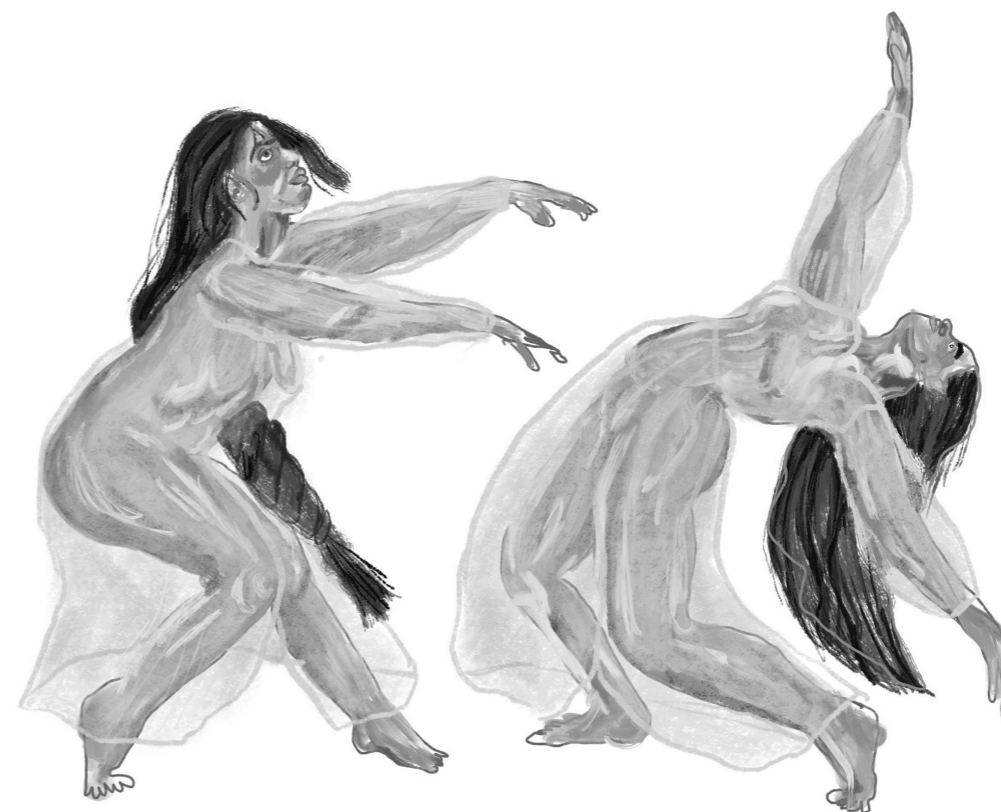
[IC]

THE MACABRE MOVEMENT OF THE CLOCKS

My conversations with suicide left me disinterested, bemused. Eventually considerations became futile. All reduced, it became futile in totality. This swirling existence. This macabre movement of the clocks. So much so I began to consider the light and accepted the flirt with the darker corners as a to and fro, give and take there was no way round it. Light offered momentary suicide, living life with danger and poise and a mental emptiness was death hanging itself, if death were that way inclined. With renewed vigour, an acceptance that suicide was the last way out, the last gasp of a coward, it ceased to bother me. Now the conundrum had become a search for something that bought me to the depths of fear, something that challenged me to a physical end, exhausted of my wits and physicality I could draw a worthwhile conclusion. And so now the dance continues, the interminable search for purpose. As man is born unto this world, as he crumbles to dust, how must he live so that he may die with dignity. How must we live so that we die without the unanswered questions. To be breathless, gasping hungrily at air, driven insane, panicked fear, is how you learn to breathe. You cannot sit still and expect to be moved. You cannot will into existence a great thing. It must be done.

[RC]

[AP]



In

With

Through

Resonance feels like a twisting of the hand - holding many threads. A responsive rhythm, a gestural connection when hands spark up into the air, in response to movement or catalyst within the text.

"Resonance here is a root metaphor. To sound an utterance in a resonant thought-structure is, among other things, to produce sympathetic vibrations of varying intensities throughout – to cause other utterances to sound, some less faintly, some more."

I am positioning a sensation here – to remind me, in response to the text's atmosphere and held ideas, that will help me remember the feeling it is trying to suspend.

The lasting of something. The heating of the sides of your skin as it rises to the surface.

"Resonance is a function of the integration of various components in a whole. (Integration, not fusion. Resonance occurs in the spaces between.)"

Passing through, in, with, Osmosis of intending to pass into pieces of knowledge, you sit within them, and then push them outwards? The membrane that is.

not outside of language but within language, within body, through, all the contained words that sit in your blood stream it is all the ones who make it to the surface of the skin.

"I am looking for a way of thinking that in addition to using analysis can travel by extra-logical connections of images, similarities in overtone and structure;"

Space between knowing and not knowing could maybe be a sensation of understanding? That doesn't need to be clarified in to specific category of one or the other. Both?

A posture, the posing of understanding. Sticky limbs rooted to a fixed point, a heavy pit of understanding that allows you to keep your spine still. Warm up to your collarbone, with the consumption of it, Feeling as if a thought is now outside you looking in at you, inside you, remembered from someone else's mouth, Still remembered from you.

"thought that is at once clear and resonant; in which clarity can assume the form of resonance"

"we perceive, 'through' the gesture as it were, what the gesture is focused on."

Imposition in the italicization. Leaning the body language of the words. Maybe that is the sensation, of the leaning forwards of the text itself over the text.

How do I use language to create the sensation – counter to dissonance – of harmonious thrumming of rhythm which unifies moments of understanding,

not through but with not within but in

And so these notes are gestures?

[TH-R]

LONDON IS A BED I CAN'T LEAVE

NEIDEN is the cheapest bed frame a landlord can find at IKEA and is coincidentally my bed frame complete with a mattress that visibly carries the genetic information of numerous people whose bodily fluids it came into contact with. Don't worry, I have a mattress protector.

What I don't have is a desk and I secretly find comfort in its absence because I get to blame my chronic procrastination on having to work on my bed. Actually, I just now hit a sweet spot where I've procrastinated for too long and it's already too late to get started on something so I can write today off and tomorrow is a new day and stuff.

Currently trying to figure out if I can brave the great outdoors, aka the common areas or if my eager-to-maintain-its-essential-functions-therefore-protein-hungry body can handle skipping another meal. Probably not.

At this point I'm well-trained in tracking auditory cues to better estimate which room my flatmates may be in and strategically planning my exit from mine so I don't run into anyone. Can we acknowledge mind-body dualism as a scientific fact already, so I can stop trying to stuff adequate nutrition into my dysfunctional body in hopes of fixing my serotonin receptors.

A tray placed on my bed is the closest thing to a dining table I have in this flat, so I do that. Should probably buy a second one for when I have guests over. Mom wouldn't let me eat on the bed, saying crumbs could cause nightmares. Well, joke's on you, crumbs because I can't sleep anyways.

I decide to watch Masterchef Turkey and The Great British Bake Off simultaneously while scrolling through Twitter and sending pictures of my dinner to my parents as consuming only one type of media at a time can never be enough to stop intrusive thoughts from emerging—or so the meme goes. And I wonder: Could my bed be the most used furniture ever in human history?

8

SYMPATHY FOR RATS

And knowing I'd be the first thief they'll hang,
I have a new sympathy for rats
Who scud across carpeted halls
As red knots along a panicked nerve.

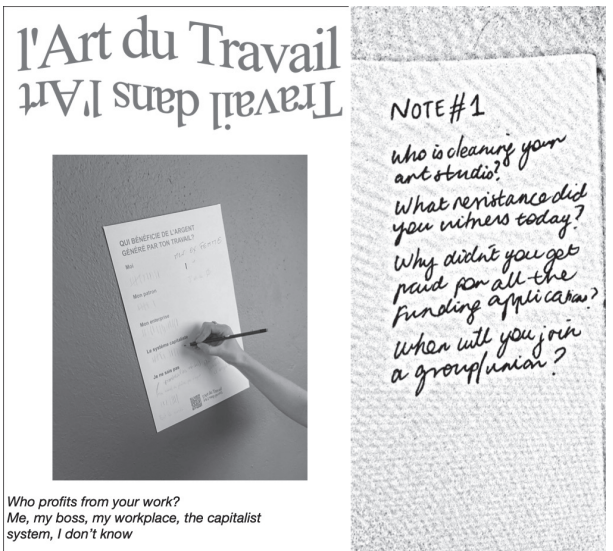
The milk cartons I hold to my chest
Have slowed my heart.
A folded newspaper in the street
Could be a mangled swan.

The mucus throbs in my ear, the strings
Between thoughts are now pink and Pustuled, the fiery headache
grows Fingers and eyes are bright - lit pinwheels.
I have a new sympathy for rats.

[FC]



[HD — Goosander (Mergus Merganser) seen at the Cart river, Cathcart 18.11.21]



Who profits from your work?
Me, my boss, my workplace, the capitalist system, I don't know

[GC]

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