

# The Paper



{TM}

## Naïve

Lots of people die in car crashes  
But not me

{JG}

## Another Love Poem?

sometimes I mistake someone calling my name  
and I hear her voice of all those years ago  
and I grow effortlessly sad  
and then I remember myself  
and then I remember - Now  
and then there is - 'am here'  
and then - what happened?  
and then the 'why' is foggy  
and then there is a - what next?  
and then comes - something else  
and then - the present  
and then and Now  
and then - tomorrow  
and then - the Now  
and then for a second, nothing  
nothing at all, only I need to catch  
the bus to work, it's due any moment,  
here it comes, I'm relieved.

{AP}



{JT}

There is a cruise ship

There is a cruise ship; It can't dock so it goes around in circles on the edge of the horizon.

On board you're becoming dizzy and oblivious. The sea still surrounds you and you could be anywhere.

She hears about the cruise ship on the radio, an alarm clock next to the bed.

Awakening to a subconscious knowledge of the world; It was during the beginning of the pandemic when no one quite new where people could go.

There were cruise ships full of passengers, not knowing where to dock.

I thought a funny little image really,

Ships just circling on the edge of the horizon.

I would never go on a cruise ship I say

A "holiday" with no escape, the lapping of water you can't touch, and you're stuck, and it sways and you're sick and now anxious and all you tried to do was sail away.

Recently I was told of a radio station which always plays breakfast shows. Each half hour it moves across the equator, mind drifts following stories and thoughts of someplace else and I wonder how I got here.

From the shore, sitting on the pebbles on the drop of the beach, we look out towards the horizon. A delicate and romantic place...

The horizon: a dead space, as open space, as misleading liminality

{EH}

Leeds vs. Fulham, 23/10/22

the ballad of falling autumn leaves a dashed possibility  
this morning walking down towards Elland Road  
the fixture fuck knows, with Fulham with fate  
today it'll click, maybe, I've not a clue  
there's a who's who of horrible histories to contemplate  
no more sluggish mentality, it's time to call it a day  
a paggered state I skate too close to peak depression  
this blue sky ain't right blue, the colours  
drained from its cheeks, dull grey doom  
mongerers linger on the fringes of the evenings

I promise there'll be no more dawdling on the morrow, I promise,

I promise truly from the bottom of this stone heart  
these casual hangovers are bringing about serious consequences  
the casual acquaintances make me re-evaluate the clutches of time  
in the clutches of time I'm on crutches in mind, malnourished intellect  
I'm no longer giving ground, I've drawn lines in the sand, I'm no longer  
asking, I'm taking, I'm taking everything

{AP}



Take a chisel and hammer to our memory - dust down the archive marked: 'Sunday - A 5 minute memoir of my ex' - your new flame 'Jeff' is careful to crease its pages - though less care taken in creasing the sheets.

The difference between us and the end of the Dinosaurs? Complete obliteration is easy - but facing those two blue tick 'read receipts' is hard. But, I guess we asked for the light & stone to rain down; and this concrete soul can be a comfortable collector's item.

Some assets mature & some people don't. some self-help slogans like 'life will find a way' will sell; especially when slapped onto a plastic lunch box.

For me? What's left to say? I guess that's the bones of it. I'll accept that any silver-lined shoots of recovery have failed; I can watch, as your and Jeff's gold blooms.

{P}

Angry

Lying still, I lift a dainty wrist and set out feeding myself, with a fine china spoon, upon the lasts of my anger. I gorge to the point of excess; I sicken myself. The emptiness of the bowl terrifies me. Who is to blame for this feast gone wrong? My wrist? The spoon? I wish to break them both but I ate them too. Out of fear I swallowed the bowl.

{PR}

it seems like wreaths are on my mind,  
burning gold rings of layered memory

and if i'm talking about death let me remind  
myself of every halloween where we danced

and the weight of strong mixed drinks cracked  
our fragile selves and revealed a tenderness

ready to throw its shirt to the floor dancing to  
a song that reached into the future and bodies

bent towards another's and warmth and all  
i can ask is that i exist in this hazy room, my

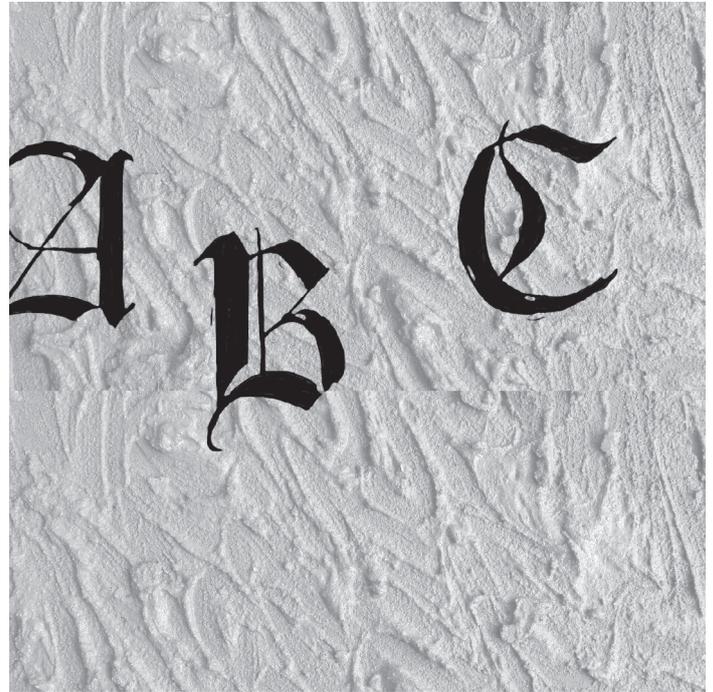
vision spinning like every vinyl played on an autumn  
evening, like after every whiskey sipped on a cold night

and let me sit here and witness so i can wrap every word  
from my friends mouths and weave them into a wreath

that i wear around my neck, hang above my door  
that blesses everything that follows me,

shaky // resonant // all that is good / i hold out to you  
cross some distance /// some expanse /// and breathe again

{LK}



{GD}

A Political One

the appointed leaders have  
been found out yet again.  
don't hold out hope the  
assembly line produces the  
suspect and the downright silly.  
not to get all up in arms  
but Boris was barmy and  
Truss had a knack for major fuck ups.  
ah yes the rats flee the sinking ship,  
without fail they thrive within  
the claptrap the crafty twats.  
problem is I've given up trusting  
the opposition too, why pick sides?  
will Labour lift us above a life of debt?  
if so then how long will this prosperity last?  
thinking about the whole thing is laborious,  
I sacked it off long ago, fighters  
that don't know when to retire  
end up eating through a straw.

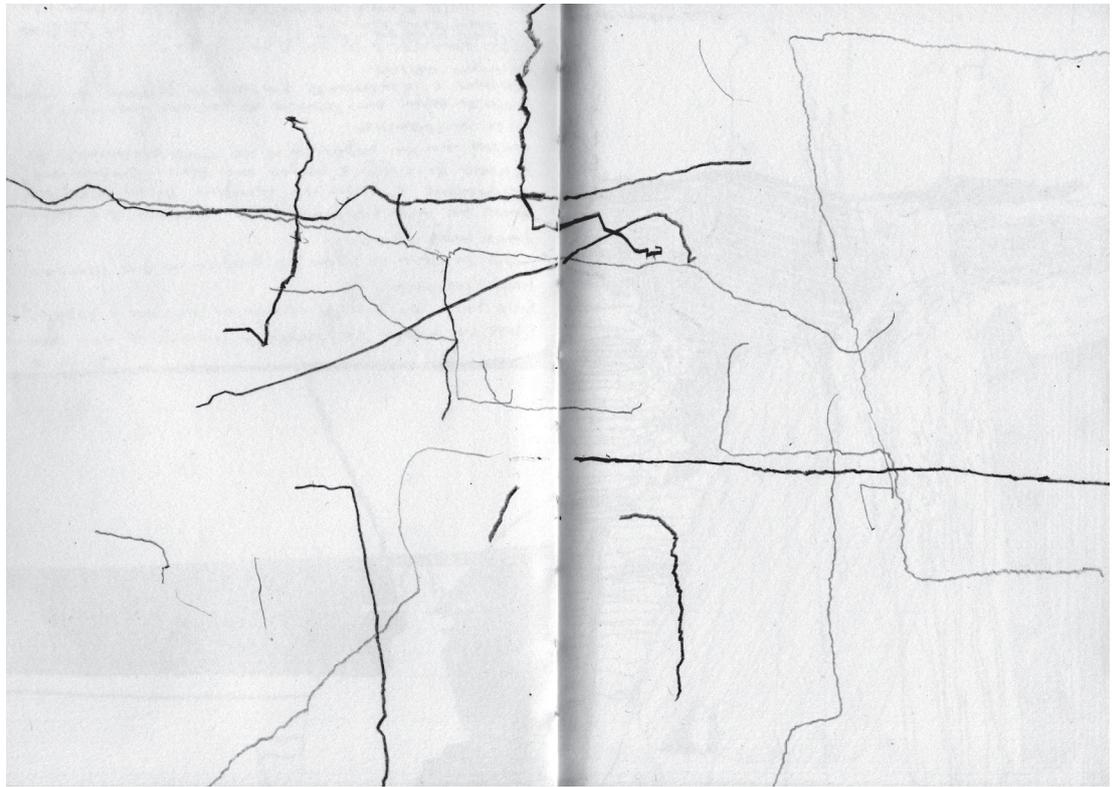
{AP}



all the work i have done  
all the lessons i have learned  
everything was burned  
— down to the ground  
i am back at the start again  
where i thought you were  
my beginning of the end.  
i have never forgotten about you.

from the  
for hi

{TM}



{IC & SC}

Contributions accepted on a rolling basis, submit before the 20th to feature in the following month issue. Send your words, images and more to: [goodpress.thepaper@gmail.com](mailto:goodpress.thepaper@gmail.com)

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Contributors

- Aqeel Parvez
- Claire Yspol (insert)
- Esther Hesketh
- Gwenllian Davenport
- Hayley Jane Dawson
- Inês Cavaco & Sancha Castro
- Jacob Gandy
- John Tinneney
- Labeja Kodua
- Phoebe Roberts
- Pseudokulture
- Theerada Moonsiri



WOOD PIGEON  
(COLUMBA PALUMBUS)  
SEEN AT KELVINGROVE  
PARK 16.11.22