

Highway.

Is that the sound of the ocean? It rustles in the back of my head, the brake pads making the call of a whale. Hoo-hoo, the sea of the city, hides the mechanical sea creatures.

Nearby, in shallow areas, are creatures that have stranded and died of dehydration, buried by the tides, and soon, no one will know that they ever existed.

Can freshwater fish survive? Will the salt eat away at their bodies? Go learn from the deep-sea fish whose bodies are built of fine bones except for the necessary organs, and muted by the nerve-compressing currents. Look closely, some of them were cloaked in grotesque costumes, others hidden under deeper corals.

Huge machines squeeze the oxygen out of the water as the soft-bodied creatures die. Freshwater fish, deep-sea fish finally float above the same piece of silence

{JZ}



{IC}

Mexico

Thousands of tequilas away. An empty WhatsApp page draws out how I once felt like water moving across a phone screen. It was purity poured into the camera which first makes holiness then falls apart completely.

Thinkin' 'bout how patience is the opposite of sending WhatsApp messages

That fold from overlapping and gracefully subside. More like

Semen that seeps into the forearm and stays like a chemical memory,

Nose in the sod like a thick tulip promising the summer.

And essentially likeness has to decay

Somehow arranging the womb

To make something else

That begins again anew

{HB}

Autumn Tuesday 1981

{IC}

A lad of eleven gets sent to the headmaster's room for the cane, across the palm, probably twice, for 'general insubordination'. The lad runs home instead but no-one's there. He's locked out the house—in bigger trouble now—but thinks he can avoid the cane if he can get his mam or dad to sign a letter 'withdrawing their consent'. He understands the words.

He sits down on his doorstep but the headmaster—the headmaster could send someone—even the coppers—to grab hold of him. He starts wandering around instead. He bumps into two blokes that sort of know his family. The blokes are chucking scrap onto a horse and cart. The lad stands by the horse. He knows how to calm it down—he's done it before. The blokes don't mind. They even let him ride around up front.

•

They need to go back past the school. It's break, so the playground's full, and teachers will be stood outside, so he jumps into the back of the cart to get hid. He curls up on these jumble-bags and shoves his feet inside this folded rug. To be honest he's comfier now, and warmer, and they must be speeding up, the horse's feet are called hooves and right underneath you clipticlop clipticlop. He gets one of the overcoats and hoicks it out a pile and up across his face. It smells of inside cupboards in old houses, hallways when you go inside. The material is heavy kind of woolish, smooth inside with dots of silvery damp. It's easy the darkest he has ever been. Imagine if you floated into space. You floated off forever till you shrivelled up or else got hit by meteors. Smack. Else if you came as a worm, a worm under the grass—you would be safer except birds up at the surface pecking at you, birds nonstop.

A racket from the playground now but louder, miles louder. Why are the hoofsteps slowing down. Why are they stopping. They have stopped altogether. Why. He lifts up the coatarm to peek through the sideplanks—shoes, leather shoes, trousers moving on the pavement. Laverack the deputy head plus someone else. Voices. But surely no-one is allowed to reach inside the cart and touch the coat. The coat is surely 'private property'. He smiles to his self. Whatever you do don't breathe.

{RS}

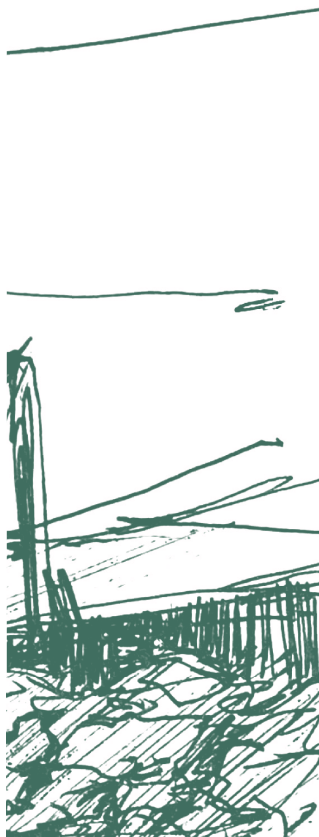
West coast mainline...

On another train, not got a ticket we're init for the thrill; did I hear tickets please? No she said stand with me at the picket please! The trains are on strike again, underpaid, understaffed, overworked... have you got your tickets? If not you'll have to pay the fine! And you want me to stand with you at the line?? Cost of living is on the rise I can't afford the price to live yet alone your ticket! £800million paid to shareholders! They've forced you to the picket! Fuck the ticket, fuck the man; it's it's time we made him pay and while we're at it, you can tell him where to stick that ticket. Then I'll come and join you at the picket

{AH}

These are the sounds from beneath the rock pools at Troon. The water swaying the sand back and forth sounds a bit like snoring. In the second half you can hear the rain on top of the pool, some people playing on the beach and a plane overhead.

{BR}



The Dark

Or was it the ulcer
Awoken by the BLEEP
I'm working on my poems being

Tighter the 4:22 phone
Glow my grandparents
Celtic white with fear

I say it's a collaging effect but
Each line is a fragment
Without elaboration

And in the whiteness
Of morning I lay by the tub
Nursing your sweet

Body to rest
but you lean in
Dampening my glasses

In the blueness passed
On new year's eve
Let the bells shimmer

The night fire rains
Across the sky the day
Dark as it turns over

{CF}

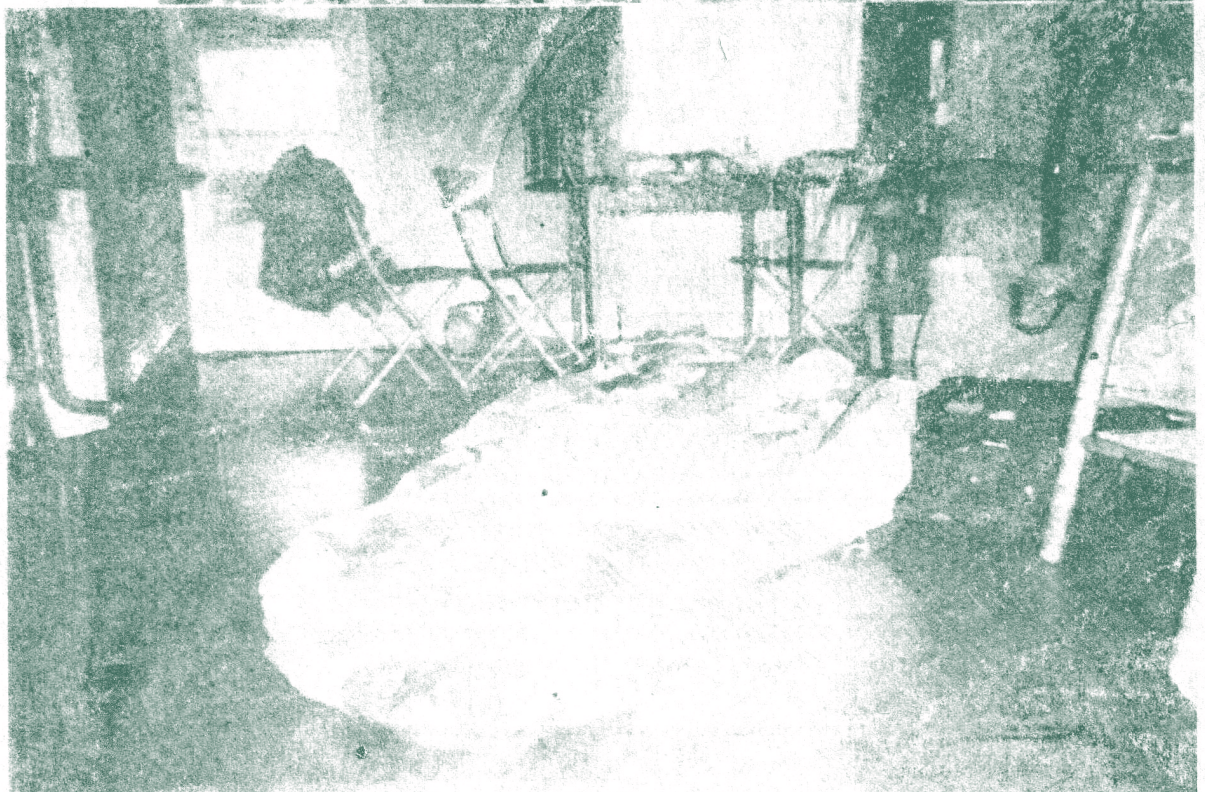
Earthwork

I said it so calmly, so much so I was almost asleep
that *I didn't want this*

I've come to find out that sometimes the no is rarely heard,
that there are some who can't hear it all

there's hell in there to think of them benignly.

{DP}



{DP}

Liv came from Times Square

Live cam
 Liv e cam
 Liv e cam
 Liv caem
 Liv came
 Liv came from Times Square ashy plasma streaming live
 was Liv's bread and butter yellow cab driver's fingertipsclenched
 how other fingers clench around dollar bills dollar girls wrists
 flailing bacon sizzling

 of a tourist on another tourist Liv came from the cough
 spittle flying through (her sister)

 -no-non-sense-no-time-no-fat-no-meat-no-air-no-street-no-
 cook-ing-time-no-shoes-no-need-no-co-ver-in-rain-no-lips-no-crime-no-go-dodo-no-blow-no-
 jay-walking-no-time-wasted-talking-no-go- no-puff-no-chew-

 and landing on her sister's tongue air
 Liv came to stare Liv came

 from Iowa actually.

{IL}

{DP}





{DME}

Landscape

You look like you're falling asleep

With your eyes slightly closed and pupils loose, I watched the clouds swallow your radiance like an arid seed, you closed your eyes, gradually, eye slits n a r r o w e d.

As a prelude to the clouds kissing you completely, allow me to say good night to you. You cover all the invisibles, yet they grew brighter under your illumination

Is that what you want?

Crumpled mountains far away on the verge of vision, you seem to have hidden everything about the city between your teeth and your lips, leaving only a pale blue stain of water that evaporates further as the sun goes down.

Gone.

It is as tall as the pillars of the Roman temples, so thick, without elaborate carvings, that it appeared solemn and steady. Standing in the middle of the hill, at the feet of the stone wall, its sharp silhouette whispered in a cottony glow.

Where should this road lead, and how will it be preserved? Will it replace the whole grass green, or will it be doused with rain and return to its muddy beginnings?

{JZ}

Micro Detonations

false starts carve a hole in the heart
and then a feeling becomes a home

and then a rug is pulled out from

under and words just prolific blunders

thoughts give way to micro detonations
and a sly grin when the teeth shatter

dislodged in the stern face of time

you can't just wait for the waiting to
be over or your in over your head

{AP}



The Snack #15 - February 2023

Happy Lunar New Year! Happy 2023! Goodbye Jan! Hello Feb!

It's been a while since I've done a The Snack (November 2021!!) so here we go again, a fresh year, a fresh paper...

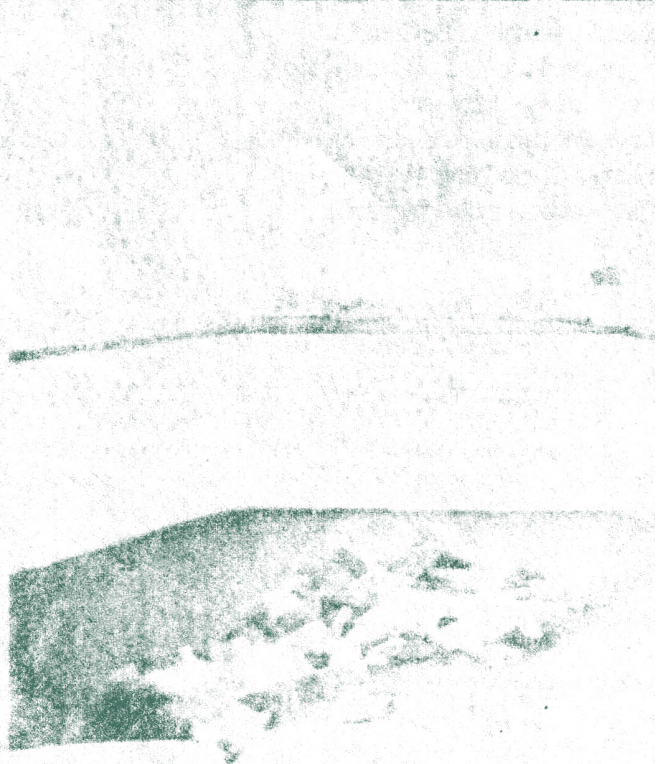
A little year in review for you of 2022 first though, and, to paraphrase Teddy Coste in his performance 'The Junction', 'baby whatta year!' We kicked off with Sarah Wilson's gorgeous painting show, *Various Arrangements*; then the launch of Hayley Dawson's pamphlet 'Fruiting' with writing and drawings about gorse and lost love published by Lunchtime - now in its second edition and still flying off the shelves - ONLY A FEW COPIES STILL AVAILABLE VIA GOOD PRESS!; Donald Butler and Kitty Lambton collaborated on a series of digital prints and Donald gave a reading from his beautiful pamphlet 'Free Radicals' (published by Lunchtime and also available from GP!); then GPHQ was very excited to welcome back firm fave and fast friend David Roeder from Berlin to show some lovely paintings as the exhibition, *Remains Changed*; we welcomed Sticky Fingers for *I'M BORED OF READING I WANT REVENGE*, an exhibition that featured snippets, clippings and ephemera from their excellent monthly newsletters, plus a Summer Party at Bonjour with lots of brilliant readings; the aforementioned Teddy Coste graced us with his Glasgow swan song *The Junction* a performance on the repetitive labour of gig work and being an artist, which is now accompanied by a publication featuring writing by Phoebe Eccles plus the *The Junction* OG script and photos of the event; then (phew! This is a long sentence/list soz) pause, inside, with screenprinting master Selcuk Colakolgu - lovely; and finally, we played host to *New Mythologies*, with Orla Kane, Kiang Ru Wang and Catriona Beckett; well actually finally was Glasgow based artist Emalia Mattia's show, *Vessels*, a series of paintings of voluptuous bodies, stretched perspectives, imaginary dances and vessels ofc., which continues until 5th Feb and...

Join us on Sunday 5th February 1-3pm for the launch of 'Inscriptions and Verses', a new publication of songs and drawings by Emalia Mattia risograph printed by Sunday's and published by Lunchtime!!

Other upcoming events at 32 St Andrew's Street: POETRY READINGS: Annie Muir, Luca Bevacqua, Tessa Berring, Anne Laure Coxam. Friday 3rd February — 6:30 until 8pm. AND MORE POETRY READINGS: Anthony Vahni Capildeo, Ali Graham, fred spoliar, Dom Hale, Kat Addis, and Joseph Minden. Thursday 16th February — 6 until 8pm.

Ok, see you there or see you soon!
Lots of love,

Caitlin xoxox
[Lunchtime]



Night Call

I have always known you lied about your mark
 her name was under your spine all this time
 for every touch of mine she was there
 7 years for me
 7 months for her
 which one of us was the other woman when we overlapped?
 if you had told me about her at the start I wouldn't have minded
 that much
 because you were far away and my hands were empty
 now every time I think about it
 it makes me sick to my stomach
 trying to imagine how many times you called her baby
 like me
 you called me like that on the first night we met
 when you told me Simon & Garfunkel were your favourite band
 remember when I wrote a story about us
 listening to the Sound of Silence
 and you cried when you read it
 telling me one of the reasons you love me is because I am so talented
 with words
 then you used me in all of your art
 I was there
 I was your ghost writer
 you telling me after the ideas were yours all along
 I just had a talent putting pretty words on a paper
 stringing sentences together softly
 and I always took your side
 even if you knew exactly how to be the right kind of cruel
 as we fought and fucked and then fought again
 until all there was left were my screaming noises
 and then silence
 you took all the colour from my eyes on a suffocating summer night
 when time became like glue
 telling me you didn't do it because of the sex
 because I knew better what you liked than her
 why did this even matter? I am never giving any part of myself to
 you again
 you said
 you just wanted her because she perceived you as her god
 you said
 I had no god, I had grown to become too independent
 all while asking me to try again
 not even if I became somebody else
 not even if I dyed my hair red like hers and you called me a new name
 but still
 I missed you for a while
 I missed you like an openness that closed.
 Please do not forgive me,
 it would be a pity after all of this.

{DP}

{AZ}

Closin Time

Find me on the braes of Suilven
Atween mountain an sea,
Antisyzygy of Assynt,
Sweet salt an soor honey

Find me in a bed in Glasgae
Where ance twa lovers laid
Feeding each other strawb'ries
Afore that bed wis made

Find me in the streets of Reikie
The cries of long-dead boys
Playing before the polis cleared em
Fur Embro to the Ploy

Find me in the woods of Hallaig
Lookin out tae death's
cruel gloam
That led them tae the battlefields
A lang, lang way fae home

Find me at the beach on Orkney
Among the ither dregs
That filled the bare winter cupboards
When there wis nothing left

Find me in the winds on Lewis
That come fae cross the sea
An took awa the language
That ance wis this country

Find me in the souls returned
To claim the shores they left,
An found nothin but coddils there
Affer twa cent'ries theft

Find me in the wee white roses
Quhere ance the warld looked on
Like a drunk man at the thistle
Alas, those days are gone.

{RT}

{IC}

RESTREL
(FALED TINNINGULUS)
SEEN AT
BANNOCKGURN
02.01.23

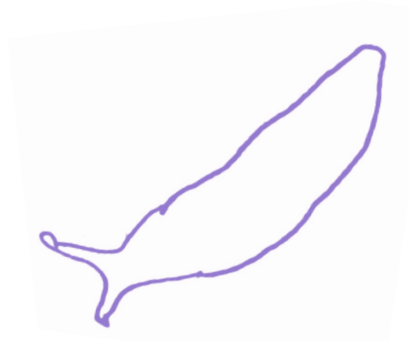


{HJD}

the futile life
of spider bro

does the spider weave intricate webs
with a grin on its face.
how does it feel when
we tear it all down and
mangle all that hard work?
I could Google the answer
but what about us spider.
I'm gonna call you Boof.
me and you, just weaving
that silk, just two guys,
just two ordinary guys.

{AP}

Contributors

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