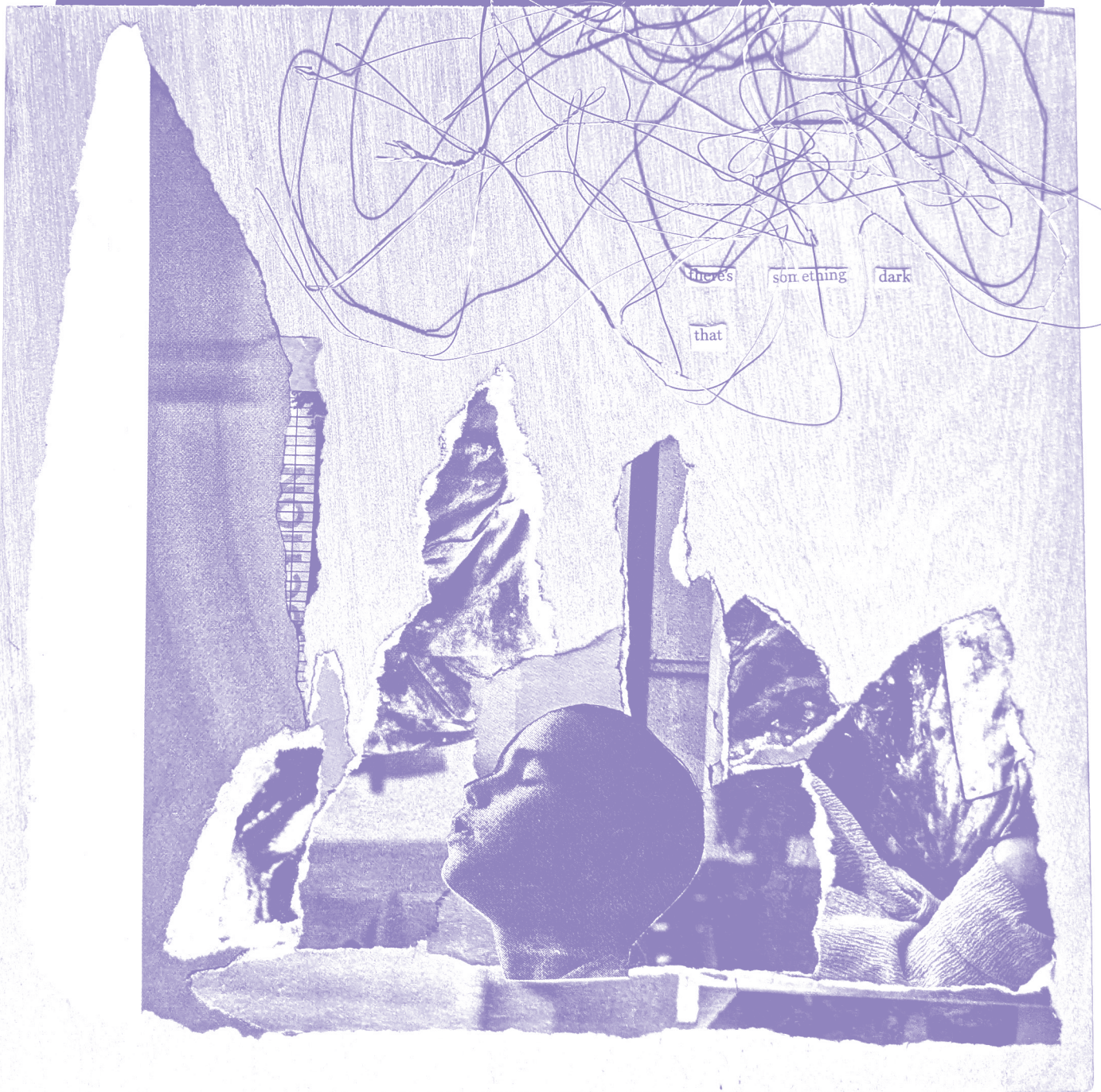
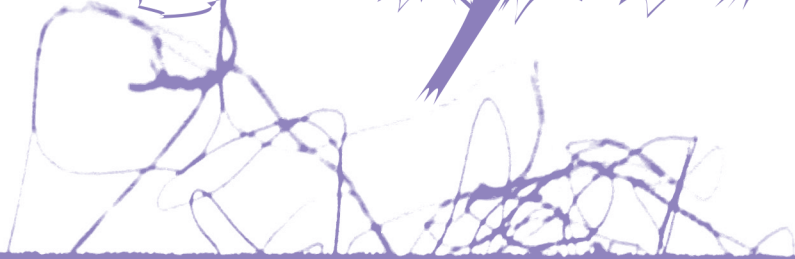


3 THE TYPEN



WALLS AND DOORS

Nobody told me that drawing boundaries wasn't using water and drawing lines on heated asphalt, watching it evaporate with each second passing but instead it was building up a fence with a gate that only you can choose to unlock. Within that gated area were the areas of space and there's a succession of doors that not everyone has access to. It's sitting in the middle of it all defenceless and wondering would anyone dare to open the door, only to realise you've locked it. Some days when you're braver, you take a step out of each layer of entrances and closings. I don't remember if I have opened or closed more doors now. Some people intrude while some knock beforehand. Nobody taught me how to fix my spaces, so I spent a good chunk merely slapping duct tape over cracks. Maybe that's how people kept invading my boundaries, through the cracks of it all. Sometimes it leaks and doesn't stop. At times there's an abundance of items filling up the corners to the brim but never fills the gratification. It's using materialistic wealth to compensate for poor walls but not to fix it. Whenever it feels I've learnt to fix my walls properly, someone brings a sledgehammer to crumble it down. It's a constant cycle of picking up pieces.

{LL}

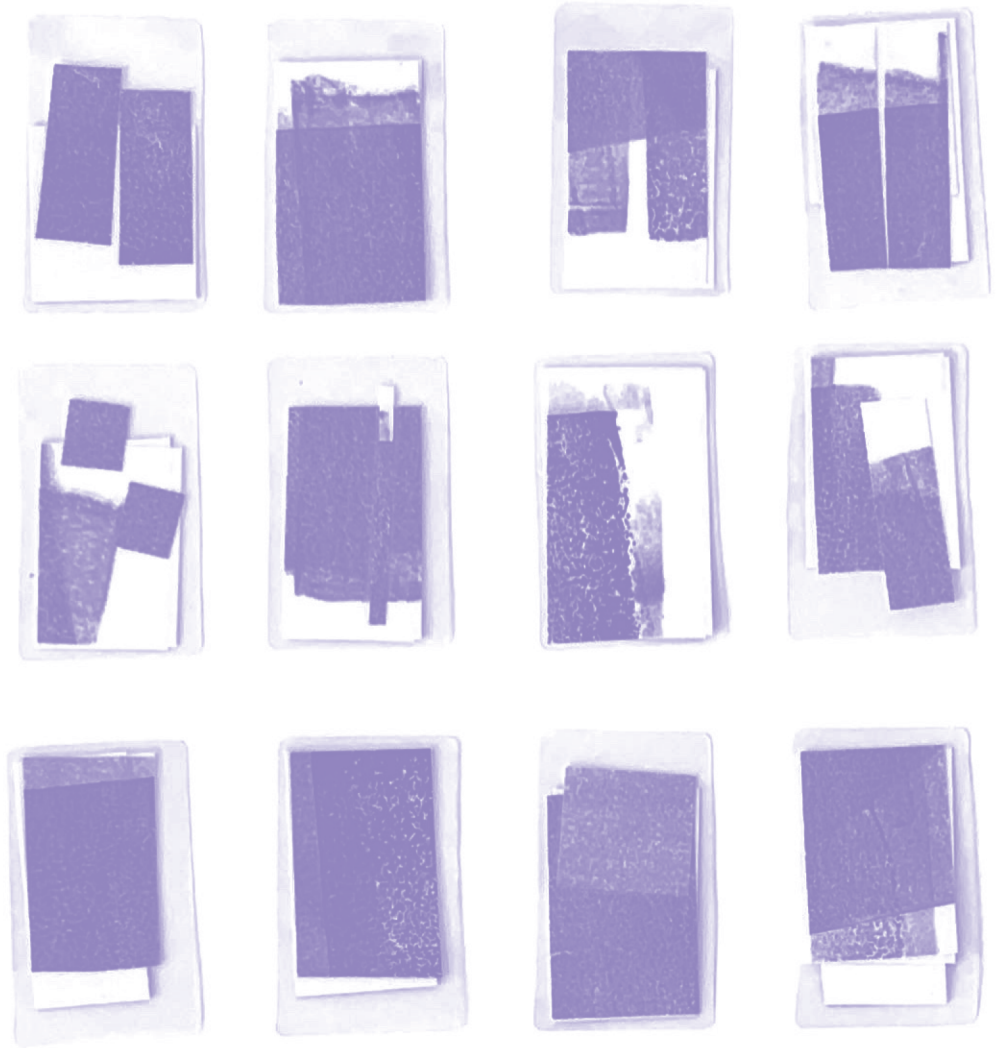
SLEEP START

I fall asleep
and fall
and slip
and sometimes I am wearing traditional Dutch clothes
Because ice skating
is attached in my brain
to Winter Landscape with Ice Skaters
and Stroopwafels
(this is where it all gets a bit cartoon-y)
I am The Little Dutch Boy with my finger in the dike
(a flash of River Phoenix scrubbing the floor—
And the SOUND—'you must now scruub Daddy.')A free-fall before impact,
white dress flicks UPWARDS,
ass backwards,
high-kicking to Heaven,
yellow curls
pink cheeks
open (wet) red mouth
(If it's not mine, it's yours.)
And sometimes I am holding a newborn you
I hold and I hold
even when falling
even when slipping
wrapping your skull in
my soft body
pressing my finger into
your soft spot
I slip / you scream me awake

{FO'K}



{CRA}



NOT TONIGHT

we fester in self interest
 no one cares for anybody
 except the select few
 love goes mostly unreciprocated
 our deepest feelings are dust in the throat
 our loneliness is objective
 love will not save us, don't make me laugh
 somewhere a homeless man will freeze
 to death
 today on the 18th of December
 7 whole days before Christmas
 our treasured concepts have failed implications
 fruition is a stale word
 the only worthwhile pursuit is to suffer for
 your ideals with a straight face
 but it'll take a braver man than me
 life refuses to dance warmly in front of my eyes
 yet we'll not die tonight
 not tonight no
 not tonight or any other night
 as long as we are breathing and able
 there is a chance
 it might be the smallest of chances
 it might be the most unlikely bargain
 but it's enough

{AP}



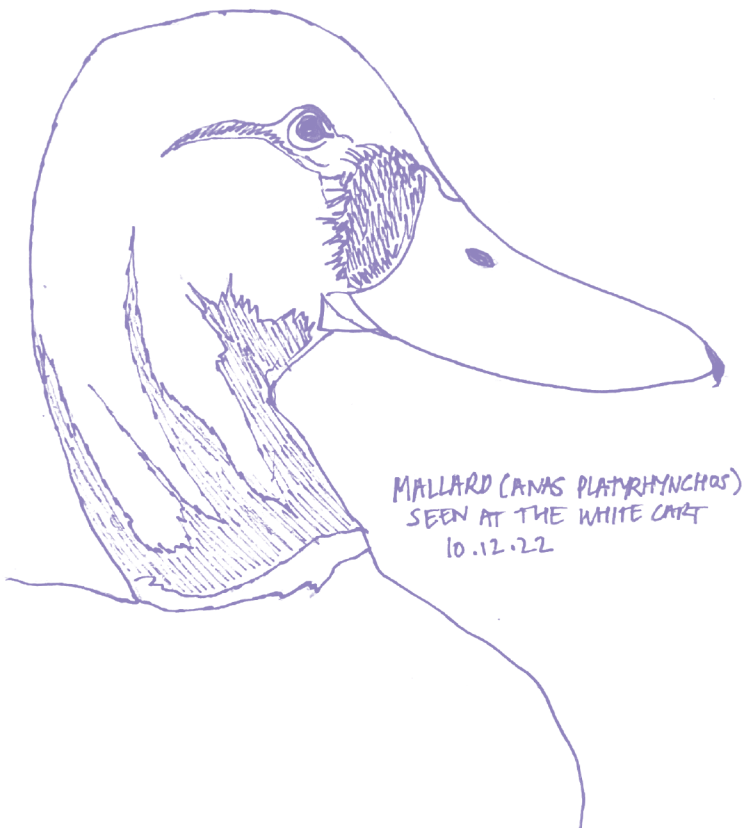
{DME}

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

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{HJD}