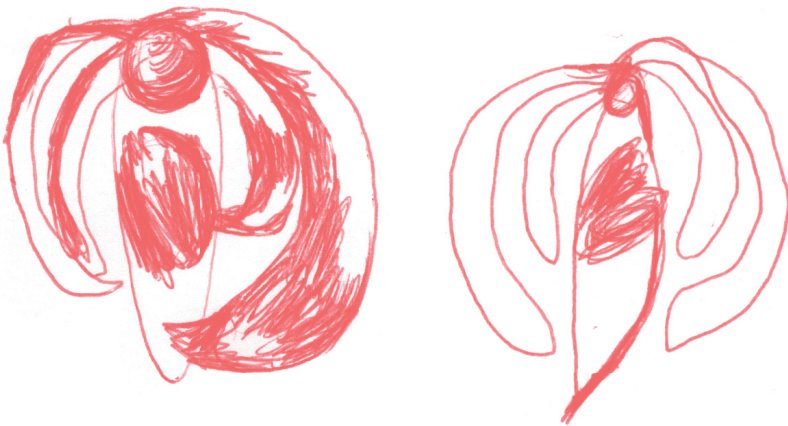


{MJ}



Vignettes

Going solo
Packed my bags and am
Going solo
Keys in ignition
Bike s in the back and I'm
Going solo.

Hit the road 90mph
Heart beats 170rpm
Nothing in front of me
Nothing behind.
Ghosts won't keep me down
Cos I'm
Going solo

Notes to leave
There aren't any
No loved ones left to bury
Turn from what shoulds
To what could
The horizons of yes yes yes
Calling my name cos i'm
going solo.



{ST}



{ST}

VI

19/12/2022

It's weird that we live in weather
 leaves turn to mush
 salt turns to slush
 I eat a dry baked pretzel
 from Sainsbury's

21/01/23

Hope is
 the people fishing
 in Burgess Park
 no matter what the weather

13/03/23

Sitting in the Neukölln Washbox
 drinking basil-seed drink
 its gelatinous black orbs hover in liquid
 it smells like fresh wet clothes
 it's Monday

16/04/23

So many pairs of eyes
 on the full train up to Edinburgh
 watching how each other will
 pass time

14/06/23

Eating figs in the rain
 under a drenched café umbrella
 going to find a pizza
 bubbles collect on puddles
 Nathan is feeding a bird peanuts
 photographing floor confetti

17/06/23

Getting a bus I used to get
 all the time
 listening out for the
 Marquis of Granby Goldsmiths sound
 waiting for Deptford's arrival
 assessing a sense of home

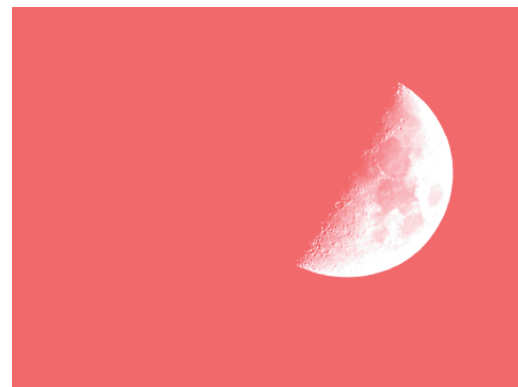
20/06/23

Went for a flat viewing on
 Firpark Terrace
 we saw a single tree on the hill out the living
 room window
 she had finally driven past it the other day
 I can't find the tree anymore

{NM}



{IC}



{ST}

Intimacy

we all crave intimacy but we lose it along the way, the betrayals, the one night stands, the coldness, heartbreak, the helter skelter of modern dating, clinginess, it gets all too much, distance, long distance, bad sex, good sex, the morning coffee, the sleeping badly, too much too soon, a lack of reciprocation, the lies, the cheating, gaslighting, ghosting, grunting, screaming, moaning.

we all crave intimacy but lose parts of ourselves along the way, and some don't want to be hugged, and some can't accept love, and some don't know how to express it, some find god, and some turn away, some find the right person and do the wrong things.

we all crave intimacy but lose pieces of ourselves along the way, some are parched for touch, some of them die from loneliness, some cry themselves to sleep, some weep for the other.

we all crave intimacy and never seem to find it, we hold on too long, the drunken calls, the shameful wanks, the blocking, then deleting, the missed meeting, the rejection, the chase.

we all crave intimacy and never find the way. Some see psychologists, some spill their guts to the pastor, some fast, some can't avoid disaster, some ring their mothers, too many with absent fathers, some see ghosts, some fuck to forget, some cum in an instant, some miss the boat, some think of someone else while there, sometimes it's bad timing, some wish for something anything else.

we all crave intimacy and lose touch along the line. some kill themselves, some drink to forget, some take pills to numb the chemicals, some don't get out of bed, some sack it all off, some delete the dating apps, some can't get out there own heads, some keep fucking as a hobby, some count numbers others the clock, some lay down threats, some just want love, some want a wife and clean bed, some want to be hosed down, some want to move on.

some stay virgins, others can't get any, some take vows, others get divorced, some runaway at the altar, others grow old together, some hold hands, others just hold on, some kiss and tell, some are going straight to hell, some do it anywhere, others light candles, we all crave intimacy but the meaning is lost along the way.

some like a hand around the throat, others were beaten before, some like the hardness, others like it soft, some like kink others prefer vanilla, some cheat, others stay loyal, some keep it open and others want it all, some do right by themselves, others destroy themselves, we all crave intimacy but we were hurt and keep the deepest parts of ourselves hidden away.

some have kids, others don't see the light of day, some hate the light, others like darkness to be led astray, some can feel it when it's right, others say instinct is the surest sign of fate, some don't know a good thing when it hits them in the face, we all crave intimacy but there's 8 billion people in the world and it takes courage to tell the truth.

sometimes I find myself, mostly I forget, what lasts has meaning, we all crave intimacy and we forget to save a part of ourselves for ourselves.

{AP}

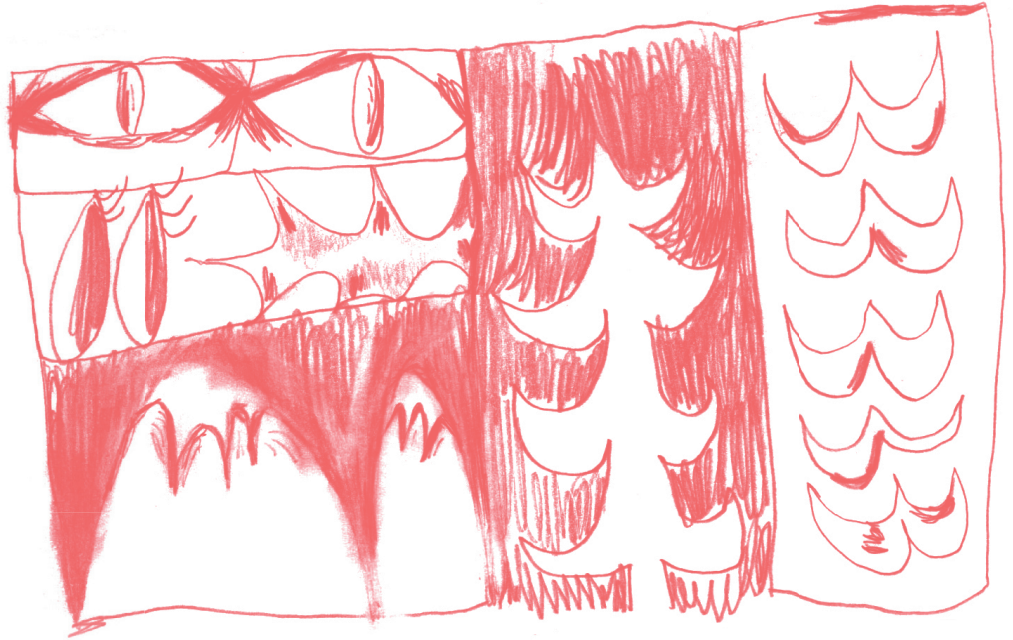
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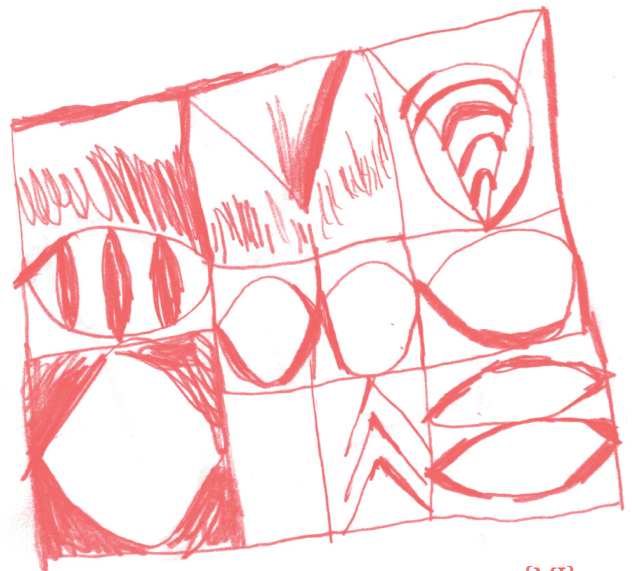
RING NECKED P.
CPSITTACULA KRAM
SEEN IN NEWMAN
23.06.23

{HJD}



Remove this label before use.

{DME}



{MJ}

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