



of nouveau, of novelty
no nouveau, no novelty

the eye of beauty is beholden.
what is our duty but to ourselves.

I've immersed myself in the
bubble of nouveau, of novelty

too long. luck's run out.
my song vibrates these bones
but I'm shaking with it.

and I haven't finished writing
all the lines, I fear that my
fears will be fulfilled.

chase highs, question faces
and fight myself. between

my need for space and peace
and quiet and time and
emptiness

and the other rush to be
in the scene. drugs, drink,
women, conversation,
novelty, friends only by
association, half of it makes
me sick.

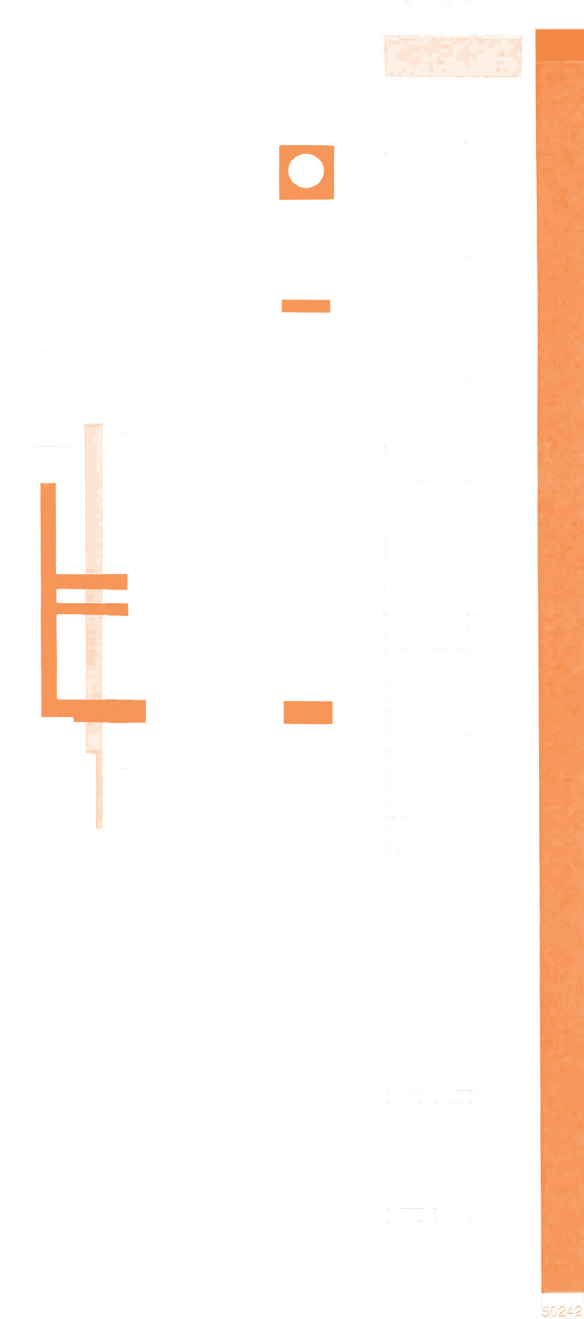
now it's time to retire.
you'll find me in the sticks.
you'll do well to hold me.

of my, of mine, my mind
seeks old patterns and
old people and old friends

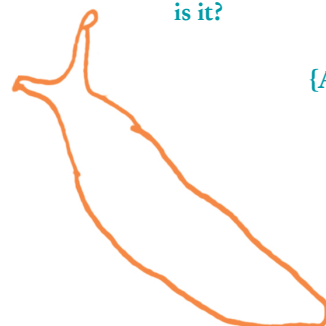
that Lennon Drive feeling
of safety without some
reckoning.

is it?

{AP}



{OB}







{IC}



{DME}

GLASGOW



{CK}

Is it?

it's not as simple as
for better or worse
is it?

{AP}

Contributors

- Oliver Burton
- Inês Cavaco
- Hayley Jane Dawson
- Christina Kolaiti
- David McQueen Emmerson
- Aqeel Parvez



Lines Indent

never looked back
in time

nervously
confessed

the cracked, red raw
in white fluorescence.

fleeting early months

the busy, sunny days,
warm and wakeful

clicking together.
breezing through daytime

dim lit

in the summer sunshine

{CK}



{HJD}