

The Paper

ROZIG COUNT:

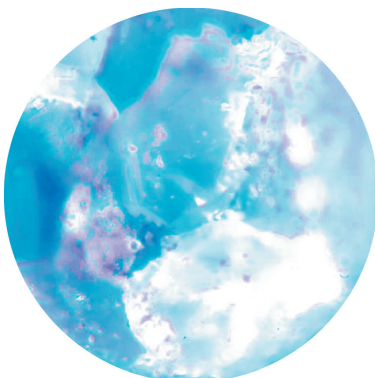


{AS}

Formation of Cave Pearls

Limestone carries with it seams of crystalline calcite. It lays embedded in the rock, weaving its silver veins through submergent land. Acidic rainfall permeates the skin of the rockface, cutting out cave and cavern. It winds along the seams, disturbing and dissolving calcite from its fossilised sleep and leaving behind hollow passages. The now calcite heavy rainwater continues to follow gravity along the rock strata in search of release. Seeping from the ceiling, its drips are steady and consistent, pushing down against the cave floor. A puddle-sized lake forms at the surface. The stalagmite cannot grow upwards from the wet ground so instead, the calcite droplets gather. In spherical form, they begin to solidify. Concentric rings encircling an inner nucleus, rotating in the current and smoothing their surfaces. Growing uninterrupted, cave pearls line the floors of waterlogged caves. Clustered bodies moving synchronised in their pools.

{KH}



rozig donchodag



rozig wourdag



rozig mazdag

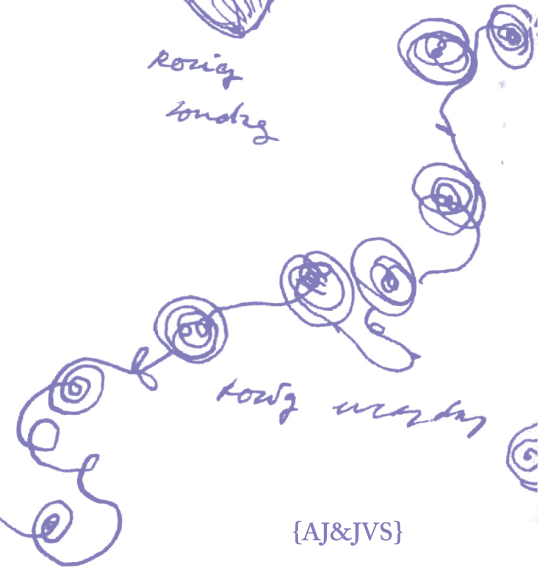
rozig donchodag



rozig dondag



rozig wendag



rozig mazdag

{AJ&JVS}

The Plant Keeps Me Awake

Water her every two weeks starting next week
 next Wednesday
 Fill the kitchen sink with water
 take the pot, the plant and the plate
 from the window to the kitchen
 Put the plant in the pot in the water
 leave her there for about three hours
 Listen to the rain
 Picture her mouth
 Drain the sink
 let her rest for an hour
 Put the plant back on the plate
 the plate on the sill



{AS}

we are stoned immaculate

born to live raised to suffer
ragged sudden slow out here
out here the spitting corridors splitting
single mums with mirrors for friends
counting spare change in supermarkets out here
outside labourers climbing ladders shouting
incoherently over old school rnb on the radio
ripped shirts cracks hanging out the back out here

waiters waiting around then
running riotous with ungrateful patrons
but cracking jokes in three languages
to pass time out here

out here the offices offices offices
hunched over hostage minds
off hours hunting thrills or quick fix

sadness like a shot fighter
falling down one last time
in front of the world

out here it's heartless these days
effortless reign our strength is a private
wordless order where we own time

out here waiting like a laughing stock
backstage shitting bricks
life death languid
doesn't have to become a dull lull

passionate pursuit invites consequence

out here we might pull up a seat at the table
as they sip expensive wine
and it's loud wild intoxication

a luscious maze of wanting
we're sick of running circles out here
to quiet mad misery minds

out here we question ourselves
can we find progress and contentment
when it has become shipped and
packaged and marketed and sold

and yes kindness still touches our souls
gently like feathered wings and lifts us
above ourselves we smile at death

{AP}

Before Glasgow, a fire.

Gorse runs, a fire lining tracks,
forged hot against stone.
Sheep wool in knots
catch on outcrops
jagged, hills dipping then rising
olive, mauve, to silver.

Grey pointed houses construct themselves
from nowhere,
before a city of Mackintosh comes,
steeple and glass panes
connected by bracing cold.
An utterance unlike my own.

I have to listen, carefully,
to this harsher, older tongue -
but it gives this body reference,
gives my thinking a channel
to where it began,

my father's name a starting point,
running down its rivers to meet the mouth,
of a sea of a fisherman
who would row - Scotland to Ireland -
and bring with them this wilderness and
fire, for another.

{LRC}



{LL}

O

Oysters close their lids at night,
and I close mine. Tongues loose; how
long is the tide?
Oysters open wide at night,
swell with salt and always generous,
hold your flesh,
sigh.

{IL}

From the train to Carlisle, watch

Pine trees stand arm in arm,
then emptiness.
Pine trees again.

Continuing too quickly,
heather and hares blur with lambs and bothy -
remember when we watched a ewe nurse her
children, an afterbirth hung loose.

To think of motherhood and cradling, of man-
gers and shelter,
and see no houses,
rivers undisturbed.

The carriage slows, better for viewing,
and we are consumed by the vastness of it all,
note a longing for touch,

burning,
as peat beyond the window simmers,
earth's heat taking to cooling air.

Splintered wood pickets
outline these grounds -
the land feels its own undoing.

too early to tell

she left two days ago

citing ambition

i turned away turned off

that's Christmas alone then

I broke it down but

couldn't catch a break

episodes of Seinfeld to avoid feeling alone

voices in the room now

characters that could be friends

no sense here too early to tell

time and wine are old tricks

learning to be alone again

THINGS WE DID EAT
UNEXPECTEDLY



TANTRUM
DONUT(S)



VEGGIE
PIE



CHEESE
SCONE



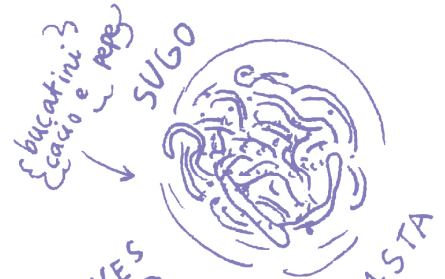
CARAMEL
WAFFER



TEA CAKE



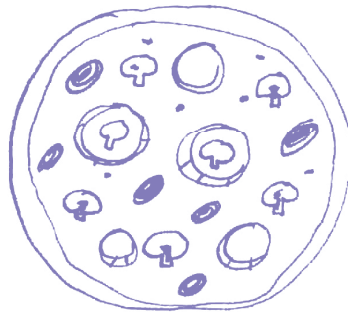
"SICHUAN"
CHILI
NOODLES



bucatini +
sugo +
pepp
OLIVES

PASTA

{LRC}



LAMNASH BAY HOTEL
PIZZA



PATES +
POACHED
IN EARL GREY
(HELLO!)



BURRITO

{AJ&JVS}

Stone Fruit

Today I called him a peach galette
'Are you there, my peach galette?'
I said, you know
Hours pass
Are you alive? I say
Or have you turned to stone?
Perhaps a plant?
And who shall water thee?
Later he says he is a burrito
Trying to be a peach
In a pit



{AS}

CHIAROSURO

Chiascuro is not
'Male' and 'female' frogs
The shadow is cool and it is not
Unlit. The arms on these fossils
Are elbow-y. My elbow
Is not understandable. And blue
Is not okay, it's
Not ugly and that's a problem
For everyone.

{ML}



Contributors

- Lotte Brown
Lucy Rose Cunningham
Hayley Jane Dawson
Mark Fisher
Izzy Langhamer
Macsen Lowry
Kate Hilferty
Aqeel Parvez
Aaron Shive
Paige Silverman
Aike Jansen & Jip Van Steenis
Sticky Fingers Publishing

A Letter to Glasgow from a Visitor in Marseille

{HD}

Dear friend,

Before I came to Marseille, someone told me that the wind here could be so overwhelming that it could drive people to do absurd and sometimes violent things. That according to the law, people who were possessed by the wind were not even responsible for their own actions. I haven't been blown around since I've been here but I did get a sunburn and my psoriasis has spread. It's not really the same thing at all though, is it?

When I first got here, I noticed this old man climbing these steps that stretch between the underground metro and St Charles De Gare, the city's central train station. These steps are quite long and deeply set—about a meter or two below the escalators that flank the concrete stair on either side. They are a layer unto themselves, separate from up and down, over-ground and underground.

I watched this man struggle to walk up them, sunken below me as I rose steadily on the escalator. When he made it to the landing he hunched over and clutched the cross hanging on his gold necklace. I wanted to ask if he needed help but my french is not very good and then abruptly he turned and started making his way down again. I've watched him now several times, on several different days. He is constantly on the verge of collapse, but he won't stop. He could be exercising or maybe practicing some form of penance, but I really wish I spoke better french so I could ask.

I thought a lot about how I would enter this city, but not a lot about how I would exit it. I was prepared to be whipped around by the wind but instead I have found myself moving back and forth in tunnels. I wanted to write you before I got home so you could know what it was like for the six weeks I was here, before its gets cloudy. I miss you and I will see you very soon.

With love from Marseille

{PS}

{SFP}

