

# The Paper



MICHELANGELO (1475-1564), NATIONAL GALLERY, CARD No. 1021  
The Entombment (unfinished) (790) Panel, 1.617 x 1.499 m

I pick up your hand from the table. It is cold today. I kiss your wrist, hold my mouth there and pass some warmth. I won't lick you. When I kneel beside your chair will you know what I want? Can I lead you towards this unmarked time, to be pressed against it? Do these tensions boil over through nightly prayer? As my mouth warms your wrist you recoil a little, catch your eye, snagged on mine. I release your hand. You waver, drop a little and press it back. Invitation stalls me, ferocious, slow moving.

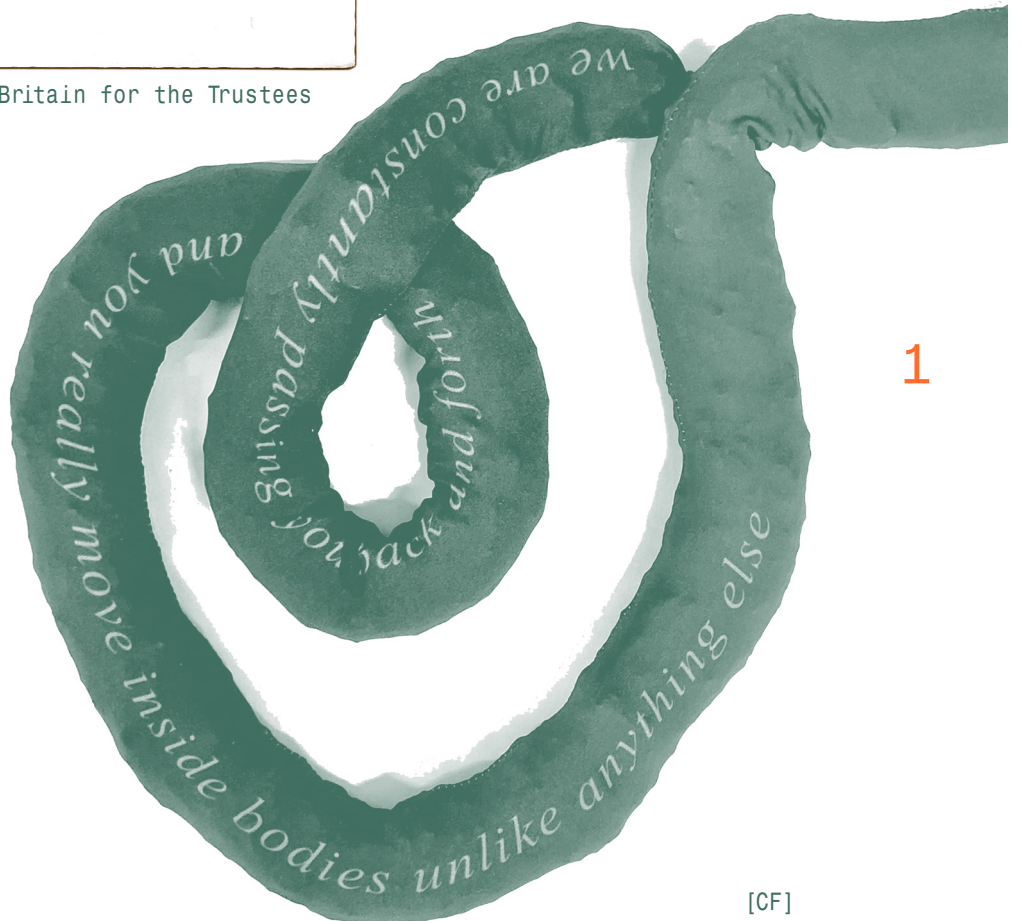
[S.S.W]

[HM]

Printed in Great Britain for the Trustees



[DC]



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[CF]

## Unusual Weather

With bubbly hands, I look down at the close  
Around three  
On a cut-blue Sunday  
Confused with the odd snowdrift

Washing lines hang still  
Dollhouse red and blue jackets  
Joined by clusters of upended  
Plastic chairs  
An empty bedsheet den  
Calm in the windbreak

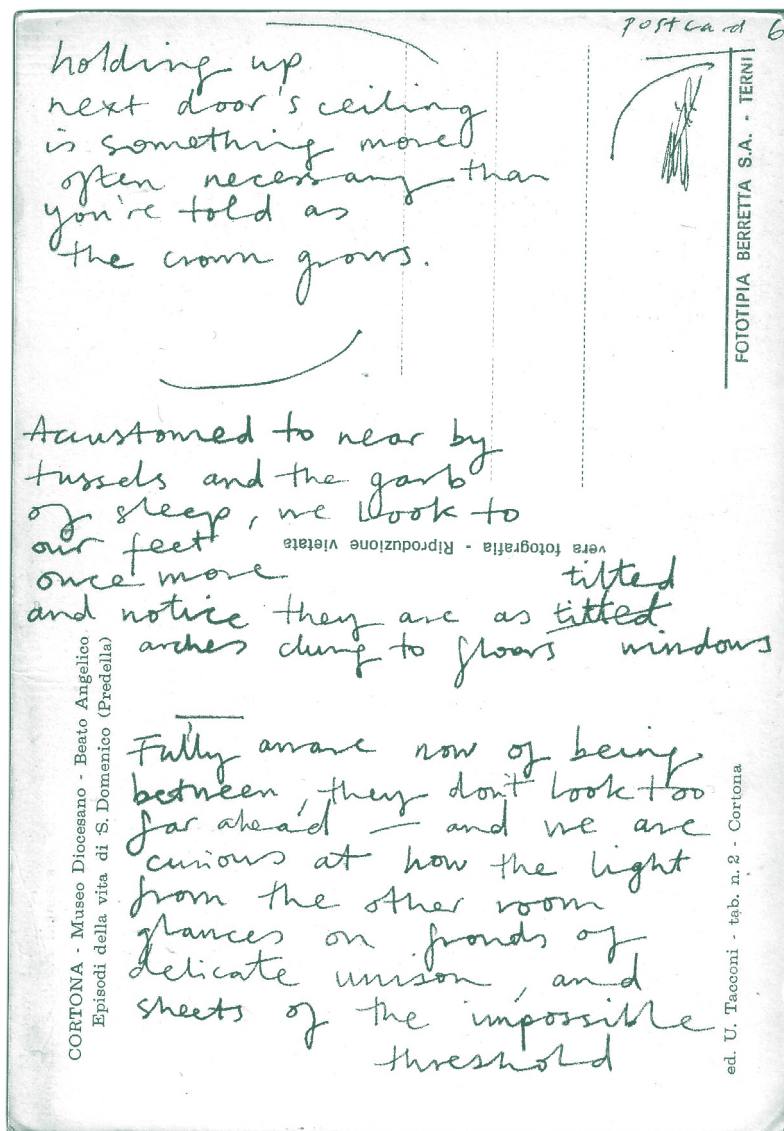
This scene is likely the echo  
Of a recent playtime  
Not quite ended  
Soon to restart  
The close anticipates  
Like the end of an out breath

Cries of children  
Will pinball upwards  
Between five stories of red brick  
And into the sky

Meanwhile, I finish washing up  
Sweating through memories of you  
They imprint my skin  
As if you were near

Then fade  
Because you are not here

[RL]



[HM]



## *Gin*

if you leave frozen vegetables out of the freezer for too long  
they will melt. if you walk into the water with your clothes on  
you will get cold. if you steal a bottle of gin from the supermarket and  
wake up with no memory of Anything, you can choose to  
believe whatever you like.

the truth will steal your tobacco and poison your cat.  
it is not your friend. the truth will appear early in the morning when you wake up  
too soon and try to go back to sleep. it will be  
wearing a beautiful dress  
dancing around the room in such a way that you have to try really hard to ignore it.  
it will open the blinds and you will see orange behind your eyelids, and squeeze them  
shut tight, for fear you'll let the light in.

you find yourself in fights you didn't start. you find yourself lighting fires  
in the middle of the road in the middle of the night. you find yourself writing on walls  
with hands you do not recognise.  
you tell yourself stories to fall asleep at night. you practise levitation.  
you are looking in your bag to find something that you think you lost, but  
you forgot what it is. you decide  
you do not like the taste of gin.

one night you forget to close the blinds.  
you wake up, and your room is full of sun.  
everything is exactly where you left it.

[KP]



Rolled out of my house from across my bed. Slow rising lumps scratched, pink, hot, marks the path after travel. Low risk becomes over exposed. Bicker and pull and stretch the bow — what might? It is severed, severely elsewhere as time restricts tenderness despite the signs: the sun, my body. Instead, just take this partial nudity.

[S.S.W]



[IN]



[ER]

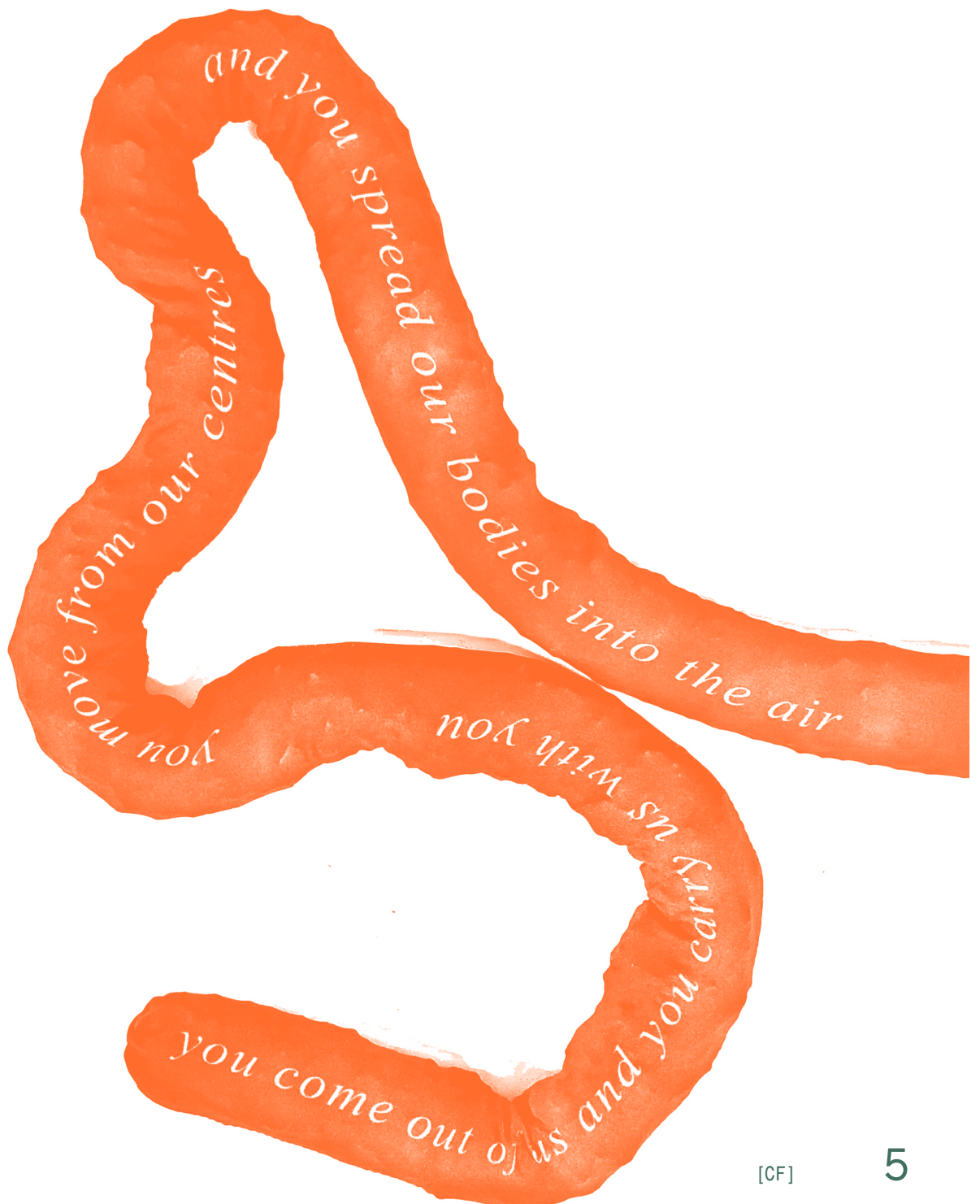




## *Birdwatching in Cornwall*

After the strawberry moon  
All felt lost  
Next morning  
I looked up at the wing road  
To see crow swerve from path  
Small chunk missing in feathers  
Round as child's bite mark  
Does it make flight slow?  
If so, mark me grateful  
Could have missed the moment

[RL]



[CF]

# THE SECRET LANGUAGE OF BASKETMAKERS.

Learn to talk like your favourite celebrity basketmaker with this free basketmaker's dictionary.  
With NEW updated phases, *weaving* your way into the conversation has never been easier!



## Soaking

Adding water to a withy to make it flexible.

*"Let's get **soaking** tonight babe."*

*"We were **soaked** last night; I've not had a night like that in ages!"*

## Over soaked/under-soaked

When a withy has been in water too long and becomes slimy / when a withy is brittle and needs more water.

*"I know he was **oversoaked** but that's no excuse."*

*"The party was a bit **undersoaked**, so I left."*

## Mellowing

Allowing a soaked rod to breathe for a period after soaking.

*"I just need some time to **mellow** after all that soaking."*

## Laying a border

Finishing the top of a basket by adding a decorative border.

*"He was really good looking but the fact he can make baskets really*

***laid the border** for me."*

## Slyping / staking

Cutting the end of a withy at an angle and wedging it into a gap.

*"Sandra totally **slyped** into my DM's last night."*

*"Johnny is so annoying, he kept **staking** himself into our conversation!"*

## By-staking

The process of slyping two withies either side of a base rod.

*"The train was so busy today, I felt completely **by-staked**!"*

## Pricking up

Using a sharp knife to fold a withy upwards.

*"If he doesn't start **pricking up** you should dump him."*

## Hooping

A hoop prevents side stakes from falling and adds shape to a basket.

*"Those boys need **hooping** or things will get out of control."*

## Picking off

Clipping away the loose ends of the basket.

*"Things would be so much simpler if i just started **picking off**."*

*"There is too much baggage in my life."*

## Pairing / putting on a pair

A starter weave- 2 rods woven around each other. Used in making circular bases.

*"I never thought we would **put on a pair** after that disastrous*

*first date. You seem to be **pairing** well."*

## Waling

A strong weave that fixes stakes into position.

*"He will do anything for her, he's completely **waled**."*

*"That cult is **waling** Sandra into doing crazy things."*

## Fitch, fitching, fitched

A weave to hold open gaps in a basket.

*"She told me that she was feeling sick, but we all knew she was out last night. She is so **fitched** sometimes."*

*"His shirt was so **fitched**, I could see his nipples!"*

## French Randing

A uniform rand where all rods are woven at the same time.

*"We just had a great connection, we were totally **french randing**!"*

## Slewing

A basic filler rand with two or more withies woven continuously.

*"I fell asleep because Jeremy wouldn't stop **slewing** about baskets."*

## Butt / Tip

The thick end of the willow / thin end of the willow

*"Do these jeans make me look fat?" "No way they make you look **butt**." "Oh thank you!"*

*"Yeah, I'm a **tip**, but it's natural. I just have a really high metabolism."*

[LP]

## 42 Ripon Drive

Three sparrows  
Bolt past me  
At first light

I stop walking  
The whole street  
chatters

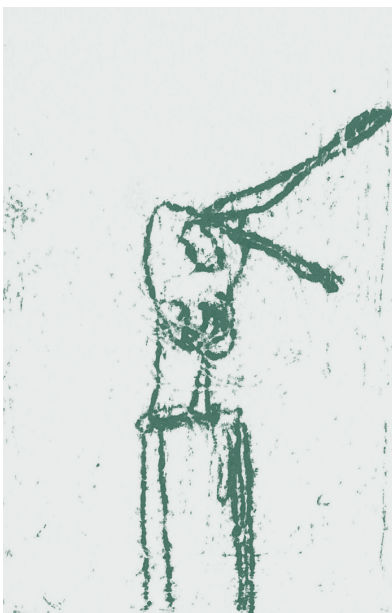
[RL]

## 7

### *Hands*

He places his hand on top of mine. I look down and realise that his hand looks like a claw and feels like a paperweight. Then he pats my hand underneath his twice to let me know his is there. I look at our hands, a pillar of flesh, fleshy stones stacked up on top of each other, our fingers like sausages or large udon noodles. Udon noodles come to mind because his hand is sweaty. I remember a ride I enjoyed at Disneyland, when my dad's hands were as sweaty as his brow. My dad doesn't like heights or moving too fast, he likes his feet 'firmly planted on the ground.' *Normally*, when greeting someone it is polite to shake hands, historically this to signal that you were no threat, and that your hands were not concealing any weapons. Nowadays, the only weapon we regularly conceal in our hands is our mobile phone. At once, benign and deadly in their ability to maim. My mum used to tell me when I was in primary school to remember the old truism: 'sticks and stones may break my bones, but words will never hurt me.' I believe that now even less than I did then. I look down and realise he has removed his hand from mine, looking at me impatiently for an answer to a question I have not been listening to. Now I am left wondering if my silence is more hurtful than an accidental sentence full of inconsequential words.

[RB]



[DC]

How To Make

# The Paper:

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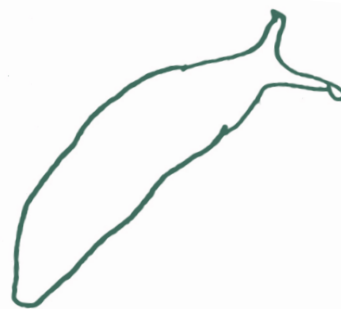
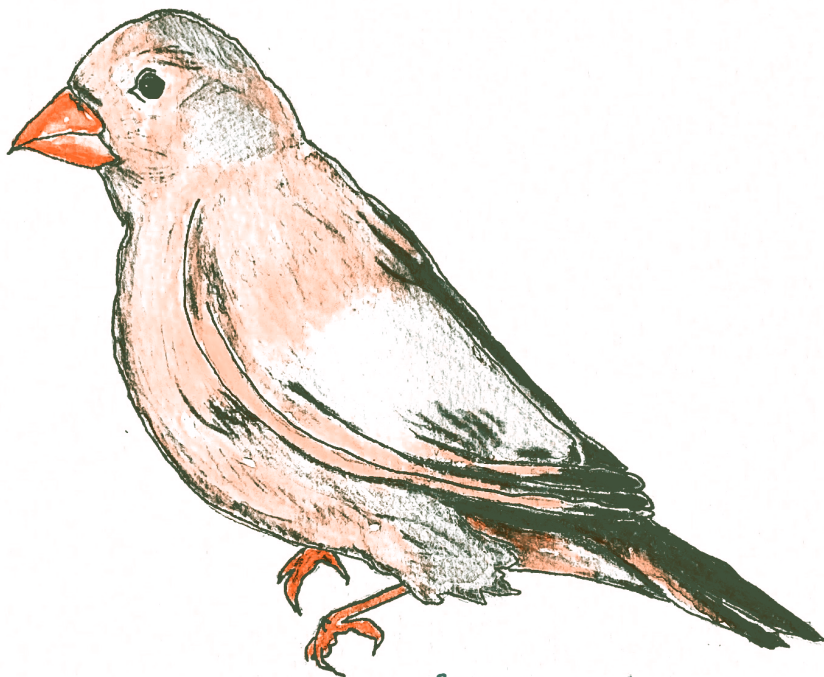
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## Contributors

- Rachel Brooks
- Daisy Culmer
- Hayley Jane Dawson
- Cara Farnan
- Ruby Lawrence
- Hannah Machover
- Isobel Neviazsky
- Kathy Pendrill
- Lewis Prosser
- Élise Rigollet
- S.S. Whetton
- Garry Young



GREENFINCH (CARDUELLIS CHLORIS)  
 SEEN AT THE RAILWAY BRIDGE,  
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