



Like Leather

Your skin is thick like leather
 Warming, when you hold me in your arms
 Melting into you, I feel myself
 Thawing, trance like
 In serenity.
 I find myself falling into you,
 Waning, wavering, wanting,
 Haphazardly choking on my words
 That are crushing me.
 Others have held my hand
 Their palms wet with promises
 Are recited religiously to cheering crowds
 A fervour so red hot
 But leaves me blue.
 Muddled trickery does not make me melt
 It leaves me stone cold, like green gold.
 I am icy smooth, my skin so thin
 And I run back to you.
 Shield me in your skin, thick like leather.

{SE}



{WI}



Growing Pains

i want to wrap your arms around me and cry like a baby.
 it is not enough to lie next to your shadow,
 can i sleep inside you?
 and press my face up against your skin,
 stretch out your ribcage to make myself a cradle
 your heart can be my pillow.
 will you rock me to sleep as you toss and turn at night?
 and will i finally have returned to my mothers womb?

{MB}

WHACK



{DME}

Play Acting

Rubbish accumulates outside my apartment. Round the corner from the bins. Frustratingly close. The other day. Letters from a by gone era in the snow. How poetic. white on white. like fallen leaves your old addresses. The bin men have to pick it up even though it's not in the designated area. I hear the junkies at night sometimes wailing like foxes having sex. Shriek in the dead of night. I think it's them that leaves the rubbish in the bags by the entrance. Noodles and a folk. As if you want to eat off the pavement. As if you want it off the pavement. Pavement blues. Grit salt round the rim of your tequila. Vodka on ice. Slush. Then there's the beggar outside REMA but thats another story. Pant donation and I'm not talking about trousers.

When I go back I notice JUST HOW MUCH rubbish is in the streets and in the park. Is it austerity not enough money to pay the street sweepers or is it just the way it's always been. Impossible to know really. What biodiversity with your astroturf lawn. We try to not separate the classes by gardens but it's impossible. Skateboarder on gardeners world with an outdoor bath. It's cleaner than your indoor one Jude. There's no hope for the insects in suburbia. There's no hope for the word suburbia in suburbia. I'm hopeful though. Nice view of the reservoir but the football club might expand if it goes up a league which will have adverse effect on house prices so you support them in the hope of relegation.

Avocado on dry crisp bread. Anchovies on top. Smuggled through customs. When I go back and then come back again it leaves a bunch of questions in the air like if you don't belong there any more but still don't really feel settled here then where the fuck s ya head at? The alarm that stops the cats from shitting in the garden goes right through me. I'm that sensitive. Mud on the shoes in an otherwise pristine hallway. Doing the 'big shop' for a family of one. Ok two with the cat. It's a tradition and must be obeyed. I guess I might do a big shop too if I had a car. Real adults own cars and the rest of us are just play acting.

{RC}

{TL}





{IC}



CANADA GOOSE
(BRANTA CANADENSIS)
SEEN IN HERDEN
BRIDGE 13.03.23.

{HJD}

postworks

is a new snail mail art project by ISOBEL NEVIAZSKY (aka @badsauna)

You CAN subscribe for as little as £2 a month for an artwork delivered to your door (this fee covers P&P and some printing/making costs)

Leftovers ^{of previous installments} may be available from GOOD PRESS whilst stocks last

FOR MORE INFO GO TO BADSAUNA ON INSTA



GREAT SPOTTED WOODPECKER (DENDROCOEPOS MAJOR) SEEN AT POLLOK PARK 09.04.23

{HJD}

{IN}

Contributors

- Matilda Branley
- Robert Carter
- Inês Cavaco
- Seraphina Edelmann
- Hayley Jane Dawson
- Wild Iris
- Tess Little
- David McQueen Emmerson
- Isobel Neviazsky



{DME}

