









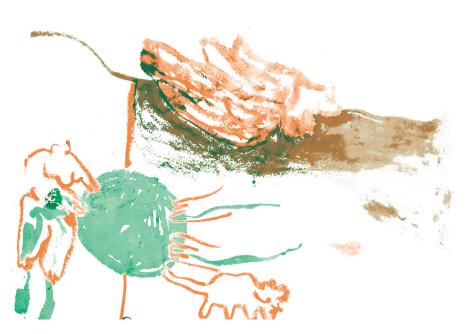




Like Leather

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?





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.

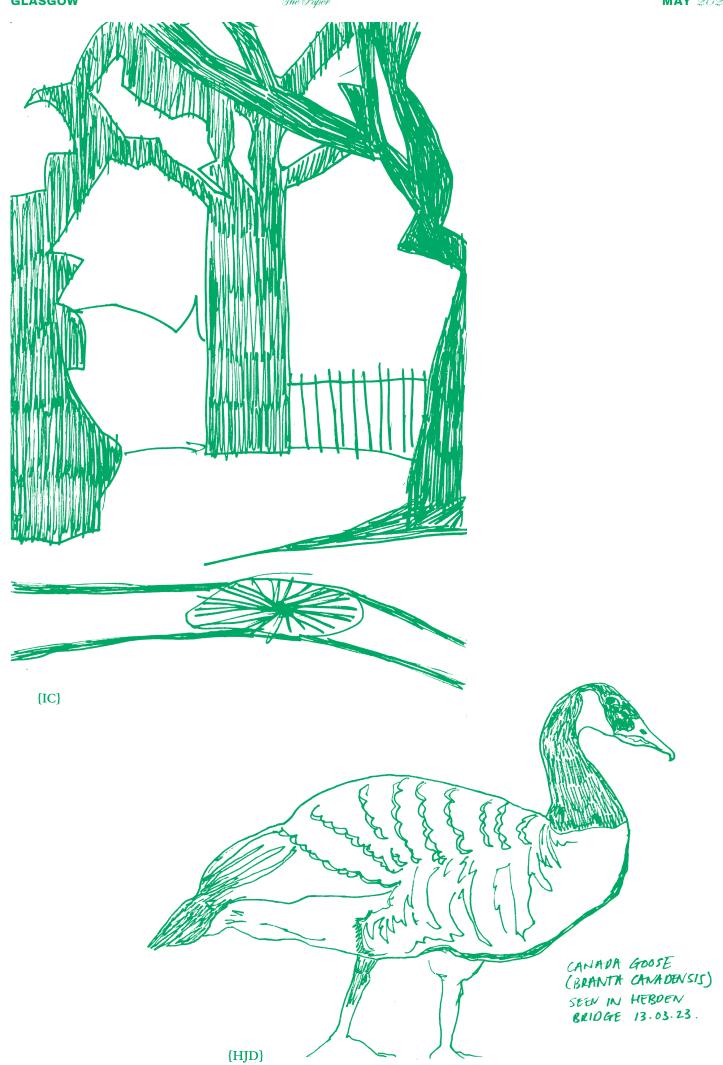
When I go back I notice JUST HOW MUCH rubbish is in the streets and in the park. Is it austerity not enough money to pay the street sweepers or is it just the way it's always been. Impossible to know really. What biodiversity with your astroturf lawn. We try to not separate the classes by gardens but 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}





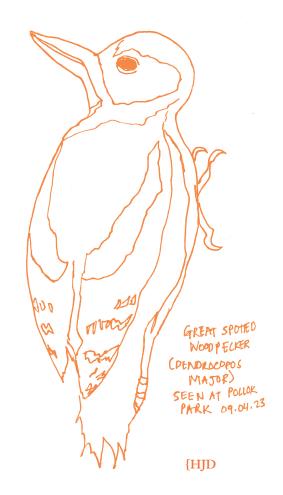
postworks

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{IN}

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