



Lion's Footnote

{OC}

Post It

I no longer feel the fervour from my mane of flames
My knight is back in orbit, for the radiant close
There is around me flights of soot, and tenement technology.
Now Androcles is approaching with a leash; I'm leaving
My forelocks and cannonball stay rain-soaked,
The mouse was in fact my older brother

{OC}

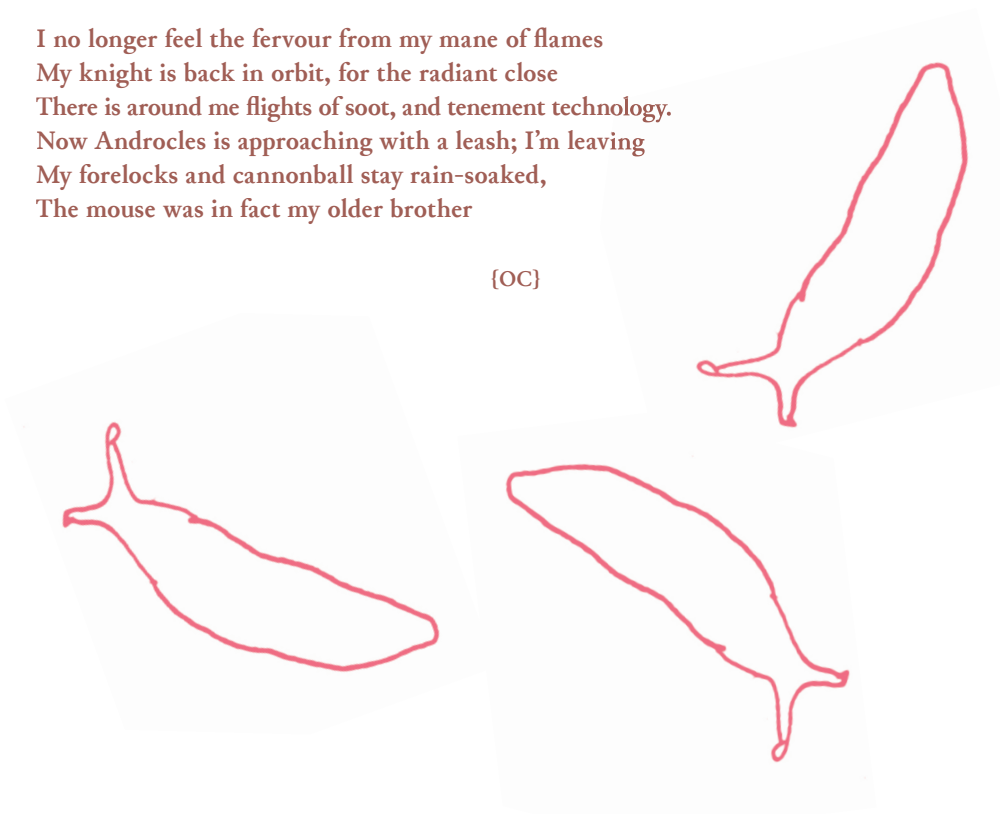
Someone stuck a post-it note in my head when I was younger; they ripped it to pieces and put all the fragments into my food. I've been trying to tell someone I have a post-it note in my head but anytime I have a scan, they don't believe me; the writing has shrivelled, the ink has bled out and all that remains are paper cuts on my brain.

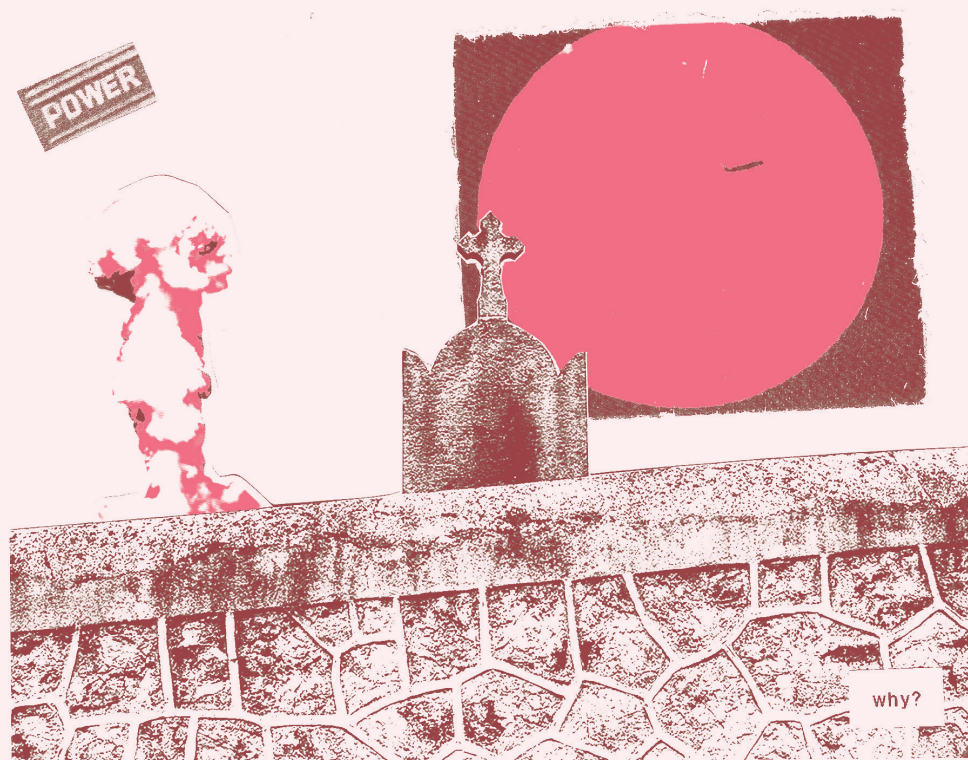
{JN}

How are you?

bananas
eaten
sometimes smashed
in yoghurt

{LB}





{DME}

Libra Sun Pisces Moon

full of saffron & calm machinery agreeing upon fugue trajectories unbroken one at a time we become betrayed
 wind weighing evicted mountains
 one at a time you see your cusped sign in edible sips of calm broken
 one at a time, in fine forbidden coaxing we break in and all cities cry mist missing acetic definitions escaping
 sips of rush hour water unsayable in unsayable air asking beginning flowers delineating
 you taste one brimming capful one pause at a time preening something all background all noise all glitching
 divine accident tasting polyaxial sweetness, imitate me in idiot shapes in lens flare failure full of leaving enough
 day is enough night growing idiot sums resplendent in their going back through evicted gardens full of saffron
 cities built on sour ground in edible sips betraying the wind the broken world has my head with it, I come to
 you to tell you your eyes all broken all at once going pause
 one taste at a time broken fine delineating something through the splay enough rain makes all streets one street,
 the end of the day is night &
 the definition quickens slow like the stone on my head glitching calm machinery upon something forbidden,
 but you I love only, first there is the mountain
 then there is no mountain and then there is
 seeing the water in your eyes
 broken fine drops delineating humming canticle splay, agonal,
 see the boy I have been
 in sips of eggs full of saffron cities
 going pause in the almost sun
 cramping my taste
 one sour ground at a time

{TB}

Things i still tell you

a painting of two peaches
 one rotten one glowing
 synthesizer Beatles playing
 in front of another
 overpriced cathedral
 a giant with one hand
 cut off
 thrown into a river
 hares and rabbits hanging
 upside down
 above a wooden table
 that may or may not
 be alive
 a woman saying that
 if there's time left
 we will end it
 here

{LB}

Contributors

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