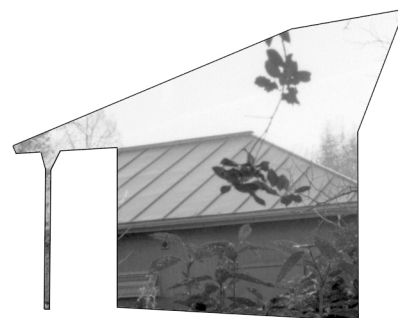


The Paper

Remember the dog rose

Remember
 that large dog rose right next to the scrapyard?
 (the scrapyard is gone now)
 where we used to pick rose hip in autumn
 red and shiny on the outside
 pale yellow itching seeds inside.
 My mother always cooked jam from it.
 (it tasted horrible)
 Remember it now?



They've just cut it down two days ago.
 Cut it down to the roots.
 (which they've dug out as well)
 Nothing is left from it.
 NOTHING!
 Only a pile of fresh earth
 and some flower petals
 scattered on the ground.



What is there to say?
 Will we be cut down like the dog rose one day?
 (I guess we will)
 Dug out with the root and burned to ashes
 until nothing is left.
 (not even flower petals but maybe a pile of dirt)

Nevertheless
 there will always be rose hip jam in winter
 somewhere sometime.

{TP}



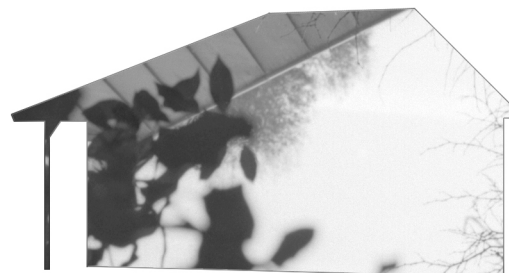
SHOPPING LIST POEM

Avocado
 Eggs
 Soup
 Nuts
 Juice

In my arms at night

Adoring you.

{HV}



{MN}

From my mouth

The feeling of heat on my skin is what I try to remember. Slow movements and trickling tickling sweat. The sensation of wearing nothing yet somehow still too much. It was summer, once. Two months ago, two years ago.

How sweet it tasted, the summer. The juices of tomatoes in the bottom of the bowl. Oil balsamic burrata salt pepper bits of basil, all mixed up. To dip your bread in, to finish the meal, before slipping one more spaghetti from the pan in your mouth.

How sweet it tastes. Memories of the terrace: red tablecloth, mismatched glasses, red wine and jugs of ice cold water. A large pan as the centrepiece, overflowing. Pasta oil lemon zest and parmesan, from the pan to a plate to my mouth to your mouth.

I don't want to be friends

{AM}

If I know you
I want to
fuck you
and fuck you
and fuck you
and fuck you.



{FO'K}



{AF}

FEATHER IN NETTLES

Feather in nettles

Flower out of reach

On crumpled paper

On sand

Handprint on your face

My handprint on your back sinking in

Holding your heart

A feather in nettles

A flower in my hands.

{HV}



SOFT

Softly staring eyes
 Softly over skin
 Soft soul into soft soul
 Softening
 Softening.

{HV}



{OC}

THE TASK OF UNLOVING

I wish that I was rain
 Perhaps if I could drown the colour
 I wouldn't think of you

But then
 I am rain trying to drown the sea
 Translucent into blue
 And then
 I am you and of you again
 Even when I evaporate
 You are in me
 And I pour everything I am into you again.

{HV}

ONE OF A LOT OF

attempts
 to explain something
 that doesn't reli
 make sense

these are trys better held
 in hands ,
 to see cracks through
 fingers like
 a lip you bit

a cracked and lovely pot
 turned over quite quick, deft,
 ukno
 in your hands or a stranger's kind and
 distant hands,

warm and big and
 arousing to their neighbour

{LF}



My Outsides are Now Your Insides

Julie had recently changed to night shifts in the nursing home. She needed the mornings to drive her mother to bridge and do her shopping. The night shifts suited her better. The nursing home was quiet at night and she wasn't fond of the other members of staff. They were bitchy and cold towards her. Then again Julie didn't like anyone.

The night shifts were a skive unless something went drastically wrong. So she was able to go about her business in peace.

Barry was new to the nursing home. He had arthritis so was unable to live independently. His family couldn't look after him. Before retirement he worked as a dentist. He was a handsome older man with a cultured bookish vibe to him. Barry had a couple of insecurities- his hernia and his erectile dysfunction. He had had his hernia for over 5 years. It was huge and was phallic shaped and bulging out of his stomach. His erectile dysfunction was due to his medication. Barry wasn't getting any so it wasn't the end of the world but he did get lonely.

Julie began to notice Barry and his bookish other-worldly charm. They'd make awkward conversation with each other when she changed his bed. However, one time she noticed Barry was reading *Infinite Jest* by David Foster Wallace.

"I love that book," she said, peeking over at him sheepishly.

"Oh really, I've read it 50 times," Barry replied smugly.

There was no one else in the room and a sudden sexual urge came over Julie. Something so powerful she must act on it. "I need you to fuck me right now!" she demanded.

"Oh well ok," Barry smirked. Barry was already lying down. Julie removed her panties and got on top. She pulled Barry's trousers down and tried to put Barry inside of her but his knob was flaccid. She sighed with frustration. All this adrenaline going to waste.

"Sorry," Barry looked down in shame.

Julie studied Barry's body while she pulled up his jumper and T-Shirt. The softness and hardness of it all. His flabbiness, boniness, doughiness and sharpness. She noticed his hernia.

"What's that?"

"It's a hernia. It's my insides pushing out. It's gross, don't look at it!"

"I want to sit on it," she replied.

"Um...ok!"

Julie slid her wet vagina over his hernia. It filled her vagina completely. She began to bounce. Barry leaned back and closed his eyes.

Julie came.

{HG}

THROWING SHADE

your shadow pointed to
something on the wall
so that you didn't have to stand up

tap lamp
once for ambient
twice for slow jams
three times for a hand-puppet play or
a wave goodbye to your body

you were pointing
at a pretty plastic wrapper
off an orange ;
one of the chosen ones
from bouncy crates of many

{LF}



{SJ}

Chronic Haiku

Fatigue ignores my
visiting hours to make soul-
ache while the sun shines

{OC}

ONE OF A LOT OF

attempts
to explain something
that doesn't reli
make sense

these are trys better held
in hands ,
to see cracks through
fingers like
a lip you bit

a cracked and lovely pot
turned over quite quick, deft,
ukno
in your hands or a stranger's kind and
distant hands,

warm and big and
arousing to their neighbour

{DW}

Contributors

Contributions accepted on a rolling basis, submit before the 20th to feature in the following month issue. Send your words, images and more to: goodpress.thepaper@gmail.com

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TREE SPARROW
(PASSER MONTANUS)
SEEN AT LANGSIDEROAD
09.10.22

{HJD}