

# The Paper

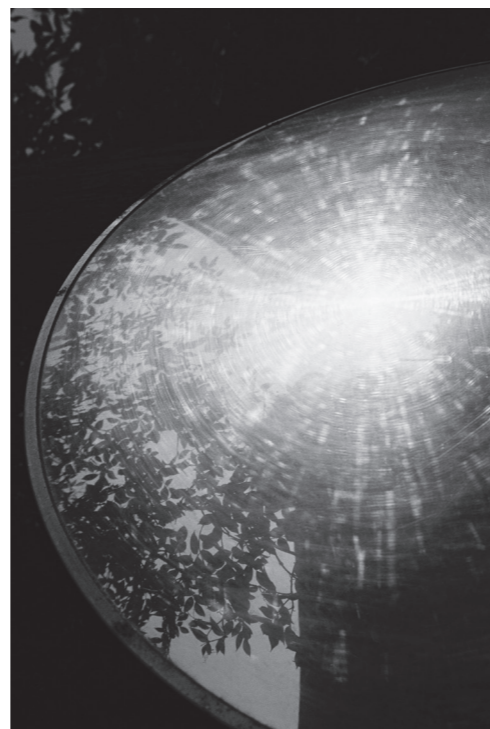


[IN]

## Summer at the Farmers' Market

I parade through the stalls,  
Absorbing the sounds and smells.  
My senses tingle and buzz,  
Summer at the farmers' market  
Is joyful in its abundance.  
The colours are mesmerising.  
Sumptuous, splendid berries,  
Blueberries, strawberries, cherries.  
Soft and tender summer stone fruit,  
Peaches, apricots, nectarines,  
Glowing, juicy and sweet.  
The tomatoes are gleaming,  
The box of varieties so enticing,  
Beef, gold, green and red,  
Perfect on their own or  
In a summer salad.  
Dragon tongue beans sit next to  
The white and purple carrots.  
The yellow and green courgettes shine  
Alongside the long white aubergine.  
The gooseberries, oh the gooseberries!  
The watermelon is shining bright,  
It looks luscious.  
I take my time selecting only the best.  
Inhaling the aroma of summer,  
Dreaming of the dishes I will make,  
To share around the table.  
I walk home with my fruit and vegetable stash.  
Excited to prepare my summer feast.

[SE]



[LP]

[RC]

## Fade

They say as you grow  
things you thought you needed  
will prove you otherwise.  
As they slip from under the veil of necessity  
and fall away in a cascade  
no matter how tight your grip.

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As tethers tear  
you'll realise,  
none of them was a power source.  
Retinas show you the light,  
serotonin keeps you content.  
It all starts with you.  
The only true defeat you'll ever know is when your mortal  
coil delivers  
the final blow.

Make peace with the fact  
that your agony means  
you're still intact.  
You can start anew,  
collecting temporary effects,  
entertaining promises of perpetuity.  
Your TV may come with a 10-year warranty  
but change is the only guarantee.

The details of faces once adored will fade,  
what gave you purpose may lie battered, discarded and useless,  
and perfect moments become perforated with bitterness.  
Look for the torment you'll easily find it, it never dissipates,  
absences  
always resonate.  
Like a car-crash you might find that you just can't look away.  
Like a masochist you can't tune out from the voices telling you  
that  
nothing stayed  
because you made them leave this way.

Time is a construct, not a healer.  
Sickness stems and is cured in the mind.  
We're just animals acting on instinct but it doesn't have to be a  
dog eat  
dog world.  
We can take our failures and losses and see an opportunity for  
growth,  
instead of reprisal.

We can elevate to new worlds and realize that what's in the  
distance  
doesn't need to be out of mind or out of sight.

You get a choice in what you carry: make it light or make it  
heavy just  
leave enough room for love.

the paper

The

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How To Make

*The Paper:*

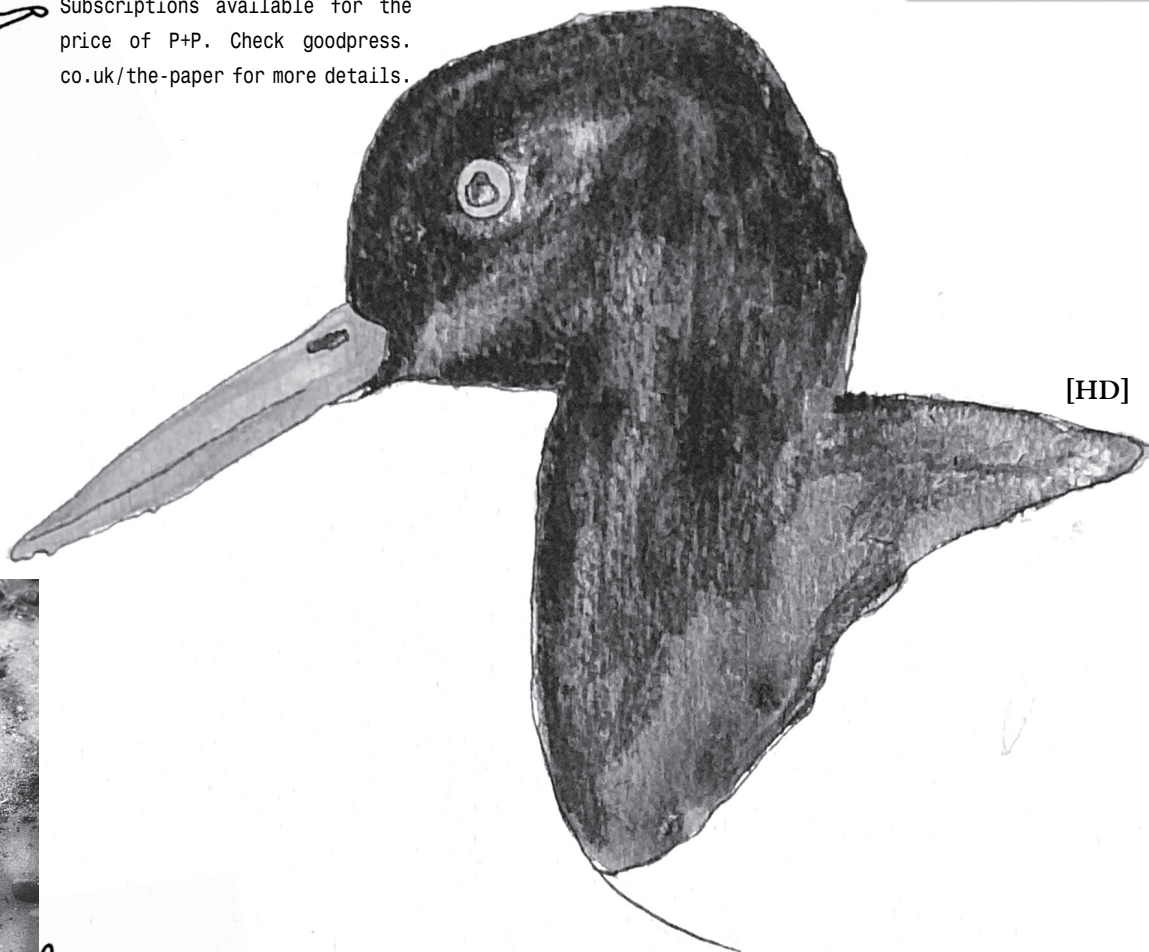
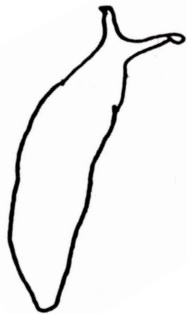
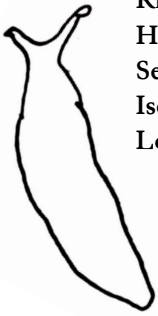
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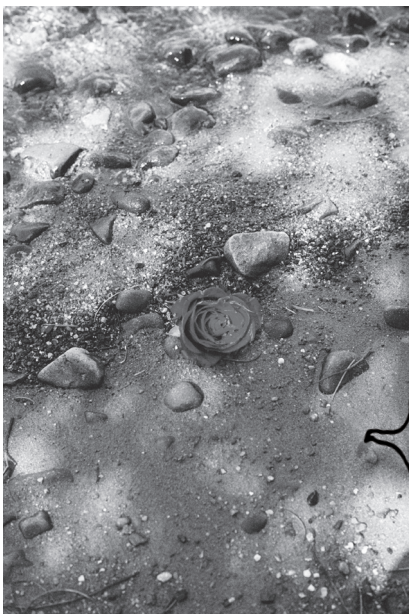
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[HD]



OYSTERCATCHER  
(HAEMATOPUS OSTRALEGUS)  
SEEN ON THE ISLE OF BUTE, 10.08.21