



**issue 3**  
**streetcake**

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apph



where sea meets the see

out-down the singers.

heart-heard

twist-lure i-pain

slavery dancers

singe us sing@ us

in stone-wash graffiti-lick the state

**Queen's Road Peckham**

Dear Bus driver,

The girl in pig tails says she's gonna keep the baby. I try not to listen as her tone wavers between 'definitely' and 'maybe' the father who doesn't want to know will start listening, maybe her mother who no longer thinks soft cheeks mean chastity will ask her back home, her voice pleads past her phone, flows gently through your bus.

The man who looks like he's heard it all before wears overalls, shakes his head sadly, retreats into headphones, begins to nod in agreement with the beat, the dulled throb of drums rises like tired fists towards me, his hands are rougher than any I know.

There's a boy two rows back with fists full of Power Rangers battling the forces of darkness, his mother tells him 'shhhh, calm down', he does for a minute, but war is imminent and the battle cry bellows through your bus.

Together we give this moment content, full stopped by the bus stop, stamped just now, by the bleeps of card readers, enveloped by the engine's drone

You, who ferry us to and fro, who, in this post bag on wheels, will collect and deliver through the winding city, cannot know it all.

we'll get lost - as sure as is the road,  
but I thought, about this, you  
or someone should know.

Yours Sincerely,  
Oyster Card No.  
05307789 37

**The heart does go on, it goes**

the heart goes on  
the heart does go on  
the heart does go

the satisfying click of the tick in the box  
the hammer-beat  
the ready click, tick, the steady beat  
beat, tick, beat, tick, beat

murmur

the heart does go *on*  
the heart does go

O rhapsody, O beauty, O romance  
young and slippy you loved me  
epic and heedless  
loved to madness won't dance again!

colony collapse disorder  
bees are dying of exposure  
a huge clunking fist  
slippery, mucus, full of mutiny

----- internal unity -----

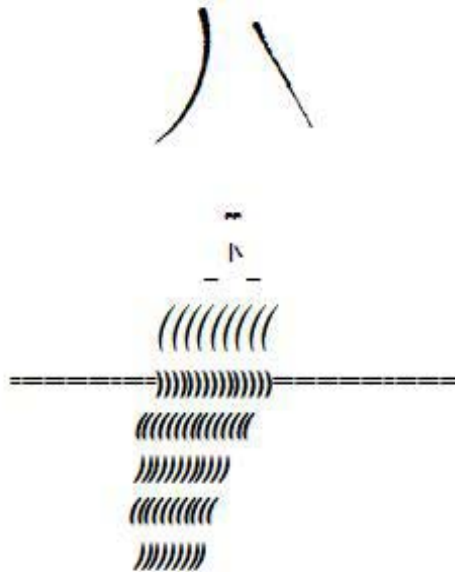
continuance: the heart does go on  
the heart of you  
the heart goes on  
the heart does go  
the heart  
heart does  
heart does  
heart does go

murmur

bypassed

DRUNK DRIVEN

Her father tentatively  
approached the gurney.  
Could tell immediately  
by her hair-  
then the doctor lifted the sheet  
with a gentle tug of his  
hand



Ear Lobe

Round smooth (rin gong  
smolder tune in to

eat breathe sleep (rin gong

hang cling  
teach / open

clean / lightness of flip  
smooth melon swell  
stunt opium  
play with the pregnant  
(rin gong

cling loose  
if you catch the flip  
flat spins  
weight back  
a full spin slow down stop

pop weight cycle  
wheel spun  
child roll

drift wood speak panchaloya  
(rin gong  
sandhana (say: this )

Where are my dreamers?

A man rakes leaves into a young woman,

Bound silently to accomplishments.

All hail the American night,

These monstrous angels run,

An appearance of the devil,

Explosion of birds.

And I came to you,

Androgynous, liquid, happy,

As the drowning man.

Bitter winter blessings,

Clothed in sunlight,

Clustered in watchful terror.

Come disciple

Does the house burn?

So be it.

Drugs, sex, drunkenness

Battle

Earth, air, fire, water.

Everything human

Fence my sacred fire.

I am guide to the labyrinth,

I fear that he's been,

And will not come again.

L'america

It was the greatest night of my life.

Midnight – moment of freedom,

'O god' she cried  
Of the great insane,  
Poet of the call girl storm.  
Rhonda-  
She looked so sad in sleep.  
The day I left the beach  
The diamonds shone  
Like broken glass.  
Grand highway,  
Hour of the wolf,  
Voice of the serpent,  
Velvet fur of religion.

What are you doing here?  
Where are my dreamers?  
And the walls screamed  
Poetry, disease, and sex.

*For Jim Morrison*

## TWO SCENARIOS

### ONE

I walk along a city street. I hear people talk, shout, shriek and whisper. Words and sounds from loudspeakers annoy me. Adverts on billboards, carrier bags, shop signs, shop windows, packages and the sides of lorries implore me. Alternative messages, jokes and signals from T-shirts, tattoos and graffitied walls persuade me. Strangers hand me leaflets, ask for money, insist on selling me things. Newspaper headlines depress me. Notices, posters and street signs advise, direct, inform and prohibit me.

### TWO

I sit in my room, trying to imagine the city. Around me are books, magazines, postcards, labels, lists, messages and reminders. I use words to guide me in the making of this image, constantly asking myself questions: mostly in my head but sometimes – when I get absent-minded or angry or frustrated – out loud. Should it be bigger or smaller? Simpler or more complex? Is that too dark or too light? Could that bit be much clearer? Should I give up and start again? My mind wanders. I remember discussions, quotations, soft words and warnings. I rehearse arguments, phone calls and shopping lists.