

riot angel #2



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MEET THE EDITORIAL BOARD



Patricia McCarthy has self-published three collections of poetry, *Vulgar Verse*, *Friction* and *Mounting The Bedpost*, of which the third is sold at independent bookstores in Ottawa, Canada. She is currently writing her first novel, and was recently interviewed on CKCU Radio in March. Patricia also writes short stories for Man's Story 2 Magazine in Georgia, USA.

Christopher Brooke is a Cardiff-based writer, currently compiling his first, and overdue collection entitled *A History of Running*, edited by Peter Finch; and has just kick-started a 2-year writing project about the Cardiff suburb of Adamsdown, provisionally entitled *Salt*.

Beverley Smith is 27 and lives in Kent where she works as a Personal Advisor to Young Offenders. A recent story was shortlisted for the Canterbury Literature festival competition and another appeared on the Buzzwords website. She is currently working on a novel while studying part-time for a diploma in English Literature and creative writing.

Helen Kitson shares her home in Worcester with a husband, two children, and far too many books. Those who've had the good sense to publish her work include *Oversteps*, home to her latest collection of poetry, 'Tesserae'. Website: www.helenkitson.com.

Michelle Angone lives in Normal, Illinois with her husband, son, two daughters, and puppy. She is a full-time mom and writer, currently working on several projects including a novel. She's still trying to figure out what she wants to be when she grows up. Due to biological time restraints she is open to suggestions.

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Wiggin Out with A-Bomb Ferguson – Maxwell Jay

10:43 p.m. I'd only agreed to come out to Bluesville because of a bet. And only then because we were both drunk and that was only because I bought the booze. I always bought the booze. Now here I am, stinking, outside one of the many 'Whiskey 'n' Ribs' joints; fat houses ubiquitous to this part of the city. I don't think Chaz really knew what he was looking for when he left Reading for the States back in 1990. But his encouraging letter, one of many written on smudged postcards and beer mats over the last thirteen years made me tingle with a faint optimism.

"I've found one of them.

One of the Great-Granddaddies of the Blues.

We've been into the studio and put a few tracks towards an album.

Come to Bluesville, you won't believe it!"

And I must admit I was excited, really excited and happy for Chaz. It only seemed right that fortune should smile upon him; what with all his ex-missus had put him through. She lives just down the road from me with her fourteen year-olds, twin girls, and I often see her down Asda tutting and poking them as they fidget together over the trolley, frantically engaged with texting other fourteen year-olds the length and breadth of Reading. She's done all right for herself, if that's the right expression. Well, she cleaned Chaz out and married a businessman two months later whilst Chaz was kipping in my lounge and screwing my sister, who was also kipping in my lounge because she had separated from her boyfriend of two months. I never heard much kipping going on.

It was always like that with Chaz and me. We had this unconditional friendship thing. If he needed anything he just took it. If I needed anything I could call him after 10:30 p.m. when his missus was asleep and as long as it wasn't anything to do with money it was all right. But I didn't mind. Ever since my folks were eaten by a shark off Cuay Largo ten years ago (perhaps you read about it?) I'd been living off my inheritance money and still am for that matter, so everything's okay. It was hard at the time and I didn't know that sharks actually ate people, but apparently they were just bitten, or 'tasted' as the coroner said. And then they just bled to death, all the way over there off Cuay Largo.

I don't remember Chaz telling me he was leaving, just asking me to drop him off at Gatwick. Chaz wore a strange grimace all the way there. I often feel guilty for laughing so heartily at him as he said "So long", his Dobro slung across his shoulder. I thought he was joking.

The acrid smell of the slimy, cold and fummy neon street shook me cruelly from my nostalgia. Steaming drains belched their sickness into the night. It was late. I'd been into many 'Whiskey 'n' Ribs', none had heard of Chaz's band. I'd had many offers of sex and drugs, but where in fuck's name was

the rock 'n' roll? I just had whiskey 'n' ribs. Along this mile stretch, the name of which Chaz had scribbled onto a crumpled and smudged post-card, there must have been over eighty 'Whiskey 'n' Ribs' places, all fitting the vague description he'd given me. I'd been into about twelve.

For variety, I forked out twenty dollars for a head-job down the side of a whiskey 'n' ribs with a very young looking whore who reminded me of one or other of Chaz's twins. As she panted, plumes of milky air pumped out of her mouth

and nose and rose into the night. I came thinking of Chaz's twins and felt much better.

Once my knees found their strength again and I'd convinced the whore that I didn't want any crack, I lunged into the nearest place I could find that sold food. The sign said 'Whiskey 'n' Ribs'. Fuck.

The first thing that hits you in these places is the sticky, sweet, burnt rubber smell that hangs in the warm air, but at least the warmth was something. People, mostly middle aged black men, leaned listlessly on the bar. The place was all lit with red bulbs making the food look like freshly killed meat. Even the fries looked like freshly killed meat. The whiskey looked like blood.

I noticed that no one took any notice of me and that was fine. I tried to hide my whiteness by sitting in a corner but my bright red face gave me away. Pink eyes blinked around the place and it was hot as hell. There was a laugh at one end of the bar, I couldn't tell where. The T.V. was so loud. It was tiny, like a little green and blue flickering box imbedded in an immense ruby. Odd words were audible here and there. I couldn't penetrate the accent though. I really wasn't that well travelled. My dick leaked a little. I wiped the sweat from my forehead and tried to concentrate on what was on the T.V. It wasn't easy.

Someone switched the T.V. off and I noticed that the bar went back a lot further. I heard a commotion and what sounded like a guitar. I made my way back there. In the very bottom corner, on a makeshift stage made from old timber and beer crates, two men moved around like monkey puppets drenched in sequin spiked blood light. One was Chaz, thinner and looking altogether better than I'd imagined

he would. Next to him stood a black Voodoo skeleton with gold teeth and a straight ladies hairpiece on his head. His name was "A-Bomb" Ferguson and the only words I could understand him sing were "mama" and "Lord". When I took my place at a table just off centre of the makeshift stage, I saw Chaz eyeball me and a look of immense pride melt across his face.

As a child, Jay was given a live giraffe by an aunt who was a part-time thief and zookeeper. After many hours of carefree fun and games he came to the realisation that, tragically, the animal just would not fit into his toy box.

An answer presented itself the next morning. It had been a particularly icy winter's night and Jay found the giraffe frozen rigid, looking like a giraffe-shaped dead tree. And, after chopping the thing up, he did manage to fit it into his toy box. He named him, posthumously, Chopper.

Maxwell Jay lives in a squat in Reading, the walls of which are covered with postcards depicting the paintings of Soutine.





photo – Helen Kitson

Absorbing Texture - An Interview with Lloyd Robson

1. When did you first start writing?

i started when i was 13. a bit of poetry & some song lyrics. i spoke (& still speak) with a stammer, wasn't very confident, & i was fairly lazy, so sitting down & writing afforded me an opportunity to do something creative & different without having to get off my arse or put myself on show. i dipped in & out of writing throughout my teens before hooking up with a little magazine in plymouth called 'the pump'. this was my first regular publication - band reviews, daft articles, etc. 'the pump' ceased when the magazine's core writers went on to start another publication called 'scene magazine' which became the main monthly arts listings mag for devon & cornwall. i stayed with 'scene' as features writer & editor for a few years then returned to cardiff to study newspaper journalism. i worked temporarily for the plymouth evening herald during the general election, covering the usual stories while the regular staff reporters focussed on the political stuff; i interviewed locals, wrote about charity raffles, regurgitated press releases. then i got offered a job with a little weekly in cardiff. the day before i was due to start i got a phone call from the editor telling me the paper had folded & there was no job for her, let alone me. so that was the end of my newspaper career. i went on the dole & decided i'd dedicate the next year to developing my understanding of poetry & if, after that year, i hadn't really

developed as a poet then i would return to newspapers. i'm still a self-employed poet. skint & stressed, but not sat somewhere wondering "what if?".

2. Who are your influences?

difficult for me to answer as i tend to absorb texture rather than file content; i don't log details of who or what i've read, i can't quote lines & i can't compare writers or trade names. it just works better for me that way.

earlier influences i can recall include hubert selby jnr, william burroughs, kerouac for his musicality, william carlos williams, john giorno, the nuyorican cafe verbal explosion, ibsen, gwyn alf williams, dylan thomas through default (i'm welsh, so it's rammed down my throat), loads of roots reggae performers like u-roy & ijahman levi etc, linton kwesi johnson, great welsh poets chris torrance (welsh because the welsh say he is) & peter finch, cardiff poets topher mills & ifor thomas, & a whole host of contemporary writers who were getting published in small press magazines like 'terrible work', 'ramraid extraordinaire', & 'fire'.

i educated myself by reading & asking questions of other writers. but my earliest influence was probably a woman called gwyn barter, who was an english teacher at the secondary school i attended & a friend of the family. even though i was in the top set i was actually pretty shite at english & had absolutely no understanding of what the hell shakespeare & john donne & all those characters were going on about & i didn't know how to read poetry. she acted as my private tutor in the run-up to my exams & gave me enough of a basic understanding of what poetry was about to ensure i passed my exam. she set me up for the future really & i've been grateful for that. you could say i was lucky there, but i've come to realise that if you want to learn there'll always be someone willing to teach.

3. What are you reading right now?

it's rare these days for me to find a book that really grabs me by the balls, so i tend to flit between titles, styles & forms. at present i'm reading 'powerless' - tim dlugos' selected poems; baudelaire's selected poems (not my cuppa tea); 'as i was a young boy fishing' by lewis davies; pons express deutsch-englisch dictionary; 'candy' by terry southern; 'the good oil' by mark o'flynn (who i read with in australia, last year); 'supersex' by tracey cox; the latest issues of 'poetry wales', 'tears in the fence', 'fire', & 'planet' magazines; this evening's 'south wales echo'.

4. You are involved with a young writer's group (the Newport Library's Young Writers Group) - tell me a little about this project and how you became involved in it.

the newport libraries' young writers' group consists of young people aged between 11 & 17 who go to school in the newport borough. the membership of the group changes regularly - at times the group has been predominantly 16 & 17 year olds, at present most of the regulars are 11 or 12 year olds who have come through the younger 'writing squad'. but we're always on the look out for new members. previously, the youngest group members were 13, so i'm having to be a bit more gentle with this group than i've been in the past.

having said that, it's a fairly easy going affair. we respond individually & as a group to the work produced by group members, some of which is related to tasks i set them. at present i'm interested in getting them writing, in exposing them to a wider sphere of writing than they have encountered so far, & in getting them to think about the writing they produce & in voicing an opinion. in september i'll be looking to inform them more on the thoughts & processes behind writing. the group offers a great opportunity for the young writers of newport to read, write, share their work with other young writers, & learn from a professional writer, in a safe & supportive environment. recently, we've established a relationship with the bbc, so now group members can get their work published on the bbc website.

i've been tutoring the group since 1997. it was my first regular booking as a workshop tutor so it's added a rare consistency to my working life. newport libraries seem happy for me to keep it going & i've come to love the role. previously, some members have stayed in the group for three or four years so i've had the opportunity to create a supportive relationship with some very talented & interested young people. i still hear from some of the original group, several of whom are still writing & producing art & have gone on to study creative writing, drama, literature & art, at universities around the country. i've always tried to encourage group members not just to write & produce art, but also to break out of their roles, to challenge themselves, to believe in their own abilities, & to find themselves.

5. What advice do you have to offer on dealing with rejection?

well, it happens to us all, but sometimes it can be avoided before you send the work off. so i would suggest:

don't send your text to a publication minutes after writing it, in fact don't send it off for some days/weeks/months/years; until you've had chance to get over your enthusiasm for the NEW PIECE OF WORK! (which you'll probably think is magnificent, having just created it). allow yourself some distance from it, then go back & fucking edit the thing. also, make sure it's presented in a decent, standard manner - no end of work gets rejected simply because the writer didn't type it, or include their name & address, or an sae. read peter finch's 'how to get your poetry published' (or whatever it's called) - lots of good advice there;

investigate what sort of material the publisher/editor is looking for - a lot of rejection, time, effort, emotional disturbance, can be avoided by making sure you're sending your material to people who just might rate it & want to publish it - it's no good sending a rambling psychedelic drugs monologue to 'woman's own' for example. have the decency to buy a copy of the magazine before sending your texts, create for yourself an understanding of what a particular publication is trying to do & what their tastes are. be nice to the editorial staff even if your material is rejected - they're not doing it to be nasty (well, there's the odd shitbag out there but MOST are decent, overworked, people);

desensitize yourself to the process. see it as just another text getting sent to just another magazine for just another editor to mull over & decide whether or not they want it to represent their taste in their publication. if you see your text as a delicate thing on which rides the complete respect you have for yourself as a writer & as a person then IT WILL HURT & you don't want that. writing is supposed to be an enjoyable process, as is getting published. remember almost everyone gets their work rejected - james joyce & the beatles included. editors are all fuckheads when they reject your work & are all supremely intelligent when they accept it, so try & remember they're one & the same;

it was pointed out to me once that some people seem to be successful with every project they undertake, but this isn't the case, they just undertake more projects & the success of some masks the failure of others. so don't get bogged down by failure or rejection. keep your chin up, keep writing, keep sending it off to publications, & if a text gets rejected by one publication then send it off to the next one;

if an editor has taken the time to suggest how you might improve your text then consider their suggestions seriously (you don't have to agree with what they say, but there's always things to learn). & remember, if an editor says "i don't like this, but send me something else to look at" then for godsake send them something else & quick;

don't get sucked into all that "i'm a misunderstood genius" bullshit;

don't sulk.

A Quaint Household Madonna Liberates Herself With Spam! – Stephanie Scarborough

"Life with father is lots more fun since we found SPAM!!" says Mrs. Keith Holton of Evanston, IL

"My husband used to be pretty grumpy in the morning . . . but that's all changed now. You ought to see him light up when I bring on the Spam and eggs! It's our favorite breakfast!"-- Spam Ad

Poor Mrs. Holton—even her first name
Is missing and she lives to churn out Spam
And eggs for Mr. Holton to avoid
His child-like tantrums and becomes a Spam
Machine that scrambles endless eggs and Spam
And smiling all the while. But don't be fooled;
Behind that quaint Madonna smile there stands
A cunning, angry woman who will dig
Keith Holton's grave with his own knife and fork.
For every time he gorges on his feast
Of greasy eggs and Spam his arteries
Will clog a little more, and one sweet day
He'll fall face-down into his Spam and eggs
And Mrs. H can finally have her own first name.

Barbie Got Tired of Living on Plastic Lettuce

So Barbie just said screw it all one day
And binged and gorged on real, voluptuous food—
Sweet, sticky-buns and silky smooth pâté,
Surrendering completely as she chewed.
Orgasmic richness saturates her tongue,
And with each bite her plastic body swells.
She doesn't care. As each new lump is sprung
She downs another doughnut hole. Ken smells
The sweet aroma of her feast and sees
Her—plump, her shiny plastic skin stretched tight,
So round and ample. Yearning for a squeeze,
He grabs a lump of plastic cellulite,

Delighted by its full, delicious heft,
And gorged with Barbie on what food was
left.



Barbie Longs to Be Like Spam

If only Ken would pry me open like
That can of Spam. When Barbie saw its pink
And supple, fleshy mass protruding from
Its body-hugging tin, so cheap and pink—
So slutty-pink—just writhing at its will—
Just writhing in its pink, cheap glory she
Just sighed. It's so voluptuous, unlike
Thin Barbie. Manufactured, pink, and cheap—
So everything that Barbie was, but more;
More flesh—just flesh—just pink and jiggly flesh.
Man-made like her and mass-produced and pink.
So pink—and cheap—and slutty Spam, and, gosh—
So easy. Turn the key and bam! it's yours.
No inhibitions, shame—just naked flesh.

Stephanie Scarborough writes *The Cheap Vegan* zine and runs the Fork 'n' Spoon
zine distro at <http://cheapvegan.cjb.net/>

Katoushka - Salena Saliva Godden

Katoushka was on the train to Prague by the time the poet was already halfway towards Salzburg airport. The landscape heaved with life, with butterflies and deer, acres of wheat, corn and sunflowers. There was a river there, you could hear it. From Prague she would take the night train to Krakow and there she would visit the woman with the freckles in the old tea house.

Katoushka thought of home. She knew she was thinking of home because whenever she thought of home she could taste chicken, roast chicken. She was hungry. It was alright she was hungry because she remembered she had hastily bought a cheese and salad baguette at the station in Linz.

At Salzburg airport departure lounge there was a Tibetan Buddhist monk in maroon robes. He was sitting alone reading a book - it was a paperback. The passengers all hurried with boarding passes to queue at the gate. The poet sat and smoked and watched them stand in line. The poet thought it seemed pointless to stand and queue.

She watched them all stand in line, hands on hips and agitating from foot to foot. Passport in hand and ready, too soon, too ready. Eventually the gates opened and slowly passengers filed towards the plane runway, across the concrete. The poet and the monk were the last to board the plane. As they walked to the gate the poet thought the monk said something and she turned to see his face, it was a beautiful brown freckled face. It was the kindest face the poet had ever seen. The monk's eyes said something like a smile. The monk thought the poet smiled at him, so she did.

Katoushka thought about Austria. In Austria she had met the poet with hair like a lion and they had sat and watched the sunrise. The sky had been blushing pink above them whilst they swapped stories and burnt logs on the bonfire. They smoked roll-ups as the wood smoke curled into the mornings clear rose sky and they drank red wine knowing that they would meet again in London.

When the poet landed at Heathrow she thought about Katoushka on the train to Prague. In the poet's mind she imagined Katoushka was probably playing her guitar and singing something in Czech or Russian or Polish. Admiring fellow travellers would tip and tilt their heads to listen to her lilting voice. The poet liked Katoushka's voice, it had made her tip and tilt her head too, tip and tilt her head, so the light would shine through Katoushka's hair.

The poet was hungry and she thought about eating chicken, chicken or eggs. Boiled eggs with salt or chicken with pepper but she never ate the two together because that was like eating from the beginning to the end and she never knew which came first - which did come first the chicken or the egg? She pondered this and grew slightly irritated. She was cross partly because

she was waiting for her luggage to arrive, partly because a red-faced child was crying loudly and shrill, partly because she wanted to smoke and it was forbidden, partly because she was very hungry and mostly she was irritated because she was thinking about that ridiculous chicken and the egg question again.

When Katoushka unwrapped her sandwich, she found it was not cheese and salad at all but egg salad with yellowing mayonnaise and cucumber. The cucumber was warm, like courgette, it was soured and it looked glazed and cooked.



The sandwich must have been there in the hot sun all day, baking under the glass.

Katoushka screwed up her nose whilst she wrapped the sandwich back in the plastic and put it in the flip top bin under the window. She sipped some water and lit another cigarette, looked out of the window and although it was night there was a linear slither of pale blue daylight along the horizon. It looked like a drawing made by a child with a pin scratched in black wax, black box shaped farm houses, black mountains and trees, edged and outlined in a line of a daylight blue.

The poet got her luggage and made her way out of the airport and to the train platform. She saw the monk go through the other passport control, the one that meant he was not from Europe. His passport looked leather bound as a bible. The poet wanted to see his face one more time, as if it were nourishing. His face was the kindest face she had ever seen. She yearned to see his eyes just one more time to see what they would say this time, then she thought he could hear her looking so she looked at her turquoise painted toenails. When she looked up, to her great dismay he was gone.

When the poet got to the platform she found that the trains were not running and she would have to take a special bus to another station, presumably a special station. It was cold in England, everybody was agitated and people pushed past her to get on the bus when it was already full. They loaded their luggage in the hold when there were no seats causing terrible confusion. The bus driver was very tense, he repeated whose suitcase is this? A woman had lost her husband's coat and another woman was demanding to board the bus as her bag was in the hold. One man was demanding to be let off the bus as his bag was still on the pavement.

The poet stood back to wait for the next bus. She didn't see the point in the urgency and the too soon too ready. She prowled and smoked and started to shiver a little. She reached into her bag and found some trousers, she pulled her jeans on under her short summer dress. A man watched her skirt get caught as she struggled into her jeans and the man thought he saw a glimpse of her pants. The poet saw him think this and he looked away quickly and ashamed.

Katoushka took out her guitar and played gently. She sang a song in Polish. The woman with freckles had taught it to her in Krakow and now she was going to see her, to learn another song. Every time she visited that woman in the tea shop she taught her another song to take away with her.

The song was a story of unrequited love. The woman in the song said love me like a wife and the king said but I already have a wife. The woman said then love me like a friend and the king said I already have too many friends. She continued, then love me like a stranger and the king replied we have too many strangers in this country. Then she said finally love me like a chicken and the king said if I loved you like a chicken I would eat you whole and the woman replied if you ate me whole you would have no eggs. Katoushka sang the song and it was of unrequited love and she sang it well. It would make you tip and tilt your head if you had heard it.

The poet is at Liverpool Street station. There are two girls with long hair and short skirts ripping at each others hearts. One is on the floor her face covered in hair kicking the other hard in the shin whilst she is on the pay-phone. The one on the phone rips at her hair and kicks her, still on the telephone. The commotion continues, like seagulls tearing at the stuff left by boats and there is no intervening to do. They kick and spit at each other, kicking one. then the other kicks back. They rip at each other's hearts.

The railway guard lets Katoushka have a cheap student ticket. She is not really a student although she is always learning. Two young people, a first love couple, get in the same carriage as Katoushka and she continues playing until she has finished her song. When she stops she finds they are speaking in Serb, Katoushka can understand the dialect and they give her a beer and bid her to keep playing. The sky is soaked with bright stars that tilt and tip their heads as she sings, her voice lilts and carries off through the train and into the night. The young Serb couple hold hands and tip and tilt their heads as she sings a song in Czech. The Serb boy has a wooden flute and he plays a song about a mouse that thinks it is a lion.

There was once a tiny brown mouse, the boys says, he was the smallest mouse you ever saw. He had small brown ears and a tiny twitchy nose. He didn't believe he was a mouse however, he was utterly convinced he was a lion. One day he got caught in a mouse trap but he did not die because he believed a mouse trap is too small to kill a lion. Then he got cornered by the fat farm cat but he was not afraid and did not get hurt because he believed

he was a lion. Lastly however a girl mouse falls in love with him, for her he is so attractive and courageous. However of course, he believes he is a lion and he cannot find love with a mere little brown mouse and he rejects her. The broken-hearted girl mouse sees him for what he is a brave little mouse with a lions heart, but he is forever always seeking his true love lioness, which of course he will never find in the skirting boards and rafters of the old farm house.



The poet is in a taxi from Liverpool Street station. She is hungry and she is eating a warm croissant. There are crumbs when she gets out and the taxi driver swears at her.

He is irritable partly because the taxi was spotless clean and partly because he hates crumbs. Mostly though he is angry because he doesn't want to be a taxi driver, he would rather be on television making people laugh. His friends think he is a very funny man and when he is in the pub he makes the barmaid laugh. He would rather be on television telling jokes and wearing a bow-tie than sweeping poet's croissant crumbs out of the back of his nice clean black cab.

The crumbs liked it best when they were a whole croissant, they are scattered in parts and are left, discarded in the gutter.

The poet scurries quickly into her home terrified, convinced the taxi driver will kill her. She is afraid, she finds London a very cold and irritable place, she wants to be in her bed. When she climbs the ladder to her bedroom, she discovers a trail of mice droppings along the skirting and under her bed. The mice are very clever, they must be able to climb ladders the poets thinks.

Katoushka is talking to the Serbs about the woman with the songs in the teahouse and they nod and want to meet her too. They too would like to learn another new song.

The wooden flute is beautifully carved and the noise it makes is like a beating heart with the cells dividing. The carvings in the flute are whole stories and each time you play a note these stories are scattered into the smoke and air and up into the stars.

Now all the poet can think about is climbing out of her clothes and pulling her wiry heavy hair free, out of her tight ponytail. She wants to bury herself beneath the covers to sleep and dream of acres of landscape heaving with life, with multicoloured butterflies and wild deer, acres of wheat, corn and sunflowers. A place where there is a river and you could hear it.

Katoushka is sleepy. The train rhythm is a lullaby, like a mothers voice rocking you to sleep, whispering the song of the man in the moon, *goodnight mister moon, come again and see us soon*. The young Serb couple have fallen asleep with a tip and a tilt of their heads listening to her lilting voice and their bodies lean against each other like the happiest drunks. The flute is still in the boy's hand, the stories the flute has to tell rest for now in the grains in the wood carvings. Many miles ago the man who carved that very flute blows out his candle, wax smoke wisps up the chimney and into the star soaked night.

Katoushka dreams but she forgets her dream, she thinks she has a dream about a poet in London with hair like a lion. She thinks she remembers a poem about a lion that thinks it is a mouse.

Salena Saliva Godden is lead singer & lyricist for underground ska-punk-break-beat trio SaltPervert.

Her work has appeared in such diverse places as the two most recent Coldcut albums Let us Play and Let us Replay <Ninja Tune> She is currently working on lyrics/poetry for 2004's new Coldcut release. Godden was most recently published in Penguin's IC3 and Serpents Tail's Oral anthologies. She was recently in the studio recording a collaboration with wild man Larry Love and Alabama 3. Saliva is name checked and featured on Simple Kid's acclaimed album, they performed together at the 12 Bar London, earlier in January 2004

'Stealing Heaven From The Lips Of God' by Dee Rimbaud

'Stealing Heaven From The Lips Of God' is a love story for the 21st Century, told through the medium of an Internet journal or 'blog', as cyber-space junkies call it. Afforded anonymity by the World Wide Web, Robbie uses his journal to explore his newfound love with Catherine, to confess his past and attempt to atone for his sins. In so doing he manages to pull himself out of the rut he's been in for the past five years, allowing his relationship with Catherine to develop. But the course of love is never smooth, and in Robbie's case, given his tendencies towards self-destruction, it proves to be a white-knuckle, nightmare trip.

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An African in Greenland by Tété-Michel Kpomassie – reviewed by Rebecca Toennessen

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Many teenagers who grow up in isolated communities yearn to escape to distant and glamorous locations where they can discover their true selves though the exciting new experiences they're sure they'll encounter. Most often these flights of fancy take them to the nearest big city or at least to a larger village within reach of their real home. Not so Tété-Michel Kpomassie, who left home aged 13 to travel to the remotest parts of barely inhabited Greenland, merely because he'd become fascinated by the Eskimo people after reading a book about them.

This extraordinary story of dreams coming true through determination, charm and ingenuity begins in a tiny village in the former French colony of Togoland. Tété-Michel, a son of his father's second wife and thus occupying the lower end of the familiar social ladder, is like any other teenager in his tribe – quietly obedient to his older brothers, distant with his father and mischievous with his friends. His life changes forever when bitten by a cobra whilst picking coconuts with his brothers. During the resulting convalescence, he buys a book from the missionary shop to pass the time. The book, describing the constant freezing cold, the freedom of the children, and the easy-going hospitality of the Inuit peoples locked itself into Tété-Michel's mind and he immediately made it his life goal to visit this distant land so entirely different from anything he'd ever known.

Despite being promised to the priestess who healed him, upon recovering his health Tété-Michel immediately left the village to work his way to the African coast, and then to Europe where over an eight year period he worked, travelled, learned languages, and gradually moved further and further north till arriving in Julianehåb, as the first African to ever visit that town – or the island of Greenland, for that matter.

This amazing book reads like a combination of anthropological work, travel guide and autobiography. Kpomassie tells his story without sugar-coating the harsh facts of life and survival; however he infuses an eagerness and joy into even the simplest of stories, and the result is a book that inspires.

The Dark Bride by Laura Restrepo – reviewed by Rebecca Toennessen

Black Swan paperback 384pp £6.99 ISBN 0552770930

When researching a gasoline cartel, a Colombian journalist comes across a picture of a haunting mestiza prostitute known as Sayonara. Inspired by her stunning beauty and intrigued by her legend, she travels to La Catunga – the barrio of prostitutes – to interview those who knew her best and to assemble her story from fact and fiction.

At the base of the American Tropical oil company lives Todos los Santos, Sayonara's adoptive mother. She relays the humble beginnings of La Catunga's most famous lady of the evening from a lice-ridden runaway to the subject of many broken hearted poets verses. With her friends the romantic Olquita and fellow orphan Sacramento, our nameless narrator attempts to join together "pieces of the great puzzle of La Catunga, [which] overwhelm me with their little voices shouting for me to pay attention to them and order me to document them in writing or else they will be swept away."

Loved by all and famous all over Columbia, Sayonara craves only which is forbidden to women of her profession: the love and dedication of one man.

But *The Dark Bride* is more than the tale of a tormented beauty. It is a commentary on the nature of globalisation and with it, the effect of importing foreign morals and ideologies on struggling village towns. When the petroleros strike over their appalling conditions, the prostitutes of La Catunga strike along with them, braving the armies to throw tins of food and fresh bread over the barbed wire to support their men. The American Tropical Oil Company responds by driving a campaign of family values, luring workers to cross the picket line with promises of subsidized homes and bigger wages for married men with families. The long-term plans are to prevent further strikes over conditions with the idea that men with families will be less likely to rock the boat concerning wages or conditions if they have a family to support. Thus, La Catunga comes under fire from the new values system, and as the armies begin to violently destroy the homes of Sayonara and her friends, she must make a decision to stay or run away as she has always done.

Restrepo's blend of journalism and South American magical realism results in gripping anecdotes about a life nearly mythical in its distance, yet so human as to be fully understood. *The Dark Bride* sucks you into its world where the heat of the jungle fires passion and love like nowhere else on earth.

Genia – Kaye Axon

The sound of rocks
like a voice in my brain
making my fingers
work just the same

Thunder Lizards – Kaye Axon

Blue flicks of tongue
small twitch of my head
that's what will take
Thunder lizards to bed.



Kaye Axon has self published several short verse poetry zines.

To Burn A Bridge – Michelle Angone

Raphael, the name of an angel. He was fire. Dangerous and provocative. From the very beginning they warned me against him. I was just a silly little girl. He was the forbidden fruit and I the innocent Eve who yearned for a bite.

He showed me who he was but I found it thrilling. Right in the whiteness of the hall standing under a statue of the Holy Mother he ignited fear in me. "Is this your God?"

"Well actually no, that is the Virgin Mary." I expected something cute and sarcastic in return.

"I'm the Devil." He said. I shivered and I crossed myself like a devout Catholic then giggled like a fool. I was terrified of the guy and yet at the same time I could have ripped my clothes off and screwed him right there at the top of the stairs.

I was a good girl. I even went to Mass every Sunday. I listened to what I was told and I followed the neighborhood rules. They had trained me in their ways since I was a child and I knew the consequence of disobeying. It was a code of sorts, an unspoken agreement. I belonged to them. Just a simple way of life in my little destitute corner of the world, and I was nobody to ignore the rules of the game. Until the rules were changed on me.

I was Noe's lady. We were his ever faithful disciples and he was our streetwise Messiah. Under his watchful protection no other man dared to touch me. No one dared corrupt me with their lust or tempt me with their escapes. Noe raised me above it all and for his care I gave myself to him. He had charisma and power and women threw themselves at him. They adored him and as a young man he lapped up the attention. Then my tolerance wasn't enough. I was asked to stay in the shadows while he openly courted her. When he left me cold and naked in his bed to run to her call I had had enough.

I rebelled. What else could I do? I wasn't a child for him to control, I was a woman with a mind of my own. *Revenge?* All I wanted was to make him hurt as much as he had hurt me. It could have been anyone who had crossed my path. Anyone obnoxious enough to tell the tale of how I spent a night rocking their world would do.

It just happened as if things just happen. Standing under the street light making his lightly browned skin glow like a halo. His hair wavy and black, cut close, inviting fingers to run through it. The football jock and the thug rolled into one. Raphael. He was the answer to my prayers.

"Lookie here. An unescorted lady running around these parts all alone." His smile made my skin crawl. "What can I tempt you with tonight?" The intensity of his stare sucked the blue right out of my eyes. I could feel him reeling me in.

Scorned. Noe was going to pay for what he did to me. "What are you offering?" The words slithered out of my mouth. I was asking and offering but at that moment I just wanted the joint in his hand. I would be denied nothing any longer.

"I got more than this. That is, if you want to come with me." I was trapped in his gaze. He knew what buttons to push, what to promise, what to imply.

"Lead the way."

Nobody saw us go into that house that wasn't anybody's home. No electricity, no sound. The heat of August hung in the stairwell unaffected by night. Wooden stairs creaked and curved to reveal what I had already known to expect of the second floor. A makeshift table piled high with any delight you wished for, scales and straps, mirrors and razors, needles, powders, pills, and weed. Junkie heaven complete with discarded mattress in the corner to sleep off the nods. The moment I saw the delights I was certain I would be getting my wings that night. Even if the kinky haired kid guarding the stash was the one to shoot me up.

I wanted Raphael. I was at ease, confident with my decision. This indiscretion would make Noe's heart bleed. I wanted him to hurt as much as I wanted my hurt to dissolve into the cloud of pink smoke Raphael blew into my face. He licked his lips and I was there, I was willing, and I desired it all.

Sticky white tight rolled paper was placed on my lips and I hit it like a suckling babe. Raphael breathed into my ear, "Take your clothes off." When I turned my back, he turned me around with the gentle touch of a lover. "I want to watch you." I peeled off the jeans, sliding them down my sweaty thighs. He lifted my t-shirt over my head, leaving me standing in my schoolgirl white bra and panties.

He walked away to sit at the table. I could feel the street lamp shining on my skin through the weathered curtains. He snorted and sniffed. Then the same sadistic smile I had seen just a few months prior at the top of my stairs. My mind cleared as the light buzz absolved into reality. I reached down for my shirt but the kinky headed kid had already taken it. My eyes swept the room. What had I been thinking?



I said "no". If I could go back I would have kept my mouth shut. Raphael pushed his mouth to mine and I refused to yield. His lips were soft and sweet but I couldn't bring myself to kiss him. I could not break my promise to be faithful to Noe. Noe treated me like a toy while he dated the virgin queen for political leverage. Whatever that meant, whatever that was for. All I wanted was to be number one in his life because he was the only number in mine. I sat on the floor feeling the sting from Raphael's hand on my cheek.

"I'm sorry. This is a mistake, I need to go." I mumbled.

"You're not going anywhere."

"I can't do this to Noe. I'm sorry, I thought I could." I couldn't look at him.

"Noe? Fuck Noe. You're just his whore." The kinky headed kid threw my clothes at me. I hadn't even been aware he was watching us. As I turned to dress I heard the distinctive click of steel.

"Get on the bed Eve. Don't argue, just do it." I crawled to the mattress and he came to me, removed his shirt and dragged the barrel of the gun from my lips to my navel. He tugged at my underwear, "Take 'em off." Automatically I complied and he shoved the cold steel inside me.

Shelter. I learned to shelter my mind from evil as a babe and I scrambled to get there again. My eyes were wide but I couldn't see. I could feel every sensation, every shock of pain. His voice rang through my head but I couldn't understand a word he spoke. There was the sound of whimpering and cries of "stop" and although the voice was mine I could not control it. The actions around me were like scenes in a movie, blurred and in slow motion. I was restrained with a wooden baseball bat. A hand reeking of cigarettes clamped down on my mouth. Time had stopped and didn't seem to matter any more. It could have been only minutes or it could have been days. There was nothing left to reference time by. No reality to cling to.

They took turns torturing me. Raphael held me down by the throat and pulled my hair while the kid fucked me. *Compassion?* He looked down catching my eyes and I knew he understood my pain. Raphael let me go and knocked the kid off of me with his fist.

"Get up, get your clothes on, and get out."

I threw my clothes on and raced down the stairs and out the door. I was amazed the stars were still shining. My mind was distorted but I moved anyway. I ran out of that house and into a group of guys making their nightly rounds. I wanted to be swallowed up in the crowd. He was there. Noe's eyes met mine and the shame washed over me drowning me in regret.

I broke into a sprint, crying and screaming all the way home. I never turned my back, fearing Noe would not be following.

The phone was in my hands before I could get to my senses. Who could I call? What could I do? I ran from the one person I wanted to help me. I had caused it all. I had invited myself and all but begged for it to happen. No one would ever believe me. Nobody would really even care. I crumpled to the floor, rocking the screams out of my head.

Then a knock at my door. He couldn't even come to me himself. He sent one of those hoodlums instead. "Evie, what did they do?" All I could do was sob. "Evie did you call the cops? We have to know."

"No, no, God no." It was my voice but I wasn't really controlling it.

"Listen to me, Noe's gonna kill them. Evie is that what you want? This is your call, whatever you want." He talked to me but his words started running together.

"Evie please listen."

Stumbling, numb and lost I found my way back there. My escort looked fearful as I wrung my hands and wondered why. Heavy footed I made my way back up those steps. It was surreal. Hours could have flown by as I watched Noe's mouth move, He wore vengeance like a cloak as Raphael closed his eyes. I felt the cold touch of the steel against his head.

Click. The sound woke me up. He had cocked the pistol and I had to make a choice. Save the life of my rapist or watch the only person I ever loved throw his life away for me. "Don't."

Raphael's face warped in confusion. Noe held the gun steady.

"Evie, get out of here. You don't want to see this.

"He didn't do anything."

His gaze did not yield. "He admitted it."

"I'm not worth it," Monotone words were forced off my tongue.

"Evie, get out of here."

"Pull the fucking trigger." Raphael's voice startled us both. He hit the floor the instant Noe knocked him upside the head with the butt end of the gun.

I'm gonna move to Hastings – Salena Saliva Godden

Pick up where I left off
I'm gonna get drunk every day
With drunks who piss me off
I'm gonna move to Hastings
Become the fancy blow job queen
Get a job in a dirty dark pub
With a broken ice machine

I'm gonna move to Hastings
Where it's two quid for triple house gin
I'll laugh madly, crazy eyed
Wear no shoes and go through bins
I'm gonna move to Hastings
Sleep with bouncers who don't read books
In the toilets I'll let fishermen finger me
With rough hands and rougher looks

I'm gonna move to Hastings
Spend my thirties on the booze
Get off with peoples boyfriends
Get in cat fights which I'll lose
I'm gonna move to Hastings
Smoke cheap fags and score shit gear
Get bloated on chips and vodka
Have sex and Jack under the pier

I'm gonna move to Hastings
Cheap bed-sit with a vague view of the sea
Sign on the sick, save my medication
Burn the poems when they burn me.

Peaches and Cream – Salena Saliva Godden

It was arousing
And aggressive
Taken by surprise and
Thrown onto his bed
I was crushed under
A forceful strength
An urgent weight of a man
It could have been construed
As a passionate embrace
By a casual observer
But it felt like happy revenge
The more I wriggled
The tighter he held
My wrists together
Above my head in pillows
Half laughing and
Panting breathlessly
He struggled with the other hand
To rip my shirt open
His mouth was heavy against mine
Tongue forced into my mouth
He bit my lips and neck
Tore my bra open and
Engulfed my breast suckling
Sudden and alarming in itself
He started to bite too hard
Then I remembered
Fifteen years ago
When we were fifteen
And more than a little bit forward
And more than a little bit drunk
Without asking and without apology
At a party, late one night



I pounced on top of him and
On his mothers hard kitchen floor
I silently took his virginity
I remember the cold tiles under my knees
As I rode on top of him and
Quietly rocking
I took him there and then the
Pink condom filled with cream
We buried it in the garden

I even remember the outfit
I wore pearls and a twin set in peach.

Underneath The Surface – Patricia McCarthy

George stood outside the building and lit a cigarette. The cold air caught short his breath and he coughed. Red hues came into his cheeks. Pulling a shard of mirror out of his pocket, he looked at himself approvingly. He failed to notice the droplets of blood. The outburst of ferocity acted as a natural equalizer, softening his countenance. His black pearl eyes reverted to hazel green. With a casual stride he made way back to the apartment. The door was ajar. He walked slowly toward the bodies. I lay tranquil. He looked at the young man and back at me. He tried to piece together the scene. *No, no, no....I was at Clare's....this is incorrect....my sister doesn't leave her house at night.*

Shattered mirror lay around the phone. I saw my own reflection. *What was the address, the apartment number?* "Hello, I'd like to report a (pause)....". I crashed to the floor. A black topped pimple on the back of my neck burst. A force of rage came down upon my head. The blood in my veins exploded as though air had been pumped into me. A second blunt-force followed. George's eyes implied no life, no disgrace, transformed into an apparition of a dead man. His pale, gray skin glossed over with my splattered blood. Some had made its way from his face and arms, dripped onto the floor. Wearing surgical gloves, he grabbed one of the young man's hands and wrapped his fingers around a steel bar. The body was pulled closer to me. He used sandpaper and rubbed my knuckles and back of hand roughening the skin. He tossed a rolled-up bill beside me and sprinkled powder.

Only the bravest are able and ready to face danger, to meet a spectacular end. American Indian warriors wore paint, rode their favorite steed, welcomed battle. I grimaced. The rank odour of human waste waffled through the walls. The apartment was faintly lit, furnished with crates and newspapers stacked higher than the pizza boxes. No wonder we cherish colour - white walls are analogous to unrealized dreams. The sight of blood was unsettling, spilled like ketchup. George focused on the young man's contorted face. His head hung low, the weight too heavy for his neck. I kneeled beside the man, placed my index and middle finger on his neck. I looked at George.

"He's dead. Christ Almighty! How can you possibly not remember what happened?" George stood erect. I knew what I had to do. My eyes darted around. Over on the other side of the couch, the phone was off the hook. I picked up the receiver.

Dead women don't tell tales. But I do. If I knew then what I know now, I might still be alive. Most assuredly, I would have conquered my fears. That mischievous feeling night brought on, after the sun abandoned the shadows and everything turned black. That was my time to worry. I can still see my younger brother, George, and I sitting on top of the kitchen table. Mom

wanted to take our picture. He kept wiggling his legs and messing up the tablecloth. He was always an open circuit of energy. Mom was a perfectionist, a powerful woman. Her flash-fire temper would brook no foolishness. A crack on the head and he settled down. I looked away when the photo was taken. Even then I hated to be in pictures.

I would have made an ideal 14-Century hermit. Leave me alone to my own devices. A book was my drug of choice. Mom and Dad cultivated a potboiler marriage and I inherited aroused feelings of anxiousness. Mom is West Prussian and Dad an Irish Newfoundlander. I would joke they made me a meticulous drunk. "You're just like Mom", George would say.

George was a carbon copy of Dad, addicted to good times. I liked him the most in our family. He made me laugh. He had a head of a computer, remembered every date. It was all a blur to me.

George needed to drop by for an unexpected visit. It was past ten in the evening. I didn't want company. *Worry travels faster than the speed of light. He needs money, probably another gambling debt. Either that or rent's due. He's like a dog that shakes reserve with his teeth and releases anxiety.* A minute later, he knocked. He must have been around the corner. He stood at the door. "What happened to your hand?" I noticed the battered knuckles. "I can't remember, he replied. His kissed me on the cheek each time he saw me. We kissed our Mom this way too. He made himself comfortable as though he was visiting Mom's house. He took off his jacket.

"You look horrendous", I observed. Another night of binge drinking was my first thought. He towered over me, six feet four inches to my five-foot three-inch frame. He spied my glass of wine. Typical.

He said a friend and him picked up a bottle of gin, smokes and other stuff. George could strike up conversations with total strangers. I never would. I minded my own business. His new friend returned from China with malaria pills. They ground them into powder with cold medication. No doubt George was behind the grand plan. They snorted it.

"Remind me how old are you", I scolded. He adjusted himself in the chair. I knew I was hearing half of the truth and even then one quarter of the half-truth. "Tell me you didn't steal these drugs from the hospital? Mom would be beside herself if you jeopardized your internship." I felt he needed sisterly perspective.

"I took Malaria medication in India. I was besotted with night terrors, dreamt my body turned into a cow." George registered no reaction.

"I don't remember last night, he repeated. I came to and my friend had been beaten." I poured myself another glass.

"Did you check to see if he was breathing?" George's skin was parchment.

"You've got to go back, to see if he's alive". I didn't want to go with him. I didn't want to get dragged into another drama.

It's a common practice in Newfoundland to drown kittens, tied up in a burlap sack, when the wayward mother is no longer able to care for her litter. But drowning puppies with large, doe eyes and too-large paws was very nearly impossible, especially if they were prize Newfoundlander dogs, like Gods in the water. George crumbled into tears, his whole frame vibrated with emotion. I was never just like Mom. I looked down at a grown man crying and a pain jump-started me. Another glass of wine vanished. "This time I'll help you, but you owe me big".

We walked. I told him how out of the blue Mom called me the other day, to say she thought she wasn't a very good mother. She beat us. She said no one taught her how to be a mother.

"Why do you suppose she was so hard on us?" I asked.

"Because we deserved it". George was matter of fact. We arrived at the building. I waited off to the side while he stood in the lobby, his head turned toward the wall. A tenant leaving hardly glanced at him. He quickly caught the open door, calling out to me to come in. I looked at him more intently this time than ever before. I thought of him as a six-year old. Mom fastened him into a harness, tethered in the backyard. He rebelled and threw all of his toys over the fence. George's shoulders hung low. His gate dragged as we ascended the staircase.

I was murdered in the year 2001. There was no shock or fear on my face. I looked like a static photograph in the end.

I miss winter, walking past a symphony of chickadees hidden in the spruce trees, the lower the temperature the louder the chorus, collectively bitching about the cold. Well...this is all fine and dandy, I tell myself. If I knew then what I know now, most assuredly, I wouldn't have left my house that night.

Bathtub – Naomi Folb

turquoise ceramic bathtub
washes water over me
stream screen-like,
the smell of the shampoo
for all hair types,

rinses the last traces of you away.
and i can't tell the water
hot from cold.
only feel
the odour of our touch
become steam rise,
mottled-effervescence,
dream light movement,
pointillist tranquil and clay.

No biographical details available.



Outlaw Magazine No.5 (Winter 2003) reviewed by Helen Kitson

32pp. Single issue £2 from Bryn Fortey, 212 Caerleon Road, Newport, South Wales NP19 7GQ.

The remit of 'Outlaw' is to provide a forum for poets who 'are happy to operate outside the protection of the literary establishment'. Can't argue with that. The magazine itself is unpretentious, A5 in size and poetry-heavy. It makes me nostalgic for similar stuff from the late 80s/early 90s - The Wide Skirt, Dog, Scratch and so forth. Most of those magazines had fairly short lifespans, but maybe that was the point. There was a real excitement about them that's largely absent from the ones that stuck around (The North, Staple, etc).

The poets in 'Outlaw' represent England, America and Wales. I like the fact that several poems are included by each poet - it's very difficult to assess a poet's work from one poem. A few of the names I'm familiar with - Sam Smith, K M Dersley, and Lyn Lifshin who has long been a favourite of mine. I'm less keen on the Beat/jazz-style poetry, or anything too 'sprawling', but that's just a question of personal taste.

'Outlaw' features poetry comparable in quality with work in my old favourites The Wide Skirt and Scratch. Therein, though, lies a problem. There's a curiously old-fashioned feel about many of the poems, which seem rooted in what was once loosely (and patronisingly) referred to as the 'Huddersfield school' of poetry - sharp or witty, self-consciously urban, slangy, but too often rather slight and superficial. Perhaps I'm just jaded with the style; perhaps I'm simply acting out my own frustration at being so often lumped in with that 'school' of poetry.

Nevertheless, there is real poetry in this magazine, and if I didn't find too many poems that struck me as wholly successful, there were few complete duds and much to enjoy. I appreciated the 'message' in Joe Speer's 'My Comrades' in spite of its rather declamatory style (his 'Affirmations' is also rather good). JC Hartley's 'Date Rape' is effective and chilling in its 'ordinariness'. I found the two poems by Vanessa Burgar intriguing and would have liked to read more of her work. Her 'Urban Jungle' stays with me, as does Byron Beynon's 'Cuffs'.

Many of the poems feel like good ideas that haven't quite come off - where the good idea somehow loses momentum and turns into something rather pedestrian, for instance John G Hall's 'The Poetry Police'. Such is the elusiveness of really good poetry.

One thing that strikes me is that many of the poems in this magazine were previously published in other magazines. I've never totally understood why magazine editors are so opposed to previously published work - to me it makes sense to give good work a second outing, to expose it to as many

people as possible. I think this is especially important given the tiny number of people who read or subscribe to poetry magazines.

'Outlaw' includes a loose four-page review supplement, which I found useful, although the publications reviewed are nearly all American ones and it would have been nice to have a greater mix of British and American.

The more I read the magazine, the better I like it. There are some real 'growers' in this issue.



photo – Helen Kitson

Sudden Sight – Rani Drew

Thrown by the immense
pull at the roots of a dead plant,
I fell flat on my back,

and saw the sky as if I had
never seen it before. Stretched
above, it was vast, no end
in sight, and so palpable.

Rani Drew has published short stories and poetry in North American and UK magazines. Some short stories have been published in translation, in French, Romanian and Hungarian journals. She is also a playwright, and has written twenty five stage and radio plays, with fifteen produced in the U.K, China and Hungary.



I did a google image search on 'sudden sight'. This one of the images I found. - Rebecca

Image taken from: <http://www.firstworldwar.com/diaries/graphics/machinegunners.jpg>

The Cutter – Jenny Aldridge

There was something in his blood
As a result he had scars
Great congealed of flesh fissures on his arms
The nurses had stitched them savagely
His Friday night rebellion against society
And why he did it just for sympathy

It's rare amongst men
But once done you do it again
Like heroin or a cigarette
Always looked back on with some regret
The slice of razor against the skin
He did it with surgical precision
Laying out the tools, towels and steristrips
When the angst got too much and something tipped

Not a lonely man though single by choice
Having loved once though never to voice
For to love is an admittance of need
Whilst he cuts a remission to bleed
Instead of feeling so empty inside
The blood fills a vacuum friends alone can't provide

He holds down a job shirt and jacket to hide
Etched on his body emotion a tide
The scars are never seen but he never gets close
A distance maintained so he bleeds the most

No biographical details available.

Contributor Guidelines

The editorial board for #3 has been put together and is currently reading for submissions.

We are looking for submissions of:

- Poetry (max 5 poems)
- Short stories (5,000 words max)
- Articles, essays, literary criticism (2,500 words max)
- Music/Book/Zine reviews (500 words max)
- B&W photography, artwork & comics - please contact before sending attachments or original work in the post
- Zines for reviewing

Emailed submissions (submissions@riotangel.co.uk) are preferred, in a rich text or word attachment, but postal submission on *floppy disk* are also welcomed. Send to Riot Angel, 63 Colomb St, London SE10 9EZ.

Please make sure to include a self addressed & stamped envelope for return of the disk or your submission will not be considered. Postal submissions outside from outside the UK will need to include FOUR (4) IRCs (international reply coupons, available from your friendly neighbourhood post office).

PLEASE NOTE:

- we are looking for *original, previously unpublished* work.
- as Riot Angel is a bi-annual zine, it may take a while for us to get back to you, but we promise we will!
- when submitting work, please let us know whether you would like the notes from the editorial board if they decided not to include your work - if you don't ask, we don't know!

Riot Angel is also online

Keep up to date at www.riotangel.co.uk

A selection of work is featured, along with extras and news.

Send an email to info@riotangel.co.uk to subscribe to the mailing list.

Acknowledgements, thanks, and lessons learnt

Grateful thanks to all the editors for their hard work and advice. This is the first collaborative zine project I have done, and it's been educational to say the least.

I'm already gearing up for RA#3 and the amount of interest in the editorial board has been massively encouraging. The board is now full but if you are interested in editing #4, send an email to info@riotangel.co.uk to subscribe to the mailing list.

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Thanks for reading and supporting Riot Angel – send an email, letter, or sign the guestbook and let me know what you think.

Raise the goblet of rock and stay cool.

-Rebecca