



**FROM  
GLASGOW**

**TO  
SATURN**

ISSUE 53: Disrupted States



From Glasgow to Saturn  
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## *A Note from the Editors*

Welcome to Issue 53 of *From Glasgow to Saturn*.

Opening our submissions for this issue in the quiet period between Winter and Spring, we wanted to ask our contributors to tackle feelings of disconnect and interruption; our inspirations reflecting on the slow stasis of seasons changing, alongside personal and political unrests. As an editorial team, we have welcomed three new members since Issue 52, and also said a fond farewell to three of our previous editors. The merging of new ideas into the journal has resulted in a theme which somewhat reflects our own experience as a team: *Disrupted States*. Navigating our new dynamic, we thought we should embrace the unexpected, and experiment a little. We wanted experiments with form and structure, reflections on situations that have unexpectedly ended, and protests of feelings looming on the horizon. We also wanted submissions that are harder to define into categories. We loved the idea of wondering on possibilities, and being hopeful to change.

The wonderful duality of Issue 53's theme meant that writing on disruption could be negative, but also could be positive, and submissions were as eclectic as we hoped they would be. We hope you enjoy our energetic collection of disconnection, and the subsequent unity which stems from it.

Thank you for your continued support of our literary arts journal. Maddie and Eve would also like to say a huge thank you to everyone we've worked with over the last two issues - we're excited to leave the journal in the extremely capable hands of the new editorial team.

### **The Editors**

**Eve McIntosh, Madeleine McCluskey, Kayla Dougan, Tara Jackson & Kat MacKinnon**



## ghost tour

Eve McIntosh

in the forest behind the factory  
in the box behind your house;  
i was a poet before my body  
was a poet, sailor of apart.  
there is a semi-circle branch wreath  
woven around the bus stop  
gallus & prominent, biting at my hind legs.  
how can my body be concrete twigs  
when a poem is equally structured & braided  
but lives spoken aloud? the bus brakes  
i buy a single to yesterday.  
think about you closing doors  
throwing rocks & watering the cactus  
by your window. it was raining  
when you took a knee to the sky  
told me an artificially selfish mirror  
had been smashed, infinity is right there  
i could touch it. the bus breaks down  
outside flat buildings with no windows.  
i count the lab-made geodes littering  
the pavement, ask if they feel like diamonds  
empathise in blood? the driver gives the rear  
of the double-storey tin can a dour glance  
& a wallop with the back of his hand.  
curry sauce splutters out the exhaust, i roll  
on through the mist again & refuse to look up  
at shades of blue that don't exist.  
my body is a poem that wants to sleep  
on your sofa, bookmarked, pressed shut.

orange monk in twenty-five degree heat

KM Dougan

orange                      degree heat  
                 monk                      -five  
with           in twenty           music  
         woman           you           sing  
dancing           on buchanan steps:  
no   breeze on the   robes  
         with                                   bells  
                 "jesus           and           and  
                 said   whistles   sweet  
                 you had to   perfumes  
   be born again"



# Cherry Pie

Tara Jackson

I was a girl when I discovered my father was a man.

The day he burnt the cherry pie.

Picked from scratch from a tree, its stench  
wafting up the stairs. Of fallacies and footsteps. Quick  
and crashing.

People like to pin things down. Forty-four minutes at 180 degrees.

My girlhood, a number. Coal dusted crust. Falling  
apart. Same colour as his hair, then. Inside?

Who knows. I never checked.

It might still be saved,

the centre is sweet. Slicing open

a window. Letting in a breeze. Breathing in air which tastes nothing of  
burnt cherries.

## Afraid of the Dark?

Madeleine McCluskey

I'll be lost then if reading is dark.  
In the forest, in the back of the pub,  
On the last stop of a last minute nostalgia trip  
That leaves a six-year-old lump in  
Your throat and  
The Green Man-- who  
Watched us from the wall--  
Rolling his eyes because  
*Some people can't be saved from melodrama.*

It's a strange thing to be lost in a city  
You could walk blind-folded  
But lately you've noticed arms  
And legs growing  
On the end of the skyline.  
If you're not careful, the tar-black  
Mouth in the pavement  
Might just open  
And swallow you  
Whole.

If reading is dark then  
It's nothing to be afraid of,  
It's later when your eye slips  
Off the page  
Stumbles on  
The Room behind it  
And you count the ways it has  
Disappointed you.  
Count the clothes frosting over in the walk-in  
Wardrobe,  
It used to be haunted but we've saged it now  
And it seems pale and  
Silly and full of  
Bland, useless things.  
Because, really, you'd rather  
Be in the dark.  
In the forest,  
Lit by the glamour of unreality  
And the trees.

# DISRUPTED STATES

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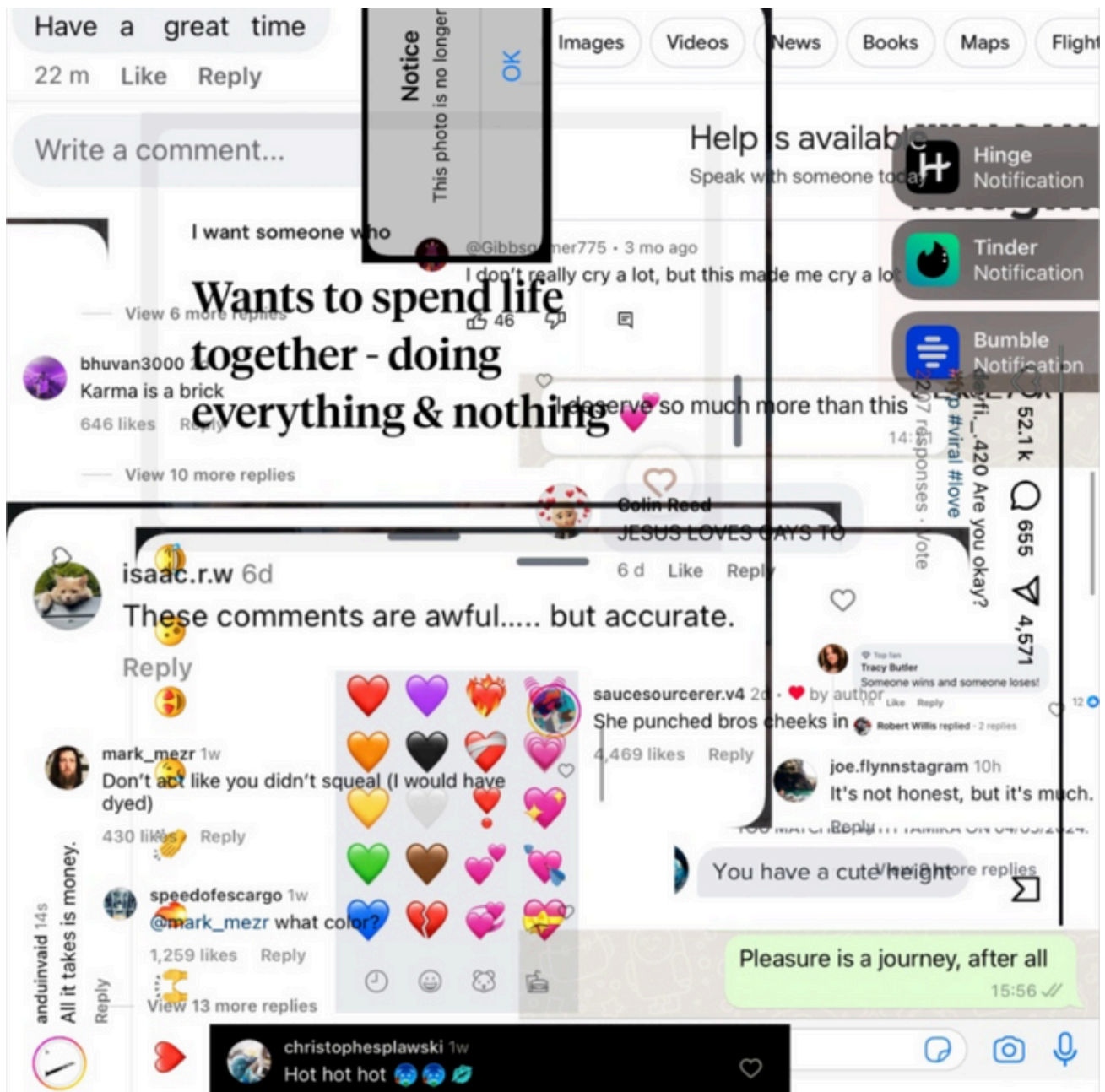
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**clash**





“Have a Great Time (Karma is a Brick)” by James Frew

## **Rust Belt**

Addie Weaver

Papa didn't hate much but blue,  
until the deer he hit bled red  
and it wasn't like burning coal.

First gale of the season  
tree down on the tracks,  
my girl with green eyes

knew what to do. Hold her safe  
under the pine threshold for me.  
Your love will not save her from the cold.

## **(Feeling) in Aid of Feeling**

Esme Lloyd

Take a quiz about my wardrobe aesthetic.  
Scratch white lines on my legs and

Think about desiccating. Watch the  
Stream of my piss in the shower turn white,

Circle the drain. Pass by old tube stations.  
Food didn't used to taste like this.

Watch the boy sweep my hair out from under my stool. Refuse myself waste.  
Text a childhood friend, dinner soon! I miss u

Book a yoga class. Think about the politics of flexibility, of fucking.  
Watch girls I don't know talk with their hands.

Cross the blue underpass late at night.  
Reuse an old password, a childhood nickname.

Hold my face in the steam of a broth.  
The man walking opposite me has thought about strangling.

Eat a whole mango, wet peel pressed to my chin. I like a well-timed slap.  
Wonder where I will be when my dog finally dies.

The thumbnail of my news app, woman rocking a dead baby.  
An orange peel smell, still under your fingernails.

## Metamorphosing

Lucy Lauder

For the third time this week, Leon woke up to find himself on the floor. Nestled in between the bed frame and side table. It kept happening. This sleep migration. *How do you stop yourself?* He wondered, *from crawling out of the duvet and ending up on the floor?* At this moment it occurred to Leon to check the quality of his sleep on the app he'd recently downloaded. SLEEP CYCLE was connected to his smartwatch and came highly recommended by his favourite podcaster. Sleeping well meant working well and was integral to productivity. *£8.99 per month was a small price to pay for productivity*, Leon thought.

He yawned and stretched out a leg to reach for his phone. The app relayed that he had spent eight hours and thirteen minutes in bed, but had only reached REM sleep for a sorry five hours of that. Perhaps he would need to think about ordering that bedroom temperature control gadget featured on the podcast last week. Leon exited the app. Ignoring three notifications from *Microsoft Teams*, his eyes focussed instead on a red symbol hovering above his messaging app.

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*One new message from Linda.*

*Excellent*, he thought. *What better way to start the day than with a message from Linda.* Leon would read it later, and use the thrill of its potential contents to fuel his gym session. Dopamine flowing from the range of new possibilities, Leon jumped up and used a fuzzy limb to pull the duvet taught again.

In the kitchen, Leon opened the fridge. The light burned behind his eyes. He mentally underlined the same note he made in his mind every single morning. Find out how to remove light bulb from fridge. Maybe he could tape over it? But how to make sure he didn't get stuck in the process...?

Leon hated adhesives. He'd lost a lot of friends to them. They could be dangerous if used without due care. Weighing up the risks, he resolved to find a safer solution and began to prep his usual breakfast: eggs and chicken sausages, a protein shake, coffee with double cream and coconut oil. He was bulking.



Leon was perpetually bulking. He hoped to outsmart his own genetics with whey isolate and the rejection of his natural satiation cues. He was big for his sort, but still felt small, and that was a problem for the life he imagined for himself. It seemed more reasonable to him to suffer through twelve meals a day than to come to terms with his stature.

A second oil-spiked coffee and Leon left for the gym. He felt good, up early, clean breakfast, hitting his macros. He would read the message from Linda once he had completed leg day. Leg day was a real bug bear of Leon's. It was particularly time consuming for him, he envied the guys in the gym who would finish the same routine in just a third of the time. When Leon was on leg number five he had already finished this week's episode of his favourite podcast. The CEO being interviewed had everything worked out. He would spend the evening researching him on *Linkedin* later. Sixth leg smashed!- and it was time to leave the gym for his second meal of the day.

Unfortunately the yoghurt Leon picked up from *Sainsbury's* on the way home had three grams less protein than the brand he usually bought. He would have to make up the macros later with a high protein 'chocolate' bar and suffer the laxative effects brought on by the artificial sweetener. Leon did not stop to consider that the crippling diarrhoea might get in the way of his bulking efforts. With leg day over, Leon felt he deserved a reward. He opened the message from Linda:

*Hi Leon,*

*It was lovely to meet you the other night but I think you could've made it clearer on your profile that you are a cockroach. I'm not prejudiced or anything but the thing is, my flatmate was seeing a cockroach over the summer and I realised I react badly to the saliva and body parts you guys shed. It's not you, you were great! It's just me my allergies unfortunately. It brings me out in hives (not pretty!)*

*Hope you find what you are looking for soon,*

*Linda xx*

He closed the message and opened *Strava*. He had always wanted to train for that marathon.



"Phone break" Alex Somerville

## **Shard**

Malin Leona Ramm

Seven years of bad luck  
made of only threes  
splinter cell reflection  
Pray for the knife  
Seven down  
Spine  
Take out  
Soothe blood  
Taloned nails  
No fingers  
Reach inside  
Twist and  
squeeze

**But they can never handcuff your smile**  
*for Chow Hang-tung, pro-democracy lawyer in a Hong Kong jail*

Chin Li

A classification of smiles: not according to curves, teeth or width; nor priced in dollars, euros or half crowns; but with contrapuntal stories, of whatever or whenever or how. No inflexibility, no organised PR. It was, and remains, *your* smile. With inflection of courage, composure, ontological charm. You wouldn't be surprised that *smiles* may soon be written into the penal code, as tantamount to subversion, treason, even blasphemy perhaps ('God' always on their side)! No need to wonder if the law is an ass; it's a warrior-wolf instead. Of course you know the risks, being a barrister, you've seen enough of their tricks. Outside court the other day you turned and saw a reporter's camera: your face bloomed, you raised your handcuffed hands a little, showing the world where angels fear to dance. (How many of *their* angels could do a jig on a pin head?) God or the devil, they can never handcuff your smile! No, we haven't forgotten you and we never will! There: your dark-rimmed glasses remain unchanged, but you seem to have lost weight. Are you on hunger strike of late? You wouldn't be surprised to hear me say *I've fallen in love!* Your smile an invitation, and I shall ring all the bells I still can ring! There is no perfect offering, but you've offered yourself as libation to the future of our imaginings: at once invocation as evocation, an act of sacramental naming, whence the ophthalmologist proclaims, *those who have eyes to see, keep watching!* We shall keep watching and repeating your name: it isn't just three simple Cantonese syllables, but a trinity of words that embodies great sadness yet tempered with great hope. I shall touch your smile with green fingers, and pray green shoots to grow. I don't think they would dare to arrange your demise in prison (like what the Russians do); but they could make living harder for you with strip searches, removal of rights, or a fake biography of your 'life'. They might send you up north, across the border, to entertain you with a different set of made-up-laws. Or they would try the opposite strategy, providing you with comfort, privileges, even syrupy words. Like the camps they run in their far-flung provinces: for 'education', they say, for 'personal growth', for 'career development'. But your education you've received from your mum: you said she took you to your first vigil in Victoria Park; and now you light your candle every June to remember nineteen-eighty-nine: a summer night where innocent blood was shed, lives snuffed out, courage redefined; while you, a mere four-year-old, was asleep blissfully in your southern cubby-hole.



We'll tell them they're a nation of metronomic forgetting, caged in poverty of mind! They may rant and rave, they may put you in no man's land, but you'll not be prisoner of their story. Your next move, metonymically, is not for them to curate. Banish their Sisyphean regime, for we shall send you our good wishes — as Prospero tempers his despair of ending with a hopeful request: *Let your indulgence set me free!*

I once imagined you teaching the daughter you never had to do cartwheels on freshly-mown Jesus Green. In your head, at the same time, you were planning a vigil for the following June on Midsummer Common, regardless of the Embassy's rabid objection, regardless of their national security long arm. But you've given up a possible life in a free and safe country and opted for what has now turned out to be this limbo of a jail. I imagine your June to come, our June, to be bright and full of laughter. Even though June was once the cruellest month, where tanks rolled over the young and over the tears of their mothers, while old men were happily ensconced inside their walled palace, busily filling the pages of the nation's history books with stories of kitsch patriotism, invented conspiracies, Hegelian proofs of the Party's righteous path. A *pathology* of saccharine manna from the Great Leader, sealed with his kiss of death. I imagine you shaking your head (you have the freedom not only to smile but also to shake your head even in prison): *what do they think they're doing, banning from circulation these four natural numbers, 8-9-6-4, as if all of life can be sufficiently covered by 7-5-3-2-1?* Now June is an amputated month, with only twenty-nine evenings, but plenty of poisonous suns. Red sky at night or red sky in the morning? Still, I imagine you going for coffee along King's Parade, perhaps 2026, or 2029, maybe June, maybe September; I imagine you telling your daughter about prison, about old times. That probably would never happen, I know... but it'd be pure pleasure for me to imagine it did. For what is poetry if not the imperative to let imagination run? For they can never handcuff your smile. For they can never, but never, put your imagination... in prison.

## Love poem

inanna katharina

In the poetry bookshop, you got mad at love poems  
existing apolitically

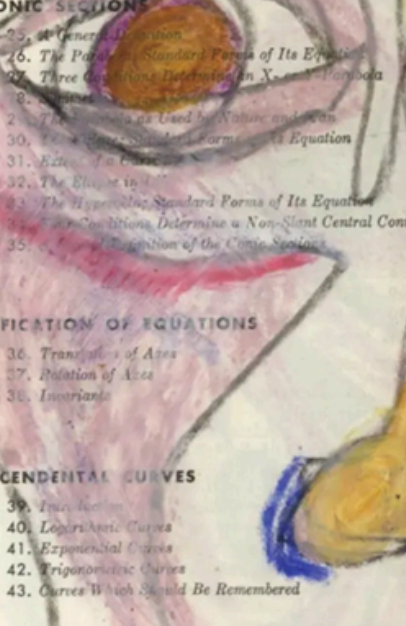
Poetry is the stuff of revolutions, you said  
it is the tongue to speak with,  
and the teeth  
it gives us a common song  
in which the bird shoots the hunter  
in which a rose can be a rose  
and violence can be drag out  
from its hiding place in plain sight  
and publicly condemned at the marketplace

You said there's nothing slow  
about the violence of colonialism,  
of letting people drown in your favorite holiday destination  
of destroying their houses  
of burning their future under a carbon sky

But us.  
the warmth of our hands. the softness of our gaze.  
a statement

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“face” by Louis McNulty

## The Seven Ways

Alexandra Compton

Tennents tilt tip drip  
crab-walking on tiptoes to  
slide into the only free seat  
stepping over the old dog snuffling  
crisp crumbs out of the carpet  
planting yourself at the bar  
body tilted between your mate and  
the football screen in the corner  
hoarse throats from shouting over  
the clamour demand another pint  
dingy lights and tipping tables  
and way too much dark oak  
to offset the greying fixtures and  
don't even ask about the toilets  
stand outside for a smoke and let  
the pub spill out behind you

*An application has been submitted to the council to change the use of 'The Seven Ways' in Bridgeton because a "business model" for a pub no longer exists.*

*"This proposal would see the premises converted to a coffee shop serving tea and coffee and associated pastries," the application added (Glasgow Live, August 2023).*

## Jury Duty

Leah Sinforiani

Angie generally considered herself an empathetic person. For the 28 years that she had been under the same sun as the people sat on either side of her in the jury box, Angie had been accused of having a quote, unquote *saviour complex*. She had been put on trial for her *people pleasing tendencies* and told many, many times to— and I stress by members of the jury— *calm down* about *things she couldn't change*. Angie did not necessarily view this as a problem, in fact she considered it, largely, a strength of character.

In a police interview, she would say she considered herself to be of mid to high level intelligence. If tortured, this mid level intelligence would be upped to at least 'able to identify Azerbaijan on a map level of clever'. Knows that the economy is in fiscal drag kind of clever. Knows this is not related to drag queens in any way kind of aptitude of the world. So intelligent was Angie that, hell, in high school she had even briefly considered pursuing law. Unfortunately, after completing a mock trial or 'mooting'— as some fucking idiots decided to call it— in which they were set the task of examining 48 different subsections of Scot's Law regarding traffic lights, red was all she saw for herself and this career front.

Anyway, these days, Angie wasn't sure she even believed in the justice system. She had recently started to like americanos. Especially the cheap one she was currently drinking from the jury pod coffee machine. Angie's boyfriend, Graham Norton, kept forgetting and making her lattes in the morning instead. Graham Norton didn't think it was that funny that he was called Graham Norton. Graham Norton was a person who was consistently referred to by everyone he knew *and* even some people he didn't know by his first *and* last name. People didn't really consider the weight of their name beyond the school register until confronted with it by a lover's body pressing up and down upon them. Graham (Graham Norton) was not the kind of name one whispered between sheets.

They seem to take in anyone here, thought Angie as she scanned the unpleasant sea of faces that lined the bench around her. If Graham and Angie were ever going to get engaged, an outcome looking increasingly unlikely given everything that happened with the dog and all, she was absolutely certain she would be keeping her own last name, which they were then reading out in full in the courtroom in front of the jury, the lawyers, two convicted murderers and the man on trial. The Getaway Driver. Angie thought Getaway Driver was too sexy an alias for the sad looking big bald man in front of her who— according to the prosecutor— drove a vauxhall corsa to a residential street and set it on fire. The bald man in question was claiming he could not possibly have done all this as he had, naturally, been in laser tag at the time. It was certainly an unpleasant line up for Graham Norton's couch, whether he was her fiance or not.

In this jury room, Angie now considered herself a genius.

Painted a headache inducing green, the deliberation room housed all 15 members of the jury, a poor selection of biscuits, and a menu for lunch. You were not allowed to bring in your own lunch. For Angie, this brought to mind JAIL. Your options were so awe-inspiringly bad, so frightfully unappealing that FLOURISH TO NOURISH HAM BOX was truly the best and only option, even though Angie was a vegetarian. The vegan option consisted of one frozen veggie sausage and 14 chickpeas in a box. The jury had been whittled down from the 4000 that had been called, to 500, to 200, to 20 and now, before the court of law; this lucky lottery, this new dysfunctional family of 15. Angie felt like the boxed veggie sausage, in a sea of yellow chickpeas.

‘A pure love shit like this, man.’ was the first thing said aloud in the room by a small girl of around twenty with a slick back bun and a vape necklace with the name ‘Mags’ written on it.

Angie had nearly written her off for the vape necklace alone but with the admission of ‘once you’d seen one dead body you’d seen them all’ Angie’s compassion vanished in a puff of green apple smoke. She felt a very lime headache coming on.

Before the final decision that this specific set of humans were to be put in charge of another human's life, the clerk asked those who had been called if there were any reasons they were *not fit* to serve on the case. Possible reasons included:

- Knowing the people mentioned in the case
- Prior knowledge of the case
- Being a large scary looking man

At this request five men— one with a face tattoo, two with lions on their arms— stood up and walked off.

Once Angie realised she was stuck here for the next GOD KNOWS HOW LONG, she had texted her bosses at the Sound for the Moving Image Company she had been working for for the last five years. The company was run by two very camp men called Steven and Laurie Micks and was called MICKS accordingly (Moving Image Company K\_\_\_\_\_ Sound). Graham and Angie used to laugh at good old Steve and Laurie and their dumb company name but, having recently developed a frontal lobe, Angie had truly grown to like— if not love— them both. The job was extremely middle class, the most stressful part of any given day being that a D-List celebrity who had come in to do a rerecording of his or hers hit 90s record had not received his or hers soy latte. Graham worked in marketing for a big supermarket, something Angie, secretly and publicly, thought was a creative sellout.

‘It’s nothing too gruesome I hope luv... tell them you’re a sensitive soul x’ typed Steve.

Angie wished she could text Graham comical quips about the large scary looking men who were definitely pals with the plaintiff but her *sensitive soul* meant she was still very angry about the dog. There was an intimacy in betrayal, a sort of presentness that made everyday feel very real and intense.

She kept a journal at work, away from the claustrophobic bedroom she shared with Graham (Norton), for spare moments when she wasn't cold calling music rental companies but Angie didn't feel able to write herself out of this one.

To write oneself out meant admitting you didn't want to be in the story anymore and this, she didn't feel ready for with Graham and the dog, and all of it was adding to the general surrealness of her current surroundings like a-

'He's definitely not done it.'

'Are you fucking stupid?'

Outside for a smoke break, Brian, the retired lorry driver, and Esme, the paediatric nurse were engaged in a heated debate after the prosecutor's closing speech in which he had given detailed and undisputed evidence to suggest that the plaintiff had, in fact, not been in laser tag as he has previously stated, but had in fact been in the getaway car, registered under his name, with his big bald head in 72 different CCTV images and a sword in the front seat. After, allegedly, driving the getaway car the Big Bald Plaintiff had jumped on the train and flown to Cuba. Esme was very firmly pointing her finger at Brian and shouting things like 'HE MIGHT HAVE HAD AN NON REFUNDABLE TICKET' and 'I'VE BEEN THERE ON AN ALL INCLUSIVE HOLIDAY THAT DOESN'T MEAN I'M A CRIMINAL'.

Brian, visibly deflated, replied, 'I'm too hungover from breakfast for this.' and stormed away. Angie had to keep reminding herself this was the high court, not a Cuban pub smoking area.

You want a hit of my vape,' said Mags.

Angie had forgotten people could see her.

'No, thanks.'

'You want to get a starbies before court tomorrow gal.'

Double homicide.

The next morning, not a starbies in hand, Angie walked through town to get to court before 10 am. She weighed up the rubbish lining the streets. Is that what happened when the economy was fiscally dragging so badly that no one cared about anything anymore? She started to feel a glint of conservatism pulsing through her veins. Why did no one take any pride in where they came from anymore?! Why was this city so ugly? Why was everyone in it so ugly? Why was the jury not taking this literal murder case seriously?!

She had been handed a biscuit by Carol, the kindly looking nursery teacher who reminded her a bit of her mother. This had made her believe joy is still possible.

'I was on a rape case once'

She noticed Angie grimacing, 'Don't worry, the woman was a fucking liar'. Carol was not a good mother.

‘Oh my God, the woman on my rape case was a big fat liar too.’ said Esme, the pediatric nurse.

Angie would be writing to the council or whoever it was you wrote to about these things, about this.

She excused herself to go and hide with an apple in the bathroom but Mags had spotted her and was closing in,

‘BABES WHERE ARE YOU GOING IT'S TIME TO HIT THE VAPE’. Angie was quite certain it was time to hit Mags over the head with a weapon. She really, really hoped the judge wasn’t reading her thoughts.

It was time for the defence.

When Graham had tried to apologise, had begged really, for Angie's forgiveness she had hoped and expected for a theatrical performance. Instead, he had been quiet, honest and thoughtful, which was unexpected from Graham, who was usually the loudest person in any room at any given time. Angie was usually the quietest, she was a ‘pushover’, another quote in the long line up that made up Angie’s blurb. This dichotomy of quiet and loud, of dancer and watcher, had appealed to Angie when she was younger but seeing Graham so weak made Angie feel like he really meant it. You always think you know how you’ll react to these scenarios, with utter conviction and a clear sense of right and wrong but it wasn’t anything like TV. It just hurt.

The defence lawyer was infamous for getting absolute freak shows off in absolutely freaky cases. Now, he gave a performance worthy of any daytime drama. He had not questioned any of the witnesses for the entirety of the case, a tactic Angie had thought meant he knew the Big Bald Man was guilty. He had no alibis, so did what any mass manipulator would do– tried pulling at the heartstrings–

‘My client has acted in a reckless manner.’ by this, he was referring to the sword, which, on CCTV footage earlier the day of the murder, one could view the Big Bald Man brandishing at the murdered man.

‘But he is not guilty of the crime he has been accused of,’

‘My client was simply protecting his son, and to that, ladies and gentlemen, we can all relate.’

The Big Bald Man’s son; a small man with swoopy hair, had sat in the viewing gallery glaring at the jury for the entire case. He had not once looked at his father’s big bald head. Angie thought he was a bit handsome but she was sure this was just the hormones and the general stress of the situation.

‘I’d like to invite the final witness to read his police statement from the time of the alleged crime.’

The jury turns to look as a small, stoned-looking man of around 20 to 25 enters the stand.

‘Please read your full name to the members of the jury.’



‘Ehhh it’s Mick Graham.’

Mick Graham. This case was not seriously being closed by a man with her boyfriend and bosses names combined. She couldn’t escape. She couldn’t switch off from her real life and this new reality she was living everyday. It was hell. All of it. Mick Graham’s statement- which in the defence’s gleeful words was ‘less than compelling’, the betrayal, the making coffees for D-List celebrities and then THIS bloodbath of a deliberation.

‘Av no seen his face.’

‘The police are fucking liars.’

‘Are you a dumb cunt? This guys clearly a bad man.’

‘His sons pure staring at me, he’s from my ends their gonna come and do me in if we say no guilty’.

‘Have you even been in a courtroom before?’

‘Ehhh what’s the charge again?’

‘I went to Cuba once.’

‘WOULD YOU ALL JUST SHUT THE FUCK UP’.

All 14 members of the jury turned to look at Angie. It was first time she’d spoken all day.

‘LISTEN TO YOURSELVES, HOW ARE YOU IN THE HIGH COURT?!!! IN CHARGE OF A MAN’S LIFE AND YOU HAVEN’T EVEN PAID ENOUGH ATTENTION TO KNOW WHAT THE CASE EVEN IS.’

Brian coughs.

‘AND NICK’, she turns to point at a 6 ft 7 man with a ponytail, ‘I SAW YOU LITERALLY DOODLING THE JUDGES WIG WHEN THE PROSECUTOR READ HIS EVIDENCE HOW ON EARTH ARE YOU SUPPOSED TO MAKE A FAIR ASSESSMENT,’

‘IF I’VE LEARNED ANYTHING FROM THIS EXPERIENCE ITS UNDERSTANDING THE RISE OF FASCISM BECAUSE YOU FUCKING LOT DISAGREE FOR THE SAKE OF IT AND TAKE ANY FUCKING THING AT FACE VALUE.’

‘YOU’RE ALL A BUNCH OF CALLOUS IDIOTS.’

Carol looked like she was about to cry. Mags said they should call a break.

Outside, Mags handed Angie the vape necklace. This time, she took a puff.

‘You alright hen?’

Angie burst into tears. She told Mags– this 1 in 4000th person who she never would have known– about what’s happened. About Graham. And the dog. And the feeling that somewhere she’s loved her whole life has become so ugly to her. Had become a place she couldn’t get out of. The hopelessness she felt at the news. The feeling that she was wasting her intelligence at the promise that her job might lead her to a more creative life. That she should do something different. That she should be doing something more. That she should be more.

That this case was scaring her because if this guy– this clearly guilty guy– got off what did that say about the justice system?! About the state of the country. When so many bad cases relied on one person's word against the other. How life was just a series of one person's word against the other's. How forgiveness was a choice. And was it one she should keep choosing?

‘Babes, you should really get your own one of these,’ replied Mags gesturing at her green vape, evaporating at the door.



血色。迷雾梦境  
影成双  
步伐匆匆

Blood-red, shrouding dreams  
Shadows forming pairs  
Hastening steps

如果你重新认识我  
Swallowing down your story  
Orange and green intertwine

If you were to recognize me again  
If we were to meet once more  
At which crossroads would it be?

From the '死鸟 Dead Bird' series by Caiyun Chen

## HOPE//Climb out of the well

Jodie Whitchurch

Only the birds live there// I used to sit and tell the sea my secrets  
there was a banshee in the garden// the ants are circling you and  
chanting your name  
she smiles// tells me a joke on Cthulhu  
Hope comes out of her well//to shame us

unsure at what point I became one with the ocean  
grew something akin to gills  
tried to stop it  
swept regardless  
the slapping of fingers on keys  
show format  
smallest of noise disruptions  
taped shells to the sides of my head  
                                shhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh  
                                sshhhhhhhh  
letting be guided  
strange stimuli  
stop it more  
that's all there is at the end of the film  
black screen expired text  
wires plugged out  
lore  
                                closed caption  
wishing for us to be closer  
                                closed caption  
wishes to bring earplugs to write about the sea  
wishing to stick shells to the ends

pen only  
paper only  
let us be irritated by our bumpy fingers instead  
refusing to take leave

from swelling  
forgotten how to hold  
wide hand typeworld

a skirt of feathers//throat lined with sand and kelp  
closer a lost art//shaped to climb  
what the waves brought back//a longing  
a list of things//for us to give to the ocean.

**echo**

## Shells

Hannah Parkinson

The imprint the shell leaves is more important to me than the shell itself. Like a stencil, a memory of the thing. A souvenir. An abstract object. The Effect it creates is all the more important. The Affect of nostalgia, in me. Collecting pebbles and sea glass and shells on the beach, by the shore. All I left behind would be washed away by the waves before dinner.



"Dreams" by Alasdair Watson



## Eternal Wood

Kathryn Florence Kennedy

Last night I dreamt of a long and  
Wide forest with no end.  
It stretches as a blanket, but  
A blanket impaled with  
Pillars of patterned bark.  
A sheet of warmth for the  
Wet, grainy earth.  
I felt no breeze but heard  
Rustle of branches and twigs,  
Snapping and falling.  
I was surrounded by  
Burnt green fur sprouting  
From every veiny stick  
Floating above my head.  
An eternal wood in which  
I was trapped and content.

## Stone Fruit Blues

Addie Weaver

Gently, now. Her mother's house,  
my calloused hands soft on the garden hose:  
the time I crashed into the fallen tree halfway down the  
mountain,  
pine stuck to my knees and skirt ill-suited to the spokes.  
Against the bark and the mist in this country's sturdy  
frame,  
where light reaches the bottom.

In her language, continuous structure is common as rain;  
Not *I love you* but *I am loving you*, the wordless us  
pitting cherries with teeth,  
stems resting in freshly tilled earth.  
Juice dripping down our arms.

In the hum of the radio I do not say how I feel.  
I do not say anything at all.

**shoulders**

Linda Fernandes

washcloth of tears, spit  
stooped small over broth and bruise  
there is a giant

## Writing Exercises

Chandra Grace Johner

- X. In a notebook bound of unicorn hide & using invisible ink, write down 99 words for salvation
- X. Put a ball of tinfoil down your throat & record any sounds you are still able to make
- X. Enjoy a field trip to your local graveyard & do not leave until you interview a ghost
- X. Cook a 5-course meal & throw it on the wall, then pen down your feelings about the artful composition
- X. Write haikus about Donald Trump & leave them at people's houses; then proceed to
- X. Write down the names of the friends you still have & family members who still talk to you
- X. Enjoy a quest to find the Mirror of Truth, hold it up to others & record the results, then hold it up to yourself, immediately smashing it after
- X. Remove the tinfoil ball from your throat, spit up the blood onto the page & decipher its prophecy
- X. Attempt to recite the invisible words for salvation on a busy street corner & silently curse your choice of ink. Record people's angry reactions to your performance, but this time choose a more reliable medium like blood or tears
- X. Set fire to your unicorn-skin journal & start tattooing your exercises on your own skin

## **Fugue**

*a poem to the activists defending water rights in Saint-Soline, France*  
inanna katharina

My friend said she can remember the last time she heard crickets

On the weekend in the grass  
the police helicopter was too loud  
and I thought  
“there is a poem hidden  
somewhere in this meadow”

## Half Full Moon

Lìdh

afore she came there hung a tepid moon  
half empty, fae the thirst o' Bug proboscis'  
sifting in & oot of my low room  
((sizzling oan the light o' their psychosis)).  
sucking, retching, chunder in the jungle  
o' small lives guilded by electric lamps  
transparent pane, a prodding force tae mingle  
oan nature's side, alive amongst the damp

m e a n i n g l e s s floors wait tae be wiped in petrol-  
--eum bottled fer convenient clean  
all purpose poison spritzed in lungs like spittle;  
tiny organs shrivelled & obscene.  
elytron & a hot bulb fused & peeling  
against a hundred anti-icari  
unlucky boadies plastered tae the ceiling  
swept up ootside tae \_cool\_-, un-squash, un-fry

a constant walk in un-concentric circles  
oor plastic prison o' unholey socks  
treading re-un-pathways wae damp ankles;  
familiar Bugs in un-familiar flocks.  
bought, worn, holed, discarded fer oor pleasure  
oan a heap o' Fly-meal landfill,,, spent  
buzzing like the back-end o' a seizure;  
these seazoned beasties must be heather-sent

closed black lenses fire intae position  
pleading wae their thousand soggy eyes  
desperate tae complete their insect mission;  
oor distant lamp empowered to hypnotise.  
the luxury o' skin and thick black tresses  
smoked aff upon the heat death o' the gallows  
each forgotten intake;;; minute stresses  
inhaled,,, as the universe---

\_s w a l l o w s\_

when She came the Bugs continued tapping  
dancing roond us, swinging side tae side  
a complex ceilidh follows creaky yapping;  
a troop o' grooms wae moonlight as their bride.  
but minds in macrocosm canna stutter  
tae doubt the orange circle which they yearn  
and so they burn up quicker than a shutter  
((a call tae wisdom i have yet tae earn))

un-tempted by the half abandoned dishes  
the Flies stay loyal tae their vorted magnate  
called tae service oan their brothers' ashes;  
burst and burnt until their stutters stagnate.  
we only have so many jars & dustpans  
we cannae win the \_war\_ within the beast!!  
their lives are just a joke delivered deadpan  
a giggle caught, held in, choked oot, then ceased

we lay ootside oor boadies oan the mattress  
touched wae palms fer saving crispy lives  
pretending not tae see oor bulge & flatness;  
((pretending we're in sync wae Insect jives)).  
the glass moon hung & drawn, that apparatus  
half lit & sliced in two as to declare;  
oor souls are filled as soldiers fall aroond us  
they leave mare full than empty by a hair

when the patio doors lose tae the darkness  
we walk in air that blows oor pupils dry  
we hold hands wrong so it be shown we're artless;  
as aw the moon-flung beasties flitter by.  
\_blue skin, blue skin,\_ the bleeding blue devotion  
a billion invites tae a cosmic ball;;  
Oor love drowns boundless locusts in the ocean;  
Their love wont touch the empty moon at all.





"Disrupted" by Miller Malone

## **Amma**

Hanna Maria Eldose

Amma is ninety-five.  
Amma has been ninety-five for seven years.  
Waddled through forests of tall grass  
Ran from mosquitos, dragonflies, and worms.  
She waited for the telephone to light up  
Held me while I mourned a dead bird.

Amma is ninety-five.  
Amma has been ninety-five for seven years.  
Walk home with dirty feet  
Wait for days for someone to play with.  
She caught rats to drown in her rat trap  
Cut me jackfruit with her cleaver.

Amma is ninety-five.  
Amma has been ninety-five for seven years.  
Sneaked friends in through the front door  
Finally those who speak my tongue  
She stayed with us  
Quietly sleep, quietly snore.

Amma is ninety-five.  
Amma has been ninety-five for seven years.  
Went back after four summers  
Happy, healed, and distant.  
Her hair cropped so close to the skull  
Answering questions I never asked.

Amma is ninety-five.  
Amma has been ninety-five for seven years.  
Yesterday he called me.  
Éowyn's left me without any toilet paper, I joke  
And wonder, why are you not at home?  
Could be any day. It's serious, she is ninety-five now.

## Traitorous Birds

Annie Runkel

mid-conversation while  
we discuss death bots and 18th century philosophers  
on an autumn weekend walk

my thoughts scatter  
like a flock of rainwater birds  
from a gleeful welly-booted toddler

as you laugh  
delighted eyes  
sky-blue against raven-wing lashes

and I am left  
thoughtless  
pigeon-brained

## When all we had was love

Kate Wilkinson

I read a poem once about running into an ex-partner. One of them tells the other that sometimes they think of their relationship as a place they used to go to on holiday, and even though they wouldn't go back there again, whenever they think of it, they smile.

I closed my eyes against the words.

I read a poem today about making an unholy mess of love. It doesn't quite capture what we did to it. We didn't make a mess of it; we weaponised it. How to describe how it feels to make something soft, to make something tender, and then turn it into a spear. Every time I think of it I have to catch my breath.

Trees out the train window. On the way to my uncle's funeral, trying to remember the last conversation we had. Braiding Sweetgrass in my hands; Anna Mieke's voice through earphones. *Thought of you in the deep of my sleep.*

I move through landscape, watch as it changes around me. Early December. Damp ground, thick cloud, red brick houses and grey roofs. Piles of leaves, bare trees, bare branches. Tracks, crossroads.

Thinking of last autumn, of decisions made last time the trees were yellow, of driving home late on a Tuesday night, of a phone call in an empty room. The sound of betrayal, the depth of it, the feeling of being made unknown.

Sometimes, at the climbing gym where I work, I play his favourite band on the speakers. Just a song, or two. I think of our friendship. Sometimes it helps to remember the good, to honour it. To remember who we were back when all we had was love, before we turned it inside out.

I turn towards the window. Fields, hedgerows. Rain.

milk

Katie Ryan

sweet sleep  
sealed head, shoulders, knees, feet 'til  
he, taking that child in his hand  
decided he  
knew better. made me she that was white-as-milk, the babe without the arms, the babe without the voice, christ i wish he would have just jerked off like normal, would that have been too much to ask? now he is gone and nothing beside remains. only hands and eyes and silk ropes and touching and touching and stop. no more. return me to the rock. niki is waiting for me at the top of the stairs and we want to go home

The diagram consists of two main parts separated by a dashed horizontal line. Above the line, there are several rows of vertical bars. The first row has 16 bars, followed by three rows of 17 bars each. In the fourth row, the word "help" is positioned between the 10th and 11th bars. Below the dashed line, there is a single row of 16 vertical bars.

[illegible]

## Queso

Meredith Ellington

My new neighbors announce their arrival with an American flag on the front porch and a vinyl “Jesus Saves” decal on the mailbox. I remember my house also has a mailbox. I check it for the first time since May; the contents are mostly addressed to my housemates. They hadn’t been able to sublease their rooms so I’m here alone for the summer.

My new neighbors are nauseatingly domestic. They’re a young couple with a lot of furniture. Most days, I can hear them training their new puppy, their voices loud and thinned by frustration. I catch a glimpse of the puppy one day on my way home from class. It’s a tiny corgi with the coloring of a toasted marshmallow. It has to be purebred; I worry someone will steal it from their yard.

I meet the puppy a few weeks after they moved in. I’m laying on a lawn chair in the early evening, drinking wine from a stadium cup and shooing bugs as they land on my sticky skin. Before my new neighbors moved in, I considered buying tiki torches to mitigate the mosquito invasion, but they’d become a faux pas for white “moderates” near college campuses a few years prior, and I didn’t want to give them any ideas. Just as I start to drift off on a river of warm white wine, I feel something larger and wetter than a mosquito bite my toes. I jerk my knees up. The puppy leaps away and retrieves a plushie shaped like a wedge of cheese the size of its face.

“Come here,” I cajole. It hops over the grass toward my outstretched hand like a rabbit with dyspraxia. I tug on its satellite dish ears. I have a sudden instinct to prevent it from leaving. “Sit,” I say. I know from listening to the voices over the fence that it graduated from ‘sit’ to ‘lie down’ a week ago. I run into the kitchen and grab a half-empty jar of JIF. I stick my fingers directly into the jar, my hand barely fitting through the opening. I hold out a dollop. The puppy drops the plushie and laps up the homogenous paste, first from my fingers and then the greasy ring around the widest part of my hand.

“Queso, get back here!”

*Who names a corgi after fucking Mexican food?* I think miserably as I watch the puppy abandon the peanut butter and wriggle under the chain link fence.

I watch my new neighbor scoop Queso like a tortilla chip, her cornsilk hair flashing in the sun. She looks like the kind of Barbie doll you’d put on top of a child’s birthday cake, all smooth and pastel.

I notice the cheese plushie on the grass. I pick it up.

“Drop something?” I direct the question to Queso. My neighbor flashes me an Invisalign smile as I hand it to her. “Where are my manners? I haven’t introduced myself yet.”

Her name is Kayteigh. With a Y after the A and an *E-I-G-H* after the T. I'd have been more surprised if she'd spelled it K-A-T-Y. Her pastel T-shirt says "*I'm a pearl-wearin', sweet tea drinkin', heart blessin' Southern belle*". She isn't wearing pearls. I wonder if she even likes sweet tea. Does she have divine authority over my heart?

"This is random, but I have something back at my house that I think you'd *adore*. Can I get it for you?" Kayteigh asks me, eyes wide. There are no bags beneath them.

My curiosity wins out.

"Sure."

Kayteigh shoves Queso into my arms and runs back towards her house. Her flip flops snap at her heels like rabid dogs.

Queso lets out a pitiful yip when Kayteigh disappears inside. "It's okay," I whisper. "She'll be back." Kayteigh returns with a pair of black leggings speckled with skulls. I try not to grimace as she trades them for the puppy.

"I got these in a shipment a few weeks ago and I've been looking for the perfect home for them." She looked at me expectantly; I hope to God she doesn't want me to pay for them.

"These are really cool." I don't look her in the eyes, choosing instead to stare into the empty sockets of a tiny skull. Before she can smuggle me any more Hot Topic rejects, I tell her I have to go inside and get ready for a date.

"Don't worry, honey," My skin itches when she calls me *honey*. It's uncomfortably maternal. "My little girl and I have to do a livestream in a few minutes, but let me get you on Insta. If you like those leggings' there's plenty more where that came from." She swings the puppy back and forth like a baby. Hypnotized by Queso's lolling tongue, I hand her my phone and she follows herself.

"*Good luck on your daaaaaaate*," she calls as I walk back to the house. I stalk her on Instagram while I get ready (I do actually have a date). She sells leggings for a multi-level marketing company and her profile is a visual acid trip of polyester blends. I have to swipe my thumb several times before I find any non leggin' related content. I learn we both graduated this past May, in matching blue gowns on opposite ends of the football field. She married Brett a week later. They wore basketball jerseys in a few of their wedding photos. Queso was his family's present to them. I scroll back to the top and send a screenshot to Greta. *My new neighbor is such a character*. We love making fun of housewives who fall for pyramid schemes.

Greta is my best friend. We've been inseparable since freshman year when she found me stumbling around frat court, Four Loko spilled down the front of my bodycon dress. She bought me a giant slice of pizza and let me sleep on her bean bag chair. This is the longest I've been away from her since. After graduation, she moved to New York; I have to stay here to finish one last class before I can get my real diploma (I was able to attend the ceremony on the condition that I attend summer school). Now Greta works at a tech startup; they're developing a new dating app to combat ghosting.

The gimmick is that you can only talk to one person at a time and if you want to start swiping again, you have to abandon the current conversation. She says it's genius. I think it would give me whiplash: the ecstasy of being the center of someone's world before being suddenly, and obviously, replaced.

Since Greta's app is still in development, I settle for the usual suspects: Tinder, Bumble, Hinge, Facebook Marketplace. I've had a surprising amount of luck on the latter, it having led to a brief tryst with a film bro giving away his Pulp Fiction poster and a tumultuous two weeks with a woman who makes side tables out of broken bunk beds from campus dorms. She calls her unauthorized refurbishment business Siobhan's One Night Stands, explaining that it's a reference to the reason they'd likely been broken. The fight that ended our fling started with me saying she didn't have to explain all of her jokes.

This time I treat myself to a Tinder date. His name is Ryan, he's a Ph.D. candidate, and he *loves* kayaking. I know this because the orange boat from his pictures is still strapped to the roof of his Subaru when he drives us to a craft brewery.

"Is it supposed to flood tonight?" I ask. I don't think he hears me.

I take out my phone while he gets us drinks. Greta hasn't responded to my message. She's terrible at texting. Ryan sits down and I take a photo of our drinks, ensuring that at least one of his calloused masculine hands is in the shot. Greta will probably see it and remember to respond. I post it to my Instagram story.

"My best friend and I used to come here all the time," I say. "She's in New York now."

"Wow," he nods enthusiastically before scrunching his eyebrows and pursing his lips. I feel like I can see every thought passing through his head. "I don't think I could handle living there."

I glance toward the parking lot and the orange behemoth atop his car. "Not a city boy?"

"Absolutely not," he holds up a peace sign. "Two things I can't live without: nature and my family." He puts a finger down for each item. I take this to mean that if this goes any further, 1) I'll be expected to spend significant time in a tent, and 2) his mom still does his laundry.

He lures me back to his apartment with the promise of more alcohol. When we arrive, his roommates are pregameing a birthday party that he was evidently not invited to. They pour us tequila shots. When they leave, Ryan pulls up a standup special he's already seen on Netflix and shoves his hand down the front of my shorts.

I don't know if it's the shots or just the euphoric joy of taking them with other people, but my skin feels electric. I come while he's still teasing me through the fabric of my underwear. He's dubious at my enthusiasm but relents to a thank you blowjob.



When he asks if I want to spend the night, my mind wanders to tents and mosquitos and his mom folding his tidy whities and the fucking orange kayak and the thought of being trapped here while my friend forgets me except for the fact that I'm failure who can't graduate on time and will probably never actually make it to New York. So, I call an Uber.

I drop my keys twice when I try to open my front door, then go to the kitchen and pour myself a wine to wash the tequila and dick from my mouth. I stare into the darkened yard, once again considering tiki torches. I see movement and leap back, spilling the wine down the front of my shirt. I flick on the patio lights, terrified I'll see Ryan army-crawling through the unmowed grass.

Queso's ears appear above the vegetation. I slide open the door and drop to the floor, holding out my hand and whispering *here puppy*.

I cup her warm belly, dragging her into my arms. She pants onto my neck as I slide the door shut and walk to the living room. I drop to the rug in a rush of vertigo, forgetting in my excitement that I'm still intoxicated. I set Queso beside me while I check Instagram. Greta still hasn't responded. But she has made a grid post. She's sitting next to Emily on a fire escape drinking prosecco from the bottle. She and Emily have both viewed my story from the brewery.

Last year, Greta and I signed a lease for the perfect off-campus house, but because it had three bedrooms, we needed to find someone to fill the last one. I suggested Emily—we'd been acquaintances since French 101, never hanging out but supportively commenting on each other's Instagram thirst traps for years. Greta and I rolled our eyes when she forgot to do the dishes or brought her weird boyfriend over. Then, Emily was accepted into an MFA in New York and Greta's eyes stopped rolling.

I look at Queso. She's asleep. Her ears are lowered and her paws stretch past her head. I smile and post a picture on my story.

##

I wake to the sound of whining in my ear and saliva on my face, and think I must have slept over at Ryan's, but instead of his sparse mustache, I see Queso.

"Good morning," I croak and sit up before being pummeled by subsequent waves of nausea and urine smell. Queso, in her excitement, jumps in her puddle. I feel droplets hit my leg. I groan before cleaning the floor and her paws. I start to make coffee when I hear frantic knocking. Queso goes nuts. I worry she'll pee again.

"*Is that Queso?*" the voice wails through the mail slot.

I open the door and Queso leaps into Kayteigh's arms. She's crying and holding the matted cheese plushie.

"My poor baby," she says, holding the puppy with one arm and grabbing my wrist with the other. "Bless you."

"It's nothing," I say, and riding the high of being blessed, offer her a cup of coffee. She asks for water instead.

"Don't like coffee?" I ask, handing her a glass. She probably only drinks strawberries and cream frappuccinos.

"I can't drink it," the child bride admits. We sit on opposite sides of the lumpy couch, Queso curled up between us, the ammoniac smell of dog piss hovering in the air. She charitably doesn't mention it. Either that, or her nose is too stuffy from crying to notice.

"Are you Mormon?"

"No," she sighs. "Pregnant."

I resist the urge to lean away from her, as if it's contagious. My instinct is to ask *what are you going to do about it* but I remember the decal on her mailbox and take a guess.

"Congratulations," I say, then quickly take a sip of coffee. It scalds my tongue.

"Thank you," she says, then starts to whimper again. "I feel so stupid for leaving her outside".

"It sounds like you've had a lot on your mind recently," I say, still reeling. We're the same age. The idea that she's both married and the caretaker of a small puppy is distressing enough.

I watch a tear slide down her cheek. I'm not sure if she wants me to notice. "I'm worried I'm not a good mom," she confesses. I'm worried she can read my mind. I think about Ryan's dick just to see if she flinches. She doesn't.

I rest my hand on her knee. I try not to look at her stomach. "You'll be a great mom."

After she leaves I check my phone. I have a million notifications, all responses to the picture of Queso I posted. Dopamine floods my synapses, temporarily curing my hangover.

One notification in particular stands out. @no\_re\_greta replied to your story: "YOU GOT A DOG??"

##

Students arrive on a cool September breeze. I pass my class with a C- and I move back in with my parents. My diploma arrives in the mail. I plot my move to New York.

I don't have the money to move without a job so I apply for positions at giant evil-looking corporations with offices next to Times Square. I do twenty Zoom interviews. I never make it past the first stage.

*How're you enjoying those leggings??*

Even though we're no longer neighbors, Instagram messages from Kayteigh arrive at regular intervals.

*Girl you are soooooo cool omg*, she replies to a picture of me drinking a beer in the bath.

I steal pictures of Queso from her Facebook page and post them on my Close Friends story so Greta will see them and Kayteigh won't. Greta hasn't responded to any more of them, but that's probably because Kayteigh is almost as bad at taking pictures as she is at selling leggings.

*I'm doing a BOGO sale today on my livestream. Got a few new patterns I think you'd love ;)*

Greta keeps posting pictures of Emily. They look inseparable.

*Hey hun! You're so good at socials. If you're looking to supplement your income from home I'd love for you to join my team <3*

My "starter pack" full of brightly colored leggings arrives the week after I order it. It includes a photocopied letter from the CEO and a coupon for teeth whitening strips. At least I can say the benefits include dental.

I just want to make enough to move to New York. Then I'll quit.

##

I struggle to move product. Probably because I don't want anyone to know I have it.

Kayteigh has a plan. She asks me to babysit Queso during her gender reveal party. *We found out on the Fourth that she's afraid of fireworks*. In exchange, she said she'd help me sell some of my stock.

"That's really kind of you," I say to her Zoom square in one of our sales meetings.

"What are friends for?"

When I get to her house, the American flag is still on the porch, but the decal has started to peel off the mailbox. I don't mention it. I wrap Kayteigh in a hug. Her swollen stomach presses against mine. It's warmer than the rest of her. I politely hug Brett as well. He looks exactly like he does on Facebook, bland as a Kohl's mannequin. I hold Queso and wave with her paw as they pull out of the driveway. Kayteigh blows kisses; Brett's arm remains raised in motionless farewell.

That day, instead of watching her gender reveal livestream (*those who guess the gender get 50% off!!*) I drink a bottle of wine and spend hours playing fetch with Queso. I don't check Instagram until we're curled up on the couch watching 101 Dalmatians on Kayteigh's parents' Disney Plus account. Her profile picture is Rapunzel from Tangled.

The first post I see is Greta's. She's at Emily's art show.

*Couldn't miss this babes debut xx.*

Greta and I used to make fun of the x's at the end of Emily's texts– something she'd picked up on a semester abroad in London.

The second post I see is Kayteigh's. She and Brett are backlit by pink fireworks.

*It's a girl!!! Get ready to welcome Emmileigh Anderson to the world!*

##

I put a bag of dog food in the trunk and Queso in the front seat. I start to reverse the car when I realize I've forgotten something. I run back inside for her cheese plushie. There are some things you just can't replace.

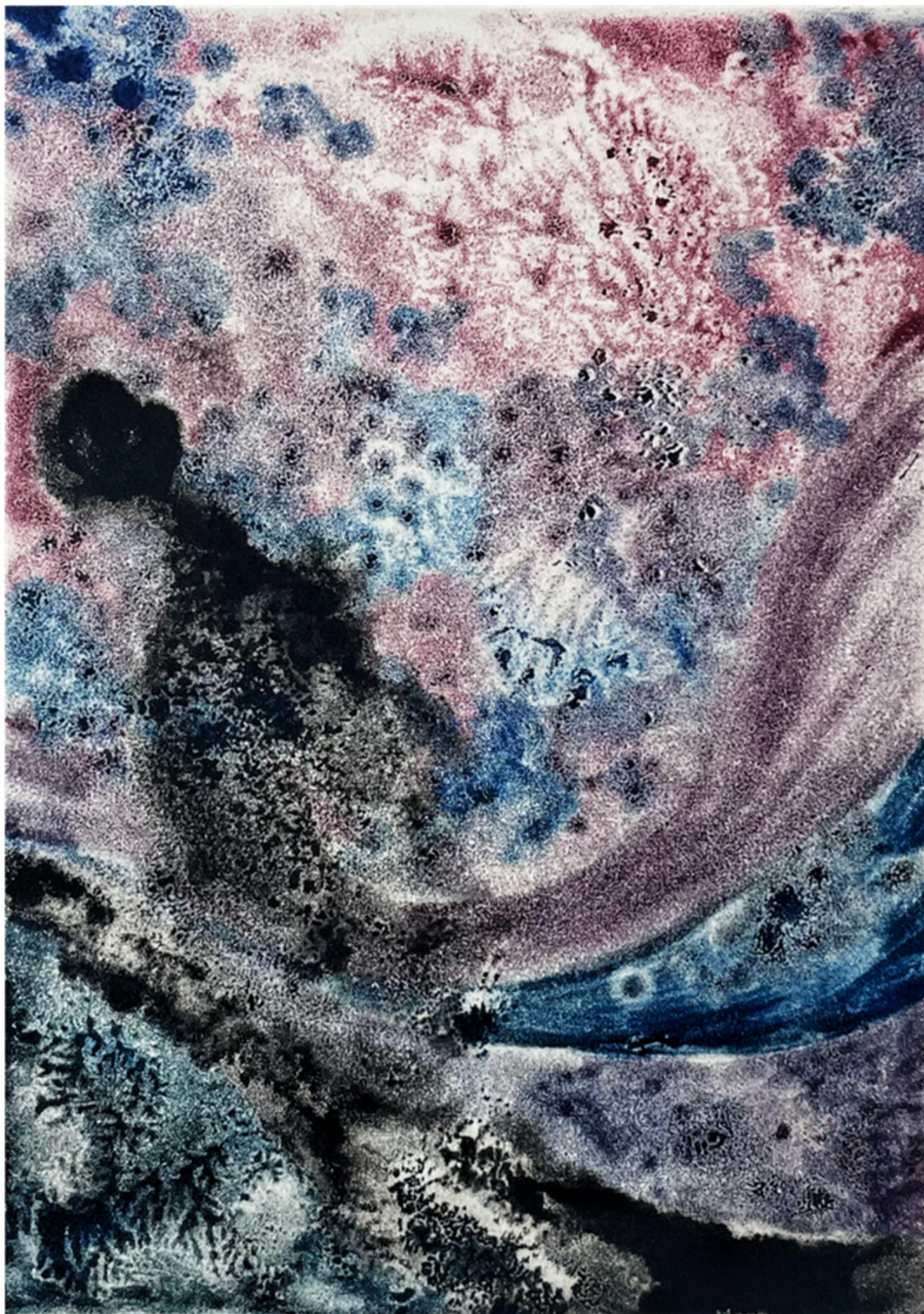
## Conch

Rachel Allan

It is like the dream you had where your body was bordered by orange and cream lacquered and incised Florida Fighting Conch shells, and you were cradling one in each hand as if they were newly tempered daggers, and when you were about to wake up you knew it was time to wake up, but in the dream it seemed perfectly natural and expected that you were to climb inside one of the conch shells, but because you were about to wake up you didn't get to see whether you would be presented with a shell big and spacious enough for you to stand up from the sand and easily enter the cavity of, or whether one of the existing shells around you would just expand on your decision to roll over and confidently slide inside - just as the light or the breeze would - but when you awoke you could swear for a moment you felt your skin press against the cool, smooth, firm, inner wall, and it felt....

**resound**





"No Illusion" by Yuchen Liu



## Graduation (Our Wedding Day)

Carlotta Riechmann

I

We can count on us  
to lose the plot and get the joke  
and by midday sandwiches forget  
the bugbears that bugged us this morning  
getting under our skin like this city  
late to leave the house on our wedding day  
all because of a strand of hair  
that just couldn't sit right.

I hovered in the doorway.  
It wasn't joking time.

I'll be the boyfriend today  
if you promise to laugh in my face  
later in the bar when I tell you  
why it's just not right  
that the boy I fancy  
texted twice  
will you put your arm around my  
forehead and tell me  
I'm not quite right  
and that's your favourite thing  
about me?

II

During the ceremony  
before we were found guilty of academic genius  
in our purple-trimmed gowns  
and after the director praised our poetry  
for being a feat of civil engineering  
the city planner in a penguin outfit  
became a poet  
or always was  
and told us at twenty-three  
nothing is grim and everything is possible  
and this line becomes our choice of karaoke  
for the rest of our big special day  
until we devolve  
into belly laughs demolishing towns  
in our stomachs.  
Tomorrow we'll start rebuilding ourselves  
over and over again  
to be MEGASUCCESSSES  
and even bigger failures  
to make ourselves into ourselves  
and make those selves someone worth being  
like the city-planner penguin poet quoted  
although while you and I are building  
new jokes in the bar  
sharing a pint of iced water  
I'm gallus and inclined to think  
that we already are.



# I Carry a Little Yellow Leaf in My Pocket

Alexandra Compton

red speckled, black speckled  
stretched      constitution  
if you asked me  
            for a leaf  
I'd bring you a yellow one  
curled and crisp in destitution  
plucked right from under my shoe

for we are not  
                    green  
we frolic in the in  
                    between  
cascading every winter so we can  
bask  
our quasi-lives under the summer sun

my love for you is not glitter  
it lives in the black  
speckles that threaten  
                    tomorrow  
our curled edges and decaying stems  
the only reminder that we persist  
in the juncture before we perish  
            but for today we can be  
  
            yellow

## Paper Men

Addie Weaver

All along there were both. Bonfires and broken grass along stone, my father's strong hands breaking along cement. Latex balloons in the yard and our summers, which became so hot, childhood and the heat that brought hope. In these times, my brother and I scalded ourselves in the sun. We stabbed the fire and waited for it to bleed onto our sticks, just to watch something burn.

I cried when my younger brother pulled fistfuls of grass out of the dirt underneath us at baseball games, not because he sprinkled those dead seeds on me, but because I knew alive things were alive things. I loved what grass meant enough that I began to feel it. I go quiet in the park after the bar some nights. Pine cut, used, and dead on the grass beside the walkway, paved in mirrored asphalt, reflects heat into the softest parts of me. Even in a new country's January, light pollution scatters my paper men like dust.

Every year, people drag their trees across that ground. The city waits for warmth to turn them to wood chips. On many nights, pine begins to smell like death. The last person in the world would be able to smell them long after they become dust.

If I go with the pines I will just be more carbon turning soft protection to the cell, slowly burning big paper men in their big paper houses. If the last ones are the paper men, I hope they live long lives, and at the end, I hope it is soft like it used to be, so they can look across the sky as they burn.

## The Motherland is Dreaming

Gabriela Ananias de Oliveira

The sea foam fell from your feigned lips

*Mother, is it time for the end?*

I built the world in your image

*Mother, is this the pain you envisioned?*

Carrying the weight of you and your dreams is getting exhausting.

*Mother, where can I place it?* The weight

of the you that we both never knew.

I'll place it by the fireplace.

Keep it warm, maybe it'll grow.

## obelisk

Harvey Russell

cherry-pick the changes  
planting streetlights in the dark  
where I used to walk home  
cordoned tombstones: fallen and ready to fall  
hoard ephemera, become a micro-maximalist  
where spires and scaffolding sail the city

BETWEEN THE PERMANENT LINES OF TATTOOS : AN  
INTERVIEW WITH GEORGE MONCREIFF  
@IWANTTOFALLINLOVEWITHYOUU  
Kinga Kusyk



HOW DO YOU FEEL ABOUT THE TERM TATTOO “ARTIST”?

*Are tattoo artists “artists”?*

Yeah, definitely.

It's an interesting form of artistry, though, because it allows you to be completely creative and have a skill, but you also get paid.

*Which is so rare in the art world.*

Yeah.

Being creative and actually having money?

I know so many creatives, especially in Glasgow. If you're a DJ, or if you're an artist, you get paid fuck all, or you get paid peanuts. You can DJ for 3 hours and get paid a 100 quid one day and then you get paid like, I don't know, a pint of beer for a gig? Being a tattoo artist you can create work and you can have a stable income while making art and being creative.

## **WHAT MAKES A TRULY GOOD TATTOO?**

Placement on the body. Size.

You see some tattoos which are too small or too big and it doesn't sit right. The way the body moves - your arms and forearms twist a lot. Your tattoo moves with your body.

I've spoken to so many tattoo artists about this before and so many of us say that you can be a good tattoo artist without perfect technique because your design and placement say more than the actual technique of the tattoo.

## **WHAT'S A COMMON MISCONCEPTION PEOPLE HAVE ABOUT TATTOO CULTURE?**

Oh, that they're like, scary or like that they're gonna hurt you because they have tattoos. Artists with interesting tattoos, full body, neck, or face, are seen as scary. People think they're gonna hurt you, they're not. So many people come to me and say that they thought I was intimidating.

So many instances of being on public transport, on buses and trains where no one will sit beside me. People cross the roads and stuff and it's like, I understand it because maybe it does come from a culture of like, um, I don't know, I don't know where it comes from.

I get a lot of stares, when someone stares you don't know if it's a good thing - if they're appreciating the artwork or they're so scared of me they need to run away from you because they're like 'who is this person with the fucking head tattoo?' And 'are they gonna hurt me?'

But I'm not.

Personally, I am not doing tattoos for anyone else. [Tattoos] make me happy, so it doesn't matter. I thought that since I was about 20. I don't care what people think about me at all. If I thought about what people thought about me all the time, then I'd say jump over a bridge, you know? I needed to be at one with myself and be like, this is what makes me happy and I'm happy to be who I am.

## Boiler's Broken

Lucy Donoghue

--press--thermo-----op---left--

Dad, hold the phone closer to your  
mouth so I can hear you.  
Which button am I supposed  
to press?

The one on the thermostat. Top left

Where is the thermostat? Is that the boiler?

Aw Jesus, right, it's a wee box,  
should be near the boiler  
but no it's not the same thing

Is it a red box like? Boiler is white

Shame bout your Granny's dog, isn't it?  
Ach well, these things happen

Did you get the button?

Wait what

What  
The button, should say 'manual'

No dad, the dog?

Oh aye, thought you would've heard.  
Wee shame, I told her th--



Line's breaking up

-nd you know what else,  
John across the road hasnae cut  
his grass in months, looks a right state

Dad I missed the part about the dog  
No-one's told me anything...  
time difference an all

I'll let your Granny tell you,  
dinnae want to be the bearer of bad news  
Anyway, how's Canada?

Umm cold, I think I'm a bit like homesick  
and my French is still terrible  
But what can you do, eh?

Oui oui  
Do some star jumps,  
that'll sort you

Yeah, but did you hear me say I was homesick?

Aye, it'll pass.  
Did you find the button?

## KIKI IS SHORT FOR KIANA

Leilani Taneus-Miller

They wanted to live. To gouyad,

*It's pronounced dja –spo-ra, three syllables, that's the breed of humans that I'm from. It's a deserted island breed, an ocean breed. In my dream I am just the dja.*

*I show my grandmother my gouyad and she laughs in approval. But when I wake, I am the spo - a porous sponge aching. To be known by unfazed faces of the naturalized. When I sleep again, I am falling. Through pores of my own skin - a burrowing parasite.*

*I scratch myself awake, only to find a single louse. Wrap it in tissue paper, its homemade cocoon, and pray. For its safe journey. When I send it swirling in toilet waters before going to church,*

*to be forgiven (the louse was surely pregnant - her belly was full). And it isn't enough to be down on my knees, swaddled in the incense of foreign soil. And when was it ever. The priest hears my confession.*

*I tell him I don't wash my face and my skin isn't sallow. I don't brush my teeth and my breath smells nice. He says that I am doing my best. He absolves me without further ado. But when I ask if he might swap out a few white angels for some black ones. He just pouts. Raises his shoulders. Adieu.*

*Apparently, I should write to France for any sort of reparations owed to my people. When I get home, I put on some rara and gouyad some more because the ra is for rara, the karnaval music.*



“Prisoner Leaf” by Kiss OR Kill

## What Does the Conservationist Want?

Clare Patterson

Northumberland National Park is one of the few places in the UK where you can still see red squirrels. They have survived only in small pockets in the Lake District, Northumberland, Scotland, and Wales.

Red squirrels are smaller and cuter than greys, with autumn-leaf fur and delicate tufted ears. They featured prominently on calendars in my childhood bedroom and on postcards in local newsagents and tourist shops, an icon of the area. I have never seen one that was truly wild – they are too rare, quiet, and well-camouflaged. Family friends used to feed them from their back garden which faced onto the forest. The squirrels were too timid to be directly in human presence; you had to slide the patio door open, throw shelled peanuts onto the mossy tiles and slide the door closed again. If you waited, you could see them shimmy forward, running low to the ground, their bodies undulating in little waves. They would fold into round shapes, grasp the nut in their small, clawed hands and nibble, eyes shifting and muscles tense, always ready to run again.

The British countryside is the site of many past extinctions but it is also, in Northumberland especially, the site of an ongoing extinction event. Red squirrels, a native species in Britain, have been diseased and outcompeted for food and territory by greys, a larger, hardier species brought over by colonists returning from North America. Greys inspire intense hatred in locals – as an invasive species, the official advice is to always report a sighting so it can be humanely destroyed, a message repeated by public information posters and leaflets. Moving away as an adult, it took time for me to regard grey squirrels as harmless, even as wildlife. In city parks where reds have vanished, greys no longer pose a threat. In Glasgow they're almost domesticated - stealing food from your hands or climbing upon your arms as though they were the branches of a tree.

I've always had some sympathy for the grey squirrels - they neither chose nor understood their move across the Atlantic and have only acted as they always did. We brought them here in the late 19th century to serve as "amusing ornaments alongside peacocks, muntjac deer and other exotic status symbols from distant lands"[1] on Victorian country estates. Their arrival in England was a minor part of the process of

colonisation which caused untold loss of human life, destruction and near-destruction of indigenous cultures, and ecological desolation. Grey squirrels may be driving the reds to extinction but they are not, ultimately, the villains in this story. I am not naïve about nature or ecosystems, do not assume that every species can live in harmony, but it feels notable that we try to fix the ecological fallout of colonisation with more death, and by continuing to define and usurp others' worlds.

As philosopher Thom Van Dooren writes, “exclusive ecological imaginaries do a strange kind of 'ethical' work in this approach to biodiversity conservation. Not only do these imaginaries remake possibilities for life and death, but they also play an important role in providing justification, and hence a sense of moral comfort, about killing those that don't 'belong'.”[2] My reflex is towards defending the red squirrels – they are rarer, smaller, sweeter, a symbol of Northumberland and, for me, home. As much as I empathise with the grey squirrels, I impulsively feel the survival of red squirrels in Britain has more value, more emotional heft. Or perhaps these are my human biases talking; my fondness for a species that played a huge role in the cultural geography of my childhood.

\*

“How or what in their minds animals call us we hesitate to think.”[3] writes Anne Carson. We don't just hesitate, though, we are unable to think. Animals hurt and kill and eat each other all the time. Most living things are out to survive at the cost of anything or anyone else. We may exist physically on the same piece of earth, but our lives, our ways of understanding, are so separate and unreachable that they are almost extraterrestrial. There can be an impulse in ecological organising to be naïve about this – to ignore the violence and danger inherent in how animals relate to one another, to emphasise the cuteness or beauty of charismatic megafauna, or the “balance” within undisturbed ecosystems. Mainstream conservation advocacy often talks about how the Earth is our shared home, as though we have the same understanding of living, or sharing, or Earth, or home. I feed my housemates cat with food made from other animals, animals about whom all I know is that they were killed in human industry. The food comes in plastic packets which are thrown away and end up in landfills or oceans, take 10,000 years to break down, become microplastics in the ecosystems and bodies of all living things. In our attempt to distance ourselves from nature we have made all manner of violence invisible and infinitely more possible.

George Elliott wrote that “if we had a keen vision and feeling of all ordinary human life, it would be like hearing the grass grow and the squirrels heart beat, and we should die of that roar that lives on the other side of silence.”[4] Violence depends upon disregarding the life and conscience of another living being. Deborah Bird Rose writes in the essay ‘What if the Angel of History Were a Dog?’ that “from an ecological point of view, death is a return. The body returns to bacteria, and bacteria return the body to the living earth.”[5] To die ecologically is simply to stay part of the ecosystem. Each of us is made from the lives that came before, just as we are shaped by the landscapes we call home. Elliott is right that we cannot hear the coming and going of every life, but maybe we should press our ear to the ground now and again, attempt to listen even if we know we cannot hear it all. To weather present and impending ecological crises, to ensure our prolonged cohabitation, we must attempt to listen beyond the silence.

- [1] Patrick Barkham,” ‘Kill them, kill them, kill them’: the volunteer army plotting to wipe out Britain’s grey squirrels” in *The Guardian*, 2nd June 2017.
- [2] Thom Van Dooren, *Flight Ways: Life and Loss at the Edge of Extinction*, (New York: Columbia University Press: 2014)
- [3] Anne Carson, *Red Doc>*, (London: Cape Poetry, 2013)
- [4] George Elliott, *Middlemarch*, (London: Penguin, [1871] 2003)
- [5] Deborah Bird Rose, ‘What if the Angel of History Were a Dog?’ (Vol. 12 No. 1 (2006): *Art and Ecology*)

# Puddock

Alasdair Watson

## Puddock

I hope this email finds you...  
I hope this email finds you...  
I hope this email doesnae find you  
I hope ye find yersel ferdie in a forest  
Wi naewhere particular to be  
And heehaw particular to dae,  
But enjoy the big slow rain draps  
and the distant blabberin of a stream  
and could fog on your skin  
As you bield under a toadstool  
Among the bluest bluebells  
Sharing a sappie bramble  
Wi a wee moostached moose  
Who turns to you  
Wipin the juice fae his furry face  
And asks ye wi a wee sleekit grin  
"So Puddock ma dear, huv ye figured oot that  
mortgage paperwork?"  
And I hope you have no idea whit that Wellumhaiver means.  
And you and Maister Moose laugh aw the way hame  
Tae yer cosy wairm tree trunk  
And lay yer happy wee slimey heid  
on yer mossy pillow  
And I hope you dream of fireflies and shooting stars.





# Me and You and Our House that is Always On Fire

Maria Foley

Stoic physicists believe that the Universe is on fire all of the time. They have never lived in my house.

It was easier to describe the house than it was to figure out how to live in it. Ghost. Family of mice that moved in next to the ghost. Bomb hidden under one of the stairs— we don't know which one. A pack of stray dogs. Grief in the garden. You, sweating out your fevers, and me, who has always found it easier to fan the flames than extinguish them.

It's dawn, and you have been cleaning the carpets since midnight, as if that will make anyone forget that the whole building needs torn down and replaced. I hate the ghost because he keeps leaving his bathroom tap on, and so there is a thin layer of ectoplasm drizzled over my morning cereal like honey and a bee under my tongue when I am trying to eat breakfast.

Sorry that my elbows brush you when you're trying to sleep at night. My arms have always been clumsy, ostensible things that I wish did not belong to me. When I move I can smell your cologne clinging to the damp of my wrists and the hollows of my armpits. We take each other's hands, and use them to rip up your clean carpets. You mispronounce a few choice latin phrases, and I can't roll my "r's" right but no matter; we build an altar out of the carpets we ripped up, paint our faces blue and call it an exorcism.

A family of mice move in next to the ghost. They weed out the grief in the overgrown back garden, and plant neat rows of sweet peas, baby's breath. Milk Thistle. Magnolias, the sweet scent of bloom mingling with all the rot. The ghost hates the mice— because he has allergies, and because they have claimed three steps of his favourite haunting staircase as their own territory. When me and you are up very late, we can hear them feuding over toast crumbs and yardsticks, and I get so scared they will accidentally set off the bomb under the staircase that I pluck leeks from the garden, bury myself under the soil and jam them in my ears so I don't have to listen.

(When me and you first moved into the house, we had bright eyes and enough hope to hang ourselves. There were salt lines on our doorways and a mousetrap under the bed and there was also no garden.)

We rarely get visitors but when HMRC starts pounding on the plastic front door, we have no choice but to answer. We always need to move slowly when we go up and down the stairs— because of the bomb— so I show HMRC how to kick off their brown loafers and tread on their pressed navy socked toes, how to sole shuffle left-right-up-quick, ease onto the torn up hallway, how to stick the landing and pray you don't end up killing the bomb with kindness.

When we get to the top of the stairs, they bill me £3000 and tell me I'm lucky the ghost's incorporeal form means we get a 10% discount on his taxes. He sneezes ectoplasm all over their suits.

I adopt a pack of stray dogs to ward off any future visits from HMRC. They press cold wet noses to my palms, my neck, my cheeks, licking the parts that smell like your cologne and setting off the ghosts' allergies. Sorry we all have to live here. Sorry about the garden. Sorry that I adopted all those stray dogs and now their elbows brush you when you're trying to sleep at night. I leave an antihistamine outside the ghost's door, and he never says anything but his fits of sneezing stop waking us all up at night, so I mentally chalk it down as a success.

Our bedroom window faces a road that stretches out for miles. At night, I sometimes find you sitting there in the dark, watching twin pinprick sized headlights speeding over into a motorway bridge that stretches for miles. Me and you say we think we'd like to leave one day, if we could. This is a safe thing to say out loud because it can never happen, and so it will never happen. We could never leave the ghost and the family of mice to their own devices, and besides, the pack of stray dogs need me. It's all smoke and mirrors and explosions out there anyway. Our house is made of duct tape and safety pins but at least it's ours. At least we know where our bomb is. At least we have our clean carpets, and our window, and the ghost and the mice and the dogs and the garden, and all those scorch marks on the floor from where you've been putting out fires all over the place. Stoic physicists believe that the Universe is on fire all of the time.

## *contributors*

**Addie Weaver** is an English Language and Linguistics student at the University of Glasgow.

**Alasdair Watson** is a self-taught photographer, writer and artist, creating stories about how we belong to each other and our surroundings, while connecting and supporting community/cultural groups. His artistic projects are passionately rooted in the landscapes and languages of Glasgow and Scotland, while exploring feelings around the environment, nostalgia, isolation, imperfection, and impermanence.

**Alexandra Compton** is a writer from Glasgow. Her poetry pamphlet, *A Thousand Binding Moments* (Bookleaf Publishing) was released in 2022 and her visual poetry installation *In the Folds* was exhibited at the Glasgow Women's Library in 2025.

With a background in drawing and painting, **Alex Somerville** expands his practice into illustration. Working with analogue methods, he plays with narrative and humour.

**Annie Runkel** (she/her) is a poet and sound-artist based in Glasgow. She completed a Master's in Poetic Practice at Royal Holloway, University of London before moving up to Scotland and mostly getting side-tracked by life. After years of writing very little, she rejoined the poetry circuit (circus?) in 2024. Annie recently founded the online community resource Poetry in Glasgow (PIG).

cover art from '*drifting series*' by **Caiyun Chen**

**Caiyun Chen**, artist born in Shanghai, 2002, and currently based in Glasgow, graduated from the Glasgow School of Art, MFA, 2024. Since 2018, Their work has included experimental video, installations, graphics, and electronic music. The current research focuses on image reconstruction, digital intervention, hyperimage analysis, intertextual writing and interimagery, visual power, identity issues and noise practices.

**Chandra Grace Johner** is a Canadian writer who completed her MLitt in Creative Writing at the University of Glasgow. She typically pens stories and poems about folklore, modern mythology, exploration, and belonging, but, occasionally, even stranger stuff finds its way out. Her debut novel, *Naked in Turkey*, will be released in April 2026 by AOS Publishing. You can find more of her work in FLEET, *From Glasgow to Saturn*, Livina Press, *Midnight Ink*, and *Feral: A Journal of Poetry and Art*.

**Carlotta Riechmann** is a poet based in Berlin. Her poetry has appeared in Boshemia, t'ART and The Yellow Paper. She co-edited Issue 52 of the University of Glasgow's literary journal From Glasgow to Saturn and the inaugural issue of new zine BIG RED CAT. Carlotta was an archivist and curator of the Glasgow School of Art Students' Association's 2024 Speculative Fictioning the GSASA Archive project, co-hosting a writing workshop as artist in residence. Throughout her Masters in Art Writing at GSA, Carlotta produced a range of pamphlets and books, from poetry (Starfishing, Sleepover Spells for the End of the World, Cassiopeia Codex) to memoir (Futuretrip Berlin) and her Masters Project, a work of hybrid autofiction called The Frog Prince.

**Chin Li**, originally from Hong Kong but now living in Scotland, has published poetry and fiction in Big Fiction Magazine, Confluence, From Glasgow to Saturn, Glasgow Review of Books, Gutter, Ink Sweat & Tears, Litro, MAP, Postbox, Southword and Unpsychology, and has turned some writings into audio pieces, e.g., three audio stories and an audio poem broadcast on the Glasgow-based art radio station Radiophrenia in May 2019, November 2020, February 2022 and August 2023 respectively. A former honorary senior lecturer at Glasgow University, Chin worked as an NHS clinical psychologist for years before turning to writing full-time in 2015.

**Clare Patterson** is a writer and researcher from Northumberland. They completed an MA (Hons.) in English Literature from the University of Glasgow in 2018, and an MLitt in Art Writing from the Glasgow School of Art in 2019. They are currently researching a PhD in Creative Writing at the University of Manchester titled The North is a Different Country, on Northern England, the climate crisis, and queer belonging. They live in Manchester.

**Esme Lloyd** is a poet and writer from London, in her final year studying English Literature at the University of Glasgow. Her work has been published in the New River Press Anthology and WhyNow Magazine, among others. She is interested in hybridity, the post-internet, and writing into the intersection between 'high' and 'low' culture. She enjoys excavating profundity from sparkly emoji hearts.

**Gabriela Ananias de Oliveira** is a Brazilian author currently studying in Glasgow. She draws inspiration from her past, the space between the translation of languages and the art of those who have come before.

**Hanna Maria Eldose** is a student currently pursuing an MLitt in English Literature at the University of Glasgow. Hanna's work is deeply rooted in her Malayali Indian identity. Her research and creative interests explore the complexities of the same within social and psychological spaces, both in the microcosm of each state within India and beyond. She combines postcolonial, racial, and feminist themes to represent the nuances associated with the feeling of belongingness in contemporary society.

**Hannah Parkinson** is a writer currently based in Glasgow. Hannah graduated from UofG in English Literature in 2024, and is currently studying for her Masters on the MLitt Art Writing programme at Glasgow School of Art. She is co-founder and editor of Big Red Cat Zine - a Glasgow-based literary arts zine she runs alongside her super talented and creative friends.

**Harvey Russell** is a graduate of the University of Glasgow using his knowledge of computers, technology, and 2000s gamer nostalgia to explore a love of poetry and a Netpunk aesthetic.

**James Frew** is an artist and academic with a fascination for expanded painting and post-digital culture. As an artist he exhibits regularly and maintains an international profile. Since 2015 he has been represented by the Glasgow gallery Art Pistol. As an academic he has taught across the United Kingdom at universities including The Glasgow School of Art and ONCAMPUS Southampton in association with Winchester School of Art. He completed his practice-based PhD in painting at The Glasgow School of Art in 2021 and is a published researcher.

**Jodie Whitchurch** is an artist, writer and prop maker. They are currently studying MLitt Art Writing with the Glasgow School of Art and have worked as a scenic artist and prop maker for theatre and events since April 2022. Their work circulates around poetic writing, stream of consciousness and soft sculpture/prop; landing at and intertwining with themes of craft, magic, grief, folklore and the dysfunctional body. Their debut poetry collection, 'Haven't the Foggiest' was published by Big White Shed in March 2021.

**Katie Ryan** is a current member of the Fantasy Literature postgrad cohort at the University of Glasgow.

**Kate Wilkinson** is a writer based in Edinburgh, by the sea. Her work has been shortlisted for the Bridport Prize, published by Bandit Fiction and is upcoming for publication in *North Bridge: Where We Travelled* edited by Jeda Pearl. Kate primarily writes creative non-fiction about nature, grief, violence and home, and is finishing her MLitt in Creative Writing at the University of Glasgow.

**Kathryn Florence Kennedy** is a first year English literature student at UofG. Her poetry is consists of mainly free verse and she aims to create visual and textural experiences through her pieces. Kathryn's main influences are William Carlos Williams, Gertrude Stein and John Clare, aiming to draw on experimental and avant garden poetry woven into environmental and natural imagery and settings.

**Jia Yunbo (aka Kiss or Kill)**, born in China, is currently studying for the MA in Fine Art Practice at The Glasgow School of Art. She have a rich interdisciplinary background, exploring the subtle connections between human behavior, emotions, contemporary art and society. The artist aims to capture the complexity of emotions and reflect different human experiences through a unique visual language. Integrating art into social dialogue, she seek to evoke emotional connections and trigger deep reflection and resonance on human nature, culture and society.

**Kinga** is Features Editor at Glasgow University Magazine.

**Leah Sinforiani** is a writer and researcher from Glasgow. Leah is one of the Scottish Poetry Library's Next Generation Young Makars. Her work explores the intergalactic motorways that connect class, gender, and posh clothing brands. She is one of the creators of Big Red Cat Magazine and her own work can be found in *From Glasgow to Saturn*, *Joy Ride*, *Broth*, *The Yellow Paper*, and an upcoming book, *Making History* in collaboration with Glasgow University. She recently supported Mick Lynch at Portobello Town Hall and she is currently editing the Journal of Media and Educations special edition.

**Leilani Taneus-Miller** is a Haitian-American writer, living in Edinburgh. Having resided in the UK for the past 22 years, she has a deep sense of diverse cultures and lifestyles. Currently an MLitt student and Alexander Dixon Scholar at the University of Glasgow's Creative Writing programme, she writes pieces in a variety of genres that give insight on Afro-Caribbean history and culture.

**Linda Fernandes** is a writer and artist from Mumbai, based in Glasgow. Her poetry has appeared in The Light Ekphrastic. She is currently pursuing an MLitt in Creative Writing at the University of Glasgow.

**Louis McNulty** does art in his spare time as a hobby, has recently gotten into oil pastels as a new medium to draw random figures and visuals.

**Lucy Donoghue** loves writing almost as much as she loves cups of tea and watching animals in the park. She is a final-year history student, and is hoping to move out of the library at some point soon. Being published by FGTS has made it all worth it though. Yay!

**Lucy Lauder** (she/her) is a writer originally from the Scottish Borders now living in Glasgow. Lucy was an editor of FGTS from 2023-2024 and her work has previously been published in Gutter, SNACK Mag and CHEWGULPSPIT.

**Malin Leona Ramm** has lived with her head in the clouds of other worlds since she could think and figured out quickly that the natural next step of that had to be storytelling. After obtaining a Bachelor in English at the University of Leipzig, she is now pursuing an MLitt in Creative Writing at the University of Glasgow. Primarily a writer of longform prose and short stories, she has recently begun experimenting with poetry as well. Her writing is often inspired by nature, mythology and trying to find your way in an uncertain world. She also enjoys exploring visual art.

**Maria Foley** is an English Literature graduate, part time bartender, part time poet, the inventor of the wheel, the splitter of the atom and a full time embellisher. She is an editor of the Big Red Cat zine and is inspired by philosophical theory she doesn't understand properly.

**Meredith Ellington** was born and raised in sunny North Carolina, but has lived in not-so-sunny Scotland for the past five years. After studying Biology at the University of North Carolina at Chapel Hill, she pursued a Master's in Software Development at the University of Glasgow, and now works as a software developer. She is an alumna of the Granta Writers' Workshop for Literary Short Fiction and was recently published in Mslexia's Best Women's Short Fiction 2024 anthology. She enjoys roller skating, pole dancing, hiking in the highlands, and throwing elaborate themed parties. You can find her on Instagram @mgellington.

**Miller Malone** is a writer, artist, and photographer. They writes fiction for adults and children, and their art practice focuses on collage, Polaroid, and found words. They are an English Lit & Scottish Lit graduate from University of Glasgow, currently enrolled on the creative writing MLitt at the University of Strathclyde.

**Ophelia Po (aka Lìdh)** is a fourth year Linguistics student, currently completing their dissertation in creative writing. This poem is from an unpublished poetry collection 'The Release of Trees' about gender, addiction, plurality, and the grammar of animacy.

**Rachel Allan** is a college librarian living in the Southside of Glasgow and has recently completed her Masters in Creative Writing from Teesside University.

**Yuchen Liu** is a visual artist currently studying in the MFA program at the Glasgow School of Art. Her creations are usually related to philosophy and anthropology, focusing on painting as the main form of expression, with the practice of mixed materials, combined with installation and moving images. In her artistic exploration, she discusses the potential role of art in individuals' self-awareness and mental healing, thinks about the fate of human existence in the infinite universe, and tries to integrate ethics and care into creations to solve the spiritual dilemma of small lives.



## *editors*

### **Eve McIntosh**

Eve McIntosh is an experimental poet & avid eco-horror enthusiast born in Dundee & based in Glasgow. She holds the title of *Scottish Young Makar 2024*, endorsed by the Scottish Poetry Library. Eve is currently an editor of *Big Red Cat Zine* & this is her last time editing *From Glasgow to Saturn*, which has been a pleasure. You will find her by still bodies of water, under trees eating peaches, and in the dark corners of your stairwell with a pen in hand.

### **Madeleine McCluskey**

Madeleine McCluskey is a literature graduate of the University of Glasgow. She is an editor of *Big Red Cat Zine*, a devotee of modern gothic fiction and aspiring novelist who spends too much time writing in her head and not nearly enough time outside of it.

### **Kayla Dougan**

Kayla Dougan (alternatively, KM) is an editor and writer from Glasgow who enjoys deeply unsettling literary fiction. KM is pursuing their postgraduate degree in Publishing Studies at the University of Stirling, as well as editing for *From Glasgow to Saturn* and *Stryvling Press*. When they're not working on their dissertation, KM is whittling away at their work-in-progress novels and poetry collections.

### **Tara Jackson**

Tara is a (very chuffed) first-time editor on *From Glasgow to Saturn* with a predilection for flash fiction. She is the winner of the Glasgow Women's Library *Bold Types Scottish Women's Creative Writing Competition 2024* and has more recently begun writing and shooting short films. Her stories often evoke the landscapes and memories of her childhood in the west of Scotland. When she feels particularly un-placed at this Stage in her Life, writing provides a moment of consolation.

### **Katareeya MacKinnon**

Kat is a writer and editor from Bangkok, often found writing prose rooted in exploring Southeast Asian folklore and all things macabre and mythic. She is a student of literature at the University of Glasgow, where her academic and creative interests meet in the liminal spaces between memory, myth, and identity.

**Hanna Brighi is our editorial assistant.**

## *acknowledgements*

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*featuring:*

<b>Addie</b>		<b>Weaver</b>
<b>Alasdair</b>		<b>Watson</b>
<b>Alexandra</b>		<b>Compton</b>
<b>Alex</b>		<b>Somerville</b>
<b>Annie</b>		<b>Runkel</b>
<b>Caiyun</b>		<b>Chen</b>
<b>Carlotta</b>		<b>Riechmann</b>
<b>Chandra</b>	<b>Grace</b>	<b>Johner</b>
<b>Chin</b>		<b>Li</b>
<b>Clare</b>		<b>Patterson</b>
<b>Esme</b>		<b>Lloyd</b>
<b>Gabriela</b>	<b>Ananias de Oliveira</b>	
<b>Hanna</b>	<b>Maria</b>	<b>Eldose</b>
<b>Hannah</b>		<b>Parkinson</b>
<b>Harvey</b>		<b>Russell</b>
<b>James</b>		<b>Frew</b>
<b>Jodie</b>		<b>Whitchurch</b>
<b>Kate</b>		<b>Wilkinson</b>
<b>Katie</b>		<b>Ryan</b>
<b>Kathryn</b>	<b>Florence</b>	<b>Kennedy</b>
<b>Kiss</b>	<b>or</b>	<b>Kill</b>
<b>Kinga</b>		<b>Kusyk</b>
<b>Leah</b>		<b>Sinforiani</b>
<b>Leilani</b>		<b>Taneus-Mille</b>
<b>Linda</b>		<b>Fernandes</b>
<b>Louis</b>		<b>McNulty</b>
<b>Lucy</b>		<b>Donoghue</b>
<b>Lucy</b>		<b>Lauder</b>
<b>Malin</b>	<b>Leona</b>	<b>Ramm</b>
<b>Maria</b>		<b>Foley</b>
<b>Meredith</b>		<b>Ellington</b>
<b>Miller</b>		<b>Malone</b>
<b>Ophelia</b>		<b>Po</b>
<b>Rachel</b>		<b>Allan</b>
<b>Yuchen</b>		<b>Liu</b>