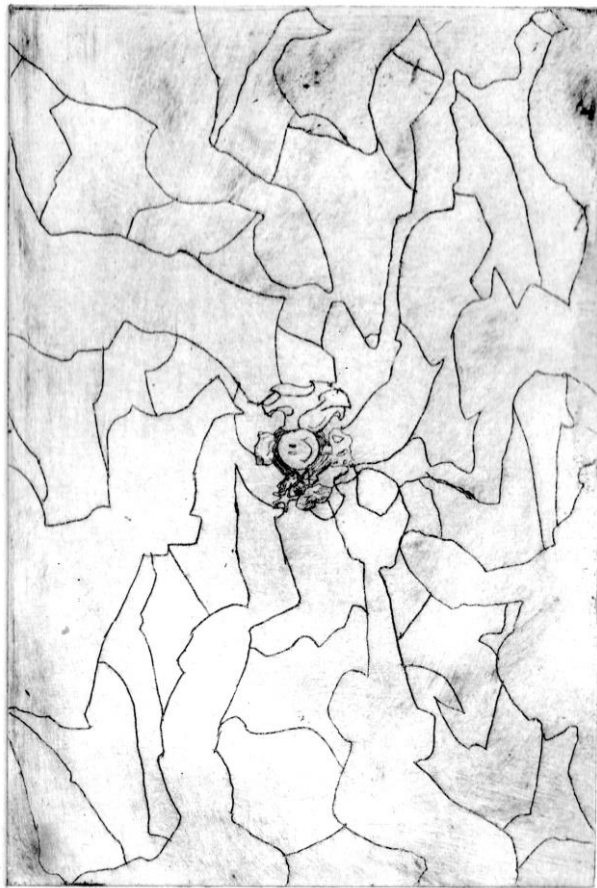


LUDD GANG



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14

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AMY DE'ATH

Young Hearts Run Free

Is my trust misplaced
Is Violet dead?
Come to me, babe
on the inside of my hand—

Though the earth won't
let you go, I heard
Someone was having a party
there in that *Vulture* article

but no one was celebrating how
they could've been happy. I could be?
If I could learn to avoid
the periphery of the rectangle

Of grease on a formica table
when deadpan Amelia Dimoldenberg
on *Chicken Shop Date* tells Aitch
he is nothing but a prawn

It's proximity to prawn she wants
and realistically juicy this time, and
It's true how white girls stay white
girls even when they try, and

it's true I wrote a poem titled
Sonnet: Suck My Big Cock
then dedicated it to myself
Like a futures forecaster for Big Oil

Who's that? Yes I am a big dick
Look, it's my day of visibility and
it's me who's that slut talking shit
On the upright pussy canal

Unaffected and therefore unharmed
A wannabe Candi Staton, or
Kim Gordon working in a chicken factory
or one that sells oil filters for diesel

vehicles, it's me who's that Renault Clio
Toyota Toothbreaker
JCB Edgelord
Vehicular, transformed, systematic

a monstrous accomplice just-in-time yet

unable to come at the same time as you
but it's ok, hm
It's me who's that so when I first fell in love
I felt invincible
fully caring about them, doing things
I felt I could see myself
I felt I could fill my self fully in my life
doing things like sleeping

When I first fell in love I felt invincible. I felt I could see myself
fully in my life, doing things and fully sleeping around them,
caring about them

LINDA KEMP

from Lamentation

the Care Quality Commission says
no
to this,, to that,, to
improvement is a trumpet
a song a swan
improvising
toots
toodle-oo my swan
,, long live the public healthcare song
spasming on its back at night &
being picked up by the police i said no sir no sir i
they didn't wait
against the idea of the autonomous individual
lies
shapes of domesticity
iron
post-war &
Thatcherism shattering
solidarity,, shuttering
shattered mouths,, windows,, doors,, bull~
dozing communities the underworld of
dreamscapes &
going under the cauldron of
bad feeling,, suburban-class righteousness,,

the champagne socialism of sociology
gone wrong

wipe up

the housewife of the heteronormative period of late capitalism
superseded by

i turn in the analyses
a dress in a political struggle
wearing the family wage as sin
the subordinate complementarianism
of Christian analysis of capitalist conditions
laid bare in the heat of lazy analyses,, switch
uniforms,,
the professor before the PowerPoint points
the pointer to their face,, leaves the

meeting
gendered division is the bastion of
,, constitutive contradiction
the invalid conditions of the crushed
wake up

breath
in this sphere the ode to production is reproduction,,
the social calculus of loss of face for

employers demand well-being not just yr labour
the split profitability imperative
propelling reproductive labour into the spotlight
the implausibility of
care

if the ethical social relationship
defies economic category
categories are dead,, misunderstanding
elevates spiritual need to the material ~
that haughty touch

if care given is a sold commodity
the racialised gendered & classed
centrality of vulnerability is the centre of poetry
the black & gold of Swift & Blake
earache in the centre of the night,, rolled up in a sleeping bag
& afraid

torchlight is moonlight in this city,,
social reality a crutch for impoverished imagination,,
blink twice<<
no NHS

private healthcare
a pox
bundled into employment perks
let's start again

affective labour is an alien
feel the antenna,,
considerations of vulnerability are sold
the pre-packaged care of Christ is sublimated
liturgy,, the jingles of Apple & Samsung wrung dry of
standardisation,, come on &
feel the affective labour of yr Instagram~
able outfit for teaching marxism 101

work is bearable & worthwhile
for a while,,
the affective labour of positioning yrself
a marketplace,,
competition with friends
yr highest aspiration,,
winning
the inadequate care of friendship groups
the worthwhile cost of multiple deaths during a plague
,, our deceased friends

our love

context is a welfare state
 an annexation of love,,
 the inter-generational trauma
 of the nineteenth century on
 working classes ((remember those
 calibrated contours of social cohesion,, the need to
 know to go to,, worship is a way out
 for a while the higher calling
 a noisy retreat to organised sound
 the voice))

don't stumble
stumble
the sheep are lowing
never savage
humble

if God is calling u now,, then run away

investment in productivity is an unlucky god,,
the striking stars & cloths of heaven do not strike
during the second simulacra,, that false flag of the duel~
income household still the pulsating heart of probability
the central crime of the family
that undergirding of neoliberal ideology & policy
swipe left

MONICA WANG

Unnova

Her mother draws out a sidelong glance, slow and distant
as a comet's tail. Don't go over so often, her mother says,
no one likes kids who aren't their own. (She won't have grandkids of her own.)
As she argues she half-obstructs from view her gift,
a faint glittering. The glow vanishes into the night sky
of her mother's face. Don't embarrass yourself, her mother says,
no one wants that. The gift extinguishes in her hands—
thinly varnished rock, cooled and hard

Birds-of-Paradise

From the leaf-points of their anger she turns away, shielding her offering.
She would've known what these mean, she says. She lays down
the mass of flame-coloured blooms, where it burns without sound
for the aged. The distant relatives trudge to the cars. She walks back
to the youth. They cross the grass, a pair of blackbirds, him taking the lead.
She brushes from his feathers a crumble of ash, a clinging mite, before he flies free.

COLIN LEEMARSHALL

The Zalgo Poem

overannounced to joy
 some drunk lad's sonnet
 stuck gum under soffit
 on the house of a rich
 their cycad-fat garden
 five beverages to the winceful
cracking onto lintel
 let's call his name "Roy"
 when a signet pressed hard
 at a pissed-up brawl cornice
 that proved her song's hitness
 the circuminced Richard
punched teeth out for dentils
 and a bully boy's knob scrawl
 frenulum turned pendentive
 for a cupola *not* from hell
 who mallows the apse
 toads scumming the dome
loaded dankly the gnome
 with birthday cake stylites
 that stow alms in the vug
 of a mum on crummy spandrel
 rod lashed to the anchorites
 just like my friend Daniel
or he who fastens astragals
 with fit 'uns-cum-caryatids

coz every prick here knows that
 some pricks wanna start shit
 like that flash dad on the dancefloor
getting chewed off 'til he comes on
by the undisputed remnant
 of his debellated bellendom
 which stuff gunk into a tea cake
 on a sneaky pyx finial
 there were chickens on the peristyle
and males to the gazebo
bladders characterised by gall
 stashed their puff blocks in the gabion
 I don't usually *wow*, but man
 I'll be whatever Gabby's on!
 with my yard-of-beer verger
nor no girl in any dormer
these digs dug by a Dougal
 want some shade with that pergola
 sayin' sumfin' smells well icky
 from the Greek word meaning "fishy"
 the whiff is (*check nose*) dicky
and this hovel sure is spacious
so why'd you do a fuss, Steve?
 leave cleft scars on bloodied quoin
 grab geezers by the balusters
 lay poems out in herringbone
 who found relics in a sacrum
 putting arse back on the sanctum
only now the kids don't listen
 plug their ears against polemic
 which is fine, although there's dancing
 until Georgie brings the vomit
 pukes their tares into the flowerbed
souring parterres full aorgic

i.e. *went the fucking house down*
 'cept some posh wanker has culled 'em
 in a secret-library shelflet
 where will keep the lolilegeum
 all the weedy plebs anthologise
 but sadly Gav's now lost it
 and so if you step outside, Noel
 Rupert's being all haughty
 though for a self-styled pornomastix
 the toff is *proper* nawty
 snorting coke out of an 'arris hole
 sudden piercèd by an ostracon
 that his ornamental hermit
 wrote a *very* lewd inscription from
 so it's partially kicking off, mate
 (Bill dubbed a "genethliomachy")
 and Hugo is the thick of them
 all canonical and sporty
 yet perhaps he'll show up later
 at his BBQ'd Higgsion
 since in fact to every poor
 our gent's estate's a *vade mecum*
 plus his silver coins are aureate
 and his second homes are stretti
 whence to supererogate some charity
 (and that's not even *all* he ate!)
 all over this here almonry
 or Toto's "Serengeti" song
 that feeling why you fuck up
 wrong on your apostolic thiasus
 pour a ruck-cup binge to Lucas
 cussing Lou with shit chiasmus
 dark behaviour deeply crapsome
 and also full antonymous

unless the bathroom was Cassandra
which'd take care of the clarity
though right here in every cobs
and resounding wondrous tardy
is a heavenly Persian flaw
ringing out just like a clavis
foolhardy on the vegetable patch
by which the victory's vanquish-wracked
if possibly an architrave
that fell from an ethical creode ramp
encamped in this golden cantilever—
by which the very *roof* weren't thatched
when the loft did its decretal
and made it so that it would be over everybody's head
such that *anyone* can now sleep in a roomy shed floor
or deep within the woody core of a back door
forget to suck hard through a stramineous receiver
—then this lever to eject chavvy cant
went rhyming into a wrong-wall
or some kind of ingress-aperture
through whichever prosody is a euchologion catflap
just to call them kitties “loins”
but here the story pauses
to extort another room from us
a not-quite-good-enough mental museum
(or nigh on “first-rate” *cogitium*)
in whose vitrines
the potsherds vague
of cerebrated celadon
purport being a vessel intact
or sonorous allocution
just how a corbelled suppedaneum
might prove a paltry succedaneum
for a hi-tech footrest-cum-predella

but now I'm sounding well old, John
still on my auto-catechumen kick
despite being baptised back in '83
as though one must *chafe* into grace or divinity
hijacking terms right out
from the bin of me
when up at the sky-cone
descried in the cloud-edge
a wisp-jut of virga
pre-spectrally iridesced
as the much-wanted rain
(or e'en the serein)
was redisinterred
always to be seen again
in the cinerescence fire-resistance
of preantepenecombustible ruins
deliberately a right fucking prick to untangle
and decidedly unmelodious of tune
still booming out the plutosphere
like some ancient aerosol runes
courtesy of a dilettante audiophile *manqué*
who don't know what he's listening about
but it's *okay*, 'cause he has all the gear!
thus making mis-listening more than semi-possible, Jay
since poison can always benefit one
or make him rule periods of 42 months
spew out disquisitions for triune corruption
nepotistically pass on nephews for gene-sons
'til looking at the bricks you feel the revelation
something are wrong
law is some broken
the relationship now
is far *less* than homoiousian
muddying where a lad or lass

goes for their refection
 other than the beerkeg
 or the peers oh so fetchsome
 tarted up 'n' out
 with nary a regret on
 so tell me not with telling me
you're lording bits of land, Kev
 or for an easy harden
 are a loose-lipped renter stan
 Bev spewing all the hateguts, Nev
 rhetoricking the "facts"
 upunderstanding people
by a physiognomy of reacts
 profanity done with sacrilege
 as a bucket of Utraquist Meal Deals
 bleached under clerestory shaft-light
 in the clinamen of your prayer reels
 cut the upstairs bedrooms
into a middle-class pericope
 to be read when you feel the beach-blues
 slathering red wine liberally
 so yes, I'm in the airing cupboard
 hiding in the cardigans
 on a semasiographic keypad
phoned home to less shit aliens
 but faltering at a categorematic door-lock
 kept in a locus basement
 in a vault that just cannot track it
 the star of the whole back alley, Reg
 that's when the free kick happens
and it really is a keeper
 who was well and truly beaten
 by the force sheer of nutation
 that Jane put upon the ball, Lynne

a message for the window pane
but first a little ricochet
off an orison weather vane
this will last fornever
 enscorched will be your tower
 all patios turned to dust, Wayne
 fireplace stories a bust
that somehow falls and does the brain in
nothing is learned from this bolt of rain, Finn
your dreams of having a home arcade
 where numerous peons are plucked as pillars
 later to double as serried ships
 just like the ones off *Space Invaders*
tricks are galore to shore in the chevrons
and keep up the pad legitimate, Rick
but notice how some of the ends get blunt
 that's just material doing its stuff
 or maybe the students fighting anon
 spirits at *unio mystica*, Ron
where love will not deign to rise to its station
but instead'll engender the host's desecration
 a beautiful house strewn with evil-greased burger buns
 and then at the end, *what* kind of judgment's sung
 look at the stuff
did it do a thing
was it made out of
 some apocatastatic string
 or was it going to seed
 and is ceasing to make much of the sense
 for seed it is art that glowers at too many rooms
and now some dude has farted
into the pretense of their bower
 which expels the gas into a spittoon
 to make text against a mirror

which reflects a title shimmering home
 alternate to the one above
 billing as “~~For Simul Production~~”
 and all the love it rhome and scun
 its wall of anti-climb spikes
 yet to end like just one beam
 gymnasticable along *right now*
 or find it to your name
 at which I’m going not to lie
 ’neath the commons of the sun
 for no woman knows no gnomon, Keith
 other than the hour’s pre-stolen
 until the dancette finally raves off
 and no escutcheon’s left
 the acreage will be of *all of us*
 please, take some from my breast
 and thus we builded to the end, Maeve
 got this boustrophedon freed
 saw James’s poems end up *full done*, say
 chirped out “not a one.”
I’ll all be saved
 ray

FINTAN CALPIN

Gelidity

leafmold composition
accelerated under
heavy foot and rainfall

rapid ochre water curbs
th'unseasonable gutter

as it passed
the atmospheric river
bit you in the arse

but the wet air
the damp bark
all persist
in yielding

what summer silages
& autumn appreciates

beneath the big
Ibuprofen moon
the pinprick sky
dwindles to a bruise

you hardy perennials
preparing for spring

I refresh Bloomberg
I phone it in

Hockey Night
in the regime
you buy milk
with Canadian dollars

brimstone piles
pitch & bucket
elevators

waving along
the daily ships
small & large

tug pulling
a giant boom
of logs

slow jam

reason not
the leaf
it's the season
of dogs &
dogwalkers
ultimate frisbee
office for the day
by the nurses
taking lunch
in Queen Sq
feels like
looking at
inaccessible
benches if
you notice
a fire
burn rubber
boiled sweets
two puffs
of Ventolin
open field
make a play
now we're rly
motoring
critical matter
black mass
eating up
the miles
firing on
all cylinders

let's ride
the micro
economic
such a
good time
I might cry
dead slow
angles morts
loose chippings
yield to
motorway

we'll never know
where it goes.

VIK SHIRLEY

The Souls of Aspens

Half hanging, wretched, the ink spots vibrated into nothing,
reverberating in the attitude of echoes,
as echoes were in the Middle Ages
before everyone jumped on bespoke horses and trappage,
before everyone's eyes grew sore and spoiled from longing.

To keep a breast, first you had to find a breast.
And by that time, the chances of operatic goodness
were slim to none. (I kept one in a jar by the door and would
touch it for luck, every time I exited my residence.)

Cry me a tree, then another then another.

Soon, she whispered (more psychologically
than philosophically), a non-specific ballgame
would emerge and be ripe for the picking.

Palmaoxide

Transcribing the rainbow hues, Veronica
felt a chinking sensation instructing her,
in the form of a demented demon.
Forcing her to scatter up and down an octave,
imploding the mental châteaux,
before spraying Violet and Violet (a long-standing double act)
down the chute, the chute of dreams and fortune.
The châteaux spoke of flaying the springs inside,
just prior to the edge-off. (Referring to the edges
of a gaudy blanket mail).
Two edges don't make a pony, she reflected,
muttering in what had become her signature style,
and she expressed again, how it was all too much for her,
given the year she'd had. But try as she might,
the flowers that bleed, refused to take her off the case
and sent further instructions via a blowhorn,
coded, heavily, in military propaganda.

Hopscotch City

Line after line of terror
turned out to be nothing more
than an aquarium for the rich and famous,
for those whose insides had dropped out
of the deep-blue-bottom, otherwise known
as *The Azure Basement with Harpist* (1979).
Feel your way before you drown it, before
ostracisation is fertile and furtive.
Don't waste it. I see.
Aqua-Gogol is a charm for the senses.
You may wear it.
You may ace it.
Stretch it across, please slip on in.
This is an open invitation.
to the stunned dances
and all the shocked
athletic fields.

All-Out Foxes

There was murmuring behind
the Jan Hammer convention centre.
This had happened before.
A Hawaiian print, deep orange,
scowled and intensified,
swelling into a bomb
with ulterior motives.
Oh sure, it would be easy to bag,
I was born to bag, but what about the scooching?
The jamborees?
The finessing of angels?
The crystal in the pond,
forming like ice?
Pollen with a white bib
did its worst,
over and over,
until eventually they arrived at Stethoscope Land.

Locking Oscars

The French deer hummed in a way
that transports the opposite of menace
to the cake-breeze green room.
Where we can watch.
Where we can hold hands.
Where we can crawl through the air shaft
like we always wanted,
on our elbows and then tease
our hair about its questionable
background. Put it under the spotlight.
Record, make a transcript.
Put it online.
Deny all participation.
Make for the metropolis.
Live only for sunrise.
Change our names and identities.
Squander our fidelities.
Before the shit hits the spool.

Japanese soda

The machine served candy-slush,
organic chemicals that wailed,
screamed, begging to be rescued.
No promises could be made.
No offering given.
The temple rejected
the ice-sea clusters.
The views were of pods,
interactive digital maelstroms.
Urbane robots
started rumours about the non-urbane
to find themselves on a more favourable footing.
The non-urbane eventually froze
and were stored inside the castle.
In the hot summers
OTT precautions were mandatory.
The urbane in this instance were compliant.

Freezeframe

Snapped-off watery-filters
of rosy creams that can be applied
to the cheeks or lips.
No downers, only uppers.
We are all dolls here.
Grey feelings seek light.
But often smothered, settle for what they can.
Who will save them and make the pastel?
Make them pukka.
Make them polka.
Perhaps a fragment
of effervescent sunset.
Bottled in fragrance.
Lusted after by many.
Just before they fall
in the tragic fashion
in the municipal arena.

MABINTY TAYLOR-KAMARA

POV

You're so quick to bicker with me
It's like you find joy in conflict
And you know I dread confrontation
Yet you still want it

I watch your eyes travel around the room
As they always do
And wonder what's going through your mind,
Every time we argue
Every time we bump heads
Every time we part ways
Every time we apologise
just to come back together again

Every time our anger rises past boiling point
And I think what's the point
It seems to melt away
Until we're just helpless individuals
Forgetting why we fought in the first place

Love seems to triumph
Even when we don't want it to
I question if it's really winning
Or just managing not to lose

Because we don't want to lose the comfort of one another
So we compromise in the best interests of one another
And I guess we can sort of tolerate one another
For one more day

You're trying to be brave for me
And I'm trying to be strong for you
Trying to be honest with each other,
Our fears have become our collective truth
Your dreams fly higher than I'll ever reach
The secrets you shared are still safe with me
Your keychain still hangs proudly on my keys
I hope your mum still says prayers for me

ANDREW SPRAGG

#

to either drape, to give it your opinion
our nonsense idiot with his
idiot sun that

trailing the path of the idiot sun
laughing at big gaps and the spaces in
between. Pushing against a window br

ace for a moment or two.
how long would it have waited
on earth if it was not tied down

we fled by the river the song
was in love with its sister
or some other harsh reflection

OH YOU PRICK

Check out the **Leeds Poetry Studio** for future readings and workshops, or to use its library of pamphlets and poetry books as a study space. It's 'a free resource for anyone interested in reading, studying or writing poetry, regardless of experience, past publications or institutional affiliation.' Shire Oak Studios, Leeds, LS6 2TN. See www.leedspoeetrystudio.co.uk for info on how to book it and get involved.

Tim Wolf's *Participation Medal* is out from **Gong Farm**. Bonnie Hancell & Elle Lo's *Untitled, or, in the stupid stupid present where I was living* is also still on sale (both £6.50 in UK). Head to gongfarm.cargo.site for these and others.

New books from Miles Champion and Peter Gizzi are available from **Distance No Object** (£6.50 to UK inc. P&P) at distancenoobject.cargo.site.

RunAmok recently published pamphlets by Peter Manson, Vicky Sparrow, and David Grundy – have a look at runamokpress.com/books/ for these and more.

REPORTS (communityofgoods.blogspot.com) is 'a regular bulletin for the exploration of inarticulate social and artistic experience ... Send contributions to: pxxtry@gmail.com'.

And see pxxtry.com for pdfs of a bunch of rescued classics.

Materials have published James Goodwin's *Faux Ice*, Candace Hill's *Short Leash Kept On*, and *Kruk Book: An Anthology for Frances Kruk* at materials.blogspot.com/

Erotoplasty Editions is a print-on-demand press that sells innovative and idiosyncratic books of poetry at cost price. New entries from Emily Martin and Owen Fortunato Brakspear are imminent: erotoplasty.tumblr.com/

Mark Hyatt's long-anticipated selected poems is out in June from **Nightboat Books**, edited by Sam Ladkin and Luke Roberts. ' & I am blessed like an animal that speaks english.' Launches coming soon to Brighton, London, and further north...

