

LUDD GANG



Now he knew for the first true time the fetishes he and his companions had embraced. They were bound together in wishful substance and in the very enormity of a dreaming enmity and opposition and self-destruction. Remove all this or weaken its appearance and its cruelty and they were finished.

—Wilson Harris, *The Palace of the Peacock*

GUEST EDITED BY KASHIF SHARMA-PATEL
TYPESET & PRINTED BY ALEX MARSH,
DOM HALE, TOM CROMPTON & SAM WESELOWSKI

COVER IMAGE BY ANUKA RAMISCHWILI-SCHÄFER

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LUDD GANG

22

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ABBAS ZAHEDI

from FAILURE

[...]

Once upon a time in 1972

there was a famous estate that got blown up in St. Louis, Missouri; this signified that postmodernism had arrived.

such that we now speak of Vegas with the same reverence as Versailles.

those housing projects were conceived and designed by Minoru Yamasaki who also gave the blueprints for the World Trade Centre, that opened in 1973 a whole year later.

so I think it's now possible to see,
why some would say (today) the way up and down are one and the same.

||this alludes to my own discovery
that MANNA from heaven is just as nutritious
as MANNA from below:
the Machine-Aided Neural Networking of Affect (MANNA)

as an acronym... it sounds overly-familiar and somewhat technical.
But I'm merely referring to a process

that makes up for the fact that we, the former neo-diaspora
do not inherit Immanuel Kant's Copernican Turn: the KCT

his head-start into Enlightenment,
being an Individual and Modernity.

we've been precluded from a life of such liberties
because the Neo-(die)-(die)-Diaspora
function better online
as a live-archive,

a kind of schizo-embodiment.

to cope with the fact that in today's towers the flames are high-rise.
yet you still cry, because yes Venice is sinking.

exacerbating the paradox In which we are left to burn or better yet to rot.

Once upon another time at the end of 2014
my therapist recommended I go to Hackney
join a bakery, to do a placement.

I thought it was because I was an artisan, but no,
it was for those who were seriously struggling with their mental healthiness.

I went there and became curious about everything.
at the same time I was working in Selfridges,
cosplaying a migrant chef chopping onions in the basement.

my English was too good though so I started to face problems.
subsequently, I quit my kitchen role to move on from the bakery to a brewery.
started a two-year stint in drinks production,
with a side of hipster anthropology.

I became really good at: LEMONADE
this involved a lot of hard repetitive:
ERROR_SXS_XML_E_INTERNALERROR: “task failed successfully”

some days I would produce up to 80 litres of juiced lemons by hand.
whilst doing this I was also undergoing a prolonged phase;
struggling with a nervosa.

I began to treat it like a machine,
the body.
prolonged bouts of fasting,

calculating the molecular weight of everything I put in and put out.
I became like the machines which I would fill and empty.
plugged into my headphones listening to streams of liquid
curated by tendencies:

ALLAHGORITHMIC

I did this until I reached the final crit of my fine art masters degree
and my tutors instructed me to speak less of my past, somehow to make it go
away
especially when it came to the coveted enterprise of practice.

at first, I was excited by the freedom this offered;
to be civilised, instead of just cultured.
I felt that I could now sit within a canon of formalistic forms and formulations.
a place in which identity no longer functions.

because my past is heavy, it is too much of a burden,
people can't relate to its particularities,
the punctum of its weight

they cannot see why I would choose to wash the walls and floor of a gallery with
rose water.

I mean if I had chosen to work with piss, then they could say: "Ah Yes!
We have an entire tradition of thissss... from Diogenes to Serrano...
not forgetting the Pollocks and Brian Enos."

but they cannot relate to a past
in which I washed the dead corpse of my young brother
with an infusion of myrrh and rose water.

a coming-of-age ritual, that was intended to make me a man,
because there was no time to be a feminine-orphan-boy-child.

I have been told that speaking of the past is bad form, improper etiquette,
so I speak of lemons instead.

I speak of how Deleuze's refrain was borne out of Nietzsche's eternal return,
a cyclical expanse of time, in which the past is forever (re)lived.
I even made my own version, and called it the Live-Archive; to refer to how
technology works to both canonise and revive packets of data, into networked
streams of blah blah...

but still, my past is a problem,

let's speak of Fluxus, Kaprow and Duchamp instead:
because my past is rose and stem – bloody and red

passed down by cinnamon tongues
that would shoot for the sun

as they watched vultures descend upon their dead

I come from all manners of fuck and dread.
from pieces of earth that swallowed everything I ever loved

so I beg you...
to tread gently

and next time you speak to the ground

please ask if it remembers me.

PETERO KALULÉ (PETALS)

how to play drums

for C, listening to Milford Graves

I feel, the need for more time, more rhythm all around me
—John Coltrane

slacken yr wrists. arc. crayons. wax. pat thighs. forget time. unwind clocks. glow shadows. trace petal-colour partials. blue bugle. peony, tulip, rhododendron, buttercup. mimic cat paws. bubbles. abandon lines, borders & squares. pockets. lashes. eyeliner. creak hinges. thread. tree-hollows. stop for leaves as they rustle at night. twig-work, crown shyness. a rake. geraniums. floorgrass. flour. butter. bracken. lichen. beetles. moss. moth flutter, shiny dust, silk. thorn tips. watch little fishes swim against the current. poinciana. jacaranda attar. panpipes. toads. consider rain, hail. sparrows, their beaks pecking at windows. swallows. budgies, their eyes. yellow bell peppers. pineapples. fennel. pomegranate. the sparkle of eggshells. ginger. cumin toasting. peanuts. sorghum. sesame. a pestle. a mortar. cinnamon. coconut husks. pickled okra. radishes. ice-cream. cardamom. crack le a matchstick against red strip. remember thunder. boat. night buses, stand in their doorways. figs. flutter lips. zips. latex. tap the tones of a smile. yr smile. nod. bop. tambourines. Thelonious Sphere Monk's pinkie. Geri Allen. think of stars. lullabies. Jeanne Lee's voice, her vibrato, her shout, a well. sandalwood. lube. the DLR; victoria line. twinklike bells. buckets. divine butts. scissor. tender buttons. elbow. shins. fists. pillow crunches. velvet. satin. sequins. glitter. scarves crimped & curling. bijouterie. beads. bicycles, their honky horns. moonlight. owls. a murmuration. cuddle puddles. wuxia dance steps. whooshy ballet. fluffy penguin chicks. weasels. magpies. ducks. clink a glass. tumbleweed. crispy spicy seaweed. cacti. darkness. cricket s napping. mantids voguing. trust the shuttling secrets of wooden floors. latticework. pebbles. tassels. spare change. rust. deep thicc crust.

crystals; alloys, purple quartz, flint, jasper. salts. clay, like fragile clay. yr toes. a
leaky faucet. trombone slides. kisses. a hiss. kettle. air -- daydream ... walk
along on air. swarm. swing. rattle. thrum.

oh pretty

for KLH

hey pretty/pretty dull/pretty full/pretty sure/pretty shit/rly
pretty/some pretty/pretty petal/pretty similar/sooo pretty/pretty good/pretty
much/pretty bad!/pretty easy/pretty messy/pretty slime/pipes that are pretty
with sludge/ & prettier with silt/ a slippery kinda pretty/crystal pretty/easily
pretty/always pretty/very pretty/pretty please/pretty generous/pretty you/pretty
one/sounds pretty/pretty wife/pretty painful/very pretty/terrifyingly
pretty/pretty in blue/pretty accurate/pretty helpful/tenderly pretty/pretty
crap/decently pretty/pretty desperate/pretty sad/ gently pretty/sofly
pretty/sleepily pretty/quietly pretty/l's prettiest bells/pretty popular/too
pretty/pretty varied/pretty lesbians/ pretty impressed/ the bushes are
pretty/pretty neat /pretty gay !/very hot and pretty/feeling pretty/pretty noises
everywhere/a pretty hum/pretty lips/a pretty portal/improperly pretty/loopily
pretty/pretty frills/prettily dramatic/pretty boy/pretty snack/pretty faces/a
pretty kitty/pretty wild/good grief, your pretty head/unattainably
pretty/prettiest pink/so luminous so pretty and sensual/pretty
flower/blossomingly pretty/wow that's pretty/pretty much anything/a pretty
chant/newly pretty/insistently pretty/lovingly pretty/oh pretty



drawing by Ernie Maltby

circular memory

circular memory is our sociality, it is what returns, it's what proliferates craftily :

it gestures to the non-human & non-present, it sneaks hides & divulges ghosts all at once, it suspends, it is unknowingness, it's call & response, it's whatever betrays yet shakes & turns us in song dance & he art, it's what would become linear & static the moment we store(d) it, it's a mutual wanting & an irresolvable waiting of more, it's peering into the wide unorderable-perhaps, its feeling dispersed polyrhythmically!, it's blue trancetimesurround, it's holding onto each & every other, a holding on with tenderness long - slow & soff - too long to be indexed; it's how we fuck & fuck-up, expropriating & augmenting pleasure, it's the carry & throw of grief coming back again & again & again, it's screamllaughter moan & cry pushed inside out, it's a trip of unbridled joy, it's "the feel real good", it's knowing memory isn't ours alone but only ours shared --

all, 2-gether :

MANTRA MUKIM

from Reserve

fill the eye with slow hyphae
neighbour's tree breaking the wall

with thousand hyphens on its tip & sitafal
the unrealisable dream of revolution

fruit in present tense moving
moving the ghost suburbs fill the eye

with risky collectives index finger dragging
the screen to hell inscription not touch

of the new fascist calendar smoke in the hormones
iron in the bush shape: the prosthetic of land

fill the eye with mongrel archives
catbirths in abandoned chariots

yes: the debris yes: the structure a stowaway
word in the lung surfaces at the sight

of the machine guts open refusing
the gains fill the eye with tragic repair

in Wong May's game- changing translations of the Tang poets i
come across Yuan Zhen's short poem 'Reply to a Friend Who
Dreamt of Me' barely a day after my friend Bharat texts me
wee hours saying he has had a dream of me & it terrorises
me to enter his dream without leaving myself or rather
without leaving myself there my reply is giddy having learnt
having been elsewhere somewhere not here away from here
& again to leave Zhen's reply a reply poetics not—for the dream
not—to reply with a dream but with the day my day as a reply
in reply to his dream of me full of me i give him my day a
reply from me in Beaux Arts my day trapped in red of Bruegel's
wedding dance medieval codpiece swaying the commons in
flux still visible my day purged lines concaves converging
wedding guests raw material for subtopias my day twists into
a minor Bruegel among major Bruegels my day has never dreamt
of friends only acquaintances the long hand of friends' dream
of me presses against the eye covering my friend's dream of me
as his friend my reply is a dream of friendship without the
friend in it dream of my day replying to the friend replying to
the dream of me but not as a friend but as a reply where i reply
to him not to him as my friend but as one who has had a dream
of me without me my reply is me choosing between doors to
enter the metro with my reply is me asking my friend's dream of
me to sit at the mouth of the river & slip from my hand

grass like tension there is a no from the long
lost land uttered while parting use it to refuse tax—
onomy to get away from the cold centre of the forest
speech collects debt every time it moves
there is a no among the endless assemblages of yes
hyphenated at the very site the fruit is eaten
to its mellow core a no that envies the mellow
a throb without leaving the mouth the headquarter
of refusal no is a shoreline with zero kills
turning away the beast having studied its movement
urging the sky to give up its claim on us

ASHWANI SHARMA

from england's dreaming, again

even the dead will not be safe from the enemy if he is victorious

—walter benjamin

england is so black and white, so plain, like a burger with nothing on it. no salad,
nothing. that's why it's so real
—skeptā

i'm thinking like a film in reverse. the necropolitical cutouts, 2022 blurring the
fade, f(r)iction in metallic jubilee, royal hologram, digitally scalping coronation
carriage, the natives cheered the virtual vistas. time collapsing, beings being
rearranged, bbc dissolves, mixes, cuts, zooms, myths, fictions, reality, death,
frozen life, history, faded memory, illusions, timed out, lost in mythos, my mind
in madness, black and white in colour on the greyscale

fash running amok, haunted hallucinations, paki bashing national olympics,
keeping the dream (a)live, 1977/2024, future anterior, fuck the jubilee, land of
hope and g(l)ory, It ain't half hot mum, the black and white minstrels prancing,
lenny henry mimesis, racist visionaries, migrant windows to the outside, rolling
celluloid, slow motion

new nation exotic towns: welwyn garden city, reading, dudley, tooting, croydon,
white on black entertainment, peepshowing, grants in the houses, dialectical
reversal, ducking and diving in handsworth, nf marching on soho rd waving the
jack, the pigs defending free speech, policing the crisis, mugging black men,
brum the afterlives of empire, handsworth homeland, the frontlines, battlelines,
anarchic frictions, no future, after the future, end of the future, punk, punked

up, steam punk, 'systematic derangement of the senses', gothic dreams, wicker land, cutting up god save the queen, they think its all over

the internal colony colonised, the surrounds unravelling, handsworth revolution/s, steel pulses, booming bass, old school dances, blues nights, dubplate rewind, bass syncopations, the bodies tremble across time, trenchtown rocking, bob, jamaican socialism, I rastafarian, black and punk, ska, scars, sound system low end, rocking vibrations against racism, wave the flag of the un-common-wealth, phantasies of imperial civility, the imperium of immigrant workers under duress, factory killing spaces, asbestos in the air, welcome to the motherland, welcome to the jungle, mum and dad dressed up to the nines, hidden lives, secret stores projected, 8mm lost tapes.

bbc archives, memories of tea on verandas, last days of the raj, invisible coolies labouring, crossing the kala pani dead labour haunted caribbean souls, 2nd generation in school, caribbean and asian together, curry and goat, bruce lee in the palace, everyone's kung fu fighting, funky disco, blues shebeens, jazz funk, rare groove, buddha of suburbia, the fear and rage, going mad, phantasies of civil war, 4 day week, power cuts, 1976 heatwave, the second hottest day since records began, burning film, burning rivers, burning spear

territories recomposed, notting hill revolting, sterling crisis, fictional finance, breton woods the new world order, opec desert men running the world, social democracy on its knees, neoliberalism invented, ugandan migrants swamping, grunwick asian women striking a chord. unions remade. black as black and asian political love, afro-asian anti-colonial struggles in the metropolis. clr james, designer michael x and the black house, race and/as class, institution of race relations, steel bands and samosas, illusions of multiculturalism. bangla from east to east, battle for brick lane, brown folks smell, curry powder, foreign tongues, defiance, shot in the dark.

white cliffs of dover standing proud, holding the fort. island of fading empire and vindaloo. enoch's our man, love thy neighbour, till death us do part, jimmy saville did fix it. The long 70s. empire unleashed. bunting flags and neighbourhood watch street parties. The screen of opulence, albion, north

korean pr simulation, the queen between two deaths, virtual imagineering, zombie family, richest women in the world on welfare, paddington illegal immigrant shipped to rwanda, food banks, stolen jewels and (fucking) horseracing, the revolution will not be musked, black twitter, battle lines erased, no outside, brown folks in power, capitalism in brown face unleashed, not in my name, fantasies of decolonisation

bojo eton mess, nasty fucker, partying on the bodies of the dead, labour out of focus, poor becoming poorer, chuck the disabled under the bus, let the drowning drown, murder in the med, fortress europe crumbling, running out of breath, mask-up, (unless you a muslim woman) the old folks left to die, impotent gaze, the deadly charade, we got our country back. back to the 1950s, 1930s, whither urban modernism postcolonial migrants. little, narcissistic, deluded island on the edge of europe, new tales of little england, white lies

brexitland dreaming, battleships in the channel, delusions of grandeur, english melancholia, english paranoia, crisis of empire. scotland breaking up of the union, migrants in the dead sea. migrants death drive. capitalism our unconscious, creating a virtual self, a fiction for corporate reproduction, primitive accumulation, monopoly capitalism, neoliberal capitalism, late capitalism, zombie capitalism, friction-free capitalism, real abstraction, post-capitalism- you're having a laugh. mirages of deceit, the art of advertising seduction, why do we desire fascism? racial paranoia, urban schizophrenia, networks of acceleration

black faces, dead culture, cold media. black mental unhealth, chained to the asylum outside, black bodies, black death, police killing, biopolitical security, death to foreigners, poetry as protest, the ends of the visual world. digital protests, abolish the image, iconoclasm of the screen, the death drive, my nightmares, bullet passing through my brain, blood spurting out, laughing that I lived before and after death, gaza kids dying, western civility the killing machine. the zionist death state. we love israel, the only democracy amongst the uncivilised. flesh left to rot, bullet in the head, western platitudes, bullet time, bulldozing housing, zoning zionism, the monstrous jewish state.

white paranoia, the horror horror! who is the (good) muslim? surveillance, the art of security, reality tv, algorithmic policing, cctv, ai minority report, temporal loops, deja vu, re-engineering cities, destroying homes, loving the rich, elephant and round the castle down, more speculative fictions, selling out to the market. for the fully integrated corporate university, employability is the goal, for us it is not working. liberate desire, abolish the university. forget decolonisation, bring it all down. free universities, community education, the undercommons, diasporic localism, the city under duress, speculative finance, rentier capitalism, the spatial fix. russian dolls laundering money ozark in london. chelsea fc a little bit of post-soviet financial mcmafia indulgence. russia empire fuelling europe. war the logics of the military-industrial-entertainment-biopolitical-selfie complex. enjoy our killing machines, selling cheap to media-fascist-matrix-animation-stop-motion state.
[...]

poetry as thought, as proto-conjunctural analysis. kill the self. killing dreams, fugue states, poetry as queer communism? aesthetic theory, states of emergence, feel the poetic image, misrecognition in the mirror phase, blurred colonial phantasmagoria. national stories.

LAGNAJITA MUKHOPADHYAY

create timeline in your head:

(third of the way there) surprise us all, revealing past and when—
(I was a liar)—diaries! letters! ticket stubs and maps(—how the story is told) *a fake*.¹ ((cannot hold on)) trying to control (corrupt [it] omit [it]) could not read
any more (time together) I am not sure when I am now. (about time) technician
(each voice as an immigrant) what to represent—roots (or routes)
slight missteps (like a library) point of intervention (wrestle)> in conversation
((what we reach for?)) **the architecture (extraction) precinct**
disruption (intimate loss) letter postscript

(where are you in the line?)

rhyme motif answering back (coupling)
((call and response)) (drip down) reveal! ([it]'s actually called that) found poem,
found poem (conquest first) forget later *found* better (voice got darker) which
ones? **(voice got louder)**

I need to talk to you.

¹ *When experience is translated into language it becomes fake?*
Is the problem language itself?

How do you tell an impossible story?²

get me out of the way!

but spells under my breath
into sideways,
play,
and eats [it]

wringing out every final word or
personality quiz / doubts
threshold smacking homes, hissing / desire

let's say— "we" spill
some might say— "gaps" imagine
learning your language?
some road, pedestrian?
or backwards in memory grows
spells i believe [it], love good ending

² Saidiya Hartman, "Venus in Two Acts."

Discourse on —

(interrogate the obsession): look at [it]:
the movement is a picture
and why was [it] not seen?
(a lot of mythology) as swinging
as poetry as every single
note was taken from the text

carry through:³
buildings, flowers, tenses:
citation, co-opt, borrow:
a bit more empire?

This is how you read {this} book.

(({this} is the only memory I have) because
there is no glossary
He asks me,
when will I finally write a love poem?

³ *What does the stanza offer?*

KASHIF SHARMA-PATEL

the realms of contrarities
(after Geetanjali Shree)

Bhupens strokes, the inhabitation
 (of) frame, at the gate behind the
tomb carry on and venture in; the
samadhi awaits, the chukar and
 crow, vanishing doors and the
constraint flow that sweeps historical
 time and the concept the trace –

We live in realms of contrarities,
 of exhaustible ego and decentred
discourse. The cloth grounds in its
 discrepant tonality – the textile lip
folded and open.

Flat-roofed modular life, art museum
 kitsch – the blur of Tbilisi overlaid with
CDMX and Dilli, the splintering of Mumbai,
 the life affirmations of Naples and Istanbul
– a postmodernist verve and *block* –

Thoba Theka Singh was not mad.
The world was – language was.
We whole up in the evasive camp

let the subjects irrational edge take
hold and embrace the split; yet.

neurosis – discipline – sits in back,
bawling. What depths. I look for

spontaneity and find implosive
timidity. A night of unforbidden memories.

We remember it all.

that desirous pit

I desire that sink in the belly,
satiety and a quench,
a sort of untrammelled slipping through
post-industrial childhood
coming-of-age and a commitment to
the bit, to the untethered –
I desire a belly full of indo-chinese thali
and convivial chat,

caress and counter

crushed in –

political violence and the state
a history lesson of the last thirty years
the roar of traffic, a call to walks,
mope about and grimace.

You sit in the park and hum
and click.

Every assembly, all immanent and
figurative

the pit – and joy – in the morning –
lost chances, regrets, failing to
gauge the situation – but desire

keeps it interesting – contentment
 slow – a cappuccino and croissant –
 a whiff of the river vere, and the
 onset of illness; “you are the virus”,
 contract contain –
 stop this order – antagonise –

(my words against the salvage of a
world on fire)

alternate and modulate
glisten and steel through

if its psychobabble, let it be,
 authentic speech and
 indubitable virtue.

The balance of fun and ethics.
entertainment or experience.
banality or mediocrity.
life choices, slowly takes
in bouts of histamine and smoke.

A celibate frame, punctuate by
revelation and ecstatic throes

ANUKA RAMISCHWILI-SCHÄFER

Returns

I. Tbilisi: static, pain, circles

The rain turns the city suddenly little, banalities of the day all occurring simultaneously. Shopkeepers roll out awnings, sweep water out of stairwells, switch off suspicious light bulbs. Electrical cables hang low. Grocers wheel in soapboxes of cherries and apricots, leaving behind hardy watermelons and thick-skinned pimpled cucumbers. An old man walks topless, covering his grandchild with his faded t-shirt. Puddles are numerous inside potholes and grow to heaving water bodies. Two old friends don't bother finding cover. One stoops over the other, sitting in a wheelchair, the spoked rubber tires submerging rapidly into a muddying pool. In front of them the pavement gapes, exposing tubes and layers of concrete, pebbles and soil. Drain pipes gush, water sharply puncturing footpaths. Tiles produce steam.

People will slip – those with slow legs and dragging feet, or in cheap shoes or with walking sticks.

My Bebia keeps falling. The earth pulls her down. She wants to enter the other world, where many souls, long mourned, await her. We are all calling for her to remain, to hold on. She has never known rest: do we prolong the jittering, the fidgeting and grinding through vocabulary and pain? Are we pulling her down?

Nighttime will bring empty skies and open into a clear morning reprieve, until the heat rises once more. The heat goes up, as do the souls, the curling hairs

grow greasy and closer to the scalp, the humming of the elevators ceases as people become stiff. She is cold and fragile but her mind spins. Sitting in her chair. If her stillness made a noise it would be the tss-tss-tss of automated water sprinklers. Her heart is the fullest and always expanding. Her thumbs have caressed so many hands and rested so many times against thimble-capped index fingers. She has turned over so many words and unravelled so many cookie-cutter jumpers, rewound into skeins for reknitting. In colder months she sits in her 'costumes', woollen knitted two-piece sets with pleats, wide collars, cinched waists. The patterns come to her on the spot, stitches tumble rhythmically, unlike the words that she places with much thought.

Doctors stand tall and speak to her in childish tones - or only *about* her. She raises her brows, throws me a look, shoos with a swaying of her hand. Who is not alright?

Downstairs the tin collector beckons us through his megaphone to bring him metal scraps and old refrigerators. His voice is fried, distorted. He moves between the courtyards, ambling along while his business partner drives an old Lada adorned with a Kurdish flag, laden with discarded ovens. When the seasons change the raspberry delivery lady's voice will echo between the Saburtalo tower blocks. My auntie scoops out the last of the maize porridge, setting into solid patties on cold plates. She grows the flame under the aluminium pot.

My Bebia asks that we shut the balcony doors. It is loud, the new highway noise sweeps through the apartment and scoops out her small voice. Every day delirium encircles with the encroaching evening. Nearer and nearer until the spiral closes in on her.

Fans spin, circulating hot air. The curtains never hang still, ballooning out and up and down, almost caressing the walls and then taking off again.

Decisions come fast but not easy. Which plasters, moist or dry, which doctors, what bed, what don't we know, which pills with which meals. And why? I type out questions but I am also hurrying in the street and trying to keep an eye on my feet. My own crooked ankles, swollen wrists, a spacing mind, attempts at bridges present in stutters. Us, our scampering band of hands and care, we are triage and consultant and general practitioner and clipboard notes.

The medical system is not one, any intention or consonance decimated since the civil war and the onslaught of vicious and tormenting hypercapitalism. However, when I pose a question outside, the answers are abundant and warm and generative. I feel as part, there are people, there is softness beneath.

II. London, before leaving: individuations

england, a spinning saucer in limbo to shatter
a thousand pieces
spinning, flashing, the film shutter open onto
the same scene, just the shortest moment
the saucer slices the air, thick and wet
pearls of condensation clinging to the window pane
frame of rotting wood painted landlord white
The old woman cradles the shallow porcelain
with a tilt the cooled tea spills into her mouth

Fireworks pepper the daylit sky
decorative explosions, unfurled too soon
burning flight piercing time
Tearing open portals, at point of perforation a flower blooms
its seeds from a homeland elsewhere
The man with one suitcase and clothes for a different season
quakes
shoulders draw together
stomach walls
contracting

a list of nonprescription pharmaceuticals
a puzzle piece of stilted vocabulary
forced bow of the head, give yourself over
give way for doctoral decorum
lessen and lessen
pull up your knees and stop the air filling into your cavities
the stomach chomps, screams, monstrem growling
square boxes marked with a check

occupied beds, gaping empty rooms
biro pen puncture accordioning paper
spine curling, muscles bursting in contrapuntal spasms
On the waiting list, waiting for the waiting list
Have you considered going on the pill?

but it's england: trying is bragging, failing is failing.

I smell the stench from a mile off
Got that kartuli nose
The clothes on the drying rack, hanging off the banister
gathering mildew in the folds

The roof at gatwick airport train station hangs heavy
On the new arrivals
Crowd control
The fabric of society
Swollen purple clouds
migraines overlapping
Shadow figures practise inverted go-karting
like oil bubbles in water
weave, rib, grain, cable
Mistakes allow spirits to escape: but not in england.
one dropped stitch
Near collisions, late trains
On the go, to-go cups, cardboard lonesome dinner
roaring mass of landfill incohesion
Nylon won't disintegrate

the small figure, unrecognisable
golem, stooped, dark

racing along
protruding features
low near the pavement
picking at the stepping stones
one with its shadow, centrifugal turbo path drawing in
dust and colloquialisms
scraping the dregs of conversations, collecting inside
deep pockets, mended with large basting stitches
bursting with idioms and passkeys
alright', mate? inflection upends meaning
the wrong crumbs clawed out of the pocket the wrong fridge magnets
don't pass go, lay out shame for all to scrutinise
I catch a glimpse of myself in the passing 171
wavey
I catch a man's eye,
He explodes
Telepathic scanner?

The underbelly of the city beast glows
It is there especially at night
TV static
like welcome termites gnawing
whirlpools of all that is leftover, spinning, unstill, hurricanes
The cooking spatulas willed to stir
Rhythms, no rhymes
All that was syphoned under doormats vomiting out
The glass and cement and plastic structures teetering
Ground undone
swimming

TRAILING FORTH

New publication *Certain precise instruments...* by Andrew Spragg from **RunAmok** is worth your attention: <https://runamokpress.cargo.site/untitled-page>

Modern Poetry in Translation have their July issue titled “Salam to Gaza” out, focusing on poems of resistance and dissent from across the world. Worth checking out. <https://modernpoetryintranslation.com/magazine/salam-to-gaza-focus-on-dissent-and-resistance/>

Edmund Hardy has recently completed *Negative Worlds*, his long-awaited experimental sci-fi feature-length film of utopia and collective life. Follow **negative_worlds_** on Instagram for future screening details.

Nat Raha has a new book *apparitions (nines)* published by **Nightboat Books**.

Granta recently published *Fantasia* by Nisha Ramayya.

Hasib Hourani and Sascha Aurora Akhtar have books being published by **Prototype**, amongst others: <https://prototypepublishing.co.uk/shop/>

the87press are releasing *The Letters of Audre Lorde and Pat Parker 1974-1989*, Kat Sinclair's *The Pharmacy*, and a wonderful debut from dove / Chris Kirubi titled *WILDPLASSEN* all in October: <https://www.the87press.co.uk/shop>

Maggie O'Sullivan's new book *earth* is available from **Gong Farm** alongside Tom Crompton's latest *Wishbone Valley*, in collaboration with **Chaff**: <https://gongfarm.cargo.site/>

