

SCAPE

LUDD GANG

Certain anxious methods
flip:
two straight hits
of falling tone.

It's like a
filter
for your
ears :
speed
trap closed lower
by the market dip.

And are you getting weird
with the world now
embossed in queasy insight
by the shimmering grid?

They tuned the whole abattoir
to D major.

It's called imperfect pitch.

COVERS: GREG THOMAS,
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LUDD GANG

26

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JULIAN T. BROLASKI

good time charley

what a strange life
to be a poet in the endtimes
evergreen quarterwrought
w/ a burr in your saddle
everything goes in a spiral
smoke, water, my prayer
loafed on a perishable papyrus
who wrote the book of love
when country music syncretized
w/ the native kettledrum
sumtimes you gotta put a wet sock on,
and that is the difference
between erthe and heaven
isnt it wonderful how nature
gives us citrus in winter
tangerine dreams and the call
of the bewick's wren amid sirens
tho the ardor of myn ears
denies me nearly
they said I was a ne'er-do-well
n/thin but a good time charley

where do you store the meat

just relax your eyes
and look through it
transparent petal
of a fleur w/ water on it
winters whispers
weave a wide
waft & heft
moonshadow on the loam
functional beverage
how that love
could wreck your neck
a force against
my fine effacement
I know my lines, I came to save
my sibling, far and wide
a thing
upon the rocks faréther
I had a studder
was hidden by a wrestler I had
to be alone together
roll the windows down
turn the treble up to seven
I store the meat
in the belly of my brethren

ANONYMOUS

(translated by Will Rowe)

I keep a fly
with golden wings,
I keep a fly
with bright shining eyes.

It brings death
in its eyes of fire
it brings death
in its golden hair
in its beautiful wings.

In a ginger-ale bottle
I keep it;
no-one knows
if it drinks,
no-one knows
if it eats.

It wanders in the night
like a star
it wounds mortally
with its red glow
with its eyes of fire.

It carries love
in its eyes of fire;
its blood,
the love it brings in its heart,
incandesces in the night.

Nocturnal insect,
fly that brings death,
in a green bottle
I keep it
loving it so much.

But no-one!
No-one knows
if I give it drink,
if I give it food.

Commentary:

In Andean tradition, when a blue fly appears it announces a person's death. The fly of the song is inside a ginger-ale bottle, a product of capitalist modernity. Leaving the non-capitalist community is a form of death. The person sees the death which as one who is leaving they carry inside them, invisible to the ones who remain. The one who's leaving sees their becoming an isolate individual. The fly carries that death and it carries the love that exists in what's left behind. The song holds that contradiction. Most likely it's the song of a migrant from the Andes to the city.

[A translation into Spanish of the original Quechuan text can be found in *El Corno Emplumado*, No. 27 (1968)]

CATHERINE KELLY

New Year

We're taking a short cut to a festival,
you know, when time is precious —

Time is precious. What's the
festival? We're cut off from the harvest — don't have
neighbours for a meitheal, don't have a
neighbourhood exactly, don't
want to say remember / remember / remember
when? Prefer to surge forward like we're all at sea and take
a medicinal approach to seafloor fauna.

On the deck, we lay out a map of everyone we know
and it's illuminated like a fifth century

gospel everybody with their angle stored
in an island monastery that's going

down

down

down

in history until it's soaking. Somebody walking
before dawn with their dog will find it
shining in the darkness maybe
by accident or maybe

all publicity is good
publicity. Waste a little
ink before the viking onslaught.
Drape yourself in an early camera.
Get a sense of what
we're looking at and
what it's worth. Let the crowd disturb
the local birds. Let the dog
run wild and red
 for the names, red
 for a stroke on the margin, red
 for the back of your throat — I think
you have to roll your eyes
 back in your head for a change I think it has to
start somewhere in your half-sleeping body with how
 you like to be alive you have to camp out
at the entrance have to be the dog and hold it
 with your teeth

Cora Finne

All the same I never bet against us
dressed for down the country courtly love
white lace bolted with mud the minute
you make it in through a cracked door or a window
hold it at least until
a death in Applevale disturbs
the landlord class and then with a shovel
then with our shoes off
then with a real untender spring
against the locks then in a kitchen we got by
making and taking then
why shouldn't we rain down hell
on the lingering viceroys?

SAMUEL SOLOMON

Lumpsucker

The first time ever I saw your face
I thought the sun bleached your bony
brow. The first time ever I plunged my hand
I thought light would escape along its sides.
The first time ever I parted your teeth
I saw an underground passage beneath your jaw.
That was the gift that you gave, and I stayed inside.
You returned to the earth to walk freely over
the underground passage you'd shown me
before: land I'd never cared for but was invited to love.
But the passage was so narrow you couldn't stay,
and where you wouldn't hunker down,
I can't call a refuge: let's get out of here.

oh crap I dropped it: it fell

Not to be lovesick for any particular object
that withdraws itself from touch.
To know I've made the object that I love
or hate: it's made for me to lose it.

I'm jellied puddle edgeless
and gaping hole of need.
Now can't hold, tight'ning, open
not metaphor: contraction.

Use of love by dangerous object!
Unplug and fill me up
like a dude: clueless and exploding
edges, insides open to air.

A crystal map is shattered; a node gleams emptily.
A floater, aura, messing up the system like a sunspot.
The need was the need for the sun in my face, but I couldn't name it.
Oh crap I dropped it: it fell.

EDMUND OGAWA HARDY

Kamiko Syn

Shattered silk,
maternity corset
becomes spiralled arcade:
 am I more
alive — in what touches me —
than in these tightening shadows of interiority, a feather
folded in cotton. So excited to see you.

CANDACE HILL

Don't know if it's Right

Whoops I did it again's legendary
I wail not to be drawn into ovaries nest
Butt He refuses my temptations dummy

Peace to The Rock take him away's necessary
Slays intact so's doubtful on coquetteries blessed
Whoops I did it again's legendary

Love knows love gains not swayed just scary
Though this is not a wink wink into vulgarity stressed
Butt He refuses my temptations dummy

Pinky pink slits redone fecundity's wrongfully married
Truth is without the guys testosterone we be in venality's crest
Whoops I did it again's legendary

Sexy humans bright & shining's quickly surfacing hairy
Revealing or concealing yo mamas hickory vest
Butt He refuses my temptations dummy

A choices to be made dickory dockery little house on the prairie
A choices to be made fiddle dee dee flummery's mess
Whoops I did it again's legendary

Butt He refuses my temptations dummy

Enuff said more times tables

Prowling demands attention
around disable own land
Fables them say turtle I say tortoise
green Sam's grand while shelling
own people's beans
drawn out too long want pencil
Form vehicle
perspective sea bomb wha wha's
ailing Tom toms there in pocket
oar better 2 farm be table pyramids
Rice times nonexistent 4 what gives
isn't plenty full thou credibles'
contractor contracting's disabled your
plentiful fable if black tells of lily
White knights bin abstract in downfall
wait for it TooTall renamed between
chief One Mean Asshole &
forgive me not to tall
battalions bee in free fall
a wreck'd ooze onto bombed hall
out on sidewalk no Gaza
shook desire Israeli pamphlet
passed out just poetry
buy nondescript pant
somebody limp along
biline nightfall

03/23/2025

Conservative Grip 2 Associate 2

Grammers should be

Put on a hill

Rolled away away

Rolled down or up

Up and away flat

2.

Ruining the country or

Ruining democracy

Ruining means signaling

Wider pulling in more nothing

board to people inner room

who don't think

pride in sheep

They have something 2 crow

ruin about who have no funky gym bag

love lunch ruin rise up

horrified as a verb disguised

Or anything else noun lessened negligent

Mournful commenced a break in

3.

Vague painting

Intense one couldn't tell

Troublesome either

Joking around morbid

Confounds carefree story

In a nutshell they live dormant

After until
maniac seems handsome
dangerous runs in open
Invisible pieces shout out features
though court Kant place
charging under you you'd think
kneel river god looking sod
Although dope coherent wouldn't want really
tell it say drip on home slice threw
mule portent be you arc switch on bulb

In head map or above one too many saps bulb
lit Becoming blood but nothing drip
except a neat tapestry sniffs
knocked out made of old dull wool dulls' if I must
Which I do like the dull somewhat
in retrospect unlike starving
sickle cells familiar up ahead
Dogs immense relieving brushstroke of

01/21

ALLIE MCKEAN

Summary

Everyone a little in this light, the way people shine
like the sun can't break hearts
So where do you put yours?

Next to the glare?
Out the open window?

Romance is realism
an ordinary place,
I've been there like Earth

Alone again in the body of the woman I love
until she moves on with some line cook

In the tradition of labor
the firefighters turn their bodies to flame
the pilots turn their bodies to air
the weathermen to clouds
the poets to death
And I to hope

I'll know life when I see it
Familiar and unfair,
Worthy, like it's mine again

CÉSAR VALLEJO

(translated by Will Rowe)

Telluric and Magnetic

Sincere and totally Peruvian mechanics
those of the red hill!
Theoretical and practical soil!
Intelligent furrows; example, the monolith and its cortege!
Potato fields, barley fields, alfalfa fields, good things!
Cultivations that an astonishing hierarchy of tools integrates
and that integrate with wind the mooing,
the waters with their deaf antiquity!

Quaternary maize, of opposed birthdays,
I hear through my feet how they go away,
I smell them return when the earth
stumbles against the technique of the sky!
Rude molecule! Terse atom!

Oh human fields!
Solar and nutritious absence of the sea,
and oceanic feeling of everything!
Oh climates discovered inside gold, ready!
O intellectual field of the cordillera,
with religion, with fields, with ducklings!
Pachyderms in prose when they pass

and in verse when they stand still!
Rodents that look around them with judicial sentiment!
O patriotic asses of my life!
Vicuña, national
and humorous descendent of my monkey!
Oh light distant by a mere mirror from shade,
which is life with the full stop and, with the line, dust
and which for that reason I respect, rising through the idea to my
skeleton!

Harvest in the epoch of the spreading peppertree,
of the lantern that was hung from a human temple
and of the one unhung from the resplendent crowbar!
Farmyard angels,
birds by an oversight of the crest!
Guineapig male or female to eat them fried
with the fierce chili from temperings!
(Condors? Fuck condors!)

Christian logs by grace
of the happy trunk and the competent stalk!
Family of lichens,
species in basalt formation that I
respect
from this most modest paper!
Four operations, I subtract you
to save the oak tree and sink it well and truly!
Slopes red-handed!
Tearful llamas, my souls!

Sierra of Peru, Peru of the world,
and Peru at the foot of the globe; I stick myself to you!
Morning stars if I make you fragrant
burning coca leaves in this skull,
and zenithal ones if, I uncover,
in a single raising of my hat, my ten temples!
Arm of the sower, come down, and on foot!
Rain at the base of mid-day,
under the tile roof where tireless
altitude bites
and the turtle dove cuts its trill in three!
Rotation of modern afternoons
and fine archaeological mornings!
Indian after man and before him!
I understand it all in two flutes
and I make myself understood on a quena!
And as for the rest, I don't give a fuck! . . .

NEW DIRT ON TAP

Out now from **The Last Books**: Dom Hale's *First Nettles*, Jennifer Soong's *My Earliest Person*, and a new translation of a talk by the mighty Amelia Rosselli. You have to applaud continuously while you read them.

What they're calling 'a vintage year for poetry' continues with *Silk Work* from Imogen Cassels, published by **Prototype**. Members of the Ludd Gang, rejoice. Keep an eye out for an interview with her by Will Burns in *Still Point* magazine.

The *New York Review of Books* has reissued Stephen Rodefer's *Four Lectures*, which you will give as gifts for weddings, May Day, christenings. "You feel the bite as the orgasm / the mosquito is too small to have within." Rumours abound that Ian Heames has typeset Rodefer's Collected Prose – check **Face Press** for updates every day until it comes true.

Edmund Ogawa Hardy's motion picture *Negative Worlds* is finished and showing here and there. Seek it out! Organise a screening! It is a beautiful masterpiece. This isn't the strapline but it should be: "I had strange dreams, went out to parties, tried to read the surface of the world."

Chaff Press has released *Holding Pattern* by Alex Marsh and *God Bless All Petty Thieves* by Kyle Lovell. "A high-energy / seed mix for / dawn chorus" – "Screech bark across the great grey marshes". Get some kind of jacket with A5 sized pockets, and walk around with these pamphlets, reading them until they disintegrate. Email poetshardshipfunduk@gmail.com to buy.

Candace Hill-Montgomery is featured in *Here is a Gale Warning at Kettle's Yard*, Cambridge, until June 29th. Curated by Amy Tobin, the show also features work by Cecilia Vicuña, Anne Tallentire, and others. It's free, and there's a publication for £5 with an essay about art, crisis, survival.

The **Soho Reading Series** is looking for publicity for their latest event. It's being held at a wine bar in easy walking distance of a private school: some forty-year-old guys are going to be there 'smoking' 'cigarettes' and sweating. Maybe you know someone at *Tatler*, or *Country Living*, or *My Father's Private Member's Club*? Please help the Soho Reading Series: their PR budget is absolutely wiped-out.

GOAT.

LUDD GANG