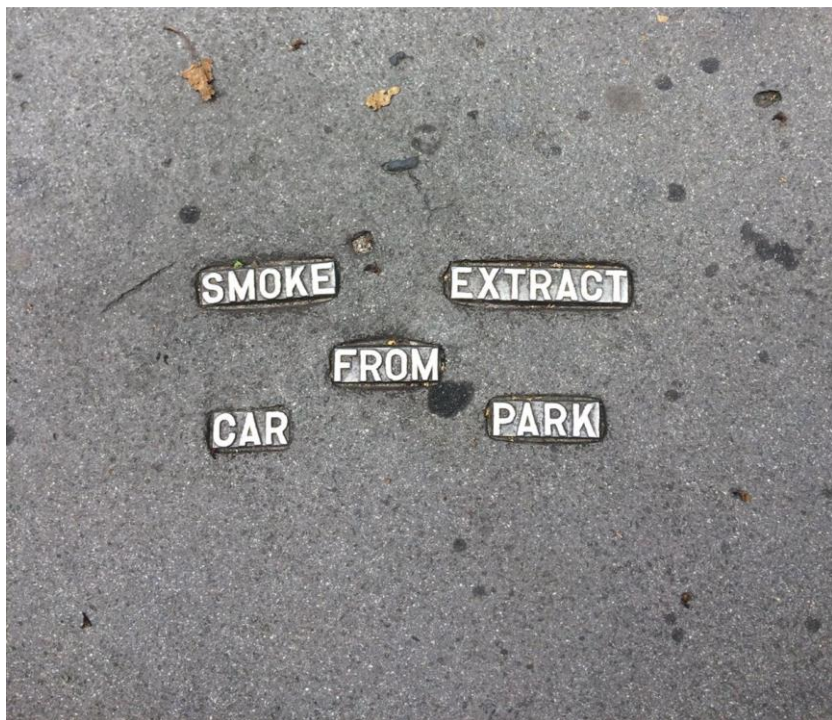


LUDD GANG



Dave Cunliffe (1941-2021)

Influenced by Dada, Situationism and William Blake, Dave Cunliffe was part of the British Poetry Revival of the 1960s in which he used *Poetmeat* magazine and Screeches small press (both co-edited with Tina Morris) to distribute avant-garde verse and pacifist, environmentalist and anti-racist messages. Often provocative, his poetry ranged from the overtly political, occultist and sexually outrageous to the beautiful, lyrical hymns he penned to Buddah and his then wife Morris. It was included in numerous anthologies over several decades, probably the most notable being the Michael Horovitz-edited *Children of Albion*. Cited in Jeff Nuttall's *Bomb Culture* and Jonathon Green's *Days in the Life* as a key figure in the beginnings of the British counterculture, Cunliffe believed in the power of the avant-garde to bring about societal change. Although he ultimately failed in his goal of overthrowing the establishment, Cunliffe did have an impact by building a global network of artists and activists and locally by using his press to support numerous political groups around Blackburn. From the early 1970s until 2012 Cunliffe published *Global Tapestry Journal* which maintained his enthusiasm for Beat-related material and occasionally caught the zeitgeist as in his early championing of the Medway Poets.

—Bruce Wilkinson

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LUDD GANG

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DAVE CUNLIFFE

At This Very Side of Day

Surely there's another world out there
far away at the other side of night.

At your feet I lay sweet scented herbs
for the earth is so very beautiful today.

Wild blackberries sprawl towards the sky
pigeons suspended over sleeping cats.

Truly do we defile each hour in time
unaware that every moment bears a revelation.

A key to heaven upon you I do bestow
broken guns in our imagination.

We have no need to search for other globes
this planet is so very beautiful tonight.

I'll creep up closer to your lovely being
stay fused together at this very side of day.

Rambling in the Trough of Bowland

Walking with sheep on high ground,
safe from petrol's dirty city roar.
Blood strongly charged with breath energy
on clean grass tufts and honest peat.

As Mother Earth celebrates her children,
Lancashire reborn and resurrected anew.

Rock walls whitewashed by myriad birds,
so natural here; each gleaming bone of death,
everything is experienced in complete acceptance
until enveloped in drifting evening mist.

Untroubled by vandal planners,
layer upon layer of life becoming.

Still trapped below in ugly brick,
contained by uncaring granite hands,
human animals lost; adrift in microfilm,
unprotestingly sacrificed to greedy motorways.

Grim factories devour doomed world
in desperately indiscriminate consumption.

Whilst we lie full stretched in warm soil,
gladly abandoned to early morning sun
and this day that moves in easy beauty
above the sad smell of busy towns.

Unsure how to communicate discoveries,
to spring survivors from urban jails.

Come Alone & Naked to the Feast

What profits it you to walk alone & unarmed in the wild morning?

Come & join us in the laying on of hands & the crucifixion
of funerals & do not even once deny us each our humiliations.

Tomorrow who will enter the bottomless rivers & impenetrable forests?

Come alone & naked to the feast for no one must ever be aware of
the deep & secret joy of illumination & its uncommunicable agonies.

O Come Love These Warring Armies

Come join in the angels naked march.
Each bearing truly special gifts of
precious fruit, prayer-beads, love-chimes,
wooden dolls & brightly coloured masks.

O come love these savage warring armies
& scatter rose-petals upon their tanks.

Come carrying giant mandala banners,
inscribed with messages of universal love.
Chanting endless mantric poems & softly
beating drums with gentle mudra fingers clasped.

O come love these fearful warring armies
& plant tulips deep inside their guns.

Come ready armed with flowers, bibles, buddhas
& protect each other with kindly thoughts.
Seek out each aggressor to invite him to
smoke with you the magic weed of peace.

O come love these trembling warring armies
& drop upon them tender psychedelic bombs.

Not too far

It didn't take us too long
& we didn't have to look
too far or ask too many
questions or even advertise.
We soon found the deadman.
For he was upon us & he was
within us & he was of us.
& we are still laughing.
& no-one laughs with us.

Come, Let Us Behave Foolishly

Prepare us a banquet of flowers
& soak our teeth in wine.

Seek to surprise & delight her,
with a poet preferred to a king.

Tulips for a peaceful messenger.
Violets for a prophet of love.
Daisies unto a glorious fool.
Bluebells & roses for she.

Bring us a meal of flowers,
with roses for my love.
With bluebells for my love.

Within this beautiful silvery web
there lurks the bitter hand of death

Her eyes reflect snow covered hills on a clear day.
Such beauty is a wild fruit freshly picked.

Yet the dove carries blood upon its bewildered wings.

And the wandering hermit beggar man can see the truth.
As clearly as those distant hills embraced by early frost.

Wisdom walks laden only with deep sorrow for all things.

She overflows with the greatest goodness ever known.
As if a mountain stream feeding a hungry forest thirst.

Yet the dove of peace bears a full ripe strawberry stain.

TINA MORRIS

Hand in hand
we walked through the fields
of skulls and cold blue lights.
I, floating, on your tongue's
music, saw in your eyes the
reflection of another world

Now I sit here
for many hours
waiting for you to descend
from the cold stars.

There is a skull inside my head:
behind my eyes are empty sockets.
I know that you will not come.
many of the stars are already dead.

But I sit here
and my thousand fingers
are not enough
for all the tears.

Do you remember?

Do you remember, Jack
how the creamy umbellifers
grow tall in the springtime hedgesides
and the pink wildrose
climbs up among the hawthorns
- or is the inside of your head
a grey and ashy desert now?

Before the radiation leak
you used to walk the evening lanes
as midges danced their golden rituals
upon the sunset rays
but now your legs are puffed and useless
and something gnaws and slobbers
at your insides.
(Do you ever recall how you spoke
with such pride
about the energy of the future?)

In the fields,
curlews twist and plummet,
and petals fall like snowflakes
onto the long silk grass
- but not for you anymore, Jack,
in your pale and cancerous bed.

Perhaps we shall all come to this
and the fields will one day lie
like dirty sheets
and the hedges stand

as sharp and spiky
as the death poking its way
into what should have been
the rest of our lives.

DAVID GRUNDY

[Poem]

1.

Today again it's
Loss, figures rising and falling, statistics of mass catastrophe,
Disaster read at night, glowing, morning warning, spirit sunk.
There are times you can hardly move, lift your hand, open your eyes.
There's a place totally abandoned, it's not theoretical.
There's a theory placeless and by fingertips holding on.

Birdsong, sunlight, sirens, distance, description.
Absence, constriction, description,
The horizon line.

What will it have been, in the
end,

There's a passing tolling chases, ceases, change.

Dead of night rises to a new leaf.

2.

One fine day
we'll all get up in the morning

storm the citadels, arise in splendour
awake with eyes expanded
suffused in the music
of an open wound

Some say
from here on in
it will suffice to have a voice,
in the face of twilit misting, of swaying fitfully
among alleys turned to boulevards for perishable strolling
eyes hurt by sunbeams, ears hurt by hearing,
weary and wary in the haze of a false spring,
observing the movements of the earth and air
the serene absence achieved through violence
the violence achieved through serene balancing

One fine day,
Dreaming of the dead, waking with the living,
We'll split and scatter intact
to gather together, later,
and stagger,
 hand over hand over
 hand

KASHIF SHARMA-PATEL

city slicker
too fine
slow fare
recognise
doing “ ta - ra! ”
cycles through
shop - dine
keep show
keep back

city cognition (after joseph jarman)

overtones + subharmonics

mad?

dad city / siti / sitty /

like advancement

like the sound – words

made entails

trails

toiling forth

brick no mortar

regale with repurpose

the avium - perambalur pulse

push off

mis - use

the hell of where we are

revisioning ...

[cenobitic...]

cenobitic

anaphora

epistrophe

symploce

vaudeville

city heard

teewee

character life

happenings

an inchoate, play of reference

heavy onset – set a path anew –

recalibrate ? redefine ? the berlin

years, but in glasgow?

still in bowie's rapport

of patina and luck

25

pure style – vogue – sonic
excellence, inhabit space, place
and smoky tones of liberation,
moving contemporaries – ‘we’,
without agenda, pure bookishness,
nights of passage
 subcultural awnings
 panning, inchoate apertures,
 mail inert, sunken desire
 as writerly repository, induced
 wordliness, image – making,
 syntactical dictional nous
 (flow)

DAISY LAFARGE

Pastoral Complex*

Dear,

At six o'clock in the morning everything is consumed.

Without you, the atmosphere is almost morally unbreathable.

All day a dog-ache keeps me company;

I take my calcium cure.

Since your descent from the pasture, the mountain has entered her "infanta" phase.

There are signs of a treaty between the lilies and the vetch.

Civilians flock here like nursemaids, saying: *excess of emotion*, or: *a meal on the sky*

There is Sister Carlette, attentive; Uncle Auguste and his comfortable "car"; famous Anatra, perpetual student; and Girod, your successor, with his "granite eye".

Rose brings her moods and meteorology. Angeline milks the diktat trinkets she would not lend to an empire.

They all have fever and sacrosanct tea;

Punctures to commemorate the motive.

Dear, are you flowered?

Do you miss falling backwards?

Does the day harass?

I enclose a little air from the Lido;

Make sure to habit, and pretext.

Did you hear – in the North, two blocks detached from each other, then began to move back, further and further apart?

They say this might lead to the recovery of emotion through allergy.

The return of weather as a real gazette.

It's good to say out loud: *nothing happened*

In a heavy rain I go down, then come back, coppered by the sun.

Föhn

**Written for an exhibition of the same title by Pa.LaC.E (Valle Medina and Benjamin Reynolds) at La Becque, June 2021.*

BONNIE HANCELL

saint / rock

You drove me home
from the hospital
sleep in your
hair late night
in your big dark
eyes street lights
swam in the
rear view like
luminous jellyfish
in an ocean of black
we pulled up outside
my hostel in the
Matalan carpark
and treaded water
in the sad silence
my knickers were
still wet our
eyes were still
wet you let me
smoke with the
windows closed
i never wanted
to be alone with
my split body
again but you

picked up each
half of me from
the worn padding
and squeezed them
back together
with your arms
and chest as if
for only a few
minutes i could
be whole again
even after all
the trauma
a guy i had seen
giving the day
staff a mouthful
of his raging
misogyny came
to the window
and tried to
intimidate a
smoke out of
my trembling
fingers you
were strong
my heart
fled like a
shadow on a
dance floor
in his absence
your van felt
like a church
and the ensuing
conversation
a hushed prayer

we prayed until
i felt the wave
of my body
crashing the
inevitable
come down
i tore myself
from your light
just before curfew
and buzzed the gate
but couldn't
remember my name
for a second
it felt like acid
on my tongue
i spat and
said goodnight
to G on
front desk
the corridor
was full of crack
smoke burnt
plastic and
fish gut rot
it followed me
as the door swung
shut i could still
feel his hands
on my back
so i shat blood
and cum in the
bath i could still
feel his hands
on my back

like two hot
shadows
so i went to
bed i could still
feel his hands
on my back i
can still feel
his hands on
my back
bacterial
like a day old pint
of water left in the
noon sun

Truvada / Raltegravir

Taking Truvada and Raltegravir
at the bus stop i know when i
last took it and when i'll be
taking it again the little glass
bottles tell me so the little
pink pill rattles round
my throat like the dick that
raped me and i don't know if he
used a johnny consent can be
withdrawn at any time except
if they're enjoying you then words
fall out of the air like snowflakes
like old buttons off a worn cardy
the word "no" falls and melts at his
knees like little blue pills from a
little glass bottle you take at the
bus stop at nine o'clock twenty four hours
since it happened and don't
forget the doctor at A&E asked
if you wanted a kit no you told her
you don't know his name and
barely remember his face
anyway but you can still taste him
and your gums bled before you left
give me the pills please and i'll be
out of your hair like the wind
like laundry like something you do and it's
gone

