

# LUDD GANG



the water lily is                      above your lease  
    sky unwinds incurable  
        illegible                      as this place  
place is talons  
   a stone or counter-shell  
    disgraces no one  
goshawk talkative                      falling  
        into the fireside  
   when fired kindness  
breaks in me  
   all tracks  
    all narrow call                      lives  
   are what we look for

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# LUDD GANG

8

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# CHARLOTTE GEATER

## gastroscopy for the new year

because my hair fell out in spirals. because on my head  
it never curled.

because i started to see labyrinths  
in everything. the grain of my granola  
which comes in clusters  
formed like a snail's shell.

"responsibly sourced corn"  
how each different nut tastes like a nut.  
and not meat or seawater.

how the doctor strung a thin  
endoscope down my throat  
& everything was piping.  
sent me home with a sheet of digital  
printer ink  
thumbnails

of my small intestine, which is larger  
in its folds and folds  
than my stomach & heart.

the sedative that refused to turn me down.  
how i never want to write  
without chocolate.

given eight new workplaces  
& told each will be recognisable

by the form  
of the desks & shelving.  
freeze-dried strawberries to build me  
a new tongue.  
dusty holes in my oldest blanket  
which is brown and says “tootsie roll”  
all over it. bigger than my thumb.  
the plant that flowered over & over all year  
round in our old flat but won’t  
grow anything  
now we’re  
here. the january sun hurt  
my head through my eyes.  
my iphone cable was textured  
like a string of rope.  
lots of little threads wind.  
they keep winding up.  
staircases that touch  
& do not open.  
something travels inside.  
up & not down.  
tracing. the hole in  
the skin in the sole  
of my big toe. a weak spot  
becomes the site  
of greater feeling.  
even when it hurts.  
the same at my joints.  
and who wants to feel.

when my ankle starts to click  
do whales feel weightless  
in the water & do they know  
the form whale-roads take  
if you freeze them in space  
& time. drawn on a sheet  
of printer paper in old marker pen.  
i tried to explain & only  
confused my own senses.  
the spirals in the skin  
on my hands and feet.  
which did not form to identify me  
or you. but to help us grip  
on to whatever  
we need to hold  
down. the bruise above my veins  
fades like a H  
or the shape of two 1s  
LL  
I I  
after the puncture heals up.  
if each snowflake is unique  
does this mean the sky is a giant computer  
keeping track. remember each crystal  
with a different feeling. who knows not  
to repeat & who sticks  
to it. these ridges run up to my fingernails  
& give way to cross-hatching.  
the way skin looks where it's loose.

ready to move.  
a cat with a ruffle at her throat. a cat  
with a half-empty bowl  
of dry food only.  
the hairs that don't twist as i sleep  
& come loose as i write.  
your nose to which i will dedicate  
my life  
learning.  
how inside each letter A  
a bull lies  
dreaming. he kisses  
the earthen wall  
finds himself in  
the labyrinth path  
with the feet  
beneath  
his feet  
such little worlds



# MILES CHAMPION

## Byron in Geneva

Polidori's diary shows that Byron pestered him for a snack on 22 June. 'Have one by all means,' said the young doctor, 'but follow it with a hot bath, a purge and violent, sweat-inducing exercise.' Byron was fat and weighed in at fourteen and a half stones. Shelley, an exceptionally strong swimmer, had been able to bring his weight down to ten stones and six pounds by avoiding dry land for almost four years. So excited was he by his exploit that he invited Byron to a 'vegetable dinner'. This suited Byron, who, as a lord, was entitled to wear a substantial keel that made him look thinner. Around four or five o'clock, therefore, Shelley, who was privately built, rented a house on the shore and Byron arrived in Chamonix, confident of being able to secure sufficient leafy greens at about six. There are different views about the quality of the meal, but it was in fact substantial and square, apart from a deformed potato. This the two poets mashed, without milk. Byron was slightly impaired by six bottles of claret and large quantities of brandy. Shelley, despite an addiction to water, couldn't drink at all.

For Rachel

It would be false  
to say that  
a skilled naturalist  
can satisfy  
a whole group of philosophers  
but it is true  
that the zoologist  
caught in flagrante  
almost always suffers  
as the eyes and ears  
dedicate their descriptions  
to the fancy  
thinker who  
takes every  
precaution  
and replaces it  
with birdsong  
I regret  
not being  
an insect

who can capture feelings  
on translucent  
engines or turbines or wings  
a rooster  
in high heels  
carefully tests  
a slab of marble  
while passing clouds  
dress and pose in the Greek manner  
love itself  
is kept in the Louvre  
and copied by Manet  
who opens a miraculous  
exhibition  
in our private lives  
Dante and Petrarch  
take notice of it  
and push their pens  
to discover  
a literary  
circle that enhances  
perfection on the human plane

corks in the sea foam

will tell you

that living together

has an active power

which empties into

adventure and change

# Still Life

*for William Fuller*

perpetual entropy                      I want to paint you  
as do my hands  
there are advantages and disadvantages for each of them  
one has dark conifers and scabs of outcropping rock  
David got a bit freaked  
on platform 6 of Derby Midland Station  
a group called the Hot Cross Buns  
had affixed a tailfin to the incoming Aquarian Age  
the 'Free Music' punters  
watched it quiver  
at a tenuous angle  
there were groupies  
I'm sorry for laying all this on you, but at least it shows trust  
anyhow                      Hugh  
hid  
in the back of the truck to escape from the mob  
inflatable  
thoughts about the individual  
came to blows                      a chameleon  
was furious  
the colour of the dirt  
hadn't waited long enough  
against the red of the hubs  
Hugh

excreted glue  
which I drew                      the roadies  
had to zigzag to avoid a shoe  
perhaps all topics  
must transfer course to blend  
with the view                      I could plead  
socks need  
a junction switch  
which I do                      the equipment  
sucks                      every  
bagpipe  
donor  
knows it's all a question of the right valve  
David's flute  
concerns us  
too far in  
and purple                      it won't leave  
his chin  
Guy gave me  
a soft-boiled                      drug  
he had 'road tested'                      I gave him  
silver goggles                      and a splash of pink paint  
when his face  
once blanked out for three days  
at Susie's place

## Just One of Those Thigs

the song I have chosen  
makes the best of a bad situation  
a printing error  
with a slightly nasal quality  
scholars of dialect  
think you can catch  
by latching onto  
a body of music  
and damping it with a harmon mute  
the sound  
took root in England  
where spelling  
such words as *joy* and *play*  
was considered  
a form of insanity  
William the Conqueror  
had already  
pronounced *très* as *tray*  
after spilling  
imported beer

on his vocabulary  
German people say  
King Harold  
of Harold's Liquor Store  
allowed the Vikings  
to settle  
and come back the next day  
for more  
if you play back the raw tapes  
left behind by the longships  
there is a 'pop'  
some thirty-two bars long  
with wide wooden shutters over the vowel  
to this day  
language experts  
have to creosote  
almost everything  
in the whole field of song  
*pipelines* (pronounced peep-lean)  
carry singers  
up the Seine as far as Paris  
where lyrics are written  
with a slight chuckle or in great agony



kids  
play marbles or softball  
in perfect harmony  
and even churchmen  
subscribe to *DownBeat*  
what we came to call jazz  
obviously sensed  
that the Bible  
was heavy and largely  
pre-World War II  
I heard that the pastor  
thought a newcomers poll  
was something you blew

# KAFUI VONDEE

## Human Nature

We are all built to be butterflies  
An entity with the expectation of blossoming  
Yet the task must be repressed and the transition bottled up  
The history follows you yet the present pursues you  
When will my wings sprout?  
An array of red, yellow, blue  
Vibrancy and heavy patterns  
Yet the lightest of flaps,  
threatening to be crushed by the weight of the world's balance  
The paper wings folding into fragments  
Will the wings tear through my back?  
And glisten through two bloody slits?  
Creating a piercing- no -crushing sensation  
Opening my plane and compressing my existence  
Or gracefully morph from my spine?  
A trophy, a statue, a state of bestowed information  
A dome of intelligence above my head?  
Perhaps I'll touch the soil and leave my wings there  
And build my own temple of knowledge on the ground  
And the other creatures will rejoice and sing  
Because I found my own freedom  
But maybe their singing because I switched sides  
And finally joined them.

When I held out a knife and chopped off my own wings  
Did I make a mistake?  
Perhaps we are built to be butterflies  
But has one ever asked the butterfly if it would want to walk?  
Whether it wants to slither on the ground like a snake?  
Or whether it would like to writhe in the richness of soil  
Like an earthworm?  
I don't want to be built. Yes I have said it.  
I want to run. To swim. To feel. To climb. To fall.  
Maybe I don't want to be a butterfly.

# COLE DENYER

*For Martin*

We are in a crisis. This is Dismal Science.  
At night, a writhing glyph  
sucks your dreams,  
you don't dream anymore because of this.  
This Dismal Science. In fact, You can't even  
if you tried. Gas electricity, water  
you've lost your smell and taste  
respectively inaudible phone wakes  
now taken by mouth twice daily  
put a fiver away every month breaks  
12 months you have 60 quid that's enough  
for Battenberg cake. This is Dismal Science.

A health panic is followed by  
an economic panic. A pain in the  
heart, People stop going out,  
stop shopping  
and dramatically reduce spending.  
This has an immediate impact on cashflow.  
This is also Dismal Science.  
A cashflow problem is like a hill,  
a hill you die on. But you can not die

on this hill. Without cash, businesses go bust.  
Without cash, suppliers don't get paid  
and they in turn can't pay their creditors.  
The knock-on effect will be swift.  
Tax revenue will seize up. Your hands.  
Mouth, feet. In addition, businesses without cash  
can't pay their employees  
who must be laid off.  
This exacerbates the slump. This is Dismal Science.

Unfortunately, as cashflow dries up,  
those with cash will hoard it.  
Hoarding is the natural selection to panic crisis  
witness what is happening right now in supermarkets.  
The same will happen with cash.  
As more and more cash disappear  
from balance sheets,  
more and more cash  
will be hoarded. Listen  
Listen to me, I read Government and Law,  
at the London School of Economics, in 1997 my name  
is moneyexpert you can walk my path you can wear my shoes  
and be an angel too, but I know you  
and I can teach you how to deal with this disease  
in a different light than you did before,  
and think that you could be your own cure  
biting and kneeling wont help  
things can only get, worse they will get much worse  
like a thousand points of light through your body.  
I'm moneyexpert. That is Dismal Science.

Horde the codicil  
a secrete mouth drops  
a gateway to block it  
in phone junk threshold start Monday  
or orle curl life burning  
with nettles eat hagstone  
roof them to your mouth  
watch the burning soufflés poison away  
cornsilk slither wet secrets, the thrill of hunger  
on the pleading of a loved one.

Hatred in a Nation  
down every wall, fixture & fitting  
as peeling skinheads warm-up storekeeper university  
the entire, whole & perfect service dies  
attached it to me like a  
million-petalled flower, doors close  
now it's Creepy Granny Scream  
Scary Freddy play Ouija Voices Play  
Escape Out Play Money Escape  
to a darkened cell Green Berets in training  
born sunk of blood turned white  
or bone fits under keening light  
at dawn, indian red squiggles through  
sinuous warren shocks, I Desperado  
shuddering in lapwings  
a fist to waterlines inverted sing

sundrowned heart-to heart denatured  
& of nationalwend flagstaff.

So start again peeling skin heads on PEST  
law & order fetishists  
breaking on walls, fixtures & fittings,  
watch oligarchy in a flotilla, murdered out  
on the dotted line, briquettes for lunch & dinner  
all the air-conditioners called off, sink the yachts  
off ponte giardino watch.

Spade the horde at night  
sidetrack the uplift, lost to gale  
on ancient malice phone ins  
learn to eat the market failure liquid,  
treacle its normal here the piggyback gives back,  
an ombudsman in Estuary waters cut to fend  
one last mouth like pats, the old concern raffles  
pure & simple, put in a quartet smelling of perishables  
I love you, Ouija Voices play colours  
iris it fobs out Middle Class Alliance, fobs out  
League of Empire Loyalists & Elizabethan Party.

Warfares. Bricklayers. Investors. Antecedents.

03.06.21 [4.44]

The Integer for Fiscal Stylus has calculated that the user,  
You are foul of our estimate, a 'cut' to £0. in a hole  
known as sanction through whom I see no bliss at all!  
O wicked wall, fulminate mist jilted.  
mudguards. in pith.  
I woe I am to this wall's hole woe sealed  
to dangle work upon the spy gash  
& hunches consecrate & twist  
All rime on felled sickle croaks  
up liquid. fiscal pricks unclinking  
betwixt a billfold screed  
the £20 user. this is no bliss!  
curse again. tears, confound tomorrow  
a skiver punnets long for ouroboros  
in eat sick off red tapeworms known as a sanction  
for a heart of nothing  
a large analgesic of my lanyard, wrapped  
I have found myself crannied inside a hole  
8pence thick 3 pence wide, unclinking  
betwixt a billfold screed

Exit Moonshine.



# MARIA SLEDMERE

## Lifespan

these commonplaces where lilacs flourish between your keys  
another summer, no city, the infant air that sucks the park  
of nutritional cuties, insurgent creatures we are  
autotuned in sweet blitz to listen out, spacey and soft, it's okay

to do this every day now there are no days, just policy, places  
where bread is distributed in comic book paper with all these  
creased anime kids and their lucid expressions as if to leave  
this early, the poem and go greasy into a workplace where

everyone knows your preference, what is it we are and name  
how you want to live or you want to die and don't want to  
go back to work, eat lunch, smoking thru all packaging  
and smoke alarms, places where their buttons came off

and the combination lock was originary like how I kiss  
the excess grass of your name I wanna grow inside of, grow  
so large and know that on your chest is the face of this city  
shaven so cleanly, and I kiss architectures with my streaming

eyes and lose all our data, its frogspawn balladry of dumb  
binary there is nothing I wouldn't do for you, take all your  
hayfever and fill this space with extra bandwidth, songs  
from the luminous immunity, don't let me get off and outside

the bus is another body, pollen sisters, bits of the abyss  
upon this lea, beloved of horses and within any light, don't  
give up being alive and blood cells swimming inside us  
there is something they don't know, that can't be sold for

any currency, except what ghosts want is what  
presses mirage on my neck and clots in the dust bunny  
I love, fuck the bad polyp, free groceries for everyone needing  
anything, hardship where the moon is pink and also ashamed

to reflect us, we decorate the small of our nest and honey  
the colour of your bones is all gone and I am alone  
but for the meaning of happiness a goose flew west  
and someone has lived a hundred years on this surface

I have to isolate until Tuesday, and everyone just fashions  
as ants, there are no more diet utopias, swoony palaces  
or fathomless stares at the shiny prospect, we become this  
seed-carrying citizenry, tipsy, having served our time

in the factory of any blue marble, have fun out there  
as if to roll this poem around the helter skelter  
don't you want me to love you, with xoxo for eyes  
paying the gender toll of being desired

where this mirror meets the verse, alas  
just across from each other where I draw this plan  
above all the parlour auroras you could fit in your mind  
a rare blue sword lily

plucked from my worship, I am stroking the back  
of your language which feeds me

the newest emoji is a heart on fire, they are handing out  
aspirin and other surprises, restoring the dandelion

back to its sex, you are such a dandy to walk with me  
sequined in womb blood and what did we drain from money  
after all this sugar, casual as anything, your hair drawn  
back in a net that we are small mammals, prolific

in this pasture, cached with the grasses of wages  
I forage all thought to the solitary air, am I littered  
in the average life span of doppelgangers, fancy  
seeing you here again, delete me, press to start

## Grasses of Natural Grassland

The financial statement of carrot harvest  
sometimes at sunsets with seltzers  
effervescent deals are 'struck'  
men are hilarious, I hate them  
2016 was a bad year for orange  
watch flowers translate the breeze  
in real-time, the hypergraphia  
of catgrass, feathergrass, bentgrass  
switchgrass, sweetgrass, panicgrass  
Indian goosegrass, crowngrass  
canary grass, maize and barley  
teff, oat and vetiver  
not to mention Timothy

## Ecological Insolvency

Dearest,

...A playlist arrived, 'anaemic girl autumn'

...To be more ephemeral in the trend as before

...Dolphins inside of dolphins

.....

...Citation in lieu of cetacean

...and Daniel's echo...

Yellow warning of rain

Rimbaud's heart-react

...

:splash:

The lush scoosh art of dolphinese

distract me

in perfect transport

...cache aesthetic

with the haptic, economic liquid of nightdream media...

~ hi! ~

is thalassic intimacy only that I kiss you

like :this:

are unexpected, churlish pearls in messages...

My life changed the moment I heard Cascada...

~ every time \* this feeling ~

My sexual fantasy is...

‘What Is The Internet?’ class

shepherdess of the wild, uncharted waters...

In mineral fashion, you enter ekphrasis

robed with yesses

like this: all fibre-optic sunlight

intelligence.....

....

I was literal once, in dolphinhub

scrolling to meet you

up back down, a left to right

select key, somehow starring

in the most expensive screenplay of blue phenomenology

is so, so wet

like a lava lamp

unlocking the pathos of other hot mammals...

slow, slow, slowly now

another paralinguistic cue...

molten temporal, effective to owe...

it's you...

beautiful hotel interiors

beautiful pop single  
of soul promiscuity...  
touch me!

# LIZZIE HOMERSHAM

Eis nau

Mountain spider with sticks  
four legs became eight  
On a door we shared before I even thought of that

plane

below a peak

unamuno's dog and actually existing dalmatians another so happy

off a lead I wanted to take          some fun guys

perpetuating puns          Serving, elder, flower,

soda with mint behind a window Frozen eis and care for  
Klein, advertising, Killian again

[or who's zooming you]

those big gloves archived my worst supper

long dogs lapping schedule sent and cards



pulled or posted  
mounting bitter washing  
Assissi

snatches of landslide  
ten cc de

next day slipping

embracing red  
against

temporal pitfalls

I'm four not

floating points

in the morning

breath  
circling fire and blues again  
a little paper showing through for

x, x, x, my x and x and x, that falseness

of a surname,  
can and should be... horses, mouths

rarely in  
these pages

chest tight and hastening,  
jumping azure

attenuated days      another bird

I will not photograph

## Thursday

An open door on the side of a bus now musical, numberless, slated  
giving lie, to unsoundness, fidelity  
to any one gaze than itself and itself again  
Inconsolable talked behind cat eyes  
    pulled straws for  
the one and the one and the one behind  
not a self we're even looking for sometimes,  
in eras ill-defined there are no onions, and all boats are capsized  
glasses filled up, leant back, left sitting  
still at pump side you got out, I stayed,  
motored on  
They sat watch, ready to burst  
and who cannot contain  
this vessel  
time's out of Thursday  
Fuel's out too  
a trellis is what we'll do now for days  
strung out and struck  
a match for the next  
indefinite edge

June 2021

All this white stuff billowing  
out the back of a puffa jacket  
cut it open

Jimi Hendrix  
unleashing parakeets  
from a window  
*according to Chris Packham*

the path of least resistance  
enjoyed in retrospect

## Helicopter Landing

is this what it feels like  
to write poetry

stealing words  
out of a friend's mouth  
sitting opposite

stopping the hand  
from reaching  
for a receipt

to jot down  
the billowing

## Place Names

I DREW PLACE NAMES  
AROUND SPOKES OF THE SUN

RAYS AND RAZING  
DAISY CHAINING DEGRADATION

LET'S GO  
TO ALL OF THESE  
AND RIDE THE CIRCLE LINE  
REPEATEDLY

ESCAPE FROM FAMILY  
SLOW DRAINAGE  
THE WORK OF YOUR FINGERTIPS

ONE SILENT MOMENT  
RECOILS UNDER JUDGEMENT  
HEADS ON SPIKES ON  
TOWER BRIDGE

2008 I HADN'T READ ANYTHING  
UNDER ANYTHING  
BUT PRESSURE

AND CIRCUMSTANCES REFERENCED  
ONLY ANGER

IMPLODING

FAR AWAY  
CALL OUT CULTURE  
YES, WE FUCKING PARTICIPATE

SUCH IS LIFE  
SUCH IS COMPLICITY  
CODEPENDENCY

SUCKING LIFE LIKE  
THE STATE SUCKS BATH WATER

NEVER DRAINING  
PLUNGING  
FLOODING  
YOU DECIDE [FOR ME]

LEAVE YOUR TRAIL  
BEHIND ON A WINDOWSILL  
IN FULL VIEW  
SUBJECT TO EXPOSURE

## Ill Pips

Roy Claire Potter and Luke Roberts have books called *The Shooting of Aftershave Man* and *Act Natural* out with **Gong Farm**. Kashif Sharma-Patel's *relief I willed it* has also been reprinted. Head to [gongfarm.cargo.site](http://gongfarm.cargo.site) for these and others.

Ali Graham's *Shade Song / Sea Dream* is available from **Distance No Object** (£5 inc. P&P). At [distancenoobject.cargo.site](http://distancenoobject.cargo.site) you'll also find copies of Sam Weselowski's *Love Poems*, plus stuff by Alex Marsh, Jimmy Cummins, Imogen Cassels, Ziddy Ibn Sharam and more.

—*algia* recently published T. Person's *Decalcomania*, and are donating all profits from the sales of this pamphlet to support the Poet's Hardship Fund. Go to [algia.biz/shop](http://algia.biz/shop) to pick one up along with plenty of other titles.

**Face Press** are selling limited editions of Timothy Thornton's *Nothing Worked* (including an original painting by Ian Heames) for £111 each, with all the money going to support the Poet's Hardship Fund. Contact them to arrange purchase. More info and books at [face-press.org](http://face-press.org).

**Run Amok** have copies of Andrea Brady's *Tom Get Shrunk* going for a fiver each, with the profits from this given to the PHF. They've just put out a new Bandcamp mixtape of readings from Peter Manson's Mallarmé, downloadable for 7 quid which will also go to the fund. Have a listen to Andy Spragg's *Remissed*, a five track EP on Bandcamp of Pusha T remixes and others, with money from the downloads also going to the PHF. See [runamokpress.com](http://runamokpress.com).

Veer Books' **Veer 2** imprint just published new books by Sam Wilson Fletcher, Ellen Dillon, Cole Denyer, Rupsa Banerjee, Fred Spoliari, Rob Kiely and more. Head to [veer2.org](http://veer2.org) to check out their back catalogue.

Have a look at/listen to the amazing new **Hi Zero** archive. A decade's worth of recorded readings and publications at [www.hizero.org](http://www.hizero.org).

