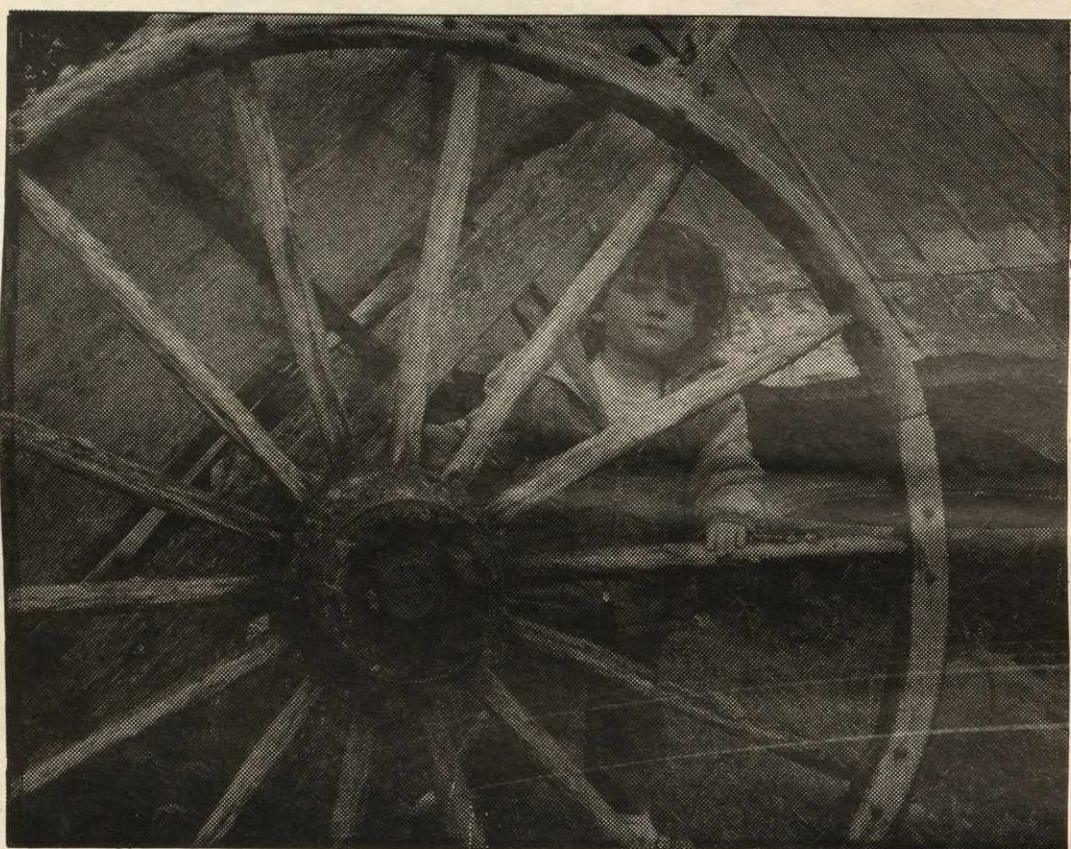
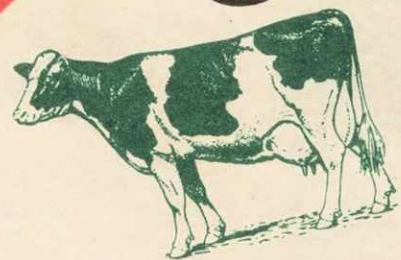


A R T S S U P P L E M E N T



Dai photo: Maria Patricuin

Suicide sleeps in the upstairs room
where the rusting boards leak a curious dust
and condensation stains my plaster
when she drips through the walls to visit-
landing in sweet, tight drops
on the fat drum
of one empty canvas.

Brushes, potted on the sill
lean away from the open window;
remaining subtly out of reach-
they snicker with the wind.

While brewing aromatic tea,
she offers wildly-rich entropic sweets
my desire can't afford.

So rather than go out
and leave her messing with my things
I dig thoughts from behind my pillow,
pull some heart from a drawer,
find soul in a box under the bed
and we start to paint again.

Lambie

My Friend

"A faithful friend is a strong defense: and he that hath found
such an one hath found a treasure." - Ecclesiasticus 6:14

my friend, if you fall down I will pick you up
if they beat you down, I will fight for you
solid as a rock

I would give you my extra kidney.
would you give it back?

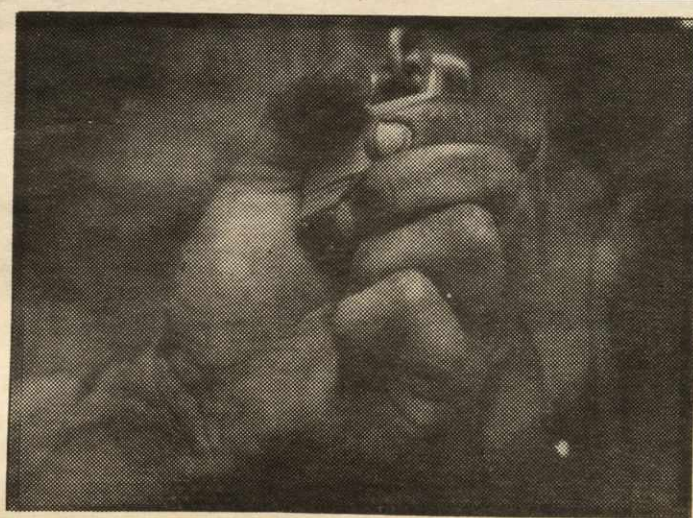
my friend, if I'm close to the edge and about to fall over
will you reach out far
and pull me back?

Irfan Mian

To Travel Inward

Hawking noisily at round-eyed yellow heads by road he tramps,
Thick phlegm spat on rotten leaves, slick rain encrusted moss
Tangled trees, beneath
The one eyed sky contained behind a cataract of clouds.
Dripping dampness from late day shower puts acid on his cowl.
A coldness consumes his bony frame, shaken by his stamping,
On hardened, clodded earth: unturned, untilled.
Thick soled shoes upon his feet, amplify the autumn chill.
Black and treadless, of Asian origin, they carry him forth
On narrow gravel path, scratched upon the land;
Barely visible to naked eyes, he knows its tracing well.

Trevor Rostek



Dai photo: Rochelle Owen

Sacrifice

Swathed in wool against the predawn chill,
hearts suffused with light were no longer ours
but strong beat of the universe, chanting softly.
Anticipation so strong it paralyzed
running thin and clear in veins carrying life
so bright that flesh was translucent in the cold.
At such a moment, clean and gold,
we stood at the centre of a circle of stone
as black knife sought white breast
and blood ran red over grey rock —
The first gleam of sun completing the Beltane magic.

Fionnula Gordon

Here Comes Santa Claus
Dutiful voters blissfully whetted
Caught in a game plan
And sequentially neglected.
An autistic leader
That we have abetted
He's checking his list,
He's reading it twice.
He's going to find out
Who's naughty and nice.
An insular deceiver in the time he has netted,
A shelter for depravity
Out of our suffering he expected.
Laying claim to our doubts,
He burrows on undetected
He's checking his wrist,
He's fearful of time.
Is the iron ready
For the electoral mime?
A future uncertain, anxious votes of fear
Gave us a headsman
Whose visions are dear.
"We must fall into line
Or be oil for the gear."
He's checking the mist,
He's hiding the crime.
Is the iron hot,
Is it the forger's time?
With justice denied, motivation is lost
And the bottom line
Will not account for the cost.
Yet in deliberation we're raped
And right to left we're tossed.
He's checking his list,
He's ready to fight.
He'll find who's left
And make the rest right.
Yours anonymously



Photo by: Michael Chisolm

Flood Days
In May month, when the tawning of the river
Became distorted by the fullness of its bed,
Spilling spring rain caught in April falling,
Onto leaden earth, bloated by the drinking of winter,
Snow dissolved from white to grey then brown,
Peeled like flesh from rotting bones,
Sloping through to uneasy sky,
We moved to higher ground and waited,
For the waters to subside.

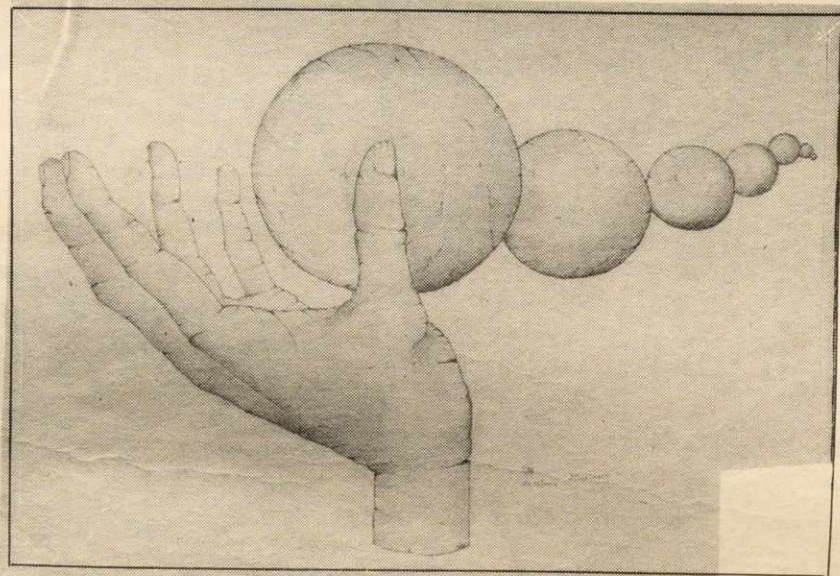
Trevor Rostek

Contemplation

The dish contemplates on being filled:
Will I be filled today? Will there be heaping
piles on me? Only if they who possess me can
afford to do so. Will I contain delectable
nourishments? Loads of food? The best of
ingredients? If I am in a home of the rich.

I will wash with each use if there is
water, be used over and over in filth if there
is none. But regardless of where I am, if I am
dropped, I will break. Do not drop me. Keep
me full. I beg. I pray. I plea.

Irfan Mian



Can you still feel that way?

Can you still feel that way? When alone in a
meadow, The sun warmed our backs with the
sighing grace of a fading ember. The tree,
a fountain of tender blossoms, flew in the
wind like the hair of a nursing child, softly
brushed aside by a maternal hand. We ran,
laughing, before laying down to free
ourselves of the flowers gathered between
our toes. Faintly we spoke, unbound by
the urge to grasp out and swallow what was
uttered. In the distance, we heard a
sybarite spade carving pebbled earth.

Eliot Kimmins