

a pamphlet for those who think they're in love with Jennifer as you've been talking with friends who think you're in love with Jennifer and they've all discussed how you're acting now that you think you're in love with Jennifer and are confused how you started to think that you're in love with Jennifer despite all agreeing quite assuredly that you think you're in love with Jennifer and so came to the conclusion that something must have happened to make you think you're in love with Jennifer despite being unsure as to what exactly could make you think you're in love with Jennifer then you nipped down to the pub to discuss with Jens what to do now that you think you're in love with Jennifer and then he handed you this pink pamphlet called

So You Think You're In Love With Jennifer

So You Think You're In Love With Jennifer

A Set of Love Poems

Inspired by Jens Lekman

Fathomsun
Press

Edited by Kyle Lovell

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Jewish Cemetery

The Ridgeway

Erdington

Birmingham

B23 7TD

All proceeds from the sale of this pamphlet are donated to Médecins Sans Frontières.

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The copyright of the lyric 'So you think you're in love with Jennifer' resides with Jens Lekman, from his song, 'Become Someone Else's'.

We lay dying together
and alone

an onion in a pocket

Sarah Cave

So you think you're in love with Snorkmaiden when really you're peeling an onion

We once met

*while peeling an onion
My's red hair*

at Châtelet

(or
was
it

*loosened;
a topknot*

Cité,
Saint
Michel,
Odeon,
or

Saint

-Ger
main
des
Pres

i
can
't
re
call)

where they were
advertisements
for better days
of Leider

with root cut

and prostitutes striking
in vestries

and at the altar
industrial action

when bisecting onions

a jazz percussion
graffiti

*My can see layers
before peeling*

'there's a beetle dying on our doorstep,' you say

an unknown
feeling of being

a subterranean
billboard

*under a paper veil
My's words
release enzymes*

-chic

you wore your
stations
beneath

*still signs
of scarring*

the river cut

*My lies
sleeping in a pocket*

a fringe or detail
of an eyelash
blue in the city

a red light festival
buzzing in the catacombs

avant-garde poets

*soft ridges song-birds
the origins of*

*My's furrowed brow
her sulfines untasted*

sit silently
reading
our love

their lips moving

'My
femme
in

in
the
c
it
y

you simply couldn't handle'

*little notes left
as fridge-poems*

enter the poet

*'Mypromises' pressed
into the allium*

s voicing
our reconciliation

*only a few hours
before proteins
are denatured*

we lie together
in the Cathedral
's narthex

Kyle Lovell

The Church of St Peter and St Paul, Uppingham
for C.

To busy ourselves with joy -
 that's what song
 (and you are such a song)
 is for.

Birthday Pome
for M.

you grand old loving thing
would you like a sweet summer pome

Lenni Sanders

bug bite

hot out in your father's garden
tethered insects float like loud balloons
flesh of my shin slips like soft wax around the bone
with every step in the dry grass' gold rope

though last night your father trapped
the scuttling spade-shaped tick
beneath his wine glass
and said it was so dangerous

I don't worry: everything here that hums and
fizzes in the air and grass I can only think is pretty

and later I am pulled from my sleep
by this round bite that quivers on my ankle

big enough you could set it in a ring
and marry me with it: a raw eye
that blinks my blood to the surface
in morse code for

I D I O T
H E R E I S
S O M E O N E
W H O R E A L L Y
L O V E S Y O U

I itch, like a full moon in clouds.

