

Tenebrae

Issue IV

Fathomsun
Press

Edited by Kyle Lovell
Published in July 2020

Copyright of the original work in this journal resides with its contributors.

Contents

p. 3	Fred Carter - <i>Two Poems</i>
p. 5	Alexa Winik - <i>A Good Window</i>
p. 8	Kashif Sharma-Patel - ' <i>lacuna...</i> '
p. 9	Ali Graham on ' <i>Wedding Beasts</i> by Jay G. Ying'
p. 16	Ian Macartney - <i>Three Poems</i>
p. 18	Mira Mattar - <i>Two Domestic Scenes</i>
p. 20	Daniel Eltringham - <i>NOWWHERE ELSEHERE</i>
p. 21	Lewis Todd- <i>IECA</i>
p. 26	Mau Baiocco - <i>Two Poems</i>
p. 31	Cai Draper - <i>02/04/2020</i>

Fred Carter

untitled

is abulia, is parasitism, is spinelessness, is not life

still each tinned sensation
is a stretch, a chiropractic
settlement for actual strain
that sets the vertebrae
to brace against
its state

i beg you. is it all
too much to ask

to bleach the scrips, to think with
holding bricks. withholding rents
because we cannot pay
to play again, to summon up
a counterfeit of will, or else

practice insurgence, practice
indigence. just water all
the plants and practice
becoming insolvent,
practically nil

take care, o comrade
shoegazer. hope you
are keeping well

The epigraph is translated from Antonio Gramsci's 'Indifferenti,' *La Città Futura*, (February, 1917). The last stanza reworks a refrain from Martin Carter's 'I Am No Soldier,' *University of Hunger*, (2006).

untitled, after bill griffiths

and a blue filter. less

the felted cirrus tips.

free pass. they tell us

it'll definitely pass

holding all the morphemes,

not ungentle. not

only the gums. the ones

we slowly chew on

rubbersoled, this bovver taste.

safe objects, my collected

shelf of selves. testing the spine

less shill today

and a mattering of scale

we never change. bemuse

the hosts of dignity, refuse

all kindness less than every

all these things for everyone

'And a blue filter' is lifted from Griffith's 'Decorating & Insurance Factors,' *Jacket 6*, (January, 1999).

Alexa Winik

A Good Window

The window may be a quiet lapse in judgment.

A clear all-pupiled eye to the universal laws of conduction

Or a parable for enduring the neuropathy of givens:

Heat, sound, the constant weather.

So far in my life, to measure, I've held only one hailstone.

This one had your name on it, my father said

& I rolled it away from my heart & back again.

Since then the snow has been nothing but lovelylovely!

Or else the snow has been endless.

Outside the window, Sunday.

A bin lorry motors pleasantries down into its organs

Lily-livered & decadent while elsewhere

Dark ledger of days reports you are no one's mother.

But it's better this way—the heaviness of all this time inside

Where no one is the anxious wind convulsing

& no one is the guttural suitcase dragged over cobbles

Or the lime tree with its panoramic leaves (that Great No One

Having glossed its silence over every grief)

That waits beyond the window for the release from summer.

For the relief of failure.

Knowing that sounds drift because they love the touch of glass.

As if they know that transformation is the only law worth holding in the hand

Like a hailstone with your name on it.

(Watch it melt across the lifeline of your palm.)

Besides, in these odourless days pressed against their double-glaze

No one is young or old. Only porous or not.

& I am one woman imploring dear mirror dear portal

How do I learn to number my days? Asking for a friend!

Though the eye of the window seems to always be elsewhere

(In the groove of the text, in the bark, in the heart)

& though it hates my answers, it at least blinks back.

Tells me that in the end what remains is whatever does not lie:

Pin-prick of deep insoluble time. The doctrine of sound drift.

& the window is where I ask myself: Will you allow it?

Life, I mean. Asking the days to number thy selves –

To each your tiny room & teach me the [blue emoji] <3 of wisdom,

Letting this morning be what it always was:

A far-flung, galactic stone with my name etched across its face,

Waiting for its entrance/exit (I can almost see myself in it)

This window which always was & forever will be a good window.

Kashif Sharma-Patel

lacuna aporia impinged anabasis
parabasis
catachresis - creole conceit
metathetical prosody trochaic cadent
metric shape punctuated
inflexion unyielding

beckett quadrant

performance
sonicity
angular reverberations
soft
suspending judgement
affecting familiarity
donning / jackals
freedom of |—| from |—| comic
character
the indelible drive of artistic culture vs
 industrial desire
 industrious desire
 pace animated
 phenomenological accumens
 in furlough
 arte / ars / kunst / verein

the theatrical as option / open – out
 feel taut [aught]
 impassioned

i mean it never really about all that nah not really more a little prosodic practice / keep the brain swelling in neuro-typical denudations / the cultural the most militated / maleficent perhaps but neva too much / ctch tht sun / fk govt / frz veranda-ring news philandering cues / aetiological reprisals take root corrugating relic mainstays / it wasn't fathom as much as the hype gridded at deadlock's passing grin / the open-air returns febrile neurality pass cloth thru broke doors / jack it up

Ali Graham

Review: *Wedding Beasts* by Jay G. Ying

I have been thinking about the possibility of working in poetry to create the conditions for visions of empire to implode on themselves; how to deal with what should be an unsustainable performance sustained at a terrible cost. So when I start reading Jay G Ying's long poem, *Wedding Beasts*, it is in part to open myself further to what poetries around ~~after~~ during imperialism can be.

*

Images of pollution and omens glower from *Wedding Beasts*' pages. It is "the omen of blood from my cut palm / felt irresistible on your tongue" that starts the poem, the poem and speaker's hand opening in the same motion. It is arresting: either the blood is irresistible on my, the reader's tongue, and I read on, or it is not and I do not. And it is. And the speaker believes so totally that it will be irresistible that it has already been irresistible without the actual need for me to read it and find myself compelled.

I also find that Ying has worked the "irresistible" through the entirety of the poem. The convergence of resistance and being compelled with delight and sensuality that it marks is shown constantly. In some moments, the two interpretations meet with friction, as in:

Eat before it spoils... last
night I cut into his silk sleeve between us not knowing one
better metaphor to save us from these tales.

It is in this stanza also that the poet first winds the poem into prose poetry. The newfound density and richness of this dual meaning induces a density of text, the poet transforming the grating of obligation against delight into a juddering music. The next experience of prose poetry

comes in the closing section of the poem, announced as “*thirty visions for the first thirty nights after your death*”. Here again, there is collision, though it is that of the past, present and future which Ying has placed in attrition with one another.

9. ...*I must have already done this all before
 once or many times*

Returning to the injury that begins the poem: though this is not the speaker’s last encounter with the body under duress, the force of this bleeding is amplified by the formal push to linger upon it. To stay with these first lines that are suspended uncannily above “[a] dry coastal wind”. And immediately the text responds to the violence it recounts, the second line indenting to incise the page with. At other points, too, omens are predictors of formal manoeuvres. I find this in “[a]n heirloom passed down in those white malignant beams of the sun”, the poem descending the page in beams of bright blank space. I find it again in the imperative for “a lace shawl slither off”, which it does; no more is heard of the garment throughout the rest of the poem once the line reaches its break.

Omens act not only to direct movement in the poem, but also to provide hinges within movement. They become an expression and explanation of time being felt unstably and even volatily through the poem. Meaning is invested in ways that contradict chronology; causation is not what I am waiting for it to be. This is happening in:

Some threat of sand trickling down, gushing out

The first two words in themselves are a summation of omen; a vague threat, one that has yet to decide itself. Here the guttural consonants in tandem with an irregular rhythm cause the words to leave the throat in harsh and juddering spurts. The words move the mouth the way terror might. Ying brings me what it could be to be in the presence of an omen. I am aligned with the speaker in fear as a reader; I am reminded of our different bodies without regard of my comfort. And this is

affirmed in this remarkable image. In the sand, too, there must be coalescence. For sand to trickle it requires to at least have taken on some new property, if not a new liquid substance amongst itself.

Wedding Beasts brims with these connections between reader and speaker; Ying mobilises the body of his reader and the body of his speaker with great dexterity. Another mode of this interconnectedness also revolves around sound, or lack thereof. There is little punctuation in the poem, the result being that visual absence accompanies silence, the page entirely vacated at each moment in time of speech stopping. In turn, these resistive uses of silence develop a resistance that unifies the lyric's I and the reader. Both pause in their speech or tracing of speech for the same duration, at the same moment. In:

Two oaths to enter our final transmigration when the body is at rest

Ying casts a form of this, and in this the reader is made so keenly aware that these words move upon a surface unlike and apart from itself. The open space surrounding this line provides respite; the line is, momentarily, not vying for attention. The words are at rest.

I note that it is speaking to something alike what Bhanu Kapil speaks to when she writes:

...I wrote
the middle of the body to its end.

in 'Race Drops for Ban' (from her book *Ban*). As in the line from Ying, this phrase of Kapil's is situated (though only partly) in open space. Kapil brings this penultimate and then ultimate speech of a body to a lacuna, a discrete one that sounds more faintly to me in Kapil's prose poetry form. The opening to silence and blank expanse that Ying effect's is more concrete, in part through existing in a poem, and more so in Ying's invocation of transmigration, which his speaker has:

...to believe in reincarnation even if they say grief is like a dragon

Even – and perhaps because – if to open your windows is inextricable from opening yourself to a song that promises that the attrition will continue in whatever necessary mode, without rest.

*

In the face of this relentlessness, it is no surprise that both writers are concerned with whether a body that uses language premeditatedly can be said to be at rest. For Kapil, a studied language comes through writing. For Ying, it is spoken language that both keeps the body from rest and provides the means to pass through to rest. Often, these are oaths by name or by nature, bringing with them life-and-death urgency, solemnity, and lovers' intimacy. In the next stanza, the oaths have become bodies which

...take on all those books of cities christened and raised tall just to be wiped off,

Open spaces take on a whiter, more violent meaning; they can show where something once was and now is not, complete with a small intake of breath before these blanks.

Both beyond and within these poems, this suspended request or, often, demand for human's bodies to be permitted rest is – and always has been – a question asked from inside history and with politics in view. This thinking on the racialisation of rest makes me think of the artist Harold Offeh's work, who I was first alerted to by his photographic series *Lounging*, which in Offeh's words "specifically focuses on depictions of black men on album covers in a repose or lounging...[a] pose [that] was a popular trope for black male singers in the 1980s".

I note in both Ying and Offeh's works their great attention to duration and timing. For instance, in Ying's incorporation of the opening lines of the song 'Jerusalem', proclaimed in all-capitals and looming noisily from the bottom of the page. And while duration (and endurance) often figures heavily in performance art, I feel that Offeh plays in a really exciting way with the expectation of endurance arising from the trope of duration, often transferring duress from his own body to those in his vicinity, be it those who encounter the performance live or recorded, and/or ostensibly refusing to be under strain, choosing instead choosing to publicly rest.

*



23. I slept through every slumbering continent in my travelling annihilations



I watched him unstitch every hole like an order from the sky
for the newly felled muslin threads

And through this I realise that when I say earlier “can be”, I cannot limit it only to mean positive actions – to speak or to move towards, for instance – but must also mean the act of abstaining. I am particularly taken with Ying’s handling of refrain in *Wedding Beasts*. I see and hear it in the sparseness of his syntax that deploys adjectives sparingly, just enough to keep apart “clouds and laundry” but not so often that the “earth [ceases to be] so high up”.

The Khoury-Ghata epigraph becomes, in part, an account of how detail exists in the poem. Details are discrete, not blurring into one, but their backdrop is aerated and expansive. The interruption effected by pricking in

Remember the fishing poles that punctuated the beach
like the dark hairs on your arm

makes habitable the vista of the beach by tiny specks of interaction. In these close observations of things entirely apart from the speaker’s lover, he is reminded of Raphael and his passing. The speaker’s instruction to recollect is elaborated upon in metaphor, the comparative “like” that ordinarily simply draws closer disparate things and happenings comes also to indicate distance, here. While Khoury-Ghata tells of skirts being

...gripped...to keep them from following
stray souls

in an image that binds departure to what it is to be held, Jay G Ying draws out the departed by means of the routine intervening upon scenery, writing:

as I called out to your spirit
as I blew ash from the memorial page
as I washed your graphite sheen from my skin

these rituals of the extraordinary and of the everyday not separate but one following from the other. And the delight in the speaker’s memory

of Raphael's arm is positioned identically and equally to the acts that follow which refuse the boundary that death sets.

Just as:

...the page is blanker than it has ever been

/

but is made a living and liveable surface by Ying speaking words upon it, just as in

24. I found solace in the promise of a world without end

even as the form itself is unable to resist acknowledging death, the numbering of each line always a reminder of the distance upon the page and in time from Raphael's going, even as

So in these sweet and dead memories of all my years later or before:

it unfolds that the omens Ying presents us with illustrate and anchor the slippage of time the poet deploys. Space and time clamber over each other, the memories of temporally distant years no longer positionally distant. It might be the speech of the poem in transmigration, death coming later in time though first in this grammar, memories still following after what they frame, before coming after later, the close these and intimate sweetness of dead memories, it may be about to have been,

Ian Macartney

aye

An old white man might tell me to use His teapot
but I can only not not believe from my mug,
pyramidal flower bobbing lotus-[...] like
a silver incantation, a burning tongue. Pink
uncertain flame, lick up! Don't forgot your braveness,
your negative capability for thought, yeah?

Perpendicularised

[...]

round the Bout
till the Teletubby hill
split open like a brain
with the grey road below.

We're on some Celtic knot
but not crossing the cavity.
To reverse the outline-slash
trajectory. We head up home

[...]

aye

How to combine sex and love? No disparate screens
talking to each other over the awkward gap
[...] between the world, dark like this winter afternoon
where I feel happy, for once, at my scrawlings. I
blow my nose. I blow you a kiss. I want – you know! –
that third thing, the desired mesh, our body–minds.

Mira Mattar

Two Domestic Scenes

I

Myself and the aunt who'd had a bad man both suffered on and off from extremely dry, cracked, itchy fingertips on account of chemicals in some cleaning products to which we were both sensitive, despite wearing rubber gloves.

(Even as a child

I knew he was unkind. Especially then actually.)

Though I'd stopped using the products, the parts of my hands that'd originally been affected remained vulnerable to any potential irritant, drying and cracking even after minimal contact.

We'd sit in our separate beds in our separate countries slathering our hands in special scentless cream before pulling on our white cotton sleeping gloves and taking off our upstairs glasses for sleep.

We'd stand at our separate windows in our separate countries watching the mint grow voraciously while doing the washing up.

She gave me a cutting from her mint patch – the mint is much tastier in Jordan than here – and I pressed it between two tissues, slipped it into a book, packed the book flat between some clothes and travelled back to England with it.

I unpacked it in my then kitchen in the house I'd shared with two remarkable women on Chestnut Road, West Norwood, London, SE27.

It was a spacious and extremely cold house entirely lacking insulation. In the winter months it was regular to wear at least two jumpers and under those a long sleeved t-shirt and under that a little vest. Trackie bottoms and a few pairs of socks. Maybe some fingerless gloves too. That was a later addition and a smart one. We patted our brains in the kitchen.

At around 11 or 12 at night we'd fill the kettle and queue up with our hot water bottles.

The little yellow daisies on the glass I placed the mint in to root had always irked me. They were acting like everything was just fine.

I'd look through them every day studying the green diagonal slice of mint stem to see if anything had changed yet.

II

Before I knew it I was making my own granola! Saving and washing up every scrap of tinfoil, still taking multiple buses instead of the tube. Cheap, terrified of inescapable spaces.

Deep underground or having paid to look at something pretty, a friend or a painting, even looking for free at O's little breaths lifting the blanket. Inside the whirlpools and quicksands of my well educated fears the world was tightening.

Still there were things to say about feeling your body amongst others. So many ways you have no choice but to make a vegetable last and last and last.

Was it happiness or just flinching less? I loved loving more in general which only complicated the Stockholm Syndrome.

I wanted the milky exterior, I saw crystal spectrums beaming out of my pores when I squinted. Elaborate wisterias and pyramids of canned food stacked in supermarket displays.

I didn't hate my body, just wanted to be left alone inside it. All my clothes were maturing into pyjamas. Sometimes dinner was a few slices of cheese drunkenly over the sink because I'm working.

You always had to pretend you didn't have organs. Will this raw vinegar heal me of them?

Sometimes I would make a meal, saving some in an off brand Tupperware and freezing it. Has it really come to this, I wondered, staying in to reorganise the plastics.

Mama was alarmed by how I kept almost every glass jar and plastic lidded container. This was obvious and logical to me. But I also still had my school composition books with my early 'creative writing' work in them. And then she woke up and it was all a dream. Some day I would have something to keep me warm.

Like you I suffered along the enforced and imagined border between differences.

Though it was unfashionable I liked to locate the original germ. Following it along – fretful, wild – I engaged in undoing.

It was fraying that brought form about again.

Daniel Eltringham

NOWHERE ELSEHERE

In the unlikely case of extreme smoke conditions, the roofs will be closed on the 3 stadium courts and play will continue in their air-conditioned, air-filtered environment.

At this patchy elsewhere waiting for the event I don't know to measure muchness against its equal. Shining smile stifles flying shame, signal towers out of range at full beam. Slow days, before things start. Editing the cupboards, downloading from the freezer. Full speed behind, ascending & descending bass feigning melody clamped down & waiting for it to happen near not elsewhere. Stealing from work's not stealing tho; its marks are not diagnostic. A certain slipshod terminological looseness – definitely a bit of build-up in there – but can its bite kill is what I don't know. Well the state's last laugh is the tool of force; its necrovibes make sensible currents of force: fat bairns & full bellies is *our* demand. But *will he push the button* tho? Could we not have, instead, a *visible* hand? An image almost-offered of a natural monopoly, a steady shake a spike in the findings: I'm a mostly what I do is skim fat layer from the shivering surface of the bad time for all this equipment of artifice of lines of plurivial direction. Constant choice between distinct doors levelling up between the contradictions filling in the floor with all the plusburden heaped against the door committing crimes of worst practice: all foods on a continuum of wet to dry. A line of relative moistness, palatefeel across the roof of the cave, wedged in cavities. Tragic replay on the inner screen, staged sequence lining up but not in series of making. I think it went quite well didn't does that, no it's only the end not in indebted docility a death but I'm a mostly: watching yourself being institutionalised from the inside inside the outside: I'm a mostly what I do is happily turn on yourself your critique of last year of the last of life.

Lewis Todd

IECA

i stayed ('to be')
dream encourage tell them
home & windowless
denies watermelon opulence
of breeze Wi-Fi through
the park

forever unboxing and

forever
moreover

s/he
is the true
pugilist

with teeth and spleen
of guttural lobsters
marked as read
in tooth and
red claw revenge
tragedy

*A healthy punch
in the gut is a
happy punch in the
gut is a healthy
gut*

you tell me –

but do you know
 how dispiriting it is
to be a gastroenterologist
 in this monument-mound-moment
to clean living?

gut willing

(comes in droves

 sleeps in pairs
comes impairs)

but Tom

yours seems the lightning
at the end
of all tunnelling
tunnelling gut feeling
aside
the black anorak
and black
dogs aside

fracking is

NO BALL GAMES

(especially where
red lobsters are involved
and the kids
are obese
to the wall) aloud

the briars
not yet competent
the head
not yet competent
the blood
not yet competent
the bones
not yet competent

yet competent
dancing

yet competent
enclosed Rabbi joke
apparently

hilarious *not yet*
competent

Competent is

IMPROVED EARTH CLOSET APPARATUS (IECA)

and

NONDESCRIPT POLENTA CUBOID (NPC)

though not yet deliciously

and the

the murk-falls rolling
inclement weather and
and inappropriate funds
the wheel turning and
enough to have dinner

and rolling like dice into
insufficient clothing
yet at the same time
is repaired
after the Fall

in the rolling jinxing dark
green cloying
ghost of pastorals

over-sentimental
past at the feast

I will text Peter and
a way to watch all 36 hours of
the Ring Cycle
interruption
in the dimness

we shall find

with no inertia or commercial
in perfect post-coital bliss initially
of the stars

and s/he will wear red

and speak lobsters

Mau Baiocco

from *January*

Sleep behind
the book of days

I might go through lace
to inform of that again.

Night's variations dip
green, scarlet—black

and daub it onto each
available surface

the sleep of workers
becomes small glory

of an aftermath. When
you speak of form or

love or such things
weather the pile

of attacks damp
rooms in subletted

houses as of this
temporary as of

that lasting. In
touch's improvised

shapes the next
angle springs

testimonially or
as coil in action

the whole movement
is those lower parts

the more lighters I find
on my bed the less

angling without
livid hue of the

persona drinking
small droplets

in the matter of
winter publishing

the desired amount
for food memoriams

error's drop—strings
the night as a list

at moments thieving
surviving anew

the next temperature
of rendition

all of that a bummer
midnight cowboy

we ride the great
pleuritic hindsight

that is to say something
of the shadowed heart

a great capacity to
break into air

sharing the mouths
with each other

and mull turns
to dusk the cherry

pit the recent
dream not standing.

Psalm 69

The waters, the deep
Save me O

Neck

there is no foothold,

I have entered

no neck no stolen

how can I restore stranger

not less numerous, no

who attacks me

ate without cause

you I suffer taunts for

afflict you I

sackcloth, never are sins

lest the waves overwhelm me

I have reached

compassion for consolers

heart camped to desolate

By my foes

ransom me, do not hide

my face or charge

my neck

the subject of drunkards' songs

at the gates, come close

name with a song

I have reached the end of my

consolers. Lord listens to the needy

and does not spurn his servants in

their chains

love his dwell my eyes

wasted away, never strangers

the waters of the deep

parched

God of Israel, table let
there be a snare

quickly for I
am in distress turn towards
me inherit ransom taunts
what I have never stolen?

Cai Draper

02/04/2020

the period of daylight formerly known as Thursday

like a tortoise covered in blank verse

panic uncovered in the corners

non-descript praise from the manager

hurrah

Hayley, Raymond, Stacey & Pottage

that's what I'd call my first four babies

born to a world of praise for the neighbours

delivery dude in a van in a zoo

registered nurse in a reified mask in a zoo

breathe in: life giving living to be filtering the toxins

breathe out: flush sing the savings to dash poison up the rafters

my sister six months pregnant and crying to the nursery

no midwife no baby group

no mum on the due date cursing

no big massive hug
the very expensive bath
scented everything scented birthplan centre of her
perennial thirst for learning
everything parallel everything universe everything muted
between us
cacophonic tones of the dream gaff in clapton
I hope she is okay
we were remembering ourselves & my face is full of her
she can't see my face
write a poem on a tortoise
& blast it out of space

Note: this poem would not have happened without the energy and emails of Mira Mattar and Ellen Dillon.

Contributors

Mau Baiocco is a poet and translator writing from Leeds, UK.

Fred Carter is union activist, researcher, and poet living in Edinburgh, where he co-runs the reading series and occasional anti-press JUST NOT. Recent work has appeared in *Erotoplasty*, *MOTE*, *Academics Against Networking*, and is forthcoming in the *weird folds: everyday poems from the anthropocene* (Dostoyevsky Wannabe, 2020).

Cai Draper is a poet from South London living in Norwich. His work appears or is forthcoming in publications from Lighthouse Journal, Bad Betty Press, Tentacular and others. He organises free poetry workshops at the Book Hive. He can be found on Twitter here: @DraperCai

Daniel Eltringham is a poet and academic based between Sheffield and Bristol. His poetry and translations are published or forthcoming in the anthologies *Wretched Strangers: borders movement homes* and *The World Speaking Back... To Denise Riley* (Boiler House Press), and in journals including *Dispatches from the Poetry Wars*, *Poetry Wales*, *amberflora*, *Blackbox Manifold*, *Datableed*, *Cumulus*, *Plumwood Mountain*, *Colorado Review* and *Zarf*. A chapbook of his translations of Alonso Quesada's *Scattered Ways* was published by Free Poetry (2019). His collection *Cairn Almanac* was published by Hesterglock Press (Bristol, 2017). He co-curated the exhibition *Trespass!* (Sheffield Institute of Arts, 2018) and collaborated with artist David Walker Barker on the text-image cabinet installation *Searching for Jossie* (In The Open, Sheffield Institute of Arts, 2017). He co-edits Girasol Press with Leire Barrera-Medrano.

Ali Graham is a writer living in Norwich. Ali's poetry and essays have been published by 3:AM, SPAM Zine, The Tangerine, Seam Editions, and Glasgow Review of Books, among others. Ali can be found at https://twitter.com/A__Graham and on Instagram as @aligrhm.

Ian Macartney is a writer. He has been published in *Meanwhile*, *Grass*, *Icarus*, *The Attic*, *Re-Analogue*, *Leopard Arts*, *The Scotsman* and *The Guardian*. He can be found here: <https://www.ianmacartney.scot/>

Mira Mattar is a writer, editor and tutor. She has recently had work published in *Tripwire*, *Zarf* and *Datableed*. She is a contributing editor at *Mute / Metamute* and co-edited *Anguish Language: Writing and Crisis*. She lives in south east London. More of her work can be found here: <https://her-moth.tumblr.com/>

Kashif Sharma-Patel is a writer, poet and editor at the87press. They work at the interface of sonic, visual and written cultures with particular reference to queer and racialised experimental work. They have performed and published poetry widely, as well as written music, art and literary criticism for a number of publications including *Artforum*, *Poetry London*, *The Quietus* and *AQNB*. Their first full-length *dreaming death* is forthcoming.

Lewis Todd is a UK poet based between Cambridge and Hastings.

Alexa Winik is a Canadian poet and writer based in Edinburgh. She holds an MFA in Creative Writing from the University of St Andrews and her work can be found in *The Adroit Journal*, *The Poetry Review*, *The Scores*, *Gutter*, *amberflora*, and elsewhere. In 2019, she was the poet-in-residence at the *At Sea Writers' Residency* in Margate. She can be found on Twitter here: [@aj_winik](#)