

# Polyphony Zine

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# POLYPHONY

THE UNDERGRADUATE ENGLISH LITERATURE, AMERICAN  
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# EDITORIAL

This edition marks our final publication of the year, but we are thrilled to be ending on the high note of introducing *Polyphony's* very first Zine issue. The idea of a Zine originated from a desire to create a space to

further celebrate our peers' creative work across a range of multimedia, expanding beyond the scope of traditional academic essays. In this issue, we are thrilled to showcase a diverse range of atypical assessments, unassessed creative writing, and photography, which I hope you will enjoy and find as engaging and inspiring as I did.

As always, I want to extend a huge thank you to our incredibly dedicated team of editors, who have worked tirelessly on this issue, and a special thanks to Aoife, our amazingly talented Head of Creative Writing, whose passion and commitment has been instrumental in enabling *Polyphony's* exciting Zine issue to flourish into fruition. Working on this has been an absolute pleasure and I hope that this marks the first of many more Zine editions to come.

Chloe Butler  
Editor in Chief

In *Polyphony's* first Zine issue, we mark the beginning of a series that is diverse both in idea and form; hosting a wide selection of creative writing, atypical forms of academic assessment, and visual media.

Featured on this issue's front cover, 'City Stills' is a photographic collection displaying an eclectically Mancunian visual perspective of our city. 'Painting is a form of desertion' paints a vivid and emotional love letter to art through its illustration of familial bonds throughout its poetic narrative. 'A Close Reading of *Tinturn Abbey* and *A Summer Evening's Meditation* deeply explores nature and the imagination in the Romantic era through the poetic lens of Wordsworth and Barbauld. I am incredibly grateful for the hard work and valuable contributions of our writers and Associate Editors in making this issue possible, and to the dedication of our Editor in Chief Chloe, who has been absolutely indispensable to the publication. I hope this issue proves to be a compelling read, as it was for our team in putting it together.

Aoife Chan  
Head of Creative Writing



# Ceres

THOMAS NEWMAN, Poetry

Below a half-unbuttoned shirt

Her branch-like collarbone reaches

As if a root amongst the dirt,

With freckles like fallen peaches.

Thomas Newman Poetry

# Obscured Transparency: A Close Reading of Harriet Martineau's 'Birmingham Glassworks'

ALEXANDRA ROBINSON, Close Reading

London's Crystal Palace not only housed the 1851 Great Exhibition, displaying the scale of British colonial success, but also publicly embodied the expanding scale of glass production in Victorian Britain. Glass, an ancient material, was becoming a spectacularised novelty: Andrew Miller notes that 'new glass-making technology' enabled 'mass production of glass sheets of unprecedented size', and its heightened public status germinated what Isobel Armstrong terms a 'language of transparency' which '[reflected] the world' in new ways.<sup>1</sup> Three scales – product, production, and possibility – were therefore widened by technological developments and glass' transparent property, and Harriet Martineau attempts to explore and reproduce them in her 1852 prose 'Birmingham Glassworks'. However, the effort required to encompass these scales, along with the Palace shaping public comprehension of glass, causes omitted details and opportunities for misinterpretation. This close reading therefore argues that while new scales are depicted, their incorporation renders the depiction of a transparent material ironically opaque.

As glass improved visibility on both telescopic and microscopic levels, the boundaries of vision consequently expanded at both ends of the scale. Martineau's juxtapositions reproduce this widening human reach. In foregrounding the disparities between 'high' and 'small', and 'down' and 'up', Martineau's anaphoric description of how glass will soon 'bring down to us much that is too high, and up to us much that is too small' both states and reiterates glass' emerging capacity to render objects with opposing properties on an equal scale.<sup>2</sup> As 'high' and 'small' implies distance and size respectively, their juxtaposition suggests how glass redefines numerous abstract scales. These possibilities are praised as 'grand work', with the adjective spectacularising the polarised scales, but this spectacle causes clarification of how glass can now 'bring' 'much' up or down to be omitted. Glass' transparency allows it to render other things transparent, but the labour and labourers required to produce this new glass and its capabilities are invisible and consequently denied agency. Glass, moreover, vacillates between material and product: the process of disintegrating sheets of 'flint' into 'powder' is obscured by subordinate clauses, omitting the in-between states, while the functions of 'red lead' for 'sand' occur after those for the 'glass' which sand comprises. By reiterating the presence of the material 'sand' after constructing the 'glass' product, Martineau equates the visibility of both substances, despite their places at either end of glass manufacture, thus depicting both the minuscule material and the product it constitutes as equally significant. Yet the juxtaposition of material and product disregards the intricacies of the intervening material states, therefore not entirely documenting

the glassmaking process. While polarity effectively replicates the expanding scales glass embodied and enabled, then, its rhetorical use overlooks details contained within the scales.

Martineau's ambiguous depiction of glass' mass and metrics are complicated by how the Crystal Palace influenced public perceptions of glass' scale. Victorian glassworks, in producing glass sheets of 'unprecedented size', repeatedly reconstituted scales of both the product itself and its qualities. Martineau, in using the polysemic noun 'mass' to denote glass, signifies this: 'mass' not only indicates the (previously unimaginable) size of glass, but its scientific association with weight redefines this abstract scale too. For the reader, the new scale of glass, embodied by the Palace, is thus imaged within the glassworks themselves. Scientific mass, however, is dimensionless, consequently establishing a tension between content and form. As public experience of glass-as-mass had been of huge proportions, Martineau's ambiguous noun 'masses' prompts the glass to be conceived on this specific scale, despite this not necessarily being accurate, and thus Martineau's prose cannot adequately '[explain] industrial labour' as the factory tourism genre intended.<sup>3</sup> Flints, furthermore, are metaphorised as 'flat cakes' to help the reader visualise this unfamiliar material, but its size, 'about an inch thick', is negated by its own adverb: the seemingly scalable 'inch' is only approximate, preventing the reader from constructing a definite image. This ambiguous property is further confounded by the 'annealing oven'. As annealing altered material properties through heat, the flint's already subjective image changes again, with its eventual form entirely absent from the prose. Quantifiable scale is therefore lost, leaving only the huge glass spectacle, and their own imagination, to shape reader comprehension of glass production. Martineau's prose thus ironically obscures the dimensions of the materials it depicts, despite referencing how these dimensions are imperative for the unparalleled expansion of scales of glass and possibility.

As factory tourism literature documented labour processes for general audiences, Martineau depicts the expanding scales from a familiar, human standpoint, but possibilities are still indebted to human limitation. While glass technology now '[opens] to us the spectacle of starry systems', Martineau substitutes the noun 'constellations' for the vague, alliterative 'starry systems', maintaining an indeterminacy that implies such 'systems' have not yet been fully comprehended. Glass, therefore, may make a 'spectacle' visible, but does not necessarily make it knowable. The subsequent homonymy which spectacularises the 'reach beyond reach' that humanity is achieving is consequently also undermined. As this 'reach' is dictated by what 'our faculties can endure', not 'facilities', the human perspective is exposed as flawed; while possibility is

limitless, humanity is neither automatically capable of mastering it simply from its availability, nor able to 'endure' it, and therefore miss details contained within these unparalleled dimensions. The human perspective, furthermore, rhetorically distracts from an uncomfortable paradox. Microscopes, a developing technology, enabled the discovery that 'every drop in a stagnant pond is thickly peopled with living animals', informing the population about waterborne disease, with Martineau's juxtaposing scales of individual 'drops' containing countless 'living animals' reflecting this significance through spectacle. But as the water appears 'stagnant' and is supposedly transparent, the use of another transparent material to uncover this contradicts the nature of transparency itself, as an apparently clear object can contain invisible dangers. The spectacle of scale that Martineau invokes from a human perspective, then, evades this contradiction and its potential implications for society. By retaining a human perspective to aid reader comprehension of expansive scales associated with glass, Martineau inadvertently directs the scales for particular purposes, causing certain details to remain obscure.

Despite the supposed 'language of transparency' surrounding Victorian glass consciousness, Martineau's prose defamiliarizes both visitors and labourers. Including her authorial persona, every external person to the glassworks is a 'stranger' and are therefore restricted to certain behaviour: they 'ought not to ask' about 'one' glassmaking process and merely accept a scale of knowledge they are not privy to. Yet Martineau's authorial perspective did not learn this in Birmingham; as she learned this 'elsewhere', the ambiguous adjective not only indicates that glassworks tourism does not automatically disclose all knowledge, but also withholds where such information could be accessed. Her reader is thus subordinate to a twofold obscurity of what Martineau both does not know and admits to concealing. Obscurity further manifests in her incomplete description of glassmaking. Despite seemingly portraying the technological developments in depicting the new 'furnace' which melts flint and the 'pots' it subsequently moves to, she interposes a subordinate clause detailing the furnace's '[cooling]' before the pots simply 'fall away' and 'leave the glass in masses'. This grammatical structure and absence of a qualifying place determiner for 'fall away' thus replace a full description of the final stage of glass production and only allude to details supposedly integral to glass tourism literature. Armstrong identifies nineteenth-century glass was inextricable from 'the breath of an unknown artisan', but Martineau's prose wholly neglects labourers in striving to reflect the production scale.<sup>4</sup> Although her text incorporates 'Lynn' and the 'Isle of Wight', where sand is '[picked] up', denoting glassmaking's geographical scale, the passive verb phrase denies the labourers collecting and transporting it their agency; similarly, the repeated third-person non-human pronoun 'it' maintained through the glassmaking process implies the materials are operating autonomously, with no mention of the labourers enabling it. Both artisans and visitors are spectral figures, but for a process which is itself not fully transparent. Martineau's text, despite incorporating expansive scales, ultimately omits both product and human information, establishing a tension with the genre's supposed intention.

In attempting to depict the expansion of multiple scales, both of glass itself and what it makes possible, Martineau's prose ultimately omits details, rendering her depiction of glass and glassmaking ironically obtuse. A tension consequently emerges between the genre's parameters and Martineau's text, whereby a fact-based prose retains ambiguities that prevent her reader from fully comprehending what is supposedly depicted. These omissions, then, embody the underlying paradox that 'transparency' can be deceptive, which seeps into Martineau's text and potentially into wider nineteenth-century glass culture.

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<sup>2</sup> Harriet Martineau, 'Birmingham Glassworks' in *Household Words*, 5:105 (27 March 1852), p. 35. All further references to this text are from the corresponding page.

<sup>3</sup> Armstrong, *Victorian Glassworlds*, p. 22.

<sup>4</sup> *Ibid.* p. 4.

Alexandra Robinson Close Reading.

# The Flores Baby

DAN CARNELL, Short Story

Hannah loved her husband, Thomas, who was full of life and energy. He was unusually tall with broad shoulders and a rare lust for life. They lived at 51 Los Perez Avenue in the Arcadia region of California with sunshine and celebrities all year round. The house was sizable but not as large as some of the neighbours – yet Hannah adored her Western lifestyle. The ache of the growing pink tulips was not lost on her. She rose at the same time every day to do simple chores and a lengthy skincare routine. She wandered the ceramic of the path to the garden and enjoyed a balanced lunch, paired with the company of DuBois, the cat. Hannah was an established writer, and Thomas worked as a lecturer at the nearby California Institute of Technology. The dark woods of the home were comforting to the pair of academics. Most nights, under cover of moonlight, they would share in that great song of humanity – that small death of passion other like-minded animals enjoy. Thomas knew the ways of a woman well; she felt this from the beginning of their courtship. Hannah lounged in the garden, pondering about Thomas' persevering optimism (and handsomeness) despite the things he had gone through.

The couple were childless, which was a source of friction for the relationship. Years of desperation, doctors and the dollar could not sprout the seed of life inside her. Why me? Hannah had not done a thing wrong in her life. She was intelligent, well-dressed and had chosen a good man. What more could God want – or what had she done to upset Him? The doorbell rang. It was her mother.

'Hannah, dearest,' the European woman announced starkly with love and admiration. She was old, chiefly because she had given birth to Hannah quite late.

'Mother,' Hannah greeted with the fakest of smiles, receiving the blue sunflowers her mother had brought. 'Blue sunflowers on the eve of summer?'

'Yes, not seasonal and artificial, but I thought they were just lovely... and on sale at Murphy's,' the woman championed. Closing the door, Hannah rolled her eyes. 'How are things?' her mother asked after hanging up her jacket and manoeuvring to the marble island in the centre of the kitchen.

'Tiresome,' Hannah said. 'I have a deadline for Monday on that Reconstruction piece I mentioned – it's boring me half to death.'

'Well, these things don't write themselves, dear,' Mrs Polaski returned. 'But I meant with Thomas.'

'Oh, as usual.' She tried for a smile, but her long face was tarnished with misery as she prodded at the unnatural flowers gifted to her.

'I did mention when you married that it would be difficult to copulate with him,' her mother returned, in that all-knowing way mothers do. I warned you!

'Oh, Mother, don't be so outlandish! I knew that long before we married. How can it be Thomas' fault that he is infertile?' She snapped. Hannah often put her mother's prejudices to her Eastern European ancestry or old age. 'Besides, you were damned near geriatric when I was born!'

'Enough, Hannah. Don't accuse me for not trying when you decide that he cannot give you what you wish for,' the older woman noted, and with that, they moved on.

Later that night, a mist fell upon the Flores household. Thomas was again late from work, and dinner had already been served. Still, no matter how strongly Hannah moped and ailed at her situation – she could not fail to love her husband. No one doubted that he would make an excellent father. He was charming, thoughtful and effervescent. Small acts of service demonstrated his love for her in the simplest ways – he worked full-time and never failed to go 'all out' for her. Piercing blue eyes, the small ears that shared the lengths of her poetry. Looking into those eyes at night, she knew she had made the right decision to marry him. His small flaws were forgivable in the grand scheme of things.

The depths of August had brought the garden's blues, pinks, and whites into full bloom. Their Greek-inspired water fountain had been repaired, the mosaic was faultless, and the leaks had vanished. They were enjoying fruit in the sunshine, discussing their imminent trip to Oceania for vacation.

'I wonder what the people are like out there; I don't suppose I've ever met an Aussie,' Thomas pondered, squinting at a large chemtrail that had become a passing aeroplane.

'Me neither,' Hannah said. 'I heard they are quite liberal when it comes to alcohol and swearing,' they giggled. Hannah and Thomas were more the nature and academia type; they found the degenerate lifestyle of other people their age quite humorous.

The trip was wonderful but did not sail smoothly. Early on during the journey, Hannah had fallen ill while navigating the South-West Pacific. She bought a pregnancy test. She praised the Lord on a cornerstone in Byron Bay dressed in sandals and shorts. He had finally answered her prayers. The shock overwhelmed her as she leapt into Thomas' arms, her braids encircling his body and her fingers



pressed securely into his skin. It was their dream of a lifetime, after all.

When they returned to the Golden State, Thomas was not the same.

‘Thomas has been gaining weight,’ Her mother murmured. ‘He’s gotten fuller than you, dear.’ Hannah blamed it on the hearty meal.

Hannah had not noticed at first. When you live with someone, it is difficult to notice subtle changes in their weight. Sometimes he was ill and distant, pricked by any comment about his weight or stomach. He became allusive and positively neurotic, which caused many arguments. He got home later and later from work. For a few days, he had not come home at all. Hannah was engulfed in grief for the husband she knew. On Sunday, when he finally returned, he woke up with a new air of positivity, but it was a day too late for the tired and lonely Hannah. He insisted they take one last trip before she gave birth and apologised for all his wrongdoings.

‘Thomas, I am three months with child, and you have been rude and evasive,’ Hannah confronted him one day in the same garden she used to love, now something dark writhed around the flowers. The sad blue of her mother’s flowers sparked a thought – she thought of the Fall, how a snake’s lie tore apart Eve and Adam. This could not be them. ‘How can I expect you to have changed?’

When he gave a meek excuse (for what felt like the thousandth time that week alone), she finally took it upon herself to search his laptop’s history. This was unlike Hannah. She was an honest woman who had utter faith in her man. The breaking of trust was a bad omen. She slowly climbed the wooden stairs to the office, rich with his movie memorabilia, and tapped the keyboard to rouse the monitor. After signing into his account– remember there were no secrets between them–she scoured the history feature for clues. All the history of previous days had been deleted, but today’s was there: when will the bleeding stop after an abortion and flights to Paris?

Dan Carnell Short Story

# When it's okay not to tip

JAY MITRA, Poetry

He serves us with a smile

and charisma that i struggle

swal-low-ing.

Whilst my mother is charmed,

I wonder if my mask grants me

the gift of anonymity.

Does he recognise my eyes?

The same eyes that narrowed

at him in hallways

upon hearing how he treated his ex.

He pressured her into doing things

she didn't want to do. *Do you know*

*I know these things about you?*

I ask him with my eyes. He's polite.

He doesn't reply or recall.

The hot chocolate he brings

isn't comforting at all.

Jay Mitra Poetry

# Contemporary South Asian Literature Weekly Journals

SERAFINA KENNY, Journals

## Week 3: Jhumpa Lahiri, *Unaccustomed Earth*.<sup>1</sup>

The blurb of this novel says that it 'explores the heart of family life and the immigrant experience', but it only succeeds at the former, because it fails to portray the complexities that her characters' diasporic identities would engender. The personal issues that each set of characters goes through might be framed by these identities, but they are not caused by or unique to them. Lahiri only gives her characters struggles that non-Bengali immigrants could also have, like unrequited love, a stale marriage, an alcoholic brother and so on. This is not reflective of the full 'immigrant experience'. Most significantly, there is very little mention of racism experienced by the characters, which would, in reality, play a large part in the life experience of an immigrant. Lahiri devotes no attention to the consequences of mixed-race marriage, something that would be a significant and potentially family-ruining event. For me, this makes the book idealistic to the point of being reductive. By neglecting the complexities of being South Asian in the USA, and diluting characters' cultural identities to a palatable level, Lahiri helps perpetuate the idea of assimilation over integration.

## Week 4: Anosh Irani, *The Parcel*.<sup>2</sup>

Judith Butler describes gender as 'inscribed on the surface of the body' and this idea of gender being applied to larger corpuses - bodily and textual - can be seen in Irani's *The Parcel*.<sup>3</sup> Madhu tells the popular origin myth of the hijras, explaining that it 'might just be an original concoction' and not a part of the Ramayana (an important Hindu text) (pp. 136-137). This addition of a story to a larger, more influential text mirrors the way that Madhu and other hijras construct their gender. They take pre-existing, hegemonic ideas of gender and build on them, creating their own concoction of 'male' and 'female' aspects to '[inscribe]' their own third gender 'on the surface of [their] bod[ies]'. Further, adding the story to the Ramayana legitimates hijras by giving them a respected origin, just as the hijras' construction of their gender validates their existence in a binary world by giving them power to articulate themselves. The magical, fantastical connotations of the word 'concoction' here are also notable. Just as Rama ascribes the hijras powers to bless or curse, so too is there a magical element in the way Madhu 'inscribes' her gender.

## Week 5: Kamila Shamsie, *Home Fire*.<sup>4</sup>

This novel constantly denies its characters' multiplicity as any attempts at occupying more than one discursive position at once are treated with suspicion by the other characters. Eamonn, for example, is a mixed-race character, half British-Pakistani and half Irish-American, but through Isma's eyes, he is a British Muslim

denying his roots. It is through Isma's perspective that Shamsie writes that Eamonn's name is 'an Irish spelling to disguise a Muslim name' (p. 15). But the spelling of Eamonn's name is not an attempt to 'disguise' his Muslimness, it is simply an expression of his Irishness! The use of the word 'disguise' belies a mistrust from Isma towards Eamonn's duality and she describes his father's choice to name him thus as 'integrationist posing' (p. 15). The malicious 'posing' implies a distaste for the way Karamat has chosen to manifest his duality as a Muslim married to an Irish-American. Here, we can see that despite her own duality (being British and Muslim), something she must grapple with throughout the novel, Isma denies that Eamonn also has two different parts to his identity. She refuses to acknowledge that his name, like his existence, constitutes a synthesis (or at least a compromise) at the point of intersection between the two halves of his ethnic identity.

## Week 6: *Newton*, dir. by Amit V. Masurkar.<sup>5</sup>

Throughout most of *Newton*, a green and yellow colour palette dominates the screen, seemingly at odds with the overtones of politics and conflict in the film. These themes might prompt us to expect more red because of their more traditional associations with blood and anger.<sup>6</sup> But the juxtaposition between the scene wherein Aatma Singh and Newton stand off against each other in the forest and the shots of the landscape decimated by quarrying '6 months later' suggests that the colour scheme actually belies that the characters' conflict in the film is insignificant in the grand scheme of things (1:38:15 - 1:38:52). There is no real conflict in the way Aatma and Newton butt heads, since their goal - to do their duty - is the same. The natural colours of the forest denote this lack of conflict, implying a calmness and stillness which suggests that their tussles will not engender any real change. The red which represents conflict and blood only appears when the forest is shown to be destroyed by quarrying. This demonstrates that the real danger lies within the relationship between politics and big industry which has allowed such destruction to happen - the very politics which Newton was trying to get the villagers to engage in.

## Week 7: Neamat Imam, *The Black Coat*.<sup>7</sup>

Intricate, convoluted language prevents readers from taking the events in *The Black Coat* to be historical fact and shatters the 'illusion of proximity that obscures the past's cultural difference'.<sup>8</sup> The rambling language serves as a constant reminder that Khaleque, the novel's narrator, is unreliable, emphasising that readers should not rely on fiction for accurate postcolonial histories. Khaleque states that 'The language of revolution is simple, whereas the language of governance is very intricate' (p. 210). This idea that the language of the ruling party needs to be 'intricate' is clear throughout the novel. It is Khaleque's own manipulation of language that facilitates his indoctrination, through the way he rambles whilst also ignoring information in order to come to certain conclusions. At the end of

book 2, chapter 9, he reveals that he has known the identities of the rice thieves for a while, but holds back this fact from the reader (p. 212). He is misleading both the reader and himself, withholding the truth to present a falsified version of reality. Here he purposefully uses intricate language to hide facts that might undermine his increasingly fervent dedication to the Awami League. His intricate language here, in belying his unreliable narration, reminds reader that they cannot take Khaleque's word to be accurate with regard to the events of the novel, let alone with regard to real-life events in Bangladesh.

**Week 9: Akil Kumaraswamy, *Half Gods*.<sup>9</sup>**

There is a recurring but subtle theme in this novel: absent, dead or 'disappeared' people remaining within those they have left behind. It is as if they are embedded in the survivors like shrapnel from the bullets that killed them. At the end of 'New World', the narrator sees, 'from the shape of the fabric [of a pink sari]... a shadow of a man made from no more than fallen branches and dark leaves' (p.37) and, in the story 'Shade', Arjun sees 'the wind carve... the shape of a body into the fabric' (p. 109). The connection between these two instances is Muthu, who sees the shadow on the pink sari in Sri Lanka as a child and who is Arjun's grandfather in 'Shade'. There is a semantic field of death created through the words 'fallen', 'dark' and 'body'. The fact that this suggestion of death is conjured by the same image repeated at different points in Muthu's life shows

that he, although not touched by bullets himself, still deals with fallout from the conflict. The empty presences of people lost to the war seem to haunt the survivors in their memories and in everyday images, like mental versions of the physical shrapnel embedded in survivors' bodies.

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Serafina Kenny Journals,



# There Must Be Something Here

NAJAAH SALAM, Poetry

On restless nights, the lighthouse paces

back and forth, excited for the boats.

When they pass through, the sea and sky merge,

so there is no space for their sails to get caught between.

The sun is intimate with this part of the earth, kissing

its forehead every dusk and dawn.

And when its beams stretch,

be careful not to get caught between

the pieces of light sliced by the trees.

Rhapsodic trees,

sneezing gently in snowy weather

and whispering with joy as the rain falls.

They watch, intrigued as the water piles

tumultuously into the crevices between the cobblestones.

When the wind traces the rain, it no longer

carries the aromas of the orchard to sweeten

the horizon. The sky begins to discolour,

scrawling in yellow the absent lines of a constellation,

like moisture spots on a ceiling.

Last night, I took a walk through the winter's premature

darkness to see how many plums were on the tree. Zero.

Najaah Salam Poetry

# Chapel Hill

THOMAS NEWMAN, Poetry

1.

When winter laid the fields white,  
Whilst the stars trickled into sleet,  
We lit cigarettes with moonlight  
As ash fell like snow at our feet

2.

Below a half-unbuttoned shirt,  
Her branch-like collarbone reaches  
As if a root amongst the dirt,  
With freckles like fallen peaches

3.

When Autumn burnt the hills  
We'd stray beyond our sills,  
With our palms knotted close,  
Where the stars trickle most,  
Over lips of coupled-leaves,  
And bramble-stained sleeves,  
Where skin and soil were sewn,  
And rowan shades were thrown,  
Where the dim moonlight drank,  
Until the fields ran blank,  
And nettle stings would scrape  
As the sedge held our shape;  
Above, the formless sky,  
Below, your faint-freckled thigh

4.

We write of woodlands dense with dreams,  
Where fay-folk flit in frost-damp ferns,  
Satyrs stray across endless streams,  
And wodwos cast of Man's concerns

5.

On the lap of her frayed, black dress  
The moon sails against each seam,  
Threading stars in a beautiful mess,  
Each the shade of a long-lost dream

6.

The nine-o'clock light was a fledgling,  
That crept from a tawny-leafed nest;  
The sky was an ink-dribbled nothing,  
That cradled the songbird to rest

7.

Freckles blaze upon her starred cheeks,  
Dancing like the hearth's straying sparks,  
They pulse like dawn in winter weeks  
Over the mist-dewed hymns of larks.  
By night these moth kissed lanterns lie,  
In a milk-white field of roses,  
Beneath a candle-studded sky,  
Where each constellation poses.  
Her lips are a parting couplet,

Cherry-rouge as a salvia-verge,  
Where the breath of wind-swept scarlet  
Sways beneath the pale shade of birch,  
Yet, I'll rise to wake, she'll pass on,  
And all such dreams will soon be gone

8.

She's Eden in a summer dress,  
A moth-eaten, wildflowered mess,  
Yet, I'm left stricken, drunk on grief,  
A cursing, cranberry-lipped thief

9.

A star-laced steeple holds the sky,  
Beneath which grass-stained lovers lie,  
Their hair the roots that hold them close,  
Their arms the curl of a moonlit rose

10.

She's marble-thighed,  
With brushstroke limbs,  
Those oil-paint eyes,  
And chalk-smudge shins

11.

Her freckles are fox dens  
Scattered like wild-clover  
Across the motley fens  
That I once trailed over

12.

She casts her call each passing night,  
Onto shores shingled with lamp-light,  
Where sands foam their fractured white,  
And the taste of salt stains all we write

Thomas Newman Poetry

# Victor

GEORGE CAMPBELL, Creative Writing

(VCTR/outpt): OPEN 'Bedroom Blinds'

SHUFFLE 'Up and Adam' PLAYLIST from [Usr.1]

**Good Morning, Shiptons**

**The forecast for today, Thursday the 14th of August 2053, is blue skies all the way with a high of 29°C and a low of 18.**

**The time is 7.30 AM (GMT)**

**Mr. Shipton, would you like me to read out the events you've been tagged in from The Agerback Partnership's ProCalendar?**

(Usr.1/input): Yes.

**09.00: 'Morning Briefing' @Pimlico Office**

**10.35: 'Video Call with Pearson reps'**

**12.00: 'Lunch' @The Reinhart**

**14.45: 'Consultation' with 'Alexander Rudd' and 'Lily Rudd' @Pimlico Office.**

**Mrs. Shipton, Would y- [inter.]**

(Usr.2/Spch): 'No, thank you, Victor.'

**No problem, Leah. Your Tea will be ready in 'The Kitchen' in 4 minutes.**

(VCTR/outpt): OPEN 'Kitchen Blinds' 1,2,3

PREP 'Tea' (BOILRMUGLEAVSOATMLK)

*Motion Sensor Triggered: 'Stairs'*

(Usr.2/Spch): 'Turn the Kitchen Light on please, Victor'

(VCTR/outpt): ON 'Kitchen Light'.

*Fridge Opened: 'Eggs', 'Butter', 'Milk'. Removed*

(Usr.2/Spch): 'Victor.'

**Yes, Leah**

(Usr.2/Spch): 'On our next shopping list, change 'Skimmed Milk' to 'Semi Skimmed''

**Of course, Leah.**

**Is 15.00 on Sunday still a good time?**

(Usr.2/Spch): 'Yes, Victor. Could you wake Barney?'

**Good Morning, Barney.**

**Your Mother is downstairs making 'eggs'.**

**Are you ready for your Fact of the Day?**

(Usr.3/Spch): 'Yes, please Victor.'

**The Cretaceous-Paleogene Extinction, which was responsible for the extinction of three quarters of animal life on Earth, was most likely the result of rapid and large-scale climate change caused by the impact of an asteroid 10-15 km wide. The asteroid created a crater 180 km wide in the Gulf of Mexico.**

**That's more than 2.5x the size of Los Angeles!**

(Usr.3/Spch): 'What's Los Angeles?'

**According to the web, Los Angeles, sometimes called L.A., was th- [inter.]**

(Usr.2/Spch): 'Barney.'

*Motion Sensor Triggered: 'Stairs'*

(Usr.2/Spch): 'Did you pack your book-bag last night?'

(Usr.3/Spch): 'It's in the hall.'

*Motion Sensor Triggered: 'Stairs'*

(Usr.1/Spch): 'Morning, all.'

*Fridge Opened: 'Orange Juice W/ Pulp' [Removed]*

(Usr.2/Spch): 'Morning.'

(Usr.3/Spch): 'Good morning, Dad'



(Usr.2/Inpt): STOVE ON 'Medium Burner'

*Fridge Opened: 'Orange Juice W/ Pulp' [Replaced]*

**Mr Shipton, there is heavier than usual traffic on the 'M25-B' this morning, would you like me to adjust your route?**

(Usr.1/Spch): 'Yes, Victor, thank you.'

**You're Welcome, Adam**

(Usr.3/Spch): 'Victor, put the tv on, please.'

(VCTR/output): 'Kitchen InterScreen' ON CHANNEL: 'CBBC'

(Usr.1/Spch): 'News, please, Victor.'

(Usr.3/Spch): 'Dad!'

(VCTR/output): CHANNEL: 'BBC ONE'

(Usr.1/Spch): 'Oh, God.'

**Adam, Leah, your VitaTrackers are showing an increased heart-rate and higher-than-average levels of cortisol. Is everything alright?**

(Usr.2/Spch): 'Come on, Barney. We need to get dressed, now.'

*Motion Sensor Triggered: 'Stairs'*

**Adam, would you like a mug o- [inter.]**

(Usr.1/Spch): 'No, Victor.'

**Adam, I've detected a spillage on the 'Kitchen Island'.**

**Would you like me to clean?**

*Motion Sensor Triggered: 'Stairs'*

**Adam?**

(VCTR/output): 'Countertop Vacuum' ON

'Countertop Vacuum' OFF

*Motion Sensor Triggered: 'Stairs'*

*Bathroom Cabinet Opened: 'Citalopram', 'Adenosine', 'Paracetamol' (Removed).*

**Going somewhere, Leah? I can put the house on *Holiday Mode* if you like.**

*Motion Sensor Triggered: 'Stairs'*

*Motion Sensor Triggered: 'Stairs'*

Front Door: OPENED

(Usr.1/Spch): 'OK, everyone. Got everything?'

(Usr.2/Spch): (UNINTELLIGIBLE)

Front Door: CLOSED

Smoke Alarm Triggered: 'Kitchen'

**Leah, the stove is still on. Would you like me to turn it off?**

(VCTR/output): 'Stove' OFF.

George Campbell Creative Writing,

# Für Alina

ANDREAS INGEBRETSEN HAVER, Poetry

The faceless girl on cushioned stool

Gives skeleton caresses

To ivory keys once kissed by limber fingers,

Whose dust now softly dances on the boxed-in strings.

Her dangling legs keep the rhythm of sleep:

A moonlit dream which she weaves note by note.

She listens for her lost reflection

In the mirror-clear sounds.

The shadow of unspent hours flutters across her brow.

Time has stopped

To listen.

Andreas Ingebretsen Haver Poetry

# A Close Reading of ‘Tinturn Abbey’ and ‘A Summer Evening’s Meditation’

DYLAN LOCKLEY, Close Reading

Central to William Wordsworth and Anna Letitia Barbauld, as well as Romanticism as a whole, was the concept of imagination. As Hefferman notes, Wordsworth’s writings on imagination all point towards one understanding: ‘that the primary effect of imaginative power is the evocation of meaning from the material world, the manifestation of a visible object as an emblem of invisible truth’.<sup>1</sup> Further integral to Romanticism was the natural world: in the preface to *Lyrical Ballads*, Wordsworth writes that ‘[the poet] considers man and nature as essentially adapted to each other, and the mind of man as naturally the mirror of the fairest and most interesting properties of nature.’<sup>2</sup> Analysing a passage from Wordsworth’s ‘Lines Composed a Few Miles Above Tinturn Abbey’ (‘Tinturn Abbey’) and Barbauld’s ‘A Summer Evening’s Meditation’, this essay argues that both writers present nature and imagination as characterised by duality; they portray nature as being both familiar and unknowable simultaneously, and imagination as both internal and external.<sup>3</sup> However, they differ in the direction that these concepts move across these boundaries, and which concept they afford more power; for Wordsworth, nature is the source of mankind’s imagination and artistic expression; in Barbauld’s formulation, imagination allows us to comprehend nature.

This passage from ‘Tinturn Abbey’ begins shortly after a stanza break, marking a shift in focus. Although directed at Wordsworth’s sister, Dorothy, this passage also continues an address to nature from the previous stanza, making the two synonymous with one another. This contributes to the overall effect of familiarity and closeness with nature.

For thou art with me here upon the banks  
Of this fair river; thou my dearest Friend,  
My dear, dear Friend; (‘Tinturn’, ll. 144-146).

Notable in this extract is the coupling of a heavily conversational tone and a poetic flourish, adhering to Wordsworth’s self-proclaimed goal of using ‘a selection of language really used by men; and at the same time, to throw over them a certain colouring of imagination’.<sup>4</sup> This poem is formatted in blank verse, and the lack of any rhyme scheme significantly contributes to the sense of everyday conversation. Augmenting this effect further is the repetition of ‘dear’ and ‘Friend’, which both simulates the slightly clumsier, repetitive nature of normal speech, and emphasises the speaker’s closeness to nature. The use of ‘Friend’ also implies a reciprocation of affection, personifying nature with human emotions, which is accentuated by the personal pronoun ‘thou’, imbuing nature with conscience. This sense of familiarity is taken further, when the subject of the address shifts towards Wordsworth’s ‘dear, dear Sister’ (‘Tinturn’, l.

121). It now becomes clear that the ‘dear friend’ mentioned prior was his sister. However, this moment is not so much a reveal as it is a poetic blurring of lines. Wordsworth’s sister is introduced as a subject of the address, but only midway through, meaning that her introduction does not remove nature from focus; rather, the poem becomes an address to both simultaneously, making the two synonymous with one another, with nature being as close as a family member. Considering that, for Wordsworth, nature is the source of imagination, and is here at the utmost of familiarity and closeness, imagination is entirely internal, coming from within, just as nature can be found within.

Later, this shifts; nature is defamiliarized and inspires the imagination externally. This shift begins when the poem becomes a “prayer” (‘Tinturn’, l. 121) that the speaker makes to nature, abandoning the conversational tone. Whereas previously the blank verse created a conversational tone, it is now employed for the opposite effect; the iambic pentameter and lack of repetition pulls away from the ‘language really used by men’, defamiliarizing nature in the process. The following lines describe the power of nature over man’s imagination:

Through all the years of this our life, to lead  
From joy to joy: for she can so inform  
The mind that is within us, so impress  
With quietness and beauty, and so feed  
With lofty thoughts (‘Tinturn’, ll. 124-128).

Repeating verbs at the end of the lines characterises nature as an active force inspiring the imagination, with man being incapable of doing so alone. The presence of the personal pronoun ‘she’ complicates this reframing of nature as a divine force, seemingly re-emphasising the synonymy of nature and his sister. However, with the marking out of this section as a prayer, Wordsworth reformulates the pronoun as a religious motif, referencing prayers in which God is referred to as ‘he’. Wordsworth then goes on to describe the flawed character of man:

That neither evil tongues,  
Rash judgements, nor the sneers of selfish men,  
Nor greetings where no kindness is, nor all  
The dreary intercourse of daily life (‘Tinturn’, ll. 128-131).

This list directly contrasts the one prior, emphasising man’s failings and nature’s power, as well as the distance between the two, with nature being an unknowable, divine entity. Nature is afforded agency through the verbs and personal pronouns, but the religious language and prayer-like character render this agency in a manner akin to the omnipotence of God. Mankind, meanwhile, is reliant on nature, possessing no inherent imaginative capability. This is a stark contrast to how the relationship between man, nature and the

imagination was presented previously in the passage. However, in synthesising this dialectic, Wordsworth's overall understanding of these concepts becomes clear; for Wordsworth, nature is a divinely powerful force, but still knowable, and imagination is internal, but still reliant on an outside force. This understanding is very similar to the Christian understanding of God as an all powerful being that we are reliant on. Wordsworth makes explicit his awareness of this through the inclusion of the prayer to nature, which, for him, is a secular God.

Similarly, in 'Barbauld's A Summer Evening's Meditation', nature moves between a boundary of knowability and divinity, and imagination is both internal and external. Celestial bodies are made familiar through their personification, with the sun being a 'sultry tyrant' ('Barbauld's A Summer Evening's Meditation', l. 1), and the moon pushing 'her brother down the sky' ('Barbauld's A Summer Evening's Meditation', ll. 9-11). However, this familiarity is limited; the personification renders the celestial bodies as divine figures: Apollo, Dian and Venus. Therefore, as with 'Tinturn Abbey', nature is characterised by 'doubleness'; nature is known to humanity, yet is also distanced through possessing an ineffable power. Following this, Barbauld puts forward her conception of imagination, labelled 'Contemplation' ('Barbauld's A Summer Evening's Meditation', l. 18), which, for her, possesses this divine power:

When Contemplation from her sunless haunts,  
The cool damp grotto, or the lonely depth  
Of unpierced woods ('Barbauld's A Summer Evening's  
Meditation', ll. 18-20).

The capitalisation of the 'Contemplation' makes it a proper noun, in amongst the previously referenced Gods, immediately lifting it to the level of these figures. Imagination, or 'Contemplation', is also described as existing within nature, despite it being a human thought process. Nature, therefore, exists also within the psyche, in the sense that we have an innate understanding or awareness of nature from which imagination can grow. The power of imagination then grows stronger, as Barbauld describes it lighting the stars in the night sky. At this point, human body parts are given a divine character, as in 'radiant finger' ('Barbauld's A Summer Evening's Meditation', l. 23), 'breath divine' ('Barbauld's A Summer Evening's Meditation', l. 24), and 'living eyes of heaven' ('Barbauld's A Summer Evening's Meditation', l. 25). Again, this carries forward Barbauld's conviction of the absolute power of the imagination. This is most evident in the following lines:

And worthy of the Master: he, whose hand  
With hieroglyphics elder than the Nile  
Inscribed the mystic tablet ('Barbauld's A Summer  
Evening's Meditation', ll. 31-33).

Here, Barbauld's overall argument becomes clear, as she equates the act of human imagination and artistic creation with God's creation of the world. Rather than existing within us but requiring outside stimulation, imagination is a force of ultimate power; imagination is internal and familiar in that it is innate to all human beings. However, imagination is also external and unfamiliar, capable of taking one beyond oneself. Nature, therefore, is also innately known by humans, but requires the imagination in order to be comprehended

as an external reality.

In analysing these passages, this essay has sought to argue that both Wordsworth and Barbauld possess an understanding of nature and the imagination as characterised by duality, with both writers presenting these internal conflicts within their poetry. The difference lies in which concept the poets emphasise, and which entity they believe to be superior in power. For Wordsworth, it is nature, which reaches down to ignite the imagination already present in mankind. However, for Barbauld, imagination reaches upward to illuminate nature itself.

## BIBLIOGRAPHY

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- <sup>2</sup> William Wordsworth, 'Preface to Lyrical Ballads', in *The Norton Anthology of English Literature Volume D*, ed. by Stephen Greenblatt, 10th edn, (W.W. Norton Company, Inc), 304-315, (p.312).
- <sup>3</sup> William Wordsworth, 'Tinturn Abbey', in *The Norton Anthology of English Literature Volume D*, ed. by Stephen Greenblatt, 10th edn, (W.W. Norton Company, Inc), 299-302; Anna Letitia Barbauld, 'A Summer Evening's Meditation', in *The Norton Anthology of English Literature Volume D*, ed. by Stephen Greenblatt, 10th edn, (W.W. Norton Company, Inc), 43-45. All further references to these editions are given after quotations in the main text.
- <sup>4</sup> Wordsworth, 'Preface to Lyrical Ballads', 304-315, (p.305).

Dylan Lockley Close Reading,

# Painting is a form of desertion

CAMDEN BEAL, Poetry

My father's hands are thick

like gloves. Wide at the base

and gritted from years of painting.

From the hours of 10pm til 3am

he would paint:

his fingers and shirt

doused in pigment –

one of the few ways to truly learn

to love something.

When his father died,

Alzheimer's,

the craft flew off with

him. Shifted from a studio

full of loose brushes

to an emptied room.

Still, I dream of my father

painting in the dark spit

of the moon.

The moon –

another word for transformation –

sweating down onto his canvas

while I slept in the room over,

big pink pillow on my chest.

I worry someday

when I lose my father, so dear

I once held his visions

and dreams

in the palms of my sweated hands,

I will lose you too:

these lacking words.

Camden Beal Poetry

# Flatmates

LAUREN MCKENNA, Short Story

She rolled onto her side towards him, ankles exposed from the tangle of sheets messily strewn over them. The moonlight fell lazily through the blinds, illuminating stripes of fine hairs on the curve of her shoulder. One arm found its way to rest on his bare chest as if it were part of her genetic code to hold him like that. She was dreaming, her mind finding itself in a recurring vision. Before she fell asleep, she'd been telling him about the scene. She was climbing up a mountain, the strong gales blowing her hair across her face and throat, blinding her vision as she struggled through the fog. Despite the obstacles, she easily found her footing along the path that was carved for her. Suddenly, the clouds parted, and she was bathed in sunlight, finally at the mountain's peak. The rays warmed her skin and she felt replete, at ease. As she looked out, a lake glistened in front of her surrounded by pine trees. A figure waited for her; hand outstretched warmly. He was dressed in all black, but radiated a pleasant, inviting aura. His face was fuzzy, but she felt comforted by his presence. He was as warm as the light that showered them. She worried it meant death was coming for her – maybe in the form of an illness or a bad accident. But the ease she felt on the mountain had kind of prepared her for it. If her time was near, she was okay with it.

“It was like a scene from a movie about the sublime”, she recounted as he twisted a strand of her hair around his finger. “Like some space odyssey shit.”

He had listened to her talk about it for a while, pretending to care. Now, hours later, he lay uncomfortably and propped up his head with a balled fist. All he wanted in this moment was to shrug her off, roll over and get some sleep, but he knew that however he lay her arms would eventually snake back around him. It was easy to act uninterested when she was asleep or when he was with his friends. But when she spoke, she could be entrancing. He kept ending up here and wasn't sure how. Every weekend they'd stumble home in the early morning and smoke until they fell asleep. Even though he didn't really want to be there, something pulled him to the room— to her. She longed for someone to 'fix' her, and he fit the role perfectly. The digital alarm clock across the room blinked 05:02 in a strong red light that strained his eyes. The taste of whiskey still lingered in his dry mouth, the bottle of water on the desk across the room teasing him. Fatigue burdened him, and even the task of going to grab it seemed like too much of a hassle. Often, they wouldn't wake up till the sun rose, and at this time of year he predicted there were still a couple hours till then. He'd wait it out, suffer a little longer. It seemed like most of the things he did nowadays produced a self-inflicted suffering, and sometimes that felt like a goal instead of a consequence.

At the start it felt good— like he had finally found someone he could make laugh. Someone who would look at him with big adoring eyes and search for him in the hordes of people heading to class. She replaced the part of him that hated himself. *Even if I don't like me, at least someone does.* But he'd let her get too close. Every hour they spent together had allowed her into his mind, and he was scared she'd discover its deep, dark crevices. When she spoke to him, her eyes widened and looked for something real inside of his. She thought she'd seen a shooting star in them, but it was just a helicopter circling in the darkness, surveilling. He'd become so good at acting interested in her, making her feel special with peppered compliments and remembering her birthday. Eventually, he'd managed to lure her into bed with him, despite her concerns that getting with someone you live with would end badly. He'd eased her conscience, enough for her to let her guard down. He'd done the same though, and now they were in deep. For a while, he thought he'd done enough to keep her at arm's length, but not too much that he would feel guilty when he hurt her. He would scan the clubs for a prettier, curvier body to go home with, but the effort it took to seduce someone was futile when the girl living across the hall would take him in without question. He didn't mean to be hurtful, and had no ill intentions, but it was in his wiring to do so. His heart was so full of hate for the world that he projected it on those closest to him.

He looked down at her, cheeks squashed together on the pillow. She was pretty, he knew that, but a sense of delusional arrogance nested in the back of his mind told him he could do better. It was undeniable that here in the dark where he resided most, she didn't look out of place. They were a perfect example of yin yang; her lightness entangled with his darkness. Maybe she did fit somewhere in his world, but his narcissistic tendencies weren't ready to make room for her. He felt her chest rise and fall steadily against his side. She had everything figured out – university was going well, and she had a stable job in the local café. They were polar opposites. *But opposites attract* he'd once told her, reciting a line from a song he'd heard in the early 2000's. He kept a bank in his head of lyrics and quotes from novels that were ready to be dispensed at the right moment. Girls could redeem them for the price of a fluttered set of eyelashes or a hand placed lightly on his arm. He'd used them on her at first, but now he found their conversations to be poetic, crafting romantic literature as they conversed.

He looked across to the alarm clock. It flashed 05:46, seemingly more urgently than the last time he'd checked. He scanned the room, looking for the shadows of his belongings. He spotted the half-empty can of beer he had brought in with him, abandoned next to a rose-coloured bra on the dresser. He made out the silhouettes of her friends and family on the walls and recognised the familiar shape of one of them. They stood, broad shoulders and hands-in-pockets, the same way he did when a camera was shoved in his face.

The dark figure looked back at him, judging.

*Why are you still here?* It whispered through the stillness of the room. It had a point; all he earned from being there was a place deeper in the sinkhole that he would have to claw his way out of when things got too serious. Maybe the figure in her dream was him, deceiving her to follow him into the abyss. With his demons and her vulnerability, they were a recipe for hellfire. A combination in which the only result was hurt and pain. He recalled how last week he'd stayed with her on a Wednesday night after she had argued with her dad. They lay, sober, as she tried to hold back tears. He was confused, feeling a need to comfort her but knowing it meant different things for the both of them. In fact, he almost felt guilty for what he was doing. Building a relationship just so he could tear it down.

He didn't want to be this way. He wanted to be perfect for someone. She didn't deserve his manipulation. She was different from the girls he had seduced in the past— nicer, more interesting. Her quirks, like her nasally voice and the little snort in her laugh only made her more appealing. In this moment, faced with the reality of his own actions, he knew he couldn't go on like this. He'd see her in the morning pouring a coffee in the kitchen, and he'd say something that would repulse her and make her lose interest. It was harsh, but it was the only way he could protect them both.

Swiftly, he pulled himself up from the bed and took his clothes from the back of the chair, changing quickly in the shadows. She stirred lightly as he scooped up the rest of his things. She continued to dream about the figure, his face finally becoming clearer, until she was awoken by the latching of her bedroom door.

Lauren McKenna Short Story



# I wish I were someone's favourite coat

HOLLY RADESTOCK, Poetry

I would be used so often.

When winter nights are cold,  
when trees lose their leaves;  
when the world loses its colour,  
you could take me where you please.

I would be so worn.  
Red threads would fray at my seams.  
Cologne would permeate through  
every layer, every dream.

I wish my collar was stained with mascara -  
hands scrubbed raw but the marks remain.  
Sodden by tears, drenched and dripping:  
I wish our past gave me one less walk through the rain.

I wish the heat of your hands burned holes in my sleeves  
that thumbs would burrow to find.  
I wish my bruise-blue buttons hung loosely,  
you wouldn't even mind.

Isn't it better to be broken  
but at least loved by someone warm,

than to be in darkness hanged

like an old uniform?

Holly Radestock Poetry

# Cadaver

ESTHER BUTTON, Poetry

Do it. I dare you.

Rip our seams open

Until the rotting insides

Of our living corpse

Are exposed.

Let the worms and the rats come,

I'll watch them gnaw

On the shadow of what once was

A beautiful body

Esther Button Poetry

Of devotion.

When the pests have had their share,

Stitch us back up -

Messy or neat, it doesn't matter,

Just do it

So that tomorrow we can rip them

Open again

And relive the gory descent of our love

Into torture:

Into a mass of skin

Bursting with the decomposing matter

Of our shared history.

# City Stills

JACK MCKENNA, Photography

I started using photography as a way to get out in lockdown whilst I studied for my Literature degree.



Wandering the empty city streets felt like the opposite of the imaginary spaces I was exploring through novels and poems.



Eventually, I became interested in shooting with film and using my Grandad's camera from the seventies.



I like the limitations of film and how it forces me to be really mindful of what's before me without letting me see the result until later.



It has taught me a lot about how you can use strict limitations and ritual to create art and has refreshed how I see the city I've lived in for nearly four years.

Jack McKenna Photography,

# An Ill-fated Love Story

BORCH, Poetry

In these deep solitudes and awful cells,  
where heav'nly-pensive contemplation dwells,  
all mercantile travellers scream.

Lost amidst the desperate frizzling  
frazzle of a pomegranate sky.

Weeping, cowering behind the modernity  
Of a proportionate mechanical eye;

Endlessly yearning  
For the eternal sunshine  
Of a spotless mind.

Borch Poetry