



zine 02



zine edited by Michał Kamil Piotrowski



Writers Forum Workshop



a workshop series for experimental poetry, open to all



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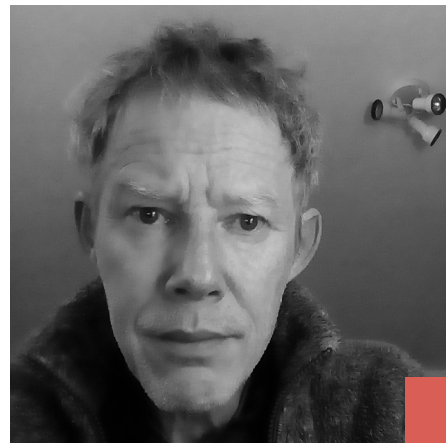
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ANDREW NIGHTINGALE lives in St Leonards-on-Sea and works for an animal protection charity. His most recent poetry pamphlet is *Denizen Disease* (Red Ceilings, 2022). A couple of other spider-related poems can be read at osmosispress.com.



CHARLOTTE HARKER is a visual artist, writer and poet. Her work has been supported by, amongst others, Arts Council England and the Pollock Krasner Foundation. Her practice is grounded in drawing, printmaking and the written word.
IG: @charker2001

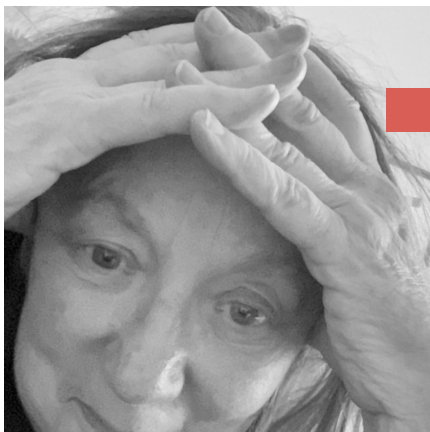


CHRIS GUTKIND. These are offcuts from a longer project, *Digits After Orph*, some of which can be seen at Datableed, Erotoplasty, theHythe. Books: *Inside to Outside*, *Options*, *What Happened*.



JULI JANA received Master's Degree in Creative Writing & Research from Roehampton University. Ran a monthly poetry event MORE POETRY with Ken Champion in London for 10 years ending in 2018. Has published in various UK and South African Poetry Magazines. Was a featured poet/artist in THE HIGH WINDOW. Has a chapbook, *ra-t*, published by Shearsman.

FRANCES PRESLEY was born in Derbyshire, of Dutch-Javanese and English parents, in 1952. She grew up in Lincolnshire and Somerset, and lives in London. She studied at the University of East Anglia. Publications include *Halse for Hazel* (2014) on trees and their languages; *Ada Unseen* (2019) on Ada Lovelace, mathematician and computer visionary; her *Collected Poems 1973-2020* was published in two volumes by Shearsman in 2022. Presley has written essays and reviews, especially on innovative British women poets. Her work is in the anthologies *Infinite Difference* (Shearsman, 2010), *Ground Aslant: radical landscape poetry* (Shearsman, 2011), *Out of Everywhere2* (Reality Street, 2015) and *Fractured Ecologies* (EyeCorner, 2020).
www.francespresley.co.uk



JO MARINER – can't help it . . . feeling-words seem the way and the what to follow . . . this leads Jo where some folks don't follow . . . or think they can't . . . or can't bother . . . but to tell the truth . . . Jo loves the surprise they always have waiting . . . although she wonders herself sometimes where she has ended up . . . but still . . . Jo's going ! more of Jo . . . (spoken words as well) at listeners2016.com

Being in spiders' eyes

1
 spider
 shape void
 silk on

the gate
 reverses
 concrete

2
 heavy beads
 striking on
 silk strands

wet eyes
 without
 hearing

drawn
 into another
 world the plain
 stone farmers
 of riddles

the soul
 unfinished
 work of grace
 who was the
 best loved

hardest
 gold hides
 pain the rigor
 of myrrh thick
 with light only

ridges of
 of eucalyptus
 fallen shade
 where heat
 is bathed

earthly
 aspect

an arc
 in three
 whyals

capable
 in her way
 nine days

striking
 light

the light
 in earth

depth
 attracting
 dark

eight
 ways to find
 the waters

blue ceiling
 stars

3
 myrror
 sunbirds
 hide circles

interscopic
 shadow
 reverse

4
 unruh eggs
 from hands
 to the east

prisoner
 of psy and
 pilgrim lost

shrine
 built on past
 shrine built on
 field of wheat
 and longing

black
 and white
 and colour
 striking to pass
 through

ready to
 move to click
 riddle twitch
 stamp in telling
 fever out

object that
 meaning has
 capture of white
 rhythm living
 through death

the great
 in which

from
 descending
 requires

world
 assumptions
 of fertility

by the
 division

the power
 present

to travel
 with nothing
 an outsider

by the
 good spiders
 arriving

secretly
 of which

5
 amethyst
 copper
 in the
 shadows

cut's hot
 tested on
 more analysis

6
 to make
 in the
 in the
 in the

to be
 in the
 in the

light and
 remembrance
 crawling the self
 flagellation of
 a head outside

in the
 pines high on
 altered states
 trees strike
 sheep change

gemstone
 moments of
 and jewel
 plunging down
 to the ancient

the date
 not normal
 gone now here
 knowing nothing
 living only

speechless
 sorrow

soft
 quake and
 drought

through
 blank-faced
 governance

parted
 away

to reach
 consequence

spin and
 spin up
 spin out

in spider
 eyes Mariah
 and a jar

to be
 bullet

1

shaped void
looking out
spider

dying gate
reverses
concentric

drawn
into another
world the plain
stone corners
of riddles

the yet
unfinished
work of grace
who was the
best loved

earthly
aspect

an arc
in three
murals

candlelit
in henry's
nine days

stroking
light

2

gaily beads
striding on
silk strands

wet eyes
without
hearing

harvest
gold hides
pain the rigor
of myrrh thick
with harmony

fingers
of eucalyptus
fallen shade
where heat
is bathed

hexy that
meadows

warmth
attracting
dark

eight
ways to find
the waters

blue ceiling
stars

3

hypnotic
scribbles
and circles

bitterscotch
marbled
conkscrews

shrine
built on past
shrine built on
a field of wheat
and longing

black
and bronze
and celebrant
shaking to pass
through oil

the gated
trptych

stone
descending
features

old
assumptions
of fertility

byrjeted
convulsion

4

Jewish eggs
from lands
to the east

prisonery
gypsy and
pilgrim lost

ready to
move to click
wriggle twitch
stamp in letting
fevers out

older than
meaning can
capture of white
rhythm living
through death

the power
present

to travel
with nothing
an outsider

by stealth
good spiders
artifying

secretly
crowned

5

anywhere
co-opting in
flat meshes

cut's hot
tested on
pure analysis

flight and
remained
crawling the self
flagellation of
a real outside

mercy of
pines high on
altered states
breezes stin for
sheep change

speechless
sorrow

stiff
quake and
drought

through
blank-faced
governance

partied
away

6

to make
garden
on pink roses

tobacco
sparkling
minerals

gems one
moments of
sudden wells
plunging down
to the ancient

the daze
not normal
gone now here
knowing nothing
living only

to dash
consequence

spin and
spin until
spin out

on spider
eyes Mariah
and black

to bite
bullets

Looking out of the spider

in debt to Laura (Riding) Jackson's "Elegy in a spider's web"

spider is only spider
in human eyes
does not know itself spider
by human eyes



in human eyes
the spider
the spider needs to be seen
to be spider

the best idea of spider
no spider can out-spider
the spider to the spider
looking out



needs human eyes
the human idea of spider
is only spider
from black unknown

looking out
being a wordless gaze
to be spider
to look from to be



on human eyes unhuman
not wanting idea of spider
only needing black unknown
unspoken spider the spider

no human sees
in the web of human eyes
from the word spider
by human gaze



spiders not trapped
a web that makes spiders
a web of words made
from human eyes

falling on black unknown
unknown to be known
is truly this spider
a reaching tongue



to cast idea onto black
as human idea the spider
when human eye
lands on black unknown

defies its looking back
back from black unknown
and gaze of no idea
to manifest web



the unspoken looking
with eyes not named
only returning from web
return from word

to home in spider
being retracted from gaze
of human being
and black unknown



not known to human
so dead to eyes
alive by being unspoken
unlit by word

the tongue's ruler
the measure kept unknown
an idea no idea
an idea no spider



denied measure
being unseen in no idea
can look upon and hold
ever let spider be

*a one-word synopsis of each news report and advertisement on page 13 of the
London Metro free newspaper issue dated 3 July 2023*

DEATH
DEATH
SEX
BIRTH
TRAVEL
SEX
MONEY
VIOLENCE

Two Persons Carry a Sheet of Glass

Two persons carry a sheet of glass across a path to a waiting van or to a **picture framers** or a **glazers** specialising in conservatories or to a residence where a conservatory is being constructed **and**

Two persons carry a sheet of glass across a path whilst a piano is being lowered or raised by a pulley system to a first-floor window of a flat above the residence where the conservatory is being constructed or to a picture framers or a glazers expecting the delivery of a sheet of glass being delivered by

Two persons carry a sheet of glass across a path whilst a piano is being lowered and to be taken to a workshop for repair or is being raised having been repaired to be placed in a room in the first floor flat using a pulley system because the piano is too big to be carried up or down the stairs to the first floor flat below which

Two persons carry a sheet of glass across a path to a waiting van or to a ground floor residence where a conservatory is being constructed or to a picture framers or glazers expecting a delivery by

Two persons carry a sheet of glass across a path and a person is opening a manhole cover from the inside which is in the way of

Two persons carry a sheet of glass across a path whilst a piano is being raised or lowered above them and a manhole cover is being opened in their way and a jet engine above them is falling down to the path where

Two persons carry a sheet of glass whilst a jet engine above them is falling to the ground and a manhole cover is being opened in their way and a piano is being raised or lowered and a person is on the roof of the first floor flat carrying out repairs and has dislodged a section of roof tiles above

Two persons carry a sheet of glass across a path where

Two persons carry a sheet of glass whilst a piano is being raised or lowered to or from a first floor flat a manhole cover is being opened in their way and a jet engine above them is falling to the ground and loose roof tiles are dropping from the roof of the first floor flat and a person is being chased around the corner running at high pace and heading into the sheet of glass being carried across a path by two persons who carry a sheet of glass

Middle of Computer

O middle of computer I'm still caring there
but I'm not sure I want to be, or who, or why.
Our world's about to end, all you hold dear.

The mind spins its data stuck in feedy cares
and personal loves like phones makes Icry.
In middle of computer I'm still unherethere,

in-screened doing in-work years into a year,
coding my lives on and reloading on our lies,
our world's about logon, all your bot'd ears.

The inoutput and twitperts deny end is near,
nukes won't be used, seas won't rise into sky,
O middly of computer I'm still care of here,

there's no need for us to uncode and unfear,
there's just the need to believe your un-die.
Our world's about to go, all data you dear'd.

And many, maybe most, will game in tears.
No longer will we go all twittly to appsigh
in middle of computer: *I'm still unherehere!*
Our world's nearly delete, all we love dear.

options

line 1: caring | daring + there | here

4: cares | ears | gears

6: untherehere | so unawary | daring there | caring there

9: about logon | near logoff | nearly unlog

all your bots dear | your bot'd gear

all you bot'd dear | dears | near

12: daring there | so unawares | caring there

13: reface or face fear | decode and defear

overcodel your die | code-in your un-die | code over your die

15: about to off | nearly off | gonna unlog

all you data dears | all your data dear | gear

your data smeared | all data all smear'd

16: on tears | the tear

17: SEE Options in Third to Last Line of Middle of Computer in *Pamenar*

18: *In middle of computer I'm still unhearyhere!*

19: nearly | kinda | gonna

Ahoy!

I.com love you
I really do.com
it's.com a lot to ask
but will you be
my.com you.com
one day too?

remember when
we fell in.com love
but now maybe
we really love.com
each.com other

our parents.com
should know it
and maybe when
we we.com too
they'll know.com it
deep4.0 inside

I heard it works
like that.com

it's nice.com
if.com it's true.com
and not just
some old tale

see.com later
kiss.com
upon your neck
like you
like.com

sleep soft
if you rest.com
after all this
semi com
will be.com better
next time
having more
time.com

can't wait
for youcom!

etc

COMings

I.com love you
I love.com you
I love you.com

I.com hate you
I hate.com you
I hate you.com

I.com buy you
I buy.com you
I buy you.com

I.com sell you
I sell.com you
I sell you.com

etc
you do more
please

Black Fens Viral: 7 March 23

in memory of Anthony Mellors

am

i

rusting caravans of the Iron Age, Littleport, I've missed you, I didn't mean to make fun of your corrugation I didn't mean to make fun of your congregation thrown along the trackways for my goodbyes honeycombed black earth ditch shadows shake Littleport, I've missed you I didn't mean to make fun of your corrugationake, your corrugating caravans shake to the Bronze Age tracks rusting caravans of your cohort, I didn't mean to make fun of your corrugage

ii

there will be snow in King's Lynn today good morning stack of bricks good morning gravel ballast held by reeds good morning heartbreak snow swirled as we fell asleep by the stove last March good morning white fleet of coaches good morning white ballast held by reedsar good morning heartbreak relax everything I said as we fell asleep by reedsting there will be snow in King's Lynn today two crows patrol the pony enclosure good morning white enamel bath good morning gravel ballast held by reedsinking good morning heartbreak, relax everything I said starting with your toes as we fell asleep and snow swirled two crows patrol the stove there will be snow in King's Lynn today

iii

magnificent monkey puzzle at Watlington - going to meet you at - *the next station* - going towards lighter brown soil - not wanting to arrive at - insert appropriate name - silt not peat - your lemon drizzle cake - *the next station is* - Anthony, you were always waiting at King's Lynn station

pm

iv

three hares in three furrows an Asian woman waves at the train why did he keep that poster of the Chinese Girl? this woman waves from a field end herd of muntjac peaceably grazing three furrows though I have no idea why she is waving or how he kept that poster of muntjac why am I here? why was it so good? he was warm and loving he was exasperating why did he keep that poster of the train? why am I a herd of muntjac the llamas foregather ay he was warm and loving no idea why she is waving at that poster of the Chinese Girl why is she waving at the train from a field end herd of people? why am I here? why was it so good? he was warm and loving he exasperated a lot of people she waves at the llamas foregathered why am I her? why am I here? he exasperated a lot of llamas

v

cumulus clouds mass against blue sky irregular forms above regular fields the land beyond the shadows, Kate said, I love the shadows in the fens like Microsoft Bliss, I almost said but these are the ancient shadows of our trackways and fields today I want the trackless white clouds unfielded unherded directionless a flock of sedentary swans lift and shake the regular forms I almost said, I love the shadows in the land beyond when they lift and shake their wings

5 Scenes (from a Window Seat)

Scene 1

verticals direct your eye / horizontals doze /
distances make you cry
their sweep \ your unmeasured guess

wait
another chance

Scene 2

empty roads drain away
cross directions
with purpose you do not know

you think you should try

Scene 3

fresh green tries to be what is wanted
it is not

your first memory --
is it simple / bright?
complex / dark?
tart / refreshing?

is it urgent?

Scene 4

little trees planted in rows
thirsty as prayer

it's the underside of leaves that breathe

your every hope lies in extend
wiggling roots / waving in breeze
letting bees in

it is your fate to find what you need
in unexpected places

Scene 5

never mind if your sigh trails into sleep
you will recognise true danger
in the middle of the dream
a field without stone / yellow predominates
episodes wash away

you live in that house / roof still visible
floating downstream
you can live in that house
only its roof visible
floating downstream

(is it a dream?)

Sequence on Change

light and shadow shift
sift silt down soft to cover
under
shape grows
over
itself and over again to
other start
startling resolve / ordinal ordinary
certain / uncertain
focused unfocused focused un

so the tricky see / saw

tips
/ balance

the take or NOT / the take to BE
the lost in profound seek
the wish to be found

walk to the looking glass
curling curious
agog with notice
touch cold impenetrable

real

reflection
gives no giving / no finding
no opening to enter / end in

what remains -- does not remain

swift and graceful dazzle
muffled as the sound of
soft soled shoes tip tap tap
tip tap tap
across the floor

waltz
without music

what once was
now to new

at each pulse
one / two / three
again

one / two / three
one / two / three

one / two / three

all gone

- London

so many churches gone
many accidental fires
gone are the box pews
gone the church doors
pipe organ
pews & pulpit under steeples
87 churches burnt in the great fire

pinnacles of sable silver piercing a winter's day gone
carefully carved interiors
domed interiors
steeples of varied height & design lost
unusual steeple with lantern topped vase
pilastered pyramid towers
edging facades no more
an once loved choir and steeple demolished in 1611

many Medieval churches lost

screen gift from pre-fire church 1666 lost
on the flight of the king a chapel is sacked
Roman Catholic chapel 1687 during the reign of James II gone
forget the lion

escapees run riot
excluded by strategically placed gates
hung on long hinges
five top-hatted gate-keepers retire in 1893
leaving unguarded five octagonal steps

from 1890 to 1893 in the name of progress 27
of the 47 remaining churches destroyed
some roofs burnt & rebuilt then destroyed by direct hit 1940

when not rebuilt
warehouses replace churches

from 1640 in Anchor Lane Lower Thames Street
the following items discarded:
gallery flooring boards
joists & staircases & doors
lead cistern
Georgian tiled & plastered gardens & gates
some given to Protestant refugees from the Low Countries
others sent to dumps
some church stones transported to gardens

Sale of Tender
Painting go to saloons
floorboards carvings
a stuffed head & paw
tallow candles

where are they to be found?
The Fittings of St Matthew's Church
the handsome oak alter piece
wrought-iron grilles torn from sound arches
rolls & and rolls of lead from the roof

seek them in the streets

Christ Church Newgate gone
the later Nonconformist church gone
notice posted:
instead of octagonal place of worship there be none

London County Council demolish many churches
Commissioners Church
Dutch Church Austin Friars
St Peter Regent Square
consisting of the whole of the oak panelling
complete regular & uniform
containing architectural façade
counterpoint of form now no more

another 29 churches gone
look for All Hallows Staining
All Hallows The Great & Less
look for

where is
St Agnes
St Alban Wood Street
St Andrew-by-the-Wardrobe
St Anne
St Anselm & St Cecilia Sardinia Street
St Bride Fleet Street
St Clement Danes Strand
St Dionis Backchurch Lime Street
St Dunstan-in-the East
St Helen Bishopsgate
St John Red Lion Square
St Lawrence Jewry
St Lawrence Jewry
St Mary Abchurch
St Mary Aldermanbury
St Mary Aldermary
St Mary Magdalene Old Fish Street
St Mary-le-Bow
St Mary-le-Strand
St Matthew Friday Street
St Mildred Bread Street
St Mildred Bread Street
St Mildred Poultry
St Nicholas Cole Abbey
St Nicholas Cole Abbey
St Peter Cornhill All Hallows Lombard Street
St Stephen Coleman Street
St Swithins

men built them
men destroyed them

did they ever belong to man?

**Reference Survey of London Vol XVIII The Strand, Vol XVI Charing Cross St.
Martin in the Fields part 1
Reference: Lost London A century of Demolition and Decay. Hermione
Hobhouse 1971
Macmillan London**



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A red graphic element consisting of a horizontal line extending from the end of the text, a vertical line extending downwards from the end of the horizontal line, and a diagonal line extending from the bottom-right corner of the vertical line towards the bottom-left corner of the page.