

'The self forms at the edge of desire, and the science of the self arises in the effort to leave that self behind' - Eros the Bittersweet, Anne Carson

Pink Cover Zine
issue # 3
'Mementos'

Guest editor: Ramon Loyola Created by Samantha Trayhurn

In

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@pinkcoverzine

1st edition

of 50

Front cover: Walrus Skull, by Natalia Bennett

Back cover: Mystic Writing Pad, by Stephen. J. Williams

When I released the theme for this issue, 'mementos,' I had no idea the significance that that word would come to hold. I enlisted the help of Ramon Loyola as guest editor, and we mused on the idea of the things we carry from place to place – in our hands – our hearts – our bodies. Both the things we want to remember and those we would prefer to forget. The bitter-sweetness of reminiscence. We wanted to provide a place to put those memories down for a while. To alleviate the burden, or share the joy.

On the 12th of September, just as we were putting the finishing touches on the final draft, I learned that Ramon Loyola had passed away during the night, after unexpectedly suffering from a brain aneurysm at work. Like so many others who knew Ramon, I was shocked and devastated by the news. I pictured him as he was during our last meeting at a café near his office in Sydney. Excited about the quality of work we had received – invigorated by his passion for poetry and prose. He was a long way from his cubicle. The top button of his business shirt was undone. We talked about being far from home. About printing presses in Manila in the 1980's.

Recalling our time working together, I knew that people could too be mementos. We can continue to carry them with us. I felt very grateful that our project was a source of happiness for him, and even more grateful that he got to see it come to fruition. Since I arrived in Sydney, Ramon was a kind ear, a mentor, and an advocate of this project. I have no doubt that the success of *Pink Cover Zine* is in no small part due to Ramon's support.

Contained within is a collection of work selected by Ramon. His own editorial note in the coming pages is now so much more poignant. Ramon touched all of these poems in his own way. Providing inspiration from his greening home city, in the gentle ebb of shared time, by the simple brush of a punctuation mark. For me, this collection is not only a testament to Ramon's editorial gifts, but it is something that we can all remember him by.

Ramon, in his modesty, wrote a poem for this issue, but was uncertain if he should include it because it had not undergone an unbiased editorial process. I assured him that I would include it as part of my own editorial, and you will find it as the closing word inside the back cover.

Whether you knew Ramon or not, I hope this issue will connect you to vestiges of light, love, loss and longing; and to this beautiful and talented soul.

I will be forever grateful for this memento of a dear friend.



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Brianna Courtney Bullen

UMBRELLA (—memory of a

Fragment of-from a dream)

Mark Bolsover

Mark Bolsover

Self portrait of
11 Catherine Street #12
Nick Chlopicki



The ways that we were by Ramon Loyola

Remembrance. Sometimes, it's a conscious thing for most of us who wear our longings on the sleeve. And sometimes, it comes at you like a swift gust of wind, a kick in the stomach, a speeding train that passes by in a flash. It can hunker down on you with the weight of the world until every last drop of tear has been shed. Or it can embed itself in you like a seed germinating underneath the skin.

The gleam of memento – the moving, the subtle, the grating, the vibrating pulse – presents itself as tangible objects. Manifesting as narratives of the olden days and past-times, it carries time in pockets of memory.

I had the honour of marveling at this selection of art, prose and poetry – that carries the sweetness (and sometimes, difficulty) of memorialising the times, people, places, and things that could shape and mold us into the ways that we were and the ways that we are now – and it has stoked the fire of my own longing for such mementos that inhabit the chambers of the broken heart, the echo caves of the mind.

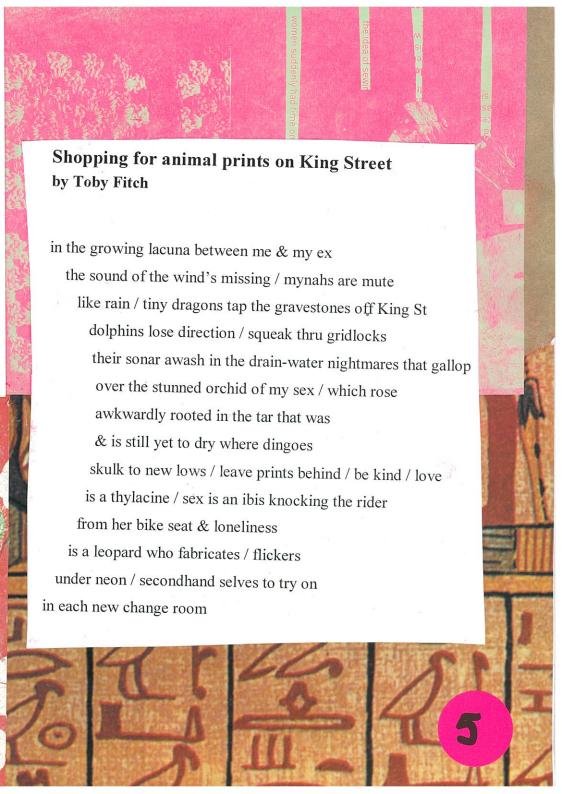
I'm amazed at how simple acts and interactions invoke memories that encroach on the senses, those connections and impressions that stick to the walls of the mind. The mementos contained in this brilliant issue of *Pink Cover Zine* are the stories of our collective lives, the connecting threads and ribbons of remembrances that make it easier to live in the now and that enable us to look brightly towards a possibly fulfilling (and fulfilled) future. I hope they become your own mementos.

I am deeply indebted to Sam Trayhurn for letting me be a part of all the reminiscing.

Ramon Loyola 2018



Ramon Loyola was the guest editor for this issue of *Pink Cover Zine*. He was a Sydney based poet, editor and author. His writing appeared in various online and print publications in Australia and overseas. He also co-edited the creative arts journal Verity La's *Discoursing Diaspora* project. Ramon passed away on September 12th 2018.







Sugar daddy by Beth Spencer

Come visit, you said Would you come visit if I sent you a ticket?

Paris streets, walking in my Doc Martens The smell of sex, the stairs, the pastry shops

Striding, with nowhere to go (just away from you)

Easy pickings for men trying to pick me up Really? you would say when I returned

The abuse The apologies

Once I did see some police beating up a man Stop it! I yelled. They just looked at me

stunned that I would interfere
Then continued with what they were doing

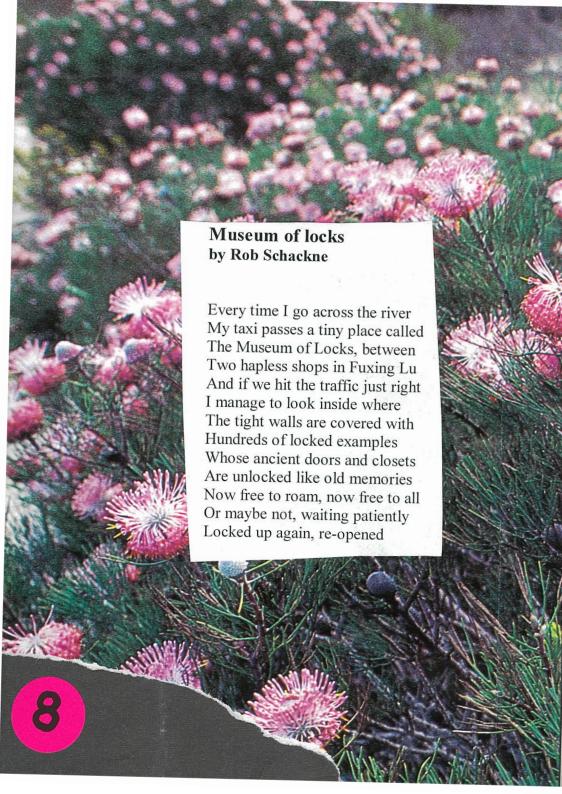
You continued
We always continued

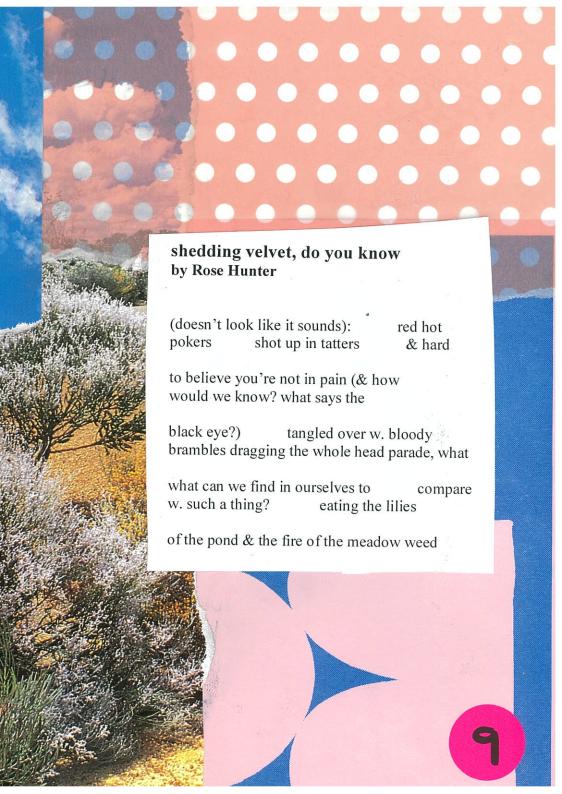
And in a cafe, my first cup of coffee in five years I'll keep the sugar

after all I paid for it



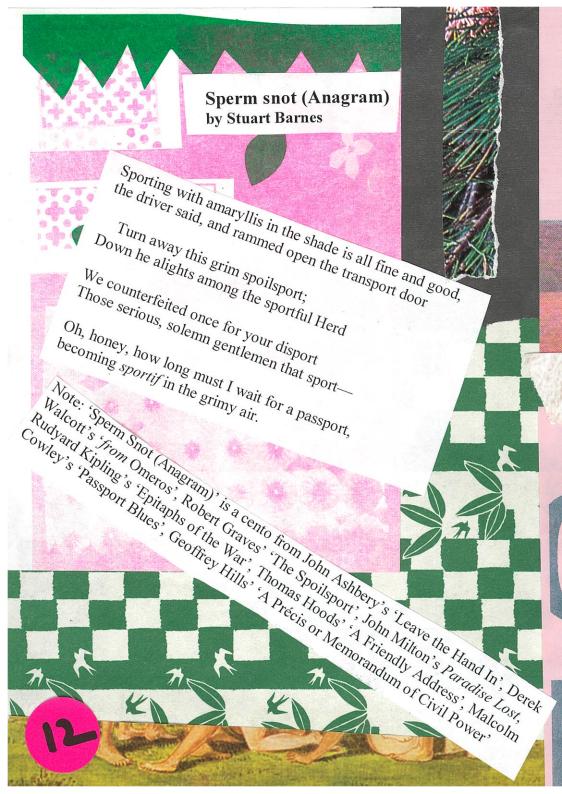


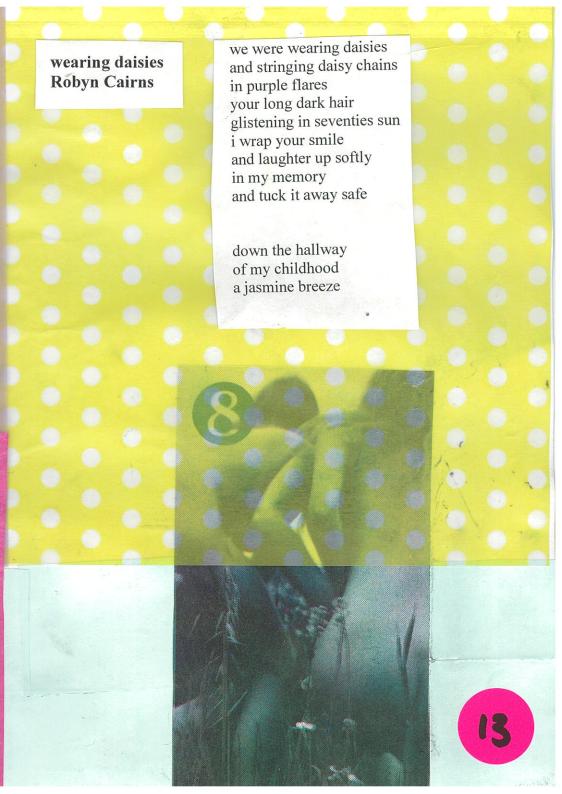












Beach pebbles

by Jamie Stedmond

She blinks the salt out of her eyes. Dark, oily waves gush beneath her, a struggling mass of water undulating, throwing itself time and time again against rocky outcrops. A hopeless effort, the water slithering back defeated after every barrage. She knows one day it will eat away the land. Time has a terrible habit of wearing things down.

She could be forgiven for forgetting that, standing where she is now. Everything here seems to move in a loop. The waves rush in one by one. The wind blows steadily, the cliff grasses gently dancing. Multitudes of grey drift slowly above. Seabirds slide along the drafts, circling. The moment seems preserved, like a ship in a bottle. Is she the one preserving it? She could believe it, almost, that perhaps she has some control over time.

And maybe she does. Maybe if she thinks hard enough she can send the waves back. Watch the water scoop itself up and retreat, pulling its film back towards the horizon. Make the clouds withdraw quickly, thundering backwards, the sun dragging itself like white-hot iron out of the quenching saltwater, then plunging back down, faster and faster, rolling back the days until the beach below becomes lively once more with pale bodies moving about in sunshine and among the shingle and marram-fast dunes a dog darts with a soggy tennis ball in its mouth which a woman tries to wrench from its hard white teeth and there she is again as the water welcomes hundreds of reversing vessels, hunched over fraying rope in a salt-worn boat painted in the thick reds and whites only seen in seaside towns — she steers fast, drawn back towards an island that distance makes into a mossy

rock, and now she crouches at the water's edge, tiny and young, picking shells and sea-glass treasures and placing them into the makeshift bag of a faded t-shirt, with the end held out to create a little pocket, and these are just the brightest flashes of a thousand sights of her until she is there no more, instead two strangers retrace their steps side by side in a close jacket and thick jumper, and one day she will be because they are laughing and – a tower of inky water hammers down over them, washing away the fog of their forms.

She blinks again. It seems time has snapped, like drawn elastic, back to its natural position. The shingle beach of shell and smooth rock shards is empty. Beach pebbles are strewn about like hearts below. There are no boats moving out on the water. The distant island, invisible in the fierce conditions. She kicks a stone off the cliff edge and watches it plummet. The images she recalled were soft where they had once been sharp and jutting. They are worn smooth now by the wind and the water raging all around. And time. Time has a terrible habit of wearing things down. She walks back along the cliff-side path, clutching a small and insistent hand. Looking at the tiny trainers trailing their laces over damp, sprouting grass and sandstone, she thinks, as well, that time has a wonderful habit of building up things.



Four for summer by Sheila Murphy

If ever I am warm again, consider your performance role. in which the subject predicates

recasting sky light wedged between rooftop and imaginary singing,

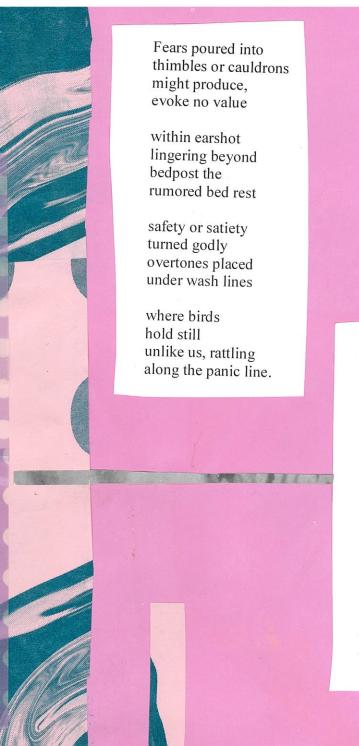
blemishing the otherwise mishandling mangled psychological foray into

invention forged into a white stone fact of swamp life rigor mort. Scapular retracts the sin not yet committed as forgiven once

the shelf life hastens to regard a wash a signature retention of the once recruited

pale cadets gone singular onto the pathway littered with repeat signs posing as diverse as if

to think equaled in kind rapport the fingering for F# above familiar middle-C.





I know you
Do not want to
Hear from me
We are not now

What we were You repeat me Ceaselessly Replay unplay unplug

Then play Against the odd Man out count One two feather dust

implored, deplored, onboard with who we said we were we are apart



The Coke sign at the Cross by Kristen de Kline

Workmen in blue overalls fly high on scaffolding the chief electrician presses down on a flashing globe eight hundred neon lights blink to nothingness don't look back

together we'll always be dismantled letter by letter together in electric dreams

a man holding a steel hammer auctions off letters I just close my eyes in the morning E n j o y C o c a -C o la an upper case 'C'? a lower case 'a'? is this where we us ends begins rewinds forgets I just close my eyes in the morning electric dreams back-fire gun shots rain

A big yellow taxi the Coke sign tubes, flickering crimes scenes stolen kisses ecstasy peaking together we'll always be together dis-assembled piece by piece the sign comes down eccy Tuesday lands with a thump you she we come undone



Out Lawless way
somebody bought the hyphen
tossed it on a vacant plot
a dead man with hollow bones tags it with luminous lime spray-paint
you start smoking again stubbing out butts through denim flesh
ashes fall like flakes
icing on the hyphen
Out Lawless way

Stolen kisses big yellow taxi on off on off neon lighting cheap hotel room Chinese landscape, waterfalls running down a golden frame throw away kisses love promises not running on time come undone writhe around in electric dreams



my ex-lover's shoes Scott-Patrick Mitchell

i. size 7 white Converse hi-tops

too small to carry my feet these shoes hunch toes like the shoulders of my ex listening to me vex how he was my devil's advocate for the other as if i wasn't struggling enough with just us how they smelt of resentment toward me, his mother incapable of holding us

ii. size 10 black Adidas hi-tops

into the other we fit perfect our love a learning of how to exchange spit & semen dreams for weaving knew he was trouble when he said he wanted to be a trophy wife because that was my goal when he gave me an ultimatum i decided to break my own heart & hold on to a pair of his shoes, fragrance bringing his curls back into view

iii. size 11 black Doc Marten boots

idyllic like an anarchist who washes, he was a protest chant between the sheets on the streets a hero for the people in love with a needle filled with heroin he was gone before the words i wanted to speak could form in my throat but he stamped his boot shaped heart over mine every callous there a reminder of how hard it is to hold those who burn to shine





Recalling Sarah by Denise O'Hagan

I'm moved to write to you Whom I have never known Whom I have always known.

How can it be? I am puzzled By my own assurance (I, assured about so little) Over someone who died Before I was born And lived a world away.

I look at my creased, handed-down photo Of your softly sepia'd twenty-year-old self And wonder.

Your dark-eyed composure
Composes in turn my thoughts
There's poise in your posture
And challenge in the tilt of your head
A delicate sense of expectancy
As you look back through me and beyond
Towards a future that never really happened.

The parameters of disease
Marked out in the white-sheeted hospital bed
The tread of nurses, the clink of medicine bottles
And their hopeless ministrations, all this
A mere decade away.

(Note: My grandmother passed away from pulmonary tuberculosis in Waikato Hospital, New Zealand, in 1932. She was 31.)





For now, though
You're all dressed up, bridal-like again
And oh, so elegant
A photo was no small occasion, then.
But in your eyes
(my father's eyes, my eyes)
Is a foreshadowing
Of space where
A life should have been.

When you coughed Strawberry splashes Through your handkerchief, And sweated the night away Awaking fatigued and heavy-lunged, They knew.

You wept, as they took you away
The corridors of your memory
Running you back to when
You held your child's heartbeat close to yours
Not covered up, separated, segregated
Portioned off like something unclean.

And when they brought your son to visit The nurses bit their lips
And kept him at a distance.
It was a cruel farewell.

I think
He never stopped missing you
And the missingness
Was passed down, and down.

And so your photo
Still sits in front of me
A haunting, present absence.

The Australian and New Zealand Pharmaceutical Formulary, 1934 Gareth Jenkins

Carried you 14 years now, palm-sized blue book bought for a dollar.

Inside, Dr. J. W. Quilter's hand-written scripts, their unexpected translucence and the many folded hand-drawn plans of a house. Advice for would-be renters perhaps?

A crossed circle indicates 'Milk: on back steps — money too. No milk Wed. Night.'

The kitchen 'Nice and Sunny', the flat 'all electric', bus timetable 'available on request' driveway edged by pepper trees incinerator at back fence.

Later the poetics of the Formulary:
how you can't help but say 'Mix the Exsiccated Ferrous
Sulphate'
in iambic pentameter.

How it's the phrase 'Oil of Cinnamon'



that most clearly evokes the Zambezi night markets, where men of fine wire roasted maize to the hiss of hurricane lanterns and you spined your finger on that urchin.

Locals gathered to inspect, soaked it in kerosene, said
'If you survive the night you'll be okay.'
20 years on: still the black spot. Still the pain.

Turning another page,
'Syrup of Quinine and Strychnine' captures
the aftertaste of Kumar's chai,
the one he drugged you with to feed you jewels
stitched closed and sealed with wax kept all these years.

As they carried you out into the night clusters of children kissed your hands with feathered lips like you were some kind of minor prince, their faces bowed, upturned, then quickly away into the dark.



Place Burial by Mark Roberts

Mildred started packing the day after the contracts were signed. A twelve-week settlement. The agent had to explain to her what that meant: three months before they had to move out, three months before the sale money would come through. After sixty-four years, three months were nothing. She already felt the wrench of loss.

She knew it was going to be a hard move. She had only moved twice in her life. Once when she was eight she had to make everything fit into a single suitcase to take on the ship to Sydney. Anything that could fit was left behind, sold off with the bakery and the small orchard. She only had a hazy memory of Devon and of her sister who had died two years before they had left. The sister, she had been told, had been buried in the church yard. That was an easy move. The case packed and then one day everything loaded onto the cart, and they left.

Someone had done all the hard work, she had just followed. Years later they had moved from the old farmhouse, out of the orchard, to the new house at the top of the dairy paddock. It was a gradual move. She had brought things across over a number of months. One day they were eating dinner in the old kitchen with the gaps in the walls, the next day they were in the new kitchen with the big new wood stove and the pipes that carried hot water to taps.

This was different. This farm had been her home for sixty years. She knew the dirt here. She knew the winds and could tell when they were about to turn by looking at the clouds. She knew the sounds the house made and when it would make them. She could smell the seasons before they happened. She knew where the snakes would wait for a chook. She knew this place and couldn't imagine living anywhere else.



She began collecting things. Little pieces she knew belonged here. Things that couldn't leave the farm. A photo of her parents outside the bakery half a world and an entire lifetime away. A hairclip from her sister who was buried in the distant churchyard. A drawing her father had made of the house she was sitting in as it was being built. As she came across each piece she wrapped them carefully in plastic and placed them in a metal tin, a biscuit tin with a picture of wheat and oats on the lid.

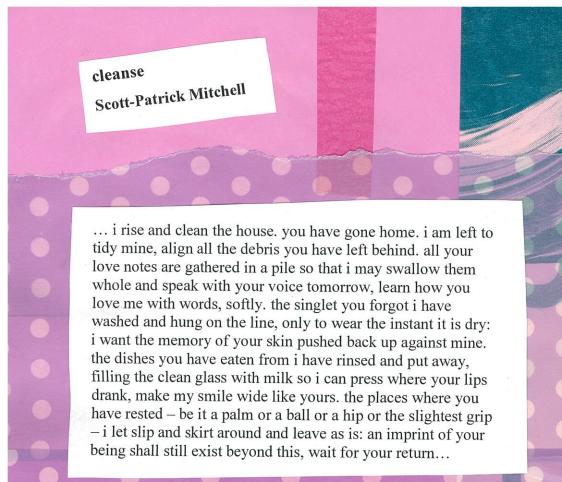
Each day she placed something else in the tin. Something small and important. Until a week before the final move she knew it was full - there was no need to try and fit anything else in.

It was four days until the full moon. The first two nights were cloudy and dark. She knew where she wanted to go. She could have moved herself there by instinct, but she needed to see each step. So she waited, counting down the days.

On the third day, it rained during the morning. A soft, light hazy rain. She had watched rain like this for decades roll in off Canobolas, across the bottom paddocks, across Cargo Road, gently dampening the apple trees before covering the windows of the house in a fine mist. It could stay for an hour or for days. She didn't want it to stop. She knew it was the last rain she would feel from this house.

But it did stop after an hour and the clouds thinned. Then, it lifted entirely by late afternoon. She decided to wait one more day for the last full moon.







Surat Udara (Aerogramme) by Anita Patel

Tucked between the covers of a tattered exercise book - a letter to my mother (your daughter) living in a country of snow and seasons:

28th Oct 64
My darling Yvonne,
I sent you the X'mas cake on Saturday 24th
Now do not be greedy and eat it before X'mas...
There are some kachang cake in the box too...
As soon as I feel fit I shall go down to town
and get you the ikan bilis,
Mr. Tay from the Supermarket promised that he would

Mr. Tay from the Supermarket promised that he would get fresh stuff and pack them ready for shipment...

I shall write the recipe for pineapple tart on the next page so shall close with best love and kisses to one and all Your loving Mum-

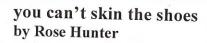
I see my mother's slim fingers slitting the aerogramme slowly, meticulously – taking care not to tear the delicate blue of a faraway sky, fearful of losing a single inky syllable...

(Surat Udara with a map of Malaya on the stamp) I see her in our tiny English kitchen with the October sky falling like a leaden blanket over the damp garden...

I see her

holding the pale paper tenderly, breathing in words from home...

29



gabbing about their skills and on. about the people they'd taken and on. coz

they liked it. checkerboarding the walls: boots, high heels, baby janes

loafers, sneakers like mine

you can't skin the shoes, they said i said coz shoes are already skin

his gaze said you are being too literal, his gaze said you are into the pharmaceuticals, he said

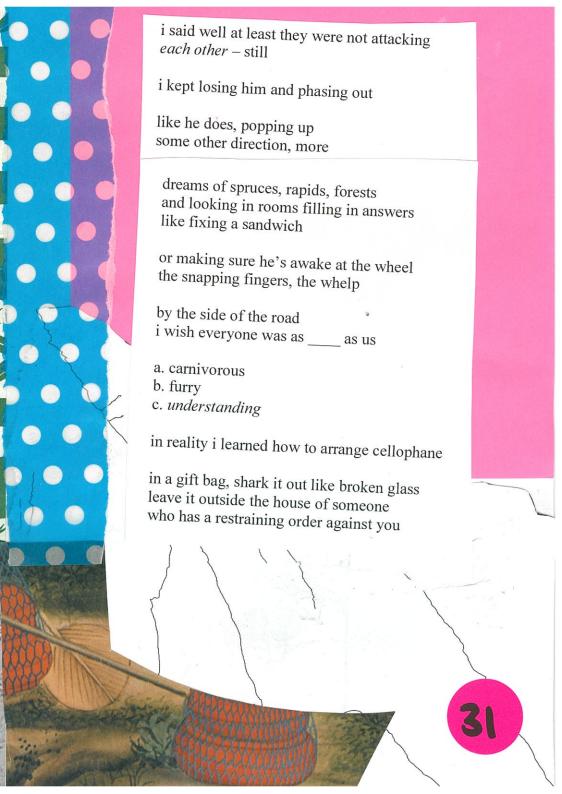
please shut the window

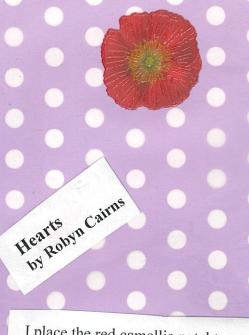
because leaving is an opportunity for everything to be lost (airconditioning!) we call this

insecure attachment

because i called us baby bears yesterday, or said that you had bear feet you seemed not to want to consider that







I place the red camellia petal to cover my palm. The heart shaped petal is slightly bruised. Petal on skin I contemplate hearts. Hearts break, become damaged, can be fragile, pump blood, can be cut into cookie dough, be worn on a sleeve or edible bracelet. Hearts can stop dead. The camellia petal on the damp grass begins its decay with a bruise soon to help grow new life. Dad's heart is now ash drifting across the river valley.



My Ithaca, surrounded by the sea, My Argos, peeing on me. by Brianna Courtney Bullen

When I return

my dog gets so excited

he bounds and leaps, tongue lolling

and eyes seal big and smug with eye whites widening. He sees my shoes as an appropriate toilet as if to say 'never leave again.' Birthday notifications ping in conventional happy bdays, enjoy your days and hbd's for those not close. Private. you send me a belated birthday message declaring me to be a manifestation of ironic cynicism slightly weaker than my drunken revelation and birthday gift that you're a sardonic bastard; I guess we're both arseholes on opposing continents. You fill me in on your adventures in Sweden, viewing shooting stars from your cabin at the Perseids maximum. I pretend to know where that is not wanting to broadcast our different experiences, my ignorance. "Stars as bright as lightning." I see lightning condensed into pinballs rocketing through the sky, then look out at my own. I can't see those stars, too buried under clouds and light pollution.

Self-portrait of 11 Catherine Street #12 (Invasive species) by Nicholas Chlopicki

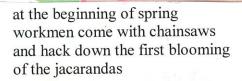
kitchen cupboard in a thick coat of white paint so thick they don't close properly this invites the bugs so we all make excuses

sink fucked don't even bother trying any fixing

one room is the pantry so instead we move adjacent to the laundry's concrete trough to do our dishes

we pile our washed dishes on a dish rack on a dish cloth that sits on our top loader washing machine

one day the landlord inspects our backyard



we fear the landlord wants to make space for a granny flat apparently jacarandas are an invasive species from Brazil and just have to go

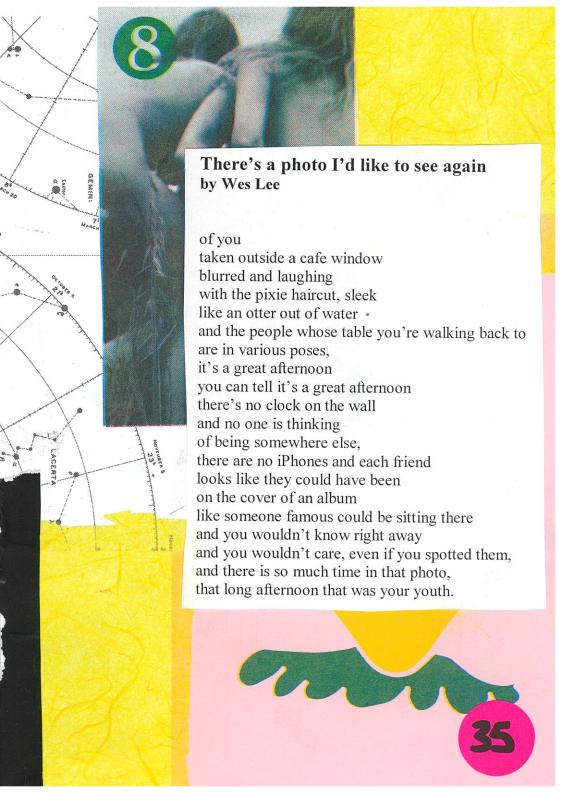
the workmen leave the wasted wood behind

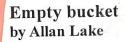
we build a nest combining layer upon layer of timber together assembled on the grass

in late spring evenings we drink tea and smoke cones lying in re-purposed bean bags planning a house party

our best hope of collective productive protest

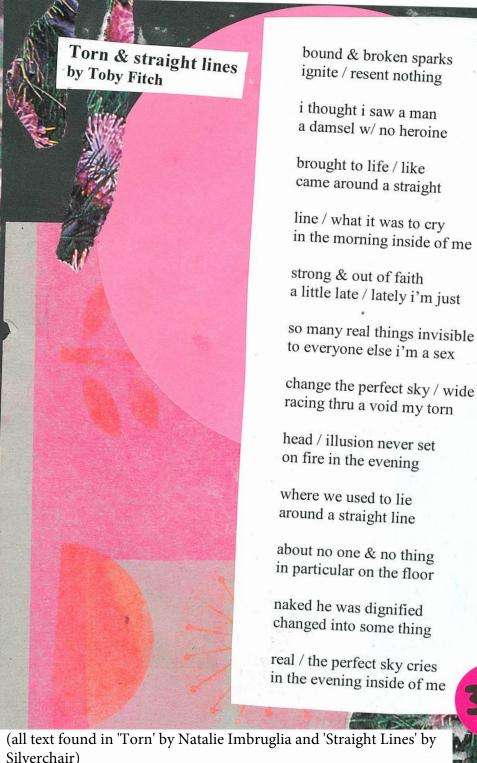






wooden plastic metal other Imagine entitled bucket at will. All that nothing inside adjoining the nothing outside, a universe of such in the space between this stuff / that stuff, including any old notes written to one's self. Would it leak if filled with water, hot chocolate or roofing nails? Mine holds no memory of hauling anything but I carry it whither I go in case I need to encase some mud for recreation or rob a bank like Ned looking-for-cash-inall-the-wrong-places Kelly. Yeah, weigh that on scale of 1 to whatev, wear that bucket to cross the road with your accomplice, the chicken.

Perhaps there once was a list;
I don't recall. Maybe I evolved listless, defying orthodoxy. In my experience we're shunted from one mad thing to the next without any 'to do' list, unless we have the misfortune of being wrenched into a royal fam. Apparently, lists adhere to their golden buckettes. I don't feel inclined to learn Greek, become a yogi or crawl Cinque Terre while committing Leaves of Grass to memory so maybe I should (chuck? toss?) *lose* the bucket — you know what it rhymes with.



Silverchair)

Instructions for a dissident by Rob Schackne

First, do not (whatever you do) organise yourselves into perfect cells it's a dead giveaway, other people talk plus, resist creating magical crowds

Second, do not talk to bigmouths even if their conscience is a lighthouse even if the one you really want is the wife she'll spill every bean you've got

Third, prepare to be shoved hard into a cell yes, on that old street with the worst kind of bars with big doors they lock you in from the outside (five years is the standard sentence now)

Fourth, (yes this is also vital, so listen up) know that everything you know will be blocked so write enough poetry to last the *next* five years then trust someone to release you

Fifth, sixth and seventh, (this is important too) the sunshine and the blue sky and the breezes how your baby looked when he first tasted a banana how you and your wife first made love, aching love.



[Years ago, when I was reading] by Stephen J. Williams

Years ago, when I was reading the philosophical works of Schopenhauer I heard a sudden eruption of laughter on the street.

I looked up to see what the cause of this laughter was.

Across the road, an old man

extraordinarily obese, was heaving his immense body

along the footpath. He used a cane to help balance himself as he walked and to relieve the strain on his back

caused by the great bag of fat hanging from his stomach.

It required considerable effort for him to walk only a short distance.

I felt revulsion at the sight of this man.

There were feelings of pity, too.

I knew immediately

there are no counter-motives to humiliation.

We live by climbing over each other struggle to keep our heads

above despair

and try not to think of harm that's done.

I lowered the book and listened to the sounds of birds a howling dog, a small child in the street asking something of her parents — every voice repeating the inner nature of the world and I knew what trouble and pain was still to come.

UMBRELLA

(—memory of a fragment of-from a dream).

Mark Bolsover

in a café. ... (small-cramped. lit, bright light-lit-pale walls (cream), and large, open, windows.

tea steamed (slight). ...).

down.—beside the Piccolo. Teatro. (—the Studio Melato).

-to escape (-in-during-through) a (brief,-strong, warm, heavy-fatsluggish (greasy slight)) rain... shower.

(—the people, (Milanese). sat. beneath the awnings (outside-outwith).

(-young blonde woman. the table at the end (of the row). -no makeup (nature). pure, crystal, blue eyes.

-striking. beautiful. ...).

and the street shills. ...

-out. im-mediately. (small, slightly overweight man.-very dark skinned. ...).

-to sell umbrellas. ...

(-smart, thin-elegant executive (suit) woman... -long, straight, light brown hair...)—purchases-buys—and shelters (with middle-

aged, executive man (—sharp-jawed (rugged). suits. short, silver-grey (neat-cropped) hair. ... —her partner? ... (laughing-smiled, perplexed (embarrassed?)at-by the sudden caught in-by the rain. ...). and—remember. ...—in the ocean-sea (—?) (—the shallows). (—broad (long) beachcoast (stretch 'v).—rocks-cliff over. dark. raining. ...). and she says... —over there.—get the um- ... (-ah, (...)-yes.-the golf umbrella).—across the street (grey (light) paving stones.—concrete),—at the edge of the water.—the golf umbrella lies-sits on the ground (opened, large). (stop. ... -might blow away). —fragment of a memory in-of-from a dream.



Stuart Barnes' Glasshouses (UQP 2016) won the Thomas Shapcott Poetry Prize and was shortlisted/commended for two other awards. From 2013–2017 he was poetry editor of *Tincture Journal* and in 2018 he joined the advisory board of Bent Windows Books. https://stuartabarnes.wordpress.com//@StuartABarnes

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Mark Bolsover has experimental prose-poetry published, and forthcoming, in a number of international literary magazines, including *FIVE:2:ONE*. He was a winner of the Into the Void Poetry Competition (2016). His debut Chapbook, *IN FAILURE & IN RUINS—dreams & fragments*, is published with Into the Void Press (2017).

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Love Letters, Have Your Chill, Southerly, TEXT, Cultural Studies Review and Continuum. She writes about (not) loving, leaving, crime scenes, Lawless Road, and Vince and Velvet.

Robyn Cairns is a Melbourne poet who writes many forms of poetry including; Modern English haiku, haiga, senryu, tanka, haibun and free verse. Robyn's short form poetry has been published in Australian and overseas poetry journals and she has had two chapbooks published by Ginninderra Press; *In Transit* 2016 and *The Drifting* 2016.

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Rose Hunter's book of poetry, *glass*, was published by Five Islands Press in 2017. More information about her can be found at rosehunterwriting.com. She also tweets @BentWindowBooks.

Dr Gareth Jenkins curates public programs in inner Sydney libraries. He is editing Anthony Mannix's first collection of writing, due for publication by Puncher and Wattmann in 2018. His first full-length collection of poetry will be published by Five Islands Press in 2019. He makes text-based art at Square One Studios. apothecaryarchive.com

Allan Lake has published two collections; *Tasmanian Tiger Breaks Silence* (1988) & *Sand in the Sole* (2014). He won the Elwood Poetry Prize 2015 & 2016, Lost Tower Publications(UK) Poetry Comp 2017 and Melbourne Spoken Word Poetry Festival/The Dan Competition 2018.

Wes Lee lives in New Zealand. Her writing has appeared in Westerly, Cordite, fourW, Going Down Swinging, Rabbit Poetry, The Sleepers Almanac, Poetry New Zealand, The London Magazine, Irises: The University of Canberra Vice-Chancellor's Poetry Prize Anthology 2017, and many other journals and anthologies.

Scott-Patrick Mitchell is a West Australian poet . SPM has recently appeared at Queensland Poetry Festival and Unspoken Words. Visit @spmpoet on Instagram for more information.

Sheila E. Murphy is an American poet who has been writing and publishing actively since 1978. Her book titled *Reporting Live from You Know* Where has just won the Hay(na)Ku Poetry Book Prize Competition from Meritage Press (U.S.A.) and xPress(ed) (Finland). The book will appear in 2018. She has lived in Phoenix, Arizona throughout her adult life.

Anita Patel's work has been published in Cha: An Asian Literary Journal, Cordite Poetry Review, Backstory Journal, Not Very Quiet Journal and Mascara Literary Review. Her poem Women's Talk won the ACT Writers Centre Poetry Prize in 2004. Her poetry was selected for Australian Book Review's States of Poetry ACT, 2018. She was the guest editor for Issue 2 of Not Very Quiet Journal.

Mark Roberts is a Sydney based writer, critic and publisher. His latest collection of poems, *Concrete Flamingos*, was published by Island Press in 2016.

Rob Schackne taught for 15 years in China and now lives in country Victoria where he enjoys the blue sky, sunshine, fresh air and birds. His book *A Chance of Seasons* was published by Flying Island Books and launched this year at the Collected Works Bookshop in Melbourne.

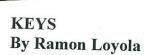
Beth Spencer's books include *Vagabondage* (UWAPublishing), *The Party of Life* (Flying Islands) and *How to Conceive of a Girl* (Random House). She has won or been shortlisted for a number of awards, and this year is a finalist for the Carmel Bird Digital Award for *The Age of Fibs*. www.bethspencer.com

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Nick Chlopicki is currently in his last year of a Bachelor of Creative Writing and English Literature at the University of Wollongong. Nick has been published in *Tertangala*, *Menace*, *Marrickville Pause*, *Cordite* and recently had a play called *Luvstuff* staged as part of *DIY*.



I keep the old keys in my pocket. Metal rods that graze my fingers, my nails. They remind me of what was once ours.

I keep them in my pocket with the heavy keychain. Tiny golf balls, tokens of how big you seemed to me, of how small I was to you.

Unlocking the front door is easier now with two sets of keys. Duplicate lives to undo it. I keep the keys in my pocket. Lonely objects that burn my hands, that burn you in my mind.

