

LUDD GANG



a poem's how to wake up. and the amortised tide
in that desert indifference

refusal
to give someone with 34p in their NatWest account a tin of beans

factual, as in the 'electability' of killers
from spring theory

sings my daydream of steeped fire
turned ours

having so much knowledge instantly, access
to so many reactive thoughts

makes cruel gods of the sheltered & traumatised
bot running over tents

and I'm a culled toy
and I have a living wing

and revenge
gashes the towering heart of their callousness

EDITED, TYPESET & PRINTED BY ALEX MARSH,
DOM HALE & TOM CROMPTON
COVER FRACTAL BY PETER MANSON

SEPTEMBER 2022

LUDD GANG

10

POEMS BY

Sabeen Chaudhry 3

Fred Carter 8

Deborah Findlater 11

Ali Graham 13

Tessa Berring 19

June Klunk 23

Alex Grafen 26

SABEEN CHAUDHRY

again

that same kind of piracy as in a kiss, commuting
in the tube carriage we're cartoon livestock / immurement
jewel & sugar death
blossomèd in the wallèd garden
(she was everybody's favourite)
(fruit w/o guile)
are you scared of a dot
LARPing as your life?
selling indigo from Bayana in 1608
caesura at the party in pavement syncopal
'Could I behold the face of my beloved once more—'
to think your waist still / twisting
as you throw the rock
is soft-porn neotectonica, smoking
flicking ash into the LA basin
off the crystalline rim
preferring your selfies to be taken
from a higher dimension *right?*

so hyperbolically spaced but
with migrated curls correlating
unbrush our hair in unison, apart
ending so hard for those latent topologies
(to have & to hold)
'I would thank God until the day of resurrection.'
winking at each other in the one wave / all-
(she's not going to put it online)
matched-out-at-a-distance
indentured to this weak quantum biting
the universe really *works* at loving itself
(you're the chef in my dream it's my birthday)
telltale photon where I've been
to blushing nonlocality in sob-trance-particulate
violence of the possibilistic lick
administered tumbling from the tearful mouth of difference
rejecting the mattered vacuum w/ tender precision
addicts of

the ripple

new gold dangle

attics & staircases

flanked disturbance

(just want to sit next to you while you drive)

swing your heaven/hell legs sitting on the wall L/R

fire & re-hire myself
into iterative redundancy
as never as this

G.

This season I wear
my begrudging resilience in orange
aglow in the belly of my vanishing
deferred at every moment
a rediscovered flower
named after its own extinction

though I am no Lazarus no miracle
clear-cutting for your recursive guilt
& minus stain understory.



I have been here all along, taking cover under wisped solidarity
in dew-pointed defiance while you were all so very sure I was
dead. When I pass over the edge of the ridge, I will appear to you
as an apparition while simultaneously reincarnating in an
unknown location. All-Boy All-Girl, I could be sea glass
peaches

jealousy.
When the White man comes to take a sample, I am hacked by his
racialising whimsy. *That haggering erotics of the specimen!*



There is limerence & yolk
in the sound of trees being felled.



Enter disloyalty of a haggling mist.

I hush myself post-dryadic
(post-woman)
(post-evil)

processual lesser goddess.



Come-and-go now they, all soil & somersault in blood of the sap
kind, propagate themselves in this dysgrow and disgust me. They
can only say what runs green and/or red, doesn't matter as us in
the way they think, though we turned blaze our forte anyway:
Flickering sprouts fogged for safety and all split-up but calling
kin and beyond in a language of whispering beacons.



Oh, you love me now, do you?

diligent herb
surprising petal
bruised verticality
chic cutting
phyllid with survivor epiphany

Assimilating into my own end(s)!

(Centinela finale on repeat.)



But surely you didn't think I'd go that easily! Rolling my 'r's and falling my name. He looks into my eyes in stupid physiognomic spree, grunting and I bite him. I will bite him until every end and then after, until the next one and again. Flail cyclical in not-steam amid my jaw & my decisions. One of me will rub his face in it, while others go off to undulate or glimmer, drip, delight or covet.

Notes

An inscription on the supposed tomb of Anarkali reads: '*Could I behold the face of my beloved once more, I would thank God until the day of resurrection.*'

'telltale photon' is from Karen Barad's *Meeting the Universe Halfway*, 2007, p. 311.

'as never as this' is from Harryette Mullen's poem, 'Wipe that Simile Off Your Aphasia' in *Sleeping with the Dictionary*, 2002.

'All-Boy All-Girl' is a song by Arthur Russell from the album *World of Echo*, 1986.

'G.' refers to *Gasteranthus Extinctus* (or *G. Extinctus*), mentioned in, 'A rediscovered flower named after its own extinction,' *The Independent* (online), 23 April 2022.

FRED CARTER

clutch player

applying blunt force to the letter. sending our estrangements

pressed in carbon copies as the last few pounds get carried
over for unscripted dialogue between the charnel
dispossess. delicatessen. brunt of history. a tendon meant to bear
less weight than this.

whether we were undivided, whether we were legal. no one
single act within the fordist abattoir is recognisable
as killing. remit is a scammer's loanword. safeguard measures
matter into profit. camped out

at the orchestra. a lumpen sum of discard. mouthlock. sorry for the state
that i am in, and what it does. the mail today tore open.

railing (for Amy De'Ath)

chipped my crystalline heart on this objective hard
relate. a banister inside the Future
Institute of fog. the late remittance slip. you organised
this wellness barricade against our total resignation,

trying to remember what a knowledge was
devoid of punishment.

massification. vacay with the better half. circular combat
breathing with the dean. transplanting keywords
from Poetics of Refusal to Political Ecology then
putting them back in their place
you saw us,

dying into this malignant architecture, defensive
and participatory. scrubbed of all disruptive classes
leaving only an aseptic trace, a rail
against the firm

department line. "try this statistic." spare
People and Money.

save your chants for casuals.

and if you make it to the other side
you cannot choose

what side you're on.

it demonstrably isn't

all my earmarked words my credit
history of insulin
unpatented, refurbished have it all
to go this basic
terror of
the resolution ending, hardly tempered d was
doing whippets with the international
school as i was flagging every fly-tipped sofa catatonically
amused blood in the mouths of home county eugenicists for talent
shows up in the eyes of everyone you meet
each workday at the drive-thru test of lack
lustre citation audit tell the class
what was your contribution to the culture? driven
through the house of weaponising ordinance
for the requisition of an argot from its moderators. take
over the fiat screaming actual slaughter at
the die-in at the heart of this domestic theatre
of residential care as inconceivable to question policy
about the lighting costs counted in love
or lifeways voided by the home
office for february's targets every
body's favourite sponsor
solitude derision our conditions
all our targets

DEBORAH FINDLATER

‘Please describe the problems you’ve been having’

Altar calls.
Therapist’s offices.
Tutorials.
Doctor’s offices.
Massage rooms.
Osteopaths.
Hospitals.

Presenting our

broken / selves in

manageable packages.

Trying to find.....

the exact words to say to.....

receive the pills and
prayers we need.

Searching for answers and respite.

How much time do you have?

I could start from the beginning.

This all feeds you and takes from me,
chipping away each time
at any semblance of wellness.

Everything is everything // dots been connected //correlation
already drawn.

I [know how to speak]
~~english~~ <embedded> in my palate.

A tongue,,,, that can embody your desires and fulfil
the checklist;

I know the limitations,
my luck but others' despair.

This page ain't fucking enough.

ALI GRAHAM

from a long poem-essay called
Triage, a hysteric's opera

iii Situations

Held the hand of a germ – russet.

Glitter your knuckles in the climate.

Boxer away all suggestion of weather.

Coin-like the looking.

Absent from the distillation: taste, bells, glossary of noises.

iv Tourism

In or around the Millennium Dome I administer cognitive
behavioural therapy to the rats.

In the Millennium Dome I scar my tongue while I sleep; I have no
debt or dependents when I wake.

I later went walking by the works, blistered with LEDs. Thinking of you I flossed and put my still-open mouth over the opening of an organ pipe. Waited. The time was so rough on my sinuses. I had this idea of this concept the size of a lunar colony and the weight of a secure attachment. The water of the canal that runs alongside the works winking with innumerable wildernesses. “Without centre or edge” and with something purple between my legs I went back inside. Inside the proliferation, where I live and where fuzzy slippers have been verboten since 1903. My usefulness was eating me alive. Still does. I appear before you in the latest style, as of yet not yet incised, with dreamy trumpets, with a cornucopia of objects like vanilla pods, tulle swatches, bowls containing rainwater.

I don’t yet know the pattern of a balloon shuddering in dune grass. I am now passing *the labours*, also a building but outfitted instead with quotations from the works of natural philosophers, each full stop replaced by a glossy river stone. All night I watch out for writhing. All day I raise the alarm. All the days raising the alarm on the perforation, the tuning forks, their dull falling, this chalky suddenness. I do this with paper lanterns with real fire inside. The lanterns cause the deaths of wild animals and I call these omens. Their services will always be free at the point of use. “You wouldn’t steal a” material condition. I want to steal away from my future demeanour, from resilience planning and surge management, from sound.

I follow it through a frigid place. It is good
for the world. I slip out of the language
like going to sleep. That I hated the thought of going.
Sickness makes the body queerer. Shameless, shame,
leaking, loathe to work. I run my fingers over the holes
in my sides. The day is inapplicable.

I'm in my rented house without instruction
crackling with aseptic thought
stomach like the Millenium Dome.

I'm rushing down the road to the sea
to the beach pebbled with omens.

I was glad my omens came back to me.
I stood before them pregnant
with bloat and errant growths. Rats and crabs
together on the shoreline
all the crabs with a new fear of water.
Somebody better tell them.

Me? The patient?

The patient bullet points funeral wishes in the notes app.

The legality of sky burials in the United Kingdom is unclear.

A bonfire after the service, right out there in the cool.

The patient was under a cloudy and ominous weather, was under the
right time of year.

I go practice moving my feet while dancing.

Previously the patient was always worried the patient would tread on a
paw or tail
within this big posse of rats following the patient around all the time.

The kisses of the rats imbue me with special abilities:
yelling at doctors
very impolite. I asked for none of this.

xxiv The aforementioned helpful quotes located upon the LED panels on the side of works

LANGUAGE IS YOUR BEST PASSCODE!

USE YOUR WORDS!

**INTO THE OUTPATIENT DEPARTMENT PLEASE
CARRY THE QUIVERING OF YOUR LEFT OVARY
BUT NOT THE ORGAN ITSELF!**

**PLEASE BRING ALONG THE MELTED REMAINS OF
THAT THICK AND LOVELY WORLD YOU FEEL HAS
BEEN TAKEN FROM YOU!**

TESSA BERRING

Warm Spell

Shit dries on the pavements
quite quickly in the summer months
outside the pharmacies and gift shops
with their knitted spider plants
and over-stuffed cushions
printed with four letter words
such as '*mine*' and '*yeah*' and '*cute*'
and that are called 'scatter' cushions
and that maybe bring to mind the hymn
about ploughing the fields
to 'scatter' the good seed on the land
to be fed and watered
by soft rains until it swells
and bursts through the aching ground
as if by magic, thank God

There Is Little Of The Judgement In Rosebuds This Balmy Atrocity

Or like the fracture in a wrist
where nasturtiums cling to a coat

and is never the fine line

between landscapes and symphonies
(broken or not)

How many vases will we own by the end?
Let's hazard a guess!

Let's say puss-cat is the wrong fabric
shrunk in the wash

Or let's mutter a few words
about warm paws, flat stones

skimmed across a powder blue lake
(*no such thing as a powder blue lake!*)

But what do you mean by 'alone'?

The absence of a shared tone?
Or something more like xylophone?

This is the fast train, Honey
This is the wobble of fresh cream

in a stupid dream
or a party inside of a wall

which is not behind the wall
or in front of the wall

(or even the wave!)

This late hour is simply the sum
of early birds and early doors

or is the grace of what unravels
inside a fist

So what is the sound
of a silence of lilies

impaled on a fence?
I am breathing like a seal

with no eyes
I am coughing on a dandelion clock

in the dead of winter
and everything is angular

and everything is prettier
than a slaughtered owl, say

or a skewered eel, say
and everything is nothing

but an incohesion of soap
bubbles rising through a surface

or doubt, or fear
this heat from a launderette

spewing through the city
its faint inuendo of skin

Even A Small Waste Paper Bin

What matters is
the arrangement

Bluebells dying
nearing the metropolis

If you have a long life
plant a Bonsai tree

JUNE KLUNK

Jeez

I know I fell out of a rat.
I know something has
died inside my star sign.

I can't believe you atted me in
to your post-nut clarity.

A big black breeze moves, below where
I stand out of sight of the foxes,
where the petal cannot smell,
the summerking's bit pillow.

And sometimes,
I don't know,
those I love
that you are dead
I feel relieved.

Every leaf lies to me of the city.
The billowing hawthorn and
the thunderstorm without peals.

That it is easiest to love you in your sleep,
the evenness of your breath,
is an evidence that in this universe

the upper hand goes to death and to evil.

I am at the top stair that drops to the cycle path,
but to me it is the fist papercut by sickles,
bunched in the loom, that's like the first real red flag.
Some lunches launch more than others,

some moments matter more than others,
for a self to cohere,
for each thought call to its neighbor in train
with the panic of one cumrag recalled discarded
in a public area after another.
The invisible density of a carnival crowd,
the modesty perizoma vulpine teeth untuck,
the forgotten login detail to get into
the thickest glass display cabinet,
the golden frame like four worms in the gloom,
the large jar a curator tenderly is selecting. Idk,

for me, to fall hard in love, to exhale
the calendar, age, *Oglaf*, a kid, to be kind,
in love, a gold flame, both dead, that's like
that's a MAJOR red flag + so to stand,
instead, on the stair by the leafs in the dark,
as though the mowing scythe
that stands for the havenots,
as though the cresting hammerfall
for a career in creative industries, is moot,
what if I do have the hots for the roots —
I meant a crush, a hard *crush* — of the havenot,
the bloodrag, the halyard, & the rood? To have
known so much of the shadows of thorns
to accommodate having forgot this much.

Still less to climb into the curator's cupped hands,
up like a toddler too tired to preserve life,
prepared for posterity to go to town on its bones,
up like a tone gone on too long and too deep
upon the bell on the bike's throat
that it might not for a gift
drag back both foxes dead. But the wind,

the one that rumples the
bank of leaf and thorn below,
is the wait after the bright fork
in the dark for the rumble.

ALEX GRAFEN

The Fantasy of Value Clarity

I throw the dart;
 it strikes the perfect centre
of Mickey Mouse's head.

Dzika Street

after "Dzshike gas" by Kadya Molodowsky

it's the 15th of Iyar.
there are days like golden saffron
taste of bird's milk. it nearly
nearly feels like there's a god.
the air rings. summer blooms in my hair.
then the daylight fact pulls me up sharp.
here live the out-of-work,
communists,
here lives – poverty.
day-to-dayness is a bloody thing.
all the rooftiles ring with hurt,
the tables with hunger,
and the barefoot with the Internationale.
Jews live here –
a people to die laughing at –
who supply the world with rejected wares
and the blood of their sons and daughters.

And me? – they jerk their fingers at me here:

*it's her – the singer
she slouches around
weaving verses out of our hurt.
yesterday, she would have gone out on the street with us to gawp –
they whipped the 20-year-old
at dzika street, no.10, to death.*

And me – i don't have anything to say to that,
i know –
i'm not one of the first-rate
and, though there's a wave of tears behind my eyes,
i'm in love with life, like a bitch.

Penguin Are Scum

Thanks for coming to the **POETS' HARDSHIP FUND FAMILY FUN DAY**. We raised near enough £1000 quid, most of which has now been redistributed to poets. Thanks so much to everyone that came, bought things, and helped out. We've still got a few copies of *ill pips* left (£12.50 suggested donation to UK addresses). David Grundy's amazing writeup about the day can be found at <http://streamsofexpression.blogspot.com/2022/07/give-what-you-can-and-take-what-you-cant.html>

Bonnie Hancell & Elle Lo have a new pamphlet called *Untitled, or, in the stupid stupid present where I was living out from* **Gong Farm** (£6.50 in UK). You can get Tom Crompton's *Definitions* and Dom Hale *Seizures* as a bundle for a tenner too. Head to gongfarm.cargo.site for these and others.

Lily Greenham's reprinted *Tune in to Reality!* and Ali Graham's *Shade Song / Sea Dream* are available from **Distance No Object** (£8/£5 inc. P&P) at distancenooobject.cargo.site.

Face Press are selling limited editions of Timothy Thornton's *Nothing Worked* (including an original painting by Ian Heames) for £150 each, with all the money going to support the Poets' Hardship Fund. Contact them to arrange purchase. More info and books at face-press.org.

Run Amok have put out a Bandcamp mixtape of readings from Peter Manson's *Mallarmé*, downloadable for 7 quid all going to the fund. See runamokpress.com for this and the rest.

New poetry mag **Fatberg** (eds Verity Spott and James Burton) is sending any profits to the hardship fund: email fatbergmagazine@gmail.com to arrange purchase or send poems.

Sad Press have recently published Kat Sinclair's *PLEASE PRESS*. Get it and loads more at sadpresspoetry.com.

