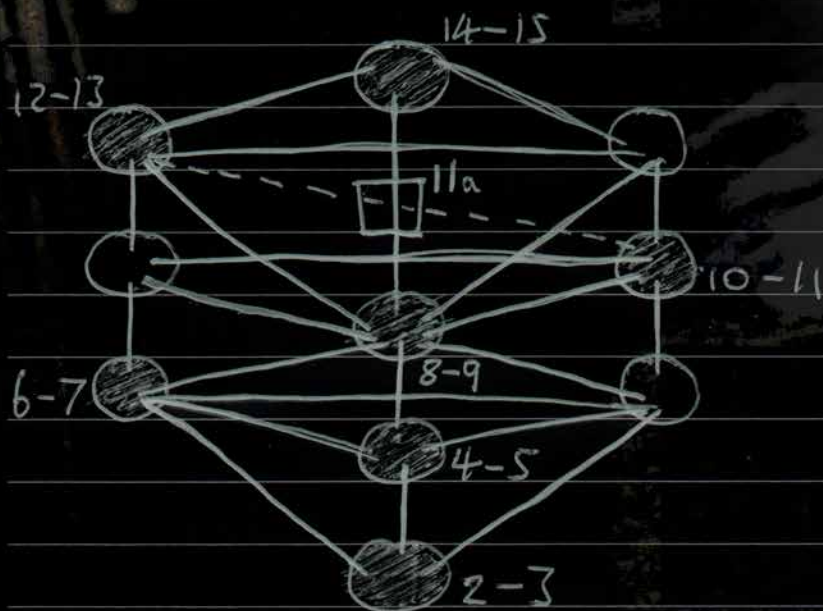


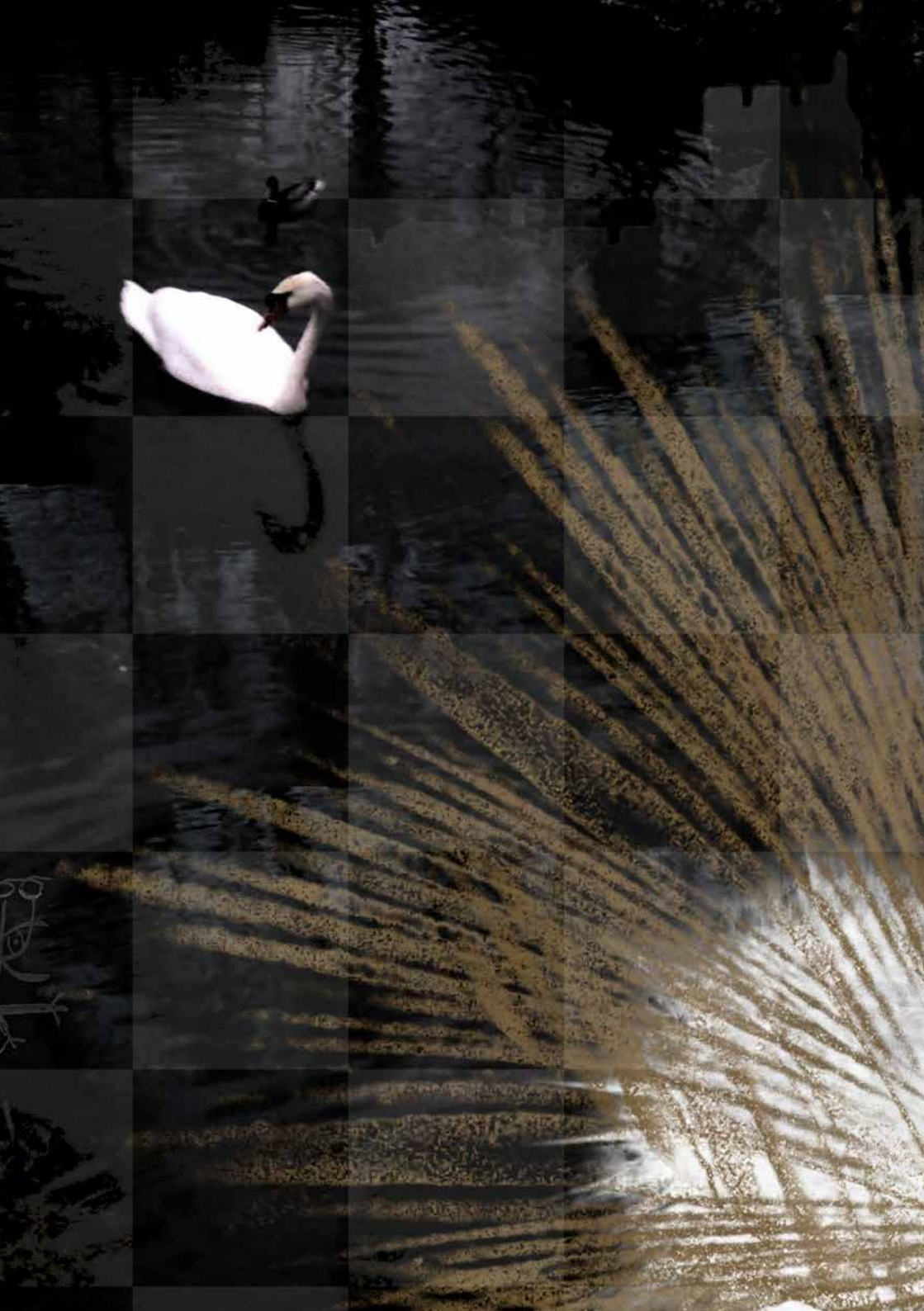


BYWAYS

issue one

Contents:





A thousand animals waking up,
but not you.

It falls on me to be your dawn, then

[A luxury woodland
dawn]

[not you.]

[the pink, pink of]

are black on black:

* [noise on our roof]
we dance in the pink rain

Up before dawn,
Decided against work.

Rose leaves (we know) are orange,
are black on black.

→ Decided against work:

The slow effervescence of dawn, then,
pink noise rain on the roof
and the first pink rays,
and a thousand animals making,
but not you.

Needs must I be your dawn, then:

→ Pink noise of my raindrop kisses —
at first you don't want to get wet,
but then you drop your duvet-umbrella
and so* we dance in the rain.

*[you make like an animal, and]

Roof Jumping (Letter to a Lost Love)

Dear _____,

I remember when we used to go roof jumping, you and I. D'you remember? Across the turrets and rooftops, over the scaffolding and multi-storey car parks of that nighttime seaside paradise; the whole town was ours from midnight until dawn, that's how sleepy it was...

Perhaps we'd be K'd up, time bubbles expanding and contracting all around and washing over us and we'd be laughing at gravity like a couple of loons, jumping over stupid high gaps above certain death (though we never noticed at the time), or perhaps we'd just be high on being, like right up on that church tower that time - we arrived at the bell just on the o'clock and you rang it an extra time, right on cue, and the whole town jumped forward an hour and all we could do then was to walk home silently, covered in 'anti-climb' paint, and out of phase with the world.

I'm almost sure it all had reference to... to... I don't know... You know that bit in Promethea, near the end, where the story comes right out of the book and past Alan Moore's head and wheee you're on top of the whole superstructure? Trying to grab on to all those four-dimensional references; are we just, like, merely animals? How can we turn the chronosphere to our advantage? Where is the node that gets us to our true home...?

...Remember the black/white, binary/digital thing?
The pirates in the attic? The matchbox existence? The video
feedback? The time we silently tracked people in the woods
and weren't noticed? The game we played (and this is my
favourite memory of you) in the park one post-apocalyptic
dawn...? - we were watched by all the magi of last few
thousand years, each of them always present in that place,
the battlefield of our duel, our game's pitch... The rules:
mark out our territory, answer and mimic, question and
parody one another's movements, one another's magick,
one another's greetings and warnings and calls and refusals
and hopes and dreams and nightmares and...

We never did have sex in the end. I couldn't convince you
that you might enjoy some cock. A damned shame, darling...

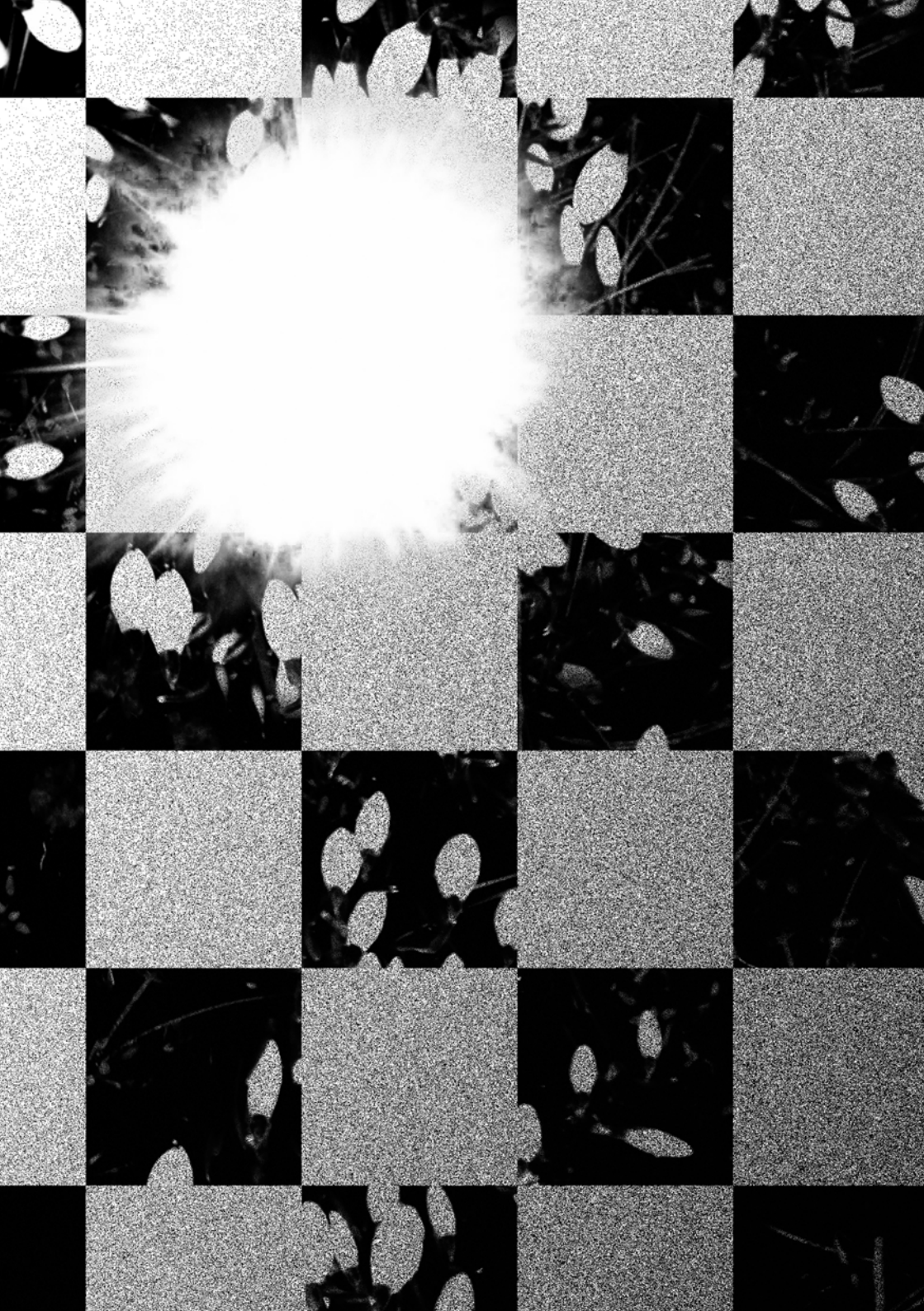
And now... what now? You're on the other side of Albion,
a way away, behind the flimsy stage props of England's
dreaming and I'm in the audience, trying not to notice the
machinery at the side of the stage, suspending my disbelief.
You're not unreachable and you're not accessible...

There's a hole where you once were; I miss you, love.

Maybe we can meet up again after the show?

Ever,

_____ x







To see those leaves falling
against the needle-bright sky
and not shed a tear
is to know you:



Won't you ~~wrap~~ wrap me always in your
glow?
It's all I have, going forward.

(Going around) again.

The one language I can extemporise
on the spot is



Best response to time and dying,
Mother of communication,
Let's conjure together til I'm old,
til I'm gone.



where I'll offer the relief
conversations
to paint.

So —
outside, leave nighttime
fat line pattern

Love my secret writing lives,
of brick and china,
chance and dust.

I can name you, for the night

The earth will turn.
And I will still know your name.





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