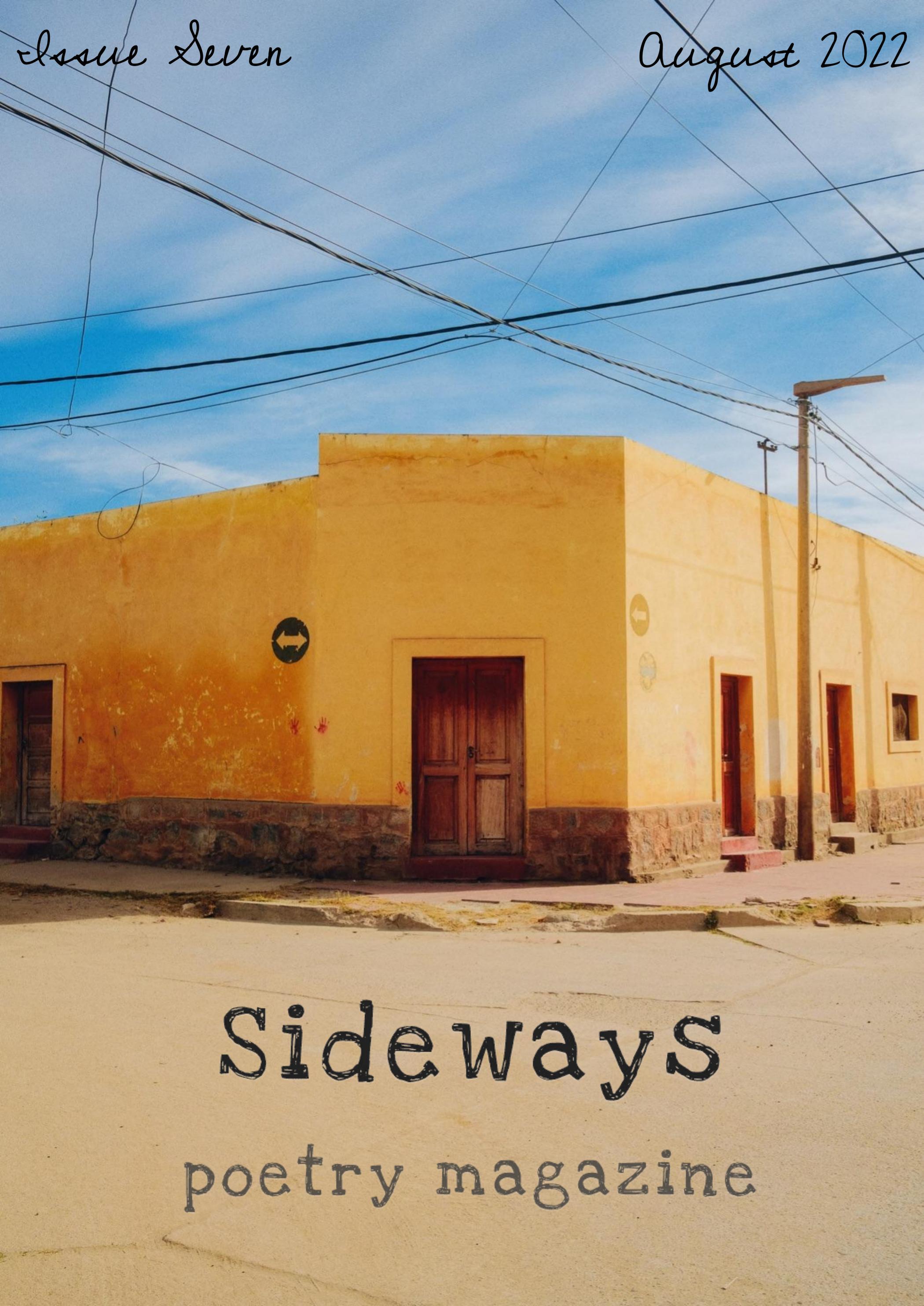


Issue Seven

August 2022



Sideways

poetry magazine

Sideways Poetry Magazine

London & Manchester, UK

Issue Seven

Founders/Editors:

Richard Gilbert-Cross

&

Richy Campbell

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We at *Sideways* believe that poetry should always be accessible, with everybody having a voice.

Please support poetry and the poets in this issue by sending around copies to your friends and discussing your favourites. Whilst all poets in this issue own the rights to their poems, you are free to print and distribute the magazine yourself.

Or you could web search the poets and reach out to them if you especially enjoyed something.

“This soup tastes like windows”

– Gabriel Garcia Marquez
Love in the Time of Cholera

Poems

JOHN GREY - 'My Presence'

PHIL HUFFY - 'Shallow End' & 'Hunted'

GEORGE FREEK - 'December From My Cabin (After Tu Fu)'

& 'Bird Chatter (After Li Shaglin)'

IVAN DE MONBRISON - *untitled*

SARAH RADICE - 'Stone Carving In My Sleep' & 'Last Rites'

YUAN CHANGMING - 'Immanence'

A.C. - 'In The Making'

DS MAOLALAI - 'Miserable, drifting' & 'Temple Bar'

LIZ DEAN - 'Flight'

AMY CURTIS - 'Nothingness' & 'Augustus'

New Poets

YASMIN SMITH - 'How love feels to me'

NICOLA NEAL 'The Lie'

ANNIE TALLIS - 'Inheritance'

LISSA ANDERSON - 'Cold Feet'

John Grey

John Grey is an Australian poet, US resident, recently published in Sheepshead Review, Stand, Poetry Salzburg Review and Hollins Critic. Latest books “Leaves On Pages”, “Memory Outside The Head” and “Guest Of Myself” are available through Amazon. Work upcoming in Ellipsis, Blueline and International Poetry Review.

My Presence

Light and air in abundance,
earth everywhere,
and yet it's the body
that feels way too much.

Rich land,
generous weather,
but wasted on the need
to walk about
or even sit and think.

I'm like everyone else
on this planet,
a lifetime of taking,
a death that gives back so little.

I sometimes ask myself,
why was I born.

There is no answer.
The world is saving itself.
for a better question.

Phil Huffy

Phil Huffy is a frequently published poet whose work appears in dozens of journals. Recent placements include *Schuykill Valley Review*, *Glassworks*, *The Road Not Taken*, and *Eunoia Review*. He has published three books of his work; *Rhymal Therapy*, *Magic Words*, and *Happy Place*.

Shallow End

The shore path narrows here,
attracting few to this cove
and offering questionable views
from a cluttered, weedy expanse.

Dark water seems hopelessly so
as darkness swirls into the pond,
seeping from fetid muck and
defying the sun's best efforts.

Waterfowl decline
to frequent this dismal spot,
keeping to more hospitable
areas just nearby.

Don't those trees know better
than to attempt a foothold
in such a place? But of course,
escape is not possible.

And the occasional passerby,
pursuing exploration, will suffer
wetter shoes which, unattended,
might soon incline to malodor.

Hunted

Look about the cabin,
quiet in its resolve
to reveal little
of the mayhem seen.

The plank door lies unhinged
near the huntsman's remains.
A single gas lamp
renders him grotesquely.

Nothing has been taken.
His skiff bobs in its slip
as the pond awaits,
but the wait will be long.

And he does not listen
as the steel covered roof
amplifies raindrops
from branches overhead,

propelled by ghostly gusts,
inclined in their falling
to dancing rhythms
briefly, brightly beating.

(continued overleaf)

(continued)

The killer trots away
blithely, on massive paws,
having satisfied
his curiosity
though finding the huntsman
a pitiful trophy,
easily taken
but unappetizing.

George Freek

George Freek is a poet/playwright living in Illinois. His plays are published by Playscripts; Blue Moon Plays and Off The Wall Plays. His poems appear in numerous Poetry Journals and Reviews. His poem "Written At Blue Lake" was recently nominated for a Pushcart Prize.

December From My Cabin (After Tu Fu)

In a nearby tree, a cardinal
looks for food. It's cold,
but he has to eat.
The trail through the woods
is covered with snow.
There's nowhere to go.
The creek is also iced over.
I watch the sun sink,
as if it were lost.
I drink a glass of wine.
I've written what I could.
There's nothing more I can say.
I look out my window
with a brain as dead as clay.
I think this snow is here to stay.

Bird Chatter (After Li Shagyin)

In the trees starlings chatter.
Their behavior is noisy
and erratic. Among birds,
they're nasty fanatics.
Over their heads, the moon
falls like a feather
onto a frozen bed.
They pay it no heed.
They're like we are,
concerned with personal needs.
Are their thoughts also
full of mindless chatter?
And like young lovers,
do they make poems,
which pretend to glean
meaning from such
unpromising matter?

Ivan de Monbrison

Ivan de Monbrison is a poet and artist living in Paris born in 1969 and affected by various types of mental disorders, he has published some poems in the past.

untitled

A window floats in the air. A shadow is sewn to the floor.
A severed hand lies on the table like a lamp,
it lights up the room, holding the light bulb in its fingers.
There are two still feet nailed to the floor.
But you are not there.
Someone comes into the room, he has no face,
he hangs a picture on the wall and leaves.
But this picture is a portrait
of a dead person that looks like you.

untitled (translation)

Окно парит в воздухе.
Тень пришита к полу.
Отрубленная рука лежит на столе, как лампа,
она освещает комнату, держа лампочку в пальцах.
Две ноги, прибитые к полу, не двигаются.
Но вас там нет.
Кто-то входит в комнату, у него нет лица,
он вешает картину на стену и уходит.
Но эта картина – портрет
Мертвеца, похожего на тебя.

Sarah Radice

Sarah Radice is an artist who writes. When she's not writing she's in her outdoor studio stone carving or weaving willow. She has been published online at Ink, Sweat & Tears and is currently on a Faber Academy course. She particularly enjoys writing from her dreams / nightmares.

Stone Carving in my Sleep

In my hand - a limp snake
and a lit cigarette. Preoccupied with
chiselling, I take out the unnecessary
to leave the vital form.

The heat from its glowing end
raises the snake from its study of death.
I strike its head to induce
unconsciousness again,

and continue chiselling, the mallet
in my hand a force of creation
and an analgesic of desire -
wherein lies the rub.

Last Rites

I'd let all my hostages go

but I was staying put.

Everyone was outside
willing me to relent,

singing songs
of capitulation.

The sovereign power
bombarded the building
with blasts that sent breezes
which kissed my neck.

Anticipating the windows
would blow in at any moment,
I determined the time
had come to surrender.

But unlocking my phone
proved impossible,
typing just two, simple words
out of the question.

The declaration came out as gibberish
each time I carefully typed -
despite my persistence
I could not write a single
sentence that made sense.

(continued overleaf)

(continued)

Consumed with this futile task
I paid little attention
to the sudden stillness.
The shelling had stopped.

All my walls were down,

the outlook empty and clear.
A representative
approached me cautiously.

I hesitated for one
final moment,
then opened my mouth -
hatched the silence -
I SURRENDER!

My words buried
in the warm flank of
black and white fur,

my eyes stinging with tears,
I roll over.

Yuan Changming

Yuan Changming hails with Allen Yuan from poetrypacific.blogspot.ca. Credits include 12 Pushcart nominations & chapbooks (most recently *E.dening*) besides appearances in *Best of the Best Canadian Poetry* (2008-17), *BestNewPoemsOnline* & *Poetry Daily*, among 1949 others. Yuan both served on the jury and was nominated for Canada's National Magazine (Poetry category).

Immanence

It will set our mind in permanent peace, the idea
That the soul has plenty of afterlives after our
Bodily death, or survives our physical being
Within the shape of trouble of misery. For each
Selfhood there is a seed of anti-self that keeps
Growing until it becomes perfectly identified with
Our old selves. By the same token, each fortune is
Off-set by a misfortune; each failure, suffering
Chaos, emptiness by success, bliss, order and
Fulfillment. Just as yin keeps seeking the balance
With yang or the other way around, the opposites
Will be unified in the immanence as in permanence
Since each absence is a transitory state of presence
Why not fill our hearts with peace and harmony?

A.C.

A.C. has published in Litro, Close To The Bone, and Oranges Journal. She is a notorious hobbyist, Cluedo winner, and a bit of a general loser. Her best friend is her sister.

In The Making

When your father is a murderer
in the making
you do get used to it
eventually.

On good days you block his number and feel empowered
On bad days you walk down the streets, apologizing
the passerbys with your eyes.

When your father is a murderer in the making
Certain things can only be heard
by strangers.

Silences at the kitchen table turn
into outbursts in the back of a taxi
you leave a five-star review and consider the matter

Silenced.

When your father is a murderer in the making
you feel different
about the statistics on TV.

Each number feels personal
you have a breathalyser
in the house
and your own copy of the instructions
because he'll keep trying
to lie to you.

(continued overleaf)

(continued)

When your mother is a widow in waiting
you encourage her to make good memories
with him

despite her better judgement.

Despite your own.

You watch programmes about prison funerals
and take note of the dress codes.

When your sister is an orphan in hiding
you struggle to convince her it's not all men

Despite your better judgement.

She'll never believe you

because she's once been tricked
and got into the car.

When your father is a murderer in the making
the atonement starts years before the murder
with you.

And when the crime visits at last

It has nothing left to bring

but relief.

DS Maolalai

DS Maolalai has received nine nominations for Best of the Net and seven for the Pushcart Prize. His poetry has been released in three collections, "Love is Breaking Plates in the Garden" (Encircle Press, 2016), "Sad Havoc Among the Birds" (Turas Press, 2019) and Noble Rot (Turas Press, 2022)

Miserable, drifting

its raining again. swans
float the river, their necks
like bent cigarettes, miserable,
drifting like ash on a wet
picnic table. people walk
in soaked ponchos as monks
to a service, walking to town
or away from it. cars
all have windows closed,
pausing at lights and then starting.
their tires on water churn
louder than engines with the pausing
and doppler of tides.

Temple Bar

crowds are about. it's a saturday evening;
7:20 on a long weekend. this is temple bar.
kids drink beer from cans and two girls
about 15 are kissing. gangs of boys
look at them, yell and eat hamburgers,
smoke cigarettes, throw about
cans. bars spit americans like green
felted vomit out onto the cobbles
and streets. spit college boys, college
girls, girls out of highschool and much older
men and drunk women. music is played.
a woman with fliers for stripclubs looks bored
and a little disgusted. a man asks for change
and a taxi stops, adds out some revellers.
action occurs in a casual way,
like the patterns which cloud
around undisturbed waspnests
on hot empty evenings in august wall cavities –
the peace of activity hiding its knives
but always their threat of appearance.
I'm walking to d'olier from smithfield
to meet with friends for a beer
and to talk about brendan and jack.
these crowds move like gusts
blowing rain over puddles which float
cigarette ends and bottlecaps, cans,
ripples and ungainly patterns. a man plays
guitar on the steps to the square. a man takes a photo
of a wife standing under an awning.

Liz Dean

Liz Dean lives in Sunderland and swims in the North Sea. A non-fiction writer by day, her poems have appeared in *The Alchemy Spoon*, 14, *South Bank Poetry*, *Fragmented Voices* and *The Writers' Cafe*.

Flight

All of a sudden Ava began to whistle
though she didn't know how.

Like Marilyn Monroe – put your lips together and blow?

The high-pitched notes made a blackbird of her,
as if she could leap from the recliner up to the elm branch,
feathered chest ablur with the beat
of the melodies she'd been born with.

She'd look down, see the deep indent in the chair cushion
where her bum should be,

tray table with its clutter of prescription bottles –

Don't be going anywhere now pet,

the carer would say, patting her tremoring wrist

but Ava's already on the 77 bus to Fawcett street

checking her tattered handbag, feeling for her purse,

standing up proud before the stop. Following the blackbird,

who's singing to her from the bus shelter

or a tree top.

Amy Curtis

Amy Curtis is a recent Masters graduate in poetry from Edinburgh University, originally from Yorkshire. She has previously been published in Dreich magazine, From Arthur's Seat, and more. Her contemporary poetry explores the vulnerable intimacy involved with mental health, politics, and queerness.

Nothingness

On days when I am no longer a person
I become dirt under fingernails,
a mother's curled lip.

The gravel crunch of tarmac
chews me into mulch;
I melt like pavement chewing gum, sticky
and trodden on, begging
to be scraped off the street —
sometimes I like it there.

In the worst of hours,
when the gutter won't swallow me
I am tobacco breath, coughed into strangers' mouths,
an alcoholic's last sip
the drip from a used needle,
ink from our final letter.

When I wish away this body
I see myself as stardust
in a sunbeam:
dead skin.

Augustus

A stoplight smile
in his Subaru
rose lemonade lips.
His hand flush
on my thigh, flirting
with permanence.

Tom-Yum cocktails
and fresh oysters
thrown back
like a wave, salt clings
to his tongue —
my jealous mouth
Waters.

A new tattoo afternoon,
lighthouse outlines
inked on a whim
close to heart.
I too could settle
in his ribs.

Ferry boats, golf carts,
oscillations sway us
into thinking as lovers —
if only the daydream
becomes tangible
in sea breeze.

(continued overleaf)

(continued)

Stroking my hair,
his fingers ripple
as I leave.

In the flaring tide
between our skin,
we sink.

New Poets

Yasmin Smith

Yasmin has been writing poetry since the age of seventeen. This is her first publication. Her writing is typically about her own experiences in life, finding a way to digest her own struggles and turmoil. She writes often about love, family life and identity as a working class woman.

How love feels to me

There is a blossom tree that grows on the left hand side of the bend
on the street that I grew up on.

I can see this tree from my bedroom window and I watched it
Bloom every year of my life.

Grow and recede

like the tree, I learnt to grow in summer,
to expand as a glass jar under a hot tap
and then,

when the first chills of winter begin

I become small again.

Driving in my mums ford fiesta, she says to me:

"you know, the council are going to cut down our tree."

A single thought passes in my mind,

I have never touched that tree with my bare hands

And now, I never will.

Nicola Neal

Nicola is currently studying for an MA in Creative Writing at the University of Hertfordshire. This is her first publication.

The Lie

The sparkly bag is opened every morning
and the first lie is squeezed from a tube,
then vanishes,
consumed by the hungry layers
it is designed to nourish.

Another tube, oozes liquid
the colour of sand and the texture of melted butter.
Forming an opaque blanket that hides the flaws,
that tell the secrets,
that got me here.

The next lie is little more than dust.
It's dabbed onto the smooth blanket of butter
and together they join forces
and shout
youthful glow.

My favourite lie is dressed as a pen,
and promises to draw an infinite smile,
resistant to food and drink,
unlike the lips it sits on.

The final lie is told by the wand dipped in black.
I paint on the spiders' legs
that leave their streaky footprints
against the lenses of the heavy framed glasses,
I wear to hide the creases of my truth.

Annie Tallis

Annie is a young poet, living in Gloucestershire, who began writing poetry as a cathartic process to work her way through grief and trauma. And pretty much any emotion. She is particularly engaged in exploring the dynamics of familial relationships. This is her first publication.

Inheritance

My father handed down less to me,
his ability to hold down a drink
and appear to be the most sober
in a room; to stand in discourse with
minimal swaying and slurring, yet
we will be the worst when we get home.

My nose is his, and if you know us
you'll be able to tell our mood
by its slightest movement.

My imperative need to problem-solve
is from my father and the capacity
to become benumbed to the facts
is a gift solely from him.

I have my mother's deep-set eyes:
Cold, blue and austere in a purely Irish way. Haunting when you cross
her.

She gifted me her calamitous tears,
hidden behind a diaphanous screen,
which never have to be revealed to the world,
for it's known to all what will happen
when the paper starts to tear.

Our communal grief that is womanhood
is entangled and stained,
we are the celebrated damned.

All we can do is hold our hands in prayer,
and wait for the nose to start to twitch.

Lissa Anderson

Lissa works for a charity in Yorkshire that supports people who experience homelessness. She reads a little bit of poetry every day and has started writing her own. She practises reading them out loud to her dog Harvey, who has provided her with some useful feedback.

Cold feet

I woke in a cold sweat to the ringing of bells and a trapped wild animal's whimper. Unable to resist the temptation to explore, I proceeded downstairs, catching sight of its tail, as it slipped out the backdoor. A raging curiosity drove me to pick up my rifle and follow, despite the late hour. Progressing down the street, I could see it disappear, around the corner... then the next corner... then it vanished into the burning wood and let out a long call. I engaged my gun and moved close enough to see, its reflection, melting, in the blistering heat. As it tried to climb a falling tree, it stopped once, to look right at me, and I fought the temptation to feel any pity for something capable of destroying me. The fire burned so fast and ferociously, and when the flames died down, I couldn't see... or smell... or hear... anything between us in this decimated forest, except the glowing embers of a slain liberty, and the smoky stench of the ashes of fear.

Credits

It's truly humbling hearing from readers who enjoy reading the magazine. This bumper issue is for you.

And to the talented writers, without whom there'd be no magazine: *thank you*.

Sideways x

Cover Photo by Ryan Ancill on Unsplash - thank you

Haiku Corner

'Skog' By G.S.

A slithering snake
Moves fast through the undergrowth
Skin golden and brown

Are you feeling inspired?

Get your poems published in *Sideways*

Issue 8 coming February 2023!

Sideways

poetry magazine

We are so excited for Issue 8. We were very proud to offer a bumper issue 7 & we cannot wait to start reading your submissions.

Poems can be about any subject and in any form. Length-wise, most poems we view are up to 5 pages of A4 at the very maximum.

We welcome poetry from both published and unpublished writers. All we ask is that each submission has not been previously published elsewhere.

Also, do include a brief biography/publication history.

Please email submissions to: sidewayspoetry@gmail.com

With thanks to our contributors:

John Grey, Phil Huffy, George Freek, Ivan de Monbrison,
Sarah Radice, Yuan Changming, A.C., DS Maolalai,
Liz Dean, Amy Curtis, Yasmin Smith, Nicola Neal, Annie Tallis
& Lissa Anderson

Sideways is an online poetry
magazine. Each issue features
poets from around the world.

It is always an absolute pleasure
welcoming submissions from
established writers, and we
especially encourage poems from
those who are yet to be published.

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