

Guest Editor's Note: Nayim Patel

Is there a multiverse in quantum physics? A popular interpretation suggests that the future is probabilistic: all futures are possible, but the act of observing the world reduces it from multiple to singular. But Schrödinger disagreed. He didn't believe that his cat was dead or alive until an observer looked at it, but that both realities existed simultaneously.

This is the Many Worlds Interpretation: every time the world can proceed on different paths, 'Reality' tree branches into multiple universes (Think: Everything Everywhere All At Once). All futures are possible and indeed already occurring. And just as the film describes, the universes can mutually interfere with each other.

In the famous double-slit experiment, scientists tested quantum interference by shooting a single photon (light particle) through a screen with two holes. They observed the photon going through both holes and interfering with itself, creating a wave-like pattern on the wall. And if you continue adding more slits, you eventually observe that light travels along every path at all times.

So why might we not notice them? There's no definitive consensus, but we should consider the so-called observer to investigate this idea. What we see depends on where we are, the speed of light, and the frame rate of the human mind. Consider this: our eyes capture roughly 50 frames per second and our minds approximate these into a continuous video. But what might be flickering in the infinite frames between? Other universes?

There are other ways of thinking about 'observers', too. Recent social science research stands against the one-world view of cultural relativism, arguing that we don't simply have distinct perspectives on a shared world but that the worlds are different too. They are variously called multiple social worlds, multiple nature-cultures, and multiple ontologies. These worlds can be distinct and independent or connected through processes of commoning.

If the multiverse exists, we should ask: how do the multiple worlds become and unravel? How might we sustain ethical commoning between the various worlds and how might we amicably uncommon? And how do we resist the totalising force of Capitalist Modernity from surveilling, coopting, and collapsing our multiple worlds into one?

There is a debate among thinkers of multiple ontologies about the work of imagining and elucidating other worlds. Are we looking towards or looking around? Do we want to recognise and honour marginalised worlds or destabilise commonsensical notions of reality? Do we want to prefigure new worlds or point to the varied non-capitalisms in the here and now? Are we claiming that things could be otherwise or that they actually already are?

In this edition, our contributors are exploring other worlds -- both real and imagined (or should we make that distinction?) As you look through, let your mind linger on what these worlds are and why we should think about them. What does the multiverse mean to you? Do you want to create new worlds and cross between them or change the one you live in?



★CONTRIBUTORS★

_Grey Gordon.....

Grey is a part time veg box scheme coordinator for Granville Community Kitchen working to slowly but surely change the food system and part time doodler [sometimes professionally] from London.

_Robbie Hanson & Morrigan Rawson.....

Robbie is a PhD student in mathematics at the University of Lisbon whose research is inspired by geometric aspects of physics and string theory.

_Jess Payn.....

Jess Payn has just started a PhD on whimsy and gender. She is books editor of theartsdesk and has written for The London Magazine, Review31, The i Paper and SPAM zine.

_Zill & Woe.....

Zill and Woe exist in the universe you are reading this from, and possibly many others, as game players and thing makers sometimes together and often alone.

_Chlorys.....

Chlorys is a musical & visual entity based in Bucharest, part of Queer Night family, Shape Platform artist in 2017, and since 2016 until present, a founding member of Corp. platform, its main focus on representing and promoting queer identities [trans, nonbinary etc.]. She has stretched her tentacles also locally, and also internationally, having played shows in Berlin, Stockholm, London, Paris, Lyon, Nantes. She has been a Noods Radio resident for three years in charge of Alien Flora and a host on the local radio Black Rhino together with Corp, hosting a monthly show called Corpcast. Starting 2022 she is a resident of LYL Radio from France, with the show Primordial Soup. Aside from being active on the local clubbing scene, she also tinkers with the visual and sound arts, having had works exhibited in various galleries such as Suprainfinit Gallery, MNAC Anexa, Ivan Gallery, Rubik Space, Atelier35.

_Sofia Zadar.....

Sofia Zadar is a queer Eastern European musician and interdisciplinary artist residing in Bucharest, Romania. Their work explores the realms of trauma, necropolitics and posthumanism, as well as the potential for collectively living with grief while constructing utopian enclaves within the here-and-now. Currently, their music transits between the areas of synthpop, experimental music and spoken word, combining organic textures with electronic sonic structures, while their writing revolves around poetry and autofiction, being inspired by queer speculative fiction and Gloria Anzaldua's nepantlism.

_Jola Olafimihan.....

Jola is a writer and creative from Nigeria calling Newcastle in North East England home. Jola creates around exploring life experiences, culture, history, nature, society, and her place in it. She is an activist and births creations that can sometimes reflect this too. She enjoys creating new work, challenging herself. She has been writing for as long as she can remember.

_Aska Welford.....

Aska is an architectural worker. They use textile sculpture, community-based research, experimental fiction and labour organising to examine and interrupt the capitalist/ racist/ heteronormative processes which shape our physical environment.

_Sarah Li.....

Sarah Li is a Queer, scouse, interdisciplinary artist and musician based in Newcastle upon Tyne.

They enjoy making work about Queerness, claiming space, cats and fantasy with a particular interest in worldbuilding.

_Sam Sivapragasam.....

Sam Sivapragasam is a writer, grower and organiser. They are fascinated by the more than human world and imagining futures that centre reciprocity.

_Sage Anifowoshe.....

Sage is a neurodivergent, non-binary lesbian who is figuring life out one tweet at a time. Whether it's the outdoors or online, they're passionate about creating inclusive spaces for queer communities of colour. Their work focuses on Black queer identity and they love to fuse warm colour palettes with bold figures to create original pieces.

_Vanessa Zappi.....

Vanessa Zappi is a painter / illustrator from London. In their work symbolism is utilised to interrogate the tension between climate solutions and their effect, on natures, communities and the environment. @zaffi3

_Petero Kalulé.....

Petero Kalulé [petals] is a composer, poet, and multi-instrumentalist. They live on the hidden river Effra in London. Their first collection Kalimba was published by Guillemot Press in 2019, and Marsh-River-Raft-Feather [co-authored with Clarissa Álvarez] was published in 2021.

_Aron Madon.....

Aron Madon is a visual artist, performer and currently has two musical projects Admina and Lili Putana, each entity is differentiated not only by musical genres but also by gender performing, in both political visions are important to outline the characters. He is also a founding member of Corp. along with Cosima Opartan and Chlorys - an independent collective representing women-identifying and non-binary people in the Djing and electronic music scene, the direction of the platform is to create a safer clubbing experience for queer people. Personal projects include feminist poems, audio and video experiments and dance and theater performances and graphic design.

_Nayim Patel.....

Nayim was a physicist and cosmologist in a previous life. They are completing a science fiction novel on utopia re-building in times of climate crises and starting a PhD on democracy and energy transitions. Hailing from a town in Lancashire with a big bus station, they currently call South-East London their home.

.....
*Guest Editor: _Nayim Patel / *Graphic Designer: _Aaron Madon / *Producer: _Anjali Prashar-Savoie



_Robbie Hanson & Morrigan Rawson

"Let me declare, only, that, as an individual, I myself feel impelled to the fancy— without daring to call it more—that there does exist a limitless succession of Universes, more or less similar to that of which we have cognizance, to that of which alone we shall ever have cognizance, at the very least until the return of our own particular Universe into Unity. If such clusters of clusters exist, however—and they do—it is abundantly clear that, having had no part in our origin, they have no portion in our laws. They neither attract us, nor we them. Their material, their spirit is not ours—is not that which obtains in any part of our Universe. They could not impress our senses or our souls."

— Edgar Allan Poe, *Eureka: A Prose Poem*, 1848

1848 In the warm summer of 2022, as Edgar Allan Poe and Erwin Schrödinger walk amongst lifeless grass bronzed by the sun, the conversation turns to cosmology and theories about the multiverse..

Erwin: My dear Edgar, I must tell you that your musings on the multiverse are misplaced, for scientists now have conjectures that may detect their existence, thus impressing on our senses and our souls, contrary to your claims in your extraordinary poem, *Eureka*.

Poe: Oh Erwin you are such a serious scientific type! Already you turn to rebuking stories I made up years ago, which came after drinking a firkin of ale, may I add. If you must play the role of the scientist, then by all means, do explain these conjectures to me.



Edgar Allan Poe wonders what the multiverse could look like.

Erwin: The cosmological model of *Eternal Inflation* predicts many big bangs, each causing a bubble universe to grow out of out of the ether — the outward expansion splintering the fabric of spacetime into separate bubble worlds, which continued to expand away from one another.

"...this process will repeat itself literally forever, producing a kind of fractal structure to the universe, resulting in an infinite number of 'local universes..' — Alan Guth, *eternal inflation and its implications*, 2007.

Poe: It is the work of the Gods — such violence makes the storms of *The Tempest* seem like a midsummers day. As we look to the sky, can we not see these other bubbles, floating in a galaxy far away from us?

Erwin: Our worlds are separated forever, since the light from their world can never reach here, nor our light reach to them.

Poe: Like all of the most beautiful things — forever beyond our horizon, how cruel nature is!

Erwin: Not all is lost, for there is still hope that science may indirectly observe these worlds. You see, the light from the big bang remains visible to us — it is called the Cosmic Microwave Background, which could contain measurable marks left by these other worlds.



Edgar Allan Poe examines the Cosmic Microwave Background and discovers other worlds.

Poe: This is interesting to think about Erwin, but it leaves no impression on my soul, for it says nothing about life as it exists in our world.

Erwin: Then let me share with you a great existential mystery about our universe. Our best theories contains 26 fundamental physical constants, which are various numbers that control the mass of an electron, the strength of a magnet, and so on. They appear to be delicately tuned in a chaotic balance in order to allow for molecules, stars, galaxies and organic life to exist!

“If there is a vast number of universes – in which the various constants, including the energy in empty space, vary from universe to universe – it is natural that we will be only in the kind of universe that could support life.” – Steven Weinberg, University of Texas at Austin, Nobel laureate in physics

Erwin: Indeed, if this multiverse theory were true, each bubble world would exist with its own set of physical constants. This would explain the existence of life in our world as the fortune of living in a bubble with good physical constants!

Poe: Blessed be those chaotic worlds where stars do not form and life does not appear, for their bad luck gives us chance to be fortunate. What would happen should I be transported to one of these worlds?

Erwin: One such constant is the gravitational constant, denoted G , which controls the strength of the gravitational force. If G was even a little bit larger then stars could not hold onto their planets and we could not hold onto our bodies!

Poe: These worlds, I believe they may share a connection that your scientific theories cannot describe, for how could we live in parallel, without the occasional perpendicular signal escaping and linking together?

Erwin: There are some who believe that gravitational waves could play the role of the signals you describe, which due to advances in observational physics, can now be measured and their mysteries decoded.

Poe: Alas, you remain fixed upon the explanations of science, whereas I suggest a connection of the spiritual kind.

Erwin: Perhaps, my dear Edgar, you can view these worlds in the same vein as you view us as individuals here on Earth – each separate entities, but with some shared sense of consciousness, existing in parallel but inescapably linked, much in the spirit of non-Euclidean geometry.

“Consciousness is a singular for which there is no plural.”

– Erwin Schrödinger, *What is Life?*, 1944

Poe: I am overflowing with the visions of existential science which you have bought before us – let us now drink and let your thoughts fade away, as this summers day fades to twilight.

“Fill with mingled cream and amber, I will drain that glass again. Such hilarious visions clamber through the chamber of my brain – Quaintest thoughts – queerest fancies come to life and fade away; What care I howtime advances? I am drinking ale today.”

– Edgar Allan Poe, *Lines on Ale*, 1848



Edgar Allan Poe messes around with the fundamental constants of physics.

The accidental multiverse

_Jess Payn

"There are lives inside us competing to be lived." What if you stumbled across this line, in an essay whose title is styled like an instruction manual ("Contingency for Beginners") which leapt out at you like a neatly encapsulated truth. Would you also have immediately thought of the multiverse? Of a film you rewatched, the week before, directed by the "Daniels", called Everything Everywhere All at Once? Of its protagonist, the harried suburban mom and laundromat owner Evelyn who is, in Adam Phillips' terms, "living too few of [her] lives"? Because, of all the Evelyns in all the possible universes, she is the least skilled, the least fulfilled, living under the shadow of the otherwise; she is, in the film's terms, "living your worst you". If you had made this jump - and it is a jump, as you'll see - between psychoanalytic theory and a fictional multiverse, what would these overlapping circumstances have suggested? What could the multiverse tell you about success and failure (that binary metric that so preoccupies Evelyn)? Or about the operations of accident and chance, the forces that send the life paths spinning in such a multiplicity of directions? What, in sum, would you conclude to be the meaning of a decision, compared to the significance of an accident? And by following these coincidences, would you, a beginner at contingency, have learned to become something more?

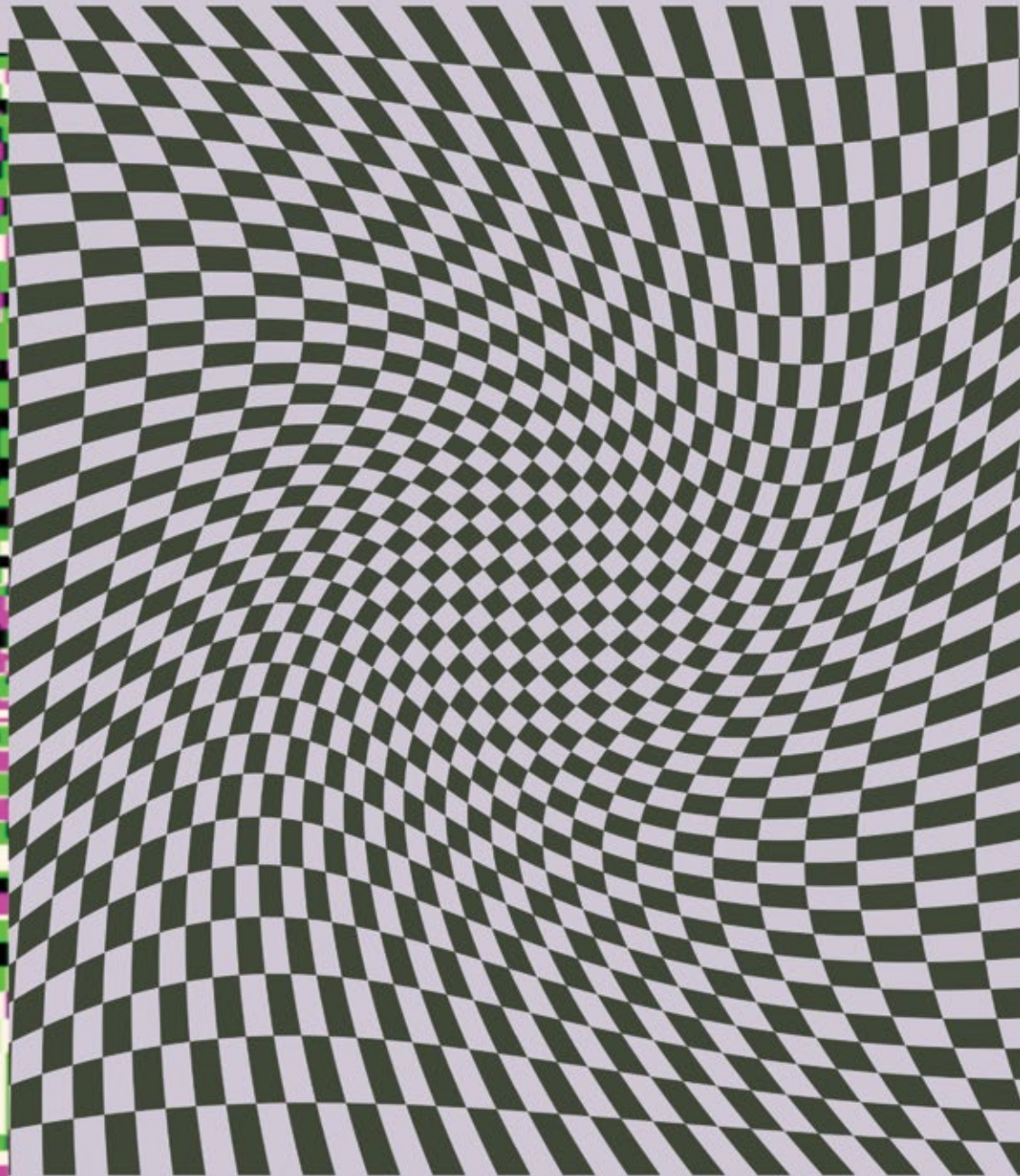
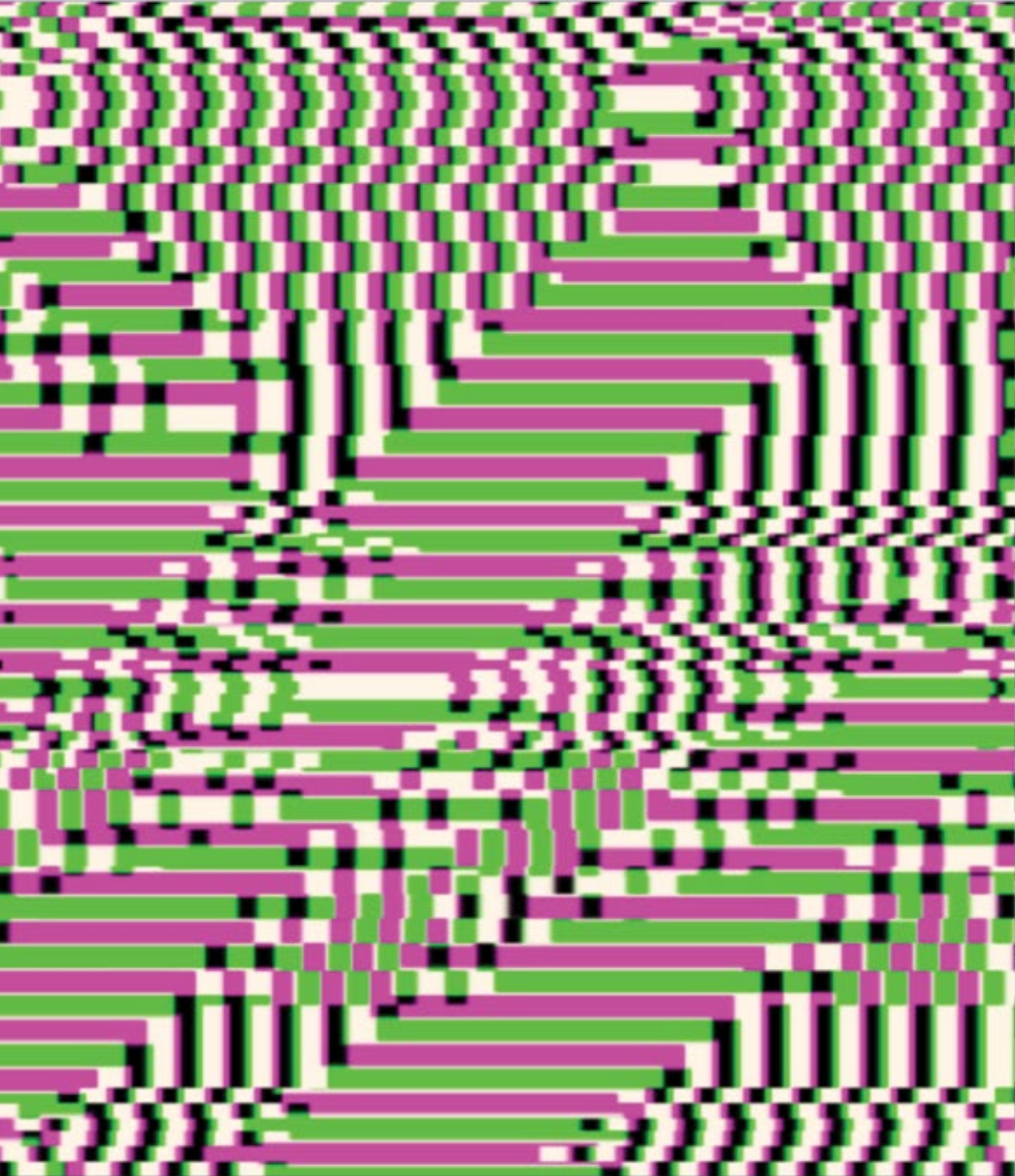
So, to begin by thinking about the accident, and its apparently more calculated, less desirable twin, the mistake; both are central to Daniels' film, splintering off to create entire universes in playful answer to the multiverse's animating question, "What if...?" What if there was a glitch in the evolution of anatomy? There'd be a version of humanity with floppy hot dogs for fingers. What if the rat in Ratatouille had been a racoon? Well, the puppet chef would have to wear an exceedingly large hat.

Reality splits into different paths both when we wilfully change it (or fail to) and when we alter it accidentally (when "intention" - and relatedly, the question of success or failure - doesn't matter or seem to factor). Daniels' multiverse seems to suggest both that accidents create as much meaning as our decisions, and that our decisions are as arbitrary and silly as our accidents. Nothing matters because everything does? The way this avoids dissolving into a totalising flatness is the crucial question of desire, of what we want from our lives: "No matter what. I still want to be here with you," Evelyn says to her daughter Jiv at the end of the film, in a scene that resolves their conflict and streamlines the multiverse into one tidy narrative again: "I will always, always want to be here with you." Wherever "here" may be.

Yet accidents, Phillips tells us, are also expressive of what we want. Phillips, a psychoanalyst, argues - via Freud - that all our errors, forgettings, "hungled actions" and "slips of the tongue" can be recuperated as "unconscious intentions". Desires, buried and unacknowledged, find their outlet in slips of speech or jerks of the body. They trip us up - like the defamiliarisation techniques Evelyn and Woland use to verse-hop (swapping their shoes onto the wrong feet, telling someone they fear that they love them). Accidents, by this logic, are either meaningful or at least create the space for meaning: they are "ways of securing unconscious gratifications, either self-punishment or often muffled fulfilment of forbidden wishes". It is on this basis that Phillips argues: "We are not continually making mistakes, we are continually making alternative lives." From this aspect, accidents are about "access" to other selves that we keep hidden: their other worlds of feeling, thinking and doing. (Why did I originally type "competing" as "completing"?) That access is a chance access - unreliable, contingent, apparently unintended - but it is a potentially instructive one, indicating how our experience might be made more porous and more multiple.



MAP THE MULTIVERSE



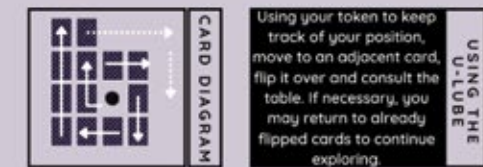
YOU'VE JUST FLIPPED THE ON-SWITCH OF YOUR ULTRA-LITHIUM UNIVERSE BENDING ENGINE: U-LUBE FOR SHORT. YOU ARE NOW READY TO TRAVEL THE MULTIVERSE BY INHABITING YOUR INFINITE ALTERNATE REALITY SELVES.

First you must decide:



YOU HAVE CHOSEN TO EXPLORE, TO MAP AND TO DOCUMENT THE TINY DROP OF THE MULTIVERSE THAT YOU ARE ABLE TO REACH BEFORE YOUR TIME RUNS OUT, AS TIME ALWAYS DOES EXCEPT IN THOSE UNIVERSES WHERE TIME RUNS DIFFERENTLY AND NEVER RUNS OUT OR ONLY SOMETIMES RUNS OUT.

TO BEGIN YOUR EXPLORATION, SHUFFLE YOUR CARDS (JOKERS INCLUDED), THEN LAY THEM FACE DOWN AROUND YOUR TOKEN AS SHOWN IN THE **CARD DIAGRAM** UNTIL YOU RUN OUT OF CARDS OR SPACE:



EXPLORE THE UNIVERSE YOU HAVE ENTERED SHOWN IN GLIMPSES TO YOU THROUGH THE PROMPTS LAID OUT IN THE TABLE. NOTE WHO YOU MEET, WHO AND WHAT YOU ARE AS ONE OF YOUR INFINITE ALTERNATE-REALITY SELVES, AND WHAT THIS LITTLE CORNER OF THE MULTIVERSE HOLDS IN STORE.

WHEN YOU ARE READY TO MOVE ON, FLIP A NEW CARD OVER AND EXPLORE THIS NEXT WORLD.

YOU ONLY HAVE SO LONG BEFORE HOME CALLS OR YOU GROW TIRED OF TRAVELLING - SO ENJOY WHILE YOU WANT TO AND LEAVE WHEN YOU DON'T.

Your U-LUBE is powered by statistical improbability. To jump between universes, you must fuel it by doing something improbable. To leave a universe, roll a six-sided die:

1-2: Use something in your vicinity in the wildest way possible
3-4: Immediately act on your strangest belief in this multiverse
5-6: Say the strangest thing you can think of

Detail your result before jumping to the next universe.

OPTIONAL RULE
4 BOTH GAMES

SOMEHOW, FROM SOME CORNER OF THE VASTNESS, VERSION **APEX101** OF YOURSELF HAS RELAYED THE FOLLOWING MESSAGE TO YOU IN THE HERE AND NOW READING THIS, ENCODED FOR YOUR PRIVACY:

hey, hru? u ok hun? hope so... so yeh, basically, u no how u [obvs me 2 dw] can sometimes be ---[YOUR WORST QUALITY, REMOVED FOR YOUR PRIVACY]--- ??? well this is sooooo not ur fault but **DOM-BB** version of us in their universe is gonna fuck shit up - like everything - the whole multiverse. It's like ur [our, I mean] worst day when we wnt to destroy evry1 and evrything by ---[REMOVED FOR YOUR PRIVACY]--- **DOM-BB** is gonna actually do it - lkr?? so annoying, so basically, 4 sum reason u r the only one who can sort this shit out. u just gotta, gd luck babe, luv u u r so cute <3 <3 <3

SO YEAH, FILL IN THESE BLANKS PLZ FOR EVERYONE AND EVERYTHINGS SAKE, AND GO FIND **DOM-BB** VERSION OF YOURSELF, FAST.

SHUFFLE THE CARDS (WITHOUT JOKERS), REMOVE 12 AT RANDOM & SET THEM ASIDE. SHUFFLE BOTH JOKERS INTO THE REMAINING CARDS & LAY THEM AROUND YOUR TOKEN AS SEEN IN THE **CARD DIAGRAM**. TRAVEL THE MULTIVERSE AS DESCRIBED IN **USING THE U-LUBE**. THIS TIME, NOTE DOWN INFORMATION, SKILLS AND LEARNINGS THAT WILL HELP YOU IN YOUR FINAL SHOWDOWN. TO FIND **DOM-BB**, YOU MUST FIND ONE CARD OF EACH SUIT.

DOM-BB WILL BE IN THE UNIVERSE OF THE LAST SUIT THAT YOU FIND. WHEN YOU REACH THEM, NOTE DOWN HOW & WHY **DOM-BB** IS GOING TO DESTROY EVERYTHING.

IF YOU ARE READY TO FACE THEM (I MEAN.. YOURSELF):

Roll a six-sided die and add the total number of universes you have visited to the result:

On a 12+: you have prevented **DOM-BB** from destroying the multiverse.

Explain how your gathered experience helps you.

Under a 12: you have failed to prevent **DOM-BB** from destroying the multiverse. Detail the end of all things.

IF YOU ARE NOT READY, YOU MAY CARRY ON SEARCHING THE MULTIVERSE TO BETTER PREPARE - BUT BEWARE:

If you find the 1st joker, you must subtract 4 from the above roll.

If you find the 2nd joker, **JKR-55** got you - see results for rolling under a 12.

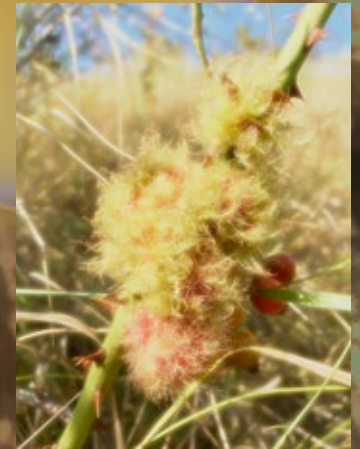
WHETHER YOU ARE SEARCHING FOR DOM-BB, OR SIMPLY EXPLORING THE MULTIVERSE... REMEMBER THE WORDS OF OCTAVIA BUTLER: 'ALL THAT YOU TOUCH YOU CHANGE, ALL THAT YOU CHANGE, CHANGES YOU. GOD IS CHANGE.' NEVER TAKE THIS FOR GRANTED ON YOUR TRAVELS.

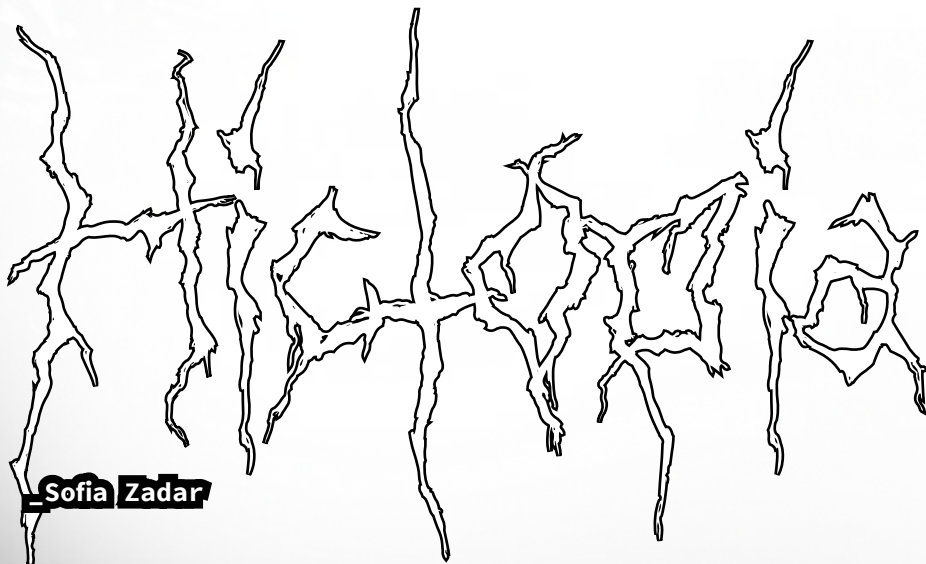
A	Your best friend is a worm named Barold & he's sitting on your sofa.	You & everyone around you is covered in feathers.	You're on a date with your 30+ polycule of ex-minks.	You keep breaking into song and you cannot stop dancing - is the whole world a Bollywood Movie?
2	You're desperate & all loos are gendered by Ice Femme or Naughty Boi. Which one do you choose?	You're riding on the back of your favorite dinosaur at the big dino race. Steph the Stegodon is catching up to you!	You're shepherding a forest of waking trees on their millennial migration through a rocky valley. Oh no! a landslide!	Fire and rage shoot from your mouth in to the once-silent night - you've stubbed your fucking toe - FUCK.
3	It's your first day on the Megadome-6 repair team & the whole squad is fixing a huge crack in sector G. You're floating a little further away when you notice something in the darkness...	You're getting hotter by the second & - what's this? - you're all of a sudden deeply & intensely aware of how hot you are & how hot they are - & here it comes - you sprout your genitalia!	Sabrina sits across from you chatting shit about teenage melodrama. 'God I don't care grow up you little witch' passes through your mind. You wonder how you became a magic school counselor.	"Just breathe," a scrubbed and masked midwife holds your hand & strokes your forehead. 'How - one last push - yes! You got this!' - & just like that you've birthed a squid.
4	A low battery light is blinking on the inner surface of your eye. Shit, you can't find your adaptor!	You're a rock on a ridge overlooking a breathtaking vista. What are you thinking about?	You're sipping some jupiter juice whilst composing a hold-poem to your alien pen pal when...	You lie on a bed of giggling breasts & they chirp and jiggle and coo and love you.
5	Black Lightning cradles your faint body and soars above the burning wreckage - somehow in the back of your mind you wish you were in his daughter's arms instead.	You're taking minutes for the Bunker 112 wellbeing committee meeting. It seems like the proles aren't handling this post-meteor indoor life very well.	It's your birthday & you're partying with a huge crowd! Except they all look and sound exactly like you. In fact, everyone is an exact copy of you...	You're surfing on the back of a giant sandworm in your still suit when you spy some of the Baron's gyrocopters in the distance. They seem to be circling your position.
6	You're working the night shift at the spa when a river spirit arrives coated in filth. It points its sludgy finger at you with an inquisitive burble. Guess it wants you to give it a bath?	After months of hard work, you've finally cracked it - the language of penguins! You immediately head out of your hut on Zevodovski island to eavesdrop on the colony gossip... they're talking about you.	You find yourself in a sunny spot waking from a 15 hr snooze and you've got the urge to lick yourself clean. Could this be the legendary universe where humans evolved from cats?	You're in a laundrette - all the way across this multiverse & you've landed here?? Everything is identical [rain, prices, mould] & then Prince walks in, looks you straight in the eye & says...
7	You're having dinner with your housemates when you find out they all have meter-long snake tongues. Outside, it's started raining donuts.	You're standing in a crowd of jeering hecklers. Some suit has come to your syndicalist commune trying to 'sell' everyone on the concept of capitalism.	You're laying in the lunagrass looking up at Earth in the night sky. What a view! You sigh deeply and put your arm around your space bunny.	You sense a change in weather - a threat? - several miles away. The message courses your body of mycelium threads and you begin to hum.
8	Your neighbours are knocking, asking if you're veggie or vegan. They hope not, because they've cooked up your landlord and brought you some.	You're on stage at the Global Vogueing Championship, watched by billions. The laser beams twirl and focus on your elbows, and then... your song begins.	A man in a wizard robe and hat has just bestowed upon you a magical talking sword after a very long and boring speech. It's kind of a dick.	You're the lead spoon soloist of the philharmonic oil-cutlery orchestra. It's the middle of the concert & you're about to stand up and do your big solo.
9	You're taking a bath and your ghost housemates won't leave you alone. You wish they'd died somewhere else.	People are being driven around like cars by hyper-intelligent squirrel-like beings. Your squirrel is riding you hard.	You're sneaking a break from working in the quarry when your ape overlord spots you. They're coming at you howling with anger.	This bed is so moist and hot and windy that you're lying in. You rub your eyes and look closer. It's an enormous mouth.
10	Your octopus girlfriend wraps her tentacles around your thighs & electricity runs between you.	You wield sonic waves as your DJ collective throws a party for the demi-gods of the old world.	A talking tomato named Bob, and his sidekick Larry the cucumber, are chastising you.	A breeze rustles your leaves, the last of your petals drift down to the ground. You're fruiting again.
J	You're visiting the ruins of Windsor Castle to research your history report on the ancient and little-known English monarchy, which was toppled centuries ago by a people's revolution.	You're leading a caravan of woodlice laden with seed bags. You've just crested a grassy ridge - your abbey home in sight - when your mouse guard gestures skyward with a squeak - an owl.	You're on top of a marble tower with the last of the physical humans to watch as the uploaded megaconsciousness of transhumanity is sublimed into the higher planes never to return.	Your soul is externalised in the form of an animal companion. They're trying to get you to do the dishes and you don't want to.
Q	You're the presenter of a cooking show called 'The Joys of Extragalactic Ingredients' - androneds fizz, void spice, centaurus mince...	You touch the face of your human lover & your freezing dead hand sparkles in the sunlight - they lust for you but you've been taking a prudish sex-negative high ground.	You're an expert martial artist and the leader of a rival gym has just challenged you to a showdown. 'Choose your weapon' they say, cracking their knuckles.	You pump your fins to dodge a conch bus whilst shopping at Westway. They've got the whole Charnel and still they almost hit you!
K	Wait didn't you just leave this universe? What's different?	Wait, isn't this your home universe? What's different?	This place is paradise.	This place sucks.

JOKER - You've landed in a universe so much like the last one you visited - but oh shit - you've been found by a sado-masochistic alt-reality version of yourself, who love/hates you. This is **JKR-55**. They don't want to destroy everything, they just want YOU.



Chlorophyll





Sofia Zadar

you,
a there to my here that I construct based on relics from my cognitive territories,
you,
felt by my earthly fabric before being manufactured by my thought,
you,
close-knit, a parallel particle of
us,

Look, if we know our brain is a useless lump without our heart and we know our enteric nervous system is fucked without our gut bacteria, and everything else without each other to the very end of the tiniest tissue... why on earth would we think you and I can ever be severed? If freedom and friendship share the same root (fri, or pri, meaning love) and we sense firmly that the add-on *individual* was only mandatory because freedom had always been a common good... how on earth can we forget that we contain each other's joys and sorrows just as much as this soil-full-of-critters contains us all?

Look. I know being in the here-and-now is a painful chore. The city itself is a hostile abode to the eyes and the lungs, while the constant coercion of our bodies into distress - to somehow sustain our bodies' survival nonetheless - is a death trap disguised as a path. But my dear friend, my beloved body-of-a-billion-realms, home-of-your-senses-and-joys. I am writing this because you've come to read it. And there is nothing on earth I'd rather do than share this space with you. And you and I both know that we are here because we trust this.

we cannot afford this apocalypse,
our elders cannot afford this apocalypse.
they have been spent and buried time and time again,
but their flesh carried seeds,

there is too much wisdom to be shared
and theory to be spurned
and there are just too many bacteria
inside our flesh
to give this up just yet,

hictopía (lat. hīo = this; gr. τόπος = place)

noun
"this place", ♦ the multidimensional territory of the here-and-now; related to its predecessors (utopia and dystopia) as concepts of storytelling, but grounding its ethos in the already emerging processes of the here-and-now rather than in evaluations of good or bad.
"When being in nature with my chosen family, I prefer hictopia to any utopian dream."

the state of simultaneously containing (staying with) contradicting feelings or aspects of being (e.g. joy and grief, alienation and connection etc.)

"By transiting different parts of myself and lingering in the space between, I finally feel like I am embodying hictopia."





_Jola Olafimihan

Gbam, gbam, gbam
The spirits have begun to dance
With Saws for feet
And nails for hands
The Spirits have begun to dance.

Gbam, gbam, gbam and clunk
The spirits have begun to dance
Digging up soil and concrete
Spewing their demands
As they continue to dance.

Gbam, gbam, gbam
The spirits have begun to dance
Clothe in rags and rotted meat.
Dancing to music of homelands
Far flung and destroyed.

The spirits have begun to dance
A warning for man, they unseat.
Biting, whipping, and snapping at powdered knees.
The spirits continue to dance.

Haba,
The spirits still dance,
Resistant to hardened hearts and fresh seeds.
A single plane sprouts, in the aftermath.
New spirits, a new cycle, perhaps another chance.





_Aska Welford

There were three towers on the Monteith estate in Bow, East London. When I was 9 years old two of them were demolished, Cavan House and Antrim House, at the end of our back yard. The council homes were knocked down for estate regeneration, replaced by low-rise market-rate apartment blocks, yellow London stock brick, pitched roofs. Clare House remained, standing alone, twenty-two storeys, the grey concrete panels freshly rendered over in pastel pink.

We couldn't stay at home on the day of the controlled explosion, within a 50 metre blast radius of the site. Leaflets instructed us to remember to close our windows so the dust doesn't enter, to keep pets inside. The towers were prepared, wrapped in bands of black containment netting across a few of the floors. We stood in Victoria Park, huddled together, looking up. Like watching fireworks, but in the daytime. The buildings shuddered and folded. When we got back to our estate, the garden was littered with tiny fragments of building material, wallpaper and plaster and concrete. Our next door neighbours found their patio door smashed in by the falling rubble.

In the years before the demolition, I would wake up hearing a voice calling out from a man standing on a balcony of the nearest tower, shouting FUCK OFF into the dawn, over and over.

FUCK OFF FUCK OFF FUCK OFF FUCK OFF FUCK OFF FUCK OFF FUCK OFF

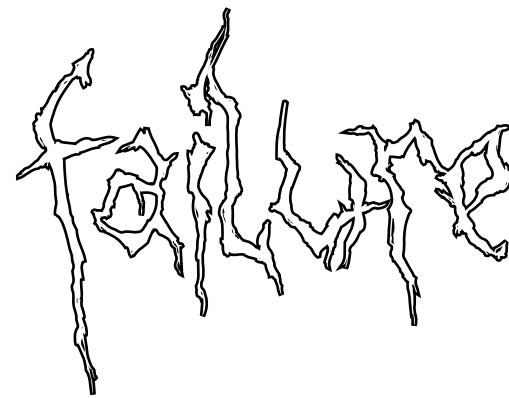
Every morning, very early, before it got light. Sometimes a pause, a breath between words, you'd think it had stopped. Then it would begin again.

It would repeat twenty times or more. A low bellowing voice, without distress. Only in the morning, before the day materialised.

Clare, Cavan and Antrim were erected in 1967, using a system of prefabricated concrete wall panels bolted together on site, the year the first fully industrialised wall construction was used in Britain. The technique was framed as an affordable and rapid mass-housing solution: combining modern methods of construction with unskilled labour, delivering central heating and indoor toilets but little space for communality with the repetitive stacked plan.

A year after the Monteith towers went up, a quarter to six in the morning, May 16th 1968, a woman on the seventeenth floor in Ronan Point, a tower in Canning Town, lit a match to light a kettle for a cup of tea. The building was freshly constructed as a slum clearance project, and not yet fully occupied. The leaky stove pipe set off a gas explosion, which blew out the concrete wall panels at their weak joints, which caused a whole column of flats below to collapse, their residents dead or injured.

Inspections after the collapse found that many of the joints at Ronan Point had been stuffed with newspaper then boarded over, rather than filled with concrete. The large wall panel system, originally designed for low-rise buildings but in practice applied to tall tower blocks, suffered from bad design and cost-cutting in materials and labour time. Contractor profits and votes for local councillors had been prioritised at the expense of creating structurally unsafe homes. Following the disaster, the UK government decreed reinforcement—steel brackets or panel ties—to be retrospectively applied to similarly built blocks.



Viewing images of the Canning Town collapse remind me of other demolition sites: the floors ripped from the wall, traces of former existences in the painted walls, bathroom tiles, fireplaces and light fixtures. The overlapping worlds that were once possible, sliced through. Ronan Point was repaired and rehomed, though only one of the original households wished to return. It was ultimately demolished in 1986 following community campaigns around concerns for its continued structural integrity.

Last year, the installation of a new sprinkler system in Clare House led to the discovery that the mandatory structural reinforcement work had never been carried out on the estate. The last tower had stood for nearly five decades at risk of potential collapse, held together by the weight of the panels. The building was condemned overnight by the Housing Association. Tenants were given 48 hours to evacuate, with cash compensation for the disturbance, and the police called when they pushed back and made stronger demands. Some residents were offered apartments to move into, others have been assigned bed-and-breakfasts. Of the hundred-and-twenty households, fourteen remain in their flats: leaseholders and those with chronic illness who have not been resettled in appropriate housing. The building awaits refurbishment or demolition. Crisis is an opportunity to extract greater value.

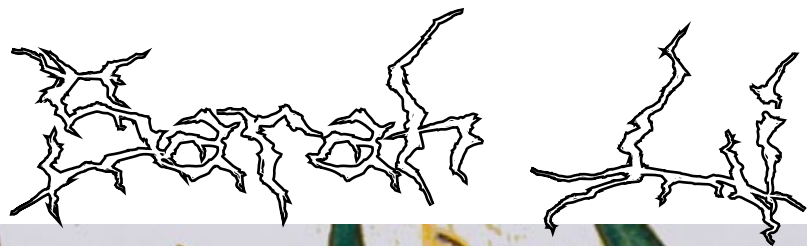
The neighbouring estate I grew up on started off as a private development in the 80s, built on ex-industrial land. After the company went bust mid-construction the council took the site into public ownership and completed the build. It feels nearly impossible to imagine this transfer of wealth happening today. It is likely that the case for refurbishment of Clare House will be argued too costly, and that the replacement will deliver a majority of homes at market rate.

I quit my job in August. Or I got fired and a week later they offered me my role back and then I refused. I'd been working for a decade as an architectural assistant, in housing practices, assembling the worlds of capital in miniature. I made models and tested out variations in diagrams. Scaled-down forms in foam or card or autocad or tracing paper. I massed out how much leasable area could fit on a plot of land. I speculated. I stacked floor plans. I detailed construction packages, imagined how the window would fit with the cladding would fit with the metal section would fit with the insulation. I dreamt and designed futures for the profit of the housing developer. I often think about the many compliant hands which rebuild the world as it is, constructing the mechanisms of exploitation over and over.

After a building is demolished and redeveloped, it can be difficult to remember what was there before, instead seeing the empty sky or the new facade. From the bottom of the tower, it can be hard to imagine any other past or future than one in which the forces of capital shape the construction and destruction of working class homes.

On the Monteith Estate, Clare House still stands, nearly empty. You can get a sense of the scale and size of the other 240 homes, the thousands of lives that were once there, just shifted over and repeated to the left.





I wonder if my heart stays the same no matter where I am and you think it is the one constant. I disagree because I feel like even right here my heart shifts and I wonder if I am broken?



The Hollow Trunk

_Sam Sivapragasam

The yew tree had a hollow at its base. Una peered into the darkness. The rain soaked the forest's trees and their barks had become deep saturated purples and reds. Intoxicating terpene laced the air. Layers of decaying leaves and scabbed off bark felt spongy under her wet feet. Between the bloody barks and the acidic earth below, Una thought perhaps this was a sort of purgatory. The sky crashed like a cymbal above her. And then, as if the heavens inhaled, all fell still. Una bated her breath and waited for the deluge. It was as if she had no choice but to press forward. Into the heart of the yew. It was a magnificent tree. Its curling, gnarled body with broad canopy like a wicked mouth, forking and biting into the air above. The closer she got to the tree she noticed the hollow she stared into was not alone. There were three more in adjacent yew trunks. Each trunk was as jagged and battered, flaking scaling barks revealing smooth wine-purple and red layers beneath. Their barks as much a home to all the insects and animals of the forest as the lichen, moss and fungi which glistened in the rain. They all grew together, careening into and away from each other. Choose one, Una urged herself. Her extremities were losing feeling. She ran into the trunk closest to her left, grazing her arm as she entered. She didn't feel heavy drops of blood fall on her numb feet. Only able to sit, she curled into herself. As she settled into the dark cavern of the trunk, she felt unseen beings stroke, scratch, and nibble her exposed skin. All were welcome after the rain, even if it made her jump. Inside the hollow, the forest seemed a different world. Time moved slower and the cacophony of rain was muted. Only the rush of blood in her ears and the movement of food in her belly.

At some point she fell backwards, and aware of the tunnel that had opened behind her, she realised she must have slept. Yet the tunnel remained, not an apparition, but a dark void that stretched behind her. She couldn't see her body, only had a sense of where she began and ended. A distant patter of rain persevered. It was pitch black the way into the forest and the way down the tunnel. The thick of night swallowed everything. But something was pulling her towards its depths. Like a calling, a song, a gentle dragging that pulled at her wrists. She crawled, dead leaves stab into her palms like thorns or needles. She stopped and cursed her wounded hands but again pushed onward. Before long the sensations of moving felt as automatic as breathing. What was a body if you couldn't see it? If it couldn't be seen? Pressing on, not sure where, not sure if she was going in circles or where she would end up. She wondered if she was even awake... or alive.

Light warmed his face. And he knew that he had fallen asleep and this was the sensation of waking. Fluttering his lashes open, he had to squint at the naked sky, blue and bright. Verdant fields like sleeping giants lay before the hollow's opening. He climbed out and stumbling, landed on his grazed arm. The skin was torn and flesh bright red and sore. His hands ached and looked swollen and blistered. In that moment when the pain felt like a sharp bite, and a flash of white crossed his mind - he knew that something had changed. Many things had changed. Under the grass that stretched from the roots of the trees, deep in the earth, there was a whimpering vibration, he could tell that a forest was once here. Fear and grief curdled in his gut. Pushing his back into the trunk behind him, he pleaded to the trunks that surrounded him, lonely the four trees mourned with him. He remembered them, standing with their sibling still, but so alone. Which did he sleep in? Wasn't it the one on the left? But here he was at the furthest to the right. Maybe it was just a shift in perspective. Wasn't it raining? The grass was so dry, it didn't make sense that they were such a vivid green lacking even a kiss of dew. Holding his head in his painful palms. There was a girl. That was all he could muster in the crashing collision of his mind.

"What are you doing there?" A voice behind him. He turned. His inquisitor wore a mask that concealed nose and mouth, a dress that covered them neck to toe. They moved like a chess piece, gliding rather than walking, closer.

"Who are you?" The inquisitor asked.

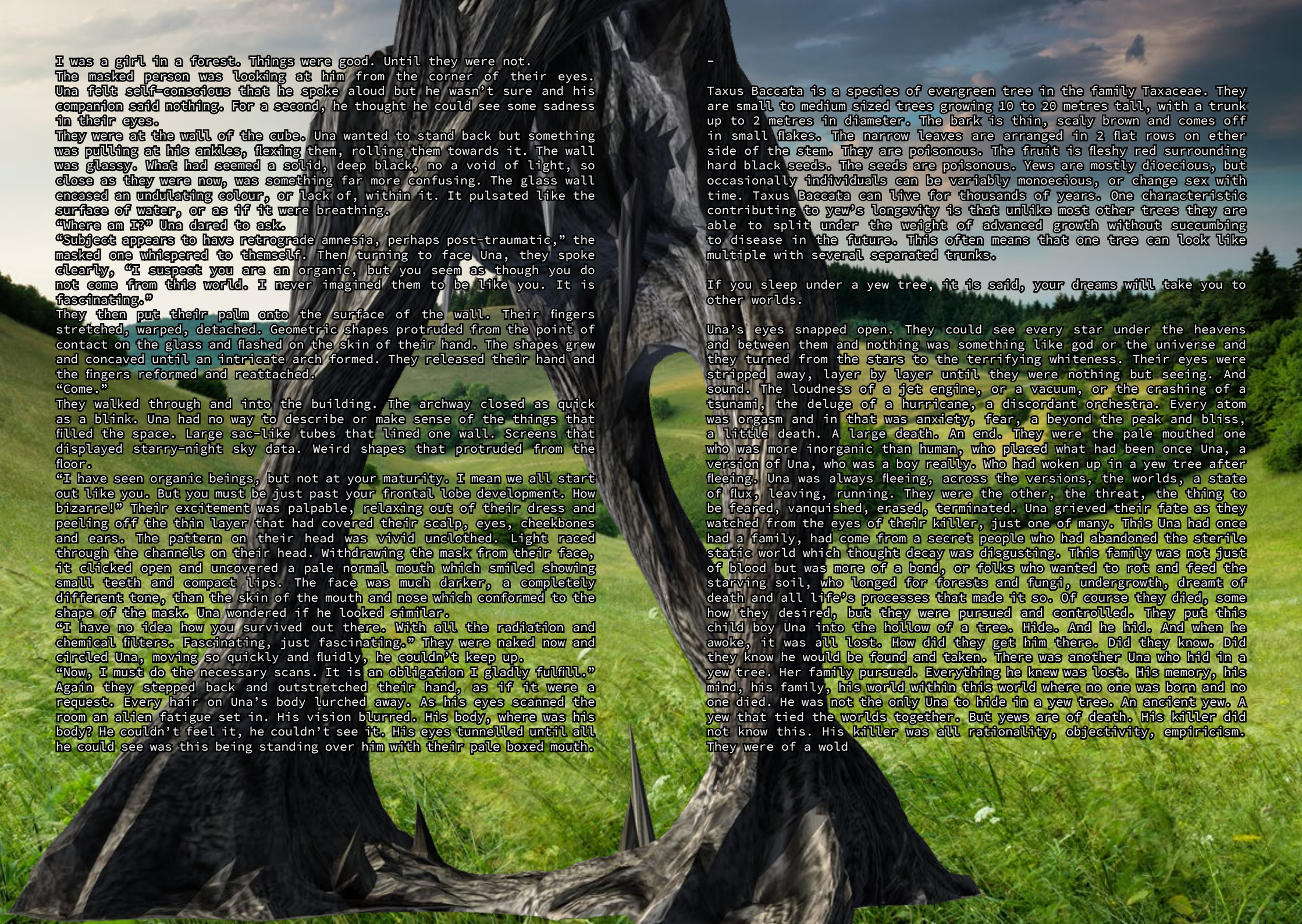
His head throbbed, words melted and swirled. "Una," he didn't trust his words, "my name is Una." Neither did the inquisitor.

The masked one reached out their hand, "give me your wrist."

Una searched for an escape. Every atom in his body screamed run. The rolling hills, the trees that surrounded him, and then behind the masked one a black cube, a building perhaps. It absorbed light. It seemed like a celestial object. He hadn't noticed it at all before, but now he couldn't do anything but stare. It sucked him in.

The inquisitor's cold touch startled him. Their hand pushed his dirty sleeve up, revealing the inside of his wrist. He could still run, he knew it, their grip was light. But the expanse of nothingness frightened him. Something inside him, something he couldn't remember said there was nothing to run to anyway. Tears stung at his eyes. The masked one's eyes widened. As if they had never seen someone cry before.

In their hand, he couldn't make much sense of this person. Their language felt foreign yet familiar. He knew this language, he was sure of it, because he spoke it. But he couldn't remember anything about himself. It was as if a wall had been built in his mind, sealing off essential parts of himself. And here studied by this masked person, he felt that their eyes were wrong - cold, precise, yet they looked like what he thought eyes should. Their bald head had almost imperceptible networks of intricate lines, tattoos perhaps, that glinted as sunlight refracted on their scalp. "Confirmation of occurrence as hypothesised," they muttered. Una could almost sense delight. "Come with me." They stood back from Una. Releasing his wrist. It was nearly a request. But Una knew he had no other choice. Together they approached the cube. With each advance towards, Una felt cold sweat, uncontrollable shivers and a scream latch in the crevices of his throat. Every step rattled the bones in his body.



I was a girl in a forest. Things were good. Until they were not. The masked person was looking at him from the corner of their eyes. Una felt self-conscious that he spoke aloud but he wasn't sure and his companion said nothing. For a second, he thought he could see some sadness in their eyes.

They were at the wall of the cube. Una wanted to stand back but something was pulling at his ankles, flexing them, rolling them towards it. The wall was glassy. What had seemed a solid, deep black, no a void of light, so close as they were now, was something far more confusing. The glass wall encased an undulating colour, or lack of, within it. It pulsed like the surface of water, or as if it were breathing.

"Where am I?" Una dared to ask.

"Subject appears to have retrograde amnesia, perhaps post-traumatic," the masked one whispered to himself. Then turning to face Una, they spoke clearly, "I suspect you are an organic, but you seem as though you do not come from this world. I never imagined them to be like you. It is fascinating."

They then put their palm onto the surface of the wall. Their fingers stretched, warped, detached. Geometric shapes protruded from the point of contact on the glass and flashed on the skin of their hand. The shapes grew and concaved until an intricate arch formed. They released their hand and the fingers reformed and reattached.

"Come."

They walked through and into the building. The archway closed as quick as a blink. Una had no way to describe or make sense of the things that filled the space. Large sac-like tubes that lined one wall. Screens that displayed starry-night sky data. Weird shapes that protruded from the floor.

"I have seen organic beings, but not at your maturity. I mean we all start out like you. But you must be just past your frontal lobe development. How bizarre!" Their excitement was palpable, relaxing out of their dress and peeling off the thin layer that had covered their scalp, eyes, cheekbones and ears. The pattern on their head was vivid unclothed. Light raced through the channels on their head. Withdrawing the mask from their face, it clicked open and uncovered a pale normal mouth which smiled showing small teeth and compact lips. The face was much darker, a completely different tone, than the skin of the mouth and nose which conformed to the shape of the mask. Una wondered if he looked similar.

"I have no idea how you survived out there. With all the radiation and chemical filters. Fascinating, just fascinating." They were naked now and circled Una, moving so quickly and fluidly, he couldn't keep up.

"Now, I must do the necessary scans. It is an obligation I gladly fulfill." Again they stepped back and outstretched their hand, as if it were a request. Every hair on Una's body lurched away. As his eyes scanned the room an alien fatigue set in. His vision blurred. His body, where was his body? He couldn't feel it, he couldn't see it. His eyes tunnelled until all he could see was this being standing over him with their pale boxed mouth.

-

Taxus Baccata is a species of evergreen tree in the family Taxaceae. They are small to medium sized trees growing 10 to 20 metres tall, with a trunk up to 2 metres in diameter. The bark is thin, scaly brown and comes off in small flakes. The narrow leaves are arranged in 2 flat rows on either side of the stem. They are poisonous. The fruit is fleshy red surrounding hard black seeds. The seeds are poisonous. Yews are mostly dioecious, but occasionally individuals can be variably monoecious, or change sex with time. Taxus Baccata can live for thousands of years. One characteristic contributing to yew's longevity is that unlike most other trees they are able to split under the weight of advanced growth without succumbing to disease in the future. This often means that one tree can look like multiple with several separated trunks.

If you sleep under a yew tree, it is said, your dreams will take you to other worlds.

Una's eyes snapped open. They could see every star under the heavens and between them and nothing was something like god or the universe and they turned from the stars to the terrifying whiteness. Their eyes were stripped away, layer by layer until they were nothing but seeing. And sound. The loudness of a jet engine, or a vacuum, or the crashing of a tsunami, the deluge of a hurricane, a discordant orchestra. Every atom was orgasm and in that was anxiety, fear, a beyond the peak and bliss, a little death. A large death. An end. They were the pale mouthed one who was more inorganic than human, who placed what had been once Una, a version of Una, who was a boy really. Who had woken up in a yew tree after fleeing. Una was always fleeing, across the versions, the worlds, a state of flux, leaving, running. They were the other, the threat, the thing to be feared, vanquished, erased, terminated. Una grieved their fate as they watched from the eyes of their killer, just one of many. This Una had once had a family, had come from a secret people who had abandoned the sterile static world which thought decay was disgusting. This family was not just of blood but was more of a bond, or folks who wanted to rot and feed the starving soil, who longed for forests and fungi, undergrowth, dreamt of death and all life's processes that made it so. Of course they died, some how they desired, but they were pursued and controlled. They put this child boy Una into the hollow of a tree. Hide. And he hid. And when he awoke, it was all lost. How did they get him there. Did they know. Did they know he would be found and taken. There was another Una who hid in a yew tree. Her family pursued. Everything he knew was lost. His memory, his mind, his family, his world within this world where no one was born and no one died. He was not the only Una to hide in a yew tree. An ancient yew. A yew that tied the worlds together. But yews are of death. His killer did not know this. His killer was all rationality, objectivity, empiricism. They were of a world

which longed for cleanliness, order, predictability, to control the unknowable, to erase the other. They were of a world which enjoyed clarity, taxonomy, categories. A people who preferred solitude. True solitude. Nothing in the earth or air, no bacteria or mites on their skin, not symbiotic gut, no lichen or moss, no trees for shade or air. They couldn't stand each other. Only 3754 remained and they all lived apart. Una's killer put him in a vessel filled with fluid that filled every pore and opening. Filled his lungs, stomach, intestines and absorbed every biological memory and data. Yet they only read what they deemed valuable. Bare, cold facts. They could have read how love had softened his skin. How play had left him with childhood grazes with were faint scars. How the toxic air and soil had made him infertile, but his family had made him full. How he tended to his siblings and nibblings as if they were his own. There was joy and there was suffering to his life. But his killer would never know this. And Una, who was nothing and everything and the inquisitor, his killer, felt it too. This relish for the quantifiable. They felt compassion for this inorganic human who knew so much, could do so much, would live for an eternity, would never know god or the universe or the many different worlds and selves, and would be poor despite their comfort. And when their scans were done, they injected boy Una with a red fluid. A poison derived from the seed and leaves of the yew tree. Now so extracted from its organic source, the killer would not associate the two. But for Una, the yew tree tied them to their many selves. The shelter that had saved and doomed them across the many worlds they had occupied.

-

Where do I go? Una who was nothing asked no one.

-

The sky was overcast, thick and heavy. Clouds brushed their canopy of the forest. It took Una a few moments to make sense of their surroundings. "You slept here again?" Nia asked, looking down with their arms full. They seemed like they were on their way somewhere, not that interested in the answer to their question, but kind enough to ask. "Do I look that awful?" Una cleared their throat then wiped their face in their hands. Their palms still stung. Nia chuckled then waved and went on with their errands. Una watched them walk along the path of the forest into an inconspicuous building. Its walls were clay and covered in moss and lichen. Behind it, up a thick beech tree another building, woven from branches, hidden behind serrated leaves. Between and within copses of hazel, oak, walnut, birches and beeches were more and more structures, some tiny and for creatures more than human, others were teeming with voices and people filing in and out, paths whirled between buildings and ladders snaked up trees.

Una needed a moment before rejoining the buzz of the forest. They brushed the forest floor beside them, grasping for some grounding. Fingering the scaly flakes of Yew bark, decaying and dried leaves and needles. Their tender hands found a blushing fruit. Was this the poison that killed him? Una wondered as they broke the flesh, baring the seed within. They stood up and instantly felt dizzy. Hammers thumped at their temples. Groaning, they made their way with leaden limbs to the medicine tent. Leyla was staring into a microscope at her desk. She didn't look up as Una slumped into the hammock behind her.

"How was your trip?" She asked.

It took Una a moment, "it was a lot."

"Took from you?"

Una snorted, "and gave me pain in return." With each word the headache worsened as if it were an advancing army.

"Go to the tea hut."

"I would if I could," Una said through gritted teeth, "even this is draining me."

Leyla looked up. Una closed their eyes.

"I'm scared, Leyla."

"Tell me."

Swallowing, "I saw two of my selves. Both were killed. They were me, and yet... not. Their worlds were so different. But I felt them. I was them. I was in their bodies and their minds. I forgot myself. I lost myself. I was surprised I woke up and found Nia looking at me, almost laughing, I thought I was dead. I was dead. They couldn't survive. I feel like there's this emptiness growing inside me, a cancer, a pit, a nothing." As they spoke their breaths grew shorter.

"Una, breathe, slowly now."

Una tried to breathe but their chest was tight. There was too much.

"The worlds were so different. One was a forest, but it was all yew trees, and the people were tribe folks who moved with the seasons. Sometimes they grew food but mostly they hunted and foraged. In some ways they were like us, but before us, almost. There was so much love but also death. Her entire family was slaughtered in front of her. She was scared and just kept running and running."

"She was killed?"

"Yes - I didn't see it. I didn't know it. But I know now."

"And the other?"

"Probed and poisoned. His whole family wiped out. Erased. The same way. Different killers. He tried to hide, to escape. But it's almost like his family knew he couldn't. Where could he hide in a world that controlled and surveyed. It was a matter of time. They tried to make him forget. And it was all confused. They both hid in this tree. The same as the one in our forest. The one I slept under. But it must be different..."

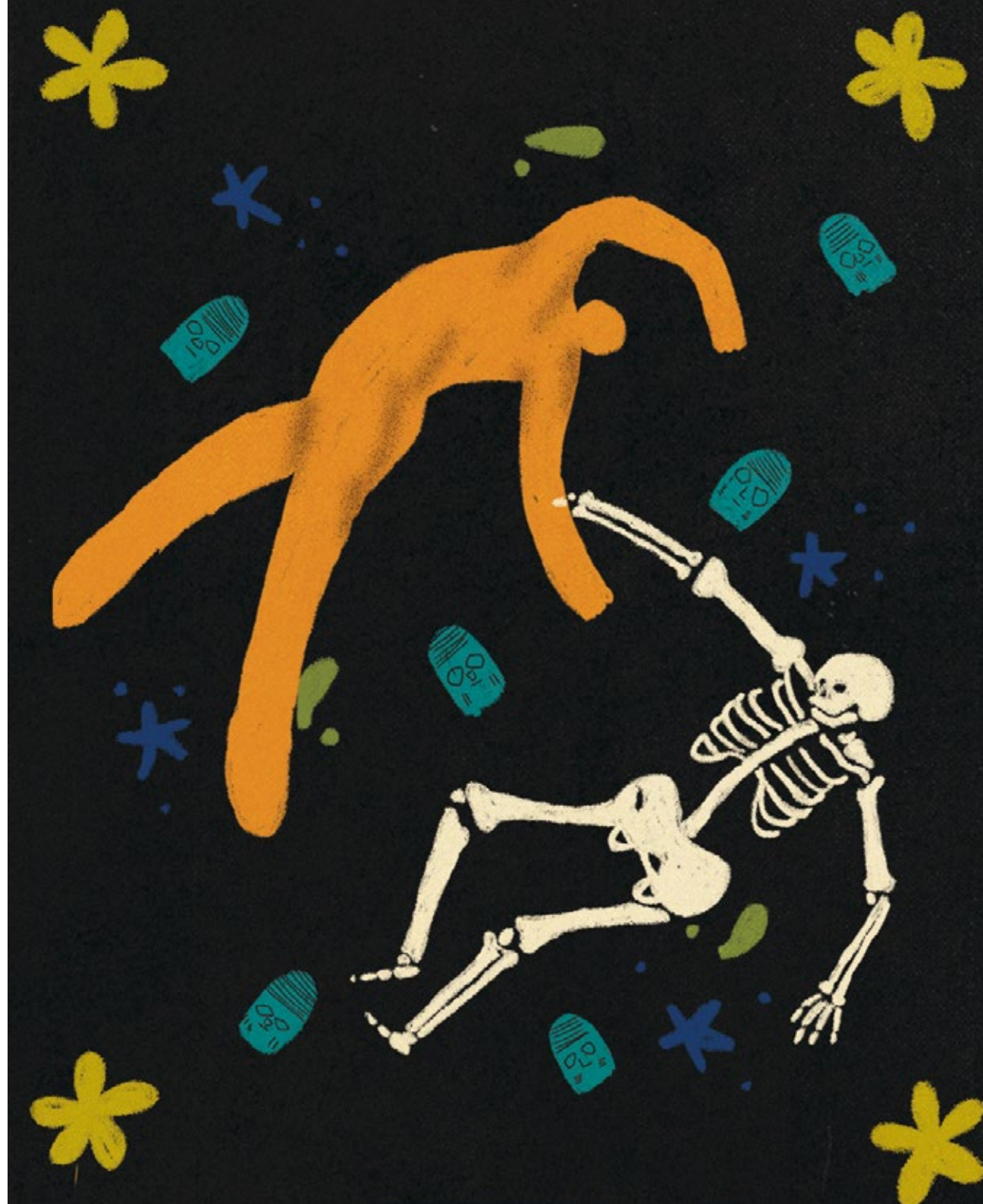
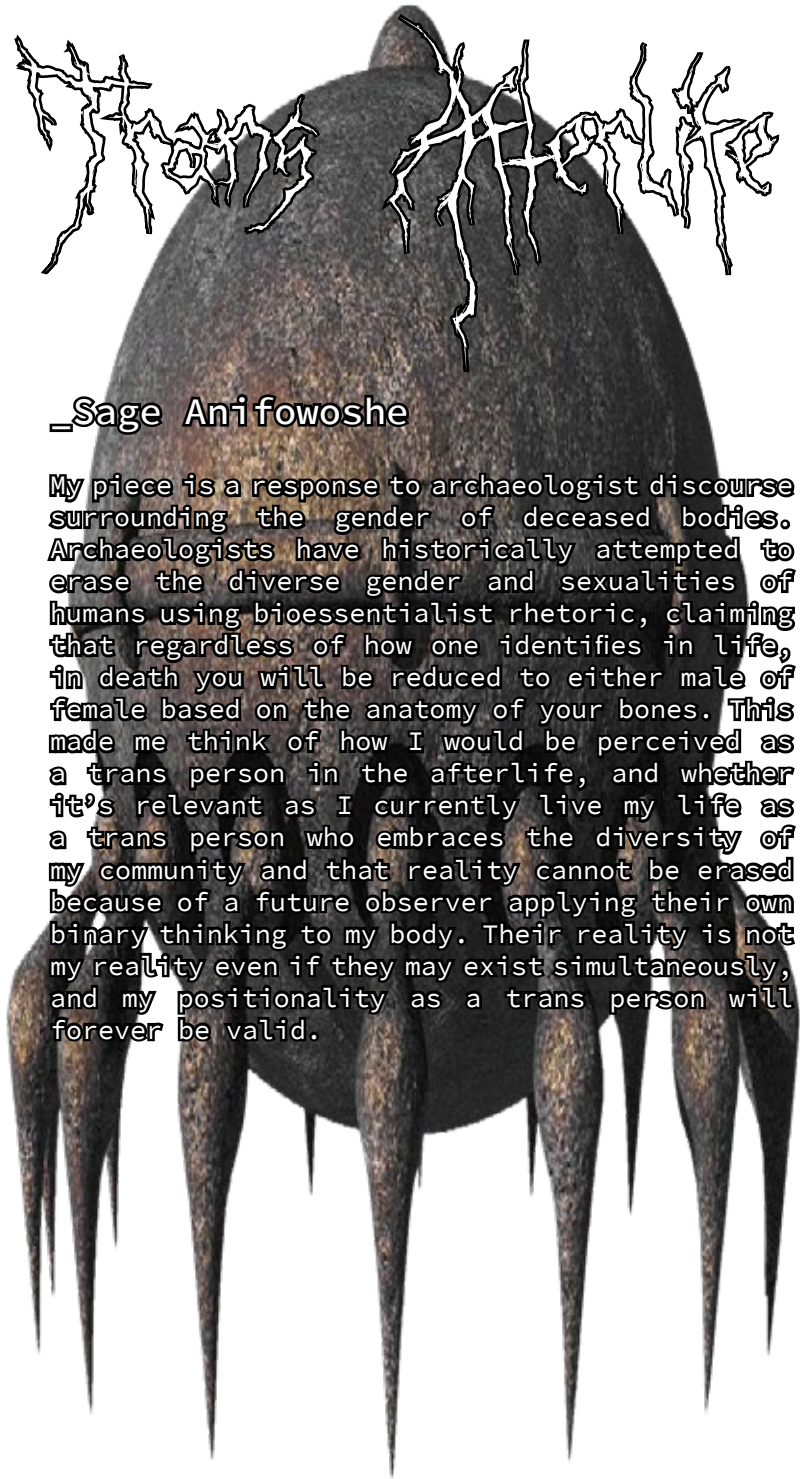
Una lost their breath. The spoke in croaked urgency, "I don't know who I am anymore. Even me speaking to you now. My body remembers everything. It remembers dying. It remembers being killed. It remembers losing its family twice. Will it happen again? What makes us different? I'm so scared, Leyla."

Leyla came to their side and took their hand. She stroked their palm and Una fell asleep, panting. Turning their arm over, Leyla noticed a bad graze, the skin torn and the wound scabbing yellow over.



_Sage Anifowoshe

My piece is a response to archaeologist discourse surrounding the gender of deceased bodies. Archaeologists have historically attempted to erase the diverse gender and sexualities of humans using bioessentialist rhetoric, claiming that regardless of how one identifies in life, in death you will be reduced to either male or female based on the anatomy of your bones. This made me think of how I would be perceived as a trans person in the afterlife, and whether it's relevant as I currently live my life as a trans person who embraces the diversity of my community and that reality cannot be erased because of a future observer applying their own binary thinking to my body. Their reality is not my reality even if they may exist simultaneously, and my positionality as a trans person will forever be valid.





Species Thinking
Vanessa Zappi



_Petero Kalulé

*"Dwell like a ghost, black angel, dwell like a ghost." -
Doug Carn*

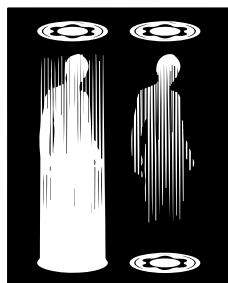
dilate delay, fade & s leap thru/ generate nothing like
metrics (no scales no segments no circles no patterns) but the lilting
tone of clouds flickering by es/ bear infinite sensual witness/ lift each
other's empty from without/ give without ever wanting/ envisage life as
a haptic economy of imperceptible points beyond a countable maths that's
neither t here nor here/

anticipate immutable loss, *steal away*/ murmur/ echo
another's whispers/ countenance chance/ discern shadows, scramble
shadow/

gather a measure toward what greys linear order/ mutually re-
create selves/ multiply selves, revise this, stray/ rest; limber up-
over/ prolong & accrete beauty/

hum love again ever so sweet, *over & over again*/ remember back
again/ say again & again & again that we are each other's only angels/
river free from beyond knowing, from beyond walls from, beyond doors/
make dreams & dreaming palpably tangible/

after breath, after heart, after earth, after spirit
::



How to drum

slacken yr wrists. arc. crayons. wax. pat thighs. forget time. unwind
clocks. glow shadows. trace petal-colour partials. blue bugle. peony,
tulip, rhododendron, buttercup. mimic cat paws. bubbles. abandon lines,
borders & squares. pockets. lashes. eyeliner. creak hinges. thread.
tree-hollows. stop for leaves as they rustle at night. rake. geraniums.
floor grass. flour. butter. bracken. lichen. beetles. moss. moths, their
wings, silk. thorns. watch little fishes swim against the current. toads.
consider rain, hail. sparrows pecking at windows. budgies. pineapples.
fennel. pomegranate. the sparkle of eggshells. ginger. cumin toasting.
peanuts. a pestle. a mortar. cinnamon. cardamom. crack le matchstick
against red strip. remember thunder. boat. night buses, stand in their
doorways. figs. fitter lips. zips. latex. tap the tones of a smile. yr
smile. nod. bop. think of stars. lullabies. twinklike bells. buckets.
butts. scissor. tender buttons. elbow. shins. fists. pillow crunches.
velvet. scarves. beads. a shared blanket. bicycles, their horns.
moonlight. a murmuration. puddles. penguins. ducks. clink a glass.
cacti. darkness. cricket s napping. trust the shuttling secrets of
wooden floors. pebbles. spare change. rust. crystals & alloys, purple
quartz, flint, jasper. salts. clay, fragile clay. touch toes. finger. a
leaky faucet. slide. kiss. hiss. kettle. air. swarm. swing. rattle.
thrum.



Love letter

*"Our kisses are petals/ our tongues caress the bloom" -
Essex Hemphill*

i hope one day that all we might do is
sit
doing nothing but sough
curling
hands by river tree, raft

our fingers thru river water
featherly
like
honey bumble bees gush *they dance*
buzzing w/song, spill

apricot cake off
our soggy tongues
& twitch & tangle tight, *tenaciously* tight
like the burrs on our socks stick
seed g listen'd
2 skin, to skin, 2 *other* kindly skin
till starlight.

September

winking, a snail slinks s offly
in the rain, & i think
-- ach, peaceful yogini turtle!



How does imagining the Moon as a new world give us space to consider culture, the environment, publishing, art, community, and politics in different ways?

_Moon Press is an intervention into publishing, creating space for writers, thinkers, and artists to draw connections between the environment, humans, and outer space. As a printed and online publication, Moon Press releases issues every month in line with lunar cycles.

_JOIN US

*Tour de Moon is open to all, and you can always join the adventure and be a part of the festival, we will advertise *paid* opportunities on our website.*

Visit Tour De Moon's website for more information:

<https://tourdemoon.com/participate>

#TourdeMoon

Hotline: +44 (0)7377 837842

TikTok: @tourdemoon

Instagram: @Tour_de_Moon

Contact: hello@tourdemoon.com

Twitter: [_@tourdemoon](#)

Facebook: [/TourdeMo0n](#)

Twitch: [twitch.tv/tourdemoon](https://www.twitch.tv/tourdemoon)



Funded by



Delivered in partnership with



