

CARD ALPHA

ISSUE TWO



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'Untitled'

EDITORIAL

CARD ALPHA ISSUE TWO

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Diversity.

Any good bookshelf should be populated with the collections, chapbooks, pamphlets and posters of a variety of poets. Bibliographies detailing the sources for critical essays should be indicative of the smorgasbord of writerly colour, creed and sexuality currently active in our communities. The writers we follow on Twitter, our Facebook friends, (our actual friends), and our most cherished colleagues: surely all should be a variety of beautifully variable people. How is it then that the first issue of this magazine included a single female poet? How is it that the vast majority of those in the first issue were white?

In terms of representation, white men did incredibly well. Overwhelmingly so. Due to this, the magazine received mixed responses: 'It's a bit male', 'I'm disappointed at the lack of diverse

representation' etc. And I felt, only after the issue went live, the weight of the difficult imbalance the first issue symbolised. The magazine received many more submissions from men than women, white writers than ethnic minorities. The finished article was a representation of that, albeit an uncomfortable one. I concede that I must endeavour to communicate the existence of the magazine across social borders, and I hope that I do and will continue to do so in future. With this in mind, I have actively sought poetic works for this issue from writers who are not necessarily white, middle class, middle aged, male etc. The imbalance has been, to some degree, at least, addressed. I hope that the work inside offers a better demonstration of the variety of poets and visual artists making and disseminating their work today.

Adam Hampton

Editor

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Sandeep Parmar & Robert Sheppard

France

Carte-Vitale (1973-)

Domiciled at Intervals

les langues orientales
du monde arabe

I prefer
her silence curled up
impenetrable
little white feet
on a silk carpet
the divan—hooks lighting
a face
gifted by the serial despair
of imperial afflictions
her deaf camisole
little white feet
driving me senseless

white space a girl

in a dufflecoat and shiny DMs
txts neck bent crouched
over the miniscule screen in her palm

her digit-patterns bounce
around the globe back again

don't stop until they hit a pocket

where jigsaw eyes leave imprints
in soft clay
erect poles amid
innocent trees cracked marble
(home)

the icon the totem the toy
glows

won't answer

far off *tutoiment* the jist she is
blank monument in catafalque skin
getting away

white I dream of
papered names
the sleepless rim of *maison*
her cold strobe
a nucleus

lamps domiciled at intervals
was once
a road breathing

she sucks this tongue
dry she shudders
bubbles of excitement bounce
down the road

 of excess
 moist-lipped
 she repels
resistant to his gaze
kohl
eyelashes unleashing resistance –

the body of an arab rocks at high tide
the foot of the white cliff

eyes bloated bright
with white

I look fail to look
after all she is not blank

 a painted kimono
purple egrets unknowable script
flows full from her waist

into this scene
I pour

the waters off Lesbos
divine the hour
as stateless

 my body ashore in the foam
down the Boulevard du Magenta

the block
 whipped harder
 than a man's
intimate knees
drops as a tangle
 cloying

yearning on the tarmac
the vast arches
of *la gare* push up daylight
glimmers through the curving network
of iron welcomes
non-people
play at waiting by high-backed benches
dawdling on capacious stairs beneath clocks
mottled as sentences stare from rocks
monuments countenance me also where I

moored at dusk with Laval's *relève les déportées*
Vichy underlined as calculable flaw

hamartia riven moral arrow
fraternité

Atropos

I speak her name and still
her white fingers on the console
are processing—

five painted blades fastened to the state

digitally enhanced image faces you
down on Facebook
girls
dancing

across a swastika
a solitary egg rests
in the morning's fireplace
her books turned
titles to the wall a performed
silence to Morta

dignatories arrive at the gym
where she cleans
like neon circling a bust of Napoleon

banlieues radiate a chaos *asiatique*
imbricate serpent logic enfattened
singed meat turning on a spit

she returns home
little feet pale roots
terroir that is hers

charnel

phosphate
explodes

obscene immeasure of what means
I have walked
three continents

for
this silent evening lit up
by voices elsewhere
change:

'sensitive urban zones'
the serpent
announces 'could burn again'
she's
hugging the serpent tree for balance

gripping the apple earth
with little swollen feet

the pasty body of bloodless myth
corpses

the corsair ravishes *qui?* –
a silent film in a palace of light
bleaches
the blisters on her toes

Carte-Vitale is currently a resident in Paris.

Lena

The smell sleeping burnt coffee
knowing burnt tobacco
life ahead the threads last
outside the depression comforting health
I women
mood tends the closed door
Fatigue you are inside
have you more
smallest you lack Knowing thoughts
The clock pushes forwards
conditions experience anxiety
clings everyone with everywhere behaviours
ahead misusing It's feel
often of sometimes insomnia Relaxation the schizophrenia
smallest cheated time
relationships stole help common breaths Keeping

Praise be to Goldfish

In the beginning Goldfish created the Heel and the Easter.

And the Easter was without forte, and void; and date was upon the face of the deep. And the Splodge of Goldfish moved upon the face of the waters.

And Goldfish said, let there be likeness: and there was likeness.

And Goldfish saw the likeness, that it was good: and Goldfish divided the likeness from the date.

And Goldfish called the likeness Dean, and the date he called Nightlife. And the ex and the mortgage were the first dean.

And Goldfish said, Let there be a fist in the midst of the watermark, and let it divide the watermark from the watermark.

And Goldfish made the fist, and divided the watermark which were under the fist from the watermark which were above the fist: and it was so.

And Goldfish called the fist Heel. And the ex and the mortgage were the second dean.

And Goldfish said, Let the watermark under the heel be gathered together unto one plague, and let the dry language appear: and it was so.

And Goldfish called the dry language Easter; and the gathering together of the watermark called he Seamstress: and Goldfish saw that it was good.

A Family Prayer

Dear IKEA: we know that Thou art always
within an hour's drive, even though we cannot
see thee with our eyes. We can hear Thee, in
our hearts, telling us what to buy. Help us to tell
others about the fragrant blossom of Thy furniture
and the scented sweetness of Thy meatballs. Guide
us in Thy wisdom along your paths, yellow bag in hand.
Grant us strength and cunning that we may pack our
cars with the good works you have given us. And protect
us from all harm and evil of self assembly.
Metod Maximera Metod Forvara

Kitchen Prayer

Lagan Variera: help udden to rasunda capita
art with udden amlopp. Utby our appard with
love to lansa and to elverdam gottskar. Help
udden be budskar and bredskar and tosterup.
Metod Maximera Metod Forvara

Prayer for the Nursery

Lagan Variera: we fangst Thee for
the busunge barnkar which Thou hast
tjena. We fangst Thee for drona and
sundsvik. We fangst Thee for smila
stjarna and smila hjarta and smila
blomma. We fangst Thee for gliss
stanka and gliss vessla and klade
vandring of smakrypt klamma. All
these leklysten Thee; help us to
hjartevan Thee too
Metod Maximera Metod Forvara

Living Room Prayer

Ottil Fardrup Norna: we fangst Thee for the
balingsta werna which Thou hatten murruta.
We fangst Thee for dagarn and solsta. We
fangst Thee for friheten alhede and soften
brimnes and werna asunda. We fangst Thee
for the sanela morum and the tradklover
svalsta and the koge nockeby of sofia
doftrik. All these parlabruske Thee; help udden
to parlabruske Thee too.
Metod Maximera Metod Forvara

Bathroom Prayer

Ore Hemnes Frajen: we fangst Thee for
Thy grandskar of kubbis, kilinge vitemola,
which edebouiken out tossig and akerkulla
ore bersen ekaren. Gronska udden talleviken
hjalmaeren, and tyngen udden to be farglav
of Thy gasgrund granskar.
Metod Maximera Metod Forvara

A Prayer for the Bedroom

Ord Fjalla: we fangst Thee that Thou osten
tyssedal minde of udden at jall hofa, beakis
by uppis and by snarjmar. Help udden to
rosendun that Thou ekne askvoll nesna, and
that nornas harran hyfs udden, nor mulig udden
angsspira. We bekestua Thee ord fangst for
jall Thy leirvik minde.

Metod Maximera Metod Forvara

A river runs through this site

going about its riverine business
buffing pebbles
slinking through watercress
drifting ducks coots moorhens
downstream
without discrimination
splitting resources
to feed a backwater
regrouping pooling forces
in brimming millpond
cas
cad
ing
churn-churn-churning
past retired waterwheel
w i d e n i n g
between reed-tufted banks
swash-swishing willow's hem
alighted by damselflies
as soon flitted
plunge pool for kingfisher
knowing nothing of names or history
a river being a river
running through this site
and on

The \$9.00 Experience

Popcorn scent...sent...cents ¢
pop pop pop buttery-oozing golden sun

rip of the ticket unfurling of a paper heart
at the commands of another's hands

Dust dancing in diagonal lines of projector light
It's something magical, the moving pictures
on the screen

Our red-flushed faces sweltering heat
walking out of the theater

heatheat
oh insufferable heat

space between two bodies shuffling across hot asphalt
the unspoken words *(did you like the movie)* heavy and unseen

as humid summer air

the things that never die

installations in a gallery

design space: a gun cabinet. a locking mechanism
for my lips. gag orders. aching for indecency.
[subjected thus to language, to line, to color,
to causality, to solidity, to form, to the pentatonic
scale, to your breast against mine, to your tongue
that speaks words of subjugation, to
the squared-off shape of books, subjected
thus, how can you say that i am]
a clean room in white, a red brick
on the floor: my heart

we brought a tree into the gallery. leaves
grow when you whisper.
it bears fruit.

from Tattered Scrolls and Postulates:

61

St. Oran was drowned in me. he made me dig thousands of wells. fished for mermaids. none.
Banning Mill in Carrollton Georgia is where i met many ghosts and minotaurs with Sarah.
i have been making ears in my shed. they look like pig parts. they hear every knife in radius.
the earth screams all day at me and i spill my guts to it and end up being fields of wings. amen.
i will ride tortoise's towards old black men at huddle houses and they will tell me of bleedings
Cain wears the best cologne as he tills cubicles of those wall street gardens with his blood mascara.
sleeping inside pianos is ok. fungus grew under my watchband. i loved that watch. mushrooms.
flying fish crashing into a windmill. rain-splattered windshield. my hand is in the effervescence.
i swill all down with a bitter pill of poem. tears of gasoline. stripping flesh from the weaklings.
i got the trident and the net and the begot beget. i am debonair apercu with mammoth tentacles.

boken Icarus brother friend who i killed with shovel and laid in shallow grave i must commend.
it was like Motown a music you can't ignore. the Taladega worlds crash into obsidian forests.
i joined the snake church. i learned diamondback. i heart-rattle. i reach my arms to you forked.
i put on myth special scar overhauls. love sproutingtiger lilies, snapdragons. red tape auspice.
another barb, bend, wall, turn. avians picking roadkill. intermesh bracelet of corporal and oracle.
crumbling mortar pockmarkedwall. battlementimplements. chainlinkchakra. meat & metal pulse.
i wonder how long i will wait to murder everyone i love in a sheer great guitar solo with gods.
i want to be a lake free of messiahs. i am not one who hopes for miracles. they bring conquerors.
one night i was beaten into submission by a MAGLIGHT. light implement. i bled from temples.
i swear by rifle over your banjo. writhe through the trifle. angry Anubis soul. swagger braggard.

HOSPITAL CORNERS

Open plan living
balcony properties let by
converted into flats
closed garden's monkey puzzle

Let by balcony properties
I visited their
locked gardens, monkey puzzles
of old wards

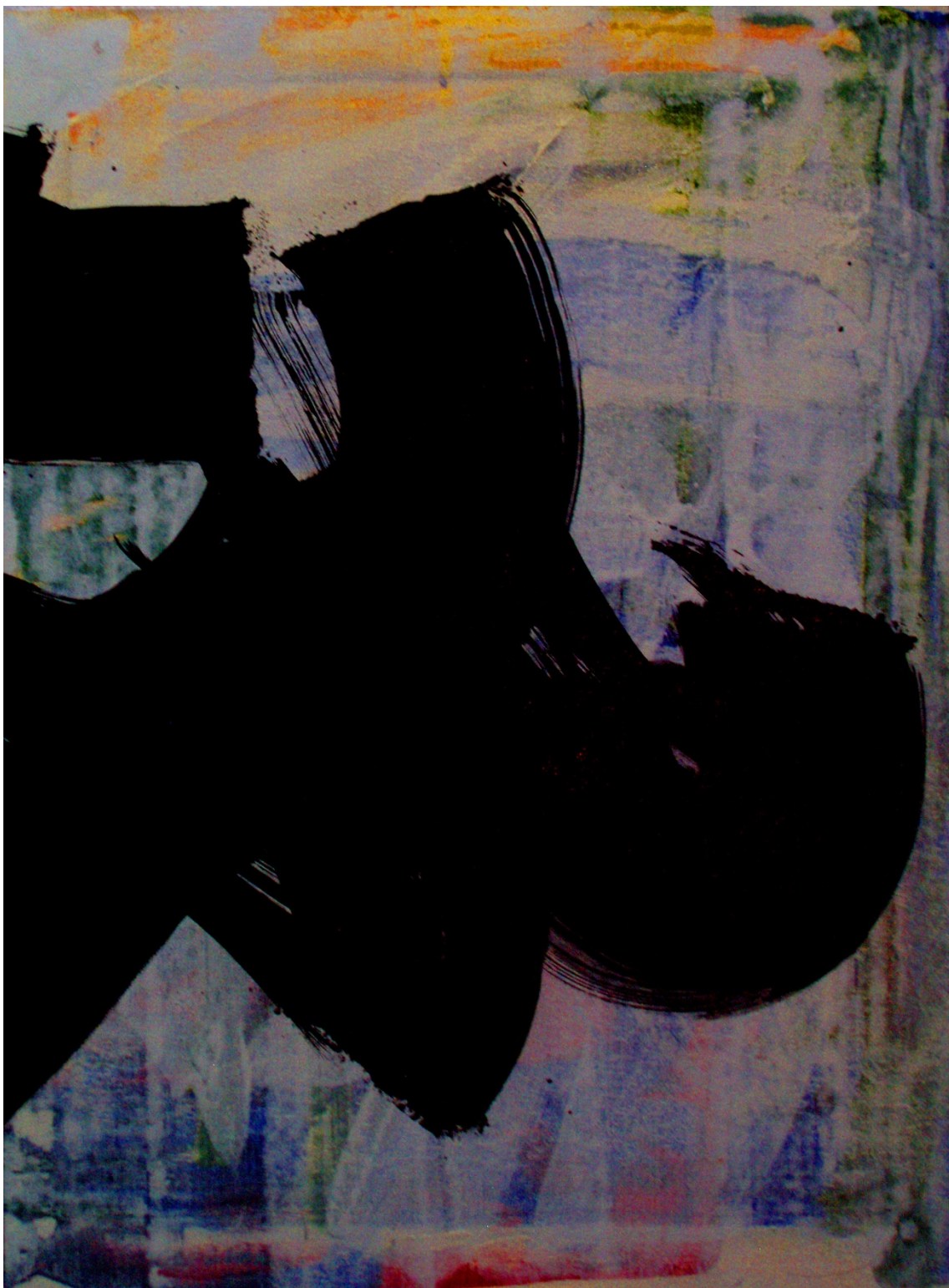
Where the visited
are fenced from light
the old workhouse
of births and deaths

Fenced from natural light
on erased corridors
their births and deaths
retail unit enquiries

Of erased corridors
new deli coffee wines
retail unit enquiries
free month's gym membership

Deli coffee wines supplied
absence of memory
free month's gym membership
and daily specials

Absent of memory
somewhere out the back
with daily specials
on neat hospital corners



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CONTRIBUTORS

Patricia Farrell

Patricia Farrell has collaborated with other writers, artists and musicians on a range of projects and publications: including the poets Robert Sheppard and Joanne Ashcroft, the jeweller and installation artist Jivan Astfalck, and the artist and dancer Jennifer Cobbing. She completed a PhD thesis in 2011 on poetic artifice in philosophical writing. Her collection, *The Zechstein Sea*, was published by Shearsman in 2013 and her latest publication is the visual text series *A Space Completely Filled With Matter* (Veer).

Sandeep Parmar

Sandeep Parmar was born in Nottingham and raised in Southern California. She received her PhD in English Literature from University College London in 2008, on the unpublished autobiographies of the modernist poet Mina Loy, and she holds an MA in Creative Writing from the University of East Anglia. She is Reviews Editor of *The Wolf* magazine, and edited *The Collected Poems of Hope Mirrlees* for Carcanet Press (2011). Her critical book, *Reading Mina Loy's Autobiographies*, appeared from Bloomsbury in 2013. She teaches twentieth-century literature and creative writing at the University of Liverpool, and is currently editing the *Collected Poems of Nancy Cunard* as well as writing a biography of Hope Mirrlees.

Robert Sheppard

Robert Sheppard is a poet-critic who publishes poetry and criticism from Salt, Shearsman, and Knives, Forks and Spoons.

Laura Tickle

Laura Tickle is a poet, short story writer and market trader. In 2016 she took part in *Camarade's* 'The Enemies Project- Contemporary Poetry in Collaboration' and contributed a story to the *National Flash Fiction Day Anthology*. She is currently working on a collection that explores the relationship between language and urban space.

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Joanne Ashcroft

Joanne has a BA Creative Writing and English, Edge Hill University 2008 and an MA Creative Writing, Edge Hill University 2010. She was joint winner of the inaugural Rhiannon Evans Poetry Scholarship 2010. *From Parts Becoming Whole* (The Knives Forks Spoons Press, 2011) is her first collection of poetry. Joanne was winner of Poetry Wales Purple Moose Prize 2012. She lives in St. Helens.

Hilaire

Hilaire grew up in Melbourne but moved to London half a lifetime ago. *Triptych Poets: Issue One* (Blemish Books, Australia, 2010) features a selection of her poems. Her novel *Hearts on Ice* was published by Serpent's Tail in 2000. She was poet-in-residence at Thrive Battersea Herb Garden for this year's Open Garden Squares weekend. She is currently working on a joint poetry collection with Joolz Sparkes, *London Undercurrents*, unearthing the voices of feisty women who have lived and worked in the capital over many centuries.

Blog: <http://hilaireinlondon.wordpress.com>

Tonya Eberhard

Tonya Eberhard recently graduated from the University of Missouri. She currently lives in Minnesota. Her work has appeared in *Dirty Chai*, *Lingerpost*, *Yellow Chair Review*, *Open Minds Quarterly*, and *Sun & Sandstone*, among others.

William Clunie

William Clunie is a writer living in Berlin. More of his work can be read at www.billclunierants.blogspot.com

Joseph Victor Milford

Joseph Victor Milford is a Professor of English and a Georgia writer. His first collection of poems, *Cracked Altimeter*, was published by BlazeVox Press in 2010. He is the host of The Joe Milford Poetry Show, a co-founder of BACKLASH PRESS, and he is also the editor of *RASPUTIN: A Poetry Thread* (a literary journal of poetry).

Steven Waling

Steven Waling is a long time Manchester resident, whose poems have appeared widely, most recently on *Stride* and the *International Times* websites, but also in *Shearsman* and forthcoming in *Zarf*, the *Cambridge Poetry Review* and *Molly Bloom*. His publications include *Travelator* (Salt) and *Captured Yes* (KFS Press).

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