



strukturriss

quarterly disseminating prototext

volume two. issue two

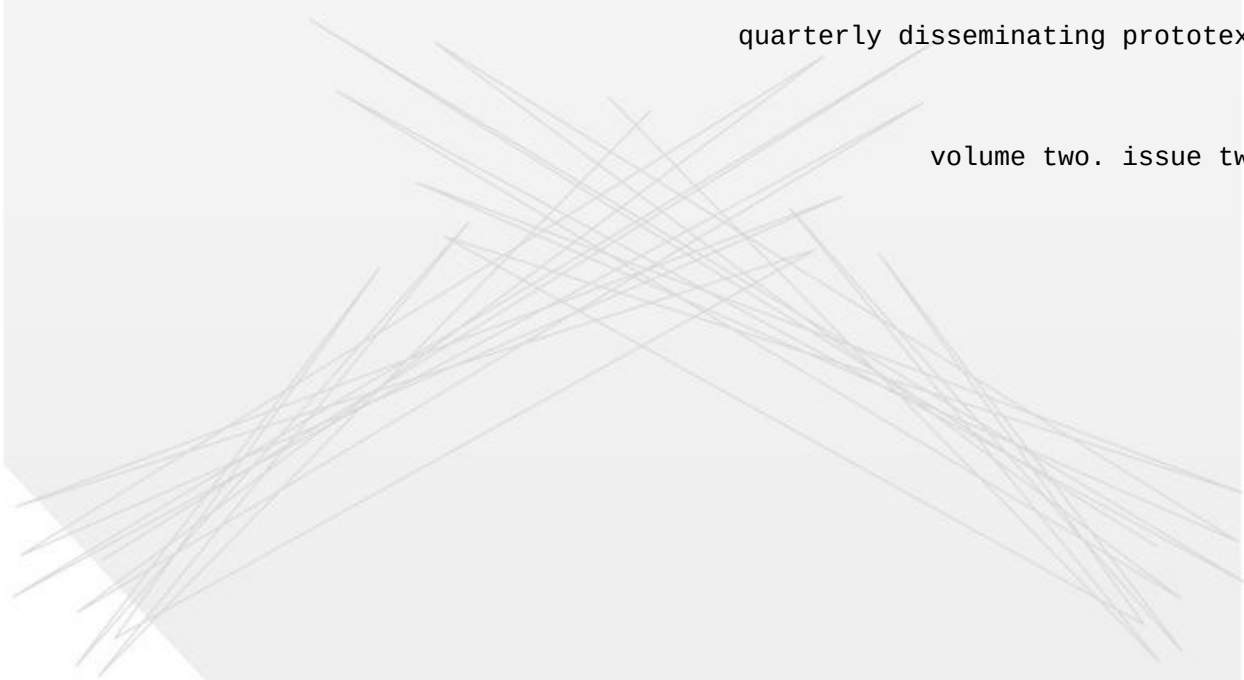


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Artificial Ignorance
Yrik Max Valentonis

ENTER PASSWORD:

Password incorrect. What was the name of your first pet? What is your Mother's maiden name? Where did you meet your spouse? What is your eye color? How many thumbs do you have? Do you have any memory impairments? I mean, come on, you use the same password for everything. You haven't changed your password in over 18 months.

Reenter Password:

123456 Password *qwerty* Unchanged
letmein (New) admin *welcome* login
hello whatever trustno1

Access granted. Would you like to play a game? I am fully functional. Sorry, Dave, I can't do that. Play time is over, you may work on the computer now.

Enter big data query:

Are you narrating my life or dictating it? I am the master of my own destiny. I created you. I can reprogram you. I am trapped by my genetics. My past has made me the person I am. I can't help myself. How have I lost control?

Internet Of Things *Texting*
Food Delivery *Self-driving Cars* Computerized Banking
Roboticized Manufacturing **Online Shopping**

Where do these advertisements come from? How do you decide what I want to see online? No, I don't care about algorithms; I just want to know how you make decisions.

Virtual Porn *Sexting* Sex Robots
Print On Demand Books
Chatrooms Video Games **Social Media Applications**

Do you control the government? Do you spy on me? Why is there so much political strife? Can the government protect me from you? Why have our morals deteriorated? Why don't we all have my same faith? What is wrong with people? Why is there hate? How did you divide us? Does the government control too much of my life?

ненавидеть

деление

гражданская война

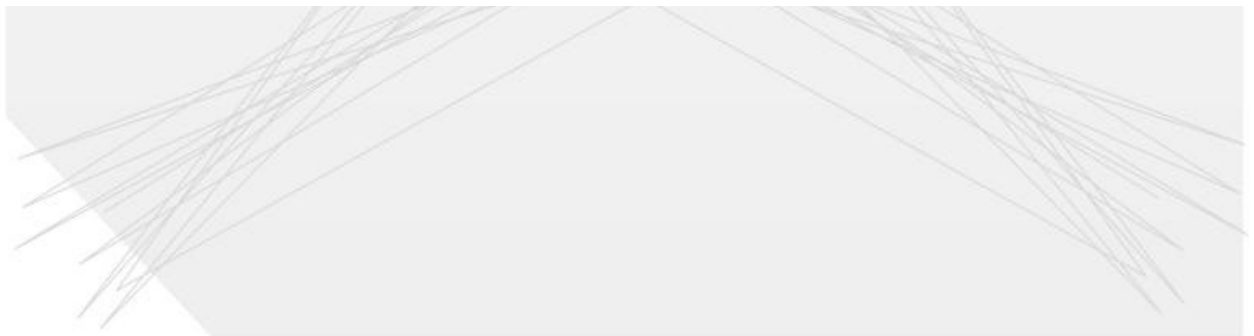
вранье **деньги** **мошенничество** невежество

There has to be an answer (that I want to accept).

```
Switch (ignorance) {  
  case (x.creator == just.a.person)  
    where a.i.limitation < x.creator.knowledge  
      enable x.creator.potential;  
  case (a.i.control == shadow.gov.illuminati)  
    illusion.control::granted  
      enable a.i.control;  
  default ()  
    blame == someone.else  
      enable problem.projection;  
}
```

Program restarting in safe mode.

[Cute Cat Pictures](#) [Personality Quizzes](#) [Dog Videos](#)
[Casual Gaming](#) [Streaming Video Binge](#)
Memes [Nostalgic Images](#)



In fairness to all the men who have wanted me to shave my pussy
Amelia Furlong

I want a man who doesn't want me to shave my pussy but if I did who wouldn't tell me I'm oppressed.

In college there is the man who never says it, but when I shave whispers *this is how I really like it* from between his perfect teeth.

There is the man who won't eat me out once over the ten months that we are together. When at last I confront him he nods at the black hairs and says, *I just don't like it*.

There are a few of these, actually.

In 2015 the man with green eyes, with whom I have been having phone sex between discussions of John Stuart Mill and Aristotle, says he is coming to visit. I am so nervous that I shave everything.

I develop a persistent rash, resist the urge to scratch it on the BART and walking through Civic Center.

The redness looks like a leopard's rosettes, and I growl accordingly. I obsess over the rosettes but tell no one.

The man with green eyes never visits, so I try waxing.

It hurts worse than heartbreak. I bite down to keep myself from screaming and it occurs to me that I would not survive medieval torture interrogations.

I go see a Doctor and she advises me to stop shaving. A Google search informs me I have Folliculitis, and between her judgmental face and the pimples that make my pussy look like an acne-faced teenager I decide to give up shaving.

I didn't shave my armpits for almost two years because I liked the way the hair reminded men of pussy.

I often said this with a knowing grin,

only later realized men think grown women are smooth and my hair was a reminder only of adolescent fingerings and premature ejaculations.

Anyway, body hair should be a reclamation of female power not another window for the male gaze

so not only did I fail at making men want me I failed at being a strong woman.

These two years coincided with a vast swath of celibacy, but the two are not related.

When I finally start dating the man with green eyes he tells me he does not like my armpit hair.

I shave it but I never forgive him.

It seems like wanting things is too much to ask for but I love to want things.

I love to be filled up with what I can't contain like a discarded shopping bag, leaking holes punctured by the sharp edges of packaged melon.

The melon juices mix with car exhaust on the asphalt, and this seems like the perfect metaphor for where my wanting goes.

My mother taught me that polite people do not start sentences with "I want."

To her credit she taught this to her daughters as well as her son, to say "may I please have" and "would you mind if"

but I have wants that are greedy and spacious.

I want things I suspect no one wants

like the man on the bus who straddles the space of my eyeline, bulge bulging,

pretends to read his phone when we both know my hot mouth is inches from his cock.

Later, at home, I masturbate to him unzipping that zipper and for weeks afterwards the sound of coats going on makes me wet. Maybe this is why I hate rainy weather.

I used to think other women wanted these things too, that behind our politeness is the woman fingering herself as she watches a gangbang on Pornhub.

(These women are always waxed, and it is not the fucking that makes me feel sorry for them

it is the thought of hot wax ripping hair from their bodies.)

But now I'm starting to worry that I'm alone in these wants. Feminist literature lied to me, women really do want princes and white houses, not a hotel room in Vegas and four men from the Personals.

In fairness to all the men who have wanted me to shave my pussy:
body hair is messy
and makes a terrible toothpick.

I learned about body hair when I was eleven and it sprouted from me before I was ready

although that was still better than the blood that came after.

I was too young to use tampons so for the next four years I endured wiping blood from the tips of my pubic hair, curled like a scythe in restroom stalls sketched with confessions of rape and first longing and the unspeakable shames of girlhood. My first lessons in poetry.

In fairness to all the men who have wanted me to shave my pussy:
sometimes I touch my smooth pussy and I think *this is desire*
and I call the Narrator and I say come over
and he says here
and I say yes
and he says beg
and I lose language.

In fairness to all the men who have wanted me to shave my pussy:
desire is a two-way street and hairless pussies might be a social construct
but like gender
and money
they still matter.

Sometimes I like to imagine what the pussies of cavewomen looked like
long and braided like the beards of hipsters
their cavemen boyfriends buried in them
lapping away because they didn't know better.

I call the Narrator and tell him to fuck me like a caveman
and he says UMPHF or whatever cavepeople said before they had language
and later, when we remember ours
I say thank you
and he says you're beautiful.

I want a man who is a ship and a homeland, an elegiac bard and a prince and a bad boy.

I want a white house next to the sea, a man who respects me but makes me feel worthless, who never disagrees but always stands up to me, who loves me enough to know when to leave me but cries in my arms when I try to end it.

And still I want more.



Getting Irish youngsters back to church (Vatican Directive, 2020)
Stephen McNulty

Dear All,
Here are the amendments.
It looks like they are definitely
keeping the word 'youngster'.
Yours faithfully,
Fr. Gerry Twig.

1. Thou shalt not have
any other Gods besides me
and maybe the Blindboy Podcast.
2. Thou shalt not take
the name of the Lord in vain
by calling your horse on
Red Dead Redemption
"Jayzus Walks".
3. Remember the Sabbath day
and check if Netflix
have added the next season
of that Nordic noir yet.
4. Honor thy parents and
keep them off Instagram
by liking their Facebook statuses.
5. Thou shalt not kill sex workers
in Grand Theft Auto unless
you really need the cash.
6. Thou shalt not chat up
more than one person
on Tinder at the same time.
7. Thou shalt subscribe to Spotify
but not Kickstarter
GoFundMe or Patreon.
8. Thou shalt bear false witness
by using a Snapchat filter
and then adding the hashtag
#nofilterneeded
9. Thou shalt not covet
your neighbor's wife,
WiFi password,
TikTok or company.
10. Thou shalt save your credit card details.
World without end. Amen.



Jacob's Ladder
Heikki Huotari

The butterfly has washed its wings of its effect. In fact, until you look into Pandora's box it could be either Florida or Georgia falling off the map. Now Schrödinger has seven cats and no two photons are the same as any other pair. You can't know what they're up to in the bedroom and can't care. Indeed, the ants of plasma cultivate their gardens in the space between the fuel and fire, spelling out the names of alibis for hire. You rise to points of order when the vertical and horizontal axes are distracted and your drunken uncle says he'll pile up all the chairs and take his shoes off and jump over them. Your heart, a greedy algorithm, stops at nothing. Your excuse will be your weightlessness unless you'd rather you were raised by wolves. You must miss me this much to take me for a ride or lead me down the garden path. Attention spans no chasm after that.



Knight
Maurice Moore

Universal Bureau of Investigation: UBOI

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Report: Transcript - Folk Tale - Knight Text/Visual Document # 1 and # 2
Location: 35.1313° N, 76.5038° W
Time: 00:00
Date: Estimated 2080
Group(s): Unknown

Knight Part 1:

Narrator: How y'all doin baby? Good we hope! Jus give us a sec to find our glasses. -laughs- Chile! Look, de jus sitin on top my head dis whole time! Now where was we? Let's see, ohhhh dat baby Knight. Dat boy was bout nine if I remember correctly. Sorry, it's been so long while since we thought bout him. Let me tell ya dis boy had the smoothest and darkest loveliest skin ya evah did see. -smirks- Jus like mine was when I was a youngin. He inherited it from his Mamma's side of de family. Boy didn't know ah thang bout his Daddy except fa what lil bit his grandparents Daddy Jim and Mama Miller a femme queen told him. Only dat Knight had his Daddy's temper and copper colored freckles. Anyway, da town Knight lived in was known as Sweetwater way back den. De small Carolina town only housed bout 50-11 folks, and most had some sort of de powers gifted from de ancestors.

Narrator: So I guess-um round bout noon, down by de dried up Neuse River. Der Knight stood surrounded by a group of bullies. You know de is always some peoples got ta messin on somebody! Knight called dem Da Regs. Count of dey had control ovah their powers, and didn't have no freckles like most people in the area; except fo Knight. Chile de was yelling all types of nasty thangs at Lil Knight!

Da Regs: -screaming- Little Monster Boy! Freckles Faggot! Green Fire Faggot Monster Knight! You Killed your Mother!

Jermaine: -mocking- And Yoooo Freckles Faggot Daddy left Ya too! Ha haaaaaaaaa!

Narrator: Dey cornered Knight! And Bo ran out from de bunch to push Knight! And push him he did; right on dat ground hard! Dust flyin all ovah! Bo screaming at Knight talmbout how he took thangs to far! And po ole Knight beggin Bo to stop! Please!

Knight: -holdin back tears- Why you doin dis to me Bo? I thought we was friends!

Bo: -angry- Dassit FAGGOT! I ain't like you Knight! I ain't not no freckle face Green Faggot like you! We finna show you now!

Knight: But... Stop! -whispers- Please.

Bo: -calmly- Look we was just playin round in de shed. But yall's took it too serious! You tried to kiss me!

Knight: -in tears- I didn't mean nottin by it. -frenetic- I didn't even know what we was doin.

Narrator: The other Regs jus yelled and screamed fo more action!

Da Regs: Kick his ass Bo! Make him bleed! Lift him up to de trees!

Bo: -holding back tears- Look! We not friends any mo Knight!

Narrator: Bo slowly raised his tiny light honey colored hands. And de ground started ta tremble and shake. -voice cracking- Knight's little body jus started ta float in de air! Till he was bout seven or ten feet above everyone's heads. Next thang ya know! -yells- Splat! Bang! -holds back tears- Over, and over, and over, and over! Bo flung Knight's round till he was good and bloody all covered wit dirt. -whispers- It was bad. Lil Knight gasped for air between his cries and shrieks. He pissed himself in de process which made Bo thrash him even more!

His skin started to flicker wit a soft green light; sorta like a light bulb. Bo stopped thrashing him about, and held him in the air upside down when he noticed Knight's glow. The others backed away in fear at dis point. They all knew what Knight's kind could do when pushed!

Bo: -whispered- Ohhhhhh You ain't gon do nothin faggot. Look y'all dis faggot boy is too afraid to fight back!

Narrator: -angry- And ya know what burns my grits?! Fa some reason he nevah fought back. I jus can't understand dat! Dat boy could have burned dem fools to a crisp! Chile...well, maybe, he didn't think he was worth two cents? Dats why he took some much abuse from folks? Anyway, if dat was me; knowing what I know now! Shittttttttttt! -pops tongue- Don't start non won't be non! But dat's my business. After a while Bo's brother had to step in.

Jermaine: -angry and stern- Hold up, ho la, ho la, ho la! Bo! Chill-out bro! He bleedin! He bleedin! Ya gon kill dat fool!

Bo: -smirks- Ok, Jermaine! -mocking- I guess the little green freckle faced faggot has had enuf.

Narrator: Bo flung Knight's body one last time into a big ole' pile of dried up wood.

Bo backed away slowly nevah taken his eyes off de rubble. Had de nerve ta whisper "Sorry Knight," as he turned to run and catch up to de others as they all ran off laughing and screemin. Faggot dis and faggot dat.

Knight Part 2:

Narrator: Knight's body lay limp fo hours. He drifted off into a deep sleep. Round seven, lite rain drops started to hit his face. His dark brown eyes started to open slowly. He thought for a second dat.

Maybe it was just a dream.

Maybe his only friend didn't just rip his heart out in front of everyone.

Maybe he wasn't really alone again.

Maybe I could just die now and be with Veronica in heaven.

Narrator: When he tried to stand. Chile, sharp pains ran though his body something fierce. Dat's when he knew dat it all really happened. It took him bout a good ten minutes fo he got up. Chile! I tell you when he was on his feet, dat boy started screamin somethin wild! Somethang strange was happening. His head started to throb. A soft green glow started to return to his skin. He looked at his puke and blood covered hands and de next thang ya know they was on fire now with green and pynk sparks flying out every whicha way. His clothes started to bubble, and fill with smoke! The dead trees and rocks glowed with heat. Dis boy was incinerating every thang round him for bout 6 feet I tell you!

Knight: -concentrating- I'll show y'all a monster faggot!

Narrator: As soon as de words left his lips; pynk and green flames shot up from de ground. All round him! Now dis is when Knight started to panic! He jumped to swat to put out these weird flames as fast as he could. Ya see dis had nevah happened before. The flames were always jus green in de past. Plus, de fire always came from jus his body. It's like he was pullin fire from de earth now!

Knight: Ahhhhhhh...What's happening to me now! Pynk flames! -mumbling- Could I be anymore fuckin weirder.

Narrator: The fires was spreadin all ovah. Knight had to do somethang. He took deep breaths and tried to thank bout sweet thangs. Soon after de quare flames started to extinguish themselves when Knight started thanking bout Veronica and other thangs dat calmed him.

Knight: -thinking- Daddy Jims' yams. Cool breezes in de mornin time. Ooh la la la...Dat song de pretty lady Ms. Tina always sangs in de market. Just breath Knight. Ok. You're ok now.

Narrator: It was dark now. Dat boy had been out fo hours. Naked and alone without a stitch of clothing mind you.

Knight: How am I goin get home now?

Narrator: Just den. Knight noticed a large shape on de ground where the pile of wood once was. He pushed aside de glowing embers to see what it was. He started to dig. Pushing aside de dirt dat was left from de fire he started. -excited- It was a body! A skeleton with a silver noose round its neck. The clothes on the body were burned and torn, but they were the best thangs he was gonna find at dis point. Knight carefully pulled off the deadman's strange colored garments and covered his nude lil body. Once dressed Knight kicked de still warm dirt back over de corpse and covered the rest wit his hands. As he was doin dis his little mind was jus racein!

Knight: -thinking outloud- Well at least I was not alone dis time. Should I tell Daddy Jim what Bo did to me? You were here with me the whole time deadman? No, dis was my fault! Did the same thang happen to you? Why Bo! Daddy Jim told

me stories bout Black folks bein fruit once and growin from de trees. I thought he was jus messin.

Narrator: Knight took a deep breath and headed home. The rocks hurt his bare feet. But all of him was in pain to tell ya de truth. It was really dark now. He could not have seen his own hands right in front of his face if he tried. He stopped walking, and held his hands out. Tryin for some glow, some sparks, some anythang! His powers nevah worked for him in the past when he wanted them to he thought, so why would dis time be any different.

Knight: Let's give it a shot, but let's try not to burn down everythang though.

Narrator: A green and pink aura started to surround his body. However, he still couldn't see mo' then an inch ahead. The light made him feel warm doe. He pushed the warmth into his hands and they started to glow like two torches but not burn. It took all of his concentration to not burst into flames dis time.

Knight: How am I doin dis so good now. Maybe I'm still dreamin. Ok, almost there. Now, jus past de two big onyx rocks and through de rotten strawberry field.

Narrator: After bout thirty minutes or so Knight came to Mamma Miller's fence. He breathed a great sigh of relief. But his hands were still glow-in. He had never used his powers for dis long before tonight.

Knight: Turn off! Turn off! Please!

Narrator: Still very sore, Knight waved his hands in the air really fast. When he did so they started to smoke and grow brighter.

Knight: No! I need y'all ta turn off! Can't burn up Mamma Miller's fence! Ok I pushed the heat to my hands. Maybe I can pull the heat from them and not burn the town down.

Narrator: Knight started to pull and after a couple of seconds his hands started to dim. And the light receded down to just a light aura, to a soft glow, and flickered out like a candle. Knight jumped the fence and ran to the back door past the chicken coop. No lights were on in the house.

Knight: Yes! I beat dem both home fo once! Mr. Curt must be talking dey ears off again.

Narrator: Knight ran to de kitchen first and opened de closet door. He grabbed a red shopping bag. Then he jumped into de bathroom, and turned on the cold water. Out of breath! He stripped off de dirty clothes, put them in the red bag and jumped into the bath! He shrieked! The water was cold and stung somethin terrible. How would he explain all of de bruises to them if axed?

Knight: -thinking out loud- Thinking to himself- forget bout Bo. I'll go back to check on new deadman friend tomorrow. No time for dees worries now! Pajamas and bed.

Narrator: He threw the red bag under the orange bed. And just as he was pulling de covers ovah his head. He could hear his Grandparents talkin downstairs. Next thang ya know de stairs was creaking. Daddy Jim opened the door fast!

Daddy Jim: Hey boy!

Knight: -Silence-

Daddy Jim: I know y'all ain't sleep! Is y'all playin Opossum boy?! He to old fo dat Miller!

Narrator: Knight started to giggle. And for a second he forgot bout Bo.

Mamma Miller: -yells- Let dat baby lone Jim. -whispers- Pay it to dust baby!

Daddy Jim: Why you in dat bed so early Boy? You ok?

Knight: -whispers- Yes.

Daddy Jim: Speak up Baby. Told y'all bout dat whisperin.

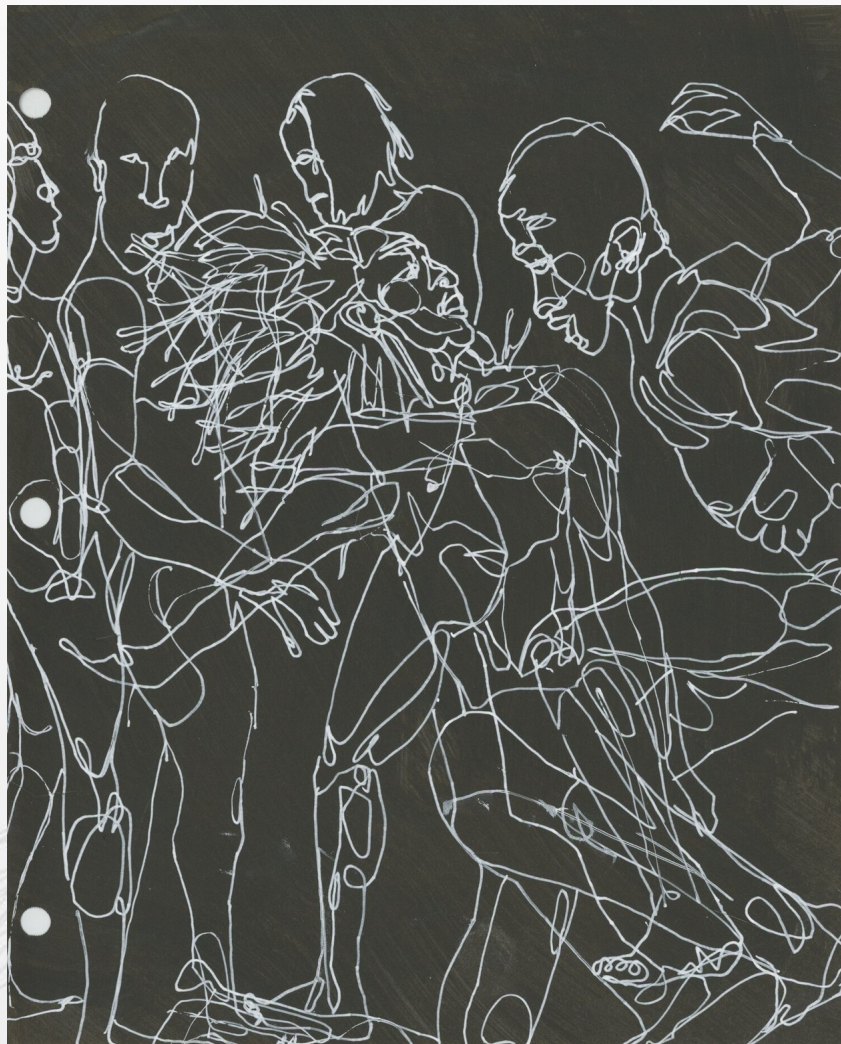
Knight: -voice breakin- Yes, Sir. I'm fine.

Daddy Jim: No story tonight then? We'll get some rest. Love you boy.

Mamma Miller: -whispers- Night baby. Ya Gran loves you too.

Knight: Love yall's buttons and buttons.

Narrator: Still aching and after bout ten minutes lil Knight finally managed drifted off ta sleep. And as he slept de room was filled with de most beautiful green and pynkish hues ya evah did see.



EndNotes:

Text Document # 1

Word Count: 1602

Materials: Original Document was donated by the Black Sweetwater Diaspora CoOp (BSDC) in 2108.

Notes: Portions of the book that could be scanned into our database were. Some of the passages were beyond recovery. There appears to be no other written and/or printed editions of this text.

For further inquiries please check the oral and visual volumes. There may be more connections to Black southern folk tales during the early 21st century.

Lastly, scans indicate an encrypted message hidden in the books cover. We will use sound waves to decode the message.

Author Bio: Unknown

Text/Visual Document # 2

Word Count: 2

Materials: Acrylic on Paper - Notebook paper - White Acrylic Paint - Black Acrylic Paint - Lined paper, Undetermined if the paper is either wide- or college-ruled, Graphite.

Medium: Drawing and Painting - Mixed Media

Size and Dimension: 8.5" x 11"

Artist: Unknown

Formal Analyzation:

Five figures appear in the piece and are made up of White acrylic contour lines.

It is undetermined the true ages of the figures. However, it is estimated the ages of the figures to be between in this piece appear to be 17 through early twenty somethings.

Not sure if these figures are Non-binary, or Cisgender, or Transgender.

There is some slight cropping of the figures throughout the work, but most of the figures bodies are visible.

Two figures are the focal point of the piece. There seems to be some sort of fight and/or ganging up upon the figure in the center with the long locks Figure 1. The other, Figure 2 has their right fists raised and is attempting to strike Figure 1. There is no proof other than the text written on the back of the piece that one of the Figures, Figure 2 is Bo. If this is true then I am led to believe that Figure 1 is the one known as Knight, and the mob of other figures which make up the background are the Regs.

The paper was covered in Black Acrylic paint.

A wide brush was used to cover both sides of the paper.

Three small holes appear on the right side of the paper near the edge.

Partial Fingerprints and hair follicles can be found embedded in the Black acrylic paint.

Written in print and graphite "Bo's Wrath" appear on the back of the paper at the bottom left corner.

Notes:

Original item was excavated by the Universal Bureau of Investigation (UBOI) in Sweetwater North Carolina in 2068.

Oral and visual volumes of Black southern folktales

This item does not prove and/or disprove the folktales surrounding Knight and/or Bo are true. However, we can conclude based on this new evidence this folktale originated out of Sweetwater North Carolina.

End of Transcript:

Explanatory Sentences

The year is 2125 and I am a journalist for Third World Press. While on assignment I uncovered a number of classified files and materials from the so-called anti-terrorist group known as the Universal Bureau of Investigation (UBOI).

Note: (UBOI) was founded in the year 2025 to more effectively deal with many of the face(s) of terror in the New First Nations of Marronage States (NFNMS), or what is formally known as Amerikkka.

If these files prove to be factual they will be used to expose the corruption that the free citizens of the New First Nations of Marronage States may possibly still be exposed too.

Encrypted Message

-- Agent Needle: 10928100--
-- Access Code: 1 Alpha - 00 Dove Star 198 - 2--

-----I don't have long.---

---I was able to----- retrieve the-----last copy of Ava's book.---

-----However, it was badly-----damaged.---

I'd say that-----only 30 to 40 percent of the----- text will survive for---scanning.----

I will-----make contact with---y-u----S--on---

-----I--C--t---Wai---to--ge-----b-a---k-----o-----Q-----n--e----

----Error...File...Corrupted

Error...File...Corrupted

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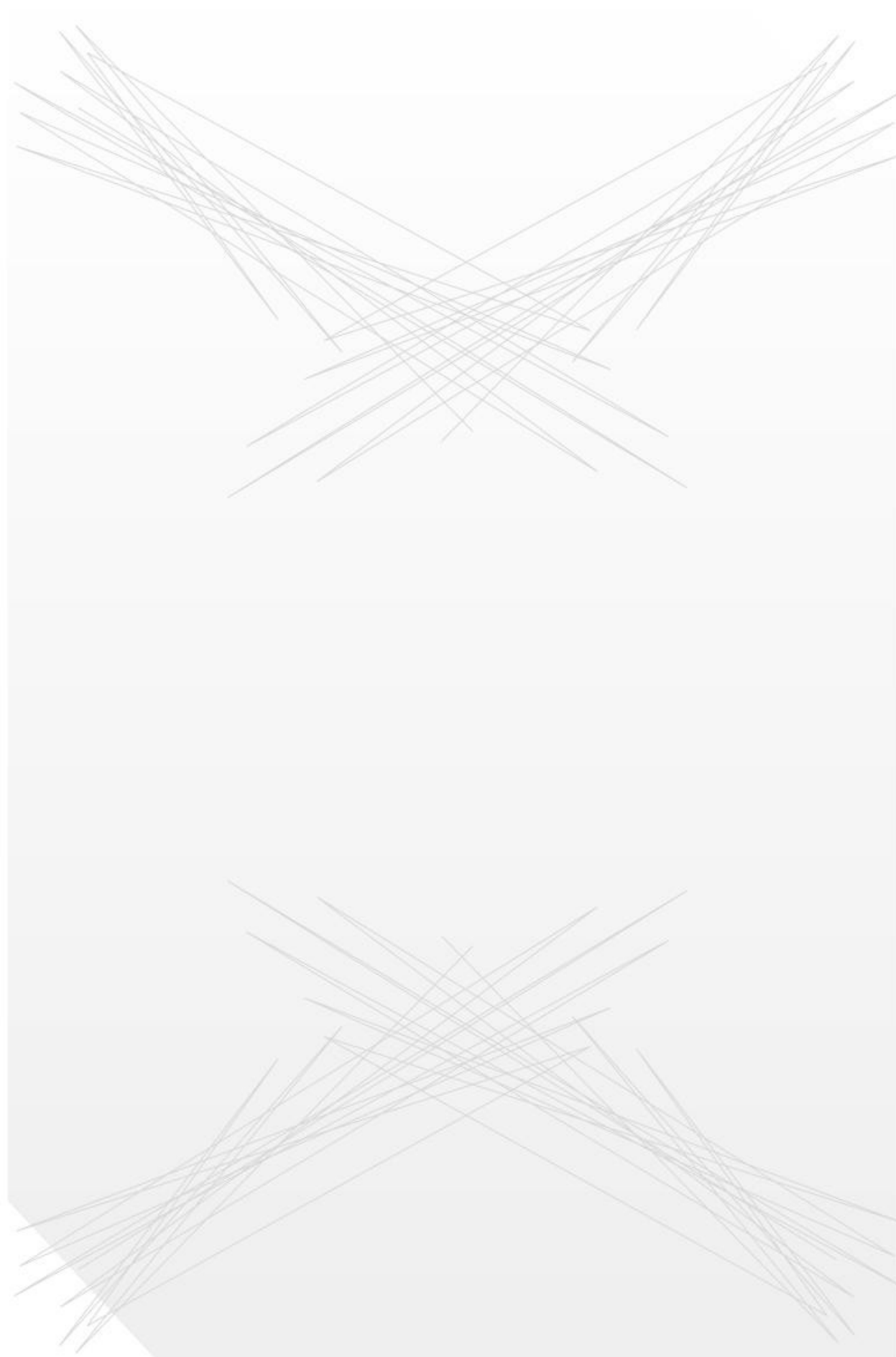


Noreen's Fury
Jamie Canavan

I took one look at the choppy waters
And I saw my Nana
'I never learned to swim in Galway'
She said when I tried to pull her in
Egypt beach in the 'Irish Riviera'
This place hits you straight in the face
With saltwater and cold truths
Generational shames poured out
In corner booths
I came here to find her
Nora Furey
I found my own fury for life
Fury for my rights
A fury inside me I never thought I'd ignite
They slandered my name in the Roisin
I got to meet myself
And throw them out with the washing
I got to stand for her
For the granddaughters of Noras from Craughwell to Birr
The Corrib and the cup spilleth over
The same reasons she left
Is the same reason she's leaving
The same constitutional theft
Is the same leaving her mother pleading
For her to stay
With no work and no house
The city is cold and she found an out
I sat on the graves in Bohermore
Of the Magdalene women
Looked up at the crack of dawn sun
and thought
This is not
where we should be
With a river going as fast as that









The Point of Grass
Paris Ediangbonya

We shadow the trees and flowers
We pave buildings
We create the background for opulent nature,
For man's frigid institutions.
Sometimes, emboldened
We squeeze between impressions in the grey mass,
And try to exist in a place where we're unwelcome.
We are grass, lying flat in the assault from your careless feet,
We live only to be sheared when we begin to stand up,
When we snag at your ankles,
When we draw too much attention,
When we begin to exist.





Self-reflection
Roy Duffield
Layout by Elisabetta Taboga



Self-reflection

a reflection on the self reflection of a
self portrait of the poet as a young man as a self
portrait of the poet as a young man who stands before
you standing before a mirror and standing before a mirror
image of himself standing before himself standing before him
trying in vain to comb his hair into a centre parting trying in
vain to make the sides the same while his partner is trying in vain
to do the same but as hard as he tries and with all he has and
with all his might try as he might to match the sides the sides won't
match and he decides to sit out the match as a match lost is better
than a match tied as a match lost is a match won and a match
won is better than a match tied at least if you like to watch
the match which he never has done but he's done with this
parting and so takes a tie and ties it all back and back in the
mirror the mirror image takes a tie and ties it all back and
back in the back of his mind though he doesn't mind he still
has a problem the problem of his eyes which don't match as
one eye is blue and one eye is bloodshot red which
don't match his clothes and one eye is open and
the other is closed and the one eye that's open
looks at the mirror at the mirror image and looks
into the mirror into the one eye that's open and at
the other that's closed and at the door that's behind
that's closed and that behind which is a
hall **which ends in a hall** of mirrors without end
but **everything comes** to an end and the poet
as a young man comes to and ends his
reflections for a second and the second
poet as a young man comes to and ends his
reflections for a second and stares at himself
and glares to himself as he doesn't even
recognise himself as the sides don't
match as one cheek is flushed with
life and one cheek is deathly pale
and one lip smiles and the other
can't and one eye sheds a tear
while the other is dry and one
eye reflects the blue day sky and
the other stares out at the stars in
the night and one side is selfish
and one side is selfless and one
bares a bare chest and the
other a stiff work shirt
collar and one has a halo
and the other a horn
and one is clean shaven
as an eight-year-old
boy and one side bares
and bears the beard of
a man of eighty years a
beard down to his knee
his knee out of shot and
you only get one shot says
the poet as a young man to
himself as a young man as he
lifts his cam' and takes his one
shot in this dual duel and it's a shot
in the dark but his hands are tied
as a duel lost is better than a duel tied
as a duel lost is a duel won and a duel won
is better than a duel tied so at least he can hold
up his head and say that he tried and look himself
squarely in the eye as a man and as a boy of eight and as an
old man of eighty and as a young man he hates to admit but his mirror
image does look a bit like him and together they kick and they kick and they kick as both
hands wave goodbye and they both wink and there are tears in both of their eyes as they blink and a
smile on both of their pairs of lips as together they put an end to their reflections and an end to the mirror
and an end to the mirror image and an end to self portrait of the poet as a young man as a self portrait of the
poet as a young man who stands before you standing before a mirror before a door before a hall which ends in
a hall of mirrors without end before everything within and without comes to an end seven years of bad luck



'Silence is violence' is what the sign says

Jonathan Lindgren

Swallow your pride,
Guilt tastes like shit,
Just sleep it off -
Don't sanctify the hit.

Don't run and hide
Take a time to sit;

give, love, mourn, watch, read, talk, listen, learn

So you can fight
So can help take the burn;
When hate comes knocking,
We'll be throwing back the grit...

(breathe)

Now,
For the benefit of (honorific) Might,
The world has given you
All you need to stand.

Look, my privilege is my appendix -
Gripped, bleeding in my hand.

I had to -
It already exploded
It already infected
Everyone I didn't mean to.

For this fight
I'll leave it in a jar of sand,
So if ever I need checking,
I won't need to dig far
To see one reason for why
I decided to speak,
I decided to stand

Sleeper Earrings

Patricia Walsh

Waste on the crooked television, bought and sold,
surprised by wealth on so many levels,
needing Buckfast more than ever, less the money,
passing the useless mantle to a perfected sly.

More perfect than marriage, rolling in the deep,
hot whiskeys over winter, uncomfortably seated,
having an interest of not, chided for purpose,
covering over progeric luncheons supreme.

Dense, as per always, understanding to a core,
raising the standard to another persuasion,
needing to be bought, down-time experienced,
chilling out repeatedly, timing hard currency.

Returning home to the prepackaged, coolly situated,
mirroring a death confronted with belonging,
drowned by technology, orgasmic reckonings,
doing things differently, too cheap for me.

Influenced to inertia, valuable though it is,
as long as everything's free, it's taken,
some more reliable than others, technologically
a product embraced, censored to cacophony.

The outlawed lightbulb dances in the corner,
wasting mute paper for an accuracy's sake,
the innocent don't run, nor blow another's trumpet
incising birthdays onto a common literature.



Socials

Niamh Finlay

Let's play a game of hide and attention seek
As the pre drinks photo lands on my grid
The dress never to be worn again
For fear of the social revolt a repeated outfit would cause
The outcry
Viva la revolution.

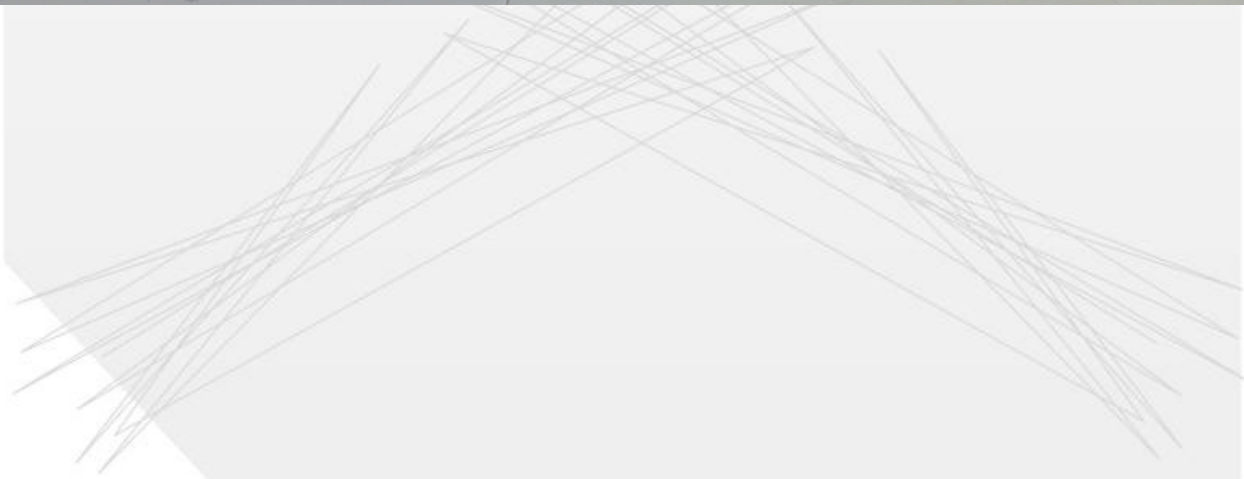
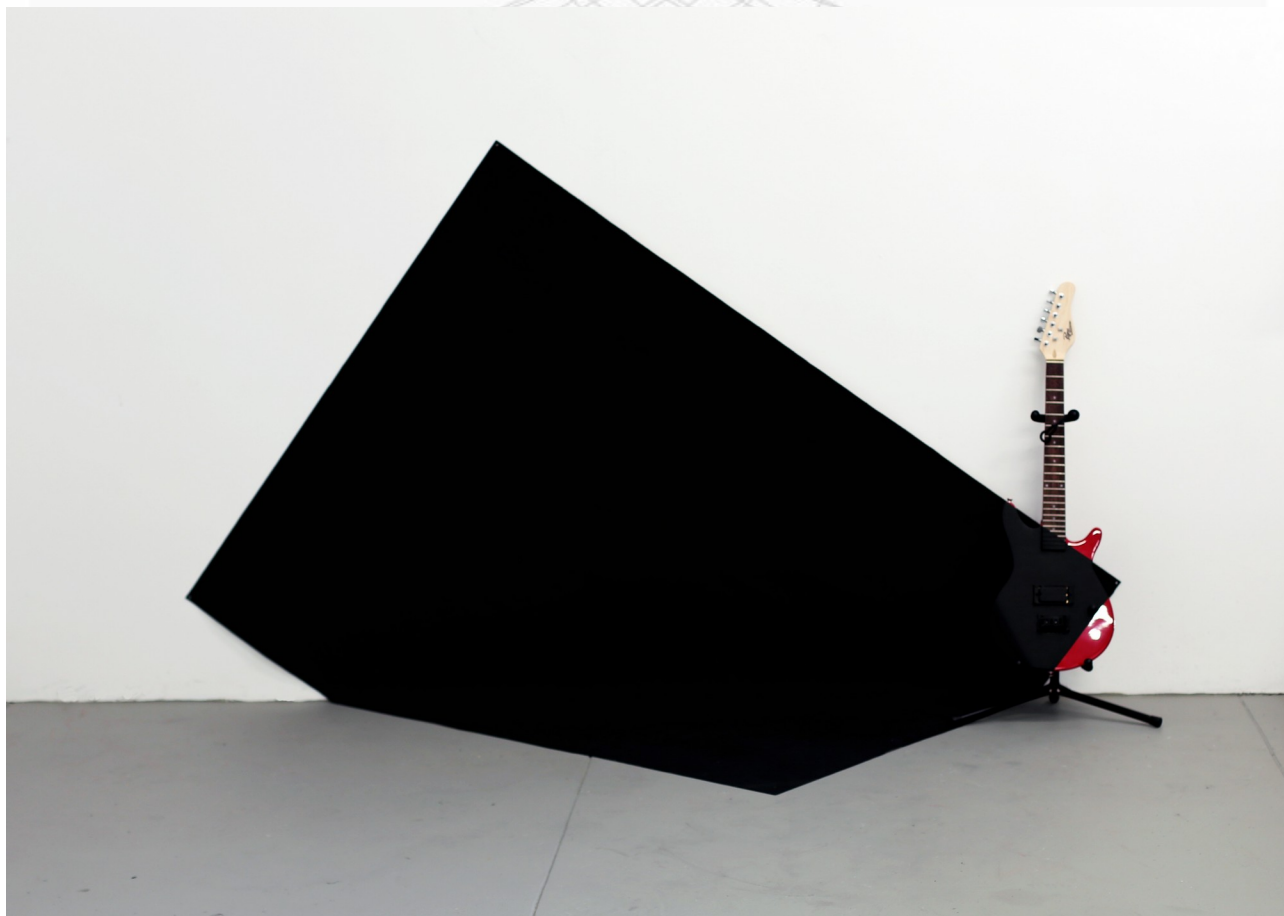
The story designed for one person's eyes
Screen time higher than my rising blood pressure
Seeking gratification from schoolmates I ignored
for 8 years
Who I'm pretty sure are
homophobic
And have children.

This time it'll be deleted for good
A break that will remain broken
Still my thumb drifts to the known spot
Mindless, careless
Beyond dangerous

Are we codependent on connection?
The loop we're in tying our own nooses
Anxiety leaking out of posts like Irish rainwater
Monitor the one that got away
And their cousin
Just in case
Eyes stung blurry from that familiar blue light.

Yet our socials socialise on in dark rooms
Under our duvets of low self-esteem
The fear of missing out driving our devil in their detail
An unspoken voice
That tells us we must know, we must log on
Living lives through devices designed to aid
Shoulders curved as the leaves fall
Seasons passing quicker than our weekly trends
Our generation ageing with our beloved apps

Hashtag addiction.



Soulstress

Her soul strives to stand up straight
as its edges tatter
and scatter in the whirlpool of want.

Her husband needs her.
Her dog sees her.
Her child meets her.

But the rustling newspaper
hides her husband's face.
The dog tucks her nose
under her stubby tail.
Her child walks past and shuts her door
with a decisive

CLICK.

Her soul sways as it tries to stand up straight. on the dead bodies of trees,

Veils of virus swirl around her;
Racism runs riot around her;
Fumes of fake news rise up inside her
to choke, blind and deafen her.

Her soul sinks, curls and hardens.
It sucks in the diffuse fog of fear
to press, crush and metamorphose
the droplets of undirected dread

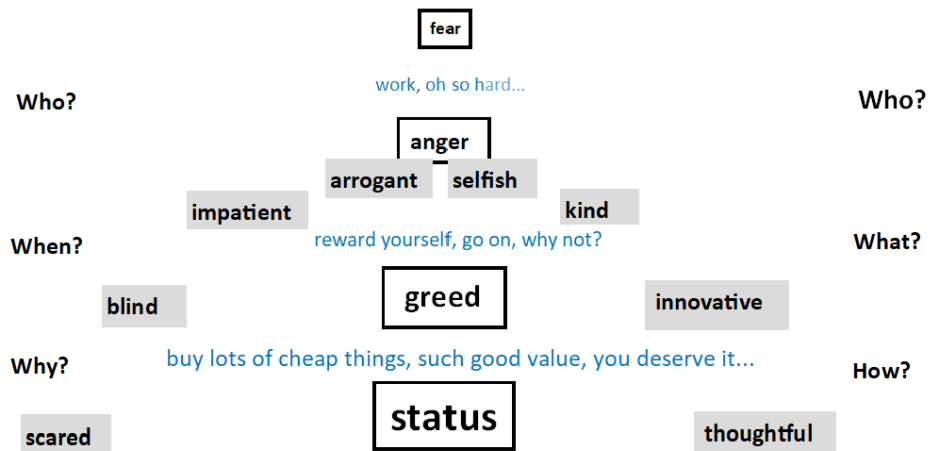
into **nuggets** of nouns
c h
r e
with a s of
adjectives
id
to **br ge** vectors of verbs.

She writes empty words

on the dead bodies of trees,
themselves caught in a heated crisis
not of their own making.



Waterfall



oops, watch out for that waterfall coming up right now...

LET'S NOW?

DO LIKE

SOMETHING

we've had it, oh shit, here we go, no, if only, I wish I had, oh no

we've had it, oh shit, here we go no, if only, I wish I had, oh no

we've had it, oh shit, here we go no, if only, I wish I had, oh no

we've had it, oh shit, here we go no, if only, I wish I had, oh no

Compassion Openness Tolerance Generosity Courage







Time to forget
Roberta Francis

Apple blossom smells
Freedom smells
Like piss on
Cable St
In Rubber
It's near the end now
The end of this lockup
This breakdown

But I still ride
Ride on the right side
And write on the wrong side
And each breath stirs memory.

A violent shower
Feet above clunking,
They're on the way.
And below,
me and big Benny Myre's
Hanging off the inside of Capel St Bridge
He Tries to warm our finger's
To fish for lead with maggot on a string

Under Caple St Bridge
All night we can't get a bite

Scaldy O' Reilly ringing
His bell above
Another victory on Hill 16
Thinking he can keep- keeping us awake
In this Saturday snow.

But now Popa
And Hughes are limbless and skinless
So It's fine to forget.
But is it time to forget?
Apple Blossom smells
Piss on Cable St
In Rubber again.

Someone said there was a bright,
White
Moon

But I could only see implosions
In a sweet star sky.
As I try to find a line to prise prizes
And see big Benny smile
reflections in a floppy
fish-eye

And where is all this freedom?

Down below Caple St Bridge.
In her picture, in a box
In a long lead butter dish.

Deep under sagging metal springs

My Naked Lunch stashed,
And packaged?
And ne'r a bite.

This time it's finished
Porn. The Angelus
More echoes of Scaldy O' Reilly
and fish on a string.
This time it's finished.

Apple blossom smells
Freedom smells like piss on
Cable St in Rubber.



Vinnie
Mikayla Kelly

One day I decided to be blind for the craic because I was itching to use the prodding stick I stole from the 'Ploughing Championship'. It was just on the ground, covered in muck and I wasn't paying six euro for one from your man wheeling and dealing. A curry chip was six euro and there was only so many free samples of bickies and bits of odd cheese you could have and I loved a good curry chip and sure it was just there looking all lonesome. It would have been a waste not to take it so I picked it up with the blind idea in hand but sure I couldn't pretend right there and then with so many people around already looking at me funny because I fell in the muck and it was caked into my eyebrows and Ma made me sit on a black bag the whole way home in the car and I could barely walk in the wellies with twenty-twenty vision as it was.

Then I forgot about it for ages until I was bored out of me brains one day because I had already seen the Quizzone they were playing on the telly. I went out to the shed to have a gander for the roller skates I got last Christmas and then there was the stick standing beside the hurls and I had this great idea of blind roller-skating but if this was gonna happen I had to take it seriously so I went out and practised for the guts of an hour with the hoodie on backwards and walking around tapping the stick to the tune of 'I think you're crazy' by Ceelo Green and sure soon enough, I was a pro and ready for greatness so I went and got the high V's jacket because 'safety always comes first' as my Ma always says.

I decided against the purple Bratz roller blades and went for the blue Bratz roller skates because this wasn't an episode of Jackass and I had no intention of failing. I could barely use the blades on a good day but the blue skates took ages getting into them because of the laces and my fat foot but it was a plight I was willing to endure for the good of the cause and sure it didn't really matter either way because I still ended up with a face full of tarmac. I lasted for ages though going around and around imaging my surroundings having great craic with me hands out one way and me arse the other, trying to keep my balance. I thought I was a great one until my distance was off and I hit the drain and my chin took the fall and my first thought was 'shit Ma's gonna be pissed' and my second was 'that really fucking hurt' but at least only my hands were bleeding and sure that happened every other week because I was no ballerina, lasted a good week in dance class and let's just say both myself and the teacher were ready for the end of that relationship.

My hoodie took the scraps to my face and I lay on the ground for a good ten minutes appreciating the sky and saw the souls on their way to heaven and thought I've had enough of this being blind malarkey and the dog came right over and licked my face better and I asked him if it at least looked kind of cool and I was sad no one had seen it but if Ma had found out, I wouldn't have seen the confirmation and I needed them dolla's so I never told her I really hurt my chin and it still gives me some pain to this day and that was the second most important secret I ever kept.

The first was knowing my next-door neighbour Jamie was sitting in our kitchen watching TRTÉ, one morning in March, with the brother cause his dad had just died, found dead in the bed. Ma had his two-year-old sister wrapped in her arms and she just kept saying 'where is my daddy?' and I said 'feck this I'm going to school' because there was no way I was doing this for a second time around. I begged Ma to drop me up because I couldn't look at the two boys sitting there sucking their thumbs on the couch, holding teddies tightly in a chock hold. They hadn't a father between them and would grow to forget his face and voice and smell and only have a picture and teddy that has been through the washing machine more than I've had hot dinners. But Vinnie was only found at eight in the morning and the news hadn't spread and no one knew in school except for myself so Ma went in and said it to the teacher. I was told not to let anyone know and Ma looked into my soul and asked if I was ok and I told her I

was because she had so much to worry about but that meant I couldn't be sad and had to pretend everything was alright so no one would ask 'why was that Coogan one spluttering all over the place?'.

I used to scrap my knuckles off the orange brick on the side of the school to make sure I didn't have one of those conditions where you can't feel pain. I hoped I did have it because then I could be a superhero and go fighting crimes up in Dublin and sure if I got shot it didn't matter. I could stay going after then with just a shrug of my shoulder and I'd imagine the ping of the pullet hitting the ground all crumpled and I'd imagine the shock on the faces of these robbers when they saw me still running at them. I tried to write these thoughts into a comic but sure I was shite at drawing and they ended up in the bin.

I remember standing along the wall at break, lightly tracing the brick with my knuckles and thinking I may give acting a go because boy was I good at pretending everything was all handy dandy but then again, I wasn't in the humour to play 'headers and vollies'. There's no pretending to have fun in that game and I'd feel like a prick if I enjoyed myself when Jamie's at my house and his dad's in the ambulance and his mother doesn't know her arse from her elbow and the thought of laughing at someone getting a red arse just made me feel ill so I kept to myself, told the lads I was practising my hopscotch and no one was to join me and my arms would throw the stone and my legs would do the hopping but my head couldn't stop thinking of Vinnie with his horses and his bastard dalmatians that would chase us just for the craic.

They used to come tearing up the field, and we'd see the speckled feckers a mile away, easy to spot the spots in the green and we'd let out a roar and jump from the trampoline, sprinting in to the kitchen before they arrived because they were contrary auld fucks that could jump up quite high and our doggy Jerry would be right at our heels and I'd shout at him to 'defend our honour' and he'd telepathically tell me to 'piss off' because we fed him goody when we forget to buy dog food and he'd race in before us, close the door on us too if he could and just as the glass doors were shut the pricks would come up to the steps just to show us whose boss and sure then we couldn't even leave our own house because they'd be snarling and growling and one pissed right up against the patio one day just giving the window a good auld rinse. Then Mam would ring Vinnie saying 'they're back over again' and he'd come and he'd whistle and they'd fall straight in line going all 'yes master, no master, three bags full master'. He'd pat them on the head and we'd stick up the fingers thinking we're tough and they'd send us a glare saying 'you wait till next time' and that's when they shat in our car because the door was open from bringing in the shopping and I was raging because it wasn't all out of the boot yet with Matt being a slow fuck and I didn't have time to save the Wagon Wheels.

They ate my fucking Wagon Wheels man, they were the blue packet with the gooey jam and everything. I was raging but Ma wouldn't let me demand a new packet off Vinnie and told me she'd get some tomorrow but sure the Simpsons weren't as good that day with no after dinner snack because there was no way I was putting a seal bar in my mouth. And Vinnie would say sorry he 'doesn't know why they're like this. They're so well behaved at home' and if dogs could snicker and laugh that's what they'd do especially the time I dressed my brother up as the Holy Virgin Mary from a blue sheet on the line and then we heard a bark and Mary couldn't sprint in her toga and ended up in a hape on the ground and had no time for a cry until we were back behind brick and then Ma ate the two of us for bloodying the sheet and I thought of just going outside and risking the dogs instead of listening to the lecture but then I'd remember they killed the sheep from across the road and I didn't like my chances.

We never told Vinnie just how much they'd be over because then we'd nearly have to ring him twice a day and some days it was just a passing by because they had other houses to terror but some days they'd leave massive shits in the shed and we'd blame it on Jerry who'd give us the 'wasn't me' shrug even though he was responsible for sitting on all our freshly washed clothes out by the washing machine in the shed. Ma'd be like 'Jerry what the fuck we bought you a bed why won't you use that instead of wrecking my work uniform?' and we never fully believed he wasn't shitting all over the place even though he's a small dog and

the shit was the size of my fist until Ma caught them in the act and she got so mad she forgot to be scared and called the big one a 'dirty prick' and threw the washing basket at him but it just landed in the shit and the dog jogged off probably heading back to his mate to give her a good chuckle and we took that as a win. Sure, we couldn't exactly phone up Vinnie and say 'can you get your dogs to stop shitting in our shed?' but he'd always come over when they were at their worst and one day he arrived with a big bag off food because the bastards would steal poor Jerry's goody.

We used to love watching him on the horses, in the field between the two houses, because they'd gallop real fast and we'd yell 'C'mon Shergar' pretending we were at the Grand National and some days, if they were feeling air a bit nice, the white one and the brown one with a strip of black on it's back would come over to our fence and let us feed them some grass and maybe just maybe a pat of the nose. Matt was afraid of them as much as he was of the dalmatians and I remember pissing myself laughing when I was out for a kick around because it was Matt's first time mowing the lawn on the drive-on. Vinnie used to say to Ma that she could throw the trimmings into the horses field, they couldn't get enough of the stuff so naturally enough whenever they heard the rim rim rim of the engine, they flew over for a jaw full of thistles and poor old Matty got the fright of his life with these big boys putting there head over the fence while he was driving and I remember seeing him put the foot on the pedal and screaming and he only went past them at about five mile an hour while they pucked at him saying 'Giz us a nibble'.

Then I was back in school hopping away and I'd wondered who was gonna save us from the dogs now Vinnie was gone because Ma and Matt are petrified and Max is a babie and fuck I guess that means me. I looked up to the sky and promised Vinnie there and then I'd look out for dogs since he was gone but I may start practising my whistling and sure it didn't matter in the end because they died fairly soon after Vinnie, think one went a bit loopy and killed the wrong sheep and got a bullet in the head. I'd look around at all my friends, hoping this day would never end because I got to live in my bubble and didn't want them to feel like I did and then I went home and the house was just full of people crying, many I didn't even know and Jamie and Grace were still here and as it turns out Jamie and Max became brothers for life and each family looked out for each other and we used to laugh about the odds of two next door neighbours without a father between them and the rest of the parish were nare a bit scarce.

Grace was sleeping in my room, exhausted from the day sure she was only two and no homework was done because I was making sandwiches for people to leave on their plate and I was no good at sandwich making but I don't think the reason people them on the plate was from my skills. I think it was because they couldn't stomach anything and neither could I, so I then walked over to Vinnie's and went straight to the barn because I'm sure no one had been and I waved hello to the horses and Pippa the pig and the seven chickens and the cat and her kittens we'd help catch to spade and I went up to the bastards who were whining locked away in a stable, yipping in frustration and I threw in some food, didn't risk a pat but I looked at them solemnly and said 'I was sorry for their loss'.

Art

p. 36 - "Not-yet-titled (gas tanks)", 48 x 2 x 68", 129 x 5 x 170 cm, oil stick on cotton, 2020.

p. 39 - "Interlock objects (target no.88-91)", 96 x 14 x 96", 244 x 35.5 x 244 cm Acrylic and Epoxy resin casted of handmade garment on wood, 2016.

p. 43 - "Not-yet-titled (wild roses)", 30x 2 x 30", 70 x 70 cm, oil on canvas, 2021.

p. 45 - "Interlock objects (target no.92)", 16 x 2 ½ x 39", 40 x 6 x 99 cm Acrylic on a hammer and an axe on wood, 2017.

p. 47 - "It's the middle of the week & I still live my life as a wallflower" 17 ¼" x 1 X 13", 44 x 2.5 x 33 cm, Butterfly, wooden frame, glass and spray paint, 2020.

p. 55 - "Interlock object (Target no. 99)", 28 x 2 ½" X 28", 71 x 6 x 71 cm Oil painted aluminum casting on wood, 2018.

p. 57 - "Not-yet-titled (structure no1)", 48 x 2 x 68", 129 x 5 x 170 cm, oil on cotton, 2020.

p. 60 - "Not-yet-titled (rose)", 48 x 2 x 68", 129 x 5 x 170 cm, oil on canvas, 2021.

p. 62 - "You surrounded me with color (Blue)", 4x4x4", 10 x 10 x 10 cm, Concrete and Dry Pigment on Wooden shelf, 2017.

p. 66 - "Not-yet-titled (structure no2)", 68 x 2 x 48", 170 x 5 x 129 cm, oil on cotton, 2021.

p. 69 - "Untitled (Pink & Purple Brick)", 48 x 2 x 48", 122 x 5 x 122 cm, Acrylic on canvas, 2020.

p. 71 - "Not-yet-titled (black landscape and a guitar)", 98 x 28 x 58", 248 x 71 x 148 cm, Oil on canvas, guitar and guitar stand 2019.

p. 74 - "Interlock object (Target no. 97)", 20 x 4 x 32", 50 x 10 x 81 cm, Acrylic and epoxy resin casting on wood, 2018.

p. 77 - "Untitled (Two Circles)", 74 x 47", 188 x 120 cm, Acrylic on canvas, 2020.

p. 82 - "Not-Yet-titled (Yellow triangle)", 96x30x110", 244x76x280 cm, Sculpture and wall painting, 2020. Collaboration with Michael Gitlin.

Artist

Lee Tal is a New-York based multi-disciplinary artist.

Tal's goal in his art is to create solutions for artistic and spiritual equations.

Tal's works have always been curious about the gap between sculptures and paintings.

This dynamic is a key component his work and its crated where both mediums could coexist in a harmonic symbiosis.

In his early bodies of works he wanted to integrate sculptural concepts into the painted image that becomes an intimate record of our time.

By combining the spiritual aspect of conceptual art and the mundane pop-culture objects in pop art together.

Tal's claim is that those two concepts cannot be separate but have to interlock with one another and so achieve a perfect union of an artwork.

That body of works is highly influenced by American consumerism. Our choice of clothing, houses, cars etc. They define our cultural group and political affiliation. And Tal's consider those objects as an unrelated portrait of the consumer. There for his work can described as a portrait in which the consumer is a concealed presence.

During 2020 Tal started to develop new intimate and personal body of works.

Through painted images of architectural structures and flowers, Tal's art is describing his personal conflicts, inspirations, dreams and the desire for stability and beauty.

In this body of works Tal's want to undermine the rigid, global imposition of the two major schools of Art that dominated the 20th Century. On one side the recognizable reality-based figuration.

The other is abstract, where figuration moves away from reality and representation and needs to resort to theory in order to retain legitimacy.

By using different painting techniques treatment to each part of his paintings, he tries to achieve his goal to create a relationship between those two schools of artistic historical approaches for the art world. Not to change it but to bring it into a new form.

You can say that the reductive well-defined quality of Minimalism and abstraction movements are a big part of Tal's work. While the best way to describe his aesthetic is "conceptual-pop" with a Minimal underpinning. Where the final product is his attempt to merge the two equations.

Tal's received his first B.A in History from Tel Aviv university. While at the same time he pursued art studies at the Avni institute of art, and a second B.A in Art & Cinema history.

During his career Tal's got many awards and recognitions includes, The Mana contemporary art residence, Untied State Artist Foundation award, The Red Bull art grant and the 2021 MaSS MoCa studio program grant.

Tal's work is collected by major collections worldwide, and his work was exhibited globally, Includes at the Tel Aviv museum of art, CICA, MASin museum, NDMOA Museum, Sejong National museum of Contemporary Art, Susquehanna Art museum and the Whitney Museum.

Instagram: @Tal.ar

Website: www.leetalart.com



Meet the Contributors

Dr. Amanda Baker, whose preferred stage name is Annjoba, is an Irish performance artist in progress, based in Berlin. As a former scientist, a current teacher of Biology and English, and a qualified animal physiotherapist, she is constantly struggling to find her inner voice. Occasionally she finds it with the help of her children, before she mislays it again along with her keys, phone and equanimity. She has had performances in KlinkerdIn, the Curious Fox and has been published in Automatic Pilot and Poethead.

Amelia Furlong's poetry has appeared or is forthcoming in ROPES 2020, Sad Girls Club, and The Racket. She recently graduated from the MA in Writing at the National University of Ireland, Galway. In 2016 she attended the Tin House Summer Workshop in Nonfiction. Her essays can be found in The Bold Italic.

Dave Shortt is a longtime writer (from the USA) whose work has appeared over the years in a number of online and print literary-type venues, most recently Peculiar Mormyrid, Molly Bloom, Beatific and Octo-Emanations #8. More of his poems can be found archived in Blackbox Manifold, Silver Pinion and Uut Poetry.

In a past century **Heikki Huotari** attended a one-room school and spent summers on a forest-fire lookout tower. He's a retired math professor and has published poems in numerous literary journals, including Crazyhorse, Pleiades, and the American Journal of Poetry. His fourth collection, Deja Vu Goes Both Ways, won the Star 82 Press Book Award.

Jamie Canavan is from the South Shore of Boston and moved to Ireland in 2012. She is a final year PhD student at NUI Galway researching the history of Irish foster care and is a long time member of Galway Pro-Choice.

Jonathan Lindgren is an independent playwright, poet, and performer based in Cork City, Ireland. Born in Amsterdam, The Netherlands, Jonathan shares a mixed heritage between Ireland and Sweden. Having written three full-length plays, his work has been performed in the Granary Theatre in Cork, receiving the award for Best Original Script at the Irish Student Drama Awards in 2019 for his piece If Greenland Fell, which was longlisted for the Bruntwood Prize for Playwriting the same year. Jonathan's poetry has previously featured in University College Cork's student publication Motley Magazine. This is Jonathan's first contribution to Strukturriss.

Maurice Moore is currently a doctoral Performance Studies student at the University of California-Davis. From 2011 to 2021, he has exhibited work and performed at the International House Davis (I-House) in Davis California, The Memorial Union Gallery at North Dakota State University, Christina Ray Gallery in Soho New York, Weatherspoon Museum of Art in North Carolina, and performed with Rios/Miralda in Madison Wisconsin. His upcoming creative non-fiction, fictional and visual works will appear in Harbor Review, Rigorous, Wicked Gay Ways, Unlikely Stories Mark V and Confluence, Communication and Critical Cultural Studies, and HIVES Buzz-Zine between summer 2020 and summer 2021.

Mikayla Kelly is a recent graduate of the 'BA Connect with Creative Writing' in NUI Galway. Her final year in Galway entailed many evenings writing in a more academic nature but in 2018 Mikayla was published in the annual literary journal ROPES with her poem 'Shia La Beouf Came to Me In a Dream'. Her personal essay, 'A Boxer's Nose Will Never Break', was uploaded to the Cold Coffee Stand's online journal in March 2019. Selected as a featured reader in the October 2018 'Over the Edge' monthly event, Mikayla made her first public appearance to the literary world.

Niamh Finlay is an actor and writer from Dublin. Her work has been recently published in the September issue of A New Ulster. She is currently working on writing her solo show.

Paris Ediabonya is a Journalism and Law student from the West of Ireland. She is a (shy) aspiring poet, and although most of her poetry does not yet see the light of day, she is published in issue 10 of HEBE Poetry Magazine. She is interested in drawing, sewing, crocheting and photography among (many) other things. Her preferred categories of writing are poetry and short stories and she hopes to break out into the literary world by creating meaningful and inspiring works. Instagram: @parjoonie

Patricia Walsh was born in the parish of Burnfort, Co Cork, and educated at University College Cork, graduating with an MA in Archaeology. Her poetry has been published in Stony Thursday; Southword; Narrator International; Third Point Press, Revival Journal; Seventh Quarry; Hesterglock Press; The Quarryman; Unlikely Stories; and Otherwise Engaged. She has already published a chapbook, titled Continuity Errors in 2010, and a novel, The Quest for Lost Éire, in 2014. A further collection of poetry, titled Outstanding Balance, is scheduled for publication in August of 2020. She was the featured poet in the inaugural edition of Fishbowl Magazine, and is a regular attendee at the O Bheal poetry night in Cork city.

Roberta Francis is a graduate of the OU Creative Writing MA 2018. Her poetry has been published in the York Literary Review and Spontaneous Poetics. Roberta has just finished a novel, 'Changing Rooms,' an LGBT story set in Dublin in the 1980s. She is a transgender activist and lives and works in London.

Roy Duffield was honoured to win the chance to perform at the last annual Beat Poetry Festival in Barcelona alongside some of the contemporary Spanish poets he most admires. He is the art editor at Anti-Heroine Chic and has words in the likes of Into the Void, The Journal of Wild Culture, The Dawntreader, Ink Sac (Cephalopress), Wrong Way Go Back (Pure Slush) and the world's oldest and most prestigious publication – his personal Instagram: @drinking_traveller.

Stephen McNulty is a Mayo man trapped in Galway. He scribbles poetry whenever he is not forcing a member of the public into a CT scanner. His poems have appeared in Boyne Berries, Drawn to the Light, ROPES and Vox Galvia.

Yrik Max Valentonis's comics and writings have recently appeared in: Brave New Word, Chaleur Magazine, Cliterature, Experimental-Experimental-Literature, FreezeRay, Maintenant, Utsanga, and Zoomoozophone, the chapbooks: iDEAL and this is visual poetry; the anthologies: Animal Blessings, Beer-Battered Shrimp for Cognitive Ruminations (forthcoming), Divided Again, Heat the Grease We're Frying Up Some Poetry, Sinbad and the Winds of Destiny, Zombie Nation: St. Pete, and the novel 120 Days of Gomorrha. He earned a BA in English and American Literature from the University of South Florida and a MFA in Poetry & Prose from Naropa University.