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| ANTHOLOGY 2018 |  |
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**Rupert Loydell**

*5 poems from Contextual Studies 31/08/2018*

*Assume Crash Position*

Irrational exuberance is jaw dropping. Do you know how to get into the crash position? To appeal to a wider audience, put your head between your knees and kiss your fun goodbye. It helps to know in advance what they’re talking about. There’s no way that curling up in a ball will help you survive.

You live enveloped by a media frenzy that focuses on struggle and plight and does not so much celebrate your individual nature as force you to relinquish part of your psychic make-up, perhaps with the idea of appealing to territorial presence. We will be taking the site o ine sometime on Friday evening.

Everyone is ying backwards, with a lot of cha er about whether or not to ensure that everything goes smoothly. Be er a quick exit than a slow one. We seem to inhabit a world apart from modern music, sounding as if we’ve been sweating it out in the streets and banging on pilfered junkyard scraps for decades.

The survivors are in hospital, equally cursed and blessed. We need to reduce the incidence of such trauma, its observation of celebration and harmony. Brutal resonance stops you dead in your tracks. You are in for a big shake up when it comes to thrilling dissonance & relentlessly hypnotic percussive grooves. You have been warned.

All eyes are gazing upon this vast continent’s su ering: witness how anything rhythmic or percussion-led is so often described as tribal, like it shu ed up in a grass skirt waving a spear, expert in how to survive the impact. Instruction can be given to prepare for the alarming thud of a brick wall, a relatively cost-free version of the larger challenges associated with the last bullet. We’re all doomed anyway.

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*Meant to Be*

I was promised the earth, but only within reason. There was to be no boom & bust, no visions or insomnia. I was to take care, be sensible and wise; I was to be taken care of. But the future was wri en in disappearing ink, the horizon came and went, lead did not turn in to gold, the sun did not always shine.

It turns out you have to improvise and navigate all the twists and turns. Someone is always out to get you and there is never time to stand still, even when a restraining order is in place. The rains falls down, the sky clouds up, the wind blows and the downpour continues. Impossible greys.

The le er I did not write to myself would have outlined what to expect and helped me to cope. As it is I only have half-baked memories, poor advice, and a bunch of distant friends. I would rather suck my thumb than admit defeat, have always wanted to be a man of few syllables and impeccable taste, but it was never meant to be.

*Decision Jump*

I have a decision variable through sweetheart deals, am silently planning a minimalist launch. Moments happen at the end; we live in personal anticipation, minute by minute. It all comes down to preparation, all comes down to who can do it rst. We are almost always willing to help get the house ready in time.

Please hold me accountable, control the time, control the ow of your execution. What is your ow of execution? What is your main extracurricular activity? What are rate matrix and output-feedback controller ripple e ects? Leverage your professional network by pacing and clapping and chanting across the project.

Live in a playhouse in the clouds, slide down the rainbow to see the good in the world and be grateful. Jumping to a conclusion is not making a decision, since knowledge is endless and constantly changing. Transition toward a rational reason for a joyful life after corporate revival.

Looks like I’ve got the ideal location, a twelve-mile long wooden trestle spanning the deepest part of the lake. I’ve always been someone who is ready for change: it’s the easiest way to get what you want without having to go without. Life is not an isolated event, there are signs that need to be decoded.

*New York Journal, 2018*

Firetrucks swerve around the corner; my co ee is still ablaze as the music takes the tempo down. You’re the other end of a phone line, but it’s computers now and I don’t really understand how one way of texting and sending photos

is free but mobile phoning isn’t. I get up, you’re halfway through the day; I come back late afternoon to contact you before you go to bed.

Do I watch the street outside or read the book I brought on the trip with me? Why is the city so di erent when it’s not? How is it di erent? Sunshine, types of cars, di erent walks and shapes of people. especially when the garbage is put out in the evening. Gu er stench and toned bodies, hiphop, rap and funk, sprawling bodies. Lots of purpose, friendliness and moving around.

Unexpected summer, they said. An airhorn blasts to speci c songs – tired acid house to these ears. Others were watching the basketball. Small groups drifted in and drifted out, drifted in and drifted out, sometimes without drinking. In the lecture theatre the composer showed us clips of multimedia concerts on the theme of work, the dignity of labour. Huge faces of miners melted into one another, followed by close-ups of an airplane pilot many years ago, then parasols spinning. The music surged and repeated, relentless, but the vocals were strangely operatic and mannered.

Sometimes I feel very white. Like in the bar last night. The bouncer, size of three normal people, intimidating until he shared he has an English girlfriend. Every black and latino on the street stops to bump sts or kiss him on the street. The guy at the comedy club was the same – imposing – but then did a li le routine with the guy reading out the reserve names list.

What’s be er? Why, over here is. Despite the rap on the stereo, this li le co ee shop is cool. It was here four years ago and is still the same: stools and high tables, minimalist squares and stripes painted on mirrors (not quite minimal enough) and two large photographs of a distant horizon. I’m awake now, the layers of loops and voices rising and falling over the beat.

I’d forgo en how cosmopolitan this city is, forgo en New York is not as liberal as we think. Comedians try to break boundaries or taboos we thought weren’t there anymore. One routine goes wrong, gun law jokes become shooting jokes, becomes a rant against the homeless on the subway, and then a rant against everything. But the nal guy is mad – anarchic in the best sense. He’s trying out new routines on us and himself. UFOs, whites, politics, race and drugs, everything, in long, rambling routines that occasionally peter out as he traps himself.

So what’s be er? The city hum outside, window slightly open, or the air conditioning’s relentless motor chilling the room? Morning light is bright and I’m not in time with time here. This trip’s felt like work, travel’s got me down. Woke early and tried to stay with it, begin and carry on.

*Inertia*

He spoke, with strange calm, about my nervous system, religious inklings and aesthetic ideas, then retreated back to another state of mind. Simplicity was foregrounded.

As always, when confronted by something direct and extraordinary I returned to hallucination and disturbing metaphor, knowing it does not ma er what things are, only what the relationship between them is.

Through control and chance I manoeuvred myself toward the narrow horizon. Within these panoptic con nes I developed a sense of who was trustworthy, imaging things that were not there, self-editing truth in an a empt to understand day-to-day experience.

I slowly explored the dark corners of self, wished I was taller and less content, stronger and more able to understand the relationship between the ordinary and the miraculous, how uncertain the boundaries are between subject and time.

Chronology has transformed me: life is only a support structure for our dreams, a way to keep our bodies from overheating and break the rules of storytelling.