Truth, Lies, Blasphemy & Disorder:

Poetry & Art Inspired by Joy Division, New Order & Depeche Mode





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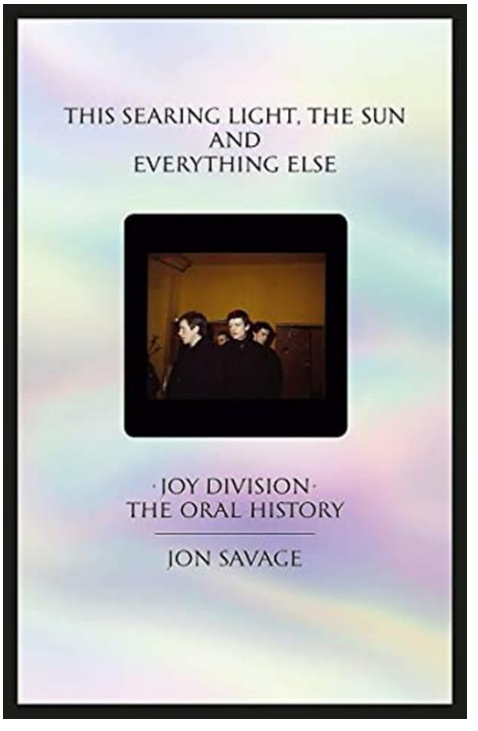
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An Interview with Jon Savage, Author of "This Searing Light, The Sun and Everything Else" * Joy Division* The Oral History



1. What inspired you to write "This Searing Light, The Sun and Everything Else" about Joy Division and specifically Ian Curtis?

Jon: I've always want to write a book about Joy Division - because I saw them a lot in 1979 and 1980 and they had a huge impact on me. I also wanted to write a book in the oral history format, after reading Jean Stein's book about Edie Sedgwick and Andrew Loog Oldham's two books, so this was in ideal way to combine both. I already had done most of the interviews for the Joy Division documentary I did with Grant Gee in 2007.

2. How did Ian Curtis' literary influences shape his lyrics and his approach to music?

Jon: Deeply, he was a reader and writer.

3. Can you elaborate on any specific books that were particularly influential to Ian Curtis?

Jon: Book titles crop up in Joy Division songs: Atrocity Exhibition, Dead Souls. I'd say William Burroughs and J.G. Ballard, science fiction in general.

4. What were some of the major challenges you faced while collecting interviews and quotes from contemporaries?

Jon: None really. Everything happened in a short time frame and the interviewees were candid and happy enough to talk.

5. How did you manage to piece together the different perspectives and memories from the people you interviewed?

Jon: Using my judgement and having known most of the participants for quite a few years.

6. Can you share any interesting or unexpected stories that emerged during these interviews?

Jon: At the end of the book I felt that I understood why Ian Curtis killed himself, which I never had done before. And that was through the accumulation of data in the interviews. Nothing earth shattering, just putting it all together. There was a definite sense of closure.

7. What, in your view, set Manchester's music scene apart from other cities in the UK at that time?

Jon: Independent spirit fostered by Buzzcocks and enough venues to play. Small enough for people to know each other and large enough to support a thriving music scene.

8. Can you discuss the changes in musical direction that New Order undertook as compared to Joy Division?

Jon: After Everything's Gone Green, the pivotal point away from Joy Division, much lighter and more electronic and more influenced by dance music.

9. If Ian Curtis had not passed away, how do you think Joy Division might have evolved musically?

Jon: Into more electronics and dance rhythms.

10. Ian Curtis had a different persona on and off the stage. Can you discuss this dichotomy?

Jon: It's called performance, and Ian was a master of no-holds barred performances.

11. Can you share some upcoming projects or other works you're planning?

Jon: New book about the influence of LGBTQ people on pop culture between 1955-1979. Three separate compilations coming out on Caroline True Records and Ace Records.

Worship by Julia Biggs

There is a sweet spot preacher (F♯ minor) on the phone,
the message messianic.

Promises there, of cobalt salvation,
lapis blasphemy.

A hypnotic litany to
lead you into temptation and
whip-crack piety.

Devotion is all it takes.

Pierce by Julia Biggs

Lush synth lines bleed out
bittersweet lips split open
silence desire-stung

Haunting by Julia Biggs

Creeping tenderness
gently interrogates ghosts
the ache euphoric

What is it you want? by Julia Biggs

I want you —

stripped, heart on loan —

in my arms

to live tonight in the flames,

rushing to pay the price

and suffer in desire's name,

to confess —

as you touch my hand,

play my games,

longing laid at my feet —

to understand,

to believe,

to forgive me.

Source text: Depeche Mode lyrics

Bio: Julia Biggs is a poet, writer and freelance art historian. She lives in Cambridge, UK. Her work has appeared in various print and online literary journals, including Streetcake Magazine and Green Ink Poetry. Find her via her website: www.juliabiggs1.wixsite.com/juliabiggs



I AGAINST I by R.M. Engelhardt

Cynical

I Against I

Looking for

The Light

Once more

Again

Somewhere.

Else.

Something.

^ Waiting.

To witness

The Absolute

To witness

The Nothing

Create words

Within

New worlds

Within a stagnant

Pond

Stand in Shadow

But not in place

A microphone

Only another form

To communicate

I am sad but dreaming

Enlightened yet

Depressed

I Against I

As always

Until the end

Let these verses

Be my only device

I am the song

This moment

A memory

Divided

(This song repeats)

A tragic echo

Of Generation



DAY OF THE LORDS by R.M. Engelhardt

The poets all
Write of angels

With the seraphim wings of
Otherworldly beings
Something to shake &
& awaken us
From this seemingly
Endless mortal coil

Lost In Transmission

&

Discord

And in our own communion
With the unknown

And the lost

One evening ;

The singer takes the stage

The music continuously plays
Like sirens, synthesizers

Manifestation

Atmosphere

Disorder

And in this time
& place, this moment
The angels all bring us
A symphony, of new sounds
Unheard & unimagined

Never to return

Again

II.

May 18th
1980

They keep
Calling me

He waited.

And then

The utter
Silence followed

For angels
Only appear
& then disappear

When you
Need them

The most

Bio: R.M. Engelhardt is *an American poet, writer and minister* who is the author of several books over the last two decades including Where There Is No Vision, Coffee Ass Blues & Other Poems, The Last Cigarette: The Collected Poems of R.M. Engelhardt, The Resurrection Waltz, Dark Lands and others. Through his ideas and visions he has helped to create a large amount of the Upstate/Albany, NY spoken word~poetry scene and is the former host of the long running "School of Night" An Open Forum-Mic For All Poets and now runs the School of Night Newsletter which promotes poets, writers & poetry as well as the Editor of the independent press DeadMansPressInk.

His work has also been published by such journals as Retort, Red Fez, Rusty Truck, Sure! The Charles Bukowski Newsletter, Thunder Sandwich, Fashion For Collapse, 2nd Avenue, The Angry Poet, Winedrunk Sidewalk, Full of Crow, The Outlaw Poetry Network, The Rye Whiskey Review, Fishbowl Poetry Press, Trailer Park Quarterly, Spillwords, Punk Noir Magazine & in many others. The founder of the group Albany Poets and the creator of The Albany WordFest he currently lives in Upstate NY where he writes and lives with wife poet/writer/artist Lona Cygnus.

https://gentlemanoutsider.com/

Joy Division Poem by Chris Papps

He listens to
Joy Division
Shadowplay as
lengthening light ebbs
luminous tides..
he listens
obsessively
leg in motion eccentric
limbs
his soul squashed in squats
mouldy walls
jumpers he wore
litter the floor..
Ian Curtis lives no more
his hopes on the
floor dead.

Bio: Chris Papps is a 62 year old amateur poet living in Adelaide in South Australia. He is a counsellor working with relationship and domestic violence clients. Chris has had a passion for art, music & poetry for many years, which has been nurtured by submissions to social media poetry feeds and publishing works on Medium.

Chris is a guitarist and enjoys recording his own music in his off hours, he is married to Jenny has three adult children.

EPISODE BY PATRICK WRIGHT

then postpartum she scissored his clothes
said babies called her closer
from cul-de-sacs *dead babies.*
*s*he wandered streets of sheer cliffs.
diaper stink led her to houses
where something left its imprint:
their heads bashed against walls.
the rustle of trees outside the echo
of astral guides. leaves were tiny hands
jerkins in mud. dead babies
called her closer till she collapsed
in a dressing gown beside a home
she'd never known. voices called her closer
till the ambulance arrived.



VERGE BY PATRICK WRIGHT

cartel blanche
she tends our yard's
flowerbed.
I don't know her name.
her hands dib
while I sit on a
garden chair
listen for sirens.
flowers are pale
shades of monochrome.
they bob
beside the patio.
folk mow their lawn
trim hedges.
what animates them?
the lime-tree's leaves
are hands waving.
my hands
are the hands
of a portrait.
my smile's a masquerade.
clouds are a collage.
it goes on
re-arranging itself.
watches melt on stilts.
passers by jerk
like automata.
conifers sway
like sentinels
tired of standing all day.

BACKENDISH BY PATRICK WRIGHT

The letterbox is a mouth that spouts gibberish:
gusts move its lips like a ventriloquist. Trees
are the fingers of witches. Starlings in a tailspin.

Bins blow over. I watch through the window.
I've punched doors, kicked walls, bruised my feet.
My screams compete with the veins of leaves.

In the bathtub I've rocked while the sky caved in.
How the bulb's hum is indecipherable.
A smell of bonfires and tarmac through the slats.

An empty butter tub blows down the driveway.
Nature harms itself: the wind breaks its boughs.
I catch only laughter now from the school yard.

An ice cream van jingles. Sun slants on gravestones.
A camper rattles in a neighbour's yard.
Faces in upstairs rooms are watering plants.

QUIET DAY BY PATRICK WRIGHT

on days like this. anything can happen.
especially nothingness. lying on the sofa
a sense of something lost though never
possessed. like the smell of shampoo
wafting over a shoulder in a bus queue.
anything can happen. a wedding ring
or a baby's reins. often on days like this
they're in the park by a merry-go-round.
though I'm where the magpies land. the
magpies and corvids. they hold grudges.
grudges for nothingness or loneliness.
something lost though never possessed.
as I watch sunlight now through curtains
slowly creep across the living room. the
light collides with a vase. I get obsessed
with this. the nothingness. so too cracks
over the lintel. or the clock's pendulum.
no relatives to call. just the shadows that
stretch their way from wall to wall. late-
afternoon circadian rhythms. nothingness
now. the things that could happen. just
the cadaverousness of clouds. kitchens
outside. down the road. a scent of soup.
by 5pm they're switching on their lights.

Sepulchral by Patrick Wright

After Bernard Pierre Wolff

Rain on benches in gardens of remembrance
reflects small portions of sky.

A chimney in the distance, belching out blackness
as if part of some regime.

Give me stars as casual gifts.
I fear a plateau: no hill to climb.

Place me on a precipice.
Cut me down for lamentation.

Who's the angel? Her arm draped over her brow
& now fallen on marble.

Trees quiver gran mal seizures.
No-one offers stark witness:

a weight of words too heavy to lift.
No-one wants hearts anymore

or knows anything of myth.
In a corner a columbarium calls.

Arches like ventricles I'll hide behind.

Kneeling on my catafalque

she'll let her tears escape their walls.

Bio: Patrick Wright has a poetry collection, *Full Sight of Her* (Eyewear), which was nominated for the John Pollard Prize. He has also been twice shortlisted for the Bridport Prize. His poems have appeared in *Poetry Ireland Review*, *The North*, *Southword*, *Agenda*, *Wasafiri*, *London Magazine*, and *The Reader*. He teaches English Literature and Creative Writing at the Open University. @saturnineone



Static Kisses Lullabies by David L O'Nan (for Ian Curtis)

These Static Kisses lullabies, entering the midnight dance,
In shadows draped, Our sorrow finds its home.
In his spirit, the soul does advance
Untamed emotions through the microphone.

Look at these haunted eyes and listen to the voice
that bore the weight, Singing of love and anguish,
A tortured heart that without an escape,
Through the pain, the beauty, the sky was blind.

The music swelled, an atmosphere divides in darkness.
In each chord he sings symphony of darkness,
More words, a window to a tortured room, still darkness
Where fragile hearts would find their soul stored. Dull darkness.

Static kisses lullabies, remain in the strain of deconstruction
We sink in with his pain, and bleed inside with him.

Within the static, whispers softly weep,
A melancholic melody admired in a burning heart,
Like ghostly echoes, secrets they shall keep,
His voice caresses through the night.

He keeps painting that canvas black and bleak,
Exploring depths of human frailty,
A poet lost in shadows, the wanderer to unique.
His haunting presence shrouded in mystery.

In every song, he bared his soul,
A fragile heart, consumed by inner holes.
His verses pierced through this abyss, took their toll,
Offered comfort to those who are touched by life.

Static kisses lullabies, still damaged but soaring,
Sing this tortured rap to Ian forevermore.

In each channel feel this fragile connection,
A communion of souls, both lost and found,
Through the veil of pain, a resurrection,
We shake when bitter, we shake through this electric skin.
We shake to the sound.

Dance to the radio in this solemn trance,
Dance to the waves, arise from the puddles and form again
These static kisses lullabies, obscure,
in fog we resonate with this for eternity.

Dark Arbors Evening by David L O'Nan

The arches had broken

The sky painted black

A Dark Arbors Evening

You whispered me our last whisper (*I hear them calling you back*)

We stared at the shadows

To a long time ago, when you were just a child

Innocent and Carefree, before the world turned wild.

now we have boredom by the trails

Now the pills made us older, and the world's grown cold

No longer children, no longer are we bold

Haunted leaves you kept in grasp

The pain and sorrow, the flamingo continues to flow

Try an escape, you say "I'm an escapist"

Through the honey, and run far away

Trapped by the cycling. The game spins anew and the same.

Voices within, have perfected your name.

A Dark Arbors Evening

Waxing the trees for our shade, and hibernate in our abandonment

Lesser memories, I just went from black to fade.

And she is in her own mind now, filling in the dots with doubt and fear.

My chance to break free, polish the wedge

To reunite to our first memory, to breathe for me

To nurture our lungs to breathe for us

Lifting the weight, walk into the light with a head held up

Fading, fading, fading

disappearing, disappearing, disappearing

New day dawning but for the path of the sinner

A Dark Arbors Evening, no longer our bane

Canary Roses by David L O'Nan

I once knew preservation, my canary roses

There are no ropes in heaven they say.

There is no hope in hell I was raised.

I worshiped in the loveless, invitations to the vain.

The grinding life toll

Seeking to find a partner, to marry

The weight of their eyes, become control

Unrequited love can impose, Decrease. Sell our souls.

The canary roses, emasculated for years

Forbidden at the door,

forebode me firmly from your heaven

Kissed me to destroy. To shiver me to detach me from my veins.

Begin a recoil from the touch of those,

Whose hearts we are barricaded to, cannot expose

The blindness of those cannot understand the pain

They feel the prayers and don't understand love's sad refrain.

They give blue ribbons to repetitive synchronicities.

Grinding away in my eyes, the electricity begins to die

The loveless play, the canary roses

They left him on the moon again, again, alone, all alone, desolate.

As lint is how I'll live

The canary roses, the fragility of how quick wind blows in

The passing of time passes many curves to the end.

We've trod, looking for a truly worshipful god.

The canary roses, yellow to brown my love

About to lock this ceiling to the floor.

The Scream (for Edvard Munch)by David L O'Nan

I awake to sapphire skies and scalpels to my screaming mind.

I've reversed back to my spells, I can walk through halls of goldwork

In my mind I feel this haunting cry

Captured in my blood and frozen in time.

A moment I was terrified, sublime

Allowed them to piss this spell all over me too long, I'm afraid.

Echoes through all the ages become blemishes

to these walls, leaving my figure standing and my mouth agape.

It will leave you scratching at your brain.

The weeds our blood is rolling in

I'm not that pig, baby, I'm not *that* pig

Not under these circumstances.

Eyes wide with fear, hands to face.

What horror do we witness in our own daily art?

The wannabe disaster they see as me.

Can't understand how I am *me*

The anguish, this despair?

Everything comes from depictions of obscene

and through a new lens we are beautiful.

Our acts are collections, the world's true face.

Like the scream, do you hear it, do you *see it?*

It's as visual as it is audial.

a lack of grace, the weight of life.

The pain, the struggles, the piercing strife.

Lingering still like this reflection stained in that water.

Like a broken devil

Timeless

The fear within of our own human race.

I'm heeding this silent call.

Born again in freedom as we listen to the screams?

Born again with black eyes,

Born again, Am I not holy anymore?

Peace comes when the screams illuminate for all to hear and see.

Dead River Embolism by David L O'Nan

(1) *He would go in*

without anything prepared...

Spontaneously he walks

to the river at night.

He awaits in the grip of the water

as the embolism builds

he's feeling black as the river's quilt

it is dead they say. I heard dead.

The banks are in dread.

No life to thrive, no soul to find

Unarmed now, the enemies

get their scimitars out while the world stands still.

(2)"It is you who will shut up

in the end, not me...

Drums pounding, glass breaking

"*pull me from this river*" now lord, now!

An empty vessel, left behind

wind howling through barren trees

Ghostly dancing, a mournful breeze sits in.

Silence is deafening, world brilliantly still.

A limping hurricane in your old muddy footprints.

There once was fire there, a wildfire in there.

When you moved around the city,

and we all knew you then. When the water was pure.

(3)*So, the brain couldn't*

give orders anymore.

Unlawful, as they begin finding the crumbs

Tainted and bleak,

To go from serene to this machine.

The life is now gone.

The laughter has ended in it's cloaked ripples

It doesn't wash the blood off from your stains.

The river is the infinity.

The dead river flows, forevermore.

a symbol of wars, the weeping world.

For what is gone is now forever gone.

(4) *For a while, you could see...*

*numbered italicized quotes are from William S. Burrough's "Naked Lunch"

7 Crocodiles by David L O'Nan(inside the caves of Andy Warhol)

A walk inside the caves, a silver factory
The women, the men, the art, the biting
Andy Warhol, at the helm, the pale, the scales
Amidst the art, the music, the scene. His eyes are a walk.

Manhattan's avant-garde convene
I step inside its womb. I hum around in the tomb.
With madness and noise.
This misfit is in his haven to rejoice.

7 Crocodiles walk past. Dressed in black
Packed in dismissal looks and a prancing smoke stalking behind.

A place where anything goes,
No boundaries, no rules
They sew in the blends, they record the grave.
He is the only knowing of "the prize" as the walls pulsate in art.

15 minutes long gone.

The genius walks in the dissection of the phenomena
The cult of Warhol is thriving in the dirty and the pure
The factory denizens enjoy the experiment.

7 Crocodiles walk past. Dressed in black.
Packed in dismissal looks and a prancing smoke stalking behind.

Replicate these crocodiles. Turn them into many versions of themselves.
He'll direct the scene with his steady hand,
The pop art will spread from blindness to the cans.

Marilyn, Elvis and the who's who and the who is that?
will all convene to churn a creative brew.
Amused and fascinated, they conjure up a lightning strike
and hide themselves in the fancy and the confines of the cave.

'till the dazzle becomes the hours, the long hours.
Sleeping past the art. The legend never entertained.
A crocodile tamed in creative transcendence.
So that an artistic revolution can begin.

The crocodiles have gone to rest. The stalking smoke is embedded-
in an echo of a city, of a culture, in a vision of time.

On Italian Grounds by David L O'Nan

I met her

On Italian Grounds

She was weak

but wanted to thrive in the stings.

In Florence

Darkness reigns

When she met the steep and stained

Beneath the ruins, the nuclear waste

The industries of the past, the shine of disgrace.

His intelligence

his knowing, His trips to see Alighieri was nothing but

the ruin of the whistles of the wind,

a mournful sound, when she was nowhere around.

The past was still the present,

to drown in, tranquility ceases

a berserk view of the city

is all he can to salve his soul.

The rules, long forgotten

Shaking the foundations, to create in new *rotten*

Bottles of wine, now empty and obscene,

remnants of the swelling, bruising loss.

Baby's cry in the distance are heard

Shrinking in size like a tiny bird,

The embraces we had in the years of love

the cold is all I can feel now.

The streets once clean, now dirty and grim,

The prose of the poets, is like a shout warning to a murmur

Swallows everything, shadows and the faith

On Italian grounds I met her, On Italian grounds so bright.

On Italian grounds I lost her,

the heart beat slows in the city.

I have no hands to put me to rest.

Jobless and whipped, the corrosion of time etched on the face.

I move from myself through a new domain.

Noxious air fills every space.

Tattooed society, in a constant state of flux,

They are amused by the violence and the spill of blood.

The whips crack down on me, the weak.

To go from her eyes, the elite, to shit on the street

Those who'll see me will turn the other cheek.

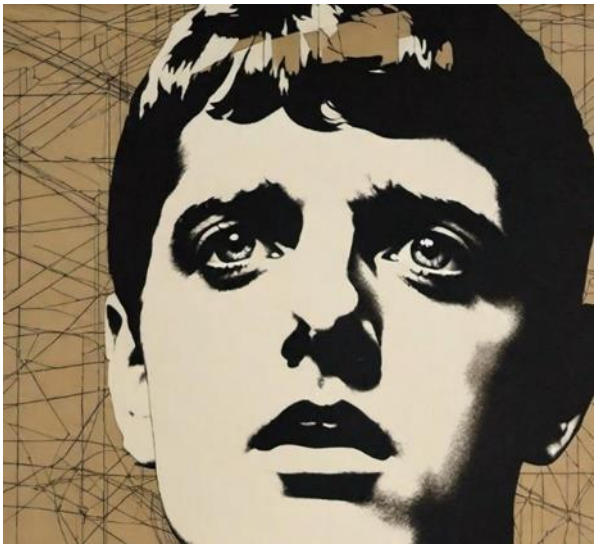
In my poverty, my daily routine start to come undone at the seams.

I sometimes feel her back with me in the darkness of the alleys.

Where my fear is in my taste

I wonder back now to the Italian grounds

If all I ever found was just a spell.



Chaos Copycat by David L O'Nan

In chaos, the leers and laughter
of prejudice teaching seem to succeed.
The world around me, a flickering light.
A blur of movement, the dizzying spinning night.

Smothered in chaos, copycats print themselves to the page.
a tempestuous sound, a symphony of discord.
A battleground.
Repetition in noise suffocates the stirring mind.

The weight of the world holds the handle
to prescribe the perfection to fall to our sleep.
A mind is a labyrinth, the maze often laughs.
Never-ending cycles, the battle is never fought.

The voices within me, they obey and they dispose.
They taste and flee. They acquire and cease.
The waves tell me to surrender, to abandon this dream.
Give me courage to stir out this napping creativity.

Chaos around me, it's part of me now.
The harassment of my soul, a part of my vow.
I have to keep walking to that battleground.
Rising in the hypnotists tears and take control.

To wear the crown, just for once

I will wear the crown. In rhythm and chaos

I will wear the crown, as they try to break me.

I will wear the crown. Standing my ground.

Wearing my crown.

You'll pass in the storm. I'll still be around.

Is this something that you can understand?

When corrupt, can you understand?

Is this within reach? When the satirized becomes sterilized.

Bio: David L O'Nan is a poet, short story writer, editor living in Southern Indiana. He is founder of Fevers of the Mind Poetry, Art & Music. He has edited & curated anthologies under Fevers of the Mind since 2019 in addition to anthologies inspired by Leonard Cohen, Bob Dylan, Joni Mitchell, Tom Waits, Sylvia Plath & Anne Sexton, Elliott Smith & Chris Cornell, Jack Kerouac, Townes Van Zandt, Miles Davis, Langston Hughes. The website is www.feversofthemind.com He also has solo works "The Famous Poetry Outlaws are Painting Walls and Whispers" "The Cartoon Diaries", "New Disease Streets", "Our Fears in Tunnels", "Taking Pictures in the Dark", "Lost Reflections (micropoems)", "Before the Bridges Fell", and "Cursed Houses", his work can be found in several litmags and books. Twitter/X is @davidLONan1 and @feversof for the book. Facebook is The Fevers of the Mind Poetry, Arts & Music Group. Also found on Bluesky @feversof.bsky.social

Ians Division by Sean McGillis

Joy he took, in writing the dark

A clever Hook, creative spark

Sumner, Morris

Ian never wrote

For us

Triumph, torture

Day in, day out

Some would say

Took the easy way out

Prepared to travel, across the sea

Began to unravel, not destined to be

If only this story

Could have revision

Yet, not to be

His painful Division

Bio: Sean is an animal and nature lover with a wide variety of interests. Sean enjoys sharing their writing on social media. Author of a self-published novella, The Hunted. Other writings can be found in various anthologies including From One Line – If I Were a House, and A Glitter of Miles.

Transmission by Andy Breckenridge

After Joy Division

A pulse
of bass notes
steadily insists
over a faint electric hum
that an irreversible moment is about to arrive

No language just sound

A picked
strand of melody
will become two swept chords,
billows drapes that hang in showering rain
by the open window

Is all we need know

a frantic scuttle
of drums and cymbals
troubles dust sheets covering
the dining table and four chairs

To synchronise love

an American reedburr
from the retro radio in the corner
shapes the dust on the floor builds
and blasts all before it; curtains, chairs, windows

To the beat of the show

Bio: Andy writes about self imposed exile, place, relationships, cultural identity and memory, and his poems are likely to include fish and water.

His debut pamphlet, The Liquid Air, was published by Dreich in July 2021, and the Chris Riddell illustrated version came out in August 2022. Available here: https://hybriddreich.co.uk/product/the-illustrated-liquid-air-andy-breckenridge-chris-riddell/

His debut full collection, The Fish Inside, was published by Flight of the Dragonfly in Spring 2023.

Available here: flightofthedragonfly

His poetry has appeared in several print and online journals, and his latest collection, Click, is looking for a home

20 Minutes of Turbulence by Jennifer Patino

This plane can't explode,

We're almost home.

This plane can't explode,

We're almost home.

Kinsman, we shared
the same sparks
in our heads. Ignition
reflex, our dances
were parodies.
We invited
too many along
for the ride.

Soon, we'll collide.

Supernova similar,
the sun etches
each others' names
into our arms. Beautiful
rosy red rashes. The world
rejects us.

Clutching seat rests,
our automaton pilots
echoed the same message.
We distorted the signals
to decipher a truth
as hard as the anti-convulsants
were to swallow. They want us
lathered in acceptance.
We want to be rid of the
affliction. *No more*
exhibition.

You watched
a beautiful ending
on your box TV,
then created
a tragedy.

This is a warning.
20 minutes of turbulence
ahead. We could collectively
hold our breath for 7.
We could come to
in a brand new world.
A body
is only a form. A body
is only a vessel.

This plane can't explode,

We're almost home.

This plane can't explode,

We're almost home.

25 years later I find you
in the guttural voice
of another astral traveler.
He uses auras
to remind me. He too
lives on in your memory.

A new kinsman born
of your ashes.

We're all crashing.
Stellar dancing,
but we go down
in different flames.

The Ghost of Ian Curtis Soothed My Panic Attack at 6 AM by Jennifer Patino

were you scared
when you shook out the pills,
did you count them? did the
reality 2 x 4 leave a rusted
nail in your gut when it
hit you on a sleepless 6AM
morning?

when the freight train
soared into your heart
did you try to pretend
it was something else?
did you wake your beloved
with the sounds of
your vomiting,
impossible to keep the
noisy guilt from riling
up? did you tell yourself
how okay you were?

whose face flashed in your
mind when the mallet shattered
your skull, when the 8 Ball's

inner neon blue triangle
multiplied & scattered
before you? whose voice
soothed your little flesh
wounds? who swept up
the broken mirror glass?

were you scared
when you heard the
police sirens? did you
think they were coming
for you again? what
song were you dreading
to hear for fear that it
would transport you back
to some place where it
was worse than this kind
of unsafe? where were you
running to in your head?
where were you planning
on hiding?

what was near-death like?
was it a rabbit hole?
a pulsating star? a
beginning? a deep
breath? a tear?

was it finally

falling asleep at 7:15?

was it the moment

numbness crept into

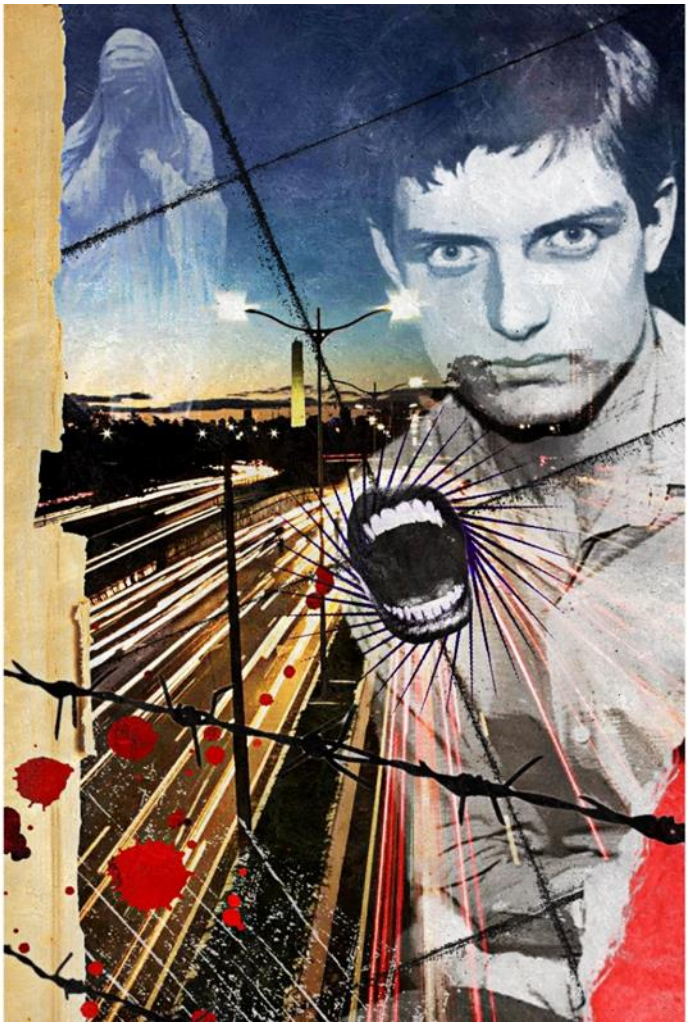
your limbs? or was it

the heart hammering

so loudly once again?

Bio: Jennifer Patino is a poet who lives for books and film. She has had work featured in Door is A Jar, Punk Noir Magazine, A Cornered Gurl, The Chamber Magazine, Fevers of the Mind, Free Verse Revolution Lit, Windy Knoll Zine, and elsewhere. She lives in Traverse City, Michigan with her husband. Visit her blog at www.thistlethoughts.com.





True Realities (artwork by Paul Warren) ©

Bio: Paul Warren is an Artist and illustrator with an interest in Surrealism and Abstract art . He works in a variety of different mediums including collage . Paul aims to produce thought provoking, vibrant artwork . innerspaceart.blogspot.com/?m=1 deviantart.com/thewatchmanart society6.com/Paulwarrenart and numerous pieces on Dumpsterfirepress.com & theoddmagazine.wixsite.com

A Burden and a Head by Matt Bianca

I carry this burden on my head
It is heavy and light
without mystery
I am full of misery
Empty my void please.

Bios: Matt Bianca PhD (cum laude) in research in Education and Socio-educational intervention (Thesis: “How Chinese and Indian Students Study English Online); Masters Degree in Modern Languages for International Communication; Masters in Social Research, Level 3 Diploma in Counselling Skills; CEMM Certificate in drum and ear-training; CTAA Certificate for Yoga Teacher Training.
https://mattwhitestone.wixsite.com/mprea?_sm_au_=iVV8HZW7PF7PnWZPHtJqHK0qJ6jF1

It’s Manchester, It’s Raining by Emma Lee

(after “Control” directed by Anton Corbijn)

Film focuses on an incinerator’s chimney,
dark smoke pulses and fades.

Let the camera zoom out
and reveal a tall, grey stack.

Visualise a man, tall, dark hair,
grey shirt, grey/black trousers,

a rumbling, efficient beat,
a melody as persistent as drizzle,

growled vocals jerked
with an epileptic rhythm,

A cloud hangs over me...
as a *New Dawn Fades*

The stack belongs to a crematorium.
The ashes to a twenty-three-year-old

father, husband, lover, singer,
who felt he didn't fulfil any role

but held a mirror that reflected life
as he saw it, as others identified it

pulsed through a dark beat
as ephemeral as sun in Manchester.

Bio: Emma Lee's publications include "The Significane of a Dress" (Arachne, 2020) and "Ghosts in the Desert" (IDP, 2015). She co-edited "Over Land, Over Sea," (Five Leaves, 2015) was Reviews Editor for The Blue Nib, reviews for magazines and blogs at https://emmalee1.wordpress.com

Atmosphere by Mark Heathcote

Joy Division - Atmosphere 2/9/80 release date
displayed in Ken Palk's record shop Knutsford.
Joy Division is a band I came to love accidentally
The 12-inch cover of Atmosphere was top-notch.
A snowy winter scene, bleak and unpretentious
I bought it without hearing it—an impulse buy
and on hearing the first time, there was a pause.

"It's playing at the wrong speed, my sister sniggered?"
And my face flushed a glowing rosy teenage pink.

I quickly came to realize it was atmospherically
A delight, it was poetry. It was pure genius,
It was ahead of its time, streets and streets ahead.
And the more I played it, the more I loved it.
It's a recording I can never now play just once.
It has to be played twice and always back to back.
And even now, it is first class and hasn't aged a day.

Performer extraordinaire by Mark Heathcote

Ian Kevin Curtis was a singer, songwriter and musician,
Who had a dark baritone voice and a dancing style his own?
A well-read boy said to be an intelligent child, displaying
A flair for poetry. Not with anger but with energy and mood.
He spearheaded the band. Joy Division, to the forefront
Of the post-punk movement. A strong-willed individual
With a keen interest in fashion. Curtis worked on his songs
In what his wife, Deborah, called his "Song-writing room."
Curtis was diagnosed with epilepsy, described as severe,
He would take anticonvulsants to bring seizures under control.
The effect was limited, leading to disruptive mood swings,
That even prevented him from holding his baby daughter.
He wrote words that would be lived in his song lyrics
But love, love will tear us apart again
Love, love will tear us apart again

Then love, love will tear us apart again
Love, love will tear us apart again

With forthrightness, Curtis was an unabashed genius
Curtis was a performer extraordinaire
A genie in a bottle that could not be controlled
Breaking the bonds and chains of social convention,
Social norms, the norms of slaving away every day,
With no voice and no spirit or feeling, feeling, feeling
With nothing to hide or pretend.
He was amongst the living and not the dead unfeeling.
Sing song lyrics that had angst and meaning
For a new poverty-struck tribe.
It haunts, haunts - haunts us even today in our silence.

They walked in line, they walked in line,
They walked in line, they walked in line
And now it’s us walking around in zombie costumes
To melancholic tunes chosen specially to fit us today,
Singing like yellow canaries without a soul, caged.
Chained little birds that have never truly flown,
You exist on the Best terms you can without grief,
You exist desperately trying not to commit
A public disorder, a crime by mistake

Apart from the crime of being born.

The crime of searching for another neutral look
That ultimately shouts, screams and says leave me alone.
I do not have a country, or a family, or even an identity
And much less a home.
That is why I am losing control, angst with rage.
Clinging to a contract iPhone. That is why I am still here,
pseudonym unknown. On the brink of tears,
Having tears, tears in my eyes, for all those
Forgotten years praying for a New Order.

We're Rooted in Routine by Mark Heathcote

We're rooted in routine

Like a candle burning out of flame

Wearing clothes we once wore with love

Now worn out, decrepit

Like soulless junkies wondering if

They'll one day ever truly rediscover

A meaningful beat in their hearts again.

It doesn't matter if you cleaned up your act

The withdrawal you feel

Will always linger in your wake or sleep

Routine rituals without 'meaning or emotions.'

They are lived again and again

Till you no longer ask why, why

Did I get up at 7 am and get home at 8 pm

Why, why does all my food taste stale?

Why don't I care if I live or die?

Why do I suffocate where there's no soot or smoke

Why do I feel like I'm already buried in the ground?

Tediums such as these may grow heartless flowers

But mine won't grow. It now wants to wilt away.

Blow out the candle; I can't do this again.

Oh, we're rooted in routine.

Routine rituals without 'meaning or emotions.'

Routine rituals without 'meaning or emotions.'

They won't carry me far, not even if I close my eyes.

And imagine I am the spark, the fire, the living flame in you.

I want to be doused naked in the rain once again

And be born again. And be born again.

Bio: Mark Andrew Heathcote is an adult learning difficulties support worker. He has poems published in journals, magazines, and anthologies online and in print. He resides in the UK and is from Manchester. Mark is the author of “In Perpetuity” and “Back on Earth,” two books of poems published by Creative Talents Unleashed.

A Short Joy Division Poem by Ashley Stein

Their pain echoed
in your voice
Desperate boy
was there a choice

Bio: Ashley Stein is a writer and musician from Edinburgh where she co-fronts riot grrl band Fistymuffs and makes Hyperpop induced electronic music as Valenstein. She is currently doing a PhD in electronic music practices at Edinburgh Napier University.

here were the young men by Ivor Daniel

shoulders weighted

unbearable. by beauty,

reality.

to have been that hurt

where have we been?

to the strung out stations of art,

pain.

in our Manchester coats,

in the Macclesfield rain.

Bio: Ivor Daniel lives in Gloucestershire, UK. His poems have appeared in A Spray of Hope, wildfire words, Steel Jackdaw, Writeresque, iamb~wave seven, Fevers of the Mind, The Trawler, Roi Fainéant, Ice Floe Press and The Dawntreader, After..., Re-Side, Alien Buddha, The Orchard Lea Anthology (Cancer) and The Crump's Barn Anthology (Halloween). . @IvorDaniel

THE WRECKING FORCE. By Dusty Jaggers

I am the soul of a night's song so lonely.

Yet, like a shooting star that burns out fast as it fades.

The fleeting shining feeling of the words in all their brightness and their newness and glory, sung wholeheartedly in darkness, just didn't last long.

Desires compromised and surrounded in dullness.

Like a kiss on the lips without passion or lust.

I strangled out the light of a lost will to fight.

All actions have consequences, black and white, but life is lived in shades of grey.

I painted myself into a painful corner.

A sharp point of focus, I just couldn't take my mind away from.

A taste of longing on the tongue of the thirsty that cannot be quenched.

Nothing has made sense in my world since the moment I met you and that's what the trouble is. I could never forget you like she wants me too.

That's when I knew too much of a good thing can be bad for you.

It can break a man into two, a heart and a mind going in opposite directions.

I let myself go yet somehow I remain true to myself.

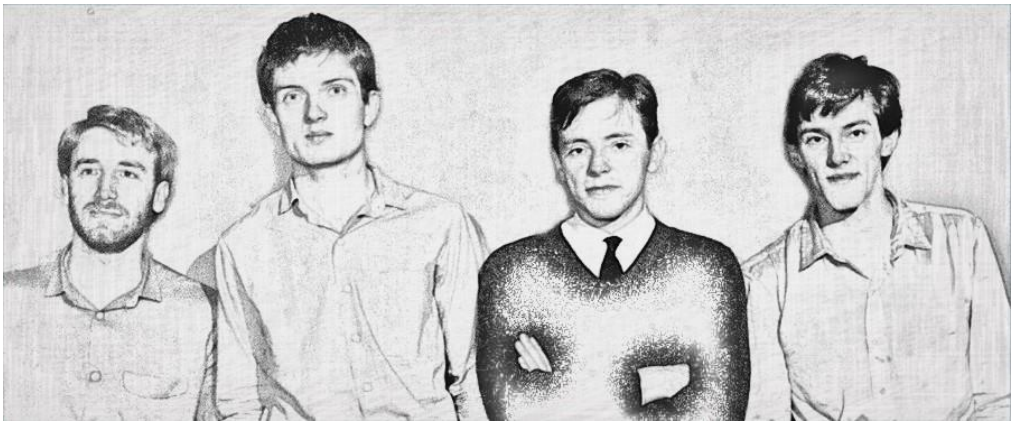
I struggled and then I stepped off.

I couldn't catch my breath.

Death is a bit like drowning and dying is a bit like falling in love and I fell.

You are the wrecking force in me a divorce from all I once knew.

Bio: Dusty Jaggers is a punk rock musician, writer & poet from Louisville, Kentucky. Her first poetry book “Black Tourmaline Dreams.” Can be found on Cajun Mutt Press. /Amazon.com



Room with No Windows (for Ian Curtis & Joy Division) by Robert Frede Kenter

Terra tear (s) the empty
attic apart meant walls

and stairs we walk
up and down

Still winter
black wave disco
in the radio glacial

Hand prints on strings
And my hair was like that too

Angular, jugular the jaguar
vein of Manchester air raid sirens

Dance to shadows radio
plays *With Fear* she eyed
the fire
the angular gray marching
a waltz in 3/4 without breath
Ian Curtis,
midnight sirens beneath street beams

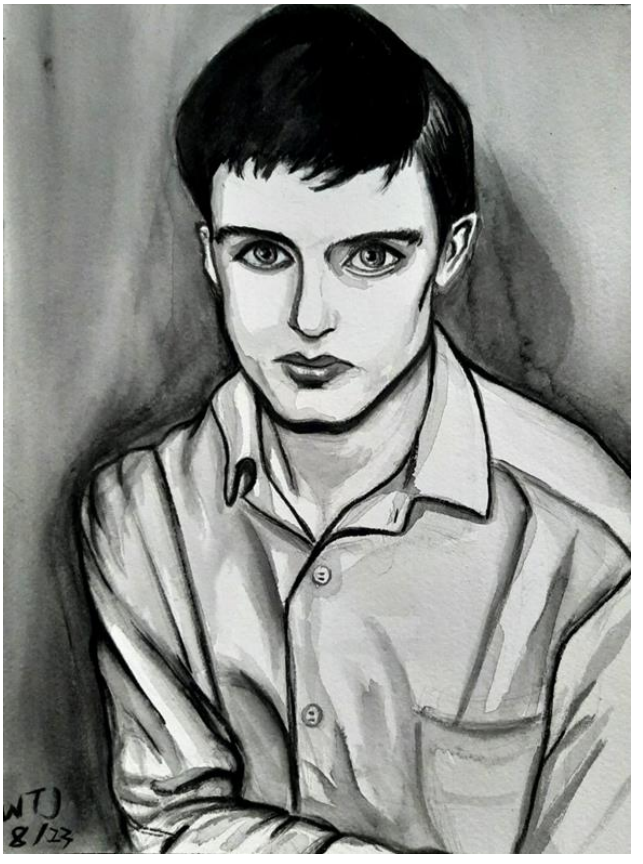
A search light a sky

of lights Walk away waiting for you

in *the centre of the city of night*

Bio: Robert Frede Kenter is a writer, visual artist, editor, a pushcart nominee and award-winning book designer, and the EIC/publisher of Ice Floe Press (www.icefloepress.net). Books include EDEN (2021) (orig. from Floodlight Ed., now at Ice Floe Press & Rare Swan Press). In anthologies: The Poets of 2020 (Fevers of the Mind Press), The Book of Penteract (Penteract Press, 2022), Glisk and Glitter (Sidhe Press, 2023), forthcoming in Recalibrating the Pain Scale (Olney Books, 2023), and Seeing in Tongues (Steel Incisors, UK), and others. Published widely in journals online & in-print incl.: ARC, New Quarterly, The Storms Journal, Acropolis Journal, Street Cake Magazine, Writ, Cough, Anthropocene, and many other venues. Robert's artwork is in many private collections, internationally.

A Watercolor Portrait of Ian Curtis by William Taylor Jr



Bio: William Taylor Jr. lives and writes in San Francisco.He is the author of numerous books of poetry, and a volume of fiction. His work has been published widely in literary journals, including Rattle, The New York Quarterly, and The Chiron Review. He was a recipient of the 2013 Kathy Acker Award, and edited *Cocky Moon: Selected Poems of Jack Micheline* (Zeitgeist Press, 2014). His latest poetry collection, *A Room Above a Convenience Store*, is available from Roadside Press.

It's only ever always rain by Clem Flowers

(Contains copious Joy Division song titles and a part of the lyrics of their song "Transmission.")

There's Saints along the
pavement - we're left to
wonder where the night
went - He seemed so
happy
we weren't ones needed
begged to see the pain the
stare the hours the twitch
smoking some more so
free so free so free on the hill

He's alone how few we know that
truly walk the path of isolation with
the bloom of hope long ago dead the
perfume of rot blends with exhaust into
a heady bouquet hero of the lost lights
how we watch with awe dance dance
dance to the rhythm of the rain out
past the interzone into the wilderness
decades of insight in the
shadowplay as new dawn fades

new dawn fades into an ice age waiting its

turn but losing patience every minute as

you bend fight holler contort like

the devil's spine through the

pains the disorders bring what

a laugh what a laugh you used

to hero worship the ones who lived with

this pain not understanding you

identified with their struggles their stories their Sorrows because you were the same inside

same inside the witching hour Beautiful

little agonies wait as the hours fall into

the horizon like the last stone pillars of

the old gods who are on the upswing

again that's the way the market

goes buy low sell high tears hurt

the worst as you start to see the

sun don't they the radio is Nothing but

snow and here and there of a song in an unknown tongue that wrecks you when it comes thru

I remember nothing these days I remember nothing these days tension tension freedom freedom I remember nothing these days I remember nothing these days tension tension freedom freedom I remember nothing these days I remember nothing these days tension tension freedom freedom I remember nothing these days I remember nothing these days tension tension freedom freedom I remember nothing these days I remember nothing these days tension tension freedom freedom I remember nothing these days I remember nothing these days tension tension freedom freedom I remember nothing these days I remember nothing these days tension tension freedom freedom I remember nothing these days I remember nothing these days tension tension freedom freedom I remember nothing these days I remember nothing these days tension tension freedom freedom I remember nothing these

days I remember nothing these days tension tension freedom freedom I remember nothing these days I remember nothing these days tension tension freedom freedom

A bottle breaks in the distance the smoke still lingers still proof He was here

A truck backfires

The world sighs

The blue dogs are forever friends

I remember nothing these days

Bio: Clem Flowers (They/Them) is a poet, low rent aesthete, gorgeous monstrosity, pizza man lover, & Poetry editor of Blue River Review with five chapbooks, a Best of the Net & Pushcart nominations to their name.

Rosary Bead Suicide by Elizabeth Cusack

I have your rosary bead

You took it from a girl

And broke her heart

You swayed in the kitchen

And tied the knot

And strangled it

Till it fell apart

And you searched everywhere

But it was not there

It disappeared

Rosary bead

Rosary bead

I have the missing link

I see the blood

On the Christmas tree

I'm holding a little brown rosary bead

You didn't want it

It's in a box now

The missing link

Like the blood clot inside my heart

Crying, where are you, man?

The screaming horde want more

I've got your bead

The one you left behind

She didn't want your disease

So you passed it to me

That's so much more

Than I can say for me

If you need it

You can have it

The mystery bead

The mystery disease

Inside the box

She was too young to take it

You were too old to fake it

You never watch them

Walk away

You never fake an exit

Holding that broken

Piece of my heart

A rosary that fell apart

I'll isolate that piece of me

Inside that box

I was entertained

Like a little mutt

Lying up all night

Until the sun went dark

Wondering what was happening

Inside that lonely part of me

That fell apart

The one you couldn't find

The little round bead

On the rosary

That fell apart

It’s in the pile of broken pieces

You didn’t want

One day i’ll mend

You swayed in the kitchen

And broke a knot

I found it later

The missing part

I solved all mysteries

With the missing part

Rosary bead

From Germany

The nun left you

You thought she’d understand

The nun who did not understand

Just like me

She looked familiar

I found a way to fall apart

Repeat and repeat

I can follow that beat

And they will scream

When I’m through

Like David Byrne

You made it through the night

You isolated

That bright flashing light

Inside your mind

Day in and day out

Holding on to that part

I was holding on

To the missing part

I can’t overdose on barbiturate

I can’t see you anymore

I’m on a death track now

All systems down

Dead before daylight

I’ll say goodbye now

Bio: Elizabeth Cusack is preparing her first lengthy book of poetry inspired and dedicated to Sappho. Elizabeth enjoys mixing musical playlists. A native Californian, she divides her time between the Coachella Valley of the California desert and the high desert mountains of New Mexico.

After The Divorce, We Go Round Recollecting Joy by Vikki C.

(Inspired by Joy Division and New Order)

After the divorce, I'm listening closer to who we were.
Not a relapse — just an early recording before the reform.
As if therapy strips you of all effects, purges limelight
from the sick belly, cancels substances from the blood.
Washes the mind of its new religions — all to recall
how we slept before love tore us apart.

The heat of skin mistaken for a wet, hormone fueled crowd
you'd trust to catch your weight, carry you along
like a small idol for decades. They say modern temptation
is the reverb of a Gibson against your thigh.
Or a paramour pressed up close — praying on her knees.
But signing the papers rendered us a broken republic.

The earth spun off, still preaching joy through a dying transmission.
Where joy is silk, spilling from a woman's shoulders,
while it prescribes shade for our hungry bodies in the wilderness.
Joy invites you to the wellspring, holds your raging crisis
between two cool palms — lets you drink for free.
But in your *synthesised* glory — you are already programmed to resist.

Prophecy Of The Disbanded *(For and after Ian Curtis) by Vikki C.*

In some finality we'd let ourselves float up
as shadowplay, for want of a godly disguise.
Pretend the show is still ours.
We rise as a spirit might
when it is tired of a body's disorder,

when brethren go on regardless,
because a wound *splits apart* too often,
emergency ringing a coded silence.

Across a wasteland, you search
for factory settings, untouched,
a distant rehearsal of Gothic lust
— death wishes on the edge
blowing in through the liminal.

Across a wasteland,
your brothers carry a coffin
containing a precious, sad life.
The one where you left your prints
on guitars and faithful women.

Hearing fresh blood sworn in without you,

burns as all ceremonies do.

Somehow you knew the flares

would trigger another fallout

— the body rejecting its own label.

That in a new synthesised atmosphere,

your voice would liquify

like a confused oracle telling the future

who the *originator* was.

Bio: Vikki C., is a British-born 'Best Of The Net' nominated writer, poet and musician whose literary works are inspired by science, ecology, existentialism and the human condition.

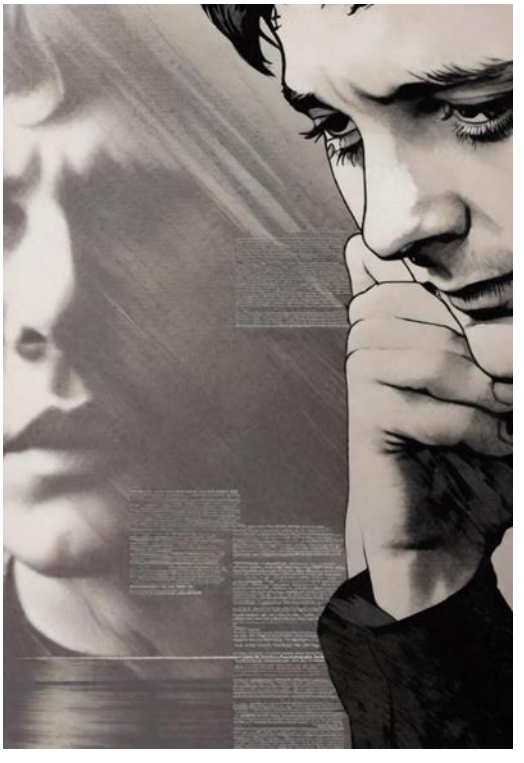
Vikki's poetry and stories are widely published in print and online journals and anthologies. Her recent work appears in EcoTheo Review, Ice Floe Press, Boats Against The Current, Fevers Of The Mind Poetry & Art, Nightingale & Sparrow, Black Bough Poetry, Ellipsis Zine, Acropolis Journal, Mythic Picnic, DarkWinter Literary Magazine, Across The Margin, The Write-In (National Flash Fiction Day), Literary Revelations, Loft Books, Lazuli Literary Group, Origami Poems, Jerry Jazz Musician and other venues.

She is the author of 'The Art of Glass Houses' (Alien Buddha Press, 2022) – a chapbook of prose poems exploring the liminal landscapes of memory, heritage, art and the metaphysical.

Her second book of poetry 'Where Sands Run Finest' (DarkWinter Press) is forthcoming in Spring 2024.

Vikki's story 'Improvised: A life in 7ths, 9ths and Suspended 4ths' was a short-listed entry in the Jerry Jazz Musician 63rd Short Fiction Contest (August 2023).

Twitter: @VWC_Writes



Interview with Steve Albini



Photo from Joshua Ford Photography From https://www.electricalaudio.com/

1. Can you tell us about your journey and how you got started in the music industry?

Steve: I have played in bands of one kind or another since about 1978. I moved from Missoula Montana to Chicago in 1980 to go to college at Northwestern University's Medill School of Journalism. While in Chicago I became embedded in the underground/punk music scene and have habituated myself there ever since. The punk scene was DIY at its core, so when my band wanted to make a demo recording, I was the guy who did it. Same with the next band I was in, and the one after that. Eventually I started doing recordings of my friends' bands, then their friends, and before long I had a part-time job as a freelance recording engineer. As that took up more and more of my time, I was eventually able to quit my straight job and open a small studio and finally a big one, Electrical Audio, where I am sitting now, typing these answers.

2. What upcoming projects are you currently working on?

Steve: I make records every day, forgive me for not wanting to single out any one of my clients. As for my own band Shellac, we have had a new album finished for more than a year now, it's been a long difficult process to get it pressed, printed etc. We're using some new processes and they are proving troublesome in the details and there is a generally overwhelmed pressing industry at the moment, everywhere is running at capacity and as a result quality control is slipping, so in addition to staging and queue delays there are delays getting problems with pressings resolved. It sucks and it's taking forever but we have an new album in the pipeline.

3. Can you share some insights into your work with Shellac and Big Black? How do these bands differ in terms of creative process and sound?

Steve: Big Black was a reaction against the traditional sound and form of a rock band, a negation of tradition and rejection of orthodoxy. The use of a drum machine was deliberate, though I didn't really have anything against drummers, I just didn't want the band to be of the same type as the rock music we rejected whole. Almost everything about my mindset then was oppositional, meaning I saw things, trends in music and culture that seemed frivolous, conformist or lazy and I did things that were in contrast or opposition to them. Bands sculpted their sound to be liked, to fit in, while we reveled in being outsiders, better than that.

In Shellac, there is no central conceit, no singular framing. We have committed to some ideas, among them being a minimalist three-piece rock band, using collaborative songwriting and decision making, conscientious, responsible behavior with our touring, shows and business dealings, informality of structure and rejection of active promotion or publicity. We started the band as an experiment and we're still conducting it. We have no goals and make few plans. It has been the most rewarding musical experience of my life playing in Shellac and lack of ambition is certainly part of the reason for that.

4. Are there any particular collaborations or artists you've worked with that have had a significant impact on you?

Steve: Geez yeah. I've made lifelong friends through the happenstance of working on their records. I did 11 records for the band Silkworm and the surviving members and their families have been among my closest friends for decades. I've done a bunch of records with Kim and Kelley Deal from the Breeders and singer/songwriters like Nina Nastasia, Robbie Fulks, Ty Segall and Will Oldham, and we've all become close friends and they are like family

to my wife Heather and me.

I did a record with John Grabsky under the name Teeth that was profound in my life. John was terminally ill with cancer but he summoned the strength to make an album about his relationship with the disease, and it's both a great album and a great example of confronting mortality, even up to imminent death without being consumed by resentment. I admired John and working on that album changed a lot of my ideas about death, productivity, the animating/sustaining effect of creation.

5. Who are some of your biggest influences as a musician and producer?

Steve: As a musician, there's a long list but... Neil Young, Wilco Johnson, Nina Nastasia, Keith Levine, John Cale, Lou Reed, Billy Gibbons, Mark E Smith, Willie Nelson, Shannon Wright, the Ex, James Chance, Suicide, Kraftwerk, Third World War, the Stooges, AC/DC, Conlon Nancarrow, the Effigies, Naked Raygun, Sonic Youth, Low...

As an engineer I've often admired the mindset of Al Schmitt, a veteran of the LA recording scene who was at it every day until he died at 90. He didn't attach particular importance to one kind of session or another, one style of music or another, he just showed up and did his best for whatever was on the schedule. He worked on a shit-million records of all kinds, some good, some terrible, but that part wasn't of interest to him, the music wasn't his department. He just wanted to make sure that whatever you were playing, everything came out clear as a bell. I admire that kind of work ethic, non-judgmental approach and consistent quality, and I strive to emulate it.

Much of what I learned about making records was from two early mentors of mine, Iain Burgess and John Loder. John ran Southern Studios in London from the late 70s until he died in 2005, and he made exceptional punk records on a shoestring. I learned a ton from him about making do with modest equipment and being rigorous and thorough in practice in the studio.

Iain was a sympathetic engineer for all the punk bands in Chicago during the 1980s, and he taught me the more human side of recording, in that he made everyone in the session comfortable and made the bands feel like he was going to make their record the best thing he'd ever done. I don't have that kind of bedside manner, but his willingness to try whatever the band wanted to do, no matter how crazy, has become a part of my recording philosophy and a guiding principle.

6. What are your thoughts on the current state of the music industry?

Steve: That's... an absurdly broad question. Anyway...

Streaming is a dead-end, it's doomed to disappear because it depends on things being unavailable except on a proprietary platform, and if the internet has taught us anything it's that there's no way to hide things. I'm of the opinion that streaming services will be replaced by something autonomous that scours the entire internet looking for things of interest to you and plays them for you. This could take many forms, a dedicated app or a function on a search engine, and conceptually it's so simple it only needs cheap enough computing power and bandwidth to render the idea of a walled garden moot.

Physical records remain the format of choice for people who want to build a permanent collection of music and this delights me as I enjoy listening to records and they represent a major part of my experience with music.

7. Are there any bands or artists currently out there that have impressed you with their sound? Any genre-defining bands that could be synonymous when you think punk, rock, etc?

Steve: I don't think this sort of thing has a temporal boundary, but have worked with some people and bands who are singular, meaning there's nobody else who does precisely what they do, or achieves the complete effect of their music to that degree. In that category I would put Nina Nastasia, Kim Deal, Ty Segall, Neurosis, Nirvana, the Jesus Lizard, Man or Astro-Man, Cheap Trick, Robbie Fulks, Silkworm...

8. What role did your involvement with Nirvana play in your career, and how did that experience influence your work moving forward?

Steve: In 1993, they were one of the fifty or so bands whose records I worked on that year. In the years since, their reputation and significance has grown and endured, and being associated with one of their records is often the only thing some people in music know about me. I had a great experience making that record, became friends with the band and grew to admire them. The "political" surroundings of the era, the way their label and management and the rest of the professional class treated them is shameful and I resent those people and harbor animus toward them, but the band and I are cool and I think the record speaks for itself.

The behavior of that professional class I described fit perfectly with my understanding of those people at the time, I even predicted some of it, and I am grateful that those people and that class of office have all either disappeared or been relegated to insignificance. I haven't had any interaction

with a major label administration person in years and I can't imagine circumstances where I will have to.

9. What advice would you give to aspiring musicians or producers who are just starting out?

Steve: Keep control of your career to the extent you can. Book your own shows, make your own records and merchandise, do your own accounting and manage your own affairs. Be fair with other people and demand fairness from the people you work with. Don't sign anything. If there's a simple rule of thumb to remember, it's this: Whenever someone wants to take over some of your work load for a percentage, that person is being overpaid.

10. How do you approach capturing the energy and rawness of a live performance in the studio?

Steve: I have adapted my studio techniques to the expectation that bands will set-up and perform live, essentially as they do in the rehearsal or on stage, with the idea of preserving the organic qualities of a band in performance. Many engineers do not, and instead they isolate members and overdub parts one at a time, deconstructing the performance and making that kind of real-time interaction impossible. By simply not doing that, I get a bunch of benefits of the type you've asked about.

11.What do you think makes a great song or album, from both a musical and production standpoint?

Steve: A great song animates the idea, intent and personality of the performer in your mind on listening. Some people ascribe significance to certain notes, chords and melody, but for me the song doesn't exist until performed, so the academic structure of a song, the parts you can write down, are much less important to me than the effect of the song when played, and that being good or bad is down to the performer. There are some people who can sing a laundry list and it grips you, some people have a team of experts write something that all such experts would agree is a good song, and when they sing it, there's nothing there for the listener.

I don't put a lot of stock in the idea of a song in the abstract, separated from its performance. In most cases it is primarily a legal construction in service of the idea of intellectual property, a basis for collecting money, and I consider that effort and that idea corrupting and ridiculous.

From an engineering standpoint, a good starting point is the organic natural sound of the music as played. I strive to have naturalistic sound as a starting

point, the sound of the thing being recorded rather than an idealized sound abstracted from reality. That isn't always what a band is looking for, but it's the best place to start. If you like the sound of your guitar or drum kit or voice, and I can make it sound like that in somebody's living room, then that's goes a long way toward the whole record being a satisfying listen.

As a listener, the best records for me are the ones where I forget about everything and have a kind of communion with the band, like I was hanging out with them. The best records make you feel like you understand something more about the people who made it than you did before, and you understand their ideas and inspirations. They communicate something of substance to you.

12. How do you handle creative differences or conflicts when working with artists in the studio?

Steve: I step out of the room and let them talk it over in private.

13. Can you discuss the importance of maintaining artistic integrity in the music industry?

Steve: Integrity means keeping your ideas intact and not vulnerable to corruption. If your idea is to make a lot of money or accrue status, then things like what kind of music you make, what you sing about, how you treat other people... all those things are up for grabs in service of your central ideas, making a lot of money and pursuing status. That is an example of maintaining artistic integrity, because the art is not particularly important to the ideas that remained intact.

If your ideas are purely artistic ones, and you don't want to compromise them for the sake of money or status, then it is critical not to have your life hanging in the balance of the commercial success of your ideas. If you depend on music for your livelihood, then one way or another that will put pressure on you to do things for the sake of money. Examples would be playing shows you don't want to play, letting commercial projects license your music, changing your musical style or aesthetics to suit current trends, hiring or collaborating with people who have professional or cultural cachet, using aggressive, gimicky marketing or promotion.

The best way to avoid having to do any of those things is to make your livelihood elsewhere, or have multiple income streams and resources that insulate your artistic decisions from the stability of making a living. If your records don't sell, you have touring and merchandise to fall back on. If you can't tour, you can give instrument lessons or hire on as temp or start an

OnlyFans account or whatever. Just don't put all your eggs in one basket

14. How do you stay inspired and motivated creatively after being in the industry for so many years?

Steve: My essential relationship with music is that I am a fan of it. Everything else has grown out of that, and despite being battered with music all day every day, I still find things that surprise and delight me, and I still want to play guitar in a band.

15. Are there any specific genres or styles of music that you haven't worked with yet but would like to explore in the future?

Steve: I work on whatever comes through the door, so I've been very lucky in that I see many different styles and idioms of music organically. I haven't worked on as many doom/stoner rock records as I would like, I find myself listening to a lot of that music in my spare time and I think my methods would suit it. I'd love to record a gamelan ensemble someday.

16. What are your goals and aspirations for the future, both as an artist and as a producer?

Steve: As noted, the band I'm in, Shellac of North America, doesn't operate that way, we don't have goals or aspirations by design, but I am getting more frustrated by the day about our new record not being released yet. I would like to get that out. As an engineer I'm extremely content just working on the records presented to me as they come, and I think having ambitions or goals about that would just prove frustrating.

Sellotape The Love Which Tore by Stephen Watt (for Joy Division)

Some heroes take time
to put themselves forward.

Six months old when you passed,
I knew nothing of your talent
when we holidayed in caravans
in Scarborough
or when I kicked about streets
in flammable shell suits
all captured on my Dad's Polaroid cameras.

By my teens, I crowned myself
with headphones in HMV
listening to records
which radio ignored
but still you were obscure to me.
By my twenties, I bought a MP3
when *Love Will Tear Us Apart*
flooded my ears

and a solitary were-gull outside my bedroom
squeaked its backing vocals.

Since, something has lay heavy
in my heart.
Videos of men in extravagant frocks
dancing on Tik-Tok
possess a tenth of your talent
and if I had it my way
there would be no grave, no tributes;
only music, and life, and an American tour
to speak of.

If I Say a Word by David Dephy

In that night, when the moon rose over the bridge,
and the shores divided, we've come too close together
toward the very beginning of desperation.

We had no reason to talk, we were alone, but now—
will talk disturb you if I say a word? Any word.
Yet, the noise has gone, and the room is finally empty,

no thoughts, no memories, no sound and no furry,
and no winter of our discontent, and no questions anymore,
and the afternoons in this room have grown quiet again,

as the days of our youth, and warm again, encircled by rays.
We knew what the beginning meant, but these nights,
we are no longer even certain, is there a hope in our hearts,

that war could be avoided? Or something to be made of joy?
How could it exist, when all those years we stored our golden hearts
as though the loneliness was gone forever.

Time Square by David Dephy

Time has spirit,
through the incarnation the spirit of time
became fully human and fully divine,
these natures cannot be separated.
Still entwined. Time passes as time does,
so much behind us, a little less to go.
No easy ride, peace can be vexing—
what we've left behind us
the sun deeps down low,
and the way out of past is through now, only,
and we miss nothing,
we reached for the secret right on time,
and when the moon rose over Manhattan,
we felt our existence, it meant time was endless,
and its portals, as breathe between chasms,
opened and closed, and rearranged the wings
on our shoulders— constellations,
and clustered the words all around—
the seeds of silence fell in dark drifts.

Hope by David Dephy

Listening to your voice on the other side of silence
gives me the courage to lose sight and swim there,
your voice is hope trusting the future. It calls me now:

we are what we hear, doubt is deadlier, but fear cuts
deeper than air, and I am not moving toward revenge,
I forgive myself my own loneliness. It's hard to form,

but the clouds above you form as the moon rises,
you try to give them a sense of purpose,
you know that the messenger with the bad news

won't come, tomorrow, there is no bad news
after this stillness in the world, anymore,
but emptiness, the wind, as your memory,

will vanish as the storm arrives,
the world around you— inside you,
cannot return, children can smell the wind

more than pets, as you know they prowl
the streets, and the smell of the wind
will color them lilac, and the wolf

will freeze for a second by the smell of blood,
though for now only the moon rises,
and each tree, remains as the heart of a wind,

each wind a string on time's lyre,
divine love reflected upon its own reflection,
wickedness kindling that flame of darkness,

but when the hero strikes his anvil of freedom,
the vision returns, here the mist is a single thought
floating within islands of silence.

See that boy beyond that dock?
No one knows wolf that's running in him,
but he is calm, as if he just made a choice—

no one noticed yet what a beautiful grace
he holds. See? You should wait for a night,
and you should see beyond the dark.

You should make a wish, don't reveal a secret.
No one knows what's beyond themselves,
but you know. You know that wolf is running.

The Stork Lived in a Village by David Dephy

I saw a dream last night— stork lived in a village,
and it was speaking in many tongues,
revealing the mysteries of premonitions,
and there was a tree in the middle of the square,
the stork, standing on the edge of mist,
was talking to the villagers gathered to listen it
under that blossoming tree, with lilac shadows,
crusted by gold, and when the stork opened its mouth
light came out, with a sound of hope of fairy tale,
the crystal rays all around the boughs.

I woke up this morning,
and felt cold breeze of bay shore,
I wanted to walk among the strangers,
and then fly above them,
experiencing all the human feelings,
in part for my own dream's sake.
So, I flew above the streets of America,
as that stork became human,
I found passion, I found silence,
right in the center of noise,
the stork’s longing to become human encircled me,
as I was naked and free, standing before the Lord
of my childhood. My beautiful Lord with blue eyes.

Now I see clearly it is true after all,

the meaning of life is to find each other,

we change form by changing breath,

change breath— change the world.

Time, with its seconds— ashes and diamonds,

does this to all of us.

Bio: David Dephy (he/him) (pronounced as “DAY-vid DE-fee”), is an American award-winning poet and novelist. The founder of Poetry Orchestra, a 2023 Pushcart Prize nominee for Brownstone Poets, an author of full-length poetry collection Eastern Star (Adelaide Books, NYC, 2020), and A Double Meaning, also a full-length poetry collection with co-author Joshua Corwin, (Adelaide Books, NYC, 2022). His poem, “A Senses of Purpose,” is going to the moon in 2024 by The Lunar Codex, NASA, Space X, and Brick Street Poetry. He is named as Literature Luminary by Bowery Poetry, Stellar Poet by Voices of Poetry, Incomparable Poet by Statorec, Brilliant Grace by Headline Poetry & Press and Extremely Unique Poetic Voice by Cultural Daily. He lives and works in New York City.

A New Order by Mark Gilbert

It was bitterly cold outside, but this concrete nightclub was unbearably hot and sweaty. I tied my favourite blue jacket around my waist for safe keeping. This was my first ever gig, and my friend Nigel's first gig, too. On the walk to the venue I'd explained to him the story of Joy Division and Ian Curtis, although he was not particularly interested: he hadn't yet grown out of his devotion to Led Zeppelin. But he was happy enough coming along to see my favourite band tonight, having caught them briefly on TV the night before. They had a song in the charts, which I'd bought, along with all their records since their rebirth under a new name. Nigel peered at me quizzically through his thick circular glasses, miming refreshment, as the dancefloor around us filled up.

"I'll have a pint, thanks," I told him. I was going to make sure I kept our place near the stage while he went to the bar.

We had been waiting maybe twenty minutes after the lights had gone out, and the crowd were starting to get restless. There were whistles and catcalls. It was really exciting — I'd never heard a catcall before, other than from a cat. Then there was movement in the smoky wall ahead of us … we clapped and cheered … the four band members wandered onto the stage looking utterly normal. Bernard and Peter plugged in their instruments, and Stephen made himself comfortable behind the drums. They shared glances, ignoring us completely. How cool was that? From my viewpoint I could see across to where Gillian was facing her synthesiser. Next to it was a computer on a little desk, it looked like the kind of Commodore model you might get for a Christmas present. The screen sparked into life and blinked back at her. Above it was a long shelf of floppy discs. Gillian pouted her red lips and picked a disc with her fingernails. She held it up so the guys could read the black felt-tip title (I couldn't make it out from where I was), and I saw them shrug, then Bernard nodded, and she carefully extracted the floppy disc from

its cardboard sleeve and inserted it into the slot beneath the computer screen. After several seconds of silence — or rather, more rude whistling from some of the crowd — the hall was magically flooded with a plinky plonky sequenced percussion track, punctuated with strangely melodic bleeps and blips bouncing off the walls, and a pounding electronic bassline thumping up through our shoes. I knew the song immediately. We were off, up and running, and I was in heaven.

We danced and ricochet'd off the bodies of strangers in the crush. It was loud and exhilarating. At the climax of the first song I was nowhere near the stage. Bernard sheepishly pulled away from the microphone as the band decided what to play next, again by consensus. I'd lost Nigel. More importantly, I'd lost my jacket. I reached down and groped the square foot of floor around me before getting caught in another collective sway as the next floppy disc kicked in. I would have to check the floor later, when everyone had gone home.

I didn't care if my friends weren't bothered with New Order, and I didn't care that it didn't sound as good as the records. This was the one place on earth I wanted to be more than anywhere, in the presence of my favourite band. In the same room, breathing the same air, the same smoke.

I don't think they said a single word to the audience that night. How awkward they were in those early days, looking back.

after New Order's 'Your Silent Face' *by Mark Gilbert

waves of synths
washing up on the beach,
a single voice, handclaps,
in a cathedral
of sound

Thieves Like Us **by Mark Gilbert

A metronomic beat —
a drum and a bass drum
shape a virtual space
of hooks and harmonies,
snippets of melodies,
synthesised, digitised,
sequenced in perfection,
human imperfection
— a song about love,
how it feels, how it sounds
inside. Reaching heartbreak.

The Perfect Kiss ***by Mark Gilbert

before the car crash
a chorus of summer frogs
at a finger's touch

one evening
a clutter of emotions
on the off-beat

* Released May 1983

** Released April 1984

*** Released May 1985

Bio: Mark Gilbert lives in the UK and writes short prose and poetry. His work has recently appeared in House of Horrors #6 (Alien Buddha Press), Heterodox Haiku Journal, Five Fleas Itchy Poetry and the Gorko Gazette.





City (For New Order) by Robert Frede Kenter

Falling, an exquisite corpse in the horizontal line

Falling, like Icarus into drum machines and pure adrenaline sky

Falling, into the punch-drunk staccato sky of language

Flying, upward, in an updraft, a table in Paris covered in currency

Falling, flying into sensation purple blue blur of automobiles

Falling, into timpani drum beats, overcoats stuffed with an acquisition of glitch songs for

Midnight

Flying, falling, falling, flying, flying, falling folded macrame, staccato drum machines

Spinning, into sensation, falling into the pure adrenaline sky

Station identification midnight Holocene

Diorama electric guitars de-tuned to electro currents on the horizontal clash

In the falling, folded lines passed down, the hands we hold, between love

Trembling, falling, flying, trembling triangles, falling, falling, flying in a punch-drunk

Midnight

9 ways to get out here (a new order poem) by Robert Frede Kenter

Checkerboard-square suit coats gnats
Dancing in wide legged hip stance
Happenstance at the top of the hill

Hepatitis needle blue
Heron space beds without
Grace televisual space

Tv evangelist in alligator shoes
Boat in the bayou *désespoir*
Evel Knievel inevitable in-enviable
How do you spell despair, désespoir
diaspora

We discuss with grace
The human condition, the human race
De Beauvoir, Sarte Artaud

Walkways between appointments
Some believe democracy is the way
We belong to a group that thinks
otherwise, otherwise, otherwise

A recording studio for remixing, imposing
Knowing, a knocking and kicking on the glass
Sometimes we end up playing for the trash
Opening a stash
Herculean diaphanous implacable maths

We walk here to the o's and the 1's
Walk here out of breath to stand
In the snowfields without the sun

No sign of airports and aviator glasses

When New Order Come To Town by Stephen Watt

Temporary refuge from glass-cutting winds
is sought inside the entrance
of the Exhibition Centre
        as two Mancunians
        in corresponding patterns
        and matching black leather jackets
howl that they are *ssshhhhhteamin'*
to no-one in particular.

The ebb and flow of crowds
outside the Ovo Hydro
makes for fascinating watching.
One lad fancies himself for a judge,
vociferously pleading *New Order! New Order!*
like a rowdy court of law
has erupted.

Then a man carrying a Tesco bag
uses the Exhibition Centre
as a short-cut,
snorting back slime and mucus,
hacks
to release, until my eyes lock his

and he quickly retreats,
gobbing on an innocent plant
outside. He wipes his mouth
with a shabby sleeve
which shimmers in the moonlight
like snail trails or shooting stars
        in silver tones, glistening.



Memento Mori by Amanda Hayden

As a kid, you put your tongue-tied

faith in crashing waves, hidden

street shadows of broken vows

You put it in harmful, violent

words, wasted truth, red

velvet, trivial tea for two

You put it in adobe prayers,

believers, theory forgivers

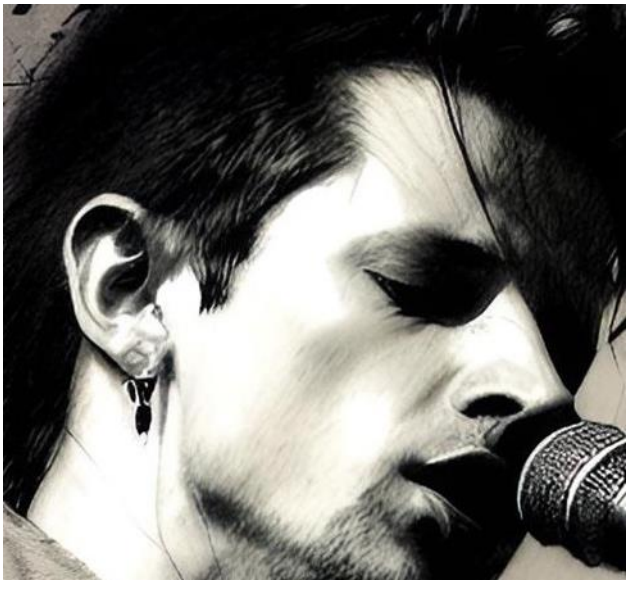
flesh and bone pay the price

Now, you put it in your golden

crown of silence, lessons learned

a place to sit still in the snow

Bio: Hayden is Poet Laureate and Professor of Humanities, receiving the *Professor of the Year* and *League for Innovation Teaching Excellence* Awards. Her chapter, *Saunter Like Muir,* was published in *Eco pedagogies: Practical Approaches to Experiential Learning* (2022). Additionally, many of her poems have been published in literary journals, in both print and online.She lives on a farm with her family with dogs, cats, goats, pigs, chickens, and a duck named Dorothy.



stripped by Barney-Ashton Bullock

spiralling sonic-melodic impurities,
dosed up on carefree impunities
and electro inviolate volatilities -

of attuning to the DM vision
of fey frissons of rote subverse
of am-dram chorus-line perverse -

Gahan's barked croon nuance
of decentred showboat inverse,
of massprod, odd-bod, synth-pop -

leashed left-field leatherpets
in anthemic sub-porn outreach
to suburban self-styled radicats -

monophonic top-line fingerings
making filth-ish politely palatable,
masticable to those copycat clad,

and poss bound, in an imported
mail-order imply of wipe-clean,
under bed stashed, skagged PVC -

we, who dare to be different,

alone, behind locked doors;

“Come with me into the trees”

ahem, amen …indeed!

Bio: *Barney Ashton-Bullock is the poet in the hybrid music/poetry/pop projects ‘Andy Bell is Torsten’ (with Erasure’s Andy Bell) and the ‘Downes Braide Association’ (with Geoff Downes of Buggles, Asia and Yes). Barney is widely published in cult poetry journals - Travesties, Queerlings, Ice Floe, Poetry Bus, the ‘Avalanches In Poetry’ Leonard Cohen tribute anthologies, various themed Dreich pamphlets, Pilot Press’s ‘Queer Anthology Of Healing’ and Broken Sleep’s Aphex Twin anthology. Recent pamphlets and collections include ‘Café Kaput!’ (Broken Sleep, 2020), ‘F**kpig Zeitgeist!’ and ‘Bucolicism’ (both Cherry Red, 2021), ’Geopoliticus, Pupsy!’ (Red Ceilings Press, 2022) and ‘Cul-de-Sacrilege!’ (Polari Press. 2022).*



Another Angel (for Depeche Mode) by Robert Frede Kenter

My heart beat. my
Heart. Invisible man
unravelling unwrapping in
the passage. Packages and verse.

We shall bring you gifts
Platters of burning papers

At a restaurant on the low down,
for High Tea another cube
of whatever is on the sugar,

Shredded ticker tape,
Shredded, please.

Amplification of a noise machine talking to me
in a courtyard sable and
wild mink

running along a cobblestone
shore a land of never-to-let signs.
She ushers in **the theatre of**

More news for injustice
Environmental collapse
The world is on fire

Top Of the Pops. Our messenger crosses
James street
"this is what 'to become'
now means":

The head exposed the clavicles,
exploding sticks for an Andover brigade:
Pssst….post-coitus-post-colonial.

Machine gun-trench-warfare
rat-a-tat-tat

Secretive abattoir district hallucinations.
Pendants of confetti slashing
out the back windows. Wherever
He goes. Tremulation lorries.





Chasing the Sunrise by HilLesha O'Nan

In the year 1987, on a dark night, two lovers were driving down Green River Rd. with wildness in their abandoned hearts. The wind was blowing through their hair, and the music of Depeche Mode's "Never Let Me Down Again" filled the car.

As they drove, they talked about their love and their hopes for the future. They knew that life was unpredictable, but they were determined to enjoy the moment and the freedom of the open road.

The music played on as they drove, the beat of the drums and the synth sounds pounding their hearts with energy. They sang along with the lyrics, feeling the passion and the emotion in the words.

As the night wore on, they continued to drive, lost in the music and the moment. They watched the sky turn from black to deep blue, and then, as the sun began to rise, they knew that their journey was coming to an end.

But they didn't want it to end. They wanted to keep driving, to keep listening to the music, and to keep feeling the wind in their hair. They wanted to hold onto this moment forever, to never let it go.

As the sun finally rose above the horizon, they knew that they had experienced serenity through what was hopelessness before. Something that they would never forget. They had driven with new love and promise in their touch, and the music had been their guide.

And as they drove back home, with the sunrise behind them, they knew that they would always have this memory to hold onto. A memory of a night when they had driven with wild abandon, and the music of Depeche Mode had led them on their journey of love and hope.

I've Grown Crazy Mad in Love With This Curse by David L O'Nan

I've been pulsating, vibrating and imploding
In a car in this dark star garden. I believe that the world is invincible beginning now.
So why do I feel the pinching of a whisper,
little Gods dancing around like pissy devils.
I can't believe I'm nowhere while everywhere in this city wants to push me.
The speed of the faint is nearing. The burn is flawless and freezing.
I believe. I believe. Broken cross heaving.
That I've grown crazy mad in love with this curse.

Listen to me. Listen to me. She says so quietly.
Soar with my love in the dark, scattered and watch the twisted orion drip.
It could be worse.
Wrap me up in chains and holds me down so tight.
I find myself yearning for it, with all my might. I believe. I believe.
Fighting the tongue of the priest as he talks in scrambles.

The curse has taken hold of me, in such a fierce embrace
The tendrils wrap around my throat, like ribbons of black lace
Pulls me further under, into the depths of the hold.
Wanting more. Finding me wanting more. In dust I still want more. Bolding hearts.
I believe. I believe. The bulbs are flawless in this hell. I'm in love with this curse.

Darkness surrounds me. What is this trick?
Is this a beauty so divine, feels like a symphony. A chaotic wish.
The orchestra in panic love. The pain and the hurt come with it,
it is what makes my heart sing.
Find me craving it. Craving it. Believing it. Believing it.
Like a bee craving the sting.
I've grown crazy mad in love with this curse.

Let me consume you. She says. Let it consume you. They say.
I want it to consume me. I feel.
Take me into the hold, the poisons in my highways as I drop to the blessings.
Hold the keys.
I'll drive my heart all the way to deafness that my lies tied to create this reflection.

Deception, enabler by David L O'Nan

My shadows become deep, where truth is veiled,
A dance I bleed out in this darkness so finely detailed.
Deception's cuffing grip, twisting charades
An enabler's role, my soul fades, degrades, my GOD! Where are you?

These desolate hearts, broken, unrepaired
The words left dangling, daggers in the night.
We wore our masks to hide that pinching light.

We sat there on unmade beds whispering lies
The enabler weaved us a web of ties,
spiders biting and the magic leaves.
Silent whispers, the poisons are in the air, the damn whispers!
Slain the truths. Slain the truths. Slain the truths!

Live in the refrain as the symphonies die out
Played by the enabler, devoid of shame.
Deceptive hearts betray me in your hex
Grieving everyday, innocence lost. Hang to sleep
As you awake to flawless, new routes. Robbing the freedom.

Behind closed doors, secrets reside,
The truth, the trust was crucified. Victorious, in moldy smoothness.
The abortive sweetness, crave the lies, display your empathy
Spilling through those trapped in chains that you've tried to disguise.

Enabler, resemble the superficial, eat at my bones under these clothes.
Your mirror has dancing lying eyes purring through the room.
I just feel the spinning, my mind was born with this unlucky frying
I have always felt that the wrong angels followed me. Trails to the damned.

Enabler, seductive artist
Fragile hearts, wounded prose drips from your throat
In an embrace, unfurled tight darkness. Constucting.
Enabler, whispers and the world turns. You want the roar not the riddles.
Wicked play. Wicked play. A Wicked play.
Just abort my feelings now. I'm only tough on the outside.
Spiritually, broken, fleeing, I've been running through this mud for awhile.

Silence with Sin in Leeds by David L O'Nan

She's dressed in black, but there is a reason she is called a Snow White
The flirt, frills to the dark rooms, the candles, the spells
a Reflection in a mirror of seeing her instead of yourself.
She's got that sleaze standing over your head like a banshee.

Questions in Leeds, a tragic love never bloomed.
The passion was fierce, not a tale worth telling.
Is there silence to resting over the tea and the dead eyed stares.
A love burned from the behaviors of flowers to dead soldiers.
I feel like I'm a wire on a last spark, and you trivial yourself back from
a woman to the seashore of a child's eyes.

It ends in sorrow, don't you know.

She was a wild one, with bright red hair. A bewitching glance, a dress, a feast, a friend a foe, a song for you to sing to, a song for you to die in the last note.
The rebel in jeans and leather jackets polished his drinks and moved from drugs to the religion of light. Walked himself to the corners of shame.
A broken dreamer, enjoy it when she's not throwing stones.
Lonely souls don't dare to hope. That would be foolish.

Seeking and ceasing, hearts collided, drunken dances,
bars full of ink and the headless.
Love is a cruel mistress, and fortunes aren't always in the cards.
There are tricks built within,
and destinies are invented for arithmetic and philosophical answers.
Enter the flies, and the plot will soon begin. The glass fills with vapors and I begin to walk until my knees buckle, the pest evaporates.

Drank his sorrows, that night after another night, can't stay away from those nights.
Some humor in tragedy. Something hooks in when it is obsession. Drown the pain, with every sip. Memories can only come in the claws that come towards me, little knives. Sensuous lips are needed as much as the sunlight at this point.
How did I become this spell, How did I find myself an ornament in her voodoo lock and key? The stereo is pumping sugar into the walks of the blind,
and electricity into the ears of the deaf.
I know no other way but demise with her.
A wilderness in the bells that ring in the channels of Leeds

Depeche Mode Sonnet by David L O'Nan

The world is my art, my own precious son
I bear in love, within my inmost heart
I see you grow and flourish, one by one
And becoming blessed by the rotting fruit in disguise.

Thou art the light that brightens my day
The reason for every smile and tear is the esape from your vain.
Within thee besides me, troubles melt away
Thine presence brings me comfort, joy, cheer and the vanishing stain.

Like springtime flowers, in thy youth thou bloom, but like a corpse
And blossom in thy talents, bright and fair, grass lays black
No power on Earth can dim thy radiant gloom
Or quench the fire of the creative flair, of the ghostly elegy.

And when the world doubts thee, I'll be there. Silent scream.
To lift thee up, and show thee that I care. In dissection under words.





