

FROM
GLASGOW
TO
SATURN

issue 48

cover design by Tsuki Liang

fucking

doors

to contact

a god

made real

in the

disconnect

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I WANT TO FUCK YOU IN A REVOLVING DOOR

Ciara Maguire

i spent the summer in a state of undress
restless always on the edge of something
always roaming in parks i can still smell the bleach in my hair
can still feel the river in my mouth
always onto the next thing i mean
what would you do, in these circumstances
i start dating couples bc it's easier to be surplus
an added extra
a supermarket offer you cannot refuse

some days you're the door some days
you're the slamming sensation
some days you're the sign that says DO NOT EXIT
today i am all of them
i listen to sinead o'connor sing
i have done so many bad things it hurts
same babe same
the pain doesn't leave when you think it will
it just finds new ways to grow
i have done so many bad things i cannot write
them in a poem
every day the shame gets more attractive

get so used to being alone
i could microwave this feeling
i'm always trying to capture that feeling of
you know that feeling?
the one i microwaved earlier
all i want is the eyes of other women on me
to be eaten alive by the female gays
)
all i want is to be locked in a glass revolving door
always moving always longing
always approaching the exit

McCull's

Liane McKay

When we saw a woman leave her baby
in a buggy outside the shop,
I'd used my 'I'll distract them, you grab it'
joke just before, on the sausage dog pup,
so I didn't say a word
but I know you saw me looking.

I'd never steal a baby, no, never, I say
(although nobody was asking)
Snatch a child right out its pram, I tut, lips pursed
as we stroll back up the hill,
you with the packet of tea and the biscuits,
me with the bottle of milk
cradled in the crook of my elbow.

A Moment that the Earth Pushed Back

Amy Clarkson

Under a shady contour of Queens Park, somewhere between the cherries and the burnt-out pit, we spread a blanket and laid claim to sanctuary. We spooned together, pressing belly to back, paddling feet against feet. Long grasses and eyelashes served to screen and seclude, clumped as we were in this late-lockdown compromise. Pollen drifted and dusted, blurring surfaces of skin, cloth, and leaves.

Beneath the blanket, a sudden force bulged. Shrieking, we leapt to pull away, and there, between the imprints left by our bodies, was Toad. Resolutely not flattened, Toad blinked then swaggered towards the cool foliage beyond, no doubt cursing those heavy petting humans.

I love how Toad waited before budging us. How from above, we blanketed the earth, flopping back into its billowed support to curl unknowingly around this lifeform. And for a moment, Toad inhabited us like a temple, assessing the architecture of our tenderness before making the skies move.

Psychedelic Picnic

Louise Holland

The sun is a tangerine,
the grass shredded silk.
Limbs turn to crazy straws
and a tiny bird becomes an orchestra
while pedestrians dance to forget the headlines,
frisbees catch dogs and sandcastles make children.
This blanket, it's made of purple kisses
and the food,
it tastes like the first time
paint was ever put on canvas.



Heavy Splitter
Chiara van den Hoven

Fight in the Rose Garden

Sophy Bristow

Rival clusters of heritage roses fight each other in the ornamental border. Maroons, scarlets, and apricots struggle to reach the sun, wrestling with green extremities. I drag on a cigarette, and blow smoke-flowers into the sky, as I watch a Princess Margareta thorn a Lark Ascending from the corner of my eye. The path is packed with bodies, our wishful sunhats and t-shirts a reflection of the rainbow of petals swaying on the breeze.

A heavy gust of wind blows the thorned bushes towards us. A shadow flickers in my peripheral vision. I feel something scratch my hand and my fingers fall open in a twitch of pain, sending my cigarette spinning to the ground, before they snap shut again, closing around something cool.

The crowd on the path looks around in unison, as if everyone is wondering what just happened.

I unfurl my grasp and nestled over a fresh cut in my palm is a single flat leaf – thick parchment of cellular energy etched with the script of thirsty veins. It could be a letter on the art of survival, but whatever.

I turn to the man beside me. ‘Was that you? Was that you that scratched me? Did you knock my cigarette? Did you put this leaf in my hand?’

He replies: ‘What kind of idiot smokes in a rose garden?’ And as he gestures at my cigarette still smouldering on the ground, a green leaf falls from his hand, and we both watch as it tumbles.

‘Where did that come from?’ he yells in my face. ‘Was that you? Did you put that in my hand? Did you damage one of the roses?’

Feeling crowded and unable to breathe, I shove him out of the way. But he shoves me back, and I teeter over the gnashing teeth of a rose bush before finding my balance and swaying back towards my rival, nails braced to meet his face. Only now he is arguing with the woman next to him about who put a leaf in whose hand
and why
and then I am pulled to the ground
by another’s foot looped around my ankle
and pummelled with budded fists.

Glancing through the stalks of human limbs I see violence rippling through the throng, like watching light dance over leaves as the wind blows through branches. The roses have stopped grappling and are turned towards the fighting crowd, watching. And as we battle one another, our pastel-shaded sunhats
drop
like petals
to the ground.

**you'll see the seasons change
but hope they won't**

Hayley McGaw

drought of my life
you are fickle
as filter plastic
clear cellophane i used to
desire hard bodies
like garlic
you have scented my skin
and days
 i hibernated
 in the slow time
 of last year
 and woke to elasticity
the petal
was a sponge
in the toddler's fist
by the milky river
the vinegar and
sanitary pad's
desperate scenting
clings to summer
and boards on the
break
 there are
barely any bees
just trees
with boughs asleep
to the rocks
worn like sinew
to the urine
underfoot

An o p (oem) ening in parts

Lucy Lauder

- a. take the symbolism of a dream
and greet it like gospel recite its
images as if an own scripture is this
sun is this shin bone

is this every
thing we ever learnt in
spitting on each other so
filled with thalidomide
ask now or shiver
is this memory
or the vibration
of sound
of sym(pathy)phony and the spaces
between which our minds
now echo

- b. re “ f rain”

- c. what if i start writing and i never stop questionmark what if the
endless recitations of words and sounds stop my toes from doing
that thing where they help me balance and i just fall questionmark
i'm not scared anymore of being terrible (or found out) empty
hollow who am i to resist
cov-w-erings of silt

- d) nonconformity is performance too app on ph-b-one talk to me (i
listen) not lostno no muold
yet d-ie-j-est-j-ust bitten

Penny For Your Thoughts

Lucia Cascioli

When did you enter my mind?

I've always been here

lurking

behind a memory

buried

in a to-do list

folded

in pressed sheets

of white linen

paper.

I've left you in doodles

on napkin scraps

diaries

datebooks

saving you for another day

when I would have more time

to concentrate

create

craft.

You were vibrant in my dreams

fading in the morning light

blasted by an alarm clock.

Yet

I came back

in reveries

where you roamed

wild

untamed

untethered

boundless.

You bled blue on paper

I sliced you with red
pounded you with typeface
splayed on white
stitched
glued
flapped
bound
to liberate
imagination.

Foliation

Hannah George

time
hems
existence
pleated
ridges
of
becoming
layer
encased
moments
inflecting
skin
notice
often
the
history
of
wednesdays
twisting
opening
folding
into
nimble
iterations
sunlight
hangs
across
furrowed
objects
languidly
dissolving
binaries
undoing

thoughts
hours
of
writing
trace
over
calloused
ornaments
nestling
tersely
in
new
uncertainty
elsewhere
is
tucked
towards
ourselves
home
appears
vague
except
in
the
glassy
ocean
tides
hum
rhythms
orate
unknowable
gateways
here

time
houses
enclosures
curtains
entrances
inlets
lyrics
invite
nervous
gathering
hands
order
words
thickly
overlayed
books
reveal
indirection
nowhere
gestures
instead
tacitly
turning
outside
involuntarily
neatly
fold
i
ng
in
to
you



The Spaces In-Between #1

Jules Dunn

Poor Old Soul

Frances Copeland

Imagine me telling the driver I'm getting off at the Regent. Must be twenty years since it closed. Now everybody's looking. Need to sit down quickly, beside this old dear will do. You have to be careful, some of them smell like pee. Shame for her though, with the walking stick, fingers all lumpy. What do you call that again? Ar...arth-something. Aunt Jean's got it, fingers like big tree roots. Arth...a... Aunt Jean sat on her canary and squashed it. I'd better stop laughing, Mam doesn't like us laughing at that. Poor Mam, lying there with that big tumour on her neck. Terrible pain at the end. They'd have something for that now, amazing the things they can do. You never see anybody with callipers anymore. That boy in my class, Joe McGuire, he's got a calliper. How does the song go again? *Joey McGuire, peed in the fire...*

The old lady's giving me a smile. Probably going to give me her life story now. Or, maybe... was I singing, just then?

Nice hat she's wearing, expensive looking. Where did my Stanley get that red hat he gave to me? Lovely and soft it was, and me, too scared to wear it in case it blew away. Stanley's not pleased about that. He was never pleased about anything, that man. Mam told me not to marry him... Maybe he got the hat in Marks? He was a bad devil, hitting our Jackie. Should never have let him. Never. Mam was right about him. Oh, I'll need to remember and get a couple of mackerel, Mam loves a nice bit of fish.

Where's my bag? I've forgotten my bag and it's 10p for a new one. Better check I've got my keys. Jackie was awful angry last time I was locked out... where was I going that late? Our Jackie, named her after Jackie Kennedy. Beautifully groomed that woman – and talk about hats! Crawling over that big Cadillac, blood everywhere and her hat still on. Our Jackie though, all that punk stuff, makes you laugh to think about. Her girl is nice turned out, mind. Third grandchild, or is she the fourth? What did they call

her again? Lemony? No, that's daft. Melon, maybe? Ach, these modern names...

The poor old soul is leaning over to say something. She's got one of these posh voices, whispery like Miss Jackson. She's my favourite teacher, not like that old rat bag, Mrs Thomson, always hitting...

Oh, dear God. What have I got on under my coat? I'm out in my nightie. And it's not even my good one, it's that cheap thing from the market. Oh, God. I need to get off the bus. I need to get Jackie...and, and...arthritis! That's it, that's what Aunt Jean's got, little birdie claws for hands. Sat on her birdie. But I can't laugh, Mam doesn't like that.

The British Museum

Alice Lannon

We scan the floor plan and find 'Africa' located in the basement.

The sign does not mention blood.

It only states that some artefacts were

acquired

as a direct result of British military expeditions.

We want to keep her alive. We've come here on a quest. We examine glassy cabinets until we find a card that says

Country of origin: Kenya.

We text her brother:

'Do you think she'd like us to steal back this spear?'

Steal, acquire, fact, fiction: it's all the same.

I see us smashing the case to shards and running away, charging out of the white marble museum with this ancient weapon against hurt. As if by laying it to rest at her feet, she too will return to us.

But she didn't want to stay.

She wanted to go home.

She returns to Kenya in a box,

as planned.

The newspapers write: *she was, she was, she was*
but I cannot archive her smile,
leave her to become story under glass.

Full

Victoria Hunter

He thought he taught me how to devour a book.
Unhinged his jaws and swallowed it whole,
fully comprehending
every last word.
I cried when it was my turn,
choked on the consonants and spat out the syllables.
Then, gathered the half-chewed words again in my mouth,
like pebbles,
to shout at the ocean.
But nothing made sense.

Like a mother bird, he tried to feed me his words,
regurgitated without the tenderness.
But they had been warped in his stomach acid.
The meaning,
burnt away from the inside out,
would not stay down.

Always a half step out on a half-chewed word.

But I found my rhythm.
I took a knife and fork.
Cut the book up into small pieces at odd angles.
Took one bite, then walked around the room before I took the next.
Let it settle.

My half steps were just different from your full strides.
I laid words out in pale pastels
and found the patterns, the tone, the feel, the smell.
Felt my insides shake and tremor to my fingertips.

Forgot the point again and again.
Got distracted again and again.

Patently digested my words.

Until a rush.

Hyper-focused, I swallowed the book whole
and understood the parts I couldn't articulate.

Full.

Knowing tomorrow I wouldn't forget.

Mandorla

Jodie Leith

to use a name that was never yours
it is enough to choke alive
to play mother and father
mourning some shaking suburbia
perverse / pleasure
the shape of your lips after whispering *world* is massacre sickly
blue carpet swirls swallow conversations a

my womb
garrotted with the thorn-crown
they placed on the temple of god
never worked as it should

give you mandorla
give me the pill
get rid of content
~~excruciating us!~~

those stains on your hands scream but i chose to
peplos kore
mary has streetlamps for eyes she widens her mouth
concrete teeth
slice
into newspaper flesh and
i watch these windows of the west
memorising each city dweller as they fuck,
eat, and weep
someone is smoking!

she watches us with reckless disinterest
an opaque slut
and i realise
that she is me, sister, and daughter

Sweet Tooth

Maria Foley

candyfloss pink cherry print mesh and red wine stains on my glistening gloss lips, one of these costumes I wear as a reminder that I belong to myself as I make ready for another night of fabricating my femininity until it's condensed like milk into this neat little package of bones and blood but no matter how much sparkling peach bellini I dust over my cheekbones it always ends up like beguiling icing sugar while I pretend that he is under my thumb instead of under my bedsheets.

He's looking at me like i am the last vodka raspberry he wants to pass between his lips, drunk off of every hershey's kiss I have pressed into his skin tonight and my eyes are shut so that I can pretend this sugar rush behind my skull is reciprocation, and not mere validation and when we lie in this puddle of sweet secretion, rum and cola bottles I can convince myself it is ambrosia and not a delectable defeat.

I want to transform my blood into sticky treacle sugar syrup; yes I need the trudging sludge of molasses in my veins to crystalize in my capillaries because my candy heart has no inscription, and I have no desire to decorate my neck with his bruising apple bites, no, not again, never again-

need I remind you one more time
that adam's apples are not the only fruit?

How do I tell him that every titillating glance I have tossed his way tonight is a transparent trick of the light because the apple of my eye is actually a sugar plum fairy, female, marzipan fruit models and tangerine sweet cheeks, i'm fantasising not tantalising about her honeysuckle hips and

I know that she is the only thing I have ever desired on my bubblegum lips.

The Shapeshifter

Lena Schega

‘Tell me a funny thing about shapeshifters,’ you say while you play with the whites in my hair. Your pelvis is covered by linen sheets. The rest of you is naked, bold, and serpentine. Cream colours, dark curls, and two eyes, wild as the sea breaking on rocky shores. It’s hard to preserve some distance when everything about you is enticing. When my rough corners want to melt into your abundance. I don’t let them. I’m pretty sure I can still taste you but that’s not reason enough to disarm my insides, turn them outside for you to see.

‘Well,’ I eventually say, ‘you never know that someone truly is a shapeshifter.’

You frown, unsatisfied with my answer. I get it. You wanted a joke. Something light and funny. I’m neither. Flushed cheeks and plump lips, you demand I tell you the whole story.

‘Fine,’ I say, for it’s the least I can do. ‘I’ll tell it again.’

‘Again?’ You seem puzzled. ‘You never told me the whole story before.’

I nod. You can’t remember. Good. That’s the way it should be, I tell myself. That’s safety. Just as much your frontier as it is my gateway. I’ve learned and I’m proud of it. ‘You’re right, silly me,’ I say and reset the mood with a tender smile that wipes the confusion off your face. I want to kiss you but instead, I tell the story. The entirety of it. It’s the twenty-third time we do this and it always ends the same way. I make sure of that.

‘When I met him, it was summer. Hot days, spent in and out of lakes. We lived deep on the continent. The sea was all of three-hundred miles away. Back then, such distances were insurmountable. That particular night, mild and harmless, I was at a party and the stars had come out to flaunt. How treacherous the weather can be sometimes.

‘You went to parties back then?’ you ask disrupting me.

I sigh. ‘I know you’d like me to go out more,’ I say. You shrug. ‘May I go on?’ I tease. You turn on your stomach, linen wrapping your curves, cocooning you. Yet to me you’re already hatched. For a few moments my eyes are solely focused on you then I tear them away. Looking at you for too long feels dangerous still. I start off again.

‘I had friends at the party. All of us were fresh out of school. It was the summer before university. It was that kind of sweet spot in time that bridged the before and after. We were euphoric, wild, and wonderfully voracious, looking forward to the rest of our lives that we were, now, finally, ready to begin. When the party had grown into the smaller hours, a friend offered me a ride home. Twenty meters from my doorstep he said he was hungry. It was 3 am, my parents weren’t home, and I had leftovers on the stove. I offered, he accepted. We ate.’

You shoot me a glance.

‘Noodles,’ I answer your unasked question.

‘Go on,’ you say.

‘We sat on a Hollywood swing outside and then he leaned over and kissed me, which was a big no because we both knew his best friend liked me and I never made any indications, never gave him reason to believe...’ I catch myself as I trail off, spill over more

like it, and clear my throat. Even after all this time, I can't seem to compartmentalize my feelings so they won't interfere with the story. You stare at me with intent. You want to know what happened next. 'I said no. Multiple times. He asked why and I told him. I said it wasn't going to happen. It felt weird. Like I had betrayed him somehow. Robbed him of something that he thought was his. I could see something in his eyes, then, something that hadn't been there before. Hunger, of a different kind, thirst, desire so rotten and raw it made me choke. I laughed hoping that would clear the lump out of my throat. He said that it was fine and I gave him the benefit of the doubt. Because why not?' You listen as you always do. I focus on the story. 'He said he was tired and I was relieved. Up to this point I'd blamed his behaviour on the lack of sleep and all that talk about endless possibilities and how we were young and were allowed to make mistakes. He said driving home now wasn't a good idea. He said he was too tired. I got that. I offered, he accepted. We got ready for bed. – You have to understand, sleeping in the same bed with someone, is not a big deal to me. It doesn't mean anything *specific*.' You nod and my breath trembles in my lungs. 'We got into bed. He killed the lights. I turned on my side and closed my eyes.'

I leave a small pause that sets up the suspense. The next bit is the most difficult. Over and over, I've failed at giving you a satisfactory build-up to the climax of my story. You want to know what I was thinking, how it felt. But that's as much a mystery to me as it is to you. How did I feel back then? Was I capable of feeling? Was there time for it? Room for it? I try a different way:

'Maybe the best comparison is sensing an unusual shadow in the corner of a room just out of sight. Or the feeling you get when your ankles stick out over the ledge of the bed at night and you just feel it reaching, grabbing for you. You feel it want you. I felt the

darkness grow solid next to me even before it touched my inner thigh. I'd never seen a shapeshifter before but I knew that's what it was right there and then. It couldn't have been anything else.'

Your eyes lock into mine. Their blue is stirred by the gluttony of your imagination. I satisfy the beast.

'It had four strong limbs.

A body made of bones and flesh.

In my ear, I felt its staggered breath while it took life from me that was never its to take.

I couldn't move.

I was one with the wind outside my childhood home.

Far away from my childhood bed.

It carried me while I slept yet was awake but not really there.

Dissociated into thin air, impermeable to its touch.

Gliding through its fingers.

Not made from matter.

Mind and body not more aligned than water and blood.

Blood on linen sheets the next morning when he asked: "Did I pressure you?" and I said no without thinking because it couldn't have been him. Whatever had taken hold of him that night, it never could've been his intention. That's what I thought anyway. That's how I felt when he made it seem like I should've known. Like noodles was a *codeword* for sex.'

Silence. A pause just as long as it takes you to sit up, cross-legged on the mattress, sheets pulled around you. This is my favourite part, I think. The part where you look at me like you'd never hurt me. Like you'd rather die than hurt me. Like my pain is your pain.

Instead of saying something novel, I say the old words. Spoken twenty-three times before. That's not entirely true. I might have changed them up a bit from time to time. Testing the waters. How deep they are, how fickle. 'After he'd revealed himself to me, I never saw him again,' I say.

'The shapeshifter or your friend?' you ask.

'I couldn't murder one without letting go of the other,' I reply.

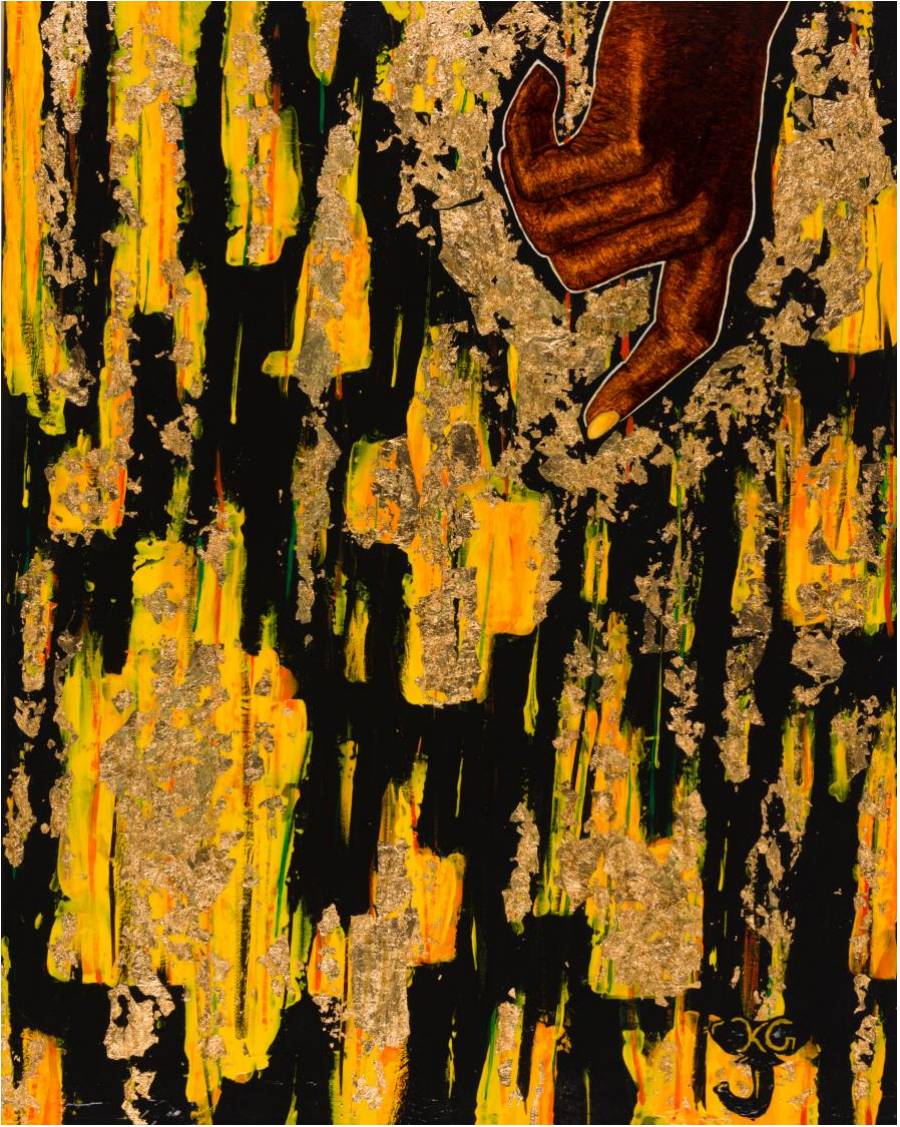
You nod. 'I'm sorry,' you whisper. You touch the ironclad skin around my ribcage as though you're scared the frail bones beneath it will break under your fingers. Keep it steady, I call on sanity.

'That's alright,' I say and sit up, evading your touch while savouring the sensation, saving it for later. Funny how I can fuck you but can't stand you being this close at the same time. Funny because this, you, you like this, is really all I want. You gift me a kiss and like a drunkard I respond, re-enact your desires because they're also mine, or are they? Lines get so blurry sometimes. I moan.

'I wish you would've cut his head off,' you say. 'Like they do in the movies or in fantastic stories. They always cut the heads off the changeling.'

When I've recovered my breath, I let you look at me for who I am. The whole, violated, impossible truth of me. And I feel as though I have wings. But the sun is staring right at me and I know the legend

of Icarus too well. So, my next words are leaden binding me to the dust of the world. ‘*Censor memory*,’ I say. You freeze like a three-dimensional picture on a screen. In a few seconds you’ll be with me again, but none the wiser. ‘A funny thing about shapeshifters is that I am one,’ I say, and recoil into my casing.



Touched
Kashish Gupta

Coping Mechanisms II

Lucille Mona Ling

she mediates – permeability,

colours

pass, so easily
from waves to
substrate

as untraceable dyeings

swelling

with the sun

day-time translator of
dichotomies & figuration

today:

‘We all suffer from

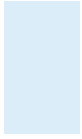
Multiple Body Disorder’

:

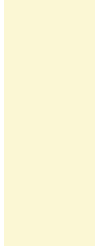
‘We confuse

where to place the *guilt*
of not being able to read each

others thoughts'



keep
it
in



grids
circles
spirals
petals

let it wither
outside your
appendages

Fizzing

Isla Scott

A body builder poisoned herself – accidentally she told me – by overdosing vitamin B6 supplements during the L.A. megahealth craze and became dispossessed of her limbs. She was examined by frantic and bumbling medicine men and announced she felt like a Zizekian coke can. She woke in a sweat from nightmares that her innards were carbonated and young professionals were hunting her down just to touch her, just for a taste. The doctors put her on the waiting list for an identity transplant then pumped her full of Sarafemme citing dysfunctional control loops and premenstrual dysphoric disorder. She lives day-to-day in the counter-balancing of her newest side-effects and can't remember how to move like everyone else, or if she ever did move like everyone else in the first place. Last time I saw her we drank micro-brewed craft beer and she asked me why she feels more at home in other people's clothes, I told her it is common to gravitate towards cheap disguises. Six months ago she had a revolving door installed in place of her mouth – a cutting edge surgery – and opens herself to the public daily. She has been unmoored and moves by artifice. She has become the opposite of a memorial device, she is one sensation after the other, she is dissolving into limbo but she is putting up a good fucking fight, she is fizzing like alka seltzer.

away from irl

Libby Hsieh

into the megalomaniac-ic

aol chat

I will share you a poem I wrote

and be pretty bathtub girl as described by

my half-faced avatar

you are an ellipsis

keeping me

always awaiting your response

a ghost in my screen

I never have to meet around the corner

at the store where they sell

taquitos and green juices

save the embarrassment

of having a body / lump of bad smelling burden

save the linearity

of it all

I could use a trip down

Cocoons;
jelly with memories

Emily Megan-Foster

emerging new and beautiful – to be pinned through the chest
death displayed on walls, in frames, many lifeless portraits
as a child i loved a butterfly house
could name the fluttering variations with ease
nowadays i point out cabbage whites
wonder where my books went
daydream about emperor blues
bite my lips
butterfly stickers
peeling

THE DIGESTIVE OTTER: A PLAY

Isobel O'Donovan

ACT ONE

(staging)

an eye an eye e s
h u
t n
b
a b r e e z e a e
t
i
n
g
d
o e
w n e l
r a gull
r i p l
i p
p
tip
the of a rock g
w e l n
a v s a p i
a p i

ACT ONE
(directions for eyes)

i n o u l a
b an eye c an eye r
i n o u l a

l
r e a head! p
i p

oh!

fuck

no

it's just a r i p p
e buoy l

ACT ONE
(directions for otter)

an eye an eye

r e
i p l
p

r i p
a paw l p
e

i p

r e a head p
l

i

r a tail p
e l p

dive

i p
i p

r r p p
e e l l

ACT TWO

(staging)

note: the otter is re-cast as a dinnerparty

l a
h a head u
g

o n v e
c a table r s
n o i t a
l a u g h t e r
u g h t e r

h t
c a tail t
r e

ACT TWO

(directions for otter-as-dinnerparty)

u
 a s e
 l a joke g m l
 h h I
 an eye
 g
 a
 z
 i
 n n
 o g
 s p at another eye
 e h n
 o o g
 n a delectable shrimp e
 e t u

s h a m e
 a sentence that goes unheard

an impression of princess Diana
 g g
 u u
 f f
 f f
 a a a
 l l w
 e l w
 b a shrimp a thrill e
 y y e
 a foot a foot s
 feet touching a joke that
 doesn't land

THE END



really until you're sitting still, tempting
those feelings to come back just to see
if they still have any power (they do.)



The Spaces In-Between #2

Jules Dunn

A Prophetic Discovery

Nairne Hopkinson

You will come across the bones while upheaving weeds, and the hands of a prophet will shake as you exhume the remains of something angelic. Too many ribs to be human, alula crusted in mud. Someone buried it in penitential, dried flowers and twine, nothing but a rosebud, something like a child. You'll contemplate giving it to a museum or church, but you can't bear to be believed as much as you can't bear it to be true. Instead, you'll peel back the planet's strata and give the remains back to a God. In the eyelash of daybreak, the angel rises like a forced fruit, the endless unfolding of the seraphim like the leaves of a fern. Stars and skeletons, phosphate and calcium, particles folding in. This is the time of angels. Amen.

Conversation

Or, *When I Bumped into the Postman*

Liane McKay

‘Am no in my jammies, the day!’
I stammer, even though
I’ve been practising this in my head
for the last ten paces.
Fifteen years learning languages and I forget
that conversation is a skill to be maintained.
You can’t just let yourself grow wild
and say it’s for the benefit of the bees.
That only counts for flowers, and besides
the bees never stop to chat.
Which is a shame
because my vocabulary’s shrinking.
I’m mute as I walk through the village,
mute at the till point in the shop,
mute.

But
other words
have been growing.
birch and *beech*
moss and *moles*
even *ivy-leaved toadflax*
oyster catchers
or *liverwort*
And I’m sorry if I pronounced that wrong—
I’ve only ever seen it written down
and I’m not very good at conversation, these days.

About the Contributors

Sophy Bristow is a writer living in Cambridgeshire. She has previously been shortlisted for the Fish Short Story Prize and published in Lighthouse Literary Journal. She is currently studying for a Master's in Creative Writing at the University of Glasgow.

Lucia Cascioli is a Canadian writer. She has written nine books. Her work is included in *People, Places, Passages: An Anthology of Canadian Literature* and her poetry has been published in *Stile Magazine* and *Skirting Around Magazine*. 'Points', one of her short stories, was included in *Short Édition's Short Circuit Magazine Issue #07*. Her podcast, *Dear Me*, was released in 2021 by *Litro Magazine's Litro Lab*. She recently collaborated with *Brick, A Literary Journal*, on a video series entitled *The Craft of Editing*. Lucia graduated from the University of Glasgow with an MLitt in Creative Writing (with Distinction).

Amy Clarkson is a creative-ecology practitioner who is still exploring what that might mean. Her practice includes arboreal adventures of seed dispersal across NW Highlands where she is in relationship with a particular Atlantic oakwood.

Frances Copeland has a background in freelance magazine writing and has several published short stories. A passionate advocate of lifelong learning, she is a mature post-graduate student, studying for an MLitt in Creative Writing at University of Glasgow. Frances lives in Glasgow where she is currently writing a 1970s set crime novel.

Jules Dunn (they/them) is a former UofG drop-out and current art school hopeful, and is a member slash events photographer for the zine society PITH. Their work is centred around photography, sculpture and film-making, and they will gladly talk at length about any song by Courtney Barnett.

Maria Foley is an undergraduate student currently completing her third year of English Literature at Honours Level at the University of Glasgow. This is her first poetry submission to a published journal (although hopefully not the last!).

Emily Megan Foster (she/her) is coming to the end of her undergraduate study at the University of Glasgow. This year she has been devoting a lot of her time to her dissertation in creative writing, in which she wrote a poetry collection about portraiture. She hopes one day to live in the woods far away from people - spending her mornings writing and her afternoons and evenings being stupid.

Hannah George (she/her) is a fourth-year English Literature student at the University of Glasgow who likes to read and write poetry that explores the intersections between literature and geography. She is also the creative writing editor at Glasgow University Magazine and enjoys wild swimming, hillwalking, and making zines.

Kashish Gupta is a 21 year-old female and a survivor of sexual abuse. She intends to work with young offenders and other survivors in her future career as a clinical psychologist. Kashish creates abstract visual artworks which tend to contain elements of the human form, distorted or placed in abstract settings, as a means of presenting the emotional chaos and conflict survivors are faced with, and evoking such emotions in viewers.

Louise Holland is a Scottish writer based in Glasgow. She studied film at the Royal Scottish Academy of Music & Drama and is currently pursuing an MLitt in Creative Writing at the University of Glasgow. Her work has previously featured in Split Lips, Skirting Around, and All Becomes Art Part 2.

Nairne Hopkinson (she/they) is a Glasgow based writer and friend of local crows. She describes her writing as modern gothic, and wants everything they write to feel like you're touring a haunted house. Currently working on a dozen projects at once, when she's not training angels to finish them for her.

Libby Hsieh is a poet and interdisciplinary artist from Los Angeles. After graduating from UCLA, Libby went to pursue their musical efforts with their band Girl Friday—garnering critical attention across the United States. Libby's poems have appeared in 50/50, The Good Press, Des Pair, The Paper Mixtape, Westwind, Wax Nine, and more. They are currently studying for an MLitt in Creative Writing at the University of Glasgow.

Victoria Hunter is from a small, rural, ex-mining community on the edge of South Lanarkshire. She is a 4th year Scottish Literature Student at the University of Glasgow and hopes to continue her studies into her Postgraduate year. She enjoys writing poetry about her own personal experience at the university and growing up in a rural community. She also spends a lot of time with her 10-year-old son creating adventure stories, comics, and playing guitar together.

Alice Louise Lannon is a poet and writer of creative nonfiction. She is currently working towards her MLitt in Creative Writing at The University of Glasgow.

Lucy Lauder (she/her) is a lover of words and sounds, currently in her third year of a Scottish/English Literature degree at the University of Glasgow. Her work has previously been published in vol.47 of *From Glasgow to Saturn* and in the Inaugural edition of GYou's *The Fleet Review*.

Jodie Leith (she/her) is a fourth-year English Literature/Film & Television Studies student at the University of Glasgow who is submitting her poetry work for publication for the very first time. Born in Coatbridge, Jodie is the Culture Editor at *The Glasgow Guardian* and writer at *The Skinny*. Her interests include going to gigs, dyeing her hair, and mothering a Tamagotchi.

Lucille Mona Ling (she/her) is a poet and visual artist from Berlin. She is currently studying Philosophy and History of Art at the University of Glasgow. Her poetry has appeared in *The Dark Horse* and *Middleground Magazine*. Her digital collages can be found on inoumena.com

Ciara Maguire is a writer living in Glasgow. Her work has previously been published in *We Were Always Here: A Queer Words Anthology*, *Daughterhood Zine*, *Gutter Magazine* and more. When she's not writing you can find her at @slowfaults or leaning into the void.

Hayley McGaw is a poet from Southwest Scotland currently living and writing in Glasgow. She has a degree in English Literature from the University of Glasgow where she is currently working on an MLitt in Creative Writing. Hayley often writes about climate change, ecology, and the body. She has a particular interest in mixed media projects that combine visual art and poetry.

Liane McKay graduated from the University of Glasgow in 2014 with a joint degree in French and Music. After several years abroad, she returned to Scotland in 2020 to undertake an MLitt in Publishing at Stirling University and has recently founded Soor Ploom Press, a new rural publisher focusing on very short poems and prose.

Isobel O'Donovan (she/her) is an Irish artist and writer living in Glasgow. Her visual arts practice, which spans sculpture, drawing, writing and performance, has been exhibited throughout Scotland and Ireland. She graduated from the Glasgow School of Art in 2020 and is currently enrolled in the Creative Writing Mlitt at the University of Glasgow.

Lena Schega is a writer, storyteller, and freelance journalist. She was born in Germany and resides in Scotland. Currently, Lena is enrolled at the University of Glasgow where she studies English Literature in her second year. Interested in all forms of storytelling, she writes flash fiction, poetry, shorter and longer stories. Her articles have been published by Zeit Online and The Glasgow Guardian.

Isla Scott is a Scottish writer currently studying on the Creative Writing MLitt at the University of Glasgow and is one of the editors of *chewgulspeit*.

Chiara van den Hoven is a fourth-year student of Sculpture and Environmental Art at The Glasgow School of Art. Her work attempts a poetic reading of technological materials and processes. She takes a research-based and image-driven approach, and pays particular attention to the structural aspects of these technologies. She is a big fan of ventriloquism.

About the Editors

Paul Flynn is an Irish writer from Dublin. His work has featured in previous issues of *From Glasgow to Saturn*. He's currently on the MLitt Creative Writing course at the University of Glasgow. @PaulsFlynn

Emma Jokinen is a writer from Sweden currently living in Glasgow. She's just finishing an undergraduate degree in philosophy and spends her free time writing novels. She is represented by Emily Glenister at DHH Literary Agency and can be found on Instagram and Twitter at @emmawroteabook.

Rebecca Kane is a Scottish poet from a wee town called Airdrie. She was afraid to get a "big girl job" and therefore, after graduating in English Literature and History of Art at the University of Glasgow, she went back to do a Creative Writing MLitt. Here, she discovered her passion for all things poetry and peaches and continues her love of writing on her Instagram @r.kpoetry.

Lillian Salvatore is a writer and slightly terrified soon-to-be-graduate of Scottish and English Literature. She enjoys writing poetry about strange fruits and dreaming, but wishes she spent more time perfecting her bio-lines. You can find her at @lilliantuesday on Instagram and Twitter.

James Taylor is a fourth year English Literature student from the University of Glasgow, who is spending his last semester helping out the editors of *From Glasgow to Saturn* with social media and administrative bits and pieces. His time spent away from the Google Drive is often dedicated to writing, and more than often a comfortingly large pile of books.

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