Day of the Dead broadside

Aea Varfis-van Warmelo David Lillington Jo Stockham Josephine Berry Lucretia Stewart Mark Waldron Megan Watkins Rose Gibbs Sally O'Reilly Sarah Jones & Chantal Faust Simeon Pereira-Madder

Not to say I don't believe. I just have

some scepticism, you see. That's

reasonable I think. I don't mean

to insult you, I know it's your

profession and you have to make a

Is there anyone you would like to speak to?

There is a presence in this room

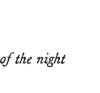
felt thick the phantasm I can///

the spirit moves me to - SPEAK

already it is//// space warmed -

- she is here, reach for her hand living. If you made more perhaps she still // she stills / she longs you could say you made a killing. Though maybe you don't like hand outstretched can you feel it she asks to - SPEAK wordplay. The silence is quite - I hope the cat is fed I hope deafening so I take it you don't. you are taking care of yourself I Tell you what though, with the right audience that joke would hope you are taking more showers never were good at that not that have killed too. Okay. Anyway, I minded the warm smell of you let's move on, straight to business and your skin was always so soft then. I've come to you because I always used to say that didn't I have been feeling something... I miss the smell of you not I don't have the words for this. unpleasant definitely not can feel Lately I have been feeling — I really would appreciate it if you you here now you know not the smell haha I can simply sense looked at me. Sorry. That was your presence I have done for curt of me. I have been... you a while and I have been trying don't need to know this. But for time now trying for an age lately I've been feeling quite to reach through whatever this invisible, so I'm... this is very is between us I have I promise hard for me. Sorry I'm babbling. I have this is the indulgence of As I was saying, lately I have had where I am you know it is a this feeling of irresolution. I think luxury I hope you do not do the that's the best word. Something same I have time to spare is all unresolved. And I know it's silly to come here. Sorry again, I don't I have but I hope you are living properly not mourning too much mean to insult you, I'm sure you I hope you are moving on much can agree that me even being here as I hate to say it I hope you have is quite a sign that I am not as you slept with anyone yet sorry cynical as I present, but yes. I don't know why I asked that you have, lately, felt like there is a should you know the neighbour great... presence. God this feels always fancied you maybe you foolish. Do you understand? You must. Of all people. And I was should sleep with her bet she won't die on you and I wanted to wondering if you might be able say I am sorry I am sorry I am I to, consult, as it were, the other should never have left I hope the side for me. Extend the hand. And cat is fed and I left the water bill perhaps — Oh. Right now? How on the kitchen table please check does this work, do I just - yes, it you were always so forgetful I see, hold your hand. I haven't and before I go I wanted to thought of what I want to say yet, sor//ry sor— it is difficult to hold God, shit. Well. I think I want to onto them sometimes they flit she say... Oh God. I hope the cat is says she loves you and misses your smell fed, I hope you are taking care of yourself

Aea Varfis-van Warmelo



my nightmares seldom occur in the dead of the night my nightmares most often haunt me

The death that bothers me most

For Nadia

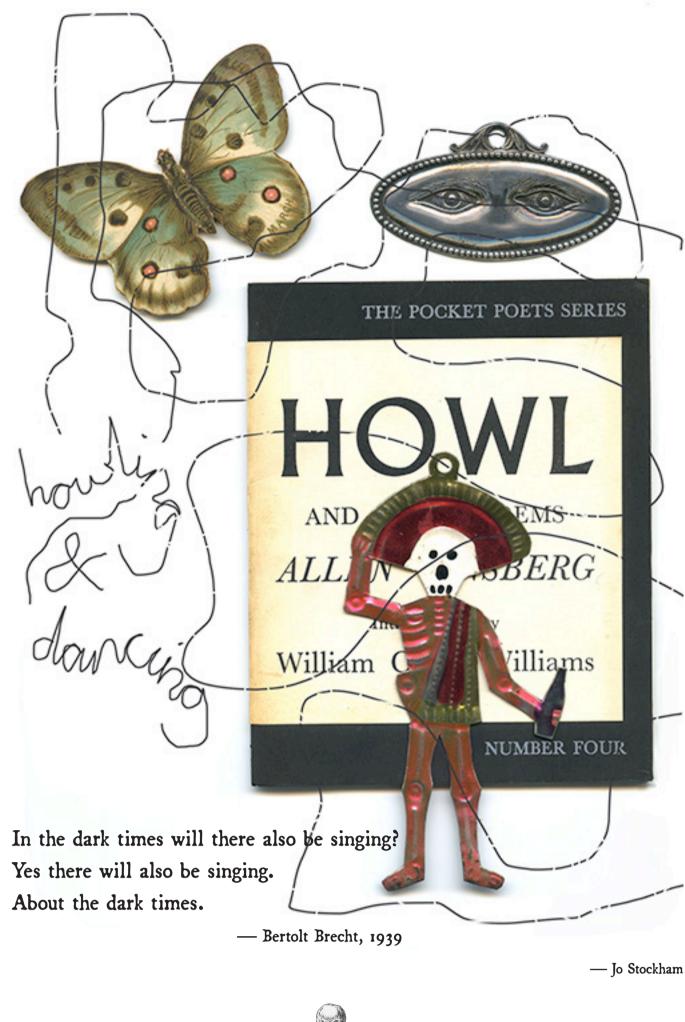
Jezebel Jones

If I Die in My Dreams

a.k.a. Bye Bye Banshee

in broad daylight sometimes they catch me quite unaware with their velocity and ferocity and the devil is smiling and laughing at me ha-ha-ha ha-ha-ha yes Jezebel precisely and exactly out of nowhere darkness in broad daylight The death that bothers me most is alongside accompanies is a parallel world accessed by nightmares in which everything weirdly is systematised nightmares remembered in the afternoons it might have to do with childhood I'm asking you reader if you recognise this

- David Lillington 1 November 2021



Finding form in place Against brick veneer And the constant memory loss Of real estate inception There you had sat, and she had sat, and Pile drivers turn up Ghosts in the strata

Like toes in a summer lawn

No care to sort the remains,

To this point anyway, From every point it seems

The tales will have to tell themselves, It was all that speaking for that brought us

coronavirus, Brazil, California, to name just a few. The volcanic eruption in La Palma which has been going on for over two weeks and shows no signs of stopping; the breakdown of bio-diversity in the English countryside. The news is all awful, yet I can't stop watching television. It's pretty much all I do. The worst thing about Nicholas' death is that I don't know where he is and I have no way of finding out. No amount of prayer helps. In fact, my religion has taken quite a knock. Not my belief in God. I don't dare abandon that. But my belief in the Roman Catholic Church has suffered. I haven't been to church

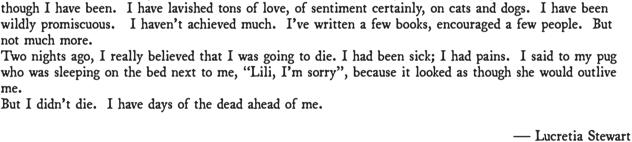
I don't want to think about death any more. I haven't thought about anything else since my brother died a year and a half ago. To the day. Exactly a year and a half ago today. I miss him more than I would have believed possible, but I am tired of crying, of being sad. Not that I was ever the most light-hearted

My brother, Nicholas, died of cancer in March 2020 — six weeks between diagnosis and death and a week before the coronavirus lockdown began. He died in the middle of the night. In hospital. In London.

The other thing that has happened since Nicholas died is that my body and my health have given up. I now move like somebody much older than I actually am, like a very old person. I don't think it's just my body. I think it's all of me. I am scared of dying so I don't want to die, but I think I don't particularly Yet it's too frightening to contemplate life being over. We only have one life. I don't know that I have

– Josephine Berry

2021



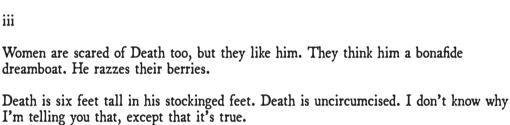
i

made the best of it, of my life. I don't have children - is that a good or bad thing? I am not married,

end of the cable. Someone could suggest you just wriggle those three wires straight into the three holes of the socket and not bother with a plug, but that could kill you. If not from an electric shock as you fiddle them in there, then from the kind of fire which results from amateurish wiring of that sort. A conflagration that romps through a house like a dog through its dogfood lunch.

I'm frightened of Death. If I was introduced on the day of the dead, I'd hardly dare look at him, at his face, at his suit and tie, at his slightly scuffed brogues, their heels slightly worn down (or is it up?). I have glanced at him before though, in snaffled glimpses when

he's in the same pub as me. I've watched him reflected in the mirror behind the bar, as though I thought myself protected by the light's having bounced between us.



yet. Today's children are bigger men than today's men.

shallow gaze. Death wants us to think he goes a long way down, but he doesn't. He's as thin as nothing, poor thing. — Mark Waldron

The Abbot* answers, "The deathless is ever-present, it's just that our attention is drawn by the death-bound, by words, opinions, memories. It's a matter of attending to where the time-bound and timelessness intersect; it's always here, it's always now, that's where the world ends, the substantiality of the world ends, through training the heart to embody this quality of awareness."

The sky is grey, with pinpricks of light popping across its surface, as if its fabric were reversed and the stars on its underside revealed. Did Hamlet sense the higher frequencies after his father died? Transported out of three dimensions into a mystery, where purification and unification is held

The Astrologer* answers, Pluto is moving through Capricorn, Uranus through Taurus - Eris squares Pluto in October, a representation of awakening - and throughout 2021-22 Uranus and Eris confront the planets of force and oppression. As the cycle completes in 2025 we become more wave than

Since 2017 when we wrote for Mayday, one of us, Nicholas Stewart, has died. I wasn't so much his girlfriend as someone exclusively dedicated to the observation of occurrences arising within and about his being, as if that were my templum, up until the moment there were no further direct or

The Scholar* answers, the emergence of language as we know it coincided with ritualised burial of the dead. Before humans spoke (or buried) we sang, (or maybe chanted). The vocal apparatus of early homo sapiens resembles birds' more than monkeys' (based on a relative measurement of the

P.S. This morning Marcel came downstairs saying "The headphones from Nicholas are working!" It turns out you have to download an app, and you can choose a frequency: warm, bright, relaxed or energetic. We think maybe Nicholas didn't know about the app, or didn't get round to telling us

suspended. Looking inward all he can see are pestilent vapours.

A root, a stone foot — upon that we imagined — what?

* Ajahn Amaro * Pam Gregory * Iain McGilchrist

Beware the Benevolent Sexist Beware

"I can talk like an adult to my children. I am a GOOD man."

purchase of his grip (or something).

geometry.

particle in our capacity to greet New Earth; a golden age of the heart.

opening through which the nerve governing vocalisation enters the skull).

A tree fell across the path as I passed, a medium sized sapling, the weather conditions were neutral, A more mature one fell over in the park as we walked towards it to pick plums, half the tree fell away from its other half, with a loud crack, and scattered plums everywhere. It was quickly cut up and removed. To look at the remaining half you wouldn't think it isn't entire.

— Megan Watkins September-October 2021

Watch out. Beware. Benevolent sexists are everywhere. Hiding under v neck t-shirts and cargo pants shorts, these are shining wolves in sheep's clothing. These creatures smile, grin, positively beam with friendliness, but do not be deceived, theirs is a lurking game. Yes, sweatshirts are their thing: their casual wear, their home clothes. Sweatshirts with logos, band names, possibly even punk protests. In the summer they come out in droves, populating playgrounds and parks, flexing their muscles as they toss their kids into the air. Theirs is a fathering of the interactive kind: football, rounders, basketball, Frisbee, for THE TWO WHOLE MANIC HOURS they do it in the 168 hours that make a week. These are the ones with tussled hair, faces grizzled with one-day growth for the weekend. They are pub brunches, walks along the canal, woollen jumpers and comic hats. They are prepared to look after their children, they are proud in public to look after their children as they stride around: "I CAN DO IT" their faces cry,

overlook the burden she carries, the scurrying around as she papers over the cracks, filling the gaps with sisters, grandmothers, friends. Anyone will do. Anything's possible for these sexists, as long as it doesn't interrupt their capital flow. Capital trumps all. They vote Liberal, do green things like buying expensive food and recycling. They bake bread, drink beer

and love compost. I don't know why. They hold the door for you, and sometimes even other men too. But they never kiss them, the other men, because that could be disastrous. It will be a bear hug, a firm but friendly shake of the hand, because you know you can tell the strength of a person's personality by the

They will pay for your drinks, your meal too, they will pay for everyone. But beware - this is not money

They even do the baby-sitting (fancy that - baby-sitting your own kid!) every other week. They like to give the wife (yes, they like wives, they prefer wives to girlfriends: it proves they are real men, men who can commit and let's not analyse it further); they like to give the wife a night off. They support her, they support her career, they respect and hold her in high regard, like an interesting object, as they calmly

The Promulgation of the Decree of Social Effects

those already established in business. Toothbrushes shall be gifted to freelance cleaners. Hobby, craft and DIY materials shall be deposited in police stations, where they may be claimed by strapped novices. Police stations shall hereafter be known as 'please stations'. By this decree, photographs of holidays, friends and family shall be donated to those lacking holidays, friends and family. Though the deceased's family may retain certificates, trophies and other spoils of personal merit. Lapsed admin, receipts, hairgrips, cotton buds and opened jars, tins and bottles of prescription medicines, cosmetics and condiments shall be posted to enemies and nemeses of the deceased.

Spectacles and monocles shall be fashioned into chandeliers in supermarkets as charms against oversight. Loose change shall be glued into small towers and set in pavements and corridors as stumbling blocks.

All puzzles shall be solved and buried, burnt or sunk, in their completed state, with the deceased. Every gadget shall be declared and incur a scalable Ease and Convenience Tax, that the state may summon

We decree that tools of trade shall be handed down to apprentices and interns, and not crosswise to

Conclusively, it is further decreed that such executors as do not obey any or all of these premises shall answer their neglect and contempt to the Committee in an adequate way, and not otherwise, nor elsewhere; and that everywhere the aforesaid powers granted shall continue until it be otherwise ordered or

declared by the Committee, and for no longer than this.

This includes also bottled and jarred penny collections. Neither will rare coins be exempt.

- Introducing This especially comes in from Chantal Faust From Chantal Faust to the other Sarah Jones

> Why don't I know this Sarah Jones When you and me had just finished eating Your words said who said she said you said Sarah Jones puts the words of others in her mouth When you and me sat listening to her beat Speaking Sarah Jones, not Foxy Brown

This is this Sarah Jones

That was then

We listen to her on repeat

— Sarah Jones & Chantal Faust Poem There's a poetry in the times when things go wrong for you, when your stuff gets fucked up,

but eventually it will be

Ghost Tour Sad departed nook Cat Palace, home of strays Laid under towered crankings Of a less instinctual place Tails curl out of view We spoke there late in summer's light, on the corner By the Joiner's, Charlie Wrights On the curb by Adam D***'s But the beaten Conqueror has laid down his sword In the Churchyard where the trees watch The dregs of those days drain Through the sieve of memory, untying mathematical parcellings Mushroomy hollow You smell damply of promise Let us sit awhile on newsprint, and forgo the benches Pain reflects in mirror glass And pavements boil with Bilious greed The fundament rots like Trades and NOX Sheen and quanta Face smiles burn In pina-colada permafrost Slushing sweet hangover Into sticky backed cancer Where I plunge my roots

But, even before Nicholas died, though it sounds mad, I was thinking that we were on course for the end of the world. There was so much bad news and it has continued: Afghanistan, climate change, Haiti, for weeks - or to Communion. When Nicholas first died, I couldn't believe it (actually I still can't), but I thought that my religion would be a comfort.

It wasn't, so I have distanced myself from it. I hope it won't be forever.

person in the world.

not much more.

ii

78 of today.

iii

iv

Contemplations

The prefix 'con'

completeness.

its fall soft and slow.

mutual occurrences to observe.

until some time later, that is, now.

a collocation or simultaneity, a joint

action, a connection, an enclosure or a containing, an intensity of action, a

I say death is a telly that takes up most of one wall and it's never on. I don't even know if it's got a plug on it. According to me it might just have the wires sticking out of the

An authentic man Death is, in his suit and tie and braces. You think that if you looked at his dark blue tie under a microscope you'd see a tiny pattern of pale blue skulls, but you wouldn't. You only think you would because you're a contemporary lady or gentleman. Death is from a time when men were incarnate. I say he's from the late 1940s. He has a strong jaw, and two o'clock shadow. He smokes a bit, and he drinks a bit more than a bit, though he's never drunk. I think he's about 38 years old. But a 1940s 38, which is like a

Today's men are parbaked, the way they are all crying even though it hasn't happened

I don't want to smell Death's clothes when we're both stood standing at the bar, and he's feeling the chunky pre-decimal coins in his thick pocket. I don't want the deep spiky scent of him rodding my twin baby nostrils, no siree siree, I don't want to be flossed right out so I can smell and hear and see. vi

If Death noticed what I wrote about him today he'd look at me with a bottomlessly

If you put a plug on death and switched him on, you'd see exactly what I've been talking about. I know I made Death an 'it' earlier, and now I've made him a 'he' without any explanation or apology. You can send your complaint to mwaldron@eternalrest.com.

The worm works underground, earth covers its head, fills its body. Pushing aerated soil up to the surface, pulling dead leaves into its tunnels, from Old Ground to New Earth every moment. In the centimetres and feet and hectares around it are hundreds, millions of other worms; there are roots, stones becoming sand, bones and terma treasure, it knows it isn't alone. The tree said that the doctor had told her to keep her bare feet in the dirt, and asked if I was going to have a baby. On closer inspection I found that the tree was a woman, her feet were quite buried in the dust, her sandals nearby.

+ 'templum'

or 'templum'.

the defined area of sky or land within which an augur would perform their

occurrences within the predefined space

auspices, through observance of

the Committee, have just reason to believe to be caused by the brazen counsels of commerce and other mean bodies of substantive power: they who have already raised bloody hell in air and waters, and which we cannot but fear will proceed not only to stir up needs, but also to blight those very needs with scarcity. For the safeguarding therefore of the subjected majority in this time of imminent danger, it is ordained by the assembled that all personal effects of all the deceased shall be diverted and distributed to obtain the broadest social effects, and thereby divert scarcity, as follows.

The Committee decrees that the deceased's bedding, towels and linens shall be conveyed to dogs' homes and their books shall be set on shelves in train stations to enter perpetual circulation. The deceased's every pot, tub, bowl and bucket shall be placed one inside the other until there is but one seemingly single plastic item, to be turned upside-down for a library step. And their pot plants shall be sent in the first instance to darken light industrial estates, and in the second to soften academies with punishing

There has been of late a most dangerous and desperate design upon the material commons, which we,

benefit from the hours saved over a possessor's lifetime. And cables and wires from defunct appliances shall be stripped and woven into a Faraday cage for the protection of the prerogatives of the living against lightning strikes. The deceased's surviving computers and pens shall be enlisted into the continual collective calculation of permutations of cause and therefore blame connecting the original sin to the latest catastrophe.

- Sally O'Reilly

This Sarah Jones not Foxy Brown She said what was that that you said You said you've never been to Balfron have you

Don't you remember me dancing for you there amongst your things

Chantal said have you heard this Sarah Jones She said who me this Sarah Jones came by you

beautiful, beautiful because with sufficient distance any of your tragedies are human, relatable, just not yet Someone's

screwing your wife or you died young or

your true path It's okay, later this too will be quite beautiful

you're just poor and unable to find

— Simeon Pereira-Madder 02.10.2020 & 08.09.2021.

spent freely but with the eye of calculated chivalry, generosity not of the thankless kind, but there to buy its way out of other people's principals. Those heavy meals are the silent violence that shouts out, "Don't bite the hand that feeds you". They'll bite the hand that feeds them, they'll drink your blood, dip their sourdough in it, drain it into their kombucha, mix it with their ferments. These young professionals profess progress but live in horror of where that might leave them, for the moment pleased that no one has noted their tokenism, as their small conservative voice, their internal monologue emerges, transformed and edited down, the creed catechized to family, hearth, home and hard work. This is a shoring up of assets and an accumulation of capital held safe and declared clean, as love of wife, care of child: a narcissism displaced, as Freud would say, to His Majesty the baby. In the winter these softies consume culture, with nuance and sensitivity, with diligence, determination and the damn hard work of the A-grade student they probably were. These are not the philistines, the brokers, the smokers and drinkers, the strip club visitors we might expect of their kind. They may make big bucks, but they don't show it, and they sure can appreciate culture. Culture approached with a checklist, an armament of references to be gathered and gleaned, brought out shining and polished, with crockery and lamb stew at dinner. These are sentimentalists and sloppy thinkers; the pseudo-Romantics who enjoy life viewed from an angle that asks nothing of them. Theirs is a morality learnt, not felt, passed down by generations of Abrahamic religiosity, most recently Christian in its flavour. It recognises oppression manifest by others, never of itself. Beware the benevolent sexist my friend; beware. — Rose Gibbs