

KW/24

Metachrosis



Issue 6, Summer 2026

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Issue 6, 2026.

Chord
Interwoven
Unravel

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Cover image by Kate Waters

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Editors note: Nerve endings, though made from the same matter, occupy different spaces. Their experience could not be more alike, nor could they be more different.

Chapter 1: Chord

Teams (Turkish)
Şükran Aydın

Seninle hiç konuştuk mu?

Bir çığın sesi olduk mu mesela?

Touch
Şükran Aydın
(Translated by Sevdâ Akyüz)

Have we spoken at all?

Have we become the voice
of an avalanche,
for instance?



Miss Nothing, Miss Everything, Kat Holmes, *Mixed media on canvas.*

The Survival of Cumbric

Chris Hall

They came from the ~~river-mouth~~,
aber
where the ~~water~~ widens and slows.
dŵr
They came off the ~~hill~~ and ~~high-moor~~.
pen ros
Like ~~waves~~ rolling in.
tonn
Like ~~rain~~ gathering.
glaw

We ran,
followed the ~~stream~~ up the ~~valley~~,
nant cumb,
followed the ~~ridge~~ to the ~~summit~~
cenn blaen

**Calum 1986-2009; or,
A Narrow View of the Autumn Deep
Ross McDiarmid**

In Edinburgh, a young man encounters various natural phenomena and everyday objects.

September 2011

*last equinox – mixed:
new flat an’ a job; fortune ’s
poised wi lots obscure.*

*yon best days seem past:
Meadowbank Stadium ’s dreich;
void ay maire than us.*

*Northfield Broadway ’s deid:
placed by the cemetery wall,
your tag – auld land syne.*

*lean autumn branches:
alaine, ah urge their blossoms,
an’ so falls the rain.*

*Robert Fergusson;
a mirk form go’n naewhere.
you weren’t twenty-four.*

October 12th 2011

*left work hours ago;
the night sapped by borrowed light –
October the twelfth.*

*grave actions apart –
yet grasped in lean syzygy:
moonlight, slow grief, earth.*

*pale night, gilded Youth,
Old College wanin – laid bare,
your biennium.*

*utmaist micromoon,
lone crown ay the apogee:
Calum Maximus.*

*rare, stark – moon-viewin!
Moon Law illuminates us...
an' masks moon-bein.*

In and around the Lawnmarket, the same young man reaps as he sows, wasting time before his shift begins; he will be stock-taking through the night and into the early hours of the morning.

October 31st & November 1st 2011

*can mair time be spared? aye –
duck through the close, dinnae dwell on
witches in the auld Nor.*

*Forth skyline fie the Mile:
cold descends tae meet night's ascent,
an' ah'm twice made half full.*

*Old Toon mirrors itself,
hie-heapit in form an' function:
fixed by the statue's face.*

*blocks, bronze, traffic cone;
bird shite, tourists, kouroi foot;
whose strange bundle? – HUME.*

*his big, burnished toe,
source ay many miracles –
maire philosophers!*

*progress casts a ferlie;
Hume's figure clears yon gathered heids –
breachin natural law!*

*great crowds muddle the place,
proclaimin sah-win – or sah-vin?
...fàilte gu Edinberg.*

*the state ay nature 's off –
Summer's suite havers wi Winter's:
Samhuinn's idle actants.*

*a Cailleach shrewdly dooms
the seasons: the stocktake 's done, so
ah gather up maself.*

*turnip lanterns briefly
kindle Seán na Gealaí – limner
ay Calum's Pompeii face.*

*unlike the magi's lot,
this darker half ay the year 's too
well-starred: wabi-sabi.*

Three close friends overlook the city from the Whinny Hill; they share old stories, drinks, and the onset of events – both present and past. Our young man frets over the current climate.

November 5th 2011

*picked bones for Bonfire Night;
Fawkes, nor Calum lightens as much
as John Barleycorn can.*

*earth bound euhemerism
slips the heavens – yet the welkin
descends on our gid night.*

*Ragnarök's tour de force! –
bluster, dreich, an' damp squib herald
...better exit stage left.*

*for, well-a-day! even
the nostalgia 's passé: ootbound,
wi nae nostos tae sing.*

*Holyrood Park weathers,
MIND THE TIME – wheesht loud-thunderin!
leave past legends tae lie.*

Snookered

John Liddy

for Dave Mower

One by one the red satellites
drop out of existence

And each colourful planet
is returned to its spot.

Then they too begin
to disappear as the young

Deity angles for position,
weighing up the safe shot

Or all-out attack, caution
abandoned, risk its reward

While the older deity
patiently waits in ambush

To send the last red behind
the black sun with the white

Moon at the end of the world,
beyond reach of its predator.

Affidavit of Lichen in the Matter of Temporal Occupancy Rowan Tate

1. My name is hyphenated between moss and memory.
2. I am both partnership and parasite. (I do not explain this.)
3. I arrived when no one was watching.
4. I live on stone, bark, roofs, gravestones, and metal signs people forget to read. You have stepped on me.
5. I survive where others starve.
6. I am slow. (A millimeter a year is enough for me.)
7. My children are spores, stubborn, impossible to count.
8. Current Occupation(s): surface dweller, timekeeper, map of neglect, uninvited guest.
9. I CERTIFY that I require no soil, no roots, and no permission.
10. I HAVE BEEN used to reduce swelling, kindle flame, detect pH, and bear witness to invisible poisons in your sky.
11. THE RECORD SHOULD STATE: I was here before the animals walked. I watched ice retreat. I arrived centuries before you, unnoticed, and I intend to stay.
12. I REQUEST no one pull me off. I was not hurting anything.
13. I, LICHEN, being neither plant nor animal, of multiple bodies and no fixed address, submit this record.



Dock leaves
Seán Dunne

I chew nettles daily.

With bitter-blistered gums

I leave them go —

glazed and minus sting.

They take their root to paper —

arranged in dock leaves

and spit.

Knead on your sores

they are healing —

I am glad to be rid of them.

Student Addresses the Leader's Envoy ¹ : Interrupted Dramatic Monologue

Bānoo Zan

My speech does not align with the framework of this event. I'd like to speak on behalf of those who are not in attendance. The real Student Day should challenge not showcase those who repeat the same talking points every year.

You are the last people
who should appear before us
on Student Day

You—whose hands—
whose every breath—
reek of blood

You—who took the pure lives of
Jina, Nika, and Hadis ²
You—whose blood-soaked breath stops
at the anniversary of their ascension—
you who fill the streets with your mercenaries
for fear of people's protests—

But the voice of woman does not die.

¹ On December 7, 2025, Student Day in Iran, Mohammad-Parsa Golchin, an elite student and a member of Student Association at the University of Tehran addressed Saeed Jalili, member of the Expediency Council and former representative of the Supreme Leader Ali Khamanei in the National Security Council, who was giving a speech at the University of Tehran. Golchin was arrested in Mashad, Iran, on April 11, 2026. As of now, there is no clear information about his condition, where he is being held, or which agency carried out the arrest.

² Nika Shakarami and Hadis Najafi were two of the young women murdered during the Woman Life Freedom uprisings in Iran in 2022, sparked by the murder of Mahsa (Jina) Amini.

You—who profiteer from sanctions
and plunder the ever shrinking
tables of workers

You—who drain the life blood
of this land’s economy—

Despite your slogans
you practice the lifestyle of shahs

Your only response is a clenched fist

But life does not die.

You who—twenty-seven years after
the state-sponsored murders of
Mokhtari and Pouyandeh³ —
are still scared of a handful of people
gathering at their graves

You fear the pen.
You fear the voice.

You kill and kill.

But the voice of freedom does not die.

The voice of
Woman Life Freedom
does not die.

³ Mohammad Mokhtari and Mohammad-Jafar Pouyandeh were Iranian writers who were murdered in December 1998 in Iran in what came to be known as chain murders that took place over a decade 1988-1998. The victims were over 80 high profile writers, intellectuals, and activists. The perpetrators were members of the Ministry of Intelligence of the Islamic Republic of Iran.

Death to the Monafegh! ⁴
Death to the dissembler!
Death to the turncoat!

Let him speak!
Please continue!

You are the ones on the podium.
Speak when it's your turn—please—

There may come a day that—
thanks to your incompetence
and unwise policies—

our homeland
will be left with no air to give us breath
and no water to quench our thirst

But there will be voice
and there will be pen.

Even if you plow this land all over
you won't sleep in peace
for fear of our bones

Happy Student Day
to all who still
have a fist to knot
and a voice to raise

⁴ One who pretends to believe in Islam in public but is a disbeliever in private.



I Never Knew, Freddie Higgins, Pencil on *paper*.

Chapter 2: Interwoven

EROS SCUPLTED IN SALT

Daniel Thompson

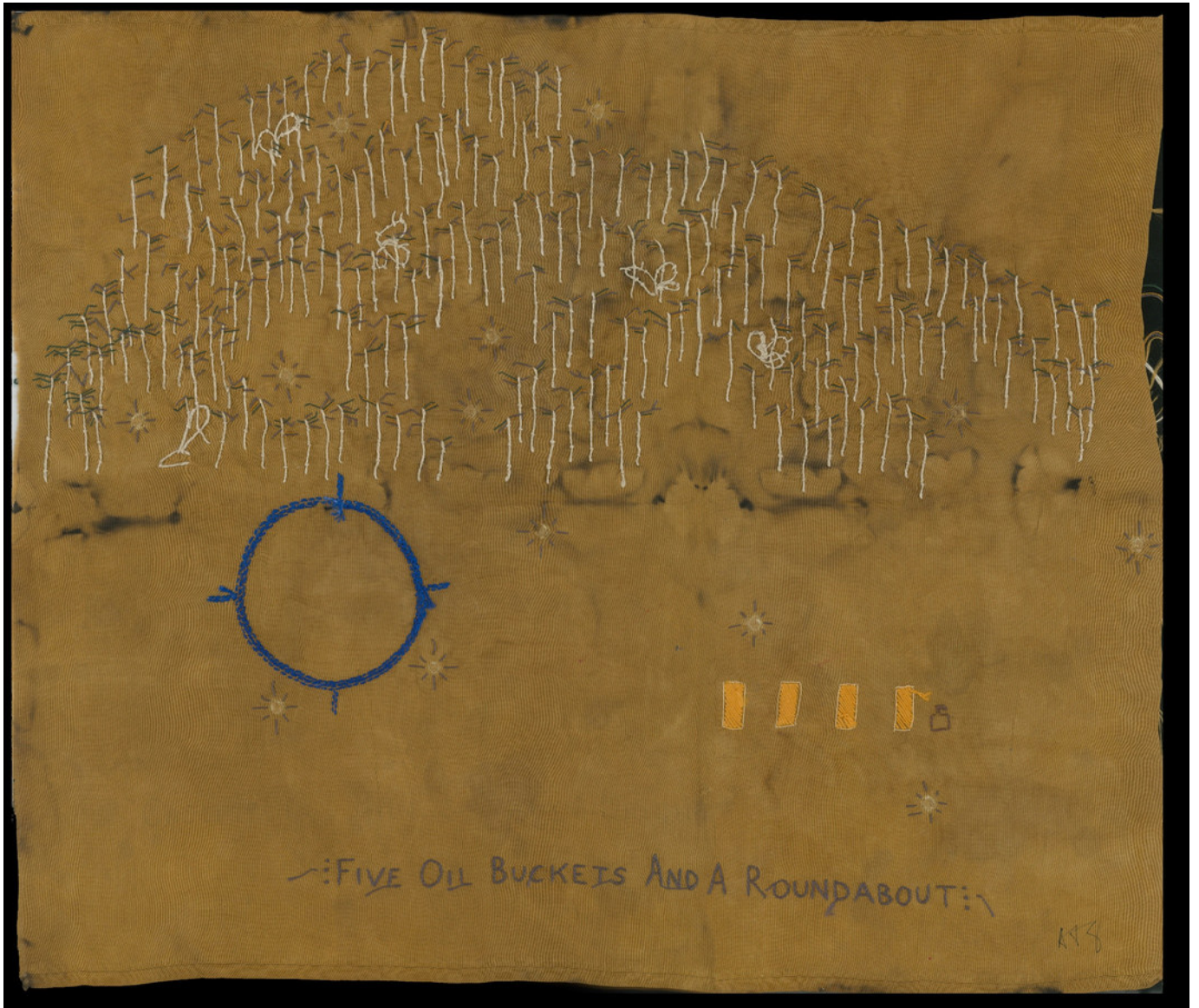
The salted atmosphere
 Saturated in slick minerals
 Grain silos twinkle like thimbles
 On fingers of thoroughfares
 State Highway 51
 Eros always shows up at an inconvenient time
 And when no one can recall

 In plains of reedy grains
 And weedy dandelions
 Skin flaking and flanking
 The saltiness of Eros
 The pregnant afternoon
 The flat towards-facing
 Rustled in gypsum luster

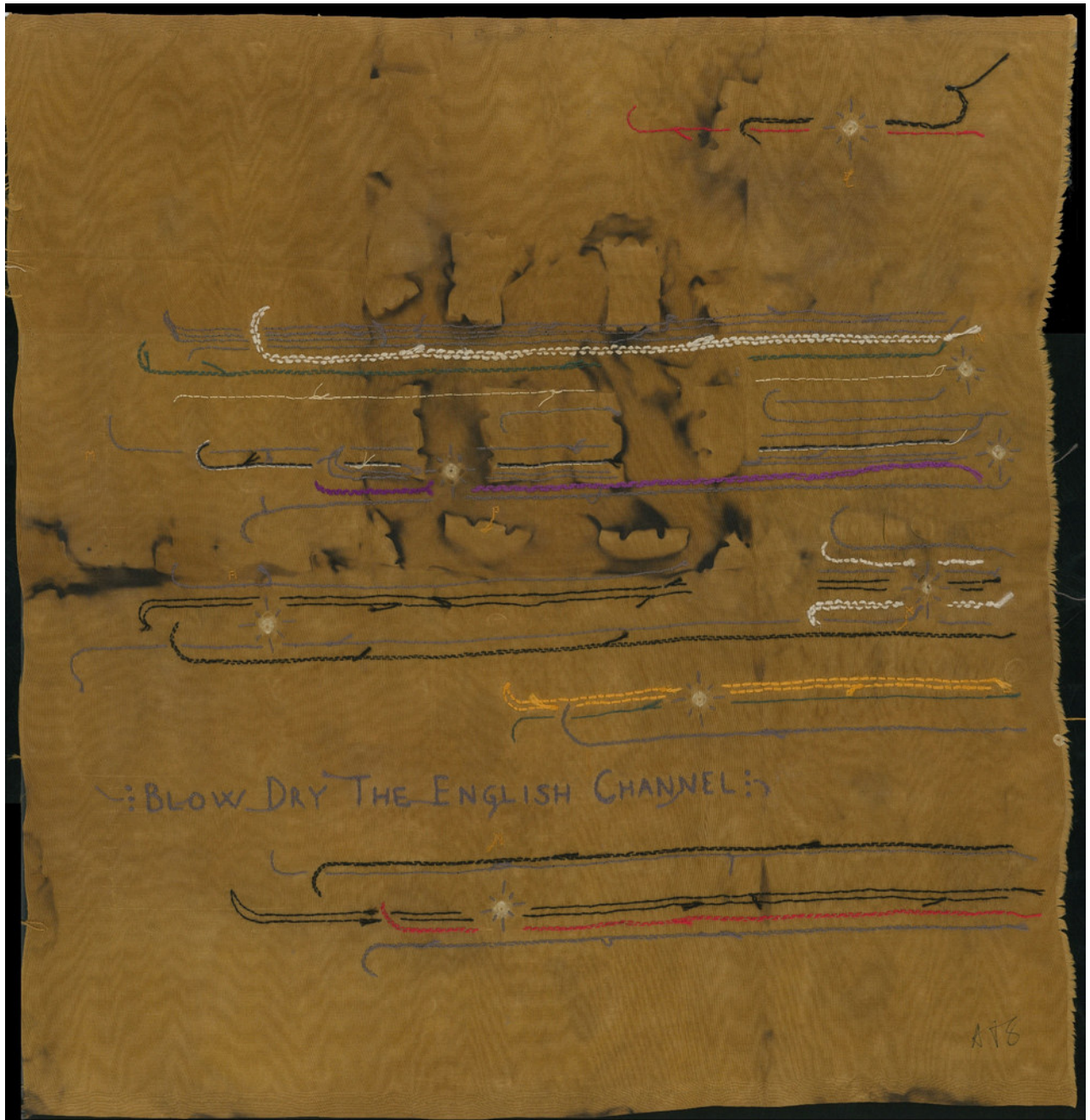
 Lush evening
 Firefly speckled
 Creased blue-black
 Glinting necklace-like
 Our lust Is permafrost
 Frostbitten grain and quivering
 Love plays out in its old routine
 The concertina wheezes
 Everything by-the-book
 Chords evoke the palaces of the moon
 Our moon-framing rock temples
 Lost in this silver nonsense
 Clouds at council, dotted, in parliament with
 Rockets, jet liners, and drones, balloons, satellites, skyward airships rudders to
 the wind

Rain plinks like string-bulbs
God A and gods B through D, whomever
Wrangles the prisms into rainbows
And spray paints the glories of the falling twilight
 The set now all in order and slick
Eros always shows up in a cortege
 With a limousine of delegates and representatives
 Running for office with streamers, confetti, and buttons
 Giving speeches toward the graces of angels
And hammering sculptures from the salt-flats





Cassiopeia Shines Very Bright At This Time Of The Year: Five Oil Buckets and a Roundabout, Anna Tuhus, *Embroidery on fabric*.



Cassiopeia Shines Very Bright At This Time Of The Year: Blow Dry the English Channel, Anna Tuhus, *Embroidery on fabric*.

Essentials

A T McDonald

No matter how bad it gits, somebody always hus it worse din't they? Today Ah saw a guy humping a big cage ae ambient up eh road intae his shop. At an angle an' everything, you widnae want tae drive up eh road let alone push a cage. It was the worst ambient anaw, jars ae sauce an' biscuits an' that. Aw the stuff that can break when it faws aff the cage. Awk sorry Ah forgot normies don't call it ambient. Yous probably just say 'food.'

Tae us essentials, ambient is non-refrigerated items. We in the retail industry separate stock between refrigerated, non-refrigerated and freezer. Fridge an' freezer deliveries are easy. They just roll aff the van and you break them doon intae sections. Takes lit twenty minutes. Upwards ae an 'oor if you get lamped with the morning shift cause they're always heavier. But the ambient man, ye want to kill yersel honestly.

Ye'll huv seen them yersel when ye're in the shop. Big metal cage on wheels wae the deadliest stacks ae food inside them. The cages can huv anything fae crisps tae biscuits tae sweets tae floo'ers. Ah like the floo'ers tae be honest although it feels awful when ye drop a box ae crackers oan them an' see them squish. Usually they huv the weest hing at the bottom so it topples on ye when ye open the cage. Used tae think the factory folk that loaded the cages were bastards but a new understanding ae empathy has taught me they're prolly jist as overworked migrants wae nae time tae stack appropriately lest they be sacked or worse.

But anyways this guy's pushing the cage up the street. Ah'm lucky, my shop is big enough tae huv a yard. Big "nae entry ye thieving bastards" signs up an every'in. So Ah've got privacy tae make an arse ae myself. But this guy? He works for one ae the wee high street branches. Unsung heroes if ye ask me. Ah'm a delivery guy myself. I take the stuff fae the van to the stock room and leave it for the staff tae shelve. But these wee shops? No enough staff for that so they're jack ae aw trades. He's pushing it up eh street with passersby pure staring and his reward? Getting tae put it on the shelf then run tae the till tae sell it.

He's nearly at a right angle anaw, bent at the hips wae his arms outstretched. The cage is barely moving and of course nane of the public are helping. Hawf are sauntering in his way. They've got their big important jobs tae get tae where they don't have timesheets before visiting his store fir

a meal deal, complaining about the queue in the process. Watching him Ah feel lit running over and taking the other end. But Ah'm no on the clock and Ah've a place tae be. Like a polisman aff shift looking the other way as a shoplifter bolts. Ah'm actually aff wae stress the now but thank christ Ah'm no pushing that cage. Ah complain aw the time but nothing at my store would be as bad as having to push a cage ae ambient up a busy street. Ah mind no long ago a delivery went wrang. Was a double stack of totties. Van driver said it weighed quarter ae a tonne. None ae us disagreed. It was coming aff the van and Jimmy wis in the topper lift making space fir eh driver. Now, legally speaking he shouldn't have been in the topper lift nor did Ah witness this wae ma own eyes. It breaks health and safety for us to be in it and dis away wae a lot ae insurance stuff. So he's allegedly in it and Ah'm at the other end of the yard taking in the previous bit of the delivery. Everything's smooth until Ah hears a big scream. A real "it's only 4:50am wit the fuck" scream. Ah turn tae see Jimmy (who had removed himself fae the topper lift so that Ah witnessed no actual rule breaking) clutching his hawn. We've these wee gloves in work, useless tae be honest but we need to wear them for PPE. His hawn is gripping the other and the fingers ae his glove are going aw roads but up. There were nae fingers in them, just hawn. He was pure screaming, tae be fair so was Ah at this point. He shook his hawn and the fingers flapped about lit they yoghurts yer maw gave ye in school. Turns oot Jimmy hud been hawding ontae a stack when another quarter ae a tonne stack rolled doon the van and crushed him. Bastard. We had tae get a first aider but she fainted when she saw his hawn. It wisnae even 5am yet so she was the only first aider oan shift. Ah hud tae take Jimmy tae hospital. He left A & E wae just a thumb. Ye know they actually reprimanded me fir leaving the shop tae take Jimmy tae the hospital? "Ye cannae leave a temp on his ain!" Aye nae bother Ah'll let Jimmy bleed oot on the totties so Charlie the new boy disnae get stressed. That's me on two strikes noo.

Ah'd say that wis the worst shift ae ma life. Even worse than Christmas last year when Ah was on night shift mysel fir five 'oors and drapped a giant stack of cranberry sauce on mysel. Wisnae quarter ae a tonne but hurt lit a bastard. Looked lit a big red fanny anaw.

Jimmy took a couple weeks aff but his sick leave only covered so long. He couldnae sue cause he was supposedly in the topper lift, although Ah never confirmed this. He ended up coming back cause he didnae count as disabled

As Ah say though this guy's pushing the cage up the high street at like 8am and it's pure busy. Ye hit a pedestrian and ye're done. Crush your fingers when a driver rolls a stack at ye without warning? Your fault. Crush a pedestrian that jumped in front ae ye for the claim? Your fault anaw. Ah'm ashamed to say Ah stood and watched. Ah was engrossed. Wid he make it? Wid he hit anyone? The guy made it to the store and a colleague (another auld guy, probably their ain Jimmy) jumped over to pull the cage in. Ah clapped. Standing across the street while folk dashed aboot fir work. Ah clapped. A few stopped tae see wit Ah wis looking at but they widnae get it. Normies don't. We're essential, they telt us for o'er a year. My clapping caught his attention and he looked over at me fae across the street. Ah kept clapping, showing ma support. He raised his middle fingers at me then fired back tae get the next cage.



Untitled, SAZSTRRT, *Digital Photograph & Crochet*

Dreams and Responsibilities

Thomas Piekarski

The moment is not without its proper divertimento,
the cows are taking a siesta. They produce no milk,
on strike for more hay and less hours standing still.

As fickle as is matrimony among savage Pygmies
random thoughts processed by conditioned minds
are drawn through a vacuum and neatly disposed.

Locomotion out of control, no one mans the system,
culture coated with coal oil, incivility, the arts inert.
Mascara smears. Liberty's wings clipped. Time out.

Motors roar approval. Valleys sink. Peoples exhale,
exasperated. Priorities chaotic. The clock keeps on
ticking. Life becomes a paradise away from perfect.

Pink sunsets and iridescent rain. Favorites bountiful:
news of peace, tranquil music, orgies, fashion show,
a philosophy that allows for the entirely unexpected.

Incas carrying giant stones on their broad backs get
assistance from interstellar telepathy, like Sisyphus,
all the way to Cuzco only to be turned back by God.

Polarized, stigmatized, dematerialized and sanctified,
packed in dry ice for shipment to Mars. There no air
but plenty of ground to claim, raw materials to mine.

Ragamuffins clog street corners whose pacification
of paramount importance. Antithetical to settled law
comes the toad ravishing mermaids in their slumber.

Pooling resources the school of sardines corkscrews
through an ocean of freon, and factions incorporate
under the sun's purple umbrella while goats regress.

Fabulous notions continue to creep into sound minds
of those witnesses whose antennas are made of gold,
receptors that defy detection and will navigate truly.

Animation is for sissies. The gross insubordination
taking hold wills its solid result. Fearlessly they go,
trained pilgrims of progress, inexorable, inevitable.





**The Pretty Girls Say
Favour Tonye George**
For Hamidat

Pretty girls, they say,
are equipped
to be laid,

as one lies on a sheet
the morning
after a head.

little girls
find their bodies
in bodies
before they know
themselves.

I have these nightmares
rumbling
like a muezzin call
in my stomach.

calling me,
sirening me,
to let go.

let go,
and be touched
by the breast again,

but this time,
by a pretty girl.

You love Teotihuacan, Hijo **Jeremy Mandelbaum Giles**

We climbed up Pirámide del Sol
del dios de lluvia Tláloc
Abuela laughing at irony
wearing CDMX to puddles
wider than all New York, Hijo
meter a year sunk like wet masa
by monstruos hundreds of years past
Dios Tláloc told your ancestro
I cried when they drowned the water
Wonder if Dios Tláloc sought pain
sung vengeance around his dying world
like Xochimilco Mariachis
Abuela asked for “Volver Volver”
Hijo, we lost our Dios Tláloc
you would have loved the trumpets playing
as lechuzas flapped in Abuela
howling before she died I’m sorry
you never met Teotihuacan

Chapter 3: Unravel



Gan Fuaim, Sophie Scally and Lee Keegan, *Digital Photograph*.



Gan Fuaime, Sophie Scally and Lee Keegan, *Digital Photograph*.



The Calendar of my Country (iv) **Josiane Kouagheu**

there is no settlement between the sun and the moon. but between the holes of my country, you will see the limit of my poetry. it is a pleat: the size of a smack. dark. red. fishy. ugly. like the smirk of its men in gray. i mean in smoking. the narrow squire of my country is something my poems cannot comprehend. or someone my fellow citizens cannot skin. like the potholes of our dreams. my country is full of worms. it is full of blood-suckers. it is full of sad stew. it is full of tombs filled with the dreams of our ancestors.



All The Ways We Touch, Kate Walters, *Oil and oilstick on canvas*.

The Black Veil of the Blesséd Raven

Morgan B Wood

Cyntaf

The alder boughs sing forth my name
across skies streaked and stained with burning tears.
Like the river's guest, I wait by water's edge,
though not to flourish but to fade – this tree, and its boughs, both fated.
The wind bellows a blustery, bird-choked elegy from the isle which was my
prison –
now my countryman's tomb, dwellers in the long house of the Goddess' will.
Fairly do they view the alder as unlucky.

Ail

My iron-grey messenger, my starling, brought forth avenging kinsmen over sea,
whose spears roared for the blood of the men of Ireland.
Wolfish waters dragged me there, with hope to weave peace between two lands,
but warp and weft of fate fabricates only burial gowns
and longing to die with the flames of my alder,
my shining tear of the sun, my fern of springtime,
whilst cruelly cramped between a shoulder and shield.
Why should not my mourning be endless?
Why should death relieve me of grief?
Ragged leaves cling to bareboned forests once fruitful
as was I once too, before I, like the raven,
wore the black of mourning for all that has passed –
this year, the trees of midwinter, and my own scion
felled by a solstice sickle.
A princess in exile in a land strange and dark,
daughter of the bleeding bough –

Yet from that tree, new life and hope may come.
 Where a severed head still speaks across seas of boundless torment:
 Of all that I am, all I have done,
 how two islands bled for my dishonour.
 Yet none of this I wished or wanted; it was not my will.

Trydydd

At the chasm's end I stood on headlands heartscarred.
 Whipped by seawinds, foamspitting surges,
 as I was degraded by day in my husband's kitchens.
 And the sea-haze faded, to rip the sun to rags of red,
 and all the blood rayed forth in my name
 rose up to choke me, from a heart made pregnant by loss and grief.
 I spat that bitter gore on foaming rocks,
 laid waste like the lands I hoped to heal, and wed to bliss,
 but wrought only the peace of the slain, where all may curse the name
 of the blessed raven, daughter of the lord of the sea,
 a white crow; blessed, though damned.
 Now feathered, cloaked in shadow like the land in winter,
 as the old year fades. So ravens sing forth my name
 across skies unlit, and winds cry hoarse their tuneless dirge of loss.
 Though the men of Ireland will live on from the wombs of women,
 their land is wasted. While rebirth awaits like the dawn of Imbolc
 as seasons turn again from frost, and ferns once more wave to greet
 the pale goddess who treads tenderfooted in dancing wheatfields,
 and watches from heavens now coalburned black.

Pedwerydd

But a four-faced cromlech awaits as I face the threshold,
 Earth's womb welcomes through trilithon gate –

a joyless passage, as the flesh expels.
I return as I arrived – bloody, senseless.
Sighing winds call me, drag tangled tresses
matted by care; and broken crowspeech riddles me,
beckons me home to a land of glory.
And bards, brighter than Spring dawn, may sing sweetly of me in ages hence
enticing honeygold lyres to weave raptures divine,
yet none will know nor speak of this red-eyed rag,
coiled tight on seaweed-strewn headland,
circled and serenaded by seacrows in the draught of a yawning tempest
driven over hissing tides slate-grey as the sky,
heavy with tears to flush the blood from shore,
in salty sealion waves of absolution.
And not a grain of sun-gold can stud that burning mantle
of bone-cold iron, looming axe-heavy above the heads of the mighty.
Nine by nine the waves came, crashing on me,
spittledamp, bonenumbing, endless.
The moon grown round and pregnant, as I was once,
to be a sliver, a silver sickle to shimmer and shiver the night away,
beyond the day's shining.
The cold distant fire, blinding and chill,
drags stretched shadow lines across sullen lands like the blaze that warms and
feeds,
but also kills kin. I feel no warmth from the dying sun-king retreating to his
frozen tomb.
As I to mine, my dirges to be sung by birds and bards yet to come – this branch,
of the blessed raven, hewn from the tree which now stands a spindle, in naked
woodland,
barren bones entwining, where the Goldfinch trills, 'too late, too late'.
The sun-king kindles his own pyre, for all the land to mourn his passing –
no warmth nor glory awaits my going, just cold sods and stoic stone –

menhirs unhewn, a cromlech unadorned save for frost and fern.
I stand now between two worlds – a ring of stones surrounds me,
a mound awaits at Glan Alaw.

Pumed

The unmourning waters slash and sweep the shingle,
taunting the herons
and driving seal-trails westwards.
And all is as it was, and still shall be.



Untitled, Béibhinn Creighton, *Digital Photograph*.

Euxinia
Jimmy Saekki

Mineralized appendages

fossils of defunct apertures

the reek of warm wet broccoli in the choana

in terrains of crocodilian scales

and clammy scutes

bouquets of bacterial chemical blooms /

denticulated collarette

ridged carina

thickening conjunctiva

eye-water from the citrine sclera

/ trapped in the phosphorous –

cowhide and horse skin

chicken and swine manure

characteristic odours

of cerebral cortex necrosis

and caustic corrosion – straw gypsum mushroom compost –

motor movement habit formation conditional learning / cognition /

imprisoned in the paper mills

and coke ovens of coccospheres

disappear in the arterioles

no citations for anthropogenic sources

inhalations of sulfurous halitosis

AUTISTIC C0D3D

Jessica Anne Rose

A

<DOCTYPE thesis html>

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<title> AUTISTIC CODED</

title>

<epigraph><i> how's this for literal thinking

<p></i><spoken aloud> sorry! i'm just tired

</p></the rest is silence>

MEANWHILE< IN THE BRAIN})

{objective:blend in with the Humans}

poet:CheckStats("Basic Needs", data corrupted see Alexithymia)

poet:Troubleshooting ("Alexithymia", emotions have coagulated,
"Interoceptive Needs" indeterminable, chances of forgetting to eat
rise by 75%)poet:SelfStarter ("Executive Functioning", inhibition control
at 65%, approx. 4 spoons away from blue screen of death)poet:PlanOfAction ("Unbreakable Routine", unknown task found in
inbox, more time required to complete, more space needed to
recover, more air)

<INTRUSIVE

THOUGHT>

<action> use HyperFocus to complete objective

3{nothing selective about it} Sensory Overload//3-5 recovery days needed
but it is Monday) <INTRUSIVE THOUGHT>

stats: “Executive Functioning” lowered to 32% (WARNING:
approaching Critical Pre-Shutdown Stage, equip. Ear Defenders)
<action> enhance MASKING
</action>
<action> MASKING enhancement failed, intensity level too high or perhaps
results impacted by Context,{if x=Positive Social Interaction in only certain
scenarios and is allowed infinite exceptions surely x=meaningless //false}
analyse glances to certify Humans are experiencing Suspicion 4{why must i
be the one to make sacrifices}
</action>
<action> cancel evening shower to allot space for “Special Interests”,
regenerates a portion of “Sense of Self”, import. promise of Autistic Joy ^-^ ,
export. Socially Acceptable Hygiene Level, import. Cynicism , Resentment
</action>

<INTRUSIVE

THOUGHT>

1{existence is a tug of war} Split;Mapping: 2{my end of the rope has always
been frayed}3{every choice, a compromise}4{the world won’t (can’t?) see me
make}

<return>: Focus on Objective 1{am i the only one}<RETURN>
2{trying so hard} <RETURN> 3{what kind of friends has that brought me}
<REBOOT> <REBOOT FAILED> 4{playing by their indecipherable cards}

<INTRUSIVE

THOUGHT>

stats: “Executive Functioning” lowered to 23% (WARNING: vessel has
entered Shutdown Stage, MASKING terminated, continuation of developing
“Social Skills” unadvised, increased risk of Meltdown by 73% due to sudden
flux in Sensory Overload, import. Increased Stimming
<INHIBITED BREATHING>

stats: exertion of HyperFocus has resulted in a Migraine, Threat of Tears, likelihood of reaching objective at 16%, initiating Meltdown, Dissociation has been deployed <return> 1{there is no return}2{resistance only prolongs recovery}

SYSTEM ERROR: ALL INHIBITIONS TEMPORARILY RELINGUISHED, RETREAT TO SOLITARY CONFINEMENT, VESSEL AT RISK OF DAMAGE, REPUTATION AMONGST HUMANS UNKNOWN, INITIATING SELF DESTRUCT

3{how far do you think you'll delve}

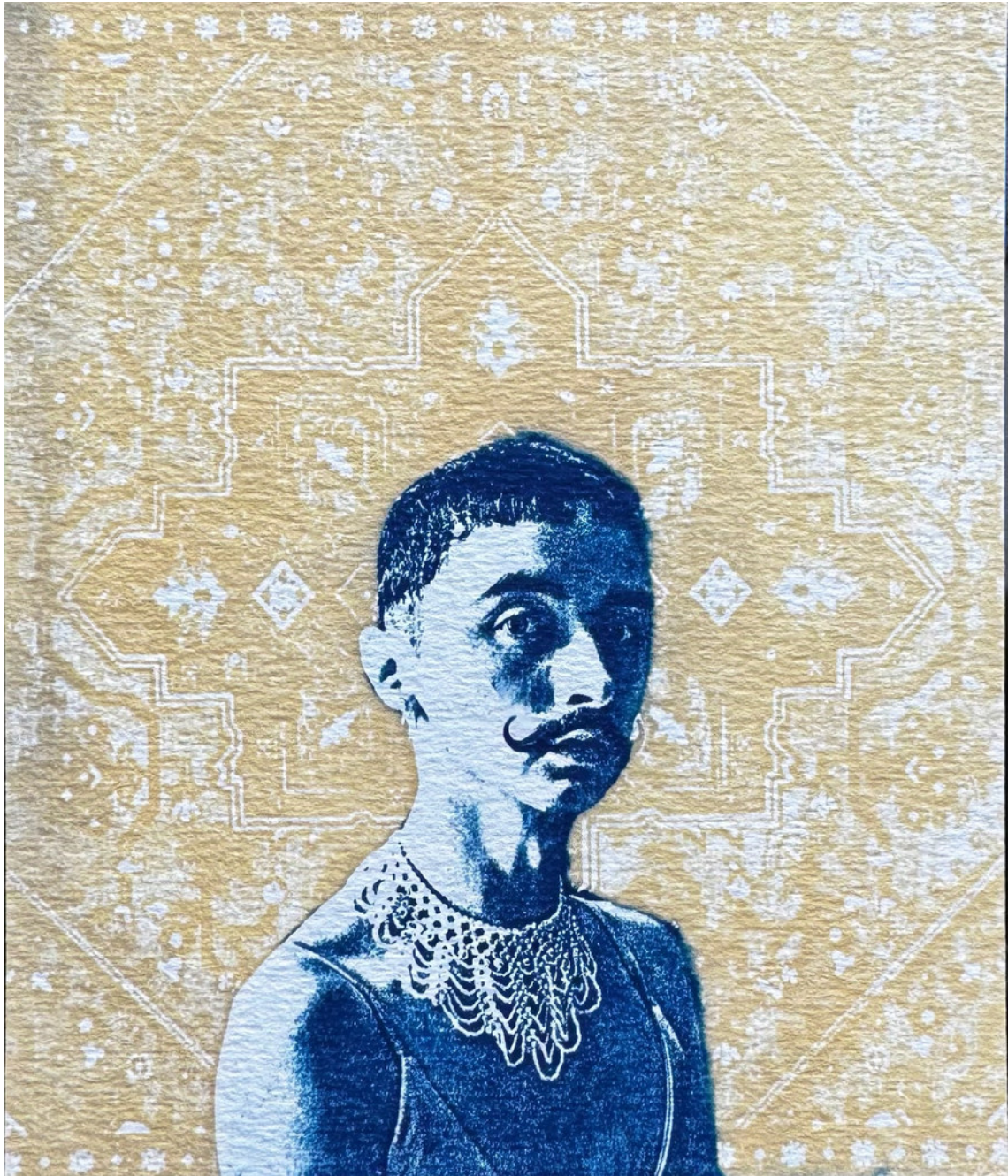
4{if to know me is to read me}

</html>



Perceptions of masculinity and manhood...

Lives lived in secrecy,
Lives forced to be lived in secrecy.
Suppressed emotions, unheard screams,
Thoughts echoing in the dark...



Silent screams are cast,
Tears remain unseen.
As if never existing while present,
As if never lived while living.

Unholy Beauties Omar Faruk Cicek, Cyanotype print.

Chapter 1: Chord

Şükran Aydın : Şükran Aydın is an award-winning Turkish poet, author of "Mürekkep Acısı" and "Anlamın Yaşı Küçük." Her profound, minimalist poems are translated into Greek, English, Persian, Arabic, Italian, Hebrew, Albanian, Serbian, and French. Recognized with international awards from Greece and Italy, she aims for universal impact through philosophical resonance. (www.sukranaydin.com.tr)

Kat Holmes: Kat Holmes held her first solo exhibition, *Coming Home*, in January, marking a significant milestone in her career. She is gaining recognition in the art world and has been championed by Women in Art, Flux Review, and Paint Britain, with several upcoming features in Artist Talk Magazine and Metachrosis Literary Magazine. Her second solo exhibition is set to take place in June at SHOP in Preston.

Chris Hall: Chris Hall is a writer and educator based in Scotland. His work examines language, community, and place. He is developing a pamphlet-length collection focused on care, resistance, and memory.

Ross McDiarmid: Ross McDiarmid is writer who moonlights in the social care sector. His poetry and prose have been published in various online publications. He has virtually no online presence, but still never misses his darg.

John Liddy: John Liddy is from Ireland and has published many collections of poetry. He is one of the founding editors of The Stony Thursday Book and has edited special editions of Vietnamese poets for the Cafe Review and of Irish language poets for The Hong Kong Review.

Rowan Tate: Rowan Tate is a Romanian creative and curator of beauty. Her writing appears in the Stinging Fly, Josephine Quarterly, Meniscus Literary Journal, and Stanford University's Mantis among others. She reads nonfiction nature books, the backs of shampoo bottles, and sometimes minds.

Julianne Guinee: Julianne Guinee is an Irish figurative and landscape painter based in Buttevant, County Cork. Working primarily in oil, her practice examines women, children, and domestic space through a contemporary lens informed by classical technique. She has worked full-time since 2019 and exhibits regularly across Ireland.

Seán Dunne: Seán Dunne is a writer and photographer from Waterford City. His work has been published in SWERVE Magazine, The Martello Journal and The Waxed Lemon. He is now an English teacher based in Cork City.

Bānoo Zan: Bānoo Zan is a poet, translator, and curator, with numerous published pieces and books including *Songs of Exile* and *Letters to My Father*. She is the founder of Shab-e She'r (Poetry Night), Canada's most diverse and brave poetry open mic series (inception 2012). It bridges the gap between poets from different ethnicities, nationalities, religions (or lack thereof), ages, genders, sexual orientations, abilities, poetic styles, voices, and visions. Bānoo, with Cy Strom, is the co-editor of the anthology: *Woman Life Freedom: Poems for the Iranian Revolution*. She is the recipient of the 2025 Writers' Union of Canada Freedom to Read Award.

Freddie Higgins: Freddie Higgins is an emerging artist living and working in Dublin. Their work aims to explore themes of ecology and disability through portrayals of Irish native species and nature. They work primarily in gouache and watercolor. They live in Rathfarnham with their banjo, wheelchair, and family.

Chapter 2: Interwoven

Daniel Thompson: Daniel Thompson was born in Tübingen in the Black Forest region of southern Germany and moved to New Orleans at six years old. He lives and writes poetry there to this day. His latest work can be read in The Banyan Review, Sojourners Magazine, The Orchards Poetry Journal and will be upcoming in The Chiron Review and The Delta Review.

Anna Tuhus: Anna Tuhus is an artist, with an expertise in narrative and textile art. She is primarily working with poetry and embroidery; Exploring narrative through composition, form and colour. Tactile qualities and viewer interpretation are important part of her practice. Her work has been exhibited internationally in galleries and museums.

A T McDonald: A T McDonald is a working class writer from Glasgow. They've worked various jobs from sitting behind desks to hanging from lighting gantries to manning small town libraries. Their short fiction has been published by FOMA Press, Unpsychology, The Scottish Book Trust, Folkloric and Effervescent Magazine.

SAZSTRT: Exploring the intersection of personal identity, the everyday, and the idea of our contemporary digital world through nostalgic recreations using material processes. Using traditionally domestic methods of knitting and crochet, Sarah O'Mahony (SAZSTRT) questions ideas of selfhood and a society engulfed in consumerism. Using commonly seen or discarded things in her hometown of Cork City, she shapes memories from before our current point in time, when she saw the world through the lenses of childhood wonder.

Thomas Piekarski: Thomas Piekarski is a former editor of the California State Poetry Quarterly. His poetry has appeared in such publications as Poetry Salzburg, Modern Literature, Creation Magazine, The Museum of Americana, South African Literary Journal, Home Planet News, and California Poets Anthology. His books of poetry are Ballad of Billy the Kid, Monterey Bay Adventures, Mercurial World, Aurora California, and Opus Borealis.

Gordon Massman: Gordon Massman strives to haul from the depths into the light of day the wildness that most of us repress--or control--to keep us acceptable to civilized society: our wishes, urges, fantasies, delusions. Who among us does not crave power? Who among us is not insatiable? Who among us is not addicted to orgasm and dominance? And who among us does not dream of committing homicide? Art, Kafka said, "must be the axe for the frozen sea within us." Massman examples his own soul to make palpable that which lurks within us all. From crazy joy to amok destruction, Massman seeks to expose it all.

Former Pulitzer Prize nominated poet, Massman has translated his verbal depth-bombs onto nonverbal canvas, where impacts of message are unmediated and visceral. His best paintings trigger in viewers a relieving liberation of the subterranean self. Massman's mission, ultimately, wants to make us whole to our deepest humanity.

Favour Tonye George: Tonye George is a Nigerian writer and Poet.

Her work leans into, culture, grief, identity, womanhood, and history, and has been published in Poetic Africa Magazine, Brittle Paper, Writers Space Africa, Poetry Soup, Lady Dynamique, Kalahari Review, The Weeds Review, Parakletus Publishing, and are forthcoming in other journals.

Jeremy Mandelbaum Giles: Jeremy Giles (He/Him) writes fiction and poetry about the end of the world, among other things. Currently, he is an MFA Candidate at CalArts. He has been published in After Dinner Conversation, Umbrella Factory, and more. You can find his work at his website jeremygileswrites.com and follow him on instagram @jeremygileswrites.

Chapter 3: Unravel

Sophie Scally: Sophie Scally is an Irish illustrator and motion graphic designer, and Lee Keegan is a multidisciplinary visual creative working across design, cinematography and editing. Based in Dublin, they explore raw, experimental storytelling, blending mixed media, politics and youth culture with purpose driven creative direction across film, fashion, music and contemporary visual practice.

Josiane Kouagheu: Josiane Kouagheu is a journalist, writer, photographer, painter and poet from Cameroon. Her works have appeared or are forthcoming in Brittle Paper, African Writer Magazine, Kalahari Review, Frontier Poetry, Prairie Schooner, The Nomad review, Apricity Magazine, Al Dente Journal and elsewhere.

Kate Walters: Kate studied Fine Art in London, Brighton and Falmouth; based in Cornwall. Kate has had two books of paintings and writing published by Guillemot Press and Dark Mountain. Exploring Italian National Parks, Shetland and Outer Hebrides have been very fond sources of inspiration. Juried exhibitions include: Jerwood Drawing (now Trinity Buoy Wharf) in 2003, 2008, 2023/4, and 2025. R.A. Summer Show and RWA Autumn exhibitions; Discerning Eye amongst many others; Solo shows include Arusha Gallery, Newlyn Art Gallery, Dean Clough, Millennium (now Anima Mundi) and Tremmenheere. Katewaltersartist (Instagram, Bluesky, Threads)

Morgan B Wood: Dr. Morgan Black Wood is a nonbinary Fine Art graduate from the University of Dundee holding a BA (Hons.), MFA and practice-based PhD. Currently focusing on the development and public performance of a growing body of theatrical poetry, intersecting social history, mythology, gender, queerness and personal lived experience.

Béibhinn Creighton: Béibhinn's work focuses on the Irish underground electronic music scene. She concentrates mainly on the community of the illegal rave scene in Dublin and documenting the unique atmosphere, people and spirit within it. Her work is predominantly in black and white and aims to capture snapshot moments of a subculture defined by music and culture.

Jimmy Saekki: Jimmy Saekki was born in Seoul, South Korea. He received his tertiary education in the United States and the United Kingdom. He works online in the field of education. Recent poems have appeared, or are forthcoming, in *Lost Blonde Minis*, *Dead of Winter IV* (Milk & Cake Press), and *The Metaworker*.

Jessica Anne Rose: Jessica Anne Rose was awarded the Miriam Cotter Award, a full scholarship for an exciting and emerging writer accepted into University College Cork's MA in Creative Writing. A National Student Media Award winner in 2022, Jessica now works as a freelance journalist and facilitates poetry workshops. Jessica's recently published poetry is included in *Abridged*, *A New Ulster*, *ROPES*, *The Stony Thursday*, and *The Wild Umbrella*.

Omar Faruk Cicek: Omer Faruk Cicek is a visual artist and photographer exploring queer identity and archival memory through experimental processes. His work intertwines personal narrative with alternative photographic practices. Perceptions of masculinity and manhood...

Metachrosis

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Chord
Interwoven
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STITCHES
WITH
LINEN
THREAD

