

Melbourne



Culture Corner

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ISSUE 15

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Jean Bohuslav

what a day

the floor thumped
the body landed
the mind in avalanche
as soles found their feet

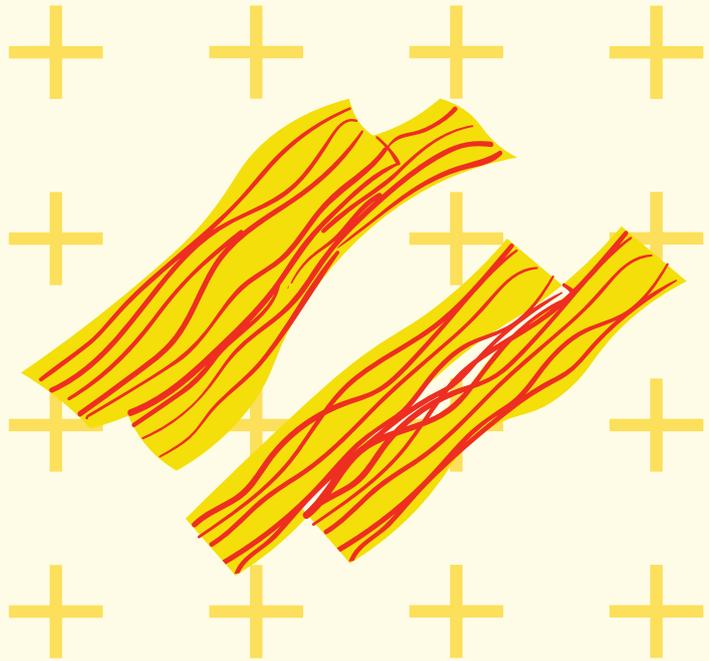
the phone persisted
implications understood
the couch a saviour
while thoughts swam

profanities flew
wind slapping wet washing
sheets dragging mud
grey dogs with a bone

emotions exploding
mascara running
belief bedraggled
like wet tangled hair

god please help the
keys not to fumble
agitation is drunk
shouting help
to be sorted

control absconded
the pen dribbling ink
knowledge unsure
sharing
often draws criticism



Jean Bohuslav enjoys the company of a poetry group on the Surf Coast of Victoria, Australia. She exhibits paintings in Regional Victoria and teaches mindfulness philosophy. Jean has contributed to Meniscus Literary Journal, Poetry On The Move, Bluepepper, Mad Swirl, Tango Australis Journal, Kissing Dynamite, Poetry Wivenhoe, U3A Surf Coast Poetry, Spelt and has had a chap book published by Picaro Poets - Ginninderra Press.

Helen Seymour

Entitlement 1

Young man
Pods in ears
Runs with large dog
Off lead
Beside nature reserve

Woman
Listens to bird calls
Walks with small dog
On lead
Almost knocked over

Young man keeps running
Offers no apology

Entitlement 2

Large numbers of men
In fluorescent vests
March belligerently
Through a city bawling their rights
Throwing urine filled bottles
At uniformed police
And reporters

While most stay home
Respectfully keeping their distance
To protect community

Pandemic cases rise

In a regional seaside town
When the weather is sunny
The driveways of vacant holiday homes
Fill up with expensive cars
From a locked down city

Unreported
Unrepentant

Helen Seymour is a poet, musician and artist. She lives on the Victorian Surf Coast and is active in the Arts in the Geelong region. She has had her poetry published by Ginninderra Press.



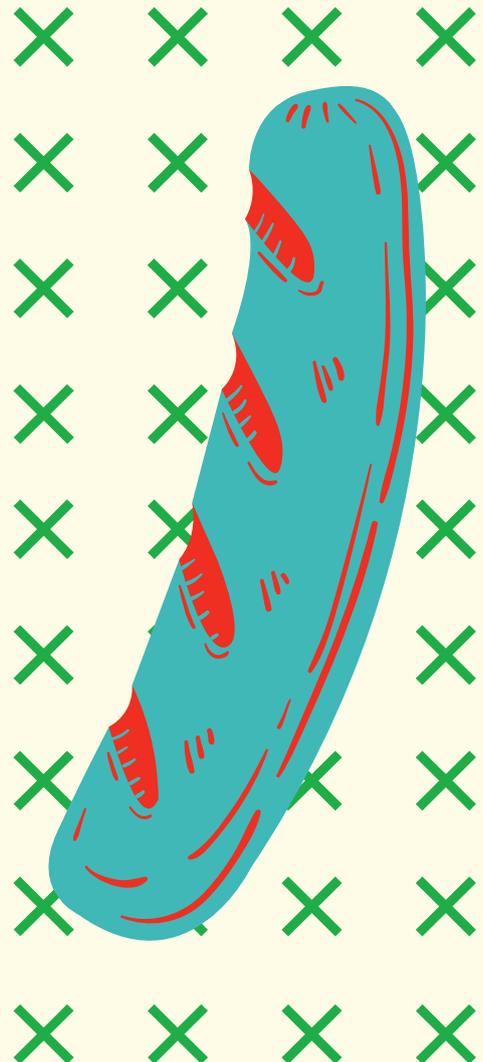
Lynn White

For A Man Of Substance

She pursed her lips and struck a pose.
"Look at them," she thought,
"one black, one white
but under the skin they're the same.
Colourless.
Empty.
No substance."
Each of them looked towards her
more in hope than expectation
perhaps.
She sighed as she shrugged her shoulders.
"Spare my blushes, please," she said
as she went back inside the bar
and bought herself a drink.

A lesser man would have been turned to stone
by such a look,
such a dirty look,
disparaging
dismissive,
certainly worthy of a Gorgon,
but I survived it
I'm glad to say
though I still look uneasily
at the stone statues
commemorating the famous and infamous,
the religious idols,
the gargoyles,
devils and pixies
and I wonder,
was it the skill of the unknown carvers,
or was it just a look that did the trick?
Well, we'll never know.

Lynn White lives in north Wales. Her work is influenced by issues of social justice and events, places and people she has known or imagined. She has been nominated for a Pushcart Prize, Best of the Net and a Rhysling Award.



John Drudge

Celtic Skies

The dawn breaks
Behind forests
Of worship
And sustenance
Along new horizons
Of hope
With archeologists
Sifting sand
As wild horses run
In peace
In war
And religion
Across Hungarian planes
And the Danube valley
Under scattering skies
From the Bronze Age
To a New Age
With pagans worshipping
Under a Celtic sun



John is a social worker working in the field of disability management and holds degrees in social work, rehabilitation services, and psychology. He is the author of three books of poetry: "March" and "The Seasons of Us" (both published in 2019) and New Days (published in 2020). His work has appeared widely in numerous literary journals, magazines, and anthologies internationally. John is also a Pushcart Prize and Best of the Net nominee and lives in Caledon Ontario, Canada with his wife and two children.

Ryan Quinn Flanagan

You Can't Make This Stuff Up

There was a prison break last week from the maximum security down south.

Four inmates.
Two high risk offenders.
Two short timers.

The girlfriend of one of the inmates waiting to pick them up on the outside.

Driving off in a red Ford Escape.
Yes, you read that right.
Escaping in a Ford Escape.

You can't make this stuff up.
It's comedic, though the authorities don't seem to think so.

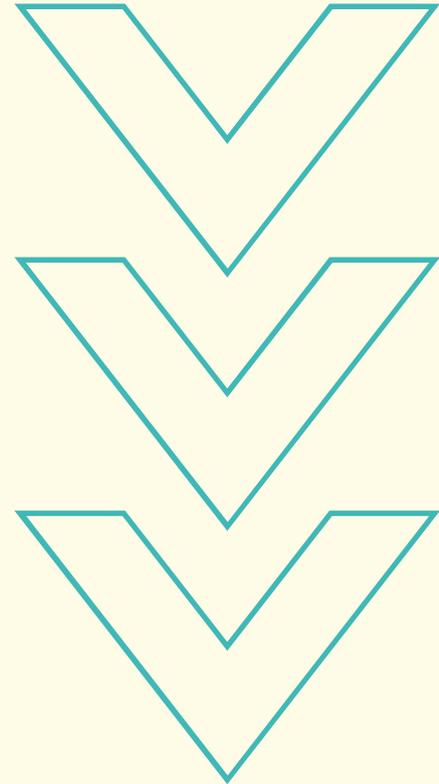
They've setup roadblocks.
Started an investigation to see if there was assistance from any of the guards.

They usually capture most or all quite quickly with these things.

The girlfriend's mother was on the news.
Trying to play it straight, but you could see she wanted to laugh.

The screws dropped the ball and they know it.

The news is now sniffing around their business like all those tracker dogs you see fanning out into nearby fields.



Ryan Quinn Flanagan is a Canadian-born author residing in Elliot Lake, Ontario, Canada with his wife and many bears that rifle through his garbage. His work can be found both in print and online in such places as: Evergreen Review, The New York Quarterly, Cultural Weekly, In Between Hangovers, Red Fez, and The Oklahoma Review.

Ivan de Monbrison

Звезда осталась на балконе,
но окно уже открыто.
там внутри очень холодно.
Ворона говорит на крыше.
В спальне плачет ребёнок,
часы идут назад.
Глаза открыты на стенах,
ты не можешь больше спать,
тебе снится, что ты не мертв,
и твой труп начал петь.

A star left on the balcony,
the window is still open,
it's very cold inside.
A crow speaking on the roof,
a child cries in the bedroom,
the clock goes back.
Eyes open on the walls,
you can't sleep anymore,
you dream, that you are not dead
and your corpse has started to sing.

В карманах глаза
они видят только в темноте.
Но твоя одежда сделана из камня.
Ты ходишь по зеркалам,
они ломаются под твоим весом,
и твой образ тоже разорвал.
Река уже все забыла.
Но забвение
Легко, как воздух,
И глубокий как Память.

Eyes in the pockets
see only in the dark.
But your clothes are made of stone.
You walk on mirrors,
they break under your weight,
and your image is also torned.
The river has already forgotten everything.
But oblivion
is light as air
and deep as memory is.



Aishwarya Khale

Aishwarya Khale has studied creative writing at Exeter College. She has volunteered at UNDP India. She has completed my Masters in Postcolonial writing and Subaltern studies from the University of Mumbai. She has had her poetry published in Mississippi publishing magazine. Her short story, 'Farewell to the sea', has been published on Barnes and Noble and the Apple iBooks platform. Her travelogue has been published with Tripoto India. Her poetry (open mic) was published with Kommune India and Indie Habitat on Youtube. She has published her poetry in The Elpis Pages, Muse India, Mausoleum Press, IMDB critics review with MQAM, Royal Society of Literature, and Loud Coffee Press.

The marketplace by the port

The fish came from nowhere.

It is at once, suddenly, everything.

The pristine blue gleams, scales edged
in moss like honeycombs tangled in blue candy.

He told me the day we kissed, don't cry when you see that I am gone. Ya, there isn't waiting around for me, no drug will help me settle down; I just have to be travellin' on.

The marketplace is a luxurious dollhouse, fishes turning pale, smellier; Lips yellow and mouth- O. Eyes blissfully stoned, translucent beauty, alien life form, lying in the filth, no more ferocious, skin pressed against the hard box.

A good- lovin' rambling man, pocketful of tickets, he held my hand. Purple cakes, he and I ate. Precarious disquiet, electric jellyfish breaking glasses. Dreaded last pinch of the needle, hoping to melt the tumour from my love's neck; a shimmering tuna, dangles through the last breath of the Mystic blue glass life.

This is now where I lay my head, the sun shines over the macaroni tendrils, drawing an ambiguous bed. I slacken my limbs and swivel as though moving through the water and there is no fish. Eruptions of his caramel skin lingers; she mourns and imagines him becoming her nest.

A.R.Salandy

Merriment Incarnate

A confluence of amorous consumption
Intensifies as chardonnay sun becomes engorged,
Christening rouge trees that welcome zealous lovers
As luscious groves widen to the chatter of summer birds,

For stalwart trees lend speckled shade to feversome winds
Rising to the intensifying scent of wild lavender,
A comforting musk in the depths of crystalized heat
Sprinkled over fields where dalliances once simmered

Amongst cooling Dahlias dancing along stalwart rays searing.

Anthony is a mixed-race poet & writer who has spent most of his life in Kuwait jostling between the UK & America. Anthony's work has been published 200 times internationally. Anthony has 2 published chapbooks titled 'The Great Northern Journey' 2020 (Lazy Adventurer Publishing) & 'Vultures' 2021 (Roaring Junior Press). Anthony's Chapbook 'Half Bred' is the Winner of the 2021 'The Poetry Question' Chapbook contest. Anthony's debut YA Novel 'The Sands of Change' was released in October 2021 with Alien Buddha Press. Anthony is the Co-Eic of Fahmidan Journal.

Twitter/Instagram: @anthony64120
<https://arsalandywriter.com/>

