

Fly on the Wall Press

Webzine 2

Change and New Beginnings



Artwork by Amy Alexander.

Edited by Isabelle Kenyon.

Contents

Change By Adrian McRobb	p4
my favorite part By Linda M. Crate	p5
Anticipate By Peter Lilly	p6
Pain Is Such a Personal Thing By Marissa Glover	p7
Chrysalis By Sarah Battison	p8
afterbirth By Lucy Dixcart	p9
Left Behind on the A55 By Juliette van der Molen	p10
A Final Warning By Ceinwen E Cariad Haydon	p11
You are not alone :/ By Deirdre Fagan	p12
Isla By Bella Ellwood-Clayton	p13
FIRST KISS – ALMOST By Judith Kingston	p14
The Body Is A Poem You Will Die Inside By Kristin Garth	p15
August Love By Rachael Ikins	p16
An Interview with Kathleen Swann	p17

A review by the editor of 'Here Comes The Sun'

By Kate Lewington	p18
An Interview with Bethany Rivers	p19
A review by Editor: Thirty Clouds (Knives, Forks and Spoons Press)	p20
An interview with Marg Roberts	p21
A Review by Editor of Cathleen Conway's 'All the Twists in the Tongue'.	p22
Featured Poet Biographies	p23

Change
By Adrian McRobb

Today, I learnt many things; mostly about resistance
to be positive about electricity even when the lights go out
that batteries go to landfill and are not recycled.

Halfords have been fined for recycling their products
laptop batteries hold less charge the more you charge them
lights have come back on because I thought negatively
lemonade bottles when charged with polymer ions make fleece.

Sheep's wool (under certain conditions) attracts lightning
lightning is invisible when the lights are on
rechargeable batteries lose their charge if you leave them in the charger:
reverse polarity!

my favorite part
By Linda M. Crate

the beginning is always
my favorite part
the change, the adventure
from what I've come to know;
but the ending always
kills me
the knowing of the goodbye
hissing itself into the open—
voids come all too easily
widening their jaws
until goodbye is the only option
so please don't kiss me
with absence
I don't think I could endure
you leaving me
with you I don't feel so cold and alone,
and that's rare for me;
because so few understand how i am
or even try to—
but you, I can talk to you,
about anything and you never judge me
only offer me comfort
in the challenges of my life.

Anticipate
By Peter Lilly

She smiles at her ripening lemons
and thinks of seed and citrus smells,
of a swelling rind
and the flavour
of long awaited breath.

She touches her stomach
and wonders of the secrets
being written in
the synapses of
her ovaries.

Finally, the lunar routine
might present its masterpiece:
a collaboration,
an entity,
an holy mystery.

Pain Is Such a Personal Thing
By Marissa Glover

that even the well-meaning fingers
of get-well cards or condolences
don't touch it. Words can't burrow
beneath the blankets our body stitches
around the wound.

Pain is not the sharp skip-hop
of a toe stubbed on unsmooth sidewalk.
Not the salt-stung lip, cut licking
envelopes shut. Pain is a vagabond
with outstretched palms.
A dull guillotine heavy on the neck.

Doctors feign compassion, check the clock,
scribble in their chart: Psychosomatic.
Hypochondria. Munchausen's Syndrome.
We're used to being misdiagnosed.

Spring is finally here—a fanfare
of flowers, then summer's suffocation.
The calendar will turn and find us
slick with memory, still feeling

the pain we carry around like our name.

Chrysalis
By Sarah Battison

I am in a Chrysalis
Going through changes.
I wrap myself in gossamer silk
And retire to
the haven
Of my cocoons.

Where I metamorphosis
into something better
than all these distorted reflections
and imprinted imperfections

I am in a Chrysalis
Going through changes.
I wrap myself in gossamer silk
And retire to
the haven
Of my cocoons.

Growing
Beautifying and purifying my soul
tainted by bloodshed
but ...
a new start awaits

Sunlight submerges
rays bounce from my crystal form
Metamorphosis completed
and
I awaken from sullen slumber
to new beautiful beginnings.

afterbirth
By Lucy Dixcart

when motherhood began

you rose up

thigh-deep in bloodied water
hidden seams uncovered
emptied skin quivering loosely

laughing amazement
at the animal you had become

Left Behind on the A55
By Juliette van der Molen

my window rolled down
and hair slapping a jawline
set in a new way,
not yours,
but my own—
i'm chucking you out
every bit of your
twisted kit
littered behind on
the A55,
with the coast in
my sight line,
rear view mirror
tinted black
left you to melt
on the asphalt,
my face pushed
in the wind.
i used to hear you
but now there's
nothing except
future thumping
between my ears

A Final Warning
By Ceinwen E Cariad Haydon

came from her bloated body
she knew though no-one else could see
she'd let it down

far from home pain spread

she wondered if she'd soon be dead

it stormed that night.
she howled echoed the wild wintry winds

driving in slow motion
dark Cumbrian moorland threatened her
estranged roads directions rearranged swirled –

pelted lights
prismed through raindrop waterfalls
closed roads and diversions

she drove on discomfort made acute
by unwelcome truths

simply her body would not survive abuse

Garsdale to Sedbergh Sedbergh to Kendall
via fells high over Ravenstonedale

to Urgent Care
later in Lancaster's infirmary
she learnt she'd live another day
and maybe more

if she could care belatedly
for her poor neglected body

**You are not alone :/
By Deirdre Fagan**

There is Facebook, Twitter, Instagram
People pixels of words and images

One by one your feed fills

When you celebrate, you post
When surgery happens, you post
When you die, someone else will post for you

In this cathedral we call WWW
poets and people transcend, transmute isolation

If the church has not yet saved you, we have this church here, where we sit swivelling
in our individual pews awaiting the alerts that tell us there are still others

not with shared DNA, but with shared inheritances of language, song, also waiting
for a signal, a post, a blinking cursor of life, yet to be written

Isla

By Bella Ellwood-Clayton

Don't invite her to the party
if you don't want to play
I pick her up early
—lolly bag in hand, resigned
Little Mermaid Outcast.

Neighbourhood friends. Lemonade stands, rollerblading
Summer
But once in the school gates
the same friends forget her name
don't answer her when she speaks
Invisible Girl.

I say the right things
To the girls' mothers. To my daughter.
But she knows, like only women can:
when you're not wanted.

In. out.
The art of exclusion
What did she ever do to you?

At home, she kicks me in the shin
her mouth vile: all the rage of being unseen
screaming

I watched you change
My Sunshine Girl
an emo, age 8
driving to gymnastics
mute and broken in the backseat.

FIRST KISS – ALMOST

In which joy is found in that first moment of discovering love in the other's eyes

By Judith Kingston

We were watching from the window, raucously
sloshing wine into the gerberas below.

He held her so lightly, like you might hold
a cloud, as if she were barely real, or maybe

it was him that was not quite there, vapour and
mist, tethered by the breathless, dewy grass.

His fingers twisted into her mermaid hair,
hers rested on his shoulders as for a dance,

eyes locked in this revelation, this condensing
of longing, buried so long in daily pleasantries.

Our giggles were lost, absorbed into the padded sky,
we took quiet sips, embarrassed now at our crass

intrusion on this most sacred of moments,
the knife edge, poised between states,

the catalyst for crystallisation, the puncture of the
vacuum, the moment before the universe is born.

The Body Is A Poem You Will Die Inside
By Kristin Garth

The leg is a riddle,
decrepitude chides.
Its lift, lamentation,
the last of your pride.
The pain is a lover
inside you who died.
The dance is dementia
devouring its bride.
Your dress swan feathers
dripping formaldehyde.
This stage is a suffering
you must abide.
Your moon has a womb,
an orbit blue-eyed.
The dark, its monarch,
is complicit beside.
Window lattices movement,
quarters your pride.
Your meager desperation
a larger universe spies.
The beast bares tall teeth
pink jowls, jaws wide.
His master a question
masquerading as guide.
In bed, curtained red,
you scream to a mutual sky.
Two lips, miniature, quiver
configure one word — why?
This house holds his secrets
it, one night, confides —
the body is a poem
you will die inside.

August Love
By Rachael Ikins

It was always August.
The favorite month.
I used to say I loved May best
The swelling lust
anticipation and pastel sense
Of life

But once the tide of hormones, pollens
And mating calls ebbs, it is swollen August
Her taut fecundity; reds, golds, long dark green.
Things to eat, barefoot on the grass as cicada
And cricket complication punctuated with katydids'
Question owns the air. Where only a few June fireflies linger
Winking at the window, perhaps attracted by the blue flicker
Of the television.

May, we all will live forever. Nothing matters once orgasm
Clutches you. In August we achieve mortality, even as juice
Runs down our chins, fresh picked blackberries for breakfast,
Cucumber, tomato sandwich from the garden for lunch,
Sweet corn with a side of leaf lettuce salad minutes' old, dinner.

Sun slants whiter, painting the deck and windows with altered Hues, so subtle you might
not realize until it is 8:00 at night
And you are sitting in dusk. A cool night, you sleep through under several
Blankets and you dream of winter.

After breakfast you stand before the vegetable patch
Hands on your hips.
somehow it grew to sprawl reigned over by Queen Zucchini
And you count on your fingers. In 63 days, this will all be dead.
The only survivors, potatoes asleep in earth's grip.

You didn't grow corn this year but last week with coupons and sale priced
Bags of "bits and scraps" earth made at the county facility from compost
you bought a frame for an 8 ft square add-on for the corn
For next year, and you sit at your kitchen table and start marking the days off
On your calendar, a pencil slash through each, approximately 200
days and nights until you have your own corn.



An Interview with Kathleen Swann

Persona Non Grata featured poet

1). How long have you been writing and what was it that inspired you to first put pen to paper?

I always had a vivid imagination and great teachers at school encouraged me to write and to read a wide variety of poetry and fiction. As a child I wrote stories, plays and poems, probably not very well but it set me off on a life of wanting to write. Life gets in the way of course and when I was writing documents and board papers I promised myself that when I had the time I would concentrate on writing poetry. Ten years ago I did an Open University access course to writing poetry and I haven't stopped since.

2). Your poem, Tommy, features in anthology 'Persona non Grata'. It seems like a personal account - can you explain the story behind it?

Tommy was the 'bogyman' of our childhood in the 1950s. I was brought up in a small Cumbrian village with a large farming community. There was little traffic in the village with only people like the doctor using a car regularly so as children we played our games up and down the street. Tommy was a frequent passerby, two or three times a day he would walk from one side of the village up our street to the fields on the outskirts. He was a frightening sight to us in old, dirty, worn clothes and wrapped in sacking tied with string. He never spoke but glared at us with haunted eyes. Years later, when talking to my mother, she told me that he had been a farm hand in rented accommodation and had joined up to fight in the war. He was reported missing, presumed dead and his job and home had been given to someone else. He came back at the end of the war having been a prisoner following capture in France and suffering from Shell Shock or Post Traumatic Stress Disorder as it is called now. He did live in a corrugated iron shack and local people gave him vegetables and fruit from their gardens and allotments. He always did look old and gaunt but we children grew up and forgot about him. Children can be very self-centred but he was a significant figure for a while.

Persona Non Grata is available from...

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a. **FOYLES**

Waterstones

*A Review of 'Here Comes The Sun' by Katie Lewington
Reviewed by Isabelle Kenyon*

Katie Lewington's 'Here Comes The Sun', is a collection of reflective and frank, stripped-back poetry.

I enjoyed the nostalgia of poems such as, 'Photo bomber',

*'a wave
splashing over the backs of their feet
the ladies shriek
split open—
a photo of the blurred summer memory.'*

and nodded along to poems such as, 'Wi-Fi', which explores how addicted we all are, and the temporary or hollow relief we gain from using it.

The collection is peppered with amusing titles such as, 'I didn't think I would ever hear Bob Dylan in a sex shop' and Kate starts some interesting debate around the casual sex conversation:

*'the supposed shame of having
sex with a stranger*

because we identify as female

*taught men to be bullets
and women to be targets.'*

Poetry at its best does encourage these conversations and a chance to the reader to reflect on their position.

I enjoyed the personification of the weather in the world around Kate - poems such as 'Pier' describe how the

*'windy pier blows
its way across the pavement
one thrust of its hips at a time',* bringing the environment to life.

Kate uses the outside world and nature as a way of expressing her mental health at the time - 'Fragile' describes

*'the way in which
the sand shifts
like a thousand tiny ants
over my hands',* suggests to the prickling feeling of anxiety or foreboding.

'Here Comes The Sun' by Kate Lewington is available via the author direct or via Amazon.



An Interview with Bethany Rivers

'Persona Non Grata' featured poet.

How long have you been writing and what was it which inspired you to first put pen to paper?

I've been writing poetry and stories since the age of eight, but it became more frequent in my teenage years. Writing has always been something that has intrigued me, how you can open up new worlds and connections through the alchemy of

writing. I think the death of my dad when I was quite young fed my writing, made me want to excavate my thoughts and feelings more, to gain clarity and authenticity of expression. I love the feeling of connection I get when I read/listen to other writers, and I love the connection I build with an audience when performing my own poetry. Words are bridges. It's what I always come back to.

You have a poem, 'Posted on the quiet', in the 'Persona Non Grata' anthology - would you like to shed some light on the story behind it?

More men die from suicide than any other cause of death, in this country. There has been an increase in suicide since the austerity measures imposed by the Tory party, which has hit the most vulnerable in our society, as they don't have a voice. I very much feel that there is blood on the hands of this government, but they're allowed to get away with it, because this silent murdering is hidden by layers of bureaucracy. Suicide so often goes unnoticed, un-commented upon, and yet it rips apart families, and the very fabric of society. I've personally experienced great financial hardship, and I'm always aware of that famous line from Richard III: There, but for the grace of god, go I.

What are you working on at the moment?

At the moment I'm working on putting together a couple of pamphlets and a full collection of poetry. I'm also on the look out for a new writing project to get my teeth into. I've been spending a lot of time in the editing role rather than writing lately. As well as that, there is the first issue of the online poetry magazine I'm editing, As Above So Below, coming out for winter solstice, so I'm very excited about that.

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*A review by Editor Isabelle Kenyon: Thirty Clouds (Knives,
Forks and Spoons Press)*

Cloud 3

*'dreams
Destroy each other. We become
our dreams.'*

'Thirty Clouds' is a gorgeous collaboration between poet George Szirtes and artist, Clarissa Upchurch. It invites the reader to 'read the clouds' and read the words and images in new ways, each offering the first a new meaning.

Cloud 4

*'it is as though figures
of speech could catch fire and consume
the head'*

I enjoyed the experimental form and the way the poems look a physical shape in the same way as their corresponding clouds. The work felt philosophical and reflective and articulated the impressions art can leave on the viewer, eloquently and creatively:

'they are patterns: a flung head, a blaze of cloud, your hair on fire.'

Cloud 6

*'back then
clouds were like hands, dark
scooping up what remained
of sky as if the shield us from
ourselves.'*

Cloud 6 and 14 are examples of where this work suggests a criticism of humanity and the damage we are capable of; our fragility:

Cloud 14

'almost pathetic. Almost vulnerable.'

This suggested to me that the universe is larger than we can ever be and the forces of nature will always be stronger in comparison to the human. Cloud 26 adds further: *'if we had to start all over again we wouldn't start here.'*

My favourite 'cloud' was 19 - a gorgeous image of a cloud with the face of seal like animal, brought to life by

*'the cloud
Lay on its side
Like a seal turning round
To face us, as if nature had
a face.'*

'Thirty Clouds' is available via the **Knives Forks and Spoons** website [here](#).



An Interview with Marg Roberts

'Persona Non Grata' featured poet.

How long have you been writing and what was it which inspired you to first put pen to paper?

I have loved reading since childhood, but it wasn't until I took early retirement that I thought I could write. My poems are largely about the people in the world around me. I was inspired to write my first novel as a result of a creative writing course and an idea I had for a crime novel. It was a brilliant idea (!) sadly that novel wasn't published though I learned a lot about how to write by doing it.

You have 2 poems in the 'Persona Non Grata' anthology - would you like to shed some light on the story behind each one?

Forgotten hero was written for Warwick's Poet Laureate competition which I won in 2009. The topic was 'heroes' and I described a man I saw get off a local bus. He didn't seem to belong and I made up a story about him. How he might feel among the shoppers around him who seemed to have money and friends.

Forgotten was written after a workshop run in Stratford by poet, Angela France. I read the document which described Mary Ann Royal's admittance to Gloucester's Lunatic Asylum. Her husband took her there and from the medical details she seemed to have been beaten, may have had dementia though she was young (43). Again I imagined her story- being beaten by her husband and discarded when she was no longer able to look after him. In writing about her, and women like her, I was able to give her a voice, just as I did with the man who got off 67 bus.

What are you working on at the moment?

I am always looking for opportunities to give a reading or talks about my novel, A Time for Peace. I am working on another novel, Only Gravel under your feet. I've finished a third draft and need to re-read it and settle down to write a final draft. I have just completed a Poetry school course on writing about personal and public traumas. I have 5 poems which I need to edit and send out.

What I have enjoyed about becoming a writer, is the people I meet that I otherwise wouldn't have met as well as reading a much wider range of novels and poetry. That is an unexpected bonus.

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FOYLES

Waterstones

*A Review of Cathleen Conway's 'All the Twists in the
Tongue'
Reviewed by Isabelle Kenyon*

This collection, published by Grey Book Press, is an intriguing fusion of quotes by Plath about her husband, Ted Hughes (which were edited out by Hughes when publishing Sylvia Plath's journals) and Conway's interpretation of Plath's thoughts.

Poem: 'I His ~~dreamwoman/muse/~~ wife' explores the unattainable dreams which Plath observes her husband holds:

'he has fanatic ideas - he wants to get thin... *he is a genius...*'.

You can feel the bitterness of her words seep through the page.

In the poem 'Folk dance', Conway writes:

*'every full breath the children take is
like germs of evil. A very dangerous disease, sins of the fathers.'* - here Cat channels Plath's pure hatred of Hughes in this moment. She calls him, *'still like a child in many things'* - it is addictive to feed on this illicit material and it appeals to the gossip- like first of the reader.

This book left me wanting to read more of Conway's work - if the careful consideration of Plath's words, and the skill with which she presents them is anything to go by, Conway's own writing must be worth a look.

["All the Twists in the Tongue" by Cathleen Allyn Conway is available from Grey Book Press](#)

Poet Biographies (In order of appearance)

Peter Lilly

Peter Lilly is a British poet. Originally from Gloucester, He studied Theology in London, worked with the homeless in Watford, and now lives in Montpellier, France. His poetry has appeared in the 2018 anthology *Please Here What I am Not Saying*, and the online journal *Barehands*.

Blog: <http://peterlillypoetry.blogspot.com/> Twitter: @peterlillypoems

Marissa Glover

Marissa Glover teaches and writes in the United States, where she is the managing editor at *Orange Blossom Review* and the poetry editor at Barren Press. Her poetry is found in UK journals such as *Amaryllis*, *Three Drops from a Cauldron*, *Picaroon*, *Poetry24*, *Solstice Sounds*, *Ink*, *Sweat & Tears*, and *Nine Muses*—and is forthcoming from *Bonnie's Crew* and *Riggwelter*. Follow her on Twitter @_MarissaGlover_.

Sarah Battison

Sarah is a 28 year old woman from the West Midlands, UK. She is a mother of 3 and has been writing her whole life, she now hopes to inspire others through her poetry. Sarah is the author of 'The Journey to Happiness', which can be found here: <http://amzn.eu/d/a9EBd9v> . Sarah also has poems published in 'Further Within Darkness & Light, Paul B Morris'. Twitter: @BattisonSarah

Lucy Dixcart

Lucy Dixcart has an MA in Creative Writing from Bath Spa University. She lives in rural Kent with her family and divides her time between motherhood, poetry and copywriting.

Juliette van der Molen

Juliette van der Molen is a writer and poet living in the Greater NYC area. She is an intersectional feminist and a member of the LGBTQIA community. She is a contributing editor for *Mookychick Magazine* and author of *Death Library: The Exquisite Corpse Collection* (*Moonchild Magazine*, August 2018). Forthcoming books include: *Mother, May I?* (*Animal Heart Press*, May 2019) and *Anatomy of A Dress* (*Hedgehog Poetry Press*, 2019). You can connect with her on Twitter via @j_vandermolen.

Ceinwen E Cariad Haydon

Ceinwen lives in Newcastle upon Tyne, UK, and writes short stories and poetry. She has been widely published in web magazines and in print anthologies. She graduated with an

MA in Creative Writing from Newcastle University in 2017. She believes everyone's voice counts.

Deirdre Fagan

Deirdre Fagan is a widow, wife, and mother of two who has published poetry, fiction, and nonfiction. Fagan is also the author of *Critical Companion to Robert Frost* and has published a number of critical essays on poetry, memoir, and teaching pedagogy. She is an associate professor and coordinator of creative writing at Ferris State University. Meet her at deirdrefagan.com

Bella Ellwood-Clayton

Bella Ellwood-Clayton is an award-winning author and internationally acclaimed sexual anthropologist. She studied in Montreal, Canada, and completed a PhD on women's sexuality at the University of Melbourne, Australia. In 2012, her nonfiction book, *Sex Drive: in Pursuit of Female Desire*, was published with Allen & Unwin. She appears regularly on television and radio and gives talks about love and relationships, including a TEDx talk. She will host *The Science of Sex Drive* on *The Love Destination* (global video-on-demand network partnering with Samsung and Sony for everything love, dating, and relationships, launching on 8 million devices in the US in early 2019). She has published short stories, poetry, and writes for publications such as *Huffington Post* and *Daily Life*.

Judith Kingston

Judith Kingston is a Dutch writer living in the UK. Her poetry has been published in *Fly on the Wall Press* anthology "Persona non Grata" as well as a number of online magazines and is set to appear in *Riggwelter* and *Piccaroon* magazines in May 2019. It has also been performed in a number of Off West End immersive theatre productions. Follow her on Twitter: [@judithkingston](https://twitter.com/judithkingston)

Kristin Garth

Kristin Garth is a Pushcart & Best of the Net nominated poet from Pensacola and a sonnet stalker. Her sonnets have stalked magazines like *Five: 2: One, Yes, Glass*, *Anti-Heroic Chic*, *Occulum*, *Drunk Monkeys*, *Luna Luna*, *TERSE. Journal* and many more. Her chapbook *Pink Plastic House* is available from *Maverick Duck Press*, and she has another *Pensacola Girls* from *Bone & Ink Press*. She has two forthcoming: *Shakespeare for Sociopaths* (The Hedgehog Poetry Press Jan 2019), *Puritan U* (Rhythm & Bones Press March 2019) and *A Victorian Dollhousing Ceremony* (Rhythm & Bones June 2019). She also has a full length upcoming *Candy Cigarette* from *Hedgehog Poetry* in April. Follow her on Twitter: ([@lolaandjolie](https://twitter.com/lolaandjolie)), her weekly poetry column *The Sonnetarium* and her website (kristingarth.com).

Rachael Ikins

Rachael Ikins is a prize winning author/artist. Her newest books are Just Two Girls (poetry) and For Kate (poetry) from Clare Songbirds Publishing House.