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conversations on swansong 2025, coming together by harriet bowman, becoming mother & the indomitable human spirit by jess currie, date poems by cole denyer, back to the old shop by jill mcknight, cowboy dewpond by herfa martina thompson, the heartbreaker by beth waite.





Becoming Mother & the Indomitable Human Spirit ♡♡♡♡♡♡♡♡♡♡♡♡♡♡♡♡♡♡♡♡♡♡♡♡♡♡♡♡

The year before pregnancy, LSD was ingested for the first time after a diagnosis of Borderline Personality Disorder. Antipsychotics were declined by the patient after warnings of weight gain and cognitive dulling. Grogginess did not seem survivable. Clarity of thought mattered.

On a Sunday morning, the girl met by chance with three strangers at a Wetherspoons in Clapham Junction. A sports massage had just ended nearby. A lighter was requested from men, and the men were still lingering from the night before. Conversation followed. A blotter tab of LSD was consumed.

Without prior experience. Visual distortions were expected but did not arrive. Work continued. The girl was a research administrator and what had followed was an administrative experience. Files were sorted endlessly. Then more files. Internal order replaced spectacle. Perspective widened. The self appeared as nothing but object.

The facade assembled quickly. Thirty something. Lightweight. Overly friendly. Excessively pleasant. A limited range of outcomes implied by appearances alone. Presentation and interior unaligned. Endurance dominated. Pain could be sat with for long periods. Tiresome. Identification with the outward self never fully formed.

Later, an interview with Nick Cave surfaced. He spoke of early contempt for the world and the people in it. A position both seductive and indulgent. Youth, he said, carried no awareness of what was coming.

In 2013, work took place at Glastonbury Festival. Attendance was last minute - unplanned. A substitution. A willingness to go without hesitation. Another administrative experience followed. Risk remained high. Contempt remained intact.

MDMA was taken in significant quantity. A woman with blue hair appeared in an open field. Familial resemblance was claimed by the stranger. Old photographs were shared. Time passed without shape.

Nitrous oxide circulated. Inhalation followed. Breathing slowed and deepened. Hypoxia likely occurred. A ticking sensation began. Tick tick tick tick tick... Frames appeared. Perspective pulled back rapidly. Hundreds of moments. Then thousands. Laughter continued. The phrase about life flashing before the eyes.....

Nick Cave later described devastation as the teacher of life's preciousness and the essential goodness of people.

During childbirth, severe blood loss occurred. Hypovolemic shock. Organs began to shut down. Awareness narrowed. Death felt imminent. Goodbyes were spoken. Resistance faded. Blood loss felt calming. After a prolonged labour, the body released control.

Such responses are common in near death experiences. During physiological collapse, endogenous opioids and endorphins are released. Pain reduces. Calm emerges.

Recovery progressed slowly. Movement often felt absent. At various points, teams intervened to maintain stability. A chance meeting occurred in a sauna when a guide appeared. Time passed. Contact resumed. Somatic work followed.



Exhibit 56789567895678

Movement often felt absent. At various points, teams intervened to maintain stability. A chance meeting occurred in a sauna - when a guide appeared. Time passed. Contact resumed. Work followed. Sessions did not begin or end cleanly. They existed as part of life itself.

In one of the final meetings, rhythm became apparent and recognition was immediate. The tick tick tick. The lotus opening. Shedding. Reemerging. No origin point. No conclusion. Only continuity.

Spirituality appeared not as belief, instruction, or destination, but as a texture. Embedded in the domestic. Present in the ordinary. Available in the banal.

Nick Cave described hopefulness as hard earned. Not neutral. Adversarial. A force capable of dismantling cynicism.

No wisdom is really offered here. This is just a record - to be of note. To be apart of the admin. A year shaped by rupture without narrative repair.

Nothing really resolved. No real clarity arrived. No revelation remained intact. What persisted was orientation rather than meaning. A body that continued to respond. Hopeful, if yet still damaged. Attention that stayed open. The world continuing to arrive. No triumph. No lesson. Only continuation. Still moving. The tick tick tick tick tick tick tick....The quiet return of the indomitable human spirit.

Dust on fire died in grain surpluses on an empty stage the water you drink forever is black shingle Blue Wolf Red Wolf covered in vernichtet	07.08.25	alive in your mouth under dusking trees flood the zone with shit worldsick in the ether of its linear composition a giant artificial moon curls into our chests zero streets now paradised black minutes	
Psocids in flour Iron Dome metal song tuneless the sky today is aerial footage naked ground folding why isn't the wind moving? no its true promise watered names security dilemma not one single sequence retracting as perpetual Habsora Lavender is tenderness unceasing Harop loitering munitions lifeless schema Palgrave Handbook of International Political Theory covered finalities so the birds can fly there	26.07.25	In the Oscar Niemeyer bar gimlet voice estrangement each vertical option ends in the circulation zone the Radical political art its choking unrepentant exit-competition this game contains the world I have imagined falling away misprisions silver tributes the meaning of this my friends remove themselves from the scene through voluntary exile could be considered a conspiracy of faith or half-deserted feelings again the upper ranges then lower middle ranges could hear their echoing clad in small mosaics to be active in relation to a dead thing threat of exit as an instrument of voice is here replaced by its mirror image, the promise of re-entry	08.10.25
Kayfabe through a ream of sunlight spathe of my heart Mustaqbal don't say that word to me syringed out PV-Wind-DG-Battery image classification, literature, waste collection in that order but leave me my love adapted to its technical principle & held in the advancement of a society on the Gulf of Aqaba cinema museum its roof official nitrate air beautiful vistas	30.08.25		

25.09.25

You do forget the scotch-taped
networks at dawn how many
Fortune 500 CEOs make poetry
out of kerosene Patriarcha
after his tongue their Families
then Nations elegy did not begin,
choruses instead ID people
have to eat remember
the upskilling aneurysm of my heart
its blended finance instruments
sulphate of ammonia
the phenol in Ozymandias
a lake filled all the same
exit dream let me go
to my caretaking angel
ethics of hell
called name this city

15.09.25

Decades in Rössing golden apples
charter cities follistatin gene therapy
white angel comes to the Virgin
a bipartisan holds my head
lips are of desert ice
interior oceans & digits
the air is cut to hyper-secret
dust of bodies patchwork myostatins
blood goes in special zones
comes normal politics
either exit or voice
or creeping myrtle
after its legal death

23.05.25

Crawling down the slue
of your name pishogues
sometimes with blood
& my floating care near
not enough the wold cures
precious nakedness,
as if to reassure itself not enough
sealed behind bins or
some elevation near Roberts Close
to watch again not enough
care remade into chase or found
means a hole, or tear
& when you escape your
tract & leak into other places
in your body opening palmistry
& nights panic these zones are silent,
anechoic nearnight come
barbitone dawns chorus
I can see your face buried in mine,
watching the livestream
of Our Lady & St Vincent
& loosened hair orts, containers,
useless things solemnly whipped
through town & market-place ;
parts of the throat I feel through the skin,
& not die in your own sons
vacant bedroom hosanna to split
can hardly write these lines of epithet
red diamonds white lux marbles
bodys nags crescentshaped
hurts dumb brassic tongue
switch on junket staithe
silo again for what it's worth
alone together

17.06.25

& 275 tonnes of Westmorland Green slate
painted Vanta black

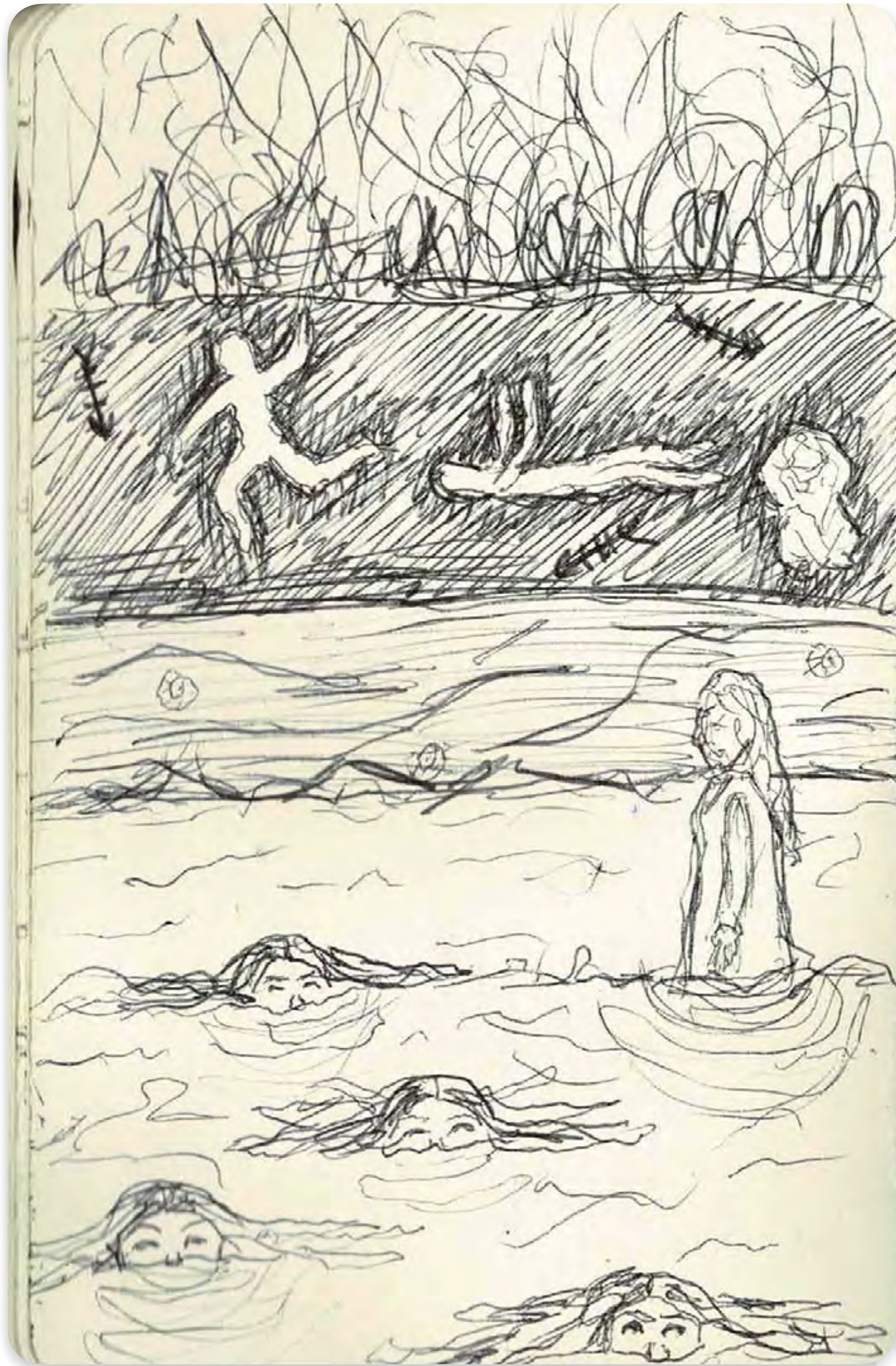
A Shopping Centre of human bird noises
coming out the masseuse chairs
chloroform soaked life
singing to dead thrushes
Moorgate rains ethanol fluid
turns the mourning out of earth
scatological rites of all nations
under corporate umbrellas
welded indices small pillboxes of faith curls
in ludic circles NCP London clay
bellum mouth runs out
the deregulated Square Mile Roman City
boundaries its 'Corporation'
65,000 cubic metres of soil
for Bronze long-limbed hares
& CLC veneers this is worlds
impenetrable edge gets buried
under Carillon like a charred linnet buff
burning for burnings sake
nightstars cloudnines
elected representatives arcane
Common Councilmen,
milk-paled Aldermen, sallow sheriffs
& Lords from Medieval guilds
a jasmine flower stuck behind your ears
air-kissing the profoundest carrion
cerulean amytheus cut vitrified
British Transport Police Mosaics
stolen municipal chairs
& newly widened centre arches
& the pavement of City Roads
its agoraphobia, forged epistle flax,
watch as they start carving up
the Ossulton Estate
double-helix crick shaped,
the function room into flats





Darkness is a tender friend. With her I can see the stars and gaze upon longingly at the moon. In darkness I skip and jump, running like a wild horse but quietly on the dew soaked stones on the hills. Everything is still still in the darkness, her silence intense but listen close enough, she sings a soft hum beckoning one to be brave to meet one's mirror at the dew pond. In the darkness, I am myself, cloaked in nothing but cold air. It's tempting to want to fill the bed with the warmth of two bodies to fend her away for a second but maybe next solstice, that may be the case – just not this one.

But still I dance with her around the fire - darkness' gift. The fire is beautiful, gloriously illuminated by her presence. I burn the year in the flames, watching it twist and sputter until there's nothing left but ashes. Darkness kisses me goodbye to leave the soft glow of the beginning of days becoming brighter still.



The Heartbreaker 11/11/2010

Sukenda is a beautiful, gorgeous & evil woman! She is filled with unkindness, hatred & vainness. This horrible woman tricks people into loving her and then, she breaks their hearts in a way that no one else can! But how is this?

It's now June, summertime, & it's time for Sukenda to start breeding. This may sound rather odd for a human being. However, a human being she is not! Do you remember that I said she breaks people's hearts in a way that no one else can? This is because she is

only half human! The other half is a horrible, slithering & deadly snake!

She once met a man - a handsome man, no doubt - & played her terrible trick on him, like she did to all men. He fell in love with her because of her misleading good looks. They were the perfect couple. It was almost as if their purpose in this world was to meet each other. Until something terrible happened...



11/11/2025

It felt like forever that she had been wandering the depths of the forest. Enveloped by the mighty pines and grounded by crunching leaves ^{underfoot}, her eyes began to weary from the beams of light creeping behind each tree. Just as she was about to give up the fight against her heavy eyelids, there he was, as if ^{manifesting} ~~appearing~~ from one of the beams of light. Slowly slithering towards her, each intricate scale reflected the light back into the atmosphere, his forked tongue acting as an arrow towards his intended beacon; her.

She froze, untrusting of what lies before her. Just as she began to believe the reality that her eyes were trying to tell her, she heard a defiant scream come from behind her. This was soon drowned out by the blood curdling scream that escaped ~~her~~ from her own lips. A figure stood before her, proud and triumphant, a bloodied sword in one hand, and the head of a snake in the other, the rest of its body lying lifelessly indignant amongst the browning leaves.





2025