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## Advanced Writing Practice: Poetry

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## The Bath

wash your face  
dense in red rubber, a seed of ooze and stick  
so I did  
but not without melodies  
ones in particular that would lick wounds like  
dogs  
turn on the music, turn on the tap  
one is denser than the other  
*They pass me by*

decided I would instead wash my body  
the face would go along with it  
burning on the skin sounded pleasant  
*all of those great romances*

so I let the flames leak miserably into the bowl  
no bubbles to dribble from it since  
i forgot to go to the supermarket  
its past skin shed repetitively over the borders  
each a different scent i'm not very consistent  
*My picture clear*

Everything seemed so easy  
i never sing in case I croak and someone hears  
meanwhile a 12-year-old is screeching in the shower  
i wonder when the trepidation hit  
*and so I dealt you the blow*

ripples escape on my decent  
feeling sorry for myself that no one wants to stay  
*One of us had to go*

it's funny how the body goes numb  
hit with ice that scales the blood  
a reptilian response  
i watch a hair suffocate under my toe  
*now it's different, I want you to know*

something punctures the peace  
*One of us is crying*

imitating a lawnmower  
gliding a razor through its task  
it's getting louder but I can't close a window  
to stop it  
Staring at the ceiling  
*wishing she was somewhere else instead*

embracing the skin on his chest  
tied to his grappling soul.

## Remembering

Fortunate fancies in the common room at 9  
Sheathed in the silk from your mother's bed  
Masculine vivacity in splendored lure

Ascending upwards where touch will linger  
Honey-sweet on warming breast  
Fortunate fancies in the common room at 9

Reflections blur around tightening grip  
Lest disruption falls from the frame  
Masculine vivacity in splendored lure

Syrup from the window  
Running dew on the nape from the bite  
Fortunate fancies in the common room at 9

Countless chords do gently burn  
Intricate stem or intermittent echo  
Masculine vivacity in splendored lure

Staccato cries meet favours end  
As moonlight parts this radiant skin  
Fortunate fancies in the common room at 9  
Masculine vivacity in splendored lure

**Creating Problems**

Weak are the soles of the shakers  
*Torn to shreds by it*  
 Weak are the soles of the shakers  
*Poppin' pills for it*  
 Weak are the soles of the shakers  
*Can't we fuck this shit up*  
 Weak are the soles of

Quiet in the corner unassuming uninvolved  
 Told every motherfucker I'm jus' chillin' that's the cause (breathe)  
 Choking on the fat that suffocates, meditate (gasp)  
 Feelin' is the doubt you feel feelin' nothin' at all  
 Got this song on rewind  
 Gotta do it thirty times or else my family will die  
 Tappin' fingers in line  
 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8 different words at a time  
 Sippin' water perfect second perfect time every night  
 Inhale up, exhale down, down  
 Weight leave ma' chest  
 May as well have cobbled stones in here instead of a breast  
 Pools of water pools of holy water blessing these hands  
 Tryna' rest my head from all these fuckin' useless demands  
 Tie the knot to help me cut the knot free from the stands  
 Callin' all the numbers so that one at least understands  
 I'm messed up, I messed up  
 Don't eye me that way  
 Imagine tryna live each day if life for you was the same  
*Creatin' Problems*

## The Player

As would be an elderly gentleman, sipping tea admirably into the flimsy and wasted cups of a home, the complexities of one such relic never cease. Infinitely intricate in its set up, with each fine detail drastically altering the state of one's mood; a slip of anticlockwise complication will scrape the tongues of sweetness bland. And bitter.

Supposedly trendy but apologetically abandoned. Shaking snow from the crannies in the summertime. Avoiding the heat lest they warp into distaste, like the tea. Creating tiny pricks in the skin to find purpose. To identify and express.

Such was the life of the player. Once drawn to every candied singer and dancing queen. Judged not for the sound they made but for the one he created. Tracing the lines of their skin with intimate aggression, twirling for dizzying climax. The favourites would return; a routine on a Monday evening over dinner and wine. Others crammed in an upright trajectory to long for their moment of worth.

He settles down with one in the wake of loneliness and they gather dust together until deciding to pack into sleep's sleeve. Not to meet again for a while, if ever. If you believe in such things.

**New Life**

Does one tire of seeing  
A shadow of a reflecting window  
On a cream carpet  
Stepped on 200 times a day by  
An eclectic mix of feet  
An ant from the outside  
Freer than I on my laptop screen  
Broken in twos or sevens depending on the occasion  
The harmonising in the still of the evening  
And the violence of the day

These are the little things  
Noticed only when binary won't chant  
And partner won't moan  
When the space is filled with every other thing  
A gleam on a fireplace  
A cubic celestial being  
Shaking like a pill bottle or  
An unbroken strip of neon

Nothing to celebrate  
Anxious of movement and  
New voices until your eyes burn  
Empty glasses with hues of distaste  
And boredom  
Stripes on a newly designed couch

They wonder why you never left  
Ageing them without antidote  
Succumbing them to your weight  
Exfoliating complexion by accident

Plain paper  
Suffocating between glass doors  
To stop the rattle and the wave  
To keep the stillness

Astonishingly, there's a new sort of comfort  
In being the observer of stillness.

**Vogue at Home**

*(The following poem was constructed using a number of British Vogue online articles)*

Dressing up  
with nowhere to go  
Positive escapism

To add joy to your habits  
Permanently changed  
At the heart of uncertainty

Crisis in costume  
To see you through  
The most glamorous grocery run

Dreamiest summer  
The incoming heatwave  
Looked perfect in pastel shades

Now isolating in magical windows  
Weathering the current storm  
Dazzling dressed down

Everything you ever wanted  
Reveals an inner anger  
Guaranteed to start unpacking.