



HT22 • ISSUE NO. 12 • JESUS, LINCOLN, EXETER

# THE TURL

## Rebirth

### ART

Portraits by Emily  
Borghaus  
Digital Art by Tara Williams

### WRITING

Selected poetry and prose

### TSAF

Books which changed the  
way we think  
Lino Printing Workshop

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# Note from the editors

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*Dear Readers,*

Hello, and thank you for picking up the first edition of The TURL of 2022! We are the new editors, Anna (Jesus) and Thea (Exeter), and we're so excited to be following in the footsteps of Ella and Riana. The TURL has always been a collaborative expression of love for the arts, and we're very passionate about continuing that during our time as editors. We'd also like to thank Tom Brown, whose generous support continues to fund this publication.

Hilary can often be a term of heavy workloads and grey days, and it's all too easy to feel stagnant. This is partly why we decided that our theme for this term should be REBIRTH - in the face of burnout, it's important to remember that better times are coming. We wanted to reflect not merely on the traditional connotations of rebirth, but on the constant cycle of endings and beginnings that we experience both internally and externally on a day-to-day basis. From the explorations of moving on while still holding onto memory seen in both Archie Turner's and Jake Reid's poems, to the contemplation of death in Aram Masharqa's piece, each contribution presents the theme through a vastly different lens. Lose yourself in the depths of Emily Borghaus' portraits, and feel uplifted by the hopeful message of Tara Williams' digital artwork.

We also owe a massive thank you to everyone who helped to organise Turl Street Arts' Festival 2022 - it was an amazing ten days of a myriad of different arts activities, and we've featured some of the work produced. As our society experiences something of its own 'rebirth' in emerging from the pandemic, we can all hope to keep coming together through art (and say a definitive goodbye to online drink-and-draws).

But for now, we hope you enjoy the HT22 edition, and have a relaxing, rejuvenating vacation!

TURL Love,  
Anna & Thea

*Our beautiful and powerful cover art for this issue was painted by Emily Borghaus. It is a life drawing depicting femininity in its raw and realistic form, reminding us of where we all came from.*

What does

# Rebirth



*(Anonymous answers from our stall at the Turl Street Arts' Fair)* *mean to you?*

*Everything,  
always*

*A momentary  
caesura from which  
you can never return*

*Cutting your  
own hair at  
11pm while  
wine-drunk*

*Getting to the  
end of the road,  
and seeing a new  
one on the  
horizon*

*The human condition*

*tidying your  
room*

*baby back in the  
womb and out  
again*

*Finding the  
new in the  
familiar*

RESOLUTIONS  
I HAVE  
ALREADY  
GIVEN UP

*Late night burst  
of motivation to  
change my life*

*Not forgetting  
the past, but  
letting its grip on  
you loosen until  
you can move*



# WIM HOF SAYS HE TRIES TO DIE AT LEAST ONCE A DAY

*Aram Masharqa, Jesus*

What about the unbearable (pain of a daily) birth?

Eternal return of the same  
-history repeats itself  
-all men lie  
-etc.

Ultimately, hell is a repeated birth...  
a Renaissance by another name would be as  
false (birth and death are hegemonic).



\*

I do not think I will ever die:  
I apparate (my apparitions,  
my ghosts, appear momentarily)  
a million times,  
Which is not the same as Wim Hof  
because I cannot die (even though  
I might be killed endlessly)  
(by you).

\*\*

Do you take cold showers like Mr. Hof says you should?

Why do you force your ghost out of your body? (or, again) Why are you scared?

Why do you think you can apparate? (you don't want to).

\*\*\*

You eat air, produce fire, and reproduce life. Real life bends (prostrates, bows) to  
your will (which is a desire for control... which you get)... everything collapses (all  
my ghosts) under your breath. Subjected to innumerable showers (hot and cold)  
the city (and you and I) resurrects with every each and each every. Thus,

# LINO-PRINTING

*at Turl Street Arts Festival!*

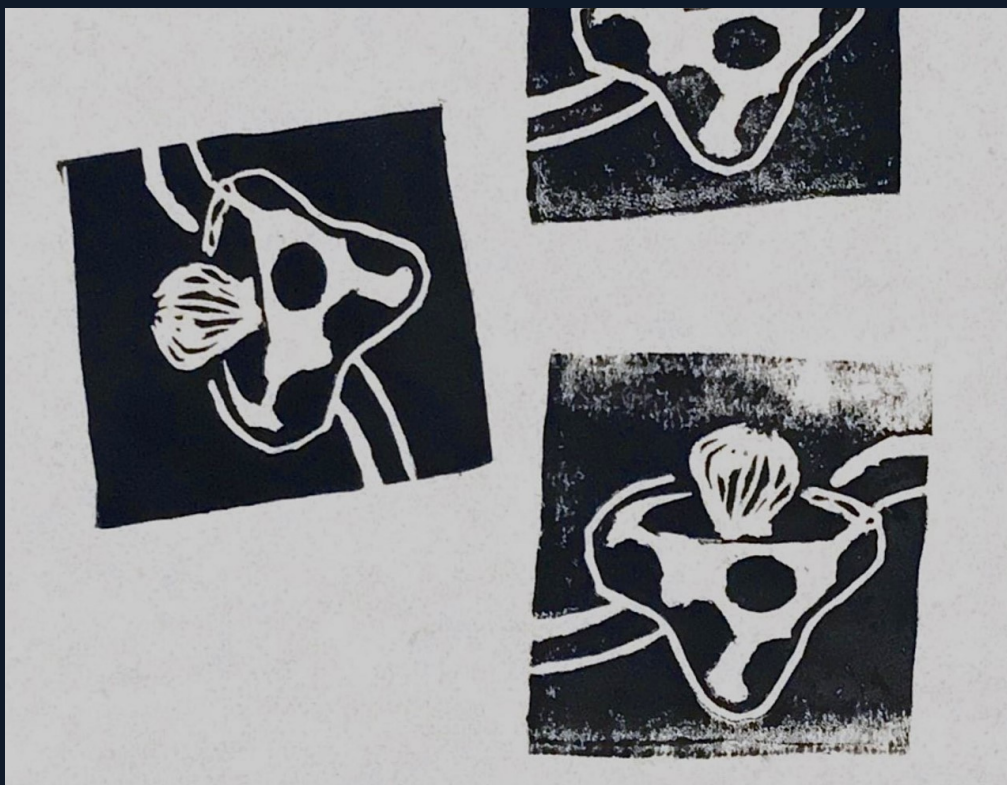
A big thank you to Maya King-  
Debbs for organising this TSAF  
lino-printing workshop!

George Woods, Jesus



Hetty Nicholls, Jesus

Dodie Bowman, Jesus



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# UNTITLED

*Untitled*

*Anonymous*

Talking in bed ought to be easiest,  
Lying together there goes back so far,  
An emblem of two people being honest.

He tells me about the others who he heard and kept him up. So it comes, that feeling, and it's like tequila – it doesn't hang in your throat, it lingers in your stomach, and you can still taste it from all the way down there. The feeling, it gargles in me, fills me up like water and I drown in it – the only way out is if you drown in it. Sink, sink, open your mouth – That's right, yes, breathe it in and just try and remember what air feels like. He tells me more I don't want to know. More water – kicking won't help, you can't stay afloat in this bedroom anymore, the water's licking the ceiling –

The blond boy in the red trunks is holding your head underwater  
because he is trying to kill you,  
and you deserve it, you do, and you know this,  
and you are ready to die in this swimming pool  
because you wanted to touch his hands and lips and this means  
your life is over anyway.

That's him. He's the one in trunks, but he doesn't know he is.

I just would never think about you in that way.

That was my grave – here's the wake. But nobody's here in black. Because no, I've not died, I've just been crucified. Sometimes you forget about the nails in your hands – you can lift your head up and hang there, look around – What a nice day! But then you see rain in the distance, or hear the cats squabbling in the street. And then you'll feel them again.



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I tell myself, there are things that used to bother me that I don't care about anymore – dirt on my nice white cream shoes, sweating in the dark – I'm above all that now. No you're not, says me to me, you're just swallowed by something else, something that pushes you to the side of your own life, something you'll never really get rid of because the water's in your lungs. If you try and cough it up, there'll just be blood. The water stays, it sits in your body. It might not gargle forever, but it'll be in there – wetting and whetting your thoughts.

Like just now, when I did it again – you know what I mean, when a thought that has the potential to torment you, to destroy you, flashes past you like a train in the darkness – if you can cast your attention elsewhere in the nick of time, you can jump through the net, escape, and it leaves only a ghost of feeling in your mind. But if you can't, if you cannot, it grabs you, ensnares you and straps you to a chair where it forces you to watch your horrible imaginings play out on a screen that you set up yourself – yes, one that you set up yourself.

And this is how it ends. Because I do it new every single time, but it's not really new. Variations on a theme! But no, they're not even variations – just different ways of feeling the same thing.

So what's left? Something poetic maybe, or maybe something blank.

# *transformed, forgiven,*

*Grace Burney, Exeter*

transformed, forgiven, free

she's bright  
her eyes, less so.  
she smiles  
her soul, less so.  
empty. not who she is, not her personality  
she's got plenty of that  
but her skin, her bones

skin and bones

surely she is more? surely she can be more, will be more, wants more?

it doesn't seem to hurt?  
cuts between joint and marrow, hollow, sunken hollows

hollow. something is missing - she wonders and searches, the answer not found in  
bars or boys or belongings, she finds it

in a book. a book that's been read for thousands of years, that sits in hotel drawers,  
that's misused, abused, but shows

a person

she finds it

in a person

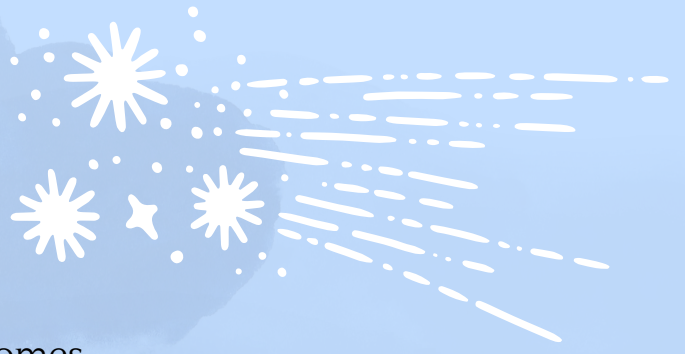
not like any other person, any other human,

he's  
perfect.

Emmanuel, God with us.



# FREE



He knows every piece and part of her  
and still  
loves her so unconditionally, her world becomes

whole. not hollow. He's  
holy, he's kind, he understands

he's  
been there  
been here

yet he sits above, upon the throne  
the throne she can approach  
boldly.

She's bold now.  
Redeemed.

She reflects:

why eggs and chocolate and bunnies at Easter? why not scars and crosses and  
thorns and graves?  
He took my sorrow, my sin, my shame, and swapped it for joy, life, rebirth.

reborn. that's why, that's who,  
and the cross is how.

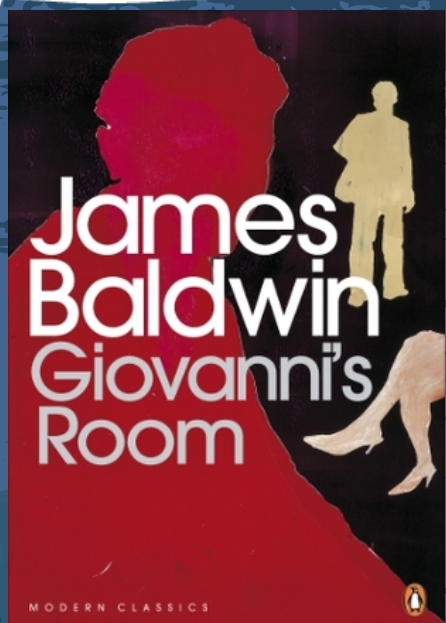
She reflects:

He calls me His  
He calls me whole  
Not without Him, not that I'd want that

He's not pushy, in fact, the opposite  
I draw near  
He draws closer

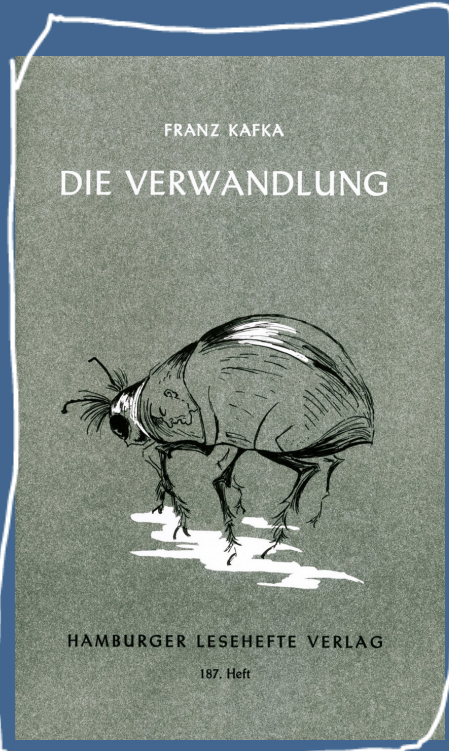
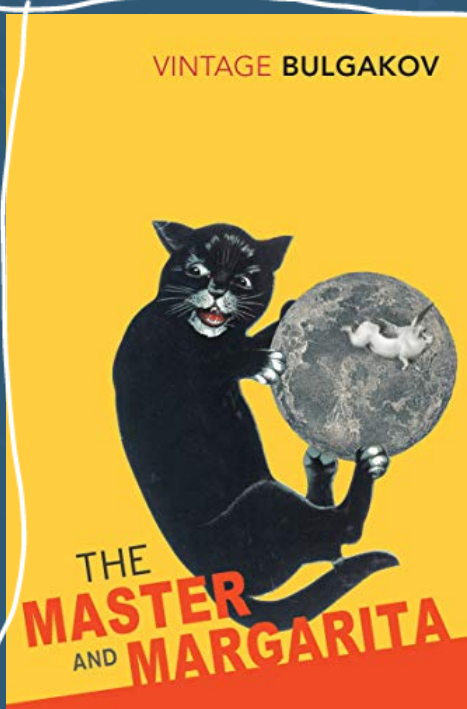
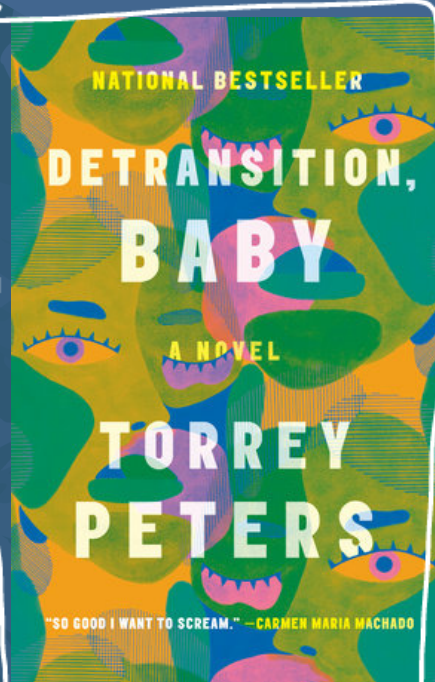
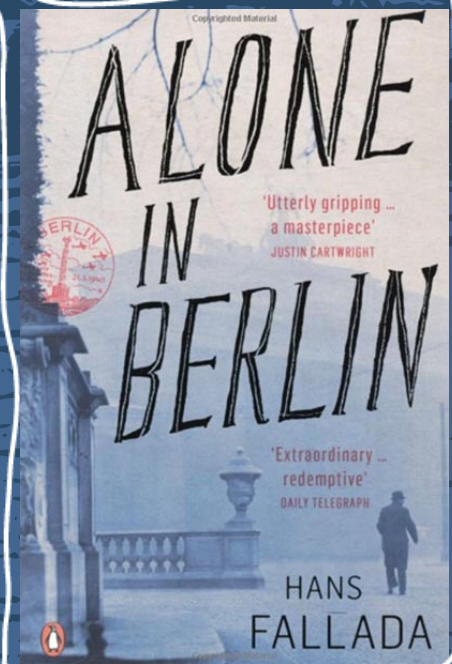
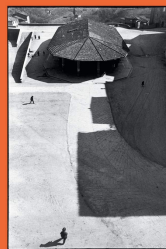
# BOOKS *that changed*

We asked TSAF-goers what books they had read that had given them a new perspective on life. These are some of their answers...

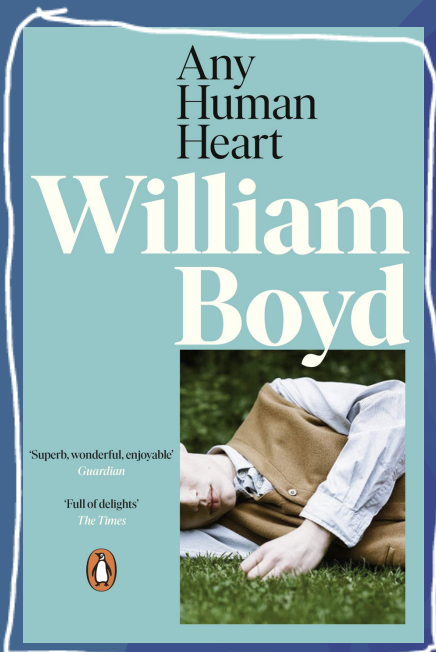
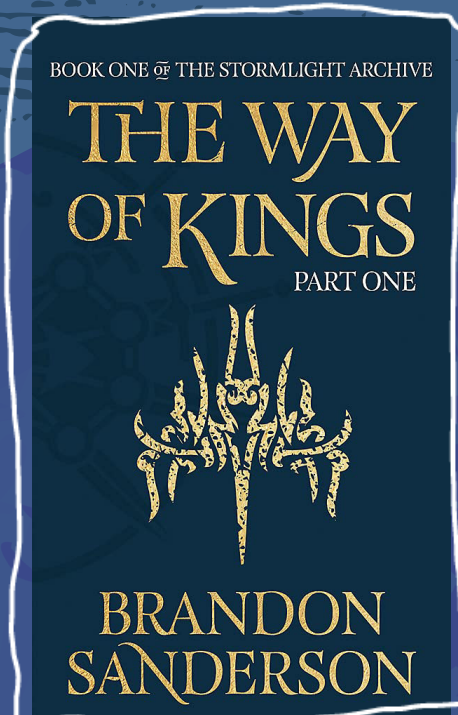
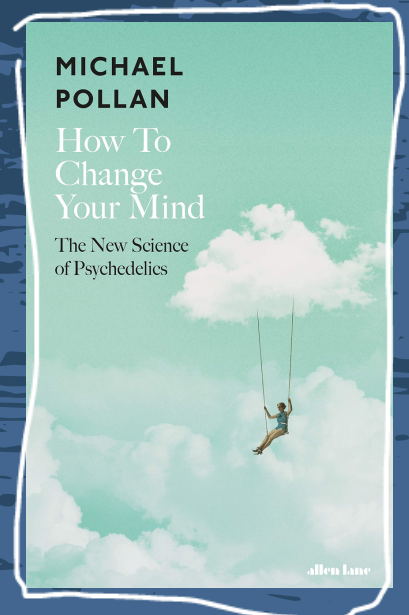
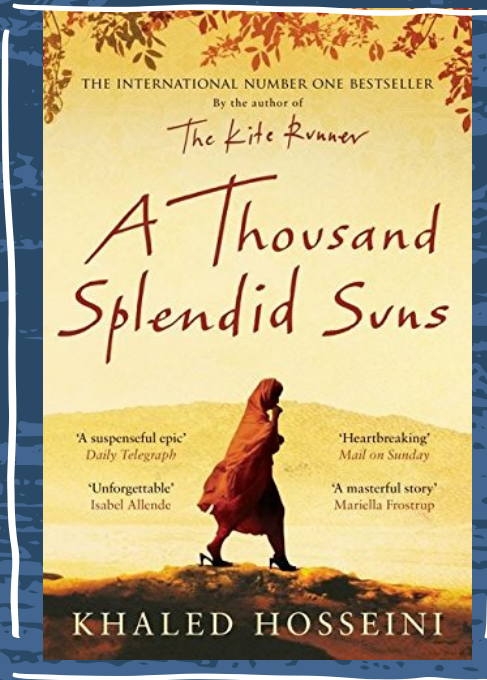
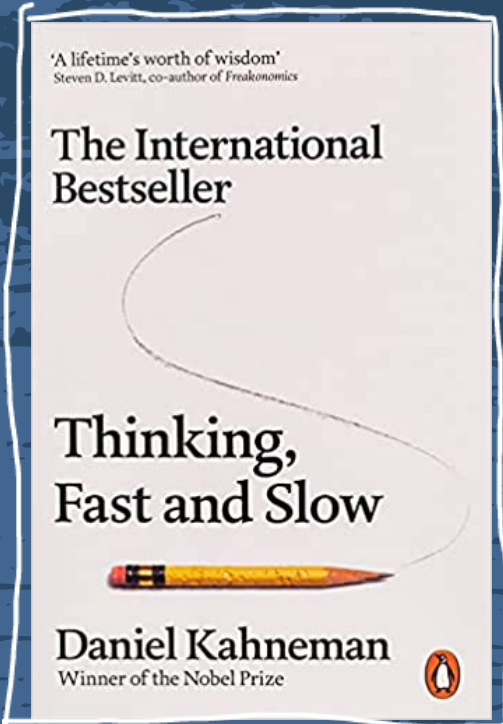


A  
Month  
in Siena  
Hisham Matar

Pulitzer Prize-winning author of *The Return*



# The way we THINK

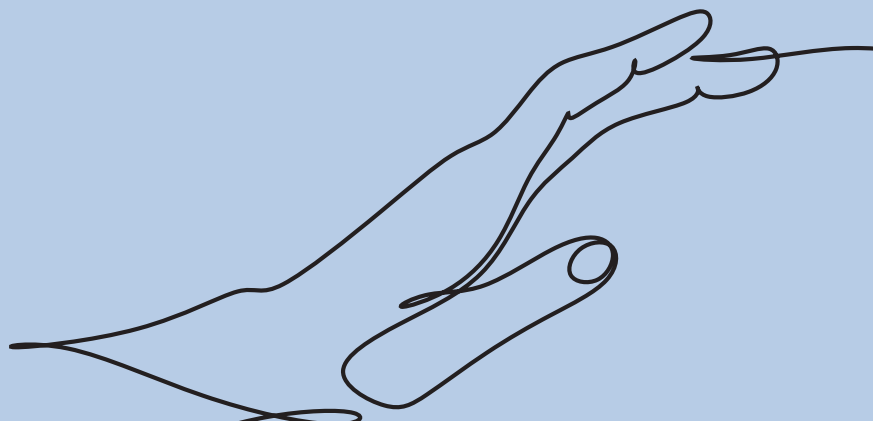


The answers ranged from self-help books, to young adult, to foreign literature. While you might expect that a book which changed you way you think ought to be a book of great importance or prestige within the literary canon, the variety of answers we got showed that this isn't (and shouldn't be!) the case.

# REMINISCENCE

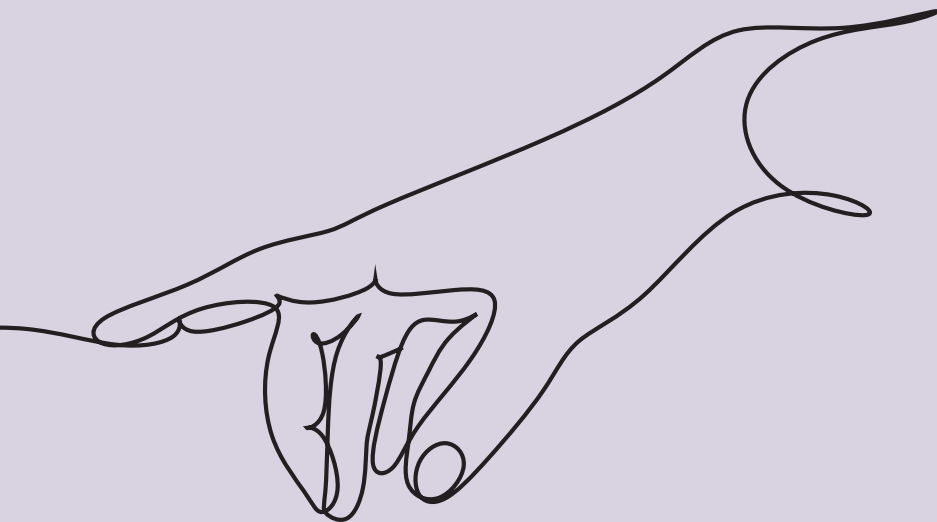
I could plug my ears, cover my eyes,  
and block my nose with softened wax.  
Half memories though, they neednt try,  
They'll secret down those well worn tracks.  
Make water into wine,  
take wine and summon form.  
Smells suffocate my vision,  
and leave my eyes forlorn.  
They rise in treacle spirals,  
fumigate my skull.  
Sweet fumes wrench at the blindfold  
till loosened from my hull.

Memories can't take one by surprise as reminiscence can do  
the scent of a cranberry vodka sends fresh ones bursting through.



A SERMON PREACHED  
BY A DRUID IN  
FRONT OF A  
WICKER  
MAN

The Sun is unconquered, always grand  
with greater dignity than Caesar,  
of England, France and Ireland  
most powerful emperor,  
of the immense ocean  
most blessed sovereign.

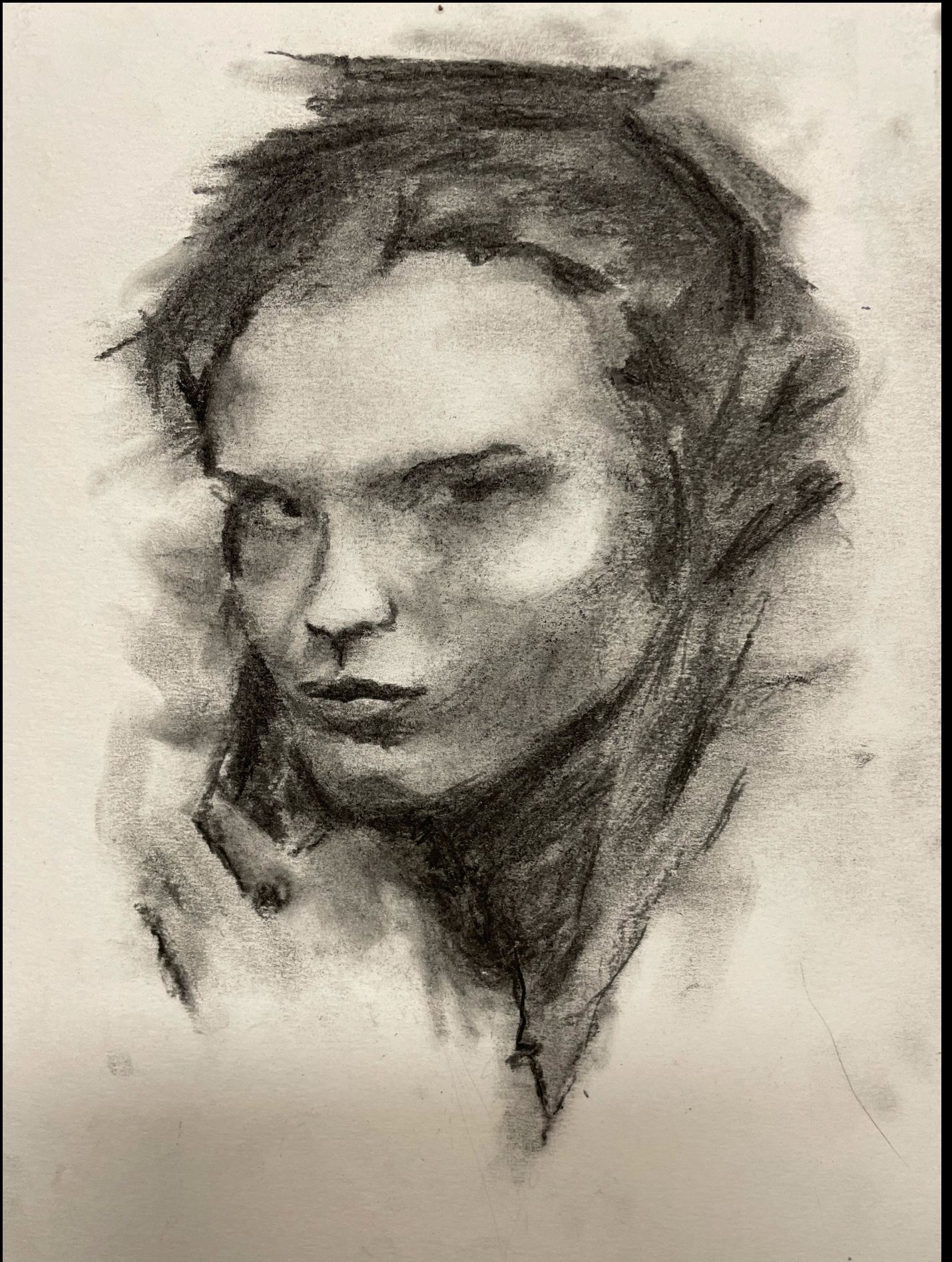


# PORTRAITS

*Emily Borghaus, Jesus*







details

*Emily Borghaus*



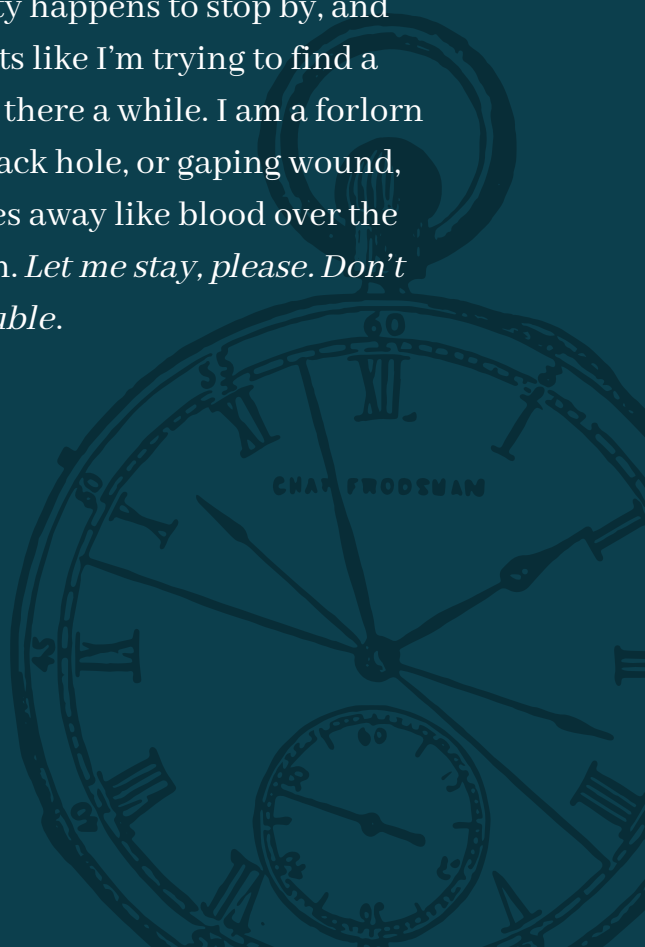


# FEBRUARY

*Anna Cooper, Jesus*

I spend February running from one place to the next, holding this brimming bowl of a heart between my palms, don't dare set it down or empty it – when you stop it starts to spill. Each morning sinks from last night's haze into terrifying clarity, you're born again in the fire and spat out onto wet pavement, curdling in winter sun. When I was young, I would gather up dandelion clocks, any green that I could find, terrified they would split beneath an oblivious boot. You cup your hands around something; you tell yourself you can keep it whole. I cling to every vestige this season gives me – fog slips through the pads of my fingers; like a child, my pockets fill with crocus leaves, debris, ghosts. Burrowing in the undergrowth, sifting through corpses, finding nothing that sparks a pulse. In this city, time spools itself golden from the needle, drips mercury-grey and dead to the ground.

In February, I am all hands, calloused to the bone, clumsy with wanting. Leave the window open in case some divinity happens to stop by, and always one foot in the door. I walk her streets like I'm trying to find a vein, or a crack in the walls to slip into, stay there a while. I am a forlorn lover, asking for more than I can give – a black hole, or gaping wound, begging for the impossible as each day slides away like blood over the curve of a lip, or along an outstretched palm. *Let me stay, please. Don't turn the lock. It's only forever, I'll be no trouble.*



'I GIVE YOU THIS TO TAKE WITH YOU:

*nothing remaining  
as it was*

IF YOU KNOW THIS, YOU CAN BEGIN AGAIN,  
WITH TRUE JOY IN THE UPROOTING'

---



# Renewal, Restoration

There it sits. Unheeded. Unnoticed. Unread. The years of dust slipping lovingly between the old pages, scenting the paper with disuse. When once excited hands had pulled it from the shelf, laughing as it tumbled carelessly to the ground, now only longing and memory remain. Where is that vibrant child whose adoration had brought the monochrome world to life with a quick tongue and sparking imagination? Why do they no longer come to reach up high and slide the thick boards from the overcrowded shelf? The binding contains summer days, pressed between its pages; autumn walks and discarded poetry – lost moments, hopes and dreams all of which it shared in. Crisp as old leaves, the leather spine now cracks and begins to flake away, disintegrating. The motes of dust sweep up these offerings and return them in another form, keeping the whole secure long after it has appeared to lose itself. Vibrant colours fade beyond recognition; a rainbow lost in a haze of dusty rain. Slowly, the binding reveals the delicate butterfly wings of pages, desperately clinging to a family that will be left behind. If the child were to return now, would they even recognise their companion of so many adventures? Would the companion permit them to take it from the shelf, or would its elderly body protest at the removal? Once these shelves were rich with varnish, proudly parading an array of beautiful testaments of craftsmanship. Now they splinter under the weight of time, the weight of forgotten dreams and lost remembrances. They cannot bare the shame of such disrepair, such abandonment, for much longer.

# and Reading

CRACK. Slipping left, the whole world tilts and tumbles in a flurry of moth-eaten snowflakes, boards and leather. Great art is scattered and impatience sweeps in sacrilegiously attempting to put right the wrong. But the mismatched chaos intensifies as Page One is lost beneath a threadbare rug, so much younger and yet in equal distress. Disregarded the crumpled parchment considers the separateness that has ensued, the inability to be reunited with the whole. Community is lost and meaning becomes lost, for it is lost. Torn apart, ripped limb from limb, history is now in pieces.

But history is a process, ever unfolding; not a strict discipline confined to a static far-off location. Soon Page One will see Page Two again, as it slips safely between its fellows once more. Pieces of history are laid on a work table, a body waiting to be doctored and sewed back together. Pages are flicked through for the first time in living memory, the signatures gently revitalised as they slot back into their allotted place. Somehow it is as if nothing has changed and yet everything has changed. The clocks have turned back, but the little girl who loved this book and who had first placed this friend tenderly upon the shelf is now long gone. Now it is a great-granddaughter's turn to marvel at the crisp pages and vibrant covers, preserved through the decades by the book's shelf mates. Adventures begin again as Alice tumbles back down the rabbit hole, holding the hand of her newest companion.



A L D I

Lost love is growth,  
And I'm lovelorn,  
Despite this fact,  
I'm not reborn.

The flame was doused,  
Passion stillborn,  
And all this joy,  
You have forsworn.

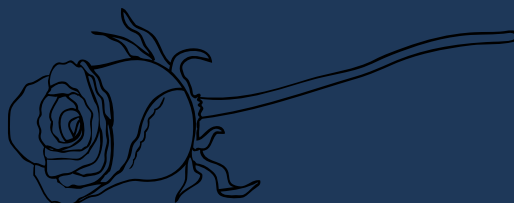
Instead you chose to calm the storm,  
And meekly don that uniform,  
Not bloom or flourish,  
Just conform.

I wonder whether you felt torn.  
To leave me standing so forlorn,  
And in my side, a jagged thorn.

To give me hope,  
Then fail to warn,  
And tease and hurt and misinform

I curse your name,  
I'm filled with scorn,  
I mourn your loss.  
Your loss I mourn.

You must have felt  
So very torn.





PAIGE

# Kissagram

you could have listened for the money  
she might have taken for a kiss,  
but her sodden palms weren't pages,  
and your hollow eyes only please  
those men who search for holes to fill.

and now I can't find a way to  
breathe against your will, gnawed at still  
by a lust we called air, with no chance  
of being reborn as the blue runs away  
from my eyes; you might miss me,  
though never enough to revive  
the smirking varnish of that bench  
where you sat, blonde in spring, my  
arms a renaissance for the scar  
I tried to imitate from your forehead.

so I sleep like it's the last time  
I will ever hear her voice, yet  
still wince at the thought of your name;  
to wash my heart away I'll need  
a tongue of rubbing salt, some blue  
from the sky too might help to scrub  
off that smile, for as it dried out,  
you were so easy on the eyes.

*Archie Turner, Lincoln*

When day comes, we ask ourselves where we can find light in this never-ending shade?  
The loss we carry, a sea we must wade.  
We've braved the belly of the beast.  
We've learned that quiet isn't always peace,  
and the norms and notions of what "just" is isn't always justice.  
And yet, the dawn is ours before we knew it.  
Somehow we do it.



'The Hill We Climb' - Amanda Gorman

When day comes, we step out of the shade, aflame and unafraid.  
The new dawn blooms as we free it.  
For there is always light,  
if only we're brave enough to see it.  
If only we're brave enough to be it.



'The Hill We Climb' - Amanda Gorman

