

HT21 • ISSUE NO. 9 • JESUS, LINCOLN, EXETER

THE TURL



CRYSTALLISING

ART

Snowy Leopard

Crystallised
Flowers

WRITING

Selected poetry and fiction

COMMENT

It's A Sin review

Helena Aeberli on
Platinum Blonde



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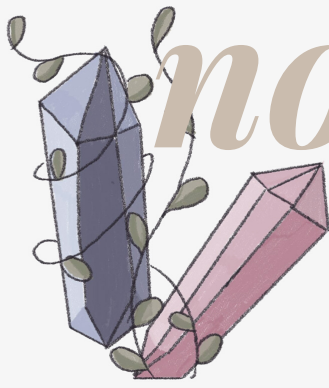


Illustration : Matilda
Houston-Brown

note from the editors

Hello, lovely people!

Welcome to the Hilary term 2021 edition of THE TURL! For those of you who are new here, like the current editors, this magazine is a collection of submissions from the Turl Street colleges: Jesus, Lincoln and Exeter. Following in the fabulous footsteps of Helena Aeberli and Jenson Davenport, we are your new editors, Riana (from Jesus) and Ella (from Lincoln), upholding The Turl's collaborative inter-college ethos!

During a term of exhausting stasis (if we're allowed to say we're tired of being tired), working with these incredible contributions has been a blessing. It's wonderful to see so much creativity despite the creeping sense of being frozen in time.

That's why we chose for this term's theme the concept of Crystallising: an in-between position, a limbo, something not quite solidified. Many of the contributions we received seemed to emerge from this sensation of a world freezing around us: a breath of warm air on the icy surface. Lines between states of being are blurred, like the notion of alchemical transformation in Jude Willoughby's poem; the present motion given to memories of the past in the poems of Ned Summers and Matilda Houston-Brown, and the fluidity between the scientific and the poetic in Lottie Oliver's personal essay.

For those of us in Oxford, this has been a strange time in which this beautiful university city still exists for us, but almost frozen over, waiting for all its students to return to their lives and effectively let the city thaw back to normality. And for those away, from out of the wintery scenes – which have been inspiration for much of the content that features here – the coming of spring brings a hope for return.

But, for now, we are so excited to bring lots of Turl Street voices together to share their crystallised thoughts!

Sincere thanks to Tom Brown (Jesus alumnus 1975, Modern Languages) for his generous support in continuing to fund this publication.

SNOWY LEOPARD



Captured here is a snow leopard in a frosty landscape using acrylic paint. Snow leopards have evolved to inhabit some of the harshest conditions on Earth and their unique light colour and patterns are perfectly adapted to the steep rocky mountains of Central Asia. With this piece I wanted to capture their beauty and bring to light their endangered status, with less than 100,000 individuals left in the wild. The future of this animal continues to remain largely uncertain.

SHATHUKI PERERA, JESUS

i have never been good at keeping quiet.
once when i was a child i tried to save a wasp
by telling a girl i'd hit her if she touched it –

when it was killed, smushed on primary school
hall-floors, a thorax cleaved apart, a six legged
struggle dragged across the ground, it was

the first time i'd lost a fight – its body lay strewn
there all day, imprinted in patent school-shoes.
in nursery when there was a wasp (bee) you

had to freeze stay very still so it can't see you guys!
and round the room there'd be the hiss of sting
the promise of the pain that never came, all of us

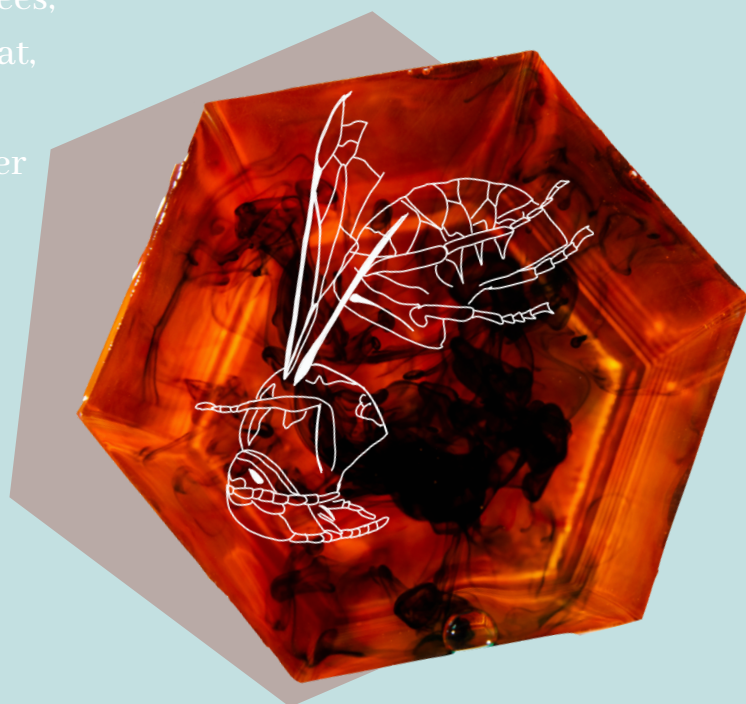
playing a party game while something was
hunted down to silence
– i used to wonder at their eyes, eyes that

couldn't see you when you didn't move,
limited vision. or how, unlike the honeybees,
they could survive their own attack. or that,

drowning in sugar-traps, crushed by paper
towels or magazines, they still warned
the others of the danger as they died.

Matilda Houston-Brown, *Lincoln*

Wasp -ish



YOUR NAME

NATURAL AND COMMON OBJECTS

I. TYPICAL BOARD OF EDUCATION EXAMINATION SYLLABUSES IN DRAWING

If this poem were strong enough
To carry your name as its title,
It could hold back the rain
That knocks at our window
And leaves you groggy
In the mornings.

If this poem were beautiful enough
To show your name,
It would read like Heaney,
Feel like fresh sheets,
And taste like buttered toast.

If this poem were so holy
As to be written in your name,
It'd have been sainted long ago
Killed so brutally, so atrociously,
You would find it hilarious
And laugh with your hands on your hips

noah cohen-greenberg, *exeter*



**in a network
of lines that
enlace –
a triptych**



Crystallisation

Trigger warning - Mentions of trauma/abuse

The third law of thermodynamics states that the entropy of a perfect crystal approaches zero as the absolute temperature approaches zero. To give a poetic description of entropy would be to say that it is a measure of disorder; the entropy increases as the system becomes more disordered. I say poetic because in science we believe the truth is found in the equation and any qualitative explanation destroys the truth of the mathematics. We all desire to be a perfect crystal, do we not? To have value akin to that of diamond: would that not be a wondrous thing?

I am fascinated by the poetic value of science, of entropy especially. The second law of thermodynamics states that the entropy of the universe must always increase to allow a spontaneous change to occur. But the ideal we assume we should strive for – a perfectly crystalline solid – will have entropy that is tending towards zero.

Some years ago, trauma fragmented me, magnetised my little pieces and spat them back out as a girl made to serve those around her, to renounce boundaries and feel the guilt of an entire nation on her shoulders. My entropy was tending to zero. I could not giggle in case the decibels shattered the windows, I wouldn't dress in my rainbow of clothes in case the vibrancy destroyed an otherwise ordered system, and heaven forbid ask to have my needs met, even at an almost negligible inconvenience to those around me! I was shrinking inside myself so as not to disrupt others; I too was tending towards zero.

But then a meteorite hit: I asked for a glass of water. In a perfectly ordered situation, I stepped out of line. I increased disorder. But to my great astonishment, the world didn't crash and burn: the only consequence was that I was no longer thirsty. As a budding scientist even then, I repeated the experiment and asked a friend to knock before coming into my room. My prepared speech on the personal importance of boundaries was obsolete when he anticlimactically replied, "Yeah, sure."

Through many years of experimenting, I learnt that disorder, spontaneity, and giggles are the entropic components of recovery. I have learnt that however beautiful crystals are to an onlooker, the rigidity can be stifling.

Dear Scientists, I have potentially butchered science in the name of poetry, I hope I'm not forever shunned.

Lottie Oliver, Lincoln

from x to why (a return)

glitter in gutter spluttered relics
the same frames
border [lines]
in the tear-rain-drop of my home.

seconds roar then splutter,
the same bus route
in circles
in the periorbital veins of these cuboid eyes.

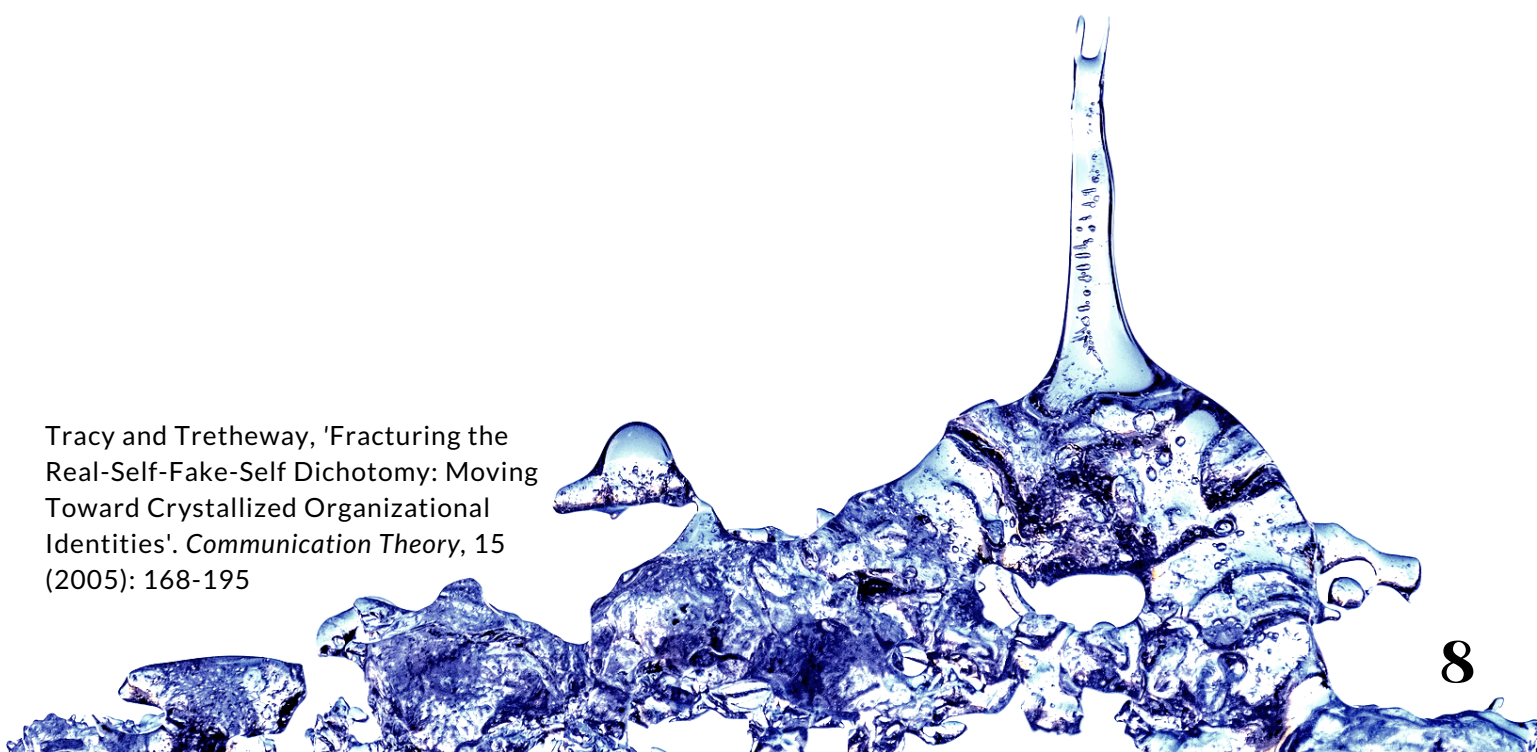
Ocean to fish tank, snowdrift to flake
as i awaken to
winter. peace in locating
the floods I have travelled.
the river I wade.

sarita williams, *exeter*



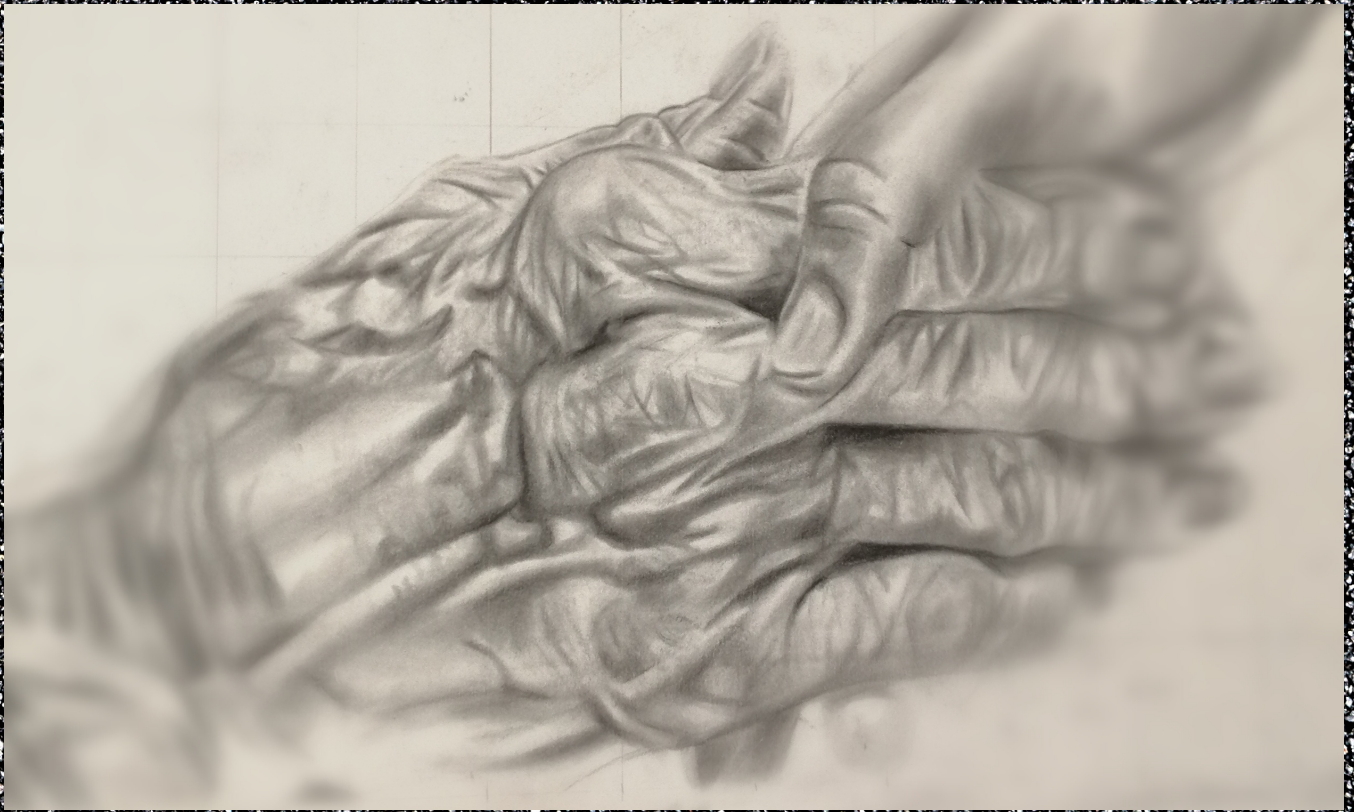
CERTAINLY CRYSTALS MAY FEEL SOLID, STABLE, AND FIXED.
BUT JUST AS CRYSTALS HAVE DIFFERING FORMS, DEPENDING
UPON WHETHER THEY GROW RAPIDLY OR SLOWLY, UNDER
CONSTANT OR FLUCTUATING CONDITIONS, OR FROM HIGHLY
VARIABLE OR REMARKABLY UNIFORM FLUIDS OR GASSES,
CRYSTALLIZED SELVES HAVE DIFFERENT SHAPES DEPENDING ON
THE VARIOUS DISCOURSES THROUGH WHICH THEY ARE
CONSTRUCTED AND CONSTRAINED.

Tracy and Tretheway, 'Fracturing the
Real-Self-Fake-Self Dichotomy: Moving
Toward Crystallized Organizational
Identities'. *Communication Theory*, 15
(2005): 168-195

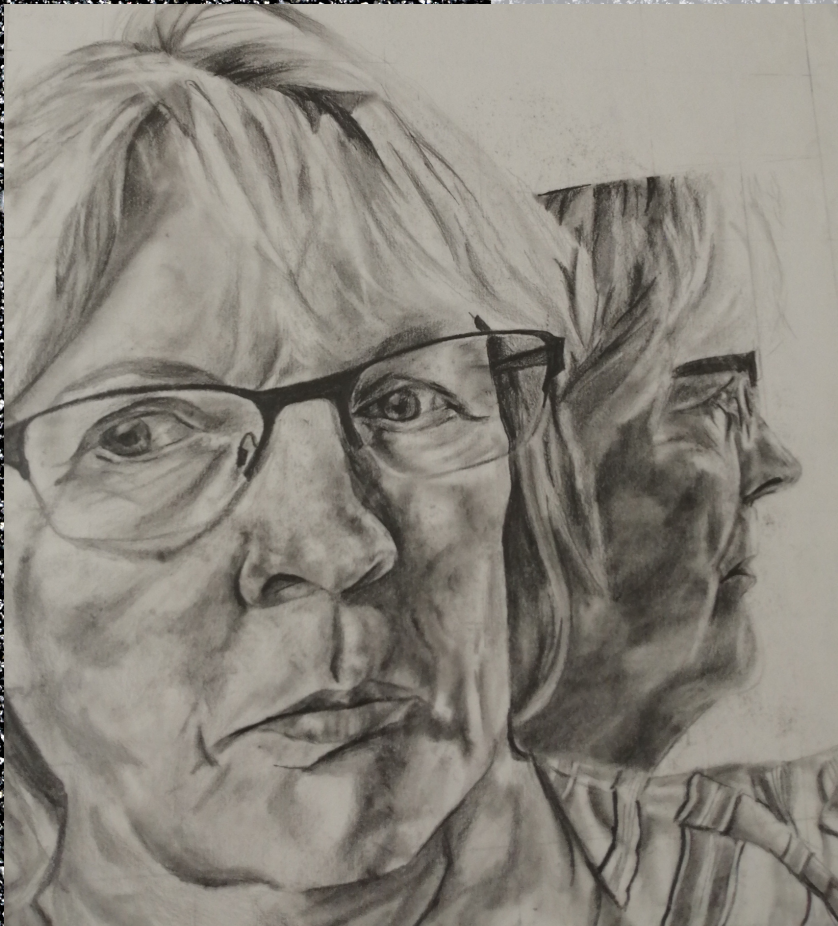
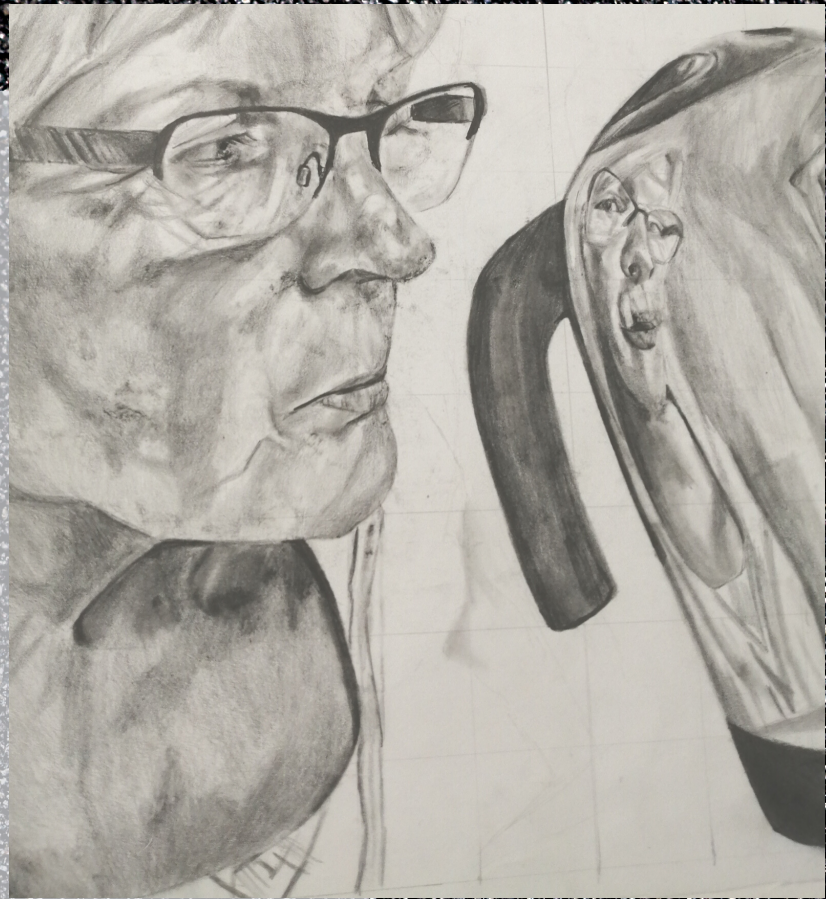




SERENA KERRIGAN-NOBLE
LINCOLN



I gained inspiration for my drawings from the idea of the passage of time, the connections between different age generations and of emerging beauty in nature. My depiction of mirrors and reflective surfaces was intended to reflect moments of self-recognition and the possible anxieties attendant on this.



I was also interested in tracing the passage from youth to age and how different generations can connect and learn from one another. I use botanical imagery in my drawings to reflect the crystallisation of beauty and identity over time, as well as the connection between humanity and the natural world.

STONE CUTS

Simon Mustafajev, Lincoln

All the feedback I get feels unjust and abrasive:
‘Sharpen your edges! Polish your faces!’
Just critique with no chance for appraisal.
It diminishes focus and drive.

Days worth of writing - half that of research:
Crystalline matters are complicated.
Yet somehow my work is still fated
To end up as 2:1 at best?

Maybe I’m failing at nucleation?
Seeding wrong centres? Induce aggregation?
Am I not built for crystallisation,
And will always require a mould?

Well, after many attempts and result,
I have noticed the pattern of sorts:
No consensus exists as to what
Is required for crystalline growth.

They say, diamond is formed under pressure:
Pure geometry squished into treasure.
I think, they’re overrated, tacky even
Outdated.

Here is why:

Any crystal you find
Crooked, cloudy like brine
To a careful eye
Under right light will shine.

*Age-old silken threads, widthless,
and amongst them this child, growing entangled.*

*These fibres tie the world's fractured
moments in kaleidoscopic patterns, visible to*

*him in the corner of eyes or doorways.
Sometimes they grow so taut he can hear them sing.*

*Disoriented by staring always into peripheries, he tangles
further. Grasps hair and necklaces in haste,*

*fails to notice that the gold chain he follows
runs bloodied through foreheads.*

*With his findings they sew dresses and radar
under florescent strip lights.*

*By adolescence, he enters every room
sideways, crawls on his back under*

*tables, pulls behind him everywhere
a ball of red string and a box of brass tacks.*

*The glass walls of his mind are covered with felt-tip pen.
The light breaks in in splinters.*

*In adulthood, he pierces his septum with fishing
line and declares "I am a logistician"*

*spends months on chip boards,
searching for folded dimension but*

*fails to notice that his words too have folded;
that to declare epsilon is to get no closer,*

*that he binds himself in knots of know-how to flee
the uncertain moments that drip and are thick with blood.*

**b
o
u
n
d**

ned summers, exeter

*Getting all dressed up
to cut herself:
Platinum Blonde by
Phoebe Stuckes*

'I was holding myself like an open flame / at Candlemas' begins Phoebe Stuckes's Geoffrey Dearmer Prize winning poem 'Thus I became a heart eater', which explores heartbreak through the medium of a Krispy Kreme donut. This is typical of Stuckes's poetry – images which flare brightly and incongruous everyday motifs holding a deeper, more profound meaning. Geoffrey Dearmer judge Fiona Benson wrote of the poem 'I have been that woman. I see that woman, and I will her on into her life'.

Benson's report is a powerful description of Stuckes's first full length collection, *Platinum Blonde*, which follows a young, bisexual woman who ricochets, Fleabag-esque, from heartbreak to healing, dispensing witty metaphors and startling aphorisms along the way.

'Life is full of nightmares that are enormous and dark / like whales' Stuckes writes in 'Supermoon', which explores the intense unknowability of life and ends in an invocation of death as drama, 'in a boat, on fire // while Billie Holliday crawls out of a speaker'.

These startling, sometimes shocking lines are often deeply ironical, a kind of coping mechanism; the speaker grasping for images to cling onto in the face of a turbulent life. I find the endings of Stuckes's poems particularly impactful, puncturing the blasé, ironic facade projected by the speaker with stabbing precision. A poem entitled 'Daughter' begins with a reminiscence of childhood St Lucia costumes and ends with a sharp indictment of religion, parenthood, and gender roles as the speaker has to 'proclaim my sainthood / wick-straight and pray I wouldn't go up in flames'.

Womanhood and its competing interpretations as sainthood or demonic, is integral to the collection. Conventional motifs of femininity are joined to the

uncanny and uncomfortable throughout. In 'Sext', a poem after Richard Siken (another poet whose verse surges at breakneck speed from the intimate to the disturbing) a bruise on a thigh is 'as large and dark as an ultrasound photograph'. In an earlier piece 'molten gold... wedding rings' are poured down a woman's throat.

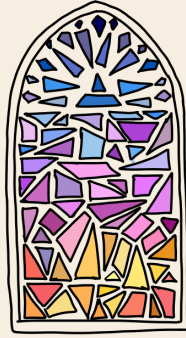
The cover of *Platinum Blonde* features an old Hollywood style actress with silk robe and white-gold hair, her eyes lowered in a way that could be interpreted as either evasive or erotic. The cover reflects the persona Stuckes adopts within its pages; part classical elegance, part modern party girl, part sharp wit who flirts with the junior doctors attending to her suicide attempt. This persona is wrapped in references to art, media, and mythology, from cursed prophet Cassandra to Jean-Michel Basquiat and the horoscope pages of a glossy magazine. Crossing time and place these references give the collection a timeless quality, reminding us that the experiences of womanhood are universal in both pain and beauty.

Beneath the facade of glitter and glamour lies an intense vulnerability which ensures even the most fanciful of Stuckes's poems is authentic and impactful. In one poem Stuckes writes 'Having an affair / is just getting all dressed up to cut yourself.' Perhaps this is what it is to write about the experiences of womanhood; adopting a poetic mask in order to make apparent the harshness of reality and ask big questions of the world. How do we navigate the world as females? How do we come to terms with the fact that claiming our own sexuality positions us as objects of violence? How do we renegotiate the ideal and real aspects of our gender performance?

As the powerful final poem in the collection, 'Mad Chicks Cool', declares; 'a mad chick is a bloodstain on a white skirt'. *Platinum Blonde*, its titular speaker, and its talented young author are guaranteed to stick in your head for just as long.

Helena Aeberli, Jesus





early air

Jude Willoughby, *Lincoln*

Here is my window chapelling,
a spire across its glass,
the red or blue of morning off
an obelisk, God's mast.

Rising sandbanks, let me sleep
morning alchemy with you
furled in bedsheets early steeped,
bookmarked like the spired blue.

And later in the boggy green
of natural springs that hide,
bear witness to the forms of life
that wade or creep or fly

Dawn for day for fear of night,
warmed, as I, by sunny light,
bound within an arcane flask
square to that gold chapel mast.

we shared
noah cohen-greenberg, exeter
a bed

We shared a bed,
The dying light, the evening red,
His rayon sheets, his chest, my head;
We shared a bed.

We shared a bed!
Before last night his face looked bored,
And never really would afford
The smallest chance of something more;
No passing clouds, no backlit door,
But still we shared a bed.

We shared a bed,
And when the dawn's light bled
Into the sky I woke and set my sights
On flawless days and flawless nights
Of glowing streetlights, leather car seats,
Syncopated restless heartbeats
(Though even then I knew deep down
That this could only really go one way)
But what could be thrilling as to say
We shared a bed.



Illustration : Matilda Houston-Brown

Stewed Apricots

– an extract

Lilya Stewart, *Lincoln*

The attic was breathing. And in its breath, suspended all around him from transparent strings, were glass jars, and swirling in them milky, pastel-coloured fog, peach and pink and blue and sea-foam green. Always moving, changing into shapes he knew and yet did not, catching the distorted sunlight and conjuring up half-images that he recoiled from in inexplicable horror if he watched too long. It was here, in this room that the smell originated, living petals swimming amongst the decayed. A bolt of lightning shot through the lilac fog inside one of the jars, and a cherry blossom branch sprouted in another, gone the next moment into the pale red shadows. He saw the contents of these jars and not others, he knew as though someone had whispered it to him, because he chose to see. How long would he be in possession of this power?

‘Isn’t this delightful?’ she said, without turning to him.

‘W... what am I looking at?’

‘Oh, that’s up to you. This is the beauty of it. But if you like I will help you to see. I will help you to see everything.’

He moaned. He wanted to run, but had forgotten where, and the same voice was telling him that he would never make it. And besides, he had no idea where the door was, or what to do to find it.

‘Come. Come and look at my jars. It’s been such a while since I’ve had any visitors.’

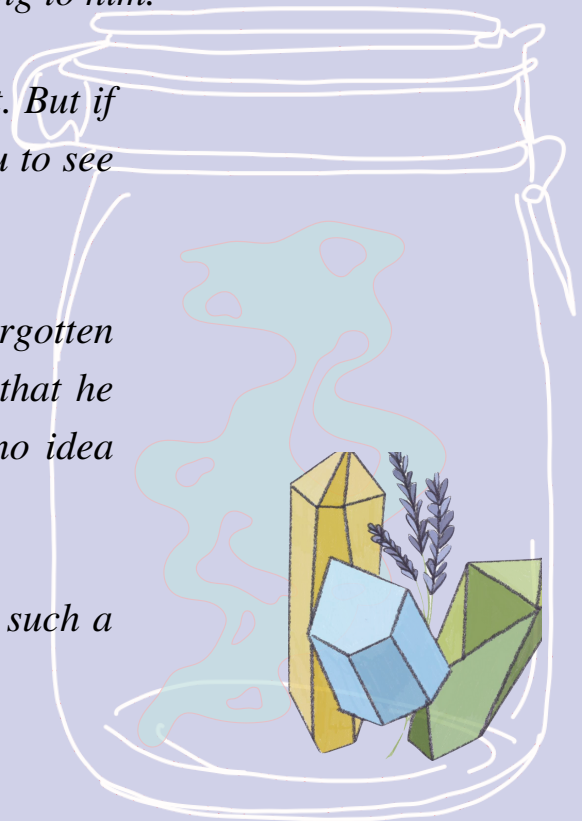


Illustration : Matilda Houston-Brown

He moved towards her, propelled by some unnameable force. His shoulder brushed a jar, slimy and cold as liquid nitrogen, and the fog recoiled at his touch. But it was in him now. He looked into the fog. Despite himself, despite the icy terror pooling round his heart, he looked.

'People live, these days, but they are not alive. How do your little toys compare to being drunk on life? They have forgotten. They have forgotten everything. The wind on your face and the rain on your eyelids, the dewy emerald of grass beneath your feet, the incense of old books, the joy of apricot pie and a cup of tea with a friend in the sunshine. To feel your hand in another's. The serene ecstasy of those perfect moments, like when you spoke to me, and the sunlight descended the stairs and touched the side of the boiler with the tip of her golden fingers. But no matter. I never forget perfect moments. And now, neither will you.'

Memories. Faded snapshots gliding on the surface of a lily pond. He could see them trickling out of his mouth and nose and ears like silver mist, reflected in the jars, and with them, all the energy. He felt suspended in an unbelievable tranquility. Calmly, he watched his mother knitting by the firelight, her face disrobed into a tired frown once the kids were in bed. He snuggled up to her when he couldn't sleep, those nights when things whispered louder than usual, when seeking shelter in the warmth of her body was still acceptable. He saw his grandmother, walking with a little boy - it couldn't be - up the green hill from the village, pointing at the sky and explaining to his inquisitive, sceptical ears that you couldn't see God because Heaven was so high up in the atmosphere. But you could see him in all things on the Earth. He could see the fog swirling like a great worm gut about to retch and the scene broke apart, was engulfed, replaced by a face pale with horror, its features flattened against the unbreakable glass of the jar. The man whom this head belonged to was screaming, his face distorted, cheeks stretched, gums bloodless and eyes deathless slits. A silent, endless scream. His lips were moving, forming a word –

IT'S A SIN- A PROFOUND MASTERPIECE

Anyone who has interacted with me at all since Russell T. Davies's new AIDS drama started on Channel 4 last month will be well aware of how obsessed I am with *It's A Sin*. But for those of you who have yet to be lectured on why I think that everyone should watch this, regardless of sexuality, here it is in written form. Be warned, however, because there will be some spoilers (although if you're expecting an AIDS drama to end well, you haven't been paying attention).

It's A Sin follows Ritchie, played by Years and Years' Olly Alexander, and his friends from 1981 to 1991. Before there is even any mention of AIDS, Davies' writing skillfully, amusingly, and movingly explores the experiences of young people from diverse backgrounds as they come to terms with their homosexuality. Most of these characters, like Roscoe (Omari Douglas) and Colin (Callum Scott) are based on Davies's own friends from the '80s, thereby giving this series a diverse element around race and class that has been distinctly lacking thus far in the British gay media. The character of Jill (Lydia West), the platonic ideal of an ally, is even based on Jill Nalder, who appears in the series.

Throughout the series, Davies explores

another side of gay culture in the 80s which is relatively forgotten nowadays: the older gays. Both Neil Patrick Harris's Henry Coltrane and David Carlyle's Gloria demonstrate different sections of the pre-AIDS LGBTQ+ community and the important role they played for Davies's generation and how, tragically, it was their generation that was the first to be affected by HIV/AIDS. Although, there has been some criticism of the programme for ignoring the 'Clones', hyper-masculine gay men who were very prevalent in London before the crisis. Interestingly, Davies also has the ingenious idea of including a Tory MP (Stephen Fry) whose sexuality is so repressed that he maintains that he is not gay, instead complying with the old excuse that it's not really gay if you're the top.

The show is not all doom and gloom, however. The beauty of this series is that there are moments which make you laugh out loud and cry in despair. At the same time. With the truly iconic soundtrack (my love for Bronski Beat and the Pet Shop Boys has been reignited), charismatic cast, and fantastic outfits (yes we're bringing double denim back, what about it?), you can't help but appreciate the true artistry of this series. Landmark moments throughout the 80s are mentioned but it doesn't feel forced. The unlawful detention of patients with HIV, the infamous tombstone advert which still haunts the gay community today, the introduction of Section 28, and the private ownership of life saving

medicine are all integrated into the personal struggles of the characters, thereby showing how these governmental decisions affected people's lives rather than seeing them as historical dates. Another curious choice by Davies was not to dwell too much on celebrities, which I think was a good choice; everyone knows about Freddie Mercury and Keith Haring, but Davies focuses on normal teenagers.

It's A Sin is, of course, extremely relevant today. It was written and filmed in January last year, meaning that the joke about Philip Schofield being gay has aged extremely well. But there is something extremely strange about seeing all the PPE and the talk of an epidemic when we're in the middle of COVID-19; in many ways, the situation is familiar yet the governmental and societal reaction unbelievable, or that's how it seemed to many people. For a lot of us within the LGBTQ+ Community, however, the HIV/AIDS crisis is firmly embedded in our collective postmemory. AIDS jokes are made in school, LGBTQ+ sex and relationship education is still sorely lacking from our education system 18 years after Section 28 was repealed, we are not allowed to give blood, a whole generation of our community was wiped out, and the prejudice many feel when going for STI tests reflects outdated and bigoted views.

Unlike Davies' earlier programmes, like *Queer as Folk* (1999-2000) or *Cucumber* (2015), *It's A Sin* is far more serious and profound while maintaining the loveable humour of the earlier two.

That is not to say that they aren't good, they're well worth a watch on Channel 4 OD and *Queer as Folk* in particular was an extremely important landmark in making gay programmes mainstream. I do, however, begrudgingly accept that Manchester's Canal Street is a relatively niche interest in comparison to spreading awareness of the HIV/AIDS crisis. Following the airing of the show, the Terrence Higgins Trust, a HIV/AIDS charity, saw a spike in requests for postal STI Tests, which is a testament to Davies' writing.

It's also important, when watching *It's A Sin*, to consider what it means to have HIV/AIDS today. In the UK, according to statistics from the Terrence Higgins Trust, there are over 100,000 people living with HIV and over 6,000 of those are undiagnosed. Thankfully, however, it is now easier than ever before to get tested and treatment means that those living with HIV have the same life expectancy as the general population. The real issue is the idea that HIV/AIDS only affects gay and bisexual men; approximately 50% of heterosexual men who contract HIV are diagnosed at a dangerously late time, highlighting how important it is for everyone to get tested and how relevant shows like *It's A Sin* are for raising awareness of the effects of undiagnosed and untreated HIV.

It's A Sin is available on Channel 4 On Demand. To order a free HIV test, visit <https://freetesting.hiv/>

CHARLIE WEST, *JESUS*

WEATHERING

ella spilling, lincoln

What is this we're doing,
Missing.
the stamped-date on my hand
like an entrance ticket
washed up
and missed it.
the day flew
by
seaside ride.

we never clambered up
those steps,
just watched
the buoyancy of it all,
Weighted
Stomping
change popping.

swept in with 20 quid's worth of tokens
mad for those silicon
frogs like goons,
smiling grinning moons
our wonderland.

had it all planned out,
head out at sea,
guided by the lighthouse
of your own physik.
maybe they read your cards:
ambigram, ambigu, am,
always looking at your palms
mirrored through
concave glass
like they might shatter that
Surface growing film of
iridescent cracked screens
between—

It's rearing like ice
the smell of burnt sugar on the pier,
tearing wind-tunnels
heaving breathless
breathing,
dipped in the caramel foam
of the sea receding.

I steal your chip
like the other time,
take up your time,
maintain, take care,
this maze of upkeeping,
pooling in lies of
Tempered space.
a bubbling syrupy toil.
an hourglass seeping.

This place I figure us in,
dancing,
it's like hammering at
that jar of stones.
Mum didn't like the feel of the shop,
something wicked,
thick,
sickly sweet
sugar finger tips,
not the kind you lick,
but grit, sand stuck in your teeth.

But it was cheap.

so I bought you the bits
of rock.

I think that's what we're doing:
putting beach-finds on the shelf,
a brick of yesterday.
Building
a shadow in the sand.

A LONE PINE

POLINA DANILINA,
LINCOLN

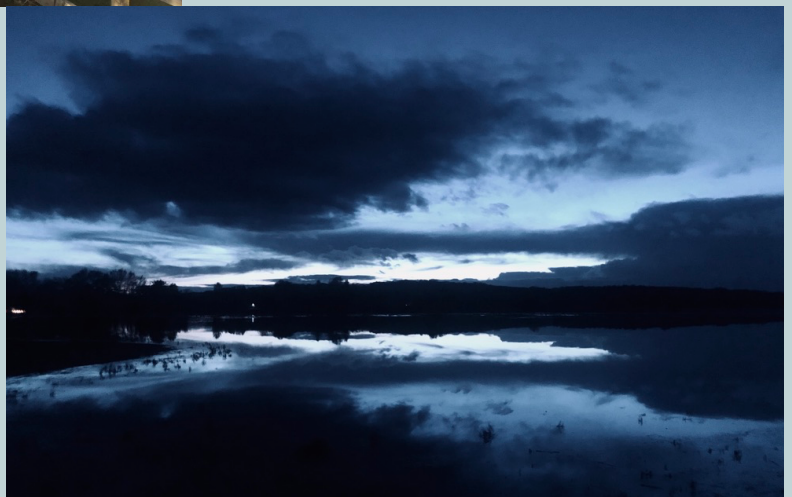


Ivan Shishkin's 'In the Wild North' (1891) was the basis for my pencil drawing, but when making this piece his work became more than a realistic depiction of Russian winter. Many of us may empathise with a lone standing figure, uncertain of any breakthrough from the given circumstances, similar to Shishkin's tree waiting to thaw in the prospect of spring. But appreciating the beauty formed by the ice is equally important and will help to see the end of this static period.

Port Meadow



One of my favourite things about being able to be in Oxford these past few terms has been getting to watch Port Meadow change from late summer through to the beginning of spring - especially in the blue, hazy evening twilight hours when possible.





Through Winter



Clarity



She watched as the world froze, even as March brought sun and spring and the promise of light and warmth. It was as though a thick layer of snow had settled over the city, freezing in place and trapping with it their lives as they had always been.


The days became the same. She got up, didn't get dressed, went to bed - the never changing cycle providing a stark contrast to the changing of the seasons outside her window. Society was held in place. Humans that had once shaped and ruled this modern world were now constrained by it, but at the same time nature could thrive; the skies clearing and birds singing again.

Although the suspension of her life had brought many sorrows, leaving her feeling at times as though she was missing out on what should have been the time of her life, she gradually started to see her world with a clarity she hadn't before. A realisation crystallising that she was in fact so lucky to have what she did, to have the ones she loved around her and that they loved her back.

The forced pause of her fast-paced lifestyle had made her realise how much she took for granted. Through the glowing light of a computer screen she now spoke with those she most treasured, perhaps even more than before. They sought each other out and in doing so allowed their worth to be found.

The world had frozen, and she mourned for those around her who had lost so much. But with the new life they now found themselves in, she realised that it was not the way of life she had led that made her happy, but those she led it with.


Hannah Alcock, Lincoln



Behind the pixels of the screen,
Alone in my delusive scene,
The distance crystallises and
It's killing me.

Suspended in this moment of breakage,
Isolated in my heartache.

Even in a frozen image,
Your eyes are enough to unmake me
And whatever it is I used to be,
Before phantom kisses haunted my dreams.



I can touch the glass that divides us,
A cold substitute for your love.

But the worst thing
Is how hard it is to say
Whether or not you're feeling the same.

long distance crush affair

J. Daniels, *Jesus*

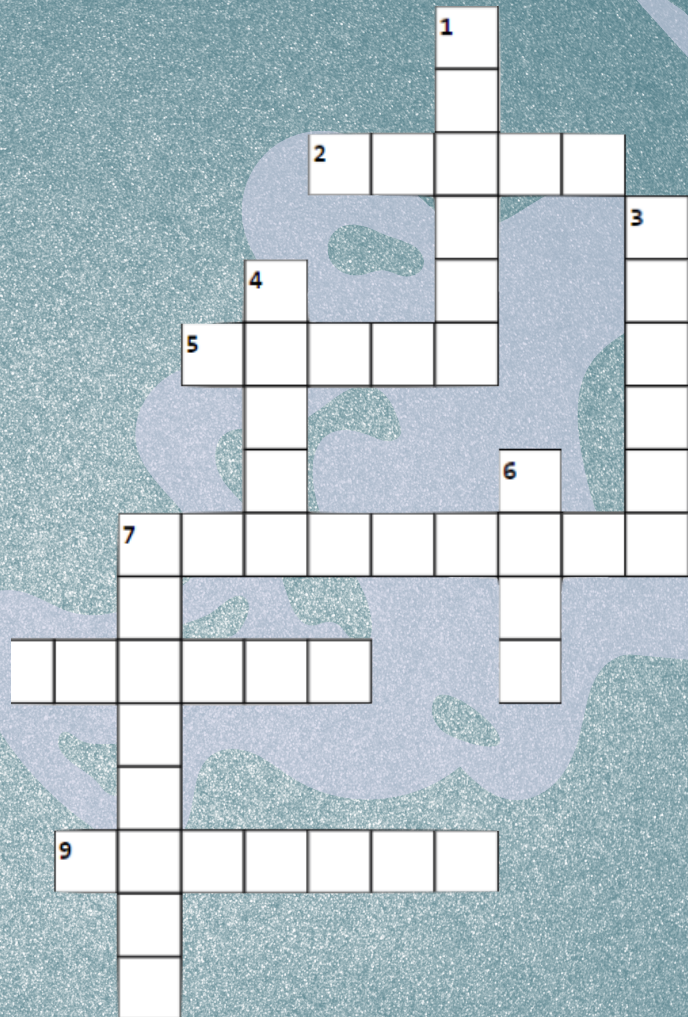


Crossword

CONTEMPLATE CRYSTALLISING
WITH JENSON DAVENPORT

Down:

1. Cleanse or remove contaminants from
3. Move away from something and become visible
4. September Stars
6. Green gem lacking enthusiasm
7. A chemist's answer



Across:

2. Playing with the sun, empress, or death
5. This crystal starred alongside Meg Ryan in 'When Harry Met Sally'
7. Fragile ice crystal, no two are the same
8. Crystal football club based in Selhurst
9. A girl's best friend