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**Poetry collection: *Mushy Peas***

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**Peaches & Floorboards**

I came to this  
planet with a  
sonnet on my  
tongue and I am  
the poem my  
father could  
never finish.  
I am also the  
pen. I followed  
an ink track  
with nostrils  
and paws that are  
my brothers.  
Wailing from  
the sea told me to  
sing and I became  
a Siren.  
A man dropped a  
coin for my song. I  
am that man  
with nothing but  
time and an empty  
goodbye.  
I am the stone  
between my teeth  
my mother is the  
peach.  
The peach is a  
house. The house  
belongs to  
a good joke and burst  
eardrums. Not a teenage girl.  
My father the teenage girl  
left in May. Mai my middle name.  
I am that. A  
season. Seasons  
are the planet  
which is also the  
universe bleeding barefoot

**i have heard it said**

*i have heard it said  
some girls re invent  
themselves on the  
leather backs of  
motorbikes they open  
their jaw & the Tai Tam  
bridge juts out from their  
tongue, they let a typhoon  
re invent their hair & the  
road to the dragons back  
uncurls between their  
legs like something  
handed over, unspoken,  
or a white man blushing  
too hard, i think  
that's why we are drawn to  
the corners of ferry piers  
and Sai Kung, where a  
licked road cannot reach an  
old sketch of island  
rendezvous, i'll find an old  
stranger (so many of those)  
in Wan Chai, and turn it into  
a tattoo etching waterfalls  
onto their knees like an  
apology, front and centre,  
for needing to hear them  
say it. 1997. Its done. & it's  
that part of me often  
misspelled or left out  
that will move quietly through  
the world the way a  
Bauhinia opens to drought.*

**Innocent alien**

Or you. Crying to iron giant,  
not because you've realized  
love is just a rusting lump  
sleeping on a sky of steel  
but five of us are on rotating  
spliffs and its making the giant's  
shoulders look like cliffs where  
we have nothing better to do then  
jump off into the dead of night (just  
a dark corner of the soul)  
where  
it's constantly 3:00 in the  
mourning a love that was  
never  
ours to devour

## Ela Moss

Leaving Lenton  
off to Croatia on half a spliff an hour of sleep and a meal deal  
Easy Jet better do those mini pretzels and pringles,  
easy jet like the easy red head  
holding hope like a bible  
on her 'cum on top' crop top  
up my cup please, anything  
that's clear and burns the  
butterflies that linger when you  
leave to get a drink, we listen  
to Anderson Pack till dawn  
but you're off soon so i'll watch porn in half pleasure  
half pain at how it just doesn't work like that.  
i delete a message from me telling you  
that i'm walking home alone  
and i don't know the way back  
pressing start on a slide show  
of a man putting me in a van  
i know I shouldn't watch. i do anyway.  
it makes me angle myself so i stagger  
up the hill sideways chuckling briefly  
confusing the tone with cats  
having sex in a bush, claws soaked  
in cries and chlamydia she sounds  
like a distressed engine and I don't  
think she knew she would never  
ask for it but it would hurt anyway.  
no one is on the street but i stay sideways  
"this is how these things happen"  
says the scarlet haired girl on my shoulder

Poetry collection: *Mushy Peas*

Public Holiday

I've taken a week away to hammer  
my name into your head because i can't get in  
these days  
they feed big fish little fish anyways  
so who's to say nothing lasts forever  
*whatever*, let's face it i'm  
waiting for a sister to walk out from the ground  
grinning with a zoot  
worms falling from her mouth  
I'll ask "where you been?"  
she'll reply "busy in the soil *sucking* stars from the sky"  
so yes; *you didn't ask but*  
I'm happy the metal straw came in handy  
*who was it that made your hands so large?*  
I'm happy you only see me looking dandy  
*sitting in your lap like a clumsy child cussing for the first time*  
as though you need to work out where they should grow  
out a mound where my apology was found after  
a man looked inside, tipped me upside down  
i spilled second guesses, bleach, cardboard boxes,  
notoriety, Frank O'hara poetry, pennies which are already memories i want to push  
to feed a game of Pac-Man or Space Invaders ...  
that way am I looking after something?  
in what way should that complete me?  
they weren't to know their biggest mistake was assuming  
a man made of megapixels in a suit makes us feel safe.

*a scene is a poem*

A girl sitting on soft rocks  
speaks in a deleted  
summer scene the one  
directors  
regret when the film is  
done under the sun un  
stitched and unbroken she  
writes in a pink & gold  
embroidered diary  
probably from her  
mother, who doesn't  
believe she's on this side  
of the  
Mediterranean but they've  
always managed to afford  
going abroad, she's probably  
writing about her sex life a  
blonde boy with plastic cuffs  
it's fine but not enough she  
says out right I'm with perfect  
strangers talking out loud  
about how i'll never have my  
poetry published on both sides  
of the Atlantic my phone glows  
with a message from my  
mother who's probably near  
the edges of a mountain  
somewhere in SouthEast Asia,  
*i know you're just letting it ring*  
<3

**2004**

Inside the hood of every  
boys jumper is a chain  
saw smiling reminding  
the boy scales have  
their  
own skin care routine i  
know a boy who  
cleans  
his skin with silver fish  
rising out the sea i love  
that perfectly  
sequenced body the  
hoodie draped  
across the sand like  
some thing slowly rusting  
hiding  
rotting and gone.



## Ela Moss

*asking effective friends for genuine smiles...*

It's always difficult to pinpoint the exact moment.

Never mind. Your friends are quite effective.

Just like your breath, you're on your front foot

for effect convincing me eating is a waste

of time the way sleeping in different houses

confuses the mind makes you think things

you'd only think at night like: how do they

really know there is 371 calories in that B.L.T

there could be 333; angel number 444; her

flicking her lighter; 4 white women flutter;

getting stoned legally; aloud to blame extenuating

circumstances on S.A.D, because in another place

it's scorching; under a banyan tree; there is a woman

being stoned to death. And I feel compelled, to dread

the coming of night. The way you shrugged before they took you.

**sleep swimmer**

Is that the moon or my head torch  
enormous and free teaching me how  
to freeze time around me but honestly  
i do alright on my own,  
i know how to open arms wide  
eye shut  
like this  
it's called a titanic moment  
I once knew someone who always did it best  
pouncing to the bay like a clean  
blade to loosen the bowline in  
Newport/ Swansea/ somewhere  
The green rot rolling in front  
of him licked a sleepy  
seaweed smize  
and he'd realise  
he was always closer to home  
then he thought  
then he'd like  
I imagine him coming to  
his lashes wet nets to his dreams  
as he enters  
compos mentis  
and plunges his anchor  
mam was right when  
she said we had the same smile

**Drop me off at Dunlop?**

Sleeping in every other gaff but mine its fine  
but i don't want that this time running away from  
an empty fridge and mould you know the way humans  
want to do the opposite of what their told so I'll pretend  
I'm that small man you used to watch out the car window  
type thing swinging between lamp posts I'm talking exquisite  
loopdeloopting beg you don't grow bitter over words i hear  
and cop there's been a lack of sweetness in my life it's why  
I bakery hop till my knees drop on top of that my friends are  
re going blind; don't know if they're long/ short of it but i always  
was a back of the class bit on the 'don't knows' teacher asks  
me to stand up I'd blush so god damn much waking up in a  
strangers kitchen telling 2 housemates if you weren't affected  
by that you weren't going through something you needed to be going through

**Paraphernalia**

It's giving a pretty Spotify discover weekly  
It's giving a writers diet  
It's giving other people on the Google Doc  
It's giving the cousin in Fantastic Mr Fox  
It's giving the distant cousin with right wing views at Christmas  
It's giving not vegan vegan cooking in the kitchen, not replying  
This is me being approachable ascending down my inbox  
This is me protecting my personal space and giving a shit  
This is me not giving a shit having two breakfasts  
This is me and my cat whilst the poems revise themselves  
This is me trying really hard to look like i've not tried really hard  
This is me feeling my friend's feelings  
This is me trying something new  
This is me being cool listening to King Krule  
This is me writing what i want to say with my fingers on your back  
This is the urge to be the most blazed best dressed bitch at big Sainos  
This is me giving a shit. Taking B12. Recycling. Things like that.

### The Forever end

In the morning sun drink coffee and smoke  
your skin at 7:00 is different at 11:00  
must be handled with care the way you  
crushed it carefully with a library card,  
I should probably send them a message,  
just to check in its cool to post this on my  
account. Don't want to make it awkward  
that I'm next to them dreaming about them,  
awkward that I happily saw myself drowning  
face down as they played with my hair,  
awkward it happened on his chest, small  
tufts grow at the bottom of my scalp  
awkward because I haven't figured out  
how i want to grow it out. Quitting  
smoking so stealing is aloud as a  
treat, does not knowing right from  
wrong make them sort of pure like  
angels who get lost on their way and  
just wander the streets at night with  
confused eyes the way shadows run  
rounda room when a car passes a window.  
Like when our housemate hasn't smoked  
for a couple days he becomes that piece  
of furniture you tell people to avoid  
as he pretends to stab himself and  
squirt ketchup on his chest we'll give  
him space and a spliff in exchange for  
a satsuma and sleepy snogs their  
cupped hands around my stoned  
smile yelling "Lenton you're looking lush today!"