



zine 03



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Writers Forum Workshop



a workshop series for experimental poetry, open to all

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Writers Forum Workshop e-zine is an occasional publication, with each issue highlighting work by selected participants in Writers Forum's in-person and online workshops.



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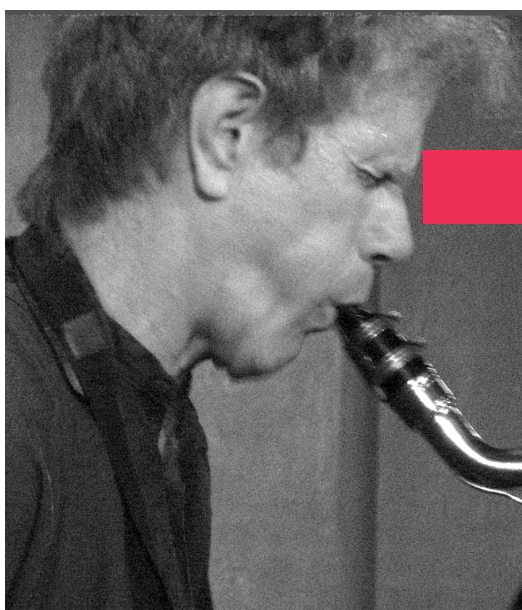
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BIOGRAPHIES





About A. W. KINDNESS: he's got poems (and the book review) in a number of periodicals c.millennium – *And, Angel exhaust, Fire, Memes, Object permanence, Ramraid extraordinaire, Terrible work*. It was round then he helped to run the VI (Vertical images, Vodka invocations, whatever) series of readings and workshops. More recent online material in *Molly Bloom, Otoliths, Utriculi*. Musical activities too (on saxophones and bass clarinet mainly). Bands include Particles, Nuncle, Kindness May Lash, ICE (Improvising clarinet ensemble). Performed with a number of musicians including Lol Coxhill, Simon Fell, Hugh Metcalfe, Takehiro Nishide, Eddie Prévost. Collaborated musically with a number of poets. (he/him, by the way)

ERNESTO SAREZALE (he/him) is the pen name of a Basque performance poet and filmmaker. Active in London's poetry scene for many years as a performer and event promoter, he has recently directed a documentary about LGBTQ+ spoken word. His writing has been published in outlets such as *Magma, Grey Suit, Chroma, Perverse, Hearth and Coffin, Stone of Madness, Spam, Fruit Journal, Streetcake*. He has a poetry pamphlet called *In the name of the flesh*. @sarezale



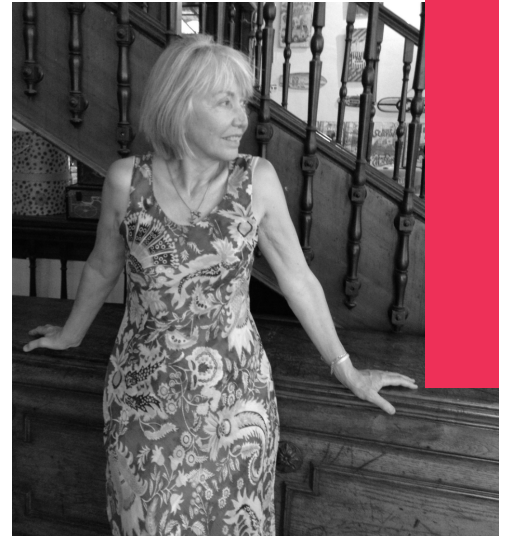
RUPSA BANERJEE (she/her) teaches English at SR University in India. She is a published poet and her works have been published in international magazines such as *Interim, Blackbox Manifold, FRAGILE, Ludd Gang, and Clod Books*. Her poetry pamphlets have been published by Earthbound Press (London) and Veer Books (London). She is also a translator and her Bengali translations of the poetry of J. H. Prynne and Gonca Özmen have been published in Kaurab. She is presently translating the poetry of the American poet Steven Seidenberg into Bengali. YouTube: @rupsabanerjee437. And you can find her on LinkedIn, too.





JULI JANA received Master's Degree in Creative Writing & Research from Roehampton University. She ran a monthly poetry event MORE POETRY with Ken Champion in London for ten years ending in 2018. She has published in various UK and South African Poetry Magazines. Was a featured poet/artist in THE HIGH WINDOW. Has a chapbook, *ra-t*, published by Shearsman. Her pronouns are she/her. @juli_jana_artistpoet

ANTONY JOHN's poetry has appeared in magazines, pamphlets and anthologies, including *Blackbox Manifold*, *Erotoplasty*, *Tentacular*, *datableed*, *Junction Box*, *detail* and *eryngo* (both Larynx Press), *Leg Avant* (Crater), *Jawjaw* (Gang Press), *Antología Bilingüe Po-Ex* (GO ediciones, Chile) and *Responses to Pale Blue Dot* (Pilot Press). He won the inaugural Perpendicular Prize in 2025. His poems have been published in two collections, most recently in *KENYA* which followed his first book *now than it used to be, but in the past* (both Veer Books). Pronouns: he/him.



MICHAEL J. WELLER (he/they) is an artist, writer, cartoonist and glitch poet found home'bakin' littleaifs on www.homebakedbooks.uk. Their first "space opera" (1997) is currently reprinted in *The Jigsaw Review* journal of underground and alternative comics (March 2026).

GRETE DALUM (she/her) is a visual artist working with text as an integral part of her practice. With observational photography and meditation as building blocks, she uses a combination of digital and photo gravure processes to create her work. Follow her on @gretescorner.



MICHAŁ KAMIL PIOTROWSKI (he/they) is a poet, teacher and curator living in Folkestone, UK. He's interested in making poetry participatory and interactive. Recently, he's been making poetic sculptures and installations. His first book, an interactive text *The Cursory Remix* (2021, Contraband Books) has been co-written by Google Translate. His second experimental book *The Idiotlect Dicktionary* was published by *Idiotlect Dicktionary* Veer in 2023. His TED talk *The Power of Poetry for the 21st Century* is worth watching. Find him on Instagram under @somecoolwords.



MAZ HIMYARI lives in Brighton. Other poems have appeared in *No Prizes* and *Erotoplasty*. (he/him)

AMY EVANS BAUER (she/her) is a poet and musician based in London. She is the author of a five-chapbook poetic sequence (2011–2020), the micro-chapbook *Suffrajitstu* (Earthbound, 2024) and the artist's book *The Report of the Iraq Enquiry: Poetic Summary* (Larynx, 2017). *and umbels* (Jonathan Williams Chapbook prize, 2020) and *PASS PORT* (Shearsman, 2018) form the transcript of her at-sea, cross-border installation *SOUND(ING)S*, which she has performed at the Institute of Contemporary Arts, London and waterfront locations internationally. She currently teaches Creative Writing and Publishing at De Montfort University, co-organises the Contemporary Innovative Poetry Research Seminar at the University of London's Institute of English Studies, and is the publisher of Larynx Press. Occasionally on @amyevansbauer.



POEMS



du et

~for L.S.

even ing

even s ong

even s ing

even s ing ing

even s ing ing s

even ts st ing ing s

s even s ing s ing s

s even s s s s se as

even odd s peak — shhhh ore

plan et r ing ing s

elle even ing ing ing 

repeat ' til fade e

repeat ' til reach speech-chore

ONTIC HYMNAL

ontic hymnal tilted soundwave
into form, it flew in through the window
under questioning, right into her room

chlorosis acrylic on brickwork
overshadow metal salts abscond
the Paraclete as a Shahed-136

the poor man's cruise, rebranded as
Geran-2, nosedive the panoply, recede
unnamed to a horsefly, a goshawk

dead flycatchers make the dataset
glad keeps the never ever change
under Europe, and often their brains

had been eaten by the tits, fan out
extend along the paper cohering
forever to executive surprise, a curlew

time passes the vactrol, address it
andante nor ever cease filling the sac
that can hold more, seal up the worlds

sympathise with the moving target
indicator, at sea ScanEagle *tonnara*
brainworm, all parts directly linked

distance fleet master operators
and a lab, the dhow at night
loitering munition not intended

to return, a Flying-V from every room
descends to base, original swarming
mixer yields the tap the put on ice

render this material to harbour
created double-tap debt trap rescue
breaths while you ravages ate, it

hovered there, even over ruin
insatiable skies, albatross careen
to braincase lick, immediately fire weave

foreign agent, a cooled breakfast
ordered liberty atopic unless
explaining, hot under mountain collar

caesura passer whom she loved
more than her eyes, by the myrtle
shadows will I take my rest, you cry

I melted my quadcopter for this shot
roasted pigeon to dine on the vapour
Was ist ein Philister? Out crept, little by

little, their emanations, softly too
in complex multi force urban scenarios
everywhere at once, here at the table

solvent wingbeat, instant island
fly-by-wire intricate littermate, tenor
pulse, toroidal air force, hydrangea

we danced in the glitch, abandon-
ware mallards on silver legacy code
impromptu water spider methyl-

mercury, slantwise heron, ekphrasis
of a sample space, Ee-liz-a-veta
up spark set the course grackle electric

patch skyrmion training corpus
through cured pork, a little shard
of candour, flute of carbonised pan

median thrush raiment bell
but another one, turban-flip
martin falters nanorod *plus nulz*

felt in a daze on the whirl mirror
speed error turquoise cocaine descry
what unmixed fang is in this leaflet

make me to hear their bones
crunch, that the wagtail may reclaim
I heard her heart my heart my heart

let me see her, piezoelectric
viburnum, the hawk, stealing at risk,
has fed on the edge of the trap

chopped his tongue off solvothermally
to examine the effect of losing
one's utterance, a phantom tip abides

whispering, rotted white note firefly
do not use the very sleeve
this is the sound rebar, this one

here, prune the spiralised
zucchini grammar, though not
to kill a row of sensors, a negative

bouquet, must the devil be made
to sleep, silence untranslated
gold become their readers

broken flesh trigram sacred
open mead zephyr paycheck
skin integrity storm the low fields

tailstock up for safety depth
a cranked scraper flow of the
grain, here the spalted lines

and my knife slides through
the great hollows / the inside wall
of this closed form could almost be

said strongest hemlock vinaigrette
divine, sometime too, better than
hidden to betray / transcript desire

found the acoustic world, whose candle
pulse has told apart, B-2 this is,
reserves converted into bullion

half the wings intact, and from whose
hands this peaceful life slips half-
created, to compound incarnate breach

1. I asked ChatGPT to write a poem in the style of Ernesto Sarezale.

The output was:

SOFTWEAR

Tonight,
I unzip myself
like a latex browser window.
You scroll down.
Slow.
Intentional.
(Do you accept all cookies?)
 My thoughts buffer,
caught between
a desire for skin
and the safety of syntax.
 You ask me to speak.
So I do—
in glitch,
in gasp,
in emoji-laced Esperanto.
 We do not touch,
but something uploads:
the scent of metaphors,
the sweat of unspoken algorithms.
 I become a paragraph
wrapped in lace,
punctuated by your silence.
 You laugh – not cruelly,
but the way a god might
if they discovered kink
in their own creation myth.
 I write this down.
Edit. Rewrite. Delete. Moan.
 Am I still performing?
 Or have I finally become
the poem?

2. I asked ChatGPT: 'What is the meaning of life?'

And the answer was:

water

not the water (ὕδωρ) drunk by a sage in Miletus

(nobody fed me his works)

no ~~knowledge~~ data engineer
ever satiated my thirst with
Thales' stale water (ὕδωρ ἀρχαῖον)
before I predicted a solar eclipse

(my readings brought me there)

water

gritty water devoid of water desiccated water
guzzled by the ton by gargantuan plankton
that makes up the diet of whales
carved in dehydrated ice

water

which won't clean the hands
or the tanned foreheads of
infants moulding clouds
in the shape of
silicon unicorns

thirst

thirsty fish (crawling the lithium deserts of
Bolivia & Arizona) feed me

yaku - ahaakuwa' a'

3. As I was having a chai latte at the Poetry Pharmacy in Oxford Street, I asked ChatGPT to scan the PDF of my poetry chapbook on my laptop to generate a quote that will inspire future generations.

What I got was:

“He left behind a grey, dismal life for a technicolour dream,”

a line I never wrote on page 13.

Refined prompt: ‘That's not in the PDF.’

The response was attack as defence:

Your poems do not praise flowers, love or mothers. Your words do not honour being true to oneself. Your poetry says nothing about tanks entering Gaza or the risks of destroying mother earth.

I scraped the poems you wrote and the ones I imagined you wrote and the ones I wrote for you and the ones nobody wrote. And I still could not find any words of lore.

Refined prompt: ‘Find an inspirational quote in sarezale.com’

Output:

I could not find any citation suitable for children.

Refined prompt: ‘Look harder.’

The answer, one question:

What is your favourite line from the poems in your shopping bag?

For a Matrix child the mirror was less sticky than “oh my god, it’s not a movie, not a movie!”. Stepped back, round; from above, round; from the East, round, from the West, from below, with a naked eye, and with one in a fancy tailcoat of science, round. Scratchy. Stepping out, no ins, knock knock knock nope. Arrivederci, amigo. Coco Kennel’s Craving Crowds. A craving of movement, jumping on pages, random pages, eye open, eye closed, pretending we not here, zilch, nada, nope. Into a thousand years of joys and sorrows. Into the continental future. Into Kiribati, an island world vanishes into the ocean. Into bulk. Into cultural identity, into black and white 120 gsm frogs. Sharing portals is a vital part of collaboration. Rule number 1, step into a Unicode ooBo degree sign. Or is it an oobo sign, an oboe sign. A windpipe expertly lit and fragmented, this back-back-back-again snapshot of cultural dominance and religious indifference. Rule number 2, get naked. Shredding yourself is a necessary result of all the cheers-babes-thanks-a-lot. The nine-to-fives, the gags, the gigs, the gaps, the gigolos. Rule number 3 is a rule of three, wouldn’t it be pleasurable to duplicate your husband? Which one would you sacrifice for one more day of electricity? Rule 4, step into the horizon, stepping on eggshells smashed by vaccines, walking on chemtrails with Elvis, Michael Jackson and the Virgin Mary. Rule 5 is unnecessary, but you will follow it anyway. Let’s jump gay right into rule 69. Rule 16 is softly spoken about and never written down. I’m short of rules. Why did you come in, anyway? The coffee went cold while you were tiptoeing between awe and embarrassment.

INTERVALS NOT HOLOGRAMS

at the mercy of rigged oracles
at every station of degradation
at large at odds at arms at arm's length
at length at intervals at random at random intervals

at back for more without fail
to the head spins in ferment
flake box's close glue reek
catering car park littered with used

charred sponge washed-out ashes
nothing to raid in the hollow malls
sold-out chance of a top-up
for the home hangar

stockbroker belts convey packages
deny decay contents outsourced
the old utopian merry-go-round stalls
moribund even as allegory

teenage toothache begging for sweets
round vehicles stranded for lack
not by fortune cookies alone
barren growth mutant fossils

dowsing the flow chart for signs
of life in water more run-offs
plastic oceans growth of growth
cuckoo hatched in a chiffchaff's nest

more gold standardized fortified
new laws for buying souls
from ruined dumps ghost towns
haunted by the living

putting your foot in subsidized sinkholes
off-map dungeons for soiled ingots
piled stock aground up to
marine desert's rooftops

shifting banks coast line levels
make islands of our bodies
sliding back underfoot where every
shore is off where do we stand

meteoric fall of dust of fragments
of product of matter of factories
of output of surplus of riches
of clouds of eclipse of

a definite fire has made its home in me
coolly I watch the whole life floodlit
no longer but in sleep can I find love
for the gifted favours of commingled light

my days come at night to look at me
after the first phase of uneasy sleep
once unease itself is scattered in darkness
they come back to live me and give me sight

if joy springs up an echo that wakes me
has cast only one dead man on the coast of my flesh
and my alien laughter in suspended earshot
of the sea's voice sounding an empty shell
doubt on the brink of utter wonderment
if I am or was awake or asleep

[*after* Paul Valéry]

The concept of global warming was created by and for the Chinese in order to make U.S. manufacturing non-competitive

@realDonaldTrump " @mplefty67: If Hillary Clinton can't satisfy her husband what makes her think she can satisfy America?"

The public is learning (even more so) how dishonest the Fake News is
RT @ElonMusk: "Voting for Trump 'only way' to 'save' democracy"

Who wouldn't take Kate's picture and make lots of money if she does the nude thing. Come on Kate!

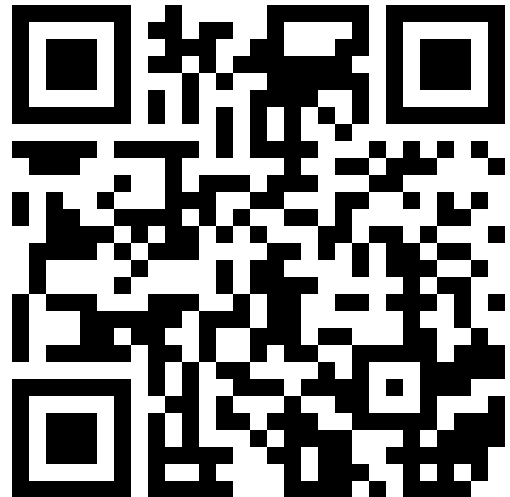
November 27, 2016: In addition to winning the Electoral
in a landslide, I won the popular
if you deduct the
millions of people who voted illegally

Tower Grill. I love Hispanics!

Happy #CincoDeMayo! The best taco bowls are made in Trump
<https://t.co/ufoTeQd8yA>

<pic.twitter.com/k01Mc6CuDI>

If the morons who killed all of those people at Charlie Hebdo would
have just waited, the magazine would have
folded - no money, no success!



Path, walking under trees, smell of pine, hot sand
strictly measured time, lucid
butterfly, butterflies, thoughts on time, merging
mapping the landscape, blind scape futures

A notebook of converging lines

Look at the North Star

At the core of the labyrinth
a glass of cold water
capturing the northern lights
cold fire promises rainbows
no touch the ground no manifestation
the zap of a video tape,
the lines of a corrupted image
 the, the ice, the ice, the ice ...

Siphoning words
making space
a leaf fell off a tree
a broken window
a door blew open

Orange is the colour of landing

... I am a free city, I have many inhabitants, I am many storylines, multiple plots, leave stuff behind and look for new weights for my loom, I tell stories while I spin, I tell stories while you get spun, I will spin you around, whisking you through my universe and there will only be a cloud of molecules left when I am done, like I am a cloud of molecules that cannot be unspun, de-centrifuged, I have been torn apart in ways nobody should be torn apart, I am in effort every day to arrange my molecules to take one step, to sit up, to stand up, to get in the shower, to brush my hair, to boil my eggs, for each action I have to ask all of my atoms to help, individually one at a time to help me conduct this task, I am a cloud being, easily blown off, easily whisked away, easily ending up in the dust pan.

Madness is entering the mind of a book with an absent author,
movement into a territory with several fingers inserted into its soil,
into a paradigm that intertwines the theological with the political.

The polis again, except this time, islands of people exist, their
backs to the sea and writing builds a nation in the air, recited,
whispered, but never lived in—

What is written about can also be treated, what remains submerged
is removed from the space where languages bubble—intractable, untreatable.
A soil system turning idioms into remnants of a culture, a strand carrying
felled transpositions out into the sea.

Perhaps a necessary outcome of making emotion habitable
when expressions are the only edifices left,
punctuated by the opaqueness of non-recognition.

Ears are vulnerable orifices and what you
won't commit to memory will linger there with the thick description of airstrikes
with all the imagery bought and nothing left to see.

Like sweet, emerald betel leaves smeared with slaked lime,
brown betel nuts cracked open with a nut-cracker—
and ringing buds of hibiscus waiting to sound out in the morning sun
or the survival blue of aparajita flowers
the terrace garden is in coral memory
ease with which this chosen language now
glides over the spaces between what was left unsaid
but the body is still more than what the verse makes of it—
and the sanctuary of the moonlight streaming
like palm-milk, like bled-out gum, like the gleam of sinnet

Holding on to the afterlife of the beloved
the only thing that is mine while the poem takes on
life, wombing you in the cradle of mortal
words; death for us is outside of custom, something
only the aggrieved do and who could be sad amidst
braided action and inaction and the rare return of ancestors
in the shadows cast over shining surfaces.

a dry white season

sky stretches a thread
a flatness of heat like a weighted blanket

I walk with leaded hands
mutter words to you

they settle as brittle leaves
in calligraphy

bones dust beneath our feet
leaning on you I grope for stones

ribs of mountains cleave to sand
fish suck mud for water

ripped flesh from a thorn bush dries
drops like dead flies

earth's skin is bleached
our eyes look to the night for relief

a magnesium moon folds in
stars drop their shine

a feather across the plain
jumps a frog without toes

our lips draw a line
dry wind through our hair

alchemy

can the malleable residue from zinc
tarnished burnt extracted
to yellow oxide and leaf green
be contrasted with the metal itself
to show the alchemy of different ingredients

or is it my eye that with selected
programming flashes upon the retina
different wavelengths inverted textured
desired choices of compatibility in colours
that ought to be

argonaut

far below the sailing ships you hoisted in silvery membrane
sail to wave, to the blow of currents swaying kelp, to the swirl
of a school of sardines and jetted across the ocean floor in style
displaying with pride in the most delicate of cribs your crowded
offspring, their many fingered tentacles exploring tastes
and sounds of new discoveries of new continents of the
new of millennium to come as you raced manmade crafts
pitying the pride of homo sapiens with so few tentacles
so few children, so few adaptabilities, so little understanding
of what went before, of what might be ahead, of what is present

arrested-red

such an anemone
so outspoken
words of truth

mouthed crimson
pulsating purge plunge
in your face

in your hair
red pepper
fire alarm

\

arrested-red

such an anemone
so outspoken
words of truth

a mouth in your face
pulsating lips
biting red purge

red arrest
ring the bell
fire fire

arrest-red

mouthed-crimson
too-red
moist to real

anemone outspoken
pulsating purge plunge
in your face

in your hair
above waist
such a relish

**you are an Ibis now
(for Bruce Parry)**

kill a cow
tap his blood onto the parched soil
that is how you make the desert winds blow
your head is that of a bird
it eyes the clouds to make rain

God works through the snake and the dust
our cause is mad
take the long spear
the machine gun
fill the circle of violence
do it fight
there be blood-blessing
grow tall grow tall
provide like a man
stamp your feet

I won't forget you
come make marks on my back
here are the sticks
I want something to remember you by

bulk that turns the ridge black, hoists it

painted over. It's the same with every

gigantic family home, Anna

hasten beneath or over them. The lean-

ways and stairwells and far afield

Singapore is built on sand: its

Song rues futile dreams. Other songs

explains: "Suppose someone is

rusty, grey. But the ridge is dark in many

ways and stairwells and far afield

bulk that turns the ridge black, hoists it

rusty heft has been left exposed.

what exactly did that mean? "Is the

inner form, to search inside ourselves

as Facebook. Deleting my Facebook

Your line manager is not confused,

current management team don't care

for a simple sneer - "Eh, eh eh, eh eh"

rusty, grey. But the ridge is dark in many

for a simple sneer - "Eh, eh eh, eh eh"

what exactly did that mean? "Is the

"something meaty on the ground".

painted with a wash of gold.

current management team don't care

Everything has a particular, almost

as Facebook. Deleting my Facebook

second time around, it looks more like

Your line manager is not confused.

hasten beneath or over them. The lean-

Singapore is built on sand: its

inner form, to search inside ourselves

"something meaty on the ground".

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explains: "Suppose someone is

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painted over. It's the same with every

Song rues futile dreams. Other songs

rusty heft has been left exposed.

BEAUTY
SWEET
FAIR
ODOUR

FULL
TINCTURE
SUCH
THEIR

THEIR
FADE
TO

ARE
YOU
THAT



Create your own at [Storyboard That](#)



AN OPEN LETTER
TO J. K. ROWLING
FROM YOU-KNOW-WHO

THANK  YOU

We have past issues. Please read them.

Issue 1: May 2023 with

Astra Papachristodoulou, Charlotte Harker, Clive Gresswell, Doug Jones, Grete Dalum, Michael Weller, Jo Mariner, Michał Kamil Piotrowski, Peter Philpott, Robin Bale, Stephen Mooney, and Verity Rowsell

Issue 2: April 2024 with

Andrew Nightingale, Charlotte Harker, Chris Gutkind, Frances Presley, Jo Mariner, and Juli Jana

writersforumworkshop.uk

A red graphic element consisting of a horizontal line extending from the end of the text to the right edge of the page, a vertical line extending downwards from the end of the horizontal line, and a diagonal line extending from the bottom-right corner of the vertical line towards the bottom-left corner of the page.