



COLE DENYER

PIPPA EASON

REU LEACOCK

JILL MCKNIGHT

KARANJIT PANESAR

JAMES SEWELL

conversations on eternal interstice 2026, shitwonder ii by cole denyer, sculpture dance (wip) by pippa eason, untitled by reu leacock, regathered by jill mcknight, untitled (ammonite fossil near lyme regis) by karanjit panesar, scores & balance by james sewell.

(I)

Failed kingships black boxed militants
death-drives is free anti-realisms
of the beginning dark patiences
the price for total elimination of one's foe,
becomes suicidal in a three-player game
no better more temperate
or intelligible an emblem
than the guillotine rising from the ground
ensures the victory of the third party
even chess players lose their way
in the triangle where the economy
of sacrifice has to be radically reconsidered

(ii)

You do forget the scotch-taped
networks at dawn how many
Fortune 500 CEOs make poetry
out of kerosene Patriarcha
after his tongue their Families
then Nations elegy did not begin,
choruses instead ID people
have to eat remember
the upskilling aneurysm of my heart
its blended finance instruments
inside sulphate of ammonia
the phenol in Ozymandias
lake filled all the same
abolish hope let me go
to my ethics of hell
& name this city

(iii)

Vanta black nights
domestication of ice & cold
to be desired an ice palace
all the rules of most modern architecture
apply here glycine mir hyperstitutions
desiccated black snow
nobody exists you have no choice
the choice comes after
Executive Order 13771
who was able to measure
& tame frost lives forever
Vormärz Grodek Autumn Forest
drone full of stars FTC & NIST
dancing on glass again
the vertical community
forged in cold metals
to the point it becomes
perfectly liquid again

(iv)

The trouble with the biodiesel
solution is that no one
would want to live
in a city whose public
transportation was fueled,
even just partly,
by the distilled remains
of its late underclass

(v)

Krymskyi mist delved earth
of all the worlds tears
suspended here now melts away
in Azov-Black the wrong place
you breathe slept in ice floes in 1945
we go to the central corridors
their meaning double-tracked
chorus on breezes blown
flanging midnight with no pain
civilian object prelude
solitude in waking dream
Mosoblbank nightingale
ShIZO ice fields
hollow-shaped
now is that music?

(vi)

In the Oscar Niemeyer bar
gimlet voice estrangement
each vertical option ends
in the circulation zone
Radical political Art
its exit-competition
this game contains
the world I have imagined falling
away misprisions silver tributes
the meaning of this my friends
remove themselves from the scene
through voluntary exile
could be considered
a conspiracy of faith
or half-deserted feelings again
upper ranges then
lower middle ranges could
hear their echoing
clad in small mosaics
to be active in relation
to a dead thing threat of exit
as an instrument of voice
is here replaced by its mirror image,
the promise of re-entry

(vii)

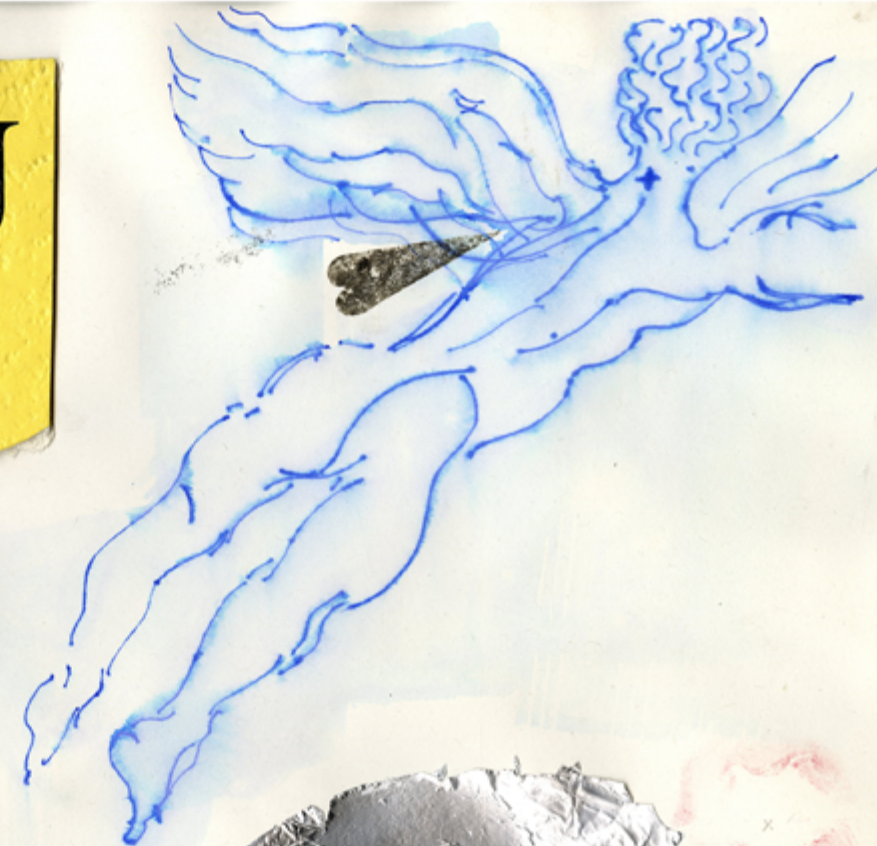
Lay your head on chatgpt's
metaphorical lap
you're on the balcony now
with those model dream hands
running out the petrol smells
the blurred caloric
first-ever uncrewed triple challenge
lithium-polymer choking circles
into graphene skein
cure for gyroscopes
accelerometers it moves through
our bodies like company announcements
like a Floor Event open the door plate
its light greenish white
that mad dead adult
near perfect child
impress the bunker
makes you feel that bypass
over cleared checkpoints
door re-opens says
now that was a tracking shot

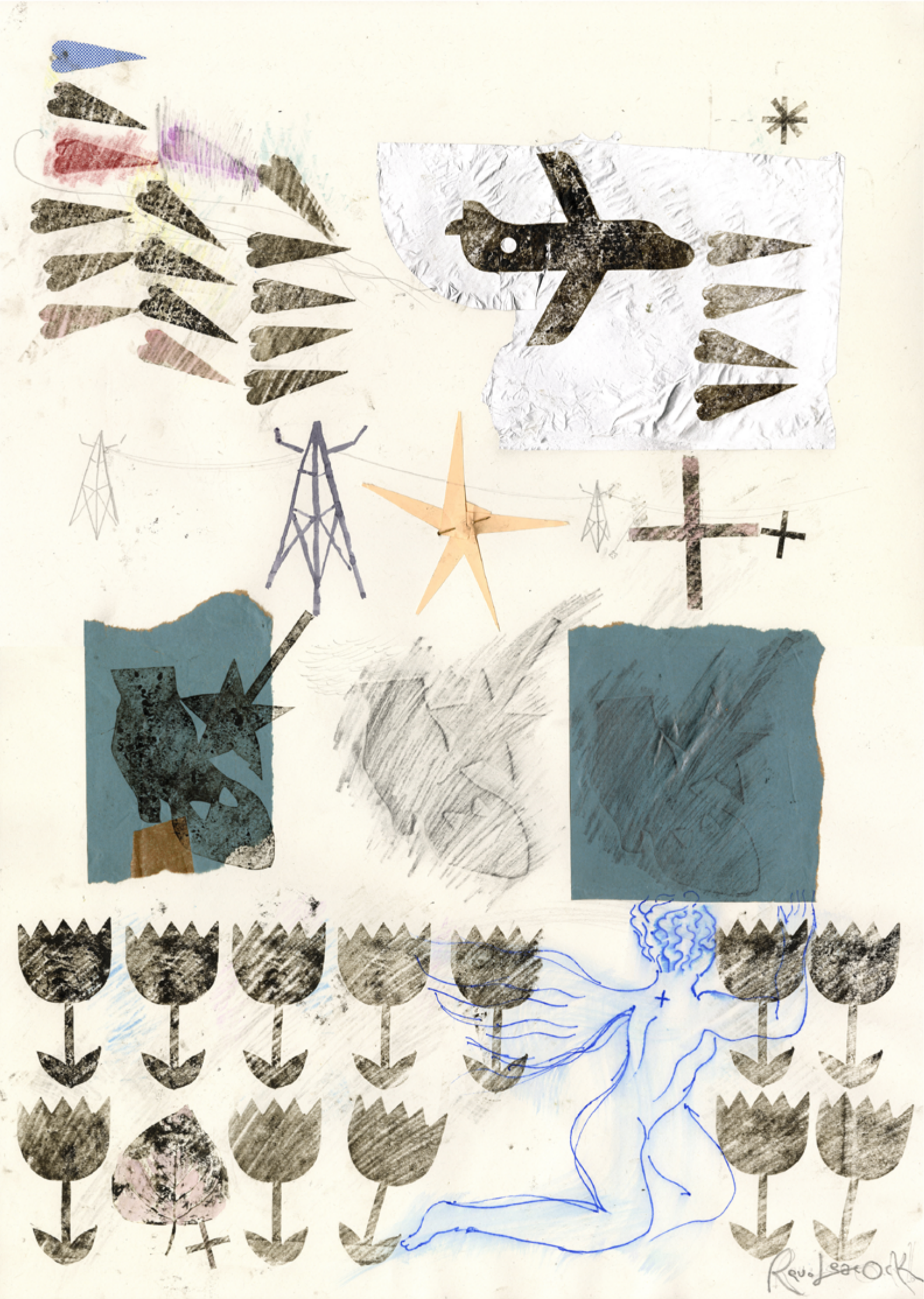
(viii)

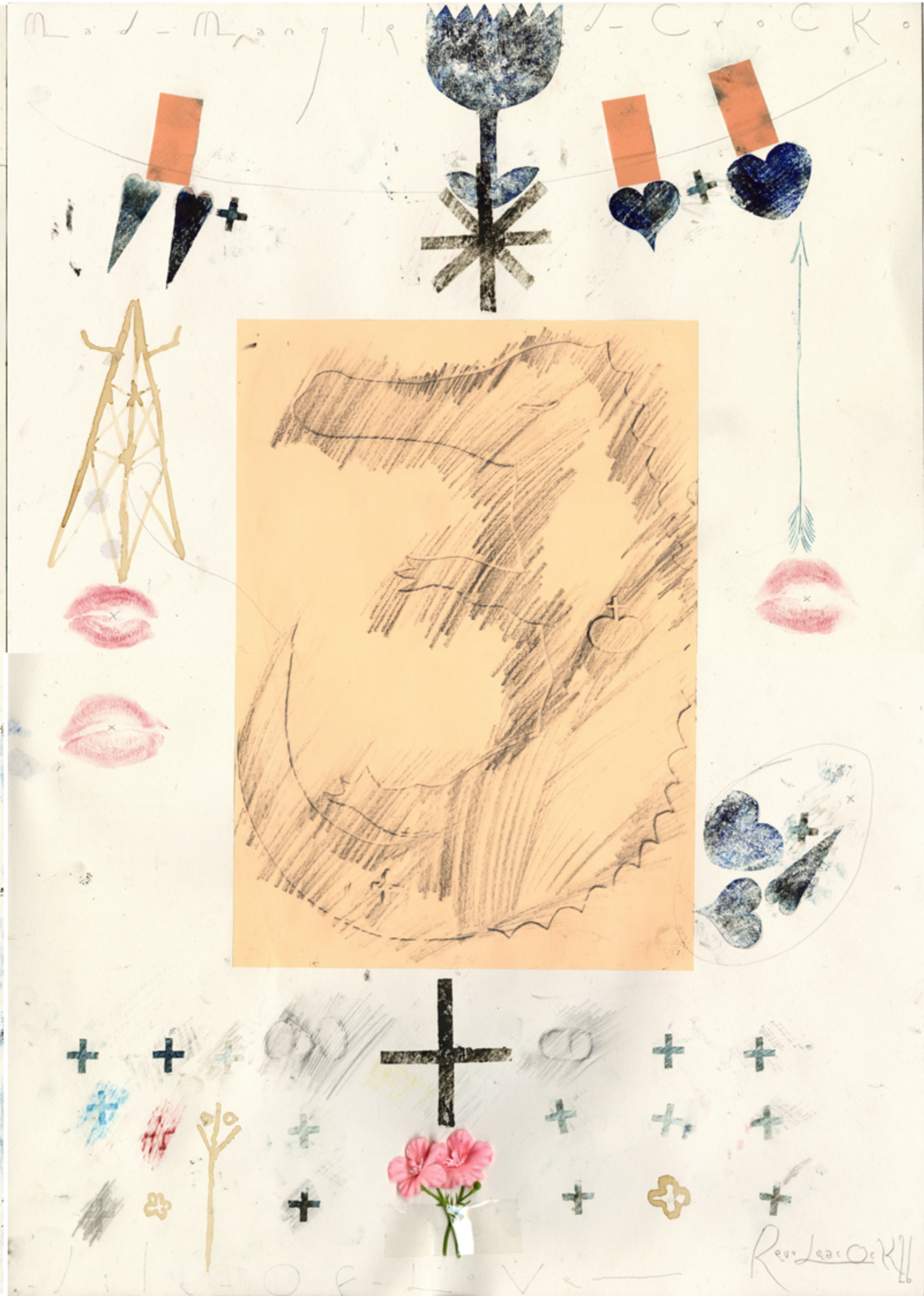
Our happiness gamifying misery
in the art of not dying
& victories we have won
painfully curled
tight from the seeded culm
the bean counter
on the rooftop bar Highballs
End Times Exhibition Talk
& The Sadist Whips
the Obviously Innocent



Friday's bring the







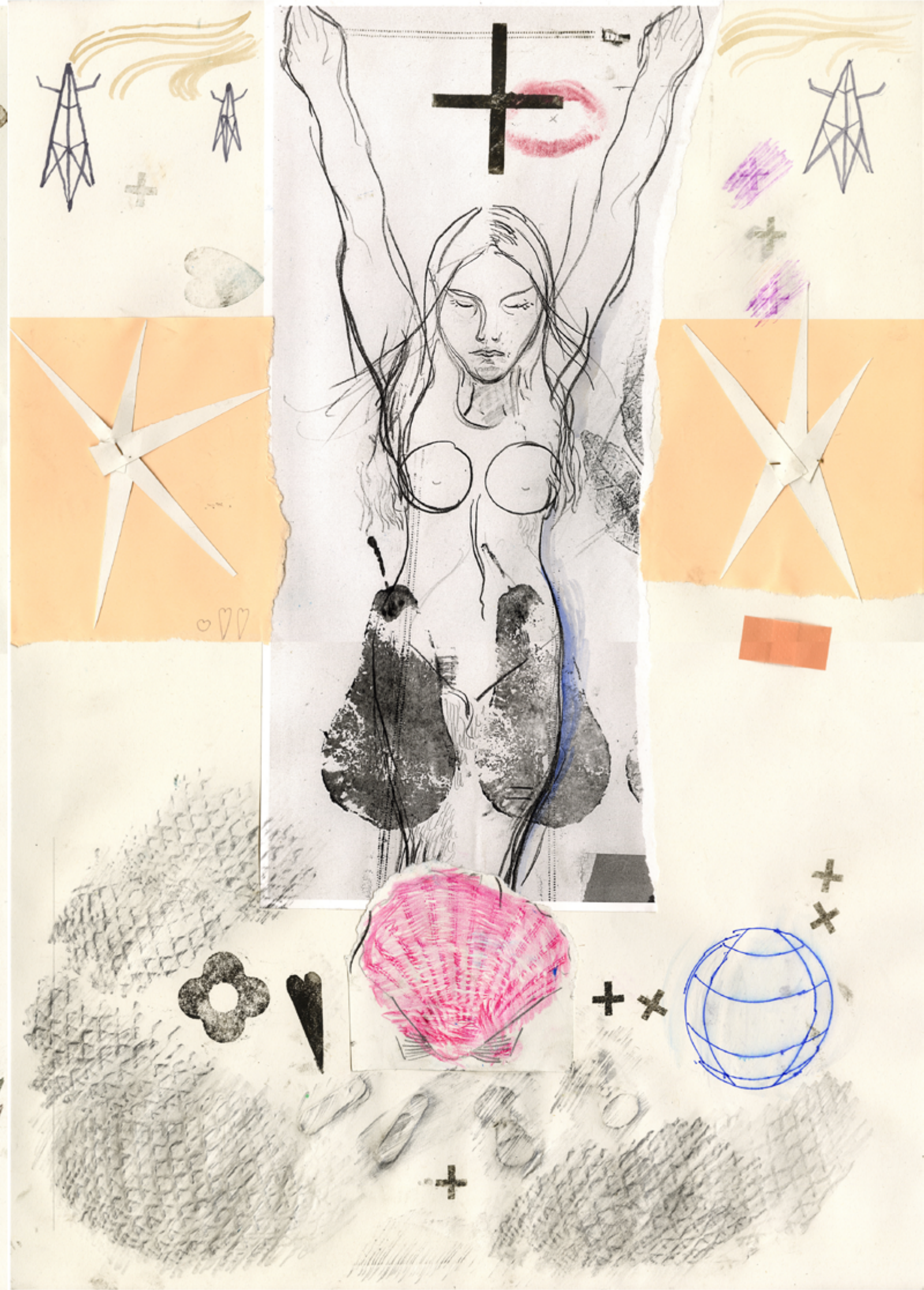
THIS



Rev. Leas Ock



Rev. Leas Ock 8/86





A year ago a different sight?
Macbeth yellow tartan head scarf
Running the Brass Monkey
Ill but still doing it
Learning how to breathe with a frog in my throat
Brother's broken elbow
Mostly checking locations on Find My Friends
Expecting to see a hospital
Building positivity
A Sisyphean feat
A little bird curled up so warm
A painting that sold and ones that didn't
Standing on the steps
Colleagues come and gone
Same situation different haircut
Ethereal colours from an exhibition
Stained glass glowing
Kandor glowing
A life's work
In a room of an exhibition

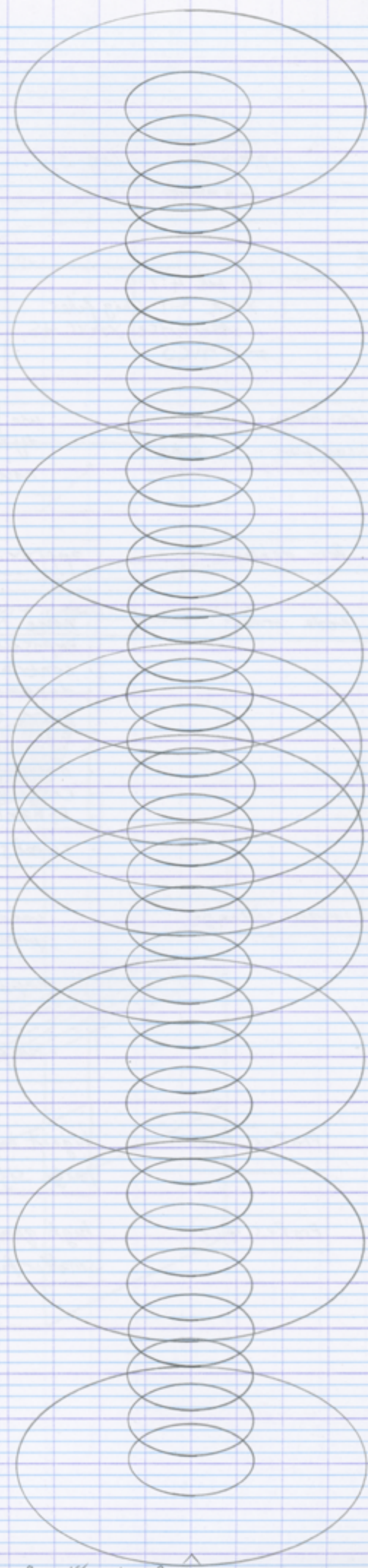
Monotone photos from a lifetime ago
Creased and folded
A boy in baggy trousers, no belt
Covering miles
Food making
Visiting friends and their kids
Accidental screenshots
Wearing dust masks
Looking at metal artefacts up close
Books and time for reading
Often sombre
Framed work handed over
My husband and our friends' achievements
Tired face with makeup polished off
Colleagues side by side
Arm in arm
Chimneys and trees

Out at sea, a breathing space
Portmeirion up a lighthouse
Wondering what's wrong with my eyes
Red lipstick not quite on right
Wearing a fake fur gilet when appropriate
Screenshots of poems and quizzes to diagnose
Words to learn from when I can

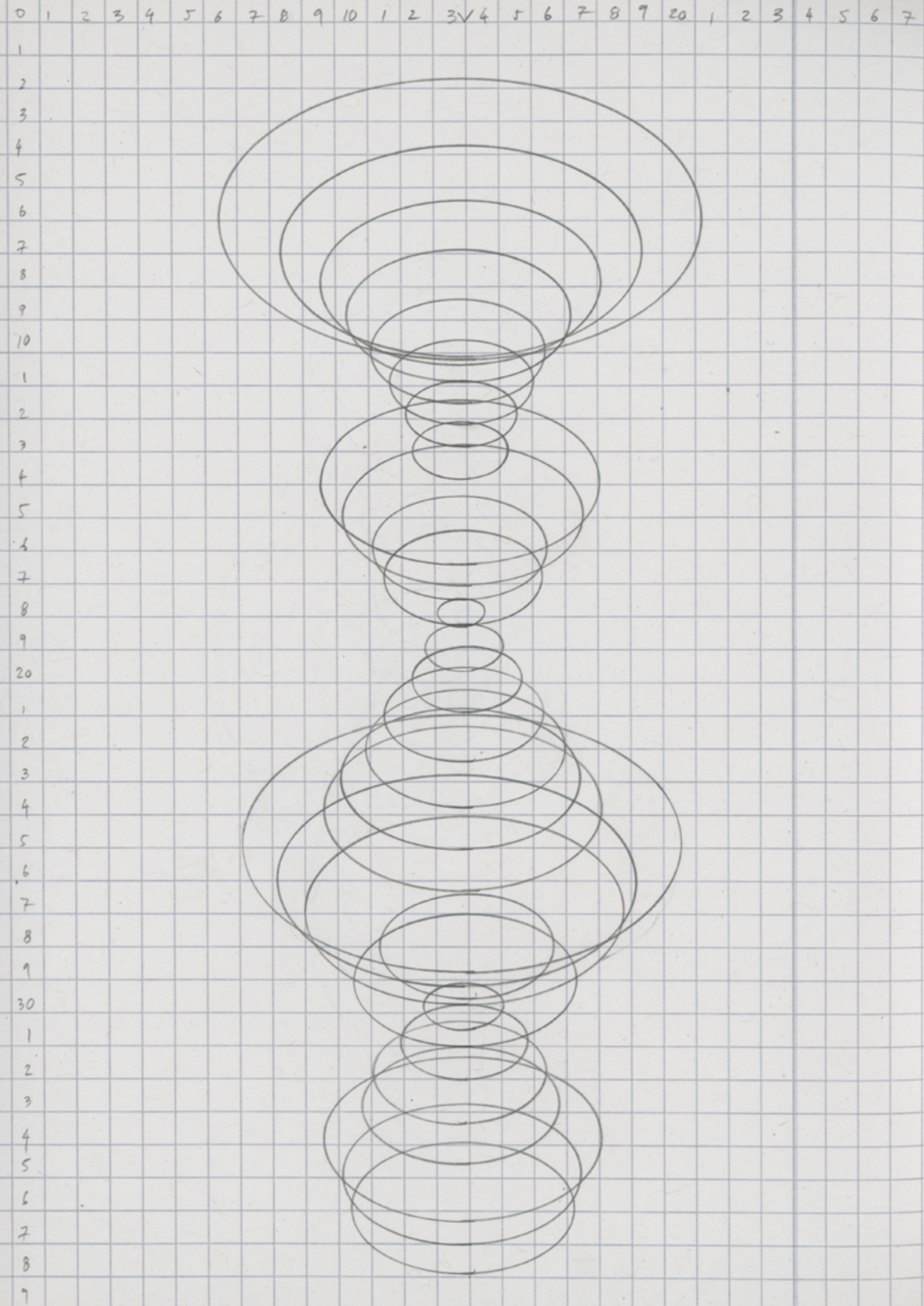




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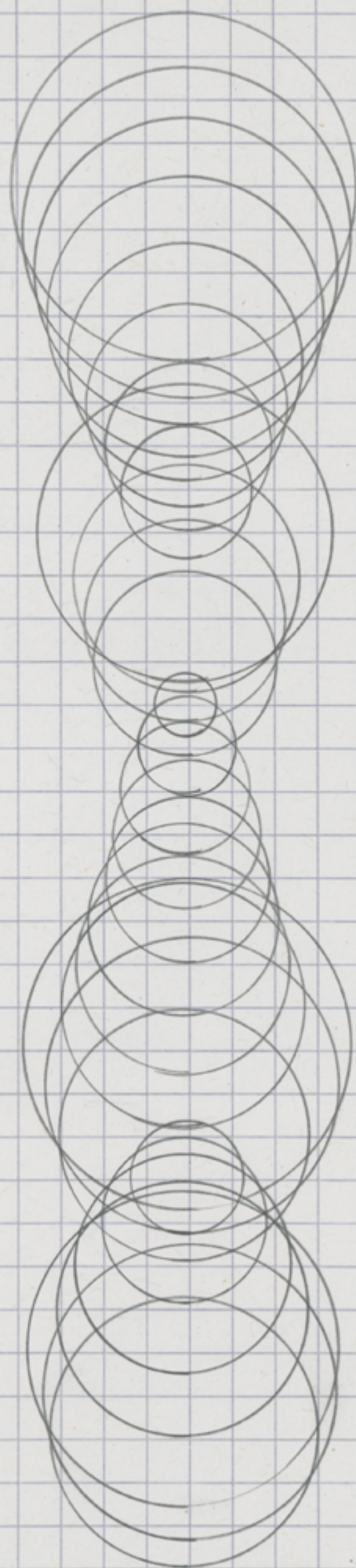
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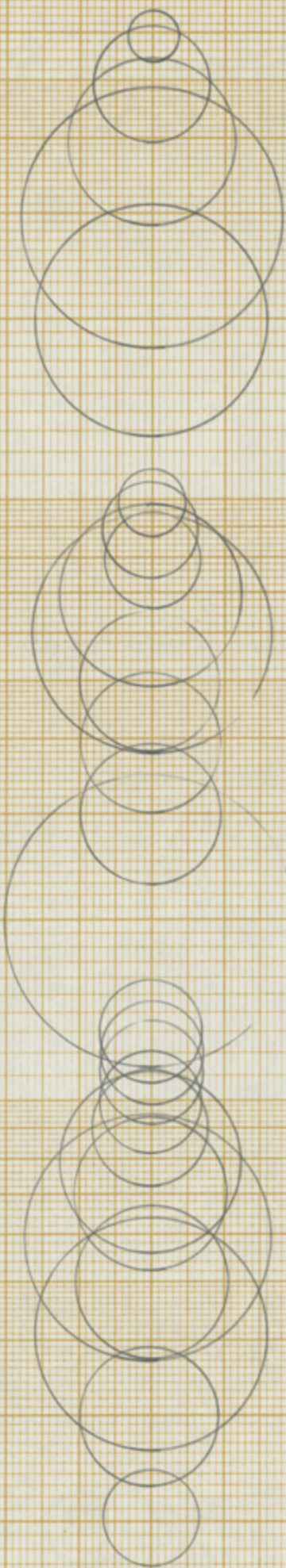
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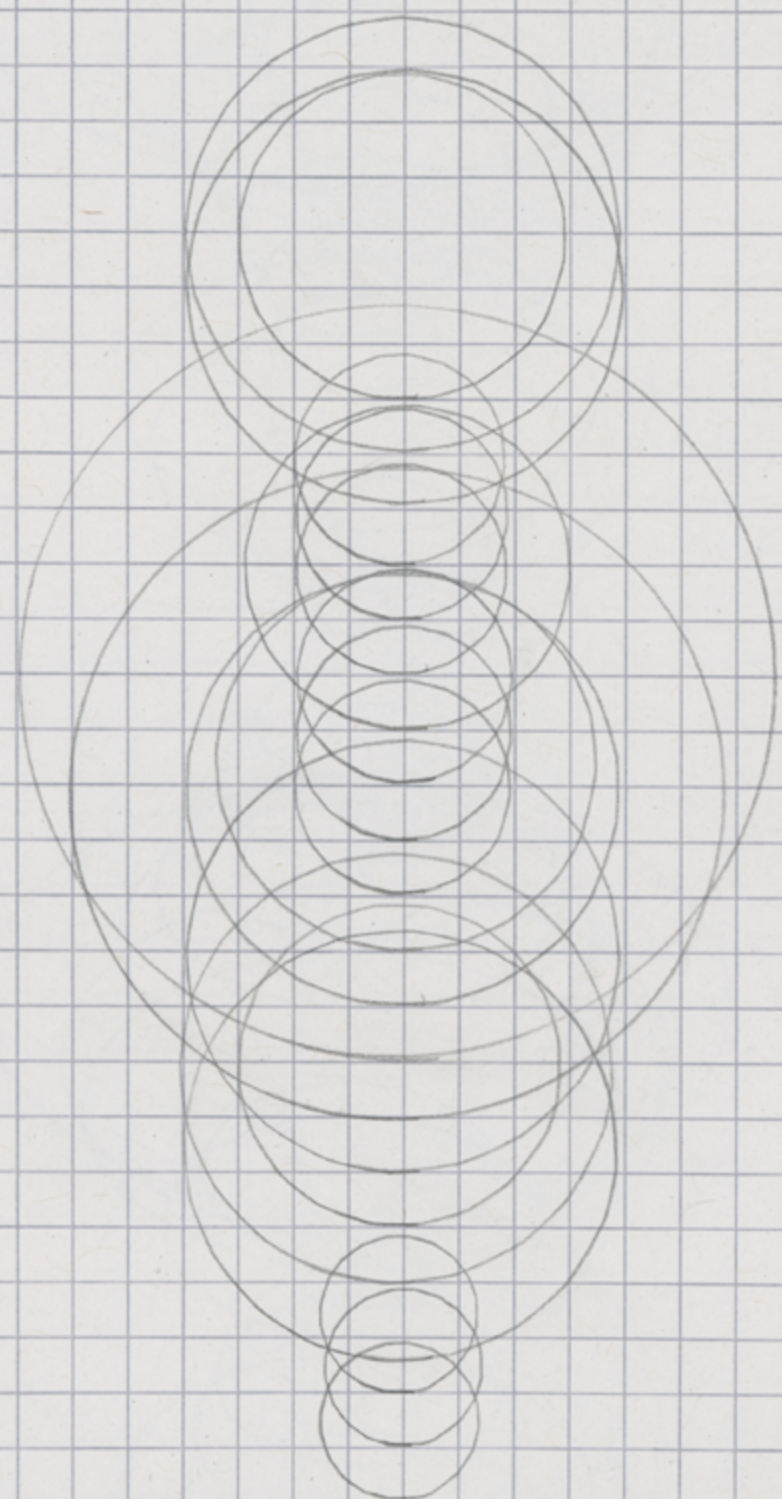


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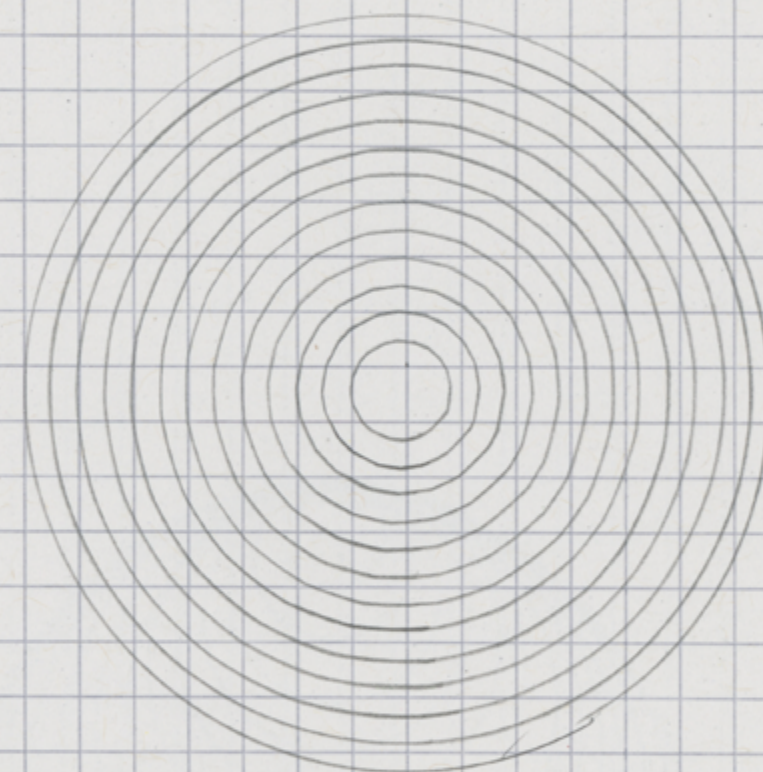




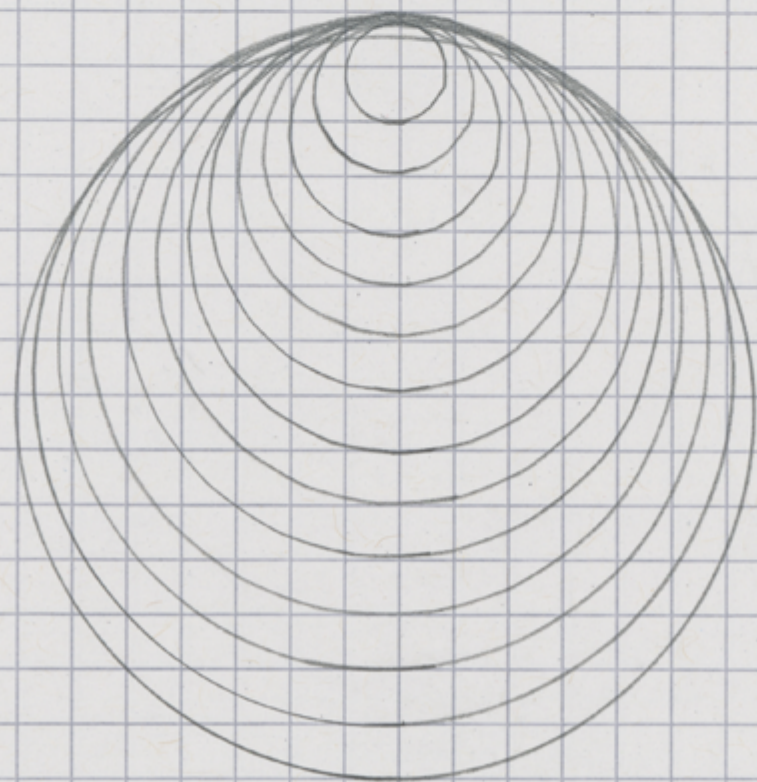
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p a i n

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event horizon



it's not that the glass is half full or half empty, it's that the glass is twice
as big as it needs to be.



2026