

R U P T U R E Z I N E

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Online archive: RUPTUREZINE.ORG

AUTUMN 2020 ▪ I am not a free man, I am a number (but not more than 6)

WATCH MY BACK AND I WATCH YOURS

While its always a good time to be paranoid if you're a left-wing activist, recent moves in UK policing may want to leave people taking even more precautions than usual. As the right in America continues to espouse the narrative that the Black Lives Matter protests which have caused such uproar throughout the country in the past year have all been hijacked by Antifa and sneaky anarchists – looking to lead the black community down the road to ruin (no doubt flanked by satanic paedophiles) – across the pond, the authorities here may be upping the ante in

their targeting of the radical Left.

In May, MI5 announced that they were taking over the monitoring and tracking of domestic terror threats within the UK from the police. In October, they announced that as part of this restructuring, that they were creating a new unit, LASIT, to specifically target 'left wing, anarchists and single issue' terrorism. This news only seems to have been reported by the right-wing media, both in the UK and the US, where far-right news outlets have gleefully seized upon the news, presumably slobbering with joy while shouting I TOLD

YOU SO at any libtards who have so far wavered on the Far Left/Lizard People conspiracy front.

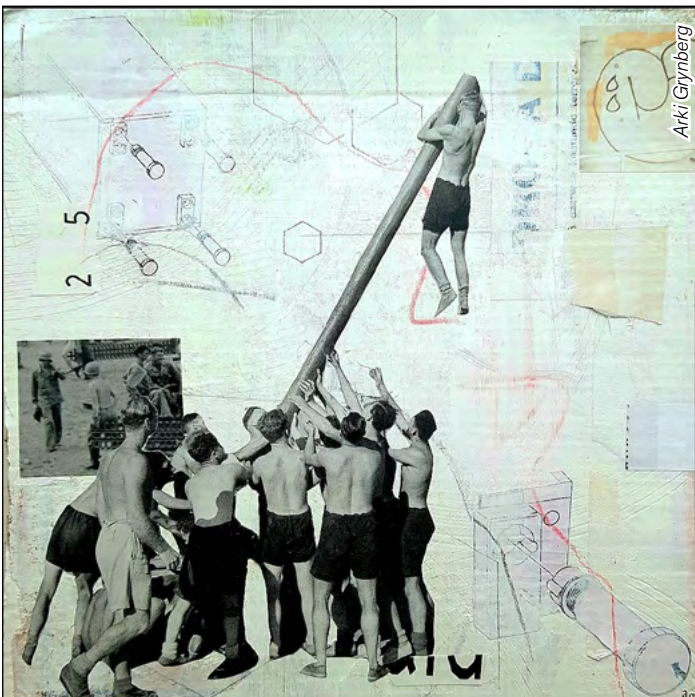
A month later in mid-November, a major police operation by counter terrorism police in and around the Forest of Dean saw four addresses raided; with a man arrested and charged with 'encouragement of terrorism, dissemination of terrorist publications and 'collection of

information' contrary to the Terrorist Act'. While it doesn't say so in the news, we understand that these raids all relate to radical left-wing political activity – and from the charges, presumably to the publication of zines or literature.

This is all very recent and too soon to say anything definitive, but time will tell if this represents one of the first cases targeting anarchists for distributing political literature. If charges are brought and a court case goes ahead, what will this mean for infoshops, zine distributors and the like? Where are the lines being drawn over what constitutes terrorism and terrorist publications?

Social dissent grows ever more obvious in the face of the authorities inaction and push back against the radical changes sought by the BLM movement. As society grows seemingly ever more divided by Tory policy and the laughable management of a pandemic that has only further enriched their cronies at the expense of the majority, is the state seeking to enhance their repression of the radical Left to make sure the ideas they represent don't make an attractive option for the generations of angry people, young and old, realising that – especially with the new 'Tory-Lite' direction of the Labour party – change is only coming if we make it?

Whatever the weather, for some it's probably a good time to be looking over your shoulder.



NANTES BITES BACK

UNDERGROUND RESISTANCE 11-13/09/20

Over one weekend in September of the tumultuous year of 2020, the free party community around Nantes held a series of festivities in reaction to the violent state repression of the scene. This much anticipated weekend took place during the late summer lull of the pandemic; everyone all the more keen to come together after the tough spring French lockdown.

of hostile environment through heavy police presence; there were patrols searching and questioning any suspect vehicles.

The demo was followed by a moving street party in the evening, accompanied by a portable sound system, instruments and an enthused crowd. The moving mass swept through the busy touristic area and attracted more to the procession. The cen-

ple were cycling and taking public transport.

The party went strong over the weekend, with multiple crews coming together to build a heavy wall of sound. Despite the minimal police presence onsite, there was an attempted seizure. However, people-power averted this as crowds escorted the police out. Around 2000 people attended



Friday commenced with a solidarity demo outside the central courthouse in Nantes. The demo was held in solidarity with a truck driver from a previous street party in memory of Steve (a raver murdered by cops in Nantes in 2019). With symbolic potency, the court was accusing the driver of using a soundsystem as a weapon. The case made evident how much of a threat soundsystem culture is to state control. The driver was later found not guilty.

All through Friday, news was trickling through that emergency legal restrictions were being put in place all through the region exclusively for this weekend, to put a stop to any kind of musical gathering. Groups of more than 6 people were made illegal, vehicles over 3 1/2 tonnes carrying sound equipment banned and the sale of any off-licence alcohol prohibited. As we entered the city we experienced this kind

of hostile environment through heavy police presence; there were patrols searching and questioning any suspect vehicles. The demo was followed by a moving street party in the evening, accompanied by a portable sound system, instruments and an enthused crowd. The moving mass swept through the busy touristic area and attracted more to the procession. The cen-

tral point held a sustained crowd, which was dispersed a few hours in; riot cops throwing tear gas and seizing the trailer soundsystem. The riot cops continued to charge and fling tear gas grenades. In an area full of bars and restaurants, people unassociated with the demo also had to flee for safety. People slowly dissipated as the night went on, but the day's events were not yet over – as many headed straight to the party scheduled for the evening. The convoy, hundreds long, left around half-midnight with next to no police presence at the meeting point. After driving round multiple entry points, vehicles were efficiently escorted in to various parking fields. The gendarmerie were actually forced to help escort party goers on to the site due to the sheer numbers of vehicles close to busy highways. The location was ideal – being so close to Nantes many peo-

and many remained on site into Monday. The weekend sent out a clear message – our sound is stronger than their repression. There were frequent drones and low-flying helicopters roaring overhead; but all drowned out by the thumping heart of the party. By Sunday, the police had gained control of the exits, searching some vehicles, testing drivers and asking for papers. On the whole though, it was fairly relaxed for partygoers to vacate the area.

Despite state measures to prevent the weekend's events, everything was carried out confidently with mass attendance. The conscious political edge of this party made these events worthy of sharing. A reassurance that even in these dark times we can still joyously dance under the sky and feel liberated, even just for a weekend. Every act of defiance creates deeper cracks in their control. Free party for free people.

A RANT FROM A RAVER who's not going out that much...

While pretty much all of the media coverage of rave/DIY soundsystems during the pandemic has been extremely negative – lambasting ravers for flouting social distancing and gathering in numbers that outdo any Trump rally; as well as shaming the opportunists cashing in on the lack of events going on – many of us in the community made a conscious decision not to take the rig out during these troubling times.

Why did we decide this? Surely, we cannot agree with and go along with this Tory government's draconian laws and increasing police presence and regulations? Surely coming together to support each other, listen to music, create autonomous spaces and dance could never be wrong, right? So, while many opportunistic businesspeople have made a killing running unlicensed events during the lockdown, we have stayed home, talked it over, read a book and then done something else.

My intention is not to get bogged down in the science, or lack thereof, of human interactions in relation to Covid-19. My intention here is merely to say that we as a group came together and agreed that if there is a chance that gathering in busy sweaty

raves could spread this virus, then we didn't want to contribute to it. Plain and simple. We do not expect to be lauded or anything of the sort – and only time will tell which side of history we end up on – but for the record, and whoever cares to listen, we did decide to sit these months out and wait.

Much more sinister in my experience of lockdown, has been how the ongoing epidemic of suicides within our community seems to have been exacerbated by the pandemic. Although I cannot quantify and do not want to name individuals, I know the last months have been very hard on a very large number of people because of suicides and drug overdoses. My heart goes out to all those who have suffered such losses recently. Suicide is the single biggest killer of my friends and I am exhausted and depleted of tears wondering if things could have been different. With so many discussions about health and wellbeing taking place, one might hope that this epidemic of suicide and self-harm might be more readily addressed.

Indeed, the hope is that we will come out of these dark days with our vans fixed and sound systems tuned – and that we can stand together as a community, stronger and healthier than ever. To all my friends who have been there for me, thank youzzzz. And to everyone else, please try to think of those solitary mates having a tough time of it this winter and please pick up the phone and call them. You might never know how important that call was.



*travelling through
travelling through the dew
travelling drinking brews
meeting faces
seeing all the places
travelling through
travelling through the goo
travelling through the streets
travelling through the beats
passing through transient ado
passing through the hills*

And then he mentioned
he was currently 'sleeping outside'
for T (by Jack Houston)

Outside, as if in an open boat, each warm current
lapping at the gunwales, sails
tucked fast to the boom.

Outside, in the crackling air of the city,
breathing the beneficent smog of our industries,
of many more than a million cars.

Outside, where it's cool, wrapped up
in the thick coat, the boots, the sleeping bag;
like an infant, swaddled.

Outside and free to awake when he wants to,
to stretch and stand up and move onward
not held by house or home.

Outside, and every bright star of the galaxy
a pinprick of paradise
welcoming him to the night.

*experimenting with thrills
travelling through passing by
not giving a damn about the time going by
passing through the dwellers the sellers
meeting some right story tellers
travelling through the minds
travelling through space
travelling through the human race
travelling through at grace
travelling is fucking ACE*

by #REFSTROLLS2000



WILDFLOWER BOMBS

You need:

- Wildflower seeds
- Air dry clay
- Soil/dirt
- Water
- Baking paper

1. Mix seeds, clay, soil and water until you have a cookie dough texture.
2. Roll into balls and leave to dry for 1/2 days on baking paper.
3. Throw

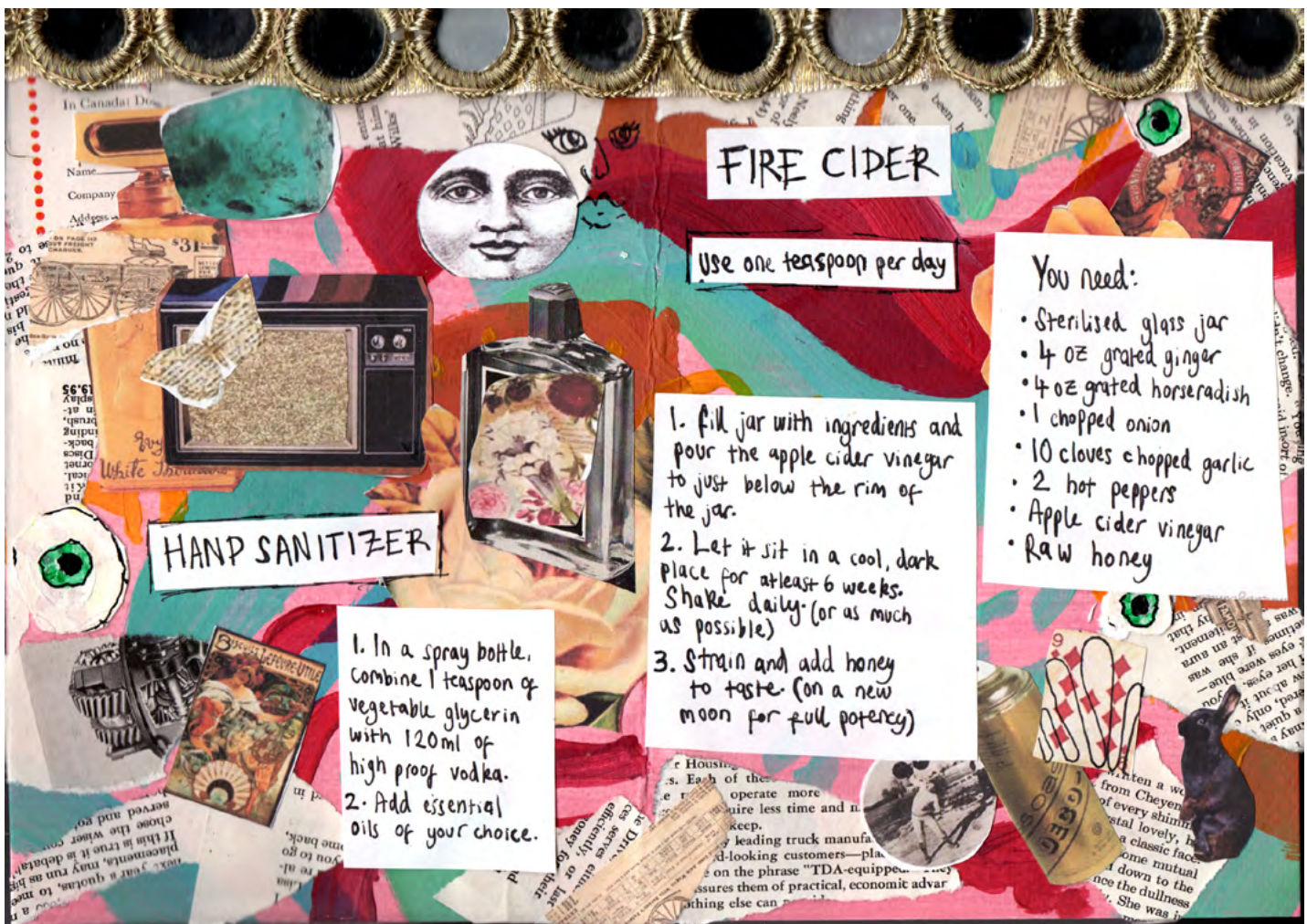
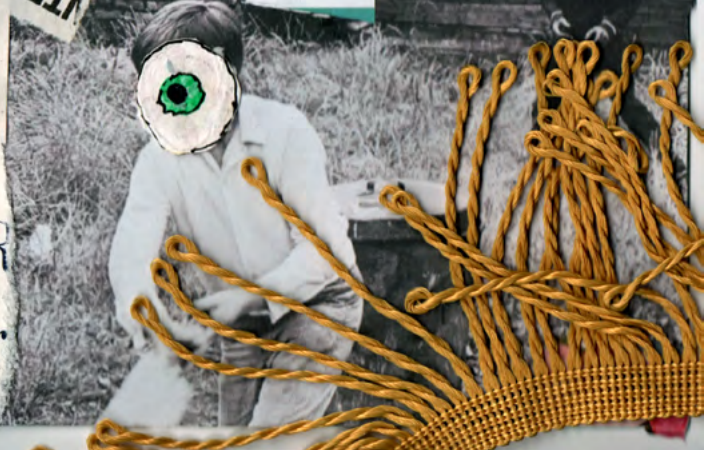
ANTI-ANXIETY TINCTURE

You need:

- 0.5oz chamomile flowers
- 0.5 oz lemon balm
- 0.5 oz holy basil
- 0.5 oz cinnamon
- 100 proof vodka 50%

1. Blend herbs and transfer to large glass sealable jar.
2. Cover with vodka.
3. Let sit for 6 weeks in a dark spot and shake daily.

WILDFLOWER SPECIMENS



FIRE CIDER

Use one teaspoon per day

You need:

- Sterilised glass jar
- 4 oz grated ginger
- 4 oz grated horseradish
- 1 chopped onion
- 10 cloves chopped garlic
- 2 hot peppers
- Apple cider vinegar
- Raw honey

1. Fill jar with ingredients and pour the apple cider vinegar to just below the rim of the jar.
2. Let it sit in a cool, dark place for atleast 6 weeks. Shake daily (or as much as possible)
3. Strain and add honey to taste. (on a new moon for full potency)

HAND SANITIZER

1. In a spray bottle, combine 1 teaspoon of vegetable glycerin with 120ml of high proof vodka.
2. Add essential oils of your choice.



Parallel Action: 10/10

FEAT. CHARLIE BOY MANSON

DIGITAL RELEASE 11TH DECEMBER 2020

A collaborative release from labels C7NEMA100 & Loose Lips, heavy acidic sonics from Parallel Action meets intense, confident and twisted raps, written and performed by Charlie Boy Manson, a mysterious character challenged by the constant plight of debauchery. '10/10' drops us into a psychedelic arcade, cranking the bass valve up a notch, telling a rebellious story of hedonistic invincibility and freedom - a cocktail of grimey dystopian arrogance, trip-hop breaks, sound-system basslines and lyrical gymnastics.

facebook.com/C7NEMA100

loose-lips.co.uk



Some things people have said about it so far:

"The beats and vocals are on point, but it's the restlessly squirming bassline that elevates this to the next level."

"Heavy, tight, head banging track."

"Bangs Harder than a double drop comedown."

"Driving vocals ooze perfectly over squelchy bass."

"If Quentin Tarantino made hip hop."

'10/10' is the first taste of the forthcoming EP, 'Parallel Action featuring Charlie Boy Manson', out early 2021 on vinyl & digital, available to pre-order on 11th December 2020.



Samhain. It is one of the most important of the 8 Sabbats as it is the Pagan New Year. The wheel of the year has turned full circle and a new year begins. The word Samhain means 'suns end'. It is pronounced *Sowin*.

Leaves fall and the trees become silent and skeletal against the darkening skies. The sap which rose in the spring and made the land fertile and green, now returns to the roots of the earth, where it will wait silently until the warmth of spring and rebirth draws it back to the surface. This is the eternal cycle of death and rebirth, not a rigid straight line – but rather a continual cycle, season by season, year by year.

Samhain is the third of the harvest festivals, only this isn't a harvest of crops or grain it is the harvest of flesh. It was the time of year when farmers and families would slaughter cattle and preserve the meat to last through the cold winter months.

Samhain is a festival of death as it is the death of the year and of the waxing Sun. It is also the death of the earth when plants, seeds and acorns are now slowly descending underground to ready themselves to be reborn in spring. Animals will start to hibernate, and the earth will appear barren as it sleeps through the winter months.

Earth energies are being pulled inwards at this time; this is the time we should also be looking inwards at ourselves – contemplate the year we have had and what lessons we have learned, whether they were good or bad; what we can take from them and use in the future.

The God of the waxing Sun descends into the underworld opening up the veil between the two worlds of the living and the dead. At Samhain, spirits can commune with the living and visit us. We remember our ancestors and the people and pets who have died. We honour them by placing pictures of them on our altars and invite them to join us.

We should also adorn our altars with seasonal fare such as fallen leaves, twigs, acorns, nuts, turnips and pumpkins and offer these as gifts to the triple Goddess who is now in her crone phase, she is the wise dark mother of knowledge and days past.

Although a time of death Samhain is also a time of fresh starts and new beginnings. It is a time of 'out with the old and in with the new'; to start looking forward to our future.

On Samhain we should light a fire as this is primarily a Celtic fire festival where the villagers and towns folk would light giant bonfires to say goodbye to the God of the waxing Sun and to thank the Goddess for her harvest of gifts bestowed upon the earth.

There would also be big feasts with stews, corn and breads

and we would give thanks for people in our lives and show gratitude for all that we have; and give thanks to the people who are no longer with us, inviting them to join us at the feast.

During this season, one might like to light a candle and put it at a west-facing window to light the way for our lost loved ones and invite their spirits to visit us. If you don't have a west-facing window, put the candle on the western most part of your home.

This is a great time for divination, for doing Tarot reading and looking to the future and asking ourselves how we can improve our lives and move forward for the coming year.

Samhain's association with death reflects Nature's rhythms. In many places, Samhain coincides with the

end of the growing season. Vegetation dies back with killing frosts and therefore, literally, death is in the air. This contributes to the ancient notion that at Samhain, the veil is thin between the world of the living and the realm of the Dead and this transition from life to death facilitates communication with the dead.





Photography @rockmyworldrocky
 Art @morgasmik
 @modernwitchmovement

There are many ways to honour our ancestors and the spirit of death during this time. Listed below are some ways – but remember that there is no right or wrong way to ritual – what feels true in your heart is the way. You are the magic that connects you to all beings and nature, in this realm and the ones that neighbour, seen or unseen.

Ancestors Altar:

Gather photographs, heirlooms, and other mementos of deceased family, friends, and companion familiars. Arrange them on a table, dresser, or other surface, along with several votive candles. Kindle the candles in their memory as you call out their names and express well wishes. Thank them for being part of your life.

Ancestor Stories:

Learn about family history. Contact one or more older relatives and ask them to share memories of family members now dead. Record them in some way and later write accounts of what they share. Give thanks. Share what you learned and have written with another family member or friend.

Samhain Nature walk:

Take a meditative walk in a natural area. Observe and contemplate the colours, aromas, sounds and other sensations of the season. Experience yourself as part of the circle of life and reflect upon death & rebirth as being an important part of nature.

*What matters when
 what matters do
 what really matters so much to you*

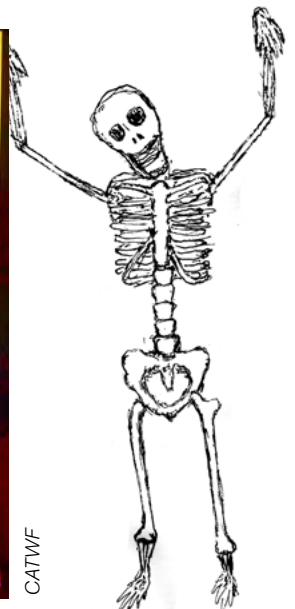
*Abstract fun facts
 Distorted real facts
 never getting to the bottom
 of all this rotten forgotten
 important generational decisions
 that go on and on with no precision*

*A matter of fact
 the mismanagement of the world
 It is totally spoiled
 foiled and recoiled
 time and time again
 in every region of the globe
 no time for sighs
 just superficial highs
 of crimes with so much grime and sediment
 that keep the cogs churning
 and gurning
 and everyone yearning for more time*

*Is it not about time we relent and relax
 and learn and do what's important
 and flatter the matters
 and deflate the haters
 and no longer cater for the over production
 and the belligerent arrogance
 to not even give this planet
 A FUCKING DAY OFF!*

REFSTROLLS2000

2017NOV13



CATWF

The Bread Bin

A short story by Lucy Hutson

The bread bin

Nicola had turned up that day with a bread bin
A wooden bread bin filled with straw and a baby vole she put it
down under a tree and said nothing about it
And Adam didn't ask he was used to her carrying small ani-
mals around in different boxes
feeding them 5ml syringes of milk and grooming their fur with
toothbrushes
He wondered where her bread was now was it sitting lonely in
one of her empty dusty cupboards or was it out on her counter
being nibbled by the orphaned rodents she chose to share her
house with

Adam and Nicola had decided to meet at a place called prehis-
toric crazy golf
Adam had commented that some of the dinosaurs depicted
here were from the cretaceous period and they should either
be taken away or the name be changed

don't be so pen-dantic Nicola had said just to watch Adam
cringe at her incorrect pronunciation

neither of them were very good at the golf and the day was mis-
erable at first they had taken turns holding an umbrella over
each other's heads whilst they took swings with their clubs

but Nicola had become worried about the bread box and its
occupant so now the umbrella protected the vole leaving the 2
of them to get wet
standing in the drizzle the cotton hoods of their jumpers feeling
heavy and cold against their heads
the socks on their heels and toes subtly getting saturated
through their seasonally-inappropriate footwear

shall we talk about the earthquake said Nicola I'm sure you
have a theory

Nicola liked to make Adam think that she didn't believe has
strange theories
It was her cover
She would act as though it amused her and that was why she
was interested
the crazy things you come out with she would say
she was so steadfast in her role as voice of reason that she
made Adam question his own sanity

it was cruel Nicola new that but she felt as if there were no
other choice
this was the only way to keep her informant safe

nobody new too much about the complicated chain of com-
mand of the agency but Adam himself had no idea that he even
worked for it

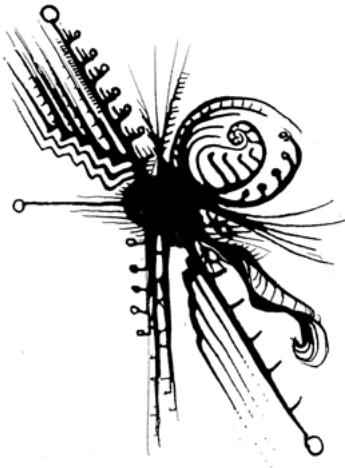
he would have loved to know how similar his life was to the
comics he read but then he might have more of a spring in his
step any swagger of confidence that made him more noticeable



would make him worse at his job

no it was better to leave him
self-doubting
anxious
and lonely

no one bothered with Adam he was underestimated and over-looked, perfect for his role in the agency



the sad truth was that his demeanor had been cultivated since the age of 13 when his intelligence and particular inquisitiveness had been picked up on and noted as something to exploit

It was Nicola who had been tasked with overseeing his progression

At first it had seemed like a great promotion but she had grown fond of Adam quickly. Noticing the presence of her

conscience had been a surprise to Nicola

It not only made her job with Adam painful but it kept her from leaving it

loyal to the man whose life she was ruining through the fear that another operative would be worse

No doubt this emotional attachment had been foreseen by her superiors and was the reason she had been assigned the job in the first place

The day she had orchestrated Adam's first big disappointment was the day she found a starling with a broken wing fallen from the tree in front of her house

Adam did have a theory about the earthquake an unsurprisingly accurate theory

Adam had always had the sort of mind to spot the difference in a pattern and years of unfulfilled expectation from life had left him crazed for meaning

All you had to do was put him in the right place let him mingle amongst people who barely recognised his existence and he would come out with a hypothesis which almost always turned out to be spot on

Adam believed himself to work for a vending machine company he spent his 9-5 in standard places
offices
shopping centres
train station platforms

The time schedule was always very precise and more often than not he was in the right place at the right time to overhear an important and strange conversation. He would obsess over what he had heard until he had strung together a meaning he was happy with

Adam never really truly believed his own theories because they were always too grim too unbelievable too callous this disbelief kept him content he got some satisfaction in giving significance to the things he overheard but never felt the true horror he should and would if he thought for a second they could be real life

Nicola however did not have the same contentment. A quiet beeping alarm goes off from her watch she silences it and walks over to the umbrella covered bread bin

And attends to her vole



SQUATTING AT 17

Those photographs captured such beauty of what were once dark times. Metal sheets blocked out the sun and left me feeling pale and weak yet protected my rested head. Trickle onto the corridors were a desperate attempt for satisfaction, with broken hearts, love without attachments. That left no direction but fire, burning from the inside out.

She dealt with fire with a smile but fight

it she did not, yet eyes admired her gleaming expression. Warm and welcoming yet empty and lost.

Those corridors were passageways for the weak, desperately searching for soul, encrusted in the deep. Their dragging feet never reached their desired destination but wondered longingly to their fate. Their faces were cold. Beautiful...but cold.

This asylum captured a new breed. We were free - or at least we thought. And it is that belief that held us there. In the dingy depths were Peckham's finest misfits at play. Visitors of the globe, hung by their own perceptions of freedom, were carried by broken wings. But still, we laughed and

ate like kings! When really, we were all alone, all desperately seeking home.

And my dear, dear faeries clung to the darkness no abundance of laughter could lift. So we danced, we danced as though there were no woes, just fantasy in glimmering delight. And so, we attracted those... outsiders. The Walkers of Other Worlds, in their own long search for liberation.

There was no revolution greater than the escapement of THEIR dreams. My dreams, OUR dreams were filled with great satisfaction, in this weak attempt at bourgeois rebellion.

Anonymous - a much younger me

Circa 2007

Dear readers,

The time to create a modern-day version of the prohibition-era Speakeasy is upon us. I foresee such activities and events becoming commonplace before next Spring. The blatant ineptitude of our governments in handling the Covid-19 crisis, and the resulting jackpot for despotic oligarchy – combined with the silent yet omnipresent decimation of arts and music, community meetups, carnival, festival and even traditional festivities – is an act of war against the population at large by the self-appointed psychopaths that reside in OUR offices of government!

Furthermore, the criminal fund-managers who bend the global markets to satisfy their every whim (who tripled their net worth in the last 6 months through the sordid practices of disaster capitalism, fiscal fraud, earnings tier segregation and blatant gentrification) are bankrolling and actively committing an invisible genocide against the very people who aided their rise to power – through retail expenditure and taxation on every aspect of our modern lives; things like food, shelter, healthcare, communications, transport and infrastructure – the affairs that our ancestors gave their lives fighting for, back when they were still recognised as basic human rights.

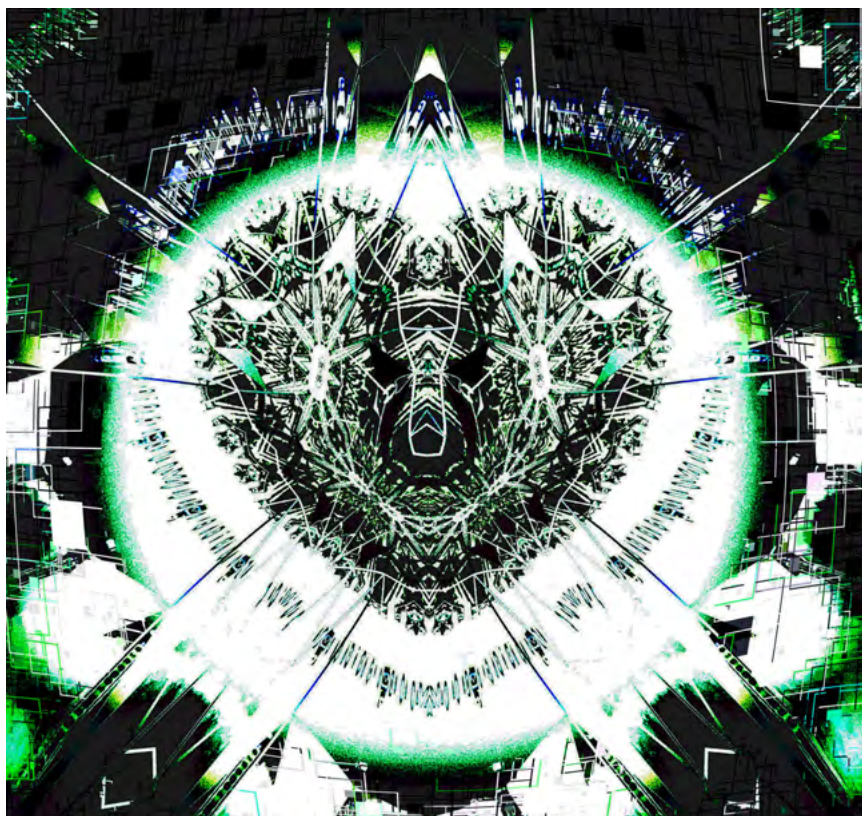
The day we thought would only happen in rock songs is finally manifest in our waking reality: to uphold and defend our culture and art is already being forced towards a state of mind, body and soul that is now counted as reactionary political dissent. We have been manhandled and maneuvered into this predicament by these power-crazed lunatics who are incapable of sharing their wealth for the greater good and who've become so paranoid by their track record of atrocities. They're fully aware that they are so undeserving of redemption that they no longer see us as anything else but a threat to their unsustainable existence.

It's no longer good enough for them to rape a fledgling industrial nation for resources and profiteering – we have all seen through that. The tactics learned by the mass radicalisation of the muslim population during the War on Terror are already being upgraded, so as to be waged against all of the citizens of our planet – from all walks of life – and the hidden agenda is to deprive our citizens of mutual contact, in order to quell any hope or reason to stay alive or even procreate the next generation – who could well turn out to be the ones who can finally bring a balanced existence back to life on Earth.

This is why the champions of arms manufacture, technology, construction, high finance, pharmaceuticals and industry are hellbent on being the catalyst for irreparable environmental damage to our world. They have rekindled a trend for wanton denial and shifting the blame squarely upon our shoulders through the constant manufacture and distribution of abject fear, confusion, isolation – and every other trick in the book designed to distract us from their shadow puppetry and alienate us all from each other.

Thankfully – there are many more of us; and several of us are lucky and blessed enough by our time in underground counterculture – since the advent of the temporal autonomous zone and our belief in the necessity to rave on in order to maintain the most basic of social justice, the right to assembly and communion – and we still have a few more tricks up our sleeves, especially when it comes to the gathering of willing participants en masse and completely under the radar... so a solution may yet still be found. But we must never give up hope, because right now it's the only foundation we have left upon which to start over.

Dr C Distortion, October 2020
soundcloud.com/lab51rat



GALACTIC RADIOACTIVE HEART

...●●● In a complex system of a stars, floating geometrical organ... spontaneously emitting of high energy of radiation. This transmission in the form of a beat electrical sound waves, not visible but hits a person and transcends normal consciousness ●●●...

By Olive In DreamLand
linktr.ee/Oliveindreamland



CAN VEGAN CHILDREN EAT MPS?

DOES ANYONE HAVE ANY RECIPES?
 TASTY BONFIRE TREAT FOR HALLOWEEN
 A NEW FAVOURITE DISH ON THE SCENE
 WHO NEEDS LUNCH AND DINNER LADIES
 WE'VE GOT SOME STICKS A FIRE THAT BLAZES
 WATCH THEM MELT AND CRISP RIGHT UP
 THEIR VOTES MAKE THEM SOUR LIKE PEKING DUCK.
 SO MPS YOU'RE OUT OF LUCK
 NO TIME TO WRIGGLE OUT THIS MUCK
 BEING YOU MUST REALLY SUCK
 WHEN IT'S OUR KIDS YOU WANT TO FUCK.

LAURA HUGHES



SONNET: WHEN IT'S LATE

WHEN IT'S LATE
 AND THE HOURS OF THE DAY
 HAVE PASSED
 INTO THE ALREADY FORGOTTEN
 I LIKE SOMETIMES
 TO STARE THROUGH THE WIDE GLASS
 OF MY FRONT ROOM WINDOW

I WON'T SEE STARS
 VENUS MAYBE
 IF THE ANGLE'S RIGHT
 BUT I'M NOT TRYING TO FIND HEAVEN
 JUST THE TWINKLING LIGHT
 OF THE POLICE HELICOPTER
 CIRCLING OVERHEAD





3 photos from Illustrate Feccia

for a few dollars more

I have been trying
to forgive
the snuck pockets

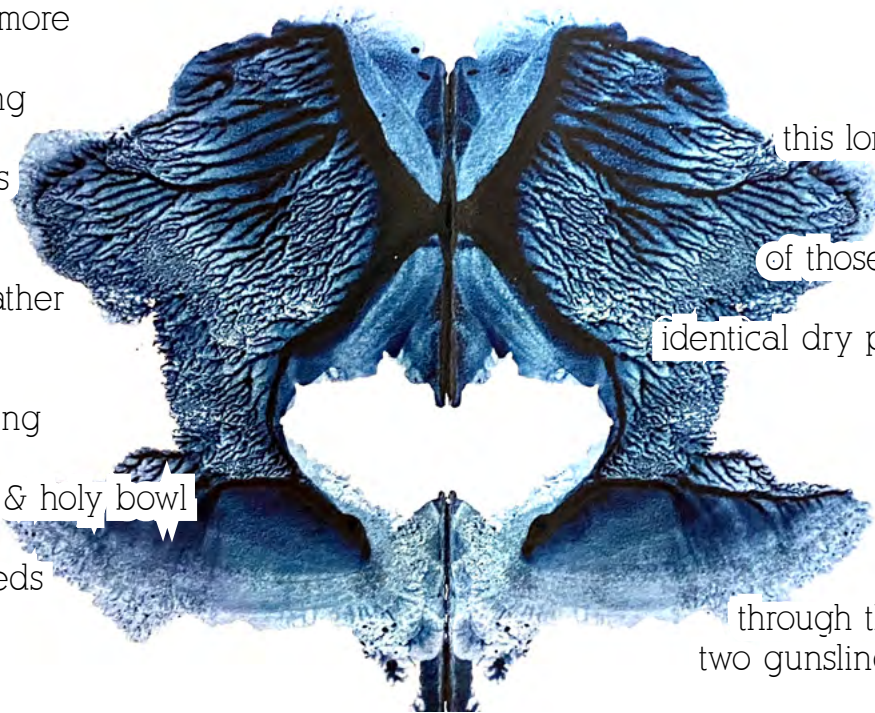
their internal weather
playing over

same vultures flying

through the high & holy bowl

similar tumbleweeds
rolling
horse town our

pace



this long feud

of those who have

identical dry plains

lazy circles

through the one-
two gunslingers

out

Text: Jack Houston
Image: Jess Hudstley

