

"Tell me about your despair, yours, and I will tell you mine..."

Max Mason

Not long before we headed like migratory birds back to uni, in mimesis we climbed back up to King Henry's mound to see our nest from all those years ago. It felt like echolalia the way our conversations were recoiling back in from the past, we just let the shrapnel hit us and accepted the consequences. The landscape was spectral, almost unreal. The cow parsley twisted around our ankles, forcing us to cry out as it dug into our skin, intertwining us with the soil, holding us here till the warm bath of evening. The telescope was aligned perfectly on the view of St. Pauls, but that world had been closed off from us years ago. We fixed our eyes upon the rows of post war housing, golden streetlights & the tide Turner used to paint. In this moment, shame has a tendency to become tangible. I could've sat there surveying the world we grew like I was writing the Domesday book, but instead - all the feelings of penitence came flowing back, the firsts, lasts and onlys; you'd think that with unlimited access to every aspect of life in the last 2000 years we'd be able to medicate this regret, but instead we indulge in it, trying to recreate the shopping bags of dopamine we first got high with. Out of duty to the script we wrote in adolescence we carry on rehearsing extracts as we fledge into adulthood. It's easy to use when canvassing poetry, immoral in its genuflection, almost like a melody that passes through a windchime - you're not supposed to write it down. Still, if I could make the page sing, I would never speak again.

Poetry

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