DIS—Poetry Guest Edited by Jennifer Harrison

and Andy Jackson
DCD

He says
is stupid
socks something
ur unintended ex
is stupid when he
c solely in his top his head.
To others he's just 'un
ball sports myself' adults
s everything. The hemisp
sconcercingly disconnecte
ight. The mirror neurons
bowls. Swimming is tort
mbs to work together.
ing - yet he wakes
hasiasm awash
of a

ys he
when he kn
ing over - hea
er children & in o
asperation - he fee
an't work out which h
needs to come through
c'. 'I'm not very good at
will say - as if this explain
heres of his brain seem di
d. A gulf between left & r
less mirrors than opaque
ure trying to get those li
He is exhausted by eve
with unstoppable ent
in the possibilities
ew day

Crucifixes, one two three

Chairs around a table glasses on it and plates with their cutlery.
Things, in the shapes of people who have legs, arms and stems.
The endless conversations of self-love
confirmed, confirmed. By you too,
contouring every word.

Out past Saturn. Do you remember 'Hail Mary'? Can she hear out here?
Was there a when, back when I was so out of it
on Earth at work
entering into the data.

Letters continued to arrive
in the weeks after

hearing news.
The letters that continued
to be censored. The reason
we write

down their names
is to take down

and bury. Sculpting our mouths
to buttons

on a dark shawl. 'They died,
there is a cause.'