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JESUS  
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Jesus  
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arts magazine



YZI NB7 5 E1:2003/04a Reference.

Now that the boulders have all smashed themselves  
To smithereens, pounded  
Each other to dust, and we have grown  
Roots, which claw the air, we find ourselves  
Existing unbounded  
Diffusing through the darkness alone.

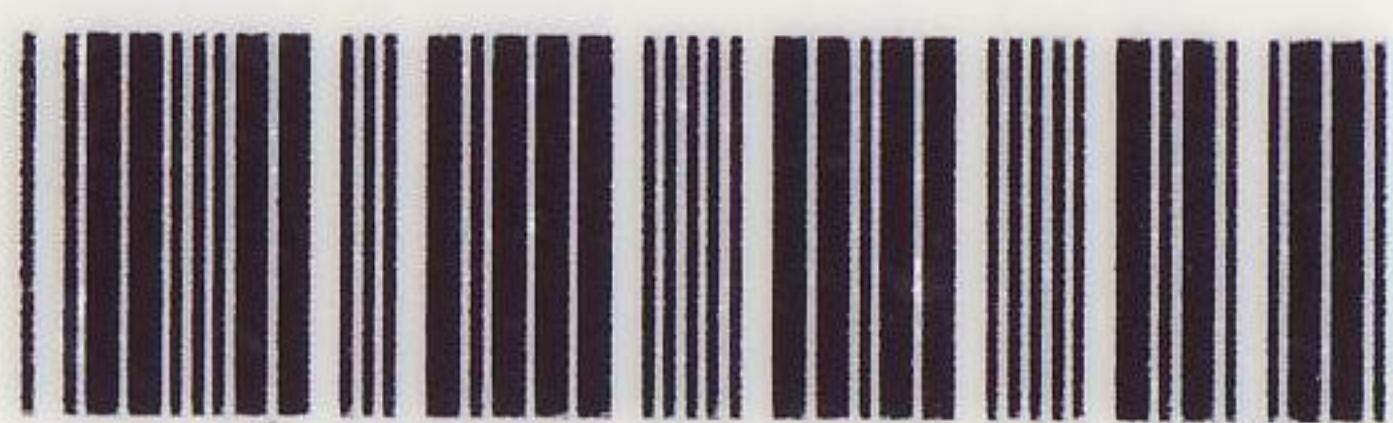
Once the last embers of the dying  
Stars are finally out  
And the cold ash left behind has dropped  
Without a splash into the sighing  
Ocean, will our last shout  
Echo on and on or will it be stopped

Before it reaches our ear?  
Will we drift  
Into each other and our boundaries blur  
All distinction disappear  
As we shift  
Dissolve with the vapours until what were

Our minds bleed into each other?  
And shall we share  
Just one eye with which to look dumbly  
For anything left to discover.  
There's nothing there.

*Luke Pagarani*

Jesus College Library



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## You Are...

all my  
skeletons  
and all the  
closets i keep  
them in  
all the things  
that go  
bump in the  
night and all the  
monsters  
lurking in the  
dark

you seek me  
where i most  
fear you and  
appear in garish,  
childish  
nightmares  
you will always  
linger  
round the bend  
under the bed  
on the next block

*Sarah Price*

Charge me not with jealousy,  
For I am innocent of claims of tainted love,  
It is not wrong to long to hold your eye  
And be the one with whom you mix your blood.  
Yet, still, I feel a sickness grow inside  
When once I nurture unwise fantasies  
In which your passions spill out with the tide  
And softly drown you in forbidden seas.  
Then what was sweet is bitter in my mind  
And I cannot recall the hazy hours  
That wintry disaffection left behind  
And sultry tempers caused to gently sour.  
Assign no blame, for punishment is dealt -  
My bile extinguished all the love you felt -

*Louise Bazalgette*

## Song Without Words

*(Like something almost being said)*

Restrained by thoughts that caught the breath  
of such sceptical music, I find:

That words that must be said  
become the sound of feet/  
That I am less than an echo

*and there is much music, excellent voice, in this little organ, yet cannot you make it speak*

So instead I think of the flame  
that burns inside a marble -  
Remember the beauty of silence

*Simon Jackson*



## Shades of Grey

If words were honest,  
I could catch fragments of this life  
Which is escaping me  
Swift as water in my hands.  
Even if it were to  
Lie disjointed on the page,  
But words are so clumsy that they  
Wash away colours,  
Dim sounds  
And muffle emotions.  
Instead of holding moments perfectly,  
I must drop a threadbare patchwork of  
Words,  
Like a heap of rumpled geometry  
Coloured with insufficient shades of grey.

*Marta Ciechanowicz*

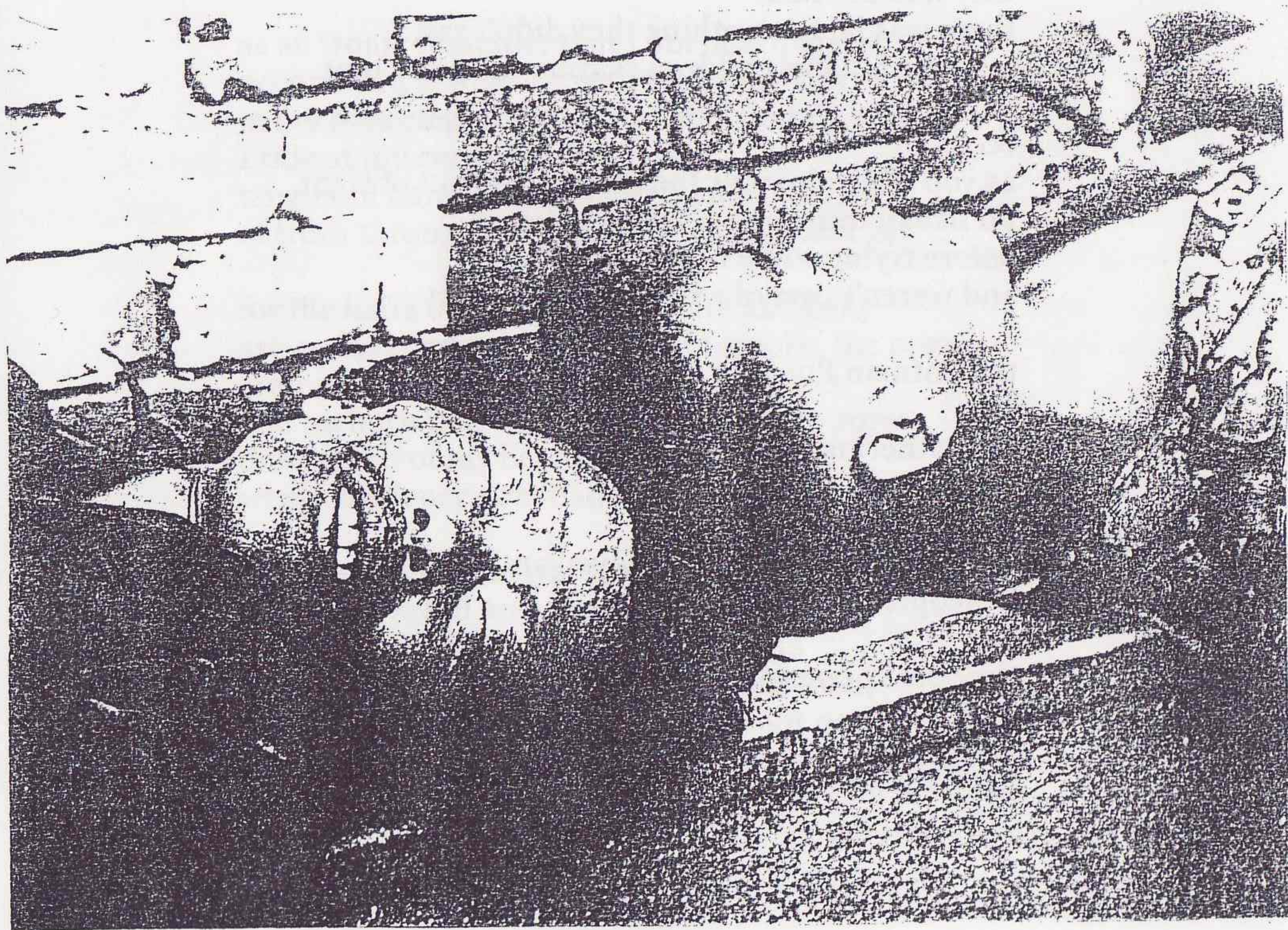




## Thick-headed

At the age he began to fuck he lost his shine.  
The lemon of his soul was finally juiced  
And all the praise he'd won through time  
The trophies, medals, A's  
Were melted down  
Seething, and molten it frothed with scum.  
He got pissed, pierced, dyed as he died inside  
It didn't stop the waxy peel of ordinariness  
Thickening his childish skin around the tattoos and pins.  
Bleach-bland and numb he stumbled blind  
Into each tomorrow that stank of yesterday  
In his depthless fishtank he sat thick-headed to wank  
Over days when red ticks mattered and people said 'Well done.'

*Rosie Šnajdr*





## *After Aux Musée des Beaux Artes*

You were walking dully along  
as we curled dully round the bend.  
You stopped to scratch a wing,  
idly turn your head and blink.  
You looked right up at us  
then back again to peck the road.

Before it dawned.

A hammy actor -  
you inched up  
and turned slowly on the spot -  
face drawn into camp hollows,  
beak gaping laughably.  
Risibly shocked.

But then it shut:  
confused - appalled - but betrayed.

Only -  
they had not lied:  
there was just something they didn't say,  
but which naïve children skating the pond hint.

So,  
as you slipped under the bonnet and out of sight,  
I'd like to think you realised to let go,  
before trying some futile flap,  
and weren't part of what happened next:

the Batman Pow

the gathering rattle

the looping toss  
(you upside down, legs splayed and spinning  
helicopter sprite crashing)

the boinky bounce.

Your wings obscene crossed swords  
before it hit you.

*Iain Mobbs*





### The Lord God Rebukes His Children

For many a year have I fuddled in the sky  
or busmanned down on a breath's flood to kneel  
for a sniff of brotherhood beside lovers  
and childsoldiers and those who are sneezing,  
and now made the west to be a Japan-paper-garden  
of a cherrysmooth sun and one cloud like a fish's spine

as an ironic reminder that I am heartjuggler,  
pocorocket, cardsharp with typhoon cuffs  
in my boneclogged bundle of hills that flywise  
I ride at my cry of I acid-higgler  
tangler of lianas and lawbooks and smuggler  
of truth through deep mirrors, and greater yet

for the hairs of my beard and ears and belly  
are as the sparrows, the sticks of smoke, the ocean-  
grains tumbling on giddy cities of stagger  
and carhorn that are in their turn as the pores  
of the flesh of my beard, ears and belly  
where the lensy sweatfall raddles my close-knit light

and despite all this you seek to know me  
in reason, scroll and remembered love, and  
yoke to my mind my treegiving fingers  
and believe I am an answer, not a question,  
for through your telescopes you do not notice  
that the clouds make better pictures than the stars.

*Jeremy Davies*



Mother had a peculiar habit of clicking her jaw sideways back and forth at times of great frustration or anxiety; so that if any of us ventured into the kitchen while she was preparing Sunday lunch or indeed any meal, the hiss of the steam rising out genie-like beneath the lifting lid of a saucepan or the seethe and sputter of onions curling in fat could be heard distinctly interwoven with and underlined by the bass-line of this perfectly regular metronomic click. To my knowledge it was the only thing capable of riling my father into anger against her. Uneasy and insecure in his position as the only male in the family and persistently, inevitably bewildered by the incomprehensible vicissitudes and shifting conflicts of a house of four women, he would seek solace in the fug of tobacco smoke and drunken humour at Walsh's bar, or, more commonly, in silence. The only time I heard his voice raised in anger against any of us was his cry to Mother: For God's sake, woman, stop that noise. The words gritty and strangled with effort, as if his throat were clogged with a mucus of unspoken and unutterable thoughts; the words dragged painfully from the mucus like retches, like sobs. And Mother: caught, for once, in stillness as she stood with one reddened, calloused hand on the doorknob and the other balancing a platter of vegetables, her face displayed not anger or even resentment, but a kind of triumphant satisfaction that I can only now begin to understand, now that I am ten years older than she was then. It was her victory, of course, and he knew it: she had made him speak, his silence was no longer inviolable, impenetrable, sacred.

He died soon after, when I was nine years old, or more precisely, nine years and five months, since by that time I had discovered fractions and was attempting to extricate myself from the tangles and perplexities of childhood with an emphatic rejection of whole numbers. *Nine and a half*, I would cry, or *almost ten*. I remember the day he died: blustery, windswept, the sky murky and grey



and pressing close over the earth with a sense of stifled, lascivious expectancy; the kind of day that is evoked, in its entirety, by the word *impending*. I remember the great handfuls of paper-thin late-autumn leaves tossed by the wind's caprice against our classroom windows, and the way each of them clung, flapping, to the beaded moisture of the glass - so close that I could trace the intricate progress of the veins from the centre of the leaf to its ragged, curling edge - then peeled from the window-pane and whipped away to join the whirling leaf-storm of husk-brown, copper, gold. I remember the draught that slipped sideways through a crack at the edge of the window and bore into my neck, carrying with it tiny, stinging specks of grit and the smell of apples turned to cider under the trees and rotting pungent into the dark earth, and of leaf-mould and bonfire and the decay of nameless graveyard things lying cheek-to-jowl with the loamy soil. I remember the line of shoes in front of the classroom radiator, clumped so thickly with leaves and clay that they were indistinguishable from each other and I wore a pair for a whole week before realising from the blisters on my soles that they belonged to somebody with feet two sizes smaller than my own. The way a tree fell moments before I and two friends rounded the corner that would have put us directly in the path of its fall, so that we giggled and trembled and touched each other often with fluttering, solicitous fingers, at once subdued and strangely exhilarated by our escape: we were no longer immortal. The way rain drizzled down intermittent and insidious from the grey, oppressive sky; one moment a fine mist that spangled grass and leaves and eyelashes with glinting droplets of moisture, glacial and flawless and starry as diamonds, and the next, huge raindrops that splattered from my hood and splashed to the rut-filled ground as I ran with great wading steps up the track that led to our house. Cast acorn cups underfoot. The last leaves shaken like ashes from a blaze of maple trees.

*Louise Woods*



## A First Attempt at Memoir... by John Coward.

The story I was going to write is so much more interesting than the one I am going to tell. Sorry. Well, at least you can't complain, now: after all, I said it would be boring.

My story was going to be about a student like myself at Cambridge—who was fundamentally anti-social, disliked popular notions of fun and eschewed contact with his peers in favour of a decent pint of real ale at a depressing pub. So far so good. The twist (for there always has to be a twist) was going to be that he would somehow become involved in a murder case, and would solve it as a loner sleuth. With the Cambridge backdrop and a good plot, I foresaw television series being made perhaps in the Jonathan Creek mould but, naturally, *edgier*.

Then I realised that I couldn't think of a convincing way of getting my hero involved in a murder investigation. Poirot managed to do it with gay abandon. I mean, after a while, Inspector Japp would hoist up the white flag and bring in a rank outsider (and a Belgian, to boot) to solve the mystery. Great, but I'm not Belgian and I don't know Inspector Japp. As a result, you're left, I'm afraid with the story that most resembles the truth.

The truth, however, is seldom more interesting than it is disheartening and my own case is no exception. Still, I hope that these musings will be of some interest to somebody: if only on the basis that their lives will come out of it pretty well by comparison. Those who've endured worse lives (and I must be honest now and say that they will be in quite some number, I've no doubt) can smugly pat themselves on the back for having endured a more bitter existence. And good for them.



## Penguin, in a Duffle Coat

If you can keep your fish when all about you  
Are losing theirs and blaming it on you;  
If you can flop, and slide, and slip over, too  
As if cartoon banana-trickery were true;  
If you can stand around and not be bored by standing,  
So that it's much the same to live or die;  
And glide and float and not be scared of landing,  
Nor scream and shout because you cannot fly.

If you can make one heap of all you fish,  
And risk it all for a shot at penguin love;  
And win, and taste, and find that love delish,  
And be glad to be a penguin not a dove;  
If you can fill the unforgiving north  
With sixty thousand penguins and not a single stoat,  
Yours is the arctic and so on and so forth  
And - which is more - you'll be a penguin, in a duffle coat.

*Olav Henricson-Bell*





## Turning Twenty

..?So

I'll be my own poet laureate  
{*Motionless at midnight*}  
happiest with whiskey  
kissing my own dead self

A:

little  
morbid  
maybe.

Tonight I pulse thickly  
trickling out of the teens into

?what

is illuminated  
my smirk  
around two

B:&H

?where

last year were two  
Marlboro.  
Not much has changed  
my bank account is lower  
for 3.6.5. technicolour han

govers

and a hundredfifty nights  
I'll never remember

?why

I woke up grinning.

19

made me sweat made me scream  
sick, laugh, hope against  
hopelessness.

Even in this decade you rinse  
the suspicion that next year  
-turning NOW-

C:ould jigsaw  
into something

**IMMENSE.**

Tense with invisible joys I hope  
never to learn never to  
expect less.

Anon.





Chris O'Rourke x



## Girl in Bar

Her hair falls dark and heavy past her cheeks.

And just rests there  
For they will bear no crude pressure.

As I know.

*Iain Mobbs*

## This is How...

This is how I would tell  
you I love you -  
This is how I would tell  
you why I never told  
you I loved you -

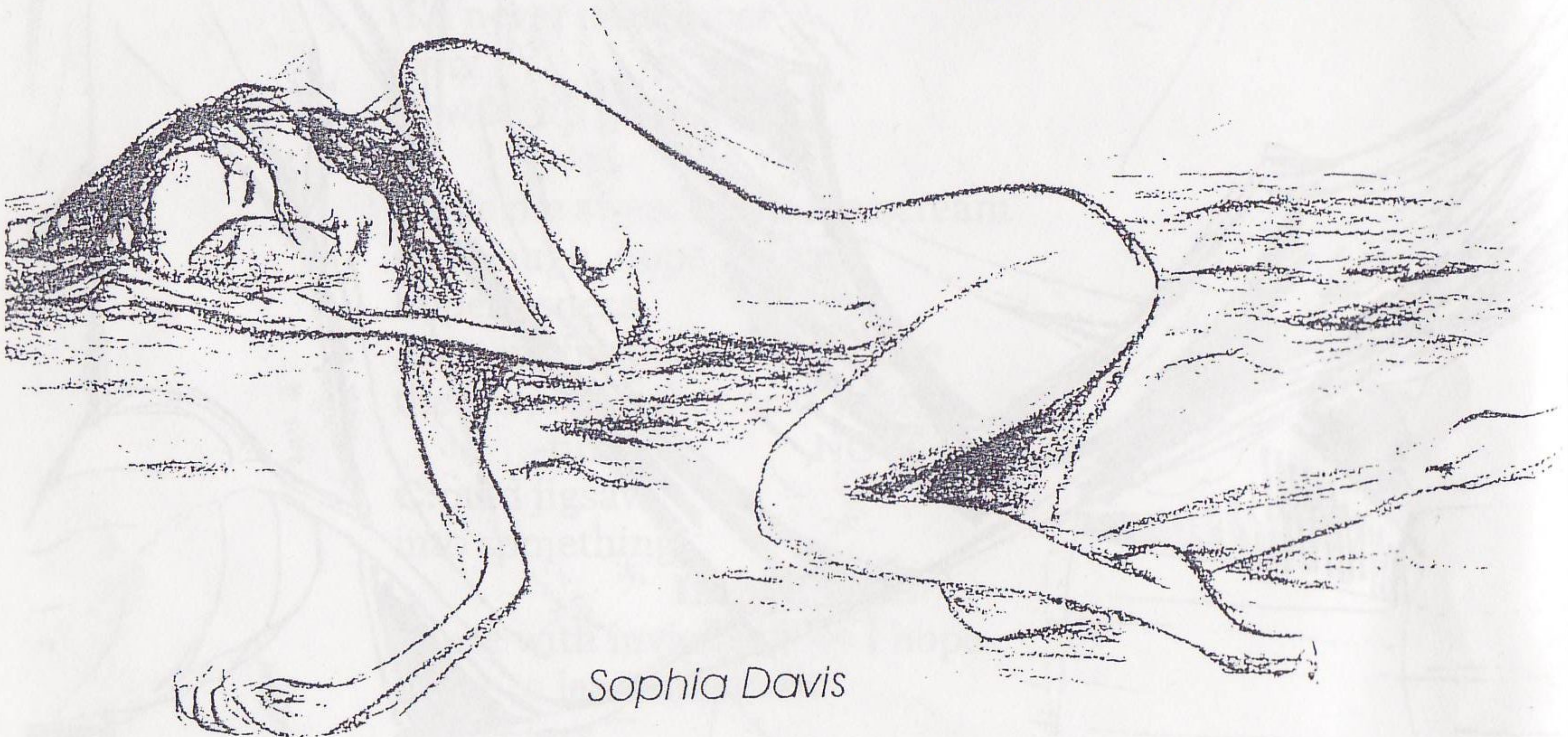
In a poem.  
Where you don't need  
to tell.  
Where you're supposed  
to show.

*Sarah Price*

## Lyra Minima 2

If you hold me up to the light  
To see where I'm fragile I'll be  
Honest as light, though it hurts,  
Though it hurts my fragility.

*Marta Ciechanowicz*



*Sophia Davis*



*For Nanna*

Is there. Is there counting. *Why is there more craving than there is in a mountain.* Accounting for the outing. Not shouting about just chatting not helping. Looking for the next pin. Maybe we have to give a whole hand in. Maybe we have to give a hand in mine in line in time after jumping this melting in. In doubting him. Tell me about a bout about a bout about the bout by the by the by the by the. Why the. Why is. Why is there. *Why is there so much useless suffering. Why is there.*

*Hannah Fenton*

*For Lea*

**LEAVES**

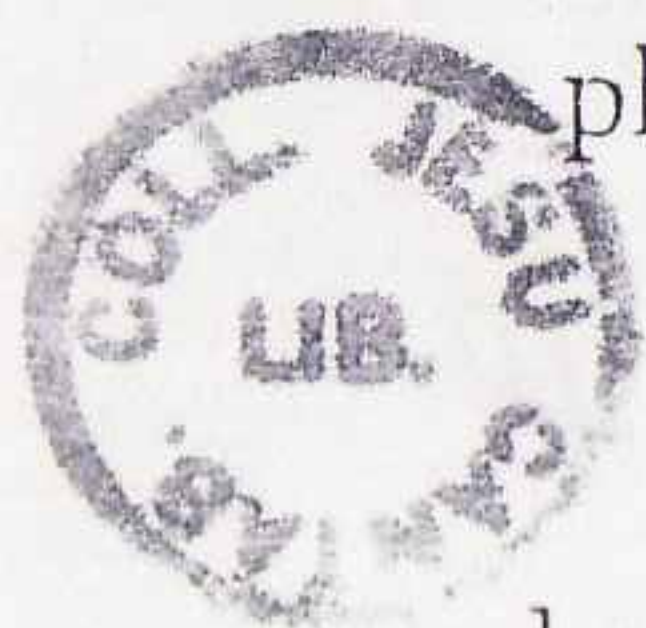
on this Autumn  
morning are awake  
Rehearsing our last Summer  
In all the colours of Sunlight  
They remember  
Her reflection  
In the shades of mourners  
The hearse in bright Summer  
on this Autumn  
morning  
this wake  
She left.

*Rosie Šnajdr*





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send contributions for *eliots face* lent 2004 to [eliotsface@hotmail.com](mailto:eliotsface@hotmail.com)