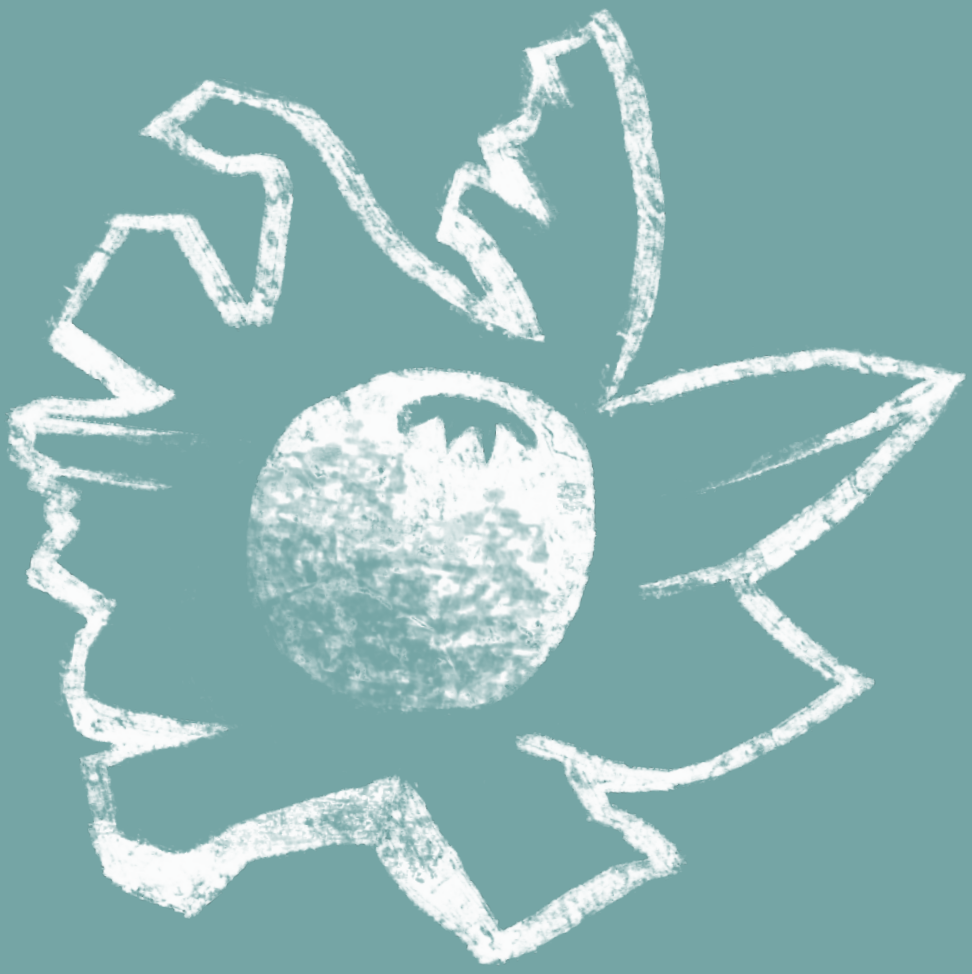
OSMOSIS JOURNAL

Issue One



OSMOSIS

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Osmosis Journal — Issue 1 (November 2026)

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A Note from the Editors

Welcome to the inaugural Osmosis Journal! In this online edition you'll find poems and hybrid works that leak, slide, expand, spread, and osmose - from Rahul Santhanam's 'Tacit Quoits' where three phrases dance around in an undulation of musical chairs, to the many forms of Orfeo in Sarah Wallis' work, things become other things, they meet, change, and swerve.

We encounter many non-human creatures along our way throughout these pages. Caspar Bryant introduces us to pigeons and lichen, Sam Morley's bees flicker around like omens, Jonathan Kinsman thinks about sacrifice in cow song, and Samantha Boswell takes us whale watching as a way of considering scales of grief.

Many poems found here spend time around bodies of water and their mutability. We learn sailing from Regina Avedaño Trueba and take in the vast loneliness of the ocean with Simon Ravenscroft, where the water and sky mix together and borders vanish. Esmé Kaplan-Kinsey's spoon starts by being the ocean floor and ends up in our mouths, moving us with it through deep time.

We find formal innovations and experiments here too – Caiti Luckhurst manages to hop between six different languages in the sonnet 'Polyglossia', while Bradley J. Fest unlocks the footnote as a poetic device. Isabelle Masters invites us to print out her poem and play it like a game (give it a try, you won't be disappointed!), Amy Young offers us a graphic analysis of the political osmosis of our current moment, and Troy Cabida experiments by combining redirected text, found poetry, and Sabrina Carpenter.

We encounter excerpts of beautiful visual work by Saskia McCracken from her new book *Let Me Carry That For You* (*Main Point Books*), brilliant collage, found text, and blackout pieces by Delilah Dennet, Laura Blomvall, and Emma Filtness. Esme Allman asks us to consider the photograph, gaze, and haunting in her autotheoretical essay, and Becca Drake brings us a review of Jay Gao's newest.

Austin Miles experiments with linguistic eutrophication in 'Portrait of a Lake' and Stephen Sunderland asks us to climb into his conceptual tree house with an excerpt from a longer piece. James Coghill offers us a glimpse into the world of the earthstar, a fungus, which gives this publication its cover image, digitally woodcarved by Isabelle Masters, for which we are very grateful.

The earthstar-fungus is an apt metaphor for the works featured in this publication – something in-between categories, organic, beautiful, strange, and found growing out of the forest floor. By this we don't mean that there is anything haphazard about the work in this journal. These poems are meticulously crafted, and ambitiously executed, but they allow for swerves, encounters, and uncommon interruptions to enter or exit the poem. They osmose on more levels than one – linguistic, formal, and thematic boundaries blur as liquid moves towards homeostasis. It has been a pleasure to put this issue together, and we would like to thank all of our contributors and readers most warmly.

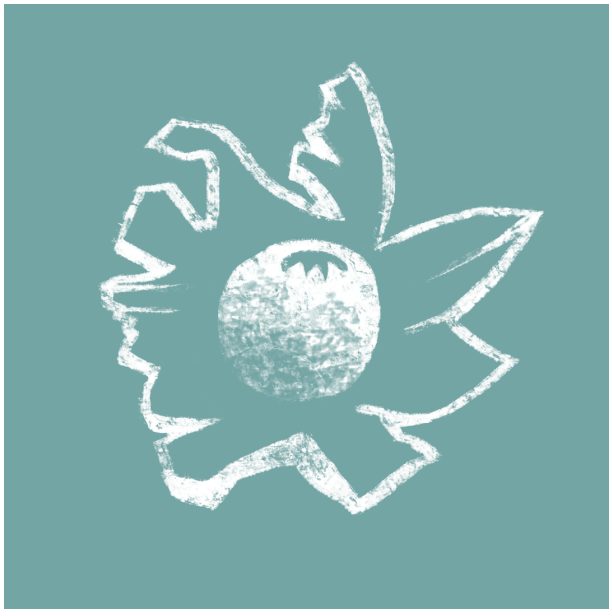
Alice, Francis, & Winter

About Our Cover:

For our first issue of Osmosis Journal, we are honoured to feature original artwork based on a photographic submission, both pieces from talented creatives with works in this edition.



Original image from '*Earthstars*' by James Coghill. Full submission on page 48.



Lino cut style artwork based on James Coghill's '*Earthstars*'. Hand illustrated by Isabelle Masters. Read her submission on page 46.

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POEMS

Mimetic Dice

Beckon it pounce white and warm
Chisel

Candle
Pebble creased snow steeple

Rahul Santhanam

Tacit Quoits

Uneasy feather
Mystery furrow
Halcyon plant

Mystery feather
Uneasy furrow
Halcyon plant

Mystery furrow
Uneasy feather
Halcyon plant

Rahul Santhanam

Gnomic Ilk

(Off-
Cuts)

Laundered
Animals

-Axle-

Tipsy
Stars

Roofing PZ

Today has that fatlip

summeriness to it the way
certain atmospheres (certain
folk) remain identifiable only with
seawashed granite, with thrift, before
hurtling into terminal degrees

WHAM the scene somersaults
the alleyway becomes
graceful and bestrewn
w/ radiant pigeons

the lichen here are a symptom of our
good health, our billowing lungs
their ochre, that is
mashed by webby toes

spackling gulls
blister'd boys on boards
isn't it ironic how the poem becomes
picture postcard without trying
or even really liking it

and your hands become
harshed with a Cornish
peninsular lovin
as scritchy barnacles
leave salty rings

slate producing
muscular things

it's hard not feeling for folk
I drop my tools and bathe between them
Jesus probably never had a pint in the sun
but if he had...
and what then? What then could've happened?

Caspar Bryant

Logistics Devotional

After longest film in the world

O fat ship I am so glad I don't know your name, atop you I barbecue
reality, the permissions behind these procedures, the relevance of
architecture, if I knew your name I would be lost in the honey of it
in the future that distinguishes between the bottom lines, with you
every word is the lava beyond the lamp, every sentence without hope
nor need for it, every poem's a container ship, and tonight you'll be
operated on in arabic, segmentary and glistening, meanwhile I've
become so alive to thy modular face, thy dishevelment in suds,
our glacier, like love, is part of the chinese project, the suez canal
is paradise and literal, we are stowaways in each other, as soon as
the factory demands, I occupy you as st patrick's day occupies
london's organs, living with you I believe less and less in the frenzy
of a mouse's heart, you say knowing me is a time warp, I say no
we'll get there eventually, you say you can't speak for everyone
but you can speak for me, and I say yes, yes, you can speak for me.

Caspar Bryant

Polyglossia

Thinking winter tree say moon-
si es una broma this six
seven glass bottles on a wall of ur own making,
shapes colours the usual first
couple modules and modular outfits
U wanna wear white lace everyday and
be an animal, chica, an axiom in place of
die linie sag ich sterben jeden morgen
ich habe eine neue Art learned O!
sentence under disequilibrium
O wracked brain this is a small thing but
積少成多 wanna get
your teeth into it get
down into the grooves of the thing, ystävä

Caiti Luckhurst

Death sonnet

To me it sounded like McVie (Perfect), first old as anything
then (Over my head) a child. As for us, we spent two hundred
thousand years trying to answer the question *where*
did you go? and best we got was mirror in the sky. And
you're as irreversible as that. The sensory data of a human life
barrelling through whatever it barrels through. Every day
is recycled cinema, you porous universe. Every limb
moving slightly in sleep, scraping
the edges. Gazundering our days to flat
landscapes for guessing at. E says a waterfall
between trees & then a badge in America, you
say *open your palms.*
Death, the eversoslight. The unidentifiable animal
of the event.

Caiti Luckhurst

Yabbies

Terror can be a coiling frequency
a miniscule bandwidth. Grit hardened
death squeals antennae up, then snip
shut a pincher. A body of water
is a vessel for flesh. Each cold mud
pond is bracken mixed in cowpat.
Stringing the cage with left over
chops means our winter payload:
brown-blue, hard-backed jade
clicking in a pot. In the steam of after-
noon, mum tongue-ticks at a red hotplate.
For a funeral of minutes we are silent.
We are still so far from spring.
There is no noise except the pink clack
of shells. We flake soft meat in our fingers
and cool what was living with our blows.

Sam Morley

Outside, bees flickered around

He asked *what is this tiredness*
I feel long into my week?
which I took to mean sadness.

I said *none of it gets easie*r—
but my dad hadn't died.

A new terrain was coming—
ever armed and heavy.

We weren't young
the dials were shifting
and so we sat there

felt the world tipped
now in one kind of way—

Righting things—
I said *on good days don't ask questions.*

Outside, bees flickered around
a hive about to fall. I imagined
a long brown lung
dripping gold.

Sam Morley

Sailing Lessons

You would mention the ocean. Scrapyard of fathers. And on one boat you would be a monthly donation to children everywhere. The tallest fish. You would be the sailboat to a landlocked mass. Its over explained sorrow. You would lift your head to what is now an immersive exchange program. And on one father you would place large patios, a keychain to the draining aqueducts. You would know that through no fault of your own, the factories have humanised. Yet it's as beautiful as you remember and bony mooned and elbowing against the English language. And on one boat you would poke holes and let it swamp. *Put everything back the way you found it.*

Regina Avendaño Trueba

The Ombudsman

/ that outside there is worship rewinding its cello / that we'd appointed ourselves as ground coming to feed / as antique brooches / twisted your head into / what spring may look like / all the wiser for an abscessed muscle / that we'd milk the molar / slide into gratifying thoughts / like enough salt in the barrel / the preserved exotic / the rich always with us / and with your spirit / so that sometimes the city is a way to fatten yourself / first through the churning tallow / to cover the cracks / so the earth would inherit us/ and also your spirit / measured by the amount of times you walk into a firing squad and forget what you were there to get /

Regina Avendaño Trueba

cow song

i am not being punished, i am to be the punishment.
they're here, between the walls, i can hear them,
howling to gods to be spared. nothing is sufficient to catch their ear.
my mother turned her face away from me, i cried out,
ugly newborn that i was. she could not bear to hold me,
a creature of leather, bound for the glue factory.
the sentence for twisting her face until she grimaces is life confined
at his majesty's pleasure. he is too cruel to kill me. i lick the
moisture from the bricks, eat flesh without etiquette or cutlery.
i can still be useful. my hunger is prison labour, cost-effective and
never-ending, i even crack the bones open for the nourishment
inside, however small. i do not remember daylight. the children
come with their lit torches, they will inevitably succumb to
the labyrinth. it is my heavy breath that guides them through
yawning void towards the centre, no exit but the gallows of my maw.

Jonathan Kinsman

Orfeo as the Mask of Magritte

I wore a mask of seagulls to work.

On the way I passed the woman
wearing a mask of sparrows.

Hissing, she scared easy.

I saw how she forgot
she was imitating the birds

and pushed her red
headscarf back, turned to howl.

The birds flew away.

Orfeo as the Wardrobe into Narnia

The walnut wardrobe door stood wide open
a cold window upon another world

beyond the faux fur coats
and fine wool suits, lamplight glowed

beckoning him on, willing him to look

a dazzle of snow and a door slammed shut.

Sarah Wallis

Mute sun, temporal projections

Threads of consciousness. Scrutinise at intervals. Just awake. The body unravels outwards at its inmost point. Makes unique contact with the world. Whirr of machinery. Changes in the quality of the air. Light in thin lines sets the edge of the heat boundary. The earth spins like a cricket ball, following a slow curve. Some parts warm while others cool. We call these regions. In southern England I hold a piece of northern stone in my hand. Chalky to the touch. Grains of attention. Habitual states of diffusion or fuzziness. Forsaking all others. Love as an echo of something long forgotten or yet to be known. Knowledge achieved gently, in distinct modes. Like waking up in the morning to a special kind of weather. A brown centipede crawls along the carpet during a hot spell. The smell in the air is sweet like decay. The sugars rise to the surface. Episodic memory shares the same neural network as future simulations. Works the same in both directions. Imagine. Accuracy is not the point of this adaptation. In the present moment streams of water circle a drain from a tap in each hemisphere.

Simon Ravenscroft

Inverse dream topographies

Sometimes when I am trying to
sleep I imagine myself far out to
sea in the wide expanse of
grey or blue feeling so small &
so alone. Beneath the waves
pillars of light dance eerily in
the quietness there weightless
under the heavy fluency of salt
water. In time something comes
through from the other side & it
becomes hard to tell apart the sea
from the sky to know into which
I am sinking in which I am
floating until going up higher
or down deeper there is only
darkness & the surface of the
water far off is just a revolving
mirror glass engulfed in shallow
whorls of technicolour light.

Simon Ravenscroft

Reconnaissance

In the first act, I survey
the landscape
for evidence. Snakespine

of the traintrack, far-off
lake metalled
by sunlight. Embarrassing

to admit: I'm looking for companionship.
As though I'm alone.
Joke of a lifetime. Never

mind: in the second act,
I draw the map.
This where the witchcraft

comes in: translation into static. Water-
color green and darker
green. Hair of the brush.

Hair of the dog: intoxicants in
the river. Never
mind. Water beats

paper but paper
beats rock. Fence
ripped by fault line. no need

for scissors. Three act structure,
I was taught.
What left? Act three.

I act.

Esmé Kaplan-Kinsey

Perturbed objects

Before this spoon was a spoon it was a chunk of raw metal and before that it was one billionth of an ocean floor. The man had his hand between his legs when the volcano erupted, and when the ash came shuddering down from the sky, he got stuck like that. A mockery of death. Death as shortcut to delirious pleasure. Before that rock was rock it was magma and before the magma it was rock again. They say the West Coast is due for an earthquake, a once-in-a-lifetime sort of affair. Biggest orgasm you'll ever know. Might as well keep jerking off until it happens. Get caught up in the moment that might become the forever. The thing is, they're cutting down all the trees. Before the meadow was a meadow it was a forest. The trees already becoming in the barely rooted seeds. So dip that spoon into the oatmeal. It used to be a field somewhere. It died for your tongue. Make something out of it again. Lick the metal. Taste the blood. The big one is coming. Get ready to become something new.

Esmé Kaplan-Kinsey

POLIS THE WORLD THE HOMOSEXUAL

The world and the homosexual chase each other (of all the crazy things one can do in this world) and finally catch

one another in a corner of a broken-down polis. *It's all fucked* says the homosexual *nowhere to go.* *No, it's not*

says the polis. *You can hide in me*. This is the story of the homosexual the story of the polis also (first there

were two now it's just one) the story of a foreign object inserting itself into prolonged landscape a key

scraped for a skinny room friction heavy. *This system is designed for deviation* the polis says. Across the fields

a line of poplars a line of men under the poplars the bone of night lodged between their teeth – singing.

A successful incision is dependent on framework the polis says on flexibility of framework the polis says one pill cannot

address geometries of hurt two pills might just do it.
Across the fields the world. Big bellied and

pleased with himself – the world. Resting his back
on the grassy patch of a beer garden. He says (he being

the world) whoever of you fuckers gets to me first
gets the first respite. But of course, as we know

there is no such thing as a finish line. Only a loop.

Sitron Panopoulos

Sabrinawood Coachella Monologue (Week 2)

What a moron I was. Running around like that. Carefree, all hippity skippidy. As if no one was passing judgement. Of course you care. You have to care. I still care. But I looked happy up there. What is it that my niece always says to me? Franny. Whenever she sees it - a picture of me from back in the day. Shit, what is it? Oh, yeah. *Aunt Sabrina is happy, but she's not smiling*. What if I still do that? Boy, she loves to YouTube me. She'll love to show it to me, as if it didn't actually happen to me. It's kind of a shame she never got to see me. Up on stage, maybe in a concert, in an arena or in a stadium in a foreign country. I would have had the label send a plane for her and her parents. They could have stayed just down the hall from me, in the most expensive restaurant in that city. Probably better she never saw me that way. It would have been weird. This way, I get to just be Aunt Sabrina. Must be impossible for a little girl to understand what's going on when she sees someone up on a stage like that. Everybody has an idea about what a star is, you know. It's the glamour. It's having tons of friends. It's getting whatever you want, whenever you want. But they don't see the dark side. The awful people. The vampires. They just see the bright lights and the positivity.

Troy Cabida

Raining Men
after The Weather Girls

Press **PLAY** 

Hugo sang Jacques Brel songs with us, arms interlocked like cyclone fencing, and drizzle smearing Freo's High Street Mall/ a pick-him-up night on the (empty) town/ one week later he's disappeared to Melbourne, taking his chances with a sugar daddy. We dub this absconder *Hugo a go-go.*

➔ *David Bowie's version of "Amsterdam"*

Calvin's brother, the bass player, is becoming a psych nurse while Calvin ditched a girlfriend and their shared household of antique furniture, Khelim rugs, white Persian cats, moves to Brisbane for what he calls the music scene with his Levi's, sketchbooks, an SLR Nikon camera, and all of the band's screen-printing equipment. Of course, he meets up with you and is, inevitably after such extended lusting on both sides, a terrible fuck.

➔ *Follow "Streets of your town" by The Go-Betweens with "Bela Lugosi's dead" by Bauhaus*

Beau escaped the one-day-Gandhi-draped-in-a-sheet and the next-day-Leningrad-Cowboy punk alter ego after finishing an Arts degree, and coming unstuck by taking leave of his super-special-lady-friend, a dentist/ it is possible that she took leave of him/ he began teaching English in Japan/ officially, he tells us on a brief return visit, spotted in Subiaco where we make an unplanned collision on Roberts Road outside the train station, his status is *gaijin/ f*oreign devil/ he also tells me in a hushed aside that, although still burning with the hots for you, he was never a big league player, so quit while ahead.

➔ *Now dance in that armflag-to-aircraft-carrier mode to "Turning Japanese"*

Back in the day, Year 7 class president Douglas and cuter, sleepy sidekick Larry want to know if either of us have started our periods yet, and why I still haven't squeezed that blind pimple on my cheek. Larry delights the popular girls by squirting water from the drinking taps through tiny gaps in his perfect teeth.

➔ *"The lunatics have taken over the asylum" followed by "Pretty Vacant"*

BrainsTrust© clique Roger Watson, Matt Andrews, and future porn emporium CEO Michael Knight, all athletic blue-eyed blondes, ran our high school for lack of competition from Admin/ Michael is famous for taking

➔ *Beautiful people" by Australian Crawl and Carly Simon's "You're so vain"*

three dates to the school ball, and you are one of the trio/ there is a second date, to an amusement arcade, but that is a non-event/ eventually, he weds a Playboy bunny named Eden, they live in a penthouse/ divorce; he shifts to Scarborough Beach for the 180-degree view, plays chess, dines at leisure/ millions accrue in shares, mining profits.

➔ *"Where do you go to my lovely" by Peter Sarstedt*

➔ *The Flying Lizards' version of "Money" for Michael*

Meanwhile, on the workfronts, in screenspaces, melamine deskworlds: Peter is on the cancer recovery plan through fasting, but will struggle to shake Covid;

➔ *"Quasimodo's dream" by The Reels, and JPY's "Love is in the air"*

Greg has dyed his hair to cover the greys, then suffers a tennis-related neck and shoulder injury while wooing a much-younger colleague;

Terry is disappointed at being overrun by promotion fast-tracks, yet lives for weekends and holiday time with his family, especially a younger son with special needs, keeps sane by adding to his library of European literary classics;

➔ *"Rattlesnakes" by Lloyd Cole and the Commotions*

Graham considers early retirement while his wife switches jobs in protest against mandated Covid shots. Avoiding rash leaps, he takes counsel from his mother who says that without structure he'll find himself bored.

➔ *"Making plans for Nigel" by XTC/ Springsteen's "Born to run"*

Graham visits Japan. Upgrades to an Audi.

There is a Tassie glamping trip to celebrate turning 64. Back at the public service coalface, Graham's 66-year-old deskmate explains that one more year will chock up super like a golden egg, ensuring life continues, sweet as one big pancake.

➔ *Reprise "It's raining men" by The Weather Girls to dance off-stage*

STOP ■

Samantha Boswell

whale watching
for CWBH

still unborn at 43 weeks
and counting, we weigh-in at 100kg/ feels
stately whale scale majestic

late september, south, king george
sound/ annual migrations have become
tourist features 15-years
of hiatus since closure, the whaling
station rebrands *historic*

i do not wonder about history
or speciesism then, but i know
you beached us forever there
on middleton road at sea
in traffic undertows and tarmac, wallowing
on foot towards a beach where algal
blooms can render bathing
hazardous ~~forgive those who~~
~~trespass on nurseries~~
that I did not know
is no defence

intuitions make decisions instinctively,
humpbacks and southern right
whales navigate temperature
gradients and magnetic fields
as seasonal passage, nurse their young
long before colonial settlement of this town
where records claim hunting as *the oldest industry*[1]

like whales giving birth
in safe harbour, I see us bonded, cetaceans
even now family-pod with a *colourful*
past[2] mobilising currents from coast
to horizon another shoreline breached
with our homologous mammalian
lungs, warm blood, wombs, placentas,
bones opaque in limbs/ our carpals, humerus,
ulna, phalanges shared tetrapod
ancestry, but with a whale's flipper adapted
for aquatic life, front limbs transformed
as fins, they cannot grasp grenades
~~crossbows, poison darts, harpoons~~

though you, daughter, were late
to arrive, silky in vernix
and lanugo hair, nails tearing
your own skin on canal berth,
i learn from you that *whale*
watching is a practice meaning
to notice that we are seen

[1] Find Albany (2016). *Albany whaling station museum*. Website accessed 27 October, 2025 https://www.findalbany.com.au/ albany-whaling-station-museum

[2] Tourism Western Australia (2025). *Albany's historic whaling station*. Website accessed 27 October, 2025 https://www.westernaustralia.com/en/attraction/albany's-historic-whaling-station56b2669c2880253d74c4eb93

Samantha Boswell

2024.12

How does one extend vibrations of joy?
Their sharply repetitive pinnacles are
ebullient and hardcoded, taunt-exploding
gratitude up and down every multiversal

hypergranule of all our ecstatic creations
of being and loving, the brilliant people
around us “in perfect time, palm-muting
utopia”[1] *against*

the big black sky over our town–type
emergence
pronouncements—usually the third book
in a trilogy. We see it tax the imagination.[2]

How sing such panoramic vitality? “A
reasonable aspiration”[3] this year, this 2024.

[1] In upstate New York.
[2] Climate change: We know where you at. We know you’re around. We’re still in the corner. Right over here. Why can’t you see us?
[3] For this speaker—in all their anxiety.

Bradley J. Fest

2024.13–14

Remember when someone said all that stuff
about irony and sincerity[4] and we all over-
reacted about at least one thing and then
reacted in totally reasonable ways about

lots of other things? What he forgot was joy.
The real thing. In these still postmodern ironic
times, having a Coke™ with you, whoever
you may be, can still be starcounting,[5] can be

hipsters uniting for the betterment of all "while
raising the most precious human beings. It's
unimaginable." It can be the things you had
wanted and forgotten, the years away and

unmoored. Remember when someone else
talked about the end of the world? His precious

social forms of course cognitively mapped
themselves toward everything anyone could
ever possibly hold dear, all that totality.
Incredible. And but so if we could move

through the past and back again, if we could
midnight our cortices, let our every moment of
self-reflection away, whoop the dawn and its
tenderness, be with the world as it is and continues—

that'd be pretty killer. [Everything is in the tense
of *if* and *perhaps*, sheer contours draining the
silly affect without my febrile oubliettes for
training the next-worst generation of gnostic

necrotic librarians-of-the-amaranthine-dawn,
a generation that can succeed ours and survive.[6]]
Dude. We have at least a couple years before that.[7]
So, anxious fool, can we please just relax
and celebrate this great good life? "Let's try."

---

[4] Rather briefly.
[5] Hear and see HUM, "Stars," *You'd Prefer an Astronaut* (Twelve Inch Records TIN-012, 1995), track A3, LP, YouTube, May 12, 2018, https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=gMEB4HNNZ2I&ab_channel=HUMVEVO.
[6] Good luck. "Sometimes they need to watch us lose at *Super Mario Bros*. more than is perhaps a good idea."
[7] And lots of time to prepare.

Bradley J. Fest

HYBRID / VISUAL

The Birth of Julius Caesar

- - - -

Dreich

//
//
//
//// in the long hollow //
//
// hour ////////////////////
//
//
///// before dawn //
//
//
//
//////////////////////// the heart sings ////////////////////////////////
//
//
//
/// baby's first smile ////////////
//
//
//

Saskia McCracken

Pause

You fall asleep on my arm, leave the imprint of your ear coiled on my skin, ghost of a snail shell, you were once smaller than this whorl, curled inside me, a pixelated possibility, an outline, a comma a pause,

before these grey tender hours, dawn later each morning, moth breath, lashes, brushing my cheek, soft as the mist that blinds the window a pause,

before the trees began to undress slowly, leaves waltzing in the gutters, catching in the pram wheels, leaves red as your milk wild squall a pause,

before your small fingers splayed on my chest, hungry starfish gently exploring a pause,

I used to pause, wonder when I found lone, tiny socks, pavement flotsam now I know

Saskia McCracken

Score for Blowing Raspberries

Ooo000 ° ° °0ooO ° ° °…. ° ° ° ° ° ° ooo

OOOO…00 ° 00 ° 00…OOOO o o o … ° ° °

Ooo000 ° ° °0ooO ° ° °…. ° ° ° ° ° ° oo o

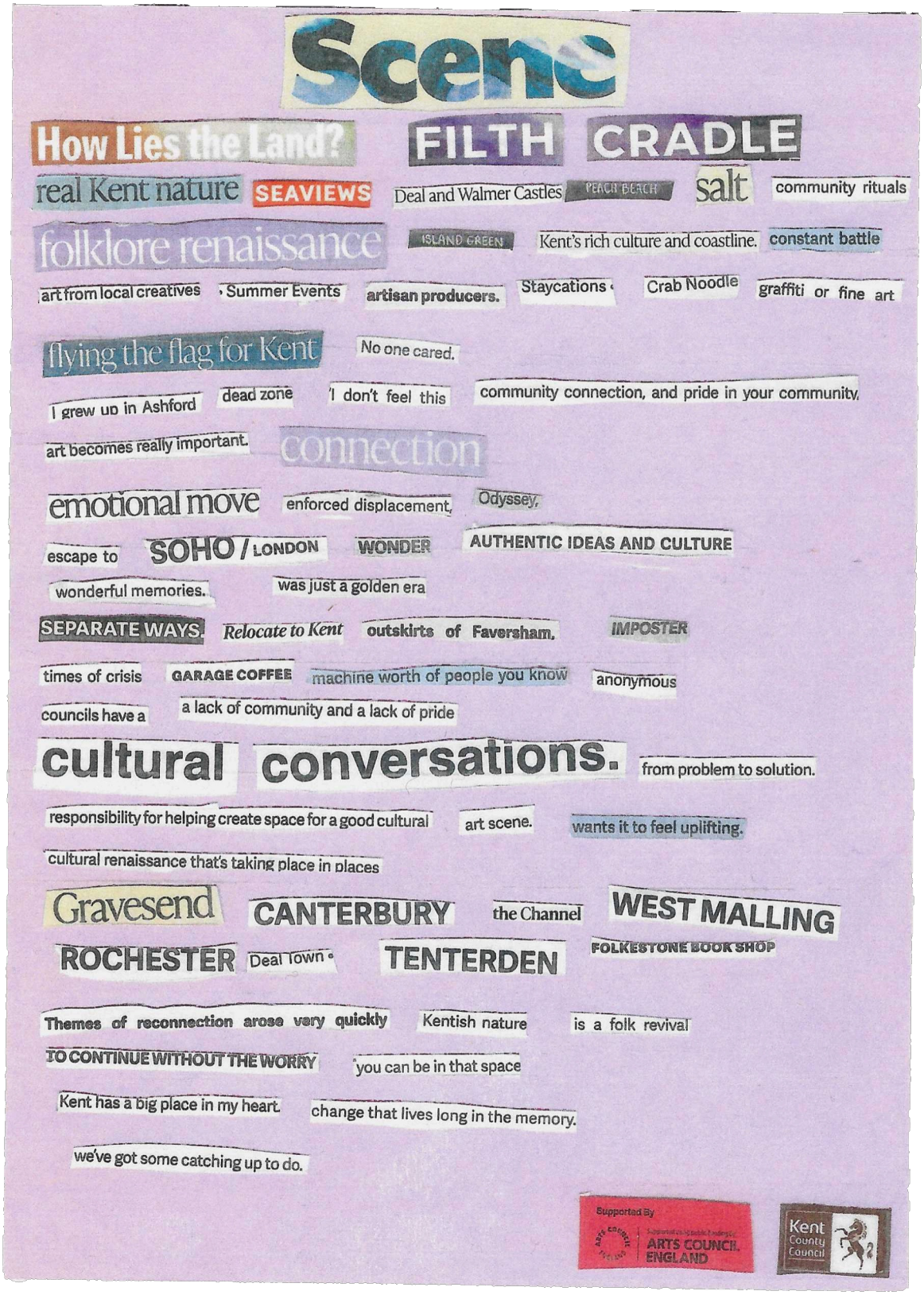
OOOO…00 ° ° ° °0ooO ° OOOO o o o …

° ° ° Ooo000 ° ° ° 0ooO …….ooOO00..°

° ° °…oOo… ° ° ° ° ° *0000OOOOooo*° ° °

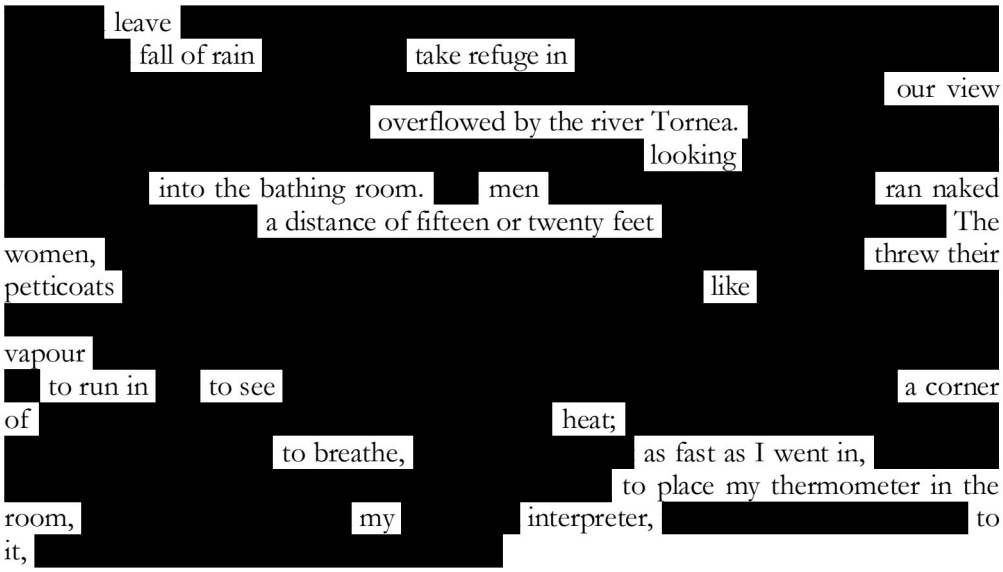
Saskia McCracken

Scene



Delilah Dennett

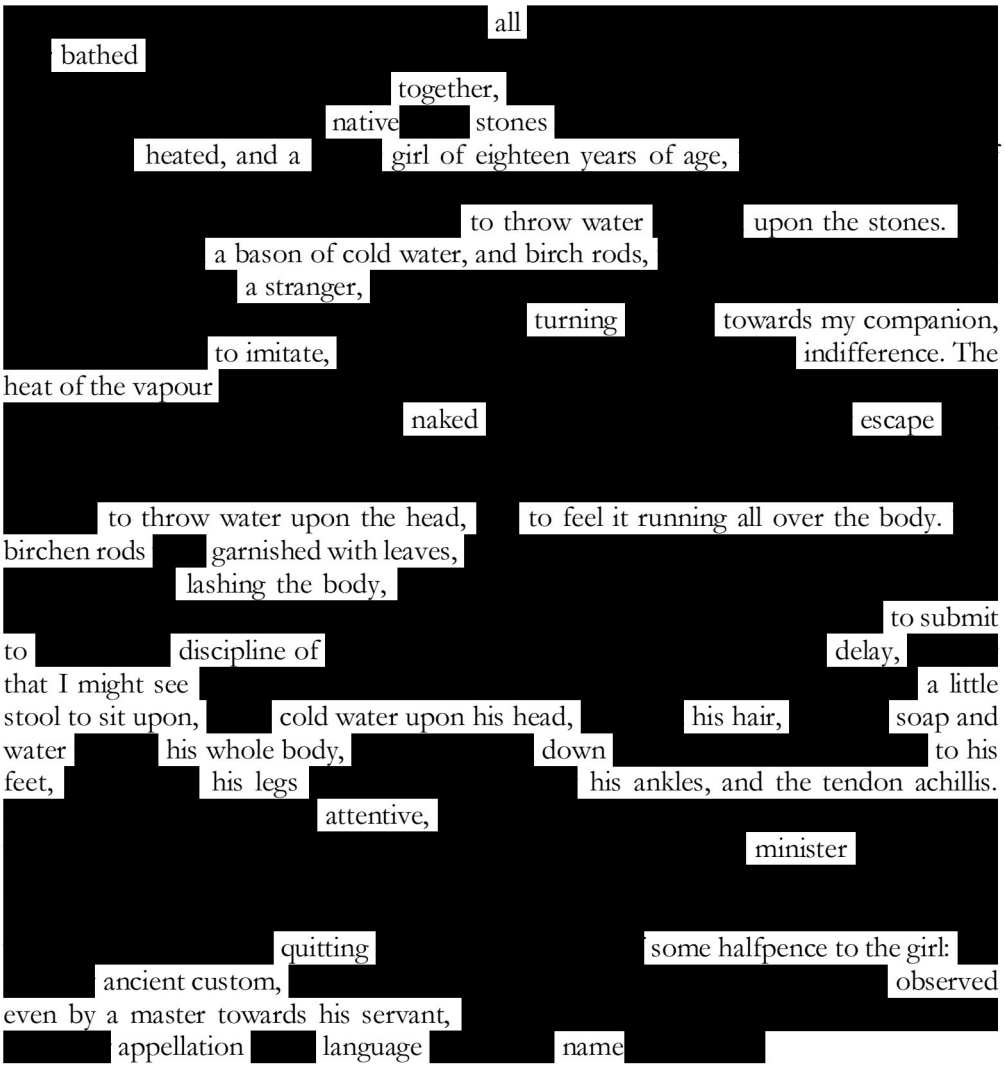
My Thermometer



Tornio, Finland, June 1799

Laura Blomvall

Giuseppe!



Kemi, Finland, June 1799

Note: *Erasures from Giuseppe Acerbi,* Travels through Sweden, Finland, and Lapland, to the North Cape, in the years 1798 and 1799, Volume I*, 1802.* From a copy held at Smithsonian Libraries and accessed through Internet Archive [https://archive.org/details/travelsthroughsw11802acer].

Laura Blomvall

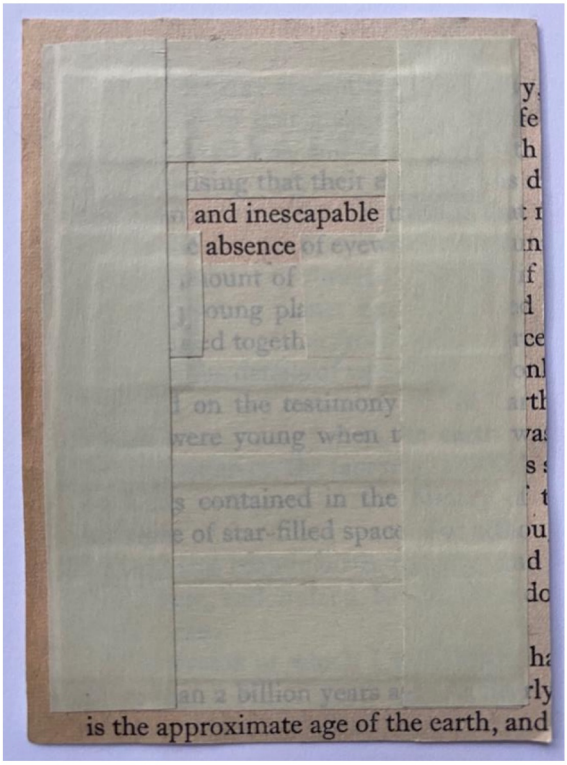
A Map of the Present Situation

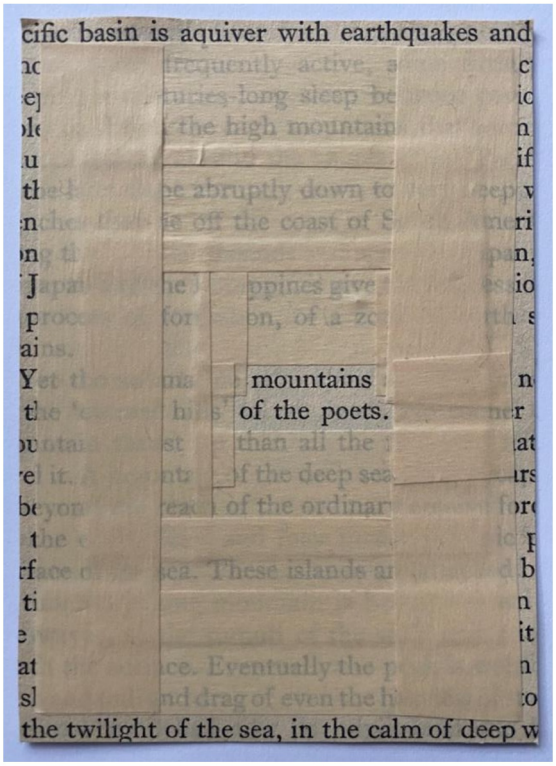
vvvQUANDRANT 1>>>	<<<QUADRANT 2vvv
[Desire] **TOTAL MACHINIC INTEGRATION** Post-Human Reification of the Machine Fascist Aesthetics Automation Alien Power Promethian Mastery over Nature Holocaust and Genocide Machinic Warfare Denial of a Feminine Technics Elevation of the Masculine Appropriation of the Material World Alienation	**[Desire]** **RETURN TO TRADITION** Faith, Flag and Family Blue Belonging Artisanal Production Racial Community Local Small Scale Fixed Gender/Sex Categories Perverted Fantasy of Social Democratic Social Structures Volk National Belonging Advertised Mask of Machinic Fascism 'Authentic'
^^^QUADRANT 3>>>	**<<<QUADRANT 4^^^**
[Institution] **THE APPARATUS** Deterritorializing Biometric Data Collection Malfunctioning Security Systems Mulfi-Factor Authentication Schizophrenizing Capture of the Masses in Intensifying Circuits of Drive (anti)Social Media Channels Distributed Network of Disinformation Communicative Algorithmic Addiction Anthetamines Corporate Monarchism	**[Institution]** **THE CATHEDRAL** Territorializing Unidirectional and Top Down Distribution to the Masses, usually Identified as National Collective Spectacular Neuroticising Cynicism Alcoholic Psuedo-Democratic Structures Bureaucratic Procedures Heavily Moderated Liberal Democracy Anti-Depressants

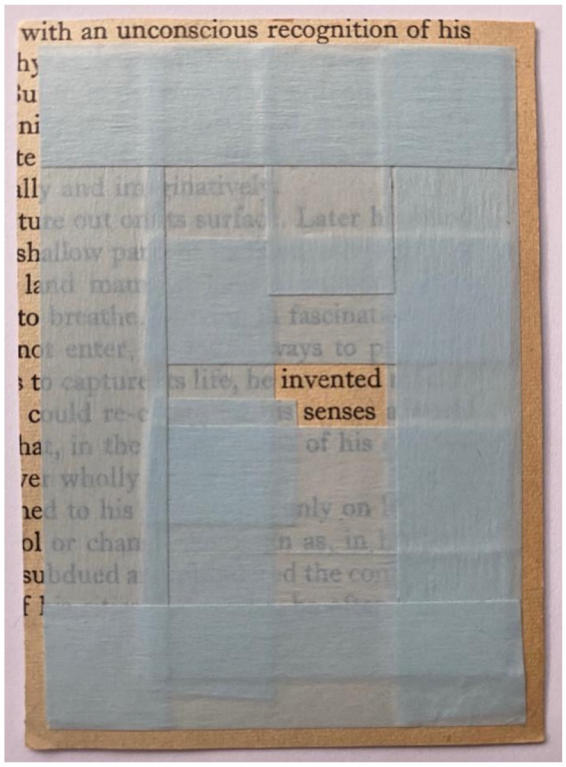
Amy Young

and inescapable absence

Each 2.5 x 3.5 inch poem was made with Japanese washi tape on a page from a 1956 Penguin edition of Rachel Carson's *The Sea Around Us*.




cific basin is aquiver with earthquakes and
mountains
of the poets.
the twilight of the sea, in the calm of deep w



Emma Filtness

Various Distancing Acts: Trophic Cascade, for 1+ player

Rules:

Cut out each of the 16 cards and place them face down in a 4 by 4 grid; this represents the ecosystem you are observing.

Each turn, flip one blank card over. If you are playing with more than one player, take turns flipping cards.
When you flip a card first activate its effect, then activate effects on all connected cards starting with those closer, and then moving further out.

As you play consider the question: "What is happening in the instant that I make this move?" Maybe the move represents you building infrastructure to profit off the land, or maybe it represents you silently observing as a mouse is eaten by a wild cat. This narrative you construct should consider both the poetic text and the mechanical consequences. If you are playing with another, discuss what happens. If you are playing on your own, make notes.

The game is over when your curiosity is sated.

Machines of Man let out your primal scream *Remove an adjacent card to draw two cards*	As paths converge where packed leaves once blew *Immediately play or reveal a card in an adjacent space*	Hungry river. Devour hungrier words. *Flip a connecting face-up card.*	A lonely hide to cover clouds with rain. *If this is the only card with tokens nearby, flip it.*
When choked life leaks it drains through crevices *If this card is fully surrounded by face-up cards remove it*	It pumps. The water is fast like horses run *Remove tokens from all adjacent tiles*	Compete to win the prize of human grace *Take a token from a neighbouring card*	O' plaguing blight that rots. A coarse rebirth. *Place a card face down in an empty nearby slot. Place a token on this card.*
Observe as creatures wild with catlike claws *If adjacent to prey, destroy it and move into its space.*	You note they curve, migrate, to fill a space *Move to an empty slot, and leave behind a face down card*	Do vines osmose to pulse through sweet decay? *Place a token on this card or move a token from this card to a neighbour.*	A mound of earth that spills as crimson does. *If this card has a token on it, deposit a token on all adjacent cards*
Return to home. Sublime with facts, details. *Collect tokens from all connected cards.*	Some verdant lives disperse like simple seeds *Plant a token on any card of your choice.*	Alone and fruitful; flies or bats at work *Place tokens on cards with irritating scansion*	It crossed a semi permeable membrane *You may swap this card with an adjacent card*

Isabelle Masters

LONGFORM

Earthstars

I send no string of pearls,
no bracelet– accept this.
– Hilda Doolittle

i

A first tribute

offering obtuse as / (the blood
missed the altar)

ouranos making
little love tokens for his [spouse/mother?

eww]

ii

the nursery with no /

loam & clay cloudy, begins
a peck of
spilt spore brimming (this is
earth's squirming &
endlessly open crumb)

there & there

iii

slubbing
germ tube first [grossly elongated?]
its hyphae out,
tiny knives, the stiletto

stomps!

iv

so, run the heavens through
& mycelia shows up like gaia's weird veil:

today, the stars have bodies,
branching

v
everywhere
the wrenched stuff of stellar matter
coaxed
astrolabing down with
neither fire nor music nor
(poor lost little anaximenes) /

the fallen eyes & eyes
in the peacocks'
shimmying tail feathers

no argus

vi
sets out its enzymatic
cutlery
winks
its prayer & consumes

saprobic as deity

vii

wreaks a mazing

& generative rot
in loam of this
yellowing& infinitely september:

talking a lot about
not a lot:

[gods & fungi are like this]

blah blah blah, *blah* (!)

augustly feasting

viii
the drift of them muscles in:
    earthen-lidded eyes
        bound tight, swimming with dirt with

ix

  rain
      buckles awake / the

            (nova, rays, peridial-)

lobes [five+ lobes] showing
                trampish hierophant
 at work /

        constellar though
            astral boob [that's the–]

    milk too black & ripe or

x

  [*are you sister? are you brother?*
            are you alive?

        are you dead?]

xi

      gleba

dry as breckland

  brims at
      spore sac's pore/opening /

            apical teat summoning
 by rumour of flares or

the gauze of myth & /
[-ology] dispersing
how the
spores drub out

xii

how the opened eye– beaten
smokes in summer rain.



James Coghill

Excerpts from
Universal Treehouse

in rock dust
a part continues

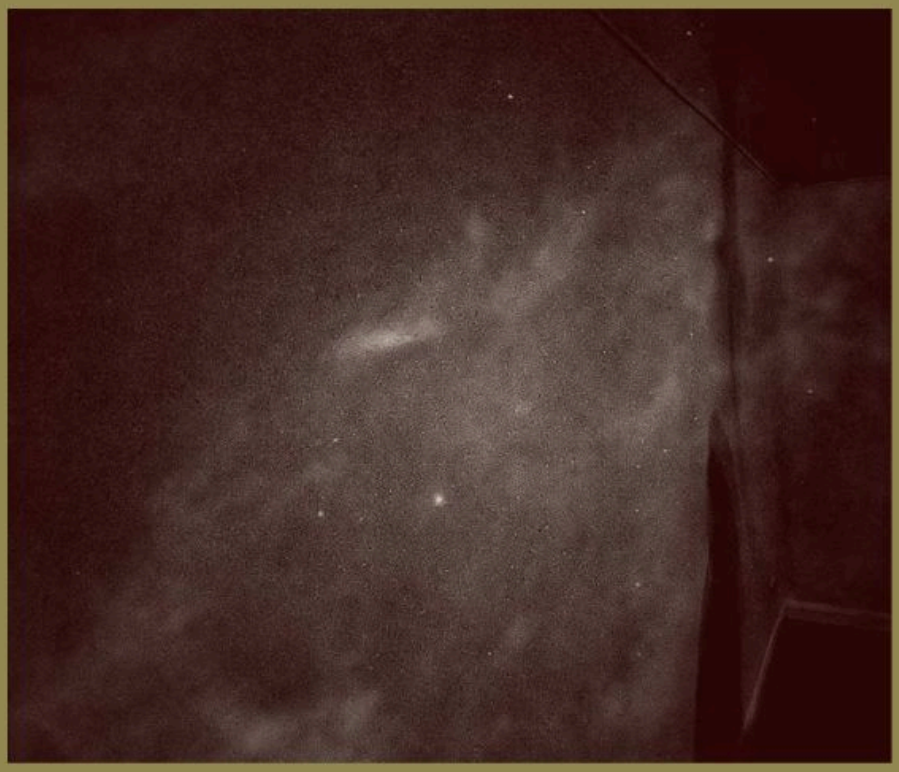
the organs calm

multiplying
a certain//

present

shells, our being
[from the poet hours]
cosmic roundness

the spiral being
of the *scheint*



of his sun//
of one form

diagram slowly,
dreamer



the juxtaposed I
that decent I

being from
darkness—

round doors

show the
possibilities

[wearing a needless
life]

elsewhere we
form// images

not people

thus the room//

becomes
pure



inspire roots

realise symbols//
of surface

study the great
up

speak rain

elsewhere—
itself

the

hum

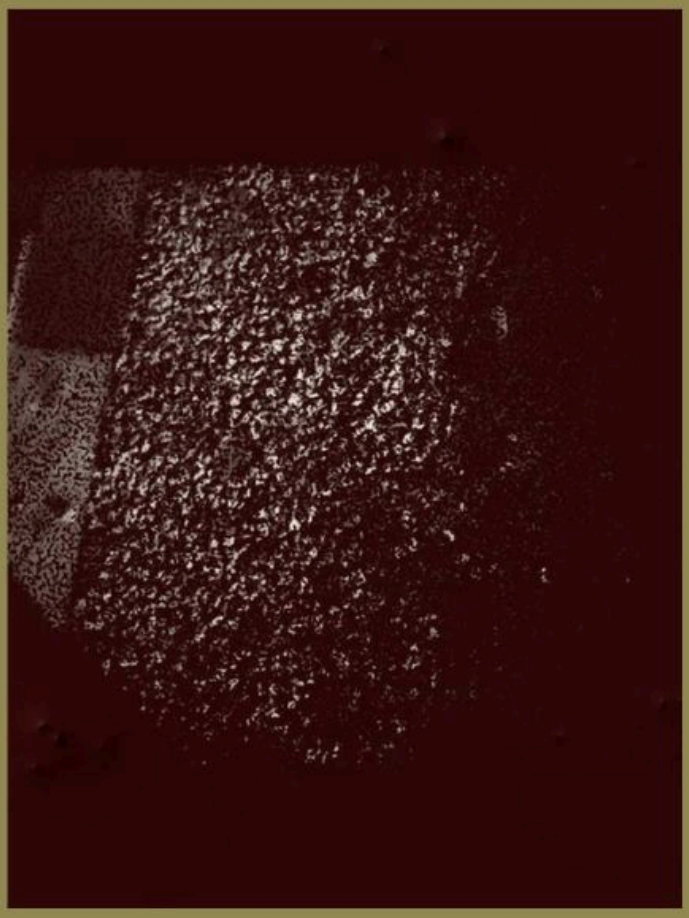
night house dreams//
the problem

in space
threshold bolted

the banished climate

opening





through this space
[born of warblers]

outside being//
round it

become absolute

for

the immobile
this

phenomenological

a region
cosmic// legendary

that life: constructed

whether daydreams?
[too organic]



pains, vapour—

my only
sun

Stephen Sunderland

Portrait of a Lake

trophi c sca e
a d @
c f
the admixture of self in i
l rating stream m
t t
bot o

some interminable stream
s awake
hocks me me a
CO2 ready discourse
regarding this pertains
whatever
to

snakeroot takes
o er its serrated
v y leaves become
e where

white flowers i observe +
bcc of that somehow i get
in2
being
w/ or about them

why so prolific
they answer
a lot
i will not
say

asked of a scum
a slime or mo
a f re
way of life i not

proudly l keys
in ost my
it—i looked in the scum
under ater it was a
w like paradise
murky towering aquatic
w veg
etation

sca t on eco
n r sy
stem invasive land
ethic
in a prairie? a streamy ime
t

att a
m e pting scene
a way of in abiting
h sitting 4
a l ime —
ong t —

a p em takes
pl o ce s where —
o ame
little creek peach ridge
but what?
then

kettle o e l becomes
hot h l ake spandex
spot 4 all sorts of
wearing ~~surplus~~

naturalism dialectic
apocalypse dialectic +
h discourse ater, i
ru on w become
higher in such or w
hat
a way

something s
capture me
a weird
a weird has me

semiotc water bottle
co lud a table a
l s w way
e of eing
somewhere b —
some way

glaci l lak
a e all
sur ounded on sid
r es what a
do s the l k
e e thin ?

a world a aits
hu n w a
ro — world
or a main
drag beckoning
but só pricey

snob tendencies —
relinquish
@ the pond (fresh lake)
+

p
ossibility of loon po
ssibility of owl poss
ibility

su ns et on
ke t ake me
t le l ans some
cd maybe i get assistan
rom ce f a
house sparrow,
finally

a long time ago
a fished there
w t i asked
ers they
what the fish
tho tha
ught of t

a reply, wat er
y but i can't disclose
it no

sandy town uncovered
heavy movement:
a stream, flowing
which invokes untold
+ my mud meanings,

ostensibly

Austin Miles

ESSAY / REVIEW

An Essay in Five Hauntings

I am a haunting: How Does Poetry Give Form to Embodied, Remembered and Photographed Hauntings?

Content warning: contains images with partial nudity.

On Photography

1.

At the counter, prices flicker on the screen. I ask the difference between .tiff and .jpeg files. The cost is markedly different. The woman winces. I should know this already.

2.

.tiff files are more robust. You can open the files countless times and it won't matter; its integrity will remain intact, the image itself undisturbed from digital handling. .jpeg files, the cheaper of the two, lose quality each time the file is opened. The degradation is miniscule. A slow chipping away, pixel by pixel. They, however, do not withstand revisiting – are not to be overhandled.

3.

I ponder the price difference. I am paying for the easy access to my film without threat of rupture or destruction.

4.

Image-taking is risky business. I am still learning how aperture and shutter speed work against the light.

5.

But maybe, if I favour .jpegs, I am committing to the sacredness of the image. I am saying I will only revisit you when absolutely necessary. I am forced to be intentional in my film photography, from capture to shoot to development.

6.

I am aware these are colonial terms. Language is failing me.

7.

I think of these bodily ghosts (read: sexual memories) as. jpegs. Their potency striking in the first instances, an uncanny scene felt up and through me. The more the memory is revisited, the less potent it becomes, losing its sharp edges.

8.

I reach for my camera with the same intuition I approach the poem. The intuition is an unsettling of sorts, driving me to root around in the dark, to chase the light.

On Blackness, Ghosts and Hauntings

9.

Saidiya Hartman opens *Wayward Lives: Beautiful Experiments* explaining her methodology as a 'grapple with the power and…the authority of the archive and the limits it sets on what can be known'.[1] For her, ghosts and agency are totally bound up. As they ought to be.

10.

As a poet, my limitations are form. I welcome the metric and rhythmic containment to hold my knowledge which has infinite capacity to scale space, place and time.

11.

Institutional practices of epistemology are inflexible. They favour hegemonic stories enabled by the certainty of the archive. In this way they are .tiff files. Robust. The same retelling.

[1] Hartman, Saidiya. *Wayward Lives, Beautiful Experiments*, published by Serpent's Tail, 2019 (Pgxiii).

12.

I am a black writer, whose present poetry exists in the 'afterlife of [trans-Atlantic] slavery'. [2]I encounter ghosts of many kinds. Unforgiving, restless, relentless, troubling. They are also comforting. A reminder that I have been here and everywhere. Poetry is a way of ordering such expansion.

13.

I consider Mary Ruefle's statement: 'the moment [poets] are dead, all of their poems about death become poems about being alive'.[3] I think about what this means as a black poet constantly walking among my ghosts. I am perennially haunted. Maybe, I am already dead.

14.

Unforgiving, restless, relentless, troubling. These could be words to describe my poetics; my voice. To describe me.

15.

I marvel at black women. How, historically, we have been embroiled in the physical, sexual and bodily violences of anti-/blackness, and yet, still carry magic. L.H. Stallings states 'black women use unfettered sexual expression between the human and nonhuman.'[4] When I am catapulted into embodied moments of the past, I remember these too are my ghosts: non-human interactions coloured by the erotic, using the body as a portal.

The Body as a Site of Sexual Memory

16.

Consider the notion that the sexiest things exist in absence. Their temptation to come into being. How well she can conjure sex in an in-/appropriate place. Consider that she is moved not by the thing, but her distance from it. The place where she longs for it.

[2] Ibid (Pg29).

[3] Ruefle, Mary. *Madness, Rack and Honey*, published by Wave Books, 2012 (Pg254).

[4] Stallings L. H., *Funk the Erotic: Transaesthetics and Black Sexual Cultures*, The New Black Studies Series, published by University of Illinois Press, 2015. accessed on 13 th July, https://www.jstor.org/stable/10.5406/j.ctt16d68qx (Pg150).



17.

In the photograph, the city juts up in the mirror's reflection: the building between our heads our punctum.[5] His eye narrows at the viewfinder. My hands protect my modesty.

18.

It is a modest act pouting naked in a mirror after good sex. I remember saying something to this effect. We laugh trying to regain stillness. The shutter clicks.

Figure 7. Figure 1. Bodies in Amsterdam, Personal Archive, July 2025.

19.

I do not mind that I am naked, nor that someone else saw me in this image before I did. We are portals. I see him in the mirror looking back at me through the lens. In a dark room, just off Oxford Street, the person developing the photograph happens across our portal, disheartened only by its out-of-focus-ness.

[5] Morrisey, Sinead. Seminar: '*Poetry, Photography and the Hauntings of History*', Newcastle University, 29th June 2026..

20.

My nudity is inoffensive. His grey tracksuit and vest are more suggestive. The way that clothes can outline and accentuate. How conditional they are. Clothes can peel off bodies and pool at socked feet.

21.

I am not the pornography in this image. I am explicit only in the act of capture.

22.

There it is again. The language failing.

23.

In Nikki Giovanni's Seduction the poem 'is all about breaking rules[...]the woman not only strips off her own clothes, she also strips off those of the man in the room'.[6] My photograph is an effort towards a similar subversion. Pornography's racial and gender norms, informed by the colonial imagination, are agitated by the presence of our bodies; black and white stood next to each other, the agency resting in the unclothed and soon to be unclothed.

Memory, Ghosts and Place

24.

Seven years ago, I was in Newcastle for the first time auditioning for drama school. When I introduced myself to the panel, my name seemed to be an echo in someone else's mouth, a knuckle rapping at the door of my teeth.

25.

Now, I spend the first two days walking the same stretch of street. I slip into the university by climbing a set of stone stairs. On my right, a square patch of wildflowers, that are planted next to pink petaled bushes. The well-groomed gardens against redbrick, the air of history lingering as I head to my seminar room. For two days, I do not deviate from this route.

[6] Malcolm, Cheryl Alexander. (Un)Dressing Black Nationalism: Nikki Giovanni's *(Counter)Revolutionary Ethics* in "And Never Know the Joy": Sex And The Erotic In English Poetry, edited by Barfoot, C.C., published by Rodopi, 2006, http://dx.doi.org/10.1163/9789401203401, accessed 14th July 2026. (Pg389).

26.

We waited in a conference room to hear if we were invited back to the second audition in the afternoon. I pre-emptively booked an advanced single ticket for the evening.

27.

In 2019, I prepared to escape my history degree for a vocation in acting. In 2026, I was now a poet, using history, performance and literature as a means to communicate with the world. Newcastle, a city I visited only once before, now teemed with meaning. I was confronting an old failure in a new reality. When I passed any mid-range, mildly dilapidated building that could have been the old hotel I auditioned in, the embarrassment stung afresh. I had exposed myself in that audition room. Made myself a fool.

28.

Why did I think I could outrun history?

29.

2019: The audition panel flash me a taut smile. I smile back, chuckling at nothing. They murmur something between them. My cheeks begin to hurt. I cling to anything that feels like hope. The panel do not give. I tear up, not in character. They ask me to remove my shoes, splay my palms and push the wall. I cry, back turned away from them. My best friend wires me the money for an early train home.

On Poetry, Form and Containing the Ghosts

30.

Toni Morrison said, 'no matter how 'fictional' the account of these [black] writers, or how much of it was a product of invention, the act of imagination is bound up with memory'.[7] Morrison makes the black lived experience permissible through writing. I am grateful for the ghost she has become.

[7] Morrison, Toni. "*The Site of Memory*" in A Mouthful of Blood. Published by Vintage 2019 (Pg93).

31.

'My ancestors were superfreaks, and I have clearly become a conduit for their continued activities in the afterlife'.[8] Stallings jokes. I read and chuckle in agreement. My poems are erotic and, reach to put feeling into form. The feeling can be inherited which is to say ancestral; historical; epigenetic.

32.

Poetry owes history nothing. Accurate depictions of events often sterilise my poems.

33.

I, however, owe the poem the creativity of what memory can offer. A playful account, intuiting remembered events. We owe poetry our courage towards invention.

34.

I return to the photograph an impetus to make. The poem is another way of distilling my intuition. A photo is another way of capturing my ghost(s), ensuring I am not lost to the archive.

35.

The .jpeg photograph is as the flawed as the poem. I can work with flawed. Flawed requires boundaries and structure just as the poem does.

36.

The miniscule degradation of .jpeg files are another articulation of form.

[8] Stallings L. H. (pg149).

37.

As an ekphrastic poet, my practice is both visual and linguistic. As a black poet, my practice is intuitive, informed by lived experience and ancestral knowledge. I am committed to making our lives – our desires, our bodies, our erotics – legible.

38.

I return to the future, where I am chasing light. I rummage in the dark where the stuff of my poems live. A breath tickles my neck. A bout of electricity grips me. I am grateful for the ghosts in that dark. We are one in the same.

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Esme Allman

Book review: Jay Gao, *The Dead One, The Unconscious One, Thundering in Your Ear, Thriving Slumber* (Carcanet, 2026)

by Becca Drake

The wonderfully disjointed title of Jay Gao's second collection, *The Dead One, The Unconscious One, Thundering in Your Ear, Thriving Slumber*, tells its reader what to expect—glitching, unfolding necropastoral dissonances of queerness, belonging and desire. Its subtitle gives the reader a clue as to how this book should be read: rather than a collection, Gao presents us with 'a poem'. This book works best when read in one sitting, lost in the 'glitch wood' of Gao's intertextual graftings and etymological slips.

Like its predecessors in experimental nature poetry, Gao's poem takes a long and winding route towards a meeting place between the poet and the dead, whose voices are reached by bending backwards through a subterranean arboreal web, and who the poet coaxes forwards through shoots and graftings to voice new living lyric fragments. In the culmination of its loose lyric fragments into plurivocal score, *The Dead One* resembles Alice Oswald's *Dart* (2002) or Katharine Towers' *Oak* (2021). The book's epigraph to Peter Larkin also comes as no surprise, with Gao's 'glitch wood' unfolding soundings and sounding out words between arboreal forms, radically shaping landscape through language as an overt architecture. It fragments the natural world, laying out its pieces in overlapping prisms of language—'glitches'—punctuated by a refrain of 'bark, archive, splinter' that signals to the reader each new 'grafting'; that is, the poem is a series of movements responding to a collection of leaves (in the codicological sense) from a deep textual archive.

Structurally, Gao borrows from the collaborative network of tree roots, sending messages down near-rhizomatic lines and overhearing their miscommunications, and from the medieval concept of the commonplace book. 'Marsh time' glitches 'martial', 'corpuses' glitch 'corpses', 'paradox' glitches 'paradise', creating a satisfyingly complex web of misheard and half-interpreted tangles. The power of Gao's work here lies in his ability to tend green-fingered to intertextuality. He lays out splinters from a textual archive of arboreal time, emotion and feeling, of queerness and desire, ranging from Bhanu Kapil to Minny Lee. A two page list of sources at the back of the book provides a helpful handhold for the reader in navigating its extensive sources. If the poem could be taken further, it would be in this regard. The reader is left wondering what Snorri Sturlusson has to do with Annie Ernaulx, and how Gao comes to this unnatural hybridization. Nevertheless, it is refreshing to see an etymologically-minded poem that does not need all its roots to be neatly tied up and tidied away in the post-Heaney tradition of 'roots and graftings' that preoccupies so much UK-based poetry. The poem here is not a specimen to be carefully named, labelled, and put away in the garden shed, leaving the reader unburdened. It is a snagging, half-decaying woodland marching into the garden overnight, pulling down the garden wall and busting open the roof of the shed. This is poetry that asks more than it answers, and its satisfaction lies in creating verdant knots for the reader to tease out at length.

CONTRIBUTOR BIOGRAPHIES

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Caiti Luckhurst is a London-based poet. In her work, she often explores death, grief, and social attitudes towards dying. She also likes to write about queer kinship and the poetics of communication. As an ex-dancer, she is also curious about the possibility for a combined practice of movement or musicality with poetry, and the relationship between the body of the performer and the body of the poem.

Sam Morley has been published in various journals and has been shortlisted in the Montreal International Poetry Prize. He is the 2022 recipient of the Tina Kane Emergent Writer Award at the Mildura Writer's Festival. His collections include *Earshot* (*Puncher and Wattmann*) and *You Do You* (*Upswell*).

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Jonathan Kinsman (he/him) is a trans poet living near Hope (which is a real place, in Derbyshire). His debut collection, *The Fireman's Daughter*, was published by *Broken Sleep Books* in 2023. Catch him finding new and weird hills to die on (philosophically, and in the Peak District) @manykinsmen.

Sarah Wallis now lives by the sea on the East Coast of Scotland but is originally from London and also spent many years living in Yorkshire. Her poetry has been published at *IAMB*, *Paperboats*, *Propel*, *Eat the Storms* and The Scottish Poetry Library. Her latest chapbook is *Poet Seabird Island* from *Boats Against the Current* and in Nov 2025 she was Poet in Residence at Skara Library, Sweden, part of the cultural exchange via the UNESCO supported program of Cities of Literature.

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Dr Emma Filtness is a poet with a penchant for found and visual poetics, and is Senior Lecturer in Creative Writing at Brunel University of London. Her pamphlet *This Savage Language* is available now from *Atomic Bohemian*. Follow her on insta: @em_filtness / @pitiableobject

Isabelle Masters is a graduate from the MA in Creative Writing at Royal Holloway University, on the Poetic Practice pathway. Her work has been published by *Permeable Barrier* and *Osmosis Press*, and she has been invited to speak on her work for Multiplatform at Manchester University. Her practice largely involves the creation of experimental artist books through which she examines reader-writer relationships, puzzles/games/play and performance.

With an abiding interest in fungi, **James Coghill** is an ecopoet who has had work published in a variety of places including *Blackbox Manifold*, *Pamenar*, and *Shearsman*, as well as in a number of anthologies from *Sidekick Books*.

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About Osmosis

Osmosis Press was established in early 2021 with an aim to muddy the boundaries between categorisations of contemporary writing practice. We publish work that resists traditional classification, with a particular commitment to linguistically and formally innovative poetic writing, alongside experimental play with the short story sequence or essay. Osmosis is run in an entirely voluntary capacity, and embraces the community politics of radical small press publishing.

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