

# Vanessa Holyoak

## “Ghost Archive”

I

I see I saw a wet moss  
lichen imagined right  
out of my shower the  
window cracked open  
plummeting rain outdoors  
meets hot shower steam  
inside and  
outside linked by  
a porous membrane  
or  
at least one  
that opens and closes  
suddenly the heater  
works  
it smells like  
toxic sweet  
ink  
I texted my friend to see  
if I should worry she said  
yes

II

all caught up  
in timely  
business and looking for an  
exit, she  
thought back to her hand  
as it dripped  
ink  
in slender  
lines and wonky  
blotches  
and remembered—  
her ancestor’s  
calligraphy on those scrolls  
in the nunnery  
each  
written as by  
a different  
hand  
different styles  
different epochs  
one man’s hand  
but at least  
10  
gods

III

how many times  
I forget  
what I am doing &  
stand staring  
into darkness  
dizzy despite my  
determination.  
a day is like crawling  
through  
a lead pipe  
shuffling along in the  
damp  
blindness  
&  
hoping I’m going in the  
right  
direction.  
how easy to stand still  
when this is my  
only task  
between  
a & z  
is just space

1.



2.



## Effy Morris

### “Nancy”

grew out my hair  
to taste, covered now  
in feelers

touching ur soft green mantle  
for, maybe  
an electric shock

Nancy I want  
ur weird flesh  
draped over my leg  
bone,  
Nancy

my hair invasive, crawling  
up ur spine