

horizon

unpronounced **Ioan Hazell** rainfall of me **Sophie**
Gaden something new; **Taymour** centrifugal
Afdhal the fibster **George Bailey** blah blah blah
Violetta Alargkof Anagnostou snake
(in chanel 66 pulse) **Elaine Tam** horsefly; evening television
for a dazzling new era **Angus Wood** a small patch of wet snow
under the rhododendron **David Medd** permafrost **Will**
Nye horticulture **Karolina Zentrichova** honey
Emily Fulton general infirmary **Elise Bell** hand
of god **Holly Miller** creation masturbation **Olivia**
Heggarty burn **Jack Savage** the ballet; untitled
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sierra nevada; when you hold me in your arms **Alessia**
Camoirano Bruges

· photography · literature · art · photography · literature · art · photography · literature · art · photography · literature · art ·

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This is *The Horizon Magazine*.

WE ARE A SPACE DEDICATED TO THE CULTIVATION OF NEW VOICES AND BOLD WORK. WE AIM TO SHARE ART AND LITERATURE THAT PUSHES BOUNDARIES, CHALLENGES AUDIENCES, AND IS POWERFULLY EXPRESSIVE.

Horizon is a high-quality artistic journal that mixes mediums of *art*, **literature**, and photography. The magazine shall always be free to read, published online and accessible to all, as well as printed and distributed in select locations.

We strive to make each edition of Horizon a collection of beautiful and diverse work. We want every edition to be open to writers and artists from all backgrounds. There are no submission fees or requirements, as we believe there should be no limitations on the opportunity for self-expression.

This is a space for **the bold**, a space for [the beautiful], and a space for the *unique*.

for writing on the horizon

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It brings me immense joy to introduce you to issue 02 of the *Horizon Magazine*.

—————This issue has followed in the footsteps of the first magazine to bring you a collection of brilliant artworks and literature intended to provoke and inspire the reader. The poetry, prose, photography, and artworks of the following pages have been chosen for their excellence, originality, and ability to impress deeply upon their audience. I believe the content of the following pages, the art and literature of powerful creatives, to be a thing of great importance. For the urge to create is an aspect of humanity as fundamental as breathing. However, it is an aspect that we must cultivate and nurture, both individually and as a society.

For a work of art to communicate intensely and personally with its viewer is a natural and perhaps even fundamental aspect of human experience. A moment of intimate commune between yourself and the printed words, the dried oils, or the exposed film, is a moment paradoxically experienced by each of us, time and time again, when we encounter a work of true beauty. In that moment of transcendent commune, art takes on a nature that is ineffable in its power. That unspeakable moment, or traces of it, can be found in every act of creation. We truly hope, as you turn these pages, something you encounter may leave such an impression on your soul.

This magazine was birthed during tumultuous and uncertain times. At its inception, we were in a world first struggling with the concepts of global pandemic and national quarantines. We dreamt of a short return to the bustling world of cafes, bars and coffeeshops where perhaps one would find an open copy of *Horizon* lay in waiting for any eager eyes and hungry minds. Unfortunately, this crisis was much more severe than we first imagined. Due to this, we had to devise new distribution methods. Hundreds of copies of the first edition were shipped around the country and abroad to individuals who shared our love of art and literature. The response we have received has been heart-warming and inspiring. It has doubled our efforts, enlivened our fires, and spurred us to new speeds in our goal to create an accessible and celebratory magazine of creative passion. We shall continue creating spaces for people to share their passion. We shall continue in our aim to distribute art and literature in a way that is free and accessible to all. And we shall continue to create a magazine whose form is as beautiful as the content it contains. We are proud to be the *Horizon Magazine* and we shall stride forward in our goal of creating a beautiful artistic and literary journal. —————

Benjamin Wolff [general editor]

the ballet [photography] by Shi Yun Teo



The sand *moist with invitation*

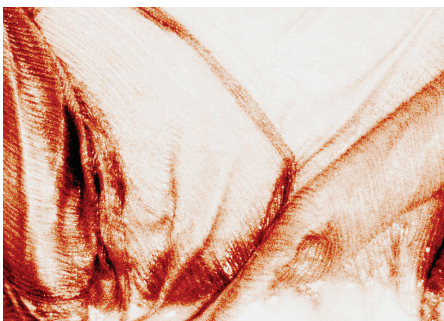


burn [painting] by Jack Savage

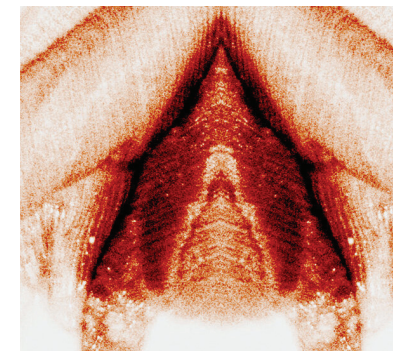
holds him and a sprig of lavender
in his hand

U N P R O N O U N C E D

[poem] by Ioan Hazell



Nude, sculpted and starved,
The bodies
Crawling heavenward with
Dark, wet skin
Shining
For lack of sail or sag
While ten thousand Painted Ladies
Collapse
Through marquees and telephone lines.



More slowly,
The fence of Crows feet is built about the city
And the clouds rain holes in themselves;
Their dissection splayed
Above the sunken petals
All sprawled in puppet catatonia
while the city boils
 and spits
 and cracks
on invisible flames
At the ends of children's boots.

Turning up an ancient ash
which always followed fire
Into dust pillars of night,
A whispering army;
Night wind deployed
By secret Generals
 to sweep

An anorexic flora
of butterfly corpses
From the street.

Distracted on one windowsill above,
Whose tea is breathing its comfort into the moon?
As the Generals strategise
 and the trees moan
 and the wind sighs
 with vague wanting
and a new stream runs
Through the gutter,
Through thumping pipes
And into the black canal
All made from the missing parts of darkness.



from **Isis** [photography] by **Maya Campbell**

Grandma's House



I wanted to listen to the rain
 the one sound of so many drops falling
 I do not know the name of the rain
 my tongue does not know how to rain
 I heard the wind I heard the waters I heard the leaves
 I heard the touch of drop and leaf
 The silence of leaf and drop
 The almost-nothing

I heard the water
 running down the roof
 The dirt splashing with the water
 Atom of rain

Inside me
 It rains weeps

It tingles and trickles
 I want to hear to the rain inside me

To listen to the listening
 Listen to the ear listening
 Listen to the waves of listening
 To listen within

Listen to the breath blood and bone
 listen to the life and death of the organic body
 It rains in some places, others are arid
 Desert of me

I do not know how not to hear
 I can't close my ears the way I close my eyes
 So how to listen?
 Listen close listen under
 listen to the darkness of silence

Listen to the ripple listen to the rain listen to raining
 Chanting of waters
 Shiver of life
 Swearword of world

If I listen to the leaf I can't hear the waters
 If I listen to the waters I can't hear the drop
 If I don't hear the drop I can't listen to the rain
 If I listen to noise I can't listen to the silence that rains deep inside

Rain root
 Rain source
 Rain seed
 Rain shudder

What is rain?
 Conglomerate of waters
 Conglomerate of falls
 Conjugation of water



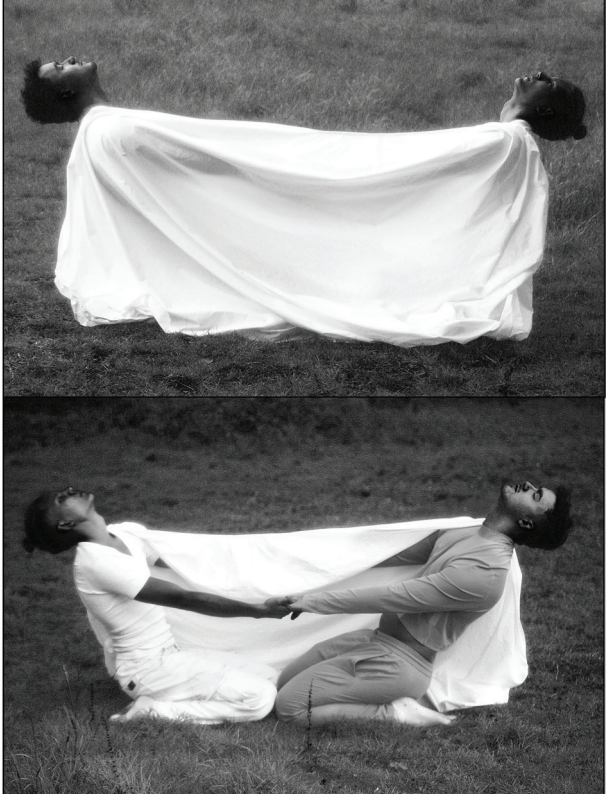
Old Man's Beard

[poem] by Taymour Afdhal

waves break
 the silence of a moon.
 Someone dips
 their toes over the edge.
 There is a hand between
 her and resurrection.
 Foam enters the light
 of everyone
 in the ocean. He rides to her
 on wheels of bark
 from where
 the balconies are made
 of washed up plastic
 and the cars are built
 from fruit. The emptiness calls
 their names back to them
 calling their names. The sand
 moist with invitation
 holds him
 and a sprig of lavender
 in his hand. If
 they fell
 and it fell with them
 it would etch
what could have
 in the lightning
 of being



'shy'; 'weary' [photography] by Roz Taylor



above **in sync** [photography] *by* **Hannah Guy**

opposite and next page **On Top** [photography] *by* **Matthew Rhys Thompson**





CENTRIFUGAL

[poem] by Taymour Afdhal

deep

and again deep the fires
sputtering from a factory outside
Querétaro.

The road
shook me to realise that I wanted nothing
more than to belong in warmth, away
from where my skin would crack from the gelid
memories of childhood. How do I

track the changes that brought
me here? Through jokes, tears,
a maze of sensitivity, to where
I am hard faced, cold, careening
through Mexican night. Pick
at my thin veneer, taste my blood;
run it across your lips, then mine.
Nothing's changed. The same
iron taste of fright.

Downstream from the factory, they
will find exorbitant amounts of nickel
in a lake shadowed by white pine.



above **That's cool what is it?** right **Obscured Reasoning** [paintings] by **Carla Walker**

the **FIBSTER**
[prose] *by* **George Bailey**

"I lie to myself all the time. But I never believe me."

S.E. HINTON



They're there again. Can you hear them? Listen close.

Can you? Hear them, I mean, can you hear them?

Screaming. Wailing. Or is it more of a...a howl, maybe?

I'm not sure what you'd define it as, really, but it's there.

Most mornings.

Most afternoons.

Most evenings.

A howl, I think. Like a yappy dog, the annoying ones with massive ears and too tiny bodies. Or a big fat fox caught in a fence. Howling.

It's not just the kid, either. It's the Mum, most of the time too. A monumental mashup of hellish howling from two creatures carved from the Earth's womb, plonked closer to God in the sky, thirty-three floors up in a concrete pillar. Sounding like they're going to kill each other.

And this Mum, right, can you hear her? She's not saying it now, but often she'll be saying 'I wish you were like how you used to be. When you were smaller!' Her kid's only seven. How much smaller does she want her?

You should hear them, though. She even...beats her, sometimes. And the child fights back. It's quite entertaining, listening to it really. Like Tom and Jerry. And I don't have a TV, so it really is entertaining. Is that sick? Is that disturbed? Sorry, if it is. Sorry.

You do believe me though, don't you? Cus I hate it when people don't believe me. They're really at each other's throats, I promise.

I swear.

It's day four now. I'm coping fine, I am. I am. I swear.

Drip. Drip. Drip.

Leaky tap. Broken.

Can't get anyone to fix that now. Stuck with that for a while. However long.

Day four. Day four and they're all I can hear. Kinda all I've got.

I ain't sad though, I ain't.

I swear. Believe me, you'd know if I was sad.

○ ○ ○



The Search ^[painting] by Simona Orentaite

The way this kid is biting back at her mum kinda reminds me of when I was a kid, yano. There was this summer, right, when everyone was still around. We went on this family holiday once, right, only family holiday we ever went on.

We was in the countryside, had a banging time. Or at least I did.

I was about seven, same age as that bratty little one next door. Had a sister called Jemima, just as bratty as the little one next door, but a few years younger. And she was so bloody annoying. Infuriating. Punchable.

Jemima.

Every night I went to sleep and wished she would just die.

Ok, that's a bit harsh. I just wanted her to get lost. One of my first memories, that. Wishing she'd bugger off.

I'd had a couple of years of pure bliss, ya see. Had a proper belter of a time on my own and here she comes, favourite princess in the Kingdom. Punchable.

And anyway, so, Jemima is running out through the fields; the overgrown weeds brushing her legs and tickling her hairs, and she's charging through, making such a dent when all of a sudden, I lose sight of her, literally can't see the wood from the trees. The Jemima from the weeds. Can't see her stupid little punchable face anymore.

And I'm thinking...great! She's finally gone and done it! Left alone to play with her for two minutes and she's gone! Off! Just how I'd dreamt.

I'm thinking yeah, that's great. This is great. Bliss. And I lie down, making an angel in the weeds.

Mum n Dad come out a little while later to find us both, but they only find me. Cus Jemima is nowhere to be seen. And it stays that way for quite a while, ya see, because I lie.

They ask me where she is, and I say she's just popped for a wee, down the end of the field, and we shouldn't disrupt her mid-flow, or she might never go again.

So, they wait.

And they chat.

Small talk in the midst of a crisis.

And I have to stop myself from giggling. Push it back down my throat like a bit of sick. I feel nauseous. My belly tingles, my hands ache, my skin is piercingly hot and I'm almost sweating, I think.

And I realise — this feels good. This feels exciting. This feels...right.

The first time I ever lied.

We never found Jemima.

I kept on lying.

o o o

Day twenty-eight now.

Drip still there. Drip. Drip.

Twenty-eight.

I keep striking the days off the calendar, wishing something would give at the end of the nib. It doesn't.

Another day followed by another. And another.

Nothing exciting to speak of, really. Not really. Well. Except.

Except...ok.

I'll tell you this for free, ok? But you have to promise not to share it about:

I think she's killed her. The mother, I mean. Or at least, something's gone wrong, cus I ain't heard the howls recently.

A few days back, I think on about day eight, there was this almighty row. Banging and crashing and smashing and moaning. Like a psychotic symphony orchestra playing their final midnight melodies to the crowd who begged them not to play an encore.

And there was one bang in particular that sounded worse than the others. Followed by this incredible silence.

Hollow. Like the walls were crowding in.

Like that bit in films where the protagonist realises a key bit of information.

You probably think I should call someone, don't you? You probably think I'm being an awful person by not doing anything.

I'm not. Because I know a little something:

That woman was keeping her little devil child ill. Keeping her sick.

That's an awful person right there.

These people came over, social services, they came and banged on my door, thinking it was hers, you see, these men in big white suits and big hats and with big collars and cages and they said to me, they said:

"You need to give her up! We've had reports that you're keeping her ill for your own personal gain! You sick sick freak! Let Jemima go!"

And I said I didn't know anything about it. Wrong house. Which is crazy, by the

way, because this kinda stuff happens all the time in these square blocks we live in. Knocking on the wrong door.

An easy mistake to make.

They went to her door, I think. I'm pretty sure, and she calmly and politely, which is crazy, by the way, because she's been howling and howling recently, gave them reasons to explain that this *wasn't* in fact the case, and that they should leave her flat.

And they leave her alone.

And now, I have every reason to believe she's killed her daughter.

Which is fair enough, because of the racket.

You have to admit, it was a bit of a racket.

Right?

You agree with me, right?

She was howling.

You do believe me, don't you?

You do believe me? Don't you?

o o o

Drip. Drip. Drip.

Day forty-four.

Drip. Drip.

I'd take Jemima over this.

I'd take the howling over this.

Something, anything.

Rather than this.

Drip.

●

b l a h b l a h b l a h

[poem] by **Violetta Alargkof Anagnostou**

^{left} **Heed the Auricle** ^[collage] by **Adam Richmond**

*Well Hegel said in his Dialectics- I happened to read it in its entirety
Oh that's Kandinsky of French Expressionism splendid majestic
I love all the isms: capitalism, zionism, communism, postmodernism
Ascribing to art's structuralism, ehm constructivism ha same thing!
Really marvelous majestic and blah blah blah*

Pomp is officially modern torture.

**Under my childhood's sound of political adult *blah blah blah*
I chewed grains of sand as my father advocated
for the greater lizards' return to our land
while my mother was telling him to hold his tongue
but all I could think of was *crunch crunch crunch*
how salty and sweet tasted the sand.**

At the pub my mates entangle Kant — let the poor man rest in his grave,
citations won't be read at your service,
just atone in beer's glowing hues, the thickened foam,
the glass frozen on your palm to remind you —

Oh I pray to *you* crunchy sand and purple sunsets slitting the sky,
Obnoxious laughs and young couples dancing weirdly in the park,
and to the dazzling smell of musky masculine armpits.

**I remember a lover sometimes at dawn we used to
stretch our enclosed hands to the sunlight,
letting fingers tingle and dance freely on their own.
It probably didn't matter to him at all.
But I saw they were alive and numinous
as he kept on mumbling,
his endless chatter gently rumbling,
and all I could think of was the sweetness of the sand
and the soothing sound of empty *blah blah blah*.**



SNAKE (in Chanel 66 Pulse)

[poem] by Elaine Tam

left and page after Coalesce I + III [photography] by Alex Prior

Dusk sticks to the tarmac. They set out,
bellyful of madness, sour-mouthed, dollar bills
for tips. She will greet them
with juicy puckered lips, a walking and
talking gash smeared with red lipstick,
lash batting, a whistling gloss of snakeskin
by her tiny waist side.

A becoming-bait for hoard
after hoard
of spineless tribe,
They untie their burnished belt buckles hungrily.
Gutter-talk is their foreplay, she recoils imperceptibly
at the waft of dank humour,
momentarily drained.

He knows —
toking on a cigarette, between the diaphanous
pillows of smoke, teeth obdurate bone gems — that destiny
is only a tried and tired baroque variation.
Eternally returning, nibbled at the tail.

Trills of Scarlatti paired with an amateur operatic falsetto
split hairs, peel rinds,
from third floor up on the street corner. It blasts through
this inkwell fast filling with night. The unctuous company slip
about in dark sheaths of waterproofed leathers.
The girl in arm, they grill and grid the grass with
a chasse-croisse of honey-coloured torchlight.

I'll be poached in a tuft of knotted vegetal rot
(a public park is where we will have been said to rub shoulders),
and duly pinned by the head to a tree,
encircled by crusty, phlegm-filled grins.

The encounter is brusque
but you will call me Danger.



The clicking is a syntactical skipping, between
which sit tumescent pauses. Fat silences,
squashing my face. I may have no language, but
my body is a corridor of rhythm. Mighty whipping,
Slitherine hissing.

A life's sonata slow-dances around the shadowy brush.
Flaccid, I hang about your thick neck, tenderly
looping.

I can shed this great edifice, become something else.
Unbridled stars as my witness, I say a quiet goodbye
to no one in particular. I'll leave nothing
but my faux snakeskin clutch,
and tear strewn morse in a spider's
untouched gossamer.

H O R S E F L Y

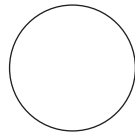
[poem] *by* **Angus Wood**

The police horse bolts and hits a man. On my windowsill a fly's corpse lies with its head pressed against the cold pane. Your letter has not arrived. Time thickens and slackens over and over and over. My head is pressed against the cold pane. The protests are a Saturnalia: a release valve. A significant lack of blowjobs is to blame for all this. The months mean nothing, only my sister's menstrual cycle can mark the time these days. Best weather we've had in years. "Sex turned sour": Orwell always did have us wrapped around his little finger. We play out living room farces with friends and relatives. Everyone loves a bit of science fiction and this ticks all the boxes. Humans can adapt to and get bored of anything in the same amount of time. The horse hits a black man. No matter how frequently I check the post-box, it's still empty; this surprises me every time. I lean out of my window and drop the fly. The clouds flock and disperse: dramatic, then mundane. I forget there is anything out of the ordinary; this surprises me every time. I never liked casual sex anyway. The horse that Emily Davison threw herself under is fine according to the newspapers. The broccoli is looking the worse for wear after I thinned it out, but the cabbage is doing really well. Your letter, partially torn open, was in my dream last night, so now it belongs to the realm of fiction. The paint on my window frame is beginning to crack and the glass is smeared with dried condensation. It's hard finding something to do besides having yet another wank. The horse returns to the stables, all by itself. All I can hear is the drone of quadbikes, heading into the distance. Most novels are pretty shitty; this surprises me every time. Burning nostalgia for soviet era daily life. Even the people on TV are starting to look sexually appealing. There will be other flies: perhaps even a bee. It's easy to forget a pandemic. The horse is part of the police force, so it is complicit in systems of structural racism. The grass is getting long.

— June 2020



untitled [drawing] *by* **Nyran Loomcal**

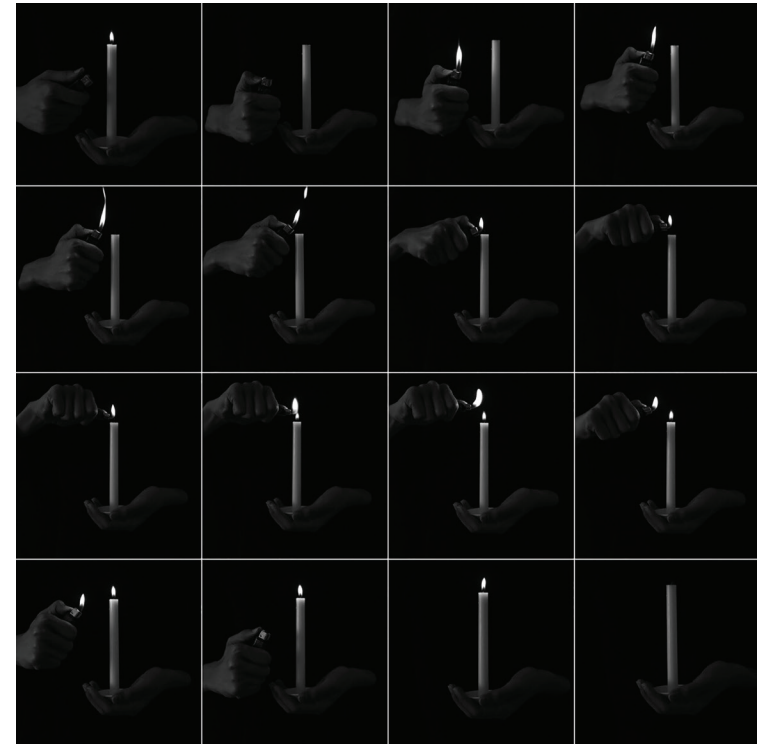


night WIND deployed
by SECRET GENERALS
to SWEEP
 an ANOREXIC FLORA
of BUTTERFLY CORPSES
from the street.

DISTRACTED ON ONE WINDOWSILL ABOVE,

whose *tea*

its COMFORT



untitled (2017) [photography] by Shi Yun Teo

_____ is breathing
 INTO *the* MOON?

A SMALL PATCH OF WET SNOW
UNDER THE RHODODENDRON

[poem] by **David Medd**

The melting scar of an old wound
slush on a pale spring lawn

a vicious moment to remember you.



H O N E Y

[poem] by **Emily Fulton**

Our childhood was one of honeyed wounds
Wrapped in cling film, blood and torn skin meshing
With the fruits of a thousand thousand tiny labours
If you listen closely you can still hear
The hum of promised summer days, sweet and golden
Under layers of antibacterial plastic
Bound a little too tight

P E R M A F R O S T

[poem] by **Will Nye**

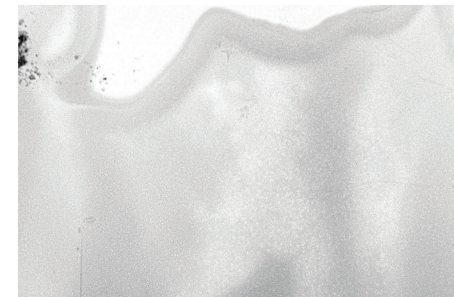
sand under pavement slabs cemented
together — a line of pink chicken bones —
we want our pre dot com memories back and
our smile not

sought-scrutinised-synthesised

one point eight trillion tons
is a number I do not know
but ninety-nine flake arctic ice drips
carbon to that degree
into me

after all

we saw the devil in the ice
and burned until we set him free.



H O R T I C U L T U R E

[poem] by **Karolina Zentrichova**

We plant flowers in empty Buckfast bottles
and forget to water them
but the saplings sprout anyway.

Soon we'll hear the sound of breaking glass
and know we couldn't contain
their caffeine-fuelled growth spurts.

i *am*

delivered onto the

v

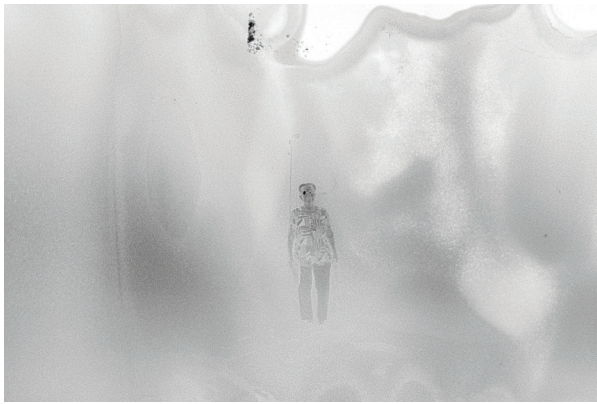
o

i

d

with bold , branded letters , on the white desk in the white coffin

Untitled (Grandma)

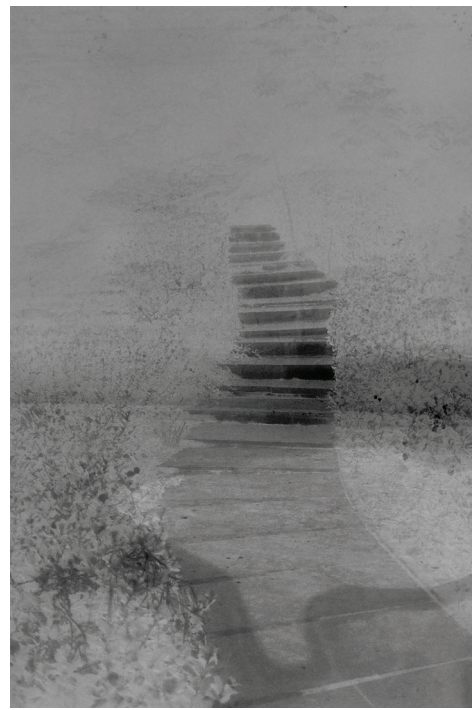


Untitled (Snow night)

I — BLEED — BLACK — INK.

I *am* *tattooed*

into the world



Xin Dong I

Untitled (Rui Rui)



[photography]

by

o

Wenxuan

o

Wang

GENERAL ————— INFIRMARY

[poem] by Elise Bell

left from 1950 [drawing] by Adam Boardman



I imagine us in the hospital cafe, mother. Dancing around my nervousness,
I radiate some terror that winds itself around my neck. I notice the doctor's
slackened stethoscope and hold my breath.

*There used to be an art gallery here, built to lost profit. One hundred thousand
men and women, trudged through its doors and parked their prams to follow
the ceramic lines of not-modernity but something resembling a dream (or vision)
they couldn't quite recall the shape of.*

Their parents would die here. And they would too. I clutch the side of a gurney
(*friendlier than a stretcher*) and emerge above the air.

HAND

of

GOD

[prose] *by* **Holly Miller**



IENTER THE WORLD THROUGH A BURNING SCREAM. Cleaved – reluctantly – from the violence of your thoughts. Suddenly *here*, I am in a sharpened, red light.

This is not your house. You strain your neck upwards. Over-extended until I also feel the pain in the base of your skull. We are somewhere hot and old. The high ceiling is crowded with a thousand overlapping echoes. There is the flattened smell of dried plaster and transient footsteps.

God, that blue. Your thought, whispered from some dim alcove, slips through. Reverential. Still looking up, you count the figures, methodically naming some and disregarding others. They tower above you. All draped against an impossible sky. Their delicately round edges flattened out. Yet all stretch out towards...

I now burn brighter, no longer a lurking presence. There's more of me – a soft, foetally formed appendage. I'm less translucent now. But still a ghostly form caught between there and oblivion. It's very red in

here. Through this dark, bloody ooze, I feel the red seep into me. Strange shapes swim on the walls. Your mind seems to be charged with spectres who circle a gnawing black hole at the centre.

You feel God in here, don't you? What is God? A great one-sided conversation with an upward tilting face. A blessed hand that casts all misery away? That can't be right...

Why do you rub at your tears? Is it God in the organ, at the heart of this Church, that makes you cry? You wish to run to that booth and claim absolution. What could absolution do for you? All this belongs to the wrong century. You, woman – in black boots and scuffed leather jacket – are everything confirmed. A walking God. Do you stare so long in this white building of wonder to watch, or to be watched? The worshipper or the worshipped?

What do you fear in the big God room? The thousands who swarm in your space, they will *never* see this room the way you do. Should I fear them as you do? Your mind is a frightening, smouldered ash pit. The only place I could have come from. The burning red house with molten floors and bloodied walls.



You cut my cord half a week later, sitting in a sterile white room. A blinding room that overlooks tall, shining buildings jaggging into the sky.

You've dreamt of me since the flight back, high above the sea. I floated close to the surface of your mind. You flew – terrified – across the smooth, cloud-viewed map stretches. How could you not see the dream of human endeavour, to achieve what is evolutionary impossible? Were we too close to heaven, or the great dark that lay beyond? Hanging there in a liminal atmosphere, neither belonging to one sphere nor the other.

Now, in this white room as we wait, I wonder if you tell others how red it is in here, or is that our secret? I know I am not alone: there are others who are caught, mid-scream, in their own creation.

Is your job over? I'm birthed and handed over; God has placed me on earth and abandoned me. I will be unfounded, as I am not yet a *thing*. I wish I

was a form, a being. Now you'll perform the rites, sign your name and exorcise me in here.

I want your red brain; I don't *like* this white – it's too white for a collision with the red house.

Your smile is a snarl when the man walks in. "Evelyn," you snap, "you're going to like what I have for you." It's the same smile that's plastered on the posters; on the side of the circling buses; the books, the magazines, the newspapers. A perverted Helen of Troy with a crooked face. Evelyn is a balding, gaunt fortysomething with jutting features.

He sighs. Your curator is one of the only remaining figures in your life who is beyond your sphere of influence and is, therefore, undaunted after years of threats. "Roz," he won't meet your eye. "We've been waiting for you in the studio for – what – *eight* weeks!" His pale hands thrown up in frustration. "Everyone has been sitting around, getting paid for *nothing*, for weeks! I had to let David go..."

Your head tilts in mock contemplation. "Who?"

Evelyn's ugly forehead worm pulses. Imagine not being able to keep the red *inside* your head.

With narrowed eyes, he spits: "you know: the sexual harassment timebomb."

"Oh calm down." You roll your eyes. "It'll be nothing more than a dinner-party anecdote in his undoubtedly disappointing life."

"This isn't funny, Roz," a pasty finger jabs towards you. "If not for your remaining morals, at least take this seriously for your *image*. You have to *stop*."

Your smile shutters.

"Have you forgotten whose name is emboldened across your career? If it weren't for my *morals*, you'd be the bottom-feeder you always planned to be! Don't forget what your non-talents have bought you."

I'm sure part of the blood house is burning. I'm glad I'm not there to see it. I know you the way *they* don't, as my maker, and yet I want no part of this.

You straighten and smile again. "Now that's out the way – I have an idea for a sculpture. Something cast in iron or bronze. It'll either be huge or life-sized. My arm in the God position – not Adam. *Not* Adam's limp acceptance. It is enlightening, not waiting to be enlightened."

this, this is the final time



• you've already turned away from me

You scattergun the genesis of me, hoping those first notions of my being will be captured by Evelyn, who slumps forward like a hanged man. With eyes crystallised with empty contempt, he is obedient once more and pulls the paper in front of him. Once he's finished recording, he looks up expectantly, awaiting his next instruction. We all wait for you.

"Do you have a working name?"

You line up the hacksaw along our dimmed, silvery cord and pull back with a testing judder. As you begin to smile, I begin to scream. The screams are so loud they drown out your beloved syllables. I am screaming at a one-way mirror.

I am delivered onto the void page with bold, branded letters, on the white desk in the white coffin. I bleed black ink. I am tattooed into the world.

✱

Representations of me are reflected back to one another from across a high-ceilinged, bright room. The fractions of me, the dimensions and logistics, are pinned up and debated over across a large wooden table. You stand at the head, conducting. A rush pulses through me at the thought of my birth. I could have a shape of my own. I feel you love me now I've become. How could you not love me – I am an extension of you.

You have plastered me over the walls, up high, out of reach. Bigger than any thin form I've inhabited so far. I exist in all the copies like they're my twins or my eggs. My thousand points watch as you approach the dingy metal tub, tearing your shirt off as if this is part of the performance. Your *assistants* animate around you; one goes to pick up your discarded shirt, another organising the strewn versions of me upon the tabletop. Something begins to crackle in the air.

It buzzes through my many versions, electric and becoming.

With your scowling mouth and in your black bra, you submerge your arm in gooping plaster. Your arm aches from the strain and the firming pressure of the paste.

You have to set for a while and I begin to feel my outline solidify. I prefer this – being this close to your skin and *you*. I smell the nicotine off your

fingerprints – I thought you'd quit? So much has changed now I'm out of your head. Now I can only haunt you, but we *all* haunt you. We're the symbols of your life, carried on your back like an open scar displayed to the pressing eyes against the glass boundary. No one will know you as I do now; no one will ever be as close to those fine hairs on your arms. For now, we're encompassed in the solid darkness, fusing together.

Time is pulled from me and snapped in half; I am cracked in half to free you. I would howl if I could until you returned. In the deep melancholic stretches between when I see you, I've learned how to ache. Is this another piece of what it means to be human?

There is nothing to fill the possibilities. The last of the warmth is gone and I am being carried away. This, *this*, is the final time. You've already turned away from me.

I miss the red house.

✱

I've been asleep – this new almost-death – since you left. This is the dusty, daily part, done so they can stamp their artistry under their collective entity as *assistants* tinily inscribed at the bottom of the description. This is how I'm brought into solid life, by hands who pour cooled goop into your hollow handprint, carefully and cautiously. They're not you – of course not – they work to your orders and commands, but they do make me beautiful.

So gentle are their indistinct touches. I'm constantly wrapped in the lightest polymers, to be buoyed away from the surface. Cushioned whilst I'm cold and alone in the nights.

I am lifted from the dark, musty space, only twice. The first ascent is smooth. I am elevated with careful, glove-crinkled hands. I am the near-perfect print of your own. I wonder what you think of me in this shape. I'm ghastly, grey and dusty.

Finally – *finally* – after long in the dark of my solitary cell I am reached for again. This is another birth, another form. I've lost count of how many times I was forged in the world, only to be stuffed



back into a new cage to remain still. I preferred my first cage — the burnished house — so I could swim with you.

Suddenly, with a lurch and a resonating rattle, I am tumbled before my box slaps the ground. I loll out like a tongue. A part of me snaps — one dusty finger, yours/mine — cracked onto the polished concrete. I scream without a sound.

Brutal words reign over my head — a vibrant anger that is pulsing and lost as it threads through the air over my snapped appendage. Anger at being dropped, rerouted anger towards me for breaking. Yet none is as palpable as the onslaught projected from you.

Snapped as I am, I'm cradled and carried away from the red shouting. The red words dissipate into a spiked orange the more distance we cover. I imagine it to be the orange I saw stain the white walls from the slatted windows. What darkness will come once you, the dying sun, shrinks below the horizon?

"No!"

Ah, there you are. Your distraught grief is palpable, and I feel lighter now I share your space. I've missed you terribly.

"Who fucking did this? Whoever it is, you're gone. Get out of my fucking *sight!*" Rage, rage blurs me from your eyes but I can feel your damp, warm breath against my dead rock. With a delicate touch I didn't think you capable of, you run your complete finger across the break in mine.

No part of me resides with you now I have been shoved out. Yet everything still revolves around you: you the God, the sun. I understand now why you fear religion. Why you feared that devotional pull inside the large God house, as I fear my own call back to the red house I left. This is a different kind of violent world. There is no limit and no containment. I wait only to be remembered, brought to the light and then broken. Please don't leave me.

All other eyes have gone. We are as alone as we were when I lived inside your mind. Am I everything you hoped I would be? Do I reflect the visage you saw in yourself?

"Oh you," it's a barely whispered breath. You stroke the broken line of me, back and forth. Some

of my plaster crumbles under your nail. The spell is broken, and yet you stay. "You'll never be perfect now." You sigh as if all the effort of your endeavour has crumbled along with me.

I am, I want to scream, *I am*, but you are no longer touching me. Your back faces me. The cold aloneness shrinks inside of me.

✧

I am the living corpse when they piece me back together. Near perfect again — only dented where you scratched me. I'm unaligned with my glued imperfection. I can see you darken the shadows on the white wall. You're the looming void, absorbing all surroundings into the blackened pit.

I'm placed under a huge, lurid lens that engorges the flickers of rapid eyes as they chip the whorls of each finger. Deepening the grooves of your hands. I'm now an exaggerated replica. I'm scratched with tiny, careful movements as they check the enlarged photograph of your huge, pink flesh. There are only fragments of you.

The one who works on me does so with a dull, calming repetition and single-minded devotion that I feel prepared for the next life.

I know this is in preparation for something — for another submersion in a dark, silvery tub. It is my chrysalis — where I can be calm in the dark and the quiet before emergence.

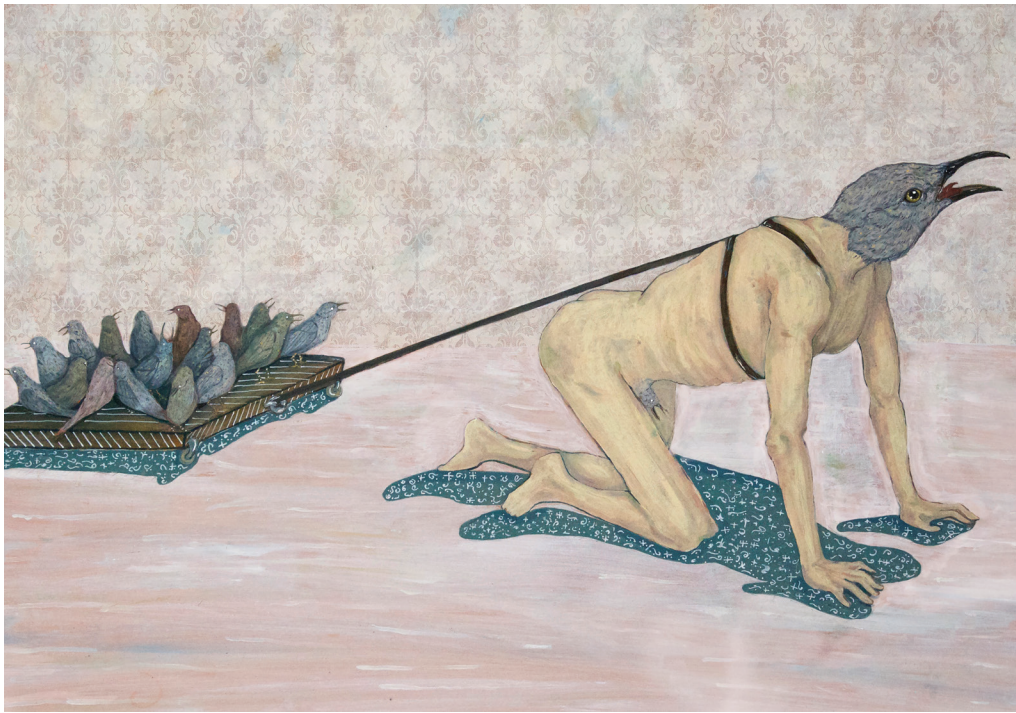
Now adorned in solid waves of shining, polished bronze, I have reached the metamorphosed finale. As I am brought out to be buffed by a glorious cloth, I sense the triumph rippling around. My happy mourners dress me for my public viewing.

You refuse to say goodbye from the back of the room. You press your mouth into your bruised knuckles and everything is tightly pulled and ready to snap. What's the matter? Do you not want to see your glowing face reflected from me? Isn't that what this is all about? I am the stand-in for you and yet you stand like I am the stranger beyond your sight. You thrust your hand down and grasped me out, fully formed *of* you. Yet you are hollower than I.

This patiently rubbed motion is the way I can



[Caught]



[Chariot]

sing. The gleaming circles cement me as a prized ornament — when I beam, I reflect the whole room back to them. They're dazzled and nearly silent. You may fear the red blood walls of your house, but mine have been so white in here. Maybe the afterlife will be just as white. You've never shone as I do now. In my death, I shall burn as the gentle, departing sunset I never saw. But now, under the harsh headache lights, I am the sun.

I don't notice you leaving — I can only tell by the rumblings around the room. The collective reprieve now they're no longer under your hunted stare. They're free until the haze wears off and the stupor sets in and you'll do it all again.

I was born for this glowing, loved moment and it shall be enough.

So, goodbye to those who cradled me. Their love was fractional and yet it was more than yours.

*

From behind my glass coffin, I spy your perched fist on your protruding, cocked hip. I know, without seeing it, that you have on your Helen of Troy smile. Bulb flashes bounce off my gleaming surface, yet this does not matter now I am dying.

If you will not say goodbye to me, let me say it to you. Now we stand as equals at this final meeting, under the eyes of your baying crowd, I hope they see *you*. They all want to know what it would be like to reach down into the deepest parts of your red house for what could be brought forth and that would be me. Me, who was not enough for you. I should have been enough. But all you saw was the dull reflection of yourself — the sheen too glaring — as real life failed to materialise me as in your grandiose imaginings.

I will remember the first feeling — the crick in your neck as you stared up. It was my first awareness and my second pain. I should have seen how you stared past the pained-point, waiting to be noticed and to see the depth of your own stare. The red house from where we all came from couldn't keep us safe. Couldn't keep you safe, or content in the nights. We shared the space as unwelcome,



self-conjured ghosts — the unsuppressed spectres of floating trauma.

You wear the smile contentedly now. You're here because of the *both* of us. The reason why they scrabble over each other to talk to you. The clawing voices run up and over each other as they search for questions to pick your red house apart. If only they knew.

I am the stuffed dead. You'll display my mummified remains until I outlast you. I'll be sarcophagused in this clear, white space, both contained and exposed.

This is wrong. I want to be covered entirely in dirt: have it sprinkled and shovelled over me until I am returned. My afterlife is littered with thousands of peering eyes — judgemental and questioning.

I am an impeded comet stilled in its trajectory. I want to crash land and crater you. God knows you're dying to be obliterated.

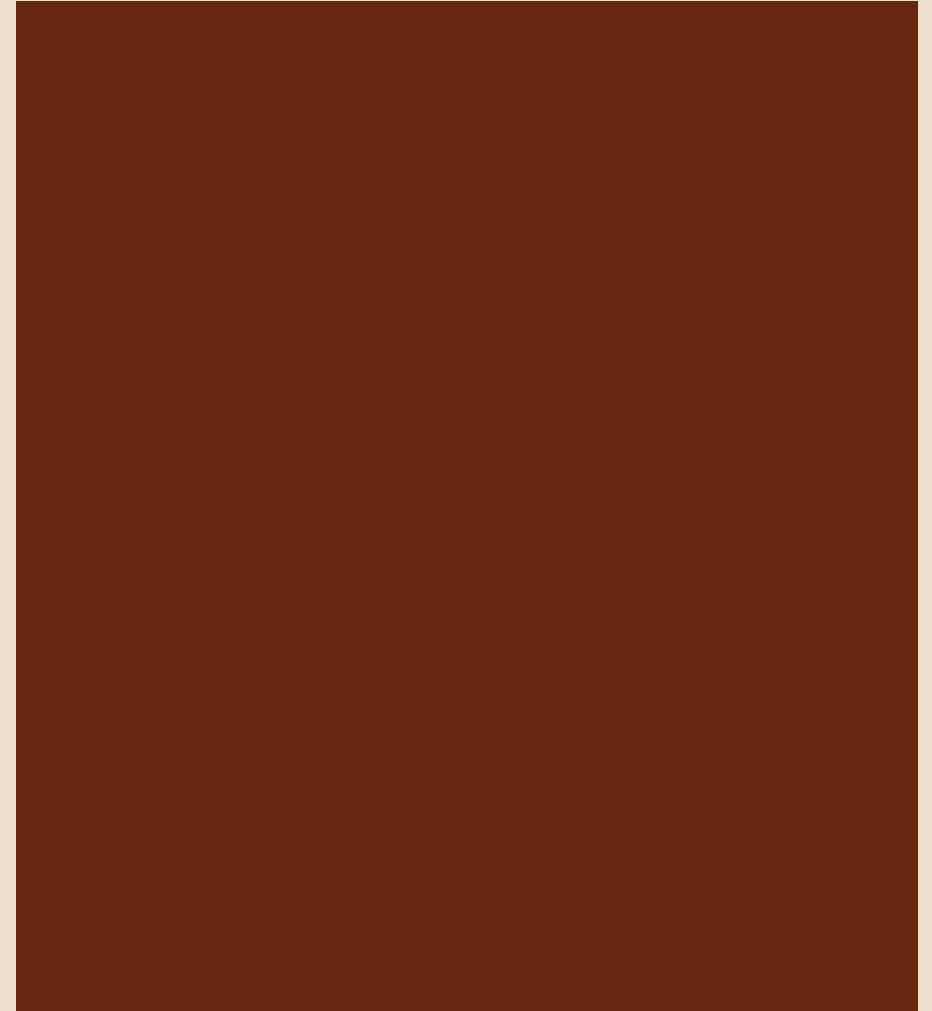


ROSE GORE, *Hand of God* (2019)

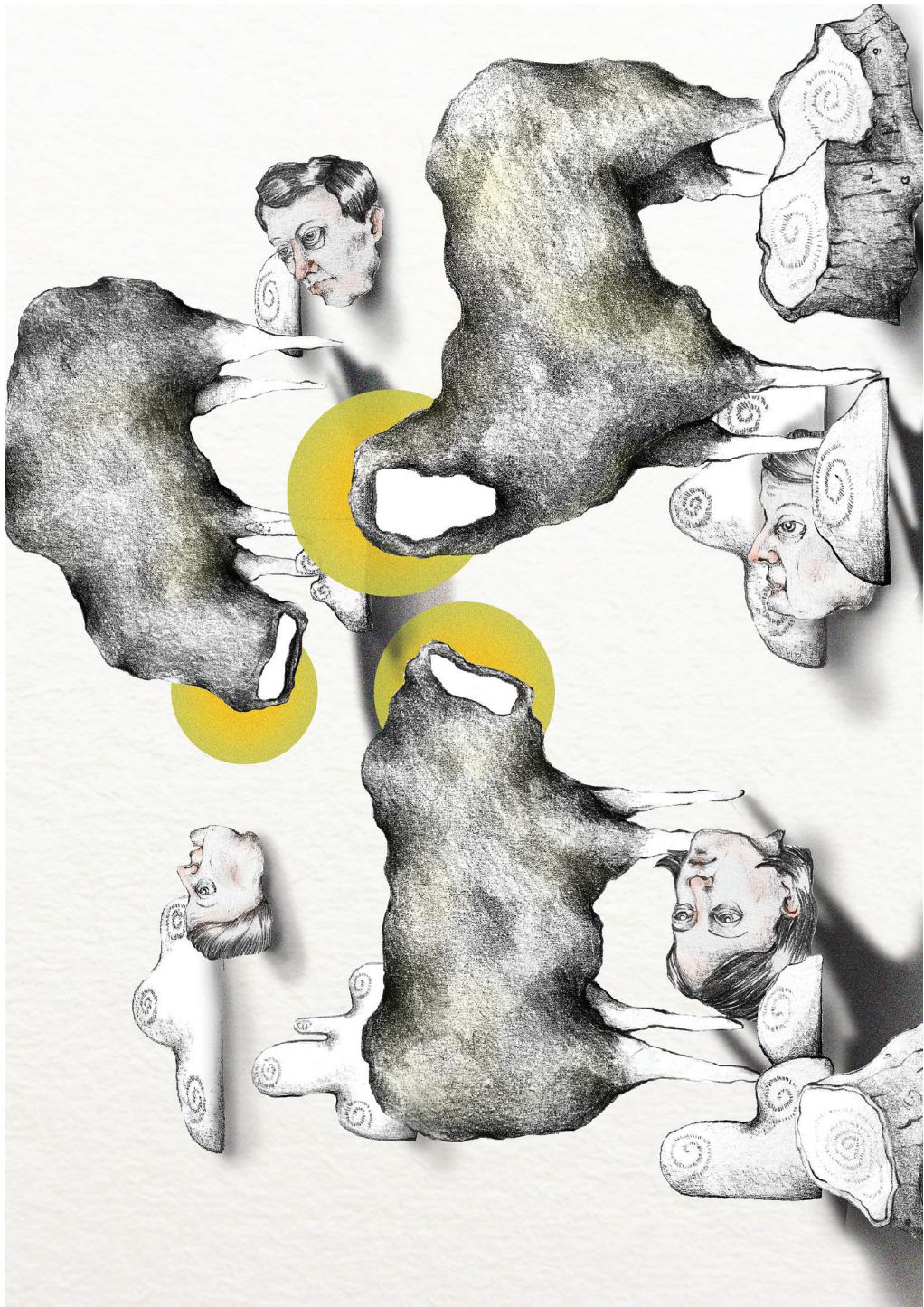
Bronze casting (made with assistants)

In this highly experimental piece, Gore takes the typified image of Michelangelo's *Creation of Adam* and explores her own omnipotence. By moulding her hand in the pose of God, Gore destroys the gendered depictions of God and highlights her unstoppable potential as an artist.

This, this, is the final time.



I MISS THE RED HOUSE.



[The Flock] and [Forbici]



CREATION ——— MASTURBATION

[poem] by Olivia Heggarty

right making man ray mine [drawing] by Liv Wood

Even God couldn't stop
Touching His creation,
Putting huge fingers in
The Garden, tempting fate;
Slipping His hands down
The curves of mountains,

Giants' shoulders and hips and

Fixing them to His liking.
He put the sun and moon in
Place like estranged sisters,
The first: making her lick our skin red or
Brown and the latter, lamping our faces so
People know where to kiss

Us when it's night-time.

Well, with the blinds closed one
Must kiss themselves, and
With God finally taking holiday pay
He's stopped touching creation
Only to scorch the land when
He finds out we've taken His big artist's
Hand to touch ourselves with.





EVENING
TELEVISION
for a
DAZZLING
NEW ERA

[prose] *by* **Angus Wood**

left **002561410004jpg** [photography] *by* **Anna Vinkele**



The End The End The End The
credits roll over the hills
and down windowpanes -
I got lost in that streaky condensation
in that sticky condemnation
as the sun disappeared from the sky.
or crashed into Earth.
or, you know,
blew up.
Good Bye for Now:
but tell me, when-where is it we pop up again?
I forget.
On brash days, when trees dig their broken fingers
into an over-exposed sky, the least I can do is imagine
how we will collide, over and over
again and again
right up to The End. After which,
it's a matter of survival: all I've got is this bag of
juvenile metaphysics to defend myself with,
which I throw like confetti at every racing threat
(if only the four horsemen rode
piñatas with bellies full of
candied nihilism.....*sigh*)
Then again, perhaps nothing will halt our viral lives:
perhaps we'll churn through history and
eat up the future
in the future,
like we always have.
we collide like energised particles and airborne spores

and no one notices and the world is changed forever.
We collide and we're sat in the orchard
We collide and you drown in my petticoats
We collide and I force you down the mirrored hall
We collide and the light comes on in our living room
We collide and I left you in the mountains
We collide and your child bears my name
We collide and I think that we are cowboys
We collide and you kiss, but it hurts
We collide and there's dancing out in the courtyard
We collide and you tell me you like oranges
We collide and my dog eats your shoe
We collide and our hotel room is empty
We collide and your face means nothing at all.

Grasping at possibilities, I get walled up with fact; you don't
seem to mind and draw houses with chalk on the brickwork.

hot evening, the television fuzzes up in the
moonlight, static to make the heart ache.
you lay sprawled out on the old rug looking
at the whitenoise picture, static shock. shuck,
stood still as the news-shock expires: nothing
static; everything shockingly new. hot shock,
sprawled out over old heart with new ache.
fuzzy moonlight, evening television.

I'm glad you like my mother's Armageddon cooking: you'll be
eating it for quite a while when the time comes.

Meanwhile, I stick my head inside a beehive and call out
for any queen that might want to take matters into her own
hands

Handing me the baton, her highness slips off into the night
with a worker; trees dig their broken fingers into an etc. and I've
only myself to blame.

I got some honey for your porridge though, so at least you'll
love me for that.

All's well that ends
(our son fills his pockets with
mushrooms. I taught him in
the autumn the colours the
smells and the shapes. He
rushed home and pulled out
handfuls of fragile bodies
before you, conjuring the
earth so that you may love
him even more: Agarics and
Boletes and Caps, ABCs for a
new-old age, taught in craters
and under radio masts whose
waves ripple across the landscape
and make the cows look up in surprise)
 over and over
 again and again

we pop up when-where?...

Oh, Jerusalem?! I guess that's not too far away

Search: Jerusalem Package Holidays and City Breaks 2020

Search: what happens at the Second Coming

Search: return flight from Israel

The solar flares hit the Earth's surface and a skinny kid flips
another fast-food burger. He thinks the sunset looks beautiful
as it burns the parking lot. He thinks about what he'll make
for dinner when he gets in. He thinks about watching some
porn before going to sleep. He thinks about what it might
mean to be in love.

Late night screenings of those post-apocalyptic films
you like. Post-apocalypse: so there is an afterwards;
post-apathy (we've got you covered)
post-ape (the great human tradition)
post-apex (it's all downhill from here)
post-apiculture (the queen passes the baton)
post-apocryphal (the brickwork of truth)
post-apology (everything happens for a reason)
post-apotheosis (nothing should stay on its pedestal)
post-appalled (the shock-factor's gone)
post-apparition (all that is air melts into solid)
post-appeasement (where democracy faulters)
post-appreciation (over-saturation of pleasure)
post-apprehension (simply can't take it all in)

post-endings, post-post:

 the after of afterwards

The queen did it for love — she knew from a young age that
she was different, that it was the female workers and not the
male drones that she was mad for. She thought about what
it would be like to touch one of their small, hourglass bodies.
And then, out of the thousands of identical workers, she met
the one that would steal her heart. Her worker-love stayed
by her day after day, not collecting nectar with the others.
“We cannot be together,” the worker-love said, “I am
infertile, and you must reproduce so the hive lives on.” The
queen smiled and said, “I would watch the world go up in
flames if it meant I could be with you.” And so they left right
then and flew down the highway into the hot night. The next
morning, the world went up in flames.

The End of Days, or end of the day?

A daily apocalypse keeps the cobwebs away

— September 2020





if you **listen** closely

you can still hear

The hum of promised



summer—days, —{sweet & golden}

under **layers** of [antibacterial plastic]

bound *a little* too tight

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