

Sam on North Street

discarded pizza boxes
someone's broken beer bottle
the kind of drizzle that soothes

a raindrop on your temple
from your side of the umbrella tipping

faded menu boards
parked delivery vans
the disused telephone box

laughter caught as a cloud
of condensed Scottish air

a yellow disc of artificial light
from where the streetlamp
made friends with the fog

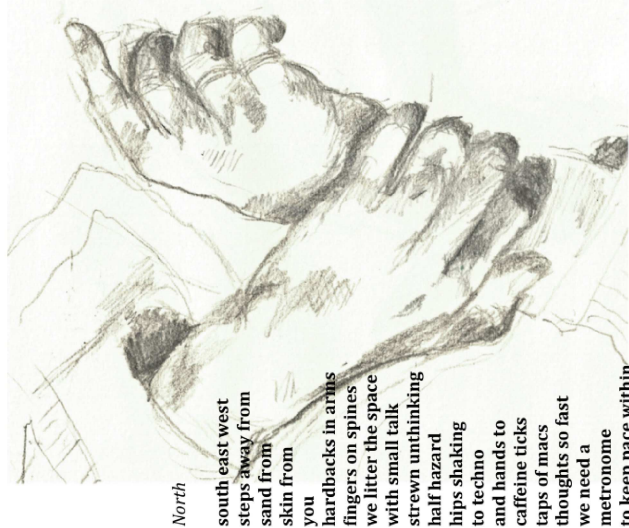
Emily Elderfield
-Vice President

walking down north street

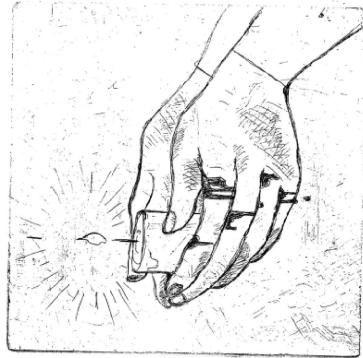
hey mum,
you're never going to guess what just happened today
no, no, not like that...
so yes, I was in the library
and of course, like every wednesday, it was so crowded
i could hardly find a seat
and the seat i found was like a bar stool in front of the window
it sees the entrance of the library
some trees and grass
and i was trying to write my anthropology paper
you know i've been struggling with that
anyway
i was in deep despair, about to cry
but that's another story
so the weather here was not that bad these days
seven, maybe eight degrees - but sunny
and i look up from my computer screen for a moment
and in just a second
a hailstorm started
yes

Nisan Igdem
-Journal Subeditor-

a hailstorm
it maybe lasted a minute or two
then it was all sunny again
yes mum i know i'm in scotland
but it's almost spring
well yes, march is spring
now i'm walking down the street
to go to the dinner
and the weather is just fine - not warm but fine
the essay is going well i guess
i don't really want to talk about that
i just wanted to tell you about the hailstorm
it was so bizarre
no mum, the essay is not due until the end of next week
yes i have time
yes i have done my research, it's just the writing part that's bothering me
okay! i have to go now
yes i am eating vegetables - and fruits
i love you too
bye.



three streets: north



This zine has been crafted for you by the committee of
St Andrews' creative writing society, Inklight.
Follow us on facebook to find out about our events (incl. open
mics / slams / storytelling bonfires) & future calls for
submissions.

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Loren Ewart
-President-

Silver

I think I'll always see you the way I first did, with the jeweled eyes of a sixteen year old
walking between the gray the blue, the silver sea
and the pavement of rich red will pass me by with the click of steps on cobblestone
(it will be both)

The devil came by first
Covered by a loosened black tie and the stale stench of last night's whisky
And he owned your beautiful grace was his
And he owned your cobbles and charm
The sea lost its silver when he came to town
And in its place a mechanical grey
And the angel came and sold
And the air tasted of Rose tea
And the sea sparkled silver again
And I can't help but wonder what it would be like to drown in something so beautiful

Emma Rose Walsh
-Ordinary Member-

the kind of smile
that reaches your eyes

tiny fishermen's houses
the pull of the sea
(the way it magnetises the entire town)

empty coffee cups and
separate house keys and
the unit sparks