

# HATE FUCK

## EPONYM

an issue inspired by  
hatred; the ways we hate,  
the shit we hate, the ones we  
hate... and why we can't  
stop thinking of them in  
spite of it all.

# MEET THE Editors



**Dana Collins**

The most intriguing type of hatred is the version which isn't really hatred at all; the inverted passion, the jealousy, the hurt. It is possible to hate someone's guts and also miss them. Sometimes we hate their guts because we miss them. This issue (our best yet) delves into all sorts of hatred. I hope you find some catharsis hidden amongst the rage.



**Carys M.N. Richards**

Having chosen such a provocative theme for this issue has sparked some of the best and most provocative works that Eonym has had the pleasure of publishing. This delve into new territory is an exciting turn for the mag and I love the passion in the following pages. Enjoy.

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# UNCLEAN

i.

She liked to shower, to bathe, to be in any pool of water large enough to swallow her. As a kid she would dig holes in the garden and wait for rain. When it came she would slide into her pocket of cold, gritty brown and wait for more.

There was a thunderstorm once, when she was eleven, that had flooded her street. She went out to the largest puddle and lay in it, belly down with her neck bent at an inhuman angle, so that she could look up and feel the weather on her face. The neighbour kids joined in, splashing and shouting, but she just lay. Until her mother shouted for her to *get out of the fucking rain*.

Washing felt like falling away. She displaced skin, sebum, knitted threads of hair wherever she bathed. She would fall, in fragments, down the drain, and gather somewhere else. Somewhere dark.

Washing was ritual, it was resuscitative. It was stifling to be covered in herself. Thinking of all of the Self she had lost in years of daily showering made her stomach drop. Thinking that all of that Self could have clung on, could still be shrouding her, if she'd not expelled it with handfuls of Imperial Leather.

She would rinse the idea away, but if she stood too long, too still under the shower head she swore she could feel her other Self reaching, whispering something urgent, something unbearable up the drain pipe.

ii.

He would not shower with her. She had asked him once, in her best imitation of casual chat, and he had misunderstood. He quipped about the climax of a shower fuck being the slip that lands you in A&E. She coated her disappointment in a laugh. She wondered how much pressure his skull could take before it caved.

There were parts of him she could not reach. The veil of lightness that had first attracted her to him began to blind her. She felt rabid, agitated. She wanted to get to the wet, fleshy part underneath. She wanted to push into him and fall upon something real. She thought she could wash the veil away, bit by bit, the way they washed sea birds caught in an oil spill. Wash away the artificial, the slick coat, and reveal something thumping with life.

But, he would not shower with her and when she brought the shower head to her clitoris that night, she pictured him breaking beneath her, his cervical spine popping under her fingers. She had to catch the hand rail to stop from falling as she came, choking on his name.

CHARLIE PERRETT  
@cnp.oetry

# MALEDICTION

And will pain clutch you hard?  
Will you whimper  
“I didn’t want it to be like this”?

You’d be no lovelier in extremity.  
Better be sorry now  
for what you won’t have then:  
the poverty of your beauty. You’ll be  
some tart Catullus wrote of,

the ‘long nosed elegant whore’  
maybe, or that Clodian bitch,  
his Lesbia, but without her hardness

you’ll spill that insolent eye.  
A slug at your cheek’s curve,  
A hot tear on the rim of your shame.

*Yuri Tocleb*

# EYES THAT SPIT

I have known eyes – thief's eyes the saga calls them,  
telling of Hallgerd.

She was, no doubt, beautiful.  
How else would generous Gunnar  
have been struck down?

You are beautiful –  
not bleak in these words' grid  
but, armslength from me,  
a vibrant thing.

I know more than I'll write. Moreover  
your future is fearful. Gunnar's wife  
had no profit from her  
malice at last. You might be remembered  
by eyes that spit.

*Yuri Tocleb*

# ONCE MORE ON THE CONCRETE



JACK E. ROWE  
[@JACK\\_DRAWPOSTING](https://www.instagram.com/jack_drawposting)

# Hometown

AMBER BOOTHE

Adrienne and Tom were young and in love, but you wouldn't have known that from the way she looked at him. As he walked through the door she gave him a smile. She had tried to make it a good one but snagged at the edges, exposing her teeth.

Tom didn't notice. He was just that happy to see her. He dropped his suitcase, shook off his coat, strode across her front room and embraced her.

"I've missed you so much." He said.

Adrienne didn't say anything. She threw herself into his arms, hoping it was enough of a response. The force of it knocked them off balance and they began to fall. She let the motion carry her as she pushed him into the carpet, pulled his arms over his head and pinned him down beneath her. She kissed him savagely. He kissed her back until he was gasping for breath. His pale skin burned red. She pulled away from him as he started to turn a darker shade.

Following the motion, he propped himself up on his elbows. Still breathing hard. "I got invited to the massive end of term night out back in Bristol but I just couldn't wait to see you. Pissed all my uni mates right off but I think they're actually jealous I left so early."

"Why?" She asked.

"I've got you to come home too." He responded.

He reached up to touch her but she jerked back, pulling up her sweatshirt. As she yanked it over her head, the fabric snagged on her earring. Her breathing caught like a broken record and stuttered into a sharp sob. Tears pricked at the corners of her eyes. Without warning she pitched forwards, clawing at his shirt and burying her face into his chest.

“Whoa. Hey. Are you okay?” He asked.

Adrienne sat back up. Her eyes were clear and her face was composed.  
“I’m just being stupid. I’m fine.”

She moved to unhook her bra. Her mind drifted as she considered buying a new one. One that wasn’t so tatty and faded.

Tom grabbed one of her wrists. “I don’t think we should have sex.”

That confused her. “I’m fine - just tired. My sleep has been really messed up.”

“Do you want to talk about it?”

“There’s not much to say. Things here are still shit. My parents are probably getting divorced, my shifts are too long and my new manager’s a creep.” She paused, attempting another smile. “Apart from that, waitressing is alright. Decent tips.”

As she spoke she moved her free hand behind her, fumbling with the hook and eye closure. It caught in the bra’s frayed trim.

“Stop taking your clothes off!”

She froze and a cold expression crept across her face. Slowly. As if it had all the time in the world. “I feel like I’m the worst version of myself. You know? Like I made all the wrong decisions and now I’m just stuck here while everyone else moves on with their lives.”

He waited for more. There wasn’t any. “I think we should talk.”

“I think you should go.”

**Amber is a Jack of all trades with a creative career split across several mediums, including theatre, radio and VR. This publication marks the start of her journey into the world of short stories.**

# AN INNER MONOLOGUE

NIMAYA GUNAWARDENA

Teeth ground down to the gums. Half moon marks on the palms of my hands. Shivering, so much shivering. A chorus of wall punches, the occasional scream and a symphony of swear words. Pinching myself, feeling the pain I want to inflict on you. Eyes narrowed, I can barely see. A perpetual furrow between my brows. Visions. Pretty visions of your face at the receiving end of my fist.

I hope the earth swallows you whole. I hope it hurts. I hope I scream the words that make you cry. I wish you'd come closer. I wish you'd smile.

My heart is beating faster than I ever thought it could. Is that the sound of my heart against my chest, or my fist against the wall? The hairs on my arms are standing up, I want to rip them all out. I'm seething, frothing, salivating, just thinking about you. Fuck you. Fuck me.

Nimaya attempts to convey contrasting and abstract concepts through a multitude of artistic mediums. Her inspiration, for most of her work, comes from her own inner monologue that draws on cultural confusion, lack of emotional understanding and just enough anger to make it interesting.

# FIRST

*Elliot Kelly*

Your name is the sourest on my lips  
Imagine being young and dumb and thinking your kiss was true love's  
Now when I speak your name, I cough it up and I spit and hack  
And swallow it down when I see your friends  
I guess you and I have more in common now.  
I choke on it  
It tickles the back of my throat and I gag  
I drool around the shape of it  
I grip it firm and feel every inch of it  
Of the sick syllables that I used to whisper with such tenderness.

Such a well-made love  
That I crafted for you in silence and in touches  
That now, shattered remnants of which,  
Are still crafted with the fragments  
Of the virgin heart you split in two.  
Or three.  
Or four.  
I can barely keep count of all the names you listed through your tears  
that,

Blurred though my eyes were,  
Still tugged at the strings  
As you played the part of the damsel  
Distressed at having tugged on them.  
You said  
That I could have you any time I wanted  
Which it turns out was an open invitation;  
A tough pill to swallow  
(Which you kept forgetting to).

You showed me your dark parts in private  
Pale though they may have been  
And made me feel like I, as your shadow,  
Made the light shine all the brighter.

You let me relish in your quiet shyness  
And then, when you did smile to speak,  
Allowed me to be the silence in between  
The notes of your melody

And the noises you made otherwise  
You promised through my name  
That you made them for me.

I knew every curve of you  
Of your hip  
Of your lips,  
Straining into a smile  
And fusing with mine.

And you were the first to see every curve of me  
Maybe it'd be better to call them straight lines  
Narrow minded and desperately teenage as I was  
And you told me that the imperfections along them were enough.  
You told me I was perfect  
Better than  
And then you told me the names  
Of men who,  
drunk,  
must have been even better than that.

So if I now pulled my hair like you once did  
Scratched at my back  
Pulled myself into a tight gripped embrace  
And whispered I love you to the kinks and cracks in the mirror  
Would you kindly finally leave my head?

I think you and I should break up  
again  
Because the only love I share with this picture perfect illusion of you  
Is a broken heart  
And a hatefuck.

Elliot Kelly is a student at Cambridge University who writes poetry and music. His style is best described as being the failed love child of Ed Sheeran and Bo Burnham.

# **don't call**

020-~~CALL-ME~~  
XXX  
JKL lose my  
number

i hate you

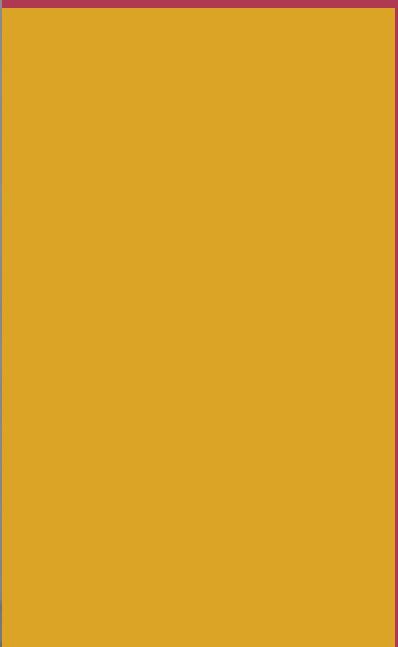
i hATE you

I Love You



# **emrys thurgood**





# SKIN MEMORY

ELLIE-JAI WILLIAMS



She closes her eyes to feel the sunlight on her face as she turns to face behind her left shoulder, feeling the pleasant click in her back, the sense of release. The tinny YouTube voice floods the room with its orders to love yourself, trust yourself, let go. She follows the sequence through, coming up from her knees and standing up straight now. She stands with her legs wide apart, her spine tall. Connect to your core, her MacBook says. Place one hand on your abdomen and the other on your chest. Press into the security of your own grip as you let yourself fall. She draws her chest down slowly, elegantly, aiming her head towards the floor. Her hands on her body like this feel pleasant but foreign, like someone else is touching her, a reassuring and intimate gesture from a stranger. Her head is a few inches away from the cheap purple mat now, and she places her hands in front of her to steady herself. She notices how bitten her nails are and how the air in the room feels stale and dense. She holds this pose for a while, letting the YouTube clip play on, resisting the urge to be in sync with the video. She revels in the pleasant stretch in her inner thighs and keeps them wide apart until her legs begin to shake, hearing nothing but her own breath, enjoying the feeling of the sunlight on the back of her hair. When it starts to hurt she still holds the pose for a little longer. Finally there's a loud exhale after she can't hold it anymore, and she comes back down to her knees, grateful. She catches up with the end of the clip then, in time for her favourite bit, the hands clasped together and a whispered *Namaste*, which feels reverent, sacred.

Her legs are still shaking when she's finished, and she feels weak, and raw. She often feels like this after a yoga sequence, hollowed out and displaced, like a solitary washed up shell on the beach. She thinks it's something to do with the way her practice makes her feel connected to something within herself. It makes you realise, unnervingly, how the essence of self is the intangible thing inside and the body is just the shell, and when the practice is finished the connection between the two feels at once more obvious and more fractured, like it exists at odds with the way we live. She also knows the poses give her a sense of release, of relief, a purging. Not wanting to return to the outside world just yet, she lies in the sun in childs' pose, listening to her



breath, giving in to the vulnerability. Later she will feel floaty and light and healthy, after the initial hollowness has passed. She thinks to herself, life in general is a bit like that, or at least it has been for her. You will feel weak and vulnerable and stripped bare, and then after a while these things will start to connect and make sense and you'll feel a deep sweet sense of peace, and only then will you know how you couldn't have gotten there without the surrender, the suffering. It makes her think of that quote from Dostoyevsky that she likes: you will burn and you will burn out; you will be healed and come back again. Life is nothing but that. A cycle of burning and healing and somehow learning from the process. She wonders for a second thinking about what type of people would find this nihilistic, and what type of people would find it liberating.

The fact that the yoga sequence has made her think this makes her wonder whether the body knows something that the mind doesn't. It makes her wonder whether there is memory and knowledge etched into our skin, something inside of us that knows what we don't, remembers what we refuse to remember. She remembers typing the words skin memory in an essay once and thinking how true, how unspoken a concept that is. The idea that the body doesn't forget makes her feel a raw primal urge of self-preservation, a sudden flooding urge that's tinged with a guilt that sits like oil on the surface of water, slick and indissoluble. She thinks of the people who have touched her body and how the majority of them haven't been worthy of the chance to do so. Still laying in child's pose, she hugs her chest into her knees a bit tighter and tries to focus on the sensation of her forehead upon the mat.



But that only makes her think of the other times she's been face down on the floor, all the times her mind has gone somewhere else like this, a place of blankness. How so many times during sex she'd felt like a voyeur in the room, watching the scene being acted out on to her body, self separated from self. Sometimes she thinks maybe she used the sex as a way to gain the blankness because she didn't know how else not to think about everything at once. Maybe what she craved was not the physical pleasure, not the tossing and turning and contorting, but the sweet simple sense of release. To submit to somebody else, to be told what to do; to move through a sequence that is regulated, that promises at the end of it you will be different, altered.

She wishes she could steal back those tiny pieces of herself she's given to others and tell them you didn't deserve this, you didn't deserve me. How lovely it would be to gather them all back, and place them safely in a pretty ribbon-tied box. To be hidden somewhere only she would know, for when she needs them.

**ELLIE IS A 20 YEAR OLD STUDENT AT THE UNIVERSITY OF OXFORD. SHE IS DEEPLY INTERESTED IN PSYCHOANALYSIS AND THE NATURE OF UNCONSCIOUS MEMORY. HER POETRY EXPLORES CHILDHOOD, TRAUMA, DREAMS, AND SELF-HEALING.**



# hero worship

Anna Nixon

For tonight my idol is a red shirted player.  
He is strung to my timeline by the flesh of his shoulders,  
Caught on the metal pole that cuts a cross  
My table football parade of one-night stands.

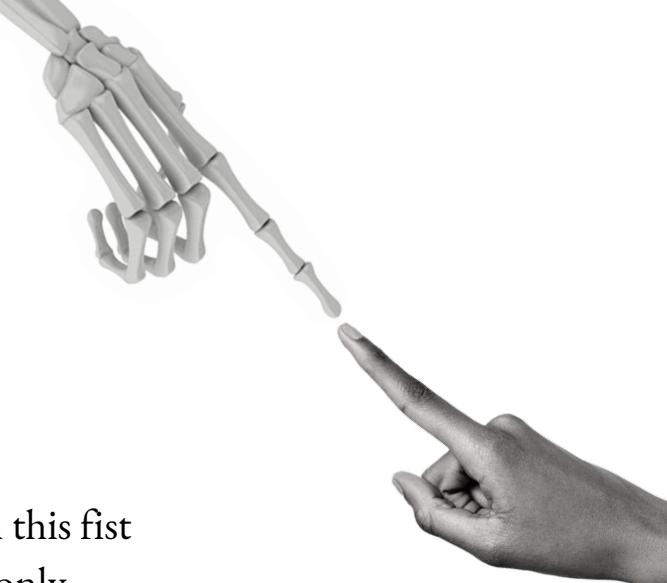
Like the fish that he holds on his tinder profile  
His limbs are captured in a screenshot of his socials  
His muscles are tensed, and his body is writhing  
Held in a perfect depiction of strength.

He is a two-dimensional background character  
Caught in the liminal space between a  
body pillow, and a human being  
Strung to me by the regret I should feel

When colour of his shirt does not grace my pants  
And my stomach lurches with transformed life  
But until then and for tonight I worship  
This sacred being not-so-high above me

**Anna Nixon is an English Literature and Creative Writing student at Manchester University. If you liked this poem please follow her on Instagram @annanixonwritings.**

# *Reflex*



My left hand is a perfect scallop, my thumb  
is a perfect pearl—gracious, what a dour punch this fist  
would make!—but do not think of that, think only  
of the four fine fingers arched over the bone  
of the phalange—see, I recall the name—and crush the grist  
and dig four nails deeply in the palm. Feel  
that dull pain, and feel how it works, at the expense  
of the quality of my monologue. Do not be too perfect  
(advice that cannot be too often taken); affect pretence  
with an odd choking sound, and ensure it is kept brief,  
like the canary's last warbling notes, like the gargling  
of the bourgeois head, as it sprays salty blood as it thuds, once, twice,  
on the ground of the Directoire block—he is sure to feel relieved  
you can pretend to choke on his—come to think of it,  
mouths are made for sucking, and it is a language I am sure had murky origins  
far, far earlier than the reflexive pronoun! I cannot think now, that lactic roar  
of purple and green intergalactic sparks that are all the more  
like drowning in a mill of March Hare sugar! My pearly whites  
(bone china? Or will we leave the metaphor there?) a set of  
smoke and mirrors, see how they never drag or nip at this  
marble pillar, bringing to mind some inappropriate vision  
of a Labrador holding an egg. How he does go on! his sailor's talk  
is quite appealing, now it lives up to the name, though I would request  
he stopped going on about his time at sea. At least  
this way, I don't need to say anything back.

**Benjamin Shotton**

# I'M KINDA FIT

LEO IOVIERO



'i'm kinda fit' is about the space between core executive function issues and temporary acts of self care. They're dressed up and feeling hot, but they've also likely not brushed their teeth in 3 days...

Leo is an illustrator from Croydon. To see more of his work, follow him @iov.leo

*Thank you for reading Eponym 4.0.:*



We appreciate your support and submissions more than we can say. Keep an eye out over on our socials (@eonymmag) to be the first to know about any news...

*If you enjoyed this issue, you might want to check out the Hate Fuck inspired playlist over on our Spotify:*

