

# Puff - Wall

Vol. 1 issue 1

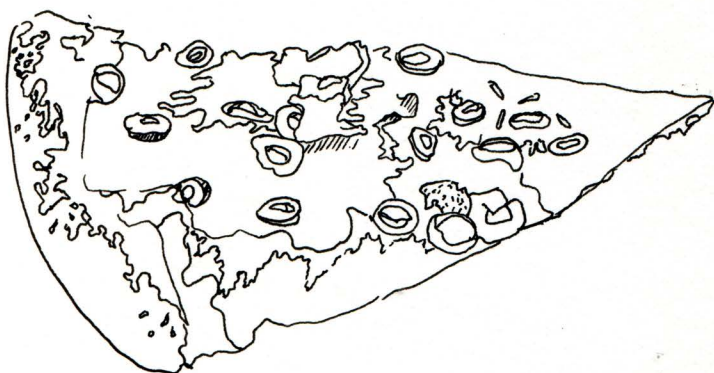
edition *chacalat*, pt 1





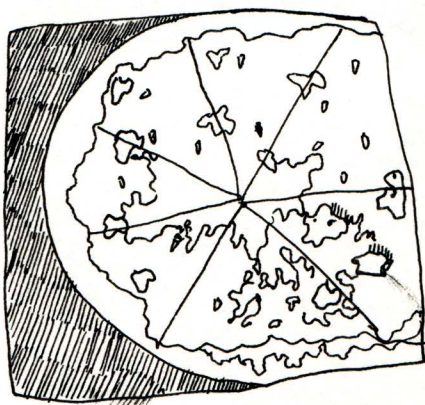
Wanting / needing the magazine to be everything for me: a gentle re-structuring of the excess. With the transparency of a terrarium, a forum for all the saucy antics, permission, even... Regarding the utility of this contestation — a public gift simultaneously self-soothing, that is to say — being my own benefactor, creating infrastructures of logic within the skillsets of stories. This is unlike the unfairness of that external imprint, a magnetic shoreline marking the workplace will far egalitarian excretion.

Lately, the appeal of pizza:



It is contiguous, collective; an almost-perfect representative of assemblage.

But, I declare cessation of urgency, deciding that even at my age I could learn to value sitting, reading the importance of history, in favor of something warm, ready to be shared.



I would eat the pizza, if only —  
my Jupiter has a candida infection,  
and I have a gluten allergy in  
pluto.

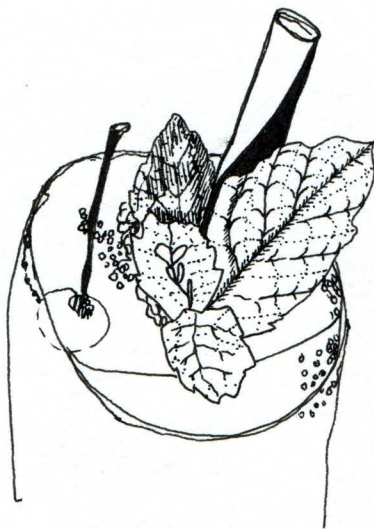


Flexing performative capacity far inordinate  
cross-hatching, far how far I will stretch and  
yield a dignified gaze.

A description of the flavor of this particular sacred  
commerce, elevated aesthetically.

Being strawberry milkshakes, hazelnut crunch.

Being clean wooden walls.



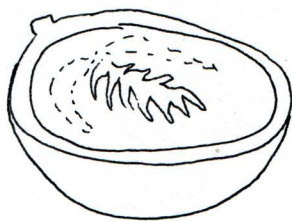
a difficult beginning  
for that which  
refuses to finish early -

I did not want to write, if  
anything, unritualistic.

hesitating between modes of analysis (shifting between a microscope and a telescope - between poetics and sci-fi) until I discover the vessel to swift me through the abyss belonging to both chemistry and astronomy and all of the space between anything orbiting.

I wonder if the reader will know to look in these gaps to decipher the meaning, or what.  
I feel slightly guilty there is not a simpler way to say it.

Either mistakenly or not, I am admitted into their specialty domain. Already accepting the disappearance of public space, I administer the creation of quality - our new collectivity. Stretching before the public eye, I demonstrate the ease with which I handle the responsibility.



The dishes are done, the tasks have been set in their place; everything requiring undoing, waiting. I excavate, at the blind mousey impulse, an aesthetic which might validate that bare possibility of unnamed urges which do indeed get scratched, and, like a lottery ticket, hide some secret number - a gamble that it might align.

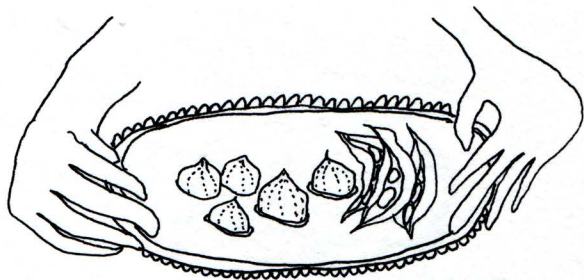
(Even, the profitability of sadness.)



Let's pretend:

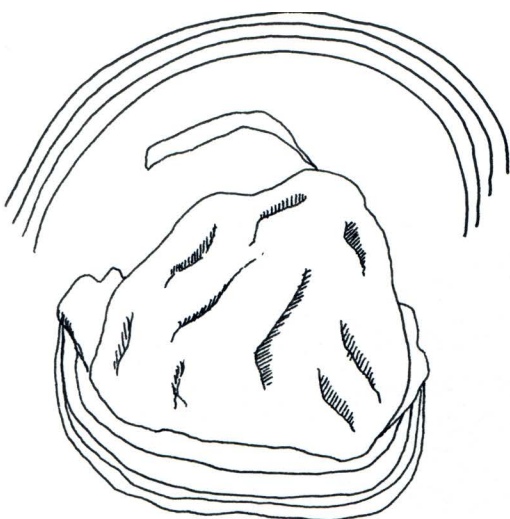
I am the chocolatier.

carrying colonial blood around in gypsy vessels, also the woman who refuses to stay, moving from place to place only to rescue restless souls from christianism. My Great-Grandfather was the one to collect the secret cacao rituals with his ethnic apparatus — transcription, transmission, etc. But my professional peddling most closely mimics matrilineal survival strategies.



(As though,  
the woman  
is of the  
earth.....)

Relocating to  
the tweed town  
full of broken  
marriages wrapped up in  
wool jackets, I  
begin to foil the  
sweets.

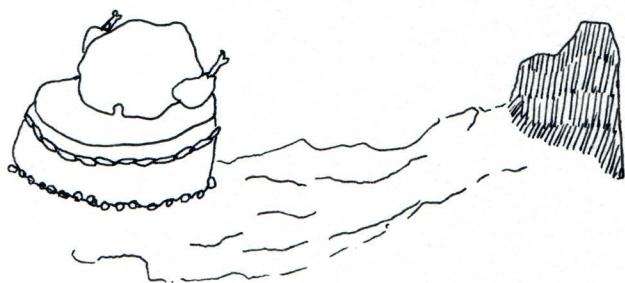


Finding the correct flavor  
unlocks the stuck blood  
portal, due to chemical  
traces they crave.

Though at the time what  
comes across is a hint  
of understanding —  
lumps of sugar which  
know the soul.

Though Julia means it truly, wrapping  
her own self up in her woollen coat  
and visiting tropical sunshine upon  
citizens' calcifications, agitating them  
out of daily abuse. "This delicious flavor  
filling your mouth means you deserve  
better, the best each day." Hot cocoa  
for wayward boy-child, pastilles for  
his secretly-diabetic Gran. But, the  
danger lies not in the indulgence  
itself but the suggestion of pleurability.

Culturally, our broken sweet tooth soothed in  
but one way such that the Gremlin  
shirks off to its alternate enclaves  
leaving behind a slime trail of ethical  
hedonism interspersed with some  
badly-needed nutrients.





If only my heart could be filled with  
a love of simple finery, this art of  
straight-forward practice.

Furrows of excessively accurate  
interconnections are themselves  
an adherence, despite  
their seeming "impromptu."

— Julia's generosity with her healing gifts

(The jam we are in, all in)

once I had written a story which had resolved the anger I had had at the time and I am wondering how if it's the same feeling, returned like garbage the ocean cleaned, claimed though of course the tide is not misanthropy itself. I learned patience for the liminal space of all humanity, battling foreclosure within myself. How can it be that I boundlessly greet my own effort and a moment later I am required to cling on to aphorisms for my own survival? of course, writing the story had been filled with moments of this kind of despair. Most months of its duration, the process of composition had been disconcertingly without a scaffold. But at the end of the endeavor, I felt there to be a guaranteed arrival at an unknown destination.

At the end, unravelling into an ecstatic appreciation for resounding remarks upon unbridled creativity that was sort of matriarchal — simultaneously manic, occult and also wholesome, arts-and-crafts.

This was not particularly concerning productivity (or even "fertility") at least on its surface, yet there is resonance between the my re-discovery of purpose and outward demonstrations of capability. How convenient that the untapped reservoir of energy should align with practices that at least have an institutional place, however degraded or suspicious — "art," "writing." This is in contrast to glum expectations of irresolute contradictions, marginality, illegality.

It is too sweet for satire.

And the sweetness was totally lacking  
in all need of explanation

yet it is impossible to  
draw such sincerity-

Puff-Mall  
a new repository by siloh radovsky  
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To Be Continued Next Week

complete set at [ifunless.wordpress.com](http://ifunless.wordpress.com)