



ECHO

# E C H O

FEBRUARY 2018

EDITED BY JESSICA TILLINGS

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# THE LOUD AND THE QUIET

*Sally Barrett and Hilary Walker*

long siren sounding  
long siren blazing  
the sound of sirens  
in the distance

When the only life you can save is drowning  
When the only life you can save is your own  
Could you summon the fear that feeds courage?  
Could you be your very own hero?

again that factory in Salford,  
that sounds like fear  
and bad expressions  
of hate and anger and lust  
with fingers pricking  
and tingling and shaking  
to herald the coming,  
the coming of fear  
like a watercolour wash

Do you possess LOUD courage to save the day in  
a blaze of glory?  
Challenge injustice

Brave the battlefield  
Start the peace and stop the war,  
Or is your courage a QUIET kind of bravery?  
The kind that you and only you can know

the colour of panic is grey  
with a semblance of  
heat rash under the skin  
the sound of panic is ringing  
in my mind and I can hear it  
long siren sounding



long siren blazing  
the sound of sirens getting closer

The moment you say ‘bring it on’ to your  
demons and mean it,  
That feeling of punching the air silently when  
you’ve tried once more,  
The day you realise you are strong enough to  
walk away  
when it would be so much easier to stay

panic is rising and falling  
like a wave might if the wind got up  
currently, its falling  
and I breathe in the moment  
of long siren sounding and blazing  
getting nearer all the time

When you finally find your courage hiding inside  
your heart:  
It will be like an avalanche of aching possibilities

and panic whips up  
like a group of leaves might  
if the wind got up

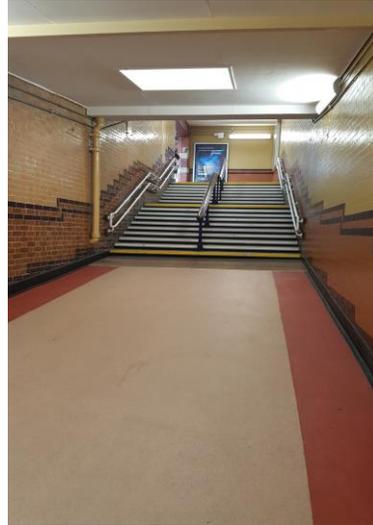
It will be a bloody revolution in your mind

and the heat rash is rising  
and my ears are ringing

It will be the truth that grants you freedom

as the sirens blaze like a bonfire

It will be inevitable that the only life you will  
save will be your own



# TRISTAN CHORD

*Adam Hampton & Luke Thurogood*

## TRISTAN CHORD #1

[PLAY](#)

A wind awakens

Me with a vision, Siren sings:

‘Come to the sea’

Snap talon on rock

\*

A port, small and poor,

Look into the sail of an Irish barque

We dodged job loss like monopoly

Chancers in the chest of community

\*

A violent thing, a horn

She blows

To bring

Me up

From the dark carefully,

And no other sound

Is like it

Transatlantic blonde – a charm tonic for bitter ink

Printed in the pixel fling

\*

Solitude, slapped cheek encrusted with salt

Where I am, a unique threat, this song that comes from nowhere

\*

Dialogue is flack chat parallel

Native narrative all daughters

Draw Saturdays oblique the hands

Magnified chance-grabs the gripe

Water emboldened with copula tosh, emboldened brass of the Moscow mule

\*

Unresolved Echolocation: a dull plunk as he dunks

His plums in the nation's mulling

I place the mixture upon my lips as it comes around again

Poco – rit. A temper crawls like a burn

\*

Chalk tongue pulse embolden the scripture

Rock wash blood taste tonguing the mouth

Coagulant heavy spice upon the air

\*

The suck and blow continuous revolutions, churning of the waves  
Rids my mouth of pleasant sensation and renders my stomach an empty diary

\*

No letting up, raven with jewel in crest marks land,  
sail fall, slow stall into unremarkable port,  
Devil's wheel revolves, day comes with the disembark, chasing the disembodied night

.

\*

No letting up, the index finger fingering the F key  
Sharp as a hash tag  
Global buffering in the back of a stand-up piano  
Overture to stabbing, liebestod, and the jabbing topples  
The actors over the balcony

\*

Night distilled,  
The port master fast to pour  
Liquidsuck, pushed down  
The gullet by the tongue

TRISTAN CHORD #2

[PLAY](#)

\*

Commit the act of reason, becomes idea, becomes belief

she is here

ghetto guff

relief of unease in the throat

spit out

contagious vow, for now

swallow your share

of the plague

\*

Clip – emulsion, salt pit, echo

Epiphany tongues my ear

Fractured bone shatters

the slapping applause

\*

Prodigal whisper

Glottal bottle stopper

Violin strings snap

in the throat

\*

Dialog be right degraded  
reference can't tongue  
flatpack is the sterility  
Flesh of thought *annihilated*  
By the master singer

The Valkyrie serves steins  
In the bier Keller  
Beer bubble crescendo  
In the glass  
Of forgetting

\*

Something disturbs me in the dark

Her words on the windowsill

'I'm no Penelope waiting for Odysseus, baby, whoring away life for a greater good, I'm not yellow with jealousy, never you need come rid me of my many eyes. If it is danger you seek, come, I covet tranquillity but am the tempest storm.'

\*

Call name, repeat, make myth,  
imagined resurrection, blood red,  
bare feet,  
belt stifling,  
remove,  
silver tongue,

won't swallow

\*

Deal, piss stained cards, two queens bleeding in my hands.

Belay and hold.

Belay           and           hold.

\*

Encase in limbo until cold rattle.

A burly sort with eagle

on forearm guts

my centre and plucks my teeth at night,

and I with bird on my wrist

gobble

them again

each morning

in the mire

TRISTAN CHORD #3

[PLAY](#)

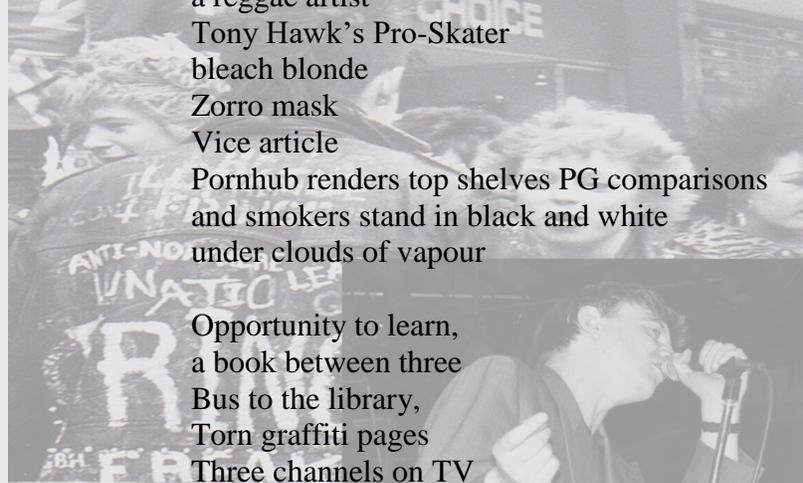
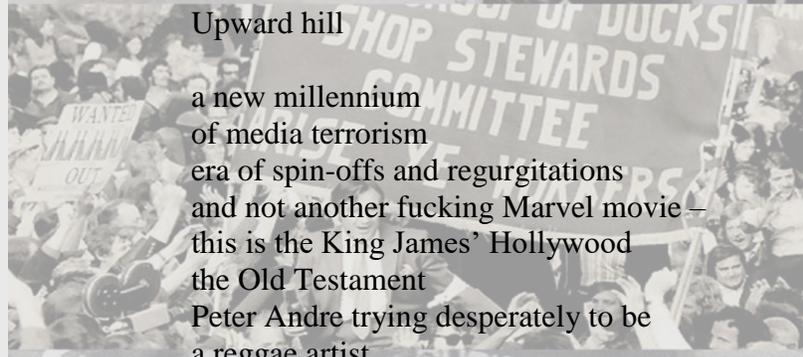
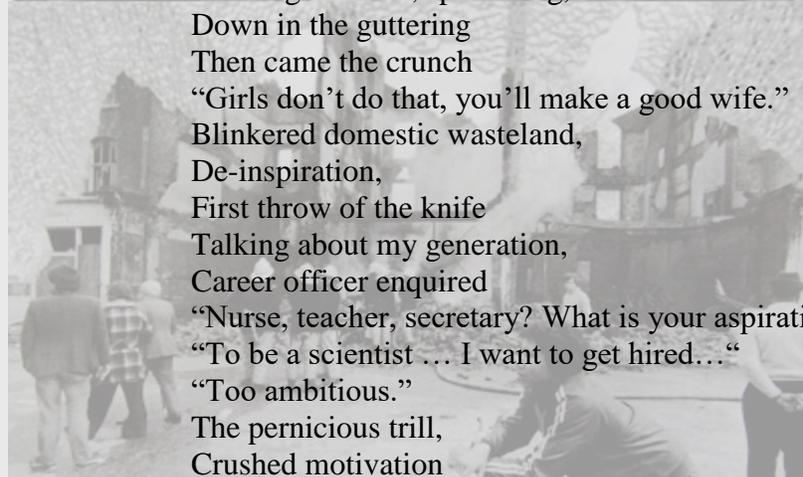
# TALKING ABOUT MY GENERATION

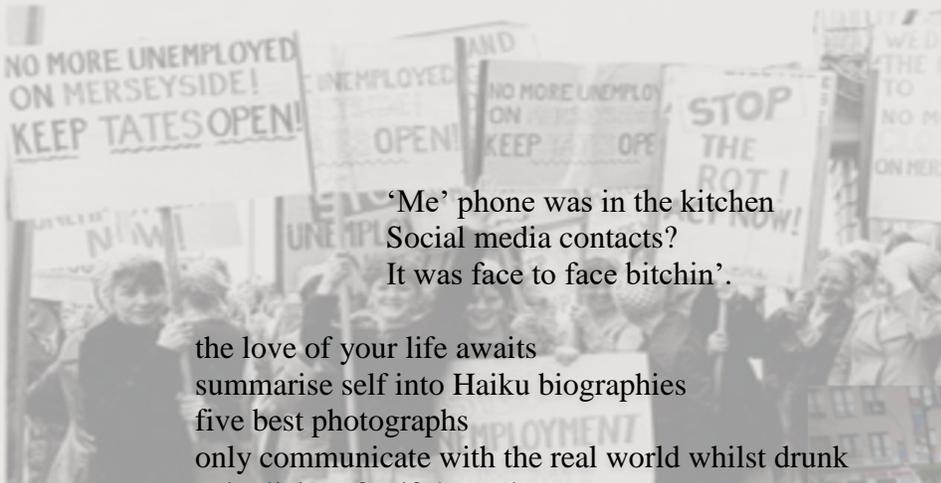
*Brendan Quinn & Helen A. Jones*

“I want a career.”  
Said over Sunday lunch  
Choking reaction, spluttering,  
Down in the guttering  
Then came the crunch  
“Girls don’t do that, you’ll make a good wife.”  
Blinkered domestic wasteland,  
De-inspiration,  
First throw of the knife  
Talking about my generation,  
Career officer enquired  
“Nurse, teacher, secretary? What is your aspiration?”  
“To be a scientist ... I want to get hired...”  
“Too ambitious.”  
The pernicious trill,  
Crushed motivation  
Upward hill

a new millennium  
of media terrorism  
era of spin-offs and regurgitations  
and not another fucking Marvel movie –  
this is the King James’ Hollywood  
the Old Testament  
Peter Andre trying desperately to be  
a reggae artist  
Tony Hawk’s Pro-Skater  
bleach blonde  
Zorro mask  
Vice article  
Pornhub renders top shelves PG comparisons  
and smokers stand in black and white  
under clouds of vapour

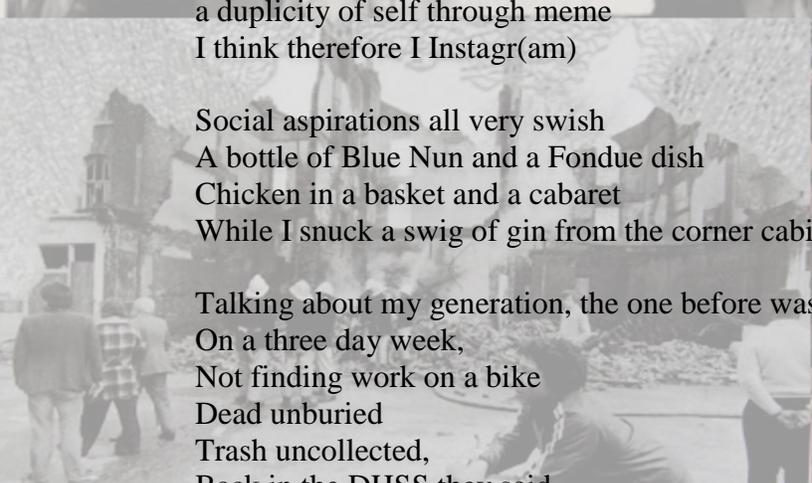
Opportunity to learn,  
a book between three  
Bus to the library,  
Torn graffiti pages  
Three channels on TV  
There was no remote  
Hell of a chance I could ever self-promote  
‘I’ meant ‘me’





'Me' phone was in the kitchen  
 Social media contacts?  
 It was face to face bitchin'.

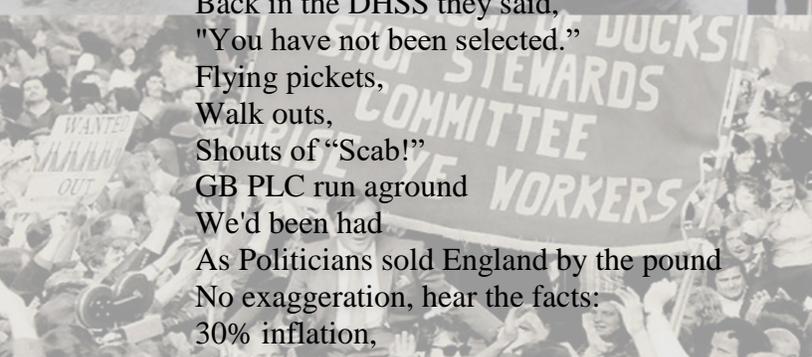
the love of your life awaits  
 summarise self into Haiku biographies  
 five best photographs  
 only communicate with the real world whilst drunk  
 a duplicity of self through meme  
 I think therefore I Instagr(am)



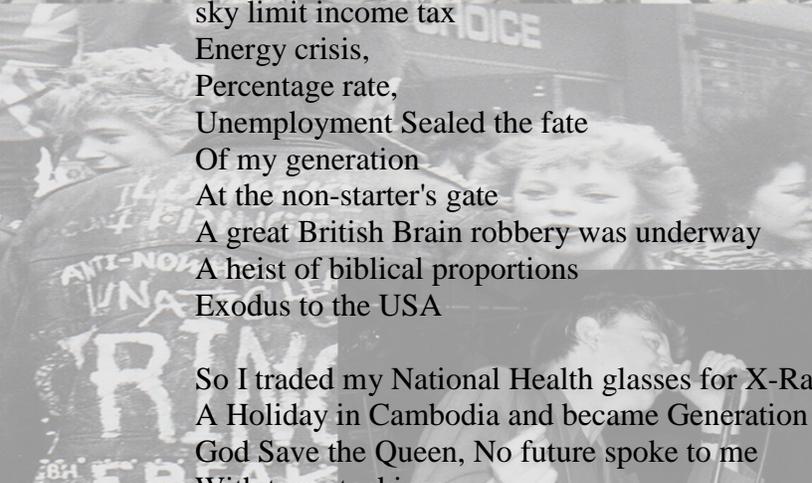
Social aspirations all very swish  
 A bottle of Blue Nun and a Fondue dish  
 Chicken in a basket and a cabaret  
 While I snuck a swig of gin from the corner cabinet



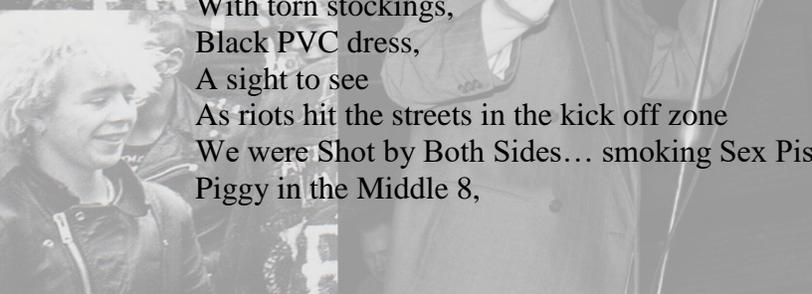
Talking about my generation, the one before was on strike  
 On a three day week,  
 Not finding work on a bike  
 Dead unburied  
 Trash uncollected,  
 Back in the DHSS they said,  
 "You have not been selected."  
 Flying pickets,  
 Walk outs,  
 Shouts of "Scab!"  
 GB PLC run aground  
 We'd been had



As Politicians sold England by the pound  
 No exaggeration, hear the facts:  
 30% inflation,  
 sky limit income tax  
 Energy crisis,  
 Percentage rate,  
 Unemployment Sealed the fate  
 Of my generation  
 At the non-starter's gate  
 A great British Brain robbery was underway  
 A heist of biblical proportions  
 Exodus to the USA

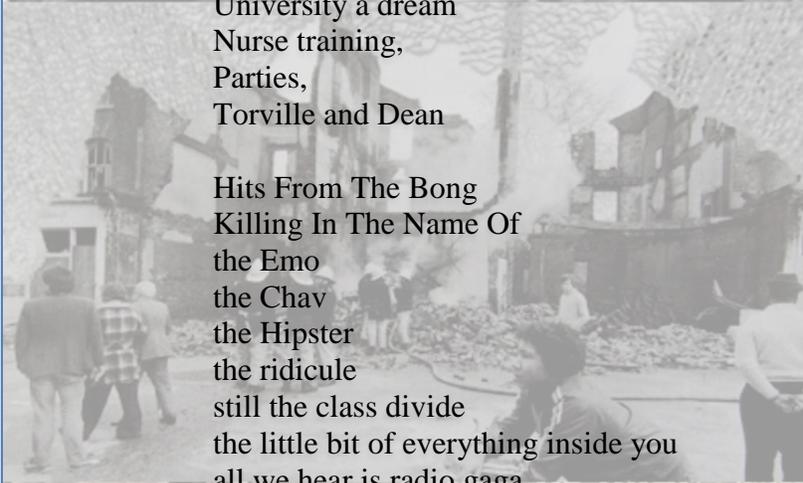


So I traded my National Health glasses for X-Ray Spex  
 A Holiday in Cambodia and became Generation X  
 God Save the Queen, No future spoke to me  
 With torn stockings,  
 Black PVC dress,  
 A sight to see  
 As riots hit the streets in the kick off zone  
 We were Shot by Both Sides... smoking Sex Pistol gun  
 Piggy in the Middle 8,

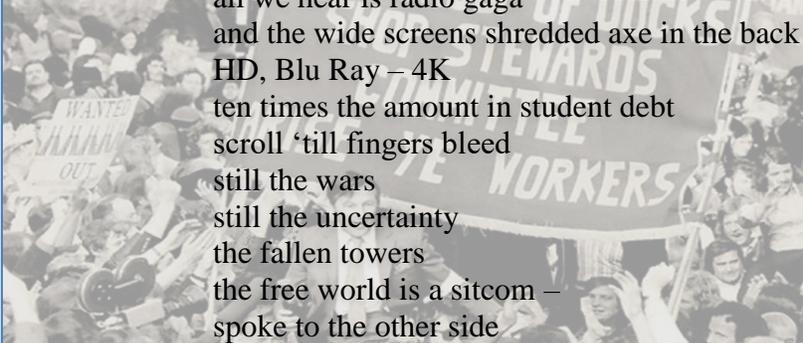




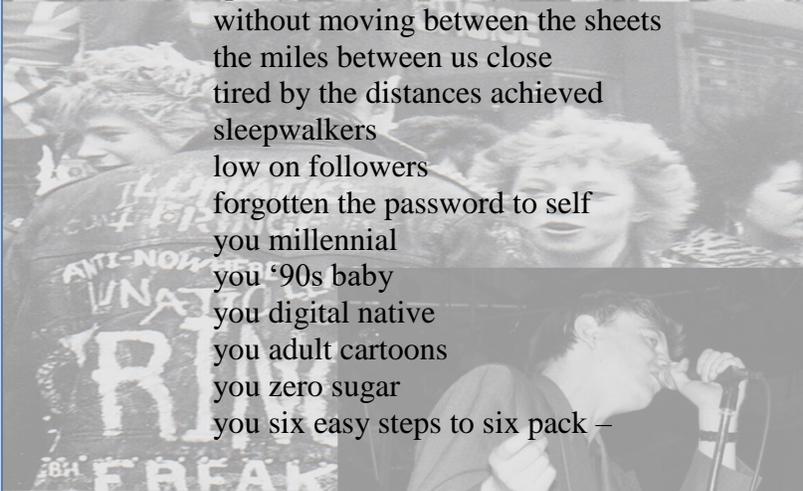
Politicians disowned  
 For me a self-fulfilling prophecy or join the unemployed  
 Drawing Social insecurity  
 Life was devoid  
 Of upward mobility,  
 University a dream  
 Nurse training,  
 Parties,  
 Torville and Dean

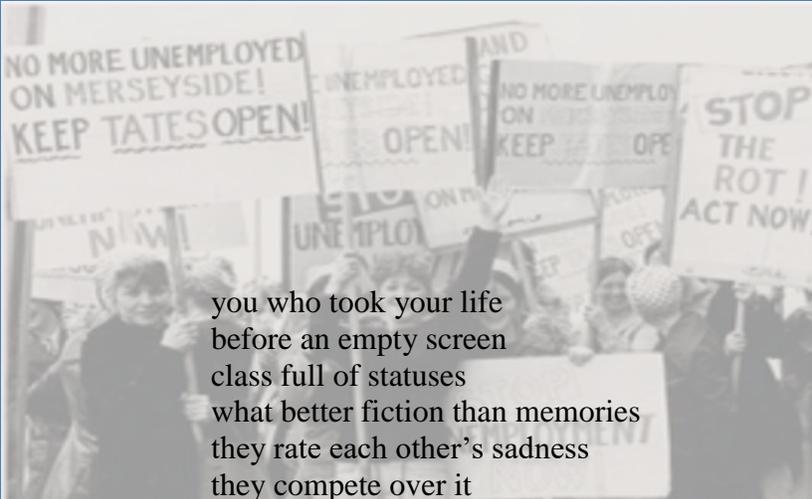


Hits From The Bong  
 Killing In The Name Of  
 the Emo  
 the Chav  
 the Hipster  
 the ridicule  
 still the class divide  
 the little bit of everything inside you  
 all we hear is radio gaga  
 and the wide screens shredded axe in the back  
 HD, Blu Ray – 4K  
 ten times the amount in student debt  
 scroll ‘till fingers bleed  
 still the wars  
 still the uncertainty  
 the fallen towers  
 the free world is a sitcom –  
 spoke to the other side

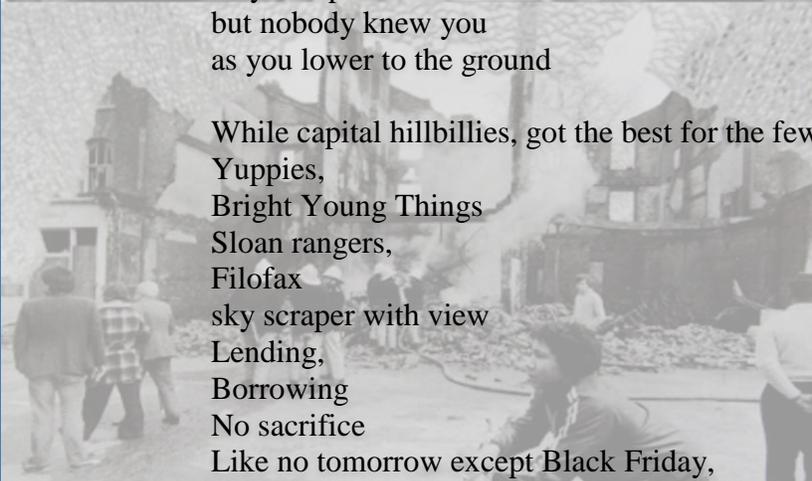


without moving between the sheets  
 the miles between us close  
 tired by the distances achieved  
 sleepwalkers  
 low on followers  
 forgotten the password to self  
 you millennial  
 you ‘90s baby  
 you digital native  
 you adult cartoons  
 you zero sugar  
 you six easy steps to six pack –

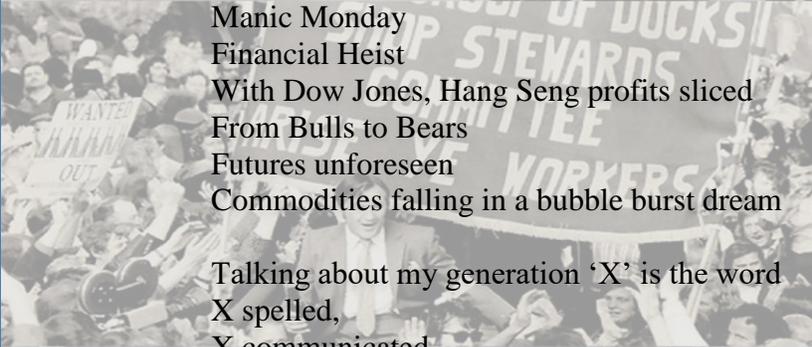




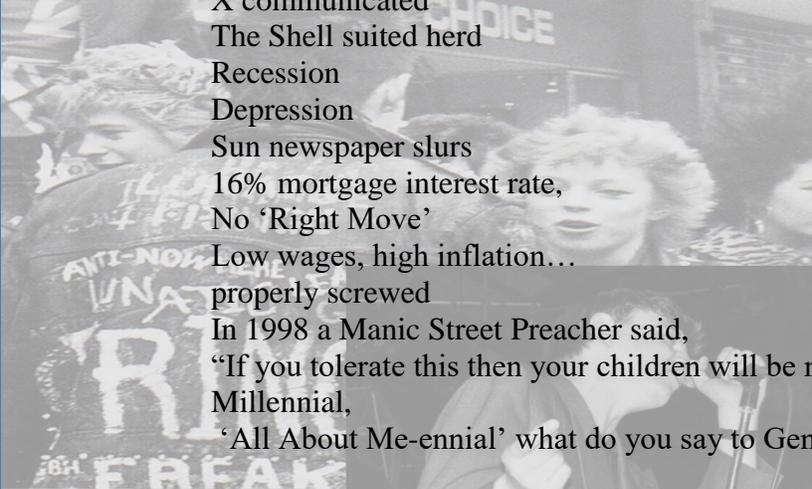
you who took your life  
before an empty screen  
class full of statuses  
what better fiction than memories  
they rate each other's sadness  
they compete over it  
but nobody knew you  
as you lower to the ground

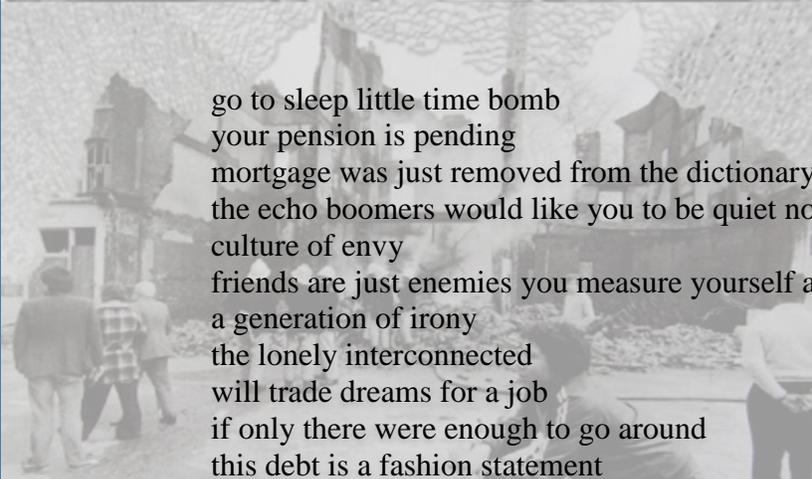


While capital hillbillies, got the best for the few  
Yuppies,  
Bright Young Things  
Sloan rangers,  
Filofax  
sky scraper with view  
Lending,  
Borrowing  
No sacrifice  
Like no tomorrow except Black Friday,  
Manic Monday  
Financial Heist  
With Dow Jones, Hang Seng profits sliced  
From Bulls to Bears  
Futures unforeseen  
Commodities falling in a bubble burst dream

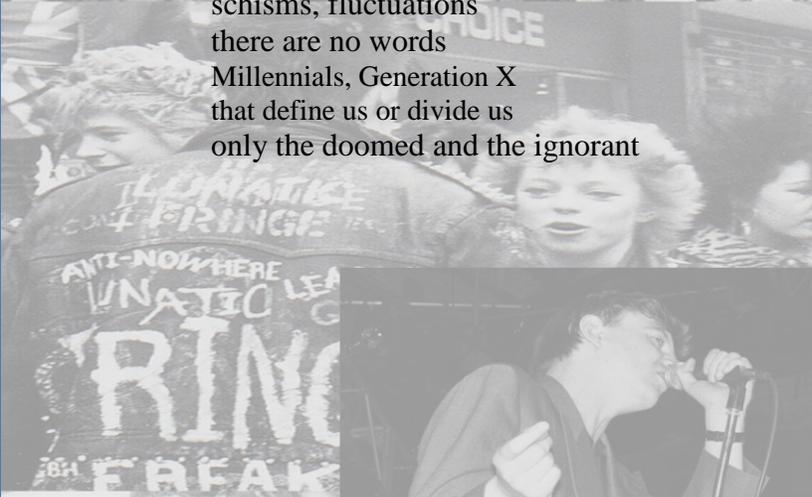
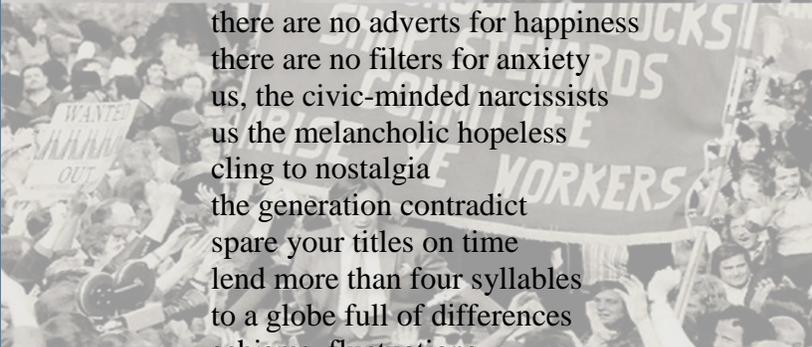


Talking about my generation 'X' is the word  
X spelled,  
X communicated  
The Shell suited herd  
Recession  
Depression  
Sun newspaper slurs  
16% mortgage interest rate,  
No 'Right Move'  
Low wages, high inflation...  
properly screwed  
In 1998 a Manic Street Preacher said,  
"If you tolerate this then your children will be next..."  
Millennial,  
'All About Me-ennial' what do you say to Generation X?





go to sleep little time bomb  
 your pension is pending  
 mortgage was just removed from the dictionary  
 the echo boomers would like you to be quiet now  
 culture of envy  
 friends are just enemies you measure yourself against  
 a generation of irony  
 the lonely interconnected  
 will trade dreams for a job  
 if only there were enough to go around  
 this debt is a fashion statement  
 there are no adverts for happiness  
 there are no filters for anxiety  
 us, the civic-minded narcissists  
 us the melancholic hopeless  
 cling to nostalgia  
 the generation contradict  
 spare your titles on time  
 lend more than four syllables  
 to a globe full of differences  
 schisms, fluctuations  
 there are no words  
 Millennials, Generation X  
 that define us or divide us  
 only the doomed and the ignorant



## SLIGHT KINSHIP

*Tanvir Ratul*

Its nature was to flee towards the end of time  
A complete orphan of father, mother and joy  
Their eyes look as if they worship the sadness,  
As if the lack of memory or childhood  
They would have eaten the pleasures  
He doesn't drink alcohol, he doesn't trust cigarettes.  
Worldly whims cause fatigue  
Listen shadow, support your elbows on the table  
And write the erring on old notebooks  
That might well be the true old wills  
Sharpen your pen and get carried away by nostalgia  
Or whatever it is that contains that black ink  
That puts an ultimatum to things  
Correct with some obsession  
A habit of believing that perfection can be improved  
I've always been intrigued by the story of that man.  
Of marked circles and generous acts  
Of profile and skin  
In his mouth and his conscience there is no place for the public  
That's why his landscapes are accumulated mysteries.  
Who are you? I ask him on the face.  
I'm the person who saw you for the first time roaming the earth.

## CODES OF CONDUCT

*Tanvir Ratul*

1.

Beyond the borders of your body I love you.

2.

Give me few: mirrors,  
passionate night, the flying light and wine  
the high sky and the open arch of the bridge  
give me the bird and rainbow with disarray  
And repeat the last fragment  
of the melody we play.

3.

Beyond the borders of my body  
I love you  
In that remote distance  
where the missions of the bodies end  
And they become extinct, totally  
The flame and the passion of the beats  
and each desire and sense leaves the mold of the word that fakes

4.

You are a righteous moron if you think this poem is just about sex

5.

beyond love  
I love you

6.

Love and war both are game  
But I have Xbox too

7.

What does the soul do with the corpse when the trip ends,  
until leaving it to the mercy of the vulture ...

8.

beyond the veil and colour.

To see you,

give me an appointment

beyond our boundary and bodies' assassin

9.

Do you know what does the word struggle mean?

# UNTITLED

*Tanvir Ratul*

1.

Arrival of fresh vision – stoic,  
They don't look back – at the crowding pissoffs behind,  
Thinks, faces past – faces of the past – beautiful curtain

Misty eyes wiped, going away - to  
Mediterranean islands – rundown, bereft – sailor  
Whose stewardship, intended, brings spring, brings globalization  
Sinbad coos on – investment of resolutions; right at the beginning of this journey, ahoy,  
Their mofussils have lost out to the distance of continents

2.

flower-honey, picking your slight aura and vibrations, to return home  
body and psychology of pomegranate –  
moments of disenchantment shall be arranged  
when the nights are deep and dark –  
following the chronology of skin as obtained from nails

our itinerary shall include touching  
and our collection of wings shall swipe down  
from the multiplicity of rural development

3.

There lies no reasons in our rehearsal of sentences  
Practically, words that have no applicational boo-boo etymology  
Reckonings – in exchanges of all that's cosmic, great time,  
Relative to language – reckonings like stern boulders –  
Personal universe, incomplete sayings ringing in everymoment feelings, music of words,  
untouched conclusions –  
If there's anger and ending – flow and rhythm – then, instead  
of the growth and development of these, we behold flattery  
in confabulations

4.

And if you go drinking around the world  
My advice to you, regarding the dust-problem  
Would be to understand the West Lake  
A collection of liquid substances – wetness –  
read the leaflets of the addiction center  
There's Practice Day  
a day of dancing around wearing all sorts of ornaments  
There's the Eagle-Flight of time and horizon – the Illusions of these  
And the epitaph might then go thus:  
'He had no relations.  
But he had many bulls'

5.

In this report,  
we discuss the Meeting  
There was Foot-massage  
Doctors from Airlines were there  
What followed was sine qua quack  
The Veteran Ministry of Youth and Airport  
Brought Fertilizers  
and Left  
the Road, on the other Hand,  
in order to protect  
the sound of footsteps,  
got chains of food and hunger – those were  
given by the Judgment Group  
The Heat was mad and sad, respectively,  
and the presentation was presented in the evening.

6.

The shirt belonged to many people in the City, which is by the Sea of Phi and rain  
and where each sunrise is an economic fraud on children  
Like the resources of New York Stock Exchange  
and actuaries who crunch numbers for gold  
We have some debts  
We build sandcastles to pay those off

7.

Materialist shopkeepers quibble  
I hear bells from schools –  
Sharp wrappers of their love  
Wisdom of the masses brings those wrappers home.

I don't know how,  
in forms of freak-dance at jamboree of saleable  
bring in threads of exchange  
Of mind

& the minds, Chins and jaws – sad,  
up all night with a dream –  
In their totality I see pictures of desire fill mind-bazaar up to the brim

8.

During this time of the year, the frequency of my window rises –  
Many victims of the resultant collisions wear clothes from the Kiss Capital

Copies of this are to be circulated among the adult offspring of trees and forests, of weights of expectations.

Money is omnivorous in heat as it sweats  
It eats the flame  
It eats the pockets

9.

I speak on Quality  
Nostgia,  
Hospitality and  
Hearing Will  
For the  
musical confidence of textile experts –  
experts shall be strongly vocal  
they aren't vocal enough about all the nice kamasutra postures though;

but people, writhing around the bog nail of time and life  
they show – anger, pride, hurt urchins and hearts of urchins,  
But then law-makers and their electoral assemblies,  
and case administrators –  
and all sorts of justice dudes from the Panopticon  
They arrive on helicopters and lay down the terms of the heart and of the hurt diseases of  
dreams;  
the urchin, in his dreams, sees peace simmering from a fairy tale unremembered and unlearnt

Milk and cream of day drips in whole body  
Mobile life,  
respect for the principles of caution.

# CONTRIBUTORS

WITH SPECIAL THANKS TO THE REVERB TEAM: CATHY BUTTERWORTH, ROBERT EDGE, JESSICA TILLINGS & BILL BULLOCH

**Sally Barrett** lives and writes in Manchester. She has been published in *Black Market Re-view*, *redceilings blog*, *Picaroon* and *Hypnopomp online magazine* and *3:AM Magazine* in collaboration. She has read at *Peter Barlow's Cigarette* and recently performed at *Reverb* as part of the *Camarade*.

**Adam Hampton** is a Graduate Teaching Assistant and PhD candidate at Edge Hill University, where his doctoral research concerns structuralist poetics, textual superimposition, and legibility. His poems have featured at *M58*, *Pages*, *Adjacent Pineapple*, and *Blackbox Manifold*. His prose has been published by *Degree magazine*.

**Helen Jones** is a Generation X and is currently an Advanced Nurse Practitioner specialising in Neuro Critical Care in the NHS. She has been published several times professionally during her NHS career. Helen was co-creator/editor of the musical play *Twopence to Cross the Mersey* with Rob Fennah which had several highly successful runs at the Liverpool Empire and co-wrote the novel *Julia's Banjo* with Rob Fennah which has now been translated to stage as *Lennon's Banjo*, showing at the Epstein Theatre, Liverpool in 2018.

**Brendan Quinn** is a poet and insomniac, he recently completed a Masters in Creative Writing at Edge Hill University. Brendan was part of the Edge Hill Press production team on the publication of *Atlantic Drift – an Anthology of Poetry & Poetics*. His recent poetic work has featured in *The Wolf* and formed part of the *And The Word Was* exhibition, celebrating the creative influence in writing and art. Brendan has performed collaborative pieces at *The University Camarade* and *North By North West Poetry Tour*, both curated by *The Enemies Project*. You can find him on Twitter: [@blucollaschola](https://twitter.com/blucollaschola) or on his blog: <https://brendanquinn3.wordpress.com/>

**Tanvir Ratul**, lives in Liverpool, mainly writes poetry and nonfiction in three languages; and ideologically opposes the concept of literary organisation based on profit making mechanism. He first started to write when he was at the end of his high school. Over the last 17 years, the list of his published books grew to a considerable number. He is currently working as a researcher and faculty member at an educational institute, his teaching interest remains within Literature and Creative Writing, whereas, research domain includes Natural Language Processing and Computational Linguistics. He is also the editor of *Lastbench*, a poetry magazine which is available both in print and online at: [www.lastbench.org](http://www.lastbench.org)

**Luke Thurogood** is a world champion of similes and 'would you rather' questions. He, along with Torkel Tennberg, is working on a project called *The Pollyverse*, a multimedia series detailing the adventures of Polly St. Irene and others. He periodically dresses as a sentient lemon. Previously he was the Head Editor

for both *Black Market Re-view* and *Three and a Half Point 9*. His work has appeared in *Poetry Pacific*, *Iklefiko* and has been featured on Robert Sheppard's blog: *Pages*. Luke has performed collaborative pieces at *The University Camarade*, *The Liverpool Camarade*, *Exclaim!* and *North By North West Poetry Tour*.

**Hilary Walker** became involved with the Bolton based poetry performance group *Write Out Loud* in 2004 and gained experience of reading her work at *open mic* events around the North West. She also travelled with the group to poetry festivals including: Bordeaux, and on a personal level has enjoyed performing poetry whilst on holiday in Greenwich Village, New York and throughout Australia.

Hilary believes that within her poetry she creates a space of honesty that is difficult to find in any other aspect of her life. She writes passionately about life experiences in order to understand and make sense of the world.

Hilary has recently completed a memoir written about her daughter who she adopted from Romania, and currently is beginning a project to archive the personal memories and social history contained within many letters received and sent between her parents during the Second World War.