## The failure of perfume

**Hurley, UK**

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<th><strong>Title</strong></th>
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<td><strong>Authors</strong></td>
<td>Hurley, UK</td>
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On Death

The stink of its approach is prickly and delightful.
It could all end with a housebreak or a pre-dawn naked ambledown river, in the river;
or a monoxious hose, his hand in mine.
I hope not. Hope is weak and nothing stronger than hope.

Choices

By Dee McMahon

of fire
a man full of fear

years later she married

witholding control

and hold it there

and eat it

to strike it

teaching us kids

arsonist child mnder

The Failure of Perfume

intolerably crimson
black-creased petals
fallen on a hot tarmac path

began to stink

and pressed until
cell-walls ruptured

chopped and pressed until
fallen on a hot tarmac path

black-creased petals

in intolerably crimson

By Ursula Hurley

a ceiling of grey scum
watching gently under
stolen by succubae
up with tap water
stuck into jam jars topped

If could all end with a housebreak
And to strike it
and eat it

By Lamara Fulcher

and nothing stronger than hope.
I hope not. Hope is weak.

The sink of its approach is prickly and delightful.