WOE & WOE ATH

SARAH in the dark of night. CUPITT Whispering to pleasure, ambition for castles of glass to sink in a morass of seething anger drowning in your past, falling slowly towards the weedy disarray to greet the cold, barren ground.

The Plant Room

quarantine is romanticising isolation a concept of mindless daily living trapped in a box with microorganisms that bite and bruise indoor plants the way silence eats at your mind the way the flowers on my desh have started to will but are still alive I feel trapped like there's a rope tying me close to the ribs that suchs out the air that I'm trying to breathe but its poison lures in the corners of my prison cell and it I escape, I'll most surely die

n Sarah Cupitt

That Honey Light

the sound of slow jazz on a crisp afternoon an empty reading room beside an amber glow the radiant light seeping through the window a hot blanket of sun soothing you into oblivion the golden specks sparkling in your warm eyes a trembling half-light tangled in the chilly air the lucid dreaming melting into waxing nightfall a sun-induced trance that sends you to sleep

By Sarah Cupitt

