

---

In this issue:  
**Okwudili Nebeolisa**  
Kaduna, Nigeria

**Susan Comer**  
Crosby, UK

**John Danvers**  
Exeter, UK

**Pat Jourdan**  
Suffolk, UK

**Ho Cheung LEE**  
Happy Valley, Hong Kong

**Patrick Romero McCafferty**  
Edinburgh, UK

**Sarah Rose Pearl**  
Post Falls, USA

**Onis Sampson**  
Port Harcourt, Nigeria

Published in Liverpool UK by *erbacce-press*  
[www.erbacce-press.com](http://www.erbacce-press.com)

---

  
erbacce



Issue 51

ISSN: 1744-2699 £4.00

Ho Cheung Lee: Happy Valley, Hong Kong

Ripples

No one knows it. They can't see it.  
It stays a burnt scar.

The puddle from Tuesday's night rain  
devours the top of the fabric shelter  
at the football pitch.  
Rotten black from the high distance  
like some malignant tumour on  
the aged skin. The convex surface  
now goes down to hold the reservoir.  
(A bone must be missing somewhere.)

The patch incurable though the host  
may survive another year before  
the soup turns acidic.

There is no escape –  
It spreads and erodes  
and mutates and  
grows  
in its cancerous path.

And then a sparrow perches  
by the dead lake,  
pecks for a sip and exits  
as the ripples embark.

Thursday Memorandum

I haven't yet learnt how to paint her gaunt torso with pride  
or prepared for the funeral couplets my monologue for you  
this time.

The fifteen-minute clip,  
your words improvised as you discovered the scorching  
joy of rebirth, playing the blending shades  
from a disparaging leaf just before it goes.

You dug yourself up from her grave to join  
a role you got your name, some thirty-odd years.  
It's never a surprise to me how you  
find yourself acting in your mid-eighties –  
just the self-provoked laughter, the chattering  
from the hefty traffic against your clogged voice,  
the abuse of classical Chinese verses, your similes  
of this dream-woven net collecting sparkling dust  
from the deflated moon.

And I,  
And I coffined the cancer-eaten echeveria;  
her flesh blades desiccated one after another like decaying days.

Twilight slows you down with all that you have  
lived behind your film-grained shadow.

The dead plant  
still whispers in the  
black plastic bag.