

PENNY THOUGHTS #26

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Published by Snitch

Editors' Note

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This issue is dedicated to Bury EC, one of the founding members of the football league. In remembrance, 1885-2019. On a lighter note, here's a fact straight from a 3AM Youtube binge for you all: The company Bic removed an 'H' from the end of its name after they learnt how it was pronounced in english-speaking countries.

Penny Thoughts is a free publication intended to provide a platform to anyone who wants to share the creative impulses that never make it much further than their margin. Please submit to yourpennythoughts

@gmail.com

low_vagrancy Jack Rientoll



EVA
Eva Gerretsen

Tempting Something Radical

Tom Halls

Sitting by the running water praying for the sun to strike down and open sewn over wounds.

We all have the potential, so we keep being told. feed my mind with inspiration, but that doesn't work when the mind is not receptive in the first place.

Temptation 1: Shower in the dark

without light, just the dim glow of the Bluetooth speaker following my every move to serenade my non-radical body

I missed a step somewhere and can't find my way. back or forward.

as if it somehow connects the world, as if the tapping releases endorphins, smart and invasive marketing names it 'social media'. It has savagely attacked my insides - I can feel the viscera dripping with bile every time

I open it.

Temptation 2: Remove.

The fantasy of removal is real and it plucks the strings of my relentless beating heart.

Everything is a symptom so if the cause is removed surely that fixes it.

Pack that bag - leave the charger in the drawer. Immerse in solitary confinement.

This tempts me.

Walk the earth not searching, but being.

Living their best lives.

Everyone is.

Living their best lives.

Everyone is.

Living their best lives.

Pity the only way to do that is to broadcast.

PS: This is a middle-class extended whine.

Temptation 3: Do something Radical.

There is nothing left to radicalise but my own being.

Radicalise that which I do not own, but inhabit.

Though I ridicule the need to leave a legacy, that is what propels me.

Can I get some views and have people tell me,

"That was amazing", like they are the experts on the topic of amazingness.

Don't pity others and say it's going to be ok.

Even though you say it to your foggy mirror as the years eat at your face -

no one needs that, really. They need space.

A space to dance the blood through their bodies and let it surge out their finger nail beds, streaming and staining their corner of the universe.

If we start turning lights off and taking showers in the dark and heat our chests we may soon achieve something radical.

Breakfast at Berghain's 2/3

Autumn Palen

My bare feet carried me across the merciless hot asphalt until finally, I arrived panting and numb to the local library.

Here, I would be able to gather more information on Berghain, and perhaps fashion makeshift shoes from the newspaper in the entryway.

Limbs heavy and face pink, I tumbled through the front door, crashing into the decorative ferns.

"Berghain!" I rasped, my voice raw. "Berghain!"

The Librarian, a warm-hearted woman with a wardrobe of beige tones, reacted with reasonable worry at the state I was in. I looked a sight: pajamas torn, eyes wild, chanting to the heavens, praying for deliverance from the German god of nightlife.

Softly, like a torero with a fresh baby bull, she lured me inside with the promise of granting me what I sought.

Laying atop a pile of tattered chair cushions from cons past, I couldn't help but overhear the conversation between the Librarian and her elderly associate. "She came in, red as the devil's backside, yelling about Jane Birkin. Or Birk-ine? Back nine?"

"Berghain." He interjected. "She wants to know about Berghain."

I laid aghast. Here, supine amongst the encyclopedias, had I found my savior?

He excused himself from the room and returned as quickly as he had left, a thick, dusty book now filling his wrinkled hands. He bestowed the book unto me, a glint of joy in his eye. "Open it to page 15." I did as instructed and found myself met with a yellowed plane ticket to Berlin, courtesy of Pan Am, 1951.

"Go, child. Go, and be free." Not one to disobey a library employee, I set forth. Next stop: Berlin.

Last part published in 2 weeks!

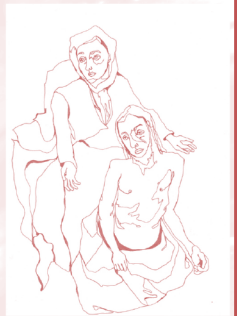
(48)amy

Autojektor



Mother and Son

Cosima Bellamacina



Untitled

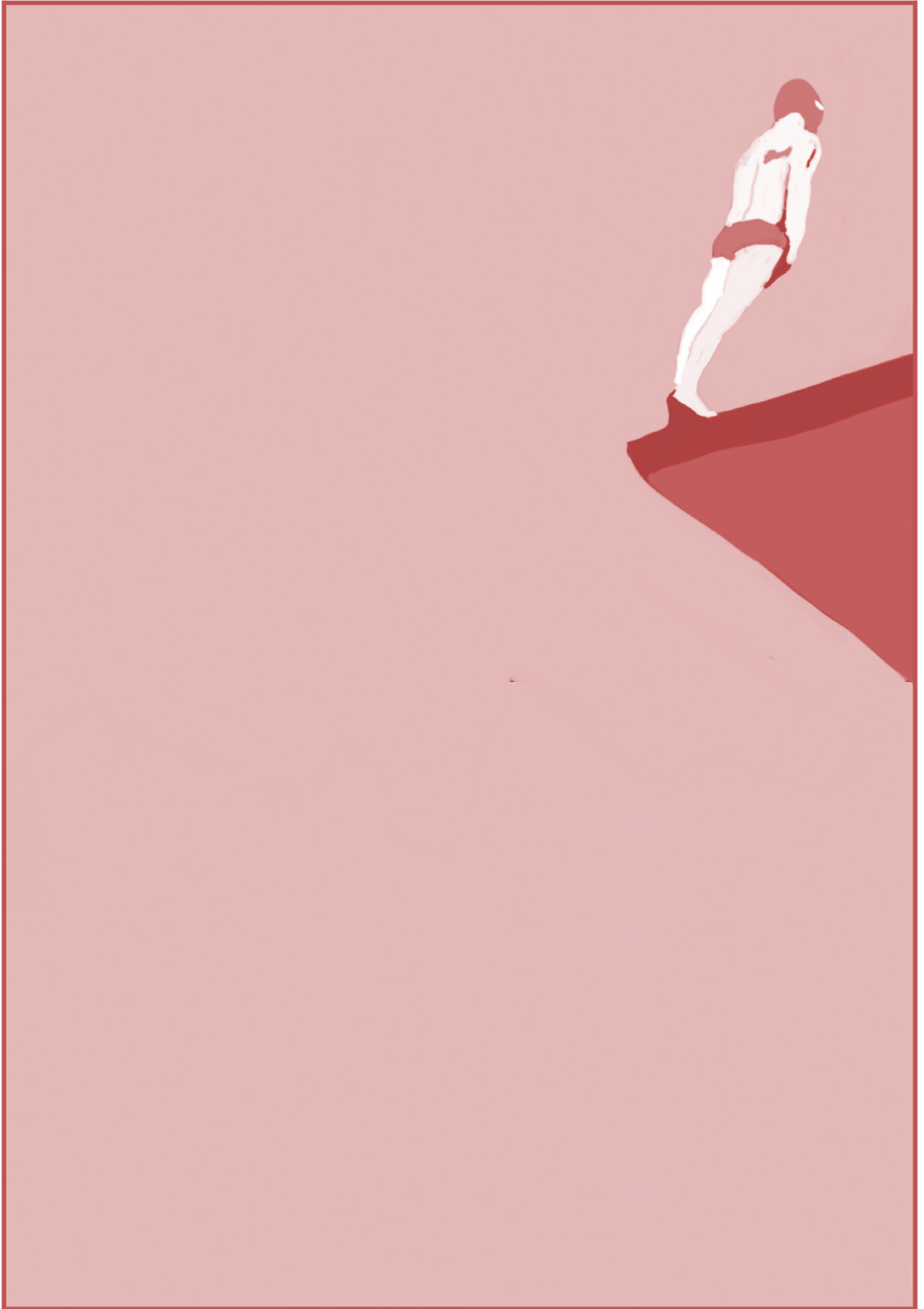
Jay Snelling



Untitled Artwork

Motley Creator





Masked Cliff Diver

Barry Cliff // @BarryCliffArtist