A tree falls in the forest and I aml there to make sure no one hears it./Beloved: It's not that I amlunwilling to be seized by sound, I everyday I am undone by it.

Khando Langri

Poems, short fiction and scripts from UK Deaf, deaf and Hard of Hearing writers.

Our poets and authors were given the theme of Movement. They have intepreted this in many ways: movement as communication and connection, mobility, and stillness, being moved emotionally, movement within and after Lockdown, freedom of movement, and being part of a political movement, and even getting lost!

Edited by Lisa Kelly co-editor of Magma 69, The Deaf Issue; co-Chair of Magma Poetry, and Sophie Stone, RADA trained actor, Writer: Paine's Plough, The Bunker, BBC Radio 3 and Co-founder of DH Ensemble theatre Co; with a preface from Raymond Antrobus.

Includes work from

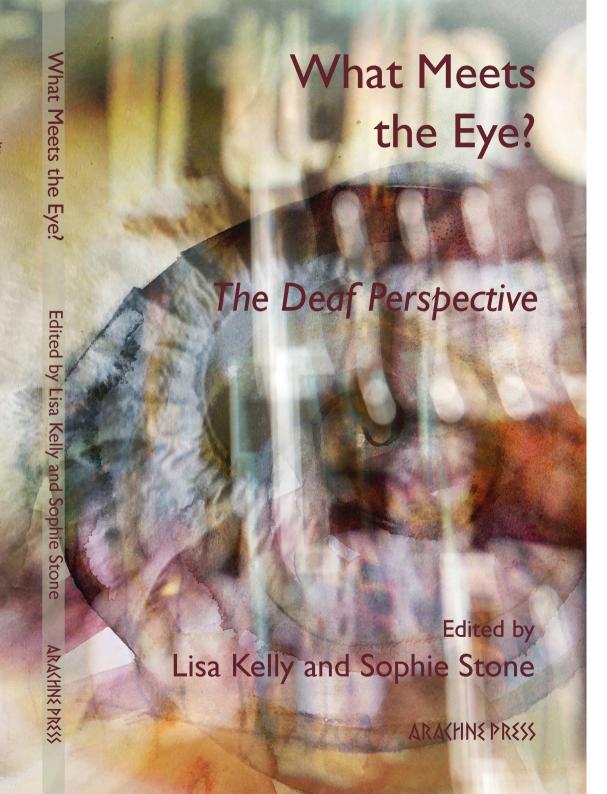
Alison Campbell, Ayesha Gavin, Bryony Parkes, Charlie Swinbourne, Clare-Louise English, Colly Metcalfe, David Callin, Dee Cooke, Diane Dobson, DL Williams, Elizabeth Ward, Emma Lee, Hala Hashem, Janet Hatherley, Jay Caldwell, John Kefala Kerr, John Wilson, Josephine Dickinson, Julie Boden, Khando Langri, Ksenia Balabina, Liam O'Dell, Lianne Herbert, Lynn Buckle, Marilyn Longstaff, Maryam Ebrahim, Mary-Jayne Russell de Clifford, Melanie Jayne Ashford, Rodney Wood, Sahera Khan, Samantha Baines, Sarah Clarke, Sarah O Adedeji, Sophie Woolley, Terri Donovan.





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WHAT MEETS THE EYE? THE DEAF PERSPECTIVE

Edited by Lisa Kelly and Sophie Stone

ARACHNE PRESS

First published in UK 2021 by Arachne Press Limited 100 Grierson Road, London SE23 1NX www.arachnepress.com
© Arachne Press 2021
ISBNs
Print 978-1-913665-48-7
eBook 978-1-913665-49-4

These poems and stories are also available in BSL on the Arachne Press website: arachnepress.com

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Thanks to Muireann Grealy for her proofing. Thanks to Nina Thomas for her cover design.

Printed on wood-free paper in the UK by TJ Books, Padstow.

The publication of this book is supported using public funding by the National Lottery through Arts Council England.

Acknowledgements

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WHAT MEETS THE EYE? THE DEAF PERSPECTIVE

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John Kefala Kerr **Lockdown Lyric**

out of milk, we hit the back lanes (there are zombies about!)

a discarded heater lies on its back so many others like that Bowie would say

we have almond milk but it curdles I drink it anyway, recalling my nightmare:

sabotaged elevator, trapped occupants, lockdown handle, desperate bid to escape.

you are the perfect companion (a Darling Bud) your instincts frugal... no, opulent—

grocery slots appear at midnight the supermarket Santa wears green

DME stands for 'distance measuring equipment' the calibration in tenths of a mile—

OK for planes but too crude for pandemics—our eyes identify targets and our legs respond:

avoid the huge dog, the roundabout, Marie Celeste buses, magpies on pavements at dusk, the electric star is underlined by a chalky stripe from a rare high flyer;

the vapour drifts, deserting the star, draping the moon in a gauzy chemise

the birds' evensong is balloon-twist magic, a sweep across the AM dial

today we went out in our thin shoes and you said it was like walking in slippers

the next day I said:
do you remember us going out in our thin shoes?
and you said:
yes, they were very thin.

II what are those trolleys called that you push? the woman at the clinic had one

examining the zip – she says, it goes this way, but I'm right-handed!

I respond with lockdown fads—new guitar strings, fixing bikes...

test rides happen in the back lane with the SUV guys revving up

Captain Tom had a trolley, but the SUV guys have real power

they demonstrate it, on hire, via Audi, Mercedes, BMW

the junkies are out early (emergency rendezvous)

some people wear masks but we prefer to zig-zag

between the Corner of Death and the Phone Box of Birth

III this can't be my neighbourhood what a lovely place!

hello sky, hello air, hello England goodbye... other things

see the hedges of the deprived clipped close to topiary

and the ornamental Dyson posing for my lens?

I want to write songs again be a teenage bard—

Land of Epidemiology (my biggest hit), The Risks of Unfettered Capitalism (the B-side)

we listen to the squeaky-wheel bird before boarding our boat (the sofa),

which floats on a sea of laminate, and drink tea after sleep...

pondering our next move, we save *Scotland from Above* for later

and ride out to the contaminated beach to see the duck

IV

we pushed the boat out today far enough to conjure a marina

and equate the dinghy there to alfresco sausages and beer

we pedalled a teardrop route, avoidance looming large

and drinkable things piling up —milk, beer, detergent...

V at night people can't breathe and this is the real evacuation

that VE Day can't swallow in this smash-and-grab war

for air (the pinched prize) where the pressure drops

and the tube in the mouth and the pipe in the throat

make now a time of panic of agents of medicine

attending to ditched vessels and cries for a scuba team

and faces behind screens bringing gusts of love

—all entirely breathable though not by lungs

Link to BSL videos by the authors, and translators

https://bit.ly/3BK0y3k



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We are expanding our range all the time, but the short form is our first love. We keep fiction and poetry live, through readings, festivals (in particular our Solstice Shorts Festival), workshops, exhibitions and all things to do with writing.

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What Meets the Eye, the Deaf Perspective, is the second in a series of anthologies loosely linked by the theme of Maps and Mapping.

Already available *Where We Find Ourselves* Coming soon:

Words from the Brink, Solstice Shorts 2021, Climate Crisis, Dec 2021 and

A470, Bilingual Poems for the Road, Mar 2022 (Welsh & English.)

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