



July 2023
ISSUE SIX

Ed. Karen McCarthy Woolf

MARK MCGUINNESS • ELONTRA HALL
ADAM HEARDMAN • CARSON WOLFE
MARK SAUNDERS • CLAIRE COLLISON
TITILAYO FARUKUOYE • LETIZIA MIRO
JACOB MCKIBBIN • ANYONITA GREEN
MARINA SCOTT • RACHEL DONATI
NADINE EL-ENANY • COURTNEY CONRAD
AIMEE ELIZABETH SKELTON • CAT TURHAN
DOMINIC LEONARD • RUBY LAWRENCE
SOPHIE DUMONT • ROSEMARY CORIN

PROPEL MAGAZINE

ISSUE SIX

JULY 2023

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INTRODUCTION

One of the things that attracted me to guest editing this issue of *Propel* was the possibility of discovering new, emerging voices whose work I didn't know. It is a very particular time in a poet's development, before we publish a first collection, as we start to understand and refine our process and our poems, to consider the what, how and why of it all, and to experiment and explore. With this in mind, I didn't set out to read the submissions for any predetermined themes or approaches. I really wanted to do the opposite, to be relaxed in curating without any specific slant, to allow the language, the music, the formal properties of the poems to take shape on the page, to exist on their own terms.

I was therefore a little surprised, once I had whittled it down from several hundred submissions, to discover that many of the poets whose work made me sit up, lean in and listen, either wrote from or around experiences of precarity. This precarity can be felt by many of us in the UK and elsewhere, at this untethered moment of reckless and punitive right-wing politics, where bills and temperatures are rising and refugees are criminalised or left to drown in the sea.

It is a precarity of the body, of our bodies, singular and plural: whether it is the young black boy in Detroit reunited with a long-departed uncle in Elontra Hall's haibun 'Homesickness'; a growing health crisis amongst our unhoused populations as intimated in Jacob Mckibbin's prose poem 'Life Expectancy'; or the murder of the trans teenager Brianna Ghey as commemorated in Marina Scott's elegiac 'Beat'.

Elsewhere, we encounter ecologically alert pieces that reveal familiar landscapes in new light ('The Host in the Hedge', Anyonita Green; 'Landscape with Vapour-sprayed Aubergines', Adam Heardman) or narrate aspects of human and/or natural disaster ('Negative capability & the tomatoes', Claire Collison; 'Permanent', Cat Turhan).

Yet while a poetics of witness is necessary as breath, a poetics of resistance may also inspire an attention to joy, via small moments of sonorous and lustrous detail, as in Aimee Elizabeth Skelton's 'To nature' or Mark Saunders' 'Chipped Sound'. And there are poems here that push back with relish, with Rachel Donati's 'I Have Even Dreamed a Life of Perfect' and Rosemary Corin's 'half the trans women in east oxford' springing, feistily, to mind.

It has been a pleasure and an honour to edit this edition of *Propel* and I hope you enjoy reading the poets within it as much as I did.

— Karen McCarthy Woolf
London, July 2023

BEAT

Marina Scott

In memory of Brianna Ghey

*what we have to do must be done in the now**

now I might ask 'why is my city not cleaner'

we want to move beyond the beat of survival

move faltering move across a line or border scramble to

beyond the beat of a beating of the bills of a weekday

evening vigil for a child. what to do with this constant

grief, will you hold my grief, just for a moment, watch it fit the groove

as in: a long, narrow cut or depression in a hard material.

through this hardening the polis polishes his horns

pisses out legislation passing it like stone and

my parents browse electric cars accuse me

of hyperbole when I use the word *fascist*

there are so many things to be thankful for

the days growing

fat and strong as

concave truth fades

in an empty room

*Audre Lorde

HOMESICKNESS

Elontra Hall

I take my nephew to a court I played on when I was his age. We talk about KD's crossover, physics homework and first kisses as clouds begin to pressure the sun. Detroit is not the same anymore, white people run barefoot in the street with their dogs off leash in neighbourhoods that would have made corpses of them only a few years earlier. Coming to the corner where a boy was shot selling weed last month, I tell my nephew to stop so I can scout ahead. This area has been 'rehabilitated' but I don't trust it. Oblivious, my nephew crosses the street, focused only on his dribble. Getting closer to the blacktop, he lobs me questions — *Hey Unc, why did you move away? Uncle Tré, do you ever miss anything about being here? Do you ever think of coming back?*

We arrive at the court, and the clouds hiss rain to drive us away. We look at each other, shrug and start to play anyway. I'm winning, enjoying this time with my kin when clouds break and I see him: aloft, ball a hairsbreadth from his fingertips as he ascends, rain plasters him like confetti, the light casts him in brass, and I turn my head to weep for what I've lost.

Between houses grass
sways. Bereaved and abandoned,
coyote pups howl.

TO NATURE

Aimee Elizabeth Skelton

I wait for him to come to bed
drifting to the sounds
of the overhead flight path into warm,
gluey dreams of boy bands on airplanes,
wars and plane crashes
while he— haloed in screenlight
tracks the last of the curlew
listening in on their display songs
through noise-cancelling headphones
feeling through data sets hidden
in the charred heather
of gentlemen's private playlands
later, he lies down with me
between damp walls— a sign of life
growing in blocked gutters above

WHO WE MOURN

Carson Wolfe

A contrapuntal written from words spoken in a documentary on The Yorkshire Ripper

there are a certain kind of women,
of loose morals, never from a
decent family. father distraught
by the Jamaican boyfriend.
streetwalking the red light.
very, you know,
frightening.
within a respectable working class
to look at dead whores
is just too dark.

the ones that shock,
perfectly innocent
a bright future taken
only sixteen, a young lass
so beautiful, such a waste.
worrying for the mothers,
though a pretty death makes it easier.
no one wants
to dig a grave
for the proper girls that live here.

VICTORIAN HOUSE SHARE (2018)

Letizia Miro

The house was full of them.

On the balcony, the Swedish girl from the next room. Reviewing articles on Foucault. The redheads sleeping on the stairs – among the plants – no one knew how they got there.

The one on the ground floor, the tallest. She would wait for me every night at the kitchen, telling me how to dream without dwindling.

There was a constant noise.

Except for Fridays, when someone brought the mirrors to the living room, played techno.

The rest of us laughed on the floor. Face down or kneeling. Hysterical laughter could be heard from the street.

Meanwhile, my mother marched around the block, around and around the block, making a fuss.

‘Daughter, this can’t be, it just can’t be, it just can’t be’.

Until one or the other, the Swedish or the smartest said ‘enough’ and entered the room with the jar of sleeping pills.

In the hall, the blonde one always played the violin.

‘Adagio for Strings’, on repeat.

The house was like a bazaar,
— a noisy, crowded place.

We were seven or six or ten, I don’t know. Sometimes I would count them, give them names and soon forget again.

I wonder how long I spent there.

Now I’m twenty, now I’m thirty, now twenty-two. I spent more than ten years
— at least — in that image.

I sense it because, towards the end, I could see the peeling walls through the shower water. And the eggs, rotting in the back of the cabinet. Also, the sink was full of broken dishes and, we were all in excruciating pain. All the same pain in the clavicle.

One of them, I remember, would sink my thumbs into the exact point of my pain until I laid down.

While the tall one grabbed me by the hair and dragged my forehead against the floor. She told me — concerned — something that I already knew:

‘Existing was this, turning the pain upside down, together with the time, against the music that no longer reaches you, by the cabinet of the rotting eggs’.

NEGATIVE CAPABILITY & THE TOMATOES

Claire Collison

All night I hear the rain drumming on the skylight in the bathroom, and it reminds me of the sound of my mum, peeing into a bedpan, and how we used to remark on that in the leather-sofa hospital surrounded by fields of tomatoes—how her peeing into the plastic bedpan sounded exactly like rain on the bathroom skylight at home. There's a bleary photo in the catalogue I bought in Almería, of a girl in Palomares eating a tomato from the time of the Incident—it's captioned 'Girl eating a Raf tomato'—which seems anachronistic; I don't think Raf tomatoes were a thing then. The point anyway was not what kind of tomato but how cavalier they were about the clean-up. I don't know if the tomatoes we ate were radioactive. Yesterday I went to a paint shop, to see if they'd any giveaway calendars, the ones with all the saint's days. They hadn't, but a man who'd been chatting to the woman on the till told me he'd one I could have. He took me to his gym nearby, explaining on the way that the calendar was from one of those companies that move earth—he gestured churning with his arms as he walked—and it was: I unrolled the calendar with its pin-up yellow JCB. The company was based in Palomares—where the bomb, where the tomatoes, where maybe the cancer. And it felt like a sign, these diggers chewing up the earth. And can I write about this if I don't have all the facts? Because that's not what I care about, the facts.

LANDSCAPE WITH VAPOUR-SPRAYED AUBERGINES

Adam Heardman

In a gasp of mist
which seems to contain the sky,
vapour is induced onto fruit
outside organic chains.
The shifting of spring cloud
gives the impression of hours
passing over the ground
in patches, stripes. The striped
awnings, appetisingly
clownish, curve like tongues
away from the city brick,
a brick which echoes
a voice from somewhere,
resolving itself, after
a pulse, into the word
aubergines. So
you look at the aubergines,
tight dark balloons,
a confusion of orca-heads
breaching, wet with vapour
pulled from the sky, and look
at you, reflected as many
vague shadows in all
of the berries' domed foregrounds,

looming convexly, adding
several absences
shaped like persons
to the rubbery scene,
as if the solanine
and night-shaded fruit
were keeping you gone
from their spongy interiors.
Behind you in the world,
and before you as
a blank, swooped frame
in each slicked and bright-black
surface, the sky.

BREATHE

Ruby Lawrence

rehired, we, restless
you secured temporary
contract
ensure that
that cleaning contract
goes to that company
invested in
by that private equity firm
that also owns that
string
of children's homes
being cleaned by that
that cleaning company after
delivery from that
catering company
invested in
by that private equity firm
that also owns that that

LIFE EXPECTANCY

Jacob Mckibbin

In this country the life expectancy of the homeless is lower than the life expectancy of the population of any other country in the world. Including countries currently at war. The last person who died in the shelter was thirty. The people in the shelter who I thought wouldn't live to see forty aren't even living to see thirty-one. Whenever a homeless person dies they are not named in the news out of respect for families who often didn't even know they were still alive. Excluding the vicar I've been the only person in attendance at a funeral. There are so many who never even had a funeral. Whose names never made it onto a headstone. There are so many names that I will never forget. Names that I will keep with me for the rest of my life.

THE HOST IN THE HEDGE

Anyonita Green

after Danusha Laméris

They have claimed the privet hedge. Their small bodies
flit in and out of the impossible spaces between
the leaves — precision is the word you'd use for that
kind of accuracy. There are dozens of them, arcing
into the bush, their squawks like the chatter
of my children, a cacophony of excited mewlings.
There is no name for the way they've stained
the leaves with excrement, how it rivers in rivulets
against each waxy frond, chalky. If they were gulls,
shadows on the glistening sea, perched on the jagged
ribs of cliffs, we would call it guano, the acidic remains
that mark their existence. Of course, everything is Romance
when it comes to the sea, even the waves have names,
the way they crest, reach up toward the sun, then pool
back into a salty bed — longitudinal, transverse, orbital.
Who can blame them for their chatter, for the music
of their dissatisfaction? For trying to find a sound
to give to their offering back to nature, for having bodies
not prized for the wealth of their shit. For being
like the rest of us, producers of waste no one wants.

Note: Host — the collective noun for a group of sparrows.

CIRCLE CHARM

Mark McGuinness

I shall go into a hare
with sorrow and sighs and mickle care,
and I shall go in the Devil's name,
ay, till I come home again.

Then I shall find myself a dog
with bloody teeth and eyes agog,
serving my master till the day
he leaves my carcass for crows to flay,

from which I'll rise up as a fly
to scribble nothing on the sky
and lick the sweat from lovers' skin
and suck the blood that burns within.

Infecting one, I'll raise a boil
and progress through his mortal coil,
racking his guts, dulling his eye,
leaving his spirit with a sigh

to grow and stretch inside her womb
and fill and foul its swelling room
while dripping poison in her head
to lure her to the riverbed.

I'll freely give of my own flesh
to fatten up a passing fish
and as my grosser nature thins,
feel my way into its fins

until the day I grace the table
of a lofty lady, fair as fable,
who keeps a mirror in her bower
and gazes eastward from her tower.

Last, I'll swim the sea of stars
reflected in her looking glass,
and I shall summon my own name
to bring me safely home again.

Note: The first stanza is a shape-changing charm quoted by Isobel Gowdie in her confession to witchcraft at Auldearn, Scotland in 1662. She claimed that uttering these words enabled her to turn into a hare.

I HAVE EVEN DREAMED A LIFE OF PERFECT

Rachel Donati

I'm off – *see we rich folk we buy boats*
flicking Tinder on deck
swiping right or left
you wear a fake Rolex, call it a Ro ¹

I believe, I believe in grilz
in carb-cycling & waist training.
I believe in the power of pineapple
juice (go Google it)

I have faith in Face-Tune
in morning fittings, Moschino
in being ready to serve looks
in being on vacay *my S*** is it.* ¹

I place my trust in Bae
and in the strength of lasers,
I have even lived a dream
of perfect *my entire body is hairless.* ²

I believe *maybe my fairy tale*
has a different ending than I dreamed
it would. *But that's OK* ²
when there's no other Queen;

in EXCLUSIVES, kissing
backstage at the NTAs
hilarious throwbacks, SPLIT
rumours and tears after rows.

I believe in continuing feuds
of throwing drinks in faces
in couture & slamming slut-shamers
but you is a broke bum liar that's for sure. ¹

1. Missy Elliot, 'Hot'
2. Kim Kardashian

WHAT THE PLUM TEACHES

Nadine El-Enany

The lip-red plum rots in the fridge. I thought, to lengthen its life, I ought to keep it cold. Now it bruises more slowly. Brown patches, speckled white, creep across its surface. Many times I might have pressed its chalky pelt against my teeth, broken its thin, kinked skin. I've imagined the sweetness of its flesh to the feel of my stomach turning. I could throw it away, but it would only go on rotting with its like-fated kin in the compost bin. This way it teaches me about bruises. How they're made by blunt objects and neglect.

FINAL DESTINATION

Courtney Conrad

I remember learning how to write my name
while crossing the *Atlantic* on my mother's passport.
The British accent rooting itself without a naturalisation certificate.
I am one year shy of retirement when the six o'clock news notifies me
of the Home Office's shredder feeding on my landing card.

Two weeks later, thick envelopes make my letterbox retch—
eviction notices, NHS bills, and deportation warnings.
At work, my Line Manager leads two officers toward me,
one scoffs '*illegal*' like it's my first name.
The other announces *you are no longer allowed*

to work and live in this country. 'Mi wuk yah thirty years.
Pay mi taxes. Not even a bokkle of wata mi tief.'
This is the first time my colleagues hear me
speak Patois. Outside the office, breathless
my body lowers like a flag.

Paperwork muffles my family's wails.
The state calls me cargo and loads me onto a plane.
Within hours, I arrive in Jamaica, soil hungry.
The cemetery requires no papers for my residency.

THE BODY IS NOT AN APOLOGY

Titilayo Farukuoye

The body is not an apology
And yet I apologise.

I step outward
step back ward
I then duck,
lean away.

slide
pull in my belly
Pull in from behind
step on my toes
Duck again.

My body is not an apology
and yet
It's the only thing
I've taught it to do.

PERMANENT

Cat Turhan

a comedian on the radio said
their mouths were ovals of despair

hurricane-namers on the BBC
said after the earthquake it was
worse

the world behind its thick skin
answered

I take a pulse
you know when you need a really good cry
you strap yourself
to a rock

Pyrrha knows what I mean
when I say they never call storms

something sexy like Aslan or Sheba —

I want to be washed in permanent blue

Bernadette offers saturation
streets with weak tea
that smell
letting the body know danger

in the hospital dede finds
the only Turkish speaking nurse says
if he can't go home he will defenestrate
the vocabulary of anger multiplies at the rate of
bacteria
dad speaks five languages translates blame
into every one

PROTEUS IN MOURNING

Dominic Leonard

explicitly the sea,
dun. the wide sea and sudden.
depth. excess. come on.
he and his hair-breadth.
he and herons swooping
by, bodily.
he peers down, down
to feel his insides, he
can feel them being in there.
he sees the miles themselves
like chains under the water,
where he goes – out of sound,
the tune of his hearing
channelled into the dark back
nowhere, no time. come on.
a buckle in the sea.
a leaning on the shove
of the sea, sealnosing
up the cold rocks and rugged.
he takes flesh from his trough.
he stretches it on his bones.
he takes form from the sea
and hangs it on his bones.
form, what a mouthful.

come on. come on.
he can feel the trout's
furious icepack engines
rattling like gunboats.
he can feel the air
starting there and pouring
all the way down to here.
a boat passes over
and he feels the deepdown
cello hum of it,
beneath sound, where he stays.
he wraps the shape.
of his shape. around
his shape. the margins
of an anguish

CHIPPED SOUND

Mark Saunders

reading aloud to me was like early speech emulators I remember
as a teenager copying strings of characters and phrases the computer
could speak inhumanly in strangely accented letters to
impress my friends saying the words how clever it was

sometimes I would experiment with unnatural clusters sessions of
beatbox consonants without vowels clipped and guttural typing in
dk dp gk bp and hitting enter for kick drums and a triggered snare
tchk could be rolled over tchkchkchk although the high frequency
phonemes screamed metallic to me resembling a crash tssshh or ride
cymbal tss or a sequence dp ch gkg ts stuck in a loop

I couldn't work out if the spaces translated into measure
or time in any controllable way or if the semblance of verisimilitude
had once come out of a human mouth or was just a performance
piece encoded with the software finding out its voice

it had been fun but less and less and command prompts didn't
fit in with the way we thrashed and trashed the punch-pocked
plasterboard schoolrooms always practising

the episode replayed this too in the monotone unerring
evenness of delivery bypassing the studio effects the equalisation
stuck in mind to leave just the hook of the poem finding
its pulse with anyone free to listen

TO KAYAK

Sophie Dumont

To be driven forward when sitting still
To kayak (*verb*) and kayak (*noun*)
To doodle the outline of your boat, which is the shape of closed lips
To butterbur, balsam, to adder's-tongue
To walk past white water five years from now
 and instinctively seek your line
To use *swim* as an insult, a sign of mistake, as in, *Did you swim today?*
To have a latex neck and wrists
To be guided by the moon-silver underleaf of mugwort on the bank
To be an angler's nemesis
To Teifi, to Wye, to Usk
To seek the playground of a weir, chute or other form of drop
To not show your mum the deep scratch along the crown of your helmet
 where river turned you upside down, backed you into a corner
 reminding you how low and dark her voice can go
To pillwort, fen violet, valerium
To neoprene
To spend all afternoon digging water a shade lighter than mud
To know a town from how its bridges echo
To be driven in someone's car, damp, hungry, back to your starting point

HALF THE TRANS WOMEN IN EAST OXFORD

Rosemary Corin

are at the Eurovision watch party
we're wearing long dresses and short skirts
and jeans and a bra and not much else
we're keeping count of the references to fisting
we've draped our long limbs
on each other, on our lovers and friends
we're considering the geopolitics of it all
we're drinking passionfruit vodka
and overproof Romanian liquor
we're half of us watching ironically
and the other half serious as a heart attack
we like Finland this year cause he's the faggiest one
we like his neon shoulder pads
we've got time for Germany's own-brand Rammstein thing

we're all fucking each other
or fucking other trans people who're fucking each other
we're the breadth of an eyelash from kissing at any time
we call each other darling and fucking mean it

i'm a librarian, she's a historian, she works at a hospice
she's her date and I don't know her at all but she's my fucking sister
i heard her poem about the Fomorians
at an open mic once and it blew me away
she's the best DJ in town, I lose my mind to her
every other month

we are staying right here in this sitting room
but we are coming for your life

CONTRIBUTORS

MARINA SCOTT grew up predominantly in the water on the beach in Falmouth, Cornwall. They are currently completing an MA in Creative & Life Writing at Goldsmiths, where they're thinking about the Anthropocene, queerness and hydrofeminism through poetics. They work for a literary festival and co-run a community poetry night in SE London, Resonance, which fundraises for local mutual aid groups. They've published with Broken Sleep Books (*Cornish Modern Poetries*, 2022), *SPAM Zine*, *Lucy Writers Platform*, *Antithesis Journal*, and *Sticky Fingers*, among others. Marina's first pamphlet, *Lips Blue, Drying Up*, is forthcoming from Death of Workers Press. Instagram: [@marina_scott](#) | Twitter: [@marinaasinsea](#)

ELONTRA HALL is a Black American poet and educator living in Northampton, England. His work focuses on art, basketball and fatherhood among other things. His poetry has been published in *HeadFake*, *Butcher's Dog* (16) and *Magma* (82). He has also had his work broadcast on BBC 4's *Poetry Please* (Christmas 2022). He is an Obsidian Fellow and a member of the inaugural Griot's Well cohort.

AIMEE ELIZABETH SKELTON spends her time between her native Scotland and South East London, where she's finishing her MA in Creative Writing and Education at Goldsmiths. She is currently working on her first novel, facilitating creative writing workshops and working various jobs which include driving golf buggies and selling crystals. You can find her on Instagram at [@aimeeelizabethskelton](#).

CARSON WOLFE (they/them) is a Mancunian poet and parent. Their debut poetry pamphlet *Boy(ish) Vest* was praised by Dr Kim Moore as an 'unforgettable, wild, risk-taking roller-coaster of a book'. In 2021, they were an Aurora Prize Winner and a Button Video Contest winner. Their poetry has appeared in *Button Poetry*, *Rattle*, *Fourteen Poems*, and *The Penn Review*. They live in Manchester with their wife and three children.

LETIZIA MIRO, a London-based Catalan poet, explores themes surrounding intimacy from ‘peripheral corporalities’, such as queerness or stigmatised identities. With a diverse body of work and a commitment to transcend artistic boundaries, their poems have been featured in various publications and exhibitions. Their publications include *Glanta*, *Kritiker*, *Hoax Magazine*, *Espacios transfronterizos*, and *MAI Magazine*. Letizia also had the privilege of reading their poetry in events such as the opening of ‘The Stacks’ by Lydia Garnett. Collaborations with multi-disciplinary artists and writers include the video artist Yarli Allison, in the piece like ‘This is not for clients’, part of a collective exhibition at the Institute of Contemporary Arts, London.

CLAIRE COLLISON, artist and writer, was one of three winners of the inaugural Women Poets’ Prize, 2018. She was Highly Commended in the Gingko Prize, 2023 and was placed second in Resurgence Prize, 2014; Hippocrates Prize, 2017; and Winchester Poetry Prize, 2020. Her poetry is included in anthologies, including *Second Place Rosette: Poems about Britain* (Emma Press), *The Valley Press Anthology of Prose Poetry*, and *Field Notes on Survival* (Bad Betty Press) and can be found online and in magazines, including *Perverse*, *Corrupted Poets*, *Magma*, *Butcher’s Dog*, *Finished Creatures*, and *The Rialto*. She is a founder member of Poets for the Planet. Her debut pamphlet, *Placebo*, is published by Blueprint. Find her online at clairecollison.com, on Twitter [@clairecollison1](https://twitter.com/clairecollison1) and Instagram [@adalodge](https://www.instagram.com/adalodge).

ADAM HEARDMAN is a poet and writer from Newcastle upon Tyne. His poems have appeared in *PN Review*, *The Rialto*, *The North*, *MOTH*, *PAIN Journal*, a Broken Sleep anthology about Aphex Twin, and other places. He has worked with several visual artists and writes art criticism regularly for *Art Monthly* magazine. He currently lives and works in East London. You can find him at adamheardman.com or, for now, on Twitter [@AdamHeardman](https://twitter.com/AdamHeardman).

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JACOB MCKIBBIN is a poet from Oxford. Previous work has been published in *The Rialto*, *Bath Magg* and *Oxford Poetry*.

ANYONITA GREEN is an American expat who has made her home in Manchester, UK. She has an MA in Poetry from MMU.

MARK MCGUINNESS lives in Bristol and is the host of the acclaimed poetry podcast *A Mouthful of Air* (<https://amouthfulofair.fm>). His poems have appeared in places including *Ambit*, *Anthropocene*, *Brittle Star*, *iamb*, *Magma*, *Oxford Poetry*, *The Rialto*, *Stand* and *Wild Court*. He was awarded Third Prize in The Stephen Spender Prize (2016). ‘Elegy for Moss’, a sandstone poem-sculpture he co-created with the artist Sheena Devitt, was exhibited at the Lettering Arts Trust in 2021.

RACHEL DONATI: London born, of Italian and English heritage, Rachel’s work considers themes of popular culture, sex, the feminine voice, violence and intimacy: ‘a poetic beat and vocabulary that transports us into her world where it casts new light on our own experiences and sometimes can make us re-feel past encounters’, Hazel Press. ‘This England’ was commissioned, by Hazel Press and her work has been published in *Perverse*, *Strix*, and *The Alchemy Spoon*. She was shortlisted by Café Writers & Magma. Her poems might be in submission but she isn’t. She’s not a huge fan of the ‘poetry bio blurb’, more poem action and less preamble being a preference.

NADINE EL-ENANY is a writer living in London. Her poetry has appeared in *Butcher’s Dog* and *Magma*. She was longlisted for The Rialto Nature and Place Competition 2023 and the Fish Poetry Prize 2022.

COURTNEY CONRAD is an emerging Jamaican poet based in England. Her poems have appeared in *Magma*, *Poetry Wales*, *The White Review*, *Stand Magazine*, *The Poetry Review*, *Bath Magg*, *Poetry Birmingham Literary Journal*, *Anthropocene Poetry Journal* and *The Adriatic Magazine*. Her work has been anthologised by Anamot Press, Bridport Prize, Re.creation, Peekash Press, Bad Betty Press and Flipped Eye Press. She is an Eric Gregory Award winner and a Bridport Prize Young Writers Award recipient. She was shortlisted for The White Review Poet’s Prize, Manchester Poetry Prize, Oxford Brookes International Poetry Competition, *Msllexia’s* Women’s Poetry Prize, Aesthetica Creative Writing Award’s Poetry Prize and the Poetry Wales Pamphlet competition. She was longlisted for the National

Poetry Competition, Rebecca Swift Women Poets' Prize and *The Rialto* Nature and Place Poetry Competition. She is an alumna of The London Library Emerging Writers Programme, Malika's Poetry Kitchen, Barbican Young Poets, Obsidian Foundation Retreat, Griots Well Collective and Roundhouse Poetry Collective. She has a BA in Social Policy, an MA in Creative Writing and a MA in Public Relations and Society.

TITILAYO FARUKUOYE is a writer, educator and organiser based in Glasgow. Titilayo co-directs the Scottish BPOC Writers Network and is a co-winner of the 2022 Edwin Morgan Poetry Award. Titilayo's poetry featured at Fringe of Colour, Edinburgh Multicultural Festival and Paisley Book Festival and *Our Time is A Garden Anthology* among others.

CAT TURHAN is a poet based in North London, and her work has been published in various magazines including *The Rialto*, *Anthropocene*, *Butcher's Dog*, *Ink Sweat & Tears*, *Bath Magg*, and *Under the Radar*. She is one of the three mentees on the inaugural iteration of the Out-Spoken Emerging Poet's Mentoring Scheme. She won the 2021 Waltham Forest Competition (local category), and in 2019 and 2022 respectively was longlisted for the National Poetry Competition. Find her on Twitter: [@Cat_Turhan](#), and Instagram [@Cat_Turhan](#).

DOMINIC LEONARD's writing can be found in *The Poetry Review*, *Poetry London*, *PN Review*, *Pain*, the *TLS*, and elsewhere. In 2019 he won an Eric Gregory Award, and in 2022 he won the Oxford Poetry Prize. He lives and teaches in London.

MARK SAUNDERS lives on the Isle of Wight in the UK. His poetry can be found in *Abridged*, *The Alchemy Spoon*, *The Cannon's Mouth*, *Confluence*, *The Interpreter's House*, *Magma*, *Meniscus*, *The Museum of Americana*, *Red Ogre*, *Soft Star*, *Spelt* and *Strix*. He has read at Ventnor Fringe Festival and other venues.

SOPHIE DUMONT is a Bristol-based poet, artist and copywriter for two charities. Her poems have been published widely, such as in *The Rialto*, *The Moth*, *Magma*, *Anthropocene*, *Ink Sweat & Tears*, *Neon*, *Banshee*, *Steel Jackdaw*, *The Interpreter's House* and *Under the Radar*. She has been poet-in-residence on Bristol Harbourside with Boat Poets and was appointed 2022 writer-in-residence at Exeter Custom House by Literature Works.

Sophie was awarded the Brian Dempsey Memorial Prize for Best Single Poem 2021, came second in the Gloucestershire Poetry Society and Black Eyes Publishing UK Competition 2021, came third in the Magma Poetry Competition 2022, and has been shortlisted twice for the Bridport Prize. Sophie is an alumna of the Genesis Jewish Book Week Emerging Writers Programme and has an MA in Creative Writing. She has written two immersive experiences for Riptide. Learn more about Sophie and her work at sophiedumont.co.uk.

ROSEMARY CORIN is a poet, librarian and enthusiast. Born in London and brought up in Hong Kong, Kunming and St Andrews, she now lives and works in Oxford. She tweets (for now) [@rosemarycorin](https://twitter.com/rosemarycorin).



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