

## **Cyanotype by Amber Rollinson**

I try bleaching the sun using liquid soda crystals  
but the sky turns yellow too, wet paper  
lets it bleed

everything turns yellow, paper wears to holes –  
that layer between image and air so thin.  
Is this how sunrise works?

I put tea leaves in a bucket, tone the sea until it glints  
pollution brown, trap the sun like a wasp in a glass  
shifting across the paper still, that disobedient  
buzzing sound.

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## Founder by Amber Rollinson

### I

Rocks and white foam, salt air  
scent of gorse flowers, coconut, gift

shops all closed, dust-filmed done for  
it's not the season.

This monochrome coast  
this snake rock crumbling cliff-edge this

volcanic sand streaked black  
this sea here

Skeleton grey gorse spines  
with yellow faces, here we are

we're nowhere, slipping on rocks  
furred-green

it's not the season.

### II

The footpath has foundered  
but we climb down anyway

he says it's like a washing machine  
with too much powder, as wind lifts wisps of scum

The sea is a set of old curtains billowing  
laundry left to dry

Sand not black as it seemed  
from a distance – now I'm here – black

and white and red, the red and white additions like secrets  
only the initiated know

What's that in the distance? A container ship, he says  
Funny: it seemed an abandoned church

### III

This monochrome coast, it talks, it's having conversations  
but we don't

conversely, we look and climb rocks  
that flake away to wet cliff shards in our hands

This falling rain, not like rain but powder, icing sugar  
not black exactly but blue green, not

roaring especially, but wearing  
wearing

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## Slow Violence by Amber Rollinson

someone says, *behind each door*  
*another*, but she is home alone  
it was only the sound of the bathroom tap  
left running to fill the valley outside  
she shuts herself in the kitchen, turns  
on the oven to warm the house through  
the front door slams, someone is leaving  
uneasy, she gnaws at the skirting board  
the way dogs exercise their jaws

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### Author Bio

Amber Rollinson is 23 and studying on the MSt Creative Writing at Oxford. The environment is central to her work and she is currently working on a poetry collection exploring orientation and the 'sense of place' in damaged landscapes, illustrated by her cyanotype artworks. Four of her poems were featured in Epoque Press's 'Isolation' e-zine alongside her cyanotypes, and one of her poems will be in the next issue of Channel Magazine. She can be found @wild\_log on Instagram.

**Favourite Poem:** Once by Isabelle Galleymore