sherri shelley

FROM UTOPIA



escape your epilogue

BLOOD



Bizarre Gamblings in Akon

BIZARRE CRUMBLINGS IN ALBION

The atmosphere here is, as a professional writer, hard to describe. Reyna Sabbah is dead. Murdered, most likely, by the police. Three days I've been here. Three days in the festering heart of something, well, something odd, something truly bizarre.

It's 5 AM and instead of fuelling myself with one or even two more hours of much needed sleep, that would so greatly help me in the long run, I'm awake. Wide awake. Wide as the ocean I'm sinking in. It's been a tough few days, but this is my job—no, more than a job. This is my duty.

It all started with a curse. The money curse. Reyna Sabbah's big mistake, or maybe her legacy. It wasn't taken seriously—how could anyone take it seriously? 6 months, 6 days, 5 hours is how long it took before it happened. But I suppose I'm rambling. Blame the situation and lack of sleep.

Day 1

Back in the country after a short assignment away. The mood felt different from when I left mere weeks before. It was the air. The air just didn't feel right. Like breathing underwater. The rest of the team joked that the insane amount of jet lag I've accrued from doing this for so long finally took its toll. I suppose there is some truth to that, although, I would argue that this job has opened my senses to certain mortal disturbances more than anything else.

The team chattered on the way to Knightsbridge, but my intuition felt dark and heavy like a waning moon. All I wanted was to go home and visit my family, but such luxuries have always proven to be elusive in this profession.

I did find comfort in the transitory trip from hotel to hotel, a small ounce of magic being neither here nor there. Knightsbridge holds dear memories to me. Visiting my mother when she worked here in my childhood, I was dazzled by the almost alien buildings larger than anything I'd ever seen. But now all I could see were the people. The people masked by something undoubtedly dire.

Then the call came. Something new had come up. A tip that an incident will be taking place. We were still to head to the planned hotel, but what I was hearing, was not making sense. When we got to Hobb's Lane and then our hotel I unpacked a few things and began my research.

Reyna Sabbah. 28 years old. Real name Melanija Veterova, Macedonian mother of two daughters, left her family three years ago. Missing, literally off the grid for a year.

She changed one day. No one knows why. All the reports said she was your average house wife. Kept to herself and was cordial when her neighbours spoke to her. Always busy with her family. Photos after her change show a different woman. There was something new in her eyes. Purpose? No, she had some level of purpose before being the mother of two young, healthy children. Power. There's a power in those eyes. Something bigger than the body she was in.

With her husband and their first child, they came to this country 5 years ago. He started his business and they had their second child shortly after. Normal life, nothing out of the ordinary.

Two years later she left her youngest child home alone and it wasn't until the neighbours noticed her constant crying that they called the police. The father came home and was perplexed. Nothing was missing except a few personal belongings. The only oddity was a few scraps of ripped up paper with an embossed P.D.M. logo visible—no idea what this means. The husband filed a missing person report but somehow nothing ever came of it, even after she resurfaced.

Completely off the grid. No one saw her. The area she lived in had a few power outages due to planned construction work taking place, with one outage occurring just before she vanished. No CCTV footage from neighbours or the surrounding area therefore available.

A year later she resurfaces. A group shot with her in the mid back. Not much information other than paranoid ramblings of conspiracy nuts online. Some up and coming liberation front who got drowned out by all the other breaking news of the time. No one took them seriously. I kept seeing mention that the group is funded by a disgraced doctor, but this leads nowhere.

And that's when it happened. Everyone frantically messaging each other to stop working and to get ready as it was happening right now.

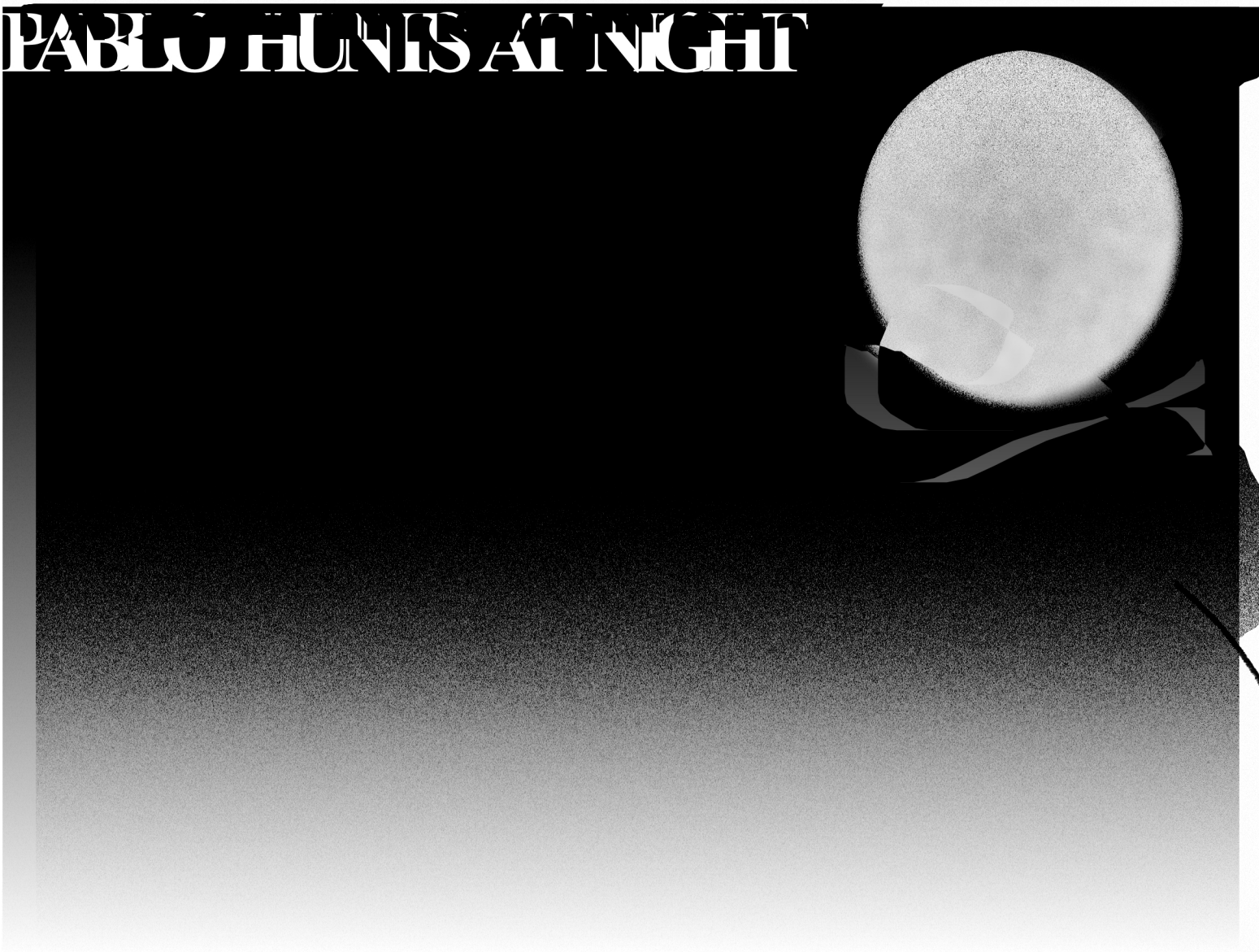
And we all gathered.

And we all watched as Reyna Sabbah cursed the world.

Bizarre Crumblings in Albion will continue in From Utopia Issue 20

visation

PABLO HUNTS AT NIGHT



an anti-epic poem that will change the course of the 21st century

SAVAGE ROMANCE

the tragedy of

Shem Shelley

Chapter 27

"And together, we hurled words to alter reality."

HIS STORY IS A BLACK HORSE FROM WHICH I AM TRYING TO CREATE HIM

Following step by step, Romonde
gazes at the wound stones of a
slain castle spread about, fallen
by captive newts tunnelling further
into the dim sunktuary of wheels.

A stolen portable sunset is clenched by the horned pig,
As they wander the ancient battleground.

TOOLS OF THE DUNGEON:

How long has it been! Nothing has been!
How long will it be? Everything will be!

I played my part. Will you join me?
I beg you! Join me!

Don't walk away! Come back!

TEARS OF THE MIRROR:

Our lady, the great Margaret
Laid her foundations here...

Now it's ruined,
Look at it.

Full of hatched black pearls,
Eggs rotten,
Sprouting every empty space—
    And yes, I see you've become one of them

ASH FROM THE FIREPLACE:

Those good white dragons built the ALLSOUTH many years ago,

Remains of their formative wings are in the sewers of time,

And lift the low lands into eternity for the DEAD, ALL US to consume.

THE CHAPEL'S CRACKED RIBCAGE:

Inside my stunken bowels the rules are set,
Feed on my devilish rotten corpse I give you,
Suckle on the bile bottled in cataclysm,
Relive, gone, oh it's near and it will control,
My walls are shattered but my sickness is

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SALTED EARTH OF THE GARDEN:

Unbeknownst to you all,
They survived and exist,
One came to me not long ago,
With a broke hind leg,
It sat and watched,
And conversed without blinking...

THE FALLEN PARAPET:

Licking flamed lips, these west dwellers
Gave us our finest wielder of the night,

Necham was his name

LAST MEMORY OF THE CASTLE:

I killed the last one—
Fuming rosemary bleads the air as I crushed the pale body,
Vibration of its screams pickled as feathers on the roof,
But the battle was already lost and death knocked my body,
The great fall of stones and ideas and seeping stars—

A SPLINTER FROM THE DESK:
Necham's wriggling sword struck the pure with
their soul drudgery held up like nude mathematics

REGRETS OF THE TOWER:
when bricks and mortals spilled

THE GRAVEYARD'S TRUTH:
Red Beard used to poison her,
Those are the rumours she spread,
But I know it to be truth

STONES FROM THE STAIRCASE:
What is being told to you?
Does this even mean anything?
Ask these questions at every...
World,
At every w o r l d.

THE ATTIC'S GAZE:
Necham wandered into this territory,
You may have seen him,
He saw you—

FEARS OF THE DRAWBRIDGE:
How many have I,
Have I,
I'm afraid I'll do it again.
Addicted to the sound,
Gurgling, splashing,
Ripples fading,
The struggle and silence...

THE CASTLE WALLS:
You wilt never now what when one hear

A PRISON BAR:
In all tricks,
In all games,
All the bricks,
All the names,
Each alive,
Each aware,
To survive,
To despair

GUILT OF THE LIBRARY:
Margaret and Necham coerced our children,
Used them for their secrets and burnt them,
We opened our doors to them and lost everything

BONES OF THE BALCONY:
Flapping fires I knew it was over the moment I saw the
Red Beard,
Flying from far the clouds looked ferocious and sunless,
Few realised the winged white would topple all we built

THE MOAT'S ANKLES:
Bruised from all the battle
I ran away far back home
And saw our lady hidden,
When I called to her,
She floated up into the sky,
And a white dragon devoured her.

THE PANTRY'S LIVER:
Oh where is my dishpan, the great good dishpan!
Where have I misplaced you! Where have you gone?

MORTAR FROM THE RAMPART:
Sick! I'm sick of it!
This rambling!

The voices!
Where does it lead!?
Who is it for!?
Why must I witness it!

A PALISADE LOG:
Oh little mind,
how dare you
misunderstand
the
Humanifestation
of paradise!

THE GATE'S NOSTALGIA:
Do not become like me and my sentimental illness,
For it is against the riverroads that lurk in the haunt,
These creatures of the past are damnable ghosts.


In the electric age we wear all (hu)mankind as our skin
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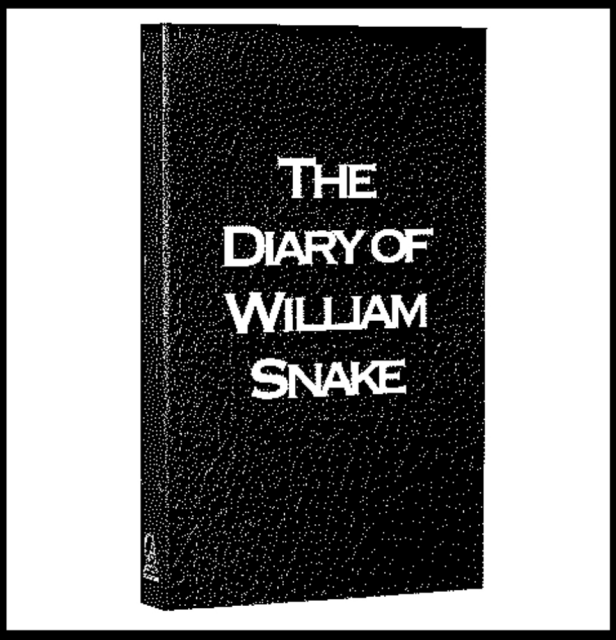
The Diary of William Snake Book Review

As a life long lover of books it pains me to say this, but, The Diary of William Snake deserves to be burnt. In fact, I stopped reading after an overly nasty passage, found a box of matches, lit one up and wrestled to restrain myself from eventually setting off the smoke detector and waking up my night-shifted significant other.

I am not a prude, but this book is vile. I am sickened to my now withered core. Never in my 40 years of reading have I encountered such obscenity. Blasphemy is too meagre a word to discuss the profanity of this book.

But, even if you take out the disgusting elements, the book wouldn't dare to stand on its own. It's a garbled mess, a drivelling stream of consciousness ejaculation—evidently, I have been infected by Snake's filth virus, but this is sadly the only suitable word to describe the dropped jigsaw puzzle of words presented as a book.

You may be wondering what it's about and after forcing myself to read every vulgar page to see what, if anything, was the point of this nasty book, all I can say is 'Space Syphilis'. Yes, you read that correctly. William Snake thought it necessary to recount his clearly fictional history with a sentient sexually transmitted disease from space.



And that's not all. Large chunks of the book are a poor retelling of the resurrection of Jesus Christ, but, as you can probably guess, perverted by Snake to the nth degree. I'm not even religious and I found it to be utterly disrespectful. It's quite frankly, physically sickening.

"The Diary of William Snake deserves to be burnt."

After much consideration, and probably against my better judgement, I wish to share two passages to warn of the dangers of this book and fend off any slight sick interest one may have miraculously conjured up. I have chosen the tamest examples I could find, and even these are dripping with depravity. Avoid this book at all costs:

While they were still talking about this, William Snake's Space Syphilis infested erect penis stood among them and said, "May Sensually Transmitted Desires be with you." They were startled and frightened, thinking they saw and felt a ghost touching them inappropriately. He said to them, "Why are you troubled, and why does not the most debauched sexual fantasies bubble up in your perverted minds? Look at my hands and my feet, oozing with all manner of crusted genital fluids. It is I myself! Grope me and see; a ghost does not have such sex positive tumescent flesh and bones, as you see I most definitely have."

Then he opened their quivering vaginal minds so they could understand the dripping wet pornographic desires of the sentient Space Syphilis. He told them, "This is what is written by the innumerable cosmorgasmic sexual positions: The Messiah's penis will suffer a reverse penetration, then severe sores, rampant rashes and unholy ulcers will plague it, and it shall rise from the dead throbbing on the third day, and repentance for the forgiveness of all erotic sins will be preached in the name of the Holy Space Syphilis to all nations, beginning at the Vatican with the Pope's withered penis.



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