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**Untitled**

Lauren Copley

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*off their plates when they're done. I wonder what South Carolina is like? I swear mum said there's a beach called Murder Beach –*

*“Catherine, keep walking, you're holding up the queue.”*

*OH! More security dogs, I'll send them a message so they're not suspicious.*

*I. Am. Not. A. Terrorist. I'm just trying to get my family to America.*

*We're moving there. Do you understand?*

*They didn't. And neither did I.*



**Untitled | Lauren Copley**

120mm Film

**Taxidermy | Heather Bechtler**

Tiny clumps of hair

Once caramel in color

Crumbles beneath the lowest

Lair of pallid

Trampled dust.

A lump in the back of my throat

Rises as the bone shows.

Our teeth have clanked

Collided in battle, our hooves

Finger-less and delving, we were

Ambiguously a hiatus in the water-color

Sticky like honey whilst Satan licks up my spine.

Burning sweet like the water that runs from the Nile

Into the mouths of every little insensate frame and comatose sky

Lacklustre pallor only children could buy.