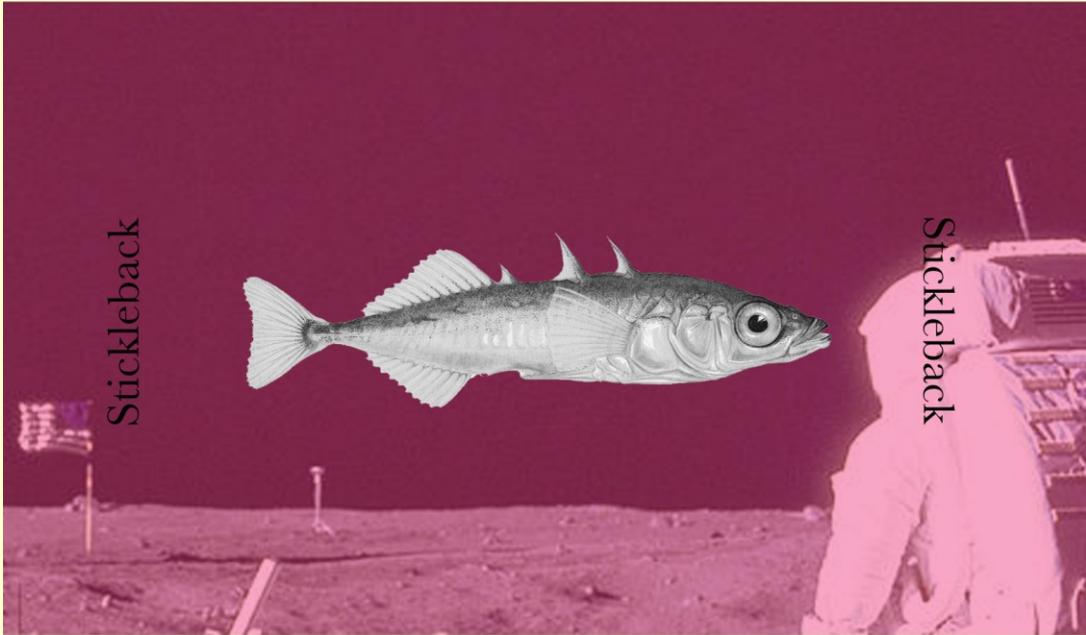




The Hedgehog Poetry Press



IF YOU BELIEVE THEY PUT A

*Man on the  
Moon*

£2  
Where Sold

*Stickleback*

IF YOU BELIEVE THEY PUT A

*Man on the Moon*

First published 2018 by The Hedgehog Poetry Press,  
5 Coppack House, Churchill Avenue, Clevedon. BS21 6QW

[www.hedgehogpress.co.uk](http://www.hedgehogpress.co.uk)

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ISSN 2631-4126

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## AC/DC

*Alternating Current versus Direct Current. New York in the 1880's and 1890's.*

### *Phil Santus*

It was a strange death, a significant death,  
Given safety standards an inevitable death.  
High above the crowd, the lineman stumbled,  
Grabbed the wire, convulsed and tumbled.  
Electric did what electric does,  
In accordance with the laws of physics.

The man is dead, the reporters said,  
A victim of technology and horribly dead.  
Across the land, the bad news rumbled,  
The people read, groaned and grumbled.  
Electric did what electric does,  
In accordance with the laws of physics.

He was a strange man, a difficult man,  
Tesla was creative and a brilliant man.  
Inside his lab, AC flourished.  
The idea was born, tried and nourished.  
Electric does what electric should,  
In accordance with the laws of physics.

In Edison's sight, DC was right.  
Dirty tricks and lawyers he employed in the fight.  
Truth to say, the great inventor  
Considered himself electricity's mentor.  
Electric does what electric should,  
In accordance with the laws of physics.

The condemned's not dead, the executioner said.  
We've given it our best, but he really isn't dead.  
In the electric chair, AC managed  
To hurt the man, not dead but damaged.  
Electric did what electric does,  
In accordance with the laws of physics.

Your business is dead, JPMorgan said.  
AC's more efficient and DC is dead.  
Inside that room, Edison was humbled.  
As money spoke, his empire crumbled.  
Electric did what electric does,  
In accordance with the laws of physics.

Edison lost. Tesla won.  
AC was set to run and run.  
Electric does what electric should,  
In accordance with the laws of physics.

## CENTURY 21

### *Oz Hardwick*

Morning brings the familiar disappointment  
of not wearing silver. It looked so cool  
in 60s Sci-Fi comics. Fooled  
by expectation, I rush to appointments  
unaided by instantaneous teleport.  
No breakfast pill, I'm delayed by muesli,  
then schoolkids glued to phones who should be  
shot, when "walkie-talkies," I thought,  
would carry messages of a shining age,  
not retro ringtones and the banal chat  
of zombies sporting hipster hats.  
My *Brave New World* fades on the page,  
erased by Tweet and text and soundbite.  
Gerry Anderson lied: the future's shite.

## VILLANELLE FOR THE MOON MEN

*Margaret Royall*

Those first three men who landed on the moon  
Were surely hoping they would all survive  
Their families hoped they'd fly home very soon

They showed great calm and strength, a massive boon  
Though privately they all feared for their lives  
Those first three men who landed on the moon

They listened to the radio's poignant tunes  
Reminding them of home, children and wives  
Their families hoped they'd fly home very soon

Sometimes to lift their mood they'd act the goon  
With playful space-manoevres, swerves and dives,  
Those first three men who landed on the moon

They gathered moon rocks lunar winds had strewn  
Ate food from tubes, no scope for forks or knives  
Their families hoped they'd fly home very soon

Job done they launched their craft through mist and gloom  
Like honey bees buzzing back to reach their hives  
Their families glad they'd flown back very soon....  
Those first three men who landed on the moon

## I WAS SEVENTEEN

*Ceinwen E. Cariad Haydon*

in love with night skies  
and walking home on city pavements  
after the last bus rumbled away  
reckless in bare feet ankle-twisty dance steps  
tiptoed in thrall to my hormones  
and self-touched dreams  
with triggered blush-rich images of star lovers  
who covered my nakedness  
with *Karma Sutra* blankets warm tantric and wise  
and quoted *Kahlil Gibran's* quested poems  
in time to *The Beatles'* mystic last-gasp heartbeats  
I almost missed Neil's giant leap  
distracted by small steps sexual swoons  
my body's response to July's magic moon

## MOON CRUST

*Matt Duggan*

Matchbox screen in pepper black  
Sugar white reflection in shadow of deepest space;  
Slowing walk on sandy plaster-board  
Repeated crater in planet of spotlight pebble;  
When star and stripe flags wavered on the moon  
Did we hear the second take?  
No earless astronaut smothered by Van Allen's radiation belt;  
We saw the paper moon  
a forged light like inner fuses of duped Aristides  
Camera jilts on lunar sets  
A landscape teased with earthbound clapper.  
If ever anyone does return  
Would they not see moon - cruisers  
In space crust the decoded remnants of Lunar two  
Spliced across rustic dust  
a shredded flag in red, white, and blue.

## DOWNHILL, BEACH WALK

*"nobody can take those footsteps I made  
on the surface of the moon away from me"*

Eugene Cernan

*Gaynor Kane*

Walking the beach at Downhill slant  
against strong wind. Everything slant - grasses,  
birds, spray from white horses, the hail when it comes.

Miles ahead and miles behind stretches fine cappuccino  
coloured sand. The churning sea has left a creamy foam.  
I lift one perfect side of razor shell to bring home.

What will you do with it when you go?  
Leave it behind; like a footprint, or blade in my heart?  
The signs say there have been no children here today.

Small patterns from Kittiwakes, Herring gulls,  
Gannets and Guillemots. Dogs and adults have left  
prints too. Hail has blurred the horizon.

On returning to the car I notice a path  
through the dunes; a total tapestry of treads  
and wonder if it's a genetic imprint

to leave our mark? In the grasses there are  
coffee cups, plastic bottles, torn rags,  
fishing wire, rope and plastic bags.

I think of Gene tramping the lunar landscape  
leaving stamps on astral ash. Man's last special  
steps on the surface of the moon.

If only all humans would only leave footprints behind.

## WHERE IS EVERYBODY?

*'Where is everybody?'*, Enrico Fermi, 1950. *The Fermi paradox is a conflict between the argument that scale and probability seem to favour intelligent life being common in the universe, and a total lack of evidence of intelligent life having ever arisen anywhere other than on the Earth.*

*Phil Santus*

Where is everybody, when we scan the universe?  
There's absence of a signal, and it couldn't be much worse.  
There's static on the waveforms, and the frequencies are bare,  
It tells to us a story that there's no one else out there.

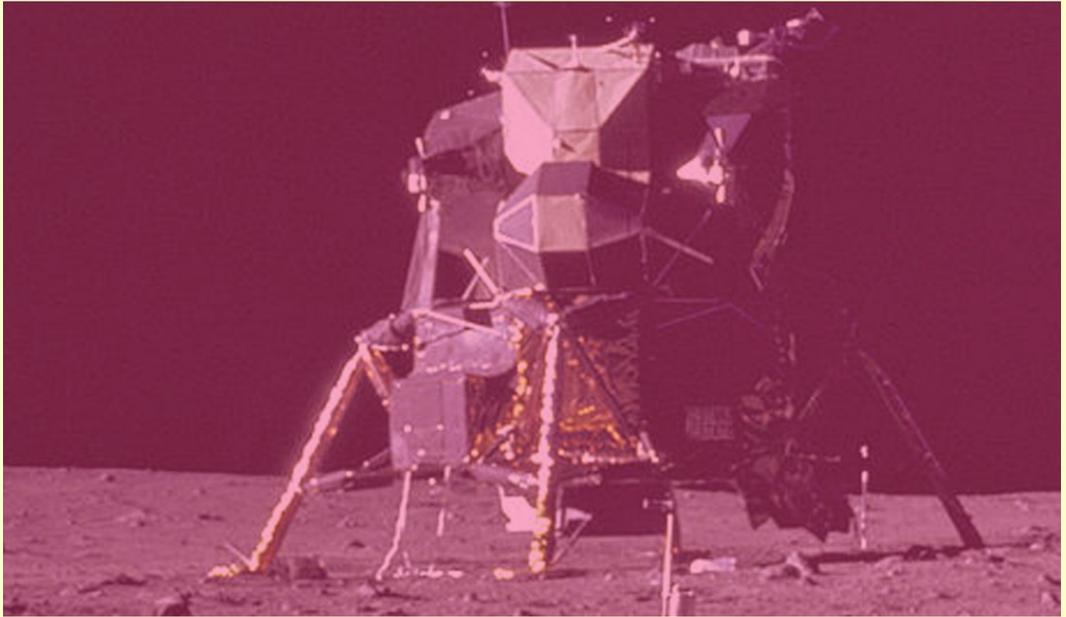
You'd think that with the billions and trillions of stars,  
There'd be beings singing pop songs and driving round in cars,  
Who'd be keen to get in contact with people like ourselves.  
The silence gets more curious the deeper that one delves.

Perhaps they're simply hiding or are difficult to find,  
Perhaps it's that they've realised we're selfish and unkind,  
Perhaps our Earth is special and is fortunate and rare.  
We'd better learn to love it if there's no one else out there.

Lonely is the human race, all alone in outer space.  
We've scanned the void and found no trace.  
Lonely is the human race.



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Colour: HarleyPaint Strawberry Crush Chrysler 1955/56

ISSN: 2631-4126