



CovWords Volume 11

ISSN 2397 – 7043 (Print)  
ISSN 2397 – 7051 (Online)

May 2020



*A Little Book of  
Creative Writing*

**Coventry**  
University



# Editors' Letter

## Published By:

Coventry University  
Priory St  
Coventry, CV1 5FB, UK.  
Main telephone no: + 44 (0) 24 7688 7688  
Main website: [www.coventry.ac.uk](http://www.coventry.ac.uk)

## CovWords Magazine:

Website: <https://covwords.coventry.domains>  
Instagram: @covwords  
Email: [bsx305@coventry.ac.uk](mailto:bsx305@coventry.ac.uk)

## Editorial Team:

Yasmine Bywater  
Rae Davis  
Kathryn Eato  
Jordan Franklin  
Tom Hughes  
Raisah Hussain  
Shelby Jones  
Prabhjot Kaur  
Rachel McAllister  
Alyson Morris  
Shaun McKenzie  
Thomas Ramsay-Smith  
Jake Salter

## Design Team:

Dhruvi Malik  
Kelsey Breeze  
Ivan Ruskov

## Art By:

Dhruvi Malik  
Kelsey Breeze  
Ivan Ruskov  
Tiegan Magill  
Elaine Chan  
Keila Sousa

## Disclaimer:

Any opinions expressed by a contributor are their personal views and do not reflect the views of Coventry University or any employee thereof. The fact that Coventry University's images are used shall not be considered as an endorsement of the University. Coventry University is not responsible for the accuracy of any of the information supplied by the contributors. Any story characters are fictional and bear no resemblance to living people. Any similarities are coincidental. Copyright in each separate contribution to the collective work is distinct from copyright in the collective work and is vested in the author of the contribution. Unauthorised reproduction of any part of this publication is prohibited. Copyright Coventry University 2020.

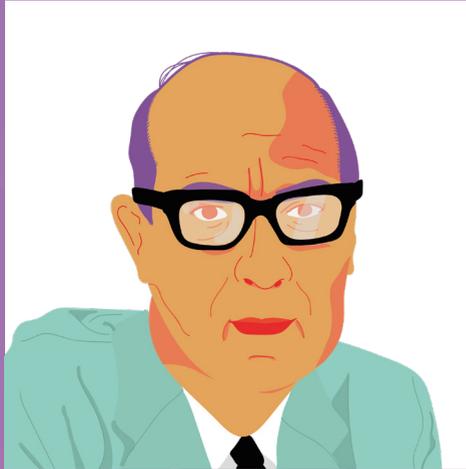
As you are probably aware, Coventry was awarded the title City of Culture for the year 2021, and this year's edition of CovWords magazine celebrates that achievement by showcasing the creative talent of Coventry University students and alumni. So many impressive submissions have come through this year, making this issue a joy to put together, and we'd like to thank every person who sent in their pieces. Special thanks are due to this year's design team, who have worked hard to help us produce what we think is one of the most beautiful editions of

CovWords so far, and the first year team, who have worked tirelessly to set up the online version of CovWords. A big thank you also to Alyson Morris and Lyle Weir, whose guidance has been invaluable, and the wonderful editorial team who made this a possibility.

Hope you enjoy the issue!

Rachel McAllister and Prabhjot Kaur  
Senior Editors 2020

# Contents



*Philip Larkin*

## Poems

- 6. **Coventry**  
By Kathryn Eato
- 7. **Night Lights**  
By Godswill Ezeonyeka
- 8. **Amora**  
By Sefora Moreira
- 9. **Sevilla**  
By Sefora Moreira
- 10. **Ascending**  
By Yolanda Fenlon
- 11. **Homesickness**  
By Sofia Furtado
- 12. **Blind**  
By Sefora Moreira
- 13. **The Phoenix City**  
By Claudine Geraghty

- 14. **Moths**  
By Rae Davis
- 15. **The Bogeyman**  
By Kathryn Eato
- 16. **Shapeless**  
By Rae Davis
- 17. **My Mima**  
By Shaun Mckenzie
- 18. **The Seventh Day**  
By Rae Davis
- 19. **Everything or Nothing**  
By Raisah Hussain
- 20. **A Blue Petite of Innocuous Red**  
By Aksshata Goel
- 21. **The Medieval Building**  
By Aarushi Shetty
- 22. **Journey**  
By Anisa Noreen Afsar
- 23. **Shining**  
By Kiran Balani
- 24. **The Covenant of Angels**  
By Sebastian Dunn
- 25. **Epiphany**  
By Susan Anderson



*George Elliot*

## Short Stories

- 28. **Corrupted**  
By Jordan Franklin
- 32. **Bittersweet**  
By Prabhjot Kaur
- 34. **Kya's Garden**  
By Shelby Jones
- 36. **Angela**  
By Sebastian Dunn
- 38. **The Stalking of Hewie Louise**  
By Christian Van Kemenade



*Graham Joyce*

## Flash Fiction

- 42. **Memories**  
By Jordan Franklin
- 43. **Situation Flowers**  
By Emma Evans
- 44. **Somewhere Between Cornflower and Cobalt**  
By E.L. Harrison
- 46. **Missed Connection**  
By Susan Anderson
- 47. **A tale of Sentience**  
By Eulalie Tangka
- 49. **Page Turner**  
By Raisah Hussain
- 50. **The Starry Night**  
By Prabhjot Kaur
- 51. **Starlight Star Bright**  
By Shaun Mckenzie

# Poems



*Philip Larkin*

# Coventry

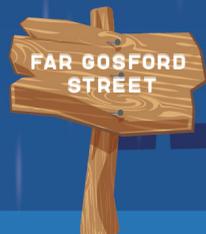
By Kathryn Eato

I like the city when it storms,  
When the pavements are all soaking wet-  
When the city is bathed in lights of varying forms  
With streets of cobbled jet.

In the middle of a downpour,  
In the middle of Far Gosford street,  
People rush right by me, slipping through shop doors.  
I don't really mind it, for that's why I'm here.  
To find the city's heartbeat,

Its throbbing heart is here.

Amongst the fallen rain,  
Its people tell its story: a history of blood, sweat and grit;  
That the time of industry and manufacturing is over, long since washed away by the rain.  
For this city's spirit cannot be contained; it's a working city that will and can shed a tear.  
We will remember those who brought us here and never forget  
And that's not a threat but a promise to be fulfilled yet.



# Night Lights

By Godswill Ezeonyeka

Open the doors of the pubs  
And discover the song of the night;  
It hides in the silence outside.  
Who knew Coventry hosted such sites?

Cheers to a night of fun:  
Hasten to the Hastings, the game has already begun.  
Quench your thirst on Castle Grounds;  
See Coventry's culture all around.

Just around the corner we are all blokes;  
The night shows we are all cut from the same cloth.  
Put some quids in at the Quids Inn;  
There is more to see if you look within.





## Amora

By Sefora Moreira

On my way home, I observe the landscape through the train's window. Some of my favorite moments with you play in my mind. Dirty dishes in the sink, two bottles of beer thrown away, another one on its way. Two bodies, two decks of cards, two pairs of eyes on each other. The scent of a candle, that was found in the corner, vibes in the air; light is low, only the flame of melting love is brightening the scene. Outside the moon rises in the sky and, down on the coast, soft beach waves are heard. Inside, a hand stands empty; no cards, game over! Lips hit the illicit substance - inhaled feelings, exhaled smoke - a smile is ripped. A new game begins and through the night, emotions are played with, all cards on the table.

## Sevilla

By Sefora Moreira

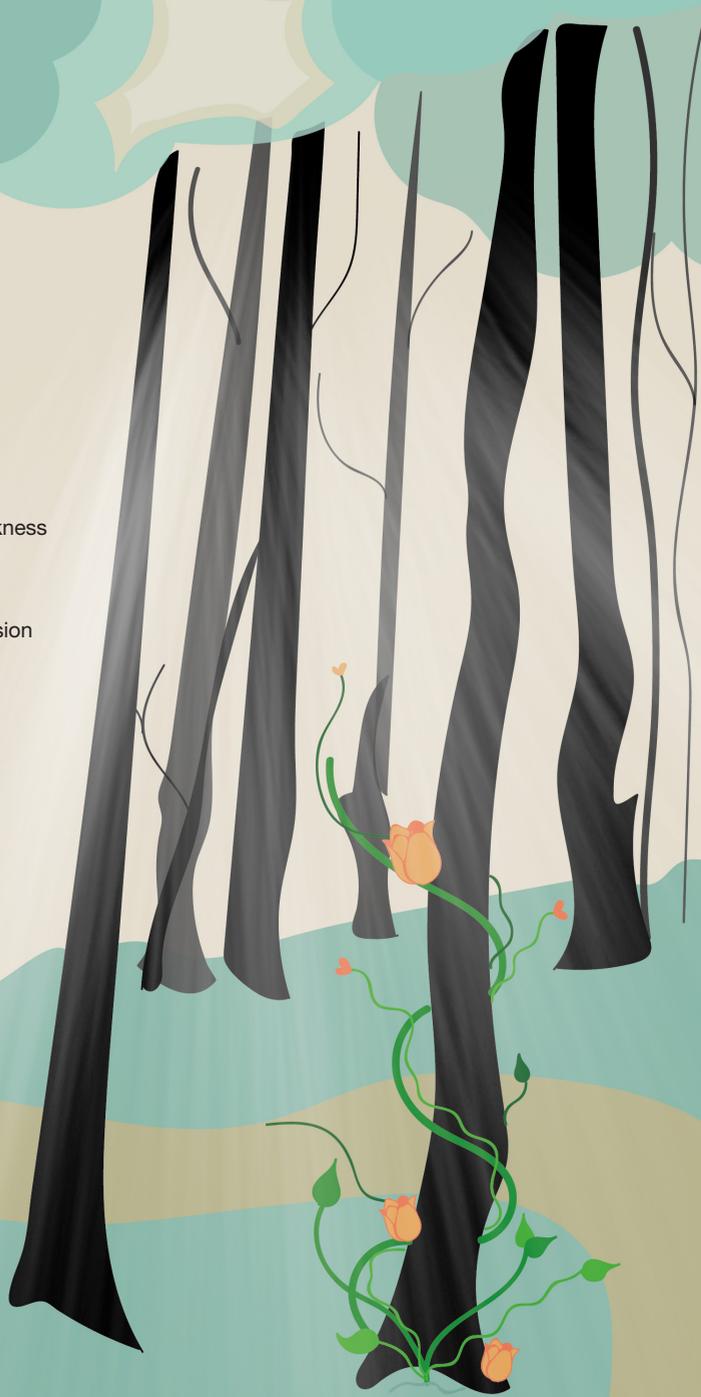
No thoughts on leaving each other, the time or place. It felt like full joy! Buildings painted in latte shade, tight streets like a body ready to feel new emotions. Sun bright as the shine in their eyes: love radiating, hands on each other's, fingers intertwined. Lustful breeze, delicious views, tasteful paths. Enjoyable pain, swollen feet, sweaty forehead. Back resting in a cotton candy bed: ears listening to the beat of his heart, tip toes running down her hair - real life shaped into a fairy tale. Stoned dreams of lucid teens, playing with feelings by all means. Discovering life through all places, in a magical city, for its traces: Sevilla to all graces!



# Ascending

By Yolanda Fenlon

We are flowers  
and strength of generations  
flowers, strength  
empowered by the laws of nature  
rise through soil  
broken pavements  
and climb to new heights  
creating changes.  
Patience?  
Lying down beneath the grounds  
why should they claim us?  
Bursting out of ourselves  
Splitting through the ceiling of darkness  
the source of light can shine onto  
the Sons and Daughters,  
reaching out to a new dimension.  
Elements attempt to kill our ascension  
Trampling down  
on the beauty of creation  
trying to Poison the roots  
but the Sun,  
the Sun cannot be moved  
just like the truth.  
The great rain falls  
Love still calls  
and many more seeds lie waiting.



# Homesickness

By Sofia Furtado

I have been craving warmth in foreign streets,  
Smoking all my days away,  
Stumbling on a panoply of old deceits.

And as the day rises, the cycle repeats,  
An exiled heart fights its decay.  
I have been craving warmth in foreign streets.

Inside my chest echo fading beats,  
Silenced by an impatient stay,  
Stumbling on a panoply of old deceits.

I kiss my collection of new defeats,  
Even the ones I do not dare to display.  
I have been craving warmth in foreign streets.

The coldness that my spirit depletes  
And for all the sins that I have to pay,  
Stumbling on a panoply of old deceits.

Dusty memories command the beats  
Of what nostalgia has to say.  
I have been craving warmth in foreign streets,  
Stumbling on a panoply of old deceits.



# Blind

by Sefora Moreira

My heart mourns. It depicts boulders of lies on balmy times, when I would waste spittle on telling you how much you meant to me. Bitter love of you, bold love for you; sweet but sour tears trying to patch rusty feelings with raw anger, a reflection of happiness that tended to wither throughout hard times abreast myself. Working on making you mellow when you wouldn't change a thing, only becoming a gale, storming my mind. Today I only have decaying memories I'm sweeping away along with your shadow.

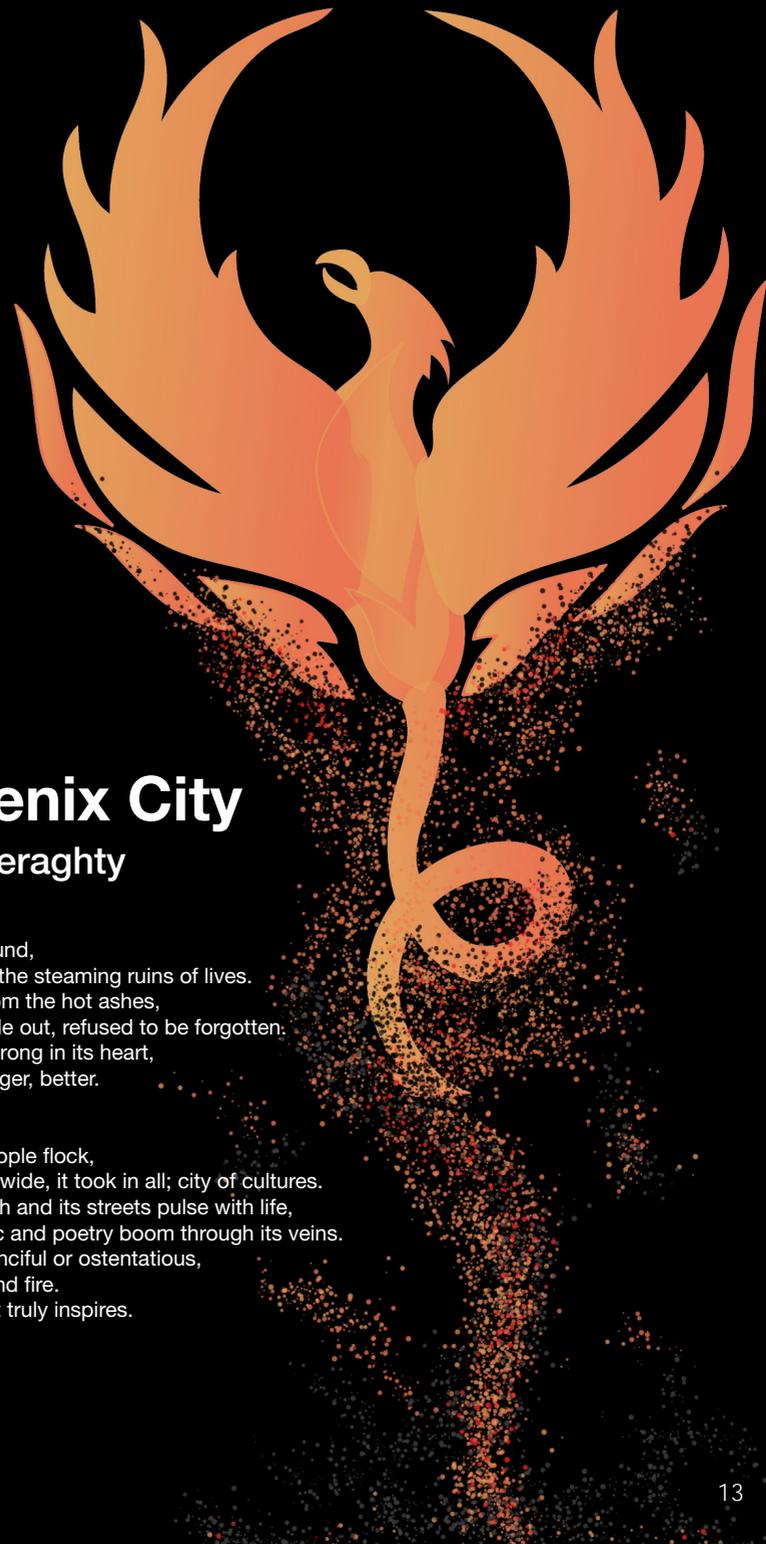


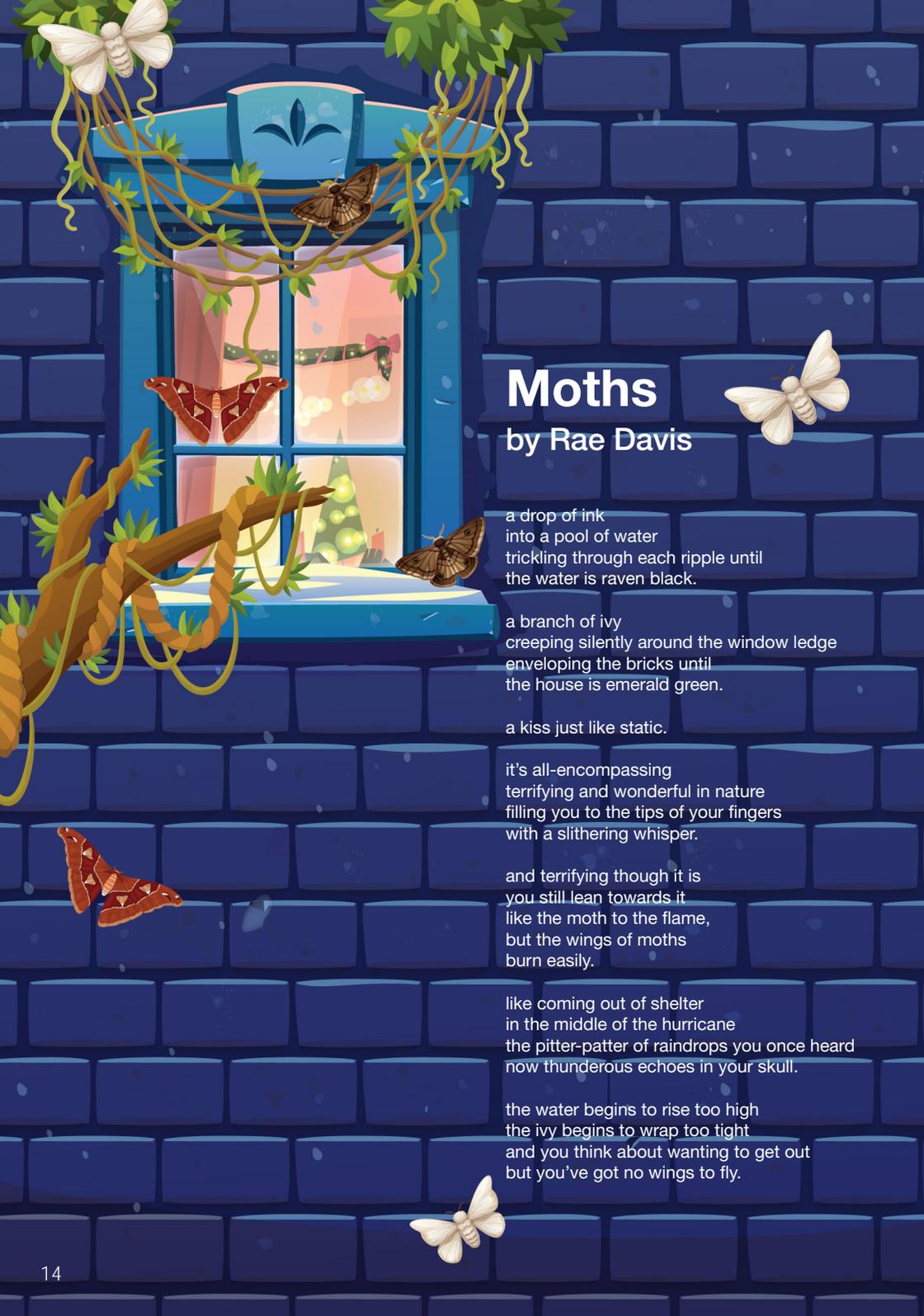
# The Phoenix City

By Claudine Geraghty

Once scorched to the ground,  
Only embers left, sizzling; the steaming ruins of lives.  
Like the phoenix it rose from the hot ashes,  
Rebuilt itself from the inside out, refused to be forgotten.  
A fire remained, burning strong in its heart,  
Propelling it onward to bigger, better.  
Alive now more than ever.

From around the world people flock,  
And with its wings spread wide, it took in all; city of cultures.  
Today its grasp towers high and its streets pulse with life,  
Industry, history, art, music and poetry boom through its veins.  
A hub of modernity, not fanciful or ostentatious,  
Made from bricks, earth and fire.  
The Phoenix City; one that truly inspires.





## Moths

by Rae Davis

a drop of ink  
into a pool of water  
trickling through each ripple until  
the water is raven black.

a branch of ivy  
creeping silently around the window ledge  
enveloping the bricks until  
the house is emerald green.

a kiss just like static.

it's all-encompassing  
terrifying and wonderful in nature  
filling you to the tips of your fingers  
with a slithering whisper.

and terrifying though it is  
you still lean towards it  
like the moth to the flame,  
but the wings of moths  
burn easily.

like coming out of shelter  
in the middle of the hurricane  
the pitter-patter of raindrops you once heard  
now thunderous echoes in your skull.

the water begins to rise too high  
the ivy begins to wrap too tight  
and you think about wanting to get out  
but you've got no wings to fly.

# The Bogeyman

By Kathryn Eato

I shan't speak his name aloud,  
I shan't tell a soul,  
I always shut my drawers at night and look behind my door,  
I cross my fingers tightly and always count to ten,  
I toss and turn inside my sheets,  
Fearing he's beneath the bed.  
In. out. In. out,  
The patterns still the same,  
There's footsteps on the landing and warped shadows on the floor,  
Tick. Tock. Tick. Tock.  
I know he's there; I know he is,  
I wish he'd go away,  
But you can't escape the bogeyman,  
Or so, my mother says.  
Oh no, I said his name out loud,  
Stay tucked inside your beds,  
For the bogeyman is prowling,  
All about the town this night.



# Shapeless

By Rae Davis

Whenever she saw a mirror  
she'd walk past as quickly as possible.  
But this time, she caught a glimpse in the  
reflection in the downtown shopping centre  
and turned to face it head on.

The image distorted.  
Contorted with a fierce deliberateness,  
as though it knew she wouldn't  
like what she would see  
and was trying to protect her somehow.

She huffed and turned to look  
at all the other shapes, moving  
and fitting with a togetherness that  
she'd never understand, with their perpendicular  
angles and equal lengths.

It made her sick.  
She looked down to where everyone  
else seemed to have hands,  
and saw nothing but misshapen lumps  
protruding from her torso,  
and the more she stared the

further away

they appeared  
until they were just specs  
in the distance,  
and she had to look back up because  
she was starting to get dizzy.



# My Mima

By Shaun Mckenzie

An untouched myriad of majesty,  
First to final aria interests pique:  
Your essence transcends truth and fantasy,  
Social mutation breeding tragedy.

Perfectly shaped, vermillion-stained lips,  
A porcelain rose figure in the spotlight,  
Swaying side to side, hypnotising hips,  
Deflower her luscious flesh, just one bite.

Cardinal-drenched erotic pleasure,  
Jet locks of eternal brilliance,  
Her quaint honour I will disassemble,  
Despite your consistent resilience.

Just as my Mima, the real one, had said  
Unchaste imposter, I shall make you dead.



# The Seventh Day

by Rae Davis

I sat in the rain last night  
and talked to God.  
I saw tiny droplets on his frail fingertips  
and as he smoked his cigarette,  
he cried.

It has been a full moon for  
five nights straight.  
He said, "I wish I could die,  
but they need me now."  
And his exhale became the clouds.

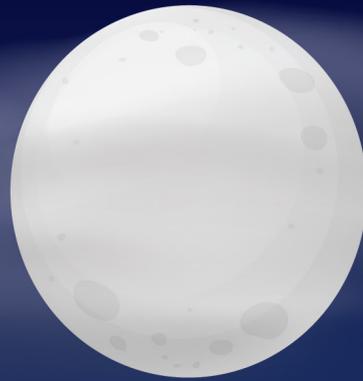
Autumn hues of brown and gold,  
Insect legs down my spine.  
A heavy thump, somewhere,  
in my chest.  
And the damp mist a blindfold.

Was I ever awake?  
Did I sleep this whole time?  
I never saw the blood of children  
or heard the cries of the lonely.  
I never once looked at the slaughterhouse.

God sobs quietly  
with his head in his hands and  
his corrupted creation before him.  
The disease and the death  
he began in six days.

And my cheeks hurt from the grin  
as he raises his fists  
and a crack of lightning splits the Earth into two.  
He falls to his knees  
and curses his life.

And I lean back in relief.  
The seventh day of rest.



# Everything or Nothing

by Raisah Hussain

Anxiety is a nagging feeling.

That feeling of regret  
and hopelessness.

It's always telling you:  
"You can't do this."  
"You can't fight this."

It's screaming and you don't know  
what you're even doing.  
You're crying in the corner,  
shaking all over.

But that's not always the case.  
There are those moments,  
moments you have with your head held up high,  
where your heart beams and you feel you  
can do anything.

So, do anything.  
Do everything.



# A Blue Petite of Innocuous Red

By Aksshay Goel

A blue petite of innocuous red,  
Slither-a-swish in prerequisite dread,  
Onto a sombre stream unto well-worn  
Candent sighs of the riverbed.

Ogre beasts and mice so bold  
Never settled his appetite of old.  
Dark was the alcove, but darker still  
Was a blue petite of innocuous gold.

Twice where there was one,  
Once where there were none.  
Shimmer-a-swish a new body,  
A blue petite of innocuous auburn.



# The Medieval Stone Building

By Aarushi Shetty

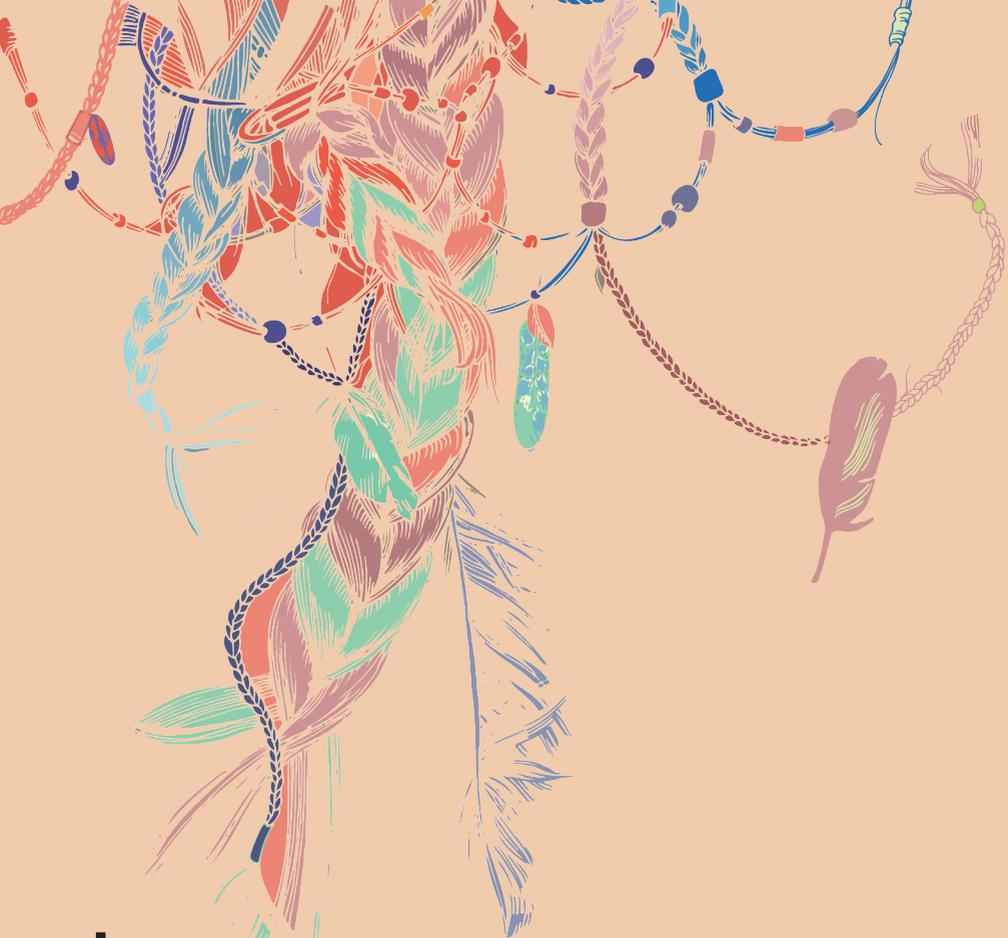
A bare dollhouse,  
Hiding a secret history.

The cobbled floor covered in moss,  
Masked the footsteps,  
From the ghost of the past.  
The pillars and bars,  
That once held this house,  
Have long gone, leaving a concave mark.  
The archway and doors have been filled,  
With red sandstones concealing a room.  
It's a world hiding within ours,  
In line with our eyes,  
Yet out of sight.

An unidentified ruin,  
Found on Much Park Street,  
Coventry.

The Blitz that destroyed this city,  
Had uncovered a marvel so uncanny.  
Amidst the rebuilt town,  
Stands a structure from the thirteenth/fourteenth century.  
Was it a merchant's quarter?  
Or did it belong to the Whitefriars Chapel?  
In this open, airy building, it seems  
Its secrets would never unravel.





# Journey

By Anisa Noreen Afsar

Language astounds me, as it escapes me.  
It lies only to present an appearance formulated,  
On those cultivated in modernity,  
A modernity where a strand of hair is categorized, 1b, 2c, 3b, 4a.

These roots remain sublime, as do the words.  
My thick braid still claims culture,  
The ironed mane given to neighbouring sisters,  
A situation where I stand in between, watching the still locks.

From one town to the next, skipping stones that roar.  
It often shows me a slither of the canal boats,  
the distortion of congealed novelty.  
But soon cobble gave beauty to the frame of a belief,

As laughable as my claim to it,  
I'm coloured yellow and the pistons are in bloom.

# Shining

By Kiran Balan

Look up at the night sky,  
when you feel like you need to cry,  
you'll see a million stars  
and a big bright moon,  
all shining up in the sky for you.

Hold up your palm,  
let your tears fall on it, slam.  
Look through the drops  
and then you'll see  
an entire universe,  
stars, light and the sea.

Put your palm to your mouth,  
take your universe in,  
put a smile on your face,  
don't let your conquerors win.

Look up at the night sky,  
at the million stars and the moon,  
look at how they are all  
shining up for you.



# The Covenant of Angels

by Sebastian Dunn

The housing for a home's encumbrance  
the attic

My arrival unrecalable  
a detail overshadowed by the door above  
a small set of stairs, they welcome me  
the beings radiant-fleshed  
with arms outstretched  
promising to tear the self from the  
arrest of function  
A rest from all stress of labour  
of which all bears it down on me

The covenant of angels  
with kind and sublime faces  
I have to believe are behind  
the masks of brilliance  
have sensed a lack of alacrity  
deem it cured only by absolution  
from instrumentality  
A dispossession of instrument  
from the blighted ego  
now to re-begin amongst  
the denizens of where the free go

I don't know why but I can't see  
what the blinding light could hold for me  
I'm unable to imagine the bliss evangelists promise  
The embrace of grace awaits  
But I'm afraid  
I hesitate



# Epiphany

by Susan Anderson

A journey like no other,  
We know them as Magi,  
Nativity introductions, antique names,  
What value today?  
Their jewelled silk garbs fluttered in the breeze,  
Against the ink blue night cool desert skies  
As diamond stud stars mapped the way,  
As camels crossed the sandy seas,  
Did their regal passengers question, did they dread?  
What conversations passed their lips?  
What to believe?  
What will we see?  
Will it be golden and glittering?  
Will we know it is he?  
At the lowly manger they knelt  
Before the babe of love and hope.  
No fanfare, no peeling of bells, no Las Vegas side show.  
The shepherds came despite their fear.  
Together they believed  
So why don't we?  
To turn back time,  
To be in that stable,  
To make the journey,  
To see the angels.  
What would we have said?  
And as those camels turned for the journey home  
Did the magi ask themselves was that really the son of God?





# Short Stories

*George Elliot*

# Corrupted

By Jordan Franklin

Was something wrong here? No, it was all wrong. Nothing was following the plan. I narrowed my eyes and glared at the nearby surfaces. I glanced at my watch.

Then it hit me: the place was dusty. But it was 7:00pm: Where are the cleaning drones? They're supposed to be here. It's right here on the app.

I growled out of annoyance. I just need to check the settings; it could just be a small fixable fault and then it'll never happen again. With a snarl, I stormed over to the Home Hub.

"System diagnosis required," I demanded.

"Inquiry recognised."

"Where are the cleaning drones? They're ten minutes late."

"Your Home Hub is experiencing technical difficulties."

"What does that mean?"

"Your Home Hub is rebooting, please standby."  
"For how long?"

"Your Home Hub is experiencing technical difficulties."

"How long do I have to wait?" I growled through gritted teeth.

"Your Home Hub is rebooting, please standby."

I glanced down at my watch, measuring the time until I had to meet Jane at the Drunken Horse Inn. It had been sixth months' worth of attempting to pluck up the courage and right on the eve of fruition, Jane asked me on a date. I had been rather taken back by her question. I thought I was miles behind her league and had never actually expected her to agree to a date. So, for Jane to actually ask me out for a drink was a shock. That night I had rushed home to tell my Home Hub about the date. It was rather nice about the whole thing, massaging my

ego and convincing me that on the inside and outside I was "serviceable".

Naturally, the week had crawled along, the nights afterwards sleepless and the digital clocks in the bedroom slowing with every second. And then today. Work first though. it slipped away. A bottomless feeling hit my stomach. Then I was home. Completely at sea with what to do. My Home Hub stepped in, once again offering the guidance and reassurance, like a good friend. It set tasks to be completed, offered advice on clothing and made the night seem less daunting.

And now this.

"How long is this going to take?"

"Your Home Hub is experiencing technical difficulties."

"Why? You were fine earlier?"

"Your Home Hub is rebooting, please standby."

The screen flickered; the home symbol lagged before jolting across the display up into the corner. Then a large loading circle faded into existence, slowly circling, accompanied by the repeated phrases.

A groan pressed itself out of my mouth as I rubbed my hands together.

"Of course you'd do this! You'd pick now, the most important day of my life to do this!"

I spun on my heel and stamped away to the sofa across the room. I'd make a quick call to Jane. It's no big deal, I thought, just call her, tell her that there's something funky going on with the Home System and I'll be a little late. There's no problem with that as long as I let her know with time in advance.

I snatched the phone from the coffee table. I slid my thumb up, unlocking the device and scrolling through contacts to find Jane's number. After a second, the contact leapt up at me. I pressed down hard.

A dial tone cried out for just a moment before it was abruptly ended. Then an error message jumped on the phone.

I swore under my breath. I tried again. Nothing. I tried the maintenance people. The call couldn't get through. It disconnected straight away.

"What the- Work, god-dammit, work!"

One more time.

Disconnected.

A flash of burning anger flared deep inside; my nails bit down sharply on my left hand while my right hand's grip tightened on the phone. The phone sailed through the air and smashed into the glass partition separating the living room and the dining area. Silence. The glass fractured. The digital interface built within the glass flashed and glitched as the light could no longer refract properly. Then the glass began to cascade down in slow motion, shivering and flowing like molten metal as each individual piece was claimed by gravity. The shards built up speed, hitting the tiled floor so hard they bounced back up and embedded deep into nearby surfaces.

A single sob tore from my throat. More followed.

Later. The screens had long since died; the lights were going out. Slowly, each would flicker and stutter until they'd pop. The cycle would repeat again with a new lightbulb until it exploded, showering glass down onto the floor.

This made cleaning the wound harder. It had happened while I had been cleaning up the shards of glass. The automated cleaning had developed a fault. It had repeatedly rammed itself into the wall nearest its charging pad until it stopped, a crackling noise emanating from the shattered remains. I had been too clumsy with the impulses to clean and then it had been too late. Now a blood-soaked bandage was tied around the deep cut, desperately trying to hold back the flow while I tried to think of other ways of getting the message out. It had to be soon; I don't think the wound could heal itself without any type of medical assistance.

The Home Hub had failed to reboot. Instead, it had taken out the other systems: communications, hot water and gas. The only thing left was the electricity, but even that was fading now. The appliances in the kitchen had gone haywire, performing their functions randomly and shutting down, permanently. I have food; however, I'd burn through that in no time.

Let's worry about that later; I've got to figure out what to do now.

I knew I wouldn't be doing much more. The mother of all headaches pounded away in my head; the lightness of my limbs left me feeling wrung out like a damp cloth.

I knew it could be a bad idea to sleep. Having lost a lot of blood and still bleeding; it was possible I wouldn't wake up again.

I couldn't help it. I dove onto the nearest segment of the circular sofa and let the blackness soak through my eyes and into my brain.

It was dark. The lights were gone. Storm clouds had rolled in, obscuring any sense of time while water streaked down the glass wall. The view that looked out into the city down below had been smudged into a smear of colours. Small flashes of light jumped and danced on the stool which lay discarded from my attempts to smash through the glass doors. I hoped the balcony would be my freedom. It proved to not be the case.

The Home Hub interface in the curving metal hallway was the only source of light left. I sat in front of it. I wanted some of the light. It was a reminder of the comforts this place had once held. It was a broken curving cold mass that had become a shell of its former self.

I tried to ignore the image on the display. The same loading symbol from when everything went to hell. It sat on the screen, circling and circling. The monitor would flicker and crackle, the same two lines would issue from the speakers.

"Your Home Hub is rebooting, please standby."

"Shut up, please shut up," my voice cracked, and a dry sob caught in my throat.

"Your Home Hub is experiencing technical difficulties."

"Please."

"Your Home Hub is rebooting, please standby."

I noticed the little home icon had disappeared; it was rather ironic. A sharp sting pricked behind

my eyes and then the tears began to flow. A source of warmth. Everything blurred and for a moment there was comfort in that. Then I caught sight of it again. That circle made of lines, slowly spinning, never faltering in its journey of futility. Forever spinning and never getting anywhere.

Then it hit me with a startling solidarity. I was the circle, I was spinning, trying to complete my task, to escape, but I never would. It was an exercise of futility.

Oh God. No, no, NO! This can't - it can't be like this.

"STOP IT!" I scabbled for the nearest stool at the island counter and swung at the screen.

"Let me out! Let me out! Let ME OUT!"

The steel stool connected with the screen; a dull thud rattled the components. The force of the blow flung it back, nearly sending me reeling. A snarl pushed past bloody gums as I tried again. A dull thud came each time. The Home Hub squawked the same lines over and over. It cracked, a thin webbing distorting the circle but never severing its path. It continued on doggedly, never slowing, never speeding up and never stopping.

A shrill scream tore its way through my throat. I clutched at my hair, tearing chunks away from the scalp. It died down after the pain dulled. I turned around. That was a mistake. It was everywhere. It had spread beyond that little square in the wall. It made up the furniture, the ornaments of the room and the walls.

I was down to my final threads of sanity. I fell to the ground and began to rock, hugging myself, trying to hold the pieces of myself together. It was everywhere: I couldn't escape it. The threads snapped.

Where did they go? I know they were here. They wouldn't escape from me.

"Come out. Come out wherever you are."

The giggle in the room rose to a cackle.

"I know you're here. Somewhere."

I saw them. In the broken glass. I dropped to my knees. The heavy instrument in my hand,

ready to smash those small eternities. I attacked. Listen to the screams. To the satisfying crunch of each circle's death. Each image ground to dust. There was hope. I could escape. I just wanted to... I just wanted to... what did I want? I can't remember. I don't know. Help me.

I crawled along the blackened carpet, there were more circles retreating. They were prepared. They had a secret weapon. Swarms of dust billowed up, filling the air, choking everything.

"Filthy. Absolutely filthy. Home Hub clean it up. CLEAN IT. IT'S FILTHY."

"Sir? Sir, can you hear me?"

The hammer came down, delivering the final blow. The army of circles lay slain. This was a moment of triumph. Fatigue finally kicked in. I fell down into the dust. A grunt of pain slipped past my lips. Embedded into the palm of my hand, jutted a piece of glass reflecting despite the crimson pooling from the jagged cut.

Something came from the foggy depths of my mind, a great truth.

The circles didn't live on the glass. They lived on me. This face, my face, this body, my body. It was covered in them. While I had been smashing them from the room, I hadn't noticed them creep onto me, spreading, contaminating.

"We're going to get you out! There's a virus affecting the Home Hub system. It's been causing catastrophic failures across the building, but this is the worst we've seen all week."

Slick with blood, my hand skidded toward the knife and clasped onto it. With slow moments and bated breath, I brought it closer to my face and gazed at it.

"We're sorry it took this long, we had you scheduled to be out last Friday. If we had known you were still in there, we'd have got you out earlier."

Two green circles. Two green circles in my eyes.

They'd got me. They'd got ME!

What do I do? What do I DO!

"Open the door, John! He's lost it in there. We can help you!"

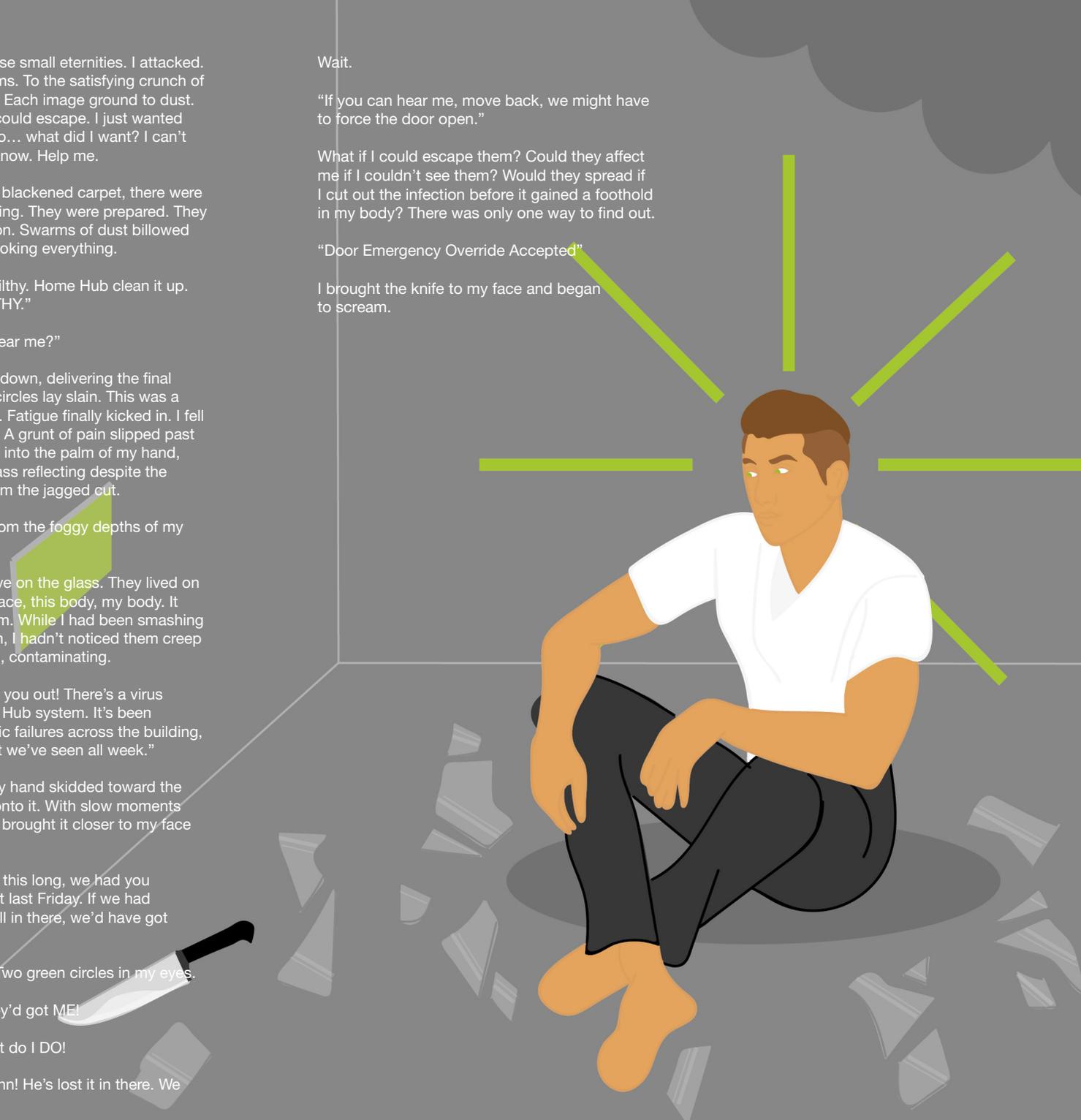
Wait.

"If you can hear me, move back, we might have to force the door open."

What if I could escape them? Could they affect me if I couldn't see them? Would they spread if I cut out the infection before it gained a foothold in my body? There was only one way to find out.

"Door Emergency Override Accepted"

I brought the knife to my face and began to scream.





# Bittersweet

By Prabhjot Kaur

I was nineteen and he was forty-five when we first met. We found each other on Facebook, as you do, and three days of incessant messaging later, we agreed to meet at a bar in a nearby town, not wanting to be seen together closer to home. Better if no one finds out. Better to be cautious, right?

I remember dancing around my room, whooping, giddy with joy that some luck had finally struck me. Tonight, I would be meeting him, to-night. Yes.

As seven p.m. drew closer, my stomach tied and untied itself into knots. Variations of the same scene played and replayed in my mind: what if I did or said something stupid? What if he didn't like me? Worse still, what if I didn't like him? Such thoughts hissed through my stream of consciousness as I watched the sun dip in and out of clouds in a sky already darkening towards night.

Soon, it was time to get ready. I stripped, showered, scrubbed away at the old scars. And then the girl in the mirror told me, don your new persona. So, I did. Legs first and then arms slipped into a black dress. Lips were painted red.

In the hallway, I bumped into Mum.

Oh, honey, she gasped, you look beautiful.

Thanks, Mum. I smiled, my cheeks warming to her compliments. She assumed I was dating; I didn't think there was any harm in letting her think so. Besides, it was an affair of sorts that we were having.

The journey there was a blur. But, then, so was much of the evening. I remember getting to

the bar before him and drinking enough to make the room swoon and wondering, when he finally made an appearance, why he was swaying his way to our table.

We ordered more drinks; time melted. My lips flowed with liquor-laced tales that may or may have not been true. We talked about our lives and the people we loved and the people we missed. Especially the ones we missed. Our absent heroes. I named him one of mine and watched him shift with unease under my gaze, twisting his wedding band. But I didn't care at that point, I had licked my wounds and now my drunk tongue wanted to spit the debris back out at him.

He asked about Mum; I asked about his wife and kids. They bothered me then, but not so much now.

By the end of the night, I was intoxicated by the promise of the love of a man whose absence I had been feeling my whole life.

The next day, although I awoke with a head as heavy as bricks, I noticed the birds were singing and a slight smile tugged at my lips.

Years passed. He dived in and out of my shores as he pleased, a merman gracefully weaving his way between land and sea, this life and that. It was a surprise he managed.

We were supposed to be meeting tonight, but he was a no-show. Again. Not even a text to let me know he couldn't make it. I decided to celebrate at the bar with my favourite brand of poison.

An attractive redhead stood waiting at the counter; arrays of empty glasses discarded before her. She smiled as I approached with

lips the kind that men fantasise about at night. I smiled back, ordered my drink, and thought of the ways I wanted to teach him a lesson, but men like him don't care enough to suffer.

The redhead giggled, and then laughed harder. I chanced a glance and saw that he had made an appearance. Dancing a funny dance as he made his way towards the bar; he was the one making her laugh. Had he forgotten all about me? Or was she his entertainment while he waited for me earlier?

Our eyes met briefly, a quick nod in my direction, and then his attention was back to the redhead. In one swift move, he swept her up and spun her around as she begged him to stop through giggles. It was hard escaping his charisma.

I wondered if he met all his young endeavours here.

The funny thing is, I remember thinking that day, the very first time we met, that maybe if I made myself look pretty enough it would make him want to stay. After all, Mum had let herself go and that's why Dad had left.

God, I was so naïve.

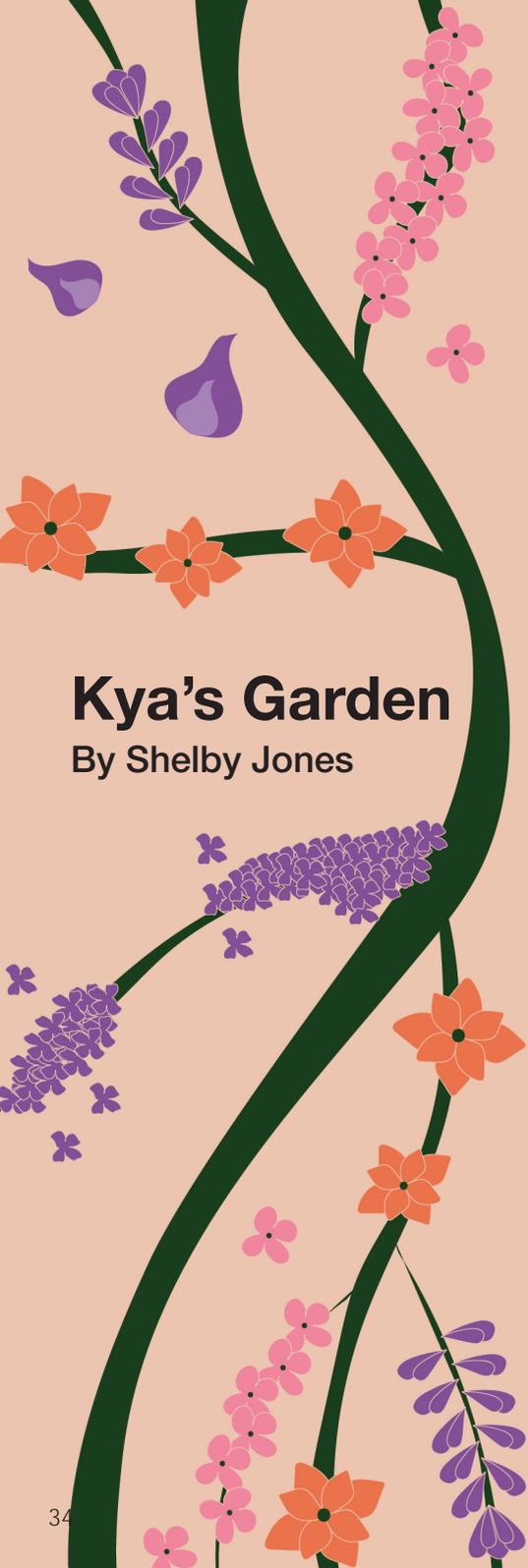
The bartender approached.

The same, I said. Anything to numb the pain. Moments later, a crystal glass slid my way.

Look at him playing with her hair.

I swirled the poison in my cup, knuckles white with rage.

Thought you were better than this, Dad.



# Kya's Garden

By Shelby Jones

Steamed milk blossomed from the metal jug and swept past Kya's face, warming his nostrils and making his hair itch. The white liquid bubbled as the underside warmed.

Next to Kya, Marian and her husband waited. "You smell beautiful," she said. "Doesn't he smell beautiful, Hal?"

Hal waved his credit card over the machine, meeting his wife's gaze after the beep. "As long as he's snappy with my brew."

"What, Hal?"

"Doesn't matter how he smells," he said. "I just want a decent drink."

"I s'pose, but I couldn't help it. He's like a walking greenhouse."

"He's a barista, Millie."

Marian rose up on her tiptoes, pressing her palms onto the counter and leaning into the barista. She closed her eyes briefly and inhaled as a smile spread up her face. Kya glanced at Marian as he poured the simmering milk into a white mug.

He supposed there was a waft coming from him, one of sleepy lavender and soft pollen. It was disappointing news as he chose Bill's Stop and Go coffeeshop for its rich stench of herbal tea and coffee granules. He wanted to be a gardener, but his mother said it was murder if he was the one trimming flowerbeds and uprooting plants.

"You must save money on body spray, mustn't you?" Marian asked. "What's your name? Oh, Kya... can see his name badge, Hal."

Usually customers ignored his condition. Many stared and their eyes would dart into the corner of the room when finally looked up. Chewing the inside of his cheek, Kya placed Marian's coffee on the tray.

"What kind of flowers are they?" she asked, nearly giddy. Kya's wrists tilted and he caved into the stranger's pegging questions. He followed her wide eyes down to his arms and looked at himself as an outsider.

Beneath the skin's surface, deep, sunken roots ran like green rivers along his veins. There were flowers growing from him, some budding and

others just beginning to flower in the mid-day sun streaming through the windows. Tiny green leaves speckled the underside of his arms, leading up to pink alyssum buds opening up at the base of his wrist.

Marian's puckered red lips tilted into a smile. "Ah, yes. I have several amaryllis bulbs in the garden. Quite similar, aren't they. What about these?"

Purple petals peeked out of the sleeve of Kya's t-shirt, appearing in a delicate slumber against his skin. Each spring, the flowers were new and different and vibrant. It was always a chore to root through gardening books and name them. "Summer lilacs," Kya said.

Marian reached out, her eyes glistening with rapture. Her finger was inches away when the half-bloomed bud closed up and retracted into Kya's skin. A ripple of cold swept up his chest and into his throat. He rubbed his wrist, feeling a soft lump.

"I can't help it," he shrugged with a wince. "They have a mind of their own."

"Like little insects."

Hal stared at her, his cheeks turning pink. "Do you want to go and pick a table, Millie. I'll bring our things."

Marian attempted to protest, her words dying on her lips when she caught Hal's glare. She shot Kya a final stifled smile, her gaze lingering on his arms instead of his face.

He pulled them back and finished the second drink. Sweet milk steam over his pores. A phlox usually curled along his jaw, crept down his neck and up the back of his ear. It settled like a sleepy creature between the lobe and hair as he steadily poured the concentrated coffee in and twisted the jug to create a soft leaf design over the surface.

"Can I get some chocolate on that?" Hal asked, watching. Kya dusted it over the mug and held it with the edges of his fingertips. The Alyssum on top of his hand quivered, fearful of the extreme heat.

"Ah," Hal reached for the coffee. Hal's hand brushed over Kya's fingertips as he grabbed the cup. The summer lilacs bloomed. Kya ran a finger through the petals, watching Hal cross the space of Bill's coffee shop and settle in the seat opposite his wife.

# Angela

by Sebastian Dunn

As he leads me into his office, I spot the tissues prepped on his desk; so, it's bad news then.

Tony used to come to these things with me. I suppose I can't hold it against him though, and as much as I want to hate Sarah, she's been good for him. Really, I should be more jealous, but I think what I envy the most right now is the glow her skin still has and how she's even managing to pull off the extra weight she's not lost yet. Maybe that's because of how ghastly frail I'm being told I'll get.

"No thank you, I promise I'm fine," a third attempt to refuse. I'm beyond tears at this point, I've cried enough over these last two years.

I remember before this all started, I'd always wished for something to grow inside me. I thought having the first operation was the end of that. What a cruel trick this has all been.

Here comes my favourite part of these "check-ups" - him getting up to open the door to let me leave, but then he always goes and ruins it with an "I'll see you again in four weeks". How did I manage to trade one monthly torture for another?

\*

It's sort of unnerving that I can see my scalp, the only other person who's seen it bare like this is my mother, and that was when she had me. I don't like the food here very much either, but at least it's a break from the constant taste of the lip balm I'm slathering on every half an hour. I miss my mother's cooking. I miss my mother. I've been thinking about when I'm going to see her again.

I remember before she passed, I asked her for all the home recipes that she'd cooked for me growing up. I'm pretty sure she said her mother had passed them down to her, though I remember my grandmother's cooking from the family gatherings; and well, my cousins and I suddenly weren't so hungry when we had to sit down to eat at the kids' table.

I was so excited when Mum eventually found her notebook of recipes, that thankfully included all her little scribbled alterations on Grandma's original versions. I recall thinking how I was going to love painstakingly experimenting with my own adjustments to pass on to a daughter who could continue the tradition. I never even managed to recreate them, let alone improve them. I guess I didn't deserve to cook like a mother.

I told Tony about it spreading to my lungs; I don't know why. He came to visit, again; I don't know why. Sarah didn't come with him, that one I think I can understand. I'm glad she didn't. I wouldn't want her to see me like this anyway. Tony was reluctant to tell me about it all, as if I didn't know and he was trying to protect me. It was sweet I suppose but that isn't his job any more. I convinced him to show me a photo; he made that a lot harder than it had to be. I expected him to get out his phone, but he pulled out his wallet and had a tiny print version in there. He was always so cliché, I loved that. I do love it.

Angela is so adorable; I can't believe she has such a beautiful full head of hair already.

\*

Tony asked if he could visit again this weekend. I told him not to come any more, not now. He said he'd been telling Angela about me, and she wanted to visit her "Auntie", I told him to not call me that in front of her any more, not ever.

She's three now. I see all the pictures Sarah posts of her on Facebook. She's got her father's nose; Tony and I always joked that that's the one thing we wouldn't want ours to have, but it suits her face so well. Sometimes I see my mother's rosy cheeks on her but then I have to remind myself that that's ridiculous. But oh, how my mother would have swooned over her. She would have spoiled Angela silly, I know it. If only she could have had the chance.

Sarah really shouldn't have her profile on public if she's going to post pictures of her daughter. I wouldn't have done that. And I can't believe she's let that new man of hers into Angela's life so quickly; it's just irresponsible. I've always thought she was immature like that. It's not as though that was very perceptive of me though, it was pretty much a given considering she

was the "new younger woman". I'd never had Tony down as one who'd go for that sort of thing, so it was, let's say, a bit of a shock when it happened. Maybe I'm wrong and just a bit bitter still, or maybe I didn't know him as well as I thought, but there was always more to learn about Tony. I suppose there still would be.

Anyway, I don't think he has anyone new in his life yet, but I know he's smarter than introducing them to Angela that quickly - that's one thing I'm sure of about him. It looks like it was a messy split; at least he and I are amicable about everything. I wonder if we would have worked

out if not for everything. No. Stop. I shouldn't think about that.

I spend all my time looking at what they're doing online; how can I resist seeing Angela growing up? It must be awful for her, being in the middle of their mess. If only it was me; I could have given her that stability. It probably isn't good for me to be doing this but I really haven't got the strength to get out of the bed and do anything else nowadays. I wish I was doing something more meaningful, or at least exciting with the time I have left. I hope Tony visits.



Angela

08.08.2006

# The Stalking of Hewie Louise

By Christian Van Kemenade

A thick fog had rolled in from the North Sea overnight and enveloped the town in a blanket of mystery, and with my keen eyesight I spotted a young man walking the streets in a hurried fashion. He looked of medium build, lean and athletic, evidently in great shape and quite out of place. Perfect, I hadn't had a satisfying hunt in years. The man was bathed in the light of the early morning sun as it pierced the fog in patchy spots and I found my jaw twitching almost in anticipation of the attack, my breathing laboured. Reality had often been disappointing when compared to the constant fantasies that resided within me but this time would be different. I felt as though my heart should be pumping out of my chest right now but that luxury had been stolen from me eons ago.

I flitted to the street corner in front of him and tracked him with my eyes but never moving a muscle, much like how a viper might lie in wait for an unsuspecting rodent. The man looked up from his phone and spotted me lurking in the shadows in his path. He pretended to glance at his phone again then performed a swift 180 on the spot, increasing his pace as he started back towards where he had come from.

I followed suit, matching his pace but staying a safe distance from him at all times. I could see his posture become more hunched in defence as he noticed my presence. I couldn't help but grin, this hunt would exceed all expectations. As I caught myself in my forbidden fantasies, the man without warning broke into a sprint, his hands moving mechanically by his side and his long strides clearing the cobblestone pavement

with ease. I followed with immediate haste; he was moving quick, but I was quicker.

I could hear his breath as I flitted alongside him, ragged and panicked it only drove me further into my bloodlust. I could almost touch him, wrench his shoulder backwards and throw him to the ground where I would fulfil my needs and tear him to pieces. But I held back, barely. Instead I moved with almost superhuman speed in front of him where he came crashing into me and we both fell to the ground whereupon he immediately wrestled with me trying to gain some traction in this situation. A futile effort. I pinned one arm tight around his neck and felt that warm blood pumping viciously through his jugular, it almost drove me over the edge there and then. But I restrained myself once more, this had to be worth it. I had to make the most of it so instead I kicked out his legs from underneath him. With little effort on my part I felt his shins splinter and he crumpled into a wailing heap.

This would be it, I didn't want to waste the moment, I had to go all the way and it had to be now. The man was defeated, we both knew it. His demise was all but inevitable and now I had but one thing left to do. Letting out a guttural growl, I arched my spine and twisted my form in front of him. His eyes were wild and wet with fear as he tried to comprehend what he was seeing. My bones contorted, limbs cracking, retracting, and extending as I configured myself into a more suitable form in which to feast on him. The clothes on my back split and fell away in tatters as my body transformed into that of a hound. Fleishy spikes protruded from my neck

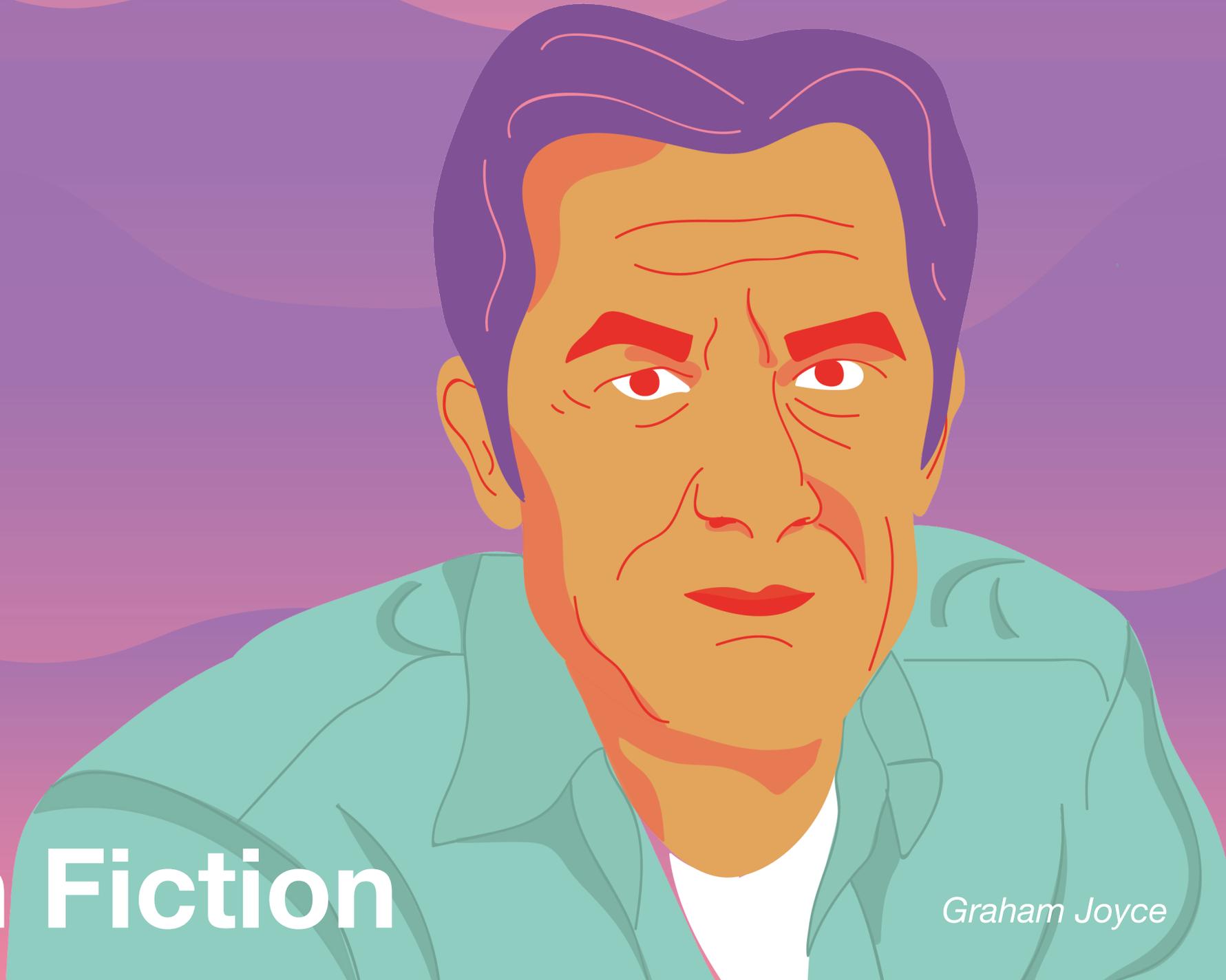
and these too fell away as two more heads sprouted out of the wounds. Sharp, jet black ears jutted out of either side of my head and bones split as my face grew more wolf like, my jaw hanging loosely, filled to the brim with teeth designed for shredding.

I'd learnt of the legend of a three-headed hound who guarded the fiery gates of the Underworld, and was humbled when I realised that they had created this legend after myself. I would forever be immortal in both physical form and legend; a crude grin spread itself across my mutated, grotesque form. The man was all but speechless as I completed the transformation. I don't suppose he'd ever have imagined he'd die like this, weak, defenceless and torn apart by an inhuman creature but, unfortunately for him and hundreds of others, some legends were true and in order to sustain those myths, I had to pull my weight.

By mid-morning, a fisherman and his apprentice would find the desecrated mangled body of the athlete, and would call in investigators who would rule it an unfortunate death by dog or the work of a mentally ill escapee. But stories would be spread, rumours and believers of the supernatural would do their work and my legacy would continue.

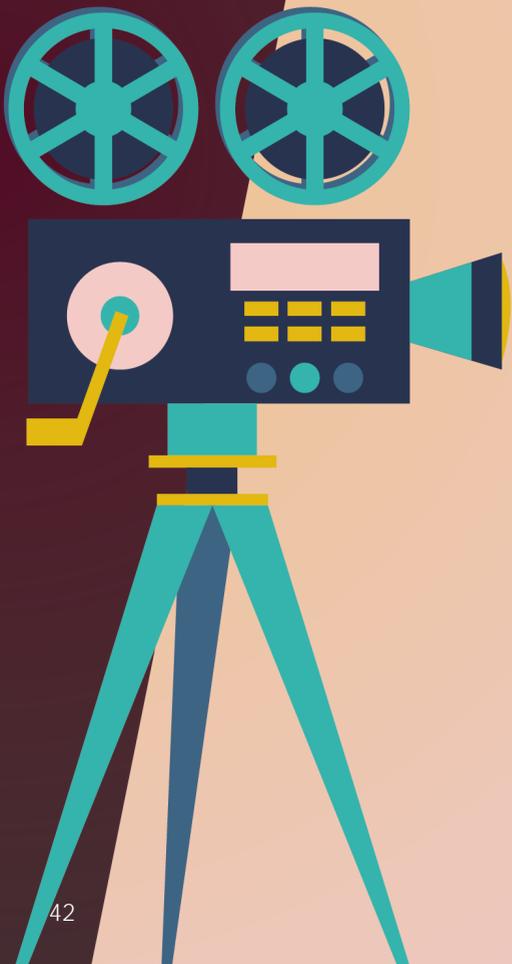
I licked my lips clean of the crimson ambrosia and perched on the steeple, looking out over my hunting grounds one more. As the sun rose, my skin hardened and I would once again say goodbye to this mortal world for another century. Until the next time.





# Flash Fiction

*Graham Joyce*



## Memories

By Jordan Franklin

The projector stuttered into life. Grainy images flickered.

“Whaahey!” someone called, ecstatic that the projector still worked.

They switched out the rolls, pulling them out of the frame. Each dusty roll told a new story: young kids at a park, seaside holidays, someone standing outside a gleaming new car and other stories.

“That’s me!” someone shouts with each new roll. Family nostalgia.

The last roll, bound shut in a box: John 1958

“That’s Grandad?”

Stuffed into the projector, film unravelled, shaking dust from its rest in the attic.

Family history shattered and remembered forever.

“Who is that woman with Grandad?”

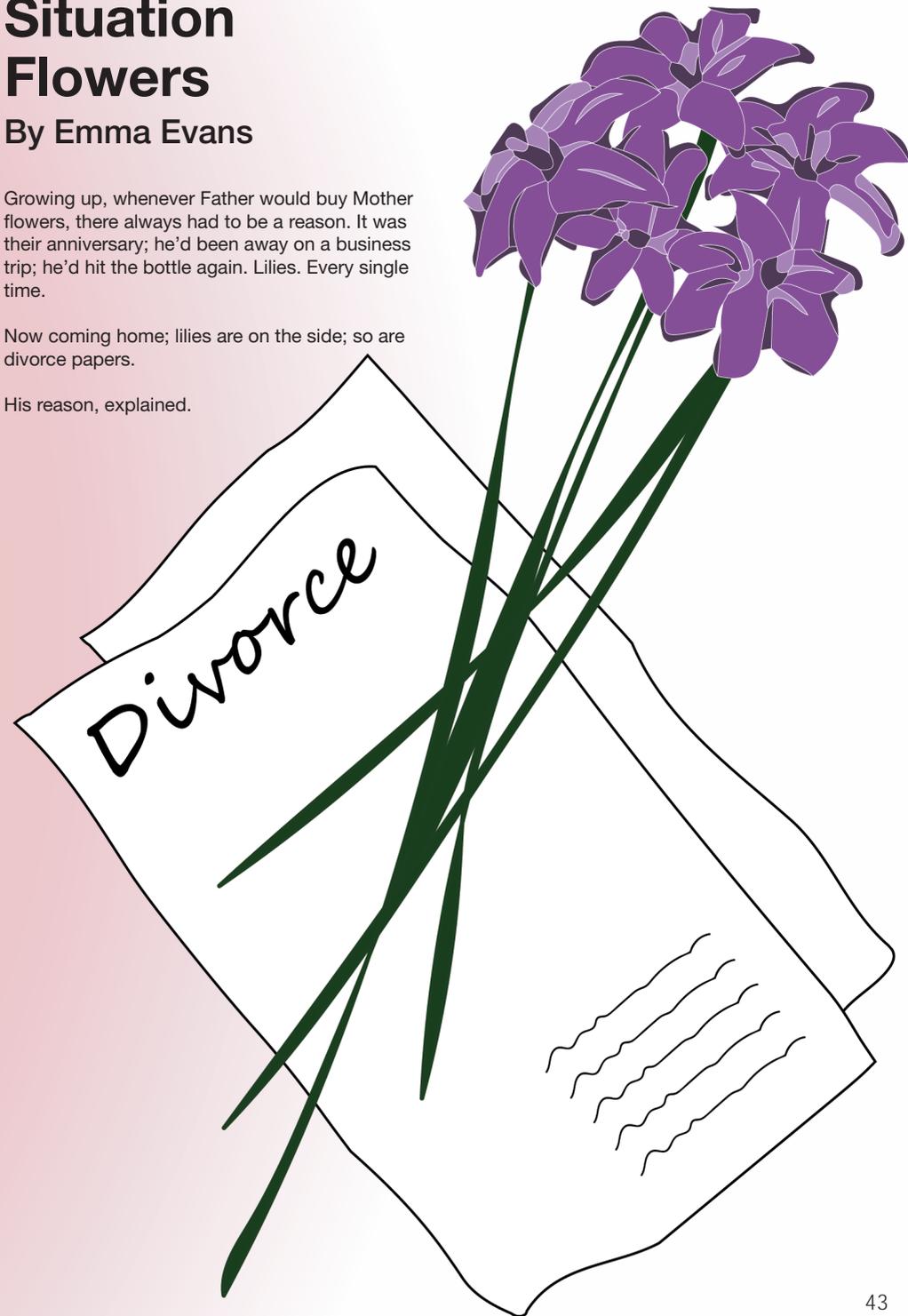
## Situation Flowers

By Emma Evans

Growing up, whenever Father would buy Mother flowers, there always had to be a reason. It was their anniversary; he’d been away on a business trip; he’d hit the bottle again. Lilies. Every single time.

Now coming home; lilies are on the side; so are divorce papers.

His reason, explained.



# Somewhere Between Cornflower and Cobalt

By E.L. Harrison

I arrived in the Autumn; the city an amalgamation of chaos and beauty, dressed up in grey. My initial impressions awaited correction, but in a city with an ever-growing history, could I find a time and a place of my own? The squirrels seemed able, chasing new paths amongst ruins; not meekly bleak but rather signs of contentment on muted streets, whether in rain or shine.

And in due time my grey-blue eyes would attune to a magic that rose from the cobbles up. Coventry was grey like a melting pot, brimming with blue inspiration. I whiled away Winter learning all that I could, head buried deep into books and by the time I noticed the sky, Spring had arrived. All of a sudden, towering spires conspired to show me the brilliance of blue. The phoenix was rising and finally I found myself, a piece of the puzzle for a moment in time.

This grey city had a blue heart that, with the rain, seeped into city drains and ran through its visitors' veins until we all left footsteps in that shade; a colour lying somewhere between cornflower and cobalt. Summer then showed me somewhere that shined, a time and a place that were truly mine. A variety of vibrancies thronging together, mingled into the magic of a muse.

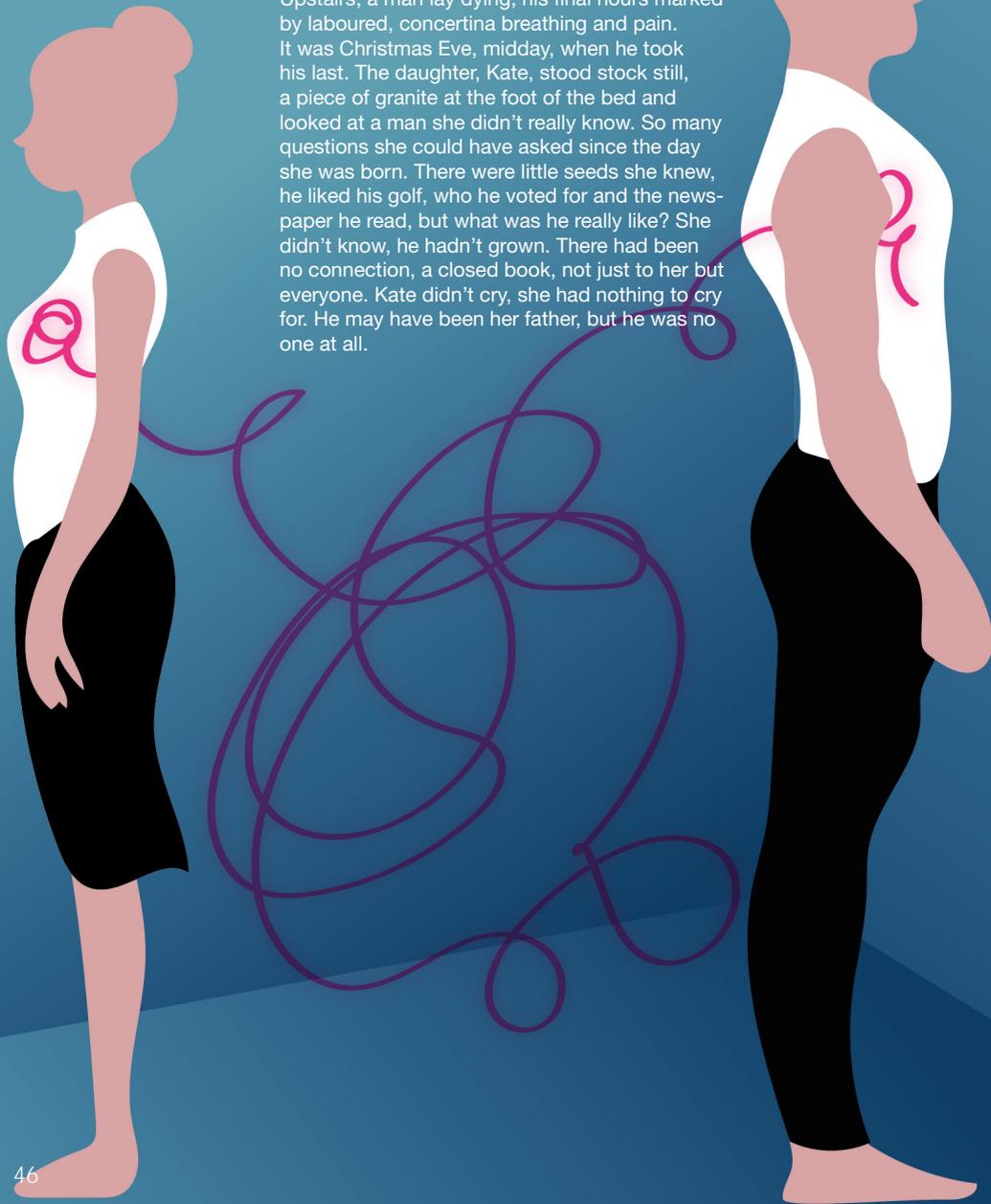
Grey streets paved the way, a blank canvas on which blue marks are made, where creativity awakes once more. And though it's time to move on, it'll be forever a part. Its colour now etched upon my heart, my palette all the richer for gaining this hue, a colour lying somewhere between cornflower and cobalt. It's Coventry's Moving Blue.



# Missed Connection

By Susan Anderson

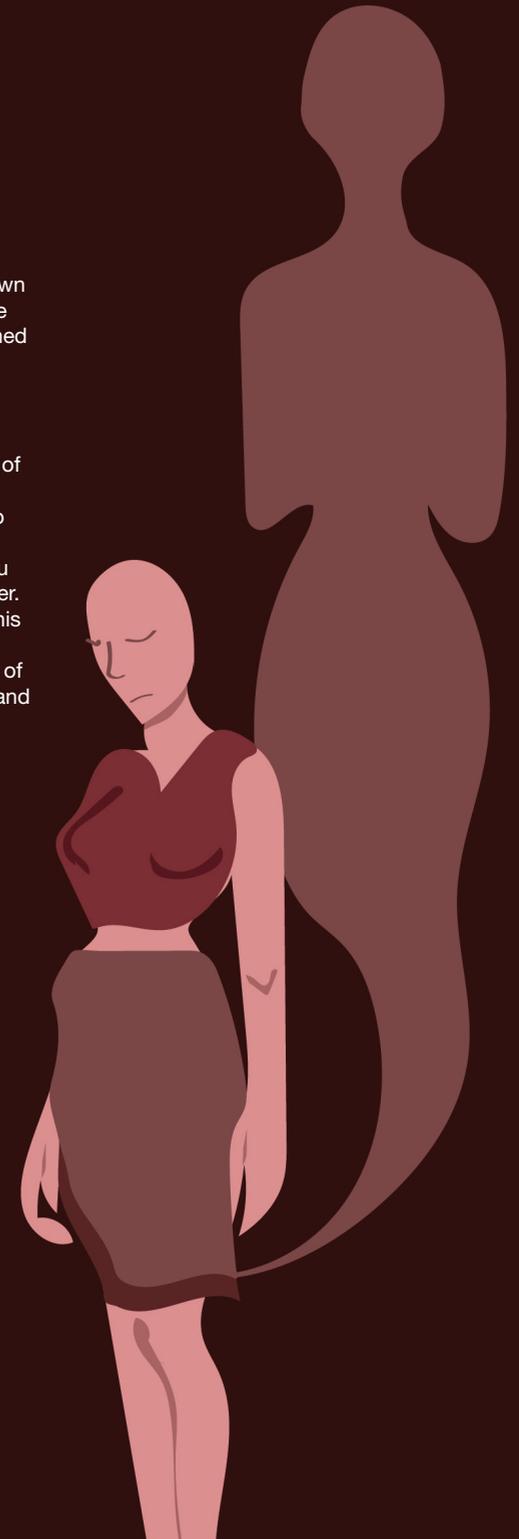
Upstairs, a man lay dying, his final hours marked by laboured, concertina breathing and pain. It was Christmas Eve, midday, when he took his last. The daughter, Kate, stood stock still, a piece of granite at the foot of the bed and looked at a man she didn't really know. So many questions she could have asked since the day she was born. There were little seeds she knew, he liked his golf, who he voted for and the newspaper he read, but what was he really like? She didn't know, he hadn't grown. There had been no connection, a closed book, not just to her but everyone. Kate didn't cry, she had nothing to cry for. He may have been her father, but he was no one at all.



# A Tale of Sentience

By Eulalie Tangka

The body lay still but the soul was quaking. The heart thumped as it had done since its own creation, quietly, but with such vitality that the soul had not realised until now. The soul wished for the little heart to take a break...and upon that realisation came another. And another. And another. The lungs burned and the skin itched. The body could not be still, the soul realised. Upon breathing, there was a feeling of immersion into water, the lungs rejoiced. 'We are not one,' the soul thought, 'but rather two conjoined, forced to coexist. When I want to fight, you wish to run. When I want to die, you wish to live. But we cannot be together forever. I will transcend and you will remain, here on his pitiful Earth. I have wishes for you, to be one with the dirt, to become life again in the form of a tree, to bring life and joy to others. I command you, but you restrain me.'





# Page Turner

By Raisah Hussain

Several times in your life, you will somehow encounter a collection of papers. Whether it be a glance or a curious wander of the fingertips.

But before it hits the shelves or finds its way over to your desk one afternoon - those papers have to be brought together by the power of words. The words of writers all over the world, splashing their ideas onto a page and watching their dreams come true.

It starts with something natural.

Something that is as innocent as a tree. As the years have rolled by, the chopping of trees aid in the process of creating fictional and non-fictional lives on paper.

And after the procedure of wetting, pressing, drying and rolling out, has concluded - ink can finally be pressed and words brimming with emotion can seep onto paper.

Pages are sliced and sewn by a machine.

A spine is glued to help intertwine the meaningless paragraphs into a life changing novel.

And day by day, sheets bound by stitches are touched by the lives of many and are stuffed in various places.

Some books are torn apart and some used as a surfaces while coffee rings form.

But, there will always be another to print...

# The Starry Night

By Prabhjot Kaur

The starry night swirled and whirled above. Labouring, she climbed to the highest peak and watched the world beneath. There they were: all the people she ever loved, all the people she never would, magnificent supernovas glowing incandescent. She smiled, wiped a tear, and dived headfirst into the night.



# Starlight Star Bright

By Shaun Mckenzie

Cosmic dragons shoot across the sky leaving trails of glistening star dust; as Ash traced the planetary residue with his hand, he heard an ear ravaging screech from beyond the coarse undergrowth. With nothing but his trusty flashlight, he edged cautiously towards the area the sound came from; the closer he got to the creature, the more intense the periodic shrieks became. Suddenly, before his eyes, an average sized bipedal creature with human-like features lay before Ash; seized in a rust covered bear trap. Realising the entity was writhing in pain and desperation and needing support, Ash rushed to assist it; he firmly grasped the jagged teeth and attempted to pry the stiff jaws from around the alien's ankle. While Ash fiddled with the trap, the entity grabbed Ash by the arm and whispered unintelligible words in a voice like frozen rain.

A shower of knowledge washed over Ash once these mysterious words were uttered to him, and suddenly he was able to comprehend who he was helping. The alien then spoke words Ash could understand:

“My name is Nebula and I am from far away, beyond the multitude of stars and galaxies; somewhere you cannot hope to fathom.”

Ash, completely gobsmacked by her words, remained silent with his hand firmly placed on her now free ankle, staring into her dark blue eyes of frozen twilight, completely mesmerised. Nebula gazed in to his eyes with deep wonder, noticing every subtle movement of his eyes as she drew ever closer; her lavender skin glistened effortlessly against the lunar spotlight. With courteous elegance, Ash hoisted Nebula off the grass in his aching arms and waddled over to his parked car. Suddenly, the sky beamed in a florescent ripple of heat and light; Nebula then screamed in searing agony. Something was here.



# Submissions for CovWords 2021

## City of Culture

Coventry proudly won the title of UK City of Culture for 2021, and is currently producing a programme in abundance of exciting activities and events in celebration of our cultural and hereditary experiences. You can expect an array of events, ranging from music, dance, theatre and poetry to more intimate experiences to celebrate the city's vibrant heritage.

Keep an eye out for the programme, anticipated to be announced in Autumn 2020. Here's a little taste of what you can look forward to...

## Upcoming Events (preview)

Charismatic jazz singer, Annette Gregory, will discuss her musical journey as a jazz artist, giving insight into her musical roots and growth as an artist at the Tin. Dates yet to be announced, but this is an experience you wouldn't want to miss out on!

Join Bruno Heinen's Trio, consisting of Italian bassist, Andrea Di Biase (Kenny Wheeler) and talented US drummer, Gene Calderazzo (Pharoah Sanders), and Bruno Heinen on piano. Watch them perform their magnificent project, consisting of an eight-movement work inspired by Bartok's eight improvisations Op 20 written in 1920. Coming to the Coventry Jar.

Since the magazine is only as good as the submissions we receive, we depend on you to send us your work. If you are a student at Coventry University and would like to contribute to the printed magazine or website please check the guidelines on:

**<https://covwords.coventry.domains>**

and email your work to:

**[bsx305@coventry.ac.uk](mailto:bsx305@coventry.ac.uk)**

Be sure to provide your full name and course title. Let us know in the subject line whether you're submitting to the website or magazine.

**Good luck!**

*“I really love the mixture of poetry, prose and photos. It really looks professionally done, and the contents are all good. People would pay good money for a publication like this.”*

*– Benjamin Zephaniah about CovWords*

