

[Day 23: Bumblebee porn and lemon bellies](#)

Poetry and Spoken Word Night by Creekside Artists at the Seven Dials Club

August 24, 2010 6:00pm by [Tessa Ditner](#)

[the london alternative fringe festival](#)

“Emperors become worms, become elevesens in the next life.” Emile Sercombe of mental health charity CoolTan Arts says, a transparent swimming cap on his head. He then sings what he calls the heavenly chorus “wormwormwormwormworm!”



Tonight's London Alternative Fringe spoken word event is a jumble of ages and poetic experience. The night begins with CoolTan Art's crew reading extracts from their *Anthropology* poetry book to be launched at the Liberty Festival on the 4th of September. Poetry tutor Emile follows on from the worm poem by slipping on a furry chest and ragdoll wig.

“Anyone might think that a werewolf of today doesn't care about appearances.” He starts “Because they're part French they use a bidet.” Another CoolTan poet Charlie Brown brings taste bud-teasing sentences into the mix with his talk of milkshakes, warm coffee and puff pastry. William Ball adds a touch more spice with talk of “waving genitals and manuscripts” and “walking in your sweet smelling clothes”

The evening moves onto some Bulgarian folk singing by Perunika Trio whose harmonies are officially described as ‘mathematically strange’. Their genre is pagan past, church Slavonic tradition and five centuries of Ottoman rule fusion and they manage to fill the whole room with their haunting choir like sound (the microphones are broken but that doesn't stop them one bit) They even have a fun song that sounds like they are gossiping between themselves with intermissions of “yiiiiiii!” You can have a listen at www.myspace.com/perunika

Then it's onto the Creekside Artists themselves. Dónall Dempsey charms the room with his poems about his daughter:

“You adjust your bony bum, your little hands on my mouth, you say so that you can feel the way the words move” and “she says she can smell blue. Yellow smells the same as blue. Purple is my favourite smell, it smells like a magic spell”. It's followed by more colour-filled poetry “the lemons grow big bellies”, “a congregation of butterflies and bees” and “darkness grows upon the rose”. Then it's onto Cathy Flower, rhyming about her love of cigarettes.

“Sometimes I feel like I AM a cigarette and people are smoking ME!” She singing/ argues/ whispers. Paul Eccentric remembers his school sports days:

“Why should I care about winning when I'm freezing my tits to the bone?” and the little old lady who “smells of piss and toffee and wears wellies indoors” he leans over into a little old lady stance “she was a little old lady who lived through two world wars” he hunches over completely “cause she smells of hate and moth balls and is Nazi to the core.”

Janice Windle, tells us about the pop-up book of the Karma Sutra that her partner Dónall gave her:

“How to make love feel nice” and when she says “you popped up like you always do” it causes a smile that starts on Dónall's lips and spreads across the room. There's erotic poems about pizza-love by Julie Mullen and Elizabeth Darcy Jones rhymes about St Ives, submission and blackberries on her ink tongue. Last but not least there's Alan Wolfson and his moustache. He tells us that Wales boasts the largest concentration of sharp corners and that honey comes from bumblebee porn because flowers imitate wasp vaginas. His poems are like conversations (with his cat) and some of his characters interrupt his poem:

“Who the hell are you? What are you doing in my rhyme?” He moves onto a piece dedicated to Amnesty International called *The Right to Remain Silent* and then finishes off with a funny one that contains the sentence: “I want a licence to drop a fridge on Jamiroquai.”

Tessa Ditner – blogged with love on the 23rd of August 2010

<http://www.alternativefringe.com/pg/news/TessaDitner/read/4702/day-23-bumblebee-porn-and-lemon-bellies>