

**BREAK**



**ME**

**A zine about line breaks**

Hello my name is IAN MARTIN. I think line breaks are a really nifty poetic tool but sometimes poets argue over what a “good” line break entails and what “counts” as a poem. So I got a little impetuous about it, as i like to do, and then posted this tweet:



**IAN MARTIN** @IANMART1N · 14 maj

CALL FOR SUBMISSIONS



this isn't a twitter bit i'm actually looking for submissions for a **zine**. i made this jokey comment on slack and it inspired some poetic variations (with **line breaks!**)

interpret this text poetically and send submissions to my DMs or [ian.martin@rogers.com](mailto:ian.martin@rogers.com)



**Ian Martin...** 5 minutes ago

(established poet voice) you can't just add line breaks to prose and call it poetry 🙄🙄

So I made a little zine out of the submissions I got! And this is the zine! I hope it brings u a little bit of joy. There's a nice variety of interpretations here.

**(ESTABLISHED POET VOICE)**

**IAN MARTIN // @IANMART1N**

you can't

just add

line

breaks

to prose

and

call

it

poetry

**Angela Counter // @AngelaCounter**

you  
just  
add line  
to prose  
call it  
can't  
breaks  
poetry

**Here**

**Conyer Clayton // @conyerclayton**

You can't just put line breaks anyw  
here, you know. T  
here needs to be a REASON. A level of co  
herence is necessary. This isn't some et  
hereal concept. Angels in the stratosp  
here. Bless this enjambment. The in  
herent goodness of poetry versus prose. W  
hereever there is punctuation, t  
here shall also be  
heretics.

## opening sequence

dino de hass // @oplosaurus

i want it to find you well  
i want you to think it's worth something

it to make you go 'yes, i thought it might'  
or 'i was hoping for something like this'  
something like that is what i want

you know, it has someone folded into it  
who you will meet and who then has  
trouble making eye contact,  
somewhere a bizarre situation, somewhere  
an object that seems to be alive or is. at

rock bottom you don't just put your feet down, it crunches underneath  
like there's so much more stirring and swirling there. you could fall into  
it but don't. choose to not.

a moment of quiet

i feel like i'm  
standing here empty handed  
but that's alright

there just isn't any more than this

*This is a poem i wrote recently in defence of all my projects, current as well as future, that i might be persuaded to drastically change to fit expectations. If i want to write a visual novel comic poetry collection about gay frogs, i should make exactly that and not have to think 'but what will my poetry teacher say?' The only thing my teacher gets to say about it should be constructive feedback that would help me make the project that makes me happy better.*

-dino de hass

**“This is for Rachel”**

**Otto // @circa3005**

you big fat  
white  
nasty smell fat bitch

why you took me off the motherfucking  
schedule  
with your trifling  
    dirty  
    white  
    racist ass

big  
fat  
bitch

**Kelly Burdick // @monochworm**

if i  
wanted  
to write a poem i  
would need s  
o  
much more than  
an enter  
key



(insert manual break)

ADRIAN HAGAR // @DeclanBarr

You can't  
sleep here. Kiss your ghosts goodnight and take the last train north – hey,

trust me,  
you're clear on until morning.

The moon is running thin and we are running  
out of nights where we can cut loose and take back what we've decided  
not to keep. The howling comes, soft, then louder

just

like you remember. We are the strength  
*and the pack and*  
burned out down to the filter, soft scars on fingertips fumbling for a lighter  
in the autumn chill. The dawn is a curbside confessional, dewdrops  
glistening at the bus stop,

heavy, each beat relentless,

bristle and break over  
and  
over  
again  
with nothing left to

add

when the day is done, you still can't

sleep

here. Each week buries the last,  
burning, running  
razor keen from the horizon through your optic nerve – a stimulant surge  
and the scared sinking feeling that you know this  
line,

or maybe the one that comes after? The scene where the backdrop

breaks

and we stop  
(stop)  
stop  
looking up at this artifice, this monument  
to prose,  
to the words that we would write were we given all the time  
in the world, all the hours in the day, every last minute under the sun.

Two, three, four  
times and you can still hear the echoes – not your favourite song, just  
another one that won't leave you  
the way I did. I won't ask what went wrong,  
and  
maybe it's the fact that I'd even need to ask  
that tells us how this story ends. Two months apart, alone in the dark  
without so much as a missed  
call,

still unable to think of, let alone  
ask  
for what we want. It's a familiar story and you still can't  
sleep here; you remember every smile, every name, and at the end of the  
night you've got to face the fact that  
maybe  
maybe  
maybe  
you were the ghost all along. Exhale, slowly, re-centre yourself and let  
it

all just wash over you. Over and over,  
night after night,  
take the most familiar ghost and make a home of the secrets that no-one  
cared to ask for.  
Dress up the softest lie,  
the silkiest, most salacious simile that you wouldn't dare  
to say out loud. Take your lipstick, your cigarettes, your lying heart, that

raw  
potato, the third floor window, three bottles of wine, twelve boxes of tea,  
and the tickets you bought too far in advance. Tie it up and call it  
poetry,  
leave it on the doorstep and maybe you'll make it  
home before dawn. You can't sleep here.

nina jane drystek // @textcurious

/ / / / / / / / / YOU TRY / / / /  
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nina jane drystek

**Sean S. Leblanc // @SeanSLeblanc**

poetry isjust wrong

whitespace



**FIN**