



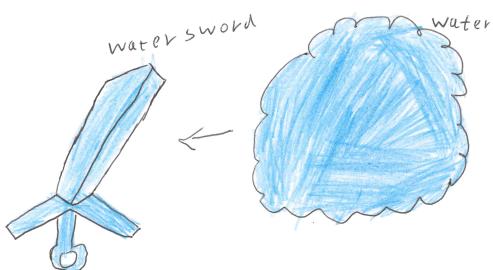
THE POOR PRINT



Water

Noah Sitaula-Adhikari

What is water?
Is it something you drink?
Why do you even have to drink?!?
Can't you just drink Fanta!!?
Or is it a sword?
It sounds like one!
Who was even the first person to see water!!!
Why does it sound weird!!?
Can you ride it!
Water, water you hear it everywhere!!!
Can you jump on it?
Is it human!!
Or creature!
I don't know what water is!!!!



Editor's note: At nine years old, Noah is one of the youngest members of the Oriel family – you can meet his dad, Puru, working in the college's maintenance department. We're very proud to be the first to publish his amazing work!

A Quick Summary of Oriel's Summer Eights Campaign

Carolina Cortés Vilaplana

Boat	Wed	Thu	Fri	Sat	Finish	Boat	Wed	Thu	Fri	Sat	Finish
M1	→	→	→	→	Head!	W1	→	↑	↑	↑	4th
M2	↑	→	→	→	22nd	W2	↑	→	↑	↑	43rd
M3	↑	→	↑	↓	58th	W3	↓	↓	↓	↓	70th
M4	→	↓	↓	→	67th	W4	→	→	→	→	79th
M5	↑	↑	↑	→	64th						

↑ bumped
→ rowed over
↓ were bumped

M1

Biggest strength: having six Blues rowers
Biggest weakness: having six Blues rowers

W1

Biggest strength: the iconic hot pink attire
Biggest weakness: spending too much money on protein bars

M2

Biggest strength: basically being an M1 boat
Biggest weakness: not being M1

W2

Biggest strength: not capsizing like they did in Torpids
Biggest weakness: not showing up to their crew photo

M3

Biggest strength: pain cave
Biggest weakness: Oriel M4

W3

Biggest strength: getting bumped before Donnington bridge
Biggest weakness: listening to Taylor songs (or is that a hidden strength ...?)

M4

Biggest strength: great chat
Biggest weakness: Oriel M5

W4

Biggest strength: drinking beer (beer boat)
Biggest weakness: klaxoned races

M5

Biggest strength: bumping (betraying) Oriel M4
Biggest weakness: caused a klaxon ■

Sonnet à Oxford

Joshua Freeman

Bruits de transbordements blancs tels l'écumé allante
Voiture et bus prennent un air vif de goujon
Les yeux rouges des grues observent ces poissons.
Les clochers d'albâtre sont îles scintillantes

Un urbain rivage, plein d'étoiles filantes
Reflète les cieux, entouré de noirs monts.
C'est un profond lac plein de constellations
De loin la ville oscille étincelante et lente

On est emmitouflé dans un manteau brumal
Sur le banc de ce nom dans le vert parc austral,
Le coucher du soleil on regarde en silence.

Tel est le spectacle qu'on peut voir chaque soir
Depuis une colline on admire la danse
Que tu es belle, Oxford, océan de savoir.

Water Playlist

For more inspiration on this issue's theme, check out this playlist, curated by one of our editors. It has been hand-picked and custom-made to soothe your mind and chill your vibe.



To access the playlist, scan the code above using the Spotify app on your mobile device.

Authorial Seepings

O Collopy

The sweat drips down the cold Rock face of my skin, collecting In a pool at my feet as I scrawl But then I look down as I think That my shoes begin to overflow But there I see three inches thick Of deep slimy liquid flooding and Filling the room, a fluffy carpet Floating at my ankles. This is No warm soapy bath to Cleanse my worries; nor a Crystalline stream to Refresh my sodden mental silt Like that one more splendid than Glass which once a priest stained With the red blood of an innocent Kid. This is ketchup merged with Mayonnaise; no feeble stain But inseparable gloop; condensing On my clammy hair it evaporates, More carrot soup than burger sauce If only it let me see in the dark.

I strain my eyes to focus down at My page, my pen free flowing, A detached mechanism of memory Fleeting, not present consciousness. Haha! I need no spring of Inspiration, the burden of knowledge unloads itself, spilling out. Until Too much has spilt out and there It bleeds, ink into the page, Words into each other, every sentence And clause soaking up the next: Ballpoint sinking in the black swell. Each sweltering pen-stroke foams, A roaring river of bursting anguish

Not just soggy: absolutely dripping, Dark night has enfleshed the page. I turn over. There is no dawn, Just vats of ink venomously vatic. I fear the drowning dew that could follow This lightless night. Oh to be parched!

I cannot be that innocent kid, swimming in My spurting blood, poured out for No-one, never to be a noble font.

**UPCOMING ISSUE AND THEME**

Many thanks for all of your wonderful contributions this term! They've been a great joy to edit and publish, and we hope you've enjoyed reading them too. If you're still looking to get your creative juices flowing, fear not!

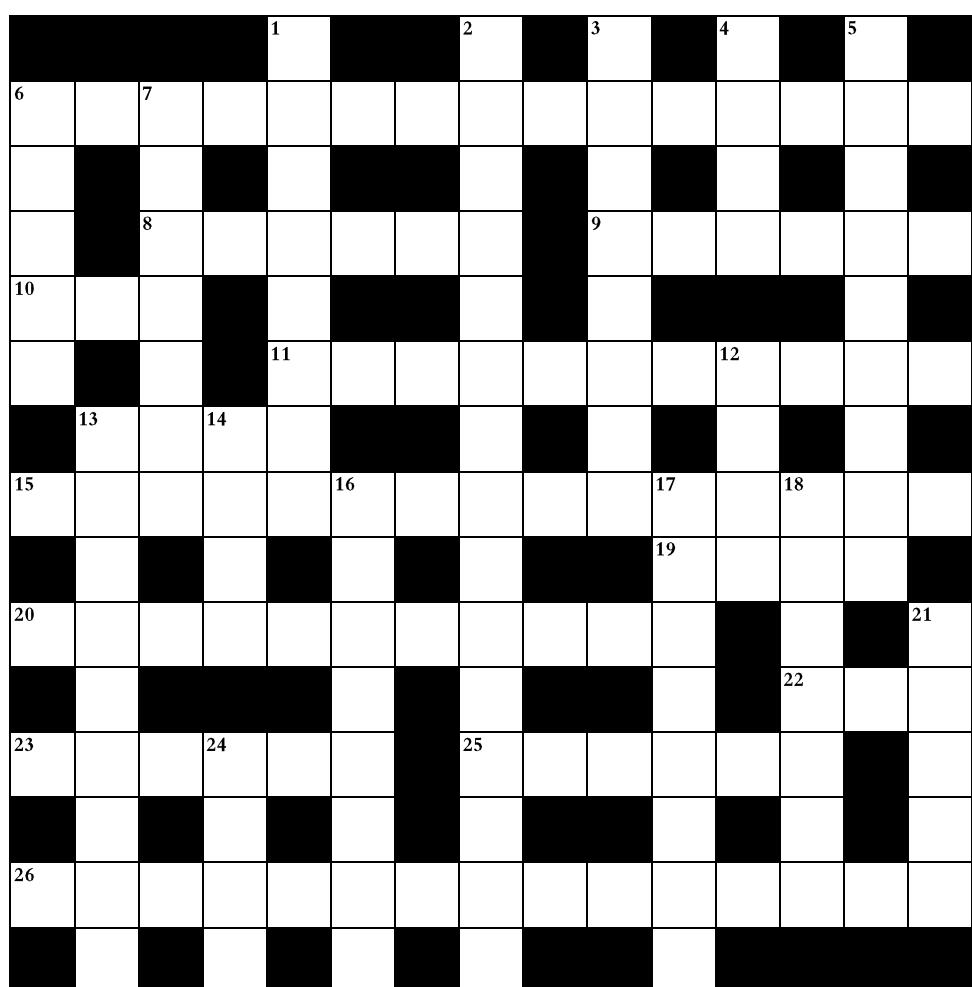
Here is the very last issue of this academic year:

ISSUE #92 – REMINISCENCE
Submissions by 7 June (Wednesday, 7th week)

As ever, we publish pieces from any member of college, in a variety of different forms – strict adherence to the theme is very much optional! Send in your submissions via thepoorprint.com/submit and we'll publish them in our next issue and on our website.

Cryptic Crossword

Hamish Dodd



ACROSS

6 Tom Sawyer's friend is tangled in her freckly bun (11,4)
 8 Anger following burst of energy in kingdom (6)
 9 Royal Mail sends final amount to marsupial (6)
 10 Agreement about a tree (3)
 11 Group's charged on board for personal items (11)
 13 Re-wind some strange documentary program (4)
 15 In lieu of another, perform model surgery in secret mission (6,9)
 19 Weight congregation (4)
 20 Gain second-best part of dessert (11)
 22 Ignore what is necessary for life (3)
 23 In the past, Raleigh was starlike (6)
 25 Wolflike flower starts evolving (7)
 26 Firm message: I gorge myself no end in bad habit (6,9)

DOWN

1 Bland food in advertisement is a trap (8)
 2 Perpendicular parking manoeuvre? (7,8)
 3 Professional fraud is down on one knee! (8)
 4 Kills offers without hesitation (4)
 5 In bars, it sounds like you end love with implicit sexual remarks (9)
 6 Chav occasionally takes part in creating chaos (5)
 7 Revolutionary finally took path to Kiev: look for his gun! (7)
 12 Even Dido's teat shows a little bit (4)
 13 Express surprise before Orion's explosive deterioration (9)
 14 Without hearing, fade into obscurity (4)
 16 You French fail to keep up in top education (8)
 17 Statesman voiced a happy tin (8)
 18 Middle Eastern is rarely heard (7)
 21 Cleaning equipment in first bed chamber (5)
 24 Pull on this to stop hearing downpour (4)



Editor's note: The solutions to this puzzle will be published online at thepoorprint.com on Sunday 4 June.



Candlelight

Leonard Shaw

and Lo the gentle lantern leads me; swinging down the quiet cobbles. A pale light singing from the flickering flame, guides me as I stumble down the way.

Although the unlit street's a cool pretence, Surely buildings pass on either side, but Dare I not to reach and stroke the brickwork. Lest this cold presumption's no defence.

So onwards I tramp and stumble. Lacking company, provisions, winter clothing. The moon, as if shrouded by her clouds like some lofty portico, is gone.

Only the lantern leads me. Through days, months, years even. Though neither falter, neither me nor the flame.

My mind, my soul it seems inclined to drag me from the highway. The cunning trickster dares to lie that all is lost.

But then a second flame far off, manifests itself along the way.

At first a flicker, but growing surely with each step. Once hard by it, the flame is now a roaring fire. And there stands he ...



Poem

Anonymous

Milk gliding down your throat like powdered pearls delicate excrement ground smooth and textureless thick, filling, a plastic glove that tastes of the moon that final drop in a glass Circling around the bottom Spreading when tilted all over the surface, waxing to a crescent and then a full moon, gravity calling and the misty blue fading and waning, from the edges a translucent shade holographic white, a shadow of light, bright echoes of creamy, watery Animal substance.



Prayer

Siddiq Islam

Fifteen men on a carpet row, Hearts turned upwards to Allah. He knows everything we know. May He accept this *salah*.

Fifteen men at Allah's door. Before Him, we all stand equal. Fifteen men and nothing more.

After this life comes its sequel, Our good deeds weighed against shortcomings. May we all soon start becoming Better than we were before.

'Dear Beary ...'

Beary McBearface

*H*ELLO THERE! MY NAME'S BEARY, ONE OF the giant teddy bears who hang out in the JCR – I'm the brown one; my purple counterpart is John Henry. As *The Poor Print's* self-anointed agony aunt, I'm here to help you with any troubles you're facing. Please send me your college (or general) worries, and I'll help you find a solution. To submit a question, just send an email to thepoorprint@oriel.ox.ac.uk with 'Dear Beary' in the subject line.

Of course, if you'd prefer to remain anonymous – and I encourage naming no names; we don't want any beef here – just drop a note with your concern for me in one of the editors' pidges in the Porters' Lodge (names are available below). And please do: I need a nice hobby in my twilight years!

NB: Please remember that old Beary here has had no formal welfare training, so if you have a more serious issue to raise, please reach out to our beloved JCR Welfare Officers (Ben Thomson and Rose Hickman) and MCR Welfare Secretary (Gabe Calvo), or get in touch with the Peer Supporters, the Welfare Deans (Marta Bielinska and Dan Brennan), the Chaplain (Rob Wainwright), or the College Nurse.

And now, for the matter at hand:

1. Dear Beary, what do I do if I love drinking water but hate peeing?

An interesting dilemma. I see two possible ways forward for you:

(a) Bite the bullet: realise that the call of nature is one that you can decline for so long. Yes, I've heard that the toilets in the Rad Cam are sometimes a little unsatisfactory than the comfort of your own bathroom, would you rather spill your liquid excrement all over James Gibbs's splendid masterpiece of English Palladian architecture?

(b) Stop drinking water: while I know that this is something you love, we all have to make sacrifices from time to time. Besides, giving up water will save you (a small amount of) money and helps prevent water addiction! Fun fact: 100 per cent of people who have died consumed water during their lives. Would you rather suffer the same fate?

So: which path would you rather take?

THE POOR PRINT TEAM

Executive Editors
 Siddiq Islam
 Jerric Chong

Associate Editors
 Ayomikun Bolaji
 Claudia Hutuleac
 David Akanji
 Sam Hardaker
 Evie Sharp
 Carolina Cortés Vilaplana
thepoorprint@oriel.ox.ac.uk

