

THE POOR PRINT

Editors' Introduction

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NO FAREWELL! THIS IS OUR LAST EDITION of the *Poor Print* as Editors and what a ruse and honour it has been! Thank you to everyone that has helped us to revive the paper this academic year, to the point this term that we have actually had *more* submissions than fit in the print (shocking! unprecedented!). Rest assured, you can read every single submission on the website, for our fitting theme of Solstice, in appreciation of the days getting gloriously longer and the term (almost) ending with the longest day of the year. Such sunlight seems to have inspired much vulnerability, with a rather poetry-heavy issue this time, both original pieces and a supposed new 'discovery'. Even more curiously, we have received a mysterious anonymous submission, harking back to 0th week – perhaps, reader,

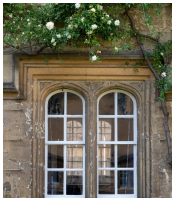
you can help discover the person they are looking for, or may even be said person yourself.

With all the beautiful pieces and summer images, we feel this print perfectly encapsulates Trinity Term 2026 at Oriel. We hope you enjoy reading, and as stated before, if you can't get enough, see the full scope of submissions at thepoorprint.com.

Lastly, if you are left wanting more even after this, we invite you to apply to take over *The Poor Print* next year! We really want to avoid another near-death of the paper so please genuinely consider it if you have in any way, shape or form, enjoyed reading. Application form on website!

My Day Time

Peter Webster



to the left, Oriel Window by James Hill

Round and around goes the fly in my room
He's a little head and he flies
But never seems to stop circling, my room

Brokk'r's Wager

Taylor Gray Moore

The sun, which we'd forgotten about,
Knocks at the wet grass,
Slowly reclaims its own space
Over the brooding mulch of Oxford,
Over the sleepy beings therein.

Heat reclaims its own drying embers,
The vacant breadth of a lust.
Here's where we're meant to
Become summer; to make pay
On services so far rendered
Or make our one, final, howl.

But the blade; the phoenix hammer;
The sacred blacksmith's final triumph;
The first quivering blueprint of a life;
The crimson thread's finally undone;
Once again, in the distance, lies death.



May Day 2026
by Sophia Valmalette-Wright



Christchurch Meadow Sunrise by Flora Molnar

[Untitled]

Anonymous

this may be a little overdue, but i have no other way of outing my feelings. i need to know, WHO was that mysterious man, smelling his rose in the harris lecture theatre. this is not an innuendo, by the way — he brought an ACTUAL rose to his nose and sniff-sniffed away, the whole collection long. i was speechless, and actually failed this collection as i did not manage to put a single word on inspera. if only i had a rose of my own to be smelling, but alas, i could only take my inspiration from the back of your head. the sound of your sniff did something to me. and i have to know, what *is* the word?



Troilus & Criseyde - An Undiscovered Fragment

Kilian King

Preface

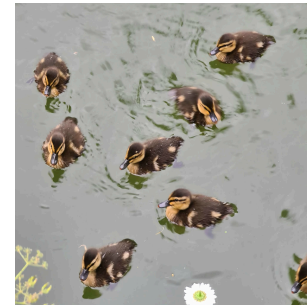
After recent perusal, I have discovered an old manuscript in the Oriel archives which I believe to be of interest to the community. According to my investigations, this is a rare and previously undiscovered piece that could be dated back to the lifetime of Geoffrey Chaucer. I'm not much of a medievalist myself but the text appears to corroborate the broader themes of the writer's (circa) 1360s epic, Troilus and Criseyde. Strong readers of T&C will recognise that these four lines do not present a full 'rime royal' stanza, the strictly seven-line form pioneered by Chaucer. At best, we might posit that they form the first quartet of the seven lines, the remaining three lines of which are unfortunately missing. That the Chaucerian stanza tends to present a turn about the fifth line, we can only wonder what progression takes place after this description of a stasis.

Unfortunately such a small and, by my judgement, incongruous, piece does not provide enough context to place it within the over eight thousand lines-long text. Nevertheless, it serves as a useful contextual snippet that, failing all else, is a pleasure to read.

So ful of poo that neigh hem wexeth wood.
Ful hevily he sat and wepte for smerte
'Alas!' He quoth, 'by iove culd y han poo'd'
For ystocked was his erse up to his herte

Ducks

Hunor Veres



Impressions of Solstice

Elisabeth Rees

You dropped your watch in the pool and it sprung
Out glistening like a gem; the dog's fur
Touched the river and uncle damned the young
Because it meant he couldn't fish; then when her

Hat blew away, Grandmother shouted for
Julia, who, under the portico,
Chipped her tooth. Reciting from the tower,
Your brother silently mimed: you said 'Throw

Your voice!' And dancing under the firmament
We burned our feet, but being a daughter
Was hard, and then there was the argument
When Mother laughed like ripples on the water.

And I know you never cared you missed your train,
Since it was, in the end, after the rain.

An Unnatural Predicament

Mark van Eykenhof

Stan held tightly onto the railing as he crossed the threshold into the corridor at the end of the fifth carriage, careful not to let the cotton of his trousers get caught in the vestibule doors. He felt awkwardly conscious of himself as he hovered in the gap between the seats and the exit. In moments prior, he had shuffled his way up the carriage feeling the glare of passengers still seated. Sometimes he paused and gestured for them to stand but at this they stared vacantly into his eyes. He felt an uncomfortable familiarity with these moments from work, caught between asserting confidence and showing humility. Standing now in the wriggle room between the carriage and its doors he clicked his fingers, hoping to shift his consciousness away from the space he occupied. Soon the train eased to a halt and he realised that the other passengers had paid little attention to him anyway.

When at last the queue ahead began to move, Stan observed the man in front of him who seemed oblivious. Even as the other passengers drifted forwards, this gristly man loitered, his blocky head intent on the side of the carriage. Stan sensed the faces of the city-workers behind him, forward-jawed and ready to go with rimless glasses and wrinkly eyes set back like reptiles. He was in their way. The rays of their vision intensified on his back as he clutched his papers close to his chest and thought about the weekend, to throw them off. As long as no one mentioned anything to him, he knew he had done everything right. Nonetheless, in each passing second, he felt that the silence might be shot through by the voice of an angry one. Each moment mounted in pressure as it built towards either exiting the train safely or persecution from the other passengers. Stan made a gesture of ordering his papers chronologically to reduce his chances of being scathed for his unofficial role in blocking the exit.

Once he had finally left the carriage, he resolved to be more aware of those watching him. After all, it was a simple mistake of observation that had placed him between the unmoving passenger and the superactive executives. With more attention to those watching him, he could monitor their reactions and, just in case he got on the nerves of any in charge, react accordingly. Then he might not have to put up with a constant sense of misgiving.

It was as he was walking along the platform to the exit that Stan made his fatal error. With his attention fixed on the distance to avoid the security camera's gaze, he trod on loose gravel, sliding him off his feet. In one swift moment Stan's frame was swept from its foundations. As he stumbled forwards, he felt his normal relation with the ground collapse as he fell into it. Stan hurled headlong into the space between the train and the platform. Miraculously, he survived, and with barely a scratch. The Stan-like shape of the train's undercarriage had stopped his fall with several points of contact and welcomed him perfectly into this narrow space. Each part of his body had been cushioned by its new groove at the exact same time, sharing the impact agreeably. Stan's fall had rendered him diagonally reclined with his legs above his head, sticking out above the platform. Due to a mid-air turn that he had not expected, Stan's whole body faced upwards, despite the uninteresting view that this offered. He assessed his damages, noticing that he had slotted comfortably into the area as a key into its home.

It occurred to him that he ought to make some effort to grab the attention of one of his fellow commuters to save his life, or at least to make light of the situation by way of small conversation. The train was long and there was no way the train driver had noticed the small jolt he no doubt had caused to its sixth carriage. Or was it the fifth? He turned over his entrance of the train half an hour prior and could not remember which part of the train he had boarded. This information, he decided bravely, was likely not important for his mission of self-rescue, so he forgot trying to remember.

The train, an attractive locomotive, would for certain be due to heave its hefty steel arms and leave the station soon. At the height of the busy commuting morning at a central station, the train would doubtlessly be greased to fill capacity. A work horse. In a matter of minutes, if that, the train would have been emptied of its passengers and the station would be urging others in to fill the space. *Read the rest of the story at thepoorprint.com!*