

# NOVSCRIPTER ISSUE #3



*November 2025*

*First words, second drafts, new writers.*

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A brief introduction to our third issue.

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## FATES WILL

A stunning poem brushing on fate and immense power.

By Lorna West Keogh

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## THE GIRL WITH MIDNIGHT HAIR

An outstanding, euphonic and sensual romance poem.

By Lorna West Keogh



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# INTRODUCTION

Hello!

I hope all those who are reading this are well. I apologise for my recent inactivity regarding our social media; I assure you within the next few weeks that I have quite a lot planned which will hopefully introduce a more personal quality to our magazine!

Secondly, the festive season is near and so I have decided to use an optional theme for our next issues submissions.

The prompt shall be: 'cold'.

Stereotypical for the winter, I know. But this can be used in more abstract ways than the temperature. Be experimental, I can't wait to read the writing produced!

For now, thank you so much to the lovely writers who submitted their work for this issue! I hope all readers enjoy our lovely submissions.

Until the next issue,

Emily





# Dancing

My expression leaks my feelings onto the floor of the disco.

My hands clutching my arms as the scattered lights sway across the room in bursts.

Some hit my eyes and dazzle me, some allow me a quick and unfiltered glance at him.

He is there,

in the corner, like me.

Anchored by the blurred, greased glass in his steady hands full of sticky fizzing liquid.

Someone manages to bump into me whilst dancing,

knocking my balance and my view of him.

It is for the best.

I remain by the tables and take a seat, the chair creaking below me.

The muggy, suffocating music and squeals and chatter become muffled by my stirring headache as i sit and watch them sway about aimlessly.

Not really dancing, not really there.

In a way, I long to join them.

I want to dance with someone and feel whatever they feel when that happens.

I have tried; I just don't. And when i feel the room's heavy drunken stupor set in, dancing and laughing along i do; it just does not ever feel like how I imagine it feels.

*By Emily Hale*

# Fates will

A vast abyss before him lies  
Where once a noble endeavour did throne  
Now faint the flame, the fire dies  
The mere mirth has since been sown

Oft' he did muse by a mere bulbs light  
And divined those truths into his own  
When torpor's foe became his night  
days dimmed from the stars dull prone



That much of fates ordinance which pressed his sight  
Each path gleaming- but overgrown  
Too mean in all; none take flight  
Regardless of all which he has known

So close it lies- just within grasp  
That if it laboured just right  
That void would bridge, the nights unclasp  
And bloom would grace his plight

now, he stands in his own minds bound  
Where anxious dreads and vigil cling  
But should he strike, with will profound

Fate itself would bow again

*By Lorna West Keogh*

# Salt

You stuff salt down my throat,  
Filling my mouth,  
Burning my nose,  
And I choke,  
I spit, I cry, I scream,  
"I hate you", I say as tears gleam,  
But still I come back,  
I sob at your feet,  
I beg you for sugar, craving the sweet,  
And when your hand offers, I won't halt,  
Knowing full well it's a fistful of salt.

*By Rachel McMeekin*

# THE GIRL WITH MIDNIGHT HAIR

You are every poem to grace this earth-  
You, alone in your alluring ways,  
could still the fatal blaze within my hearth  
that which so darkens each day.

You are every song to fill my ears-  
you exist in the space between each note.

So, quench and quell and still my fears  
While my love for you remains stuck in my throat.



# THE GIRL WITH MIDNIGHT HAIR BY LORNA WEST KEOGH

You pull the silence from my bones,  
where words and will do intertwine  
I speak in shadows not my own,  
Yet every voice still ends in thine.  
You are the girl with midnight hair-  
And I do clasp my telescope.  
To seek your eyes in suffocating air,  
my orbit has no scope  
You wane each time I near your glow  
receding back past that line;  
So, the stars will whisper what I know-  
midnight girl can never quite be mine  
My pen betrays what the souls conceals  
A poet's truth I cannot impart.  
It carves in the ache I should not feel  
And shelters every word within the dark.  
So, while I hide beneath a poet's guise  
I ask of her just this;



Come kiss this secret shrouded in sighs  
For surely that from you I cannot miss.

*By Lorna West Keogh*



## THE GUNPOINT-OF-VIEW

I lay within my four walls,  
Ready for the dirty free for all.  
Here in my four walls, I pick up dust  
Here in my four walls, I pick up rust.

I lay within my four walls,  
Wondering what bodies i will cause to fall.  
I lay within my four walls.

Time passes by and so does the opportunity  
I want to scare the whole community.

I'm ready for this fight,  
Well not really a fight because all it takes is my one hit,  
And I win.  
Am I wrong or am I right?

## THE GUNPOINT-OF-VIEW BY ELIZA CEGIELKA

I lay within my four walls,  
Wanting them to see the light,  
This lately has been on my mind.

I don't lay within my four walls,  
I feel a hand; I know what's on their mind.  
Lights, camera, action, shoot.

I don't lay within my four walls,  
Instead, I am in the pocket, and trust me I am ready to be shot out like a rocket

Fresh air fills my imaginary lungs,  
Now they are held at gunpoint.  
My point that is.

## THE GUNPOINT-OF-VIEW BY ELIZA CEGIELKA

The hand holding me shakes,

Come on man don't take a break,

Come one man pull my damn trigger.

Be that scary figure.

Bang,

There goes my favourite sound followed by some more.

What is this feeling?

That pleasure, thrill.

Let's do it again; that one was a drill.



## THE GUNPOINT-OF-VIEW BY ELIZA CEGIELKA

The hand froze but the screaming has rose,  
Come on man let's run

I don't lay within my four walls,  
And the feeling is gone.  
Not gone. Replaced with something without a face.  
There is no thrill.  
Outside the four walls of mine,  
I feel something I can't define.

Humans say be careful what you wish for,  
And i guess it applies to guns too.  
Because now what i have done seems rude.

I don't lay within my four walls,  
I don't wonder what bodies i will cause to fall  
Because i know and now i feel low.

I wish I was within my four walls, where my desires stayed desires  
With no hurt.

Does the hand wish that too?

To go back to thinking this through.

Because I feel bad for letting that bullet go, but does the hand feel bad for holding on to that trigger.

Is it bad for being that scary figure.

By *Eliza Cegielka*



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FOR READING!

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