

1. All work that is presented in this publication shall be referred to as "creative, text-based work" or "CTBW"; "creative" meaning non-factual; "text-based" meaning work that is produced with the medium of a writing system or glyphs.
2. There are myriad variables in CTBW. It is wrong to try to group like example as this sets precedents for production and thus inhibits the creative process.
3. Labels for work and names for any perceived "styles" of CTBW must be eschewed, including but not limited to: literature, drawing, poetry, prose, typography, creative writing, artist writing, word art, lyrics, fiction etc.
4. There are no "types" of CTBW, but there are varying degrees of subjectivity. CTBW can be interpreted or defined differently by different people, but must be done so consciously.
5. It is wrong to make assumptions about content as a result of execution- each piece of CTBW must be experienced in its own right, peerless unless otherwise intended by its creator.
6. By removing the need for CTBW to adhere to prejudiced definitions we make it possible for the work to exist in its own right and to validate itself, rather than having to conform to prerequisites about content, execution, reference or culture.
7. CTBW does not have to take language into account. All languages – living, dead, organic, constructed – are potential vehicles for CTBW but are not its media.

We are always looking for new submissions. Please send any to
 hoaxpublication@gmail.com
 [Work will be printed in black ink and on A5 paper]

HOAX

A free, independent literary venture to present all forms of creative, text-based work as equal and to remove useless definitions of what creative work can be.

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The theme, like a sore thumb stuck into me. I racked my brains for weeks now, lost teeth, gained teeth, lost teeth again. The ideas never took the bait. I thought of other 'greats' who thought around similar subjects but became less inclined to jump on the graves of the dead - in the name of a homage. Then there's the actual means of getting something to a certain white room, whilst sat limp from afar - as opposed to forcing objects in suitcases whilst avoiding bagging restrictions, or posting fragile objects to arrive in shards. The grand idea becomes a hastily printed poster unzipped from a Pdf jacket and thrust on a wall.

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Old Lady Peach and
 Bleached white jeans
 Drags lazily on her Marlboro Red, in the
 Shimmering heat of West coastal sun.
 The tarmac gitters and swells, lighting
 Captain Parker's Pub up
 In Brooklyn Drag.
 The little valleys pull in
 Tight with French tips, while
 Blue rinse reminisces a
 Thousand occasions where she has
 Solitarily loafed outside a
 Thousand dinners, drinks, and
 As a debutante, a
 Thousand tiring dates,
 To darken her blush dialect a
 Dirty Brown.
 Eyes sparkle sapphires that
 Finally found a suitable buyer
 After years of carelessness
 Tanglers and Tossers.
 Luminous, those watery orbs,
 Pinpricked with stars and
 Rimmed with midnight,
 Crease in complement to her
 Archaic cheekbones and grace
 Fully unaware that she
 Still stops traffic.