



**ART IS...
UNEXPECTED!**

still Happening

GET IT OUT THERE!

POETRY SLAM 2020

GET IT OUT THERE!

Poetry Slam 2020

Art Is... Festival

Get It Out There!
Online Poetry Slam June 2020

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Introduction

The Art Is... festival is a co-created, iconic, inclusive festival held annually in the Wimmera region of Victoria.

Celebrating its 25th anniversary in 2020, it is situated 301 kilometres north-west of Melbourne on the lands of the Wotjobaluk, the Jaadwa, the Jadwadjali, Wergaia and Jupagalk people.

The festival is passionate about providing access to the arts to all members of the community.

The Get It Out There poetry slam was held online on 25 June 2020 and hosted by Melbourne spoken word legend and cabaret performer extraordinaire Amy Bodossian.

The poetry slam brought together performers and writers giving each the opportunity to use their talents. Poets who did not want to perform their poetry could nominate a Limelight Star, proficient in the art of spoken word, to perform their poem on the night.

The event was a huge success with poets of all ages and backgrounds coming together to share an evening of poetry and spoken word.

This volume contains the poems read on the night.

Sarah Natali
Festival Director
Art Is.. festival

Gratitude

I piss in my back garden,
squatting amongst daisies, dandelions
and the sounds of birds,
as the honey light of dusk
casts its golden splendour over everything and think
“This is a life well lived.”

As I stare at my hot pink ankle socks precariously dodging the drops
and look up through the crack in my fence to see a sliver of a couple talking loudly
as they walk by, the slight stress of being seen
makes me feel alive
and I think,
“I am lucky to be pissing in my back garden I am free
I am lucky to be me.

I am lucky to be able to wear hot pink ankle socks
and to have eyes that can see the drops
and ears that can hear the birds
and legs that can squat

I am lucky to have heard pianos
and seen paintings
and written poetry
and to have kissed a nice boy
even if he's just a memory now
I am lucky to have ever kissed his brow

Yes, I am lucky to be urinating amongst daisies and dandelions
as honeyed light spills across discarded bottles and cigarette butts
left over from my party the other night
where my friends came to honour me
in my backyard in Coburg
at thirty eight" and I think
"I'm Okay."

I stand up button my jeans, smile and think
"This is it, I've arrived."

by Amy Bodossian

Shadow Sonata

after 'Earth-Moon-Earth' by Katie Paterson, 2007

In the seconds it takes
to draw breath -
a moon-spun sonata
drifts in a sea of tranquility

A gift from the blue
dot of serenity -
the dashed heart of one
man through the fingers of many

And no-one, in a white room
Piano black alchemy
plays from a place
that has never known sound

Are we slowly losing the music
or gaining this silence newfound?

By Brendan Bonsack and Kathryn Ross
read by Kathryn Ross

The Rubber Knife

If you feel at odds with life
And think you want to end it
Stab yourself with a rubber knife
Cos you'll only bend it!

by Roy Cairncross (Sarah Natali's Grandfather)
read by Sarah Natali

written when I was 14 and had to write a poem
about a useless object at school

Remote Learning

Hi kids this is DJ rap Madison here to tell you my story of remote learning.

It all started in China where someone caught the flu.

Oh no, it spread like fire across the country and was majorly contagious.

The world went into lock down.

Mr Weller heard the cry and shut down the school - Bam, slam, thank you ma'am.

Schools everywhere were doing the same,

No pain, no gain they all said.

To start with we were excited, a chance to stay home,

Chill with our families and do as we wanted,

But then my dream came crashing down like a wrecking ball,
school holidays ended and a mountain of school work was waiting to be done.

It's crap I said, I hate it, there is too much to do, I don't get it, I am so sick of it, ooooffff

But hang on, wait a minute,

I can eat when I want,

I can drink when I want,

I can have fun when I want,

I can be as loud as I want, well most of the time, so how about that.

This is awesome.

Facetime with friends, isn't that a bit like class time anyways.

It's amazing and crazy!

Technology can do so much, we can all stay in touch.

Returning to school will be a bit scary, but it will be nice to see my friends in the real world again.

I'm sure they are as excited as me.

Argh, not uniforms again, they're so wrinkly and cold and hang everywhere, they're sarcastic and I feel like they're made of plastic....so how elastic is that!

My brother is already back, he was as loud as a steam train,
the noise has now faded away into darkness,
it's so quiet now, all I hear is the bells of my kitty,
Gucci calling me, wanting to play.
So farewell to google classrooms, it's been nice knowing you.
I know my mum and dad have loved it
because they can help me more easily in learning,
But Mr Weller has called us back so I guess I will see you all soon.
Chow

by Madison Carra (age 10)
read by Amy Bodossian

written as part of a Grade 5 Assessment on slam
poetry, as well as other forms of poetry

Submitted by Madison's mother, Janet Carra

Carousel

Spinning up and spinning down
Coloured lights flash all around
That giddy feel, that joyous sound
Would always return and be found.

That carousel through alley's dark
Would draw and tempt to embark
The warmest glow, the brightest lark
Attracted all and left your mark.

Gears and power and finery
Constructed like a symphony
Amazingly built you were to see
Intelligence, care and charity.

Dismounting fondly bid adieu
Replaced by many who needed to
Childhood hearts recharged anew
You gave us always, all of you.

That carousel you made for us
Spins in my heart from dawn til dusk
Never stopping, free of rust
As loyal as you were to us.

With soul nourished and spirit fed
We all returned to family's bed
The better for that time we shared
Stronger for the road ahead

Riding on your carousel
Brave enough to tackle hell
Your charge like a steeple bell
I still can't believe it's you who fell.

Or when we alighted feet to ground
You continued to spin around
I wish I could have tried and found
To give you rest, to keep you sound.

Memories of our carousel
That adventure taste, that daring smell
The stories we would but couldn't tell
A love which time will never quell.

Oh! my brother, too short your span
The pain and sorrow I fight to ban
And will always hear you speak Great Man
We were raised to see life as fun and take it if we can!

by David Dickinson

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read by Indrani Perera

This poem was written for a beloved friend who lost his personal battle with life a month ago. I slightly altered the last line to accommodate a line taken from one of my favourite albums, The Cranberries No Need To Argue, and the song Ode To My Family. It has special significance because Jon's parents are Irish and he had a strong connection to his heritage. I wrote this poem while listening to the album.

Epiphany At Fitzroy Beach

I hide in the clouds
to siphon the saltiness of your tears
I grounded the birds so you could see the sky uninterrupted
I smooth the waves,
I growing a beard, hunting for a staff, learning Hebrew
If it were in my purview,
I'd steal the light of the stars until dawn comes
& nestle them in the bird's nests of your hair
I just want you to be pride and light
I just want you to sing with every breath of yours
to leave nothing in the tank
Kiss me and melt me
like Taranaki butter.

by Trevor Landers
read by Amy Bodossian

Tableau Of Crumpled Sheets (Wimmera)

I like a tableau of crumpled sheets
the ways sheets coil like rosettes
or lie unkempt across corrugations of doona
or just clump like a strange mountain range.
Pillows should be disordered,
positioned for pragmatic pleasuring
or discarded without ceremony
not neatly arranged for sleep
Sheets should show the tensions of clawing fingers
& spreadeagled thighs
each ruffle must be an historian chronicling the very recent past
let the washing machine sort out
the historiography of us,
neither of us is innocent
Smudged here with ylang-ylang,
burnished there with coconut oil,
a splash of misplaced creation in one corner,
steam-lacquered my footprints embroidered in another.
Wide-throated flowers from her hair
strewn scattered everywhere
these sheets celebrate the joy of making love
in any & every position
I prefer the unmade bed.

by Trevor Landers

read by Amy Bodossian

One Rainy Night (Wimmera)

By nightfall,
the sky was opening up
rain, sure and steady
pelting the dry earth like a lovers' reunion
I sat in your embrace cosily,
Like something sacramental
The words spoken by the rain makes no sense,
a garble of sploshes on snuggled earth
syllables falling
forming puddles and singing.
Our shadows,
our dark sides liquified,
defying inscription.
On the sofa, two bodies shining like moons
a silent love that sweetens souls,
seals the beauty of the world,
Love me, ransack me,
endow me with stupendous imaginations,
Privilege me differently,
prepare me such
that my heart may match the radiance I contemplate for us,
or be blind to anything less
that may eventuate.

by Trevor Landers

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read by Amy Bodossian

Trevor Landers was born in New Zealand and is currently working on his sixth collection of poetry, Happy Birthday Suit, due for release in January 2021.

Ambiguous Answers

Teaching us ‘antonyms’, she asked:
‘What is the opposite of sweet?’
I remember stretching my arm up so high
I had to balance it against my left hand
to stop the aching.

I stared right at her.
I knew this; I knew it.

I was picked third;
‘Chocolate!’ I announced proudly,
being sure of applause.

She didn’t smile.
Looked at me as if she was trying
to work something out.
Some children sniggered;
she reprimanded them.
This made me think I was right after all.

She asked why I thought it was chocolate
and I explained how, with weekly pocket money,
Dad would take us up to the post office
and we could either afford sweets
or chocolate,
but not both.

I didn’t really know ‘sour’,
but the look she gave
demonstrated it perfectly.

by Nina Lewis

Your Gift

You play the saxophone
as if born with a reed in your mouth,
even at your mother's funeral
you perform without a note misplaced.

You play a piece your mother
used to sing along to on the radio,
a song that, as a boy,
you believed belonged to her.

I watch your face:
eyes closed,
breathing through the silver sax –
like an iron lung, it supports you.

The father in that musician
is the one I dreamt of having.
Getting to know you off stave,
a more complicated notation.

I realise now it is music
you belong to. A parent-less man
destined to share his final breath
with a woodwind instrument.

That same mouth
will rarely tell me of love,
But I let you carry me
with melody alone.

by Nina Lewis

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Strutting His Stuff

Crackled dry; reptilian or a relic of a bygone age,
three pronged toes with spur, clicking on the concrete,
tapping tunefully on the concrete, while I stood at the line
and considered the glimmer of his feathers,
the rubbery, wobbly texture of his coxcomb.

I'm scared of birds.
Their beady eyes,
Their pointy beaks,
Their sudden jerky movements,
Their fast flapping flutter when they're scared...

But they interest me.

They follow me.

They choose to come into my garden and promenade along the wall
Ever watchful for sudden movements.

Keen.

Ready.

Alert.

Prey!

by Sarah Natali

My Words

I want words
my words
to sing and dance
off the page

I want words
my words
to sing and dance
in your ear

words like synaesthesia
and cumquat
- marmalade for the soul

I want words words words
words to sing
and words to dance
words to whisper
and to shout
words to wound
and words to heal

I want words
my words
to sing and dance
off the page

I want words
my words
to sing and dance
in your ear

words like defenestration
and visceral
- daggers for the mind

I want words
my words
to sing and dance
so you hear

by Indrani Perera
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When she was a child, Indrani Perera would spend school holidays staying with her grandparents in Jeparit. These days, she lives in the foothills of the Dandenongs where she writes poetry and publishes the *Pocketry Almanack* at www.pocketry.com.au. Follow her adventures in making the things she needs at www.indraniperera.com.

Secrets

Secrets under stone
under wood
under water
under dirt
under thoughts
in our minds
buried from view
so no-one can see

Look high
and look low
for those secrets
lurking
in books
in notebooks
in letters
in diaries
but it seems
these slippery serpents
are well hidden
from view

by Phoebe Perera (age 10)

Scenes From Pulp Fiction: A Beat Poem

This piece is under a Creative Commons Attribution-NonCommercial 3.0 Unported License and is on Soundcloud:

<https://soundcloud.com/mipossum/scenes-from-pulp-fiction-a>

WARNING: this poem contains explicit language, strong violence and scenes of an adult nature.

by Michelle Pitman

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excerpt read by Alistair Shaw

I wrote this poem as a mashup of media content for a University unit on Media studies. I used *Howl* by Alan Ginsberg as my inspiration then utilised a scene from *Pulp Fiction* (Quentin Tarantino, Australian release 1994). I also recorded myself reading it and put it up on Soundcloud.

Am proud to say that this piece (and the accompanying essay) received a mark of 93% for that course. My best ever assignment result for any unit throughout my degree!

This Is How It Ends

Hugs all round, and nursing
newborn babies again
inhaling her talcum baby scent
The late squeeze you add
when you're hugging a good friend
The linger hug you give when
You wish it was something more
Than what it is,

The clap on the back, the hand
on the shoulder, the hand
on the hand and
the reassuring press
that says, together –
we've got this

This is how it ends
Hugs all round and cheek kisses that say
I've missed you friend
Lip kisses that say you're something special
Nephews and nieces on your lap
And reading to them any storybook or
All of them, or the same one over and over
And over again

This is how it ends
Hugging the fragile bones
of my elderly friends
Yes, they're in my care and yes,
I'm a professional
But sometimes – everyone – needs a good hug
We're careful not to touch
Unnecessarily - and that's love too

This is how it ends
I hug my mother
without fear – for her – for me
I hug without fear
of bringing this thing into my work,
that could take the lives of three
or four of them, or all of them

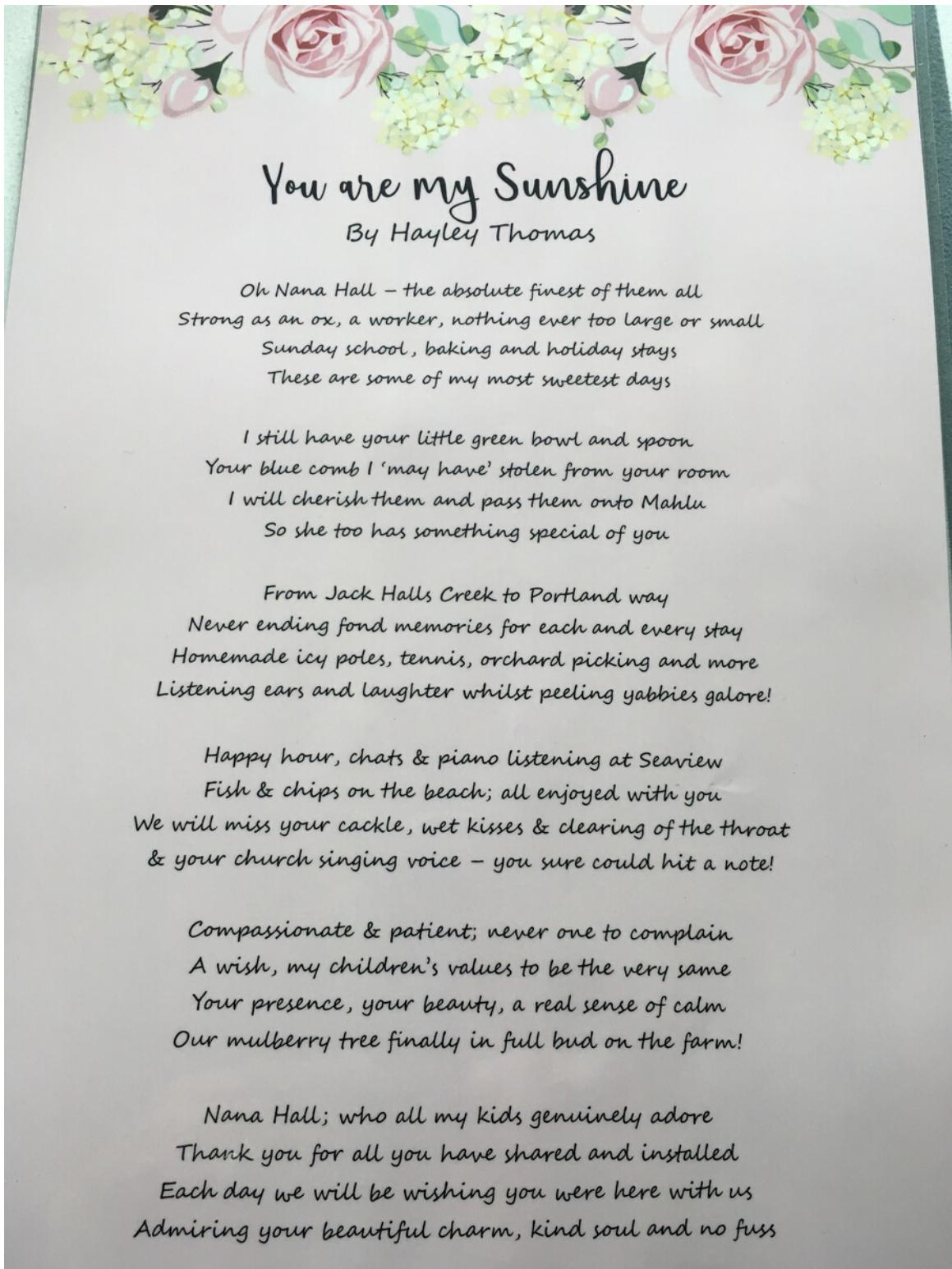
This is how it ends
I touch the hand or the shoulder
Of a stranger to say
You forgot your change
Or you dropped a twenty dollar bill
Or you remind me of someone I once knew

This is how it ends
One day we get
To hold one another
again

by Kathryn Ross

Kathryn Ross is a writer and Registered Nurse who divides her time between her passions for writing poetry, caring for the elderly and wandering the bush tracks and back beaches of her home town of Anglesea. Her book of collaborative poetry published in 2015 was titled *At the Edge of Forget* and was co-authored by poets from Melbourne, California and Michigan. She has had work included in poetry anthologies and published in online and print journals. She is currently compiling a collection of poems with hopes to publish later in 2020.

You Are My Sunshine



by Hayley Thomas

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read by Sarah Natali

The Painter And The Poet

I was crutching sheep at Quantong and 'cut out' was half past five,
Then let them out into the yard and walked them through the drive,
The cars out on the highway were really going fast,
I'd be so glad to get them home and finish work at last.

I kept the sheep against the fence to keep them off the road,
The cars were speeding to and fro, and the truckies with their load
Were changing gears as they approached to give the sheep a chance,
And the dog was working wonders without a backward glance.

When the sheep would veer to starboard, she would turn the leaders round,
To keep them off the bitumen, no better could be found,
So many times she risked her life from some fool behind a wheel,
Who ignored the situation and much anger did I feel.

Well, at last I got them turning into the roadside gate,
They slowly walked towards the dam, I called the dog my mate.
We went across the highway to my ute behind the trees,
And found to my amazement that I'd forgot the keys.

I tied the dog up to the ute and started walking back,
I knew that in the shearing shed the keys hung on a tack.
I had scarcely gone a chain or two when I heard a car slow down,
And the driver asking quietly, "Would you like a ride to town?"

So I thanked him for his kindness, said I'd forgot my keys,
Which were hanging in the woolshed, would he take me to them please.
We drove along in silence and I couldn't help but say
That I seemed to think I knew him with his hair and beard so grey.

He said his name was Douglas and Neil was his first name.
And then it all came back to me, that painter of much fame.
I said I'm glad to meet you and I shook him by the hand
I said I was a poet but I worked out on the land.

He offered then to take me back, said he had plenty o'time
And it would save me walking, I said, "It suits me just fine.
You're a gentleman twice over, there are few of them around."
I'm glad that he had come along, a new friend I had found.

I told him I had written poems of horses and of trees.
And one about some curlew eggs, or anything I please.
He invited me to visit him and bring a poem or two,
To his work in the Art Gallery where his paintings were on view.

by Edwin Schulz

read by Andrea Cross

I Wonder

What is it with justice?
A natural state, what just is?
Or something that is just?

Can we be present without a gift?
Can we have presence, yet have
It thrust upon us, without pre-sense?

Does belonging need a longing?
And what does it long for?
Isn't that the short of it?

What sort of humiliation
Is based in humility?
And what pulsates in an impulse?

No peace without contemplating these pieces
Witless while witness to the play.

by Alistair Shaw

Douglas

When I arrived at the parlour
It was all so artificial:
The flowers, the smiles, the setting, the coffin, the emotions.

It was a fortnight since he'd done it
His family so calm; they'd processed their nightmares.
But when I saw him I knew that I hadn't.

Written at the Amy Bodossian presents Unleashing Your Poetic Voice workshop.

Love In The Laundry

Where does lost love go to?
Behind the sofa?
In a pocket?
To be retrieved when vacuuming or discovered in tiny pieces
spread throughout the washing.

I think that's likely it
Little flakes
In everything
You'll spend forever picking the detritus from all the inflected
elements of your life.

The real question - are you brave enough to try another load?

Written in response to a post-workshop prompt to write about something familiar: which is both laundry and lost love.

by Alistair Shaw

A Waist [sic] Of Ratepayers' Money

What is a waist of ratepayers' money?

A reference to the taught tummy of the performance poet and the systematic starving, over decades, of the dramatic arts?

Clever! Who knew a full frontal Facebook imbedded image collecting clicks could contain such spacious scope for wicked witticism?

No? He hates the arts? He is an arse! Oh dear! A troll! Cantankerous about the Council's coffers. Well, to the bridge, set Billy loose - the GOAT'll get'm!

by Alistair Shaw

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Alistair lives in Horsham

Like A Ghost

Like a ghost passing through
through the essence of time
weaving out of peoples lives
traces of existence
a thought
a menacing laugh
tears of happiness
all in a day's journey
the journey through reality
this reality called my mind
people of my life
calling my name
smiling at me
giving me presents at Christmas time
allowing me to cherish
the moment
as it flits past
time scuttles on its heels
or maybe the balls of its feet
the clock ticks
my heart beats
birds flutter
snails slide
foxes chatter

by Jackster

read by Jacqueline Schulz

Masked Intrigue...

I wear a mask.

Oh when I say this, don't think of the ones
Mandated by the pesky virus of late.

This started a long time ago in a galaxy far, far away
Ok fine...let's skip the opening crawl

Suffice to say this one was from pre corona days.

Can't remember when I first donned one

Was it at a tender age when I discovered sparring parental matches at home,
Were not for gossipy neighbours' ears?

Or the one time when I had to share my last sugar candy with some snivelly
relative brat

And that too with a smile plastered on my face?

Hello, have you not heard of 'only child no sharing' syndrome?

Or was it when my so called best buddy broke the sacred rule of besties
And relinquished my window seat in the bus to her latest sidekick?

Couldn't even blanket blame it on hormones back then like I do now !!

Or was it when...oh well you get the picture right?

I realised a long time ago or was I taught

The distinction no longer matters but the take-home lesson was

Vulnerabilities are never to be exposed

And true emotions never to be showcased

And that's how I came to wear a mask.

I wear a mask.
Inscrutable for sure by onlookers,
At least at first glance.
Impenetrable line of defence
So I assume in all my self-assuredness
Me versus them,
My Pavlovian response honed to perfection,
Against public judgement and a discerning audience
My shield against an uncaring world.
Day in and day out the mask stays in place
Adamant to have no chinks in my armour exposed.
The occasional hand reaches out to scratch the surface
To find the real me
Sometimes I get carried away by the caresses
Tempted to let my guard down
Especially when the emotional hypercapnia sets in
Battle fatigued, soul weary, too eager to step off the stage
But old habits die hard
And so I continue with the mask.

I wear a mask.
You wear one too but we pretend not to notice,
In collective denial or mutual agreement?
Resolute avoidance of truth, Imperatives of survival,
Psychology would thus babble,
But in plain speak, you and I would concur
The story of Emperor's new clothes all over again with a twist.
Once in a while someone's mask slips
The facade torn down and the farce ends
Sometimes replaced by the cold, unforgiving shroud of the Grim Reaper
Shattering the sanguine delusions of humanity.
Then the wounds rip apart afresh,
Followed by the anguished howls of why,
The rhetorics flung far and wide in the wake of it
And baffled we stand, questioning the charades
Despite the roles we play
For we were taught how to don but not to remove
And so the masked intrigue continues.....

by Sujatha Umakanthan
read by Andrea Cross

Thinking

If you think you are beaten, you are;
If you think you dare not, you don't.
If you'd like to win, but you think you can't,
It is almost a cinch you won't.

If you think you'll lose, you've lost;
For out in this world we find
Success begins with a person's will
It's all in the state of mind.

If you think you're outclassed, you are;
You've got to think high to rise.
You've got to be sure of yourself before
You can ever win the prize.

Life's battles don't always go
To the stronger or faster man;
But sooner or later the person who wins
Is the one who thinks he can!

by Walter D. Wintle

submitted by Hayley Thomas
read by Amy Bodossian

Walter D. Wintle is a poet who lived in the late 19th and early 20th century. Little to nothing is known about any details of his life. *Thinking* is also known as *The Man Who Thinks He Can*. In the 20th century, different versions of the poem have been published. To this date, it is unknown which version correctly represents the original version, but it is strongly believed that the version above, published at least as early as 1905 ("Unity" College Magazine), embodies the original and unaltered poem. The exact date of the first, original publication of *Thinking* is unknown.

A Little Less Bright Now

Silence... ... (Everywhere)
Colours are not colours today
Only dark shadows appear
Like a veil of grey being drawn over the world
A dark day is today...

(READ SLOW)

I arrive at the house of the bearded man
Admittedly, he and I are not the best of friends
But today I must visit him

I must!

I push the wooden doors forward
They are thick and heavy
I use two hands
The day is wet
The wood is damp.

My thin black sole hits the marble floor
Like a perfect ice cube
It is cold and smooth.
My feet move one in front of the other
I am walking (I don't know how)

Empty
The building and I
Echoing footsteps
Echoing breath

A forest of pews lay before me
Brown, old and cracked
It is a long walk
But I reach the end of the forest
And I sit

I am uncomfortable
I am alone

I stare at a long box in front of me
A box with chrome handles on the side
It is not like a box you get at Christmas or on your birthday

Such boxes are filled with surprises
But not this box

No – not this box

In minutes the box vanishes into blue velvet curtains
I watch as it disappears

It is gone

The box is gone

You are gone...

by Natasha Wright
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read by Sarah Natali



Art Is...
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www.artiswimmera.com

Poem Title - Kollektif 24 pt

Poem - Montserrat 14pt

Author Name & Read By - Kollektif 16

Notes - Montserrat - 14 point

HEADINGS -

NORWESTER 56 PT

Subheading - Kollektif 32 pt

Body - Montserrat

22pt - suggested (too big)

14 pt - intro, acknowledgements, poems,
notes

12pt - verso

14pt - page numbers