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Tokonoma

Hills against
sky against
each other

wavering
way back here
far sets out

Core of
an apple
rusts

light
of an old
lantern

—Cid Corman
no/ more (1969)
Norie Umeda

蟻地獄砂時計を裏返す
ant lion —
a flip
of the hourglass

海岸に日の出の音叉共振す
over the shore
the sound of the rising sun —
a tuning fork rings
初めから秤にかけられ新生児

from the moment
he’s placed on the scale...
newborn child

梔子のかをり眩暈の遊びに誘ふ

the gardenia’s
fragrant vertigo
invites me to play

銀箔の月錆びて時空の果てにをり

tarnished
at the end of space-time
silver leaf moon
薔薇の芽よ我が細胞の中のイヴ
Eve
in my cells —
rose buds

印画紙の太陽黒点傘に穴
a sunspot
on photographic paper —
umbrella puncture

はじまりの世界に新月は目覚む
genesis —
new moon
awaken
海月の触手幻視の軌跡描く

moon jelly tentacles trace my hallucination

短夜や活断層の名を覚ゆ

summer night —
I learn the name of an active fault

Translations adjusted by Clayton Beach.
as it's for birds if above it's
for fishes if below;

but if both inside &
outside you

what grasping
O foam fingered
wave

after *The Gospel of Thomas* in part
woodpecker
stand
at
old
growth
God
within

morning light
the sound I make unawares
as I'm writing
At the planetarium

next to
the serpentarium

before the stars after
the snakes

in the din of kids

At the apex

of the lit dome
a squiggle, crack

in the architecture
I knew & only

knew to be
a caterpillar who lived

there
early sight

of the sublime
The Dream

The morning after

a dreamless sleep, no
love, no—

the inside of ripe

pumpkins split
open to the common

light.
At the end of the day

the yard's baroque, sonata, lit moss rings around the rained-on bricks like
tiles of moss-ringed bricks    kaleidoscoped    lit house

sparrows descend
on the moss a piccolo --

My friend is so
indefinite, logic drifting and breaking at the

seams like clouds    brickyards' worth    the discursive mind fragmented across the mind
of limpid sky, that listening

late in the day under the clouds to her, or the voice
of her it too is light,

music.
CARRYING THE METAPHOR (2)

if it starts
   with a wound
burnt mouth

become scroll:
   if the words
hefted across

this desert
   ‘heavy of
tongue’ to

be un-
   rolled, spit out
are without

consequence like
   sand un-
peopled, con-

scripted to the wind
   then let them
let us

go
in dissolvenza
il chiarore d'estate:
sogni di carta

it's fading —
that clarity of summer —
paper dreams

miele d'acacia:
il colore del sole
sulla crostata

acacia-honey:
the sun's color
on the tart
la luna a tratti:
sotto i piedi la mia ombra
riempiva il cielo

the moon at times:
my shadow at my feet
filled the sky

la luna all'alba:
fugace incontro oltre la soglia

the moon at dawn:
a fugitive meeting beyond the threshold

qua e là una foglia gialla:
la luna piena a poco a poco

here and there a yellow leaf:
little by little a full moon
profumo di mele rosse:
la cantina vuota di mio padre

the smell of red apples:
my father’s empty cellar

tramonto:
nell’assorto silenzio sogno e mistero

sunset:
absorbed in silence mystery and dream

luna calante:
schiude le corolle il gelsomino

crescent moon:
the jasmine corollas open

airone bianco:
l’ anima scalza sul davanzale

white heron:
the soul discauled on a sill
la lunga pioggia:
fiori secchi sullo scaffale
the long rain:
dried flowers on the shelf

mele acerbe:
il primo bacio dietro il portone
bitter apples:
the first kiss at the doorway

scarabocchia silenzi la luna bianca:
non sono sola
the white moon scribbles out silences:
I'm not alone
breve notte:
le capriole addosso dell'alba

short night:
the deer in advance of dawn

cielo d'autunno:
egli occhi chiari la nostalgia

autumn sky:
homesickness in clear eyes

salmone:
l'eterno ritmo del divenire

salmon:
the eternal rhythm of becoming

[English versions JM.]
MOON OVER WATER

there it is
the moon water
ladder
waves
move
the rungs
so there it was
is
was
waves

John Levy
on my way home or at home I briefly open

the labyrinth does something faster than dissolving
it's as if the in in the word grows so much larger
Nothing for Cid Corman

It’s tempting to say I have nothing to say
as I begin writing a poem. I understand why Cid

often wrote variants on this theme, poems
he starts by declaring something like

I have nothing to say

and then says something more. I practically
lived with Cid. I moved into his coffeeshop in Kyoto,
to work for room and board when I was 23.
He never had nothing to say in person. He'd show up

in mid- or late afternoon, having stayed home to write
and frequently tell me he’d written two dozen letters

as well as many poems. Sometimes an essay, too, or
translations. He’d make marvelous ice cream then,

as the saying goes, hold court. Speaking of court, much later,
when I was in law school, he wrote me suggesting I become

a Supreme Court Justice and adding he’d written one
and had received an answer. He also

wrote Presidents, but they didn't reply. I thought I had
nothing to say and then thought of Cid. When I took a book

out of his shelves the book would be full of Cid’s
marginalia, often argumentative, though there'd usually be

passages he'd praise. He had careful penmanship.
He had nothing to say in a number of poems

when he started them
knowing nothing

never stayed nothing
if he just held on.
I rode this train in either Spain or Portugal (I forget which) in 1977. There were not many passengers and we were up in the mountains going over slopes and rounding bends when I decided to stand at the window and within moments we reached the top of one hill and took a turn and about 20 feet away a giant young man stood as if on the edge of the barren planet; he looked nine feet tall. He was a shepherd, thin, and then gone as empty land was again all around.
Everyone

one day
says something
that glitters

full of feeling

the words leave the bodies

and slowly undress

without showing off
Angiola Inglese

dimenticando
il nome di una rosa….
pomeriggio di pioggia

forgetting
the name of a rose ...
rainy evening

treno in ritardo —
luna nuova d’autunno
nel vento freddo

the train late
autumn’s new moon
in cold wind

farfalla
sulla sabbia bagnata
calore del vento

butterfly
on wet sand
the wind’s color
WHAT IT IS

What it is you want,

where you know you want it,

in through to other wonders.

Step through that easy
gauze of light and keep
going. It's there. It's

right there.
THE STARS CHANGE

Yes, the stars change. No, you don’t see it, for you haven’t been here long enough. Some loss is so slow it won’t seem inevitable. Some have dropped below the horizon already.
All you can think to say is Rise up. It’s too late. The stars aren’t listening.
IF NOT FOR STARS

If not for stars
we’re then not us.

We come from things
we cannot know

brazed in eternity’s
cauldron. We come

from a loss which
has heated, cooled.

We were fired in
the burnt heart of God

when those words were said,
Let there be light.
UPON THE WATER

The moon upon
the water is

the only moon
we touch. Touch it,

that you may drown
in its dying,

in the failure
of an ancient

reflected light.

ALL THESE DAYS

All these days
may have been

sucked husks of
emptiness,

yet didn't I
see what I saw

and didn't I
try to say it?
care
less
loch
ness

as of not at the bottom of the well

matter enough to unfold
the silence
pretending
to like it

it's even
what I think

let alone
cumulus
17.10.18
Wednesday on.

My early morning
Cough - I gulped my tea -
    Should be a lesson to
Take this maybe tricky day patiently

Don’t mind
about noise
- too much -
dear Robert
- it goes
as illness
passes
or some say
love
Bang on Dawn
as usual, reliable
   as Nature always is

with sunshine, rain
tempests, avalanches,
droughts, ice ages,
global warming, you
name it, Mother knows
   all about it

cradling the poets
and love and beauty
   in all for peace

as the surface
of earth regards
   the eyes of Heaven

Morning, 2.11.18
Antonio Mangiameli

freddo —
un nido
pieno d'acqua

cold —
a nest
full of water
sentirsi vivi —
una sfida a calcetto
sotto la pioggia

feeling alive —
a five-a-side football match
under the rain

spezzar candele
… le ossa sparpagliate
di mio nonno

breaking candles
… the scattered bones
of my granpa

Author’s note: candele/ candles — a type of long, rough, round-section pasta.
scent of sweetfern
on my fingers
warbler's song

planting love grass
the things i want
for my life

it's too much
where we used to meet
bobolinks singing
dentro le mani
la farfalla si ridesta —
nuovi origami

inside your hands
the butterfly wakes up —
new origami

piccolo borgo —
il profumo del pane
dentro i vicoli

a small village —
the smell of bread
inside the alleys
vecchia mansarda —
mazzetti di lavanda
ad essiccare

old attic —
bunches of lavender
laid out to dry

un cielo oscuro —
la strada illuminata
dai gelsomini

a dark sky —
the road lit up
with jasmine
Christopher Patchel

fireflies
bullfrogs

at the end
of the day
afterglow
Lucy Whitehead

leaf lace  the plans we made
FROM THE OLD WELL

drawing strings to tighten loose words
the garbage collector

wet and salt-less a lisp borrowed from
the rain

berries rotting in the rain often too late
to resist

heavy lids from night's bowels
a faint tapping

moon burst what bowl to pick
for drunken soup
AUTUMN PENNANTS

grey sky pulling down a monk’s cowl
all groveling about sunflowers sans the sun

forecast: quiet cloud and/or hidden fawn

legs apart children in a bus stop waiting to grow

their noses aligned yachts at the dockyard aspirating

oak leaf limping in the wind snaps into strings
PARENTHETICALS

fora...
in tiers (waterfall-like)
our grievances

what ifs: (often)
and nothing

which glitch in earth’s core
(reverbs) re
verbs

crow
(and then)
cackles

where mudflats
(do you?) bed the sky

onion (cuidao)
on the twelfth bracket
a sting

gulls lie (especially)
on orangey pits

dissection
once parts (splinters)
of a soul

(cracks) tho’ apse-healed
on paradise-climb
INVERTED PYRAMID

oceans
in me churning
galaxies
when even clouds cannot speak of heights
what wind can draw water from the well I doubt the words we pick
could stitch frayed sleeves knowing that a lodestar where we belong is not
among swans how does mid-page in our elegy taper to the peak of inverted pyramids
could be additions with the shift key when breaths resume how curves rise and fall
as in: how a crow struts around his empty chair do I love you how threadbare leaves stick
to my knees i remember a peeping Tom cross-eyed on the sky me slurping crème brûlée
his mouth agape as yew branches scratch the eye of a storm staring out of walls
TATTING KNOTS

as of the cedar twig last autumn i had since gathered a flask of fragrance
mornings on the picket gate came with a fawn the same one with a diamond mark on its forehead
the card reader seeing me bare in the left knee once spotted my brown diamond birth mark you
will kneel before a prince on your wedding day she foretold i married a man
who designed churches with awnings of sheer pineapple silk he dreamed of battles
on a bay shore he croaked like a frog when i kissed his nose

the children who helped clean the image of the Santo Nino
told me a dwarf lived inside the trunk of our pine tree they claimed this danced
in the moonlight to lure dwarves come out one day i found a gold coin under my husband's chair
we all die the card reader soothed me as i sat in vigil by my mother's sickbed as if
an untruth she tried to affirm life begins in a well where the coins we toss rise as debris she said

this morning i woke up to a starling tapping on the blinds in a tub
of old molasses i dip my forefinger and lick away the night

with a finger twist
her sentences a series
of blips
knitting meditation
I make a scarf
give it away

to knit
with closed eyes
Autumn darkness

yarn store
choosing colors
by their feel
late night solitude
only the click-click
of my knitting needles

grandmother’s afghan
still
warm
LIBRA

Positive roses and cardinal grapes,
Masculine sapphire and jade,
Orchid air and lizard cloves,
Copper from the South Pacific,
Diplomatic cayenne and indecisive artichokes,
Tibetan pomegranates,
Viennese plums from Antwerp,
Pink freesia and pear gardenia,
Egyptian cinnamon,
Urbane bluebells and gullible Lisbon gladioli,
Japanese jewels from Frankfurt,
Mint capers and soulmate yams,
Melissa lemongrass from Leeds . . .
And all options on the table forever.
He was your common or garden convent wizard,
Always in a patchouli-coloured dream coat;
Dream sounds played on the radio
As he sang time's tune in the ears of the future
With all its memories;
And the old song,
All the time his elf sang it—
*Trailer for sale or rent,*
*Rents to let, fifty cents* —
Because of the poverty
And because of the cigarettes.

The shape of things to become
Changes with registers of time;
We did not know this then,
While our jaguar gods
Dreamed on and on;
And the old song,
The elf would really get into it—
*No phone, no pool, no pets,*
*I ain't got no cigarettes* —
And folded grief flags flew freely
In that convent.

Now, in denial of my night dreams,
I hear the temple horns
Sounding and circling,
I hear the green drum beats
Of the floating forest;
And the old song,
I hear still the wizard's elf singing it—
*I'm a man of means by no means,*
*King of the road* —
Indeed, I thought back then,
We're all kings of the road here.
cockcrow
insomnia
saluted

rainy season
outside the temple
two tourists argue

rainy season
pigeons peck at the noodles
meant for the Buddha
раннее утро
в мусорном баке
первый снег

early morning
the first snow
in a garbage can

зимнее приветствие
чуть дольше задерживаю
её руку

winter greeting
i hold her hand
a little longer

солнце
после дождя
хризантемы

sun
after rain
the chrysanthemums
the last morning
especially I will miss the beaches
under the beach
growing in the attic
magazines
subspecies

50th birthday
this poem I’ll first press into the world’s smallest
squash ball
sound of walnuts —
on the knife’s edge
a consonant

wind god —
I leave my name
in a hidden place

broomrape. reclaiming her words from the autumn wind
in the rabbit hole the ticking of a mad clock

twilight does the twig remember the pull of the leaf
no cares for a moment
an old man calls us hippies

first night…
the redness of an apple,
slightly wet
between living and dying
a butterfly with blue wings

summer clouds—
the secret ingredient
in her gazpacho

trying to fit
the curve of her body—
crescent moon
Margherita Petriccione

vite americana —
appare e scompare
tra le lenzuola

american vine —
appears and disappears
between the sheets

formaggio di fossa
quei giochi pomeridiani
sulle balle di fieno

Fossa cheese
those afternoon games
on the hay bales
ricordi di galline
in un campo incolto ...
cicoria fritta

memories of hens
in an overgrown field...
fried chicory

le foglie alla terra —
tutte le strade
del vento d'autunno

leaves to earth —
all the streets
of the autumn wind

tramonto —
scende lentamente una scala
l'ombra

sunset —
the shadow slowly
descends the stairs
gocciolio di una flebo  
partenza silenziosa  
del traghetto della sera

the IV’s drip —  
silent departure  
of the evening ferry

campi incolti —  
cavi ad alta tensione  
crepitanti

fallow fields —  
high voltage cables  
crackling

dormiveglia ...  
attraverso l'erba secca  
una lucertola

half-sleep ...  
through the dry grass  
a lizard
As I approach my seventy-eighth year, I decide it is time I wrote a really long poem. A meister-arbeit as it were, tying in together everything I have learnt over my lifetime & distilling it into an output of such insight & incisiveness that, even if I didn’t finish it, there would be enough for the most obdurate of critics to proclaim it the work that showed literature the way forward into the second half of the twentyfirst century.

I might be forced to make a deal with someone. That’s nothing new. Faust made a pact with the Devil, Pound with Walt Whitman. Without resorting to higher — or lower — beings there’s quite a choice even if you only include those who have a few good long poems under their belt. I make a pact with you, William Carlos Williams. Or Allen Ginsberg. Or Octavio Paz.

But being vain, there’d have to be a few things before I got round to poetry. I mean, my butt has disappeared over the years; that’d have to come back. & the handfuls of fat around the belly would have to go. The eyes enlightened. A good scourge of the lungs & trachea to get rid of the tar buildup, & then a patchless cessation of my desire for nicotine. One morning wake up not to find myself metamorphosed into a giant cigarette-craving beetle. Gregor Samsa, eat your heart out.

The blood would be flowing the way it should / wouldn’t it be good / to be able to crack wood. Or at least keep the tree standing upright. Because that’s one of the problems with old age — your cock has a mind of its own that points in a totally different direction to the mind of its own it had fifty or sixty years ago.

So you’re revitalized & ready to go, & suddenly the urge to write long poems disappears out the door because there’s too much else to do. Unfortunately, the need to write doesn’t join it. Now it’s compromise time, but there has to be a way to retain the best of both worlds. What to do? Who else is there? Thinking time … …

I make a pact with you, Matsuo Bashō.
Leadlight

Tourmaline

&

eigenvalues

& the

other

faint

shifts & drifts

that

transcribe

the

window

in

place

of

rain.
Minoan civilization

is an artificial wave
in the hair. Is diacritics
dreadlocked in instead
of beads. Genetic markers.
Carrier codes. Meaning
imparted by their up-
braided placement. But.
Not everything is
what it seems to be.
Metabolism abounds.
Bulls pace the mazes
of the royal palace.

Mis-spoke

I did not
intend to
write about
ptarmigan;

but then the
sky occluded
& they flew
into frame.
A dance in five syllables, of which this is only three

Elegance is in the eye. Either of the beholder or the beholden to. Holds on to

Odessa in the Steppes where music is a susurration, a faint serration be-

fore the line goes flat. Eyes bleed in sepia. The line the Steppes follow is not the pattern of the following dance. Is not a line of steps.

Elegance is. The dance follows.
Maria Concetta Conti

Autumn wind
In the sky and in the sea
reciprocity

Goccia su goccia
Questa pioggia d’autunno
la nuova via

Drop on the drop
This autumn rain
the new way

Al crepuscolo
il rumore del mare
Una preghiera

Dusk
the sound of the sea
A prayer
sapling
the forest sticks
to my lungs

inhaling as the tree exhaled a sparrow

trying to be someone I'm not evergreen
speaking past me
her words become
another woman

a sudden gust
carries the wasp
into my mouth

an envelope by the time it reached me empty

the rain hardens
for a moment
the face of a ghost
with care dressing
the dolls he keeps
from guests

bear prints
a comma where
I catch my breath

stuck on my tongue
the peach fuzz
of your anagram

my words carry
across the lake
quicker than fish
after the rain
I guess at the letter
the worm tried to make

dragonfly. of course it does.

the ant disappears
into a hole
I thought the ant was
pioggia autunnale …
l’odore familiare
di un libro nuovo

autumn rain
the familiar smell
of a new book

sole al tramonto …
s’allunga sul sentiero
la coda del gatto

sunset …
the cat’s tail is longer
on the path
riva di mare ...
una foglia ingiallita
termina il viaggio

terminates the journey

sea shore ...
a yellowed leaf
ends its trip

pensiero di te ...
la scia luminosa
di una lucciola

thought of you ...
the luminous wake
of a firefly
under the pulsating sun
the trembling union
of copper-winged dragonflies

nails chewed to the nub
I touch my wife's
side of the bed

a dead friend
cracked an egg on my head
and giggled: 'this isn't rebirth'
the snapped-off blade of a starling
falling back into
the whole sky

Whooper swans came last night
through the cobalt sky
diffusing the perfume of snow

hot-ironed doilies
behind the war-haunted heads
of my drunk uncles

a yellow ginkgo leaf...
like a double agent
the self does not adhere
SONG OF THE MOTHER GUARDIAN

I nurture
the broken, the forsaken
I'm the mountain, the valley,
the river, the plain
I'm beyond this plane.
I'm the Yes, I'm the No.

I am the darkness, I am the Crystal Light
I'm the One
Sleep is another country

counting yaks
into the first light
the grind of bamboos in the wind

insomniac’s alibi
who else hears the hill partridge
wailing in the ravine

having lost
the lunar eclipse to rain clouds
Summer Triangle at dawn

abandoning sleep
the scent of pine duff
in the silent wood
Growing insistence of the crickets augurs a way out of the monsoon.

no longer raging
the Thimphu Chu holds
the shadow of the dzong

Each dawn and dusk house martins pattern the sky massing to fly south.

to the edge
of the blue pine slope
gamboge glow of paddy

Driving home the strobes of the low sun in the thinning oaks.

weekend market
aroma of roasted peanuts
at the roadside brazier

The scarecrow rimed with first frost shimmers in the rising sun.

nestled
in the fallen leaves
hollowed apples

As if in competition with the monks’ robe tagetes fill the valley like swathes of brocade.

ancestral offering
strays crowd
the temple courtyard
accident hotspot
the setting sun lights up
bloodshot rose hips

lengthening shadows
a mule walks all over
the Dorji Dorlö stupa

Leh sunset
to what can I compare it
a golden oriole singing
in flashes of light
Nel mezzo del cammin ...

a warm afternoon mom boxing toys for museum
rowan leaves quickly evening after the war
a handful of stars the street lamps will turn off
popcorn notes the movie starts from the beginning
white rhinoceros teacher pointing eraser on the pencil
breast feeding under the tree white magnolias
cat’s cataracts on the clean linens white heliotropes
the climate change the trust issues of the children
wrapping cassis leaves around the green apple
tide stream flowing stingrays gather wide
our jests along the path with colorful leaves
autumn equinox harvesting what I sow
starry night I burn the quilt for a louse
rowing home last rays of rainbow by the willow
summer clouds some anise seeds for sweet mastic resin
balmy breeze from the distance I see my village
autumn sun free vinegar sweet as honey
autumn biscuits people drop baby weight
summer storm the smaller room wallpapered
hunger moon the mule for hunting the wolves
a grass lizard some planets maybe dewdrops
a bowl of milk the peasant husking corn for children
a long wind we will dance forever
waving hands crescent moon waving night
evening bells tomorrow laundry day
watercolor sky brushing away the blues
big bang creaking the pomegranate
hot summer days the resin from trees and some clouds
rocky seaside cliffs the ambergris evaporating
planting away the morning glories smell of water
summertime children with mastic on fingertips pointing passing clouds
double rainbow childhood fairyland under construction
inky midnight may our pen be the starlight
seeking solace sunset reds and prayers
borders and exiles we share us last sugar to eat with some snow
if only I have written white fang
summer breeze our subtle accents of tropical fruits
children gifted mom their boots and shoes
forest path where have you been in a dream
new swan little pirouettes by the lake
night choir all of them cats
moby dick novelizing that cloud
turnips slit the onions I cry over the bread ending
the chestnuts the peddler selling with dessertspoons
without sweater towards the sun dark and light geese
forest breeze cicada singing with its wings
mist moving unfinished line of the hills
winter ferry gulls rushing down upon pray
cloudless sky sister moon trooper
knowing me long she post me a letter
turning heads of sunflowers damask dusk
wooden bridge I learn more from the failures
silk road people foot light
hand mirror the ibis and iris facing wind
clouds besides the white egrets
empty bottles on the windowsill coloring cold
muddy fields the itinerary of the cows
autumn leaves the books not sampled
desert moon supplies dwindle dunes swept
the goldsmith drying the dragonfly on a lotus leaf
moonlighting the bee on persimmon fighting back
suede and amber the ant and itching my sun burnt hand
grandpa's lifeline path to farmland under evening light
long questions the dusk of winter
the raindrops chasing the chihuahua
birch shadows foggy dawning with bird songs
the seashells the refugee can talk in many dialects
long road silence the condolences cards some with melody
someday sons a bit winter in her fairy tale
winter visit all the wishes on her tale
EQUINOX

tall trees
the sound
of its many
leaves
the almost
endless
movement
our hands
weave
in
and
out
repeating
patterns
our
movements
a forest
the energy
of this
very
equinox

autumn moon
my third eye
opens
A PART

return
to the old
country

the rain
still
the
same

the
familiar
streets

the smell
outside
pubs

full
English
breakfast
served
all day

now
with
food
banks

where I am
no longer
a part

turning the
page

the order
of
service

my return
for your
burial
alone
riverrun wildly
thirsting for a song
my handful drained

origami cygnet
broken wing unfolds slowly
signing white silence

goblet of golden daylight
lightly oaked
aroma of unreason
raking slips between slips
dad's the backyard two
br_k_n tines
acorn
too small to fail dead ant magnifried

celebrated kerplops right
jumping out frog
the poem
on a clear day

from Mount Washington
you can see

the very heaves of mountains
from time immemorial
down to the turn of high tide

appletinis afterwork

starts at the rooftop bar
cast a zip line
to Cassiopeia
from the lonesome north star
chart unknown constellations
Eufemia Griffo

lanterne di carta
uno sciame scintillante
di piccole stelle

paper lanterns
an sparkling swarm
of tiny stars

solitudine invernale
le oche delle nevi volano
nel silenzio

winter solitude
the snow geese fly
in the silence
oglie che cadono
un vecchio monaco canticchia
un antico mantra

falling leaves
an old monk hums
an ancient mantra

lume di candela
un poeta sta ancora cercando
un’ultima riga

candlelight
a poet still looking for
a last line

alberi senza foglie
la luce del tramonto
tra i miei capelli

leafless trees
the light of dusk
in my hair
bosco nebbioso
il colore invisibile
delle foglie di sambuco

misty woods
the invisible color
of elderberry leaves

estate di San Martino
l'odore selvatico
delle bacche rosse

indian summer
the wild smell
of red berries

villaggio di pescatori
lo sciabordio delle onde
tra le reti vuote

fishing village
the lapping of waves
in empty nets
spiaggia ventosa
il fragile profumo
dei gigli marini

windy shore
the fragile scent
of sea lilies

La grande onda
il vecchio pittore mescola i colori
dell'infinito

The Great Wave
an old painter mixes colours
of the infinite
traffic hum the buzz around the lavender

pied currawong a ripple of dawn in the distant horizon

no match for the cloud mountain succumbs
day moon I let the sleeping dog lie

striking blindly a fly turns nocturnal

horizon the jagged edge of my silence
Stations of the Cross
we talked arm in arm
about our life story

autumn leaf
finally I know
my place
red, yellow & brown
who’s afraid of
another autumn?

little boy's blues -
almonds should ripen
before getting roasted

wetland the rain of sparrows
steady drizzle
a grey truck
slowing down

jazz hour the power of a blue train

sunny moments one step at the time
Johannes S. H. Bjerg

men jeg undersøger min socio-økonomiske enteleki opdager jeg en flugtvej gennem et hul i min lomme

fem krager

fra gry

til fortvivlelse

mere efterårsagtigt

et nåleøje

spejder

end fire

after kameler

evaluating my socio-economic entelechy I discover an escape route through a hole in my pocket

five crows

from dawn to despair

more autumnal

a needle's eye

than four

scouting for camels

.
og du spekulerer på, om huset på den anden side af den snævre gade og kragen på taget er uadskillelige

hver morgen

Mare in Tempesto
(Vivaldi)

’du vævede mig i min moders skød’

jeg kigger ud over

stille

en udtørret mark

~

and you wonder if the house across the narrow street and the crow on the roof are inseparable

each morning

Mare In Tempesto
(Vivaldi)

‘you knit me in my mother’s womb’

as I stare across

silently

a parched field
også på hendes nye sted er tingene lige uden for rækkevidde

Kyrie
eleison

    hun har
    ikke noget
    at sige

hvis

der ikke

bare

er en fugl

~

in her new place too things are just out of reach

Kyrie
eleison

    she has
    nothing to
    say

if

    that isn't

only

    a bird
that summer her brain told her she had a Mariachi band at the end of her bed

while Dali paints Gala

dusk

swans depart

time shaped

from their elephant reflections

like pills
begge: rækker ud efter den anden ikke hele tiden dér
væk
fra
fotografiet

som sædvanligt
farven

uret smelter
på
deres øjne

og fryser
igen

~

both: reaching out for the other not there all the time
gone
from
the photo

as per usual
the colour

the clock
melts

of
their eyes

and freeze
again
det er den største del: skridt nærmer sig og forsvinder igen; døren forbli’r lukket til
væk
fra hendes
hoved

velsignelsen:

for
at hvile
i vore

stjerneløse
forsvinder
vinduerne

sorte
skibe

om natten

~

that’s the largest bit: steps come closer and disappear again; the door stays shut
gone
from her
head

the blessing:
to rest
in ours

starless
the windows

black ships

disappear
at night
den døde natsværmer under stolen i entreen har ligget der så længe, at jeg siger hej til den, når jeg kommer hjem og farvel, når jeg går

kun
en nuance
i en hvisken

da jeg
putter mor

som eet ansigt

fanger jeg et glimt

går over
i et andet

af en gylden fjær

~

the dead moth under the chair in the hallway has been there for so long I say hello to it when I come home and goodbye when I leave

but
a nuance
in whispers

tugging mum in

how one
face blends

I catch a glimpse

with another

of a golden feather

.
på det sidste sted hun skal bo plastikblomster.
in her last place of living plastic flowers

en rød plet hvor du aldrig var
a red dot where you never were

ansigter næste på plads
faces almost in place

længere oppe døve stjerner
further up deaf stars
i midten af hende en uredt seng

in the centre of her an unmade bed

ubrugte krydsord bortset fra alle floder

unused crosswords but for all rivers

men du har lært hvordan deres stemmer nu er traner

but you learned how by now their voices are cranes

i det seneste brev lyden af bølger og en sommerfuglegrotte

in the latest letter the sound of waves and a butterfly cave
Titles for Tom (from and for Mark Young)

trailed off on both sides of the market

Origin stories
Achieve currency

Through bodies
Of images

Acting in
The moment.
varied expressions of the other’s corporeality

This body,
That body,

These bodies,
Those bodies

Of distinctly
Mutable images.

A gray square that drifts

Shifts attention
Away from

A body
Of images

Remembered in
Fading tattoos.
Others quibbled about the numbers

Still others
Quibbled regarding

The letters
Scribbled upon

The bodies
Of images.


Beginnings and
Endings get

Endlessly muddled
In the

Composting bodies
Of images.
is known as the terminal

What's done
Is done

Dead bodies
Of images

Can't be
Sung again.

In the process of obtaining information

Little to
Nothing was

Learned regarding
Those late

Great bodies
Of images.

Author’s note: The titles in bold type were given to me by Mark Young as writing prompts.
A TRYPEICH

resting gently in the universe

midnight and the typhoon
snapping branches - for want
of the moon

cell division remaineded
hydrogen bonds
abundance

of
an affair
Parallels

in deep water
human nature
the cold light
of day
surviving
the veneer
obscur[es] the cosmos
of identity

last quarter
the grief shed
an apple we shared
lies drowned
also betokens loss
in shallow graves
night-writing
  by a stretch
self-mutilation
  of the imagination
word by word
  daylight saving

for Christ's sake
  a spark
not only human nature
  divined from
but also
  the slime

trailing along
  rooted
  in their blood
the convoluted path
  my shadow
  stretches out
of a morning glory
  over
  my ancestor's graves
vernal equinox
  spring-stepped
cerebral hemispheres
  a sexagenarian
launch a new whole
  crosses the line

never lost
  encrypted roadmap
a sparrow flitting
  is this
  the colour
in the cat's eyes
  of blue?

less lost
than a lamb
  event horizon
my beatific vision
  I hover
  on the brink
in spring snow
  of an absence
a newborn lamb

bleats for
the loneliness

silence tonight . . .

it once knew

it was loving

a moth

behind me

lantern-singed

in thought

word and deed

I cup it

my brain stains

twin towers

phallic wonders

lest mammon

understands

Romulus & Remus

babble brotherhood

the crescent moon

in other tongues
gray matter—
   in absentia
tumescent clouds
   seven years
darkening
   a bar-tailed
godwit

washed-out clouds
   in a dreamscape
on the horizon
   I witness
   the leavetaking
washed-out land
   of Sylvia Plath’s
ghost

moonlit quest
   wind-watching—
a fantail
   in the shadows
   winter’s expiration
my every move
   destroys death
after dark Adam chthonic
the drip drip drip explicates his origins
of dewfall with periods of silence

an in-gasp the why
teters on the brink beyond all
of silence because

night nature with sunset
the familiar gnashes a dandelion goes into
its teeth stealth mode
an image
of what is
what it is

the five-eyed worm
metaphoraging
open-cast data mines

birds of prey
the bathos—

compartmentalise
peak moments enslaved

a dawn chorus
in prattle

every Hansel
and Gretel
stockpiling

bread crumbs

eating ourselves
in labyrinthine

out of house
and home
money trails
without an end
    out on a limb
ants trailing
from the hole
    facing the infinite
without a sound
  Ozaki Hōsai

in a pond
  having come thus far
I happen across
  these verses
my long-time-no-see look
  I am
  now writing

lisp-synching
  among the epitaphs
a soft sussuration
of words
  my ancestral spirit
in leaf scrolls
  bloods this earth
parallel streams
  *shifting weight*
the boulder takes on
  *I stand for now*
three dimensions
  *on my own two feet*

spring interlude
  *within the space*
I aim arrows
  *between two hemispheres*
along Zeno's paradox
  *let's divine*
  *the whole*

misty rain
  *an image*
becoming
  *siphoned from one soul*
utterance
  *to another*