otata 43
(July, 2019)
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Tokonoma

July 22 — Very hot, though the wind, which was south, dappled very sweetly on one’s face and when I came out I seemed to put it on like a gown as a man puts on the shadow he walks into and hoods or hats himself with the shelter of a roof, a penhouse, or a copse of trees, I mean it rippled and fluttered like light linen, one could feel the folds and braid of it—and indeed a floating flag is like wind visible and what weeds are in a current; it gives it thew and fires it and bloods it in.

— Gerard Manley Hopkins,
Journal excerpt (1873)
carried on whispering away
quante capriole fra i papaveri rossi:
vecchia bambina

how many somersaults among the red poppies:
old girl

Giuliana Ravaglia
my bones are light

I am learning to fly

over purple clover

over the sweet alfalfa fields of my childhood

over green trees water falling bough to bough

ponds blue like blue eyes

the air thin and bright

my arms spread wide

into the widening sky

— 7 —
Driftwood

If it is moved it will immediately never be the same and if it is not moved it will change more slowly. The piece of driftwood is like a distant tree’s voice, though only a few words, in one of those languages that sounds musical, more vowels than consonants, peculiar accents and some letters that seem so elongated that you wonder if it is meant to show what happens when a letter is dreaming. The piece of driftwood is like the answer when a plank of wood is asked, ”If it were up to you how would you choose the body you’d like to lounge in rather then being shaped to do human bidding?” The piece of driftwood sometimes has nightmares of being a new pencil in a box of pencils opened by a boy who also has a new pencil sharpener. The piece of driftwood waves to me. The piece of driftwood is a fragrant statue. Come closer, the piece of driftwood says, let’s loiter before we start the next journey.
vincent tripi

moon cloud penny rail train
silenzio interiore
i fiori di calendula
rinascono ovunque

inner silence
the marigolds flowers
reborn everywhere
Lucia Cardillo

terra bagnata …
lungo un raggio di sole
le lumachine

wet ground ...
along a sunbeam
snails
He took the tops off
perfect blooms
and gave them
back to her.

She cried for every reason then
the sun was full
over the yard as rain
again would be.

Sheila E. Murphy
Frances Angela

plane home the dream catcher in my pocket
traffic jam
the snort of a horse
in the next lane
Text tile / tact tile

The middle ear as important as the inner eye

in keeping your balance once you've found it.
blue milk moon
a wave of sea foam
settles at my feet

Lucy Whitehead
Kala Ramesh

designer wear
she walks
her curves
on stilettos
Lee Gurga

flag
day
totem
sniper
petrol haze
the full moon
a cataract
Contaminazione. . .  
*un bruco verde*

*scivola sul basilico*

Contamination. . .  
a green caterpillar  
slips on the basil
moon sliver
lupines show
their silver
Donna Fleischer

dead of winter . . .
take your pill, keep walking
try to look up
Corrado Aiello

pincushion –
outside the rain
gets thinner
mallow meadow —
her little peeled knees
song sparrow
an old friend's voice
on the phone
peach flowers...
in the golden sunset
only the two of us
Carmela Marino

una manina
non sentire il freddo
di questa pioggia

a little hand
not feeling the cold
of this rain
remix
hearing the maple tree’s ocean
Hunter's Moon

After last night's snowfall, brush pile outlined with a tracery of tiny prints; a miscellany of birds, shrews, mice, and circling twice, a skinny coyote.

cleaning stove ashes almost stardust
“You,” you say.
And the wheat in the wind.
un aquilone
appesi al filo le mie risate
a kite
my laughter hanging by the thread
winter’s end
a weaverbird perches
on a scarecrow
every single word
with multiple meanings
evening sermon
Anna Maria Domburg-Sancristoforo

quasi tramonto
il silenzio sul lago
già un addio

close to sunset
the stillness on the lake
already a farewell
at the campsite
a Japanese woman draws
two storks overhead
imbarco —
un gelato in mano
gli occhi socchiusi

boarding —
an ice cream in the hand
eyes narrowed
un vecchio cestino
i miei desideri
fiori selvatici

an old basket
my wishes
wildflowers

Maria Concetta Conti
sea-born psalm
  *words shuffle*
  
a cadence hovers
  *along parallel paths*

the horizon
  *one breath to another*
how much time do we have left?
dandelion clock

speaking in tongues
all of the gods
I never believed in
Pina Teresi

I pick roses —
my mother in a gesture
back to life

raccolgo rose —
mia madre in un gesto
torna a vivere
Foglie d’autunno
Il cappello del busker
poggiato a terra

Autumn leaves
The busker's hat
resting on earth
skeletal moon
fireflies pass into
the porous dusk
we share its breath
ride the sacred river

Anna Cates
REMEMBER US BELOVED BLITHELY

You are the grave in me!
You are the child of war I hanged!
Don't play me songs!
Light me cigars with hands that once
held mine, trembling, feral or cut!
You can't. Cry uncle! You won't.
If only you were a poem in me,
Don't despair, you can't know who I am,
I won't call you namelessly!

I can't, I won't forgive myself.
Through nights waiting for you to
return, I count ashtrays,
count all the rooms we lived in,
Broken, glass, closed, locked,
I count the keys left in that ashtray.
Remember us, beloved blithely in
elevator, hallway or kitchen!
Remember us like two children!

We've kept promises with dry eyes,
memories, barbarian pyres,
a weight beyond our so heavy ashes,
because the sun is rising from
Our ashes! We won't deny ourselves.
We can't. There's no excuse for our
Life. Our ashes aren't wind

Swept.
LOGOS AND ANIMUS INTERPRETED

if eye-to-eye with a salamander

talk Heidegger or

drop down flat on your belly

hiss if you can
wait for existential footnotes
be sure to tiptoe

what if a rat
spews out philosophy

like the state of consciousness
in a walnut

the brain you ask

frog guffaws a croak
in fact, a song

confusing reality with logos
frog’s right in that

easier to breathe out pretense

than tug your tie clear your throat
of animus

and begin on a ribbibit
Francesco Palladino

at the cemetery
among the lit candles
a cherry
off the beaten track an ant on my notebook
Angelica Costantini

three hours' delay —
on the rails cricket song
the husk of parking lights in the snow
no more no less driftwood

Anna Maris