Otata 47
(November, 2019)
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from otata’s bookshelf

John Levy, Silence Like Another Name
Tokonoma

What an inspired idea is the notion of infinity in juxtaposition with the brief span of human life. The very concept is infinite. Not that I am convinced so far that man is the yardstick of this whole construction. What about plants? There is no yardstick. Or maybe it is everywhere — in each tiny particle of the universe. That would not be too good for man; there's a lot he would have to give up; nature would not need him. At least on Earth, man has realized that he is standing face to face with infinity.

How terrible and ignoble to feel that you do not owe anything to anybody. Because that can never be the case. It's an attitude that can only be adopted with great effort; by shutting your eyes.

Man has simply been corrupted. Or rather, little by little people have corrupted each other. And all through the centuries, right up to the present day, those who thought about the soul have been — and still are being — physically eliminated.

Thank God for people who burn themselves alive in front of an impassive, wordless crowd, or who walk out into squares with placards and slogans condemning themselves to reprisals, and all who say 'No' to the go-getters and the godless.

Since the [Second World] war culture has somehow collapsed, fallen apart. All over the world. Along with spiritual criteria. Here, quite obviously, apart from anything else it's the result of the consistent, barbaric annihilation of culture. And without culture society naturally runs wild. God knows where it's all going to end. Never before has ignorance reached such monstrous proportions. This repudiation of the spiritual can only engender monsters. Now as never before, we have to make a stand for everything that has the slightest relevance to the spiritual.

— Andrey Tarkofsky

(Kitty Hunter-Blair, Trans.)
The Spider’s Last Wish

“I wiped a dead spider from a Buddha statute's lips” are a poet’s words I read last night, perhaps the only ones of his I love. What kind of life did that dead spider have? Was the writer revering the spider or the Buddha? I prefer to think the former. At least the Buddha would have, declaring the temporality of our lives.

Why did the spider choose to die in the Buddha's lips? Perhaps he thought that the cold statue was hungry and that she could warm him up, or that she might hear some comforting words.

Her soul must feel disappointed to have been wiped away by an unperceptive human. Or after wiping her away, did he gently take her up in his arms and implant her safely in a matchbox coffin under dear Mother Earth?

Where is Gregory, the poet now? He might be with her, too, down under ground, or perhaps burned up and puffed out like smoke as another Buddha. And what about me; shall it be the way of the spider or that of the Buddha? It might be up to my wife and children.
A MAGICAL CHAIN OF EVENTS

Preparing for tomorrow’s class on Einstein’s Theory of General Relativity I left home late and arrived 45 minutes late for Lama Glenn’s talk on the Meaning of Emptiness. Fortunately he was 45 minutes late as well. I learned how to soar like an eagle through space. Also I learned what it feels like for a woman to come up to me and stroke my cheeks with hers like a cat. I was already soaring through space like an eagle. Then I took the subway and arrived 45 minutes late for Rosh Hashanah services but the rabbi was overjoyed that “the oldest Jew in Korea” had arrived. He taught us the secret of happiness; “keep a kind heart and clean hands.” Returned home and watched another Einstein video. In the morning I lay on my back in meditation, got stroked by the cat and soared like an eagle.

Then I watched more Einstein videos and read more pages but it was daunting for someone who had never studied math or physics. The reason I was chosen to teach this class was because “You look like Einstein” and “are the same Jewish.” In fact the Korean professor introduces me as “Einstein’s grandson,” to the great joy of the students. At home I read that Einstein liked to eat spaghetti. It just so happens that my wife has left some cooked noodles in the kitchen. So I heat them up on coconut oil and marinate them with tomato sauce, add some leaves, look at them for inspiration and eat. Walking to class I think about spaghetti and the curvature of space-time watching the contours of the sidewalk and the land around me the hills and valleys I cross over to get to class, and I consider noodles.

Last class on Special Relativity I got away with showing a video with a look-alike Einstein actor talking in a European accent talking about the subject, and this time I have an even better one. But it doesn’t happen. Instead I let go and become the actor. I tell them about my walk through space-time on the way to class, and how I’d been thinking about spaghetti noodles. How one noodle is a curvature of space and time and it rises up second by second and inch by inch through one’s life like frames in a film, and that all of them make a life. How each of the spaghetti noodle in my round wood bowl is a student’s life and all together are shaped and contained by it, like the universe contains everything else. I got out a crystal ball and showed them that it was a star and how by relaxing my palm and fingers around it, I shaped space-time, and then took a large cat’s eye marble and circled it around the star to show how a planet’s course is determined by the curvature of space–time made by the mass of the star.

I jumped off the podium to show the free fall in an elevator through space, illustrating the absence of gravity, and then the principle that gravity and acceleration are the same phenomena. I solved the twin paradox, too, proving how the twin who flies away to the star in a space ship comes back younger than the twin left on earth – because of her acceleration on the return. Once done, those Mathematics majors at the 2nd best university in South Korea applaud.

The professor has asked me to start a half hour early, so we finished a half hour early. I followed the curvature of space-time to a local movie theater, the only one in Korea playing The Blue Note, and the only time and day available. A friend had recommended it, and because off getting out of the Einstein class early I was right on time. What I got out of that – throw your whole life into your work, improvise, trust the process and don’t stop until it’s all over.
Farewell

Lacking sleep, and arms throbbing, if only you could lay down somewhere and sleep. The royal place is filled with tourists. In the back are terraces, shrubs and trees over a grassy lawn. You sit on a stone step and look at the wind blowing the leaves. You are as light as one of those, about to fly off up into the sky. No goodbyes to your wife and children. No will and testament. All of your life’s writings could be consumed by the fire, deemed worthless. You close eyes and listen to the wind, become the wind and float away. The body stays there behind the palace residences, lifeless. Nobody seems to notice. Japanese and Chinese boys and girls walk by minding their own business, holding hands, smiling at one another, feeling, It’s a wonderful day to be alive.
Ogni tanto alza gli occhi

Quando ero ragazzino, talvolta aiutavo mio papà a coltivare le rose nella nostra campagna. Si trattava di “tirare la manica”* per farla scorrere meglio nei passaggi tra i filari, e poi innaffiare diligentemente i fiori, uno per uno.

Io, ansioso di far bella figura, ma anche assecondando la mia naturale inclinazione alla scrupolosa attenzione – forse una premonizione della mia futura attitudine zen – stavo sempre concentrato con lo sguardo nel punto esatto dell’uscita dell’acqua.

Ma trascorso un certo tempo, sentivo dietro le spalle la voce di mio padre che suggeriva: “Ogni tanto alza gli occhi”. Stupito per questo strano consiglio, che andava contro il buonsenso, gli chiedevo sempre: “Ma perché, Papà?” E lui, finalmente, una volta rispose: “Per guardare il cielo”.

Quando, pochi anni dopo, mio padre morì a 56 anni dopo avermi solennemente promesso il giorno prima che, appena fosse stato meglio, avrebbe comprato un grande canotto a motore per portarmi a pescare insieme a lui, finalmente capii...

Da allora, qualsiasi cosa faccia e ovunque mi trovi, alzo spesso gli occhi per guardare il cielo.

così vicino
alla polvere del mondo
– così lontano

* espressione ligure che significa fare scorrere il tubo di gomma da innaffio.
Lift Your Eyes Sometimes

When I was a little boy I sometimes helped my father grow roses in our field. I had to “pull out the sleeve”* to move more quickly through the passages between the rows, and then diligently water the flowers, one by one.

Eager to make a good impression, and moreso indulge my natural disposition for scrupulous attention — perhaps a premonition of my future Zen outlook — I used to stay focused on the exact point where the water came out. But, after a while, I’d hear my father’s voice behind me suggest: “Lift your eyes sometimes”. Feeling surprised by this strange piece of advice, which was against common sense, I’d always ask him: “But why, Daddy?” And, finally, he once replied: “In order to look at the sky”.

A few years later, when my father died at the age of 56, after having solemnly promised the day before that, as soon as he was better, he would buy a big motor dinghy in order to go fishing with me, I understood at last…

No matter what I do or where I am, I have often lifted my eyes to look at the sky since then.

so near

** to the world dust
– so distant

* A Ligurian expression for unrolling a hose.
Giuliana Ravaglia

intreccia ottobre origami d’arancio:  
quieto abbandono

october orange origami plaited:  
quiet abandon

foglia caduta:  
chiaroscuro attorno di paglia al sole

fallen leaf:  
chiaroscuro around the straw in sun

ultimo viaggio:  
le nude trasparenze della luce

last trip:  
the bare transparencies of light
voci d’autunno:
i bramiti dei cervi nelle radure

autumn voices:
the cries of deer in the clearings

le vigne rosse sulla collina:
rughe di primavera

the red vineyards on the hill:
spring wrinkles

di vino scrivere:
 senza segreti le sue parole

of wine - divine - to write:
her words without secrets

luci d’ottobre:
 agita lanterne l’ombra del silenzio

october lights:
the silence of a shadow shakes the lanterns
fontana:
pioggia di sogni nei miei haiku

fountain:
my haiku the rainfall of dreams

la sua carezza:
soffio d’eternità sul cuore a sera

his caress:
eternity’s breath in evening’s heart

bosco giallo:
la luce fuggitiva dell’estate

yellow forest:
the fugitive light of summer

scivola sull’acqua il silenzio delle onde:
cosi chiara la tua voce

the silence of the waves slips over the water:
so clear your voice
di foglie rosse l'aria nuda voltega:
prima di sera

bare air swirls with red leaves
before evening

vaga la luna:
sul sentiero già scritto non c'era il mare

the moon wanders:
no sea on the path that's been written
John Phillips

THREE POEMS

I

PRACTICE

I sit for hours
facing nothing

no word
to witness

the silence

my mind
refuses

is prayer
II

Someone else
might not
think
this
this way
even if
this is
what
they think

III

SLANT

through
rain
sieved
light
silence
slurs
Vincenzo Adamo

allaccio abusivo —
il clochard si rade
con il rasoio elettrico

unauthorized connection
the homeless man shaves
with the electric razor

tuoni invernali —
tra le mie gambe pure
un cane finto

thunder in winter
even between my legs
a fake dog
l'ombra di un airone
oscura i miei ricordi —
alzheimer

the shadow of a heron
obscures my memories —
alzheimer's

fontana dei desideri —
tra le monete
un suggerimento di mio figlio

fountain of desires —
among the coins
my son's suggestion

brezza serale —
le foglie cadono
nel buio dei miei sogni

evening breeze —
the leaves fall
in the darkness of my dreams
Lucy Whitehead

sorting broken tiles
into colours
summer’s end

a silver moth
among the strawberry roots
autumn chill
sunrise
passed me by
solitude

autumn rain
she can't change
a thing

autumn poem
just a step away
from the sky
Reading John Levy’s Poems

If I write a letter/poem to you, following something you have done so many times, you know I am half, more or less, writing to myself, thinking in your direction so to speak, but I hope less annoyingly than and at least as amusingly as those people one comes across at bus stops who, without clearing their throats or saying “excuse me”, start talking to everyone there as if believing everyone there will be captivated by whatever they have to say, and saying it loud and long.

Well here I am as if at a bus stop as if no one else were here though there is a small billboard advertising something. Look, I’ve removed the obnoxious message and left a blank white board on which to imagine a picture of you, smiling. That’s enough to keep me on track. Revision:

here I am as if at a train station. Here it comes and here it is. I’m on. Others are on board too, the same ones I find in my dreams, that might be relatives. But here you are, that’s for sure, the train is rocking so you wobble as you walk toward me steadying yourself on the backs of seats in which people that might be your mother and your father are sitting, that might be poets and painters you love and you love so many,

you’ve got the same smile I saw at the station so I know I’m on the right train, on track. You stop and ask for my ticket. It’s small, but somehow I’ve managed to fit this whole poem onto it.
un guscio vuoto...
non tramonta il sole
nel suo occhio

an empty shell...
the sun doesn’t set
in his eye
my training wheels at times
wouldn't even touch the ground

as they weren't fastened right
or rather, they were fastened so

my training wheels at times
wouldn't even touch the ground

& I wouldn't even notice, but go

day moon
light as
air
train whistle something romantic

a rain
bow
if as
here
as it
isn't
a rain
bow
if as
as if

sea wall
of sea
wall of
sea wall
of sea
wall of
sea
shoe
shine
guy's

own
shine

into
each
shoe
Jack Galmitz

A box of pastels
returned to the shelf
an autumn sunset
Rosa Maria Di Salvatore

autumn equinox...
changing the colour
of my lipstick
Eufemia Griffo

cielo nebbioso
volano bassi
gli ultimi uccelli migratori

misty sky
the last migratory birds
fly low

castello abbandonato
un corvo sta di guardia
sulle antiche pietre

abandoned castle
a crow stands guard
on the ancient stones
suonatori di ghironda
quando tu mi cantavi
un'antica ballata d'amore

hurdy gurdy players —
when you sang an ancient
love ballad to me

dopo la vendemmia
il fischi o allegro
dei contadini

after the grape harvest
the cheerful whistle
of the farmers
frances angela

crushed into a ball the pound notes by mother's bed

pregnant that winter mother knew where to go

quiet now the smell of his cigarette on the stairs

family holiday slipping in the donkey's saddle
the tin bath when we could both fit in christmas eve

it doesn't come this evening second crow

sunflower a grandchild's drawing with mother's letters

lightening waiting for dad to tell me
sera d’autunno …
una vecchia canzone
riavvolge il tempo

autumn evening …
an old song
turns back the clock

Halloween …
il venditore di castagne
soffia sul fuoco

Halloween …
the chestnut seller
blows on the fire
crisantemi
bagnati di rugiada ...
vorrei tu fossi qui

chrysanthemums
wet with dew ...
I wish you were here

piccola nonna...
dietro i vetri aspetta
chi non ricorda

little grandma waits
at the window for someone
she doesn't remember
Hifsa Ashraf

morning glory
the blue star shining over the wall

glass bridge
my self-discovery after forty

black swan
another shadow intercepting my narrative
end of summer
grass in the garden with purple shades

lemon grass tea
all folklores on the tip of my tongue

sunrise ruby
adhering to the beliefs that matter most

desi saag
refreshing the memories of late summer
bamboo flute
the symphony of love stirs the evening horizon

tube roses
the secrets we shared on a moonlit night

geriver delta
my deep-rooted dreams end up at a sea
WHY DON’T WE

Just rest
Hold still
in breeze
Defining
This
Not this
And this again

Sheila E. Murphy
Chest

stethoscope
skinscape, under a shirt under a blouse
under a dress, naked, beneath a breastplate
or armor or Kevlar, beneath a lover's
fingers and palms, one of the shores,

Modigliani nude
in a different home from
a Lucian Freud nude,

the chest of an infant, those who see
the chests of clouds, the chest
before the next breath
A Statue in a Front Yard in Minneapolis

It was a large person on a pedestal, about two blocks from where I lived. Once and only once I was with a few friends, we were all about 6, and we were playing freeze tag in that front yard among big trees and big trees across the street too. When I was tagged I became the statue, then, a couple of minutes later, became a tree across the street.
The Otherwise Empty Passenger Seat

The sound of the garbage truck on the dirt road
is the work of tires and the driver and my ears
and the dirt and the air and sound
waves

and none of these things are gifts from friends.
Some people have ears

that look enormous. I do not have a book of
500 photos of close-ups of 500 different people's

ear lobes, but if you or an institution gave me a grant
I could take those photos within

one year. That's a promise. Black-and-white or
color, whichever or alternating. Some people tear

pages out of art magazines. I'm one of those. Almost
always, though, only advertisements for shows with
another ad on the back so I am not mutilating

any of the articles that I may never reread. This poem
is not a gratitude workshop; I'd like to think of it
as a gift to a friend. The garbage truck driver is unlikely
to be stopping on the side of the road for a poetry
break, lifting lovingly one of the poetry books

stacked on the otherwise empty passenger seat,
reading a poem aloud several times before
starting the engine and getting back to

helping the population not get buried in refuse.

Most people don't wish they'd never thrown out
what they did throw out six weeks ago, which makes
the garbage truck driver's life less tortured.

How many of us remember putting a hand over
our heart
during a pledge of allegiance in a classroom?
During that pledge is it probable that one student was scrutinizing another student's ear lobes or recalling a favorite cloud? The colors of the flag were like water that the pledge's words skipped over like stones if the eyes took in the colors while the mouth stopped and started the sounds. Do you remember choosing stones you thought would be the best ones to skip over the surface of nearby water? Are you one of the only people who have a photo from your childhood selecting such a stone? Is it framed?

I wish I could frame the stone, though that would mean I'd have to go back in a time machine and ask you if you'd mind if I transported it to the future. Would you have been surprised to see me?
XI Haiku

1/
flowers on the casket
her shadow stays
with her

2/
filling night
with explanations
dog barks

3/
child's ocean
less color in the crayon
with each wave
stepping out of the pond
sounds the dog gives
morning

sinking into the lake
the child's one rock
after the other

sunrise at Gettysburg
between unknowns
a full name as silent

under the bridge
water follows
water

my sister's birthday
summer clouds crowding
the pond
9/

stuck in the rain
the high end of the playground
teeter totter

10/

autumn colors
leaves finding
darker versions

11/

window to window
--
never an old cloud
profumo —
l'ombra delle spine
dietro i petali

fragrance —
the shadow of thorns
behind the petals
Hansha Teki

receding light
  at dead low water
my interior landscape’s
  where meaning lies
inverse presence
  and distance ends

compline—
  we enter
shadows seize my breath
  our perfect expression
in soundlessness
  without words
Eight Geographies:

Wabayuma Peak

The meadow mouse, aka the vole, lives in groups. That increases chigger burdens, but decreases the risk of being recognized as the subject of a Theodore Roethke poem. Habitat is very important to them.

Korengal Valley

There is fighting in the next valley. Shouting. Of anger, orders, frighteners, pain. & metal on metal, a rare sound for this village where houses are built of thatch & timber, & implements are adapted from conveniently-shaped branches.
Guayaquil

K-Time BAKED TWISTS are on special this week in the Cosmic Ten Pin Bowling Alley on the Av Francisco de Orellana. That's where the local kumi-daiko drumming ensemble are preparing to challenge a visiting Greek death metal band to a winner-has-to-buy-drinks game of marbles.

Florissant

A standardized way to manipulate the browser has revealed proof of a huge Chinese land deal as well as angry crowds protesting a second night under curfew in the town of Ferguson, MO. Elsewhere it's an amorous vista.
Krugersdorp

Wildebeest fly at an altitude of 3000 to 5000 feet. Their ideal domain includes either an observatory or a chapel with earth banks along which many thorny plants grow. The animals most often nest amongst the thorns. That nest is the place where displays & copulation will occur. Though thorns are an advantage in many domains, here they mean that the wildebeest end up with an unusually restricted breeding season.

Erbil

Des #Kurdes abattent un #hélicoptère turc. #Ankara garde le silence. Our quotation simulator will let you get a first estimation of your helicopter transfer rate. Getting your first period is a big step in becoming a woman. You may have to choose which customer problem to solve first.
Daly City, CA

USPS First Class Mail
is a visual bookmarking tool that helps
you upgrade some of
the most prestigious
war antiques & antique
weapons around.

Auckland

& as I leave the
men’s loo at the International Airport

an interactive board
asks me to rate today’s
washroom experience.
elmedin kadric

at the touch
of birdsong

the first blush
of spring
must you
speak

native
dream
catcher

in wine
country

as it
is

with
out
you

seen from
above

Lee Gurga
songbirds
a light
on the stone head
in the garden

stone grotto
as good as
car bon footprints
touched by you
day light on your skin
ah ha a ohm
Francesco Palladino

rughe vermiglie...
nel colore un sapore
di melagrana

ruby wrinkles...
in the color a flavor
of pomegranate

calde parole...
nell'odore il sapore
del primo caffè

warm words ...
in the aroma that first
taste of coffee
fredde parole...
nel sapore il calore
del primo caffè

cold words ...
the first scalding
taste of coffee

fichi appena colti...
la ruvida dolcezza
di mio nonno

freshly picked figs ...
the rough sweetness
of my grandfather
in bocca un osso...
il sentiero del cane
dentro l’ortica

bone in mouth ...
the dog’s path
through nettle

magnolia bianca...
il tocco vellutato
di un gelato

white magnolia ...
the velvety touch
of a gelato
Kristen Lindquist

moose crossing sign
the first red leaves
of the swamp maples

channel marker
cormorants gathering
above the mackerel

wondering how
it feels to fly
question mark
it's not you
it's me
shadow darner

wild blackberries
the taste in my mouth
of certain words
full moon

carefully making

the ‘oo’ s

now you see it

now you don’t

Children’s Moon

won’t you stay

just one more night

Harvest Moon?
FOR FRED

at the kitchen table
holding your invisible hand
autumn morning

managing the darkness
without your smile
autumn afternoon

waiting to feel
your breath through my body
autumn evening

closing my eyes
with you within
autumn night
wrapping my body
in my father’s coat—
non-binary snow

Taxidermy;
to a robin’s trill
I add the longest night.

a blue tricycle
led into a puddle...
the boy I never was
autumn morning

sand and sea

touch

and again

the shoreline

blurring

at last surrenders

to its season

the space

between your heart

and my own
Adjei Agyei-Baah

aquarium
the cat pats
motionless fish
Carl Mayfield

**Horizontal Time wears a Body Out**

Measuring love against the horizon, always out of reach. I would rather fall down for 4 days and 17 miles than be confined to only me, to peel potatoes until the potatoes fight back.

welcoming earth
accepts
everyone’s autumn

**The Phone Doesn't Ring, It Croaks**

I've lived long enough to stop fighting with time. When something pulls me back into a chair I no longer turn and look to see who it is. What I wanted has been transformed into a purple robe locust tree outside the south window. What I do doesn't require pants, inspiration, belief, or regrets.

transparency
fills
the mirror
taking a selfie
with 3 apricots
after the storm

tightness in the chest
day after
his funeral

aster needles--
lavender
stitching the sky

in the cafe
widow leaving
no ear unturned
arms growing heavy
the lake surface bobs
indifferently
Debbie Strange

interrupted by snowy owls this winter darkness

frozen puddle the open eye at its centre

the barn that used to be red dust devil
prints in stone
the evidence
of stampede

clams in a pool
the arrangement
of planets

graffitied freight cars rolling through wheat
Louise Hopewell

the end
of a friendship
blood moon

just a routine operation crushed autumn leaf

stratus clouds
all the bird scat
on mum's headstone

the raindrop
vanishes in a puddle
funeral day
black clouds
over the hinterland
mud crabs

the sign says warning
red-bellied blacksnake
laughing kookaburra

old windmill
the swishing
of ravens’ wings

black estuary
a tea tree flower bobs
on wind ripples
after bread and wine

after body and blood

after leaf and grass

after body and blood

after sky and crow

after bread and wine

after

~ 71 ~

Johannes S. H. Bjerg
lake and ripple after word and song after one and one after one in one after one to many after one to ones one is one one after bead and wind wing and foot moth and flame
after
body
and
blood
-after
bread
and
wine
be
a
wave
be
rooted
-°

be
a
wave
rooted
in
light
be
a
wave
rooted
in
fullness
be
a
wave
rooted
in
bread
and

~ 73 ~
wine
rooted
in
the
wave
in
the
ocean
and
the
ocean's
ocean
in
the
ocean's
ocean's
ocean
in
the
ocean's
ocean's
ocean's
ocean's
ocean's
ocean's
ocean's
ocean's
ocean's
ocean's
ocean
and
get
up
from
your
chair
and
sit
down
again
be

~ 74 ~
a wave
be rooted

°
you're a wave you're rooted you have a chair
you're you have a chair you're a wave
you have a chair you're a wave you're rooted

°
no wave
without a wing
where I sit
rooted

°
a wing
in your wave
an

~ 75 ~
ocean
in your roots
a wave
in your wing
a chair
by your ocean
a wing
on your chair
an ocean
in the tree
a tree
I don’t know
a wing
in your wave
bread
and wine
we sing
autumn
down to one leaf
body
and blood

°

blank
ocean
because
history
pauses
blank
ocean
because
the wind
rests
blank
ocean
because
I don’t
say
anything
because
you say
everything
blank
ocean
glittering
dragonfly

blank
ocean

under
the clouds
Ingrid Bruck

southern hemisphere
cherry blossoms hail
northern apples
DANZĂ IN UNA GRIGIA OSCURITÀ — PRIMAVERA

Imparò presto a ballare con loro
Tra i suoi neri mostri una luce bianca
Si avvicinò
Un sussurro condiviso
"Non hai paura di me?"
"E tu?"
Si toccarono e le loro mani divennero grigie
I suoi demoni alle loro spalle.

DANCING IN A GREY DARKNESS — SPRING

She soon learned to dance with them
White light among her black monsters
She walked closer, a shared whisper
"Aren’t you afraid of me?"
"Are you?"
They touched and their hands became grey
Her demons behind them.
Luna piena — Estate

Guardi in alto la luna, I fantasmi finalmente alle tue spalle
In basso le tue dita nella sabbia,
ricordi questo luogo.
Una goccia d’acqua ti sfiora la guancia
Ma non stai piangendo.
Puoi respirare.
Respira.

Full Moon — Summer

Look up at the moon, ghosts finally behind you
Below, your fingers in the sand,
you remember this place.
A drop of water touches your cheek
But you’re not crying.
You can breathe.
Breathe.
John McManus

the same way
she used to look at me
designer handbags

with twigs in its beak
a bluebird hops past
the unmanned bulldozer

she explains
what her father did —
forced rhubarb
black-tie event
a few cherry blossoms
follow me in

the throbbing vein
above my wife's temple . . .
fertility clinic

a friend's wake
his favourite cat
purrrs away
spring bonfire
my father in a haze
of heat and ash
autumn rain
our plans change
with the cloud cover

the steps taken
to avoid
all trace of you

late apples
we gather time
with candlelight
ventilator off
the twilight breeze
barely whispers

when journeys **END**

feet grow like trees
summer river
both of us heading
to the sea

stranded whale fills an afternoon

mountain retreat -
my face reflected in
a nameless pool
spring morning: 
the postman's 
elastic bands landing 
like hearts

autumn woods awoken by its own colours

cirrus clouds 
a fine spray from a split 
in the garden hose
Walking back from the barber, I bypass
a small temple. Thunder rolls in the distance.
Smell of cut wood from the sawmill.

Walking along a narrow backroad this morning, on my way to the chemist, I pass a one-room government schoolhouse and can hear the voices of small children inside. They are chanting numbers in Malayalam. A tethered cow quietly grazes nearby.

Crossing a bridge at sundown, a train’s shadow on water
the cows
are quiet
at night

one light
on by
the shed

(after Issa)
in autumn air a beggar's look sizing me up

on a branch carried downriver, insects sing

just as petals fall simply trust

visit to family graves, old dog takes the lead

the world is dew, yes, but

the moon's light
each leaf a page
of the notebook
immaculate
as the lotus
this waterlily
rises from
the mud

bending

sweeping
up

dust
as

the
day

fades
the singing
of birds
is part of
the silence

Rain all afternoon, paths become streams

the heart / can hear

The window looks north as crows cross the sky
small drongos
perch on electric
wires strung
like cobwebs in
the trees --

under a gray sky
I drift
toward sleep

pond heron
flies away
once
you see it

first light in
the high branches
of a pipal tree

small birds
singing
among the leaves

(among the wonders)

dead after
death the
whole world
dies

yet no one
knows
how to die

— after The Bijak of Kabir

the day
with small
birds

sleeping
by the window
near the well

the day
(among the wonders)

The axe will strike
today
or tomorrow
you die

— after The Bijak of Kabir

dark
humid
rain
on
the tin
roof

(among the wonders)

The headless thief
gets away
unrecognized

— after The Bijak of Kabir
his tools
laid
on the sidewalk,
he squats
under
a faded
umbrella:
old man
who
fixes
umbrellas

(kathakali)

rain, clear
moon
gods & heroes
dance
in the night

~ 96 ~
jewel on the path

iridescent blue 
& green

beetle

the wind dies
at dusk

(sunlit)
a thread of silk

~ 97 ~
spans
the
garden

moon
nimbus
of
pearl
Alegria Imperial

Gloom

do foxes exist like we do
  thirst for what's good
  like silence

sound fractures people's heads
under cover of light
there's iniquity dancing in the leaves

would fox howl
  if I whisper
  "I thirst for wind-drips"?

he draws his being up as if
there's dawn in the guise
of stalled words

digs the gloom
  and cries leaving
  purpled patches in my head
FROM A LOSER’S NOTES

frog pond
how far away my feet
seems

a child’s sandal
surrendered to a wave

all my years
rogue clouds
gobbled up

no matter how you paint mine
they’re black, my eyes

on impulse
shadows dither
between posts

skinned birch
I once owned this house, says he
Boy

Run though you are not
   On an Attic vase
For you are kept for now
   Alive through running
In the park so tell me how
   Whoever you are
Why you climbed up
   On the top of the pillar
To survey or be simply young
   Above the spikes
Unambiguously yourself
   And subject and centre
Of the blue October
Angela Giordano

le prime luci, all’orizzonte, anatre in volo
first lights, the horizon, ducks in flight

vento serale, profuma di mosto, l’aria frizzante
evening wind scent of must crisp air

sui rifiuti, una bambola, osserva il cielo da un occhio
a doll in the trash, look, the sky in one eye
tiepido sole
si seccano le foglie sui ricci di castagne

hot sun
drying the chestnut leaves curl up

chemioterapia —
in una stella cadente
l’ultimo desiderio

chemotherapy —
the last wish
on a shooting star

densa foschia —
gli aironi cenerini
s’alzano in volo

thick haze —
gray herons
rise in flight
Me & Bobbie McGee

**Bluebells**
Our foreignness, this bourgeoisie,
Some bilberry pills, our blitheness,
Your blue blood, your blurriness,
I’m blustering. You’re blusterous:
Look! Bluebonnets’re blossoming!

**Space dust**
There’s a horsefly on the milestone.

**Remember**
If you want to go back, come with me!
**Note**
After the market, I will go to haircut,
Beautifying and bewitching,
Heartbreaking and mouthwatering.
P.S.
There before, under the apple tree.

**Kitchenette**
Narcissus and headhunters,
Littleness, lordliness,
Lunchtime!

**Later**
Those thunderheads will brainwash soon.
Remember to find me under the rainbow!

**Harelike moon**
Rewriting on wrinkled paper,
L’erreur que j’ai faite,
Rewriting on wrinklier paper,
Errare humanum est.
STAND up
Hereinbelow
White heliotropes,
On the newsletter
At your seat.

PAISLEYS
Ballasts… The barriers on the road.
Her raspberry stained prayer book,
Her cattiest look, one left oatcake.

FREEBIES
A bowl for pears and freesia for her, irrepressible. Maybe not!
Passionflower for me or elderberries for her, we’re inseparable.
Dewberries, falsehoods!
Bolero, bonsai… not enough!
Frisbee!

RITUAL
Scintillate! Everlong, everliving evening!
I’m the same, but all swallows far away.
**Once upon a time**
Where the fig leaves are secrets of living...

**Diminuendo**
Crickets... More to say, he repeats,
In a casket irksome we will be!
The moon, meteoric and rockiest...

**One self**
On the mulberry leaf,
Antiheroically brittle
Caterpillars, my love,
Sincerest apologies,
I'm putting one back
To the mulberry leaf.
Please
When tomorrow comes,
A bowl of cherries,
For grandma,
I promise.

Moments and monsters ago
Sermonizing, memorising, theorising
Mightiest, mightier, mightily "maybe",
I'm herewith the hermit at the heights,
Twosome.

Solo bass
Sing lento for my swollen ego!
Play legato on loneness, longwise love!
Hand in mine
Woolies and novels,
Violets on towels...
Becoming townees,
Me & Bonnie McGee!

Straitjacket
Her skintight jeans,
Catwalk skyward...
I’m wittily thinking,
Knightly twinkling!

Auf dem weg
Draw me a dewy daisy for you!
Matilde Cherchi

_Foglie al vento_
_Tante storie diverse_
_da raccontare_

Leave in the wind
so many different
stories to tell

_Notte d’autunno_
_Mentre guardo la luna_
_parlo da sola_

Autumn night
watching the moon
I talk to myself

_Le rose bianche_
_Questa luna nascosta_
_mi assomiglia_

White roses
the hidden moon
resembles me
distant
sound
of an
ice-cream
truck's bell
my grandfather
somersaults
in
the
grass

Agus Maulana Sunjaya
inside
another chapter
rain pelts the glass

when I need you
to sing to me
one saved message

a monarch
at the window box
stragglers file past
the swing’s thick chain
jerks back to Earth
my youth

so
many
little
things
I
have
learned
late
in
life
whale
fall
Corrado Aiello

sirene...
da dove provengono
tutte le oche?
sirens...
where did all the geese
come from?

sole dormiente...
un poeta evoca
il proprio dèmone

sleeping sun...
a poet raises up
his own daemon
Patrick Sweeney

rainy dawn
the polished jade
of the dragonfly's eye

nobody wants to talk about the evolving symmetry of fractals, buster

washing mud off potatoes
since World War II...
the bones of his wrist

the man she means to change
home with another
ammonite paperweight
stepping on a dragonfly
the girl who calls out
in class

she points to the stag beetle:
'that's what individualism
gets you'

the interrogator paused
to let the autumn rain
spill her guts

Mount Fuji again,
honey, is it too late to blame it
on my DRD4 gene
Alzheimer’s unfolding
his
origami  crane

a bouquet of roses
her hands
inside the coffin
Goran Gatalica

jesenji vjetar —
etnicitet
divljih cvjetova

autumn wind —
an ethnicity
of wildflowers

zimska samoća ...
sporo strujanje
iz bakinog dimnjaka

winter solitude...
a slow stream
from grandma’s chimney
umiranje bora —
zimska zvijezda moga oca
tone duboko

dying pine —
my father's winter star
sinks deep

kasna jesen —
krivulja pastrve
guta mamac

late fall —
the curve of trout
swallows a lure

miris bora ...
nešto mekano
poput mahovine

the scent of pine...
something soft
like moss
and everything gets done
ocean comes ashore
fog rolls out to sea

steadfast silence
the stones
wait for us to learn