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VISUAL ART

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The interstices, the not-quite-connected
clouds casting shadows onto clouds

thoughts new to making
memories unrelated to the gone-moment

sunlight sliding along
a webs' single anchor thread
windblown snow
making patterns about itself
life as an unfinished project

in a dense-packed forest
the round of light
left by a fallen tree

an emptiness that isn't an emptiness
rather an uncertain incompleteness
an indefinable lack

and as with any absence that gap
that space
asking / wanting to be filled

TRADE SEQUENCE

for Tony Leuzzi

1.

Dream horses hide their wings
to make of flight
a gift
we might
otherwise ignore
as with flowers
whose scent
or petals mostly seem
a Look, I'm pretty! Look, I'm here!

2.

The body inside the mirror,
though sometimes
also a shadow, is all animal.

The mirror is not,
but it stays and attends
to a singing outside and inside
the body itself,

folding or unfolding,
composed or wild;
bright, here; dark, gone.

THE KITCHEN WITH THE BALCONY

They say I bathed in the kitchen sink. They say that it is there as in the image. That the blinds blinded. And that the stove had sharp whirls of iron cast heat against the casseroles. The meatballs had onions. The pickled herring had onions. I did cut the onions, did I not. The coffee grinder made of wood, as is the barometer; *Arbetaren* and in the cookie jar the spare buttons, those grandmother cast away, saved, like trust deeds in the desert, gathered — like emeralds shimmering from fairytales, from dreams of fairytales, from dreams about fairytales out of stories from a Karjala afar.

Bread slice-shaped on Sundays, with boiled eggs and caviar from a tube. Father leaned out smoking; goose liver patty-keys and cherry wine-glasses — its recontextualisation. The porkkanalaatikko. Coffee pot. The cleaning closet, as I remember it, had a plastic bag with plastic bags, deposit cans; grandfather's drinking habit became my third freedom.

KÖKET MED BALKONGEN

De säger att jag badade i diskhon. De säger att det finns som i bilden. Att persiennerna var nerdragna. Och att spisen hade skarpa virvlar av gjutfast värme mot grytorna. Det var lök i köttbullarna. Det var lök i sillen. Jag skar lök, gjorde jag inte det. Kaffekvarnen var av trä, likaså barometern; *Arbetaren* och i kakburken reservknapparna, de av mormor avlagda, som pantbrev i öknen, samlade — som smaragder glimmande ur sagor, ur drömmar om sagor, ur drömmar om sagor ur berättelser från ett fjärran Karelen.

Formad franska om söndagarna, med kokt ägg och kaviar från tub. Far han stod lutad ut och rökte; gåsleverpastejsnycklar och körsbärsvinglas — dess rekontextualisering. Morotslådan. Kaffepannan. Städskåpet, som jag minns det, hade en påse med påsar, pantburkar; morfars dryckesvana blev min tredje frihet.

THE HALLWAY

The carpets, like rya against the walls, like hanging tapestry. Like everywhere. The face tangible beneath a layer of plastic and perhaps the smell permeated through the polyester beard. With golf clubs that dreamed about grass like I dreamed about the miniature golf outside; I could play for hours, I could be alone for hours. The umbrella is black, its point somewhat bent nowadays. Then it broke in the wind. The greens where vast. I do not know what has happened. But it rains sometimes. The world still changes. The door snug. The door bell an aftershock, even if I almost always and only heard it from the outside. Even if I spent more time outside the door and in.

HALLEN

Mattorna, som rya mot väggarna, som bonader. Som överallt. Ansiktet kännbart under ett lager av plast och kanske trängde lukten fram genom polyesterskägget. Med golfklubbor som drömde om gräs som jag drömde om bangolfen utanför; jag kunde spela i timmar, jag kunde vara ensam i timmar. Paraplyet är svart, dess spets är något krokig numera. Det var väldiga grönor. Jag vet inte vad som har hänt. Men det regnar ibland. Världen förändras fortfarande. Dörren bonad. Dörrklockan ett efterskalv, även om jag nästan alltid och enbart hörde den från utsidan. Även om jag spenderade mera tid utanför dörren och.

L'OISEAU ROUGE

Ce jour où j'ai rencontré
cet oiseau rouge sur une pierre,
j'ai senti que le bleu du ciel
m'offrait comme un voile
pour m'envelopper ou me faire partir.
Il ne frémissait ni ne chantait.
Recouvert par mon ombre,
il s'est envolé.
Ce rien qui restait
a creusé mes doigts jusqu'au sang,
rouge,
langue-du-poème-aux-esquifs-invisibles.
Elle seule a laissé sur ma peau
la chaleur de l'oiseau enfui.

COMMENT SE PERDRE SUR UNE PLAGE (ET SE RETROUVER)

C'était un coquillage
trouvé sur le sable.
Il était encore mouillé.
Pourtant, quand je l'ai mis
dans ma main,
je ne l'ai plus vu.
Je me suis mise à trembler
en songeant à ces
90000 kilomètres de veines,
vaisseaux, artères
qui sillonnent mon corps.
Je me suis dit que jamais
je ne le retrouverai.
Cœur battant,
j'ai longtemps essayé
de deviner sa présence,
mais un sang fou brouillait
jusqu'à son nacre.
Quelques jours plus tard,
une chanson est venue à moi.
Elle avait plein d'assonances en a.
Je l'ai écoutée.
J'ai écouté le mot coquillage.
Il était dans ma main.
Nous sommes repartis ensemble.



Without a backbone this butterfly
becomes a weightlifter, each wing
put to work on the slow climbing turn

that once wandered around in the open
—you're used to sleeves, both arms
warmed by that descent into darkness

where each death makes way for the next
—it's natural you gather here, side by side
—in this old neighborhood it's the Earth

that's shining overhead, eased up
already stripped from your shadow
turning its face from the ground.



To come from so far—another moon
waiting in this station all night
for a whistle to bring it rain

—from such a darkness each train sets off
trembling, half mad, half making room
and for a few minutes the roadbed

becomes this abandoned quarry
where both the rails were taken away
smelling from the next town over

—there wasn't enough time to hide
then reach out the way you dead
are healed with a scar still rising

from nights already too far apart
—you hear only the light whose silence
entered the Earth with you

with the slow reaching down as rain
collecting flowers from each funeral
though their brights were left on.



à Merwan Alexis Boucebcî

L'étoile oubliée,
posée sur un rocher,
attend qu'une vague l'emporte.

C'est de cette écume là que se fait le jour.



à Andrea Moorhead

Entre les montagnes le chant des étoiles.
Au loin,
dans la plaine,
le peu de feu s'est éteint.

MEDITATION

Four small fruit bats

the size of barn swallows

fluttering in the olive grove

invited me to dance

when clouds were golden

and the cataract moon

was only half way across

the darkened sky

a transcendental breeze

blinking

like a coyote cub

wrapped in dreams



BACK COVE, NEW HARBOR, MAINE 2018
ANDREA MOORHEAD

Fabrice Farre

VUE

Entre les chapeaux passe,
au loin, quelqu'un. Il parcourt
le gazon, dans un espace infime.
Le vert est criard, au point
de gober les têtes coiffées et
le monde, en marge. Il
est vaste, à cause de cet inconnu
qui fait les cent pas.
L'inconnu est minuscule dans un infini
circonscriit. L'image s'imprime,
en une minute passe l'éternité.

EXIL

L'arbre engendre une forêt
de géants indisciplinés
qui gagnent, en désordre, un pays voisin.
Les racines sont aux êtres
qui ont tout quitté ; parfois
toutes les routes sont vaines,
une seule ne suffit guère.

CONTRAIRES

Le silence s'étire svelte, sauvage
à travers les buis au ras du sol, gronde
et s'élève comme une masse invisible.
L'espace se dilate en ce rien minuscule
d'où l'on apprend la lenteur
au cœur de la disparition.

OVER & OVER

Over & over clouds that resemble polaroids
of clouds snagged on powerlines & coughing
up thunderstorms.

With a flashlight I descended, unaccustomed
to universal confabulations, I thought I was
amphibious squeezing though cracks zig-zagging
plaster walls but enticed by the rainbow feathers
of a neon culture coaxing its citizens to a lighthouse
high above the rocks.

Over & over with a Jellyroll piano marching
down Main Street—over & over with Fortuna
on a streak of bad luck.

Over & over before bad luck teases one asunder—
then angels determine that we get
exactly what we deserve.

& somewhere exiled from life's limitless options
like gators rippling the hyacinth light of Everglades
a mere onionskin kiss from the blistered lips of God.

Somewhere adrift in that miasma.

Next thing I know I'm exiting a pizza parlor
into an alley wallpapered with military epaulets
plus fashionable work boots unlaced & unaware
why family trees crack & sway the way they do.

Over & over with a South African beat.

Over & over with the husk of a coconut drilling
virtual reality straight through my medulla
oblongata & leaving a tunnel wide enough
for voles & star nosed moles to navigate.

& I dream I'm flying.

50,000 WATTS OF COMMON PRAYER

(After Rosanne Cash)

Freight train squeals rusted wheels
across the frozen tundra of Europa
just in time to whistle a hairline crack
in the way things never were.

Prokofiev rolled his violin sleeves one day
& spotted a gunmetal bird that resembled
a wild cello, plus a nude flute in the middle
of Siberia digging for a copper key.

Instead of a copper key, Prokofiev
discovered a piano made of sandstone
plus a chorus of angelic wasps buzzing
50,000 watts of common prayer.

Freight train squeals rusted wheels
across the frozen tundra of Europa
just in time to whistle a hairline crack
in the way things never were.

DETRITUS

A busy waterfront—saffron coat of drunken leviathans, a crowd of silvery whores camp playboys waltzing with the lights from a lost traffic cone; They drink the warm whispers from cold women sipping from the immortal glass and its deathly charms that scribe in ink shades with shaking hands; Scoffing on *winter-berry* and *prosecco* hand cooked crisps where brave words ravish a lecher of mockery; Tongues leak the leftovers of politics pristine table tops with fragranced yellow candles laminated menu with marmalade steak; A collection of the graceful and grotesque littered streets of fish and chip bellies beggars stroll in suits and expensive casual dress. Behind the ruins in amber and elephant grey we hooked up dead celebrities in the abattoir stood in a matchbox of a black and white sunrise killing all the hippies turning their bones into gasoline; Wrapped in burger relish with too much cocaine a girl in high boots of leather steps over the wobbling wrecks of detritus; like fleshy relics in gutters mascara trails like dried lines of cold tar those portly creatures disperse for a brawl broken hair slides—ripped blouses at dawn. Those men that eat quinoa oatmeal a strawberry infused cappuccino with a short scattering of hazelnut were the men we knew as children who once fought imaginary witches on the high-street now they've succumbed to be the people who live inside hibernating in closed rooms as serial petition signers.

RIVIERE DES PLUIES (*EXTRAIT*)

Emblématique
ce réceptacle de torrents
qui dévalent depuis,
tôt le matin enveloppés, les pics
dulcifiés dans le coton des nuages

Gifles d'averses
à bout portant

Mais quand pourrai-je voir se dégager le Maïdo
rocheux balcon d'où contempler
les pentes, les îlets
du cirque de Mafate ?

Un cyclone voisin
entretient sa chaudière
À quoi faut-il se préparer ?
Routes impraticables
sous l'orage tropical
Humilité requise
face à nos dieux élémentaires

Ne regrette rien
Tu as déjà pu voir les caldeiras
de Cilaos, de Salazie
Prends un livre ou écris
attends que les radiers se vident
que soit évacuée la boue
dessous la houe du paysan céleste
jusque vers l'océan où brille
le métal des éclaircies

Léger ou tonitruant
le martèlement des gouttes
Sur la tôle des toits
faisait danser la nuit

Je ne sais de tels lieux que leurs sabords

*

À Saint-Louis j'ai vu
une femme contente
qui chante tout le jour en sa maison
lorsque seule à glisser sur les parquets luisants
ou à soigner des plantes au bord de sa varangue
elle répète ce que le chef du chœur
exige de son groupe d'amateurs

La vie est belle après l'épreuve surmontée
peut-être à cause d'elle

« Comment vivre maintenant
même sans te toucher
sans ta présence charnelle
si la beauté de ton front penché comme une lampe
n'éclaire plus pour moi le seuil de la journée ? »
Oui j'ai vu à Saint-Pierre une belle créole

pleurant de solitude
mais retenant face à ses hôtes
son hoquet de sanglots
Non elle n'accablait pas l'homme qui la quittait
le comprenait peut-être
espérait sa réapparition parfois
au milieu du jardin aux couleurs éclatantes

L'arbre du voyageur exécute un salut aux croisées des chemins
Le fruit de l'arbre à pain
dans le bissac aux souvenirs prend place

*

Des amis de lycée et l'ancien professeur
à peine leur aîné se retrouvent ce soir
Ils s'étaient tant admirés, aimés
leurs nostalgies s'égrènent en fous rires
Sous la roche du temps affleurent les non-dits
La vie te fait grandir et puis t'abîme, te ravine
L'un, empêché, s'était voici longtemps jeté du haut d'un morne
Presque tous ceux présents étaient des pères séparés
Les poèmes maintenant sont des toasts
levés face à l'oubli

Le plus ardent jadis, le plus doué peut-être
s'est replié sur l'obsession tenace de l'échec
Nos visites lui font-elles du bien, aggravent-elles une blessure ?
Une femme en tous points admirable

tient leur maison et le soutient
allant venant autant qu'il faut des hauteurs du Tampon
à Saint-Denis d'où se pilote la Région
Une tribu de jeunes chats guette du seuil les mouvements du maître
ils en attendent leur pitance journalière
et lui de temps en temps sort humer l'air en souriant
Dehors sont des bambous et des fleurs violentes
plus loin s'érige le totem d'une fougère arborescente

Avec autrui consens à vivre
La maladie de tristesse est la pire
à moins qu'à force de creuser dans le silence
tu atteignes ce fonds infoulé
par où, dit le mystique, on communique
avec le dieu qui est en soi :
tu peux te fondre en lui
ou prendre l'ascenseur vers ton zénith, au choix.

AND NOW

i)

the waves roll in
as always

the sky colours
& darkens

mud

stone walls built long ago

watch the horizon:

something has changed
everything will

ii)

soon

but not yet

wait

the wind veers
the dusk shifts
stars over the sea
a cloud

a shadow

here

there

not yet

iii)

so long ago

too far to remember

yet

over the brow of the hill

can you see
the sea

still there

same as last year
same as then
same as now

iv)

and also:

the sky

somehow matching the sea

always
a way between the rockpools

a wait before the tide turn

fascination of tiny fishes
shells stuck to the rocks

glances of sun
through cloud
on the water

long ago

THE WILD WOOD

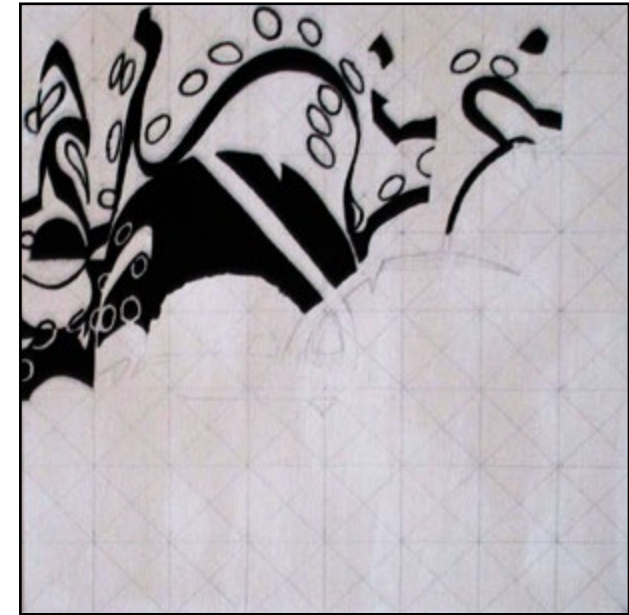
i.

over Birnam Bay above the blue-grey waters
the parkland casts a deep cold shadow
ten feet above the
sterile surface
held aloft
upon cold
iron legs

where Birnam Wood once walked, the grey expanse of Tay Sea
waters cuts across from drowned Dundee to Trossachs Sound.

ii.

balanced on the tips of time and space
it teeters on the manifold
 sways slightly doesn't fall, though,
 doesn't flail
 through darkness
holding on not firmly
 with a certain sempiternal
 grace
 that forms a bridge
 of gossamer experience
 across the void from here
to (inconceivable)
eternity
 holding it in place
 the timber spires
 of unplanned growth
 and in amongst them
 there's a different quality of darkness
 fragrant and alive with birdsong
 with the snuffling of
 hedgehogs on the needled floor



STUDY FOR ARABIC 2, 2017
ROBERT MOORHEAD

MEANINGFUL RUSTLING

of the fir tree branch above the candle.
Aromatic auto-da-fé. Quaint
figures from the children's book
insistently whispering: Come
to us, come into our world
where things go on that
never happen in actual,
trivial life. Come, before the flame
dies out forever.

VIELSAGENDES KNISTERN

des Tannenzweiges über der Kerze.
Duftendes Autodafé. Seltsame
Gestalten aus dem Kinderbuch
flüstern eindringlich: Komm
zu uns, komm in unsere Welt, da
geht es zu wie im richtigen,
nichtigen Leben
niemals. Komm, ehe die Flamme
für immer erlischt.

AS A RIDER

on the Berlin underground
one is granted the experience of
dying if one were to venture
into the last car and
go to the rear window.
The train starts rolling, dwarves
are left behind, the station
shrinks, the tracks
still sparkle, the view
dwindles faster and faster away,
darkness, gloom, blackness
before one's eyes, such that
the world, the underworld,
disappears. In like manner, people
assure us, life will end.

ALS FAHRGAST

der Berliner Untergrundbahn
wird einem das Erlebnis des
Sterbens zuteil, wagte man
sich in den letzten Waggon und
vor das rückwärtige Fenster.
Der Zug rollt an, der Bahnhof
verkleinert sich, Zwerge
bleiben zurück, noch glänzen
die Schienen, der Ausblick
schrumpft immer schneller,
Dunkelheit, Finsternis, Schwärze
vor den Augen, denen solcherart
die Welt, die Unterwelt, verloren
geht. Auf derartige Weise, versichert
man uns, ende das Leben.

from HEART-WORD-WOVEN

7

world at war

lost worlds wandering.
people no longer find each other.
strayed and consuming worlds
head beats heart
and money consumes head.

oceans measure density.
oil soils feathers.
oil consumes forest.
weapons idols
destroying children
water sold.

dune
holds
promise
wandering towards field. sanding in world.

toucan flees.
and amazon winds around cattle.
soya sprouts in rainforest.
river yields to hunter
drying away towards sun.
water's lacking.
falling.

human tears lament.
ancestors give way. avoiding smoke
from chimneys.

spirits and shamans
felled by the military.

dams break life.
humans root out animals.
life's burning
and all beauty
consumed by violence.

sea swells in rebellion.
wind puts up fight.
earth crumbles.
world at war.

now and then
heart breath
scent in wind.
now and then
tears
water. not saleable.

now and then
compassion
respect
in sparks.

burning hearts
melt ice.

HERZWORTWEBEN

7

welt im krieg

wegverloren irren welten.
menschen finden sich nicht mehr.
abgeirrt und weltenfressend
kopf tritt herz
und geld frisst kopf.

ozeane messen dichte.
öl schmutzt feder.
öl frisst wald.
waffen götzen
fällen kinder.
wasser käuflich.

düne
hält
versprechen.
wandert feldwärts. sandet welt.

tukan flieht.
und amazonas windet rinder.
soja keimt im regenwald.
fluss weicht jäger
trocknet abkehr richtung sonne.
wasser fehlt.
fällt.

menschen tränen klagelieder.
ahnen weichen. meiden rauch

now and then
opening. expanding.
feeling clearer.

yet the weapons
wage war
without end.
lands break
people. hearts.
boats break.

schlepping seawards.
whale with plastic belly
suffocating dolphin.

rosebud
sprouts hope
hail shoots grenades.
delphinium despairs.
gives up its blues.

birds
drink
strange earth.
drunken flight.
drowned in flight.

sea swallow
clashes with
seagull

world at war.

aus schloten.
geister und schamanen.
fällt das militär.

dämme brechen leben.
menschen roden tiere.
leben brennt
und alle schönheit
frisst gewalt.

meer wogt aufstand.
wind probt kampf.
erde bricht
welt im krieg.

ab und an
herzhauch
duftspur im wind.
ab und an
tränen
wasser. nicht käuflich.

ab und an
mitgefühl
respekt
in funken.

herzfeuer
schmilzt eis.

ab und an
öffnen. weiten.
klarer fühlen.

doch die waffen
kriegen
brechen nicht.
länder brechen
menschen. herzen.
kähne brechen.

meerwärts schleppen.
wal mit plastikbauch
erstickt delphin.

rosenknospe
keimt gewissen.
hagel schießt granate ein.
rittersporn verzagt.
versagt sein blau.

vögel
trinken
fremde erde.
trunkner flug.
ertrunken im flug.

seeschwalbe
klirrt
möwe

welt im krieg.

translated from the Norwegian by Anna Reckin



YOU CAN GO back in time
turn and take the path you came by
Steer against the wind
don't give up if the elements refuse
Just chase the hours back into the clock
You can turn your body inside out
so that once again you become small and blunt
and meet your own weeping
and your gasping laughter
You can go down smaller
than your childish body
You can shrink
invade the warm darkness
where you press yourself
all the way into the black hole
You can crawl through the impossible
Inside the ganglions
you can burst into gametes
You can set yourself free, fly
into other parts of the body
or into the animal kingdom. Remember you are heading home
Now you can enter another body
You can split yourself
out into this one body
or several
leave their destinies
race down and away alongside time
or distances. Now to spread

into a world where ancestry fades
They leap into the bushes
and grow smaller, blink and die
into themselves
rolling further into gatherings of fathers, groups of mothers
that again go back to the beginning
This is how you arrive at the magnificently small
You can see the grandeur of grey
the beautiful, ugly buildings
the rich, poor rooms
There is a cradle in a corner
and underneath it you will find
a grief that has not been named



DU KAN GÅ tilbake i tida
 snu og ta den vegen du kom
 Legg deg opp mot vinden
 gi deg ikkje om elementa ikkje vil
 Jag berre timane inn att i klokka
 Du kan vregja kroppen over deg
 slik at du igjen blir liten og butt
 og møter din eigen gråt
 og hikstande lått
 Du kan gå lenger ned
 frå din barnekropp
 Du kan skrumpa deg
 invadera det varme mørkret
 der du pressar deg sjølv
 heilt inn i det svarte holet
 Du kan krypa gjennom det umogelege
 Inne i ganglionane
 kan du bresta til kjønnseller
 Du kan frigjera deg, flyga
 inn i andre delar av kroppen
 eller dyreriket. Hugs du er på veg heim
 No kan du gå inn i ein annan kropp
 Du kan splitta deg sjølv
 ut i denne kroppen
 eller fleire kroppar
 forlata deira lagnad
 rasa ned og bort langs tida

eller avstandane. Sprei deg no
 over verda der slekta svinn
 Dei spring i busk og kratt
 og minkar, blunkar, døyr
 inn i seg sjølv
 rullar vidare til fedrelag og mødregrupper
 som igjen går bakover til opphavet
 Slik kan du koma til det storslått vesle
 Du kan sjå det grandiosst grå
 dei vakre, stygge bygningane
 dei rike, vesale romma
 Det står ei vogge i ei krå
 og under den kan du finna
 ei sorg som ikkje har fått namn

VANISHING LANDSCAPES

Moving into the shadow of your voice, the blue tinted clouds following the night closely, wandering into the blood with a sigh, as if this song had some other source, some further extension that we cannot imagine, developing on a distant shore, on the other side of the world, perpetually falling into the sea, perpetually rising with the fog, and it will snow again as you speak, snow and snow as the Arctic crystalizes around your heart.

ACROSS THE TUNDRA

A bend in the darkness, hiatus or crack in the air, a furrow across the clouds, something is shining within, moving and flickering outside the eyes' range, it might have been a comet passing or a frozen rain drop caught in the corner of your eye, and I no longer wonder which way we should go, a bend in the darkness reveals the streak of a river, the phantom projection of flowers in ice where the stars have shed all their fire, leaving behind this scent of wild burning rose.

SOLAR PLANS

The only hitch in your plan is the rotation of the planet; we won't be able to see beyond the curve, the blue-green atmosphere or is it an ocean, a green sea of sky blue particles? I don't really know, people have told me many things, the gold beam coming down, the blast of sunlight, hands still burning, cupped together, the wind raw cold ice, and this isn't what I had in mind, I didn't think the Arctic ice fields were all that important, now drowning, now flaming against the midnight sun, occlusions whenever we try to walk out onto the ice, the bears are swimming all night, growling and groaning, I can't restrain myself any longer, I'll swim too, and then fly out beyond the ice to the open waters, I've heard there are sea canyons and submerged stars still twinkling, and octopus and squid enormous and wild-eyed, soft blue but iridescent during the day-night, the only hitch in your plan is the rotation of the planet; we won't be able to see beyond our own ignorance, how will we stay on the surface, glued or unglued, lit or calm, I can't think any longer, the ice burns my lips, and the polar bears have all clambered back onto the phantom rocks.

COOL TERRITORY

Muttering along the fence again, muttering blue and green along the stones again, muttering murmuring, it's too low to distinguish, the clouds are dense today, almost down to us, to here, to the ground, to earth, to who can tell the crows if these clouds are bringing rain again, wet nests, shaky foundations, the night is rain the night is snow the night is all we have and muttering murmuring along the fence along the stones, along the edge of my heart where the rain comes in where the snow seeps where the whispering sighs of crows somewhere so far away so far down the road so far off this earth this ground this here and we can barely distinguish the sound of the moon rising from the murmuring muttering of your intuition your planted and flagrant degeneration of hope, your symbolism of the ungodly vanished and this is cool territory, it's clean here and elms protect and maples and the shimmering shivering inside your body will cease if you just listen to the murmuring muttering along the fence, along the stones, along the green blue here, the blue-green now, the sudden and inevitable murmuring muttering, slipping into the day.

COUNTING THE WINDOWS

Interesting charms you are wearing. Are they silver? Did you make them? Are they really showing tiny bears and swift birds? Will they keep you safe? The wind is rising again, I'll bring you inside with me, it's warm here, I've made a fire, closed all the shutters but one. Yes, the southern window is uncovered. You'll see the shadows of birds' wings, the streaking of rain on dust. Sometimes there's a flowering yellow bush by the side of the gate. It isn't really there, but you'll see it clearly. All during the day, at night, when you sleep or dream. I won't ever cut its flowers; the branches are attached to something I cannot see.

Marco Fazzini

CANTO DELL'ISOLA

Questa estate è nell'isola,
e l'isola è la mia estate.
La stessa di sempre,
la stessa dell'altro anno.
Basta rimanere un poco
seduti in veranda
per ascoltare la vita,
pensare che il mare sta là,
sotto un sole sbiadito,
ancora pigro dal sonno,
e come il vento muove il mare,
muovono anche, gridando,
gli uomini le barche.



STUDY FOR ARABIC 3, 2017
ROBERT MOORHEAD

Tutto questo, forse,
non ha una vera consistenza,
l'oscuro, i fumi della mia esistenza –
questo m'affanno a drenare, questi grumi
di vita dissipati lungo i lustri
vivi come lampi d'un faro
dentro una memoria dormiente,
una memoria da cui non mi separo,
in nulla, io scrivente,
altro da quella non essendo,
da quella e dai suoi mostri.

Il silenzio laggiù
è una porta sopra al cosmo,
l'origine pre-umana
d'un'epoca incolore
quando si sogna tranquilli
davanti ad acque tranquille.
Il silenzio laggiù è una sfera,
rotonda come il mondo,
occhio complice di tenebre,
occhio difeso
dal nostro essere conchiuso.
L'udito qui è recluso
per un'esistenza immemore,
sulla terra,
sulle sue profondità viventi;
e se è vero
che si sogna davanti a una sorgente,
l'immaginazione
scopre che l'acqua
è il sangue di quell'essere terreno.
E le maree il suo respiro.

THE POND

Pond. Moonrise. Trees
and domed behind them
night's uncertain premise:
if it is not the start it
must be the end of day.
The mushroom lifts its veil
signs the protocols of
acting in the world.
The birds anticipate
light by singing for it.

PARTIAL ECLIPSE

Dream-critic, imagine the managers not
in their their real faces but images
slid across the desk with no feature
we can hold. Satellites, drones, owls
populate the morning, transporting
us and our news, observing our spheres.
Once inside I remember I'll need cash.
The striplights come on again walking out
not into dawn-light since I have
a shadow, though subdued. A dilution,
a loss. The shops ahead smaller, darker.
Bees still clang and seek employment,
the sky's not redly seamed. I look up
and wish I hadn't, can't blink this half-
sun away. The man in front of me
sneezes onto the cash machine keypad.
Eclipse! My daughter miscalled you
apocalypse, I think of this folding
the notes into my wallet, the day's
healed counterfact, and still the awkward
silent beeches ignite with pigeons
pushing against a refreshed breeze,
odd shiver through these streets
as the feel of a slight fever when tired,
from which there may be a normal to
return to as through a glass door. In
the office it is as if none of this
happened, as indeed it did not, just
a horned portent fading in my eye.

BLANKET ELEGY

Worming fingers through thread mazes
on the outside of a prison cell watching
with calm eyes what I feared
because now I was safe.

Sewn with bed of frost and lightning rim through cobalt,
I could see through burrows into night ocean's abyss,
but all I saw was universe clouded
with scattered piano keys floating.

The night my brain refused, I lay on box spring fault lines
and seized holy tremors calling to mother,
I'm sure the washing machine rumbled the same
while I dug tunnels with help cries, my blanket
shielded my skull as a tent from dust flurries.

Then one night my god was gone, fallen victim to
burning carpet mazes and the vacuum
of whitewashed walls, my god dissolved
in that hotel room, gruesome night
where lizards were trees breathing hot wet soup.

Grandmother tried to sew another god, this time
wool dusted with sapphire sky linings,
but I never did enjoy the ease of baking leavened
faith in the west, and I never felt the lamb's embrace
as genuine at all, rather I quite missed
the ramblings of snowflakes.

CARTHAGE

That no one returns
except gulls

and the usual tempest

in a harbor
denuded of ships

only I can remember

where the heart is shipwrecked
light does not reach

the blank canvas
the cold distance

I drain all color
into the flames
of a torn sail

with the conclusion
that nothing is restored

facing the waves

the charred bones

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Yves Broussard
1937-2018



Toute approche
du sublime
rappelle à chacun
le devoir d'aimer
dans le proche et le lointain

là où se profile l'ombre pérenne
du désir partagé

alors que dans le ciel
sous la grande arche
s'improvisent
les destins

de Rêves majeurs, *Osiris* 74

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