



# OSIRIS

CELEBRATING

50 YEARS  
OF POETRY

50 ANS  
DE POÉSIE

1972-2022

SELECTED BY ANDREA MOORHEAD



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**Osirispoetry@gmail.com**

106 Meadow Lane Greenfield Massachusetts 01301 USA



*Osiris* is on **Facebook** (OsirisPoetry).

and the web: **osirispoetry.com**

osirispoetry@gmail.com for submissions.

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# OSIRIS

ANTEREM 6-7



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# ART AS RADICAL BEING

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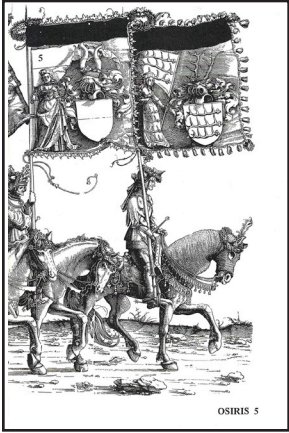
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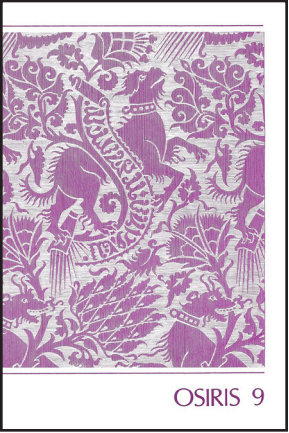
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1972

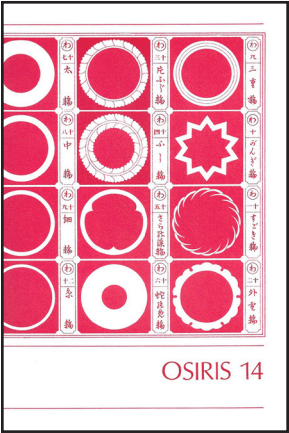
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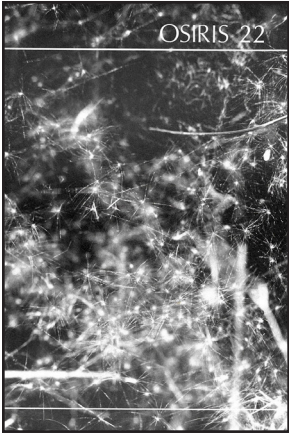
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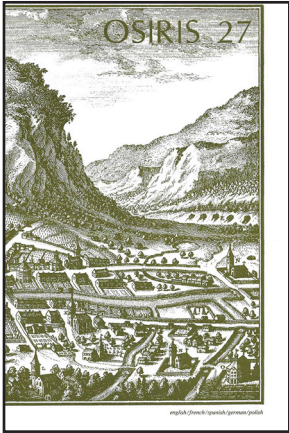
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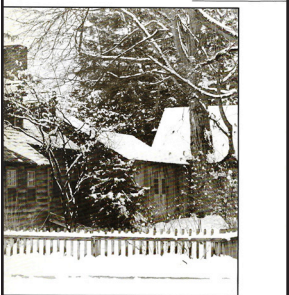


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OSIRIS  
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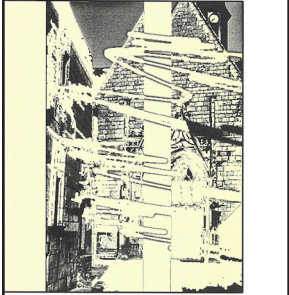


Twenty Years of Poetry - 1952-1980

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44

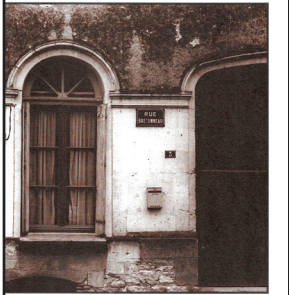


Reflexen von den Bräun / Rendell Dautenberg / John Pelt  
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Simon Perle / Bernard Pictet / Philip Smith / Jong H. Woo

Spring 1997

OSIRIS  
deutsch / english / french / german / italiano / portuguese

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Luigi Anselmi / Rendell Dautenberg / José Carlos Ferreira / Michaela Egan  
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Boris Lachin / Peter Gagliardini / Philip Smith / Jacques-Fabrice Temple

1998

## I POETI DI ANTEREM

*Il problema della parola è restituire l'essere  
a ciò che autenticamente gli appartiene: la poesia.*

Flavio Ermini

Un posto umile negato -  
immagini dimore e cecità in un vento  
di linguaggio e un corpo in cifre ripiegato.  
Eppure il suo fermento

ha linfa estranea da un altro luogo  
da nessun luogo rammenda furtiva  
clandestina una lingua  
a scuotere l'ombra un capogiro terreno

tardiva scoperta la lunaria rediviva  
quasi trasparente ingiuria  
custodisce una medaglia vegetale  
senza fare altro

nei flussi di un'eco dura a prodigio:  
terra chiusa veggente  
nel nome che segna  
il tempo e l'abisso

e l'abisso e il tempo  
a mulinello, l'uno a travestire  
l'altro: macchie, macchine, fumi  
a mutare figura e cuore

e ora non sei umana vicina a dio  
e al cane nella deiscenza della siliqua  
lunaria giù in terra lunaria secca  
e millenaria tutta intera di luce

per essere vivi bisogna  
sognare il sentiero disporre  
i segnali attentare i margini  
avanzare dalla linea dell'eco.

poesia collettiva della redazione

*ANTEREM (Verona, 1976) è stata una rivista di ricerca letteraria, è casa editrice e premio di poesia e prosa Lorenzo Montano. Ne ha cura la redazione: Giorgio Bonacini, Laura Caccia, Mara Cini, Silvia Comoglio, Flavio Ermini, Stefano Guglielmin, Maria Grazia Insinga, Ranieri Teti. Osiris e Anterem sono amici da oltre 40 anni.*

*John Falk*

NIAGARA-ON-THE-LAKE

Apple flesh, black seeds,  
The pulp in my mouth.  
Hot orchard wind,  
The sulphated spray of copper  
Blown back in my face.  
Something slim, a machine fog  
Trying to be naked, manifest  
Among the trees—  
Blue poison, dry  
On the ripening skins.

*Osiris 49, 1999*

*George Moore*

ALTARBONE OF WHALE

Altarbone of whale  
and driftwood, shells,  
detritus from the shore  
made fragmentary offerings  
and beneath the chapel  
of ribs, mud buried,  
an Ozette village. Now  
a silence reigns, surf  
sets up life rhythms,  
the voice of storms  
uncovering a basket  
woven and preserved  
perfectly in the earth  
for five hundred years.  
Mud without disaster  
or anger, picks bones  
clean and leaves these  
perishables, these few  
impeccable weaves.

*Osiris 67, 2008*



She grew into  
a flame

and leapt  
from treetop  
to housetop,

burning the  
black paper  
with its obscure  
hieroglyphics

scattering the  
caged birds  
the neighbors  
kept there  
for their singing

*Osiris 28, 1989*



*Marcia Arrieta*

UNFINISHED POEM

forgotten lines

a room hidden behind stars

because i could not speak

i wander

*Osiris 60, 2005*

*Ingrid Swanberg*

## THUNDER EGG

we are like this  
plain round stone,  
with its hidden crystal heart  
which never sees the sun  
unless broken

*Osiris 86, 2018*

## FRACTURED BIRDS

Moments like fractured birds  
when I cannot speak.

The flight of my voice  
from one human to another  
paralyzed in quartz  
or in sleep rumored to be sleep.

There are moments  
& there are no moments—  
tiny husks of time  
fallen beneath my branches,  
beneath the arches of my feet,  
as another self dazes through camera shops  
& supermarkets.

Verdant heads of lettuce  
wilt on icy shelves.

Logic juggles my green atoms  
as I chew through quartz.

Moments like fractured birds  
when I cannot speak.

*Osiris 82, 2016*

FROM RETINA (III)

There is music in my round room  
And it draws me to a tilt, to a black spot.  
This appears to me especially in winter  
When my field of vision is secret  
And mornings are absent thought.  
Then in the crook of my mind  
Even rain can become an obstacle  
As vast as the eternal shadow.  
The small black seed of my self  
Is tense, alert, brushing along winter's arm.  
There is an underwater noise  
In my ears, listless and so dull  
It seems built out of the calm of  
Gauzy uninteruptable notes.  
I want something arid  
Something red, an outline  
Of something warm enough to burn me.

*2022*

*Silvia Scheibli*

## SONG OF THE JAGUAR

Lime-feathered jaguar

conveys a message with

neon syllables

to my bones of eagles & serpents

in tones of fire

No power equals his — not the ocean

beneath the surface of Jupiter,

nor the exquisite, bromeliad jungle

heat

Only monsoon rains

are devoted to soothe

my quetzal-blistered tongue.

*2022*

*Anne Blonstein*

## SERING

with a touch            softer  
than the silence at the end of the telephone  
the jeweler of souls  
fashions her an earring  
from a dandelion seed  
a word that has fallen from an unpeopled sky  
and three molecules of dilation

from the other ear she dangles  
                 a drop  
of cloud-red time

*Osiris 66, 2008*

*Robert Dassanowsky*

## AT THIS AGE

the shadows mean something  
beyond a footnote  
    and my needs  
    and the eyes  
    and the page bendings  
in Hesse's *Demian*  
finally break off

wonder projects from the chrome  
of the sugar shakers  
    and there the elegance  
promised isn't seen

I read the text to a requiem now  
with far more than metrics in mind  
    skip to endings  
    set more alarms  
opening the curtains faster.

*Osiris 35, 1992*



Each night these branches lift off  
dragging a tree  
that is not a scarecrow

and though your jacket is unbuttoned  
it flaps in the wind  
to attract those birds

who believe leaves can migrate  
once they learn more colors  
—you invite the flutter

into these wide lapels  
that need more feathers  
for their descent, for the wings

each flock knows you grow  
inside your sleeves  
from water and darkness

—on both sides the sun's the same  
just month after month  
half thirst, half nightfalls

that aren't afraid anymore  
when your shadow leans over the Earth  
and drinks with its tiny eyelids open.

*Osiris 40, 1995*



*Rupert Loydell*

## SUNDAY MORNINGS

Chlorine memories and swimming-pool nostalgia:  
rust-stained steel girders holding up my past.

Oak tree wrapped in mist, cat's purr motoring,  
a shivering damp morning to remember childhood:

cold blue weightlessness as I dive then pull myself out,  
slipping on puddled Victorian tiles in my own silent film.

*2022*

*Frances Presley*

# THE DELUGE

The lashes of rain at night  
like the strokes of a cross  
or a mark

He is doing his marking  
He says that I  
am not settled in my house

I was caught in the rain cloud  
from Exmoor

a smoke sheet winding  
the hills and coast

Even my beech tree  
saturated bark  
too wet to embrace

She focuses on the rainbow  
which is moving  
on the water

*Osiris* 40, 1995

*Charles Hadfield*

## THAT ROSE AGAIN

As roses fade  
and the water in that vase  
discolours

watch the clouds  
the curtains shifting  
in the breeze

few things are more certain

this need to explain

*Osiris 45, 1997*

*Patty Dickson Pieczka*

## NORTH DAKOTA ACCESS PIPELINE

*Let every step you take upon the earth be as a prayer—Black Elk*

People rise from this ghost-whispered land  
of coup sticks and porcupine quills  
and drums playing the earth's heartbeat,

to converge in the dust  
of a thousand dreams. In this place  
all things are alive.

Listen for the voices of switchgrass  
and holy yarrow, for the prayers  
of water and field stones.

How will this sacred sedge  
breathe its song when logic  
is uprooted, twisted,

spliced into splinters,  
when our shadows are bulldozed  
and lost beneath the ground?

*Osiris 83, 2016*

*Paul B. Roth*

## SPEECHLESS AMONG STARS

I am  
breathing  
stars

not their light  
or colder distance

but  
the darkness  
around their light

and its pull  
from the bottom  
of my words

at my sighs  
below  
gold stubble

spelling winter's  
blackest  
depths of snow

*Osiris 72, 2011*

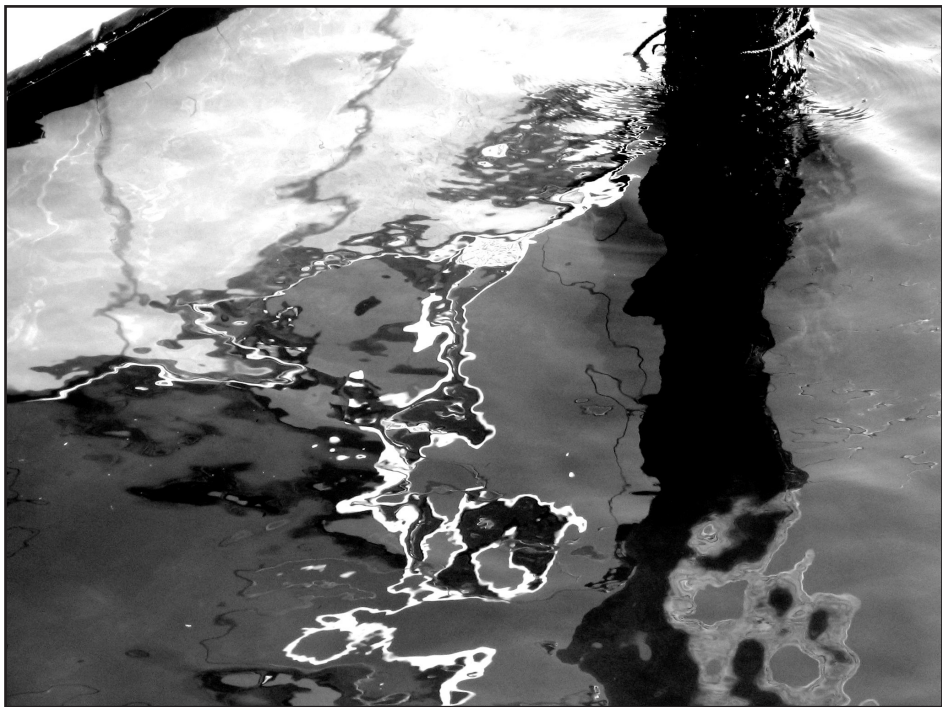












*Rina Lasnier*

## JOIE DE MOURIR

*Je ne mourrai point  
avant le soleil.*

G.L.

Chaque mort partira une rose à la main  
pour l'absence légère à l'hiver de vivre,  
le soleil assistera ce départ  
de la rose solennelle de l'aurore....

*Osiris 15, 1982*

## ATLANTIS

Tu mourras comme une braise  
Dans la compagnie des cendres  
Ayant manqué  
Ce que tu n'as pu voir  
Le rire des violettes à vingt ans  
La main du soleil sur ton front  
Le repos des peuples errants  
Sans savoir si tu viens du trou noir  
Si des frères à toi habitent Mars  
Ou la vallée des étoiles filantes  
Si les glaciers pouvaient réchauffer ton cœur  
Épris de la mer depuis la nuit des temps  
Contrariée par tant de barbares prétendants  
Ami de Sophocle ou Homère tu ne sais vraiment  
Que de grottes avec leurs cyclopes  
Peuplent ton océan  
Épopée ouverte sur Le livre des morts  
Toutes ces îles disparues  
Lourdes de la dérive des continents  
Ne suffisent pour séduire tes rivages sauvages  
Nourris de tous ces sables mouvants

*Osiris 56, 2003*

CETTE MONTAGNE

L'Égyptienne  
ne regrette rien  
des amours qui furent  
ni du temps  
cendres en lumière  
dans les voiles  
long dos étendu  
cheveux longs en maquis  
descendant jusqu'en mer  
elle rêve  
depuis des millénaires  
aux levants et couchants  
des chênes

*Osiris 58, 2004*

*Yves Broussard*

## de PROCHE de L'INSTINCT

La nuit  
tarde à venir

Les lilas  
nous séparent  
de la poussière  
et du vent

Rien n'est dit  
ici  
de ce qui précède  
le temps

*Osiris 59, 2004*

LE BLEU FLOTTANT DES JOURS—EXTRAIT

hier encore j'ai pensé au mot orange  
à cerise, olive, aux mots qu'on se met dans la bouche  
mais c'est crâne qui a surgi suivi de craie et tableau d'enfance  
puis cœur, épaule, épisode, avec leur virgule  
pour écouter (on aurait dit) le silence  
puis d'un grand châte  
j'ai tout recouvert  
jusqu'à encore et proximité de l'épaule  
j'ai voulu ne pas regarder

*Osiris 55, 2002*

## VUE DE DEDANS

Je n'ai jamais vu ce que vous me racontez  
des îles mauves où le soleil est d'acier

je n'ai jamais vu ces vierges qui saignent  
sur une plage de parasols salés

je n'ai jamais vu non plus  
ce que vous dites être vrai  
dans vos périples échevelés

je n'ai vu que vos yeux et j'imagine  
sans savoir où aller.

*Osiris 15, 1982*

## LA PAIX DES ARBRES

Dans les arbres  
parfois,  
les histoires des nouveau-nés  
s'enroulent aux branches.

Il faut, pour les deviner,  
faire la nuit ces rêves  
qui traversent les flammes  
sans brûler.

Alors seulement est-il possible,  
sous la Constellation du Feu,  
de voyager les uns avec les autres  
et d'inventer, même  
sans parler,  
la Paix des Arbres où aller  
sans brûler.

*Osiris 88, 2019*



## MASSAWIPPI

La rivière roule  
Dans son lit de pierres  
Entre pins et saules  
Sous le soleil blanc.

Le vent jamais las souffle  
Des parfums de boue,  
De mousse, de lichen  
Dans ce bois mouillé.

Le ciel coule aussi,  
Et le brouillard qu'effilochent  
Les hauts thuyas  
Et les corneilles.

Le froid fouille  
Ce bois confus  
Que visitent seules  
La pluie et la neige.

On y vient parfois  
Aimer sa rudesse  
Et son peu d'égards.  
On y reste peu.

*Osiris 82, 2016*



Paris scintille: c'est le matin sur la Seine  
Et le vent vient de l'ouest dans les touffes d'asters.  
Palombes pareilles aux nuages arpentent  
Les constellations de dahlias. Le jet d'eau  
Vacille qu'un trou bleu azur happe et renverse  
Dans le gouffre. En voyage un corbeau fait escale  
Au bord du bassin, boit puis s'ébat et s'essore  
Au-dessus du sable à coups d'ailes battant l'air  
Qu'il traverse et qui est presque visible autour  
Des couleurs. On ne sent pas la terre flotter,  
Bulle que les rayons irisent de son seul  
Soleil suspendu parmi les saules. Ainsi  
C'est un jour qui, comme un éventail, s'ouvre et cache  
Les signes dont la nuit clairsemait notre route.

*Osiris 25, 1987*

*André Ughetto*

“SINGIN’ IN THE RAIN”

Le ciel est trop sûr de lui  
efface les portées de nuages  
éloigne la musique des averses  
Nous sommes extatiques sous le bleu sans pitié

Ce soir nous voudrions au concert des étoiles  
assister mais les lumières de la ville  
sans doute mêleront leurs dissonances  
à l’harmonie des sphères espérée

Où sont les Pythagore amoureux du Parfait,  
le plain chant qui louait la grandeur infinie?  
Mais nous avons Mozart et Dizzy Gillespie  
Bach, Beethoven, Berlioz, Bartok et tant d’autres noms...

qui substituent leurs partitions aux notes  
perdues, font croire à l’arche, à la chanson  
euphorique dansée  
sous l’apaisante manne de la pluie

*Osiris 64, 2007*

## BERLIN II

*Ici s'arrête le temps présent*

lis-tu, avant de traverser l'invisible

frontière qui compte encore

ses morts, et tu pénètres

dans ce *no man's land*

où l'on dirait Jacob entouré d'écheveaux

liant le ciel de la ville

à son avenir tremblant.

*Osiris 50, 2000*



Je ferais le travail de mort  
fleur par fleur  
dans ce pays de pollen inutile  
j'abraserai le sol  
nulle beauté pacifiante  
mais quels ocres et quels rouges  
mangeurs de crépuscules

*Osiris 81, 2015*

KATIA, RÉVEILLÉE AU COIN DU JOUR

*à la mémoire de Katia et Nour El Houda tuées par les terroristes*

Katia réveillée au coin du jour  
Nour El Houda voilà que l'on murmure  
mes petites sœurs de la nuit  
endormies à l'ombre de nous.

C'est à peine que l'on effleure  
nos mémoires de saltimbanques  
dans d'étranges soliloques  
aux sons  
de la mort battant nos trousses.  
Les écheveaux de mes contes se dénouent  
dans l'effolement de mon âge  
à vouloir reconstruire des édifices  
que je ne connais qu'en rêve.

Je regarde l'intérieur  
de nos espoirs catapultés.  
Vivre est un acte lourd  
vivre est presque un épilogue.

Le temps noirci  
oblitère nos paupières.

*Michel Cosem*

DANS TOUT OBJET

l'herbe est au-devant du visage  
cette profondeur  
à l'attention des images  
et des tourbillons

il ne reste qu'une paille qui brûle par magie  
infiniment simple comme aubier

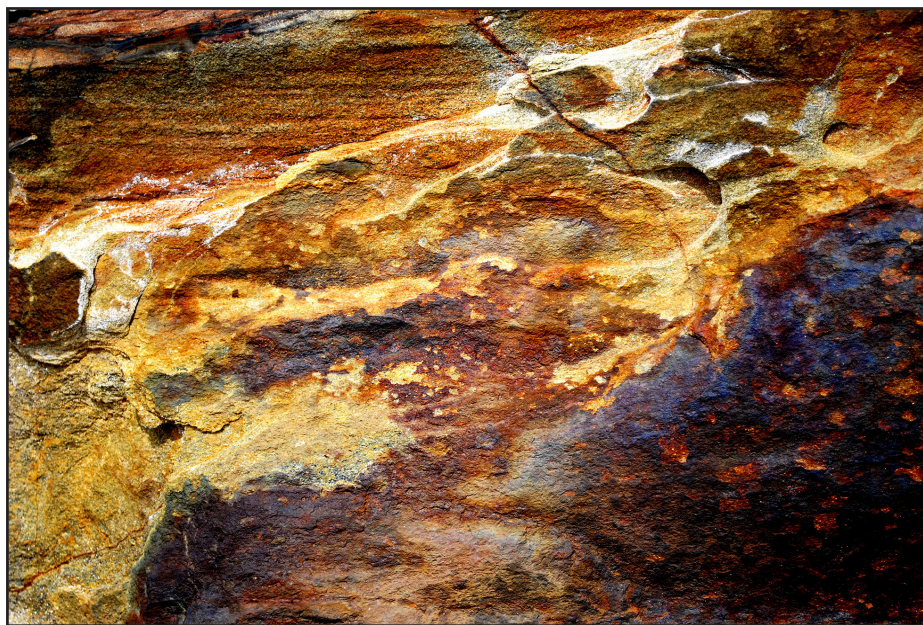
*Osiris 1, 1972*

## PLAGE

Dans la vague gronde une autre vague  
la plage où elle s'étire se détend  
les baigneurs emportés se sont absentés à cette heure.  
Des bouteilles vides courent au large  
pour échouer loin des rives  
sur la ligne opposée tremble le carré intime  
de quelque fenêtre éclairée dans le désert du ciel.  
La vague rugit après toutes les autres,  
la solitude a été habitée, elle n'est à personne.

*Osiris 85, 2017*

















*Cruzeiro Seixas*

*translated from the Portuguese by Alexandre Amprimoz*

## POEM AS LULLABY

You are mine  
bird of the desert  
grey  
with a thousand doors  
silent and translucent  
You are mine  
for the whole length  
of the sun  
and you drown me like an ocean

*Africa, 1955*

*Osiris 5, 1977*

*Gyula Illyés*

*translated from the Hungarian by Bruce Berlind & Mária Körösy*

## THE LAST HOME

I would like to return home at night  
to a small village in the Pyrenees,  
so many saints and x's in its long name  
they don't deliver the mail higher than that;  
only the alpine sheep of the stars, maybe,  
wander higher. "Who is it?"  
My mother opens the door, my grandmother,  
they hug me, they question me (in Catalan,  
naturally, or in Basque, and that's the way  
I answer): the journey was exhausting but  
there's no other news. I'm fine,  
glad to be here for homemade food and wine;  
and at last---in my old place once again---  
sleep a great dream of oblivion.

*Osiris 30, 1990*

*Hanne Bramness*

*translated from the Norwegian by Frances Presley & Hanne Bramness*

## NO FILM IN THE CAMERA

65

In the winter forest young trees pass down the mountain in formation, mumbling a dead language. Soon they have passed by, there are just some holes from thin roots in the frozen ground and patches of darkness in the light where they trod. Narrow rays slid over the trunks, tried to hold them back, but were defeated. The falling snow thickens. Soon all proof will be removed. Under its canopy the forest disintegrates, but is still the same.

75

She points the lens into the darkness, tries to focus on a tree she is convinced is right in front of her, on a headland. It's somewhere near here. Then she waits and finally falls asleep, but still keeps standing with her finger on the shutter until the morning mist rises from the tarn. Some time during the night it happens, she takes a picture of the dream tree just as the clouds are ripped away from the moon.

*In response to Jitka Hanzlova's photographs from his series, "Forest."*

*Osiris 74, 2012*

*Thanásis Hadjópoulos*

*translated from the Greek by Yannis Goumas*

## SPAS

There was a whiff of ashes in the wind  
And the rain was a breathing exercise  
Among sulphur and magnesium

And you did not believe me when, bent,  
I left for the heavenly spas  
The yellow meridional hours of vapour  
Useless as rain on asphalt and like a breeze  
I would return from the baths  
Hepáte, Aedipsós, Loutráki, Ikaria, Belle Hélène  
With water from the hot springs and medication  
From the ashes of the dead.

*Osiris 36, 1993*



## STEPS WITHOUT MEMORY

I look out the window and cannot find the sea. Gulls  
are flying about and the lawn is drying on the line. Early morning,  
the sea has not yet come. The bread has come, the flame, too,  
and the newspaper. The saliva with which I will say good-morning to you.  
Words were the first to arrive. What remains of them  
turns the paper soft. Warm bread with yesterday's dream  
and the dreams of today. The day is being readied, footsteps  
coming and going. I am getting closer. You gaze at me  
as if you know what I will later know.  
In this city it is never noon. There is always that sweetness  
of other hours. And scattered memories. Let them leave  
my dress, let the waves of the sea go free.  
The window is empty. My son walks along the beach  
and you, you spell out the seagulls. You walk in front of me  
leaving no footprints. I lose myself, like all mothers,  
like all lovers. I think up steps and words  
so I can fall asleep. At this very time grandmother used to wrap her rosary  
around her hands. I was inside the beads, inside the sleep  
that surrounded the prayer. For a long time I remained outside.  
Now we walk together. Without memory.

*Osiris 63, 2007*

*Vicente Aleixandre*

*translated from the Spanish by Stephen Kessler*

## CAVE AT NIGHT

Look. Kissing you here, I say it. Look.  
In this dark cave, look, look  
at my kiss, my final darkness covering in definitive  
night  
your luminous dawn  
breaking  
into blackness, and like a sun inside me announces  
another truth. Which you, so deep, don't know.  
Out of your being my clarity comes entirely  
from you, my funeral dawn opening into night,  
You, my nocturnity made of light, which blinds me.

*Osiris 74, 2012*

*Annemette Kure Andersen*

*translated from the Danish by Thom Satterlee*



An escape may have been  
possible but she collapsed at  
the two metal barricades  
the frozen crocus of  
the Milky Way crushed  
as proof of  
the sunrise  
cut free

*Osiris 86, 2018*

*Sándor Kányádi*

*translated from the Hungarian by Paul Sohar*

## AFTER MIDNIGHT

when the turned-off neon lights  
stare at me like the skulls of  
perished aliens from outer space,  
I wind my way home with my heart  
walking by my side,  
clinging to me like a tired child,  
hand in hand:  
one glance at the stars,  
and I wilt into a single molecule.

*Osiris 76, 2013*

*Marin Sorescu*

*translated from the Romanian by Stuart Frieberg & Adriana Varga*

## PERSPECTIVE

If you'd move a little more,  
My love would grow  
Like the air between us.

If you'd move a lot more,  
I'd love you with the mountains, the waters  
And the cities  
That keep us apart.

If you'd move even farther  
Say with the horizon,  
The sun, moon, and half the heavens  
Would merge with your profile.

*Osiris 29, 1989*

*Günter Kunert*

*translated from the German by Gerald Chapple*

### ELERGY 3

Finally at four in the morning  
silence comes. A long time on the way  
from its forgotten source  
and almost unexpected.  
For a moment in the grey of dawn  
you're overwhelmed by its mercy.

*Osiris 61, 2005*

### BEFORE HER DOOR

Before her door  
his shadow lies. She steps  
on it when she goes out,  
when she comes home, but it  
won't wear out like  
real carpeting that  
is barely noticed  
over time, and its creator  
rarely remembered and  
with great reluctance.

*Osiris 91, 2020*

*Denisa Comănescu*

*translated from the Romanian by Adam J. Sorkin & Irma Giannetti*

## THE FIRE TOWER

After the candles too forsake us  
like a lantern built step by step  
the earth will suddenly glow  
unhoped-for diamond  
souls will wander without shadows  
they will seek one another without their  
knees shaking.

Icons banished  
the shape of memory burned away  
a star will kindle brightly  
darkness held at an impasse.

*Osiris 72, 2011*

*Eugénio de Andrade*

*translated from the Portuguese by Alexis Levitin*



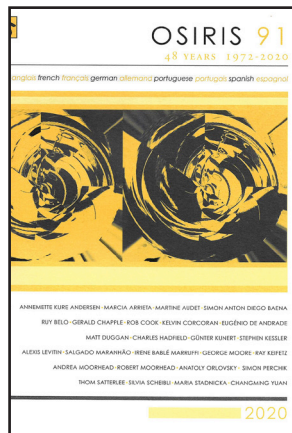
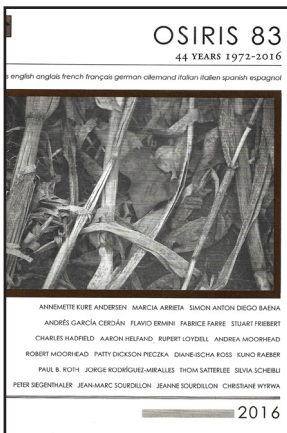
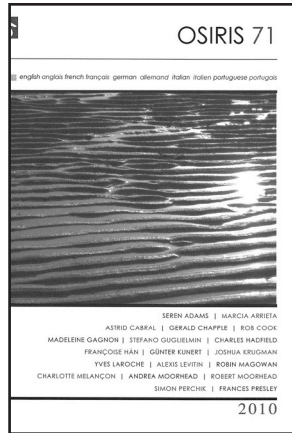
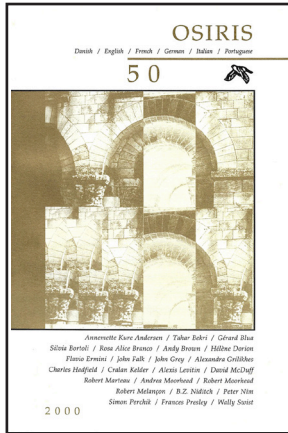
To make a boat from a word  
is the whole of my task  
or from flowering flax a mirror  
where the light of a face falls  
extravagant.



The naked body, almost strange  
now, sleeping.  
Against the wall the lemon-tree in flower;  
on the other side, smooth, clean, the sea:  
almost at its end.  
In the purple of the stones, fire  
sleeps. Without me.

*Osiris 41, 1995*







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