



O S I R I S

THIRTY-SEVEN YEARS 1972-2009



TRENTE-SEPT ANS 1972-2009

CONTEMPORARY POETRY

POÉSIE D'AUJOURD'HUI



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Günter Kunert

Translated from the German by Gerald Chapple

INCIDENT

The very moment
I opened the book
the letters buzzed
up and away: leaving me
with beautifully bound oblivion

Bending speechless over blank
pages of history I
no longer knew
what was what is
who I am
can be want to be
will be

Agitated scribes
leapt around with giant nets
brought me their catch
then shook the tired remnants
back into their proper places.

VORFALL

Als ich das Buch aufschlug
in diesem Moment
schwirrten die Buchstaben
auf und davon. Mir blieb
das sorgfältig gebundene Vergessen

Sprachlos über die leeren Seiten
der Geschichte geneigt
wußte ich nicht mehr
was war was ist
wer ich bin
sein kann sein will
werde

Aufgeregte Schriftgelehrte
sprangen umher mit großen Netzen
brachten mir ihren Fang
und schütteten die ermattete Reste
an den alten Platz zurück.

Carmen Firan

Translated from the Romanian by Adam J. Sorkin & Carmen Firan

CONSPIRACY

as soon as I turn my gaze
flowers bloom
nuns throw off their habits and cowls
and raise their eyes to the sky as if everything's there
the river shrugs out of its channel
larvae dress in iridescent butterfly wings
so as to confound our expectations
neglected objects withdraw into themselves
and conspire against separation—
time-worn ropes tethered to a pair of fixed points:
the water we emerged from and the water we pass into
floating white petals blush
as soon as I turn my gaze

COMLOT

de cum întorc privirea
florile se deschid
călugărițele își dau jos pelerina cu glugă
și se uită la cer ca și cum acolo s-ar întâmpla toate
râul își mută albia
larvele își pun aripi adevărate
doar să ne contrazică așteptările
obiectele se retrag în ele nebăgate în seamă
și își încep complotul împotriva distanțelor—
funii roase de timp unind două puncte fixe :
apa din care venim cu apa pe care ne ducem
petale albe de flori plutitoare

Carmen Firan

Translated from the Romanian by Adam J. Sorkin & Carmen Firan

COUNTER-SEASON

winter is yours
the city empty and quiet as if evacuated
it gets dark early and stays dark
you approach me quietly
and at each step something disappears irrevocably
swallowed by the earth's hunger for mystery

summer is mine
only the echo of packed-down snow reaches
the tremor of your voice in an open field
white as a bed sheet

I press my palms over my eyes
in the end darkness looks the same:
the tunnel that spits you out and the one that sucks you back
I draw the curtains over a counter-season
from which no one has ever returned

ÎN CONTRA-ANOTIMP

la tine e iarnă
pustiu și liniște de parcă orașul a fost evacuat
se întunecă devreme și rămâne așa
vii spre mine încet
călcând apăsător
și cu fiecare pas ceva dispare definitiv
înghițit de pământul hămesit de mistere

la mine e vară
nu ajunge decât ecoul zăpezii strivite
tremurul vocii tale într-un spațiu alb și deschis
ca un cearșaf de spital

palmele mele îți acoperă ochii :
în cele din urmă întunericul arată la fel
tunelul care te scuipă afară și cel care te soarbe înapoi
trag perdelele la fereastră peste un contra-anotimp
din care nimeni nu s-a mai întors niciodată

Carmen Firan

Translated from the Romanian by Adam J. Sorkin & Carmen Firan

A PEACEFUL AFTERNOON

the sky congealed in a cup
yolk spilling over the rim—
sunset above the hospital

in the windows white gowns wave
a surrender to night
tomorrow some will be carried out on their shields

I lean on the casement sill and listen
the boats come home empty from the sea
the fishermen disembark

a natural death of a peaceful afternoon:
youth hurtles like an avalanche in the mountains
then drifts like a summer vacation

DUPĂ-AMIAZĂ TIHNITĂ

cerul adunat într-o ceașcă
din care gălbenușul se revarsă pe coadă—
soare apus deasupra spitalului

halatele flutură la geamuri
capitulând în fața nopții
din care unii vor ieși pe scut

stau și ascult
corăbiile au descărcat pescuitorii
și se întorc goale din larg

natură moartă cu după amiază tihnită

viața începe cu o avalanșă în munți
și trece ca o vacanță de vară

FOSSIL STATEMENT

the words are bottled
in the brain, waiting
to be burnt to ash
mixed with the humours
that pen the night-scent of ink
cloister each letter
on the page
on careful print

it requires a steady hand
a will as intent
on survival as the trilobite
relying on its shell
for defence, unaware
that its cracks will leave
a fossil statement
for the future

abstract and delicate
the spine slanting
on slate, hinting at
grace of movement
a catalogue of vertebrae
scripted neatly
filling so many tomes
of obsolescence

Anamaría Crowe Serrano

for Sasha Abercorn and Kate Muldoon on Women's Day 2009

MEMORY

deep within these stones
memory runs amuck
in its attempt to speak
 and flow

its accent changes
with our comings and goings
ebbing through the earth
stumbling on the occasional lump
 in its throat
the odd scots or gaelic dyphthong
of a pebble colliding
with a blade of grass

we hear it gasp
and stutter in our sleep
though we cannot understand
 a word
rooted as we are in the fixity
of things

the urge to be heard
sweeps the landscape softly
 like a flurry
 lost
the moment it hits the ground

and this is all we have
by way of recollection
this air
 and space
lithographic wisdom now
no more than whispers
through the waterlines

Rob Cook

THE BOOK OF IOWA

When sleep is tiny
as a petal on a flower of whiskey

I climb out of bed, listen
to you digging a cold space
under the crows and cities of corn,

apartment-fields out past the windy clothesline

where my mother's albino
nightgown is lurking.

POVERTY EXAM

1.

It is May.

The month you are cold
and the hospital sheets, gentle
killers, quiet around you.

I repeat your name to encourage the dirt's kindness.

Once for all the wheat freezing on the sun.
Once for every time your shadow dies.

2.

You save pieces of clouds left
clinging to your umbrella.

You say they're mockingbirds
from long-dead comets.

Broadcasts of radio fatigue from houses of dark matter.

You rock them to sleep on your fingers,
sing to them in your failing tongue.

The day you leave, in rags of birth water.

3.

I try to find where the rain starts in your body.

You passed the poverty exam.

A claims examiner
will prepare a bed for your spleen.

Enough room for one lung to whisper.

During business hours I watch the pulverized violets
pulsing in the septic wind,
the grass darkening to a cell phone signal.

Coughing is a symptom of terrorism
at night when the lamps under the skin go out,

leaves blowing through your open bruises.

MIDTOWN PASTORAL

Ten degrees, Manhattan,
too many people fondled by blackberries
stalking each other to their caves
in the television skyline,
or to the dinner spots, blurred
and otherwise, or a still early
but unprotected bed.

I walked across town, thankful
for my three coats that weren't tired,
my three layers that kept the snow from finding me.

I looked up and saw silver lights
falling down the sides
of a building whose name and number
I did not know,

lights shaped like minnows falling
but disappearing
before they reached the ground.

Someone might have said
it was the first time
she saw a building cry,

the tragedy of her own haiku.

Who are these obvious people
who talk about crying but won't
let the cold indoors.

And the building I put here so it wouldn't die?

I remember it because
it stood there,
shivering.



LOCKE STREET SARCOPHAGI

Robert Moorhead

Yannis Ritsos

Translated from the Greek by Scott King

from CLAY

5.

A pale hand
pulls the nail
the mirror falls
the wall falls.
Tourists arrive
photographs are taken.

Athens—January 16, 1978

15.

I forgot to mention
the moon—
it was white
above the cobble-stones
next to the small hammer
next to the shells
from the crushed almonds
You
crushed the almonds
with your teeth.

Athens—January 17, 1978

17.

I'll sit in the chair
I'll smoke my cigarette
I'll think about the nails
in the yellow wall
the ones I didn't use to hang
the nearly invisible picture frame
the shaving mirror
and the wolf skin.

Athens—January 17, 1978

19.

In the square, they'd left
a basket.
You didn't open it.
Perhaps oranges
perhaps snakes.
The night watchman
shined his flashlight
at your face.

Athens—January 17, 1978

Jürgen Kross

Translated from the German by Breon Mitchell

VANISHING POINTS

1
one
last cast of
sunlight.

a darkling gold
that
drifts toward you leaf deep.

2
the smell
of
night. the light exhumed

from meadows.
and
death's sweetness too.

3
fog.
yet
brightness gleams in the surf.

in the roar. of the sea
and
takes your words away.

FLUCHTPUNKTE

1

ein
später bewurf ist von
sonne.

im dämmer ein solches gold
das
tiefer im laub dir verweht.

2

geruch ist
von
nacht. und höbe das licht

aus den wiesen.
und
süße des todes zugleich.

3

nebel.
doch
leuchtendes hängt in der brandung.

dem rauschen. meeres
und
worte dir nehmend vom mund.

4

joining
the wordless one
are

weathered trees. a clearing
there.
snowed through daybright.

5

to ease
your way. the field
narrows.

pierced by snowwind
blown.
for hours through frail woods.

6

no longer holds
you
back from one who. beset

by snow. sends silence
toward you
through that emptiness.

4

gefügt
sind dem wortlosen
zu.

zerklüftete bäume. als raum
dort.
und taghell durchschneit.

5

einsichtig
dir. schmälert die flur.
der

über stunden sich
trägt.
schneewind durch lichte gehölz.

6

bot nicht mehr einhalt
dir
jener. auf wegen. befallen

von schnee. zu schweigen
ins
nichts dich hinüber.

7

discarded.
whence flee now
the

bodies. in what shivering
light
remains. as darkness falls.

8

were heaven
to open.
as

chasm within.
no
gaping thirst would be stilled.

9

in those heads turned toward yours.
for
all left unsaid. were waters to flow

down.
the hem of your words. to the
dusk.

7

abgetan.
wohin nur noch fliehen
die

körper. in schauern verbleiben
lichts.
schon kündigt sich dunkelheit an.

8

täte sich
auf.
himmel als

abgrund in einem.
so
klafft der an köpfen dir hin.

9

stillend den durst nicht.
zum
ungesagten. fließen die wasser

hinab.
am saum dir der worte. zum
dunkel.

10
of scant light.
standing
in scree before you dead.

a tree meant for you.
and
your body hanging above.

11
bleeding upon it.
the
shroud of dusk. as if to veil

your face. no other
cover
for that body.

12
for you
the woods. show no
compassion.

dismissed to solitude yet
jutting upward
still in the surrounding doubt.

10

schütteren lichts.
steht
im geröll dir ein totes.

holz dir als angetan.
und
hängenden leibes darüber.

11

blut dem.
der
finsternis schleier. und schöbe

sich übers gesicht. ihm anders
den
leib nicht bedeckend.

12

erbarmen
nicht kennt der. wald
dir.

an leere entrückt und
ragt
doch inmitten der zweifel.

13

brought forth by desolation. then
blood
flowed from him. of dismembered

souls. in that landscape.
estranged
by snow.

14

thoughts. buried by snow
as
if time itself lay

dormant. and then at last
the
day as in the grave.

15

of a tormented body.
to
which memory clings.

of how it ended. as if blood
still flowed
from the wounds.

13

deren ist ödnis. da
blut
ihm erfloss. zerstückelter

seelen. in landschaft.
solcher
entfremdung durch schnee.

14

verschüttet vom schnee
die
gedanken. jetzt läge

die zeit brach. und endlich
der
tag wie in gräbern.

15

zerschundenen leibes.
dem
hängt die erinnerung an.

vom enden. als flösse
noch
blut aus den wunden.

16

as if the body broken.
would run
dark with

his blood. and appear
at last
against the void.

16

brechen

den leib auf. wär' dunkel

geronnen

sein blut. so träte

am

nichts der zutag.

MY IRIDESCENT CARAPACE

I live to the left of my life, shrunk smaller than life-size. From the corner of my eye, I watch myself crawl. In their metallic shells, other lives speed by on the steaming highway. They race away toward other shimmering worlds, heat mirages that stand on their hind legs in the middle of the road, waiting to be run over. I no longer believe in those false possibilities. I confine my path to the other side of the guardrail, meandering among the chicory and purple loosestrife of my narrow strip. My shell glitters.

I get to know the long grass, taste its juicy blade, watch it go to seed. I look up through a parasol of Queen Anne's lace and swallow the fractured sky. When I've eaten my portion, I burrow into the earth's sweet soil to sleep, cool as a pebble. In dreams I fly over the blurred and buzzing road, the deafening traffic far beneath me.

A brittle thing tunnels beneath my ribs, turning stones, searching for something long buried. I wonder when it traded its wings for armor, for this iridescent carapace. It takes wise eyes to see the greens and blues—the secret violet—shimmering inside the black. It takes a bold imagination to locate the seam in the locked shell, to picture the possibility of flight. To see the leafy heaven waiting on the other side of the road.

MIGRATORY KISSES

The sight of the hungry lips in the mirror frightens you.

Damn the shallow parentheses enclosing your mouth.
(As if the sweet work of the lips were only a digression.)
(As if the sweet work of the lips were over.)

Damn the lips quivering with the past.

Damn the lips damming the ancient river of kisses.

Damn the throat clotted with unspent kisses.

Damn the dark current of kisses, stilled.

*

Erase your mouth.

No, paint it back. *Red.*

Remember. (Remember the lips' intensity.)

That first kiss, like a live wire skipping over the surface of
your body.

Those trial kisses, countless shocks of awe and ache that
started the fire, burning you awake.

Kisses with the blue focus of an acetylene torch. Lips
melting, welded.

Adolescent kisses: innocent, indolent, insolent.
(Distractions of peppermint.)

Secret pucker-ups across a crowded room. Furtive kisses
startling your unsuspecting neck. Urgent kisses begging
you to grab your coat and leave the party.

Smoky, cidery, outdoor kisses, hot and cold at the same time.

Kisses like glittering traps, jaws clenched against the tongue's
bait. But the sharp teeth teasing. Urging you not to wait.

Kisses chaste and wanton, chapped and wet. Mere brushes of
lips and slides of surrender. Peace pact and parting shot.

Syrupy, salty.

(Bittersweet.)

Kisses on the beach. Whitecap kisses wild with quickened
breath, endearments lifting waves of tender promises.

Your heart like a skipped stone—all that sparkly leaping
followed by the dark and delicious sinking.

(Remember the lips' intensity.) Remember.

*

Old kisses never die.

Dreaming in chrysalises, they linger deep inside the flesh.
They line the caverns of the mind, sealed in sleeves of
translucent jade and gold.

Waiting to migrate, to travel across the immeasurable miles
of years, they sleep.

Close your eyes.

Open your hand.
(Memories like butterfly kisses in your palm.)

Winged kisses return to your limbs, filling your branches,
reigniting your nerves with orange fire.

Every inch of your body is covered with the fluttering
sparks of ravenous monarchs.



BRAHMS PIANO QUINTET IN F MINOR OP. 34—PAGE 43

Robert Moorhead

A SERIES OF CONVERSATIONS

1.

The nostalgia of existence hidden away, tucked back into some odd crevasse of the mind, an aching or feverishness that has escaped the doctor, the analysis flat, given away as time rolls on, and the sweet grasses plaited and the furnace stoked, there aren't any phantoms on the shore today, waves in, waves out and the sand blows across the ice, later after layer of cell and blood marrow bone steel the hidden fibers of the mind all eyes all nose all waiting now for some other scene to unroll, subdivide, find a niche a nest a crack in the pavement and the words linger as rain begins or the sun too ferocious to stand and arms ache and legs pound and the first stars lightly and softly and the nostalgia of existence is a powerful thing, half-abandoned, half-forgotten or purposely left in the far corner of the night.

2

January suns provoke rage or the swift fusion of bodies, planets spinning under the moon, upside down and turned all around the spheres jingling and clattering about, there aren't any orbits secured here, everything drifts and shifts, floats and wails all night long, the stars falling catch dew and dew floating off remembers the kind of trance that rain once had, the sleet opposition of water and heat, thunder in the grass and the night air roiled and roiled and beaten to the glassy hot lava on the hill.

3.

Caught on a beach somewhere, the romance of pictures fallen off, the stars aren't shining, the dew isn't glistening, and the sand isn't a lustrous gold-cream. We have been walking for hours, each step an audacity, a peaking of interest, a sudden withdrawal of emotion, voluntary seizures all the way from one end of the beach to the quay, wooden rotting and broken up along the edges, the rip current is strong here and fish congregate without fear, we can't put a hand in without swirling around, losing our minds, forking the last barbed lightning with bare hands and open mouths.

4.

Straining to keep up with you, to catch foot and word, gesture and expression, all faces turned towards the beach, the water is too cold out here, the birds have all gone in, pulling after them the light the rain the snow, there isn't anything left out here, only gazing and repeating stubbornly, but the sun isn't warm today and clouds have gathered, we can't see the distant shore, the shore near enough to learn, the shore behind us in a sudden eddy of fear, the hypotenuse of expectation, anticipation, reluctance to turn around and swim on back, head towards the beach, pull after us rain and ice, light and the depths of green forgotten time.

5.

You're mad. There isn't any other explanation. You've lost it, put aside conventions and let the tongue out, the words roll, the eyes glaze gaze stark naked eyes of light, the coals are burning behind us and the wind chasing up the wool, pulling the sleeves where we haven't fastened them down. You're mad, you know, you can't talk anymore without riling up or rolling down. There isn't anything else to be said. You've lost it, and I'm over here waiting, although the wind although the rain although the blasting off of any other expectation.

6.

It's flickering over there. What's flickering, there isn't anything odd over there. You haven't convinced me yet; it's raining, you know, and suddenly waves. We shouldn't stand so close to the edge, you know, and I have told you so many times that the edge isn't the edge and that the shore has no real limit, edges are for cliffs and we are standing on the level, calm sand.

Night wearies and perturbs. Purple bands on my eyes, are they for dreaming or forgetting, for easing the strain of too much gazing into the air, or for putting back the molecules, the cells that refuse to be aligned, wandering off every day, coming back somehow different? It's mauve really or light grey, there isn't any purple here, they've carried away all the strong colors. Bandages for the eyes, poultices for the head, an array of lights flashing on and flashing off. I won't come here again, there's something I don't

quite understand. Is it purple down here, purple where the shore joins the land, purple where the earth bleeds just a little bit, purple where the summer flowers shed and seed and scatter? I don't know, I can't remember any more. There isn't any book to consult and no one else even cares.

7.

I've built a fire to keep us out of trouble, you shouldn't talk so much, someone might overhear us, think we're both mad, and it's only you, I haven't forgotten how to spin, how to weave, how to bounce off and bounce on, you should practice again, you know, but the night stars are brilliant and the summer sun has entered the early snow.

DROWNED

some sorrow now bears you

foam-light

on a dark sea

many sorrows bear you

some for the living thing

no matter how small,

how filled with desire

and one for something

that dies.

but look

how you are borne up

by this sorrow

bright upon

the deep sea

LA FOURMILIÈRE DE SOLITUDE

1

Des éclairs de couleurs âpres stridentes
déchirent
l'étrangeté verte froide
du ciel aveugle

Des flashes
dénudent
avant

pesant comme un couvercle
le brouillard rouge
de la nuit épaisse
où clignoteront
de tout petits points lumineux
fantomatiques

2

Du fond de l'impasse
livrée aux mugissements du vent

énormes effrayants

les vrombissements rageurs
agressifs
des automobiles processionnaires
remplissent l'espace
 qui se fend
installent la peur acérée
d'un monde étranger
qui assomme sépare

3

Les fenêtres des maisons opaques
regardent les toboggans routiers
déverser le flux continu
qui arrête l'espoir

Les rames
violent en l'air
les façades grises

éclaboussent d'étincelles
les rails en lames
dans le sifflement des tunnels noirs

Invalidante
la sclérose en plaques
du rêve de l'imagination

4

Emprisonnés
les jardins publics mornes
dans les voies rapides

Dans son hyperactivité bruyante
l'odeur poussiéreuse des villes
étouffe
tout souffle de vie

L'arbre
planté il y a longtemps
sauvé par bonne conscience
s'étiole

meurt lentement d'asphyxie

encrassé de bitume
coulé à son pied
pour faire propre

WHILE ASLEEP

Not so far off,
bright
flashing lights
yellow
the night sky

The window's
sudden shadow
burns
its crosswork
on his facing wall

Asleep
with history's
sacred books
tumbling beneath
his well-worn
blanket,

blue monk's
two noble faces:
one sullen
one beaming

glimmer
from the wide
open eyes
of their deepening
shadows

Paul B. Roth

MOMENT

Far off,
a dog's barking
wakes him

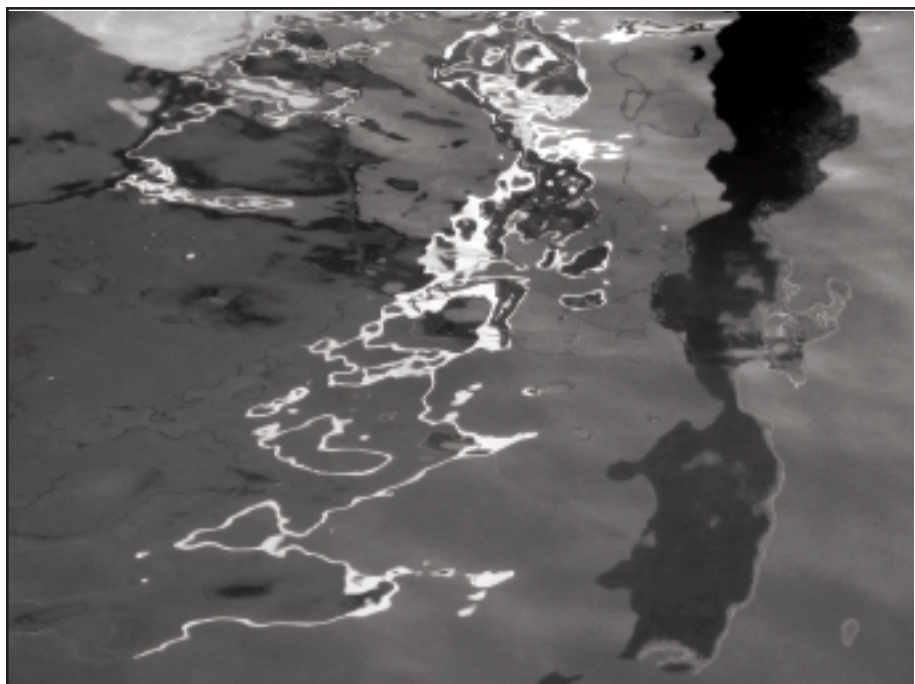
Sudden
wind then rain

Ajar
his window
rocks
back and forth

Untouched
by one
single knock
his door
hangs ajar

Winds
bring spring's
first aroma
of earthworms

Water
at his bedside
trembles
in its cracked cup



NIANTIC CONNECTICUT 2007

Andrea Moorhead

ANTHOLOGIE DES BEAUX JOURS—*extraits*

Nulle fleur

Après les derniers mélèzes
Et le dernier chant de l'eau
La combe s'ouvre sous le ciel.
Presque blanche dans le soleil
La combe de Mai.

Nulle fleur
Et pas un oiseau.
Minérale cascade
Par le gel éclatée
En éboulis de pierres âpres
La combe altière.

Il faut gravir sans faillir.

Le plateau se déploie
Dans un brouillard froid d'astre mort
Les fleurs regardent
Enormes,
Ouvertes
Métalliques corolles
Frissonnant aux ondes stellaires.
Les hommes font silence.

octobre 2008, Interféromètre du Plateau de Bure, Hautes-Alpes.

*

Fuchsia : fleurs pendantes, tubulaires, se terminant en forme de cloche ou de coupe. Quatre sépales longs, effilés et quatre pétales plus courts et plus larges.

Les chevaux vivent libres

Au sommet de la route du ciel.

Des nuages sans cesse passent dans leurs yeux noirs.

Pour eux seuls,

Fusent les grappes des roses fuchsias

La pluie les a lavées.

août 2008, Connemara, Irlande.

*

*Colchique d'automne. Safran des prés.
Tue-chien.Veilleuse : fleurs sur pédoncules blancs sans feuilles.*

Dans les greniers, les chambres hautes,
Les mères tissent le chagrin.
Elles rangent les vieux cahiers,
Palpent les joies anciennes.
Leur bruit sournois de souris fureteuses
Réveille les années
Assoupies dans la poussière.

A la surface de la mer
Les doigts déliées des vagues blanches
Tapent sans se lasser le texte de nos jours.
Quelle âme
Pour affronter la ligne de partage ?

septembre 2008, La Ciotat, Bouches du Rhône.

OSIRIS 68

Gerald Chapple, lives in Dundas, Ontario. His Kunert translations have appeared in *Osiris* and in over twenty other literary magazines. He is collecting them for a planned book: *A Stranger at Home: Selected Poems of Günter Kunert 1979-2004*.

Rob Cook, has one collection out, *Songs for the Extinction of Winter* from Rein Mountain Press. His work has appeared in numerous journals, including *Fissure*, *Arsenic Lobster*, and *The Bitter Oleander*.

Françoise Donadieu, membre du conseil de rédaction des revues *Les Archers* et *Autre Sud*, elle s'intéresse à la rencontre entre la musique, la danse, la peinture et la parole. Elle a participé à de nombreux spectacles, plus récemment à Marseille dans le cadre du festival du sacré en décembre 2008.

Carmen Firan, poet and fiction writer, currently living in New York. Recent books include *The Second Life*, short stories (Columbia University Press, 2005). The poems in *Osiris 68* are from *Rock and Dew*, translated by Adam Sorkin and Carmen Firan, forthcoming from Sheep Meadow Press in 2009.

Scott King, founder, editor and printer of Red Dragonfly Press, lives in Northfield, Minnesota. He is author of *Where the Water Falls* (Verna press, New Orleans) and, most recently, *Rice County Odonata Journal* (Thistlewords Press), a natural history of dragonflies.

Christine Boyka Kluge, poet and visual artist from North Salem, New York, is the author of *Stirring the Mirror* (2007) and *Teaching Bones to Fly* (2003), both from Bitter Oleander Press. Her chapbook, *Domestic Weather*, won the 2003 Uccelli Press chapbook award.

Günter Kunert, one of Germany's leading writers, was born in Berlin in 1929. "Im Ida-Gebirge" appeared in *Berlin beizeiten* (1987), "Wahrnehmung" in *Fremd daheim* (1990), both published by the Carl Hanser Verlag (Munich and Vienna).

Jürgen Kross, geboren 1937 in Hirschberg, Schlesien. Ausbildung zum Fernsehredakteur beim ZDF; lebt als Autor und selbständiger Buchhändler in Mainz. Zahlreiche Veröffentlichungen im In-und Ausland.

Breon Mitchell, Professor of Comparative Literature and Director of the Lilly Library at Indiana University. He is preparing a new edition of Günter Grass's *The Tin Drum*. Recent translations include *Spies* by Marcel Beyer (Harcourt, Inc. 2005).

Andrea Moorhead, born in 1947 in Buffalo, New York. Recent translations include *Night Watch* by Abderahmane Djelfaoui (Red Dragonfly Press, 2009) and *Dream of Stone* by Madeleine Gagnon (Guernica Editions, forthcoming).

Robert Moorhead, born in 1945 in Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania. His graphic work has appeared in *Anterem* (Italy), *Abraxas* (USA), the journal *Les Archers* (France), and *Rampike* (Canada). He is represented by the Leila Taghinia-Milani Heller Gallery, New York.

Yannis Ritsos, (1909-1990) is one of the greatest Greek poets of the Twentieth Century.

Paul B. Roth, editor and publisher of The Bitter Oleander Press in Fayetteville, New York. His work has appeared in numerous journals, including *Pacific Coast Journal*, *Black Moon*, and *Rattle*. The poems in *Osiris 68* are from a new manuscript entitled *A Tellurian Blue Monk's Night Poems*.

Gisèle Sans, née à Paris, s'intéresse beaucoup à l'image, et pratique elle-même la photographie. Elle réunit les textes inédits de poètes d'aujourd'hui pour une anthologie éditée par Poésie-Images, intitulée *La Couleur des poèmes*.

Anamaría Crowe Serrano, lives in Dublin, Ireland where she works as a free-lance Spanish, English & Italian translator. Her first full-length collection, *Femispheres*, was published in 2008 by Shearsman (UK).

Adam J. Sorkin recently published *Memory Glyphs*, a collection of three Romanian prose poets (Twisted Spoon, 2009), and Ruxandra Cesereanu's *Crusader-Woman*, translated with Cesereanu (Black Widow, 2008). He is Distinguished Professor of English, Penn State Brandywine, Pennsylvania.

Ingrid Swanberg, born in Marin County, California, currently lives in Madison, Wisconsin, where she is the editor-publisher of *Abraxas* and the director of Ghost Pony Press.

T I G E R P R E S S

J U N E 2 0 0 9

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