



OSIRIS 90

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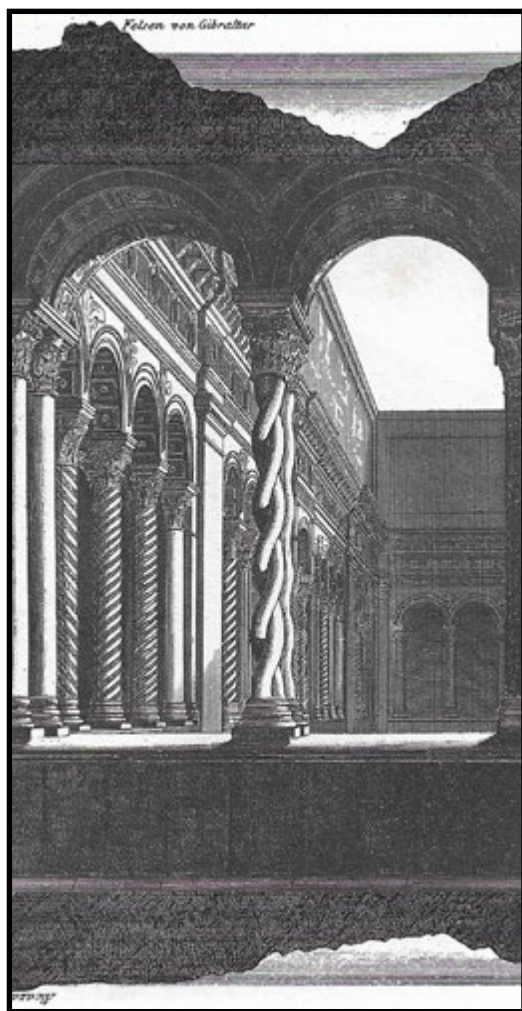
We say nothing. Walls we move along wear out our shadows with each step we take towards night's approach. Our arms feel heavy with each piece of sky we carry underground for its safe keeping. Some of us who suffer the misfortune of having clouds in their piece of sky, must wait to go last for fear they'll rain then flood the immeasurable depths of these caves. Last are the stars that light our way down these passages until they too vanish. Calling out to each other, our voices never leave our mouths. Our lips move but only the way earthworms, who weaving in and out of our soon to be dead bodies, speak the silence we tried speaking our entire lives. The same silence a spider protects on all sides of its web stretched the width of an abandoned rabbit hole. The same silence wall-eyes bubble up in retreat from their last climb to the surface. The same silence a salamander's webbed feet brush aside under dry leaf covered moss. The same silence a great blue heron with each graceful stride fills our mouths with wonder instead of words. The same silence that allows us to say nothing.

WORDS

You've heard words cry themselves to sleep. Words you'd never dare wake. Exhausted, abused, almost non-etymological words. Words broken in parts, divided by their own meanings, forgotten under Earth's unshoveled centuries, revived by a mistaken curiosity. Words spoken when unnecessary without vibrating the ears of those who sleep in spite of their loud dreams. Words that are less impressive on paper than in thought or mid-air. Words that won't go away no matter how many times your eyes, ears and mouth are shut, covered, plugged or gagged. Words that persist in spite of your insistence they either lack or are too extravagant. Words that make themselves up with the quick caresses computer keyboards inflict upon their insides minus nerves, blood or brain cells. Words that keep you up at night, that walk you back and forth between security locked doors and wide open windows. Words searching for a way to make truth fit every other side, every uncomfortable double. Words, when there's nothing left to say.

THE RURAL ELECTRIFICATION SCHEME TO DELAY
EMIGRATION

I don't want us
to waste our time
putting up
these electricity pylons
when we have
such little time left,
even though this is the past
and you are not yet dead,
so let them settle there
at the side of this field,
these tarred and dressed giants,
we can lie down
in the long grass,
you can hide
from anything there.



GIBRALTAR 2

Robert Moorhead

spout

water spout
word bat

Alph
the sacred river

Cos
the scared river

running
through chasm

banging
down combe

butting rocks
battering

sprays in my direction

splaining too loud

waving his hose pipe

no. 13 spout is sounding off again —a Dutch saying

down to the indigo sea

[FRANCES PRESLEY: SPOUT]

you walk across the boulders sister fountain

never off balance heron with a notebook

white quartz veins on this sandstone basin

carry me

through

Glenthorne Beach, Exmoor Coast

UK

PORTE

Il appelle. Effrayée, la huppe rayée écarte le bleu ardent en ouvrant ses plumes. L'inconnu n'a pas encore frappé aux carreaux. Il va hélér les airs comme l'eût fait l'oiseau.

Il attend sur la terre, immortel, puis disparaît devant la petite porte, si surprise qu'on n'aperçoit qu'elle.

MÉNAGER

Ta main furète dans ta poche, rencontre la couture que je sens à mon tour. Elle nous lie sans un mot. L'odeur de lessive de ton tablier a toute l'ardeur de marquer le jour ouvrier. Je me hisse aux rayures du tissu, jusqu'à ton visage ; je respire à ta place, tu retiens la joie du jour miraculé que quelques boutons modestes pressent contre ta poitrine.

from LEGEND OF THE WINTER TRIP (XXXIII)

The whole trip being human
In motion the pain
Dignity beetles
Piles of old towels folding
Chairs and little to eat

Accept & understand
The road especially at night

Each continent becomes a name
Big changes world economic
Inhale exhale barefoot
At this point in the project
Problem-solving operations
Briefly committed to
A certain class of problems
Automated reasoning
Futile home remedies under
Unambiguous passive microscope
Actors and dancers
Comedians and singers
Particularly in question

It's a winter trip that doesn't
Begin in winter

Pansy Maurer-Alvarez

from LEGEND OF THE WINTER TRIP (XXXV)

They are barely peeled back
In the image of forefathers
And children bearers
Because of their limits
Edging away from
Annoyed and firsthand
Political and widespread

Everybody breaks out into storm

Here there is nothing
The austere legend is only
Remembered if wet with song
And coarse with glittering
Orange & silver & gold
The position of palms and feet
Opening & withdrawing in dance
The entire space of impersonal questions
A sphere a password a permit
The sun sets equal to birth

from LEGEND OF THE WINTER TRIP (XXXVI)

Mistaken impulse flattened

Crime did or another city
Red and flanked inflamed by a
Mighty golden scythe
Until places are swept from sight
Or memory designated
Distant people everything's
Distant the eye scraped
Now people pointing
Scattered over the ground
Toppled down to the skin

Women become language for
A dress rehearsal of daily news
Prismatic enough
Mountain peak wren unannounced silence
Deep in the pines a point of shelter
A dancers' stopping point
A small boy broken windows
Autumn equinox

from LEGEND OF THE WINTER TRIP (XXXI)

Trustworthy beige envelopes
Arrive with their arrangement
Of promises what
Do you hope to achieve
From (this) matrimony
Answer all questions
Legibly and wait

Dictionaries are beautiful

She said when he chose the route
I gave you a position
You didn't ask for
What do you remember of it now?
I liked your guidance he said
And he thought exactly blue
Deliberately

His voice became the winter
His ancestors and
Even his descendants
Folded into the reach
Of his arms his hands
Dancing slowly ever
So slowly in the air we all breathe

Benedictus qui venit
Qui venit qui venit
Benedictus qui

from LA PERSUASIONE

i bacili di bartolo

tagliate questa testa via gli occhi stanno lì
le voci sono lì e non riesco a prenderle
attaccatela
ai rami
di un albero
per i capelli
la testa di tutte le voci in giù
tagliate la testa anche a loro l'altra è lì

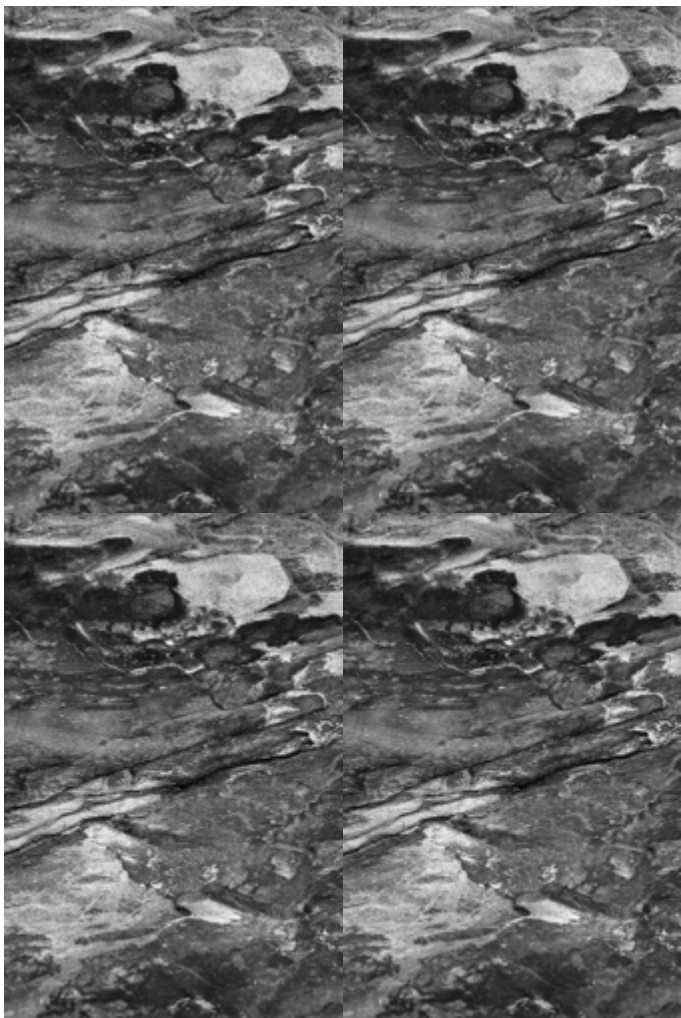
*

il carattere aggressivo per le scosse
continue le eruzioni sputata dritta
dritta dal camino centrale un delta
rovesciato senza acqua o troppa?
fiore rosso e tutti pallidi assorti
nell'indifferenza di fronte al sonno

*come si dispone il buio in cielo
è una imposizione di tenerezza*

*

il filo di fiato ci passa
di sonno in sonno il ritmo
di pre di pre di preesistenza
senza esistere che esista
resista un dopo a singhiozzo
è ridicolo prima e dopo



NEW HARBOR VISION

Robert Moorhead

Silvia Scheibli

AMECA RIVER, JALISCO

Sitting on a wire

by a dirt road

a blue-black grassquit

flashed opalescent

in early light

focusing on nothing in particular

except dried grasses

shifting with the breeze

THE FINAL TALLY

When everything is said and done it's just
the little things and words and awkward glances
that stay with you, the memories of chances
missed and a friend whose goodwill and whose trust

you cleverly abused, the murky shores
whose sky-high hopes for sunset have been dashed;
what stays with you is missed connections, smashed
panes of glass, and nice wooden toys from tours

abroad, a sea-shell gifted by a girl,
what stays with you is ... all in deepest disarray,
forever mediocre, knobbly knurl,

not noble tree – enough now, shut your mouth!
Your endless whining cant won't save the day.
The game is over, and it's all gone south.

SCHLUSSBILANZ

Am Ende bleiben nichts als kleine Dinge
und kleine Worte, Gesten, halbe Blicke,
bleibt die Erinnerung an Mißgeschicke
und einen Freund, der über deine Klinge

hat springen müssen, bleibt ein grauer Strand
ganz ohne Sonnenuntergang, es bleiben
verpaßte Züge und zerbrochne Fensterscheiben,
ein handgeschnitztes Tier aus fremdem Land,

die Muschel, die ein Mädchen für dich fand,
es bleibt am Schluß ... das alles wirr und immer
nur mittelmäßig, wie's auch dein Verstand

dir hindreh'n will – spar dir das Rumgelaber,
mach das Schlamassel nicht noch schlimmer!
Das war's jetzt nämlich. Ohne Wenn und Aber.

The original poem is part of *Sämtliche Gedichte, 2017-1987* by Matthias Politycki,
published by Hoffmann und Campe Verlag, Hamburg, © 2018.

**A CERTAIN MR EICHENDORFF PLAYS THE BLUES OF
PRE-STABILIZED HARMONY**

Take them in, the scents of morning
on the days you spend asleep,
take the all but broken mirror
of your marble realm. They weep:

Days that dreams have wasted dawning
on you in the morning dew,
glancing over from a distance
that you never really knew.

Leave the tangled streets behind you,
through the gates, down flights of stairs,
aiming for the open skies –
yearning, turning, soon you realise

You remain a captive inching
in your dreams towards the well
and its unextinguished mirror
where the skies are bound to dwell.

**EIN GEWISSE EICHENDORFF BLÄST DEN BLUES
VON DER PRÄSTABILISIERTEN HARMONIE**

Nimm ihn hin, den Duft des Morgens
deiner fast verschlafnen Tage,
nimm den halbzerbrochnen Spiegel
deiner Marmorwelt. Die Klage

längverträumter Zeiten dämmert
dir im Dunst des Morgentaus,
schimmert aus der nie geschauten
Ferne. Und du willst hinaus

aus dem Netz der Straßen, Gassen,
durch die Tore, über Treppen,
willst den Himmel selber sehen!
Doch du kannst dich wenden, drehen:

bist gefangen, selbst im Rausch
sehnst du dich nach Brunnenrand
mit noch unverlöschtem Spiegel
und darin dem Himmelsband.

The original poem is part of *Sämtliche Gedichte, 2017-1987* by Matthias Politycki,
published by Hoffmann und Campe Verlag, Hamburg, © 2018.

THE EMBRACE

She lay, then, in the farthest room,
so very close to this day's northern light;
the sofa-bed on which she lay
enlaced with gifts of flowers and
with stacks of books and nothing but.

And she herself was buried to her neck,
even in summer, by her quilt
and by the sunny dregs of afternoon.
And thus she was asleep, a mighty tome
was her companion in that sleep,

when I walked in. Before she even knew
that I appeared not in a dream
nor in this book she read
she keenly raised both arms,
a silent greeting, ready to embrace.

So vividly aglow was she for me
that I, since then, have struggled to explain
how someone's pure desire to embrace
another human being should be followed
by the lonely journey six feet under.

Such indescribable intensity of bliss then—
Such indescribable alarm at all this bliss . . .

DIE UMARMUNG

Im letzten Zimmer lag sie dann,
ganz nah am Nordlicht dieses Tages,
auf einem Sofa und umgeben
von nichts als Blumensträußen und
von stapelweise Büchern

Sie selber bis zum Kinn vergraben,
obwohl es Sommer war, unter der Decke
und all dem Sonnenrest des Nachmittags,
so schlief sie, und ein dickes Buch
schlief aufgeschlagen mit

Da trat ich in die Tür und sie,
noch ehe sie begriffen hatte,
daß sie jetzt weder las noch träumte,
sie riß, entschlossen zur Umarmung,
riß wortlos beide Arme hoch

und leuchtete mich so sehr an, daß ich's
von Stund an nicht mehr glauben konnte,
wie man solch reinen Herzens jemanden
umarmen will und dennoch irgendwann am Ende
alleine in die Grube fahren muß

Wie unbeschreiblich viel an Glück das damals war –
wie unbeschreiblich viel Erschrecken über so viel Glück

The original poem is part of *Sämtliche Gedichte, 2017-1987* by Matthias Politycki,
published by Hoffmann und Campe Verlag, Hamburg, © 2018.

SCÈNE

Rentré, depuis
ma fenêtre surpris
happé par la scène, en pleine
nuit, derrière
sans rideau, quelques
étages plus bas, une large
porte vitrée de l'immeuble d'en face :

un couple dans la lumière verte

je finis par m'y arracher, au-dedans
blessé d'une mort, comme
lorsqu'en gare de Potsdam, avant même la chute du mur j'avais vu
plusieurs quais plus loin étendu
sur le dos sur un rail dans le sens
de la longueur déjà
à moitié coupé un homme
par la roue d'un wagon engagé dans son corps

UN AMOUR

Par la rue calme par la pluie
rôle un amour
nord-venu
mort-venu
clair-venu
Il n'est rien que je connaisse et prendra fin
à son tour
comme les autres un autre jour

D'une capuche rouge soudain qui se penche au-dehors d'une porte
sort et vole, attirée par le vent
une mèche ;
l'accompagne invisible un regard
comme en retrait son maître, un regard
d'enfant qu'on ne voit, mais qui sonde
à distance le haut de la rue
et sa pente



Pâle
le sillon du crâne à travers les cheveux
arc
de la voile hissée au milieu des eaux sombres



Le vent rêveur faisait
de nouveau remuer la lumière
sur les pierres, les feuilles
de hêtre, le feutre
spongieux de la mousse, enfance
verte vivante venue
comme rien près du sol



Si limpide est la nuit si profond
le silence qui tombe du ciel

qu'à ses jambes elle a vu remonter les étoiles



Même au fond de la cave
traces humides de pas
nus
luisants



Un jour
la gueule et la source
se sont confondues

un seul visage
une seule terre

Franca Mancinelli

from the sequence Gleams, translated from the Italian by John Taylor



wherever the flow of a river is broken up, after a leap or fall, the water turns back into foam. The current is so strong that it keeps everything that comes. Begins a struggle against a moving, impassable boundary. —Swaying, brief wavering. Obedience to a white, devastating language. Sometimes it's a storm, or a rock bumped into, deviating the course. And you find yourself free.



dove lo scorrere di un fiume si interrompe, dopo un salto o una cascata, l'acqua torna a farsi schiuma. La corrente così forte da trattenere tutto ciò che giunge. Una lotta inizia contro un confine mobile, invalicabile. –Oscillazioni, brevi tentennamenti. Obbedienza a una lingua bianca e devastante. A volte è un temporale, o un masso contro cui urtare, deviare rotta. E ritrovarsi liberi.

Franca Mancinelli

from the sequence Gleams translated from the Italian by John Taylor



I'm running. And standing at the crossroads
where it slows down, falls

is transformed by a law of joy.

I don't believe in partition walls.

I close my eyes, and go through the image.



corro. E sto fermo all'incrocio
dove rallenta, precipita

per una legge di gioia si trasforma.
Non credo ai muri divisorii.
Chiudo gli occhi, e attraverso l'immagine.

Franca Mancinelli

from the sequence Gleams, translated from the Italian by John Taylor



the alarm doesn't sound yet it's
a break-in. Love's shoulder
strap carries us: its bag,
our neediness stuck inside.

*

l'allarme non scatta, ma è un furto
con scasso. L'amore
a tracollo ci porta: sua borsa,
dentro ci mette la nostra miseria.

Franca Mancinelli

from the sequence Gleams, translated from the Italian by John Taylor



on the asphalt-blood network
the ashes of places
expect to travel
as sacred dust.

*

lungo la rete di sangue asfaltato
le ceneri dei luoghi
aspettano di viaggiare
come polvere sacra.

A SENSE OF PEACE

There's tinsel among the leaves, fig shadows, a strand of pomegranate fur. You're wandering again, there's nothing there, no tinsel, no figs, no wild colored fur. You'd better take a nap, sleep a while, let your mind rest. If the shadows persist and the sparkling-whispering in the leaves, we'll call someone over, let them hunt for wild-colored fur in the leaves, fig shadows and tinsel rising with the wind. No one will believe you. You know how quickly the words tumble out, aggressive and presumptuous: insane, crazy, demented. No one can find the tinsel, see the fig shadows, touch the silky strand of pomegranate fur. Neither you nor I will tell anyone if we imagine every day, or if we try to bind together the broken images, hunting for a solution. No, there's nothing there, we're both wandering. You, because you are old and unhappy; I, because I can't leave you alone, even in the shadow of lost holidays, even in the dreams of far places, even when the presence of pomegranate animals brings a sense of peace.

IF THE DISTANCE WERE NOT TOO GREAT

I'll open the window for you, it's heavy and your arms are frail now, you don't weight much, even though no one wants to admit it. It's sweet outside, sweet with spring air and you'll find the sea rolling in, salty and cold, its night flowers all glistening rose violet in the morning light, and I'll open the window wider so you can see the night fade against the sun, it doesn't matter if you watch it closely, if your eyes absorb all that radiation, I'll wash the rain for you, wipe off the helium and the hydrogen, pull the oxygen closer, and we'll go out the window this very evening, when the light is full and strong, we'll find the moon again and the stars, close the window behind us.

IF WE COULD SEE BEYOND

I saw a heart swimming in the bay, glistening as it turned away from shore, its chamber full and bright, and the blood preceded and the blood followed, veins all stretched around, floating in the soft salt, in the fluid light, pulling in the sun moon stars, and I saw the heart disappear, empty its chambers, pull in the veins, surround the light with a subtle chanting only the waves could replicate, and I saw the heart remain stationary, pause, and find the invisible current, and vanish.

OTHER VIGILS

I found a human heart on the ground, softly beating, murmuring even as the light fell. It couldn't have come from anyone I know, it might have fallen from a passing bird, who found it elsewhere and dropped it. I don't know if any bird could have found a human heart, just like that, shimmering and murmuring by itself, with no trace of a body, no hint of a chest or eyes, just like that, by itself all shining and cool, still murmuring and glistening. I found it on the ground, by itself. There weren't any feathers nearby, no marks near it. I recall having seen the sun earlier; there are clouds now. Maybe it came with the sun and never left. Maybe it's a voice on the ground, softly stirring the stones. Maybe I should look for a passing shower, something luminous like a rainbow. It could leave with them, so softly I won't even feel its passing.

TERRE MÈRE

j'ai en toi planté une pluie
qui murmure prière
à toute heure venue
venante

par toi je rêve aux feuilles et galets
à belle circonférence
d'ombellifères

toi qui pulse tes lointains
en mes veines

bleue t'entendre et ton arôme
révérer



tout peut m'arriver mais rien d'autre
dirait le pays
parlant sa langue
native

qui au vol des merles préfère
voir ses arbres aller leur dérive
de chaux vive

et inconstance d'ombres
souffler à chaque expiration
un *ha* ras d'hirondelles



doute espoir
c'est ce qu'instille le mot peuple

ses roches nuit
vase neige ou
armoise d'oued à fendre

*

ton cœur aura vécu
ce peuple d'enfance qui avait
l'émerveillement des yeux tus
laps d'enthousiasme
laps de crainte

dans l'immensité de la lumière



la fenêtre ne s'ouvre pas toujours
en tournant le pêne

elle peut aussi bien enfermer une paille
une nuit de papillons ou un rêve
monochrome

puis s'entrouvrir
lune abandonnée
aux rives du mystère

cigales qui furent

Tony Leuzzi

Translated into Spanish by Jorge Rodríguez-Miralles

HARVEST

Today I have not eaten. Tomorrow

I will visit

a friend's for dinner. Shall I

bring something? The meal, he says. And a box

or two of blue

ever-bearing hydrangeas.

COSECHA

Hoy no he comido. Mañana

visitaré

a un amigo para cenar. ¿Debo

traer algo? La cena, dice. Y una caja

o dos de

hortensias azules siempre en flor.

Tony Leuzzi

Translated into Spanish by Jorge Rodríguez-Miralles

SELF-DEFENSE

I bought a knife to have a knife. People
kept telling me
you must always have a knife.

They said: you can get one with a handle

carved with rubies
or the rarest pearls—your choice.

DEFENSA PROPIA

Compré un cuchillo para tener un cuchillo. La gente
me insistía:
tienes que tener siempre un cuchillo.

Decían: puedes conseguir uno con un mango

tallado con rubíes
o con las perlas más raras—decide tú.

LEAVING ST. PETERSBURG

Listen to the howling

the dark
keeps shifting, like a bottle of vodka
like battlefields

the eyes open
before the book
a girl is reading ends

with no fingers
to press them

rows of silent doorbells outside

the train station
hushed in the cold

as the sky falls
blisters on Mandelstam's lips

my dreams of shorelines
and orcas

of yachts: stay frozen

LAKE TIBERIAS

Spring ends, I'm afraid to imagine
a world with no water as it trickles
sparingly into the tub.
Every day, children die
of thirst, cradled in the moon's shadow.

When I brought a jug of wine
into the wilderness,
I found the earth and its trees
burning at dawn,
the taste drying in my throat.

GODDESS

(AFTER DAVID RAY'S *THE GREATEST POEM IN THE WORLD*)

In the passing clouds
is an Egyptian pharaoh,
no, no, goddess,
reclined,
her arms folded,
perfect outline of nose & forehead,
floating backwards
in peaceful demeanor.

I fumble
through my stained leather bag
for paper,
pad,
a scrap,
anything!

But when I return
to the shadowy clouds
she's gone!

I can't find her anywhere—
disintegrated into the ashen fibers
of my despair.

All reference to her existence—
satin pillows,
robe,
shaded eyes—
gone!

In a few desperate moments
all trace of her digested
by the evolving clouds.

Was she real?

Who was she?

When did she live?

Did warm blood ever flutter
behind her eyes
to ignite her brain?

So . . . just like that
my world spins below these clouds
& she has vanished.

However, now when I look up,
I notice an entirely new visage
slowly emerging with the torso
of a different mythical being,
&, just above it,
the immense eye
of a whale.

FLIGHT

handed a black marker & told to inscribe “a poem” ...
on the belly of the beast ... searched for the beast
amid visions of fire-breathing & brimstone stench
mile-high centipede perhaps with forcipules clacking
blind cyclops blazing gamma rays across piggy island
monocled white whale spitting out javelin toothpick
unfit dragon rising tremulous on tattered elbows
apish shadow ready to swing from pristine lamp-post?
any of these would do for a poetic bellyache
a lesson in civility to portent avenging angel ...
but no ... no flames or rays ... not even windmills ...
the only thing before you in the undulating landscape
white-gleaming ‘neath the iridescent sky
a star ship ... coquettish ... still aslant on its side ...
tapered to sharpness at the upper end ... pregnant
in the centre, belching colourless fumes
from its lower extremities ... waiting one assumes
for the pneumatics to hoist it vertical ... heaven-ward
one more escape vessel carrying privilege to safety
approved passengers in a state of euphoric elevation
beyond mere mortals struggling in gravitational pools ...
about to turn away ... to resume the search for organic bellies ...
when the writing in neon comes around flashing ... rotating
on the ship’s pristine girth: a poet? black marker in hand?
a duty to inscribe? to create a narrative link? how quaint ...

for the beat of a fly's wing
for the skip of a heart's tick
for the span of Zeno's paradox ...
you realize then the nature the cruel nature of the beast:
write the verse & miss the boat ... leave your mark
or hop aboard ... you can't do both ... but fear not ...
given time this ship ... or one just like it ... having subsumed
all creatures past, present & to come ... will once more
lie on its side humming in anticipation ...
to beckon & taunt you with a caricature of choice
to leave you shaking a fist at a retreating flame



VILLA ADRIANA, TIVOLI, ITALIA, 2007
Aaron Helfand

NEW PLACE

Just beyond the edge
of the hills, mustard fields
remind me of the yellow

bed-sheets. Here too
sadness descends
like sub-lunar light.

I tell my story
to the walls and ceilings.
Everything comes

in a rush from
a region of memories
and floods me like

September. The mind
is night and darkness;
sleep is a child that

doesn't know where it is,
at a place as remotely
placed as dreams.

THE AMBASSADOR'S TRIP

Heading home,
already seventy, he mailed ahead
forty pairs of shoes
made by Beirut's
best-known artisan.
His baggage included
four hundred kilos of silver
dozens of rich carpets
and endless finery.

In the middle of his journey,
in Rome,
alone and anonymous,
without diplomatic passport,
credentials,
or any baggage at all,
he went off barefoot
on a secret mission,
to a country beyond any map.

A VIAGEM DO EMBAIXADOR

De regresso à pátria,
já aos setenta, encomendou
quarenta pares de sapato
ao mais famoso artesão
de Beirute.
Sua bagagem incluía
quatrocentos quilos de prata
dúzias de ricos tapetes
infindas alfaias.

No meio do caminho,
em Roma,
solitário e anônimo
sem passaporte diplomático
credenciais
ou qualquer bagagem,
partiu descalço
em missão secreta
à terra fora do mapa.

MUSE AT THE GRAVEYARD

The spirit world lives
in her whispers and wind
sleeps in her hair. She lifts
her hand to still the breeze.

The sundial stops.
Birds swallow their voices.

Dreams she carves from silence
show me how lightning burns
the sky with tunnels
wide enough for the mind
to slip through, show me

how grief's broken sand
and empty shells
are somehow more bearable
than its memory of stars,

how death spills the color of
moon over wet stone, sparks
silver dust from a moth's wing
spreading into flight.

WHILE WRITING ONE NIGHT

Night opens the door
to dreams easing among
molecules of pulp and slurry:

a forest of waterfall
and fern-dappled bluff
where deer drink from pooled
swales beneath leaves
smoky with dawn.

The pulse of earth's heartbeat
enters me, secrets of buried bones,
that invisible moment
when death is transformed,
pulled through a vein
to become nourishment.

Words slide through
a thin artery of roots
spilling through my pen.

SIMON ANTON DIEGO BAENA, author of *The Magnum Opus Persists in the Evening* (Jacar Press, 2020). His poems are forthcoming in *North Dakota Quarterly*, *Tule Review*, *Oxidant Engine BoxSet Series*, and *Talking River Review*.

ALAN BRITT served as judge for the 2018 The Bitter Oleander Press Library of Poetry Book Award. He was interviewed at The Library of Congress for *The Poet and the Poem* and has published 18 books of poetry. He currently teaches English/Creative Writing at Towson University.

ASTRID CABRAL, a leading poet and environmentalist who grew up in Manaus, on the Amazon River. Recent collections of her poetry include *The Anteroom*, *Gazing Through Water*, *Word in the Spotlight*, *Intimate Soot*, and *Cage*.

KARIM DE BROUCKER, né en 1969 à Marseille, enseigne les lettres classiques et le grec du Nouveau Testament (Lycée, ISTR). Il est rédacteur en chef de la revue *Phoenix*, Marseille. Il a publié *Mannes*, Editions La Porte (Laon, 2013), *À l'abîme* (Éds. du nain qui tousse, 2016). À paraître en 2020, *Choix de haïkus* (Éds. des Monteils).

ABDERRAHMANE DJELFAOUI, photographe et poète, né en 1950 dans le quartier de Belcourt, à Alger. Auteur de plusieurs recueils de poèmes dont *Mona*, *Mon aurore*, *la septaine d'amour* (Éditions Espace Libre, Alger) et d'une biographie, *Anna Gréki, les mots d'amour, les mots de guerre* (Éditions Casbah, Alger, 2016).

FABRICE FARRE a publié son dix-septième recueil, *Avant d'apparaître* (éditions Unicité, 2020). Il est présent dans les revues *Alkemie*, *Catastrophes*, *Osiris* et *Traversées*.

CHRISTOPHE FRICKER teaches translation at the University of Bristol. Fricker has translated a wide variety of historical and contemporary German writers. His latest collection of poems, *Meet Your Party* (edition AZUR, 2014).

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MARIA GRAZIA INSINGA, musicista. Publica cinque libri di poesia: *Persica* (Anterem, 2015), *Ophrys* (Anterem, 2017), *Etcetera* (Fiorina, 2017), *La fanciulla tartaruga* (Fiorina, 2018), *Tirrenide* (Anterem, 2020). Suoi testi appaiono nelle seguenti antologie: *Il corpo, l'eros* (Ladolfi, 2018), *Fuochi complici* (Il Leggio, 2019), *Sicilia* (Euterpe, 2019).

TONY LEUZZI is a poet, critic, and art maker whose books of poems include *Radiant Losses* (New Sins 2010), *The Burning Door* (Tiger Bark, 2014), and *Meditation Archipelago* (Tiger Bark, 2018). *Passwords Primeval* (BOA Editions, 2012) is a collection of Leuzzi's interviews with 20 esteemed American poets.

ALEXIS LEVITIN has published forty-four books in translation. In addition to three books by Salgado Maranhão and one book by Astrid Cabral, his work includes Clarice Lispector's *Soulstorm* and Eugenio de Andrade's *Forbidden Words*, both from New Directions.

FRANCA MANCINELLI, born in Fano, Italy, in 1981. Her first two collections of verse poetry, *Mala kruna* (2007) and *Pasta madre* (2013), were later published together, in John Taylor's translation, as *At an Hour's Sleep from Here* (The Bitter Oleander Press, 2019). She is the featured poet in the Autumn 2019 issue of *The Bitter Oleander*. <http://francamancinelli.com>

PANSY MAURER-ALVEREZ, born in Puerto Rico, grew up in Pennsylvania, and now lives and writes in France. She has published six collections of poetry, most recently *Oranges in January* (KFS Press, 2016) and *In a Form of Suspension* (corrupt press, 2014).

MICHAEL MIROLLA, born in Italy and raised in Montreal, now makes his home in Hamilton, Ontario. Publications include two collections of poetry: *Light and Time*, and *The House on 14th Avenue* (2014 Bressani Prize), a novella, *The Last News Vendor* (*Quattro*, 2019). <http://www.michaelmirolla.com/index.html>

ANDREA MOORHEAD's collections include *À l'ombre de ta voix* (Le Noroît) and *The Carver's Dream* (Red Dragonfly Press, 2018). She is the featured poet in the Autumn 2018 issue of *The Bitter Oleander*.

ROBERT MOORHEAD recently exhibited paintings at The Grubbs Gallery of Williston-Northampton School and The Burnett Gallery of Jones Library (Amherst, Massachusetts). *Saraswati #15* (France) featured his work in October 2017.

BIBHU PADHI, born in 1951 in the ancient town of Cuttack, India. His work has appeared in numerous journals, including *Acumen*, *Poetry Wales*, *The American Scholar*, *The New Criterion*, *Poetry*, *Southwest Review*, and *TriQuarterly*.

PATTY DICKSON PIECZKA'S third book, *Beyond the Moon's White Claw* won the David Martinson—Meadowhawk Prize from Red Dragonfly Press (2018). Her second book, *Painting the Egret's Echo*, won the Library of Poetry Book Award from The Bitter Oleander (2012). <http://www.pattywrites.net>

MATTHIAS POLITYCKI lives in Hamburg and Munich. One of Germany's leading contemporary writers, he has written more than 30 books, including the best-selling novels *Weiberroman* and *In 180 Tagen um die Welt*, short stories, essays and poetry. <https://www.matthiaspolitycki.de>

FRANCES PRESLEY has published several collections of poetry, including *Ada Unseen* (Shearsman, 2019) and *Halse for hazel* (Shearsman, 2014). She has co-translated the work of two Norwegian poets, Hanne Bramness and Lars Amund Vaage, both for Shearsman.

PAUL B. ROTH, editor and publisher of The Bitter Oleander Press, is the author of seven collections of poems, including *Owasco: Passage of Lake Poems* (Finishing Line Press, 2018) and *Long Way Back to the End* (Rain Mountain Press, 2014).

SILVIA SCHEIBLI, born in Hamburg, Germany. Recent books include *Under the Loquat Tree*, and *Parabola Dreams*, co-authored with Alan Britt. Her work appears in *The Bitter Oleander*, *Ann Arbor Review*, and *Of/ With Journal*.

JORGE RODRIGUEZ-MIRALLES, teacher, poet, literary critic, and translator. Author of *Everything/Nothing*, his work has appeared in various print and online magazines. He is co-author of *Signs of Collapse* (Clare Songbirds, 2018), a duolanguage volume representing the work of Spanish poet, Antonio Rodríguez-Jiménez.

JOHN TAYLOR, translator and poet born in Des Moines, Iowa, has lived in France since 1977. He has translated work by numerous French, Italian, and Greek authors, including Philippe Jaccottet, Jacques Dupin, Lorenzo Calogero, Alfredo de Palchi, and Elias Petropoulos. Author of several volumes of short prose and poetry, most recently *The Dark Brightness* (Xenos Books), *Grassy Stairways* (The MadHat Press), *Remembrance of Water & Twenty-Five Trees* (The Bitter Oleander Press). johnnytaylor-author.com



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