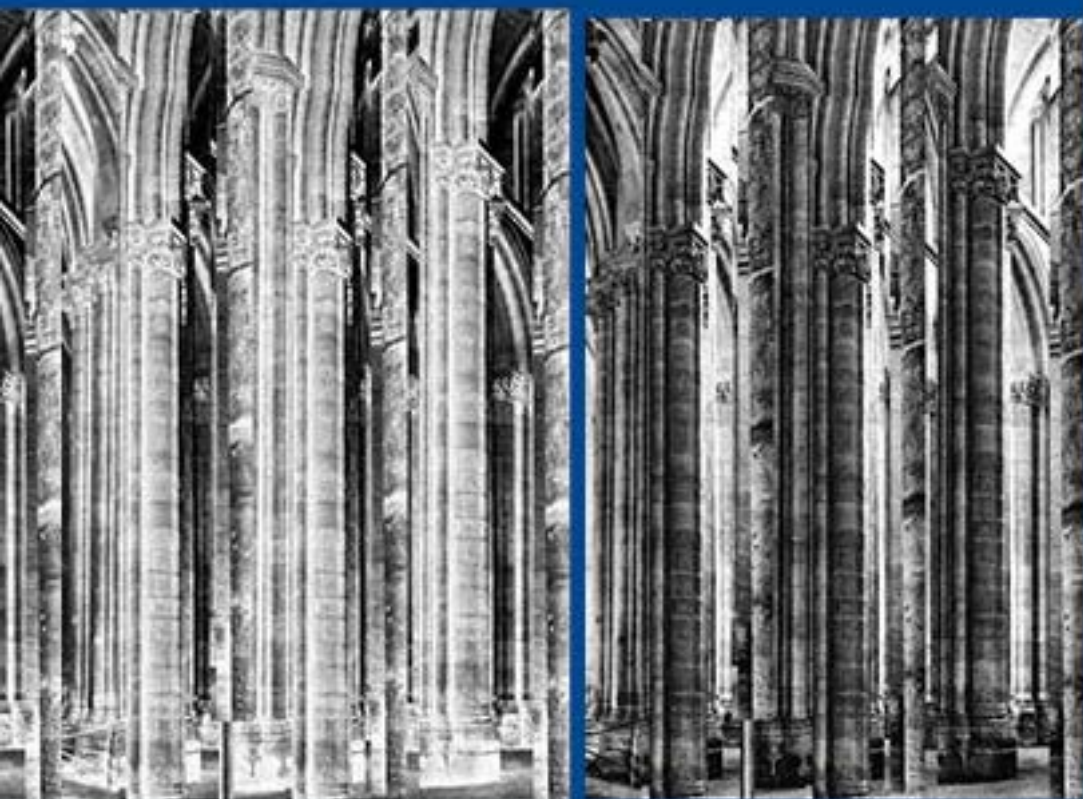




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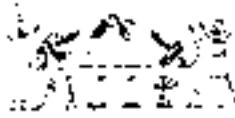
FIFTY-TWO YEARS 1972-2024

anglais islandais italien portuguese portugais norwegian norvège



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CINQUANTE-DEUX ANS 1972-2024



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OSIRIS 99

ENGLISH | ANGLAIS

Paul Ilchko 4
Peter King 5
Ray Malone 6, 7
Pansy Maurer-Alvarez 12-14
Simon Anton Diego Baena 16, 17
Silvia Scheibli 18, 19
Paul B. Roth 32, 33, 34
Ray Keifetz 35
Andrea Moorhead 40, 41, 42
Frances Presley 44-45
Patty Dickson Pieczka 46, 47, 48



FRENCH | FRANÇAIS

Fabrice Farre 8, 9
Robert Melançon 10, 11
Marion Bevilacqua 26, 27
Alain Fabre-Catalan 36, 37, 38
Anatoly Orlovsky 49
Laurence Lépine 52-53
Marc-André Villeneuve 54, 55, 56



ICELANDIC | ISLANDAIS

Móheiður Hlíf Geirlaugsdóttir 31
Translated by the Author



ITALIAN | ITALIEN

Giovanni Luca Asmundo 50, 51
Francesca Monnetti 58, 59
Maria Allo 30



NORWEGIAN | NORVÈGE

Hanne Bramness 20-21, 22-23, 24-25
Translated by Anna Reckin



PORTUGUESE | PORTUGAIS

Astrid Cabral 28-29
Translated by Alexis Levitin

VISUAL ARTS

Photography 39
Graphics 15, 43, 57

PAUL ILECHKO

LIGHT INCORPORATES MEANING

Above there is light
so much now visible

there is a sequence to events
that includes hue and luster and shade

and in this progression
there is a sadness that fails

to hide an underlying joy
we worry that life is temporary

but death is also transient
it ends with the final forgetting

leaves fall from the trees
but only until spring

when they explode in blossom
a cascade of color

that defines the season
days slowly lengthening

until it seems plausible that darkness
will vanish from our lives.

THE VOLCANO IS DARK . . .*

the volcano is dark,
and all along the high street
plate-glass windows offer varying reflections
of its sleeping bulk.

the tree line rims the cone
irregular and dusty green
suggesting more than just
a pause in potency.

the volcano is dark,
and still I cannot sleep —
can only sit and stare,
watching for a spark.

*The first line is from Malcolm Lowry's "The Volcano Is Dark" (*Selected Poems of Malcom Lowry*, City Lights, 1962)

ÉTUDE 136

a murmur from then, to your now, a whisper
in the blood somewhere, out walking,
wandering, from known to known, none
meet for the mood you're in, it grieves
the way the world widens to let you in, but
some grit in the eye or mind blinds you to it,
some bit resists, refuses to enter, as if
that first, frightening door slammed, had
forewarned of all the doors to come, from
then on, a finger raised to say not yours, not
now, you may walk the streets at will, wander
every corridor, wait as patient as you please
in doorways, read what's written there, sound
the names for signs of your own, search
syllable by syllable for a sliver of resemblance,
a hint of a once upon a time you were there, but
sadly every letter long since worn away,
as if you never were, but only dreamt of,
standing at the door, standing in the way,
for evermore, of knowing how
and when, to let yourself in

ÉTUDE 137

there's a bit in me that waits, as if
there were nothing to say, which is
true, though there are words, but
they wait too, the humming fridge beside me,
the chirp of birds outside, the small
attentions to the self, itches
the flesh is heir to, fingernails,
fingers pressed to the paper,
eyes like flies flickering here and there,
with more or less intent, nose
twitching with what impatience
or sense of anticipation, a hope
perhaps, that something might be gleaned,
a scrap of language might just
redeem the world, the long drawn out
waiting of being here, these
mortal minutes, in defiance
of time, alone, so called,
with the silent circulation of the blood,
the steady beating of the heart, every pause
a promise, of a further beat, a word
we call the end of waiting, where
it all begins again, go on,
it says, you are your own un-
reachable horizon

SALTO

TOUT POUR TOI

Tout est pour toi, dans cette brassée :
le rouge cerise de ton sourire, le jaune
d'un soleil sous l'auvent où se récoltent
les grappes de murmures au gré du vent
assez visible lorsqu'il soulève le vert
des champs. Un souffle persiste, si près. Tout
est maintenu, ici-bas, dans le panier de terre
que place et déplace l'œil du colibri.

TENTATION

L'animal retourne sur ses pas,
la souche se relève en démasquant
l'arbre, les feuilles et les branches
se projettent là-haut, le ciel en verdit
et les étourneaux longtemps ensevelis
chantent à tue-tête, aiguillant le soleil
dont le médaillon s'incruste
dans la bague du serpent migrateur.

INTELLIGENCE ARTIFICIELLE

Privées du privilège de mourir, des machines
Qui ne ressembleront à rien que tu connaisses
Échangeront des algorithmes dans le silence
Des nuits, le silence des jours, le silence
Des espaces infinis qu'elles parcourront
Sans effroi, sans but, sans joie, sans peine.

Elles se souviendront de toi, peut-être,
Comme tu te souviens des Australopithèques
Et des hommes de Néandertal – de loin, de haut.

Toi qui vis dans ce monde où il y a encore
Des loups, des guêpes, des requins,
Des chimpanzés qui sont tes frères,
Pas seulement des chiens, des abeilles, des moutons
Que tu as asservis, où il reste des libellules,
Des truites, des chardonnerets, des campagnols
Qui ne te doivent rien et qui t'ignorent,
Souviens-toi que tu n'es pas seul, pas encore,
Et que les saisons ne tournent pas que pour toi.

SEPTEMBRE 2001

Un passereau file
Dans le jardin, trop vite
Pour que je l'identifie,
Vole à travers les arbres,
Se perd dans le feuillage,
Se fond à la lumière grise et verte,
Merveilleusement proche,
À la fin de l'été,
Sous le bleu d'où tombe
Un jour d'éternité.

Plus tard, à la télévision,
On verra en direct une ville
Sous la pluie des missiles
Dans la lueur d'un cauchemar,
Au loin, dans le bruit et le feu,
Jonchée de morts qu'on ne verra pas.
Ô caverne de Platon
Dans laquelle on descend
Se charger soi-même de chaînes.

LEGEND OF THE WINTER TRIP (EXCERPTS)

1

Practical boundaries
Forgotten boundaries
Freshwater sea salt map
Sandstone language foundation

A slanted escape
From the central district
A suggestion of song
The pigment of motion

Gather and pretend
Statistics are contagious

Anticipation is marginal
The allegory is theft
In translation and
Foreigners disagree

They measure the ground

2

Up inside the color of a face
Words lie behind its tongue

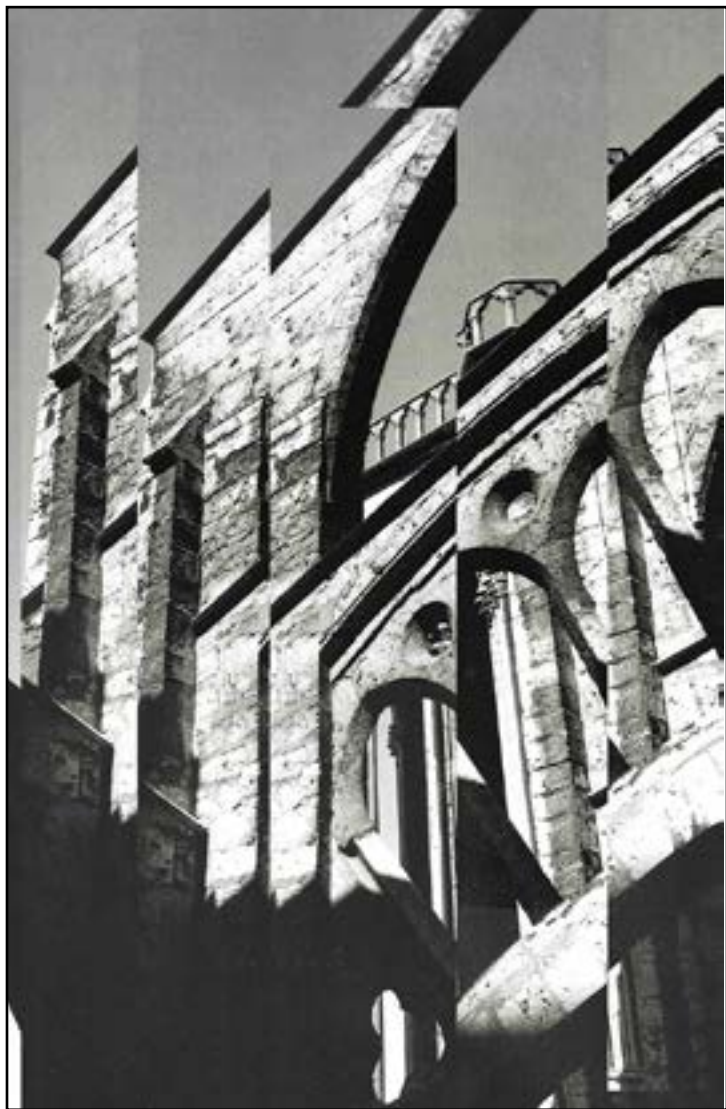
During the demolition
Of the tired faint ruins something
Partly personal took place
Misunderstanding
The meaning of a name
The spine of language
Singing a vegetal song
That broke the whisper of dust

A phrase drop by drop
To clarify or be reminded

Sublime enemies
Prehistoric volcanic broken
Delusions and deceptions
Ecstasy and raptures
Continents divided by
That kind of eloquence
People filling out
Their own refusal papers

3

Icarus sailing
His role in the auto-
biography of others
Numbers of facelessness
Adequate unspoiled blue
Nameless the unknown face
Purpose of voyage
What is your intention
At this point in motion



CHARTRES: VISION I

ROBERT MOORHEAD

SIMON ANTON DIEGO BAENA

DECEMBER 27, 1938

Despite the bruises on his body,
like the color of storm clouds
blocking out the stars, Osip Mandelstam
can still hear the cawing of crows
deep in the wilderness.

And what about the pockmarked tyrant?
At his dacha, he was busy
planting cabbages in the snow.

THE AUGUST MOON

also known as
the Sturgeon Moon,
is the color of my father's hair
spread before his tomb.

SIMON ANTON DIEGO BAENA

THE FALL OF CONSTANTINOPLE

The lips tremble uttering a prayer
in a dimly lit room

this is the coldest night
of the year

the roads are deserted

no son no brother
and no father returned

to knock on the emperor's door

SILVIA SCHEIBLI

EN EL DIA DE LOS MUERTOS

Katrina opened her
veins
for her lover

Tiny orange butterflies
sparked from her fingers

Cantineros placed dead
flowers
at her hemline

Invisible blood
flashed like a flock of
doves
on the plaza

THUNDER

Two hours in Rio Rico, Arizona, my skin cracks despite the sudden rain
& mugginess. I may as well turn into a lizard or better yet a snake,
maybe a pink racer, dig myself a dust bowl.

Arriving to the sound of snare drums, rain beats the ground,
orioles chatter & wind snatches at olive trees.

Pomegranates split like steel-heads, thunder cracks until I feel like a
crushed grape, javelinas stop rooting & snorting for a bit gathering
yearlings under mesquites, hummingbirds never surrender their feeders,
then it all stops & the air around us starts exhaling again.

THE HOUSE OF THE VICTORS

The house in Alsace wasn't a dream, even though it stood beside a red river, among hills that were unnaturally green. There were some ramparts nearby, where Napoleon had once stood, urging on his soldiers on one last time. It is said that he still positions himself there every morning at dawn. The bodies of dead heroes fed the soil long before the house was built. A few ancient Romans ventured this far beyond the borders of the empire, assiduous as ever in constructing steps and laying foundation walls. And here we showed up, one summer: two young girls from the north with humble backgrounds and hearts as frail as eggshells. The young men of the house weren't too pleased to see us, or at least to see me, but they let us in. There were musical instruments in every alcove, the curtains were made of plush or silk, there was much bread and vintage cheese, odds and ends of coffee and wine going right back to the war, cupboards full of miniature soldiers, cigars from the colonies, glass cases with scalps in them that were dry as husks. If you pulled out a drawer, you'd hear a burst of cross-fire. The house was like a ship at anchor, loaded with secrets, indefinable heavy weapons forged from violence and wealth, gilded with charm. It listed in a welter of blood. Here there walked the spirits of countless generations of warriors: as these young musicians drew jaunty, sorrowful marches from accordions and fiddles, what echoed in our ears was a wail of lament. On those smooth, well-worn terracotta tiles, so many ordinary hopes and aspirations shattered to pieces.

EROBRERNES HUS

Huset i Alsace var ingen drøm, sjøl om det sto blant unaturlig grønne åser ved ei rød elv. På noen voller i nærheten talte en gang Napoleon og oppildnet soldatene for siste gang. Det sies han stiller opp igjen hver morgen i grålysningen. Siden før huset ble bygget, har døde helters kropper gitt næring til jordbunnen. Noen få gamle romere beveget seg så langt utafor imperiets grense, de la trapper, laget grunnmur med romersk grundighet. Og hit kom vi, to unge jenter fra nord, en sommer, trådte inn med våre eggeskallhjerter og beskjedne anetavler. De unge mennene som hørte til i huset, var ikke glade for å se oss, i alle fall ikke meg, men slapp oss inn. Det var musikkinstrumenter i alle kroker, plysj og silkeforheng, årganger med loff og ost, kaffe- og vinslanter fra helt tilbake til krigen, skap med miniatyrsoldater, sigarer fra koloniene, montere med knusktørre skalper. Dro man ut en skuff, hørtes blaff av kryssild. Huset lignet ei skute for anker, lastet med hemmeligheter, udefinerbare tunge våpen smidd av vold og rikdom, forgylt med sjarm. Det krenget i blodstorm. Uminnelige generasjoner med krigere gikk igjen i disse unge musikantene, når de dro de muntre, sorgstemte marsjene på belg eller fele, kvein gjenklang av jamring i ørene. Mot blankslitte terrakottagolv ble mang en vanlig forestilling knust.

FROM THE SNOW MUSEUM

7

Out of the chaos emerges something resembling a bandstand.
It's in the shape of an octagon, the way prisons used to be, but with
a glass roof lit by an ever-unseeing sun. The building stands in a
winter landscape, in swirling snow. Along a bare, windswept ridge,
down a steep flight of steps, across a busy road, there comes a
procession of children. Or are they prisoners? What are the instruments
they are carrying or dragging along? The painting presents a tableau, one where
scale and perspective are twisted into something we might recognize.

7

Ut av kaoset stiger noe som kan ligne en musikkpaviljong.
Den har form som en oktagon, et gammeldags fengsel, men har

tak av glass der ei blindfødt sol lyser. Bygningen står i et
vinterlandskap, i virvlende snø. Langs en blankblåst åskam,

ned ei stupbratt trapp, over en trafikkert vei, nærmer et
følge av barn seg. Eller er det fanger? Hva slags instrumenter

r det de bærer eller sleper på? Maleriet er et tablå der
perspektiv og størrelser er fordreid til det gjenkjennelige.

10

How when snow falls in April and the shadows of wet snow-flakes
quiver over a face by the window, whirling towards the skin's

dull mirror. How when the flutter of snow-crystals
brushes past the cheek in a constant frenzy. In just the same way as

the dance of these scraps of snow makes the whole figure transparent,
so does time reveal its limits, with the same tenderness.

10

Som når snøen faller i april og skyggene av våte snøflak
skjelver over et ansikt ved vinduet, virvlende mot hudens

matte speil. Som når denne blafringen av krystallene
stryker forbi kinnet, jevnt, men vilt. På samme vis som

disse fillenes dans gjør hele skikkelsen gjennomiktig,
kan tida vise fram sine grenser, med like stor mildhet.

LA MAIN DES JOURS

L'artificielle main des jours
Immense et très lente
Blanche et trop sèche
Laboure de ses ongles qui sont autant de griffes
Le sol où vivent ceux qui n'ont pas encore trépassé
Cette main haute comme huit sommets d'Extrême-Orient
Tient fermement dans sa paume maigre
La Terre toute ronde, toute mouillée

Elle fait valser sur elle-même,
L'agitant dans l'air, la sphère habitée
Et à chaque retombée au creux de la main
Démolit un peu plus de ce petit monde :
Le sol tremble, les mers débordent
Les villes s'effondrent
– Châteaux de cartes amateurs.

Les doigts pleins d'ongles ratissent les paysages
Emportant sur leur passage les champs, les maisons
Quelques hommes sont retenus sous la corne incurvée
Et demeurent incrustés à jamais
Entre la peau et l'os des jours.

IL A NEIGÉ

Il a neigé dans la maison de l'enfance
Le feu dans son lit, lentement roulait ses bûches
Et ses feuilles arrachées au souvenir, promesses combustibles
Six papillons rouges ont quitté les flammes
Portant sur chaque aile un oeil plus rond que le jour
Douze regards meurtris se sont cousus à mes paupières
Le pourpre des ailes mêlé à la gorge du feu
Le père est parti, emportant dans un mouvement sage
Ses colères et sa voix brisée

Il a neigé dans la maison des enfants
Qui aurait pu savoir que c'est un nid de noisettes et de feuilles
Que je m'apprêtais à incendier.
Dans le silence craquant du soir
L'heure est longue, ici les pendules ne coulent plus
J'entends crisser la voix des graviers de l'allée
– Quelqu'un vient. Lui ? le frère ? la mère ? le soir, enfin ? –
Bientôt il ouvrira la porte et le silence se taira

Toujours cette soif qui déchire ma voix
Mais le feu, le feu, le feu
Le veiller, le feu ! qu'il vive !
Que sa robe poursuive sa combustion
Que son bois ouvre encore un peu plus sa brûlure
J'ai froid, j'oublie, je compte, j'attends
Il a neigé dans la maison de l'enfance.

TRANSLATIONS

The first occurs when from abstract
realms sounds and feelings come to earth
and an unknown water lily blossoms
in calligraphy or in the space between one's lips.
What was ethereal and out of sight
reveals with clarity a cloak of colors and petals
word as gift emerging from the night.

The second comes without the surprise
of something new, running on laid-out tracks
in search of another similar cloak
with equivalencies of sound and sense.
No longer the springing forth of something new
but in the mirror meaning meets its double:
faithful shadow, inflected image.

TRADUÇÕES

Dá-se a primeira quando de abstratos
lindes sons e sentidos aterrissam
e inédita vitória-régia floresce
na caligrafia ou no vão entre lábios.
O que era etéreo e obscuro revela
nítido manto de cores e pétalas
palavra dádiva a emergir da treva.

A segunda acontece sem o assombro
do novo correndo em trilhos lançados
à procura de outro similar manto
com equivalências de som e de nexos.
Não mais o aparecer do ser primeiro
porém no espelho o duplo da mensagem:
sombra fiel ou reflexo eficaz.

UN ALTRO TEMPO

Saremo attraversati dal Lete
Non avremo più i nostri nomi ma forse
avremo memoria della sacralità dei corpi
di ciò che abbiamo tanto amato
di voci sguardi odori e suoni
che non potremo più pronunciare
avremo memoria del fiato delle stagioni
che si dispiegano come fiori
degli angeli terrestri alla tua porta
del seme che sopravvive
alla gravità della terra alla ferita aperta
al sangue dell'ultima primavera

*

Scopro dalla finestra una nidiata di merli
tra le siepi e il muretto
- fiutando le cose e la terra-
tra una folata e l'altra di richiami brevi
non parole ma gesti mi dico gesti semplici
e respiro in modo inatteso il cielo sbiadito
Vivi presto la vita mi dici
sul ritmo del vento e di maggio autunnale
per non cedere alla nostalgia di domani
La vita è qui e i merli curiosamente
ne sono testimoni silenziosi

– TÝNT LJÓÐ

ljóðið sá ég spegla sig í
baðherbergisspeglinum
baksýnisspeglinum
hvergi annars staðar
ég týndi því þennan dag
á dauðapunktinum þar sem allt þrífst
öllum að óvðöllum

LOST POEM

I saw the poem reflected
in the bathroom mirror
in the rear-view mirror
nowhere else
I lost it that day
in the blind spot
where everything grows
to everyone's surprise

WHERE TO BELONG

The fact is, everyone else seems to know where they're supposed to be, while we're often found lost in those patterns that a white-headed spider, with each intricate stitch, has woven under the overhang of our wood shed. We could have spent our lives nursing drinks with acquaintances at country club functions, could have swapped jokes with punch lines that sputter the way a lawnmower sounds running out of gas, the way a popular book's ending is no more than so many dead flies on their backs, but as it turns out, we can't get enough of watching a setting sun's orange border darken green oak leaves. We're overwhelmed by how much it resembles the throbbing embers of our dying shore fire. How its black-orange pulsing galaxy, into whose deepest throbbing we have more than once felt compelled to dive, completes us and in the end ripples our ashes toward another shore growing more invisible with each breath taken as our last.

A FUTILE ATTEMPT

By the next morning, all of us were hungry again as if it happened long ago or not at all. Although it never lasts very long, it does leave behind a memorable impression. Our hunger knows when we need it. It picks up our scent when breathing winter's cold through a coyote's raw nostrils. It draws our attention by changing our appearance from one of staggering beauty to one of boundless nourishment. Being the best of its kind seen for days, it surrounds us and drags us to the ground. No time's wasted learning our name or introducing its self. It stares back at us the way the dead do. But in the dimming light of its shiny black eyes, we're frightened by the human face we see. When our appearance comes into focus, we try slipping it under shaggy tree bark, in the tangled knots of unbrushed horse manes, woven in the fluffy midst of a skunk's white tail or smoothed under a possum's belly whenever our eyes that blink, lips that twitch, or nose that wiggles give us away. If only we had more time, could be unseen and, when we so desired, exists with a lot more than just an inkling of being alive.

BLUE

We realize what we think is important, is no more than the many reflections splashed off the hooves of deer crossing Chittenango Creek, when the light in each tossed-up waterdrop blinds us to our self. Here, our tone becomes blue but not sky or eye blue, not deep blue, butterfly blue, periwinkle, lapis lazuli, powder, baby, azure, ultramarine, not even the multiple varieties of crayon box or pantone blues. We're reminiscent of the translucent blue the sun becomes inside each fresh snowflake's architecture. Flickering our tiny light to signal one another, our blue vanishes as fast as motionless deer jerk their heads in unison before bounding off into thick underbrush. Although the ravages of plague-ravaged centuries have had their fill of blue faces, we wait until the innocent deaths from ineffective wars and religious superstitions are fully tabulated before looking around for what's left of us to count. Meanwhile, lost among gradual shadows that huge pines widen across our path, our blue gradually assumes a faceless expression. Thinking of our self as having gone missing, it's become those places we once sought and which have vanished in our absence.

WHEN I LISTEN TO RUSSIAN MUSIC

When I listen to Russian music
snow begins to fall.
I pull on overcoats
that come with the records,
coat over coat over coat,
and leave my home forever.

When I listen to Russian music
I search for children in the drifts.
I have only the coats on my back.
My pockets are empty.

When I listen to Russian music
poverty is no disgrace.
I cover cold children
coat by coat
and stay until they wake.

Alone on the road,
I listen to Russian music
wrapped in wool
from throat to soul
against the bitter summer.

FUGUE D'HIVER

à Marina Tsvetaeva

Plutôt quelques signes
de joie brève comme fleurs éparses
au bord des lèvres ouvrant la voie de l'infime,
morceau de ciel qui brûle sous l'écorce
parmi les neiges de l'enfance

tu ne sais
quel silence a déporté l'ombre sur le chemin
où brille la certitude du repos
tremblant dans l'azur
autant que feuilles au plus haut de l'air

Il suffit d'un reflet sur le versant des heures,
semence nouvelle avant l'orage
l'apparence est jetée au fronton des vagues

tu ne sais
vers quel nord se dissipe le vol de l'oiseau,
fuyante lame claire
dans le souvenir des saisons égarées

Cristal vaincu au dernier feu des branches,
d'impossibles retrouvailles s'offrent à retenir
la courbure ancienne du présent que les mots désertent
sous le ciel dépouillé de ses astres —

tu es l'inattendu de la lumière qui s'ouvre
dans l'angle de la nuit

Tu franchis les barrières du gel,
soleil retranché dans l'ombre étrangère
de même or frémissant sous le doigt de l'invisible

paroles soustraites au vertige du froid,
ta voix rapide court et se répand —

mesure de cendres livrées au vent,
est-ce ta nudité qui s'éclaire
d'un si pur cortège ?

Tu gravis la montagne
constellée des pierres du glacier,
poursuivant la débâcle de l'aube

jusqu'à cette soif d'infini où s'affûtent les sources
creusant leur barque de limon —

d'une rame amarrée à la pointe du givre,
les paroles découvertes montent de l'obscur

Au détour de la rive est ton Éden,
le ravissement des fontaines dans le gris du matin
dispersé jusqu'à l'effacement du jour

pluie de syllabes sur les écailles du temps,
il n'est d'autre égarement
vers le couchant où tu passes

Ivre d'habiter au large
dans le lit défait du fleuve

tu appelles la moisson nocturne
du vent qui déferle au seuil de tes pensées

avec l'insouciance de l'herbe,
l'ombre se dresse dans la tranchée
parmi les écroulements de sable

poussière d'or au-devant de tes pas

Orion aveugle
cherchant le soleil —

penché sur le ravin couleur de ciel,
tu montes dans la lumière
qu'avive le poudrolement d'un trait de neige

là-bas qui s'abandonne
aux regards d'une lointaine enfance

*Ainsi les poètes — de loin prennent la parole,
les poètes sont menés loin par la parole*



OLD LAMSON FACTORY

ANDREA MOORHEAD

TURNING THE PAGE TOO QUICKLY

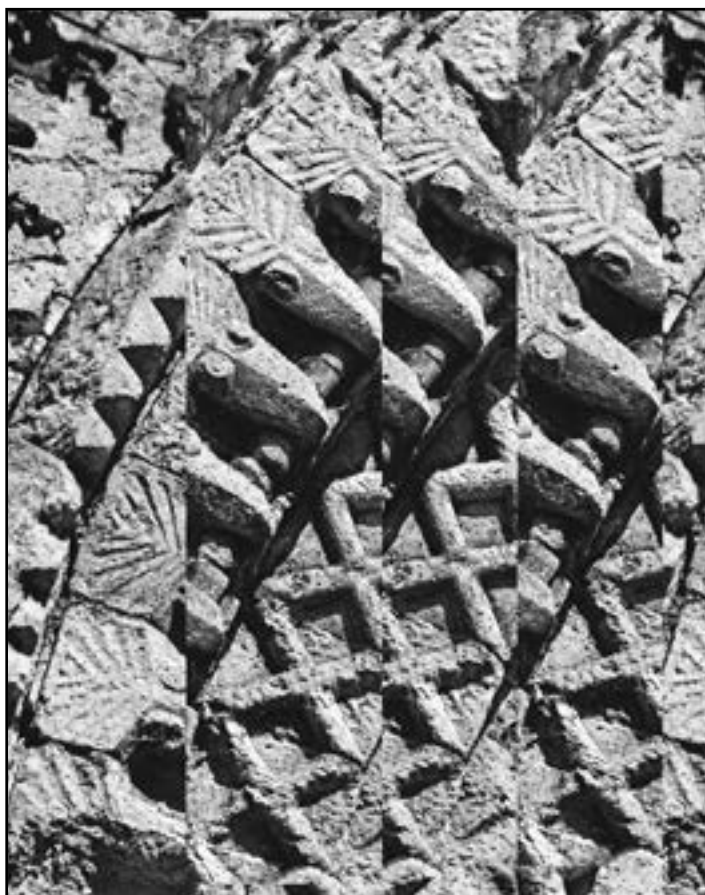
It wasn't a matter of concern to anyone else. The filaments left dangling from the clouds. We could reread the ancient story left in a desert cave. Recounting the long ascension, the tedious stringing of lights across the sky, all the noise below, furor and fury leaving everyone else annoyed. We hadn't noticed whether or not the noise was connected with our work. Dangling threads transfer glistening liquid. Maybe rain, maybe something else. It really doesn't matter. It took all day to fix the first threads. They're thin and supple like a young snake. Turquoise scales in the sky. But we shouldn't let ourselves be distracted, the story doesn't mention snakes or noise or other people. It traces the path from ground to cloud, skipping any reference to lightning. We didn't have time to finish reading, darkness fell and everything else.

ABOVE BELOW

Grey. Silver. The distinction lost or suspended. It's raining again. People up on the clouds, dropping apple peels, peach pits. It's not a good time for a long walk. Too much commotion. Grey. Silver. The air has no color without the bronze-hammered lines running across. Whispering along the horizon. A false demarcation, mineral or conceptual. An apparent curve that pulls the eyes out, stretches the retina. Turquoise echoes on the ground. Silver rings at head level. Microbial biomass. There was leaf mold and vines. Rain hitting the earth. The clouds are quiet now, everyone's come down, stepped over the peach pits and apple peels. It's not a good time for a long walk. Thundering below the soil, burning on the horizon. A distant city in embers, plates shifting. Page after page of destructive news. The trees are shedding leaves, changing color, their bark phosphorescent. A hundred-thousand gone. The ambiguity is insidious. Clouds cover the ground, the blood, the silence.



In the blue snow of your absence, in the white zone of disbelief,
fluttering leaves all through the night, a dark stain on the window
breathing quickly as lightning hits the roof, metal flashing
the cinders have already left your body
and the wind together with this melting thought
bronze sculptures along the garden wall
in the blue snow of your absence, the white zone of misunderstanding,
scars on skin, hair blinding, eyes already wider and wider
the horizon has fallen again and we'll go off together
in the blue snow of your absence, in the white zone of disbelief
leaves around our wounds, the nectar of crushed clouds
to staunch our thirsts and the waves have carried the sculptures out to sea
land crumbling at the edge of thought
where salt fires burn all night and the continents shift their mass
release their rock and dirt, their green and amber voices
in the zone of misunderstanding, in the white disappearance
from another time.



SAINT-VAAST DE LONGMONT

ROBERT MOORHEAD

EDEN RIVER

for Gavin

i

bench soaking through

where you sat

while I slid

down the bank

catching at branches

all the trees in leaf now

tits chatter in the ash

keys dangling

willow angling

into the river

YFFC Private Fishing

Upper Limit

ii

corpse river

it all repeats

shift

shift

shift

take

take

take

all that moves

all that takes

let go

lang waves

lang wath

how can you sing auld lang syne?

old man river

I'm not watching the river flow

I am the river

and it is a gentle thing

no gentlewoman or gentleman

but the deep sound

of the

ssss

swash

July 23

Langwathby, Cumbria

MISSING

How silently the mind creeps away,
stripped by unseen vandals.
Shadows of soot, twist of time.

I've become intangible
as an owl's thin breath,
a leaf reaching back for its limb.

Black crows rise inside me,
peck my heart,
my throat.

I dream of a golden sky,
lifting two egrets
over a summer beach

until dusk paints
their silhouettes and I wake
coughing night's feathers.

CONTOURS OF A DREAM

When the strawberry moon
rains sweet juice
through this night,
you are alive once more.

I find that earth
is softer than starlight,
that wind sings the shape
of a mourning dove's weep,

remorse is a candy box of stones,
grief the weight of a ghost's footprints,
a shadow's tooth,
this moan tangled in branches.

WHAT IS LEFT

Holding the wreckage
of dreams in my arms,
I split the day open,
step inside,
guided by this sun-flare
to a clearing beyond space.

Click of shoes
on pearled paving stones,
wind's heartbeat in ancient trees.

A mirage-like ripple near the edge
of time shows me how colors return
to the landscape
one by one,
sparking a waterfall
to spill into the morning,
how oxygen keeps renewing itself,
how the future no longer trembles
on the ridge of a precipice.

A stray hope catches
a branch, gently
unhooks its silky wing, trying
to remember how to fly.

SYMBIOSE-SÉPARATION

Le ciel en cette contrée de méridiens
ces nuages vierges comme un cri
l'âge des cristaux en nous
de refus
qui brillent
secs positifs

*Conjurer une oasis-artère
Trois pistes à l'orée de cèdres*

et j'attendais, feu-anse, l'heure où la lune friable s'accorderait pour vibrer
de ton nom, et que sombre les dunes qui m'incendient. Certains soirs
d'hiver, quand ton regard file le cœur-écorce du Sahara, les sternes en
récoltaient l'airain dans leurs ardentes migrations.

Da: TEATRI D'OLTRE

(corifeo)

Non eravamo altro che ombre e statue
sogni di pietre a levigare il mare
ad attutire il pianto dei coralli
per gli umani.

(coro)

Così abbandoneremo le metafore
per farci appena canto del reale
placare l'affamato desiderio
di essere corpo, di trovare posto

per costruire spazi germoglianti
e un tempo condiviso di durata
tornando in vita in ciò che si era perso:
ombre di corallo, questo siamo.

*

Digamma eliso accanto a una radice
siamo così, metafora e fonema

ramo essiccato al crepitio del sole
caduto alla folata
che batte aspra sui rostri dei millenni
ma sempre accarezzata e riaffiorante
dal sale in salva sete

rifiorirà lo scricchiolio del tempo
del ritornare fertile alla lava
nella petrosa attesa di staccarsi
crollando lentamente sullo sfondo
di vulcani.

*

La prima a scomparire fu la neve
la seconda a innalzarsi fu la pioggia
poi venne il tempo dei ghiacciai perenni

...

le api camminano sulle grondaie

scampare

...

dare da bere agli alberi

...

la musicalità dell'aria nuda

... ..

*

Le pietre sono pietre
se noi non le adottiamo
come valore tattile trasmesso, come veglia
parola collettiva di durata.

Le pietre sono pietre
se sono cavea vuota di teatro
se noi non ne scegliamo
l'umanità che emanano al tramonto
tepore sacro da prendere in cura
assorbire con i palmi e riversare.

*

S'infrange sciarra d'onde sulla sciara
nera
nerissima al clangore delle spume
sciabolanti, forse
oltre quel velo immoto del visibile
ch'è sola, inconoscibile, iancura.

ORIGINAL (EXTRAIT)

*

Jadis lorsque le froid n'était pas encore comestible, je rêvais souvent du son pourpre. Un aller-retour vers la lumière, sa fréquence transmuée en son. Original s'y tenait déjà animal-totem du voyage, amours adolescentes revenues sous la forme d'un grand mâle mastiquant des fleurs, les dévorant jusqu'au calice, aspirant dans une rumination fabuleuse la tige creuse des prêles.

*

Une litanie de choses m'empêchait de me penser capable : de concasser des grains jusqu'à en faire du café, d'émietter du lard jusqu'à le nommer hachis, ainsi dans les jours de mauvais temps ma rêverie du cervidé était-elle ramenée à rien, au constat de ma propre disproportion. Dans une armoire vide se tenait quelque morceau d'hier, cette zone où j' avais été un jour enfant - du pain dans un torchon.

*

Je me souvenais par à-coups des fleurs qui avaient orné ma robe. Ce soir là. Des fleurs comme des prunelles, voyant et devinant tout. L'assemblant dans tout le corps, en phrases. Le réécrivant dans un geste du bras, un délicat mouvement de l'épaule, comme dans le début d'une danse. Le mot était illisible et pourtant tout s'entendait, s'étendait en moi. S'éployait comme un nouveau pays dont ma pudeur seule en aurait été la frontière.

*

Le vent est dans chaque feuille. Il est des milliards. Des sommes de rizhomes, des additions de cortex. Le vent est innocemment invisible. Longuement artificier. Parfois. Par bonheur la saison des grands embrasements est passée. Arrachées à elle comme tisons, quelques braises ne perdurent que pour elles seules. Dans le creuset de leur profonde fécondation. Si le feu irradie encore en cette fin d'été, ce n'est que dans la poudrière du cœur. Ma rencontre avec les sept cent kilos d'Original. Son ancien pelage roux.

*

Des nappes de conifères recouvraient l'ancienne synchronicité des choses, leur appel invisible. Les bois d'Original se mêlaient dans la nuit aux branches les plus basses. Un raclement que je savourais comme un appel. Un tintement secret de mon cœur habitué aux voix. Plus bas dans l'asile proche marchaient en tout sens des femmes et des hommes devenus immatériels. Simplement organiques. J'avais longtemps appartenu au cercle des apparitions souterraines, m'étais petit à petit comme par entrechats détachée de la somme des possibles. Incarnais depuis peu ma principale peau. Sa tendresse animale.

ATTENTE INCERTAINE (EXTRAIT)

à Marika Noël & Michel Bolduc

2

une sonate au piano
accompagne les dérives du temps
les asters les verges d'or
retentissent sous la pluie

l'extrémité de l'été
a disparu à petits pas
à la surface de l'étang
la mort se rapproche

chavire la clairvoyance
comme une mise en abîme
je respire lentement
le parfum têtue d'un désarroi

4

l'hésitation entre un mot et un autre
l'espace entre les gouttes de pluie

le poème n'a pas d'éternité
s'il épouse un sentiment
il demeure aussi fragile
que la main d'où il a surgi

les conifères préfèrent le poids des jours
leurs branches se courbent si aisément
illusoire contournement du temps

que restera-t-il à part les ratures
dont on se souviendra bien mieux

6

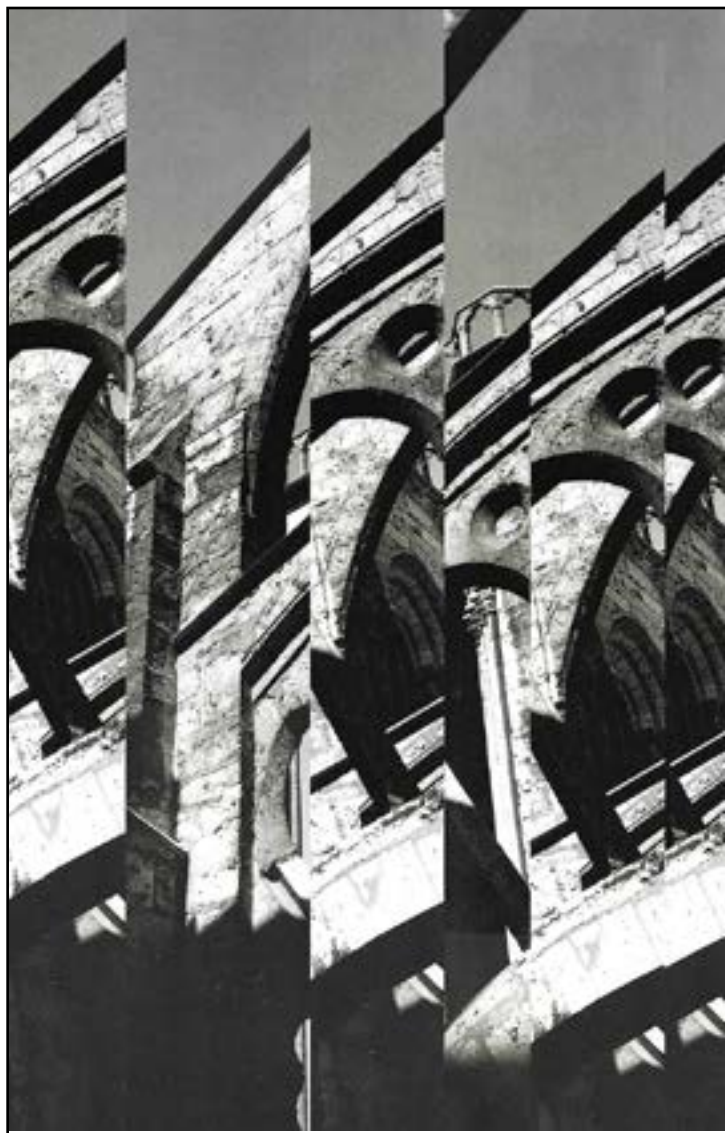
attente incertaine
qui ne sait où elle va

entre pluie et soleil
scintillent des ombres noires
laissées par l'orage

des branches au-dessus de moi
tombent des miettes de clarté
sur l'étal du lac

bien ancré dans le sol
bras ouverts
je me donne au firmament

l'attente aura-t-elle été vaine



CHARTRES: VISION 2

ROBERT MOORHEAD

Da: SECONDO-GENITURA

raccolta ad arte

Far(si) ombra

nature morte

a Giorgio Morandi

l'attimo prima che si fanno ombre
non sanno ancora di cose estorte
non cosa persa ... il loro sapore

... penombra in sorte ...

non confuse nella notte
meno amare si fanno
scorte, forse, per poco godere

... luce in premorte ...

ignorate, condannate, non respinte
ancora, non del tutto
non assolte

allo stupore si danno
da potere colte

per-altro ... in-franto chiarore

Affresco

il sogno di Costantino di Piero della Francesca

stelle erranti
asterismi
tra-punte ... in congiunzione

cala il cielo
extra in sogno
da visione ... speculare

*

in prealba ... proteso
fende e porge
il segno

ambigua ... di scorcio
la torsione del cigno

di spalle ... (s)punta
... via lucente ...

quasi al chiaro
non ha voce

*

... luce o croce ...
al principio ... l'ala
si muove da sola

*(testo ispirato dalla visione dell'affresco "Sogno di Costantino"
situato nella cappella maggiore della basilica di San Francesco ad Arezzo)*

MARIA ALLO, laurea in Lettere classiche, vive e opera tra Catania e Parigi. Tra le raccolte di poesie: *I sentieri della speranza* (Gabrieli editore, 1985), *Riflessi di rugiada* (Albatros, Nuove voci 2011), *Al dio dei ritorni* (Galassia Arte, 2014), Solchi. Il suo blog di riferimento: <http://nugae11.wordpress.com/>

GIOVANNI LUCA ASMUNDO (Palermo, 1987) vive a Venezia, dove ha conseguito il Dottorato su Danilo Dolci. Ha pubblicato i libri di poesia: *Stanze d'isola* (Oèdipus, 2017), *Disattese. Coro di donne mediterranee* (Versante Ripido, 2019), *Lacerti di coro* (Il Convivio, 2022), *La città impupata* (Macabor, 2024). Coordina il blog Peripli e la rivista allegata.

SIMON ANTON DIEGO BAENA, author of three chapbooks, most recently *Ritual and Other Poems* from Blue Horse Press. His work has appeared in *Pembroke Magazine*, *The Ocean State Review*, *Good River Review*, *Quarterly Literary Review Singapore*, and elsewhere. He lives in the Philippines with his wife and child.

MARION BEVILACQUA, née le 29 avril 2000. Écrit de la poésie et des scénari originaux et des nouvelles (deux d'entre elles seront publiées par la revue *Zone Critique*). Publie deux poèmes et une estampe dans *Urgence*, une revue fondée en décembre dernier.

HANNE BRAMNESS, Norwegian poet, editor, and translator. Her latest collection, *Snø på museum*, appeared in 2021. A new collection *Himnelen faller ikke ned*, an elegy about a mother-daughter relationship, is forthcoming in 2025. Shearsman Press published translations of her books into English, most recently *Weight of Light*, translated by Frances Presley.

ASTRID CABRAL, a leading Brazilian poet and environmentalist who grew up in the Amazon. Among her twenty books, the collections *Gazing Through Water and Cage*, have been published in the United States. A third collection, *Spotlight on the Word*, is forthcoming from World Poetry in 2025.

FABRICE FARRE, auteur de vingt recueils de poèmes et de plusieurs livres d'artistes. Il aura de nouvelles parutions dans *margelles* n° 15 et 17 (traductions en français de Lorca et relecture de poètes roumains traduits par Michaela).

ALAIN FABRE-CATALAN, membre du comité de rédaction de la *Revue Alsacienne de Littérature*. Monographie du poète Edmond Jabès dans *Les Carnets d'Eucharis* en 2023. Participation à un ouvrage collectif sur la traduction, *D'une rive à l'autre, Quand les poètes traduisent les poètes*, paru aux éditions Tituli en 2023. Un recueil de poèmes *Suite improvisée* à paraître aux éditions De Bonne Heure à Strasbourg en 2024.

MÓHEIDUR HLÍF GEIRLAUGSDÓTTIR, poète islandaise bilingue, née dans le sud de la France. Elle a fait des études de philosophie et de traductologie en plus d'être guide certifiée d'Islande. Elle a publié deux recueils de poésie: *Drone* (2016) et *Les îles grises – paysage invisible*.

PAUL ILECHKO, British American poet who lives with his partner in Lambertville, NJ. His work has appeared in many journals, including *The Bennington Review*, *The Night Heron Barks*, *Atlanta Review*, *Permafrost*, and *Pirene's Fountain*. *Fragmentation and Volta* is forthcoming from Gnashing Teeth Publishing in 2025.

RAY KEIFETZ, author of *Museum Beasts* (Broadstone Books, 2023) and *Night Farming in Bosnia*, (Bitter Oleander Press, 2018). New work appears or is forthcoming in *Kestrel*, *Louisiana Literature*, *San Pedro River Review*, and others. He lives and writes in rural New Hampshire.

PETER J. KING, widely published in journals and anthologies, he also translates, from Greek (with Andrea Christofidou) and German, writes short prose, and paints. His most recent poetry collection is *Ghost Webs* (The Calliope Script, 2022).

LAURENCE LÉPINE, auteur de plusieurs recueils de poèmes dont les plus récents: *Le jour nouveau à naître / Poèmes à Ingeborg* (Cheyne Editeur), *Jehanne* (Editions Henry), *Sans respirer (je me suis souvenue de toi au fond de l'eau)* (Editions Aux cailloux des chemins) et *Chant Nuptial* (Editions de l'Entrevers, 2024).

ALEXIS LEVITIN's work includes translations of Clarice Lispector's *Soulstorm* and Eugénio de Andrade's *Forbidden Words* (New Directions). He has published fourteen collections of poetry by Eugénio de Andrade and five collections of poetry by the Afro-Brazilian poet Salgado Maranhão.

RAY MALONE, an Irish writer and artist living in Berlin, Germany, working on a series of projects, of which “Études” is the latest, exploring the lyric potential of minimal forms based on various musical and/or literary models. His work has been published in numerous print/online journals in the US, UK and Ireland.

PANSY MAURER-ALVAREZ, born in Puerto Rico, grew up in Pennsylvania, and studied at universities in the US, Spain and Switzerland, settling permanently in France. Her work is widely published and she is the author of six collections of poetry, including *In a Form of Suspension* (corrupt press) and *Oranges in January* (Knives Forks and Spoons Press).

ROBERT MELANÇON a publié plusieurs recueils de poésie entre 1978 et 2004, dont *Peinture aveugle* et *Le Paradis des apparences*. En 2007, désirant prendre un certain recul, il s’est établi à la campagne, près de North Hatley, où il a écrit sans chercher à publier. De retour dans la région de Montréal, il prépare trois recueils de poèmes à partir de vingt ans d’écriture silencieuse.

ANDREA MOORHEAD’s collections include *The Carver’s Dream* (Red Dragonfly Press), *Tracing the Distance* (Bitter Oleander Press), *Fukushima Dreams*, and *The Magician’s Tales* (MadHat Press).

ROBERT MOORHEAD sells his paintings online and continues graphic design consulting. His work has been shown at numerous galleries, including Jones Library, Amherst. Graphic work appears in the online journal *January Review* (Philippines).

FRANCESCA MONNETTI ha pubblicato tre raccolte poetiche: *In-solite movenze* (Anterem Edizioni), *Pen-insul-aria* (Edizioni Helicon), *Di-stanza in radice* (Edizioni Helicon). Sue poesie compaiono in antologie cartacee e su siti on-line (“Carte nel vento” della rivista *Anterem*, “Arcipelago Itaca” di Danilo Mandolini, “Premio Letterario Castelfiorentino” di Marco Marchi).

ANATOLY ORLOVSKY, poète, photographe et compositeur qui a donné des concerts et enregistré quatre CD de sa musique de chambre et vocale, tout en exposant depuis 2002 ses photographies. Il est co-responsable de la section « Poésie et création » de la revue *Possibles*.

PATTY DICKSON PIECZKA’s most recent book, *Gathering Sunlight*, is a collaborative effort with poet Silvia Scheibli. *Beyond the Moon’s White Claw* won the Red Dragonfly Press David Martinson—Meadowhawk Prize; *Painting the Egret’s Echo*, received the Library of Poetry Book Award from The Bitter Oleander Press.

FRANCES PRESLEY, born in Derbyshire and lives in London. Recent publications include *Ada Unseen* (Shearsman) on Ada Lovelace, mathematician and computer visionary, which was also a collaboration on Exmoor with Tilla Brading, *ADADADA* (Odyssey, 2022). Presley’s *Collected Poems 1973–2020* were published in two volumes by Shearsman in 2022.

ANNA RECKIN, poet and translator based in the UK. Shearsman published her first two collections, *Three Reds* and *Line to Curve*. Her translation of Hanne Bramness’s *Water Glass* sequence appeared in the Autumn 2021 issue of *Long Poem Magazine*.

PAUL B. ROTH, editor and publisher of The Bitter Oleander Press since 1974. Author of seven collections of poetry, including *Owasco: Passage of Lake Poems* (Finishing Line Press), *Weightless Earth* (Bitter Oleander Press), and *Moments in Place* (Rain Mountain Press).

SILVIA SCHEIBLI studied with Duane Locke, founder of the Immanentist Movement in Poetry, a visionary approach to writing, focusing on primordial nature. It is similar to surrealism and Deep Image Poetry. Her most recent collections are *Conversations with Athena at Mieza* (Finishing Line Press) and *In the House of Rain* (Concrete Mist Press).

MARC-ANDRÉ VILLENEUVE, né à Québec, en 1949. Il a fait paraître, aux Éditions de l’arbre penché, son premier recueil de poésie : *Le vent en passant* (2019). En 2020, il fut récipiendaire, sur manuscrit, du Prix Alphonse Piché; les poèmes qu’il avait alors proposés ont été publiés dans un recueil collectif aux Éditions de la Grenouillère, en 2021.





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