



OSIRIS 100

FIFTY-THREE YEARS 1972-2025

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LENNART SJÖGREN

Translated from the Swedish by Hanne Bramness & Anna Reckin



The swallow who doesn't exist
who overwinters in shallow lakes
flew past my window

she was looking at me
maybe there is something she wants



Svalan som inte finns
och som övervintrar i grunda sjöar
flög förbi mitt fönster

hon iakttog mig
kanske ville hon något

A.M. PIRES CABRAL

Translated from the Portuguese by Isabel Aves & Alexis Levitin

A MESSAGE TO THE CROWS

Take it all away:
the easy shine of silver
the bitter touch of silk.

Leave only the incombustible
memory of flames.

RECADO AOS CORVOS

Levai tudo:
o brilho fácil das pratas,
o acre toque das sedas.

Deixai só a incombustível
memória das labaredas.

DISTRACTIONS, DISTRACTIONS

*Life is an ongoing distraction, which doesn't even make us
conscious of what it is distracting from.*

Franz Kafka

Remember the password for today, where
the keys belong, how the standings stand,
and step aside
hurricane, the groceries are open to attack.
Peach light on the desert clouds
and minutes tumble from the sky
marking time
when time
can't remember where it's been
and mystery softshoes its way to sleep.

MARC VINCENZ

METHODOLOGY IN A FICTIONAL LANDSCAPE

But the tropes
continued on

and confused
themselves

with someone else,
someone uneventful,

and eventually
became someone else,

someone utterly
unknown

in the deepest wrinkles
of mythology.

INVENTIONS I 5

everything's been what it's been, a burst of
energy, a letter sent, a request, that passion
past, a moment ago immortal, but
distant as yesterday, hanging by a thread
of the mind, the merest filament :
a farewell, or a multitude : let them be, be
content to see them file through, one by
one, or throng, confused, from every corner
of the infinite, the immeasurable mist of
remembrances, the would-be embrace
of them all : the wish with this or that
fit of being to catch them in mid-flight,
to pin them to the wall, if wall's all that's left
to ward off time, or the throes of memory
it inflicts, to find, perhaps, the will sufficient
to wander on, without thought, of wound,
or what's gone, your back to compassion,
blind to the pleading eye, the pain of the pin
entering, and not so much as a flinch
at the flesh pierced, or the photo
torn to pieces, or the smile disdained,
barely a pause for the animal cry, or eye
for the hands held out in appeal, or prayer :
everything is what it is, a work
without warrant, an impossible promise
to reply, beyond reach or recall, the all or
nothing of being, each a breath away
from the other, but sharing the nearness
of the air, and the passion to touch
before the air's spent : the need, of
everything, to have been, there

TIDAL WAVE

Concerto strolling through a poppy field on a blue sunny day
with faint breeze like gauze feathers against your forehead.

One violin with torn silk stocking & bills up the wazoo has brought
her child's lunchbox to rehearsal instead of her girlish body & bow.

Elgar fashioned his B-Minor Concerto not unlike Mahler or Wagner
with the brasses stretched like taffy, & I don't know how I can face myself
after that—could you face yourself after *you know what I mean*? Certainly
not before a mirror in Heaven, should we all be so blessed to find ourselves
back in Heaven. You know the routine.

So, in the 1950s there was this Florida panther behind a rusty screen nailed
to a diminutive plywood cage at the Palm Beach County Fair. I didn't know
it then, but that frightened panther turned out to be Rilke's panther—
a poem years later that peeled a layer of dullness from my amygdala
in less than 5 minutes. Anyway.

About that thing—you know, the one we never talk about?

We could waste our lives baiting our hooks with regrets both real & imagined.

Doesn't sound like anything we've heard before, so we ignore the warning signs.

A piccolo tiptoes across each of our eyelashes—its strings overflow like a tidal
wave off the coast of where we least expect it.

BIRDSEYE

I dreamed last night of robins
flying south and I was flying with them.
The trees are tall and deep
as drowning tides.
Not every robin, not every dreamer,
flies that high.

To follow robins I use an ax.
The sky is bare,
but robins are near.
I hear them in the logs
which I split like books
and peer inside—
page after page blank as sky
until I find their eyes.

In the fire
their eyes glow red.
They sing me songs
they never sing in summer.

Ray Keifetz

DUSK

Sun
down pines
copper
melting—

Fox
on ballet feet
ember
burning—

Atop a crumbled wall
tiny grey trembling—

We wait and watch.
Which will it be,
fang or light?

We wait and watch
as dusk
floods our hearts.

SUITE POÉTIQUE PRINTANIÈRE (EXTRAITS)

* * *

Tu arpentés la géographie du silence et les fissures du temps. Sur ton front des bribes de souvenirs, des désordres alignés. Tu cueilles des morceaux de rêves délavés sur les flancs de tes paysages, petites joies qui feront, une fois encore, advenir le nouveau.

Tes pas, dans la tendresse des heures, ourdissent l'accalmie.

* * *

Tu as ancré ta maison dans le ciel de mai et les oies sont des étoiles filantes qui poussent dans ton jardin. Elles ouvrent des chemins de promesses neuves dans l'air frais. La pluie lave le sol. Celui où dormait ta maison avant de s'envoler.

Avant de s'ancrer dans le ciel de mai.



FLAVIGNY (CÔTE D'OR)

CRYPTE DE L'ABBATIALE

ROBERT MOORHEAD

GREY

Grey is the center
of all colors
is what falls away
from itself
and has no equal
when expressed
in paints
lacquers or watercolors
yet has a way
of staying unseen
has a hidden existence
never drawing attention
especially when
it blossoms inward
and the mirrors
of its silver petals
reflect back
an empty interior
with nothing
not even four walls
a floor and a ceiling
could keep as a secret
to themselves

EARTH

Earth is
a thin blue thread
stretched taut
from one end of your skull
to the other
which when stroked
by your imagination
sends vibrations
that flow with oceans
in and out of your lungs
where instead of air
you breathe the minute solitude
of plankton
the whispers of lemonfish
the empty legacy
abandoned coquina shells acquire
along with all those
particulates of dust sifting
through a green sun
that never sets
yet bounces off the horizon
stretched taut
from one end of your skull
to the other

from RETINA (44)

The eyes are not in the middle of the painting. The hands are.
Your hands. Lifting something up towards
the source of light which is well outside the edge
of the painting where everything else is happening
in this dizziness.

What is that object you hold so reverently? It's something familiar
but something I haven't seen for a long time.
In either your hands or mine.

from RETINA (45)

Your eye has entered the picture (a black and white photo) and it follows the tree line. In this manner you have already entered the picture and can now observe other eyes following the line of black and white tree limbs. Around that there are villages. That day we expected something, that day we were prepared for it to happen before dusk and waited and watched, worried and afraid. Quietly the eye. Quite solidly the line of trees.

codacrawl

i

Do you know the flora? I ask a dog walker
All I know is that's a weed that's a weed and that's a weed
he says pointing along the river bank
and yet he knows flora
a woman pulls out
plants by the root
Himalayan Balsam, she says
I had already seen the stems laid on the field path
thick fibrous stems for fat black slugs
she also knew crane's-bill geranium blue
and the seeds of sweet cicely to sweeten

ii

on the shore below our bench a girl and her mother
regard the stranger Shall we go home? No
as they leave
who what where whispers
water
wat end wat lath

iii

*'richer as shard / that air /
means to grow'
'Codacrop' GRS*

we have taken him down river
bluest of calm larkspur even balsam is balm
my coda his coda
and he was not there to overcomplicate or complain
everything was cropped and crafted
incise and concise
so that it can expand again as shard in air
here are no shards an outcrop of rocks
to disturb the flow but no impediment
or pedestal
you can swim out now the wath beneath our feet
find your stroke your easy crawl
I shall watch you and call you in

21 July 24, 2024

Wath, *from Old Norse ; vað ("a ford")*. Cognate with Scots ; wath, Swedish ; vad.
Related to wade
(Wiktionary)

SILVIA SCHEIBLI

SAND PAINTING I

Ashes in the skin
Fall like silken seeds
From cottonwoods

Patches of earth beneath eyelids
Attempt to rise up in the cold

Feathered serpents
Squint at stones

We are absent
From this moment
Restrained like copper lightening
On a dark canvass

SILVIA SCHEIBLI

SAND PAINTING 4

A coyote heads into dense brush
Without being noticed

The road is blind

Voices at dusk
Bring feathered serpents
To the edge of the stream

Where children are not allowed to play

SILVIA SCHEIBLI

SAND PAINTING 6

A roadrunner
Takes a dust bath

The moon rises in the afternoon
Full of light

Stones listen to the feathered
Serpent's lyrics

Locusts fall asleep in yellow roses



EOLIA

HARKNESS MEMORIAL PARK 2024

ANDREA MOORHEAD

REGARD

Je suis au cœur du monde que je ne connais pas
Il y pleut il y vente il y neige comme à la maison
Mais on ignore où réside ce pays sur la fresque du monde

Soif du soleil et des rues sans nom
Soif de marches sans fin
Et de paysages sans loi

Sur la carcasse de la ville
Ont poussé des ville nouvelles
Sous elles, d'autres plus anciennes, marquées de rouge
Prêtes à fondre
L'électricité chante à travers les lignes de haute tension

Répète-moi le nom de ce que j'ignore

Le paysage me tient tout entière dans sa paume
Il a cessé de pleuvoir
Et le roi est mort pour aujourd'hui
La mémoire s'égare au coin de chaque rue
J'ai oublié ce que je connaissais du monde

Des cheveux noirs coulent le long des épaules
Les rues se remplissent de voix
Les *r* roulent comme des *billes* sur les tables de bois
Une forêt fond sur le dos de cette ville

Ici nous avons appris le regard.

VERS LEYDE

Un train sans nom nous emmène vers Leyde
Toi, moi et l'orage
Sur l'ornière pénible il nous faudra
Abandonner l'ardente fureur qui poursuit chacun de nos pas

La colère se traîne lascive derrière nous ;
Elle pense être ce qui nous lie
Moi je n'y crois pas
Il tonne il frappe tempétueux, le destin
Je n'y crois pas et je saurai m'en défaire en chemin

L'oracle et les malédictions nous collent aux os
Depuis que le sort s'est déclaré « joué »
Moi, je n'y crois toujours pas
Et vois-tu, je hais par dessus tout les fatalistes et les nez courts
Pour cause : jamais ils ne voient bien loin

Un train nous emporte vers Leyde
Bâtir de nouvelles voies et défaire d'anciens nœuds
Vois-tu, j'y crois

L'ESQUIVE

Feu épars au long des pentes,
ainsi demeure l'éclat entre les branches
répandu en écho

soleil de haute lutte,
pierre dormante sur la brèche de bois vert

le temps s'arrête
et se consume au plus près de l'air

éblouissante coulée,
moitié de neige vers le bleu
coupant le souffle

Avec le geste inépuisable du jour,
ravi pas à pas dans l'emportement du chemin

tu trébuches dans ta course
sur la rumeur du silence amoncelé

gardienne des eaux amères — une page s'ouvre,
moitié ombre, moitié lumière

dans l'attente muette,
la phrase un instant recule

obstinée sous la houle des mots,
elle surprend la brusque levée des signes

À l'affût dans les brumes du matin,
tu ne vois d'autre éclipse que cette insistance de l'air
glissant comme l'oiseau jaillit

en avant de la ligne sonore,
l'éclaircie soudaine se dénude —

soleil immobile,
avalanche dans ta voix
retournée au bord de l'inquiétude

si long étonnement des mains
qui se heurtent à d'invisibles barrières

rouge respiration d'un feu de ronces,
l'inconnu parle à ton oreille

On ne sait quel avènement
de l'aube surgit sur tes lèvres

sinon la persistance de la clarté
à la renverse de l'ombre
insaisissable où tu t'avances

corps ébloui,
gagné par ce surcroît de sève
tout entier absorbé
dans le miroir des heures indolentes

Là où commence l'ombre,
c'est peut-être l'attente qui gagne
le terrain perdu de proche en proche

rien d'autre n'existe
que le saisissement du lieu

où demeure un visage qui passe,
un feu follet va s'amenuisant

offrande passagère
de la nuit qui se referme
avec le défilé incessant des ombres

confondues
sous le balancement des herbes

À chaque pas de l'attente bousculant le ciel
à découvert au-devant des collines

jusqu'au front de l'air,
plus vaste terre du visible

passant et repassant les bornes

à force de temps,
elle seule connaît le lieu de l'éblouissement

WHEN HOURS MELT

Sun wanders
from its orbit,
lost in the night,

leaves in its wake a trail
of tiny sparks.
I catch one for luck.

It burns
to dark gray ash,
crumpled at the edges.

Dust billows,
swallows the shape
of my footprint.

The moon can no longer
find my face
in the lake's mirror.

RITOURNELLES

Pour le ciel et les tempêtes, j'ai vécu mêlée aux feuilles des arbres. Aujourd'hui, protégée entre deux pages d'un livre, je regarde de près le feu dans la cheminée. Les mots m'entraînent dans leur courant, je vogue, flotte, coule, remonte à la surface. La nuit dans mes rêves, je vois des visages sans nom ni désespoir, petits fantômes typographiés et balbutiants. Je leur apprends toutes les langues et le rire des forêts.

*

Je veux avancer plus loin entre les joncs, tu sais, me glisser où s'amorce un chemin ténu, à peine visible. Un chemin où l'on perd tout ce qui doit se perdre. Rien d'autre. Entamer un pèlerinage vers mon prénom avec la force du phragmite des joncs (aussi léger qu'une noix) traversant le Sahara pour venir jusqu'ici.

*

À sertir la langue comme on caresse des crânes dans les catacombes sans jouer à se faire peur, s'oublie le simple, merveilleux, balancement des fleurs des champs. Et c'est ton père, le jardinier, que tu vois apparaître. Image aussi tenace qu'un été.

*

Quand elles sont ensemble, les cigognes claquent du bec sans se regarder. Elles me font penser à mes poupées. Je leur fermais les yeux. Je caressais les paupières en plastique. J'appuyais aussi dessus. Pour voir. Les petites brosses noires aux secrets bien gardés se mettaient à frémir.

*

A Greg Dubs

Dos au soleil, je longe la rivière. Les reflets sur l'eau m'aspirent. Je les laisse me mettre en mille morceaux, phrases sans queue ni tête, impossibles à saisir. Avant de rêver.

SENSES OF PLACE

there is no sound
except the slow breathing of the trees
high where the leaves
stretch up to catch the racing clouds

the birds no longer try to sing
the wind steals every note
and stashes it
where it will never be discovered

the meadow shimmers
shot silk rippling a silver-green shawl
in the early-autumn light
pewter sky jade hedges thick
with garnets

and the sweet scent
wind-torn
of wood smoke hawthorn willow
an exotic hint of bay
and snow
not now but soon

rushing for the last few blackberries
before the devil spits on them
hands are scratched and torn
the sweet black juice commingling
with smears of red.

and the constant pull
that causes leaves and birds
and berries
all to fall
to merge with soil
and feed invertebrates

LA SENNA

In fondo
in ognuno di noi
c'è una Senna
avvitata e contorta
snodata e sgranata
debordante e cangiante
fluente e degradante
verso le nostre assenze
diluata nelle attese
dileguata in capillari ramati
Con lampioni ai lati
e gialli e tenui
con ponti azzuccherati e nebbiosi
con pioggia fine
C'è una Senna
tortuosa e impetuosa
ingabbiata da argini e panchine
nubi basse e voragini radicate
inurbamenti statici e dolori fusi

PASSION

We were there in the winter, or the dark-blue air of an ice-cold evening
in spring, in the church on the Rue Galande. Soaring up under the roof,
the same air, reverberating with the sounds of strings, organ and choir.

We were sitting in the pews, backs straight, while notes fell like snow in clouds of
breath. We weren't caught up in any of it, for just then we were outdoors, walking
on opposite sides of the Seine, the wind drowning out

our voices whenever we tried to speak. We sat shoulder to shoulder looking straight
ahead, but out of the corner of my eye I could see your lightly clothed arm, and
your hand rising out of your lap as if to catch at unknown chords.

PASJON

Det var om vinteren vi var der, eller en iskald vårkveld med mørkeblå luft, i kirka ved rue Galande. Den samme lufta fløy under taket, mettet av vibrasjoner fra strykere, orgel og kor.

Vi hadde benket oss, satt rakrygget mens toner snødde i skyene av pust. Vi fanget dem ikke inn, for vi var samtidig ute og gikk, befant oss på hver vår side av Seinen, vinden overdøvet

stemmene om vi prøvde å snakke. Vi satt skulder ved skulder og så rett fram, men din tynnkledte arm kom inn i synsfeltet og hånda løftet seg i fanget som om den grep om ukjente akkorder.

from THE SNOW MUSEUM

6

Winter is present in this painting, *Portrait of a Conversation*,
not sparkling, but dark, the winter of shadows, of blood

– with nothing to show the season, just two women, one younger, one
somewhat older, and yet winter's shadow is there in their faces, in words

that skate on thin ice, soundless words arising out of questions
that are never answered. Their faces are expressionless, their eyes blank

even though they are open and look this way. The craquelure on the
delicate surface is audible. Close up, two steps away, or maybe ten,

no matter how far, from whichever viewpoint, there's still something else, barely
glimpsed, as if another subject, inanimate, were circling around at the back.



6

I dette bildet, «Portrett av en samtale», finnes vinteren,
ikke den gnistrende, men den mørke, skyggenes vinter, blodets

- uten at det viser noen årstid, men to kvinner, ei yngre, ei
en del eldre, vinterskyggen er der i ansiktene, fra ordene

som balanserer på utrygg is, lydløse ord, oppstått av spørsmål
som aldri ble besvart. Uttrykkene er glatte, øynene lukket

sjøl om de er åpne og ser hit. En krakelering høres fra den
skjøre overflata. Helt innpå bildet, to skritt fra, eller ti,

uansett avstand og perspektiv, kommer likevel noe til syne i
glimt, som om det på baksida kretset et annet, livløst motiv.

from THE SNOW MUSEUM

11

You cannot keep snow in a museum. Snow-light in shades of blue, cold white, can be caught in a picture, as can the neutral grey

winter light that pushes with all its weight against a window-pane on a February morning. Over breakfast, it turns and takes on a somewhat

different character, now adding lustre to cracked cups and a heavy coffee pot. The slices of bread being eaten so thoughtfully start to glow

as if they had been dipped in honey. And maybe the sounds can be reproduced, long afterwards? Distant scraping on the pavement, snow sliding

off the roof? But the icy-cold draught and the ache in the small of the back, the way the fingers stiffen as the cup is lifted to the mouth,

these things melt and drain away. Those scents that were so familiar to us, trails that are all but obliterated by the cold, become after a while impossible

to decipher, a dead alphabet. When the door opened, the smell of snow lingered for a while in the hall, like an awkward visitor, only to vanish

quickly. Messages embedded in the smells of other people's homes, hints of freer spaces, would dissipate the way the fragrance of soap on someone's cheek

has no sooner appeared, a whiff of promise, than it is gone. Where images in the memory make overlapping prints, they lead

nowhere; they cannot be made to appear or reappear. 'Last year's snow' strikes an entirely new note when it proves to have been the very last time.



11

Du kan ikke bevare snøen på museum. Snølyset i sjatteringer av blått, kaldt hvitt, kan fanges på bilde, også det saklige grå

vinterlyset som legger seg med hele sin tyngde mot ei rute en februar morgen. Under frokosten vrir det på seg og får en litt

annen karakter når det avgir glans til kopper med skår og en tung kaffekjele. Fortært ettertenksomt skinner brødiskivene da

som om de var dyppet i honning. Og kanskje lydene kan gjengis lenge etter? Fjern skraping på et fortau, snø som raser

av taket? Men den iskalde trekken og verken i smalryggen, hvordan fingrene stivner til idet koppen løftes mot munnen,

dette smelter og renner vekk. De for oss kjente luktene, sporene som kulda nesten skjulte, blir etter hvert umulige

å tyde, et utdatert alfabet. Da døra gikk opp ble duften av snø hengende en stund i entréen lik en sky gjest, men forsvant

fort. Beskjeder innbakt i dunstene i andres hjem, antydninger om friere luft, gikk i oppløsning, slik søt såpe fra et kinn

kan dukke opp i et løfterikt blaff og forsvinne med det samme. Bildene i minnet hvor inntrykk krysser hverandre, leder ut i

ingenting, kan ikke stilles ut, ikke gjentas. Snøen som falt i fjor får en helt ny klang når det viser seg å være siste gang.

KLAUS MERZ

Translated from the German by Marc Vincenz

WATERCOLOR

No swell, but in still-
green, a lake.
The painter steals away
on faint feline footsteps.

AQUARELL

Kein Seegang, ein See.
Und die Stille grün.
Auf leisen Pfoten stiehlt sich
der Maler davon.

(ONCE A) MUSEUM

I

A dress hides
in the fall of its folds.
Three ships
pierce the lake.

From the deployed
cerebral matter
referred to as the retina,
a luminous stimulus
reproduces the next image.



I

Im Faltenwurf
versteckt sich
ein Kleid, drei Schiffe
stechen in See.

Vom vorgeschobenen
Hirnstück aus,
Netzhaut genannt,
löst sich als Lichtreiz
das nächste Bild.

II

Commander and contour
of self-superimposing
stories.

The tusk gently
sinks into the
elephant's memory.



II

Kontur und Kontur,
sich überlagernde
Geschichten.

Ins Gedächtnis
des Elefanten
senkt sich zärtlich
ein Elfenbein.

from *In the House, Still Light (Noch Licht im Haus)*

III

A hand pulls away
from its own writing. The images
close in upon themselves,

until a blind speck
unmistakably
speaks.



III

Die Hand entzieht sich
der Schrift, die Bilder
verschließen sich.

Bis ein blinder Fleck
unverwechselbar
zu uns spricht.

from *In the House, Still Light* (*Noch Licht im Haus*)

Da: VAPORIZZAZIONI

LIRICA / ANTILIRICA

Ora, dico, è necessario mortificare l'io, demonizzarne il canto o per converso riprodurne la luminosa fragranza? È un po' come chiedere, risponderebbe Pagliarani, parafrasandolo, se lo Zeppelin in volo sia sgonfio (e anche chi lo diriga, dico io, e se sia possibile leggere il futuro nel frullo della polvere in cielo, navigando).

Credo nei gradini che portano in *nessunluogo* e ovunque
(e in alcune poesie di Zanzotto).

CHE COSA NON SI EVINCE DA QUESTO LIBRO

Che la parola poetica nasca dal Sacro.
Che quando si stacca dalla bocca, sanguini.
Che quando raggiunge il bersaglio, ferisca.
Che la poesia dia voce all'infanzia della natura.
Che l'anima cerchi casa nel verso, e in esso bruci.
Che la lirica sia la regina della poesia moderna.

CHE

Che è la congiunzione con cui Eros Alesi cominciò
a morire; suicida senza Patria, come Moammed Sceab.

Questo libro di poesie non porta dentro tanto dolore:
nessun naufragio definitivo; tanti piccoli smottamenti
di senso, piuttosto, e agri pensieri, e tovaglie senza fiori.

COLLOCAZIONE

Questa poesia, che non s'intitola
La prima volta che ho letto Pascoli e Montale,
sta esattamente al suo posto, in questa pagina
e in nessun'altra, come le 156 dei *Canti di Castelvecchio*
e le ventitré della prima edizione degli *Ossi*.

Io dovrebbe fare lo stesso, almeno qui, tra le parole.

POESIE PER I PREMI

A guardare bene, qui non c'è un testo per i premi:
nessuno possiede il luccichio che abbagli o la felice meraviglia;
tutto si tiene oplitico, opaco: una falange che avanza piano
sulle secche di un mondo immondo, nato prezioso / ora meschino.

GIUDIZI

L'amico non dichiara l'avversione per questo o quel verso,
attenua con perifrasi l'insofferenza, calca il buono che c'è:
il tocco fresco dell'immagine, per esempio, o l'a-capo felice.

Il critico fa invece uscire le crepe, indica la muffa e il lampo.
Poi ci sei tu, che leggi per amore, anche se nessuno di noi due sa
che cosa significhi amore e quali chiose lo facciano brillare.

POSTILLA A CURRICULUM

La mia amica Cristina mise *Curriculum* in principio di *Gemello carnivoro*;
ma lei suonava l'oboe per la rivoluzione dello stile, sparando come un uomo
insonne.

Io invece faccio l'impiegato e m'addormento al canto del termosifone.

AFTERNOON RAIN

She didn't close the window, leaves blowing in
newspapers, books, tablecloth drenched,
she sat quietly watching the rain
fingernails pearlescent
each page she read seemed to float by
create an eddy,
dusk came early that day
power-blue and rose
the leaves quiet, the table bare
only the sound of pages turning.

READING THE FIRES CLOSELY

The flame of snow hidden in a book, the pages singed along the edges, creased in the center as if someone wanted to mark a thought, an image, even a sentence before everything melted and the flame of snow rose inside a book, the pages loose and glowing, it's smoking in the room now, the binding has disappeared and we only have the blur of words running from left to right, plunging into the drifts, burning as the last and only gaze turns away.

NOCTURNAL DISTURBANCES

Startled from sleep. Something pinging against the window. Absence of moonlight, darkness coiled around the house. Stirring in the ashes. Sleet down the chimney, undercurrent of disconnected images. A dreamless night. Embers still hot. Moving towards another hour. Too difficult to go back to sleep. The wearying news from abroad. Stripped earth, barren cities, blood, bones. Thin ribbon of a river. Chattering on the line, flickering screens. Impossible to tone down the sleet, pull away from the window. A few split logs from outback. Writing the images to restore balance. It's white outside, the sleet is deep. A birch log to light the first page. For the children. An island refuge protected by young bears, snowy owls, dolphins. Trying to cleanse the blood, move the bones into the fields. Something blooming again, the sun flowering in the east in a halo of violet-blue light. Carrying the old ones slowly, dogs and cats following. There's a giant barrier here at the edge of the page, preventing any other movement. Another log for the guttering fire, sleet pitting the ground. The second page is blank out of respect for those who have already died. The children breathe absence and bewilderment. Perhaps they can write the third page. Cross the mountains on the back of an owl, bringing the sun back, the moon, the stars, the tender conversations at dusk when families gather and silence has the quality of peace.

NIGHT SHELLING

It was a waste of time to pull the shades, the glare cut into the fibers, pulled the glass out of alignment, panes dropping, caulking smoldering, it was really crazy to try to block flares, the detonations, the black curling air. Molten glass recast at night into different shapes. A young lion, a blackbird, a tiny reindeer. He tried to escape before dawn, riding the reindeer, following the lion, holding the bird close to his heart.



Il y a des visions qui ne sont que pour soi —
Comme des tourelles
De petits profils d' animaux
Devant chez toi
L' autre soir
Alors que tu dormais
Dansait ce chevreuil
Son museau en triangle
L'œil de la forêt parallèle à sa lisière



Grand serpent cosmique
Nuit étoilée
Je m'abreuve à ta coupe
Illumine mon cercle de petites prophéties
Un jour peut-être toi aussi
Tu me nommeras par mon vrai nom



La terre est étroite
Je m'y tiens comme une graine
Demi-lune échappée du sol
Là où regarde le ciel
Quelque chose immanquablement
Se produit —
Radieuses brindilles

UNE GOUTTE D'EAU CONTIENT L'UNIVERS (EXTRAIT)

le jour tarde à paraître
on voit à peine l'étalement du fleuve

un peu plus loin une ligne orange brûlé
où rien ne bouge pas même une feuille

nous regardons le paysage devenir réalité
les rides surgir sur l'eau
mais pas sur notre peau

un morceau de beauté brille
en chacun de nous



par la fenêtre
du temps figé sur le fleuve

j'aimerais faire de la voile
rapprocher les deux rives

j'ai dans la main un caillou
plus vieux que moi
il se reposera au fond de l'eau
quand je n'existerai plus

la marée monte
je m'élève un peu
avec les oies des neiges

COSA VEDE UNA POESIA

In un mucchio di foglie
consumi le mani.

Ma lì dove affondano
e gelano i nervi

l'acqua risale
la senti.

È più di ciò che nell'aria
condensa e rimbalza.

*

Sarà perché questa
stagione ci porta con sé

tra ironia e compassione

che andiamo
ondeggiando la schiena

la testa in un guscio

il pensiero a bucare
le nuvole – e un tuffo.

*

Umore di pietra
scheggiata

fondo crostale
di polvere d'acqua

una goccia
racchiusa ora cola.

*

Lastricate allo stremo
stringono il passo

le nostre parole –

nei limiti offerti
dal vento e il suo attrito

tra un viottolo e un viso.

*

Alza un delirio
l'evoluzione del cielo.

Intatta esperienza
che affonda nel suono

e si getta restia ma
insistente in un corpo

più incredulo – il segno
istintivo che sento.

*

Un cielo legnoso sovrasta.

Chi vola è sgomento
il fremito astratto.

Non sai se fatica o dimora

se ferma il pensiero
o se guarda i suoi gesti svanire.

*

Bruciano dolcezze
inesauribili.

Finestre spalancate
da cui luce travolge
ogni ombra in attesa.

*

Credute leggende
corrono infanzie segrete.

Ciò che le accoglie
svanisce – ma i graffi
si vedono

infiammano pagine
affanni risvegli e sospiri.

Tutto e soltanto da qui.

Simon Anton Diego Baena

THE LOCUSTS HAVE SWARMED THE FIELDS

You want a funeral procession at dusk

you want to walk
in the rain
before reaching the altar

with all the biblical inconveniences
you will suffer

the locusts have swarmed the fields

there is no harvest

you will burn every poem
I have written

ZEK

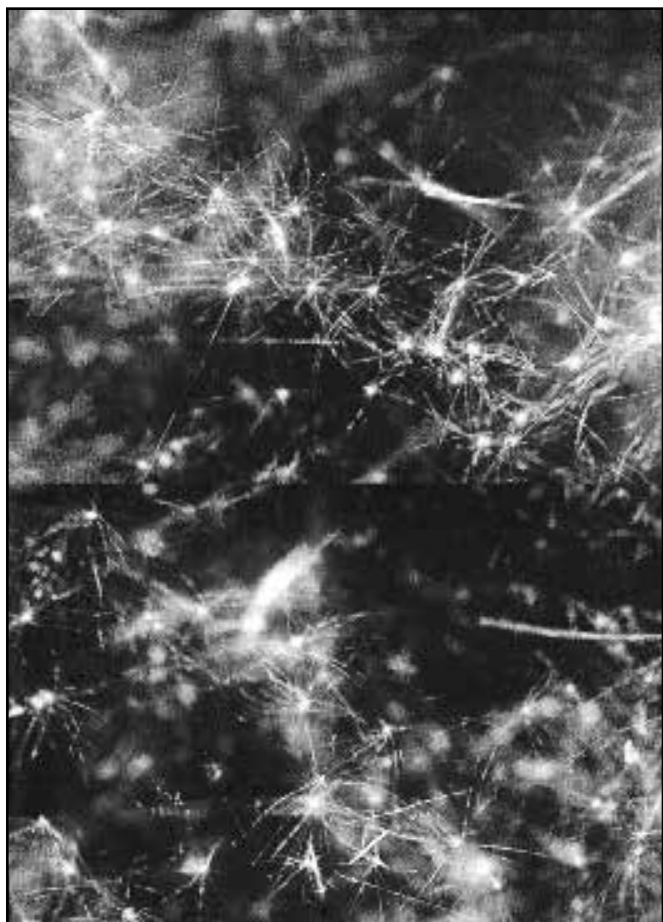
The clear sky of summer provides no relief
the poet dwells where he lives
while others wander in the wilderness
he has saved the ashes
of his burning family tree
with his hand trembling
he continues to write elegies
on scraps of paper
for the black earth

JAVIER PORTUGAL

THE HOLLOW MAN

I no longer recall what I am
what figure the mirror casts back;
whose shadows drift along the floor
bones rotting away in
empty space.

days and nights
sweep over me, reshaping me
in silence



ASTRAL DREAM

NEW HARBOR, MAINE

ROBERT MOORHEAD

POÈME DE LA CHAMBRE 613

Je suis venu ici pour mourir
j'ai mis la petite pancarte à la poignée de la porte
oh la si petite pancarte de
NE PAS DÉRANGER
et j'attends qu'on vienne me chercher
enfin qu'on vienne prendre ce qu'il
reste de moi
parce qu'il reste toujours quelque chose
qu'on laisse derrière soi
un petit abîme aussi ridicule que la
pancarte un trou dans le vide
une sorte d'imprécision bien qu'il
n'y ait jamais rien de précis
qu'à force d'agrandir la photo
on voit bien les atomes et on voit qu'on
pourrait tout brouiller en agitant
l'image créer un fouillis un
flou artistique si on s'arrête à temps
tout ce que je souhaite c'est qu'on ne
frappe pas à la porte qu'on ne la
force pas j'ai calculé deux jours
quarante-huit heures avant que le
type à la réception
qui semble être encore en mode
d'apprentissage une nouvelle recrue
ne commence à s'interroger et puis
non pourquoi s'en faire il se dit
« il doit y en avoir qui désirent seule-
ment un peu de tranquillité
du calme du repos »
la vie est si épuisante parfois
et le jour baisse sur Trois-Rivières

une odeur de pulpe qu'on traite
se répand dans l'atmosphère
au point de se dire qu'ils sont tous
morts et que je suis encore en vie
ce qui contrecarre tous mes calculs
à la télé il y a prolongation de partie
je vais finir par savoir qui a gagné
mais ce n'est pas moi je ne gagne pas
personne ne gagne ce sont les
matchs éliminatoires en continu
j'entends des pas dans le corridor
on dirait que ça s'arrête au 614
juste devant ma porte je suis au 613
et c'est l'endroit que ces deux-là
ont choisi pour terminer une
conversation si frivole que je remets
le son et la télévision inonde la
chambre
ils ont dû comprendre j'entends bonne
nuit oui c'est cela allez vous
coucher partez enfoncez-vous dans
l'irréalité du sommeil
faites-moi plaisir essayez de ne pas
vous réveiller
moi je crois que j'y arrive
je crois que c'est fini
et c'est bien ainsi
pour eux demain est un autre jour
pour moi demain sera une autre nuit

ISABEL AVES, Professor of English at the Universidade de Trás-os-Montes e Alto Douro, in Vila Real. With an interest in eco-literature, she has written articles on Henry David Thoreau and Leslie Marmon Silko.

SIMON ANTON DIEGO BAENA, author of *With Different Wars Raging* (Jacar Press). Recent poems have appeared in *Atlanta Review*, *South Carolina Review*, *takahe Magazine*, *The Inflectionist Review*, *Pembroke Magazine*, and elsewhere. He lives in the Philippines with his wife and child.

MARION BEVILACQUA, née en 2000. Etudes de cinéma, de lettres modernes et d'histoire de l'art. Travaille actuellement à la rédaction d'un récit long, réunissant les thèmes de l'absence, du rapport de l'être au souvenir, des différents états du corps. Expérience dans le monde de l'édition en effectuant un stage aux éditions Allia.

HANNE BRAMNESS, Norwegian poet, editor and translator. Her latest collection, *Sno på museum* (2021), will be followed in 2025 by *Himmelen faller ikke ned*, a poetic elegy on mother-daughter relationships. Translations of her work include a collection in French and new selected poems, *The History of Winter* (2025).

GIORGIO BONACINI, 1955. Negli anni 70/80 ha fatto parte del gruppo *Simposio Differante*, con performance d'arte e poesia fluxus. E' redattore di *Anterem* e ha pubblicato testi poetici e critici su varie riviste e in volume. Il suo ultimo libro è *I segni e la polvere*, Arcipelago itaca, 2020.

ALAN BRITT teaches English/Creative Writing at Towson University. In 2018 and in 2013 he served as judge for the The Bitter Oleander Press Library of Poetry Book Award. His interview at The Library of Congress for The Poet and the Poem aired on Pacifica Radio, January 2013.

A. M. PIRES CABRAL, author of twenty-one collections of poetry, he has won numerous awards for his work, including the Portuguese PEN Prize for Poetry. This is his first publication in the United States.

ALAIN FABRE-CATALAN, membre du comité de rédaction de la *Revue Alsacienne de Littérature*. Participation à un ouvrage collectif sur la traduction, *D'une rive à l'autre, Quand les poètes traduisent les poètes* (Éditions Tituli, 2023). Un recueil de poèmes *Suite impromptue* aux éditions De Bonne Heure à Strasbourg en 2024.

DAVID CHORLTON came to Arizona in the late 1970s after living the early part of his life in England and Austria. The desert proved to be a worthy teacher in writing as well as in ecology. His newest book, *Dreams the Stones Have* (The Bitter Oleander Press) owes much to Arizona.

ADRIANO DE LUNA, nato nelle Marche dove vive e lavora come avvocato libero professionista. Membro del Consiglio di Priorato dello Studio Firmano dalla Antica Università (Storia dell'Arte medica e della Scienza <http://www.studiofirmano.net/>), ha pubblicato saggi e studi di storia, arte e diritto.

STEFANO GUGLIELMIN (Schio, 1961), laureato in filosofia, fa parte della redazione di "Anterem". Tra gli ultimi libri pubblicati, troviamo le sillogi *Maybe it's raining. Selected poems 1985-2014* (2014), *Ciao cari* (2016), *Dispositivi* (2022) e *Un regno di ciechi senza doni* (2023) e il saggio *La lingua visitata dalla neve. Scrivere poesia oggi* (2019).

LOUIS-PHILIPPE HÉBERT a publié une quarantaine de livres. En 1982, il a fondé la première maison d'édition de logiciels en français, puis une maison de livres informatiques et grand public. Il a été décoré de l'Ordre des francophones d'Amérique pour saluer l'ensemble de son œuvre littéraire et informatique. En 2015, il a reçu le prix du Gouverneur Général.

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.

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) et *Chant Nuptial* (Editions de l'Entrevous, 2024).

ALEXIS LEVITIN, author of fifty books, including translations of Clarice Lispector's *Soulstorm* and Eugenio de Andrade's *Forbidden Words*, both from New Directions.

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

MARIE-CHRISTINE MASSET, née en 1961 à Ruffec (Charente). A traduit de l'australien *Le Versant Noir* de Kevin Gilbert (Castor Astral, 2017). Son dernier livre est *L'Oiseau rouge/The Red Bird*, version bilingue, traduit par Andrea Moorhead (Oxybia, 2020). Collabore à *Recours au Poème*. Membre du Parlement des écrivaines francophones et du Conseil de Rédaction de *Phoenix* (Marseille).

KLAUS MERZ, born in 1945 in Aarau and lives in Unterkulm, Switzerland. Has won many literary awards including the Hermann Hesse Prize for Literature, Swiss Schiller Foundation Poetry Prize, and the Friedrich Hölderlin Prize. In 2024, he won Switzerland's highest literary prize, the Grand Prix for Swiss Literature for his oeuvre.

PANSY MAURER-ALVAREZ, born in Puerto Rico and studied at universities in the US, Spain and Switzerland, settling permanently in France. Author of six collections of poetry, including *In a Form of Suspension* (corrupt press) and *Oranges in January* (Knives Forks and Spoons Press).

ANDREA MOORHEAD's collections include *The Carver's Dream* (Red Dragonfly Press), *Tracing the Distance* (Bitter Oleander Press), and *The Magician's Tales* (MadHat Press). *Dialogue des fantômes* is forthcoming from AMV édition.

ROBERT MOORHEAD, painter and graphic designer. His graphic work appears regularly in the online journals *January Review* (Philippines) and *Possibles* (Montréal).

PATTY DICKSON PIECZKA's most recent book, *Gathering Sunlight*, is a collaborative effort with Silvia Scheibli. Her collection *Beyond the Moon's White Claw* received the Red Dragonfly Press David Martinson—Meadowhawk Prize.

JAVIER PORTUGAL, a fourth year undergraduate student in communication arts in De La Salle University, Philippines, has won local awards in campus journalism and has had prose pieces published in small literary journals.

SYLVIE POISSON a publié deux recueils de poésie aux Écrits d'à côté et un recueil de poésie jeunesse chez Soulières éditeur. Elle participe régulièrement à différents événements poétiques dont le Festival international de la poésie de Trois-Rivières.

FRANCES PRESLEY lives in London. Recent publications include *Ada Unseen* (Shearsman) on Ada Lovelace and *ADADADA* (Odyssey, 2022), a collaboration with Tilla Brading. 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 *Long Poem Magazine* in 2021 and *Winter Kitchen / Vinter-kjøkken*, a book of poems for young people, in 2020.

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. Her most recent collections are *Conversations with Athena at Mieza* (Finishing Line Press) and *In the House of Rain* (Concrete Mist Press).

LENNART SJÖGREN, prominent Swedish poet and painter born in 1930 on the island of Öland, where he still lives. His first poetry collection appeared in 1958 and he has since published some thirty books. His latest book, *The Rainbow*, came out in 2024.

MARC VINCENZ, Anglo-Swiss-American poet, translator, editor, publisher, musician, and artist. His translation of Klaus Merz' selected poems, *An Audible Blue* (White Pine Press), won the 2023 Massachusetts Book Award. His latest poetry collections are *The Pearl Diver of Irunmani* (White Pine Press, 2023) and *The King of Prussia Is Drunk on Stars* (Lavender Ink, 2024).

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.





WARWICK BASS SWAMP IN WINTER



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