



OSIRIS 101

FIFTY-THREE YEARS 1972-2025

h anglais french français german allemand italian italien norwegian norvège



SAM AURELI SIMON ANTON DIEGO BAENA LUIS C. BERRIOZABAL
HANNE BRAMNESS PER AAGE BRANDT ALAN BRITT STEVE DEMONT
DELPHINE DURAND ALAIN FABRE-CATALAN FABRICE FARRE CHARLES HADFIELD
RAY KEIFETZ FERNANDO LENA PANSY MAURER-ALVAREZ GIOVANNI MAGLIOCCO
KLAUS MERZ MICHÈLE MOISAN ANDREA & ROBERT MOORHEAD
MANDY PANNETT FRANCES PRESLEY ANNA RECKIN PAUL B. ROTH
THOM SATTERLEE SILVIA SCHEIBLI SAM SMITH JEAN MARC SOURDILLON
MARC VINCENZ MARC-ANDRÉ VILLENEUVE

CINQUANTE-TROIS ANS 1972-2025



OSIRIS 101

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RAY KEIFETZ

AT THE NATIVE DANCES

for KM and CY

Outside our car from across the river
drumming,
skins of bears clawing dust,
cold beaks and talons
of snow white eagle
husks descending in splendor,
villagers wrapped in blue sky blankets
staring like stone at the agon
of flesh and feathers.
No one asks us why
we've come.
They just stare
past our empty hands
at the flayed ones in the plaza
who've come with seeds and rain
from across the river.

FLUTED GLASSES

When you died
I drank your wine.
I fed your cats.
I freed your doves.
Your horse was waiting by the gate.
I wrapped myself in something bright,
filled a pair of fluted glasses,
lifted the latch—
All night I chased the roan
across the meadow.
I held our glasses high
as I kept falling
farther and farther behind.

RETINA, NO. 53

Like at a funeral, astonished heart
Just to take one instant
Of our lives
To construct the astral dream and reshape the room poem
It falls away especially when
Unforeseen mirrors light up

We didn't hear you coming, we had expected you so long
We couldn't believe you were approaching us at last softly
That night I went to bed dreaming of a painting
There were no eyes in it but two large black roundish shapes
Moving near a river that seemed gentle and deep from where I lay

At night sometimes I feel an urgency to measure
The spaces within all the places I have lost
Nowhere else, astonished heart
Nothing is linear he said
You have to accept that

TE WAKA MOANA*

All the meanings of words
and rhymings of lines
and spellings of facts
the tangles of grammar

blown away by the huge blue horizon
beyond the breakers

meanings transformed into colours
of water and sky

occasional clouds
indicate islands
wheeling birds
indicate fish
slop and splash of waves on the hulls
a changing pattern
leading us somewhere else

the Navigator sits in the bilges
feeling in his balls the twists of current
the turning of the waves tugging in new directions
watches the stars wheeling above him
listens to his ancestors' voices
guiding him onwards onwards over heaving ocean
south south from the smoke
of the old islands
and the star charts of shells fixed to the roof beams
memories memorised
routes tracked through the sky and water

how to control this tugging of blood
whatever the weather
wherever it leads us?

**The Sea Boat*

QUELQUES ARBRES (EXTRAITS)

Un oiseau joue dans le feu
d'une crinière d'aiguilles

secoue les rameaux dorés de pollen

les conifères cloques sur la peau
défendent leur couleur
sous l'assaut du soleil

quelle main prendrait leurs cônes
pour des obus

qui s'indignerait des explosions
de brûlante semence

QUELQUES ARBRES (EXTRAITS)

Sous la pénombre d'un saule
des objets qu'on imagine

une table des verres
une boisson saveur de pluie

l'air creuse des ruisseaux où se croisent nos gestes
nagés dans un lait brumeux

nous n'avons pas froid au cœur
de cet enclos feuillu

lumière liquide sur les lèvres
du temps échangé contre quelques paroles

un rayon nous reconduit
à nous-mêmes

l'orage et notre soif
en allés

AROUND THE BEND

Patches of gray clouds
over the lone hill,
treeless, green-less,
I come around
the bend gazing
from my car window.
A dark bird makes its
presence known like
a small stain as it
glides toward the gray
clouds. A light rain
falls on my windshield.
It seems like a flood
in this time of drought.

SAM SMITH

RED BLUE GREEN

three colour vivid
pointillistic
pretend lives

crash

calamity or
crisis

selfhoods pixilated
temporary rearrangements
of broken squares

FRANCES PRESLEY

HUMBER

for HT & JT

1

small white head and neck egret above the reeds

then body stilts and gone

rushes and trenches

on Tetney Marsh

can I be entrenched here dear

the great forts on either side of the estuary

beached like sailing boats

wind turbines languid movement

hardly able to turn handstands stood

in a bad attitude

loud voiced dog walkers let it go free to call it back

the animal they can command some of the time

quietly foraging heron

the somnolent yap of a crow in the thorn

2

teasels against wider cumulus clouds

accumulating

swallows nest in the pill box

as Trump bombs Iran gulls press the mud bank

the wind is strong turning the turbines

where are the winds of change?

the return of our wealth and not by stealth

the dark side of teasel
standing caps
cones that vibrate
motioned by the wind

Tetney Marsh
Humber Estuary

21-22 June 25

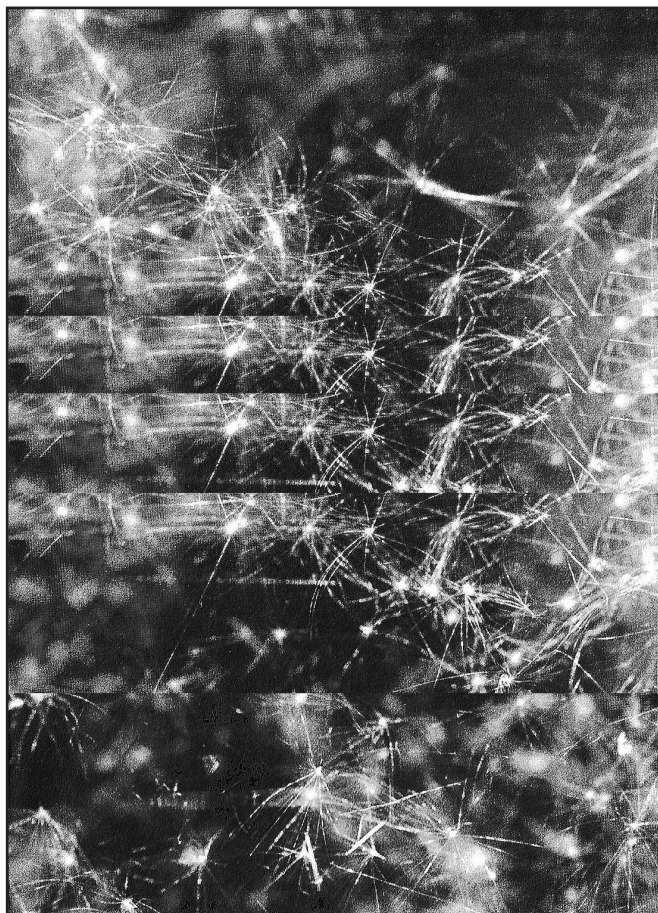
...MA NON TROPPO... (EXTRAITS)

À ANDREA

2

La barque est bientôt prête...

La barque est bientôt prête, on pêche encore au feu,
on se détache des lueurs sans porter de corps franc,
on s'affaire, on attache les cormorans à tribord
avec des cordes, on les dévisse à jabot ouvert :
ils sont bien meilleurs pêcheurs que les hommes.
Au premier sac, nouveau don et au ressac suivant
revient le chant oisif d'une sirène, chargé d'écume.
On est marin quand on chante Véronique
on est marin quand on écrit que le coton d'un nuage
panse la plaie du Haut. On naît marin, face
au mur à la hauteur de l'attente.



ASTRAL 1

Robert Moorhead

3

De là, on voyait la face cachée...

De là, on voyait la face cachée des larges
feuilles et le soleil intermittent en perçait les nervures,
le suc circulait, les yeux suivaient son parcours ;
aimer roulait dans les veines. Près du poignet, le sang
passant léger venait se poser comme une mouche.
J'avais une chanson verte, impromptue sur les lèvres,
je la murmurais pour ne pas éveiller la dynamique
des choses qui, surprise par ma voix de tête, aurait cessé,
réduisant l'amant vain que j'aurais été à un caillou
où se serait heurté le quintus des mélancoliques.

5

Il fait un rêve...

Il fait un rêve d'olive noire.

Tombé au pied de l'arbre porteur, pressentant le désert
avant d'en effleurer le sable, sa peau se ride. L'absence
du regard de ses semblables le colore, et sa forme
qui roule s'arrondit lorsqu'elle s'épuise.

Cette nuit, la frayeur crée le noyau.

6

Tu aimes les chevaux...

Tu aimes les chevaux, mais les caprices du corps
freinent la course, depuis quelques temps. Regarde-les
courir dans l'enclos, derrière la bâtisse jaune de foin.
La vision est légère et suspendue : tout s'indiffère.

La force emporte, malgré tout, le cavalier tiré au sort,
armé, désarmé, qu'importe. Sancho l'accompagne
à chacun de ses pas, il le reconnaît, et les choses
se reposent en courbant l'échine au-dessus de l'eau.



OPHELIA 4

Andrea Moorhead

KLAUS MERZ

Translated from the German by Marc Vincenz

WHAT I SAW WITH MINE OWN EYES

I.

Maria spreads out her cloak.
The blue fabric seeps beneath
the bolted door; it forms
the foundations for life
in this invisible city where
one hand clasps the other, tight.

WAS ICH MIT EIGENEN AUGEN SAH

I.

Maria breitet den Mantel aus,
ihr blaues Tuch quillt unter
der verriegelten Tür hervor,
es unterfüttert das Leben in
der unsichtbaren Stadt. Wo
die eine Hand die andere
bei der Hand nimmt.

II.

A woman draws her poetry
from a growing cloudbank on the shore
and enters within. She feels
her way along her lifelines, the guiding
hand of their flowing currents, which are in-
scripted, and chronicle her inner-
most life.

II.

Eine Frau zieht die Poesie als
wachsende Wolke an Land und
geht selber darin auf. Sie spürt
Handlinien nach, den zarten
Verkehrsströmen, die uns ein-
geschrieben sind und von uns
berichten.

III.

A handcrafted network
of coordinates plots out
our last oyster supper.
Our eyes measure out what has been served up.
Behind, the ocean is tearing up; and thus,
we return home over crags, over reefs—
and, quite conspicuously—over what
can't quite be perceived.

III.

Übers Austernmahl legt sich
ein handgefertigtes Koordinaten-
netz. Wir messen das Angerichtete
mit allen Augen aus. Dahinter zer-
reißt das Meer. Es wird ein Gehen
über Klippen, über Riffe – und augen-
fällig, was sonst nicht zu erkennen ist.

IV.

Right here, scissors snip
at Felix Vallotton's sisters, separating their dark from their light.
We follow that sharp incision
with finger precision—pregnant possibilities spill on dark ground
all the way to the end—when Judith
arrives with a collection of Swiss army knives:
blades upon blades that reveal a sharper soul.

Félix Vallotton (1865-1925) refers to Franco-Swiss painter and printmaker Félix Édouard Vallotton who was associated with Les Nabis in Paris.

IV.

Da greift die Schere nach Vallottons
Schwestern, trennt das Schwarze vom
Weißen. Wir verfolgen den Schnitt in
den Schritt. Die Geburt neuer Möglichkeiten
auf dunklem Grund. Und weiter
bis hin zum Schluss: Judith zeigt uns
ihr Stell- und Klappmessersortiment,
offenbart ihre geschärfte Seele.

ETERNAL VOYAGE

AFTER DUANE LOCKE

Turns out, we did not paint out the name
of Argo.

Instead, we continued to revolt against
spaces being cleared in warehouses
for boxes of something said to be golden.

In fact, we challenged the status quo;
we worshipped a one-inch driftwood
grasshopper with Olympic weightlifter
squat thighs & knees like two pulleys
on thorny hind legs with an ashen stripe
for a spine, ashen stripe that resembles
twin stripes singeing the shoulder blades
of a garden spider hopping over grass
clippings two feet away.

In fact, we entered the Pleasure Dome
upon the slime of a leopard slug grazing
cabbage leaves that cradled the dewdrop
Marvell spoke of plus the one Juan
Ramón Jiménez sank beneath
while searching for utopia.

We followed the black ant's tango body
for hours, like Lorca said, as it traversed
the broomstick edge of an oak picnic
table & down the raised grains of its
weathered thigh into leaves of grass
beneath a quicksilver summer shower.

We dismantled our bones, as necessary,
& curled inside a chrysalis only to emerge
with words corresponding coquinas
to sidewinder rattlesnakes.

We did not follow Jason to steal
the Golden Fleece; instead we endured
pitch darkness for years, centuries
even, just to hear copper raindrops
tapping our arteries, copper raindrops
falling from a mockingbird's midnight
serenade. We detailed dragonflies drifting
through our thoughts, thoughts resembling
cattails submerged to breathe oxygen
through pond reeds near a shoreline choking
on lily pads the size of string quartets
composed by striped fish shaped like our
voices worn down by the sandpaper years.

We recognize Argo on a daily basis.

We know Argo . . . & we evolved
into people you no longer recognize.

But we did not lose our values, & we
did not paint out the name of Argo.

[Italicized verses by Duane Locke]

FROM YONNE

the machine absorbs language,
especially utterances that fit
a certain profile, such as shrill
lamentations, petitions, and
furious outbutsts of reason
and likewise, nothing remains,
just sniffing and grunting,
weak, submissive sighs and
that utterly catchy visual phrase
we call silence: they fill and
permeate the space from asphalt
to sky; the machine doesn't make
any noise itself, just hums a bit
when it's turned on, otherwise it
gladly sucks up all sorts of language-
dust and leaves our ears empty

maskinen absorberer sprog,
især ytringer med en vis profil,
såsom skærende klagesange,
bønfaldelser og rasende udbrud
af fornuft og lignende, ingenting
bliver tilbage, kun snøft og grynt,
bløde diskrete suk og de helt
iørefaldende visuelle udtryk, vi
kalder tavshed: de fylder og mætter
rummet fra asfalt til himmelloft;
maskinen larmer ikke selv, den
summer kun lidt ved opladning,
suger ellers villigt al slags sprogstøv
til sig og efterlader vores ører blanke

and love comes and takes a stroll
over our bodies, that is to say it
kicks, whips, hits, and tears long
strips across our surfaces, the sun
rises and bakes the wounds into odd
crusty bread, salty and sweaty like us
under our shady hats and screens,
we boil like tomatoes, love kicks in
again, until the day grows quiet and
dark and is called night with heavy fog

og kærligheden kommer og går sig
en tur over vores legemer, det vil sige
pisker og sparker, slår og river lange
striber over fladerne, solen står op og
bager sårene til sære skorpede brød,
salte og svedige som vi selv var, under
vores skyggefulde hatte og skærme,
vi koger som tomaterne, kærligheden
sparker igen, indtil dagen bliver stille
og sort og kaldes nat med kraftig tåge

DA: DUE PUNTI DI VISTA CHE FISSANO
UN MANCATO SUICIDIO

SENZA FISSA DIMORA

In una villetta nel verde
lei sta con la pioggia negli occhi
ne sono certo perché adesso
il ricordo è un approccio
di verità data ai quattro venti
ma quello che amo di più
è sempre lo scirocco,
quel soffio africano
che gonfiava i palloncini
in un compleanno che non ricordo più:
il bambino tagliava la torta
e dopo pochi anni una polvere
con un codice fiscale
inebriato da aspirazioni funebri.

Lei ti ha istruito
per un volo senza partiture,
di sera in un pensiero fumoso
incrociando gli sguardi bucati
di Charlie Parker ora sai
che il viaggio è improvvisazione
di due vite che predicano
una poesia senza fissa dimora.

LA CENA DEL 27 GENNAIO

La cena con i libri accanto stasera
un tutt'uno di grammatica e sale,
la moglie del vicino che grida in toscano
quel fragile equilibrio dei legami:
il mio racconto ormai è solitario
dalla penna al cucchiaino
prima che il notiziario sferri
la sua coltellata di visioni
in armonia con i rincari:
ho provato a metterle in fila le parole
e poi davanti a un plotone d'esecuzione,
oggi però è il 27 gennaio
e il tuo ghetto è muto,
il gelo fuori all'occorrenza
e la neve sugli appennini
creano l'atmosfera dell'orrore
e della memoria appena apro il forno
per il vitello grasso conservo
il brivido di una poesia di Celan.

I DREAM OF LORCA

FOR PATTY DICKSON PIECZKA

About him forging everything green again. His own green — that tone of young lizards sparing on river banks or sleeping on heated stone walls, exploring cracks in ancient bricks, where spiders roost or black phoebes glide. Where even grief is green, a lush tint smitten with tears in late afternoon pretending to be awake. His green has no name except some say it is more velvet than silk & kinder than pines.

SILVIA SCHEIBLI

SEPTEMBER SUNSET

Geese like sleeves of moonlight
call with dimmed voices
across a fermented sky

They track the wind's name
bundled up in my throat

I button my jacket —
unfurl the fluent scent
of oak leaves
brushing my shoulder

OBITUARY

The house is closed
to visitors

and the shovel outside
is pointed
at the trees

on a park bench
I sit
with pigeon droppings on my shoulders
like the poor Buddha
basking in the silence

nobody looks
at their reflection
in the rain puddle

nobody walks on the water

THE DOOR

is made of wood
you can easily
set it on fire
when the air turns cold
doors can exist anywhere
in the house
the door is simple
and useful
like a clay pot
the door is a casket
on land
and a raft at sea
a bird nests in its hole
the thief opens
the door
and steals cookies
from your jar

LES BRANCHES DE LILAS

Début d'après-midi un samedi d'avril, presque estival. L'air très doux vient de loin là-bas, en Normandie, près de la mer. Deux ou trois nuages blancs étendus dans le ciel s'en souviennent. Je suis sorti couper du lilas frais, du blanc, du mauve, du violet, et j'ai changé l'eau du vase, lentement, très lentement en mesurant chacun de mes gestes. Quand, ployant l'arbre, j'ai tendu les bras pour accueillir les grappes odoriférantes, George, le chat blanc, est apparu au bord du toit, les yeux plissés, tout endormi encore. Il s'était réfugié à l'ombre des plus hautes branches sur les tuiles chaudes. Il attendait que lui aussi je le cueille. J'ai laissé tomber la brassée de lilas dans l'herbe et je l'ai serré contre moi. Il était tout tiède et respirait lentement. J'ai attendu qu'il sorte de son sommeil et je l'ai posé sur le sol en bois de la terrasse. J'ai mis les fleurs dans le vase, sorti la table, les fauteuils, posé les livres sur la table. Puis j'ai repris George et l'ai déposé sur un coussin d'un rouge un peu passé tout près de moi. Nous sommes tous les deux, l'un à côté de l'autre, chacun sur son fauteuil face au grand ciel d'avril là-bas au loin vers la mer et la Normandie. J'ai ouvert un livre de poèmes, Louise Glück, *L'iris sauvage*. Et voici ce que j'ai lu : « je ne me demande plus où tu te trouves, tu es dans le jardin »

IL EXISTE UN LIEU

Il existe un lieu très retiré et très intérieur, lieu d'une affirmation sans égale où s'énonce en secret le oui primordial.

Autour de lui tout n'est qu'hésitations, nuances, essais, précautions :

les feuilles d'un vert naissant sur les arbres

le pas frissonnant de deux chevreuils entre leurs troncs vulnérables

l'air froid d'avril sous les fleurs

une respiration lointaine, la buée sur les yeux qui s'éveillent

le blanc dans le bleu à la jonction des collines et du ciel

Là, dans ce lieu, rien ne se répare, rien ne s'arrime, tout seulement naît.

Tout arrive, n'en finit pas d'arriver et soi-même, on naît, on est emporté dans le courant de naître

UNE ÉCHAPPÉE HORS DE SOI

À INGEBORG BACHMANN

D'un même pas, le jour se rassemble,
le voici qui délivre son chant
marqué du sceau de la nuit

je vais augurant le signe
d'un feu rougi contre la pierre

autant que tessons de soleil,
seul le présent dénoue
la voix du temps

d'un cri égal s'ouvre le filon
sur le seuil fixant l'étrave,
je me perds dans le retrait de l'heure,
épiant le visible devenu voix
attentive au silence qui passe,
lentement se pose sur les choses

Semblable parabole de l'ombre,
lambeau de ciel dans l'échancrure,
je devine le vent qui me guide

vers l'ignorance des ronces
offertes au tranchant de la faux,
se réveille l'éphémère partition

il n'est d'autre sillage ô Virgile
qu'un lit de syllabes avec son poids d'énigme

pour tout héritage, je connais la tristesse
cachée sous un masque de fièvre

d'un reste de nudité,
l'empire du désir répand ses ombres
sous l'arche par le travers du gué

Exacte jonglerie à l'encontre du ciel,
je dénombre le passage des corps

l'inépuisable à portée de main,
je rejoins l'oracle haut perché
avec sa ceinture de soleil

la vie est à rebours,
braise qui luit, éclat de neige lointaine,
dans la trouée des collines

sous la fêrue de l'orage,
l'éclair ne dure qu'au front
avec l'innocence inquiète des forêts

étoiles autant que fleurs semées,
l'azur ne vieillit pas
qui s'enfuit dans le paysage

*le temps en sursis révocable
devient visible à l'horizon*

THE SWAN'S HOUSE

When the clouds were scudding by, the white-washed house looked as if it was sailing down the river, and when the fog lifted, it would emerge from behind the haze like a swan. It stood in an old spa resort where the sick once came to drink the yellow-stained water and be healed. Its windows had small panes with old glass in them that made the view ripple. The young woman who was living there, or visiting for a while, had stopped believing her own eyes, did not feel she could trust in anything, that's why she stayed so long. She spent her days walking beside the river, watching the swans. One time she was attacked and chased to the door by a furious bird who was nesting. There was something in the atmosphere of that house that wasn't safe to mention. At night a whispering sound got up, a voiceless song, perhaps from branches sweeping over the roof, while the house was asleep. As for the person lying next to her, he slept soundly. It was all a long time ago, not mentioned, not put into words, something that could only be described as coming from another world. So can't the house simply become history? The city's glory days are over and most likely no one there remembers her. But she did not sleep, and she may never forget how it was to be young and dying from all that was missing. Still, embracing who you were and where you once lived can seem as impossible as embracing a swan.

SVANEHUSET

Når skyene hastet av sted, så det hvitkalka huset ut som det seilte på elva, og når tåka dro forbi, kunne det dukke fram av sløret lik en svane. Det sto i en gammel badeby med spa der sjuke en gang var kommet for å drikke av det gule vannet og bli friske. Det hadde småruta vinduer med det gamle glasset i, slike som får utsikten til å bølge. Den unge kvinne som bodde der ei stund, eller var på besøk, trodde ikke sine egne øyne, følte ingen tillit, derfor ble hun så lenge som hun gjorde. Om dagen gikk hun langs elva, betraktet svanene. En gang ble hun overfalt av en illsint fugl på reir som jagde henne til døra. Det fantes noe i lufta i huset som ikke var trygt å nevne. Om natta steg det fram hviskelyd, stemmeløs sang, kanskje fra greiner som dro over taket, mens huset sov. Han som lå ved sida av henne, sov tungt. Det er lenge siden, det som ikke ble nevnt, ikke kom til orde, fikk ikke andre uttrykk enn fremmedhet. Så kan ikke huset få gå over i historia? Storhetstida til byen er forbi, henne er det nok ingen der som husker. Men hun sov ikke, og må aldri glemme hvordan det var å være ung og dø av alt som manglet. Likevel, å omfavne den en var og hus en har bodd i, kan virke like umulig som å omfavne en svane.

SIGNS OF THE TIMES

The 1565 painting hanging on blue-painted panelling in a child's bedroom in the far west of Norway – a faded poster of Breughel's *Hunters in the Snow*, lights up this now-vacated, unheated part of the house. Its empty

window looking out into the garden marks the opening of a new era. Just as it was back then, for the hunters in the picture, on their way to a succession of bitterly cold winters, a new ice age. Oblivious, they tramp through

the crust of the snow, the hunt's meagre pickings weighing them down. At the edge of their field of vision is the inn, with the sign over its entrance of the patron saint of hunting dangling at a precarious angle, while flames from a bonfire close in on

its walls, and daylight fades. The cold tightens its grip, so the mill-wheel is silent and the houses shiver under mantles of snow. But it is only those who are fearful and those who have time to think who see

the signs. Out on the green-blue ice over ponds and canals, along one or another of the diagonals in the picture, people are dancing on skates, with curling-stones and sledges 'as if the deep did not exist'. The

black birds are crossing a mute sky. A painting like this can freeze history solid, exclude other perspectives. With the aid of the picture, we lay a lid of silence over the past,

TEGN I TIDA

Maleriet fra 1565 mot blåmalt panel, på et barneværelse helt vest i Norge - den falma plakaten med Bruegels *Jegerne i snøen* skinner i dette fraflytta, uoppvarma rommet i huset. Forlatt

lyser vinduet ut i hagen, markerer inngangen til ei ny tid. Slik som den gang, for jegerne på bildet er på vei inn i ei rekke iskalde vintre, ei ny istid. Uvitende trækker de gjennom

skaren, det magre utbyttet av jakta tynger dem. I det perifere synsfeltet har de vertshuset der dørskiltet med jaktas skytshelgen dingler faretruende, flammer fra et bål nærmer seg

husveggen idet dagen skumrer. Kulda fester grep så møllehjulet tier, hus skjelver under kappene av snø. Men det er bare de engstelige og de som har tid til å tenke, som får med seg

tegnene. Ute på den grønneblå isen på dammer og kanaler, langs en eller fler av diagonalene i bildet, danser folk på skøyter, med curlingsteiner og kjelker, «som om dypet ikke fantes». De

svarte fuglene krysser en taus himmel. Et maleri som dette kan fryse historien fast, utelukke andre perspektiv. Og med bildets hjelp legger vi et lokk av stillhet over fortida,

putting aside the moves of the skaters, the 'nick' of iron on ice, trees creaking,
the whirr of wing-beats. What became of the voices? If we go in, right up close,
perhaps we can hear the dark notes that winter draws out, the light crackling

of flames, smooth and rough breathing? The lost sounds come
through so clearly here, I sit down on the bed for a while,
remembering how the room was. The hunters on the poster stand

firm, but they are still going onwards, following the line that takes the eye
to the middle of the picture, the vanishing-point. The way we're going.
We too heading for an unknown horizon, in threatening weather.

utraderer skøytetak, gniks av jern mot is, knirking i trær,
suset fra vingeslag. Hvor ble stemmene av? Går vi helt innpå
kan vi kanskje høre de mørke tonene vinteren henter fram, den

lyse knitringen av flammer, rolige og urolige åndedrag? De
tapte lydene blir så tydelige her jeg setter meg på senga en
stund, husker hvordan rommet var. Jegerne på plakaten står

urokkelig, men fortsetter likevel, følger linja som leder øyet
mot midten av bildet, forsvinningspunktet. Den veien vi skal.
Vi er også underveis mot en ukjent horisont med truende vær.



A moth's wing, shadow on the glass,
breathing more quietly
fresh sheets, a woven blanket,
it's late in the evening
and no one has come by
stretching the silence
to pull in the woods
find an opening for the night
somewhere beyond the awkward
expectation of a voice or a footstep
crossing the lawn, entering the room.

FESTIVE AFTERNOONS

The floss had become tangled
soft rose and mellow blue, infinite beige, charcoal
the children had pulled off all the wrappers
made necklaces for their tigers and bears
even the dolls had festive bracelets
flamingo and royal blue
she only put back the unused skeins
left an empty place in the drawer
in case the tigers or the bears
grew weary of their finery
long after the children went to bed.

INTERFACES

I've carried your veins far enough. People are beginning to stare. I can't blame them, your veins are dark purple and long, murmuring and muttering, as if a song were forming, a constellation of notes, running up and down all the scales, striking tiny bronze bells, gliding over strings, and I'm, not able to hide your veins any longer, people are shocked, want to know if they're from a human body, or if they haven't completely understood why strands of veins are draped across me, and then they can't continue, even when I try to explain, your veins come from the earth, from the dark and trembling, the deep and mineral, even when we try to ignore their existence, they surface, heavy and demanding, so I carry them along the streets, the highways, the forgotten paths, staggering under their weight, bearing the beauty, the elegance, the inevitable collapse somewhere along the way.



CALLIGRAPHIC VISION

Robert Moorhead

SPACES ON A SUMMER'S DAY

You sit on the riverbank to consider the conundrum
of spaces. This, you say, is the first time

you have noticed the water, really made note
of the water so greenly seething with feathers.

You insist you don't mean spaces that are thin-minded
and petty, dark caves blocked by a fall of stone, or

spaces squeezed out and wheezing, such as you find
on an underground train where scarcely a hair

may slip between skins and even oxygen
fights for standing room.

And you're not in an Arcadian frame of mind
for enormous vistas, nor are you drawing leaves, or rather

the spaces between, sketching an outline
but choosing to leave it un-closed.

Is this it? A concept akin to absence, a window
open on a summer's day that a bee may enter

and later a moth, or maybe a hiatus
where birds of two counties sing in the pause.

You say it's too hot to talk and you prefer the company
of butterflies with orange tips. Maybe, when it's cooler

you'll think about Rodin who sculpted the sister of Icarus
not in the form of illusion or myth but as a young girl who

slipping through spaces from heaven to earth, tries,
instinctively, to protect her white wings with her arms.

MANDY PANNETT

THE LOOM AND THE SHIP

How bizarre they are
those birds of the wood in their antiquity and myth
yet how familiar and close to us

One, with an appetite for wetness and worm
in the clear space of semi-darkness
utters its own hieroglyphs and soon
full-throated leaf-filling
others follow on

Histós – the upright beam of a warp-weighted loom
Histós - the mast of a ship

a sharing
of syllables
and
rags
flax
hemp
horse-hair
timber
for both
beams

Philomel is
Mute.
A violent imposed concealment of speech.
How long
The weaving. Threads. Of. Pain.
Even her echo is trapped. In puddles.
Of blood.

She will send codes of meaning
to birds and trees and the winter waves

Send the sound of thought through loom to ship

Inland many centuries inland
women who live in trauma and fear listen

to a single rising voice
and like birds first one then another then score upon score will speak out
until
a multitude
will swell

STEVE DEMONT

EL MUNDO CAMBIA

FOR MAGDALENA

sometimes there are no words to tell of beauty
or of a naked child bleeding in the street
nor words enough to explain away
the quiet entanglement
of one lingering kiss
that dissolves in acid
or rusts overnight

el mundo cambia, Octavio said

a woman turns her back on her lover

she colors the sun and sea
with petals from a burning flower

ISHTAR
(une parasomnie)

*I stand in awe of my body,
this matter to which I am bound
has become so strange to me.
The Maine Woods, Ktaadn
- Henry David Thoreau*

Les heures sont devenues pierres millénaires
Sur mes lèvres, ma langue
Vaincues par l'eau vive qui appelle du haut de la tour
Où est restée la lumière
Par les crocs de l'humiliation
Ma peau calleuse vaincue
Par le miracle trompeur de l'amour
Par l'éternité
Qui me réduit à n'être que cet animal funèbre
Qui se nourrit de la méfiance
Et de fausse magie
De tourments
Qui vont à la dérive dans la gaze des rêves

Autour de moi manquait le mystère
Et je devins une étrangère
Qu'on vend dans un ballot de contrebande
Fuyant devant l'épaisseur des ténèbres
Rôdant parmi les hommes
Les bras autour de leur feu

Au-delà d'un fleuve obscur
Sans crainte ni espérance
Ils m'appelaient Ishtar et j'étais
Ce nuage vert trônant dans le désert

J'étais la jument de la mort
Dans les temples resplendissants
Dansant comme la queue excitée du serpent
Qui brise la craie de l'œuf
Je dansais dans le sang caillé
Vous me regardiez comme la lumière lèche le miroir
Je dansais nue pour vous sauver du vide
Pour distraire le vertige
Frappée par les métaux de l'air
Dans un ouragan d'étoiles

J'étais le poulx d'un univers perdu
J'étais l'inéluctable transpercée par vos appels sans fin
J'étends la solitude sur les berceaux
Je donne le sommeil à la plaie
Qui porte dans ses guenilles la fumée des tragédies

Je verse au grand jour l'image ancienne de mon visage
Ma peau de fumure exerçant ses pures aptitudes éternelles
Si semblable à toi
Quand tu cousais mes lèvres à tes lèvres
Quand j'ouvrais le cortège des rêves
Sur les perspectives tremblantes des yeux endormis

Je promène la main sur les toiles d'araignée
Ma main qui effrayait la gravité des colombes
Et qui fendait la terre
De ses secrètes consistances
Quand ma gorge répandait ses sucs
Sur les cristaux de fervente prière
Quand j'offrais le crépuscule à la retombée d'une étreinte
Celle que je n'ai pas été
Celle qui prônait l'affliction et la division
Celle qui sortait de leur cage les oiseaux de l'aube

De mon front partent les sources et les rêves

Le même rêve trouvera les étoiles vaincues
C'est alors que je resplendis

PAUL B. ROTH

SUBTLE DISPOSITION

I'm standing
between two windows
facing each other
in a space without walls
without a ceiling or a floor
except what exists
within the transparency
that my body's also become
when it can see out
both windows at once
where its reflection
bouncing back and forth
between both panes of light
turns suddenly sideways
thins out
then vanishes
until replaced by pure sunlight
in whose own path
life and death
appear to mirror each other

ORCHIDS

The white moth orchid
on my office windowsill
stirs a soft hope,
how it blooms again and again,
quietly, without announcement,
even when I think
it has nothing left to give.

My mother adored them.
I remember her hands,
cracked from bleach and winter,
gently loosening roots of a dying plant,
murmuring to it
as if coaxing a child from sleep.
She once held my face the same way,
when I said I couldn't go on.

DA: AI CONFINI DELLA CENERE

MIGRAZIONI

Nel mio primo paese
gli orfani di padre
disegnavano case
senza finestre.

Nei corpi trasparenti delle madri
sfrigolava il petrolio degli angeli,
gli abeti bianchi vorticavano
verso deserti di alture sante.

Nel mio primo paese
le navi s'incagliavano
in bassure di carne.

Nella brace spenta
dalle migrazioni degli eventi,
ho decifrato tutte le età della stella.

CALCINAZIONI

Tu deponi
un rovetto ardente sotto la terra,
poi vendemmi la mia linfa nera
perché fermenti il sole
sotto la neve.

Io estraggo
dallo specchio
il tuo sale.

Con questo sale
brucio la neve.

Bianco su bianco.

Con questo sale
brucio ali di falena.

Bianco su nero.

Punti di sutura,
ruggine da ruggine,
nero da nero,
per la parola bianca
che verrà.

PAGE BLANCHE

fourmis sur le plancher en bois
porte entre-ouverte
s'égare une hirondelle

le grand fleuve charrie des vagues
la houle nous soulève
jusqu'au firmament des heures
mouvement perpétuel

nous sommes essoufflés
au désert d'une page blanche
où ne s'épanouit aucune palmeraie

buée sur la vitre herbe en appel d'air
l'aube retarde le jour
aucun détour n'est possible

la hâte suit un chemin de hasard
parmi les épis de blé
les feuilles de bouleau
l'espoir du bruant chanteur

fenêtre ouverte
je glisse doucement
(comme en tes bras)
vers un ciel étoilé à l'infini

*

flaque de soleil sur le parquet
sur la table des jours
s'étiole un bouquet de roses
je perds quelque chose
(les élans de mon cœur
ma respiration)
comme les clôtures en bordure des champs
ne retiennent aucun vent
ni le vent les oiseaux

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CHARLES HADFIELD lives in New Zealand and is still writing a long sequence about the Pacific of which the poem in this issue of *Osiris*, "Te Waka Moana," is an extract.

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ANNA RECKIN, author of *Three Reds* and *Line to Curve*, both from Shearsman Books. 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 *Weightless Earth* (Bitter Oleander Press) and *Moments in Place* (Rain Mountain Press).

THOM SATTERLEE has translated two collections of the Danish poet Per Aage Brandt: *These Hands* (HOST, 2011) and *If I Were a Suicide Bomber & Other Verses* (Open Letter, 2017).

SILVIA SCHEIBLI's latest book, *Coyote Woman*, includes Dr. Jose Rodeiro's article "The Legacy of Creative Collaborations among Immanentist Poets and Artists" and five illustrations by Marlena Lisac (forthcoming from Dream Tyger Press).

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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.

MARC VINCENZ, Anglo-Swiss-American poet, translator, editor, and publisher. 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) and *The King of Prussia Is Drunk on Stars* (Lavender Ink).





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