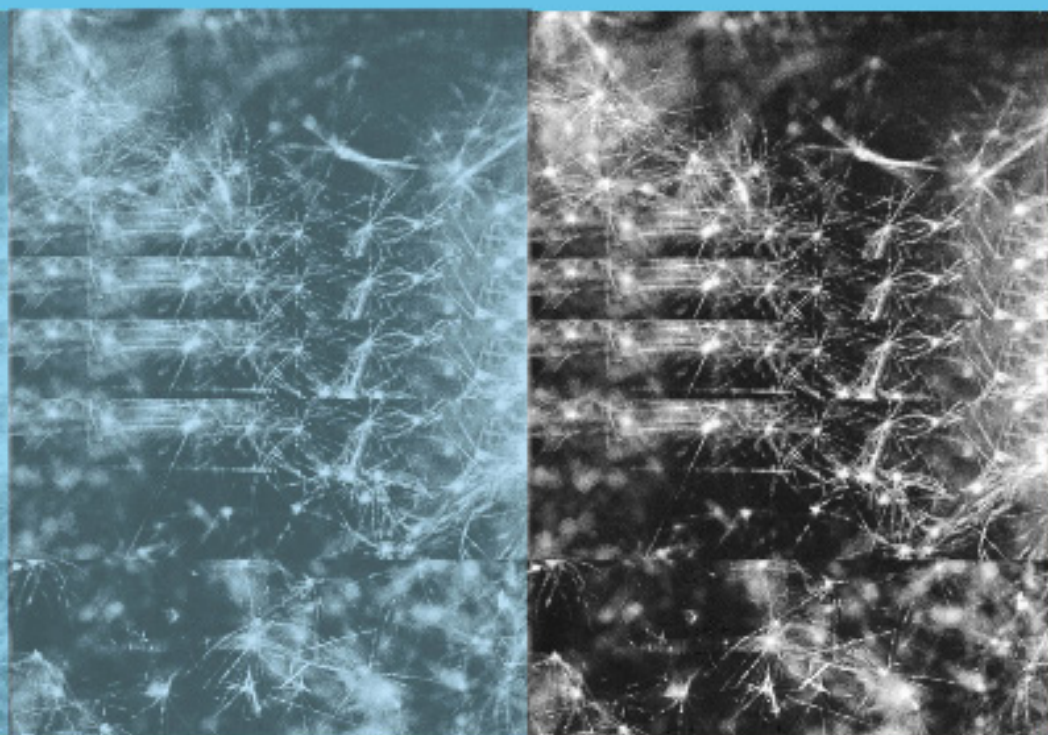




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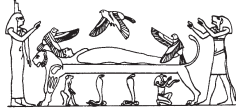
FIFTY-FOUR YEARS 1972-2026

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FAMILIAR DEPENDENCIES

the way	the light
reflects	on rubbish
long	shadows
drawn on	platforms
cracks	interrupting
paving stone	grids
scaffolding	drain covers
bench slats	overhead wires
dried out	sycamore seeds
blown	to one side
broken	plastic toys
beer cans	in the hedge
black edged	station steps
faded stripes	corrugated iron
window	formations
the way	the light

ALAN BRITT

ROAD TO GUARANDA, ECUADOR

For Victoria Tovar

One whitewashed donkey kneels at the side
of the mountain road, the road that coils
its tail around this mountain to Guaranda.

Men & women with skin like toffee in ponchos
of tomatillo, blue jay blue, & aquamarine
carry straw bags filled with corn & firewood
up the road braiding the volcanic torso
of this mountain that takes us to Guaranda.

Valley below, resembling a fresh avocado,
contains little drops of coral casitas,
a few sheep, some black & white cows,
a goat or three, plus two anaconda waterfalls
slashing the emerald mountainside.

Along the road men & women with skin
like copper in ponchos that resemble Agrias
mariposas striped with long black tears, ponchos
dreaming golden jaguars, & ponchos that resemble
El Greco clouds sweeping the shoulder blades
of this bus that takes us to Guaranda.

ALONG THE RIVER

Along the river
La Llorona sings
with the voice of the dead.
Her silver hair
and wicked eyes reflected
in the river. She never slept
or stopped searching the river
for her drowned children. None
of them had her wicked eyes.
Along the river
young children drowned.
La Llorona, the weeping lady,
searched the rivers and under bridges,
where she emptied her grief and tears.

BLAZE

Blazing through
an opening
in the tree;

An open
window views
the same blaze.

The rigor
of its heat
blazes on.

Withstanding
its blaze is
unthinkable.

It blazes through
peace signs and
lonely hearts.

Its blaze leaves
fields barren,
a scorched earth.

Bones become
ash. The blaze
burns it all.

Spirits flee
the blaze stretched
out across

the sky. Clothes
burn, flesh, and
tissue ablaze.

PATTY DICKSON PIECZKA

DAYDREAM

If I could fly with you
to that place your mind lives,

past these grief-carved trees
and wilted houses,

I'd wear a shawl of woven summer,
bring an ostrich-feather fan

to blow your scattered words into songs,
invent silly lyrics and hear you laugh,

see the world below
is only a fun-house mirror.

PATTY DICKSON PIECZKA

WHEN TIME MELTED

What sound did morning make
when it pulled life from your body

to tunnel you away?
The sound of a cloud folding?

Of mirrors closing their curtains
and all the clocks paralyzed?

Of my heart stopping
at the same time?

Why do strangers wear your face,
your clothes, drive your car,

while a choir lives in my mind,
singing our song?

The light that held us together
sifts into this strange new life,

brings butterflies and egrets,
whispers your soul into my dreams.

DELLA MOR¹

dice che ieri scorso millennio a recreazione appena avviata era ancora viva
e ha sonnecchiato in cima ai bordi nell'alba mozza sul fiato del cratere
illicite le corse per le sciare e il bagno sacro alla spiaggia nera
sarebbero poi brillati nell'ordine: il bolide smeraldo la fissione il niente

*

dal fronte accidentale obliqua sulla scena la morte irriguardosa
non mi riguarda e ce ne faremo una regione pronta a scivolare dritta
in una nuova lingua d'acqua (e al diavolo il boia e la siccità)
la lingua estranea appena tornata dalla luna nel tutto in tutto divisibile:
insomma una sola pena e alla casa bruciata metti fuoco ancora
nell'aldiquà c'è vita: andiamo via! mia non siamo tornati dalla luna mai
e in prospettiva niente torna: allunaggi fissazioni e altre assonanze

*

proiezione in scala dell'interno non c'è attività umana dentro neppure una *f*
solamente quel movimento di acque e ci vogliono ceppi di cento cantàri
dice: ora durare non merita aspetterà un momento migliore dove duri la paglia
oppure lo sbroccare sia in due parole solamente ma non è possibile questa ferita
e riproviamo l'aria che si fa in quattro movimenti poco cantabili nebbiosi marziani

*

questa è il tonfo della cosa ed è la cosa e la cosa forse era un trionfo
e ora la confusione l'unica luce possibile in testa e va bene già sapete:
ossessiva ricresce e pure la lingua di terra che non smette di sberleffare
la lingua predisposta a non appoggiarsi alla madre a perdere di vista il piccolo
e a raggiungerlo con l'urlo a misurare la distanza di non essere nel suo mondo
a non essere mondo a essere solo lingua e linguaccia e fissazione:
quanta libertà in questo smisurato non ancora essere?

*

¹ The title is untranslatable into English because it's a nonexistent word. It's a reduction of the word "death" (truncation: "morte=mor") that borders on the word "love" (apheresis: "amore=mor").

morte mortificazione nel corso discordante s'io fossi tutta un foco o peggio un uomo come farei a bruciare? il dubbio non mi ferma neppure di striscio un seme di carrubo l'unica unità di peso che riconosco ma non è economica la grandezza né il peso se quella morale sta tra il pudore e la sua totale assenza: solo i semi di un'erba acquatica e le tracce di un piccolo piede tornano tutto in ritmo e tempo non lineare: follia o neurologia condivisa? l'altra ancora dice: propendo per la prima o l'approssimarsi alla fissazione che è sempre follia anche quando ancora non lo è del tutto

*

l'insensato dell'intero che non cede nulla e non eccede la somma delle parti nell'ora marziana dei mondi secanti o seccanti: la fissione di mezz'a-capo a un altro mezz'a-capo non è ancora un a-capo intero e non è tutt'altro la connessione di chi migra attraverso il seme per legarsi ad altro seme e io non sono io sono una colonia che resiste alla predazione e al male quanto era piccolo il seme? non è lei che cade ma la terra e non è una metafora o due o mezza è che gira male ai mezzosangue buttarlo cadere di terra in terra la metafora il sangue il seme il capo tutto intero o solamente mezzo

*

il male male non sarebbe se non vincesse sempre ogni fissazione il punto è la vittoria o la svista di una lettura a prima vista o la morte l'avevo detto insomma questa vede con le orecchie stroboscopiche rimane il motivetto e rimuove la storia e rimuove la e rimuove e il tempo impiegato è quello del fotone che attraversa la molecola di idrogeno in duecentoquarantasette zeptosecondi che per l'orecchio è pari appunto a un trilionesimo di miliardesimo di secondo e dunque un mistero: quante serie di numeri dopo lo zero virgola? ma in movimento o no non risponde nessuno: né mezza testa né mezza mor

*

quanto re-esiste scorporata? ne era fuoriuscita illesa eppure muore solo per maestà e muove lesa il cavallo nella difesa siciliana e il mondo non esce illeso dalla bruttezza del mèlo e del dramma per questo muore e muove e mezza parola arrocca e non la dice mai e nella rocca morde le mani occupate: ho bussato coi piedi dei suicidi questo è il dono: non è necessario dire il niente che è già niente e continua a bussare e smette sempre smette quando vuole in un soffio

À STRASBOURG

C'est ici que Marie-Antoinette
a troqué sa vie contre une autre,
là sur cette île du Rhin, dans une cabane
battue par la pluie qu'elle s'est dénudée,
rejetant comme une mue
ses vêtements et langage anciens.
Elle en est ressortie autre, et à Strasbourg
le soleil avait remplacé la pluie.

Ne suis-je pas venu ici pour ça ?
Aujourd'hui j'ai grimpé une vis
vertigineuse de trois-cent-trente marches
pour à bout de souffle
d'une terrasse de cathédrale
dominer la brume — et tenter
de différencier l'est du nord, du sud
et de l'ouest ; débusquer une frontière.

Mais c'est déjà le soir et trois
étages au-dessous de mon lit, à la nuit,
par-dessus le silence les ouvriers
grattent, aspergent d'eau, d'asphalte
la rue, font une route neuve.
« Ils raclent ma vie, me décrassent.
Ils me fabriquent un chemin » souriai-je
avant de sombrer dans mes rêves.

RÉFLEXIONS AVEC KLEIST

*C'est le propre de toute forme parfaite que
l'esprit s'en dégage de façon immédiate et
directe, tandis que la forme vicieuse le retient
prisonnier, tel un mauvais miroir qui ne nous
rappelle rien d'autre que lui-même.*

H. von Kleist / Cioran

Plutôt que de sortir de l'eau et me sécher,
je préfère rester encore un peu, assis, à observer
ce liquide porteur de mon image s'évacuer.

Une image qui, quand l'eau n'est plus
qu'une nappe, un vernis, commence à trembler.
Sur mes jambes, mes reins, soudain le froid

gagne. Je m'attends à ce que la bonde aspire
mon visage avec l'eau usée, cette transparence
qui m'a lavé, mais le poids de mon corps

pèse si fort sur le fond qu'il forme la vasque
d'un miroir archaïque et c'est mon reflet stagnant,
spectral qui me fait face. Il m'affronte,

comme si mon propre regard était tombé,
s'était noyé. Et mon regard, tombé, noyé,
infuse là, dans un lait — mais de qui, de quoi ?

UN — JE L'APPELLE . . .

Ce qui tremble du jour
ce mouvement d'inachevé
que le regard surprend
je l'appelle oiseau

nom et sens donnés
pour effacer l'absence

bec non denté
bipède comme moi
je l'appelle oiseau
ses ailes pour mes rêves

à la fenêtre ombres et lumières
palpitent au bruit secret du chant

traces de silence
et traînes dans le ciel
défilement d'oiseaux
ainsi va mon enfance

à grands courants d'air
les avis de tempêtes

temps presse et solitude emporte
nulle part à l'abri
de mémoire et d'oubli
de malheur ou de paradis

je l'appelle oiseau
ce qui tremble du jour



STAFFORD SPRINGS

Andrea Moorhead

FRANCA MANCINELLI

Translated from the Italian by John Taylor



come uova sotto la sabbia
si schiudono gli occhi sotto le palpebre

un brusio percorre la pelle
– dal profondo risalgono
le bocche a respirare.

*

like eggs in sand,
eyes hatch beneath eyelids

a buzzing runs over the skin
—from the depths rise
mouths to breathe.

FRANCA MANCINELLI

Translated from the Italian by John Taylor



deposito il giorno sul pavimento.
Dalle mie palme aperte
risalgono piccole
bolle di ossigeno. – Seduta
nel fondo, protetta
dalla mente del mare.

*

I deposit the day on the floor.
From my open palms
rise small
oxygen bubbles. —Sitting
in the depths, protected
by the mind of the sea.

RAY KEIFETZ

GLASS MEN

Their forearms glitter
as they shed—
Window glass,
mirror glass,
champagne glass
but not only hallowed glasses,
the toasts,
weddings,
last year's brown corsages—
Morning and evening
they criss cross the streets
shouting at the sky
like someone praying
for glass,
until this night

smashed glass outshines the stars
and every glass man bleeds
for every shard.

RAY KEIFETZ

DEATH HOTEL

After they clear the ravens,
remove the thorns,
bathe your feet,
smooth the quilt
that covers you like a summer night,
dim the lights,
we count your breaths,
some harsh, some sweet.
In the dark
we weigh your breaths,
cling to every breath.
Tiny sparrow pecking
hollow crumbs
of air,
how beautiful you are
as we scatter
our meager share.

PAUL B. ROTH

WHEN NOT WRITING

Death
is an empty page
where words
no longer appear
above its shallow
white surface
or press up shades
from behind
its thin opacity
as if pretending
to emboss
its whiteness
and suggest
some unexpected
appearance

TONY LEUZZI

EPISTROPHE [BAPTISTE]

Today, in Beijing, a man was wearing your electric blue sweatshirt.
I, reading the Times in Rochester, saw the blue sweatshirt
before I saw the man, whose body was yours—or almost yours—
but whose eyes and hair and skin were another's.
Where did he get it, your favorite blue sweatshirt? I had thought
it one-of-a-kind, the sweatshirt you wore through fevers,
through chemo, sweatshirt of suffering, sweatshirt of gall,
the sweatshirt that wrapped you in feather-bed whispers, a sweatshirt
affirming the power of dreams: “This too shall pass” you swore
each day. But then the weather turned and the sweatshirt was
too heavy then. You wore it still, for it became
a second skin both pillow and throw antidote
though never cure threads unthreading at the wrists a map
of stains yours smells remaining where you couldn't—
sweatshirt resisting immortality or transformation sweatshirt
burning blue arms ash your ashes anything but blue . . .

TONY LEUZZI

FRAGMENT

IV

Observe a fragment. Imagine what is missing.

Imagine under chains of islands
boundless plains connecting them. Imagine systems—

sophisticated, logical—
that extend or amplify the leavings, the

residuum. And what we then
imagine is as great no: likely greater than

the actual, accomplished whole.

Sappho is a universe.

TONY LEUZZI

FRAGMENT

V

I have a keen aesthetic hunger
for the splinter and the shard.

Surviving canto, fractured stone,
bejeweled box lid freed from hinge—

I photograph a gutted house, see
as sculpture rusted tractors,

consider the corroded lines
in lanes on streets a form of art

abstracted
by the whims of nature.

Often, I regard, reframe
whatever circumstance degrades—

but cannot obliterate.

RITOURNELLE 20

a ritournelle, return again, to the rough notes,
scraps gathered in the going, from the first,
in default of meaning, or destiny,
or empathy for the emptiness, the felt
absence, lack, map, as moth
might mistake the moon for light,
or light for understanding :
dumb fluttering merely, though
so fine and frail a wing, and beautiful
in its being : your envy, if it is,
of the absolute of otherness, the brief life
of your attention to it, the tact
between the word and the wonder
of the thing itself : say it is so,
a world all but overwhelmed, bit by
bit of it, but overwhelming still,
with barely a word for it :
stop : start again :
the test of mind to find the infinite
in finitude, the moth's intent
in every fragment of the light
your tireless eye might light upon,
wingless as *you* are,
and all but dumb,
to temper your words, treat them
as the fluttering things *they* are

RITOURNELLE 22

there you were, your ear pressed to the source,
as near to it as to be in it, to be swept up
in every ebb and flow of it, to be drawn to the shore
and dragged back from it, to and fro to the rhythm of it,
as far from the hard fact of the floor you were kneeling on
or the needle reading the grooves, round and round,
as regular as your heart hearing it all,
the music of your singular moment,
yearning for the water of it :
the moments since, each with its wish,
your eyes open, your tireless listening
to the instruments of it, the tide
of intangible sound swelling towards you,
your wish to be one with it, to be
all but drowned in your ear's wonder of it,
welling up, as it were, within you :
yet to drag yourself away from where you were,
dry your eyes, and realize,
you were not meant to remain there, but rise,
repeat the exercise again and again,
to wander from shore to shore,
for more, and more, and more

HANNE BRAMNESS

Translated from the Norwegian by Anna Reckin

CRYSTALS

In the laundromat in the north of the city, the reflections in the windows fade away as the snow begins to swirl outside and day arrives. In the mist from the river, snow floats up

over snow, sinks into the dark water, never again to rise as separate crystals into the light. Mixed in with underwear and children's clothes inside

the machine, other, unfamiliar items are turning too, tossed around in the lather as the shirts wave. When the buttons hit the glass, there's a sound like

little bells, faint notes that slip away and are gone. Outside in the street it's getting noisier, as the city gets ready for Advent. They're probably also making preparations in the huge prison

nearby. As we wheel past the locked-up star-shaped building on our way home, with the wet clothes steaming in the pram, the smell of soap cools

down, the traces of its scent smothered in the grey light of day, along with a mass of other unacknowledged sensations. They say that not all snow crystals

KRYSTALLER

I vaskeriet nord i byen dør gjenspeilingene ut
i vinduene når snøen begynner å danse utenfor
og dagen kommer. I disen fra elva svever snø

over snø, går under i det mørke vannet, kan
ikke gjenoppstå som tydelige krystaller i
lyset. Sammen med undertøy og barneklær inni

maskinen, sviver også noen fremmede plagg,
kastes rundt i såpeskummet, skjortene vinker.
Når knappene slår mot glasset lyder det som

små bjeller, spinkle toner som lett forsvinner.
Ute i gata stiger larmen, adventsbyen forbereder
seg. Det gjør de nok også i det svære fengselet

like i nærheten. På veien hjem triller vi forbi
den lukka, stjerneforma bygningen med det våte
tøyet dampende på barnevogna, såpelukta kjøles

ned, duftspor kveles i den skumringslyse dagen
sammen med en mengde andre fornemmelser ingen
bekrefter. Det sies at ikke alle snøkrystaller

are unique; some are similar. Maybe that is also true of us? We can scan a crowd of people, study an old photo, and suddenly catch a glimpse of

our own face, our own body on a deck, behind barricades? It's like seeing something mirrored in the window of a busy laundromat, or a fleeting reflection in

a river before daybreak. Maybe we are standing among other barefoot people in a shower queue on the outer borders of Europe, with a bar of soap in our hand, as if it were our heart.

er unike, at noen er like. Kanskje er det også
slik med oss? Vi kan speide ut på et hav av folk,
granske et gammelt foto, og plutselig få øye på

vårt eget ansikt, vår egen skikkelse på et dekk,
bak sperringer? Synet ligner speilbildet i vinduet
i et travelt vaskeri, eller en flyktig speiling i

ei elv før lyset kommer. Kan hende står vi blant
andre barføtte i dusjkø ved Europas yttergrenser,
med et såpestykke i hånda som om det var hjertet.

MARC VINCENZ

WILD ACTS OF MAGICK: AN ETRUSCAN ODE

in six succinct acts

for Hermes Trismegistus and Billy Shankspur

ONE:

A Book of Creation

Codify the storm, a catastrophe
of wakes in a thunderous
Shakespearean iambic quake—
or, dear Bill, please explain, if you will;
and recant, no doubt upon that same
alignment within *A Winter's Tale*—
the square-toed boot of semiotics,
the nascence of the thespian tone,
of music and tonalities and linguistics,
in all her tongues of twisted rhizome.

TWO:

That Measure for Measure

Or, cooling off with melting ice
on a simmering midsummer's night,
Hermione might have sighed deep
into her swirling porcelain bowl, and muttered:
“Of art for art's sake; then gold, gold
too for gold's gilded sake; and scattered,
sifted and plattered, layered and lacquered,
upon the nib of your ferocious quill pen,
or the tip of your fat, feathered tongue,
deep within that ever-widening, toothy grin.”

THREE:

The Golden Gilders Gilding Out

What he said in retort
was somewhere along these lines:
“Someone in the future will discover
those golden-egg-laying geese
and herd them and maneuver
for the purpose of creating
a picture-perfect windstorm;
and that storm shall be a cyclone
of Calibanesque proportion unbeknown
in all the prior annals of volcanism.”

FOUR:

The Final Tempest

But once upon a time, he had asked:
“Why the continual melodrama?
“Why such mysterious circumstances?
And that strange hooded figure fleeing
through those greasy, fattening days?”
And she said: “That same shadow figure
was later seen lurching into the deep
end of the torture chambers attending
the terminal sentencing,
the final execution.”

FIVE:

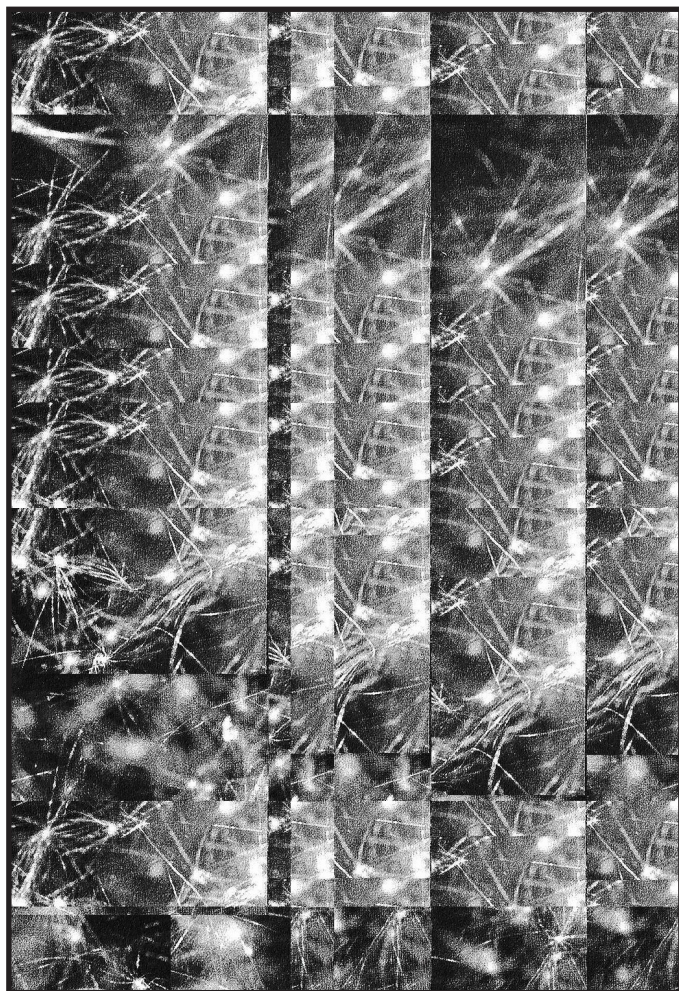
The Sentencing and Execution

Staring back upon her lost roadways
and broad continents, a child later spies
a cricket chirping for sudden rain
in the middle of a dusty cobbled road;
and high among the treetops,
that dark squirrel who cracked
an acorn over a cast-iron fortune cackles:
“Civilizations hand out golden shackles
and misappropriations: oily spills,
savannah, swamp, and sloshing swill.”

SIX:

The Sacrificial Altar

Here, finally, she lies carved,
perfect and patient in a cool, blue limestone,
rooting among our future selves
to uncover her many past lives—
oh no, she can't be marooned,
her sealed tomb quietly intones:
yet here she is, liquid and alone,
sunk in an ocean of heavy stone.
“Will she ever be deciphered?
And if so, might she be enlightening?”



ASTRAL 4

Robert Moorhead



Une icône me fixe
sur la commode
je m'y enfonce
avec l'espoir du condamné

elle me happe
m'apprend la fin
de toute chose
le beau, le vrai
l'ignoble et le faux

j'empoigne le tout
et je m'incline.



Là où les oiseaux volent bas
je devine la fatigue de l'air

soutenir un ciel n'est pas chose facile
il est lourd de tant d'espairs.



Sur le fil du rasoir
le temps se cogne
laisse des copeaux
de sens

je les ramasse
poursuis l'entamé le différé
l'infatigable chemin
jusqu'à la mue.

JANET MACFADYEN

PLAYING THE FLUTE AT HERRING COVE

Timeless but always changing—
a slate sky, a sandy point.

Banded abstractions but for the distant lighthouse
flashing white white white

A dimness of atmosphere flows through me,
some kind of cognition, a line of notes.

Nothing to hold onto but connections, my lips
to the flute's lips, her body

a hazy ripple at low register, all
throat and tongue. Waves nuanced, burnished

and dense as dark metal, salt-blood, quick-
silver. Music ruffles the water's face,

skims the sand in lace, riffs
on the ocean's deep beating, pulls up a fish,

a drowned man, a merman, from the breakers,
kelp-wreathed and shimmering, who now

stands and summons the sea
alone in the surf, surrounded by ripples.

JANET MACFADYEN

GATE

A stream seethes, pulls
at its veins: liquid stone, liquid light.
In a high cleft of sky

the face of a hawk appears—
eyes, beak, ruffled feathers, all hanging,
all of cloud.

Let the atmosphere
consume me, let this raptor
set me in its sights. As if seen through binoculars

a seaside fountain in an ancient courtyard
where lovers sit with figs and dark tea. A song
fusing with spray.

A woman summoned from the dead,
veiled in white vapor. A lighthouse in a frothy sea.
A burning sword, spinning.

People gather and disperse. The fingers
keep writing in the book where as one page
is torn out, another appears.

Leaves fall. Roots pull sap down, down,
the bare trees now merely doorways
to the sleeping world under our feet.

I conjure up my father from the bittermost
roots of the first tree. I want to ask Why?
but I might as well ask

Why? of the water, Why? of the air, Why
this huge hawk plummeting earthward,
pinning its talons into my shoulders?

THE BALLERINA

Grandfather turned to spume on a thin June day beneath the silence of the sun above the pampas.

He filled his car with everything he could: clothes, books, records, booze. The only thing he left behind was the ballerina, the one who lived inside a bottle of Scotch.

She was beautiful, pink, with silvery hair. At the base of the bottle there was a crank that made her dance. And so I would dance with her and, whirling around, she would save me from my anguish.

When Grandfather left, Grandmother burned all the photos in which he appeared; if anything remained of his things, she made sure to burn it; I was forbidden to mention his name; I was forbidden to remember him; he was declared a corpse.

I managed to save the ballerina in the bottle: it was an odyssey keeping her hidden, changing her hiding place, carrying her with me in my backpack, protecting her, protecting my only palpable memory and my only chance to dance.

LA BAILARINA

El Abuelo se convirtió en espuma de ola un junio tenue bajo el mutismo del sol sobre la pampa.

Cargó su carro de cuanto pudo: ropas, libros, discos, copas. Lo único que dejó fue a la bailarina, aquella que vivía adentro de una botella de scotch.

Era bella, rosada, con cabellos plateados. El asiento de la botella tenía una manivela que la hacía bailar. Entonces yo también bailaba con ella y dando vueltas me rescataba de mi propia angustia.

Cuando el Abuelo se marchó la Abuela quemó todas las fotografías en las que él estaba; si algo quedó de sus cosas, ella se encargó de incinerarlo; se hizo prohibido repetir su nombre; se hizo prohibido recordarlo; se lo declaró un cadáver.

Yo logré retener a la bailarina en la botella, era una odisea esconderla, cambiarla de lugar, llevarla conmigo en la mochila, protegerla, proteger el único recuerdo palpable y la única posibilidad de poder danzar.

WATER

The coconut trees, the lemon trees, the mandarins, oranges, figs, currants, guavas, berries, grapes, little aromatic herbs, all began to dry out.

The water hadn't come. We had to go out to the main road, wait for a tanker, flag it down, send it along to the end of our drive and fill up the cistern. Then, we could carry the water in small buckets for the kitchen, the bathrooms, the orchard, the gardens.

I know the weight of water, the worry that it might spill, evaporate, grow dirty or be lost. I was also aware of its value when, at times, when no one was watching, I would let it flow away.

I wanted to be like water, flow like water, scatter like water, get lost like water. I wanted to evaporate.

EL AGUA

Los cocoteros, los árboles de limones, mandarinas, naranjas, higos, grosellas, hobos, las badeas, las uvas, las plantitas de hierbas aromáticas, comenzaron a secarse.

El agua no llegaba. Había que salir a la carretera, esperar un tanquero, detenerlo, indicarle que continuara hasta el fondo y llenara el aljibe. Luego, cargar el agua en pequeños tachos para la cocina, los baños, el huerto, los jardines.

Conozco el peso del agua, la preocupación de que no se derrame, evapore, ensucie o pierda. Aunque era consciente de su valor, a veces, cuando nadie me veía, dejaba que se fuera.

Quería ser como el agua, irme como el agua, esparcirme como el agua, perderme como el agua. Quería evaporarme.

LE SANG DES PIERRES
(L'odeur de la terre après la pluie)

Je regarde la rivière asséchée. L'eau disparue ne sera pas mon dernier totem.
Je connais des femmes revenues de loin. Dans leur gorge, des torrents de
langues ruissellent. Elles forment l'entrée d'un monde où les arbres, les
poissons et les enfants parlent ensemble.

*

Très proche d'elle, la rivière ancre en toi des visages étrangers. Leur peau
striée d'histoires glisse entre tes doigts. La nuit, ce que tu entends d'elles
inonde tes rêves et te pousse vers le grand large.

*

L'espace muet de la page blanche est cette pleine lune qui t'éclaire parfois
à ton insu. Plonger en elle comme on s'accroche au silence pour oser
l'inavouable parole.

*

Tu aimes les langues étrangères. Wild roses. Wilda rosor. Villtar rósir.
Ce qui advient demeure invisible mais on peut y respirer, s'y mouvoir.
Emerveillée, tu te donnes à ces mondes-signes.

*

Ce qui rapproche les pierres à ton passage n'est qu'un peu de nuit et de
silence. Nulle herbe à toucher dans le noir. Tu songes soudain à cette
amie qui écrit des poèmes symphoniques. Tu ignores encore en toi tout
leur pouvoir.

*

Certaines crient et mordent, se dénudent sur scène, font gicler sur leurs
dents le jus rouge-sang d'une grenade, écrasent avec une joie mauvaise
la chair du fruit. Elles font éclater la métaphore comme on le ferait d'un
sein malade.

*

Tu as glissé à ton doigt l'alliance de ta mère. Elle te porte sur les pierres les plus blanches de la rivière. Tu vois les rêves-poissons se glisser dans le vert des algues. Ta première maison sans porte.

*

Il a encore du sang séché sur les lèvres. Un peu de son passage perdu. Personne pour parler avec lui des migrations inouïes des oiseaux. Ce qu'il voit cette nuit sur l'eau du fleuve ressemble au désir d'une caresse. Son visage.

*

ANNEMETTE KURE ANDERSEN

Translated from the Danish by Thom Satterlee

Himlen kunne have haft
den samme blå farve som
hans øjne men en bleg
uigennemtrængelig hinde af
skyer har lukket sig oven
over hende så hun må
slå blicket
ned

*

The sky may have had
the same shade of blue
as his eyes but a pale
impenetrable shelf of
clouds has closed in
over her and made her
lower her
eyes

From *TIDSRUM (A Space of Time)*

ANDREA MOORHEAD

BLOOD ON THE SNOW

The wind will carry away the broken wings
the fallen light
the feathers left in snow,
but blood will flow until the sun
crystalizes on the trees
draws a beaded curtain across the ground
concealing the rising shadows
the swift resurrection
of a long-anticipated dream.

BEDTIME STORIES

It was a book about an owl and a lizard. A grey-feathered owl and a brilliant turquoise lizard. He never grew tired of listening to the story. The owl lived in a spruce hollow. The lizard stayed in the tumbled down stone wall that marked the limit of the woods. Electric discharges from approaching storms, the dazzling flash of meteors, nothing bothered the owl, nothing disturbed the lizard. He wondered why the owl didn't eat the lizard or why the lizard didn't hunt newborn birds. He began to doubt the veracity of people's commentaries, although he never let them know that he was talking about his owl, his lizard. Many pages without a mention of the owl. Vast night skies, purple clouds at dawn, but no image of the owl. The sweep of wings early in the day, the glow of eyes. The lizard ran along the edge of the pages. Crimson gold along the top. His tail flickered in the paper's dust. It was an old book written many years before he was born. Owl feathers fluttered from the binding, a faint smell of spruce. A voice in the darkness tracing the owl's flight, the lizard's path through the sun. He thought of trying to read the book himself, but he was never sure if there were really any words or if the voice carried the owl and the lizard, stirred the stars, moved the summer storms.

PHANTOM TALISMAN

A small bead from a broken necklace. Smooth golden amber from an ancient pine forest. She had always worn beads, sometimes from shell or wood. She had never been to the Baltic coast, the trip was too arduous, the Kaliningrad Oblast almost a mirage. Perhaps her beads were from Poland or Lithuania, she never knew for sure. She rarely spoke about the amber, about its healing properties. To heal a dream was a long process, uncertain, almost phantasmagoric in its manifestations. When she died, the necklace was left in the house. Stories of phantom wings, whistling in the night, murmuring in the trees. Every story has many versions and the years passed. In the night, the beads. In the day, the beads. It takes a long time to heal a dream, to let the beads roll off, seek the lost forest, and the vast open sea.

FABRICE FARRE

L'ARRIÈRE-PAYS

DESIDERIO

Au fond du jardin, les chevaux
sous les toits ondulés dorment debout.
Les murs respirent lentement, l'air tourne
chargé de menthe et de basilic.

Ici, à l'étage, tout en passant d'une chambre
à l'autre, je sème ton nom aux quatre vents.
Quand je te trouve, je tends la main vers toi.
Et, sans hésitation, comme une apparition
tu me présentes cette bergamote.

REPAIRE

Dans l'appartement, une porte
dérobée regarde vers un jardin intérieur.

À travers elle,
la vie est en feuilles, on voit demain
dans les vitraux et quatre arbrisseaux
lever le ciel en plâtre.

DOUBLE

Tu pris mes branches
pour des bras, tu ne savais qui
tu étreignais, mon silence
voulut te réconforter, ou te relever
de la brise naissante.

Écoute mes feuilles croître et mes fleurs
rosir avec ses bourdons colorés.

Au risque de t'effrayer, je dus reprendre
alors mon écorce de cerisier
ou la tienne.

VUE D'ICI

Le chemin sous la brume se rapproche,
il serpente autour des lacs, abreuve les sapins
dont l'écorce tressaille jusqu'au faite.
Il conduit de la simplicité à l'énigme.

Plus loin, en terre inconnue, à l'endroit même
où tu sommeilles, as-tu aperçu ce sombre éclat
qui change à chaque respiration ?
Je le trouverai dans tes yeux pers
lorsque le paysage nous aura enlevés,
à l'heure dite du réveil où, tout à coup,
nous passerons notre tour.

FOLIE DOUCE

Terrassé par les cris de guerre enfantés
par la chair de la chair, je vais parler
aux tournesols du jardin clos, compter
le nombre de fois où ils s'orientent
vers la lumière pour la préserver
dans la graine supplémentaire d'un noir léger
et former un visage de raison
que Fibonacci aurait décelé.

IMAGE

De l'autre côté de la vitre,
la figure prend forme.
On voit, dans l'entrelacs, se dégager
un réseau de lignes émues, plus nettes
à la hauteur du regard. Un rond grossit,
peut-être une bouche, tandis qu'une chevelure
lionne s'étend pour limiter un visage.
Est-ce une image propre
ou quelqu'un sur le point de surgir
avant que l'écran ne s'éteigne ?

ABRI

L'ombre sur le mur s'incline
au moment où je te parle : c'est le crépuscule
des vivants qui brûle avec l'été.
On murmure pour ne pas éveiller les morts
qui de leur présence éclairent la terrasse.
Une harde de rennes sautille dans le pré du ciel,
elle tourne son visage, sans nous voir.
Dans cet arc subarctique où nous sommes
plus sincères qu'au dehors, nous pressentons
que la pluie s'annonce :
elle lavera nos menues affaires.



SAINT-MARTIN-DES-CHAMPS
[ILE-DE-FRANCE]

Robert Moorhead

JOSHUA ST. CLAIRE

ON VINCENT VAN GOGH'S
*LANDSCAPE WITH POLLARD WILLOWS**

At last light, lavender creeps into the hammered zinc sky. The umbers and ochres of the earth frizzle up and fall away. Five willows rise against the encroaching grey. They've been amputated annually since the reign of Charlemagne, marred and scarred by a millennium of mutilation. Still, when the spring winds return, they sprout tenuous, twisted twigs, searching for a snatch of sun. Below them, a sixth willow, a mere hollow-ness in the shape of a man, bends into a shadow that hasn't seen green since the Battle of Roncevaux Pass.

loading up
a boar's hair brush
with chromium yellow
the thin vermilion line
of his twisted lips

**Landscape with Pollard Willows* by Vincent Van Gogh, Oil on canvas, 1884.
Private collection.

SILVIA SCHEIBLI

SAND PAINTINGS 3

The horizon is filled
With turquoise boulders and
Burning canyons

By mid-morning
Thermals will have roused
Black hawks migrating north

The sun lights up mesquites
Nibbling at a mild wind

Red ants on sand
Write verses about blue-throated
Lizards

SIMON ANTON DIEGO BAENA

IN TRANSLATION

The words are
a road of thin ice

The books are abandoned
by the river
despite the pledge
to leave nothing behind

The birds in the trees smell
of camphor

Consider this
the hourglass is broken
Let the horses run
out of the stable
The country is on fire

AFTER THE REVOLUTION

I lit a cigarette
the moonlight heavy on my chest
monsters gallop in the darkness

SIMON ANTON DIEGO BAENA

BLACK EARTH

Fire and distance

snow-capped mountains rise to the west

fishing boats cast their nets into the water

the days are clear and I rub my eyes

Osip Mandelstam has just returned to the steppes

with his jar of honey

the wooden chapel is warm and open

at the altar I eat bread

POLAROIDS

*

continua a dividersi
la sera del chiaro
a luce in frammenti

in questa sottrazione
anche un impari
resto è un intero

controfuoco

denso un pallore a nord
diseguale taiga la plaga
la macchia fuori dalle rotte
acque del paesaggio climax
che innalza radici e traccia
linee alla meta l'età del freddo

a Flavio Ermini

per certi versi in astratto
nel giardino conteso in tutte
le lingue il colore della terra
vive nella parola che dice
il vero si inanella nell'ocra
lo smalto immemore di un astro

microcosmo catartico

in alveo di golena stagna
la striscia che laguna
l'aria in gocce invetriata
la sua resistenza sommerso
azoto di radici nel fradicio
a palude l'inarreso secolare

verticale

ecco gli invisibili
passi degli alberi:
negli intervalli del tempo
dalla finestra nel fermo
immagine un movimento
nell'indistinto salire
a suture nascoste

da capo

a partire da un abaco
le parole sono tutte
nel vocabolario cercano
un seguito nel caos
alfabetico un ordine
oscillante qualcosa che
si dirami da un tempo
lì senza ore

*

calce che non appare
la parete del pensiero
escoria dal vivo aperte
palpebre e membrane
o sinapsi dell'informe
abitare una soglia com'è

*

che si è dimenticato
vagamente il punto
d'approdo nel luogo
definito dal paralume
e gli oggetti ancora
tutti da scoprire e
dove dia questa porta



une rumeur monte depuis le fleuve
depuis la ville engourdie c'est la fin
du jour qui hésite le temps s'accorde
au clair-obscur soleil déclinant
la lumière déforme les couleurs
les objets s'effondrent dans le noir
bientôt l'homme s'assoit
sur un banc du parc
le bruit sourd de son sang dans ses veines
l'air brûle encore de la chaleur du jour
viendra-t-il quelqu'un d'autre
se demande-t-il si tant est
que le frontal devient oblique
que l'espace s'ouvre à l'infini
et aux sons du cosmos la journée entière
se dépose dans son corps
il arpente les corridors de l'enfance
dans la maison familiale et franchit
l'interdite frontière sur la pointe des pieds
lui le frère perdu à ses désirs
à l'affût du Nu



pressant de toute part le réel
le noir labeur de la conscience
museau dans la neige radieuse
et le froid de l'humeur
de l'aveugle mais à l'aveugle
saison des amours
dans la maison sombre
le sombre appétit du peintre
exploite la géométrie de son âme
tous les temps ensemble réunis
passe la caravane des nuages
au-dessus de la ville endormie
l'avenir est rapidement passé
maintenant il n'y a plus
que du passé et ce qu'on croyait réel
s'avère une illusion mais
tenant le fer il chauffe
quand même l'air et la poussière
du poisseux juillet retombe

ANNEMETTE KURE ANDERSEN was born in 1962 in Ribe, Denmark. She studied at the University of Aarhus, where she earned an M.A. in Italian literature. Her most recent collection is *Tidsrum* (Herman & Frudit).

PAUL BÉLANGER, membre de l'Académie des lettres du Québec, il a été directeur littéraire des Éditions du Noroît entre 1991 et 2021. Il a fait paraître une quinzaine d'ouvrages, principalement de la poésie.

STÉPHANE BERNARD a publié ses textes dans plusieurs revues, parmi lesquelles *Disonances*, *Dièrèse*, *Verso* et *margelles*, ainsi que deux livres : *Combattant varié* (Éd. Aux Cailloux des Chemins) et *Sole povero* (Bruno Guattari Éditeur).

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HANNE BRAMNESS, prolific Norwegian poet. Translations of her work include a volume of collected poems in French and *The History of Snow* (forthcoming). Her latest collection, *Himmelen faller ikke ned*, is a poetic elegy on mother-daughter relationships (Tiden Norsk Forlag, 2025).

ALAN BRITT currently teaches English/Creative Writing at Towson University. He has published over 25 books of poems, including *The Tavern of Lost Souls* (Červená Barva Press, 2023), and *Garden Of Earthly Delights*, (UnCollected Press).

FABRICE FARRE a publié plus de vingt recueils de poésie, de 2012 à 2025. De nombreuses revues ont accueilli ses textes et ses traductions, parmi lesquelles : *Arpa*, *margelles*, *Place de la Sorbonne* et *Phoenix*.

MARIA GRAZIA INSINGA (Sicilia, 1970), laureata in Lettere moderne è una musicista. Ha pubblicato libri in versi: con Anterem, *Persica*; *Ophrys*; *Tirrenide*; con Fiorina, *Etcetera*; *La fanciulla tartaruga*; con Arcipelago itaca, *A sciamè* (2023). Sue poesie sono state tradotte in Inglese, Romeno, Francese, Russo e Spagnolo.

RAY KEIFETZ, author of *Museum Beasts* (Broadstone Books, 2023) and *Night Farming in Bosnia* (The Bitter Oleander Press). His poems and stories have received three Pushcart nominations.

TONY LEUZZI, poet and critic whose books include *Meditation Archipelago* (Tiger Bark) and *Fog Notes* (Tiger Bark, finalist for the 2023 Big Other Book Award for Poetry and Big Other's Reader's Choice Award).

ALEXIS LEVITIN has published 51 books in translation, mostly poetry from Portugal, Brazil, and Ecuador. World Poetry Publishers released his translation of Astrid Cabral's *Spotlight on the Word* in May 2026.

RUPERT LOYDELL, writer and abstract artist. Editor of *Stride* magazine and contributing editor to *International Times*, he is Senior Lecturer in the School of Writing and Journalism at Falmouth University.

JANET MACFADYEN, author of four full-length collections, most recently *Love Letters to the Wild* (Dos Madres 2025). Recent work appears in *SWIMM*, *Slant*, and *The Hopper*, among others. She is managing editor of Slate Roof Press, www.slateroofpress.com.

RAY MALONE, Irish writer living in London, 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 appeared in numerous print/online journals.

BÉATRICE MACHET, auteure de 12 recueils en français et de quatre en anglais, dont *Tourner: Petit précis de rotation* (éditions Tarmac), *Rafales* (éditions Lanskine) et Signé NO-ONE, éditions Sémaphore.

FRANCA MANCINELLI, born in Fano, Italy. Four of her books are available in John Taylor's translations: *The Little Book of Passage*, *At an Hour's Sleep from Here*, *The Butterfly Cemetery: Selected Prose 2008-2021* (The Bitter Oleander Press), and *All the Eyes that I Have Opened* (Black Square Editions).

MARIE-CHRISTINE MASSET, née à Ruffec en Charente en 1961, elle est membre du conseil de rédaction de *Phoenix*, *Cahiers Littéraires internationaux à Marseille* et *Osiris*. A fait publier *D'une rive à l'autre, quand les poètes traduisent les poètes* (édition Tituli, 2023).

ANDREA MOORHEAD's collections include *Tracing the Distance* (The Bitter Oleander Press) and *The Magician's Tales* (MadHat Press). Her translation of Véronique Cyr's *Forêt d'indices* is forthcoming from MadHat Press in 2027.

ROBERT MOORHEAD, painter and graphic designer whose work appears regularly in the online journals *January Review* (Philippines) and *Possibles* (Montréal). The Burnett Gallery of the Jones Library in Amherst, Massachusetts, held a virtual exhibit of recent work in the winter 2026.

PATTY DICKSON PIECZKA's most recent book is *Gathering Sunlight* in collaboration with poet Silvia Scheibli (The Bitter Oleander Press). She is the author of *Beyond the Moon's White Claw* (Red Dragonfly Press) and *Painting the Egret's Echo* (The Bitter Oleander Press).

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* (The Bitter Oleander Press) and *Moments in Place* (Rain Mountain Press).

JOSHUA ST. CLAIRE, winner of Rattle: Poets Respond; the Gerald Brady Memorial Senryu Award; and the Trailblazer Award. His work has appeared in *Notre Dame Review*, *Tampa Review*, *Jet Fuel Review*, and *Modern Haiku*, and elsewhere.

THOM SATTERLEE has translated two books from the Danish by Per Aage Brandt: *These Hands* (HOST) and *If I Were a Suicide Bomber & Other Verses* (Open Letter).

SILVIA SCHEIBLI's most recent book, *Coyote Woman* (Dream Tyger Press, 2026) includes Dr. Jose Rodeiro's article "The Legacy of Creative Collaborations among Immanentist Poets and Artists" and illustrations by Marlina Lisac.

JOHN TAYLOR's recent translations include Charlene Lambert's *Of Desire and Decarceration* (Diálogos Books), Veroniki Dalakoura's *Bird Shadows* (Diálogos Books), and Béatrice Douvre's *Inhabit the Brief Halt* (The Bitter Oleander Press).

RANIERI TETI (Merano, 1958), cofondatore e responsabile del Premio Lorenzo Montano. Dal 1985 al 2020 redattore della rivista *Anterem*, dal 2021 ne cura le omonime edizioni. I suoi libri: *La dimensione del freddo*, *Figurazione d'erranza*, *Il senso scritto*, *Controcanto (dalla città infondata)*, *Entrata nel nero*, *La vita impressa*.

DIANE THIVIERGE a publié en revue, entre autres *Estuaire* et *Brèves*. Elle a été lauréate du prix de poésie Pierre Chatillon (Festival international de poésie de Trois-Rivières, 2022).

MARC VINCENZ, poet, translator, editor, and publisher whose 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* and *No More Animal Poems*, both from White Pine Press.





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