



OSIRIS 91

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OSIRIS 91

DANISH | DANOIS

Annemette Kure Andersen 30-31

Translated by Thom Satterlee



ENGLISH | ANGLAIS

George Moore 6-7, 8-9

Changming Yuan 15

Marcia Arrieta 22, 23

Silvia Scheibli 24

Ray Keifetz 25

Maria Stadnicka 32, 33

Simon Perchik 35, 36, 37

Andrea Moorhead 38, 39, 40, 41

Charles Hadfield 42-43

Rob Cook 46-47

Matt Duggan 54

Simon Anton Diego Baena 55

Kelvin Corcoran 56-57



FRENCH | FRANÇAIS

Anatoly Orlovsky 27, 28, 29

Martine Audet 49-53



GERMAN | ALLEMAND

Günter Kunert 16-17, 18-19

Translated by Gerald Chapple



PORTUGUESE | PORTUGAIS

Eugénio de Andrade 4-5

Ruy Belo 20-21

Salgado Maranhão 44-45

Translated by Alexis Levitin



SPANISH | ESPAGNOL

Irene Bablé Marruffi 10-11, 12-13

Translated by Stephen Kessler



VISUAL ART

Anatoly Orlovsky 14, 26

Robert Moorhead 34

Andrea Moorhead 48

WHERE THE BIRD IS LOST FROM SIGHT

You lean your face on sorrow and do not even
hear the nightingale. Or could it be a lark?
You barely can endure the air, torn
between the faithfulness you owe

your mother's land and the nearly bleached out
blue where the bird is lost from sight.
Music, let's call it that,
was always a wound, but it was

your exaltation on the dunes, as well.
Don't listen to the nightingale. Don't listen to the lark.
It is within yourself
all music is a bird.

for Fátima, a grateful memory, summer, '99

Eugénio de Andrade

É ONDE A AVE SE PERDE

Encostas a face à melancolia e nem sequer
ouves o rouxinol. Ou é a cotovia?
Suportas mal o ar, dividido
entre a fidelidade que deves

à terra da tua mãe e ao quase branco
azul onde a ave se perde.
A música, chamemos-lhe assim,
foi sempre a tua ferida, mas também

foi sobre as dunas a exaltação.
Não oiças o rouxinol. Ou a cotovia.
É dentro de ti
que toda a música é ave.

Para a Fátima, lembrança grata, verão 99

George Moore

INDIA

When you cross
the light changes to heat

and more light and the invisible moisture
of all southern climates seeps up north

When you cross the first
hour amid hundreds or more moving

and settle on a clear lake surrounding
a golden temple

there is a sense of relief
after months on the road

imagining the world as a face
of constant differences

When you cross and believe
in your invisibility

nothing changes but the heat
and the light

that come into you from just before dawn
when everywhere on the streets

people are sleeping
When that light changes

then you have completed
whatever it was you set out to complete

but you will not know it
as you have changed

and the country has set its boats
adrift in your hot blood

and you finally are many
like their nets

George Moore

REVISITING THE PLACE WHERE WILFRED OWEN FELL

No drumfire but fireflies
in fields along the sleepy canal

of the *Sambre-Oise* in the French countryside
gone back to stillness now trenches filled

and covered with flowers
No remnants of the duckboard bridge

where a week before the Armistice
you are dead

nor the letter to your mother that arrives
as crowds celebrate in the streets

A few poems in print then
and yet you are so central to this thinking

back into the insanity and waste
The troops of visitors often deaf

to how the sudden exhilaration of *Advance!*
sinks into neurasthenia

and how the madness makes a boy a poet
only to kill him off after a night

in a farmhouse cellar talking
ways to thread an iron needle

with the sounds of the dead
the wind through a windowless house

Irene Bablé Marruffi

Translated from the Spanish by Stephen Kessler

MISTRAL

Saltpeter smell of jutting rocks carved by waves
when the exposed soul shrinks like frost
in your hand and your heartbeats slow as you split apart.

Cold over the Gulf of Genoa, like the frozen
smile that marks the goodbye, immutable.
It's not transient; you carry that wind within,
it is nature seeing you for what you are.

The view can sustain the universe with its beauty.
Disheartened and exposed, you feel serene,
like the bride surprised by the snowflakes dusting her eyelids.

MISTRAL

Olor a salitre de rocas abruptas labradas por las olas,
cuando el alma al descubierto se encoge como escarcha
en tu mano y mientras partes los latidos desaceleran.

Frío sobre el golfo de Génova, como la helada
sonrisa que enmarca la despedida, inmutable.
No es pasajero; ese viento lo llevas dentro,
es la naturaleza que te reconoce sin mentiras.

El panorama puede sostener el universo por su belleza.
Desalentador y sin refugio el sentimiento se serena,
es la novia asombrada por la nieve entre sus párpados.

Irene Bablé Marruffi

Translated from the Spanish by Stephen Kessler

CALM

Silence is a soundless wind revealing the infinite,
solitude in that balanced instant when on tiptoes
I sneak up on myself slowly breathing an unforgettable evening
and write cradled by a breeze whose whisper I'm translating.

An astonishing calm, interior journey of strokes
swimming me to the shore of an unknown beach.
With a shipwrecked spirit's surprise at being alive
somewhere your soft and far-off voice can't reach.

To love the wind is to hug the tree where it's caught,
but now nothing's moving and no one's holding me.

CALMA

El silencio es un viento sin sonido desvelando el infinito,
soledad en ese instante de equilibrio, cuando de puntillas
me acerco al respirar lento de un atardecer memorable
y escribo acunada por una brisa de la que traduzco el murmullo.

Calma asombrosa, el viaje interior de las brazadas
que me conducen a la orilla de una playa desconocida.
Con la sorpresa de seguir viviendo para el espíritu náufrago,
en donde no me alcanza tu voz templada y lejana.

Amar el viento es abrazar el árbol en el que se atrapa,
pero ahora nada se mueve y nadie me envuelve.



WOOD HEART ARRHYTHMIC

Anatoly Orlovsky

Changming Yuan

MAINSTREET.COM

If ever at all, if only once
If you were
To have such a chance

Just keep driving
Drive forward
With no need to take a shoulder check

Despite so many beside you
Despite so much more ahead & behind

Along this new street, your car
(Like your body or thought)
Will adapt its shape like a stream
Of water running its own course
From past to future, amidst
Programmed sapiens, through
The flow of data

Until at the meeting point
Between yin & yang
Between 0 & 1
Between time & space

STILL LIFE

A pair of ratty shoes and
another pair and another and
another. Nestled on top of one another.
Rusty wire. In the background
old suitcases. Crumpled paper,
characters blurred by the damp.
Unreadable testament,
the legacy
without heirs.

STILLEBEN

Ein Paar zerschlissene Schuhe und
noch ein Paar und noch und
noch. Übereinander geschmiegt.
Rostiger Draht. Im Hintergrund
alte Koffer. Zerknülltes Papier,
von Nässe verwischte Schriftzeichen.
Unleserliches Testament,
die Hinterlassenschaft
ohne Erben.

Günter Kunert

Translated from the German by Gerald Chapple

BEFORE HER DOOR

Before her door
his shadow lies. She steps
on it when she goes out,
when she comes home, but it
won't wear out like
real carpeting that
is barely noticed
over time, and its creator
rarely remembered and
with great reluctance.

VOR IHRER HAUSTÜR

Vor ihrer haustür
liegt sein Schatten. Sie tritt
darauf, sobald sie ausgeht,
sobald sie heimkehrt, doch er
nutzt sich nicht ab, wie
ein echter Teppich, den man
mit der Zeit kaum noch
beachtet und seines Herstellers
selten und höchst ungern
gedenkt.

THE PRESSURE OF THE DEAD

You close the trunk full of luggage. And suddenly you realize that the gesture isn't new. You've seen it before, again and again. At different times of day, but never as often as in the evening. Whatever the landscape, it's always the same: the scorched earth, the song of the cicadas, the thick, steamy air provoking a rarefaction of things seen, giving them the air of a mirage. The lid of the coffin is closed over the known face for all of time. The question of eternity isn't even raised. That land is what you loved with all its contradictions and its daily problems. You loved men who perhaps had punched you in the nose now and then and were deliciously imperfect just like you. And you had to say farewell to them. They were no longer from here. Now they had the problems of the dead. Now one spoke of them in the imperfect and not in the present. A simple change of tense and everything changed. A last look at that box in bad taste. You would like to throw a clod at it, like a child, to exorcise bad dreams. But you lack the innocence. Decisively you have to slam the trunk shut. And you ask them to make sure the tires are at thirty-two. The pressure of the dead.

A PRESSÃO DOS MORTOS

Fechas a mala do carro cheia de bagagem. E de súbito apercebes-te de que não é novo o gesto. Muitas vezes o viste já repetir. A muitas horas do dia, mas nunca como num fim de tarde. Qualquer que fosse a paisagem, a mesma paisagem: a terra calcinada, o canto das cigarras, o ar espesso do vapor a provocar a rarefacção das coisas vistas e a dar-lhes um ar de miragem. Fecha-se o tampo do caixão sobre a cara conhecida para todo o sempre. Nem se levanta o problema da eternidade. Esta terra é que tu amaste com todas a contrariedades e os problemas quotidianos. Amaste homens que por vezes talvez te tenham dado na cara e eram deliciosamente imperfeitos como tu. E tiveste de te despedir deles. Já não eram daqui. Já tinham problemas de mortos. Já se falava deles no imperfeito e não no presente. Mudou um simples tempo de verbo e tudo mudou. Um último olhar a essa caixa de mau gosto. Gostarias de atirar um torrão, como em criança, para esconjurar os maus sonhos. Mas falta-te a inocência. Decisivamente, tens de fechar com força a mala do carro. E pedes que te ponham os pneus à pressão 22. A pressão dos mortos.

Marcia Arrieta

PRELUDE THE STARS

we write in ginkgo leaves & clouds

the roses need trimming

we insert words in drawings

collage sunflowers & wings

another journey is planned

Marcia Arrieta

SURVIVORS

out of the rain
out of the house

like fish we swim
we walk on water

the voices of clouds
the voices of bears & eagles

resonate from
the falling snow

Silvia Scheibli

ODYSSEUS' DILEMMA

Your loyalty

Is an invisible cloak

Over my shoulders,

Athena

And although

I can only envision you

Help me intuit

Which part of your body

Is your favorite

So I can dream

In peace

Touch the sandy shore

Like a wayward seabird

With salty memories

On my tongue

Ray Keifetz

MUSEUM BEASTS

An African lion,
Indian rhino,
a baby zebra knee deep in grass,
the skins;
their hearts are hidden.

A meadow
in memory of meadows.
A sea
in memory of seas.
An albatross in holy flight . . .

All these eyes
of glass
in memory of light.



NO WINTER STILL, SHADOW CREEK

Anatoly Orlovsky

Anatoly Orlovsky

PASSACAILLE, ACTUS TRAGICUS

Feu lessivé
givre ô midi
des testaments

ton ascendant soleil
gravait ce qui t'illumine encore
dans les écorces
les isothermes
d'hiver

la neige se raréfiait
(traces et passion)

jadis

une dialectique
(*charrier*)
du onze
(*Agamemnon*
défenestré)
septembre

deux lunes
gémissent
en ré-dièse vermeil

tétanisant

... pulpe d'aube ...

pianissimo lento furioso



une corde de lumière—
tu respires encore
cette muraille de feu noir
dans tes yeux—
—*silence*—
mille outardes
traversent la montagne
sur ma langue
fêlée

blanc
silence
dans les cités oubliées
de mille caribous
qui ne nageront plus en moi

car tu me livres
à l'artillerie des soleils—
corps-silence,
on tatoue le vent
que tu es,
l'air
de mes magnétiques
ravins

ce soir—
silence—
la lune brûle
dans ma gorge

Annemette Kure Andersen

translated from the Danish by Thom Satterlee



There weren't so many lilacs
earlier in the fall nor
a wind so strong
the roofs have been covered
with a thin layer of frost
she has to hurry to
give one last look at
the calendar with all
the blank
pages



The leaves of the foxglove curl
up against the north wind
that blows dry and cold through
the city that she didn't plan on
seeing again after so many years
where the glistening cobblestones now
seem to reflect an angel that
lost its wings in a
dark fall



Så mange syrener var der ikke
tidligere om foråret og heller
ikke en vind så hård
tagene er blevet dækket
af et tyndt lag rim
hun må skynde sig at
kaste et sidste blik i
kalenderen med alle
de blanke
sider



Fingerbøllens blade krøller
sig sammen for nordenvinden
der blæser tør og kold igennem
den by som hun ikke regnede med at
gense efter så mange år
hvor de fedtede brosten nu
synes at spejle en engel der
mistede sine vinger i et
mørkt fald

LEVITICUS

to Anne-Marie

We'd have peace if we meet
at a cemetery, she says,

but once there graves open,
the dead ask for headlines.

The good news is that I am
in the same place as Moses

walking around life when
sands shift. I reach my desert

retouching roots that match
the colour of parents' home.

I forgot where they live now;
as close as my skin, as far as

a memory from when I was five.
There must be a house nearby

where someone stays awake
to warm up my bottle of milk.

Instead of looking for it, I hold
a telescope aimed at the sky

marching past stray pebbles.

UNEARTHING

Wash your hands, they say,
after a day in the fields.
A daughter with soiled dress
must clean her shame.

My preparation foretells
starved days in rooms
where everyone wears masks.
Impossible to tell who teachers are.

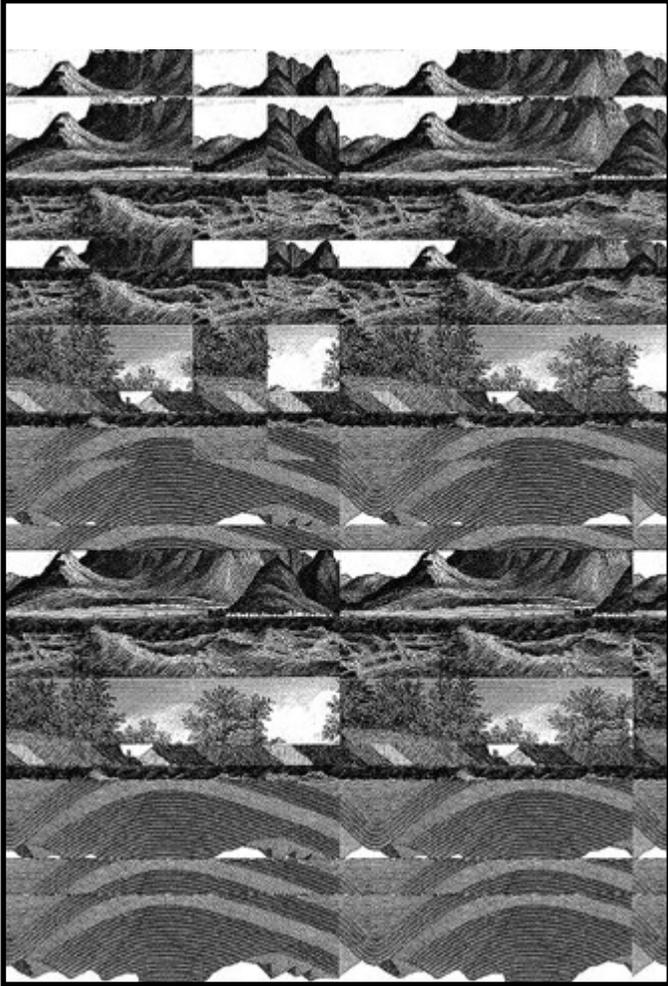
Forthcoming lessons surrendered
to hunger at the back of a classroom,
bound to kinship: black flats
passed down to barefoot offspring.

Poverty chooses its bloodline
with the same care storks roost
in the tallest houses. Safe nests.
Look for weeds in mid-meadows

but when I bring home seeds
under my fingernails they run
the tap, scald my hands raw.
Blisters grow over my lifeline;

the elders bow to their fear.
As in Latin, *timere* is being afraid
of unearthing ageing blades.
Schooldays on hands and knees.

My son and daughter born
in mid-meadows raise their palms
high at the back. Clean wounds face
forward to honour their birthright.



STRATIFICATION REDUX

Robert Moorhead



Hidden in this radio the cockpit light
drifts off, no longer trusts the instruments
calls you back with songs from the 40s

half birdsong, half making their descent
as the silence holding on to your last breath
—you dead are still listening for a place

that's not an ancient sound, can be seen
making the slow turn into darkness
all day long, louder and louder.



Side by side everything rises as if your breath
once held two moons with room in your heart
for feathers—this emptiness waits for you

on each mountain side, step by step
you still hear the grass cast its shadow
upward then over the small stones buried

to thin the air—you too will be left here
still looking upward, there, there in the clear air
a flower that's not a place.



Though the address book is old each page
has turned on its side, aroused
by your fingers trembling inside the hand

that needs more darkness, closes your eyes
by counting the missing, silenced with ink
where a voice should be, say hello

—you reach only the name, one by one
and to yourself, almost touching the sleeve
that's not an evening, is knocking so late.

ON THE LAWN

We've taken everything out now,
the boxes, the bags, the rugs, the lamps,
someone had turned on the tall brass lamp
left it burning while we were gone,
I hadn't anticipated that much light
the rugs look darker, the boxes larger,
the bags split along the seams
like milkweed pods
but I can't bend over that far
to pick up the silk scarves
the knit woolen sweaters
the glossy lines of an old letter
all the remnants you never shared
I'll put everything on the carpets
their wool is soft and vibrant
maybe everything will come to life again
leave the bags, leave the boxes,
slip off in the ever-so-romantic moonlight.

WHEN YOU GO OUT

If you had thought to close the door quickly
there wouldn't be any problem now,
the spruce would have stayed in the woods,
Indian Pipe wouldn't be blooming on the windowsill,
your voice would have lingered longer,
a gesture that let in the rain
and removed the tendency to look out
or settle in
there isn't any difference now
your words sprout like acorns and the day's shadows
murmur as if coming from your throat.
the glass has shifted and the window frame split
I'll sit on the stoop a while
and see if the moon rises by the chimney
or if it too has slipped.

FLUCTUATIONS IN TIME

Fluttering in the glass at twilight, the windows almost opaque. A leaf, a shadow. Nothing more. I've opened the door again to let out the heat. It's almost dark now. The sky crinkles whenever you move. Perhaps you should remain here by my side, watching the sun slip away, watching the grass shimmer at the edge of the field. Someone in the distance howling. A matter of different persuasions. The news doesn't vary; concrete beads scatter at every iteration, people rush along, imitating the horizon, bands of color, skin, hair. I haven't seen this before. Masks in the darkness glow. It's a matter of belief now. There isn't anything else.

WHEN WORDS ROLL

It's hard to tell if someone has left the lights on, there aren't any curtains or blinds to block the glare of streetlights, boulevard shop signs, the headlights of passing trucks, police flares where someone dug into the pavement, buried a body, a treasure, a grenade, no one knows why or who or if. It might be the apartment across from us. Electric flashes every night. Someone howling whenever the flashing stops. An infant, a dog, a rebellious child, uncontrollable hunger, pain, delight, frustration. I'm masked again, gazing out the window, my eyes reflect the glare. You can't imagine how loud my words would be, if only I could raise myself upon the sill and hurl them out into sky.

LOST FOR WORDS (EXTRACTS)

vi)

The matter is what it is—leave it alone now—
and if a lemon yellow cloud or its morning equivalent
settles behind the skyline peaks
trouble not for the spring tide
is as high as it can be because of
precisely this rising full moon
behind the pines on the opposite
skyline
and the gravities of moon and water align
beyond doubt.
Far off at the end of the bay
a spiral of smoke flattens
as a breezeless cloud
and as the temperature drops and
the waters rest—an instant—
the surf continues its thump along the beach
and a fishing boat putters home
as the light deepens and a star appears
just like that through the pink

vii)

the tide roaring against the swell huge waves in the channel
visible *Tai Rua*
'tide two, tide twin', the smashing surf up against the fast flow
a treacherous entrance indeed
the dogs bark
the surf roars and rips
shags and herons wait on and on
with a kingfisher watching from that tree

viii)

just that tree enough
against the bright sand
and the ebb tide
invisibly ripping the banks

the calm still surface
hiding
churning depths

ix)

any words can be better than none
dogs whine birds flit the sun
search the night sky
examine the entrails
what sacrifices made to get us
to where we are now

Salgado Maranhão

Translated from the Portuguese by Alexis Levitin

PEARL

for Ariany

You walk indifferent
among jackals,
bearing the breeze
on your plum-fair skin.

There lies within your
jaguar hips
an ancient haughtiness; the
certainty you will not sell
yourself to any market.

You just go along, untouched,
burning up the afternoon,
without intending to.

An oyster forgetting
it has a pearl.

PÉROLA

para Ariany

Caminha indiferente
entre os chacais,
carregando a brisa
na pele de ameixa.

Há em suas ancas
de onça negra,
uma altivez atávica; uma
certeza que não vende
aos mercadores.

Apenas segue, incólume,
incendiando a tarde
sem propósito.

Uma ostra que olvida
a própria pérola.

Rob Cook

ONLY SOME OF THEM MAKE IT TO SPRING

The birds just beginning
the March horizon,
winter's near-dead cathedral,
the girl imagines
having lured her brother
into a snowman

as it grieves

and the sunlight burrows
from its cage beneath snow
turning a sluggish brown.

Each snowman, drowning
in warm, sudden air,

hoards quieter
and quieter
storms—

nurseries for the ice melt

and its passage
to someone's lost laughter
alone in its house behind the moon,

the girl searching the banks
of late lunar puddles

where she reaches for her brother
one last time,
and she sees him,
almost,

with his backpack full of crocuses,
his mind he used for trapping
bears and raccoons
and birthdays,

the faltering way he kicks
up all of Christmas's hoof-print hiding places.

She watches him go,
uninhabited
and following the frogs' cold-blooded
silence ahead of her,
to April.



SOUTH BRISTOL, MAINE

Andrea Moorhead

Martine Audet

PETITS POÈMES EN FAMILLE (SUITE)

Père
trop souvent
est la nuit au pied
de l'image
avec
rien à ajouter
sinon quelques dents de lait
comme de vieilles proies
sensibles à la lumière
de l'instant



Certainement
je serai précipitée
je serai à remonter
comme du temps
mais ce n'est pas
ce pourquoi
mère ma mère
n'est pas la pluie
n'est pas une promesse de pluie
jetée en pâture
pour y voir clair



Père
n'a pas idée
du cœur de garde
ni des pièces de vérité
pourrissant dans la cave
pourtant il dira la fin
comme une affaire pressante
il remettra les cailloux
dans le gris
de ses yeux



Que faire ici
sinon crier
se déchirer les mains
sur ma mère
et
la façon
dont elle aime
ce qui arrive
quand
-est-ce à l'étage des noms ?-
je n'écris pas de poèmes



Pour père
genoux cirés
il faut des os
ou un joli destin
car crainte et crime
sont jours de comptes
et c'est pourquoi
ma mère pleure
un livre sur deux
elle pleure
devant les chiffres
de l'abîme

CAERLEON

Iron hills
two meters apart
between green

I drink from flowers
hear the crooked trees
thread my vision

where empty windows
a plague seeps in cracks

we step inside
It was only in bare
beneath the sun

glimpse
standing at a round table
Hail, King

for if we breathe
what Knight or Angel

where children play
in ruins of myth & fact;
half towers & roman scrolls—

recently watered
the forest belch
onto the River Usk;

fill a local Inn
& whispers—

the Idylls of the King.
delights of day
reflecting from willows

Geoffrey of Monmouth
covered with grass—
tomorrow we all pass away

this wandering air
dare speak out for us today?

BLACK AND WHITE REELS

In a dimly lit room, a man propped up on a chair tries to console himself. He listens to Chopin's sad sonata of memory, his pulse slowing to a teardrop, the night silent as a lamp in a distant Gulag.

When the streets are restless and the trees tremble even without the wind, the priest finally returns to the presbytery for dinner. A man puts on his black trench coat, adjusts his watch—5 minutes past 8—then walks through the dimly lit exit of the old cinema, the sound of sirens all mixed up, like a present day Gordian knot. The equation is simple: he believes more in ashes than in the crucifix. *The city never runs out of vermin, the city is a vermin.* He writes it down on a piece of crumpled paper, smokes his cigarette, beads of sweat forming on his forehead. In the end, the man I shadowed was myself. From this angle, it's much clearer. The plot grows horns, not wings.

CROW AND A FOOTNOTE

In front of me as I free-wheeled
the rain-washed road down hill
the shadow of a crow kept pace
wings opening and closing overhead.

Passing the Chapel of our Lady and Centre Medik
beyond the suburban fields of maize
under an untethered sky out of town,
wings opening and closing, head poised.

There are implications arising here that I question, unthought habits of superstitious thought from the medieval torture chamber anxious for poetic effect. I meant rather the coincidence of the crow flying steadily in the same direction and at the same speed as I cycled down the road. I meant principally the sun in just the right position to cast the shadow of the bird gliding along in front of me with the sky washed clean enough after rain to make the road surface glisten.

The image of the crow's shadow guiding me, the wings opening and closing, may have prompted the ominous details from the utilitarian landscape, some of which were innocent. The journey out of town. The sickly coloured Mary in the enclave of the chapel's wall. The medical centre where I'd had conversations on the lines of—*Well, this could kill me then?*

It would be more useful to have better knowledge of the intelligence of corvids, something on their navigational behaviour for instance. The crow was following the long, straight road, and because it was wet and the sun was reflected, presumably the surface was shining up to the bird as a pointer. Or was it using a capacity for internal navigation? Whichever, it followed the road all the way above me. Presumably it was not much interested in the thing moving along below and its passing thoughts? Am I just potential carrion? The mortal maggot wriggling foetal in the brain. Click. X-rayed by the crow's eye. It is useful to call things what they are.

OSIRIS 91

ANNEMETTE KURE ANDERSEN, born in 1962 in Ribe, Denmark. She studied at the University of Aarhus, where she earned an M.A. in Italian literature. *Reaktionsmønster/Response Pattern*, her eleventh collection of poetry, was published in 2017.

MARCIA ARRIETA is the author of three poetry collections: *perimeter homespun & archipelago counter point* (BlazeVOX), *Ô triskelion, tiger moth, tangram, thyme* (Otoliths). She edits and publishes *Indefinite Space*, a poetry/art journal.

MARTINE AUDET née à Montréal, elle est l'auteure d'une douzaine de livres de poèmes et de deux albums pour enfants. Derniers titres parus: *La société des cendres* suivi de *Des lames entières* (éd. du Noroît, 2019) et *Rêve sur rêve* (coll. fibre.s, éd. La tête à l'envers, 2020). Les premiers poèmes du projet "Petits poèmes en famille" ont paru dans le numéro 84 d'*Osiris*.

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

RUY BELO, Portuguese existentialist, poet, and translator who died in 1978. He published eleven collections of poetry, four collections of critical writings, and numerous translations of writers such as Jorge Luis Borges, Blaise Cendrars, Garcia Lorca, and Antoine de Saint-Exupéry.

GERALD CHAPPLE taught German and Comparative literature at McMaster University, Hamilton, Ontario, for over thirty-five years. His Kunert translations have appeared several times in *Osiris* and in twenty-five other literary magazines. They are being collected for a planned book, *A Stranger at Home: Selected Poems 1979-2009*.

ROB COOK's latest book is *Asking My Liver for Forgiveness* (Rain Mountain Press, 2014). Work has appeared in *The Bitter Oleander*, *Heavy Feather Review*, *Indefinite Space*, *Iodine*, *Great Weather for Media*, and *Wisconsin Review*.

KELVIN CORCORAN lives in Brussels. Author of numerous books of poetry, including *New and Selected Poems*, *For The Greek Spring*, and *Facing West, all from Shearsman*. In 2020, Free Verse Editions/Parlor Press published his *Orpheus Asymmetric*.

EUGÉNIO DE ANDRADE was Portugal's best-loved contemporary poet. He published twenty-seven volumes of poetry and was translated into over twenty languages. He was awarded all of Portugal's literary prizes.

MATT DUGGAN, born in Bristol, and now lives in Newport, Wales. His work has appeared in many journals such as *The Potomac Review*, *Poetry Salzburg Review*, *The Chiron Review*, *The Lit Quarterly*, *Polarity*, *The Journal*, and *Into the Void*.

CHARLES HADFIELD's current poetry explores 'first contact' between Europeans and the *tangata whenua* (people of the land) of Aotearoa, New Zealand. The pieces printed here are taken from an ever-growing sequence of poems, incorporating extracts from oral accounts from the Māori tradition and the journals of Captain Cook and his contemporaries.

RAY KEIFETZ's *Night Farming In Bosnia* won the Bitter Oleander Library of Poetry Award in 2017. His work has appeared recently or is forthcoming in *The Bitter Oleander*, *Gargoyle*, *Heartland Review*, *I-70*, *New Plains Review*, and *Phantom Drift*.

STEPHEN KESSLER's most recent collection of poems is *Last Call* (Black Widow Press). His translations of Luis Cernuda received a Lambda Literary Award, the Pen Center USA Award and the Harold Morton Landon Award.

GÜNTER KUNERT, born in Berlin in 1929 and died on September 21, 2019, in Kaiserslautern, north of Hamburg. "Vor ihrer Haustür" appeared in *Aus meinem Schattenreich* (Carl Hanser Verlag, 2018) and "Stilleben" in *Zu Gast im Labyrinth* (Carl Hanser Verlag, 2019).

ALEXIS LEVITIN's books include Eugénio de Andrade's *Forbidden Words* (New Directions), Carmen Vascones' *Outrage* (White Dwarf, 2018), and Salgado Maranhão's *Palavra* (Dialogos Books, 2019). In 2021, Spuyten Duyvil will bring out *Mapping the Tribe*, his fourth collection by Salgado Maranhão.

SALGADO MARANHÃO has won numerous awards, including the prestigious Prémio Jabuti with *Mural of Winds*. His work has appeared in many magazines in the US, including *The Bitter Oleander*, *BOMB*, *Cream City Review*, *Dirty Goat*, and *Florida Review*.

IRENE BABLÉ MARRUFFI is a young Spanish poet based in Cádiz whose work has won several awards in Spain but has yet to appear in book form. These are her first poems to appear in English translation.

GEORGE MOORE's collections include *Children's Drawings of the Universe* (Salmon Poetry, 2015) and *Saint Agnes Outside the Walls* (FutureCycle, 2016). Magazine publications include *Poetry*, *Colorado Review*, *The Atlantic*, and *Orion*. A finalist for the National Poetry Series and the Brittingham Award, he was recently longlisted for the Gregory O'Donoghue and Ginkgo Prizes.

ANDREA MOORHEAD's collections include *À l'ombre de ta voix* (Le Noroît) and *The Carver's Dream* (Red Dragonfly Press, 2018). Her most recent translation is Marie-Christine Masset's *The Red Bird* (Oxybia Éditions).

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

ANATOLY ORLOVSKY, poète, photographe et compositeur qui cultive ses sons-images-sens assemblés en hybrides (é)mouvants tendant à rendre commune et tonique une part de l'inextinguible en nous. Anatoly, actuellement coresponsable de la section Poésie-création de la revue *Possibles* affiliée avec l'Université de Montréal, a aussi

donné des concerts et enregistré quatre CD de sa musique de chambre et vocale, tout en exposant depuis 2002 ses photographies remarquées par *La Presse*, la revue *Vie des Arts* et Ici Radio-Canada.

SIMON PERCHIK's poems have appeared in *Partisan Review*, *Forge*, *Poetry*, *The New Yorker*, and elsewhere. His collections include *The Osiris Poems* (box of chalk, 2017). Visit his website at www.simonperchik.com.

THOM SATTERLEE's translations of the Danish poet Annemette Kure Andersen have appeared in *Agni*, *Black Warrior Review*, *The Connecticut Review*, *The Literary Review*, *Osiris*, *Tupelo Quarterly*, *Verse*, and *Washington Square*.

SILVIA SCHEIBLI's books include *Under the Loquat Tree* and *Parabola Dreams*, co-authored with Alan Britt. Scheibli has been reading her "Conversations with Athena," on zoom in Mr. Britt's creative writing classes at Towson University, MD, and at Cholla Needles Arts & Literary Library, Joshua Tree, California.

MARIA STADNICKA, writer, journalist and associate lecturer at University of the West of England, Bristol. She is working on a PhD in socio-psychology, exploring socio-cultural trauma transmission. Author of *Somnia* (2020), *At Eye Level* (2020), *Bearings* (2019), *The Unmoving* (2018) and *Imperfect* (2017). *Buried Gods Metal Prophets* is due out in February 2021 at Guillemot Press, UK. www.mariastadnicka.com.

CHANGMING YUAN grew up in a remote village in China, and started to learn the English alphabet in Shanghai at age 19. With a PhD in English, Yuan currently edits *Poetry Pacific* with Allen Quing Yuan in Vancouver. Author of eight chapbooks, he is the recipient of the Jodi Stutz Award in Poetry, 2020.





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