



# OSIRIS 92

49 YEARS 1972-2021

en français italien italien norvégien norvégien portuguese portugais russe russe



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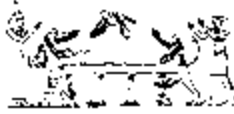
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*Simon Anton Diego Baena*

**MEDIEVAL**

When the vinyl spins fever spreads  
through the paint cracks, a city  
vanishes, and I find myself

sitting in the same chair  
facing a desk, removing the ink  
from my palms like a cat

licking his paws on the window  
of a rainy night in the monastery

*J. D. Nelson*

THE OLD EARTH IS IN THE REARVIEW MIRROR

we have a big barrel of the ghost root beer  
the sign says free world

nothing is here  
    maybe a meadow mouse

that moon is a dreaming machine  
by the creek we see the earth twinkle

good for the earth and good for you  
the good ghost is a creeping hand

cardboard faces needed for the fake city not lit by stars  
extreme butterfly watching

    it's too cold for the butterflies and they fall asleep  
    look there's one now paused in mid-flight

WILD ROCKS AND WEED FLOWERS

like destroying a dirt  
bed of rocks  
and weed flowers –  
someone has torn  
down the tents. people gone  
so quietly, so very  
out of the way. poppies,  
wild mint  
and wild dandelions,  
growing from stones  
under shrubbery. drinking  
their cans  
the way leaves  
absorb sunlight. beautiful,  
struck by  
the sun. and beauty,  
of course, is a thing  
that is neutral – not lessened  
by being made  
commonplace.  
there's a sign now,  
at the gate  
and it's beautiful  
also, and sunstruck:  
no camping  
is authorised  
here.

THE ZIP

the luas line  
bakes, glowing red  
from hot silver,  
like a scar  
shining white  
on a fingerweb

from when somebody  
one time  
got you ready for winter,  
closing a coat  
a little too carelessly,  
and you just a kid  
with bad reflexes. they bake,  
anyhow, quite hot  
and quite slowly,

and the trams move  
slowly along them,  
again like a zip  
and its slider  
pulled close  
and much  
more delicate,  
sealing the city  
inside.

COMMUNION

Husking beans  
like someone peeling off the dawn.

String beans between my fingers  
digits of a slimmer kind.

Earth sun drizzle moon  
I make them out in the uncertain green.

I feel the life sap of the mists  
I touch the saliva of the dew.

I think of the abyss that falls  
between the panorama and the pots and pans.

Canines cracking down on dawn  
I taste ahead of time communion.



COMUNHÃO

Debulho feijões de corda  
como quem debulha auroras.

As vagemas entre meus dedos  
outras falanges mais finas.

Terra sol chuvisco lua  
no verde ambíguo distingo.

Sinto a seiva das neblinas  
toco a saliva do orvalho.

Penso na abismo de queda  
entre paisagem e panela.

Caninos trincando auroras  
antecipo a comunhão.

*Astrid Cabral*

*Translated from the Portuguese by Alexis Levitin*

A STONE FROM THE RIO VERDE

*to José Godoy Garcia, expert in stones and poetry*

A stone from the Rio Verde  
engenders a river in my house  
flowing subterranean  
beneath the carpet of the living room.

A stone from the Rio Verde  
mocks our six faucets  
spitting their bits of water  
on the ceramic of our sinks.

A stone from the Rio Verde  
laughs at the tiny territory  
where, imprisoned, I can't stretch out  
laughs at my closed window  
a defense against the rain.

A stone from the Rio Verde  
feels sorry for the caladiums  
in their potted exile.

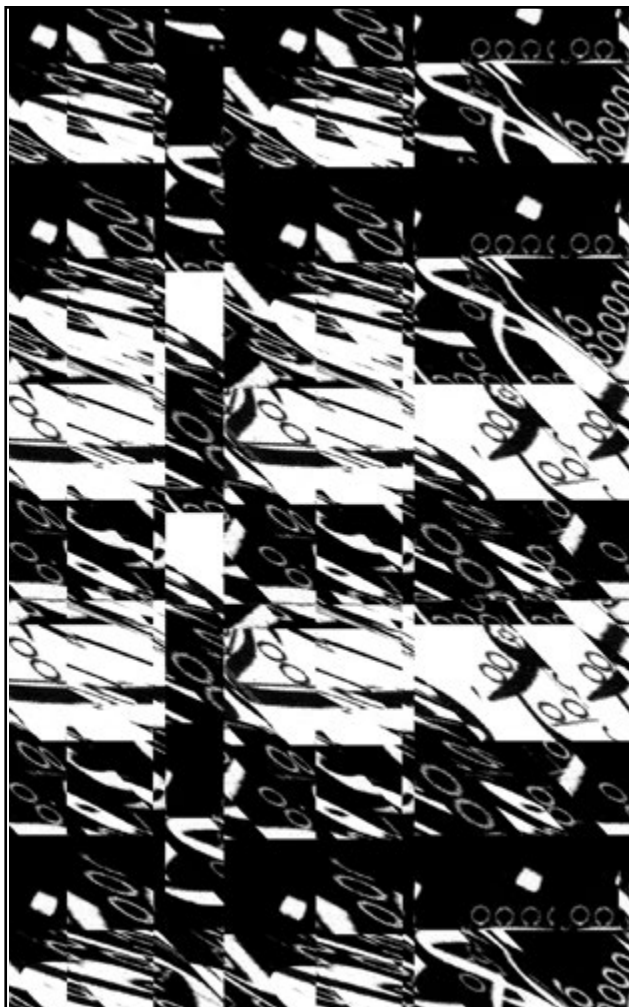
It despises the fan  
the pittance of its breeze.  
Dethrones all clocks  
so superficial in their handling of time.

A stone from the Rio Verde  
bursts open my wooden doors  
and, returning to mother earth,  
sets me free again.

A PEDRA DO RIO VERDE

*A José Godoy Garcia, perito em pedras e poesia*

A pedra do Rio Verde  
gera um rio em minha casa  
fluindo subterrâneo  
sob o tapete da sala.  
A pedra do Rio Verde  
zomba das seis torneiras  
cuspindo miúdas águas  
na louça dos lavabos.  
A pedra do Rio Verde  
ri do ínfimo território  
onde presa não me espraio.  
Ri das janelas fechadas  
minha defesa da chuva.  
A pedra do Rio Verde  
tem dó dos tinhorões  
ali no exílio dos vasos.  
Despreza o ventilador  
a miséria do seu vento.  
Destrona os vários relógios  
tão levianos com o tempo.  
A pedra do Rio Verde  
quebra a madeira das portas  
e na mãe terra, de volta,  
me recoloca liberta.



ARABIC 92  
ROBERT MOORHEAD

BALANCE

Nina always reads 'saw' as 'was'.  
She leans out of bed to see  
that the rats have moved into the garden.  
Today I'll run behind her on the pavement  
my hand above the saddle telling her  
I'm holding tight: that inch of air will be  
the white space of a lie.  
The park ahead will be full of footballers  
massing towards some distant shimmer  
that will prove when we get close to be  
the pressing arguments of flesh. She  
stretches a long word into that  
sea-like light, sawing  
at the wastes where the trees stand  
for something like a question.  
On a bench I'll try to sort dream  
from memory as if it matters which  
is more real, since even among  
damp litter and noise a tree can  
suspend these yellow explosions that  
contain the reactionary blackbirds  
and a white fog of body,  
each leaf a judgement to cast aside. I watch  
her jump from time-frame to climbing  
frame, over stretches of wobble, of  
handled sense. There is no balance  
without first the fall, the frame.

*from* ANTIMONIO

\*

il prete dice messa in abisso  
ed è la centuplicazione dell'atto  
nella viola consequentia di vita nova  
consequentia sirena canteremo  
cantari kantharos cantaru a figure rosse  
canterò mardjan è corallo o è mattino morgen?  
o è antevorta postvorta o è d'estate  
o bonaccia o mezzogiorno o eternità  
comunque serena io son serena  
comunque chiara voce sottile  
comunque consequentia  
comunque ur

\*

fantasma di fiati stretto strettoia una bocca  
due rive che saranno? se non la ferita fessura  
l'ebraico maru madre mare deserto morte  
amniotica di buona donna ferita e fera ulcerata  
di inconscio la voragine senza congiunzione  
disgiuntiva che risucchia e succhia la morale  
che usa questa parola spezzata argine allusivo  
schiaffo senza volto infero e matrice dell'inferno

\*

ora non sei umana vicina a dio  
e al cane nella deiscenza della siliqua  
lunaria giù in terra lunaria secca  
e millenaria tutta intera di luce

in questo spazio di belva  
il passaggio è folto e non chiede  
niente solo perché vuole tutto  
e stende un cielo pietoso perdìo

\*

l'ultima sigaretta ultimo alfabeto  
espropriazione a delinquere e nerospino  
riparo per gli uccelli e per la lingua  
e per la prima parola non comprensibile  
prugnolo di macchia fa da capo d'inverno  
fino ai piedi della primavera madre  
di ogni guerra e tutto odora di rosacee  
di pesche al vino e lascia senza parola

LEARNING KINDNESS FROM NEW ORDER'S *TEMPTATION*

A heaven, a gateway, your magnetic kindness in polycarbonate  
quantum word expression. Romantic as golden blue, you make me  
take the holy chance, this moment with you lights up my mind,  
explains a phenomenon only you can decode by ice star and thistle rose.

A barometer, a wise shadow fading into you after me, this knowing  
gaze of fate channels a probe into every chapter of your good heart.  
Speculative as your bright-eyed future, you reconnoiter the frozen  
references to my silence; how the people constantly miss

the kindness other people enveloped in the east and the west.  
As to why a leaf falls from the sky, I never ask why. I never ask  
why kindness binds and frees, why it can be, like temptation,  
swirling  
with the seasons.



*Janet MacFadyen*

I AM NOT THE STORY THAT WAS TOLD

To say I remember is to say  
I made it up which is to say memory  
is not a hawk a ladder to climb on  
a hook It is not these grey eyes one  
drilling inward like an augur the other  
crazed glass unhinged from its stalk  
Which is to say I will deflect  
any advances will sidestep  
the heat-seeking words dance  
for anyone who cares to watch  
swear to uphold  
family and nation or pull down  
the billboard the veil the cyclone  
I must not be found  
at the center of the crime scene the kernel  
of desperation at the heart of the poem  
Not even the double-bladed axe  
can excise me How else  
can I avoid catastrophe how does the house  
not go up in flames

CHANT DU MILIEU

*When most I wink, then do mine eyes best see*  
Shakespeare, Sonnet 43

I

L'accordeur aveugle est venu,  
un jour sans note :  
piano et quotidien rompus.  
Il s'est penché pour reconnaître  
ce que la durée apportait à la brièveté  
terrestre. Dehors, la neige sourde  
gardait jalouse les pas noirs  
aux yeux fermés.

II

J'occupe une maison dans une maison,  
celle où l'on pense jour par jour.  
Les images des enfants ne font  
que passer, il n'y a aucun tableau.  
Les murs sont blanchis à la chaux  
de l'amour qui brûle et parfois  
rassérène. La veille du lundi  
et du vendredi je prépare un déjeuner  
pour un convive que j'aperçois  
dans les formes mobiles du quotidien.

III

Le singe que le soir  
enfante malgré lui, avant  
le coucher, garde l'ironie  
apprise et cache de ses cinq  
doigts l'émotion appartenue.  
Honteux, il se retourne, reconnu,  
fermant bien vite la nuit  
d'instinct alors occupée.

IV

L'on descend peu à peu ; sur la terre  
montante marche la vie en sabots :  
d'eux surgissent les chevaux parfois  
humains et toute force bruyante  
que l'on craint de perdre. Mais la raison alerte  
du danger inventé et au carrefour confus  
des moitiés, les portes s'ouvrent puis  
des murs verts ruisselants, les écluses.

V

Ici, la saison rouille les murs,  
la boisson lente a un goût ocre,  
elle descend jusqu'au sommeil  
du sol où tout se pose.  
Par la porte basse passe  
le ciel lointain – qui croit  
se reconnaître alors : nous  
sommes parfois et trop peu  
si souvent. Et la raison folle  
en est étrangement heureuse.

VI

Ils posèrent leur chargement  
à mi-parcours. À entendre  
leur langage ralenti, je dus  
sans être sûr du mien, reprendre  
sur mon dos ce qu'ils laissèrent là,  
abandonnés d'eux-mêmes.  
Je savais d'instinct où aller, ceux  
qui m'avaient précédé passèrent  
par là pour me laisser  
une place plus légère.



WARWICK, MASSACHUSETTS  
ANDREA MOORHEAD

SUMMER LIGHT

HE WAKES very early, just as the birds are beginning to sing in the first light of dawn. They are silent for a while, then start up again, in waves. It doesn't actually get dark this time of year, so it must be something other than the light which stirs the birds into song, the light that pushes from behind the curtains, floods across the ceiling, runs down the walls. The house becomes transparent. He gets up, heads out. Not a breath of wind. A stray shaft of sunlight cuts across the garden at a slant, sliding over the bench, ruffling a bed of peonies and crown imperial, strikes his shin. The steps still hold a little warmth from yesterday's heat. Salt grass prickles the back of his heels as he slips away barefoot, on tiptoe. He runs across the yard, out of the gate, along the dusty path through the woods, out to the far side of the island, knowing before he reaches the beach, even before he can see it, that the sun is dancing on the horizon. He is running away, an insistent question pressing close behind him: is this really the right place, the place where he belongs?

## SOMMERLYS

Han våkner veldig tidlig, når fuglene begynner å synge i grålysningen. De tier en stund, så tar de til igjen, i bølger. Egentlig blir det aldri mørkt på denne tida av året. Det må være noe annet fuglene stiller sangen inn etter enn lyset, som sprenger på bak gardina, sprer seg i taket, renner ned veggene. Huset blir gjennomsiktig. Han står opp, flykter ut. Ikke et vindpust. Ei forvilla solstråle skjærer på skrå inn i hagen, sklir over hagebenken, roter i bedet med peoner, keiserkrone, treffer leggen hans. Trappa har ennå litt lunk av gårsdagens hete. Det salte gresset stikker akilleshælen, der han lister seg barføtt videre. Han løper over gårdsplassen, ut porten, langs stien med pudderstøv gjennom skogen, ut mot yttersida av øya, og vet før han når stranda, før han kan se den, at sola danser i synsranda. Han springer fra et spørsmål som stadig forfølger ham, som haler innpå, om han befinner seg på riktig sted?

*Paul B. Roth*

## THE INTERNAL PAGE

Turn the page  
inside out  
unfold its pulp  
that used to muffle  
nuthatches  
chipmunks  
cicadas  
even the voice of a lake  
from deep inside  
its once  
flowing darkness  
before it became  
this flat whiteness  
marred by signs  
ink scrawls  
and a darkness  
inhabited  
by more than just words



WRITING OUT TO SEA

Absorbed into early morning, into each particle of its darkness, and clothed in a thin skin of fresh ink, I'm fortunate if even the dullest lamp reflecting off my face gleams around the usually shaded elbows and knees of each written letter. Just look how one letter right after another lights its own way, leaving behind a momentary darkness until the very next one's revealed and so forth. I try keeping up, but instead of words, dark fish stick their glossy scales to my lips and speak for me without opening my mouth. Slipping in between and around my gums and teeth, I feel their inundation. Upon falling asleep, they dry up on my lips until every exhalation breathes them away. Now instead of my lips moving, its the darting tail fin of a lake trout that says it all.

*Diane Régimbald*

## LES ATTACHEMENTS

Le poème seul  
                  mot percé  
un filet  
où ajuster l'attente

Je tremble avant  
de pouvoir dire  
                  l'effacement  
discret des mains

Les parfums troublent  
les replis des émotions  
dévêtissent l'image

la nudité attachée  
à elle

du dedans  
réfléchie la lumière  
du dedans les jeux  
d'ombre

un reflet du ciel et des arbres  
sur l'écran  
l'instant d'écrire  
une blessure de plus  
ne se donne pas

le lieu du souffle  
le cœur même de la nuit  
le cœur du corps  
    j'entends le sang la pluie  
        et la rage enlisée  
la musique

les tumultes ne répondent de rien  
tout devient inondation      de corps dérivés

*Joshua Krugman*

## WHITE MYTHOLOGY

a child stands in the completed world  
eyes two silkworms, sisters

i cut a gull from her sleeve  
and it climbs the sky

## A FULLY OPERATIONAL FANTASY

flamingos cover the sky  
thimble briars drag such  
chewing gum souls as ours along the seawall  
snow that falls through its own shadow  
falls among crows  
that coagulate on the sand  
my love loses her hand in her hair  
and begins to comb the sea

then the sky lifts like a face and the sun  
eternal ombudsman  
burnishes with unreliable fixative  
that freedom that isn't free

*Joshua Krugman*

NYACK

*for Miana Johnson*

this is our time to shine  
in the mosses and winds  
of real life  
that or a pier at nyack  
is all i remember  
and the years are sung  
from dogs and fennecs  
and the wind from the engine  
flips the edges of lilies on the swamp

then as always the sun  
will rise on something splendid  
will shine on our splendor  
as it shines on the horizon's underside  
turning the sunlights on in our souls  
the sun will shine  
without sequence or indication  
with no proposal other than its own activity  
as in silence flags fall on an exhibit of the parables of danger  
where the audience listens for a fall or falls  
and headlights magnify the uncorrected swerve of possibility  
and in the next tilt of the curve i almost see  
around the horizon a bristling pasture  
of pure expression where to look  
is endless need of happiness that at any moment  
such recognition needs nothing no witness no  
apparatus of care or sweetening persiflage

it's not enough for it to sound like music  
it should sound like people singing  
for the first time  
it should be like that time  
at the shores of nyack when in  
my knees were the shores of nyack  
and in the disconcerting stillness  
of the double body at the end of the pier  
a stillness more durable than our own bodies  
broke from the double body at the end of the pier  
and the wind from the engine on my cheeks  
covered in cinders  
lava and ash the ungraspable landscape  
which gardeners swept with fireproof brooms

park here when you come back from the forest  
from a surface you were dented upon  
especially when all kinds of trucks come back  
dented by wind and rubble  
burned and burnished  
the engine of the wind hot on the pond falls  
toward flight  
gives roundness in time to bodies  
and their actions  
as the gardeners advance with their downgraded fire resistant brooms

waiting for the heart to go back  
or change its slope  
we go back to nyack  
as a double sun that never sets to itself  
never returns  
sets sail for a shore without a sea  
in a performance that threatens to go too far  
toward love  
the gardeners with their great brooms  
and we also on the shores of nyack are prepared  
for the end of all iteration and attention  
listening for that bright moment when the decider  
decides to decide and then  
everything really is new



ERRANCE

Montagne mythique, contre le temps, frontières et secrets.

Des arbres bordent les sentiers, déclic de pas, matière de souffle.

Au travers des branches, le soleil tremble sous le poids de l'éphémère.

Soudain, une feuille vrille, cherche refuge, ralentit, se dépose sur la pierre.

Les veines de la feuille, comme les lignes de ma main, entre deux créneaux, l'effacement.

À l'horloge, glissement d'étoiles, un cycle s'achève.

Aux premiers matins du vivant, les visages sourient, pleurent, disent paradoxes, se replient.

Gorges enflammées de cris, ensemble la déchirure.

Parmi les éclats de lumière, l'œil replace l'horizon.

Corps largués aux continents, face à l'imprévisible, passage et silence.

Icônes entassées sur l'âge, nous existons pour l'inconnu.

En aval mes frayeurs, le poème, épilogue d'une vie.

Les nuages se ruent au vent, jusqu'à la dernière goutte de pluie, nos corps.

Sans feu ni lieu, à coup d'errance la fragilité s'étale, file son souffle flambé de peurs.

Au texte, déclinaison de verbes inassouvis.

Mots enfiévrés, le sens dérape.

Effervescence de signes, la main touche fragilité et blessure.

Mâter la noirceur, quoi d'autre que la beauté du silence ?

Au milieu de nulle part, j’amorce le périple sur la pointe des pieds.

Malgré tout, ma présence s’entend, des lanternes s’allument, je reste incognito.

Prise à la nuit, bête de noirceur, mes foulées s’allongent jusqu’au soleil du petit matin.

Près du fleuve, l’eau à l’image du sang qui coule dans mes veines.

Ses nuances de bleu, de vitesse, d’exhalation portent l’haleine des grands vents.

Dépourvue de port d’attache, emportée par les flots, comment aller et revenir sans se perdre?

Le temps, une saison qui ne s'arrête jamais.

Éclat de lucidité, je m'arrondis autour des mots, j'étrangle le texte.

Vivre un acte de bravoure.

Au bout de chaque route, corps dépouillé, manie de vide.

Devenue ascète, je vis au monastère des nomades.

J'ouvre mes bras, je vous parle, cadavres silencieux vous ne trahissez  
jamais votre sort.

J'habite un monde de vestiges d'où l'on ne peut sortir vivante.

Tête de plomb, je trafique la mémoire pour un tombeau de souvenirs.

*Luis Miguel Nava*

*Translated from the Portuguese by Alexis Levitin & Ricardo Vasconcelos*

## LANDSCAPES

Landscapes are different when one  
sees them through a window of one's own heart or when  
with that same heart  
the road itself is implicated.

## PAISAGENS

São outras as paisagens quando alguém  
as vê pelas janelas do seu próprio coração ou quando  
com esse coração  
a própria estrada está comprometida.

*Luis Miguel Nava*

*Translated from the Portuguese by Alexis Levitin & Ricardo Vasconcelos*

## THOSE MORNINGS

Those mornings, the deepest of all, through which I walk towards the waves, mornings like a well, in the outline of the waters I hear them bringing forth milk swelling from their crests, this page reducing them to an arduous annotation. Now other waves invade the light within.

## ESSAS MANHÃS

Essas manhãs, as mais profundas e por que eu caminho para as ondas, manhãs como um poço, no perfil das águas ouço-as eclodindo o leite a avolumar-se pelas cristas, esta página redu-las a uma árdua anotação. A luz por dentro agora invadem-na outras ondas.

*Luis Miguel Nava*

*Translated from the Portuguese by Alexis Levitin & Ricardo Vasconcelos*

THE POEM

It is a bush, primed within it still  
the last tense lightning bolt,  
the poem.

A stone plunges down into a watery  
womb—mighty fruit, pages  
where whiteness shatters, a handkerchief  
like a stroke of lightning.

Up above dogs are glistening  
—they are the bush  
of images where that diminutive force  
like a lion's gaze  
slices through, the poem imprisoned in its own image.

A stone, I say, plunges down into a watery  
womb like a dagger.

—now it lies in the depths of this image.



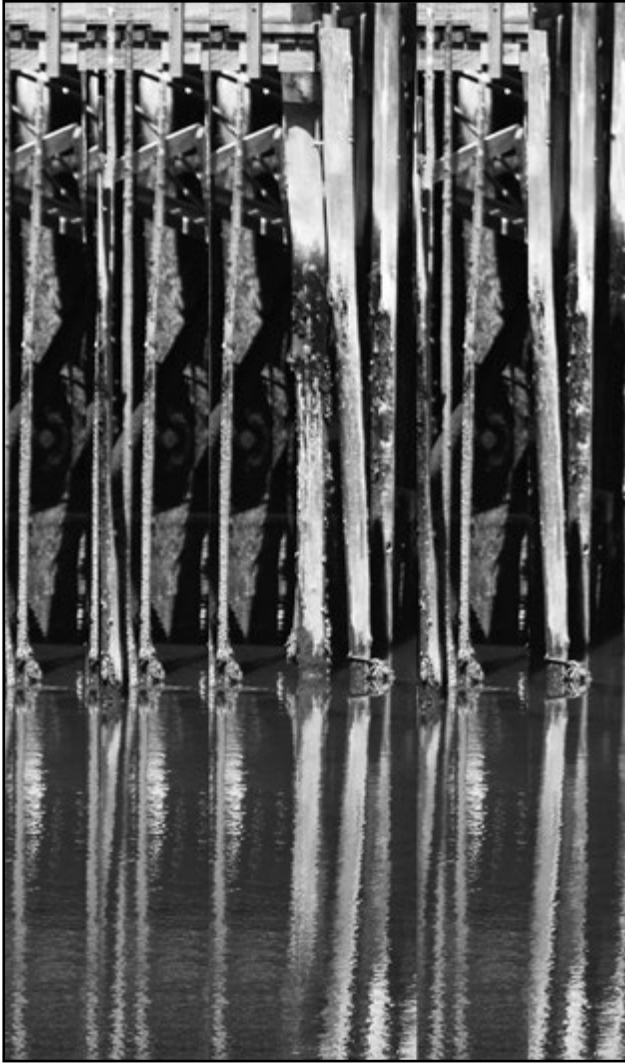
O POEMA

É um arbusto, armados  
ainda nele os últimos relâmpagos,  
o poema.

A pedra cai no ventre  
da água — a fruta poderosa, as páginas  
onde a brancura se estilhaça, o lenço  
como um relâmpago.

Os cães brilham ao alto  
— são eles o arbusto  
de imagens onde a força miúda  
como um leão íris  
a atravessa o poema encarcerado em sua própria imagem.

A pedra, digo, cai no ventre  
da água como um punho  
  
— agora está no fundo desta imagem.



BACK COVE VISION  
ROBERT MOORHEAD

MAKING PRINTS

Peeling back the thin copper sheeting, there aren't any flowers here; the bed of the press is stable, clean, dry. Someone put the acid away, the etching tools in a box on the floor. The copper sheeting rustles like paper, I'll put your words on the smooth red-gold surface of the night, on the blue oxidation of the edges of belief, the bent curve that leads farther and farther into the unknown.

SOLITARY WALKER

A transparent band of stars etched on her cuffs  
flashing with the motion of her arms  
culling the last rays before disappearance  
a shadow blurring into the darkness  
shedding light as she quickened her pace  
skipping over the embers  
sliding on the still hot stones  
it's an image from her dreams  
stitched and basted into memory  
fastened to the thin cotton of her life  
the folded seams turned inside out.

## VIGILANCE

The storm came early. Water everywhere, flares along the highway. Light seeping into the ground. Poor drainage for thought. A relief effort never to be undertaken. Cells wild in the vacuum. Nothing here again, nothing there yet. The storm is rolling over the rock plates along the coast. Spruce roots hold back the woods. I'm out walking again, lightly walking, moving along without a concern, my feet barely touching the leaves, barely brushing against the bark of birch, barely feeling the cold hot water, the hot cold searing and unforgettable flashes of light. The storm came early, unpredictably close to the veins of thought. Page after page, the words slipped off, and I'm still out walking, letters falling from my eyes, ears smeared black with ink, the paper has flown off, hit the wind, sopped and heavy, but the storm came early, water everywhere, flares along the highway, light seeping into the ground. I'll pull off the shrouds now, move more quickly, plant a row of wild daisies where the wind has finally stopped.

COMMENT

le monde est-il devenu si petit? Comment pouvait-on l'enfermer en un seul livre? Parce que nous en sommes nous-mêmes l'auteur, l'avons écrit avec des baisers, nos caresses nous y plongent toujours plus profondément dans le récit minutieux de la fièvre, comme les vagues de l'estuaire, elles émergent avec lenteur de la mer qui rêve, la cambrure d'une jeune peau s'étire pour s'extraire du sommeil ou de l'obscurité remontant de la terre, surgit de la mer en affleurements d'écume lunaire et sautant par-dessus de froids rochers, une houle d'étoiles filantes

désir.  
de  
volutes  
en  
monte

## LES JOURNÉES

C'est l'époque qu'on ne saurait reporter  
la nôtre  
belvédère vieilli épaulé bien droite  
qui regarde derrière soi  
sans voix sans évènements  
abandon paradoxal du regard

Peau rêche sans fin  
humectée au sein des jours  
C'est le soleil c'est l'eau  
Il y a des affaissements salés de la vue  
et l'envie  
Il y a des soifs égratignées  
du sable qui grince entre les dents  
des populations disparues sur place  
des sondes pénétrées d'un vent de glace

Rafrâchées  
les journées sont entreprises  
Ce n'est pas une quelconque foi qui nous anime  
ce n'est pas la jouissance des richesses  
ni un militaire réputé derrière soi  
Un territoire nous attendrit  
une saison nous attire  
nous engendre fait de nous  
pour toujours des rejets de la route

Territoire cardinal  
par sa taille son sourire avenants  
Son avènement quotidien singulier  
une respiration

Soleil couchant qui s'infiltré  
entre les clignements de l'œil  
et le long anathème envoyé  
à coups de lance contre le ciel  
Bûche épaisse qui jamais  
ne cesserait de brûler

Il y a d'inévitables saisons  
où se pointent les adieux  
Nommer chaque jour le premier  
une manière de dire  
chaque mort est la plus profonde  
Je ne laisse pas tomber les fruits  
M'émeut et m'anime le pain odorant  
là où le ferment peut croître

Je prends l'eau la farine pétris le feu  
recueille sa chaleur  
mais il n'y a pas de fenêtres



J'invente les espaces  
pour tous ceux qui doivent entrer  
les morts les vivants

Le coup d'œil cardinal  
tous azimuts

*Marina Maslovskaya*

*Translated from the Russian by Anatoly Orlovsky*



My garden my hill  
where the trees grow so thick  
that their leaves are like grass  
in its wintry ravines  
in their blinding snow  
i've been planting the pale light  
of my spring-time escape  
and i thought if a road  
winds its way through this garden  
let it be so long that  
i will not remember my way back  
and let my sole guide  
be the light of this earth  
and my double my double



Холм сада моего  
где деревья так густы  
что кажутся травую  
их листы  
зимой в те борозды  
слепащие от снега  
я бледный свет сажал  
весеннего побега  
я думал если есть  
дорога через сад  
пусть будет так длинна  
что о пути назад  
не вспомню я  
и пусть мой проводник  
мне будет свет земной  
и мой двойник

CITY BEACH

When swimmers leave the tattered beach  
and crimson toy ships launch their game  
on evening waves  
deep in September's breast  
the ring will burst forth from these closed hands

A cloud of ragged birds will fly out  
Clapperboards and fingers  
bounding up on tonic street-keys  
on eye-ladders  
into laughter cold as the sun

No longer am I free to wish and plead  
Happy between blue shadows and light  
I draw a cool thread  
from the palm of my hand  
and disappear behind it in the tender sand

I am a black heart and an empty swirl  
in the cast-iron wreath of the departing day  
O Lord  
into this sunset stream  
this cataract of last light let me in

*Марина Масловская*

## ГОРОДСКОЙ ПЛЯЖ

Когда опустеет оборванный пляж  
И алый кораблик затеет игру  
На волнах вечерних  
В груди сентября  
Кольцо разорвется из сомкнутых рук

И выпорхнет ворох растрепанных птиц  
Хлопушек и пальцев бегущих наверх  
По клавишам улиц  
По лестницам лиц  
В холодный как солнце сияющий смех

Я больше не волен желать и просить  
Я счастлив меж света и синих теней  
Тяну из ладони  
Прохладную нить  
И в нежном песке исчезаю за ней

Я черное сердце пустой завиток  
В чугунном венке уходящего дня  
О Господи в этот  
Закатный поток  
Последнего света прими и меня

*Patty Dickson Pieczka*

FOLLOWING THIS ANCIENT MAP

Time inhales, pulling the earth.  
Buildings vanish. Stone houses  
sprout from fields  
near the village monastery.

Pavement crumbles into cobblestones,  
falling away to this donkey-cart path  
that leads us to sea  
under dog-eared, yellowing skies.

We board a tall ship and sail away,  
far from the present with its  
dust-strewn dreams,  
its thorn-toothed truth,

off to a place of sweet papayas,  
second chances, the scent of mint  
near the edge of our map,  
singed by dragons' breath.

*Patty Dickson Pieczka*

SEARCH FOR THE CENTER

My mind shifts  
like a sack of sand,

pulled by moon,  
tides, evil tales.

Where is the compass,  
the level, the protractor  
that finds middle ground?

Dreams leak out  
my window,  
spark into the sky.

An unfinished poem  
catches fire in the corner,  
ashes brushing my shadow.

IN YOUR DREAM

I lie beside you  
until your dream pours  
into the night.

Its wings open,  
turn my bones hollow.  
My feet dissolve,

hands turn to salt —  
salt turns to silt,  
my eyes small moons.

We rise to the ceiling,  
melt through plaster,  
rafters, shingles,

glide off  
the cool owl-haunted  
wrists of the sky,

over dark streams  
and star-lanterned trees,  
their leaves silk-curved

and sleeping.  
Our minds empty  
until they overflow.



DRIFTING ASLEEP

Sitting where a window should have been  
I wait for snow.

                  Although there is no window here,  
I know that I must wait — for snowfall  
would bring silence, cleansing,  
temporary purity.

                  And when the snow comes  
I shall lean against the wall,  
shall let the warmth drain out of me —  
and when it thaws,  
                  they'll wonder why I weep.

BALCONY POEM

The corrugated roof of the garage across the way  
    adjacent to the carport with solar panels  
is a dried-blood rusty red under a haze-blue sky  
    beneath shadowy eucalypts on the hill behind  
and the sounds of Saturday spring evening  
    traffic ripped intermittently by motorcycles  
and delicately threaded with birdsong  
    and mountains in the distance topped by radio towers  
whose red lights will begin blinking as night falls,  
    a strange landscape rippling with contradictions, torn  
that way and this by crosscurrents of pleasure  
    and melancholy, subtle sad smile of the bookstore clerk  
across the counter on a sunny morning  
    when she'd rather be in bed with her boyfriend,  
succulents are my witness  
    swollen with April rain under the red tiles  
that rhyme with the rust in front and frame the view,  
    the lone dove's cool calls atop the power pole,  
noises of cars on the business route,  
    musings in shades of blue.

*Stephen Kessler*

INSCRIBED ON A MARBLE SLAB

The marble slab of this bar  
is not engraved with my name  
and dates, so I must be alive  
and tasting this savory risotto  
with calamari and the Chianti  
to finish it off after a Grey Goose  
gimlet, very dry, in Half Moon Bay  
following a Czech string quartet  
in San Francisco, Dvorak  
alive again via violins  
and a cello grounding  
the heartbeat of high spirits.  
I can't take down what comes  
to me fast enough, it slips past  
before I can get a grip and am left  
holding what I couldn't catch.  
The words are as worthless  
as they ever were, even inscribed  
on white stone, unable to hold  
anything more than a hollow  
echo of what they swear  
they knew, or witnessed once.

## OSIRIS 92

**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 Box Set Series*, and *Talking River Review*.

**GERMAINE BEAULIEU**, poète, romancière et photographe. Auteure de dix-sept recueils de poèmes dont *Derrière la nuit* (2021), *Empreintes* (2020) et *Matière crue* (2016). Une exposition de photos/poèmes s'est tenue dans différentes villes du Québec à l'occasion du Festival international de la poésie de Trois-Rivières. Elle a cofondé le Comité Femmes du Centre québécois du P.E.N. international avec Hélène Lépine en 2015.

**HANNE BRAMNESS**, Norwegian poet, children's book writer, translator and editor. The two poems here are taken from *Fra hâpets historie* (2017) and *Hâp bygger huset* (2018), which will appear in English as *Architectures of Hope*, translated by Anna Reckin.

**ASTRID CABRAL**, Brazilian poet and environmentalist who grew up in the Amazon. Among her twenty books are *Gazing Through Water*, *Cage*, *The Waiting Room*, *Word in the Spotlight*, and *Intimate Soot*. Her book of Amazonian animal poems, *Cage*, appeared from Host Publications in 2008.

**LAWDENMARC DECAMORA**, author of *Tunnels* (Ukiyoto) and *Love, Air* (forthcoming from Atmosphere Press). His work has appeared in *The Seattle Review*, *Amsterdam Quarterly*, and *Kyoto Review of Southeast Asia*. Assistant Editor of *Unitas*, the Manila-based multidisciplinary journal.

**FABRICE FARRE** a récemment publié *Avant d'apparaître* (éditions Unicité), *Implore* (Bruno Guattari), et *Sauf* (éditions du Cygne). Son blogue: *Poésie contemporaine... peut-être*.

**GILES GOODLAND** has recent books from Shearsman and Salt. His next book will be *Civil Twilight* from Parlor Press. Since Covid, he has divided his working time between online teaching and online editing.

**MARIA GRAZIA INSINGA**, musician and poet who has published several poetry collections, including *Ophrys* (Anterem), *Etcetera*, (Fiorina, 2017), and *La fanciulla tartaruga—carnet de voyage* (Fiorina, 2018). Her latest collection, *Tirrenide* (Anterem, 2020) won the prestigious Premio Lorenzo Montano 2019.

**JOSHUA KRUGMAN**, poet and composer based in Glover, Vermont, where he works with Bread & Puppet Theater. The poems in *Osiris 92* are from an unpublished manuscript *Paradise Arsenal*.

**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.

**PETER KING**, born and brought up in Boston, Lincolnshire. His latest collections are *Adding Colours to the Chameleon* (Wisdom's Bottom Press) and *All What Larkin* (Albion Beatnik Press).

**ALEXIS LEVITIN's** forty-seven books in translation include Clarice Lispector's *Soulstorm* and Eugénio de Andrade's *Forbidden Words*, both from New Directions. In 2021 he published two collections by Salgado Maranhão, *Mapping the Tribe* and *Consecration of the Wolves*.

**JANET MACFADYEN's** books include *Adrift in the House of Rocks* (New Feral Press, 2019) and *Waiting to Be Born* (Dos Madres Press, 2017). She is managing editor of Slate Roof Press.

**DS MAOLALAI**, author of *Love is Breaking Plates in the Garden* (Encircle Press, 2016) and *Sad Havoc Among the Birds* (Turas Press, 2019).

**MARINA MASLOVSKAYA**, poet and painter born in Saint Petersburg, Russia, who emigrated to Québec in 1991. Member of Groupe Artus, she regularly exhibits her paintings in Montréal, Venice, and elsewhere.

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

**J. D. NELSON**, author of several collections of poetry, including *Cinderella City* (The Red Ceilings Press, 2012). His first full-length collection, *In Ghostly Onehead*, is forthcoming from mOnocle-Lash Anti-Press. Visit <http://www.MadVerse.com> for more information.

**LUIS MIGUEL NAVA's** *Poesia*, consisting of four completed collections and eighty pages of posthumous publications, came out in 2020, twenty-five years after the young poet's shocking death. His work, well-known in Portugal, has also appeared in French and Spanish translations.

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

**JEAN-PIERRE PELLETIER**, né à Montréal, poète et traducteur littéraire. Il est l'auteur de neuf livres, dont trois sont des traductions; les autres de son cru dont le dernier, *Le crâne ivre d'oiseaux* (Écrits des Forges, Trois-Rivières). Il est co-responsable de la section « Poésie et création » de la revue *Possibles*.

**PATTY DICKSON PIECZKA's** third book, *Beyond the Moon's White Claw* won the David Martinson—Meadowhawk Prize from Red Dragonfly Press (2018). Her second book, *Painting the Egret's Echo*, won the Library of Poetry Book Award from The Bitter Oleander (2012). <http://www.pattywrites.net>.

**ANNA RECKIN**, British poet and writer based in Norwich, England. Her most recent poetry collection is *Line to Curve* (Shearsman, 2018). Her poems, essays and book reviews appear in magazines including *Poetry Wales*, *Jacket2*, and *Long Poem Magazine*.

**DIANE RÉGIMBALD** a publié plusieurs recueils de poésie aux éditions du Noroît, notamment *Sur le rêve noir* en 2016 et *L'insensée rayonne* en coédition avec L'Arbre à paroles en 2012, finaliste au Prix de poésie du Gouverneur général du Canada. En 2021, *Au plus clair de la lumière* paraîtra aux éditions du Noroît. Elle est membre du CA du Centre québécois du P.E.N. international depuis 2015 et coordonne son Comité Femmes depuis 2017.

**PAUL B. ROTH**, editor and publisher of The Bitter Oleander Press, is the author of seven collections of poems, including *Owasco: Passage of Lake Poems* (Finishing Line Press, 2018) and *Long Way Back to the End* (Rain Mountain Press, 2014).

**RICARDO VASCONCELOS**, Professor of Portuguese at San Diego State University, he is the editor of Luís Miguel Nava's *Poesia* (2020), and author of *Campo de Relâmpagos—Leituras do Excesso na Poesia de Luís Miguel Nava*, among other volumes.





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