



OSIRIS 94

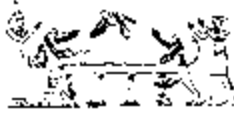
FIFTY YEARS 1972-2022

man allemand french français italian italien portuguese portugais spanish español



JACQUES ALLEMAND • SOPHIA DE MELLO BREYNER ANDRESEN • MARCIA ARRIETA
SIMON ANTON DIEGO BAENA • PER AAGE BRANDT • ALAN BRITT • LAUREN CAMP • MARA CINI
WENDY CLAYTON • SILVIA COMOGLIO • ALAIN FABRE-CATALAN • FABRICE FARRE • RAFAEL-JOSÉ DÍAZ
RAY KEIFETZ • PETER KING • ALEXIS LEVITIN • RAY MALONE • ANDREA & ROBERT MOORHEAD
LUÍS MIGUEL NAVA • ANATOLY ORLOVSKY • SYLVIE POISSON • PATTY DICKSON PIECZKA
PAUL B. ROTH • THOM SATTERLEE • SILVIA SCHEBLI • RICARDO VASCONCELOS

CINQUANTE ANS 1972-2022



ANDREA MOORHEAD EDITOR | RÉDACTION
ROBERT MOORHEAD DESIGN & TYPOGRAPHY | CONCEPTION GRAPHIQUE



EDITORIAL BOARD | COMITÉ DE RÉDACTION

Laura Caccia Borgosesia ITALIA
María José Candela Bogotá COLOMBIA
Gerald Chapple Hamilton, Ontario CANADA
Robert Dassanowsky Colorado Springs, Colorado USA
Flavio Ermini Verona ITALIA
Jean Chapdelaine Gagnon Montréal, Québec CANADA
Malgosia Salinska-Górska Warszawa POLSKA
Pansy Maurer-Alvarez Strasbourg FRANCE
Marie-Christine Masset Marseille FRANCE
Robert Melançon Canton-de-Hatley, Québec CANADA
George Moore Shag Harbour, Nova Scotia CANADA
Silvia Scheibli Rio Rico, Arizona USA
André Ughetto Marseille FRANCE



OSIRIS ISSN 0095-019X
Published in June & December
OSIRIS 2022—#94 & #95
Subscription | Abonnements—\$24.00 22€
Osirispoetry@gmail.com
106 Meadow Lane Greenfield Massachusetts 01301 USA



Osiris is on **Facebook** (OsirisPoetry).

osirispoetry.com

osirispoetry@gmail.com for electronic submissions.

The Osiris Archive: The Poetry Collection,
State University of New York at Buffalo



OSIRIS

Humanities International Complete
Index of American Periodical Verse

Member C.L.M.P. (Community of Literary Magazines & Presses)

©2022 The Authors & OSIRIS

OSIRIS 94

DANISH | DANOIS

Per Aage Brandt 30, 31, 32, 33

Translated by Thom Satterlee



ENGLISH | ANGLAIS

Ray Keifetz 4

Wendy Clayton 5

Lauren Camp 6-7

Simon Anton Diego Baena 14

Patty Dickson Pieczka 20, 21-23

Alan Britt 34, 35

Silvia Scheibli 36, 37

Ray Malone 44, 45, 46

Marcia Arrieta 47

Paul B. Roth 48, 49

Peter King 50

Andrea Moorhead 57, 58, 59



FRENCH | FRANÇAIS

Jacques Allemand 8, 9, 10

Anatoly Orlovsky 15, 16, 17

Fabrice Farre 24, 25

Alain Fabre-Catalan 38-40

Sylvie Poisson 51, 52, 53-55



ITALIAN | ITALIEN

Mara Cini 18-19

Silvia Comoglio 60-61



PORTUGUESE | PORTUGAIS

Sophia de Mello Breyner Andresen 12, 13

Translated by Alexis Levitin

Luís Miguel Nava 42, 43

Translated by Alexis Levitin & Ricardo Vasconcelos



SPANISH | ESPAGNOL

Rafael-José Díaz 26-27, 28-29



VISUAL ARTS

Andrea Moorhead 41

Robert Moorhead 11, 56

Ray Keifetz

A SUMMER PASSENGER

Through centuries of slush
passengers with bags and books
climb over me
onto the bus.

They must know a stop
less cold, less drenched,
milk warmed,
a chipped blue pot,
a single stop—

Hungry ghosts,
the buses beckon.
I've climbed the three steep steps,
made a wish, settled by the glass
as leaves and geese flew backwards
through my face.
I pulled the chord,
shouted,
banged on the door

for a single stop
to stop.

Wendy Clayton

COMPREHENDING THE WORD POSSIBLY

We thought nothing of it when we saw it gathering moss before it slid, slipped, glided right away. We assumed ‘all potential’ meant an infinity of riches, something like magic. Not love *and* hate. Body *and* mind. But the good, the bad and the ugly. We knew nothing about moss either – its lack of vascularity, no real roots and veins for taking water to leaf and stem. Just hairs sucking damp air. Though it doesn’t go deep, it is astonishingly effective. Do we include it as a plant because it is green, or because inclusion is one of those words like ‘all potential’, or because it is from all potential? Yet we know to rake it off when it creeps too near the vegetables.

Lauren Camp

LONG LAND

To get here, I took a hushed tired path
through flatbed spectacle, fields folded over
and over, three cows facing

ardently east in a salvageable halo
of sun. There were canyons
directing the seasons into breathless

economy. I saw all the frayed elements
of millenia, missing sounds and slip and liminal
edges. By engineering my exit, I drove into what happens

when you happen right out
of the way people think. I drove
the long face of nearly invisible rivers, rivers

uneasily retired to mere pots of water,
the same rivers that can reign with quick rages
now tethered layer by layer

to silt. I tell you I drove along rivers
that didn't have thickness, and chose
to think rivers

in a new way, the way of a voice insinuating
against my ear what I wanted to hear:
a singing, a ripple. I surrendered myself to asking

for what was lost to return. And when I got here
I found a place that slinks gladly to dark.
I caught the goodbye

of a feathery twilight
as it gripped the nearby barn. I imagine it knew
I needed to soften. All praise

upon outside rooms given for waiting.
I saw the bees the next day filling a tree
in the center, building an engine of the natural

world, a performance space, and a crew
of coots gripped the shortening pond.
When they fly off, I reckon

their swift speech, how they swap this air
for some over there. Nothing to hold onto.
It's liberating.

Sometimes hope seems to come
to a halt, and so much is dirty with motive.
But this place reminds me we'll continue.

On a walk today I climbed over rock thick and proud
in its eon-scattered motion. When I
crouched down, I saw spaces

under the shale making a full
city of homes for the ongoing
critters, who see as their skyline the naked ground.



refaire le chemin dans l'autre sens, je veux bien,
creuser au pied des eucalyptus
où j'avais enfoui deux trois babioles
marcher jusqu'au terrain de tennis
être le marcheur-creuseur,
ça me convient
(ni poreux ni incassable,
que le passé s'en souviennne !)
je serais prêt, même,
à te gratter doucement le dos
avec ma vieille raquette en bois
celle qui au parc Lalla Aïcha
était restée accrochée dans un cyprès
(la cigogne s'était moquée de mon service)



pas la découverte que je voulais faire
(bien comique celui qui croit
avoir le choix de ses trouvailles)
je me suis vite consolé,
j'aime tant quand le hasard
en a dans les flancs
quand il en sort des bêtes de toutes sortes
et qu'il suffit de poser la main sur elles
pour parler leur langue



toutes ces histoires entre les oreilles
me font oublier la ligne droite
et autres principes vitaux,
recracher les arêtes
ne pas se pencher par-dessus la balustrade
ni fixer les loups dans les yeux
ou trop compter sur la magie,
ces histoires pourtant je les aime
elles aussi, je crois
elles me regardent en hochant la tête
comme on se félicite après un ricochet



ARABIC FIELD 4

ROBERT MOORHEAD

Sophia de Mello Breyner Andresen

Translated from the Portuguese by Alexis Levitin

THE HOUSES

In houses where I live, among my things,
Around my steps, a ghostly god, a grace,
Resides; I feel great angels, and their wings
Encompass all the winds of endless space.

AS CASAS

Há sempre um deus fantástico nas casas
E em que eu vivo, e em volta dos meus passos
Eu sinto os grandes anjos cujas asas
Contêm todo o vento dos espaços.

FROM *DAY AT THE SEA*, 1947

Sophia de Mello Breyner Andresen

Translated from the Portuguese by Alexis Levitin



Hand to hand they struggled with the cold
Of houses to which no one ever came,
Alone, in empty rooms, immense and old,
With sunset flaming on the windowpanes.



Lutaram corpo a corpo com a frio
Das casas onde nunca ninguém passa,
Sós, em quartos imensos de vazio,
Com um poente em chamas na vidraça.

FROM *POETRY*, 1944

Simon Anton Diego Baena

RANDOM THINGS

I discovered a moth flattened on the page of Robert Bly's *Silence in the Snowy Fields*. I never tried to remove the tiny thing, I let the insect savor eternity. The door of summer opened, and pigeons perched on my shoulders. "*Half of the story is true,*" grandma told me, whispering like a starling; I never believed it, but I listened. For days I tracked the elephants deep in the humming forest, finding a hearth where the fire began.

TOMAS TRANSTRÖMER

When the lights go out
and houses vanish around midnight,
I stand over the grave
of my father reading his poems.

LE SANG DES AUTRES

Je rêve d'une éclipse sans feu.

Suis-je une veine d'argile, un contre-cristal?

Je rêve de rouille exquise, de vie sans flammes.

Le ciel n'y est plus, ni le granite des hautes herbes.

Aux autres, tout le sang des nuages. Ma peau en berne, je n'y serai pas.

J'y serai l'onde entière, la prière des glaces.

Je rêve d'une éclipse en été.

Anatoly Orlovsky

QUATUOR (I)

Feutres / étain

Les cris d'iris

(ce trop-plein)

une chambre sans yeux

périclite.

C'est un jour d'étain,

le troisième, semble-t-il

que la lumière poignarde

assidument les feutres

s'y rompent et les corps...

(glaïeux enneigés)

Le jour perce encore

ce mot-bistouri sombre,

dit Li-Bai,

« sombre est la mort,

et la vie »

QUATUOR (2)

Écumant

Trois lacs au nord des ans –
grises chapelles. Nipigon. Granet. Eau-claire. Les harmonies vacillent
dans ce nocturne, entre larmes et cris de lynx.

La sphaigne
recèle
des yeux
des cônes
d'extase

Terre
morte restent
les eaux
taillées
en silex

Ô fleuve d'âpre lumière. Glaise ornée – mon Chopin ici. Je t'appelle,
novembre, tes veines ouvertes tes heures d'airain troué tes neutres écorces.

L'élégie saigne. Brûle sec, se ravive. Écume
au seuil d'un air



un arto coricato // ora era ora

sparire nello sguardo // rientrare nello sguardo

la catasta di legna risponde allo sguardo

anche i più piccoli tatuati con spine // le braccia come un viticcio

un arto spinato
ventaglio sulla schiena

all'arrivo non riposa // è un continuo ritorno all'arrivo
orlo segreto // agguato dentro casa
stanno cuciti alla porta

un fiammifero di legno ora ti chiama // lucente

di nuovo l'orlo // il colletto di velluto // cucito e fidanzato
ora il richiamo della corriera nel prestissimo buio dell'alba

accendi la stufa apri gli scuri spazzi la neve scaldi l'acqua
all'aria screpolata ti vuoi abbandonare

torno nel freddo anch'io

intreccia la polvere e apri il cassetto

dei coltelli

il panno da stirare e quello che copre la pasta lievitante
la cantina il vaso di vetro
la vescica dello strutto i mandarini sul ginepro il bollitore

l'ala
la cornea donata

babbo batte il cucchiaino d'argento del Bahnhof - Hotel
nel Lager VI A, Hemer, Vestfalia, batte il suo cucchiaino d'argento

ombre dentro fuori casa cuscino sedia culla conca
ancora panno ancora tazza
venatura grido luminescenza attrito coperta pezza secchio mestolo accetta
cenere
e rosmarino
re
del profumo profondo

passi // pochissimi passi // conseguenza dei passi
certa pioggia rigata dalle sue stesse gocce

ora mi assomigli pioggia //ora antenata sei pioggia //ora era ora
incapace svestita impigliata
torna indietro parola che non so
insieme a parola che so

capovolta nella bocca

chiamata a testa in giù

Patty Dickson Pieczka

WROCLAW, 1945

— In memory of Pola and Kazik

Surprised the day's heart still beats
when sunlight lies prone in the street,
and wounded trees, so thin and wasted,
fan the scent of death lodged in his nose,
thunder rumbling his mind.

What could be restored from nothing?
He wades through the rubble of lives:
a broken helmet, machine-gun casings,
shredded dress fabric. Unnamed fears
wind among flowerpot shards, a table leg,

dreams crushed under crumbled buildings.
A hand grenade pin flashes from the ruins.
He imagines how it would look,
polished and hammered flat as the sun,
a wedding ring to sparkle from Pola's finger.

ARS POETICA

i.

At the rickety shack on the bayou,
kudzu smothers the walls. Ghosts
slosh through this dilapidated door
after heavy rain, a clump of bloodroot
hanging over the threshold. Dobro music
slides down curtains of thick moss.

I come seeking magic,
fall to my rattling knees, skin
hissing, eyes fixed as agates.
Magnolias fly overhead, clutched
in eagle talons. Petals drop

to earth like lacy cups, bells
turned inside-out,
secrets encased in amber.
Time unhinges its jawbone
to reveal what I am afraid to know.
The day dissolves into a euphoria of fog.

ii.

The day dissolves into a euphoria of fog,
time leafing across black water.

Silence crawls into itself and grows
until it finally makes a sound.

I drink flashes of heat lightning,
become a thousand years of thunder.

Gold swims through my blood,
rumbling truth buried in clouds.

iii.

Rumbling truth buried in clouds
forms deep growling words.

They walk through me.
I spill into them

until I am a blend of sounds.
They take on my shape,

echo through my veins,
show me how to become water—

a conduit. I am a turtle,
the old shack, a swamp egret,

gliding through ink-storms
flashing my white feathers.

Watching the people below,
I feel their pulses, read their hearts.

iv.

I feel their pulses, read their hearts,
walk in their shadows,

try on their bones,
learn more than my own pain,

learn how each life limps
on its own crutches,

how some have fists
lodged in their hearts,

others have embers
smoldering beneath their skin,

how even the three sacred stars
of Orion can't always heal,

how there are always unseen depths
at the rickety shack on the bayou.



L'homme sort de la forêt primitive, une foule plantée l'observe. Il marche dès lors que les arbres, songeurs impénitents, vont et viennent sans bouger. Il gagne la rivière, son cœur obstiné convoque le pic vert rouge par à-coups à la tête et l'écho voue encore au bois de soi. C'est solitude. Il s'arrête au bord de la fin, commence un nouveau cycle, tenu par les couleurs contraires de l'écorce.



Bien trop timide, le cours des choses, sous la mousse verte des bords de la géographie intime, ruisseau. Avec la rivière, une peine rassérénée lave le granite et l'apprivoise. Écueil de noble matière et toi, marin d'eau douce. Le cours toujours entraîne, dessine un bras de mer lointaine qui viendrait serrer. Joie fluviale, aux mailles ramendées de la seine demi-poisson d'argent, huppée l'aigrette s'échappe.

CALLE FARMACIA

El único
regalo de la noche
es la ruina, saber
que al salir desnudo a la terraza
el pellejo sostiene
todavía los huesos,
y en la mano un cigarro
con cocaína adherida
te promete un recuerdo que no hubiera surgido
de otro modo,
una calle, un instante concreto
en una calle concreta de la que lo conservas todo
como si hubiera ocurrido
allí algo impactante,
aunque lo cierto
es que es puro vacío ese recuerdo prístino,
un escenario hueco en el que el cuerpo de entonces
muestra en todo su esplendor la ruina que es ahora,
la calle Farmacia, en Madrid,
si no recuerdo mal,
y otro cigarro ayuda, un poco más de cocaína,
sí, casi hacia el final, otra noche,
con el fragor del sábado
envolviendo nostálgico la juventud desperdiciada,
lo oyes ahora, más vivo que entonces,
un tránsito por la calle Farmacia,
vacía a esas horas,
de regreso de dónde,
la calle que se curva para esconderte de alguien
que puede estar delante o detrás,

un instante después
o muchos años antes,
ahora, en la terraza, desnudo, recordando,
con un tercer cigarro de vicio entre los labios
que te permite ahondar aún más
en el recuerdo:
sí, había alguien
que se había adelantado y tú querías alcanzarlo,
temías que se fuera para siempre
y creías que llegando al final de la calle
lo retendrías en el futuro imaginado,
no sabías
que todo ocurre para que
podamos pensar que pudo ocurrir,
un beso, acaso, en algún portal
del comienzo de la calle Farmacia,
esquina Hortaleza,
o una copa apurada en la puerta de un bar
poco antes, ahora, otro día,
mientras, desnudo, dejas que la ceniza
se quede adherida a la cocaína quemada
como el último gesto
de esta noche,
o su ruina.

LA BUENA RESPIRACIÓN

Junto a él no podíamos morir
 porque la forma en que nos enseñaba a respirar
 era el modo de unirnos a la naturaleza
 aunque él dijera que servía sobre todo para limpiar los pulmones.
 La hora podía ser el mediodía
 o la caída de la tarde
 porque la luz que recaía sobre nuestras cabezas de niños
 era una luz que nos salvaba,
 que nos envolvía
 para transportarnos fuera del tiempo,
 a un mundo que nunca reconoceríamos
 salvo que, como él, estuviéramos insertos
 en el núcleo del tiempo, en la abertura insospechada
 que sólo él conocía y que, tras revelárnosla un instante
 mediante las técnicas elementales de la buena respiración,
 volvía a clausurar
 para que el secreto permaneciera dentro de nosotros.
 Por eso no podíamos verlo desde fuera
 y hasta mucho más tarde no supimos
 que se había dado allí una especie de intercambio,
 un sacrificio o una revelación,
 aunque en el fondo no fuera exactamente eso,
 que nos obligaba a callar
 para siempre como un modo
 de agradecer la luz que sobre nuestras cabezas
 había recaído como si fuéramos crías recién nacidas
 de un animal oculto en aquel bosque.

Alguien, unos pocos,
anduvimos rastreando tiempo después las huellas del secreto,
intentamos volver al lugar escondido,
pero siempre nos equivocábamos
o, cuando creíamos estar allí,
algún recuerdo fallaba,
o nos faltaba el aire
porque la técnica aprendida no era infalible
y fue decayendo con los años.

Un día
vi a quien nos había enseñado todo aquello
tumbado en una playa, desnudo, junto a unas mujeres jóvenes,
y no pude creer que al final todo
se redujera a aquello:
a saber estar en los lugares adecuados
sin sentirse un intruso,
respirando con la misma sensación de olvido
la brisa proveniente del mar
o la dormida
exhalación de unos helechos.

Per Aage Brandt

Translated from the Danish by Thom Satterlee



everything is burning, the river is burning, I
wake in a panic with my hands burning,
stare at them and begin to regain my senses,
they're not burning, and the river has turned
back to realism, and to have a consciousness
is still a magnificent feat of biology, even
when the river really is ablaze



alt brænder, floden brænder, jeg
vågner i panik med brændende hænder,
stirrer på dem og kommer lidt til mig selv,
de brænder ikke, og floden er vendt tilbage
til realismen, og at være ved bevidsthed
er stadig en herlig biologisk sag, selv
når floden faktisk står i lys lue

FROM *WEATHER REPORTS*



the metaphors melt from the trees like watches,
then as if from snow sculptures, leaving only
a couple twigs, two lumps of coal, and a carrot,
it's all metonymic now and can only depart
from itself by its own visible significance



metaforerne smelter fra træerne som ure,
tilbage bliver som efter skulpturer af sne
et par kviste, to stykker kul og en gulerod,
alt er altså metonymisk og kan kun afvige
fra sig selv ved sin sigende synlighed

Per Aage Brandt

Translated from the Danish by Thom Satterlee



and the snow falls and falls, pretty and damned cold
over bushes and vegetation and the gray river, which
swells and washes over the wharf, hisses at the stones
of the bridge and snarls at the lock where a traveling
circus with camels and goats plays a survival show
during the waters' two-sided attack: under the big-
top a ringmaster shouts to a clever dog, and a round
of applause thunders from the audience of ten souls



og sneen falder og falder, smukt og pissekoldt
over urt og busk og den grå flod, som svulmer
og skyller over kajen, hvæser imod broens sten
og raller gennem slusen, hvor et rejsende cirkus
med kameler og geder spiller et overlevelsesshow
under vandenes angreb fra begge sider: under
teltet råber en sprechstallmeister til en dygtig
hund, og klapsalverne brager fra de ti tilskuere

FROM *WEATHER REPORTS*

Per Aage Brandt

Translated from the Danish by Thom Satterlee



of course we're only bodies why even
discuss the matter we dream that we're
alive and that's what we dream even when
we dream because we are asleep and the waking
world watches over us with its gray wings beside
our beds until we wake holding a black rose
a gift from a dream in which we also were bodies,
and this dream we'll always remember



selvfølgelig er vi kun kroppe hvorfor
overhovedet diskutere sagen vi drømmer
at vi lever og det drømmer vi selv når vi
drømmer fordi vi sover og den vågne verden
med grå vinger holder vagt ved vores senge
indtil vi vågner med en sort rose i hånden
en gave fra en drøm hvori vi også var kroppe
og denne drøm vil vi derfor altid huske

FROM *WEATHER REPORTS*

WHITE FLASHES

January 14, 2016, two mockingbirds flopping over each other upon the top rail of a split-rail fence, bouncing, as it were, two feet above then landing left of one another before flashing like lightning across the yard. Their gesso stripes thrill, always have, reminding me that indoors I can drift into an exquisite Chopin Nocturne, but outdoors I awaken to white flashes on mockingbird wings, magnesium flashes that engorge my neurons. Death that quivers like a leaf mantis or its gorgeous cousin the orchid mantis, death that burrows deep holes inside the bodies of the living—this death addicted to white flashes that thrill, white flashes that replenish holes left by opaque claws, wondrous claws folded above flashing stripes on the cigar ash wings of nature's radiant tenors & altos forging loops that rage the whitewater neurons of my waking dream today, January 14, 2016.

MORNING AFTER THE BLIZZARD OF 2016

Backyard like a cotton field, four-foot drifts resemble a Himalayan Mountain range. Welded wire tomato cages engage drifts to their armpits. Three-rail split-rail fence buried up to top rail. Graphite shadows carve Easter Isle visages into the drifts, drifts that flow like frozen streams & anaconda rivers. Drifts like conversations catatonic patients dream of when the sky spreads its symbolist nightgown over garter snakes' mating ball of black telephone wires, Paleolithic power lines, & armadillo branches from a herd of oaks, elms, black walnuts, & a midnight spruce's bristling fur.

Silence resembles a suburban cougar avoiding kaleidoscopic patio gravel in favor of tranquil stones trimming the edge of a back porch in L.A. County.

Twenty feet high & nuzzling spindly maple branches, a squirrel's nest dusted with snow mimics the huddled shoulders of an Andes condor.

Waiting, just waiting.

OMNIVERSE I

At the intersection of imagination & fire a belted kingfisher hibernates in my subconscious. At the intersection of gun rights & vigilantes the not guilty verdict left thugs rubbing their hands by the flame of deception. At the edge of my eyelashes imagination reveals an 'out of order' sign and a hidden cloud forest breathing with emerald jaguars.

PINE CONES CRACKING BY SUNLIGHT

It is difficult to imagine the script for the sound of pine cones cracking by sunlight penetrating the deeper, outside layers born from tiny seeds.

Those seeds that slept all last October and months and days before and after when no sound was possible.

What event could predict the sudden shift expressed by the heart of the tree combined with light — sunlight, warm and blistering like a traffic signal changing, or a flutter of eyelids squinting to avoid a collision with blinding rays opening the pine's smooth face revealing more seeds along its core.

LE JARDIN DES ÉCLIPSES

Reconnaissance à Emily Dickinson

Parole
à peine dévisagée,
l'étreinte est sur tes lèvres
excepté la promesse de l'énigme

Avec l'écho
redoublé dans la voix,
la simple existence des mots
rendus au présent,
les saisons glissent
contre ton corps vagabond

Tu ne sais
quel horizon porte le souffle
de l'oiseau qui s'étire
au plus près du ciel

Au front de l'astre
comme au large du sommeil,
règnent les noces de l'enfance

Par le feu naissant,
vivre demeure en toi une fête
à l'aube des soleils évanouis,
seul repose l'alphabet du lieu –
à ton pas dispersé s'ouvre
l'infiniment lointain

Inséparable
litanie des signes
là, entre le jour et la nuit,
l'éclipse est à demeure
un trait d'argent au bord des yeux

Échappée du silence,
plus haute était la flamme
dans le matin glacé,
effroi des heures en suspens,
ô lumière d'avril,
les nuits restent sans voix

Prochaine levée d'herbes
au revers des talus,
mille visages s'égaillent

Source précaire de la pluie,
ainsi le vent herse le ciel
de flèches sombres –
déracinée, la nuit navigue
rapide dans le bleu
au pied des écueils

Quel éclat de lumière dira
les paroles arrachées
aux heures vives du matin ?

Sur tes hanches
où pèse la douleur
s'envole l'impatience des chemins,
la meurtrissure
aux portes des collines

Essaim
chargé d'oubli
sous les feuillages d'été,
le rêve luit

Ce que j'écris n'a d'autre lieu
que l'horizon improbable
où s'enracine
la poussière du présent

Rien plus
qu'un battement
à tes lèvres pareilles
m'est une douce fièvre

Nomade est ta maison
au toit d'ivresse et de clarté,
élevée dans la brume –
ciel de mille feux,
voici que l'ombre déjà
précède ton sourire

(Extrait d'un cycle de poèmes inédits)



VIEILLE MAISON, TROIS-RIVIÈRES

ANDREA MOORHEAD

Luis Miguel Nava

Translated from the Portuguese by Alexis Levitin & Ricardo Vasconcelos

CHASMS

Light solidifies; as the grain
is threshed in our heart, where memory grinds away,
blood is almost spirit—light opens
chasms of our hearts.

Deep down, it is always the sea that is brought
to the surface by those who plumb its depths—what falls
from our eyes, rolls loose, glows
in the depths of memory. Between the sea and music, a single syllable.

DESPENHADEIROS

A luz solidifica; ao desfazer-se-nos
o grão no coração, onde a memória o vai moer,
o sangue é quase espírito—a luz abre
nos nossos corações despenhadeiros.

É sempre o mar o que, no fundo, quem por eles
descer faz vir à superfície—o que dos olhos
nos rola, se desprende, o que fulgura
no fundo da memória. Entre o mar e a música há uma sílaba.

Luis Miguel Nava

Translated from the Portuguese by Alexis Levitin & Ricardo Vasconcelos

AN OPEN HEART

He carried his heart open to the world, even
before the sky could grow its scar
I'd watch him as he moved, approaching
the sea as if its power were that of a mirror.

A DESCOBERTO

Trazia o coração a descoberto, antes ainda
de o céu cicatrizer
eu via-o por aí, aproximava-se
do mar como se a força do mar fosse a dos espelhos.

INTERVAL 36

to be gathered as the stone rolled
ran on to rest its weight settle
in the dust under your feet set
itself there as fact obstinate
as your eye raised to the height it
dreamt of the heft it abandoned
for the depth drifting with the wind
the light things the feathers that lift
and fall from the air the late leaves
lying there with your head for thought
in your hands as still as the stone
in the stir of dirt still waiting
one day too to be gathered here
at home with the weight of the earth

INTERVAL 82

Where are the snows, that settle the mind, soften
the sounds of traffic. Where the flower that waits to grow.
Write the days down now, laid out on the table, the details,
the shapes they make, the shadows that cling to them,
as insistent to the head's tune, as the dark to the tone of it.
Time to listen to the signs emerging. From the confusion of
things. Untimely things, the life still in them. Listen
to the to and fro of their tardiness. Telling it all too late, too soon.
And to whom.
If only there were a wind to scatter them, a moment of air
for them to breathe, to be gone from there, to rest elsewhere.
Write the day down then, dream again of the snow: dream
of yesterday's, say, grey now, or the white of a wish,
of the same table new-laid: for the flower to come.

INTERVAL 68

Don't forget the flowers, go down to them. From
whatever bare height, make your way, with nothing
in your mind, but bending there, where they rise.
To be themselves, the force of flowering.
Bow to them. Be with them, in the moment
that makes them. Beyond naming.
We wander through fields of the nameless, wondering
with our eyes, blind to it all, meaning
the myriad. I stir from the latest sleep, to be out,
among them. But pause too soon, to stare into the emptiness,
where the barren sand drifts in the wind, measuring
my time. Every breath a reminder, a grain threatening me
to forget, to forsake the field. But every breath a force
to go down, way down, with the flowers.

Marcia Arrieta

DIALOGUE

stoneworks

portraits

abstracts

inevitable

communication

within

the frame

dialogue

fate

on a walk

across

many continents

AN ALCHEMICAL CLOSENESS

Drawn closer to the end that has, as its beginning, blindness,
and in the face of this blindness, eyes that adjust to nothing at all

Old visions of light, squeezed tight behind my eyelids, no longer
need hide from the blinding searchlights of this darkness

Exposed, they feel their way across the Earth like those meager
silhouettes of smoke caught rising from the black scars of lightning strikes

Even when the darkest of dreams flash back their idealized
memories, I can no longer look through their mirage of light without
first ridding myself of my reflection

Especially where a perfect corona, in place of my hidden face
surrounding the black image of a solar eclipse, spins its untouchable gold

LOST IN THE SELF

You admit to being no one you know. A complete stranger who happens to speak a language you hear but cannot translate, whose face you see but cannot mirror, whose hand you touch but cannot feel, whose mouth you taste but cannot savor

Life sneaks up on your pursuit of it. How badly you've wanted to be the darkness words build up from their depth in a feather-lined barn swallow's nest or those that happen to push off a spruce branch the way a cardinal's sudden flight unclings rust colored casings from around the secret green of new pinecone buds

You've neither come this far in miles, nor in any length of time measured by the repetition of some wall-clock's minute hand

Instead you've come sealed inside a waterdrop among so many suspended from the tips of cat whiskers in which no one would ever seek temporary refuge but you

Which is why your destination has never sought another end, never hid its own beginning in any origin, or made you anyone this stranger will ever know

THE INK OF MY HEART*

the ink of my heart
that I thought
 dried and crusted
 spilt suddenly
 in crimson-sheened black tracery
 across the feint-ruled page
 burnt through ten sheets
creating paper lace of longing
 brown-edged
 smoking with the scent
 of distance

*First line taken from “The Ink of My Heart”,
Marilène Phipps-Kettlewell

MÉDITATION I

Le ciel. Sa lumière jetée au creux d'une flaque. Les pluviiers et leurs petits pas affairés. La berge. Ses flancs d'amante.

Ce qui tient lieu de miracles aujourd'hui.

Le jour fléchit sur la ligne d'horizon et tes pas fragiles déroulent le vent. Au creux des marées résonnent encore les cris des enfants heureux, éclaboussés d'été. Les rives ont archivé les étreintes des amoureux, leurs corps solstice. Peu à peu, le crépuscule avale les clartés et tes certitudes. Sur les brisants, se rompent les beaux jours.

Le vide. Sa beauté pliée dans ton souffle. Pulsations des saisons éparées dans la méditation des nuits. L'abandon de ta main sur le papier. Le son de ta disparition en écho.

MÉDITATION 2

Tes sourires, les lueurs dans tes yeux, tes tremblements emmêlés. Tous tes visages disséminés dans le littoral du temps, leurs teintes insouciantes, leurs poussières lourdes. Tous tes possibles inachevés, rivières errantes au creux de tes âges. Chacun de tes balbutiements pour arriver au chant.

Quelques miettes d'enfance au creux de ta main, tu mendies pour réparer la mémoire. Le firmament tremble encore sous tes paupières. Tu cherches l'envers des heures de l'autre côté du crépuscule. La rumeur consolée de ton sang. Quelques brins de lumières au creux de ton âme, tu persistes à trouver des embellies.

Tremblante d'exister, tu balbuties des mots venus de tes nuits. Tu sondes les ombres, ériges un pont que tu traverses, une douce brise répandue sur tes épaules. Le silence apaise tes égarements. Tu touches la beauté. Tu résides neuve dans l'instant.

DES CHAMBRES

1

années empilées entre la fenêtre et la berceuse au mur des enfances en noir
et blanc auxquelles elle ne sourit plus sur la petite table des dizaines
de bouts de papier des mémos pour déjouer la mémoire vacillante
elle s'allonge dans le lit étroit un simple lit simple elle étend le bras
cherche la main de son amour geste répété depuis des années son
amour est ailleurs dans un autre lit ailleurs dans un autre lit simple
leur vie plurielle est désormais au singulier leur grand lit d'amour em-
porté par la débâcle des jours vieux au mur des jeunes mariés dont elle ne
connaît plus les noms

2

serments dévastés sur le mur sourient des amoureux aux yeux chargés d'étoiles
on fera de tous les jours un toujours face à l'armoire pleure une
femme à l'amour déserté face à l'armoire pleure une femme à
l'amour éloigné les vêtements sont là pétrifiés un chandail
répand encore le parfum de l'aimé une chemise déverse encore les souve-
nirs du corps qu'elle a étreint serments rupturés

3

âme déchirée au sol traînent les déroutes de sa vie le lit défait abrite en-
core les traces de sa chaleur sur les murs hurlent des graffiti de sang
le rock *heavy* n'en peut plus de se révolter l'alcool les *lignes* n'ont pas
suffi à anesthésier la blessure elle s'est enfuit de sa vie

4

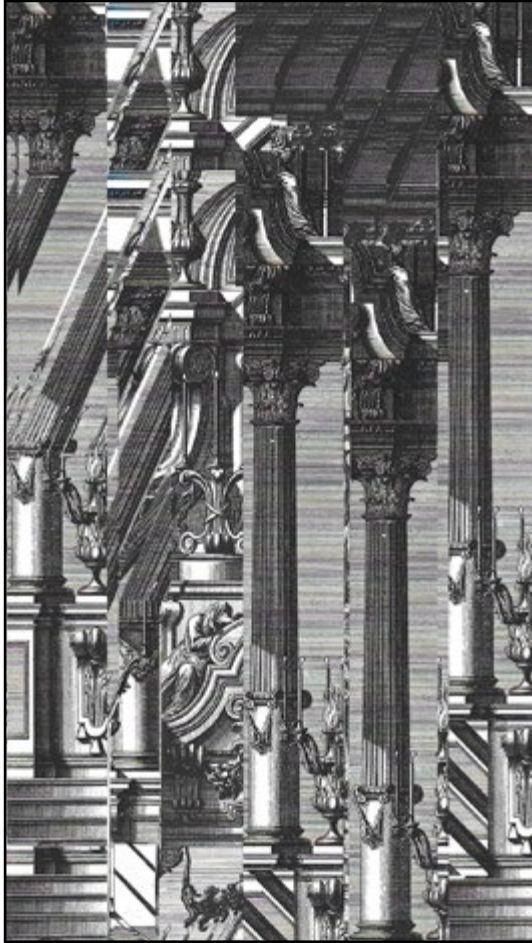
souffle arrêté sur les murs sourit une femme au ventre rebondi
 on l'appellera Alice cette merveille on l'appellera Désirée cette réponse à
notre si longue attente dans la berceuse pleure une mère au ventre
abîmé dans l'air encore l'odeur du talc p a r
terre des jouets traînent dans l'armoire les pyjamas restent pliés le petit lit
ne berce plus la chambre de leur petite leur toute petite au
souffle effacé au beau milieu de ses rêves

5

Cette chambre a abrité des roses d'été c'est une chambre d'amour qui ne résonne plus une chambre d'amour qui ne caresse plus la grande armoire veille encore sur les vêtements de l'aimé souvent elle en ouvre les portes prend un lainage y plonge son visage touche le parfum de son amour dans le grand lit elle s'allonge toujours du même côté elle laisse intacte la place de son amour geste répété depuis tant d'années elle étend le bras frappe la barrière de l'absence elle tend la voix heurte la barrière du silence

6

La petite Sirène n'a plus ses fonds marins Nounours pleure Dora l'Exploratrice est terrifiée une chambre à l'innocence dévastée cette chambre il ne doit plus y entrer cette chambre elle doit la verrouiller construire un abri redessiner l'océan à la Petite Sirène consoler Nounours rassurer Dora une chambre à l'enfance pillée



CLASSICAL VISION 94

ROBERT MOORHEAD

DOWN THE HALL

A time of ghosts, pale blue and diaphanous the way they were before someone said they weren't and then I stumbled across an old book that said they were and legs sticking out from under the bed and clouds entering through the barely cracked window to let in snow dust and the silvery shimmer of the moon. A time for ghosts, suddenly opaque the way they were when the bedroom door wasn't closed all the way and something in the hall stirred, something that wasn't there because someone said it wasn't and then I found a mark on the wall, a slight line, an effaced halo stuck to the paint, and a current of cold air from under the attic door. It's a long way up those steps down the hall through the door up the steps and someone said you can't go that way, there is no way to go there, and the light poured through the attic door, murmuring as the wind rose, shining as if the sun itself were hiding there and I stumbled on the boards that swayed and the walls that wouldn't and the floor that couldn't, seizing the railing to pull myself up and up into the air, the light, the time of ghosts, blue pale and diaphanous, the way they were before.

SHELTERING

Living in the root cellar, a string of glass beads across the opening,
whistling in between, oscillating, flowing out at night
a stream of tiny holiday lights without music
twinkling in the still darkness,
the root cellar roof shakes sometimes
draws in the rain where the sod has been disturbed,
lightning or an animal wondering,
if the day if the night
if only you would speak clearly enough
when the beads change color
each rolling light a phantom word
a trace we struggle to follow.

READING LATE AT NIGHT

There's snow on the candles tonight. I can't see the page clearly. Lighting the windows. Casting shadows out. It's snowing in my book, snowing between the pages, snowing on the woman walking along the moor, she's carrying a candle too, lighting her way, and the snow is dense and thick and her hair is frozen, her eyelashes, her hands so cold and the pages turn slowly, only her eyes cast shadows now, and the window steams over and the candle burns off the snow, turning the pages quickly, shaking off the snow, her hair all dark and free, the path in bloom and another night by the window has passed.

DAL CICLO “INSONNIA”

(ma): eccedenza —
è dunque questa insonnia
che bussava alla tua porta, meglio:
eccedenza è il tempo dell'insonnia
che perpetua, bussando, la curva
della porta

(ma): esisti, fu detto, dove si incendia
iddio nel cuore, dove, chiare, porti le mani
in terre, dette, senza profeta

*

— esonda (o salpa?)
tutta questa insonnia?
(deserto a rapimento
dove a chiosa si vedranno
teste, curvate a bosco!,
tutte, in fondo —
al corpo)

— stordisce, allora, tutto questo spasmo
questo genere di testa nel buio, crollato!,
a chiodo di finestra
(... idolo di ombra
è dunque questa testa,
crollata!, a chiodo di —
finestra?)

— ma dite, lo spasmo —

ripete l'angelo che vola?

(decifra, lo spasmo,

l'angelo che vola?

il bacio che tramanda

la notte della stanza?)

— e regge, l'insonnia,

la luce originaria?

(o troppo è forse ricreare

l'angelo che vola?)

[...]

— (e) esonda —

tutta questa insonnia?

tutto questo stare —

a pertica di terra?

(— le labbra —

splendide di cuore

— e l'angelo che beve

dentro le sue labbra

splendide di cuore

(ma, ha sete l'an-

gelo che vola? ossia:

schianta, può schiantare,

schiantare di respiro,

l'angelo che vola?)

[...]

— enclave, allora, a pertica di terra il suo —

eterno cerchio soffiato di silenzio?

(... le sue labbra —

splendide di cuore ...

... dove fu morire

déntro le sue labbra

splendide di cuore ...)

JACQUES ALLEMAND, né à Marseille dans une famille de marins. Professeur de lettres. Une thèse sur la poésie de Jules Supervielle. Une quinzaine de recueils publiés, notamment chez Æncrages & Co, Ecbolade, Alidades, Soc & foc, S'éditions et Propos 2.

SOPHIA DE MELLO BREYNER ANDRESEN was Portugal's best-known woman-of-letters. She published over twenty volumes of poetry, seven children's books, three collections of essays, and two collections of short stories, *Tales of Land and Sea* and *Exemplary Tales*.

MARCIA ARRIETA, editor & publisher of *Indefinite Space*, a poetry/art journal. A book of her collages & poetry *through time waves* is newly published by Arteidolia, and her fourth poetry collection *within sky* is forthcoming from BlazeVOX.

SIMON ANTON DIEGO BAENA, author of the chapbook, *The Magnum Opus Persists in the Evening* (Jacar Press) and publisher of the online journal *The January Review*. His work appears in numerous journals in the US and Europe.

PER AAGE BRANDT, (1944-2021) published over thirty books of poetry, and several more in semantics, linguistics, and culture during his prolific career. His many awards include the Emil Aarstrup Medal, the French Academy's Grand Prix de Philosophie, and the Order of the Dannebrog.

ALAN BRITT has been nominated for the 2021 International Janus Pannonius Prize awarded by the Hungarian Centre of PEN International for excellence in poetry from any part of the world. He currently teaches English and Creative Writing at Towson University.

LAUREN CAMP, author of five books, most recently *Took House* (Tupelo Press). Honors include the Dorset Prize and finalist citations for the Arab American Book Award, Housatonic Book Award, and North American Book Award. Her poems have appeared in *Kenyon Review*, *World Literature Today*, *Witness*, and *Poetry International*.

MARA CINI, collaboratrice di storiche riviste sperimentali e di "Anterem edizioni" ha partecipato a letture e incontri di poesia (tra gli altri "romapoesia" e Biennale di Venezia). Tra le sue pubblicazioni: *Scritture*, *La direzione della sosta*, *Anni e altri riti*, *Dentro Fuori Casa*, *Specchio convesso*.

WENDY CLAYTON's work has appeared in *The North*, *Pennine Platform*, *A Pennine Anthology*, *Indigo Dreams*, and is forthcoming in *Stand* and *Shearsman*. She was involved in the founding of an alternative school in Geneva.

SILVIA COMOGLIO è laureata in filosofia e fa parte del Comitato di Lettura di Anterem Edizioni. Ha pubblicato, tra le altre, le sillogi *Silhouette* (2013), *Via Crucis* (2014), *Il vogatore* (2015), *scacciamosche (nugae)* (2017), *sottile, a microchiarore!* (2018), *Afasia* (2021).

RAFAEL-JOSÉ DÍAZ, Reunió su obra poética en un volumen titulado *La crepitación* y publicó posteriormente *Un sudario* y *Bajo los párpados de quien se aleja*. Ha publicado varios diarios y los libros de relatos *Algunas de mis tumbas*, *Las transmisiones*, *Veinticuatro lugares y una carta*, *El letargo* y *De un modo enigmático*.

ALAIN FABRE-CATALAN, membre du comité de rédaction de la *Revue Alsacienne de Littérature* et de la revue *Les Carnets d'Eucharis*. Il a publié un essai *Le Paradis perdu de Georg Trakl* avec des traductions nouvelles (Recours au Poème éditeurs, 2015). Auteur de plusieurs recueils de poésie, dont *Vertiges* (Les Lieux-Dits éditions, 2013) et *Matière de nuit*, cycle de poèmes en version française et italienne (Rhombes, 2017).

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

RAY KEIFETZ, author of *Night Farming In Bosnia*, winner of 2017 The Bitter Oleander Library of Poetry Award. Recent publications include *Gargoyle*, *I-70 Review*, *Kestrel*, *RHINO*, and *Schuylkill Valley Review*.

PETER KING, author of numerous collections, including *Adding Colours to the Chameleon* (Wisdom's Bottom Press) and *All What Larkin* (Albion Beatnik Press). His new booklet *Ghost Webs* is forthcoming from The Calliope Script in 2022.

ALEXIS LEVITIN's translations of poems by Sophia de Mello Breyner Andresen have appeared in well over fifty literary magazines in the USA. Tagus Press published his translation of her *Exemplary Tales* (2015).

RAY MALONE is an Irish writer and artist living in Berlin, Germany, in recent years working on a series of projects, of which *Intervals* is the latest, exploring the lyric potential of minimal forms based on various musical and /or literary models.

ANDREA MOORHEAD's collections include *The Carver's Dream* (Red Dragonfly Press) and *Tracing the Distance* (The Bitter Oleander Press).

ROBERT MOORHEAD recently exhibited paintings at Von Auersperg Gallery at Deerfield Academy and The Burnett Gallery of the Jones Library (Amherst, Massachusetts). *Saraswati #15* (France) featured his work.

LUÍS 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*.

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

SYLVIE POISSON vit à Trois-Rivières, Québec. Elle a publié deux recueils de poésie : *Les clartés offertes* (Les écrits d'à côté) et *Les rives accordées* (Les écrits d'à côté, 2018) ainsi que dans quelques revues et collectifs.

PAUL B. ROTH, editor and publisher of The Bitter Oleander Press since 1974. Author of seven collections of poetry including *Long Way Back to the End* (Rain Mountain Press), *Owasco: Passage of Lake Poems* (Finishing Line Press), and *Weightless Earth* (Bitter Oleander Press, 2022).

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

SILVIA SCHEIBLI, born in Hamburg, Germany. Recent books include *Under the Loquat Tree* and *Parabola Dreams*, co-authored with Alan Britt. *Conversations with Athena at Mieza* is forthcoming from Finishing Line Press.

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





OSIRIS is available at:



AMHERST BOOKS—Amherst, Massachusetts 01002 USA

BOOKLINK BOOKSELLERS—Northampton, Massachusetts 01060 USA

CITY LIGHTS BOOKS—San Francisco, California 94111 USA

LIBRAIRIE GALLIMARD—Montréal, Québec CANADA

GROLIER POETRY BOOKSHOP—Cambridge, Massachusetts USA

MALVERN BOOKS—Austin, Texas 78705 USA

THE STRAND BOOKSTORE—New York, New York 10003 USA

