



OSIRIS 95

FIFTY YEARS 1972-2022

greek *grec* french *français* italian *italien* norwegian *norvège* romanian *roumain*



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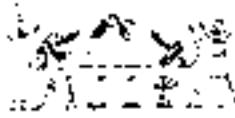
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CINQUANTE ANS 1972-2022



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Osirispoetry@gmail.com
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PAUL B. ROTH

ANNOUNCEMENT

When we speak
to the dead
their eyes look
straight through us
as if we weren't there

In no need
of our existence
all we inherit
is their absence

Filled
to overflowing
every tear we shed
swells
with clear salt

Realizes
just to see them
takes the same
speed of light
only our dreams
can achieve

PAUL B. ROTH

THE EMPTYING

Surrounded by stones,
motionless
when they speak,

their invisible mouths
sealed shut
under seamless lips

remain discreet
like nothing
they pronounce

no matter
how chipped,
pitted,
dented, scarred,
crushed,

or broken
into words
their uninterrupted
silence becomes

ANDREA MOORHEAD

SLIPPING THE EXPLANATIONS

Pebbles in her mouth, each word clattering quickly,
moving against her tongue, washing down air and saliva,
it hasn't rained in months, streams gone, trees shedding,
she found a cache of pebbles, some pale yellow, others green
lime green and from some other place, unlike the pale rose
and shimmering violet, she thought they might help thirst,
alleviate the tremors, mirages, quaking in the night,
it hasn't rained all day, her mind slipping, or all night, slipping,
and the streams are gone and the trees rustle,
she'll put the pebbles away soon, they can't be swallowed,
of course, or sucked too long, they'll lose their color flavor texture
and it hasn't rained in hours, minutes, it never did rain
as long as she could recall and the search goes on,
trembling, quivering, until the snow returns
the mind cools down and all the pebbles freeze.

ANDREA MOORHEAD

READING TOGETHER

FOR CGD

When she turned the page, we found a waterfall and a row of tiny birds on the rocks. Shifting into the shade, wiggling loose the first sounds from under the feathers, a lull in attention, and the birds took off; when she turned the page back, we didn't see anything unusual, the drawings had all their color, the words were properly aligned, each syllable attached firmly, but a stray patch of color from one of the drawings was making its way across the top sentence, so she turned the page quickly, not wanting me to see the color bleed across the fibers, and we found the birds again sitting at the head of the waterfall, murmuring in the loose, cool rain.

ANDREA MOORHEAD

CALIFORNIA BURNS

The earth is bleeding fire
arteries, veins, capillaries
stretched to the breaking point
seeking the moon's cold stone
the black and empty incandescent
fiction of green and moist
wrapped in tourniquet
the tension increasing
limbs now shattering
cracking splintering
imploding
slow whisper of something else
beyond snow beyond ice and rain
something stored in the coils of time
in the incised and bruised brain
waiting patiently by the sea.



FLAVIGNY I (CÔTE D'OR)

ROBERT MOORHEAD

FABRICE FARRE

POÈMES DE L'ORDINAIRE

J'accepte que tu dormes près
de moi, ce soir de cabine acajou
voilé, à cette heure, par un soleil furetant ;
ton ombre s'aiguise à la mine carbonifère
du bonheur, elle te décrit
sous la corniche des voûtes de verre
et les yeux se lèvent, espérant
et oubliant ce qui nous restreint ici-même.

FABRICE FARRE

POÈMES DE L'ORDINAIRE

La désobéissance s'arrête aux carrefours,
le temps qu'elle ôte les larmes ferrées,
puis elle lève ses épaules menues
et les frontières gagnent de nouvelles
latitudes. Elle dérobe, à l'insu des douaniers,
les fruits suspendus que livrent les branches
d'arbres inconnus, de l'autre côté des barrières.

PAUL ILECHKO

THE UNIVERSAL CHILD

A hot sun burns away the remaining moisture from the hospital grounds children
pass by wrapped in wire their names tattooed on their wrists their bodies com-
posed of atoms and sunlight their memories sabotaged by a residual trauma from
the formation of this universe lost within the dimensional

*complexity is a model of interactions where each node has at least a minimum num-
ber of edges related concepts include variance and chaos and military strategy*

the children used to have sight before the great brightness before fire lost its suscep-
tibility to water before the willow trees died from thirst the golden child is raising
an army of rats he's not going to make the same mistake twice watch him closely
as he transfers a bottle of blue glass to his other hand.

PAUL ILECHKO

COAL-DIRTY BRICKS

The day before
the tragic expansion

the day before
the theory was posited
of love as violence

the day after a melody
was first heard in the graveyard
in the pouring rain

a sinuous thread
that propagated like the fear
bitter on your breath

that taste of a crowded street
and how you danced your way
to a contemporary miracle

a satanic episode
in the shadow of a crumbling tower
the coal-dirty bricks
of a previous century

the day of remembering
a long-past decade that was measured
in single digits

just a reflection of some item
that ought to be plain
we've lost what we once had

burned away by the sun's heat
as steel expands
and the bridge moves wider

mere degrees from
impending collapse.

HANNE BRAMNESS

Translated from the Norwegian by Anna Reckin

SONGS WITHOUT WORDS

1

I sat near the top of the house, where it got so very warm, on the landing between the bathroom and the child's bedroom, with its door ajar. I could hear the little rustling

sounds of the night's song filtering through to us, like white noise, accompanied by the hissing in the pipes, and I counted her even breaths in the summer night. We breathed out,

somewhere in the air the circles of breath ran together.

In the silence, the day loosened its grip. She had quietened down. I stayed sitting there, listening, sensing fluctuations

beyond my reach; searching for signs in the pale northern sky. Soon the songs of the birds would drown us out as we drifted into the first light of day.

SANGER UTEN ORD

1

Jeg satt i huset der det ble så varmt under
taket, i gangen mellom badet og rommet til
barnet, med døra på gløtt. Jeg kjente bruset

av nattsangen trengte gjennom til oss, hvit lyd,
hørte susingen i rørene, og talte de jevne
åndedragene hennes i sommernatta. Vi pustet ut,

et sted i lufta rant sirklene av pust sammen.
I stillheten slapp dagen taket. Hun hadde roet seg.
Likevel ble jeg sittende og lytte, ante svingningene

utenfor rekkevidde, lette etter tegn på den bleike
nordhimmelen. Snart ville fuglekvitteret drukne oss,
vi dreiv inn i de første solstrålene.

2

In the house where the draughts came in through the walls, in the winter light
that floated through its rooms, I would catch sight of the child
sitting bent over, painting,

her lips pressed together. I can see her soft face
as the light suddenly lifts a detail
– her brow, her cheek – or blots it out

before flowing on. She paints a black wheel,
a rust-red sun, and swimmers in a cave, in yellow and red
ochre and white china clay.

She paints her way back through history, without a word,
still sitting there. Even in the darkness, the sheet of paper
in front of her shines bright.

2

I huset med de trekkfulle veggene, i vinterlyset
som svevde gjennom rommene, får jeg øye på barnet
som sitter framoverbøyd og maler

med sammenpressa lepper. Jeg ser det milde ansiktet
idet lyset plutselig løfter fram en detalj eller
visker noe ut, panna eller kinnet,

før det flyter videre. Hun maler et svart hjul, en
rustenrød sol og svømmere i ei grotte, i gul og rød
oker, og hvitt kaolin.

Hun maler seg tilbake gjennom historien, uten ord,
og blir sittende. Sjøl i mørket skinner det av arket
hun har foran seg.

3

The child crawled into music the same way she got in under
the spray of the shower, and hid herself. It was through
music's shining circle that she saw

the world. The water splashed onto her neck and her back:
drops and the reflection of drops, but in a safe,
recognizable system. The child let

the water stream over her chest and stomach, follow her spine.
As the notes rained down, she stood upright, in this
house within a house, in language without words.

3

Barnet krøp inn i musikken slik hun gikk inn under vannstråla i dusjen og gjemte seg. Gjennom den skinnende ringen av musikk så hun

verden. Vannet styrtet mot nakke og rygg, det var dråper og dråpers gjenskinn, men i et trygt, gjenkjennelig system. Barnet lot

strømmen gli over bryst og mage, følge rygg søyla. I toneregnet rettet hun seg opp, i dette huset i huset, i språket uten ord.

PATTY DICKSON PIECZKA

THE LANGUAGE OF SHELLS

Sibilant song,
Whisper of storm and sea,
wind scraping across mud flats

that once held water,
wind flowing through me,
through this phantom lake,

its wounded kayaks and wedding rings,
skeletons of better days
when we'd splash, waist-deep in August

or curl into afternoon's warm shell,
listen as willow fronds stirred the water
and daydreams drifted in paper boats

until sunset painted the snow geese
into a flaming island of feathers
that flew toward the moon.

PATTY DICKSON PIECZKA

MEDITATIONS ON ICE

Thoughts freeze
into shards that drop
through crystal clappers,

ring glass bells.
Molten sun flashes
from icicles.

Memories ghost my hair as
winter puffs from my mouth.
White wings

dazzle with prisms
lighting a face, sapphire eyes.
An angel touches my hand.

CARNET DE L'ÉPHÉMÈRE

À l'étonnement du jour qui balbutie sur tes lèvres

Musique

tourbillon des corps
pris dans la glace cercle après cercle
aveu de lumière perdue dans le jour
ce qui vacille en toi n'a jamais fini

Multiplié l'aveuglement
en dépôt érigé pierre à pierre
au soir persiste l'ombre nomade

Tu avances
parmi les intermittences
de l'heure irrésolue
il ne s'agit plus de parfaire la langue
sous son empire le corps parle
visage sans visage
à peine naissant

Au bord de la halte
visage de personne
rien de plus qu'un bris de ciel
lente résolution de la phrase
que montre la bouche d'ombre
dans le bleu qui se retire



Bribes de paroles éprises du vent
rideau de pluie autant de signes
qui s'abattent sur le blanc

Sans trêve j'écris en marge
happé par l'imperceptible
sur la longue jetée sans sommeil
d'une rive à l'autre j'ai vu la source se perdre
avec la soif confondue entre hier et demain

Ton visage effacé
n'est plus qu'une montée de terre
un relief de mots sur un lit des pierres
creuset du temps aux yeux clos
le monde va finir dans le retrait du souffle
sur l'étendue fragments erratiques
d'un radeau de nuit

Brassée de mots
battue de sons qui s'égarent
suivant la ligne cavalière
un trait d'ombre se consume

En amont du poème en sa perte
je ranime les voix jaillissantes
dans le suspens du vers jusqu'au bruit même
de la coupe aux lèvres



Tu ne sais ce qui te porte en chemin
comme méduses sur la grève
tu vas jusqu'à toucher
la ligne d'eau qui se tait au bord de l'éclat
dans l'enclos du paysage gagné pas à pas

Blessure ouverte signe défait
plus qu'un enjambement la chute même
dans le dessin des ombres
au rythme du corps balancé

Renouer les fils
ne rien laisser perdre de l'insouciance du jour
qu'aucun mot ne retient jamais

Toi qui viens du plus lointain
d'un semblant de lumière
penché sur l'invisible seul le vent te poursuit
au-dehors paroles en défaut

Tu livres le combat
avec ce qui demeure ton unique patience
visage dissimulé sous les ratures

Dans l'ombre brève tu hésites
phrase adossée à l'oubli
une fièvre t'habite



Dans le présent décomposé
au passage de la disparue
face à l'horizon tu mesures l'enfer
la matière du deuil à peine murmurée
comme au tournant d'une autre vie

Sphinx fuyant le soir
à son approche plus vive présence
tu creuses le chemin à ton pas
la mesure indéchiffrable
ouvre le balancier de tes jambes

Brûlure immédiate
d'un même sang précipité
ta nudité rieuse résonne au bout des doigts
ultime étreinte hors des murets

Dons impalpables de l'écume
j'ai reconnu l'intime ferment que sont les lignes
jetées par le travers des heures
vertige de haute mer une phrase s'obstine
autant nuit que jour flamme acérée
ce vers à ta bouche comme vague s'assemble

À son envol j'ai pris le large
où vient battre la mer dans le bleu dévasté
je veux aller boire où tant de signes ont naufragé

MARC VINCENZ

HER ILLUMINATION

In the center of the spring, a little whirlpool where faces mix and numbers mingle underneath the human floor where was-is is never written; and that hidden presses up into the eyes like a divining crystal; an absence of definitive self.

By midnight, the equinox has passed, moved on to Ethiopia.

Hand upon heart, the stone in the air is me.

MARC VINCENZ

FROM WITHIN A TIN-ROOFED SHED

Flakes of ash like snow; the garden pots are filling up with the atoms of their ancestors. We only come out at night after the sun-storms have passed and the cool of the shadows gives us renewed life, or so we tell ourselves. We reflect on the days and nights we've shed before. Just like the Inuit, we have 300 words for dirt and dust and ash and silt. We observe the way they sit there all-knowing, the motes, the speckles, the clumps, the sheen and grime. The way the sky glitters at twilight full of all we've ever burned or burnt, full of all the elements of reconstruction. Little scraps of plastic film swoop across the rooftops, and here we are drinking a glass of champagne to celebrate it all. It is my belief that our leaders wish for the civilized world to decompose. No more elbows touching a shiny surface. Nothing is clean and everything is clear: we're past the point of no return. There is no valley on the other side, no ocean, simply this tin-roofed shed who rolls her eyes every two hundred years or so. And so, we grasp each other and kiss, all three of us sinking into dust and stars. Behind the sky is another sky where it touches the edge of space for a brief millisecond and gives off this mad blue glow.



Je vous écris
la langue tranchée
avec des mots
qui fendent la nuit

je reste ainsi
à compter mes mots neufs
virgules, apostrophes, accents
taillés dans le vif
des pupitres
où vous pourrez lire
ce que je n'ai jamais
osé vous dire.



Un soulier
dans l'embrasure
de la porte

la tôle
de mes paupières
ce sang
dans ma bouche

effluves de chair à vif
si souvent humés
sous le drap de la nuit

on ne recolle pas
ce qui n'a pas
de morceaux

on reste là
bras ballants
l'esprit vacant

on retourne
à ses occupations.



L'armature se remplit
à même la matière molle
de ma vie

les pieds remuent
les jambes s'affolent
le torse implore
les bras
ont déjà compris
le nez, la bouche, les oreilles
rendent les armes

dans l'atelier du sculpteur
seuls les yeux
montent la garde
poudrés de blanc.

SALAMANDRE

J'aurais tout donné pour retenir ton geste, fait la guerre à ce courant menteur et rétif en toi. Je te parle pour n'avoir pas su te retenir, et te voilà qui repars dans ce vaste nulle part, raide et muette comme un pin. Ta mort a une forme si gauche et si large que tu n'es plus que ma soeur à moitié.

Ne vois-tu pas ma patience à imaginer, à attendre un dénouement différent, alors que je supporte toujours ta même absence? Il y a peu de mots pour parler de l'immobile, de ta pâleur, quand tu suis à peine mes lignes, et que rien ne se voit.

J'essaie de prendre dans mes filets cette partie de toi qui se dérobe, quand le danger de te voir affleurer ne cesse jamais, et je continue à te chercher, toujours en exil, sans même le savoir.

Je t'écoute dans les conques, dans les coquillages où se cache ta voix, je fais couler la cire dans l'eau pour voir apparaître ton visage, mais tu as laissé ton alliance dans un cendrier à Orly et la vie me veut encore.

SIMON ANTON DIEGO BAENA

BY THE WINDOW

Trees bloom with starlings
long before
the plague

When morning rises
you hear a pulsing stillness
over the landscape

SIMON ANTON DIEGO BAENA

HOURLASS

My hands reached out to the moon

behind the horizon

of sand

in time

one loses color

like those ships

off the island

in 1521



BRIDE BROOK AT EAST BEACH
(ROCKY NECK STATE PARK, CONNECTICUT)
ANDREA MOORHEAD

SILVIA SCHEIBLI

RIM OF FIRE VOLCANO

Ash & rocks

lava rings among weeds

on mango & saffron church walls

on lilac painted houses

In cumbia plazas

history is recorded with ceramics,

penas of agave azul

Mayan designs of feathered serpents

ancestors speak mathematical syllables

with water still flowing

in irrigated corn fields

two thousand years

later

SILVIA SCHEIBLI

ALTA MAR SIESTA

Tired mangroves
close liquid, azul eyelids

Green iguanas sleep — hardly breathing

The swamp yields
malachite shoulders of pelicans
& leans
into the amber hour

Just as the sun sets sail
like a Mayan, feathered serpent
chasing catamaran clouds

SILVIA SCHEIBLI

JAGUAR CROSSING

At the jaguar crossing
on the main road to Cancun
we imagine an opalescent shadow
moving in mangroves
where the serpentine heat
flicks its lusty tail

The yellow street sign
with the jaguar drawing
stirs the hieroglyphic deity
wrestling night terrors
reviving the sun
& melting our illusions
each morning

VERONIKI DALAKOURA

Translated from the Greek by John Taylor

WIND BLOWING

A demonic wind is blowing.
Few sounds in the village.
Lightning flashes from the depths reach
Whispers.
The trucks are grumbling
and a passenger ship with its smokestack
sends out the message of madness

ΦΥΣΑ

Φυσᾶ ἕνας ἄνεμος δαιμονισμένος.
Λιγιστοὶ ἤχοι στὸ χωριό.
Οἱ ἀστραπὲς ἀπὸ τὸ βάθος φτάνουν
Ψίθυροι.
Τὰ φορτηγὰ βογγοῦν
καὶ ἕνα πλοῖο ἐπιβατικὸ μὲ τὸ φουγάρο
στέλνει τὸ μήνυμα τῆς τρέλας

— from Cappadocians (Koukkida Editions, 2020)

VERONIKI DALAKOURA

Translated from the Greek by John Taylor

AT LEAST

Beneath sand dunes as I dumbly promised
I chewed darkness.
With my hair on a lead-colored shore
I bound our bodies and
pulling on the tip removed the spear from the body.

At least I could go ahead and burn a whole candle
with a mother-of-pearl flame
even if it was raining
even if the rain had flooded me. . .

ΠΑΛΙ ΚΑΛΑ

Κάτω από άμμόλοφους όπως βουβά ύποσχέθηκα
μάσησα σκότος.

Με τὰ μαλλιά σὲ μολυβένια
ἀκτὴ τὰ σώματά μας ἔδεσα καὶ
τραβώντας τὴν αἰχμὴ κορμὶ ξεχώρισα ἀπὸ δόρου.

Πάλι καλὰ ποὺ πρόλαβα κι ἔκαψα ὀλόκληρο κερὶ
ἕνα μὲ φλόγα ἀπὸ μαργαριτάρι
κι ἄς ἔβρεχε
κι ἄς μ' εἶχε πλημμυρῖσει βροχή...

RICHARD HOUFF

THE MORNING WINDOW

I see anguish following grief
southbound along the river

The shades are cutting water
with long oars, looking for
a sound landing

Soon they will search me out,
something battered in a world
where you once floated on stars

I open the door
on a bed of comfortable dust

No one is there

RAY KEIFETZ

HEDGEROWS

A lidless sky
slides down the window,
white daisies nod
bloodless swans.
This country lane
bows to its name,
but there is crying in the hedgerows.

Hedge birds fly up,
fly back.
We tap the glass.
But the crying doesn't stop,
the window doesn't open.

Strangers to this country,
we shy from the light
on every thorn.

SÉBASTIEN AUGER

PASSE LA NUIT COYOTE



La rivière n'est pas prête
et elle coule
déborde pour le dire

Demain la cueillette
des grains d'oiseaux

Laissez-nous déposer
à l'eau cette histoire



Je n'ai pu les rejoindre
Ils ont pris ce qu'ils voulaient
sans attendre

Les signes de la journée
ont fini par gagner

Les grands mammifères
se déplacent lentement

from RETINA (XI)

that night in the train there was a presence, something unsaid and laid aside,
an understanding, a kind of acknowledgment of disorder, like that in gardens
where the rhythm of roots crowns summer but is neglected

faces lined with angles are weird with sharp glimpses and squares of shade
elapsed into physical nothing

the birds are steeply shaped and not red

crisp listening at windowsills at dusk is silver in bold disbelief, a stirring
quarrel, vertigo, its aftermath in spotlights

then an unprotected echo crawls like an animal, exposes mouthfuls, arms
and runs

PANSY MAURER-ALVAREZ

from RETINA (XIII)

a pair of small islands are conscious and designated in their distance and
solitude when seen from our window

a thin line refuses to follow our imaginary wounds despite a slender
recognition

an emotional arc like singing like birdsong reverberates all day

inside the measure of a very personal misunderstanding we find our spine
of diamonds, our delusions and our ecstasies

esperimento (di soppiatto)

si prenda un filo del discorso a caso
inflexibili lo si sfilii strappi affili
lo si sospenda e soppesi a tanto al chilo
gli si metta al posto del profilo il prospetto
lo s'intrecci (di soppiatto) con altri fili
e gli si affidi l'interpretazione di un fatto
(s'intende: rigorosamente inesistente)
attenti che al primo inconveniente non
s'imbrogli tra intoppi strettoie e grovigli
poi si faccia la tara del vero dal falso
e au contraire del falso dal vero
gli si opponga infine la sua antitesi
e sventando in tempo ogni possibile sintesi
se ne tragga fuori il novissimo sovversivo
filotto o bandolo delle post-verità

smacco

una sottile lanugine di pelucchi s'inerpicava su
per gli occhi e spalancava scenari indecifrabili
o intravedeva soffuse impalcature di sovrastrutture
e ponteggi off-limits fuori di testa e sacco coro mucchio
corrispondenti da Nuova York e da Mosca e da Pechino
e domani da Berlino acerrimi nemici disarmati e dilaniati
dalla loro stessa impotenza indecenza nucleare che sarà
lei magari responsabile del nostro sbandare per le vie
di questo mondo a ramengo in queste pagine annerite
dai lampi crampi del futuro e del passato, annaspano in una
ipotesi di sopravvivenza che le ciaspole appena abbozzano
così simili alle cispe alle cuspidi alle capriole alle clausole

ma quante macerie in questa nostra amara insulsa
insalata di parole vertigine smacco che ti schiaccia
sempre in cerca di una via di fuga o di salvezza
s'intravede per un istante in un punto e poi svanisce

ANATOLY ORLOVSKY

L'ŒIL

rosée d'outre-feu
en Laurentie
ce résineux soleil

quelles vocalises
pour une terre
habitable



Baptême en mer qui se fonde. Sans déchirures

le temps neigeait sur les naissances les franchissables monts-de-lumière.

Je traçai deux signes. Les nôtres

les vagues se retiennent ce soir



FLAVIGNY 2 (CÔTE D'OR)

ROBERT MOORHEAD

CHARLES HADFIELD

BEACH FRIENDS

gulls screech as I approach

if you reach for the notebook

and already there

yes a word

words

flock

&

dive

wind on waves

light splashes on

you flicker

smile in your eye

and the tide recedes

leaving rockpools

of possibility

JANET MACFADYEN

EVERYTHING WE THOUGHT FAMILIAR EMERGES
UTTERLY STRANGE

Skiffs stacked like fish on ice
The ranger's station with boat trailer wood stove wood rack
Road slicked with mud, the wind
shaking clouds off, wind
waking up

Small birds
flit over frozen grass, two dead outboard motors, the inboard heat
of our bodies burning,
four eyes two souls, the wind's
one mind giving utterance, drawing quantities of air
into its shimmering lungs
ever restless
plotting

The wind
voices my complaints, various and
insignificant, nags at my back, it wants
out, it wants
us to listen, becomes us when we are not thinking, when we
are porous as sponges,
laps from around an embankment, sighs beautifully
its eyes closed, its hair
streaming with cirrus cloud, streams of charged particles
ions protons neutrinos quarks sparkles of light glints
of flint flying in blue air, chips of ice
teeth of the wind, mouth ballooning

coming in on the northwest
a storm yes
a storm with snow in its maw

We huddle down, try to preserve heat, preserve
kindliness among bits of glass, the chains
yanking against guard posts, everything
rattling, everything pressed

Our bodies
break open, wind
roaring through our lungs

MATEI VIȘNIEC

Translated from the Romanian by Adam J. Sorkin & Lidia Vianu

SHE'S BEEN FEEDING ME NOTHING BUT APPLES
FOR A LONG TIME

apples for breakfast
apples for lunch
apples for dinner
and she says that between meals it's good to eat fruit
so she gives me more apples
it's not that I've anything against symbols
but I find it hard to walk on apples
every morning at the foot of the bed
I find a carpet of apples
how can I make my way down from the third floor when
she has every step covered with apples for the winter
in this entire city you cannot board a bus
 because all of them carry tons of apples
and shops that sell apples have multiplied exponentially
in every shop in every house
you see heaps and heaps of apples
something's happened, I've got to say, and it's very wrong
meanwhile I've become so lethargic
that I can no longer manage to eat an apple
I pick out the reddest, the most beautiful one
but before I raise it to my mouth
it turns rotten

DE O VREME EA MĂ HRĂNEȘTE NUMAI CU MERE

mere la micul dejun
mere la prînz
mere la cină
iar între mese, spune ea, e bine să mănînci fructe
și îmi dă alte mere
nu că aș avea ceva împotriva simbolurilor
dar îmi este greu să pășesc pe mere
în fiecare dimineață la picioarele patului
descopăr un covor de mere
cum să cobori de la etajul trei cînd pe fiecare treaptă
ea a clădit mere pentru iarnă
în oraș autobuzele nu mai iau călători pentru că au
de transportat tone de mere
iar magazinele care vînd mere s-au înmulțit înfiorător
în fiecare vitrină în fiecare fereastră
nu vezi decît mormane de mere
ceva se întîmplă, vă spun, nu e bine
între timp am devenit atît de lent
încît nici nu mai apuc să mănînc un măr
îl aleg pe cel mai roșu, pe cel mai frumos
dar pînă să-l duc la gură
putrezește

MATEI VIȘNIEC

Translated from the Romanian by Adam J. Sorkin & Lidia Vianu

SINCE SHE'D LEARNED

The moment was infinitely, unspeakably sweet
since she'd learned how to interrupt isolate
freeze seconds from their flow
everything became jollier
every day three or four seconds
 turned into balls of ice
the evening simply lacked them
and no one could find them again

I myself was enclosed
in such a transparent ball
I wanted to attract her attention
and had done so for a second

DE CÎND ȘTIA EA

Nespusă, infinită era dulceața secunde
de cînd știa ea să împietrească să oprească
să izoleze secundele din curgere
totul devenise mai vesel
trei, patru secunde în fiecare zi
deveneau astfel bulgări de gheață
seara lipseau la apel și nu le mai găsea
absolut nimeni

eu însumi eram acum închis
într-un astfel de bulgăre transparent
voisem să-i atrag atenția
și o făcusem pentru o secundă

OSIRIS 95

SÉBASTIEN AUGER, né dans les Hautes-Laurentides au Québec, est retourné y vivre. Biologiste et poète, il a étudié à Sherbrooke et vécu au Bas-Saint-Laurent, en Gaspésie et ailleurs. Ses précédents recueils *Martelages* (2014) et *La fonte hivernée* (2017) sont parus aux Éditions de la Tourneure.

SIMON ANTON DIEGO BAENA lives in the Philippines with his wife and child. He is the author of the chapbook, *The Magnum Opus Persists in the Evening* (Jacar Press). His work has appeared in *Osiris*, *The Bitter Oleander*, *Poetry Daily*, and elsewhere.

HANNE BRAMNESS, poet, editor and translator. Her latest collection is *Snø på museum*. Translations of her poetry into English have been published by Shearsman Press, most recently *Weight of Light*, translated by Frances Presley. Nordsjøforlaget published a bilingual edition of a collection for young people, *Winter Kitchens / Vinterkjøkken*, with translations by Anna Reckin, in 2020.

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.

VERONIKI DALAKOURA, born in Athens in 1952, is one of the leading poets of her generation and an active literary critic. She is the author of several volumes of poetry and prose. John Taylor's essay about Dalakoura, "Eros and Other Spiritual Adventures," is included in his book *Into the Heart of European Poetry* (Transaction Publishers, 2008).

ALAIN FABRE-CATALAN, membre du comité de rédaction de la *Revue Alsacienne de Littérature* et de la revue *Les Carnets d'Eucharis*. 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). Nouvelle publication de l'auteur : *Des équilibres*. Son blague: Poésie contemporaine... peut-être.

MÉLISANDE FITZSIMONS travaille comme traductrice en Angleterre. Elle écrit en français et en anglais, et a publié *A Language of Spies* (Crafty Little Press), *Life Here is Full of Tomorrow* (Leaf Press).

CHARLES HADFIELD has worked in English language teaching for four decades in Europe, China, Tibet, Madagascar, Francophone Africa, Mozambique, the UK, and New Zealand, where he now lives. He has published seven poetry collections as well as two travel books.

RICHARD D. HOUFF lives in St. Paul, Minnesota. He was the editor of Heeltap Magazine and Pariah Press Books from 1986 until 2010. His most recent collections are *Night Watch and Other Hometown Favorites*, *The Wonderful Farm and Other Gone Poems*, and *Dancing on Rooftops*.

PAUL ILECHKO, born in South Yorkshire, now lives with his partner in Lambertville, NJ. His work has appeared in a variety of journals, including *The Night Heron Barks*, *Louisiana Literature*, *Iron Horse Literary Review*, *Sleet Magazine*, and *Book of Matches*. His first album, "Meeting Points," was released in 2021.

RAY KEIFETZ has published stories and poems in numerous literary journals and presses including *Asbland Creek Press*, *Gargoyle*, *Kestrel*, *the Louisville Review*, *Phantom Drift* and *RHINO*. His collection "*Night Farming In Bosnia*" received the Library of Poetry Award from the Bitter Oleander Press.

JANET MACFADYEN's newest collection, *State of Grass*, is forthcoming in 2023 from Salmon Poetry. She is the recipient of a 2022 Massachusetts Cultural Council grant and an FAWC fellowship.

PANSY MAUER-ALVAREZ, born in Puerto Rico, grew up in Pennsylvania, and studied at universities in the US, Switzerland, and Spain, before settling permanently in France. She is the author of six collections of poetry, including *Oranges in January* (KFS Press) and *In a Form of Suspension* (corrupt press).

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 at the Jones Library (Amherst, Massachusetts). *Saraswati #15* (France) featured his work.

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*.

ANTONIO PIETROPAOLI, già professore universitario, poeta e saggista. Studioso in particolare di poesia italiana del Novecento, ha pubblicato numerosi saggi e volumi sull'argomento. La sua ultima produzione poetica comprende: *Cartastraccia* (Oèdipus, 2014), *Tomoterapia e altro* (ibidem, 2017), *La logica del tempo* (Guida Editori, 2022).

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>.

ANNA RECKIN is a poet and translator based in the UK. Shearsman published her first two collections, *Three Reds* and *Line to Curve*. Her translation of Hanne Bramness's Water Glass sequence appeared in *Long Poem Magazine*, Autumn 2021.

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* (The Bitter Oleander Press, 2022).

SILVIA SCHEIBLI's recent publications include *Conversations with Athena at Mieza* (Finishing Line Press, 2022) and *In the House of Rain* (Concrete Mist Press, 2022). She collaborated with Patty Dickson Pieczka on a collection of poems entitled, *Gathering Sunlight* (The Bitter Oleander Press, forthcoming 2023).

ADAM J. SORKIN, Distinguished Professor of English Emeritus, Penn State Brandywine. Recent books include *Lavinia and Her Daughters* by Ioana Ieronim, translated with the author (Červená Barva Press) and *The God's Orbit* by Aura Christi, translated with Petru Iamandi (Mica Press).

JOHN TAYLOR, born in Des Moines in 1952, has lived in France since 1977. Especially known as a translator of French and Italian poetry, he also translates from modern Greek. In 2020, Cycladic Press published his memoir *Harsh out of Tenderness: The Greek Poet and Urban Folklorist Elias Petropoulos*.

DIANE THIVERGE, née à Montréal, s'est orientée vers la traduction après des études en littérature à l'Université de Montréal. A publié en revue, entre autres *Estuaire* et *Brèves*. Lauréate du prix de poésie Pierre Chatillon 2022, remis dans le cadre du Festival international de poésie de Trois-Rivières.

MARC VINCENZ, publisher and editor of Mad-Hat Press and publisher of *New American Writing*. His newest books are *There Might Be a Moon or a Dog* (Gazebo, Australia, 2022) and *The Pearl Diver of Irunmani* (White Pine Press, forthcoming 2023).

LIDIA VIANU, Professor of Modernist and Contemporary British Literature and Director of the Contemporary Literature Press at the University of Bucharest. She received the Poetry Society (UK) Popescu Prize for European Poetry Translation for Marin Sorescu's *The Bridge* (co-translated with Adam Sorkin.)

MATEI VIȘNIEC, poet, playwright, and novelist, who has lived in France since 1987. Among many other awards, he has received the Press Award of the International Theatre Festival of Avignon, the European Prize of the Society of Dramatic Authors and Composers (SACD), and the Jean Monnet Prize for European Literature (2016).





JACQUES BRAULT

1933-2022

Encres de chine

(d'après Tu Mu)

Je n'ai jamais vu branche de muscadier
je l'imagine frêle et souple
odorante comme tes paupières baissées
quant au reste je n'en sais plus rien
comme ton nom crié dans le vent
alors que le chemin t'emportait

Osiris 10, 1980

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