

SUMMER 2019

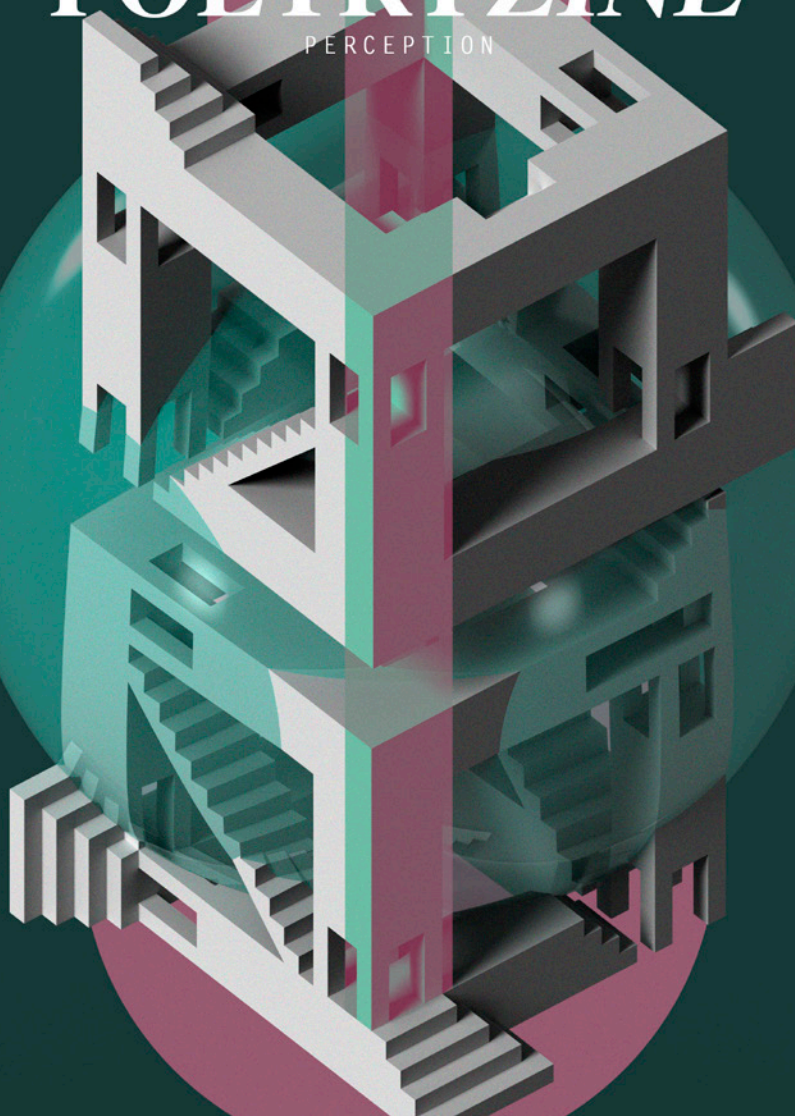
PRINTED EDITION

ISSUE N 10



A SHANGHAI POETRY ZINE

PERCEPTION



PREVIEW



POETRY ZINE





A SHANGHAI POETRYZINE

This is a preview.

For more info, turn to the last page of this preview.



A Shanghai Poetry Zine

vision & direction:

Giuseppe Daddeo

the awesome team:

**Giuseppe Daddeo, Damon L. Hansen,
Patrick Schiefen & Stan Vullings**

praetor:

Stan Vullings

zine design:

Patrick Schiefen

events manager:

Lexi Rhodes

cover art:

Aidan Bra



Illumination
Orlando Daga



A Shanghai Poetry Zine

Perception Summer 2019

Rosella D'Andrea	Trompe-l'oeil	7
Peter Niu	The Spectator	10
Richard Wong	A Warm, Well-Lit Room	12
Annie Leonard	Two Eyes	15
Chanel Ruth	Wet	17
Aurora Peña	Compromise	19
Art of Crow	Search	20
Bryan Sullivan	Yuqiao on Monday	22
Aiden Heung	Eight O'clock On The Bund	24
Brady Riddle	I've Heard it Called a Dream in Places	27
Heather Millet	Don't think of them	29
Ruby Huang	Displaying and Dissolving	31
Filippo Lubrano	Among All	33
Damon L. Hansen	Perpetual Metamorphosis	35
Frances K. Lin	You In Every Sense	36
Ilya Gutner	A Poem	39
Sherry Mao	White Spot Disease	40
Chris Nash	Hot House	43
S.J.W. Vullings	Alter Mann / Old Man	46
Kitso Rantao	The Ancestral Visa: Home	50
Pip	June akening	53
Kate Bour	Wayang	56
Jonathan Mulcahy	Poetry Analysis	58
Tricia Bethel	Perception of Hope	62
Lucilla Trapazzo	Still Frame	63
Ryan Thorpe	You, Far Away	64
王俊晓	邻居的狗	66
Chelsey Deitrich	Painted Ladies	69

Orlando Daga	Illumination	3
Elena Hasnaş	It's all in my head	9
Amy Shu	Pain	11
Art of Crow	Search	21
Kim Giyoun	Daydreaming	23
Olga Kurepina		26
Charles Belin	Under His Eyes	30
Zhen Liang	I look over you	32
Keith Hall	Venice Sleeping	38
Jaime Ekkens	Young Woman on Subdway Platform with Cellphone Collage 01	42
Chao Fang		45
LaVana Colebrooke (FANGiMATION)	Zine1	52
Sergiu Roman	Alice in Lalaland	55
Andleeb Rana		61
Yijun Yao	Freedom and chaos	65
Shaun Gingell	I am	68

Trompe-l'oeil

Rossella D'Andrea

Trompe-l'oeil
lo rifletto il vuoto
dell'uomo
di niente,
Più s'annulla in me
più niente
si vede,
E più annulla me, più
si vede un niente.
lo rifletto un vuoto,
Niente.

Trompe-l'oeil

Rossella D'Andrea

I reflect the void
of the man
who is nothing,
The more he's annulled in me
the more of a nothing
is to be seen,
And the more
he annuls me, the more
one sees a nothing.
I reflect a void,
Nothing.

The Spectator

Peter Niu

Brittle hollow bones,
And this kaleidoscopic life
Seen atop the wall, where raindrops
clung to windows like peeping ghosts and dull lights bounced
back to the pedestrian lives below.
Between the twinkle of the spectacle and the celestial dome was you.

Perched atop the wall
catlike, observing, recording
the motley crew of midnight faces
Below. Hollow. You never managed to cut a word in.
Those people don't obey the two-minute principle.

They talked at you, muttering heretical thoughts,
confided in you, blathering implausible dreams,
Touched you. Hugged you. Took comfort in you.
Ruffled the plastic that kept you cold.
Around you their drama unraveled.

Wrathful hands snatched you from atop the wall,
Taut fingers dug deep, rough nails bit,
Soft palms that turned to rock,
Flung pieces.
And suddenly you could see.
All.

You fell among them.
Gave them the soft bits cradled between clavicles
and they devoured it, raw,
because your staccato was new,
and because of the curious way you stacked up words
like you ain't supposed to; because these are not your words
after all.
And they found their own rhythm stale.

Now you are a subject in their show.
If only a scoundrel.

June Awakening

Pip

I watched the sun eat the mist away,
As light and dew welcomed in the day

I, seized by this strange euphoria,
Was pushed to the green, green floor
Hot and cold, and panting from the fall
I lay there breathless, held suddenly
Between the blades of grass, they blinking
Winking at me as though to say:
"Where did you go? Surely, you have
Missed us, missed this?"

Quietened then by grief and gladness.
I, who was I, to answer, to justify my cold departure
Towards those eastern skies that never turned so blue
But offered me a fury that then, I knew I needed.

Held close, like the love of a former lover
Their familiar musk sinking in through pore
And vein, gripped I was then by something
Close to shame, but closer still to ecstasy.

You had given all, when I gave nothing, no
Demands, but just to stay a while longer
And when I turned, you stroked my back
Your sorrow held for after, falling with a downpour

That would meet the wings of Etihad
Airways And I would see them as a sign, that it was right
To go and I would smile with the expectation of S
weaty days, in linen dresses, yellow, orange but

Never black. You had stayed serene in the face of
Violence, that I opened up to you with a
Cowardly silence, delivered blow by blow
In the absence that from hours grew to years.

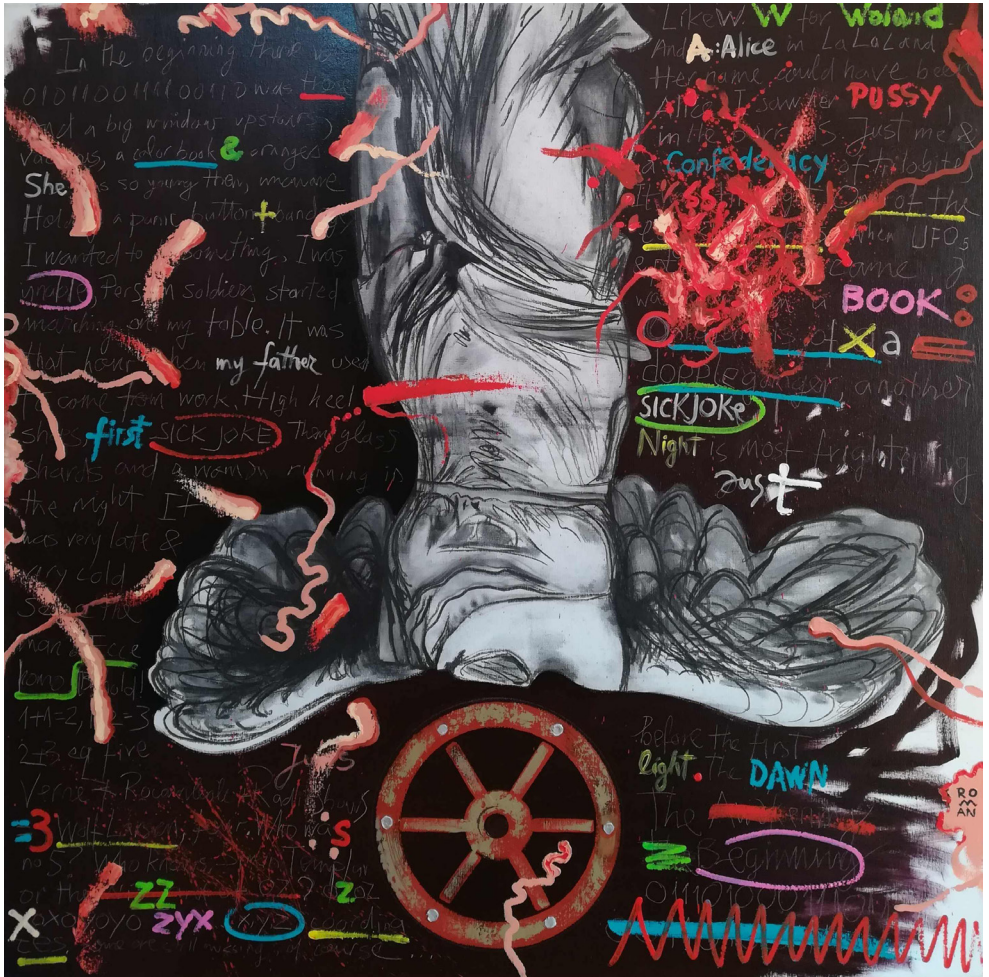
How could I leave you? How could I walk
With a certain step, that this was what I
Had to do, to know myself before loving you
With a true and absolute affection.

There is no perfection in love, just bubbles
Of feeling that here, now make world feel whole
And I a part, of that completeness,
Observing with another who sees that same

Entirety and loves, admires it with the same
Distant closeness, yes I have felt this twice
And lucky, for feeling more than once,
So lucky that this day, it has crept back in.

Alice in Lalaland

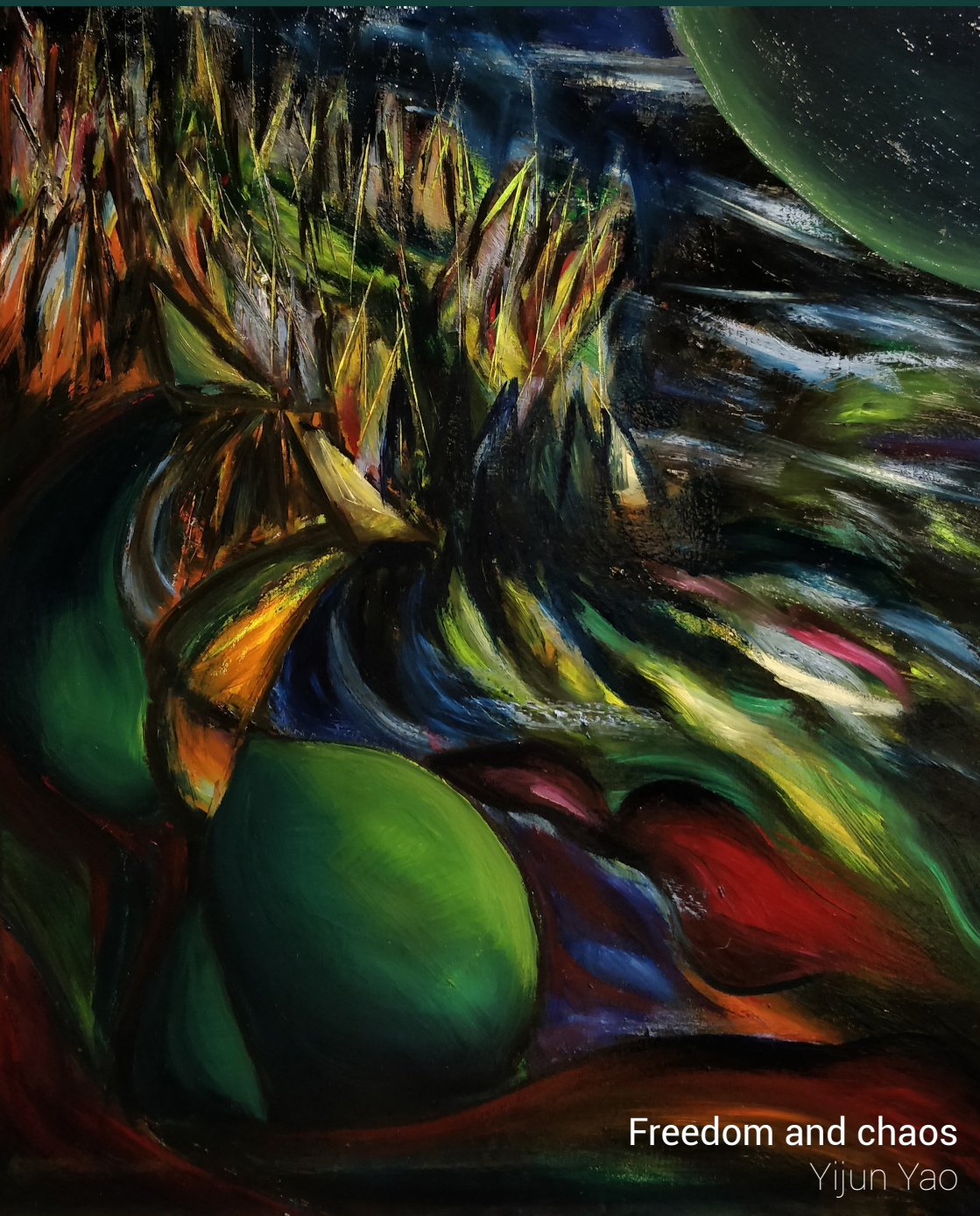
Sergiu Roman



Still Frame

Lucilla Trapazzo

The Libeccio descends
upon the red dressed city,
drenched with sand.
Far away a train is blowing
its greeting. In this field of fog,
time stops, the mind goes gray,
the vision expands as
it dilates, rolling and flowing along,
obscuring the yellow of the fields,
leaving all things to search for
the valence of their being.
A chair is essentially a chair,
also in a picture on a wall. A rose
is still a rose, if in the head
I retain its features. Constant
nexus is the idea. Shaping synapses.
Nothing else. At the bus stop
an old man is sitting and smoking a pipe.
He is waiting for evening to come,
perhaps, or just for his tram.



Freedom and chaos
Yijun Yao

邻居的狗

王俊晓 Wang Junxiao

他没有养狗
男人不能养狗
这是他的人生信条
他觉得至少掌握了一条真理
并且还非常鄙视那些不知道这个真理的人
很不幸啊
他搬家到一个邻居养狗的地方
说是邻居其实都在一个院子里
没有办法
在上海生活就是这样
这条狗却觉得他侵犯了它的领地
只要他有任何动静
比如刚进院子大门
比如一声咳嗽
比如翻开书本
狗就狂吠不止
狗没有扑上来
狗是被拴着的
他大为恼火
当邻居不在家的时候
他用吃剩的喂狗
他发现狗并不咬人
他去抚摸它
想尽了一切办法
狗还是看到他就狂吠
呵斥也没用
于是他开始经常做梦
成千上万只狗
长的一模一样
他记得就是邻居的狗
那个眼神他记得
充满了复杂的眼神
那些狗从街上拥进了院子
在他的门口狂吠不止
成千上万只啊
竟然排列整齐
叫声此起彼伏
然而前排的狗却没有要冲进屋里

他非常的害怕
颤抖着伸手要拿棍子
一着急就醒来了



End of this sample.

Enjoyed the preview?
Want to buy this issue of ASPZ?

Contact Giuseppe Daddeo of ASPZ on WeChat at:
giuseppedaddeo

or

e-mail ASPZ at:
ashanghaipoetryzine@yahoo.com



A SHANGHAI POETRY ZINE

End of this preview.

Enjoyed the preview?
Want to buy this issue of ASPZ?

Contact Giuseppe Daddeo of ASPZ on WeChat at:
giuseppedaddeo

or

e-mail ASPZ at:
aspz.magazine@gmail.com