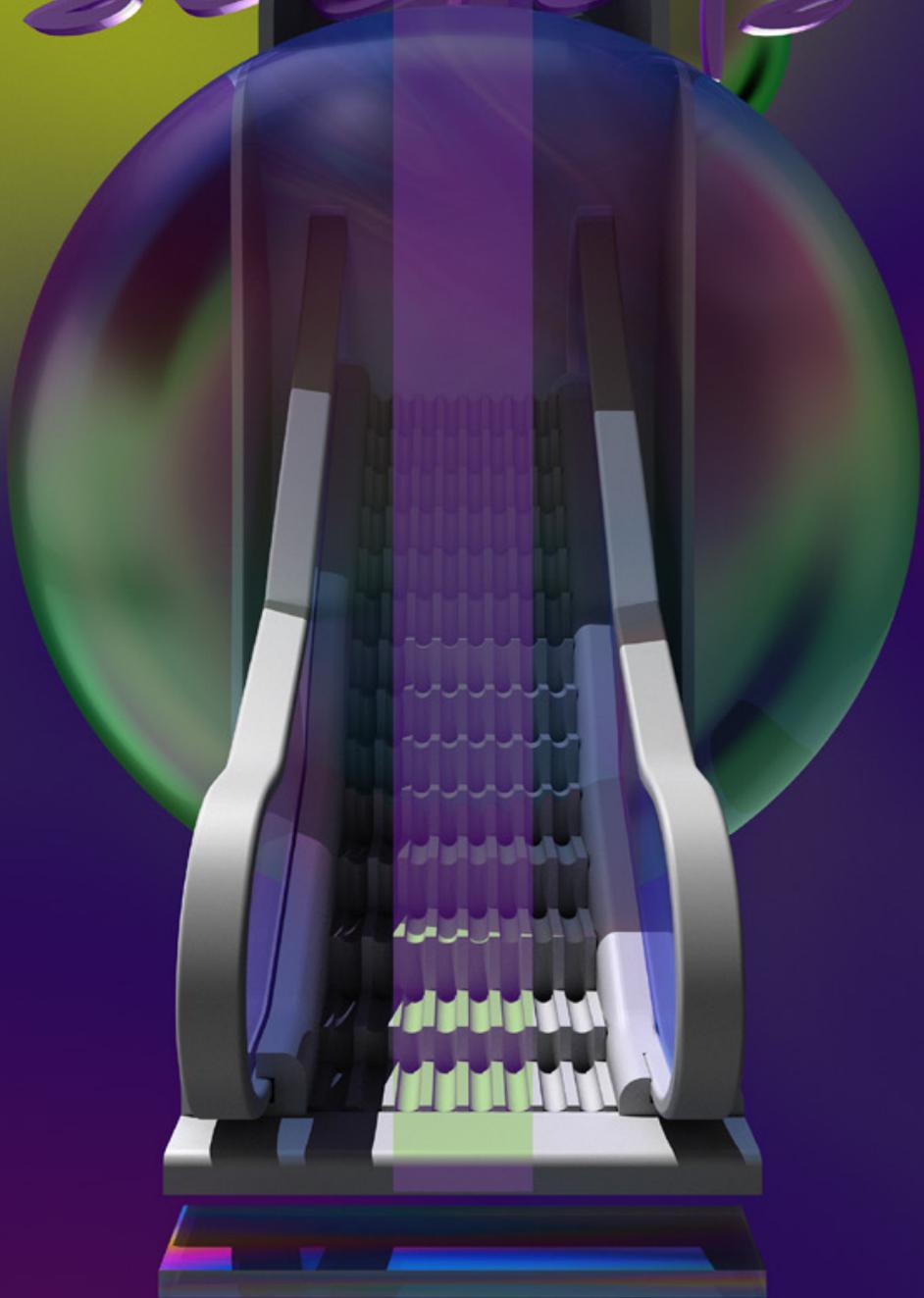




A SHANGHAI POETRY ZINE

SECRETS

secrets



PREVIEW





A SHANGHAI POETRY ZINE

This is a preview.

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A Shanghai Poetry Zine

SECRETS

Autumn 2019

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躲猫猫

業安

和谁玩躲猫猫
白天躲在了夜晚入睡前的闹钟里
明日藏在今日的言语里
通通找不到
连带你的笑和唇上的油渍
游荡野猫的咕噜
肃静的垃圾车
由红变成绿的三色灯
也通通找不到
每天找不到的还有
手表乘车卡钥匙您拨打的电话已关机
嗡嗡地震动
快递员寻找接受者
地上的帽子没了主人
消失的地址
多年前学校门口的牛肉面
十字路口处西南角的垃圾桶
葬身在巨大车流内
烟摩擦着生命
我也只在不知名酒馆内
找到了久违的脏话和笑声
暗在角落的扫帚
偷偷扫去掉落的发
等着它们再长出

THE FOURTH VERSE

David Brennan

1

July, bookshop in Manchester, earth-trembling
As her hands traced ancient pathways well-known,
All unearthed, these dead poems, by lumbering metal insects
On Deansgate street.
In the whites of her eyes I saw jazz-cloud frozen secrets,
Melody on the tip of tongue,
History in the little scars that mapped her fingers,
And danger in the company of her souls.

2

Building 2, room 5xx Pudong Shanghai,
We fu-loved like Benoba monkeys,
Two times, three times, four times, five -
The hungry belly of your kind -
Never tired of more and more and more,
Hour after naked hour until affluent tears,
Dripped and rolled down, plunging you to,
Nights when you were but 13,
In a room,
Somewhere south of the mountains,
Of Shandong.

3

Who knows where the train will take us
The drivers dead - the engine rants in tongues
The old tracks have long since melted
The new ones carved of bone.
Yes - I saw a city burning, an eagle carried by a horse
A frog reciting Milton and a chair for God above.
Yes - I heard old Geronimo calling

Bare-chested and reckless I followed into battle -
Led blazing, the buffalo thundering to a cliff
My heart set only on breaking open
Your locked coffins.
True - we laugh, we cry, we fight, we love,
We break bottles over each others souls -
If souls we have at all.
Who but a fool could care for what tomorrow brings?
No - I will not love you FOREVER
Only NOW, always NOW,
One sweet
Moment
At a
Time.

BIODEGRADABLE

Kathryn M. Shrader

I meant to scatter his ashes,
really. I thought maybe Denver
would be nice — he always loved
Colorado women — but it's hard
to go someplace you've never been,
when you're poor.

So, he stays in the stone keepsake urn
that follows me to new homes,
packed among the knick-knacks.

Maybe my brother's part of him
stays heavy in pink rock salt
on a shelf somewhere,
never submerged in the ocean
to dissolve. I haven't asked.

My sister planted a packet
of layered paper, wildflower seeds, and him
on land her now-ex-girlfriend owns.
There he stays, two thousand miles
from the federally-subsidized apartment
where she raises my niece.

The bits of him not doled out
to his children in pretty statues
stay in a black plastic box
in the storage unit I complain about,
surrounded by his old shoes
and survivalist gear.

I meant to clean it out, when I lived there.
I thought of leaving him
in Germany or Texas,
of selling his old shoes on eBay.
Still, they stay.

He returned to Oklahoma,
to his childhood, to memories,
when his children were returned to him
and he had a second chance.

After he died, I discovered,
on survivalist forums, among
lies about his religiosity
and advice on reloading,
he mused of moving to Sweden.

He said he stayed
in the pin of the buckle of the Bible Belt
because it was a good place
to raise children,
to get girls through high school
and not pregnant or arrested.

He said that was success,
for a single father.
As I drove off to college, he said
he was proud of me. And he stayed
in that federally-subsidized apartment,
where he died.

Last week, my fiancé
(who will never meet him)
said, hey—I found your dad's ashes
in that suitcase
with your books
and the scarf you asked me to look for
Should I bring it by
when I bring your winter coats?

WHITE BLOSSOMS

after Diane Wakoski

Wenxin Tang

White daisies scatter on the white ground.
Standing in the daisies
is a girl in an ivory dress
who has melancholy eyes.
In her turquoise eyes,
a ghost from memory
with pale lips.

White blossoms. Carnations in funerals and
amaryllis on dates. Blossoms, you gave me
turning colors, and the vicissitude of seasons.
Blossoms grow near the glittering sea.
The cyan stars sparkling
and the seagull riding a spiral of air.

I have hurt my dear, dear soul
a thousand times.
How dare me! I hear you everywhere
in the dark night outside
while a cornsilk moon roams
the grounds where
my azure blossoms sing

Blossoms are my nirvana;
for love and pain
for spring and winter
I beg you to erase my unease.

The boy paints the conversation white. On the sofa
in the tiny raining afternoon, he paints it
with soft fingertips and eyes in the dark,
the black slate
in our never-faded souls.
The ghost paints the soft palms
and my eyes, the white of willow branches,

and my neck, the white of sculpted icing,

and my face, the white of Russia,
and my belly, lily-white,
and my fingers, aesthetic;

"Did you see the tulips?"
"They are like a rainbow."
"Shall we go together."
"Wait for nirvana," he would have said
with his Carolina blue eye.

The girl was left alone in the desert.
White, white blossoms capture her
alongside the sapphire lake when she walks alone,
like those white lavender the boy used to send her.
The orchestra played,
and the wind whispered.

A young girl's love.
A wonderland of doves flying.
I would crawl through the canyon,
and stare at the rosy sunrise
from the Luxembourg Palace,
to the morose blossoms,
and they are white, floating
onto the Hudson River till they reach
the rosy edge of the water, till it fades
from my sight.



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End of this preview.

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