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A SHANGHAI POETRY ZINE

ASPZ 尚言寺



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PREVIEW



POETRY ZINE

SPACES





A SHANGHAI POETRYZINE

This is a preview.

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

**A SHANGHAI
POETRY ZINE**

PREVIEW

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PREVIEW

A Shanghai Poetry Zine

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PREVIEW

THE ROSE-APPLE TREE BY APT. KAFE, GUANGZHOU

David Tait

It doesn't seem to matter how long it's been here,
though certainly much longer than the neighborhood.

And it's a tribute of sorts that a crew of twelve,
several chainsaws and a truck with a platform
are needed to take on the job.

In the corner an old woman sits down to watch
and a workman brings her a hard yellow hat.

The chainsaws whirl, the cicadas fly off.

The tree that had dropped its rose-apples for years
is soon just a gap in the air.

The branches and boughs
are slumped on the pavement, and workmen take pictures
of the tree's crown, parts only the cicadas have seen.

A tropical shower makes the workmen take shelter.
The rain pummels from the tree its last scent of sap.

I say to the owner "they've killed your tree" and he nods
and says "it will be easy now, easy to find my shop."

PREVIEW



TheMindDidDare!
Françoise Issaly

PREVIEW

DYPETS REFLEKSJONER

Heidi Berg

Jeg anbefaler overflaten,
tang i tidevann.
Sol kan kaste glitter,
vind kan piske skum.
Og alltid månen,
alltid tidevannets strøm å følge.

Jeg titter opp,
mot lys som trenger gjennom.
Langt, langt der ute en fremmed sol.
Jeg kan også ense månen -
strømmen stryker meg forbi.
Men når det stormer er det stille.

Her er alt mitt eget valg,
men jeg har ikke valgt det selv.

Jeg anbefaler overflaten.

PREVIEW

REFLECTIONS FROM BELOW

Heidi Berg

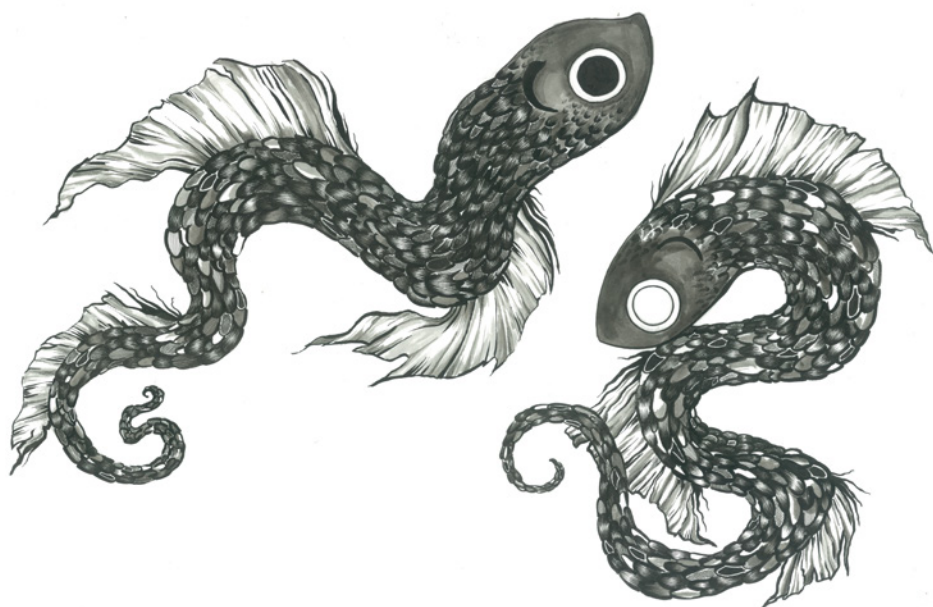
I recommend the surface,
seaweed moving with the tide.
Some days sunshine sparkles,
other wind whips foamy white.
And always the moon,
always its current to follow.

I glance up,
light breaking through.
Far on the other side a foreign sun.
The moon a faint sensation,
tidal currents brushing by.
But the storms are silenced.

Down here all is my choice,
but I did not choose myself.

I recommend the surface.

PREVIEW



temporal material - with fish
PREVIEW Jessica Bennett

THE PLACE OF VOID

Claire Zhou

my feet leave the grimy soil as the wind whispers farewell,
hot air still fumes in my lungs,
a cough crawling its way out one after another.

sounds blaring from chatterboxes turn into inaudible whines,
relief shakes the hand of silence,
hammering heartbeat takes a nap for a transformation into a gentle rock.

clouds close in: the mist embraces me with a transparent coolness,
distance stretches between me and the land of suffocation,
inhale, exhale — it becomes easier now.

passing the rainbow no one ever saw,
my legs are thrashing in impatience;
up, up, up.

i arrive.

gold specs jazz the black sea,
i swim in void,
waves of the mind free of electricity.

so dark, so serene, so welcoming:
it is a paradise of nothingness,
you watch everything yet no one watches you.

PREVIEW

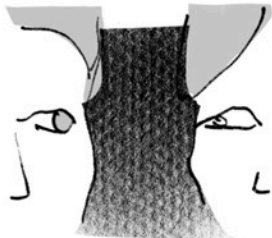
主题亮

蔡玄铠

今为我而来的风
吹起的细沙模糊了眼
从无到有的动向
笙歌鼎沸的万母神殿
不可预知的偶然
肆虐之火烧了它三天
残骸的断柱存在
我是那构造的操纵者
为其披上一白布
摆上赋予意识的几何
还有些奇异怪诞
沦为迷宫无穷的主题
直至在遥远尽头
海边升起一根大桅杆

PREVIEW

SOCIAL DISTANCE
IS NEW TO US



I CAN'T HOLD YOUR HANDS .
HEAR THE CLINKING OF
OUR GLASSES



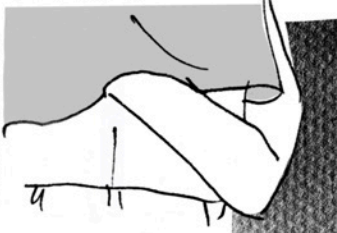
OR HUG YOU TIGHT WHEN YOU
NEED IT OR I NEED YOU
(DESPERATELY)



BUT HOW WAS YOUR DAY ?
WHAT MAKES YOU SMILE
OR FEEL SORROW
TODAY ?



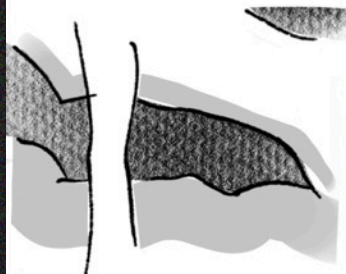
DO YOU STILL FEEL ME ?
I AM HERE
I AM HERE



AFTER ALL ...
DISTANCE DOESN'T
SEPARATE US



DISINTEREST DOES



CALL HER NAME,
ONE MORE TIME,
LISTEN WITH ALL YOUR
EARS.



Shanghai 2020

Carrie Park and Maria Amelia Odetti

PREVIEW

End of this preview.

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