

SPECIAL EDITION

ISSUE 15

A SHANGHAI POETRY ZINE

PREVIEW

PORTRY 71ME

CLOSER



A SHANGHAI POETRYZINE

This is a preview.

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PREVIEW

A Shanghai Poetry Zine

CLOSER 2020 Special Edition

Macro-photography is a complicated affair, especially when photographing live insects. It requires patience, focus and tenacity. In some ways, it's like writing a poem—you find a subject out in the wild and need to invent a method to approach it. Through trial and error, you find what works for you.

I'm thankful to ASPZ for giving me this opportunity to share the story of the bugs I found. It is my hope to encourage people to consider the lives of creepy crawlies and how they reflect our own existence and our relationship to nature.

- Aled Harris, ASPZ collaborator
- Location of shooting: 吉林通化, Tonghua, Jilin province, North of China

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A Shanghai Poetry Zine

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Arisse Brown

The droplet lies, swollen and fast asleep, a pregnant eyelid sealed shut, full, warm, and round, a reminder of motherly folds. For a time still, the universe remains nestled within, curled in silence, alive, and yet unborn. The crack of dawn is yet to come.

A fuzzy shadow flutters inside, now, rattles and shivers along the skin.

And as it feeds and gorges
upon itself, who knows –
who knows what savage tides,
what solar storms, rage under that shell?
How many teeth and how many claws?
How many eyes, how many jaws?
How many gracious wings
still crumpled, waiting to unfold?





身体里的结构

Jill Zheng 郑文吉

从MoMA带回Mondrian的

文件夹。

红蓝黄灰格与黑色线条 描述我的骨骼

身体里的结构

收纳 内容 我的肌肉

我握住

体里的结构 透视 的X-ray 即是身外之物

又是身体的一张截图。

就像这张本揉进风中的蜘蛛网 被雨浇出了形状

我以为我是风 原来我是蜘蛛网

没有触摸到自己身体里那些规整 的线条,忍不住去概括 止不住雕刻轮廓 为了捕捉飞翔的食物(那些凭风任性 而待我织网

罗的蜉蝣)

这张 网 我的结构,我必须带回家。

to capture a butterfly Brady Riddle

This is how when you floated by, I inhaled the second and heard each quiver of air you rose from with each soft flap to a gentle bend of stem and

hover like held breath—not a rustle! then fold up like batik, cloth

so light, so defiant!

you moved from razor blade to flag cutting like cerulean brightness to overpower the sunny glaze about you, a flag

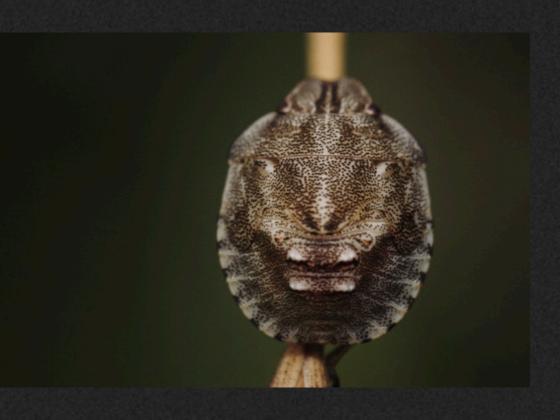
to declare your fragile independence with

among uncracked buds—you, the aspiration of stamen and pistil, your orbs

the synthesis of spectrums drowning in night

aperture clutching a moment dappled





True Bug Nymph PREVIEW

"Che colpa abbiamo, io e voi, se le parole, per sé, sono vuote? Vuote, caro mio. E voi le riempite del senso vostro, nel dirmele; e io nell'accoglierle, inevitabilmente, le riempio del senso mio. Abbiamo creduto d'intenderci, non ci siamo intesi affatto."

"Whose fault, mine or yours, if words, per se, are empty? Empty, my dear friend. And you people fill them with your own sense, when uttering them to me; and I, in receiving them, inevitably, fill them with my own sense. We believed we'd understand one another, we haven't at all."

- Luigi Pirandello (from One, No One and One Hundred Thousand, 1926)

PREVIEW

End of this preview.

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