

AUTUMN 2020

SPECIAL EDITION

ISSUE 15



A SHANGHAI POETRY ZINE

PREVIEW



POETRY ZINE

CLOSER





A SHANGHAI POETRYZINE

This is a preview.

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

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PREVIEW



PREVIEW

A Shanghai Poetry Zine

C L O S E R

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

PREVIEW

A Shanghai Poetry Zine

C L O S E R

2020 Special Edition

10

True Bug on Dandelion

12

Egg

Ode • Arisse Brown

14

Dandelion

Seed • Daniel Hartmann

16

Web

身体里的结构 • Jill Zheng 郑文吉

Design/ 摄理 • Yuri Katsuike

20

Weevil on Blossom

22

Web Drops

蛛网水沫 • 海岸

26

Sawfly Larva

That time I took a bad passport photo • Nana

The Gall • Rebekah Lorraine

PREVIEW

29

Short Horned Grasshopper

32

Horsefly

Untitled, a horsefly soliloquy • Peter Niu

36

Honey Bee

Fleeting Truth • LeeAnne Lavender

39

Flower Chafers

The Flower Chafers • Adam Narnst

40

Longhorn Beetle

Hubris • Heather Millet

42

Weevil

44

Butterfly

to capture a butterfly • Brady Riddle

Metamorphosis • Darcy Fisher

48

Soldier Beetles

A series of fallible predictions • Jacob C. Alford García

50

True Bug Nymph

PREVIEW

52

Robber Fly

the robber fly • Dewey Parker

54

Orb Weaving Spider

Autumn's Dream • Nicole Callräm

58

Jumping Spider

tarantula • Jonathan Mulcahy

60

Grasshopper

62

Jumping Spider

Arachnoid • Pauline Geluz
The Lover • Giuseppe Daddeo

PREVIEW



Egg

PREVIEW



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?

PREVIEW



PREVIEW

Web

身体里的结构

Jill Zheng 郑文吉

从MoMA带回Mondrian的

红 蓝 黄 灰 格 与 黑色线条

描述我的骨骼

身体里的结构

透视

的X-ray

即是身外之物

又是身体的一张截图。

文件夹。

收纳

内容

我的肌肉

我握住

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。

PREVIEW

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

PREVIEW

Shoveled from “Delicate Cluster” by Walt Whitman



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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**A SHANGHAI
POETRY ZINE**