

WINTER 2021
冬天2021

ISSUE 16
第16期



A SHANGHAI POETRY ZINE

ASPZ 尚言寺



POETRY ZINE

LINES



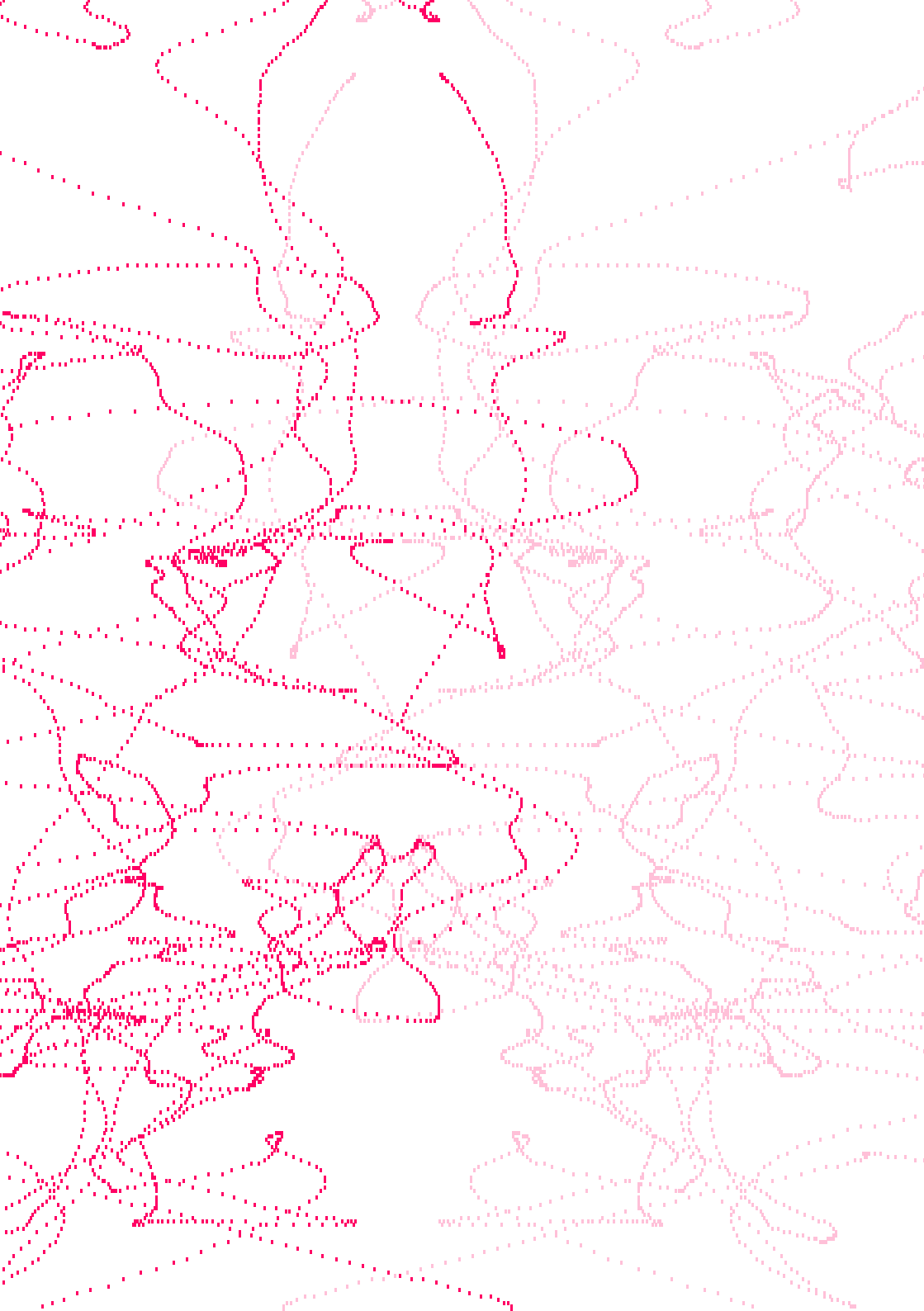


A SHANGHAI POETRYZINE

This is a preview.

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**A SHANGHAI
POETRY *ZINE***





A Shanghai Poetry Zine

ILINES

Winter 2021

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Alignment

HEATHER MILLET

I lay back, closed my eyes and began to move my mind toward minutes of pleasure.

I tried to concentrate on the man I've been seeing, or making love to, or what are we supposed to call it?

I tried to think about pornography. Lesbians or inserted objects. I tried to think about chest hair.

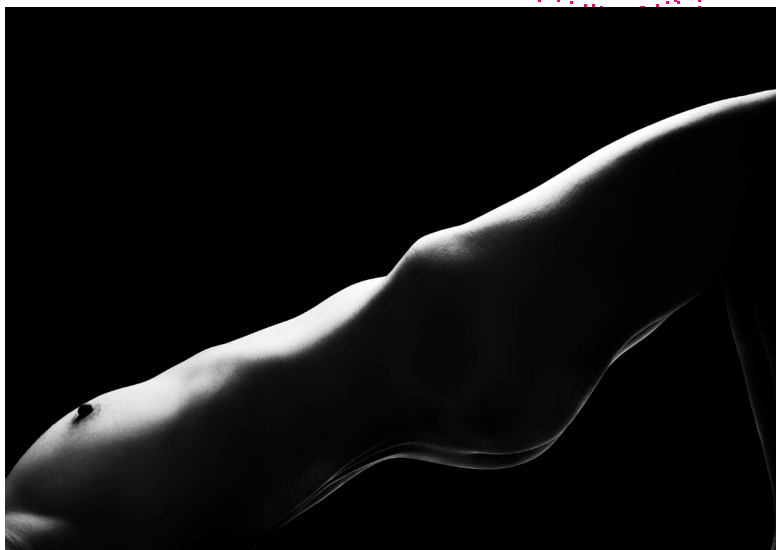
But my mind drifted to x-rays of my own skeleton.

Aging has led to the chiropractor because my spine is melting into stalactites and stalagmites. It's melting with too much angle in some areas and not enough others.

But my fingers always melt into just the right hollow. They know the right pressure. And so I thought of the jagged lines of my spinal column. I thought of the uneven spaces and holes in my pelvis. I thought of every rib in the bluish white shadows and my glowing jaw, each opalescent tooth nestled near my eye socket. I thought about my skin stripped away by medical mechanism, that the architecture of my existence was laid bare.

There was no action, just the flashing pictures in my mind. Like the pounding sound of a cat scan, the command to hold perfectly still under the gaze of the x-ray machines. I thought of the lines that were drawn on my most revealing self-photographs, shooting through my core in red to show where I need correction and in blue where I could be straightened to and how absolutely crooked I'd become. I was wrong. And the lines cut straight through me. They went straight through me. They went straight through.

My own x-rays flash flash flash. I felt the crescendo, the eminent demise, of satisfaction and of my life. My bones would disintegrate, they would vanish and I would never have been here. I never existed. I never left a trace! Never, never mattered, my bones, my jaw, open and closed and my eye sockets. My jagged spine. Jagged. Jagged. Wrong, mine, all mine, my skull, my spine, my pelvis, my desire, my satisfaction! Mine!!
Until I reached alignment.



CONTOUR • NICK FALLON

PREVIEW



BODY • JENNIFER WINDALL

PREVIEW



PREVIEW



REFLECTION 18 • SOPHIA HURST

My first love story didn't have love in it

SELENE PAN

He held my hand when
I jumped off that bridge,
 a bridge shorter than me but
he held my
he held he he held my hand.

The air tasted sweet,
the sun rained all over me,
too much chemistry I felt like a fucking plant,
producing glucose and oxygen but honestly everything just felt
like love.

I tasted his words I watched the wind I heard my perfume I
touched my feelings he
leaned in for a kiss,
right in the middle of his lips, slowly,
he pulled it out for another

oh,
he was kissing his cigarette again.

It was dark and I couldn't see his face
back in his room, the good old game.
His lips pressed mine and
for a second something was ignited:
him.

He was a monster
hungry for days and I,
a leaking cup of \$1 ramen he found thrown in a street corner,
a lot of water,
like he wanted to flush his saliva and gush his stench down my
stomach,

FEEL, I forced myself to feel

PREVIEW

his hand shrieked
for my pussy, like a homeless chewed
gum trying to find brick slits to stick in,
my eyes open or closed, I didn't know

No,
but I didn't say no.
I feared to be a 'joke'.
So I joked to myself love just needed time to grow.

I sprinted out of the door,
left my bag behind,
jumped out of his bed,
sat up straight,
pushed him away,
no I
I freaked out I
I did not,
I stayed under him, every part of me but me
whispered 'okay'.

Daybreak,
walking alone,
the wind blows out fake candles
in my gaze, whispers things
my body cannot understand but only feel
the upcoming ache.
Now I can see he stole my senses away,
the wind holds my cheeks with no hand and
carries my folded heart along the way.

For the last time,
I look at his eyes,
but in his reflections I can't find mine.

My first kiss wasn't a blossom,
it was an outbreak.
My first love story didn't have love in it,
and now I stop whispering. I stop saying it was okay.



CONNECTION • ELENA HASNAS

PREVIEW

Holy Grocery

JACOB CHARLES

Flicker above aisle seven
1am creaky wheel beyond the freezer hum
dairy section pacing and eyeing booze
around the bend, guy comes in a
few times a week
quart of milk and a candy bar.
Hot lick of summer escapes the automatic doors
crashing with the stale waft of air-conditioned malaise
Thumb nestled in the splintered handle
tracing down the glistened streaks
bleach scented guides
a noxious pilgrimage
between shopping cart
confessions.
In full glory
a radiant bloom among fluorescent sea
five gallon bucket RED
a shrine to the
perpetual
flux
washed clean.
Slushed in the miraculous murk
a baptismal churn
of the daily grime
collecting dusts of no one
going anywhere in particular
But always ending up in line
trading paper time
for time
Ding! The checkout counter bell
Blessed the ding dongs and
diet coke communion lines
Ding! Ding! The checkout counter rings
Blessed the chips and bargain bags
30% more saviour in every
D-Ding! Ding! Ding!

What blessings the additive angels bring
sacramental snacks for
the morning hour
mass
Aisle one
let us pray
restock the mirage
endless orchard of
the virgin fruit
re-touch the promised land
commodity quadratura from below,
upward the daylight burns eternal blue
reset
the endcap mausoleum
sunrise ritual
scrub the pearly gates
Triumph of the immaculate stock
the grand illusion set.
A final thrust of the splintered lance
swabbing crucifixion of tomorrow
minimum wage resurrection
of yesterday.



SCOOTER DRIVERS • JAMIE EKKENS

PREVIEW

– *Line – Nine* –
JONATHAN MULCAHY

“It’s happening again”

5AM: measure the blood
drawing into a channel
fast by magic

pill sounds

neurologist blames
the pituitary gland

on the Shanghai Metro
riding raw nerves

song jiang
dong jing
she shan
si jing

si jing as in “surging”
past closest homophones
out to memories
past pains

code-switching

city and mind
concurrent maps
overlaid

cat

hairless

a dead object
on a council estate

leathered by sun, a shiny-
filmed skin corpse

for children at play

throwing stones
at eyes rustling
empty sockets

fill

rock-pushers
blind to fate, and

Mum's teeth, blue
from the Chartreuse

outside the station
body entirely burned

slumped, hands rough-
sculpted to thumbs
rounded off into
a paper cup rattling

no structure to the bone
no eye-lashes no pink lips
no 'I am him' or 'I am her'

only hard-scar planes
wet petals clung
to the fearless bough

eyes of collapse
mine-glow
I go

to give change
the price of a ticket

si jing
she shan
dong jing
song jiang

memories of
homophones past.

PREVIEW

Laugh Lines

DARCY FISHER

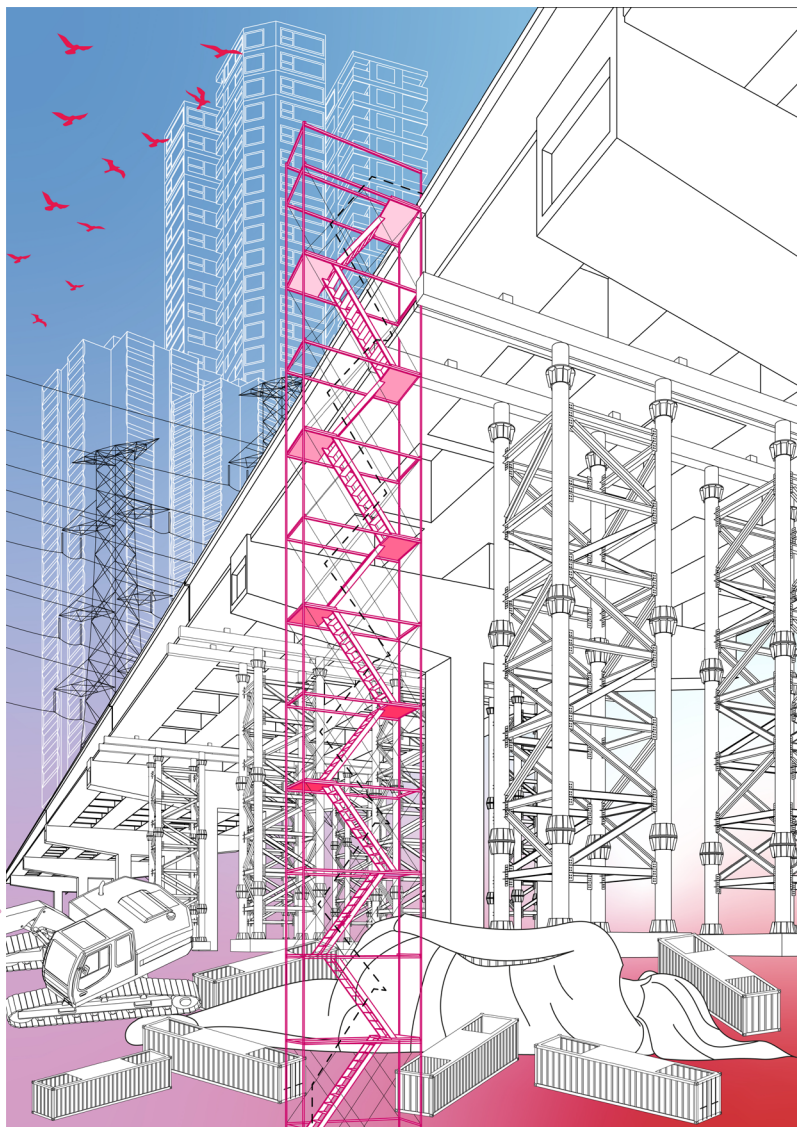
I follow the lines
Through pebbled paths,
To forked roads,
Getting lost in stories
You did not have time to write down

I study the lines on your face
Seeing myself in mirrored milky blue eyes
bleeding tears of happiness
Dripping down blushing cheeks
I follow the lines to your mouth
Opening to a creasing smile
Revealing tea stained capped teeth
Hearing chattering laughter
As you wipe skin clean with soft wilted fingertips.

I listen holding your shaking hand
Leading me through time
Visiting mother, as a child
Skipping stones, rippling still water
Watching grandfather fish
Arm extended, releasing transparent line of thought
Into a pool of swimming ducks
Chasing breadcrumbs
Floating on the surface, stagnant
I Listen, dangled on the line, hooked
Sipping tea, streaming ancestral stories
Showing me how you lived
Who you met along the way
And, why life is beautiful.

I follow you to the end of the pebbled path
Where we began, and where you departed
Wearing your lines of wisdom on my smiling face
reciting your life story
in transition to a destination unknown
Keeping your allegory alive
Retold and never forgotten.





HONEY, THE WORLD IS HERE,
NOW WHERE ARE YOU? • YANG DI

PREVIEW

Special thanks to 特别感谢
Aleksandra Arbuzova, Clock Li, Elliot Li (李政樂), Marius Ziubrys,
Penny Wei & Peter Niu
for the support and collaboration 的支持与合作

Additional Graphics support 平面额外支持
Asiffa Mutia Kahfi & Erica Felita

Visual animation & website 视觉动画及网站
Gianluca Cillo

End of this preview.

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LINES EDITION

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70 RMB