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A SHANGHAI POETRY ZINE

ASPZ 尚言寺



POETRY ZINE

REVERIES



A SHANGHAI POETRY *ZINE*



**A SHANGHAI
POETRY *ZINE***

This is a preview.

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A Shanghai Poetry Zine

Reveries

Issue 17

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SEA SONG • CAROLINA GÓMEZ

Floating

MELANIE COERVER

A body was found several weeks after it had been tossed overboard.

The Gulf of Mexico in July is as warm as bathwater.
Skin becomes waterlogged,
Ligaments slip gently apart.
Waves, like little hands, tug in every direction.

By the time they found him, he was an 11-foot long human ribbon-

Stretched like a noodle
Long as a sea dragon.

Sometimes, when I wish to relax,
I imagine I am an ever-lengthening corpse
Floating on a deep blue sea.

PREVIEW

PREVIEW



COCON IV • FRANCOISE ISSALY

PREVIEW

Dominos

FRANK WAYNE MOTT

Delta dicot maidenhead mold broke
into Guangzhou one thousand years past
the time of two lone stone Buddhas lost long
before human time of the first kingdom.

Guangzhou unborn, undug, unreal, waited;
patiently and seeped, silent, gently pushed
water and earth seeds of many who long
before came even the two stone Buddhas.

They were buried by muddy time to wait
flushed and erased from puny human form
who meekly made commands onto Mother,
who took note of what Confucius only

had to say, because Socrates said it
to Sam Yik, who told the artisan,
who told the Creator, who told the urn,
and the urn, living, beheld the potter.

The potter knew the half-room monk's mind filled
universe who never waited but was,
knew of the piper of no known ditties,
so it was revealed that Truth is Beauty.

PREVIEW



橘子湖 • 三汶

PREVIEW

They Never Touched the Ground

BEN ELMAKIAS

They never touched the ground
 Sweeping wishes from hallowed air
 On wings of dust
 Burnt part black
 The darkness
 I was once
 Lost in
 A lone whimper
 Hardly even heard
 In echo chambers of pearls
 White statues clamped tight
 A prison
 To hide in
 The warm chasms
 Of distances dreamt
 Keep me longing
 I'd rather not touch
 Phantasms and find
 Not all lights set free
 Not all realities are more
 Beautiful
 Than dreams
 Untouched
 As dawn rips sleep
 From tired reveries
 There are no dreams both remembered and alive.

PREVIEW



SHORT LIVED • YIJUN YAO

Thought-Scope

YAN ZOE DU

I don't bother to jot down the
As, Bs, Cs and Ds about myself:
nothing important, only because
I spend my life inhabiting flotsams
where my thoughts migrate in and out.

Flotsams are not stable residences.
Rocking in my thoughts
I slip through a tunnel of shadowed sparks.
When I open my eyes
the morning lapses into memos, flapping on my tongue.

If they ask me where I am, I tell them *I am inside*.
This recycled cubicle. That second-handed chair.
A broken beer-bottle. A glassy grey TV set, long forgotten.
I knock, and hear my thoughts echo
across the splintered gears.

Sometimes, when I feel lonely
my thoughts tangle into dream wires.
They connect me with all kinds of ephemeral creatures.
Wrapped in intimate talk
we suck on the silken fiber that crawls our cocooning
bodies.

And should there come a day when our bodies fade
we will take leave as uneventfully as we have arrived:
in scatters of superfluous verbosity.
In fragments, like abandoned herds.
Like the galaxial chunk of hair on our heads, or
the spluttered branches of trees.

PREVIEW

PREVIEW



PRISONER 709 • ORLANDO DAGA

PREVIEW

Stupor

BRIANNA O'BOYLE

Holding on to lost love despite the frays
that were left on the heart. Worn weary eyes
still not willing to look to brighter days.

Foggy cumulous clouds induce a daze
to assuage the memory of sunrise.
Holding on to lost love despite the frays

that threaten sanity, spellbinding blaze
that refuses to enlighten, apprise.
Still not willing to look to brighter days

that could mitigate this painful malaise.
Remain trapped like bottled up butterflies
holding on. To lost love despite the frays

continuing to showcase the lengthways
one would go to deny their own demise:
still not willing to look to brighter days.

Desperate to find clarity, though a ways
out of reach. Not realizing this reprise:
Holding on to lost love despite the frays,
still not willing to look to brighter days.

PREVIEW

修普诺斯^[1]的溃败 - *Hypnos^[1] Debacle*

陶莹

你是一棵会走路的树
树没有视力 却追月迁徙

昨夜 沿岸我试图环抱你
南方的小型地震 泥土都松了
潮涨灯落 不知你涉水而去

启程时
梦的骤浪自牛角门^[2]溢出
黎明——
太阳将月亮刺伤
又用洁白的光膜遮掩斑斑血迹

树离开在夜里
它将防水的盾甲安在背部
睡神清醒的告白 从未渗入.....

注释：

[1] 修普诺斯 (Hypnos, 希腊语Υπνός), 古希腊神话中的睡神。

[2] 传说有两扇“睡梦之门”，牛角门 (Gate of Horn) 和象牙门 (Gate of Ivory), 分别掌管虚幻之梦和真实之梦，不同的神话体系对此解释不一。

修普诺斯^[1]的溃败 - *Hypnos^[1] Debacle*

陶莹 (translated by Jill Zheng)

You are a walking tree
that has no vision, yet chases the moon and moves

Last night along the coast I tried to hug you
Mini-earthquake in the south has loosened the soil
Tide rose and light fell
I did not know you waded away

On departure
sudden waves of dream overflow from Gate of Horn^[2]
At dawn--
the sun stabbed the moon
and covered the blood stains with its white light-film

Tree, leaving in the night
attached a waterproof shield to the back
The sober lovetell of sleep-god
never infiltrated...

[1] Hypnos (Greek: Υπνός), the sleeping god in ancient Greek mythology.

[2] The Gate of Horn and the Gate of Ivory are said to be the two “doors of dream”, respectively in charge of illusion and reality, but there are various interpretations in different mythological systems.

PREVIEW

PREVIEW



Instant Carnation

SIMON JACKSON

The fat busker struggles to ignore the bum notes
as his steel guitar strings start to sprout,
warp, send off knobbly shoots.
With each chord change a puff of petals
burst into suddenly fragrant air.

A passing girl opens her brolly,
mistaking scattering seeds for rain drops
but instead of a roof of rainproof black
finds she holds a bunch of begonias overhead.

A scented hush falls on the city.
Pneumatic drills sink and sprout from mossy pavements,
the turf of tyre tread takes root onto tarmac tilthe
and vines of clock hands grow untimed upwards
towards the sun which has appeared, unnoticed.

A hint of pollen in the air
invigorates me, incubates
and germinates the seeds of a poem.
I plant the pen on unploughed paper.
Buds of green sprout from the nib,
ink transforms to sepia sap.
I scribble, sticky letters fading fast,
rushing to finish befo

OCTOPUS AND BUNNIES • FOURTOEIGHT

PREVIEW

PREVIEW



JOURNEY TO RAINBOW • MELISA SARICA (9 YEARS OLD)

PREVIEW

Led Up, Led Down, Until Eighteen^[1]

LOWELL COOK

ཡར་ཁྱེན་མར་ཁྱེན་བཅོ་བརྒྱད་བྱ།

ཆགས།	ཆགས།	ཁྱོད་དང་སད།
གནས།		གནས། ཁྱོད་དང་ཅེད།
འཇིག	ཁྱེད།	འཇིག ཁྱོད་དང་གཟིམས།
སྤང་།		སྤང་། ཁྱོད་དང་ཁྱེད།
སྤང་།		སྤང་། ཁྱོད་དང་ཁྱེད།
འཇིག	ཁྱེད།	འཇིག ཁྱོད་དང་གཟིམས།
གནས།		གནས། ཁྱོད་དང་ཅེད།
ཆགས།	ཆགས།	ཁྱོད་དང་སད།

2005. 5. 1

creation.	creation.	waking with you.
subsistence.		subsistence. playing with you.
annihilation.	you	annihilation. napping with you.
emptiness.		emptiness. wandering with you.
emptiness.		emptiness. wandering with you.
annihilation. me	annihilation.	napping with you.
subsistence.	subsistence.	playing with you.
creation.	creation.	waking with you.

2005.05.01

^[1]Creation, subsistence, and annihilation are the three phases that a universe goes through according to traditional Buddhist cosmology.

PREVIEW

End of this preview.

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