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ASPZ 尚言寺



REVERIES

A SHANGHAI POETRY ZINE





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A Shanghai Poetry Zine Reveries Issue 17

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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.







Dominos FRANK WAYNE MOTTL

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.







They Never Touched the Ground

They never touched the ground

My dreams

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.

橘子湖●三汶







SHORT LIVED . YIJUN YAO



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.







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.





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Yπνος),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 overflew 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: Y $\pi \nu o \varsigma$), 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.







OCTOPUS AND BUNNIES • FOURTOEIGHT

Instant Carnation SIMON JACKSON

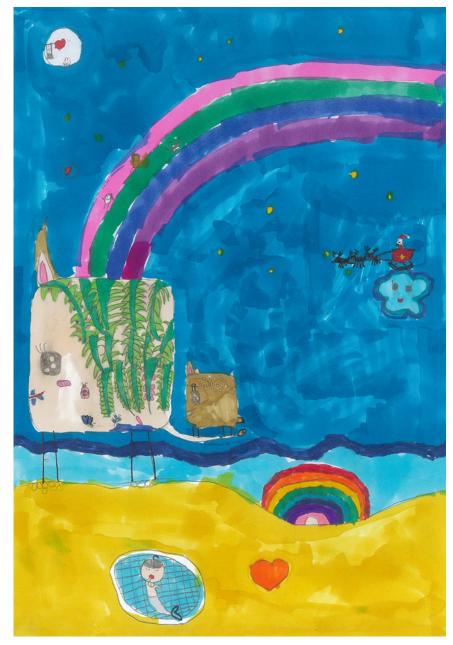
The fat busker struggles to ignore the bum notes as his steel guitar strings start to sprout, warp, send off knobbly shoots. With each chord change a puff of petals burst into suddenly fragrant air.

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 envigorates 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

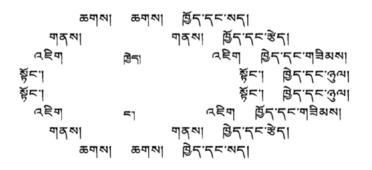
PREVIEW



JOURNEY TO RAINBOW . MELISA SARICA (9 YEARS OLD)



<u>אריףקיאריףקירצירקריה</u>



2005.5.1

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

2005.05.01

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





End of this preview.

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