



Joy

喜悦

a Shanghai poetry zine
SPRING 2017



PREVIEW

ISSUE N° 2



A SHANGHAI POETRYZINE

This is a preview.

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

*To you Joy, my love...
To your beautiful smile
and to all the amazing things
that it left me.*

Giuseppe

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Edited by Giuseppe Daddeo, Aiden Hung, David Marshall,
Nina Powles, JenArtventurer, Chris Zombik and Janel Sully

Cover art by Aiden Bra
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. LOST AND LOVED .

Giuseppe Daddeo

You are the light

shining darkly on this soft night

I make infinite

out of a moment of bliss

just by falling into your eyes

As the sleep walks in

like a sweet monster

forgiving us all

Pink is the hour

I learn to love you

(Untitled)

Victoria (韦麟)

When I found someone who really understood me,
Joy came to my heart and gave me a stab of pain,
It's a lie to say "I understand,"
But I need it, I love it.

In the corner of this city,
there is no joy but sadness.
We were too thirsty for joy,
Heaven turns away.

epilogue to hibernation

Xoai David

one of those bad days, i had to break something
threw a glass
bottle in the courtyard
and watched the smashed pieces skid across the tiles,
i wondered
buckled on the grimy floor
why the cheerful songs were so sickening
why we keep listening to all that damn
sad music, keep looking for the tragic poets and the
fallen leaders shot down in their prime
why we keep digging into our own pain
like catharsis is a fossil fuel that needs to
be combusted

now, as i watch the last snows dripping
into the leaky sunshine, i remember

how the glass shards flew like petals, confetti
they broke in notes like dying bells,
rolling beads from pearl necklaces,
broken, broken, broken open
and refracting
this green light
on my skin.

now, as i think of thawing, melting, it seems happiness
is a side effect of
pain.

remember those trust exercises
they made us do as kids?
in pairs - toes touching, holding hands
and leaning back
Relax, they say, let all your weight in
and you're grasping the person's hands,
tipping your head to the sky?

now, as winter ends, i'm looking
back at my childhood

now, as spring begins, i'm looking out into my future
these last months,
coming home at night, hair stinking of cigarettes
hoop earrings, wistful, content
stopping at the playground by
my building to lie on the curvy yellow slide
gaze at the moon, the ever-present, ever-changing moon.

all these beginnings and endings, contradictions
celebration, anticipation, saying goodbye
it's an equilibrium.
when you hold hands and lean back
you don't fall –
two people,
your weight is equally distributed
balance over gravity.

pain refracts happiness
joy comes in broken shards buried in
old sadness, and it's cutting, it leaves
ugly wounds on skin
but it's part of the chaos theory
the collateral beauty
of natural destruction.

Joy of Becoming an Ode

Hannah Lund

Oh, to be coronated through diction
to drink blazing stars
and relinquish stale, unmarked minutes
for the punch of wings through skin—



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End of this preview.

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Contact Giuseppe Daddeo of ASPZ on WeChat at:
giuseppedaddeo

or

e-mail ASPZ at:
aspz.magazine@gmail.com