



a Shanghai poetry zine
SUMMER 2017

家
PREVIEW

ISSUE N 3



A SHANGHAI POETRYZINE

This is a preview.

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shanghai international house of poets zine

issue 3: HOME (家)
summer 2017

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thank you to DALIAH *for hosting our launch* <3

Driftwood

Lei Wang

Not all affairs are alike, so don't trust the others
when they say

don't believe him

when they say

*men want two boats and if
they could, the whole ocean*

—you are not just a boat waiting for his left foot.

You are the rain that makes the ocean.

You are the ship on shore that has become a roof.

You are enough. Whatever you have is enough.

To hold

him just that much. To have been reckless *ringless*
but know—

whatever you have asked for you have been given

and you asked only for love, not for forever.

You're not sure if you believe in forever.

But right now you're the only thing he's got in the middle of
an ocean with a hurricane on its way and while men face
imminent danger, they think only of the danger and not

of you.

So be

driftwood. Necessary—
in the right moment.

*'Cause you're an in-the-moment kinda girl.
Aren't you.*

And when he drops you back into the ocean after
you save him from drowning when he doesn't even

thank you

—remember that you once were
a dock
a proud helm
an oar
a lonesomeness
the sea salt-kissed and transformed.

Your purpose is not to give floundering men a dead thing
to hold onto. Because one day

someone else will find you
beautiful and whorled
curled up on some shore after too many
whirlwinds

and he will take you home.

This one will not be like those ones who needed you.
He will want you.

Only the ones who want you without needing you
can see
your beauty.

Home Is-

Ryan Thorpe

She told me what it was
in whispers so fragile that
she dropped them into my
ear in the middle of the night,
so soft that even the darkness
crouched closer to hear
what was being said.

She said it was a temple,
a place to pray, to one another
with our bodies as alters
in candle washed moments
where we whispered sutras and
hymns as only the faithful can.

She said it was a time machine
where we would grow older,
shut the door, lock it tight,
let the river of time drown us
in our two bedroom, one bath
tomb, until we looked at each
other and asked where the
world had vanished to.

She said it was a cradle for
us to birth a future that looked
like us, a future swaddled so
tight that it only knew how to
cry, and while we ate cereal for
dinner, we promised each other
that one day we would eat meat.

But I knew it was her, that she
had stretched out her arms, ran
through the walls like cabling,
breathed out more than a
rusty heater in winter, made it
a life buttressed by paper cutouts
because that was the only way
she knew how to make it.

Wait is a Verb

Shelly Bryant

if wait is a verb
why does he idle here
until his time comes
 a metropolis on the move
 on bus train car bike foot
squeezing him into a corner
that begins to feel like home



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End of this preview.

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