



# A SHANGHAI POETRY ZINE

MEMO  
RIES



PREVIEW





# **A SHANGHAI POETRY ZINE**

**This is a preview.**

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## A Shanghai Poetry Zine

### MEMORIES

*Spring 2018*

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## Father Reads the News Alone

*Matt Bogorad*

It might have been spring, and I was  
swinging, as children will do  
from the set behind our first home.  
My small chest was proudly swollen, full  
of foreign concepts-  
autonomy, independence.  
As I flirted with loneliness for the first time,  
you approached with shy feet and  
the sun kissed your shoulders shamelessly.  
What you wore on your tired body is  
lost on me but  
I recall the injured sound of your face when  
I bellowed mid swing to  
be left alone.  
You had come out with that day's paper, but really, I'd thought  
to monitor my play.  
In my dreams I hear the embarrassed frown of the lips  
that kissed me onto earth and  
I am sorry.  
It is wrong, but I sometimes wish for one of the  
links supporting the swing that held my body  
to have snapped,  
causing injury  
against which you'd vow never to leave me alone again.

Then at twenty, the world went hospital white as  
I watched the strong hands  
of a faceless doctor fail  
to pump your own swollen chest back to life.  
And I would trade my teeth  
to ask what the New York Times led with  
those years ago.

## Cigarette Burns

*C. Duhnne*

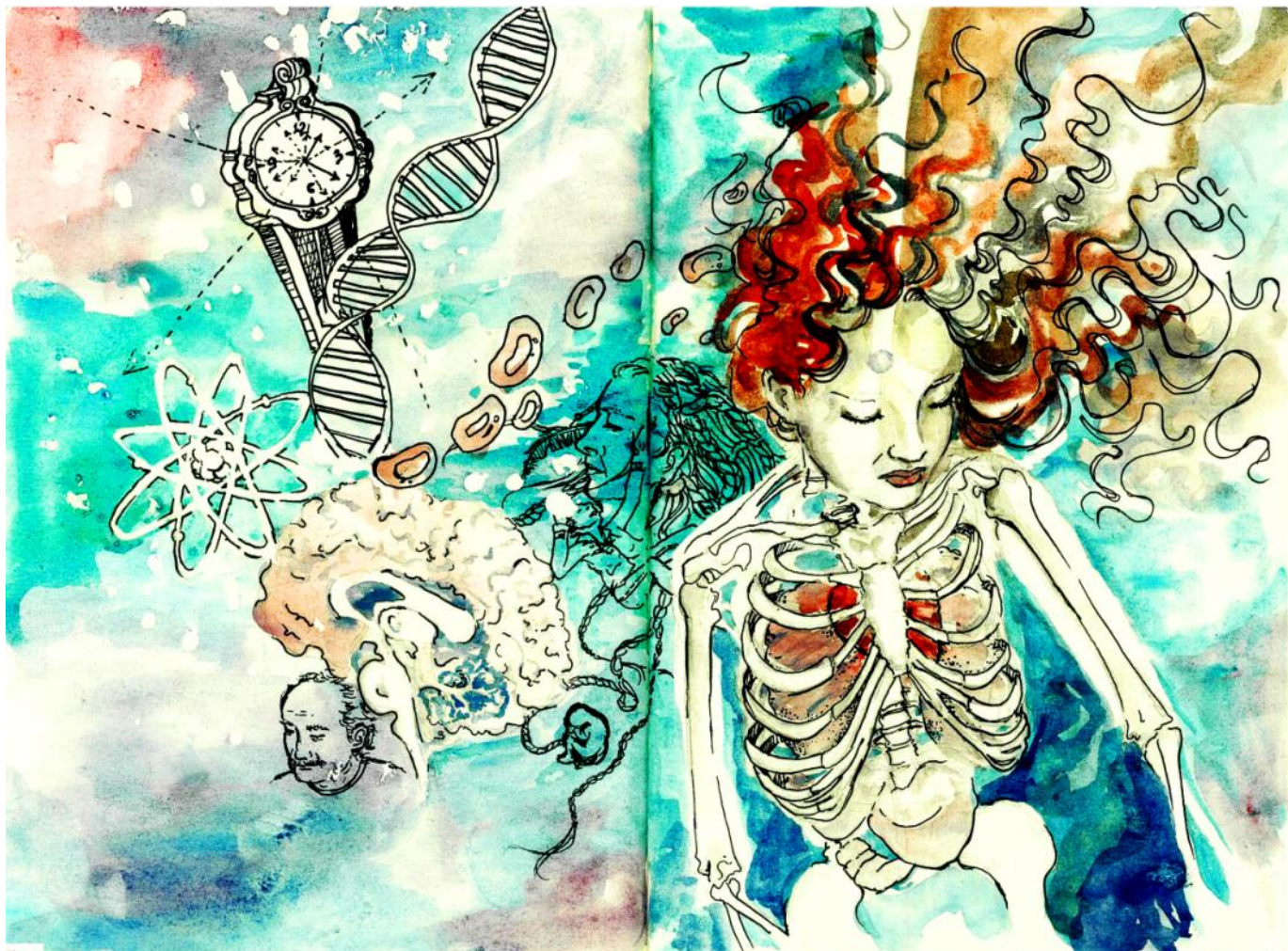
I lit my first cigarette at 17  
Back lit by a Swiss playground  
Inhaled to quell the boredom.  
The lighter flickered in the damp air,  
Unsure fingers experimenting with  
Vague impressions, channeling  
James Dean, Norma Jean, Bukowski,  
Nicotine tendrils that curled around  
Caressing my faded grey hoodie  
I tried my first drag, burning  
Couldn't inhale.

We traded stories and gossip,  
Cherry blossoms falling around us,  
Back lit by the Vancouver Mountains.  
She blew out smoke rings while I  
Pushed out puffs through my nose,  
Like a dragon. At 19, nobody tells you  
Philosophy and art and pain are intertwined.  
We drank iced coffees and coveted  
Those stolen moments, I inhaled  
With faux grace and went home  
Dizzy with headache, head spinning.  
I puked.

I tried to tamper the excitement,  
Alcohol swirling through my veins,  
Heady lights and too many bottles:  
That Dom P, Grey Goose, Gentleman Jack.  
Rush of crushed pills and

His warm lips against my burning neck.  
I sucked on the white stick in hand,  
Consumed by the ashes that fell,  
Pulled back into reality when they screamed,  
“Happy 21st!” The Shanghai skyline  
Glittering as they cheered.  
I exhaled.

Sadness is like an addiction,  
The numb comfort  
The sadistic waves of longing,  
I lit my morning cigarette at 24,  
Cup of Joe in hand, watching  
The clouds blowing past from my rooftop  
And remembered being  
17 and unsure, lighting  
that first cigarette:  
wave of nostalgia that burned  
The boredom that never ceased.  
Smiled. Inhaled.



BEYOND KARMA

Release what we remember  
 As we react, reflect, surrender  
**Projections**  
 Of our neuron's instruct, of conditioning's induct  
 Of the brain's conduct, of mechanisms obstruct  
 Releasing cell memories  
 To perceive the 'world' as is  
**Conscience**  
 Connector to the self that's forgot  
 As breath is what we've got

Breathe

As one breaks down boundaries  
 The inner eye sees the falsities  
 Of family construct, of social disrupt  
 Of the state of corrupt, of emotions erupt  
**Time**  
 It is time to activate  
 To stop and contemplate  
**Space**  
 For the wheres whys and hows  
 As we let be, and the head bows

5/2018

I. Isnaedi

**Beyond Karma**

*Ina Isnaedi*

## Сећање

*Aleksandra Jovicic*

заискри понекад стидљиво  
у треперењима  
у магновењима  
дубоко из понора прошлог  
између чокота похрањен  
са мојим жилама испреплетан  
твој осмех

одјекује непрегледним виноградима  
расцепљујући земљу на пола  
одбија се о сандук од тополиног дрвета  
да те прогони  
у вечности  
у паралелним световима  
мој врисак



## **Memory**

*Aleksandra Jovicic*

*translated by Gaga Rudic*

A shy sparkle flickers  
In quivers  
In twinkling  
Deep from abyss of former  
Buried between vines  
Entwined with my tendons  
Your smile.

Resonates through endless vineyards  
Grounds splitting in half  
Breaks on your chest  
To shake you  
In eternity  
In another reality  
My scream



# **A SHANGHAI POETRYZINE**

**End of this preview.**

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