



# A SHANGHAI POETRY ZINE

PLEA  
SURE



PREVIEW





# **A SHANGHAI POETRYZINE**

**This is a preview.**

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



*a shanghai poetry zine*

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## A Shanghai Poetry Zine

### PLEASURE

*Summer 2018*

Char Duhnne	Want: A Free Verse	6
<i>Ronald Paredes</i>	<i>Intimacy</i>	8
Daryl Bates	The Sculptress and I As A Blade of Grass	9
Guiseppe Daddeo	Orgasm On A Chair	10
<i>Kheper Crow</i>	<i>Letter #8</i>	11
JenSomeone	When I See Your Art	12
<i>Ina Isnaedi</i>	<i>Dear SJW</i>	13
Maya Kielhorn	Fake Pleasure	14
Patrick Schiefen	Laughing At	16
Filippo Lubrano	Untitled	17
<i>Alina Levytska</i>	<i>Untitled</i>	18
Jeremy Greene	失乐园·初恋/Pleasure Lost - Kaka Love	19
Kiril G. Bolotnikov	Remember Me	21
<i>Melissa Lin</i>	<i>Untitled</i>	22
Lowell Cook	Wednesday Afternoon	23
Asaph	Now	25
<i>Elena Hasnas</i>	<i>Kissed by the Sun</i>	26
Sandra C. Obiora	That Handsome Smile	27
Robbie Yan	Clothed Fun	28
Frances Khan Lin	Buried Under An Almond Tree	29
Michael Cui	Shanghai	32
<i>Jasmine Zhou</i>	<i>Zen Lotus</i>	34



Intimacy  
*Ronald Paredes*

## The Sculptress and I As A Blade of Grass

*Daryl Bates*

The pressure is almost too pleasant  
Her soles graze and pound me so softly

The warmth, the dark viridian is  
ever fluctuating against my sight.

I am soft now, but I will make it  
Her dance of lose of ego

[That shows no Ego]

[That crushes all Ego]

She sees me in it, I'd bet, and walks  
Runs, Rolls, and places pressure against me.

Lying here she rubs her tools through,  
the hair of the head I live on.

She is learning from me, about form  
about texture-not her mind-her tools

My sharp edge is loosened into a contour  
by the sway of this scent's tool.

Looking up at the woman- I could be  
plucked of my life now. Please pluck me

of my life now.

## **Orgasm On A Chair**

*Giuseppe Daddeo*

down a touch  
in an intimate moment  
produced by a second of intricate  
passion  
space has broken  
secretly smoothed  
inside dreams of sacredness  
grasping the silence of all the sounds  
destroyed by stars  
exploded in universal liquid  
where all planets lay  
while truths mistake  
here you come







**Now**

*Asaph*

Carving concrete lit by full moon light  
Everything was perfect, and movie like  
Hazel eyes, they saw two birds, that got left behind  
From the flock that flew by that blissful night

Let's live in the now  
We are breathing now  
We're so happy now  
The evening sky speaks now  
Orange, blue, crimson and love, now

Twelve days, sleep deprived  
Technicolor beats, don't ask my plans  
Winter's scars we learn from them  
Look around, Spring holds truth

Worry is an illness that can be cured  
Keep on walking and trust the Lord  
The birds are fed, the fields they grow  
Years around the sun, limited glow

## Buried Under An Almond Tree

*Frances Khan Lin*

Freckled by long Mediterranean rays,  
nose to grass-stained knees,  
I sit on my window sill,

remembering our first kiss  
while sun-roasted salt seas  
in sierra twilight breeze,  
entangle my hair,  
lifting loose wisps that dance around my nostrils.  
And with it, childhood summer  
seeps through my olfactory,  
bathing me in pools of dopamine.

---

We stand side by side,  
under the shade of an almond tree  
as her coffin lowers into the ground.

The corner of my lips upturn ever so slightly  
when I catch a glimpse of salt stinging your eyes.  
I hear you swallow heavily,  
so as not to sully your black suit with the betrayal of tears.

You thought I couldn't see  
the sorrow you hide from me.

You thought I didn't see  
the petroleum and beeswax smeared on cocktail glass,  
(given to us by your sister for our anniversary).

It was sitting on your desk,  
in your office;  
the one where no one goes into.

You thought I wouldn't catch  
your eyes lingering  
as macerated olives,  
washed in vermouth and gin,  
slipped pass her vermilion stained lips.  
Her laughter in thick wafts  
interrupting  
the smell of sun-roasted salt seas and grass-stained knees;  
childhood summer and first kiss memories.

You hold my hand and ask if I am okay.  
I say, "yes," and step away.  
From my purse,  
I retrieve her crosshatch lipstick case.  
The one you gave her.  
The one with your name engraved.  
Deliberately,  
I pull off the cap and twist.  
With my handkerchief,  
I wipe the tip,  
erasing any trace and clue  
of incriminating residue.  
Then turn to you,  
and fill my lips in her red.  
Perhaps, that is when it clicked!  
that it was cyanide and murder.  
Too late,  
my love, my dear.  
I toss her crosshatch lipstick case

into the darkness of what is now her grave.

The winds have blown.

The birds now flown.

Vastness between us, overgrown.

You and I, buried with her  
under the shade of an almond tree.

Where the gentle breeze  
carrying a secret

in the faint, bitter scent of poison  
(alongside sun roasted salt seas and grass stained knees)  
seeps through my olfactory,  
bathing me in pools of dopamine.



**Zen Lotus**  
*Jasmine Zhou*



# **A SHANGHAI POETRYZINE**

**End of this preview.**

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