A SHANGHAI POETRYZINE

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This is a preview.

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



a shanghai poetry zine

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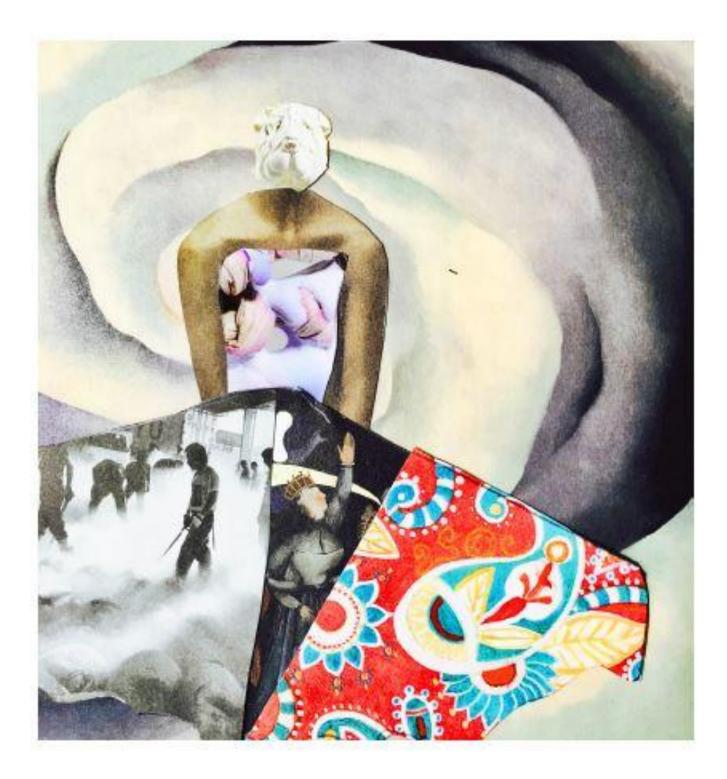
produced by giuseppe daddeo, damon l. hansen, stan vullings & our beautiful audience

A Shanghai Poetry Zine

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Foreign China Murphy Xu

Reflections

Jonathan Zielinski

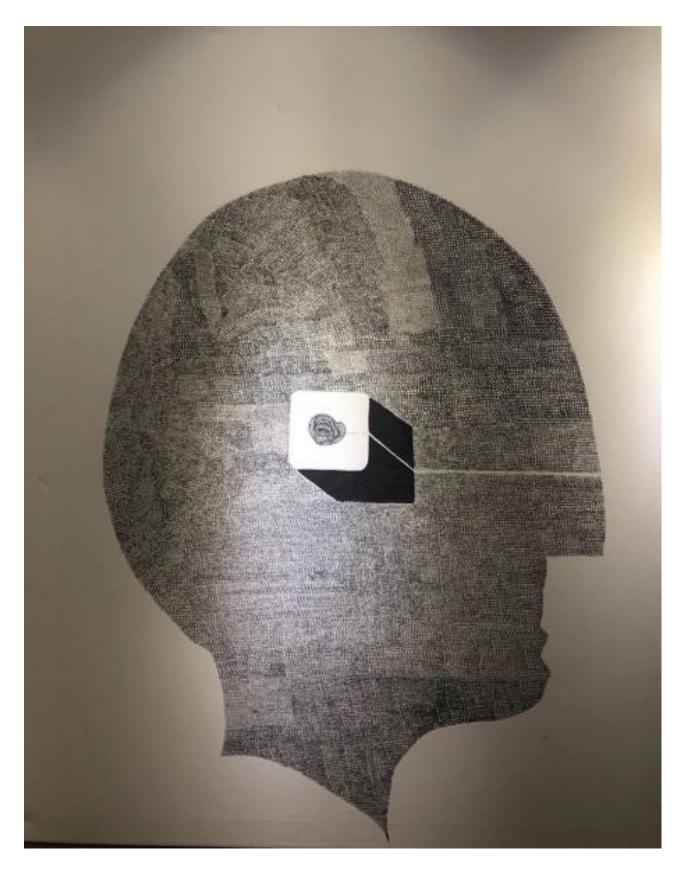
I miss myself; The quiet contemplative, The thinker whose trees burned in bowls Whose soul played itself on the piano. I miss the florid countryside drives; The air fragrant with wheat field mows, Rows of corn cascades awaiting the six months of snows. I miss the ways he touched me gently; my body his scene of CSI crime, so careful to never leave fingerprints behind. I miss her moments of maternal majesty; My head hearing the beat through her breast, The same spot on me is now filled with unrest. I miss the freedom of silent solitude, The solemn dialogue between my heart and spirit getting lost in my inner world where I could truly hear it. I miss the security of a world unknown; Like molten glass still red on the pipe, The craftsman of life blowing life's hards into fragile beauty on the outside unmarred. I miss the boy who lived in the mirror; Who had never been told he was too fat or not strong, Who never cared or had any fear That those who say their love is true Were really wishing the worst for you. I miss myself; When life wasn't captured by a lens Instead writing my timeline in the minds of my friends And never worrying if the happiness might end.

For L Kassandra Cowles

As your body is burning where do you go in your mind? What chambers in your heart do you rush to? In what drawers and corridors are your memories stored as the edges of them burn to the center?

All those years as children, we played eyelash on your cheek, make a wish and I'll blow it away. Huffing those tiny marks like they were nothing to us. The lash was just payment for the wish, we believed. (they almost never, if ever, came true)

As your body is burning, and nothing left to do, I wish I could wish for one single lash, to catch and to hold one small flake of ash: the most delicate detail of you.





Humanity

Chineka Nikko

On a frequency vibrating through time It creates an infinite ripple effect That transformed them and multiple time lines In duality

As time transcended forward From day into night Or night into day Depending on your time zone Or your frequency

Transformation was beginning Transformation was occurring Well, ever since we were conceptualized Thought of And life was fertilized Transformed in the cocoon of time

People of their yesterday Don't recognize some parts of The awakened souls For they have shed Shaken parts that don't serve their today Like a butterfly coming out of its cocoon

Happy, sad and thankful for the new The rebirth and the folding and unfolding That is us That is you That is I For we are and are not The same beings In transformation Repeat



Moth

Gaga Rudic

Spiritual Metamorphosis

Damon L. Hansen

Awash in an overwhelming cesspool of slivering skepticism I forever hath spat upon the simpleton's exclamations of faith with indigence and indecency.

"Be cogent – to Hades with idol worship ---bowing down and giving rupee offerings to false representatives of Shiva in shimmering shades of blue I gaze upon as I cruise the river Ganges in Benares!"

Be cogent – to Hades with your crimson robes and decades long conscious focus on a truth one can pen at sentence length: life is a precious piece of finite dust from which our soul will transcend and in which misplaced fixation and cementation amplifies torment. Did you really need to embrace ascetic suffering under the Bodhi tree in Bihar in contemplative repentance for so long to discover that!"

Be cogent--- to Hades with trans-sensory conviction that cracks my cranium. Quietly the antithetical imp hidden in cerebral folds germinates.

Hogwash! Nonsense! Rubbish! You must metamorphose into modes of mysticism lest you be condemned to mummify.

Be ethereal --- allow mental faculties to ascend to the hilt of the proverbial heavenly hierarchy.

Be ethereal – be not attached to your flesh nor flabbergasted as it becomes aflame with frailty; be not attached to reason; be not attached to empiricism; be not attached to the condescension that cannot grasp poly-religious spiritual principles.

Be ethereal --- grasp the cosmic realm that soars above all --- be cognizant that the consciousness psyche can only be --- tran-linguistic, trans-reason, trans-sensory, trans-scientific --- encapsulated only in the experiential moment of oneness. Move and metamorphose from inflexible empiricist to pliable mystic Move and metamorphose from ethnocentric Judeo-Christian arrogance to poly-ethnic didactic study of varied texts.

Funeral of my Femme*

Clock Li

Door was closed Door was opened Coming pretty and charming body Coming pearl lip and almond eyes

When back to years ago pictures of chortle memories of making out would like to make them as usual

Years gone with face fading Times gone with tree flourish Yet no others is there

My memory, feeling and love are not only moon nights but growing as chrysalis until transformation of butterflies

*Translated from "亡妻赋" by Clock Li, page 24

亡妻赋

Clock Li

门扉闭启 娜娜腰肢身犹影 珠唇杏眼添画屏

却也思他物 回念俗世风和月 只愿寻常度

岁岁谢了青丝发 年年盖矣枇杷亭 不见乘凉人

几许情意连年 慕心作茧埋为蛹 晏晏蝶化随云天

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Amongst Pillars

Triston Petts

From Stonehenge to Shaolin, The brook babbles on, About pillars, gateways, and illumination.

Carving, A sacred space, Between boulder and tree.

Soaring coils, Of incense, Guide scattered interests home.

Drop by drop, Drip by drip, Mote by mote.

Awareness itself, Takes on the airs, Of a temple.



So What

Redic

So what if things I want are seldom things I need If I coexist with conflict and angst So what if clarity stands aloof and peace of mind is faintly heard If spirituality, sexuality and morality battle for my attention So what if your opinion of me is less than favorable This is how I make sweet lemonade How my multifaceted diamond was cut How the perils of life transformed me into a pearl of great price.



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End of this preview.

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