



A SHANGHAI POETRY ZINE

TRANS
FORM
ATION





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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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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.



Soul
Drion Lisa

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

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

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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