

WINTER 2018/19

PRINTED EDITION

ISSUE N 8



A SHANGHAI POETRY ZINE

HERITAGE



PREVIEW



POETRY ZINE





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

HERITAGE

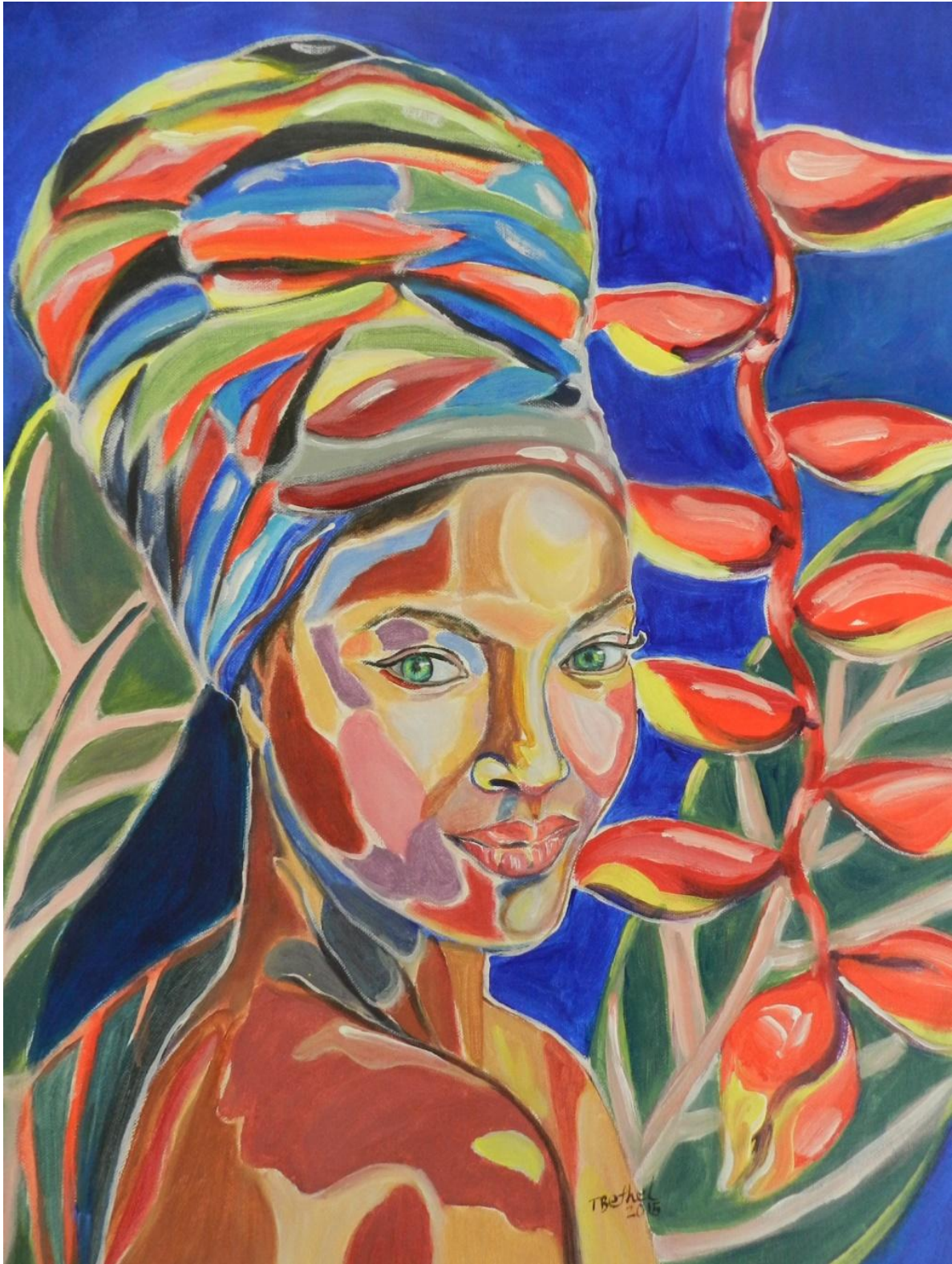
Winter 2018/19

Poems:

Clock Li	呢喃曲	7
	Whisper for Nannie	
	<i>(translated by Aiden Heung)</i>	
Aiden Heung	The Bridge	10
Patrick Schiefen	Heredity	14
Brady Riddle	Little Flags	15
Angela Kong	My Mother's Tongue	18
Kassandra Cowles	The Body Becomes	20
Ina Isnaedi	Mengingjak dan Melangkah	23
Laima Vince	Poem For My Lingerie Left	27
	Behind in Bhutan	
Ana Padilla Fornieles	nonconventional road to Spanish	32
	heritage	
Chris Nash	Shunga	33
Arthur Solway	Heritage: A Short History of	35
	Power	
Kiril Bolotnikov	Light through a cracked door	37
Luis Humberto Valadez	One of these days you might start	40
	mistaking me for your brother	
Rachael Basson	Ashes to ashes	43
Sara F. Costa	My heritage	45
Maria Fernanda Nieves Cadena	Ceiba pentandra en primavera	46
	Ceiba pentandra in spring	

Artworks:

Tricia Denis Bethel	This is my heritage	6
Myra Yuan	The Glue	9
Elena Hasnaş	“The Emigrant” - Bird wearing Romanian colors	17
Alina Levyz	Women and Water	22
Lyn	Heritage in Cities	31
Merunisha Peel 梅雅	The Layers I am Made of	36
Drion Lisa	Révolution	42
Iman Jabra	Paintingone	50



This is my heritage
Tricia Denise Bethel

Mengingjak dan Melangkah

Ina Isnaedi

Mengenang dan memperdalam
yang dinamakan asal muasal

It might resemble the traces of our bloodline
The cultures, norms and values
of the place we were born

Peut-etre c'est nos ancêtres
Ou les terres, les cultures qu'ils ont a habité

Sadayana, panginteun cakeut, panginteun tebih
Wayahna, urang teurang nteu, dimana bumina berada?

Mungkin juga tanah, bumi pertiwi.
Mereka bilang
manusia meng'injak' muka bumi

Kita injak, tapi kita lupa
atau kita ingat, kita meresapi
dan merasa berdaya, ataupun tidak
atas hasil tangan kita
hasil 'injakan' kita

Warisan suatu bumi, suatu bangsa,
suatu kemanusiaan

The kingdom of Mother Earth, and Father Sun
of lifetimes, of souls, of humanity

Bade kamana, abdi teh?

Ti mana abdi asalna?

Et où allons-nous, tout le monde,

Avec notre histoires?

Sudah saatnya, kita merasa ber'daya'

Mengenang, belajar, lalu me'langkah'.

In the present

In our terminal lives

to not just 'step on'

but perhaps, just maybe, perhaps

to flourish and

evolve

Mengingjak dan Melangkah (English Translation)

Ina Isnaedi

To reminisce and to deepen
what is implied in the term 'heritage'

It may resemble the traces of our bloodline
The cultures, norms and values
of the place we were born

Maybe it's our ancestors,
the lands, the cultures that they have lived in

Every element, perhaps near, perhaps far
And alas, does one really ponder, where one's origin actually exists?

It could be the ground itself, the earth itself.
where they say
people set forth and step on its face

Where we lay our footsteps on, as we forget
or we remember. and relish
and feel empowered, or not
by what we have created with our bare hands,
with the steps of our feet

The heritage of an Earth, of a people,
of a humanity

The kingdom of Mother Earth, and Father Sun
of lifetimes, of souls, of humanity

To where, so then, are we going?
Where do we come from?

And where shall we go, everyone,
With our stories?

It is time indeed, that we feel able.
To reflect, to learn, to step forward.

In the present
In our terminal lives
to not just 'step on'
but perhaps, just maybe, perhaps
to flourish and
evolve

Note:

The Indonesian words 'melangkah' and 'menginjak' both mean 'stepping' in the English language. Where the former pertains more to the idea of stepping forward, the latter creates the notion of 'stepping over' something, which can have more of a derogatory implication.

Heritage: A Short History of Power

(after W.H. Auden)

Arthur Solway

The beauty of power was what he was after,

and everything he did or said was the Devil's plan.

Many of course despised his man while others

worshipped at his feet: politicians and businessmen

like brothers in praise of fewer taxes and lower wages,

as immigrant children wept and were kept in cages.

One of these days you might start mistaking me for your brother

Luis Humberto Valadez

He bought me my first tube of lipstick

He passed notes to my boyfriend for me

He tried to teach me how to ride a bike once

He pushed me down a hill

I fell

He tried to teach me how to shoot a gun once

it was too powerful

I fell

Is that why you named me after him?

He died, mijó

What does my middle name mean?

I just always liked that name

And my last name is from my father

You can say whatever you want about them

but all of my kids have their father's names

your father wasn't there for your birth

You were born with your mother's name

your father went to city hall and fixed the papers

he wanted to name you Julio Jr.

You didn't let him

¡No es la chingada!

I was going to name you after my brother

Because he died?

Yes...

And because he was my favorite brother

So why didn't you name any of us Pedro?

Don't talk bad about your Tío Pedro

he's my brother and he never did anything to you

Y'know one of these days

you might start mistaking me for your brother

I know, mijo





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End of this preview.

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