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A SHANGHAI POETRY ZINE

S A N I T Y



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PREVIEW



POETRY ZINE





A SHANGHAI POETRYZINE

This is a preview.

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a shanghai poetry zine

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A Shanghai Poetry Zine

SANITY

Winter 2018/19

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Image3
Sky Light

morning routine

Patrick Schiefen

redact headlines in real-time
before they cloud your eyes like the creamer
poured in your morning coffee

swallow a crushed antidepressant
with your burnt toast and scrambled eggs
maybe not to smile but at least not to frown

scrub your enamel with fluoride
so that when you lick the insides of your teeth
the taste of aluminum is dulled by a minty freshness

run your fingers through your hair in the mirror
and repeat it's ok it's ok it's ok it's ok
as your own eyes stare back in betrayal

look for your lost keys again
and act as if instead you have lost your mind
until you find them in last night's pants pocket

catalog a history of violence and of hurt
and release it with a long exhale

step out the door.

All the Anger We Cannot See

Brady Riddle

A volcano, peaceful when it's dormant:
soft hued blues draped with clouds in mystery—
promise of trust ruptured in an instant.

Its temper, when it burns, burns radiant.
Hardest stone can't keep it from breaking free
but peaceful, beautiful when it's dormant.

Ages can pass with no heated moment.
Then fury unleashed melts tranquility—
the trust you once had, gone in an instant.

No place is safe when the volcano vents.
Earth contorts, angry fists drag lives to sea.
Quick-forgotten beauty when it's dormant.

The heart blisters, desperate voice lost against
spitting stone, splitting tight-drawn skin, to bleed—
immolation of trust in an instant.

When the ash settles, the last shudder spent
and again you move to love what you see:
the volcano, peaceful when it's dormant,
but a promise of trust gone in an instant.

He has come through...

Chris Nash

“O, how this mother swells up toward my heart!

Hysterica passio, down, thou climbing sorrow,

Thy element's below!” King Lear

With all the delicate strength
Of Spring's finger tip-shoots
He turns his lost face to light,
Lost to him, lost to the world,
Returning now in very first time
Shaking off claw-winter's length;
His skin, scraped as razor thin
In breaking points of tension
Relaxes into dots of release;
Old darkness masses beneath,
Memories wrenching in roots
Pain in clay stabs and stains;
Crimes draw his lips into lines
On his cheeks, breezes uncurl.



Disappearing Amy
Yijun Yao

偏执

Clock Li

上弦月带走心底最后一片柔软
我挟着仅有的那份痴狂
在这挚爱的红色
玻璃渣土地上奔跑
等着痛的忘掉了自己名字
会有一轮新月，还有那份柔软

Bigotry

Clock Li

The first quarter moon
took away the last piece of softness
from my deep heart.

With the only madness.

I'm running on the red land,
which is my devotion,
in glass slag.

Until aching,
until I forget my name,
there will be a new moon,
with the piece of silver shine.

World Peace

Peter Yu

You and I could bridge
the ends of the world together
promote world peace,
teach dictators how to smile,
no, how to really smile.
We could do this
on a weekend sometime,
or maybe over fall break.
when you have nothing
better to do. Can evil
be so tangibly in one person
and holiness in another?
I do not believe it,
but I want to. And so I fall
like the morning star, in a
flash of brilliant lightning,
buried in mortality's maternal grip,
afraid of who I have become.
So teach me how to smile,
no, how to really smile,
help me understand peace,
and whether the world really needs it,
Explain why we build bridges.
And once you do,
let us never build one.



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End of this preview.

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