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# A SHANGHAI POETRYZINE





PREVIEW



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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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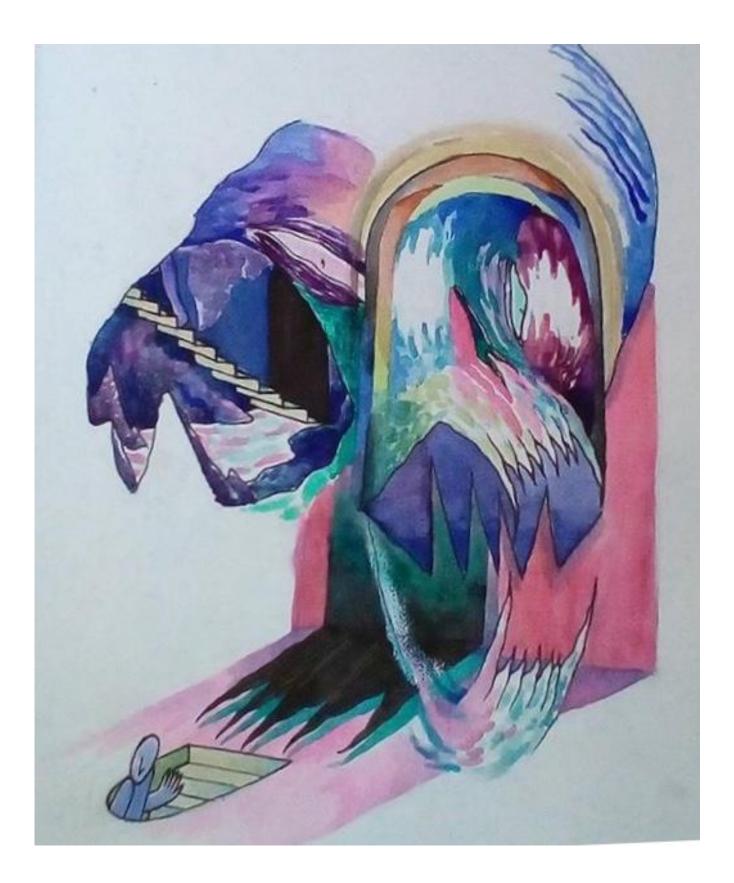


Image3 *Sky Light* 

#### 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 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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