

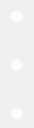
2018

SPECIAL DIGITAL EDITION



A SHANGHAI POETRY ZINE

CHINESE
NEW
YEAR
EDITION



PREVIEW



POETRY ZINE





A SHANGHAI POETRY ZINE

This is a preview.

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



a shanghai poetry zine

*edited & produced by giuseppe daddeo,
benjamin l. pearce, patrick schiefen,
janel sully, & stan vullings*

cover art by aidan bra

CONTENTS

2018	6
Twenty 18	7
A Lifetime Ago	8
Atrium.....	9
Disappearing in the Hive	11
Budding.....	12
我的忧伤是雷声也是阳光	13
Family Trees	15
Flight Lessons	16
Chord Cutting	17
Forgiveness	18
Lane	19
Lanterns	20
颐心洲	21
My Garden Path.....	23
Nian.....	24
One Willow Tree	26
not so beautiful	27
Rain and Snow.....	28
Water.....	29
Rumspringa.....	30
Spring Rain	31
The Ocean At The End Of The Lane.....	32
Thunderstorm.....	36
Water.....	38
Whittled Wind	39

FLIGHT LESSONS

Matthew Bogorad

One morning,
an eastern wind convinced a
yellow bee
To wander into my classroom and
I lost the attention of my students.
It weaved between their frantic heads,
oblivious to the danger it possessed-
until It got to me.
I helped it learn of its intrusion by
swatting it from the air and
with paper thin confidence approached where it lay
twitching with fleeting life.
Would you believe
the children applauded,
as I crushed its broken
exoskeleton with a book meant for learning?
But the lesson was over.
The chatter about my violence was more
Distracting than the bee and
In the discord I began to
wonder what children think
will happen to them
If they fly into the wrong room by mistake.
The right thing to do would have been
To tell the truth- that
Love is being able
to hurt-
But choosing not to.
The next bee will be welcome-
and any after that, but-
I haven't seen one at the windowsill
in months.

CHORD CUTTING

Ina Isnaedi



LANE

Amahl Zamir

What is lurking in the darkness?

What is looking back at me as I'm walking through the lane?

A pair of eyes

No face, just a pair of eyes floating in the gloomy night.

They are looking at me intently, malignantly.

Dark tales are embedded on its wicked stare.

I caught a glimpse of the red eyes, even redder than the blood moon

Spellbinding, enthralling me to spill out the most unholy secret of myself

It is a ghoul of my earlier period, the embodiment of my sin

Lurking in the hallway, wailing and snarling at the same time

I can feel its stare scraping at my front door, ferociously

Keeping my body in fetal position, powerless

Struggling to shut the nasty voice out of my head

Will I ever wake up?

LANTERNS

Mai Stanek

Crimson gourds
Illuminate distracted throngs
Ripeness untapped

Torn
Heat dispels
Life scatters
Swipe
No one notices

ONE WILLOW TREE

Ryan Thorpe

Do you know the willow,
that launches boys star-ward,
sending them where
the wind learns to blow?

Do you know how to ride,
the green current of spring?
Squeezing it like an orange,
till it remembers to bleed.

Careful of the willow that
releases boys like leaves,
greeting its falling foliage like
strangers, their cries for home
a raw memory.

WHITTLED WIND

Matthew Nicol

Veritable abstentions:
a multitude of views, blinded.
Points pass, and we're left
thinking –
to what
to who
to whom
is this for?

Nobody.

A hundred years from now
my grandchild's child
carries my name, perhaps,
a name unknown
and grandmother laughs remembering
her father, who died so long
ago

she hears the wind I hear
as it whispers – time comes,
time goes.

At the window it rasps

I soothe you
I soothed scalps long gone
your bones know.

And here you are
chasing gasps
flung beyond
folly,
whittled opportunity.

Your bones know.



A SHANGHAI POETRYZINE

End of this preview.

Enjoyed the preview?
Want to buy this issue of ASPZ?

Contact Giuseppe Daddeo of ASPZ on WeChat at:
giuseppedaddeo

or

e-mail ASPZ at:
aspz.magazine@gmail.com