

# AMERICANS AND OTHERS

## AN ANTHOLOGY OF INTERNATIONAL POETS



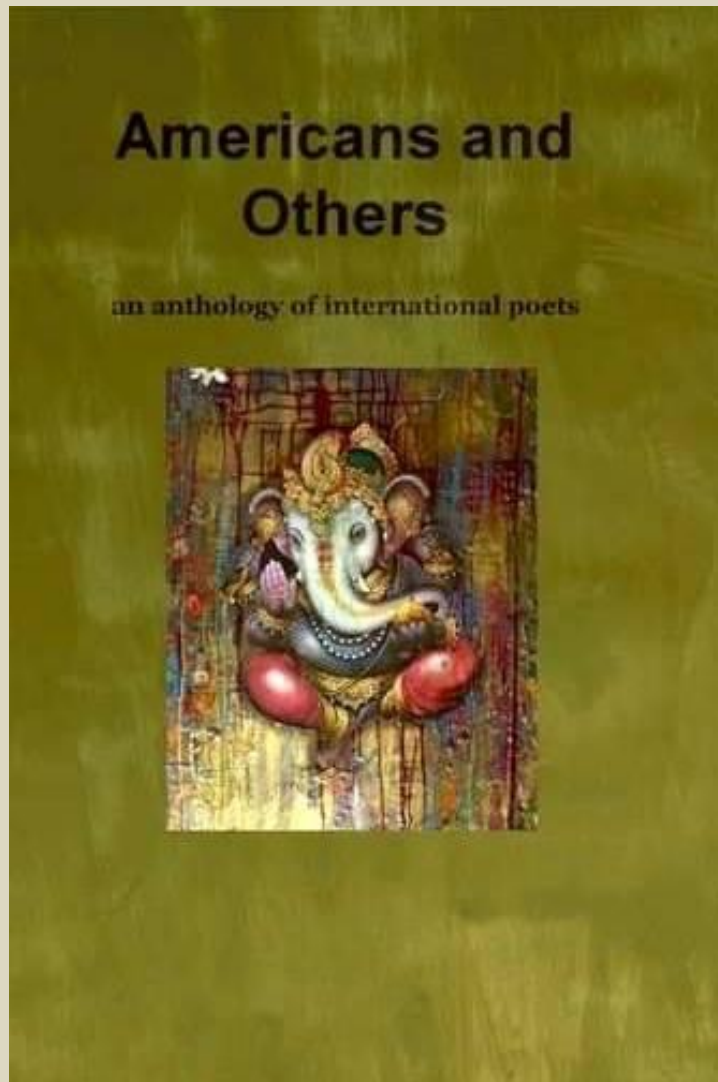
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*Autori Vari*

# AMERICANS AND OTHERS

international poetry anthology



*CAMION PRESS 2019*

*Travolto recentemente dal desiderio di riunire dentro un unico contenitore una serie di voci poetiche che abbiano, direttamente o meno, quel sapore bohemien che ricerco da sempre nella poetica contemporanea, ho iniziato la mia esplorazione con l'obiettivo di "raccolgere" una serie di autrici e autori internazionali in "Americans and Others", l'antologia ideata per ospitare le proposte che andavo a rintracciare giorno dopo giorno.*

*Quello che segue è il risultato del lavoro di una intensa stagione. Mi permetto di definirlo lavoro, perchè di lavoro si è trattato. Non muscolare, ma intellettuale. Sottilmente intrigante. Sicuramente, per una persona come me, decisamente appagante e formativo.*

*Le autrici e gli autori testimoniati nella presente antologia sono un bel gruppo, creativamente agguerrito. Sicuramente il "meglio" di una wave internazionale che raccoglie artisti di varie età, dai quarantenni agli ottantenni. Buona lettura.*

*Voglio ringraziare di cuore, per l'appoggio morale, Michael Rothenberg, Gabor Gyukics e Mauro Macario e tutte le autrici e gli autori che hanno partecipato, con autentico entusiasmo, a questo progetto.*

*Giulio Tedeschi, Torino, 6 giugno 2019*

Recently overwhelmed by the desire to bring together in a single container a series of poetic voices that have, directly or not, that bohemian flavor that I have always sought in contemporary poetry, I began my exploration with the aim of "collecting" a series of authors and international authors in "Americans and Others", the anthology designed to host the proposals I was going to track down day after day.

What follows is the result of the work of an intense season. I allow myself to define it work, because it was a work. Not muscular, but intellectual. Subtly intriguing. Definitely, for a person like me, decidedly satisfying and educational.

The authors and authors testified in the present anthology are a nice group, creatively trained. Surely the "best" of an international wave that brings together artists of various ages, from forties to eighties. Enjoy the reading.

I want to thank Michael Rothenberg, Gabor Gyukics and Mauro Macario and all the authors and authors who participated, with genuine enthusiasm, in this project, with all my heartfelt support.

Giulio Tedeschi, Turin, 6 June 2019

*Note translated by Bob McKenzie*





*A unique collection that brings together what we consider an interesting testimony of the best of international poetry.*

WITH CONTRIBUTIONS FROM:

Youssef Alaoui (pag.6), Mike Aguzin (pag.7), Pilar Rodriguez Aranda (pag.8), Randy Barnes (pag.11), Jake Berry (pag.12), Justin Booth (pag.13), Faruk Buzhala (pag.15), Terri Carrion (pag.16), Neeli Cherkovski "Ivy" (pag.18), Andy Clausen (pag.21), Richard Joseph Cronborg (pag. 22), Nancy Patrice Davenport (pag.24), Dennis Formento (pag.26), Ace Farren Ford (pag.27), Bill Gainer (pag.28), Gabor Gyukics (pag.29), John Guzlowski (pag. 30), Lance Henson (pag.32), KC Lee (pag.35), Lázár Júlia (pag.37), Joe Lobell (pag.38), Karel Logist (pag.39), El Habib Louai (pag.40), Mauro Macario (pag.42), Bob MacKenzie (pag.46), Shiv Mirabito (pag.47), Eric Neiryneck (pag.48), Bengt O Björklund (pag.49), Valery Oisteanu "On the road to Siracusa" (pag.50), Giancarlo Pavanello (pag.55), Kala Ramesh (pag.54), Paul Richmond (pag.55), Michael Rothenberg (pag.58), Keshab Sigdel (pag.60), Giulio Tedeschi (pag.61), Pamela Twining (pag.62), Eliana Vanessa (pag.64), Ron Withehead "Shootin' up Poetry in New Orleans" (pag.65), A.D. Winans "The old Italians of Aquatic Park" (pag.69), Su Zi (pag.72).

EXTRA BONUS:

Lefteris Poullos, 'An American Bar in Athens' (pag.73)

*YOUSSEF ALAOU*

**Youssef Alaoui** has spent most of his professional life in library stacks and at the computer referencing worn out facts and citations, researching antiquated wisdom or cutting edge sciences. For a few years, he served as a contracted international investigator. His home cities are Morro Bay, Tempe, Paris, Lille, Seattle, and Oakland. Selected Poems: Critics of Mystery Marvel, 2Leaf Press, NYC - Short Story Collection: Fiercer Monsters, Nomadic Press, Oakland.

*When the Sky Swirls Stars That*

Drip all the way to the ground  
at the edge of your village  
a dark midwinter walk and  
silent snow phantoms approaching.

I call out to the last of you  
leave my memory  
much like that melody  
we sang by the late fires  
of final dawn, now  
soap flakes and snow  
fly the peacock-ridden balcony.

Tralala!  
we hurled at the canyon  
our voices embarrassed to be so slender  
dwarfed by the rock blades  
as the ribbed coast cut the air  
even before we resigned to  
shelter salt pillar brides.

The heart of it was so clear to me  
you and I  
filled with the stuff of all things  
when last we spoke, but here  
at the edge of your shadow  
village I will turn  
and take my chances  
on faded trails.

From "Critics of Mystery Marvel" on 2Leaf Press, NYC

Mike Aguzin is a poet from San Francisco.

## *BEACH*

North Beach is spectacle.  
Bohemian, Italian, diversified, Chinese  
washed, tie-dyed pizza and  
plenty of -- the Beach is.  
Heart city, emotion, pulse, pasta  
pepper feeling, promenade of styles,  
smells varieties of human life, and  
espresso are here.  
Cone head comics, punk hairs, hair,  
breasts, love acts, restaurants, bars are  
alive brimming with people digesting  
San Francisco, life, death, and war. Art is alive.  
Love, football, comedy, money, politics and  
most significantly local genealogies are reported while  
generally peaceable men are chasing and being chased by  
wild, red, blonde and purple glittered haired  
feline frisky beauties of stunning  
beauty  
rare. Music is alive.  
There are women of all persuasions and curves  
like a mystery's theater charm, and magic  
with candles, incense, and third eye watching,  
knowing all. Then blood guts, life individuals, breathes  
its magic beauty spell, pasta pulse and white rice.  
Chow mein, chow mein charm with the city entire  
the energy is alive, with lights, color, action, camera, set  
and gentle touching song. And layer and layers of skin.  
The band jams, hot stuff, licks jumping alive.

## *PILAR RODRIGUEZ ARANDA*

Pilar es poeta, video artista y traductora de oficio. Nació en la ciudad de México, pero vivió en California, Texas y Nuevo México, por un total de 13 años; actualmente radica en Tijuana, B.C. Ha publicado en decenas de revistas y antologías en América y Europa, y participado en múltiples encuentros y festivales de poesía en diferentes ciudades de México, además de Estados Unidos, Brasil, Ecuador, Italia, Cuba y Egipto. Su poesía ha sido traducida al inglés, árabe, alemán, griego, portugués e italiano. Su poemario *Una familia más/One More Family* (2018) puede ser adquirido en línea (Amazon, Kobo, etc.) en versión bilingüe. Otras publicaciones incluyen poemario, *Asunto de Mujeres* (2012), la gaceta de autor *Verdes Lazos* (2014), y el CD *Diálogos de una mujer despierta* (2016) con 12 poemas grabados con música en vivo. Sus videos han sido premiados y exhibidos en festivales y museos en Europa y América (el continente).

### *EL CONSEJO DE CECILIA*

El músculo protege al hueso  
lo abraza de manera elíptica  
Sobre el músculo, la piel  
casi transparente –piel brasa  
piel bolsa– cuida del cuerpo  
sustento del templo  
sostén del corazón  
mecido entre pulmones  
fuelle de respiración  
en ritmo automático  
mueve el organismo  
multi presente pensamiento  
hibridez razonada e inconclusa  
ávida, expansiva

Al pendiente dialogo con el cuerpo  
lo caligrafió virtualmente  
en esta absoluta relatividad  
El poder plural de la palabra  
en oración ritual del tiempo



La espiritualidad del cambio  
Inherente y permanente  
Un relámpago cercano  
me hace temblar, la lluvia  
ha llegado para liberar  
Luego, solo insectos  
un aire impregnado  
y bajo la luz del foco  
el verde más verde:

Moléculas trastocadas.

***CECILIA'S ADVICE***

The muscle protects the bone  
embraces it in elliptical manner  
Over the muscle, the skin  
transparent almost –ember skin  
bag skin– protecting the body  
sustenance of the temple  
substructure of the heart  
rocked between lungs  
respiration bellows  
in automatic rhythm  
moving the organism  
multi-present thought  
unfinished reasoned hybridity  
avid, expansive

Watchful, I dialogue with the body  
I calligraph it virtually  
in this absolute relativity  
The plural power of the word  
in prayer ritual of time  
Spirituality of the change  
Inherent and permanente

*PILAR RODRIGUEZ ARANDA*

A nearby lightning  
makes me tremble, rain  
is here to liberate  
Later, just insects  
an impregnated air  
& under the light bulb  
the greenest of greens:

Disarranged molecules.

*Translation into English by the author*

**Randy Barnes** - Dissident poet/painter/bookseller currently residing on an island in the Salish Sea. Been working since the early 70's with three books published in hardcopy and several more published in online zines.

*Our Manner Music*

Like music of the splintered day  
all refrain slow to merge

come in out of the wind  
say nothing lest the hammer falls

or save your skin the tune seems to say  
a lethal balance between now and formerly

we go away every chance we get  
yet the restrictions are numerous

only when the language is learned  
is there danger in the streets

yet there is privilege or the lack thereof  
speech draws the line black and white

beliefs as varied as plants in a field  
the ones we haven't killed yet.

**Jake Berry** is a poet, musician and visual artist. The author of *Brambu Drezi*, *Species of Abandoned Light*, *Drafts of the Sorcery*, *Genesis Suicide* and numerous other books. He has been an active member of the global arts and literary community for more than 30 years. His poems, fiction, essays, reviews and other writings have been published widely in both print and electronic mediums. In 2010, Lavender Ink released a collaborative book, *Cyclones in High Northern Latitudes*, with poet Jeffrey Side and drawings by Rich Curtis; and *Outside Voices: An Email Correspondence* (with Jeffrey Side) was released by Otoliths also in that year. *Phaneagrams*, a collection of short poems, was published by Luna Bisonte in 2017. *Trilogy: Kenosis* was published by Lavender Ink and *Nerve Figures* was published by Ma Press in 2018. He regularly records and performs his compositions solo and with the groups Bare Knuckles, The Ascension Brothers and The Strindbergs. *Cypress*, his 12th solo album, was released in 2018. Ongoing projects include books four and five of *Brambu Drezi*, a new book of collaborative poems with Jeffrey Side, and a wide range of musical projects.

### *Moving clouds*

The cars go by silently  
Even they seem to be weeping  
waiting for the rain  
for those low gray, slow moving clouds  
that take our pain away

Le macchine scivolano in silenzio  
Anche loro aspettando la pioggia  
sembrano piangere  
per quelle nuvole basse grigie e lente  
che allontanano il nostro dolore

*Traduzione in italiano di Giulio Tedeschi*

**Justin Booth**, originally from Black Oak, Arkansas, splits his time between Little Rock, Arkansas and Austin, Texas. He is writer of outlaw poetry, a teller of tales, and lives life to its fullest. Formerly a homeless I.V. drug addict his work reflects the exciting hardscrabble life he has known. He has multiple books of poetry; Trailer Park Troubadour (2013), The Singer, The Lesbian, & The One with the Feet (2015), A Quarter, a Dime, and Two Copper Pennies (2015), Outlaw Blue (2016), Lucky Strikes, Grave Dirt, and 1/3 of the Stars (2016), The Stripper's Daughter (2017) and The Luckiest Man (2019). His cat is named for suicidal poet Sylvia Plath.

*I didn't even know it made flowers*

I didn't even know  
it made flowers  
when first I saw  
it bloom.  
It was just  
blind luck that  
I found it,  
in a pile of garbage  
most people  
walking straight by.  
On an overcast  
morning, after  
walking the dogs,  
and coffee  
with Merry,  
I stepped out  
under wide-armed  
Live Oaks and  
into a South Austin  
warm breeze,  
I saw the beauty  
of what it had become  
and I thought,  
I didn't even know  
it made flowers.

*JUSTIN BOOTH*

Neanche sapevo  
facesse fiori  
quando l'ho vista fiorire  
per la prima volta.  
Era solo  
cieca fortuna averla  
trovata  
in un cumulo di spazzatura  
mentre la maggior parte delle persone  
camminava distrattamente  
In una mattinata  
nuvolosa, dopo  
aver passeggiato con i cani,  
e un caffè  
con Merry  
sono uscito  
sotto Live Oaks  
con le braccia spalancate  
e in una calda brezza a  
South Austin ho visto  
la bellezza  
che era diventata e  
ho pensato, non  
sapevo nemmeno  
facesse fiori .

*Traduzione in italiano di Giulio Tedeschi*



**Faruk Buzhala** is a well-known poet from Ferizaj, Kosovo . He was born in 9 March 1968 in Pristina . He is the former leader and manager of "De Rada" a literary club, from 2012 till 2018, and also the representer of Kosovo on 100 TPC organization . Except poetrys, he also writes short stories, essays, literary reviews, traveltales, etc. Faruk Buzhala is a organizer and manager of many events that are kept in Ferizaj city. His poems are translated in English, Italian, Spanish, French, German, Croatian language, and are published in a couple anthologies such in USA, Italy, Mexico, Albania, etc.

He has published four books : " Qeshje Jokeriane"(Jokerian Smile) 1998 , " Shtëpia pa rrugë "(House without road) 2009 , " Njeriu me katër hije "(Man with four shadows) 2012, " Shkëlqim verbërues"(Blinding brilliance) 2015, and " Një gur mangut"(A stone less) 2018.

### *Figlio della maledizione*

Giro sugli alti e bassi della vita  
dal destino abbandonato  
io figlio della maledizione.

Apro la porta ed entro a fatica  
nella torre della realtà  
costruito con il peccato del tempo.

*Traduzione in italiano di Shaban Hoxha*

**Terri Carrión** is a first generation American conceived in Venezuela and born in New York to a Galician mother and Cuban father. She grew up in Los Angeles where she spent her youth skateboarding and slam dancing.

Terri Carrion earned her MFA from Florida International University. Her poetry, fiction, non-fiction and photography has appeared and disappeared in various countries in print magazines as well as online, including *The Cream City Review*, *Hanging Loose*, *Pearl*, *Penumbra*, *Exquisite Corpse*, *Mangrove*, *Kick Ass Review*, *Exquisite Corpse*, *Jack*, *Mipoesia*, *Dead Drunk Dublin*, and *Physik Garden* among others. Her chapbook, "Lazy Tongue" was published by D Press in the summer of 2007.

Some of her translation projects include the translation with Carmen Gloria Berrios, of the project "Poetry in Transit", a citywide, visual poetry exhibit in public spaces in Santiago, Chile. Terri Carrion also selected from and edited the bilingual anthology of Venezuelan women writers, "Perfiles de la Noche/Profiles of Night", print edition edited by Rowena Hill, for online publication, and she co-translated via the internet with Galician natives, F.R Lavandeira and Loreto Riveiro, the trilingual Galician Anthology of Poetry and Prose, (Galician/Spanish/English) published on BigBridge.org.

Currently she assistant editor and art designer for Bigbridge.org., an online literary and arts magazine and co-founder of the global grassroots movement 100 Thousand Poets for Change. She is on the Board of Directors of the advocacy group Friends of Lake Jackson and President of Anhinga Press. In 2016, she left the Redwoods of Northern California and moved to Tallahassee, Florida, where she lives on Lake Jackson with her husband, mother, their three dogs and a multitude of frogs, birds, turtles and trees.

## Another Horizon

The hummingbirds have vanished  
My unsteady mind returns  
The words I try to detach from  
pour onto the page  
A monotonous language  
and familiar madness  
I continue to scribble away.

I tell myself  
stop thinking stop talking  
stop worrying stop being  
your mother always  
nervous and suspicious  
always on edge, waiting  
for tragedy to show up  
on the TV screen or  
in the kitchen sink or outside  
under the bare chestnut tree.

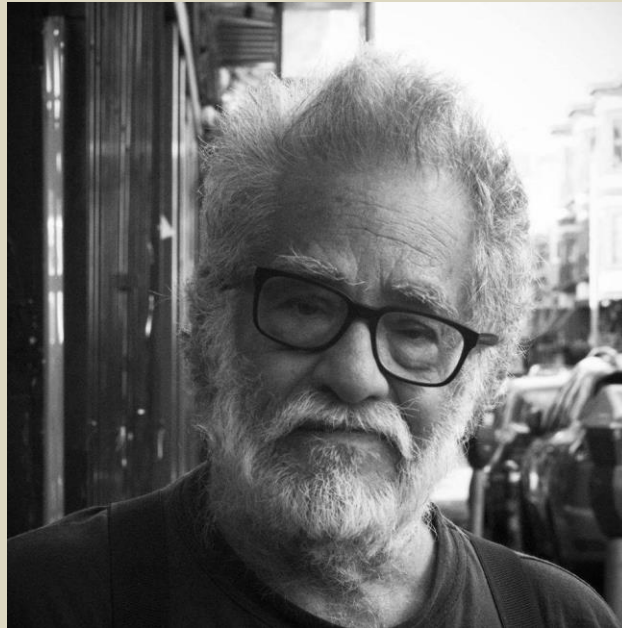
The leopard frogs have vanished  
My restless body has returned  
along with the cold weather  
flocks of exotic birds land on the lake  
but I know, the elegant white pelicans  
my floating guardian angels  
with black tipped wings  
will soon fly further south  
to much warmer places.

I want to go with them  
I can't stay here and count  
another inconstant day  
tangled up in the inevitable  
pink sunrises and sunsets  
always chasing  
the diminishing light  
always trying  
to illuminate  
my long lost path.

01.13.2018  
On Lake Jackson

## NEELI CHERKOSVKI

*Neeli Cherkovski (vero nome Nelson Cherry), nasce a Santa Monica, California. Residente a San Francisco dal 1975. Il critico Gerald Nicosia ha detto di Cherkovski: "...in the end, what stamps Cherkovski's poetry as unique is its unbounded lyricism, a lyrical gift easily greater than that of any other poet of his generation.". Ha co-editato con Charles Bukowski la rivista "Laugh Literary and Man the Humping Guns". E' autore di oltre dieci raccolte di poesie tra cui il recente "Elegy for My Beat Generation" (Lithic Press, 2018).*



### Ivy

At the far end of my garden  
Ivy clings to a fence  
It is dark green and thrives  
In the shadows of big trees  
Only I am privileged here  
Often sitting nearby  
Reading or writing or  
Simply waiting, I love  
How the ivy twirls and  
Prances, I enjoy the somber  
Humor and observe  
How each leaf is like the page  
Of a book, when it rains  
The ivy hides, in the snow

My ivy shouts for joy, at  
Day's end the ivy shines  
Like moonlight, thousands  
Of beams, in the morning  
Nobody moves, I bring  
Coffee into the garden  
And watch the sun over  
Bruce's roof, I feel crowded  
With light, touched by  
Life, glamorous in reverie,  
I see the cornet of ivory,  
The gold tinsel, shallow  
Fields of silence bent  
On ancient rock formations,  
Every green palace a  
Prayer, yellow sunlight  
Beads pressed to our lips,  
Waves cresting  
On hard shoreline, my  
Garden home to  
Volcanic ash and white  
Aspen, cloning to the fence  
Is the ivy, indomitable, without  
Beginning or end

Nov 2018

In fondo al mio giardino  
L'edera si aggrappa alla recinzione  
È verde scura e prospera  
Nell'ombra di grandi alberi  
Solo io ho questo privilegio  
Spesso seduto nelle vicinanze  
A leggere scrivere o  
Semplicemente aspettando, adoro  
Come l'edera voltegga e si  
Pavoneggia, mi piace il suo ombroso  
spirito e osservo  
Come ogni foglia è come la pagina  
Di un libro, quando piove  
L'edera si nasconde nella neve

La mia edera grida di gioia,  
Alla fine del giorno l'edera brilla  
Come il chiar di luna, migliaia  
Di raggi, al mattino  
Nessuno si muove, porto  
Caffè in giardino  
E guardo il sole sul  
Tetto di Bruce, mi sento soffocato  
Dalla luce, sfiorato dalla  
Vita, fantasticherie glamour,  
Vedo il corno d'avorio,  
L'ornamento d'oro, in superficie  
Campi silenziosamente riversi  
Sulle antiche formazioni rocciose,  
Ogni palazzo verde una  
Preghiera, i gialli raggi di sole  
Perle premute sulle nostre labbra,  
Onde che si infrangono

Sulla spiaggia compatta, il mio  
Giardino di casa  
La bianca cenere vulcanica  
Il pioppo, che raddoppia la recinzione  
È l'edera, indomabile, senza  
Inizio o fine

Nov. 2018

*Traduzione in italiano di Giulio Tedeschi*



*ANDY CLAUSEN*

Andy Clausen has travelled and read his poetry all over North America and the world. (New York, California, Alaska, Texas, Prague, Kathmandu, Amsterdam and elsewhere) He was co-editor of, POEMS FOR THE NATION, with Allen Ginsberg and Eliot Katz (Seven Stories Press). He was an editor at LONG SHOT Magazine. Andy has written about his adventures with Allen Ginsberg, Gregory Corso, Ray Bremser, Janine Pommy Vega, Peter Orlovsky, and many others of the Beat Generation. He is the author of "40<sup>th</sup> Century Man" and "Home of the Blues", among other books of poetry. His latest book, "Beat: The Latter Days of the Beat Generation, a First Hand Account" was published by Autonomedia in fall of 2018.

*Way Back Then*

We felt then, way back then  
    that the humming nimbus moon  
    the necklaces & belts  
        of the midnight sky  
The emerald blood that shot the panoramic  
    poppies and columbines toward  
        the vibrating sun  
Requisitioned our dancing

We danced for rain  
We danced for cloudless days  
We danced for strength for peace  
    for fertility  
        for health for beauty  
We danced to invoke spirits  
    to awaken gods

## *RICHARD JOSEPH CRONBORG*

**Richard J. Cronborg** spent 33 years as a union heavy equipment operator. He is retired and currently resides in Wheaton, Illinois. He received a Bachelor of Arts degree in Sociology/Psychology from Southern Illinois University. He is a well-known Chicago artist and writer, who has been featured in the Chicago Tribune and Chicago Magazine. Cronborg has also appeared on a variety of major network television shows in the Chicagoland area. He has published 8 books, including a Memoir, a book about his adventures in Chicago, a book of short stories and books of poetry. All of his books are available on Amazon.com.

### *Night Time*

night  
is the best time  
to write poetry  
for the moon is out  
the wolves do howl  
the monsters creep  
crimes are perpetrated  
and poets are drunk  
or high  
or insane  
on something

they sit in quiet repose  
waiting for inspiration  
and sometimes  
it comes  
as their cigarette smoke curls  
like smoke from tribal fires  
offered to ancient gods  
upward  
toward dim lightbulbs

while sleep beckons  
and eyelids get heavy  
thoughts coming quickly  
the pen moving illegibly  
but all will be understood  
when re-composed  
in the morning

*RICHARD JOSEPH CRONBORG*

and all seems safe  
until my cat brings the mouse  
and leaves it at my feet  
as a reward  
not for these lines  
but for being his god

## *NANCY PATRICE DAVENPORT*

**Nancy Patrice Davenport** is a native of the San Francisco Bay Area and lives in Oakland, California. A single mother, Nancy has been writing for about ten years. Her poems are widely published in various journals and anthologies, and have been translated into many languages. Nancy's JUNE 2 RETROGRADE MINDFULNESS poem was nominated for the 2016 Best of Net.

Nancy's first chapbook, LA BRIZNA, was published in 2014 by Bookgirl Press. She has work published by Country Valley Press. A full-length book of poems, SMOKING IN MOM'S GARAGE, was published in 2018 by Red Alice Press.

### *Post-New Year's Ghost Dance*

every cell is prickly:  
the Virgo moon  
has made me a        little bit  
                 more sensitive

I am surrounded by ghosts today  
some have messages  
some simply                    touch me

I can hear my grandmother with eyes like forget-me-not's say  
*I forgive you*  
while my mother gently slows this manic me down

puts me to work  
sorting laundry        mindless

my grandfather frets over my        smoking and my isolation  
while my brother says                *it's okay to be invisible, nothing is everything*

your ghost    puts    your    hands  
on    my    shoulders  
on my memory  
in    my    heart

you push me back to my unmade bed  
somehow  
through the fog of my dream  
you find

*NANCY PATRICE DAVENPORT*

this old rock

heat me  
with your two hands  
create magma

lava  
pebbles  
bare bone  
liquification

## *DENNIS FORMENTO*

Poet and activist **Dennis Formento** lives in Slidell, LA, across Lake Pontchartrain from his native New Orleans. He is the author of *Spirit Vessels* (FootHills Publishing, 2018), *Cineplex* (Paper Press, 2014,) *Looking for An Out Place* (FootHills Publishing, 2010.) Edited *Mesechabe: The Journal of Surreregionalism* and founded Surreregional Press. Formento studied poetry at Naropa Institute and the University of Colorado. Since 2011 he has been organizing readings in New Orleans and in Covington, LA, for 100,000 Poets for Change, a world-wide movement for peace, ecological sustainability, justice and cultural exchange.

### *Amarcord*

*after Federico Fellini and Cesare Pavese*

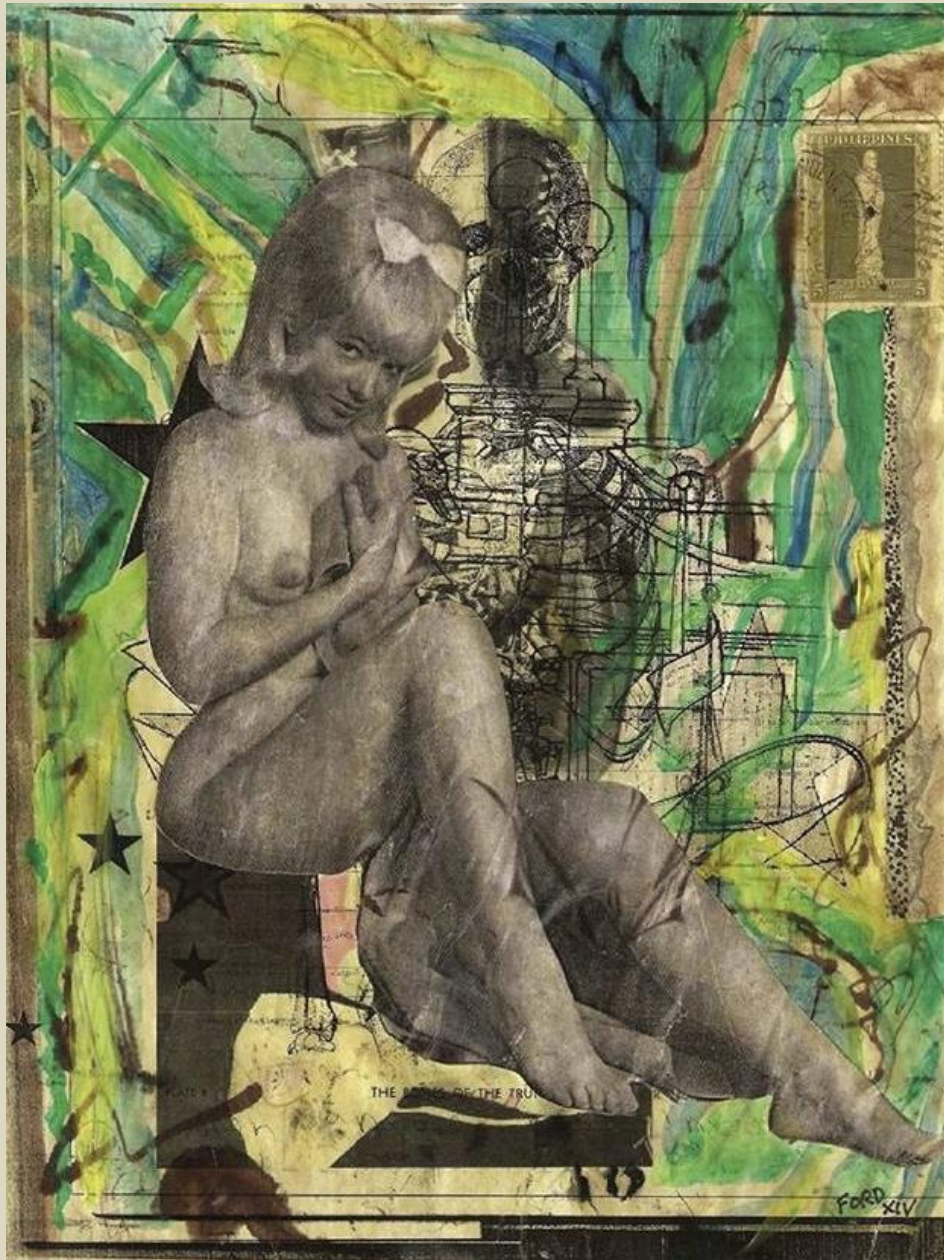
Between the boy and the man, it took me a while to understand  
that they really were the same body  
separated by a flight of stairs and twenty years  
competing for the smile of the same strange woman.

And the boy won  
but he was too young.

The woman let fly  
her customary smile, which the boy thought  
was just for him. The man disappeared  
down the steps with his cold blood  
and the woman returned to that self-contained  
fiction of an inscrutable face  
placed high on a wall  
or in a window in the sea, removed from me.



*ACE FARREN FORD*



For most of his life, **Ace Farren Ford** has stretched the limits of sounds and visuals to a point beyond reasonable identity. A founding member of the Los Angeles Free Music Society (LAFMS) and a very early member of the pioneer noise rock band Smegma, he has played with such varied ensembles as Crowbar Salvation, Rancid Vat, the Mystery Band, EXP, Heltir, AIRWAY, the Hangar Quartet, DAFT, the Artificial Art Ensemble and has performed with John Wiese and GX Jupitter-Larsen. He has written 4 books of his poetry, recently had 4 books published of his collages & has been a tattooist since 1994. (Cover Collage by Ace Farren Ford).

**BILL GAINER**

**Bill Gainer** is a storyteller, a humorist, an award winning poet, and a maker of mysterious things. He earned his BA from St. Mary's College and his MPA from USF. He is the publisher of the PEN Award winning R. L. Crow Publications. Gainer is internationally published and known across the country for giving legendary fun filled performances. His new book is *The Mysterious Book of old Man Poems*.

### *The Taste of Neon*

To walk away  
pocket change  
rattling  
a simple  
hangover  
and the taste  
of neon  
forever  
on your lips  
is a good thing.  
I guess.  
Luck, if you will.  
Then again  
if it's her  
calling  
it's best to let luck  
surrender early  
and the taste  
of the neon  
pull you both  
back  
into the night.

*a day on earth*

the bloody carcass  
of the dead dog  
that missed the fox

was raided by army of ants

they carried to storage  
every morsel  
in extended order

the poacher  
didn't touch the carcass  
he trampled on  
the anthill



*JOHN GUZLOWSKI*

**John Guzowski's** writing appears in Rattle, North American Review, and other journals. Echoes of Tattered Tongues, his memoir about his parents' experiences as slave laborers in Nazi Germany, won the Benjamin Franklin Poetry Award and the Eric Hoffer/Montaigne Award. He is the author of the Hank and Marvin mysteries and a columnist for the Dziennik Zwiaskowy.

*Buddha Waits*

The temple is empty  
& the path to it  
is narrow & sunless

He sits on a hill  
& peels an orange

Old, he listens in silence

The wind from the forest  
warms his face.

In the valley a boy  
walks on a trail  
& a bird flies  
across the winter sky

Buddha waits  
for spring

*Buddha aspetta*

Il tempio è vuoto  
e il percorso verso esso  
è stretto e in ombra

Si siede su una collina  
& sbuccia un'arancia

Vecchio, ascolta in silenzio

*JOHN GUZLOWSKI*

Il vento dalla foresta  
gli scalda la faccia.

Nella valle un ragazzo  
cammina su un sentiero  
e un uccello vola  
attraverso il cielo invernale

Buddha aspetta  
la primavera

*Traduzione in italiano di Giulio Tedeschi*

## LANCE HENSON

**Lance David Henson**, born in Washington, D. C., is Cheyenne, Oglala Sioux and French. He was raised on a farm near Calumet, Oklahoma by his great aunt and uncle, Bertha and Bob Cook. His great uncle was the groundskeeper for Chapter One of the Native American Church of Oklahoma. Lance was the last of five boys raised by this couple. He grew up living the Southern Cheyenne culture. He served in the U. S. Marine Corps after high school, during the Vietnam War, and is a graduate of Oklahoma College of Liberal Arts (now University of Science and Arts of Oklahoma) in Chickasha. He holds a Master of Fine Arts in creative writing from the University of Tulsa. After ten years of conducting poetry workshops through the Artist in Residence program of the State Arts Council of Oklahoma, Lance began to travel, working both in the U.S. and in Europe.

Lance is a member of the Cheyenne Dog Soldier Society, the Native American Church and the American Indian Movement (AIM). He has participated in Cheyenne Sun Dance on several occasions as both dancer and painter.

Lance has published 28 books of poetry, half in the U.S. and half abroad. His poetry has been translated into 25 languages and he has read and lectured in 9 countries. His readings include the **One World Poetry Festival** in Amsterdam, the International **Poetry Festival in Tarascon**, France, and the **Geraldine Dodge Poetry Festival** in New Jersey. He has co-written two plays, one of which, *Winter Man*, had a successful run at the **La MaMa Experimental Theatre Company**. His play *Coyote Road* played to sell out audiences in Versailles, France in December 2001. A new remix of a jazz and poetry CD titled *Another Train Ride* (1999) has appeared in collaboration with Roger Eno, titled *The Wolf and the Moon*, from Materiali Sonori, Milan, Italy (2001)

Lance represented the United States Information Service as a Featured Lecturer in **Singapore, Thailand, New Guinea** and **New Zealand** in 1993. He has also represented the Southern Cheyenne Nation at the European Free Alliance in Leeuwarden, Netherlands and at the **United Nations Indigenous Peoples Conference** in Geneva since 1988. He subsequently returned there until the Working Group on Indigenuos Peoples was moved to the United Nations in New York in 2004.

In the spring of 2000, the first *WORDS FROM THE EDGE* tour was initiated in four countries in Europe, initiated and directed by Lance. Three poets completed this tour: Apirana Taylor, Maori from New Zealand, Memchoubi, from the Meitei Nation of India and Lance representing the Southern Cheyenne.

In April 2006 *Words From the Edge*, Huka Hey, indigenous support group sponsored a tour in Italy, directed by Lance, included two other native poets: Laura Tohi, Navajo and Kateri Akawenzi Damm, Anishnaabe.



Silence is heavy  
As it carries all its loved ones

Ones whose silence lives in the water  
Ones whose voices begin and continue in a language  
We have yet to learn

It sings in the between breath of the newborn

It weeps in the hearted ones whose prayer is the dawn

And the last breath of a soldier and the last breath of a  
Mother and the last breath of a child  
is followed by silence

We see our silence  
Not as we knew it....  
We wish to recapture it

Though we are too changed...

*From "The dead zone texts"*  
*Poem number five*

*LANCE HENSON*



*KC LEE* is a poet and writer from Hong-Kong.

*Yu Nam Girl-China-04*

Among the five stars  
of the national flag  
People 's Republic of China  
there is a big star  
It represents the proletariat  
for they are  
the only most respectful class  
My eldest sister carrying  
the farming tools  
going to the farmland  
together with my dad  
before sun rises  
and returned home at sunset  
They grew potatoes  
After digging holes about six inches deep  
in the soil  
they put one piece of potato  
into the hole  
All the holes were arranged in rows  
After more than two weeks  
the sprouts came out  
In about two months  
all potatoes could be dug out  
The terrible heat  
from the sunlight  
made them sweat  
wet all their clothes  
for few hours  
They ate potatoes as their lunch

19 october 2018

Tra le cinque stelle  
della bandiera nazionale  
della Repubblica Popolare Cinese  
c'è una grande stella

Rappresenta il proletariato  
perché è  
l'unica classe da rispettare  
Mia sorella maggiore trasportando  
gli attrezzi agricoli  
andava in campagna  
insieme a mio padre  
prima del sorgere del sole  
tornando a casa al tramonto  
Coltivavano patate  
Dopo aver scavato dei buchi  
di circa sei pollici di profondità  
nel terreno  
misero un pezzo di patata  
nel buco  
Tutti i fori erano disposti in fila  
Dopo due settimane  
i germogli spuntano  
e In circa due mesi  
tutte le patate potrebbero essere estratte  
Il terribile calore  
della luce del sole  
li ha fatti sudare  
infradiciare in poche ore  
tutti i loro vestiti  
Mangiarono patate come loro pranzo

*Traduzione in italiano di Giulio Tedeschi*

Júlia Lázár [1960] has published four volumes of poetry, Fingerprints [1988], Unknown [2001], Still [2011], Stoneface [2016] and numerous translations of prose and poetry from English. Authors she has translated include Sylvia Plath, E.M. Forster, George Orwell, Salman Rushdie, Janet Malcolm, Susan Sontag, Toni Morrison, W.B. Yeats, Louis McNeice, Robert Graves, Carol Rumens, Ted Hughes, Walt Whitman.

### *Triangle*

The foliage flashes up for a second

Through a triangle shaped rift, that's life:

The way the eyes reflect the light and

Feels joy sensing its green nuances.

Then the sun shifts and the shadow with it,

What the spectators thought was infinite

turns to dark. Only craving remains and the

Auster scent of the dust

translated to English from Hungarian by Gabor G. Gyukics

### *Triangolo*

Il fogliame lampeggia per un secondo

Attraverso una fessura triangolare, questa è vita:

Il modo in cui gli occhi riflettono la luce

Provocando gioia nel percepire le sue sfumature verdi.

Quindi il sole cambia e l'ombra con esso,

Ciò che gli spettatori ritenevano infinito

diventa buio. Rimane solo il desiderio e il

Profumo austero della polvere

Traduzione in italiano di Giulio Tedeschi

*JOE LOBELL*

**Joe Lobell** (New-York 1952/2019): "This is a strong clear & powerful voice, a voice like cave paintings from the future" *Joe Gallant*. Collected poems (1986/2016) "Chrysalis" (Whitewater Press, NYC, 2018)

### *Magnificent Language*

Poet, your voice has lost its passionate cry, but  
your body lit by a halo of meaning leaves an  
infinite trail behind.

They laid dead flowers at the feet of the  
Mother of Christ and you were silent.

It was better that way.

Worship in silence in the magnificent language  
that never passes from the temple of the heart.

1988

Poeta, la tua voce ha perso il suo grido appassionato,  
ma il tuo corpo illuminato da un considerevole alone  
lascia dietro se una traccia infinita.

Hanno deposto fiori morti ai piedi della  
Madre di Cristo e tu eri silenzioso.

Meglio così.

Venerare in silenzio nel magnifico linguaggio  
che non attraversa mai il segreto del cuore.

*Traduzione in italiano di Giulio Tedeschi*

From collected poems "Chrysalis"

1962: Naissance de **Karel Jean Baptiste Logist** à Spa (Belge), le 7 juillet, né d'une mère d'origine allemande et d'un père anversoïse.

1984: 13 octobre, rencontre la poétesse Liliane Wouters, qui lui écrit: "Je vous demande une grande rigueur, une grande exigence. Vous êtes incontestablement taillé pour écrire. Ayez confiance en votre avenir. Il mérite que vous le prépariez sans faiblesse."

2004 : *Un danseur évident* paraît aux éditions L'Arbre à Paroles.

2008 : Reçoit le prix Pierre Nothomb pour le poème *Jeux de saison*, repris dans le recueil 374 marches. *Le Sens de la visite* paraît aux éditions de La Différence. *Tout emporter, poèmes 1998-2008*, son anthologie personnelle, préfacée par Liliane Wouters, est publiée à Bordeaux, au Castor Astral.

2011: Publie Mademoiselle Grand et Monsieur Belle, aux éditions Maelström dans la collection "Bookleg". Les éditions de L'Arbre à Paroles rééditent trois recueils sous le titre Mesures du possible, avec une préface de Laurent Demoulin.

2016 : Publie La Traversée des habitudes, à Liège, aux Editions Le Taillis Pré. L'aventure de la revue Boustro, avec Laurent Danloy, Pascal Lerclercq et Paul Mahoux.

Mer calme  
L'oiseau se replonge  
dans sa lecture du ciel

Mare calmo  
L'uccello torna indietro  
dal suo leggere il cielo

*Traduzione in italiano di Giulio Tedeschi*

**El Habib Louai** is a Moroccan Amazigh poet, translator, teacher and musician from Taroudant. Louai has published articles and Arabic translations of poems by various pioneers of the Beat Generation. In 2014, he received a Fulbright grant to do research on the Beats at Chapel Hill University in North Carolina. His poems, translations and articles have appeared in international literary magazine, journals and reviews such as: The Routledge Handbook of International Beat Literature, Big Bridge Magazine, Berfrois, Charles River Journal, Militant Thistles, The Fifth Estate, Al Quds Al Arabi, Arrafid, Al Doha, Al Jadeed Magazine, Joypuke Magazine, Big Scream Magazine, Lumina, The Poet's Haven, The MUD Proposal, the Dreaming Machine, Palestine Chronicle, Troubadour 21, Sagarana, Istanbul Literary Review, Radiuslit, Pirene's Fountain, the Tower Journal. He has published and been featured in three poetry anthologies: America America: An Anthology of Beat Poetry in Arabic published by Arwika for Studies, Translation and Publishing, Seven Countries published by Arroyo Seco Press and an Anthology of Contemporary Moroccan Poetry published Big Bridge. He is the representative of 100 Thousand Poets for Change event in Agadir, Morocco. Louai took creative writing courses at Jack Kerouac School of Disembodied Poetics at Naropa University, Boulder, Colorado, and Chicago School of Poetics online. His first collection of poems is called Mrs. Jones Will Now Know: Poems of a Desperate Rebel.

### *Da Brik Meets Matisse*

Dada Brik is a native potter  
who sits comfortably in his woolen jellaba  
He does not mind the flies bathing in his mint tea  
His life on the periphery has gone untaxed  
His sole preoccupation is making  
jars for thirsty harvesters  
He sits still and shapes pottery on a wheel  
& bakes it in a kiln  
Next week, he is scheduled to have cardamom coffee  
with Henri Matisse at the Salon des Independents  
The main topics of discussion will be  
clay interiors, breastfeeding and still lifes.

From collected poems "Rotten Wounds Embaled with Tar"

Dada Brik è un vasaio dell'entroterra,  
che siede comodamente nella sua jellaba di lana  
Non si preoccupa delle mosche che si inumidiscono nel suo tè alla menta  
La sua esistenza in periferia non è mai stata notata  
La sua unica preoccupazione è produrre vasi  
per i raccoglitori assetati  
Li ruota e li cuoce in una fornace  
La prossima settimana, ha in programma un caffè al cardamomo



*EL HABIB LOUAI*

con Henri Matisse al Salon des Independents  
principali argomenti di discussione saranno interni  
in argilla, allattamento al seno e nature morte

*Traduzione in italiano di Giulio Tedeschi*

**Mauro Macario** è nato il 21 -02- 1947 a Santa Margherita ligure (Genova). E' poeta, scrittore, regista di teatro, cinema, televisione. Ha scritto 9 libri di poesia. Nel volume LE TRAME DEL DISINCANTO ( Puntoacapo editrice, 2017, Pasturana (AL), si trova tutta la sua opera poetica. Ha scritto il romanzo BALLERINA DI FILA. Ha curato due antologie del suo amico-Maestro, il grande poeta e musicista anarchico Léo Ferré, e altre pubblicazioni su poeti e cantautori. E' stato tradotto in Francia con il libro LA DEBACLE DES BONNES INTENTION S (La rumeur libre, 2016 ). Ha vinto alcuni Premi letterari prestigiosi. Ha fatto la regia e interpretato UNA STAGIONE ALL'INFERNO di A. Rimbaud. Partecipa spesso ai Festival di Poesia in tutta Europa ed è presente in numerose antologie. Con il gruppo Chantango di Gianluigi Cavaliere (cantante) gira l'Italia con spettacoli di poesia e musica. Il padre, Erminio Macario, è stato un famoso comico di teatro e di cinema del 900.

### *PIOGGIA A BIG SUR*

Credevamo di cambiare il mondo  
con i sit-in di protesta  
noi pacifisti  
in fondo Gandhi ce l'aveva fatta  
ma a noi non è andata così

allora ci siamo alzati in piedi  
e abbiamo affrontato il Sistema  
a muso duro  
noi guerrieri metropolitani  
in fondo Guevara ce l'aveva fatta  
ma a noi non è andata così

poi abbiamo provato con la cultura  
a infiltrarci tra le viscere del potere  
a combatterlo dall'interno  
sperando che implodesse  
un giorno o l'altro  
noi artisti impegnati  
che predicavamo una società più consapevole  
in fondo bisognava elevare il popolo  
ma a noi non è andata così

adesso mi sono seduto di nuovo  
e qui davanti al tramonto  
non credo più  
di voler porgere l'altra guancia

o far barricate  
ma sempre più spesso  
a quest'ora  
ripenso ai ragazzi della mia generazione  
a come i sogni salvano le persone  
e le fanno a pezzi nello stesso tempo  
anche in amore siamo stati perdenti  
abbiamo cercato la più inaffidabile  
quella che al primo sguardo  
prometteva sicura infelicità  
una tentazione irresistibile  
per noi romantici di fine estate  
diventati contro voglia  
erotomani tristi  
allora verso l'imbrunire  
il senso della perdita  
si fa largo in me abbattuto  
e non c'è conforto possibile  
all'inesistenza delle cose amate  
le prime stelle e le ultime utopie  
hanno la stessa luce morta  
di un cimitero astrale  
perché l'età della rivolta  
duole come una costola infeconda  
che non ha partorito l'uomo nuovo  
ma solitari ai margini della vita  
e ricordo così bene quelle facce  
che se solo allungassi le mani  
potrei toccarle al di là degli anni

succede poco prima di cena  
quando piove a Big Sur  
e alla mia età troppa nostalgia  
fa male al cuore e poi non digerisco  
chissà dove sono finiti tutti quanti  
e perché nessuno telefona mai

è andata così

Sarzana, 19.04.2011

## PLUIE SUR BIG SUR

Sarzana, 19 avril 2011

Nous croyions changer le monde  
avec des sit-in de protestation  
nous pacifistes  
Gandhi lui avait bien réussi  
mais pour nous il n'en est pas allé ainsi

Alors nous nous sommes relevés  
et avons affronté le système  
avec un visage plus dur  
nous guerriers métropolitains  
Guevara lui avait bien réussi  
mais pour nous il n'en est pas allé ainsi

Puis nous avons essayé par la culture  
de nous infiltrer dans les viscères du pouvoir  
pour le combattre de l'intérieur  
espérant qu'il implose  
un jour ou l'autre  
nous artistes engagés  
qui prêchions une société plus consciente  
au fond il fallait élever le peuple  
mais pour nous il n'en est pas allé ainsi

Maintenant je me suis à nouveau assis  
et là devant le couchant  
je ne crois plus  
qu'il faille tendre l'autre joue  
ou faire des barricades  
mais le plus souvent  
à cette heure-ci  
je repense aux jeunes de ma génération  
à comment les rêves peuvent sauver les gens  
et aussi les réduire en morceaux  
en amour aussi nous avons été perdants  
nous avons cherché celle dont on aurait dû se méfier  
celle qui au premier regard  
promettait la plus sûre infélicité

une tentation irrésistible  
pour nous romantiques de fin d'été  
devenus à contrecœur  
de tristes érotomanes  
alors quand la nuit tombe  
le sentiment de la perte  
s'empare de moi abattu  
et il n'y a pas de consolation possible  
à l'inexistence de ce qu'on aime  
les premières étoiles et les dernières utopies  
ont la même lumière morte  
qu'un cimetière astral  
parce que l'âge de la révolte  
fait mal comme une côte stérile  
qui n'a pas donné naissance à l'homme nouveau  
mais à des solitaires en marge de la vie  
et je me souviens si bien de ces visages  
qu'il me suffirait de tendre le bras  
pour les toucher au-delà des années

Cela arrive un peu avant le repas  
quand il pleut sur Big Sur  
et à mon âge trop de nostalgie  
fait mal au cœur et gêne la digestion  
qui sait où ils ont tous fini  
et pourquoi personne ne téléphone jamais

C'est ainsi qu'il en est allé

*Traduzione in francese di Marc Porcu*

## *BOB MACKENZIE*

**Bob MacKenzie's** poetry has appeared in almost 400 journals across North America and as far away as Australia and India in publications including Literary Review of Canada, Dalhousie Review, Windsor Review, and Ball State University Forum. He has published 16 volumes of poetry and prose fiction, including *somewhere still in wind the tree is bending* (Silver Bow Publishing, 2018), *On Edge* (Dark Matter Press, 2012), and *The Little Song* (Brandstead Press, 1975). His poems have appeared in numerous anthologies and have been translated into Greek for an anthology to be published in Greece and into Farsi for two Persian language anthologies published in the United States. Bob's received numerous local and international awards for his writing as well as an Ontario Arts Council grant for literature, a Canada Council Grant for performance, and a Fellowship to participate in the Summer Literary Seminars in Tbilisi, Georgia. With the ensemble Poem de Terre, for eighteen years Bob's poetry has been spoken and sung live with original music and the group has released six albums.

### *The Gardener*

*for Mack McWhirter*

In the rich soil of his mind  
poems are buried like seeds  
awaiting spring sun and rain  
It's in quiet times they stir  
while he relaxes at dusk  
and walks through that inner land  
Driving to Kingston he dreams  
as wildflowers fill his mind  
with bright meadows of poetry  
He tells them he made a poem  
doesn't mention the magic  
as his words begin to flow  
Wildflowers flow from his mouth  
as though composed over time  
with carefully chosen words  
He tells them he made a poem  
while driving to Kingston, then  
wildflowers flow from his mouth  
In the rich soil of his mind  
poems are buried like seeds  
but he never sees them there  
He sees only the meadows  
sees only the wildflowers  
filling his quiet moments

**Shiv Mirabito** è un poeta nord americano con lontane origini italiane. Yogi buddista-indù tantrico, antropologo, archivista, artista, fotografo, editore. Ha iniziato a scrivere da adolescente mentre viveva nella comune poetica a Cherry Valley di Allen Ginsberg. Ora divide il suo tempo tra Woodstock, India e Nepal.

La sua piccola casa editrice "Shivastan Press {Woodstock ~ Kathmandu}" è una delle poche editrici al mondo che stampa libri su carta a mano, direttamente in Nepal.

Shiv Mirabito è anche il regista di The Shivastan Poetry Ashram, e coordinatore di un negozio di libri, galleria d'arte, negozio di articoli da regalo e centro di comunità cooperativa di base che promuove poesia, amicizia, saggezza e compassione per tutti gli esseri situati nel centro di Woodstock NY USA

### *My new play*

I'm writing a new play  
about Pier Paolo Pasolini, Elsa Morante & Anna Magnani's  
trip to India  
early 60's  
& in a little café in Bombay  
they are seated next to  
Allen Ginsberg, Peter Orlovsky, Gary Snyder, Joanne Kyger  
& Timothy Leary  
they chat & scat  
about this & that  
when suddenly walks in Jean Genet  
with his Moroccan lover  
Muhammad Abdullah the boxer  
just in from Marseille  
& it's very outré in every way  
I expect it to be a huge success  
for decades on Broadway  
the big studios will all have fights  
over the film rights  
& someday  
I will accept my Academy Award  
for Best Screenplay  
from India  
in absentia

*From collected poems "Jupiter Rising"*

**Eric Neirynck** né il y a presque cinquante ans, ayant grandi à Bruxelles, rien ne prédestinait Eric à l'écriture et encore moins à la poésie. Mais la vie est telle qu'il est tombé dedans il y a plus de dix ans par la faute, oui la faute d'un jeune éditeur français. Depuis il a publié plusieurs nouvelles, court romans et participé à différentes revues et magazines.

## *Écrire*

Ce matin je me suis levé  
Je voulais écrire une nouvelle  
Ou une prose  
Ou continuer un roman  
Et je n'ai rien fait  
Je me suis couché  
J'ai éteint  
J'ai rêvé

Questa mattina mi sono alzato  
Volevo scrivere un racconto  
O una prosa  
O continuare un romanzo  
E non ho fatto nulla  
Sono andato a letto  
Ho dormito  
Ho sognato

Da "Inutile et Futile" (2019). *Traduzione in italiano di Giulio Tedeschi*



The poet, artist, journalist, photographer, writer, musician and editor **Bengt O Björklund** was born in Stockholm 1949. In 1968 he landed in jail in Istanbul for \$ 20 worth of hash and met a bunch of international artists, poets and musicians. It was then he embarked on his artistic voyage in many directions as well as learning to cook, do yoga and generally get a life.

The source of his inspiration in Turkey those early years were his Japanese friend, the artist Koji Morrishita and the Italian artist, poet, and Dadaist Antonio Rasile.

The character Erich in the movie *Midnight Express* is based on Bengt.

Bengt has published 8 books of poetry, three are written in English.

Bengt was recently awarded Sweden Beat Poet Laurette by the National Beat Poetry Foundation Inc. and received his honour in Connecticut on September 1 2018.

For almost 50 years Bengt has written poetry both in his mother tongue Swedish and in English. So why this half a century long love for writing poetry in English? It all started, he says, because no one spoke Swedish in the jails of Istanbul where he spent his formative years between 1968 and 1973.

– I was drawn into a linguistic field of a language so much richer than my own, with a sound that pleased me constantly. That's where I still am today. I'm still amazed of all that I can say, formulate and sound

it was always the rhythm  
the way you moved your hands  
across the taut skin  
I've always known  
you could dance this way  
bouncing in joy

Era sempre il ritmo  
il modo con cui muovi le tue mani  
sulla pelle tesa  
l'ho sempre saputo  
tu potresti ballare in questo modo  
ritmando nella gioia

*Traduzione in italiano di Giulio Tedeschi*

**Valery Oisteanu** is a poet, writer, and artist of the avant-garde. Born in USSR (1943) and educated in Romania. He debuted as a poet with the collection PROSTHESIS in 1970(Litera Press, Bucharest). At the age of 20,he adopted Dada and Surrealism as a philosophy of art and life and a few years later English as his primary language. Immigrating to New York City in 1972 he has been writing in English for the past 44 years. He is the author of 12 books of poetry a book of short fiction," The King of Penguins" (Linear Art Press, 2000) and a book of essays (in progress), "The AVANT-GODS".

Over the last 10 years he wrote art criticism for Brooklyn Rail, artnet.com, Whitehot Magazine, and NY Arts. He is also a contributing writer for French, Spanish & Romanian art and literary magazines (La Page Blanche, Art.es, Viata Romanesca, Observatorul Cultural, Artout.ro, levurelitteraire.com, etc)

As an artist he exhibits collages and assemblages on a regular basis at galleries in New York and also creates collages as covers d illustrations for books and magazines. A new book of Vis-Po (Visual Poetry) collages titled "Lighter Than Air" in Spuyten Duyvil Press NYC (2016).

He has performed in theater and in poetry-musical collaborations with jazz artists from all over the world in sessions known as Jazz poetry.

His work has appeared in international surrealist publications of the last four decades, including: Dream Helmet (1978), What Will Be (Brumes Blondes, 2014)

Phala (Sao Paulo, Brazil), The Annual (Phasm Press, 2015) etc

Member of Poets and Writers,Inc. New York (1977-2016)

Founding member of PASS (Poets and Artists Surrealist Society) 1977-2018

"It's the end of the World as we know it" Award (Vault Literary Society) 2000

award for exceptional cutting edge artists who constantly take risks with their art)

Awarded Chivot order of the Chevalier of the Castel for the dissemination of Romanian Avant-Garde in Diaspora, 2010, Dublin

Recipient of the Kathy Acker Award, NYC, 2013, for contribution to the American avant-garde in Poetry Performance.

### *On the road to Siracusa*

Love Sicily, hate the mass tourism  
Leaving Palermo in a huff and a puff  
Via Lincoln Road full of trash and trashy girls  
The highway is winding to the east  
The scooters, the cars, the trucks  
Nearly invisible in the long tunnels  
Love Sicily, hate the mass tourism  
The groups of sheepish humanoids  
Sing my friend before your brain melts  
Like cheap pistachio gelato  
From Wi-Fi, telephones, power lines  
Sing before the roads cover the ancient ruins  
"Don't drink from the fountain" say the sign  
No potabile  
Cefalu stinks from medieval bagno pubblico

Mountains of unconsumed “breakfast included”  
The sandwich smells of diesel fumes  
The expensive diner is enveloped in sewer odors  
The cat refuses to eat the rest of my fish  
A man rants in the piazza del Duomo in Taormina  
Kicking plastic cups left in the street  
The garbage trucks are too small  
To keep up with the Russian tourist invasion  
Love Sicily, hate the overcooked pasta  
The volcano belches, Mt Etna hatha yoga  
For the London yogistas  
Corporations sponsor Orange writers  
Others sponsor lemon perfume  
The conspiracy against the beauty of ancient monuments  
Is under foot  
O friend you see the spirit of Sicily  
Torn apart by the strangers  
Holding their phones and i-pads  
While the museums in Palermo are shuttered  
Tennessee Williams shed a tear  
Sicily, Oh Sicily!  
Conspicuous consumption  
Blankets your temples  
“Men too can fly” whispers Da Vinci  
Let me sleep, Sicily  
Before the sun rises over the Taormina hills  
Love Sicily, love Sicily, love Sicily.

*Sulla strada di Siracusa*

Amo la Sicilia, odio il turismo di massa  
Lasciando Palermo, senza fiato  
Via Lincoln Road, piena di spazzatura e ragazze trash  
L'autostrada si snoda verso l'est  
I motorini, le macchine, i camion  
Quasi invisibili nei lunghi tunnel  
Amo la Sicilia, odio il turismo di massa  
Le greggi di umanoidi  
Canta, amico mio, prima che ti si sciolga il cervello

Come scadente gelato al pistacchio  
Dal wifi, telefoni, linee elettriche  
Canta, prima che le strade coprano le antiche rovine  
"Non bere dalla fontana", dice il cartello  
Non potabile  
Cefalu puzza di medievali bagni pubblici  
Montagne di "breakfast included" non consumate  
Il panino sa di diesel  
La cena costosa avviluppata in odori di fogna  
Il gatto si rifiuta di  
Mangiare il resto del mio pesce  
Un uomo delira nella piazza del duomo di Taormina  
Prendendo a calci bicchieri di plastica buttati per strada  
I camion della spazzatura sono troppo piccoli  
Per stare al passo con l'invasione dei turisti russi  
Amo la Sicilia, odio la pasta scotta  
Il vulcano rutta Monte Etna hatha yoga  
Per i yoghisti londinesi  
Aziende sponsorizzano scrittori aranci  
Altre sponsorizzano profumi di limone  
Il complotto contro la bellezza degli antichi monumenti  
E' già cominciata  
Amico, vedi lo spirito della Sicilia  
Fatto a pezzi dagli stranieri  
Tenendo i loro telefonini e ipad  
Mentre le saracinesche dei musei a Palermo sono chiuse  
Tennessee Williams versa una lacrima  
Sicilia, O Sicilia  
Palese consumazione  
Ti copre i Templi  
"Anche gli uomini possono volare", sussurra Leonardo  
Lasciami dormire, Sicilia  
Prima che il sole sorga sopra le colline di Taormina  
Amo Sicilia, Amo Sicilia, Amo Sicilia.

(from *Anarchy for a Rainy Day*, Spuyten Duyvil, New York, 2015)

*Traduzione in italiano di Ruben Zacaroni*

**Giancarlo Pavanello** o **Carlo Pava**, nato a Venezia nel 1944, risiede a Milano dal 1978. Si occupa di letteratura e di arti visive, con una intensa attività espositiva. Numerose pubblicazioni dal 1973: non solo libri di poesie, ma anche saggi e narrazioni. Editoria underground [esperienze editoriali o para-editoriali giovanili] dal 1974 al 1979. Ideatore e curatore dell'antologia in progress "bricolage" [quattro serie, dal 1974 al 2000] e delle edizioni ixidem [dal 1980], private press books [libri artigianali o d'artista] che dal 2016 vengono sostituiti da una nuova serie con la sigla "dado tutto bianco". Traduzioni dal 1980 al 2001 per varie case editrici, fra cui Jean Genet, "poesie", Guanda, 1982. Fra i suoi libri di poesie: "epigrammi scritti con una penna di pavone", Geiger, 1976, "la finestra a ghigliottina", Guanda, 1978, "neon", Amadeus, 1986, "poesia laconica", ixidem, 1999 e "ciclo", ixidem, 2001. Narrazioni in prosa: "romanzo", Campanotto, 1990. Nel 2019 pubblica due libricini satirici e critici [con il personaggio Sgrunk Sgrunk Sgrunk, in una contaminazione fra illustrazione e fumetto, in una serie di vignette digitali], nelle intenzionalità ponendosi in una sorta di neo-underground in sintonia con il XXI secolo e adottando il proprio nome abbreviato: Carlo Pava

### *Le Mosche*

Un sordomuto è un sapiente  
che attenua la voce e cancella  
le parole per amore della verità?

La notte dà la precedenza all'alba  
Per farla graffiare dal tramonto?

L'attore in posa nella luce accecante  
di una sala invasa dalle mosche  
esibendosi non domanda nulla, resta

Una scatola vuota in un armadio vuoto.  
Cieco nei buoni sentimenti recitati,  
è riflesso in una specchiera opaca.

Quando l'attore gesticola l'amore mielato  
illumina gli aghi arrugginiti da infilare  
sullo sguardo attonito dei sordomuti.

*Agosto 2018*

Poet, editor, anthologist, festival director, **Kala Ramesh**'s initiatives culminated in founding 'INhaiku' to bring Indian haikai poets together in 2013. She has been a dedicated and foremost advocate of haiku and allied Japanese poetry forms including tanka, haibun and renku in India. In addition to her own prize-winning writing, she has a prolific record as an editor of collections of haiku, and tanka anthologies. Her book of haiku and haibun *Beyond the Horizon Beyond*, was declared a finalist in the *Rabindranath Tagore Literary Prize 2019* and received a certificate for 'excellent contribution to literature'. Her next book of tanka and tanka prose: *as yet untitled* has been picked up by *HarperCollins* and is expected to hit the stands by February 2020. She also teaches workshops at schools, and an undergraduate course at the *Symbiosis International University*, and has organized six major haiku conferences/festivals to bring Indian haikai poets together. Kala has developed a vast network of fellow haikuists, but has not yet visited Japan, the source of her inspiration...

morning prayers  
the rising sun between  
my hands

preghiere del mattino  
il sorgere del sole tra  
le mie mani

\*

Tibetan bell  
with a wooden stick  
I circle Aum

Campana tibetana  
con un bastone di legno  
lo cerchio l'Om

\*

morning star  
the way I hold on  
to dreams

stella del mattino  
l'attimo in cui mi avvolgo  
nei sogni

*traduzione in italiano di Giulio Tedeschi*

Paul Richmond has been named Beat Poet Laureate of Massachusetts by the National Beat Poetry Foundation headquartered in Wolcott, Ct. for 2017 to 2019. In Sept, Paul will be named U S National Beat Poet Laureate for 2019 -2020. Paul's is best described as political, deadpan and wryly humorous delivered in his own style.

He has been called, Assassin of Apathy – power of words / humor - on the unthinkable, the unsolvable, to analyze to digest to give birth to creativity and hope

Richmond hosts and promotes monthly and annually spoken-word poetry events & festivals; the Greenfield Annual Word Fest(GAWFEST.org) many venues, writers, during the multiple day festival, now the Great Falls Word Festival, in Turners Falls, MA. and the “Word Stage,” at the North Quabbin Garlic & Arts Festival in Orange, MA, and Greenfield Third Tuesday. Richmond has performed nationally and internationally on stages from the Austin International Poetry Festival, in Austin TX, to Gödör Klubban at the Jazzköltexzeti est in Budapest, Hungary. His work has been published in four books, in journals, magazines, anthologies and poetry collections.

### *Which Side Of The Fence*

It was reported  
That someone was climbing the fence  
Men in uniforms were called in  
When they got there  
The person had climbed down

The men in uniforms  
Stood  
On a hill  
Located on the other side  
Of this very high fence  
Looking down on the group of people  
Who had gathered on the other side

On seeing the officers  
They started to throw rocks  
The fence being high  
The uniforms a good distance away  
The rocks fell short

It was disputed whether or not  
The young man that was shot  
10 times

*PAUL RICHMOND*

Had thrown any rocks or climbed the fence  
Or was just one of the people walking by

The American officer shot  
10 times  
Only stopping  
To reload

His defense  
He felt his life was threaten  
As he stood a good distance way  
On top of a hill  
Behind a tall fence

The young man  
A Mexican  
Lying dead in Mexico

An American in uniform  
Standing in America

No changes were filed

*Quale lato del recinto*

È stato segnalato  
Qualcuno stava scavalcando il recinto  
Furono chiamati uomini in uniforme  
Quando sono arrivati  
La persona era scesa

Gli uomini in uniforme  
Eretti  
Su una collina  
Situata dall'altra parte  
Di questa recinzione molto alta  
Guardano dall'alto in basso il gruppo di persone  
Chi si era radunato dall'altra parte



Nel vedere i militari  
Hanno iniziato a lanciare sassi  
Il recinto è alto  
Le divise a una buona distanza  
Le pietre caddero vicino

Fosse stato avvertito o meno  
Il giovane colpito  
10 volte  
Aveva gettato delle pietre o scavalcato il recinto  
O era solo una delle persone che passavano di lì

L'ufficiale americano ha sparato  
10 volte  
Fermandosi solo  
Per ricaricare

La sua difesa  
Sentiva che la sua vita era minacciata  
Mentre si trovava a una buona distanza  
In cima a una collina  
Dietro un'alta recinzione

Il giovane  
Un messicano  
Steso morto in Messico

Un americano in uniforme  
In piedi in America

Niente è cambiato

*Traduzione in italiano di Giulio Tedeschi*

## MICHAEL ROTHENBERG

"Michael is a great american Poet whose voice is needed now more than ever"  
(Neeli Cherkovsky)

**Michael Rothenberg** is a poet, editor and publisher of the online literary magazine BigBridge.org, co-founder of 100 Thousand Poets for Change ([www.100tpc.org](http://www.100tpc.org)), and cofounder of Poets In Need, a non-profit 501(c), assisting poets in crisis. He has published 20 books of poetry including *Nightmare of The Violins*, *Favorite Songs*, *Man/Woman* (a collaboration with Joanne Kyger), *Unhurried Vision*, *Monk Daddy*, *The Paris Journals*, *Choose*, *My Youth As A Train*, and *Murder*. His most recent books of poetry include *Sapodilla* (Editions du Cygne-Swan World, Paris, France, 2016), *Drawing The Shade* (Dos Madres Press, 2016), *Wake Up and Dream* (MadHat Press, 2017), a bi-lingual edition of *Indefinite Detention: A Dog Story* (Varasek Ediciones Madrid, Spain, 2017), and *Welcome To Sonoma County*, bi-lingual edition (Camion, Torino, Italy, 2019). His editorial work includes several volumes in the Penguin Poets series: *Overtime* by Philip Whalen, *As Ever* by Joanne Kyger, *David's Copy* by David Meltzer, and *Way More West* by Edward Dorn. Rothenberg is also editor of *The Collected Poems of Philip Whalen* published by Wesleyan University Press (2007). In 2016, Rothenberg moved back to Florida where is Florida State University Libraries Poet in Residence. He lives on Lake Jackson in Tallahassee, Florida.

### THE RAINY SEASON for Michael McClure

At night the giant redwoods inhale  
They know the rain will come  
How do I know this?  
It's a natural assumption

By morning, as love moves  
through the rain, the gray squirrel  
forages sodden ground, disrupts  
the lacy ferns, heavy

oak leaves and pine needle  
mulch. Salamanders wallow  
in gold pools below deadwood  
in the creek bed. Soggy winter

has its resurrecting reign  
over the weak and the great,  
delicious and repugnant sporophytes

Blue jays gorge themselves  
at the feeder. The varied thrush

whistle in a minor key among dense  
thickets. Rain, rain bounces on the  
clouds, on the roof, on the deck,

on the cracked asphalt drive,  
seeps from serpentine outcroppings  
and perilous slides all along the dark  
and never-ending river road.

January 4, 2015

**Keshab Sigdel** (1979, Nepal) writes poems, essays and plays in both English and Nepali. Editor of *An Anthology of Contemporary Nepali Poetry* (Big Bridge, USA, 2016), his other poetry books include *Samaya Bighatan* (2007) and *Colour of the Sun* (Poesis, Slovenia, 2017). An assistant professor at Central Department of English, Tribhuvan University, he edits academic and literary journals including *Of Nepalese Clay* and *Rupantaran* (publication of Nepal Academy). He is the International Coordinating Committee Member of World Poetry Movement (WPM) based in Medellin, Colombia, and the vice-president of the Society of Nepali Writers in English. His poems are published in literary journals like *Snow Jewel* (USA), *Sijo Saing'hwai* (South Korea), *Naya Gyanodaya* (India), *Sanskrit Khabar* (India), *The Art of Being Human* (Canada), *Kavita Bangla* (Bangladesh), *Kampala Poetry Anthology* (Uganda) and *Of Nepalese Clay* (Nepal). He is also the recipient of literary awards Youth Year Moti Award for Literature, 2018 (Nepal Youth Fund, Government of Nepal), 'Bhanubhakta Gold Medal' (Culture Ministry of Nepal, 2014) and 'Kalashree Srijana Puraskar' (2015).

### *The Missing Sun*

In her youthful fancy  
she plucked the sun from the sky.

Filled in with immense passion  
for this young morning sun,  
she held it tight to her bosom  
and felt its warmth skin to skin.

How long one can surrender?  
The sun had its promise to the sky  
To come back soon!

But unwilling to share the sun  
with anyone else,  
she wrapped the sun carefully  
with her soft red shawl  
and quietly hid it  
in a corner of her own memory-shelf.

And now,  
the sun no more shines in the sky  
to show the world  
how happy she is!

**Giulio Tedeschi** (1952), produttore discografico, editore cartaceo e virtuale, poeta. Considerato uno dei pionieri della scena musicale indie italiana. Ha pubblicato in varie edizioni, dal 2013 in avanti, un'unica raccolta intitolata "Madras Ice Cream" che raccoglie testi dal 1970 ad oggi. Ha ideato, curato ed editato la presente antologia. Organizza eventi dove viene contaminata musica & poesia. Dirige dal 1980 la rivista di poesia internazionale Camion, che recentemente si è trasformata in audio-rivista.

*ad Andr  Cannelopoulos (rip)*

Vino resinato & pesce  
fritto per tre a Salamina  
Andr  parla francese  
& cita poeti mentre  
ricorda dolci  
storie passate

Atene, Hotel Minerva,  
16.04.78

Resinated wine & fried  
fish for three in Salamina  
Andr  speaks French  
& quotes poets  
while remembering  
distant stories

Atene, Hotel Minerva,  
4.16.78

*Traduzione in inglese di Jake Berry*  
From collected poems "Madras Ice Cream" on Camion Press Turin

*PAMELA TWINING*

Pamela Twining has traveled the US with her partner, poet Andy Clausen, performing her work in California, Colorado, New York City, Michigan, Wisconsin and places in between. Her work has appeared in Big Scream, Big Hammer, PoetryBay, The Café Review, Napalm Health Spa, and Heyday!, among others. With Andy Clausen, she is co-curator of "The Invisible Empires of Beatitude" page at The Museum of American Poetics ([www.poetspath.com](http://www.poetspath.com)). In addition, she is author of three chapbooks, "i have been a river..." "utopians & madmen" and "A Thousand Years of Wanting; the Erotic Poetry of Pamela Twining". She is working on a new book, entitled "Renegade Boots" as well as a prose/poem memoir entitled "Ecstasy Pie".

*Confiteor (I Confess)*

it was my fault  
for being young female and alone  
on dark streets  
it was my fault  
for speaking to a man I didn't know  
it was my fault  
for wearing shorts tight jeans fitted slacks  
a gauzy skirt a long skirt a short skirt  
it was my fault  
for thinking it was just a friendly conversation  
it was my fault  
for letting him buy me a drink  
it was my fault  
for walking home from the bus stop at night  
it was my fault  
for not being violent enough  
for not screaming loud enough  
for being so scared no sound would come out at all  
it was my fault it was my fault it was my fault

I confess I bare my soul I bury my soul  
I tell the almighty powers  
the police the teachers my parents  
and they tell me it was my fault  
that I shouldn't have been there  
that I shouldn't have worn that  
that I should have been home  
that I should have been studying  
that I should have been decently silent  
that I never should have laughed

accepted that drink  
walked down that street  
you get what you ask for  
you get what you deserve

I have sinned exceedingly  
in thought word and deed  
and my judges are men and mock-virgins  
women who have never looked outside the world  
described by patriarchy  
defined by the judges

## *ELIANA VANESSA*

**Eliana Vanessa** is originally from Buenos Aires, Argentina and moved to New Orleans, Louisiana at a young age. Her poems have been selected for display via a community project called St Tammany Poetry on the Streets, and she recently participated in the Jane Austen Festival (2017, 2018, 2019, upcoming) as part of a panel of other selected poets. Eliana Vanessa's work appears in Siren's Call, The Horrorzine, The Rye Whiskey Review, The Ramingo's Porch, Fearless Magazine, and the anthology, Masks Still Aren't Enough.

### levitation

their tantric marks, mid air,  
gesture  
the angel's essence,  
where, in communion  
with fixed signs and elements,  
magic advances  
points of entry, via bliss,  
together,  
in aerial consciousness,  
they melt slowly, closer,  
towards one another,  
focusing upon the spaces,  
where they, in ecstasy,  
can exist, knowing no  
boundaries



## *RON WHITEHEAD*

"I have long admired **Ron Whitehead**. He is crazy as nine loons, and his poetry is a dazzling mix of folk wisdom and pure mathematics." - Hunter S. Thompson

Poet, writer, editor, publisher, scholar, professor, activist **Ron Whitehead** grew up on a farm in Kentucky. He attended The University of Louisville and Oxford University. As poet and writer he is the recipient of numerous state, national, and international awards and prizes including The All Kentucky Poetry Prize, The Yeats Club of Oxford's Prize for Poetry, and many others. In 2006 Dr. John Rocco (NYC) nominated Ron for The Nobel Prize in Literature.

Ron has edited and published the works of such luminaries as His Holiness The Dalai Lama, President Jimmy Carter, Hunter S. Thompson, Thomas Merton, Jack Kerouac, Seamus Heaney, Wendell Berry, John Updike, Andy Warhol, Yoko Ono, BONO, Allen Ginsberg, William S. Burroughs, Gregory Corso, Herbert Huncke, Diane di Prima, Douglas Brinkley, Rita Dove, Robert Hunter, Amiri Baraka, Lawrence Ferlinghetti, and hundreds more.

Ron Whitehead has produced over 2,000 historic Arts Events, Festivals, and 24-48-72 & 90-hour non-stop music & poetry Insomniacathons, across the USA and in Europe, from New York City to New Orleans to The Netherlands and beyond.

Ron has performed thousands of shows around the world with some of the best musicians and bands on the planet. He recently returned from a Scandinavia Tour with Paris, France rock band Blaak Heat and from three New York City trips where his new award winning book "blistered asphalt on dixie highway: Kentucky Basketball is Poetry in Motion" was released by Finishing Line Press at the historic Poets House.

Ron's work has been translated into nearly 20 languages. He is the author of 30 books and 40 albums. Songs and Poems from The KENTUCKY BOUND Concert (sonaBLAST! Records), companion to Ron's new KENTUCKY BOUND: poems, stories, and songs book, were released November 17th at the opening of the Louisville Free Library's big POETS, ROCK STARS, & HOLY MEN: A LITERARY RENAISSANCE Posters & Correspondence Exhibit. At the event, Louisville Mayor Greg Fischer presented Ron with a City of Louisville Proclamation thanking Ron for his Lifetime Achievement of Supporting The Arts. Ron's new album THE DANCE, with Glass Eye Ensemble featuring Sheri Streeter, was just released by sonaBLAST! Records. He has three more albums scheduled for release in 2019. Ron is KENTUCKY MONTHLY Magazine's 2019 Penned Non-Fiction Winner.

Ron Whitehead has served as guest editor for magazines and anthologies, acted as poetry and arts judge in many contests, and has been the keynote speaker at art and musical festivals around the world. In 2019, he was appointed State of Kentucky Beat Poet Laureate by the National Beat Poetry Foundation (serving from 2019-2021), and he was named as the first US citizen and fourth world-wide writer-in-residence, Tartu City of Literature international residency program, Estonia.

*Shootin' up Poetry in New Orleans*

Near the levee, a maroon Hudson sedan  
driven by Neal Cassady pulls up to a dilapidated old house  
with tall grass and weeping willows in the yard.  
It's 509 Wagner Street, Algiers, the home of William S. Burroughs.  
Neal, Jack Kerouac, Al Hinkle, and LuAnne Henderson  
arrive, from the road, to spend a few days with Burroughs.  
Burroughs rarely goes out, except to make his connection.  
He invites Kerouac to try his "orgone accumulator."  
Burroughs says, "Sit inside, and you'll absorb life-principle atoms  
right out of the atmosphere." He attempts to convince Kerouac  
into abandoning his road trip with Cassady.  
Years later I'm in New Orleans  
standing outside The Howlin' Wolf Club. I'm here to produce  
yet another Beat Generation spirited 48-hour non-stop  
music and poetry INSOMNIACATHON and I've been burning up the road  
day and night with no end in sight. I'm feelin' burnt out, tired to the bone.  
So I'm searchin' for a fix of poetry to shoot into my blood  
to rejuvenate my spirit. I'm calling on Bill Burroughs  
and Jack Kerouac and Neal Cassady. But I haven't found my  
orgone accumulator, my new poetry, yet and my head  
is hangin' so low it's draggin' the ground. I've known nothin'  
but failure lately. And I've been burnin' the candle at both ends so long  
there's nothin' left of me but smoke and ashes.  
So I'm wonderin' if the time has finally arrived for me to become cinder  
for that long distance never endin' railroad track to nowhere.  
My spirit screams out for help and in a flash I hear  
Allen Ginsberg whisper "Take a hand. Share the word."  
And out of the blue the poetry gospel starts flowin'  
through my groin and my gut and my heart and my head.  
And my oh my I jump and shout and sing. Yes, right in front of  
The Howlin' Wolf Club. I'm grabbed hold of by the poetry spirit.  
And now someone's singin' and bangin' on a piano.  
So I open the door and peek in and lo and behold  
there's Dr. John doing double-note crossovers  
and over and unders. He's doin' his oola-mala-wala.

*RON WHITEHEAD*

He's playin' and speakin' in tongues right here  
in the middle of the holy New Orleans' afternoon.  
And out of the blue I find the poetry I've been lookin' for.  
I look up and there's the full moon smilin' at me  
from over the Mississippi River and I think of Algiers  
and Bill Burroughs and Jack Kerouac and Neal Cassady  
and I think of Neal's flame gone gone gone.  
His naked body lying beside those  
long distance never endin' railroad tracks to nowhere.  
And I hope all the poets and musicians  
performin' at this 48-hour non-stop  
music and poetry INSOMNIACATHON  
hell I hope all of us  
keep the funk  
keep that fuck you flame alive.  
Don't let the system break you.  
Don't let life break you.  
And I hear Dr. John playin' that piano  
and singin' his boogie woogie end of the world blues.  
And in that moment I know my reward  
is in the experience of poetry.  
And right here right now I'm in New Orleans  
with all these poets and musicians who somehow know  
the magical power of poetry.  
The word sets us free.  
And I think about Allen Ginsberg  
and what he said about takin' somebody's hand  
cause we're all in this together.  
We're pullin'. We ain't pushin'.  
We're lettin' it be.  
We realize that when one of us is lifted up  
we're all lifted up.  
And I realize that Poetry is Life  
and Life is Poetry.  
And I feel an energy risin' through me  
growin' strong comin' from poets and musicians of all ages.  
And I don't feel like failure anymore.  
I feel good. I feel strong.

*RON WHITEHEAD*

I feel reborn into Poetry, into Life.  
And it feels like resurrection, rebirth.  
Rebirth into poetry.  
Right here. Right now.  
Shootin' up poetry in New Orleans

**A.D. Winans** is a poet and writer from San Francisco, winner of numerous awards, with over sixty books published. He edited and published Second Coming Press from 1972 to 1989. The awards include the PEN Josephine Miles award for excellence in literature, the PEN Oakland Lifetime Achievement Award and the Kathy Acker award for poetry and publishing. His work has been translated into 8 languages. He was a friend of Bob Kaufman, Jack Micheline and Charles Bukowski. It appears in the documentary on the poet Bob Kaufman (When I Die I Do Not Stay Dead) which was presented for the first time in 2017 at the San Francisco International Poetry Festival.

### *THE OLD ITALIANS OF AQUATIC PARK*

the old men of Aquatic Park  
are dying or dead  
they spend their time playing Bocce Ball  
lady death striking them down  
like bowling pins

the old men of Aquatic Park  
are steeped in tradition  
dark skinned dressed in sport shirts  
and baggy slacks looking like bit actors  
out of a 1950 movie  
dancing the last waltz on the deck  
of the Titanic

the old men of Aquatic Park  
sit on hard wooden benches late in the day  
their eyes taking in young women  
moving left and right  
as if at a tennis match pausing  
to feed the pigeons using  
their hands as cutting knives  
to separate the crust from the bread  
which they toss into the air  
like rice at an Italian wedding

rise to brush the crumbs from their pants  
one with a suit vest and tie  
pulls at the gold chain holding his pocket watch  
securely next to his heart

the old men of Aquatic Park  
have the smell of garlic and pasta  
embedded in their skin  
Italy breathing in their heart

the old men of Aquatic Park  
are dying off with grace and dignity  
and a love for the old-world ways  
  
there is something sad about being Americanized  
there is something sad about growing old  
  
the Bocce Ball rolls slowly along the grass  
comes to rest like a hearse  
parked at an open grave  
  
funerals await them  
flowers scattered like empty promises  
  
the mourners fewer in number  
their ranks depleted  
file slowly into their cars  
disappear into the shadows  
Of late afternoon monotony  
  
Boccie Ball will resume in the morning  
there are pigeons to be fed  
wine to drink stories to tell  
the thirst for life masked in the face of death

### *I vecchi italiani di Aquatic Park*

I vecchi di Aquatic Park stanno morendo o sono morti  
trascorrono le loro vite giocando a bocce  
Signora morte li colpisce come birilli

i vecchi di Aquatic Park  
Sono immersi nella tradizione  
del vecchio mondo  
Pelle scura vestita con camicie e pantaloni sportivi  
Sembrano un po' attori in un film del 1950  
Ballando l'ultimo valzer sul ponte del Titanic

I vecchi di Aquatic Park siedono su dure panche di legno  
i loro occhi seguono le giovani donne che si spostano a sinistra,  
A destra, davanti, al centro come in una partita di tennis  
Fare una pausa per dare da mangiare ai piccioni usando le loro mani  
Come coltelli da taglio per separare la crosta dal pane  
Che gettano nell'aria come riso  
A un matrimonio italiano

Si alzano per spazzolare le briciole dai loro larghi pantaloni  
Uno con giacca e cravatta  
Tira fuori la catena d'oro che regge il suo orologio da taschino

Al sicuro sul cuore  
I vecchi di Aquatic Park

Con odore di aglio e pasta addosso  
sulla pelle e l'Italia che batte nel loro cuore

I vecchi di Aquatic Park stanno morendo  
Con grazia dignità e amore per i vecchi modi  
C'è qualcuno che dice di essere americanizzato  
C'è qualcosa di triste nell'invecchiare

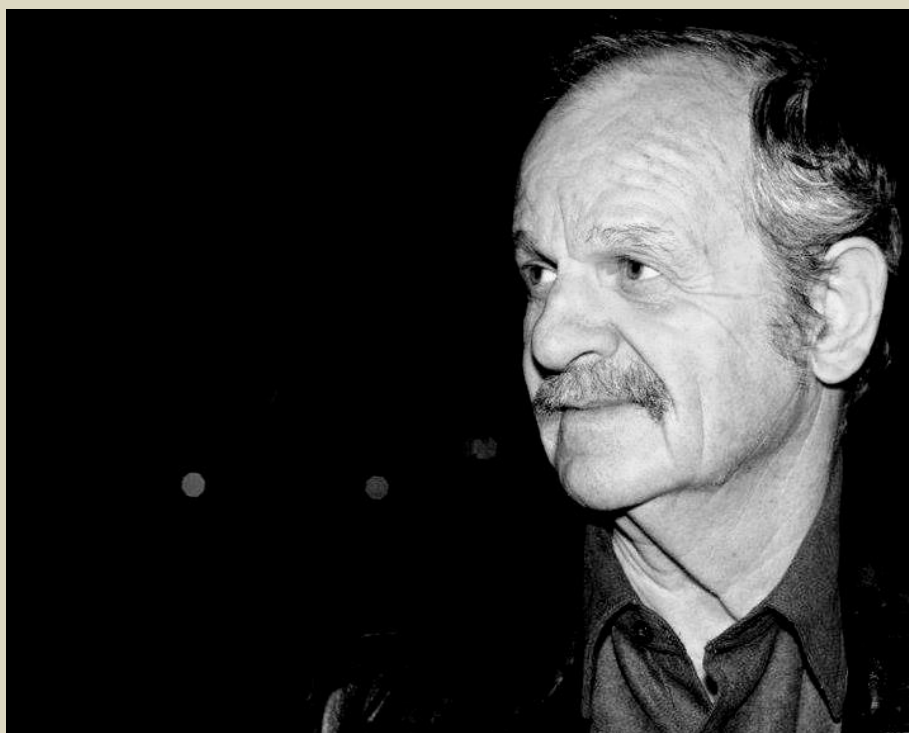
La palla da bocce rotola lentamente lungo l'erba  
Viene a riposare come un carro funebre  
parcheggiato in una tomba aperta

I funerali li aspettano  
Fiori dolci come il miele riempiono l'aria

Le persone in lutto sono poche  
Il loro numero si assottiglia  
Si allontanano lentamente con le macchine  
Scomparendo nella monotona ombra del tardo pomeriggio

Le bocce riprenderanno al mattino  
Ci sono piccioni da nutrire  
Vino da bere storie da raccontare  
la sete di vita mascherata dal  
Volto della morte

*Traduzione in italiano di Giulio Tedeschi*



*Eclectic Poet, Artist & Horsewoman. **Su Zi** lives in Florida.*

## *Lost*

We lost the rain, but found it again—  
it was hiding and giggling, we heard the hiccups,  
and peeking under the leaves of the holly tree,  
we found moisture in the berries, because they were  
so violently vermillion; so we boiled the berries  
until they were black and we painted ourselves  
with the clay found only where rivers have fled  
and we sang the names of our grandmothers'  
imaginary children—the ones who got away  
in the fog of absence.

We drank the black drink. Soon enough,  
we could see the water, coming visible  
in our skins and the skins of the tree  
and the skin of the planet as it wobbles  
in the ocean of empty waters.

Soon enough, we spoke to the water; we  
told it we were sorry, that our  
ignorance did indeed prove to be disaster,  
that our only bliss would be water's  
wet kiss, that our sadness was dry and  
forlorn, that the insects were angry and  
would be biting and sarcastic, we begged  
water to come home, even if hesitantly and  
even just for a little while.



**Lefteris Poullos** (1944) is a beat poet from Athens (Greece).

### *An American Bar in Athens*

Amongst the aimless, hurried, stupid, faces  
of the street, I saw you tonight Koste Palama,  
wandering back and forth in my drunken disillusionment;  
looking for a whore or a friend or resurrection.  
Shop windows and the moon! all sorts  
roam the night; and iron dogs honk;  
cats in trash bins and, who but you storyteller Verne  
rummaging around the apartments' doorstep.  
Digging your thoughts Koste Palama; feckless  
old bon vivant as you hit the bar  
making eyes at the whores and nursing  
a double whiskey. I tailed you through a cigarette fog  
and smirks at my womanly  
hair. I stayed for you to treat me  
standing at the boards. Next to a few  
seated statues.  
We are the liveliest tonight  
The grasses eye us with suspicion  
the lights go out in an hour.  
Who will carry us home?  
Koste Palama, unheeded loud-mouth,  
prodigal father. What Romiosini had you cast with fire  
and howls, upon the summit of hope,  
when suddenly night leapt like a knife  
from its sheath. And you remained on the chair  
paralyzed with the vision of a sweet dawn  
steaming.  
I feel like a schoolboy whose fortune was to have  
a cuss for a teacher. For some time now I wondered  
how we would get along. Vile aged dog let us go

and puke tonight's booze,  
on the doors of closed bookstores.  
Let's go and piss on all the statues  
in Athens; kneeling only in front of  
Regas. And let's go our separate ways  
like grandfather and grandson after  
a scrap. Beware of my madness  
old man; on a whim I could  
kill you.

(Athens, 1971)

*Traduzione dal greco di Konstantina Georganta e Chris Gair*

*Ti ho visto stasera Koste Palama,  
vagando avanti e indietro sul percorso della mia ubriaca amarezza;  
tra le facce senza scopo, frettolose, stupide  
cercando una prostituta o un amico o una resurrezione.  
Vetrine di negozi e la luna! Quanti tipi  
vagano nella notte; e nel locale i cani suonano;  
gatti in bidoni della spazzatura e chi se non Verne lo scrittore  
potrebbe frugare vicino alle porte degli appartamenti.  
Scavando i tuoi pensieri Koste Palama; inefficiente  
vecchio bon vivant mentre colpisci il bar  
strizzando occhi alle puttane e succhiando  
un doppio whisky. Ti ho pedinato attraverso la nebbia di una sigaretta  
sogghignando verso i capelli della  
mia femmina. Per te mi sono fermato in piedi  
sul palcoscenico. Accanto ai pochi  
come statue sedute.  
Siamo i più vivaci stasera  
Le erbacce ci guardano con sospetto  
le luci si spegneranno tra un'ora.  
Chi ci porterà a casa?  
Koste Palama, voce inascoltata,  
padre generoso. Cosa Romiosini hai lanciato nel fuoco  
ululando, al massimo della speranza,  
quando improvvisamente la notte è balzata come un coltello*

*dal suo fodero. E tu sei rimasto sulla sedia  
paralizzato dalla visione di una dolce alba  
fumante.*

*Mi sento come un fanciullo la cui fortuna è stata quella di  
una maledizione come insegnante. Da qualche tempo mi chiedevo  
come andremmo d'accordo. Vile cane anziano lasciati andare  
e vomita l'alcool di stasera,  
sulle porte delle librerie chiuse.*

*Andiamo a pisciare su tutte le statue  
ad Atene; in ginocchio solo di fronte  
Regas. Andiamo per strade separate  
come nonno e nipote dopo  
uno scontro. Attenti alla mia follia  
vecchio uomo; per un capriccio che poteva  
ucciderti.*

*Traduzione in italiano di Giulio Tedeschi*

