

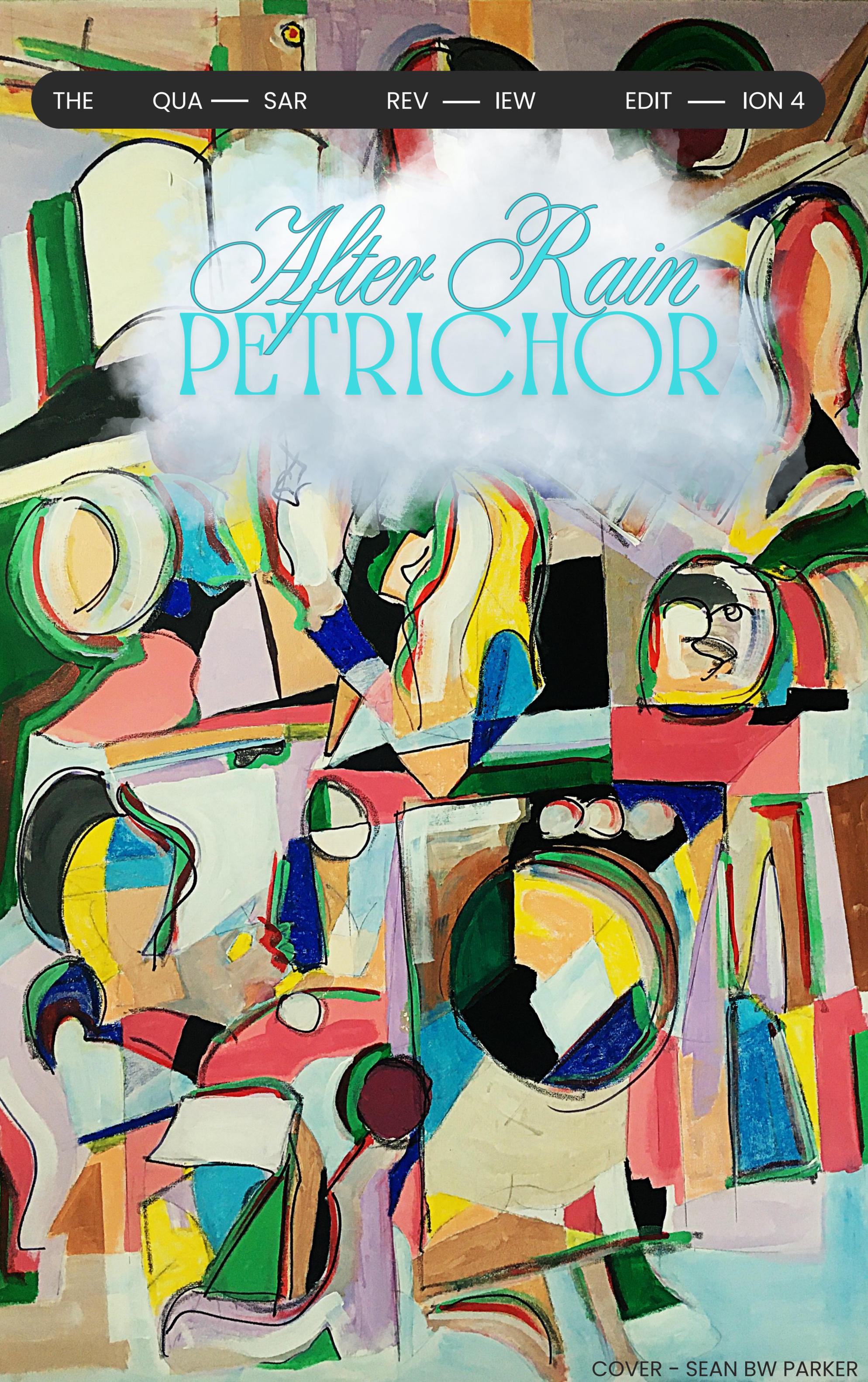
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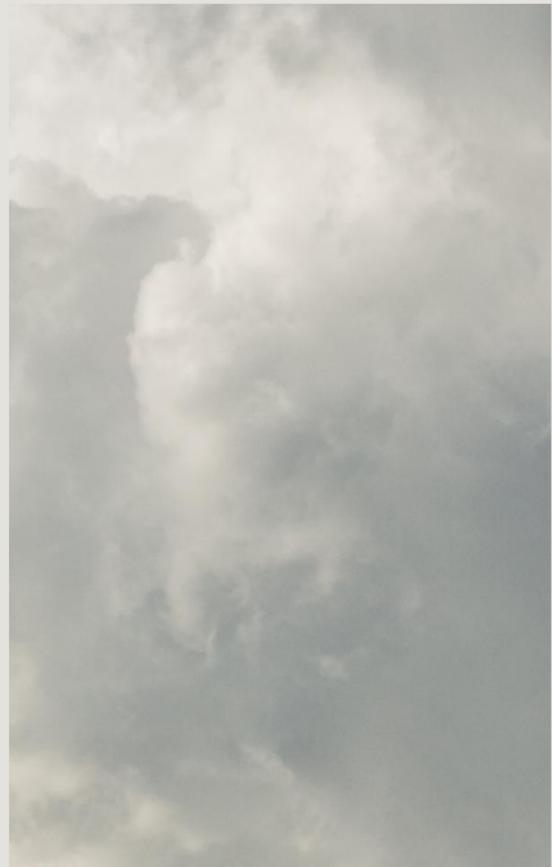
QUA — SAR

REV — IEW

EDIT — ION 4

After Rain
PETRICHOR





Petrichor

pet·ri·chor
/'petrī,kôr/

Edition 4

noun

1. a pleasant smell that frequently accompanies the first rain after a long period of warm, dry weather.

Blip

Sameen Shakya

When thinking about death, I often stare at the endlessness of the sky above my head and think it is the same. Imagine falling upwards. Imagine your feet freed from the ground and plunging to the depthless blue until its black and all you see is the vastness of space. Maybe a star in the distance. Maybe a planet or two. As for me, if this were to happen I think, once I am up in space, I'll simply stare at our young sun until its a blip in the distance.

Journey Related: Two Free Haiku

Yuan Changming

1/ To Depart

Means to move along with sunlight
& leave your shadow longer & longer
Behind, or the other way around

2/ I Share My Suffering Only with Clouds

Because they empathize with me by
Shedding a shower of tears, & then
Hanging a rainbow to cheer me up

Desaparecido

Marla Dial Moore

After Juan Gelman

Like the words
I wanted
to fill the page

Like the voice
I'd hoped
would fill this night

White silence
hangs empty
and echoes

in the airless space
between terror
and hate

*Desaparecio sin despedirse
como la verdad
como la justicia*

Nothing has vanished
it never existed
but I still don't believe

this dream
of peace
has never worn flesh

Drowning

Xingyu Zhao

I.

Humid morning. Pallid haze
settling on the pool.
The sun is oblong.

II.

My brother, flailing, upside down
In his swim ring. At the edge,
My mother and I scream.

III.

His legs jut out of the water
Like a pair of egrets
Feeding on rippling light.

IV.

Linah, trying to save Minah,
Jumped overboard into the sea.
After the storm, the Sisters' Islands stand.

V.

I remember Du Fu, in his exile, dreamt
Of Li Bai flying in the night, his feathers
Reflecting the green maple.

VI.

Soon, it will be autumn again.
Yellow swallowtails will arrive,
Blotting out the evening sky.

To A Friend Who Prefers Rhyme

Thomas Piekarski

I was born to work in rhymes.
Some of them emerge simply,
And then there are other times
It's hard not to sound too silly.

Few do them well. What's more
Many poets find rhymes a bore,
Think they're rather wasteful,
Old fashioned or distasteful.

Seconding your preference
I must say in my defense
I'll rhyme till the day I die,
opinions of naysayers defy.

Contemplating this I drove
Through thick fog and chill
Past Oregon Caves and froze
My view to assess what will.

What will result from plunder
The world now in crisis faces.
Our minds swing and thunder
Coping with all the disgraces.

The people want easy rewards,
Every whim at beck and call,
Instant gratification, like lords
Who get drunk to forget it all.

Mile after mile of tall evergreen,
Sun poking through barely seen,
Two hours wrapped in low cloud
I listened to classical music, loud.

To A Friend Who Prefers Rhyme

Thomas Piekarski

So nice to bury reality's hard fact
With every minute spent in bliss,
Around each bend another tract
Of some new sight I couldn't miss.

Crescent City socked in, visibility
Impaired, made me drive sensibly
Heading down Highway One
While wishing for a little sun.

Yet surrounded by fog, tooling along,
Beside the road to my astonishment
Humongous statuettes of the uber strong
Paul Bunyan and Babe his attendant.

My mind reverted to the previous day
When we golfed by the river, astray
From the gloom, the grime and grift
We observed all around, dreadful rift.

Coastal road to Eureka providing
Glimpses of ocean at various turns
Where waves splashed, subsiding
As gulls swept by on good terms.

Much joy in arriving at Arcata Bay,
So breathtaking along the highway,
Then around Eureka, which for me
Seemed a mini San Francisco to be.

Before long Avenue of the Giants,
Those redwoods of legend and lore,
Huge trees living years in defiance,
Older than us both by many a score.

To A Friend Who Prefers Rhyme

Thomas Piekarski

Such freedom far from the abyss.
Between southern Oregon and this
Northern California terrain I felt
The boundary but an artificial belt.

Thousands of acres of dense forest,
The two lane road windy and steep,
Trending inland. Full sun would test
My eyes that almost drifted asleep.

Remaining awake despite long hours
Of driving and more to go, flowers
Spring sprung along the way sired
These rhymes, made me less tired.

Arriving home in the Central Valley
I thought of you sitting outside alone
Peering into your cell, and what folly
You sought, what adventure or poem.

Between Breaking and Bearing

Thoughtful Artist

Should I drop the glass once it's overfilled?
Or should I wait for the water to break it?
Too many statements about right and wrong.
But who could know where my heart truly belongs?

Can I run away from blue, if blue is all that I am?
Too many questions for anyone to understand.
Should I drop the glass once it's overfilled?
Or should I wait for the pressure to break it?

They say this test measures the thickness of the glass.
But who decides if glass was meant to shatter or shine?
So should I drop the glass...
or let it teach me how to hold the weight?

The Company of Flowers

Frances Koziar

A morning haze like mist
on a still lake: I watch
from my bench—creaking
as I do—hide away
from faces I don't know
if I know.

Some days I feel
like a shadow, and too
like a burden: that
I never wanted to be;
some mornings
I wake forgetting
how old I am until
I look in the mirror
and see the lines etched
into my face from love
and laughter I must
have known.

Families visited
yesterday and one
found me: the daughter,
so sad; the husband,
his face a displaced
comfort, his hands
like a childhood lullaby—forgotten,
and yet trusted,
somehow.

Some days are clear
like a crisp
winter sky, but decades
have vanished completely,
like records burned
in the fires
of time.

The Company of Flowers

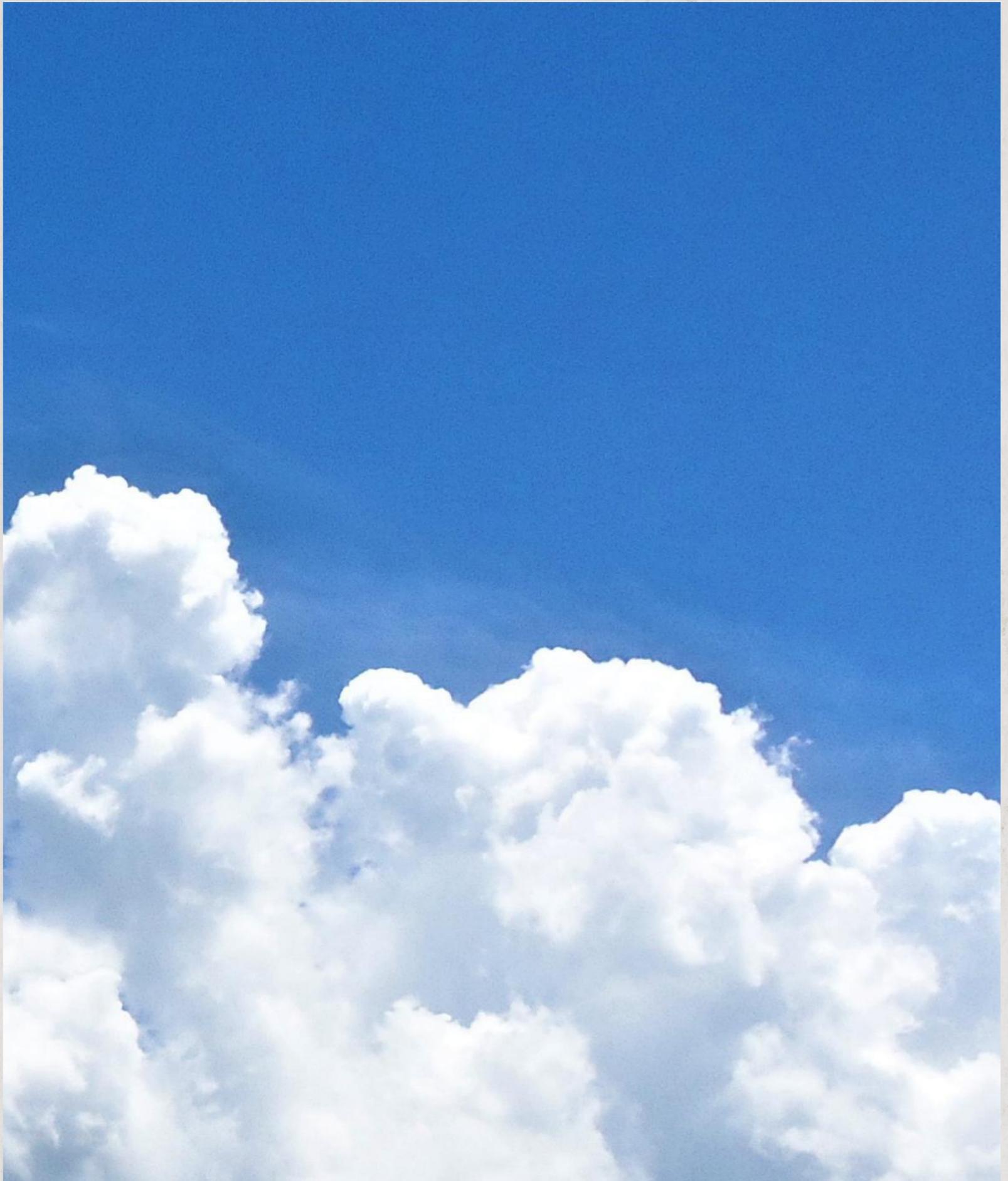
Frances Koziar

The flowers
don't know what I
don't know, don't have
their hearts broken
by my forgetfulness,
don't care about me,
as they shouldn't,
are beautiful only
for themselves.

Forever, he said once,
when we were young
and stupid: he took his words
too seriously. Forever
I could wish, but I watch
the sun fall and
the seasons whisper
of their changes.

Now, I veer
from helping hands, away
from voices that know
too much; I wander
these gardens with what peace
I can find, and instead
I keep the company
of flowers.

Authors' Bios



What secrets do the clouds hold?

Discover the people behind
your favorite poem here.

THE QUASAR REVIEW - EDITION 4

Sameen Shakya

Sameen Shakya's poems have been published in *Alternate Route*, *BOMBFIRE*, *Havik*, *WINK*, and *Teach Write*, to name a few. Born and raised in Kathmandu, Nepal, he moved to the USA in 2015 to pursue writing. He earned an Undergraduate Degree in Creative Writing from St Cloud State University and traveled the country for a couple of years to gain a more informal education. He returned to Kathmandu in 2022 and is currently based there.

Yuan Changming

Yuan Changming co-edits *Poetry Pacific* with Allen Yuan. Writing credits include 12 Pushcart nominations for poetry and 3 for fiction besides appearances in *Best of the Best Canadian Poetry* (2008-17) and 2159 other publications worldwide. A poetry judge for Canada's 44th National Magazine Awards, Yuan began to write prose in 2022, his hybrid novel *DETACHING*, 'silver romance' *THE TUNER* and short story collection *FLASHBACKS* available at Amazon.

Marla Dial Moore

Marla Dial Moore is a recovering journalist and longtime student of geopolitical affairs. She writes poetry as a means of surviving global, local and personal news events. Some of her recent work has appeared in *Merion West*; *The Metaworker*; *When the River Speaks*; *Soul Poetry*, *Prose and Art Magazine*; *the San Antonio Review*; *Voices de la Luna*; and *Journal X*.

Xingyu Zhao

Xingyu is reading literature on the sunny island of Singapore. His work has appeared in *Cordite Poetry Review*, *Portside Review*, *ONE ART*, *Aethlon*, and *Funicular Magazine* among others.

Thomas Piekarski

Thomas Piekarski is a former editor of the *California State Poetry Quarterly*. His poetry has appeared in such publications as *Poetry Salzburg*, *Modern Literature*, *Creation Magazine*, *The Museum of Americana*, *South African Literary Journal*, *Home Planet News*, and *California Poets Anthology*. His books of poetry are *Ballad of Billy the Kid*, *Monterey Bay Adventures*, *Mercurial World*, *Aurora California*, and *Opus Borealis*.

Thoughtful Artist

Thoughtful Artist is a 16-year-old poet, writer, and student with a passion for exploring the depths of human emotion through words.

Inspired by music, literature, and personal reflection, she began writing poetry at eleven and continues to refine her craft with each piece. She enjoys thoughtful conversations about life, philosophy, and art, weaving these insights into her work. Ambitious and introspective, she aims to create writing that resonates deeply with others, hoping to inspire, comfort, and connect through her lyrical voice and honest storytelling.

Frances Koziar

Frances Koziar has published poetry in over 45 different literary magazines, including The New Quarterly and Acta Victoriana. She is a young (disabled) retiree, a gamer, a painter, a friendly radical feminist, and a bubble tea fangirl. She lives in Kingston, Ontario, Canada.

Website:

<https://franceskoziar.wixsite.com/author>

Cover Artist - Sean Bw Parker

Sean Bw Parker (MA) is a writer, artist and musician based in Worthing, West Sussex. He lived in Istanbul for ten years, has written or contributed to a number of books and albums, and given a TED talk. He was born in Exeter in 1975.