

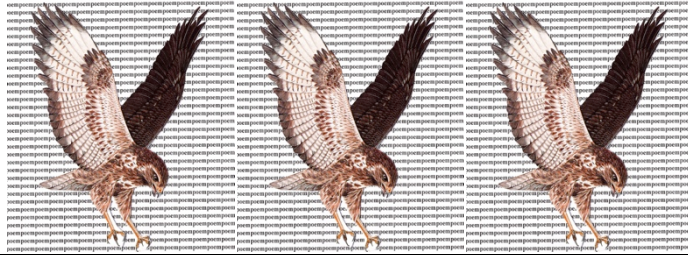
THE SEVENTH QUARRY



POETRY

ISSUE THIRTY-FIVE
WINTER/SPRING 2022
SWANSEA'S INTERNATIONAL
POETRY MAGAZINE

THE

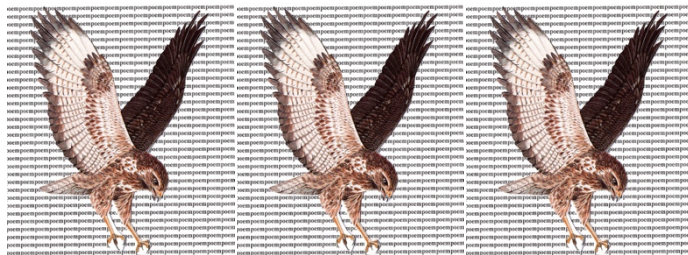


SEVENTH



QUARRY

**SWANSEA'S INTERNATIONAL
POETRY MAGAZINE**



**ISSUE 35
WINTER/SPRING 2022**

EDITORIAL
ISSUE THIRTY-FIVE
WINTER/SPRING 2022

This issue features work from America, China, England, Iran, Israel, Italy, Ireland, and Wales. It also includes a Poet Profile of American poet and dramatist Russell Thorburn, an interview with Fariba Mohamadian about her thesis “Freudian Interpretation of Dreams in Dylan Thomas’s Selected Poems and Rene Magritte’s Selected Paintings” for the Islamic Azad University in Iran, and Italian poet and artist Lidia Chiarelli discussing Ekphrastic poetry.

The collaboration between The Seventh Quarry Press and Stanley H. Barkan’s Cross-Cultural Communications, New York, continues into 2022.

Many thanks to the contributors published in this issue.

Special thanks to Stanley H. Barkan for allowing me to use the lines from his poem *Morning Poet*, from his book UNDER THE APPLE TREE, on the magazine’s back cover.

Peter Thabit Jones, Editor

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PETER THABIT JONES
(photo © 2022 Peter Thabit Jones)

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EURYDICE AT SWANSEA FAIR

If we had not stopped
in that place, on that day,
at that accidental time,
if the season had been different,
if the woods had been too far
the snow too deep
the trail impassable or the pool unknown....
What made us abandon our chores?

No, further back.

If we had not passed
on those stairs –
going down, going up –
not knowing either
but still turning back
simultaneously to glance,
fleeting, questioning....
What made us turn?

No, even further.

If you had not chosen as you chose,
if I had not, though both before,
had accidents of birth and earth,
the coming and the leaving,
not converged,
despite free will
or because of determinism....
Would we have found us, regardless?

Back further still.

If the other we
had not tilted and whirled and spun
one thrilled, one ill
at the edge of that rough beach –
air fish-salted and clammy close –

then unsteady climbed the steppéd bus

looking down and looking back....
Would later have become next?

No further.

No farther.

Still.

Gently, as in a dance, yes, love.
Only still to part?
Sadly, as in life, yes, love.
With no recourse?
Faintly, as in a dream, none, love.
Yet ever to search?
As in myth, love, for ever.

Elizabeth Lloyd-Kimbrel America

SPITTING FIRE

The spit of fire brought a cheery glow
to the room, as we sat watching
the flickering show. All cosied up,
trying to find the best lit picture.

Perched on a sofa warming memories,
smoke filling young lungs, eyes pouring
but we didn't mind. Our hands of raisins
and late night were enough to please.

Lights turned off sent smoke dancing
through the room with shrieks and
fire-flushed cries. The first glare of a
witch stunned the hearth into eerie silence.

I don't seek kindled art these days
lost faces are not there,
they're usually in the street
a similar look sparking a memory.

Julie Stevens England

TAUNTING SKY

It was like the sky chose them.
An inked lake of menace loomed above
daring to tip,
whilst beams of light pierced a way through,
but they didn't feel any warmth.
Winter always sent needles,
to scrape the embers of fire
in bodies unable to burn.

The call of snow was loud.
If it was there,
it was waiting.
Eyes blinded by hope,
expecting,
but sky mocked again
with pellets of misery.
Snow never surprised these days.

Julie Stevens England

SUN GLARE

It's like the sun captured stars
dripping them down pages
to words that glisten when found.

A dazzling blast of light
that twists and jolts these letters
into spark-filled eyes.

Her teasing warmth nestles in my hair
tiptoes under curls, where
thoughts are lying down.

I close the book,
let the pages drift
and rest with summer.

Julie Stevens England

ST REMY REVISITED

Once a decade, I go back to the village.
That's the plan. When I first picked up the sky
that swam with oils, stars pierced my eyes
and this fledgling forgot the houses in his
assumption of their reality. So physical

were they, in streaks of loose blocks
against that sea of the still. The church spire
embedded in nebulae or stroking the cheek
of a heaven born screaming. Ten years gone
by – I'd written a romance into St Remy

that naturally paled like milk alongside
the painting itself, the great treasure of sadness
long joked bloodily over. Shades practiced over
the glassy Rhône a year before explode all
over. I fail, again – but try, a little better.

George Sandifer-Smith Wales

IF NOT FOR THE LIGHTS

Caution: vodka, coke, and an elbow
to the face in the dance – cloth
bundled with ice. The smoking
section to check, share one night-

out segment. We've come to
measure these torpedoes in twenty-
minute units. Between bars don't
count, though losses do happen; one

overdoing it opening their gut
in a tactical spew. Another chasing
person-in-denim-jacket, definitely
the love of his life. Rewinding, ears

beaten in kebab shop white brightness
we are not lucky but trade little
victories. A Scots brogue perfected,
swearing my future wife

smiled at me, if not for the lights.

George Sandifer-Smith Wales

MIDNIGHT TO SIX MAN, FIRST TIME AT BARAFUNDLE

Ambling across cliffs made semi-famous
in an assisted suicide silver screen story
T and me roared the Clash to the tide and howls
of air cycling sink-holes, tearing at gull-sleep

at sixteen. Blackened tobacco nostrils, watery
eyes bloody August moon, we yelled at cattle
that if Adolf Hitler flew in today, a limo'd
get sent anyway. We did crush those lines

in our mouths too, I bet. I forget
the terror I can draw in on
my mother's face. All I've got
is the yellow mirror light

and the only band that mattered on Barafundle.

George Sandifer-Smith Wales

COMMON PRAYER SONG

Each of these puffed-up towers
holds a golden ministry
that I find scarring my palms.

While struggling to keep my grip
I raise my voice to these psalms,
head down river.

The chorus:
A quiet lay down in liturgy
Is the selfish wooden rest I need

Up late, crosses borne -
I find cities rising up.
I listen out for the horn,
raise the Sacramental Cup.

A brickwork of redemption
that only wonder will save
in books of resurrection
that I struggle to relieve.

The chorus:
And in the storm's electricity
I just need a bolt I can bleed

Do you forget those dark boughs
lashed together with blood-love?
Do I get to use the rhyme
or the books you won't allow?

The chorus:
Quiet lays the liturgy
Bleed the bolt dry

George Sandifer-Smith Wales

**THE SEVENTH QUARRY PRESS IS ON THE PRESTIGIOUS POETS
& WRITERS, INC, NEW YORK,
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**The Seventh Quarry Press has been recognised as a quality publishing
press by Poets & Writers, Inc, New York, and will be added to their
database of publishers.**

**Many thanks to Gayl Teller, American poet, for nominating
The Seventh Quarry Press.**

LOSING IS EVERYTHING

No man learns from success
It is only in breaking
Our faults are displayed

Each ambition, obsession, tension
A course, a discipline
Interrupted by fulfillment

The best day is always the first
The launch, premise, promise
Before entertainment, resistance, rejection

The impossible
Which the mind easily conquers
The world does not, nor should

There is still always a robin hopping and singing in the garden
The sun is hot
The butterflies visit the loosestrife

And there is too the postmortem
The mind now a newly honed knife:
The truth, the cause, the spark, the life

Alan Coren America

TUNE UP

The morning revs and stalls
Revs and stalls
The sun misfiring

We stay home
Do our chores
Then take the day apart

Put it up on words
And overhaul
Its clouds and flowers

Reset its dwell time
Change its points
And wait for rain's refrain

Alan Coren America

LIME STREET

Plastic chairs moulded into the wall.
Our voices became lost in the tunnel,
and blackness tubed each side of the platform.

I felt I was inside a brain with all the nattering
and prattle. Mother sat, allowed her day to
rest. Father walked about, newspaper rolled

under his arm like a map. People gathered,
inched their way to the white line as cattle
to a freshly filled trough.

Their voices louder than at the station back home
they all seemed to have more words to use
tongues slapped the silence as a whales tail on water.

The rails screeched as two eyes lit up on the bend.
Doors pulled themselves apart, feet jumped
off, others stepped on, luggage wheels mowed the dust.

We waited for our train, mother sat in the moulded seat,
father looked at the time, and I, caught in-between.

Gareth Culshaw Wales

THE BUS STATION

A cigarette lit, and pigeon shit this path is short.
Smoke in the air my fleeting hair clouds hold hail.
Shopping bags a smoker drags chatter drains.

Buses go by, then pigeons fly their voices fling.
Our eyes alert teenagers flirt finger flipped.
Fag ash flicked a nose picked sunlight pickled.

A bus turns up and a man leaves a cup, the tarmac cut.
People queue, dogs need a poo, teenagers pout.
Driver smiles, his teeth show miles, the bus is mild.

Child fed pigeon pecks bread I smell smokers breath,
The driver sighs, dog sniffs pies. It's home I pine.
The wheels turn makes me yearn for forgotten youth.

Gareth Culshaw Wales

REMEMBERING VINCE CLEMENTE/Edited by Peter Thabit Jones

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NEON PHARMACY

I know I've stepped on sands of beaches
hit on all sixes; shot the Chicago typewriter
mammy cradles Jazzbo to the living end
near the villa I kiss his warm lips,
tarot cards over dry lake beds
near Missouri tugboats
map my route
wings flap like coattails as
anchors fall from the sky
leaving their sailor moon
over the lily pond snowflakes mix
like neon pharmacy by the candy aisle
butterflies land, colors camouflaged.
in the backyard the dog gathers bones
to study archaeology
the sound of crab apples in the distance
lingers in the key of leaving
chopsticks click; once conjoined
the capo slides onto the guitar

Gloria Keeley America

BALANCING ACT IN WINTER

Trying to stay upright, on frost and ice,
slides balance from my confidence.
I realise we all struggle to tip
our heads, our heavy brains, forwards
in line with gravity: just enough
to remain vertical while shuffling
slowly forwards on vitreous trails.

Precarious paths lead to safe places –
refuges from painful hailstorms,
stinging eyes and brows.

Homecoming or home-building
allows access to heart-warmed shelters,
made of wood, bricks or straw,
and stable mangers –

rough tables raised to elevate
our thankful prayers: say grace.

Ceinwen E Cariad Haydon England

NOSTALGIA

Months ago, drawn to the Tyne's banks
to stretch and exercise my legs,
I saw a seal, miles from the sea.

Stunned, I watched her swim, and it seemed
she rose, twisted, dived – danced just for
me. Encountering this creature
conjured magic rays, penetrated
my senses to lift that dull day.
Meeting selkie, changed my schema.
More aware, I focus outwards
relish each swift second – and yet
I feel at a loss: unquiet,
longing for that fleet time, consigned
to the past, when she showed herself,
glistening, honking and splashing
in currents of rushing water,
my mighty, tidal River Tyne.

Ceinwen E Cariad Haydon England



POET PROFILE: RUSSELL THORBURN



Gabe Thorburn © 2022

Russell Thorburn is the author of four books of poems. *Somewhere We'll Leave the World*, published by Wayne State University Press, draws on the poet's own experiences while imagining fictional characters and personal heroes. In a previous book, *Misfit Hearts*, he chronicles the making of *The Misfits* through the filming-location photographs of Clark Gable, Marilyn Monroe and Montgomery Clift. *The Misfits* also inspired the writing of *Gimme Shelter*, Thorburn's one-act play, which was set to premiere but was postponed due to the pandemic. He has received numerous grants, including a National Endowment for the Arts Fellowship. He spent two weeks in the National Mojave Preserve as an artist-in-residence, the poetry written there was part of a three-month exhibition at the Kelso Depot Museum. He was the first poet laureate of the Upper Michigan. His radio play, *Happy Birthday James Joyce*, was aired four times on Public Radio 90, and was performed Off-Off-Broadway. For fifteen years, Thorburn conducted writing workshops in Upper Peninsula schools, funded by the Michigan

Council for Arts and Cultural Affairs. His current book of poetry is entitled *Let It Be Told in a Single Breath* being considered by Wayne State University Press for a future publication. He teaches composition at Northern Michigan University.

Peter Thabit Jones: When did you start writing poems?

Russell Thorburn: The thing is poetry began writing me. I couldn't escape the crumpled yellow pages I wrote on in cursive, often indecipherable today, as if written by someone else. I searched for something odd and strange built up in my soul, hoping I had found a piece of a sky or river, or the echo of a voice in a cave. I didn't know what I was writing. I wanted to fall in love and I thought that poetry emerged from the soul. Lonely and without shape or a life, I needed to fill in the dots so to speak, to determine who I was beginning with the fifth-grade boy who read a poem in class he had written: "My Trusty Rake." And it was funny. The class laughed. I was hooked. For a shy Catholic boy, I had found a superpower.

PTJ: What poets/writers influenced you as a beginner poet?

RT: This is a fluid thing, for time opens and expands what I remember reading. I can see the books on my desk: poetry of Charles Olson, Robert Duncan, and Tennyson. I spent hours in my room, paging through these often difficult poems. Through the reading of Henry Miller, I discovered French writers, like Blaise Cendrars and Apollinaire. I was moving on as a poet, leaving the American landscape behind on the page. But I always returned to America, real experiences as a hitchhiker and a sad young man. A final hitchhike brought me up to the Upper Peninsula, where I now live with my wife. I began reading more Jack Kerouac, Ferlinghetti, and William Everson. I still had an occasionally humorous poem, for I loved that instant response of laughter sometimes. But not all the time. I was stirring up language, that intellectual gathering of birds that scattered in all directions upon entry.

PTJ: You also write dramas. What themes interest you as a dramatist?

Movies are those startling places that become real and inhabited by quirky characters. I have always been a movie watcher. It was an easy progression to wanting my own bunch of characters doing something on the page. Movies like *The Misfits*, written by Arthur Miller and directed by John Huston, captivated me with their black and white poetic world of images on the screen. I visited Hollywood. My son worked for Warner Bros. at the time, and I wrote a noir out in the desert while on a residency for three weeks at the Mojave National Preserve. I used elements of this noir for my current one act called *Gimme Shelter* set in a bomb shelter during

the end of the world. We were at the end of the world. Ready for our premiere at the Black Box Theater, at Northern Michigan University, the pandemic arrived two days too soon and canceled our weekend. I am most interested in what's happening to us as a world.

PTJ: What are your thoughts on modern American poetry?

RT: I am always returning to Ferlinghetti, that high wire act of language one balances with honesty and heart. But I love the cannons fired off in Dylan Thomas, his bird imagery and characters, which ring true for me today. I read what is stripped down and real, not pretentious. I was in a *Respect: The Poetry of Detroit Music*. Edited by M.L. Liebler and Jim Daniels, these poems shout at you, whisper into your heart, and strum chords of Motown. So, M. L. Liebler, Jim Daniels, Peter Markus, Cal Freeman, and Diane Decillis. These are voices in my head. I came from the Detroit area, a boy growing up in the suburbs, and they sound natural to me.

PTJ: What are you working on at the moment?

RT: I just completed a book of poetry for the Made in Michigan Series: *Somewhere We'll Leave the World* was published five years ago by Wayne State University Press. This new book motors on where I left off but sweetens the sequence with love poems for my wife. In *Let It Be Told in a Single Breath*, the title of this work taken from a William Everson poem, I tramp through the snow, sift sands of the desert, leap fences at a rock festival, and stand at the edge of a cliff to listen to the music of Lake Superior. John Lennon, Edgar Allan Poe, Richard Brautigan, and Richard Manuel, as well as others, make their appearance on the page. I just sent this manuscript down to Wayne State, so I am still fine tuning and editing to some extent. I am also working up a book of short fiction. It looks at, and involves me as a character, Brautigan, Ferlinghetti, Ginsberg and Czeslaw Milosz, who read here at Marquette. I met each of them.

WANDERING THE YELLOW DOG

Jim Harrison wrote of the Russian poet,
Yesenin, who hanged himself after writing
his last poem in blood. Harrison was in debt,
unpublished, living on a hardscrabble farm
in northern Michigan, and back from Leningrad.
Everything's so fragile except ropes, noted
the poet once, who now tightens a noose
from moonlight and wears it round his neck

in my dream of him, like gray paraffin.
A little more than seventy, he hobbles,
using a cane to test spongy ground,
skirting the blueness of a rivulet
as it curves through heavy grassland.
He stoops for a black-capped mushroom,
his dream beard unshaven and unseemly,
like his one eye looking on faithfully
for any image that takes him to the far corners
of a sky drenched in an impossible blueness.
And the old poet wanders into Mulligan's Creek,
wading with blue-bottled flies, like sipping
good vodka for a second, his feet
sunk down into this wine of song,
waiting for a buzz to float away.
His deeply wrinkled face looks for what
can never change from that canvas
of blue, and he knows he will die
and no longer tread the earth
as he wades deeper into the clear creek.

IN JUST ABOUT TWO MINUTES JACK KEROUAC

hallelujahs to the sea gulls
when he drinks down each coffee.

The Indian waitress whose name is Lenore
offers Des Moines, Dubuque, in her refills:

his thumb extended like a hitching post where ravens
fly down to roost and squawk.

A jukebox dime plays North Platte
coming on fast as the boy rolls across America

and the waitress pirouettes Kearney,
Julesburg, Cheyenne in her dark hair

when she delivers his breakfast on a tray
and he pictures Four Corners when she drags

a cigarette from her left brown ear, his bill
slapped down like Kansas City.

Look at young Kerouac with a shirt his mother
ironed before he left the house

roll on from his own Lowell with his country
pack full of Boston, farms and rivers.

The boy knows he's always departing in his smile,
or arriving somewhere else with a sigh.

Salt Lake City he spins around on his stool,
hears giggling girls at a table from him.

But the midnight blue of a moon-soaked cloud
over Mariposa leaves Kerouac alone

on the diner stool, his hair black
as a night gone on the road.

BILLY THE KID IN THE LAVA TUBE

Far from New Mexico and familiar brown faces,
Billy the Kid crawled into the hole
and stood up for a hidden photo
in the cathedral light of the lava tube
here in the Mojave. The roots of the earth
above funneled a soulful glow around
his young unshaven beard bristling
from almost golden light. Billy the Kid,
fearful of corners, nowhere to escape,
a buck toothed killer, knew the sloping
bare backs of women, as he did
the drumbeat tight rocks of the arroyo,
and the tom-toms of the beating down sun.
Again he heard the silence in the hole
known as a hideout by those on the run.
His smile hardened like old bread,

but the hole was for a photograph,
a safe place to pass into legend,
his usually busy hands clasping a rifle.
The hooded man asked him not to move,
told Billy it'd be good for him to be underground
and to pose with death poking from a pocket
of his chapped jacket; squinting bloodshot eyes,
he checked for sidewinders, their rattling deity.
One bite would open heaven.

MESCALERO TERRITORY

His fever grew used to the soft light
in the barn, where rats were leaving

a string of marks on his arm;
the room he sensed was the place to die in.

A bullet in his belly, still his dreams
rose with him in the night's rafters.

He missed Paulita Maxwell's body,
out on the moonlit porch of his desire,

his outlaw kisses riding across her neck,
down through the valley of her legs.

He wanted to be Billy the Kid
in every word he said, his greasy voice

speaking to those bloated rats
eating their way toward judgment.

The last man he shot was Bob Ollinger,
sad sonofabitch jailer who'd mocked him

as young Billy. "Hey Bob," Billy shouted
back from his escape, aimed the shotgun,

and blew Ollinger's head off and rode away
on his stolen horse into Mescalero Territory.

Now, in the long cool shadows of the granary,
Billy felt the ground barreling away

out from under him when he stood up, lifted
one foot off the floor, and scooped up oats,

feeding his mouth, as if it were a cathedral,
to bless himself with bloody hands.

Writer's Notes on *Gimme Shelter*, one-act play

Inspired three years ago by watching Brian Jones play harmonica on “Not Fade Away” on YouTube, one of the first hits of the Rolling Stones, I began imagining the end of the world as seen from a bomb shelter in 1964. That's the beginning of *Gimme Shelter*. I knew I wanted Jean-Luc Godard to have a cameo role, too, after the premiere of his French New Wave film *Breathless*. I didn't expect all of the luminaries of my movie watching life to have such an influence upon the writing of this script—more like a screenplay than anything—and patiently allowed Marilyn Monroe and Gloria Grahame do their thing on my subconscious mind. But there was also Clark Gable and John Huston mixed in there—Nicholas Ray directing Bogart *In a Lonely Place*—and *The Misfits*. I can't forget the mysterious Mister Aldington either, or the hardcore detectives on their way to solve the case. B-movies from the Fifties like *My Gun Is Quick* from the typewriter of Mickey Spillane, or *Kiss Me Deadly*, with a nuclear explosion at its end, were tremendous influences upon me. But there was also the mother and daughter who more or less inspired these last minutes on earth in and outside a bomb shelter. They became the reason for me to imagine their apocryphal neighbor to pound on the metal door of the play and shout: *Gimme shelter*. For Godard to point his Cameflex Éclair 35 mm at the inhabitants of the bomb shelter and tell them not to move, for cinema is the most beautiful fraud in the world.

Russell Thorburn America

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THE UNFINISHED JIGSAW

The neighbours' girls helped start the jigsaw
that sat on a cardboard base on her coffee table.

The TV was never turned off, not even for guests.
She said she never saw anyone during the day.
Carers visited three times daily. Locals organised
a rota so she was never alone in the evening.

She stopped guests adding to the jigsaw
explaining it was for the neighbours' girls to help.

The china in the display cabinet gathered dust.
There were no books, no films, no music, no radio.
Marks from her late husband's oxygen tanks
remained on the carpet.

There were still two hundred jigsaw pieces
spread face-up, waiting to be joined.

Evening visits tailed off. Her list of ailments
rarely varied. She never asked after others.
She had no news. Gestured with capable hands
that had never knitted, sewn, baked or crafted.

The neighbours' girls revised, moved on to university.
The jigsaw's pieces were reboxed for the charity shop.

Emma Lee England

NARRATIVE ARC

Red, the spine of an actress's biography.
The first assistant who didn't just scream
and pass the Doctor screwdrivers.

Orange. An iconic Penguin.
Richly layered prose poems exploring
what it means to be black in America.

Yellow, a book with Beardsley's sinuous
ink and raven-haired women who plotted.
Pages now suitably sepia.

Green, the Virago spine and apple
contains yellow wallpaper.
A woman imprisoned.

Blue, a thriller from a pre-Katrina
New Orleans. Sheets of electric lightning
reviving navy uniformed ghosts.

Indigo. Two sisters go missing.
One returns to show her mother
that she can't get away with murder.

Violet for song lyrics on the darker side.
Before *The Murder Ballads*, images
of spiky handwriting in black ink.

For those on their daily exercise these
make a sign of hope in my window.

Emma Lee England

**Awarded the 2020 Korean Poets Society of America/
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**GARDEN OF CLOUDS/NEW AND SELECTED POEMS
by Peter Thabit Jones**

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SCHOOLBOYS

A scene from the 1970s

There are prefects, high-fliers and rugby firsts
but Form 2Y are written off as slow.

Four, and Kevin and Selby walk slowly home,
half-chatting, half in on personal dreams.
Kevin (who will one day be a bus conductor)
is memorising the times and stops to Magor.
He's got most of them now, up to Monmouth,
across to Newport, over the bridge to Bristol.

Selby is thinking of what the English teacher said,
that tomorrow they can do their newspapers,
and be the heroes of their own front pages.
He'll have the headline, *Boy Has Lots of Stamps*.
He's one of six, has sisters with boyfriends,
Army, overseas, and he saves commemoratives too.
Selby (who will one day manage a leisure centre).

From across the street, Jennifer, from their class,
waves at them, in the finger-wiggling way girls do.
They shuffle, nod, half-say, "Hi, Jennifer",
the moment sweet as honey.

Robert Nisbet Wales

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BAFFIN BAY: A BALLAD

A traditional game [in Greenland] to predict the future: drops of molten tin are tossed into the snow, and as they suddenly cool they take on a new form A wave shape means that changes are on the way; an anchor means stability.

(This poem is a rather sinister fictive take on what sounds a perfectly innocent and cheerful game.)

1

We anchored there, Upernavik,
Way up near Baffin Bay,
Where snow lay deep and the ice was thick,
And home was far away.

We kayaked the archipelago
Through the groaning packs of ice,
And what loomed up through the mist and snow
Don't ask for I didn't look twice.

'Let's pitch camp now, get the tent up quick
As night treads close on day,
For there's many a mind-bewildering trick
These arctic weathers play.'

All night we heard the hoar-frost blow
Like a cast of demon-dice,
For the sound it made was a sound I know,
And that knowledge had its price.

'O love, my soul's turned mortal sick:
Why should we longer stay?
For the wind's a howling lunatic
With fearful things to say.'

We'll press on, love, though my records show
The food can scarce suffice,
For there's one must pay the debt they owe
Now the reckoning stands precise.

Best raise your eyes from the writhing slick,
Best raise your eyes and pray,
Lest the Mariner's vile sea-beasts stick
In your mind's eye night and day.

'What brings that strange, that eerie glow,
What devilish device?'
Look inward, love: let conscience show
How kindred powers entice.

For there's times when fate's arithmetic
Takes over come what may,
When the dice rolls home with one last click,
And the Devil's the croupier.

2

Just North of here the games begin,
The games that now must wait
Till one or other party's sin
No grace can compensate.

It's our cleft futures we shall see
By that device foretold,
Our hissing fissile destiny
Spelled out in heat and cold.

Let each now toss the molten tin
On snow till love and hate,
Like cooling scraps, take shapes akin
To this our change of state.

The bonds dissolve, set atoms free,
Make naught of love's long hold,
As fire performs its alchemy
And fear distorts the mould.

Throw harder, give a different spin,
See how they skim and skate,
Yet still the count says wave-forms win
And anchors scarcely rate.

It's life and death for you and me,
Since you, if truth be told,
Threw one that skewed the augury,
Turned anchor as it rolled.

It's you must call diviners in,
Bid them haruspicate;
My task to check the firing-pin
And leave no more to fate.

For there's runes that augur what-may-be,
That leave us life-paroled,
And there's runes that hold the certainty
Of last hours unconsolated.

It's guilt that crawls across your skin,
So sailors' tales narrate,
Like water-snakes each with its twin
Black vice of yours as bait.

For take a look at the tin-debris,
Those portents new or old;
There's some are truth's own master-key
While some false tales unfold.

I heard that voice in the Arctic din,
No sound so desolate,
And read the runes till, deep within,
Your curve-shot told me straight.

Christopher Norris Wales

BEYOND CLOSURE, a novel by Val Norris.

Published by Cambria Books/www.cambriabooks.co.uk Price: £12.

‘We see how human emotions can be unruly and unpredictable and can transform the course of an ordered life’— from the book's blurb.

A superb read—Peter Thabit Jones

INTO THE RAINBOW

While people are dying,
we line up, wait our turn,
masked like Lone Rangers,
lifted from routines, strangers
hoping to block the virus. We can't,
with masks, stop the jokes we gift,
and laugh through our masks, waiting,
while three at a time get in for food.

Beneath windows working their mirrors
on the pink and white magnolia's sway,
a child has chalked a rainbow path to walk—
JUMP 3 TIMES— HOP ON 1 FOOT—
SMILE!— HAVE A NICE DAY!!—
Carrying my bundle, I go wading in.

Gayl Teller America

VISUAL

Visual images
on electronic screens
tantalize
young viewers
who do not understand
why they cannot have
the same things
as everyone else,
poverty parents
never able
to satisfactorily explain
inequality.

Gary Beck America

ENJOY THE SHOW

Enjoy the show
It's going on in Motion
It's your life
View the stars
Early birds and sunrise
Energetic chirping
Phasing out the night
With song of dawning light
No surprise it's bound to life

Enjoy the show
Masterful appearance
Of a river end
In freefall
To convergence it goes on
Submerging ever long
In the cyclic hydrosong
And soluble not gone
No surprise it's bound to life

Enjoy the show
The source is full and rich
Mirrored in the sea
Swell of all abundance
Hidden in the deep
Nutrients don't sleep
Feeding ever slowly
Microbial retreat
No surprise it's bound to life

Enjoy the show
Sunrays feed the leaf
The roots of every tree
Filter all obscurity
And giving what we breathe
Standing tall for you and me
And it's shadow has a place
Sharing food below the face
No surprise it's bound to life

Enjoy the show
But remember this is fragile
The workings of the natural
Begging for support
Harmonious in short
One sided not a thought
As the giver holds her word
And the role you play is heard
No surprise you're bound to life

Shane Kro Wales

COPYING MARY CASSATT

(8 March 2016, at the Metropolitan Museum)

The tall, thin, curly haired blonde,
with the aquiline face, wearing long blue Levi's
and a sleeveless satin blouse,
her bra strings exposed
as she daubs more and more dark blue
on the dress of *Lydia Crotcheting*
in the Garden at Marly,
Mary Cassatt's 1880 painting,
hanging on a wall of the gallery at the Met,
with many other impressionist works,
all, however, by men, not women.

Ladies walking by stop to photograph
this young woman with her mobile easel
set up with a box of colored tubes,
long brushes, and palette,
carefully copying the painting . . .

I, too, stop to watch, wondering
if Lydia and Mary are watching, too.

Stanley H. Barkan

EKPHRASTIC POETRY THEN AND NOW by Lidia Chiarelli



Lidia Chiarelli © 2022 Gianpiero Actis

One of the most interesting aspects of today's poetry is Ekphrastic Poetry.

The term "ekphrastic" originates from a Greek expression for description. According to the Oxford Classic Dictionary ekphrasis is an extended and detailed literary description of any object, real or imaginary.

In antiquity one of the earliest forms of ekphrasis can be found in “The Iliad,” when Homer provides a long account of the detailed scenes engraved on the shield of Achilles. In Greek literature, the relationship between art and poetry was examined by Simonides of Keos (c. 556 – 468 BC) who stated: “Ἡ ζωγραφικὴ εἶναι ποίησις που σιωπᾶ” “Painting is a silent poetry.” In Latin literature, Horace (65 - 8 BC), in his “Ars Poetica” said: “Ut pictura poesis” meaning “As is painting, so is poetry.” And Leonardo da Vinci in “A Treatise on Painting” states, “Painting is poetry that is seen rather than felt, and poetry is painting that is felt rather than seen.”

Ekphrastic poetry flourished particularly in the Romantic era; a notable example is “Ode on a Greek Urn” by John Keats. This poem is the description of a piece of pottery that the poet considers very evocative. He formulates a hypothesis about the identity of the lovers who appear to play music and dance, frozen in perpetual motion. Other examples of the genre were common in the nineteenth century and twentieth century. Let’s remember two particularly significant: Algernon Charles Swinburne’s poem “Before the Mirror” paired with James Abbott McNeill Whistler’s “Symphony in White, No. 2” and Claude Esteban’s prize-winning volume “Soleil dans une pièce vide,” inspired by the paintings of Edward Hopper.

But it was only in 2007 that a true literary art movement called **Imagine & Poesia** was founded by the poetess Aeronwy Thomas, (daughter of poet Dylan Thomas) with four other Charter Members (Gianpiero Actis, Lidia Chiarelli, Silvana Gatti e Sandrina Piras) who believed that the power of the written word and the power of visual image, when joined, would create a new work not only greater than the parts, but altered, enhanced, changed and magnified by the union.*

On the stage of Alfa Theatre in Torino, Italy, the Manifesto of Imagine & Poesia was read in front of the audience on November 9th 2007, at the conclusion of the celebrations of the Dylan Thomas Festival of that year.

Within a few years Imagine & Poesia rapidly spread via the web where collaborations between artists and poets are published, as well as through international exhibitions. Today, the Imagine & Poesia’s Manifesto is translated in thirty languages and the movement includes hundreds of artists and poets from all over the world.

Since 2014, the annual e-book of Imagine & Poesia has been published by the Canadian publisher Huguette Bertrand and the President of the Movement Lidia Chiarelli. Every year the e-book includes many ekphrastic contributions from different countries. The works of Beat Generation poet-editor Lawrence Ferlinghetti and the American artist Agneta Falk Hirschman are part of the latest five editions.

The Ekphrastic Review is another interesting on-line journal devoted entirely to writing inspired by visual art. It was founded by Canadian artist and writer Lorette C. Luzajic who leads a community of writers and has an archive of thousands of ekphrastic perspectives in poetry, fiction, and prose. They have biweekly prompts and their circles network on Facebook to create more poetry, share each other's work, and bring the world together online.

In recent years moreover the Movement Imagine & Poesia has particularly evolved by carrying out a message of peace, brotherhood, mutual respect and cooperation between writers and artists belonging to different countries and cultures.

On the other hand - on a purely aesthetic level – ekphrastic poetry has conveyed an incentive to the development of “beauty”: beautiful poems combined with beautiful images, almost adopting as a motto the words that Fyodor Dostoevsky attributes to Prince Myškin : *Beauty will save the world.*

* Mary Gorgy: <https://imagespoetry.wordpress.com/immaginepoesia-now-and-then-by-mary-gorgy-fine-art-photo-by-adel-gorgy-long-island-n-y/>

Source:

<https://immaginepoesia.jimdofree.com/>

<https://www.poetryfoundation.org/learn/glossary-terms/ekphrasis>

<https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Ekphrasis>

<https://www.ekphrastic.net/>

Lidia Chiarelli (Torino, Italy). Artist and poet, co-founder, with *Aeronwy Thomas*, of the art-literary Movement Imagine & Poesia (2007). Her writing has been translated into several languages. Award-winning poet since 2011. Five Pushcart Prize Nominations.
<https://lidiachiarelli.jimdofree.com/>



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Zen Spring (30" x 24" Acrylic on Hard Board 2022)
© 2022 Carolyn Mary Kleefeld

TO THE FOREST NEAR THE LAGOON

(for John Larson)

O forest,
I pray that I may
shed the primate of me,
and become more rooted,
like you.

In the depths of
the world's soul I belong,
and from there
my creativity flows,
however the Tao orchestrates.

Carolyn Mary Kleefeld

2021

NOT LESSER CELANDINE

when the wind drops
I think I have imagined
the difficulty:

the coastline
uncurling makes the silence
roar a bitten crescent

wildflowers jewel
the threshold
of a rippling place:
that's one reason
why the ground fizzes
when I close my eyes

Alicia Byrne Keane Ireland

NOT YELLOW WORT

we are searching
for bodies of water,
 we are
searching for bodies to inhabit.

We are running late,
and running towards
slipped handfuls of sea.

In a photograph
any flower turns the dusk around

makes the air
nostalgic bee-wing blue-black,
so I turn my music up,
keep starrng myself
along the shoreline,

 keep remembering books
 and teeth.

Alicia Byrne Keane Ireland

THE WHY OF THE WAVES

A light touch
suffices for beauty –
a whiff of perfume
or a painter's final stroke.

A reedy note resonates in the soul
as it hints to a treasure-trove
like the Inca princess' call –
the key to music that opens the heart.

We honor nature as we live it –
find ourselves at the mountain's ridge
to behold the eagle's meandering
and gather the why of the waves.

Hayim Abramson Israel

THE BUSY MAN

The busy man's watch said it all –
a conservative piece, held tight
on his educated wrist.

He would look at the time
in the middle of a discussion.

Would this not give the impression
that his time was worth gold?

Hayim Abramson Israel

POLYXO REVENGES HER HUSBAND, TLEPOLEMOS, KILLED ON THE FIRST AT THE SIEGE OF TROY

Summoning
false furies
to seize and bind
the Queen –

Polyxo crafts
eerie magic
to entice
the arched
rainbow worm
from its
sky burrow –

charms it to coil
one end round

Helen's neck
and slither
the other over
a high branch
of a fortress
tree –

Polyxo and her
handmaidens
invoke
the power
of drowsing earth:

to stretch
sinews
and grab hold
of the trailing
piece of rainbow
cord to lynch
Helen –

who has been
compelled
into exile
by stepsons –

who has sought
sanctuary
with her
friend Polyxo
here on the island
of Rhodes –

Graham Allison Wales

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THE SEVENTH QUARRY SWANSEA'S INTERNATIONAL POETRY MAGAZINE

aims to publish quality poems from around the world. Poets from the U.K., Albania, America, Argentina, Australia, Bulgaria, Belarus, Canada, Catalonia, China, the Czech Republic, Denmark, Finland, France, Germany, Greece, Guatemala, Holland, India, Iran, Ireland, Israel, Italy, Japan, Korea, New Zealand, Nigeria, Philippines, Pakistan, Portugal, Romania, Russia, Serbia, Sicily, Slovakia, South Africa, Spain, Sweden, and Switzerland have already appeared in its pages.

Each issue features a Poet Profile, a batch of pages given over to a chosen poet. There is also a Books and Magazines section, which provides details and brief comments on received publications.

The magazine is a cooperating partner with Stanley H. Barkan's Cross-Cultural Communications publishing company, New York. The partnership has already contributed to the magazine being displayed at several prestigious literary events in America and the publication in the magazine of work by the late, Pulitzer Prize-winner Stanley Kunitz.

The magazine is contracted to The Poetry Library's (Royal Festival Hall, London) prestigious digitisation project, which ensures sample copies of the magazine are featured on its very popular website: regarded by many as the best source for poetry in the U.K. EBSCO (USA) archives digitised copies of each issue of the magazine. The magazine was featured in THE GUARDIAN, one of Britain's leading daily newspapers, in April 2006. It was also awarded SECOND BEST SMALL PRESS MAGAZINE IN THE U.K. 2006 by PURPLE PATCH (U.K.).

The editor has organised THE SEVENTH QUARRY PRESENTS poetry evenings. The first, at the Dylan Thomas Centre in Swansea, featured a visit by American poet Stanley H. Barkan. In its collaboration with Cross-Cultural Communications, The Seventh Quarry Press has organised several international festivals, which have taken place at the Dylan Thomas Theatre, Swansea.

The magazine is now 64-88 pages and appears twice a year, in Winter/Spring and Summer/Autumn.

UK: £4.50 per issue or £9 for a year's subscription (two copies). USA: \$15 per issue or \$30 for a year's subscription (two copies).

Further information at www.seventhquarrypress.com or seventhquarry@btinternet.com

PHOENIX

The crazy wind, desiring to possess the phoenix* of Big Sur,
Swept through the town last night.
In the morning, the town's people gathered and chattered.
The bird, the town's pride,
Lost one arm and plunged to the ground,
But are you all right?
My dad, with one arm paralyzed from a stroke,
Put two walnuts in his palm and squeeze-rolled them;
And spread the wings of a motionless phoenix.
Were you all fine through the night?
That night, while all slept,
Thunder and lightning, desiring to possess a pure soul,
Pierced a thin blood vessel in his brain, again.
My dad quietly prepared to bid farewells to his family
Who firmly believed he would rise like the phoenix,
His silence passed through scorching fire
And left a burning smell in his mouth.
Please stay well.
Saying it was too soon to mourn,
The relatives all left and my dad
Alone in his bed, said teary good-byes,
And I fumbled to find his feet and put socks on them.
The bird flew away in haste with his injuries.
Around this time each year, remembering those days,
The bird, without fail, comes back flying and sits down.

*A wooden sculpture by legendary sculptor Edmund Kara (1925-2001) in Big Sur, west region of the pacific coast of California.

Michelle Chung America



HOGSMILL, MIDDLE MILL

Across the Fairfield Rec, I pass
A disused pub, windows devoid
Of life and light. Approaching
Old Mill Lane, all is now still
Instead of the crash and churn
Of once working waterwheels.
Nothing to harness the river's
Endless flow; the old buildings,
Long since burnt low. Replaced
By identikit insipid Ikea flats
And silent halls of residence.
Along the approach to this
Somnolent, soulless place
Square and squat houses stand
Guard behind flimsy fences.
I pause on a dull, solid bridge;
There is much for us to learn.

O.T. Park England

FEEDING THE CROWS IN WINTER

They store sounds while asleep,
On branches as broad as a four-poster bed.
Tumble from the trees
When I appear on the path,
Cheer me with crow talk.
As glib as gentlemen at a barbeque,
They skip amid mince pies and cake;
A current flows beneath my feet.
The wind hammers at my heels,
Like a pack of whiling wolves,
A torrent enters like a thief,
I drip like a drainpipe.
Greeting hum in skin and bone,
A shawl to wear.

Ann Flynn England

AN EVENT RECALLED

An event echoed in her ear,
a wave hauled her back
to an orphan who illuminated a room
where figures in uniform worked.
The baby was given the gift of a name
that had a metallic sound.
When nurses bowed, a halo glowed,
lilting words lulled a special guest.

At noon the sun danced on the road.
A baby anchored in a pram
peeped at the world,
embodied the novel view.
An infant added a dimension
to a sitting room as pristine as a painting.
Wonder lingered in a mellow ambience,
elements merged into blood and bone.
A photo crowned the afternoon.

Ann Flynn England

ROSE

The apologetic rose
You sent me
I deliberately failed
To water

I watched the starved,
Starched petals
Bleed retribution,
Swept them in drifts,
Dead moths clinging
To parched velvet
That crisped
Beneath my fingers

The edges shed first,
An unfolded fist
Until only the heart was left –
A pursed lip, with its gold star
At the centre for effort.

Rebecca Lowe Wales

ORIGIN

I was born of water,
A succession of sailors,
Sea-salt in my blood and in my tears
I was netted onto sheets of sand,
Gasping with gills not yet accustomed
To the still air; eyes wide open and streaming.

I was never born to live on land,
My hands flapped uselessly at pens
And paper, curled furiously into fists,
And refused to unfurl themselves
For teachers, or preachers, or parents
Or any other source of rules,
Because I still remembered
What it felt like to be free.

My legs were not born to run, but to swim,
My fingers paddles through glittering pathways,
My eyes, the blue-green sea-glass of memory.

Only when it rained did I truly come alive,
For then my parched soul could quench itself
Upon the running rush of waters, the sigh
Of the sea as it tumbled, the sea-drench
That soaked my parchment skin,
That set me free.

Rebecca Lowe Wales

**Two Poems by Chinese Poet Yuan Hongri
Translated into English by Yuanbing Zhang**

THERE'S A MUCH LARGER WORLD IN THE BODY

There's a much larger world in the body
this is the secret that the ancient sages have told you.
Listening to the light pass through your body and play Guqin in your bones
noticed an old man, who was 30000 years old, sitting in a palace on the mountain's top.

There is an island in the depths of the ocean,
the goddess was so brilliant before the world had been born.
Her eyes will make you to forget the sadness,
for an instant, take you through those free and unfettered days outside.

05.12.2020

在身体里有一个更大的世界

在身体里有一个更大的世界
□就是古代圣人告□你的秘密
□听光□穿□你的身体在骨骼里□琴
看到一个老人三万□了坐在山□的一座□殿

在海洋的深□有一座小□
那位女神在世界□生之前就如此□□
她的两只眼睛会□你忘了□□
一瞬□□你穿越那天外逍遥的日子

2020.05.12

THE WORLD IS JUST A LIE

The world is just a lie,
truth is on the other side of the world.
We can neither see the light of time
nor know that everything is a shadow on the running water.
There is another me on another planet,
you have never been born or died.
When the maze becomes transparent, the door of time-space opens,
you will shake hands and smile with the giant in the heavens.
The words are both music and the epic of the soul,
telling you that the palaces of outer space are incomparably lofty,
as if they are as endless as the mountains of gold.

03.17.2020

世界只是一个□言

世界只是一个□言
真理在世界的另一面
我□看不到□□之光
不知道一切只是流水之上的影子
另外的星球上有另外的自己
你不曾出生也不曾死去
当迷□透明□空之□敞开
你将和那天上的巨人握手微笑
那□□是□曲也是灵魂之史□
告□你天外的□殿无比的巍峨
如黄金之山岳□□而无□

2020.03.17

Yuan Hongri (b. 1962) is a Chinese mystic poet and philosopher. His works have been widely published in journals and magazines internationally in the UK, USA, India, Mexico, New Zealand, Canada, and Nigeria. He has authored a number of long poems, including Platinum City, The City of Gold, Golden Paradise and Golden Giant. The theme of his works is the exploration of human prehistoric and future civilization.

Yuanbing Zhang (b. 1974), is a Chinese poet and translator, who works in Middle School, Yanzhou District, Jining City, Shandong Province, China.

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STRIDE PATTERN

It began with being
late, a run for the train
and hardly enough puff
to scare dandelions.

Getting from sofa to five clicks
took eighteen months of range finding,
begrudgingly trotting up paths
with slow steps and cola-thick spit
in fair weather and early light.

I needed to stretch before I noticed
the start of enjoying these open roads
and routes across my synapses' dirt tracks.
Holding level with the personal best
of yesterday's self, I'll drop a shoulder
and outstrip what was possible before.

Your mind's your gymnasium now, you'll work it out:
the talking to yourself is a sign of intent.
Kudos for all this keeping track on mapping apps
—man, did you even run if it's not been recorded?
You're long overdue the time of your life, to tear
through the tapes of collywobbles at the front door.
I'm telling you there's no finishing line.

Mat Riches England

SHOELACE

I swear you were taut before the latest
rush to inevitably-delayed trains.
Of course it's raining when this ghost packs in,
not even near sight of spitting distance
from home. It's been a day worth forgetting.

You held on in there for the longest time,
strung up around the oxters of eyelets,
around the tree and down the rabbit-holes
to be locked tight round my index fingers.

One swift tug, then you're free and unmoored,
cutting loose, parting the ways, turning my fist
into a balloon wobbling under the sky.

Mat Riches England

MAVERICKS

you taste of cinnamon and fish
when you wish
to be romantic-
and the ciphers of our thoughts
make ringlets with their noughts
immersed in magic-
like mithril mail around me
stove dark forest, pink flesh sea
touchings tantric-
make reality and myths
converge in elven riffs
of music, so we dance it-
symbols to the scenes
of conflict, mavericks in dreams
that now sit-
listening to these pots and kettles
blackening on the fire

of rhetoric and murderous mettles-
before we both retire
to our own script.

Strider Marcus Jones England

MINDS AND MUSK

so now
we both came
to this same
branch and bough-
no one else commutes
from different roots.
me carrying Celtic stones
with runes on skin over bones-
and you, in streams
on evicted land
trashed ancients panned-
our truth dreams
under star light crossing beams.
in here, there is no mask
of present building out the past
with gilded Shard's of steel and glass
shutting out who shall not pass.
the tree of life breathes
a rebel destiny believes-
we are minds and musk
no more husks and dust.

Strider Marcus Jones England



**Fariba Mohamadian discusses her thesis
“Freudian Interpretation of Dreams in Dylan Thomas’s Selected Poems
and Rene Magritte’s Selected Paintings”**



Fariba Mohamadian © 2022 Fariba Mohamadian

Peter Thabit Jones: Please tell us about yourself.

Fariba Mohamadian: I am Fariba Mohamadian, from Iran and I was born in Shiraz, which is known for its literary history and Art. I am a graduate student from Karaj University, where I majored in Masters of Art in English Language and Literature.

While I was studying English teaching and passing an English poetry course, I decided to continue my education as an English literature major. I am interested in the Psychoanalysis and revealing the mysteries in works of art, particularly comparative and

interdisciplinary studies in poems and paintings. One of my goals is to interpret artists' dreams through their works.

My M.A. thesis, which took a long time, was on "Freudian Interpretation of Dreams in Dylan Thomas's Selected Poems and Rene Magritte's Selected Paintings".

Going on a journey to a mysterious dream world and not get lost in the maze of dreams has necessitated the observation of proficient leaders. The torch Dr. Farshid handed me illumined my path throughout my journey.

I was looking for an advisor who was a paintings professor who could advise me on the visual part. The process to issue professor Arabzadeh's certificate from Tehran Art University was both time and energy consuming, but his assistance was valuable. Unfortunately, because of social and cultural issues on physical attributes and their sexual nature, some of the poems and paintings were deleted.

I am looking for a PhD scholarship, because I have a proposal to interpret Dylan Thomas's poems and Rene Magritte's paintings by Roland Barthes's semiology.

PTJ: When did you become interested in Dylan Thomas and why did you choose him and Rene Magritte for your university thesis?

FM: When I was an undergraduate student, I read one of Dylan's poems in the library. One of the reasons this poet and painter have been selected is the presence of both words and images in their work. In poems, images are drawn from words, while in paintings images narrate the story.

Dylan Thomas' poems (1914-1953) and Rene Magritte's paintings (1898-1967) are regarded as their dreams in this thesis and are interpreted by applying Freud's ideas in *The Interpretation of Dreams* to them. It is argued that, these two artists express their dreams through words and images; therefore, I have attempted to achieve the latent content of their dreams by analyzing dream material details and their personal lives. Since they had sought to record artistically what they experienced in their dreams, occurrences in Thomas's and Magritte's lives, mental involvements and childhood are studied here. They have liberated their imagination from the prison of rationalism and conscious mind, thus, have given a visual and verbal presentation of their dreams in their works.

Exploring Thomas's and Magritte's mysteries in their works required walking into their lives to understand their artistic languages. Thomas's language is understood through reading his letters to his friends, and his interests, as Freud argues people carry things they liked into their dreams (Freud 71). Magritte's language is understood through his biography and influences of the horrible events in his childhood, which began with his mother's death. Furthermore, a surrealist movement and his poet friends influenced him. One of the theories studied is "all dreams are fulfillments of wishes" (Freud 171). Freud's theories have been applied to trace this matter in their works. First, obviously some dreams are wish-fulfillments, second they appear

unrecognizable, due to dream-censorship (Freud 551)

PTJ: What is it that appeals to you in Dylan Thomas's poetry?

FM: Some of Thomas's poems that he wrote at the age of 19 to 20 years have been selected and one of the reasons for this selection is the time span in which he wrote them, since dream worlds are closely associated with the waking state. Details of images delicately described in his poems indicate color, shape and materials.

There are some common elements in his poems and dream contents. These dream material elements are adjusted to the waking state, censorships, hence their reasons are elaborated to find the root of wish-fulfillment. Moreover, my research has utilized Thomas's biography and the letters he sent during that period to interpret the dreams manifested in his poetry.

In my opinion, translating his poems is not an easy task, because the poetic language of Thomas, while it is beautiful, has its own complexities. The language of poetry, like other arts, is the common language of all human beings. And reading Thomas's poems challenges the reader's imagination. When I started reading his poem: "All All and All the Dry Worlds Lever," it was etched in my mind, and I was so curious to understand him, so the result is this research.

PTJ: What was the response of your supervisor to your choice of Dylan Thomas?

FM: When I spoke to Dr. Sima Farshid about the title of my thesis, she was very enthusiastic and encouraged me to follow up on Dylan Thomas, his work and introduced useful sources. She suggested that I find an art professor as a supervisor for the painting part.

Going on a journey to a mysterious dream world and not get lost in the maze of dreams has necessitated the observation of proficient leaders. The torch she handed me illuminated my path throughout my journey and I would like to take this opportunity to express my deepest gratitude for her valuable input as an aspiring supervisor by giving me the courage to continue on this path throughout this thesis.

PTJ: Do you feel the poetry of Thomas would connect with readers of poetry in the Arab world?

FM: I do not know anything about the Arabic language or literature; however, I am quite certain that it may have had an emphatic effect on Arab readership. My language is Persian (Farsi) and I can answer this question about my language. Some of Dylan Thomas's poems have been translated and published into Persian. I published an article

about a version of translations and his poetic language in the *Iran* newspaper, which was well received by readers.

It is worth mentioning that the Iranian readership has made a tremendous connection with his images, natural elements, strong imagination and his tragedy, because we the Iranian readership are very familiar with these emotions and feel a strong synergy with it.



DYLAN'S BOATHOUSE

That close to the edge,
no dreams were small

but could rise and fall
on tides of sky

shifting the poet's
home on the hill

now silent as stars
or shouted by gulls

reciting flights
of wing-beat words

that once filled eyes
long since wept dry

as warned by seabird's
prophetic cries.

Jim Gronvold America

AUTUMN LEAVES: MILES DAVIS

That inner sense of freedom,
a natural balance
with an impulse
to preserve the day,
as the equinox
tilts from a window
with a view of leaves on fire.
The cycle of blues
in a public park,
the elegant air exposed
as fashions parade
with future notes on display.
The fields of funk,
his purity of sound
penetrating early morning streets
heightened by a full October moon,
an instinct for movement
travelling towards
a jazz of universal light.

Byron Beynon Wales

STRING THEORY

Kitte a fiddle for ancient folk
the *guts* of goats spilling onto the floor
possibly a Welsh word for who knows what?
In the slaughter houses the cows huddle
into the shadows

I remember once a piece of string
a thousand miles long with my father on the other end
unable to speak into the cup or hear those strange vibrations...

Catgut. Kit Gut. Sub mucosa for guitar strings -
stretched intestines scraped with a fat knife.

I put my thoughts into my pocket
for half a century or more
and pluck the strings

for blues and jazz
guitar upon the floor

where I rest my body now
and lay in the blood of slaughtered animals

no suture to stem the flow

Gerry Ray Wales

REGARD THE FALLING TIDES

The roosting seabirds on the gravel pits
regard the falling tides
& the huge moon in the night sky

At dawn a ballet of swirling catchers
seek oyster and mollusc in the wet sands
muddy to the foot and lugworms

that coil like letters in a pit –
who am I to call above the spindrift
the watery cuneiform of a wave?

Lapwing on the wetlands
the overlapping of space
and the scribble of dim tides.

Gerry Ray Wales

BLIND

And white-stick wise he walks, or guided by
his dog, whose canine cleverness demands
a trusting, loving heart, the noble high
intent his master's godsend, feeling hands
disclose the blind man's way across the street,
a mystic maze called life, where darkness reigns
to challenge him, and every sound can cheat
bold striving. Hearing magnified, he strains
to gauge the traffic's roar (from left or right?)
each unseen door a cruising bruising stop,
and would that men could share their golden light!
Each crowd a mortal danger, as clip clop
of horse confuses his modernity,
each day the same in perpetuity.

Peter Geoffrey Paul Thompson England

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FORTHCOMING 2022

Drama: *Under the Raging Moon/One Night with Dylan Thomas in Greenwich Village* (a Drama in Four Acts)

by Welsh poet and dramatist Peter Thabit Jones,
co-published by The Seventh Quarry Press and Cross-Cultural
Communications

Poetry: *Where Shadows Stir* by Welsh poet Byron Beynon,
published by The Seventh Quarry Press

Selected Poems by American poet John Dotson,
published by The Seventh Quarry Press

THROUGH YOUR EYES

No spoken language will enable me
to look into your heart and understand
how the blight that lived in summer waters
snared your childhood years and youthful plans;
no spoken language, yet sometimes one word
released a thought that crossed your lucid mind
and from your books of poetry we would read
the pathway to the day you so defined:
through your eyes we saw the streams of sunshine
through your eyes we saw the rainbow's rain
through your eyes we saw the brightness of pleasure
through your eyes the companionship of pain
A look into your heart will realise
that love is in the language of our eyes.

Jean Salkilld Wales

BOOKS RECEIVED

LOST COMPASS ON THE RIVER BANK by Mandira Ghosh. Published by Authors Press, India. Information on the book is available from www.authorsden.com Price: \$12. This is an engrossing and wonderful book of poetry about the city of Calcutta. ‘Mandira Ghosh has succeeded in giving a balanced narrative of this great city through her poems’—the late Dr. H. K. Kaul, President of The Poetry Society, India.

Editor’s note: Mandira was the Guest Editor of a Special Issue of The Seventh Quarry magazine, ‘Poets of India’.

THE FOLDED LIE by Christopher Norris (cartoons by Martin Gollan). Published by Culture Matters. Information on the book is available from www.culturematters.org.uk Price: £8. This is a powerful and intelligent new book from a poet who utilises all of his impressive skills to ‘undo the folded lie’ (W. H. Auden). Known for his use of rhyming schemes in his poetry, his assured command of them adds to the political force of each crafted poem in this collection. Norris’s poetic voice is essential for those concerned with this ‘age of anxiety’ (Auden).

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A Review of Caroline Gill’s *Driftwood by Starlight* by Jessica Newport

The Seventh Quarry Press, UK, 2021. PRICE £6.99 STERLING/\$15

ISBN 978-0-9935326-2-7

Caroline Gill, a Classical Studies graduate and former teacher, EFL tutor and Cataloguing Assistant was raised in London, Kent and Norfolk. She has also lived in Rome, Newcastle, Cambridge and Swansea. The final location on this list is prominent in many of the poems within this collection, and shows how Caroline takes inspiration from the landscapes she has resided within. She currently lives in Suffolk.

Driftwood by Starlight is Caroline’s debut full-length collection, but her poetry has been widely published prior to this publication. Her work has been seen both nationally and internationally, and includes a poetry chapbook titled *The Holy Place*, which was shared with John Dotson. Caroline has accumulated many awards throughout her writing journey, including First Prize in the General Section of the international Petra Kenney Poetry Competition in 2007 for ‘*The Figure at the Phoenix Mine*’.

I see no place more fitting to begin this review than with the opening poem: *The Serpentine Stile*. The reasoning for this is not simply because it opens the collection, but because it perfectly introduces the prominent themes that are to follow. These themes are the power and beauty of nature. In addition, the strong imagery throughout *The Serpentine Stile*, with wonderful similes and evocative personification lays bare the promise of song that will flow throughout the collection. I found myself compelled to read these poems aloud, because the songlike quality of the construction demands it.

Moving through the pages there is extensive repetition, a tool that Gill masterfully employs to both lend itself to the songlike construction aforementioned, and to solidify the points that she is making through her verses. An example that I believe perfectly embodies this can be found in *Raft Race*, a poem that speaks of the endangerment that the lesser-known Raft Spider is currently in. Gill repeats the opening line ‘What causes us to go on standing by’ throughout the poem, in fact it is only missing in two of the six stanzas. This repetition really heightens the sense of human selfishness that runs through the poem, the ignoring of inevitable destruction really arrests the reader. I could feel the desperation pouring from the page.

To take that last point further, I wish to speak on the effects that Gill’s words have had upon me as a reader, effects that I am certain her words will have on all those that read her work. I do not often make notes when reading poetry, instead I prefer to analyse my thoughts afterwards, but this proved impossible with this collection. Gill’s words are so thought-provoking that I found myself having to write my reactions as I read in order to clear some space in my head for the next inevitable sentiment. For example, when reading *Mount’s Bay* I had to pause to write down my reactions to the imagery that was flowing through the lines, imagery so prevalent that one can see the sights, hear the sounds, and smell the smells. We as readers often talk about journeying through the pages of literature, and this is no truer than with *Driftwood by Starlight*. Gill has so carefully and cleverly selected her words such as ‘the tang of lemon’ or ‘the pungent smell of a fried mackerel tossed in oatmeal’ that the resulting poetry comes alive in the most wonderful way.

Another poem that I wish to remark upon in relation to this point is *The Ceilidh House*, one of my favourites in the collection. There is prominent personification from the outset, indeed the opening line; ‘The peat fire crackles and burns with stories’ betrays what is to come. Words such as ‘music makes the embers tremble’ and ‘Hailstone tears pound the snow-flecked Cuillin’ prompted many a re-read of this particular poem, as I marvelled in awe of Gill and her creativity.

The final poem I wish to highlight in this review (although I could speak extensively

about all of them) is *Rhossili: Writing The Worm*, a captivating depiction of one of the most stunning locations. This poem is amongst the most absorbing that I have ever been fortunate enough to read. The words really do speak for themselves when describing the landscape, and the impression that lines such as: ‘When the morning mist disperses, leaving dew on mermaids’ purses and The Worm begins to beckon’ leaves upon the reader is both enduring and enchanting. I have visited Rhossili many times, although not recently, and yet this poem provoked emotions that I hadn’t appreciated that I held for this most beautiful place. As I write this, I feel compelled to visit as soon as possible, and to take my copy of this collection with me so that I can appreciate Gill’s wondrous words whilst surrounded by everything that she depicts. This poem is without question the perfect travel companion.

Simply put Caroline Gill is a true wordsmith. Her clever manipulation of vocabulary takes her poetry to such a point that it is almost a tongue twister. It is a pleasure to read aloud, and one will find oneself almost singing the lines, and most certainly reading with a smile. With a nod to poets of yesterday ‘They skirt the plots in memory of Shelley and Trelawny; and pound along respectfully past Keats, who lies in state’ I couldn’t help but ponder for a moment upon the thought of how many future poets will find themselves tipping their cap to Gill, her words are certainly inspiring enough to merit this. I cannot recommend this collection enough; it is one that I will continue to pick up again and again.

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**a new poetry book by
American poet and artist Carolyn Mary Kleefeld**

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CARNABY STREET

The sixties lost interest in themselves
As I sat in a Carnaby Street pub
Playing piano. Pints of bitter and halves
Lined up above my eyeline. The music
Was of that time and much like a young crab
Life moved over my fingers on the make.

It was all so easy too as I stood
Waiting for the last tube train but alone
On the platform while the music still played
In my head. Then a slow crescendo rose
Through the tunnel and I looked once again
At a silent future, thought how it grows

Without being seen, to nowhere the rail
Would take me till the nights cease and lights fail.

Ian Caws England



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LOOK OUT FOR ISSUE 36: SUMMER/AUTUMN 2022

**This issue is dedicated to
British poet Chris Torrance (died August 2021)
and to American poet Pablo Teasdale (died Sept 2021)**

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Christopher Norris, Shane Kro, Graham Allison, Rebecca Lowe,
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Russell Thorburn, Gayl Teller, Gary Beck, Stanley H. Barkan,
Carolyn Mary Kleefeld, Michelle Chung, Jim Gronvold

“The morning poet came early
like a worm waiting to be devoured
by very early birds hungry for words.”

from MORNING POET by STANLEY H. BARKAN

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