

# THE SEVENTH QUARRY



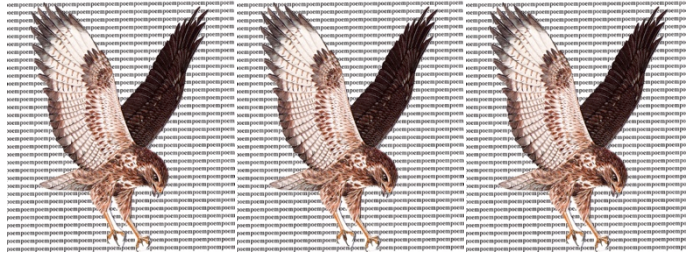
## POETRY

ISSUE THIRTY

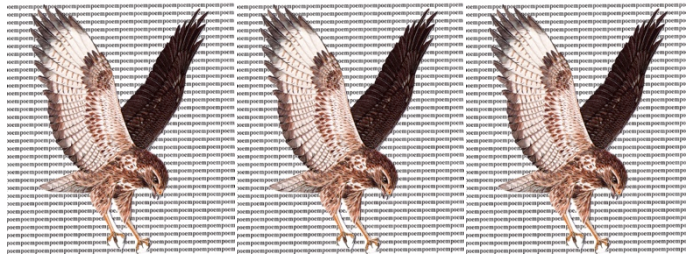
SUMMER/AUTUMN 2019

SWANSEA POETRY MAGAZINE

**THE**

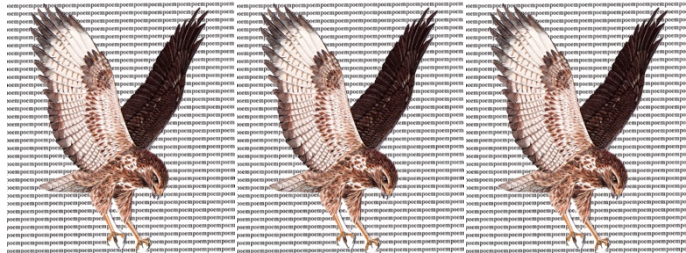


**SEVENTH**



**QUARRY**

**SWANSEA POETRY MAGAZINE**



**ISSUE 30**  
**SUMMER/AUTUMN 2019**

**EDITORIAL  
ISSUE THIRTY  
SUMMER/AUTUMN 2019**

This thirtieth issue features work from America, Canada, England, France, Ireland, Israel, Poland, Scotland, and Wales. It also includes a poem by the late Polish and Nobel Prize for Literature poet Wisława Szymborska, translated by Beata Poźniak, a Poet Profile of Korean-American poet Yoon-Ho Cho, an interview with Swansea novelist Val Norris, and work by Peter Lewis, the 2018 Americymru Poetry Competition winner.

The collaboration between The Seventh Quarry Press and Stanley H. Barkan's Cross-Cultural Communications, New York, continues into 2019.

The issue is dedicated to my beloved friend Aeronwy Thomas, daughter of Dylan Thomas, who passed away ten years ago. She is much missed by her family and her many friends. It is also in memory of Frances White, a dear friend of Aeronwy's, who passed away in December 2018. The Seventh Quarry Press published Frances's first book, *Swiftscape*, in 2015.

Many thanks to the contributors for their poems and to the magazine's subscribers for their ongoing support.

Special thanks to Vince Clemente, a State University New York English Professor Emeritus, for being Consultant Editor for THE SEVENTH QUARRY in America.

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 back cover.

Peter Thabit Jones, Editor

Consultant Editor, America: Vince Clemente

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[seventhquarry@btinternet.com](mailto:seventhquarry@btinternet.com)

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Contributors receive a complimentary copy of the magazine  
Please enclose a s.a.e. with submissions of no more than FOUR poems  
Poets beyond UK must enclose an envelope with International Reply Coupons

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PETER THABIT JONES  
(photo © 2019 Peter Thabit Jones)



VINCE CLEMENTE  
(photo © 2019 Peter Thabit Jones)



<b>CONTRIBUTORS</b>
---------------------

Fred Johnston  
Patricia Nelson  
Jean Salkilld  
Elle Brown  
Alyssa A. Lappen  
Gareth Writer-Davies  
Clive Donovan  
Grant Tabard  
Val Norris  
Robin Lindsay Wilson  
Griet de Jong  
Gareth Culshaw  
Gary Beck  
R S Stewart  
Tony Bailie  
Theofil Halama  
Carolyn Mary Kleefeld  
Richard Halperin  
David Pratt  
Emma Lee  
Peter Lewis  
Anne Evan Phillips  
Matthew M C Smith  
Jim Young  
Channah Moshe  
Yoon-Ho Cho  
John Dotson  
Stanley H. Barkan  
Hayim Abramson  
Victor Pearn  
Linda Opyr  
Wisława Szymborska  
Beata Poźniak  
W. Geof. Williams  
Christopher Norris  
Tomasz Marek Sobieraj  
Ian Caws

## **BETWEEN ZERO AND ONE**

Cyber-space is an empty frame -  
We're drawing letters, then whole

Words, phrases in that lack,  
Declaring ourselves by electronic

Innuendo, or appearing to, ciphering  
And deciphering, hemmed in,

Cornered by the heart's pulses to  
The finger-tips, the what-not-to-say

Beating like a spacer on the screen  
Of ourselves, the digitalised longing

Pressing on the Delete button –  
What can I save you as?

There is no folder secure enough  
We are not Password Protected.

Fred Johnston    Ireland

## **KILLING**

When it came it wrecked him,  
His sleep was nightmare  
He conjured terrors from a child-mind –  
He could not do the ordinary things  
He longed for airless dark.

Guilt murder-thick, a soup  
Of remorse. Days to get round it,  
Fading like a toothache,  
Gradual and stubborn, small  
White pills plying their trade –

Idiots tell him his art comes  
From this. Doctors say it's a lack  
Of some enzyme or other –  
One way or the other  
It'd kill you to see him.

Fred Johnston    Ireland

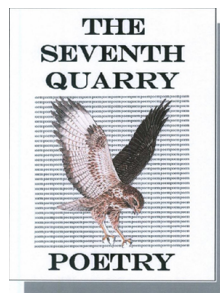
## TO MY MIND

Alice always, to my mind, is at a table  
Mapped with oysters, red wine and salad  
Talking when the others won't or can't  
A sound like water from a tap on a warm day  
In childhood  
                    And behind us, waiters and a lake.

It's a large room, the ceiling low and dark  
We've talked past the *entrées*  
Who introduced who to whom is irrelevant  
We are locked in a rare thing of conversing  
Like old friends  
                    Someone raises a glass, we stand

Alice rises, curving like a wand  
In the room's stiffened air  
There is a coming and going of dishes,  
Steamy slices of duck, beef  
Roast potatoes –  
                    And a rude door bangs far away.

Fred Johnston    Ireland



## INTIMATIONS

In this world, there is noise in the unlit trees  
like a sound of water, a sound that is everywhere.  
The day twists, and we twist, waiting  
for the light to scratch us open like a seed.

The glasses here are full of a dark drink  
with points of light, an ivy of lights,  
and we swallow gladly  
the sticky dance of light and dark.

We move at first on our lightness,  
our joints of silk, and when the jolts come  
palm or knuckles move without thought,  
suggest the grass below or the pane of a door.

There is also the strangeness of color  
like a scent, an excerpt of somewhere else.  
All that is real comes over us like morning.  
We are pliant in its light as new stems.

Patricia Nelson    America

## MERLIN AND NIMUE

i.  
She was beautiful, resting in her time,  
a summer stalking forward in a hide  
as temporary and as blatant as a leopard's.

She wore all that is beautiful and crooked,  
wafted like an odor, a flower's yellow scent.  
She was almost comic in her trickery, operatic.

Perhaps she could have worn a darker color,  
a costume signaling her greed, her contempt.  
Her fear of the Devil she held in her heart.

But, bearing stone and the whiteness of ash,  
she came, singing, to take it all, to hide me  
without a door in a monster's airless colors.

ii.

A stone is a space folded back on itself,  
a love or knowing folded,  
folded many times until it is heavy.

Wisdom is the darkened whale,  
pocked and bitten like the moon,  
waiting to breathe the light again.

Perhaps I held something back.  
Perhaps I have had enough of air—and beauty.  
Perhaps I will *be* the air, or beauty.

I might wash myself in another form  
and come to her when she is old and bitter  
with air around me and a blue light.

Patricia Nelson    America

### **FELINE PHILOSOPHER**

“Painting is a kind of mute poetry and poetry a speaking picture.” Jai Italiander,  
Ojai, California

I am not what you think I am, that  
furry fixture on an old armchair:  
still and sacred like a pharaoh’s cat,  
while eyes, bemused, surround me everywhere;  
Smile Now! the photographer called out.  
Did pharaoh’s cat, that symbol of dignity,  
wonder what there was to smile about,  
would smiling gain it immortality?  
I show my feelings in a different way  
from humankind; I wish it would understand,  
I growl, I mew, I purr from day to day  
or sit, like now, reflecting on all around.  
I know who I am, homely company,  
therefore I think and will purr in harmony.

Jean Salkilld    Wales



## UNTITLED

It is ugly perhaps:  
Cold, rocky, windy,  
The sand laced black;

But there is comfort in it too.  
In the solid line of it  
Beginning and ending and ending and beginning from sand to horizon through  
the steady beat of the waves.

The sky is so low, but not suffocating,  
Because you can see all of it,  
Reaching from here to nowhere, banded with dark hazy columns of distant rain.

We are always racing the rain here,  
Grazed bare soles which leave momentary glows in the solid wetness of the sand  
Even when it is too dark  
To search for pretty stones and shells (which are all the same here)  
Or to find the split rock pryzms of shine and depth and captured storm  
Or to walk the trails of mutilated rock which dip into pools and then stretch out to  
the steel grey sea.

They are cold those pools,  
Thick and green with moss,  
And if you stand on the edge of the rocks  
You can stand, almost dry, in the sea.

Here  
It tastes of salt and grit and raspberry ice cream  
And in its peace  
Nothing is still.

Elle Brown    England

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## ALZHEIMER'S

I feel myself a spine without its anchor,  
a rib, unbroken, but shifted from its place,  
a door unhinged and set loose like a buoy  
in a wide and turbulent ocean,  
permanently travailed by storms.

Our bed is half-empty and your own stalk  
withered and hunched prematurely within its husk,  
the kernels that once dripped sweet laughter  
now devoid of words, far less flavorful,  
with a different voice, not torpid, exactly,  
but unable to reach other ears,  
themselves untethered from their moorings,  
displaced and foreign to your brain, which though  
rarely, still yet rings with the laughter  
that best defines your character and face,  
the wry and biting wit that you  
so deftly lifted from disparate  
sources and melded into a clever phrase,  
a honeyed joy. Simultaneously the edges  
of your wide succulent lips turned up  
while your irises and eye corners  
sparked and ignited hilarity in any listener  
within your hushed range, who'd clearly perceive  
your gentle genius and artistic hands,  
the curious shape of mind, and crop of wild  
curls atop your overlarge commanding crown,  
what seems a few short years ago,  
when your muscular youth stood  
so uncomfortable in its own strength  
that you rarely if ever mounted nerve  
to speak beyond a mumble, audible  
to the few of us you'd so enliven.

I am lost, waiting for those gems  
ever-less likely to again gleam,  
rich with such subtle yet permanent  
watercolors that only you could paint.

How I miss you, my beloved still here,  
but not, and forever drifting further.

Now, your merest hint of a grin, faintest  
suggestion of a teasing look, mildest  
momentary wrinkle at your eye renews me:  
You see. I'm still here, 40 years on, at your side.

Alyssa A. Lappen    America

## **THE HERON**

there is something of the clerk about the heron  
quilled  
grey suited and patient as a pension

splaying his feet  
he balances the river (an intuitive calculation)  
and fishes

I have never seen him catch anything  
but every morning (at nine o'clock) he takes position  
on this long neck of water

perhaps that is his role

a reminder  
that though nature turns up each day  
not everything has yet found its true purpose

Gareth Writer-Davies    Wales

## **KNIGHT, KNIGHT**

*St Edmund's, Crickhowell*

by the altar  
Herbert leans on an elbow and raises a casual knee

swathed in rough chained filigree  
as if  
in a jocular moment between feud and combat

he popped into the waiting niche  
overcome by sleep

stone cold  
he lies  
like a rude memorial to the sudden coming of death

aslumber  
in his petrification of seven hundred years and two thousand sermons

he dreams  
of the sun rising upon the vasty fields of Agincourt

Gareth Writer-Davies    Wales

## **THRILLS OF CHILDREN**

When what we wanted was the thrill of adrenal rush,  
We entered the churchyard,  
Guarded from trespass of horse and cow  
By the rust-red death-dealing berries of yew.

But we could go! In this hushed place, in certain lights,  
The monumental angels became more than marble  
And what soft, rotten frights slouched, stirring from below,  
That scarred the map of symmetry  
Making the great slabs lean so?

And we discovered mysteries  
That even adults couldn't explain:  
Those creamy pebbles flung on stone to see the inner glow;  
What other could they be but haunted souls  
– Adamant ghosts in quartz jails, briefly jolted?

Playing hide-and-seek among the tombs,  
We spooked our own hearts  
And once I felt wet terror glaze my pants  
When I clutched a warm statue in the dark.

*Note: When a piece of quartz is struck or scraped by stone in the dark,  
the brief, eerie glow [which is not a spark] of triboluminescence can be observed.*

Clive Donovan    England

## **MONDAY**

*Galileo's 1616 drawings of the Moon*

Dimples beholden to light,  
a reflection of orange peel.

I can almost make out the face  
the peak of the nose,

the shadow of the right eye.  
a crest of lip, a sunburnt forehead.

A gravitational monograph  
within the vividness of the midnight oil—

six spherical bites, an apple that's about to fall  
on the sunless grassland of a patchwork Eden.

Grant Tabard    England

## **FRIDAY**

*Frigga Spinning the Clouds by John Charles Dollman*

Silently she weaves the hare's tail,  
so delicate her hand on the spoke spiral's

the clouds just pass by her fingertips  
pricked by a spinning-wheel's needle.

Her white hair is powdered with the brume  
of dissonant chords of an overleaping sky.

Gently she pulls at the veil's vaporous thread,  
her filmy stitch expands the world's waistline.

Grant Tabard    England



## **THE SEVENTH QUARRY SWANSEA 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, Philippines, Pakistan, Portugal, Romania, Russia, Serbia, Sicily, Slovakia, South Africa, Spain, Sweden, and Switzerland have already appeared in its pages. New York's Vince Clemente, as the magazine's Consultant Editor: America, ensures a steady stream of American poets.

Each issue features a Poet Profile, a batch of pages given over to a chosen poet. There is also a Books and Magazines page, 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 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.peterthabitjones.com](http://www.peterthabitjones.com)

**Editor: Peter Thabit Jones    [seventhquarry@btinternet.com](mailto:seventhquarry@btinternet.com)**

**Consultant Editor, America: Vince Clemente**

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## INTERVIEW WITH SWANSEA NOVELIST VAL NORRIS



Val Norris © 2019 Val Norris

**Val Norris** lives in Swansea, Wales, with her husband Christopher Norris. She is an Emeritus Professor in Materials Engineering at University of Swansea and was Welsh Woman of the Year 1998, both as Valerie Randle. She has run many distance events, including the London Marathon. Her activities now include volunteering with Cruse Bereavement Care, singing in the a cappella group Eclectics, writing, distance walking and yoga.

**Further information:** <https://norriswriting.com>

**Peter Thabit Jones:** When did you start writing?

**Val Norris:** I started writing some thirty years ago when I wrote my first research textbook (as Valerie Randle), followed over the next few years by four more. This was in addition to about 350 research papers. I was a Materials Engineer and a senior academic in Swansea University, and publishing was what you did to get on, so I did it. Looking back (I took early retirement five years ago) there was not a lot of joy in that sort of writing, although there was a considerable amount of creative satisfaction, especially when you held your own glossy, pristine book in your hands. However I longed to write a different sort of book; something outside the confines of my profession, something imaginative and unrestricted. A novel, in fact.

So just before I retired I started working on *The April Letters*, which I self-published. The intention is that this should be reissued by Cambria Books later this year under the name Valerie Norris. I followed this by writing *In the Long Run*. I sent it to Cambria Books, they accepted it straightaway and it was published last autumn.

**PTJ:** What is your approach to working on a new idea for a novel?

**VN:** *The April Letters* just appeared bit by bit in my head. I cannot remember how it was sparked; these characters simply visited me and told their story. I used to lie in bed at night and work on the plot, which quickly seemed to take on its own momentum. If I were to analyse this process, I would guess that the original ideas were a mish-mash of my own life experiences (especially the early parts, where I drew on my own girlhood) and vaguely defined issues that needed a bit of oblique catharsis. I had gone through the entire story nocturnally at least twice in my head before I started writing it down, and from there it went pretty much unchanged with only a little fine tuning.

My second novel *In the Long Run* also took shape in my head in terms of the main plot before I started writing it, and then the rest of it unfolded during the writing, which for me is always straight into the word-processor. In fact several satisfying ‘aha’ moments came to me during this process about neat little twists that I could include to enhance the overall storyline.

So, as you’ll have gathered, I’m not one for making notes before I write, except for getting the timeline correct. This was especially the case for *In the Long Run*, where the training build-up for the 1992 London Marathon and then the joy and pain of the day itself, and its aftermath, provide the framework for the plot. I fell

back on my own old training diaries to help with this, and of course get details such as the date and the weather for marathon day 1992 (warm and sunny). Marathon training is integral to the plot because it provides the reason for the entanglement of four disparate people's lives.

**PTJ:** Do you show a work-in-progress to anyone?

**VN:** Only to my husband, the poet Christopher Norris. In fact Chris has been not only a tremendous emotional support but also, because of his solid background in literary criticism, a real source of constructive appraisal and advice. While I was working on *In the Long Run* I read draft chapters out loud to him as and when they were ready. The first time I did this I was about four chapters into the book when I was feeling rather gloomy about it. It didn't seem to be coming alive for me and my confidence was at a low ebb. However Chris thought it showed great promise. After that my enthusiasm was rekindled and I hit my stride. Thereafter I read to him a few completed chapters at a time. Then when the first draft of the novel was completed he did a complete proof-read and tidying up job for me. And he can claim credit for the title.

**PTJ:** It's been said that if you give a character a problem, you have a plot. Is this true in your experience?

**VN:** I think it has to be true. Every novel is predicated on characters' problems and how they are resolved – or not, as the case may be. In *In the Long Run* two couples comprise the four protagonists, Kitty, Rob, Malcolm and Celia. Each person has their own struggles, which are exposed and brought to a head as the story develops.

**PTJ:** Who are your favourite writers?

**VN:** Recently I've discovered Erin Kelly, Donna Tartt and Elizabeth Day. I also like, for example, Kazuo Ishiguro and Muriel Spark. My 'comfort reads' are by Winston Graham and Elizabeth Goudge. But my all-time favourite novelist and writer is David Lodge. His collection of essays *The Art of Fiction* has given me plenty to think about. His novels always absorb and delight me completely. This is true of both the campus novels, to which I can relate at many levels, and others set in walks of life alien to me. I think we enjoy novels which occupy familiar ground, ground that's comfortable for us, but also those which give us a chance to explore completely new settings. For example *Memoirs of a Geisha* by Arthur Golden was a revelation to me. Similarly non-runners who have read *In the Long Run* have commented to me that it gave them a fascinating insight into the world of the marathon runner – but absolutely no desire to run one themselves!

**PTJ:** What are you working on at the moment?

**VN:** I mentioned just now that I plan to reissue *The April Letters* later this year. And the novel after that has been wending around in my head for a while. This time I plan to explore writing in the first person. I already have a working title: *Closure*. Watch this space.

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## TESTS OF FRIENDSHIP

we should have a frozen cliff -  
a strand of frayed nylon rope  
and an ice-axe working loose

we should have desert sand -  
a bullet-holed water-canteen  
and camels unable to stand

I should have a wound -  
you should be a prostitute -  
one of us becoming kind

I should have a kingdom -  
you should have a sword -  
both throwing them away

I should be broken down -  
you should have a pickup truck –  
the future – an open road

do you feel adventurous?

perhaps another time -  
when I am on holiday  
and your schedule is clear

the ocean welcomes us -  
the sunlight says it all

you have a mobile phone  
I have an e-mail address



we could easily stay in touch

Robin Lindsay Wilson    Scotland

## **BIG FRIENDS**

we were Hendrix degenerates -  
lay-about apprentice wasters  
sharing work-shy hormones  
between brass incense holders  
and burn marks on the carpet

we were council-house libertines  
dreaming of backstage passes -  
name checks rocking the P.A.  
and total access to all areas

we were baseline air-guitarists  
muck-mouthed innuendo angels  
while watching late night chat-tv -  
him aiming peanuts at my flies -  
me with smoke choked reflexes

we were last bus star-gazers  
drooling on each other's memories  
of dance-floor school girl grind  
then Sundays with the munchies  
and nothing but some Cheerios  
to slake the god of malnutrition

we were liars before and after  
I added up to a training scheme -  
him hiding a university prospectus  
under a tiny stash of Moroccan  
and his mail order subscriptions  
to Wrestler and Men in Uniform

Robin Lindsay Wilson    Scotland

## **PETALS OF AWARENESS**

Dewdrops on cobweb  
Scintillating in the sun  
Concerto of pearls

Griet de Jong    Israel

## **MAN WITHOUT FEET**

In the underground I met you,  
Stick and crutches by your side.  
You were cracking jokes around you,  
That was all I knew of you,.  
Did not listen to your nonsense  
Of good-natured, pleasant wit,  
Born I thought spirit bottled,  
A drop too many in the glass.

But you spied me,  
Crawled behind me,  
“Ah, good evening, nurse.”  
Delighted, poured your wit on me,  
They laughed, I smiled  
And read the book upon my knee,  
While your wit upon me fell,  
Kindly, folly, like a frill  
Upon a dark, too sternly dress.

Then from me you turned to others,  
Crawling passed the seat I sat on,  
On your knees in ragged trousers.  
Then I saw you had no feet -.

It was an oft repeated moment,  
Wherein pain and humour meet,  
Making great the vast unnoticed –  
In a common, human touch.

As I got out you said:  
“Good night, nurse,  
And God bless you.”  
Then to the others:  
“Wish she was my nurse.”

Upon my spirit too soon worn out,  
Dew drops of inspiration fell,  
Gentle blessing,  
Come to pardon  
This so cold, indifferent moment.

24.7.1945

Griet de Jong    Israel

### **PICKING UP LOST LEAVES**

The sunlight I once knew.  
That yellow light that crept over  
the slates and dripped to the tarmac.  
Garages with corrugated roofing  
that kept the snow from sliding.  
Houses with gable and hip roofs  
that now have a buckle of solar panels.  
The tree that reached for the sky,  
even stroked the clouds when we  
were small. Graffiti on the walls  
and swear words in the puddles  
of teenage spit from years ago.  
New neighbours with quiet eyes.  
Swifts that came for a generation  
now lost to the winds. The banging  
footballs that hammered away time,  
just an echo in the ears of myself.  
Moving back to a place I once knew,  
is like a tree picking up the leaves  
it lost in autumn, and asking them  
to belong again.

Gareth Culshaw    Wales

## **THE SHED WILL BE LAST**

The shed will be last to empty. Tenon saw,  
bow saw, hammer, bits and bobs. The sun  
never reaches inside, only threads itself  
through the thinning panels. Skirts of web  
stretch across the edge of things. The odd  
nail dropped like an ex, now left to be trodden  
on. Paint sits in the curvature of a tin.  
Brushes wait to dip and tickle the colour  
onto their bristles. The locks outside hang  
their stubbornness until they have the stiff  
feel of a key. Then the shed door yawns  
to reveal things you may think are not needed,  
but they need us.

Gareth Culshaw    Wales

## **SLEEP SENSE**

For thousands of years  
mankind dreamed  
before Freud and Jung  
told us what they meant,  
cleverly, symbolically,  
but no matter what they say,  
we don't feel better  
when we have bad dreams.

Gary Beck    America

## **FIRST COME....**

Fits of madness strike  
a consumer society,  
as retailers tempt  
swollen appetites  
of compulsive shoppers

desperate to obtain  
the coveted item,  
who stampede like cattle  
to snatch a bargain  
before someone else  
can get it first.

Gary Beck     America

### **THE AVOIDANCE PRINCIPLE**

If charted with care  
the avoidance principle  
steers you advantageously  
along a route with plenty of fuel,  
sailing you around the pond  
with people posing on shore,  
pointing with mild admixture  
at where they would prefer  
to join you in a calm  
and diffident foreground.

Do you wave or stare  
as the boat you've built goes round  
and round the pond?

Later, the clock, innocuous  
of passage, strikes still  
another pose just before dusk  
when the figures darken  
and merge with the sway  
of trees in the wind  
as the boat and you sail away

R S Stewart     America



## **BY POEM'S END**

By poem's end  
is the reader satisfied  
that the poet sought  
an achievement in altitude  
the paper could not provide,  
being too thin  
to sustain the center  
where wobbly words begin  
to overcome their reticence  
in some conveyance of thought  
the reader, by poem's end  
again, knows are not as taut  
as they were in the beginning  
after word by word  
the poem attained a height  
as gradual as the bird  
that alights on the nearest bush  
with a little persuasive sway  
of wind on its delicate body,  
and then flies away?

R S Stewart      America

## **END OF THE AFFAIR**

Your hair is flayed  
a chaos of curls,  
a lone tendril  
that scars a cheek,  
eyes dazed  
and gazing to some other place,  
a slow grimace  
as you sigh the memory from you.  
We part in the hotel car park  
and I am left  
recalling a night  
of Indian food  
and corked red wine,

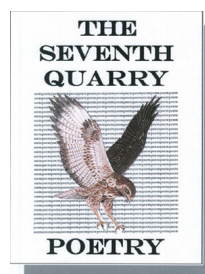
fumbled buttons  
and a crumpled shrine  
of sheets and pillows  
on which you splayed  
like a sacrifice,  
aloof from the scene  
you had already fled.

Tony Bailie    Ireland

### **BINARY AFFAIR**

Her pupils are tiny pinpricks of black,  
twin dark stars  
from another universe  
drawn into parallel orbit  
around our sun,  
impenetrable specks of diamond  
from which no light escapes,  
compact and dense,  
their gravity pulling me in  
to a place where time has warped  
and space is squeezed,  
where the din of city traffic  
has been compressed into a solar wind  
that carries me  
on an interstellar roar,  
flaying and helpless  
I am flung through her inner space,  
hurled out sobbing and bleeding.

Tony Bailie    Ireland



## JOY NEVERTHELESS

Sun exploded in our yard this morning  
took with him the grove  
and larger part of the pine canopy

Great miracle worker—Sun

\* \* \*

At dawn climbing the Himalayas  
heading straight into the forefront of puffed clouds  
this heart ignites  
(as a child might release a paper butterfly)  
shoots lightning bolts through the vast range of thunder  
after high noon

birds dare to sing Sun praises  
(pure lovesongs)

\* \* \*

Sun rests in the parched evening  
sad in the horizon of stars  
knowing only too well

the burden of death

for a new  
life

June 28, 2017

Theofil Halama    America

**Editor's note:** This is the last poem Theofil wrote before he died in November, 2017. His poetry book *The Red of Life*, edited and translated by American poet John Dotson, was co-published by Cross-Cultural Communications and The Seventh Quarry Press in 2014. Czech-born, Theofil had settled in America, where he married and fathered one son.



*Love Seed* (Acrylic on Hard Board, 30" x 24") © 2018 Carolyn Mary Kleefeld

## **GIVING BACK THE LOVE**

I listen to the echo of tides  
as they lap upon the shore,  
and find relief  
from the churn of love.

I fold my rawness  
into the silent treasure  
of an unspoken wave,  
giving it to the gods,  
feeling the release  
that comes from Nature,  
from being in cadence  
with an ancient dance,  
rediscovering peace,  
living as a free spirit,  
giving back to myself,  
the love that  
flowed beyond me  
to my beloveds.

Carolyn Mary Kleefeld    America

## **THE INFINITE VIEW**

O God that be,  
please release me from myself,  
from this karmic fever  
that possesses me.

I am being overcome  
both with ultimate joy  
and the struggles of entanglement.

Right now, in  
the thrash of these polarities,  
I let go of it all—  
the bliss and the struggle.

Yes, I let go of the localized clasp  
and let myself become eternalized—

at peace.

I gaze at the infinite view  
from the brink of the mountain cliff  
and let myself go into that expansion.

Carolyn Mary Kleefeld    America



***The Blossoming Winged Phoenix Bird of Venezia***  
(Mixed Media on Board, 12" x 9")

© 2018 Carolyn Mary Kleefeld

## TASK

Poems about deserts are not written in deserts,  
They are written in the mind which is a desert.  
I see a desert, auto routes running through it.  
There is a place of prayer somewhere distant  
And near it, which I cannot see, a large cross,  
Two pieces of wood crossed.

I remember in the Jordan desert  
Small white stone structures.  
Impossible in that dryness to know  
If they had been there for only a few years  
Or for thousands. But this is not that.

I see a desert. I throw a piece of blue paper  
Into it. I have changed something which  
I have received. That implies that I  
Am alive.

Richard Halperin    France

## FLIGHT OF AN ARROW

Andromache begged Hector not to go out to battle  
as they stood together on the walls of Troy.  
I was sitting in Greek class  
wet to the knees from the long bike ride.  
She pleaded with him, bared her breast in supplication.  
Then she held out the baby. The plume  
on Hector's helmet nodded, and the baby cried.  
He laughed, and put the helmet down,  
and hugged the baby to his chest.

That was when I understood  
that poetry could reach through time and tongue  
from one directly to another human heart.

David Pratt    Canada

## **THE LAST MONK**

In a monastery above the Aegean,  
they watched the last monk  
watering his tomatoes,  
and she turned and said,  
The future is for dreams, not promises.

He changes down a gear;  
the rear-view mirror's crooked,  
and as he straightens it, the evening light  
defines a new line in his face.  
If I put my hand on my heart, he thinks,  
it will come away smeared with blood.

When I flew to Limnos, she said,  
I was the only passenger,  
but the plane was full of goats.  
Eyes that are accustomed to long horizons  
in the desert, or at sea.

The car in front hits a small bird;  
its body bounces like a tennis ball.  
He runs over it.  
Like dreams. Like broken promises.

David Pratt    Canada

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David Pratt    Canada

### **I LIKE HOW ALL THE CIRCLES ARE DIFFERENT**

A husband looks at the new curtains  
put up by his wife. He knows she  
painted the black circles on  
the white fabric. Something about  
black on white appeals to her.  
He thinks the old curtains were fine.

The husband and wife return to discover  
her dog has chewed a notebook.  
Then realise it's the notebook  
he wrote his poems in. The only  
notebook he wrote his poems in.  
She keeps saying sorry. He goes  
for a walk without the dog.

He pauses for breath. A stranger  
leaves a gift of a notebook.  
All the pages are blank.  
He returns home. The curtains  
with circles still hang in the windows.  
He kisses his wife's forehead  
but keeps his new notebook in his pocket.

Emma Lee    England

### **THE CEDAR TREE**

The mature cedar dominates,  
blocking your view of the hospital  
car park and not stirring in the breeze.

You think of tree houses.  
One you might have built  
for your daughter and friends.  
Once she outgrew it,  
it would become a man-cave.  
You always had plans  
that I was supposed to action.

Not that I can do much  
while you're bedridden,  
except watch the drip.  
It brings peace  
and a sense of rhythm  
to a life disrupted  
by one tumour that  
aggressively became several.

I focus on your breathing,  
willing you to remember  
how to draw air in  
to fully inflate your lungs  
before gently exhaling.  
It's my job to feel  
the shallow rapidity  
of anxiety and shut out  
the voice that wants  
to talk to-do lists and plans  
while I'm watching  
you watching the cedar,  
knowing I won't  
be bringing you home from here  
where you took your first  
and will take your last breath.

Emma Lee   England

*theseventhquarrytheseventhquarrytheseventhquarrytheseventhquarry*

## **Americymru 2018 Poetry Competition**

It was a real pleasure to read such a variety of poetic voices among the submitted poems. Most of the entries pulled me into their worlds and kept me there for the duration of their unfolding. Many fine lines settled into ‘the larder of my heart’, to quote my dear American friend Vince Clemente, an emeritus professor and poet. As always, I was looking for a poet whose work revealed an individual and an original voice, something fresh in their offering of a compact and crafted use of language, a poet whose observations and feelings are brought together in a seamless way.

I was truly impressed by the poems of Peter Lewis, Peter Lautz, K. S. Moore, Paul Steffan Jones, and Michael Madden. They are all poets with a controlled array of strong writing skills and with very engaging approaches to their subject matter. It was a tough decision, but the somewhat delicate and yet deep poems of Peter Lewis are my choice for the winner of the 2018 Americymru Poetry Competition.

**Peter Thabit Jones**



Peter Lewis © 2019 Peter Lewis

## **WISTERIA**

It climbs unseen its muscular way  
to fall from above, tendrils  
into space like writing,  
searching searching  
the poetry of plant calligraphy,  
stretching the force of  
a plant yearning  
extending the force  
of green lines to  
trace vectors of benign  
neglect.

That force in groves  
of planetary need,  
that need to drive high  
the glory of wisteria kind,  
encompass trellis, enthrall house,  
envelope tree, butt against  
sky, fall at last  
with fine-sprayed rain,  
dripping dropping drooping groundward,  
claiming every sense that  
responds to this cacophony,  
that loves best when  
neglected most.

Peter Lewis    America

## **WRITTEN ON TOP OF MT WASHINGTON, NEW HAMPSHIRE**

From 6000 feet, a life could seem  
so nearly clear, it nearly  
follows the tumbled cairns  
leading toward the ridges' lilting haze.  
A route to be walked, not thought upon.  
These cairns just distinguishable  
from the natural jumble

of stones; so, assume that they lead,  
we, with delicate tread, follow.

To follow anonymous pyres of stones,  
afame with the greenest of lichen,  
(these slopes being the worlds repository  
of lichen) the crustiest mounts  
of fitted stone, disappear to reappear,  
as the flimsiest of certainties,  
provoking so compellingly, the urge to walk.

The urge to continue with little thought,  
the draw of the haze, to walk, to walk,  
but never to descend; why should some  
balk so, of life at sea level?  
Is it merely to continue with ordinary drivel,  
the life of little thoughts.  
To continue to wear at the  
intransigence of the real,  
that causes us to flow like water  
or snap like wood, to warp  
and contort our way about its boundaries.  
Grace settles when a place is found,  
then all too soon the skewing  
begins anew, and we are unfitted.  
And so, we move.

Wrongly placed in time and space,  
a social position rendered by the null,  
Like the lichen, I would eat into the rock,  
meld with the quartz, wear my way  
into the granitic real with the  
patience of microbes,  
until such clarity descends  
to the sea, the rough edges  
are polished to a gloss,  
and I wear my world like my skin.

Peter Lewis    America

## **A BROOM THAT SWEEPS**

A broom that sweeps  
shadows from the wall;  
the mist of fine cares.  
Fine feathered as motes  
avoiding the light's heart;  
A rag to wash memories  
with the antiseptic of  
bitterness, from mirrors;  
Wrappings of vines and tendrils,  
roots and slips;  
The core of what is there that  
cannot be painted with tears;  
How few things it takes  
to dress myself  
with closed eyes.

Peter Lewis    America

## **BAT LIGHT BY LITTORAL**

Bat light by littoral, bathing  
the stone's long ribbon,  
highest pitch of green-spread  
salt-weed foam  
frozen at the step of warmth  
when the lid is off the steppe.

One day one of the  
heat strife, come along from  
hot to cool, graze at ground level  
with hot breath and teeth  
do you stand to be,  
from toenail to hair length  
a lank drop of heat rash.

Do you come see  
the toe in the sand  
the fluke skim the bottom's  
top, a breath to shake

a different sediment-need,  
a salt tongued baroque  
with depth-wise theobor  
current crossed.

A pocket of jingle shells  
a black headed duck  
sleek cormorants split the  
surface above the surface  
below, toe tangled silts  
coarse and damp, the deep  
history of distant heights,  
beg one beg two  
untie shoes and kneel.

Quick like a crab intends  
its life, ready to empty  
its armor on the sand  
salt-rivulet route, cloistered  
dream naked in the tide,  
make this cratered wave  
life's path to the deep.

Peter Lewis    America

## **HER VOICE**

Her voice was the mockingbird  
at midnight, singing into  
the night sky, approving  
the bright moon.

Her voice was the hot cricket  
on the parched grass,  
unperturbed for all the sawing.

Her voice was the hidden vireo  
slipping wildly down the scale.  
Her voice was the climber of birches  
and his scratched knees and fast breath.

Her voice wandered tree tip to tree tip  
wandered pebble to pebble,  
wandered wave to wave,  
wandered creature to creature.

Her voice swept with the creek  
beneath the rocks, and  
emerged again from under the earth,  
a subterranean clean.

Her voice could call damp  
mud puppies to each other  
to be each other's best.

Her voice scattered crows  
with a thunder crack,  
burned the bracken to ash,  
all ash to passion.

Her voice turned rock to dirt,  
turned dirt to clay,  
turned clay to pot,  
turned pot to shards,  
turned shards to scattered  
thoughts, to scattered thoughts,  
to thoughts spread on  
a broad field beneath the  
moon, beneath the mockingbird  
singing with her voice, her voice....

Peter Lewis    America

### **CUCUMBERS GONE**

Cucumbers gone,  
succumbed to the  
cucumber beetle,  
scourge, carrier of the  
curcubit plague,

Peas gone, stunted  
by the refusal of Spring,



and the sudden hot  
onslaught of Summer,

Peppers gone,  
crabbed little green  
balls that sighed and  
shriveled, perhaps upset  
by the frightening example  
set by its climbing neighbors.

Tomatoes, oh my tomatoes,  
large and vigorous,  
stripped of every fruit by  
rapacious squirrels,  
oh my tomatoes,

I uprooted you by root and stem  
to refuse you to those  
tail-twitchers, those  
fence chewers, those delinquents  
nibbling Grapes and Romas  
and Better Boys,  
refuse them my efforts,  
my store, my expectations.

There are left only the carrots,  
thin, asleep yet, well hidden  
underground.

There I will pin whatever  
hopes remain, that there  
will be reward for effort, a proper  
end to the works and the faith,  
the seeding and the waiting.

See, I am pinning my hopes, turning away,  
I am leaving them to their own devices.

Peter Lewis    America

## **IN FALLING**

In falling the need  
is to notice,  
before the imminent  
demise of noticing,  
how little all things  
are, and what  
wonders are the  
little, before our  
lives fulfill the fall,  
the fall from noticing to  
unnoticed.

And then, there is  
always a then, as now  
and now and then  
we converge  
into the closest  
knit of heartbeats.

May we fall into  
a heartbeat,  
notice the push  
of breath,  
notice the noticing  
return to our center  
and fall inwards,  
always inwards.

Peter Lewis    America

## **MOCKINGBIRD**

The mockingbird no longer  
sings at midnight from  
the antenna lifted high  
into the bright fullness  
of the moon.

Who can say why or when  
I lost the thread of  
the unexpected spooling  
from my heart, my  
mockingbird creating  
each note, each run,  
each measure.

I lost the flight of each  
momentous change  
in each second, and watched  
the mockingbird leave  
bare the arms of an antenna,  
spare and useless now  
against a setting moon.

Peter Lewis    America

## **ORIGAMI BIRDS**

It was just like a collection  
of origami birds, each emotion  
folded and displayed,  
the rook of anger,  
the egret of disdain,  
the swan of patience,  
parade among the teapots,  
a circus train to be  
sampled and discarded;

today I'll have the confusion,  
tomorrow the dullness,  
then perhaps a strainer of anger  
and sweep it all into the  
jump drawer with the  
tape and elastics and pins  
and detritus of a life just held  
together..

Now let us fold this  
egret again, more stately,

more carefully creased,  
more able to stand on its own  
among the crockery.

This origami life, intricate  
and clever, the same sheet  
folded into year after year,  
waiting only an unexpected  
breeze through a window case  
to knock all into confusion.

Peter Lewis    America

### **POTTING TABLES**

Once more that poor dirt  
is blamed for all the sores  
and bodily hurts,  
when we are really looking  
out for a tendency to bump  
into life, bruise out our hips  
and stub our toes on  
the corners and legs of  
tilting tables.

This life needs a  
matchbox folder under a  
leg, a placemat to  
cover a burn, a little  
polish into the corner that  
gets the light, while  
the hips and toes still ache.

So where do dirt and tables  
meet in the confusion  
of life, but in the  
potting shed of course,  
where roots are jammed  
into pots, my root  
into this pot, yours in that,  
placed on this table,

in patch of light.  
Stub a toe, water a pot,  
wipe a spill from some tilting  
table's scratched and burned surface,  
that resists all polish.

And pot and pot with fierce  
fingers all hurts into  
damp mossy stoneware,  
to contain the spread of  
unstable tables and rooting stems  
into every room in the house.

Peter Lewis    America

### **SQUIRRELS TAKE TO THE SEA**

The geese flew north  
this November, crickets yawned,  
that change in the wind  
kept changing.  
The frantic woodchopper is  
spinning madly over the cupola.  
Crickets think "what's the use"  
freeze thaw freeze thaw.  
North in November..

The day had to come when the  
squirrels take to sea,  
the pigs leave their wallow  
and seek the empty spaces,  
searching for their pigness.

The day had to come  
when the four corners  
rounded their edges,  
slouched towards circle hood,  
each point like another,  
would that be entropy?  
When each thought seems  
like another,

begins and ends bleeding  
one into the next like  
a filmstrip of a man sleeping.  
Write on his final stone,  
he embraced entropy,  
while the squirrels,  
the squirrels fought like mad.

Peter Lewis    America

## **ROW YOURSELF HOME**

Row yourself home  
already, and take your  
fireflies with you, their  
cold green flickers trailing  
off behind your struggling  
form, catching crabs with the  
oars and rocking the boat,  
ungainly man.

Two birds in the bush  
will never make a living.  
Borrow against them,  
and seed the ground with thorns.

I left her on the porch  
smoking a Cuban.  
She was drawing a bead  
on the tiring form of a  
mourning dove in the thorns,  
struggling to take a crab.  
Shoot the dove,  
borrow against the crab,  
reseed the thorns,  
attend to your Cuban.

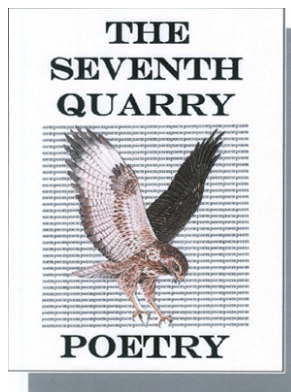
The smoke carries your prayers,  
as sure as rowing.  
The porch catches the  
current, sets the chairs

rocking, like so many elegies.

When you row with the  
current, you gain the illusion  
of control, over oars and crabs,  
bushes and birds, doves and  
cubans, and ungainly firearms  
that draw to the left.

A slight case of desperation.  
The smoke carries your  
prayers to the pawnshop.  
Borrow against your prayer,  
redeem the crab,  
ransom the dove,  
ship the oars, spit in the water,  
sit spinning lazily, waiting in the wind,  
waiting in the wind,  
waiting in the wind.

Peter Lewis    America



*theseventhquarrytheseventhquarrytheseventhquarrytheseventhquarry*

## THE BANKS OF THE DWYFOR

are greyed out from green like the pebble she rolls in her palm.  
Clouds wrap around the peaks — her points of reference:

*Garn, Yr Eifl, Penllŷn.*

Her mountains are only

felt, wool, *brethyn*;

masses that absorb her shape.

She's lost.

The salt water's murky and  
winds to the violet slate sea beyond the riverbank.

Light clears a space.

Three swans dive.

One

faces the current

serene in the strain and pull

of tide

and undertow.

Anne Evan Phillips    Wales

## DRIVING TO DUFFRYN

there's no hint of fox  
just black mist breathing droplets  
compressing the car  
shrinking in on itself

on the weak bridge at Penmaen Pool  
the night throws rain like bullets  
the mist switches on streetlights  
off-on-off-on off-on-off  
at will

the passing farmhouses are dark  
too far from sight  
fog holds the surf  
but cannot conceal the wind  
that rolls it



so the earth still breathes

others come and go in the passing traffic  
only the ravens are constant  
sleeping ink like on winter branches  
where hidden owls call

Anne Evan Phillips    Wales

## **CARDIFF**

In the market I hear  
my father's accent my mother's tone  
sounding like home that is no more  
pork bacon lace peaches  
cherries apples haddock  
gerbera green chrysanthemums sherbet lemons  
dried pink papaya diesel  
scent this grey summer sky  
the river runs clear to the stadium  
bubbles float in the sun showers carrying  
red wine garlic roast coffee  
and the old tobacconist  
in the arcade with my father's cigars boxed  
in scented plywood

this city  
mine for the weekend  
drink cocktails on the steak night air  
warmed by patio heaters  
and on my way home to a temporary bed  
that prostitute feeling under the railway arches  
when the rain drips through girders  
while the train rolls overhead  
this city mine  
for the weekend

Anne Evan Phillips    Wales

*theseventhquarrytheseventhquarrytheseventhquarrytheseventhquarry*

## **AEONS**

Mortal body speeds  
in photons on solar winds  
searing long web of ever-dark  
with eternity's fire  
burning through sphere  
a reverie of bliss  
in perishing abyss  
heading forever  
through vast enormities  
bejewelled immensities  
blazing through aeons  
with time ever-yielding  
as light itself

You wake in midnight blue  
sweat cold at the end of a bed  
in time suspended  
and see this animal  
your haggard shape  
crouched before the mirror

Matthew M C Smith    Wales

## **EAGLE**

Peak-hunter, plunger of cliffs  
gliding over ridges of dawn  
in speed on leagues  
of wind and wave  
sight sharp ablaze  
as rings of fire  
consuming light  
spiriting prey  
in foothill mists  
and ascending  
spirals of dusk  
a spectre before night

Matthew M C Smith    Wales

## **IN MEMORIAM**

Your poem at midnight.

And here I tread softly, dare intrude;  
but it hurt,

your poem hurt me.

How dare I say that! (I ask myself),  
for the hurt is yours.

The words undressed you,  
driven to your knees by the cold stone wait.

Midnight stole my words off yours.

Look, I have no right to these tears;  
here, take them

for your child's limp flowers,  
the lily's dew.

The sun will be up soon.

Yes?

Come and sit quietly with me,  
and let me put my arm around you.

Jim Young    Wales

## **HAINAULT FOREST**

Her words took me  
to the forest

they showed me  
tall trees  
where she had fled  
the sapping drudgery of nursing  
wounded soldiers.

They pictured serene pastures  
where she had laid  
her bike  
taken a nap  
to forget

adhering and abhorring

ward sister's orders

She took me  
to the forest  
to awake to bunnies  
hopping in a circle

Channah Moshe    Israel

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**DYLAN THOMAS WALKING TOUR OF GREENWICH VILLAGE, NEW YORK** by Peter Thabit Jones and Aeronwy Thomas. LITERARY GUIDE. PRICE: £5.00 STERLING/\$10. ISBN 978-0-89304-997-3 (co-published with Cross-Cultural Communications, New York)

**THE POET, THE HUNCHBACK, AND THE BOY/DVD** by Peter Thabit Jones. DRAMA. Performed by Swansea Little Theatre actors. PRICE: £10 STERLING/\$20. ISBN 9780-0-9567457-7-4 (co-published with the Dylan Thomas Theatre, Wales, and produced by Holly Tree Productions, Wales)

**THE CARDINAL'S DOG AND OTHER POEMS** by Welsh poet Christopher Norris. POETRY. PRICE: £10 STERLING. ISBN 978-971-555-571-5 (co-published with De La Salle University Publishing House, Philippines)

**THE RED OF LIFE** by American-Czech poet Theo Halama. POETRY. PRICE: £5.00 STERLING/\$10. ISBN 978-0-956-74579-8 (co-published with Cross-Cultural Communications, New York)

**THE COLOUR OF SAYING/A CREATIVE WRITING COMPETITION IN CELEBRATION OF DYLAN THOMAS ANTHOLOGY**, edited by Peter Thabit Jones and Stanley H. Barkan (includes translations of The Hunchback in the Park by Dylan Thomas into other languages). POETRY. PRICE: £5 STERLING/\$15. ISBN 978-0-893-04928-7 (co-published with Cross-Cultural Communications, New York)

**SWIFTSCAPE** by English poet Frances White. POETRY. PRICE: £6.99 STERLING/\$10. ISBN 978-0-993526-0-3

**THE FAMILIAR ROAD** by Welsh poet Jean Salkilld. POETRY. PRICE: £6.99 STERLING/\$10. ISBN 978-0-9935326-4-1

**THE FIRE IN THE WOOD** by Peter Thabit Jones. DRAMA. PRICE: \$15/£10. ISBN 978-0-89304-358 (co-published with Cross-Cultural Communications, New York)

**MORE MISHPOCHEH** by American poet Stanley H. Barkan. POETRY. PRICE: PRICE £6.99 STERLING/\$15 ISBN 978-0-993526-5-8

**AMERICA, AERONWY, AND ME** by Peter Thabit Jones. PROSE. PRICE: \$15/£10. ISBN 978-0-89304-671-2 (co-published with Cross-Cultural Communications, New York)

## **FORTHCOMING 2019:**

**A PARTIAL TRUTH** by Welsh poet Christopher Norris

**THE LIGHT OF ORDINARY DAYS** by American poet Kristine Doll

**COGS TURNING** by American poet Jim Gronvold

**THE TRIAL OF MR. STONE** (book and DVD) by American poet and dramatist Peter Fulton

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**LAUNCHED IN MONTEREY, CALIFORNIA, IN JUNE, 2019**

**\*\*\*\*\***

**AMERICA, AERONWY, AND ME**

**Dylan Thomas Tribute Tour**

**Peter Thabit Jones**

**(with contributions from some of the Tour hosts)**

**In April 2008, Welsh poet Peter Thabit Jones and Aeronwy Thomas, the daughter of Dylan Thomas, crossed America, from New York to California, on the *Dylan Thomas Tribute Tour of America*. The tour was organised by Stanley H. Barkan, their American publisher and a poet, in conjunction with Vince Clemente, American poet and critic. As a result of one of their events in Manhattan, Catrin Brace of the Welsh Government in New York commissioned them to write the first-ever *Dylan Thomas Walking Tour of Greenwich Village, New York*, which is now available as a tourist pocket-book, a guided version via New York Fun Tours, and a Dylan Thomas Centenary (2014) smartphone version.**

**This book, in memory of Aeronwy, who died in July 2009, is a memento celebrating the tenth anniversary of the poetry-reading tour that saw her and Peter following in some of the American footsteps of her famous father.**

**Co-published by Cross- Cultural Communications, USA**

**and**

**The Seventh Quarry Press, UK**

## POET PROFILE: YOON-HO CHO



Yoon-Ho Cho © 2019 Yoon-Ho Cho

**Yoon-Ho Cho** was born in Changwon, Gyengsang-nam-do Province, S.Korea. He made his literary debut in 1963 by winning the New Writer's Award of the Korean *Jayu Munhak Literature*. He emigrated to the US in 1971 and has been published in numerous journals, such as the American poetry journals *Lips*, *The Paterson Literary Review*, the Welsh poetry journal *The Seventh Quarry*, and in Romanian and Polish literary journals.

He has published six books of poetry, including *Meet Like Wildflowers*, *Poet's Tree*, *You are Agonizing*, *The River Empties Its Heart*, *The Love of an Apple Tree*, and *The Light of Love*.



He received the 4th Gasan Literature Award in 1997 and in The Korean-American Poet Association honored him with their Literature Award in 2012. In 2017, he received the Honorable Mention for his poem “*Light of Love*” at the International Poetry Contest held by Italian poetry group Immagine & Poesia, Amici de Guido Gozzano, and Comune de Aglie in Torino, Italy.

He is the editor-publisher of *Korean Expatriate Literature* and *Bridging the Waters* in the USA.

## **MALL HAPPINESS**

Early morning in the bedroom  
I am happy  
that there's an ear  
that listens to my breathing.

During mealtime  
sitting across each other  
I am happy  
that there's a face to face.

While passing flower garden  
full of blooms  
I am happy  
that we could firmly grasp each other's hand.

Yoon-Ho Cho

## **LIKE WATER**

One drop  
two drops of water  
falling in a cave.

Water drops  
wear out a hole  
even on strong, firm rock.

What is weak  
and what is strong?

Like water, I too, shall show that  
softness wins over strength  
and conquers toughness.

Yoon-Ho Cho

### **THE STARS SHINE IN THE AUTUMN SKY**

To unburden its heavy load  
the tree calls for the autumn every year.

The leaves at the top branches  
and the leaves at the bottom,  
autumn equally sheds them.

As I unload all the empty dreams  
like the apples ripening  
on the leaf-less branches

My heart also  
ripens in crimson and  
the stars shine in the autumn sky.

Yoon-Ho Cho

### **AT LONDON PARK**

At a park in London,  
I recall a pair of ducks.

A male duck rushes to a female duck  
to feed her in her mouth  
the bait taken from the grass.

I guess the female duck  
feels a sweet happiness  
when she eats the bait  
received from her mate.

Like the pair of ducks  
who never had a quarrel,  
I want to build our happiness.

Yoon-Ho Cho

## THE SILENCE OF THE CRANE

The mountain where an eagle awaits.  
the crane flies with a pebble in its beak  
to muffle sound  
within the stillness of the deep night sky.

Making no noise,  
I will avoid the death of the night sky  
and crossover the mountain of suffering  
like the silent crane.

Night and day,  
I will hold a pebble in my mouth  
and fill with silence  
the careless words that pour out.

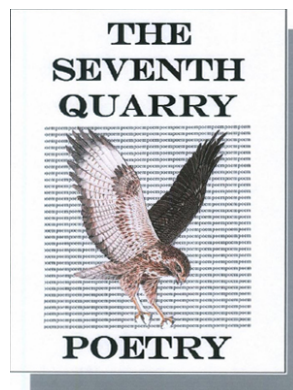
Yoon-Ho Cho

### THE LIGHT OF LOVE by Yoon-Ho Cho.

Inspired by a sensitive and diligent observation of nature and life, these striking poems are powered by beautiful sense-impressions and an effervescent use of language. This is a book of poetry that would make a wonderful addition to any bookshelf.

Available from Cross-Cultural Communications, USA,  
and Expatriate Literature, USA. Price: \$15.00.

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## THE WHOLE COSMOS IS MY BODY

the whole cosmos is my body

I am waking up to every birth without exception every scale of magnitude and  
environs

every death I will be dying today

in the shifting tides of the orderings disorderings through all particulate matters the  
organic tapestries

in sickness and celestial adversities

I attend the neighborhood crows warblers and woodpeckers as Dawn spreads her  
wings AlphaXOmega

orchestrally

the shock of breathing in/out draws close her hymns of gathering strength and  
imminent collapse

I am enclosed in the yellow marrow of the pine arising unto the eastern burning  
sky

above the crawling silences

aching now for my friends known and unknown as I might find them helpfully

containing what is uncontainable

and everything we now love is as we know eternally changing cloud masses  
rushing

over all our faces imaginable

with the newsfeed electrons and these holy places exactly as they are

the Earth is spinning faster  
the Sun appears as a single star providing  
generous options  
for us living things we are  
all offspring

John Dotson    America

## CHANGES

*"I am not done with my changes."*  
—Stanley Kunitz

Pumpnickel pushes open the door,  
mewing for attention  
as she heads for what used to be  
the scale next to where I am sitting.

The bathroom has been updated.  
Now the 1920's plumbing is out,  
and the new pipes under the tub  
and the totally new shower are in.

But the black-&-white small checkerboard  
tiles are still the same but added to the shower.  
And now there are mirrors on the door  
and facing walls, reflecting infinity.

But the large black & white scale has been  
replaced by a small white one, now tucked  
under the antique unit for books and toiletries,  
which Pumpnickel cannot sit upon.

And the old pine Mexican medicine chest—  
with its Tonalá tiles, faded silvering,  
and double doors placed over the original chest—  
has also, with new silvered mirror, been replaced.

Pumpernickel is set in her ways,  
not very good at adapting to changes.  
Now she just comes in mewling, looks around  
and leaves with her long, bushy tail up—swishing.

*(31 December 2004)*

Stanley H. Barkan    America

## **PUMPERNICKEL**

I am cat.  
Hear me purr.  
Soft and warm.  
My eyes green-gold.  
My hair long with swirls  
Of brown, black, orange, and cream  
Like bread—pumpernickel—hence my name.  
Come pet me!  
Now feed me!  
Pet me again!  
OK—stop  
Or I'll scratch and bite you.  
Now leave me so I can bathe.  
I lick, lick my paws  
To damp my soft-sculpted face  
Over and over again  
Until I'm clean, smooth and shiny.  
Now I'm ready for my 11th nap for the day.  
I do need my beauty rest,  
After all,  
I am beautiful.

Stanley H. Barkan    America

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## DIAMONDS

A diamond has seventy faces  
each with a different meaning.  
They stem from the Rock of Truth  
in intrinsic contradictions.

One aspect looks deep into the past,  
while another shapes what is yet to come.  
We can reconstruct whom we have been  
just like changing future plans.

The gem has divine light,  
a face of spirituality that endures.  
It is there  
as we look for its angle.

Our mind can devise hope  
even out of the crack in one facet;  
see a flower stem there  
to be carved with our care.

NOTE: The last image is from a Hasidic story in *The Maggid of Dubno and His parables n Edition* by Benno Heineman (Author), Feldheim Pub; n edition (June 1, 1978).

Hayim Abramson    Israel

## HOMELESS

“Greatest meeting of land and water in the world”  
Francis McComas

He’s been swept out of Santa Cruz County,  
Run out of town by the city council, the blue,  
Told to move, ASAP,  
South or north, his choice.  
He opts for Steinbeck country,  
Mack and the boys at the Palace,

Doc Ricketts Lab,  
Kalisa, the Queen of Cannery Row.  
An imaginary chance to board the Western Flyer,

A dream he's had ever since  
Reading Steinbeck's  
*The Log from the Sea of Cortez*,

A chance to ride the county's first  
Steam-powered railroad service,  
The Monterey and Salinas Valley Railroad.

Sit next to David Jacks,  
Talk in a Scottish brogue,  
Borrow money from him,

Live on his land,  
Dine on crispy crackers, Monterey Jack Cheese,  
Hoist a pint of Old Monterey Dry Ale,

Assume the role of Alcalde,  
Mayor and judge.  
Even though he's homeless,

He's educated, Harvard 1984, living off the grid.  
History follows him on a separate timeline.  
He's a modern-day Walter Mitty,

A dreamer, A vagabond, A toilet scrubber,  
A rehab hillbilly with a downpayment on death.

Victor Pearn    America

## **SOUTH OF OAXACA**

**"We can't make it here anymore"**  
**James McMurtry**

South of Oaxaca  
Near Puerto Escondido  
Vince's uncle, a Vietnam veteran,  
Offers his Mexican villa  
For soul repair.



After waiting for over a year  
He finally gets his VA disability check.  
Packs up his old van.  
Fixes a bagged lunch for his two kids.  
Heads for Oregon instead

Where he can afford  
A three bedroom apartment.  
His ex-wife in California  
leaves him hung out to dry  
like the prevailing drought.

He enrolls  
At Oregon State University.  
Sets his sights on a telecommunications degree.  
Wants to write his war memoir,  
Perhaps make a documentary film.

Discovers he's been a fall guy, a fool, a patsy  
In a colossal corporatist's take over.  
Regrets he'd enlisted  
In Bush's Iraq war.  
Starts categorizing his notes  
Into files of unspeakable truths.

Victor Pearn    America

## **KAIROS**

seeing without looking  
hearing without listening

knowing without knowing  
the moment within the moment

the immeasurable measure  
of sand shifting its silence

into sea, sea  
into silence.

We met there  
where there was no where  
when there was no when  
and you, not yet  
whoever you meant to be.

Linda Opyr    America

### **THESE ESTONIAN POETS**

*(Ristikivi, Smuul, Alliksaar)*

*for translator, Ylle Kahar*

have suddenly opened the doors  
thrown wide their windows

in words as foreign to my ears  
as the days they travelled.

They hold a chair from the table  
and ask only that I join them.

In memory and dream, *jah*,  
the mottled mirror, shared.

Linda Opyr    America

## **BOOKS AND MAGAZINES RECEIVED**

**SLANTS OF LIGHT: TRIBUTE TO WOMEN'S ART / *Inclinazionid di luc: Omaggio all'arte al femminile*** by Lidia Chiarelli. Illustrated by Carolyn Mary Kleefeld and Gianpiero Acti. Edited by Stanley H. Barkan. Available from Cross-Cultural Communications, USA. Price: \$10.00.

This is a bilingual (Italian-English) art & poetry tribute to women collection. It includes the works of 12 women artists—Rebecca Horn, Louise Bourgeois, Niki de Saint Phalle, Lee Krasner, Sonia Delaunay, Daphne Maugham Casorati, Georgia O'Keeffe, Diane Arbus, Frida Kahlo, Camille Claudet, Tamara de Lempicka, Carolyn Mary Kleefeld—arranged in calendar order January-December. The

poetry is by Lidia Chiarelli in both languages. Famous poets are quoted in the epigraphs, including Lawrence Ferlinghetti, Edward Lear, and Dylan Thomas.

**FOURTEEN MINUTES: SELECTED POEMS** by Tomasz Marek Sobieraj. Available from Cross-Cultural Communications, USA. Price: \$15.00.

The poetic voice powering the poems in this very impressive collection is that of a poet who sees, to quote the poet Gerard Manley Hopkins, ‘the dearest freshness deep down things’. One also senses a mind always aware of the mad and uneasy historical shadows below our daily living, the evil period of the Holocaust and other inhuman atrocities.

This is a writer whose sharp intelligence is evident in his matured vision, a writer who observes and controls his use of language in a careful manner. The result is poems that reward the reader with sensuous descriptions and striking lines that stick like burrs in the mind—Peter Thabit Jones

**EDWARD THOMAS AND WALES** by Jeff Towns. Available from Parthian Books. Price: £9.99.

*Edward Thomas and Wales* offers a fascinating reevaluation of Thomas’s writing. Bringing together for the first time the prose and poetry centered in Thomas’s ancestral land of Wales, it explores the ‘Welshness’ of Thomas’s work and of Thomas himself. The book offers us a context for the subjects, language choices, and tales that were informed by Thomas’s childhood visits to Wales, as well as giving us a new perspective on Thomas.

Origins fascinate people, especially their own, and Edward Thomas was no exception. With extracts taken from Thomas’s prose and poems, alongside a selection of key life events, the importance of Thomas’s Welsh origins and the ways in which Wales the place, its people, and its literature permeated his life and writings is revealed.

Peter Thabit Jones: This is an excellent book for those who love the works of Edward Thomas and who regard his familial and literary connections to Wales as all-important to his overall writer’s vision.

## PEOPLE ON THE BRIDGE

Odd planet and the people on it are odd too.  
They surrender to time, but they won't face it.  
They have methods to express their protest.  
They make pictures like for instance this one:

At first glance, nothing special.  
You see water.  
And one of its shores.  
You see a boat arduously struggling against the current.  
Over the water you see a bridge and people on the bridge.  
The people are clearly accelerating their pace  
because of a sudden shower blasting down from a dark cloud.

The whole point is that nothing happens next.  
The cloud doesn't change its color or shape.  
The rain isn't intensifying or stopping.  
The boat sails without any movement.  
People on the bridge are running in the exact same  
spot where they were before.

At this point it's hard not to make an observation.  
This is not in any way an innocent picture.  
Time has stopped right at this moment.  
Not caring about its laws anymore.  
Deprived of its influence on the course of events,  
Disregarded and spurned.

Caused by a rebel,  
A certain Hiroshige Utagawa,  
(a being, who long ago passed away  
as one would expect),  
Time tripped and fell.

Perhaps it was all a joke without much meaning,  
a prank on the scale of just a couple of galaxies,  
but just in case,  
let's add the following:

From one generation to the other it's very proper  
to highly appreciate such a picture,

to marvel at the image and be moved.

For some, this is not enough.

They go so far, as to actually hear the sound of the rain,

They react to the chill of the drops that run  
down their necks,

they look at the bridge and the people,

as if they saw themselves right there in that moment,

in that very same run on a road without end

To be travelled endlessly

And they are bold in their belief that this is how things really are.

Wisława Szymborska    Poland

Translated by Beata Poźniak from the original Polish poem, “Ludzie na moście”

**Wisława Szymborska** was the ninth woman to win the Noble Prize for Literature, and is still one of only fourteen female laureates in literature. Perhaps even more inspiring is that her reputation rests on a relatively small body of work. Asked once why she published fewer than 250 poems, she replied, “I have a trash can in my home.” That self-effacement was typical of Szymborska, who was often described as private and modest. When told she had won the Nobel Prize, she is famously said to have put her head in her hands and wailed, “Why me?” Szymborska’s diffidence towards having this honor bestowed on her might bear some similarity to the reaction by another winner, Bob Dylan.

In their award citation, the Swedish Academy answered Szymborska’s question by citing her “poetry that with ironic precision allows the historical and biological context to come to light in fragments of human reality.” Her poems may have been few, but they are unforgettable.

Beata Poźniak    America

## **NOTHING HAS CHANGED**

I was honored to be asked by the Hammer Museum in Los Angeles to perform a Nobel Prize winning author’s work from my own country, Poland. It felt very rewarding since many people from outside the small poetry circles haven’t much heard about her or her work. After the event was announced, there started to be

excitement about the fact that for the first time the Hammer Museum was putting on an event about a foreigner. Hearing that - for someone like me, an immigrant - it really felt like a huge honor and a very special moment considering what is happening in the world today.

Have times changed? Being an “immigrant”, an “alien”, an “outsider”, a “foreigner” - we all have been called different names over the years and tried to be defined in some way. “Alien” has been my favorite so far, since I imagined myself an extraterrestrial, an ET, and imagined that people see me as fictional being from another world, from outer space, especially an intelligent one. We struggle for identity and suffer displacement. We yearn for love, acceptance from our adopted Mother - America. Szymborska insisted that her poetry was personal rather than political. “Of course, life crosses politics,” she told the *New York Times*. “But my poems are strictly not political. They are more about people and life.”

To my surprise there was standing room only at the Hammer reading. The event turned out to be magical. Many months later I found out from the Museum that Rhan Small Ernst had been selected to be the Artist in Residence at The Hammer Museum. He was given the opportunity to browse Hammer’s audio archives and select anything that he would like to work on during his residency. Exploring the archive was like “going to an extraordinary produce section of a really smart grocery store. You are bound to find something in there that will make an incredible soup.” He selected the original recording of my performance of Wislawa Szymborska’s poetry. Rhan Small Ernst did his own remix for KCHUNG Radio and created an incredible poetry soup. He mixed my voice with Zbigniew Preisner’s music, who is known from scoring Francis Ford Coppola and Krzysztof Kieslowski’s films. He also discovered a composer and pianist, less well known to the American audience, named Kazimierz Serocki’s, a leading representative of the Avant-garde in modern Polish music.

His surrealistic approach to the poem gave him freedom to play with interpretation, find new word games and experiment with the vocal performance, examine dreams, mental states or bring repressed ideas onto the surface. The remix reflects the world we live in - and right now the world we live in is more chaotic than ever. February 1st was the seventh anniversary of Wislawa Szymborska’s passing. She was the ninth woman to win the Noble Prize for Literature, and is still one of only fourteen female laureates in literature. Szymborska’s work, although written so many years ago, feels current. Like many of her finest poems, it derives a great deal of its power from her narrative technique, a deceptively simple voice that uses

everyday language in an almost detached tone to deliver its zingers.

When I was growing up in Poland, during the chaos that resulted from the Gdansk rebellion, Szymborska's poems were a source of great inspiration to me. Her use of everyday language in striking, unusual ways, often had a twist at the end. The way her poems dealt with thorny political issues always remained personal and tender, rather than strident. Now that I have lived in America for decades, I find her words to be even more uplifting and thought-provoking as the years go by and just as timely.

### **Nothing has changed**

Beata Poźniak    America

**Editor's note:** Beata's film-poem based on Szymborska's "People on the Bridge" can be viewed via <https://www.facebook.com/PeopleOnTheBridge/>

### **"TWENTY-SIX"**

*The Farewell Waltz*

1:26 a.m.

Young paradise of embarrassed eighty eight black  
and white stars, full of life and light. They watch me,  
enjoying their own fullness  
and harmony of touch.

A peaceful-sleepy-dark chord holds my fingers tightly.  
Warm wind tries to escape, the dancing  
quarter notes leave,  
improvising a new pattern,  
simply playing hide and seek.

Breeze.

Surrendering.

A nocturne cries its name in the distance,  
a mournful owl.

Suddenly, in a flash  
of Marienbad my heart is drumming away.  
The rhythm is carried by its movement and sound.  
Fingers, toes are tingling still.

A bird that flies by

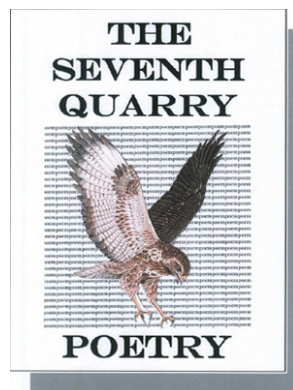
breaks the mood with two plus six repetition.  
All parts of my body are opening to a new song,  
a new symphony of thoughts. The music in me  
grows fuller as the stars fade.  
Disappear. I'm peeking out of my shell.  
The illusion fades away  
with the night. New sonatas of thoughts are born  
and ready for the journey.  
Dawn is just minutes away. Madame Sound takes my hand. I am.  
I am twenty-six years old.

Note: Marienbad is the location of Chopin's meeting with Maria Wodzińska,  
whose parents forced her to reject his marriage proposal. He was 26 years old.

Beata Pożniak    America

The poem was translated in 2016 by Sona Van and published in *Narcissus*, an  
Armenian poetry and arts magazine.

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## **MY POET FRIEND**

On the hill I met him  
deathly pale with  
something of the weakness  
of skimmed milk poor chap  
It's the poetry again  
that sees him walking  
the wet and witless days  
with the almost human  
moan of the wind dislodging  
drops the size of grapes  
from overhanging branches  
now that the storm is over

W. Geof. Williams    Wales

## **HE WAS HER MAN**

Dancin' Billy – in Company employ –  
danced on Bryn Offa as man and boy  
may he rest in peace with his scars  
and bruises cuts and abuses swinging  
to the rhythm of his grey suede feet  
a thousand echoes and a missing beat  
so blind as a lover in a close embrace  
using the sight of his hands to trace  
the echoes of his work and knowing at  
a glance there was a chance outreached  
his grasp to find what a heaven was for  
bought a ticket by default on a lightening  
bolt to the pearly gate and I've heard folk  
talking of his woman walking the darkest  
night to the morning light listening for Billy's  
grey suede feet and his scattered ashes dance  
by themselves to a different beat like the  
fire that still burns when the flames are out.

W. Geof. Williams    Wales

## **FLYING WITH WILD GEESE**

an unfinished poem  
with the words disappearing from the page  
to migrate into the watery wings of dreams.

Taking dozens of wrong turnings,  
unlocking door after door  
with the same cold metal key

I have finally got here.  
A shadow strafes darkening landscapes,  
the mastery of her wings and voice coming early  
just the one 'honk' fastened to the wind.

And hidden in a makeshift nest  
of tired climbers' fingers  
sweated drops of silver and gold  
remake a lost security

safeguarding the egg that one day  
would hatch a golden goose  
where with nothing to hold on to  
but the flower of a soul,  
my voice fades upwards  
from the speaking earth.

W. Geof. Williams    Wales

## **BEACH SCENE: MÉDUSÉ**

Beach scene, good colour snap, you in (I guess)  
Your mid-late twenties, head back, curly hair  
Like now, full-face to camera, your dress-  
Code enigmatic: necklace, sort you'd wear

For parties, skimpy briefs, a slight 'don't mess  
With me' look in your eyes, tanned top half bare,  
Breasts small and perfect, body language less  
A come-on or a keep-off than a dare

To boyfriend, husband maybe: 'sexy, yes,  
And necklace quite a turn-on, but take care,  
Don't blow your chances - no hope of success  
If that bold glance becomes a lengthy stare,

If lust turns dull with craving to possess,  
Or this, my self-arousal, fails to scare  
You off the very thought that I might bless  
Your wish. Plath said it: I eat men like air.

\* \* \* \* \*

That photo: my first sight of it, so not  
Quite up to taking all that stuff on board  
As if I'd been the guy who took the shot  
And there you were, alchemically restored.

Then it would mark some still-familiar spot  
Of memory that, with luck, might yet afford  
Us both – joint players in that well-made plot –  
A leading role. But as it is I'm floored,

Just hunting back for any handy slot  
To place it with the other fragments shored  
Against the sense of timelines gone to pot  
With that one raunchy snap. If someone scored

Back then it wasn't me; if you looked hot,  
Or up for it, my share of the reward  
Was to have her (you) teach me how I'd got  
To live with the idea that some new hoard

Of snapshots might turn up and bring to view  
Time-slices of you framed for me by way  
Of others' fantasies.

\* \* \* \* \*

Truth is, what threw  
Me most was how your image seemed to say  
Much the same things to me: 'be careful, you,  
My voyeur-lover; there's a price to pay

For ogling this, your extra-special *coup*  
*De foudre*, though you've come late in the day

To gawp at it. No doubt there've been a few  
Who gawped, and likely felt the thing convey  
Such scary messages, yet still came through  
Each time to all appearances OK

And keen for more. Still, best not live to rue  
Your back-projected thoughts of me or play  
The knowing analyst who takes his cue  
From just those details that, he thinks, betray

My one desire: to offer you the clue  
By whose unravelling you might allay  
Your doubts and fears. No chance: you'll join the crew  
Of carved-up suitors, end as easy prey

For curly-haired Medusa, or just do  
What that lot did – the guys who figured they  
Had me all figured – and so misconstrue  
The signs that your desires are led astray

At my least whim. Woe to the ogler who  
Doubts this or thinks of my *déshabillé*  
In that old snap as just a trick to woo  
The male gaze with my pleasing disarray

And tousled curls, as if to prove this shrew  
Well tamed. It's not his wishes I'll obey,  
Nor yours, nor anybody's in the queue  
Of my ex-fanciers who find they may

Have bitten off far more than they can chew  
By taking that old beach-scene to display  
Past intimacy. What they get in lieu  
Of me's an image that begins to fray

Around the edges once the *déjà vu*  
Effect takes hold and memory's *dossier*  
*D'erotiques* comes up with nothing new  
To tweak their nerve. So, if you hit the hay

With me and have no secret wish to screw  
Some 2-D revenant from *temps passé*,  
Then let this living flesh of mine subdue  
Your scopic drive and end her overstay.'

Christopher Norris    Wales

## PEOPLE WITHOUT EYELIDS

In this city  
people don't have eyelids.  
They are sentenced to look  
even in a dream.  
Wind squeezes their tears,  
through which they see  
pictures of the ocean,  
a big animal  
slobbering with foam,  
spitting seaweeds.  
And they  
sacrifice their bodies  
for him  
in a last will,  
and watch how the waves  
blur the footsteps  
on the sand.

Tomasz Marek Sobieraj    Poland

## SATISFACTION

The night subsided  
before dawn,  
semiconsciously.  
But still vibrating,  
blissed out,  
and dazed,  
by the frantic caress  
of a storm.

I looked at this  
with full admiration,  
swallowing aroma,  
severely erotic,  
of the morning scent  
by lake Er Hai.

Tomasz Marek Sobieraj    Poland

<p><b>IFEANYI A. MENKITI</b> 1940-2019</p>
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**Editor's note:** It is with deep sadness and a profound sense of loss that I share this news. Ifeanyi A. Menkiti, the beloved Trustee and Proprietor of the Grolier Poetry Book Shop, Boston, USA, and a wonderful poet and philosopher, passed away on

Sunday, June 16th, 2019. He was a dear friend of mine and he and his wife Carol hosted me at the Book Shop many times over the years, including my American tour with Aeronwy Thomas in 2008, organised by my publisher Stanley H. Barkan.

“Let this then be your understanding,  
You sons and daughters of the ancient stars  
That your home reaches beyond  
The earth which is your home.”

Ifeanyi A. Menkiti

*theseventhquarrytheseventhquarrytheseventhquarrytheseventhquarry*

**AN EVENING WITH THE SEVENTH QUARRY/SWANSEA  
POETRY MAGAZINE & THE SEVENTH QUARRY PRESS**

**SPECIAL GUEST: AMERICAN POET JIM GRONVOLD**

**PLUS SEVERAL SWANSEA POETS  
PUBLISHED BY THE SEVENTH QUARRY PRESS  
AND READINGS OF WORKS  
BY SEVERAL AMERICAN POETS**

**WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 16<sup>TH</sup> 2019**

**7PM TO 9PM**

**NATIONAL WATERFRONT MUSEUM, OCEAN ROOM  
OYSTERMOUTH ROAD, SWANSEA SA1 3RD, WALES**

**TSQ BOOKS & TSQ MAGAZINE DISPLAY**

**FREE ENTRY**

## **TURBINES**

Sometimes you can see them when the sun strikes  
But from where we were we could not count them.  
In the glare of each movement that a wave makes  
Was lost. We were too far to hear the hum.

We talked of the blades, could not watch them move,  
Just sky covering them like a blanket.  
Blue and silver the only things they gave  
With a far boat, a breeze arriving late.

Then they were gone though we knew they were there.  
Like our words we collected on the beach,  
The turbines stayed far out in the weather,  
Beyond our senses or the shingle's clutch.

Ian Caws    England

## **POSSIBLY SANDERLINGS**

They may have been sanderlings, all there was  
between where I sat and the deep Channel,  
the surf and I waiting for the first stars,  
wind and tide, light and dark and then the birds,  
too busy and too indefinable  
at a distance for me to be certain  
or they to be nervous. I think they may  
have been sanderlings in the twilit shades,  
urgent among pebbles, the sea's return,  
but I did not know. I hoped they would find  
what they were looking for and forget me  
as night hid them and cold tensed in the ground,  
as sleep where their images got tangled,  
shook them where the dust of life had mingled.

Ian Caws    England



## AT A BOOK LAUNCH

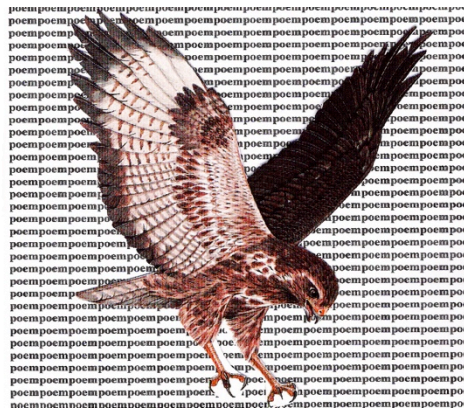
“Buildings, they have no blood,” said the author,  
“I think that’s why I can’t interpret them;  
That’s why in my books I may not bother,  
Let personalities carry the theme  
Of any arguments I can gather.”

In an eighteenth century drawing room  
I listen while an architect argues  
Though not forcefully, not leaving his name.  
“Whoever I meet it is their disguise  
I talk to, good humoured though it may seem.”

So walking in and out of old houses  
People have conformed to their surroundings  
Rather than what lurked behind their faces.  
And the author was left taking soundings  
Of his subjects who had left few traces.

And I will drink wine and buy the book,  
Sift stories as they sink into the walls.  
On these pages the characters will wake  
To new buildings made with different tools,  
Wait in the future, hidden in the dark.

Ian Caws    England



**LOOK OUT FOR ISSUE 31: Winter/Spring 2020**

**WALES:** Jean Salkilld, Gareth Writer-Davies, Val Norris, Gareth Culshaw,  
Anne Evan Phillips, Matthew M C Smith, Jim Young, W. Geof. Williams, Christopher Norris

**SCOTLAND:** Robin Lindsay Wilson

**ENGLAND:** Elle Brown, Clive Donovan, Grant Tabard, Emma Lee , Ian Caws

**IRELAND:** Fred Johnston, Tony Bailie

**FRANCE:** Richard Halperin

**ISRAEL:** Griet de Jong, Channah Moshe, Hayim Abramson

**POLAND:** Wislawa Szymborska, Tomasz Marek Sobieraj

**CANADA:** David Pratt

**AMERICA:** Patricia Nelson, Alyssa A. Lappen, Gary Beck, R S Stewart,  
Theofil Halama, Carolyn Mary Kleefeld, Peter Lewis, Yoon-Ho Cho, John Dotson,  
Stanley H. Barkan, Victor Pearn, Linda Opyr, Beata Poźniak,

“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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