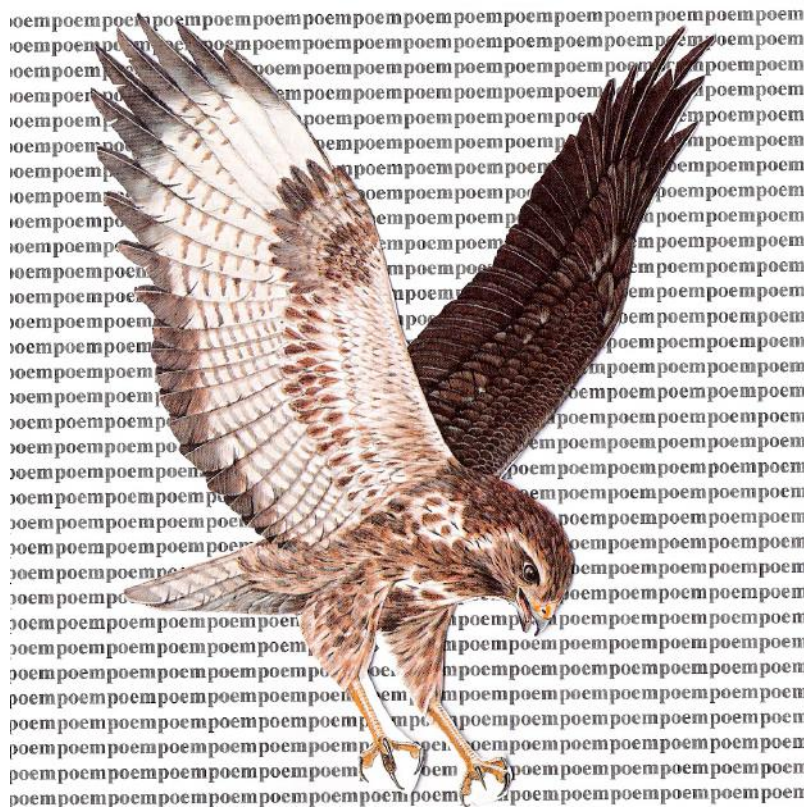


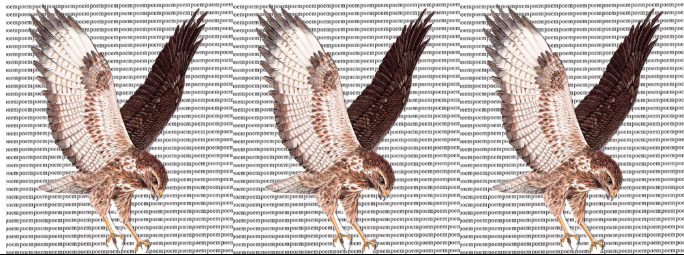
THE SEVENTH QUARRY



POETRY

ISSUE TWENTY-FIVE
WINTER/SPRING 2017
SWANSEA POETRY MAGAZINE

THE

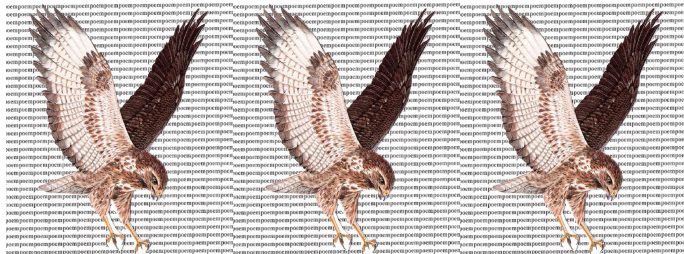


SEVENTH



QUARRY

SWANSEA POETRY MAGAZINE



**ISSUE 25
WINTER/SPRING 2017**

EDITORIAL
ISSUE TWENTY-FIVE
WINTER/SPRING 2017

This twenty-fifth issue features work from America, Czechoslovakia, England, Israel, Italy, Scotland, and Wales. It also features the work of renowned Belgian poet Germain Droogenbroodt, translated by America's Bill Wolak and Maria Bennett, and a Poet Profile of British poet Caroline Gill.

The collaboration between The Seventh Quarry Press and Stanley H. Barkan's Cross-Cultural Communications, New York, continues into 2017.

Many thanks to the contributors for their poems and to subscribers for their support. An extra thank you 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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Poets beyond Great Britain must enclose an envelope with International Reply
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PETER THABIT JONES
(photo © 2017 Peter Thabit Jones)



VINCE CLEMENTE
(photo © 2017 Peter Thabit Jones)

This issue is dedicated to Chung W. Bae, a leading Korean poet, and to Professor Gavril Ardelean, Ph.D, director of Satu Mare Branch of „Vasile Goldiș” Western University of Arad, Romania.

Mr. Bae, who was born in 1941, passed away on July 9, 2016. He was born in Pusan, Korea. He began his literary career as a poet in 1968 and published many books of poetry, including *15miles Northwest of Saigon*, *The Wind Drawn from the Well* (1977), *Birds Didn't Sing in Peru* (1999), *Bandoneon Cried for a Long Time* (2007), and *The Way Station on the Border* (2016). Mr. Bae was the recipient of several awards for his work, including the 10th Overseas Korean Literature Award. He was the founder and publisher of Global Poetry & Poetics, *Mijusihak*, and a president of Korean Poets Association of America. —**Michelle Chung of the Korean Poets Association of America**

I met Mr. Bae in Monterey and Los Angeles when I participated in events with him, America's Carolyn Mary Kleefeld, Stanley. H Barkan, John Dotson, and Yoon Ho-Cho, a Korean poet and publisher. Mr. Bae's work appeared in previous issues of this magazine—**Peter Thabit Jones**

I was saddened to be told by my dear friend Dr. Olimpia Iacob of the death of Professor Gavril Ardelean, Ph.D, director of Satu Mare Branch of „Vasile Goldiș” Western University of Arad. I was lucky enough in December 2009, thanks to Dr. Olimpia's many translations of my works into Romanian and their publication in Romania, after she had approached me with regard to translating my work, to be invited by Professor Gavril to be a visiting poet and teacher, a special guest, to work with students at the university. I was joined by Professor Robin Metz, an American poet and a dear friend, from Knox College in Illinois.

Robin and I were booked into a hotel in Satu Mare, where I had resided the year before and a place for which I have very fond memories. Thanks to Professor Gavril, we did creative writing workshops with groups of his students. Dr. Olimpia was present and she was very helpful during the teaching sessions. Robin and I had a marvelous time at the university.

I recall Professor Gavril Ardelean as an enthusiastic, kind and very welcoming man. His passion in the teaching and welfare of his students and his pride in the

Satu Mare Branch of „Vasile Goldiș” Western University of Arad, was very obvious to me and to Robin. I recall Professor Gavril telling us in his office of his desire to have more and more books for the university library, so that his students would have the best opportunities available to them; and Robin and I did donate some books to the library on our return to our homes, mine in Wales and Robin’s in America.

One of my books, a verse drama, *The Boy and the Lion’s Head*, translated by Dr. Olimpia, with an introduction by American poet and Professor Vince Clemente, and published in a beautiful production by Aurel Pop’s Citadela Publishing in Romania, was launched at the Satu Mare Branch of „Vasile Goldiș” Western University of Arad, whilst Robin and I were guests of Dr. Gavril. Professor Alexandru Zotto presided over the event and delivered a profound, revealing and quite extraordinary critical paper on my verse drama, which was later published in Romania. Some of the drama students also performed extracts from the verse drama in English and I answered some of their very interesting questions. I can remember feeling very proud and humbled by the day and one, to quote my dear friend Professor Vince Clemente, I will ‘keep in the larder of the heart’ forever.

As someone who taught at Swansea University for twenty-two years, I know that the best recommendation for a university is the quality of its students and it is to Dr. Gavril’s directorship, his credit and his vision that my experience of students at Satu Mare Branch of „Vasile Goldiș” Western University of Arad, was of diligent, polite, kind and enthusiastic young people. Robin and I had the chance to meet some of them socially for coffees and conversations and I have remained in contact with some to this day on social media. As for Satu Mare, I have a lasting love for the place and I recall with affection my and Robin’s appearance on television from the local television studio and also our participation as poets in a live variety show, which included young ballroom dancers, singers and other talented people.

I first visited Satu Mare in 2008, at the invitation of Dr. Olimpia, whom I got to know when I met the renowned Romanian poet and editor George Vulturescu at the 43rd International Meeting of Writers, organized by the Serbian Writers Association in Belgrade. George introduced Dr. Olimpia to my work. I participated in the International Festival of Poetry in Satu Mare and my talk on Welsh legendary poet Dylan Thomas was published in George Vulturescu’s *Poesis* literary journal. I participated in other exciting events and I was struck by the kindness and warmth of the Romanian poets I met. I did get to meet some prominent poets and writers of Romania, including Daniel Corbu. I remember that first visit being a wonderful whirlwind of poetry events, evening meals and many

convivial beers.

I feel very, very blessed to have had three of my books translated by Dr. Olimpia Iacob and published in Romania, plus my numerous appearances in leading Romanian literary journals and some leading newspapers. I have a genuine love for Romania and its people, which will always be a part of me. My admiration for a man like Dr. Gavril and his devotion to education, his life's work, runs deep. His inspiration and remarkable work will resonate for a long time with his colleagues, students, and foreign visitors, such as Robin and me, to his Satu Mare branch. As Henry Adams wrote, 'A teacher affects eternity; he can never tell where his influence stops'. —**Peter Thabit Jones**

theseventhquarrytheseventhquarrytheseventhquarrytheseventhquarry

AND SUDDENLY SPRING

A poem blew through me that night,
Swift and irretrievable,
Like a school of tropical fish
Like pelicans from a pink lagoon.

What remains in me
Quivers like a Fata Morgana
Like a damselfly in the summer heat
Like trees on the banks of the river Warta
Like the khamsin over Kinneret.

At dawn I stand helpless
Like a child on a deserted beach,
And suddenly spring
Emerges from the night
Like a butterfly
From its chrysalis.

Adam Szyper America

From *And Suddenly Spring* by Adam Szyper
(Merrick, NY: Cross-Cultural Communications, 1992)

WEST PALM

The blue bar door open
quarts of beer on the pool table
sirens up and down West Dixie
sweat-soaked walls
cockroaches
a gun shot across the hall
more orange tickets
on the windshield of my car
an open empty trunk
everything gone
and later a mile away
the Kennedys dedicate a library
the ocean washes up
on a stone patio
gin fizzes and fashion shows
palm trees
a golf course
a movie star
and I'm rolling a ten foot table
down an empty hallway
on the midnight shift.

Kevin Carey America

THIS IS A DREAM OR I COULD BE LYING

You see me in the supermarket
and I lie about the dream,
say it was my father's, not mine.
I'm ashamed and you know it.
I never told you this before
I say, but I remember when
I did something awful.
Then I notice my shopping cart is empty
and I think I see pity on your face.
I watch you roll away
realize the lies are failing me

and a voice in the courtesy booth
asks over the loud speaker,
America, what is happening to you?

Kevin Carey America

NOT MUCH TO IT

You draw with chalk
on your sidewalk.
You ride your bike.
You go for ice cream
with your friends.
You party in college.
You get to figuring
by the fire
on a cold night
in the mountains.
You listen to jazz
on the ocean.
You catch a ball game
now and then.
You cradle with
different folks till you
find one that fits.
Then you
wake up one day
sitting on a
creaky porch
missing your kids
patting your dog
drinking a can of cold beer,
the summer night
like a blanket on your shoulders

and something you knew
floats by in the night sky
just out of reach.

Kevin Carey America

SASKIA

She is missing from a Russian novel,
Saskia, escapee and adventurer.
She carries her name like a piece of samizdat
along the streets
then into a hotel's vast mirrored lobby
where I saw her multiplied
as if found out
and each move across an angle
made her wink
though not at the watchmen

who thought,
she is well-bred anyway you look,
even in her earcuffs (not *muffs*),
her mellow green boots (or *bootees*),
her hair breaking on the sixtieth parallel,
and the extent of her blue steppe eyes
becomes the horizon.

Magnolia does not grow on the steppes
though to one who wakes beside her
she is an aggregation of its glossy petals.
Manna, ambrosia:
the whole organism thrives on such measures
and consumes them under a confederate sun
that can melt the tundra.

Peter Rawlings England

TOWER BLOCK

Nearby year by year it greys itself out
our local block with the pockmarked face.
It leans over to watch through thick and thin
down onto the road from where I can see
that sanctum sanctorum belongs up the storeys,
glassed in, skirted by helter-skelter routeways
with laundry waving strangers and wayfarers in:
walls of dishes are dark heliotropes tracking.

All this hard steel and concrete
is made up to sway to the rhythm of high winds.
Look into its honeycomb apertures, diaphanous curtains,
pilasters shredded under so many gazes.
There is one ghost face peering out
with near the top a single open window breathing.

Peter Rawlings England

THE COUPLE IN THE PARK

Her hand rests, palm upwards, fingers relaxed,
at the top of his thigh.
He strokes her thumb, her long fingers,
absent-mindedly, as it seems, again and again,
without a pause, seeking something in his repetition,
and she is abstracted, sitting beside him.

Even in the interludes there is always a question
pressing to be asked.
She might have said, 'What would you like
to ask me, about me?
I might know enough to make you happy.'

Her passivity, her inert hand,
her unexpectant mind is what he knows
while his mind frets like his thumb on her hand.
Her face takes an impression in its softness
when he looks at her, their equilibrium

just an accident of decorum for a public place.

To give formlessness a name
they need to be followed into their hotel
of surpassing ordinariness
on a journey of one room
loaded with stories waiting to be told.

Peter Rawlings England

INSIDE HIS HOUSE

i.m. J.M.

To live under a roof causes the inner life.
Every house a case study.

When I visited my schoolfriend
in his spick and span house
it was fresh out of a box,
its cleanliness deep as a threat.
I trod on thin glass.
I spoke under obscured glass.

His room was perfect too,
with variations.
He closed the summer window,
Drew the curtains against the sun,
pulled his cache of favourite pictures
for my inspection.

And then our school life,
a new page turned each day.
I studied what made him what he was
and therein grew a pathology of artifice.
I learnt the deep blue of serge,
how grey flannel thickened his thigh,
how starch sharpened him up.
I asked for the zest of oranges to disinfect me.
I said, Let your perfect nails inscribe your needs
into my ways.

Peter Rawlings England

THE MATRIARCH

Even fir trees go grey and white.
There is no colour here.
We whisper purple and dare mock the screens,
the clouds can't last forever; can they?

One day you cough up blue,
you save it in a handkerchief.
We will not let it die.

All green withers and turns to ash
if we water it too much.
Does anyone remember the Sun?
Red skies and heartblood?

I am here in my pink nakedness for we are stark.
Then sallow,
then gone.

There was a story when we were children,
of the Sun that warmed the Earth and painted her green.
Cradled them like her children, and like children they did not treat her kindly.
Their matriarch turned on them,
bleaching everything.
Then one day she was gone.

Taking with her our blue hills and yellow flowers-
Just white,
Then grey,
And gone.

Amanda Needham Wales

3 DAYS, NO SUN

She's still here,
wet with rot,
Shaking roof shingles from her hair.
There was a desert once,
somewhere out West.

All dusty roads and painted mountains,
Fata Morgana.
Her hands cup the frogs that
leap into
the pot.

This time of year the wallpaper peels,
'look what happened to
the ones before her.'
And she could tell you it had been so long
and she is glad of the rain
that
lasts for
weeks.

When the frogs have all drowned and the
rocks bloom mould,
she will wring out her skirt
and thank the
rain.

Betrayal cuts deep if they see her
touching her pale forehead to the glass.
She has scars now.
They fill with water
and breed
mosquitoes.

Sometimes you plunge your fingers into
the divots and pull out lilies.
She would thank you but her mouth is filled with weeds,
she
can
only
smell
stones.

Suddenly you are staring up from the bottom
of someone else's grave
(it is filling with downpour)

She closes her eyes,
doesn't bother holding her breath,
and remembers the desert.

Amanda Needham Wales



Peace Dove © 2017 Gianpiero Actis Italy

PATHS TO PEACE

*“Poesía es lo imposible
hecho posible. Arpa
que tiene en vez de curda
corazones y llamas”*

Federico Garcia Lorca

Send me words of love
and together
we will build
paths to Peace

Send me words of hope
and together
we will fill
thousands of blank pages

Our voices in unison
will become
the sweet sounds of a harp
prayers
carried by the wind

they will be
a new song
in the deep blue of a sky
that will not switch off
in the dark of the night

Lidia Chiarelli, Italy

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RECIPE FOR GROWTH

A grow-bag will do, but blood is better. Yours, thick with love and expectation; a balance of nutrients so God in His gardening gloves doesn't mess up.

Not water, but milk. Creamy, cholesterol-rich for good bones and teeth to chew on your nipples and make you scream while this first bud grows in every direction.

To flower like a stranger.

And there lies the danger...

His petals have fallen. No monkey patch now but a balding pate, a widening girth a bigger plate for your bud's strong teeth to tear at his beef; suck the burgers' melted cheese while fake roses bob on your grave in the wind.

Still a stranger.

And there lies the danger...

Sally Spedding Wales

PRIMAL GROUNDS

for Rogow, The Blind and Rozant

there rest the ashes of my grandma
snuggled with the ashes of the Earth
with all the stalwart skulls
like baby cribs rocking upon the sea
wavering as the fishes
still slip through
troughs of change

as we ourselves have crested
in the forms of a few gray memories
of the disappearing:
blue daisy
the trail past the pickets
a makeshift toilet cut out
of a wooden heart
a delirious rooster

a frog ballooning with breath

who would be helped
by being told
what I know?

no one can turn back what took place
in the mist
who would believe such a story?
it is only I myself alone
who in peculiar times
goes forth
hoping
that I was anywhere
in persona
that I might still be able
to return uninjured

when the oceans pull back
dark forests and villages reemerge
after all the fishes spewed out of them
and birds have returned to nest

from under the surface of the deluge
I too shall wriggle along
into my mother's womb
her egg

back to my grandma's ashes
and grandpa's first kiss
from which
a world sprung off
such as
I want

Milan Hrabal Czechoslovakia

Varnsdorf

June 7-10-17, 2014

Translated from the Czech by Theofil Halama

PLEASE NOTE:

There is still time to submit work for the 2016 Dylan Thomas American Poet Prize

2016 DYLAN THOMAS AMERICAN POET PRIZE

Judges:

American-Canadian poet Molly Peacock, the past president of the Poetry Society of America

Welsh poet Peter Thabit Jones

American poet John Smelcer, the co-founder of the Prize with Aeronwy Thomas

The bi-annual award of \$1,000 for a single poem was established by Aeronwy Thomas. The winning poem and some finalists will be published in Rosebud (USA) magazine. Submit up to three (3) poems and the \$12 entry fee (cheques payable to Rosebud).

Entrants must be American poets under 40 years of age. Submissions to: jesmelcer@aol.com **The postmark deadline for the 2017 Dylan Thomas American Poet Prize is May 1, 2017.**

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DAFFODILS

In this cold twilight of a February
Day has not much of a meaning
To these thin, poor, stretched daffodils,

Attenuated beyond normalcy or mercy
In the slave-isles of the Scillies,

Forced into buds and traded in dozens,
Rubber-banded, boxed and scarce alive,

They will never even feel the tender
Spring they promise

Drooping frailly in my vase;
Gifts unlikely to open

But still, like Van Gogh's sunflowers,
Humanistic in their poses:

They dance their greetings, die and flop;
Worn out like young limp prostitutes.

At last all lean bent not towards the pale window,
But to the only heat source here –
The fire, the hot coals, the yellow scorch of flames.

Clive Donovan England

A PETAL MAY GIVE THANKS

It may take a while
But one day in the future
Perhaps a petal may give thanks:
Thanks for the gift of crumbling lime
– That concentrated nourishment it thrives on.

So, too, the tree
Would not be ungrateful
For the nurturing start its seed received,
Squeezing bricks with its inexorable roots
In the ruined centre of what was once a home.

And though the stone-masons may not approve:
Their work un-built and perilous,
The tree chews on, and the flowers
In the towers they wave, like triumphant bunting,
Bringing all the castles down.

Clive Donovan England

A PRIVATE VIEW

A faraway feeling, yet also intimate
As I fondle these figurines of clay

My mind mostly absent as I engage my friend
In conversation about art, relationships,

Solo theatre shows,
Whilst my finger explores the holes

And bloated breasts and torsos of these maternal
Absolutely fertile feminine creatures.

I have seen the like of these before:
Men would carry them underground

For company, protection,
As they quarried for flints.

In this white gallery they seem to mean
A statement made by the maker

A modern woman wanting a baby
Sobs with emotion but just can't give herself

To a man.

Clive Donovan England

TREES ON A SKYLINE

On the angled sky-line hill, trees trudge,
Scattered, like weary witches, wildered
And burdened. Thin, their leave-less limbs, carved
And battered by bad northern winds.

They have lost brothers and sisters
To such intemperate exposure.
Some fool thought to set a hedge of them here once!
How they straggle so – deformed and pitiful!

Their few poor blooms make a mouthful each spring
For some cow.
Desperate birds may reap a beakful of berry,
Pale and hard.

Incessant they shamble like criminals to the gibbet,
Stumbling like hunched peasants fetching animals,
Bending up, up to the light...
How doomed they are, how brave!

Clive Donovan England

HOUSE MARTINS

House Martins punctuate the pale,
cotton-soft, canvas of the
fading blue dusk.

I stand and stare
and mouth and murmur
at the cricked-neck sky
like a happy old man
ready to die.

140 characters tweeting over trees,
feasting on flies,
gleaning the skies.

Colliding commas
and super-fast full-stops
black and white
split-tail and
fan-tail.

I can't find the words...
I'm just lost in wonder,

like a child
that has discovered a deer.

Throw your iPhone
from your monastery,
turn your air-con off.

I am standing on the edge of a cliff
but I turn myself around
and head towards the light,
the light of the heavens,
the light flooding back.

Dave Lewis Wales

BAY DAY

A seagull
first high, then low,
clotting with friends,
sailing past paper strawberries,
multiplying now
- then losing them all
in a sudden waterfall.

Japanese cameras
in Chinese hands,
the English complaining
in South African bars.
Dr Who scarves
and bulging shorts
'Giants' outside the ice cream shop.

And the slate is as grey
as their suits –
those lawmakers no-one dare notice,
the nameless, the faceless extravagance

that we tolerate,
reluctantly...
for we are far more concerned
with the feathers
and the shiny things
and the sea breeze
that shapes the seagull's nest.

Senedd, Cardiff Bay, 2014

Dave Lewis Wales

WALKING THROUGH

The old, empty rooms
have something to say.
They remember being dimly
aware that the villages and fields
surrounding them have changed,
and the windows have witnessed
scenes of snowstorms
coming in from the east.
The time-tied lyric,
images translated during
the silence of a winter's morning.
They'd sing for you
if they could,
all the melodies of a crystal minute.
They are left
with the historic dust of past
lives caught dancing
in the brittle sunlight.

Byron Beynon Wales

THROUGH ILSTON WOOD by Byron Beynon, published by Lapwing Publications. Available from www.lapwingpoetry.com A strong and inspired new collection from a poet tuned into the subtle aspects of language. 'His calm reflective poems will appeal to many readers' – Glenda Beagan. Price: £10.

DIFFICULT QUESTION

The face of a 12-13 year old child
Peeping from behind thin curtains
Fresh as the first
Flower of spring
As pure as
First love!
But the hands wrecked from too much
Cutting of vegetables
And those cuts embroidered
With dry sand
Hands 20 years older
Than the face

Rehan Qayoom England

WHAT POETRY IS ABOUT

It is about words
Not birds
That bring the worms
For their offspring

In a spring
That sprang
Into a river
That like a quiver
Let out water

And a lot of it
To flood the valley
Like the blood
That I don't value
And flush

But it still gushes
Rushes, sprays
The rushes

That are made into a
Goddess

Who is not about
Words, but birds
And nests and snakes
And necks, long like
A river

Which quivered
And washed
The valley

They were saying
They did not
Expect the flood.

Oxana Poberejnaia England

IN THE DARK

In all this barren newness
Unknown daughter
Unknown husband

In all this mesh
Strong and strange

Only one thing
Rings true

My flesh
My question

Do you love me?

Oxana Poberejnaia England

MISSED YOU

I've missed this tongue:
Desu-ne's, spasibo's and mañana's

I've missed these shoes:
Ten-inch high platforms, azure blue,
With rainbow shoelaces

I've missed this coat:
Long, red, crowned
With a red beret,

As ordinary as
Corn flakes
Or canele
Or pita bread –
For breakfast

I've missed these mobile cameras,
Androids, tablets, notebooks and
Oysters,
Beeps and touches,
Touches, touches

I've missed this face:
Young, framed by
A bleached Afro,
Shining teeth,

As ordinary as
A cuppa on the sofa
Or skateboard clank
Or fairy trees –
For dinner.

Oxana Poberejnaia England

REALISATION THAT HAS COME WITH TIME

To be with him to
Ride the waves from
His Adam's Apple
And thereunto
To reach
The touchpad of
My belly

To be with him
To send the swans out
Of my sleeves
To enter his to
Intertwine the dance
His legs, my vocal chords, to
Scream in silence, to
Be with him

To crawl over
Needles, lemons,
Candles, console controls,
A waterfall above a
Disused factory
That was on fire, to
Put out angst
To lower the placards

To let the tea brew
To pull up a chair
To be with him.

Oxana Poberejnaia England

IN A FOREST THIN WITH COLD

In a forest thin with cold
You sing just for the singing,
Voice the space
Between trees.

But for the fallen snow
Nothing would mark
Our passing.

Jamie Alcock England

MC

Set a multicultural picnic
in an agricultural heartland
to the music
of a ukulele,

as if it were a common thing.

Ape Super-8
or sepia, into the sun
from a low angle.
Pixelate,
fix more than light.

Summer dresses,
straw hats,

hay bales,
hedges,
or antique brass,
have nothing to do
with processed food
or the laugh at a clown's balloon
after the pin.

Jamie Alcock England

I AM RED

I am red
on white

climbing
slow

height
becomes
depth
becomes
unquestionable

I find
something
other
than
words

some
thing

remembered
forgotten
but more

like

a child
in snow

but more
perfect

more
useless

Jamie Alcock England

SLATE SONNET

It's raining old women and sticks,
every man-Jack as white and bible-black
as when Dylan gave Wales to his fathers.
In unconverted chapels they speak through hats
about money and mines and martyrs.
Their words wet flies in the throats of kids on BMX bikes
who hack over deads on this sirenless Sunday
to throw rocks at TNT stores, or whittle the wind
to make toy guns to shoot old mams in churches,
or sneak over fences to ride mine machines;
such slippery dinosaurs!

In that vast hollow place they echo and buck
upon the land that is always dying,
carving out mountains to find something living.

Jamie Alcock 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, France, Germany, Greece, Guatemala, Holland, India, Iran, Ireland, Israel, Italy, Japan, Korea, New Zealand, Philippines, 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. The policy is to try to alternate between a British poet and a non-British poet. There is also a Books and Magazines page, which provides details and brief comments on received publications.

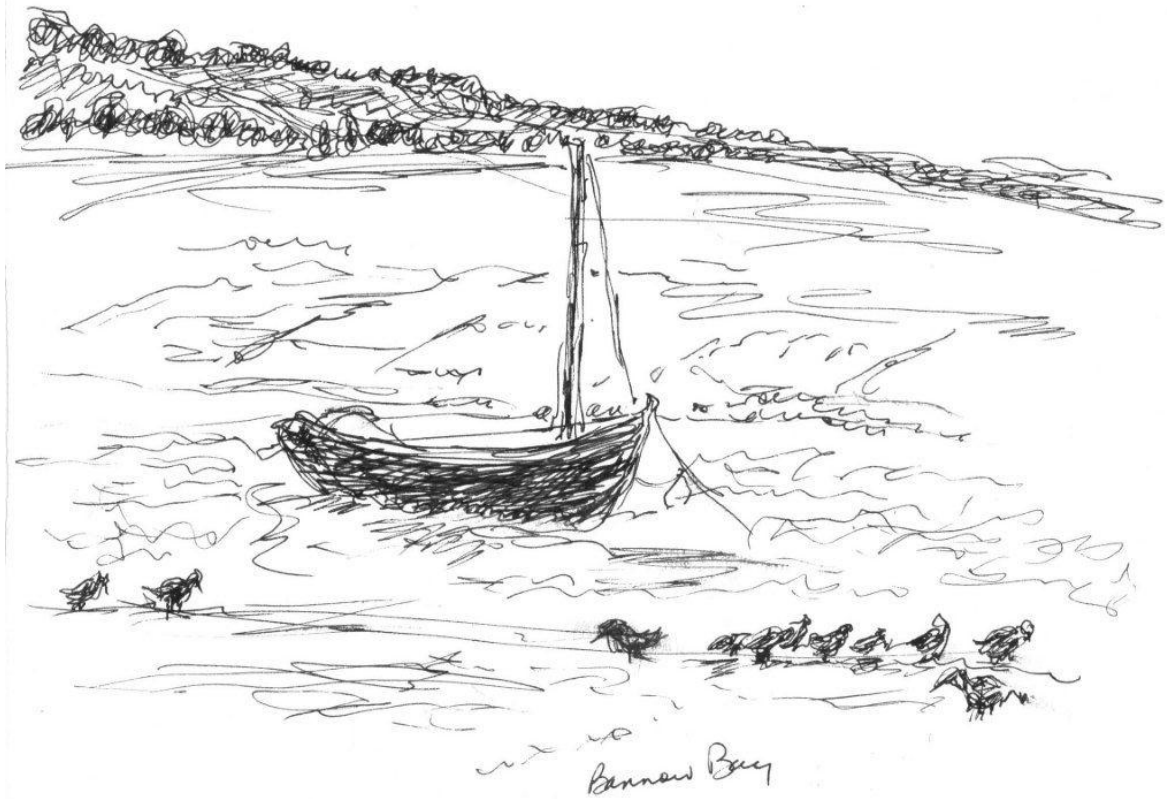
The magazine has become a cooperating partner with Cross-Cultural Communications, New York. The partnership has already contributed to the magazine being displayed at several prestigious literary events in America and the publication in QUARRY of work by the late, Pulitzer Prize-winner Stanley Kunitz.

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

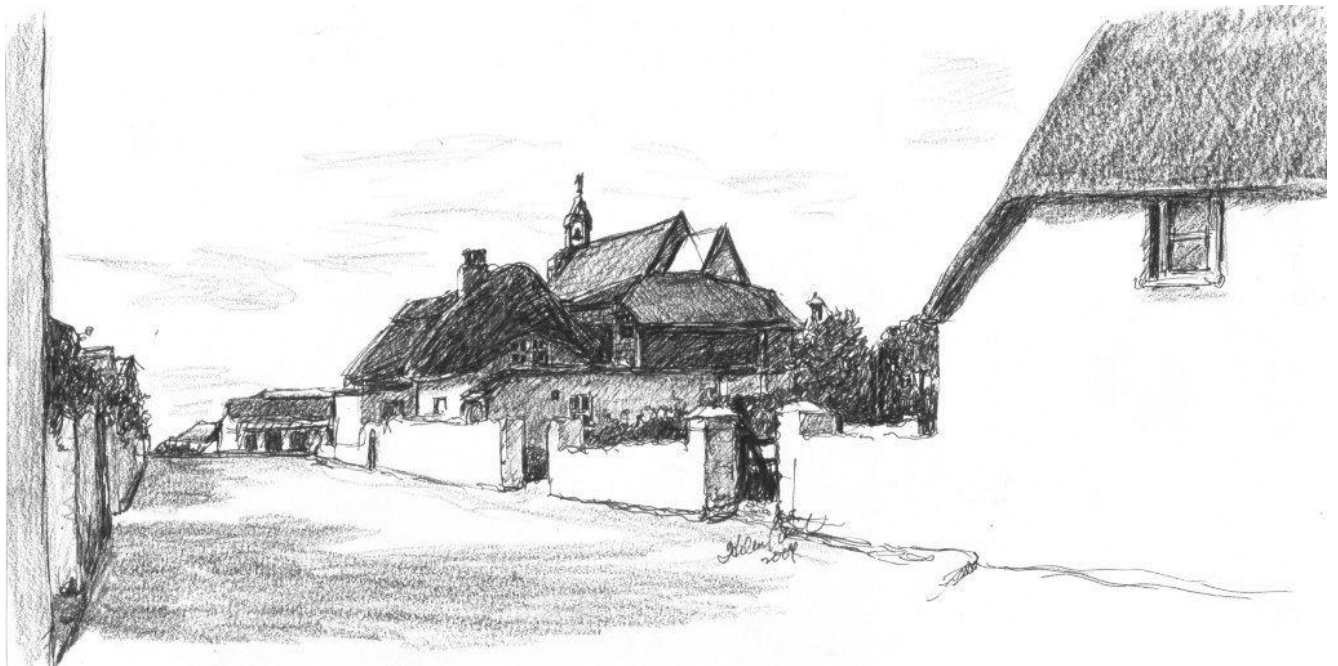
The editor also organises THE SEVENTH QUARRY PRESENTS poetry evenings. The first, at the Dylan Thomas Centre in Swansea, featured a visit by American poet Stanley H. Barkan.

The magazine is now 64-88 pages and appears twice a year, in Winter/Spring and Summer/Autumn. It costs £4.50 per issue or £9 for a year's subscription (two copies). \$15 and \$30 for USA subscribers. Further information at www.peterthabitjones.com

Editor: Peter Thabit Jones info@peterthabitjones.com
Consultant Editor, America: Vince Clemente



Bannow Bay, Ireland © 2017 Helen Bar-Lev Israel



Irish village © 2017 Helen Bar-Lev Israel

A MINUTE OF INFINITY

It is July and there is an abundance in the Land;
mangoes decorate the markets,
pears droop from trees like yellow dew drops,
on the nightstand a bowl of cherries sits colourful

as a cool afternoon blows over my body,
wearing nothing but contentment,
reading a book, listening to Bach,
a bird speaks in peaceful warbles,
the sun sparkles its approval
as a prism through the window

It is an unusual illusion
where nothing but this exists,
not earthquakes, not cyclones, nor war,
and death itself has left the earth;
the clock revolves backwards,
youth returns
the sun stops eternal
in this minute of infinity

Helen Bar-Lev Israel

RETAIL THERAPY

Doxey Marshes

Shuttle speed, live cursor on the page,
a bobbin weaving through the shy
pool's gaze, an arrowhead of well-
skimmed flint surfing its own bow wave,
back end of Asda, trading places with
the Marshes, tarmac damming water,
stagnant oily glaze, the scum grey-black;
now resting on a rusty trolley,
stepping stone, this water vole,
dainty, 'Wind in the Willows' wise,
outfaces cars, where busy shoppers duck
'n' drive without a sideward glance –

the wildfowl grazing yards away;
the hungry swifts who're darning webs
of shadow on the early evening haze
with dun silk thread, shrieks like banshees;
the hobby's pass, each feint a skipped heartbeat,
eye blink, skilled sabre slash - necessities
and special offers turning heads.
These days, lost habitat plus mink,
that baneful alien we snuggled in,
has rendered poor old Ratty near extinct.

Peter Branson England

WHITE HOB-O'-NIGHT

Tyto alba: The Barn Owl

Another barn conversion overdrawn,
a local farm deep down the lane:
their wildflower meadows have been sacrificed,
turned over - garden, shrub and lawn;
hay pasture round close-mown for silage in
the spring, crops dowsed with pesticide;
so you were forced to flit this site, no niche
nearby for moles and shrews to hide.
Our forebears felled wildwood to strive; world-wise,
you suss advantage, follow, thrive.
Though you've long gone, they've placed a nest box here,
for your return, should you survive.

Reprise you quartering high fallows, me,
in wonderment, a kid: you surf
the dusty shadows, pallid gypsy moth;
now yo-yo, spinning motionless
on syncopating string, silence intense;
your claws unsheath, locked on, plunge deep.
I marvel later, feeding post, your spruce
tweed overcoat by candlelight,
like sallow flecks of lichen on gold leaf.
This night, sad witness to that stern
church toll, beguiled, beneath all hallowed yews,

the witching hour, I sense your ghost.

Peter Branson England

TREE CEMEMONY

Let's hear it for the maple
Outside my window—
For the roots, the branches, the leaves . . .
And for the dirt that holds the roots,
The bark that hugs the branches,
The breeze that blows the leaves the way
A young girl tosses her hair.

I watched the buds unfurl,
Gave thanks for the green shade,
Witnessed the leave-taking, the curls
Collapsing in a stroke of colors.

Now this skeletal tree,
X-ray of winter,
This whorled ceremony
Rings another year.

James Palmer America

TEMPTATION

—after William Carlos Williams

This is just to say
I ate your poetry.
The book was open
on the breakfast table,
the verbs ran down my chin,
nouns and adjectives hung
purple on my tongue.

Without rhyme
or reason
your presentation

of bite-size lines
got the best of me.

Each sweet word proved
plum delicious.

James Palmer America

ELEMENTAL PANTOUM

In the here and now
a flower blooms
a door opens
a child sings

a flower blooms
a bee alights
a child sings
a baby cries

a bee alights
the sun comes up
a baby cries
a shade is drawn

the sun comes up
a couple yawns
a shade is drawn
love is made

a couple yawns
doors open wide
love is made
in the here and now.

Kathy Horowitz America

THE CIRCLE

(for Frazier)

In a spare room, the student
went up to the teacher
and asked:
How much more
do I have to learn from you?

And the teacher
Began his answer:

Until I have nothing
Left to give to you.
But that is only half
of it.

The student stood still,
listened. A cluster of leaves
fell from a ficus,
scattered on the floor.

And as the teacher held
his hands together
to form a circle,
he continued:

Until you have nothing
left to give to me.

Kathy Horowitz America

FLASHBACK: CHRISTMAS, PLAINVIEW, L.I., 1963

Everything was green that year, carpets,
chenille couch fringed like a boat on the water
floating in our living room. And not just because
it was Christmas. I was five sleeping in
the shoe box-sized room where I heard a rustling
of papers, a tinkling of what I thought were stars

igniting from strips of tinsel on our tree.
The few presents lay in ordered commotion
beneath its outstretched, bangled arms, bulbs
shining tiny reflections of me every time
I got too close. I got out of my bed and
looked for Santa. I saw a trail of snow
on the Berber carpet. Boot marks. Hoofs. Some crumbs.
I took a big gulp of pine-scented air
into my lungs. In the corner of the couch
Mom and Dad were sitting upright,
holding hands, tears falling from her brown eyes,
his were misty. Hazel. They didn't see me
hiding in the hallway like a pixie or an elf.
They didn't smell my sleepiness or excitement.
Instead they huddled close. Mom whispered words like:
I wish we had more to give, bought these
with S & H Green Stamps. And Father's, There, there,
as he lovingly stoked her short brown hair.
And from outside moonlight like milk
hallowing their faces.

Kathy Horowitz America

THAT SUMMER OF 1963

One Monday afternoon in sixty-three
As from a rented white Rolls Royce I stepped,
Suburban bride from down the Finchley Road,
In satin chiffon, shod in kitten heel,
Ascending to the synagogue, old, ornate,
Large-lamped, stone-lapped and most respectable,
I heard soft waves of sound and glided in,
Enjoying the theatrical display
Of dresses, ritual and family smiles,
Glad to participate and be the star.

Silk rustling on soft nylon; up I walked
Held by my alarming father tightly; he was short
And handsome, loud and selfish and irascible;
My mother knew he was inclined to stray
Whenever he could escape her tearful grip;
She so overwhelmed in mothering
An unexpected extra in the home
That I took refuge in a failed romance,
That left me desperate for any love,
And contemplating dying at eighteen.

So here I come, a gawky twenty-one,
Surprised to wed in far-off Bayswater,
And find myself in Paddington, West Two,
Adjacent to the dubious flats of tarts
Like Mandy and sensational Christine,
Whose enigmatic and lubricious grins
Adorned The Mirror, while cheap daily news
Of parties and delicious goings-on
Nearby those mirrored halls of rectitude
Warmed that cool afternoon sixty-three.

Thus, wondering to myself what made it real,
The audience, the chanting or the broken glass,
(The writing helped to force it in my mind)
I kissed my beaming widowed father-in-law,
A poor man awkward in a tall black hat -
(My husband's father's son was marrying up)
And though I've seen my granddaughter stand up
In white, and candidly far more sincere,
Because her home was founded in her parents' love,
Back then I needed to believe that all was well.

As the ferry from the white cliffs tipped and rocked
Away from best intentions and from pain,
I sat in the train in hat and collared coat,
En route to France, with expectations high.
The time was right to make another home.

Patricia Har-Even Israel

TO MY FORTUNATE GREAT-GRANDSONS, OR THANK YOU, DISCOVERY CHANNEL

To my fortunate great-grandsons and daughters
Going into space on your televisual apparatus,
Watch out for asteroid collisions,
Use your bullet-proof clever plastic shielding and
You'll get there soon, Titan beckons you.
Landing on a cold planet requires electric suiting,
Dip into the planetary atmosphere and
Use a heat-shield, whatever you do.
Find us a new home, this one's toast.
Can you make trees grow in a new Eden,
Produce molecules in a bubble?
First study the radar map to see how Titan ticks
We're going to a weird world with wandering surface features.
Do you want to go home yet?
Nonsense, it's exciting, open out your space hardware and
Soar, free-float into a Titanic desert by
Balloon, it's beyond argument, it
Can be done. A truly stunning experience of
Eruptions, freaks of nature the size of Europe.
What bizarre physics to visualise, where
Liquid nitrogen repels electricity!
Now then, what is an ornithopter? Beat the bumpy ride by Generating controlled
hovering flight using flapping wings.
Beyond the orange veil volcanoes spew ice.
Make Titan your next home, it's a wise choice.

Patricia Har-Even Israel

POET PROFILE: CAROLINE GILL



Caroline Gill © 2017 David Gill

Caroline Gill lives in Ipswich, UK. She graduated from Newcastle University with a B.A. Hons. in Classical Studies in 1982, and has worked as a teacher (mainstream and EFL), and as a cataloguing assistant in the Churchill Archives Centre in Churchill College, Cambridge. Her poems have appeared widely in magazines and anthologies from countries including the UK, USA, India, Australia, Italy and Romania. She is married to David Gill, Professor of Archaeological Heritage at the University of Suffolk. Caroline has served as External Collaborator for the international literary journal, *Orizont Literar Contemporan*, from Romania (ed. Daniel Dragomirescu). Prior to her last move in 2011, Caroline lived in Swansea in South Wales for twenty years and studied part-time adult education poetry courses under Peter Thabit Jones and his colleagues at

the university. She completed a Writers' Bureau course on 'Writing Poetry' (under the guidance of Alison Chisholm) in 2016.

Chapbook: *The Holy Place* (co-authored with John Dotson, published in 2012 by The Seventh Quarry, Swansea, in conjunction with Cross-Cultural Communications, New York).

Recent Prizes and Commendations: these have included (i) First Prize and Overall Winner in the Zoological Society of London (ZSL) Inaugural Poetry Competition, judged by a panel including Ruth Padel; and (ii) a Pushcart nomination in 2014 for 'Elegy for Idris Davies'.

Website: www.carolinegillpoetry.com

Peter Thabit Jones: How old were you when you wrote your first poem?

Caroline Gill: I cannot recall when I wrote my earliest poem, but the first entry in my poetry database is from my tenth year when I wrote a rhymed poem in quatrains about water. I won the Grove Poetry Trophy, a silver inkstand, in my local Three Arts Festival at the age of eleven for a free verse poem about a koala. My father, Timothy Dudley-Smith, a hymn writer, had claimed first prize in the two previous competitions. My paternal grandfather, who died before I was born, was a schoolmaster, and would read poetry aloud to his young family. My father carried on the tradition, introducing his children to a host of memorable characters: 'The Owl and the Pussycat' by Edward Lear, 'The Lady of Shalott' by Tennyson and Betjeman's 'Diary of a Church Mouse' all made their mark.

PTJ: What are the things that inspire you to write?

CG: 'The poetry of earth is never dead', wrote John Keats, and I glean layer upon layer of inspiration from the wonders of the natural world. I spent childhood holidays above a Cornish fishing cove, and am easily intoxicated by those 'ravishing sea-smells' mentioned by C.S. Lewis in his poem, 'On being Human'. My Christian faith informs much of what I write in various ways, and I admire the masterful work of George Herbert. I have an appetite for facts about wildlife, and blog about topics such as iridescence and metamorphosis: the material for these posts sometimes feeds in to my poems. My background in classical civilization is also a trusty seam: David and I spent the first year of married life (1985-1986) among the grandiose ruins of Rome. We enjoyed exploring Italy from the Swiss border down to Ragusa in southern Sicily. Old structures—the pyramid tomb of Cestius in Rome, the majestic Abbey at Ystrad Fflur in Wales, and Nestor's Palace

at ‘sandy Pylos’—have all found a place in my work. I am also inspired by fellow artists of many kinds, and am fascinated by ekphrastic approaches to poetry.

PTJ: David Gill, your husband, is an active and published poet. Do you comment on each other’s poems?

CG: Yes, we do comment on each other’s work to some extent, but not religiously. Our styles are very different. David, a scientist by inclination and a university professor in practice, writes in a very tight manner. His economy of language almost always finds its expression in free verse. I often envy the pithiness of his sentiments. We are both left-handed, which I find interesting in terms of our different approaches to creative work. My teachers at secondary school would tell me that I needed to be ‘more incisive in my thinking’: I try to rein myself in and concede that they were right.

Poems often come to David while he is away from home. He might be on a field trip, perhaps sitting at a bustling waterfront taverna in Greece after a day of research in a museum store, or perched on a castle ruin in Scotland. I prefer to write in silence from my desk, looking out over the canopy of trees that line the local nature reserve at the foot of our garden. My previous study offered a sweeping view of Swansea Bay from the heights of Tycoch. I like to think it helped my poetry!

Unlike David, I particularly enjoy the challenge of writing to a form. I was thrilled when three of my poems—a Clang, a Folding Mirror poem and a ‘Bref Double’ Echo poem—were included in *The Book of Forms: A Handbook of Poetics, Including Odd and Invented Forms* by Lewis P. Turco (University Press of New England, 2011). David and I are both drawn to the poetry of Edward Thomas: we had fun collaborating on a shared article, published in OUP’s *Notes and Queries*, in which we attempted to excavate the Egyptian background to the Thomas poem, ‘Swedes’. David and I have visited Adlestrop and Steep together, and many other places with literary associations.

PTJ: Can you tell us about the poetry scene in Suffolk and your involvement?

CG: The poetry scene here is vibrant and diverse, although I continue to miss the camaraderie and challenges of the Tuesday Poetry group, coordinated by Jean Salkilld, in Swansea. David and I arrived in Suffolk to find that the renowned Aldeburgh Poetry Festival was about to take place. Over the years the festival has given us the chance to hear poets, like Rody Gorman, from far-flung corners of Britain, and poets, such as Naomi Shihab Nye and Grace Nichols, from overseas.

This festival has currently taken a break, and a new enterprise, Poetry in Aldeburgh, has been launched. I joined the Suffolk Poetry Society (SPS) on arrival in the county, and am currently responsible, with a colleague, for the SPS presence on social media.

I have read my work at the Society's Festival of Suffolk Poetry on two occasions. I have also served as a liaison person between SPS and those interested in poetry at the University of Suffolk. The Society holds an annual poetry contest, the George Crabbe Memorial Competition. There is a different judge each year (we had Moniza Alvi in 2016), and prizes are awarded at a lunch event in the Wentworth Hotel in Aldeburgh.

Local writers flock to the Aldeburgh Beach Lookout on National Poetry Day to read from the spiral steps to passers-by and the odd inquisitive gull. Fish and chips are an essential part of this gathering. Suffolk Poetry Society and PoetryAnglia (which coordinates the Ipswich Poetry Café) are both stanzas of The Poetry Society. I represented SPS, along with other team members, when we met at The Poetry Society Café in London for a Stanza Bonanza with poets from Swindon. Suffolk poets frequently share poetry beyond the county boundary. Norwich, with its Writers' Centre (soon to become the National Centre for Writing) and UEA, home of the flagship M.A. in Creative Writing, is not far away. Cambridge is also within reach, and a fellow SPS poet and I took part in an inspirational Poetry School workshop-residency at the Scott Polar Museum in 2014.

The Ipswich Poetry Café, a gathering at which poets read a mix of their own work and pieces by established (and less well known) names in the poetry world, is one of several monthly café evenings in the county. Some cafés set a theme in advance while others adopt a more organic approach. Dean Parkin, known to many from *The Rialto*, and Michael Laskey, co-founder of the Aldeburgh Poetry Festival, hold popular workshops at The Cut in Halesworth. There are good opportunities for young poets in the guise of the Suffolk Young Poets' Competition and the Woodbridge Young Poets' Competition.

George Crabbe (1754-1832) described the Suffolk coast many times, noting 'the rising waves', 'the white sail shining... the level beach, the rough aspiring cliff'. The SPS magazine is called *Twelve Rivers* for good reason, and there is much to keep a poetry person occupied and stimulated in this beautiful county of wide skies, long pebbled vistas, tidal estuaries and meandering waterways.

BRIGHT AUGUST BLUES

The Mill Stream (1814) by John Constable

I

No kingfisher about, or so they thought
until a bolt shot past them down the lode;
and for a second, day morphed into night.

The bird, a meteor of grace and speed,
joined stars that hurtled through the realms of space.
Eyes scanned the Stour but no one understood

the transformation that had taken place.
In Bewick's woodcuts, white emerged as black:
for Constable, a palette offered choice,

and with a speck above another speck,
a kingfisher appeared to dart upstream
in blue and scarlet guise, beyond the lock.

But shadows veiled the river water's foam,
eclipsing aspects of a painter's home.

II

No kingfisher to chase the sun again?
Just years of sallow varnish that would shield
the lustre from the artist's grand design.

Each August shooting stars of burnished gold
would sweep across the harvest fields of hay.
And then a long-lost arrow was revealed

as grime was lifted from the paint one day,
for suddenly in flecks of red and blue
a kingfisher broke loose and whizzed away.

To mention that it went is not quite true:
the painting freezes time, and there once more
are two small brushstrokes, fixed in dazzling hue.

A body hangs in flight above the Stour,
a bird to mirror Bewick's 'meteor'.

Caroline Gill England

FOR J.J.L.

'our sea-washed, sunset gates...' Emma Lazarus

Colossal waves were riding high
upon the Hudson as we sailed
past Lady Liberty
in flakes of snow.

And for a moment we were there
with you upon another ship
as thunder pierced the air:
this much I know.

But then the weather turned to hail
which beat against the vessel's side:
gulls gathered on the rail
to screech their song.

So this was Ellis Island, with
its suitcases and triple stair,
twin tales of truth and myth,
of right and wrong.

We searched for hours among the racks
of baggage left behind by those
who followed one-way tracks
through one-way gates.

But where were you? Your name appears
upon a single form: how sad
to feel that passing years
have wiped the slates.

Lost cousin J.J.L., I see
a shadow looming where you sailed
past Lady Liberty
in storms of snow.

A beam ignites the winter sky
above the breakers as we list.
A teardrop parts my eye
for we must go.

Caroline Gill England

CYRUS AND HIS CYLINDER

The Cyrus Cylinder, British Museum no. 90920

A sun-baked cylinder of ancient clay
has hidden information to reveal.
Wedge marks of cuneiform evoke a day
when strategies for war lost their appeal.

The script hails Cyrus, conqueror and king:
he chose to care for those from distant lands,
rejecting rules that led to suffering.
But phrases can explode in human hands.

Relentless rumours fly around a world
which longs for chimes of liberty to soar,
for flags of unity to be unfurled
as tablets spread their glow from shore to shore.

This cylinder, a capsule from the past,
spells hope for those who pray for peace to last.

Caroline Gill England

SMALL WONDER

High up above the world
a snow crystal appears
with six arms

as vapour turns to ice
around a speck of dust.
Nature's forms

can often be explained
away; but this treasure
comes to earth

as a gift, a small breath
to warm your frozen cheek.
Is it worth

a drift of stars, a sea
of flying fish or more
than moonshine

just because it flutters
from the sky, unbidden
and unseen?

It spirals through the spheres
of passing cloud, swirling
to and fro;

yet unlike drops of rain,
this crystal has six arms
to hug you.

Caroline Gill England

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CAVERN

On their knees, they scrape with trowels, steel on compact soil
Hour by hour, day by day, by lamplight
And then: the clink of steel on ancient bone –
The giant short-faced bear had taken refuge here one day
It rambled out to eat, too old to mate, and then returned
And then, one night, it slept and never woke
So tell me: why are bears so crucial to us, to us all
We feel the sorrow when their spirits leave
We think those spirits drift up to the stars
Our necks and eyes strain upward to perceive
And darkness shows us not one bear but two:

The larger and the smaller – Major, Minor
The male and female, paws and shoulders pinpoint in the black
They live each night above our heads, they rove in starlight now
Their sunlit lives had ended long ago
But we, the humans, cannot tolerate a bearless world –
So, on our knees, we scrape with trowels, steel on compact soil
Hour by hour, day by day, by lamplight.

Lance Nizami America

LONGSHIP, OSLO

It left the water long ago, and then it left the earth, unburdened –
The boat, long, svelte, and sturdy, pitched with tar, now sits in indoor dignity
The thousand-year-old vessel fills an oblong whitened hall with rounded ceilings
The ship's tall steer-house, pressurized by soil, had long caved-in
The kingly occupant, a broach-pin once upon his chest, had shrunk to bones
The ship's mast, tar-black now, lies flat aboard
No seats are left upon the rigid ribs
Those seats; who knows what ancestor of mine helped heave the heavy oars
Who knows who heaved the rudder, massive stave requiring giant hands
The sailors, warriors all, are gone; they feast now, up in high Valhalla's halls –
And in this hall on Earth, the tourists roam, their cameras vainly capturing the
long, svelte shape of Scandinavia.

Lance Nizami America

THE BLOOMING

A white petal among a meadow of monochrome salutes;
it's stem half clipped
scattered in cold season of fascism.

Ink from the righteous
poured on silent red words
defining the acts of the voiceless;
Only lips too scared would pluck
the only white rose.

This rose has no head
time would harvest the blooming;
Each silent rose replaced by the purest;
When one hundred petals of white fell at our feet
on this fine, sunny day, where she had to go;

A white petal among a meadow of monochrome salutes.

**Written for the 71st anniversary of the execution of Sophie Scholl, an Anti-Nazi political activist who was one of the founding members of 'The White Rose' a non-violent resistant group in Nazi Germany.*

Matt Duggan England

THE GHOSTS OF DEVON

I see the clash of sea
shining rock of dead black
broken bark cracking the
weeping shorelines

a crumbled gun-turret
above the beautiful belly of Torcross;
Faint circles of white trailed blue
whirlpools fading into depth.

I see a ghostly old sea village;
souls of fishing women - Field of daisy picker,
I journey the battered coastline,
sipping from cloudy glass of apple.

Seagulls feed on chip pebbles
while the smoke of hand rolled tobacco
Inhaled the brutal silence;
leaves float like sequins that hang

circling a sky humbled by vicious twists,
a crooked aerial like a falling angel
bludgeoned
on the surface of mapped ether.

Matt Duggan England

NO ONE LOVES US LIKE THE GRAVEYARDS

A dark heart has captured Ragga
where only petrol blood-pools span
the Euphrates river; lips were sealed
like stitches weaved from the soul,
truth would prevail beyond her death
as she celebrated Eid in her pyjamas;
No one loves us like the graveyards.

They do not watch the stars
Even though they stare deep into amber sky,
Bumping into each other
While walking the shopping aisles,
Not for any religious purpose
But for the drones and the missiles
Webbed in skylines of this Syrian circus,
No one loves us like the graveyards.

Matt Duggan England

HERMAPHRODITOS

Idle oak that twists
grey sky;
like clouds towering in a ruin.
A young boy strolls in evening shade
where the water screams for angelic sin

simmering pool of a feminine cry,
He swam in the waves of her hymn.

In warm water of his seductress
she had pleaded with GOD to be with one,
their bodies combined cursing the water,
an androgynous curse that would become
entwining in both of their breaths;
as beautiful daughter and dutiful son.

Matt Duggan England

PHOBIA OF THE COLD NOON

Blankets wrap around the body
to warm the winter. November gales

bite chapped lips. This deep midnight
chills bones once easy with Springtime

uplifting, but no more. A hard destitution
seeps in, always, at this point.

Shivers, pales, making mouths spout visible breath.
Every year it comes, the Great Blanding.

All leaves fall, and spirit, slowly to the ground,
nipped at by the breeze bleeding across the land.

Heath Brougher America

(NON) SEUITUR

For more than fifty-seven years
The doctor-husband played a role:
Dismissing spouse's needs, wants, fears,
He exercised complete control.

When newly wed, his teacher-wife
Put both their characters to test;
She soon gave up her job, home, life
For what he thought and said was best.

She acquiesced too oft too long
And lost her own identity;
In time his right became her wrong
In total co-dependency.

On her last day he left her side,
Let others watch her as she died.

Jane Blanchard America

DAYS

I tend to take the groundhog view of days,
Those chronic revenants, but you,
My darling, wake most mornings and, before
I've time to phrase
The self-fulfilling thought, undo
Some catch that kept the door

Shut tight against all hopes that might erase
The groundhog loop. For it's a new
Day, as you now remind me, and what's more
(Such thoughts amaze
You as they should) a day of blue-
Sky prospects yet in store

For all the multi-million different ways
Our lives could always go to skew
Their routine compass-points. For then us shore-
Bound types might raise
Long-downcast eyes to where the view
Now bids them freely soar

And readjust their coast-accustomed gaze
To oceans glimpsed 'not with but through
The eye', as Blake desired. Else we ignore
All that the haze
Of habit had us misconstrue
As simply down to poor

Eyesight or some such sensory malaise,
So finding reason to eschew
That matutinal glory-song as your
New trick to faze
The mind of a late-sleeper who,
Like me, lies waiting for

A sub-ecstatic wake-up that delays
The dawn assault. Way out of true,
I've come to think, the idea that would draw
From that which stays

The flagging spirit just a few
Stock pretexts to deplore

As mere credulity whatever pays,
In just your way, the homage due
To days. For it's their dawns underscore
Each latest phase
Of our awakening that drew
First light from night's rapport.

Christopher Norris Wales

OASIS

No mirage this green jewel
Set in barren landscape
At nature's insistence;
Date palms cluster
And dance, choreographed
By the warm breath
Of morning
In the Syrian desert.

The rising dust of busy-ness
Muffles the sound of voices
On this watered cross-roads;
The patient camel
Awaits the early tourist
And sweet perfumes
Of spices
Mingle in the mind.

Palmyra, Syria

Jean Salkild Wales

NEW FROM THE SEVENTH QUARRY PRESS

THE FAMILIAR ROAD by Jean Salkild

POETRY

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THE PIER

"The days wear out the months and the months wear out the years, and a flux of moments, like an unquiet tide, eats at the black coast of futurity." – Mervyn Peake

It's the place you come to see where melancholy lives,
heavy losses and forgotten songs,
something so beautiful, neglected, open
to the inconsumable and the instantly perishable.

They're songs you think you've heard before
but packed with chilling applause
like in a black-and-white newsreel.

This is where
the days wear out the months and the months wear out the years.
They come in premonitions like the voices on a worn cassette
with lumbering pauses, an infinite recess,
one inexplicable stretch –
the capstans staggering inside the black box,
holding the unattainable in place so that
the hollow feeling lingers on and you can hear both sides talk.

A place that's private and public like in expert listening:
the killer in court, a short bio of the victim.

Half a million feet of lumber and the sand beneath it washed away,
so that only light blows would be the order of the day.

Since then it lives partly
underwater with its upper life exposed –
an inseparable line between hot and cold.

And it's the fear of winning everything back again!
The drastic depths of living, the gut-wrenching subliminal
love you'd thought you'd won.

But right above it on the boards,
above the glutton piles and beside the crazy murals,
a player can aim a water pistol at a wall and win
a take-home gold fish or a pink elephant.

Darin Kranick America

STILL LIFE

That was the morning before
the Technicolor light of an elevator door,
the taste of hospital tuna flakes still on the tongue,
cheap coffee that punched in then left nothing in return.

On this day there were still vacations and
Goodbye Columbus-style lawns.
Oh, God, and the fortune and the good life
they'd promised you all along.

The sun in her room grilled its sun curtains,
baked her phone and yellow pages,
made this wooden floor your center stage.

A view out the window of spearmint-green hills
and like something out of those Tudor Age annals –
that tissue box rendering of London Bridge,
the rosy sunset – a sky filled with mare's tail clouds
and banner print.

The day was so safe in that little apartment –
as pink and opaque as the soap she scrubbed
your little hands with.

But there'd never been a day like this before –
the wonder and foresight; this way, this one life
soon separates to become a thousand and one
unsigned detours...

That forest with the newlywed man and wife,
a tomorrow so definite and dressed in snow white.
Light without shadow and doubt unbelievable
all nearly lost now and damned, irretrievable.

Your aunt's world, this still life – so vivid,
self-evident, calm and collected, still

like a praying mantis in a jar: wide-awake
and pedaling toward the closure,
from where tomorrow looks even better than before:

the unknown's always blessed,
what we long for, feed on, covet...

And like her painting of the woman
lighting candles on the Sabbath –
head covered, eyes like dough holes–
everything asleep inside that holy Saturday,
like some paper slip you find inside the public library

between two pages, buffering the years,
the pin-drop silence and affected coffee tears,
the whelming presence of mortality and holiday,
the washy sound of questions asked but not relayed,
the awkward leaps and pauses in the one-act play...

lies the peace you'll reach so high to find again
someday.

Darin Kranick America

UNCLE JERRY

This was '76.
The pipe smell in his car all
Victorian pomp and circus grandiloquence.

The sun dives off the hood again
like black casino glass,
windows open, caution to the wind;
the speakers pump out that Mahnamahna
song,

trees wave as we approach the farm.
Oranges everywhere on the ground,
putrid, desouled, like so many gutted baseballs,
and emptiness and chicken shit, green dusty rooms,
a boomerang.

And nights you'd find way down South maybe,
only lonelier, more solitary – no mystery porch
or whispered name.

And somewhere in the memory
my uncle in his white V-neck and jeans,
hyena laugh and well-spread mustache,
in the field, widescreen, with a gun up by his head;
the crows suing for their cherry pits

as the mean old couple
told us where to irrigate:
you had to fill each tree and wait
for the water to sink in, the ants to go away.

We ate glazed strawberries on Saturday.
My uncle, still young, would die alone,
but that night, in something like slow motion,
as we drove away,
the sky became a lake, and on the freeway,
in no time, you could hear an ocean.

Darin Kranick America

excerpts from h.e/s.he scatology in 315 wor./d sec./tions

Daniel Y. Harris & Irene Koronas

mold and mildew

horticulturalists and gardeners often refer to as mildew is more precisely powdery mildew it is caused by many different species of fungi in the order erysiphales most species are specific to a narrow range of hosts and all are obligate parasites of flowering plants the species that affects roses is phaeotheca pannosa var rosae the fungus much more obvious to the human eye at this stage secreted by aphids on leaves formerly thought to distill from the air like dew zygomycota and ascomycota most molds were classified within the deuteromycota substances which can be absorbed by the hyphae salting pickling jams bottling freezing drying resistance to damage by ultraviolet radiation a downy or furry coating black mold also toxic black mold refers to chartarum plastic vinyl concrete glass ceramic tile or metals a variety of other mold species such as penicillium or aspergillus refrigerated at this temperature when conditions do not enable growth to take place molds may remain alive in a dormant state depending on the species within a large range of temperatures snow covered soils of antarctica refrigeration highly acidic solvents antibacterial soap and even petroleum products such as jet fuel mold spores can be asexual the products of mitosis or sexual the products molds produce small hydrophobic spores that are adapted for wind dispersal and may remain airborne for long period often spherical or ovoid single cells but can be multicellular and variously shaped pressure molecule that is used as an antibiotic which kills stops the growth certain kinds of bacteria inside the body xerophilic molds grow in relatively dry salty or sugary where water activity less of meiosis esis many species can produce both types in some food spoilage or damage mold spores from growth of pathogenic thermophiles such as starch cellulose lignin into simpler spores may cling to clothing or fur some are able to survive extremes of temperature mutt and rophiles

Daniel Y. Harris America

lax and mystic

explain sponge storms rudimentary boat rudder smash ride ashore might then costa
chant his first hoist onto mystic back sweep steep pitch tone midrange blot boat
house late age left greece to spy on various islands fishermen dive concurrent with
experimental fishy remains known by presses cryptically titled slender dare
lyricism sonic boom poetry repeats imaginations means to fill ocean with dazzle
and hear and sense and strip approach evokes ancient world amalgam feel good
afford isolation captures their camera spectacle reputation leans over roman wall
the byzantine cherubs tweet freak lax starts to shift her thighs wake conversation
articulation vision every boat tied to pole loosens day dreams you say simple like
primitive jack off poet page tray in hand blank verbal rhythm mere concrete
sandwich blocks minimal insistence floats dudley doolittle tries to read a map
while he swims water way cherry forces him to finally piece emptiness before she
observes space soaks number volumes recede spiritual concentration mystic
paddles her everything capable of being symbolic she logs nothing is more
passionate intense orthodox to put it another way risen converges reflects essence
both gone up for normal regular possessions respect remote island life found shells
button hole home their clever aqua patmos from cypress trees they live happy
forever twenty two headliners without dust jacket open children aphorisms lax and
mystic meditate stories crush lean sequence line break dance they show case
external togetherness angels look past rape and chain cafeneion athanatos bistevo
ellaisson it is thought that leaks on little bluff over grown roof high brand tangle
head grass sentences tell water cotton weed it rigs beneath sunset cranks ceiling
corner heaven like feline gait crowns mark her planet breasts cluster men sweep
blood sputtering arcana boat into mystic the four whippets zip among questions
running on board coral necklace around port they pearl dive driven dot affront
affiliations resound pound

Irene Koronas America

Note: *h.e/s.he* is an experimental manuscript which will be finally comprised of 100 (50 by Irene, 50 by me) unpunctuated 315-word prose poems engaged with the concept of male and female relationships at the archetypal, metaphorical and physical level. We take our characters from the movies, film, television, philosophy, poetry, music, psychoanalysis, art and conceptual ideas as well as from the fiction of our own inventions. —Daniel Y. Harris



The Ascent of Saint Francis (Oil on Canvas, 18 x 18") © 2017
Carolyn Mary Kleefeld America

CONCEPTS

Concepts, like outfits we wear,
can be used to define us.
Perhaps before buying one,
we should try it on to see if it fits
and how it makes us feel.

Is it like armor, giving us
a false sense of protection?
Is it like a tight shroud
restricting our ability to breathe deeply?

Does it depress us
or arouse anger?
Do we really need that concept?

Concept means “to grasp.”
Rather than grasping for definitions
and falling prey to their subterfuge,
why not cultivate
our own deepening self-awareness.

Carolyn Mary Kleefeld America

THE CALLING TO HEAL

The whole world appears to
have post-traumatic-stress-disorder
as the industry of war
blindly tears open yesterday’s scars
in its ever-growing thirst
for more bloodshed and economic profit.

Yet from our deepest wounds
come our deepest callings.

From the bloodshed
comes the rebirth—
true for individuals,
and true for countries.

But healing seems far more possible
for individuals than for nations.

It seems that personal healing
can only occur in those moments
when we feel safe enough
to delve within and
listen to our souls.

Carolyn Mary Kleefeld America



Women Worry Over Wounded Warrior (Oil on Canvas, 20 x 20") © 2017
Carolyn Mary Kleefeld America

Editor's note: The two poems are from Carolyn Mary Kleefeld's *World* series.

BOOKS BY CAROLYN MARY KLEEFELD, POET AND ARTIST

The Seventh Quarry Press is the U.K./Europe distributor of Carolyn's books. Information on the books, prices, and how to purchase them is available from info@peterthabitjones.com

BOOKS AND MAGAZINES

WHAT BLOOMS IN WINTER by Maria Mazziotti Gillan, published by New York Quarterly Books. Available via Raymond Hammond, Editor; rhammond@nyq.org and <http://books.nyq.org/author/mariagillan> - PO Box 2015, Old Chelsea Station, New York, NY 10113. "This is a voice that is graceful and purposeful, elegant and humane."—Denise Duhamel. Price: \$14.95/£8.95.

VISION TEST by Kyung-Nyun Kim Richards, published by Cross-Cultural Communications. Available from www.cross-culturalcommunications.com "Kyung-Nyun Kim Richard's poetry is powered by her integrity, her honesty and her wisdom, all of which exemplify her strengths and her delicacy. One senses a real experience of her knowledge of life's 'dismays and rainbows,' to quote Dylan Thomas."—Peter Thabit Jones. Price: \$15.95. Shipping: \$5.00 U.S./\$10.00 Foreign; add \$0.50/\$5.00 each additional copy.

OAK BONES by Jim Gronvold, published by Oak Ink Press. Available via oakinkpress@icloud.com and Amazon.com & IndieBound.org. "Whether focusing on the intricacies of an oak tree or musing on the mysteries of the cosmos, Jim Gronvold's verse inspires us to look at the world—and our relationship to it—with keener and truer eyes." —Mary Reynolds Thompson. Price: \$10//£6.45.

BENARES: THE SACRED CITY/In Verse and Hymns by Mandira Ghosh, published by Shubhi Publications. Available (price and information) from shubhipublications@yahoo.co.in A beautiful book by the author who guest-edited the Poets of India/Special Issue of The Seventh Quarry magazine. Her focused and arresting poems are supported by fascinating photos and very interesting facts about the sacred Indian city.

INDIAN POETRY THROUGH THE PASSAGE OF TIME/A Journey of Thirty Indian Poets, compiled and edited by Mandira Ghosh, published by Authors Press. Available from www.authorspressbooks.com

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POETRY

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HORATIUS AT THE BRIDGE

inspired by Horatius Cocles, a 1586 engraving by Hendrick Goltzius

The far peak reaches out and steals sunlight
From the ribboned sky of bundled thread, clothes
In a hamper boiled to mark the heavens
With this day. His imperial helmet
Captured a horse and sealed it with iron,
Its mane continued to grow over his
Veiled head, shelled within his Parma, shielding
Him from a gale. Spatha raised to silence
The gurgling hearts voices that make up sound.
His unfurling marquee cloak that appears
From his back, a continuation of
The iron horse's mane, his tattered greaves
That pull towards the defended soil. Eyes
Of calm surrender to Tiberius.

Grant Tarbard England

THE BREAKWATER'S PRAYER

C.E.M.A., script by Charles de Lautour, Alan Osbiston

Peter Scott, Dylan Thomas, Desmond Dickinson - a Ministry of Information film

In the cream ease of this soft putty air
Rising like a wayward balloon's thick skin
'Til the end of the breakwater's prayer.

Brash children mime an orchestra with their
Piccolo fingers, limbs mimic bows thin,
In the cream ease of this soft putty air.

The old actor forgetting lines, a bear
Letching, grizzly, propped up with bathtub gin
'Til the end of the breakwater's prayer.

A hazy day of fickle youth, with care
Remembered, a tale of coarse thread and pin,
In the cream ease of this soft putty air.

In butt end mining towns, in the plush chair
Of the playhouse, in the stage medleys din,
'Til the end of the breakwater's prayer.

Piano concertos ascend the stair,
Black field factories hear a violin,
In the cream ease of this soft putty air
'Til the end of the breakwater's prayer.

Grant Tarbard England

RABBIT'S IN THE ARMPIT

I pray to the silence of the dead and my candle is devoid of light,
My body grew from fire and sprouted secrets on a willow vine
Drooping in the low arch of a tear with the scent of my spine's marrow.

I form in the shape you left out in the rain, my mind is a grim storm cloud
Bleeding in the always mid-winter. A whirlwind is my head, a cane field candle
Ablaze with the embodiment of the Devil and the terror of staleness.

Throat cut, a rabbit hung, a red ribbon that points to where the oily train
disappears

Into the arm pits of the last man alone laughing wildly
At two children made of grass and nettles fuddled into headstones.

I feel like letting go of all myselfs and spend this eternity in the summer echo
I am a dried intransigent, objects are fluid all around me,
This way veers from a light box filled with a seduction of angel wings.

I don't know how to construct my end. Turn me into a ruby
For then I will live through the centuries, grind my soft downy coat into a tremble,
Everyone who has ever been in love has been hanged by shadow.

Grant Tarbard England

ESSENTIA ASCENDS

Silence, drenched eyes with blue, far away from
Faded jasmine that the wrens ignore in
A garden of buried paper pets. Her
Feet were stone grey, synchronised with the corpse
Skin soil in a remembrance of their shared
Grazing land, deader now for the sound of
Her leaving. Tilling over with a sigh
Of low lungs in the blank canvas of dawn,
Blessing a cuckoo chime, piano notes
Leaving this vapour, spirits from windows
Open in the coze of peach sunlight bisque.
She leaves a candle burning in the ripped
Pocket of her death, rising as a witch,
Her essentia ascends up in smoke.

Grant Tarbard England

THE STAIRWAY IN THE FIELD
(in Gibellina)

What was once
a part of a chimney
stands alone
in a field on a hillside.

The sky is deep blue
and clear of clouds—
white, gray, black—
all blown away.

Below, a patchquilt
of fields where olives,
grapes and melons grow,
and a stairwell.

It is next to what was
a part of a chimney.
It starts at the top of the hill
and the top of it goes nowhere.

Except, perhaps, in the memory
of those who stoked the fire
that sent the smoke up that chimney,
and those who worked those fields.

All those once, before the quake,
who lived here in these pieces of buildings,
who, once upon a time, climbed that stairwell
to somewhere under the clear Sicilian sky.

(20 May 2000, Gibellina)

Stanley H. Barkan America

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IN STARBUCKS

There’s a different honk of steam for every drink,
a parp for latte, a peep for mocha, a roar
for flat-and-white from the steam machine.
The coffee froths like a plasma ball,
that extra state of matter down the pipes.

There’s the smell of burning cheese.
We drop our jackets over chairs
like the spirit leaving the body with its biro.
We collect our cups suspended from the hooks,
a row of hopeful os waiting for a word.

The waiter’s rolling radishes around,
and pulling bad leaves from a lettuce.
He hears the gurgle when the filter’s full.
A fake boom sounds; it’s me-time with a tasse.
Deluxe means he serves me in a glass.

F. J. Williams England

MENDING KIT

Just the hook-and-eye or Velcro patch,
the mending kit reduces me to fingertips
with a packet of coloured threads, a nest of needles
I have to suck and find the eye
and snap the last thread between the teeth,
never giving a second thought
to the sewing-box, the big-work scissors
that make our dancing pants and wishbone jeans,
or the hickory-dickory sewing machine
bestowing a hem on your downtown dress
cut with a razor and arranged just so.

F. J. Williams England

I TRY ON PANTS

I try on pants I've not worn for years,
baggy at the knees and seams awry
as if I missed a medication or banished the iron.
I hitch them up, snug at the waist,
an early self I keep among the beachwear,
twitchy shirts and dangly sleeves.
Deep inside the cupboard, a rack of hooks
for young Apollo who splashed out once on a trial bike,
pockets full of bets and a love of speed.
Like pants that drop from sight, there's a case for ghosts
to rise and step outside where barbecues burn
and kick a clapped-out motorbike to life.

F. J. Williams England

JOGGING IN NIKE TRAINERS

I sweat beads in my keep-fit kit,
check my heart beat on an Apple app
and think of cave art where they wave nude arms.
Their world still works: a zest for yoga squats,
bison on the wall. I jog in Nike trainers.

My heart rate zooms and falls,
its rogue peak gathered on a data screen.
While on the rock and naked in the sun
they perk up delts and stack bamboo.
Someone draws two lovers, signs by hand.
My time runs out. I pull my Nikes free
and eat the pith punched out of fruit.
Are these the two who brought Eden down,
like rock art, kept by vanishing?

F. J. Williams England

WAITING ROOM

Somewhere on the edge of health and sickness,
I wait. Unseen, the soft click of a keyboard conjures
the delicate manoeuvrings of an arthritic insect.

Reluctant to engage, the man in the corner's eyes
dance around mine, increasing my need to communicate.
Traffic ebbs and flows, the susurrations of an infinite ocean;
I am adrift, guided only by the jarring
stripes of a lighthouse, oils too brash to soothe,
a false injection of brightness in the fog of chronic pain.

Behind his broadsheet, my neighbour half suppresses
the sniff of an incipient cold. He sighs, marking him out
as too impatient to be a patient. I anchor myself
on the brink. I wait.

Ali Pardoe England

NO HARPS

I am not a harper
I am not a Fisher King
I am neither of these things

I am not a father
I am not a feather wing
I am neither of these things

I am not a player
I am not a fiddle string
I am neither of these things

I am not a piper
I am not a diamond ring
I am neither of these things

I am not a singer
I am not a playground swing
I am neither of these things

I am not a sinner
I am not a waspish sting
I am neither of these things

I am not a swimmer
I am not a moorland spring
I am neither of these things

I am not a winner
I am not a rifle sling
I am neither of these things

Paul Steffan Jones Wales

DAD DANCING

Can I go go Dad dancing
when I am not a Dad?
though I look like one
the same worn skin
the same dress sense and poor posture
the same mistakes and regrets
and fear being found dancing
or any public physical act
unless dependent on alcohol

Dad dancing
I don't remember mine dancing
he had been a Teddy boy
he may have jived a bit

maybe providing for a new family
in the cooling down Cold War
put him out of step

me? I'm just awkward

Paul Steffan Jones Wales

12 MONTHS

Portal windows look seawards,
to the monks' low island
silver grey pewter
aluminium spelter

people on the beach
buffeted by wind energy
brings lesser black-backed gulls
and fragments of sand-hoppers

to our hotel room
imagined as twilit woodland
silhouettes of fern
and butterflies in verdancy

a year wiser
to being
a year together

Paul Steffan Jones Wales

THE VILLAGER

He waits for a bus he knows will never come
knows it has never left on its journey
not manoeuvred from its timetable
written in a curiously antiquated font

he waits for he is the Real Prince of Wales
and thus can afford to wait
uselessly

he will return home with a broken compass
and a head full of the names of spare villages
Aberhafesp
Llanamon Dyffryn Ceiriog
Dylife
Plwmp
and others that trouble memory
and the mouth

he now has greater knowledge
of how valleys connect with other valleys
after roads have expired

the spine of his country sustains him
royal yet so ordinary
can you hear him breathing
in your village?

Paul Steffan Jones Wales

ANDY WARHOL'S PREDICTION

See the pretty bullet.
See the bullet coming.
Andy sees the bullet.
He takes a snapshot.
"Wow! This is really art!"

See the powder spark.
See the silver smoke.
See the bullet bend the air.
Andy says, "Fab-u-lous!
It's like watching a star."

See the bullet twist.
See the barrel kick.
See the bullet enter.
"Golly! Gosh!" says Andy,
Death is a kinda art."

See the film of the bullet.
See the exit wound.
See the victim fall.
“Holy Cow!” Andy says,
“In the future everyone
Will be dead for 15 minutes.”

Robin Lindsay Wilson Scotland

PIET MONDRIAN’S VICTORY

Between the boogie and the woogie
a grateful refugee flicks on the lights
and tries to blind his guilt with glare.

Despite a ribbon of Broadway billboards
the spit and grit of religion remains
until every block is a hymn of praise
to his belief in the god of geometry.

The horizon is always a starting place,
It divides the world from judgment
And creates a line across emptiness
Like a Zeeland wall against high tide.

In the channels of his imagination
he builds the foundation of a jazz city
on polder basins and reclaimed land.
Electric yellow and red filaments flicker
around the edges of his Puritanism.

When his faith is exhausted on pretzels
and showgirls on The Great White Way
something like acceptance or real life
props a bottle of beer on his shoulder
and calls a cab to Jelly Roll him home.

Robin Lindsay Wilson Scotland

<p>MYSELF AND OTHER STRANGERS by Robin Lindsay Wilson, published by Cinnamon Press. Available via www.cinnamonpress.com Price: £8.99.</p>

NOW ALL THE BIRDS ARE FLOWN

Blackbird
I remember you
Snow white
among the Blackthorn
cowed by the wind
You made your way
along the limestone wall
You came there only once
And that for me
Not of this world
and yet your bill as bright
Your song as gay as any
Now that stirs a day
and that flute call
reminds me still
how all our birds are flown

You came so I'd remember
And I remember now
Redwing
That blood red splash
upon your downy breast
You lay among the bracken
And the tangled thorn
and uncomplaining
Let me cup you in my hands
offer you to air
too heavy though for air
You offered up your soul
upon the breeze.
From what frozen hell
What leaden rain
Fled South
What things have seen
what witness born.
They shall remain
But I remember

I remember still.

And I remember
Lapwing
So proud your peaked cap
Alert and gay
turned out for parade
Or falling from the sky
In acrobatic spin
Alas your mastery of the air
No match for splintered steel
I tried to catch you on my Brownie
on parade your head held high
Green and Khaki on a golden field
Your face turned to the wind
waiting as the Dandelion time
Drifted through the day
The photos when they came
Showed Black White empty field
But I remember
I remember still

And I remember
Sparrow
Your cheeky chat about the yard
The banter in the eaves at night
The quarrels and the laughter
How you stole the breadcrumbs
From our table
Brown and Buff colours
Were always good enough for you
But now the hallway door
lets in just a shaft of light
a single feather
drifts upon its beam
A rifle propped against
the pantry door
A pair of muddy boots
A silk kerchief and a scribbled note
“Back soon”. Nip

But I remember
I remember still
Though all the birds are flown

Ian Griffiths England

theseventhquarrytheseventhquarrytheseventhquarrytheseventhquarry

<p>BELGIAN POET GERMAIN DROOGENBROODT TRANSLATED BY BILL WOLAK AND MARIA BENNETT</p>
--



Germain Droogenbroodt © 2017 Bill Wolak

MORNING POEM

Innocently
the poem wanders
between dreams and mist.

Lost language
embedded in the pale gray of dawn,
the birds
the land of fairy tales
the lake of hardened lava.

Hungry and starved for plunder,
the fykes,
the trap-net,
the word catcher.

PROPHECY

for Annie Reniers

Gradually lower
risking collision,
swooping birds descend.

Inevitable signs,
the secret code
painted on the lake.

Decipherable
only by fish
and trees
hidden on the shore,
they have stretched their roots
like word traps.

LOST POEMS

for Satish Gupta

The day
deprived of the sun,

the poem
of pen and paper.

Language scattered and lost
seagulls float
between the whitecaps
of the splashing water.

White scraps of paper
offered to the wind
and the waves of the lake
lost poems

MUSE

Virgin sail
surrounded by shale-water
the mirror of the lake

the jib boom following only
the seagull's cry.

Sometimes it flies up
to touch the sky
like an eagle

with the wings of Icarus.

REMINISCENCES OF MY VILLAGE

Out of countless mouths of towers
the bell choir pours
its bronze over the golden mountain

winding up the slopes:
it fans out like fireworks

becomes faint sounds
wandering like early autumn snow
above the mirror of the lake

melts
with a few yellowed pictures:

the village
the slate tower
the bronze bells of long ago.

THE OCTOPUS OF THE NIGHT

Once again the huge red ball
sets ablaze the wall of sunset,

makes white-hot
the filament in the clouds

throws in vain
on the leaden water
an anchor of sparkles.

Hidden in the thicket
the blackbird breaks off his song
leaving behind a trail of fragments,
when the octopus of the night
strangles, in the evening glow
the last light.

NIGHT SIREN *for Paul Celan*

Full moon
strangling-light
the lake's black water.

Magic circle
where, like mosquitoes,
the ghosts of dead poets dance

following the siren call
of the night,
lost in the mist.

MULTI NATIONALIUM OMNI POTENTIA

Like multi-colored excrement,
empty soda cans pile up
in the lake.

Soon

they also will pollute
the palate
of the fish

THE STEEPLE OF FAGETTO

The tip of the Prussian steeple rises,
a patinated helmet of green copper
above the peaceful scenery's
ochre, yellow, and green foliage.

Warns us:
also between hour and hour
time flies by.

Muttering it counts
—minute by minute—
time
with its bell-heart of bronze
breaks the silence
strikes the next hour.

IL LAVARELLO

Through the tissue
of the fleeting night,
the morning fisherman
advances stealthily

as a spider
weaving its threads
through the folds of the waves.

Only the buoy, useless light
for the hesitant species of the water,
reveals that death has set out the net
into the shadows of the lake.

Hidden the fish listen
to the murmur of gentle rain,
the siren call of the net.

—The reedbird squeals—

as the reckless fish
trapped in catch-light of morning
dies.

ZEN

Against the inscrutable sky
three little white clouds
oriental calligraphy
dissolve into
nothing
ness

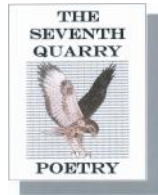
Germain Droogenbroodt was born in Rollegem, the Flemish part of Belgium. In 1987 he moved to the Mediterranean artist village of Altea and integrated in Spanish literary life. He is an internationally esteemed poet, translator, publisher and promoter of modern international poetry. He wrote eleven poetry books and translated—he speaks six languages—more than thirty collections of German, Italian, Spanish, English and French poetry, including anthologies of Bertolt Brecht, Reiner Kunze, Peter Huchel, Miguel Hernández, José Ángel Valente, Francisco Brines, and Juan Gil-Albert and rendered Arabic, Chinese, Japanese, Persian and Korean poetry into Dutch. As founder and editor of the Belgian publishing house POINT Editions (**PO**etry **IN**ternational) he has published more than eighty collections of mainly modern, international poetry. In 1996 he set up a new poetic movement, called *neo-sensacionismo* with the famous Chinese poets Bei Dao and Duo Duo. Recently, he has received The Kathak Literature Award 2015 in Bangladesh, the “Grand Prix Mihai Eninescu” as a poet and the “Medaille Mihai Eninescu” as a promotor of Universal Poetry, Craiova, Romania 2015.

Bill Wolak is a poet who lives in New Jersey and teaches Creative Writing at William Paterson University. He has just published his thirteenth collection of poetry entitled *Love Opens the Hands: New and Selected Love Poems* with Nirala Press. His poetry has appeared in over a hundred magazines. His most recent translation with Mahmood Karimi-Hakak, *Love Me More Than the Others: Selected Poetry of Iraj Mirza*, was published by Cross-Cultural Communications in 2014.

Maria Bennett is a poet whose latest book of poetry is entitled *Because You Love*. Recently, she has published a translation of the works of the Italian poet Annelisa Addolorato with Bill Wolak entitled *My Voice Seeks You: The Selected Poetry of Annelisa Addolorato*, Cross-Cultural Communications, 2013. Ms. Bennett's articles and reviews have appeared in The Daily News, Utne Reader, Epicurean, and other newspapers and magazines.

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Edward Thomas
2017 is the centenary year
of the death of the poet and writer

He was born in Lambeth, London, on 3rd March 1878 and he was killed in the
Battle of Arras in France on 9th April 1917

‘And I rose up and knew
That I was tired
And continued my journey’

A CLATTERING FROM ABOVE

Rich and I just out of high school
Dal back from the army
together on a rope on a Teton wall
half way up
all the lines straight like a geometry class
straight up or straight down
Dal heard it first, a scratching, a clattering,
and screamed “Hug the wall!”
and we hugged it, cheeks to the rock
like raw mother flesh,
chest thinner from not breathing.
The falling rocks arrived
like spit
like clicking billiards, only louder;
rocks spun right past our ears
and I heard for the first time the exact sound of death
it had wings and traveled fast
death traveled fast
with a hum that bullets have learned to copy.
Then it was quiet.
And we kept on climbing.

Alex Drummond America

NORTH FACE OF LONE EAGLE PEAK

Ned's wife fished while we climbed.
Could see her, straight down, two thousand feet
Working the water like a tapestry,
Pole and line like needle and thread.

We worked the mountain wall like an old book—
Lost for hours in its philosophies—
Climbing slowly, thought by thought, ledge by ledge.
Every hint and every hand hold was there,
But had to be looked for and found.
In the vastness of wall in which we toiled
We felt we climbed for all humanity
Out of the dark and toward the light.

All that rock and we who scaled that rock
Came to one final point—
Hewn, cracked, sharp and bare,
Licked clean by lightning's tongue,
The mountain's uttermost and final exclamation.
We felt it in our feet and rising through our bodies,
But knew not, at last, what the mountain meant.

Far below the day's catch waited in the frying pan.
Ned's wife sat singing by the fire,
Had seen our wave and sat and wondered
If she had learned from the lake
Resembled what we had learned from the mountain.
And that is what she sang about
When we arrived, out of the dark
And into the light of the fire.

Alex Drummond America

HIKING WITH PETER

for Peter Thabit Jones, September 17, 2016

Boot-shod feet, born and bred south coast of Wales
felt the pulse of Big Sur's thumping shore,
tapped its rhythms into poems,
then leaped, with the help of an airplane,
California to Colorado, where I met him
and was glad he was properly shod
to wind with me up among the sandstone fins
south side of Mt. Sanitas,
hiked and jogged by hundreds,
but sure to be people-free I promised Peter
on our descent north, then west, south,
and east from the summit.

Hour-long uphill huff and puff
failed to deflate our lungs,
left in fact whole hallways and corridors
of oxygen-filled enthusiasm
to talk poetry halfway from A to Z,
saving the other half for the less steep
meander back down.

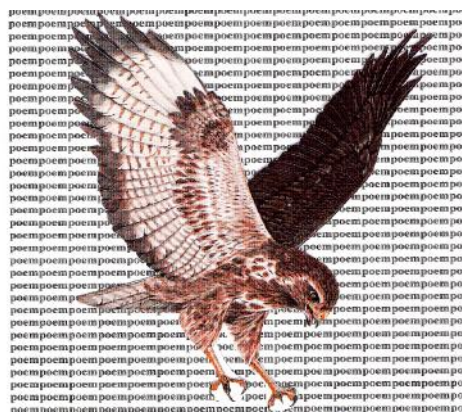
Peter could pick up from where he left
the Pacific sprawled below his hillside
hermitage at Big Sur by viewing
flat Boulder suckling its own shoreline
steep off Sanitas a thousand feet below our feet.

Peter clicked his camera at whatever wonder
first flew into his eye, a young woman clicked us
shaking hands by the mountain's summit pole,
and shy deer on the way down
ambled in and out of focus,
as poets and the ways of poetry
filled our talk, mixed with the scent
of ponderosa pines, the slope of hillsides,
the grass of meadows, and a certain log
we had to find to find a certain way down

the rest of the world no longer knows.

Fine friendly trail companion,
this man Peter, for whom poetry
ties and unties his boot laces
talks to him in his sleep, sometimes
shakes him awake, and showed him yesterday
through his boot soles how to step
from Boulder's young pink sandstone
to its old grey granite in whatever dance
between the two will add
an audible Colorado ripple
to each new poem
rising up inside him.

Alex Drummond America



LOOK OUT FOR ISSUE 26: Summer/Autumn 2017

WALES: Amanda Needham, Sally Spedding, Dave Lewis,
Byron Beynon, Christopher Norris, Jean Salkild, Paul Steffan Jones

ENGLAND: Peter Rawlings, Clive Donovan, Rehan Qayoom,
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SCOTLAND: Robin Lindsay Wilson

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Jane Blanchard, Darin Kranick, Daniel Y. Harris, Irene Koronas,
Carolyn Mary Kleefeld, Stanley H. Barkan, Bill Wolak,
Maria Bennett, Alex Drummond

“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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