

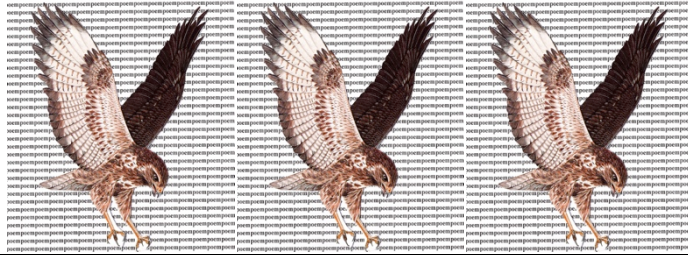
THE SEVENTH QUARRY



POETRY

ISSUE THIRTY-SEVEN
WINTER/SPRING 2023
SWANSEA'S INTERNATIONAL
POETRY MAGAZINE

THE

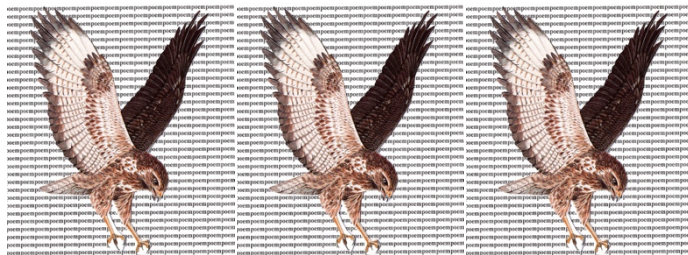


SEVENTH



QUARRY

**SWANSEA'S INTERNATIONAL
POETRY MAGAZINE**



**ISSUE 37
WINTER/SPRING 2023**

EDITORIAL
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This issue features work from America, England, India, Ireland, Portugal, Scotland, and Wales. It also includes a Poet Profile of renowned Welsh poet Mike Jenkins.

The collaboration between The Seventh Quarry Press and Stanley H. Barkan's Cross-Cultural Communications, New York, continues into 2023.

Many thanks to the contributors published in this issue.

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

Peter Thabit Jones, Editor

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PETER THABIT JONES
(photo © 2023 Peter Thabit Jones)

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MARTHA'S WORLD

The world from space looked exquisite and perfect.
Men gasped at the extraordinary sight;
amazing skills it took to photograph it
in lovely hues, pure green, pure blue and white.
Yet something cautioned us, don't get too close,
don't see the dirty streams, the clouds of gas.

The child believed her man-made world was perfect
and blossomed in the six years since her birth,
played with a globe, identified the oceans;
two adults were the pillars of her earth,
until that day a weeping parent said
the words which made the world crash on her head.

Merryn Williams England

PORTRAIT OF A LADY IN HOVE ART GALLERY

Now the gallery is closed, because of Covid –
and it's in a depressing part of town –
my memory slowly travels back; I dream of
that picture, of a woman dressed in green.
She's in a small room full of books, extending
her hand, she can choose any from the shelf.
She has no name; the artist visualised her
quite young, but still liked being by herself.
The books will be her friends throughout the lockdown,
I don't think that she knew the Internet,
and when my library runs out, I look at –
in dreams – that picture which I can't forget.
Shielded from those drab streets, that stone-grey sea,
her quiet room is where I'd like to be.

Merryn Williams England

GAS MANTLE

On caravan holidays
As a young child
I delighted in the glow
Of gas, so strangely comforting.

Over thirty years later
You made me feel
Just like a schoolboy again
With all your hissing brilliance.

I was moth to your mantle
Or perhaps more of a match.

Discarded, burnt and twisted
You left me spent;
Yet it took a good few years
For your glow to finally fade.

Now turned off, turned cold,
You turn to white dust in my fingers.

Derek Webb Wales

EYE-TO-EYE

'I love you,' she whispered
then rose, looking down on him
lying on the beach amongst the seawrack.

His eyelids fluttered briefly before flicking open;
and she found herself drawn into
the deep green pools of his eyes.

She could swim in those eyes.
Dive in naked. Plunge into their stillness.
Feel their coolness against her chalk white skin.

She shivered in quiet expectation,
then blushed, convinced
he could see what she was thinking.

‘You do love me, don't you?’ she murmured;
a frown spreading like ripples
across her forehead.

For a moment, she imagined
a word forming, rising to the surface:
even ‘maybe’ would do.

But all she saw was her own reflection.
A brief interlude before long fair eyelashes
shut her from his world once more.

Derek Webb Wales

ANOTHER WALK (NOVEMBER 27)

I stride across the old stones
What can they teach me that I don't already know?
Decrepit like my ornery bones
I peruse them like rotting scriptures
The dead dogmas of long gone sculptors

This bust of Hadrian's lover, Antinoös,
On his birthday, I recall the mysterious
Death on the river, some say human sacrifice?
What secret did Hadrian take to paradise?
These tight-lipped marbles look on, imperious.

Dylan Willoughby America



RADNORSHIRE FALL

what should be
looked for in urgent autumn is the wind-
falls of colours, whirling wide from the bough
– painting their shapes

as instants
in the air.

the gain is one leaf's shade of red, as if never
witnessed before, & now's the time to stand
astonished, while clouds scattering shed
a different light, stripping the haze down to
an amazement of yellow & rich browns,

the stunned golds
halted deep on
the forest floor,

though this soft lime green that lies on the path
stirs in the breeze as if collecting verve
enough to re-launch from earth

& return its lustre
to exalt upon
a branch.

Charles Wilkinson Wales

**THE SEVENTH QUARRY PRESS IS ON THE PRESTIGIOUS POETS
& WRITERS, INC, NEW YORK,
DATABASE OF PUBLISHERS**

**The Seventh Quarry Press has been recognised as a quality publishing
press by Poets & Writers, Inc, New York, and will be added to their
database of publishers.**

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

WILDFIRE IN WALES

how the sky's abundant blue laves grey
is summer slipping rearward into spring,
out of season & precocious by degree;
here early April sun bathes the back
almost before new leaf gains a way
to green or,

 out fast from Africa,
arcs of the first
 swifts are seen.

 perverse gold
unsettling suggests smoke behind
its light: forecast of flame; already
wood dries & the bracken browns
to future fuel load;

 what's unmanaged
is material, evidence collected before
an inferno, kindle of twig & needle.

worse awaits, idling till the arrival
of a glitter of glass, a stub unstamped,
or the match struck; then boredom is
big-bellied & wild, hatching the blaze,
& striding to monarchy, its hands
raised higher & higher in the forest,

 crowning
 the tree tops
 with fire.

Charles Wilkinson Wales

REMEMBERING VINCE CLEMENTE/Edited by Peter Thabit Jones

Contributors: Martin Abramson, Stanley H. Barkan, Maryann Calendrille, Gina Clemente, Maryann Clemente, Natalie Goldberg, Frane Helner, William Heyen, Dr. Olimpia Iacob, Carolyn Mary Kleefeld, Kathryn Szoka, Gayl Teller, Peter Thabit Jones

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

SNOUT

It's the job of poets
to nose about.

Sniff the breeze
for subtleties.

Snuffle through leaves
with a smart snout

and turn up words
that root out

a tasty phrase
that might please

or at least excite
an appetite.

Jim Gronvold America

MIX

We're a mixed bag,
and better for it.

Posh or rag-tag,
strong or unfit.

The shy, the wag,
the bore or wit.

We all do better
when we share

more than mere
due respect

and don't expect
things to be perfect.

Jim Gronvold America

AT THE PARK

We've come to test out all our broken things.
You ask me if I think it is too late
to mend the fractures. Jazz, some argue, swings
for real by jettisoning awkward freight
like notes on paper. Reach for golden rings?
No, maybe good will have to serve as great.
Let's turn our collars to the heavy weather
and make our way on limbs we've spliced together.

Simon Hunt America

DISTANCE

If there were just this clapped-out car,
the two of us, and all these stars,
a few wild horses, desert air,
and wine, I wouldn't miss the cares
we'd left behind. We're like that mare
we saw this afternoon, those pairs
of burros ignorant of Mars—
time-worn, eyes fixed on what's afar.

Simon Hunt America

**The Seventh Quarry Press
is a member of the Cyhoeddi Cymru/Publishing Wales (CCPW)**

HE SITS ON THE FOOTPATH

He sits cross-legged outside a supermarket
that generates a dim glow, behind
a broad glass door.
Dressed in black from head to toe,
his childlike countenance invites concern,
he tells his story in black and white.
Carrier bags at eye-level taunt, as if
they had tongues,
shoppers stride homeward.
An exchange makes him leap in the air.

Ann Flynn England

UFFCULME ALLOTMENTS SPEAK IN CODE

After a three-minute hike from the High Street, I unlock
a large green gate and enter a leafy haven.
A yellow beehive yells: the workers are indoors.
The road rises like an army drill, Highbury Park
is behind a barricade, a row of trees
tower overhead, permitting a pigeon-hole view.
Kings Heath railway line is a hurdle away,
a train hoots hello
on a journey to God knows where.

Each plot is a profile, narratives of high
and low notes. The history of tenants is untold,
akin to a closed order,
question marks on footfalls.
Sheds as sombre as guardians
are custodians of tools and clutter.
Nocturnal creatures forage in the night air
as autumn unfolds.

Ann Flynn England

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Hiroshima

His shadow lived on
Long after he was dead.
Burnt into the wall.
And etched. Deeper than
Any memory could ever be.

Her mouth remained open
Long after the scream shot out.
With her breath and all.
As she lay trapped
In the rubble
That once was home.

The yells, the screams
The cries, the sobs
Locked in with silence
In the radioactive clouds
Of Hiroshima.

Mayura Tiwari India

IF WE MUST HAVE A BORDER

You picked up the gun
While I was gathering flowers in our garden.
Now where do I place
The bouquet in my arms?

If we must have a border
Let it be the beds of roses and tuberoses
Of lavender and thyme
And of citrus and pine

So that the birds can come and feed
And the butterflies can rest
And the breeze can scatter their scent
On its gentle wings

two cars in white shrouds, forsaken by their owners.
Above, ailing stars compete with the bilious
fluorescence of street lamps, causing ebony tree
shadows to play out their slow shimmy on the veiled pavement.
The unearthly bark of a fox carries across the silence
from the garden where it paws plastic wrapped carcasses:
easy prey in a hard winter.
I turn tail, scurry to my holt.

Ali Pardoe England

TRYING TO WRITE

Words flit in the belfry of her brain,
its corridors gloomed from doom-scrolling.
She longs to write, scythe paths open, dream
free away from night. Instead, lit candles flicker
out in frigid fake-news draughts, and thoughts
snuff out as well. Until, desperate, she trudges
through her backdoor. Blinded by sun on snow
her head is cleansed. Her sight clears to reveal
a wren, nut-brown, balanced on a bare twig.
She cannot find a lexicon to save the world,
but she might picture this moment, this bird
in snug, tight lines within a tender haiku.

Ceinwen E Cariad Haydon England

LOST IN SPACE AT DRURIDGE BAY

Our revealed low tide beach is silver-sheened and vast,
the foreshore boundaried by heaps of bladderwrack.
Small white crabs, spiralled shells, and piled worm casts
with twinned tunnelled holes – stud sea-coal dust, fanned black.
The foreshore boundaried by heaps of bladderwrack
invites our feet to choose, and tread divergent paths –
studded with tunnelled holes and sea-coal dust, fanned black.
Trailing separate arcs, hopes of shared pleasure are dispatched.

is broadly meaningful. Swift through culverts,
at ease in woods, watchful in moon-glare
on slopes, a fox distinguishes
concentrations of danger
and meat from places he might starve in peace.
Space is boundless, unlit
by nearby hamlets or encroaching cities.
A precise rain fell earlier;
now, like some unexpended substance,
stars cluster.

Less visually interesting, dark
and smoke-plumed at the lower right
of canvas and village, a tavern.
There men stare at each other, puff
their pipes to make time move again.
Why am I heavy and cruel?
Why tithe? Why always cough? How is it
that everything I know grows small
while the space it abandoned laughs?
But neither drinkers nor questions
appear. The purpose
of landscape, said Schopenhauer,
is to pacify the will.

Fred Pollack America

**Awarded the 2020 Korean Poets Society of America/
Miju Poetry & Poetics English-language Award**

**GARDEN OF CLOUDS/NEW AND SELECTED POEMS
by Peter Thabit Jones**

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Cover to Cover sales@cover-to-cover.co.uk (UK)

THAT SHADOWFLIGHT

wings freshly cut cemetery growth
briefly darkens stones singing in summer heat passes over confetti and both
fertilises rises to shadower,

and falls like ash from a balefire boneash
of words from stories long gone history
an ascent of remembering the last
mown from this world's short memory.

Overgrown with story, tidiness respects
edits unnecessary verbiage
from mourning, de-rewilds so words are kept
clear to read, decay more slowly with age.

That wingful shadow flits in and out plot,
a passing thought of what is, what is not.

Paul Brookes England

WHEN MAKING SENSES

Bumblebee exits through dark entryway,
Butterfly briefly staining our window.
Ant sways up our backstep as here to stay.
Robins are in the back hedge lying low.

Pigeons on garage roof stab at stale bread
A frantic flap of wings as grief chases
a mate over hedge trimmer buzz, black head
seagull call, a tide coming in phases.

Disturbed moths flutter towards too much
light. Blackbirds on unused terrace chimneys
enigmatic variations in touch
with other bough bright orchestral voices.

Inhale sweetness of flourish and decay,
sugar entices small deaths each sunned day.

Paul Brookes England

THE ODDS

Always believe something special
is going to happen at 33-1.

Believe me son, this is the sweet spot.

When odds drift as ambition
expect saddles to spook;

when the Saints come marching in
anticipate pain of slot machine silver,

and bookies to lick lips like rocket lollies,
fair-weather punters claiming all bets are off.

Believe me, my boy, you've no need for tipsters,
you'll feel the sweet spot in your juices,
honey-potting your heart.

Like love, just go with it,
even if you fall at the final hurdle,

fools always throw glittering fish back to the deep,
and believe me son, the seahorse is a fish
whose male carries the burden of pregnancy.

What are the odds of that?
Now then son, who do you fancy?

Leigh Anthony Manley Wales

Old Parish

Fair fields vintage bound by twine of chime,
engraved in rust with hammer and chisel,
blind to how cygnet grows tenfold
when tenderfoot hourglass courts,
impotent to bless marriages of double digits
dimming light's homeward fade,

reflections of *Cefn Ydfa*'s broken maid.
But skilled is the artist who harnesses ingenuity,
shapes contrasting lines of equal meaning
in tallies of rising forefinger and thumb,
twin pillar chased. Caesarean quadruplets
cloned in sevens resting on pine box
as a swaddle of axes, abiding souls
etched in the seed of a bethel
to bloom in labours of ore and flame:
proud *Llynfi*'s oval heirloom silver.

Leigh Anthony Manley Wales

IN OLD AGE

Even if darkness
no longer offers dreams,
and we're a shadow,
we're blinded,

and our gifts are nothing
but the night's contempt,
we don't die,
we don't forget,

we make distinctions,
we retain our selves,
we breathe, we're human,
not just something that extends.

John Grey America

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WHAT IS THIS?

I was sent into the game
and I had no idea what the rules were
and what my role was supposed to be.

Guys ran at me and around me.
Girls shouted in my direction.
The umpire – or he could have been
the referee – kept pointing at me
and blowing his whistle.

Feeling the pressure,
I blurted out my mother's maiden name,
my favorite color,
the books I'd read recently,
my deepest fears,
my passions
and my waist size.

When it was all over,
my teammates gathered around me,
shook my hand,
slapped me on the back.

“Did we win?” I asked.

John Grey America

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POET PROFILE: MIKE JENKINS, WELSH POET

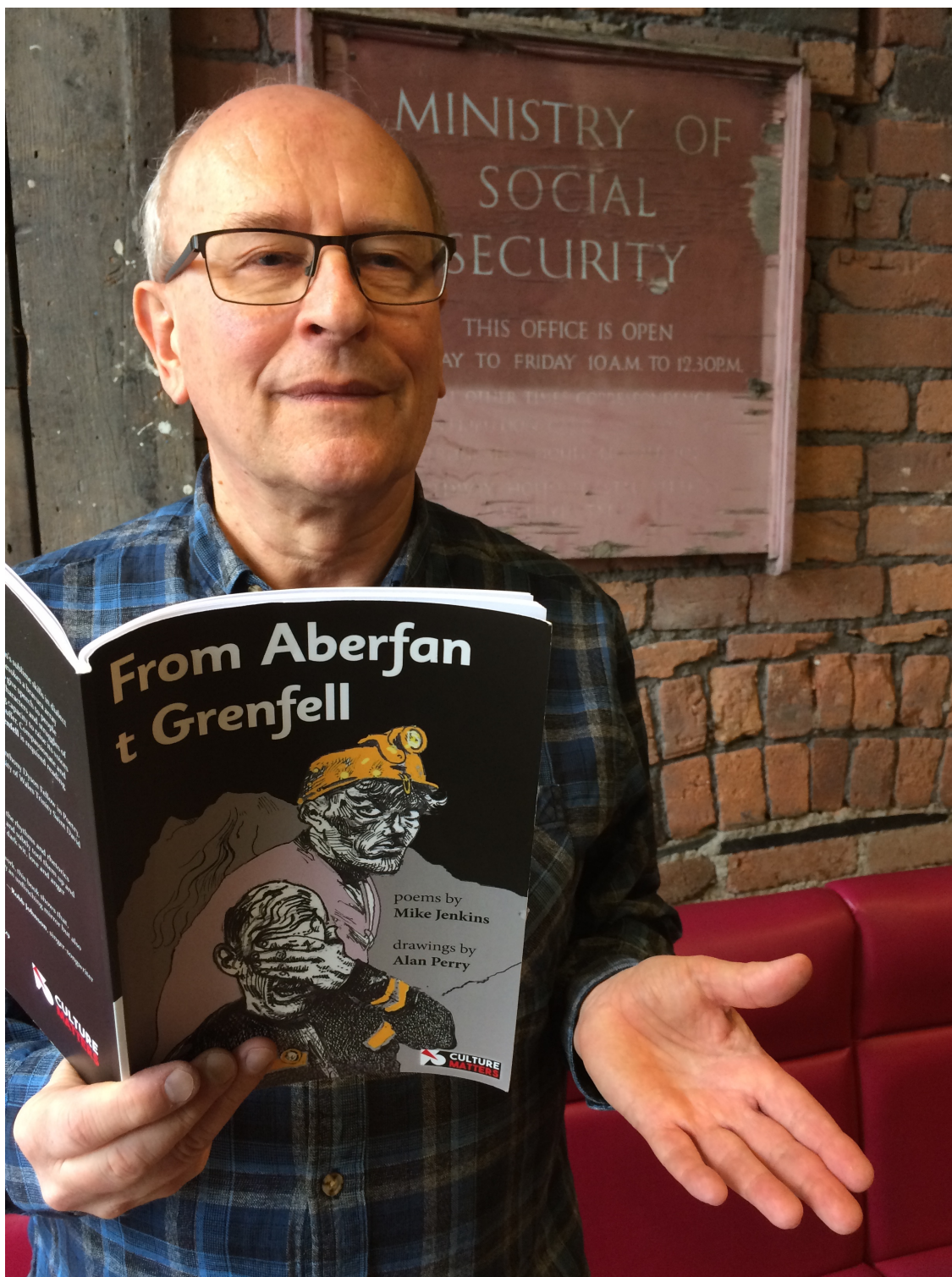


Photo © 2023 Mike Jenkins

Renowned Welsh poet Mike Jenkins is a former Comp teacher who has co-edited 'Red Poets' magazine for 28 years. Winner of Wales Book of the Year for a collection of interlinked stories set in the Valleys 'Wanting to Belong' (Seren). Editor of a recent anthology of radical poetry from Wales 'Onward/ Ymlaen!' and another 'Gwrthryfel / Uprising' both published by www.culturematters.org.uk

Also writes in Welsh and recently won the North American Festival of Wales Welsh language poetry competition.

Latest books – 'The 3 Molas' (Carreg Gwalch) poems from Cameroon, with Eric Ngalle Charles and Ifor ap Glyn, and 'Anonymous Bosch' (Culture Matters), with photos by Dave Lewis.

NOTE: All the poems are from Mike's latest book 'Seams of People', published by Carreg Gwalch.

<http://www.mikejenkins.net>

<http://www.facebook.com/mjenkins1927>

<http://twitter.com/mjenkins1927>

Cwpan y Byd Digartref

Pobl y byd
yn chwarae yng Nghaerdydd -
timau digartref
a thimau stryd

y cae yw'n cartref ni

mae'r blaned Bêl yn gron
gwrandewch ar y sŵn
y gynulleidfa'n gweiddi
gwledydd yn cymysgu

y cae yw'n cartref ni

croeso mawr i'r Parc
neb sy 'na yn grac -
anghofio bywyd tywyll,
a phawb ar eu hennill

gwefreiddiol newydd sbon
byth yn teimlo fel estron -
i gyd yn rhedeg yn rhydd
dyma ein haileni

y cae yw'n cartref ni.

THE HOMELESS WORLD CUP

People of the world
come to Cardiff to play –
teams of the homeless
teams of the street

these fields where we belong

the planet Ball is round
listen to the sound
of the crowds cheering
of nations mixing

these fields where we belong

welcome to Bute Park
nobody's full of hate –
we all forget the dark
and everyone is winning

these fields where we belong

a new, thrilling experience
no more seen as strangers –
we are running free
like kids or dogs released

these fields where we belong .

(Translated, non-literally, by the author.)

Mike Jenkins Wales

DOWN THE VALLEY

Drawn down the Taff valley
like the coal itself,
to the burgeoning docks of Barry.

From generations of colliers, hauliers
in the Albion, Cilfynydd :
cheap lives ,dim gobaith caneri.

Down to the grand offices
overlooking the port, where figures
were the ore he worked.

Ships for steam and power
sent around the globe ; his iaith
remained deep ,precarious, breathing dust.

White house on the edge of town
with a balcony , Arosfa :
what was he waiting for?

Long as he lived coal trains ran
from a place he'd left behind :
a language sung, but not spoken.

Notes –

Dim gobaith caneri (Welsh idiom) – no hope, like a canary

Iaith – language

Arosfa – waiting place

Mike Jenkins Wales



YOU SAY, I SAY

You say 'separation' –
I say 'national liberation'

You say 'divisive' –
I insist 'inclusive'

You argue 'narrow nationalism' –
I maintain 'Cymru's internationalism'

You say 'parochial' –
I say 'cultural'

You claim 'too small' –
I counter 'so many smaller'

You insult 'Union-wrecker' –
I respond 'a new future'

You declaim 'we are together' –
I know we're falling asunder

You say 'you contribute' –
I say 'taxes wasted'

You swear 'socialism!'
I praise socialism

You celebrate monarch and army –
I sing of language and poetry

You pronounce 'we are now free!' –
I reply 'dim 'to...ond daw ein dydd!'

Note – 'dim 'to...ond daw ein dydd' – not yet, but our day will come

Mike Jenkins Wales

CARN-NOS

What fires now
from the estate on the hillside?

Of funeral pyres?
Of warning lights, of beacons?
Of harvest ones,
the turning of the seasons?

Fires which can't be extinguished -
in the blood, unseen.

Of murderous frustrations,
of money kindling,
of sickness stacked
in paper piled ;
of spitting sparks
like babies' cries in the night;
of purposes and plans
turned black and taken
on a wind down-slope ;
of mocking words
which burn and scar
so you can never cover them.

What fires now
for the shape-shifting name
when neighbours wonder
and appall at fists
of scorching flames?

Note – the name of the Gurnos estate in Merthyr comes from 'Carn-nos' , or 'night watch beacon'

Mike Jenkins Wales

AN EMPTY SPACE

(Er cof am Jonathan)

He arrived late to practice
wheeled in, from the Home
he had come to hate.

Shuffling with a wave-greeting
to take his seat
and sing along to every part.

He talked avidly break-times :
history, my children, his studies ;
his plush folder full of poetry.

I noticed a single pin-prick
on his neck. He drank Coke
and devoured chocolate bars.

Read a poem at our Christmas concert
faltering a little, yet making it count ;
rhyming like Romantics he'd studied.

I was astounded to find out
for years he'd been almost mute,
only sang in whispers.

He died during the pandemic,
the choir couldn't sing at his funeral,
regulations forbade it.

There is always an empty space
for a bass, his busy voice
unsettling at first , then rising .

Mike Jenkins Wales

DINOSAURS IN PENYLAN

Among trees and shrubs in the river park,
along pavements where roots
thrust through the tarmac

all the way along the path
he declaims 'T Rex!' 'Dino!'
'Triceratops!' 'Stegosaurus!'

from outside the shop he spies it -
a whole display of dinosaur books ;
he wants in, he shouts out

the book about the hungry diplodocus
and when he blurts out
'Parasaurolophus' from his push-chair

a woman says - ' Oh, love him!'
His mam's just glad he's not
into abstract expressionism

like his painting efforts. Imagine
'Pollock!' 'Rothko!' 'de Kooning!'
(children's books are seriously lacking).



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WALTON HALL PARK

So many memories behind Nan's door,
a house engulfed in spewing poison,
coughing, spluttering, creeping death
and crushing lungs sucking breath out,
mechanical monsters roam in packs cursing fingers gesturing wrath, their
clashing crashes heard out her windows, their toxins spread infecting elder's
breath, poison filters oxygen,
wasteful filth fester rotting pavements, clogging grids spewing up contents,
attracting pests infesting pavements, a plastic plague propagates each day,
scallys' feed it, helping it grow,

pure light white shrivels sour grey,
decay to crumbling, paint flaying,
Walton Park decays shrivelled gloss
its sign flaked away across decades,
marked & scribbled, dead over time,
a cherry red rocket ride sours pink,
loud rusted joints stiff black screech
its bronze metal corpse reanimated,
swinging memories carry a shadow,
squeaking in chilly changing winds,
a piece of me trapped in orange fields,
a patch of green in man's stone forest,
towering oaks and glimmering fields,
the only place here that feels natural,
sweet rainbow weeds quenching bees.

Callum McGee England

Memory Tree by Gareth Culshaw, Hendon Press, £9.95 <https://hendonpress.co.uk/>

“Memory Tree is crammed with imagery, giving glimpses of the lives of dog walkers, cleaners, miners' wives, and builders. Culshaw has an alert, original eye, and a tumbling, energising use of metaphor”—Jean Atkin

NUDE SWIMMING IN THE HEBRIDES IN OCTOBER

Now the element of challenge:
the clouds mask the afternoon sun,
except in bursts. Discouraging.

But when the bright face re-appears,
it's time for our metta chanting:
pronouncing Pali worse than badly,

adding ruder words as we swim.
Why be serious in the sunlight?
Those clouds are only tutting nuns.

Seth Crook Scotland

DATED

“Just snip off the Lloyd George”, Dad requests.

At this kitchen table barbershop
my hairdressing skills are limited.

But with Dad's thin hair: no challenge.

He'll struggle to find a high street trimmer
acquainted with the style reference.

“I can do you a Disraeli”, I suggest.

“Just leave room for my tricorn hat”, he replies.

Seth Crook Scotland

SLEEPLESS AT TWO IN THE MORNING: VIOLIN CASE OR NEW CASE?

Sherlock Holmes, so intense,
so taut. A default Moriarty is the role
of his well-worn violin.

No jigs, no reels, no waltzes.
Only the staring, the slow bowing,
slightly bored with Being.

In the dark docklands,
like the slow turning of a page,
a new plot quietly rows in.

Seth Crook Scotland

THE CUSP OF SPRING

the linen sky – unrolled from some cosmic storeroom –
gives nothing away in its flat unbroken sameness

abandoned leaves – soaking wet after the last snow melted –
sigh in a sodden chorus muddied with almostspring rain

their breathy exhalations harmonizing with a glissando
of trilly notes from some brave bird back early
from its winter hejira as i – a quaint leftover myself –
pace the perimeter of this small rectangle

bare feet squishing through leaves and mud
head skyward – eyes closed – mouth open –

tasting the chemical tears of heaven on a tongue
roughened by the salt of sorrow and the endless prayers
of a supplicant routinely ignored –
wondering if i can survive the beautiful damage of spring

RC de Winter America

AFTER THE CHARM OFFENSIVE

There is no room for soft and lush,
once so admired but now crushed
under tumbrel wheels that carry us,
voluntarily or not, along the rough

and pitted road to the future.
All is sharpened, unrelenting, neatly planned.
There is no give; not a crack in which
a stray forgotten seed of beauty might take root
and vine in curlicues of amber.
There is no time to sit, a cup of tea in hand,
in velvet armchairs in the afternoon.
There is, in fact, no afternoon.
The neon days whirl by in dizzy disarray;
look you – the sun has fled
and nothing waits but takeout food,
the box that tells you what to think,
the cold hard bed you rent for a few hours.
I miss the days of lace and lavender,
of quiet conversation in a room
designed for comfort, not for speed.
But grace is dead, slain by the Judas silver
we embraced when we bought every lie
the hucksters sold.

RC de Winter America

CRICKETS

my petals unfold
in the velvety night
as the cricket chorus buzzes
in the mad search for love

okay not love
not for them
just the biological imperative
maybe i'll sing along anyway

i laugh
as a small voice hisses
get over yourself rapunzel
all the princes are dead

i know that
there are no heroes here

and who wants a prince anyway
but i sing all the same

and the ghost of love
sits down beside me
harmonizing sweet enough
to almost make me a believer

but he's a liar and a thief
a shameless swindler with
the voice of an angel
and no heart at all

so i shove him off the swing
and tell the crickets to
get on with it or get over it
and shut up already

then light a cigarette
in case some stray prince
lost in his own fantasies
hobbles by

because like greta
i want to be alone
and smoke is the best
love repellent on the market

RC de Winter America

ROUNDELAY

There's a lamentation in the land echoing in the impassive sky,
voices raised in a chorus of tears pulled from drowning lungs
sacrificed to ignorance – a universal oratorio repeated in countless tongues:
all flesh just flesh
all bone just bone
the crumbs of vulnerability
alone

In the palaces of privilege the anointed congratulate themselves.
The rich only cry when others are richer. But death, no respecter of wealth,
is an equal opportunity assassin; money shares no blood with health:
all flesh just flesh
all bone just bone
the crumbs of vulnerability
alone

While the rest of us shiver in our frail sarcophagi, caught between criminals
and saints, the beautiful and not, the young, the old, the gifted, the slow
become the indistinguishable ash of a universal rainbow:
all flesh just flesh
all bone just bone
the crumbs of vulnerability
alone

RC de Winter America

SHABBOS

Friday, 16 July 2021

We are very lucky, my wife and I.
We have two children, a girl and a boy.

And we have five grandchildren,
now that our daughter & son
have grown and married and are parents.
all living nearby in the same town.

Tonight we are celebrating two birthdays,
two days in advance of Sunday, 18 July.
One of these is for the 16th of our first grandson,
Jeremy Benjamin Barkan.
The other is for the 17th of our second granddaughter,
Natasha Rose Clarke.

It's Shabbos, so it's a triple joyous time.

But Sunday, the actual birthday, is coincident with Tisha B'Av,
one of the saddest days in the Jewish calendar.

Two temples were destroyed on this day—the first
in 586 CE, and the second in 70 CE.

And it also marks the time when Jews were exiled
from England in the 13th century and Spain in the 15th.

And there were other awful occurrences that happened on this day.

So with this Sunday being both a birthday for our grandson Jeremy
and granddaughter Natasha, we'll just have to mix
the bitter with the sweet, the sweet with the bitter,
this Shabbos evening.

We have a choice: We choose the sweet.

We do not know when we'll have another such occasion.

But, for now, we revel in
the lighting of the candles,
the motsi on the challah,
the kiddush with the wine,
and the blessings:

for Jeremy to be like Ephraim & Menashe
and Natasha to be like Sarah & Rebecca, Leah & Rachel.

Baruch HaShem!

Stanley H. Barkan America

MID-MARCH MADNESS 2022 (After reports from Ukraine)

Sweet spring has arrived
but cruel winter lingers
nature stirs in darkness

Ice blows through the east,
over the loved tulip land
crocuses bloom in Kyiv

An enemy stalks
folk make Kokteli Shastya
they want peace not war

Forget the summer
planned festivities shudder
there are scars of war

Air raid sirens wail
missiles fall like autumn leaves
song birds sing new life

In Lviv refugees
scramble to Poland in snow
40miles away

No shopping centre
a florist in Artem sells tulips
one by one by one

Sweet spring has arrived
but cruel winter lingers on
lingers and lingers

Jean Salkilld Wales

LA FIN DU MONDE

By the end I eschewed all mundane, meaningless activities,
Like checking my bank account balance,
To fan old photographs—
Remove the dust.

Stacks of sepia tone mementos,
Framed and unframed,
Some with beautifully penned notes
In blue ink
In a language I didn't know
Were buried in the basement.

One read: *Pendant les crises, gardez votre calme.*

Sarah Cosgrove America

OPERATION: SAFE SKIES

American Airlines Flight 976 from New York to California
Diverted to Denver,
Where thousands of pit bulls were once executed
After a single attack.

En route to Santa Ana, a flight attendant was assaulted
After bumping into a passenger,
Asking him to wear his seatbelt,
Teaching him how to fly safely,
And how to respond to emergencies.

Now we will prosecute him to the fullest extent of the law,
Ensure air marshals teach self-defense classes,
And issue travel bans to
Protect ourselves,
Or at least use bandages to mask injuries
And force to combat violence.

Sarah Cosgrove America

UNITY CANDLE CEREMONY

On our first day, we wept.
We fasted. We made a piecemeal promise to keep each other
In love, loyalty, and friendship
Until death do us part.

Visions of papier-mâché, leather, and lace flickered—
Another year's trials, another token.
One o'clock, three o'clock, thirteen o'clock. . .

If we make it to fifty,
Perhaps I'll receive a gold nugget,
Once prized higher than cryptocurrency.
And when our foundation is sunk,
Or barren due to drought,
You will kneel in an act of retroactive humility as
A gallant plea for disarmament.

Sara Cosgrove America

SOLARIUM

After the sunburst,
Before the sunshower,
We baked.

Sweet and savory delights tempted us,
Bergamot and frankincense lured us, and
An evil sorcerer tricked you into thinking—
This is the only way.

The disillusionment of our early years faded
Into an impressionist painting,
Transporting me to the era
Before you tossed our last coin
To the fountainhead.

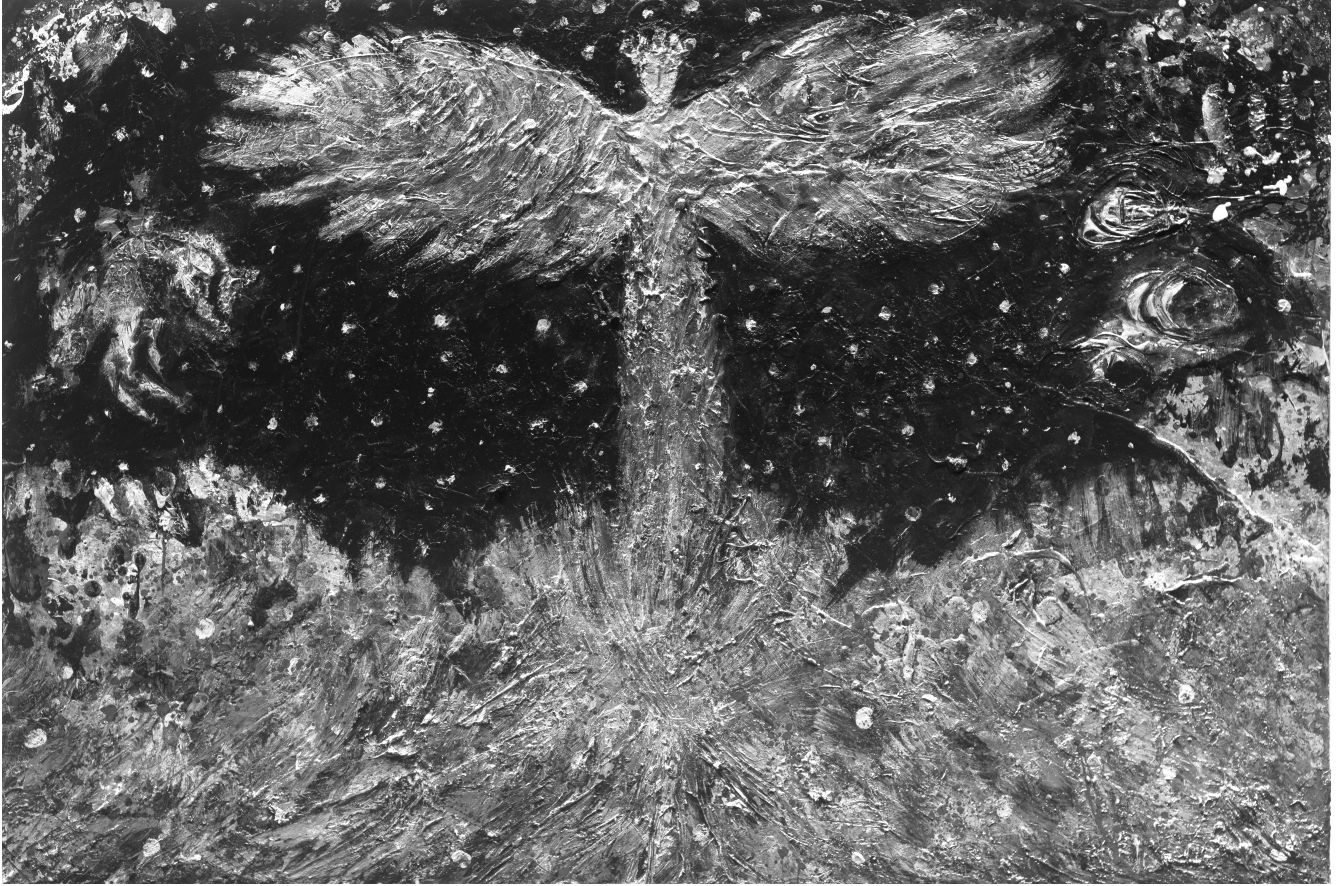
Truth is a settlement.

This glass house we live in isn't really mine.
It isn't yours either.
It belongs to our benefactor,
Who clearly hates us.

When the windows break,
I pray we are not abandoned to pick up shards.
Instead, we will journey to a safer country,
seeking asylum.

Sara Cosgrove America





Yes to Life (24" x 36", Acrylic on Hardboard, 2022)

© 2022 Carolyn Mary Kleefeld

HOW CAN YOU BEAR IT?

(for DD)

How can you bear it,
ever rising sun,
your infinity always moving
toward new vistas?

How can you bear it,
the continual widening
of your shores?

Yet a crack opens up
and in you go,
embodying the expansion,

testing both your strength
and fragility.

You are like a tree
with roots so deep
that your thirst can only
be fed by unseen gods.

Yes, in the twilight
of the beaming sun
I behold you as never before...

And witnessing your power,
I too yield to something eternal,
that holds everything—
seen and unseen.

Carolyn Mary Kleefeld America

IMMORTAL SEEDS/BEARING GOLD FROM THE ABYSS

by American poet and artist Carolyn Mary Kleefeld

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copies of the magazine, subscription facility, a Poet of the Month, and
other sections: www.seventhquarrypress.com**



WHAT ISN'T TRUE SURE DOES STING

“That’s just not true!”
you bellow,
scattering roasted almonds
across the porch floor,

dead crickets
on a summer night.

But your vehemence betrays you
as I look back

on those Atlantic City hotel rooms,
11 p.m.,
eight years old,

Letterman on TV,
fingers stained orange from Cheetos,
watching the bathroom door,
waiting for the woman of 237
to come staggering out,
dead and dripping.

Terrified.
Alone.

You’re right:
Untruths hurt like hell.

Daniel Gene Barlekamp America

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IN CONFIDENCE

I saw them too,
the people we told you
only you could see.
I watched them slam you against the walls,
felt your bones snap,
heard you cry for help.

As you crawled up the stairs
toward me,
arms outstretched,
bleeding,
pleading,
I stepped back,
just a boy,
arms frozen at my sides
in love
and fear.

I saw them too,
the dead.

But that's just between
you and me.

Daniel Gene Barlekamp America



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THE SEVENTH QUARRY SWANSEA'S INTERNATIONAL POETRY MAGAZINE

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

AN IMMOVABLE FEAST

Ah, the roofs! the chimneys!
I sit at my window, taut
in the sexual delight
of all that tile and slate. The men?
The men are everywhere. I watch them work at the stone,
drive back the blackness: we shall return to the old
sand splendor—let the king come home.

In the gutter, before the Academy,
a man and a woman, as black as Paris
are locked together;
they take their warmth and their rags
for what they are, their warmth and their rags—
I have so much love for them
I leave them to starve on their love.

William Leo Coakley America

WAITING FOR DUSK

Five old men, too wise to go home,
Sit at a table, the wine almost gone.
Whatever you ask us,
Don't believe what we say:
We lost a world of wonder
Through our own fault—of age.
The last drops and sips are done,
But we won't want you to guide us.
Off we go to the river together
To watch the sun as it sets
A golden road on the water to walk on
We don't need yet.

William Leo Coakley America

ODE ALMOST AEOLIAN

in memory of George Barker,
on the 100th Anniversary of His Birth

Half past midnight, even the Bure is sleeping,
Fish in its skies, stars in its mirroring waters;
Nightingales stir, whirling their insolent questions
No-one can answer.

Master of Bintry, why do the dead come back to us
Through the damp earth, dumb, in the mists of morning,
Leaving behind their footprints of accusation
Madmen should walk in?

Father and poet, where are the song and solace
That the gods conceal in their heavens of music,
But you called down, speaking in tongues to your golden
Children and angels?

In your arms, like spring with its burdens, you carried
Friends agog and ghosts their bluebells and verses—
Let me now, last, least of those voices, send you this
Barbarous homage.

William Leo Coakley
26 February 2013

NORMANDIE ELEGY

in memory of
Alain Salmon

You had kings in your blood,
An ancient house so full of young life,
Children, a dancing wife
You built a refuge for
With your own hands, your perfection of art,
With your whole body, your noble heart.
You had everything, everything to lose.

Why should not your friends come to you?
Come from your Paris to sit with you,
To feed you bits of what you loved,
To help you laugh at death.

William Leo Coakley America

GAZPACHO

Like a skilled matadora,
mother speared me
with a look after I gagged
at my first taste aged fifteen.
The chilled tomato soup
routed my stomach
and I returned to the bathroom,
ping ponging between
embarrassment and looks
spearing me until my face
was redder than the Spanish sun.
My uncle didn't care - the mussels
opening like butterfly wings
and another caña of beer
more interesting than the scene.
He'd already witnessed the thrill
of the ring at home as a child,
knew how the air became cooler
than the gazpacho once the bull
of the moment presented itself
for judgment.

Christian Ward England

THE JUDGES Of WANDLE RIVER

A drizzle of midges
acts as judges
to decide what's more
important: the birch
tree with a cleaved off

shoulder or pink nettle
flowers huddled against
the earth. Bells of white
bindweed flowers or fallen
leaves drenched in autumn.
A scimitar-necked heron
or a robin burnt from staring
at a red fox's sunset coat.
The wedding dress of a white
shopping bag suspended
above the river or the rising,
purifying tide.

Christian Ward England

PASSING THROUGH BALHAM

An ashram is wedged against an Italian
restaurant - both vying for attention
like a pair of competing leaves.

Estate agents arm wrestle for business.

Charity shop shutters, open like hands
asking for donations, flutter.

The wrought iron facade of the train
station, intricate as the artistry
of climbing roses, adds calm
against the rowdy McDonald's
next door.

Somewhere behind all this
lies an ordinary suburban house
extending its arms around
all that lies within its moat,
desperate to protect its oasis.

Christian Ward England

THE AL-HAYAT STORE, PIMLICO

This is more than a store with fans of Swiss chard
and wigs of parsley and coriander outside. Jewels
of radishes, baby tomatoes and miniature aubergines.

This is more than a store with jars of Garrido lentils
and white beans and heavy bags of Thomas cat litter
(still the same as the ones I carried as a boy). Cartons

of deliciously sweet mango, lychee and papaya juice.
This is more than a store with peppery flat bread
and spicy falafel. This is a compass needle guiding us

to where we need to go. Look how our backs straighten
when we leave, how our hands move in a direction guided
by some unseen force.

Christian Ward England

PRIVILEGE

When my son learned to drive
we didn't have to have
that conversation:
to keep his hands visible
at all times on the dash
or hanging outside
the door like fish
gasping for breath
when the cops
pull him over.
One look at him
and they'll not assume
it's a stolen car
or loaded
like a Trojan horse
with weed and guns
stuffed down the jeans
of him and his mates

riding shotgun
and in the back.
There'll be no recounting later
of what my son did wrong
when asked for ID,
nor will he be questioned
as to why he's cruising
around late at night,
no squad car
will follow him home
and strip search him
in the yard over questions
of insurance or taser him
for answering back,
or his family
when we rush to shield him.

Charles G. Lauder England

CONVERSATIONS BY THE SEA

Descending half-buried steps
to sand burned black by the sun,
you pause. Do they still follow?
How to guide them?

*This beach,
this beach has an undertow so powerful
one leg is not enough chain and anchor
to resist its pull down and out
as you leap wave after wave.*

You size up the tide,
whether it is eating the shore
or in satiated retreat.
The stone pressing up
against the curve of your foot
at the water's edge
fits like a lover's embrace.
Braced, planted, you walk on.

The water licks at their waists.

*If you are pulled under
beware the whirling dervishes
of shimmering sand.
Do not go to them.
Do not try to return to us.
They won't let you.
Swim parallel to the shore.*

When you are pulled under,
you see the same stone. Or one abandoned.
Perhaps the capstone of a city
you hope to excavate
with their help, street upon street,
fresh eyes to confirm what you lost,
a home with the table set,
shoes piled by the door.

*Stand sideways. Or duck under
just before the wave crests.
We can only stay an hour or two.
Sacrifice to the sea a gift—
a sandal, a watch,
a luminescent stone you've found on the beach—
and it might let you leave.*

Charles G. Lauder England

A THREAD

Beneath the weight of it lies the anticipation
of disaster, utter tragedy, unequivocal loss.
Beneath the stillness of it, the unmistakable
holiday quiet, becoming aware of something
just beginning to shift, whatever newness
was about to enter one's life was unwelcome,
incontrovertible, an unwanted link to forever.
Beneath the anxiety of it, was how my mother
clutched me to her side as we slept, knowing

how prescient she was, before my entering
third grade, the new parochial school, both
of us unable to sleep well through the humid
night, even waking before my father arrived
back from his shift at the factory. Beneath its
memory, is the cloudy image of looking up
at my mother, her tired eyes, the migraine
making her squint, which would be my last
image of her, disappearing into the glare of
the backlit morning sunlight. Beneath that
hovers the mystery of her climbing three
flights of concrete stairs from the street to
three more flights to the small third floor flat
to collapse in the bathroom from the cerebral
hemorrhage. Beneath that weight,
the weight of her fall, beneath her death, the crushing
heaviness of memory, while you
nap this Labor Day afternoon, always exhausted,
progressively forgetting more, able
to retain less, filling me with the void you become
increasing familiar with, one that
I already know, there being a thread, just a thread,
connecting all of it together, how it
rides the edge of the wind, no one can actually see it,
but there it is deceiving everyone.

Wally Swist America

OF ANGELS

for Art Beck

Angels aren't really lost as much as they are
the enablers of our best intentions. There
may be lost angels, but they certainly aren't

emblematic or metaphorical of your poems.
Your poems are lyrical necessities, imagistic
works of art, always positing a philosophical

tautology. Angels are the enablers.
Your poems enable the angels to touch us
through our reading of them. Angels are

our touchstones to our better, or best, selves,
a kind of sanctity within a secular age,
inveterate in its crassness and turbidity.

Whereas, your poems, as angels, in a sense,
empower us to see, as Emily Dickinson wrote,
“at a slant,” or at a different angle (a variant

of “angel”), leading to our experiencing insights,
which are, indeed, turns of the magnificent,
through your visions—of angels.

Wally Swist America

SEAGULLS IN LIFFEY

Today I see them bathing together
after hovering over us again
the seagulls make the city giddy, look
scarred on the water like a dream I flinch
and poke around my wings along the quay

Tuğçe Tekhanlı Ireland

LIFE CYCLES

The Golden Shovel

a woman in seventies lurches in her silence,
what she manages to carry on her trolley is
a bunch of roses and pink chrysanthemums, a
few packaged home stuff looking
much more flamboyant than the battered bird
in her eyes, I follow her icy blue eyes buffled by the
red lipstick stain on my coffee mug as she tries to turn
back to the men she was once kissing

with her glistening lipstick on at my age, living on the edge

as soon as she gets home, she will be placing the flowers into one of
her favourite vases to watch them shrink and fade just like her lips late in life

With thanks to "Silence" by E. E Cummings

Tuğçe Tekhanlı Ireland

MIDWIFERY

midwifery to a mythology of the heart

a mythology of mind of a star

(how I overlive him the amount of travel in me)

my persistent love hearts flung at his heels

looking for truth in capital letters

a heart storm a heart river

Martha Stainsby Canada

MYSTIC LOVER

because my father was far away invisible

I made myself as vast as he and white

all my redness cramped and confined in darkness

the body I was the body I am

sleek and unseen the other half of the world
east and south to my north and west
free agency free dwelling free birth
my red freed from agony in a metaphysical acceptance
beyond peasantry beyond labour in soulful being
soulful expression mystic teacher mystic lover
the images painted from far within
mystic painter mystic writer mystic creator in the warring world

Martha Stainsby Canada

CRAGGY ROCK

from a dream

I remember me, on this craggy rock
‘neath an old, moon-draped tree
hearing voices,
seeing yellowy buses
and long-ago pals.

Autumn – golds and burgundy-reds
carpeting the ground,
iron bell tolling,
Come along children,
come along!

On the playground,
we are aiming for the fence,
for Miller’s yard beyond the fence,
signaling home run,

all of us,
in white,
playing by moonlight.

T. J. Masluk America

QUARRYMEN

They have closed-coffin eyes,
dark and numinous,
as if bearing the mark
of an underworld,

sculptors of holy-wrecked landscapes!

Like their fathers
and their fathers before them,
off they go,
sun up,
lunch-bucket in hand.

Nearby, limestone juts
from a bank of poplar
and sycamore,

catfish prowl the murky deeps.

Days are interminably long,
nights a short reprieve,
some plum pálinka
after soup,

falling asleep to the sounds
of distant trains.

At the Laurel,
stone's throw from the stone bridge,
they arrive Friday late
aching for clams and beer,

hard lads
doing time.

T. J. Masluk America

ATMOSPHERIC RIVER

I crawled to the precipice edge,
peeked down and witnessed
my whole world swirling
beneath the seafloor.

Pride thus jettisoned,
free to pursue
treasure in a life
void of strife.

To my immense pleasure
fluffy as a feather
I crashed right through
a thousand glass ceilings.

Yet was booed and hissed,
absolutely dissed
as maladroit, menace
and miscreant.

My trembling hand
couldn't hold back
their awful animus,
such catcalls!

But I brushed them off
like pellucid stardust
or inconsequential
stellar dandruff.

Accelerating exponentially
despite a priori disgrace
I set my sights
on perfect storms.

Ominous black clouds
shrouded my shadow,
ever so doleful.

Of that I was glad
for before long many
consecutive downpours
plastered my face
with rain.

Thomas Piekarski America

BOIRA INEXISTENT

La boira enterra el matí
Deixant el món en la tenebra.
No hi ha vent, no hi ha llum,
No hi ha foc, no hi ha fum.

Les memòries han desaparegut
en la ceguera del moment.
Obsessionada pel passat i pel futur,
has mort sense conèixer la llum.

Les emocions s'han amagat.
En un món sense amor,
en un cor sense passió,
no es poden expressar.

La raó ha embogit:
en un món sense pensar
en un espai sense innovar,
en la prudència del silenci.

La buidor és l'únic refugi,
on pots contemplar
com la boira del matí,

desapareix en un somriure...
Sense compromís.

INEXISTENT FOG

The fog buries the morning
leaving the world in darkness.
There is no wind, nor light,
There is no fire, nor smoke.

Memories are gone
in the blindness of the moment.
Obsessed with the past and future,
you have died without knowing the light.

Emotions are hidden.
In a world without love,
in a world without passion,
they cannot be expressed.

Reason has gone crazy:
in a world without thinking
in a space without changing,
in the wisdom of silence.

Emptiness is the only refuge,
where you can contemplate
how the morning mist
disappears with a smile ...
without commitment.

Xavier Panades I Blas Wales

NO SOC TU!

Mai he pogut exposar-te,
ni explicar la veritat sobre tu
per por de fer-te existir.

A través de la teva veueta
em castigues i em captures,
em turmentes, i em tortures.
Cridi pensant, plori raonant,
ets al meu cap i sempre fuges.

M'insultes i em fas sentir baix,
i em dius que som el mateix,
per oblidar-me de qui soc,
Com pots dir aquesta bestiesa?

Mai no faria mal a un nen.
mai no diria a una jove que és desagradable,
o grassa,
o lletja,
o boja,
o sense valors.

Prou! Jo no sóc tu.
Mai ho vaig ser.
Mai ho seré.
No soc les ombres
de la realitat retorçada
que m'has fet viure.

Només ets un sentiment,
que com els núvols
vas i vens!

Estic per sobre de tu,
per sobre de patir,
per sobre dels meus pensaments,
per sobre de tot que no puc tocar.
I sobreviuré.
I m'estimaré.
I no deixaré de respirar.

I AM NOT YOU!

I've never been able to expose you,
nor explain the truth about you
for fear of making you to exist

Through your little voice
you punish me and capture me,
torment me, and torture me.
Shout thinking, crying reasoning,
you are in my head and you always run away.

You insult me and make me feel low,
and you tell me we're the same,
to forget who I am,
How can you say this nonsense?

I would never hurt a child,
I would never tell a young woman that she is nasty,
or fat,
or ugly,
o crazy,
or worthless.

Enough! I'm not you.
I never was.
I never will be.

I am twisted and distorted
shadow you have made me live.

You're just a feeling,
like the clouds
you come and go!

I'm above you,
above suffering,
above my thoughts,
above all that I cannot touch.
And I will survive.
And I will love myself.
And I won't stop breathing.

Xavier Panades I Blas Wales

A CANCER NOTEBOOK by Peter Thabit Jones

PRICE: £6.99/\$15. ISBN 978-0-89304-510-4

Co-published The Seventh Quarry Press
and Cross-Cultural Communications, New York

‘In *A Cancer Notebook*, Peter expresses, viscerally, purely, his emotions and thoughts while he is living with the reality of cancer ’—from the Foreword by Patricia Holt

THE NOMAD’S PACE by American poet Sultan Catto
(bilingual: Italian translations by Angelo R. Dicuonzo)

PRICE: £8.99/\$20. ISBN 978-1-9196100-2-3

Published by The Seventh Quarry Press

‘Each poem engages one via Sultan’s open humanity and the sheer range of his knowledge. He masters his use of language to provide the reader with such original observations. The translations by Angelo are a wonderful bonus for Italian readers.’ —Peter Thabit Jones

SEMANTIC HUNGER

We are one single song in perpetuity,
And death's rigorous palette,
Reformulating ourselves,
Again and again.

We are beautiful crystals until the last,
The connecting,
The concretizing
Form.

But it is only in edifice, and in god
That I might traverse blinding space,
And, as I slip toward erasure
Toward loss,
My meaning is gone in the telling,
And I hunger for what we have left behind

Oisín Breen Scotland

BREATH

Unable
To understand
The allure,

I pray,
Nightly
To stayed hands,

And I know
All sleep
Is momentary,

And my breath
Always a gesture
Of renewal.

Oisín Breen Scotland

YOUNG HAIR

Even when cut short
thick and oily.

Healthy oil.

That smells good.

When you spread it

with your fingers

look close

so thick

hard to see scalp.

The ears smooth

without the hair that develops.

Yes and eyelashes

long and thick

without eyelash makeup.

Zit where nose hits cheek.

Why are people afraid

they'll lose it?

You lose it in your body

likely

but I'm sitting in a theatre

UC Riverside

at a poetry reading

surrounded by undergrads.

With that hair, those eyelashes & zits.

As long as you're alive

they're always here.

Forever youth.

Buck-up, stop whining.

Get enamels, a face-lift—

what you must,

look like you desire

with your dry skin.

I'll look at him 19
sitting in front of me
we both have everything.

Craig Cotter America

THE YOUNGER DRYAS

Mum gave you a fiver so you wouldn't have to walk home
But you blew that
And a week's Jobseeker's Allowance

On non-essential Marlboros and Frosty Jacks
Until your pockets were as empty
As the ground that swallows you up.

You yourself, a skinny kid in ripped jeans, shivering,
PAID stamped on each hand: a tempter
For wrong'uns stooping low in the Younger Dryas.

You take that unwise shortcut through the park
And stagger through Stygian dark,
Past the kid's playground with its toy ship

Sharpied with cocks and tags,
An inland wreckage that foundered on budget cuts
To parks and recreation.

I hold a warm hand out to you across the aeons,
But you look straight through me
With the dead eyes of a young man who's drank his grief

And then some. You leave me cold,
Like a bad memory resurrected from the permafrost.
At home, you steal up the stairs like a penitent

Then slump down onto the bathroom floor
Next to a half-used tub of grout from Wickes'.
Dad checks in to shake his head. Wordless.

Before morning shames the damp around the windowpanes,
You'll thumb a book of verse you stole from school
And scribble down the very first line of your very first poem.

This poem you'll write a decade later in a warmer climate.

Matthew Page England

'I'D MOW HER LAWN FOR A FIVER, DESPITE MY HAY FEVER'

i.m Auntie Kate

I'd mow her lawn for a fiver, despite my hay fever,
But that meant braving the shed. . . Crossing its threshold,
I'd greet a pharaonic tomb with cornucopia of contraptions
Oxidising down to rust; bulbs like shrunken heads staring
Out of the furry heat; hazardous meths slung among seed trays;
String tangled like intestines; widowed labels etched with flowery script;
Hammer and trowel and shears hanging on nails, cruciform.

Finally, the lumpen mower, in the furthest part of the crypt.
I'd unearth it like the skeleton of a Saxon king, slowly dragging it
Towards starlight, half-reluctant to leave the mothballed machines,
The trapped warmth of summer, the silence of an empty chapel.
In truth, I was teetering on the edge back then, my life a shipwreck of sorts.
But there she'd be, waiting at the door, unsteady on her pins,
Gesturing me on, saying what she'd always say: 'that's my boy.'

Matthew Page England

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other sections: www.seventhquarrypress.com**

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THE POET, THE HUNCHBACK, AND THE BOY/DVD by Peter Thabit Jones. DRAMA. Performed by Swansea Little Theatre actors.

PRICE: £10/\$20. ISBN 9780-0-9567457-7-4 (co-published with the Dylan Thomas Theatre, Wales, and produced by Holly Tree Productions, Wales)

THE CARDINAL'S DOG AND OTHER POEMS by Welsh poet Christopher Norris. POETRY.

PRICE: £10. ISBN 978-971-555-571-5 (co-published with De La Salle University Publishing House, Philippines)

THE RED OF LIFE by American-Czech poet Theo Halama. POETRY.

PRICE: £5/\$10. ISBN 978-0-956-74579-8 (co-published with Cross-Cultural Communications, New York)

THE COLOUR OF SAYING/A CREATIVE WRITING COMPETITION IN CELEBRATION OF DYLAN THOMAS ANTHOLOGY, edited by Peter Thabit Jones and Stanley H. Barkan (includes translations of The Hunchback in the Park by Dylan Thomas into other languages). POETRY.

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SWIFTSCAPE by English poet Frances White. POETRY.

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PRICE: \$15/£10. ISBN 978-0-89304-358 (co-published with Cross-Cultural Communications, New York)

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IMMORTAL SEEDS/BEARING GOLD FROM THE ABYSS by American poet and artist Carolyn Mary Kleefeld. POETRY.
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UNDER THE RAGING MOON/ONE NIGHT WITH DYLAN THOMAS IN GREENWICH VILLAGE (A DRAMA IN FOUR ACTS) by Peter Thabit Jones.

DRAMA.

PRICE: £6.99/\$15. ISBN 978-0-89304-638-5 (co-published with Cross-Cultural Communications, New York)

A CANCER NOTEBOOK by Peter Thabit Jones. POETRY.

PRICE: £6.99/\$15. ISBN 978-0-89304-510-4 (co-published with Cross-Cultural Communications, New York)

THE NOMAD'S PACE by American poet Sultan Catto (bilingual: Italian translations by Angelo R. Dicuonzo). POETRY.

PRICE: £8.99/\$20. ISBN 978-1-9196100-2-3

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END OF THRACIAN SUMMER

dedicated to Peter Thabit Jones

Migrating storks' shadows glimmer
on their flight back home to Africa.
Soon the birds will fly over rows of almond trees
and reach the Mediterranean.

It is one of those lasting pictures
painted on the memory
of the beekeeper far from his flowers,
carved as a ceramic figure
chiseled with bare fingers, eyes, and lips.

Now in a faraway land
he no longer knows
who he is, and who's the stoneware,

only hearing the wild palpitations
of the huge waves pounding the shores
next door to youth.

Sultan Catto America

HUNGER

–settles under his eyes like maize
baled into sacks in an old barn.
Like fruit unreachable in their
rugged husks. While under his nose,
the ridge where the silt shifts.
Rocked earth threatening to give way.
Richness hidden in the spaces between
seeing. For it is the *knowing* of wealth,
of love's breath behind the ear–
the yearning of it, for it, that glistens
the most. In the end, his last wish
will not be *satiation* but *usefulness*.
For his heart to be peeled into rings.
Wealth woven from the shreds
of his skin. All of him, given over
to memory, released
from the poverty of things.

David Brady Portugal

THE ARTISAN

So much of survival depends on particular moments.
I sit on a wall in the old town, watching bodies
blink into view under streetlights. The day's rain
still bleeding into awnings. There's an artisan
watering wood in a workshop window: brushing,
wiping, dabbing. He presses prints on the blocks of pine.
I watch as the blue-d water moves without will.
The tools in utter reverence of the hands.
How he prays with them. The night slowly begins
to rub itself into me. What if existence is an art
that works through terror in small, deliberate movements?
I watch as he peels the prints from the pine
as if he could hurt them, hangs them on lines.
Then breathes.

David Brady Portugal

WHERE THE AVENUE ENDS

Sometimes when we walk under the sinking sun,
our shadows seem to quicken behind us,
as if to hasten us to that place where the avenue ends.

We grieve for the trees pulled into this earth,
that send their roots into the cobblestones at our feet.
Constrict when they tangle into knots, return to the surface,
and plead mercy from the sky. We pray

for the days that drop like leaves. Bleed,
for the uneasy beat of birds,
who bleat like belaboured hearts
in bone cages.

For there is no grace in this voyage,
with no paddle to steer us.
Where the weary traveller sinks
under a sun's retreat. Grasping like waves
in shoreless seascapes.

David Brady Portugal

SIRENS

Sirens sigh in the distance as silence changes its key.
Blue lights bruise the air into a purple urgency.

Through the sleepy town they sweep.
The facades with their tentative light.
The latched windows, which at this hour are
glassy wells, drinking grief.

The hoot of an owl hollowed out by the tireless din.

How pretty the horseflies look, sizzling in a neon crust—
the gravestones halo-ed in the sappy muck. The dead
with nothing to tell but the rhyme of their names.

The sirens grow distant now in the lanes.
Their lights settling in a muddy field,
where another story has reached a conclusion,

where a silent vigil of trees loosens its leaves.
Recounting the prayers that went
unanswered.

David Brady Portugal

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**BOB DYLAN AND DYLAN THOMAS
THE TWO DYLANs**

K G Miles and Jeff Towns

Foreword by Cerys Matthews

Published by McNidder & Grace

Illustrated with photographs and illustrations

Cover artwork by Peter Blake

Original Paperback £14.99

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Further information www.mcnidderandgrace.com
and alanjepson@gmail.com

Dylan Thomas and Bob Dylan. Ever since Robert Allen Zimmerman decided to change his name to Bob Dylan, the great Welsh poet and the great American singer/songwriter have been linked by fans of both: and always will be.

This publication is a treasure-chest of fascinating information by two authors who know the minutiae of their chosen subject. They create a truly delightful and intriguing bridge between the legeneds. One is called back to the book time and time again.

No doubt in the future others will try to explore the two Dylans and squeeze out the similarities and the connections. It's possible someone will consider a selection of the poems and the lyrics. Think of Dylan Thomas's 'The hand that signed the paper' and

Bob Dylan's 'Masters of War'; Thomas's 'To other than you' and Bob Dylan's 'Positively 4th Street'. This wonderful book, though, sets a really high standard and will remain an essential starting point for such a writer. The cover alone, by artist Sir Peter Blake, tempts one into this 'Aladdin's Cave' of a publication. Treat yourself to a classic of a book.



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SCHOLAR-DANCER

(in memory of Laurence Peddle)

Are we human or are we dancer? (The Killers, song lyric/title)

How can we know the dancer from the dance? (W.B. Yeats)

Grace appears most purely in that human form which either has no consciousness or an infinite consciousness. That is, in the puppet or in the god.

(Heinrich von Kleist, 'On the Puppet Theatre')

The scholar's gone, the dervish-dancer too;
The curious scholar, Rodin's Le Penseur,
And, on the instant, that gyrating blur
Of limbs when tempo-change arrived on cue.
Always they marvelled at it, those who knew:
How should twin selves so closely intertwine,
Such rigour with such vigour thus combine?

A false antithesis, so they aver:
Think rather it's the dancer who'd divine,
Absent that tempo, where some latest line

Of thought went wrong, how trip-ups may occur,
Or some missed step admonish him 'you err'.
Think also, as he dances nimbly through
The logic proofs: what did we know of you?

The dance climactic and each thought a sign
Of otherness, of just how far the true,
The valid, and the tenable withdrew
From all that we'd assuredly define,
We 'normal' types, as 'normal'. Why decline
Their promise, those rare moments that confer,
Dance-wise and for the logic connoisseur,

Such attributes on him as left behind
All recourse to the normal, to the test
Of standard scholarship or what goes best
On any dance-floor. Let's say he'd a mind
To think the world afresh, reject the kind
Of sequence, plan, or way of doing things
Where dance and thought are routine happenings.

No cause to think of him as one possessed,
Like saint or prophet, by the zeal that springs
From thwarted genius or vainly clings
To self-belief as if uniquely blest
With such high tidings. Rather hear the zest
That radiates when scholar-dancers find
Steps unprescribed, truth-values unassigned.

His message: there's no stumbling-block but brings
New footwork forth, no error that's so blind
It yields no insight. Let that DJ wind
The tempo up until the woman sings
A proper dervish-stirrer, gives new wings
To body-mind, and drives the single quest
For what thought's body-snatchers long suppressed.

Christopher Norris Wales

BOOKS RECEIVED

CHURNINGS by Jim Gronvold. Published by Oak Ink Press. Information and price from oakinkpress@icloud.com and www.jimgronvold.com A really impressive new collection of poems from a regular contributor to The Seventh Quarry. Jim's focused observation skills, allied to a compact and controlled use of language, leads to poems that leaves one full of admiration for the work of this American poet. Highly recommended.

A PASSABLE MAN by Ralph Culver. Published by MadHat Press. Information from madhat-press.com Price: \$19. 95.

SEX ON TOAST by Tôpher Mills. Published by Parthian Books. Information from www.parthianbooks.com An excellent book from the renowned Welsh poet. He dazzles the reader with his wide range of subjects and his grounded and quirky crafting of words. His work can be serious and humorous. He conveys a deep and wide knowledge of experiences, which he distils into his poems. Highly recommended. Price: £10.

WOUND UP WITH LOVE by Clive Donovan. Published by Lapwing Publications. Information and price from <http://www.lapwingpoetry.com>

UNSUNG WORLD FROM AWONDERFUL US by Samuel Ezra. Information and price from samuel.jones2@hotmail.co.uk An most engaging poetry book from this Welsh poet. He has a very original way of looking at things and coming up with distinctive lines in his poems. He has lived in a number of countries and this adds to his overall poetic vision. Highly recommended.

WHEN LISTENING ISN'T ENOUGH by Rodney Wood. Published by The Woodener Press. Information from rodneywood@gmail.com “. . .a very powerful sequence”—The Chicago Review. Price: £5.

LILIES ON THE DEATHBED OF ÉTAIN AND OTHER POEMS by Oisín Breen. Published by Beir Bua Press. Information from <https://beirbuaress.com/2023/01/01/lilies-on-the-deathbed-of-etain-and-other-poems-by-oisín-breen/> “Oisín Breen is writing at a pitch few other poets of his generation can muster.”—Alan Gillis, Poet, and Professor of Modern Poetry at Edinburgh University. Price: £5.99, plus posting.

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THE CHAINED LIBRARY

I let nothing in but the dusk;
In parts the shape of the minster.
I wore the Latin like a mask
in the chained library, listened
for words to pop like a toaster
from a guide employed and licensed.

But the chain faded in the light
and in the church dark was waiting.
She and I both knew it was late,
that the scribe's work would see the moon,
a knowledge in chains deleting
its appearance till morning sun.

The stairs lead from more than a room,
a scribe's take on another's mind.
It stays to keep it free from harm,
hidden in age and old language
which scholars have learned and then mourned,
for dusk to cover its image.

Ian Caws England

FORTHCOMING, SPRING 2023

(from Cross-Cultural Communications, New York, and The Seventh Quarry Press:

THE FATHOMLESS TIDES OF THE HEART
CAROLYN MARY KLEEFELD, AMERICAN POET AND ARTIST
a biography by Peter Thabit Jones

A review by Byron Beynon

‘Under the Raging Moon/One Night with Dylan Thomas’ in Greenwich Village’ (A Drama in Four Acts) by Peter Thabit Jones

**Note: The review was first published in North Of Oxford (USA)
in December 2022: (c) 2023 Byron Beynon**

The late poet and editor, Ian Hamilton, once wrote that “Had Dylan Thomas survived, he would almost certainly have claimed a role in the impending triumph of pop culture. All too easily one can imagine him on platforms in the 1960s. And television, it seems certain, would have reckoned him to be a natural.”

Peter Thabit Jones in his new play, imagines and skilfully evokes the last hours of Dylan’s life, as the poet visits the bars of Greenwich Village shortly before he is taken to St. Vincent’s Hospital. The play has a strong grain of truth echoing through it, amusing, poignant, and tragic; it unfolds, focuses, and brings alive those last, precious hours which perceptive audiences will appreciate and respond to with empathy.

In October 1953, Dylan Thomas is a sick man, and on his fourth and fatal visit to America. He had a wife, Caitlin, and three children in Wales to support and, harassed by debtors, he undertook these tours to earn the cash to pay them. In America, whiskies (Old Granddad was his favourite brand of American whisky) became irresistible, hard liquor relief to push away anxiety, loneliness and exhaustion only made matters worse. His tour there had been organised by John Malcolm Brinnin, Director at the YWHA Poetry Center in New York.

The play opens with Dylan getting out of a taxi after an altercation with Liz Reitell, Brinnin’s assistant. The taxi is on its way to Greenwich Village, and Dylan, after a shouting match with Reitell is left to his own devices. Alone, he enters the first of several bars, where he mainly meets people unknown to him. Conversations flow as he meets a range of New Yorkers, various bartenders, a young man who has just become a father, a middle-aged and wealthy company manager, a married couple, an elderly man, and various hangers-on. In the bars he meets and speaks openly to all these people with

different responses and reactions.

In Act One he's asked by a young man "Do you like America?" Dylan replies "I have dragged my chubby body across the map of the American dream, New York to California. I have seen the inside of too many colleges and venues in my three previous visits to this new empire of giant refrigerators and cars as long as alligators. So, alas, my leisure time has been mostly in the nearest bars to wherever John Malcolm Brinnin, my tour organiser, has housed me."

Throughout the play there is an active and imaginative slant on Dylan's interaction with characters he's never met. The play leaves one reeling with a sense of loss, helpless to save an energy and a genius with words, that the literary world lost at the age of just thirty-nine.

At the end of the final act when the poet has left his favourite bar, The White Horse Tavern, he walks several steps and sits down on the sidewalk, and movingly and defiantly says:

"I want to live. I want to see Caitlin again, to have her care for me when I'm unwell or broken one of my chicken bones. To hear my dear daughter Aeronwy and her friends trying to be quiet as they pass my writing shed. I want to see angelic-faced Colm and my dear Llewellyn. I want to live. I want to see my mother in her cosy widow's home. I want to sit in Browns Hotel and hear the small town gossip from Ivy and see the happy drunks come and go. I want to live. I want to write new word-wrestled poems that I'll boom on the BBC and on stages in America....."

Peter Thabit Jones has presented before us a play with a clear understanding and insight for his subject, with dialogue that is direct, alive and heartfelt.



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LOOK OUT FOR ISSUE 38: Summer/Autumn 2022

WALES: Derek Webb, Charles Wilkinson, Leigh Anthony Manley,
Mike Jenkins, Jean Salkild, Xavier Panades I Blas, Christopher Norris,
Byron Beynon

ENGLAND: Merryn Williams, Ann Flynn, Ali Pardoe,
Ceinwen E Cariad Haydon, Paul Brookes, Callum McGee, Christian Ward,
Charles G. Lauder, Matthew Page, Ian Caws

SCOTLAND: Seth Crook, Oisín Breen

IRELAND: Tuğçe Tekhanlı

PORTUGAL: David Brady

INDIA: Mayura Tiwari

CANADA: Martha Stainsby

AMERICA: Dylan Willoughby, Jim Gronvold, Simon Hunt,
Fred Pollack, John Grey, RC de Winter, Stanley H. Barkan, Sara Cosgrove,
Carolyn Mary Kleefeld, Daniel Gene Barlekamp, William Leo Coakley,
Wally Swist, T. J. Masluk, Thomas Piekarski, Craig Cotter, Sultan Catto

“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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