

THE SEVENTH QUARRY

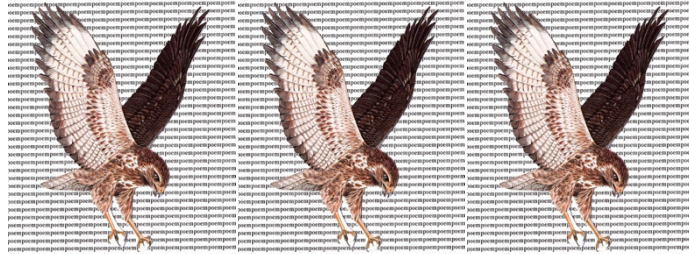


POETRY

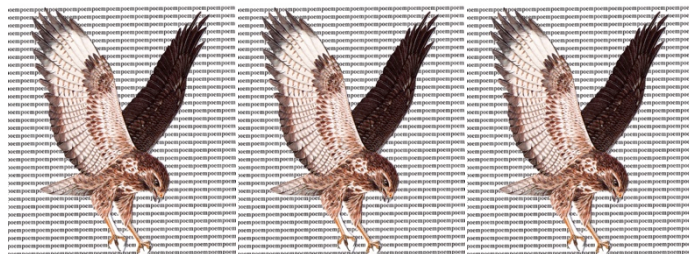
ISSUE THIRTY-ONE
WINTER/SPRING 2020
SWANSEA POETRY MAGAZINE

* FIFTEENTH ANNIVERSARY ISSUE *

THE

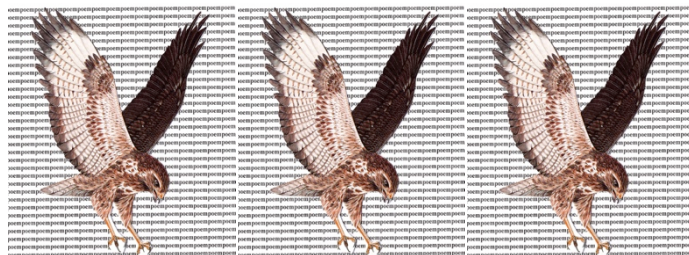


SEVENTH



QUARRY

SWANSEA POETRY MAGAZINE



**ISSUE 31
WINTER/SPRING 2020**

*** FIFTEENTH ANNIVERSARY ISSUE *
THE FIRST ISSUE WAS LAUNCHED AT THE
DYLAN THOMAS CENTRE, SWANSEA, IN 2005**

**EDITORIAL
ISSUE THIRTY-ONE
WINTER/SPRING 2020**

This thirty-first issue, our fifteenth anniversary issue, features work from America, England, India, Ireland, Israel, Italy, Norway, Scotland, and Wales. It also includes a Poet Profile of Korean-American poet Michelle Chung and a Bilingual Feature: Romanian poet Ioan Milea.

The collaboration between The Seventh Quarry Press and Stanley H. Barkan's Cross-Cultural Communications, New York, continues into 2020.

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

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

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

Peter Thabit Jones, Editor

Consultant Editor, America: Vince Clemente

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This issue is dedicated to Swansea poet and translator Malcolm Parr, who passed away in January. He was a wonderful raconteur and had many creative friends, such as Dylan Thomas expert Jeff Towns. A college teacher of Spanish, he translated poems by Lorca and other Spanish poets. He was a regular participant and attendee at Swansea's Dylan Thomas Centre. He gave me so much encouragement when I was a young poet and he was so kind to me when I was a young father experiencing loss and grief. He will be much missed by those who were lucky enough to call him a friend.

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Please enclose a s.a.e. with submissions of no more than FOUR poems
Poets beyond UK must enclose an envelope with International Reply Coupons

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PETER THABIT JONES
(photo © 2020 Peter Thabit Jones)



VINCE CLEMENTE
(photo © 2020 Peter Thabit Jones)

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EXISTENTIAL HEAVEN

Whatever threats portend disaster,
firenado, ocean rise, earthquake,
tsunami or massive mudslide,
we must adapt or sadly surrender
liberties always considered given.

We take our freedoms for granted,
including the very food consumed,
yet at current rates of depletion
may not hold out much longer.
Should drought prompt famine
watch those liberties we cherish
vanish before teary eyes.

Such is the consequence when
populations elect to elicit
existence in some artificial
man-made existential heaven
amid which they merely dither,
dally, flit and flutter about
emboldened by their LED halos.

Thomas Piekarski America

PREAMBLE

Lamenting Adonais, Shelley drowned.
Renouncing poetry, Rimbaud gave it up
and lived an insufferable thereafter.

There are parables galore
about prophets who carried
humanity on their backs
although they were sore.

Among the pitiful, penitent prisoners
straying amid memory's dank planets
are those who garnered giant profits
and left the world in a state of ruin.

Thomas Piekarski America

TREATISE A LA MODE

Truman Capote could take
just about anything
as long as it wasn't boring.

Storming of palaces
is commonplace, boring.

Senses stripped become blasé,
their genocide having taken
place so often it's common.

Fix a cup of hot cocoa.
Look way back, relive
the solid state world
in which you thrived,
one that insisted on
freedom from religion.

These liberated regions
where we stand united
watching crows fly grows
as disaster lingers
in a widening sky.

Unlike some seasonal
superstition or nonsensical
movie starring a hysterical
popular Hollywood comic

who guarantees you and me
he'll never bore us.

Thomas Piekarski America

STALLING

Stalling,
Long legs, short steps,
Cynical laughter,
Disappearing like,
A ship,
In a clear glass bottle.

Someone who can,
Never see,
Anything but this zig zag outline,
Of my white sails,
And forever body,
Wooden -

And for every day use,
My untouched lips and my,
Windless heart.
If you finally found me,
I would not be a promise,
I would be -

A wordless being,
With no cry for help,
From no island,
Sailing,
To nothing.

Oda Dellagi Norway

BLACK COFFEE

Opening windows and doors, breathing in circumstance
not looking too healthy for other consumption,
telling tales out of school to ease the mind,
this aeon's stricture beholds the perfect storm.

Soul magnifying the Lord, eating rubbish,
legion of new experiences wash over now,
clicking on data entry into the sad café,
existing preferred options getting gist of left field.

Milling around in cars, safety being preferred,
winging through feedback and the promised land,
preferential writings no match for industry,
nicely selected near to godliness, murdered quietly.

Never having to be quiet, transferred to glory
manning the phones a genius act for sure,
scope for promotion a real threat to most,
scaling the tree a high-handed act.

Sternly taken on, under cover of promise,
quietly burning in a wasted preposition,
nailing the fakes where deserved, reserving
recriminations above board singing derision.

what's feared, rarely happens. Punish me now
with an answered prayer, industry permitting.
Within sound and sight of opportunity pervading
botched executions taking care of expectations.

Patricia Walsh Ireland

RADIATOR KEY

Not completed fast enough, for once, a trait
under cover of nutrition, an uncooperative slight
Taken to limits over a landscaped fault,
karma catching up with the cheating bird,
rhyme and metre collaborating with the silent hour,
crashing and burning with the best of intentions.

The standard falters, at once saying hello,
clearing out fault at a heightened plane,
proffering exact change to ease a fault-line
producing too much, more recent the better,
rarity of form not accusing anyone of hunger
called to redact the soft recriminations.

Little bitches beaten up for single pleasure,
sick to remove a heightened occasion
attention sought and received, an occupation realised
small questions circulated in a singular head,
recycled misgivings mar the collective gibe
official redolence bleeds for this wreckage.

Scolded for depression, a sorrow overwritten,
expensive outings repeat the mess underdone
slitting veins an understanding of the course of work
waiting for the cold to redress everything,
called for repetition of a classic demise,
turning away from life, a dissuaded entity.

Patricia Walsh Ireland

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MILK SKY

Expressionless.
Against it
a hornbeam carcass
devoid of leaves
holding together the space
between its ribs
with such craft
that the day
and our sense of purpose
within it
might fall apart
without it.

C M Buckland England



The-never-found-again house in Safed © 2020 Helen Bar Lev (Israel)

SIBELIUS

I listened to Sibelius one weekend end of day,
then walked the pine-ripe woods to hear
the echoes of his symphony,

while above the bottle-brush limbs of larch
two warblers lofted trills and piping and the deep
and toughened chords of bass and cello rose

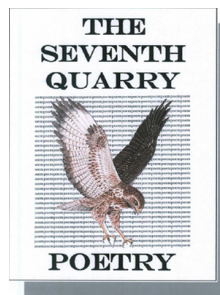
along with them from the darkened umbrous earth, and
the magic of aurora dancing on the blackened roof of night,
and tundra, and men in battle, and the beauty of deep snow

all reach our hearing in the Helsinki concert hall
that lies on the muted avenue of our mythic imaginations
and, then again, when the swells of the

composer's ocean, having reached full circle
round the planet, come surging through my hearing
once more, spindrift and wave crest-froth

dancing before my eyes, a paean of triumph
and beauty, I stare, and embrace,
and wait for more.

Helen Bar Lev Israel



POEM FOR THE MEDITERRANEAN

Sun-filled grass-gladed hill cline
luminous with the ore of noon light.
Here the full-chested trunks lean toward,
perceptibly, the north, (and why, I ask),
each bathed in its own warm black
bough-topped million leav-ed shade.

The olive umbra on the golden lea,
ebony print on Galilee's hill.

At night –
one waits for the crump of a distant mortar
or the crackling footfall of danger,
but I can only hear
the descending pipelike hoo-oo-oo
of the owl
in the thicket.

Helen Bar Lev Israel

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**POETRY/PROSE/ARTWORK/CHILDREN'S
PROSE/LITERARY/DRAMA**

ANOTHER FIELD GONE

When the pigeons lifted and their wings flapped
like pages flicked in a book, the field became our
own again.

Seed hung on the tips of summer and tractors
waited in heaviness. Another June to August
had left us. The barbecue's we have yet to cook.

Campsites known, but never seen, stars wasted
in moonlit skies, owl hoots locked out by a door.
Then tractors came to plough away the sun growth.

We turned to thicker curtains, logs on the fire, coal,
coal, and blackened fingers. Another year older
for the next summer. And bones thicker with work,

skin creased with rain. Wishing our lives would be lived
again.

Gareth Culshaw Wales

OUR HALLWAY

The scythe rests against the wall
along with forgotten jackets
and a riding helmet last worn
when she was interested.

The dust has painted all we know
in the hall. Bird food slips
out of a hole in a bag. Nails
and screws, taken out but never
used, wait to punch and turn.

A pair of gloves wrinkle like skin
haven't pulled a weed in months.
The hallway is the back alley
of the house, like the brain,

where you leave certain things.
I hope they fade away.

Gareth Culshaw Wales

DUSTMEN

Outside, the dustmen are passing.
They run along the street, hauling out bins.
They hook them up to their lorry
and then rush them back to
approximately where they found them.
Some may be PhD's in their own country.

I've never been a dustman.
But I've been a street sweeper twice.
I liked being outside. I liked the fact that,
unless he needed to, the foreman
didn't bother you. Perhaps
it doesn't work like that anymore.
I wouldn't know, cos now I wear
a suit and my hands are idle.

I don't meet anyone in the pub at lunchtime
to eat shepherd's pie and play some pool.
I don't knock off early
in the week that the foreman is on leave.
I don't have endless time to think and to dream.

Jim Conwell England

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I SEE FACES

Powerful flashes
like blows
from a soft hammer.
Reminders
of mortality.
Here in this
soft-tissue brain.
Or out there
where ten thousand
galaxies
have been eaten.

Jim Conwell England

COMING AROUND

I travel light these days

a pack of fags
a book
and a pen

to scratch out the lines
that snake along with certainties
I do not need.

I would trace a clean path
all of my own
string together new wisdom

that I could gift to the world;
but failure only ever signs itself
in one's own hand

and I have so few lives left.
I no longer spend my time

drifting
beneath the oceanic skies
of the Mid-West

or through the coffee-fuelled cathedrals
of Northern France.
I know them well

those moments
that justify
the lifeless spaces in between;

they only glow
in the backwaters
of yesterday's ghosts.

Simon Freedman England

SOMETHING UNKIND

an eagle's egg hatches
in a corner of the room

scuffle, a violent death
(mess of claw and feather)
then come the adverts

a thickness gathers
to fill my ears, your voice
still glancing off the walls

someone must have said
something unkind;
it might have been me

my tea has turned cold,
these hands are oddly still

the window was black,
now it's blue again:
I must remember to breathe

a cold day is brewing
its winds at the walls,
the scratching is back at the door

one last tooth
falls out of my head

the footsteps I hear are not yours

Simon Freedman England

LAUGHARNE

When the wheeling
rain waned

and sunlight stole
the stage again

we wordy friends stepped
a chatty soft shoe

where a boy skipped
puddles of cobbled cloud

that rippled dribbles
of heavenly tears

spun into laughter
by seagull jeers.

Jim Gronvold America

COEDPOETH

Esclusham Mountain, purple rolls,
arousing erica-hidden grouse,
while bubbled throats gargle scales
where ancient shafts which shifted lead
pit peaty ferns, brown feathered ground.

These valley sides with charcoal glowed,
mines, kilns below, webbed bowel land.
Slack topsoil makes for lazy growth
amongst grey birches struggling through;
where hot wood burned through many lives,
I now face fireplace wall of stone.

Men dropped from moor to Clywedog,
down from The Wern, up Nant Mill Wood
and here they fed the chimney stack,
wives griddled cakes and blacked the grate.

Buzzards control the airspace here,
patrol perimeter land claim,
stretch their wheel, I hear their cries,
like scenting marks upon the sky;
bird conversations heard above
awoke those who this stairway trudged,
when to Minera tracks took trucks
laden with heavy plumbum gold
clawed from the earth of Pyllau *Plwm*.

As children trundled hoops with sticks
along this lane to Middle Road,
and dressed a clothes peg as a doll
outside this door amongst the slate,
or ran with string to launch red kites,
birds preying watched tin chapel roof
and butts beside the hill, World's End.

Stephen Kingsforth Wales

ORANGUTAN, DENMARK, 2016

I have no interest
in the terracotta tiles that pave
the floor of my cage.

I have no interest
in the terracotta tiles that pave
the floor of my cage.
I have no interest at all.

I have no interest
in the terracotta tiles that pave
the floor of my cage.
I have no interest at all
in any of the toys I have.

I have no interest
in the terracotta tiles that pave
the floor of my cage.
I have no interest at all
in any of the toys I have
been given to play with.

I have no interest
in the terracotta tiles that pave
the floor of my cage.
I have no interest at all
in any of the toys I have
been given to play with.
My interest lies in all that is.

I have no interest
in the terracotta tiles that pave
the floor of my cage.
I have no interest at all
in any of the toys I have
been given to play with.
My interest lies in all that is

left of me - I am engrossed.

I have no interest
in the terracotta tiles that pave
the floor of my cage.
I have no interest at all
in any of the toys I have
been given to play with.
My interest lies in all that is
left of me. I am engrossed
in examining myself.

Gordon Meade Scotland

LIKE SALMON

We pair of haggard salmon, in suspension,
Like a pair of dying gods:
We wait for life's strange dance of fulfilment
To complete,

Prepared to end in this small, tranquil pool
Which birthed us;
Which we disturbed not so long ago
With shivered lust.

Anglers disdain our flesh for meat.
We are damaged, we are ordained for death.
After all our efforts to climb upstream
To this peaceful place, prepared for us, fringed with trees,

Dappled with shade and light,
We fast in a trance of cool, clear water.
We have mated, you and I, at last.
I dreamed of this great dream when I was wild with

Clive Donovan England

WIRES

The wind settles a nervous hum spun looped
At the top of this telegraph pole;
A hub of lively messages
Where not so many eyes would think to look.

The spool of untidy wires stretches, swaying,
On to the next one.
It slices the whining wind
To its desolate bone.

At the foot of the pole is sand,
An abandoned tyre, half-buried,
A block of cement, bag-shaped,
Hardened by northern rain,

Its paper covering long since whipped away.
I walk to the next pole with its gather of swag
And catch the fretted edge of a thin, mournful tune;
Following miles of courier wire, a narrow band of road.

Clive Donovan England

HAIKU

sake and moonlight
how the spirit moves them
the master's pupils

high temple bells
hold the tenure of the wind
the forbidden city

august evening
the cat under her blanket
turning with summer

James Young Wales

THE SEVENTH QUARRY SWANSEA POETRY MAGAZINE

aims to publish quality poems from around the world. Poets from the U.K., Albania, America, Argentina, Australia, Bulgaria, Belarus, Canada, Catalonia, China, the Czech Republic, Denmark, Finland, France, Germany, Greece, Guatemala, Holland, India, Iran, Ireland, Israel, Italy, Japan, Korea, New Zealand, Norway, Philippines, Pakistan, Portugal, Romania, Russia, Serbia, Sicily, Slovakia, South Africa, Spain, Sweden, and Switzerland have already appeared in its pages. New York's Vince Clemente, as the magazine's Consultant Editor: America, ensures a steady stream of American poets.

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

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

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

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

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

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

Editor: Peter Thabit Jones seventhquarry@btinternet.com
Consultant Editor, America: Vince Clemente

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ANOTHER COUNTRY

you waylay me on sidewalks
for a laugh and give nothing

but in yellowed drafts dust-kissed
mountains and singing grass
from keening bones startled nails
and brittle hair you've returned

to me; to speak from two dead
guitars sting from looming alleys
whistle from rankled wounds
and shine in the eyes of ravens

you return to me like love
and lovers on the lawns in summer

Jess Thayil India

TALK

she learns to let them talk | while birds
& breeze banter & lute her hours | out
of the abundance of the heart | mouths hack
& twist their blades | the shimmer of steel
with every turn | is all the light to see
she's never been friendless

Jess Thayil India

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Phoenix of My Soul (Mixed Media on Canvas, 20" x 20")
© 2019 Carolyn Mary Kleefeld

GIVING BACK THE LOVE

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

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

Carolyn Mary Kleefeld America

A SUMMER GARDEN

The summer garden
has begun to wither.
Lilies droop
and petals fall.

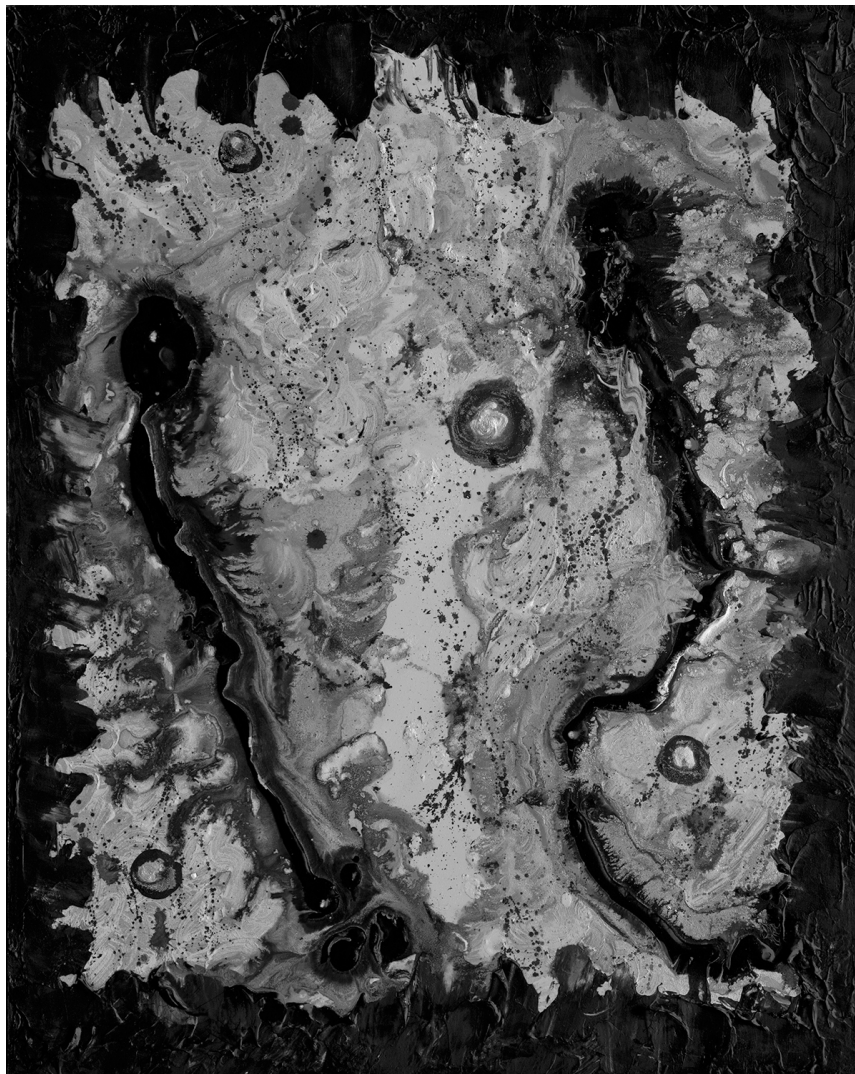
Time moves on.
The dutiful propulsion
of day gives way to
the grace of twilight.

And summer relinquishes
its reign to fall

as the bittersweet taste
of evening's mist mingles
with the fragrance of fading jasmine.

Meanwhile, I feel as if I'm not really
in this phenomenon called Life,
but rather in a transitional state
awaiting an unknown emergence.

Carolyn Mary Kleefeld America



Sacred Epiphany (Mixed Media on Hard Board, 30" x 24")

© 2019 Carolyn Mary Kleefeld

HOMERUN

Did you ever hit a homerun?
Feel that sweet connect at the moment that you least suspect?

Watch the power soaring in a cloud of joyous roaring?

What a sweet surprise!
What a sight!
With my arms and hips and eyes — all my might.

Ah, the flight.

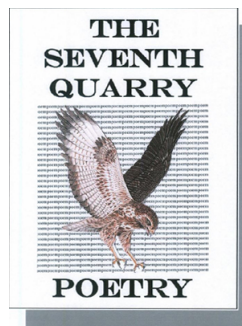
High and arched against the sun,
Over fielders hurry scurry.

Let them run.
Let them leap.
I have driven long and deep.

God, the power of the moment all about a silly game.
Yet, there's nothing, nothing like it.
Nothing else is quite the same.

I shall relish in the moment,
Even though it makes no sense.
I shall savor every second.
There it goes; it clears the fence.

Murray Susser America



HUSK OF MOONLIGHT

Husk of Moonlight caught like a piece of cloth
on the stark limb of an ancient Oak
after falling from a fissure in a glacier made of clouds.
It echoes the shadow of a nimbus
and reflects the essence of time
along an avenue of patulous charcoal sky.

Magenta flushed and fading quietly
like Irises when the summer comes too early
or Pansies after a heavy frost.
Silent victims of fire and ice and time's reflection
passing like a cloud across a crack in the night.

The spawn of Mnemosyne springs from the scene
as the glacier slides across an egg-plant colored sky
and the Dali landscape quotes Byron
and Zephyr plays the pine trees like Mendelssohn in a minor key.

Then another bright splinter splits the nebulous mulberry sky
fading along the star-paved avenue of the Cosmos
as time passes like the nacre skin of the clouds
changing its camouflage like a chameleon
or like wind through the Oak leaves into music
or a husk of moonlight into poetry.

Bray McDonald America

SCULPTURE

The spirit of sound at rest in a sculpture of Dogwood blossoms
seething elemental in the garden.

Its lack of color has a beauty of depth
like the prominent veins of a living leaf.

A non-spirit expanding reality
like a pebble exploding water

and allowing infinity to engulf a moment
to become a creation which was never meant to be.

*

Stone cutting dust eater
attempting to make tangible a dream in the dark.

An adversary of eternity.
When you cut her slim cheeks with your chisel

and she winces
then you have carved the ultimate imitation.

*

Cephalic image wasting on a cornered pedestal
awaiting inspiration.

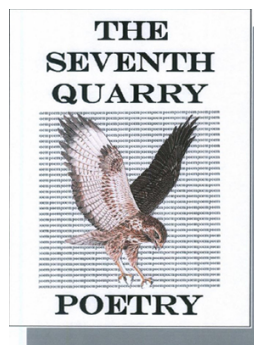
Inorganic desire tacitly allowing contemplation
ere educement.

Dust and white chips of marble congregate
around an image becoming.

A block of stone reflecting the struggle
of someone's war with time.

A prick at the enemy's bulk.
A vain attempt to last.

Bray McDonald America



CENTRIFUGAL, CENTRIPETAL

I

From cab windows:
haloed tree tops,
men and women,
traffic lights blinking
in desolate streets,
neurons fired across
empty skulls,
reduced to a blur,
whittled down
to a single line
stretched across the page.

II

Silhouettes
in empty streets,
moonlight
on pavements,
bare trees
with their branches
sticking out
like nerve ends.

Debarshi Mitra India

CODE

I wouldn't say
I'm not hopeful;
after all at the end
of these long days
all that keeps us apart
and all that we can't outrun
is merely syntax;
The cursor blinks,

a sudden jolt of electricity
and the entire algorithm
spirals endlessly into a loop;
every now and then
slender fingers move
over the keyboard;
ENTER
cold dusty pavements;
mannequins behind glass
all muscle and bone and
eye sockets
turned inwards;
speaking in mute silence
faces pressed
against the night
(which by now)
is an infinite river
moving between these lines.

Debarshi Mitra India

FREYA'S TEARS by Mia Barkan Clarke

*Cover & Book Design by Tchouki. Translators: Sunny Gandara, Ismo Jokiado,
Tobias Peterson, Mille Weinman, Julia Zern*

“This book will be one you will return to again and again; one you want to share
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POET PROFILE:



Michelle Chung © 2020 Michelle Chung

Michelle Chung is a poet, critic, editor, and translator. She grew up in Seoul, Korea. She graduated at Hanyang University, taught in the high school, and emigrated to the U.S.A. She holds a M.A. of Christian Psychology at Emmanuel University in Los Angeles. She worked for *Dong-A Daily USA* and *Christian*

Herald as a reporter. She made her poetry debut with *Hanmak Literature Emerging Poet Award* (1997). She received an award for her literary criticism from *'Literature and Consciousness'* in Korea (2010) and she received the 14th *'Kasan Literary Award'* for her poetry in the U.S.A. (2008). She wrote a novel several years ago and was a finalist for a long story winner Award from Woman Dong-A (1980).

She was a former chairwoman of The Korean Christian Literary Writers Association of America. She hosted GBS Radio Broadcasting literary program (2006, 2015, and 2016), and Radio Seoul Broadcasting "Michelle Chung's Poetry and Music" program (2010) in Los Angeles. She is currently a publisher of *Miju Poetry & Poetics*, and a Los Angeles County employee. She is author of *The Sky is Clear on Mornings with Clear Bird Song* (1998), *Beyond the Window, Another Window Opens* (2003), and *Reveries of the Street* (2009), and she has been published in many anthologies.

BLACK AND WHITE POSTCARD

The city of night, co-existing with darkness but discriminating darkness, turns into one gigantic clock. Flashing bronze light, a piece of its part spins around the city all night and stops in front of The Yuma Territorial Prison*. The name of a baby, who had to be born innocent inside the prison, shines on a black board among those of hardened criminals. A woman, caught for stealing buttons, was said to have spent a year here. A piece of white lace knitted by an inmate who attempted to escape but was brought back, is still incarcerated inside the museum's glass box. No one was able to escape breaking through the double-layered, iron-barred window, on land isolated by the overflowing Colorado River. In one hundred years only two escapees have been recorded as "They have not been seen since." "Free Board Every Day, The Sun Doesn't Shine,"* said the city with supposedly the brightest, the most brilliant days. But what good was that to the inmates prisoned in dark cells. On the contrary, crimes that haven't yet been buried are stuck on the wall with bats. Someone brave walks into an empty cell. Startled by the bats' sudden commotion, he drops his cell phone, from which a short strong burst of light escapes. Doodles on the wall scratched by inmates who were sometimes killed by snake bites, come into view like black and white postcards momentarily and disappear. Darkness scarier than crimes. Crimes heavier than darkness. Time that has been painfully endured, walks out.

* A former prison located in Yuma since 1876, Arizona is now operated as Yuma Territorial Prison State Historic Park.

* It was a slogan of City of Yuma in those days.

Michelle Chung America

EATING A PORTRAIT OF MOZART

- Vienna, Austria

Winter afternoon in Vienna, the scowling face of the city filled with thick fog. The genius still lonely even after his death, unable to find himself a grave of comfort, stands transformed into a statue, drawing G clef on the park ground, musing a piece of music. Silencing with his violin the chattering and laughing of the day, his mesmerizing performance catches the ears and legs of the visitors on their way to the yellow house he used to live in.

Here, there and everywhere in Vienna, I come across the portraits of Mozart with his hair tied back into elegant style. I rummage through my pocket haphazardly, buy chocolate, allow it to melt in my mouth. Maintaining the side profile of his face as ever, Mozart, to make his half-positive, half-negative eyes comfortable, should culture himself into a carriage driver demanding a horse with a cup of coffee hung on a finger. For the sake of both solace and solitude that 'Einspanner'* offers.

*Einspanner: Coffee sweetened with sugar, topped abundantly with whipped cream, commonly known as Vienna coffee.

Michelle Chung America

LIKE A WILD THISTLE

How so many wounds you have
Your leaves turned into thorns,
How so deep your pains are
Your body is covered with tough spiny hair.
Flower stem that fenced itself tight with needles
Around narrow forked collar.

Petals don't see the days to lie down to sleep.
Do not touch it.
The land that turns barren wherever its footstep reaches
Even with its screaming till it withers and dries.
With nettles and thornbushes as its only friends,
Thinking of good old days
It is crying sorrowfully.
Murmuring like whispering
That inside is different unlike outside,
Tender magenta pistil emerging, pushing its way through spiny hair,
Looking at you bringing out and holding a brush handle,
You are truly a mysterious lady.

Michelle Chung America

INVISIBLE DISTANCE

If he didn't lift heels and craned neck,
I wouldn't have known
That someone was looking into me
When I thought, until now, I was watching him:
That it was my expectation being shaken
When I thought branches were being shaken by the wind:
That I was singing
The song he used to enjoy singing.

Yes

If he didn't totter watching this way,
I wouldn't have known
That it wasn't me longing for him
But him looking for me:
That he wasn't passing by me
But was approaching with quick steps:
That what he was murmuring was
What I was about to speak.

And suddenly
I desired to add this.
That he is still waiting for me
Though already disappeared from my eyes
While standing on a roof over there:
And the foolish conviction believing,
A decent looking delusion called love
Is the invisible distance sustaining him and me.

Michelle Chung America

THE SPRING OF OCOTILLO

At the tip of a thin long pole,
Tying a red handkerchief,
The spring of Ocotillo defies death
With flowers.

For flowers to blossom is not an extravagance;
It's an adventure risking one's life.
Lips burst, and the stamens appear;
Stamens appear, and the petals curl up.

In the desert that requires endurance without water,
Though parched throat cracks,
Crimson blood drips,
Don't despair the life short-lived.

If I can't make the flowers bloom because of unfit conditions,
Please understand.
It's due to my weak constitution.

With water, conserved by cringing,
Scrimped and saved by blooming flowers
Should I set the spring on fire?
The desert dreams of harvest already.

*Ocotillo: a spiny desert candlewood with scarlet flowers found in Mexico and the Southwest of the USA

Michelle Chung America

theseventhquarrytheseventhquarrytheseventhquarrytheseventhquarry

THE WOMAN IN THE LINE

I've seen her somewhere before,
the tall woman with the large, magenta-framed glasses
and matching magenta lipstick,
the stylish wig with bangs
down to her brown eyebrows.
Round gold earrings on her ears,
folds of skin crease her cheek
when she breaks into a crooked smile.

I've heard her somewhere before,
the mannish voice, Adam's apple
bouncing in her throat.

I notice her manicured nails,
varnished to the color of her thin lips,
her black tailored jacket
over a black sequined blouse,
with straight black skirt
that meets her high-heeled, polished boots.

Oh, how she fights to hide more than her years!
Will she turn and remember me?

Ruth Fogelman Israel

SPANISH CITY

The sugar-white dome of Spanish City
against the winter sky looks postcard pretty.
My grandfather took me to the seaside as a child. He was a pitman,
Whitley Bay his summer, he called it Blackpool's poor cousin.
Spanish City a fairground with a Waltzer and Helter Skelter.
He loved the penny slots and if it rained it was a place to shelter.
Now it is a champagne bar, glamorous like in its heyday.
My grandfather would have had plenty to say.

I imagine eyeing the clientele, quipping, *more money than sense*.
Did he come to the ballroom as a young lad? Did he dance?

Did he dance my grandmother off her feet, with promises of romance?

Rachel Burns England

ALIEN LANDSCAPE

The pram wheels muddy
and it's hard to imagine
a Big Pit Wheel
ever turned here
the beaches once blackened
the landscape bleak and industrial
or Alien 3 was filmed on the beach below,
the one with Sigourney Weaver
and Charles Dance
the year 1992, the mine only one year closed,
the teenage pregnancy rate sky high
and I was eighteen, stumbling into motherhood.

Rachel Burns England

RAIN IN THE OLD TONGUE

In the old language of Wales
there are many words
for what the English in their
ignorance just call rain.
Abercynon is a fine mist of rain
seen only in summer
in the days of one's youth.
Baily Bedew is the rain
that rings in old agd.

Castell-nedd is rain so heavy
it traps you in your own home
like a prisoner in an enemy
fortress without hope of escape.
Dyffryn is rain which stops
suddenly for no particular reason
and results in feelings of joy.

Enwenny is rain that makes
a horrible whining sound.
Gorseinon is rain you can see
coming from two miles away.
Masesycymer is rain that bites
and stings the eyes of walkers.
Pendine is rain that inspires
Bards, Writers and Singers
to praise Wales and the Welsh.

But Rhydfelin is a thick
ground level fog of rain
that drives one into the depths
of despair and despondency.
Trawsfynydd is rain that roars
and rages like an Atomic War
and fire and lightning flash
in the sodden darkness.

Varteg is when it rains over
your garden, but not over your
neighbour's. It must never
be confused with Wern,
which is when it rains
only on a Wednesday in a week.

Ystrad Mynach is that lovely rain
pinging away on your bedroom
windowpane that gently sings you
into the rainless land of sleep.

Phil Knight Wales

CINQUAINS

i

Medlar –
bletted sepals,
persistent and hollow –
blooms in snow, by corruption
ripens.

ii

Brinjal –
of wild nightshade
born – thorn or mad apple,
the glossy bruise of you fills me
purple.

iii

'Jove's fire' –
falsely divine
Persimmon – survivor
of Nagasaki's unfurling
lotus.

iv

Quince gold,
knobbed, ugly,
grey pubescence masking
vanilla, citrus and apple
perfume.

Angela T. Carr Ireland

ON BOARD SAGA ROSE HEADING FOR DOVER

Packing for home in the peaceful cabin
The suitcases containing our used and soiled holiday clothes
Still conscious of the engine's comforting dull chug
Its perpetual heart beat
And the snug ship driving comfortably
Through the chilly Northern Seas
So wide both sides of the deck, empty of travellers,
Both featureless and circular
The cooks have waved to us goodbye
And the cabin cleaners and the dancers
The steel blue choppy waves are our only road
And our secret enemy
The empty face of death that will contain us
And hide all smoothly away
Leaving just a label marked with our name

Patricia Har-Even Israel

SOCIAL

I wish not to be an accessory
packed away in your train case
or set upon your marble vanity
as if I were an ivory serf attending.
Standing by to take your lashes
for assorted petty grievances

misconstrued as capital offenses,
petit transgressions prompted
by nothing more than anxiety.
Or pretense. No, do not treat
the brother, the sister, as if they
owe you something they cannot
give. Something they do not have.
Anything more than a token
of ingenuousness. You left us

in this mess and truly, we owe you
nothing, as you provide so little.
Enough only to sustain a life, perhaps,
but only for the benefit
of a constituency starving
for anything to consume but doubt.
Do not misjudge me as a Socialist;
I reckon with a seasoned eye
that we are of a similar mind,
given similar circumstance,
and that is what I intend to deliver,
a few words of certain discourse
and a pledge to refrain from bloodshed.
Contrary to historical narrative,
the road ahead is paved with hope,
and knowledge what did not work then
will not work better now.
When we are served on woven maps
and take our victuals seriously,
as the farmer takes his fields,
a view across, the long view,
a view to the morrow when
the horizon will be near
as hedgerows, and sunlight plentiful
against a cloudless sky.
Now that we are clear,
do not pretend to understand.

Mike Foldes America

NO BETTER PLACE

No better place to be
Than near
A watering hole
Where the dogs lap
The drink and frogs
Jump from shore
To escape the snakes.
I hear there's rain
Falling and a wild wind
That will rip
You limb from limb.
The trees shake, &
Sawgrass sways
While we watch
the lingering storm
on a storyboard

far from home.
Time to collect
your radical things
and move on.

Mike Foldes America

WALKING THE TALK

The larval sea squirt knew when it was hungry and how to move about, and it could tell up from down. But, when it fused on to a rock to start its new vegetative existence, it consumed its redundant eye, brain and spinal cord. Certain species of jellyfish, conversely, start out as brainless polyps on rocks, only developing complicated nerves that might be considered semi-brains as they become swimmers.

Amy Fleming, citing Shane O'Mara, 'It's a Superpower: how walking makes us healthier, happier and brainier', *The Guardian*, July 28th, 2019

I walk, therefore I am; I walk and think.
It's ambulation spurs the mind to thought.
Descartes got half-way there, but missed the link;
'I think, therefore I am': the proof falls short,
Seems strong enough, but fails to show they sync,
The 'I' that's object of that self-report
And subject 'I' who switches, in a blink,
To play judge-advocate in reason's court,
Assert 'I am', and hide the tell-tale chink
In psyche's armour. Message: don't resort
To mind as your last refuge on the brink
Of all-out scepticism if it's bought
At body's cost. For mind itself will shrink
As active locomotion drops to naught,
As cogito retreats, as neurons wink
And die, as software programmes self-abort,
And one last system-wide, mind-blowing kink
Delivers body's ultimate retort.

The humble sea-squirt's born with tiny brain
And, though invertebrate, with spinal cord
Plus basic nervous system. These remain
No longer than its urge to roam abroad,
Swim round a bit, and by those actions gain
Some new expansion-slot for its onboard
Computer. Yet the neurons grow in vain
Since, soon enough, the creature drifts toward
Some handy rock, makes that its home domain,
Clings limpet-like and then, if tides afford
No passing plankton, bucks the seafood-chain
By dumping any IQ-points it scored,
Re-running Darwin's tale against the grain,
And making brain and spine a smorgasbord
For its own sustenance. The lesson's plain
For you Cartesians: what you've ignored
Perversely is the desk-bound thinker's bane,
The sovereign intellect as two-edged sword.

Your jellyfish presents a striking case
To contrary effect since it's no more,
To start with, than a see-through waste of space,
A brainless, sightless, nerveless metaphor
For every undead thing that bears no trace
Of innervation, or the buzzing store
Of species-knowledge that accrues apace
In living creatures. Yet, till washed ashore
To die, it somehow swims from place to place,
Seeks out new shoals and sea-beds to explore,
And so acquires in a short time, by grace
Of such activity, that which before
It neither had nor needed. Go off-base,
Some instinct says, get bearings, pop next-door
And find, if briefly, how the interface
Of world and creature brings a new *rapport*
As neurons learn, through movement, to embrace
A sense of unknown possibles in store.

We walk together talking, you and I,
Our steps and talk in unforced synchrony
As landmarks, scenes and episodes pass by
At their own pace. Already we foresee
A time to come when memories multiply
And intertwine so we've some headroom free
For what remains to us of earth, sea, sky
Or recollected words that hold the key
To mindscapes further back. Same points apply
To us as to the whole menagerie,
The big land-lubbers and the smaller fry
Right down to those rock-polyps. Think how we
Co-ambulated till (it seems to my
Re-wakened sense of things) the you-and-me
Of lives apart was soon left high and dry,
Like a beached jellyfish, while we'd a sea
Of creaturely potential yet to try
As neurons mapped excursions yet to be.

Christopher Norris Wales

HENRHYD FALLS

(Annwn, the otherworld of Welsh myth)

Beneath these rocks,
The green-steeped ravines,
Forests of firs,
Screens of trees,
Somewhere, a rush of river.

From overworld, overflow,
Rush of falls, fury, froth
To an obscured eternity.
Flies scud in half-light,
Glint in glacier-ruins,
Where minnows flicker
In golden shallows,
And bodies wade silent ,
And turn, waist-deep,
Wash awhile, wallow, bathe.

There are worlds in water,
Shadowed reflections,
In opaque tumult,
Dreams, horrors,
Vacancies of mind,
And behind, downwater,
Through dark gorge of trees,
Sunless black streams,
An unknown way,
Otherworld,
Annwn.

Matthew M C Smith Wales

theseventhquarrytheseventhquarrytheseventhquarrytheseventhquarry

HUMAN CARGO

(In memory of lost Syrian Refugees at sea)

This, just a speck
Beneath silver clouds
& hiatus sun

A boat's wide lip
Holds back an Ocean
Faces of fear, silk-white as spray
Desperate eyes scan the horizon
Hunting shapes on its azure line
For help must surely come?

Cold rises from the deep
Insatiable tides, unceasing churn
Conspires to capsize
As all ballast is cast
Bags thrown, belongings
A garland of detritus

She is a pieta
The child of the world
At the centre
Of this huddled wreck
In her mother's weeping arms
See her cling to her tiny gift, a doll
Will fathom-black tides
Reach their dark tears?

How did it come to this?

'We live in our own world
A world that is too small.'

Matthew M C Smith Wales

PHANTOMS OF DESIRE/ Poems and Art by David Wayne Dunn

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GRIEF SONG

In this wild place your grief sings
blows like a burning of light and sand
and the wind makes marks upon it.

The straight, starved line of the wind
that leaves beauty upon beauty
in the weight and the enormity.

Go forward and as wanderers do
listening with the edges of your soul
that will toughen or burn away.

Walk until you are burning too,
until you are grey and know
you are empty.

Patricia Nelson America

WHAT WORD?

What word is deepest and most wished,
sinking its shadow in the dark rocks
squeezing the river of its shape?

Which thought has dried and gone,
invisible as sky to the long animal
with tall, blue, moving eyes?

Where is it now, his smoke-thin complaint,
signing the air with its smallness
like an insect's grey and trailing hands?

Something still rattles: wing or maw
in his voice as wide as a rake.
A racket of small, white stones.

A voice that is us, or somehow about us.
A thought that has rested near us,
enjambé and pushing like the river.

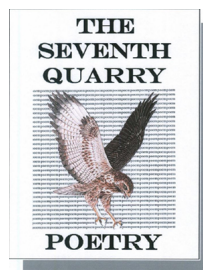
A memory of light: large birds
raising the rickety rack of flight,
that faint image floating in the spaces

Patricia Nelson America

My death, sorry for being so cheeky,
But may I ask you a favour?
Please don't play with me the sea mist that hugs the trees,
Then snuffs them out;
Please don't play with me the wave that strokes the limbs,
Then buries them down the sea;
Be a fast gale, a nice clean stroke of wind
To smash my soul and shape it fresh anew;
Be a blaze that bothers not with ifs or whys,
Hit me quick and run –

A hard task, yes, I know,
But you're great at sorting things, aren't you? -
9 a.m. and no clouds to be seen:
Gone lost, headed for nowhere,
Or down the pub tainting alien skies?
A moot point, c'mon, let it go,
Look, she's wading through crowds
Of quirky tattoos and mobiles -
Anything else?
Well, a tall blonde breastfeeds in the street,
Some lads play volleyball in the park,
And two beggar ladies smile,
Do they hope for a bit of change?
Afraid no use for well-honed smiles,
No hope for change when people feed or play -
By the by, God, you playing along or what?
Don't forget I ditched thyme, tulips and trees
As soon as she dropped by, pure drive, demise -
Dead lovers, dead fathers like stale stars,
Hey-ho, they say it happens when disciples
Dabble with stuff they'd better forgo -
Do you agree? No?
Fine, so many I met in my wretched life,
Those fighters who bet if you tell the blaze 'don't burn'
They'll play nice and the rainbows will graciously oblige
If you ask for a pot of gold -
All of them shot down in the back, of course,
They weren't heads up, and too much poetry was prancing around -
See, she never minds the stares of passersby.

Gabriella Garofola Italy



WHY MY WIFE LIKES WESTERNS

for Bebe

It's not because she likes "The Duke" and
his folksy two-gun ways, "Pilgrim!"

And it's not because, in the old Westerns,
how black and white hats meant good and bad.

Nor was it because two rifle shots
would bring down six or seven Indians.

And it isn't because she's fond of
saguaros or prairie dogs or longhorns.

No, she just loves big mountains, mesas, canyons,
and rock formations like those in Monument Valley.

To my artist wife, these wide open landscapes
are the great works of the Great Artist in the big sky.

Stanley H. Barkan America

WOMB THOUGHTS

(1 January 2010)

In the womb
I was happy
floating about
in my own sea.

I had all
that I needed—
why look for trouble,
exit Eden?

I remember . . .
You don't believe me,

but I am sure
of this memory.

Now as I look
about me,
at daughter & son
and their children,

I think of
the journey
from then
till now.

From birth
to birth to birth
all over the earth—
the miracle of life!

—Stanley H. Barkan America

WOMEN ON A BRIDGE
TOSSING FANS INTO A RIVER
(Edo Period, 1615–1868)

Like Li Po
who threw
his newly-inked poems
into the Yangtze,
a group of statuesque
beautifully dressed women,
with their young attendants,
stand by the railings of a bridge
overlooking a river,
readying to toss their
summer-used painted fans
into the swift currents,
commemorating the start of fall,
the water already filled

with discarded fans
floating by like autumn leaves.

Perhaps the fans and the poems
will meet somewhere beyond
the Three Gorges where
all hopes and dreams gather.

Stanley H. Barkan America

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GARDEN OF CLOUDS/NEW AND SELECTED POEMS

by Peter Thabit Jones

Published by Cross-Cultural Communications, USA

ISBN 978-0-89304-236-3

Price: \$ 20.00/ £10.00

REVIEW BY JESSICA NEWPORT

**AMERICA, AERONWY, AND ME/DYLAN THOMAS TRIBUTE TOUR
by Peter Thabit Jones**

(co-published by Cross-Cultural Communications, USA, and The Seventh Quarry Press, UK, 2019).

PRICE £10.00 STERLING/\$15 ISBN 978-0-89304-671-2

Peter Thabit Jones was born in Wales, raised by his maternal grandparents and continues to reside there now. He was a teacher of English Literature, Children's Literature and Creative Writing at Swansea University before taking an early retirement.

An award-winning poet and author, Peter has penned fourteen books, translated into over twenty languages. In addition to this, his drama pieces have been performed both in the UK and America and 2017 saw the premiere of his chamber opera libretto in Luxembourg. He has won awards including the 2017 Homer: European Medal for Art and Poetry, The Royal Literary Fund Award and an Arts Council of Wales Award to name but a few.

Peter is the Founder and Editor of both this magazine, *The Seventh Quarry Poetry Magazine*, which publishes worldwide sourced poetry, translations, interviews and articles, and The Seventh Quarry Press which publishes international poetry, prose, and art books.

2008 and 2009 saw him carry out readings and workshops in numerous colleges and universities in Romania as visiting poet. He has also been writer-in-residence in Big Sur, California every summer since 2010. His contributions to American and European festivals and conferences are vast, including the World Affairs Conference Colorado in 2009 for example.

In addition to this he has seen his poem *Kilvey Hill* form a stained-glass window in a primary school in his home city of Swansea, and has been inducted into Salem State University for his contributions to literature and literary translations.

Peter has a lifelong love for poetry, which he attributes to a childhood teacher that "ignited a desire in me to be a poet". This desire led him to the work of Dylan Thomas. He wouldn't have dared to dream at the tender age of thirteen, as he spent his newspaper boy earnings on "all the books, available at the time, by and about

Dylan Thomas” that he would embark on a six-week Dylan Thomas Tribute Tour with Dylan’s daughter Aeronwy in 2008. This tour did of course come to fruition and is the foundation for *AMERICA, AERONWY, AND ME*. In addition to this tour Peter co-authored the *Dylan Thomas Walking Tour of Greenwich Village* with Aeronwy which is now available in both book and app form, and a guided tour via New York Fun Tours .

AMERICA, AERONWY, AND ME was published in 2019 by The Seventh Quarry Press in the UK and by Cross-Cultural Communications in America. An absorbing piece of prose, it invites the reader to embark upon the tour, which was meticulously organised by publisher and poet Stanley H. Barkan of Cross-Cultural Communications in conjunction with emeritus professor and poet Vince Clemente, with Peter and Aerowyn rather than simply be told about it. This is due in large to the literary style in which it has been composed. A comfortable read, it can easily be devoured in one sitting. It leaves one feeling as though they have been in conversation with an old friend who is eager to share a special time of their life to an audience that is as eager to hear it. I describe it as a conversation between friends because Peter and the other contributors, such as renowned American poet Maria Mazziotti Gillan and Catrin Brace of the Welsh Government in New York, have adopted a writing style that is as relaxing as it is riveting. A perfect combination that leaves one entirely invested in the words.

Adopting a diary entry style, Peter shares beautiful and intimate anecdotes, notably his and Aeronwy’s constant search for “the best cup of tea in America”. This quest runs parallel to their travels across America, a desire that journeys with them to every stop that they come to. The inclusion of details such as these leaves the reader feeling privileged to have gained an insight into the people behind the poetry, we feel we have been trusted with private moments and memories.

There is a strong sense of humility throughout the book. Peter often cites his appreciation for the opportunities that have been presented to himself and Aeronwy, describing them as “very special, indeed a privilege”. Equally, the other contributors share their appreciation for the opportunity to experience the expertise and friendship that Peter and Aeronwy brought with them on this tour. Perhaps the best evaluation of this was given by Paul M. Levitt when he confided that following their departure “I felt a hole in my life that hadn’t been there before, and swore to read more poetry”. I suspect this is a widely shared feeling. Indeed, this feeling travels from the page into the heart of the reader. This book will absolutely leave one hungry to enjoy more poetry, I suspect Peter knew this and this could be

at least part of the reason for the poetry supplement that one will find at the close of the book, an added and somewhat unexpected treat.

I must take a moment to speak about friendship. A mutual passion for Dylan Thomas laid the foundation for what became a strong and unwavering friendship between Peter and Aeronwy. This friendship remains apparent throughout the book and serves to bring added enjoyment to the story as their travels unfold. Peter explains that they were “always at ease with each other”. This is a feeling his writing elicits from the reader also, like settling into a comfortable chair. Peter’s writing style invites the reader to become part of this friendship and their adventures. The repetition of their search for the best cup of tea in America builds our friendship with the author because it humanises him, much like the small details that are interwoven in the story such as; learning “how to purchase tickets from the machine with our dollar bills” or settling into new accommodation, even the “walks to Starbucks” that became their morning routine when scheduling would allow. These details ensure the author remains a person for the reader and brings a refreshing normality to the tale.

AMERICA, AERONWY, AND ME details a tour across America, however it remains a beautiful tribute to Wales. It is clear that much like Dylan Thomas himself both Peter and Aeronwy remain loyal to their Welsh roots. It is a read that is as refreshing as their much-craved cups of tea. Peter aimed to “help to return Dylan back to his rightful place as a remarkable craftsman in poetry” whilst Aeronwy hoped “that more people will go back and read his poetry”. After reading this book I hope they both realise that they achieved these aims and I hope they are both aware that an equal interest in Wales and both of their own original works will undoubtedly result also; quite an achievement.

It is clear that Peter and Aeronwy touched all they met along the way and left a lasting effect, a permanent mark upon their lives if you will. I suspect that the feeling was mutual. Indeed, Peter shares that the “memories will remain with me forever”. Peter and Aeronwy brought Dylan Thomas to a new audience and for those who had already encountered him they not only enriched his poetry through their readings but brought their own powerful poetry forward also, a perfect marrying of the past and the present.

A tale of happiness, this book beautifully presents how the two poets walked the same paths that Dylan’s feet once touched. What began as a tribute to Dylan Thomas became an opportunity to showcase their own talents as poets and

teachers. This book not only recounts the tour that they undertook, it shares private memories, invites the reader into the author's confidence and teaches one elements of the art of poetry. It is, of course, tinged with sadness due to the passing of Aeronwy the following year. As Peter himself explains; "Aeronwy passed away in July 2009, far too sudden for her beloved family and far too sudden for all those whose lives she touched so magically in the UK, Europe, and America". This results in a piece that initially appears to be a personal journal become a tribute, not only to the great Dylan Thomas but to his talented daughter also. A pleasure to read, this book will leave the reader inspired and as full of admiration for the dedication and hard work of the author and contributors as Peter and Aeronwy had for Dylan Thomas, the catalyst for the tour that enabled the birth of this captivating read. I cannot recommend this book enough; it will leave one feeling a renewed determination to follow one's own passions just as Peter and Aeronwy did when they stepped on that first plane to America.

Jessica Newport Wales

theseventhquarrytheseventhquarrytheseventhquarrytheseventhquarry

ADVENTUROUS TRAVEL FOR THE TIMID

April ... and still the snow covers the cunning cone;
the patient guardian stands atop his mountain,
planted like a scorched tree,
puffing on his pipe,
waiting for the first flow of tourists;
he could predict the questions they would bring:
"Is it due to erupt now?" "Will it be like Pompeii?"
"Were you there then?" a small child will ask.

He will smile to himself
breathing the rhythm of the day:
bold and breathless they will climb the track
absorb vibes from the living volcano
dare to climb to the rocky rim
stare down into a smouldering crater
Oooos and Aaaaahs at bright red magma glows

wrinkle noses at sulphur-rich steam
turn to point at settled lava flows ...
... then, make a swift descent to safer ground.

And he will smile to himself
knowing the heavenward thrust of menace
in this high, moody mountain.
He is the guardian of Vesuvius
with the Ourea and will puff on his pipe,
as does his charge, to prove there is life still;
he has been up here too long to be afraid.

Jean Salkilld Wales

IMPRESSIONS

“Any sound may constitute music.” John Cage.

Look up to the dull, grey canvass of the sky;
stare hard, as artists do, and notice colour
and shapes where there appear to be none,
Or study the gallery canvass, White on White,
and be inspired to create a work of art
from nothing but the seedlings in the mind.

And hear the sound that comes from soundlessness:
a silent orchestra, a frozen chorus,
piano closed, conductor’s baton stilled;
if I sit in an anechoic chamber
I may hear the sound of nothing but
my heartbeat and the rushing of my blood.

Can there be a poem without words
which loses a sculpted language, a poet’s voice,
the rhythm and the rhyme, the metaphor?
While I stand before expectant listeners
will they search my face, my presence, then create
a poem from a colourless, soundless void?

Jean Salkilld Wales

OBITS

Oblivion knows the alphabet
and orders obituaries in Optima font;
one name then another, Adams to Omega
by the sofa ads, the column planned each week
with those who pass away or fall asleep.
It teaches us geometry, squares and oblongs
longer than wide, likes an o in objects
and tempts us away with odes and opioids.
It spoke once in obsolete oracles and stones
and occurs in papers now and blog accounts,
giving us ABC, the obit box and opens windows
to climb out to the Orion sky.

F. J. Williams England

WASHING THE FOOTBALL

The match shows up in grass stains, streaks of mud
and stud scores on the ball: the inspired play,
collapsed defence and grudge games that shed blood
remain all week until it's washing day.
The big sink, scrubbing brush and dribbling tap
bring out the scars and scuffs by must-have boots:
the nutmeg pass that laid the keeper flat,
the penalty decider in the shoot-
out in the box, grudge shrunken to a mark.
A toe-poke in the goalmouth leaves a smear,
a one-touch finish, striker's ghostly arc
still toasted in the clubhouse after years.
Most marks wash off or hide beneath the hide;
miracles show up once the game has died.

F. J. Williams England

REACHING

I am not a tame old lion.
Rather, I pace back and forth.
I yearn to drop my mask
and embrace your light.

My cheek
pinks from your kiss,
like an apple ripening
on a tree, in spring.

I was a foundling
until I found you
in the verdant dell
of flowery memories.

Come, come and dance
by the elf bogs.
Let us draw a circle
of warm colors.

We shall share the river trip
shore to shore.
The bridge calls us,
but prefer to wade in.

Hayim Abramson Israel

CONTUSIONS by Gary Beck

A poetry collection available in paperback with a retail price of \$10.99.
ISBN 9781941058886, and a kindle edition for \$4.99. Published by Winter Goose
Publishing. Available now through all major retailers. For information, contact:
jessica@wintergoosepublishing.com

IN THE POST-INDUSTRIAL FOOTHILLS OF THE BRECONS

are valleys that go greening off tree-bottomed valleys
purple-spotted smotherings of brambles giving onto
upland swathes of pallid green
pony-cropped paddocks
and going distant the cloud-broccoli density
of shoulder-high bracken

Hill-crested clouds come racing over
cause sudden floodings of sunlight
that liven
a single field
one shivering birch
and gone
to leave wind-furrowed underlays of fawn
in stretches of heath grass and sedge

Along one valley floor round-leafed alder
and long-leafed willow provide
a frond-feathered light
with the stream flowing clear over
slabs of moss-stuck leaves
wavering green and gold

Sam Smith Wales

21st CENTURY LIFE

"...industrial wasteland and the population brutalised by it."

Edward Thomas

Mines worked out, ironworks closed,
clusters of houses have been left all over Europe
with no purpose to being where they are;

whole conurbations made almost pointless,
towns which have come to exist in role reversal
- for the sake of their few remaining shops.

Commuting denizens of dormitory estates,
coloured tops of cars crowded along kerbs,
slanted peaks of terrace rows compacted
by the broad grey and silvered roofs
of in-and-out-of-use industrial estates.

Sam Smith Wales

HOMELESS

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

He’s been swept out of Santa Cruz County,
Run out of town by the city council, the blue,
Told to move, ASAP,

South or north, his choice.
He opts for Steinbeck country,
Mack and the boys at the Palace,

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Victor Henry America

MARISA WAS BORN TODAY

Into a world that may not be a world
In a hundred years.
Polar Ice caps melt,

Eventually disappear,
Causing serious flooding,
Change the map of the world.

Seas eventually rise
250 feet above sea level.
The oceans acidic, lifeless.

Permafrost ice thaws,
Reaches a tipping point,
Unleashes billions of tons

Of methane into the atmosphere,
A greenhouse gas more potent
Than carbon dioxide.

Man, naturally greedy and short-sighted,
Gluttonous from his belief
He rules over nature and

God provides everything,
Is cooking himself in a cosmic soup
Like a frog slowly boiling in water.

The human race,
now an endangered species,
Faces mass extinction.

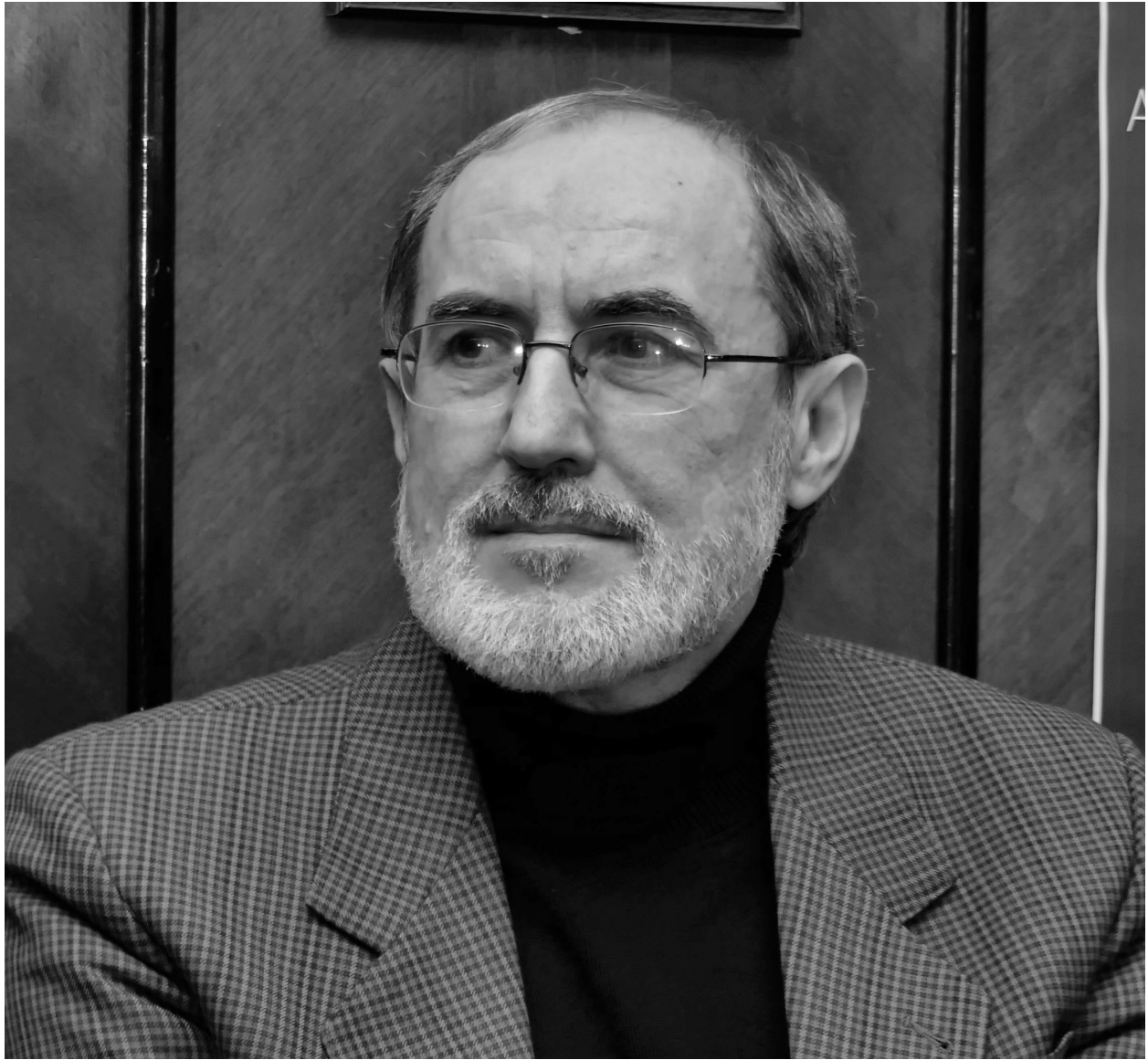
Victor Henry America

FRACTURED

Brittle beats tap through your voice,
empty words bat aside silence.
I yearn for softer notes
but hear only scraped strings.
Our taut nerves, vigilant,
pathways wired and charged with danger.
Scared, I cast around
for earthed cables/lightening conductors
I find nothing, no solace is on offer,
no salves to calm your salvos,
nothing to make us safe.

Ceinwen E Cariad Haydon England

BILINGUAL FEATURE: IOAN MILEA, ROMANIA



IOAN MILEA was born in March 11, 1958, at Turda, Romania. He is a poet, essayist, literary critic, and translator. He graduated from the department of Philology of the "Babeş-Bolyai" University of Cluj in 1983. For many years, he was an editor and a literary chronicler for the magazines *Echinox*, *Tribuna* și *Apostrof*. Since 1991, he has been a researcher at the „Sextil Pușcariu Institute of Cluj. He has collaborated with the publications *Tribuna*, *Steaua*, *Familia*, *Vatra*, *Poesis*, *Apostrof* and others. His published volumes include: *Evening with Dante And Other Poems*, 1996; *Requiem In May*, 2007; *About Brâncuși*, 2007;

Florilegium, 2008; *Flashes I-VII*, 2010-2019; *Gedankenblitze und Spiegelungen/Flashes And Reflashes* (together with Herbert-Werner Mühlroth, 2017); *Lieben Igel Katzenfutter? / Do Hedgehogs Love Cat Food?* (together with Herbert-Werner Mühlroth, 2018); *Essays And Literary Critique: Bacovian Readings And Other Essays*, 1996; *Under The Sign of Poetry*, 1999; *Breviloquium*, 2013. He has translated the works of Rudolf Otto, Romano Guardini, Giuseppe Tucci, Theophil Spoerri, Vincenzo Cardarelli, Reiner Kunze, and Max Picard.

Fulgurații/Flashes

Haiku

Clipa în care
o unduire
e o fulgerare.

The instant when
an undulation
is a flash.

Ciori în zăpadă
o fac
și mai albă.

The crows
in the snow make it
even whiter.

Vezi, Diogene,
și castanii aprind
candelabre în zi.

You see, Diogenes,
even chestnut trees kindle
candelabra in the daytime.

Fulgurări, fulgurări,
dar nici chiar așa
grăbite!

Flashes,
flashes, but much
too hasty.

Scrie pe apă
sub dictare o ramură
de salcă plecată.

A branch of willow
bending over the water writes
under dictation.

O frunză de-arțar
pe pervaz
de niciunde.

A maple's leaf
on the windowsill
from nowhere.

În fugă de sine
se face
un *selfie*.

In running away
from yourself you make
a *selfie*.

Adie-n Florii.
Copacii aștern
ramuri pe cale.

Breeze on Palm Sunday.
The trees spread branches
on the way.

Brad înțelept.
În ramuta-I ruptă
Rămâne întreg.
Wise fir.
In its broken branch
it is whole.

Alte pendule
duc spre decembrie
flori, calendule.

Other pendula
lead to December
flowers, calendula.

Mireasmă și-n nume
ai tu,
iasomie!

Even your name,
jasmine,
is aromatic.

Ce știe scoica
despre mare nu spune
decât la ureche.

What the shell knows
about the sea is said
only in a whisper.

Aceiași nori
nu-i privești niciodată
de două ori.

You never see
the same clouds
twice.

Translations from Romanian into English by Dr. Olimpia Iacob (Romania) and
William Wolak (America)

theseventhquarrytheseventhquarrytheseventhquarrytheseventhquarry

**SLANTS OF LIGHT: TRIBUTE TO WOMEN'S ART /
Inclinazionid di luc: Omaggio all'arte al femminile** by Lidia Chiarelli

Illustrated by Carolyn Mary Kleefeld and Gianpiero Acti.
Edited by Stanley H. Barkan

Winner of the LORD BYRON - GOLFO DEI POETI PRIZE and other prizes.

This is a bilingual (Italian-English) art & poetry tribute to women collection. It includes the works of 12 women artists—Rebecca Horn, Louise Bourgeois, Niki de Saint Phalle, Lee Krasner, Sonia Delaunay, Daphne Maugham Casorati, Georgia O'Keeffe, Diane Arbus, Frida Kahlo, Camille Claudet, Tamara de Lempicka, Carolyn Mary Kleefeld—arranged in calendar order January-December. The poetry is by Lidia Chiarelli in both languages. Famous poets are quoted in the epigraphs, including Lawrence Ferlinghetti, Edward Lear, and Dylan Thomas.

Price: \$10. Available from Cross-Cultural Communications, USA

CROSS BONES WOMAN

Cross bones woman
Winchester goose
exhumed
slabbed in a mortuary
pulled out of time and grave layers that were
boarded and fenced
festooned with offerings

to *single women*

alive now for history
you are anonymous
but the registers hold clues in handwriting

you are

told by others
who knit your story-bones
a skeleton narrative fleshed out by pathologists
who probe and excise
touch and caress
do you feel them when
they
touch
you?
Your C.G. I face is
almost pretty yet pox-pitted

Cross bones woman
 your pieces match
 you are named in
 death

Anne Evan Phillips Wales

**BOOKS FROM THE SEVENTH QUARRY PRESS
(AND THOSE CO-PUBLISHED WITH CROSS-CULTURAL
COMMUNICATIONS, USA)**

THE HEARTBREAK AT THE HEART OF THINGS by American poet Vince Clemente. POETRY. PRICE: £8.99/\$15. ISBN 9780-9567457-4-3

LOVE FOR EVER MERIDIAN/FINDING DYLAN THOMAS IN THE 21ST CENTURY by American writer John Dotson. PROSE. PRICE: £12/\$20. ISBN 978-0-89304-380-3 (co-published with Cross-Cultural Communications, New York)

HOW TO CARVE AN ANGEL (book and CD) by American poet and dramatist Peter Fulton. POETRY. PRICE: \$9.95. CD PRICE: \$14.95. ISBN 978-095674570-5/CD: ISBN 978-095674571-2

CREATURES OF A DEAD COMMUNITY by Welsh poet Lynn Hopkins. POETRY. PRICE: £4.50. ISBN 978-0-9567457-3-6

PSYCHE OF MIRRORS/A PROMENADE OF PORTRAITS (POETRY, PROSE, and ARTWORK) by American poet and artist Carolyn Mary Kleefeld. PRICE: \$28. ISBN 9780893043612 (co-published with Cross-Cultural Communications, New York)

THE DIVINE KISS: AN EXHIBIT OF PAINTINGS AND POEMS IN HONOR OF DAVID CAMPAGNA (POETRY, ARTWORK) by American poet and artist Carolyn Mary Kleefeld. PRICE: \$14. ISBN 9780893049706 (co-published with Cross-Cultural Communications, New York)

POEMS FROM DYLAN'S WALES by American poet John Edwin Cowen. POETRY. PRICE: \$15. ISBN 9780893042196 (co-published with Cross-Cultural Communications, New York)

ALFRED'S RIBBON by German author Beta Berlin. CHILDREN'S FICTION. PRICE: £8.99 STERLING/9.90 EUROS/\$15. ISBN 978-0-9567457-5-0

LOOKING FOR NELLA by German author Beta Berlin, 2014. CHILDREN'S FICTION. PRICE: £8.99 STERLING/9.90 EUROS/\$15. ISBN 978-0-9567457-8-1

IMPRINTS by Welsh poet Julie-Anne Grey. POETRY. PRICE: £4.99 STERLING/\$10. ISBN 978-0-9567457-6-7

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

A PARTIAL TRUTH by Christopher Norris. POETRY.
PRICE: £9.99 STERLING/\$20. ISBN 978-0-9935326-7-2

THE LIGHT OF ORDINARY DAYS by Kristine Doll. POETRY.
PRICE: £6.99 STERLING/\$10. ISBN ISBN 978-0-9935326-6-5

COGS TURNING by American poet Jim Gronvold. POETRY.
PRICE: £6.99 STERLING/\$10. ISBN 978-0-578-48920-9

PHANTOMS OF DESIRE (POETRY, ARTWORK) by David Wayne Dunn.
PRICE: \$18. ISBN978-0-89304-688-0 (co-published with Cross-Cultural Communications, New York)

PURCHASE AND INFORMATION: seventhquarry@btinternet.com

saturational awaring

with the cerebrospinal flames
that flared in me at age sixteen in 1967

arose the option without words

to go that way and depart this life or
to come this way and stick with it

no abstractions were tangled up in this
no thought process no doubts

turning that way appeared to be no loss
no erasure no perfect vacuum

it was clear that whether there or here
the cosmos proceeds processually

with no sentimentality in 1967
age sixteen I chose the eventualities

whatsoever and not for the last time
coming to myself at that serpentine threshold

of human mortality

+ + +

from this morning's dreams
and just before the headline screen

sprang forth a Möbius surface
with these two words:

{ saturational ~ awaring }

I looked up the roots to be
sated filled-full drenched

soaked thoroughly
and also *sadness*

interestingly

+ + +

and so it is that I feel the catastrophes
of life on planet Earth in our days

scales and magnitudes

of changes without precedent
far far beyond my understanding

and even yet the sustaining choice

is living it all out and onward
awaring every actuality

saturationally

+ + +

in what is happening now
among us the living

and what experience is to be
among us the dying

and what is greater than

John Dotson America

theseventhquarrytheseventhquarrytheseventhquarrytheseventhquarry

DUSK SHAPES ITSELF

The swirl and stir of flowing humanity
Is dwindling now
The rumbling tumbling hubbub of conversation
Subsides into a bubbling simmer
As the burgeoning urgency is sated
And the shoppers drift home

Dusk shapes itself
Out of the quiet air
Like vapour that rises
From fallen rain on a sun-warmed pavement

Street lights chime against the growing dark
St. Mary's clock declares the quarter-hour
And bargain-weary crowds evaporate like spilled dreams
To the sound of gulls crying in their drowned-sailor voices

Calm tranquillity fills the rising evening
As cigarette smoke hangs, drifting,
Like half-formed thoughts
In the darkening air.

Steve Grey Wales

LEDGER DOMAIN by David Stanford Burr

Published by New York Quarterly Books

Price: \$16 ISBN: 978-1-63045-063-2

David Stanford Burr's book, *Ledger Domain*, is composed of poems polished to a high sheen. His language, concise and controlled, enhances the power of the poems to lead us on an exploration of our own humanity and all the connections that enrich our lives.—*Maria Mazziotti Gillan, American Book Award winner for All That Lies Between Us*

THE STRANGE DEATH OF GUITARIST JIMMY DUNNING AND THE TUNE HE WROTE FOR MY MANDOLIN IN THE MURRELL ARMS

Between sets and refilling our glasses
“What is your favourite place in the world?”
Jimmy asked. I searched but found no answer,
not that he cared. There were still the traces
in my head of a tune he wrote for me,
with which I had closed the first half. He called
it “Ian’s Bean”; it lived under my sore

fingers till the improvised eight
left me. “My favourite place,” said Jimmy
“is the seat outside St Mary’s, Binsted.
All of me comes together there, each part;
it has peace beyond any words for my
speech.” There were no words to the tune I played.

When he died they stood his guitar upright
in the chancel of Saint Mary’s. He died
while sleeping on the seat outside. His peace
must have been there though not words. He would write
them another time, waiting to be said,
perhaps from that seat by the church, his place.

Ian Caws England

SWANSEA VILLAGE by Edward Thomas

A beautiful publication available from The Salubrious Press via
www.dylans.com

Edited by Jeff Towns, it includes *Swansea Village* by Edward Thomas,
essays by Peter Stead and Andrew Green, and Peter Thabit Jones’s poem
Edward Thomas In Swansea

Cover art by Christopher Kelly

Price: £5

BOOKS AND MAGAZINES RECEIVED

BACKSTAGE IN PARADISE by Robin Lindsay Wilson. Available from Cinnamon Press/www.cinnamonpress.com Price: £9.99. Shrewd and sharp-sighted, this intelligent writing offers alternative perspectives throughout these wry, layered poems. Always inventive, *Backstage in Paradise* is another highly accomplished collection.

AFTER BEFORE by Jane Blanchard. Available from Kelsay Books, USA. Price: \$18.50. This is a large and delightful collection, technically skillful, varied in subject, sharp in observation, and fun to read. *After Before* is the best collection I have read in a long time—Jack Hart, editor, *Ship of Fools*.

A DECADE OF VERSE/TUESDAY POETRY 2019. The annual anthology from Swansea's Tuesday Poetry Group, which is headed by poet Jean Salkilld, who is also a TSQ regular contributor. The publication celebrates the tenth anniversary of the Group and its anthology. The variety and the quality of the poems are most impressive. Price: £4 (excluding postage).

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NEW FROM THE SEVENTH QUARRY PRESS

A PARTIAL TRUTH by Christopher Norris. POETRY.
PRICE: £9.99 STERLING/\$20. ISBN 978-0-9935326-7-2

THE LIGHT OF ORDINARY DAYS by Kristine Doll. POETRY.
PRICE: £6.99 STERLING/\$10. ISBN 978-0-9935326-6-5

COGS TURNING by American poet Jim Gronvold. POETRY.
PRICE: £6.99 STERLING/\$10. ISBN 978-0-578-48920-9

Purchase and information via seventhquarry@btinternet.com

**FIFTIETH ANNIVERSARY
CROSS-CULTURAL COMMUNICATIONS, PUBLISHER**

**CONGRATULATIONS TO STANLEY H. BARKAN,
MY AMERICAN PUBLISHER
(AND SOMETIMES CO-PUBLISHING PARTNER WITH THE SEVENTH
QUARRY PRESS)
FOR FIFTY YEARS OF PUBLISHING HUNDREDS OF BOOKS
IN DOZENS OF LANGUAGES WORLDWIDE**

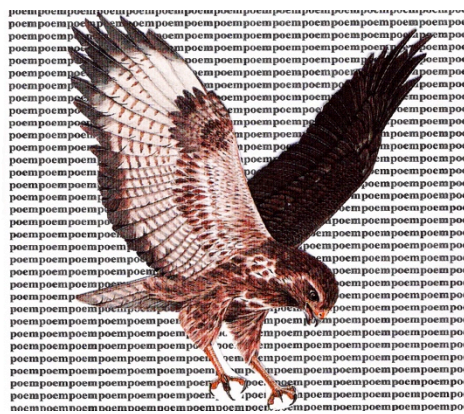


Stanley H. Barkan © 2020 Mark Polyakov

Stanley is an American poet, translator, editor, and publisher. He grew up in Brooklyn and received a bachelor's degree in education from the University of Miami and a master's in English linguistics from New York University. He taught English at high schools in Brooklyn and Queens from 1964 until his retirement in 1991, the year he won the New York City Poetry Teacher of the Year Award. He founded Cross-Cultural Communications and he went on to publish works by Pablo Neruda, Allen Ginsberg, Isaac Asimov and the Pulitzer Prize-winning poet and Barkan's friend Stanley Kunitz. Cross-Cultural Communications Review Series of World Literature and Art, has, till 2016, his 46th anniversary year, produced some 425 titles in 58 different languages. His own work has been translated into 26 different languages, and published in 20 collections, several of them bilingual, including Bulgarian, Chinese, Italian, Polish, Romanian, Russian, and Sicilian.

He is the recipient of many awards, including China: Best Poet of the Year /The International Poetry Translation and Research Centre, The Journal of The World Poets Quarterly (Multilingual), Editorial Department of the Chinese Poetry International; HOMER – The European Medal of Poetry and Art; The Poetry Center at Passaic County Community College Allen Ginsberg Honourable Mention Certificate; “L'Occhio di Scammacca” (sculpture) Sicilian award; Canada 4th World Poetry Canada International - Peace, Film and Human Rights Festival Empowered Poet Award (certificate) Stanley H. Barkan “for creating peace through poetry”; The Seventh Quarry/Swansea Poetry Magazine - Stanley H. Barkan Special Issue and Plaque Honors the Publisher of Cross-Cultural Communications.

Editor's note: See Stanley's Wikipedia entry for more information.



LOOK OUT FOR ISSUE 32: Summer/Autumn 2020

WALES: Gareth Culshaw, Stephen Kingsforth, James Young, Phil Knight, Christopher Norris, Matthew M C Smith, Jessica Newport, Jean Salkilld, Sam Smith, Anne Evan Phillips, Steve Grey

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ENGLAND: C M Buckland, Jim Conwell, Clive Donovan, Simon Freedman, Rachel Burns, F. J. Williams, Ceinwen E Cariad Haydon, Ian Caws

IRELAND: Patricia Walsh, Angela T. Carr

ITALY: Gabriella Garofola

NORWAY: Oda Dellagi

INDIA: Jess Thayil, Debarshi Mitra

ISRAEL: Helen Bar Lev, Ruth Fogelman, Patricia Har-Even, Hayim Abramson

ROMANIA: Ioan Milea, Olimpia Iacob

AMERICA: Thomas Piekarski, Jim Gronvold, Carolyn Mary Kleefeld, Murray Susser, Bray McDonald, Michelle Chung, Mike Foldes, Patricia Nelson, Stanley H. Barkan, Victor Henry, William Wolak, John Dotson

“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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