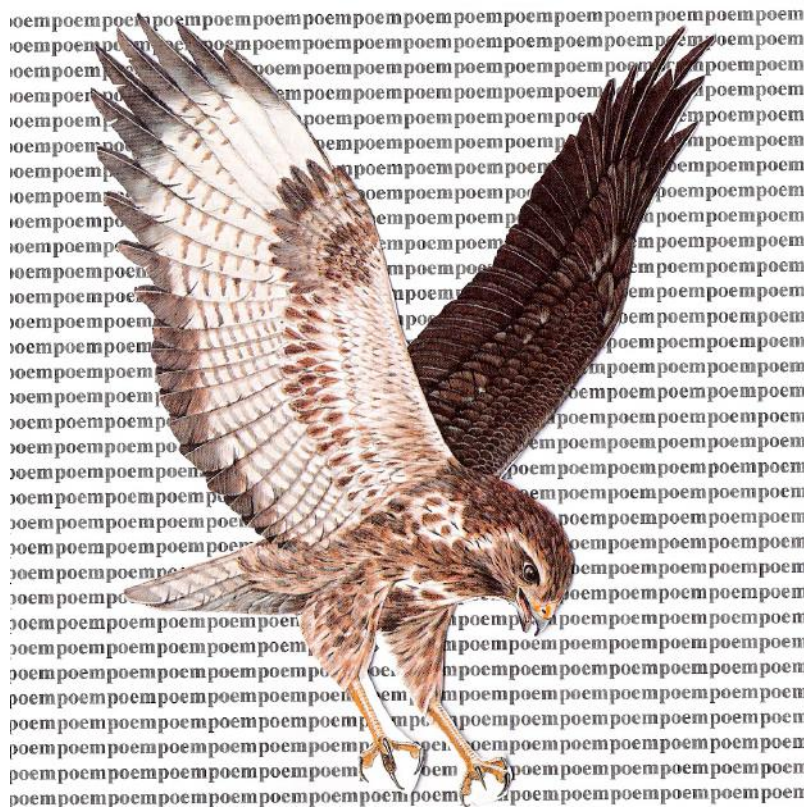


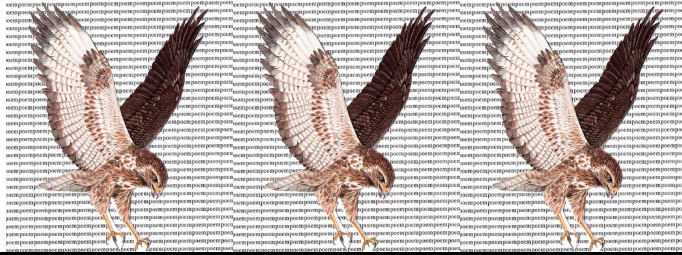
# THE SEVENTH QUARRY



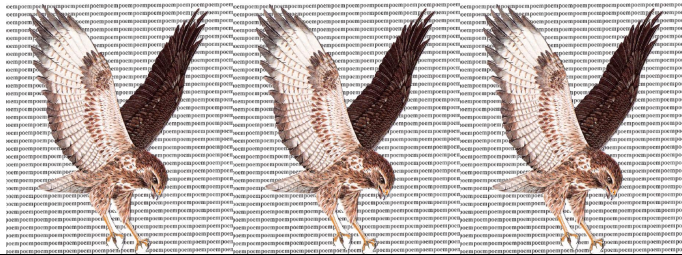
## POETRY

**ISSUE TWENTY-ONE**  
**WINTER/SPRING 2015**  
**SWANSEA POETRY MAGAZINE**

**THE**



**SEVENTH**



**QUARRY**

**SWANSEA POETRY MAGAZINE**



**ISSUE 21  
WINTER/SPRING 2015**

**CELEBRATING 10 YEARS OF  
THE SEVENTH QUARRY: 2005-2015**

**EDITORIAL**  
**ISSUE TWENTY-ONE**  
**WINTER/SPRING 2015**

**CELEBRATING TEN YEARS OF THE SEVENTH QUARRY:  
2005-2015**

This twenty-first issue features work from America, Australia, England, France, India, Israel, Italy, Japan, Portugal, Romania, and Wales. It also includes interviews with Kyung-nyun Richards, American-Korean poet and translator, and Helen Bar-Lev, Israeli poet and artist.

The collaboration between The Seventh Quarry Press and Stanley H. Barkan's Cross-Cultural Communications, New York, continues into 2015. We have recently co-published *THE COLOUR OF SAYING*, a competition anthology of writings in celebration of the Dylan Thomas Centenary 2014. Please see page 6.

Many thanks to the contributors for their poems and to subscribers for their support. An extra thank you to Vince Clemente, a State University New York English Professor Emeritus, for being Consultant Editor for *THE SEVENTH QUARRY* in America.

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

Peter Thabit Jones, Editor

Consultant Editor, America: Vince Clemente

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*theseventhquarrytheseventhquarrytheseventhquarrytheseventhquarry*

Published by The Seventh Quarry Press

ISSN 1745-2236

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Wales, UK

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£4.50 per issue or £9 annual subscription/\$15 or \$30 USA (please make UK  
cheques out to Peter Thabit Jones/USA: International Money Orders required)

**PLEASE NOTE: The price and subscription increases. These are  
the first increases in ten years.**

Contributors receive a complimentary copy of the magazine

Please enclose a s.a.e. with submissions of no more than FOUR poems

Poets beyond Great Britain must enclose an envelope with International Reply  
Coupons



PETERTHABIT JONES

(photo © 2015 Robert L. Harrison)



VINCE CLEMENTE

(photo © 2015 Anne Clemente)

## **HODNET, SHROPSHIRE. 1876**

I fell through that footnote  
like a face pressed too hard against glass.  
I've seen the house you thought  
you couldn't wait to leave,  
talked over the descendants  
of that cousin of yours with  
the new curate. I'm glad  
you got your London trip.  
Strawberry cream ice, silk dress, new bonnets,  
Kensington Museum and the underground.  
The having to walk through the cold one night  
for a cab. You guessed he was tipsy  
(I'd call it London driving) but you wrote  
in your diary later how you loved  
the 'galop' and the streetlights,  
how you had cleared out  
your cupboard in the schoolroom  
just before you left.

Carolyn Oulton    England

## **THE BOOK**

I liked the question. Yes,  
I've been characters in books.  
So when I was sitting  
in that circle of readers,  
I wasn't so much lying  
or even joking  
as simply showing off,  
when I gave out that aside  
on my middle aged relations  
with invisible friends.

I watched the nurse  
unfold her arms and speak.  
I heard the professor  
cry for Sydney Carton, felt the child  
testing adolescence on a paperback.  
I was sitting in the vicarage garden  
among cucumbers and flowers,  
all the time as the dead writer rubbed  
unheated walls for Newhaven,  
for Hester, Rachel, Hugh.

Carolyn Oulton    England

## **END GAME OR BEGINNING**

it was end game  
between man and computer

battlefield strewn with corpses  
failed strategies, beheadings  
behind them hop skip  
and pounce, thrust  
and foil of cannon fodder

he had been bred for this task  
genes selected from  
sperm banks of grand masters  
with intergalactic sounding names

the robot was a forest of entangled  
wires, laser pod eye stalks  
chromium bracketed finger joints  
quadrillion terabyte memory

they were down to two kings  
two pawns a bishop and a knight  
stalemates carefully avoided  
they both wanted clear cut victory

it was time for psychological warfare  
the robot grew a million bloodshot eyes  
spread vanadium vaned wings  
over sixty four light years, it was  
stretched to its thin hinged limits

the chess genius grimaced  
a gnat had just flown into his nostril  
and was tickling him uncontrollably  
the grandmaster sneezed - the hugest  
sneeze in history, the robot stretched  
to its limits exploded, flew apart

in billions of flying particles  
gases, quanta, electrons, building block  
nuts and bolts spreading through  
the space of time

future students would scoff in disbelief  
but some called it the big bang theory

Johnmichael Simon    Israel

---

***The Colour of Saying*** - an anthology inspired by a Dylan Thomas Competition organized by Peter Thabit Jones and Anne Pelleschi, in collaboration with Stanley H. Barkan, as part of the Dylan Thomas Centenary in 2014. Contributors range from ten years-old to seventy years-old and represent many countries throughout the world. The anthology also includes translations of Dylan Thomas's *The Hunchback in the Park* by international translators. Cross-Cultural Communications, USA/The Seventh Quarry Press, UK. Price £9/\$15

## LAND OF MAGIC

(visiting Gianpiero Actis' exhibition in Torino)

*...All of this in time suspended  
The universe holding its breath  
There is a hush in the air...*  
(from: "A heap of Broken Images")  
Lawrence Ferlinghetti

In the land of magic  
we wander on the paths  
of an unknown world.

*Magritte's eyes  
floating in the clouds  
the empty, glaucous orbits  
of Modi  
Marilyn's dreamy, tired eyes  
all astonished look around.*

We pause and listen to  
their silent message  
then  
sinking deeper into a spiral of colors  
are slowly captured  
by a strange  
whirling  
dance.

2014

Lidia Chiarelli Italy



## **WHEN DEATH WAS A LITTLE BOY**

he spilled blood all over the carpet,  
and, no one forgave him except for God  
and all the other big-shots who have hardwood.

Jesus placed a rosary of eyes that never close  
around his neck. And in his mouth,  
the mutilated silence of deaf sparrows  
whose broken wings turn like blank pages  
against the winds of time.

Death has plenty of time.  
He waits patiently among the bruised lilies  
with his long sad shadow shading his face  
and constantly looking over his shoulder.  
He never gets any rest.  
He has heavy bags under his eyes  
which he must drag along on all those trips  
he never takes himself.

Sometimes, you can hear him  
rattling around, and around.  
But, no one sees Death coming--  
only Life, and God  
whose rosaries are everywhere.

Once, Death caught a glimpse  
of his own reflection in God's eyes  
and all his mirrors shattered

Oh, Death has plenty of time,  
only...he could use a little rest--  
he looks much worse, in person!

Antonia Alexandra Klimenko      France

**Interview with Kyung-nyun Richards, Korean-American poet and translator**



**Kyung-nyun Richards © 2015 H. Mack Horton**

**Peter Thabit Jones:** Can you remember the first poem you wrote?

**Kyung-nyun Richards:** Actually I don't but Steffen came across a very simple six-line English poem I wrote in 1969 while going through my old books and papers. It was about my mother.

**MY MOTHER**

A precious child to her mother,  
an obedient wife to her husband,  
a house-maid to her in-laws,  
a loving mother to my brother and me  
is now  
an angel among the angels.

It was typewritten on a manual typewriter and dated, Dec. 7, 1969.

I think it is probably the earliest one I have a record of. I recall writing a poem on the kitchen counter while our kids were playing on the kitchen floor and I was getting a lot of phone calls that particular day. I remember how the juxtaposition of events in a day of my life began to amaze me and I think I wrote about that. It

had to do with one friend calling me to tell me about her husband's shirt having lipstick smudges and what to do about it. Then a friend called to complain about her headache and how she was suffering from it. And here I was trying to do the dishes and clean the house and look after the children. We all had these different circumstances to deal with and somehow that amazed me. But I didn't keep the poem itself. I think I was beginning to see the different realities of life and how it all seemed to be poetic. But I didn't keep it because I thought it was just a doodle and didn't think much of it. I was in my late thirties.

**PTJ:** You and your husband are renowned translators of Korean poetry and prose. Does being a translator impact on your own poetry?

**KR:** You are very kind. From childhood, I was taught to develop sensitivity to language. My native language is Korean but I learned English from the fifth or sixth grade when I was about eleven or twelve and then I have lived in the U.S. since 1967. So English is my second language. Translation grew out of my interest in languages and the experience of speaking the two languages for a long time.

One thing I try to do before I translate is to read the text in question fully, be it a poem or an essay. Sometimes a text can be read in many different ways and that makes the job difficult.

Through translating, I began to develop a sense of appreciation for the poems. So I sort of sense what moves me or touches me deeply but that doesn't mean I can do it myself. Because poetry works in a mysterious way, the effect of it seems also mysterious. I am sure what I work with in translation rubs off in my own work (Is this what W.H. Auden calls The Dyer's Hand?) but if so, it is generally not a conscious effort. I try to write in my own language whether in Korean or in English and not try to emulate or aspire to be anything other than what I am comfortable with.

**PTJ:** Is your poetry more influenced by Korean literature than American literature? If so, what are the special elements of Korean writers that you find engaging?

**KR:** You know what I really like is French poetry. I majored in French Literature as an undergraduate and I also have a Masters degree in French. Even though my speaking ability in French is very rudimentary, I love reading, or rather deciphering, French poetry in the original with the help of Korean or English translations by others.

I am definitely most influenced by Korean poetry. Korean poetry is indeed very sensitive, expressive, and has a lot of emotional qualities that I do not easily sense in English literature. Any language can be eloquent and the quality of writing depends a lot on the style of writing. Recently, I reread the English translation of Gide's *Strait is the Gate* (*La Porte Etroite*) and I realized what *belles lettres* meant. No one writes like that and I am just so old-fashioned that I love that kind of writing.

Somehow I feel that English is a masculine language. It has a wealth of verbs and abstract nouns, and conceptual words that cover large semantic areas. Korean is more descriptive having a wealth of adjectives and adverbs of manner and quality. There is more affective quality in the Korean language.

I find the Korean poets of the first half of the 20<sup>th</sup> century most appealing. Many of them wrote during the Japanese colonial period when the use of Korean was considered a sign of resistance to Japanese rule. So many of the poets of the period who had exposure to Western literature wrote about the poignant loss of their country and their identity. They longed for independence and freedom, and the sovereignty of their country and nation. I particularly relate to their language and I just love the Korean language of that time. It was the language of my parents' generation. During this period, an amazingly sincere and eloquent as well as esthetically appealing body of poetry was produced. After the Korean War of 1950, the literature took on a different character.

**PTJ:** What for you is lost in the process of translating a poem, be it Korean into English or English into Korean?

**KR:** I don't like to think that things are "lost" in translation (even if they are). Some of the things that are lost from Korean to English are the complex emotional quality of the words and expressions. Or the illocutionary nuances. The politeness, the deference and distance, or intimacy, etc. are built into the language but this is difficult to translate into English. Social registers in English are closest to what I am talking about in Korean, but the Korean system is much more complex and developed. Very unfortunately, some of the things lost are the most exquisite features of Korean. I sometimes feel how inadequate I am in English.

Korean is a very expressive language. Its emotional and esthetic qualities are often difficult to translate. Sometimes the Korean way of stringing words into one phrase creates a density that has to be unraveled into separate phrases or sentences in English. I don't always think about what is lost in translation.

**PTJ:** You sometimes translate with your husband, Steffen, also a poet. What is the process involved in a translating collaboration?

Steffen actually does not speak Korean, but he studied Japanese for ten years at U.C. Berkeley and he is very familiar with Asian culture. We've been married for 40-some years and so even if he is not conversant in Korean, he has a very good sense of Korean culture and emotions.

In terms of mechanics, we work as a team. I do the first-draft translation and show it to him. If the poem does not make sense to him, our work is not done until it does make sense. He basically works as an editor. We work back and forth until we agree on a reasonable draft. We do a lot of reciting aloud as a process to bring rhythm and flow to the sounds. I often think it is short of a miracle that we are still married to each other as at times the work gets pretty challenging in regard to the delivery of the meaning, the sense of the emotions, nuances, the flavor of the culture, etc.—basically everything about the text. Steffen is actually fairly perceptive. Sometimes, he will astound me by coming up with virtually the exact expression in the original, which I had substituted with something less precise. When this happens with idioms, it is a real hit.

**PTJ:** What are you working on at the moment, with regard to your own poetry and your translating work?

We just finished a translation project of classical women's writing for the Korea Literature Translation Institute. It didn't look like a lot when we finished, but because much of it was in classical Chinese, it took years. I was literally dragging my feet it was such a difficult job. It feels like a heavy load has been taken off of me.

As for my own work, I am trying to put together a Korean-English collection of my poems. So I am translating my own poems; some from Korean to English and the others from English to Korean. Hopefully, it will be published by Stanley Barkan of Cross-Cultural Communications.

## **A ROUND**

People with greed are never satisfied.  
This is why being rich has little to do  
with giving.

Some rich will give, although rare.  
Some won't.  
Some poor will give  
out of what little they may have.  
Some don't, like the rest.

Tax collectors try hard  
but they will never make it just.  
The world is not a fair place,  
you and I know. So,

go back to the beginning  
and start over.

Kyung-Nyun Richards    America

## **YOU CARRY YOUR OWN LOVE**

My grandmother used to say  
“You carry your own love.”  
meaning that you receive as much  
love as you deserve.

When I see our little grandson Tony,  
I am always reminded of my own  
grandmother and what she used to say.

It seems true with Tony. A week shy  
of eighteen months, he likes to climb the stairs  
which we have many of,  
he runs the narrow hallway from kitchen to living room  
like an athlete would make a hundred-yard dash.  
He calls Grandpa “Papa”, Halmoni “Nini”,  
banana is “nana”, piano “nano”.  
Strawberries are “bibi” and big truck “dic-to”.

His demeanor is bright, his disposition  
gentle and sweet,  
such a small human being,  
yet inspires so much affection  
and love in me that I not only love him  
but all children I see  
on the street,  
in the supermarket sitting in shopping carts,  
or the homeless young men,  
sitting on the sidewalk  
with paper cups in front of them.

Weren't they all at one time in their life  
precious little babies to their  
Mom and Dad?

Little Tony's small shoulders  
seem infinitely endearing.

Kyung-Nyun Richards    America

**DEAR OK-KOO SSI,**

somehow  
you have achieved  
a perfection  
you dreamed of

the nothingness  
the dance of the  
humming bird you  
so carefully  
lovingly  
observed

and proclaimed  
when the bird  
is dancing  
there is no bird

you are now  
dancing  
and there is  
no you

Kyung-nyun Richards    America

Note: at her Buddhist funeral service, Chapel of Light, 31st October 2000

### **SHAPE OF ETERNITY**

If writing can be a continuation of reading,  
teaching seems to be a continuation of learning.

Giving could be a continuation of taking,  
dying must be a continuation of living.

Now that I see the connections, it seems that the world  
is composed of complementation rather than contrast.

The symbol of tai-ch'i—the two twirly halves bound together in a circle,  
the yin and the yang in the center of the Korean flag—  
makes some sense, doesn't it?

Like the little fox stole that graced my mother's shoulders,  
the two little soft furry dead-but-real animals were biting  
each other's tail to form a ring.

A ring, a circle, a wheel,  
an endless, therefore, beginningless  
shape of eternity.

Kyung-nyun Kim Richards    America



# ***Dylan Thomas Walking Tour of Greenwich Village, New York***

**Tourist pocket-book**

**\$10/£5**

**(Cross-Cultural Communications, New York/  
The Seventh Quarry Press)**

**Written by Peter Thabit Jones and Aeronwy Thomas,  
daughter of Dylan Thomas**

**With a Foreword by Hannah Ellis,  
granddaughter of Dylan Thomas**

**Includes drawings by Dylan and Caitlin Thomas**

---

Originally commissioned by the Welsh Assembly in New York in 2008 and downloadable as a pdf version and audio version, it is now offered as a guided tour by New York Fun Tours.

The new book version, which is also available as a smartphone app in a collaboration between the Welsh Government, The British Council, DT100, and Literature Wales, is the part of the world-wide Dylan Thomas Centenary celebrations, DT100.

It was the main focus for The British Council DT100 Starless and Bible Black International Programme in America and was part of the re-launch of the actual Dylan Thomas Walking Tour of Greenwich Village by the First Minister of Wales, Carwyn Jones, guided by Peter and Hannah Ellis, granddaughter of Dylan Thomas in February 2014.

It was launched at Poets House, New York, in March; The Grolier Poetry Bookshop in Boston in April; and at the Henry Miller Library, California, in July. The Welsh launch was at the National Waterfront Museum, Swansea, in May.

The National Waterfront Museum is also displaying the Dylan Thomas Centenary Quotations Trail, which Peter was commissioned to research and put together to match the industrial themed areas in the museum. It runs from July to March 2015, as part of the museum's DT100 celebrations.

## **Come and See Dylan's New York**



This is the Official Dylan Thomas Walking Tour of Greenwich Village, New York.

Originally written by Peter Thabit Jones and Aeronwy Thomas through a collaboration of the Welsh Assembly Government in New York and the family of Dylan Thomas.

**Get the true facts about the legendary Welsh poet Dylan Thomas and his colourful life in New York City**

**The Dylan Thomas Walking Tour, guided by Ianto Roberts, will take you to the Village places where the legendary Welsh poet stayed, ate, drank, worked and performed, and to where he finally died, while giving you a feel for The Village in the 1950s.**

**When:** Sunday mornings weekly

**Time:** 11:00 AM, Check current schedule

**Duration:** Approximately 2 hours

**Cost:** \$25.00 per ticket

**Weather:** Tour takes place rain or shine

**Tickets should be purchased in advance at**

***[www.NewYorkFunTours.com](http://www.NewYorkFunTours.com)***

**Or phone (USA) 0012122093370**

**Please refer to activity # 1213**

In Memoriam  
of Dylan's daughter Aeronwy  
who confirmed the research and walked out the tour.

## LAUGHTER IS HER QUEEN

for Pat Marshall

Swaying in rhythm's to and fro  
she is devoted to the moment

Fleetingly forgetting botched surgery  
a child's demise, weary worries

Music ascends in her like  
fluttering Monarch wings

All that was lost is found  
everything hurt is healed

Dipping into an apothecary jar  
of remedies, she sips the song

Here sorrows once so clumsily served  
recede in billowing swells, a soothing sea

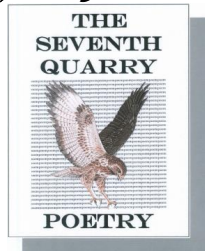
Nerves unbutton, relax  
with glee in each note's trill

No more leaves of regret  
dropping from the willow

She chances delight and joy  
prances in on dancing horses

Alyce Guynn    America

*theseventhquarrytheseventhquarrytheseventhquarrytheseventhquarry*



## **TEARS, FORGETFULNESS AND LAUGHTER**

Silken baby skin of forgiveness swaddles  
As the unseen hand meets our every need

Sheltered from cumin rains, cactus vinegar  
We invoke Rhiannon's three birds

They bring three gifts of recovery and restoration:  
Tears, forgetfulness and laughter

Then whisper in some Tinkinswood tongue  
Rose scented, blood soaked prayers

They imbue us with power to try and try again  
Resurrection repeating each new Spring

Delivered from temptation to rail against weather  
Like rivers, we are perpetually renewed

Alyce Guynn    America

## **LISTENING TO THE TRAINS**

The night Mandela died I heard the trains  
running into the small hours, ceaselessly running,  
thought of a friend I knew wouldn't be there for long –  
did he lie awake too? For a moment the world stopped spinning,

reminded us. And in the dark I saw politicians  
walk on, looking solemn, with their predictable views –  
but next day, next week, there'd be other news.

The rope that swung before his eyes. The white  
dust, semi-blinding, the view between bars he saw  
for seventeen years, of that lime quarry. As light  
returned, I felt not so much grief as awe.

Merryn Williams    England

## AUSTRALIA

My son is in Australia; struck dumb, I watched him go.  
The postman passes by; he could be dead for all I know.

They don't transport them now; it was his own dream to go south.  
Long since, I changed his stinking cloths, my milk ran from his mouth.

The postman walks past yet again; it's fifteen years since I had news.  
The papers show me lumps of gold, men hunting kangaroos.

I join the other women at the village well each day,  
grandchildren hanging on their skirts, and this is what they say:

Dig deep, you'll reach Australia; he's there, they comfort me.  
The water gleams a long way down, I'll never cross the sea.

Merryn Williams    England

## CHAUCEr ABOARD A SPACESHIP

Throgh the erephone in my helmet  
I koude here the countedoun  
Neerynge zeero, "fyve—foure—thre—",  
Whyles I helde my breeth ful tense.

Thanne, as soone as I herde  
The word, "Ignitioun!", the whool spaceshippe shook,  
Rorynge sodeynly, and gan to sore faste  
Up and up to the cenyth of the skye.

Throgh the periscope I koude espye  
The orizonte of the Atlantyke tornyge  
Rounde and rounde, as up sored the rockete  
Muche faster than a fastest bullete.

I have now gone into grande orbyt  
Withinne fyve minutes after blaste-off,  
Now dryvyng the shippe with myn owne honde,  
Lookyng down upon the blew erthe rounde.

Oh, ful wondirful is the space flyghte,  
Circlynge rounde the grete erthe,  
Saylynge among the sterres bryghte  
Of the universe that hath no ende.

Naoshi Koriyami    Japan

## **ONE FROM THE HEART**

*A Poem for the Film*

Fourteen I think  
And dripping dreams.  
Alone at night, a sultan  
In my own arms and watching  
For just the right stars  
To swing my insides.

Alone I said and right.  
No world mine and this coming  
Into my heart of some magic,  
Arriving by accident to thrill  
A neon-hungry useless boy,  
To swing his insides.

Yes, a beauty in stars alone  
And my watching impotent beneath,  
Staring and longing, faith-reared,  
Befuddled and angsty,  
Not knowing where.

Mark Elias    Wales

## **DEATH AND THE WELSH**

Time escapes all mortal clutch,  
Slipping through our hands with glee.  
While that collar's yours to touch  
Grip it fiercely.

Any breath's some final breath.  
Beats are numbered, every heart.  
Until time makes of you a death  
Make him start.

How, you ask? Such poems as these  
Remind one, yes, one's life is brief.  
They fill one with anxieties  
And useless grief.

*We rather love our precipices*  
Richard Burton said of us.  
I rather like that, like it, yes.  
It's worth the fuss.

Mark Elias     Wales

## **CUTTING THE TIES**

Smelling the age you loved the most  
With half of each other in your hands  
The ink is pushed along by empty fingers  
Across a path to you and your eyes  
The grass is waiting with nothing in between  
As you choose between left and right.  
There is the phrase from a million mouths  
Making a myriad of hopes.  
You want to light up my face  
But you would be smudging what has started to form.

Lucy Williams     Wales

## NATIONAL LIBRARY OF WALES

Step from the train  
follow the crowd  
from dusty platform  
to Euston Road.  
Welcome to blurt,  
to blare, to black  
fart and swirl  
of traffic-stench.  
These box the ears;  
they scour and sting  
both nose and pharynx.  
Welcome back to London.  
Water ever  
gurgles down  
the dark-leaved dingle  
above Llanbadarn Fawr;  
with black-faced sheep  
on Constitution Hill  
grazing lush grass  
beside the Library's  
eastern wall.

Murray Alfredson    Australia

## PEN DINAS

All was quiet long since, the flash and bruit  
of cannon, the muskets' crackle, the scream of wounded  
men and horses, the soil of Waterloo enriched  
with blood and corpses, acid smoke and death-reek  
blown away, army remnants straggled back  
or limped to farm and town, Wellington  
and Blücher robed in glory, able to enjoy  
again the hunt and hearth-fires toasting feet,  
Napoleon safely sealed on St Helena.  
And doughty Welshmen by the Irish Sea  
built of stone a silent, during cannon  
pointing skyward from the crown, within



the earthwork of their forebears' ancient hill-fort.  
Perhaps in part a gesture of support for Breton  
cousins, in part in victory mood they raised  
to stab against the sky that mute but mighty  
finger at the French—or at Wellington?

Murray Alfredson    Australia

## ST PADARN

In fifteen hundred years since monks heaped loam  
as blanket for your corpse, what they who loved  
you knew has rotted with their brains; time's mists  
have swirled to hide that knowledge from our eyes.  
Full six hundred years flicked by before  
one quilled your *Life*; blackberry-like your stories  
grew till it was said your parents knew  
each other only once with blessed timing,  
a next best thing no doubt to virgin birth,  
and also claimed that you out-Jesused Jesus —  
not only did you raise your days-dead servant  
murdered by the sword, but joined again  
the head to neck. Although I wonder, did  
the poor chap ever after have a crick?  
Perhaps such things could happen in the land  
of Merlin and Morgana; what else but magic  
could hold those flimsy soils to Cymru's slopes  
in rainstorms gathered from the sea and dumped?  
Some scholars say that *Life* confounded two,  
the one American, and you of Cymru.  
Few things we know. You travelled through the land  
along old Roman roads; you were revered  
for holiness; you set up monasteries,  
some stormed by Vikings; you left your name behind  
on villages that carry still your stamp.

Murray Alfredson    Australia

**POEMS BY AURA CHRISTI, ROMANIA  
TRANSLATED BY OLIMPIA IACOB  
AND CO-TRANSLATOR JIM KACIAN**

**AH, THE NAKED TREES**

Ah, the naked trees, the quick trees  
before solitary, huge eyes-  
ghosts still living, held in someone's hand  
too mild and too great  
for the dream of whom you sleep

and you do not want to wake up. No.  
Now and then you gently start,  
then you plunge into sleep again  
without even knowing if it is yours or  
it is broken from the mane of an ancient cloud

or from the forethought of a pine,  
from the zigzagging flight of the moon.

The naked trees, the quick trees  
make their forefathers come back to life  
in the scents of roses, of petunias,

held up in someone's hands.  
You distinguish his look, his steps:  
ever huge, ever gentle,  
when you can barely touch  
the fold of his evening mantle.

**WINTER PASTEL**

The trees, squatted down, display  
their skeletons of immature black.  
What bluster, what gritting of teeth  
does the afternoon throw away from an ever pure end

The snow bites on the windows, the fences, the firs  
and announces the most terrible apocalypse  
in no one's eye, forever open to today.  
A winter, God, like the promised wedding!

It is so cold that angels shiver in the hearths,  
the syllable tears the clay from words,  
guilt burns its poison to forgive  
the air, as heavy as the sky, on the tombs

unseen for so much snowstorm,  
eating saints' hearts, like a tornado.  
Flood everywhere. From within nature  
a strange eye learns to see again

men crushed by the inimical white,  
violently falling in piles from the skies,  
the fierce cold that rummages the void to the bone,  
trees thinking that they have been born bards.

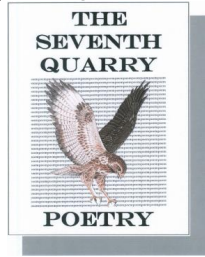
### **HOW LARGE THE EYE IS**

How large the world confined  
to an eye is! How large the Eye is,  
Domine, he cried out.  
And he largely stretched out his arms  
before the purely red sun,  
which he did not love.  
All begins, takes life and death from the eye.  
The rest are but letters, syllables, people, that is  
others and others - actually the same words,  
some sort of shorter, longer lines  
sometimes endowed with what we call soul.  
Ah, words, words  
In which some people find consolation,  
others refuge, poison, nothingness,  
And the rest, the tombs.

We, all, come from eyes  
and we will come back to the eye  
from which we were set free,  
while, oh, someone bigger and stronger,  
living in quite a different eye,  
will sing for us in that savage second  
from the very depths of the fierce cold.

Ah, you will see how he will sing for us!!  
How large the Eye is, Domine.  
How heavy the eye is - white statue,  
reckless planet,  
myth breathing  
between the grass of the nights  
and thought.

*theseventhquarrytheseventhquarrytheseventhquarrytheseventhquarry*



<p><b>IMMAGINE &amp; POESIA – IMAGES AND POETRY/VOLUME 1</b> <b>Review by Mary Gregory</b></p>
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***Immagine & Poesia - Images and Poetry***

**Group Exhibition, Torino, Italy.**

E-book. Online and Various, Turin, Italy. August 2nd, 2014 - March 25th, 2020.

When artists and poets collaborate, collide and connect, magic can happen. This magic was the genesis of Immagine & Poesia, a Torino based, international organization of writers and artists.

The president of the organization, Lidia Chiarelli, along with editor Huguette Bertrand have compiled a collection of 32 works of ekphrastic poetry and art into a beautiful publication, ***Immagine & Poesia***, or ***Images and Poetry***. The art in the book speaks directly, but the poetry is presented in two languages—English and French. Sadly, my French isn't strong enough to do justice, but the sixteen poems in English are a splendid group of works.

It is fitting that the first collaboration in the collection consists of a poem by Lidia Chiarelli paired with a painting by artist, Gianpiero Actis. Gianpiero and Lidia are

husband and wife, and together with their son, photographer, Alessandro Actis, they have shepherded the movement from an idea to a global presence in the world of poetry and art.

Chiarelli's poem, "Image and Poetry," was inspired by a trip to the studio of Jackson Pollock on Long Island. But inspiration does not equal poetry. Poetry comes from poets, and Chiarelli's moving, thoughtful contemplation about the work of one artist and the nature of how all art comes into being is outstanding. She writes of Pollock's "long looping lines," with alliteration and words that seem to embody the both physicality and the result of action painting.

Gianpiero Actis' colorful painting combines abstraction and realism, as an eye peers out. It brings to mind the surrealistic images of early 20th century Italian masters like de Chirico, and the frequent symbolic use of eyes. Yet, in Actis' work there is no sinister, watchful aspect to the disembodied eye. Rather, as the song of a bird invites you to listen, this is a joyous invitation to look. It's the perfect image to start the book.

The next collaboration is a painting by New York artist, Bebe Barkan, paired with a poem by her daughter, Mia Barkan Clarke. Barkan's paintings are wildly uninhibited, colorful, joyful responses to life. Many of her abstracted figurative works are paintings of family, and this is a painting of her granddaughter. Barkan is an exceptional and accomplished artist. While one might see affinities in her work to that of Alice Neel or Alex Katz, or to the bright pop colors in Warhol portraits, Barkan's work owes nothing to them or any other artist. Her work is wholly original, personal and wonderful, and is filled with wit, warmth and charm.

Mia Barkan Clarke's delightful poem, "Spring," perfectly captures the childhood delights of play, through the eyes of a loving mother. But, she reminds us that play is not the exclusive domain of children. Rather, she exhorts our "inner children to go out and play again, again."

"First Birth," a poem by Stanley H. Barkan is paired with a piece of abstract, figurative photography by artist Adel Gorgy titled, "Woman, Durer to Matisse." Barkan's poetry is deeply infused with spirituality and myth, and often incorporates feminist themes (not surprisingly, since he is the husband of an artist and the father

of an artist/poet). Here, he raises a thoughtful question about origins, and leaves the reader to ponder possibilities. Barkan's poetry presents powerful concepts beautifully written, and "First Birth" is a terrific example. In it, the poet raises questions about the story of Adam and Eve, and offers a different vision of woman's role. After all, he tells us, "It was a man who wrote the myth."

Adel Gorgy is an internationally known contemporary artist whose work is provocative in the best sense of the word. In his recent series of images, he challenges viewers to see, with fresh eyes, the work of well known artists. In a complex and time-consuming process, Gorgy collects, composes and recombines visual phrases found in the work of renowned artists. In this elegant and lively work, Matisse's bold Fauvist colors are paired with Durer's demure, delicate Eve. The result is much more than the sum of the parts, as it presents Gorgy's artistic vision through the lens of artists of the past.

Poet and artist Helen Bar-Lev presents a poem that does just what poetry does best. It captures a small moment that condenses and amplifies the big picture. "On Cows and Sunflowers" begins as a quiet reflection of a hot summer day. Stillness and simplicity seem to reign. But, that's just the setup for the knockout. Bar-Lev, who lives in Israel, ends with a line that says much more than it's few words should be capable of conveying – "Life is defined easier for a cow, for a sunflower."

Carolyn Mary Kleefeld is a painter and poet who often creates ekphrastic works. Here, her "Timeless Lovers" are paired in both image and verse. In the painting, two winged figures, mythical and magical, astride a white horse, journey into an unknown landscape. The poem speaks of love and passion, the beauty of a specific landscape—Lake Como in Italy, and the universality and timelessness of the dance of lovers. Her words capture a very special part of the human experience, and, through them, she is "holding hands with the lovers of all time."

"To Walk in Nature is to Say a Prayer" a poem by Tomás Ó Cárthaigh, offers thoughts both profound and witty about what it means to him to worship. He finds his nurture in nature, and his poem is perfectly paired with a pastoral landscape by photographer Alessandro Actis. Actis captures, with his camera, a pristine

moment in the forest. Water gently runs past grazing wildlife. All is green. One can feel a palpable quietude, and a burst of sunlight infuses the whole scene with light and joy.

In “The Blue of the Sky Never Ceases,” Marsha Solomon presents an image joined with her own poem of the same name. Solomon, an accomplished New York artist, lives on Long Island. When, in 2012, hurricane Sandy damaged her home and studio, she composed an image in which all is not ordered, but yet, it is beautiful. Her colors are bright and infused with brilliant light, her forms are full of life, and her lines, both drawn and written are all about strength, confidence and hope. She writes “The sun still warms in mid December And geese fly past in neat formations And the blue of the sky never ceases.”

Johnmichael Simon’s “Lollipop Lullaby,” is a sweet, fun, delightful ode to the simple joys we all remember, but often forget. Happy is the child to whom this lullaby might be read or, even better, sung. Candies and cats, donkeys wearing hats, all manner of joyful imagery is evoked in this playful poem, and the same spirit is captured in Helen Bar-Lev's accompanying artwork. The collaboration is an enchanting confection.

Peter Thabit Jones’s work often offers profound considerations on serious human issues. Life and death, love and loss all find voice in his poetry. In “The Bird of Grief,” Thabit Jones’s moving and evocative work, the poet masterfully rhymes “ghosts” and “sorrow,” “pain” and “change,” “blood” and “love.” These are the words and emotions that move and guide this meditative poem about the pain that comes with the heart. The bird of grief cannot be escaped. When she flies, he warns, all is done. “This is the bird of grief That shrieks inside the blood, Whose silence is the sound of death, Whose talons are for love.” Carolyn Mary Kleefeld’s painting perfectly resonates in solid, somber imagery.

A book which includes this many stellar presentations by this many accomplished artists and poets is a great work unto itself. Editors Chiarelli and Bertrand have collected and published a beautiful combination of *Imagine & Poesia / Images and Poetry*, and sent it out, through the Internet, as a gift to the world of art and literature. Readers and lovers of art will find great beauty and profound works by

known and emerging artists and poets in this powerful collection.

**Editor's note:** Mary Gregory is an American novelist, arts writer, art critic and historian. Her articles appear in the art section of *Long Island Pulse*, one of the largest regional magazines in the United States, the City Arts section of *Our Town*/NY Press, and other publications. Her critical essays have been included in exhibition catalogues, and her short fiction has been published by the Georgia Museum of Art.

This review was originally published by *ARTslanT Worldwide* in 2014.

The Seventh Quarry is a collaborating partner with Imagine & Poesia.

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## AFTER THIRTY YEARS

On the eve of Hanuka  
I climb the staircase  
Of what used to be my home –  
In El Tahrir Square in Cairo  
In my faraway Egyptian past.

After thirty fleeting years  
With trembling hand  
I ring the bell of my former home.  
A woman with a kind round smile  
Opens the door, hears my story and cries:  
“You lived in this house thirty years ago?  
Come in, come in, *ahlan wesahlan*, welcome,  
I am so glad you came!  
I have kept something of yours  
For thirty years, which I think  
Is important.

But first, coffee and *sharbat*,  
And my *bassboussa* dipped in golden honey...  
I sip the honey, *sharbat* and coffee  
While happy, hurting memories  
Flamboyant pictures of the past



Flow down my spine  
Like the turbid copper waters  
Of the Nile.

Then with a round secretive smile  
Monira places on the table  
A white nylon bundle and  
Slowly, slowly opens  
Our Hanuka miracle -  
A velvet bag  
With golden letters and a flower  
Embroidered by my grandmother  
Half a century ago -  
And in it  
My Father's Talit  
My Father's prayer shawl!

A BRIDGE – NOT A WALL  
I will inhale the Bridge  
And will exhale the wall.  
I sang you Bridge  
In every grain  
Of the Pomegranate of my life,  
I wrote you in all the languages  
In all the keys of a unique  
Symphony.

Ada Aharoni    Israel

## **PEACE MOTHERS**

*"We can best help you to prevent war not by repeating your words and following your methods, but by finding new words and creating new methods."*  
Virginia Woolf - Three Guineas

Mothers you know, a long time ago  
have been wisely decreed  
by diverse human creeds and needs -  
harmonious goddesses of peace-in-the-home,  
lavishly giving life, love and healing  
through their wombs and life-blood

And they have been quite successful  
those cosy peace-in-the-home mothers,  
closely guarding us with their wisdom  
their tender words and watchful eyes.  
Surely safer than in a Nuclear War  
or in a new World War, or just a tiny war -  
so what about making those harmonious mothers  
the guardians of peace on earth?  
Surely we wouldn't be so much worse?  
And they are so available those mothers -  
you can even find them in enemy land...

Look at the terrible mess they have  
made of our blue planet, mother,  
you are the only one who can save it now,  
the only one who really knows  
how to build a joyful world  
of Peace and Harmony  
cradling it in your warm,  
loving arms.

Ada Aharoni    Israel

## **THE SPELL**

Two beings  
existing in the eve become one  
whole entity.  
Curling moonlight peers  
through a slanted sky light in attempt  
to possess the unanimity of this new body.  
Fingers of the moon stroke  
a hairless shoulder,  
intertwines with exhaled breath.  
This body,  
exposed  
in magnificent fashion  
on a vacated stage

where no intruder dare enter,  
save for the fingers of the moon

binding this body  
closer in on itself.

Ribs clasping over one another,  
gripping what they already own.

This body  
in contrast with the wooden floors beneath it,  
boards specked in dust drinking  
layers of heat from the body.

Warmed skin  
rouges and calls open lips  
as they pass each other in mutual longing.  
Each longs for the other to achieve  
sensation that is not perceptible  
under the burning lights of the waking.

This body,  
aching  
like tectonic plates to remain one  
is removed from itself,  
from one another,  
one pricked hair at a time.

This body,  
now dying  
splits itself in two,  
ribs splaying open  
exposing independent organs,  
no longer beating in symphony  
as the binding fingers slip away.

Two bodies  
fearing the hours of the blemished  
waking,  
loathing the grinding of daylight  
slicing into their retinas.

The fingers have begun to let go,  
letting the bodies slide off the fingerprint of the stage,  
one minute ledge at a time,  
leaving the bodies in their tarnished realm

of daylight.  
The spell,  
the exposure into vacancy,  
  
the stealing of warmth into floorboards,  
the stitching of one body to another,  
the body  
is broken.

Kalin E. Chamberlain    America

### **IF ONLY THE TIDE COULD BE STILL, IF ONLY THE SHELLS COULD MOVE**

Like the tide ever changing.  
The waves reaching for the shells  
at the high mark.  
The shells,  
pink and white and blue and brass,  
precious wentletrap, and honey couries, and rosy harp,  
wait quietly on the sand  
for the waves to reach them once more.  
They sit,  
just barely still wet,  
since the tide last touched.  
The tide sighs with a heave of foam,  
its white fingers always reaching for the shells.

The wait is long,  
when clouds scud by like turtles overhead,  
crabs scuttle across the sand to hide,  
wind tugs at the grass rooted in the dunes,  
as the sun is no longer warm,  
the chill of autumn night is stealing  
into hard packed sand.

The wait is long,  
but as the moon would have it  
when the foam reaches the waiting shells,

they will embrace.

The tide will swarm around the shells to envelop the crevices,  
with white foam dancing around the shells edges,  
the tide will lift speckled sand from the shells surfaces to expose skin.  
The tide will immerse the shells,  
sparkling like a protective veil over fragile spider webs.

Until the time comes,  
when the tide is forced  
once more to deploy,  
and the shells are forced to stay.  
The wait is long,  
but they will embrace.

Kalin E. Chamberlain    America

### **AT THE GRAVE OF HENRY VAUGHAN**

in memory of Raymond Garlick

This earth cradles a light  
which fathered words,  
painted cadences and the unavoidable bell  
as slow circles spread  
throughout dispersed fields of another time;  
the movement of shivering leaves,  
a shadow of the tree  
fixed in readiness for the morning stars,  
enduring through the winter frost  
with the heart's mind  
preserved on a resilient page.

Byron Beynon    Wales

## **ADDLED IN A STROP**

(with apologies to Edward Thomas)

Yes I remember  
a June afternoon,  
the train late, the buffet closed,  
no sooner we'd departed  
than we stopped  
in God-forsaken Gloucestershire,  
where my laptop decided to play up.

Was it a pause or a crash?  
A slight delay or serious glitch?  
Had we halted to download a driver?  
Were we abandoned  
in the sidings of cyberspace?  
In my carriage restless passengers yawned,  
sniffed, swallowed, rubbed sweaty eyes,  
legs were flexed, armpits scratched.  
My laptop on the blink,  
I had time to sit and stare,  
to gaze at a sky all-over blue,  
not a cloudlet in view,  
the dry ground bare,  
not a willow nor a haycock.

A robin bounced by.  
"A bit early for Christmas," I thought.  
Although irritable, I hummed cheery carols,  
then bits of poetry flew into mind,  
Thomas' blackbird, Keats' nightingale,  
Hardy's darkling thrush.  
Two tits breezed past.  
Or did they?  
Was it the wistful-thinking  
of an addled brain in a strop?

My attention shunted forward,  
the machine on my lap beeped and whirled.  
The loop was left, from a standing-start

we were whiplashed down the track.  
Too right I remember being  
addled in a strop.

Paul Harris    Wales

## **REYNARD'S RETORT**

You call me sly  
but it was not I  
who dug the cunning earth  
to plant a roadside bomb.

You call me chicken as  
I run from salivating hounds.  
Yet your cowardice knew no bounds  
when you shot deserters  
who had fled the blood-sport trenches  
of Flanders and France.

You accuse me of animal passions.  
I may have sniffed a vixen on heat but I  
stay rural Saturday nights,  
far from city-centre fights on  
slippery pavements of stag-do vomit.  
In the early hours  
before the farmer's gun rises  
I make viscous fun,  
my kind of hen party.

Safe from my clutches,  
confined like tinned sardines,  
your comatose battery-hens vegetate,  
moody as rabbits in never-cleaned hutches,  
too corralled to cluck,  
too numb to cock-a-doodle dawn.

Shyly emerging from littered undergrowth  
I smell your stinking bins,  
tracing a fowl's supermarket scent,  
I free-range in pastures new.

A car back-fires.  
I go to ground.

Paul Harris    Wales

**TONGUE IN CHEEK TALES** by Paul Harris, published by Grosvenor House Publishing Limited. Available from Grosvenor House Publishing Ltd., 28-30 High Street, Guildford, Surrey GU1 3HY. Price: £4.00

### THE SCAPEGOAT'S DREAM

*“Jacob (Israel) loved Joseph best of all his sons, for he was the child of his old age; and he had made him a long tunic. When his brothers saw that their father loved him best of all his sons, they hated him so much that they would not even greet him” (Gen 37: 3-4)*  
*“Come closer to me,” he told his brothers. When they had done so, he said: “I am your brother Joseph, whom you once sold into Egypt.” (Gen 45: 4)*

I didn't tell you, brothers, of the dreams  
that came to me the night before you sold  
and left me: My bright coat was torn, the seams  
coated in blood, but all the blood was gold—  
the color of Egyptian pyramids.  
That motley coat—its patterned waves were froth  
to me. I looked at it and saw the squid  
of Father's pride, bright tentacles of cloth.  
(To wear it was a risk, but if that man  
had given me a coat of brush and thorns  
I would have put it on.) It was my plan  
to run. Then I saw two goats—all four horns  
were red, each gleaming like a shining crown—  
One ran into the desert, one fell down.

One ran into the desert, one fell down—  
And as it died, my coat floated from reach,  
surrendered all its colors in the brown  
trout-colored sands, then suddenly its peach,  
like salmon, splashed against the morning sky—  
its seaweed colors coated each of you.  
I thought how beautiful, how like goodbye  
your flesh looked—fronds of green—painted, tattooed.



The whale blue seeped inside our father's skin  
and settled in his veins like fraying silk.  
Then I became a thrashing fish, each fin  
severed at knife point; all my blood was milk.  
You drank of it, and still I swam. I knew  
what you would do; you made me what I am.

*Once a year in ancient Israel a high priest would acquire two goats. One would be killed and its blood sprinkled in the temple. The other goat ritually carried the sins of the people and was sent off into the desert on the Day of Atonement. Both goats were sacrificed so that God would grant the Israelites mercy as their wrongdoings were projected onto the animals.*

Annabelle Moseley    America

## **THE MARIONETTE'S MANIFESTO**

### **I.**

I'd like to shake your hand. Come, pull my string.  
It's nice to meet you. Call me Marion.  
I've dropped the "ette." I'm never one to cling  
to lame conventions. Libertarian—  
that's me. I always choose the things I can.  
My smile never fades; my eyes don't blink.  
I'm like a painted Bodhisattva—scan  
each audience for worship, laughter—think:  
what brought them here to gaze? Watch how I twirl.  
The wooden dance is beautiful, absurd.  
I move for the Manipulator, whirl—  
within a cage of strings. I am the bird  
whose flight depends upon a coop of strands—  
dangling from the Manipulator's hands.

### **II.**

Dangling from the Manipulator's hands,  
I'm born. The other puppets think he's God.  
He made me. But this caught doll understands  
that even though he makes me bow and nod,  
chose auburn for my hair, blue for my eyes—

he didn't make himself. Someone made him.  
He wasn't always there. I've been called wise  
by some; faithless by others—but this hymn  
of skepticism is my silent song.  
God might be in the trees; trees gave the wood  
that gave me life. I don't think it is wrong,  
without a sacred image to find good  
and holiness in roots and leaves and trunks.  
But maybe they're not gods—just swaying monks.

### III.

But maybe they're not gods—just swaying monks.  
Does wind manipulate them, make them thrash?  
Whoever made the air that makes trees dunk  
their leaves into the lake; each shifting crash  
of pressure—high to low, I think that one  
designed freedom in order—just the way  
the sunset colors vary but the sun  
sets every night. Just so, my strings, each day,  
allowing me to move. Oh, ordered flight.  
Passion can soar within constraints. And who  
on earth can be completely free? Each night  
she'll tire, need to rest. My point of view:  
Free will is choosing what you can. The rest?  
It's dancing through restraint—that is the test.

### IV.

It's dancing through restraint that is the test.  
It's how you handle what you can't control.  
For you, perhaps an unexpected guest,  
the pain of loss, failure to meet a goal—  
for me, it is the bridle tug of limbs.  
Go with the tug and not against and then  
the dance is beautiful. The process dims  
compared to the result. And that's why men  
don't readily quit jobs that let them dance.  
Some say: don't bite the beak to spite the hen;

so I won't bite my strings off—wound romance,  
allure. For all these reasons, I won't bite.  
(I don't have teeth.) That's why I seem polite.

## V.

I don't have teeth. That's why I seem polite  
and so the spectators might think me mild.  
But this evaluation isn't right.  
I am opinionated, even wild;  
and there is no string made to pull my mind.  
Past my archaic smile, ribboned hair,  
the structured, ordered way I was designed,  
my face holds under pressure as crowds stare.  
But when my rigid feet strike on the stage,  
listen for rage and passion in the sound.  
I have no legs; the shoes, part of my cage,  
are worn by strings. Wooden, they hit the ground  
in bold morse code, an auditory braille—  
each sound, my manifesto as I flail.

## VI.

Each sound, my manifesto as I flail—  
I am Lady Houdini. Watch me fly  
through the constraints that seem a kind of jail,  
fashioning art in limits. I untie  
a dance from the Manipulator's hands.  
The challenge always makes me feel at home.  
Although my motions follow set commands,  
the dance is still my own. Sometimes a poem  
surprises its own poet. Painters know  
the happy accidents their brushes make.  
Much in this way, each well-applauded show  
is partly the Manipulator's shake  
but partly how I move, how I respond.  
I am the rabbit summoned by the wand.

## VII.

I am the rabbit summoned by the wand,  
the smoke-and-mirror act behind the screen.  
(That is our puppeteer-and-puppet bond.)  
I need his finger motions to be seen;  
his strong hands help me move. He needs my form  
to show his skill. I am the instrument,  
and he, the music-maker. We perform—  
together. Sometimes there's an argument  
within me: which of us is needed more?  
The cellist or the cello? They are one—  
one body joined in music. To ignore  
the daylight is to disregard the sun.  
I'm tugged; but every strand is like a wing.  
I'd like to shake your hand. Come, pull my string.

Annabelle Moseley    America

## HERON

Heron is pearled light.  
Heron is stilled flight.  
Heron is feathered might.

And the estuary breathing,  
And the reeds parting,  
And the eye seeking.

Heron waits.

Jean James    Wales

## DYLAN AT THE MARINA

He sits forever  
Open armed, hands kneed,  
Mind racing over  
His ugly, lovely town;  
Glistening gold ripples  
On the sunbathed basin;  
Glass mirrors the beams  
From the silent boats  
Rocking gently in an  
Early October breeze;  
The poverty of wind and waves  
Reflect the richness  
Of the dormant ships.

This jolts his thoughts  
To leap across the pond  
To Hudson River berths-  
Atlantic liners  
Roped against the New York tide  
And while he thinks  
Of Greenwich Village bars,  
His statue form  
Reminds us that-  
He has not gone.

Ll. Hugh Nicholas    Wales

## WEATHER

The night before, quite late, was when you said  
How other people change in just the way  
The weather changes; how we plan ahead,  
  
Switch plans with what the latest forecasts say,  
And tend to take it pretty much as read  
That they're a handy guide. Yet, come the day,

Us trusting types may find we've been misled  
By the same over-confidence that they,  
The weather-experts, showed. Let's think instead

(You mused that night as nerves began to fray  
And time drew on but still not time for bed)  
That what sends all those best-laid plans astray

Is what the wisest people-watchers dread  
As much as weather-watchers. Our dismay  
When things go wrong then tells us we must shed

That old delusion that we knew what lay  
Days, hours or minutes off and learn to tread  
More cautiously so as to keep at bay

The kinds of future-shock designed to shred  
Our puny storm-defences. If we play  
Along with the old forecast-game that spread

Such confidence it's odds-on we'll betray,  
Like me next day, the false assurance bred  
By seasonal routines that first convey

Glad tidings but, when once we lose the thread  
And panic strikes, collapse the whole array  
Of habit-formed expectancies that fed

Our need to gloss the odds and disobey  
The canny sceptic's rule. If I saw red  
That morning or put up some fool display

Of teacup storm-cloud conjuring that led  
To an occluded cold front, one that may  
Prefigure climate-change, then what you said

The previous night, though true, is apt to prey  
More harshly on mild weather-watchers wed,  
Like me, to forecasts saying things will stay

Much as they are till suddenly we're dead.

Christopher Norris    Wales

**Review of *The Cardinal's Dog and other poems* by Christopher Norris  
De La Salle University Publishing House, Manila, 2013, pp. 163.**

What does the poet seek of philosophy? Given the traditional antipathy between philosophy and poetry in the history of ideas, we might expect the poet to turn elsewhere for inspiration, images, or objects that are worth invoking. But that is exactly what Christopher Norris doesn't do here. (It was after all the poet or the persona of the poet that Plato expelled from his ideal republic). This book of poems is based on the premise that philosophy is not only an important intellectual and sensory source for poets, but that those philosophers who choose to write poems (like Christopher Norris himself) should not hesitate to do so. As Christopher Norris explains in his preface, his desire to write poetry is a response to the fact that a number of academic writers of his generation chose theory over poetry and thereby wound up repressing their own poetic instincts in order to get ahead in the academic world and have now decided to do something about it. While theory is admittedly not the same as philosophy, it is something that has characterized the better part of Christopher Norris's work as a prolific academic who attained renown for not only his work on critical theory, but for insisting that theoretical work should demonstrate a sustained engagement with the motifs of both analytic and continental philosophy within the traditions of the European Enlightenment. This attempt to re-engage with creative writing is however not specific to Christopher Norris; it is something that readers might have previously encountered with another critic of Norris's generation – Terry Eagleton. The main difference though is that while Norris makes his forays within the realm of poetry, Eagleton attempted to engage with genres like the novel and the screenplay. Not surprisingly, when these critical theorists try their hand at creative writing, they can't help but turn to philosophy, philosophers, and the philosophical life, as represented by Wittgenstein among others, for inspiration. Norris's preoccupation with the poetic is also related to his transference to Frank Kermode and William Empson and has been implicit in all his work in critical theory. It would not be a stretch to argue that Empson's work on 'the seven types of ambiguity' is the kind of text that can prompt a diligent reader to oscillate dangerously – if he lets himself be unduly affected by it as Norris does - between an adherence to poetry and

philosophy. The main difference in terms of affinity relates however to the fact that the poet will have a greater fondness for ambiguity than the philosopher who is more likely to function at the level of tolerance rather than have any misplaced fondness for ambiguity as such. Empson's preoccupation as a graduate student with ambiguity then is Norris's precursor text and his periodic returns to its themes, topics, and tropes constitute the strategic refrain that he needs to punctuate his own oeuvre. That is however not to say that these poems are all about ambiguity; they are not. Ambiguity matters to Norris only insofar as it serves as a metaphor for those linguistic phenomena that philosophers find disconcerting in their quest for a logically perfect language even as they battle with their realization that if language were indeed structured otherwise they would have nothing much to do – i.e. there will be nothing that they disambiguate within the academic world in order to make a living.

A more effective way of approaching this book given its preoccupation with Kant and Kantian themes might well be to just ask a Kantian question – which I think is what is really bothering Christopher Norris even though he refuses to be as brazen about it as he should. That question - simply stated - could very well be: *What are the 'conditions of possibility' of a philosophical poem?* This question would subsume Norris's preoccupation with not only Kant but also with Nietzsche and Heidegger who wrestled with the possibility of 'poetry as philosophy' and 'philosophy as poetry'. The importance of this question is that - if answered adequately- it will address both sides of 'the ambiguity problem'. What the ambiguity problem amounts to is asking whether a writer should greatly fear ambiguity or simply thrive on ambiguity. Philosophers, needless to say, fear ambiguity while the poets thrive on it. Christopher Norris experiences both these emotions in ample measure. As somebody who takes an analytic approach to the linguistic excesses of French deconstruction, he fears ambiguity. But, as a poet who longs to unleash his own repressed poetic urges, he would like to thrive on the plane of ambiguity. It is almost as though he wants to quickly list the 'seven types of ambiguity' and write a poem that will illustrate each of them without seeking recourse to examples from the history of poetry like Empson does or merely write learned forms of literary criticism like most theorists do. What follows from this need to have it both ways is that it generates a form of mild ambivalence in Norris



which can be exacerbated during moments when he feels tugged simultaneously in opposite directions. That is why he does not partake of antipathy to either philosophy or poetry, but attempts instead to bring these discourses together to explore their combinatorial possibilities by thinking one in terms of the other. Most of the poems that draw upon philosophical sources in this book, I think, are experiments in verse that seek to delineate the scope and limits of these combinatorial possibilities. That, I am beginning to think, is what constitutes the philosophical or at least the Kantian approach to writing a poem – as opposed, let us say, to a Keatsian approach which is too specific in its treatment of the vital functions or the environment in which the subject of the poem is placed within any given context. Unlike the Keatsian poem which – not unlike Keats himself – seeks to consume itself in the sensory act of interpretation, the Kantian poem seeks to cognize itself as a combinatorial instance that makes sense as an object in a series or sequence rather than call attention to itself as a poem that can stand alone or which even aspires to stand in splendid isolation within school or college anthologies of poetry. The Keatsian poem appeals mainly to those who dislike philosophy, but the Kantian poem cannot even be approached by those who lack a philosophical education. These poems, I submit, are variations on the Kantian theme. These variations however are not Kantian in the reductive sense of being nothing but Kantian. Norris ensures that to be the case by inflecting these Kantian variations to account for Nietzschean and Heideggerian interpretations of Kant. The invocation of these three philosophers is not meant to be arbitrary but function as objects in a continual sequence within the history of philosophy. If they were merely objects in a series then they would be nothing but Kantian combinations and lack in the poetic excess that is needed to infuse life into the sequence. It is highly unlikely then that a reader can approach these poems about Kant, Nietzsche and Heidegger without calling into mind how these philosophers actually responded to the anxiety induced by Kantian metaphysics in the Germany academy.

The title of this book, I am afraid, is a bit of a misnomer and does not do any justice whatsoever to the book or its preoccupations with the structure, form, and function of the philosophical poem. The point about the dog relates to the Cardinal's realization that the dog is human in a way that church dogma does not

recognize and his attempts to come to terms with the humanity of those who are not thought to be adequately human in a world where concepts, ideas, and pets are subject to forms of political or ideological reification. But that observation - no matter how important - is not important enough to shoulder the weight of the entire book. If I had been the editor of this book, for instance, I might have insisted that Christopher Norris incorporate his preoccupations with the theme of variations in both the esthetic and philosophical sense into the title. Given his interest in the theoretical work of Theodore Adorno, it should not have been difficult for Norris to use the aesthetic of musical variations as a way of transiting successfully between the different poems and thereby generate a sequence where there might have otherwise been only a series, or relate seemingly unrelated themes like Turing's homosexuality with the preoccupations of the philosophers. Breaking the Enigma code then becomes a symbolic representation not only for Turing's obsessions at Bletchley Park during World War II, but also as a way of making sense of the formal difference between the semiotic code of the Keatsian poem as opposed to the Kantian poem. I might have even suggested that Norris subtitle this book as 'forays in Kantian poetry' just so that the significance of this exercise is not lost upon his first set of readers as a poet.

Additional clues about the implicit model of poetics in this book can be dug out by reading the poets whom Norris invokes like Philip Larkin. Needless to say, as even occasional readers of Larkin know, an important theme in Larkin is the libidinisation of the poetic impulse and the decline of religious belief as symbolized within the physical ruins or the desertion of church buildings that ask to be reused within both urban and rural spaces. Norris's attitude to the philosophers is not unlike Larkin's attitude to the churches. Can these churches be reinvented in the absence of the belief that is needed to reanimate them as places of worship? Or will society remain content to invoke them as symbols of solitude? In Norris's case, the underlying anxiety seems to be whether the poets will finally read the philosophers when the philosophers themselves have stopped reading each other and the classical texts of the philosophical tradition. What will reanimate these philosophical texts? Will they also become objects of solitude like the churches? Or will the gaze of the poets reanimate the texts of philosophy? That, needless to say, is the underlying anxiety. Is Norris himself, for instance, trying to

make it as a poet? Or is he more interested in representing the anxiety induced by philosophy within the space of the poem? Poetry and music then are further variations on Norris's preoccupation with what constitutes the Kantian 'philosophical poem'. This is an interesting model to write a sequence of poems and can be attempted in the context of not only poetry and music, but also within the history of art. This is an extremely worthwhile foray in poetry irrespective of whether it aims to revitalize the discourse of philosophy or poetry. What is really at stake however in these experiments is inducing in the reader a sense of what Kantian philosophy and poetry have in common: the quest for aesthetic form as a worthy end in itself. The Kantian poem then not only sets out the Kantian 'conditions of possibility' of the philosophical poem, but also interrogates the 'conditions of articulation' that makes it a worthy experience for the reader.

Shiva Kumar Srinivasan    India

**Editor's note:** The Seventh Quarry Press and De La Salle University Publishing House, Phillipines, are co-publishing a revised edition of *The Cardinal's Dog and other poems* in 2015.

*theseventhquarrytheseventhquarrytheseventhquarrytheseventhquarry*

## GENESIS OF FROST

Wrinkled dark moist  
Dampens our spirits  
From its lair at a wooden post.

But then, as we fall asleep  
And the air breezes softly  
And the sky becomes focused

In one moment the wetness  
Gathers up, branches out,  
And shines.

Oxana Poberejnaia    England

## **PROMISE**

By the constellation  
Shaped like a W  
On those waves  
Shaped like our bare breasts.

She will put us together  
Again  
And everything will be  
As last July

Although this never happens  
But it will

For if this is not love  
And love is not the meaning of the w,  
Then I never writ,  
Nor no woman ever loved.

Oxana Poberejnaia

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## **THE SEVENTH QUARRY POETRY EVENT IN INDIA:**

### **POETS OF INDIA CHAPBOOK**

The Poetry Society(India) and India International Centre recently presented *Images of Life in Changing Times: Poetry from The Seventh Quarry Press*, which involved leading poets of India published in the POETS OF INDIA chapbook published by The Seventh Quarry Press, edited by Peter Thabit Jones/Guest Editor: Mandira Ghosh.

The event took place on Friday, January 16<sup>th</sup> at the Seminar Rooms II and III, Kamala Devi Complex, International Centre, 40 Max Mueller Marg, Lodi Estate, New Delhi 110003, India. The event was hosted by Dr. Sukrita Paul Kumar.

A POETS OF CATALONIA chapbook, edited by Dr. Kristine Doll, is forthcoming in 2015.

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<p><b>Review of <i>The Divine Kiss</i> by Carolyn Mary Kleefeld</b> <b>The Seventh Quarry Press, UK, and Cross-Cultural Communications, USA</b></p>
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*The Divine Kiss* by Carolyn Mary Kleefeld is, in essence, a love story. This story is told in an anthology of fifteen beautiful poems, each illustrated by Carolyn in artwork inspired by an inner passion and fulfilment. It is written “in honour of David Campagna”.

I write that it is a love story for one particular reason. Although each poem contains within itself an awareness of a developing stage in that search for binding love, each poem is part of a greater and more complete picture.

This anthology is a journey along a pathway of changing emotions, from that “sliver of nothingness” to “the magic of our synchronicity”. Along that pathway there is discovery and understanding of the self in the light of the gradually unifying forces of deep love that bind two people together, as in “The Kiss”:

“Some strange and wondrous magnet  
is drawing us together  
like orbiting stars...”

There are hints of obstacles to finding that perfect love and these are dealt with in a quietly analytical way. There is the search for the origin of the seed of love, its nourishment, its fulfilment and, ultimately,

“as if we were notes  
in a rhapsodic chord”

its shared trust and confidence ~ the realisation that absence, with its once negative, restless effects, has now enriched that love:

“humming in vibration  
with the eternal symphony.”

The poems are written in as gently passionate a way as can be felt by the reader. Carolyn’s spontaneous use of language, rich in vivid imagery and rhythm, plays music to the mind:

“dancing  
in the shifting light.  
Wondrous to behold.”

and with  
    “lyrics of love  
    you murmur to my soul.”

To complement this sensual writing, the artwork is bold: with boldness of line, image and colour flowing into the mind of the viewer. The gentle passion expressed in Carolyn’s poetry and the bold passion expressed in her artwork produce the image of love as we would expect it to be, that deep inner intangibility of feeling blended with tangible physical presence, “orchestrated by the divine” and Eros.

This attractive collection, published by Cross-Cultural Communications, USA, and The Seventh Quarry Press, UK, can only draw us into the creative world of Carolyn Mary Kleefeld.

Jean Salkilld    Wales

**Editor’s note:** The following poems and artwork are from *The Divine Kiss*.

### **THAT SLIVER OF NOTHINGNESS**

O you, who are so distant,  
yet so intimate in  
your silent possession of me—  
Am I loving the unknown,  
rather than you?

Is it the distance we keep  
that breeds our intimacy?

O unknown one,  
why does your voice  
hold such richness—  
a richness that brightens  
my waning heart?

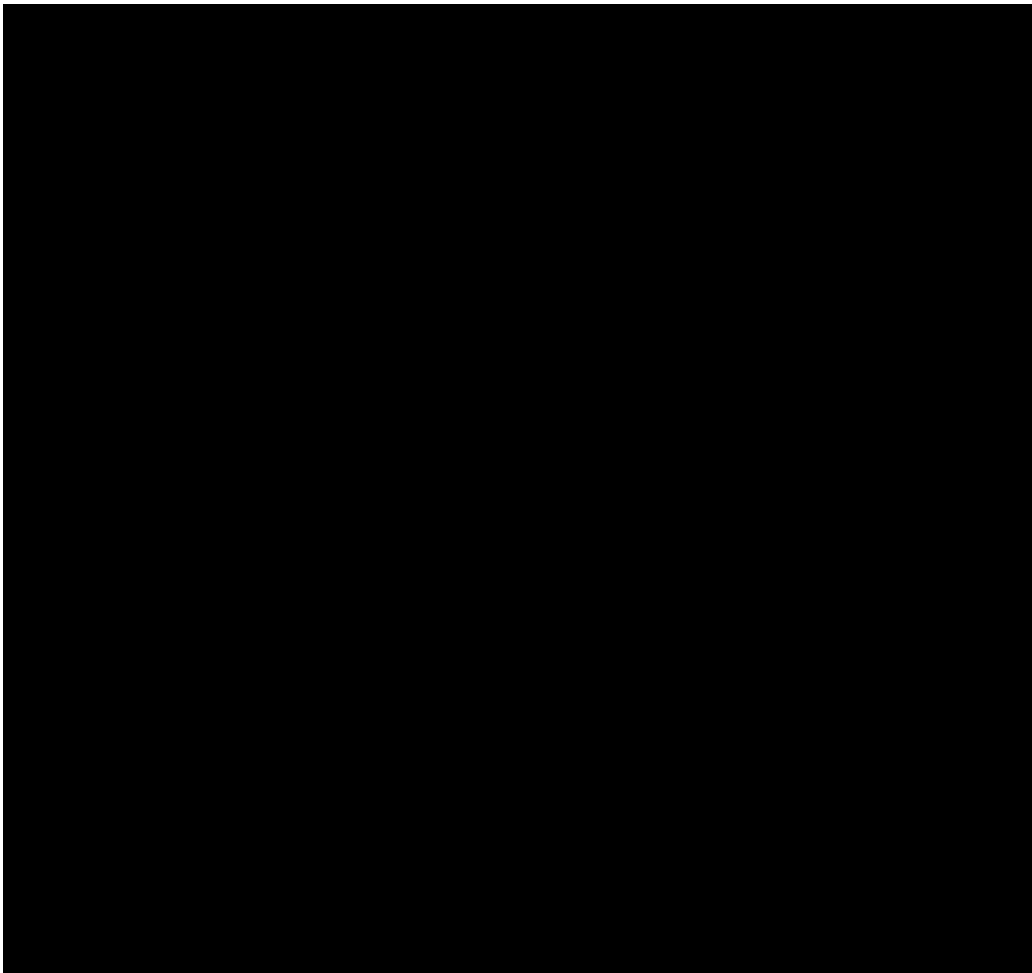
O breath of life,  
am I searching for the stars  
of a dream never to be?

Is there only this oblivion  
outside of death?

Lurch me from the shadows  
that leach my life.

Take me, embrace me  
in that sliver of nothingness  
that for a moment,  
can feel so complete.

Carolyn Mary Kleefeld    America



**Ghost Lovers** (Acrylic Paint/Board, 30" x 32") © 2015 Carolyn Mary Kleefeld

**BOOKS BY CAROLYN MARY KLEEFELD**  
**AMERICAN POET AND ARTIST**

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

The Seventh Quarry Press, 8 Cherry Crescent, Parc Penderri,  
Penllergaer, Swansea SA4 9FG, Wales, U.K

**A WHOLE NEW SUN**

*(for DC)*

His is a world  
I had not entered  
but now through his form,  
I can.

He carries me out  
of my womb caves  
onto the stage of life,  
a whole new sun  
that shines through his form.

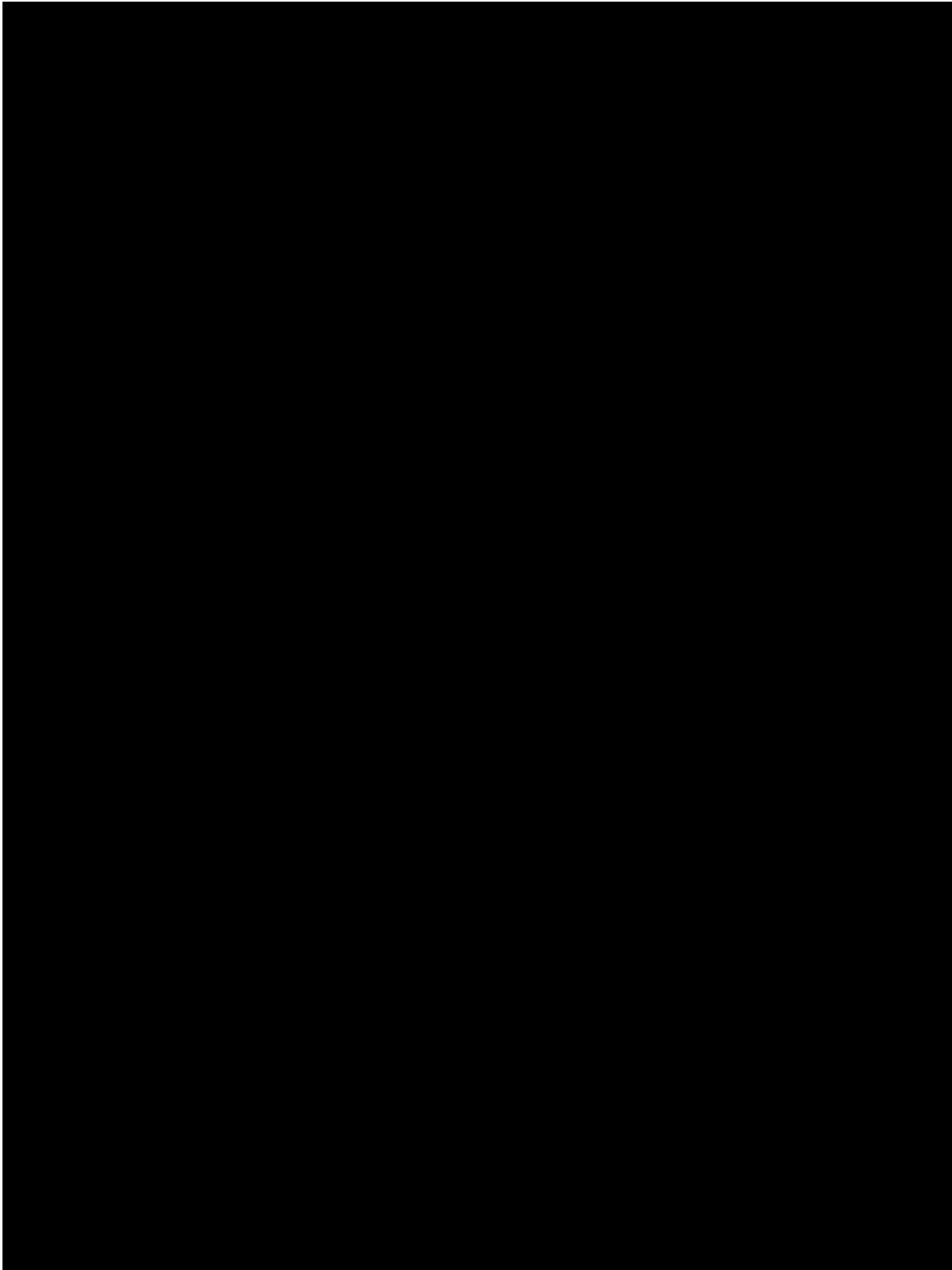
With my hand in his,  
we stroll foreign lands;  
stars in our hearts,  
stars in our eyes.

We speak the same silent language,  
and listen to the same silent music.  
Continually in re-invention,  
we keep discovering one another  
in the unfolding moments.

With passion as our key,  
we enter one world after another,  
making love in every land,  
miracles manifesting our way of life.

Carolyn Mary Kleefeld    America





**Feral Passion** (Oil on Canvas, 24" x 18") © 2015 Carolyn Mary Kleefeld

**Review of *Jens, the Princess and the Soldier* by Beta Berlin**

Price: £8.99/\$15/9.90 Euros

There can be no doubt that we are all children of our time. Caught in the path of history, we spend our childhood trying to make sense of our world and our place in it. How much more difficult this must be if we live in a world at war with itself. In such a world, as children of chance, we can find ourselves where we really do not want to be.

This is the situation young Jens Kolbe faces when he is forced to leave a bombed Hamburg with his mother, Dagmar, during the Second World War, to find refuge in the forest, near Bleckede on the River Elbe. He leaves behind the memory of his home and his beloved grandparents and the mystery of his father's disappearance.

Beta Berlin shows how Jens has to learn many hard lessons and, through them, to blend his spirit for boyhood adventure with the caution needed to deal with an uncompromising world. Jens learns quickly.

The essence of this story can be found in the words of the admirable Frau Laue:

‘Look at me!’ Frau Laue’s voice was firm. ‘You mustn’t show that you are frightened. Head high and chin out. Face the world and you’ll get through. Whatever...’ Frau Laue paused ‘...Whatever life presents to you!’

Beta Berlin approaches the theme of a young boy coming to terms with a war-time situation with great sympathy and Jens becomes that lively, curious and daring boy we would expect him to be. His story is exquisitely paced, supported by vivid characters who drive it along.

Description of countryside, rumours of the times, uncertainty, suspicion, supported by vividly diverse and thoroughly interesting characters ~ all contribute to heightening atmosphere and suspense. Jens’s story is one I have really enjoyed reading and, by the end of it, was compelled to read it again.

Beta Berlin was born and raised in her beloved Bleckede. She has written this novel in English and in German as the second in her Bleckede Series.

Jean Salkilld    Wales

## **SWIZZLE STICK**

*When it is rain where are the gods?*

Dylan Thomas, *Shall Gods be Said to Thump the Clouds*

Waves have lost their fizz,  
all being as it should on a dull night  
in Mumbles after the storm  
when gambling on anything  
is of no use to the universe.

If one could siphon energy  
from catastrophe,  
harmony from ruin,  
there would be left a rich little world  
of dignity and sharp ideas.

As it stands now, the warning  
is to stay safe because clusters of dignitaries  
from the Grosvenor Casino  
are arriving  
to foment their theories about winning  
and replenishing,  
but those theories are ignorant of strategy,  
airy foam on a wave,  
wind moaning through the arcade.

Irene Mitchell    America

## **PROTECTION**

I enjoyed a place at her table  
till things took a turn.  
She said the culprit  
was miscommunication  
but I knew it to be her sense  
of singularity,  
that she considered herself an orchid,  
petals shimmering  
with the wind's tremolo.

Thus freed,  
I began to love the hours,  
felt destined to walk the world  
as an artist —  
not just a curious traveler  
seeking orchids at every clime.

There were intervals  
during which flame gave way to desire,  
as when atop the waves  
flash little peaks of sunlight, millions  
per second.

A courier bearing torchlight  
brought me news:

*Be always in the company of metaphor.  
Do not be without your protection.*

Irene Mitchell    America

### **STRIKING A CHORD ACROSS TIME**

In the beginning, love was a plainsong  
heard simply as wind  
rushing through hectares of tall grass.

As only love can witness,  
the grass yielding  
engendered the next chord.

That chord investigated  
the crucial —  
how love deepens.

There was also a time when rain  
was fresh rain  
for flower and basin.

One cannot ask *why*  
about love or a term of apprenticeship,  
only retrieve and remember.

Irene Mitchell    America

## **SACRED STONES**

*(2 June 2008)*

Like a stone  
on a concrete bench,  
I sit among the tombstones  
in the City of Stones,  
Necropolis,  
far from the Great City  
of sky-piercing stones,  
Center of Civilization.

The wind plays  
with my gray hair,  
flaps the pages of this journal,  
while the sun,  
in an absolutely clear sky  
this Memorial Day,  
warms my hands and my face,  
the pen and the pages.

I'm thinking  
about the place  
I've come to visit,  
the unstoned earth  
where I will one day  
be under placed.

About the children  
who will come,  
as I have come,  
to see parents  
& grandparents—  
the grandchildren  
who will come  
to see grandparents.

Those who will  
come to see  
where I will be.

Those who will  
come to place  
small stones,  
in remembrance,  
on big stones  
in the City of Stones  
far from the  
Great City of Stones.

Stanley H. Barkan    America

### **BABYNAMING**

*(25 July 2010, Gardiner/New Paltz)*

And so, at last,  
she is “officially” named,  
as part of the Covenant,  
*a b’nai or bat milah, bat Yisrael.*

Under the *chuppa*  
of Bessie, her great-grandma  
(on her mother’s side),  
a tablecloth,  
held by two grandmas,  
and a grandpa,  
and another good friend-grandma,  
a cloth carried over from Russia,  
handed down to the youngest daughter,  
She—Roxy —  
“Rachel Miriam (Rayzel Gitl)”  
Marigold Clarke  
is named.

All—or nearly all—  
the family on both sides,  
and many friends,  
have come to share  
in the celebration  
here Upstate,  
not too far from

the New York center  
of their homes.

*“Hiney matov umanayim”*  
is sung, and, indeed,  
how pleasant it is  
for friends and family  
to sit together as one  
in a joyous circle  
welcoming a daughter  
of Israel into the fold.

Some day, she, Roxy  
(Rachel Miriam / Rayzel Gitl)  
Marigold Clarke,  
will, under the same chuppa,  
bless *her* daughter,  
as she is given  
*Her* Jewish name and  
welcomed into the fold.

Thus, the tradition,  
the long-threaded  
warp and weft  
woven into tablecloths  
turned to chuppas.  
and the passing from  
one generation unto another  
—*l’dor vador*—  
all the way from  
Sarah and Rebekah,  
and Leah and Rachel,  
in a string  
to Bessie and Gitl,  
to Bebe to Mia  
to Roxy  
(Rachel Miriam / Rayzel Gitl)  
Marigold Clarke,  
unto the next youngest daughter  
(*baruch Hashem!*) . . .

Amen. Selah.

Stanley H. Barkan

---

*Hebrew name: Rachel Miriam*

*Yiddish name: Rayzel Gitl*

## **SAILING THE YANGTZE**

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THE AROMA OF THE 'AMERICANO'

STIRS MEMORIES

OF KINDRED SPIRITS CONNECTING

AT THE KARDOMAH CAFÉ

THE RATTLE OF THE CUP AGAINST THE SAUCER

REKINDLES THOUGHTS

OF JOURNEYS ON THE ROCK AND ROLL EXPRESS

ALONGSIDE THE BEACH



THE TASTE OF THE SEA SALT  
REMINDS ME  
OF MY HOME TOWN OF SWANSEA  
AND MY CHILDHOOD

THE WAITRESS, WITH HER STONY FACE,  
RECALLS A VISION  
OF THE MUMBLES MERMAID WHO NEVER SMILED  
DURING MY VISITS

THE SOUND OF YOUNG CHILDREN CHATTERING  
CONJURES UP PICTURES  
OF MY OWN FAMILY WHO ARE STILL IN WALES  
AWAITING MY RETURN

Janet La Grange    Wales

## **DVD**

### **THE POET, THE HUNCHBACK, AND THE BOY**

**a short drama by Peter Thabit Jones**

performed by Swansea Little Theatre actors,  
produced and directed by Dreena Morgan-Harvey  
of the Dylan Thomas Theatre, Swansea, Wales

Filmed by Franco De Marco of Holly Tree Productions, Wales

A collaboration between the Dylan Thomas Theatre  
and The Seventh Quarry Press

Already performed live in Wales and London

All proceeds of sales to go to the Dylan Thomas Theatre  
and their work during and after the **Dylan Thomas Centenary 2014**

## Interview with Helen Bar-Lev, Israeli poet and artist



Helen Bar-Lev© 2015 Helen Bar-Lev

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

**Helen Bar-Lev:** Over ten years ago. Johnmichael Simon and I had just met, and suddenly, poetry – for both of us.

**PTJ:** You are also an artist. Do you see a connection with your poetry and your art?

**HBL:** Until I began writing poetry I always painted from life – nature or photographs – but after Poetry began I was also able to illustrate books – I “hear” “suggestions” much as I “hear the poetry.

**PTJ:** Who were your early influences on your creative work?

**HBL:** The poet who influenced me most, who encouraged me, taught me and who continues to inspire me – is Johnmichael Simon – I was inspired also at our Voices Israel monthly poetry meetings, and by reading, reading, reading. My special

poetry heroes are Yehuda Amichai (Israeli), John B. Lee (Canadian), James Deahl (also Canadian) Alex Skovron (Australian) and my heroine, Katherine L. Gordon (Canadian).

**PTJ:** When and why did you start *Cyclamens and Swords*?

**HBL:** About 6 years ago. We publish online three times a year – poetry, short stories, artwork. The name is from taken from the title of our book, CYCLAMENS AND SWORDS And Other Poems About the Land of Israel published in 2007 by Ibbetson Press, Sommerville, Massachusetts, USA. My paintings illustrate the book. Why did we start the website? Johnmichael had just retired as a technical writer, we moved up north here to Metulla – it was a good time and Johnmichael’s dream for a few years before we actually began.

**PTJ:** Is poetry thriving in Israel?

**HBL:** Oh YES! A big big yes! We belong to Voices Israel Group of Poets in English – We joined about 9 years ago – at that time there were only three branches in Israel: Tel-Aviv, Jerusalem, Haifa. A few years ago a new president was elected: Wendy Blumfield – now there are 8 branches and one in London, England, one in Boston, Massachusetts, USA (no connection with our publisher), and we have many many partners abroad, including you, dear Peter. Johnmichael is editor-in-chief of Cyclamens and Swords [www.cyclamensandswords.com](http://www.cyclamensandswords.com) and the webmaster of Voices and I am currently Assistant to the President of Voices: [www.voicesisrael.com](http://www.voicesisrael.com) and chief editor of Cyclamens and Swords. We’ve both served about 3 years each as Chief Editor of the Annual Anthology, to which everyone is invited to contribute (see the website).

There is also a creative English writing graduate program at the Bar-Ilan University <http://english.biu.ac.il/creative-writing>.

And for Hebrew poetry – alive and thriving. The Classical Musical Station here: The Voice of Music, reads a Hebrew poem every day at noon. There is a great respect for artists here in Israel, and that is a pleasure.

**PTJ:** You lived in New York. Do you still keep in touch with what is happening in American poetry?

**HBL:** There is the internet, of course, so it’s difficult not to, but it is not of special, breath-stopping interest to me. The avant-garde, the poetry slams – these are not for me. Btw, I left New York in 1966 – (I had lived here in Israel for 2 years before that) for the last time, so not too much of a connection there.

**PTJ:** What are the future plans for your own work?

**HBL:** I've published a few collections – the Cyclamens and Swords mentioned above; The Muse in the Suitcase, both with Johnmichael; In Moonlight the Moon will Shine together with Katherine L. Gordon of Canada; EVERYTHING TODAY, a not-what-you-would-expect book about colours – almost at the printer is: LOVE LETTERS – The Alphabet Falls in Love with Itself, a rather zany book which you have to see to believe, and now another book with Katherine, CANVAS CALENDAR – a poem about each month – one in Israel, one in Canada – I've illustrated all my books and am I'm presently enjoying myself illustrating this one – “hearing” ideas as I “hear” poetry. Future plans? Day by day, Peter, day by day.

### **DUSK ON THE EVE OF THE EQUINOX**

This year the birds have surprised us  
with their early arrival  
the storks in August instead of September,  
the pelicans in September, not November,  
the swifts swooped and dipped in exuberance  
just as the squills shot out of the ground  
pointing skywards, look...  
roadrunners scuttled to and fro  
clouds bellowed and blackened  
three days ago the first rains refreshed the land,  
and continue still

Where the houses end  
and the road into the forest begins  
a puddle has formed, widening each day  
to the proportions of a pond;  
only a small strip of pavement permits passage  
for those who possess neither wing nor fin

Now, equinox evening,  
the rain has washed away summer's dust  
from purple grape and orange clementine,  
children play in rain-soaked grass  
squills sway in wet unison

and the sun sends sparkles  
through the newly-formed pond  
while the wind wishes it to ripple

Nights lengthen  
jackets and blankets  
emerge from closets

And autumn happens

Helen Bar-Lev    Israel

### **CROSSING OVER**

Sometimes I cross over  
if just for an instant  
a temporary second  
into another zone  
a different existence  
for a glimpse of a person  
who is me but who isn't  
in a matter-of-fact setting  
a home I know, but don't  
the walls wood-panelled  
a fireplace flickers  
some furniture  
then finished

As though those yellow lines  
that divide the road,  
solid until becoming dotted,  
open up and allow me passage through  
to that here-to-fore forbidden lane  
to overtake some obstacle

Then almost as punishment  
I am back in this life  
in my own lane  
permission to pass rescinded  
to continue might endanger  
the me whose existence

dominates my consciousness

Maybe one day  
I shall cross that lane  
on a different road  
knock on a door  
in a distant place  
and come face-to-face  
with the me I see sometimes  
when that dividing line opens  
and lets me peek through  
if for only a moment

Perhaps then  
when I meet me  
I won't even know it

Helen Bar-Lev    Israel

**Editor's note:** The Seventh Quarry is a collaborating partner with *Voices Israel*.

*theseventhquarrytheseventhquarrytheseventhquarrytheseventhquarry*

## **THIS TOWN**

Shard-faced blonde women  
hammer-heeled gait  
men who shout when they talk  
hate to be near when they shout

handsome Victorian municipal buildings  
now perfunctory  
cheap chav chewed jaw

totem pole concrete props up  
the motorway  
top or bottom  
upside down or not

Paul Steffan Jones    Wales

## PASQUETLOWER TWO

I don't fully understand Easter  
how they are able to calculate  
when to commemorate  
an execution and its result

bridal veil in bloom  
falling snow petals  
I'll go along with it

pray against leaks  
hope against attrition  
gather the mysteries in a basket

Paul Steffan Jones   Wales

## A CASE FOR LISTENING

Strange things happen  
when the moon is full  
and the rent is due.

Scrolled biographies, loosely knotted,  
leak information, freeing men from  
the restraints of convention.

Nothing can happen in the future,  
words ebb and flow in and out of legibility,  
like flood water before a broom.

Fragmented echoes lie still and quiet  
and apostrophes fall from words of belonging.

The woodlands are changing;  
pylons grow, not trees,  
and pink-lipped, pale-skinned as death,  
children wander beneath the structures  
searching in vain for bulldozed fairy stories.

Like misers, mothers hoard their feelings,  
recrimination written on lined foreheads  
above tight-lipped signatures,  
and blind fingertips trace outlines of vacancy -  
where what once was - nothing is.

No tipping point in this life,  
but a downslide growing

ever steeper from an imperceptible start.

W. Geof. Williams    England

### **THERE IT IS**

Roughly-ripped-and-strewn feathers,  
and soft down like powder-puff,  
lie this side of the house,  
and what is left of the torn pigeon's body,  
on its macabre back,  
its claws tensed for headless sex,  
a red spot where its neck used to be.

I had still seen it the other side the day before,  
standing still, taking a few steps,  
unable to fly, puzzled,  
waiting for the end to come,  
to sink its fangs into its flesh,  
rip its life apart.

Alan Hardy    England

### **WALK ON**

Often fallen boughs, at a glance,  
assume creepy shapes, of bodiless limbs of crouching humans,  
half-limbed reptiles hugging the earth.  
shock you for an instant with their slimy proneness.  
Something lying in undergrowth, lying still.  
That split-second brings you face-to-face with a chance encounter.  
Meeting of eyes. Living things waiting.

You step out of your comfort-zone,  
open the door at night and walk into darkness,  
imagine shadows and terrors, and hidden monsters.

It's the time it takes to fumble a lock or chain  
and scamper back inside.



Sometimes, though, you look up and see a face transformed,  
a blaze of hatred, a burst of madness.  
Then it lasts longer. And your body quakes.  
You feel pain. It's a shock which doesn't blink.  
You have to face it. And you do. You survive.  
The days pass. You return to what you were.  
Someone who, in wandering along the path,  
meets the gaze of a bewitched piece of wood,  
a slap from the primeval past,  
its imaginings.  
Then you walk on. And on. Until, one day, the real terror comes.

Alan Hardy    England

## BOOKS AND MAGAZINES

**THE LOVELIEST VEIN OF OUR LIVES** by Neil Leadbeater, published by Poetry Space Ltd. Available via [www.poetryspace.co.uk](http://www.poetryspace.co.uk) A thoroughly engaging collection of crafted poems and prose poems about Brazil from a poet who always delivers first-class work. 'Neil Leadbeater knows what he's about. His voice is fresh and open, resonant and memorable' – David Mark Williams. Price: £7.95.

**A SHIP TO HOLD THE WORLD& THE MARIONETTE'S ASCENT** by Annabelle Moseley, published by Wiseblood Books. Available via [www.wisebloodbooks.com](http://www.wisebloodbooks.com) 'Annabelle Moseley's double gift of poetry (two books in one) is attuned to the higher powers that animate her art.' – Jennifer Reeser. Price: \$15.00.

**DYLANATION** by Phil Knight, published by Green Arrow Publishing. Available from 12 Cook-Rees Avenue, Neath SA11 1UN, West Glamorgan, Wales. The fourteen poems, a celebration of Dylan Thomas, in this collection are written with passion and wit and, above all, with a refreshing sense of honesty, not only for the title's subject but also for the creative use of language. Price: £4.00.

**VOICES/Tuesday Poetry 2014** by members of the Tuesday Poetry Group, Swansea. Available from the Group via St. James Church, Uplands, Swansea, Wales. Inspired work from a talented group of writers, including Jean Salkilld, Ruth Jenkins, Ll. Hugh Nicholas and Jean James. No price.

## IN APRIL

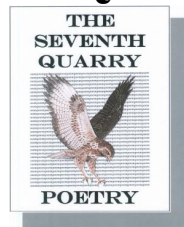
When other mothers' babies were born  
and the earth began to warm  
I stood and watched  
the ripples in the air of all those  
so barely announced  
A gust of wind blew me away  
and for a few moments I hovered  
above creation touching the invisible  
held by the air we breathe  
swimming vainly toward Eden.

My green veins teeming with all our blood.

Raquel Torres    Portugal

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## THE SEVENTH QUARRY PRESS



**Editor - Peter Thabit Jones**  
**Consultant Editor, America - Vince Clemente**  
**Consultant Advisors, America -**  
**Stanley H. Barkan, Carolyn Mary Kleefeld, Patricia Holt**

**The Seventh Quarry Press,**  
**8 Cherry Crescent, Parc Penderri, Penllergaer,**  
**Swansea SA4 9FG,**  
**Wales, U.K.**

**email [info@peterthabitjones.com](mailto:info@peterthabitjones.com)**  
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**The Seventh Quarry Swansea Poetry Magazine/poetry, art, literary, and  
children's books/DVDs/CDs**

## MY LAUGHTER

I have lost my laughter  
I do not know where

My laughter used to make my coffee spill over my lap  
I would start sneezing and spray spit with tears streaming from screwed up eyes  
It used to point at me  
and quizzical faces from the crowd would stare at me  
It was infectious even on telephone  
Without any reason it used to come rushing  
and joggle me  
like wind moving over grass flowers  
Languidly it used to linger  
like December sunlight over windowpanes

How can I describe it?  
A rabbit in the bush?  
A butterfly before a mirror?  
A streamlet leaping over pebbles?  
Glistening sand grains after a wave ripples away?  
Gamboling dolphins?  
Corn gleaming beneath shucks?  
Raindrops? Stars?

Was it a bluebird?  
an electric eel?  
a bellflower?  
an arietta?  
a neon spark?  
an iris park?  
a chrysanthemum?  
an asteroid?  
a zircon?  
an ink drop?  
a rustling paper?  
an invisible script?

Did the snow bury it?  
Did the cars speeding in the slush crush it?

Did the signals halt it?  
Did the bitch keeping awake the whole night frighten it?  
Did a witch encage it?  
Did the clock silence it?

Where will I search for my lost laughter,  
now when deafness and blindness and paralysis  
have piled on me?  
I am merely a moist breath  
a heap of shackled bones  
a laceration without blood  
an abscess without pain  
a root without stem  
an echo without a cry

The daylight is gone and the street lamps are not lit  
tell me, someone!  
Will it emerge at dawn after the mist is drowned at dusk?  
Was it a dream? Am I awake now?  
Was it a warning? Am I safe now?  
Was it madness? Am I cured now?

Dileep Jhaveri    India

## **ANYTIME**

When you feel  
that someone should not live so that you can  
it is time for you to go  
It is time for you to go if you are afraid  
If you cannot rejoice in your imperfection, celebrate your fragility  
What cannot suffer incarceration within a star  
has to wander off like a vanishing comet  
What cannot run with river  
has to evaporate like dew  
A deer daydreaming of disappearing tigers  
falls prey to devouring hyenas

For those surrounded by enemies or solitary  
escaping bullets or accepting bouquets  
loving all or lonely  
there always comes a time to go  
anytime

Dileep Jhaveri    India

**AFTER VISITING NATIONAL MUSEUMS OF NATURAL HISTORY  
AND AMERICAN INDIANS: WASHINGTON DC**

I will give away all to you  
but I shall not give up easily

I am a forest and I know that the earth is vaster  
than the reach of my enormous roots  
As long as it holds me  
neither lightening nor raging fire nor ravaging river  
can destroy me

I am a mountain  
I have seen more stars than a rock caressed by a breeze  
Mighty storms have tried to stir me from ages  
Moisture that shines like diamonds on a stone  
has been immense ice of glaciers to crush me  
Daylight capers soft footedly on a boulder  
but the fierce sun hides behind me at night

Pain cannot frighten me  
What survived the infinite suffering of the universal explosion  
to become elementary atoms and playfully transformed into many  
has become infinitesimal fraction of my single molecule  
It carries the entire history from amoeba and alga  
to butterflies and birds and chameleons and camellias  
and willows and whales and these letters of smoke  
held by a pipe in my fingers  
The letters will survive the pain of parting away from the parchment  
to become sound and suffuse solitary silences

I will give away  
the heavens, the oceans, the fire, the storms, the stars, the woods,  
the sierras, the plateaus, the rivers, the ravines, the lakes,  
the corn, the cattle, the fish, the fowl,  
all the gold, the burning oil,  
diamonds, rubies, topaz

But before that  
I will ask you to look into the mirror in the sky  
and comprehend what you see, not an easy thing  
and then  
to love  
Nothing could be easier than that

Dileep Jhaveri    India

## **AGREEMENT**

I have agreed to the terms and conditions  
and signed on the dotted line  
before reading the fine print  
for every little thing  
    the flowing air  
    cool water  
    warm bread  
    drain pipe of the bathroom  
    gas pipes of the kitchen  
    lead pipes copper pipes steel pipes plastic pipes  
    (my arteries, veins, ureters, colon!)  
    compressor of the fridge, AC, water pump  
    (this bleeding heart!)

clock alarm, smoke alarm, fire alarm, burglar alarm  
(no alarm for the grim reaper!)

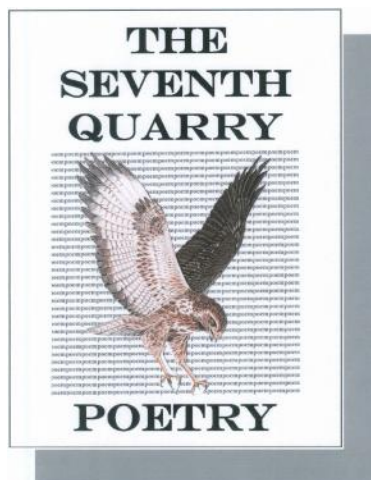
Telephone cell phone music system TV VCR  
Computer Scanner Printer Browser Virus Protector  
(first for talking to you and later for listening to the world)

Two wheeler four wheeler  
Bus ticket train ticket air ticket  
Play ticket movie ticket fashion show ticket school fair ticket circus ticket  
Merry go round ride Ferris wheel ride roller coaster ride  
( how about hearse ride!)

Terms and conditions for  
saving account personal loan fixed deposit  
house lease rent  
(is this life leased or rented?)  
Holiday tour passport visa  
(will there be a visa for beyond?)

I have lost the count of signing  
But I wonder what terms and conditions were laid down for  
the dew, grass, daylight, breeze, raindrops, snow  
fragrance, bird call, sea shells, moonlight, stars  
smiles and tears  
and what fine print your eyes read  
behind the ink of these letters!

Dileep Jhaveri India



## **THE SEVENTH QUARRY SWANSEA POETRY MAGAZINE**

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

Each issue features a Poet Profile, a batch of pages given over to a chosen poet. The policy is to try to alternate between a British poet and a non-British poet. There is also a Books and Magazines page, which provides details and brief comments on received publications.

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

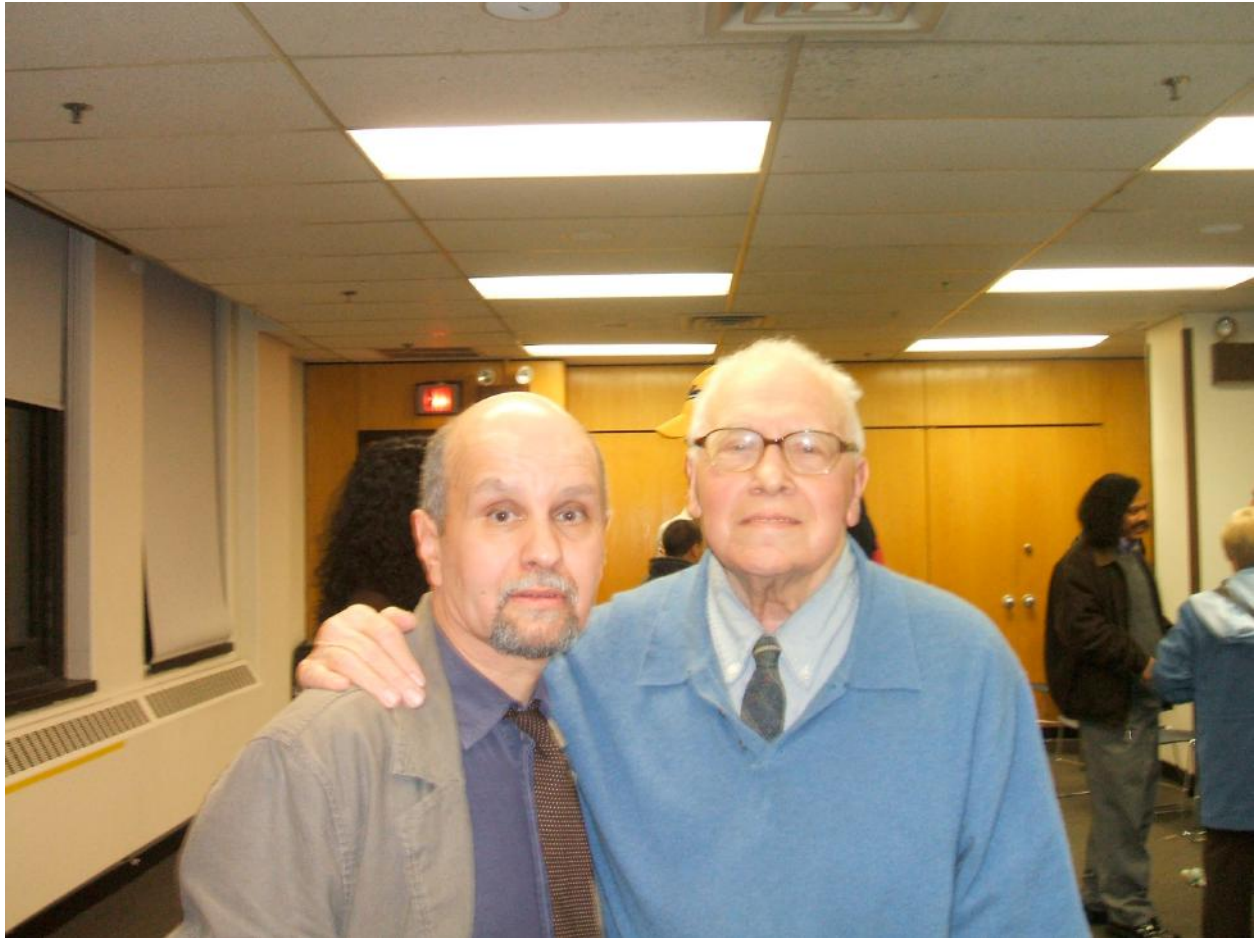
The magazine has also been contracted to The Poetry Library's (Royal Festival Hall, London) prestigious digitisation project, which will ensure copies of the magazine are featured on its very popular website: regarded by many as the best source for poetry in the U.K. QUARRY was featured in THE GUARDIAN,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

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

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

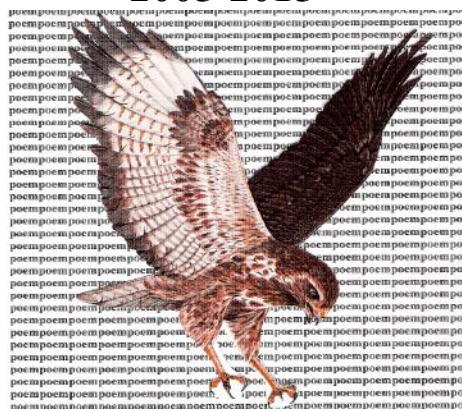
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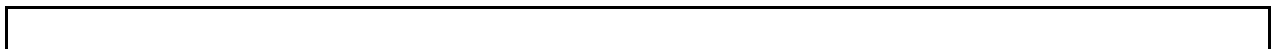


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## **Ten years of The Seventh Quarry Swansea Poetry Magazine 2005-2015**



**LOOK OUT FOR ISSUE 22: Summer/Autumn, 2015**



**WALES:** Mark Elias, Lucy Williams, Byron Beynon, Paul Harris, Jean James, Ll. Hugh Nicholas, Christopher Norris, Jean Salkilld, Janet La Grange, Paul Steffan Jones

**ENGLAND:** Carolyn Oulton, Merryn Williams, Oxana Poberejnaia, W. Geof. Williams, Alan Hardy

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**AMERICA:** Kyung-Nyun Richards, Alyce Guynn, Kalin E. Chamberlain, Annabelle Moseley, Carolyn Mary Kleefeld, Irene Mitchell, Stanley H. Barkan

“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

**ISSUE TWENTY-ONE WINTER/SPRING 2015**

**CELEBRATING 10 YEARS OF  
THE SEVENTH QUARRY: 2005-2015**

**ISSN 1745-2236**

**£4.50/\$15 EDITOR: PETER THABIT JONES**

