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INTRODUCTION
Paweł Markiewicz

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POST SCRIPTUM
Sourav Sarkar
I, a priest, am waiting behind the magic rainbow,
in the beautiful Druid-temple, illuminated by the fire,
that does not burn brightly, but shimmers such the magical jack-o'-lantern
its sparks and sparkles are called the earthly sea of wonderful feelings.

I, the real Apollo, am waiting behind the mystical rainbow,
in the cloud of Zeus with beautiful muses, like hummingbirds,
who never cry, but creates gentle laughing longing wings,
these wings belong to the honorable nice bird of melancholy.

I, a falconer, am behind my winged rainbow,
next to the dreamy hawk, you release it into many gusts,
so that it does its first flight like golden eagle and buzzard,
in a lazy air soul, the magic bird has a courage of the poet.

I, a collector of antlers, am waiting behind the old rainbow,
in the light, gentle jungle of the angels full of noble deers,
that keep the traces of hope in the heart as in the cup of the souls,
these dreaming hearts are able to perpetuate all dreams of the forest.
Fused, in flight
he dove with haste into the sand pit. So little now to feel,
but hummingbird fear, crushed pebbles and bitter pride.
He danced in the yellowish crevice, swinging
religious aging arms;
as if invisible like the silent atmosphere
of stopped clock hands and snowflakes falling.
The cobra cocked its head. Suspended in the shadows,
its boneless beauty shone with lust.
He touched its tail first, then tongue; rolled
like thunder down its fleshy throat,
kicking his heels against
the interior shell of the snake being.
Breathless, he begged for poison,
or relief. The snake hissed -
Tonight you return to the womb. Close your eyes
your sanctuary is complete.
His eyelids folded over like petals in a frost.
He kissed the dream, then followed his fate
home.
When He Rides

Unearthly dreams
illuminate him
where gardens
lay their petals to rest.
They creep now, his eyes,
into sad and forbidden
realms
of insanity’s broken weight.

Loose threads
dangling from his mind.
Loose thoughts
that have no ending.
Lost on his lips, something
unleashed like music, something
like my love.

    Find me alone
    inside bedroom walls,
    take these useless hands,
    allow them to touch
    the impossible

He makes the bell ring
He turns the lights off
He takes the bareback horse
and gallops
into the cutting dark.

The stars, they say,
lose all balance
when he rides.
Paper Man

Those were the distances,
the attachment of your soul to mine,
where we slept in the windy valley
with that imbecile comedian
who would play the flute
and try to emulate your profound nature.

The day you opened the door and I walked in,
stared at your multi-coloured paintings,
grateful to eat your wonderous gifts,
I needed you like a bandage. I needed
my cigarettes, the nights outside in alleyways
fantasying formidable adventures
to express our courage.

Thank you for your arms
that veiled me from the eclipse
and the strangers you brought to my side
with God brewing strong in their stomachs

I never did get my housecoat
or the dance in the traffic I so wanted.
They tell me you are going far,
to great planets that have no names.

On my bare belly,
our hands once joined.

You are on stage, singing,
drenched in a beautiful darkness.

You were my companion, lover
in the January frost.
The Tongue

Through the back door
he took the baseball bat
and hammered the rattlesnake to death.
Feasting on decadence, he escaped the burning sunrise
and ate the last petal of the last rose.
No one could persuade him of unity,
not even her with her undulating promises of love.
He was saddled in the seat of pride,
turning eastward to raise a glass
to Armageddon.
She broke his removed look
with a touch of her tongue to his lips.
She tuned her hair to flames, and called out to follow.
As he lifted his hand to touch her skin,
she took him in a dream to a land where
people wandered intoxicated with sorrow,
on account of their ill-formed hearts,
where children were weary,
baptized by the grotesque art
of selfishness.
He called - adultery
She called back - It is your accomplishment
He watched her tongue turn to water then
drip on the grass, turning the whole scene
into stone.
We must go she said. She said,
there is no belonging,
only intimacy achieved, fought for.
Without protest, he curled into her arms
hiding in peace, safe beneath her golden sails.
Lost in a Garden

Subjugated, they seduced your ego,
abducted your history
until nothing remained but a gap,
a secret left too long untold.
You have a face, a bed to lay
your death mask and examine
the tears that slip
from that counterfeit depth.
Morning is vivid, it attacks you
with its beauty, but you are stitched
together by pale craftsmen who know their trade
is narrow.

If only the years would end with a final blow,
then you could rid yourself of
that blunt nameless ache,
too rare to resurrect
into symbolic meaning.
On the back of the moon,
you let the vision go
for a prize that had no gain.
They came to you with soft sighs that belittled freedom.
You believed: A fool
who knew the souls of each and every star
then stooped to touch the Earth
in all its pointless fury.
All is private. Your confessional
hands will disappear.
They need you now to smile
in spite of your personal storm.
Do not despair. Heal.
You know whose side you’re on.
John Grey

ANNA READS

Having sat through
the mediocre, the competent
and the semi-gifted,
it’s a relief when Anna
takes the tiny stage.

She’s forthright and bold
but not overblown
and clear enough
to make clarity crack a smile
or wince at the attention.

From line to line,
she’s as intimate as Anne Sexton,
possessed like Plath,
off-kilter in her precision,
an Emily Dickinson
in dark jeans and sweater.
Yet, her vision, her tongue,
are innately her own.

In her work
there is an understanding
of fundamental concepts
of thought and feeling
and of the dynamic forces
inherent in words.

Her work
is a system of touch-points
in which the narrow
suggests the infinite,
and life invokes a causality
beyond the whims of chance.

She’s passionate.
She’s spontaneous.
She’s vivid.
She’s honest.
She’s unafraid.
Yes, she’s also beautiful.
But I put that down
to being the least of her worries.
DEAR STRANGER

It the one paradox that stands out
in days of the most ordinary of events –
yes we are as close as we’ve ever been
but we retain this sense of otherness.

It’s no monster in our midst
this being who we are.
There’s no need to intervene.
We just face facts more often –

who we are begins and ends
with whatever’s in the mirror.
It has nothing to do with love exactly.
I still prefer you to me.

But whenever we meet,
unknown colors sail into my harbor
So it’s best to focus on not quite focusing.
Instead of thoughts, try thought-associations.
THE PLACE, THERE AND BACK

My mother dressed me in my best suit.  
She washed my hands and face at least three times.  
She scrutinized my shoes like an army sergeant.  
No dirt, nothing to leave a mark on a floor.

And she went over and over how I was to speak,  
to watch what I said and not embarrass the family.  
She was more nervous that I was as we ascended the stairs.  
She was about to press the bell when her finger froze.

Then she turned on her heels, waved down a taxi.  
She hugged me close but gave no explanation.  
Was it something I did or said?  
Or was I the simply the kind of son who ought not to be?

The entire incident was never mentioned again.  
But it stayed with me for the rest of my childhood.  
Where were we going and why couldn’t we get there?  
And what kind of rejection ends in an embrace?
Ogni tanto*  
The places touched by history  
Stroked and punched in one  
The cobbled avenues  
Straight as dies  
Hard as nails  
Looking back down the path  
Interwoven with those  
Odds and ends that...  
Let us breath another's air  
So, every now then  
We are let in to another world  
However, we must  

*every now and then
Places too far and too near

The papers bring us those tales
Of 'what happened around the corner'
And those far off wars
Unreal and strangely meaningless
Once great cites now desolate
As the crumble back to the dust
Whilst the local kid who made it to
Oxford, some academy,
The fruit picking season is not upon us yet

The trees speak in metaphors
As we perceive
Language was something they devised
And dropped it as a bed idea
As some thought of
Philosophy and law
In the same breath
They wait as do we
For all things to come around
Patience is as wonderous
As the aurora boralisis
There to sensed
Yet never touched
We sit and we wait
Until the picking season
Is upon us once more
Once more.
The nights

Drifting in tides bring about
Waifs and strays
Aligned in colour and form
They see the clunk change
From one day’s end
To their brief beginning
The night radio
Roads clear as the striking of a bell
No two nights ever the same
No two.
The cool almost midnight air
Relives - revives
As tomorrow comes down
Hard on.
Vanitas Live’s

at the point that
the waves of love
evaporate

words fall gently
and melt - as they
touch the ground

the mood the emotion
somehow – forgotten
on a cold morning

the train passes
the sunlight flicks
through the leaves

how could they capture
what cannot be
just leave it for those

the mortals - you & I
lives in vast simple scenes
lacking detail

Acts, sights, fights
Against the light
The night consumes

Talking figuratively
Waves travel into space
Into vacancy

The essence has past
Word fail to dust
And the dust?

Breeds another generation
Of the previous....
Wiser? Worse or just different.
After....

The moment supremely florid
Only those who saw could know
Not sense the power before
The light exposed the need
Of her Barolo blood
Mingled with mine

The senses now exhausted
Now the expectant tomorrow
Waits with its hunger
Mark Young

dressing for success in business

Those who seek some variant ambience may find it by playing around with a virtual appliance atelier set to interpret the life of ancient & modern Near Eastern studies across a wide range of temperatures. There may be many different species within the same head. The contraposition is also true.
Souls stained with recent tears, girls tender. & there were not "those girls," there was one face, light: & the first light, before ever dew was fallen. That big box of sand, with the pawn-brokers—silver mirrors catch the bright stones & flare, gilt rafters above black water. Ivory dipping in silver, thick like a wheat swath, working up to a climax.

But to have done instead of not doing, heard deep platitudes about contentment, so making pleasure more certain in seeming.

Where the young boys prod stones for shrimp, evening is like a curtain of cloud.
cutting the mustard

Eigenvalues bloom in perfect rows across the backyard of the hot dog cart. There it is still Spring. Elsewhere Fall—or Summer or Winter. Perhaps even one of those holistically defined seasons that only the indigenous people of the world pay proper attention to.
Pirozhki

They had to go out for a while. He did it when she thought it was important.

They checked the online auction sites again. Planes stayed frozen in the sky.

A dead plastic bag landed on his desk. Four weakened bolts held it in place.
Accompaniment, as fancy took her

Boston planned its Perfect Season victory parade downstream of an active beaver dam. For those of you who could not attend the Alaska Miners Association convention in Anchorage in early November, Levi-Strauss’ answer was practical. Black & white stripes generate a significant temperature difference, so a prompt diagnosis & early treatment, even before the Patriots make it to the Superbowl.
Mati Shemmoelof

moonlight tale

"seventy kinds of different dates were in Baghdad"

my grandma told me

"and shame that we left," she added

"over there, they didn’t put antibiotics in our food

we didn't eat cow meat and our Kuba rice dish was filled with lamb”

and even if my way to Baghdad Has been ruined

and although I don’t speak the language

now I know that my life is a piece of a Darkened history

that sits on

a hook, a moonlight tale of my grandma.

2006
And I regret that I missed a way to his heart

I don't know why he loved to eat above the sink

without a plate, dark bread, salty cheese.

He sits, coiled on the black sofa, with an open book

inventing funny names for anyone, who enters the house.

and I’m sure he was a free spirited poet like me, despite working in a shop all his life

truth be told I have no way of knowing, discovering or talking with him.

The only way is to write...

that he wasn't happy than I

but I remember him reading one of my early poems one day

and coming back happy to our house he told me how in the "Old age" club where he visited

his friends liked my poems.

and perhaps with my inspiration, he started to write the story of his life
of how his wealthy grandfather was thrown out of Mashad by the local Muslims in Iran

and how he immigrated to Palestine round the start of the 20 century

[Damm, why didn't I keep this paper?]

and now I regret every moment I ignored his point of view

I could have hugged him and understood that was his story

and what is left for me? deep regret

what is left of him? one unfinished poem

and the days are getting less

while these memories grow in their nakedness.

*Translated by Dov Waterman. 2016*

(Hebrew outside of its sweet insides, Parses Publishing House, 2017)
and the eyes of my brother, Benjamin

(to Walter Binyamin, July 15, 1892 - September 27, 1940)

outsider in my motherland
outsider in my exile
outsider in my love
my face are the face of my mother
forgiving the foul language I shower upon pursuers, hunted and the haunted
my mother's face are my face
I shall hug myself as she walks away
in a train station, in a postcard, full of bored soldiers
I am swallowed, and seemingly boards on
the real train,
writing an essay, maybe the last,
getting ready to not (enter)
Andalusia
crooked god machine

To the spaces I didn't pick boundries
to the streest I did not choose a name
A hole I had selected, stood up in.
disaster begins at a business lunch

and converges into alienation
looking at me: who I am, why do I do those things i do
thinking about writing this, doing that
repeats some thoughts with friends, who listen tenderly
and knows that I shall not write, and shall not be written, unless
my refuges will return to sing
The Poem is the safest place

They’re waiting outside to hit you
They call you buttfucker–tranny–assmucher–queer
And you don’t want to go out
You stay put for a while in this poem

But they are afraid to love you
The way you look at them
Maybe they think that like a magician, with a look, you’ll make them their wives
Hex them so they couldn’t watch football without thinking of this great big orgy
Of males jumping on each other

You snicker at them, but like Hamlet you don’t want out of this poem
You’re not a kid no more in some Hollywood movie,
You go out, you read your poetry with their absent tenderness,
They envy
The way you dance, the way you laugh
The way you write, the way you love
Straight fundamentalism

Gays were sent to concentration camps in Chechnya. Some of them were returned to their families, knowing that the shame would prevent them from marrying off the girls of the family. In Chechnya they say there are no gays.

Don’t take me there, I don’t want to wake up with them

Those that think that our songs,

Perversion, bestiality, affliction, embarrassment, deviancy,

A word to be treated with medication, a ghost, threatening the peace

No closet, concentration camp nor shame will bury the feeling

That we are different, and thusly beautiful, we are different and so we are beautiful
some words in Hebrew just can't be translated

poets' corpses,
dead-alive zombies on their way to poetry evenings,
someone should find the one in charge for destroying the poems' limits
and grant him with a life achievement award for his poetic horror script
There Was Never a Home in Poetry

“There was never a state in Eden

East and west never were

We were not expelled, nor defeated”

The black eyebrows sway

The coffee cup with cardamom trembles

On the train at Hermannplatz

Ubahn, U7, one stop

Non-stopping rain

And naked love, approaching in the foreignness

To be revealed

For

We exiled

And we shall recite poetry

And clear a path out of Egypt

When the stars shine

For you.[ Translated by Na’aman Hirschfeld. 2015]
Dan Albo

Ethic of pink ashes

Tell yourself and remember
With the same soft stream’s tunes
And vitality
The scorched angels’ wailings in Satan’s singing,
The thing is obvious, nothing getting blue in so much gentleness
Like evening falling toward night.
Like foggy clouds’ flotilla passed and gone
Nothing was left as it had been,
And what will be, will never be as it had been,
See in front of your eyes a crushed ants’ swarm
And remember a stripped man surrounded by forests
Being Shot
Falling
Toward a pit.
This is the meaning of the splendor

This is the meaning of the splendor:
I remember radiance’s rays
Not ceasing blinking with their long eyelashes
Ivory’s Sky
And oyster’s sparks and purple sunlight
Ascending and showing with sound of a breaking day.
The beauty’s essence reduced in words
Dropping their fears on you,
Taking you in captivity tied down by kind of tangled ties
Like those you never know how to untie them
Like a harpoon, penetrating your living flesh,
Splitting in it tears and blood
Like a dying whales roars ascending in flare to Haven and bursting forth
Like a desperate poem
In moonstruck rhythm.
I remember the beauty of a water Lily by the Papyrus Basket
And Pharaoh’s daughter with her female slaves
Between the Reed and Rush,
When Jethro came with Zafra and his two suns
And the Shofar’s - the Ram’s Horn sound growing stronger,
In the light’s shadowiness on the night’s banks,
Like in the same freedom’s moments and celebrations
Like the Exodus’ day out of Egypt,
When the chase ended in miraculous splitting the Red Sea
And the children of Israel crossed securely the sea and the Egyptians were drawn in it,
Now
I am
Hasten
To rise to a rebirth till I am alive
To ascend upward, to say a word two to my God.
Martina Robles Gallegos

When a Man Cries

When a man cries, one can barely see his tears, 
but he cries himself inside out, and his heart falls apart.

When a man cries, no one can hear his moans; 
he cries to himself, or so he thinks.

When a man cries, he thinks no one can feel his pain, 
but it’s breaking up hearts all around him.

When a man cries, he touches deeply 
into his soul and finds no relief.

When a man cries, he wishes he could regress a few years 
and make better and wiser decisions.

When a man cries, he cries for the chaos 
he caused to his loved ones and regrets his faults.

When a man, a real man cries, he realizes 
and corrects his mistakes to gain back trust.
Yes I am not talking about roads

Still we are talking about heredity,
Still talking about hierarchy
Listen, they don’t like this
Never did their sons and daughters
Life to them a road and melting pitch,
Tireless vehicles on burning plains

They haven’t seen home,
They haven’t asked for desires repeatedly
They are working like mad
They are only serving to the God
Nothing else they want
End of a day they eat (priceless bed)
And sugar to do same
Melting again.
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