



**ATLANTA
REVIEW**

TAIWAN:

Love Song from the Sea

Edited by

Lee Kuei-shien &

Agnes Meadows

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WELCOME

As each new issue of *Atlanta Review* takes shape, I am awed by the ways poetry carries me through the challenges of life and how it reminds me of what I should celebrate. In this issue, there are many poems that evoke rebirth and perseverance. We still find ourselves in the shadow of the pandemic, but more of us are finding ourselves being coaxed into the light after struggling to hold on through those darkest days. It can be so easy to give up hope, and these poems encourage us to consider why we should hold on. In “Significance,” John Moessner argues for patience when reflecting on the choice not to cut down a tree:

I inhale its perfume
entering through the second-story windows as if in reply
to our threat to cut it down. What a stunning response
to violence,
giving what would be missed if we had our way, a sky-full
of delicate flowers spilling onto our yard, a hint of grief
in the gift, like winter’s chill still hiding in April’s shade.

Writing itself has become difficult for many poets, making the work we receive even more special. As Rebecca Edgren writes in her poem “Letter to J.H.”: “Writing seems like nothing else but burying these days...but what is this blossom, then, opening in my hand?” We appreciate each blossom our poets have allowed us to share with you.

In the “before-times,” one of the last trips I took was to Taiwan. The honor and joy of being part of the annual Formosa Poetry Festival has been something I have treasured over the last two years. During my visit, I was amazed by the Taiwanese commitment to poetry. From meeting local residents who came to events and recited poetry they learned as children, to our meeting with the country’s Vice President, the reverence for poetry was both surprising and inspiring. At the heart of that festival is Dr. Lee Kuei-shien, and he immediately said yes when I asked if he would guest edit a Taiwanese issue of *Atlanta Review*. How

wonderful it feels now to share this “Love Song from the Sea” with our readers. Translation, of course, is an art of its own—and translating Mandarin and Taiwanese Hokkien into English is no easy task. Dr. Lee asked British poet, Agnes Meadows to assist him with these translations. Some of our readers may remember Agnes as the guest editor of our Cornwall and Wales issue, and we are delighted to work with her again.

You will notice that much of the poetry in this section makes reference to “islands”—of course, Taiwan is an island nation. During the pandemic, each of us has lived on a kind of metaphorical island. In the poem “Island and Sea,” Chen Hsiu-chen, offers an invitation: “I feel myself as a small floating island. / If you are also / a floating island, / please connect with me.” In “Life of a Bamboo Chair,” Hsieh Pi-hsiu, writes: Please be seated. / Let’s brew up a pot of tea / And listen to me carefully.” I suggest a lovely cup of your best Oolong as you sit to read this collection.

Let us revel in the possibilities of spring—and sailing toward one another again.

Sending you all much love,
Karen

Fall Flowers	1	Daniel Blackston
Local Woman Tours Watershed on Stationary Bicycle	2	<i>Polly Brown</i>
The Coupe de Ville and the Burro	3	<i>George Burns</i>
Plants in Tough Places	4	<i>George Burns</i>
Winter Garden	5	<i>Paul Neil Carroll</i>
Horses I Have Known	6	<i>Elizabeth Crowell</i>
Never Buy a Goldfish Together	8	<i>Holly Day</i>
Shanty Folk Hoe-down	9	<i>Heather Dobbins</i>
Letter to J.H.	10	<i>Rebecca Edgren</i>
Bottle Tree	11	<i>Monica Fields</i>
What Survives	12	<i>Linda M. Fischer</i>
Kudryavka	13	<i>Aryk Greenawalt</i>
The Dutch Masters	15	<i>William Heath</i>
Shedding Lies	16	<i>Karen Luke Jackson</i>
Overlook Park	17	<i>J.M. Jordan</i>
Cypress Point	18	<i>J.M. Jordan</i>
Coming Home	19	<i>Gunilla Theander Kester</i>
Into the Dark	20	<i>Lance Larsen</i>
Rash Ablaze	22	<i>Carol Levin</i>
Kick the Boot Whips	23	<i>Lina Marino</i>
Anecdote of the Stool	24	<i>Forester McClatchey</i>
The Golden Hour	25	<i>Forester McClatchey</i>
Ta ye za ow za yem ta. //		
I am you and you are me.	26	<i>Ana Michalowsky</i>
Significance	27	<i>John Moessner</i>
Period	28	<i>LeeAnn Pickrell</i>
March	29	<i>LeeAnn Pickrell</i>
Threats	33	<i>Antonia Pozzi</i>
Fable	34	<i>Antonia Pozzi</i>
Elegy for My Father	35	<i>Kathryn Pratt Russell</i>
Still Life with Heron and Egret	36	<i>Peter Serchuk</i>
The Coffee Goddess	37	<i>Stuart Shepard</i>
Without Regret	38	<i>Sarah Dickenson Snyder</i>
Baseball Has Been Called		
God's Heaven	39	<i>Frankie A. Soto</i>
The Trouble with Sourdough	41	<i>Lenora Steele</i>
"House moving, 'rained out'"	42	<i>Annie Stenzel</i>
Fiddle-Leaf Fig	43	<i>Jack Stewart</i>
Jews in the Bronx in World War II	44	<i>Marilynn Talal</i>
A Dream of Snow	46	<i>Kareem Tayyar</i>
Metaphysics	47	<i>Kareem Tayyar</i>
Riding in a Cart on Top of a Cart	48	<i>Stephen Scott Whitaker</i>

When Susan B. Anthony		
Was President	49	<i>Nancy White</i>
Found	50	<i>George Witte</i>
On a Mountain, Written Upon		
Departing a Checkpoint	52	<i>Yi Tal</i>
Leaving Lee	52	<i>Yi Tal</i>
Latticework	53	<i>Hannah Yoest</i>

International Feature Section:

Taiwan

Introduction	55	<i>Agnes Meadows</i>
Listening to the Sea	57	<i>Lee Kuei-shien</i>
Taiwan Island	58	
Monologue by Lighthouse	59	
My Taiwan, My Hope	60	
Love Song from the Sea	61	
Sunset Glow	61	
Fishing	62	<i>Lin Wu-hsien</i>
As Seagull Sees It	62	
Shoes	63	
The Person in Dream	64	<i>Chuang Chin-kuo</i>
About Conscience	65	
The Coral Reef of Takao	66	
Ruins	67	<i>Catherine Yen</i>
If, Earth	68	
Seeking a Dream to Embrace You	69	<i>Chang Te-pen</i>
You Think	70	
In the Dressing Room	71	
Fort San Domingo	72	<i>Li Yu-fang</i>
Hobe Fort	73	
Hobe Old Street	74	
The Voyage of Island	75	
Lamentation of the Taiwan Deer	77	<i>Hsieh Pi-hsiu</i>
Sculpturing Life	78	
Life of a Bamboo Chair	79	
Sea View Rock	80	
Love River	81	<i>Lee Chang-hsien</i>
Coffee of the Heart	82	
The Internet	83	
A Poet Makes Pottery	84	
The Dairy Cow Inside the		
Iron Fence	85	
The Pact of the Sea	86	<i>Lin Lu</i>

Color of the Rose	87	
The sound of the sea	88	
In Your Name	89	
Mother, illiteracy	90	<i>Tsai Jung-yung</i>
Camera	91	
Photography	92	
The setting sun on beach	93	<i>Chen Ming-keh</i>
The Ships in Dock	93	
Conveyor Belt	94	
Dark Night	95	
If You Were Real, Taiwan	96	<i>Lin Sheng-bin</i>
The Tamsui twilight	98	
Departure	99	<i>Tai Chin-chou</i>
Singing a Song at the End of		
My Life	100	
The Nostalgic Nile	101	
Darkness	102	
Island and Sea	103	<i>Chen Hsiu-chen</i>
Tamsui Sunset	104	
The Book of the Sea	105	
Seabirds	105	
In your hug	106	
Memory Puzzles	107	<i>Tu Tung-men</i>
There Will Be Poetry	109	<i>Chien Jui-ling</i>
At the gateway to a dreamscape	110	
Heat	111	
Tamsui Night Scene	112	<i>Yang Chi-chu</i>
The Riverbank Scenery	112	
Fort San Domingo	113	
Tamsui Fisherman's Wharf	114	
The boat and us	115	<i>Wang Yi-ying</i>
Before you finish reading the poem, do not think of me purely	116	
Contributors	117	
Benefactors of <i>Atlanta Review</i>	126	



Fall Flowers

Dew entangles dot-sized globes
of red, poison berries—
the yew's green stone

pillowed in a candy-like shell.
Pokeweed, juniper, and holly
shine, imperfectly round,

like planets; the smell of pine
licks the tongue and whips
deep scented memories

of green and gold ribbons,
candy canes, the touch of fresh
leather gloves, the sky-taste

of porch-rail snow. We walk
sidewalks smeared with leaves
and blossom husks, our local maze

of familiar cars and corners
now blazed with shadows
that will soon burn

everything green to brown.
Sunflowers in the alley
bow like priests drooped

in prayer, weep seeds
from their dead sockets,
shine in the mind—

and bloom again.

Daniel Blackston

Local Woman Tours Watershed on Stationary Bicycle

On this map free from Day's Store
(peanut butter, fishing tackle, wine)
I find three Belgrade Lakes lightly wreathed
together, Great Pond, Long Pond,
Messalonskee. lobed shapes leaning
over my shoulder as I pedal the back hall,
where I travel mostly through years:
a dance of women like a wreath of lakes—
grandmother, mother, and now, in a shock
that shouldn't be, me—each caring
for this speck of land in the map's northwest
corner, its blueberries, muskrats, crows,
a nameless brook draining to the Sandy,
which joins—invisibly, just off this map—
the Kennebec, a wide blue line, bound
lickety-larrup for the Gulf of Maine.
So long the visiting daughter, I wish now
I'd asked more questions (gossip, birds,
plumbing.) I pedal hard, with the map
and memory's help, to land where I am—
in the watersheds, the generations, home.

Polly Brown

The Coupe de Ville and the Burro

After tipping the bellhop,
I stand with my bag in the portico.

At the front of the line, a Cadillac,
then a woodie, a Sex Wax decal in the window.

There is even a buckboard
—sacks of flour in its box.

But waiting for me is a sad-eyed burro,
who does not want to move.

That's the way it is with burros,
unless you give them the whip,

and we've both had enough of that.

George Burns

Plants in Tough Places

I always want to cheer
when I see
a twig with leaves like wings
ledged on the pockmarked
face of a cliff,
as if in a lady's flower box.

Trembling,
it can't help
its slow leap
into gravity's wind.

So what
if God's chisel
is always chipping
at its stony holdfast?

What have odds
ever had to do with it?

George Burns

Winter Garden

A warm July day, a good day for ice cubes,
but when I open the freezer, I discover a vast
panorama of Christmas, much like photos

I've seen of the Swiss Alps, forest frost
dusting across virgin meadows of snowy
Tupperware, Vodka bottles, ice cream,

visions of childhood blizzards and snowfalls.
Yes, the freezer has sprung a leak. I find
warranty papers proving it has outgrown its

adolescence. Luckily the food inside remains
solid as ice. My thoughts turn to reindeer
sausage, baked Alaska, Eskimo pie,

though this is truly a moment of mourning,
poor tragic icebox, like its owners, beyond
repair, another unexpected breakdown of age,

but I take comfort, in whatever else we do,
first we must clear out the freezer. The race
is on—two ice skaters against the fated melt—

I rush to put a frozen lasagna in the microwave.
Tomorrow, pulled pork, then risotto, cioppino.
Eat. Drink. Eat. Winter, where is thy sting?

Peter Neil Carroll

Horses I Have Known

I did not love horses like the girls
at the red barn in the field by the highway.

My cousin fell so hard for a horse
she could not stop moving her hands

over the silk trellis of its head
even in her sleep.

Someone took me to farms
because a suburban girl could miss out

on the wild state of things.
There, the horses had undenyng eyes,

too mirror-like, I thought,
as someone handed me some hay.

Its velvety mouth opened
which made me dread all devouring.

At camp, I took canoe trips to avoid
the chickens, goats, the coarse and feathered beasts

they thought a girl ought to get to know.
I floated with the other girls down rivers

with slight currents and oozing, sandy banks.
And I thought I had escaped until

the horses in the poems
came straight to me.

Here I was, knees in my chin,
reading May Swenson's Centaur,

riding, grass-stained, bodied to a horse
across some Utah plain.

Later I was on a long, blue highway
in Rochester, Minnesota, where James Wright's

two ponies blossomed towards me,
and I pulled my head over their lean manes,

and then I was on Plath's Ariel,
and I had to read the poem again and again

because the horse was going so fast,
and my heels were whinnying now, hold me.

Elizabeth Crowell

Never Buy a Goldfish Together

I'm going to leave them a note when I go, tell them
I'm gonna be a hobo from now on, I'm taking my goldfish
got my clothes wrapped in a ball and hanging from a stick,
fishbowl carefully tucked under my arm, Lucky's gonna be fine.

I'm gonna ride the rails from now on, like those old guys I used to see
hobbling around Dodge City when I was a kid, sleeping in the park
with their three-legged dogs except I've got a fish, a fish and a dream
and we're going to go everywhere, we're going to see everything.

I imagine my husband's really going to miss Lucky
especially since he's the one who named him
I never figured out why we bought a goldfish in the first place
but now that I'm leaving, I can't stand to leave Lucky behind.

Holly Day

Shantyfolk Hoe-down

Play that harmonica, guitar, or vinegar jug.
Just bring your baby to Aunt Mae. She'll sing
into an earache to quell the fire.

*For a baby's thrush, she said, A mother
should borrow a shoe of a man who's never seen
his father. Put water into it before bed-time. Give
the poor child a gargle to calm a blistered throat.*

When I was hungry, she said for me to cut a bird
from ironed tin. I made it big to fill our stomachs.
Just like Aunt Mae said, a goose fluffed her feathers

in front of my bird. Goose couldn't see me
in the sandbar pit I dug. She lit the ground again
and again. When she was hollering, I didn't need a gun.
I put out my bare hand and took her for mine. Gentle

meat. My son and I ate for a whole week because we
heeded Aunt Mae's songs. I made her favorite 'shine,
peach. I left my thanks at her back door by the sleeping
empty jugs, making no music in the first hour of morning.

Heather Dobbins

Letter to J.H.

You write that if I bury your letter, it will bloom.

Imagine me in tall boots wading a yellow field, late August,
then on my knees in switchgrass to open an envelope of earth.

I'd lay your page like a sheet on a doll's bed
and crumble a coverlet of Tennessee clay
the color of pale orange lipstick, of iron soil.

But instead I want to read your letter again,
want to hold your hopefulness between my hands,
where its goosebump braille of seeded words
declares: This is what we're working for.

I want to tell you, friend, you're right.

And on the days when your own boldness blurs, to offer back:
Isn't this our best work, all our work,

to save from late and hard-worn husks the day's pith—
glossy black as spiders' eyes—

then pour it out beneath our feet, let the earth hold it,
until it grows? Perhaps we'll pass this plot surprised some day,
to find ourselves overshadowed in what's become
a green crescendo of water and light.

Writing seems like nothing else but burying these days.

I go out to the hard white rows and till, till, till,
and sow. Forgetful life can overwinter in us, even
in the bare chill mobile of these bones.

Thank you for your letter, J. I would say forgive me,
it's not been planted,
but what is this blossom, then, opening in my hand?

Rebecca Edgren

Bottle Tree

Dragged boot prints marked a well-worn path,
Encircled the tree predatorily. The man of the house
Sputters into coughing fits beneath, startles
The scrawny birds that perch among the cobalt
Curves of glass, the milky whites and greens
Like irises distorted. His tracks veer toward
The heavy door. Inside, the “something wet and cold”
He needs. When he would drink, he’d call for me.
“Keepin’ them spirits out!” is what he told me
When I asked about the bottle tree.
The lone décor in our backyard: its base
A wooden pole with jutting pegs to hold
The beer, wine, and whiskey bottles.

“Glass attracts, and the soul flies in.
This is how it is when they well in me,
Pressure like I’m all filled up with birds.”
As in a nauseating cradle, we would swing between waiting
For the sound of bottles breaking
And the heavy footsteps work-boots make.
I was not awake so wouldn’t hear him slur
“Sometimes the soul just needs something to break,”

And didn’t see the spirits this released, but I know
They’re out there still, or maybe they are caught in me, lying low.

Monica Fields

What Survives

Daylight still a pale promise as I slough off
the tentacles of a dream—the four of us together,
she the treasured friend who would change
hospital protocols by partnering doctors
with parents for the care of their children
long before she'd lose her unruly coil of hair
to chemo: young marrieds with growing families,
bonds only death would sever, or defying it,
reclaim me in the coils of fitful sleep.

Quite undone, I put the coffee on and wait
for dawn to brighten a cloud-pebbled
sky, break the thrall of a drab unrelenting
season—snow coating the lawn, unbroken
but for telltale tracks—fox, raccoon, rabbit—
crisscrossing the yard. Only yesterday,
two red-tailed hawks alit on the branch
of a nearby tree, one of them plucking
away at something, likely just caught.

A lesson in survival—creatures of the wild
sheltering, feeding, holding on until spring
when they can feather a nest, tend fledgling
young, then send them off—what most of us do;
whatever their future, our job all but done.
How else assuage loss than by recognizing
what of us they carry through: *what of her*
I see in them—her sons and daughters
thriving, bearing her unmistakable imprint.

Linda M. Fischer

Kudryavka

After placing Laika in the container and before closing the hatch, we kissed her nose and wished her bon voyage, knowing she would not survive the flight.

—Yevgeniy Shabarov

One hour after midnight on November 3, 1957, you leave Earth.
In thirty-two days, they built your body into a time capsule
without blueprints, gave you more food than you'd ever eaten.
They taught you words no other dog has had to learn:
moon, Sputnik, bon voyage.
You waited all day in a tight box with just enough light to see your paws
and too much to sleep by. No one told you to look hard at the sun.
No one told you it wouldn't be cold, like Moscow and the coming winter;
no one told you how quick it would be.

Zhuchka, little bug, there are fireflies in this world
and you have never had a chance to chase them.
There are breakers on waves and newborn turtles who scuttle
across the sand and birds that fly higher
than you can crane your neck. If I could give you a window,
if I could take your nose and show you the sea,
I would tell you look, you are the only thing alive
that has seen this, your world entire,
dizzying as the cobblestones of Moscow underfoot.

Maybe you have learnt not to fear what you don't know
is coming, but the capsule shudders around you
and your sides slam into it. Two years isn't enough time:
your paws bloodied from climbing piles of rubbish;
women who chase you, soaking, from doorsteps;
giggling children in a house with a lawn.
If the stars are waiting, you cannot see them.

Laika, I am coming with you.
I will wrap my arms around your neck,
kiss your nose until your mouth is too dry to keep it wet.
Laika, it is dark and close and you strain in your harness
but there is nowhere to go. Whatever dark lies between the stars

has nothing on your eyes. Laika,
I will tell you where to look if the lights go out.

I am with you when the shaking stops and the temperature rises.
The air is hot in your mouth so you pant, salivate on the padded floor.
They said it was painless, but if they had telemetry on your voice,
they would hear you whimper as you stretched out your legs
for something to cool your belly. One by one they kissed your nose
and said goodbye. The sky was big and blue and you didn't know
you should have been looking.

Let me stay there with you; let me circle the Earth in a box
that has no reason to stay lit and rub your silent belly
and kiss your nose, your neck, your paws.
You will hit the atmosphere five months later and trail
like a comet over Russia, but, Laika, when I look at the stars,
I am looking for you.

Laika, they loved you, but the stars are waiting.

Aryk Greenawalt

The Dutch Masters

A trompe l'oeil of dead game birds,
colorful plumage slightly fading,
eyes glazed over. A sunbeam
on the rim of a glass, ruby-red wine
glowing from within as if radioactive.
The Dutch masters knew all the shades
of black, dark on dark defined an ultimate
penumbra with a golden hint of light
coming from the window in the corner
giving two ripe apples on a plate
of pewter a buttery-yellow hue.
Look closer: a small black speck
proves to be a fly symbolizing
the fact that in real life all of this
soon will rot, but in the painting
not yet—with luck, not ever.

William Heath

Shedding Lies

i.

In a shed's musty corners, among
bags of manure, mulch and potting soil,
snakes bed. The one this morning,
its body fist thick, yardstick long,
did not glide away, or even twitch,
blind and flushed milky blue,
growing an inner lining for the time
it will rub snout against bark or rock,
split outer scales and slough eye brills
muscling skin inside out like a discarded sock.

ii.

Did Eve's serpent have rattles,
dead sheaths that cling to tails,
each clacker marking another molt?
Did she not heed a hiss, a buzz?
Or maybe that soundless viper,
its scales recently oiled, shone
iridescent green. Warned or not,
Eve bit, and with that taste
shed Eden.

iii.

When women shed outgrown skins—
beliefs too small, myths that damn—leave
their casings hanging on rusty nails
rather than become trophies
splayed on the sides of barns—
fig leaves? No need.

Karen Luke Jackson

Overlook Park

Sudden-death turns that O! just miss
cliff-edges, clouds of dust
and ragged rocks of fear. You must
risk something for a place like this,
this grove that floats above the sea.
We stop to stretch, the salty air
is fletched with gold and shadow here
but not all are blessed so perfectly.

A flinty seaward-dropping trail
cuts through the brush. We find the shell
of a burnt-out rusted car below.
Suicide, accident: none can tell.
The bodies are gone, the sudden gale
of fire died out long ago.

J.M. Jordan

Cypress Point

The day is finished. Cypress stands
compose their own leave-taking prayer,
uplifted in the salt-strung air
on dark and formal hands.

The rocks wait there below us, whirled
with furor as the waves crash past,
and you are here with me at last,
here at the end of the world.

The lights along the pier go black.
The moon climbs. The darkness roars.
O my son, cling to me.

Take my hand and pull me back,
back to the uncertain world of ours,
back from the cold black sea.

J.M. Jordan

Coming Home

Wind-soaked and salt rubbed,
I open my door with two hands (left
for yesterday, right for tomorrow),
let my stormy self loose, pulling
in two directions with only a pen
as rudder, sail, and figure head;
anchor lost somewhere among the tents
by the gates of Troy.

Seeing I am no crafty Odysseus,
my bed might have shifted during
unexpected turbulence; knowing well
that I—although hardened like a drop
of amber in need of polishing—
am no Odysseus arriving home after
the long Trojan War.

My battles were fought differently. No
word, rooted or uprooted, can fix that pain.
I met him once, the great Odysseus
in a harbor far away and asked the tricky
old hero my question: If the Ark is buried
in the Garden, how do I find the way?
He lifted my shirt, drew a map
between my breasts and on the smooth skin

of my belly, which he kissed twice, muttering
something in old Greek about a tree, the juicy
pomegranate with bitter crunchy black pits
getting stuck in his aging teeth making his gums
bleed, his breath stink. Like a false
compass intent on getting me lost.
So I left him alone on the beach
no paradise in sight.

for Cantor Barbara Ostfeld

Gunilla Theander Kester

Into the Dark

We wanted to jungle-fight in Vietnam
but were twelve, so we swiped a pumpkin
off a porch instead. Johnny Z carried it
like a meaty football, then I toted
it gingerly as a human head, till we found
a white truck begging to celebrate Halloween
two days early. Time for me to drop
a grenade, Johnny Z said. He grabbed,
and I held, then I just two-handed
the thing straight at the truck door,
a wannabe hero hoping for an explosion
of seeds and pulp and slime. Only I aimed
too high. Only the pumpkin didn't burst.
Instead the window gave in a blast
of glass. And I went from good citizen,
know-all-state-capitals me, including
Cheyenne, to criminal me. And the dark
house belonging to the truck broke
into cussing, then a beard-and-boots
man scrambled out the door. He muled
after us, and we spooked like deer.
Everything we passed was a trap,
trikes and bikes, bricks and branches,
a rusty lawnmower, an obstacle course
in ruin. We went under and over,
scrambling through backyards,
behind 7-Eleven, along a hedge,
and still he crashed after us, screaming
about cops and effing jail time.
Then we took a shortcut that ended
in chain link. On the other side
was an alley, so we launched ourselves,
my palm catching on barbed wire.
Johnny Z peeled to the right, me to the left,
my hand already wet with blood,
so I sucked at it. Would I need stitches?
The alley smelled like meat and oil
and rotting leaves, and Mr. Beard went

after Johnny, my mouth filling with a taste
like dirty pennies, till I was choking,
so I spit out the blood, big swallows
of it. Three blocks later, the street ended
in graves. In I went, collapsing under
a weeping bush next to a mausoleum.
Ghosts I didn't believe in floated
everywhere. And where was Johnny—
busted, telling his Johnny stories to cops?
Or hiding like me, talking to himself?
My name was safe in his mouth.
Crickets fired up their factory and carried
my breath into the dark. I climbed
from under the bush and looked up—
no moon. Took the long way home,
the-factory-and-Buffalo-Trail-way home.
Tasted my hand again, and kept tasting it,
only this time I swallowed the blood,
which traveled from inside to outside
to inside, like I was cleaning something up.

Lance Larsen

Rash Ablaze

Stripped, slathered, uttering obscenities
 an erupting rash-red, head to toe.
 Cream's white, thick,
catches aged and hairy surfaces, your
 reluctant legs, length of arms, the eye
 of the knee, needy. Kneeling
as if to pray, pads of my fingers work-in unguent
 explore the other, raw side,
 the patella's firm bone.
I'd rather slip my hand around
 and dip my cheek
 against the exposed thigh.

A caress most people crave you inch
 away from, hold your breath, hold your own
 arms rigid, hold a grudge against the world.
My throat jams back tears
 smashing against your fury
 your naked indignity.

Best is the bath's leftover steam
 trickling down windows, warming
 what we warmed once.
Do you remember
 nights of steam, baths
 burning into us, remember
 my fingers? Come. Love melt
this cream. Ointment absorbed
 relieves night's
 writhing.
Worry is fear spread
 thick where borders are porous

Carol Levin

Kick the Boot Whips

Kick the boot whips.
I saved his face, goose turkey
feather farm man in blue
overalls raking leaves brown
and golden.

I roll around phone poles,
whip-stream the wheat field. We
trot. He listens and smells
like a horse. Ride
with it.

Arch your shoulder blade,
Spine swollen eyelids,
Beware hill dog I'm
Here—heaving everything in sight
like locust plague singing chirp
sparrows cricket moth migrate towards me all so
bittersweet mystery of steamroller flowing
in me.

Man—
Watch the Gold, the fleece, the
woodwork.

Lina Marino

Anecdote of the Stool

A glitter-chip of mica, vendible of Creeks,
geegaw of Cahokians and Iriquois,
is punctured by the milk-teeth of a boy,
ground into mineral meal and gulped,
pummeled by the stomach walls, brushed
by lisping villi, squeezed by the meticulous

colon, and laid to rest in the soi-disant
Tiny-Hiney Toddler Toilet Seat,
where it is soon discovered by industrious April,
who lifts the jewelled waste,
feeling her stomach fill with worry.
Her child eats the strangest things.

She tries to feed him well. Golden broths,
smoked lamb, yard-tart mustard greens.
But he wants to stuff the world
in his mouth: dirt, rocks, leaves,
even yellow jackets, as if in
atonement for some primal sin.

Native soil tumbles through his maze
of veins, scribbling on vessel walls
hieroglyphs and prophecies
in the red language of Georgia clay,
injecting each pink membrane
with the hum of mud becoming life.

Aprils calls his name. She rings the dinner bell.
But he's deep in the gold cave
of the beech grove, where dappled bark
shows the knifed names of lovers.
Bonfiglio kicks down the shine of a stream,
ignoring the bell, cheeks smeared with dirt,

making moss sandwiches.

Forester McClatchey

The Golden Hour

The sun's whip cracks
on crazy epiphytes,

on spinous pseudobulbs
whiskered with hair,

on knife-tipped aerial roots
dissecting the light,

and as we walk into
flower-musk and glow,

your cool, dry hand
flickers into mine, and

with a root-sharp feeling
I know that you will die.

Your molecules will cut
their bonds. Electrons

will shudder free.
And God will not glance

up from his fat black
book when he feels

your heart turn off,
a twisted spigot,

He'll only lick His finger
and turn the page.

Forester McClatchey

Ta ye za ow za yem ta. // I am you and you are me.

Some days, love stands up in me. Most days,
though, it weighs: a sleeping child in my arms.

I do not dream of you. You stand above me
when I wake, telling me morning has come.

Light from the glass doors does not stop for
the sheers. Un-stanched, it flows onto our bed.

I lick the sounds right off your tongue.
In the beginning, there was not even words.

You teach me to measure uncountables in my palm.
I hold the sugar before pouring it into our tea.

I am not native to your life. Your tongue is not
my tongue. To love another is to love an other.

It expands me as a heartbeat, for an instant, expands the heart, before
I remember to contract myself.

Ana Michalowsky

Significance

The crabapple on our fence line flourishes against a sky begging for a cloud or a bird, the canopy swelling to the size of a thunderhead on the horizon. Bees and robins, jealous blue jays and red-winged blackbirds, all start their chattering residencies for spring in the busy air surrounding each puffed petal. Last fall, we discussed its felling under an offering of deep shade, the close canopy full of dark greens and crimson berries, sunlight spilling through gaps the size of opened eyes. I inhale its perfume entering through the second-story windows as if in reply to our threat to cut it down. What a stunning response to violence, giving what would be missed if we had our way, a sky-full of delicate flowers spilling onto our yard, a hint of grief in the gift, like winter's chill still hiding in April's shade. Maybe if it heard my theories about our perceived significance in its life, it would shake its buzzing crown.

John Moessner

Period

A full stop
a dot a point where I stand
child's pose after initials E. B. White
but not JFK nor per Chicago US or UK a
cat curled into a nap a fragment standing the
pause with which the utterance of a sentence
closes a pill bug declarative or imperative
rolled into itself a single action series of
events a monthly cycle a word so full
of itself it needs nothing else a stare
down the end of the line
end of a life

LeeAnn Pickrell

March

-1-

I follow a river of brown
coffee spilled from a cup full to the brim
falling from my hands
spattering pillows
running along the wall behind the bed
where I find a week's detritus gathered:
Grumpy and dressed in black,
piano concertos on headphones as I work—
Chopin who died of consumption,
the literary disease,
what E joked when she called from Nicaragua to say
she had been coughing up blood
red sprayed across ivory piano keys;
another day's office wear of
pink-and-black polka dot pajamas;
more coffee at Cole's
a café table for two and across the street
cyclists and bikers in spandex and leather;
browsing the used bookstore for Nordic crime novels;
migrating from bed to sofa on a sleepless night
waking to rain tap-dancing on the rooftop.

-2-

Macro instructions:

CTRL-Emails
declare themselves
NOW NOW NOW
Queen Homonym at work
rain-reign-rein

CTRL-SHIFT-Purple
robe I wear to work
color of royalty

from the purple prickly pear
discovered in an old new world

ALT-Pause
to breathe
dance to my own songs
a futile search through cabinets for chocolate

ALT-Yoga
chai and a
twenty-minute savasana
bolsters blankets pillows for my eyes

CTRL-ALT-Museum
of postcard poems
in boxes glued to the wall
ready to mail
stamped with the poet's likeness

ALT-Coffee
and Costco
a mile up and down aisles
sloshing through purposeful puddles of rain

ALT-SHIFT-Spring
forward
the foretelling

-3-

Catching up with my mom
on a Sunday hard to remember
after days of rain
a dead car and an Uber
whose driver is hard of hearing
but insists on asking questions
letting calls go that would be easier to answer
than trying to explain myself by text
boxes I'm going through only to store away again
journals of scribbled angst
pictures in broken frames

But then I go into the kitchen to cook
to mark the turn of day to evening
and passing across the back deck
a brown-striped tabby with a green collar
—a neighbor's cat, I tell myself—
but gone so fast I know it's Henry
And why not?
Passing through seams of time and space

-4-

The wonder of rain and more rain
mud and puddles
lobster ravioli with shrimp and avocado
clouds parting to blue sky
Mexican mochas
At the symphony Rossini and Schubert
overtures and preludes
Soul Restoration, a tribute to Oakland:
Lake Merritt and Eastmont Mall,
Huey Newton and the Black Panthers
East 14th and International Blvd.
MC Hammer and Run DMC
Sunday afternoon and the first game of the season
an exhibition game between the A's and the Giants
We're robbed of a homerun and outplayed
but we have a clear sightline to home plate
and the sun warms our backs
and it's spring again

-5-

The week before Easter I sort the days into lines
On Monday I dream I've been awake for sixteen years
two-and-a-half spent reading the news
On Tuesday I don't dye Easter eggs
pink, lavender, green, yellow, blue
On Wednesday I'm pulled in six directions
east, west, north, south, up, down
On Thursday I scream coffee, more coffee!

and the altar is draped in black
On Friday I wear black
shirt, pants, shoes
On Saturday I trip on stepping stones
the As rally but not enough to win
On Sunday I don't take a photo before church
me in my new Easter dress, hat, white patent-leather shoes
I don't go to church; I eat a scone with lemon curd

LeeAnn Pickrell

Threats

Bells
slow landslides of sounds
down from the pastures
into valleys of fog.

Oh, the mountains,
shadows of giants,
how they oppress
my small heart.

Fear. And the life that flees
like a murky stream
to a hundred streams.
And the corollas of sweet flowers
buried in sand.

Maybe in the night
some bridge
gets submerged.

Loneliness and weeping —
loneliness and weeping
of the Larch trees.

Breil, 3 August 1934

Antonia Pozzi
Trans. by Amy Newman

Note:

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Fable

You go to a windy realm,
carefully bearing
on your head
a garland of primroses.

Among the trees women
with green hair,
in the waterfalls gnomes
who know the future—

pale warriors among the branches,
girls who die
for want of sun—

and the abandoned huts
among the forget-me-nots,
the plains
of asphodel on the rocks—

doors thrown open
on hidden treasure,
rainbows that lie
shattered in the lakes—

You go up the blue moraine,
between rows of gray spires:
carry on your shoulders
a sleeping child.

18 February 1935

Antonia Pozzi
Trans. by Amy Newman

Elegy For My Father

A ragged brown butterfly
drops out of the morning sky.
Almost a daylight moth, with froned wings,
come down from the ghostly moon
that fades now in the summer air.

He is plain not beautiful.
Drab in a living world.
I see him descend into his preferred house of stems,
long purple wands with tiny flowerets,
large bush with branched refuge.

Nothing approaches him.
From my gardener's crouch in the pine straw,
I tilt back on the ground to rest my knee-ache.
On the bush, I can see only the spearhead leaves.
But he is there in the middle, in the delicate tracery
of old man veins, raised above
the surface of the tender leaf blades.
No strength here, only gradual failure.

His eyes are darkness, not shine.
So much more intense than my own,
which have lightened with the decades.
He perches on the thick green stem,
darts out at random insects,
to hunt for his missing female,
then returns in the absence of any like him.
Above him, some wands droop in early rot.

There is nothing here for him.
But he stays here day after day.
I see him wasting his limited life.
He ventures out only when clouds block the glare,
all for the excitement of flying, albeit
in jerks and darts.

Kathryn Pratt Russell

Still Life with Heron and Egret

If my horses didn't impersonate cows and my cows weren't easily mistaken for rectangles with feet, I'd probably be here at Bluefish Cove with a sketchbook giving this blue heron and snowy egret the artistic merit they deserve. Not that they care either way; the heron's perched on a piece of driftwood, staring off into the future, the egret not ten feet away balanced on a bathmat of sea kelp. As they bob ever-so-slightly on the slow breathing of the tide, I'm guessing art means less to them than a place where they can rest undisturbed, unconcerned about their place in the universe or whether they might be remembered fondly for the small footprint they'll leave on a darkening wave. Then again, perhaps they know more about art than one might guess. Though they barely move, I'm now convinced their stance is more like poetry than painting; recalling a famous poet's wisdom that a poem *should not mean, but be*.

Peter Serchuk

The Coffee Goddess

She paints with a dry brush,
Stabbing the canvas like a tattoo artist
Who hates the touch of flesh.

The sound always puts me to sleep.
Even with my eyes closed
I can tell which color she's using.

Then she sits and stares
As the piece dries,
Like a cat absorbing time with its gaze.

After we make love,
It takes spirits and a rough cloth
To get all the pigment off our bodies.

Especially the red.
I look like a damn harlequin
Stuck in its costume.

When I wake in the morning the easel is empty.
She's thrown the painting from last night in the trash,
A portrait of the jilted waitress at the all-night diner.

I steal it home in the trunk of my car.
No one deserves to get tossed out on their ass like that.
Especially not twice in the same week.

Stuart Shepard

Without Regret

The mother thrush who chirps
and flits around my space when
I invade the place she's built her nest
those four tiny blue eggs more candy than life.
I had to stop watering the hanging
flowering plant, watch it wither while
something hidden happened inside those eggs.
I chose the nest, didn't have to meditate on it
very long. The thrush won. I remember finding
out I was pregnant when I was too young.
I chose my life over what was beginning
to grow. I look up into the emptiness
and hush of the pewter sky, retrace
where I've been over and over again.

Sarah Dickenson Snyder

Baseball Has Been Called God's Heaven

Your hands & quick wrists made a sandlot boy legend.
The sloppy southern dirt knew you were too rich for weeds
& divots. Too scared to let you play on their school teams, ride their
rundown yellow buses, they spit at you instead

of spitting with you on the diamond, as you rose—
a mountain among rocks. At 14, the rush
of sprinting 90 feet was worth

every breath smothered by your mother's shaky palms—
belly flat on a cold floor as the KKK marched through the neighborhood
with weapons & wrong hands.

A wooden bat never called your hands wrong

3000 hate letters a day
& you saved each one with cracked, papercut fingers,
forgave threats in the name of their White Yankee God,
didn't flinch at the pistol promised to find
your bones if you dared
round those bases a 715th time.

385ft later on a brisk April night, their God became mortal

and you a king sneaking out a back entrance,
head tucked under an arm, still asked to be stealthy.
Tonight, the champagne will taste sweeter, won't be
alligator bait in a brackish swamp.

A brown body no one misses when swinging anything but a bat

Grown tired of your mother's trembling palms,
of hiding the truth that you were worthy
of the Babe's cap tip, you became—

755 home runs later—
hero to every boy in Alabama still belly flat
on the floor, wanting to be mountain,

still villain to every wrong hand
waving a confederate flag outside the stadium,
wanting you to be that black boy chasing
broken-down buses
instead of records owned by white men.

If baseball is indeed God's heaven,
I hope you untuck your head &
lift it as high as you always deserved.
I hope the Babe comes over to shake your hand first
& they argue over who gets dibs on you,
sandlot style.

for Hank Aaron

Frankie A. Soto

The Trouble with Sourdough

The young neighbour woman came 'round last week with a Mason jar full of sourdough. I opened the door and there she was all serious and full of purpose like a priest offering a sacrament starter kit. I stifled a grin, told her no. No thanks; told her that I tried it once a long time ago, another life. I told her that there are enough things to feel poorly about if you're so inclined; no need, I said, to invite a bowl of it to stare you down every day, and said something about how I was a young mother once too and had been for a long time someone's someone and the long and short of it was I could not afford to give myself over to a bowl of fermented dough and god knows how long I held her there holding her intended gift until at last she spoke,

I made it myself. If it dies, I have more.

I told her I was flattered she thought of me and in such a way as to put me in a category of sourdough homemakers made me feel downright earthy and then I cautioned her about giving too much away, about holding back, about keeping enough for herself.

But you keep adding to it, she said.

I know, I said.

I know.

Lenora Steele

“House moving ‘rained-out”

*(headline Dec. 1, 1982, Vincennes Sun-Commercial,
Vincennes, IN)*

I see they sold the old place, peeled off the front porch,
sawed it in two, top to bottom. Nailed strong plastic side to side

but the way the wind whips through this time of year
that won't keep the wet out long, and it takes a while

to tow two halves of a creaky clapboard building
from one state to another, plus you need the escorts

one ahead, one behind, with their flashing lights
to let the world know there's a house on its way.

And now this rain has washed out the move for today
as if this were a baseball game or a parade,

rock concert or some other big deal.
Plus the forecast is for storms that give no refunds—

bluster and blow, torrents and possible floods
on the east-west road. How will we get these ceilings

transported, fixtures dangling, walls where you can see
holes for the pictures, closet with the rod all bowed

wooden stairs with one squeaky board?
Indiana to Oregon, or bust. Even if it is December.

Annie Stenzel

Fiddle-Leaf Fig

The fiddle-leaf fig is taller than I am now.
Top heavy, thick veined,
It strains against the stakes.
With enough time and rain,
It will break free and almost topple,
A leaning stalk of leaves big as placemats.
No golden goose, just maybe a sparrow
That paused to rest
Will fly up like a handful of dirt.
I don't want an ornamental
With all its tangled vanity,
Or shrubs rounded over their hoarded
Darkness,
But something that mothers its own roots,
That lets everything else get soaked.
I have seen storms both destroy trees
And be destroyed by them. Seen the sky ripple
With uncertainty. I haven't read the Gospels
In years,
But every once in a while
A breeze raises a fern's frond
Like a question mark,
A leaf sprouts straight from the trunk,
Or a spider lowers on a fishing line,
Offering itself as bait.

Jack Stewart

Jews in the Bronx During World War II

No one talked to children about the war:
“You shouldn’t know from it!” On warm days
Ruthann’s grandfather sat at his window next door
to watch us play with eyes that never smiled.
No sounds touched him when his lips prayed white fire
from Hebrew letters alive beneath his fingers.

When I whispered in shul my dad’s index finger
flew to his lips. Under the holy roof, the war
could be ignored while people were rapt in the fire
of devotion and felt comforted. For the holy days
women dressed in new clothes. Some even smiled
and patted my cheek at the synagogue door.

My mother loved company, to open the doors
of house and heart to friends, while I sank my finger
deep into frosting. Mother’s whole body smiled
when friends were visiting. The war
was a silent presence, even in the days
before a party when the kitchen was fire-

hot with baking and cooking. The war was a fire,
and we were helpless, a fire almost next door
with headlines shouting at us. Each day’s
paper printed maps of Europe which my finger
traced to learn contours, not understanding war
maps showed the front lines. Now I smile

at ignorance of why maps changed, but few smiled
much in those days. Fear raged like a fire
that would never go out. We thought the war
could come here. As air-raid warden, Dad went door-
to-door to yell about putting out lights. Mother’s fingers
draped cloth over a lamp at night, and on my forehead on days

when I was ill. When victory in Europe came—V-E Day—
we didn’t celebrate, but did relax a little and smile
with one enemy defeated. We crossed our fingers

as we braced to face the Pacific on fire.
There was a lessening of tension behind every front door
although we couldn't forget we were still at war.

Joyful days followed the end of the war.
Streets lit with laughter, smiles opened every door,
skies blazing with fingers of rocket fire.

Marilynn Talal

A Dream of Snow

All night I have been walking through it,
even though I have wings.

Here & there a blackbird,
sometimes singing,

sometimes simply plucking
the strings of a small guitar.

Little houses,

such as those found in European folk tales
from several centuries earlier,

crouch like occasional dominoes.

The moon looks like a white cathedral.

There is a forest,
but it keeps getting further & further away.

When I pause to rest beneath a large tree
the wind becomes a bell calling my soul to prayer.

What does one ask for in a dream? I wonder.

Something that looks a lot like this.

Kareem Tayyar

Metaphysics

The sky is a whale,
dreaming of flight.

When a black horse sleeps,
the field attracts bluebirds & ghosts.

If a well is dug by the hands of an old man,
the water will be blessed for a hundred years.

A summer rain means the angels are sleeping.
A winter rain means the dead have learned how to pray.

Kareem Tayyar

Riding in a Cart on Top of a Cart

Riding in a cart,
stacked
our upturned fingers
in low canopies
of maples, sweetgum,
where sky lays thick
and the air lays thick
already browning

in turning
by the cart
that we ride on.
the answer

the only question,
What do we do
with love,
in a cart

Birds answer all,
in the present,
I see you.

on top of a cart
and rolling,
touching goldfinch auras, birds
passing over, galaxies
shattering pine
with December's mind
with November's memories
wet and torn

underfoot,
carrying a cart
We look up. Looking,
to the question,

what do we do today?
today
lurching along
stacked on a cart?

the past returning
I hear you
See.

Stephen Scott Whitaker

When Susan B. Anthony Was President

The children and cattle and bees had votes,
paving spoke and old buckets sang. She
didn't campaign or craft promises, it happened
the way crops reach toward Demeter, the way

water runs to the center of a leaf. The past
became a word men couldn't use, like an old log
below the water not clearly visible and when
an angler catches his hook on it all he can do

is cut the line. When Susan B. Anthony
was president, our children knew the names
of all the small brown birds, there were no
wrong spellings any more. Skirts stopped

denying legs and instead spoke them. Nests
flew away from the barn, curtains refused
windows, the doors flung off their hinges.
For that brief four-year term, we studied

her perfect voice, its adamant muscle,
we loved our liberated wheatfields,
the renounced territory of spices,
the sudden and utter remorse of history.

Nancy White

Found

From topsoil-dampened knees
I summon idols quietly:
bird and animal, small

familiars that abide nearby
or dwell undefied
in nests beneath my skin.

They are not false, but secret kin,
approach with watchful care,
pretend I'm theirs.

Forget their given names
that we might learn astonishment
again, restored by touch the way

afflicted beggars were.
My open hands char raw where light
incinerates.

Come cardinal,
low flame against spring snow;
I know your call and hideaway.

Come deer in delicate parade;
soft lips devour
my every bud.

And should you find me disarrayed,
unkempt from intercourse
consensual, if strange,

do not prepare or purify
my rude material
with herbs and oil

but let me broken lie
in state, anonymous,
no graven stone to find me by.

George Witte

On a Mountain, Written Upon Departing a Checkpoint

Beside a stream and bamboo fence, red apricot blossoms—
behind weeping willows, two or three houses.
A bridge above this stream connects grass fields—
on this mountain path, there are no men. The lone sun sets.

Yi Tal
Trans. Ian Haight
& T'ae-yong Hŏ

Leaving Lee

An empress tree's flower falls in a thick night fog—
pines by the sea, misty with spring clouds.
We drink a glass of wine, depart on green grass—
we'll meet again in Seoul.

Yi Tal
Trans. Ian Haight
& T'ae-yong Hŏ

Latticework

When you run a frequency through
salt on a board it will
rearrange itself into diamond
patterns. This is a small

demonstration of power
and alteration. Some days I am
the salt. Some days I am
the board. Some days I am

the energy in the circuits. There are
only so many ways these things can
arrange themselves. There are infinite
ways to break them. The heart, meanwhile

drums on with it's
impressionable rhythms.
To break a heart requires
only an interruption.

Hannah Yoest

International Feature Section

Taiwan

Love Song from the Sea:
an Anthology of Formosan Poetry
海的情歌—福爾摩莎詩選

Edited by Lee Kuei-shien &
Agnes Meadows



Following is an introduction from Dr. Lee Kuei-shien's collaborator, British poet and former Atlanta Review guest-editor (for our Cornwall and Wales issue), Agnes Meadows. Dr. Lee has titled this collection of poems, "Love Song from the Sea."

§§§§

"Love Song from the Sea" is the second collection of poetry coming out of Taiwan that I have had the pleasure of reading, editing and revising, and it adds even more weight to the island's reputation as a place of high quality and emotive poetry.

This new collection features the work of 18 Taiwanese poets – nine female and nine male – led by the formidable and prolific Lee Kuei-shien. Between them they have produced 62 pieces of work, translated by a number of specialists, and all of them, whether they are young or old, man or woman, have excellent literary credentials.

Some of the poets featured here were also included in another volume I edited and revised in 2019, so it was a pleasure to meet them again on the pages of this collection. Others were new to me, but all share a desire to consolidate Taiwan's place on the world map of poetry, and while the breadth of inspiration is much wider, it still focuses on the individual and collection love of and for Formosa, their homeland.

As a poet coming from Britain – an island nation – I completely understand the Taiwanese poets' connection to, and fascination with the sea that surrounds their native country. The endless changing dynamics, the colours, and the tidal ebb and flow of the seas Formosa is set in, are a reflection of the changing face of this jewel island, its history and its cultural definition. Sometimes the sea is calm and glorious, at other times whipped into war-like frenzy that can kill or destroy with impunity. So has it been with Taiwan – at times a pearl in a silver setting, while at other times it is at the mercy of hurricane forces beyond its control.

These differences and changes are reflected in this new collection of poetry, highlighting once again the over-riding longing by the writers that the spirit of the island and its people will neither be crushed nor extinguished. The collection emphasizes its relationship with the

sea and its river ‘whose water slowly flows into the depths of time,’ a glorious phrase from Lee Chang-hsien’s poem “Love River.”

And anyone who has seen the glory of a Tamsui sunset, where the sun slips effortlessly into a scarlet and gold beribboned sea, can confirm that it is truly a sight of astonishing beauty that stays with you forever –a twilight of biblical proportions.

“Love Song from the Sea” is a dynamic collection, vigorous in its imagery, and pointing even more firmly in the direction of a solid and robust future on the international stage of world literature for Taiwan. Its essence is as fluid as the oceans surrounding it, and as strong as the tides moving endlessly around its shores. Another excellent read for lovers of poetry and the poetic form wherever they are.

Agnes Meadows
Poet & Writer, London

Listening to the Sea 聽海

I am always fond of listening to the sea
in travelling all over the world, various coasts, rivers and lakes.

I am at most fond of the seaside at Tamsui
where thousands of Taiwan Acacia in breath together.

Either during blurring sunrise or under diming moonlight
either in indistinct raining or under sunshine of blue affection,

all my intention is listening to the sea, watching the acacia
in simulating the sea, thousands hand in hand for folk dance.

Intense when resounding, gentle when twittering
the sea accords different kinds mood and pulsation.

Whenever I keep silent along the seaside at Tamsui
I recognize somewhat emotionless sounds of the sea.

Lee Kuei-shien

Taiwan Island 島嶼台灣

You emerge as an island
from the waves of white satin.

The dense forest of black hair
drifts with longing nostalgia.
The beach of soft white sands
is imprinted with numerous kisses of shells.

Taking a birds-eye view from the sky
the beauty of your texture is so attractive
that I am landing onto your body thirstily.

You are a mermaid
in the Pacific Ocean
the landmark of my eternal home country.

Lee Kuei-shien

Monologue by Lighthouse 燈塔自白

On the vast sea
I wish to give you a spot of light
indicating a certain direction.
Perhaps you may depart for everywhere
farther and farther away
or you may decide to moor on the shore
staying together with this beautiful island
along the winding coast.
In the daytime, may be just a simple scenery
at night, it definitely emits a brilliant ray
illuminating the history of seacoast
until dawn.
If you stay, we accompany on island.
If you leave, we separate forever.

Lee Kuei-shien

My Taiwan, My Hope 我的台灣 我的希望

I hear your sound from the morning birds singing.
I feel your passion from the noon sunshine.
I watch your magnificence from sunset glow.
Oh, Taiwan, my home, my love.

The coasts have your curve.
The waves have your surge.
The clouds have your elegance.
The flowers have your gesture.
The leaves have your evergreen.
The woods have your burliness.
The bedrocks have your sturdiness.
The mountains have your loftiness.
The streams have your meander.
The rocks have your grandeur.
The roads have your roughness.
Oh, Taiwan, my land, my dream.

In your lung there is my breath.
In your history there is my life.
In your being there is my consciousness.
Oh, Taiwan, my country, my hope.

Lee Kuei-shien

Love Song from the Sea 海的情歌

The sea has been inquiring
the emotion of the land
to get response by the rocks.
The waves sometimes rush
sometimes retreat quickly
always embrace the curved coast
while sing an exciting love song
in sputtering
to the silent land.
The land accumulates the feelings in mind
to prepare a volcanic eruption,
a presentation of most flaming hot.

Lee Kuei-shien

Sunset Glow 晚霞

The sunset glow is astonishing
as a message of burning flames of war.
Is that a disaster of past years
or a misfortune in future
or the foreign people over thousand miles
is suffering from ravage
or victims are distressed in relentless torment.
The birds dispatch the news by express
and the ships bound for rescue in urgent.
The beautiful scenery is grieved
that soon be trapped into darkness.

Lee Kuei-shien

Fishing 釣魚

In the water
The fish was happy
Singing
Playing hide-and-seek
Blowing bubbles and
bubbles and bubbles。

Catching the fish
The fisherman was happy
He will never know
There are fish's tears
In the water.....

Lin Wu-hsien

As Seagull Sees It 海鷗的看法

Eagle brought Seagull
To his white cloud country
Eagle pointed out the sights
Clouds and hills here
Flowers and trees there
Butterflies there
And deer there

Seagull said I know it, I know it all
Clouds are seas in the sky
Hills are waves standing still
Butterflies are sea spray with wings
And deer are tides with legs

Lin Wu-hsien

Shoes 鞋

I come home, my shoes come off
Sister comes home, her shoes come off
Brother and father come home
And their shoes come off

Big and small shoes
Like a family
Gather in the hall
Sharing the day's news

Big and small shoes
Like large ships and little boats
Return to the harbor
Enjoying the warmth of home

Lin Wu-hsien
Trans. by Rosalind Wu

The Person in Dream 夢中人

On his upper body
several pages of newspaper
unfolded as a quilt
while his lower body
bent and knelt like
an Arab in worshipping Allah
with his head buried in hands.
As his wandering expression on the face concealed
he showed indifference to the hurried footsteps
coming to and fro the underpass.
When I went by the underground passage again
the place was empty
but found him on a bench in the waiting room
with his head bowed
some traces of saliva remain on the corners of his mouth.

Chuang Chin-kuo

About Conscience 良心問題

After a whole day's sprint
he yawned to sleep.

He was chased by a hundred-pace snake
on a sudden in his dream
after ninety-nine paces of seeking refuge
ended with a scream
he fell down into the deep canyon.

He can't help but sweat as soon as waking up
in touching the spot kissed by the snake.
Yesterday's accident just crossed his mind
yet it doesn't go away.

On an unknown road
a galloping car knocked down an old lady
who extended out of her toothless mouth
with a snake's tongue.

Chuang Chin-kuo

The Coral Reef of Takao 打狗的珊瑚礁

The aerial roots of the old banyan were entwined.
The rock suspended from the slope
It is said to have rolled down from the Fairy Mountain.
Another rock was cracked up into the open space of Takao.
Like a still drum
Guarding the saline lake.
Fishermen would give several taps on it when passing by.
They called it Takao Rock.

When the Flag of the Sun was hoisted, the open space was blown up.
Before ships entered the port, Takao Rock was blown up.
No reef was allowed to wreck anything in the water course.
The broken pieces that were salvaged
Became pike-toothed stones.

They could be smashed into limes to make cements and
To be mixed with sands to become smooth walls.

The coral reefs at the bottom of the sea have risen up
And extended to every grove of cement.

Chuang Chin-kuo

Ruins 廢墟

The land that nobody cares
Like the various boxes were thrown into the depth
Of the warehouse
I do not know where it comes from
Cannot stride a single step of it

That mysterious territory
In the depth of the residents' soul
Forever keeps the waves, storm, dusts, noise
And the fallen desolation of the sea

Incarcerated human's mind with
The daunting sea
The voice cannot correspond
A lonely movement shed into the droplets

Crane
Pier
And human labors
The coast was casted an instant
Illusion of happiness

People put their infinite world
And fragments of the sea
Hiding in a box of one's mind
Oblivion is like the cloud to close to them
Until the rocks are dying

Catherine Yen

If, Earth 如果，地球

If on Earth
All the leaves
Falling in a moment at the same instant

If on Earth
All the birds
Stretching their wings in a moment at the same minute...

If on Earth
All the churches
Ringing the bells in a moment at the same time...

How many decibels the shock and the fury will be?

The falling leaves submerge the earth
Flying birds overwhelm the sky
The bells deafen the people
Human escape nowhere

Just because
The falling leaves
Birds' wings
And bell chimes.....

Catherine Yen

Seeking a Dream to Embrace You 求一个美夢攬抱你

Seeking a dream to embrace you
A place never been traveled
Deep in the pupil of eyes.....
Sea of tears overflowing the eyes of earth
Rotation of aeon brought mortal to its origin
Billions moments blinking through the life
Ne embracing thus no dream
No departure a verity
Return not a result
If there is a wait
Should exist only in a flash of a never traveled planet
Looking afar
Starlight lastly falling deep in the universe
That's time after human's eyes are blind.....

Chang Te-pen

You Think 你想講

You think you have me snapped
Actually
I was turned into doubles
Power expanded to four directions through two ways

You think you have slain me
Actually
I was hid in the eyes of life
Ready for its re-birth

You think you have crushed me into ashes
Actually
I have transformed into air
Subsist in your every breath

You think you have me buried
Actually
I have sprouted into weeds over the soil
Entangle and follow the footsteps you tread

Chang Te-pen

In the Dressing Room 在更衣室

In the dressing room
Naked eventually to see the hands and the feet
Seeing the length of the hands and the feet
Like to see one's length or shortness
Naked finally to see the body
Seeing the body's fat and lean
Like to see one's tolerance and mean

In the dressing room
Holding the chosen clothes
Lone finally to face the mirror
Put on and take off, take off and put on
Try on and change, change and try on

After all
How many times I should change to face a shameless self?
After all
How many times I should change to face the world

Chang Te-pen

Fort San Domingo 紅毛城

The Tamsui River turns into turbid by a rainstorm
then recovers to clear fresh water, frequently.

A picture displays that in 1629
the people with black hairs speaking Spanish
established the Fort San Domingo
on the hill beside the river bank.

Another picture displays that in 1642
the people with red hairs speaking Dutch
came to the port by junks
renamed the Fort San Domingo as Fort Antonio.

It became a concession territory in 1867
as British Consulate for one century long.

The red fort on the hill is rendered to vermilion
whenever during sunset at Tamsui.

Li Yu-fang

Trans. by Lee Kuei-shien

Hobe* Fort 滬尾砲台

On the Hobe Fort
the cannons just like a flock of circling eagles
with eagle eyes overlooking the river situation
for guarding the island port, never slack off.

The resource of river basin has been invaded,
the fruits, spices and timbers have been plundered.

Perhaps
the Japanese disliked artillery colonization
by dismantling the fort erected by Manchu troops.
Perhaps
the stars have been ordered to unload the helmets
and thus distributing the light to Tamsui pier.

Li Yu-fang
Trans. by Lee Kuei-shien

Note:

Hobe is an ancient native name of Tamsui.

Hobe Old Street 滬尾老街

Wandering around Hobe old street
it is happy to encounter a modern singer singing
the “song of drinking wine” accompanied by drifting wind.

It is happy to hear the priest speaking Tamsui accent.
The young generation occasionally shows their English
nothing to do with the colonized language.

If you do not hurry
please sit down to rest for a while,
appreciating the dusk scenery at riverside on fishery pier
tasting some traditional foods along old street
drinking Hobe new fashion tides
looking far up to the defogged vision of Mount Guanyin*
and staring at nearby the rainbow love bridge of Aletheia.

Li Yu-fang

Trans. by Lee Kuei-shien

Note:

*Guanyin, the Bodhisattva of Compassion or Goddess of Mercy (Sanskrit Avalokiteśvara).

The Voyage of Island 島嶼的航行

1.

The ship left Taiwan in favorable wind
You therefore entered one colony island

Your identity was recognized immediately
Rendered you a free movement

In the future
Living in this established town
The sovereignty still attributed to it.

You grouped the sea birds
Did not throw the net
Never worry about reaping the fish

2.

Against the wind, the ship continued to accomplish its voyage
Suddenly encounter the undercurrent
The ship vibrated heavily and made you dizzy at times

if it were not the sunset
Towing the glamour long tail of golden pheasant
To split the heaven and sea

The fully disputed colors and boundaries
You assumed you saw a heat and red fire tong in stove
Take out the roasted sweet potato

3.

On the stage of Opera House
The Spanish girl holds
A rose in her mouth is more reddish than her lips

Turn around the body
The raised hips clipped
The bullfighter hits the round leather drum and
dances the tap dancing at the same time

You watch the play
Follow the applause
Comfort yourself by laying down the heavy burden

Li Yu-fang

Trans. by Catherine Yen

Lamentation of the Taiwan Deer 台灣梅花鹿哀歌

We could once leisurely stroll in the forests
A beautiful view on the face of Formosa
We were closer to this island prior to mankind

Should beauty equate sorrow?
Should a rarity become a target?
Should extinction be the fate of escape?

The greed of mankind
The bloodiness of mankind
Wearing our branched antlers
Striding with raised heads in urban jungles
Yet still cannot conceal that intrinsic ugliness

We cannot be transplanted or replaced

Hereafter
We will only be a frame-mounted scenery
of a deep and verdant forest

Hsieh Pi-hsiu

Sculpturing Life 雕刻人生

The master craftsman says
Even though rotten wood cannot be carved,
Art can highlight its personality

Pondering
On how to influence humans
With a beautiful stance,
Take this tiny wish
And engrave it ceaselessly upon piece after piece of unworked wood.

My Buddha
Only by selflessly being shaved away
Can a compassionate statement be achieved.

Speechless statue,
As you watch the coming and going
With emotion,
Or without emotion,
You radiate limitless words.

Hsieh Pi-hsiu

Life of a Bamboo Chair 竹椅人生

Please be seated.
Let's brew up a pot of tea
And listen to me carefully.
The texture of a chair weaves one's life

I have good DNA;
Endurance, toughness,
And I can carry various weights.
I enter a luxury house,
Experience joy when married,
Then turn into a humble house,
Tasting both the sweetness and bitterness of life.
In the countryside's temple yard
I run through the minds of grandparents.
In the urban city's park
I take the tramp's bitterness.

I am tight-lipped,
And was finally attached as a picture.

When you look quietly at the painting
You can still silently recall
Your own story.

Hsieh Pi-hsiu
Trans. by Catherine Yen

Sea View Rock

On the shores of Chishing beach
Looking toward the Pacific in the East
Each day
I record the first ray of morning light

The sea air and waves often come to tease
And leave marks on our bodies
The thickness of history
Slowly builds up
Each unique appearance

I will not look back toward the West
Refusing the glare of the setting sun
On the side of the Taiwan Strait
Polluting our artistic image of beauty
Until it becomes a vast
Dark red

Hsieh Pi-hsiu
Trans. by Emily Deasy

Love River 愛河

Love River
We have a river in our hearts
Written full of love and romance

Love River
Love River's water slowly flows
Into the depths of time

Love River
Flows into the blood vessels to become
The inner soul's strength

Love River
Poetry and beauty
Fill up the journey of life

Chang-hsien Lee

Coffee of the Heart 心咖啡

My hands hold the same coffee cup,
But my heart has a different shape,

Tasting the same Mount East single origin coffee,
My heart interprets each color, aroma, taste;

Life's journey of happiness, joy, anger, sorrow
Explained through language, words, musical notes, paint.

The world of coffee is full of imagination
No borders, no boundaries, free to roam

Ah! The formless aroma of coffee
Lets the soul become abundantly free

Chang-hsien Lee

The Internet 網路

The Internet has everything;
Fingers slide here and there
Hypnotizing yourself
Into thinking there are no distances on the Internet.

Click a 'like',
Add a friend, a fan page,
LINE to, LINE fro,
Always keeping everything on standby.

More and more people's egos
Are controlled by smartphones,
Like developing a drug addiction
With recurrent seizures.

In Internet communities
Every person is searching for
A lonely existence.

Chang-hsien Lee

A Poet Makes Pottery 詩人作陶

I use hands that have written many poems
To freely mould many teacups.
Not seeking smoothness, not seeking perfection,
Each has a form, almost round, but not round,
Corresponding to real life,
Where, once moulded, a touch must remain.

I use hands that have written many poems,
To shape clay on a potter's wheel.
Shaping life into a circle,
The malleability of the clay
Inspires my creativity to continue
Exploring forms of artistic expression.

Chang-hsien Lee

The Dairy Cow Inside the Iron Fence 鐵柵內的母乳牛

The dairy cow has just given birth.
The little dairy cow has just stood up.
Without having time to suckle its mother's milk,
A stranger forcefully grabs her away.

The dairy cow locked inside the iron fence
Has no space to move around.
She stands the entire day gazing towards the outside
Thinking of her little baby.
The little dairy cow misses her mother
And wants one mouthful of her mother's milk,
But can only use her imagination.

Humans don't use their mother's milk to nurture.
Infants only know once they have grown up
That infant formula is made from cow's milk.
Their own mother is a dairy cow
That is locked inside an iron fence.

Chang-hsien Lee
Trans. by Jane Deasy

The Pact of the Sea 海之約

On a day when raindrops strike and sound,
We agree to meet and watch the sea.
The sea's azure blue rejects visitors;
Sprinkled with a misty grey,
It lifts and refreshes
The blue and white colours of the coffee hut on the cliff.
Our laughter
Is embraced by that arc-shaped horizon
Connecting sea to sky.
Our glancing eyes graze
Fishing boats that are sketched upon the endless view,
Drifting on the scenery of the seam
The aroma of coffee shifting the scene.
The Grecian atmosphere of the Northern Seashore
Allows slumbering love
To respond to the call of poetry.
Unconsciously
Awakening from time's the dead ash,
We agreed to meet and watch the sea
On that
Day when raindrops struck and sounded.

Lin Lu

Color of the Rose 玫瑰的顏色

Like night, the color of the rose is
Frozen inside the shop window.
To whom, after all, will it be given,
Suspecting that their type is not pure enough.
Perhaps only then can one play to the gallery
Of passing looks.

Grasping the right to represent love like a wise man,
Even if there is the enthusiasm of ninety-nine roses,
Ultimately, the flaw of one rose still remains;
Its hidden stem and thorn cannot be seen,
In an era where wrapping is inevitably needed,
The rose has the same color as the night.

Lin Lu

The sound of the sea 海的聲音

We are facing the sea together
in silence
Leaving only the sound of the sea.
A sunny afternoon
Must hold up an umbrella
Letting the coast stretch endlessly
To a past I do not know how to review.
Your weakness
At last
Yields bars beneath his hands,
Narrowing his eyes with wrinkles.
Trying to resist the sun's
Sparkling golden light,
I silently write down your silhouette.
I would like to tell you
After turning around,
What you yearn for,
The towering salt mountain
That is stacked up.
You are young and refined.
This is the last time we will go to the sea;
Silence is our last dialogue.
We add the voices of our hidden family
And leave our favorite place by the sea.

Lin Lu

In Your Name 以妳之名

It is a glory for us;
Where there are the most stories of this Island
We stretch our arms
to embrace the world.

With our laughter and tears
You can witness
The beauty of this Island
Is emerging after years of thoughtful pondering.
Ah! This is my favorite Formosa

Having been asked
Why a sense of being suppressed
Can be read from my poems
I said,
Year by year
The flaming flowers of phoenix trees
Shout to the vast sky,
The wings of a thousand butterflies flapping.
Ah! This is passionate Formosa.

We are integrating,
We are contemplating,
We are resisting,
We are desiring to break away from evil forces.

Ah! My favorite Formosa,
In your name
I praise friendship
and absorb the colorful elements of the world
In an International Poetry Festival.

Lin Lu

Mother, illiteracy 母親，不識字

Illiterate mother
Each person's expression
Is her moving poem

Each day's work
Is her must-read prose

Chats with others
Is her well-loved novel

Her heart of love towards her children
Is her tirelessly-read philosophy

She is unaware
She is an encyclopedia
That her children want to read.

Tsai Jung-Yung

Camera 照相機

In each person's heart
Hides a camera
The sunlight of love shines down
She leaps into
The pitch-dark negative
Immersing herself in a brook of time
Babbling, babbling
Emerging as a beautiful,
Never-fading photograph.
Using time to hang it upon a wall,
One day
It too will be thrown away, one thinks.
The truth, hidden in a photograph,
Will perhaps transform itself into
A crucifix.

Tsai Jung-Yung

Photography 攝影

When the scenery is invisible
There remains sadness, loneliness, moods, monologue.....
And stray eyes.

When the scenery is visible,
Images catch inner scenes
And remembering eyes.

When dialoguing with a blade of grass,
Sometimes you converse with your own loneliness,
Sometimes with your own sadness.

When dialoguing with a big tree,
Sometimes you talk with your own moods,
Which is sometimes your own monologue.

When dialoguing with a house,
You ask yourself where to go
And where your home is.

Murmuring images
Snap to rescue
Your own scenery

The camera lens's leopard eyes open
Patiently, waiting for prey.

Tsai Jung-Yung

The setting sun on beach 沙灘上的夕陽

On the beach
They stepped into the shallow current
to chase each other.
Sometimes they squatted down
to pick up shells.

The setting sun was sinking bit by bit.
They stood close together, surrounded by the shining flow
“So many suns! So close!” they called,
Wanting to pick up these many suns from the water
to preserve them.

Ming-Keh Chen

The Ships in Dock 船塢裡的船

Are they looking at the sea?
What do they think?

They are not original.
Cranes sling steel girders and metal sheets
Which are then welded and cut by the raging fire.
From the moment they are cut out to be ships,
they feel the sea's calling.

I finally understand
Why I, made of flesh and blood,
feel the immortal calling

Can it be a little bit clearer,
In the same way as ships hear the sea?

Ming-Keh Chen

Conveyor Belt 輸送帶

The conveyor belt scrolls forward constantly;
Abundant ore is carried and moved,
Broken to pieces to be reshaped.
Its motor, unseen, tweets and drones
With endless stability.

None have ever asked me
Who I am.

Ore shakes on the conveyor belt
Fiercely as if it wants to jump off.

I take the bus on time every day,
Go to work and return home.
For a moment, I find an opportunity to escape.
But cannot jump off.

When ore falls at the end of the conveyor belt,
Where does it go?

Ming-Keh Chen

Dark Night 暗夜

I thought of them as small stones
Rain drops falling heavily in the dark night
I stood by the door
Sensed in surprise that I was besieged
I did not know which place it was

A firefly hid itself
In trees outside the grain-drying square
Protecting its flashing lights
It moved constantly

I pulled a bench and sat down
I had many dreams
And even smiled

Oh! Here is my home, Taiwan

Ming-Keh Chen

If you were real, Taiwan 假使你是真的，台灣

If you were real
you would feel the rain drops dripping on the leaves
and sense them falling on the ground

If you were real
the shock from tricky earthquakes from behind
and the teasing bullying of September typhoons
would not mean anything

We are the dust attached on this land
If you were real
you would recognize the genes we share
and smile at my wild fluttering in the wind

I will not grieve over the changing of species
Taiwan cypress becomes rare
deer skin is difficult to find
If you were real
you should understand
the sadness of
the soil without soil quality

Like exchanging name cards
we look into each other's eyes.
The name
is the emotion deeply imprinted in the soul
the hope of sun rising from the mountain top
the promise of buds cheering on the branches

You do not need to remember me
even if you were real
you will realize
there is a "me" deeply embedded in this land
just like the numerous "you" with the same genes

I would like to hear you talk about yourself
if you were real
no rush to respond
I would rather you stayed silent
than distort yourself

Lin Sheng-Bin

The Tamsui twilight 淡水暮色

In front of the river
There is a veil of clouds
covering the red cheek of Mount Guanyin.
The longing you barely hide
comes out of your orange eyes illuminated by the lights
flowing over the waters.

Blue water shadow
conceals the brilliance of its long and deep waves,
affecting our emotions.
Ah, this is the best moment to confide in true feelings.

Those fishermen on the embankment
Ignoring the splashing water exaggerated by their mocking boats
are waiting
for a gentle kiss on their fishing rods.

In the studio on Puding Hill
I try to paint your figure,
But how do I get your complex colors from such a long story?
It is not possible for the warm tones of the front
to express the vicissitude of dark blue and violet in the back shadow.

To contemplate them well, the emotional fluctuations
of distance and height are needed,
especially regarding your history and soul;
hugs will not fall into illusory shadow.

Tamsui twilight
is the love song of the land.
Your generous love spreads over the water.
Tamsui river, the artery of life,
before the world grows dim,
only your color
can express my deepest feelings to the mountain and the river.

Lin Sheng-Bin

Departure 啟程

Tonight,
I decide to depart
With your affectionate kiss.
Closing my eyes,
I could see your nymphaean face.
On your cherry lips,
I kissed you good-bye.

To start an unknown journey
I no longer hesitate
Because
Your encouragement and love
Are accompanying me.
You said,
Let go,
Feel easy,
And set off.

Although the sun no longer shines on me,
My warmth will still be filled with your heart.
Although departing for the deep dark night
I am so peaceful and calm.
Farewell
My love.
We will meet each other someday.
I will peacefully wait for you,
And guard you once again.

Tai Chin-chou

Singing a Song at the End of My Life
在生命的盡頭唱首歌

Neither white nor black is my choice.
Sad cries are also not what I like to listen to.
Colorful roses are actually my favorite.
I will say goodbye to you with smiles;
Please fare me well with your sweet singing voice.
At twilight I will go back to my homeland.
The setting sun will show its smile;
Birds will sing their happiness.
Please merrily send me back to my hometown.
The mountain at home! The river at home!
Please be sure to wait for me.
I will go home with smiles.

Tai Chin-chou
Trans. by Amber Wang

s

The Nostalgic Nile 尼羅河上的相思

The Nile nurtures the dry land
With her abundant milk.
As she gradually thrives,
The Nile tells one of the
Most extraordinary stories in history
The Pschent
Shines beneath her nourishment.
At the Pantheon,
Ra, Horus, Meretseger
Do not dwell in the silence of solitude.
For many years the Nile still overwhelms
Travelers as she bathes them in her embrace
And moves them deeply.
I am yearning for home
Like the water twirling in the Nile.
As my heart lies with the Nile tonight,
My soul longs for the moon.
To send my love home,
I am on the banks of the Nile
Heartsick.

Tai Chin-chou

Darkness 為何天黑得早

How did it get dark so soon?
Oh, has darkness arrived?
Why am I gradually losing my sight?
Oh, why has the air become thin?
Why can't I breathe?
Oh, why are you so far away?
Why can't I feel you?
Away!
Who can take away these obstacles?
Who can take away my worries?
As I embark for my journey,
Don't say goodbye with tears in your eyes,
While I lay in silence
And fall deep into my dreams.
I see my joyful childhood,
I see my beautiful love,
I see my beloved family,
I see my strong friendship.
Don't wake me up.
Please leave me with these memories.
Oh, has darkness arrived?

Tai Chin-chou

Trans. by Chuen-shin Tai

Island and Sea 島與海

Walking along the downtown street
I feel myself as a small floating island.

If you are also
a floating island,
please connect with me
to become a land with unlimited scenery.

If you are
a mysterious ocean
having the same heartbeats as mine,
please embrace my solid coast
with your arms.

Whenever I am weeping too much,
I feel myself becoming a dead sea.

If you are also a sea,
please connect with me
to become a vast expanse of waters,
its swashing waves dance and sing ceaselessly.

If you are an isolated island,
I invite you to reside within my ocean
to reduce my overwhelming sadness.
My ears of seashells
will listen to your
sweet whispers.

Chen Hsiu-chen

Tamsui Sunset 日落淡水

The sunset watches itself
from the mirror
of Tamsui sea's surface.

The sunset
cannot help drowning,
step by step in the reflection
that is more beautiful than its own.

Along the shore,
the lights in a row
lighten your eyes all together,
but cannot rescue
the drowning sunset.

It is probable
the sun is being savaged
on the other side of the sea.

Chen Hsiu-chen

The Book of the Sea 大海之書

For seabirds
the wind opens the book of the sea to present
morning glow, fishing boats, white waves, sunset.....

The seabirds read until their eyes become blurred,
until the fish first appears.
Suddenly,
their eyes brighten like the sun,
their wings shoot like arrows into the book.

Chen Hsiu-chen

Seabirds 海鳥

In the chilling sky,
you might become the prey being torn by
the claws of eagles.

In that moment
you would not be a mascot to others.
You stand independently on the reef
at times wandering around the shallows.

Your slight curved long beak shames the fishing hook,
while our sharp eyes reveal aggressive fighting intentions
As they look through the blue waves
and frighten away falcons.

Chen Hsiu-chen

In your hug 在你的擁抱中

In your hug
I become a boat
giving up the wind and sail
mooring to your gentle harbor.

In your hug
I become a tame white pigeon
giving up the whole sky
to have you as my wings.

In your hug
I lost my direction
depending on the two torches of your eyes
to navigate me in the endless night.

In your hug
I reincarnate my whole body into just one ear
not hearing the beasts roaring to me
but only listening to your whisper.

In your hug
I automatically disarm my gun and bullets,
for you armed me with the most powerful weapon
which I am willing to be injured by for you.

O Neruda
I will spend my whole life
In exchange with you
a hug of everlasting love.

Chen Hsiu-chen
Trans. by Lee Kuei-shien

Memory Puzzles

Between this group of people and that other group,
some are like islands
where, if the sea level rises, another inch disappears.
They are courses during meals.

Some are like the land that permanently sinks into the sea,
Unable to save, hard to recover.

Some, like a marine ecosystem in crisis,
the plankton and red coral, are in danger of extinction.

Other people are like the waters that move
between one set of ocean currents and another ...
Without memory, with no impression of them.

But how many people
can stay in the memory as if it was colored yesterday?
Whether fatigued or not, I can't think about it.
I just think that almost... and almost... I can't think about it!

Between this group of people and that other group,
how many people in the world pass close to us?

Every morning, do you also get off my bus?
Are you waiting to walk along my Zhongzheng Street?
Are you in the crowd at my crossroads?

Or, do you ever travel through the Latin Quarter
near Notre Dame de Paris?
Or, do you walk through the boutiques of the Barrio de Salamanca in
Madrid?

At that moment, do you and I cross paths without any awareness of
each other?

Or, do you and I just look away?
Whether you are Taiwanese, French, Spanish, Arabic ...

this group of people and the other are all with or without borders,
getting lost in appearances ...
Nobody cares about beauty and ugliness, weight and color ...

Our inactive perception exists in a world of strangers ...
soon ... the couple sitting next to me
will dissipate above sea level 12000 meters below
below disappear from my memory.

Tu Tung-men

There Will Be Poetry 總是有詩

There may not be poets, but there will always be poetry.
The Peruvian poet Vallejo said he wanted to write,
but his words came out of bubbles.
I want to be a cougar,
but became an onion.

As long as life delivers such hard blows;
as long as evil hurts ever more fiercely than before,
while you smile,
and inside the heart it feels as if it had been cut by a knife,
there will be poetry!

As long as there is an unsolved mystery in the universe;
as long as sense and sensibility keep battling;
as long as sky and ocean are always connected but can never join
together,
there will be poetry!

As long as the soul feels joyful but does not express itself openly;
as long as there are eyes that reflect the eyes that are contemplating
them;
as long as sighing lips respond to the lips that sigh,
there will be poetry!

As long as the breeze carries perfume and harmony;
As long as there are hopes and memories;
As long as there are secrets that cannot be told,
there will be poetry!

It withers at the same time as being in full bloom;
as long as the fiery gold slashes the darkness.
Never say its treasures are used up completely or that it is short of
themes.
Bécquer has said the world might run out of poets, but always
there will be poetry!

Chien Jui-ling

At the gateway to a dreamscape 在夢境的入口

Under the moonlight, the unicorn roams unmolested,
Its mane pure and white,
While the ghosts of aureoles
haunt the night-scented lily's realm.

Dreamy quillworts in a dreamy lake
African grass owl with a gray-brown face
contemplate the clouded leopard
and the leopard cat,
and the happiness they create together.

Ghostly stag beetles
parade down
the dreamscape's gateway
and I walk amongst them.

Chien Jui-ling

Heat 熱

1.

Fiery heat
binds itself to heaven's greatness;
the shimmering face of the river
reaches as if up to the sky,
lustrous and immaculate,
blinding the spectator.

2.

The wintry sun casts its warm embrace
upon a cypress lane,
the players of hide-and-seek,
the windows frozen by a shutter click
all tell me
that summer carries with it
winter's face.

Chien Jui-ling

Tamsui Night Scene 淡水夜景

At the bar in a small café,
A stranger looks up at the night sky,
Its twinkling stars
Falling into the cappuccino coffee, and melting.

In a gentle autumn breeze,
Riverside Tamsui has its hustle and bustle
Blown away.

Night, dropping into the coffee cup
From the espresso machine,
One drip after another,
Comforts
Sleepless strangers.

Yang Chi-chu

The Riverbank Scenery 河岸風光

The river sends off everything,
Ferries coming and going,
Tourists coming and going,
Relaxed along with an EasyCard.
Connecting both sides,
The left bank looks forward at

The right bank, which returns its glance.
Under the dark night,
Lamps are painstakingly strung with
Dear beads.

Yang Chi-chu
Trans. by Wang Ching-lu

Fort San Domingo 紅毛城

The rise and fall of nations
And their checkered past
All remain
Jockeying for marine power

In the red-brick house,
The owner's language
Smelled of something
RING-RING-RING...
Service ring,
Spanish, Dutch, English,
Transmitting the wisdom of butlers,
Transmitting the influence of time.

In the Empire's hand,
Who would let go of it?

Yang Chi-chu

Tamsui Fisherman's Wharf 漁人碼頭

On the wharf
No fishermen
Or ships were going ashore.

At night, the sea wind was striking
A seven-colored bridge
In the splendid sky,
And daily visitors watched the night's sight.

On the wharf
The poet came,
And a ship set out.

At sunset, its afterglow was sparkling,
Poetic inspiration reflecting back
Afternoon clouds
Pursuing the chant of poetry.

Yang Chi-chu

The boat and us 規船的咱

In the boat,
By winds and waves,
We crossed both ocean and seaside.
Then, when off board, we saw everywhere
Was blossoming abundantly.
From head to toe we
Caught the fresh scent of rain.

In the boat,
Which was due to reach its destiny,
we arrived in Tamsui.
Then, through a golden dream beside the river,
gently we became the sunset.
In the boat,
we have swayed for
years, months, seasons.
The history of Tamsui is
hidden in its scenery.
Please look at the scenery quietly,
please embrace it tenderly,
with a pair of eyes that are a century old.

Wang Yi-ying

Before you finish reading the poem, do not think of
me purely
在你讀完詩以前請不要清澈的掛念我

Before you finish reading the poem,
do not think of me purely.

I so long to
share with you all of
the waves outside the blue window,
and the sands there.
The seconds we lost,
all look like a glimmering dawn,
covering the entire beginning of
every sweet dream.

Your glance, which catches inspiration,
is a container which can hold the entire world.
When the horizon overturns,
in my words, let us
travel through time and space,
travel through pains we have tried to forget.
Here are some beautiful words,
falling down one by one,
like stars, like the blinking of your eyes.

Before you finish reading the poem,
do not think of me purely.

Wang Yi-ying
Trans. by Goli Chen
& Camille Chang

Contributors

Daniel Blackston's poetry has appeared or will appear in: *California Quarterly*, *The Cape Rock*, *The Santa Clara Review*, *Kelp Journal*, and *Land Luck Review*. His most recent non-fiction books: *The Ariel Method*, and *William Shakespeare and the Divine Mind*, will be published in 2022. Daniel spotlights poems, features poets, and talks about poetry at his Stone Secrets blog at danielblackston.com.

Polly Brown's book, *Pebble Leaf Feather Knife*, was released by Cherry Grove Editions in 2019. More recent poems have appeared in *Naugatuck River Review*, *Heron Tree*, and *Appalachia*. Her two favorite recent teaching gigs were at Stanley Kunitz's boyhood home in Worcester, Massachusetts, and at the Massachusetts Poetry Festival.

George Burns has been writing short stories and poetry for more than forty years. His short stories and poems have appeared many literary magazines, including *Alaska Quarterly Review*, *Cathexis Northwest Press*, *The Comstock Review*, *The DMQ Review*, and *The Massachusetts Review*. His first book of poems, *If a Fish*, was recently published by Cathexis Northwest Press.

Peter Neil Carroll is currently Poetry Moderator of Portside.org. His latest collections of poetry, *Talking to Strangers* (Turning Point Press) and *This Land, These People: 50 States of the Nation*, which has won the Prize Americana, will be published in 2022. He lives in northern California.

Chang Te-pen 張德本 (b. 1952) is known as an expert in creative writing, critic in literary, arts and movies fields and collaboratively a jury in audio-visual arts of National Cultural and Arts Foundation. His publications include six books of collected poems and a Taiwanese-English bilingual masterpiece in poetry *The Target of Successive Generations* as long as 2,500 lines. His poems have been selected into various international anthologies published in USA, Mongolia, Turkey, and Chile.

Chang-hsien Lee 李昌憲 (b. 1954) is the editor-in-chief of *Li Poetry Bimonthly*. His publications of poetry include *Poems of the Processing Zone*, bestowed with *Li Poetry Award*, *Ecology Collection*, *On the Production Line*, *Looking Up at the Starry Skies*, *From Youth to Grey Hair*, *Poetry Anthology of Lee Chang-hsien*, *Collected Poetry of Lee Chang-hsien*, *A Vision of Beauty—Slow Travel in Greater Kaohsiung Poetry and Photography Collection*, *Poetics of Kaohsiung, 1977-2015*, and *Love River*.

Chen Hsiu-chen 陳秀珍 graduated from the Department of Chinese Literature in Tamkang University. Her publications of poetry include *String Echo in Forest*, *Mask*, *Uncertain Landscape*, *Promise*, *Poetry Feeling in Tamsui*, and *Fracture*. She participated in the Formosa International Poetry Festival 2015-2019, 2016 Kathak International Poets Summit in Dhaka, Bangladesh, 2016 Poetry Festival "Ditët e Naimit" in Tetova, Macedonia, 2017 "Capulí, Vallejo y su Tierra" in Peru, 2018 *Tras Las Huellas del Poeta* in Chile and 2019 Hanoi International Poetry Festival in Vietnam.

Chien Jui-ling, alias Nuria Chien, is a scholar, poet and translator, the secretary of the College of Foreign Languages, Providence University, Taiwan, as well as a teacher of Feng Chia University, Taiwan, the Spanish translator of the selected poems "Promise"

and “The Voyage of Island”. She participated Formosa International Poetry Festival annually since 2015, as well as 2017 and 2019 Capulí, Vallejo y su Tierra in Peru, sustained the lecture: “César Vallejo and Lee Kuei-shien: Poets of The Land and The Social Commitment”, at the National University of Trujillo in the framework of the XVIII International Encounter Itinerant Capulí, Vallejo y su Tierra in 2017.

Chuang Chin-kuo 莊金國 (b. 1948) has published poetry books including *Homeland and Tomorrow*, *The Notes on the Stone*, and *The Turning Year*. He participated All-India Poetry Festival in India, 2003, “La Isla en Versos” poetry meeting in Cuba, 2014, and South-East Asian Chinese Poetry Writers Conference in Myanmar, 2015.

Elizabeth Crowell grew up in northern NJ and has a B.A. from Smith College in English Literature and an M.F.A. in Creative Writing/Poetry from Columbia University. She taught college and high school English for many years. She lives outside of Boston with her wife and teenage children.

Holly Day’s writing has recently appeared in *Analog SF*, *Earth’s Daughters*, and *Appalachian Journal*, and her recent book publications include *Music Composition for Dummies*, *The Tooth is the Largest Organ in the Human Body*, and *Bound in Ice*. She teaches creative writing at The Loft Literary Center in Minneapolis and Hugo House in Seattle.

Heather Dobbins, a native of Memphis, TN, is the author of two poetry collections, *In the Low Houses* and *River Mouth*, both from Kelsay Press. Her work has been published in *Beloit Poetry Journal*, *Book of Matches*, *Channel*, and *Women’s Studies Quarterly*, among others. She lives in Fort Smith, AR, with her husband and sons. Please see heatherdobbins.net for more.

Rebecca Edgren’s writing has appeared or is forthcoming in *Whale Road Review*, *Fare Forward*, *The Other Journal*, *The Christian Century*, and elsewhere. Her poetry has been nominated for a Pushcart Prize. She lives in Jackson, TN.

Monica Fields is a poet and musician from Etowah, TN. She was a 2020 James Hearst Poetry Prize finalist at *North American Review* and has recently appeared in UVA’s *Meridian*. A University of Oregon MFA graduate, she taught creative writing in Chattanooga. “Bottle Tree” is from her manuscript, *Heirloom*.

Linda M. Fischer’s poems have appeared in *Ibbetson Street*, *Innisfree Poetry Journal*, *Iodine Poetry Journal*, *Poetry East*, *Potomac Review*, *Roanoke Review*, *Valparaiso Poetry Review*, *The Worcester Review*, and elsewhere. She won the 2019 Philadelphia Writers’ Conference Poetry Contest and recently published her 3rd chapbook, *Passages*. (lindamfischer.com).

Aryk Greenawalt is an American-born poet based in England. Their poetry has appeared in *Rattle*, *Riggwelter*, and the *Rising Phoenix Review*. They are pursuing an MA in Creative Writing at Bath Spa University.

William Heath has published two chapbooks, *Night Moves in Ohio* and *Leaving Seville*; two books of poems, *The Walking Man* and *Steel Valley Elegy*; three novels: *The Children Bob Moses Led* (winner of the Hackney Award), *Devil Dancer*, and

Blacksnake's Path; a work of history; and a collection of interviews. www.william-heathbooks.com.

Hsieh Pi-hsiu graduated from Department of Social Sciences, National Air University and now lives in Kaohsiung, a member of Li (Bamboo Hat) Poetry Society and Taiwan Modern Poetry Association. After retirement from the bank in 2006, she has been engaging in Non-Profit Organization social service work so far. She won the Landscape Poetry Prize in 1978 and Light in Darkness Poetry Prize for Literature in 2003. Her books include *Collected poems of Hsieh Pi-hsiu* and *The Sparks in the Life*.

Karen Luke Jackson resides in a cottage on a goat pasture in western North Carolina. Author of *GRIT* and *The View Ever Changing*, and co-editor of *The Story Mandala: Finding Wholeness in a Divided World*, Karen seeks inspiration for her poetry from nature, clowning, contemplative practices, and family lore. www.karenlukejackson.com

J.M. Jordan is a Georgia native, a Virginia resident, and a homicide detective by profession. His poems have appeared recently in *Arion*, *Carolina Quarterly*, *Image Journal*, *Louisiana Literature*, *The Potomac Review*, and elsewhere.

Swedish-born **Gunilla Theander Kester** is the author of *If I Were More Like Myself*. Her two poetry chapbooks: *Mysteries I-XXIII* and *Time of Sand and Teeth* were published by Finishing Line Press. Dr. Kester has published many poems in Swedish anthologies and magazines, including *Bonniers Litterära Magasin*. She lives near Buffalo, NY where she teaches classical guitar.

Lance Larsen is the author of five poetry collections, most recently *What the Body Knows* (Tampa 2018). His awards include a Pushcart Prize and an NEA fellowship. He teaches at BYU and fools around with aphorisms: "When climbing a new mountain, wear old shoes." In 2017 he completed a five-year appointment as Utah's poet laureate.

Lee Kuei-shien 李魁賢 (b. 1937) retired from the Chairman of National Culture and Arts Foundation, presently the Vice President of Movimiento Poetas del Mundo. He published *Collected Poems* in six volumes, *Collected Essays* in ten volumes, *Translated Poems* in eight volumes, *Anthology of European Poetry* in 25 volumes, *Elite Poetry Series* in 35 volumes, etc. His book *The Hour of Twilight* has been translated into English, Mongol, Romanian, Russian, Spanish, French, Korean, Bengali, Albanian, Turkish, Macedonian, German, Serbian, and Arabic. He has organized Formosa International Poetry Festival annually since 2015.

Carol Levin's work has been published in journals, anthologies, print & online, in Russia, UK, New Zealand, Germany, and the US. Levin is the author of three full volumes: *An Undercurrent of Jitters*, *Confident Music Would Fly Us to Paradise*, and *Stunned By the Velocity*, and two chapbooks.

Li Yu-fang 利玉芳 (b.1952) won a number of honors including Wu Zuo-lieu literary prize in 1986, Chen Hsiu-shi poetry Award in 1993, Rong-hou Taiwanese Poet Prize in 2016 and Hakka Achievement prize in 2017. Her publications of poetry include "The Taste of Living", "Sunflower", "The Morning to drink Roselle Tea", *Collected*

poems by Li Yu-fang in *Taiwanese Poets Series* and “Lantern Flower”, as well as a Mandarin-English-Japanese trilingual “Cat”. She participated 2014 International poetry meeting in Chile, 2016-2019 Formosa International Poetry Festival in Tamsui, Taiwan, 2017 and 2019 Capulí Vallejo y Su Tierra in Peru.

Lin Lu 林鷺 (b.1955), concurrently serves as the standing committee of the Li Poetry Society, the editorial board of the *Li Poetry Magazine*, and the jury of annual Taiwan Modern Poetry Collection. She is a member of Movimiento Poetas del Mundo (PPdM). She also participated in the different international poetry festivals held in Mongolia, Cuba, Chile, Peru, Tunisia and Romania. Her publications are *Star Chrysanthemum*, *Lost in Time*, *For What to Travel*, and a Chinese-English poetry collection *Forgetting Autumn*.

Lin Sheng-Bin 林盛彬 (b. 1957) was awarded with doctor degrees in Spanish Literature at the University Complutense of Madrid, in Chinese Literature at Tamkang University and in History of Art at the University Sorbonne Paris IV. He was the visiting professor of the Centre de Recherche sur l'Extême-Orient de Paris Sorbonne, Université de Paris IV from 2005 to 2007, now is an Associate Professor of Spanish Language and Literature Department, Tamkang University. His poetry books include *The War*, *The Family Genealogy*, *The Wind blows from my deep heart*, *Contemplate and Meditate*, *Blowing wind and Beating heart*, and others.

Lin Wu-hsien 林武憲 (b. 1944), a Taiwanese children poetry author, his works encompass over 100 volumes, including *Endless Sky*, an anthology with English translation and accompanying CD, nursery rhymes in Taiwanese, and teaching materials for Mandarin and Taiwanese language learners. Many of his poems have been translated into English, Japanese, Korean, German, Spanish and Turkish, as well as composed by local and foreign composers. They are also featured in textbooks in Taiwan, Singapore, and China. He was cited in the Encyclopedia of World Children's Literature. He is a member of Movimiento Poetas del Mundo (PPdM).

Lina Marino is published in *The Comstock Review*, with work forthcoming in *Twyck-enthram Notes*. She is a recipient of a National League of American PEN Women Award in Writing. She earned her BA in Creative Writing from Binghamton University and is currently at work on a novel.

Ana Michalowsky lives and writes in Portland, Oregon. She received an MFA from Pacific University, where she studied with Chris Abani and Marvin Bell, and a BA from the Johns Hopkins Writing Seminars. Her work has received a Vaclav Havel Scholarship from the Prague Writers Program and was a finalist in the *Atlanta Review's* 2017 International Poetry Contest.

Forester McClatchey is from Atlanta, GA. His work appears in *Pleiades*, *Slice*, *The New Guard*, *Birmingham Poetry Review*, and *Oxford Poetry*, among other journals.

Ming-Keh Chen 陳明克 (b. 1956) received his PhD in physics from National Tsing Hua University in 1986. He became a member of Li Poetry Society in 1987, now is one of the editors of *Li Poetry Magazine*. His publication includes ten collections of poems, one English-Mandarin bilingual selection of poems, and two collected short stories. He was awarded seven prizes of literature in Taiwan. He explored the meaning of life and metaphors are frequently expressed in his poems.

John Moessner received his MFA from the University of Missouri-Kansas City in 2018. He works as a legal writer for an immigration law firm. His poems have appeared or will appear in *Arts & Letters*, *New Ohio Review*, *North American Review*, *Poet Lore*, and *River Styx*.

LeeAnn Pickrell is a freelance editor and poet living in the Bay Area (CA). Her poems have appeared or are forthcoming in *Jung Journal: Culture & Psyche*, *West Marin Review*, *Eclectica*, *MacQueen's Quinterly*, and *Coffee Poems*, an anthology.

Antonia Pozzi, born in Milan in 1912, lived a brief life, dying by suicide in 1938; she left behind letters, photographs, diaries, and over 300 poems; none of her poetry was published during her lifetime. Her work is significantly underrepresented in translation, and her omission from the 2004 Faber Book of 20th Century Italian Poems has been called “the most obvious lacuna” by Oliver Burckhardt in his 2005 review of *The Faber Book of 20th-Century Italian Poems* in *Quadrant* magazine. . . **Amy Newman's** sixth book of poetry *An Incomplete Encyclopedia of Happiness and Unhappiness* is forthcoming from Persea Books. Her translations of the poems and letters of Antonia Pozzi appear or are forthcoming in *Poetry*, *Harvard Review*, *Delos*, *Cagibi*, *Five Points*, *Bennington Review*, *The Arkansas International*, and elsewhere. She teaches in the Department of English at Northern Illinois University.

Kathryn Pratt Russell has poems published or forthcoming in *Gargoyle*, *Black Warrior Review*, *Chelsea*, *Red Mountain Review*, *Free State Review*, and elsewhere. Her prose has appeared in *American Book Review*, *Studies in Romanticism*, *Disappointed Housewife*, *Romantic Circles*, and *SEL*. Her chapbook, *Raven Hotel*, was published by Dancing Girl Press in 2021.

Peter Serchuk's poems have appeared in *New Letters*, *Boulevard*, *Poetry*, *Denver Quarterly*, *the American Poetry Review*, and other places. His latest book is *The Purpose of Things*, a collection of short poems and photographs created in collaboration with photographer Pieter de Koninck.

Stuart Sheppard is a graduate of Kenyon College and the author of the novel *Spindrift* (2003). Recent poetry publications include: *The Bitter Oleander*, *U.S. 1 Worksheets*, and *Pittsburgh Poetry Review*. His column “The Hamlet Machine” won a 2019 Golden Quill Award for arts criticism.

Sarah Dickenson Snyder lives in Vermont, carves in stone, & rides her bike. Travel opens her eyes. She has three poetry collections, *The Human Contract* (2017), *Notes from a Nomad* (nominated for the Massachusetts Book Awards 2018), and *With a Polaroid Camera* (2019). Recent work appears in *Rattle*, *Lily Poetry Review*, and *RHINO*. sarahdickensonsnyder.com

Frankie A. Soto is a 2x winner of the Multicultural Poet of the year award from the National Spoken Word Poetry Awards in Chicago. His manuscript *Petrichor* was a semi-finalist for the 2021 Hudson Prize with Black Lawrence Press & was a finalist for the Sexton Prize with Black Spring Press in London.

Lenora Steele's poetry and short prose have been published in Canada, Ireland, and the US, in: *Event, The Fiddlehead, The New Quarterly, Wow, Cranog, The Antigoniish Review, Room, Sunspot, Eastern Iowa Review, The Fourth River, Dewdrop, & others*. She lives where the dykes hold back the sea in Truro, Nova Scotia, Canada.

Annie Stenzel's collection is *The First Home Air After Absence* (Big Table Publishing, 2017). Her poems appear in *Ambit, Chestnut Review, Gargoyle, On The Seawall, Lily Poetry Review, Nixes Mate, SWWIM, The Lake, Thimble, and Trampoline Poetry*, among others. She lives within walking distance of the San Francisco Bay.

Jack Stewart was educated at the University of Alabama and Emory University. From 1992-95 he was a Brittain Fellow at Georgia Tech. His first book, *No Reason*, was published by the Poeima Poetry Series in 2020, and his work has appeared in numerous journals, including *Poetry, Nimrod, Image*, and others.

Marilynn Talal has had two chapbooks published by Presa Press, *The Blue Road* and *Burden Sparked With Eternity*. She won a National Endowment for the Arts Fellowship as well as the Stella Earhart Memorial Award from the University of Houston where she earned the Ph.D.

Tai Chin-chou 戴錦綢 (b. 1959), born in Tainan, Taiwan, a retired Section Chief of Urology Department, National Cheng-kung University Hospital. Her poetry mostly reflects sufferings and death of the patients in the hospital. She has published a book of poetry, *Birth*. She participated Taiwan-Mongolia Poetry Festival in Mongolia in 2009 & 2017 respectively, International poetry festivals in Cuba in 2014, Kathak Poetry Summit in Bangladesh in 2016 and Formosa International Poetry Festival in Taiwan 2015, 2018, and 2019.

Kareem Tayyar's new collection, *The Revolution of Heavenly Bodies & Other Stories*, will be published by J.New Books in May, 2022.

Tsai Jung-Yung 蔡榮勇 (b. 1955), born in Beidou, Changhua County, Taiwan, graduated from Taichung Teachers' College. He went to Mongolia on the poetry exchange between Taiwan and Mongolia in 2009. He participated International Poetry Festivals respectively in Cuba and Chile in 2014, as well as 2016-2019 Formosa International Poetry Festival. He is currently an editing member of Li Poetry Group, a director in Taiwan Modern Poets' Association, a director and editing member of the children's literature magazine *Serissa Fetida*, and a member of PPdM.

Tu Tung-men, born in Kaohsiung, has resided in Tamsui since 1995, has a Doctorate in Hispanic Philology from the Complutense University of Madrid. She was a visiting researcher at the CRLAO of EHESS, Paris. Currently, she is a professor in the Department of Hispanic Languages and Cultures in Fujen Catholic University, where she has been a director of International Relations and Director of the Department of Spanish. She wrote her first poem "Joy" in in 2009. She has translated the novel *Caracol Beach* by Cuban writer Eliseo Alberto and several Hispanic stories into Mandarin.

Wang Yi-ying, born in 1990, fond of Taiwanese history, literature and movie, graduated from Department of Taiwanese Literature, Aletheia University, now studies at Taiwanese Culture Graduate School in National Taipei University of Education, ma-

joring in Taiwan History. In recent years, he has been also working as a planning specialist for Tamsui Culture Foundation, and has participated as a team member in the project of Formosa International Poetry Festival in Tamsui since 2016. From 2017, writing poetry is his daily duty. Recently, he contributes frequently his poems in *Li Poetry Bimonthly*.

Stephen Scott Whitaker, a member of the National Book Critics Circle, was the winner of the 2021 Pink Poetry Prize. Whitaker's writing has appeared in *Tupelo Quarterly*, *The Rumpus*, *The American Journal of Poetry*, *Great River Review*, and other journals. They are the author of four chapbooks and a broadside from Broad-sided Press.

Nancy White is the author of three poetry collections: *Sun, Moon, Salt* (winner of the Washington Prize), *Detour*, and *Ask Again Later*. Her poems have appeared in *Beloit Poetry Review*, *FIELD*, *New England Review*, *Ploughshares*, *Rhino*, and many others. She serves as editor-in-chief at The Word Works in Washington, D. C. and teaches at SUNY Adirondack in upstate NY.

George Witte's three collections are *The Apparitioners*, *Deniability*, and *Does She Have a Name?* His fourth collection, *An Abundance of Caution*, will be published by Unbound Edition Press in April 2023. He lives with his family in Ridgewood, NJ.

Yang Chi-chu 楊淇竹 (b. 1981) a doctoral candidate in Comparative Literature at Fu Jen Catholic University, Taiwan, specializes in East Asian Literature in the period of 1930s. She published her master thesis *Interdisciplinary Adaptation: A Study of the Narrative and TV series of the Trilogy of Wintry Night*, and poetry books *Living Among Cities*, *In the season of Summer Lotus Blossom*, and *Tamsui*. She participated 2014 "Tras las Huellas del Poeta" International poetry meeting in Chile, 2016-2019 Formosa International Poetry Festival in Tamsui, Taiwan, and 2017 Capulí Vallejo y Su Tierra in Peru.

Catherine Yen 顏雪花 is the Director of Asian Cultural Council, Taiwan Foundation-33 South Group; Member of collection committee of Kaohsiung Museum of Fine Arts; Jury of National Cultural and Arts Foundation in the field of visual arts. She is the winner of 2013 Wu Zhuoliu New Poetry Award. Publication of her poems includes *The Thousand Years Deep* and *The Verse Stands above the Light Arrow*.

Yi Tal (1561-1618) was one of three chief promulgators of the T'ang style in Korean poetry. Despite his intelligence, Yi was denied any meaningful position or service because he was the son of a concubine. He spent his days wandering the Korean peninsula and visiting friends, mostly living in poverty. . . **Ian Haight** is the editor of *Zen Questions and Answers from Korea*, and with T'ae-yong Hō, he is the co-translator of *Borderland Roads: Selected Poems of Kyun Hō* and *Magnolia and Lotus: Selected Poems of Hyesim*—finalist for ALTA's Stryk Prize—all from White Pine Press. . .

T'ae-yong Hō has won Ninth Letter's Literary Award in Translation and has been awarded translation grants from the Daesan Foundation and Korea Literature Translation Institute. Working from the original hansi, T'ae-yong's translations of Korean poetry have appeared in *Agni*, *New Orleans Review*, and *Prairie Schooner*.

Hannah Yost is an art director based on the east coast. Her poetry has been featured in several literary magazines including *First Things*, *Columbia Journal*, *Atlanta Review*, *Barely South*, *Aperion Review*, and others. She has been a finalist for a number of prizes.



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