

Dil 82 (III - 282)

A woman was singing a song,
white lilies opened in the night,
ivy climbed to a window,
we were going to the farm in a line
of the utmost fear leading to death.

And a woman was singing a song,
then fell quiet and murmured.
Nights are better than days,
moon is better than sun,
longing better than love-making.

Hey, night,
with your kingdom of stars,
better to pour into lake water
than to lie on a velvet cushion.

Oktay Rifat

*translated by Richard McKane
& Ruth Christie*

Oktay Rifat is Turkey's outstanding lyric poet, a true poet of the Mediterranean. His poetry is full of surprises, his styles are manifold. For over four decades of the Twentieth Century his poetry served the cause of freedom of expression and description. Despite rumours that he suffered from depression, his poems (like his paintings) are faithful portraits of his native land and language.

As I stroll beside the strait,
near "the poet's graveyard,"
where Orhan Veli is buried
and Oktay Rifat is not
because of some ridiculous
bureaucratic boondoggle,

I think if Veli only could,
he'd laugh in his sardonic
but innocent way about
his close friend's exile.
Maybe he's already started
his latest poem, "A Letter

from the Grave," a work
that won't become known
until the last car has passed
the cemetery's thick, green
shade beneath castle walls
facing the sea, where "Song

of Istanbul" was once sung
by a "stranger" who died alone
and young, and now lies
up there above the inching line
of Sunday traffic. Today,
the whole city is his cortege.

Mel Kenne

On That Day

When I someday find myself,
as I know I will, far away
from all I see now... wherever

that may be, I want to remember
everything I'm looking out on
just as it appears to me today:

the line of gently sloping hills
above fiery window panes
glimting along the opposite shore,

and nearer, below the shadowy
clumps of trees blanketing
the first hills of the Old City,

spread out there, shimmering
like rippled tapestry, the sea.
I want to be able then to recall

one evening when I sat in my
small flat in Galata looking out
the windows, and wrote about

how all this that I felt and saw
seemed to me too good to be
true, but once, on that day, was.

Mel Kenne

Istanbul, Sept. 9, 2003

Yürük

We are the road: its sharp rocks, its ruts,
its curves, and its long, flat stretches
fading to waves that blur earth and dusty air.

Our lives are its steep or gentle grades
and its sudden drops that bring us up
to another impassable edge, where we stop,

camp, confer, and find a way to move on.
For we are the original wayfarers. Wherever
we are, we have brought ourselves here

by God's grace and our own humble tread.
As once we trailed behind our plodding herd,
now we load ourselves into these swaying trucks

that bear us along with our whole livelihood.
The cows and donkeys accept their confinement
and stand calmly between the slatted walls,

as, high up, atop folded mattresses, we sit
discussing our destination or remembering
in silence a certain place where we were.

Our days are long tracks of red, caked mud.
As they pass by, so do we. Where they stop,
we become names scratched on stone slabs.

For we are the road and the road bears us,
a cloud of swirling dust on the horizon
that remains as you rush past and disappear.

Mel Kenne

The world is torn in two

I know at once whenever I run into them,
they don't linger by the windows as we do,
they don't talk with their friends
standing face to face in the street,
they don't drink from broken street fountains,
never from water peddlers, for ten pennies a glass.

They never crouch in the shadow of a wall, under a tree,
laying scallions in a feta sandwich.

Nor do they, after testing them on their teeth,
let the red boiled eggs fight as we do.

When the heat waves come, they do not rush
to Güllhane Park or Ahirkapı Shores, joining their neighbors.

I know at once whenever I hear their voices,
when it's time to hit the road
they don't trust the wooden suitcase bound with rope,
the cap to protect oneself from the sun,
the food box to carry the homemade dishes,
the overalls, the shirt of cotton, they do not trust.

They make faces whenever they see
somebody letting a rabbit tell your fortune,
somebody with a squashed finger, a crooked finger,
somebody with shorn hair walking between two cops,
houses with cracked windows patched with newspaper,
one of those weddings in public gardens—they roll their eyes.

It would come down, I say, if it were a wall in-between,
it would be crossed if it were water,
we would make it up to each other one of these holidays
if we'd have been simply estranged from each other;
well, I say, this must mean the world is torn in two,
on one side they live awash in daylight, in sunshine,
we keep toiling on the other, empty-handed.

Kemal Özer

translated by Mustafa Ziyalan

Streamlength Street

Not knowing how to ask questions, I insisted everywhere
that there was bread, or filtered coffee, a Chinese grocery
on the street where I hoped it would be, but I knew better
than to show the bottoms of my shoes or talk to strange men.
I penitently carried drinking water,
20 liters at a time, up the steep grade to my apartment given me by the school
where others rented for 1000 US a month.

Görün had lived in the States and took an interest in me. After payday
we went to the open market so I could learn how to bargain. She had
a vendor backed up flat against a chain link fence to get away
from her brandished money, half his asking price.
Tell them you're a teacher, she said when it was my turn.
Teachers are respected but aren't usually paid so much.

I wanted to know who the people were, living in the valley
below our office windows. The men were bearded, the women
wore black shrouds and this meant my coworkers
couldn't see them. No one could see the geese, the
wooden houses, or the plank bridge across the streambed.
No one knew if the hillside trees were cherry.

Nihat told his immigration lawyer Kurds couldn't find housing in Istanbul,
that he worked construction and lived in the buildings while they went up.
I was turning his speech into English and stopped to ask if that's
what I'd seen at night once on Streamlength Street when I carried water:
a fire on the floor of a wall-less second story, and a clean white shirt
hanging up to dry.

Amy Grupp

First Play: Your Nape—Your Forehead

Your nape used to be unimportant
But entering the city has transformed its nature
Whatever coat you wear
Your neck remains exposed—
Your nape is now your most pitiful spot.

Rain constantly slips inside it
The wind finds your flesh even if you choose the most secluded street
Because...
You look at your shoes when you walk

*

This is the city's first play:
If you lower your face, your gazelle-like neck will be exposed
Your soft flesh will be at the city's mercy

If you walk with your face up, you'll come face to face, eye to eye, with so many faces, you'll unknowingly be registered in the street archives. A small space will open up for your eyes in the city's "History of Blank Faces." You'll leave an instant of your eyes to people you don't know, and collect unexpected instants from people you don't know. In your face. You'll collect them in your face. That is why city dwellers start to look alike as they look at each other; together, they transform into a single, common face. Every city has a single, common face; any person who moves to the city will eventually acquire that face. This is how a stranger who comes to the city is recognized. Even if the locals don't know each other's names, they can immediately recognize a stranger's face.

Those who don't want to transform into a common face with the vast crowds; who even fear entering the city's ambiguous history, scattered across people's memories; those people will, of course, memorize their feet, expose their warm napes to the wind, and like persistent fugitives, take the shortcut to their shelters. Whatever fabric they wrap around their necks, they will never be able to teach their napes not to feel cold. Still, rather than being recorded in a slippery history, they will choose to look at their shoes.

This is the city's first play:
You can raise your forehead if you want
Your eyes will enter circulation
Your nape will shorten, it won't feel cold
No one will see how frail it is

After walking the length of a street, if you stop and look in the archives of your retina, you'll see so many faces. And since you'll get exhausted if you think about each one, you'll keep walking, just like everyone else. The city's retinas are expert at this. When faces come eye to eye, they make up stories without even knowing it. Without your even realizing it, a thousand stories will be conjured up because of you. Of your face. Whereas you know, every face is different than its contents.

*

How many retinas in this city hold your face? Think about it; how many voiceless faces are registered in your retina! So as not to hand over your frail nape, you've filled the back of your eye with unnecessary faces. So they wouldn't tear your gossamer nape to shreds, you raised your forehead, to be registered in the city's retinas.

This is the city's first play,
It will leave your neck between loneliness and the crowds

Give them your face, don't let them see the white of your nape
Hide
Let go,
Let them discuss you in the history of imagined faces!

Ece Temelkuran
translated by Deniz Perin

The bleak Poyraz blew steady.
 Cold pierced my body but couldn't lance the pain—
 A horn honked again and again like a headache.
 It found me on the terrace hiding from myself
 And you. Through the curtains I stared at
 Scrimmed shapes of furniture in the living room.
 It was a shadow play.
 In it nothing moved and the room was empty.
 Your silhouette was everywhere.
 I could taste my heart clot in my mouth.

I'm testing you this spring to find out if we're alive.
 I'm alive. The days scratch the walls of my veins.
 I've been celebrating coal smoke and rain.
 I've tried to buy lies at an affordable price,
 But the bazaars and their bolts of cloth
 Can't cover the truth.

At least I now know why I've settled in
 This city of graveyards.

Jeffrey Kahrs

New Year's, drunk with friends,
 Home picture perfect as number 1—
 A wreath hung on the door.
 Who thought of the long shadow
 Creeping up to steal our beloved 0's?

True, for several weeks we
 Joked about the end of an era—
 Out with inflation's ragged banknotes
 And in with crisp new lira.

But there was beauty in it:
 The poorest man a millionaire,
 Wad bulging in his pocket.
 Now it's just small change.

Bookkeepers of course will be relieved
 Though right now they drop like flies—
 Too often deducting 5 instead of 6.
 And the 0's are dying too, poor things,
 Taken in vast numbers by a plague of efficiency.

Nothing is really becoming nothing.
 Only those who've earned something get them
 And the furnaces of the capitol burn full time.
 0's are heating government buildings—
 Isn't that the way its always been?

Jeffrey Kahrs

1.

The junk store had become a frame shop for abstract paintings from a gallery next door. And painters were up on scaffolding, doing up an old Greek building in burnt orange with turquoise trim. It was, as the Turkish saying for "garish" goes, a Gypsy playing music and a Kurd dancing. Some of the other places I'd known remained, but the quality of their curios had gone to hell. Where would I again find a wooden Venetian box—I'd bought it only two years before—of masqued gentlemen standing in front of a canal? Now the window displayed broken tin filigree, Nazis on postcards, another chipped Kutahya vase.

2.

A well-heeled Turk with dyed blond hair and chic sunglasses sauntered by two tourists checking their guidebook. On the stoop Anatolians who had moved in fifty years before drank tea and spoke together as they watched the show. To them the couple taking photos of the building and I were the same: *tourist yabanciları*, strangers with blond hair that went to the roots and a quick, determined gait. I wanted to say in Turkish: *I've been here for years! I know how to say without honor and son-of-a-donkey*, but I couldn't speak. The word *Enişte* consoled me. I was their brother-in-law though they would never know.

3.

An old woman peeked out of the doorway with a kind but disturbing smile. *Parle Italiano? No parle Italiano. Parle Italiano? Biraz Türkçe Konuşurum. Parle Italiano? Amerikalıyım. İngilizce Konuşurum.* She stared at me, eyes dark as prayer beads of Erzurum black amber. Her silver-grey hair was done up in large, perfect waves as if she were expecting guests.

Jeffrey Kahrs

A Self Apart

There shouldn't be a town you've settled in;
 There should be
 Houses you've lived in;
 You got up and took off
 With nothing left behind...
 The best places
 Of course are those where you miss
 Your mother tongue:
 You embrace more fiercely
 You think, you dream...
 But certainly you have to have a childhood:
 The house, the yard, the streets...
 If you're lucky
 A seashore too
 Along which you chase sandcrabs...
 You should however leave it
 Before you hit fifteen.
 Your address
 Should be written so:
 Letters from those you love should make it there
 And from there make it back again.

Güven Turan

translated by Clifford Endres
 & Selhan Savcigil

Güven Turan, born in Gerze, Sinop, in 1943, works as consultant editor at Yapı Kredi Culture, Art and Publication Company. He has nine books of poems, three novels, five books of essays and criticism, and a book of short stories. He won the Turkish Language Association Novel Award with *Dabyan (Dragnet)* in 1979, the Yusuf Nadi Short Story Award in 1990, with *Düş Günler (Dream Days)*, the Yunus Nadi Poetry Award for an unpublished book, *Bir Albüme Dört Mevsim (Four Seasons in a Photo Album)*, in 1991, and the Antalya Altun Portakal Poetry Award with *Cendere (Crag)*, in 2003.

"Well then, when will the book be finished?"

"So," she's asking, "Where and when, really, do you begin your book?" "Hard to say," says the poet. "I think it's clear only later: poetry's like a progressive disease—usually well advanced by the time you diagnose it."

For months the book's been building in his mind while life is put on hold: the contents of his imagination—faces, cross-sections, hallucinations—leave their places and re-appear in rough creations of letters and blanks.

"The words I gave up on"—smiling all at the same time they come to the decision to retain their long silence.

"You weigh what surfaces, you poke it, pore over it a long time; but what you wind up with is just the grating residue of the poem that's skated between your fingers."

Nobody would know how many days he wandered the narrow street beside the French Hospital, how the impressions etched upon his retina so precisely when he peered behind the curtains choked the words rising up with his rising dread: Life, Death, Memory, Oblivion—what piled up between these headings punctured the daily expanding bubble of his own gloom. Nobody would know why that long poem built on Browning collapsed, or why he laid aside the bit between Anton and Olga that he'd grabbed and got burned by, or how the acrostic poem he was assembling and dis-assembling—his "Symphonie Fantastique"—vaporized like frost on a windowpane. "Maybe all the seedlings that failed to sprout that season could go into an *Ash Divan*: the tragicomic 'History of Inventors' I tried to compose in rising and falling rhythm could stand beside

the '*Divan* Literature Museum,' which I imagined in *nihavent* mode. Then there's 'Lady Sings the Blues'—its bouncy meter made me tear it up—and 'Dead Man's Poem': that one I hid out of cowardice. Every book has its dark matter—a wall built of its own

hard-won bricks amassed laboriously and left unused. Nobody would know, not even me, when that blind clock, wound by another hand and always late, is set to strike."

"Okay, then when exactly is your book finished? Or is trying to decide whether to go on or to give up what's choking you?" She considers her question, aware that some answers must follow an uncivilized silence. "If you're asking when a book is *really* finished, that's something the poet himself may not know until well after it's published: one day the light might flare briefly up from a single poem like a thunderclap that cracks across the evening sky long after the lightning flash. If, that is, you happen to see it; even then you might not recognize it."

The closer he comes to nailing the book together, the harder it is to sleep. Some nights he'll lie down an hour or two, then leap up again. A solitary light glows in a far-off window, a sheet of paper spills from a garbage can and sails away, a plane, light blinking in the dark sky, flies who knows from where to where. Some nights he sits at his desk and fiddles with the short-wave, some nights he returns to bed without going near his desk. There are mornings when he wakes up brim-full. Nights when he's all dried up. He goes for a walk, chasing the solution just beyond his reach. Like a gamin dancing on the tip of his tongue, the tune flees at the moment he closes in. At this point a wish-ribbon, a taste of magic, a talisman—these are what he's searching for.

Enis Batur

translated by Clifford Endres
& Selhan Savcigi

"Wiener Magdeberg took this photograph," Aunt Semiha had said, "in the Ayaspaşa mansion." Light-coloured eyes pierce out of a darkened face. He was in the fourth front at Anafartalar when a cannonball burst a few metres behind him. Talat Pasha himself had him transported to Tübingen and the military hospital where they cut off his right leg a span above the knee. He remained there a year, writing three or four times a week that he was in good health, filling up the backs of postcards with a neat hand. Once his wound had healed they spared no expense, had a prosthesis made for him, each day trained him to walk, offered psychotherapy. It was during the Occupation that he at last sailed from Hamburg to Istanbul.

My aunt sensed, as they embraced at Karaköy, the real wound that ran inside him ceaselessly. Then winter came and brought the grievous aching that some French doctor had named phantom pain. It was on the morning of March 17, 1920, from the little pier in Kalender, that he rowed out. "Every night," had said Aunt Semiha, "I wake up, feel the empty side of the bed with my hand, and think, at first, 'He's sleepless again.' All that keeps me connected to life is this fixation that lasts a few seconds each day."

Enis Batur
translated by *Saliha Paker*
& *Mel Kenne*

Enis Batur has over twenty volumes of poems, essays, and criticism, translated into French, Italian, and Persian. The poems here are from *Gri Dîvan* (The Grey Divan), 1990. An English translation of Batur's poems was published by Talisman House Press in 2005.

Silent Ship

It's time
to embark from time.
A ship departs
from our harbor.
Sails noiselessly
and without joy.
The low sky
hears no good-byes.
Those left behind
on the forlorn shoreline
scan the dark horizon
with heavy eyes.
Poor souls—
it's not the last to go.
Nor is it the final sigh
in a lifetime of sighs.
Lover and beloved wait in vain.
The travellers will not return.
They must enjoy their new place—
many years have passed
and for all our eagerness,
not one has come back to us.

Yahya Kemal Beyatli
translated by *Sidney Wade*
& *Yurdanur Salman*

The immortal son

It never failed:

I'd find a body, which had taken the shape of the bed
I'd start off by tying up its chin, like god, I'd slowly forget

the eyelids I rubbed shut
the knives I laid on shriveled bellies

lights I left on, the souls I waited for
the doors forever shut once I left

so dark
so dense
all the same, I forgot

yet I'm the oldest son who lowers the parents into their graves
in their shrouds wet with holy water, sprinkled with coriander

graveyard mud won't be washed off my shoes
my hands my flanks black and blue from coffin belts

a liver colored man all of a sudden
hands me a book I can't decipher

voices of parents, shafts of hate from graveyards
voices talking shop from underwater

I toss the book on a garbage heap
and lie down hoping my sleep will be without end

Mustafa Ziyalan

White for Example

We think our grief will diminish
if we sleep one night
in a temple with no walls.

But that's not enough
we tie rags
to every tree we find.

We tell stories
we believe there will always be love.
But love ends

lake-calm begins.

Waiting
slowly drags on
a glass eye of endless blue.
Sometimes colours give pain,
white for example.

A person in a white bed is like a bird,
like children who die
breath failing
tangled in water.

The man weeping in a grave of rock
buries his dead in water and sky,
he comes with his grief for comfort.

Time is like prayer and the bird.
There is something in clouds
they overflow with heaviness
darkness from afar.

They fill the hollows
with voices of strange lost lives.

There is something
in the cistern waters
a lost key gleaming
our rain, says someone,
hidden in our wells
our sorrow in the palms of our hands.

Bejan Matur
translated by Ruth Christie

Summer's Over

the curtain came down, dust flew about, tears became rain
as blossom fell from the tree summer came
and went, I missed it, only a lingering sound,
sea pounding on the beach
and you were sleeping.

ah, how soundly you slept and summer
not wanting to spoil your sleep
had to run through a door on tiptoe.
the dust had not yet settled
the blossom not yet fallen
and I, as though bewitched, looked only at you
all summer!

Tuğrul Tanyol
translated by Ruth Christie

Tree Shedding Blossom

I am alone
in the blue of a cold sea
my whole being bone-dry,
everything I lay hands on cracks up,
loves get smashed to smithereens
the roads I take grow desolate
even my shadow is terrified of me.

A dense darkness
reaches into my veins
rainladen clouds seep into my soul,
night descends on blind alleys,
in me a child silently dies.

I am alone
at my window waiting for morning
no one goes through my street,
somewhere in my head
a flower opens, a tree
quickly sheds all its blossom on the earth.

Night descends on blind alleys
on the filthy walls of the town
on dumb pavements,
within me a child
within me the shuddering sea
within me pain that never lets up.

I
am a tree shedding blossom.

Tuğrul Tanyol
translated by Ruth Christie

Tuğrul Tanyol (b. 1953) Educated at the Catholic Lycée of St. Joseph and the University of the Bosphorus. He won the Necatigil Prize for poetry in Turkey in 1985 and has to date published five collections of poems and many articles on cultural and literary issues. In 1993 he took part in the Trois Rivières poetry festival in Quebec, the first Turkish poet to participate. He currently teaches Social Sciences at the University of Marmara. Tanyol has been translated into French and English. His work is lyrical and composed, and although his imagery is often surrealist, it is controlled by a classical clarity. Feyyaz Kayacan Fergar wrote of him that he is a poet "alive to the pitfalls of blind ideological allegiances."

Ocharina

Her thousand years under tar trees
with mediterranean lips, windowless, in pain without windows
she recalls her dad as a lake
in the scoop of her hands a mossy lake with lots of fish.

In the miniature scale of a town square
purple monday mornings waking her up,
a slyster tower clock keeper who subcontracted his job to
a Hoffman rooster, to sleep late.

On sacks of tea, a gypsy widow
averts her face. does she pretend not to see us,
or doesn't she see us?

and in her basement heart the darkness of Chaldean nights.

As the sun rises on the river
they are lowering her dad—tradesman in ants—into the ground
already lost to wife, daughter, lost his hat.

A thousand years under tar trees—windowless,
in pain, a bunch of bare assed children with mediterranean lips
are making lewd signs towards
boats
full of silk—silk sailing away,
which will never sink.

And they are playing lemons, *ocharina* in their sea lingo
laughing crying screaming *sour ocharina ocharina*.

Ece Ayhan

translated by Murat Nemet-Nejat

september

september! from my childhood
on i would watch you.
how from the dwindling
vocabulary of a summer
you would instantly shed
with the gardens, and ash
would fill me... september!

september! fragile season
autumn's glass dagger
would dissolve in my heart
suddenly you would be draped
in the curtain of night and day
with loneliness and tulle
would fill me... september!

september! i forgot you
the mountain would redden, the road yellow
and I would watch for homecomings,
you were the shredded laughter
of that merciless memory
with mirrors and the rose
would fill me... september!

Hilmi Yavuz

translated by Walter Andrews

Hilmi Yavuz was born in 1936. In the 1960s he left a career in journalism to study philosophy at the University of London. In addition to being a popular prize-winning poet and author he teaches philosophy and literature at major Turkish universities. An English translation of selected poems is forthcoming from Syracuse University Press.

Noah's Daughter

From long waters trains are departing
I get out into a wet station evenings
At every step there's a death in the paper
Like a broken umbrella the day is closing
And a door is being opened
Your two-winged door
Neither my lies nor this rain of weeks
Nothing can wash away the whiteness of your hands.

Can Yücel

translated by Amy Grupp

Gazel to a New Love

I come to you crossing abysses
Crazy, flying I come to you
Forgetting what so often ended in grief
Oh so avidly I come to you
Full to overflowing with songs
Tongue-tied I come to you
My mind more jumbled than the bazaar
My heart all topsy-turvy I come to you
To learn everything all over again
To forget what I know, I come to you
Just like one newly come into the world
Stark naked and weeping I come to you
Saying, pluck me up again by the roots
Saying, oh love, set me flying, I come to you

Ataol Behramoğlu

translated by Walter Andrews

Can Yücel (1926-1999) was born in Istanbul, the son of Turkey's first Minister of Education. He studied Classical Philology at Ankara University and continued his education abroad at Cambridge. He worked nearly five years for the Turkish division of the BBC before returning to Turkey in 1963. After the 1971 military coup, he was given a seven year prison sentence for translating communist writers, but was granted amnesty in 1974. Yücel was known as an unpretentious person who used dark humor and irony as tools for criticism in his essays and poetry, and he remains renowned for his translations of foreign classics as well as for his original works.

Ataol Behramoğlu was born in 1942 in the town of Çatalca. He received a degree in Russian from Ankara University and studied at the Literature Department of Moscow University. He has worked in theater, in the organization of writers groups, and numerous publishing ventures. He sings of the hopes and tragedies of the common people.

Where possible, biographies have been placed with the poems.

John Ash was born in Manchester in 1948. He has published eight books of poetry, and a ninth, *The Parthian Stations*, is forthcoming from Carcanet Press. He is also the author of the travel book *A Byzantine Journey*. He has received the Ingram-Merrill Award, a Whiting Award, and a Guggenheim Fellowship.

Ece Ayhan (1931–2002) was one of the strongest and most innovative poets of “The Second New” movement in Turkish poetry (see introduction). Among his major works are *Miss Kinar’s Waters* (1959), *A Blind Cat Black* (1965), and *Orthodoxies* (1968). A one-volume English translation of the latter two works, translated by Murat Nemet-Nejat, was published by Sun and Moon Press in 1997.

Yahya Kemal Beyath was an important poet who spanned Turkey’s years of revolution, from the Ottoman Empire to the establishment of the Turkish Republic. He was a poet and a statesman, very much like Yeats, his contemporary, educated in Europe and powerfully influenced by the landscape of Istanbul, the Bosphorus, and its surrounding villages. His poetry reflects ideas of Turkishness in the most powerful and lyrically beautiful of verses.

Ruth Christie taught for two years in Turkey and studied Turkish language and literature at London University. With Salih Paker she translated a Turkish novel by Latife Tekin (Marion Boyars, 1993) and, in collaboration with Richard McKane, a selection of the poems of Oktay Rifat (Rockingham Press, 1993), and a major collection of Nazım Hikmet’s poetry (Anvil Press, 2002). In 2004 *In the Temple of a Patient God*, her translation from the Turkish of Bejan Matur, was published by Arc Visible Poets. She and Richard McKane have a collection of poems by Oktay Rifat forthcoming from Anvil Press.

Vincent Cxyz is the author of the short story collection *Adrift in a Vanishing City*. He is the recipient of the 1994 Pirate’s Alley Faulkner Award for Short Fiction and two fellowships from the New Jersey Council on the Arts. He currently resides in Istanbul, Turkey.

Jordan Davis, a poet, critic, and editor, hosts The Million Poems Show, a monthly live talk show at the Bowery Poetry Club. His latest book is *The Moon Is Moving: Million Poems Journal 2*.

Clifford Endres and Selhan Savcigil live in Istanbul and teach at Kadir Has University. Their translations have appeared in *Agenda*, *Massachusetts Review*, *Quarterly West*, *Seneca Review*, *Near East Review*, and *The Turkish PEN*. Endres is the author of *Austin City Limits* and *Joannes Secundus: The Latin Love Elegy in the Renaissance*. Savcigil has written on Orhan Pamuk and Paul Auster.

Alan Feldman’s sister, Judith Fetters, has lived in Turkey for more than twenty-five years. Feldman is the author, most recently, of *A Sail to Great Island*, which won the Felix Pollak Prize for Poetry.

Amy Grupp has a B.A. in English and Biology and an MFA in Creative Writing from the University of California, Irvine. Between degrees she spent two years in Turkey, teaching English and learning Turkish. She currently lives in Baltimore, where she works as a laboratory technician at Johns Hopkins University.

Atilla İlhan (1925–2005) was a successful poet, novelist, journalist and critic. Very much a modern Turk, educated in the ideology of the Republic, he was also a leftist and passionate supporter of the causes of the working underclass. Like so many Ottoman political exiles, he lived for a time in Paris, a city which he loved dearly. He worked for the integration of the new Turkey and its Ottoman past.

Jeffrey Kahrs published in various Seattle magazines like *Arterial* and *Opinion Rag*, and helped start a reading series there called *Radio Free Leroy’s* before coming to Istanbul twelve years ago. He teaches at Işık University.

Mel Kenne teaches in the American Culture and Literature Department of Kadir Has University in Istanbul, Turkey. He has published three books of poetry, and a sequence of his poems was recorded on compact disk in a musical/poetic/dramatic production, *The Book of Ed*. He has translated the work of several Latin American, Spanish, and Turkish poets. He and Salih Paker have co-translated a number of poems by Turkish poets and Latife Tekin’s novel *Sevgili Arsız Ölüm (Dear Shameless Death)* (Marion Boyars Publishers, 2001).

Bejan Matur, born into a Kurdish Alevi family from Maraş in southeastern Turkey, is one of the outstanding poets writing in Turkish. She has a degree in law but has devoted herself to poetry, which she published in four collections between 1996 and 2002: *Rüzgar Dolu Konaklar*, *Tanrı Görmesin Harflerimi*, *Aydın Oğulları*, and *Onun Çölünde*. Selections from these collections were published in 2004 under the title *In the Temple of a Patient God* in Ruth Christie’s

translation. Cevat Çapan describes Matur's poetry as "a wealth of imagery and music that brings to life in a lyrical and fairy-tale idiom the logic of fantasy and complex life-experiences of the East."

Richard McKane (b. Australia 1947) is a British poet and translator of Turkish and Russian Poetry. A long-serving member of English PEN Writers in Prison Committee and an activist, he has translated books from Anna Akhmatova to Osip Mandelstam, and from Turkish Nâzım Hikmet and Oktay Rifat with his friend and fellow translator Ruth Christie.

Murat Nemet-Nejat's most recent work includes *Eda: An Anthology of Contemporary Turkish Poetry* (Talisman House, 2004), essays in *Diaspora: homelands in exile* (HarperCollins, 2003), the essay "The Peripheral Space of Photography" (Green Integer, 2003), and the poems "Steps," "Aishe Series and Other Harbor Poems," and "A Thirteenth Century Dream" (www.cipherjournal.com).

Kemal Özer was born in 1935 in Istanbul. His poems, joint translations of poetry (from Lorca and Neruda, among others), short fiction, essays, letters, memoirs, interviews, travel writing, and children's books have been published in many volumes since 1959. Initially received within the "Second New" poetry movement, he was later noted to change his poetic course and to pursue a "poetry of witness." He was the chief editor of the influential literary periodical *Varlık* and the vice president of the Writers' Union of Turkey. His works have been translated into twenty languages and published in periodicals, anthologies and in book form, and broadcast on radio in many countries. He is the recipient of many prizes and awards.

Saliha Pakar is Professor of Translation Studies at Boğaziçi University in Istanbul. She believes that translating Turkish poetry into English has offered her a true insight into Benjamin's "The Task of the Translator."

Deniz Perin is a Turkish-American writer living in San Diego, California. She is working on a collection of poems about Turkey—its landscapes, people, and politics.

Ece Temelkuran is the author of *All Women Are Confused, From the Inside*, *From the Outside*, *Book of the Edge*, and *Book of the Inside*. She is a columnist for the Turkish newspaper *Milliyet* and lives in Istanbul, Turkey.

Alpay Ulku's first book, *Meteorology* (BOA Editions, 1999), was selected as an "Exciting Debut" by the Academy of American Poets. His work appears in *Agni*, *Ploughshares*, *Epoch*, *Gettysburg Review*, *Northwest Review*, *Crazyhorse*, *The Fiddlehead*, and *Poetry Daily*. Alpay received a grant from the Illinois Arts Council for 2005, and works as a technical writer in Chicago.

Sidney Wade has published four collections of poems, the most recent of which is *Celestial Bodies* (LSU Press, 2002). Her poems and translations have appeared in a wide variety of journals, including *Poetry*, *The New Yorker*, *Grand Street*, *Paris Review*, *The New Republic*, *The Gettysburg Review*, *Two Lines*, and *The Kenyon Review*, among many others. She translates the poems of Pir Sultan Abdal, Yahya Kemal, and Gulseli Inal from the Turkish. She guest-edited the latest issue of *Translation Review*, an all-Turkish issue focusing on contemporary Turkish literature. She has taught at the University of Florida in the Creative Writing Program since 1993.

Mustafa Ziyalan was born in Zonguldak on the Black Sea coast of Turkey. Now he practices psychiatry in New York. His poetry, short fiction, essays, and poetry translations (from Paul Auster, Ingeborg Bachmann, and Anna Akhmatova, among others) have appeared in many literary periodicals, anthologies, and in book form. *Su Kedileri* (Water Cats), a collection of his short fiction, appeared in 2005.

Ode to Krishna

In 1964, he was neighbor to a group of Hare Krishnas, who hadn't liked him since the cookout he'd had on Labor Day, when the smell of barbecued ribs and sizzling hamburger fat lured three female members from the faith forever. The Krishnas had a year-old VW Bug with a broken motor mount

that they believed shook because evil spirits lived in it. In May, after watching two squirrels fornicate on its roof, a sari-draped man brought the keys to his door, offering the car to him *as a gift*.

Peace be with you. Nine months later, on leave from the Navy, he's driving to San Diego in the possessed

car, Paul McCartney singing *Yesterday*, when a front axle breaks.

He swerves into a guardrail, which flips the car into a ravine. He lies there for two days before a farmboy hears his screams. His feet are broken in fourteen places, his military career over. Thanksgiving, watching the news,

he learns that his battalion has been wiped out in la Drang Valley, and his tears salt his turkey pot pie. Thirty years later, when he's telling me the story at a Penney's in Florida, struggling to find a pair of work boots to fit over his mangled feet, he says the greatest regret of his life is that he wasn't there

when his men when down in '65. He met my mother the next summer at a diner in Detroit. *Damn Hare Krishnas*, he's grumbling, but I can't help but think about Krishna, incarnation of Vishnu, preserver god of the universe, and I'm bowing my head, touching his scars, a prayer on my lips for the first time in years.

Amanda Carver

Eskimos

That's what we called them.
How I yearned for what they had.
Every day a snow day,
no school anywhere in sight.
A house of carved light
intimate as a backyard tent.
Playing with fire in the yard.
Hunting with real harpoons
and nobody saying "Fat chance
you bringing *that* in here."

They talked a lot about blubber.
I liked to say blubber. *Blubber*.
And the red spill of guts
by the hole in the ice
was something I could understand.

Saturdays I'd find my way
to Scandinavia, wherever
or whatever that was,
bounding from ice floe
to ice floe and back again
in time for dinner,
steamed halibut with head attached.

Best of all we wouldn't need
sleep all summer long.
In the endless arctic day
we'd be a family again, attuned
to the distant howl of wolves,
the hoo hoo of owls, our mouths
circles of fireside impersonation.

And once a year we'd hitch
the huskies to the sled
and mush to the North Pole,
dad up front with the reins,
urging the dogs forward
as he once did our old Mercury,
driving to Virginia Beach
with no air-conditioning and no radio
and a wife and two kids.

Mike White

Preseason

Knocked in the nose, I saw black
flashing like the impact.

You weren't looking

he said, turning,

and I chased the ball

out of bounds,

tasting metal

where my braces cut

tracks across my lips.

Saturday mornings, I practiced

at the rec-center. After league games

the courts opened up

and my father

liked to show me off.

Under the buzzing blue tubelights

he was an enormous,

ashy-skinned opponent,

feet planted at the top of the key,

hands swatting when I dribbled,

pivots and crossovers, trying to get by.

At the silver row of water fountains

men who might have been stars once

stuffed hi-tops into their gym bags,

T-shirts sagging

with dark Vs of sweat.

That your kid?

He nodded,

Sure is, and nodded, beaming,

while I kept on, dizzy, needing

to please, with each follow-through

and rebound, memorizing

the basketball's scent—

leather and salt and hardwood wax.

I preferred those mornings

when my world was compounded

into simple strategies,

and whether or not we were keeping score

I understood my father

as pressure defense and broken lines,

love I learned to receive

like a chest pass

lobbed from the periphery.

Caki Wilkinson

Even Now, My Father Still Resembles Beowulf

Beowulf once said, *In my youth I survived many storms of battle, times of strife....* My father once said, "When I was a boy, we walked to school through blizzards and hurricanes while the buzzards hovered above us, waiting for us to perish...." When he was a young man, my father tossed me in the air and accidentally pulled my arm from its socket. When Beowulf was a young man, he tore off Grendel's arm and hung it on a wall. But I was no monster, there were none allowed in our house—my father said that they were all afraid of him. Alas, a great number of years came to pass. Beowulf became a King. My father, a senior manager. Beowulf gained a nation. My father, a house in Rochester. Beowulf prepared to face the dragon, which to him meant death. My father faced the prospect of retirement, which in a family that valued work the way the Geats celebrated battle, it must have felt very similar to death. Their hair went grey and they both became prone to fits of rambling. Beowulf has a story that was copied by scribes and monks and passed down through the centuries. My father has this.

Matthew Olzmann

Campus Taxi

The meter ticks off blocks, one neatly groomed corner at a time. Across the quads, tenured professors shuffle through yellowing notes for classes taught some thirty-odd years. Eyes hollow with a common decay, PhD students stoop beneath weighty dissertations, a flock of pale earthbound angels. His own remains unfinished. But fares here appreciate his grasp of history, giving bigger tips for a well-wrought phrase. He drifts past the Medici, where undergrads linger over pizza, past Jimmy's Tap on Garfield, leaving the Midway, an ivory sigh behind. He dreams that if he stays under its shadow any longer, the ivy will swarm over his limbs like every other campus edifice. As it is, his Einstein flyaway hair won't stop growing, a matter which strikes him with mixed alarm and fascination. It seems he has his own silver halo, something generally accorded only the virtuous and the dead. It grows late and fares at this hour are hard to come by. He doubles back to cruise the all-night library. Behind the moon, the Mind Almighty brocades tightly woven minutiae into glittering insights. In a few hours, he can return to the arms of his books, their lengthy titles entwining like barbed wire. His brain is outgrowing his skull—a dense, fallen orb of gray matter rolling downhill, picking up leaves and twigs as it goes.

Nina Corwin

At the Park

The lady pulled her car into the parking lot at the park, got out and opened the trunk, took something out and walked over to the shade under a tree, and proceeded to put together this portable fencing which made a kind of cage without a roof and it was maybe eight feet by five feet and hardly big enough, I thought, for a dog, which I assumed she was going to put in there, and I assumed right, only it wasn't a dog, it was FIVE dogs and not small dogs either, I don't know what kind of dogs but medium-sized dogs, I mean they barely had room to turn around, and here they were in this five-acre park, trees to piss on and things to sniff everywhere, trapped in this stupid little child's playpen, and maybe the lady had her good reasons, I'm sure she did, and it's true the dogs didn't seem to mind, they just plopped down and kept quiet, apparently used to it, not thinking anything odd about it, and in fact they could have jumped over it if they really wanted, and so I really don't know why the whole thing depressed me like it did, or why I bother to go out into the world at all.

Mather Schneider

Moving to California

Moving, it takes two years for the body to drift down in the winds, skin billowing in the breeze like a tail-whipping Chinese dragon kite.

On the way down, a wrist might surge high in an updraft, flapping as if conducting air symphonies on the end of an empty sleeve.

On the way down, the head also flops back and forth, until, smack, it hits the ground in the folds of a gathered epidermal parachute.

Gusts of wind streak in from the east where the void of our absence is the eye of a storm blowing with bent trees our past towards us.

Meals set out on the new dining table fly away—homing pigeons, flapping back to circle our old place like L.A. airplanes awaiting clearance.

When we make love, I see the Pennsylvania clouds in your eyes as the West Coast king-size bed squeaks like a Philadelphia trolley car.

Glen A. Mazis

The Yankee Speaks of Kennesaw

As if by magic, there sprang from the earth a host of men.

—Confederate General Samuel French
on the force of his troops at Kennesaw Mountain

Stilesboro Road is a vein eight miles long.
If roads were rivers, it would be the Euphrates,
and I an olive girl from the Fertile Crescent
lulled to sleep by the rhythm of its turns, its whorl
its abundance of kudzu gone mad with grief.
Dusky woods at the mountain's foot
mean home is eight miles away.
I've traded my New England for the bones
of Kennesaw more than once, rooted in this earth
beneath the Tigris and Euphrates of my home.
Here ochre-skinned women
once plucked and boiled bloodroot for its red stems
to dye and ripen fabrics crimson and sanguine.
The bloodroot has flowers so white and chaste,
they were thought to be stars, pillars of innocence
that close up at night and return home
where they are needed by their mother, the night sky.
And this earth is so pregnant with souls
that if I saw the shadow of an old boot disappear
behind a tree, the figure of a man
making his way down Mountaintop Trail,
or a lock of hair curled about a dogwood branch,
I would be unsurprised, given secrets buried deep
in Kennesaw's mud belly.
Its curves feel round, full, womb-like,
and lilt bodies along by car and foot.
I imagine pioneer buyers at market once bartered
and haggled, shook up dull coins in a purse,
filled woven baskets with summer squash, watermelon,
ripe beets, peanuts, eggplant, love apples, grapes.
But before this, the land belonged to Mound Builders

in the eighth century who entrusted the ground
with bodies, trinkets, scraps, blood, and stone,
then scattered like pollen.
Ripe and lush as Mesopotamia, it cradles
three-hundred-year-old bones of Creeks
who buried their dead before being pushed south
by Cherokees. They knew to name something was to own it,
and branded the land *Gah-nee-saw*, meaning cemetery
or burial ground, and made it a mountain of resting places.
Verdurous fields hollowed themselves
beneath feet on the hunt or dancing for rain.
With souls grown deep into the loam and earth,
they readied for the blood of another war.
Men with pale faces forced the Cherokees west,
and new battles were born like children
in a war of boundaries. General Hood and Johnston
dug rifle pits into the hillsides for cover, for solace.
The mountain veiled these Confederate men
in the lines of her vast body until they descended
upon the Union, burst forth into battle like an artery slashed.
Then she was left to collect her children,
absorb the wounded bodies of men
amidst withering gunfire.
Stilesboro is the mettle of all I know about Georgia,
pulsing its own force and ancient motion
round trails and abandoned cannons.
How could I leave my own flesh, the red clay
that cradles what little life I've lost or left behind
each morning to the Southern wood violet
and downy yellows? My own ghosts are fodder now
for mountain soil, mingling with the blood of soldiers,
sleeping near Creek bones, multiplying by Cherokee feathers,
Carolina allspice, and Hood's valley of men.

Katie Fesuk

This Story

I think I'd like to die in Rhode Island someday, wading in the bay in rotten sneakers at slack water, my basket partly full of clams, my eyes focused on their little air holes in the sand

on a late afternoon on a late August weekday, with clouds herding up along the south horizon, banking off toward Block Island and beyond, and I will swat at a greenhead buzzing near my neck

and fall into the slant of four o'clock sun beneath the half-inch ripples of the incoming tide and close out this story, except for the postscript where I'm later found by two guys floating by in a rented canoe eating meatball subs

who took the day off to drink some beer on the bay and never thought they'd read about themselves in the paper or that night tell their wives about the body they found face down in the muck and how the police questioned them

about the beer and so this story will pass from mouth to ear across the towns I lived in, the places where I rode my bike to the store to buy my mother's cigarettes and Mike Boyle's brother will recall the time I broke into the school that night with Mike

and Sheryl Pannemaker's father will fold the newspaper in his lap and think it was a good thing she married a chiropractor and across the football field near the high school a couple of kids will stop laughing and look up at the sky for no reason while out on the bay

a sudden piece of wind will blow in from the sea and the spot near the shore where I felt this story collapse in my chest will be commemorated by mud and the stink of low tide and the gray sails of circling gulls.

Tom Chandler

À la Fin des Fins

I

Belugas are dying in the St. Lawrence, and even French, with its beautiful inflection, won't save them. *St. Laurent*, they say in Quebec. It doesn't clean up the river.

Here in southwestern Alaska, salmon are dwindling in number, the Bristol Bay fishery's boats so thick they look like a stipple of bright leaves if one has an aerial perspective.

So long, dear creatures of the sea. We, who cannot abide prophecy, give you up. For loss is easier—already our blood has shunned the tides, already we worship and cry less.

II

In my dream, a man with a great fin swims to meet me.

He says *The water does not taste like salt*. He says *Come back*

to the lovely depths, the dark. Plunge, you will not be cold.

Gulls will ripple overhead while eiders skim the surface.

When a stilled wind calms the bays, we'll seek out starfish and giant kelp. We'll resume our covenant with water, broken the perilous day we beamed to shore.

Anne Coray

Source

Along the roadside in the highland
where water has marked the rock face
of the cut bank, someone has taken
stardrill and hammer and split the quartz
with a ten foot length of black iron pipe
tapping a natural groundwater spring,
a flicker of cold water forever falling
onto pyrite and soapstone, arriving.
The pipe is braided with honeysuckle,
the underside furred by green moss.
Someone has left a tin dipper
dented and blackened with lichen
hanging from the limb of a dogwood.
Another stranger, whose bootprints
in the springside clay have filled with seepage
leading towards the long road ahead,
has left a white cup, chipped enamel
with smudge thumbprints, perfectly balanced
on the shelf of a rock shoulder.
This dipper, this cup, a purity
beyond design, where it is safe
to drink after strangers, safe to believe
that we might still save each other.

Mark Swanson

Ink on Silk

Wet in her red swimsuit the neighbor girl
knocks at the back door offering peaches,
freestone schoolboys in a grocery bag.
She is twelve. This is a gift. Her body,
glazed on the porch in the celadon light,
has blotted the brown paper with water
the hazy shape of an old dog curled
under bare willows and distant mountains.
She hands the scene over, peaches and all,
her free hands now shy, a Chinese puzzle
she struggles with, then resolves
to fold on her head, revealing an adolescent
calligraphy, faint wisps of ink on silk
written in her armpits, a foreign tongue
my lips, my teeth, my own tongue cannot speak.

Michael Jenkins

Interpreter of Silence

Why try speaking on streetcars
of damp weather, darkening skies,
the scarcity of meat? Why repeat
phrases of greeting (*are you well?*)
would you like to eat?)
Why buy a bag of damaged paperbacks,
a few *kopecks* apiece,
to learn affectionate diminutives
for charming children and pets?

Only to be out of place—mystified by
the etiquette of cloakrooms, fearful
of escalators at Moscow's breakneck pace,
suspicious of waiters placing trays
of amber jewelry for sale, covered by cloths,
between the dinner plates. Foreign objects

like idioms betray you: brass samovars,
tall glasses with handles, claw-footed
porcelain tubs. Generations ago
one by one, your family
stumbled out of steerage class, passports
clutched in their hands. They would go on

making blintzes you can still taste,
sighing occasionally at the memory
of roe eggs and caviar,
quarreling in Yiddish—a language
without a country to call its own—
never speaking their native tongue.

So some are left to make for themselves
ways of asking, *Are you well? Do you*
see storm-cast skies?—
even to try putting a life into words
that it may be known by more than just the few
interpreters of silence.

Norma Schulman

Look Both Ways Before Crossing

Why does this moment contain that last moment when I heard the news, a moment which, just now, the owl's call tried to erase? Could you hear it, that cry from deep within the child's body? In that moment blades of sunset went ripping through the shattered clouds, through the wounded air the child breathed just south of here, the pliers tearing at his nails in a place linked to us forever by that moment, his hands becoming ash, the sky suddenly full of tongues, the heart smoldering in the ruins of his past.

How can this moment even exist after that other moment, this moment when you arrive, your wings opening, your hips taking their shape from my palms, our timid shadows embracing timidly. How could that other moment even exist where the child's cries spread out like light from a dying star, where we both seemed dusted by lamplight, when the flower shuddered from the early frost? Why are we here, not there, a place where the sky beats its wings and flies away, where the road is already tired, where love tends its bruises.

Why is it that the loves we inherit are always a kind of death? A girl who believed the empty husks of my or anyone's dreams—my mother's lungs tightening around their tumors, the torn sail of my father's mind, his words like loose kites wiping the sky clean. And that child, how could that child's moment even exist? There's a hoarse voice calling us back towards whatever terrifies us, which is why, at this moment, the moonlight seems to drown in the river, why the city lights only seem to suffocate the stars. In another moment, the tight fist of someone's brain might

think of a new way to seed pain, or the dried blooms of some disease find a way to revive behind the whisper of your veins. But for this moment, not like those other moments, it is simply so surprising to be alive with you. Why is it enough just to listen to the earth spin? I can tell you, at this moment, despite the fact that our hearts beat at sixty fears a second, despite the fact that, at this moment, the silence of our dreams is immense, we can offer each other, and our world, these unforgettable petals of frost unfolding on their stems.

Richard Jackson

Remembering

The gourd mask hangs on the wall,
round mouth hollow, speaking nothing
but what one hears beneath the ear drum,
like the sharp red feathers of the *Mardi Gras* mask,
longer black plumes rising from the eyes
as question marks: who do you see?

I take each mask from the wall,
one for you, one for me—
peer through holes into the mirror:
we are changed. Another looks back
through feather and gourd, shaped
by them, something different
than wife, than husband—
a dark chimera, a luminous being.

There are alleys angled within,
numinous as an Orleans night,
bright trumpets, somber trombones:
any turn taken a new music,
how the blues began, like us.

Is it only a question of laziness,
that we become so little of ourselves?
Or fear, the mask we can't see
beyond.

Bending the tri-fold mirror around,
we are reflected in endless variation,
each face beckoning, sighing,
relenting.

We are always more, never less.

Dane Cervine

Compass

True north, a gleaming place of sun and ice,
The highest point, as latitude defines
The world. A compass, though, is imprecise—
Set for another north, this tool declines
To be exact; it must be taken in hand,
Compensated for with wisdom told
Of night, the stars, the pitch and yaw of land.
I hold that compass, feel it sharp and cold
Against my palm, how it aligns to face
Somewhere. I feel my hand beneath, warm skin—
Burning, really—against that metal case,
And turn to face you, finally begin
To know exactly what there is to find,
And where to look, and how it is divined.

Midge Goldberg

Immaculate Contraction

FCC ID CCT1565R
FISHER-PRICE
MADE IN CHINA

Across the houses in this arm of the Milky Way,
in cribs cloudy with pillows,
babies breathe and rustle. Listen,
each infant monitor radio waves
each breath into a sky where signals mix and weather.

Distant babies, what is the range of your sleep?
An atmosphere of half-words and sighs
sings in and out of frequency, as you drop
through dreams without language.
Distant babies, who can help you?
Your cries gust. Your stomachs grumble
like gears hauling America across America.

Who can locate you amid beeps and clicks—
garage door openers and cell phones?
Voices of truckers brake light the distance.
Air traffic controllers call planes onto infinite vectors.
Alien spacecraft squawk, warble, punctuate
thoughts of quasars and pulsars,
the universe and her babies. Lost messages
rise from the past and future, bounce
smaller and larger across air and emptiness.

*Hello, Marconi. Ahoy-hoy-hoy.
This is Mission Control. Son,
come in.*

Jack Martin

CONTRIBUTORS

Kevin Burris is a self-employed Illinois native whose work appears in *The Bitter Oleander* and *River Oak Review*.

Karen Carissimo's poetry appears in *The North American Review*, *Spoon River*, *Nimrod*, *Cimarron Review*, *Peregrine*, and *The Southern California Anthology*.

Amanda Carver is a senior at Florida State University, studying creative writing. This is her first publication.

Dane Cervine is Chief of Children's Mental Health for Santa Cruz County. A member of the Emerald Street Writers, he appears in *The Hudson Review*, *POEM*, and the *Monterey Bay Poetry Anthology*.

Tom Chandler is Poet Laureate of Rhode Island and has been Phi Beta Kappa Poet at Brown and featured poet at the Robert Frost homestead in New Hampshire. He has four collections of poetry.

Anne Coray lives at her birthplace on remote Qizhjih Vena (Lake Clark) in Alaska. Her poetry book is *Bone Strings* (Scarlet Tanager Books), and her chapbooks include *Soon the Wind* (Fishing Line Press).

Barbara Crooker appears in numerous anthologies, including *Good Poems Two* (Viking, edited by Garrison Keillor) and has had seven poems read on NPR on *The Writer's Almanac*. Her book *Radiance* won the Word Press First Book Award in 2005.

Nina Corwin is a Chicago psychotherapist and the author of *Conversations With Friendly Demons and Tainted Saints* (Puddin'head Press, 1999). She appears in *Spoon River*, *Nimrod*, and *Poetry East*.

Mike Dockins is poetry editor of *Terminus* magazine and co-founder of *Redactions: Poetry & Poetics*. He appears in *The Gettysburg Review*, *Crazyhorse*, *Indiana Review*, and with his band, *CLOP*.

Katie Fesuk served as Creative Writer in Residence for the Kennesaw Mountain Writing Project. An Atlanta-area teacher, her work appears in *The Healing Muse*, *Wicked Alice*, and *Stirring*.

Midge Goldberg lives in Derry, New Hampshire, with her children. A member of the Powow River Poets, she appears in *Rattapallax*, *Dogwood*, *Measure*, and *European Romantic Poetry*.

John Pleimann is professor of English at Jefferson College, Missouri. He appears in *Natural Bridge*, *The Evansville Review*, *Margie*, and *The Connecticut Review*.

Mather Schneider is a poet living in Tucson, Arizona.

Norma Schulman works for a non-profit research organization in Washington, D.C. She appears in *Poet Lore*, *Mid-American Review*, *New Jersey Poetry Journal*, *Crosscurrents*, and *MSS*.

Ron Self is a lawyer-musician in Columbus, Georgia, and teaches part-time at Columbus State University.

Roy Shepard's novel *The Latest Epistle of Jim* won the Mid-List Prize. His poetry collections include *Going Back*, *An Eye for My Passing*, and *That Time of Year*. His poems appear in *Poetry* and *Commonweal*.

Joan Stern's chapbook, *Fractured Light*, won the *Maryland Poetry Review's* 2000 contest. She appears in *Yankee Magazine*, *Tar River Poetry*, *New Letters*, *Poet & Critic*, and *Poet Lore*.

Mark Swanson is a poet living in Long Creek, South Carolina.

Georgia Syribeys grew up in Greece and now lives in Atlanta, Georgia.

Mike White, poetry editor of *Quarterly West*, received an Academy of American Poets Prize in 2004. He appears in *Poetry*, *The Iowa Review*, *The Antioch Review*, *Meridian*, and *Pleiades*.

Anne Pierson Wiese won a 2004 "Discovery" / *The Nation* poetry prize. She appears in *Quarterly West*, *Prairie Schooner*, *The Alaska Quarterly Review*, *West Branch*, and *Rattapallax*.

Caki Wilkinson, from Sewanee, Tennessee, is in the MFA program at Johns Hopkins University. She appears in *Dogwood*, *Hayden's Ferry*, and *The Georgia State Review*.

Jennifer Highland is in private medical practice in central New Hampshire. She appears in *Potpourri*, *Confrontation*, and *The Northern New England Review*.

Margaret Holley's poetry books include *Walking Through the Horizon* (U. of Arkansas, 2005), *The Smoke Tree* (1991 Bluestem Award), *Morning Star* and *Kore in Bloom*, both from Copper Beech.

Richard Jackson, editor of *Poetry Miscellany* and *mala revija*, is author of eight books of poems, including *Half Lives: Petrarchian Poems* (Autumn House, 2004) *Unauthorized Autobiography* (Ashland, 2003), *Heartwall* (U. Mass, 2000 Juniper Prize), and *Alive All Day* (Cleveland State Prize, 1992). In 2000 he received the Order of Freedom Medal from the president of Slovenia for literary and humanitarian work in the Balkans.

Michael Jenkins lives in Grant's Pass, Oregon. He poem appears in *Portland Review*, *Talking River Review*, and other Pacific Northwest literary journals.

Rose Kelleher is a computer programmer in Maryland. She has poems in *The Pacific Review*, *Anon*, *The Dark Horse*, and *Verse Daily*.

Danusha Laméris has poems in *Crab Orchard Review*, *Water~Stone*, *Alaska Quarterly Review*, and *Lytic*.

Diane Lockward's collection is *Eve's Red Dress* (Wind, 2003). A poet-in-the-schools in New Jersey, she has poems in the *Poetry Daily* anthology and Garrison Keiller's *Good Poems for Hard Times*.

Jack Martin lives in Colorado. His poems appear in *Willow Springs*, *Quarterly West*, *Crazyhorse*, *Ploughshares*, and *The Journal*.

Glen Mazis is a widely published poet who directs the Humanities Graduate Program at Penn State Harrisburg. (Obviously, having moved back from California.)

Matthew Olzmann directs InsideOut's Citywide Poets, an intensive after-school poetry workshop for teenage writers in Detroit.

Paulann Petersen's poetry collections are *The Wild Awake* (Confluence, 2002), *Blood-Silk* (Quiet Lion, 2004), and *A Bride of Narrow Escape*, forthcoming from Cloudbank Books in 2006.

WALT WHITMAN CIRCLE \$1,000

FRIEDA LEVINSKY
SUSAN SHIRLEY & CHRIS SHIRLEY
ELIZABETH S. VANTINE & ROGER GRIGG

ROBERT FROST CIRCLE

HENRY & MARGARET BOURNE
LINDA HARRIS
GINGER MURCHISON
LAURA WIDEBURG

ELIZABETH BISHOP CIRCLE

RUTH BLAKENEY
GAYLE CHRISTIAN
PEGGY K. DENNIS
CAROLE P. FAUSSEMAGNE
MAGGIE HUNT-COHN
ASIEMOULA PAPADOPOULOS
HANS JORG STAHLSCHMIDT
MARY STRIPLING

10th ANNIVERSARY FUND

P. O. Box 8248, Atlanta GA 31106

*Contributions are tax deductible. For more information,
please contact Dan Veach: dan@atlantareview.com*

Patrons

David C. Benton • Steven Ford Brown • Emery L. Campbell
Turner Cassity • Robert Champ • Stephanie Kaplan Cohen
Robert M. Giannetti • Ruth Kinsey • David McCowen
Charles P. McGreevy, in memory of Rebecca Cheney McGreevy
Michael Miller & Michele Wallace • Marjorie Mir • Linda E. Opyr
Lee & Candace Passarella • Peter Serchuk • Mort Shahmir
Anne W. Silver • Judith Swahnberg & Carl Norotny • Michael Walls

Donors

Jacqueline Bardsley • Dr. Lex Buchanan • Dr. Sharon Lee Cann
Malone Tumlin Davidson • Jimmy Deeney • Joan Burke Durdin
Jack Greenfield • Dr. Edda H. Hackl • Robert & Jane Hill
Bill Johnston • Linda K. Kadota • Adrienne Kalfopoulou
Edward & Sylvia Krebs • Maxine Kumin • Blake Leland
Smyrna Public Library • Charles Liverpool • Diane Lockward
Adib R. Mikhail • Chuck Oliveros • Rob & Alex Oliver-Tomic
Sherman Pearl • Wanda Praisner • Don Russ
Lawrence Russ • Dorothy Ryan • David M. Schuster
Don Shockey • Sharon Simons • Frances D. Smith
Zenaida H. Smith • Alicia Stallings • Tonia Williams
Stephen & Ruth Windham • David Zoll

Friends \$25

Alice Barton • Lib & Rich Boggs • Ronda Broach
Bette L. Callahan • Meredith Carson • Owen Cathey
Sally Lee Stewart Christian • Joan Clark • Dan & Ellen Corrie
Mark & Pam Crawford • Norah A. Dooley • Derek Economy
Gene Ellis • Phyllis Geller • Donald Gralen • Jennifer Gresham
Rachel Hadas • Susan Harvey • Debra Hiers • Laura Holdaway
Allison Joseph • Emeka Igwilo • Sandra K. Kennedy
Liza: Nepal Bhasa Poetry Forum • Jerry Mazza
Rachel Young Ouillette • John O'Connell • Stanley Rubin
Lori Feig Sandoval • Charles & Lois Shirley • Naomi Simmons
Cheryl Stiles • Coriana Swartz • Neil Shulman & Zoe Havgo
Maria Terrone • Hediana Utarti • Elisa Narin Van Court
Shirley Windward • William Winston • Wanita Zumbunnen

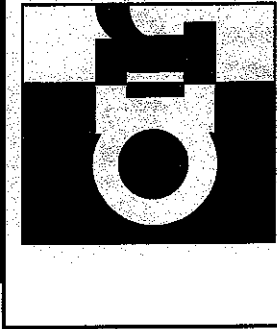
Many thanks to our public funding agencies!

The Fulton County Commission
through the Fulton County Arts Council.

DeKalb County Board of Commissioners
and the DeKalb County Office of Arts, Culture and Entertainment

The Georgia Council for the Arts
through the Appropriations from the Georgia General Assembly.
The Council is a Partner Agency of the National Endowment for the Arts.

City of Atlanta Bureau of Cultural Affairs.



ATLANTA REVIEW

POETRY 2007

International Poetry Competition

Grand Prize
\$2,007

20 International Publication Prizes

Publication in over 120 countries in Atlanta Review!

30 International Merit Awards

List of honor in Atlanta Review, free issue and certificate.

Entry fee: \$5 for the first poem, \$3 for each additional poem.
Entries must be postmarked by May 12, 2007

For more information, visit: www.atlantareview.com

Please send your contest entries to:

Poetry 2007
PO Box 8248, Atlanta GA 31106

Put the *Poetry* Back in your Life



THE WHOLE WORLD OF POETRY

delivered to your door for just \$12 a year!

Free postage anywhere in the world.

Enjoy

The Gift of Experience

Atlanta Review's 10th Anniversary Anthology

Nobel Prize winners Seamus Heaney & Derek Walcott
Pulitzer Prize winners Maxine Kumin & Stephen Dunn
U.S. Poet Laureate Billy Collins

Plus poetry from all 7 continents and all 7 stages of human life.

Visit Asia, Africa, Australia, Latin America, Spain, Greece,
Ireland, England, Canada, the Caribbean--even the South Pole!

It's the poetic adventure of a lifetime, for just \$10!

ATLANTA REVIEW
PO Box 8248
Atlanta GA 31106, USA