

broadsheet

new new zealand poetry

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Editor: Mark Pirie

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included are solicited by the editor.
All submissions will be returned. Thank you.

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Alan Brunton: Poems from *JAAM 16*(2001) and *Beyond the Ohlala Mountains: Selected Poems 1968-2002* (Titus Books), reproduced with permission of the Estate of Alan Brunton.

Mark Young: A line from Donald Trump is taken from *Ley Lines*, gradient books, Finland, 2016. The other poems in this selection are taken from *some more strange meteorites*, Meritage Press & i.e. Press, California & New York, 2017.

Preface

Mark Young, the Australian-based poet and editor of *Otoliths*, is a poet originally from New Zealand and internationally published. He is one of our most published poets overseas, where he has produced many collections of his poetry, including the 600 page, ‘at least nine new books in one’, *The Codicils*.

He has been around in periodical form since the publication of his poem ‘Lizard’ in the *New Zealand Listener* in 1959. Other early work featured in *Arena*, *Experiment*, the *New Zealand Poetry Yearbook* and *Argot* in the early 1960s.

I first came across his work when Alan Brunton sent me a review copy of *The Right Foot of the Giant* as editor of *JAAM* magazine in 2000. Alan’s publication helped re-establish his reputation as one of our best contemporary poets. It included poems like ‘In Memoriam: Robert Desnos’.

It’s surprising that his work isn’t as known as that of his contemporaries like Ian Wedde, David Mitchell, Bill Manhire, Peter Olds and others, in New Zealand, because that is the class of company he keeps.

He remains a fascinating literary figure on both sides of the Tasman, editing the online journal *Otoliths, a magazine of many e-things*, which includes a wide variety of poetry forms and features poetry as contemporary art and image texts from writers internationally.

An innovative practitioner, both in technique and methodology, he remains an elusive figure in New Zealand where he was born in Hokitika in 1941. I am lucky enough to feature his work in *broadsheet* and promote it to a New Zealand audience.

I would like to thank the writers who replied to the invite I sent out on advice from Mark Young himself, and indebted to writers like Ian Wedde, Michele Leggott, Thomas Fink (USA), Lisa Samuels, Eileen R Tabios (USA), Mercedes Webb-Pullmann, Pete Spence (Australia), and Sheila E Murphy (USA) for sending in work and appearing alongside Mark Young.

Two previously published poems by Alan Brunton also reappear with permission of his estate in recognition of the work Alan did in collecting Young’s work from the 1960s/1970s in his first major book, *The Right Foot of the Giant*.

Michael O’Leary’s recent unpublished poem on Paul McCartney’s December Auckland concert is another gem I have included outside of the main feature.

Mark Pirie
Wellington, May 2018

FREE RANGE

falling asleep reading
I carry on with the plot

introducing new characters
some transfused from other texts

some I know from elsewhere
for example my elderly

Chinese neighbour
crouching to purloin bricks

from a house-building site
who spotted me through

the fence he'd ducked through
and took off

just the sort Winston
wants to keep out of the country

and yet if they met they'd
have much in common

opportunism for a start
and that insouciance

a man just ahead of the game
who feels the cold breath

of ruin down his neck
can summon in an instant

FIGMENT

it seemed to me important
the world as we had known it
should not simply be
tar-sealed or concreted over

houses time and memory
have reduced to dream sets
faces reproduced
two generations on

the anthropological spectrum
arriving in individual portions
on our back steps
summer and winter

market gardeners
stock and station agents
a man with a live duck in a sack
my father's associates

he'd kept a rabbit as a child
so we had to have one
perpetually burrowing and escaping
eating the neighbours' vegetables

septic tanks and gravel roads
technologies that upheld decades
eclipsed in a glimpse
by infrastructure

GURU HOODOO

I came down from the mountains of Nepal
on the Eastern Railway to the Gangetic plains.
There was a village I have not found
since in any atlas. A man with no
clothes on boiled milk in a copper pan.
My mind opened like curtains at a matinee,
the b&w classic starting up at the ends
of my nerves like the faltering steps
of Zero Human at the end of the Jurassic,
wheels spinning as they exit
my eyes, churning the residue of tears,
tilting as their velocity increased,
I was surfing waves of junk in space,
all the stuff we threw up there
during the Age of Rocket Science.
In that dazzle of pure delight, she appeared
—too little too late too much too soon—
surrounding me with fizz.
Whatever you do she whispered
I will always respect you. Hot milk passed
from pan to pan until it reached my cup
like moisture on a leaf
dropped from sparrows' tongues.
The sun went from white to indigo
above the City of the Dead. I looked up
from the dirt, 1000000000 mustard seeds
between my teeth,
the universes disintegrated
pouring out from themselves in endless
spills of bliss
and I knew the secret of the swamis
—it's this
—the heart is a lover with beautiful hips

From MOVIE

3

I will tell you something: In 1897, three fragments of a broken jug were discovered in Egypt. They were 3000 years old. Poems were painted on the fragments. One of them is

the poet smells his lover's shirt ...

In 1951, French Egyptologists found twenty-eight more pieces of the same jug and the rest of the poem was restored

that sniff of sweetness instantly

transports him to the South Seas

6

Language is my neighbourhood.

I live in Alphabet City.

The people who live here open their hearts to the sun.

Today was the birthday of Louis Braille, the inventor of a reading system for the blind,
the day the sputnik fell back to Earth.

My horoscope says:

‘Writing frequently will help you sustain a relationship with someone at a distance.’

8

This existence is not the original.

Like love itself,

the universe is mostly smoke and mirrors,

I am I,

the beginning of illusion.

You are you,

the centre of confusion.

I write to you alone at night,

speaking into the silence.

**SUBPRIME MORTGAGE
BARGAIN LOT 2**

Spectral

abundance

debris

out
boom

of

hole.

Wholesale

ellipses.

Blindspot

cultivated.

In people,

glass

houses.

On 'em,
glass coats.

Velocity

crazing.

Liquidity?

Amiss.

Surplus

shortfall.

SUBPRIME MORTGAGE BARGAIN LOT 3

A fix.

I alone.

I

alone

can.

Can fix

it.

Fixed. I

can.

Con. Parity—

nyet:

parody.

Wreckonomics.

Supply

side's

long

long

fuck-it

list.

SOMETIMES IT HAPPENS

rapid same question

with beautiful optimism the grandiflora
up on the horizon the running couple
candid is as candid does

an escarpment and above it
forget-me-not glass so extensive
memory collapses the black hills

of the coda a barge being towed
in or out the harbour experimental
bones on a lee shore indifference

or the float plane perilune
big orange moon above the hill
figgy trumpet scrambling over

the wall no scent no sound but still
delicious thank you Charles B
the little phrase the little phrase revenant

sea of clouds sea of islands sea of crises
sadness coldness and all the rest of it
dust on the wing of a butterfly Antipathies

leaving the branches each morning
to glide without sound two feet
over our heads and out to the gleaming bay

venturesome women

walking into the poem again aware
of gravitational waves unmediated
by understanding anything but the bell

or the chirp at the moment
of collision Antipathies
on a scale the lips of the world

can't sound even in a library
where two call flowers across a table mirrorline
to a pair calling berries and ferns

from archives bound with dark glue
and coming apart at the seams WHOA!
sand crusts give way bells ring

on the hill above the city
future perfect exrescent moon northwest
a cut out in the night sky

through which the light of candles
performs another optical amusement
for the women in the cart or those

who flee with their children in darkness
to a hilltop leaving lighted windows
improbable in the town below

Sheila E Murphy

THIS NEW YEAR

White trees, smooth lake, pale stars.

*Recall the moment in your life
when you felt most loved,
that allows your mind to honor
its companion heart.*

The crunch of steps across
a deepened surface of new snow
forms little histories
to embellish or relate,

in a world replete
with accidental miracles
that reveal for each of us
a reason to belong.

REP ARTEE

His reinvention seemed at first haphazard. Were he beautiful, I would have loved him. I listened as I do to his intended and chance revelations. A recitation of his urge to get along with people who had never mattered plus with those he had just met, with few ideas and good hearts. His new attraction to the window light, I thought I learned a row of tones along so many staves, perhaps to sing. He mentioned what we knew together, and the practice of divorce seemed less strange. Had I liked his form the way I do his mind, I might have offered what was left of solitude I'd crafted for a self we used to know.

Young tree, tall tree, answers equal questions

SINGING IN THE DEAD

I far prefer the kinder to be home. Their masks are wood, their eyes are blond. The squawk of paint removes a threaded vetting of contiguous *marchons* until the ladder dries (viaticals still vie). A mother lode is fickle while the thickets phase out vines.

We undermine our caveats once verisimilitude catches. Fireflies anoint their prey. Let us divine our way through penitence. (Someone forgive my innocence.)

Repay me my altercations as I forgive those who spin control out of my captions. Limit me Lord, only by my salter. I convene this group of heretics for purposes unknown.

Myopic referenda stop the QB from advancing. Ruminative theory blanches the already white lines on the field. A color code repurposes the fealty of the line coach.

Obfuscation can be fundamental obvious. Whose nest is this anyway? The curse of Reuben sandwich is the cube of salt not there.

Weeds violate the din of offset prose. You vintage me. I forewarn. You rattle your own cage replete with rage.

At this moment's notice, elected shepherds drive the wrong flock in the wrong direction

**PAUL M^cCARTNEY AT
MOUNT SMART STADIUM**

(16th December 2017)

I nearly didn't go to the concert
I put forth several excuses such as:
Too expensive, too far to go, it was
Too obvious as I had been such a
Beatles' fan most of my life

When The Beatles came to Auckland
In 1964 I had their pictures all over
My bedroom wall. I had a small
Turntable which played their records
Slightly slowly and off key

But my father was preparing to go
To prison and we couldn't afford life's
Basics, let alone such extravagances
As going to concerts, so I missed out
On experiencing the four

People who were and would be my
Main inspirations to become an artist
Whether with words, painting or
Music throughout my life. Lennon's
Witty drawings and verse

McCartney's elegiac Eleanor and his
Rock and blues voice; George's gently
Laughing and weeping guitar; while
Ringo never let a beat pass him by
All wrapped up in artistic

Packages by Brian, George M, Astrid,
Klaus, Blake, alligarters, wild boats,
Garriffes, lepers and Uncle Tom Cobra
And all, R Hamilton, I Macmillan, Bold
Rumple, B Freeman and all

John, Paul, George and Ringo took our
Poverty stricken lives, whether financial,
Intellectual or spiritual makes no matter,
As they had done for themselves, and
Had given us MUSIC

The Chinese word for music translates
As 'Enthusiasm for Life' which is what
The Beatles imbued our lives with, so
When I walked up towards the stadium
On that Saturday evening

I began to feel the anticipation of the
Uncertainty, like it feels when greeting
A lover. What would I think and feel
After all the intervening years of hardship
And heartache, the years

Of struggle and successes, the life I
Had lived through, the light and dark.
The sun was up, the sky was blue
The crowd had come out to play
And then it struck

The blackness of my mind and soul
That so often underpins and undermines
Was stalking me, trying not to let me
Enjoy the beauty and extraordinary
Ordinary rituals of life. I knew

I was in for a battle, but as the night
Transformed into a magnificent triumph
Of Paul McCartney's humour, sound
And vision, I was dancing and singing
The blues away

So, once there was a way to get back
Homeward, and this was it ... resonating
From the first iconic chord of *A Hard Day's
Night* right up to *The End* I was transported
Back to a happier time

When our mother would sing to me and my
Brother and sisters, one of whom was at
The concert with me, words to the effect of:
'Sleep pretty darling, do not cry, and I will
Sing a lullaby' – arohanui

STARTING AT THE END

Quench her half will
drawn or bought
quick flowers
for whom the tender stones
pick out your trash

it's an odd case for anyone's
antic lamp light
hooky by the self alone
pages of dead animals
warm as echo descant

hours of chaste ground
I mean it can be cold or hot
to be compared our Parsifal
graces out his shell case
shovel wails its metal

trimming fair with running
waste-removal taints
roaring out the broad choke
of the echo, ring
or stay of love

expired roofers build a
shade for nightgowns
and the sirens hit
the pavement back
again for shaky verticals

turning oh
consider where to put
pavilion's incident
place for water
midden of the sky

RECORD HAPPINESS

Did you mean tore down the street
the average curve of weeds

I give a breath in contrast

telling me his zealous ear o'erheard
that buzz the sounds accelerate

if we've practically constructed better luck
anticipates a pen-striped slant
sitting right here on the sofa

in actual fact shudder
up quick lure

Carrying speech plates across the
observation points the pittrice
asked established as a sign

the lines ascending where
we stand inside the furniture
infamous or perfect

talking from prosthetics
how she's turned the colours on

the fans churning out our prelude
plan-framed, red under the nails
sweating flowers

RETURNS

i'm trying to figure out what comes next
out of this awkward space.

well so far you are getting upset about
nothing.

so take it from there or leave it over there.

ah! the sound of nothing moved!

i may look like i'm waving at the sky but
i'm brushing aside a mosquito.

it takes the brush-off in its winged stride.

and i'm back to trying to figure out what
comes next.

2013

R U S T

you bunch and the clusters grow
tumble freely through the warmth of decay
over tides secluded in mountain tarns
above the frozen wastes of highways
dragged through the floodgates of memory
staining sound solidified into walls of granulated light

rend? the torn saunters into the night
like a verbose wreckage imitating a gong
hemorrhaging lint in a deciduous epic of haste

lump? abrasive knots converse in italics
bathed in fluorescent shouts
bound by the flight of occurrence
loosed from the ruse of forgetfulness
glowing against the frieze
eroding the vaults of destination
in a plea of curses
imploding into splinters of darkness
falling flat on the rust of civilisation
shorn of all belief

2013

From THE ASHBERY RIFF-OFFS

—where each poem begins with 1 or 1-2 lines from “Self-Portrait in a Convex Mirror” by John Ashbery

**Witnessed in the Convex Mirror:
A Revolt at the Ready**

Our looking through the wrong end
of a telescope as you fall back at a speed
more appropriate to a detour—we need
time for breathing to cease being awkward
But past the unexpected goats, their black
whiskers twitching like ticks on white faces;
past the pleasant-with-hindsight view of
zinfandel rows; past the rusting trailer
vainly lording itself over the weeds instead
of roaming the back roads of the continent;
past the darkening eyes of a bearded
farmer with antique rifle soldered to his
shoulder ... we'll still get there, where
light easily fuses with each breath. Soon
we'll float as if we're hot air balloons—
well, too fanciful. Still, consider the slip
-ping away of this dim landscape you
inherited as you choose the left turn. When
we become balloons, I'll choose the skin of
rainbows as make-up for my orb. And you?
I bet you'll choose Che Guevara's face
stubbled, and with eyes haunting under
a black beret—a logo for determination

Witnessed in the Convex Mirror: The Calm of Encasement

One would like to stick one's hand out of the globe, but its dimension makes it impossible to leave handcuffs imposed by context—a good thing. Is not outer space fearsome for its invisible borders? It's easy to get lost in a vacuum. Certain prisoners freed after long jail sentences have been known to commit crimes in order to be returned to prison. Sometimes, one needs something for contrast in order to locate one's self—say, a swimming pool and, relieved, one can say, *I am sitting at its edge*. Which is to say, *I am here*. In outer space, floating out there one can lose the edges of one's body without the calming effect of encasement in a silver space suit. Someone with authority once judged silver to be the color in least conflict with comets and other bodies interrupting the dark

C O C O

Although I couldn't sing a note in tune
it wasn't for my voice they filled the room.
Life's easier when wealthy friends can help
with details. Power unties knots as well.
An orphan, convent raised, I stayed alive
with thread and scissors. Luck was number five.

A wealthy lover passed me to his friend,
debauched aristocratic Englishman
who set me up in Paris. Luxury
soon put to flight the nun's frugality.

First for my hats, society knew me
then suits and dresses, perfume, jewelery,
as I moved on to conquer Russian Dukes,
composers, dancers, artists, Ballet Russe,
the Prince of Wales, young Churchill, Picasso,
and Goldwyn (though I hated Jews). Garbo
and Dietrich best of Hollywood's sparse fare,
its vulgar unrefined *vin ordinaire*.

I introduced Visconti to Renoir,
drank Brut champagne at noon in my pegnoir,
indulged in reverie with Revardy,
designed a double meaning with Iribe
and took a spy as lover, military
intelligence that kept me in the Ritz
for war's duration. Purgers had to quit
when Cooper intervened. If not, maybe
I'd have had my head shaved. That could ruin me,

the empire I'd amassed. Someone stepped in
but to protect investments, or for friend
I never knew. White petals wilted on
black dresses, death and romance, siren song.

For almost eighty years my Number Five
has kept the scent of women vibrant, live
inside exquisite costly glass, remote
from time, and age, a melting winter note.

**From THE LITTLE ACHE —
A GERMAN NOTEBOOK**

2

Im Hochsummer besuchen die Bienen viele unterschiedliche Blüten
'In high summer the bees seek many different flowers'
caught my eye on the jar of honey
in the organic shop around the corner
in Boxhagenerstrasse
but outside it was already getting dark
at 4.30 in the afternoon
and the warm bars were filling
with a buzz of patrons
dipping their lips
into fragrant brews
jostling each other in a kind of dance
I didn't join
(I didn't know how to
couldn't 'find my feet')
but took home my jar of Buckweizenaroma
buckwheat/bookwise aroma
and sampled some on a slice
of Sonnenblumenbrot.

6

*Von allem Leid, das diesen Bau erfüllt,
Ist unter Mauerwerk und Eisengittern
Ein hauchlebendig, ein geheimes Zittern.*
'From all the suffering that fills this building
there is under masonry and iron bars
a breath of life a secret tremor.'

In the Moabit Prison memorial
where Albrecht Haushofer's words
incised in the back wall

already wear the weary patinas of time and weather
or more probably the perfunctory smears
of graffiti cleansing
I'm assailed by a nipping dog
whose owners apologise in terms I don't quite understand
though the dog does
and retreats ahead of the half-hearted kick
I lack the words to say isn't called for.

The horizon's filled with gaunt cranes
resting from the work of tearing down or building up
the forgettable materiality of history
an exercise one might say
in removing that which was draughty
and replacing it with that which can be sealed.

Or as it may be
tearing down the sealed panopticon
but making space to train dogs in.

21

Oberbaumbrücke

is one of those contrapuntal German nouns
that should be simple but isn't
unless you think
'upper-tree-bridge' is simple.

The long trailing tresses of the willows
have turned pale green
and are thrashing in the wind
on the Kreuzberg side
of die Oberbaumbrücke
over the storm-churned Spree.

They are the uneasy ghosts of spring.

Gritty gusts
blow rubbish along the embankment.

In a crappy nook
a graffitied child clenches a raised fist.

Yesterday at the Leipzig Book Fair
I listened to a fierce debate
about the situation in Ukraine
and later visited the Nikolaikirche
where Johann Sebastian Bach had played the organ.

One situation was loud with discord
the other's efflatus a ghostly counterpoint.

On the train back to Berlin
I received a text from Donna
who'd been rocking our granddaughter Cara to sleep.

My bag from the Book Fair
had a paradoxical misquote from Ezra Pound on it:
'Literatur ist Neues,
das neu bleibt.'

The train was speeding at 200 kilometres an hour
towards the place I'm calling home
because it's haunted by ancestors who left slowly
but surely
thereby established the first term
of my contrapuntal neologism:
Endeanfang.

26

The vanity of art

(Milan Kundera)–

In spring

I return to the Moabit Prison Memorial
Haushofer's words are still there
writ large on the back wall
they seem a little faded
but that could be the effect
of lucid sunshine
which elongates the speeding shadows
of dogs chasing Frisbees
and picks out
the filigreed patterns of trees
beginning to be crowned
with pale baldachins of leaves.

The girl panhandling on the footpath
at Warschauer Strasse station
has scrawled an unambiguous request
on the cardboard placard
her dog's sleeping head
seems to be dreaming:
'cash for beer and weed
and food for the dog'.

What the ghosts of Moabit are saying
I find harder to understand.

The memorial park's stark absences
move me
and the minimal architectural features
seem respectful and not vaunting.

But the silence here
which the happy dogs
vociferous nesting birds
industriously rebuilding cranes
and agitated railway station
do not fill

that silence

crowds into a place in the mind
that scepticism can't reach
where ghosts gather obliviously
without caring if I sense them
or if any of this exists.

27

Patriotismus, Nationalismus, Kosmopolitismus, Dekadenz
are the words repeated over and over
by the artist Hanne Darboven
whose great work in the Hamburger Bahnhof
museum of contemporary art
like the nearby Moabit Prison Memorial
reduces what she knew
to the minimal utterances
the obsessive reductions
the repetitions
that anticipate the ghosts of themselves
in the silence of the archive.

A LINE FROM DONALD TRUMP

The First Emperor of Qin
sported a striking headpiece of
human flesh as a show of his
glory. Teamed it with a figure-

hugging dress that some re-
porters thought was made from
bacon or, perhaps, prosciutto.
Scaly warts covered the few

exposed portions of his body.
I have sex dreams about random
people, he said. I will build a
great wall to keep them out.

THE / GLAZED AMBIGUITY / OF THE MOON

He raised his glass &
toasted her across the table-
lands. She smiled back; but
in the black beyond her eyes
he suddenly saw in widescreen
the hatred that colonization
had engendered. He started,

startled. Wine sopped
but no servants ran to
mop it up. They were alone.
She smiled again, a
different kind of smile, ice
in the desert. *Morricone?* she
said. *Maricon* more like it. &

shot him where he sat. In the
valley the monuments
stirred, began marching. Soon
the stucco porches would be
the playgrounds of tortoises
& vultures. For a moment
she watched the future

from the balcony, then turned back
to clear the table, deliberately
bumping the slumped body
as she did so. She was singing. A
Carole King song but the way
Aretha did it. *When my soul
was in the lost & found...*

KUHN'S NUDE, DUCHAMP'S PARADIGM

There are
passages of time
that redefine the way
we see the world. No
one particular moment,
though somewhere within
must be a turning point.
Rather action / reaction,
in a frame by frame
process, an incremental
transition, much as in
that painting by Duchamp
where the nude descends
a staircase, step by step,
each step depicted,
each bringing with it
all the ones before.

BASHO CONDENSED

f
r p
p o o l
g o
p

CLUSTERS OF TITANIUM DIOXIDE

What is a palliative care volunteer?

The questions of legitimacy latent in the question I shall address later.

What experience do you need to include in the Assessment responses?

Many Anglos think all Mexican women are named Maria.

How confident do you feel about your writing abilities?

This meeting has been arranged to discuss my circumstances.

Do you feel that you are treated with the respect that you should be treated with?

My primary functions are recording interview responses.

Do you know what safety gear to wear?

Regular attendance is a requirement of my position.

What trade-offs are you willing to make?

In western culture, maintaining eye contact suggests one is interested in the person.

During your pre-operational check you see the Data Plate is missing. What action would you take?

Check the offender's vital signs.

How often do you need to have someone help you when you read instructions, pamphlets, or other written material from your doctor or pharmacy?

Having an impact on the world is within the reach of most individuals.

When should you have hired a lawyer?

Once I realized that animals have feelings.

FIVE THINGS I NEVER TOLD MY ROSHI

#1

I seek my
inner self
not for

the essays
but for the
centerfold.

#2

My first visit to a zen-do was a mistake. I saw the sign & misread it as Zeno; but, since I was seeking infinite pleasure, I entered. I thought it was a bit strange being asked to seat myself in what I now know to be the position of zazen, but went along with it, thinking kinky thoughts about auto-erotic asphyxiation of the groin area.

Was more puzzled when the Roshi asked me *What is the Buddha Mind?* I suspected it might be some aspect of tantric sex, & so, determined to heighten my pleasure but still conserve my seed, I began by imagining a point on the perimeter of my conscious mind beyond which lay the unconscious. Then I mentally covered half the distance to it, then half the remaining distance, then half the remaining

I was brought out of it by the Roshi's staff falling across my back. *You were drifting*, he said. *But you may have been making progress so finish up for the time being & come back in two or three days.*

Puzzled by it all, feeling some sort of inner calm but no sexual satisfaction, gratification, or even titillation after I left, I googled the question the Roshi had asked me & discovered just what a difference a “d” makes. I was more than a little embarrassed. Still, some good had come from it, so I returned as the Roshi had suggested.

Once again he pointed me to the raised zazen platform, &, as I settled myself, he asked another of those paradoxical questions that are designed to help the neophyte find enlightenment.

What would you rather be: the tortoise or the hare?

#3

I
used to
think satori was

just another brand
of Japanese
whisky.

#4

When I sit crosslegged during zazen in the zen-do, I seek to find, as the precursor to clearing my mind of all thoughts, that single point of equilibrium for what Alan Watts called “the woman in man” — &, obviously, the opposite / the same, “the man in woman.” But as I draw nearer to it, I am distracted by the conflict of those gender stereotypes that have imprinted themselves on me over the years. Even now, when I have resolved most of the physical issues, they flutter, like trapped moths, at the edges of the empty plain I seek to surround myself with.

I see myself wearing workman's boots & a tutu. When I dance,
I dance alone. Nobody wants to catch me in my jetés because I
have been known to draw blood from my partners when I
accidentally land on them on the points of my steel caps.

& I am reluctant to climb ladders. It is not the height that
frightens me, simply that the other firemen look up my skirt.

#5

My navel is pierced with a five-carat diamond.

It is an impediment to meditation.

Seek the light, find it, & the facets start strobing.

Epilepsy not epiphany.

AN IMPRESSION OF IMPRESSIONISM

Everything we made for
 those Parisian bistros
two centuries ago was
 custom—the zinc & pewter
kitchen work benches, oak
 floorboards in a herring-
 bone pattern, the engraved
 borosilicate glassware, the
promotional fridge magnets,
 Henri de Toulouse-Lautrec.

FOR CINDY, BIRD SONG

In the
combined book &
record store
I think about buying
the new translation
of Proust

but the sound
of The Supremes
on the in-
house speakers
draws me away
& lost times

written about
in a time
that was lost long
years before I
was born
go out the

window as
I go out
the door with
a Motown compilation
to listen to
when I find time.

Notes on Contributors

TONY BEYER lives in Taranaki. His recent books are *Nine Songs* (Puriri Press, 2017) and *Anchor Stone* (Cold Hub Press, 2017).

ALAN BRUNTON (1946-2002), poet/performer/publisher.

THOMAS FINK, a Professor of English at City University of New York—LaGuardia, is the author of nine books of poetry, most recently *Selected Poems & Poetic Series* (Marsh Hawk Press, 2016) and 2 books of criticism, as well as the co-editor of 3 anthologies. His work appears in Scribner's *Best American Poetry 2007*.

MICHELE LEGGOTT is an Auckland poet and the Director of the New Zealand Electronic Poetry Centre (nzepe).

SHEILA E MURPHY has just won the Hay(na)ku Poetry Book Prize Competition awarded by Meritage Press (USA) and xpress(ed) (Finland) (2018). She is the recipient of the Gertrude Stein Award for her book *Letters to Unfinished J.* (Green Integer Press, 2003). Murphy is known for working in forms including ghazals, haibun, and pantoums in her individual writing.

MICHAEL O'LEARY, a Paekakariki writer, publisher, performer and bookshop proprietor, recently had his autobiography *Die Bibel* and *Collected Poems* published by Steele Roberts and HeadworX respectively.

LISA SAMUELS' recent books are *Symphony for Human Transport* (2017), *A TransPacific Poetics* (2017 anthology, co-editor Sawako Nakayasu), and *Foreign Native* (2018). She also works with sound and film, including *Tomorrowland* (2017, directed by Wes Tank). Lisa lives on the North Shore of Tamaki Makaurau in a house surrounded by trees.

PETE SPENCE b. 1946...artist/visual poet/filmmaker/poet/publisher continuing to be annoyingly active.

EILEEN R TABIOS loves books and has released about 50 collections of poetry, fiction, essays, and experimental biographies from publishers in eight countries and cyberspace. More information is available at: <http://eileenrtabios.com>.

MERCEDES WEBB-PULLMANN is a Paekakariki writer.

IAN WEDDE's poems are sections from *The Little Ache: A German Notebook*, written in Berlin 2013-14 while there on the Creative New Zealand Berlin Writers Residency. Ian Wedde's *Selected Poems* were published in 2017.

MARK YOUNG is the featured poet in this issue. See preface on p.5.