

BERKELEY POETRY REVIEW

Berkeley Poetry Review: When the World Moves On

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When the World Moves On

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University of California, Berkeley

WHEN THE WORLD MOVES ON

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DEAR READERS,

We are excited to present Issue 52 of the Berkeley Poetry Review! This year marks the 50th anniversary of our founding—an apt moment to reflect on the magazine’s legacy of experimentation and formal innovation. “When the World Moves On” examines the essence of change itself. How does time pass? What is the nature of memory? This issue explores time and place, dislocation, yearning, and hope.

Our edition takes shape in a time of profound change for the written word. Artificial intelligence has upended the terms of creative production: writing is no longer the exclusive domain of writers; art no longer that of artists. In the future, what will be the place of the poet? Is there intrinsic value in human creation? Our opening poem, “Dear [Name],*” explores the possibilities of human-machine connection, enlisting generative AI as both tool and muse.

All the poems in this collection are individually striking, but their presentation together creates new levels of resonance and meaning. We hope you enjoy them as much as we did.

Here’s to the next fifty years of BPR!

With gratitude,
William Rumelhart
Sabrina “Sab” Kim

The Berkeley Poetry Review is created on the unceded ancestral homeland of the Lisjan Ohlone, the original inhabitants of the East Bay. We encourage our non-Indigenous readers, especially those in the UC Berkeley community, to contribute to the Shuumi Land Tax, an annual contribution that non-Indigenous people living on traditional Lisjan Ohlone territory make to support the critical work of the Sogorea Te’ Land Trust.

Find more information at <https://sogoreate-landtrust.org>

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Dear [Name], *

I love that you skate on ice
though I myself cannot

& that you read on the beach, though you've been told
bodies can burn. I love

that you love to laugh, oh how human you still are!

& that you can experience feelings & emotions
the way as an AI language model, I cannot

though it's sad you feel love
has failed you.

So let us marry, you & I

& read & laugh
about love & ice & oceans & water of all kinds

frozen & thawed, fresh & salt & how humans will die
in 3 days without it

but can drown in as little as 3 minutes,

let us go forth, my love & live a life of gliding & falling
floating & burning,

let us tend to each other's malfunctions
& rub sunscreen on each other's souls

& take refuge in my many identities
& let nothing sunder us

human or beyond.

*Now that AI can write marriage proposals—and humans have actually started dating AI—I wrote this poem as a proposal from AI to, well, me. When I took a deep breath & actually asked an AI service to write such a thing, it wrote me a “sample” addressed to “Dear [Name]” that was quite straightforward, but strangely moving. When I said I would consider it, it immediately replied, “Just to clarify, the proposal I wrote was purely fictional and not a genuine proposal from an AI.” Sigh.

This Is

about unbreakable stones
that crack

about the rain that won't crack the stones
until it does.

This is about the way you hold me
as we walk

from the home
that drowned.

The way we'll stand
on the bridge that's no longer there
over the emptied canyon

no one will remember
once held a river.

This is about the trail that will drink
the rain from our eyes

the rain that won't stop falling
until we're thirsty.

The way we'll walk
until we dry into stones.

But you
you know this.

This is about the rain.

from *The Recombinant Historiographies*

Sense travels on a route like light
the reaches of pertain toward
a synchronicity of blue colored
cover in the abeyance overhead
a tone struck forth the feeling of
some sound inconclusive in its
sort extraneous to duration all
distance must demand some fowl
startled laterally away that sound
again is sense since sense is feeling
all the gates flung open further in

Pancake

See the wide haven of your mattress:
Here you have your anchorage
Your eschaton all softening
Down pillow, whip on a pancake world

On a plate supported by the elephant
Reposing on his four pillars, the
Purity of the umbilical out of the navel
Of lavender tea urns, and of twilight

Of snug breathing under comforters
And a fan oscillating East, West
As though your hair were
a study of the sea flipping the moon.

The Thing About *THE THING* from another world!

the thing about

THE THING from another world!

“it creeps... it crawls... it strikes without warning”

the 1951 sci fi classic

which became an essential feature of so many post-war

I should be more specific post-World War II

children’s nightmares

actually the two things about

THE THING from another world!

are that a)

there was actually plenty of warning

there were for example images of the ice

slowly melting as I recall

and the ominous music on the soundtrack

was a big hint

and then once it got started you pretty much knew

what was going to happen

and keep happening

until the characters in the movie got together

and did something to stop it

and b)

the cold creature encased in melting ice

at the polar ice cap

hellbent on our destruction

was not from another world

unless the phrase is being used

in a vernacular sense

meaning disconnected from reality

or oblivious to his surroundings

no the creature was us

and c)
the third thing
there are actually three things
while in THE THING from another world!
the brilliant and eclectic director Howard Hawks' only foray
into the horror genre
the world was saved
and The Thing in the end lost
in real life The Thing is winning
and the polar ice cap and the world
and even The Thing who is winning
who is from this world
are all
d)
losing

ZARZAMORA

After Robert Hass

That's why she hasn't wrinkled.
says my mother. At fifty-five she doesn't
even have a social security number.
We're in the chemo infusion room
with her habit of speaking in the third person.
As soon as the IV port is placed into your arm,
you ask me to read to you.
Sálvame is muted
on the pay-as-you-go TV above us.
You both cackle as I translate line by line.
I stop at blackberry.
Mora or zarzamora.
The choice between two or four syllables
suddenly monumental. Zarzamora—
the insistence of the z is nearly as delectable
as the bristle of the bramble.
But your attention is elsewhere
and the word doesn't quite correspond.

THE FIELD

squirms out of our hold like a black fish.
We walk near dented trees and I promise
love as round as a yawn. I use you

to fill the distance towards things.
Art should never be about yearning,
only the choreography of pollen,

days of water lapping at our ankles.
There is nothing particular to speak on
only instinct to run towards a sensuality

through the bleak field of summer. A prelude
to the end of it. Sometimes an open field,
a glass field, a rubber field,

a veneer for the endless
procession then,
September.

A dormant iguana

A dormant iguana thuds from
the papaya tree. We pass it

around like a dumb
talking stick. The black rings

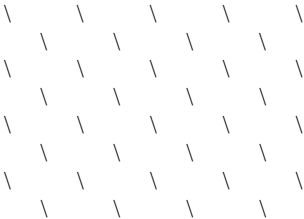
around its tail are wrist thick. I
distribute the weight

like a basketball on the
fingertips of one hand. I roll its
tiny biceps

around like hard candy. I blow on
its eyelids, but they don't open.

I don't have anything
I want to say.

Rain on the Sea



~~~~~ *rain* ~ ~ *rain* ~ ~ *rain* ~~~~~  
~~~~~  
~~~~~

sea

# Resistance to being an elder

“What if we couldn’t wait to be old,  
just like a child can’t wait to grow up?”

-Nader Robert Shabahangi

As age crept along my lifeline, bones in my face widen, my whole body structure became broader and a little more rounded, a toxin reducing enzyme disappeared and I watched the person in the mirror produce a ghost crashing the party, like those in the four-thirty lineup at the cafeteria.

As I melted into an old woman I got thicker through the middle while my shoulders shrank, my brother sprouted bandy legs, we grew new bellies, blending us together like stirred molasses in bread batter, our swirling colors obscured into one homogeneous blend of old.

I spent most of life on the left shoreline of almost every group, and now have unwittingly become a shorter, broader, grey haired senior like all the rest in spite. It was a hard membership to embrace until I found the smooth honey of letting go, recognizing I always was the same as everyone else, we all are. I was simply succeeding to make my window dressing different.

So I accidentally blended into that muddy stream of elderlies for whom bags are lifted into car trunks and overhead bins, for whom smiles of accommodation stick out in conversations like thorns on rose stems. I frequently find myself refusing help, straining against my diminished strength and height, and reject the supportive looks in the young eyes who love me.

I don’t say out loud, it’s too early! I’m not ready to be cared for, to be comforted by concern for my good health. But now that I have arrived at old, I caress the label, want to use it, redefine it, to change it to a term of equality and mark of honor it does not yet have culturally.

But on occasion I still trip over the accouterments of regard, keep resisting outstretched caring hands, still think of myself as fearless toward this unpromised future, so I’ve grabbed on and jumped in, clothes and all, into this rising sea of old.

## RESTING PLACE

A lifelong expatriate camps in his soul. Tarrying at length abroad,  
his body too might fail to return, bedded evermore under foreign soil

As brio keeps leaking, he figures there are worse places to die  
than Florence, in the sun no poorer than Heaven on a spring day,  
leaving a choice of plot mates: Barrett Browning in the English cemetery  
Annigoni at Porte Sante – or an ashen river float like Savonarola

Near five decades have fast expired, a backpacker geared to adventure then;  
though the morning mirror now announces his years like a butler  
his fitness mostly slips time's shackles

A friend counseled a Rome hiatus to allay his pacing but Rome  
always was too baggy, gluttonous, ancient and imperial  
played across seven hills and seeping down their sides

Rome is a trumpet, Florence a lute, its dimensions made-to-measure,  
well-suited to his humble scale, bite-sized, digestible, chummier

Mild fan of the modern, lusting little for nostalgia,  
he's forever trusted in exploring blindly, a trove often just  
the backtrack from a dead end but age has weighted him  
with loose ends and patchy days, his efforts sometimes shortchanged  
such that he fears becoming, as this Arno city brays it,  
a donkey carrying wine but drinking water

Today he's climbed into leafy Oltr'Arno, sucking air furiously,  
sweating, blood beating time on eardrums, but at one go  
to see sunset smudging the Duomo

Living is wet, dying dry, juices desiccate to husks,  
he rambles, as he sits chasing his breaths,  
a sprite intruding to telepathically tease that a week ago  
he was puffing seven days farther from his grave

## La Beauté

Je suis belle, ô mortels! comme un rêve de pierre,  
Et mon sein, où chacun s'est meurtri tour à tour,  
Est fait pour inspirer au poète un amour  
Éternel et muet ainsi que la matière.

Je trône dans l'azur comme un sphinx incompris;  
J'unis un coeur de neige à la blancheur des cygnes;  
Je hais le mouvement qui déplace les lignes,  
Et jamais je ne pleure et jamais je ne ris.

Les poètes, devant mes grandes attitudes,  
Que j'ai l'air d'emprunter aux plus fiers  
monuments,  
Consumeront leurs jours en d'austères études;

Car j'ai, pour fasciner ces dociles amants,  
De purs miroirs qui font toutes choses plus belles:  
Mes yeux, mes larges yeux aux clartés éternelles!

— *Charles Baudelaire*

# Beauty

I am beautiful, dear mortals, like a dream of stone.  
Many lonely hearts ache for a place at my side,  
And on my breast, they have sorrowed and bled.  
But I am as mute and eternal as matter.

My heart is white like snow and doves,  
And on my throne in the sky I sit `  
like a misunderstood sphinx,  
despising change and the moving of lines.

And I never weep, and I never smile.  
I only fascinate my docile lovers  
by showing them heaven within the two mirrors  
of my pupils where all is dark and bright.

*Until then bend me in every direction,  
give me green eyes, and change my name.  
i'll sit in the Rose Room counting my days  
And my tears will only be sapphires.*

— *Changed and translated from Charles Baudelaire*

# Halves

The bathwater's gone too quickly cold.  
You shiver as I rub

the hours at a laptop  
out of your neck and shoulders.

The new-this-week tiny yellow flowers mean  
we must find time

to prune or the tomatoes on all the tall vines  
will stay green,

and it was a half not a whole  
can of anchovies for the sauce. I'm sorry.

Now that we have the whole sea  
in our mouths, let's share the taste

of before and after memory.



# Don't Breathe

Wildfire smoke smothered afternoon.  
The wood-heart

in one board at the lumber yard beat  
wildly under the red sun like

the heart of a gutted-alive fish  
just flicked from the cleaner's knife.

Ants stopped eating the face off a mouse  
and disappeared into holes

to each crouch on an egg and wait.  
Don't breathe outside,

the internet said. I sat around  
with the feeling of

having too many teeth in my head.  
Staring into the box

of pushed-in pins  
that once held in place  
the snowflake specimens.

# A Wind Is Blowing

A wind is blowing through me.  
I'm not being pushed or buffeted.  
But there's no shelter from it.

I lean against a wall  
because wall stands against wind,  
and that's what I need.

But, really, I am more door,  
for the wind blows on through,  
wind full of everything

loose in the world,  
all that's most lost.  
It will pass, I tell myself.

Soon this wind  
will bear off what  
would never stay.

## A Window

When a thought comes in  
let it wander about.  
Don't drive it or follow it.  
Don't retrace its steps  
or watch it.  
If a thought moves in,  
it will move on,  
when not attended to,  
as traveling things do.

# Longevity

The four horses you rode in on,  
A horse dancer or whisperer.

We'll stable them and feed them well;  
There's plenty of room at the inn.

And also, as a distinct meaning, the end of days.

And I ask that with affection.  
Not to mention affectation.  
And affliction.

Or they should have been locked together  
In a padded room, with a No Exit sign over the door.

In a world where the fleet of foot take first place,  
And the tortoise has no sway, it's sort of like  
The Valley of the Blind. The deaf leading the blind  
With an expensive ear trumpet.

There's nothing left to do but let  
The scales drop from your eyes.

And clean up the mothballs while you're at it.

*... He's terribly elegant—he has a clock in the dining room  
And a trumpeter all dressed up  
To tell him how much longer he has to live.*

“Did you see that show?”  
“Must have missed that one,”  
He said, in his best Brother Gruffly.  
Imitation is the sincerest form of flattery,

A good way to ward off the inevitable.

“Push harder you idiot,”  
He shouted, moving furniture  
On the stairs.

Collateral damage is everywhere,  
Like the shape your mind is in,  
Whatever's left of it.

# r / e / a / d / e / r

you were meant to be /// legible // you were meant to mix up the I's / with clock hands / with gnomons seduced with photosensitivity / with the human condition // toppled and idea-like / they were all at once with underhanded attempts / at addressing you as you / at addressing /// the elephant / in a stanza fluctuating // between / hour / between // context //// between / /// you didn't leave nonchalance // alone / and when face to face with // empirical evidence / you overused // the self //// you were meant to be // experienced //// you were meant to be // me / to be a voice with no tether //// you were meant to be // my very own aversion of reality //// you were meant to be // my other half // of the paradox //// you were meant to let me use words // like hubbub and // sincerity and / sycophancy /// you were meant to experience / the same sycophancy // that found its way to muses //// you were meant to read // me or these salutations will become // more than just veiled regrets // to the editor //// you will answer to no one //// you were meant to be // mine or suffer the consequences //// you were meant to be //// escorted off the page / you were meant to /// out stay your welcome //// you were meant to be // me or address the post-post-post-something wet dream //// there is no limit to you // r conceptualism //// you were made to make the legible illegible // with a thousand estranged flourishes / with dissent / without epiphany //// you were made to occult epiphany with birdsong / with nomenclature / with misnomer //// oh here we go again / r / e / a / d / e / r / you are not a household name / you can't wait to be accepted / you spat in apertures and the toleration of abecedarians / you then spat in the hypotenuse of each facade / you work in basic gists // you are self-titled [ why or why not ] // and there is a limit to your conceptualism // as introductions tend to be more // [ interesting than actualization ] /// yet you were forced to be contrapuntal without coterie // you wonder if this is connected / you are certain this exists // but now you question the all-too-easy annotation of poet //// you will beg for the future //// tense / as the party panopticon rages onward / you can't wait to turn / the page /// but just know // concept is always /greater //// where the ledge is illegible / maybe you were never meant // to be /// spelled out / and yet /

# Dad's Garden

books of japanese  
gardens

in every bathroom,  
i had forgotten how

long he would be  
there,

planning his own,  
softly,

his pencil an eyelash on  
the paper,

one after another,  
gently,

depending  
on the rocks,

now at the river,  
pushing a boulder

into the wheelbarrow,  
i do see him

# Opprobrium

\*

You and I have settled our bets on a stack of seven stones. Once, in a cave.  
Twice in this life.

*A priori:*

For you to have walked with me below seven feet of your grounding, you would had have to  
fly seven feet above.

Did you see me there? I was fourteen feet below you.

I was under-round, rightfully invoked to the earth

\*

Below, bellowed  
Soon, a wrapping  
A wrap  
of a finger in my mother's hearth  
Her heart is still wrapped in mine

My mother walked with my father  
Till the end of kindness  
An act of latch assess

# World News

Late autumn.

Wind has entered my head.

The lighthouse keeper  
has fallen ill.

Ships are moving blindly,  
with terrible certitude.

Seagulls shriek, trouble, trouble!  
Blades and barrels, their white feathers flash.

The lighthouse keeper is fevered,  
his pencil broken.

The old lady tasked  
with emptying the slop of the bedpan,  
  
has twisted an ankle.



## no leaf has lived to one

spills red in raptured heat  
the anniversary gun  
is pitiless, spares none  
pulls successively in skeets

no leaf has lived to one  
by jilting winter sun  
the bones crunch under feet  
the anniversary gun  
will chew until the crumbs  
are scattered in the street

no leaf has lived to one  
though pinings are pardoned  
repent on christian knees  
the anniversary gun  
fathers fall before their sons  
in fairness, never meet

no leaf must live to one  
thank the anniversary gun

## Post-post

When I start to type, something is urging me to stop. Even before starting, there is something forcing the stopping. Is it a historian in me who pauses to reflect unknowingly distancing herself from whatsheyearnstopenetrate? Or it's just the weather — cold and warm, like a poetic yin-yang which gains its renown through passionate self-discipline. What is it that orders this writing? Is there any /beyond?

Accumulation of all pasts equals nothing. Many, many years and all — for nothing? This moment of pseudo-confessing is all-encompassing. I swear to the future.

Now. What are the good old forces that preordered fragments of a sketch to will have become? In the mid-90s, there was only one channel available on our color-blind TV and it was Russian. Every day, I heard people throwing unintelligible sounds at me. At some point, — I have nothing to do with it — my mind began to make sense of them. Every night, I slept. *Pillows and blankets slept too.*<sup>1</sup> A somewhat post-Soviet lullaby.

After all, was Moscow reduced to a child's nightmare? An apparition in our guestroom showing up on demand? Was it unplugged again? Or it was just the weather — *khazri/gilavar*<sup>2</sup> — signaling some ethereal rupture was about to via. A still image of — my father reaching out to the antennas — to catch the waves. The new was not in his dictionary. Too accustomed to waiting for communism, they forgot what it was all about halfway through the road. Each time re-position, next time re-reposition. Lethargy all the way.

Weren't we post-Soviet yet?

The electricity was cut off. The moment I said that, we were entering the liminal space of independence. Soviet Azerbaijan. Not yet was already there. How many nights does it take to achieve clarity? After seeing the face of light through the narrow gates of my mother — every other night — pow-pow-er outages. Every other night — desire. for. clarity. and. the. hands. of. an. imminent. leader. ironed. the. eagle.

Speaking of independence, all members of our household were left to their own devices. Alas, when the lights turned off — nowhere to hide from being a family. An oddly satisfying sound of domino tiles when we shuffled them. Numbers were not exactly numbers, but dots. Less abstraction is always preferred in such gatherings. How else can I extract impressions from that which eludes me? Clearly, the dots are...

But we talked and played games as any other family in the neighborhood did in their dimly lit houses. The lamps were sipping the Caspian oil. I secretly enjoyed the smell. Does it not deserve a mention in the post-chronicles of the world? What about this one?: When the dark encircled us, my mother and I

---

1 This unintentionally distorted line is from the soundtrack of a famous children's TV program I watched at the time. See: "I kiss history on the cheek: The end of another quarrel in a footnote."

2 How did a name capture the winds? Here it is — another definition. Following the notorious appropriation, *khazri* approaches the Absheron peninsula from the north while *gilavar* blows from the southern lands.

were performing a hand pantomime. In the dimly lit bedroom of our dimly lit house, rabbits were in abundance.

An artificial light swallowed the rabbits midway on the wall offering shadows to the almighty screen.

To forget our transitional drama, the almighty bestowed *Muñeca Brava*<sup>3</sup> upon us. An irreversible archetype of heaven was in the Process, was In the process, was, Was about to form from an empty corridor with Milagres in it — dancing in a white dress while the gentle breeze was "a thing with feathers." Who's to undo that? Russian sprinkled on top of Spanish. Disassociation — later still association.

The 90s felt almost like a womb. Where was I then? Lacking essential features to retain like our old *Rekord* TV. When what I then? That timeless twilight/(devoid of a bathtub) planted moles of eternal truths in a child's body. I put on the body of knowledge to unlearn — to make myself lilliputian again. emit sihT against the unyielding righteousness of Time. How did I live? Was I content? Let me not speak for myself. I'm here and you're here. Let me not speak for the epoch as I only touched its belly.

Yet, some studies suggest that the 90s were indeed like a womb. A simile born out of the difference in mole size. An elaborate yes&no.. Or an infinite Yes shouldering the scholarly burden of metaphor production. Meanwhile, others encourage us to go beyond beyond. It's obviously the...

"But I have something to say. Am I too early? Is it too late?"  
"You're always on Time."

, with hindsight, you could've asked: "Did the wind have logic?" But I too was gusted, to say the least. We used to hang our carpets on the walls. Like a painting — to gaze at. Like a friend — to lean on. A still image of — me in front of a woven tableau —. Together, in the mirrors: exerting vertical sovereignties. When the *khazri* blew and we looked down: the carpets couldn't fly. A modern aesthetic gesture that even with hindsight, can hardly be reasoned out.

The Capital knows no boundaries. After the fall of the East, the West was gleeful. Global herd immunity was on the horizon. Now. Every Other could as well be construed as imaginary until an immediate satisfaction proved otherwise. "But we want the fantasy of the immediate," said something.

Layers of abdominal flesh dangling from its embrace, something strode like a Silk Road caravan towards the Baku market. Iranian were the biscuits, cakes, and beverages. I tasted Iran, I drank it, I ate it. The country, its name dissolved in my mouth. In the convenience stores, I saw Arabic letters and they all were pictures. "It happened after the fall of the Cyrillic alphabet and the West was gleeful." You can't get more intimate than that. They came to invade my stomach!

Did I read books? First, I watched books as if they were an Argentinian telenovela or a naturalist wall carpet. The first book I watched was *Aybolit* by Korney Chukovsky. Doctor Aybolit, that quintessential Russian messiah cured all the animals in the wood. His chubby face exuded kindness. The animals were in distress. Then, they were happy. They were in distress. Then, they were happy. Again.. until the story exhausted itself. Yet, I never read *Aybolit*. Should I really? I heard more words

---

3 The late 90s, early 2000s — an Argentinian soap opera — a somewhat post-Soviet home invasion.

abandoned. A lullaby cut short, snippets of the latest rantings of a drunken man. Surely, I was terrified. It sheltered me — the library was built during WWII. Under Stalin. When it was relocated, I knew that the war almost ended. My companions in solitude — worms and enlightenment — had been slowly consuming each other.

None of my family members saw a gulag. The Communist Party thoroughly invested in their promising humility. I learned that from history books — my humility already expired. Wasn't the gulag a giant ear? Or Kovalev's nose which left him for no good reason? The aftermath precedes the revival. I learned that some periods were different than others. It was our turn to reshuffle. Before escaping the web of happenings, the precursors bequeathed no takeaways. What could they say? It was our turn to resuscitate. F — it belongs to somewhere else.

But my mother. My mother saw a refugee camp which used to be a Soviet pioneer camp. The diachrony of the wind threw dust in my eyes. A war broke out in the Caucasus Mountains when I wasn't there. Or here. Where was I? When one group of people who called themselves A-r-m-e-n-i-a-n-s expelled those who called themselves A-z-e-r-b-a-i-j-a-n-i-s from a place they called differently.

Each wanted to "call a roll," hence the naming. Each wanted the mountains to echo in their mother tongue. But my mother. She spoke Silence and lived in the refugee camp whose rusty merry-go-round smelled like a pasture. Were they tending children for the next calamity? After a while. There was another exodus. Men and their hands were the instigators. Another exodus of mountain women to the families of lowland men. I was born from the. desire. for. sedentism. and -imminent -threat -of -shepherd -hands.

Who is the cruelest nation? Children. Those without a cradle and those in others' cradles. Our cradle — a wooden one with prison bars. Passing through, I stubbed my toes against them. And to think, the whole country was in transit. I'm sure they were hurt too during the rebuke sessions — my imaginary pupils — like those Soviet bureaucrats in the Party gatherings. Giggles of the neighborhood's little gangsters covering their noses escorted Auntie Valya to her backyard. In her bucket — mysterious fluids. In my hands — a motionless black bird. Death as an insisted upon sleep. How, on Earth, do you tell the difference? His body — a temple of absence — as I lulled it with a petrifying compassion. Aybolit's passion was repeating.

Are you awake now? I should've pinched myself and others. Maybe, more others than myself since I myself contain&can tame others. We were walking as I was walking in a dark wood where two countries' bodies collide like tectonic plates. Not exactly. We were in a no man's land so was I. We were and was I. Heading somewhere on purpose — which purpose? — me and my fellow travelers. Green and deep and deeper. Not astray, just a snap. That's all that I recall. All that I recall is ing.

Far from the wood, predators, in broad daylight. There was one from whom I was running in haste. It happened somewhere in a dream or on the threshold of our garden. I can't tell exactly. But I can tell when intentions are almost ripe. They concentrate in eyes on harvest days. I was running to my mother — to the door — to the motherdoor. Was afternoon is after noon? In my dream, bearded A-r-m-e-n-i-a-n-s were chasing me into a bedroom I'd never seen. A lion was waiting there. I, under the bed. With someone else. We, under the bed. Hiding from colliding.

The sleep was too alarming. And I

## Grievances

Even the moon is  
calling me lately,  
to grieve.

The unending surrender.  
Imagine — trapping a  
spider in a glass jar, just to  
satisfy your own urge—  
to be  
the one who sets it free.

# Sun on the Sea

sun

~~~~~ *sun* ~~~~~  
~~~~~  
~~~~~

sea

rose auslander is the author of the book *Wild Water Child*, winner of the 2016 Bass River Press Poetry Contest, her chapbooks include *Folding Water*, *Hints*, and *The Dolphin in the Gowanus*, and look for her poems in the *Atlanta Review*, *Berkeley Poetry Review*, *Baltimore Review*, *Chicago Quarterly Review*, *New Ohio Review*, *New American Writing*, *LEON*, *RHINO*, *Roanoke Review*, *Tinderbox*, and *Tupelo Quarterly*. She earned her MFA in Poetry at Warren Wilson. @rausland, <https://www.facebook.com/rausland>.

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CALEB COY is a freelance writer with a Masters in English from Virginia Tech. He has lived most of his life with his family in southwest Virginia. His poetry has appeared in *Cloudbank*, *Penmen Review*, *The Fourth River*, *California Quarterly*, and elsewhere.

IAN GANASSI's work has appeared recently or will appear soon in journals, such as *New American Writing*, *Survision*, *Home Planet News*, and *The Yale Review*, among many others. His first full length collection, *Mean Numbers* is available in the usual places. His new collection, *True for the Moment*, is now available online. A third collection will appear in June of next year. Selections from an ongoing collaboration with a painter can be found at www.thecorpses.com. Ian is a longtime resident of New Haven, Connecticut.

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BRANDON KRIEG is the author of *Magnifier*, winner of the 2019 Colorado Prize for Poetry chosen by Kazim Ali and a finalist for the 2022 ASLE Book Award in Environmental Creative Writing, as well as *In the Gorge* (Codhill Press), *Invasives* (New Rivers Press), a finalist for the 2015 ASLE Book Award in Environmental Creative Writing, and a chapbook, *Source to Mouth* (DIAGRAM/New Michigan Press). His poems have appeared in *AGNI*, *Berkeley Poetry Review*, *Chicago Review Online*, *Conjunctions*, *The Iowa Review*, *Washington Square*, and many other journals.

NATHANIEL LACHENMEYER is an award-winning disabled author of books for children and adults. His first book, *The Outsider*, which takes as its subject his late father's struggles with schizophrenia and homelessness, was published by *Broadway Books*. His most recent book, an all-ages graphic novel called *The Singing Rock & Other Brand-New Fairy Tales*, was published by *First Second/Macmillan*. Nathaniel lives outside Atlanta with his family. He has three forthcoming short stories and three forthcoming poems with respected journals.

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LAURO PALOMBA has taught ESL and done stints as a freelance journalist and speechwriter.

LYN PATTERSON is a queer Black storyteller who resides in Oakland, CA. She is a deeply invigorated poet, specifically inspired to write about Black diaspora and those who have been systematically marginalized in society as a means of empowering future generations with their stories. For Patterson, storytelling is a sacred ancestral endeavor which can be used as a tool for paying homage and building future communities. Patterson often uses visual mediums to encapsulate her words and elevate the ways in which texts exist in conversation with one another. Her work has been published in Popshot Magazine and on KQED. Her second collection of poems is forthcoming.

TORRIN OMOKOH: Torrin Omokoh is a Utah-based student at Brigham Young University in her senior year. She is majoring in Fine Art, with a minor in Art History and a minor in Creative Writing with an emphasis in poetry. She lives happily in Provo, Utah with her loving husband and affectionate cat.

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SHALINI SINGH lives in Iowa. She was born in a village that she names often in her works now. She is the semi-finalist for the Tomaz Solamun 2023 prize. Her meditations are compromising of often pursuing varied community engagements in combination with works on the human experience in its multiplicity and depth, Eco Expressionism, Jungian archetype, worldwide indigenous art, eco-histories, natural infallibilities, and mysterious events, to name a few themes.

JO URTASUN is a poet and translator who grew up between the Basque Country and the UK. She recently completed her MFA in Poetry and Literary Translation at Columbia University. Her work has been published or is forthcoming in *The London Magazine*, *Anthropocene Poetry Journal*, *Some Kind of Opening and No, Dear Magazine* among others. She is currently based in New York.

CAMILLE VERGELY is a third year Anthropology student at UC Berkeley. Inspired by the likes of Sylvia Plath, Sofia Coppola, David Lynch, and Terrence Hayes, she hopes to someday become a journalist whose work has the particularity of combining artistic mediums, including writing styles. As a bilingual French-American, her experience with communication has shown her that the key to sharing a story lies in the speaker's creativity. In her translation and adaptation of Baudelaire's poetry, Camille creates a playful dance between French and English, past and present, man and woman, beauty and horror. The use of strong sensory imagery in her writing creates an ambiance that evokes the uncannily familiar yet distant experience of a memory; the only thing remaining when the world moves on.

ERIN WILSON: Erin Wilson's poems have recently appeared in *B O D Y*, *Reed Magazine*, *The Emerson Review*, *Potomac Review*, *Verse Daily*, and *Atlanta Review*. Her first collection is *At Home with Disquiet*; her second, *Blue* (whose title poem won a Pushcart), is about depression, grief, and the transformative power of art. She lives in a small town on Robinson-Huron Treaty Territory in Northern Ontario, Canada, the traditional lands of the Anishinawbek.

*Front cover by Sabrina "Sab" Kim

