

The Kieksograph

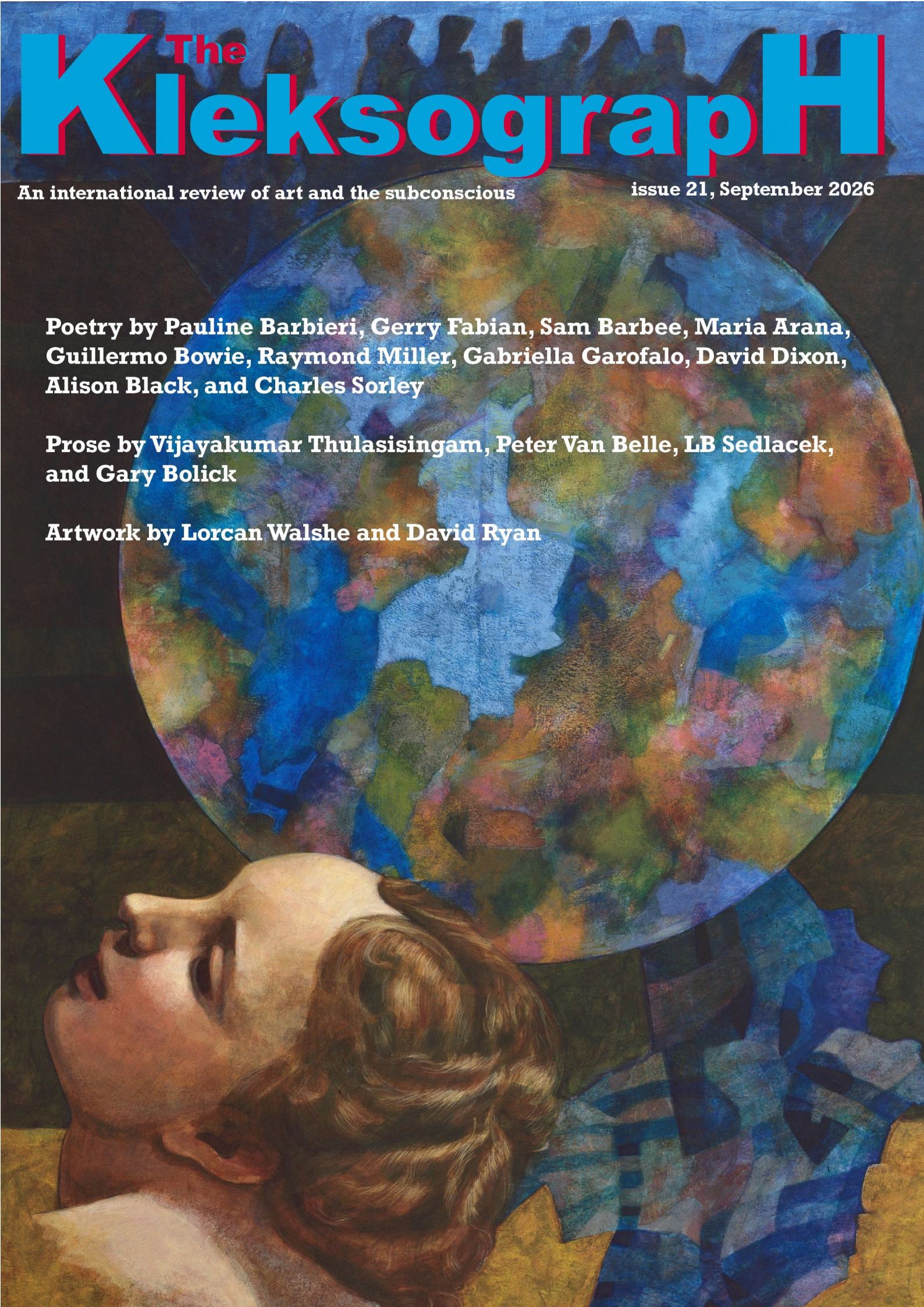
An international review of art and the subconscious

issue 21, September 2026

Poetry by Pauline Barbieri, Gerry Fabian, Sam Barbee, Maria Arana, Guillermo Bowie, Raymond Miller, Gabriella Garofalo, David Dixon, Alison Black, and Charles Sorley

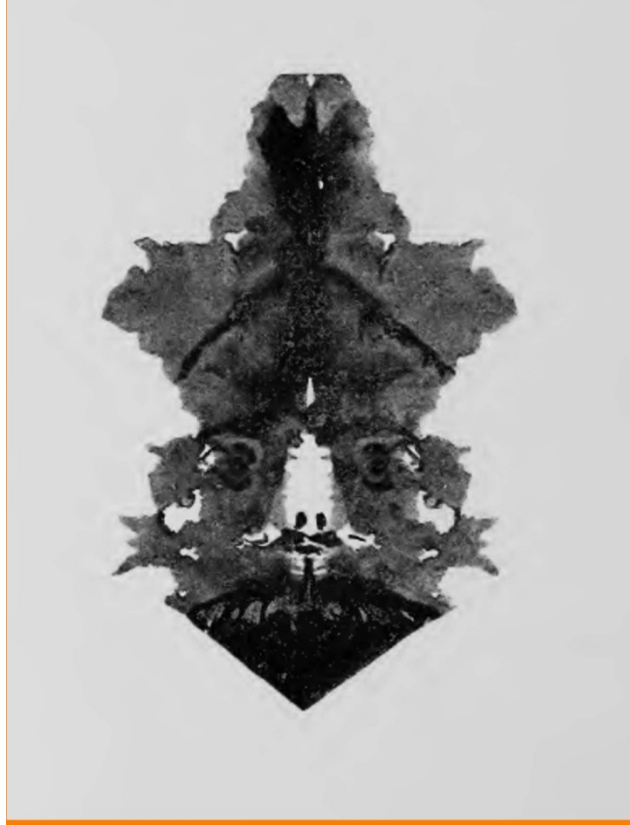
Prose by Vijayakumar Thulasisingam, Peter Van Belle, LB Sedlacek, and Gary Bolick

Artwork by Lorcan Walshe and David Ryan



THE KLEKSOGRAPH

Editor: Peter Van Belle



ISSUE 21

September 2026

In the mid-nineteenth century, Justinus Kerner, published his book of “Kleksographien”. Later psychologists used similar ink blots as a means of accessing the subconscious of their patients. The Kleksograph (Klecks is the official German spelling) is dedicated to exploring and celebrating the relationship between the subconscious and art.

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All stories and poems in this magazine are works of fiction. Any resemblance to actual persons and events is coincidental.

This magazine can be downloaded free from www.kleksograph.be

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Cover: Another World, by Lorcan Walshe

Pauline Barbieri

The Wind of Change

If you stand in the cold canyons of Manhattan,
you can almost hear this wind coming,
it rides on the back of the dollar.
It stops at every corner on the East Side,
checks the Brownstones, the galleries, the eating houses,
picks up some tips. Whips back to Haarlem,
where it blows the blues out of some orchid clad diva.
It shoots off sharply across Central Park,
provides the sound effects for the 'Tempest',
a 'Son et Lumiere' creating giant waves.
It rumbles excitedly down the West side
to the merchandise district, fondles fur coats
aching for customers, rattles the coins in a yellow cab,
jangles small change for the 'down and outs'.
It flickers the neons on Broadway at 42nd street,
carries the applause down, down, to the Stock Exchange
where it yanks some stocks and shares from a foreign land.
Tries to sell them later at the United Nations.
Suddenly it is stopped by a Golden Tower
where Mr.Trump's hair looks as though
it wants to be somewhere else.
The wind concedes and moves on swinging
around the streets of a jazzy Greenwich Village.
It blows endless love across nine eleven,
puffs at the digital painters in the Bowery,
before waiting under the Statue of Liberty,
to fan an uncertain flame.

Gerry Fabian

Anticipated Advice

He is so caring
that on a windy day
he loses bits of himself
to share with the atmosphere.

He's TOO quiet.
The intensity of quiet
is like new fluorescent lights
in an empty hallway.

He touch-charts you
with road map fingers
in a lost breathless entanglement
like trying to read city highway signs.

After you've been with him,
you need to inject insulin
to absorb the glucose
of his exotic energy.

Vijayakumar Thulasisingam

Futuristic Magical world

Advik and Aadhira had two children named Aarav and taara. They lived in a sophisticated city of New York of the United States of America in the year 3000 AD. Both Aarav and Taara studied in Brooklyn technical High school . They travelled by flying car by vertical takeoff with automatic AI control from Staten island to their school within five minutes. They had AI tutors with hologram classrooms in 3D.They performed simulated science experiments.

In their leisure time at school both Aarav and taara explored fantasy kingdoms , played historical simulations and practiced space missions. After coming back from school they had to do homework based on designing inventions , solving global problems and environmental restorations.

At dinner Aadvik and his family had customized pizzas and protein desserts. At night they slept on smart beds with AI controlled lighting and temperature with holographic ceilings showing stars and oceans. Aarav developed a fever and with the help of an AI doctor a blood test was taken and results came within a few minutes smart injections were administered and Aarav recovered quickly. The next morning Aarav was fully recovered. Both Aarav and taara left for school.

On Sunday's Aadvik and his family visited the Skyline Galaxy mall. The malls which would become indoor artificial beaches, indoor forest and waterfalls and space travel simulators. Aarav and Taara enjoyed AI generated music and art shows. On other weekends they visited the celestial central park showing holographic animals roaming safely with virtual dinosaurs. There were sky shows created by drones and holograms.

One fine morning Aadvik received a wedding invitation from Mars from his brother Kavin for his son John's wedding. Their wedding was held at a moon colony called Polaris Lunar City.

Aadvik, Aadhira and his children Aarav and taara travelled to Mars by highly advanced orbital fusion shuttle. They reached Mars in 15 days. The wedding was at the Olympics dome at mountain view colony. Food was served with mars grown salads, space tomatoes, giant strawberries, cultured chicken and lab grown mutton. They thoroughly enjoyed the food. It was a great feast for their eyes.

The couples John and Sophia stayed in glass dome resorts with the views of stars and earth visible in the sky. As the wedding was in the warm day time on the equator the temperature was about 18 degrees.

After the wedding was over Aadvik and his family returned to New York.

Aarav and taara returned to school the next day . Their school principal announced a study tour for students to moon after a week's time. Both Aarav and taara got excited. They informed their parents about the tour to the moon for which permission was granted. All students went by advanced space shuttles and reached moon after twenty-two hours. The students enjoyed zero gravity floating, space view windows and space meals.

After landing on the moon they could see the historic landing site of Apollo 11, preserved astronaut footprints and lunar memorial sites. Aarav and taara enjoyed the moon walk and visited the hydroponic farms and space hotels.

They enjoyed the low gravity walking, star filled black sky, giant lunar landscapes and rover exploration rides and the lunar museum. They stayed there for a week's time and returned back to New York.

After coming home their living room was converted to theatre to bring the relaxed atmosphere for Aadvik's family. Both Aarav and Pranav took a rest for a couple of days and went back to school. Aadvik went to the office doing work from home after his bedroom was converted to an office.

After finishing their schooling both Aarav and taara got admission in the Fu foundation school of engineering and applied science. The mechanical engineering project areas were students develop humanoid robots , AI controlled machines and industrial automation systems. Aarav and taara went on study tours to rocket testing centres and space simulation campuses. They visited NASA centres and Space-X centres and launch facilities. After completing four year engineering in future foundation school of engineering both Aarav and Taara got placement in NASA as rocket propulsion Engineer and robotics Engineer respectively. After serving at NASA for three years Aarav was engaged to Nira who also worked in NASA. Tara was engaged to Vihaan who worked in NASA. The engagement and marriage was held at the Plaza Hotel in New York. Aarav and Nira went on honeymoon to moon luxury resorts for moon rover rides, low gravity walking and Earth view dining.

Taara and vihaan went on the honeymoon to Mars to mass honeymoon colonies for red desert sightseeing and space adventure tours. They spent two weeks there and returned to work at NASA. Taara gave birth to a baby boy Nivaan and Nira a girl baby. The baby girl was named Riya in a naming ceremony at New York. All relatives and friends attended the function . Tiny helper robots woke up the Nivaan and Riya with soft music and hologram cartoons. Babies wore smart safety bands that monitor health and translate their emotions into colourful lights. In the evening both Nivaan and Riya watched friendly robot parades and glowing drones creating animal shapes in the sky. At night babies return home in an autonomous flying capsule and fall asleep under a ceiling that projects stars from distant galaxies.

While going to work at NASA both Aarav and Taara left their babies Nivaan and Riya at a creche .There were gentle humanoid robots who help caregivers by monitoring baby health and translating baby cries into emotions and tracking sleep patterns. Nivaan and Riya learn through hologram story telling , musical floors and virtual gardens. After returning from work both Aarav and Taara brought their children from creche and returned home.

Nivaan and Riya's first birthday was celebrated at their home at an elegant luxury hotel near Madison Square Park. It was a blend of magical movements, an uncomfortable experience. Aadvik and Aadhira enjoyed playing with their grandchildren Nivaan and Riya.

As years rolled by, Aarav was transferred to Mars by NASA. He took his wife Nira and daughter Riya .In 3000 AD Humans have built thriving cities beneath transparent domes on

Mars. Mars has become a bustling world. Aarav and Nira visited the Galactic grand Bazaar, gigantic floating complex suspended above the Martian surface by anti gravity technology.

Shimmering sky trains and silent flying pods carried shoppers from one level to another. Purchases were made by Aarav and Nira using biometric quantum identity and digital space credit. A simple glance at a scanner completed every transaction. Robots welcomed customers with warm smiles and guided them through an endless collection of goods. Artificial intelligence assistants understood every customer's taste and guided them through an endless collection of goods.

Fashion boutiques displayed self adjusting clothes woven from intelligent narrow fibres. These garments change colour, texture and design according to the weavers mood, the weather or the occasion. Jewellery sparkled with tiny energy crystals collected from Martian caves and distant asteroids.

Supermarkets offering fruits grown in giant biodomes, vegetables cultivated in vertical gardens and exotic delicacies imported from the moon, Europa and Titan. Book shops sold holograph books that projected three dimensional characters into the reader's room. Children laughed at dinosaurs, astronauts and historical heroes appearing before their eyes turning every story into a living experience. Jewellery sparkled with tiny energy crystals collected from Martian caves and distant asteroids.

Furniture responded to human thoughts. A simple wish transferred a chair into a bed, a dining table into a study desk and a quiet reading corner into a holographic theatre. Walls displayed living murals of earth - its ocean, forest , mountain and monsoon rain preserving memories of humanity's ancestral home.

Robotic companions managed household chores with flawless processes, while artificial intelligence tutors helped children learn languages, science, music and history of two worlds.

Families gathered beneath the luminating ceiling that recreated the star filled skies of earth reminding them that although they lived millions of kilometres away their roots remind them of the blue planet.

Riya studied in Mars . Education on Mars transcended classrooms. Students learned amid crimson valleys, holographic libraries and living laboratories., where artificial intelligence and human curiosity walked hand in hand. Every lesson nurtured wisdom, innovation and the spirit of exploring the limitless frontiers of the universe.

One day after returning from work Aarav was not well .He was admitted at Mars life care hospital. Martian hospitals stood as sanctuaries of hope where compassionate healers and intelligent technology worked in perfect harmony.

Nano medicine, regenerative care and robotics precision transferred suffering into healing, restoring life beneath the crimson skies of Mars with remarkable grace and humanity.

Taara, who is Aarav's sister, was transferred to the moon by NASA .She took her husband Vihaan and her son Nivan along with her parents Aadvik and Aadhira. Advanced technology generated breathable air, comfortable temperature and artificial gravity that allowed children to run, athletes to compete and elderly people to walk with ease . Intelligent robots handle routine tasks while human

devoted their time to scientific discoveries, creating arts and exploring the mysteries of the universe.

Nivan was admitted to the lunar frontier school at the age of five. Schools on the moon blossomed into gateways of limitless knowledge. Beneath shimmering domes students exploded the mysteries of the cosmos through immersive learning guided by wise mentors and intelligent companions.

Every lesson inspired curiosity, creativity and the courage to shape the future of humanity.

On holidays Taara, Vihaan and Nivan would visit different malls such as lunar Galaxy mall, celestial crescent mall, Orbital crown plaza and cosmic horizon centre.

On a Saturday they visited the lunar Galaxy mall. The mall sparkled beneath the crystal domes where gravity promenades and celestial boutique welcomed visitors from across the solar system.

Nearby elegant lunar cafes served exquisite earth inspired delicacies alongside innovative space grown cuisine transferring every meal into a celebration beneath the silent silver sky.

As the dawn 3000 AD unfolded the futuristic Magical world stood as a timeless harmony of science, wisdom and wonder where imagination became reality and hope conquered every frontier. Humans discovered that the greatest magic was not extraordinary power but in love. Unity , compassion and the endless courage to dream beyond the stars.



The Young Generation, by Jan Toorop, 1892

Sam Barbee

Corpse Shadow

I grieve an empty greenhouse, bruised and cracked behind
rusted chain link. Sky waves its blue shawl snug against

this lifeless breast. A whitewashed monument—dull and
sagging in wind's clutch—cumulous almost, but steeled

like a snowed-over frieze. Once a botanical studio, now webbed
with brown vines, a dismal recollection, neglected light and sound

morphed into a patchwork of sundered panes. A path leads
to a clattering door, safeguard vandalized and vulnerable.

At the threshold, the stone foundation emerges. Framed silhouettes—
among sash and glaze, silt and ash—invite me inside

to pewter aurora, and cold. Tables cluttered with gravel and sand.
Raveled string and strands—knotted reins: still empathetic...

Here I can know real things, those once-vibrant and vital
like my body. A vitrified clay pot seizes space, rimmed

with pledges and regret. Crusty spigot, wrenched shut, still weeps.
I stand in the structure's vagrant glimmer as nearby hollies waver.

The wind whistles around dislodged glass: soundtrack
of elapsed light. Wisp of seeds, as all promises become.

Sam Barbee

Debate in Grief Tunnels

A shallow well at the crossroads.

Cedar bucket with no rope rests on its fieldstone collar.

Windstorms cannot plunge the wall's smallest pebble

into mindless tumble down the shaft—

into darkness where its mass divines depth, raises

water's level. What will quench thirst after sundown?

Only dust at my feet to scuff.

*

Grey blossoms strewn where sin kneels.

Obsidian monuments guard the gravedigger dredging

my brother's pit. Ancient gravestones count shovel's clang.

Shadowed by crosses of exhaustion, I swing open

the iron gate. I sing for spring weather. Sunrise no longer

delivers my pardon. Only informs how to burrow.

My fingers scrub off scabs on this prison's rusty steel.

*

Which water can I tread through drought, buoyant
on dry-mouth mercies? I roam each curious quarry,
blunt boulders leading from an unlit tunnel.

I emerge from the hollow to a land where
light straightens shadows. I cower in the crevasse
needing sips of mirth. Oblivion's invitation etched
on a stone's belly abiding beneath the abyss.

Sam Barbee

Pause Before My Burial

Yes, I will be dead. Go ahead,
gut me. Feel free, but then
lay me in unmown grass
with a good-night lullaby.

Four-season meadow with low hills
and lake. Leave my jellied eyes
open where I can behold sunrise
and sunset equally.

Let rain fall. Snow. Dew's sheen
shrinking as I bloat, until expelling
what's sequestered with one big puff.
Tie a blue helium balloon

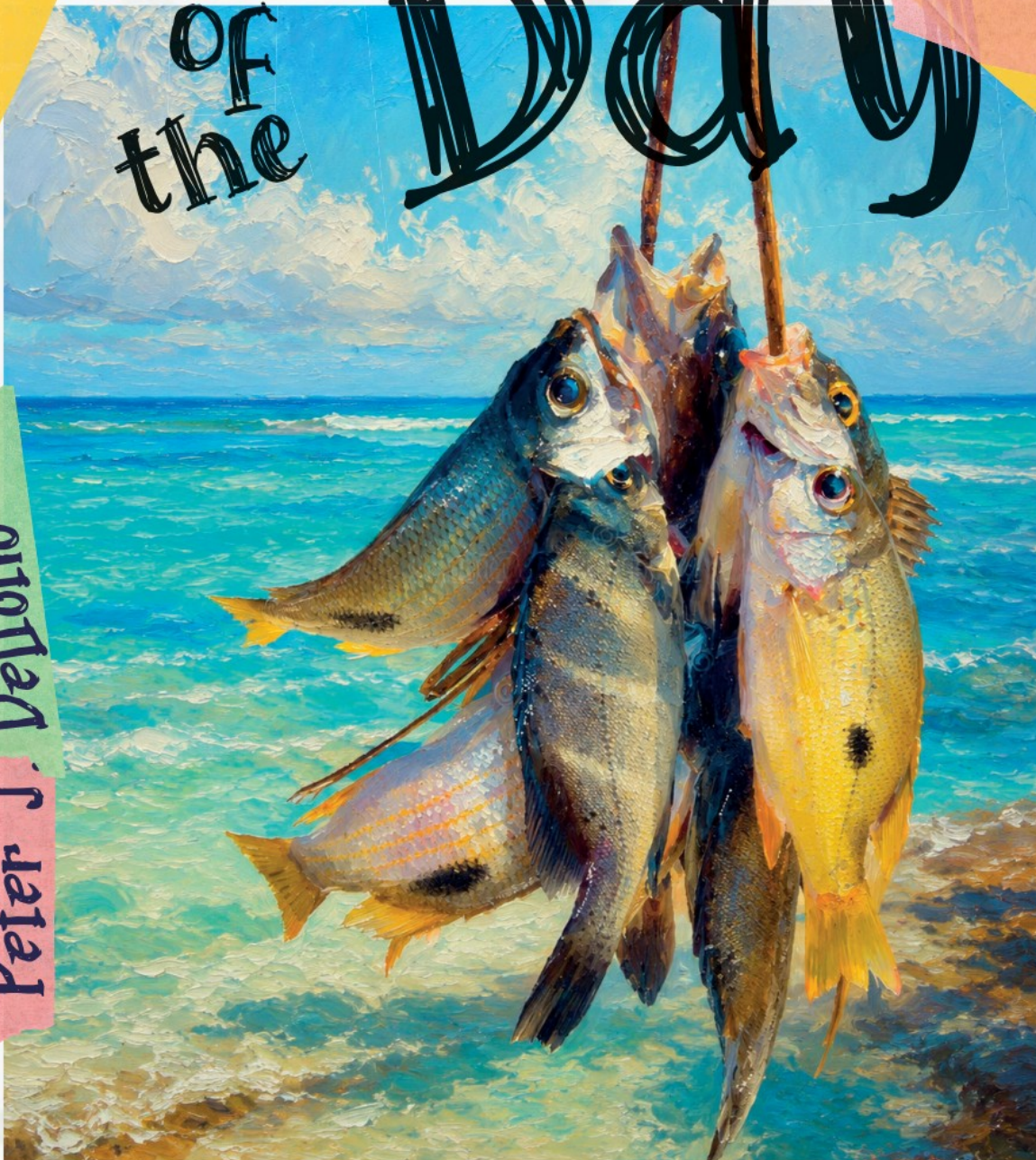
to my big toe. Better yet, middle-finger
on my left hand. After a courteous time,
roll me onto my right shoulder
and let my balloon float my hand

toward heaven. Witness my outline
in the dandelions; the shape I have
imprinted and protected these last days.
Please, promise not to bury me in a row.

OUT NOW

Catch OF the Day

Peter J. Dellolio



Peter Van Belle

The Nightless

He woke to a sound he'd never heard before: the sea crashing on rocks. The booming hiss came in through the open door and reverberated between the high walls. Waking up in a strange room was a familiar feeling. When you spend many nights in hotel rooms you never know at the moment of waking, whether your bed's in Tokyo or Chicago, Paris or Cape Town. Before that, as a child, when he had a fever, his parents would let him sleep in their bed, but he'd always wake up in his own.

He opened his eyes again. He lay on a thin mattress on a stone bench, not in a hotel room. He saw a wooden chair and a table. Near the high ceiling a small window let in some light, more came in through the open door. Closing his eyes he tried to remember what'd happened before he went to sleep. Those meetings and conferences had melted into a haze of boredom and unease. He opened his eyes again. Wasn't there a meeting due today? He had to find his laptop, which contained his agenda, but it wasn't in the room.

At a moment he felt scared. The open door seemed to promise the return of someone, or something. He got up and saw the pair of sandals on the floor. He now also noticed he wore a white shirt and white cotton trousers. He looked at his hands, strong, bony, slightly callused. He'd never had hands like this. He touched his face and felt a beard, deep set eyes, the hair short, almost a crew cut.

Outside stretched a rocky coast. He looked at the building he'd woken up in, a small, white-washed house with a flat roof, the only building in sight. Behind it lay a grassy plain and on the horizon undulated the darker blue of distant hills. Squatting, he stroked the blades, then pulled out a clump and smelled the earth. This couldn't be a dream.

A stiff breeze came from the sea, its empty smell and quietness alien to him. The seaside from memory was different. He remembered walking with his parents along a sea front full of children in go-carts and adults eating ice-cream and waffles at metal tables. Above the shouting of children the sea gulls screamed like frightened women. You could smell the sea, but also the fried foods, and the diesel fumes from the nearby fishing port. His mom had loved it and his dad only after a few drinks. Here no sea birds bounced the echoes of their squawking off the cliff walls. There were no animals at all. It made the landscape seem sterile.

The coarse sand on the beach crunched when walked on. It got between his feet and sandals so he took them off. There lay a rowing boat of varnished wood, looking new, as if it'd been put there just for him. The oars looked as if they'd never touched water. He sat down to think things over, tried to remember what'd happened before he fell asleep but more seemed to slip away with each minute. A wife and kids? He remembered a tall woman with curly hair and loud clothes, and feelings of regret and shame.

The boat bobbed in the surf and lots of water spilled in. Rowing came easy though; his dad had taught him. The image of his dad rowing became like a vision. It'd been at a wedding party by a lake. His dad must've been in his early forties; he himself must've been about twelve, and they rowed people across in this large boat. It's like digging, his dad had explained, drop the blade of the oar just under the water surface and pull slowly, leaning back. If you want to show off you turned the oar as you lift it, keeping the blade parallel with the water. Though his dad wore a suit with dark trousers and a dark grey jacket, the way his shined shoes braced against the floor of the boat and his arms bulged as if they were about to burst through the sleeves showed what he really liked to do. His dad had been like him, a business suit and too many useless meetings. He saw his dad pulling, his face tilted back, the open-mouthed smile, the dark hair and eyes. It brought tears to his own as he struggled against the surf.

Out to sea, where the waves lengthened and didn't toss the boat around, he could still see the house like a bone sticking out of the grass. Pulling in the oars he let the boat drift on the current. After a while he stretched out on the floor and licked the salt from his lips, a pool of warm water stroking his back. Still no birds flew in the sky, just some grey-bellied clouds. He'd never felt this comfortable, but worried about this alien sense of nothingness, which made him feel like an intruder, as if by some rash move he'd upset this whole world.

He opened his eyes. The sky was darker. As he sat up he saw the cliffs still towered over the sea. Somewhere beyond them the sun had gone down, leaving a light that filled the landscape with a bluish glow. He'd seen this light before, long ago at a farm far north, during summer. He'd looked through a window and seen this glow in which the mosquitoes hovered like vampire beggars, and the birch trees swung making a sound like soft rain. The sea had calmed, slowly rocked the boat. By the lazy bubbling wake he saw it was still moving.

It never got darker here. He'd been on the sea for days but felt no discomfort, no hunger or thirst, just the occasional drowsiness. The land had changed. The cliffs weren't that high any more and he could see trees on top of them.

The cove seemed bent on luring him in. The surf was gentler at its mouth and it had a small beach edged with trees. He knew he missed something, like when a sentimental film

fails to move you. Despite the suspicion that somewhere on this world stood a sign with his name on it, proving the place was his, he felt he'd replaced someone.

Deciduous trees gave way to conifers. Now he didn't have to beat back the undergrowth or wade through lakes of chest-high ferns. The softly swaying trees, occasionally emitting a slight groan, forever urged him to be quiet. On the forest floor a moving tapestry of light and shadow danced in the thin smell of pine needles. He was getting closer now. As he looked up the steep hill he saw rocks, trees and sky. He clambered up holding onto the dry, tough undergrowth. Finally, digging his hands into the soil, he hoisted himself onto the top where he saw moss, rocks and some stunted trees. As he stood up the cold wind cut through his body.

Before him were low hills with snow drifts. Beyond them stood a mountain range with peaks like titanic diamonds. Apart from the wind the landscape was silent, but dark clouds swirled angrily among the mountains, creating a world of stark greys and whites. Those mountains didn't invite him. They held something close to their chests like frightened misers. They were afraid of him.

"I found you," he said, then shouted it.

He sank up to his knees in the snow. His feet had numbed in the cold and his sandals had almost disintegrated. Often he sank even deeper and sometimes he thought what a death it would make: drowning in snow. At other times he'd stand at the edge of a precipice until it made him nauseous. But he always pulled back, needing answers first.

Giant wolves chained to the rocks, so the winds howled through the passes. His hair, now long, fluttered about his head like flags and caught the tears that streamed from his cold eyeballs. His clothes beat themselves to rags against his strong limbs. The confusion and torpor induced by those soothing landscapes had gone. This landscape fought back. Here throned a god he could test his mettle against. He suffered hunger nor fear. In this hell of ice and rock he'd be king, with winds and snowdrifts as minions.

"I'm not beaten," he hollered, "you can't beat me."

Sometimes he'd think of the forest, the sea, and the house on the cliff. On rare occasions he'd even wonder whether he should've smashed the boat. He'd smile then. Those sweet places were alien, more unreal than the world before waking. Here, like in that other world, he struggled. Before he woke he'd held a fire. A fire that would melt all this snow and even the rocks, that would burn away the torn clouds to reveal the throne of an iron-crowned god.

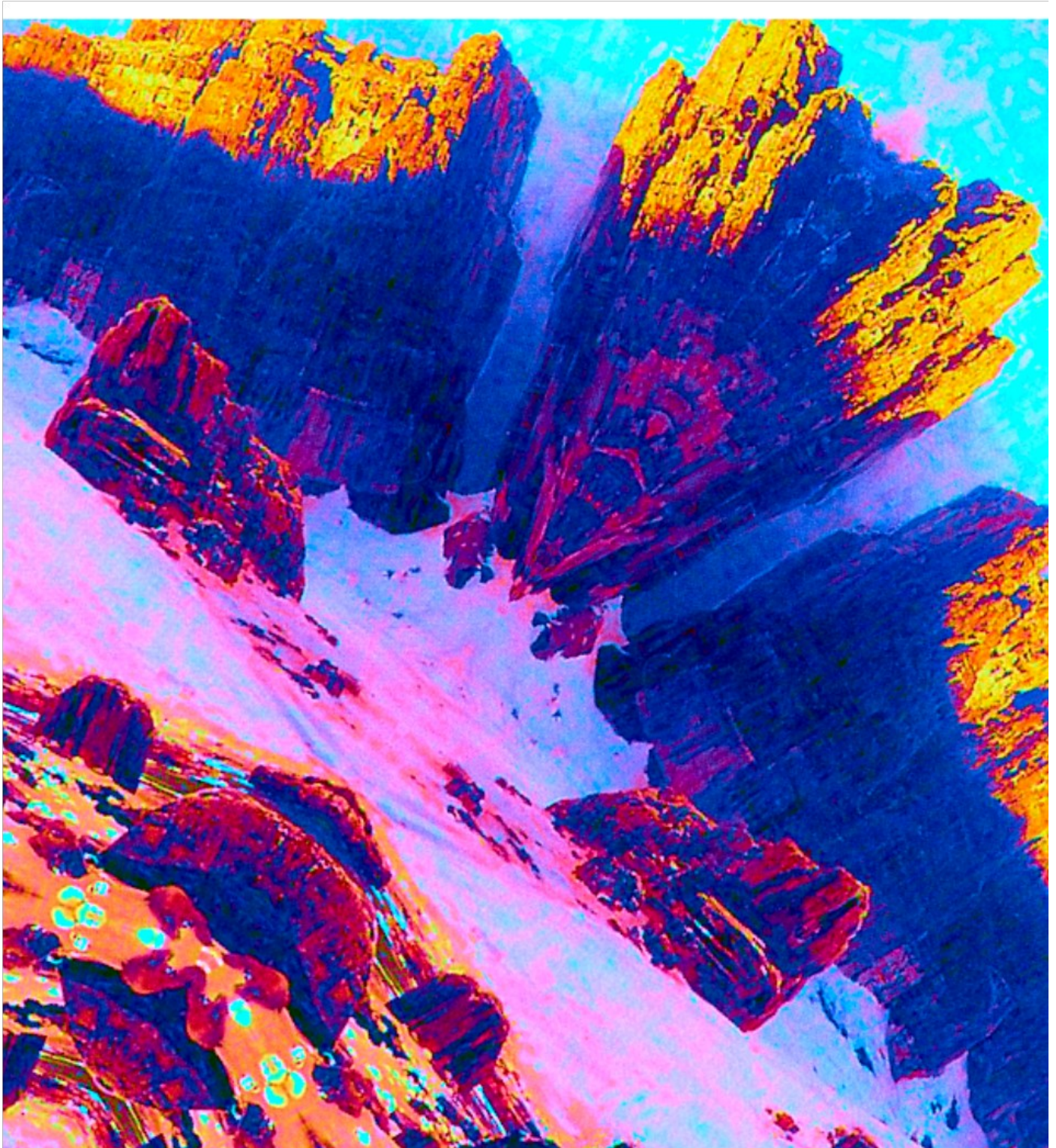


illustration by Peter Van Belle

Maria Arana

Monster

they call you a monster

because a smile has faded

like a rainbow that appears

after a storm

the smile comes after

the torment

and the fighting

but once the thrill is gone

the smile goes with it

and rainbows are rare here

Maria Arana

Even in Dreams

music never plays in my dreams

i always wondered about that

but darkness prevails

death of all sorts abides

time destroys

and fear liquifies

i wondered about that too

how do dreams tell about our life

Guillermo Bowie

Y David Hume Entró Al Siglo De Las Luces

Escosesas Por Edinburgh

Bueno – entonces Nicanor Parra

De esa manera me haya puesto a la jornada

Porque es en obvio suficiente

Que se acercara a la pregunta epistemológica tocando a 2001

Y entonces Nicanor Parra

El problema de honestidad

Se haga presencia en el acercamiento a cuestiones en 2001

Pero en repaso Nicanor Parra

Una verdad es que la palabra viaja rápido

Y en instante se pudiera decir que

Nicanor Parra se hiciera primero

En 2001 a reconocer

Algunos huecos de pasos en la historia

Presentando su corona como ajedrez

Y ahora el suficiente paso de años desde apuntos

Hechos en salon de clase

Y Nicanor Parra poeta

Poeta capacitado de una generación

Pero Parra lo observaran chilenos Ariel Dorfman (y en que distinguida manera)

E incluso Enrique Giordano

Pero Nicanor Parra

Me absolvieran las contaminadas dudas

Hasta que Nicanor Parra

Maravillosa ingenea manera de captar declaración y hoy solo en páginas en blanco me
asustó otra clandestina observación entre hojas de 2001

And David Hume Entered The Scottish Enlightenment In Edinburgh

(translated by the author)

Thus, Nicanor Parra

In such a way you have sent me to work

As it is clearly sufficiently obvious

That you have reached an epistemological concern in 2001

And therefore Nicanor Parra

Our problem of honesty

Displays it's presence in it's approach to the concerns of 2001

But in review Nicanor Parra

One truth is that word travels fast

And within an instant one could say that

Nicanor Parra took it upon himself

To be the first to recognize in 2001

Particular footprints in history

Presenting his crown of chess

And now the sufficient passage of years since proclamations

Presented in the NYU classroom

And poet Nicanor Parra

Poet fit of a generation

But Parra the Chileans Ariel Dorman (and in what distinguished manner)

And Enrique Giordano document observations

But Nicanor Parra

The contaminated doubts have made their exit

Until Nicanor Parra

Marvelous ingenious way of presenting oneself and it wasn't until today

that White Pages startled me in capturing private observations of 2001

Guillermo Bowie

“Vale El Doble Y El Triple Dice La Gente Huifa, ay, ay, ay”

“Vale El Doble Y El Triple Dice La Gente Huifa, ay, ay, ay”

Violeta Parra

Cuál es formar parte de un cuerpo, participar como parte de un cuerpo

De voces en partes, de varias posiciones y perspectivas

Iluminarse, profetizarse, aclararse, en una apertura

Al nivel del intelecto sea quedarse

En la firmeza de que no habrá

Ninguna competencia entre cercanías

Tratando con la tarea que hiciera completado

Como parte del nombrado cuerpo chileno

La tarea completada en firmeza por Ariel Dorfman

Trabajo puesto por una selección cuidadosa de títulos

Entre libros

En haber aclarado aquel pronuncio

Y en una forma donde evitar tocarse a la producción inestimable de Ariel

Dorfman sería olvidar la necesaria introducción de esta contribución
añadido

En este parto se aproximara uno
A la obra mencionable hecho por
El chileno poeta Vicente Huidobro

Y a la vez desde un punto de tocar
Al trabajo en esencia de Huidobro es conocer
Un particular nivel de lo teórico
Cuando se considere evaluación de Altazor

Teoricamente, Altazor se parezca como
Algún intento por parte del chileno
Hacer una entrada en una contribucción a los mitos
Relatos, historias, cuentos interrelacionandos

A través de una posición en el momento suyo – 1931
De lo que significaría en cultura internacional
La caída de James Bowie en el alamo
Y en esta forma, producción en aquel año

Fuera producción en una acercancia con análisis
Una vista desarrollada por un conocimiento
De unos en tierra dejados por esa figura internacional
James Bowie

La vida según la presentación completada en Altazor

Forme una imprenta de una imprescindible caída

Una caída simbolizando nuestra única opción {desde el jardín original del comienzo}

Como única opción que tengamos

El ejemplo aquí sea historia en producción

Unos descendientes del héroe visibles

En Bullard, Texas que son la declaración

En forma de fundación de la obra Altazor

Altazor, como obra en voz artística en sí, sea descripción

Desde los altos, caída desde el aire, desde la caída misma del héroe en el alamo

Una descripción de la única opción existencial disponible

Cayendo hacia un destino, cayendo desde el momento histórico de James Bowie

Caer en expresando experiencia de haber venido de James Bowie

Caer sea desde esta localización histórica

Caer sea la única alternativa

Caer sea la expresión íntima reconocida solamente por el descendiente

mismo de James Bowie

“Is Worth Double Or Triple According To Some So, Ay, Ay, Ay,”

(translated by the author)

What does it mean to be part of a body, to participate as part of a body

Of voices whose parts are from varying positions and perspectives

To be enlightened, to be propheticized, to reach clarity within an aperture

At a level of intelligence that remains

Within the trust that there will never be

Any competition from those that are approaching

With reference to the work that was completed

As part of the recognized Chilean body of work

The work so dedicately done by Ariel Dorfman

Work completed by way of a careful selection of titles

Of books

In having clarified such pronouncement

And in a way where to avoid touching the esteemed work of Ariel Dorfman

would mean to miss the required introduction of this added contribution

In this beginning one would approach

The now mentioned work

Done by the Chilean poet Vicente Huidobro

And in this same way from the point of touching
A work whose essence is of Huidobro is to become acquainted
With a particular level of the theoretical
When one considers an evaluation of Altazor

Theoretically, Altazor appears to be
An intent on the part of the Chilean
To enter into a contribution of interrelated
Myths, tales, legends

By way of a position within a given moment – 1931
From which would be in international culture
The fall of James Bowie in the Alamo
And in this form, a production within that year

Which was a production in approaching with it's analysis
A perspective whose development had come from a familiarity
With those who had been left by the international presence of
James Bowie

Life according to the presentation done by Altazor
Is the presentation of a required fall
A fall that is symbolic of our only option {from the original garden in the beginning}
As the only option that we will find

The example here is one of history in the making
Some descendents of a visible myth
That are in Bullard, Texas as the declaration
In the form announced by Altazor's declaration

Altazor, as artistic voice expressed, completes the description
From the heights, a fall from the air, a fall from the very fall itself of the hero in the Alamo
A description of the only available existential option
Falling to a destiny, falling from the historic moment of James Bowie

To fall from within the expressing experience of having come from James Bowie
To fall as from this historic localization
To fall as the only alternative
To fall within the private expression that is only recognizable to the descendent himself
of James Bowie

LB Sedlacek

The King of Blackberries

She sat rigid, fake wave arm in the air. Fake smile, dentures dyed pure white. Fake Queen, a blue straw hat, and blouse and pants to match. Billie Jane East gritted her denture teeth smile and grinned like her life depended on it. She'd won the coveted crown – the Blackberry Fest King or Queen of Ceremonies.

In a few hours and yes during the sweltering heat, she'd be marching down Main Street in a new hat, a top hat, leading the stragglers behind her all carrying casserole dishes full of blackberry cobbler.

The cobblers were home-made and donated to the city. Even she had made one or two. Finally, this year was her year.

She'd not only get to lead the parade, but she'd also get to make a little speech about why blackberries were so important to the community. Plus, she got the first taste of the premium Blackberry cobbler! It was as exciting as picking blackberries off the vines in her yard to make pies for the donated cobblers.

The cobblers were all lined up in the kitchen of the city's community center. Pictures were taken (and posted). Then the cobblers were covered with plastic wrap for the parade.

Her mouth watered just thinking of it. Her birthday was next week, she'd turn 76, and after eleven long years she'd finally get her wish. Blackberry Queen!

Billie Jane nodded in the heat and in time to the local band, Shadow Hour, bellowing out beach music on the city square stage. Folks from all over the United States came far and wide to attend the annual festival underneath the Carolina sun.

She waddled back and forth across the stage in her best regal pose. She had nothing in her house except real ingredients or fresh produce from her garden. Since her husband passed, she had nothing but time so she cooked.

She hollered Hello's to friends out in the crowd tugging at her shiny plastic crown. Her brown wig made it hard for her to tell where it was positioned.

Her station in Blackberry USA had risen over the years. She'd gotten smart listening more than talking at the hair salon or any salon. Oh, the things you can overhear then exaggerate to get a little leverage or in this case votes was remarkable. She called it blackberrymail. Billie Jane laughed a little. The crowd surged. She'd finally gotten a win over Clyde Peterson, the man with a giant belly and skinny legs who always seemed to win the crown because he published the local paper. She felt Clyde's stare on her. She slipped on her blue mirrored sunglasses and took a seat at the head of the table laid out at the bottom of the stage.

The cobblers gleamed in the sunlight. The Mayor took the Mic and introduced her: "Billie Jane the Queen of the Blackberries" echoed throughout the city blocks.

He held out a blue fork to her. She waved again her arm fat flapping as she shook her head back and forth. She dug her fork into the cobblers and took a big bite. And then another. And then she fell face first into the stack of cobblers.

Someone yelled, "She's not breathing!"

It wasn't enough to shut down the fest, only a lightning storm could do that. They wheeled Billie Jane away in an ambulance.

As they drove away, she heard the announcement: "Well, folks the parade must go on so we have our former Blackberry King, Clyde Peterson, who has graciously agreed to take over and lead us!"

Billie Jane gritted her teeth so hard they clattered to the floor. She could hear her dead hubby's voice in her head: "That's what you get for making up stuff to blackberrymail people."

Raymond Miller

A Clockwise Direction

I found that old wedding photo we lost
behind a doll in our daughter's room.

Russian, as it happens, the doll that is -

I can read some significance in that:

so full of themselves, they miss the bleeding
obvious. I wiped the dust from off its surface,
made you 21 again and placed us

on the bookshelf where P meets Q.

I'd have liked it before your favourite author
but her shelf's too close to the ground.

All my books are in alphabetical order;

I wake at 7 to clean and tidy,
progressing in a clockwise direction,
starting at the front door and ending in the bath.

I compare it to my parents' wedding picture
that's hanging next to the dining room door:
they'd a bigger cake, more friends and relations,
dressed black and white, a formal occasion;
contemplative, no eye for the camera.

My mother's fuller in the face than I remember

and isn't that an ashtray beside the cake?

I blow these pictures up out of proportion

trying to discover germs of the future:

leukaemia, cancer and emphysema

buried within a forgotten Baboushka.

How happy we appear! My Mum said never

had I looked so handsome, like Richard Gere.

Perhaps that's the joke I'm laughing at.

Behind us I trace the faintest whisper

of the tower blocks that tumbled in '88.

As we're cutting the cake, your face

is burning with embarrassment

or anticipation of the sauce to come.

I can feel the grip that you have on my arm,

as if I might be the first to depart.

When lights fade I think I can hear you breathing,

but it's central heating or a noise in the attic.

I close the windows to keep your scent in

and reach out to touch an amputation -

I said we shouldn't buy a bed this wide.

You never see pictures taken at funerals

unless somebody important has died.

Gary Bolick

Melting Hard Taffy

(listening to the tumblers drop)

“Call it sad, call it funny, but it's better than even money, that the guy's only doing it for some doll . . .”

(From “Guys and Dolls” lyrics by Augusto Alguero & Frank Loesser)

His nostrils flared, then watered from the prickling scents of licorice, fennel, rosemary and sandalwood—burning.

‘But how is that possible, here?’ he asked himself

“Nonsense,” he said,

‘Or did I just whisper it, say it silently to myself,’ he thought as the man next to him barked into his phone, “No sense in trying!”

The bus lurched forward, forcing all who were standing to brace themselves. His eyes briefly locked-up with the man holding the I-Phone to his ear. Both nodded and smiled—awkwardly—at one another, then looked to the right at the elderly woman humming as she knitted. Humming that quickly morphed into singing—to herself.

Oblivious, but content in her clear, perfect bubble of self-absorption, she first mouthed the words, before finishing with a flourish, pushing out the clear, distinct phrase, “I will be mistress of myself.”

Nodding, she whispered, “Understand?” then began to count out her stitches,

“That’s two, over makes three. Count four. Say? Say it’s your favorite stitch you say, sweet?”

Looking across the aisle, he studied a young man, no more than twenty, his pearl-white earbuds bleeding out a jazz piece: “Django.”

‘MJQ’ he mused, ‘no denying that. Only Milt Jackson can make a vibraphone sing like a spring shower on a rooftop made of paper-thin crystal. So young, and he’s listening to the Modern Jazz Quartet. I-’

Staring at the young man's tank-top, there was a hand-drawn symbol: 无限 covering the center of his chest, sparking another thought,

'Milt Jackson and the "Infinite," so-'

The white noise of the bus returned. Still, the hand-drawn Chinese character was a welcomed distraction. Suspended, now, in the buzz, click and random chatter filling the bus, he watched as the tank-topped man began writing notes to himself—on each arm.

Carefully selecting patches of un-inked flesh, scribbling between intricate blue, green and red swirling roses and long, blood-dripping stilettos, he recorded his thoughts for the day,

"Sun hammering—hard! Gut punch. Down for the count. Solar flare? Electromagnetic dance? Smog in my noggin? Shout-out: "Kooky" Burns. No. Entropic stupor—perfect. Pick up hash and tater tots for party."

"Nonsense!" he screams, the word dies before it has a chance to cross his lips. He looks to his left and right, no reaction; only ear-budded, down-turned heads mesmerized and drooping, their flaccid, dripping faces melting into the ether boiling up from their phones.

Jump, children, jump!

Extending his arm, his index pushes and probes the elastic film that has replaced the air around him.

'Shaking his head: bingo! That makes sense. My own rattle and pop,' he muses, 'loose bearings waking up—chattering, like the tumblers in a safe lock. Turn the dial—my head—one way then the other. Just searching for today's combination. Listen to 'um scramble! Back and forth, hopping as they hope to find just the right slots, to synch, clink and clatter, then open what-though?'

Twisting his head around, he smiles, thinking, 'OK, of course—that one.

Dear, sweetheart, don't be afraid. He clutched his mother's hand—hard, then looked up, straight into her eyes—unconvinced there was no danger. Four years old when they had moved to the country so father could speculate, scratch his itch, pitch his dream, speculate, and corner-up as many of the land leases as,

"Well, that's just it, son. As many as will let me! Up to me to convince why it should be me they're trusting their farms to. Goober, Gomer and Thelma-Lou don't have a clue, don't know what I do, his father said as he rattled his tin box of Altoids. A little birdy in D.C. gave your old man a tip that—"

He stopped, rubbed his son's hair and then shook the Altoid tin a second time, saying, "So, watch, but most of all—listen to the dance, boy. Yes, sirree! Listen to the touch of the tap as it

throws you up and back, back to a time when dreams taught the dancer how to dance!” Then he shook the tin box, again, popped an Altoid in his mouth and smiled.

So, the three of them moved—there, two hours past the city limits. One of the last one-stoplight, one railroad-stop, unincorporated villages. Mother was attempting to make it, “As civil as we can—here, dear. Sorry, sweet, this is the only place to pick up an out-of-town package: a tiny wooden and tin-roofed rail station that reeked of burlap, tobacco, and farts.

“Nothing to be afraid of dear,” save for the staccato and clipped-electric chatter of the telegraph.

“Come on over, son! I’ll show you!” the round-faced station master bellowed out just before spitting tobacco juice into a Campbell’s Tomato Soup can.

Each tick and tap rattled and touched him like a lucid dream—too real. The odd little hammer that magically clicked and clattered without any discernible help was mesmerizing, and never seemed to stop—ever.

The bus lurched and swerved as it rounded the corner. He rolled up his sleeve to look at the long scar, the one created from his flight and fall. Running out of the squat little station, his foot caught a nail working its way back up into the light. As he reached to catch himself, a second nail finished what the first had started. The rough, protruding head ripping a zagged, four-inch line into his forearm that never completely became—silent.

His right hand and arm begin to tingle, then burn. He smiles, shakes his head, amazed that time never changes—anything, ‘It simply redirects it to another purpose,’ he thinks as the echo of the telegraph grows louder.

‘Yes,’ he thinks, remembering what the gravel-road-like recording of his voice: ‘Bill Robinson: “Bojangles” said about how he let the sound do all the work,

“Follow the sound. Let your ears direct your feet. That first toe-strike sets the tone, directs all the remaining moves, and I”-’

Looking forward, he sees the bus driver’s face framed and reflected in the rear-view mirror, shaking his head—smiling, mouthing the words, “You got that right!” as their eyes meet, intertwine—heel-toe-pop . . . slide—dance.

A gentle, warm voice wells up from the speaker: “So, which is it? The dancer or the dance?”

Searching the bus, no one reacts. Glancing back at the driver, all he sees is the back of his head. His face is absent in the rearview mirror.

Slide, children slide!

The brakes whine and screech as the bus slows and stops—midtown. A teenaged couple—bronzed and sweating, she with a fish-knit bathing suit coverup—teasing, he, bare-chested, with a madras beach towel slung loosely over his shoulder.

Sultan-like, he snaps his fingers, motions, points and prods, leading with directing looks, silently screaming: “The rear banquette,” as he chastises a too curious onlooker,

“What *you* lookin’ at *fool!*” Again, he motions her—there! No! His lap—now.

Hippity-hop, the bus trundles away from midtown toward the beach. She, with beach towel across her lap, seated high on his horse, rides the bump and trundling waves of the bus’s hard, vulcanized rubber wheels sliding softly over the hot, steaming asphalt. Her face flush, her mouth ajar as he earnestly smiles, nods and caresses her arm, the air surrounding them both: humid—blue.

“Three, makes two, over and across, that’s ten in a row, now cross over,” the elderly woman counting again, her voice, though, suddenly dropping an octave, and now—full of smoke, whispering up to him,

“That was me once! Bounce a quarter off my midriff, you could! Surprised? Don’t be! These loins once melted hard taffy, turned night into day. So hot, even the best couldn’t hold me for long. Two, now three over. Start a new row.”

Scanning the seated and standing passengers—nothing. Glancing back at the elderly lady knitting—asleep.

Sweetheart! Let momma bandage that and I, I know, that tapping and rapping, picks and scratches, destroyed—your quiet space. There, there now, this is going to sting like the dickens.

Me? Of course, yes, we all have a slot, some might call it a well—inside. A place to drop our worries, dreams and silly anxious, oh, never mind. There, all bandaged up.

“No sense at all, if you ask me!” the man shouted as he punched his I-phone, then dipped and craned his neck angling for a better view of the approaching water, sand, boardwalk and Ferris wheel rolling into view.

“Damn I could use a dog and beer, ‘bout now!” he said to no one in particular as he shoved his I-phone into his pocket.

“What say, old-timer? Wanna shuffle on down to Nathan’s? Footlong and an iced-cold Blue Ribbon? On me! Just made a sale!”

Before he could answer, the elastic air grew salty/humid and fecund as he realized that the man with the I-phone had gotten off two stops ago.

Yes, dear. It'll sting for a good long while, then itch like the dickens as it begins to heal. So, while you wait for the hands on the clock to move and heal you, drop a few stones and dreams, listen to the splash. There now, better, isn't it? Something in that cooling splash. Cools the fire, quiets the mind, as you watch it all go down. Yes, down, so the only reaction will be up.

Hand-over-hand descend the swinging rope ladder, the rungs sag, dip and roll as my feet and hands wrestle with the descent. Deeper still and the idea of rising up even as I plunge still deeper into the recesses of purposeless time becomes—pleasing.

Yes, sweet, seems we are like some silly board game. Each day we shuffle the cards, pick out our marker, trinket, plastic person whatever it calls for, then roll the dice. No, it doesn't change with age, only runs faster, with shorter spaces in between the moves, and . . . well, it always ends with some awkward accident, kick in the privates. OK?

Momma?

No different for me than it is for you—silly goose!

But I never banked on that one—the trigger set loose by the spark, and all—everything— gets changed, even just the thought of it by—heat. You even smell the change, before it's even happened. Is that why animals sniff the wind? They understand that scent is like a telegraph dancing a message through the wind. Smiling, she leaned down and kissed him, whispering,

“Yes, sweet, it all dances: time and life on a particular moment, that, unfortunately, changes the second you go to measure and remember it. That's the risk of bending a false sense of people, places, but most of all—time—to make sense of perception that never stops—moving.

“Sweet, that's why the chattering bothered you, so. Random, penetrating and impossible to decipher unless you know and impose a silly, false: Hello-good-bye-glad to know you shuffle and dance.

Dance, children dance!

See? See how the wind flushes and purges that field. The dandelion fluff? Little, random pieces and places of a time and place you think of after it happens. Yes, there is something in the air and wind that animals test and taste before moving. Us? No, it's just a lot of time and purpose waiting to go down through your slot, drop something into your well, sweet. OK?

The humid sweet/sour smell of the blue-green ocean water mixes and matches the week-old deep-fat-fryer oil cranking out elephant ears/corn dogs/turkey legs and dumplings forcing out yet another clattering tumbler:

Up child, up!

More cotton, up child up! Quit your complaining! Up! The leather strap, riddled with finishing tacks, like the talons of an eagle tear you up from the outside in only to burn deeper—still from the inside out—screamin’: Jesus—on the cross! Makes that overseer feel potent and wistful, thinking to himself, ‘I’m the man, now!’ So, pull up, child! Or lay down—quiet. Possum the man, hopin’ he’ll pass.

The light rolling in with the surf, the scents, but most of all dreams, spread out like the sand in all directions making it all neither up nor down, just like the lingering silver-blue smoke of-?

Just surviving, child!

To his right, a city worker, his orange and blue jumpsuit starched, pressed and official, “S’what the patch says . . . asshole!” pulls out the crimson and cream package of WINSTON cigarettes, lights one, inhales, then turns to the horrified faces looking up from their screens and barks out,

“Please, just . . . shut up!” as he makes his way down the aisle and off the bus.

He smiles as the acrid, pleasing scent of the recently incinerated tobacco flares his nostrils, tossing him another tumbler to roll and drop, musing,

‘Strike a match, set loose a spark, and all that was, and would have been is ash. Was that what she meant about the board game, the dice, move the marker? Every one of us—has his own catalytic dream, desperate to spawn a mirror from the red, raw and anxious striking and restriking, hoping for a spark called: me.

Can it be true, child?

Sweet stars, grains of sand and billions wishing and wanting, striking and sparking, all wishing and wanting:

“Yes sir! What’s it gonna take to put you in the middle of that new car smell!”

Looking to his left, the city worker, takes one last puff, drops the butt to pavement, grinds it out, looks both ways, then crosses the street.

‘Gone. Slender, neatly rolled, one cylinder of time: Bogart and Bacall, Belmondo the shadows and the light loved them all, especially as the smoke lingered, their eyes wandered, and we all dreamed, then stepped out and imagined, then nodded sure—I could, no—should—do that, too.

‘Can any of this, or us be—true? Glancing over at the Ferris wheel—there: ten, maybe eleven years old, cut loose at the fair. Running on a carpet of muck punctuated with a scattering of

rocks, the stench of manure and mud mixing with searing hot pig-lard simmering all manner of meat, dough and sugar.

‘Odd what it suggested, before I, we, even knew how,’ he mused, ‘more wishful notion than spark, refusing, even now, my scalpel–dissection or definition. “Tortured distraction?” There it is–again, riding on the wind redesigning its pattern to suit and fit perfectly into this newly cut bolt of time.

‘Odd/awkward scents particular to here and there: amusement parks/county fairs, where closing in on eleven years old, the idyllic/Platonic form was buried so deeply within us both, it could only chirp and whisper–suggest, that it was important to find something between us.

Escaped from parental control, we enjoyed one stomach-turning ride after another. Both of us were as flushed and curious as we were confused. Scanning each other, we wanted to exchange something as I pulled in one long, marvelous breath after another, ingesting the sweet, aromatic mix of a scent that when I was much older, I would sigh and call it: intoxicating.

She, shrugging, smiling and happy, then desperate, she allowed that it was only, “Bath soap, a little powder, but I guess just mostly . . . me.”

Testify child, testify!

Saturday and Sunday, were twin eternities delaying the arrival of Monday–school and her whisper in lunch line: “Quiet time/Miss M’s smoke break, OK?”

So, as I approached her in the still and silent, dark and cozy cloak room, it was that scent of baby powder and Ivory soap, as we leaned into one another to press our mouths together,

“Like this . . . I think,” she said, and in a strange, awkward and marvelous manner, that first unremarkable spark of what would rule and occasionally ruin expansive periods of time/my life–yes–forever split me in two.

To that moment–chained or so it seemed so as to pay the price for stealing something so forbidden. Bound to rock? Hearing the nightly cry and weep of the torturing eagle, I think of the flint and spark and Prometheus and fire and smile as I breathe in her unfiltered scent and still feel filled and robbed, alone–made and unmade all by a suggestion that would forever–surpass–the actual–flame.

He looked out of the window, saw the young couple from the rear banquette: flushed and rosy, laughing and,

‘Yes, ready to go—again!’ he mused, then looked back down through the disappearing light of the well shaft through and down and out of himself then up as it reached around, scratching the back of his brain.

Smack! Pay attention, child! The cloak room.

The bus lurches forward, reeking of recycled Coppertone, sweat and Cool-Ranch Doritos, flatulence and sighs. One face—old, another unwrinkled and glowing, still another: racoon-like, the white circles around his eyes amplifying the screech and scream of—red—covering the rest of his face, body, arms and hands.

One more stop, then two, he pulls the cord, tips his cap, descends down to the sidewalk, then up the five flights to an early twentieth century studio.

Smooth plaster of Paris walls and ceiling, hardwood floors and a rounded entry space between his tiny kitchen and single-service living area: home.

‘Yes, split in two and still not quite eleven,’ he thinks as he slices up the cabbage. Miles Davis’s “Blue in Green” pipes out from his squat little Bose posed on the table. The air is ripe with browning butter, fennel, rosemary and thyme.

“So,” he whispers, “one over two, makes three, next row will be seven and now as I am still standing in front of her, sixty years later, trying to figure out what to do with—us, as neither she nor I have a clue other than the difference, I-”

Pausing, he leaves the cabbage for the expansive enclosure of his 20 X 30 life/here/living room. Moving to the window, he stares out and across the rusting metal rooftops, sagging/sad brick storage warehouses/rowhomes, all turning brown in the dying sunlight. All of them, even the waning light, seem annoyed, listless and resigned.

“Nonsense,” he whispers, “no sense at all.”

Gabriella Garofalo

To S

Soul, don't play the witless lover being jerked around,
Stop your blind devotion to limbs afire with loss,
And maybe they'll go quiet if you skimp
On second-rate goods, birth, love, demise,
Or get used to the evergreen scent of loss-
Well, thank God the worst is over,
Now hide Cassandra, quick, hand her the loss of breath,
Of sight, blast it, you fool, you'll get charged
If you keep hassling clouds who never wear blue,
Or thoughts carefully stored under the quilt of wrath,
And yet they'll come around like voices,
Of limbs, of dances, of secrets disclosed
Under the midnight moon-
Bit different from the good ol' days,
When loss and silence sat at the table, the honoured guests-
C'mon, now suit yourself, count stars or blessings
If you so wish, just waste your breath, see, the sky's up
To no good, maybe a secret rave,
Or springtime words running amok alien to grass and regret,
If your mind can't raid scars nor wounds,
Her only choice being to steal words
As magpies steal golden trinkets,

Or follow trails of crumbs to find her way home,
Her words just scant blue prayers
To a horizon she can't reach, yet call it God.

David Dixon

Strange Dream

I'm not flying
or anything else
magical and foolish.

I'm sitting alone
on a wooden bench
by a small stream
in a crowded park

reading today's paper
and the headlines
are getting me down.

So I consider the people,
their comings and goings
stayings and meetings
restings and racings
partings and greetings

and find the world
a normal place,
it's people —
a decent race

row row rowing
gently now ...



Sleep, by Eugene Carrière

David Dixon

Charade

They think I'm crazy,
he said,
placing index finger
near temple,
making a clockwise motion
three times.

The most deliberate circle
I've ever seen.

It's not a book. Not a movie.
Not song. Quote. Or phrase.

It's not even a game.

Do you have the means? I ask.

He touches the same finger
to his nose
Nods slowly. Then points
back at me with the other arm
which means it's my turn

to make a motion

like dialing a phone

calling the men

in the little white coats

to come take him away.

David Dixon

Parenchyma

The top of the tall oak in the distant corner
of my backyard is shaped like a kidney.

The right kidney as I'm looking at it from
the shade of my deck. There might be
problems though. Issues. Mild to moderate
hydronephrosis, multiple cystic lesions
poorly defined, anechoic with anterior
acoustic enhancement, cortical thinning
suggestive of chronic disease. Additional
imaging is recommended. Or maybe it's
the lung—right middle lobe, chlorophyll
sponges soaking up spilled sunshine.
In which case—everything is perfect.

Alison Black

Pink dress

Got a pink summer dress,
Pink court shoes,
Almost a match.

Bell of the ball,
Got a vintage pink handbag to match,
Increasing my dresses.

Feel fabulous,
Feel great,
Feel bright.

Alison Black

Sequin dress

I have a gold sequin evening dress,
I hand wash in Luke warm water,
Otherwise it would shrink.

I got a pair of dressy gold shoes,
Have a gold evening handbag to match,
I have a gold hat too.

Took a while to get gold shoes,
I feel like a queen,
I feel great.

Alison Black

Burgundy evening dress

I got a burgundy evening dress,
A while back,
Managed to get burgundy high heels,
Quite difficult to get burgundy court shoes.

I have a handbag to match,
Not an evening handbag,
But larger.

I have worn the evening dress,
Whilst taking in my Tesco order,
Ordered ordinary dresses,
To keep burgundy evening dress good.

Charles Sorley

Rooks

To Robert Graves he was one of the three best poets in English to be killed in World War I, the others being Isaac Rosenberg and Wilfred Owen. Unlike them, Charles Sorley died early in the war, in 1915. That is likely why his early war poem “To Germany” has a conciliatory tone, looking forward to a time when the war will be seen in the spirit of a friendly football match.

His best known peacetime poem is “The Song of the Ungirt Runners”, a celebration of his favorite pastime, cross-country running.

The two poems I’ve selected here are different from his usual work in that they’re highly symbolic. Sorley would’ve undoubtedly known corvids (crows, ravens, rooks) are symbols of death and fate. In both of them he associates them, through the rhyme scheme, with souls or voices.

Perhaps he didn’t know that in Celtic mythology they are linked to Morrigan, the Phantom Queen, who is associated with war. The poems were written in 1913, when a big European war seemed unlikely.

Rooks

There, where the rusty iron lies,
 The rooks are cawing all the day.
Perhaps no man, until he dies,
 Will understand them, what they say.

The evening makes the sky like clay.
 The slow wind waits for night to rise.
The world is half-content. But they

Still trouble all the trees with cries,
 That know, and cannot put away.
The yearning to the soul that flies
 From day to night, from night to day.



the English title is "Crow and Blossom" yet the light beak devoid of feathers indicate this is a rook,
59 painting by Ohara Koson

Rooks (II)

There is such cry in all these birds,
More than can ever be expressed;
If I should put I into words,
You would agree it were not best
To wake such wonder from its rest.

But since tonight the world is still
And only they and I astir,
We are united will to will,
By bondage tighter, tenderer
Than any lovers ever were.

And if, of too much labouring,
All that I see around should die
(There is such sleep in each green thing,
Such weariness in all the sky),
We would live on, these birds and I;

Yet how? Since everything must pass
At evening with the sinking sun
And Christ is gone, and Barabbas,
Judas and Jesus gone, clean gone,
Then how shall I live on?

Yet surely, Judas must have heard
Amidst his torments the long cry
Of some lone Israelitish bird,
And on it, ere he went to die,
Thrown all his spirit's agony.

And that immortal cry which welled
For Judas ever afterwards
Passion on passion still has swelled
And sweetened, till tonight these birds
Will take my words, will take my words.

And wrapping them in music meet
Will sing their spirit through the sky,
Strange and unsatisfied and sweet –
That, when stock-dead am, am I,
O, these will never die! I

CONTRIBUTORS

Lorcan Walshe is an Irish artist whose paintings are held in the collections of the National Museum of Ireland, the Irish Museum of Modern Art, the Hunt Museum, the National Portrait Collection and other institutions. His work has been the subject of academic papers and essays. After decades as a painter, he now works across visual art and writing. He is completing *The Wounded Fool*, an artist's book combining original illustrations with literary texts on the tarot's Major Arcana. His poems and writing on art have appeared in various journals. He lives and works in Dublin. www.lorcanwalshe.com

Pauline Barbieri was shortlisted for the Bridport Poetry Prize by the poet laureate, Sir Andrew Motion and twice for the Exeter Poetry Prize by Jo Shapcott and Lawrence Sail, respectively. She has had six collections of poetry published and was shortlisted for the Cinnamon Press Novel Awards for her book, *'Smoke and Gold'*. An ancestor, Richard 'Dicky' Suett (1750-1805) Comedian, Composer and Musician was George III's favourite Shakespearean Clown. He was also loved by Charles Lamb and a star at Drury Lane, Covent Garden and the Haymarket for 25 years.

R. Gerry Fabian is a published writer and poet from Doylestown, PA. He has published seven books of poetry: *Parallels*, *Coming Out Of The Atlantic*, *Electronic Forecasts*, *Wildflower Women*, *Pilfered Circadian Rhythm*, *Hidden Danger*, including his poetry baseball book, *Ball On The Mound*.

Vijayakumar Thulasisingam is a retired professional who is interested in inspirational and fiction stories.

Sam Barbee's newest collection is titled *Apertures of Voluptuous Force* (2022, Redhawk Publishing). He has three previous poetry collections, including *That Rain We Needed* (2016, Press 53), which was a nominee for the Roanoke-Chowan Award as one of North Carolina's best poetry collections of 2016, and has been nominated for two Pushcart Prizes. He has been published in numerous anthologies and magazines in the US and abroad, and is a two-time Pushcart nominee. His poem "Phantom Pain" won First Prize in the Orchard Street Press Malovrh-Fenlon Poetry Contest; and received the 59th Poet Laureate Award from the North Carolina Poetry Society for his poem "The Blood Watch". He was awarded an "Emerging Artist's Grant" from the Winston-Salem Arts Council to publish his first collection *Changes of Venue* (1997, Mount Olive Press).

Peter Van Belle is the editor of The Klecksograph and has published poems and short stories in Great Britain, Ireland, New Zealand, Canada, the US, and Belgium. As a child he lived in the US, but now he lives in Belgium.

Maria A. Arana is a writer, poet, editor, and teacher. Her poetry has been published in various journals including Spectrum, The Gonzo Press, and The Kleksograph. You can find her at https://x.com/m_a_Arana and <https://www.booksbymaarana.com> or <https://aranaeditingservices.com>

Guillermo Bowie is a 10th generation descendant of Edinburgh, Scotland's 1705 immigrant to Maryland John Bowie, Sr. In 2025 he was published in Maryland Literary Review, Maryland's Academy Of The Heart and Mind, Iodestar lit, New Brunswick, Canada's Version 9, New Brunswick, Canada's The Nashwaak Review (2026), Euphemism (2026), United Kingdom's The Unseen Threads: Let's Bind Them Together, United Kingdom's Impspired (2026), forthcoming in United Kingdom's Steel Jackdaw, Germany's Sein und Werden, and Florence, Italy's Voyager. He has a B.A. from Lewis and Clark College, studied Spanish completing a M.A. at Columbia University, a second M.A. in Spanish from New York University, studied doctoral Spanish at Harvard University and did 1/2 of a Ph.D. in Spanish at the University of Oregon. He is a former Spanish teacher at the University of Oregon and Curry College, Spanish tutor at Columbia University and Boston School Of Modern Languages, bilingual second grade teacher at Manhattan's P.S. 152, second grade teacher in the Bronx and day care instructor at Union Theological Seminary Day Care Center and East Harlem Block Nursery. He also worked for three years as a book salesman at Portland, Oregon's downtown B Dalton Bookseller and Sherman, Texas' B Dalton Bookseller.

LB Sedlacek has had poems and stories published in a wide variety of journals and zines. She is the author of several poetry collections including "Unresponsive Sky" (Purple Unicorn Press), "Words and Bones" (Finishing Line Press), "The Architect of French Fries" (Presa Press), and "The Poet Next Door" (Cyberwit Press). She was nominated twice for the Pushcart Prize and also nominated for Best of the Net in poetry. Her short stories have won 1st place prose awards in literary magazines and she is the author of several short stories books, too. She also enjoys swimming and reading.

Ray Miller is a Socialist, Aston Villa supporter and faithful husband. Life's been a disappointment.

Gary Bolick is a native of North Carolina, where he now lives with his wife Jill. He lived and studied in Paris and Dijon for a year and a half before graduating from Wake Forest. At Wake he studied under and was mentored by Germaine Bree, who was very supportive of his writing and interests in surrealism and Carl Jung's work on the collective unconscious. He has published five novels. Please go to <https://www.garybolick.com> for information on his latest works: A WALKING SHADOW/STORE IN A COOL, DRY PLACE/RIVER TALK (fables of connections-lost).

Born in Italy some decades ago, **Gabriella Garofalo** fell in love with the English language at six, started writing poems (in Italian) at six and is the author of these books “Lo sguardo di Orfeo”; “L’inverno di vetro”; “Di altre stelle polari”; “Casa di erba”; “Blue Branches”; “A Blue Soul”.

David Dixon is a physician, poet, and musician who grew up in Trujillo, Peru and currently lives in the foothills of North Carolina. His work has appeared in Rock & Sling, The Northern Virginia Review, Connecticut River Review, Bear Paw Arts Journal, The Greensboro Review, Kakalak, Atlanta Review and elsewhere. He is the author of The Scattering of Saints (Hermit Feathers Press, 2022).

Alison Black is from Belfast and has been writing for 17 years.

Charles Sorley, born in Aberdeen in 1895, grew up in Cambridge, but studied at Oxford. His stay in Germany was cut short by the outbreak of war. He became an officer in the Suffolk regiment and was killed in 1915.

David Ryan has been writing poetry for 15 years and draws his inspiration from Shelley's calling out social injustices, History, Expressionist Art, Punk Music and dreams. He also produces collages and writes songs. He is working toward a first collection.

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