

Otata

March 2016

otata 1

March, 2016

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tokonoma

"They only express themselves by their poses."

No gestures, they multiply only their arms, their hands, their fingers, — like Buddhas. So it is that idle, they reach the end of their thoughts. They are only a will to expression. They have nothing hidden from themselves, they can't keep any idea secret, they unfold themselves entirely, honestly, without restriction.

Lazy, they pass their time complicating their own form, perfecting in the sense of the greatest analytical complication their own body. Wherever they are born, however hidden, they are occupied only in accomplishing their expression: they prepare themselves, adorn themselves, wait for themselves to be read.

They have at their disposition to draw attention to themselves only their poses, only lines, and at times an exceptional signal, an extraordinary appeal to the eyes and sense of smell in the form of luminous scented ampules or bombs called their flowers and which are doubtlessly sores.

Their modification of the sempiternal leaf certainly signifies something.

— Francis Ponge
from *Fauna and Flora*
Cid Corman, trans.

Bob Arnold

from *Cup*

WOODSPLITTER
(*by hand*)

Watch your teeth —
over 40 years
I've cracked three

REMEMBER

Complain all you want —
it's warm in the sun

In a dead oak tree I need to cut for fuel
a chickadee sings —
okay, I'll wait a few days more

IN THE EVENING

She has her sofa nap
I have my floor blanket nap
glow-lit wood fire room

MAMMALIAN

She goes out into the 2 AM frost to draw water
the deer at the brook startle and hiss
she returns the favor

Pratima Balabhadrapathruni

matryoshkas nesting silence nesting matryoshkas in meditation

Joseph Salvatore Aversano

persephone,,turned up,,by the plough

a pang of plum flowered hills

the sarcophagus lid aside it's true

fossil still born shale

rock hewn wind step

whenbowingthefloodplainsea

up the stair
well sound
of rain

the smaller
the more radial
the soul

a god
shaped
stone

Scott Watson

This love now on
a dark night with
no moon and no
definition but this
dark night's love.

Cupping you
these hands
mountain stream

Hiromi Maya

no direction
no connection
withered lotus

karehachisu muhou muen no kiai kana
枯蓮無方無縁の気合いかな

Sonam Chhoki

tenement washing lines
in the afternoon breeze
brawling, lovemaking noises

morning after red grimace of coke cans

John Perlman

Nocturne, Rainbow Lake

1

thru silhouettes of
white pine on the
esker's crest
blue heron
glides to
roost

2

venus sways
on nightwinds'
pulse thru
spruce

3

in full salute
shining a flashlight
at the stars

4

pair of loons
echoing as if a
shadow world
affirmed

5

departed
in the span
of calling out
its trace Jan's
fallen star

Reading Nyogen Senzaki

kneeling to pluck
wild garlic from the grass
behind the seawall nibbling
bulbs breath carried by a
west wind over
open sea

so lifelike
the old & careworn
face asleep in a burl
of a fallen oak she
lays her fingertips
against his
cheek

battered
bamboo walking
staff in a backyard
terra cotta pot stands
purple eggplant
up to the risen
sun

Chris Poundwhite

on
my
hand
this
magic
bee

in
a
bit
of
glass
a
bit
of
light
from
the
sky

strange
thing
this
magic
world

sip
tea
eat
nuts
my
body
magic

Kim Dorman

(technics)

he sleeps under
a bridge
among curated
scraps — his
human needs
no different

matins

leaves lift
to

coral
light,

singing
its

silence

Stars, Fireflies

summer
nights
on 2 continents

oaks & spanish
moss

tamarind
&coconut

Meik Blöttenberger

leap day
a schoolboy's
untucked shirt

purple noon
this sinner's love
of sunsets

Scott Metz

so she feeds me
the imaginary food
she pulls from her body

as i'm breaking
her most
precious leaf

tonight i'll leave the light on spider

o flower, for you
i've made up
a little monster

Aditya Bahl

look
alike
gourds
gourds

blue's remainder : rent's reminder

Nancy Davenport

Fall Grapes

OH
my,
where did you find such
perfect green grapes?
so very sweet
warm and hard
dripping
on my
belly

George Swede

the stud of nature's fundamental forces twelve gauge

weeding my life
the roots of time
too deep

after a long struggle
overcome by gravitons
19114-2014

Hansha Teki

all in all
an ocean washes up
in birth cries

left behind
in prophetic utterance
of its ending

step by step
we continue on
alone

a dream I make of the just now

now and then
I become the wake
I leave behind

all at sea
a wine drop dark
to its soul

Luca Cenisi

from Anamesi (2011)

Infiniti mondi si
nascondono
dietro un'unica linea.
Infinite speranze
si rivelano agli occhi disillusi
del nostro microcosmo.

Infinite worlds
hide themselves
behind a single line.
Infinite hopes
reveal themselves to the disillusioned eyes
of our microcosm.

Un fiore oltre la finestra,
l'io e il noi
triade cognitiva.

A flower through the window
the I and the we
a cognitive triad.

S'è frantumato
il carillon
della mia infanzia,
l'impulso mal riposto
di un'ombra
prigioniera del vento.

It's shattered —
the carillon
of my childhood,
the misplaced impulse
of an imprisoned
shadow of wind.

Tra le foglie,
un'ipotesi d'estate.

Between leaves
a summer hypothesis

Continuum poetico,
estasi dell'infinito.

poetic continuum —
ecstasies of the infinite!

Nessun punto fermo,
nessuna direzione,
nessun bivio
Siamo solo uomini
che si lasciano guidare
da chi ancora non ha trovato
il proprio sentiero.

no direction
no crossroads
we're just people
who let themselves be led
by others who haven't found
the right path.

Passiamo inosservati
più a noi stessi che
agli altri.
L'identità non è fondata
sulla ragione, ma sul silenzio
che la precede.

We pass by unobserved
more by ourselves
than others.
Identity isn't founded
on reason, but on the silence
that precedes it.

Il mondo intero
non è che una lacrima di magnolia
abbandonata alla quiete dell'aurora.

The whole world
nothing but one tear of magnolia
abandoned in the quiet of dawn.

L'immutabilità
non è che l'apparente quiete
del nostro divenire

Immutability —
nothing but the apparent quiet
of our becoming.

È nell'antologia dello spirito
che emerge il denominatore
dell'esistenza.

È nella poetica di un unico
fugace momento
che si snoda l'impulso
alla consapevolezza.

It in the anthology of the spirit
that reveals the denominator
of existence.
It's in the the poetics of a single
fugitive moment
that loosens the impulse
to consciousness

L'aforisma
è una frase di senso compiuto
in un mondo incompiuto

The aphorism —
a complete expression
in an incomplete world

il tramonto
è un'alba in versi.

sunset
is a dawn
in verse

(English versions JM)

By john martone March 31, 2016