

A landscape photograph showing a wide field of tall green grass in the foreground, a paved road, and a distant field of brown crops. The sky is bright blue with a large, fluffy white cloud in the center. A thin, white streak, likely a comet or meteor, is visible in the upper left portion of the sky.

# otata 44

(August, 2019)

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from otata's bookshelf

John Levy, Alan Chung Lau, *eye2word*, iii

John Phillips, *Included*

## FAIRFIELD BEACH

The child  
by the sea makes designs and I  
    watching  
admiring make designs and what  
    has designed  
the sea ripples and the waves of the white  
    frequently  
flying many sea gulls and the timeliness of  
    the tides  
and the curves of the high grass and the drifting  
    of the  
sail boats, some white and green sails, some with the  
    orange and yellow  
and red sails, what has designed the imagination and the  
    need of  
the child with her crayon in her hand satisfies  
    beyond my tenure.

— John Tagliabue  
*New and Selected Poems: 1942-1997*

*vincent tripi*

sunflower  
what  
i  
am  
turns  
to  
me

## *Vincenzo Adamo*

*Cade una pesca-  
sull'ombra d'una foglia  
cade una foglia*

a peach falls-  
on the shadow of a leaf  
a leaf falls

## *Giuliana Ravaglia*

*fammi sognare una bionda farfalla:  
sarò l'estate*

let me dream of a blonde butterfly:  
I will be summer



*Joseph Salvatore Aversano*

IN BROOKLYNESE

all wordbursts

aerosoled

in the way the

linens billow

out from

the lines

*Peter Newton*

PIGEON SONG

nothing is more  
beautiful than the birds  
clearing their throats

*Jeannie Martin*

rising  
to what is —  
new moon

*Elmedin Kadric*

SCRA

P  
art

of  
it

*John Levy*

PELT

To mean fur or skin, or to  
throw something hard  
or a lot of fast raining or  
snowing, as if the noun  
and verb are strangers who  
have both dreamt  
of divorcing each other.

## *Robert Christian*

Thank God people are real  
And poetry is not  
    For example the girl  
Who crossed the road just now  
And lit a cigarette

*Mark Young*

CROSSING THE TASMAN SEA

The poet, in-  
trigued by  
a word that has  
come up in

conversational  
history with  
another poet  
about

another poet,  
writes it down  
in the note-  
book he carries

everywhere.  
Ringbolt. It  
means "to  
stow away."

*Tom Clausen*

pasture land —  
speeding through  
bits of birdsong



*Louise Hopewell*

so proud of her  
drooping daisy chain  
Milky Way

*Corrado Aiello*

reading poems  
a crying crane  
in my mind

## *Debbie Scheving*

planted where they would  
surprise me he said...  
red tulips

*Stefano d'Andrea*

*luna improvvisa  
scintillante moneta  
nel cupo viola*

sudden moon  
a shimmering coin  
in the deep purple

## *Carmela Marino*

*tuoni lontani —  
in un germogliare  
i miei silenzi*

Distant thunder —  
Inside a sprout  
my silences

*John Hawkhead*

last to leave who will stand over me

*Adjei Agyei-Baah*

my good friend  
separated by the fence  
of his wealth

*Lee Gurga*

right rights



*John McManus*

All Souls' Day  
father sharpens  
his hunting knife

## *Antonio Mangiameli*

*il profumo acre  
dei fiori appassiti —  
stella cadente*

the acrid scent  
of withered flowers —  
falling star

## *Hansha Teki*

autumn dusk

*aging eyes*

starlings bleed  
tree-wards

*my mindscape  
dotted with*

from the edge

*vanishing points*

*Réka Nyitrai*

a book of rain...  
my father, now  
a brown butterfly

*Roberta Beach Jacobson*

winter squeak  
of swing set  
gone in spring

*Dave Read*

SKYLINE

At the end  
of a Nevada night,

the low lying lights  
and crickets.

*Mark Levy*

bright moon  
mute stones  
share their music

*Scott Metz*

at some  
point a berry  
was bound  
to speak  
to her



## *Helen Buckingham*

army widow  
pouring over  
their postage  
stamp garden

## *Ezio Infantino*

*Ritorna il sole  
sulla sabbia bagnata  
Scorze di anguria*

The sun returns  
on the wet sand  
Watermelon rinds

## *Tom Montag*

When the humid  
air holds all you

hope the light turns  
green afternoon

to evening and  
you go inside

yourself again  
and don't come out.

This is how the  
darkness enters

and where it stays.

*Kala Ramesh*

full moon to full moon his mood swings

## *Maria Teresa Piras*

*mare calmo —  
la mia riva e la tua  
così lontane*

calm sea —  
my shore and yours  
so far away

# *Johannes S. H. Bjerg*

*LETHE*

*ønsker  
jeg  
kunne  
sejle*

*LETHE*

*wish  
I  
could  
sail*

## *Angela Giordano*

*vecchia cascina  
lo scricchiolio del letto spezza il silenzio*

old farmhouse  
the creaking of the bed breaks the silence

*Madhuri Pillai*

hot air balloon traipsing past the window winter sun



*Hifsa Ashraf*

last train  
the depth  
of my heartbeat

*Maria Concetta Conti*

a bridal dress  
how many stars  
this night?

*George Swede*

each flower  
with its own  
reality  
those who  
speak  
several tongues  
their minds  
are gardens

## *Lucy Whitehead*

meeting an old friend  
in a dream, I wake  
to dancing shadows

## *Alegria Imperial*

### SPEAK NO EVIL

twilight in veined stones crimsoned squeals

used to be muddied blue  
today the old well silent dark

the stilleto-ed doll speaks no evil

Homer's epics snatched by small claws

## *Eufemia Griffo*

*fiori d'ortensia  
un giardino incantato  
nelle mie mani*

hydrangea flower  
an enchanted garden  
in my hands

# *Anna Maria Domburg-Sancristoforo*

monday blues  
still looking for you  
in every smile

*Joanna Ashwell*

lingering in the shade  
pieces of me  
in the thistledown



*Tiffany Shaw-Diaz*

sonata  
when the sun  
hangs low

*Lucia Cardillo*

*prati di luna ...  
la menta selvatica  
in ogni respiro*

moon meadows...  
in every breath  
wild mint

*Ingrid Bruck*

flank-to-flank  
two unharnessed work horses  
in the pasture

