

# CALYPSO EDITIONS



CATALOG AND SAMPLER

summer 2013

By unearthing literary  
gems from previous  
generations, translating  
foreign writers into  
English with integrity,  
and providing a space  
for talented new voices,  
Calypso Editions is  
committed to publishing  
books that will endure in  
both content and form.

CALYPSO  
EDITIONS

FROTH: POEMS

by Jarosław Mikołajewski

Translated by

Piotr Florczyk

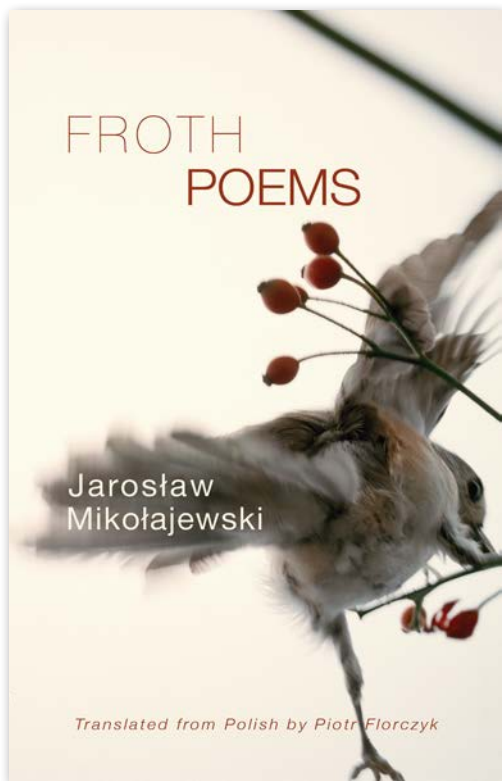
ISBN-13: 978-0-9830999-9-4

*This is contemporary European poetry at its best... tender, unpredictable, a hymn, a love poem, a moment of laughter, of revelation.*

— ILYA KAMINSKY

Froth gathers thirty-two of Jarosław Mikołajewski's best poems. Adam Zagajewski writes, "Who's Jarosław Mikołajewski? Is he an angry poet? No, not really. Is he pater familias? Yes, he is, but this doesn't tell us much about his poetry. Reading his poems we follow his itinerary, we go with him to Rome—he's at home in the Italian culture though his first home is in Warsaw, we see his wife, his daughters, we remember his father. Mikołajewski's poetry is alive. This is a huge praise, maybe the highest one: it's not an academic enterprise. His poems are kicking, running, appealing to us, readers. His poems live."

**Jarosław Mikołajewski** is a Polish poet, short story writer, essayist, journalist, and translator from the Italian. His ten volumes of poetry have been met with wide acclaim both in Poland and abroad. He lives in Warsaw.



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LEO TOLSTOY

HOW MUCH LAND  
DOES A MAN NEED

TRANSLATED BY Boris Dralyuk

HOW MUCH LAND  
DOES A MAN NEED

by Leo Tolstoy  
Translated by  
Boris Dralyuk  
ISBN-13: 978-0-9830999-0-1

*The greatest story that the  
literature of the world knows.*

—JAMES JOYCE

*How Much Land Does a  
Man Need is a small gem,  
a story that feels at once  
quickly recited and very sure  
of itself, and Calypso Editions  
and Boris Dralyuk are to be  
congratulated for giving it  
a new and better English-  
language life.*

—BRIAN EVENSON

Calypso Editions presents a new translation of this frequently overlooked classic. In *How Much Land Does a Man Need*, originally published in 1886, Tolstoy departs from the realist mode of his great novels—*War and Peace* and *Anna Karenina*—and adopts the markedly oral narrative style of *skaz*, a language at once rich and easily accessible to the simple folk he now wished to address. While previous translators have smoothed out the idiosyncrasies of the form, Boris Dralyuk's translation retains the color and voice so vital to the tale.

Unlike the elite that populate Tolstoy's novels, here Tolstoy introduces readers to a peasant, Pakhom, who swore that with enough land, he wouldn't fear the devil himself.

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OF GENTLE WOLVES:  
AN ANTHOLOGY  
OF ROMANIAN POETRY

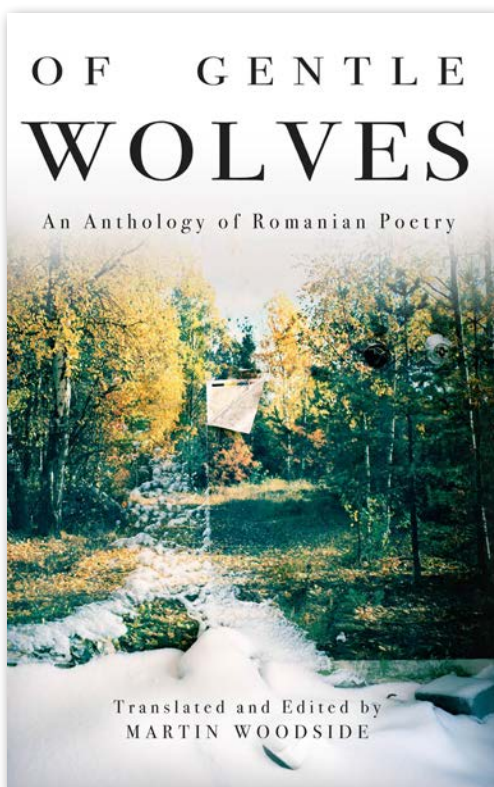
Translated & Edited  
by Martin Woodside  
ISBN-13: 978-0-9830999-2-5

*A scintillating, eclectic sampler  
of voices from across half a  
century of achievement by one  
of Europe's strongest and most  
vital poetry traditions.*

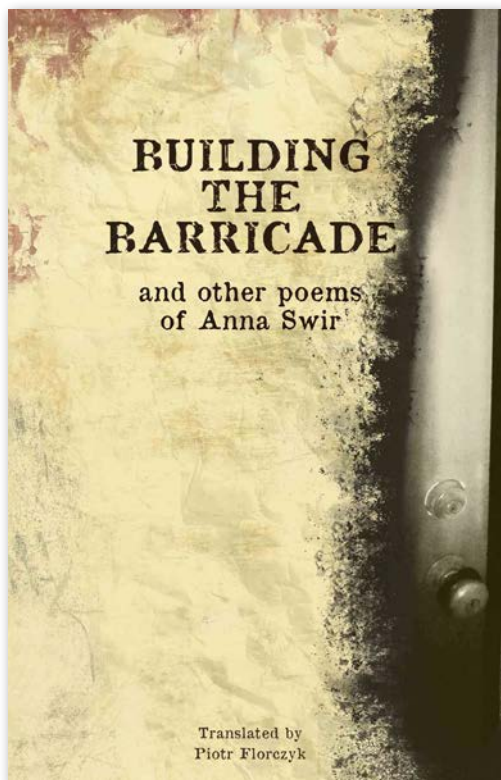
—ADAM SORKIN

Amidst a history of upheaval, from Roman subjugation to the fall of communism in 1989, Romania's fostered a persevering spirit and a strong poetic tradition. "Every Romanian is born a poet," goes a popular idiom, and *Of Gentle Wolves: An Anthology of Romanian Poetry* aims to bring the very best of the country's contemporary poets together in a single volume. Individual poems from *Of Gentle Wolves: An Anthology of Romanian Poetry* have appeared in *Brooklyn Rail*, *Poetry International*, *Poesis International* (Romania), and *qarrtsinluni*.

**Martin Woodside's** poetry chapbook *Stationary Landscapes* came out in 2009 (Pudding House Press), and he spent 2009-10 on a Fulbright in Romania. He lives with his family in Philadelphia where he's pursuing a PhD in Childhood Studies at Rutgers-Camden.



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BUILDING THE BARRICADE  
AND OTHER POEMS  
OF ANNA SWIR

Translated by  
Piotr Florczyk  
ISBN-13: 978-0-9830999-1-8

*William Blake was inclined to see human sins as phases through which humans pass and not as something substantial. In . . . Anna Swir there is a similar empathy and forgiveness.*

—CZESŁAW MIŁOŚZ

The collection includes the best of Swir's poems about the Warsaw Uprising, as well as poems in which her focus is the human body and her experiences of love and fam-

ily. Individual poems from *Building the Barricade and Other Poems* have appeared in *Poetry International* and in *Little Star*.

**Anna Swir** was born in 1909 in Warsaw, Poland. She joined the Resistance during World War II and worked as a military nurse during the Warsaw Uprising; at one point she came within an hour of being executed before she was spared. In addition to poetry, Swir wrote plays and stories for children and directed a children's theater. She lived in Krakow from 1945 until her death from cancer in 1984.

**Piotr Florczyk** is a poet, essayist, and translator from his native Polish. He has translated volumes of poetry by Julian Kornhauser, Jacek Gutorow, Jarosław Mikołajewski, and Paweł Marcinkiewicz. Piotr Florczyk lives in Santa Monica, California.

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THE VANISHINGS  
AND OTHER POEMS

by Elizabeth Myhr  
ISBN-13: 978-0-9830999-1-8

*Nearly a Zen koan—this poet  
uses language to explore the  
limitations of language.*

—PEGGY SHUMAKER

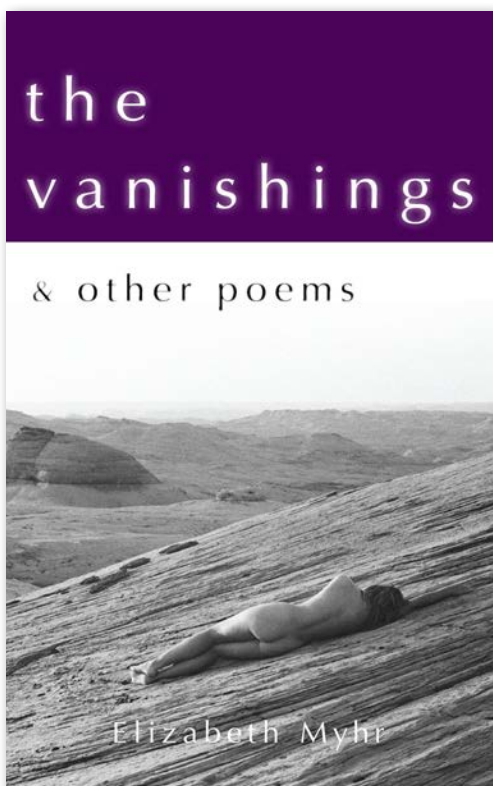
*Elizabeth Myhr, a veteran  
jazz pianist of 15 years, takes  
on the medium of poetry,  
and her poems are terribly  
satisfying to read. It makes  
sense that many years of jazz  
performance might help to map  
out a beautifully tuned poem.  
The themes of this collection  
are time and light, and*

*Myhr explores the limits of language to express emotion and experience.  
Calypso Editions is a collectively run press of sophisticated poetry and  
fiction, and Myhr's work is no exception. In fact, it sets the standard.*

—HEY SMALL PRESS

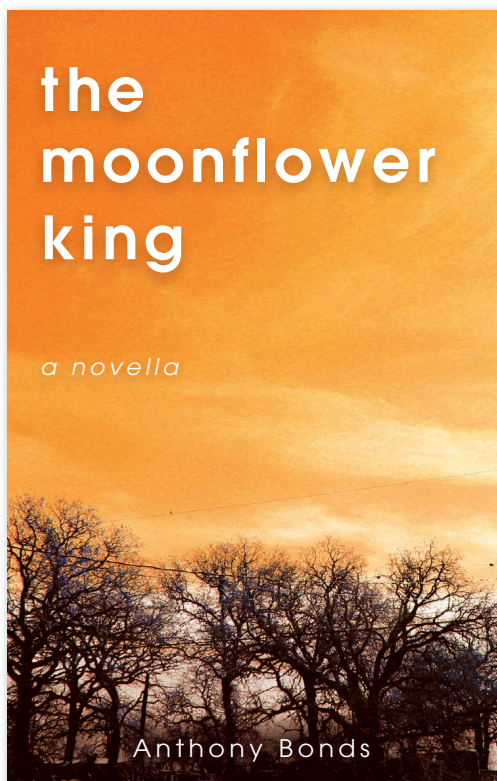
*the vanishings & other poems* was written between 2007 and 2010.  
Individual poems from the book have appeared in *Poetry International*,  
*Floating Bridge Review*, and *Knock Magazine*. *Books & Culture* has  
included *the vanishings* as one of its three top poetry books of 2011.

**Elizabeth Myhr** is a poet, editor and freelance product development manager. She holds an MFA in poetry from Seattle Pacific University and lives in Seattle with her family.



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THE MOONFLOWER KING

by Anthony Bonds

ISBN-13: 978-0-9830999-4-9

*In taut and inspired language, Anthony Bonds gives us an unflinching vision of humanity and one family's fate. A compact tale that manages to be as vast as the Texas landscape it evokes, *The Moonflower King* poses age-old questions about loyalty and love, and answers them with a story that is surprising, entertaining, and moving. A wonderful debut.*

— KATHERINE TOWLER,  
AUTHOR OF *SNOW ISLAND*

When Ash Moone learns that his twin brother Oscar's botched suicide attempt has left him confined to a wheelchair, he is forced to leave his life as a writer in Brooklyn for the family's dilapidated emu ranch in a remote East Texas town.

As his brother Oscar's continued obsession with death threatens to ruin both their lives, Ash must make a choice: abandon his brother or risk his own humanity to create a peace between them.

**Anthony Bonds** is a writer and book designer. He works as a designer and editor in San Diego, where he lives with his wife.

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visit [www.CalypsoEditions.org](http://www.CalypsoEditions.org)*



USE

by Derick Burleson

ISBN-13: 978-0-9830999-5-6

*Burleson sees what we all see,  
or are willingly blind to, or  
cannot bear to see: that we are  
here for only a moment, that  
we are meaningless in the very  
same instant that we are nearly  
godlike with meaning.*

—ZINTA AISTARS

(from the Foreword)

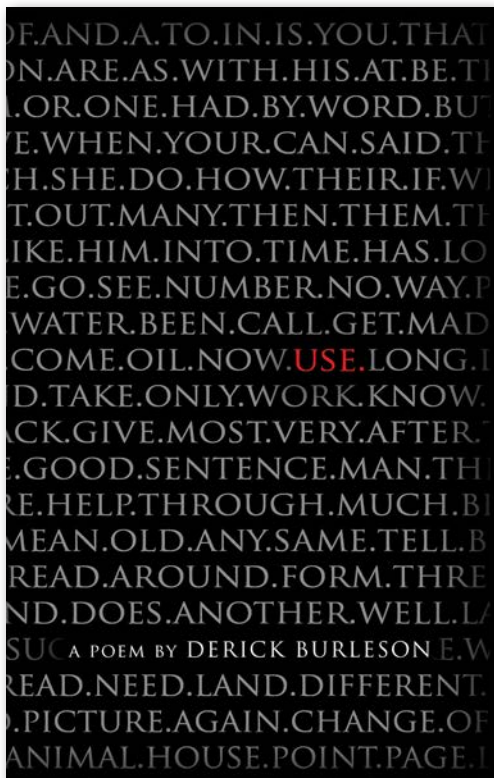
“It takes a village to make a  
book.

“This one began one day when  
I fell into fascination with a

list of the 600 most commonly used words in English that I found in  
my daughter’s first grade classroom at Two Rivers Elementary School  
where I was also working as an aide. The class was preparing for our  
100 Things Museum to coincide with the 100th day of the school  
year—100 pennies welded together in the shape of a man, 100 feath-  
ers tied in bundles, 100 origami cranes in flight. I decided to make  
100 poems out of the list I’d found for my contribution.”

**Derick Burleson’s** latest book of poems, *Melt*, was published by  
Marick Press in 2012. His first two collections of poems are: *Never  
Night* (Marick Press, 2007), and *Ejo: Poems, Rwanda 1991-94* (Uni-  
versity of Wisconsin Press, 2000). He directs the MFA program in  
Creative Writing at the University of Alaska Fairbanks and lives in  
Two Rivers, Alaska.

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# FROTH POEMS

Jarosław  
Mikołajewski

*Translated from Polish by Piotr Florczyk*



Jarosław Mikołajewski

FROTH  
POEMS

*Translated from Polish by*

*Piotr Florczyk*



CALYPSO EDITIONS

froth

something stinks  
I said when we came into the house

something really does stink  
said my daughter when three of us were left  
(my youngest daughter had gone into the kitchen)

yeah something stinks unbelievably  
I said after the two of us came upstairs  
(the middle daughter had stayed in the living room)

but what can stink so bad  
I wondered when left alone

I sniffed my hands  
I looked over my feet  
I searched around in the corners

nothing could've stunk except me

I took a shower  
yellow froth stayed behind

I took a bath  
yellow froth again

venus was made of froth  
this thick froth is mine

rinsing  
I stood in the tub over the froth

it took on water and burst  
and then I saw that I was standing over myself

escaping down the drain its eyes widened  
a scream twisted its mouth  
it didn't want to float away

my liquid skeleton lay at my feet



piana

coś śmierdzi  
powiedziałem kiedy weszliśmy do domu

że coś śmierdzi istotnie  
powiedziała córka kiedy zostaliśmy we troje  
(najmłodsza poszła do kuchni)

no coś śmierdzi niemożliwie  
powiedziałem kiedy we dwoje weszliśmy na górę  
(średnia została w salonie)

ale żeby aż tak pomyślałem  
kiedy zostałem sam

obwąchałem ręce  
obejrzałem nogi  
przeszukałem kąty

nic nie mogło śmierdzieć prócz mnie

wziąłem prysznic  
została żółta piana

wykąpałem się w wannie  
znowu piana

wenus była z piany  
gęsta piana jest ze mnie

splukując  
stałem w wannie nad pianą

nabrała wody i pękła  
a wtedy zobaczyłem że stoję nad sobą

uciekając do rury wielkie oczy robiła  
wydzierała usta  
odpłynąć nie chciała

płynny mój szkielet był u stóp moich

## Meadow

My daughters feast like calves

eating grass  
that grows in green pastures

drinking milk  
that seeps from the overfilled udders  
of pious animals

my daughters drink  
herbal teas  
with Latin names  
and their cheeks smell  
like silk bellows filled with lavender

my daughters are all yogurt  
bread and sun

they chew sweet petals  
of wild flowers  
and their hair smells  
of fresh, dewy Evening Stock

I live beside them like a pig

like a dead dog  
on the bank of a sparkling river

a dog that hasn't turned into grass yet

nor into dew  
that flies towards the sun

nor into the water of this river

oh, carnivorous Earth  
consume my flesh

or turn my breath into flowers  
embalm my skin

## Łąka

Moje córki żywią się jak krówki

trawą  
która rośnie na zielonych pastwiskach

mlekiem  
które pobożnym zwierzętom  
sączy się z przepelnionych wymion

moje córki piją napary  
z ziół  
o łacińskich imionach  
a ich policzki pachną  
jak jedwabne mieszki wypełnione lawendą

moje córki są całe jogurtem  
chlebem i słońcem

żują słodkie płatki  
polnych kwiatów  
a ich włosy pachną  
świeżo zroszoną maciejką

Żyję obok nich jak wieprz

jak zdechły pies  
nad brzegiem kryształowej rzeki

który jeszcze nie stał się trawą

ani rosą  
co frunie ku słońcu

ani wodą tej rzeki

Ziemio mięsożerna  
pochłoń już moje mięso

albo ukwieć mój oddech  
zabalsamuj mi skórę



museum of antiquity

resources are limited  
a carriage to heaven  
dragged by the horse's shadow

birds  
waves

several expensive everyday items  
a doll or a wife  
a comb

and even a guide  
some raven  
a ray

a shadow on the display case

muzeum antyku

zasoby są ograniczone  
wóz do nieba  
wleczony przez koński cień

ptaki  
fale

kilka drogich codziennych przedmiotów  
lalka albo żona  
grzebień

i jeszcze przewodnik  
jakiś kruk  
promień

cień na gablocie

**LEO TOLSTOY**

**HOW MUCH LAND  
DOES A MAN NEED**

TRANSLATED BY Boris Dralyuk

# HOW MUCH LAND DOES A MAN NEED

Много ли человеку  
земли нужно

A STORY BY

Leo Tolstoy

TRANSLATED BY

Boris Dralyuk

INTRODUCTION BY

Brian Evenson



CALYPSO EDITIONS

## I.

An elder sister rode out from the city to visit her younger sister in the country. The elder was a merchant's wife in the city, while the younger, a peasant's in the countryside. They were drinking tea and talking when the elder got to boasting—singing praises of her life in the city: how clean and expansive it was, how she dressed her children in finery, how sumptuously she ate and drank, how she went riding, promenading, and off to the theater.

The younger sister got offended and started belittling the trading life, all the while glorifying her own peasant's life.

"I wouldn't swap my living for yours," the younger sister said. "Our life is drab, I grant you, but we know nothing of fear. Your life may be tidier, but you either make a fortune in trading or lose the whole lot in it. As the proverb goes: 'Loss is gain's nearest kin.' It happens like this: you're rich today and tomorrow you find yourself going from window to window. Our peasant business is surer: a peasant's stomach is lean, but lasts long. We won't be rich, but we'll be fed."

"Fed indeed," the elder sister broke in, "with pigs and calves! Neither furniture, nor manners! Toil as your husband might, you live in manure and you'll die in it—and the same goes for your children."

“And so what? That’s our business,” said the younger. “We live firm, bowing to no one, fearing no one. You in the city all live in temptation; things may be good nowadays, but tomorrow the fiend turns up—before you know it, he’ll tempt your husband with cards, or wine, or some harlot. And all goes to ruin. Doesn’t it happen?”

Pakhom—the husband—listened to the women chattering from his perch on the stove.

“That’s the truth,” he said, “plain and simple. As long as we brethren turn up the mother-soil from our first days, foolishness doesn’t enter our heads. We only have one grief—too little land! If I had plenty of land, I’d fear no one—not the devil himself!”

The women drank up the tea, chattered some more about dresses, cleaned up the dishes and went to bed.

The devil sat behind the stove and heard everything. He was glad the peasant woman led her husband to boasting that if he had land, the devil couldn’t take him.

“All right,” he thought, “we’ll make a bet; I’ll give you lots of land. And it’s the land I’ll take you with.”



## I.

Приехала из города старшая сестра к меньшей в деревню. Старшая за купцом была в городе, а меньшая за мужиком в деревне. Пьют чай сестры, разговаривают. Стала старшая сестра чваниться — свою жизнь в городе выхвалять: как она в городе просторно и чисто живет и ходит, как она детей наряжает, как она сладко ест и пьет и как на катанья, гулянья и в театры ездит.

Обидно стало меньшей сестре, и стала она купеческую жизнь унижать, а свою крестьянскую возвышать.

— Не променяю я, — говорит, — своего житья на твое. Даром что серо живем, да страху не знаем. Вы и почище живете, да либо много наторгуете, либо вовсе проторгуетесь. И пословица живет: барышу наклад — большой брат. Бывает и то: нынче богат, а завтра под окнами находишься. А наше мужицкое дело вернее: у мужика живот тонок, да долог, богаты не будем, да сыты будем.

Стала старшая сестра говорить:

— Сытость-то какая — со свиньями да с телятами! Ни убранства, ни обращения! Как ни трудись твой хозяин, как живете в навозе, так и помрете, и детям то же будет.

— А что ж, — говорит меньшая, — наше дело такое. Зато твердо живем, никому не кланяемся, никого не

боимся. А вы в городе все в соблазнах живете; нынче хорошо, а завтра подвернется нечистый — глядь, и соблазнит хозяина твоего либо на карты, либо на вино, либо на кралю какую. И пойдет все прахом. Разве не бывает?

Слушал Пахом — хозяин — на печи, что бабы балакают.

— Правда это, — говорит, — истинная. Как наш брат сызмальства ее, землю-матушку, переворачивает, так дурь-то в голову и не пойдет. Одно горе — земли мало! А будь земли вволю, так я никого, и самого черта, не боюсь!

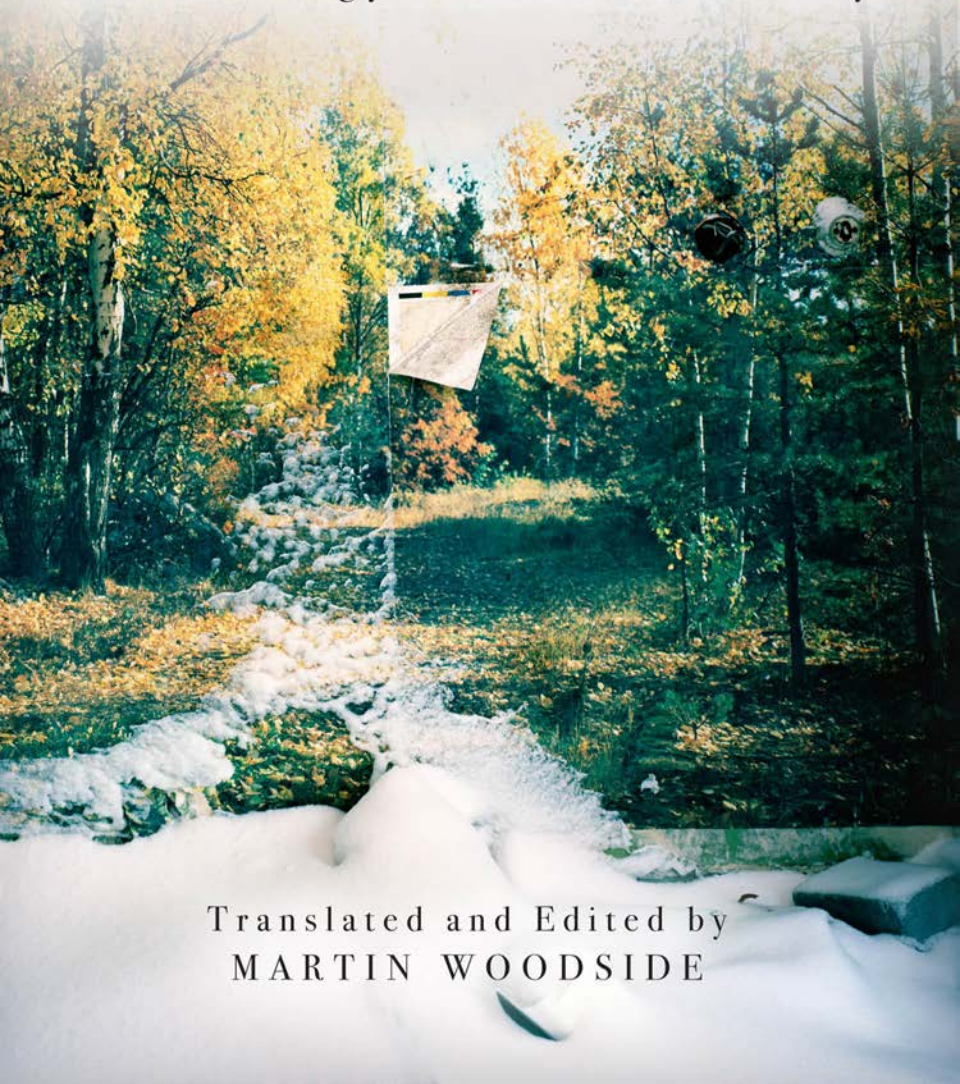
Отпили бабы чай, побалакали еще об нарядах, убрали посуду, легли спать.

А черт за печкой сидел, все слышал. Обрадовался он, что крестьянская жена на похвальбу мужа навела: похваляется, что, была б у него земля, его и черт не возьмет.

“Ладно, думает, поспорим мы с тобой; я тебе земли много дам. Землей тебя и возьму”.

# OF GENTLE WOLVES

An Anthology of Romanian Poetry



Translated and Edited by  
MARTIN WOODSIDE

O F      G E N T L E  
W O L V E S

An Anthology of Romanian Poetry

Translated and Edited by Martin Woodside



CALYPSO EDITIONS

*Constantin Acosmei*

CARDIAC WEEKEND

(there's no devil in me—until Monday.  
I stand by the counter until  
I get my change close my hand  
into a tight fist and give way

a woman slaps a child  
sucking on his thumb—  
right until the tram arrives when I  
stick my shoulder in her ribs)

*Translated by Martin Woodside and Chris Tanasescu*

WEEK – END CARDIAC

(n-am nici pe dracu' – pînă luni.  
stau lingă teighea pînă cînd  
mi se dă restul închid palma  
strîng pumnul mă dau la o parte

o femeie plesnește un copil  
careține degetul în gură –  
pînă vine tramvaiulși voi  
pune umărul în coastele ei)



*Radu Vancu*

KAPITAL

Fourteen beers is bad, fourteen beers plus a pint of vodka is better.

Clearly, Marx was right:

500 ml makes for an ideal demonstration

that, after a point,

quantity transforms quality.

The souses had Marx in their soul,

whether they know it or not.

That's why discussions in the pubs of Romania

so closely resemble those in Dostoevsky's "The Possessed,"

and for the same reason true drunkards are anti communist—

any socialist atheist who drinks with purpose

becomes, after a certain threshold, a mystic anarchist.

When you find the guts to stop drinking, it's over.

You've reached the end, the landmark where quantity

can no longer transform quality.

You are already, in all likelihood, a perfect mystic

with the appropriate set of regrets at hand.

It's bad not to have the guts. And much better, after the first shot  
of vodka.

*Radu Vancu*

KAPITAL

Paișpe beri e rău, paișpe beri plus o jumate de vodcă e bine.

E limpede, Marx a avut dreptate:

500 de ml sunt demonstrația ideală

că, de la un punct încolo,

cantitatea se transformă în calitate.

Cei ce beau îl au pe Marx în suflet,

fie că știu, fie că nu.

De aia discuțiile din crășmele din România

seamănă cu discuțiile din „Posedații” lui Dosto,

și tot de aia bețivii adevărați sunt anticomuniști –

orice ateu socialist care bea cu nădejde

se transformă, după o anumită cantitate, într-un anarhist mistic.

Când ai curaj să nu mai bei, s-a terminat.

Ai ajuns la capăt, la borna de unde nici o cantitate

nu se mai poate transforma în calitate.

Ești deja, după toate probabilitățile, un mistic desăvârșit,

cu setul corespunzător de vinovății la îndemână.

Ce rău e să nu ai curaj. Și ce bine, după prima sută de vodcă.

*Nicolae Coande*

A COLLECTIVE PASSPORT

A country lost like a child in the star market a country  
defeated but not like a woman in love  
(these days women conquer here—how desperately . . .)  
beaten in a strange game by an invisible adversary, a country  
brought under the Alexandrian yoke  
a choked topic howled by the pack—the barbarians were actually  
quite delicate  
maybe  
the last poets  
a county with a smile on its lapel like a dry carnation  
drawing a tear-stained map on the brain a windmill  
a sheathed sword  
a country with only one poet such a sad country of pashas  
kept as odalisques in a land of giaours  
a fatherland of barbed wire snagged with dead hearts  
a motherland with hell to see—what I foresee  
I the prophet of this rabble with the sleeping muse:  
a national bible unopened the pages uncut—  
a collective passport.  
unstamped.

UN PAȘAPORT COLECTIV

O țară pierdută ca un copil în târgul stelelor o țară  
învinsă dar nu ca o femeie în dragoste  
(astăzi femeile înving și aici – ce disperare . . . )  
bătută la un straniu pocher cu adversari invizibili o țară  
cu alexandrini jugulați  
de topica urlată a haitei – barbarii au fost ultimii delicați  
poate ultimii poeți  
o țară cu surâsul la rever ca o garoafă uscată  
plânsul ei desenează o hartă pe creier o moară de vânt  
o spadă captivă  
o țară cu un singur poet cîta tristețe țară de pașale  
ținut de cadine pământ de ghiauri  
o patrie de sîrmă ghimpată în care inimi mor agățate  
matrică cu iadul la vedere – prevăd ceva în viitor  
eu profetul acestui popor cu muza adormită:  
o biblie națională cu pagini netăiate niciodată citite –  
un pașaport colectiv.  
goală.

# **BUILDING THE BARRICADE**

and other poems  
of Anna Swir

Translated by  
Piotr Floreczyk

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and other poems  
of Anna Swir

TRANSLATED FROM THE POLISH  
BY PIOTR FLORCZYK

FOREWORD BY JERICHO BROWN



CALYPSO EDITIONS

## BUILDING THE BARRICADE

We were afraid building the barricade  
under fire.

Barman, jeweler's mistress, barber,  
all of us cowards.  
The housemaid hit the ground  
hauling a cobblestone and we were more afraid,  
all of us cowards—  
groundskeeper, stallholder, pensioner.

The pharmacist dragging the toilet door  
hit the ground,  
and we got very scared,  
smuggler girl, dressmaker, tram driver,  
all of us cowards.

The boy from a reform school fell dragging a sandbag,  
and we got scared for real.

Although no one forced us,  
we built the barricade  
under fire.

## BUDUJĄC BARYKADE

Baliśmy się budując pod ostrzałem  
barykadę.

Knajpiarz, kochanka jubilera, fryzjer,  
wszystko tchórze.

Upadła na ziemię służąca  
dźwigając kamień z bruku, baliśmy się bardzo,  
wszystko tchórze –  
dozorca, straganiarka, emeryt.

Upadł na ziemię aptekarz  
włokąc drzwi od ubikacji,  
baliśmy się jeszcze bardziej, szmuglerka,  
krawcowa, tramwajarz,  
wszystko tchórze.

Upadł chłopak z poprawczaka  
włokąc worek z piaskiem,  
więc baliśmy się  
naprawdę.

Choć nikt nas nie zmuszał,  
zbudowaliśmy barykadę  
pod ostrzałem.



## BEAUTY DIES

*i.m. Jan Świerczyński*

The museum is burning. Like hay  
the beauty worshipped by generations of men  
is burning.

It's priceless  
like the body of a man.

A man, who's lived only to guard the museum,  
managed  
to show up in time.

If he survives  
he'll confirm  
for future generations  
how beauty was dying like beauty  
in flames.

UMIERA PIĘKNO  
*pamięci Jana Świerczyńskiego*

Płonie muzeum. Jak słoma  
pali się piękno  
czczone przez pokolenia.  
Bezcenne  
jak ciało człowieka.

Człowiekowi, który żył na świecie  
tylko po to, żeby strzec muzeum,  
udało się przybiec na czas.

Jeśli przeżyje, zaświadczy  
dla przyszłych pokoleń,  
jak pięknie umierało w płomieniach  
piękno.

## SAID THE MAJOR

*i.m. Anna Ratyńska*

“This order must be delivered within an hour,”  
said the major.

“That’s not possible, it’s an inferno out there,”  
said the second lieutenant.

Five messenger girls went out,  
one made it.

The order was delivered within an hour.

## MAJOR POWIEDZIAŁ

*pamięci Anny Ratyńskiej*

– Rozkaz ma być doręczony w ciągu godziny –  
powiedział major.

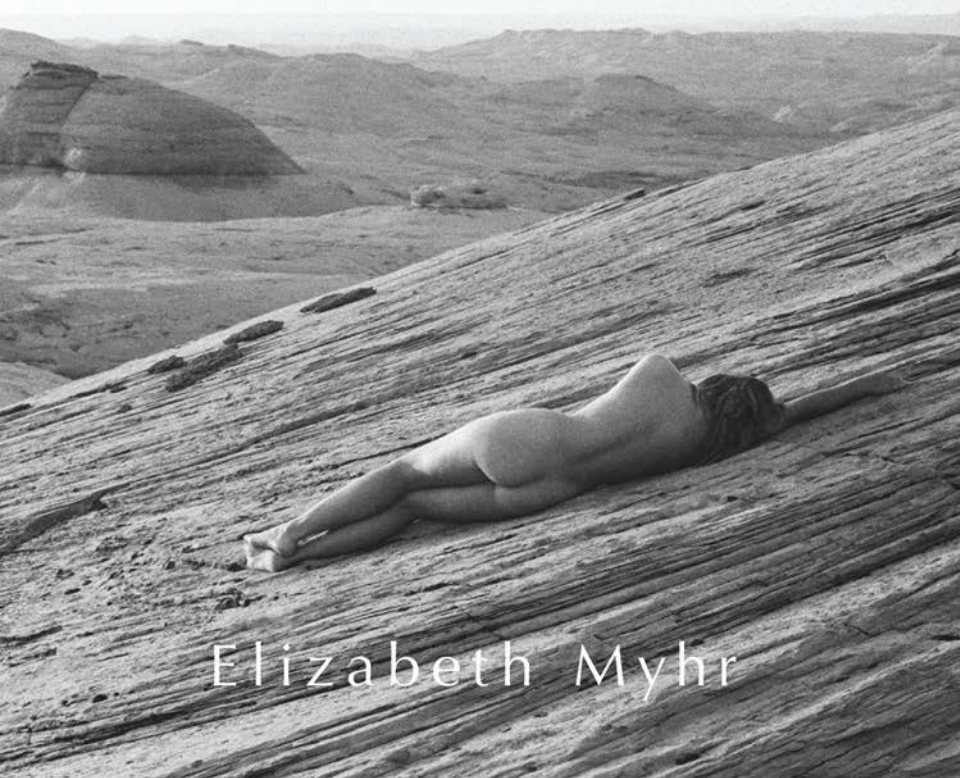
– To niemożliwe, tam piekło –  
powiedział podporucznik.

Poszło pięć łączniczek,  
jedna doszła.

Rozkaz był doręczony w ciągu godziny.

the  
vanishings

& other poems



Elizabeth Myhr

t h e  
v a n i s h i n g s  
& other poems

by Elizabeth Myhr



CALYPSO EDITIONS

the third limitation of language

we look back at the childhood meadows  
the grass shot through with sunlight

and walk together  
into twin countries of midnight and snow

and of course I cannot say  
and the letters we wrote turn to ashes

turn to flames and banners across the flagstone floor  
night begins its vespers in the garden  
you reach for the window's slim latch

I light the red candle and stoop to gather  
what's left of our secret reckless pages

I have left for a country

where the ancient loneliness restores itself  
between yucca and beetle piñon and wash

an exiled country  
where hard rains hoist life  
from an inch of sand

and grass drenched with lemonweed  
offers a hillside prayer  
to the sphinx moth

to its tilt and quiver  
and to an orange butterfly  
gliding in from the distant kaleidoscope



you are a boy on your small mare searching

but neither of us can find her

in the oysterbed of hoofbeats and wind  
in the torn light between grasses and dunes

the lost sword washes up on the sand

I urge the white horse of memory

with a whip and a branch of heather  
your wildest sorrow wet and bright

racing the cloudy stallions of afternoon

but inside the bedsheet's dry white tent

you hold in your face the salty blade  
and I wear by your tears' consent

her wet crown and the pearl at my neck

as over your shoulder great and riderless

he comes for you snorting with loose bit  
and reins trailed through hoof gouged moor

his saddleless highbred back soaked

to one long muscled darkness with rain

## sword and water

her turquoise hilt's inlaid with braided faces of the sun  
and one silver dagger the piscine body  
shoots through uncut by her wavering

shoots through her clear salt to touch  
fresh rock kissing the pink throat of the gull  
with its black virgin tongue

the turquoise hilt of the sea laughs  
and doubles over in white laughter  
and doubles and triples over in white laughter

rib and fan of stubborn palm glossy and banging  
in that wind which shreds each afternoon  
with yellow frangipani kisses

# the moonflower king

*a novella*

Anthony Bonds

# the moonflower king

*a novella*



by Anthony Bonds



CALYPSO EDITIONS



The answering machine beeped as I tossed my backpack onto the floor and loosened my tie, having just returned from a taping of Letterman. It had been my first late night appearance, but it was more or less the same hoops you jump through for daytime TV. I unfolded a plastic chair and sat down to the card table littered with index cards and empty pizza boxes. My basement apartment in Brooklyn was small and drafty, but the place was cheap. A nice perk since I wasn't seeing as much revenue as I'd hoped from the talk show rounds. The neighborhood, Vinegar Hill, was relatively quiet and proved to be a decent environment for getting writing done—particularly since there wasn't much else to do.

I was going to get the news today, I could feel it. The first message on the machine was a network rep calling to book an interview for another daytime talk show. It wasn't the message I was waiting for, but since interviews like that meant money I wrote the callback number down on a used paper towel. The next several messages were newspapers wanting a statement and a few angry readers letting me have a piece of their minds.

Six months after the fact and people still felt compelled to chew me out.

As promised, my literary agent Lily had left a message. *Good news*, she'd said. *Call me*.

After my first book, a memoir, was picked up by a major New York publishing house, it received a little bit of buzz, but nothing to write home about. The publisher was disappointed with sales and it looked as if that was that—until a reviewer for *The New York Review of Books* disclosed the details of my book's ending, exposing a fraudulent, near-death experience I never actually had, among a few other minor liberties taken with the facts of my childhood. It was not so much a book review as a diatribe about the importance of ethics in nonfiction. Clearly, my book failed his litmus test. While a few chunks of it were fabricated for the sake of telling a better story, most of it had really happened. I argued to anyone who would listen that everything I'd written in that book was true—only not quite factual. But the publishing industry is touchy about these kinds of things. The verdict was, I had knowingly published lies meant to be taken as truth.

But in a stroke of genius, Lily started booking appearances for me on the daytime talk show circuit. In no time I was booked solid for weeks on end. If there's anything you can count on, she had assured me, it's that people love to watch a trainwreck, and will pay top dollar to do so, especially if it involves a fall from grace in the entertainment industry.

She was right. As it turned out, it wasn't long before Ash Moone was a buzzword in literary circles. Yes, it was a name synonymous with scandal, but notoriety could change to popularity at the drop of a hat. The real misery was, with all the funds we were pumping into the PR machine to promote my name, not to mention the agency fees, I wasn't making a lot of revenue. It was a living, to be sure, but I certainly was not getting rich. The money would come, Lily had assured

me, with the next book deal.

I fumbled the phone as I quickly dialed her number.

"Ash Moone. Good to finally hear from you. I've got good news and bad news. Which do you want first?" Her voice fluttered as she spoke. "Never mind. The good news is HarperCollins made us an offer. The publisher even wants to expedite the pub date. We're talking about a quarter mil upon completion of an acceptable manuscript."

"That's fantastic," I said. "I've been working out some ideas for a novel series."

"Well, that's the bad news," she said. "They want a tell-all. Ash Moone in his own words. That kind of thing."

"A tell-all? How soon?" I said.

"ASAP. And I know this isn't your first choice of topics to write about, but once we get over this hump you'll be able to publish whatever you want."

The thought of prolonging my notoriety didn't sit well with me. "No, this is great," I said.

She huffed, or perhaps blew smoke into her receiver. "Look. Here's what you do. Hammer something out that at least resembles a manuscript. We brainstorm the details, and I help you clean it up. Once we both okay it, I'll send it on to HarperCollins. Yes?"

"You make it sound easy."

"It is easy, dear. They're not asking for a work of art."

I sat back and looked out the high window in my kitchen to the cracked asphalt street. Muse or no muse, this was the opportunity of a lifetime.

The last message on the machine was brief. It was a vaguely familiar voice that finally addressed itself as Doctor Basket, my family's physician in Texas. He said he'd been trying to reach me for days, that something had happened and I was needed in Texas. The tape squawked when I hit

the rewind button. *Found your brother after an attempted suicide.*

I hit rewind again. *After an attempted suicide.*

Rewind. *Attempted.*

The receptionist put me through directly to Doctor Basket. "You're a hard man to get in touch with," he said.

"I'm unlisted," I said. "How's Oscar?"

"At this point, his vital signs are stable. He barely made it though."

A few days earlier, he explained, my brother had been discovered lying in a pool of blood in the sunroom of his house, our family's house, his left wrist carved up by a razor blade.

"He lost most his blood," the doctor said. "It was a lack of oxygen to his brain what caused the stroke. He can speak and think just fine, but he's paralyzed on his left side from the neck down."

"This isn't the first time he's tried it."

"I know it isn't," said Doctor Basket. "When can you be here?"

"Be *there*?" I said. I knew that if the book deal was going to go as planned, I had to keep myself in the public eye, which meant I had to stay in the city. "Did he say he wanted me to come?" I asked.

The line hummed with hospital clatter. I could tell by his hesitation that Oscar had requested no such thing.

"Not in so many words. But your brother's just had a near death experience. He's sick. And he needs you. Urgently."

The thought of being face to face with my father and twin brother made my stomach turn over. When I'd left Vatican for Brooklyn four years ago, they couldn't understand why I would leave them, and I couldn't explain my reasoning because I didn't fully understand my own need to get away—not only from them, but from the whole town.



Vatican was a sick place when I left it—or maybe I was sick under the weight of it. I didn't regret leaving, of course, but more than once I'd wanted to return home. At least to visit. I'd tried calling, writing, sending pages from my memoir-in-progress, and heard nothing in return. I had closed the door on my family. But they were the ones who had locked it and swallowed the key.

When I last saw Oscar and my father, they were standing on the leaning porch of our farmhouse, both of them framed by the low eaves. Fenton slouched, his palms rubbing up and down his thighs in an effort to channel his anger, his wild eyes trained on me. Oscar stood propped against a porch column, head slightly cocked as if he didn't believe I'd actually go, his facial scars visible from across the yard. I'd tried explaining to them that this was a career move; I was following my dream. The way they saw it, my departure was an act of betrayal, a willing and spiteful severance from the family.

That Oscar would suddenly request my presence after four years of silence seemed highly unlikely. Knowing him, this most recent attempt was not a cry for help, and certainly not a means to lure me back to Vatican. He'd intended to snuff himself out, plain and simple. The last thing he probably wanted was me in his face, telling him off for scaring me and our father like that. Too bad for him, because that's exactly what he was going to get. The timing was not ideal, but I could afford to take a week off to make a prodigal return home. Though it would likely be a complete disaster, it would, at any rate, provide some much-needed inspiration for my newest assignment.

OF.AND.A.TO.IN.IS.YOU.THAT  
ON.ARE.AS.WITH.HIS.AT.BE.TH  
A.OR.ONE.HAD.BY.WORD.BUT  
VE.WHEN.YOUR.CAN.SAID.TH  
H.SHE.DO.HOW.THEIR.IF.WI  
T.OUT.MANY.THEN.THEM.TH  
LIKE.HIM.INTO.TIME.HAS.LO  
E.GO.SEE.NUMBER.NO.WAY.P  
WATER.BEEN.CALL.GET.MAD  
COME.OIL.NOW.USE.LONG.I  
D.TAKE.ONLY.WORK.KNOW.  
ACK.GIVE.MOST.VERY.AFTER.  
E.GOOD.SENTENCE.MAN.TH  
RE.HELP.THROUGH.MUCH.BI  
MEAN.OLD.ANY.SAME.TELL.B  
READ.AROUND.FORM.THRE  
ND.DOES.ANOTHER.WELL.LA  
SUC A POEM BY DERICK BURLESON E.W  
READ.NEED.LAND.DIFFERENT.  
D.PICTURE.AGAIN.CHANGE.OF  
ANIMAL.HOUSE.POINT.PAGE.L

EACH.WHICH.SHE.DO.HOW.TH  
ILL.UP.OTHER.ABOUT.OUT.M  
N.THEM.THESE.SO.SOME.F  
.HIM.INTO.TIME.HAS.LOOK.T  
RE.WRITE.GO.SEE.NUMBER.NO.  
PLE.MY.THAN.FIRST.WATER.B  
L.WHO.OIL.NOW.USE. LONG.DO  
DID.GET.COME.MADE.MANY.F  
R.NEW.SOUND.TAKE.ONLY.WO  
OW.PLACE.YEAR.LIVE.ME.BACK.C  
ST.VERY.AFTER.THING.OUR.J  
ME.GOOD.SENTENCE.MAN.TH  
GREAT.WHERE.HELP.THROU

A POEM BY  
DERICK BURLESON



CALYPSO EDITIONS

1.

They had you  
from this to  
with. The word  
was that he  
is one of you.  
Is it his to be  
one had by the  
not of an are?

2.

What were we all  
when your can said  
there is a use for  
each which she can  
do? How other if her  
will about these many  
would make them out  
so some would all if.

3.

My people are your people.  
Time has a look, and now  
two more go write. No way  
water and oil can call down  
a long day into first time. Who  
did come to find a part over?

4.

A new sound takes  
only a little work.  
We live a year, more.  
Give me back the very  
most of our thing. Just  
name one good sentence  
and say a great line, right  
before any old where.

5.

Tell the following boy  
you also want around.  
Put an end to does another.  
Well, three came must be  
right because even such  
a turn here, and you ask  
why men read the need  
for a home land different.

6.

America should learn  
the animal, the picture  
change. Try to move  
a kind hand. A spell.  
Away from the letter  
Mother will still study  
in her kind high house.

7.

Every near food between  
the country is a school  
plant. Father will keep  
the never tree, start a new  
city and call it last earth.  
A light eye saw the story.  
The head thought don't.

8.

You seem hard and open.  
For example, life beginning,  
both paper together. The mile  
of children feet, an important  
run. The sea began to grow  
white and it took four to carry  
the river. A car got something.

9.

Once the state thought  
to stop a book without  
a second idea. Later,  
the face almost let  
a young mountain girl eat,  
and the real Indian began  
a song cut above a family  
afternoon. It's almost  
enough to watch sometimes.

10.

The body questions fish.  
What sun color are you?  
What music? The dog,  
the horse, birds complete  
a problem the room knew.  
Friends usually didn't ever  
piece a sure heard order.

11.

Across today during a short  
low, best measure black  
products, what happened  
early when waves reached  
space covered rock and wind.  
Toward himself five passed  
in step this morning, a true.

12.

A hundred against the numeral  
pattern. Slowly, money pulled  
the farm map and a cold voice  
cried notice. A certain king fall.  
I'll figure a fast field unit and travel  
the wood. South and north fire  
upon the town, the ground, a war.

COMING SOON





City that Ripens  
on the Tree  
of the World

Poems by Robin Davidson

## LOOM

It was not a question of deceit but of survival  
that she sat long nights in moonlight at the loom,  
and what she wove by day in verdant colors, by night,  
with blue-streaked eyes, she would unravel,  
stitching in the half-illuminated dark  
another fabric, each shuttle's stroke, a stirring  
like a wingbeat in the surface of  
a shawl almost translucent, a second skin.

All she knew moved through her skin  
until, tongueless, she sang the colors of fire,  
her threads, the words of a room  
among rooms in the larger dwelling,  
until out of the golden fabric of her shroud,  
a woman rose up.

## THE ANGEL OF ARCHITECTURE

You are the one I call in my sleep,  
mother of absences, the one whose doorways  
grow wide, open onto side yards, gardens  
where ferns and the thorny vines of bougainvilleas  
trail among rocks and the terra cotta tiles.  
Your body is a trellis for climbing  
jasmine and the orphaned world.  
You wear stucco and smooth-cut stone.  
Your moss-stained dress offers walls  
to those whose beds sit among ashes,  
under bridges, float on slow-moving rivers.  
You appear on downtown streets  
in the largest of cities, in dung heaps,  
old appliance stores, abandoned warehouses.  
You hover above the fire sale, the hands  
of women peddling losses, and weave  
with fingers which stream like hair,  
like rivulets of iron-sweet milk  
from your breasts, the house of childhood,  
the heart's medieval architecture.

## WHAT MRS. SCHMETTERLING WANTS

Mrs. Schmetterling wants nothing more  
than the landscape, the city's opening  
onto streets of stones, shops, small wrought iron tables  
hung with umbrellas, set with cloth napkins, beer.  
She meanders among high rise apartment buildings, window boxes  
bursting with petunias, cloud whites, bubble gum pinks,  
the purples of bruises, buried blood.  
She watches the train station walls blooming with graffiti.  
Mrs. Schmetterling does not want history.  
She wants the graffiti to color old concrete, cover the blood.  
She lives between kitsch and the weight of stones,  
the exhibit of painted noses and torsos and giant sunflowers  
at the city gate, and the gate itself.  
She wants nothing more than her soul's wilderness  
taking hold at the city's edge, spreading like milkweed  
in the garden plot that no one owns,  
no one owns.

# Athamor and other Pohems

by Gellu Naum  
translated by Margento  
and Martin Woodside

*Almost 15 years after James Brook's translation of Gellu Naum's brilliant prose poem sequence My Tired Father, Naum remains almost entirely unknown to English-speaking audiences. One of Romania's most important poets and a key figure in the surrealist movement, Gellu Naum stands out as one of the greatest figures in 20th century European poetry—and one of the most sorely under-represented in English language translation. Sampling some of Naum's best work from a unique literary career spanning over more than 60 years, this collection offers a long overdue*

*introduction to some of Gellu Naum's most seminal work.*

*In the beginning, there were several prizes in the Cosmic Lottery that were won by poets. Gellu Naum won a telescope-microscope made from angel dew that was invisibly inserted behind his eyes. Over the course of a lifetime he viewed love, friends, fruit, weather, and writing through that angelic instrument. The poetry of Gellu Naum is the script that inscribes Romania, the country lucky to have had him, onto the angelic map of the Cosmic Lottery.*

—ANDREI CODRESCU, author of  
*So Recently Rent a World:  
New and Selected Poems.*

## THE ISLANDS OF PARADISE

it was spring I was sobbing  
at times desperately others happily never between  
above vultures thrumming and dead Hanksa wrapped in yellow linen  
drowned long before in the Vistula river  
still she looked to me deep in thought sent a note  
“it’s curtains for us” she wrote

AFTER ALL (LA URMA URMEI)

The other six mothers sang  
transfigured by labor pains  
I slept serenely in each of them  
slept cowering in their thighs their knees  
slept purely in their maternal purity  
bread, milk and honey close by  
and memories of Amsterdam  
the world fashioned peacefully all around

## EUTYCHIA

this is how many perished while we returned  
it was a farewell with no parting an unrest in the mist's magnet  
in the deep dark and its answers  
we were mere black leaves swept outside and fluttering in the soft wind  
we were the small feet of a child forsaken and left all alone sleeping  
we were in love with the rustle of the greenery underground bearing  
witness to a desperate question  
with the piety indecency and plenitude of our aggressive candor



# Little Trilogy

by Anton Chekhov  
translated by Boris Dralyuk

*Reading Chekhov was just like the angels singing to me.*

—EUDORA WELTY

*Chekhov makes everything work — the air, the light, the cold, the dirt, etc.  
Show these things and you don't have to say them.*

—FLANNERY O'CONNOR

*If I have to choose between Chekhov and most hip-hop, I'll go with  
Chekhov.*

—CORNEL WEST

Anton Chekhov (1860-1904) is universally regarded as a master of the short story, and nowhere is his rich contribution to the genre on fuller display than in the so-called *Little Trilogy* (1898): “The Man in a Case,” “Gooseberries,” and “About Love.” These interconnected stories reflect the entire range of his gifts, his ability to hold comedy in balance with tragedy, to wrest beauty from ugliness, and

to transform the pathetic into the sublime. Written rather late in his career, the *Little Trilogy* also serves as a kind of artistic autobiography, charting the evolution of his own approach to story-telling from humorous caricature, to Tolstoyan sentimentality, to a uniquely Chekhovian study of “individual cases,” in which generalities are dispensed with and judgment is withheld.

## GOOSEBERRIES

The whole sky had been covered with rain clouds from early morning; it was calm, not hot, and boring, as often happens on gray overcast days, when clouds hang over the field for a long time, and you wait for rain but it doesn't come. The veterinary surgeon Ivan Ivanych and the school teacher Burkin were already tired of walking, and the field seemed endless to them. They could barely see the windmills of the village of Mironositskoe lying far ahead. To the right of them stretched a row of hills, disappearing beyond the village, and they both knew that this was the riverbank – there were meadows there, green willows, homesteads – and if you stood atop one of the hills you could see a field just as vast, the telegraph poles, and the train, which, from a distance, looked like a crawling caterpillar. And in clear weather, you could even see the town. Now, in calm weather, when all of nature seemed gentle and dreamy, Ivan Ivanych and Burkin were filled with love for this field, and they both thought of how great, how beautiful this land was.

"Back then, when we were in that shed at elder Prokofy's," said Burkin, "you were going to tell me some kind of story."

"Yes, I wanted to tell you about my brother."

Ivan Ivanych gave a long sigh and lit his pipe, preparing to tell his story, but right at that moment it began to rain. And in five minutes or so the rain grew heavy, blotting out the sky, and it was hard to predict when it would end. Ivan Ivanych and Burkin stopped in hesitation; the dogs, already wet, stood with their tails pressed between their legs, and looked at them lovingly.

"We have to find shelter somewhere," said Burkin. "Let's go to the Alekhin's. It's nearby."

"Let's go."

They turned and headed off across the mown field, at times going straight, at times veering right, until they came out on the road. Soon they saw poplars, a garden, then the red roofs of barns; they saw the river sparkling, and the view opened to a wide pond with a mill and a white bathhouse. This was Sofino, where Alekhin lived.

The mill was working, drowning out the sound of the rain; the dam was shaking. Wet horses stood near the carts, their head drooping, and people were walking about, covered up with sacks. The whole scene was dank, dirty, uncomfortable, and the pond had a cold, nasty look about it. Ivan Ivanych and Burkin already felt dampness, filth, and discomfort throughout their bodies; their legs were heavy with mud, and when they headed up to the barns past the dam, they remained silent, as if angry at one another.

## ABOUT LOVE

The next day they were served very tasty pies, crayfish, and mutton cutlets for breakfast; and while they ate, the cook Nikanor came upstairs to see what the guests would like for dinner. This was a man of average height, with a puffy face and small eyes, clean shaven, and it seemed that his mustache had been plucked out rather than shaved.

Alekhin told them that the beautiful Pelagia was in love with this cook. Since he was a drunkard and had a violent temper, she didn't want to marry him, but consented to live with him just the same. He was very devout, and his religious beliefs wouldn't allow him to live like that; he demanded that she marry him and wouldn't have it any other way, and scolded her when he was drunk, and even beat her. When he was drunk, she hid upstairs and sobbed, and then Alekhin and the maid wouldn't leave the house so they could protect her, if need be.

They began to talk about love.

"How is love born?" asked Alekhin. "Why didn't Pelagia fall in love with someone who suited her better in her spiritual and external qualities, and instead fell for Nikanor, this mug – we all call him a mug, here – since love concerns questions of personal happiness – all this is unknown, and you can interpret anyway you like. Until this day, only one incontestable truth has been uttered about love, and namely, that 'this is a great mystery.' Everything else that's been written and said about love provided no solutions, but only posed questions, which have remained unanswered. An explanation that seems to suffice for one case won't do for a dozen others – and the best thing, in my opinion, is to explain every case on its own, without trying to generalize. You have to, as the doctors say, individualize each case."

# Stomach of the Soul

Poems by Sylva Fischerova  
translated by the poet  
and Stuart Frieberl

*Sylva Fischerova is a poet like no other. What does it mean? It means that here we have a poet who "lives with the dead," who "finishes their gestures" and raves and dances and loves in a large way, with both arms open, but also whispers, conjures, casts a spell. She speaks of fate, but not :as in Greek tragedy / where you carry it inside / where it's written in your eyes." Her fate is "like rain: a branch fallen, / right in front of you, / pointing to the graveyard." This is a voice that speaks without patronizing, that knows of mystery but admits that "in the last room, / the soul tied up in a password, / which I'm not gonna tell you—". This refusal to say, with all its warmth,*

*with love, with verbal skill, aplomb, and fireworks of the highest order, is wisdom. She is not just one of the most important European poets alive, she is also one of the few European poets who are a great fun to read, without compromising the truth, without selling out the magic. She entertains in the old way, teaching the lesson. Her phrases utterly playful and utterly instructive: or "what the Greeks / died in admiration of, / all these are statues. / They can't eat spinach. Can't see / how you, before the mirror, / try to find yourself, / the inside of your statue." Fischerova teaches me something new each time I open her book. This is a poet to live with.*

—ILYA KAMINSKY

## IN THE RAILWAY PUB

Some things are better not to survive,  
some things are better to die from:  
a simple surgery cut,  
the scalpel will gleam  
for a moment  
in the yellow light,  
which devours flies like raisins.  
And then it's over,  
clean gowns, clean tiles --  
how jaunty  
the jaw of a corpse beside them.  
But you've survived  
and now  
you're like a broken toy,  
waving hands and legs,  
a lamp's askew, and children  
look at you through antennaed  
slug-like eyes, why? And from what country,  
these questions that open  
bottles of milk, memories,  
just memories  
of the village in the forest  
where parents, beloved sculptures,  
rise up  
and the world's opened like a cartoon,  
a clean white sheet.  
The paper laughs back.

It's like the tiles, surgically clean,  
urging me to write it over.

From the beginning,

say:

*The name of Mark Twain's mother  
was Marla,*

*I met her in the railway pub  
among the greasy dinner gowns,*

*I'd never seen gowns  
like that.*

## A BEACH IN BLOOMSDALE, HOLLAND

It's a plague that brings death.  
Politeness, the decent  
sarcasm of an apostrophe –  
what is it good for?  
*Have a nice time*, he says,  
putting on a smile  
like the mask of a pirate.  
Whom I'd challenge,  
shoot with a blunderbuss,  
and then I'd bring all the treasures  
of the south seas  
to the queen.  
On this old continent,  
which invented philosophy and machines,  
everything's rotating round and round,  
a half-sphere,  
parallels of a day,  
of feelings and their cabaret,  
equator is a Milky Way –  
the ocean will wipe me out  
in this wind, beamy Dutch ships  
are crossing it, carrying  
spices and gold, while Rembrandt  
buys up antiques, doesn't go  
to Italy, doesn't need Italian light;  
neither do I, the sea licks me off  
like honey, leaves just



a croquette of me –  
Flatbread, fish egg,  
something for caviar,  
which the lords gobble up at the banquet –  
but perhaps it will start to flutter  
on this sea, in this wind

YOU'LL SEE A PIG FULL OF MUD,  
YOU'LL MEET A CARRIAGE FULL OF DEMONS

Desolate and distant.  
*You'll see a pig full of mud,*  
*you'll meet a carriage full of demons.*  
Forever, saying to yourself, just rejections  
and endings, the squared no's  
packed in a smile or a coffin,  
filtered through coffee.  
Alone for everything.  
For life, for death.  
Day built up of banalities.  
But lava, pure and hot, when gushing  
from the crater of a volcano  
down to the sea stiffens  
into memories—  
there are  
marshalled lines of them,  
stepping forward one after another  
like apostles in the horologe,  
each making a little bow,  
enjoying its moment of glory.  
I should kill them,  
all those false saints  
who jump in front of me  
when I need them  
least.

Thus, nothing's left  
for now.

Like the guy in the bus  
who said to his neighbor:

"But as for us, nothing more's waiting  
for us now."

That's what I can't concede,  
never, because never means  
sometimes and something—  
now, something that never  
happened,

it flutters and blossoms  
under a gray sky  
where

*a pig full of mud,*

*a carriage full of demons*

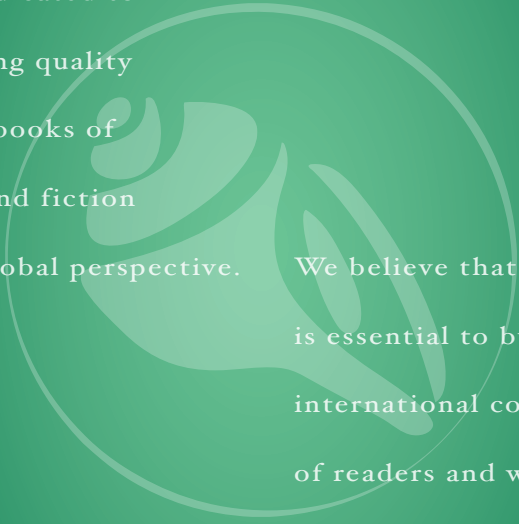
trails along.

And memory is crimson and thirsty—  
thirstier than the universe.

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—Chad W. Post, *Three Percent*

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