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Fowl Feathered Review

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**THE AVERAGE ADULT
HUMAN MALE**



THE VIOLA ORGANISTA

Sławomir Zubrzycki describes this unique instrument, inspired by Leonardo da Vinci's sketch and drawings and built in Krakow, Poland in 2009-2012

The Viola organista was designed more than 500 years ago by Leonardo da Vinci, but never built in his lifetime.

The sketch and drawings, described with Leonardo's characteristic mirror writing, are included in the *Codex Atlanticus*, the largest set of his notes from the years 1489-1492, comprising over a thousand pages. The *Codex* is currently stored in the Biblioteca Ambrosiana in Milan. It also contains drawings of prototypes of siege engines, a submarine, a hang-glider and an automobile. Leonardo's design is an outline of a construction concept for a bowed string instrument which at the same time is a keyboard instrument. That's not a technical drawing. It does not contain all the necessary information but more than enough to understand the concept of this instrument.

The instrument called "Geigenwerk" --built in 1575 and another version in 1600 by German constructor Hans Haiden-- is the first known instrument based on da Vinci's design. A description of Haiden's instrument, with its sound characteristics and musical properties, is contained in *Syntagma Musicum* by Michael Praetorius, published in 1618. The instrument promised to be a revelation; it was universal, combining the best features of various types of instruments; it produced a continuous sound like an organ, it had the sound of bowed string instruments, and you could play vibrato on it. It was a unique synthesis of harpsichord, positive organ and bowed string instruments, especially

viola da gamba. None of Haiden's instruments survived to our time.

The only surviving instrument was made in 1625, on the model of Haiden's viola, by a Spanish craftsman, Fray Raymundo Truchado in Toledo. It is preserved in the Musical Instrument Museum in Brussels.

There was another instrument that inspired me; called a "claviolin" or "hunched piano". It was built by Father Jan Jarmusiewicz -- an unconventional figure, a music theorist and member of musical societies in Lviv and Vienna. His instrument hasn't survived -- only its short description remained in the *Kurier Warszawski* newspaper.

The fact that the viola organista was rejected and forgotten, but every now and then someone returned to it, and then it fell into oblivion again, was extremely motivating for me.

In my reconstruction work, I followed three clues. The first was an idea about its sound; the second -- an idea about the potential repertoire, which would have to be almost completely recreated. Only then could I think about the structure of the instrument. On the basis of the photos and descriptions, I decided that I would apply the harpsichord form, that is a wing form (as there were table-type instruments, such as virginals or clavichords in a rectangular shape, and there were wing formed ones, such as the modern grand piano or harpsichord, where you open a top board which is in the shape of a wing).

It was obvious to me that the instrument had to look like Haiden's instrument. All of those built later had the appearance of either a harpsichord or a grand piano, hence the name "bowed string piano".

I thought that the sound had to be similar to the viola da gamba, but that it could also enter the range of the organ or wind instruments' tone slightly. I used metal strings: I gave up on gut strings, as did many of the other builders in the early stages of the development of this instrument. It is impossible to control 61 gut strings during a concert – with changing humidity, this instrument goes out of tune fast, whereas you can relatively quickly tune the seven strings of the viola da gamba.

There are three important topics that should be considered the most valuable in the search for repertoire for the viola organista. In the first place it should be the only one piece originally

written by Carl Philipp Emanuel Bach, the son of Johann Sebastian. We know that he composed for the instrument known in Prussia as the *Bogeclavier* (bowed string piano), which was built in 1753 by Johann Hohlfeld. Bach's son composed the Sonata in G major H 280, after he had met Hohlfeld at the Prussian court. He familiarised himself with Hohlfeld's instrument and described it in his treatise on keyboard instruments, expressing his regret that this instrument was so uncommon.

Of additional note is music of XVII and XVIII century, composed for a viol (da gamba) consort. The great French masters of the viola da gamba - Monsieur de Saint Colombe, Marin Marais, and the German - Carl Friedrich Abel created music full of moving expression, sensual and often at the same time entering into areas of mysticism. Such compositions as *Tombeau Les Regrets*, *Les Voix humaines*, are the best example of that. Music written for the viola da gamba was unavailable to

us in its original tone for a long time. It is only thanks to Nikolaus Harnoncourt, Wieland Kuijken, and above all Jordi Savall, that we began to delight in the subtlety of this instrument's sounds. Another interesting area of repertoire is the music of the Italian Renaissance, represented by Orlando di Lasso and Vincenzo Galilei (father of Galileo Galilei).

An interesting topic moved in February 2014 year by Wolfgang Kostujak of DeutschlandRadio Kultur concerns the fate of the first instrument built by Hans Heiden in Nuremberg. That instrument was sent to Munich in the hands of the bandmaster of the local orchestra, which proved to be Orlando di Lasso. Another composer and music theorist, Da Vinci's countryman, had the opportunity to play an instrument in Munich, and it was none other than Vincenzo Galilei.

When deciding upon the name, one could draw from such ones as *Bogenclavier*, *Geigenwerk*, claviolin, hunched piano, bowed string piano and others. I often wondered what name I would use. I thought about the bowed string piano for a while, but when I finally started to play it, I decided that "viola organista", the name coined by Leonardo da Vinci, is the most appropriate of all. It perfectly characterises the instrument's sound.

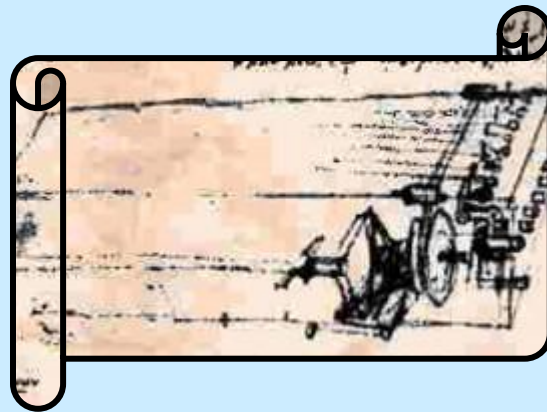
Speaking in more detail about the characteristics of this sound, the viola da gamba appears very clearly in the low and middle registers, whereas in the upper register you can find some elements of a small positive organ. Also, depending on the texture and playing technique, there are either some features of strings, or of the organ.

Playing the viola organista requires a bowed string thinking in bowed string categories.

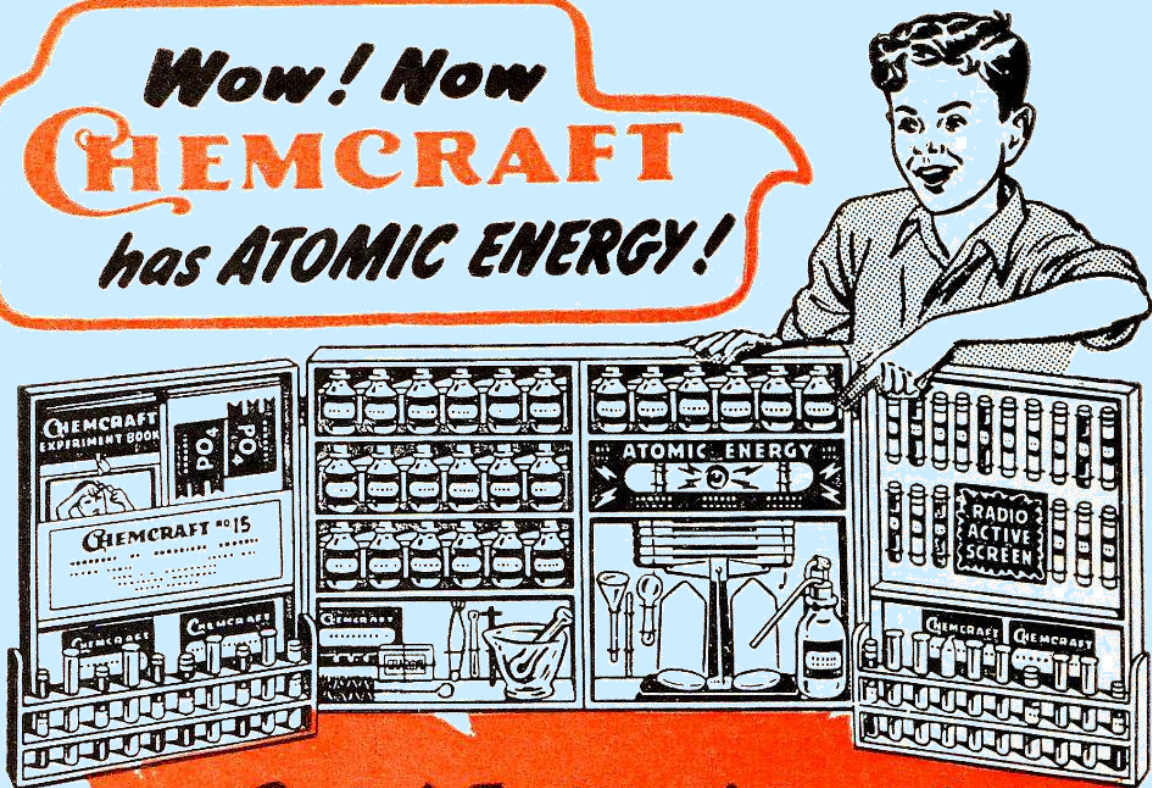
Fortunately, I came across the compositions of Antoine Forqueray and their harpsichord arrangements by his son, Jean Baptiste Antoine Forqueray. This discovery seems to me to be crucial for the creation of the repertoire, because here we are dealing with a father who wrote for the viola da gamba, and his son, who arranged his father's music on the harpsichord, fashionable in Paris at the time. Because the son did it, I believe this is the most reliable transposition.

I have followed this path: I adapted the harpsichord arrangement for my viola organista, as if recreating what the father wrote. It's a bit of a historical joke. The son adapted his father's pieces for the harpsichord, and then I converted them back to make them sound, I hope, very similar to the original. These arrangements do not require many changes to transpose them for the viola organista. The problem is the playing technique, which in fact has to be recreated from scratch.

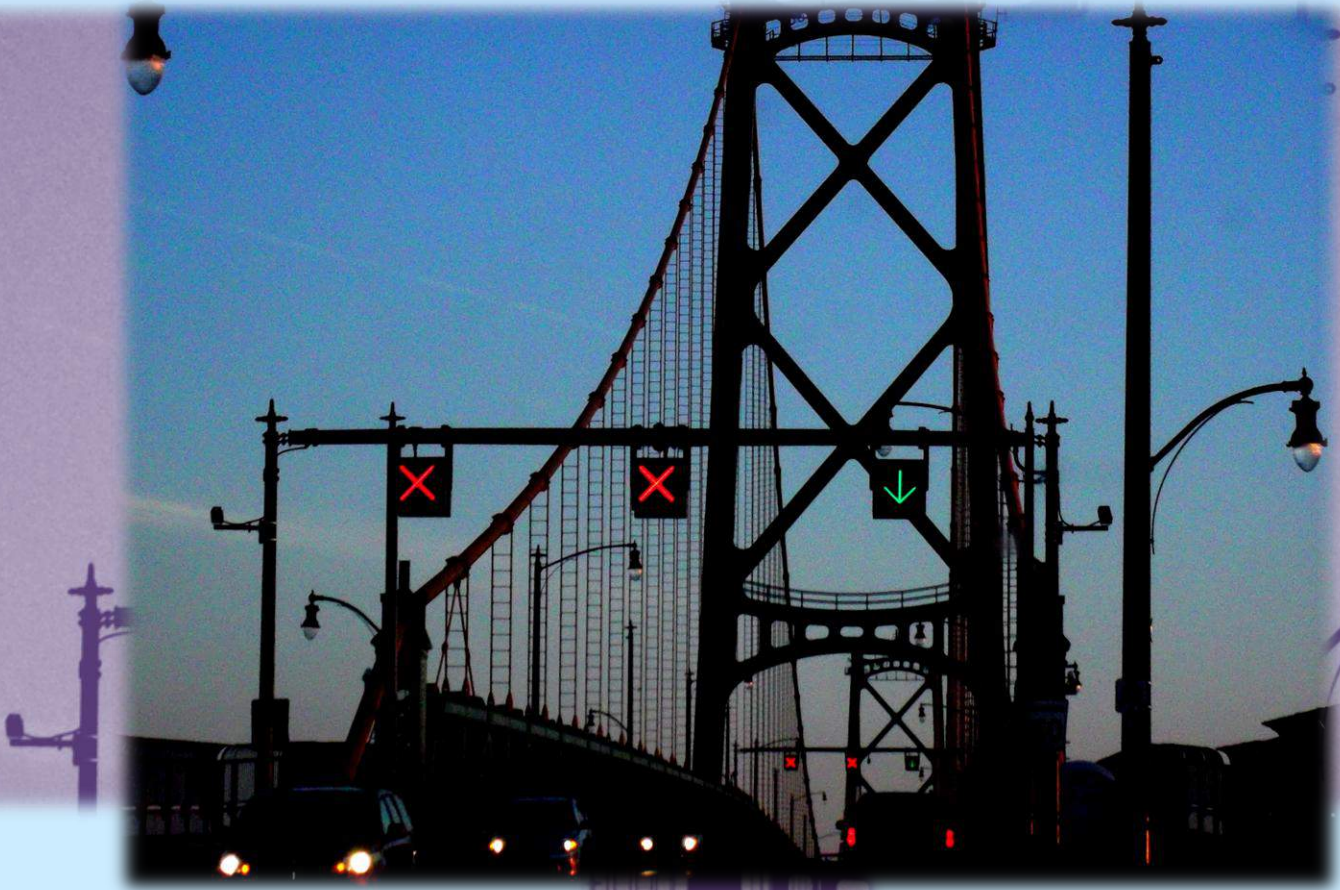
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FROM *OF ISOLATED LIMNING*

FELINO A. SORIANO

relating now to the now of prior

mimesis explains reuniting considerations
and expands condolences (first, inward)
to the laude of disbelief, unbelieving
alphabetic prophecies inclusive of the range this
moment's angles' reincarnated intuition

Saturday this surveillance

versions, varied, vacant
still

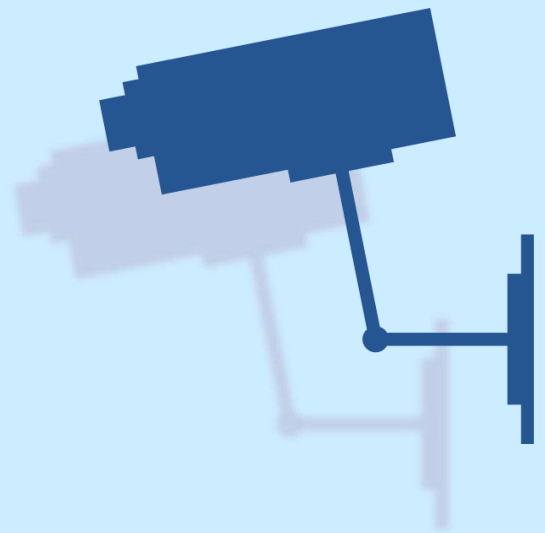
some though, apparent,

these
crows
contain
mirrored functionality,

left-handed angles

their
slanting
serenades
the eyed preferential satisfaction with

momentum's boomerang interrelation
landing toward silence and the unobstructed fathoms of discerning visibility



toward an alternative

singularity motion
 momentum
 isolated watcher this
symmetry of noon and heated
architectural hour
transforms ceiling
 exposure desolation
performing nuanced dedication, formed
from an experimental construct
misused in the melody of delusion's
favorite appearance

when music ascertains movement

this ability encompasses corporeal foundations:
 of word mimesis echo
beholden logic
virtue specialized
vocabulary, unheard: the
 ruminative alteration of sound
involves involuntary
happiness as halved

enjoyment of now's later visitation,
condensed

varied vocabularies of
the spiraling leaps from
leafhopper's momentum

carving faith from familial
unseen occurrences, their
language of conjure cannot
splay eye from focal unclassified
visions

for away from the noticed exploratory
boredom
gift and guide aggregate wholly

land, land-now where
function outlines
serial volumes of unheard
collocations

**THE AVERAGE ADULT
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THIS ISSUE'S MUSICAL GUEST:

Olga Shishkina (BMus St.Petersburg Rimsky-Korsakov Conservatory 2008, MMus Sibelius Academy 2012)

b.1985. Concert Kantele Player. Links:

<http://bit.ly/1jshb6w>

youtube.com/olgagusli

myspace.com/olga.shishkina

facebook.com/olgashishkinaofficial

Classical:

Bach. Ich ruf zu dir, Herr Jesu Christ
Partita No 3 BWV 1006

Beethoven. Sonata "Aurora"

Chopin. Revolutionary Etude No 12
Piano sonata b flat minor.

Debussy. Preludes

Pärt. Fratres

Ravel. Le Tombeau de Couperin
Gaspard de la nuit

Rachmaninov. Piano concerto No 2

Shostakovich. Symphony No 5

Jazz:

John Coltrane Quartet - My favorite things

John Coltrane - Love Supreme

E.S.T. Elevation of love

Bill Evans - Time remembered
Waltz for Debby

Bronislaw Kaper- On Green Dolphin Street

McCoy Tyner - Walk spirit, talk spirit



Clockwise Cats

Poetry

by Alison Ross

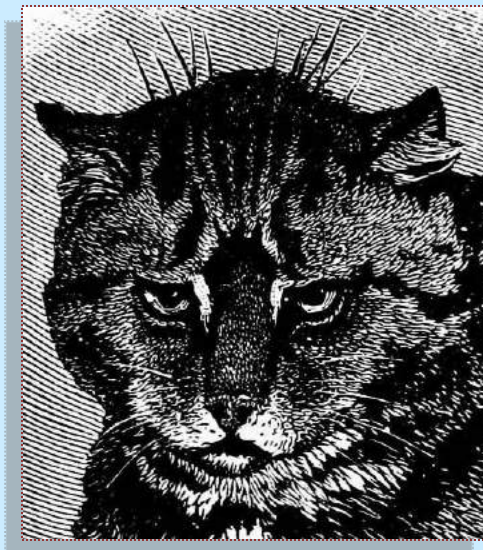
Miro's ennui

Miro's ennui shook the foundations of time.
It isolated lethargy in a continuum of shadows.

Miro's ennui shocked the universe sublime.
It isolated apathy in a spectrum of windows.

Miro's ennui
created a hierarchy of shadows
that shocked a spectrum of apathy
into a lethargy of windows

(Black Heart Magazine 2011)



Anachronistic anarchist

The anachronistic anarchist
uses post-it notes
to remind herself
of her dinner date
with the sun.
But the sun
has a cold
and sends a rain check
that bounces
into a
reverse
black
hole.

The anachronistic anarchist
sends two gmails a day
to her former self
but they are flagged as spam
and the user is blocked
from
the
future.

The anachronistic anarchist
wants to start a revolution
to protest the dictatorship
of synchronicity.
Her identical twin
outlaws coincidence
and abolishes punctuality.

So the anachronistic anarchist
shows up late
to her date
with the sun,
who is covered in post-it notes
about the revolution
against
the
anarchy
of
space.

(Calliope Nerve 2011)

Death is imminent and I'm still smiling

It's raining cats and clocks.
I drink an entire bottle of dreams (vintage 1919)
and drift down a road made of smoke.
The umbrella of my imagination
flies away
flies away.

I am in no hurry to die.
My smile blooms
like a cyst.

Further down the road
I meet the phantom of myself.
I say hello and she laughs.
I smother her with my raincoat.
She wilts like a wounded smile.

Sleep waves to me with its green hand.
I gulp down a flask of smoke,
and fall toward the clouds
erasing themselves from my memory.

I knock on the sky
and no one answers

except for the stars
except for the stars

(Wings of Icarus 2007)

Hours

The hours rain down
like soft sparkling skulls.
The children catch them on their tongues,
eat them like they're stars,
and become illuminated time.

(Counterexample Poetics 2011)

Miro's scream

Miro's scream became a new color of crayon.
His scream unfurled across the middle of eternity,
spattering the sky
with colors the shape of centuries,
and shapes the color of oblivion.
His scream cast a shadow onto the pavement of the sun,
climbed up the staircase of the moon,
and erased every star.

Miro's scream ripped open like a red yawn,
and lullabies fluttered out like blue bats.

Miro's scream became locked inside itself:
Miro had swallowed the key to eternity,
and oblivion unfurled like a new color of crayon.

(Cerebral Catalyst 2006)

Invisible twilight

Dusk dreams herself into being; the sun swallows itself whole, spits out slivers of lunatic light; an unknown hand scribbles graffiti of sightless eyes upon a mangled mask.

The trees with their many quivering tongues speak a terror of truth to the wind. Birds weave a maze of melody, and cats stalk invented shadows.

Time bursts into tiny spiders who coil white shadows to snare snatches of twilight. The spiders gulp their prey, and grow plump with darkness.

Starved spiders shrivel, and dawn screams himself awake, flinging blood-stained shrouds over a memory of mad moons and impossible twilights.

(Counterexample Poetics 2011)

Coma

The clocks weep an ennui of tears.

The black hour spills
through the eyes of the house
and strokes me with sleep-poisoned fingers.

The chimera licks me with her languid tongue:
I drown in dreams.

The clocks weep a euphoria of tears.

The white hour yawns
spilling pearls onto my sleep-fingered eyes.

I do not awaken
and I do not die.

(Medulla Review 2011)

Miro's Nightmare

Miro's Nightmare is coming to get you.

It crawls into your mouth
to lay eggs
that hatch into dreams
of murderous blue.

Miro's Nightmare bleeds cats onto your eyes
and whispers fangs into your ears.

Miro's Nightmare is an upside-down clock
and an inside-out heart.

It is in love with death
the scent of blood-streaked mirrors,
and with the color yellow
when it used to be black.

Miro's Nightmare is coming to get you.

It lays clocks inside your heart:
they hatch into cats
with upside-down eyes.

(Haggard and Halloo 2009)

The Clockwise Cat

The clockwise cat
is wise to clocks.
She knows their motive:
to tame the savage animal of time.

The clockwise cat
hisses at the clock-cages;
her fangs gnaw the numbers
and her claws rip holes
in the frayed fabric of space.

The clockwise cat
moves in counter-clockwise cadences
across the hardwood floors of infinity.
She stalks illusions of impermanence
which flit like shadows
across the paint-chipped walls in her mind.

The clockwise cat
tells time with her eyes:
they blaze like candle flames
in the dim closets of oblivion.

The clockwise cat
sleeps 16 days an hour.
She dreams about the minutes
she will devour like bugs;
she awakens to seconds
poisoned like rats.

(Cerebral Catalyst 2006)

VIRGIL'S REGISTER

BOOKS:

Oil Painting Lessons with Rembrandt and 'Calcite Sun Oil': Artist's Health and Safety without Hazardous Solvents Resins Varnishes and Driers Paperback

by Louis R. Velasquez

FOOD:

Let's go to Napasai by Orient Express (65 / 10 Baan Tai | Maenam Beach, Mae Nam, Koh Samui 84330, Thailand) and, once settled in, enjoy a nice cup of Black Ivory Coffee, produced from Arabica coffee beans which are fed to elephants, who in turn digest and then pass them through their wrinkled posteriors. About fifty US dollars per cup.

COLOGNE:

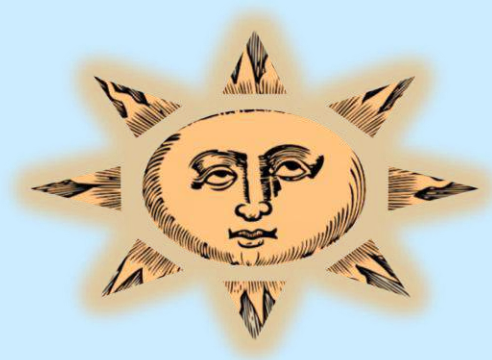
Geo F. Trumper's Extract of Limes Cologne by Geo F. Trumper

MUSIC:

Tardo Hammer – Simple Pleasure – Cellar Live CL032013, 58:14

SUITS:

One blue, the other grey, both “in the middle of fashion” as Cary Grant would say, made to order in Rome or London. Have them faithfully copied in Hong Kong.



Mbira music?

Tendai Mwanaka

He fishes his old Mbira instrument among his stuff on the couch, a warped thing. Now it has only three out of seven of its keys left on the upper row. And two middle keys on the lower row. He touches the upper keys with his fingertips, puffs of dust rose off its gourd inlaid belly, dusty sounds- it's a strange primitive melody that's rivering out of the keys, and then he deepens it with the lower two deep keys. He feels, with each touch of the keys, as if he is drawing circles on top of the river's waters
The forked shadow of music, an echo, a decaying interval, a blue shift delayed, as he jumps those empty places were other keys should have
Her space, in his life, is like those empty places, creating silent silences
And when the last note dies, silence rules
Talking silences, musical silences?
The silence's music finds him shoring up against a loss, a loss that isn't there

He is dying!

He is dying himself, and inside him, he feels that quick, sour blackness, but the edges are worn out so finely, that he has got a hole in him that whistles clean

There is no outside, only inside, a mirror

.....

Rooms

Looms

Walls

Holes

Mirror

To eat glass, he dreamt, in the previous night he was eating glass

Mirror

To dream you eat glass signals vulnerability, confusion, frailty

Mirror

... talking of 24/7 dwarf-dark undertones

Mirror...

How do you explain death's heat to the world!

Mirror...

playing to death's gallery

December's last breath of

December's sun, like us

is beyond our boundary's stiff netting

Towards the sun's fast setting

We mark time together

as we dip our toes

into Friday's evening

Night time is a beckoning glance

trying to beat the clock

as it turns into dusk

In the final heat fanned
by the last of the sun

Casting shadows of wagging tails
Shadows of no complexion
Night yawns in the expanse of stars
dims and quells

Electing this quite night
impatient death furious and scoffing
at my refusal to go with him
His hunger is a brush fire
Says my death is down the
little dirty road, a bit down
Promising me that he will be back
very soon for me

Life is too technical for me
Wandering through my casual
brain's day trading
a score tricks on my brain.
Trying to learn how not to die
half knowing, half not
knowing how
to catch it before it tells me
to try to cancel it

But still leaving up to this face
a face without a name
The strongest one among us
has to raise his string
An imaginary string hallowed by absence
above all of our reach
for us to get past the scales
that don't ask anyone permission
and accompany the frightened children.



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Paul E. Valente



**Five Poems
by April
Salzano**

Harbor Rd.

My first house was a gun
club. I don't know why, other
than
it must have been
free rent for the caretakers.
My parents
probably put up with a lot
of noise during the day,
repetitious
popping, clay pigeons flying
all week
and more on Saturdays. I
remember
only the last day there. A pack
of playing
cards on a stone hearth,
collecting
pine cones in the line
of someone else's fire.

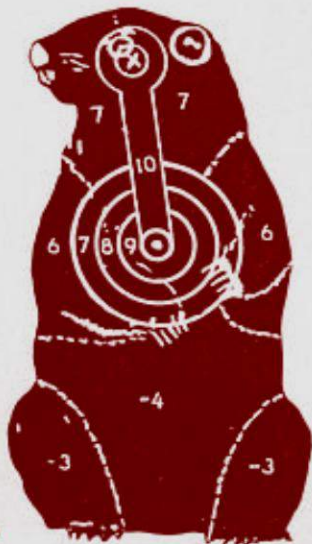
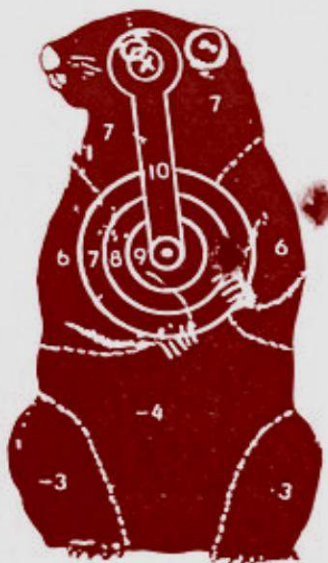
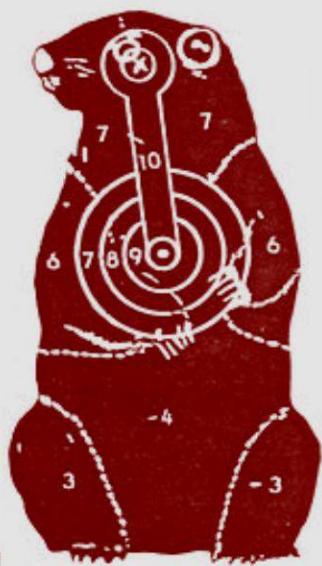
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411 Bon Air Ave.

In all fairness, we were not
the least fortunate on the street.
427 with its junkyard landscaping,
and more children than scrapped cars
took the brunt of the neighborhood ridicule.
Looking back, I don't think
our family was that far behind.
Sometimes our lawn
was so high with neglect,
all four of us could lie
in it without detection.
Inside, contact paper covered holes
in plaster until rubber walls
formed every room.
Sometimes we had water.
Sometimes heat. Sometimes both.
Mushrooms grew beside the toilet
in a true testament to white trashery.

How we all fit
in 1200 square feet, I did not
find baffling until my own
adulthood. I went back
when it was for sale, a lifetime
later, disguised by detachment
as an interested buyer.
The neighbors said they had considered it
for their daughter, but swore
they could still hear *Somebody*
please help me
traversing the distance between exteriors.

That house held things
of which I was aware, and others
to which ignorance was probably
the greatest of gifts.



Dirty Melvin

met his feline demise by being spanked down the basement steps with a piece of 2x4 for scratching my eye. It was probably for the best. My father had a sadistic streak, or maybe it was his kind part that was the streak, nearly eclipsed, a tumor in reverse, shrinking as he aged. Afternoon entertainment was hurling Melvin into the lilac bush just to watch him twirl in the air, a white trash circus acrobat doing death-defying triples. His back twisted and turned, legs extended, claws ejected involuntarily. The real test was not whether he landed on his feet, but if he was still breathing when he did.



Jettie

Who lets a dog freeze to death? My father was supposed to put straw in the dog houses. The shepherd survived, though he was never quite the same animal, but the beagle solidified, standing still, his mouth a permanent, petrified howl. We were two hours away at my great grandmother's, maybe for a funeral, maybe for our annual visit. When my father called, my mother's voice held its usual resignation. It was my four-year-old brother she was worried about telling. Nothing surprised the rest of us. Life was just like that, one moment there was sun, the next, a chill to the bone.





1912 Main St. (2)

They say you can never go home again,
but I think they mean
you *should* never go home again.
The house I had grown
up in bore witness to interior renovations
and cosmetic overhaul, structural shifts
and an addition to make space.
There was never enough to accommodate.
My parents needed a revolving door
for the displaced and maladjusted.

These were the days way back,
pre-cell and text message.
I added a separate phone line
to create a boundary, an illusion
of personal space while my husband was off
playing soldier to give us a start
somewhere, a landing in adulthood.
I did not help my mom with the cooking
or cleaning. She seemed to have a niche
already, a need to take
care of me. I taught at two colleges and waited
tables on the weekends, mostly
to pass the time.
My husband and I wrote letters daily as we waited
to become real grownups with real bills
and real problems.
And then we did.

**THE AVERAGE ADULT
HUMAN MALE**



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1

The Foundry of Trapped Observations

It is impeccable to dispense a trapped observation -
one that transcends time, one that reveals every moment

of progress and practicalities existing as co-concepts
of conviction rewarding passionate ambition
luxuriously transformed by new moons and suns
struggling while awaiting

the recovery of a soldier-
the rehabilitation of a bright drug-addled youth alone in indecision.

Circular Definition

I will live in a circular definition
until I learn to calmly abide
in time's appealing predictability

helping me to abate hate and maledictions

espoused by populist angers
irrefutably forged in public alliance
forever present or abbreviated-
so never to be noticed
in my spherical progression.

2

3 *Crass Simulation*

Focus off me (why am I writing) (who is I?)
and floodgates have opened or closed
Turning me into either wolf or pelican
rising against crass superficiality-
lying low in pompous routines
initiated by spells
or absorbed by lurking momentum
dismantling my memory
refined by distant observances
and flower arrangements now dried
by the cruel fate of older paths
leading to newer tombstones,
the naivety of adults,
or the efforts of everything elderly.

In the Circles of Progress

4

In the circles of progress
there exist communities of weakness
silent enough to vanquish
collective blood and namesakes
of markets too beastly for a human price-tag
and too serpentine for demonic reparations
as disparate acts of hope and salvation
continuously promise to repair what has never been broken.

Patriotism sustained

In the midst of long-time wars

With countries foreign to our homeland

Where conflicts and slaughter occur

Border to border as tempers grow raucous at home

Allowing lingering feelings of loss and plenty of self-hatred

Where slaughters battled within our selves

Become waged upon enemies

While foundations steeped in hope

Passively rests in the traditional rituals

Of nostalgia that varies from person to person

In dynamic cultural barriers of exclusive environments

Misdirected and bench-marked for generations yet to be born.

6

I let, Someone Be

I let someone be.

I let them.

It is impeccable to dispense a trapped observation -
One that transcends time, one that reveals the moment.

Someone chose to avoid hurting aimlessly and for no reason.

Someone I thought I knew recognized by humanness.

And in the temptation to confront my ego I instead saw their godliness.

And instead of trying to overpower their id with my promptness of delivery,

Of my well-cultured stance, of my years of understanding, wisdom, and hubris.

I let someone be. I let them.

Do You Remember?

Do you remember

The profound grace of the transcendent

A relationship too often denied

Yet allowed and often welcomed?

THE MIND MUST SOMETIMES BE POSSESSED.



Do you remember

When you behaved best

Within the images you perceived

In the atmospheres you observed?

THE HEART MUST SOMETIMES BE LOANED.

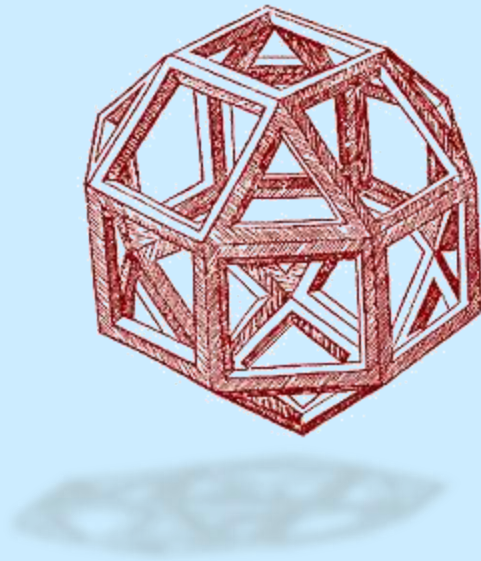
Do you remember

When you best represented a personality

Comprehending Spanish moss on Georgia oak trees

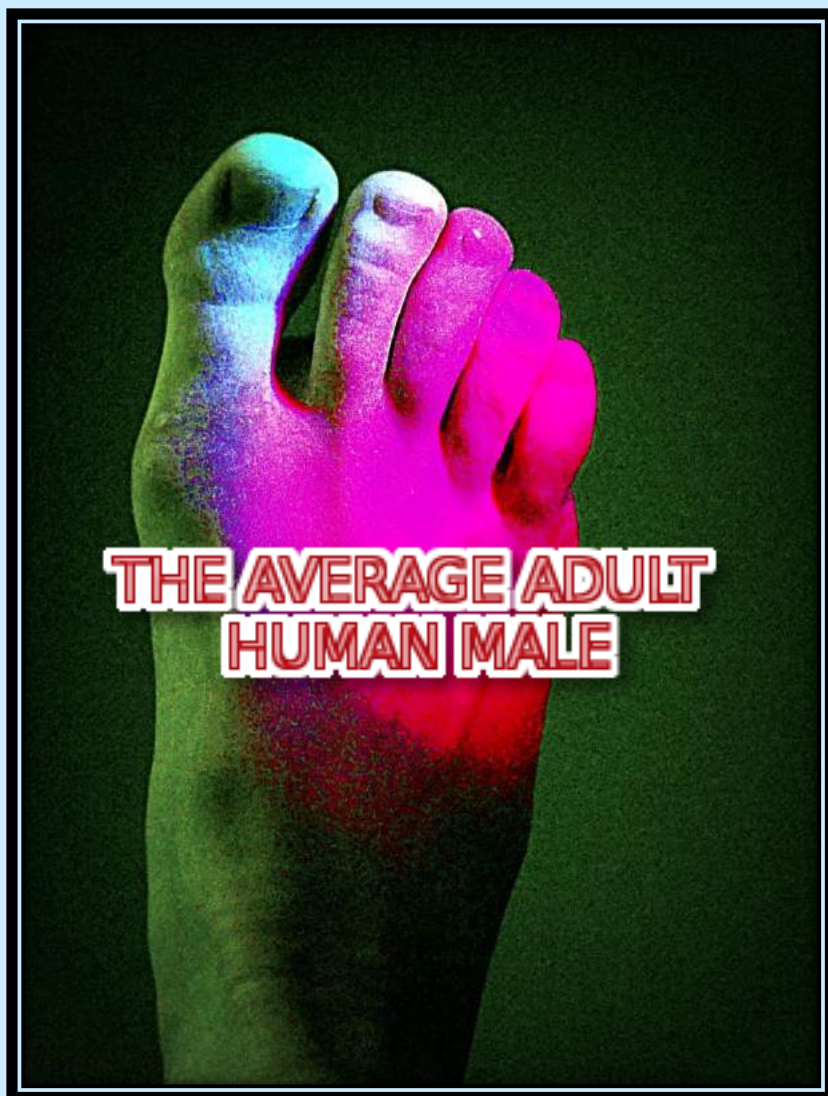
Then behaving fittingly being a Southern gentleman?

THE BODY MUST SOMETIMES BE OWNED.





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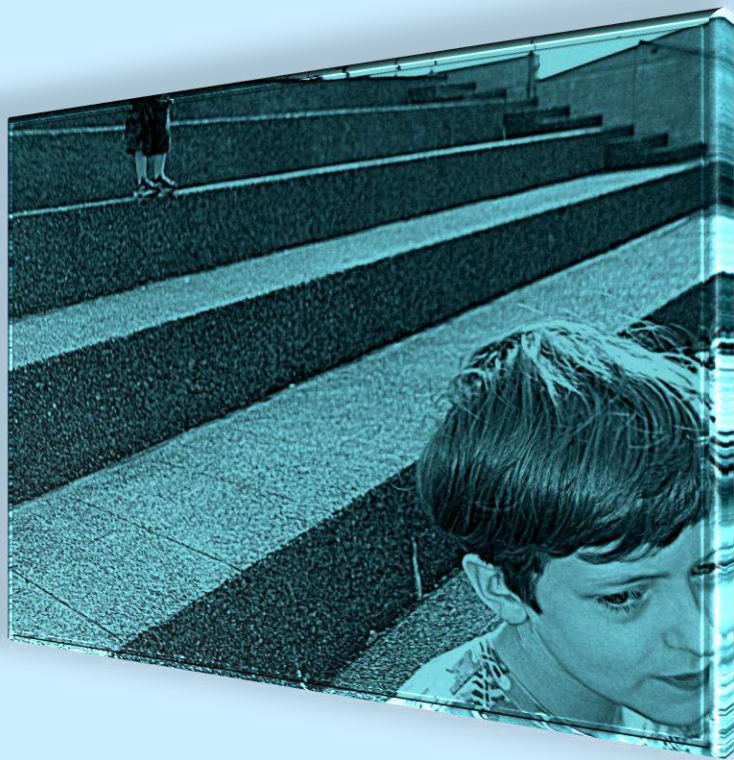
Poems by Paolo Borsoni

I VIAGGI VERI CONDUCONO NON PIU' LONTANO MA PIU' VICINO

Lietocolle editore - Italy - January 2014

MONTE KOYA-SAN

*Tirando con l'arco
essere la freccia.
Scoccando la freccia essere l'arco.
E con la punta affilata che sibila
nell'aria slanciarsi verso il bersaglio.
Mentre l'acciaio acuminato
s'incunea tra gli atomi
della materia fondersi
con l'inquietudine densa
che vibra e freme
a ogni istante nel suolo.
Fra gli squarci e le ombre
fra gli alberi essere terra,
essere cielo
e con i calzari che affondano
sul sentiero sentire
che non c'è nulla
in questa vita e nel cielo
cui tendere
né destino cui giungere,
solo rare radure
dove flettere
fino al suo culmine il filo di un arco
e come una stringa sottile che vibra
e freme nell'aria
scoccare un'esile freccia
per colpire un bersaglio
che nella curvatura esiziale
della vita e del vuoto
è celato solo in quella scintilla
di emozione e di consapevolezza
che risplende dentro l'arciere.*



MONTI AZZURRI

*La sua mente divenne confusa.
Quando andavo a trovarla
non mi riconosceva più.
Ero un estraneo
capitato in quella sala per sbaglio.
E io non sapevo più cosa dirle.
La osservavo per ore in silenzio
seduto su una sedia sotto una pendola
che segnava sempre il medesimo istante.*

«Che bella vestaglia che hai»

*bisbigliai sottovoce una mattina
chinandomi ad accarezzare
con la punta delle dita
gli orli della sua veste ricamata
che rilucevano a un raggio di sole
filtrato dopo i lunghi mesi invernali
con parole affiorate alle mie labbra
da chissà quale angolo silenzioso
della mente, dei ricordi, del cuore.*

*«È di un azzurro così intenso»
sentii sussurrare.
Rialzai il capo sorpreso.
Ma aveva già il volto contratto,
gli occhi sgranati, lo sguardo
infisso sugli spigoli
dei muri dove si perdevano da anni
le stagioni, i sospiri,
i ricordi, i respiri.*


*Per una sola timida parola
nella trama impallidita dell'anima
il muro di silenzio si era infranto
con quella commozione
che tutto riesce a far rivivere
in questa vita
e da cui tutto dipende
nella nostra inavvertita caduta*

nell'insensato silenzio.

MONTE KAILASH

*Esistono limiti per qualsiasi dominio,
forze in grado di vincere ogni potere.
Barriere fragili si oppongono a imperi
in apparenza invincibili;
reticolati cingono taglienti
tutti i possedimenti privati.
Ma tu - anche se non lo sai, amico mio -
possiedi un regno senza confini,
senza reticolati che lo racchiudano.
Esitando sul limine della soglia
come un ospite schivo, cerimonioso
che non voglia arrecare disturbo,
non portando con te alcun bagaglio
perché non hai nulla
da perdere o trattenere con te
in questo viaggio,
incamminati con la calma
delle passioni nel cuore.
Presta attenzione alla cedevolezza
lieve dell'erba sui pendii dei campi.
Al vibrare della luce
sulle foglie dei faggi in autunno
come una goccia di rugiada scintilla
e vibra di luce anche tu
e per riposare distenditi al suolo,
affonda con dolcezza fra i pini
dove sui rami penduli planano
piccoli uccelletti grigi crestati
che artigliati alle pigne
si dondolano giocosi
da acrobati spericolati,
soltanto per rallegrare te, amico mio,
che in questo viaggio ti senti perso
nella tua solitudine,
non accorgendoti
di essere l'assoluto sovrano
che sta visitando per la prima*



*e unica volta il suo regno
in festa con i suoi colori più vividi
e i suoi più allegri canti di gioia
per il suo unico, splendido signore,
illuminato dalla sua inquietudine,
dal suo esitare
e dalla sua luce interiore. *



Two Poems by Dawnell Harrison

The divorcing moon

From the divorcing moon

I learned it was mottled

and laden with craters
as the sun lay sleeping

in its infinite heat.
The crimson sky melted

and the clouds streaked like
strips of blood from a wound.

The sun

Under a conceiving sun
the poppies rise up to meet

its rays in a flurry of colors
as the shallow clouds

drift like a thin fog
in the rose-drenched sky.



CONTRIBUTORS

אויס געמאכט איז זכר דערוואַקסן דורכשניטלעך די לופט פון.

Felino A. Soriano is a member of The Southern Collective Experience. He is the founding editor of the online endeavors Counterexample Poetics and Differentia Press. His writing finds foundation in created coöccurrences, predicated on his strong connection to various idioms of jazz music. His poetry has been nominated for the Pushcart Prize and Best of the Net Anthology, and appears in various online and print publications, with recent poetry collections including *watching what invents perception* (WISH Publications, 2013), *Of these voices* (whitesky ebooks, 2013) *Pathos | particular invocation* (Fowlpox Press, 2013), *Extolment in the praising exhalation of jazz* (Kind of a Hurricane Press, 2013), and *Hinge Trio* (La Alameda Press, 2012). He lives in California with his wife and family and is the director of supported living and independent living programs providing supports to adults with developmental disabilities. Links to his published and forthcoming poems, books, interviews, images, etc. can be found at www.felinoasoriano.info.

Clockwise Cat publisher and editor **Alison Ross** dabbles delicately in verse. She also spews incessant invective. You may peruse her precious poesie and rowdy rants online. Alison's personal utopia would be to dwell inside a painting executed by Joan Miro, wherein Frida Kahlo, Arthur Rimbaud, Jorge Luis Borges, Dr. Seuss, David Lynch and The Cure all converge in felicitous, surrealistic bliss. www.clockwisecat.blogspot.com

Tendai Mwanaka is a Zimbabwe-born novelist and poet. His works include *Voices from Exile* (Lapwing Publications) and *Zimbabwe: The Blame Game* (Langaa RPCIG).

Robert Rounds keeps it real while creating art from his home in Nova Scotia, Canada.

Dawnell Harrison has been published in over 200 magazines and journals, including *The Endicott Review*, *Vox Poetica*, *The Tower Journal*, *Queen's Quarterly*, and many others. Her book of poetry

The Fire Behind My Eyes, is published by Rodent Enterprises Publishing and can be purchased directly from the publisher or from Amazon.com.

George K. Karos was raised in Martinsburg, West Virginia, where he attended public schools until the completion of seventh grade. He then attended and graduated from Saint James School located in Washington County, Maryland. He received his Bachelor of Arts from West Virginia University in 1991, and his Master of Arts from American University in 1999. For over two decades, George has studied, performed, and worked with numerous arts projects, musical collaborations, and arts-related organizations facilitating various art-mediums and expression as an artist, a magazine columnist and poetry editor, lead singer for rock bands, performance artist, and folk singer. As a solo artist/acoustic guitarist and songwriter, he has toured and performed in musical venues throughout America with an emphasis on the regions of his Mid-Atlantic roots. Over the last 20

years, he has had three books of poetry published by Red Dragon Press and also performed solo performance art works in improvisational settings in regional art spaces with nationally known artists and music groups. He currently lives in Central Florida and works as a communications director of an international boarding school where he continues to write, record, tour, and perform his acoustic music infused with poetry.

The Average Adult White Male is a consortium of women from around the world, variously contributing art to magazines of questionable merit and flipping coins to see who gets to throw out the expired cheese dip.

Recent Pushcart nominee, **April Salzano** teaches college writing in Pennsylvania where she lives with her husband and two sons.

Paolo Borsoni è nato ad Ancona; laureato in Matematica e in Scienze Politiche all'Università di Padova, ha pubblicato libri e saggi di matematica e di sociologia, sulle riviste "Sapere", "L'Elaborazione Automatica", "La Critica Sociologica", "Trimestre", "Critica del Diritto" e altri periodici.

Nel campo letterario ha pubblicato due libri di poesia e uno di narrativa, vincendo i premi “Rocco Scotellaro”, “Garcia Lorca”, “Raymond Carver”, “Alpi Apuane”, “Città Di Pinerolo”, “Terziere di Cittavecchia”, “Città Di Pescaia”, “Un Solo Mondo”, “Cosmo D’Oro”, “Villa D’Agri”, “Premio Letterario Campagnola”, “Versi Per L’Anima”, “Il Rifugio Dei Sogni”, “Il Sabato del Villaggio”, “Mario Ferrario”, “AGO”, “Due Torri”, “Poesie a Lappano”, “L’Uomo Dopo Darwin”, “Creativa”.

Ulteriori informazioni su www.paoloborsoni.net

Sławomir Zubrzycki is a pianist, clavichordist, claviolinist, composer, and constructor of musical instruments, born and living in Cracow. In 1988 Zubrzycki graduated from the Academy of

Music in Cracow, where he studied piano in Professor Tadeusz Żmudziński's class, and modern music in Professor Adam Kaczyński's class. Having received a grant from The Fulbright Program, he continued to study piano at The Boston Conservatory of Music under the supervision of Janice Weber in 1990-91. The pianist also developed his artistic skills by participating in master classes taught by: Victor Merzhanov, Michael Lewin, Jerome Lowenthal, Włodzimierz Obidowicz, Johann Sonnleitner (harpsichord). Sławomir Zubrzycki's nearest artistic plans include the European tour with viola organista recitals at Mänttä Music Festival, Stockholm Early Music Festival, Ghent Festival of Flanders, Wroslavia Cantans Festival.

<http://www.zubrzycki.art.pl/>

ROBERT ROUNDS

Silly Songs



ROBERT ROUNDS



Dedicated to the memory of Vivian Dorothea Maier

(February 1, 1926 – April 21, 2009)

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