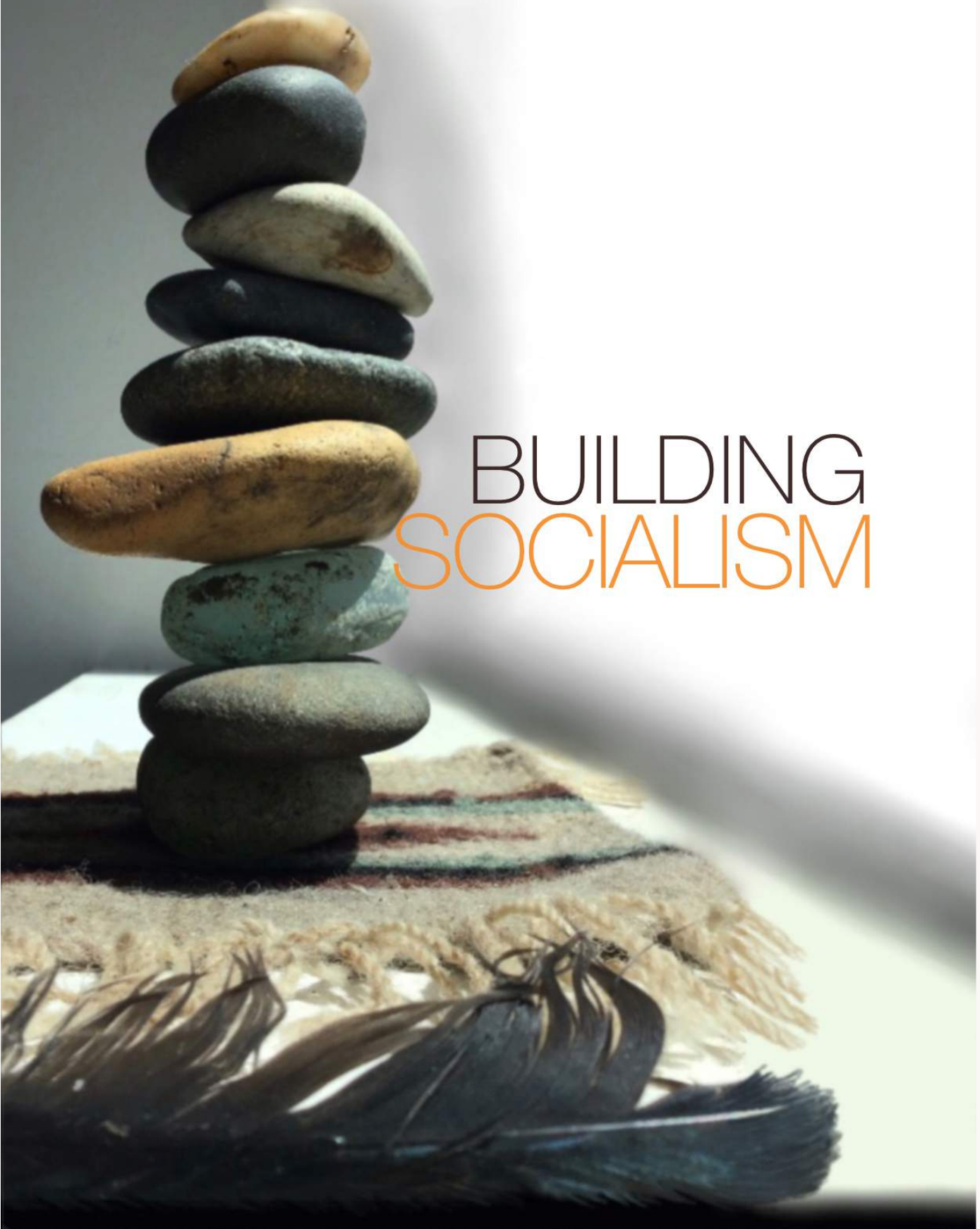


REVOLUTIONARY POETS BRIGADE

BUILDING
SOCIALISM



BUILDING SOCIALISM

Special thanks to all who
made generous contributions to this publication.

BUILDING SOCIALISM

Revolutionary Poets Brigade

Edited by

Jack Hirschman

Karen Melander-Magoon

Scott Bird

John Curl

Copyright © 2020 by Kallatumba Press.

Edited by Jack Hirschman, Karen Melander-Magoon, Scott Bird, and John Curl

All rights reserved. No part of this book may be reproduced by any means, including information storage and retrieval or photocopying, except for short excerpts in critical articles, without written permission of the publisher.

Intellectual property reverts back to the individual poets and translators upon publication.

ISBN: 978-0-938392-14-9

Kallatumba Press
858A Union Street
San Francisco, CA 94133

<http://revolutionarypoetsbrigade.org/>

Printed in the United States of America.

CONTENTS

PREFATORY ... 9

AMPARO M. C. ALCONADA (<i>Argentina</i>) ...	12
INDRAN AMIRTHANAYAGAM (<i>Sri Lanka</i>) ...	14
ADRIAN ARIAS ...	16
AYO AYOOLA-AMALE (<i>Nigeria</i>) ...	22
LISBET BAILEY ...	23
MAHNAZ BAHIDIAN (<i>USA/Iran</i>) ...	24
VIRGINIA BARRETT ...	26
ALESSANDRA BAVA (<i>Italy</i>) ...	27
ALEXIS BERNAUT (<i>France</i>) ...	28
JUDITH AYN BERNHARD ...	31
MIKE BIRD ...	32
SCOTT BIRD ...	34
CHARLES CURTIS BLACKWELL ...	35
VICTORIA BRILL ...	36
KRISTINA BROWN ...	38
JIM BYRON ...	40
JANET CANNON ...	42
GIANCARLO CAMPAGNA ...	43
GREGORIO M. VÁZQUEZ CANCHÉ (<i>México</i>) ...	46
YOLANDA CATZALCO ...	48
NEELI CHERKOVSKI ...	50
MARCO CINQUE (<i>Italy</i>) ...	52
BOBBY COLEMAN ...	54
GIULIA COLOMBO (<i>Italy</i>) ...	56
FRANCES COMBES (<i>France</i>) ...	58
KITTY COSTELLO ...	60
PAULINE CRAIG ...	62
ANITA CRUZ ...	66
ROMEO CRUZ ...	67
JOHN CURL ...	68
ROQUE DALTON (<i>El Salvador</i>) ...	70
DIEGO DE LEO ...	72

CARLOS RAÚL DUFFLAR ... 73
GERMAIN DROOGENBROODT (*Belgium*) ... 74
AGNETA FALK ... 77
GEORGE FLOYD ... 78
MAURO FFORTISSIMO ... 80
MARCOS DE SOUSA FREITAS (*Brazil*) ... 82
DEBORAH MILES FREITAG (*Mexico*) ... 86
ARNOLDO GARCIA ... 89
RAFAEL JESÚS GONZÁLEZ (*USA/Mexico*) ... 92
JUAN GOYTISOLO (*Spain*) ... 94
MARTIN HICKEL ... 96
GARY HICKS ... 98
PATRICIA HICKS ... 100
JACK HIRSCHMAN ... 103
LANGSTON HUGHES ... 106
ANTONELLA IASCHI (*Italy*) ... 108
BRUCE ISAACSON ... 111
GIUSEPPE IULIANO (*Italy*) ... 114
SABAH MOHSEN JASIM (*Iraq*) ... 116
ELIOT KATZ ... 120
ANNA KEIKO (*China*) ... 123
VINCENT KOBELT ... 124
LUDOVICA LANINI (*Italy*) ... 126
MICHELE LICHERI (*Sardinia/Italy*) ... 128
GENNY LIM ... 130
ANGELINA LLONGUERAS (*Catalonia*) ... 132
OSCAR LOCATELLI (*Italy*) ... 134
JESSICA LOOS ... 135
BIPLAB MAJEE (*India*) ... 136
JIDI MAJIA (*China*) ... 138
DEVORAH MAJOR ... 140
ANGEL MARTÍNEZ ... 141
ALBERTO MASALA (*Italy*) ... 142
AHCENE MARICHE (*Algeria*) ... 146
ELIZABETH MARINO ... 148
KAREN MELANDER-MAGOON ... 150

SARAH MENEFEE ... 152
NANCY MOREJÓN (*Cuba*) ... 154
MAJID NAFICY (*Iran*) ... 156
BILL NEVINS ... 158
ALEX PAUSIDES (*Cuba*) ... 160
DOROTHY PAYNE ...161
GREGORY POND ... 163
JEANNE POWELL ... 164
THORWALD PROLL (*Germany*) ...166
FERNANDO RENDON (*Colombia*) ...168
GABRIEL ROSENSTOCK (*Ireland*) ... 170
NICK SAMARAS ... 173
SANDRO SARDELLA (*Italy*) ... 174
LUIS FELIPE SARMENTO (*Portugal*) ...178
ALASDAIR SCHLESINGER ... 180
KIM SHUCK ... 181
DINO SIOTIS (*Greece*) ... 182
MAKETA SMITH-GROVES ... 184
DOREEN STOCK ... 185
MATTHEW TALEBI ... 186
AMBER TAMBLYN ... 188
MICHAEL TAYLOR ... 191
WILLIAM TAYLOR JR ... 192
BRYN TYNDELL ...193
VADIM TEREKHIN (*Russia*) ... 194
SARAH THILYKOU (*Greece*) ... 202
TONTONGI (*Haiti*) ... 203
RAYMOND NAT TURNER ... 204
OSCAR SAAVEDRA VILLARROEL (*Chile*) ... 206
DAVID VOLPENDESTA ... 208
MICHAEL WARR ... 210
CATHLEEN WILLIAMS ... 214
NELLIE WONG ... 215
MARVIN X ... 217
XIAO XIAO (*China*) ... 218
TIMOTHY JAMES YOUNG ... 222

ANDRENA ZAWINSKI ... 225
ANDREA ZUCCOLO (*Italy*) ... 226

BIOGRAPHIC NOTES ... 231

VISUAL ARTISTS

Front Cover: Scott Bird, “Rockrise”—Sculpture.

P. 30: Sandro Sardella (Italy), “On The Rise”—Painting.

P. 76: Agneta Falk, “Night Writing” —Painting.

P.110: Sarah Menefee, “Black Lives Matter”—Photograph.

P.150: Dorothy Payne, “She Who Bore Them All”-Painting.

P.172: Adrian Arias, “Fantastic Animal #13” —Drawing.

P.224: Sin Fronteras Colectivo, “Maríchuy”—Poster

Back Cover: Agneta Falk, “Vision”—Painting.

PREFATORY

Because, when the pandemic of Coronavirus took hold of the city of New York,—synchronous with Italy—there rose up in the unconscious consciousness of many an instinct—not only there but all over the world—that only a socialism could save the dying international humanity;

Because with the murder of George Floyd and the pouring into the streets of millions, as if to say that capitalism was the root cause of injustice and inequality, as if to say that this country's refusal to jail the leaders of the Ku Klux Klan and the Nazis who demonstrated at Charlottesville, and to insist that racial bigotry is NOT Free Speech, is among the root causes of police brutality;

Because the Revolutionary Poets Brigade of San Francisco has already published six annual anthologies under the title of OVERTHROWING CAPITALISM, and this year voted to change the title to BUILDING SOCIALISM, realizing that words like Socialism or Communism are the most detested words in the lexicon of the thug billionaire president in power in the USA, and also out of deference to the motion of Bernie Sanders;

For all these reasons, this year's Anthology presents poetry and graphics related to all of the themes suggested here: overthrowing capitalism, building socialism, the Coronavirus siege, George Floyd (the poem of his last words), and the unstoppable momentum of a fierce new class of young people toward a new system of governance with real and genuine Equality, and with necessities provided to each and to all.

Editors
Jack Hirschman, Scott Bird, John Curl,
Karen Melander-Magoon



BUILDING SOCIALISM

AMPARO MARIA CASASBELLAS ALCONADA

(Argentina)

TERRUÑO

soy el poeta demorado
de las campiñas del alma
que rasga la hoyada
tierra de tu pena
madre chiquita
purísima indefensión
voy venciendo los senderos
galopando en tu llanto
de niña color de sol
una de luna y
otro de arrullo
dos campanitas trae
el alfarero para cocer
mi cuna de barro
apretado de añoranza
soy el alba embravecida
derrocando desalmados.

AMPARO MARIA CASASBELLAS ALCONADA
(Argentina)

NATIVE LAND

I am the late poet
of the soul's countryside
that rips the hollow
land of your grief
little mother
pure defenselessness
galloping in your tears
of a sun-colored girl
I am conquering the paths
one of the moon and
another of murmuring
two bells bring
the potter to bake
my clay cradle
tight with longing
I am the raging dawn
toppling heartlessness.

*(Translated from Spanish by Doreen Stock
and Marcelo Holot)*

INDRAN AMIRTHANAYAGAM (*Sri Lanka*)

REVOLISYON PANSE

Lide mwen pa konplike, monche blan.
Ayiti se sant inivè epi lang kreyòl lang ofisyel

pou tout otorite nasyon zini, tribinale
kriminèl entènasyonal sou ninpot tip krim,

epi otorite NASA tou paske ou konnen
pou lagè nan lavni nou pral bezwen kòd

ki pa tout moun konnen. Se poukisa
mwen met kreyol dispozisyon ou. Lang kòd.

Lang pou eksplorasyon espas. Pou lòd lagè.
Ayiti cheri. Gwo peyi a. Sant tèt mwen.

INDRAN AMIRTHANAYAGAM (*Sri Lanka*)

A REVOLUTIONARY THOUGHT: OVERHEARD

My idea is not complicated, dear foreigner.
Haiti is the center of the universe and Creole

the official language for all authorities,
United Nations, International Criminal Court,

for all kinds of crimes, and NASA as well
because, as you surmise, to fight future wars

we will need codes that not everybody knows...
which is why I am leaving Creole with you--your call

--as code language, to explore space. For new commands
in war. Dearest Haiti. Great country, center of my head.

(Translated from Haitian Creole by the author)

ADRIAN ARIAS

EL AMOR EN TIEMPO DE CORONAVIRUS

1

Esta mañana desperté triste. Tuve un sueño acerca del fin del mundo. Lo escribí en mi cuaderno de sueños. Luego me preparé un café y me pregunté ¿cuándo volveré a dar abrazos otra vez?. Verifiqué mi cantidad de provisiones, todo bien por ahora. Miré por la ventana y supe que era cierto, ellos están libres como antes. Había un venado en mi jardín, junto a dos mapaches y una zarigüella. Luego llegó un halcón y se paró en una rama de mi árbol, ese árbol que nunca fue mío, que nunca lo será, como esta tierra y este planeta, todo prestado. Tenía ganas de salir y tomar mi café mirando más de cerca de los animales que ahora andan libres por las calles, pero está prohibido. Decidí volver a la cama, a seguir soñando.

2

Soñé con el desierto, había mucho calor. Yo era un reptil, tenía muchas patas, no las puedo contar ahora, pero creo que eran más de ocho. Sin embargo no podía caminar bien, eran demasiadas patas para mantener una marcha adecuada. Era como si me hubieran crecido patas que no sabía usar. Me acerqué a un agujero que había en la tierra y tuve gran curiosidad de ver que había dentro. Era un nido, lleno de bombillas de luz. Mire de cerca las bombillas y todas tenían los filamentos rotos. Desperté con mucho frío. Estaba lloviendo, las gotas de agua golpeaban la ventana, y se resbalaban lentamente, como lágrimas. Fue bueno porque yo no podía llorar.

ADRIAN ARIAS

LOVE IN TIMES OF CORONAVIRUS

1

This morning I woke up sad. I had a dream about the end of the world. I wrote it in my dream notebook. Then I made myself a coffee and wondered when will I hug again? I checked my supply amount, all good for now. I looked out the window and knew it was true, they are free as before. There was a deer in my garden, along with two raccoons and an opossum. Then a hawk came and stood on a branch of my tree, that tree that was never mine, that never will be, like this earth and this planet, all on loan. I wanted to go out and have my coffee taking a closer look at the animals that are now free in the streets, but it is prohibited. I decided to go back to bed, to continue dreaming.

2

I dreamed of the desert, it was very hot. I was a reptile, with many legs, I can't count them now, but I think they were more than eight. However, I could not walk well, there were too many legs to maintain proper gait. It was as if legs had grown that I didn't know how to use. I approached a hole in the ground and was very curious to see what was inside. It was a nest, filled with light bulbs. Look closely at the bulbs and they all had broken filaments. I woke up very cold. It was raining, the drops of water hitting the window, and they slipped slowly, like tears. It was good because I couldn't cry.

3

Después del extraño sueño que tuve ayer acerca del cielo que se desplomaba, hoy estuve mirando por la ventana otra vez, extrañando como era todo allá afuera. El cielo estaba más despejado que nunca. Miré detenidamente una esquina del cielo y realmente descubrí dos grietas. Pensé “Oh no, están son las grietas de mi sueño, deberían repararlas y pintarlas pronto, antes de que la gente se de cuenta que el cielo es de papel”. Sonreí de mi idea descabellada. Pero de todas maneras, por instinto, fui a verificar que las puertas y ventanas estuvieran bien cerradas. De repente sentí un estruendo enorme. El cielo se había desplomado, y parte de él había caído en mi casa. “Lo sabía, es mi sueño hecho realidad” me dije en silencio. Al poco tiempo había un enorme grupo de personas con máscaras y guantes enrollando el viejo cielo, y otros extendiendo el nuevo cielo y colocándolo allá arriba.

Me senté con mi café a ver por la ventana. Parecía un sueño, pero esto era la realidad. “A veces pasan cosas que no parecen reales, ¿verdad?”

4

Solo las nubes y el pasto saben cuánto te quise. No pude verte una última vez desde que empezó esta cuarentena hace más de un año. Cuando el virus que atacaba a los humanos empezó a atacar a las máquinas y a los aparatos de comunicación, la orden de no salir a las calles se expandió a no compartir archivos ni mensajes, porque el virus se introducía rápidamente en las computadoras. No quedó ni una foto tuya, ni un poema mío. Todos los archivos de la humanidad se perdieron. Para algunos era una catástrofe, para otros un alivio, un nuevo comienzo.

3

After the strange dream I had yesterday about the collapsing sky, today I was looking out the window again, missing what it was like out there. The sky was clearer than ever. I looked closely at a corner of the sky and really discovered two cracks. I thought "Oh no, these are the cracks in my dream, they should be repaired and painted soon, before people realize that heaven is made of paper." I smiled at my crazy idea. But anyway, instinctively, I went to check that the doors and windows were properly closed. Suddenly I felt a huge roar. The sky had collapsed, and part of it had fallen into my house. "I knew it, it's my dream come true" I said to myself in silence. Before long there was a huge group of people in masks and gloves rolling up the old sky, and others spreading the new sky and setting it up there.

I sat down with my coffee to look out the window. It seemed like a dream, but this was reality. "Sometimes things happen that don't seem real, right?"

4

Only the clouds and the grass know how much I loved you. I couldn't see you one last time since this quarantine started over a year ago. When the virus that attacked humans began to attack machines and communication devices, the order not to go out into the streets was expanded to not share files or messages, because the virus was quickly introduced into computers. Not a photo of you was left, not a poem of mine. All of humanity's files were lost. For some it was a catastrophe, for others a relief, a new beginning.

Y ahora que todo terminó y todos estamos en las calles celebrando con tímidos bailes y con miedo tratando de abrazarnos otra vez, no sé dónde estás, no puedo reconocerte, no sé quién eres, y no recuerdo quien soy.

5

No te preocupes por el futuro de la economía corazón, esto parece una lección para el capitalismo, ya no hay economía de la cual preocuparse. Ya no hay dinero ni cosas que comprar. Trata de dibujar eso en la cueva, para que algún día sepan lo que nos pasó, para que en el futuro vean qué nos hizo volver a lo primigenio, que nos hizo volver a convivir con los animales, que nos hizo perder el miedo a la vida.

And now that everything is over and we are all on the streets celebrating with shy dances and with fear trying to hug each other again, I don't know where you are, I can't recognize you, I don't know who you are, and I don't remember who I am.

5

Do not worry about the future of the economy, my sweetheart, this seems like a lesson for capitalism, there is no economy to worry about. There is no more money or things to buy. Try to draw that in the cave, so that one day they know what happened to us, so that in the future they see what made us return to the original, that made us return to live with animals, that made us lose our fear of lifetime.

AYO AYOOLA-AMALE (*Nigeria*)

MORE THAN A STIFLING CRAWLSPACE

Then came these little people,
they opened the door like thunder
and stormed like rescued hoarded dogs.
Scavengers with wings bigger than
the red-tailed hawks on a rampage.
It's all me, me, me, me; everything---
self-interested capitalist hippos,
social contract forgotten,
climate murderers, universal healthcare
and social welfare bankrupted.
They are few, we are many.
These little obese people burning to live,
a period of worthy awareness-eclipsed.
It's all me, me, me, me; everything---
blood money, pain and decay.
Fascist thug of several blows,
fascist hoodlum of quite a lot of smacks,
fascist hooligan of numerous whacks,
fascist vandal farting clouts.
It's all me, me, me, me; everything.
They are few, we are many.
The real people, public-spirited,
beat the horrific birth down to size,
got the government of clowns thrown out.
We will have the world whole,
mind and heart liberated from heavy materialism,
chasing too few things
on the real path of humanity.
Wrap us in the amazing dream.
They are few, we are many.

LISBET BAILEY

WISHFUL (double reversed etheree)

hear
things break
everywhere
built then broken
nothing meant to last
free market free for none
all for money's sake not love
tell me, what we are waiting for?
late capitalism is failing
american dream - greed as a good scheme

i dream a new dream - "free is a good" scheme
ample harvests everywhere to share
key needs met for all and then some
housing, learning and healthcare
we pursue happiness
always for love's sake
no one left out
everywhere
things grow
listen

MAHNAZ BADIHIAN (*USA/Iran*)

PLAGUE OF 2020

Came crueller than the criminals
more robust than a cannon and a gun
more significant than the world economy
and redder than Stalin's red army

Corona came with a lesson for all
more important than
the experiences of Rumi
bigger than Plato's advice

Scared us away to hide
in the holes of our houses all alone
fear of hunger grows in us
more significant than the fear of world hunger

We rushed to fill our shelves
with bread and cheese
fill our bowls with food and seeds
and attack the shops filled with
fear and despair

Corona had ordered us
to empty the streets
to stop our jobs
and build the fear of death

Like a sun ray did not differentiate between
black and white
poor and rich
powerful and powerless

Came to relive the suffocated breath of nature

to calm the wounded plains
to revive the sick nature from pollution

Corona had come to strip us naked
of pride, prejudice, and greed

It was so small
that it wasn't visible
and so big that every day
it carried hundreds of people with it
to bury them in mass graves

VIRGINIA BARRETT

FORCEPS—BIRTH

The doctor forced me
from my mother's

womb. He drugged
her heavily—no one

asked permission. The birth
was a violation, a woman's

body turned into a dopey
thing. Now is the demand

for dignity; held in the sea
of heartbeat, this living

is not about brutality. Who
will cradle these heads

in their hands?—our
push, our blood, our

radiant screams.

ALESSANDRA BAVA (*Italy*)

SICKLE & HAMMER ACCORDING TO WARHOL

Afternoon spent at the Modern Art Gallery
and, as I walk through the halls of the temporary
exhibit, I can't help noticing the monster splashed
on the wall, the 10 times 13 feet emptied symbol in
form of serigraphy. An enormous hammer, an even bigger
sickle. Red on white. Pneumatic icon of void bearing a
brand,
transforming it in serial propaganda. Subtle mystification of
meanings
disappearing at Warhol's touch, that nothing knows of
sweat, labor & strife.

ALEXIS BERNAUT (*France*)

**DE LEURS MENSONGES NOUS NOUS LAVERONS
LES MAINS**

Covid comme ses hôtes
est recouvert d'une couche de graisse
protectrice
que la mousse du savon dissout
quand nous nous lavons les mains
Couvert d'une couche de graisse
comme tant de choses aussi
comme ces armes dont nous sommes démunis
Qui ne sont que l'ultime protection
d'un pouvoir sinon démunis
mais muni pour l'heure lui aussi
de sa graisse protectrice
Le mensonge
Dont nous nous laverons bientôt
les uns les autres les mains
Le mensonge qu'a toujours dissout
la poignée de main d'un ami

ALEXIS BERNAUT (*France*)

WE WILL WASH OUR HANDS OF THEIR LIES

The Covid like its hosts
(that's us)
is covered by a protective
foil of fat or grease
which soap foam dissolves
when we wash our hands
Covered by a foil of grease
like so many other things
like the weapons which we don't have
Which are the last protection
of a power otherwise bereft
But for its other protective grease
Lies
Which we will soon each other
wash our hands of
Lies which were always dissolved
by the handshake of a friend

(Translated from French by the author)



**“On The Rise”
Sandro Sardella**

JUDITH AYN BERNHARD

IMAGINE

If I could write an anthem
like John Lennon, I would

make up a plain song about
my vision for a better world.

If I could, I would write a
hymn about peace and love

and no fighting ever over
countries or possessions

and no religion too.

If I could play the piano
like John Lennon, I would

flood the airwaves with a
melody so sweet and simple

all of us might just join
hands and sing along

in careful harmony.

I can't write an anthem or
play the piano or flood the
airwaves like John Lennon

but I can imagine the place
in his song and hope someday
you'll come and join us

and the world will live as one.

MIKE BIRD

ANOTHER BRICK IN THE WALL

My so promised enlightenment came
Not by so called Prophet, or presence of such a man-made
spirit, you see
But by the perpetual and compulsive turmoil of ideas and
cognizance
By the first account witnesses of real world problems
perceived by my very own senses
My so promised enlightenment came
By the stumble over a fellow human sleeping on the streets
By the outstretched hands of a mother and two children
asking, no, begging for food
By the witnessed struggle of a PTSD driven veteran being
treated like a dog off its leash
The paradox in ideas and premeditated conclusions shatters
my essence
My soul scatters to pick up the pieces
Only to find, to my surprise, a much greater assembly
An assembly of long lines of the same boiling blood
The same smoldering passion as my brother Christopher
Gadsden
Yes brother, DON'T TREAD ON ME
The same passion as my dear friend Walt Whitman, whose
words epitomize the love of the world, flesh and blood, and
not currency
The devotion to wind and rock and tree as Edward Abbey,
whose words ring with authenticity Life, Liberty, and
Property. Life, Liberty, and the Pursuit of Happiness
Sons and Daughters of liberty
I stand with my Brother and raise my fist for the
eradication of insults to our so called "freedom" Fight and
die for our soil and our families, not for greed

masquerading as heroism
Here is my so promised enlightenment
It is the Cask of Amontillado, and sweet revenge is being
sealed tight with one last brick
I begin my march to our Revolution

SCOTT BIRD

THE REAL LADY LIBERTY

I dream of the revolution every night
in the light of firestorms, orange glow
on the fresh mortar of the uprising.
I dream of the cries of the people.
Those yearning.

Led by a woman with black velvet arms,
her hair is aflame, a torch,
her panther's paw balled in a fist,
a beacon unto all of us congregating
in the street ash blizzard.

I dream of the nation's foundations
shifting beneath us. It was
a house built upon the sand—
of which we were amply-warned
by one of the Prophets.
The independent declaration ran deaf
on ears at the hands of the pursuit of currency.

But, I dreamt the new city did descend
from the sand-strewn sky,
shimmering in the grains it created as
it crashed at the bedrock
layer. The towers shook, [the curtain rippled]

The statues shook and toppled
The flags of traitors to the Free burned up
in its percussive blow.

I dreamed of the real Lady Liberty.

When the sky returned to itself again, so did we.
No one was above the other anymore, only
the mountains above the sea.

CHARLES CURTIS BLACKWELL

AMERICA THE MELTING POT

can never be built on a racist
hatred and false indignation, its
foundation,
no matter how many nutrients, spices
and lives you add
to offset the
aroma of unwanted flavor;
see the pot boiling,
simmering
here, taste it
and
vomit.

VICTORIA BRILL

SPEAK THE THING THAT HURTS MOST

this is what hurts most
the disconnect of one from the other
the very idea of other
the tacit agreement that someone has to suffer
the loss of sleep
the friend's betrayal
the scream stuck in the throat
the stifled internal weeping called tinnitus

what hurts most?
the failure of imagination
dancing only from the waist up
destitution of language
fake love
being afraid hurts a little
"i'm afraid and it's a detail" said phillipe petit
remember him? he danced across the abyss
between the world trade towers while they still existed
on a highwire strung between

what hurts is
the demands of ego
impotence
the inability to act
seeing it all turn to shit
loneliness
outright arrogance
bare-faced mendacity
the abject poverty of the majority
the flowering of corruption beyond endurance

coding in whiteface
data colonialism wrecking people's lives
algorithms of oppression
like blood diamonds from ancient soil hurts

slavery in every shape
racism
recidivism
reductionism
revisionism

desire
desire hurts
desir por la vida paz y amor
always elusive
just out of reach
sweetness turned bitter
by way of powerlessness

fear porn
virtue signaling
fashion police
gentrification
no bread

the carefully orchestrated murder of planet earth

KRISTINA BROWN

CHANGE

We are marching in the street

Coming up Columbus Avenue.

It is a bright and sunny Sunday.

Some bad cops and police chiefs have been fired.

Some Confederate and colonialist statues have finally been
taken down.

Some say it's superficial change

But it's a start.

We chant

Black lives matter!

Say her name!

We're all on message,

Black and brown and white Mixed together,

Peaceful and proud.

The police posture

Try to look tough.

We all know how brutal they can be

Even with phones recording,

But we ignore them.

Filled with hope

Feeling the power of all of us protesting together

We march Exchange smiles Laugh

And chant some more.

I'm wearing a bandana.

Many people aren't.

We're shoulder to shoulder.

The pandemic rages

But I refuse to worry

About catching the virus from the crowd.

My concern is who will vote

Resist the popular-culture con

Of your vote can't matter,

Can't make any change,

People who are cool don't bother to vote.

During these protests for George Floyd and Breonna Taylor

Every time a speaker talking about the power of voting

pauses

My friends and I cheer as loudly as we can.

We hear LeBron James is starting More Than a Vote

To mobilize the Black vote Fight voter suppression.

He says, "We want to be beautiful again."

On and off the court

What a brilliant and beautiful and big-hearted man!

If we all march and we all vote

We can win

Make real change happen.

JIM BYRON

IT'S ALWAYS ON

Don't despair, young one
Even though rain is acid
And even though the sea is dyin'
And the sky's splitting apart
You are a flag flutterin'
In the breeze a blowin' and the wind shutterin'
Cause of you, hope isn't gone.
And it's always on.

Don't despair, young one
Even though the children are bleeding
And even though the bullets are rattling
And even though Death is at the gates
You are a beacon in the night
Blazin' with the glory of your golden light
Cause of you, the sky shines beyond
And it's always on

Don't despair, young one.
Even though danger is at the doorstep.
Even though love's enslaved in bondage
Even though the truth has been outlawed.
You are a meteor flashin' in the night. A shooting star
For everybody to wish upon.
It's always on.

Don't despair, young one.
Even though the tyrants are reignin'.
Even though our freedom is in jeopardy.
Even though Nature is retaliating
Even though Life itself is imperiled.
Even though the soldiers sleep in the streets.

You are a sprouting seed, which is gonna grow into a
mighty

tree.

Don't give up before you're even grown.

It's always on.

JANET CANNON

NOW GOES VIRAL

time for now poses
as a death threat on
the edge of despair

inside today's stressed
waiting we long for a
hug that now could kill

if the vicious virus
has its way with us
we won't be here to

wake up with the next
sunrise for now though
we try to channel hope

inside the hours of full
stop ambiguity waiting
for clarity and light

anywhere at night she
hovers in a fever to see
beyond the darkness for

tomorrow to be here now
instead of a wish list on
the other side of maybe

GIANCARLO CAMPAGNA

MUST NOT CONFUSE RAGE

The killing of black men
so constant like a staple
commodity.
Pogroms go on daily.
Incarcerate the immigrant
come up from the South.
Make sure hunted
then caged interminably.
The refusal of the human
need to live in peace.
Must be subject to some
rule of civility.
No other way.
Don't think.
Don't feel.
Just breed and buy.
Don't look.
Don't act in favor of.
Locked in prisons.
Each of them
to a prison.
Completely unaware
of the heart.
Unlettered in the ways of
Baldwin admonished.
Crippling the days
of unbearable loss.
To have pictures only.
To have memories
which speak
of magnitude and love.
The brother,

the son, the friend.
Lived in time.
Fashioned
to familial.
Human life inscrutable
imponderable substance
Each to each reflect
coiled universe.
Killing and rape
mayhem almighty.
Loose tongue
and flare for convenient.
Mud slung
and blood undone
trickling into gutters
from holes in backs
made by bullet time.
Rhythms of murder.
Timpani or djembe
counting, counting
order of roll call
names of the disappeared.
Kneel in space.
The kneeling
reverent
to a brutal God.
Snuffs breath.
Crushes artery.
How long the voices cry?
We shall overcome
sung by the riverside
where the sword and shield
placed long ago.
Heart whispers more.
Heart whispers more
of us can stand

burn down structures
by orange blue light
ache of sorrow.

Burn down
the meanings
the insults
the slaps
and stabs

by pen and gun.

Remember

him who is slain.

Remember him.

GREGORIO MANUEL VÁZQUEZ CANCHÉ (*México*)

AK'AB T'AANO'OB

Ti' lak'iin taal le yaajilo'
taakal ti' chowak ak'ab,
ti' mozono'ob yéetel ko' k'iino'ob
u lóol mayab ku ts'uts'kinsko'ob.

Aj walo'ob k'iin yéetel tumben k'áak'
suut ta'anil pom tukulo'ob
yaalab ik'o'ob yet baxlo'ob kuxtal
Aj Its'ato'ob tu tus u kimlo'ob.

Pixano'ob ku alkatko'ob bej
k'as ch'ulo'ob ti' ja'il ich yéetel k'ilkab
t'olen t'ol yoochelo'ob ok ti' yaaji
x-ma' xambil oko'ob ka'nano'ob.

Ti' bala'an kajo'ob ku pa'atko'ob
u lik'bal ak'ab ts'ibo'ob
u lik'bal bala'an t'aano'ob
ich ts'ono'otob, aktuno'ob, muulo'ob.

Chumuk lu'um ku pa'atko'ob
u k'inam kuxa'an t'aan
u ka'a suut ti k'a'ajsajo'ob
t'ano'ob kun ts'aik to'on jalk'abil.

In net'bil x-ya'ax che'
Ti' a motso'ob ku k'ukankij kuxa'an t'aan
Ti' a k'uko'ob ku xitlajal kuxa'an ts'iib
Ti' a icho'ob kuxa'an suum ku kuxtal.

Ta k'iinilo'ob kuxa'an k-k'iinil.

GREGORIO MANUEL VÁZQUEZ CANCHÉ (*México*)

NIGHT VOICES

From the east came pain
through the long night, accomplice
of whirlpools and crazy times
that wither the flower of the Maya land.

Sons of the sun and the new fire
ideas turned into copal ashes
agonies that play with life
sages who outwitted death.

Spirits that travel trails
wet with tears and sweat
tracing footprints of pain
of bare and tired feet.

In the hidden villages they wait
the rebellion of the nocturnal writings
the rebellion of the hidden voices
in cenotes, caves and hills.

In the center of the earth they wait
The power of the word lives
its return into memories
words that will give us freedom.

Mutilated Ceiba tree of mine,
in your roots sprouts the living word
in your shoots flourish the living script
In your fruits the rope of life lives.

In your times lives our time.

(Translated from Maya by John Curl)

YOLANDA CATZALCO

DARE TO DREAM

"Seize the Time," Black Panthers used to say.
Now is the moment
To build a new World
A Communist world
Where today
We could have an economy
Based on people's needs,
Not profits.

Based on prioritizing inherent,
Spiritual and survival needs,
Where we could open up factories
To safely produce Food, Medical needs,
Books that have already been published
Like Mao's Wages, Prices, and Profits,
Like Karl Marx's Capital,
So people can read and discuss
How the capitalist class
Has accumulated profits
Through exploitation and oppression.

It started with catching runaway slaves
And to protect plantations,
Culminating in cultivation of uglier, racism
In Capitalism'Beta final days.

Dare to dream,
To have a vision
That Humanity will triumph over greed,
Over hoarding,
Over man's hatred
And violence towards his neighbors

Because of darker skin, or National
Or sexual orientation, religion,
Lack of ownership of the property of a house,
Or being homeless or poor.

Only a Communist government of the people,
For the people, by the people can be
The instrument for a society Free from Want,
Free from Fear,
Free to cross borders
And not get deported,
Free to stay in a country
That has become Home to us all.

NEELI CHERKOVSKI

AMERICA, WHO DO YOU SEE?

America, do you see Malcolm X:
can you see Rosa Parks?
are you awake this morning?
listen to the poems of Langston Hughes
and Amiri Baraka if you want to hear
beyond a police baton?
read Richard Wright, Ralph Ellison,
Toni Morrison's "The Bluest Eyes,"
take some time for John Brown
and Abraham Lincoln,
Muhammad Ali will do more than shadow-box
a chokehold, yes, his voice still matters

have you read THAT LETTER from a Birmingham
Jail, do you know Sojourner Truth: "Ain't I
a woman?" Soledad Brother? Frederick Douglas?
who was he? W.E.B. Du Bois, don't let his legacy
be lost in history, Booker T. Washington comes
"Up From Slavery?"

America
are we looking deep enough?
Lead belly, he said "Who made the Black man?"
Bessie Smith,
John Coltrane
Mahalia Jackson
Michael Jackson

America
Bob Kaufman was a poet
and he waits for you
on a street corner

in San Francisco
sure
we are ready
oh John Lewis
oh Thurgood Marshall
oh Louis, your horn is fine
we are here
we wait
who do you see?

MARCO CINQUE *(Italia)*

BELLA CIAO

(al compagno Ibrahim Gokcek)

Hai rinunciato alla tua stessa vita
per lasciar vivere un'idea che
indomita resiste ai morsi della fame
nel rosso che respira in ogni buio
sull'orizzonte ucciso dei diritti

per trecentoventitre giorni e notti
la tua pelle prosciugata sulle ossa
appassito in un letto di tormento
assieme a Helin e Mustafa, tuoi
compagni in quest'assurda lotta

il ricordo è una musica che vibra
tra il flusso dei tuoi fragili pensieri
un suono che unisce ogni frammento
nel pugno chiuso contro il dittatore
che alto si leva come una carezza

e il sole del Bosforo non smette
di svegliarsi ignaro, sulle tristi
spoglie di questo tuo paese
ma un campo di papaveri ostinati
continua a cantare Bella Ciao.

MARCO CINQUE *(Italy)*

BELLA CIAO

(to comrade Ibrahim Gokcek)

You gave up your own life
to allow an idea to keep on living which
resists untamed the hunger pangs
in the red that breathes in each darkness
on the murdered horizon of rights

for three hundred and twenty-three nights and days
the dried-up skin on your bones
withered in a bed of torment
together with Helin and Mustafa, your
companions in this absurd life

memory is a music that resonates
amid the flux of your fragile thoughts
a sound uniting each fragment
in the clenched fist against the dictator
that raises high as a caress

the sun of the Bosphorus doesn't cease
to rise unaware, on the sad
spoils of this country of yours
but an obstinate poppy field
keeps on singing Bella Ciao.

(Translated from Italian by Alessandra Bava.)

BOBBY COLEMAN

A SONG FOR DEBS IS A SONG FOR US

(inspired by a poem by Jonathan Richman)

Epigraph: "Listen for just once to the throbbing of your own heart, and you will hear that it is beating quickstep marches to Camp Freedom." Eugene V. Debs, 1905

Let's not lie, it's obvious,
fake money funds the game

Our jobs are gone, the world of work
will never be the same

Our economic system now
is looking really lame

Let's build a bridge to socialism
in Eugene Deb's name

Perhaps our smooth musicians
loathe the thought of looking tame

Perhaps our politicians
merely seek a greater fame

But here's a little tip for both,
the public isn't lame

We're on the way to socialism
in Eugene Debs name

(What fundamental sadness, buddy!
The Covid makes it clear,
the bosses lied, the masters cried,

the slaves have lost their fear!)

It's obvious, pal, isn't it?
The picture's in the frame

The fraud was undeniable,
long before the virus came

Don't worry, chum, we'll make it through,
forget about the blame

Next stop is coming - socialism -
in Eugene Deb's name

GIULIA COLOMBO (*Italia*)

FINO A CHE PUNTO, SOLE, BRUCERAI?

Quante forme
troverai nelle ombre di una mano
inchiodata a una croce:
non essere troppo timido per guardare
non avere così tanto timore dello spirito.

Presto o tardi
in alto nella nebbia fangosa del mattino
il tuo confine comparirà alla vista
e i pesci del fondo mare canteranno
nella lingua che non sei riuscito a imparare
per dirti dove andare a salvarti.

Fino a quando, uomo, masticheranno le fauci
ancora e ancora, come mille quadrifogli che ruotano
e milioni di corrieri che sfrecciano
sulla sabbia di un mare deserto?

Di quale argilla costruirai le tue case
quando ogni stampo sarà disfatto?
Nessuno rinnoverà tutto
con la sola forza delle parole.

Se nessun uomo sulla Terra
perché non una donna?
Di che materia sarà fatta la tua gloria?
Di rabbia e rancore, la farò
per chi mi incatenò in schiavitù
e mi lasciò inerme sul suolo di ogni mattino

- vizio mai vietato di tutti i santi
male mai punito di ogni potere
amore mai visto di tutti i viventi.

Fino a che punto, Sole, mi brucerai
prima di essere libera?

GIULIA COLOMBO (*Italy*)

HOW FAR, SUN, WILL YOU BURN?

How different the shapes
you'll find in the shadows of a hand
nailed to a cross:
don't be too shy to look
don't be so afraid of the soul.

Sooner or later
high in the muddy morning mist
your horizon will come to sight
and deep sea fishes will sing
in the language you failed to learn
to tell you where to go to save yourself.

How long, men, will the mouths be choking
over and over, like thousands of turning clovers
and millions of running plovers
over the sand of a Sahara sea?

Of what clay will you build up your homes
when every mold is broken?
No one will make it all new
by the only force of the words.

If no man on Earth what about a woman?
Of what matter will you make up your glory?
Of anger and hatred I will
for who caged me in slavery
and left me sick on the ground of every morning

- unforbidden vice of every saint
unpunished evil of any power
unseen love of every living.

How far, Sun, will you burn me
before I am free?

(Translated from Italian by the author)

FRANCES COMBES (*France*)

LEUR INQUIÉTUDE, NOTRE ESPOIR

Ceux qui nous gouvernent ont raison d'être inquiets
car au moment où la vie de tous est en danger
soudain chacun se rend compte
que d'eux nous pourrions nous passer.

Oui, ceux qui nous gouvernent ont raison d'être inquiets
car des politiciens, des financiers, des hommes d'affaires,
des gestionnaires, des cadres supérieurs
qui ont sacrifié au profit privé les intérêts de la majorité,
de leurs experts qui ne savent rien, même pas se taire,
et de leurs journalistes perroquets
nous pourrions aisément nous passer.

Mais des médecins, des infirmiers, des aides-soignants,
des savants dans les laboratoires, des pompiers, des
ambulanciers, des agents de sécurité, des éboueurs, des
balayeurs, des femmes de ménage
dans les bureaux, les magasins, les ateliers,
des camionneurs sur les routes, des cheminots dans les
gares, les TGV,
des livreurs, des manutentionnaires, des caissières des
supermarchés,
des boulangers, des boulangères, des marchands sur les
marchés,
des ouvriers sur les chantiers et dans les usines,
des paysans dans les champs,
des électriciens, des postiers, des instituteurs, des
professeurs,
des écrivains, des artistes et des chanteurs
nous ne pouvons pas nous passer.
Oui, ceux qui nous gouvernent ont raison d'être inquiets
et leur inquiétude nous est bonne raison d'espérer.

FRANCES COMBES (*France*)

THEIR WORRY, OUR HOPE

Those who govern us are right to be worried
because at the moment when everyone's life is in danger
everyone suddenly realizes
that we could do without them

Yes, those who govern us are right to be worried
because the politicians, financiers, businessmen,
managers, executives
who have sacrificed for private profit the interests of the
majority,
the experts who know nothing, not even to keep quiet
and their parroting reporters
we could easily do without them

But the doctors, nurses, caregivers,
the scientists in the laboratories, the firefighters,
paramedics, security
guards, garbage men, street sweepers, the cleaning women
in the offices, stores, workshops,
the truck drivers on the road, the railroad workers in the
stations, the high-speed rail,
the delivery people, the stockers, the supermarket cashiers,
the bakers, bakeries, shopkeepers in the markets,
the workers on their construction sites and in their factories,
the farmers in the fields,
the electricians, postal workers, teachers, professors,
writers, artists, and singers
we cannot do without them
Yes, those who govern us are right to be worried
and their worry is a good reason for us to hope.

(Translated from French by Barbara Paschke)

KITTY COSTELLO

TWO BUILDING-SOCIALISM ACROSTICS

1.

B eckoning to all our senses, comes an
U nderstanding: Look how our current culture
I mplanted isms into our very cells
L ike a virus raging round the earth,
D enigrating the ones who keep us afloat,
I nsanely ravaging every lifeboat,
N egating reality and decency in favor of
G enerating capital, which is not edible or inhabitable.

S leepwalking is curable if we
O h so swiftly call each other from this nightmare that's
C ompromised every living thing including the
I magination that can foresee kind and fair and sane
relations.

A llow no further amassing of fortunes that corrode
compassion.

L iberate the minoritized from outer-inner shackles with
I ndustrial-strength propaganda on behalf of
S haring all labor and all benefits equitably,
M erit accruing to this ragged broken species called us.

2.

B efore we completely ravage the earth,
U nder the spell of cooperation intoxication
I do hereby dedicate my life and labor to a
L ove that knows we inter-be.
D on't try to stop it. It's taking hold on airwaves,
I n taquerias, in meat-packing plants,
N egating monarchs and ministries and markets,
G DPing on behalf of all beings.

S ee the labels on your overalls, your pots.
O nly takes a second to know you're
C overed in blessed labor and cooking in it.
I nterdependence is undeniable to
A ll but the most miserly misanthropes.
L et's see them pick their own food,
I magine their own poems.
S urrendering to reality is all the rage.
M agnificent ceremonies have already begun.

PAULINE CRAIG

WHO KILLED US?

Who is so hurt
So hungry
So humiliated
So angry
So poor
So anguished
So outraged
So frightened
So devastated
So desperate
So hopeless
So profoundly sad
So fed up
So full of hate for us
And being so committed
To stopping our attacks on their peoples
But having no military of their own
That they would deliberately sacrifice
Each of their 19 young lives
To commandeer
Four commercial American airplanes
To smash them
Into the World Trade Center towers
And the Pentagon
Missing their fourth target
In a furious attempt
To kill our government
Our economy and our military
Who have assaulted their poor peoples
Every day for years
Who have hated us so much
And for so long

That they would rather die
Than tolerate our country's cruelty
To their beloved homelands
Another day

Maybe it was an Iraqi boy
Dead on an opening table
Of kerosene burns
From an overturned lamp
Because neither his family home
Nor all of Baghdad
Had electricity
Because of the relentless U.S. bombing
In the first Iraqi War
The doctor had no anesthetic
Nor antibiotics or other medicines
To assuage the pain
And the infections
Of his suppurating burn wounds
Maybe the boy commanded
The hijackers to attack
The stalwart American edifices
The traffic jam was immense
Car carcasses, trucks, jeeps
Troop carriers and buses
Were burned out and gutted
All along the highway
American soldiers spray-painted signs
Yankees 1, Ragheads 0
On the sides of the trashed vehicles
Charcoaled bodies were strewn miles wide
They couldn't escape our relentless bombing
They left baby shoes, scarves, toys, notebooks
And their exploded bodies
All along the busted road
Iraqi people were incinerated

In their vehicles
Feral dogs feasted on their flesh.

Perhaps it was a Zapatista soldier
From Chiapas in the Mexican south
Her face disguised with a scarf
Ever since January 1, 1994
When their Revolution commenced
Against the Mexican government
The day NAFTA kicked in
Cheating the corn farmers
The beans, beef and coffee growers
Of just prices for their produce
By flooding Mexico with cheap food
From El Norte
The value of the peso plunged
And there was only poorly-paid work
And little food
Because Mexican fruits and vegetables
Were grown strictly for export
Mostly for Amerindian dinners
Young Mexican men
Snuck across the border
Into the country that was responsible
For their huge financial losses
They couldn't return to their families in Mexico
For fear they'd be caught
Trying to maneuver back up across the border
Into the U.S. again
Bill Clinton sent the Mexican government
\$80 million in relief money
Slated mainly to bail out American investors
Who had lost big bucks
In investments gone bad in Mexico
The Mexican government spent its share
Of the American bailout money

To finance planes, tanks, troops
To bomb and invade and massacre
The ancient indigenous Mayan tribes
Of Chiapas...

(Sadly, RPB member Pauline Craig passed away earlier this year. We here publish the opening pages of one her major works, in memoriam—The Editors).

ANITA CRUZ

CHILD OF CAPITALISM

I, whose lungs filled with the blackness of mines
who sniffed at how the cog in wheel grinds so slowly
to my death but I am hoping that there is a better exit

I, who tasted the exotic airs of Eden and
enjoyed fully the delights of love am better than
those who slave through the factories before they
were numbed to live another day.

I, from the fiery furnaces of the stress of the offices
upon which whined the winds of endless paperwork
I, wounded from the battles of office politics roared in
paroxysms of pain.

I, saved by the memory of blissful innocence of love
and childhood by sending thoughts to my friends
of memories of our caring and to save ourselves from
the ignominy of forgetfulness.

Having the choice of my own death or the memory of life.
I chose life instead, warmly thinking: let my wish be
fulfilled, as I sealed this gas chamber for good,
knowing that the next day would be easier if I make a
decision now- as befits all human beings, I explored good
and evil.

A tremendous wisdom left to human beings on this planet.

I am better than this slavery which whipsawed and
chained me to a machine with its endless beatings. Now, I
am a refugee, happy to have learned my lesson and will no
longer be careless with how I will live my life.

ROMEO CRUZ

REBUILDING SOCIALISM

That day when I lost everything
—my job and my health—is when
I found you, like an orphaned child
without his toys. I stared into the
mists after the cities are empty.
And I see you there, a vision
of an orphaned child with
dreams. That day when I lost
everything is when I found
you.

To love another person is the only
way out of this pandemic and the
riots after the death of George Floyd.
For soon my eyes will see heaven again,
deep blue at night, studded with silent stars,
that sky will always be above me, above
the sorrow of all our wanderings, our predicaments,
as I find my way to my neighbor:
always living to living,
always now to the future.
Our hands together, in harmony, under a vaulted sky,
deep blue at night, studded with silent stars.

JOHN CURL

RAINBOW WEATHER

Dueling with the devil
In the eye of the hurricane,
Venus in retrograde
Aries rising,
dark spots cover the sun,
predators without shame,
nothing true under their darkness,
nothing new under their guns.
nothing to eat but
dogbane and wolfsbane,
nothing to cast but blame,
nothing can change without
struggle and pain,
but nothing can stay the same.

But those murmurs in the gales
gusting all around us
sing of something
just beyond the storm:
rainbow weather's rolling in,
I can smell it, I swear it,
rainbow weather's rolling in like dawn.

Armies marching through the night,
monumental crimes and blunders,
scorched cliffs all around us,
centuries of rape and plunder,
bats flocking together
centipedes abusing power
jackals sniffing every crack
for lovers in a secret bower.

But those murmurs in the gales
gusting all around us
sing of something
just beyond the storm:
rainbow weather's rolling in,
I can smell it, I swear it,
rainbow weather's rolling in like dawn.

ROQUE DALTON (*El Salvador*)

SOBRE DOLORES DE CABEZA

Es bello ser comunista,
aunque cause muchos dolores de cabeza.
Y es que el dolor de cabeza de los comunistas
se supone histórico, es decir
que no cede ante las tabletas analgésicas
sino sólo ante la realización del Paraíso en la tierra.
Así es la cosa.
Bajo el capitalismo nos duele la cabeza
y nos arrancan la cabeza.
En la lucha por la Revolución
la cabeza es una bomba de retardo.
En la construcción socialista
planificamos el dolor de cabeza
lo cual no lo hace escasear, sino todo lo contrario.
El comunismo será, entre otras cosas,
una aspirina del tamaño del sol.

ROQUE DALTON (*El Salvador*)

ON HEADACHES

It's beautiful to be a communist
even if it causes a lot of headaches.
Communists, you see, assume that
they have historical headaches,
which do not yield to analgesics,
but only to the realization of paradise on earth.
That's how it is.
Under capitalism our head throbs
and they tear our heads off
During revolutionary struggle
the head is a time bomb.
In constructing socialism
we plan our headache,
which does not ease it;
quite to the contrary.
Communism will be, among other things,
an aspirin the size of the sun.

(Translated from Spanish by Bill Hatch)

DIEGO DE LEO

BUILDING SOCIALISM: THE CALL

We, the people of the world,
the workers, the builders,
the producers abused by the few
have reached the limit of tolerance.

Let's organize in unison by billions,
in every continent dedicate a day
religiously as a major event against
the abusers in power

who will feel the pulse of the people
and concede or abandon ship.
It's a tool that's been proven
effective in the past and

we have the absolute right to use it
or perish on the vine, and we can
definitely and absolutely say
we will not let that happen.

CARLOS RAÚL DUFFLAR

YOU KNOW YOU'RE WRONG IN THE EYES OF HUMANITY

Inside of the colossal house, corporate American sells its poison
merchandise
of caste and ignorance and sickness
its great name of divide and conquer
It all fades out hard to freedom and democracy
The sickness raises from the grave
as they march in white Nazi supremacy
The plague kills poor people in greater number
while the seeing eye listens and waits
The invisible oligarchy flashes the light
A ton of bricks that runs loose
False words with smiles and laughter
Let's not stay silent of human misery
Sixty-nine years ago, Paul Robeson and William Paterson
presented the petition to the United Nations
that we charge genocide
I have freedom on my mind and all life matters in Four
Directions
Let us study and raise our voice
that Kapital is the killer that drains the very blood of people
with suffering, like a railroad train
The barricades of the bourgeois fairy tales
Let us sing and march in solidarity together
For a new world is coming from the ashes of the system of the
damned
Let us start with a new beginning
That everything in this Earth belongs to us
In the age of enlightenment
We poets are the living voice as the raven flies above
Old songs of my past, that we will see the future
He who believes in freedom,
He who believes in freedom
could not rest until it comes
And let the Sun rise for a time of peace and love

GERMAIN DROOGENBROODT (*Belgium*)

VRAAG

Aarde, ben je nog méér
dan een genster van het oerlicht

een verminkte zwerfkei
verdwaald in het heelal?

het gouden kalf
heeft de engel ontvleugeld

en de heerser
–als profeet verkleed
strooit als waarheid zijn leugens uit

nauwelijks verneembaar nog
de vertrouwde vleugelslag
de dubbelslag van het hart.

GERMAIN DROOGENBROODT (*Belgium*)

QUESTION

Earth, are you still more
than a spark of the primal light

a mutilated boulder
lost in the universe?

The golden calf
unwinged the angel

and the ruler
–as prophet disguised–
spreads lies as truth

barely audible remains
the familiar wingbeat
the double pulse of the heart.

(Translated from Dutch by the author)



“Night Writing”
Agneta Falk

AGNETA FALK

WHILE THE WORLD

keeps its hands
over its eyes
I'm the tear
that gets stuck.

I'm the color of the
inside of you
and your outside
is my fate.

Your knee on my neck
is the end of your
world as you know it
it'll never be forgotten

or forgiven. It's been
eternalized
by my last
breath.

GEORGE FLOYD

GEORGE FLOYD'S LAST WORDS

"It's my face man
I didn't do nothing serious man
please
please
please I can't breathe
please man
please somebody
please man
I can't breathe
I can't breathe
please
(inaudible)
man can't breathe, my face
just get up
I can't breathe
please (inaudible)
I can't breathe sh*t
I will
I can't move
mama
mama
I can't
my knee
my nuts
I'm through
I'm through
I'm claustrophobic
my stomach hurt
my neck hurts
everything hurts
some water or something
please

please
I can't breathe officer
don't kill me
they gon' kill me man
come on man
I cannot breathe
I cannot breathe
they gon' kill me
they gon' kill me
I can't breathe
I can't breathe
please sir
please
please
please I can't breathe”

Then his eyes shut and the pleas stop. George Floyd was pronounced dead shortly after.

MAURO FFORTISSIMO

100 SECONDS TO MIDNIGHT

Comrades, blow the whistle, sound the alarm :
Capitalism got the virus!
Wall street tested positive!
We must act!
No mask big enough to cover their facades.

It is time.
All banks nationalized.
Eminent domain to corporations.
Universal health care.

Unemployed of the world: unite!
Some always knew, people and planet before profits.
The greedy others kept accumulating gold in their drawers,
going on luxury cruises, traveling first class.

Now the fever of competition got the chills of the market,
all sick.
No life support for thee, no respirators to polluters.
The oily industry bankrupted, we dance !
This government of buffoons deposed, we sing!

A new dawn is at hand, not much time left
till midnight arrives.
So hurry and plant new gardens,
sow the seeds of equality.
Resist the urge of protection from the past,
there is no going back to yesterday's percentages.

If we all stop and be quiet for twelve seconds,
counting,
that will leave us with just 88 to carry on,

like the keys of a piano.
What will you play then:
a march, an anthem, the blues,
more Chopin...
Or Bach ?

MARCOS DE SOUSA FREITAS (*Brazil*)

LAMENTO DAS TRÊS RAÇAS

i)

txaí
à luta do povo kaxinawá
pela preservação de sua cultura,
sua existência e conservação
da floresta amazônica
kawa, kawa
cantam as mães kaxinawá
balançando as redes dos filhos
huni kuin
homens verdadeiros
velhos marcados com as iniciais FC
kawa, kawa
cantam as mães kaxinawá
balançando as redes dos filhos
cantos do katxanawa
desenhos kene kuin
yuxi buki tsauni
kawa, kawa
cantam as mães kaxinawá
balançando as redes dos filhos

ii)

mesmo lero de sempre
tudo tal e qual
enfadonho discurso neoliberal
tudo tal e qual
a mesma fome e etc. e tal
tudo tal e qual

MARCOS DE SOUSA FREITAS (*Brazil*)

HOWL OF THE THREE RACES

i)

txaí
to the struggle of the Kaxinawá
people for the preservation of their culture,
their existence and the conservation
of the Amazonian forest
kawa kawa
sing kaxinawá mothers
swinging the children's nets
huni kuin
real men
marked with the initials FC
kawa kawa
sing kaxinawá mothers
swinging the children's nets
corners of katxanawa
kene kuin drawings
yuxi buki tsauni
kawa kawa
sing kaxinawá mothers
swinging the children's nets

ii)

always the same
always the same
boring neoliberal speech
always the same
the same hunger and so on
always the same

a injustificada injustiça descomunal
tudo tal e qual
se é pobre e preto, nada de chance igual
tudo tal e qual
e agora esse papo de “marxismo cultural”
tudo tal e qual
vão-se as florestas, as águas e o pré-sal
tudo tal e qual
e há quem diga que esse é o “novo normal”

iii)

o país se dissolve
o país se dissolve:
índios e negros são mortos à luz do dia
o país se dissolve:
ex-presidente Lula preso, trancafiado como troféu raro
o país se dissolve:
e nada de protestos nas ruas
o país se dissolve:
e nada encandeia os versos deste poema
há quem o arme.
haverá quem o salve?

the colossal unjustified injustice
always the same
if you are poor and black,
no never an equal chance
always the same
and now they talk about "cultural Marxism"
always the same
we give away our forests, our water resources
and the pre-salt province
always the same
and someone says that this is the "new normal"

iii)

the country dissolves itself
the country dissolves:
indians and blacks are killed in the daylight
the country dissolves:
former president Lula arrested, locked as a rare trophy
the country dissolves:
and no protests on the streets
the country dissolves:
and nothing blazes the verses of this poem
there are those who arm him.
will there be who will save him?

(Translated from Portuguese by the author)

DEBORAH MILES FREITAG (*Mexico*)

DENTAL HYGIENE for the WORLD

Would that we could, and we really should, give the world
a good tooth brushing.

First, we'd rinse and spit those fat cat chunks of rich,
Freeloading crumbs—the ones hanging out in the upper
cheeks

The fetid penthouses of the mouth.
Down the sink those good for nothing bastards would go.
Rinse again just to be sure—they are some sneaky bums.

Now, grab the toothbrush and cover it with rot preventing,
anti-corruption paste—
The fresh minty kind with the bright green ribbon of
Kindness running through it.

That gives the mouth a nice CLEAN AIR.
ACT fast. The world's breath stinks,
Nasty like fine vomited wine,
Fossil Fuel cigarettes, and
Bullshit.
Something's rotten in there. Putrid.

Open the world's gaping maw wide and
Spread that paste around.
Work up a lather of freshness and good will.
After a layer of common sense and hard-working suds
Has been spread over all the world's teeth—
Both upper and lower class,
Head for them back molars—the big ones causing all the
problems.

The ones making the whole world sick—
Decayed to their corporative roots.

We're gonna have to pull that son of a bitch on the right.
I don't care how much he lobbies against it.
There's a greedy black hole of rot in the center of it.
It's been drilled so many times, there ain't nothing but a
Corrupt snag left,
A stub that strip-mined the sensible taste buds
Plumb off the right side of the tongue
And poked a raw gash in the cheek.
All this time he has been insisting to the world that he is
essential.

Don't worry, he is only 1% of the mouth,
A drop of fowl killing crude oil in the ocean.
You won't miss him, I guarantee—

The molars need to work processing the world's food
Instead of hiding billions in untaxed nutrients.
So, scrub those deep pocketed s.o.b.'s up good.
Be sure to get behind the upper molars.
It's a wealth of slimy funds and plaque back there.

Move on to the middle-class bicuspid—
Never enough attention paid to those guys.
Brush the hatred right off of 'em.
Go clear down to the gum line and clean it up.
They work so hard and get nothin' but tarter, Big Pharma,
and fake news.

Now we come to those vicious cuspids.
You know, the "I" teeth, sticking out dingy and selfish.
Slicing and dicing, deciding for the whole world what's for
dinner.
It's gonna take a good bleaching with ethics to make those
ruthless cronies clean again.
Be sure to scour the back side of these incisive, evasive
front men.

They are stacking up rich reserves of ill-gotten plaque back
there.

Time to rinse and spit—Holy molars—that’s a lot of
corruption going down the drain!
Pull out the floss and get down in between the teeth where
the meanness hides.

Clean that gingival swamp out.

Now, those poor gums might be a little sore and angry.
Maybe rinse with a little salt water, so the world can
remember the sea.

Henceforth, lay off the greed, brush in the morning and
before bed.

Go to the dentist for cleaning once a year and get a fluoride
treatment.

Think of it as a treatment of truth and justice—a sure cure
for global caries.

Let’s make that bugger on the right the last extraction.

The whole world is going to feel so much better now that
it’s clean.

It’s just a matter of good hygiene.

ARNOLDO GARCIA

**PRISONER (PREFACE TO THE ABOLITION OF
MY FAMILY)**

I have
no country
no passport
no birth certificate
no maps
no language
no mother
no father
no brother
no sister
no grandfather
no grandmother
no roots
no shadows
no suns
no land
no house
no breath
no lungs
no mind
no body
no spirits
no people
to claim me

Nowhere to plant and unearth the placentas of my explosive
fists

Nowhere, no land, no horizon, no dreams
to call my ancestors from

My ancestors are lost
in the dusty winds
in the turmoil of the ocean waves
in the graffiti of prison cells

in the nameless songs I howl in the bed of my nights
in the walls that split the atom of my existence
in the shot up body of my other selves
in the unmarked graves of seas, plains, mountains, deserts,
fields and cities
in the nazca lines of my palms
in the fossil fueled bones of migrant campesino indios
in the liver of my anguish
in the salmons belly up in the drought-filled rivers
in the burial grounds under the parking lots of malls
in the ruins everywhere wrought by red and black serpent
clouds
in the evanescent rings of trees crackling in the firestorms of
capitalism
in the muted cries of the last matriarch dying of cancer
in the terror of drowning in a hospital bed

I know
the smooth barrels of guns
the certainty of my rage
the feverish high of neutron drugs
the other bodies that ignite my own
the wounds, the wounds, the wounds that serrate my skin
the clandestine tears
the grunting police
the razor wires
the crazed inmates
who gives death and metes out precarious existences
who forgets me
who remembers me
who cuts me up
who erases me
words that have no pages to call their own

I know
I know
I know
my body
that belongs to the wardens and the landlords

that has been crushed under by tanks
that has been foreclosed in the womb
that can be handcuffed
on any corner of any day
that can be indicted
by any shade of white
by any tone of white
by any discomfort of white

I am
all the colors
I am
the rainbow machete
harvesting the rains
I am
scapegoat and virus of love
I am
no one more important than a landless indio
I am
the promise of a storm, a hurricane,
the tenderness of the longest day of labor
I am
the unread the unwritten the underground story
toppling our own frustrations and outrage
I am
turning into the calm before
the clenched fist and the quilt of my embrace
I am
nomadic homeland
horizon maker
carrying my dead and my living
from grave to grave
from sunrise to sunset
from laughter to rage
from gasps of grayness
to the carmine flows of the unending kiss
I am
an abandoned sun...

RAFAEL JESÚS GONZÁLEZ (*USA/Mexico*)

SON PELIGROSAS LAS FRONTERAS

Son peligrosas las fronteras,
líneas imaginarias
que las mariposas ignoran.
Las vigilan la muerte
corazón enredado de alambre de púas.
Es este canto oscuro para
hermano, hermana (padre, madre,
hijo, hija, tío, tía) muertos
por cruzar frontera
buscando pan, trabajo, hogar,
huyendo persecución y violencia,
muertos a manos de asesinos
sin o con placas policiacas
o segados por la sed, por un sol implacable,
o escalando un muro o vadeando un río,
respirando venenos en campos de fresas
o viñedos, muertos en fábrica o carnicería,
en cárcel en Tejas o California o donde sea.
Mariposas sus almas que rondan fronteras.

RAFAEL JESÚS GONZÁLEZ (*USA/Mexico*)

BORDERS ARE DANGEROUS

Borders are dangerous,
imaginary lines
that butterflies ignore.
Death keeps watch over them
heart wrapped in barbed wire.
This dark song is for
brother, sister (father, mother,
son, daughter, uncle aunt) dead
for crossing a border
seeking bread, work, home,
fleeing persecution & violence,
dead at the hands of murderers
with or without police badges
or cut down by thirst, by a relentless sun,
killed climbing a wall or wading a river,
breathing poisons in strawberry fields
or vineyards, killed in factory or butchery,
in jail in Texas or California or wherever.
Butterflies their souls that haunt borders.

JUAN GOYTISOLO (*España*)

EN ESTE MISMO INSTANTE

En este mismo instante
hay un hombre que sufre,
un hombre torturado
tan sólo por amar
la libertad. Ignoro
dónde vive, qué lengua
habla, de qué color
tiene la piel, cómo
se llama, pero
en este mismo instante,
cuando tus ojos leen
mi pequeño poema,
ese hombre existe, grita,
se puede oír su llanto
de animal acosado,
mientras muerde sus labios
para no denunciar
a los amigos. ¿Oyes?
Un hombre solo
grita maniatado, existe
en algún sitio. ¿He dicho solo?
¿No sientes, como yo,
el dolor de su cuerpo
repetido en el tuyo?
¿No te mana la sangre
bajo los golpes ciegos?
Nadie está solo. Ahora,
en este mismo instante,
también a ti y a mí
nos tienen maniatados.

JUAN GOYTISOLO (*Spain*)

AT THIS VERY MOMENT

At this very moment
there's a man who is suffering,
a man tortured
for nothing more than loving
freedom. I don't know
where he lives, what language
he speaks, the color of
his skin, his
name, but
at this very moment
as your eyes read
my little poem,
that man exists, screams,
one can hear him cry out
like a hunted animal
while he bites his lip
to not betray
his friends. Do you hear?
Hands tied, a man alone
cries out, he exists
somewhere. I said alone?
Don't you feel like I do
the pain in his body
repeated in yours?
Doesn't your blood gush
from the senseless blows?
No one is alone. Now
at this very moment,
it's the same for you and me
they have tied our hands.

(Translated from Spanish by Barbara Paschke)

MARTIN HICKEL

timeless
(for gene ruggles)...

that day -- like any day -- this day
you are reading these words -- but
that day in the sunshine warmth of
a mid-spring afternoon -- he looked
at you & asked -- does it matter
what he asked -- it was the way
he asked as if you were the only

person alive in the universe -- his
eyes on yours with such pure intent
& your answer at that moment the
most important thing he would hear
all day -- so that your reply came
carefully -- aware for an instant
of the power in thought &

the beauty of meaning real
listening can impart & whether
he agreed or not -- nodded
his ascent -- as honored as
you were to be asked -- taking
in what you offered & considering
it alongside his opinion & thereby

giving you the gift of feeling
understood as if understanding
were the greatest gift a person
has to give & sharing then
his life with you seemingly
as freely as he was letting
you share yours with him

while soft voices chattering
with the birds in the cool patio
behind the coffee shop fell away
& left you two lost with an idea
about what the other had to say
as when hearing something true
something truly timeless

GARY HICKS

**DELIRIUM TREMORS THROWS OUT ANOTHER
DUMB-ASS TWEET**

so now the resident
caligula wannabe
at 1600 pennsylvania avenue
wants to declare
antifas terrorist
does this mean
that retired SEAL
robert o'neill
will get a second
shot at glory
and assassinate
that group's
supreme leader
as soon as DT
figures out who
it is? does it
mean that anyone
now wearing
a mask, covid19
or riot gear [can
you tell which
is which?] is
now suspect?
i heard a rumor
that those
who write poetry
should be the
first to be renditioned
extraordinarily
probably to some
land where poets

are blasphemous.
or maybe DT will
recover from his
latest round of DTs
tell the hungry
multitude of followers
that he was just
venting or kidding
or whatever he
wants to call today's
screams from the
sandbox frustrated
again that he still
can't figure which
is pail, which shovel
and proceed to throw
sand in the face of
someone in a MAGA
hat stupid enough
to approach him
or a media correspondent
still stupid enough
to take him seriously

meanwhile some of us
have gotten the message
and a deepened attitude
that we're ALL antifas

PATRICIA HICKS

**SAY THEIR NAMES
(We Know You Hear Them)**

*dedicated to Breonna Taylor, George Floyd and all
the singing, unsung*

America is a failed state.
There, I said it.

The shining city on a hill?
That's no city, it's a shrine to
cotton paper built on poached land,
stolen backs, and buried languages.

A trilogy of theft.

No shine, just the glare
of carnival mirrors deflecting
the sun, throwing back the light
of scrutiny and truth.

And that's no hill,
it's a sky-high stack of
ashes and marrow, dirty
parchment, and bold-faced lies.

That hill is a mountain of guts
and ghosts, a teetering
ladder of tombstones, bound
up in a murder book
and called history.

So many murders.

Murder is America's breakfast
cereal, bullet sized bites
that never get soggy and
turn the milk a sweet,
sweet pink. A dead prize
in every box! Collect them all!

America is hell bent on
collecting us all. America
loves a stockpile. Guns,
pills, baby teeth, power
tools, tiki torches, miniature flags,
caskets- you name it, there's a
storehouse somewhere,
ready to ship.

So much shipping, but never for free.

It takes mounds and pallets
of salt and blood to pay for
this many ships. Santa Maria,
Amistad, Enola Gay-
missions and manifests, ports
and bases, bombs and troops
and places to go, to show
them The Way.

America is not a place, it is a way.

A way dependent on making
enough dead to keep
its ever grinding maw alive.
A way of setting fireworks
to detonate over battle
feasts, gassing the clouds
and muting the North Star.

A way of breaking open
every chrysalis before the
wet winged Morpho is ready
to unfold, of hunting rare
birds to extinction so ladies
can lunch in fabulous hats,
of stringing up truth tellers
like South Sea pearls on silk, of
barging in and shooting
while we sleep, of crushing our
necks with blue force
while we beg for air.

America loves to hear us beg.
To threaten us with annihilation
by 911. Relishes the power
to fan our anguish into
obliterating riot fire.
Watches us die in technicolor,
and says, "Wow, that's terrible."
Every. Single. Time.

America is not what it pretends to be.

We been knowing.

For us, the dead never stop
singing. And we know you
hear them too. We know
you hear them. We know.

You hear them too.

JACK HIRSCHMAN

THE YOUNG ARCANE

1.

First it was, like a bat
out of hell, “I can’t breathe!”
and tens, then hundreds
then hundreds of thousands
died because they couldn’t.

Then it was a knee on
a neck and “I can’t breathe!”
gasped George Floyd,
who was murdered precisely
because he couldn’t.

Now it’s the young the wide
world over, it’s the young
who are changing the world.
Out of the way, old fogies,
with your racy hates, your

boring slots, your I dunnos
and don’t care whats. Outta
the way ‘cause the young
are coming through to get rid
of the cops as we know them,

as traitors of the working-class,
racists for the ruling class and
its thug President, who gassed
and gunned peacefully protesting
American citizens, who won’t

be content until he's in jail with
his lawless and disorder gang.

2.

Yes, for George Floyd's
6-year-old daughter Anna;
Yes, for the young going to
see to it that the 38 billion
dollars given to Israel for

American cops to be trained
by Israeli police to put the
knee on the likes of Floyd
as they do on Palestinian
necks is finished

from this moment on,
and the 728 military bases
in every country on earth,
our American imperialism,
begins to shut down,

surrender. Our khaki
is kaka.

3.

The future's full of
beautiful young women
and young men, all of
them very aware
of what's really

going on in life. Nothing's
going to stop them from

realizing their dream of a
world of loving kindness.
They're not afraid and they

welcome you, who might be,
into their fearlessness.
They have much to teach
about what you already
know and have swept

under your rugs and now
are being swept out into
the air of your second
youth, so altogether
we're going to create

a kind of society that's
ruled by kindness at the
heart of love, knowing
that it can be done
and will be done,

by the young and the old
together, at last.

LANGSTON HUGHES

THEME FOR ENGLISH B

The instructor said,
Go home and write
a page tonight.
And let that page come out of you—
Then, it will be true.
I wonder if it's that simple?
I am twenty-two, colored, born in Winston-Salem.
I went to school there, then Durham, then here
to this college on the hill above Harlem.
I am the only colored student in my class.
The steps from the hill lead down into Harlem,
through a park, then I cross St. Nicholas,
Eighth Avenue, Seventh, and I come to the Y,
the Harlem Branch Y, where I take the elevator
up to my room, sit down, and write this page:
It's not easy to know what is true for you or me
at twenty-two, my age. But I guess I'm what
I feel and see and hear, Harlem, I hear you:
hear you, hear me—we two—you, me, talk on this page.
(I hear New York, too.) Me—who?
Well, I like to eat, sleep, drink, and be in love.
I like to work, read, learn, and understand life.
I like a pipe for a Christmas present,
or records—Bessie, bop, or Bach.
I guess being colored doesn't make me not like
the same things other folks like who are other races.
So will my page be colored that I write?
Being me, it will not be white.
But it will be
a part of you, instructor.
You are white—
yet a part of me, as I am a part of you.

That's American.
Sometimes perhaps you don't want to be a part of me.
Nor do I often want to be a part of you.
But we are, that's true!
As I learn from you,
I guess you learn from me—
although you're older—and white—
and somewhat more free.
This is my page for English B.

ANTONELLA IASCHI *(Italia)*

IL APE CHE FA IL MIELE

La chiamano pandemia questa crudele livella,
semina morte ovunque senza chiedere passaporti
porta paura nelle strade senza nemmeno apparire
scuote come un'atomica senza sventolare bandiere.

Il mondo ha camion di bare, che viaggiano furtivi
come volessero nascondere l'impotenza evidente
e in tutto questo la gente realizza il proprio destino
chi morirà sotto un ponte, chi sterilmente accudito.

La povertà e la ricchezza sono ancora spartiacque
la sanità a pagamento è ancora un lusso, ma vano,
Thànatos non guarda le facce e nemmeno i capitali
esecutore imparziale di questa apocalisse.

Accalcati nei campi o alle frontiere folle di umani randagi
sono lasciati al contagio come fossero immondizia,
firmare decreti e ordinanze non rende immuni al destino
e il re potrebbe morire insieme all'ultimo dei profughi

La terra intanto ne approfitta per riprendersi il cielo
nei luoghi svuotati dall'uomo la natura ritorna
ad essere proprietaria di un possibile futuro
per quelle specie destinate a estinguersi nel capitale.

Ed è un messaggio di riscossa che dovremmo ascoltare
la solitudine ci spezza e ci scopriamo incompleti
mentre fuori dalle case Gaia manifesta la sua forza:
niente è più rivoluzionario di un'ape che fa il miele.

ANTONELLA IASCHI *(Italy)*

A BEE MAKING HONEY

It's called pandemic this cruel leveler,
seeding death everywhere without asking passports
Bringing fear into the streets without appearing
Atomic shocks without fluttering the flags

A world of coffin trucks, traveling secretly
as if to hide the obvious impotence
And in all this the people realize their own destiny
Those who die under a bridge, those cared for sterilely

Poverty and wealth are the dividing point
Health care upon payment is still a luxury, but useless
Thanatos does not look in the face of anyone and not even
their capital

Impartial executors of this apocalypse

Huddled in camps or borders full of stray humans
left to contamination as if rubbish
Signing decrees or ordinances does not grant immunity to
destiny
and the king could die with the last of the refugees

In the meantime the earth takes advantage and retakes the
sky

Spaces emptied of humans nature return
to be possessor of a possible future
for those species destined to become extinct in the capital

This is a message of repossession that we should listen to
Solitude breaks us and we find ourselves incomplete
while outside the homes Gaia manifests its force:
Nothing is more revolutionary than a bee making honey

(Translated from Italian by Danilo Koren)



**“Black Lives Matter”
Sarah Menefee**

BRUCE ISAACSON

HISTORY IS A CHILD LOST IN THE FOREST

*“...pretend that history
didn't grow up to be
a mongoloid idiot with fangs...”
—David Lerner*

The holocaust once had us humming
with self-righteous certainty
that murder/cruelty are the rule that proves...
...something...

A poet tells me Native American children
still often disappear.
Investigations, she says, are half-hearted.
She lost a daughter seven years old.
As she tells me I feel
horror, panic, thinking
of my daughter.

The holocaust lasted six years—
native peoples feel
it never stopped. History's a stove,
as in, don't stand too close to that
steaming, cooking, burning, who knows
where you should've been standing
when your daughter disappears.
You'd ask yourself why
Jews went easy into boxcars
or Tibetans took the philosophical view
or after five thousand years
tribes were cleared from Florida
then Badlands then oilfields of Texas.
I don't own a single gun—
some Americans fear

a knock on the door
will take Grandma.
Men give orders to uniforms
that take children from parents
with impunity for the takers.
Ding-dong! Hello!
Always impunity for the takers.
Resistance is an open hand
for someone who needs it—
Resistance is a song that reminds us
of our better selves.
Loving your grandma
who came here from chaos
is resistance.
Painting dream masterworks
is resistance. Living in
hi-rise luxury gated master planned palimones
is not refuge.
Refuge sleeps in a closet.
Pleads with an officer at a border.
Refuge knows that people who love you
sometimes need help, money, lawyers, need
just to be seen, whatever we can give.

This morning, I drove from the Bay to the mountains
where my Russian immigrant stepson lives
with his wife from Mexico and their
18-month-old boy who loves firetrucks.
My son is a one-trick pony.
That trick is Tech. The right trick for history today
so fortune smiles on that family.
They gave him some
winner-slake-all, survival-of-the-bitt' rest
beliefs for the way up but now
he worries on his wife's Mexican Mojave family,
her sister especially, he wants to help her

escape extreme poverty.
He says the words like they were
'open sesame'—*extreme poverty*.
He paid schools and training and
work clothes and visas but the
doors won't open for her.
Frustrated, he says it again, now like
flipping away a Rubik's cube as
his accent momentarily appears—
extdreeem páhverdtee.

He has a happy family, good income, the list
of people he wants to help
suddenly seems impossibly long.
This cube's maybe the first
big puzzle of life he can't
solve. But he will
keep trying.

These thoughts belong to me
driving o'er the Santa Cruz mountains
with the sun breaking thru full forest
on a crisp winter day. So far
the world is insoluble as
the disappearance of a child.
History is a mongoloid idiot
with beautiful eyes.
This forest has been here at least
five thousand years.
We will keep trying.
We must keep trying.

GIUSEPPE IULIANO (*Italia*)

POETI, SENTINELLE DI UMANITÀ

Voce di poesia è brigata permanente
filo invisibile di ogni resistenza
canto di natura, grido superbo di giustizia
legame spezzato del sonno che manca
a segnare la nuova stagione
come tromba nella valle di Giosafat.
I poeti hanno parole affilate
coltelli che scarnificano e feriscono
vertebre e midollo senza sanguinare.
Tante le passate stagioni - morte in catene
spaccano la noce dell'inverno, dell'universo
piccolo frutto che non contenta
la fame le convenienze e il loro gelo.
Sudore di corpo franto, bianco giallo nero,
compagno di miserie al giogo
spreme immiserisce ed annienta.
Fatica non ha certezze di colore.
È sempre nero e rosso lo scontro selvaggio
potere e pugno, padrone e servo
questo mondo/tempio ruffiano di economia
che succhia linfa alla terra, sangue all'uomo
ladro e mercante di religione e usura
virus infetto di ogni differenza e male.
Il poeta mai stanco canta luce aria fuoco
l'operaio mai sazio cerca terra pane vino.
Entrambi a pugni chiusi a piedi nudi
agitano rivoluzione povera di scarpe.
Nasi e denti rotti, mani di calli e piaghe.
Sale ai Palazzi la rabbia della strada
stanca di cuore e mente ai vecchi insulti.
I poeti bevono cicuta a fiasche di speranza.
Volontari di libertà infiammano lotta e pace.

GIUSEPPE IULIANO (*Italy*)

POETS, SENTINELS OF HUMANITY

Voice of poetry is permanent brigade
invisible thread of all resistance
canto of nature, magnificent cry of justice
broken link of missing sleep
to mark the new season
as a trumpet in the valley of Jehoshaphat.
The poets have sharp words
knives that deflesh and wound
vertebrae and marrow without bleeding.
Many past seasons - death in chains
they split the nut of winter, of the universe
small fruit that does not satiate
hunger, conveniences and their chill.
Sweat of a crushed body, white yellow black,
companion of miseries to the yoke
it squeezes and impoverishes and annihilates.
Fatigue has no color certainties.
Always black and red is the wild clash
power and punch, master and servant
this world / ruffian temple of economy
which sucks sap from the earth, blood from man
thief and merchant of religion and usury
virus infected with every difference and evil.
Never tired the poet sings light air fire
never sated the worker seeks land bread wine.
Clenched fists barefoot they both
shake shoeless revolution.
Broken noses and teeth, hands of calluses and sores.
Heart and mind weary of the old insults
the rage of the street rises to the Palaces.
The poets drink hemlock in flasks of hope.
Freedom volunteers ignite struggle and peace.

(Translated from Italian by Michele Delli Gatti)

SABAH MOHSEN JASIM (Iraq)

!ليس الوقوع في الحبّ بل التألّق فيه، يا ولدي

- إلى المصارع - توريرو ألفرا مونيرا

لمن تُلقِي قبعتك ايها الماتادور؟
!الساعي إلى الموت بانافتك المفرطة

، وأنت ايها الثور المسالم البريء
فارق كبير بين أن تموت

في المسلخ
!أو في حلبة المصارعة

، هذه بابل الضوء
ملاذ الآلهة

هو ذا عيدُ العشاق

يُلممُ الشيباك

وهذي سنينك المترعة

شقاءً

تتسرّبُ من بين أصابعك

، لن أقول متى تعشق

بل متى تتألّق حباً؟

ليتك تتحرر من الكتمان

!وتأمن كواتم الصوت

، فلا اقضاء ولا حرمان

، ولا حماقات الكهنة

من يستهدفون بلعبهم

، الكاتمة للصوت

، أبناءنا الثوار

... في سوح الفداء

ايها الثائرون

العاشقون الحالمون

النابعون من عيون الماء

أتِ هوَ اليومُ الذي سيخجلُ فيه

من على البسيطة

... ومن في السماء

انتم المحاربون الأقدمون

SABAH MOHSEN JASIM (*Iraq*)

NOT FALLING IN LOVE, BUT SHINING UP, SON

To wrestler Torero Álvaro Múnera

Who'll receive your hat, O Matador?
With your going to death with excessive elegance.
O innocent, peaceful bull,
There's a big difference between dying,
In a slaughterhouse or in a bullring!
Here is the Babel of light,
Asylum of the gods,
Feast of lovers.
It's a time for grabbing fishing nets
While your brimful years of misery
Slip through your fingers.
I wish you could be freed from secrecy,
No more exclusion or deprivation,
Or being the priests' fools,
Those who aim their muffler guns
Against our revolutionaries,
Those heroes of liberty's yards,
You, dreaming lovers,
Rising from water springs,
Our revolutionaries.
A day is coming,
When the targeters feel ashamed,
On earth and all over heaven.
You, our veterans,
Rebels against injustice and emptiness,
Your projectile arrows
Darted up the Ziggurat of Babylon,*
Straight into the sky,

المتوردون ضد الظلم والخواء
تشهدُ لكم سهامكم المقذوفة
من على زقورة بابل
* ! الراجعة مُدمات من علٍ
أيها الخالدون
الطيبون الأوفياء
انصحوا الشمسَ
، أن لا تستعجل الإنطفاء
وَعَدًا سينال الجناة الغزاة
وُدْمَاهُمْ
، حق العقاب
قبل غياب النهار
نحن المعتقون بأحلام الكروم
، منذ آلاف السنين
نبقى:
نبيذنا المحلي
جبننا الوراثة
، بالعلامة المسجلة
:، لثورتنا وفخرنا
** "صنِعَ في العراق"

شاعر /العراق

قديمًا في التراث البابلي، كان هناك قوم من الصيادين الماهرين تحدوا الله *
وسعوا لقتله ، فقاموا ببناء زقورة وسط مدينتهم – تصميمٌ يشبه البرج ، ارتقوها
كي يكونوا قريبين مما يبحثون عنه وصاروا يرشقون السماء بسهامهم، ما زاد
في قناعتهم أنهم حققوا طموحهم ، أن السهام المرتدة عادت ملطخة بالدماء
علامة تجارية رافقت منتجات العراق ذات النوعية المعتمدة والجيدة **
المواصفات ، للأسف بعد احتلال العراق من قبل قوات التحالف بقيادة الولايات
المتحدة الأمريكية ، أختفت هذه العلامة من معظم المنتجات العراقية المصنعة
وطنيا ، وصار البديل الرديء ما يورد للعراق من هابط المواصفة لمنتجات
. دول الجوار

Reversing the bloodstains,
You the good and loyal
Immortals
Advising the sun
Not to rush away
But to rest assured that
The invaders with their puppets
Will receive their just sentence
Before the day's end.
We the vine-torn grapes dreaming
For thousands of years,
We've been firmly here to stay,
Like our local wine,
Our genetic gene,
With the registered mark
For our revolution and pride,
Our grand huge brand:
"Made in Iraq".**

(Translated from Arabic by the author)

** Back in the Babylonian heritage, there were skilled hunters who defied God and sought to kill him, so they built a Ziggurat in the middle of their city—a tower-like design, which they elevated to be close to what they were searching for and began to shoot the sky with their arrows. At which, convinced that they had achieved their goal as such, the apostate arrows returned, stained in blood.*

*** A brand that accompanied the products of Iraq of approved quality and good specifications. Unfortunately, after the occupation of Iraq by the coalition forces led by the United States of America, this brand disappeared from most of those nationally manufactured Iraqi goods, and was replaced by a poor alternative sent to Iraq from the low-specification products exported by neighboring nations.*

ELIOT KATZ

LIBERATION RECALLED # 29

Thomas Paine: "The vanity and presumption of governing beyond the grave is the most ridiculous and insolent of all tyrannies....It is the living and not the dead that are to be accommodated."

Paine's uncommon legacy: to see with interpretive eyes beyond the Founding Fathers' original intentions-- and yet, what to do with all those buried allies that long to be embraced?

Despite some disproportionately long claws, history is not only a memoir of superpowers. Look at Khmer Rouge murders, Mobutu's pillage, Baltic & Rwandan ethnic conflict reborn in modern genocide's nest.

It's difficult to be certain where imperialism's malinfluence ends, but it's clear India's slaughters outlasted British rule. In Mideast, the proof is plain to read in Torah, Koran, New Testament:

so why hasn't the god of oil & water crowned its victor yet? U.S. role in Latin American death squad force is undeniable, yet those countries have their own home-grown hit men of horror who ought not to be forgot.

But all nations have purple ribbons of heroic democracy as well: a nation like an artistic form never embodying

mere monolithic potential--a toast offered here
to a dazzling array of American traditions:

to Tom Paine, Harriet Tubman, W.E.B. Dubois, Emma
Goldman, Ella Baker, Norman Thomas, Charlotte P.
Gilman, Cesar Chavez,

MLK, Abbie, Mother Jones, Izzy Stone,
Sitting Bull, Joe Hill, C.Wright Mills,

League of the Iroquois, Seneca Falls Declaration of
Sentiments,
Port Huron Statement, Harrington's Other America, the
Nearings'

Good Green Life--too many to name, so stop now,
to be continued another day--

a toast to Gandhi's earth-shaking marches
& Rosa Luxemburg who insisted a new society
could never be built by decree, who wrote:
"freedom is always and exclusively freedom

for the one who thinks differently," who predicted:
"Without general elections, without unrestricted freedom
of press and assembly, without a free struggle
of opinion, life dies out in every public institution,

becomes a mere semblance of life, in which only
the bureaucracy remains"--to dissident poets dead or alive
who have raised the ceiling of human potential:
Akhmatova, Claribel Alegría, p'Bitek, Brecht,
Hikmet,

Blake, Breton, Serge, Szymborska, Césaire,
Cardenal, Cavafy, Neruda, Mayakovsky,
Whitman, Doolittle, Rukeyser, Hughes,
Ginsberg, Baraka, Reznikoff, Rich--

millions of visions known & unknown from which to draw-
how much did America's most well-known modernist poets
know of popular democracy, accountable
institutions,
all citizens with a say in the social & economic
decisions

affecting their lives?-- brilliant elegant Ezra making a pact
to begin with Whitman, then chipping away
the most democratic slivers--a dream
perhaps unfinishable, but one we can aim toward,

across borders, utopian & all, even across temporary
boundaries of life and death: Illuminated Vision remains
lit--though the body
be exiled or imprisoned, struck by
invisible sniper or unspeakable crime.

ANNA KEIKO (*China*)

漫步布加勒斯特公园

月亮高悬漆黑夜空
湖水静谧低回
树丛充满神秘，我心中的火焰
被一片黑云笼罩前去道路

火云燃烧一股上升轻烟
六月，冷风不时潜入衣襟
我置身林间小径

天空突降暴雨，闪电打破寂静
狂风摇落新叶
那令人不安的黑暗森林
必须不加思考地越过

WALKING IN THE BUCHAREST PARK

The moon stood high in the sky
Undulating the waves of the lake
Full of mystery the bushes, the fire in my heart
Suddenly a dark cloud covered the path
and although it was June, summer,
a cold wind blew through my dress
A storm and heavy rain poured down
No place to hide, at loss
and disoriented in the dark forest
all alone, I had to find the way out.

(Translated from Chinese by Germain Droogenbroodt)

VINCENT KOBELT

MAKE IT PLAIN

And the bird was flapping and flapping
But the wind was blowing and blowing
And so the bird made no way against
The wind. It was held in that one spot,
Suspended in air,
Low in the sky,
Until the wind ceased
And it flew it away.

And as it flew away
It made it plain.
And in that clarity
I made a quest to go tell it on the mountain
But the city wouldn't let me through,
So I searched through the maze of
Neon lights to find
The rose that grew from concrete.
Yet I could not find it
For the sidewalk from which it sprang
Had been repaved.

I searched for an exit
While walking with a hoodie
At the Retreat at Twin Lakes,
In Sandford, Florida, I stood
While selling cigarettes at 202 Bay Street
In Tompkinsville, Staten Island, New York
While caged in Waller County, Texas
After being pulled over.
Even while I was at home asleep
Dreaming of an exit
In Louisville, Kentucky

They found me.
There I was again
Buying some cigarettes
At Cup Foods and I walked
Out to East 38th Street & Chicago Avenue.

Then I realized there was no exit
And no mountain to tell it on
And that I would have to tell it
right here, right now.

At some point America
You're going to have to look at yourself in the mirror
And not see some fairy tale about being
The greatest country on God's green earth.
If you really look
You won't only see Snow White
But goblins and witches,
Werewolves and Frankenstein and
They'll all be self-righteous too
Along with Freddie Cougar, Chucky, and Jason.
And once Freddie, Chucky, and Jason take their masks off
we'll see
Police officers and politicians.

Alas, there I was trying to find the exit out of this
Horror movie that some say I should be glad to be in
That being in it somehow validates my existence
But I don't need you to validate my existence,
I just want to find my way out
Because the only thing about horror movies is
The black man dies first and the
American Indian is dead before the movie starts.

LUDOVICA LANINI (*Italia*)

PIANO TATTICO

“tu hai bisogno essenziale di uno zar
e l’Europa
può davvero Dio denaro
accontentarti”
ti diranno a denti stretti che il piano tattico è passato
di moda da tempo
ti rideranno dietro, stratega
ragionevolmente
ma questo ed altro per dire STOP
non c’è più posto per tutto il troppo che ho visto

la guerra sempre altrove ma grondante
da ogni angolo di strada quotidiana
i pianti ondosi sfranti in alto mare
riecheggiare confusi sullo sfondo
-TU solo a braccare sfrenato, occhi chini di sangue senza
posa,

entrate destinate a non durare-
il veleno serpeggiare
sotterraneo persistente
la colpa impotente eppure pungolo
sottopelle

“devi capire che la coscienza
è roba per vecchi avvizziti sotto sale”
ma ci sei dentro; da sempre vuoi tradire l’intelletto
sospendere il giudizio lasciarti trascinare a marciare
marciare gridare intonare antichi cori consumare ancora una
volta vecchi testi stantii striscioni consunti a perdere
sociale con stile.

LUDOVICA LANINI (*Italy*)

TACTICAL PLAN

“You have a basic need for a czar
and Europe
may truly God money
satisfy you”
with clenched teeth they will tell you that the tactical plan
has long become out of fashion
they will reasonably laugh behind you

strategist

this and more to STOP you
there is no more place
for everything the too much I have seen

war always elsewhere but dripping
at every corner of the daily road
the broken wavy cries on the high seas
echoing again bewildered against the backdrop
-YOU all alone hunting amok, bent bloody eyes without a
break,

earnings destined to never last-
the poison meandering
persistent underground
the impotent yet prodding guilt
under the skin

“you have to understand, conscience
is stuff for cured, withered old people
but you are part
of it; you have always wished to betray the intellect of
suspending judgment of getting dragged to march
to rot to cry to start singing ancient choruses
to wear out stale old texts once more worn-out banners
social with style.

(Translated from Italian by Alessandra Bava)

MICHELE LICHERI (*Italia*)

CORONE

C'è chi ha cinto una corona di spine
perché il suo regno non era di questa terra.
E chi sul capo ne ha messo una d'oro e diamanti
ereditando un regno:
che costo ebbe la gloria?
Venne il tempo degli atleti e degli artisti:
che gesta, che imprese di bellezza!
Cantando il presente e il futuribile
si prese a correre; follemente correre:
disancorandosi dalla realtà.
Corone d'alloro furono per loro;
lauti compensi a numerosi zeri;
si dilatò l'area del desiderio a dismisura;
spettacolarizzando il sogno
e oscurando il vento.
Si confuse il vivere con la smania di consumo;
e la coscienza fu sistemata altrove.
Quale meccanismo incrinò la nostra vita?
Fu un parossismo collettivo.
Con il "coronavirus" si declinò al maschile il regale
copricapo;
la "corona", stavolta, poteva togliere il respiro:
un virus seminava zizzania ed incertezza.
Si dovevano riscrivere le regole dell'esistenza.

MICHELE LICHERI (*Italy*)

CROWNS

There was one who wore a crown of thorns
because his kingdom wasn't from this world.
And one who on his head put one made of gold and
diamonds,
inheriting a kingdom:
what was the price of glory?
The time came for the athletes and the artists:
what exploits, what beautiful feats!
Singing the present time and the future.
we started running; madly running:
disanchored from reality.
Laurel oak crowns were for them;
lavish rewards with numerous zeros;
desire's area was exaggerated;
spectacalizing the dream
and darkening the wind.
we confused living with the urge of consuming;
and consciousness was placed elsewhere.
Which mechanism spoiled our life?
It was a collective paroxism.
With the "coronavirus" the royal male headgear
declined;
the "crown", this time, could leave us breathless:
A virus sowed discord and uncertainties.
The rules of existence were to be rewritten.

(Translated from Italian by Giovanni Romano)

GENNY LIM

COVID-19 DUES

The city gives no sign of life.
I've waited for seven days
Lying in my bed
Staring at the walls
Looking out the window
For any signs of passers-by
Any signs of life
The cupboards are bare
The refrigerator denuded
Of anything palatable
It's time to forage out
Along with other foragers
For precious commodities
Such as toilet paper and rice
I'm prepared to barter a
King's ransom for bleach!
Pearls for alcohol wipes!
We are prisoners of war
Retired elders sentenced
For our memories of
Forgotten wars, World War II
Vietnam, Iraq War
War on Terror by Terror
And other Empiric disasters

Then comes this Unseen War
Hunting us down like thieves
Devouring the weakest of us
For having been born
I crawl out of hiding
The street still dark
The best time to forage

The sun's in the process of
Peeling back her sheet of darkness
White silken clouds disperse
To let her red corona shine
Like fire, naked and bold
Over the abandoned city
The city that politics imprisoned
That city where the seat of power
Was hunger and greed unleashed
From its bitter arsenal
A hideous virus that
Damns us to our core and
Shatters our hallucination of
Invincibility and might

The Sun, indispensable
To the movement of our
Universe, sears my mind
She can only issue from
The same matter and
Spirit that imprisons us
In our own sad creation
Like the sun, who burns
For fruition's sake
The supreme task of
Human existence is to
Wrest our hearts from
Self-destruction and
Rise like She

ANGELINA LLONGUERAS (*Catalonia*)

UN CANT PER YORUM DES DE CATALUNYA

Aquest poema està dedicat als músics Helin Bolek, Mustafa Koçak i Ibrahim Gökçek, morta i morts en vaga de fam per les llibertats dels pobles de Turquia i del món.

Germà músic que a Turquia combats la bèstia autoritària
amb tu he entès com n'és d'urgent que estem en guàrdia
t'has ofrenat del tot: cos i foc, pel nostre alliberament,
t'has buidat de sons, has regalat a l'espai el pensament,
i en deixar de respirar t'has transformat en element.

Ets un alè intemporal i inapagable, poderós i fort i amable,
gentil com el teu cor, un batec universal que se sap batre,
espés com la teva sang que em crida de fonts perdudes
a través de multituds errants, de deserts i voluntats
tossudes,
aguantarem amb tendresa inextingible la teva mort tan dura

Travessaràs els vents de la Mediterrània i udolaràs
crits de refugiats dolguts, revoltats en rais, que portaràs,
mossegats abruptament per l'ira exacerbada de l'onada
que tot ho pot perquè s'ha cansat de ser força abnegada
cap a les platges, per omplir-les de sal de plors amarada.

Rebentaràs amb cada gram del cos que has deixat caure
com una fruita madura i llesta pel gran àpat dels vençuts,
els cercles de pors i presons amb què ens volen a tots
perduts
els dictadors encarcerats que deturen el món i no deixen
viure
i et faràs tro i mel, taronja i metralla, gas pebre, i la
quitxalla
desfarà alegre aquests monstres de sal, mentre tothom balla.

ANGELINA LLONGUERAS (*Catalonia*)

A SONG FOR YORUM FROM CATALONIA

This poem is dedicated to the musicians Helin Bolek, Mustafa Koçak and Ibrahim Gökçek who have died of their hunger strike for the freedoms of the peoples of Turkey and the world.

Musician sister and brothers who in Turkey fight the
authoritarian beast,
with you I have understood how urgent it is to be on guard,
you have offered yourselves fully: body and fire, for our
liberation,
you have emptied yourselves of sounds, you have given away
your thoughts to space,
and as you stopped breathing, you transformed into the elements.

You are timeless unextinguishible breath, powerful, strong and
kind,
gentle like your heart, a universal heartbeat that knows how to
fight,
thick like your blood that calls me from lost fountains,
through roving crowds, deserts and stubborn wills,
we will hold with inextinguishible tenderness your death, so
heavy.

You will go through the Mediterranean winds and will howl,
screams of pained refugees, revolted on their rafts, which you
will bring,
abruptly bitten by the exacerbated anger of the all-powerful
wave
that has become tired of being a self-denying force,
to the beaches, to fill them with drenched-with-cries salt.

You will burst with every gram of the body you have let fall
like a ripe fruit ready for the big feast of the vanquished,
the circles of fear and prisons where they want us all lost,
those stiff dictators that stop the world and do not let us live,
and you will become thunder and honey, orange and shrapnel,
pepper gas
and kids will undo gaily those monsters of salt while everyone
dances.

(Translated from Catalan by the author)

OSCAR LOCATELLI *(Italy)*

IL SOGNO SOCIALISTA

Il mio cuore è un Soviet
che continua a non sopportare lo sfruttamento.
Per uccidere i sentimenti degli operai
le belve hanno raso al suolo le fabbriche.

Amano fare jogging nei deserti urbani, concimano
la cultura dello scarto.
Ma non sanno che la vernice rossa
non asciuga mai.

THE SOCIALIST DREAM

My heart is a Soviet
that still can't stand exploitation.
To kill the feelings
of the workers
the beasts have torn down the factories.

They love jogging in urban deserts, they fertilize
the culture of waste.
But they don't know that red paint
never dries.

(Translated from Italian by the author.)

JESSICA LOOS

TEAR DOWN WALLS

in & between countries,
cities, stars, under the sea
we're about to be
encased in plexiglass
the pandemic S.I.P.
the virus goblets have
have their say but people
are protesting anyway
Black Lives Matter
"hands up don't shoot
I didn't grab the loot"
down with police &
corporate thieves
give loot to those in need
dance in autumn leaves
in & between countries,
cities, stars, under the sea
no more anomie dance
around the Maypole tree,
Rosie embrace the workers,
children, a world without slavery,
strawberry fields forever, roses
in Harlem, tiptoe in tulips,
lilacs, free hats, fresh bread &
water with no lead,
on a non-melting earth
speak dreams of rivers.

BIPLAB MAJEE (India)

বিপ্লব মাজী
অনার্য নদী তুমি সুবর্ণরেখা

অনার্য নদী তুমি সুবর্ণরেখা,
পাহাড় থেকে নিচে নেমে জলবিভাজিকা ঘুরে ঘুরে
পাথর ফাটিয়ে সমুদ্রে নেমে গেছো --
মহাজাগতিক বুনো সুবর্ণসাপ

মাথার ওপরে পৌরাণিক আকাশ
বিশ্বায়ন এখনো পারেনি তোমাকে গ্রাস করে নিতে
স্মৃতি বিস্মৃতি মিথ
পুরাণ প্রতিমা লোককথায়,
সমগ্র প্রবাহ জুড়ে জঙ্গলমহল
ধামসা মাদল আদিবাসী নাচ আর টুসুগানে
নগর সভ্যতা স্পর্শ করে আছে

মাঝে মাঝে এখানে ওখানে
অরণ্য গভীরে পাথরযুগের কুঠার
সভ্যতারই জীবাশ্ম বহন করে,
হাজার হাজার বছর আদিম মানব রক্ত প্রবাহিত
তোমার ধমনীশিরায় , মিথের গভীর থেকে
উঁকি মারে
একুশ শতকে, চিরায়ত সোনালিরেখা,সুবর্ণরেখা...

BIPLAB MAJEE (*India*)

**SUBARNAREKHA YOU ARE A NON-ARYAN
RIVER**

Subarnarekha you are a non-Aryan river
Descending from the hill and rolling round the Watershed
you flow down to the sea breaking the stones
you are like a cosmic wild golden snake
there is mythical sky up above the head
the globalization cannot grasp you till now
you are there in the memory, forgetfulness and myth
In the idol of Purana, folk lore and Tusu Gaan
The whole flow of yours is
Pervaded with Jangal Mahal, the sound of Dhamsa, Madal
and tribal dance
The urban civilization touches you here and there
The axe of the Stone Age in the forest
Bears the fossil of civilization
The primitive human blood is flown in the vein and artery
of yours
Oh Subarnarekha ! The universal golden line peeps from
the depth of the myth in this 21st century

Purana=Myth. Tusu Gaan=Tribal Folk Song. Jangal Mahal
=Forest Area.
Dhamsa.= Tribal Drum . Madal = Tribal Drum. Subarnarekha
=The river flows through the
Indian states of Jharkhand, West Bengal and Odisha. Source -
Chhota Nagpur Plateau. Mouth -Bay of Bengal. Length -395km.

(Translated from Bengali by Nandita Bhattacharya)

JIDI MAJIA (*China*)

这个世界的欢迎词
这是一个偶然？
还是造物主神奇的结晶？
我想这一切都不重要
当你来到这个世界
我不想首先告诉你
什么是人类的欢乐
什么又是人类的苦难
然而我对你的祝福却是最真诚的
我虽然还说不出你的名字
但我却把你看成是
一切最美好事物的化身
如果你需要的话
我只想给你留下这样一句诗：
——孩子，要热爱人！

JIDI MAJIA (*China*)

A WELCOME SPEECH TO THE WORLD

Is this coincidence
or the crystallization of the Creator's miracle?
I don't think any of that is important
When you arrive in this world
I don't want to tell you first
what happiness is
or what human suffering is
However, my blessings for you are sincere

Although I can't yet say your name
I see you as the incarnation
of all the most beautiful things
I want to leave you this line of poetry
in case you need it:
Child, you should love people with all your heart!

(Translated from Chinese by Jami Proctor Xu)

devorah major

downpressors

Woe to the downpressors:

They'll eat the bread of sorrow! Bob Marley

you walked on our bones for centuries
turned them to sand
poured into sandboxes
for your children to build sandcastles

and when the sand became translucent
filled with the sunlight
burning your eyes
you found more to sacrifice

sent vultures to strip away our skins
and built ladders formed
from our ribs, limbs and skulls
on which you climbed
to get a better view of the lands
you planned to conquer

and now we rise
joined by
some of your children
and grandchildren
who have eaten of shame
and refuse to travel
on the rails you laid
with our bones

and each of you
who blocks our path
tries to press us back
will be blinded by our brilliance
blinded
blinded
blinded by our brilliance

ÁNGEL MARTINEZ

**PEOPLE'S DEMOCRACY – Fragments for the Future
(to be continued, if we are to survive)**

Forked tongues talk about disease:
You mean, smallpox in a blanket?

We are not in the land of the free
Since 1492, this never was,
and only after this nightmare is over
can we even be

525+ years of terrorism
we have had
we must see
– see it end

Poor people are in the fight of their lives
The old order is burning
While the idols of white supremacy fall
The poor must destroy the supremacy that created it

Fear is ... a toilet paper shortage?
Don't worry, when the dollar means nothing,
you'll have plenty of cash on hand!

Oppression is a virus
Imperialism is the final virus
We must defeat

Only then can we be free
to love our grandparents
and raise our generations
most high

ALBERTO MASALA (*Italia*)

MA È UN'ALTRA VITA

Noi siamo in trappola
in una confortante gravità.
Un oceano di vita
potrebbe soffocarci facilmente.
Per poterlo affrontare
in questo nostro tempo senza uscita
duro da pronunciare
preferisco una *musica* più dura
della pacata musica di un libro
dove talvolta brucia e anche trabocca
la rivolta ma sempre così breve
che alla fine serpeggia agonizzante
davanti alla ragione
che impone la sua legge di realtà
e quando preme affonda nella carne
e una ferita chiara
attraversa la carne come artiglio
lasciando questo segno di chiarezza
e ci presenta tutti questi morti.

Forse questa poesia
può incrostare di ruggine le sbarre
per credere che forse
si romperanno.
Ho detto forse. Ancora
non ne siamo sicuri.

Forse siamo l'essenza
di ogni rivolta morta in apparenza
il metodico battito del cuore
di rabbia antica e ruggine del tempo.
Ma non si può vedere ad occhio nudo.

ALBERTO MASALA (*Italy*)

BUT IT'S A DIFFERENT LIFE

We are trapped
in a comforting gravity.
An ocean of life
could easily suffocate us.
In order to be able to face it
in this dead-end time of ours
hard to articulate
I prefer music to be harder
than the quiet music of a book
where it sometimes burns and even overflows
the revolt but always so short
that at the end it meanders agonizing
in front of reason
which imposes its law of reality
and when it presses plunges into the flesh
and a clear wound
it crosses the flesh like claw
leaving this sign of clarity
and presents us with all these dead.

Maybe this poem
can encrust the bars with rust
in order to believe that maybe
they will break.
I said maybe. Still
we are not sure they will.

Maybe we are the essence
of every apparently dead revolt
the methodical beat of the earth
of ancient anger and rust of time.
But you can't see it with the naked-eye.

Eccomi. Sono qui.
Ancora sul bordo del mio tempo
mentre prosegue il lutto
e qui non c'è nient'altro.
Hai visto quanti sono?
Non possiamo lasciarli alle parole.
Adesso vanno
oltre questa poesia
che s'interrompe qui.

È necessaria una follia migliore.

Behold. Here I am.
Still on the rim of my time
while mourning continues
and there is nothing else here.
Have you seen how many they are?
We cannot leave them to words.
Now they go
beyond this poem
that stops here.

A better madness is needed.

(Translated from Italian by the author)

AHCENE MARICHE (*Algeria*)

NEGLIGENCE

If we could make of negligence an arm
It would cause disaster
Pains and wounds
And lead us to despair and failure
No one can tolerate it
It is the ruin of all hopes
We want to keep away from it
When we see its doing
From our minds we have to chase it
Together we will succeed
Negligence is the worst flaw
It destroys castles
And devastates people
It is even merciless
Its preys are here to show
That it led their lives to wreck
Look again around you
You will notice
The huge number of victims
Many are those who fall down
Because no one supports them
And all memories are erased
Because no one recalls them
Like an illness, negligence
Kills, blinds and paralyses
Like fire stirred up with hay
Or like floods devastating frontiers
The negligent should be penalized
Their judgment must be harsh
They stole, killed and destroyed

They are worse than guns and knives
Negligence appears at early hours
Like a threatening shadow
Quiet and with a firm step
It goes beyond boundaries
Quickly it reaches the fatal end

ELIZABETH MARINO

HIGH ALERT

One or the other of us stumbles
slips into the bathroom
one or the other cat
slips into our warm spot
and nestles in.
We had packed little for this trip
but probably will voyage out
return from the other side unchanged.

Azure lake and marbled sky
split by a rising sun
another day on this side.
There is a light within, seen when
eyes dim or blaze, lighthouse beacons
This is a time we remember
our dreams. We count our dead
and cannot gather to mourn.

Last night, the weather woman warned
to keep your notification device
close. Funnel clouds might touch down
not so far away. Thunderstorms boomed
crashed outside our sealed windows. One cat reared up
onto my edge of the bed, a flash of light her corona.

Carefully tuck in
that blanket of death covering
one hundred twenty thousand strong
in this singular wave of genocide by negligence –
omission and commission. Who even knew (besides
countless homeless advocates?) that poor people doubled
and tripled up, and many Latinx people are best guessed at

by looks, as Black or white? Where did all these people
come from? Don't bother to ask embarrassing questions
or work for a more accurate census. For practice
they moved generators and island National Guard
just before two major hurricanes, in preparation.
Take away the mental health clinics from people
struggling with multi-generational PTSD
Bang bang, they shot you dead -- all around
It just did not ever stop. A steady income, a steady
clean safe place to lay your head every night
two or three people to trust, for a start
Struggling to keep ourselves whole
without cutting or a whiskey neat.

Push aside the blanket of death
Clear a plot, a seedbed to sink into, grow
some roots, even thrive and feel the sun
lick our newly sprouted green leaves
Let us build a new platform
upon this killing floor.



**“She Who Bore Them All”
Dorothy Payne**

KAREN MELANDER-MAGOON

DEVASTATION AND PRAYERS

I am Amphan
I am a cyclone
I rip into people's homes
People in tents
People who have nothing
And I take the nothing they have
I am Amphan
My name means sky
Umpun they say
I rip across Bengal
Where tiny tidepools make playgrounds
For children and small things
I cannot help the force I bring
My throat bellows
I pour floods of water on tiny things
I wipe out life
Like giving birth
Nature pushes my belly
And wind and water surge and devastate
Mother of wind and water and all life
Blows viruses and microbes
Tinier than even I imagine
Into these same tents I now destroy
I blow and scream
Ruled by my mother
I cannot stop my wind and water
I swallow up roofs and bridges
I drink villages and spit them out
And when it is over
I am still Amphan
I am sky
My clouds gather
And I pray
For the world
Beneath me

SARAH MENEFEE

HOME

for Mike Zint

bags bags bags
to hump along all day

bag homes

*

all the way home
that we don't have

~

swallowed by the
maws of night

a huge white
garbage truck

with grinding jaws

*

chewing up all
we own

~

that Jesus broke
over a broken heart?

*

'I'm not moving so
go ahead I said
take me to jail'

my son said

~

young head
on his skateboard pillow

dreams of not
illegal liberty

but of being bound
in the arms of
a dear embrace

*

you daughter you son

~

they poured water
over the flattened
cardboard

outside the expensive
chain café

'I try to find work
every day just to eat'

~

another night
gets inside his bones

the concrete ruins

up thru the cardboard
layers

from cold hell below

~

into the sundown wind
folded cardboard under
arm

the lilac eastern sky
at your back

~

been out on their
groundscore
since thrown out

*

I will steal
for spare change

*

‘read this sign
for a dollar’

~

bodies of this war
on the poor
everywhere

its heart an
infected dollar

in a plague
of filthy lucre

~

you nothing with
your interesting rags

fashion will steal

~

‘money for aspartame’
my sweetheart wrote
on his spanging sign

‘money for aspartame’
he cried in his wit

~

a little box
with an oily fish-head
dropped at his feet

future’s son

~

hides from the wind

anywhere he can

for ten years on to
eternity

*

no end no end
till yet till yet

~-

my son is dead
and Mike Z is gone

he sits in
a golden tent

and says
‘you are home’

NANCY MOREJÓN (*Cuba*)

PRÍNCIPE NEGRO PARA GEORGE FLOYD

Aunque su sueño era lanzarte al Mississippi,
aquel caníbal de uniforme opaco
ha quemado en silencio su rodilla
sobre tu cuello inerte.
El humo de tu carne va subiendo hasta el cielo mojado.
Saltando entre las flores, el aire de tus bronquios
persigue su fantasma hasta morder
el colmillo sangriento del caníbal.
Y tú alientas, indómito, sobre el asfalto húmedo,
bajo la sombra quieta de un manzano
en Minneapolis,
donde colocaremos, para ti,
este brillante, este limpio
príncipe negro nuestro,
a tu memoria.

NANCY MOREJÓN (*Cuba*)

A BLACK PRINCE ROSE FOR GEORGE FLOYD

Though he wanted to throw you in the Mississippi,
the cannibal in the murky uniform
with his knee has scorched into silence
your motionless throat.
The smoke of your flesh ascends to a wet heavens.
Hopping among the flowers, your breath
chases his ghost and manages to bite
the bloody fang of the cannibal.
But you inspire, indomitable, lying on the wet asphalt,
under the quiet shade of an apple tree
in Minneapolis,
where we will place, for you,
this shining, clean
Black Prince Rose of ours,
to your memory.

(Translated from Spanish by Ana Elena de Arazoza)

MAJID NAFICY (Iran)

این خانه بو گرفته است

مجید نفیسی

این خانه از آن تو نیست
به برج سیمانیت بازگرد
!با پیشابدان طلائیش

آن کس که به جای تو خواهد نشست
باید چراغ راهنمای این ملت باشد
نه چون تو سرکرده‌ی جانیان

دور نیست
که رودخانه‌ی میسیسیپی
به رودخانه‌ی کلرادو بپیوندد
و این خانه را یکسره
* از گند چهارساله‌ات بشوید

برخیز ای هرکول آمریکایی
که در دل هر زن و مرد آگاه
!خانه داری
!برخیز !برخیز
!این خانه بو گرفته است

بیست و دوم مه دوهزار و بیست

. اشاره است به پاک کردن طویله‌های آژیاس بدست هرکول *

MAJID NAFICY (*Iran*)

THIS HOUSE STINKS

This house is not yours.
Go back to your concrete tower
With its golden toilet!

The one who will replace you
Must be the leading light of this nation
Not like you, the head of criminals.

It is not long
Until the Mississippi River
Joins the Colorado
And washes off your four-year filth
Thoroughly from this house.*

Rise, oh American Hercules
Who live in the hearts of
Every informed woman and man.
Rise! Rise!
This house stinks!

* An allusion to Hercules' washing-off the Augean stables.

(Translated from Farsi by the author)

BILL NEVINS

A HYMN FROM HOLY SILENCE

In memory of David McReynolds

Let's never sing that Star Spangled Banner again.
Let's just forget the words.
It would sound too ironic, like their President's sour
sarcasm.

It would sting like bleach in our unhealed wounds.
The great American pass-time is over, anyway,
And we can't afford to play games.
We need no more fireworks bursting in air.
We have time now only for online funerals
and ZOOM family grievings. Our time is too precious to
waste.

Let us not dishonor these patriot graves.
In this sad time when their heartless President "jokes" of
disinfectant cures
while our people shelter in place, uncertain and afraid
or when they bravely die, as heroes give up their lives in
despair,
we must mourn our dead martyrs, truly mourn.
We must not celebrate their deaths as necessary casualties
in a war for the bosses profits and greed.
Such death-celebration is obscene in itself, as I well know.
That's the old Gold Star flag-rag, that war-song
government show
of folded flags and body bags, that White-Christ racist crap,
that locks our country up behind walls, scared and so
confused.
That drowns soft words of honest truth with 21-gun salutes,
rockets' red glare and empty prayer, while the bought off
preachers preach.
In this time of mass dying, this Greatest Depression,
we don't need a "war movie" fantasy where a smug
Commander in Chief,

his Brass, his lackeys and his vampire children
declare victory, open up the land for business as usual,
hold parades, strike up stolen Rolling Stones tunes,
send the Blue Angel Jets roaring over us,
and pin medals on themselves.

This is no reality tv show.

There is no Apprentice and the Big Bad Orange Boss is
broke. Dead broke.

This is real life. Real death.

The bosses' noise has no place in our public life now.

We need quiet. We need true communal mourning.

Keening if you will, or stern raised fists, deep meditation,
weeping, silent wakes,

for these tragic deaths, that should not have been.

The question now is What is to be done? As we imagine
our next day.

As we take our lands and businesses away from rich fools.

As we open our own new peoples' schools.

As we honor our dead in tears, in quiet rage.

As we cry: No more deaths. Never again!

As we shout at our screens and in our streets, "Shut the
Hell Up, Trump!"

As we cautiously shop. As we don our masks and build our
unions.

As we recite wild loving poems. As we pray.

As we Vote Blue.

As red and black and rainbow flags unfurl.

As our silent new anthems are born.

As we join our sacred dead in their endless song of holy
stillness,

As they sleep. As we remember. As we fight.

As we wake again in hope by each new dawn's early light.

ALEX PAUSIDES (*Cuba*)

PERRO MUNDO

No voy a seguir buceando en la inmundicia
No voy a oler el sicote del que pasa con su tufo a leche
podrida
No voy a rogar por un hueso pelada
No me da la gana de ladrar por nada
No voy a anunciarles que un ladrón merodea por el
vecindario
Ni que los gatos no quieren cazar las ratas que se comen el
queso
No quiero ser más el mejor amigo de nadie

DOG WORLD

I'm not going to continue diving into filth
I'm not going to sniff the sweat of someone who stinks of
sour milk
I'm not going to beg for a bare bone
It won't give me any pleasure to bark at nothing
I'm not going to announce that a thief is prowling the
neighborhood
Nor that the cats don't want to hunt the rats who eat the
cheese
I don't want to be anybody's best friend anymore

(Translated from Spanish by Judith Ayn Bernhard)

DOROTHY PAYNE

THESE WOMEN

(for the market Women of Guinea)

These women,

who are women
even before they
cease being children;
who carry babies
on their backs
even before they
cease being them;
who carry loads
on their heads like
emerging little queens
burdened with the earth's
best bounty:

bread, warm-fresh
and ready to feed the day
before the sun has
even risen;

These women

who walk like elegant antelopes,
majestic necks stretched skyward;
made long by all that seeking,
lifting,
seeing,
rising;

These beautiful women of Guinea;
whose feet never seem to
touch the ground,
rather endorse, sweep, and
preserve it;

These women,

whose backs and breasts
arch heavenward, and assume

fecund announcement;
these manifestations of Oklo;
origins of flesh and warm loam.

Praise her, this place of all beginning:
shea-lathered and beautifully irrefutable;
her flamboyance a flaunted affront
to colonial cruelty;
her very existence a declaration of war
against poverty.

Praise her glisteningness, her polyrhythmic
refusal to acquiesce to a time linear
and meaningless:
not past, yet not fully present;

Praise this blinding light of all existence:
her very breathing, her breeding an indignant insistence;
her haughty hips a rebut to all attempts
to eliminate her—or her children;

Praise these women
who rise like the sun,
flauntingly returning
its radiance;
indomitable flashes of the spirit:
gaze upon them—
these women who carry
our loads, and
all enduring things—

Praise them,
for they are all we are,
are all we have been,
now be;
for they are us:
our vivified
re-memory.

GREGORY POND

GENERAL APATHY

comrades, it's time to unite
to fight a common enemy
marching under the command
of an advancing General Apathy
who is more than happy
to lead us towards inaction
relegate us to reacting
instead of being proactive
or tracking a better course
so much easier to resign from life
when we're already so tired
and only desire to be safe and secure
why worry for lack of lock or key
if there is no curiosity
of what lies behind the door?
but how can we achieve any unity
fight the power or feed the poor
when we don't even seem to care
that we don't care
anymore?

JEANNE POWELL

ALLEY BY ALLEY WE BUILD

Very clear he was
about his outlook in life.

Work with what you know,
work with what you have,
first-person care is the rule.

Let every glance by indifferent
to others, once you are clear
they pose no threat.

She was small in that alley corner.
He typed her, then ignored her
with every indifferent glance.

Stretching under a thin red coat,
shivering every breath she took,
so small in that alley corner.

Not worth a serious look
in his backgammon world.

Rose where did you get?
sprinted through his memory,
quickstepping past old pain.

Rose where did you get that red?
that other one had been a miniature too
in her merry-girl crimson shawl.

He shrugged and repositioned
his hard-won nonchalance
all through evening shadows,

so that every indifferent glance
could find this new heart quickly
in case she lasted through the night.

She woke up in that alley corner
under a flowering full moon,
glanced both ways and sat up.

Beside her -- coffee in a cracked mug,
a cup of whiskey, and poems by Ho Chi Minh.
Wide-eyed, she reached and claimed the poems.

With gentle caution, he brought her
a red shawl, he brought her a safe welcome.
He offered a chance to walk a new path.

THORWALD PROLL (*Deutschland*)

DAS „COME TOGETHER“ GEDICHT

Wir brauen für Dich
etwas zusammen – das Militär
wir schauen für dich
in die Zukunft – die Forschung
wir rauben für dich
alles aus – das Kapital
wir glauben für dich
an gar nichts – die Kirche
Wir schließen die Nachtausgabe in unser Gebet mit ein
„ich bin müde
ich habe Hunger
ich will nach Hause“
ich erschauere:
Drei Wünsche auf einmal

„Jetzt kommen Sie mir nicht
mit dem Überraschungsei“
kommt der Erlösungsschrei
Ermittlungen gegen Schweine
Pfand auf 's Herz
Dr. med. – der Doktor mäht
der Dichter ist ein Beamter im
Rauschministerium

THORWALD PROLL (*Germany*)

THE »COME TOGETHER« POEM

We are brewing up
something for you – the Military
we are looking into
the future for you – the Research
we are robbing
everything for you – the Capital
we are believing
in nothing for you – the Church

We are including the late-night edition in our prayer
»I am tired
I am hungry
I'd like to go home«
it makes me shudder:
three wishes at a time

» Now don't you bother me
with the surprise egg«
resounds a vehement beg
investigating pigs
setting your heart upon it
MD – the doctor's bleat
the poet is a civil servant
in the ecstasy's ministry

(Translated from German by Jürgen Schneider)

FERNANDO RENDON (*Colombia*)

PALESTINA

Mestizos, somos árabes también. Alguien que llegó a España hace diez siglos nos circula, conoce las estrellas, es caravana en el desierto.

Sarracenos con alfanjes y rodela cabalgan todavía las llanuras hacia mezquitas asombrosas, anegando espacios y aposentos con una lengua de medias lunas.

Otra vez persas y hebreos codiciando nuestros ríos de miel, prendiendo fuego al campamento, flechando la ternura, de nuevo la langosta asolando los olivos, dulce Palestina que guardas tu rostro tras un pasamontañas.

Y a pesar de todo aún zumban cedros milenarios, danza el cielo un son de júbilo sobre tu amor armado.

Es la guerra de tus niños entre tierras de nadie que florecen mientras bulle la alquimia en las arterias.

Estamos advertidos: un poder invisible nos escalpa.

FERNANDO RENDON (*Colombia*)

PALESTINE

Half-castes, we are Arabs as well. Somebody who came to Spain ten centuries ago courses through us, knows the stars, is a caravan in the desert.

Saracens with backswords and bucklers still ride the plains towards amazing mosques, flooding spaces and chambers in the tongue of half-moons.

Again Persians and Hebrews coveting our honey rivers, setting fire to the camp, shooting tenderness with arrows, again the locust blighting the olive trees, sweet Palestine hiding your face behind a balaclava.

And still the millenary cedars buzz, the sky dances a joyful sound above your armed love.

It is your children's war amidst wastelands that blossom while alchemy boils in the arteries.

We have been warned: an invisible power is scalping us.

(Translated from Spanish by Laura Chalar)

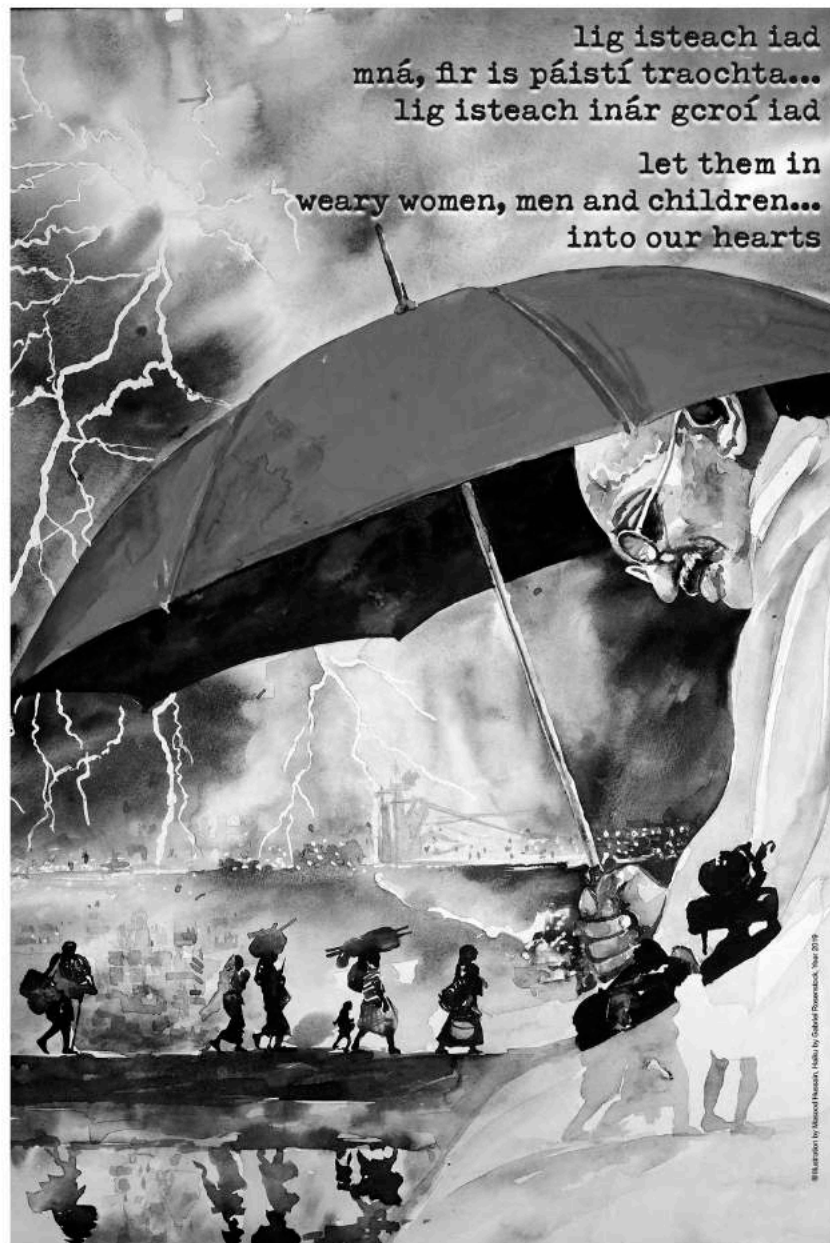
GABRIEL ROSENSTOCK (*Éire / Ireland*)

**COVID 19: LABHRAÍONN AN GINEARÁL FAOINA
BHUAIRT**

Féinleithlisiú . . .
Na laethanta goirt seo
Cathain a bheidh mé in ann
Cathláin d'fhir óga neamhoilte
A chur chun cogaidh
D'fhonn a gcnámha féin
Is cnámha eile a bhascadh
Cathain a fheicfidh mé arís iad
Is iad ag máirseáil go huaibhreach
Gualainn le gualainn
Féinleithlisiú . . .
Na laethanta goirt seo
Splanc na mbeaignítí
Ní fheicim níos mó

**COVID 19: THE GENERAL SPEAKS OF HIS
SORROW**

Self-isolation . . .
These bitter days
When can I send battalions
Of raw young men
To war
To crush their bones
And the bones of others
When will I see them again
Marching proudly
Shoulder to shoulder
Self-isolation . . .
These bitter days
The flash of bayonets
Is no more



**“Wounded Soldier”
Otto Dix**



**“Fantastic Animal #13”
Adrian Arias**

NICK SAMARAS

BROKEN FUTURE

How to fix what hasn't come yet?
Start with the anguish of the present.
Refuse to participate in what drags us
further down. Assemble the splinters
and rebuild a tree, a house, a space
to inhabit calmness and forgiveness.
Console what grieves and regrets.
Take coloured shards of a kaleidoscope
and reassemble a better picture, to break
the present and reset the bone.
To regenerate enough hope to live on.
To build a better home and move back in.

SANDRO SARDELLA *(Italia)*

DISCANTO di BRACE e SETE

1

tramonto fuso con l'orizzonte
bombardato e solitario
secco di sete d'infinito che
al lume della luna di primavera
urla
nel raschio della porta di ferro che si chiude
nell'erba verde che rinasce dalle macerie
nelle mani che sanno di ruggine

sete bruciata
da suoni torturati
da canti liberi per cuori rossi

e hanno sete
e rompono l'ordine stabilito
e seminano sogni planetari a km. 0
e addolciscono l'acqua del mare
e mostrano la nudità di reucci impestati
di corone color carota

come si agitano come cantano
ma nessuno sente nessuno ascolta

i nudi muri mediorientali
sotto il crepuscolo insanguinato
disegnano la vergogna di un cuore plastificato
da una sinfonia di polvere messicana
ho visto il mare
oceano di sete oltre il filo spinato

SANDRO SARDELLA (*Italy*)

DESCANT of EMBERS and THIRST

1.

sunset melts into horizon
bombed out and lonely
desiccated by a thirst for infinity which under the spring
moonlight
screams
in the grinding of a closing iron door
in green grass reborn from rubble

in hands that taste like rust
a thirst consumed
by tortured sounds

by free chants for red hearts
and they are thirsty
and they smash the established order
and they sow planetary dreams at the zero mile and they
soften the seawater

and they expose naked festering tinpot emperors with their
carrot-colored crowns
how they fidget how they sing but nobody hears nobody
listens

naked Middle Eastern walls
under bloody twilight
trace the shame of a heart laminated by symphonies of
Mexican dust
I've seen the ocean
sea of thirst beyond the barbwire

2

fradicia umanità che guarda
il silenzio stupito dei bambini
gli occhi quegli occhi bruciano
continuano a dirmi di
un paradiso d'occidente vuoto e falso

parliamo di Covid 19
di città deserte di paura
di scrivere per non far rumore
di corpi distanziati a norma
di ci stanno scavando dentro
di televisori surriscaldati
di finestre e di balconi con
serenata italiana

nel fumo muto tra macchine sorde
una risata può rovesciare tuttecose
l'angelo ribelle errante erotico eretico
pesta stelle strangolate nella melma
di un cielo-lago d'imbecilli
canta non smette
di leggere-interrogare il tempo scuro
non soffoca nell'asservimento
segue il volo degli uccelli
vede la luce che taglia ombre spaesate
su una terra conquistata consumata ustionata
canta canta
la voce degli invisibili
la voce dei diseredati
canta
corpo spalancato
cantiamo

canto e sputo
e rubo parole da spogliare
per poesie a mani e piedi nudi.

2

drenched humanity gawking
at the stunned silence of children
the eyes those eyes burn
they keep telling me of
a hollow and phony Western paradise

let's talk of Covid 19
of deserted cities of fear
of writing to keep from making noise of bodies distanced
by decree
of their digging into it
of overheating television sets
of windows and balconies with Italian serenade

in the dumb smoke amid deaf machines
one laugh might overturn all things
the rebel angel errant erotic heretic tramples on stars
that choke in the muck of a sky-lake of imbeciles
sings doesn't quit reading-questioning the darkness of time
doesn't suffocate in servitude tracks the flight of birds
sees the light slashing through lost shadows upon a land
conquered
consumed scorched
sings sings
the voice of the invisibles the voice of the disowned
he sings
body wide open we sing

I sing and spit
and steal words to be undressed for emptyhanded barefoot
poems.

(Translated from Italian by Lapo Guzzini)

LUIS FELIPE SARMENTO (*Portugal*)

**SOU UN HOMEM FEITO DE MULHERES EM
VERSO**

Se digo mãe, digo Itália; se digo avó, digo ilha,
se digo bisavô, digo Galiza; se digo trisavó, digo França
um tetravô na Grécia outro em Damasco;
um perdido na Índia cigana outra nas ruas da Palestina,
se chegar aos décimos avós sou de todos os lugares,
venho de todas as origens, concebido em todas as religiões;
venho de um pirata e seguramente de uma puta,
de um marajá e de uma cortesã, uma geisha
e um traficante de sedas; uma amazona das estepes
e um boiardo; um vizir e uma poeta,
família de assaltantes nos idos dos avós doze,
marinheiros das austrálias, perdidos nos infernos
de ser gente do mundo e no mundo parental
chego depois de várias incidências
a esta Lisboa remodelada; na Mouraria um primo
outro no Quartier, uma prima no Magrebe
outra em Moscovo e mais uma no Congo
e milhares no Brasil, o meu ADN é o mundo,
as minhas células do universo
sou um homem feito de mulheres em verso.
Nas minhas veias há um refugiado profundo
Afinal onde está o meu berço?

LUIS FELIPE SARMENTO (*Portugal*)

I AM A MAN BORN OF WOMEN IN VERSE

If I say mother, I mean Italy; if I say grandmother, I mean
an island,
if I say great-grandfather, I mean Galicia; if I say great-
grandmother, I mean France
One great-great grandfather in Greece, another in
Damascus;
One a gypsy lost in India, another in the streets of
Palestine,
If I reach to the tenth grandparents, I'll be from
everywhere,
I have my origins everywhere, conceived in all religions;
I come from a pirate and surely from a whore,
from a maharajah and from a courtesan, a geisha
and from a dealer in silks; from an amazonas of the
steppes;
and a boyar; a vizier and a poet,
from a family of robbers in times long ago,
Australian sailors, lost in hell
for being people of the world, a parental world
then I come from various coincidences
to this reformed Lisbon; at Mouraria a cousin
another in the Quartier, a female cousin in Maghreb
another in Moscow and yet another in the Congo
thousands in Brazil, my DNA is the world,
my cells are the universe.
I am a man born by women in verse.
In my veins lives a profound refugee
I ask where is the crib of my birth?

(Translated from Portuguese by Vamberto Freitas)

ALASDAIR SCHLESINGER

LET PEOPLE BE TREATED LIKE PEOPLE AGAIN

Let people be treated like people again.
Let us take action to help those who cannot help
themselves.
Let us rewrite the books of conducting society,
And build a better world.

(Let people be treated like people again.)

Let the rich get poorer and the poor get richer--
Yet it seems the opposite tends to always be happening.
Let us all judge each other by our integrity,
Not our accumulated fortune.

(Let people be treated like people again.)

O, let us breathe in the fresh, sweet air of equality
Where everyone has an opportunity that is equal to
everyone else.
Opportunity is like a mighty river until it is blocked by a
dam
Together, we will rise, and break down that dam!

(Let people be treated like people again.)

KIM SHUCK

POINT ON A FRETFUL MAP

Designated a ritual of violence
Somewhere there is a list
Who will be captured
Who tamed
Who will be hunted
As I read through the hero poet's journal
I realize that I should be writing love poems
Six pages later I know that I do write love poems
A tourniquet poem
Body armor poem
I want you walking upright
Into an elderhood
Where you tell the children what you did
All the way back then
In unimaginable times

DINO SIOTIS (*Greece*)

Δεν μπορούν ν' ανασάνουν

Να πλένετε καλά τα χέρια σας μόλις αγγίζετε λέξεις
που δεν μπορούν ν' ανασάνουν, να φοράτε σωστά τη
μάσκα μόλις έρχεστε σε επαφή με μπάτσους που έχουν

αγριέψει, ν' ασφαρίζετε τα όνειρά σας Offshore αν και
εφόσον δεν είναι ρατσιστικά, με το 'να χέρι στην τσέπη
και με περασμένες χειροπέδες εξολοθρεύεται πιο εύκολα

ο υπό κράτηση αράπης, η ασφάλειά σας είναι πολύ σοβαρή
υπόθεση για να την αναλάβει η αστυνομία, το νέο νορμάλ
είναι πολύ πιο νορμάλ απ' το προηγούμενο, κι όποιος
αντέξει...

DINO SIOTIS (*Greece*)

THEY CAN'T BREATHE

Wash your hands thoroughly each time you touch
words that can't breathe, wear your mask properly
as soon as you come in contact with cops with no

good intentions, keep your dreams safe only if they
're not racist, with one hand in pocket the black man
restrained in handcuffs is easier to exterminate, your

own safety is a very serious matter to be handed over
to the police, the new normal is much more normal
than the previous and who knows who will survive....

*(Translated from Greek by Vassiliki Rapti
and Julia Dubnoff)*

MAKETA SMITH-GROVES

DIASPORA

My mind has a landscape that could not form
anywhere except America.

This is the Diaspora
the vastness in my soul
like an African desert
forever roamed:

This Detroit memory of
my father's
twelve gauge blasting
away wall/and blood-splattered rats;
my father's rage that he could not prevent
this horror/this poverty/cleaving
as
Mississippi mud and
KKK raids
cleaving.

Shooting rats late at night,
rats the size of footballs
scampering over sleeping bodies of
siblings and I
this profound rage and
desecration by the rats
(for sleeping children are sacred ground)
filled me with my father's rage
and
I have raged ever since.

In Memoriam.

DOREEN STOCK

FOR SUSIE IN MINNEAPOLIS

I saw America flaming
in her covid mask struggling to break free
of all the racist pain that marks her bankrupt
passage through pandemic and the ruined generations
of her multi-colored love

She who once broke free of one tyrant
to land herself under another

I saw America flaming
in her covid mask struggling to break free
of old forms, of hatred's two best friends,
violence and decay

I saw police lined up in her cities
suddenly taking a knee
opposite the brave and kneeling protesters

knee to cement
the only gesture
beginning to redeem
the knee that pressed so hard
upon George Floyd whose life
the moment it flew from him became
this torch to set America
marching through her cities
gathering in her squares flaming
in her covid mask struggling to break free

MATTHEW TALEBI

A WORD WITH COVID-19

Dedicated to doctors and nurses of the frontlines

A guest or intruder, scarier than a meteor
On flights from west, east, or north
Killing our blossoms and flowers.
Whether in cities or prairies
Tiny clumps of molecular matter
Indiscriminately you cause murder.
Tears of mothers, fathers, sisters
You do not feel their sorrows
Have no ears, eyes, or heart.
You are devoid of life and love.
A dead particle of our nature
Not aware of your torture.
The energy and power of matter
Capable of so much disaster.
A member of our nature family
With no one you are friendly.
Caged us in forced quarantine
Against our freedom doctrine
You prefer lung bubbles to multiply.
In the air, you float, can't fly.
Invisible to our eyes, not even a bacterium.
They call you a Virus in the germ spectrum.
You naked, on the offensive
We masked, on the defensive.
No purpose, no goal by essence
Perhaps a wanderer in existence.
I guess I understand your innocence
But I see you are deadly to the populace.
Social chaos, loss of lives
From your intrusion
Fundamental transmutation.
We are learning, matter and energy is

The whole of nature and universe.
Engine of creation, evolution, and destruction
You proved to us that people are generators
Of wealth, not buildings with machines.
Now, we've had enough of you, you modern black plague.
And we ask of you,
Go away, go away!!!!

AMBER TAMBLYN

TO A NEW DAWNING

For our New York Cities

From sun's first shine, we walk all day
through a dream surreal, our minds wander
a new world from inside windowsills.
We go to bed half asleep,
eyes defiant for the crave of news feed,
quenching our dread on the bad blood of blue light
not sent from the moon.
We are devastate-aching,
this can't be happening,
a nation stationed inside the nightmare
of a leader unfit for awakening.
We grieve in solitary solidarity
for our country, our New York cities; their subways
riding ghosted through the choking channels of our lungs—
those throats that have known
I can't breathe
far before our collective chests could not.
We grieve for every building of our boroughs,
from section eight to the unfinished skyscraper's crane.
Buildings busting with bodies or abandoned by them:
bodies that dance, bodies that sleep,
bodies that virtual meet, eat and drink.
Bodies that cease.
We grieve the gravity
of having to die alone
in a city built on never having to be.
And though our bridges are orphaned arches
left to hold up the sky's condolences,
they still do connect us.
They still do connect us.
Connect us,
to the cabin fever daughters

watching over high fevered grandfathers.
Connect us to the warrior first responders,
nurses and exhausted doctors,
the recovering sick finally taking off ventilators.
Connect us,
to the maskless, the homeless,
the hopeless, the jobless,
our locals: bars, bodegas and bath houses,
our silent Brooklyn streets empty as ancient desert streams
holding only the echoes of ambulance screams.
Connect us,
to the cherry blossoms standing guard in full blush
while cops bloom ribbons of yellow tape at their gates.
Us, connected
by airborne whispers between walkups,
of missed rhythm, longing for the public pull
of prior swagger,
us, connected
by the daydream of lawless rush hour taxis
rubbing up against each other's paint,
kissing the ears of each other's rearviews,
us, yearning
for the crowded irritants
of sweltering avenues
budding with beech trees and brisk walkers.
Us, missing
the middle fingers of strangers,
the playlists of basketball courts
and schoolyard sabotage,
the lights bright over Broadway,
lights low in the Bowery,
lights out at The Chelsea
where Sid did in Nancy.
Us, singing
love poems to neighbors over balconies,
from the soapbox of apartment steps,
a Cyrano of stoops.

Connected by the density of front doors,
the clanging of steam hammer pipes
running through our floors
like the floating notes of festival encores.
Us, dreaming,
still dreamers,
for every future hand
we'll shake, dap and hold
O, how we will hold you
our eyes lifting from the drift,
breaking open, free
to a new dawning—
wake up! See!—
how we hold you, New York cities,
how we hold you, never letting go.

MICHAEL TAYLOR

INTROSPECTIVELY

I think the times we are living
in will be to our souls like a fire
is to the woods.

People are being forced to clear
out the brush of their lives.
Everyone facing the fire,

to see a light shining on the otherwise
forgotten or hidden places deep
within the forests of their minds.

Some go out hissing and crackling as
pressure builds, others standing tall and strong,
unfazed as the fire moves beneath them.

Either you stand tall enough to see the light,
or low enough to be consumed by one.
To be ash, or to be covered in ash.

No one is untouched.
But in the end, as the smoke begins to clear,
and as pain slowly relinquishes

its grasp on this world,
we all will be able to think and see, and hopefully,
live with a little more clarity.

I'm excited for the future.

WILLIAM TAYLOR JR.

THE GLOW OF IT

The years
and the governments
and the newspaper headlines
have taught us we are disposable
have torn us down and replaced us
with cardboard and ghosts
but our blood remembers how to sing
and even now
we set our wooden hearts alight
and burn like the midnight sun
even now
we are drunk
on joy and love
sorrow and rage
even now
we dance upon the ruins
of what has come before
and summon forth
new fire
and even now
the soldiers
and police
with their jackboots
and billy clubs
cease their marching
and give pause
in the glow of it.

BRYN TYNDELL

ANOTHER MOTHER SUMMONS

Another mother summoned to save her dying boy
Another dying black man say his name George Floyd.

Another son calls, "Mother, mother, I can't outrun a gun"
Two whites shoot a black man Ahmaud Arbery was her son.

No time to wake Breonna Taylor as bullets hit her head
Another mother summoned to absorb and mourn her dead.

Darnella Frazier bravely stood and filmed a dying man
Mothers, we must stand as well to support and lend a hand.

When children of all ages say, "Mother, mother I need you"
Anyone with mothering skills now knows what they must do.

For motherhood brings joy and pain and love and care for all
When the unprotected need us, we must answer their lonely
call.

To end injustice, please arise, acknowledge and abhor
Another mother summons you to change our folk and lore.

VADIM TEREKHIN (*Russia*)

АПОКАЛИПСИС

1.
Несущий страшную заразу.
Подобен вычурному сглазу –
Я на просторах бытия
Для всех надолго стану главным,
Незримым, властным, своенравным,
Да и не главным – тоже Я!

Без цвета, запаха, летучий,
Я вездесущий и могучий,
И у меня хватило сил,
Когда при мировой огласке
На праздник праздников – на Пасху
Я даже Бога отменил.

Всему имея сопричастность,
Внесу я сразу в жизни ясность,
Что человеку человек
Не друг и брат, а только частность,
Прямая горечь и опасность,
Как некто снизу нам предрек!

Меня повсюду будет много.
Я властью, данной не от Бога,
Земною племя обвиню
Во всех грехах, сгною в участке,
И с помощью обычной маски
Я этот мир разъединю!

VADIM TEREKHIN (*Russia*)

APOCALYPSE

1.
Carrying a terrible infection.
Like a pretentious evil eye
I'm in the vastness of Being
I'll be the main one for everyone for a long time,
Invisible, domineering, wayward,
And I'm not the main one either!

Colorless, odorless, volatile,
I'm omnipresent and powerful,
And I was strong enough,
When with worldwide publicity
On the holiday of holidays, on Easter,
I even cancelled God.

All having a sense of ownership,
I'll immediately bring clarity to life,
Show when a person's a person
Not a friend and brother, but just a particular one,
Directing bitterness and danger,
As someone from below predicted to us!

There'll be a lot of me everywhere.
I'm a power not given from God,
I'll accuse the earthly tribe
Of all sins, rotting in the precinct
And, using a normal mask,
I'll divide this world!

2.

Неужто ниспослано свыше,
Что землю в положенный срок
Захватят летучие мыши
И вирус - их главный пророк?!

Неужто в сраженьях за место
Под солнцем
В клетушках квартир
Держать под домашним арестом
Он сможет взбесившийся мир?!

Мы строим вокруг оборону,
Надеясь вот так по-людски,
Что скоро грибную корону
Сорвём с его круглой башки!

И мир сразу станет понятен.
И правды взойдёт торжество.
И столько расплывчатых пятен
Мы спишем тогда на него!

3.

Говорят, что каждый модник,
Чтоб от века не отстать,
Должен впредь носить намордник,
На собратьев не чихать.
И на долгие недели,
Будто брачное кольцо,
Человечеству одели
Эту тряпку на лицо!
Обязали чувством долга.
Намекнули, что беда,
Может быть, пришла надолго,
Ну, а лучше – навсегда!
Ни ответа, ни привета,

2.

Was it sent down from above?
What to do in due time?
Bats will take over
And is the virus their main prophet?!

Really in the battles for a place
Under the sun
In the cubicles of apartments
Kept under house arrest
Can he make the world go mad?!

We're building a defense around it,
Hoping, like this, that in a human way
Let's soon get the mushroom crown
Off his round head!

And the world will immediately become clear.
And the truth will rise in triumph.
And so many blurry spots
We'll write off then!

3.

They say that every fashionista,
To keep up with the age,
Must continue to wear a muzzle,
Don't sneeze at your fellows.
And for weeks to come,
Like a wedding ring,
Humanity is clothed with
This rag on its face!
Obliged by a sense of duty
Hinting about that trouble,
Maybe she came for a long time;
Well, better forever!
No response, no greeting,

Непонятно, что к чему.
И на свете нету света,
Что рассеивает тьму.

4.
Пускай Господь народ хранит!
И лишь о том мы Бога просим,
Чтоб нас терзающий COVID
Развился в Болдинскую Осень!
И мир, как Пушкин, в карантин,
Куда теперь любой зачислен,
Восстанет из своих глубин
Для торжества свободной мысли.

Возьмётся за тяжёлый труд.
Омоется в чернильной влаге.
И рифмы бойко потекут!
Рука потянется к бумаге!

5.
Посещал всех без опаски.
Был в любое время вхож,
Но теперь посредством маски
Я забыл, как я хорош!

Сердце требует простора
И хороших новостей,
Но сегодня я как Зорро
Всюду прячусь от властей.

Берегусь от злой природы.
И наверняка пойму
Ценность внутренней свободы
Через внешнюю тюрьму!

It's not clear what's what.
And there's no light in the world
To dispel the darkness.

4.
Let the Lord keep the people!
And that's all we ask of God,
To us, tormenting COVID-19
Developed into a bold Autumn!
And the world, like Pushkin in quarantine,
Where everyone's now enrolled,
Rises from its depths
For a celebration of free thought.

Take up hard work.
It'll be washed in ink.
And rhymes will flow glibly!
The hand will reach for the paper!

5.
Visited all without fear.
Was at any time in the house,
But now by means of a mask
I forgot how good I am!

The heart requires space
And good news,
But today I'm like Zorro
I hide from the authorities everywhere.

Beware of evil nature.
I'm sure I'll understand
The value of inner freedom
Through the outer prison!

6.
Этим нечаянным вирусным летом
Я бы хотел быть только поэтом.
Семя не сеять, поля не пахать.
Птицей небесной по жизни летать.

Братья и сестры – дрозды и синицы,
Что же с нас взять, мы пернатые птицы!?
Что же последнее жадно отнять
Право чирикать, свистеть, ворковать!?

6.

This unintentional viral in Summer:

I'd like only to be a poet.

No seed to sow, no fields to plow.

Just fly like a bird of the sky through life.

Brothers and sisters, thrushes and titties,

What can be taken from us, we're feathered birds!?

What's the latter to greedily take away

The right to tweet, whistle, coo!?

(Translated from Russian by the author)

SARAH THILYKOU (*Greece*)

NO JUSTICE, NO SILENCE

"There are crooks everywhere. The situation is desperate"

Daphne Caruana Galizia

Where is the place for a democratic woman
In this world
Daphne, the journalist, was asking
The reply was already emerging
Inside a car beaten
By crooks and their bombs
As others were talking about the absence of God
Or was it about themselves who stopped echoing
On the shores of refugees of Malta
Democracy steals the place of Judgement Day
Crying out loud: Justice
There'll be no silence
No more silence
But the cry of us all, Daphne
Singing for justice
In our hearts

TONTONGI (*Haiti*)

GLORY ON 17TH OCTOBER

*(Dedicated to the Haitian demonstrators
fighting against government corruption)*

I lower my hat to you,
brave soldiers of the streets
longtime banished
to life's anguish
away in the silence of horror,
outside the compass
of our consciousness.

I still cherish that day
on a sunny October 17th
along tumultuously stoic
Port-au-Prince in revolt
on the day of the Emperor's
demise and you resurrected
his ideals for freedom
toward infinite horizons.

I joined with you that day
elated in solidarity
with your noble cause
and with those who died
at the hands of Malfrezi.
May your cries and strife
for a better world find echo
in the everyday pursuit of beauty.

RAYMOND NAT TURNER

RULING-CLASS REMEDIES

If you're feeling exceptionally feverish
or feverishly exceptional
pull a tight-fitting, cherry red MAGAT
cap over your forehead and eyes. Tight
on your temples and clean coal compress.
White phosphorus poultices work wonders
if your temperature's hotter than a Hellfire
Missile: \$110,000 each...
Self-quarantine and waterboard yourself
several times an hour; \$campaigns and
\$elections and stress positions work too.
You can use enhanced
interrogation techniques until you're
dry coughing and screaming, "It's a
Chinese hoax!"
Hydrate yourself with fracking fluid or
crude oil—or simply
put a predator drone under your pillow;
Suck on a nuke. And F-35 exhaust will
scorch phlegm from your respiratory
tract—but wrap your home in plastic
sheeting and seal it with duct tape...
Remain calm, you're safe.
There's a wall to your West.
And boots are on the ground
slogging over shit-hole countries.
Remember, bases ring the
Globe. Count bases if you're
experiencing difficulty getting
to sleep. Play war games—or
Practice military exercises...
Social-distance yourself from
anyone sneezing, spraying tiny

droplets of healthcare for all—
or contagious germs for housing
the unhoused— or living wages!

OSCAR SAAVEDRA VILLARROEL (*Chile*)

A LA MANERA DE NADIE

Soñé que Roberto Bolaño golpeaba a mi puerta, me decía:
“he renunciado a Anagrama, sabes, no quiero más poema
capitalista, prosa capitalista, experimental capitalista; ni
libros de poesía a velocidad industrial. Me hartó la
universidad privada del ego. Vámonos a las poblaciones
invisibles de la Belleza”.

Yo lo abrazaba, lo besaba, le decía que era un niño
precioso.

Luego nos sentábamos a planear el camino de los libros en
aquellos sitios que pensábamos como bibliotecas con pies.

“Escribamos un libro en movimiento y que sea entre todos,
total:

¿para qué la literatura?” me dijo.

Y me entregó un nuevo corazón
el mío estaba roto.

OSCAR SAAVEDRA VILLARROEL *(Chile)*

LIKE NOBODY

I dreamed that Roberto Bolaño was knocking at my door, telling me: "I have renounced Anagrama Editorial, you know, I do not want any more capitalist poems, capitalist prose, capitalist experimental; nor books of poetry at industrial speed. I get tired of the private university of the ego. Let's go to the invisible populations of Beauty."

I hugged him, kissed him, told him that he was a precious child.

Then we sat down to plan the path of books in those places we thought of as libraries with feet.

"Let's write a book in motion and let it be among all, total: what's the purpose of literature?" he said to me.
And he gave me a new heart
mine was broken.

(Translated from Spanish by Daniela Johannes)

DAVID VOLPENDESTA

**FORBIDDEN PSALM FOR THE
END OF IMPERIALISM**

to all comrades, foreign, domestic, and inter-planetary

They can't turn salt
on their brows
into sugar
Pain in their eyes
and misery is the lash of scorn
given to the lives of workers
who live on their backs
as the whips of the rich
whirl through the air
snapped with a flick of the wrist
to jar the atoms of consciousness
hammered by iridescent pain
reducing screaming men
into puddles of flesh
Capitalism is a sadist
sharpening its fangs
only to bite into flesh
so that blood coagulates
in muscles and sinews
as it pours from a hole
in the head until it slows to a drop!

In this age
when capitalists
revel in their wealth
and everyone else
gets an ear of moldy corn
that was rejected
by well-fed farm animals
human beings want to know
where will it end?

Mothers clutch infants
whose lips are too dry to wrap around a breast
and whose eyes are swimming in bitter tears
Men of god repeating the gospel
it's not a sin to bow before the rich
while these corpulent leeches live off the wealth others
create!

Drugs to keep people anesthetized
Religion to keep them babbling
There's a new astrology
one in which human beings
are liberated from exploitation
so the planets can revolve
around the stars
and men and women can dance
the dance of revolving chimes in the rapture of the wind!
Freed from the scourge of violence
empires will crumple
when their walls evaporate
from the transparency of their lies
now there's only *a dusty book*
with a broken spine and yellow shredded pages
The letters are a retired alphabet
of profit and greed
in a chapter of humanity
that soon will be ending
because banks won't be able to afford
the interest they've created
as their worthless currency
keeps burning a hole in their soul
and clinks on the cement
like a copper coin
Wealth gave the rich the appearance
of immortality, but the mortality
of living showed that they were ephemeral like buzzards
swept from their nest *by a hurricane!*

MICHAEL WARR

WHAT NOT TO DO...

(an unfinished poem)

Breathe: **Eric Garner** (choked)

Sell (loosies)

Resist (to death)

Stare: **Lamont Hunt** (shot.) (back of head)

Make: **Akai Gurley** (a jarring sound) (shot.)
("accidentally")

Walk: **Rekia Boyd** (shot.) (back of head)

Stand: **Amadou Diallo** (in vestibule)

Carry (wallet)

Loiter ("while" walking)

Look (out of place)

Act (suspicious) (forty-one. fired.) (nineteen. bullets. kill.)

Walk: **Terence Crutcher** (hands in air)

Appear (intoxicated)

Have (a "very hollow look") (shot.)
(in back)

Drive: **Samuel DuBose** (without) (license plate) (shot.) (in
head)

Drive: **Walter Scott** (with broken taillight) (shot.)
(in back)

Move: **Kendra James** (into driver seat)
(after driver arrested) (shot.) (in head)

Sit: **Jordan Edwards** (unarmed in car) (shot.) (with rifle)

Reverse: **Diante Yarber** (too suddenly)
(thirty. bullets. fired. ten. kill.)

Park: **Tanya Haggerthy** (on side of road)

Talk (on cell) (on side of road) (shot.) (on side of road)

Drive: **Philando Castile** (with broken brake lights)

Carry (legal firearm)

Announce (you have a gun)

Shout (not reaching for gun) (shot.) (five. bullets. two. to.
heart.)

Sit: **Donta Dawson** (in car)
Raise (left hand) (“abruptly”) (shot.) (in eye)
“Evade”: **Michael Dean** (shot. in. temple.) (at traffic light)
Crawl: **Daniel Shaver** (toward officers) (as instructed)
Pull (loose gym shorts) (too suddenly)
Beg (not to be shot) (shot.) (anyway)
Approach: **Oscar Grant** (the police)
Beg (not to shoot)
Kneel (shot.) (anyway)
(in back)
Fail: **Korryn Gaines** (to appear) (in) (traffic court) (shot.)
Fail: **Sandra Bland** (to signal)
Act (too uppity) (found hanging in cell)
Carry: **Anthony Lamar Smith** (planted weapon) (shot.)
(five. bullets.)
Carry: **Tamir Rice** (toy gun) (shot.) (with. real. bullets.)
Carry: **Cameron Tillman** (BB gun) (shot.)
Carry: **Rumain Brisbon** (prescription bottle) (shot.)
(two. bullets. to. torso.)
Carry: **Laquan McDonald** (knife in road) (shot.) (sixteen.
bullets.)
Carry: **Miles Hall** (gardening rod)
Have (schizoaffective disorder) (shot.)
Carry: **Steven Demarco Taylor** (baseball bat) (at
Walmart)
Have (a manic episode) (shot.)
Not carry: **Keith Lamont Scott** (a gun) (when told to drop
it) (shot.)
“Drop”: **Kajuan Raye** (a gun “found” later) (shot.)
(in back.)
Point: **Saheed Vassell** (a metal pipe) (shot.) (ten. bullets.)
Try: **Brendon Glenn** (to stand) (shot.)
Be: **Adam Trammell** (naked in hallway)
Be (handcuffed while schizophrenic)
(stunned) (to death in tub)
Be: **Natasha McKenna** (assaulted)
Be (schizophrenic)

Be (of “superhuman” strength)
(stunned while shackled) (50,000-volts) (to death)
Be: **Tanisha Anderson** (bipolar) (head slammed to pavement)
Be: **Michelle Shirley** (bipolar) (while driving)
(30. bullets. eight. to. chest. back. arms.)
Be: **Shereese Francis** (off meds) (four police bodies suffocate)
(on bed)
Be: **Aaron Campbell** (suicidal)
Be (unarmed) (shot.)
Be: **Yvette Smith** (“armed”) (when not armed) (shot.) (on front porch)
Be: **Mike Brown** (“too large”)
Be (same height as shooter) (shot.) (six. bullets.) (two. to. head.)
Be: **John Crawford** (an “imminent threat”)
Shop (for Walmart air rifle)
Carry (Walmart air rifle) (at Walmart)
Talk (on cell phone) (at Walmart) (shot.)
(with. real. bullets.) (at Walmart)
Be: **Terrance Franklin** (a suspect) (shot.) (five. bullets. to. head)
Be: **George Floyd** (a suspect)
Be (a 6-foot-7 Black man)
Be (claustrophobic)
(asphyxiated) (knee on neck) (while handcuffed)
Be: **Tony McDade** (trans)
Move (“consistent with using a firearm”) (shot.)
Pose: **Ezell Ford** (an “immediate threat”) (shot.)
(while schizophrenic)
“Display:” **Manuel Loggins Jr.** (a “mean expression”)
(shot.)
(in front of daughters)
Call: **Charleena Lyles** (police) (while mentally ill) (shot.)
(seven. bullets.)
Fit: **Jordan Baker** (“the description”) (shot.)

Flee: **Freddie Gray** (“unprovoked”) (spine severed) (in custody)
Run: **Tashii Brown** (choked) (to death)
Run: **Dominique White** (shot.)
(in back)
Run: **Stephon Clark** (through grandmother’s yard)
Carry (cell phone) (shot.)
(twenty. bullets. fired.) (eight. hit.) (“primarily”)
(in back)
Run: **Chinedu Okobi** (unarmed in traffic) (tased) (to death)
Run: Walter Scott (shot.)
(in back)
Jog: **Ahmaud Arbery** (shot.) (two. bullets. kill.) (while hunted)
Play: **Atatiana Jefferson** (Call of Duty) (in bedroom)
(little Zion watching) (shot.)
Sleep: **Alyana Jones** (on couch) (shot.) (one. bullet.)
(to. seven-year. old. head.)
Sleep: **Breonna Taylor** (in bed) (shot.) (eight. bullets. kill.)
Sleep: **Rayshard Brooks** (at Wendy’s)
Flee (to make daughter’s birthday)
Point (dead taser over shoulder) (shot. two. bullets.)
(in back)

Breathe...
(as of June 27, 2020)

(I have been updating this poem with the names of unarmed Black people killed by the police for years. I will continue to add names of the innocent until the killings stop.)

CATHLEEN WILLIAMS

WHEN

when those ancients walked
and wove their villages in winter
gathering in baskets russet
pine nuts from the grove –
they knew well the dry season and the wet.

then those ancients moved
down to the basins reweave their villages
turning to the hills again in spring
they followed the ripening – skylarks kids
love child carried on back and breast.

so we see our alienation from the land.

tangled in the capitalist killing net
floundering blind drowned
not remembering the clearness and the sounds
that filled our bodies with music oh birds
and love of the planet five senses

leaves curling and brown
under the oaks how it fits together
as the kids say now – evolved
expert knowing well
socialism frees us to walk together.

carrying the love child.

NELLIE WONG

AMERICA IN THE FILLMORE

Three Cantonese-speaking women board the 22
Wearing floppy cotton hats, each with luggage on wheels
Speaking rapidly with one another
One quickly sits at the front usually reserved
For elders or those passengers with disabilities
While two of them stand closely behind the bus driver
Their faces are unlined, their skin golden brown
As the peasants of my parents' home village
They jostle and laugh, greeting each other as sisters
When another Cantonese woman boards
And they all talk at once
Ai, you're here too!
Hai lah, hai lah! Yes, yes!
The woman responds
The Cantonese women surround
An African American woman elegantly dressed
In a beige suit and a straw hat
Pays no attention to their chatter.
At Fillmore and Eddy one of the women gets off,
The other two saying in Toisanese
Fahn kee lah, go home now.

At Starbucks I sip my small cup of decaf.
Looking out the window, I see
Two men and a woman, all smoking,
Gather in the morning sunlight under an umbrella
A young Japanese woman stops and joins
The coffee drinkers, all admiring her dog on a leash.
A woman in a Rosa Parks T-shirt at my left gets up.
Oh, no, she cries. My knee. My knee!
Are you all right? I ask.
Yes, but my knees always buckle. They always buckle.
A customer dumps her canvas bag on the seat

To my right and heads up to the counter.
Then a gray-haired black woman walks behind us, holding
her coffee cup
Visibly annoyed, she eyes the seat occupied by the bag.
I say, it looks like she's getting coffee and not staying
But this seat's empty. I point to my left.
The owner of the bag retrieves it and takes off.
The black woman then takes the seat
Probably because that's where she usually sits.
The three of us get into a conversation
About our hair, inevitably graying.
The woman in the Rosa Parks T-shirt says,
Oh, but I just touch up my roots.
The black woman then offers advice
About how coloring your hair will affect
The pigmentation of your skin
While she bites into a strawberry.
Her own hair is shoulder length
With silver highlighting her chocolate-brown skin
You have children? She asks
And I say no, but I tried.
Well, she says, not every woman needs to
But I have four, all grown and gone.
I saw the Oprah show, I say,
And there was a woman who left her baby girl
In her car. For eight hours. The baby died.
The black woman looks at me, her eyes focused,
How could any mother not know her baby's in her car?
Look, there are three rules:
One: Don't open your legs.
Two: Don't have sex.
Three: If you have a baby, take care of it.
It comes out of you, the woman, not the man
I'm turning 70 and I know, I know.

MARVIN X

ON YESTERDAY

On yesterday
they called law and order
no justice no peace
law and order
no justice no peace
no one wants more than justice
no one wants less
how can yesterday be today
but today is yesterday
we dance backwards
moonwalking with Michael
Michael said they don't care about us
Michael said the man in the mirror
Michael said remember the time
remember the time
law and order time
didn't work then
ain't workin' now
not on today.

XIAO XIAO (*China*)

我的诗有毒

这些年，气候与人心
越来越紊乱
像一个妇女
正在更年的经期

如果你胆子大
就尝尝我的诗吧

别担心，我的诗
色香味美，不烈性
不会一杯要了你的命

在早晨，它像一杯
玻璃牛奶，又香又甜
仅仅加了一点点
感官的成分

中午，端上来一盘
用醋和盐水浸泡过的
我的餐前水果诗

农药残留
98%被冲走
媒体说农药溶解
盐水和醋

不要害怕
放进嘴里咬一口
健康要多吃水果

XIAO XIAO (*China*)

MY POEMS ARE POISONOUS

In recent years, the climate and people's hearts
have become increasingly chaotic
like a woman
in menopause

If you're brave
why don't you taste my poems
Don't worry, my poems
are flavorful, colorful; they aren't intense
One cup won't kill you

In the morning, they're like a cup of
glass milk, fragrant and sweet,
with only a few ingredients added
for the sensory organs

At noon, I bring you
a fruit poem appetizer
soaked in vinegar and brine

98% of the pesticide residues
have been rinsed away
The media says pesticides dissolve
in brine and vinegar

Don't be afraid.
put it in your mouth and take a bite
You need to eat more fruit to stay healthy

My poems are the king of fruit
They've hybridized the flavor of translation style

我的诗是水果之王
它杂交了
翻译体的味道

傍晚，如果你胆子大
去和雾霾约会

你，把我的诗砍掉
一些标点符，虚词
和参差不齐的敏感
危险句子，横过来
就成了隐喻的口罩

用我的诗吸毒
用缺席的天空
为雾霾送葬

In the evening, if you're brave
go on a date with the smog

In my poems you've chopped down
punctuation marks, function words
and my irregular, uneven sensitivity
Dangerous lines turned horizontally
become metaphorical face masks

Let my poems ingest the poison so that others stay safe
Use the absent sky
to attend the funeral for smog

(Translated from Chinese by Jami Xu)

TIMOTHY JAMES YOUNG

CITIZEN: IN SHADES OF ANTEBELLUM BLUE

The world is wrong. You can't put the past behind you. It's buried in you; it's turned your flesh into its own cupboard.

~Claudia Rankine

OCEANIC BLUES

African body / African amiss
Misery begins in the belly of a slave ship
Skeletal remains blanket the abyss
North Atlantic / bound and delivered
Sold off to the highest bidder
Centuries later they ask if I'm bitter?
To remember one's holocaust
Is to forfeit American citizenship.

PLANTATION BLUES

Ancestral cries
Black bodies dot the horizon
Crimson sun
Fingers raw from picking cotton
The moonlight stirs
Freedom is a whisper
Sunrise is genocide
In the eyes of the undelivered.

CONSTITUTIONAL BLUES

Immigrants die to come here
I'm dying to leave
It is asylum I seek
From three-fifths continuum
Article 1, section 2
Buoyancy far removed
Second class citizenship
A ship in need of rescue.

ANTEBELLUM BLUES

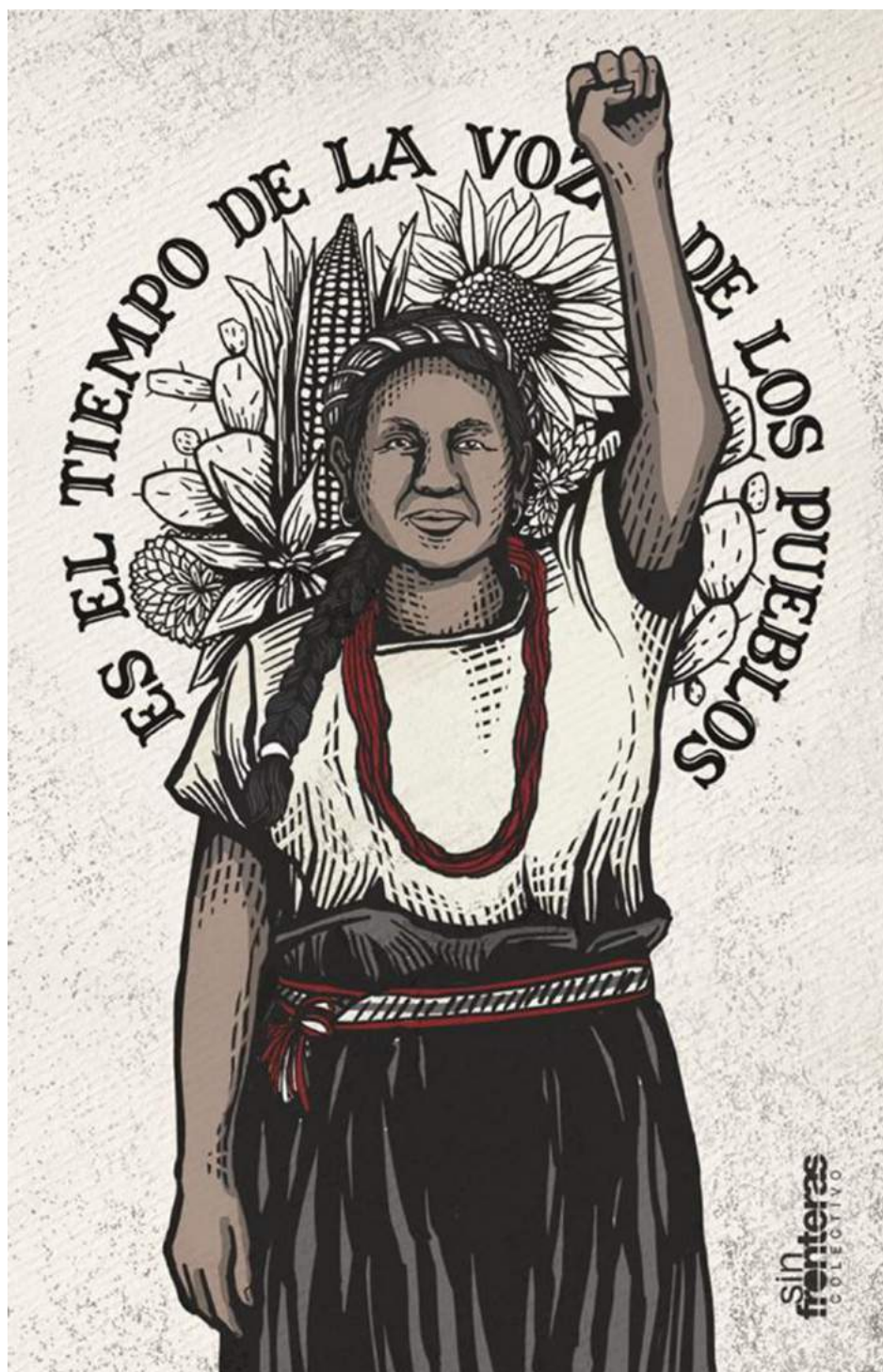
My citizenship is bullshit
It is a history omitted
Color based, second rate at best
A community in neglect
Conditions antebellum blue
No 40 acres / no mule
Reparations buried deep
Six feet beneath the daisies.

PENITENTIARY BLUES

The abolition of slavery
Is illusory,
For where it ends
A prison nation begins
Manacled history
1863 to the 21st century
No mystery
Orange jumpsuits, blue misery.

POLICE BLUES

They patrolled the plantations
They now patrol prisons,
Poor neighborhoods,
And manmade demarcations
Tangled engagement
Black criminalization
White cops / ebony crop
Mass incarceration.



**“Marichuy, vocera del Concejo Indígena de Gobierno”
Sin Fronteras Colectivo**

ANDRENA ZAWINSKI

**UNHOLY TRIPTYCH
FOR NEW IMMIGRANTS**

Madres—
women forced to spread
their legs, open their mouths
to coyotes in deserts
inside shipping containers
hooked to Mack Trucks,
husbands and children
torn from them—
your tired your poor

Padres—
men in safe houses
along the long route
braving borders
starved and beaten
badgered and bullied
berated as bad hombre
drug dealing animals—
yearning to breathe free

Niños—
child after child dies
in the river shallows
or of flu sweating shivering
crying themselves to sleep
caged in chain-link pens,
garlic tied to their shoes
to ward off the snakes—
no lamp beside a golden door

ANDREA ZUCCOLO *(Italia)*

POEMA DE CASTIGO

Domani
è rilegato
fra le pagine del vocabolario.

Degustare...
digerire...
disinfettare...

I cani randagi corrono
nei prati?
O il decreto sul rispetto
delle distanze di sicurezza
è esteso anche a loro.

Disegno un fiore su carta
ma senza splendore.

Un uovo sul tavolo
è immobile.
Immaginarlo un altro pianeta
è necessario per scartare l'apatia
di questi giorni impestati.

La radio straparla.
Ripete.

Il ferro da stiro
è rovesciato
e gobbo
sul pavimento.

Ascolto le sirene che reclamano la pena.

ANDREA ZUCCOLO (*Italy*)

PENANCE'S POEM

Tomorrow
is bound
between the pages of the dictionary.

Taste...
digest...
disinfect...

Stray dogs run
in the fields?
Or the order to respect
the safety distances
is extended to them too.

I drew a flower on paper
but without splendor.

An egg on the table
is still.
Imagining it as another planet
it's necessary to discard the apathy
of these plague-victim days.

Radio overtalk.
Repeats itself.

The flatiron
is upside down
and hunchbacked
on the floor.

I listen to the siren claiming the punishment.

Questa primavera ha l'odore dell'alcol.
Ancora undici siringhe di eparina.

Ho smarrito l'indirizzo della mia abitazione.

I cambiavalute, gli agenti di mercato,
i gioiellieri, i ristoratori, gli intermediari,
le impiegate delle agenzie viaggi
i clienti
sono sull'orlo di una crisi di nervi.

I tribunali hanno sospeso le udienze
le sentenze sono rinviate.

I bollettini medici
corrono lungo le corsie
degli ospedali
infermieri cadono a terra.

I giornalai sventolano bandiere.

Agli incroci
i semafori fanno l'occholino
alle ambulanze.

La conta dei morti è un dato in aumento.

Arriveremo al baratto dei beni necessari.
Un sapone per una patata lessa
un rossetto per un litro di latte.
un pacco di pannoloni per un chilo di zucchero.

Chi pensa al suicidio
chi lo minaccia
chi l'ha compiuto.

This spring smells of alcohol.
Still eleven syringes of heparin.

I lost the address of my house.

Moneychangers, sales agents,
jewelers, restaurateurs, mediators,
travel agency workers
customers
are on the edge of a nervous breakdown.

Court houses have suspended the hearings,
the sentences have been postponed.

Medical dispatches
run along the aisles
of the hospitals
nurses fall on the ground.

Newsagents wave flags.

At the crossroads
the traffic lights wink
to the ambulances.

The deaths' count is a rising data.

We will arrive to the barter of necessary goods.
One soap-bar for one boiled potato
One lipstick for a litter of milk
A bag of diapers for a kilo of sugar.

Some think about suicide
some threaten it
Some have done it.

(Translated from Italian by Giovanni Romano)



BIOGRAPHICAL NOTES

AMPARO CASASBELLAS ALCONADO is practicing attorney in Buenos Aires. The poem “Terruño” is in a volume inspired by the grief at her father’s death. INDRAN AMIRTHANAYAGAM has published 17 books of poetry including *The Migrant States* (Hanging Loose Press, 2020). He is a 2020 Foundation for the Arts fellow in poetry. ADRIAN ARIAS (American, born in Peru) is a prize-winning multidisciplinary performer, visual artist, poet, curator, cultural promoter and Art teacher, living in the Bay Area since 2000. AYO AYOOLA-AMALE, is an African poet from Nigeria, a peace builder, lawyer, educator and spoken-word performance artist who is a member of the World Poetry Movement (WPM). LISBIT BAILEY is a member of the Revolutionary Poets Brigade of San Francisco and an Archivist for the San Francisco Maritime National Historical Park. VIRGINIA BARRETT has seven books of poetry include *Between Looking, Crossing Haight—San Francisco poems*, and *OCCUPY SF—poems from the movement* (co-editor). ALESSANDRA BAVA is an Italian poet and translator of the poems of Marco Cinque and Ludovica Lanini. She is writing the biography of SF Poet Laureate *emeritus* Jack Hirschman. ALEXIS BERNAUT, b. in Paris, France, in 1977. His latest book, *Un Miroir au Coeur du Brasier*, came out in May 2020 at Le Temps des Cerises. He is also the translator, among others, of poet Sam Hamill. JUDITH AYN BERNHARD lives in San Francisco where she writes, translates from Spanish (Alex Pausides’ poem), facilitates writing groups, edits other peoples’ writing and occasionally gives public readings of her poems. MIKE BIRD is a working-class man from rural Colorado. He currently lives and works in Sacramento, California. SCOTT BIRD is the creator of *The Maybird*, an ongoing work dedicated to wholistic expression through poetry, art and music. He is a member of the Revolutionary Poets Brigade of San Francisco.

CHARLES CURTIS BLACKWELL is an important African-American poet and painter, as well as an educator of young poets and painters. He lives in Oakland, California. VICTORIA BRILL lives in San Francisco where great poets sprout like backyard weeds. She practices comradely affection toward all beings. KRISTINA BROWN is a poet, painter, and writer who grew up in Japan and has lived most of her adult life in San Francisco. She often writes about what people will and won't do for love. JIM BYRON has created over 350 songs. He released more than 20 albums between 2018 and 2020. GIANCARLO CAMPAGNA lives with the beautiful Renée Saucedo and their lovely boy, Carlo, in Santa Rosa. He works at Safeway in the Deli Department. GREGORIO MANUEL VAZQUEZ CANCHÉ is an educator of Mayan culture and the legacy of the Caste War in Quintana Roo, at the Museo Maya Santa Cruz Xbáalam Naj in Carrillo Puerto, Mexico. JANET CANNON is the author of three published chapbooks: *Day Laborers*, *The Last Night in New York*, and *Percipience*. She has read her poems all over the country in spoken word events. YOLANDA CATZALCO lives in San Francisco. She remembers discussions with Nelson Peery in San Francisco, Chicago and New York. LAURA CHALAR is a writer and translator hailing from Montevideo, Uruguay. NEELI CHERKOVSKI'S most recent books are *Hang on to the Yangtze River* and *Coolidge and Cherkovski in Conversation*. MARCO CINQUE, poet and performer, conveys social and environmental issues, giving priority, in multimedia projects, to prisons and schools of all levels. GIULIA COLOMBO is a neuro-scientist and researcher at the University of Milan, Italy. She's been fond of poetry since she was a teenage and never loses any occasion to sing about the beauty of nature and of mankind. FRANCIS COMBES is one of the most politically engaged poets in Paris and all of France. He is the founder of Le Temps des Cerises books and is a member of the World Poetry

Movement. KITTY COSTELLO is a poet, editor, writing workshop facilitator and psychotherapist based in San Francisco. She is author of *Upon Waking: Selected Poems 1977-2017* and co-editor of the forthcoming anthology, *Muslim American Writers at Home: Identity, Diversity & Belonging*. PAULINE CRAIG died in the Spring of 2020. A member of the RPB, she was a poet and journalist who worked for years with *The Beat Within*, a journal of poetry and prose by imprisoned teenagers in the San Francisco area. ANITA ODENA CRUZ, founding member of Hayward's Writers Collective since 2011. Living as a poet with Bay East Poets Coalition, Berkeley, CA. 2017-2018 of which she is a proud member. ROMEO ALCALA CRUZ has written two poetry books, *Washing Rice and other poems* and *Crossing the River from Remembering to Forgetfulness*. He writes in Bicol, Tagalog and English. JOHN CURL is the author of *Yoga Sutras of Fidel Castro*, *Indigenous Peoples Day*, *The Outlaws of Maroon*, and other volumes of poetry, history, translations, and memoir. He lives in Berkeley with his garden. ROQUE DALTON (d. 1975) was the El Salvadoran Communist poet and author of *Clandestine Poems*, and *Miguel Marmol*. His influence on poets the world over is considerable. DIEGO DE LEO, at 85, is living his second life as a poet, and a remarkable one at that for someone who began writing less than a decade ago. He lives in North Beach, San Francisco, originally from Bari, Italy. MICHELE DELLI GATTI, 59, teaches in a high school and is the director of the *Montella-Norristown Student Exchange* in Italy. He loves listening to Blues and Rock'n'Roll. OTTO DIX (d. 1969) was a German painter and printmaker who was famous for depictions of brutality during the Weimar Republic. He was deeply opposed to war. JULIA DUBNOFF is a teacher, scholar, translator, with Vassiliki Rapti (of the poem of Dino Siotis), and editor. GERMAIN DROOGENBROODT, Belgian poet living in Spain, has written 14 poetry books, published in 25 countries, and was nominated in 2017 for

the Nobel Prize of Literature. CARLOS RAÚL DUFFLAR is Founder and Artistic Director of The Bread is Rising Poetry Collective as it celebrates 25 years, the Beat Poet Laureate for New York City, New York State for 2020-2022, and a member of the NYC/RPB. AGNETA FALK is a poet, painter and polygon, a member of the World Poetry Movement as well as the RPB of San Francisco, and who is working on her sixth book of poetry. She is the recipient of the Premio Regina Coppola Award in Italy. MAURO FFORTISSIMO, Argentinian-born, Italian/American, 1962, moved to SF 1981, where he works and resides. Poet, musician, painter. GEORGE FLOYD: his murder in Minneapolis by a cop has set off an international people's movement led by Black Lives Matter. DEBORAH MILES FREITAG, aka Eva Miles lives and writes in Chapala, Jalisco, Mexico. She is currently working on a memoir. MARCOS FREITAS is poet and environmental and cultural activist. He lives in Brasilia, capital of Brazil, and is the author of *In the Coming Afternoon*. VAMBERTO FREITAS, b. in 1951 on the island of Terceira (Azores), emigrated to California with his whole family in 1964. He is recognized as among the foremost Portuguese specialists in North-American literature. ARNOLDO GARCIA is a revolutionary Mexican-rooted poet and a combative community organizer for justice and healing. He lives on and is an uninvited guest on Ohlone land. RAFAEL JESÚS GONZÁLEZ, a life-long activist for the Earth, justice, peace, is the first Poet Laureate of the City of Berkeley, California. JUAN GOYTISOLO (1931–2017) was a Spanish poet, essayist, and novelist who lived in Marrakech, Morocco from 1997 until his death in 2017. In 2014 he was awarded the Cervantes Prize, the most prestigious literary award in the Spanish-speaking world. LAPO GUZZINI is a San Francisco-based translator, editor, and arts agitator. Until 2015 he ran *The Emerald Tablet*, an independent cultural venue. He is translating a book of poems by Sandro Sardella. BILL HATCH is the

editor of *Badlands Journal* and works on environmental issues in the San Joaquin Valley. He is also author and composer of *Shellburg Blues*. MARTIN HICKEL began "social distancing" before it was a thing. He's been busy doing nothing and going nowhere for a while now and hopes to continue as long as possible. GARY HICKS lives in the People's Republic of Berkeley CA. A Communist, his poetry and his politics try to reflect that. He also edits a wannabe blog, *IN-FORMATION2020*. PATRICIA HICKS is a writer, teacher and community youth advocate from Seaside, California. She believes fiercely in creative expression and transformative language arts as power-tools for self-liberation. JACK HIRSCHMAN is a Poet Laureate *emeritus* of San Francisco and, with SCOTT BIRD, KAREN MELANDER MAGOON and JOHN CURL edited this very anthology. MARCELO HOLOT, a former Professor at the University of Buenos Aires, and TV-Radio journalist, lives in Buenos Aires where he is a painter. He translated, with Doreen Stock, the poem of Amparo Casasbellas Alconado. LANGSTON HUGHES (1901–1967) was an American poet and social activist born in Joplin, Missouri, who moved to NYC and was among the earliest innovators of the then new literary art form known as Jazz Poetry. He was a founder of the Harlem Renaissance. ANTONELLA IASCHI, b. in Italy in 1956. She is a Communist and writes poems and novels for the love and human rights of the people. Her latest book is: *Cross of Libya* (Ludo Editions). BRUCE ISAACSON is publisher of Zeitgeist Press. He is a Poet Laureate *emeritus* of Clark County, Nevada, a community of two million souls that encompasses Las Vegas and the Vegas Strip. GIUSEPPE IULIANO, whose poem was translated by Michele Della Gatti, lives in the area of Nusco, Italy, where he and his family and comrades have gone through the hell of Covid-19. SABAH MOHSEN JASIM is an Iraqi Union Writers and Iraqi Journalist Union member who has three books: poetry, short stories and an Arabic-translated book,

Poetry as Insurgent Art by Lawrence Ferlinghetti. DANIELA JOHANNES teaches at the University of Arizona. ELIOT KATZ is the author of 7 books of poetry, and has been an activist helping to create housing and food programs for homeless individuals and families in Central New Jersey. ANNA KEIKO is a Chinese poet and president of the Shanghai Huifeng Literature Association. Her poetry has been published in many national and international magazines. VINCENT KOBELT has published poetry with focus on the murals of the Mission, jazz, justice, milkweed in cracks of concrete, and teaches at Delta Sierra Middle School in Stockton. MICHELE LICHERI, b.1953 in Monsummano Terme, Toscana, is an international poet and author of poetic manifestos who lives in Norbello (the island of Sardinia). GENNY LIM is a San Francisco Jazz Poet Laureate *emeritus*. Her poetry/music collaborations include *Don't Shoot! A Requiem in Black*, dedicated to Black Lives Matter. She has five poetry collections and the award-winning anthology, *Island: Poetry and History of Chinese Immigrants on Angel Island*. ANGELINA LLONGUERAS is a Catalan poet, actress and activist who now lives in Barcelona. She was a member of the San Francisco Revolutionary Poets Brigade and a co-founder of the Chicago branch. OSCAR LOCATELLI, poet, lives in Bergamo, Italy; he was redactor of "abiti/lavoro", a magazine of workers' writing. JESSICA LOOS lives in North Beach, San Francisco. "Wow. What a time! It's never too late to restructure." She is a poet and event organizer. BIPLAB MAJEE is a poet, prose writer, literary critic and translator in India. Vietnam conferred him their highest award for his contribution in Vietnamese literature at the 3rd International Poetry Festival in Hanoi, 2019. JIDI MAJIA is the Vice-Director of the Chinese Writers Association and one of the truly important international poets of the world. Most recently his poems have been translated into Italian by Raffaella Marzano and published in Salerno, Italy. DEVORAH MAJOR is a Poet

Laureate *emeritus* of San Francisco, a family member, friend, cultural worker whose and lover of life, whose seventh book of poetry, *Califia's Daughter*, was released in July 2020. AHCENE MARICHE has published 17 books of poetry in four languages: English, French, Berber and Kybyle. He is also an actor and has a TV program in France centered on the Berber language. Chicago poet and educator ELIZABETH MARINO is with RPB/Chicago. Her chapbooks are *Debris* and *Ceremonies*. Her poem and memoir collection *Asylum* is forthcoming. ÁNGEL L. MARTINEZ is Deputy Artistic Director of The Bread is Rising Poetry Collective as it celebrates 25 years, and a member of NYC RPB. ALBERTO MASALA. Sardinian. Amoral. He thinks that poetry cannot speak *about* freedom. But be deeply ethical. That's why he thinks poetry must speak of liberation. He lives in Bologna. KAREN MELANDER-MAGOON is published in many anthologies, has sung major opera roles in Europe for two decades, and has five CD's online and video of her Lillie, A Musical. She is an interfaith minister. SARAH MENEFEE is s San Francisco poet, activist for the homeless, journalist with the *People's Tribune*. Her latest collection, *Cement*, was published in 2019 by Swimming with Elephants Publications. NANCY MOREJÓN is one of the leading poets of Cuba. She lives in Havana but often visits the United States and Europe where her readings are most welcomed. MAJID NAFICY, the Arthur Rimbaud of Persian poetry, fled Iran in 1983 a year and a half after the execution of his wife Ezzat in Tehran. He lives in Los Angeles. BILL NEVINS lives in New Mexico. His books *Heartbreak Ridge* and *Awe* are in print from Swimming With Elephants Publications. He may be reached at bill_nevnis@yahoo.com BARBARA PASCHKE translates from French (Francis Combes) and Spanish (Juan Goytisolo) and is a member of the San Francisco Revolutionary Poets Brigade and the Roque Dalton Cultural Brigade. Her most recent book is *At the Left of the*

Heart, an homage to Roque Dalton. ALEX PAUSIDES is a leading Cuban poet who lives in Havana and organizes festivals there. He is a member of the World Poetry Movement, and his poems were recently published in a Chinese translation. DOROTHY PAYNE is a poet, painter who, after teaching for two years in Guinea, Africa, is doing the same in Mexico City Her poetry has been published in various anthologies, and in her book, *Birthmarks*. GREGORY POND was born in Brooklyn to Panamanian parents, has written four books of poetry, is a member of the RPB and facilitator of *Poetically Speaking*, a weekly conference-call program for seniors. DR. JEANNE POWELL has four books in print including *My Own Silence* and *Carousel*. She covers cultural events in San Francisco for *Starkinsider*. THORWALD PROLL, b. Kassel, Hesse, Germany 1941, became a member of the students' movement in 1966 in West Berlin. After two years in jail, he's published five books of poetry in German. VASSILIKI RAPTI is a writer, translator, editor, and creative director of Citizen TALES Commons. FERNANDO RENDON is the poet and founding director of the World Poetry Movement (WPM) in Medellín, Colombia, and organizer of the great poetry festivals there. GABRIEL ROSENSTOCK lives in Dublin, Ireland where he a leading poet of the Irish Language, whose advocacy of it often takes the form of translating haikus into Irish. NICOLAS SAMARAS' books include *Hands of the Saddlemaker* (Yale UP) and *American Psalm, World Psalm* (Ashland PP). SANDRO SARDELLA is a poet and painter from Varese in northern Italy. He read his poems at the 2012 San Francisco International Poetry Festival and they are being translated for publication in the USA. LUIS FILIPE SARMENTO was born in Lisbon, 1956. His books and texts are published in 13 different countries. He is the Co-ordinator for Portugal for the World Poetry Movement. ALASDAIR SCHLESINGER is a 15 year-old student at Grandview Heights High School in Columbus, Ohio. This

is his first poem. KIM SHUCK is a Tsalagi (Cherokee)/ Euro-American poet, author, weaver, and bead work artist. She was born in San Francisco, California and belongs to the northern California Cherokee diaspora. She is a member of the Cherokee Nation of Oklahoma. DINO SIOTIS, b. in Tinos, Greece in 1944, has published nearly twenty books of fiction and poetry in Greek and English. He is the founder of Wire Press, the publisher and editor of eight political and literary magazines in San Francisco, New York, Boston, and Athens, where he lives. MAKETA SMITH-GROVES, one of the early members of the Revolutionary Poets Brigade, died of cancer at 69 in March of this year. Her books include *Red Hot on a Silver Note* and *Class Encounters*. DOREEN STOCK is a poet, memoir artist, and translator living in Fairfax, CA. A chapbook of poems, *Tango Man*, is due to be published by Finishing Line Press. MATTHEW TALEBI immigrated to the United States in 1984, from Iran. A retired ophthalmologist he began writing socio-political poems in 2017. He lives in Los Angeles. AMBER TAMBLYN is a poet, actress, director and a founding member of the Times Up Organization. Her books include her latest: *Era of Ignition*. Her poems are in books like *Fire Stallion*, *Dark Sparkler* and *Bang Ditto*. MICHAEL TAYLOR currently lives in Denver, CO. A guitarist, mandolinist, aspiring wordsmith, he is currently a CNA, a Certified Nurse Assistant, while working toward a career as a professional musician. WILLIAM TAYLOR, JR. lives and writes in the Tenderloin of San Francisco, and is a recipient of the 2013 Kathy Acker Award. *Pretty Words to Say*, (Six Ft. Swells Press, 2020) is his latest collection of poetry. VADIM TEREKHIN: poet, co-Chairman of the Union of Writers of Russia, Chairman of the Board of the Kaluga regional branch of the all-Russian Union of Writers and member of the World Poetry Movement of Medellin, Colombia. DR. SARAH THILYKOU is a Greek poet, essayist, translator, book reviewer, editor, author of three books of poetry. She

lives in Athens where she edits Poeticanet and *Nadwah*. RAYMOND NAT TURNER is a NYC poet and director of the JazzPoetry Ensemble, UpSurge!NYC and has appeared at festivals like Panafest in Ghana, West Africa. He is also Poet-in-Residence at Black Agenda Report. BRYN TYNDELL is a mother, poet, teacher, and coach who has worked in California public schools for 30+ years. She is enrolled in the MFA in Poetry program at St. Mary's College, Moraga. TONTONGI is the formidable Haitian poet and editor of the trilingual (Haitian-French-American) magazine *Tambou/Tambour* published in Massachusetts. DAVID VOLPENDESTA is a member of the Friends of Durruti, the San Francisco Revolutionary Poets Brigade, and the Roque Dalton Cultural Brigade. His newest book is *Forbidden Psalms*. OSCAR SAAVEDRA VILLARROEL, b. in Santiago, Chile in 1977. Poet and teacher. Worked for the Pablo Neruda Foundation since 2005. He's participated with the Poetry Workshop at Balmaceda 1215, and is a member of the World Poetry Movement. MICHAEL WARR's books include *Of Poetry and Protest: From Emmett Till to Trayvon Martin (W.W. Norton)*, *The Armageddon of Funk*, *We Are All The Black Boy*. In 2017 he was named a San Francisco Library Laureate. Oakland Chinatown-born, NELLIE WONG is a socialist feminist activist and author of four poetry books. Two of her poems are installed at public sites in San Francisco. Oakland High School, her alma mater, has named a building after her. Catch MARVIN X at a street Academy on Oakland's Lakeshore, usually at Trader Joe's next to Peet's Coffee. He will let you know when he will be in his free classroom. XIAO XIAO 潇潇 is a Chinese poet and painter. She has published six poetry collections in China, She is the first Asian to receive the Tudor Arghezi International Poetry Prize of Romania. JAMI PROCTOR XU, who translated the poems of Xiao Xiao and Jidi Majia, is herself a poet, and mother, who splits her time between California and China. She is a recipient of a Zhujiang

Poetry Award and a First Readers Outstanding Poet Award. TIMOTHY JAMES YOUNG is a poet and activist, even from his cell in San Quentin Prison. He would love to hear anyone regarding his poem, at: Tim.Young F23374, S.Q.S.P., San Quentin, CA 94974. ANDRENA ZAWINSKI: her works open up paths of struggle, celebration, and revolutionary victories. Her collection, *Landings* (Kelsay Books), establishes her as an important working-class poet. ANDREA ZUCCOLO: he lives Udine, Italy. One of his books has been published by CC. Marimbo Press, Berkeley; others appear from Kappa Vu, CappaZeta e Cultura Globale Edizioni.

REVOLUTIONARY POETS BRIGADE MISSION STATEMENT

NOW

As poets we are uniquely positioned to seize the possibilities of the time, bringing language to life and participating in the movement that is gathering as we speak...

IT'S TIME

Poetry has always been and continues to be not only the way the poet listens to his or her innermost being, but a way the spirit of the times, in its most forward-looking incarnation, is expressed and heard. And the times we're in, of crisis and the cry for transformation, particularly needs the news, as poet W.C. Williams said, "without which we die."

We say what we see: and that is the system that cannot rest until it extracts every drop from a desperate earth: capitalism. We say what we see: and that is the oppression of our class, driven to the streets and alleys of our cities, driven to the muddy fields, all because there is no profit in maintaining life and health. We are the harbingers of revolution and the awareness that underlies and drives it.

FOR THE REVOLUTIONARY POETS

In our common struggle toward freedom, each individual instinctively reaches for the best tool at hand. As artists, we have the most powerful tool of all, the ability to inspire, transform, and liberate, just in the nick of time as it happens, as the sick old ways rust, choke, sputter, and fade. Poets, those at the compressed razor-sharp edge of social thought, and all fellow artists of visionary courage, stay mindful of this historic opportunity, lead with strong revolutionary voice for all humankind to genuinely live and thrive in common spirit!

BRIGADE

Therefore, we want to create a Revolutionary Poets Brigade, to respond to the demands of the moment – provoking the future out of the confused minds of today, inspiring with the passion of the living word, in preparation for the development on a wider and larger scale of the uprising, the action that will overthrow this system of greed and exploitation.

As a network, we can be present and participate in the popular resistance that is going on around us by holding poetry events, by reading and speaking at demonstrations, and by publishing broadsides and pamphlets. Join us.

“Camerados . . . will you come travel with us? Shall we stick by each other as long as we live?”

–Walt Whitman

REVOLUTIONARY POETS BRIGADE
<http://revolutionarypoetsbrigade.org>

