

# CPR

*Resuscitating the art  
of Canadian poetry*

CANADIAN POETRY REVIEW ISSN 1923-3019 SEPT 2018 VOL 8 ISSUE 5 \$3.95

## Contents

### Stephen Bett

*Glosa* page 2

Ken Cathers: the sun  
Robert Creeley: Company of Others  
Patrick Friesen: Dear Harmon  
bpNichol: these are my words

### P.W. Bridgman

from *A Lamb* page 3

No Writers Were Harmed in the  
Making of This Whiskey

### Jude Neale & Bonnie Nish

from *Cantata in Two Voices* page 4

The Word  
Only You  
That Is Not Mine

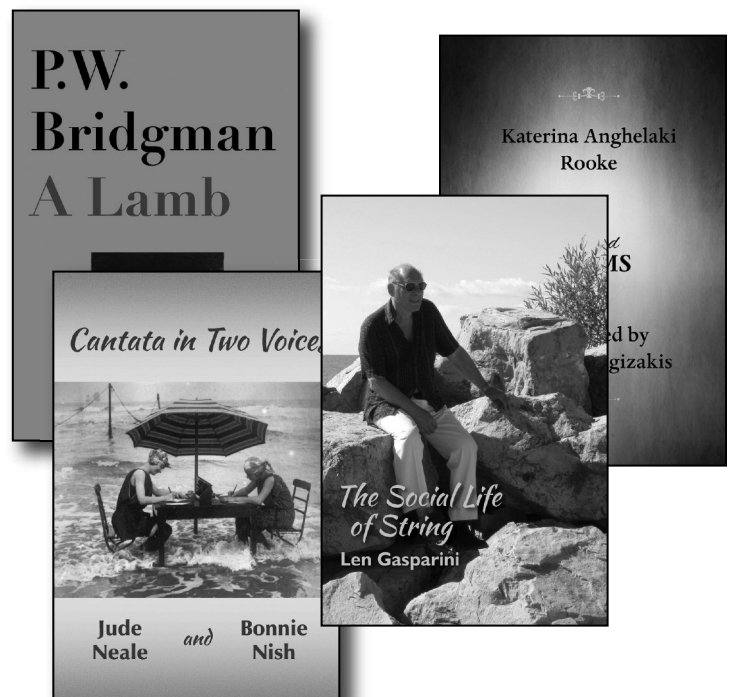
### Katerina Anghelaki Rooke

from *Selected Poems* page 5

The Vitos Calendar	
First Day	Second Day
Third Day	Fourth Day
Sixth Day	Ninth Day

### Len Gasparini

*Götterdämmerung* page 6



Published by CPR: The Canadian Poetry Review Ltd.  
Publisher/Editor: Richard Olafson  
Editors: Candice James & Stephen Bett  
Circulation manager: Bernard Gastel

Legal deposit at the National Library of Canada, 2014.  
CPR welcomes manuscripts and letters, but we take no responsibility for their safe return. If you would like your work back, enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope. Do not send original artwork. All texts will be edited for clarity and length, and authorship checked; please include all contact information.

The CPR is published six times a year. Back issues are available at \$4.00. A one-year subscription is \$20.00. Please send a cheque payable to the PRRB.

*CPR mailing address for all inquiries:*  
Box 8474 Main Postal Outlet, Victoria, B.C.  
Canada V8W 3S1  
phone & fax: (250) 385-3378

Copyright 2018 the Canadian Poetry Review for the contributors

# Glosa

## Stephen Bett

### Ken Cathers: the sum (for Ken)

*are we no more  
than skin  
sewn over desire*

*unremembered flesh*

*the serial husband — Ken Cathers  
(with the slightest nod to WCW)*

*are we no more  
than the sum of  
the heart's frailest  
missing pieces*

*than skin  
if it comes to that  
stretched cruel  
& unusually thin*

*sewn over desire  
which cuts a thousand ways  
like lingchi's slow dice  
dance across flesh*

*unremembered flesh  
awake now to a descent  
that lashes endless &  
at odds with desire*

### Robert Creeley: Company of Others

*why not, buy a goddam big car,*

*drive, he sd, for  
christ's sake, look  
out where yr going.*

*I Know a Man — Robert Creeley  
(with lil' nods to Dylan & the Creel himself)*

*why not, buy a goddam big car,  
question for the dummies & generic Johns:  
was that a real poem or did you  
just make it up yourself?*

*drive, he sd, for  
yr own caution: hair-trigger turns, small  
fist of words, elliptically, on impact  
... see the light come shining ...*

*christ's sake, look  
apropos that circumstance, that  
possibility, momentarily, like they say  
any day now, a·n·y day now ...*

*out where yr going.  
surrender, its own unfolding  
drive, he said, we know this  
blessèd company of others*

### Patrick Friesen: Dear Harmon

*miles davis cupping his trumpet with a mute,  
a slippery sound, almost an escape, a caesura,  
hold, hold what? my breath, yes, but the watery  
applause in some club as well, bill evans having*

*mri — Patrick Friesen (with nods to a better bet)*

*miles davis cupping his trumpet with a mute,  
dear harmon: that full round tone / &  
sound bites / ... can break / the heart  
in / every / single / groove (doo bop bop*

*a slippery sound, almost an escape, a caesura,  
a pause mid-zone or modal, like so what in the  
gut  
nothing left ... that / freakish, frenetic /  
cartoonish / bop (we stack & cheat the poem*

*hold, hold what? my breath, yes, but the watery  
choked 'n dented mute, hold yr breath in the  
mri, mr. b  
yes, release molly b, & hold again for a count of  
ten  
exquisite interjections / into blank space (spunk  
tube*

*applause in some club as well, bill evans having  
flown the dupe, beel i'vaanz (en paree) weird &  
wired...  
we had, by then / like totally / fused  
(post-bop & cool blue u*

### bpNichol: these are my words

*i  
look at you this way  
noun then verb  
these are my words  
I sing to you*

*song for saint ein—bpNichol (with nods to Stein,  
of course, & to Zukofsky; with back nods to Davey  
& Scobie; & an enterprising nod to Nota Bene: A  
Journey <sup>1</sup>)*

*Stephen Bett has  
had more than  
twenty books of  
poetry published,  
as well as a  
memoir, So Got  
Schooled.  
(Ekstasis  
Editions). His  
work has also  
appeared in well  
over 100 literary  
journals in Canada, the U.S., England, Australia,  
New Zealand, and Finland, as well as in three  
anthologies, and on radio. His "personal papers"  
have been purchased by the Simon Fraser  
University Library, and are, on an ongoing basis,  
being archived in their "Contemporary Literature  
Collection" for current and future scholarly  
interest. Reviews of his books can be found at  
[www.stephenbett.com](http://www.stephenbett.com). He lives in Victoria.*



*i look at you this way  
her voice in my head al-  
most 50 years, infectious  
... like yesterday*

*noun then verb  
St. Able deferring... if he  
told her would she like it,  
what history teaches*

*these are my words  
"Joe in the old coach house on Walmer"  
that v. same one, Hey Joe! where you goin'  
down Kendal that ol' map in your hand <sup>2</sup>*

*i sing to you  
"a song / entirely in my head" <sup>3</sup>  
comme l'amour  
in its moment <sup>4</sup>*

<sup>1</sup> Stephen Bett, *Nota Bene: A Journey*

<sup>2</sup> This very coach house sat right smack in the back between Walmer Rd & our old 83A Kendal Ave, in "the Annex" (Toronto). I was too young for McCaffery & nichol's TRG, but old enough for a few nichol dinners at the Miki's a few years later

<sup>3</sup> Zukofsky, "To my wash-stand"

<sup>4</sup> These last two lines from *Nota Bene: A Journey*, p. 37

# from A Lamb

## P.W. Bridgman

### No Writers Were Harmed in the Making of This Whiskey

I.  
"Now here's a fine, square-shouldered whiskey for you.  
You'll like this one."  
Giving Art a nod, Jack twists the bottle cap slowly  
and with exaggerated care,  
like a sapper extracting a fuse cylinder  
from an unexploded artillery shell.  
Reading from the label at close range,  
his eyes crossing with concentration,  
Jack permits his voice to fall to a rough whisper,  
signalling a reverence for the precious golden liquid  
within:  
"Writers' Tears. Pure pot still."  
He at last frees the bottle cap and  
fills two small glasses to the brim.

It is eleven-thirty in the morning,  
or so says the quartz clock that hangs crooked on the  
wall  
in Jack and Kathleen's small kitchen, next to the Sacred  
Heart  
and the framed picture of Fionnuala—their only—  
photographed at birth, thirty years ago.

The brothers toss back two whiskeys in quick  
succession.  
They bang their glasses back down hard onto the table.  
"The advertising says 'No writers were harmed  
in the making of this whiskey,'" Jack adds.  
Art nods, slowly. "Aye, Jack. That's a brave one. Clever."  
  
It's a merciful release to have the women out of the  
house,  
getting their hair done in the next town.  
"It would be no trouble for us to keep an eye on the wee  
'un,"  
Jack had said to Kathleen and Fionnuala. "No trouble at  
all."  
"Are you sure?"  
"Yes, I'm sure."

Art picks the bottle up from the table,  
squinting at it, *his* eyes now crossing as he  
struggles to read over the top of his glasses:  
"Distilled and b-b-bottled in bond," he says,  
a stammer restored to his thickened tongue,  
a tragic echo of a tragic boyhood. "Good stuff."  
"Right, yeah," Jack says. "Made in a  
copper pot still. None better."

A minute passes. After swallowing more whiskey,  
Art tries to say something but most of his vowels  
and consonants slither back down his throat.  
Giving up on trying to read the finer print on the label,  
he shifts his gaze back to Jack's crimson face.

Television sounds filter into the kitchen from the  
parlour—  
popguns and unruly trombones and cartoon voices  
in a high register—punctuated here and there  
by the laughter of 20-month-old Téadóir,  
son to Fionnuala, grandson to Jack and Kathleen  
and grandnephew to Art and Valeria.

"Will y-y-you allow us another?" Art asks,  
gesturing toward the bottle with his hand  
before reaching into a shirt pocket  
for his packet of Viceroy Lights.  
"Of course, yes, but there'll be no smoking,"  
Jack replies, an almost-forgotten tone betokening an  
elder brother's authority creeping into his voice.  
He unscrews the bottle cap again,  
his fingers now less nimble.  
"But the w-w-women are gone," Art protests.  
"True enough, but the boy's not."  
"He's in the next room, Jack.

No harm will c-c-come to him. We'll clear  
the smoke away with a b-b-bacon fry  
long before they're back."  
"All right then, Art," Jack says after a pause.  
"A little whiff now and again won't kill him."  
Blue plumes soon enwreath their nodding heads  
as glasses are refilled again. And again.

Pure pot still.

II.  
Losing interest in his cartoon,  
Téadóir sets off for a wander,  
a red plastic ball clutched in his hand.  
The telephone rings.  
Looking up, startled by the sound,  
he remembers what must be done.  
The boy runs unsteadily to the kitchen,  
points to the telephone on the wall  
and pulls on Granda Jack's shirtsleeve:  
"Ello! Ello! Ello!"  
Pointing earnestly at the "ello"—his word—  
he keeps on, more loudly: "Ello! Ello!"  
But there is no waking Granda Jack—  
or Uncle Art, whose cigarette has burned  
a glowing red hollow into the kitchen table.  
The smoke from it joins the greasy fug  
that is beginning to rise up from the blackening bacon  
in the pan on the cooker.

The ringing finally stops, as does Téadóir  
in his effort to wake Granda Jack.  
He looks up at the smoke furls beginning to  
obscure the ceiling, then back at Granda Jack,  
and points again: "Uh-oh? Uh-oh?"  
Unheeded, his little brow knit with worry  
and incomprehension, the boy resumes his travels.

"Uh-oh!"  
This time it's his red ball.  
Having slipped his grasp, it now  
bobs on the surface of the water in the toilet,  
just out of reach.  
Téadóir leans in and thrusts his hand forward.  
He strains and stretches.  
"Uh-oh!"—his singsong universal  
for all wrongs and troubles—  
echoes sweetly within the small hard cavity  
of the bowl as he leans in, straining  
to recapture the floating red toy.

Ekstasis Editions  
ISBN 978-1-77171-273-6  
Poetry  
120 Pages  
\$23.95  
6 x 9

## P.W. Bridgman A Lamb



Poems

*P.W. Bridgman  
writes from  
Vancouver,  
British Columbia,  
Canada. He has  
earned  
undergraduate  
and postgraduate  
degrees in  
psychology and a  
degree in law as  
well. Bridgman's  
writing has appeared in anthologies published in  
Canada, Ireland, England and Scotland, and his  
first book—a selection of short stories entitled  
Standing at an Angle to My Age—was published  
in 2013.*



With a mighty effort he reaches gamely again for it—  
his little diapered waist teetering unsteadily  
on the fulcrum of the toilet's white rim—  
until gravity and laws of physics that  
he hasn't yet learned to obey quickly combine  
to pass judgment on his strategy and condemn him.  
The boy overbalances, tips forward and tumbles in,  
face first, the full and unforgiving weight of his body  
forcing  
his head beneath the surface of the water  
and holding it fast there,  
a nautilus in a porcelain shell.

Jack and Art continue to doze in the kitchen  
in an unknowing stupor. They hear neither the splash  
nor the frightened shout that precedes it.  
Art's cigarette, cradled in the burnt hollow it  
has formed in the kitchen table, has expired,  
its red ember gone dark. The smoke from the cooker,  
too, subsides as the bacon is reduced to pure carbon  
by the gas ring's low flame, leaving nothing more to  
burn  
but the slowly buckling metal of the pan.

III.  
Kathleen, Fionnuala and Valeria revel in their  
unknowing freedom. Glad and carefree, they  
periodically check their new highlights and twilights  
in the Vauxhall's rear-view mirror. They laugh  
and chatter while, as the afternoon fades,  
Kathleen drives them all home from the hairdresser's  
in Magherafelt back to Knockcloghrim—  
to Knockcloghrim where a cheap quartz clock  
ticks bravely on and where, like an unexploded artillery  
shell,  
the end of the world awaits their return.

# from Cantata in Two Voices

## Jude Neale & Bonnie Nish

Ekstasis Editions  
ISBN 978-1-77171-279-8  
Poetry  
75 Pages  
6 x 9  
\$23.95



### The Word

*There is no happiness like mine.  
I have been eating poetry.  
Ink runs from the corners of my mouth.*  
Mark Strand, "Eating Poetry"

I string words like pearls  
across the verdant landscape  
of my mind.

They walk with me,  
every mile held together

with meaning so clear,  
that the nouns and verbs  
paint a pointillist painting.

My fingers are slick with rhyme,  
as I am thrown back  
into a dizzying reverie  
of mood and distance.

I catch them like starfish  
and press each of them firmly  
onto my fresh page,

where they stand together,  
sway with context or whimsy.

I write a poem juicy  
as a wet pomegranate,  
dripping down hot flesh.

Or find one hiding shyly  
In the dusty recesses  
of stubborn memory.

All of this I know today,

when all I asked for  
was just one good line –

stuck together  
with the paste of good living  
and the hardships slow grind.

### Only You

*When the wind turns and asks, in my father's  
voice,  
Have you prayed?*  
Li-Young Lee, "Have You Prayed?"

I have answered too many questions  
as the wind blows through the house.

I have bent low on my knees,  
an origami body folded in with suffering.

The words of the dead imprint on my tongue.

I have flown from knowing your tears,  
a river of silver, a river of blood,

to wearing your heart  
on my sleeve.

I call your name beautiful,  
though it dissolves like smoke  
behind a mirror of tears.

I have a chalice  
for this filigreed grief,  
as the dust of a 1000 dead lilies  
leaves a bridge

only you can cross.

### What Is Not Mine

*Inside the box, two flaking albums their pages  
loose.*  
John Steffler

How can I see you when the dark  
is in the way of your perfection?

Your old hand  
can't even  
fold tissue  
into squares

where secrets float.

Now, no one else cares  
about these black and white photos.  
Dust covers of memory  
slipped between our fingers.

I can't capture the silence,  
the unsung melody,  
of the Blue Danube Waltz.

The dances of your youth  
that whirled you  
into the bright orange sky,

where black-lined stockings  
and Jimmy Dean hair  
found you wishing for more.

Your cigarette stuck behind your ear,

**Jude Neale** is a Canadian poet, classical vocalist, spoken word performer and mentor. She has been shortlisted, highly commended and finalist for many international and national competitions. Jude has written seven books, but enjoys giving readings most. Her book, *A Quiet Coming of Light, A Poetic Memoir* (leaf press) was a finalist for the 2015 Pat Lowther Memorial Award. This piece was published and performed. She loves the log channel.



**Bonnie Nish** is Executive Director of Pandora's Collective Outreach Society. Bonnie has been widely published worldwide in such places as The Ottawa Arts Review, The Danforth Review, Haunted Waters Press, Illness Crisis & Loss Journal Volume 24 and The Blue Print Review. Her first book of poetry *Love and Bones* was released by Karma Press in 2013. Her latest book *Concussion and Mild TBI: Not Just Another Headline, an anthology of concussion-related stories*, was published by Lash and Associates in August 2016.



and your tee-shirt rolled  
just above your biceps.

A rebellion in dress walking my way.

You tried to hold me  
in your hooded eyes,  
but I put you down

afraid,

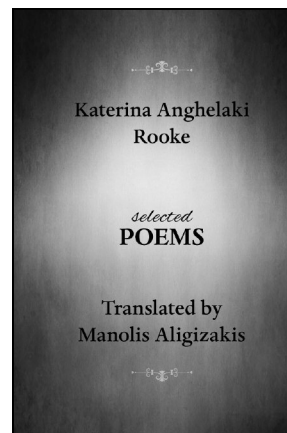
to take what is not mine.

# from Selected Poems

## Katerina Anghelaki Rooke

translated by Manolis Aligizakis

Ekstasis Editions /  
Libros Libertad  
ISBN 978-1-77171-340-5  
Poetry  
128 Pages, 6 x 9  
\$23.95



**Katerina Anghelaki Rooke** was born in Athens, February 1939. Her work has been translated into more than ten languages and is included in numerous anthologies. She has translated from English and French as well as from the Russian works of Shakespeare, Mayakovsky, and Pushkin. She's the recipient of the first poetry award Prix Hensch of the City of Geneva, the National Literary Award of Greece, the Kostas Ouranis poetry Award and in 2014 she was awarded the National Poetry Award for the whole of her literary accomplishment.

### THE VITOS CALENDAR

*To the memory of Nikos Kazantzakis*

#### FIRST DAY

My body became the beginning of a voyage.

Lights on the shore, a funeral procession  
for the verdure of summer  
the calls of mothers  
took an autumnal echo  
in the forgiveness of twilight.

I walk as the first rain  
comes from the sea  
for me the escape — quench of  
an ancient thirst — was called death.

May the soft winds blow  
and slowly mark the orchards of the horizon  
that we, the final comrades, shall cultivate.  
Silent caiques await the morning twilight  
in the nightly quietness of the harbor.

The taste of the grape and of the fig  
belong to memory now.

My body became the beginning of a voyage.

#### SECOND DAY

There is not a separating line between  
the light of day and the light of night.  
The hull and the revelry of the prow  
squeak the continuance of endlessness.  
My soul, the fiery whirlwind,  
promises nothing.

I who dreamed of landscapes  
where horses galloped unimpeded  
in slippery paths of sun-downs  
I envisioned my body in heights  
in armories and pulpits.  
Yet I often ended my days  
at the ancestral well where  
faces and things of the yard remained  
with me for many forgotten years.

The beauty of the mountain vanishes  
if you don't have a vantage point  
from where to gaze.  
I assumed the role of the cloud  
which won't ever bring a blessing.

#### THIRD DAY

September noon  
small talk of the comrades  
in the gentle sunshine.  
The afternoon colors prepare  
autumnal steps.  
The joy of my fate: death  
peace is the miracle  
that mercilessly precedes.

#### FOURTH DAY

Pale faces of trees  
vaguely visible in light sleep  
plain wind without  
the message of the acacia.

The seven girls  
close their necks to fear  
afraid of the light, the rain  
that their unlearned hands  
won't get wild of the salinity.  
They wave goodbye  
to their names and hair.

#### SIXTH DAY

Your face extends  
like the whitewashed rooms  
of the paternal home.  
The doves were taking communion  
from your hand and they were leaving  
in your eyes compassion for  
the crawlers and little earth beings.  
Your high-noon bloomed like carnation  
and you saunter among the tall columns  
decorating them under the night stars.

Now you lean on pride  
the altar of sighs

#### NINTH DAY

We were making plans for  
our death tonight  
and it was as if guessing  
the songs along with the fishermen  
distancing themselves from the shore.

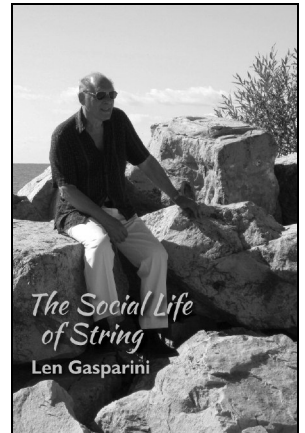
The glance of the sun might be bold  
or would the roots of ancient trees  
enclose ever tightly  
or would we sink in endless waters  
with the weight of the days?

Metal clatter and chirps  
of wounded birds high up in the air  
sea made of wheat  
or would we die  
of the many sunflowers?

# Götterdämmerung

Len Gasparini

Ekstasis Editions  
ISBN 978-1-77171-271-2  
Poetry  
74 Pages  
6 x 9  
\$23.95



1.

In 2018, I saw by the false dawn's light  
the first robin of spring.  
It lay on my doorstep. Dead.  
If signs are taken for wonders,  
what sign was this?

The signs environ us.  
As a tellurian of the Anthropocene,  
can you not tell the signs  
by sight, smell, hearing, taste and touch?  
We have damaged Nature with pollution  
beyond the point of no solution.  
We have created a second Nature  
in the image of the first  
so as not to believe that we live in paradise.  
(From Mother Earth to Earth Mother  
to Mother Nature only women know nurture.)  
In Nature, nothing is wasted.  
Nature is full of surprises.

The signs environ us.  
Earth, air, water, fire.  
We live, and we suspire.  
Acid rain, acid rain, go away,  
don't come again another day.  
We'll go to the woods no more,  
the trees have been clear-cut.

The natural world resides in the rhythms,  
variations, and combinations of certain patterns:  
the spirals of pine cones, fish scales, seashells;  
the zigzags of lightning, the geometry of spider-  
webs;  
the wavy lines of surf, palm trees grazing the  
horizons...  
Is technology conditioning us  
to become an abstraction?  
Nobody dances anymore.

For global warming (a buzz word) read GLOBAL  
WARNING.  
We drove past the first sign years ago  
when gasoline and diesel fuel were cheaper.  
Climate change: a euphemism  
that sounds like a video game.  
Earth Day 1970. *We have met the enemy and he  
is us.*

"The poetry of earth is never dead," said Keats.  
"The whole earth is our hospital," said T.S. Eliot.  
"The earth is an Indian thing," said Jack.  
"Nobody owns the earth," said Bill.  
The earth is licking its festering sores.

In a run-down city run by hucksters  
there's a nature reserve: Ojibway Park.  
Alongside it runs a paved road  
notorious for its roadkill.

While we were watching the incoming tide,  
a stale, smelly air blew onto the shore  
from an ocean polluted with plastic.

Wake up, baby boomers, Generation Xers!  
Have you heard the news?  
We are rocking the balance of nature.  
At the twilight's last gleaming,  
your grandchildren will be gasping for oxygen  
like herring caught in a gill net.

Being latest in the ascent of life,  
from the jellyfish to the mastodon,  
it follows that we must be  
the least perfect form of life.  
(Not *Homo sapiens* but *Homo sap.*)

Life seeks to preserve itself,  
but life seeks also to perish.  
Do you perceive this chthonic force?  
I think the world is one big stomach  
fed by tooth and claw  
compared with mechanized slaughterhouses  
and factory farming.

So far, we've succeeded in polluting  
the planet, dooming ourselves  
and our creaturely cousins to extinction.  
Nothing succeeds like success.  
What planet is next?

## INTERLUDE

Earth has few secrets from the birds.  
From the poles to the tropics,  
birds hold us in their spell;  
mesmerize us with their music.  
If you ever see the skeleton of a bird  
you will know how completely it is still flying.

Once upon a Maytime twilight,  
in the deepening gloom of a wooded ravine,  
I heard the eerie song of the veery  
(a songbird seldom seen)  
whose liquid, reedy, downward-spiraling sound  
resonated as if the bird  
carried its own echo within itself.

Approaching the grasslands  
near Val Marie, Saskatchewan  
for the first time, on foot,  
as the day dawned with a cloudless sky,  
I saw how time is subordinate  
to space, and suddenly I longed to be  
that western meadowlark—  
a blaze of pure being  
perched on a barbed-wire fence,

**Len Gasparini** is the author of numerous books of poetry, including *The Broken World: Poems 1967-1998* and a collection for children, *I Once Had a Pet Praying Mantis*. He is the author of three story collections, *Blind Spot*, *A Demon in My View* and *When Does a Kiss Become a Bite?*, and a work of nonfiction, *Erase Me*, with photographs by Leslie Thomson. In 1990, he was awarded the F. G. Bressani Literary Prize for poetry. He lives in Toronto.

singing its melodious song.

Mongabay.com June 23rd  
FLASH

MORE THAN ONE-THIRD  
OF NORTH AMERICA'S NATIVE BIRD  
SPECIES  
ARE AT IMMEDIATE RISK OF EXTINCTION

In North America  
we live in the shade  
of the world's biggest, tallest, and oldest trees.

*This is the forest primeval;*  
and still it is to MacMillan Bloedel—  
a tree parasite capable  
of dooming British Columbia to a treeless hell.  
(1997)

I planted a linden sapling.  
It will surely outlive me,  
though I hope to see  
its yellow flowers  
attract the first honeybee.  
(A flower will do anything  
to get pollinated.)

Medieval alchemists  
saw the union of opposites  
under the symbol  
of the linden tree.  
(The wind is a tree's only chance  
to make music.)

2.

As time and space become compressed,  
we seldom socialize in the flesh.  
There will be selective breeding;  
robot sex dolls for the unchosen;  
and for dignitaries: deep freezing  
instead of crowded cemeteries.

The Bible, the Torah, the Koran—  
the vain anthropocentrism of man.  
Do we need myths? Should these bones live?  
The computer runs algorithms  
but the psyche's still primitive.

Reality is said to begin  
outside verbal language.  
I suspect that mathematicians know this.  
The theorems of mathematics prove it.  
Digit. Digital. Digital divide. Can you dig it?  
It is the imaged word, the word as art  
that produces form, which derives from color...  
A rose is not a rose unless you know  
how many petals it has.

Let us look at Michelangelo's fresco:  
*The Creation of Adam*—an anthropocentric myth  
of its time, in which the forefingers  
of two reclining figures almost touch...  
(At the zoo one day, I proffered a grape  
to an anthropoid ape.  
I was amazed at how gently he took it  
with his thumb and forefinger).

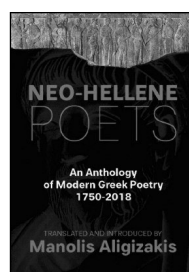


Len Gasparini

As the twig is bent, so grows the tree,  
as the saying goes—or, genetically,  
to codify, modify, manipulate  
the double helix, and dice with fate—  
or, gladly, to embrace *Amor fati*,  
or to accept the concept of *esho funi*.

Warriors will war with warriors  
via high-tech weaponry.  
(What is history? Read further:  
the justification of mass murder.)  
Workers will work like worker bees and ants.  
Breeders will breed, as if by blind will,  
incapable of cognition...

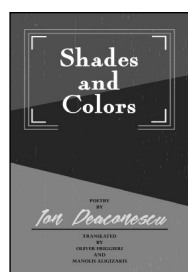
What lives is something other than what thinks.  
We have stepped out of Nature  
and into the heart of darkness  
which is Absolute Reality.



**Neo-Hellene Poets**

translated by  
Manolis

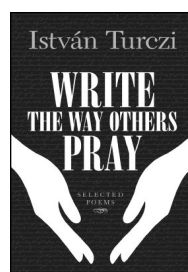
paperback  
6 x 9 in 817 pp  
978-1-77171-301-6  
\$55.95



**Shades and Colors**

poetry by  
Ion Deaconescu

paperback  
6 x 9 in 102 pp  
978-1-926763-42-2  
\$20.00



**Write the Way Others Pray**

poetry by  
István Turczi

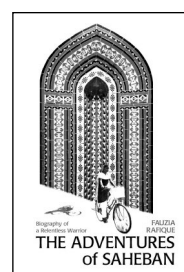
paperback  
6.0 x 9.0 in 67 pp  
978-1-926763-43-9  
\$20.00



**ΦΩΣ ΣΤΙΣ ΠΕΥΚΟΒΕΛΟΝΕΣ**

poetry by  
Karoly Fellingner

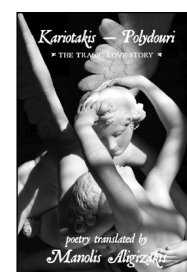
paperback  
6 x 9 in 94 pp  
978-1-926763-48-4  
\$20.00



**The Adventures of Saheban**

a novel by  
Fauzia Rafique

paperback  
6 x 6 in 212 pp  
978-1-926763-44-6  
\$20.00



**Kariotakis - Polydouri: the tragic love story**

poetry translated by  
Manolis Aligizakis

paperback  
6 x 9 in 122 pp  
978-1-926763-45-3  
\$20.00

**libros libertad**

Libros Libertad Publishing Ltd • 2244 154A Street • Surrey, BC • V4A 5S9 • Canada  
• infolibroslibertad@shaw.ca • www.libroslibertad.com

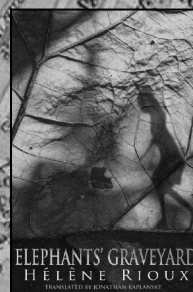
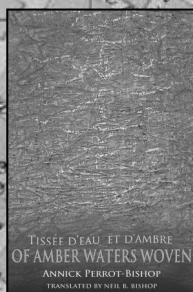
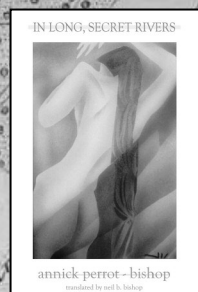
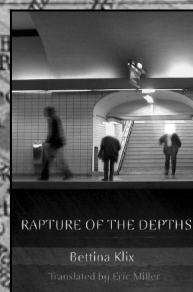
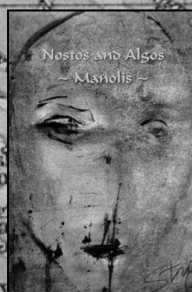
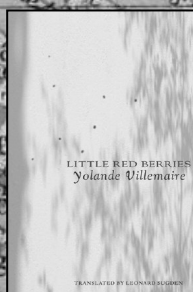
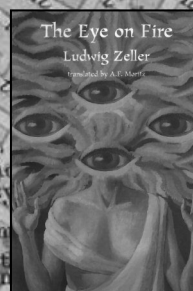
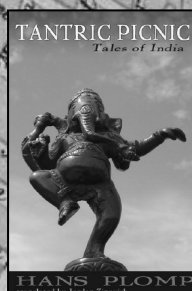
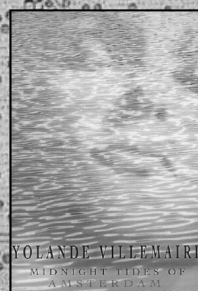
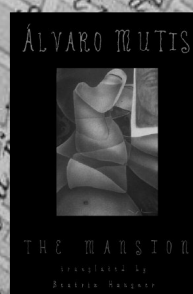
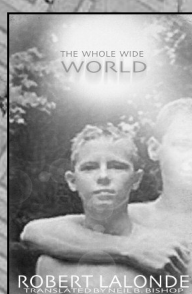
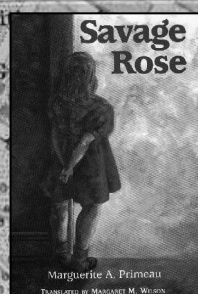
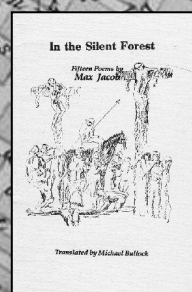
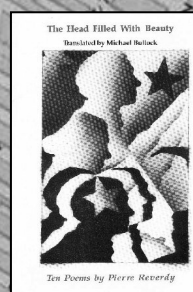
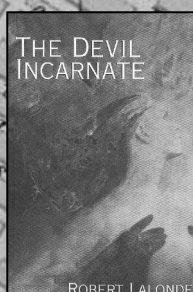
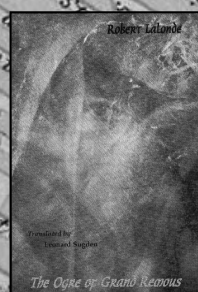




# Ekstasis Editions

*Celebrating more than 30 years  
of quality literary publishing*

*literary translation is a passport to the imagination*



*ekstasis editions will take you  
across the borders of the imagiNation*

Ekstasis Editions  
ekstasis@islandnet.com  
www.ekstasiseditions.com