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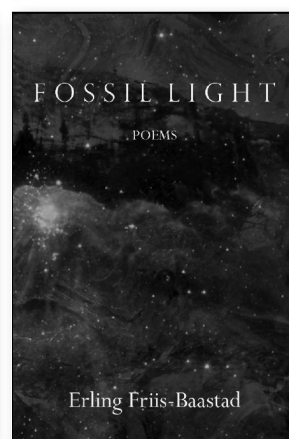
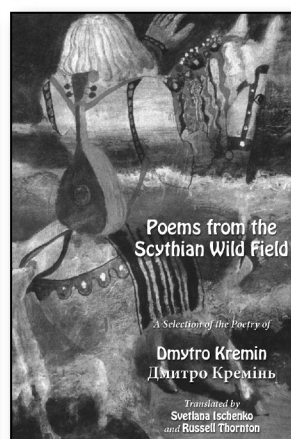
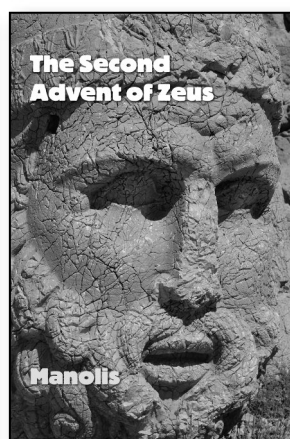
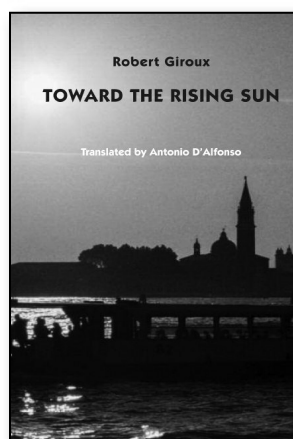
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from Toward the Rising Sun

Robert Giroux

translated by Antonio D'Alfonso

Sarajevo

And what if

The right hand is wet
or the voice giggles
against the frost white
on windows
women
are bent forward
white touch of blue night
unbelievably tall
as if without a history

And what if
the ancient history of language and signs
are riddled with words

Then out of nowhere
a fugue furious and disguised
that one must yell, fight, get turned on
watchwords are spat out of language
such senseless wastage blinds
such dispossession
such a degrading escape
bitterness crossed through

The Burden of Time

Crete is a lyrical lie
unchanged without digression
snow-capped mountains and sand mules
a surrendering of white and blue valleys
where goats smile mischievously
misery wears a purple veil
the quick of stone on soil
like a snare
sterile toil
beneath the vain roaster's stubble
and the black of silent women
cypress statues in the olive groves
shadows meditating whispering
serenity

Ageless mythology
molded rock legends
lace labyrinth language
Nato's shadow
black gold iron onto sand
weird radars
buses are surrounded by beggars
bazar chrome
folklore nickel neon
among concrete hotels bustling
with cicadas
in broad daylight famous ruins trampled on
alibi time's ferryman designated
staggering or drunk with salt and sun

no use for / no profit from rambling
wrinkles around eyes dinosaur hand

Let's go then to Italy
there
the honey from the stones of Crete
buzzes in the palm of our hands
and tumbles over the taciturn white minarets
in the proud ancient homes
of Venice

Black Art

I've been walking since the last rainfall
my lifeline warns me the walk will be interminable
it helps me deal with the pining for my tiny wings
wet-clay women
I'm learning how to read nights tints
majestic steel trees of grey
existence of beasts

Yesterday, the planet planted crosses
Israel, threatening tiger
flurry of masked Talmuds
holy sites chained to barbed wire
Vietnam, forest of embers
yellow land
burnt land
Biafra of severed heads
black land of black kings in kaki
Burundi, recently
James Bay skinned
red land gashed
scarecrow for wild birds pounding on the cold
emptiness

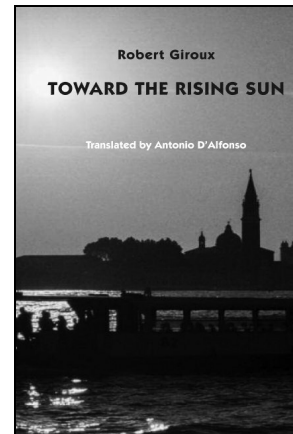
Since the last snowfall I've been walking
the pole is peopled with my ghosts
puppet crosses in the cemeteries of my earth
my eyes are bleeding
I see the underside of the outdoor

The feather is reckless
bucks me up
with exuberant concerts of fertility
let me walk yes walk

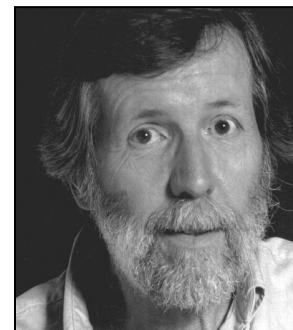
Silent Song

Each hesitation
these losers of vain speech
given slashed or withdrawn
each attempt to seize the shades of meaning
repeated uselessly the sobbing the wailing
And yet, lingering odours
gaze avoiding gaze... the alarm
the wrath whooping in womb or muffled
every industrious chimera
will they rise to the pitch of song?

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Robert Giroux taught at Sherbrooke University for twenty-five years. Parallel to his teaching career, he was the publisher of Editions Triptyque between 1980-2016. He was also part of the editorial committee of the magazine Moebius. Author of more than a dozen books, Giroux initiated his writing with a book dedicated to Stéphane Mallarmé in 1978. He has given conferences in Canada and Europe and is a serious analyst of popular songs and music. He lives in Montreal.



Sing, yes
The voice often puts on wings and flutters away
into the magic of modulation, scansion recitative
Sing as if in a foreign tongue
unknown by millions of neurons that constitute you
Sing project your breath surge of freedom drunkenness
whisper murmur hushed matter
the door blows on your lyrics fading

Understand that at the other end there's vacuity of dreams
among those that have been incorporated perhaps
or maybe the impossibility to fix its very outline
Will your past loves ever peak to a song
mourning at times shame a hint of a smile eyes
almond sweetness pink and blonde friendship persistent
and years that silently keep piling up

And yet

from We Are What We Love

Bernard Pozier

translated by Antonio D'Alfonso

Timeless Testament

They called him Man
And scattered him in the heaven of earth
From his rib they pulled out
A perfect companion
Then he found consciousness
In his nakedness
In his failures
In his guilt
We have no idea how
But their sons ended up killing themselves
And then they multiplied often
They met women coming from distant lands
That did not even exist
And then they were ten then one hundred
Then one thousand then one million and one trillion
All always different
So they could hate and they could fight one another
To kill and to die
Everywhere and always
Yet there is one single country for man
That will proudly invite in
Their own and only leader
The White Flag

War Eternally

For example

On an unsoiled rectangle
Two tiny blue triangles
Embrace as six-pointed stars

On a second milk-white triangle
A black triangle and a green triangle are aligned
To the right side of a red triangle

What are these strange-looking signs
What is this unknown language
To whom do they truly belong

On both sides of the imaginary line
We brand them as if we were in a game
Yet no one seems to be enjoying himself

From the beginning of time
Before even the Old Testament
There has been fight over this part of the beach
And it is not to change into a summer resort

The land there is worth more than elsewhere
And believed to be sacred
But for whom is it sacred
And in what language

And for which god are they fighting
How to deserve this land
How to win and keep the booty

On some days they throw stones
On others they throw bombs
Inside those in power converse

The two sides are warrior people
Filing up for the non-ending war
Ignorant of the reason they are fighting for

Abroad the press mentions the war
Which from time to time feeds the evening news
It distracts us from our worries

On that slice of land
We die more easily
Than on any place or in at any time

Facing rifles
Facing canons
Facing religion

For whom
For what
For the death of the last man

In Darkness

Amid posts
Hobnailed well groomed or tortured
In any case
Hindered hemmed-in enclosed
Stop there
Unable to postpone erosion

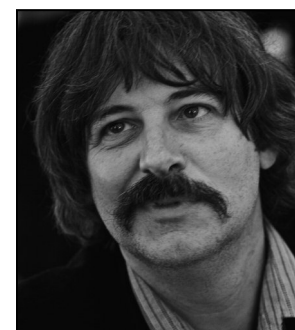
Does it then mean only
To busy ourselves as we wait
Transform produce create look after improve
Action verbs
Flying upward like arrows
Plunging deep into the soul
Because the body wastes its hours
Its time Its blood
Its life

What is there to do as we wait
Born as we are
Unexpectedly
Asking nothing
Forsaken in our enclave of time and space

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Born in Trois-Rivières, in 1955, **Bernard Pozier** is the editor-in-chief at the Écrits des Forges, vice-president at the Maison de la poésie de Montréal, and a member of the Academic Council for Letras en la mar. In 2012, he was presented with an award from the State of Aguascalientes (Mexico) for the body of his life's work and for his contribution to the promotion of Mexican poetry in Quebec. In 2013, he received the Calaveritas Award from the Mexican Consulate in Montreal. His latest books include *Naître et vivre et Mourir* (2003), *Biens et maux* (2007), *Carnets de México* (2009), *Agonique agenda* (2009), *Post-scriptum* (2011), and *Le temps bouge la Terre passe* (2013).



Barbarian strange beast
Transforming the world totally
But what for
And into what
How long will it all last

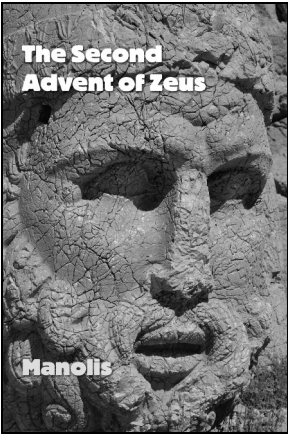
Bustling
Why for whom
With so many motions

With so many goals
To be the one one is
To withstand
Simply
To be a young
Pre-sepulchral
Person

from The Second Advent of Zeus

Manolis

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***Manolis** (Emmanuel Aligizakis) is a Greek-Canadian poet and author. He's the most prolific writer-poet of the Greek diaspora. He was recently appointed an honorary instructor and fellow of the International Arts Academy, and awarded a Master's for the Arts in Literature. His articles, poems and short stories in both Greek and English have appeared in various magazines and newspapers in Canada, the United States and around the world. His poetry has been translated into Spanish, Romanian, Swedish, German, Hungarian, Arabic, Turkish, Serbian and Russian. He now lives in White Rock, where he spends his time writing, gardening, traveling, and heading Libros Libertad, an unorthodox and independent publishing company which he founded in 2006 with the mission of publishing literary books. His translation *George Seferis: Collected Poems* was shortlisted for the Greek National Literary Awards, the highest literary recognition of Greece.*



Hera

The moment came when Hera ordered

to throw myself into
the darkness of the uterus

cell by cell
molecule by molecule
the concept of division
to define

I wasn't that bad in my absence

many-faceted
multi-layered
manifold

the expressionist
the hedonist
the self- absorbed

the clown that I was
meant to become

when the cosmic
compromise
would take control
of my life

Hades

Hades looked at the barren earth and

with His strong hand He spread
the brown to the right and
the bloody red to the left

hills and paths that led
downward to the sea
where sweat and salt mixed

when for a moment He stopped
to listen to the owl's call

hour of wisdom incarnated
lines of people He pulled from
the earth's bottom

chthonian climax

unorthodox couplings

expert analyser he counted
the fingers and the phalli of men
eloquent contours of women
sea caves where future

generations were destined to dwell

labyrinthine quotations

asymmetrical widths

elliptical lengths and
a saddened August

searched the fiery sandbars
for laying naked bodies

Eros

And Eros hit my forehead softly

his fingers traversed lines
of secrets that remained
hidden in my mind: bodies

explored vanity and
the forever hungry mirror
embraced

our two idols with sweet fervor

erotic tenderness

as my hand designed

lines of contours and
mountain peaks
sometimes climbing smoothly

other times rugged
like conflagrated emotions
my family's roots
and the inherited pain

has followed me for eons

in places as red as blood

and other plains as black

as Ariadne's yarn
in the labyrinth of my thoughts

millions of pine needles and
marvelous secret body caves
where I entered

like a misty cape
man and his phallous
glorious patrons of erotic exultation

Aris

Aris turned His eyes to the side when

I raised my arm to stop
the lullaby of a creek
wave froth on smooth
sand and the endless
rustle of tree leaves in my memory

melodies recanted
through the open window shutter
a red water pitcher

one wooden stool
stars and chants
that left thoughts

inexplicably saddening
when the harsh north wind
galloped down
the mountainside
to claim its right
on my peaceful existence

in one dwelling made of clay
with a roof made of cane and soil
with a window always open
with a door ravaged and cracked
perforated emotions and
this was the palace
where I was served

my palatial dinner and
this was my first cry
in the wilderness of the just world

from Poems from the Scythian Wild Field

Dmytro Kremin

translated by *Svetlana Ischenko* and *Russell Thornton*

A Church in the Middle of the Universe

The church domes are heads. Heads of the
passionate, furious and crazed.
The church domes are heads.
The Godless Cossack Mamai, smoking a pipe,
sitting with his lute
on a cloud.
On the way to Poltava and Baturyn, the red eyes of
heads
looking unblinkingly out of the black clay of the
sky.
Tragic heads. Someone might heal them –
one who knew the grandeur, insignificance and
fearfulness of human beings.
The non-existent hands and bodies are full of
madness,
and the tragic faces – full of heaven's fire.
The sky is blue. And under the triumphant crypt
of the sky,
in among the grassblades' multitude, a blue half-
angel's babbling.

And the dream is like a mirage. And the mask-
faces, like mirages –
their cries, soundless, reach no strangers'
regiments, only go out into space.
The stranger celebrates victory. Our grandeur is
lost.
A tsar will drink malvasia and snack on Ukrainian
pickled cucumbers.

Give life to the unalive! Send to them Turkish
swords, send sabres!
But send them to no execution block – for they will
not be afraid of death!
The sweet-throated Church patriarchs officiate in
Moscow's lavatories,
and Rus-Ukraine is nothing but the church's
scraped frescoes.
What do you play on your lute, Godless Cossack?
What do you sing about, Mamai?
A wreck of a church? A crumb of freedom? The
stars' contrivance of the leap-year?
And I, I lift from the ground a gypsum mask as if
it were my own head:
There is no holy trinity; there is a church flying
away into emptiness.

Green bushes. Singing trees. Seductive snakes are
speaking from church walls.
And arms are on the cross. And a cotton rope is
around a neck.

Ovid

I

A grieving dawn above the steppe in the morning,
and a rough-voiced legionary horse...
Ovid, say to your chosen one
the pre-dawn word of torture and exile.

Oh, no, not for Rome, and not for a drunk
bacchante
who is carved shadow in the light of day,
are your loving words and talent;
the poets and the exiled ones – they are foreign to
her.

The dawn is like a flaming wound.
The dawn is up in the sky; the drunk bacchante
is ignorant of the poet's sacraments...

Oh youth, you are so far away and fiery!
Ovid, the surly laugher of Octavian
thunders over this steppe and your forehead.

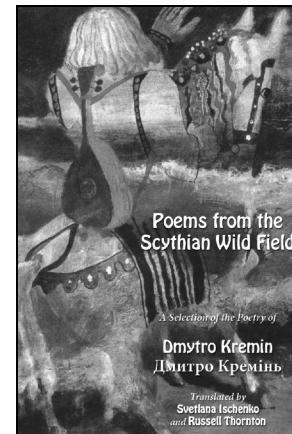
II

A chronic alcoholic was a chronicle writer
of the imperial chronicles of the Roman Central
Committee.
Nason, Ovid Publius, wasn't a communist,
didn't become one later either... The Tiber roared;
with the kingly power of a baboon
the empire grew like grass.

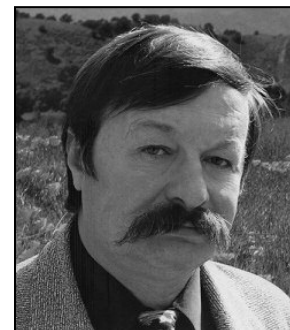
There is the genius and power of Octavian,
there is the lordly height of the divine.
There is the epos epoch of Virgil,
and the jingling of gold – do not fail to grab.
Ovid was a sad one so he was considered amoral –
That's why he was cast away to the steppes.
And to beg for wine and bread,
this aristocrat went to the local bosses.
But his house – was a cold hut or shack...

A soldier shooed him away from some boss's
office;
that soldier was from the OMON horseback-
riders' cohort –
one can count a legion of such soldiers in the
world.
The centuries passed. Homunculi from a
laboratory vessel
took our memory into slavery.
But the poet dreams about odalisques,
intoxicating wine, and passionate love...

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Dmytro Kremin (Дмитро Кремень) is one of the leading poets of Ukraine. Born in western Ukraine, he graduated from Uzhhorod University in Philology. Later, he moved to Mykolaiv, in southern Ukraine, where he now lives. Kremin works as an editor and reporter for the Mykolaiv newspaper, *Ridne Prybuzhia*, and as an instructor at the University of Ukraine. He is currently the head of the Mykolaiv branch of Ukraine's National Union of Writers. Kremin has published twenty collections of poetry since the late 1970s, including the acclaimed *Pectoral* (1997), *Elegy for Trojan Wine* (2001), and *The Hunt for the Wild Boar* (2006). In addition, he has published Ukrainian translations of Slovak and Russian poetry. He has received an array of awards for his poetry and overall contribution to Ukrainian culture.



Svetlana Ischenko (Світлана Іщенко) is a poet, translator, stage actress, and teacher. Ischenko immigrated to Canada in 2001, where she has published two collections of poetry in English, *In the Mornings I Find a Crane's Feathers in My Damp Braids* (2005) and *The Rain Dance of Dana* (2006). She lives in North Vancouver, British Columbia.

Russell Thornton is a Canadian poet. His collection *Birds, Metals, Stones & Rain* (2013) was nominated for Canada's Governor General's Award for Poetry. His collection *The Hundred Lives* (2014) was nominated for the Griffin Poetry Prize.

Write my name in the postscript lists –
for I am a shadow of shadows, a voice, and a river.
And do not search for a fancy grave,
do not search for a villa among the houses.
A new chronicle writer is singing of a mare:
Caligula is entering the Senate.

from Fossil Light

Erling Friis-Baastad

translated by Antonio D'Alfonso

The Hunter

I wake alone and early
to await the sun
and his herd

of yellow birches
All is ready
I have prepared my net

of hope and want
Come back, whoever
scattered dry leaves

whoever hid a treasure
among pale roots
I'll press my hand

against cold bark
transcribe the map
into my flesh

I'll trace the path
It's all I ask
Come back

Possession

At last we must accept
the fatal gravity
of it all.

The lark has flown
or at least the grey jay has.
Entertaining and tame, she's gone.

These are the magpie days
leading up to the raven days,
the coyote nights.

With half a world between us
and our own comforting legends
we've trekked in a stupor
for centuries—
so empty, we stole faces and names.

But now we are blessed
with a fear of our own,
by our own wild eyes
peering out from some future.

What do they see
but earnest us
in the slow process
of becoming a myth.

Only the indifferent raven
and his shadow...

Make of that

what you will

Some of us
want to keep it simple
a fragment of bone
among kinnikinnick—

gnawed bone

Once upon a time
there was a skinny fist
raised against wind

At Guillevic's House in Carnac

Uncommon journey
here this once
through sun

by sea beneath
the terns common
terns over stone

in wind around
his house white
stone my hand

against it warm
for once
then comes

the old cortège
again on down
the hill to earth

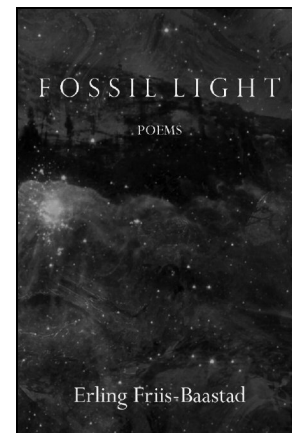
again beneath
old wind to weep
and settle in

Hydrogen

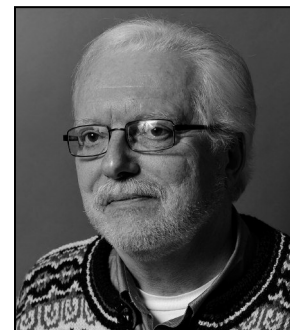
The frequencies fall
silent. Megahertz
by megahertz
voices fall away.

The dial on your radio
freezes slowly
inside out, a dark lake,

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In his impressive new collection, *Fossil Light*, **Erling Friis-Baastad** continues to explore and find language for not only the northern Canadian landscape —both human and other-than-human— but also our moment in cosmic history. He extends his gaze to undertake an attentive traverse of deep space and deep time. These taut, intense poems are the words of a poet determined to relocate our place in the cosmos during an age of immense dislocation.



its own black note.

Now, listen hard
and you can hear at last
that devil's chord.
The stars are tuning up.

And then it comes.
Too cold, you
think, cerebral,
not to be danced to—

But somewhere
distant, something
writhes
into an ecstasy.

from The Golden Man

Vivian Lamarque

translated by Pasquale Verdicchio

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The man of the frightened

He had a large room and a small room.
There was a large table in the small room
and there was a small table in the large room
and there were two armchairs.
He sat in one, in the other sat the frightened
whom he scientifically reassured.

The man of nostalgia

At length at length the bells rang, nostalgia was
about to
was arriving had arrived.
Whose nostalgia?
A man's nostalgia.
Gone?
Gone.
Was it a large nostalgia?
It was the largest nostalgia you'll ever see.

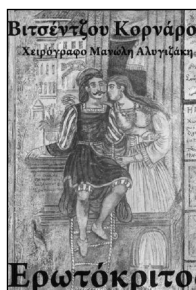
The man and the moon

She did not want to tire him out but rest him like a
moon.
Like a bluish moon?
Yes, shining on the paths of hills and mountains.
And the cities?
Alright, a little on cities too.
And that man wanted that he should rest?
Yes, sometimes that man wanted the blue arms of
the moon
all for himself.

The loved man

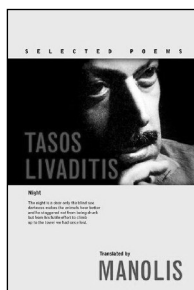
The voice of the rain called her like a loved man.
And what did it say?
It said come come, come to my arms, let yourself go.
That's what the rain said?
Yes, come come, little caresses like blind kittens
come near, lay down.
That's what the rain said?
Yes, come come said the rain, open up.

Vivian Lamarque was born Vivian Daisy Provera Pellegrinelli Comba, on 19 April 1946 in a Waldensian family. She was adopted by a Catholic family at nine months old. Her grandfather Ernesto Comba published the important history book *The History of the Waldensians* (1934). At the age of four, her adoptive father passed away at thirty-four years old, a turning point which would gradually lead the young child to begin a life-long quest into her origins. As a writer, Lamarque published her poetry using her husband Paolo's family name. She has produced ten poetry books at major presses in Italy; a number of her books have won prestigious awards in Italy: Premio Viareggio, the Premio Montale, the Premio Camajore, Premio Cardarelli-Tarquina, the Premio Rodari, and most recently the Premio Carducci for her most recent collection *Madre d'inverno* (Mondadori, 2016). Beside being a short story writer, she has also translated works by La Fontaine, Paul Valéry, Jacques Prévert, and Charles Baudelaire.



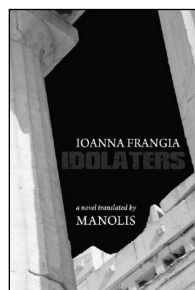
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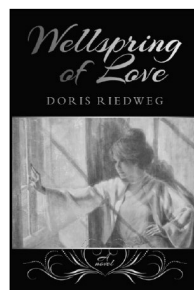
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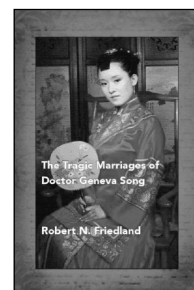
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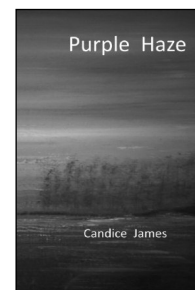
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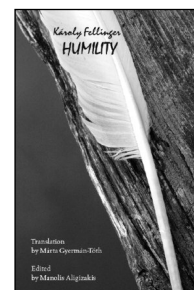
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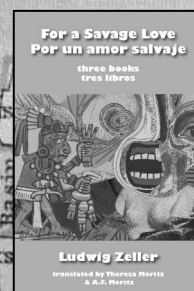
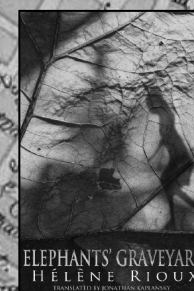
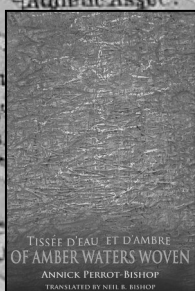
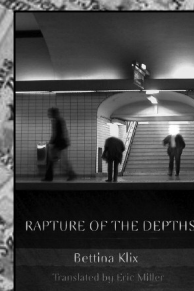
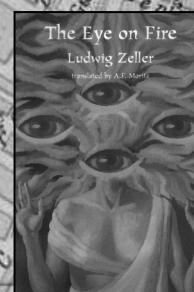
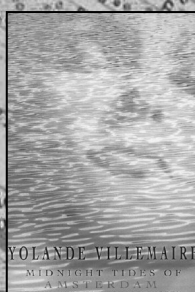
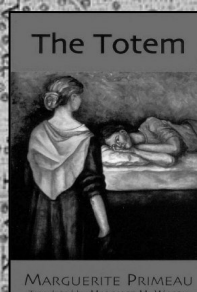
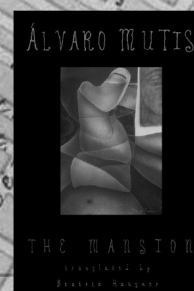
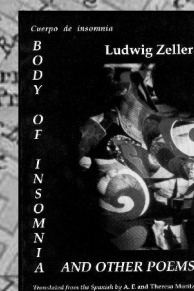
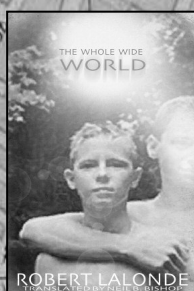
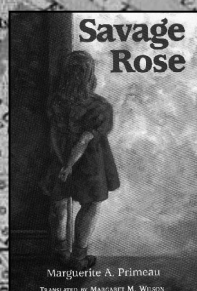
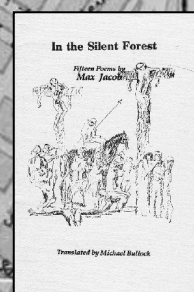
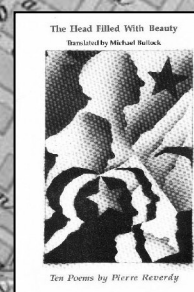
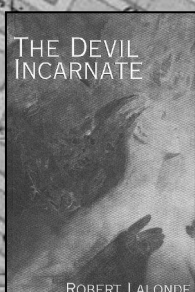
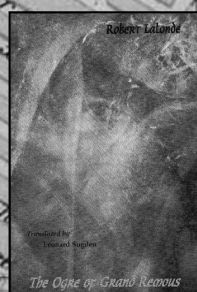
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