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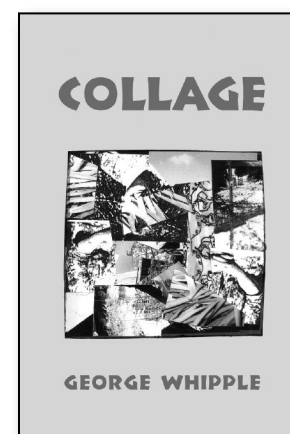
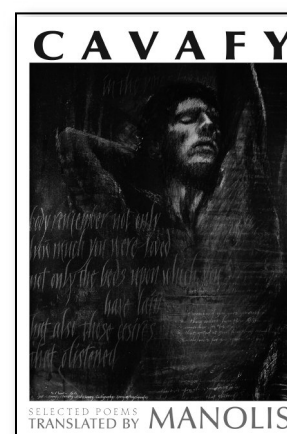
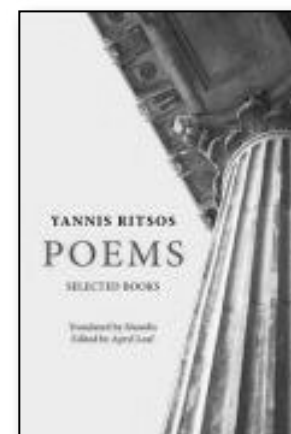
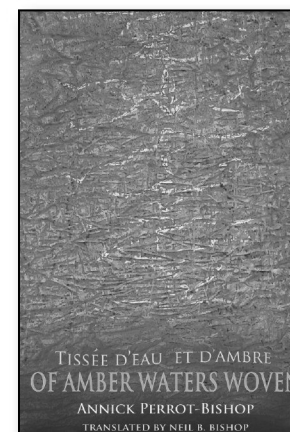
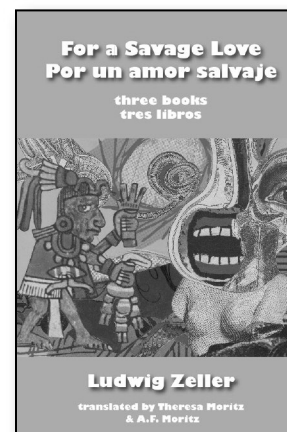
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from For a Savage Love

Ludwig Zeller

translated by Theresa Moritz & A.F. Moritz

Cuerpo de insomnio

Porque tengo tu imagen grabada bajo el párpado
Hago del tiempo un sueño, un cubrir esa llama
Que duele, cuando escucho bramar huracanado el aire
Inflando el pecho, el fantasma sediento que te bebe.

Cae la niebla gris bajo las sábanas se desgarran el oleaje
Y quisiera apretarte hasta sentir la médula en tus huesos,
—Tan lejanos, tan próximos,— y enterrar tu cabeza
Cerca del corazón donde golpea ese tambor de polvo.

Porque duele saber que estás allí, que sueñas
Con los ojos abiertos, que día a día te alzas como un ave,
Charlas del sol, pintas de ultramarino kohl tus ojos sin saber
Por qué lloras, por qué esperas, si tú eres el milagro.

Larga es la noche y el insomnio arrastra recuerdos
Río abajo, mi paloma lunar girando en torno
De esas joyas crispadas del deseo, ese cuerpo
Cerrado por los pétalos, espumas de una marea eterna.

¿Siempre habrá que cegarse para verte? ¿Esperar
Un milagro? Cada día que pasa, que me muelen las ruedas
De piedra del destino. Y esas líneas que surcan
Quemando tus manos y las mías. ¡Esa boca, esa herida!

Body of Insomnia

Your image is incised on the inside of my eyelids,
So time for me is dream, a shroud, a flame
That tortures me when I hear the hurricane air bellow,
Inflating my chest, the thirsty ghost that drinks you.

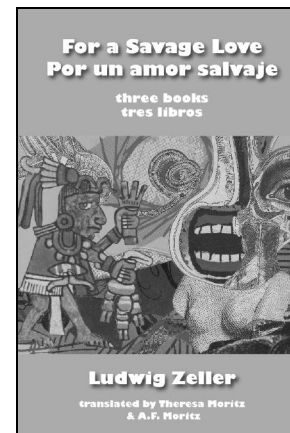
A gray mist falls, under my sheets a tide roars out
And I want to crush you to me until I feel your marrow—
So close and far away—and I want to bury your head
Near my heart, near where that drum of dust lies beating.

Because it hurts to know that you are here somewhere dreaming
With open eyes, that day after day you rise up like a bird,
Gossip with the sun, paint your eyes with ultramarine kohl,
And you don't know why you cry and wait, or if you are the miracle.

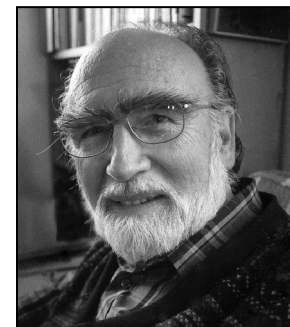
The night is long and insomnia drags out memories
That whirl downstream while you, my dove, my bird-moon,
Circle desire, its coruscating gems, your body
Covered over in petals, foam of an eternal tide.

Will I always have to be blind to see you? Always
Have to wait for a miracle? Each day the millstones
Of this destiny grind away. And the burning lines that harrow
Your hands and mine. And this mouth—this wound.

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Ludwig Zeller has been called the heir to André Breton. Born in 1927, in northern Chile, Zeller moved to Toronto at the time of the collapse of Salvador Allende's government, and currently resides in Oaxaca, México. An internationally recognized poet and surrealist artist, Zeller published his epic Woman in Dream in a unique trilingual edition by Ekstasis Editions, with Spanish-English translation by A.F. Moritz and French-English translation by Jean-Paul Bedard.



De recorrer el sol tengo los huesos

De recorrer el sol tengo los huesos
Cubiertos con hollín. Ya no sabes quién soy.
Vuelve la cara al menos,
me caeré
en el polvo.
Se mezclará mi sangre en las cenizas. Será frío el olvido.

Tal vez era verdad. Yo te amo, me dijiste,
Quisiera ser la llama que te envuelve.
Te cerraste.
Y mis manos gastáronse golpeando en esas puertas
Ya tapiadas. Ahora es tarde ya. ¡Piénsalo! ¿Escuchas?
El diluvio ha empezado.

From Passing Through the Sun

From passing through the sun my bones are
Covered with soot. You don't know who I am.
At least turn your face my way,
I've fallen
into dust.
My blood's mixed with ashes. Being forgotten will be cold.

Perhaps you were right. I love you, you told me,
I want to be flame enveloping you.
Then you closed.
And my hands wore away beating on those doors
Sealed shut. Now it's late. Think about this...think!
Are you listening? The deluge has begun.

from Of Amber Waters Woven

Annick Perrot-Bishop

translated by Neil B. Bishop

Woman Arborescent

You and I, Dancing Through Life/

Entre nous, le voyage se danse

Un coup de feu dans la tête. Un soleil qui tournoie.
Ce lieu d'avant me creuse comme une perte.
Balancement tiède des banians, fleuve rouge, bleus
matins. Dans l'air, le vivant craque contre l'ennui.

Au bord de la plaie, une enfant. Ses seaux de sable
assombri d'eau. Elle ignore la chute possible. Toute
proche. De ses doigts, elle touche la blessure. Regarde,
émerveillée, la rougeur qui s'égoutte, s'épingle sur les
aboiements du temps.

A gunshot in my head. Whirling sun. This before-
place makes me empty, like a loss. The banyan-trees'
warm swaying, the red river, blue mornings. In the air,
life crackles against boredom.

At wound's edge, a little girl. Her pails of damp-
darkened sand. She's unaware of the possible collapse.
Imminent. Her fingers touch the wound. She marvels as
she watches the dripping red, sticky on the howls of
time.

Dans le métissage de tes yeux, le vent des côtes bous-
cule la touffeur des rizières. Obscurité de ta peau, soleil
profond gîlé de neige. Et les confluent de ton sang se
déversent dans la grande eau d'un fleuve. Étrange par-
cours que tu ignores et dont j'aperçois, du bout de l'âge,
les méandres.

In your race-mingled eyes, Celtic and tropical,
coastal air collides with sweltering rice paddies. With
your skin, sun-darkened, snow-slashed. And your blood
vessels flow into the vast waters of a great river. Strange
journey still unknown to you, and whose meanders I can
see from my end of our age.

J'avance vers toi à reculons. Et dans ton regard plein
d'attentes, se reflète le mystère de mon destin. Allons-

nous nous rejoindre à travers le flottement des larmes?
Oseras-tu prendre la main qui t'a trahie, risquant à nou-
veau l'abandon? Je t'espère au coeur des choses - jamais
dites, jamais ressenties - comme la clé de mon présent.
Toi seule peux combler la faille où dégringolent à grands
cris mes peurs. Blottis-toi dans le noeud de mes pensées.
Je serai ton écorce. Et toi, la sève de ma paix.

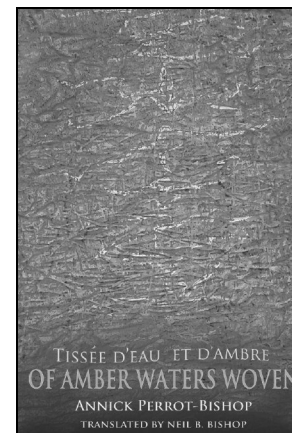
Pastwards, I approach you. And in your gaze full of
hopes, I see the mystery of my fate. Shall we meet
through the floating tears? Will you dare take the hand
that betrayed you, risk being abandoned again? My hope
seeks you in the heart of things—never said, never felt—
as the key to my present. My screaming fears tumble
into a cleft that you alone can fill. Snuggle in the heart of
my thoughts. I shall be your bark. And you, the sap of
my peace.

Je me rappelle ton pays. Terre-eau, piquetée de riz.
Douceur verdâtre. Pieds lourds des buffles dans la glu-
ance tiède. Sur ta peau, la moiteur des nuits.
Foisonnement d'ailes et de pattes, draps pesants fripés
de rêves. Tes yeux, ombres lacustres regardant vers le
futur: incertain marécage où grouillent les possibles.

I remember your country. Water-soaked soil dotted
with rice shoots. Gently green. Water buffaloes, heavy
hooves in warm, sticky muck. Muggy nights clammy on
your skin. Swarming wings and paws; heavy dream-
crumpled sheets. Lake shadows darken your eyes as they
look towards the future: an unprobed marsh teeming
with possibilities.

Entre nous, le voyage se danse comme un tango.
J'avance, la main tendue; et toi, un landau de poupée au
bout des bras, tu pousses un avenir qui ne se réalisera
pas. Mon sang perdu à jamais, vers ton sang redouté
comme une malédiction. Mon ventre vide, vers tes yeux
déjà pleins d'histoires où les personnages dialoguent
avec l'éternité. La mort qui me regarde du coin de l'oeil,
puis s'éloigne, nous laissant tranquilles, toi et moi, toi en

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*Annick Perrot-Bishop is a Francophone Canadian author of multicultural background (Vietnamese, Indian and French). A resident of St. John's, Newfoundland, she has published some sixty short stories and translations in literary journals and anthologies as well as five books. Her highly-acclaimed poetry collection *Femme au profil d'arbre* (Éditions David) was published by Ekstasis Editions in Neil Bishop's English translation as *Woman Arborescent* (2005). In *Long, Secret Rivers* is Neil Bishop's translation of Annick Perrot-Bishop's *En longues rivières cachées* (Eds. David), a translation for which he won First Prize in the prestigious John Dryden Translation Competition (2008), organized by the British Comparative Literature Association and the British Centre for Literary Translation.*

moi, petite cigale indomptée par la fourmi que je suis.
Nous danserons ensemble, va-et-vient incessant entre
l'enfance et le présent. Et ta voix, qui n'a chanté qu'en
rêve, m'appellera pour me mettre au pas de tes
humeurs. Sais-tu que j'ai parfois envie de me délester de
toi? Comme d'un passé trop bruyant?

To and fro between your time and mine, our jour-
ney is like a tango. I move forward, hand stretched out;
and you, with your doll's pram, are pushing a dream
that will not be. My blood lost forever, towards your
blood feared like a curse. My empty belly, towards your
eyes already full of stories whose characters converse
with Eternity. Death peering at me, then moving off,
leaving us in peace, you and me, you *in* me, tiny playful
butterfly unimpressed by the worker-bee I am. We shall
dance together, an endless back-and-forth between
childhood and now. And your voice, which has sung
only in dream, will call out to me to match my moods to
yours.

Do you know, sometimes I want to shed myself of
you? As of a strident past?

from Poems

Yannis Ritsos

translated by Manolis

Nude

Here in the untidiness of the room
between the dusty books
and the old people's portraits
between the yes and the no of so many shadows
one band of motionless light
here in this position
where you undressed one night

Conclusion

This window is alone
This star is alone
like a forgotten cigarette on the table –
it smokes it smokes lonely in the light blue

I am also alone he said
I light my cigarette I smoke
I smoke and think I am not alone

Waiting

Night falls late in the neighborhood We can't sleep
We wait for daybreak We wait
for the sun to strike like a hammer the tin roofs of the sheds
to strike our foreheads our hearts
to turn into sound that can be heard – a different sound
because silence is filled by gunshots from unknown points

Transformation

He opened his palms There were no stigmata
Wounds heal The nails remain inside
Even deeper Nothing shows
He smokes
He blows the smoke His teeth are of copper Are those not
the nails? Does he chew with them? Or perhaps
they are those under boots of the soldiers?
Athens, 17-3-71

Known Outcomes

For years and years he yearned he undressed
in front of small or large mirrors
in front of every window he carefully tried
one or another pose trying to choose to invent
his own most natural so that he'd become
the perfect statue of himself – although he knew
that usually statues are prepared
for the dead and even more often
for some unknown non-existent gods
Athens, 17-3-71

A Road

Even glory is a road – he says –
it is the breaking of the road and also the bridge
there where you lay the basket with the bread
the knife and napkin on the ledge

in an obvious spot and you hide
behind the wall late at dusk
waiting for the first passerby to eat his dinner
to look at his teeth to see his appetite to hear
the sound of crumbs falling off the cliff
as he wipes his lips (or your lips?)
with the reverse side of his palm with
no effort to unfold the white napkin
Athens, 25-3-71

Resurrection

He looks again observes discerns
through a distance that has no meaning at all
through endurance that doesn't humiliate anymore
the moth balls in the paper bag
the dry grape leaves in the leaky pail
the bicycle on the opposite sidewalk
Suddenly
he hears the knock behind the wall
that same one coded totally alone
the deeper knock He feels like an innocent
who forgot the dead

At night he doesn't use
earplugs anymore – he's left them in the
drawer along with his medals and with his
last most unsuccessful mask Only he does-
n't know this is the last one
Athens, 27-3-71

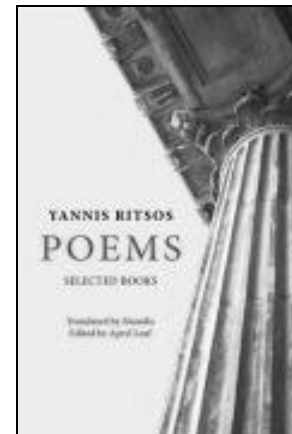
The Wound

To simplify things he would prefer
clean counters the white smooth
finished lines of statues
to carry on with his correspondence (he
acquired enough paper and envelopes last night)
forgetting that small turtle tied
by one of its legs with a string hung from the tree
that he never dared set free though there was
no one around to see him
Athens, 3-4-71

Spineless

The woman before the mirror Naked
She has nothing to discover – she knows it
The replication unsuccessful very tired memory
Scratched record albums glasses
penises sketched on cigarette packs
empty cognac bottles the chairs
apples scattered on the big bed
sounds of heels of the other woman on
the upper floor above her head –
when the lights went out and the walls became narrower
and the servants yelled in the staircase
Mister Mister embalmed stork
we who cut the rope with our teeth
we who cut the wire with our nails –
Athens, 3-4-71

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Manolis has written three novels, a large number of collections of poetry, which are slowly appearing as published works, various articles and short stories in Greek as well as in English. After working as an iron worker, train labourer, taxi driver, and stock broker, he now lives in White Rock where he spends his time writing, gardening, and traveling. Towards the end of 2006 he founded Libros Libertad, an unorthodox and independent publishing company in Surrey BC with the goal of publishing literary books.



Grudge

To speak to admit to that specific
to admit to what you don't have to say – to say it
what you don't know what doesn't exist
spreading the legs of the hanged slowly
like you open the blinds at dawn
and you put out your head looking down
at the empty road where lights are still on
while the hunched man glues on the pole
a large yellow poster upside down
Athens, 10-4-71

Poem

The garbage dump below the Observatory
and the crazy man all alone striking
an old rusted tin bucket
in exquisite homophonic rhythm with the stars
and with the old key-keeper in vigil next to
the derelict train where poisonous nettles grow
hiding the boots of the soldier who undressed
before he climbed and stood at the temple pediment
Athens, 11-4-71

Flow

You found the lumberjack's son under the trees
He wasn't injured You took off his shoes
You cleaned the ants from his armpits He let you
You leaned your cheek on his belly He let you
You heard behind the cane fields on the opposite
bank that they were throwing their axes in the river
Athens, 4-5-71

from Cavafy: Selected Poems

translated by Manolis

MAPTIAI EIDOI

Τά μεγαλεία νά φοβάσαι, ώ ψυχή.
Καί τές φιλοδοξίες σου νά υπερνικήσεις
άν δέν μπορείς, μέ δισταγμό καί προφυλάξεις
νά τές ακολουθείς. Κι όσο εμπροστά προβαίνεις,
τόσο εξεταστική, προσεκτική νά είσαι.

Κι όταν θά φθάσεις στην ακμή σου, Καίσαρ πιά
έτσι περιωνύμου ανθρώπου σχήμα όταν λάβεις,
τότε κυρίως πρόσεξε σάν βγείς στον δρόμον έξω,
εξουσιαστής περίβλητος μέ συνοδεία
άν τύχει καί πλησιάσει από τόν όχλο
κανένas Αρτεμίδωρος, πού φέρνει γράμμα,
καί λέγει βιαστικά «Διάβασε αμέσως τούτα,
είναι μεγάλα πράγματα πού σ' ενδιαφέρουν»,
μή λείψεις να σταθείς, μή λείψεις ν' αναβάλλεις
κάθε ομιλίαν η δουλειά μή λείψεις τούς διαφόρους
πού σέ χαιρετούν καί προσκυνούν νά τούς παραμερίσεις
(τούς βλέπεις πió αργά) άς περιμένει ακόμη
κ' η Σύγκλητος αυτή, κ' ευθύς νά τά γνωρίσεις
τά σοβαρά γραφόμενα τού Αρτεμιδώρου.

MONOTONIA

Τήν μιά μονότονην ημέραν άλλη
μονότονη, απαράλλακτη ακολουθεί. Θά γίνουν
τά ίδια πράγματα, θά ξαναγίνουν πάλι—
η όμοιες στιγμές μάς βρίσκουνε καί μάς αφήνουν.

Μήνας περνά καί φέρνει άλλον μήνα.
Αυτά πού έρχονται κανείς εύκολα τά εικάζει
είναι τά χθεσινά τά βαρετά εκείνα.
Καί καταντά το αύριο πιά σάν αύριο νά μή μοιάζει.

OMNYEI

Ομνύει κάθε τόσο ν' αρχίσει πió καλή ζωή.
Αλλ' όταν έλθει η νύχτα μέ τές δικές της συμβουλές,
μέ τούς συμβιβασμούς της καί μέ τές υποσχέσεις της
αλλ' όταν έλθει η νύχτα μέ τήν δική της δύναμη
τού σώματος πού θέλει καί ζητεί, στην ίδια
μοιραία χαρά, χαμένος, ξαναπαιίνει.

ΗΛΘΕ ΓΙΑ ΝΑ ΔΙΑΒΑΣΕΙ

Έλθε γιά να διαβάσει. Είν' ανοιχτά
δυό, τρία βιβλία ιστορικοί καί ποιηταί.
Μά μόλις διάβασε δέκα λεπτά
καί τά παραίτησε. Στόν καναπέ
μισοκοιμάται. Ανήκει πλήρως στά βιβλία—
αλλ' είναι είκοσι τριώ ετών, κ' είν' έμορφος πολύ
καί σήμερα τό απόγευμα πέρασ' ο έρωσ
στην ιδεώδη σάρκα του, στά χείλη.
Στή σάρκα του πού είναι όλο καλλονή
η θέρμη πέρασεν η ερωτική
χωρίς αστεϊαν αιδώ γιά τήν μορφή τής απολαύσεως...

THE IDES OF MARCH

Beware of grandeur, oh soul.
And if you can not overcome your ambitions,
pursue them with hesitant precaution.
And the more you go forward, the more
inquiring and careful you must be.

And when you reach your zenith, as a Caesar at last;
when you take on the role of such a famous man,
then most of all be careful when you go out on the street,
like any famous master with your entourage,
if by chance some Artemidoros approaches
out of the crowd, bringing you a letter,
and says in a hurry "Read this at once,
these are serious matters that concern you,"
don't fail to stop; don't fail to postpone
every speech or task; don't fail to turn away
the various people who greet you and bow to you
(you can see them later); let even the Senate wait,
for you must consider at once
the serious writings of Artemidoros.

MONOTONY

One monotonous day is followed by
another identical monotonous day.
The same things will happen, they
will happen again—
the same moments will find us and leave us.

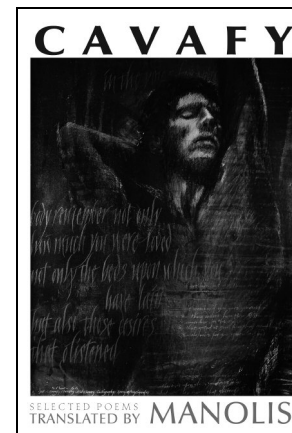
A month goes by and brings another month.
It's easy to see what's coming next;
those boring things from the day before.
Till tomorrow doesn't feel like tomorrow at all.

HE SWEARS

Quite often he swears to start a better life.
But when the night comes with its own advisories,
with its compromises, and with its promises;
when the night comes with its own power
over the body that craves and seeks,
to the same dark joy, forlorn, he returns.

HE CAME TO READ

He came to read. Two, three books
are open; historians and poets.
But as soon as he read for ten minutes,
he put them aside. He is half asleep
on the couch. He is dedicated to books completely—
but he's twenty three years old, and he is very handsome;
and this afternoon Eros has passed
into his ideal flesh, his lips.
Erotic heat passed through
his flesh that is full of beauty;
without ridiculous shame about that kind of pleasure...



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Constantine P. Cavafy is considered one of the most influential poets of modern Greece. Along with Palamas, Kalvos, Seferis, Elytis, Egonopoulos and Ritsos he was instrumental in the revival and recognition of Greek poetry both in Greece and abroad.

George Whipple's Collage

a review by Sheila Martindale

Collage
George Whipple
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COLLAGE



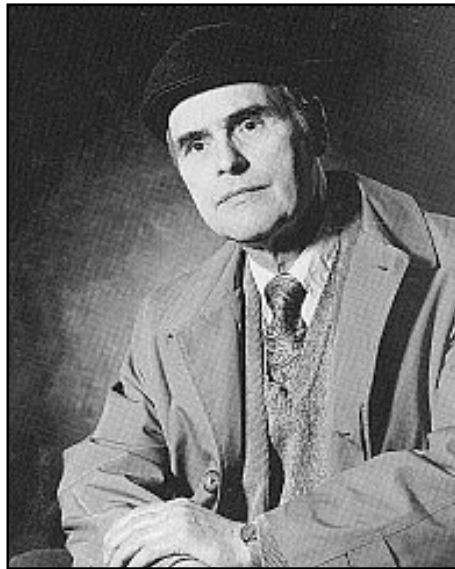
GEORGE WHIPPLE

The poetry of George Whipple never fails to delight the senses. Divided into six sections, and separated by whimsical sketches by the author, this collection is a welcome addition to the Whipple opus. This is a poet who is spiritual but at the same time accessible, reflective while being a tiny bit mischievous, and who ponders the human condition in a universal yet down-to-earth fashion.

Collage is enormous in its themes, yet particular in the minutest detail. The subjects range from childhood to old age and everything in between, all in a compact 95 pages! Small children in the playground are aware of “neither sky their origin/nor dust their destination,” while the aging poet “dawdle(s) away my day/in the sun.” The apparent simplicity of the language is a foil for the many layers and depths of meaning contained in these poems. The descriptions of the natural world contain profound but veiled comments on our life and death as human beings. Each time you read one of these poems it will tell you something you had not noticed the first

time around.

Whipple's love poems can be erotic or parental, can hint at the many delights of a woman's body or can describe a beleaguered but happy father “stuccoed with children.” He talks about the dreams he missed fulfilling as he pursued the dollar, but one gets the impression that this has been a life well-lived, with ample time for contemplation of the universe.



George Whipple

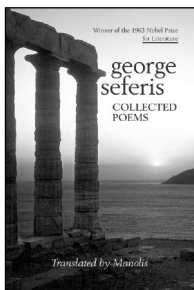
Humour is very much present here, and a connection with the modern world. In the section titled Poetry and Painting, he notes how the written word had changed from petroglyphs to Kindles! Writers who tend to revise *ad infinitum* will relate to the metaphor about digging for the perfect image until one reaches China. On the flip side of this are some disturbing descriptions of insanity, as manifest in such tortured creative souls as Proust and van Gogh. And in the final pages of the book we see the juxtaposition of creation and crucifixion, of charm and ugliness. One of the most outstanding images (among so many!) is that of the cradle and the coffin being fashioned from

the same wood.

So, yes, there is a lot about the inevitability of death, but these poems are in no way depressing. There is no suggestion that we should feel sorry for an old man facing his final years. The whole atmosphere of the book is one of optimism and awe; of satisfaction in the knowledge that life goes on according to some great plan. We feel that, despite our frailties and stupidities, there is hope for mankind, and a continuity in the way the world unfolds.

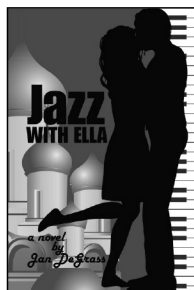
George Whipple might be one of Canadian poetry's best-kept secrets. He has never been a high-profile writer, does not engage in promotional readings or book tours, and appears to make no effort to be “on the scene.” But the simple strength of his words seeps into our collective consciousness, and will no doubt lodge there for a long time to come.

Sheila Martindale



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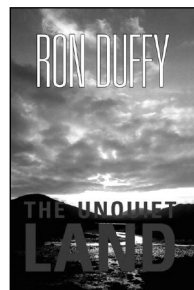
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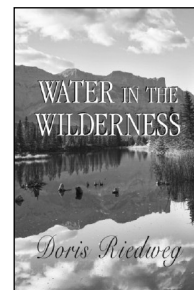
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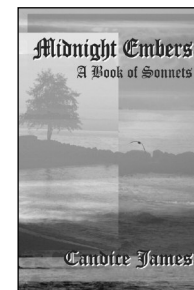
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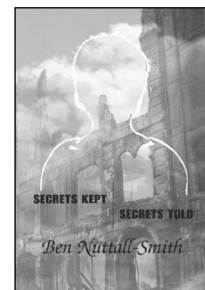
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Two by Two

Cloe Koutsoubelis & Alexandra Bakinika

translated by Manolis

Two Poems by Cloe Koutsoubelis

Ενοχή

Ένοχη, το ομολογώ.
Το τελευταίο ποίημα το έγραψα για σένα.
Ελαφρυντικά μου η βροχή,
τα ατέλειωτα τσιγάρα, το αλκοόλ
ίσως και το κορμί σου
ως ανάμνηση αυτού που δεν υπήρξε.
Στην πραγματικότητα έγραφα για τα άλλα
για εκείνη την ιστορία με τον Κήπο,
για το ότι δεν τόλμησες
δεν έμαθες
δεν ρώτησες.
Κι έτσι χθες βράδυ, το ομολογώ
για σένα έγραψα έναν στίχο
γυμνό και λυπημένο
σ' αυτό το μουτζουρωμένο πάντα ημιτελές
ποίημα της ζωής μου.

Guilt

I'm guilty, I confess
the last poem I wrote for you.
Mitigating circumstances: the rain
the endless cigarettes, alcohol
perhaps even your body
a memory of what never happened.
In reality I wrote for some other things
for that story with the Garden
that you never took the courage
you never learned
you never asked.
And last night, I confess
I wrote for you a verse
sorrowful and naked
in this smudgy always half finished
poem of my life.

Στον μοναδικό μου αναγνώστη

Θα σε περιμένω.
Σε έναν σταθμό που δεν υπάρχει ακόμα.
Στο κέντρο εκεί της ερημιάς.
Γύπες θα κυκλώνουνε τα τρένα.
Φαλακρά μωρά θα κλαίνε γοερά.
Θα έρθεις.
Με ένα τρένο
που πια δεν λειτουργεί
χωρίς φρένα και μηχανοδηγό
κατρακυλάει στ' αστέρια.
Όταν κατέβεις δεν θα μ' αγκαλιάσεις.
Δεν θα μου πεις πως μ' αγαπάς.
Μόνο θα σηκώνεις το χέρι
και τρυφερά θα στρώσεις το γιακά
απ' το τριμμένο μου παλτό.

To my only reader

I'll wait for you
in a station not yet built
in that center of loneliness
where condors swirl around the trains
where bald babies wail loudly
You will come
with a train no longer in service
without brakes nor engineer
train that rolls among the stars
When you disembark you won't hug me
you won't tell me that you love me
you will only raise your hand
and tenderly you'll rearrange the collar
of my worn out overcoat

Two poems by Alexandra Bakonika

Απ' την αρχή

Ύστερα από καιρό συναντηθήκαμε
κι ήταν σαν να ξεκινούσαμε
απ' την αρχή.
Ανέτρεξα τη μορφή σου
και δεν πρόλαβα ν' αναχαιτίσω
τον πόθο που φούντωσε,
γιατί περίμενε το σώμα σου,
τ' αρμονικά δεσίματα και τις γραμμές του.
Γύρεψα το βάρος του,
γύρεψα τη λύσσα του.

From the beginning

We met after some time
and it was as if we started from the beginning.
I surveyed your face
and didn't manage to restrain
the desire which blazed
because it awaited your body,
the harmonic junctions and its lines.
I sought its weight,
I sought its rage.

Επιδόσεις

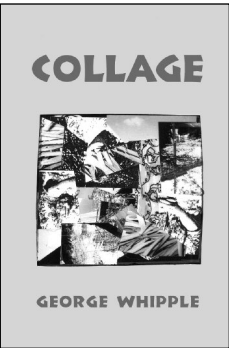
Ασύστολα μου ανέφερε:
«Τα ποιήματά σου πλημμυρίζουν
από αισθησιασμό και φλόγα
και κάτι ανάλογο, κάτι εξαιρετικό
περίμενα από σένα,
τις λίγες φορές που κάναμε έρωτα.
Δεν σ' το κρύβω ότι με απογοήτευσες».
Για τις δικές του επιδόσεις στο κρεβάτι,
και πώς τις έκρινα,
δεν ρώτησε, ούτε νοιάστηκε να μάθει.

Performances

Imprudently he declared:
“your poems are full of sensuality and passion
and something else,
something exquisite,
I expected from you
the few times we made love.
I can't conceal it:
you have disappointed me.”
For his own performance
in bed
and my appraisal of it,
he neither asked
nor cared to know.

*All poems from the upcoming book
Cloe and Alexandra-Two Contemporary Greek Poetesses
for release by Libros Libertad, spring 2013.*

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COLLAGE

poetry by
George Whipple

ISBN 978-1-897430-84-2
Poetry
6 x 9, 95 pages
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Collage, George Whipple's 14th book, muses on mortality, beauty, childhood, growing up and the continuity of life, delighting in each moment and each breath we take as the poems move from the world of innocence to the world of experience. The poems are deceptively simple, presenting complex thought in well-crafted and gem-like lyrics where memory and the present fuse in a deep texture of love, praise, a sense of well-being and prayer.



George Whipple was born in Saint John, NB, grew up in Toronto, and since 1985 has lived in Burnaby, BC, writing, sketching and translating French poetry. This is his 14th book of poetry.

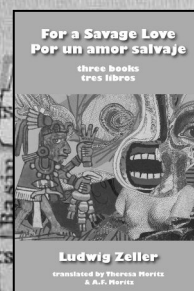
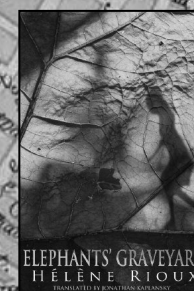
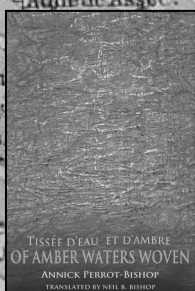
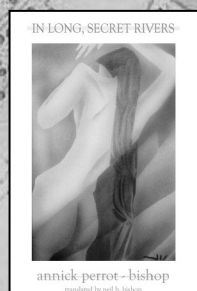
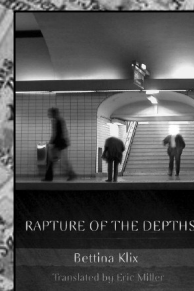
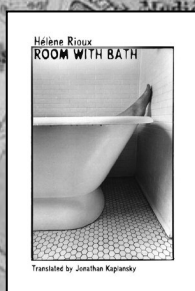
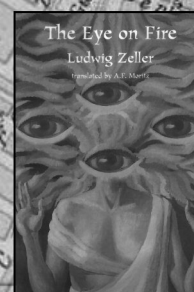
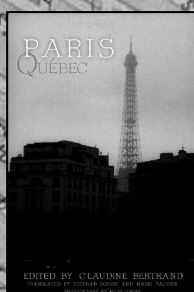
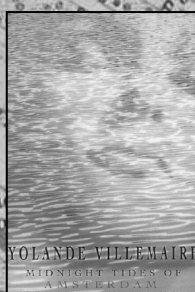
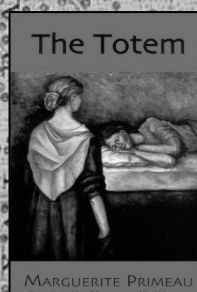
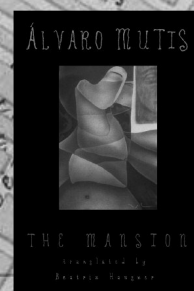
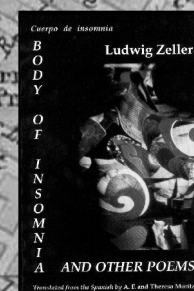
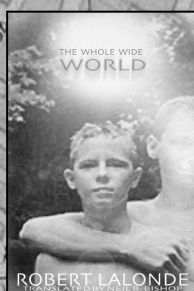
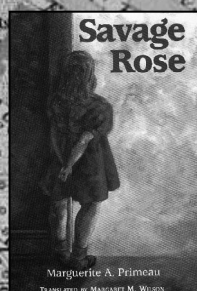
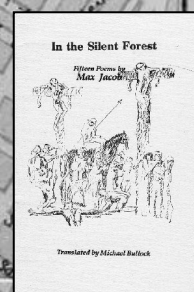
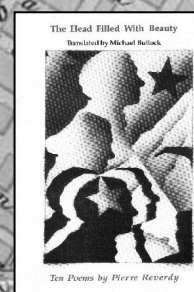
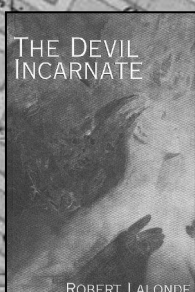
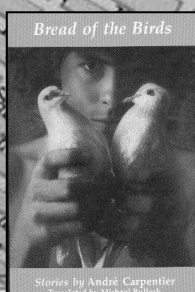
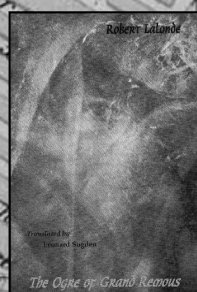
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