

Contents

Claudio Angelini

from *Manhattan Poems* page 2
 Central Park
 Ghost Town
 Tavern on the Green
 Let Me Embrace You, Manhattan

Madeleine Monette

from *Lashing Skies* page 3

Martine Audet

from *The Body Vagabond* page 4

Normand de Bellefeuille

from *The Terror Chronicles* page 5

Pierrette Micheloud

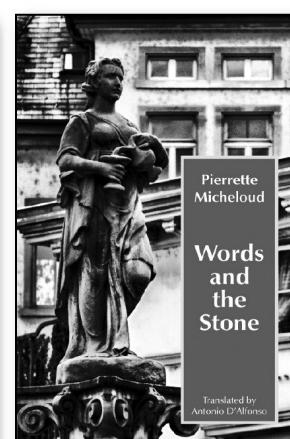
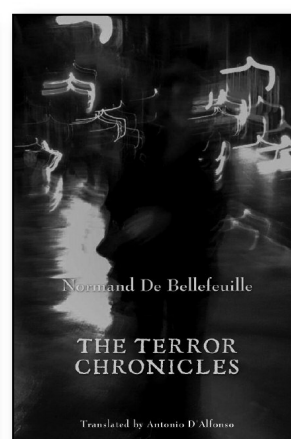
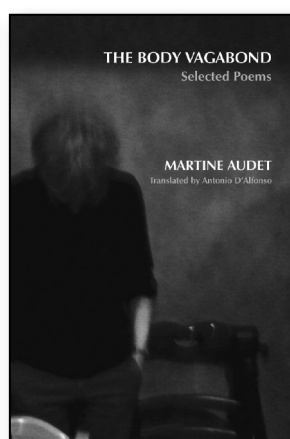
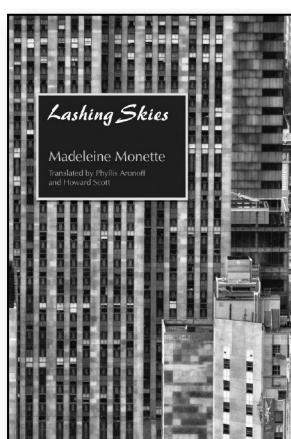
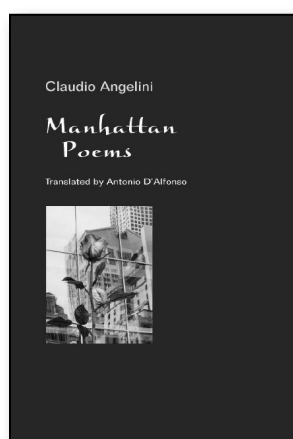
from *Words and the Stone* page 6
 Central Park

Manolis

from *Autumn Leaves* page 7
 KATAIPIA Storm



photo: Antonio D'Alfonso



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from Manhattan Poems

Claudio Angelini

translated by Antonio D'Alfonso

Central Park

Fantasmì passeggiano al Central Park
in bicicletta o fanno jogging sull'erba,
sognando la maratona d'un'esistenza fa.
Vola la vittoria a cercare allori tra le fronde,
invase dalla luce e dai giochi degli squitter,
mentre gatti invidiosi tendono trappole
a uccellini perduti tra le rocce
e cavalli bavosi scalciano zanzare
giunte dal Nilo a villeggiare sull'Hudson.
Forse quest'isola è una finzione,
un parco giurassico che mi conserva
assieme ai dinosauri dei rimorsi
abbandonati in patria,
con le mummie di parenti e amici morti
perchè io vivessi qua
del loro sangue.

Central Park

Ghosts stroll in Central Park,
some on bikes, other jogging on the grass.
Some are dreaming of being in a marathon
held a lifetime ago.
Success fleets by in pursuit of
laurels in the foliage,
saturated by light and the games of birds,
as jealous cats lay traps
for sparrows lost on rocks.
And horses salivate and stump on mosquitoes
that travelled all the way from the Nile
to visit Hudson River.
Perhaps this island is an invention,
a jurassic park that keeps me alive
among the dinosaurs of regret
left behind in a motherland
where mummies of relatives and dead friends
permitted to live here on their blood.

Ghost Town

New York è la terra
dove si affollano i morti.
Sento richiami elettrici
da mondi lontani
e vedo affiorare
dallo Stige dell'Hudson
cari amici che volano
nei ricordi.
Sono piu' giovani
da quando li ha persi il mio radar
perchè la morte dona
nuovi lineamenti
e documenti
a chi entra nel suo regno.
Li saluto e loro piroettano

sulle street e le avenue,
aiutano handicappati e vecchiette,
poi fuggono al tramonto,
frammenti della città d'oro,
riflessi dei frattacielì
dove si sono specchiati.
Talvolta volo con loro
per qualche blocco,
sono i miei fantasmi ad horas,
gli angeli custodi della tristezza.
Stendono su di me un manto di rughe
per proteggermi
dalla tentazione di non morire vecchio.
E poi mi porteranno via
nel territorio della poesia.

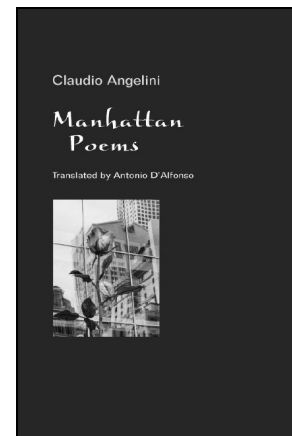
Ghost Town

New York is the land
where the dead gather.
I respond to the electric calls
come from distant worlds,
and I see rise to the surface
of the Hudson River Styx
the dearest of friends who take
cover in my memory.
There are younger
now than they last walked into my radar.
Death offers
new features and paper works
to those who glide into its reign.
I welcome them and they start to do pirouettes
on the streets and avenues.
They help the elderly and the handicap
and off they vanish into the sunset,
figments of the golden city,
skyscrapers against which
they look at themselves.
At times, I fly with them
for blocks.
They are ghosts as horas,
guardian angels of sadness,
stretching a clock of wrinkles over me
to ward of the temptation of
not dying an old man.
Tomorrow they will carry me
away into the land of poetry.

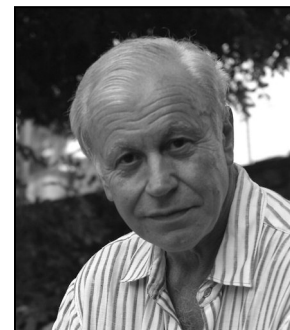
Tavern on the Green

Ho dissalato il pianto
per non morirne avvelenato
e l'ho bevuto nella taverna delle fiabe,
alla Tavern on the green,
gustandolo come un Apple Martini.

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Claudio Angelini was born in Italy where he has made a career as a writer and a journalist. His first collection of poems, *Prima della fine*, edited by the Nobel Prize winner Salvatore Quasimodo, won an Italian award for the best first book. He published many other books of poetry, novels and essays. Claudio Angelini has been living in New York, with his wife, for the past twenty years. There he became bureau chief of RAI-TV for America, director of the Istituto Italiano di Cultura. Currently, he is director of the New York Dante Alighieri Association and chairman of Poetry Capri Awards board. Claudio Angelini was the first journalist to broadcast for an Italian audience the 9/11 terrorist attack, a tragedy that inspired many poems collected in this book.



Tavern on the Green

I've desalinated my weeping
so that I would not die poisoned.
I drank in a fairyland bar
called the Tavern on the Green,
and swallowed tears like apple martinis.

Ti abbraccio, Manhattan

Ti abbraccio, Manhattan,
e possiedo la luce del mare
e il soffio dei fiumi che ti creano,
mentre crei l'affanno
della mia giornata.

Let Me Embrace You, Manhattan

Let me embrace you, Manhattan.
Let me grasp the sea light
and the river murmurs that give birth to you,
as you give birth to the many worries
awaiting me today.

from Lashing Skies

Madeleine Monette

translated by Phyllis Aronoff & Howard Scott

Mouth Full

from the nothing of space,
a gust tears him from his desk,
thunderbolt of rubble and shards,
he's impaled from every side,
propelled into a crazy framework,
sudden sepulchre, half cave
half mural, bristling with
beams, machinery, rods,
pipes, broken bits of furniture,
where disembodied murmurs
filter in, quivering waters
that beg dumbfounded, open
breaches here and there,
making death an echo

eyes dulled, what's keeping
his heart in? he is surprised
to think, separated from himself
except to suffer, a dry wave
has surged into his head,
this overflow from his mouth,
a handkerchief full of dirt, a gag
of mortar between his jaws,
cruel premature embalming

in the acrid wad,
fragments of teeth cut
his tongue, stones uprooted
among those half-swallowed,
need to spit cough, but the cement
has set, in this vise the slightest
movement is only intention,
to breathe is miraculous

from his neck, throbbing
fracture bent on his shoulder,
to his feet a hundred floors
below, he is nothing but
a seething pool of pain, a mess
of exposed nerves electrocuting
him slowly, savage irony and
unfair reversal of events

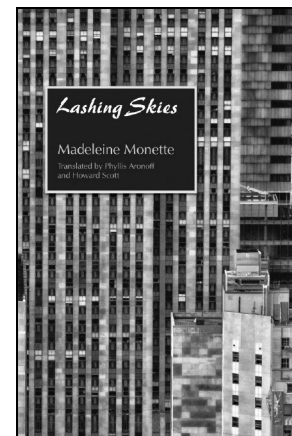
ten years earlier, he stepped
over sandy corpses, an ocean,
to come here to type numbers
without measure or pleasure,
long accounting tapes with
fanatical cross-checking,
flow of onerous fine print
that wore him out, eagle eye
numbed mind, driven by
cravings with claws drawn in,
dreams of money to burn

sludge from his cheeks,
with the swollen taste of blood,
swamps his skull, his tongue is
a formless clod yearning for
articulate sounds, words to bite into
tenderly, to call up faces from before,
far from the obsessive processions
of quotes and dividends

after the displaced childhood,
the country crossed on knobbly
legs, from sun to sun in a skin
of baked bark, his mechanical life
as a data entry clerk, abstract minutiae,
will come down to this, neither victory
over fate nor salvation, air-conditioned
detour on the path of an unlucky star,
perverse springboard for the dawning,
out of all proportion, of a destiny
of stones, of dry storms

in his mind he says the names
of his mother, of his shy
teenage love, he rails against
his tongue, wood tenon jammed
in a mortise, the will of the muscles,
their micro-efforts stop here,
like the occasional reflexes of speech
while reading, trussed wavelets
of syllables against the palate

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A novelist, short-story writer and poet, **Madeleine Monette** was born in Montreal and lives in New York City where she wrote her first novel, *Le Double suspect* (1980, Robert-Cliche Award). Monette's first book of poetry, *Ciel à outrances*, came out in 2013. Short-listed for literary awards such as the Marguerite Yourcenar Award (USA), the Prix France-Québec Philippe-Rossillon (France), the Prix Molson and Prix Ringuelet de l'Académie des Lettres du Québec, and the Prix Elle Québec (Canada), she was awarded the first grant from the Fonds Gabrielle-Roy in 1994. Many of her texts were broadcast on radio; others were published in collections of short stories and literary magazines in Québec, English Canada, the U.S., and France. Madeleine Monette is a member of the Académie des lettres du Québec.



limbs gone astray, he spreads
out of his skin boundless,
pressed into dense brambles
with broad precarious balance,
I'm shutting down, he thinks
furious with himself, stunned
by his own words, I'm dying!

his cage eating him alive,
he feels the heat of a blast furnace,
sees himself as a brittle mummy
no longer held by anything, charred
crumbling of ancient linen, when
everything gives way in a sigh
that pales the sky, a din of solid
mists, then at full speed he slides,
dispersed and monumental,
from the heights of the collapse

from The Body Vagabond

Martine Audet

translated by Antonio D'Alfonso

from Tables

one lamp in one location
poorer in light source
than your mouth
acquainted to bread
components of our fatality

fly birds fly
take care of the sky

I'm walking towards the table
love keeps me strong

* * *

I linger at the table
with food

inventing air and darkness
the ways our hands are positioned

no matter how hard I wait
every word's a shadow of astonishment in being
and non-being

how I wanted to read my name
on your lips

* * *

On the table
a bowl of shadows
your hands

I set down
one by one
your heartbeats

I am no longer alone

to be alone
no longer means
I am without you

* * *

In the vividness of your eyes
the rising of us
the sky converges
sooner or later
into existence

shuddering I gather
whatever I thought I saw
a window a table
a poem perhaps

life locks itself in life

things in the end
share their hearts

sooner or later
the sky
gathers
the heart

* * *

My voice has been left open on the table
this voice of mine is memory
disorder of birds
is oblivion
is lost
in the body's water

I create a fault
that finally drops me

I move away in my mind
more absent than you

the table
is
a mistake

* * *

With the slightest movement of lips
twelve o'clock quivers without reason
everything is leaning against life
lowering its eyes on the table
looking
my fingers no longer frisk the waft
neither your eyes
nor your dogs

my hand cannot dream anymore

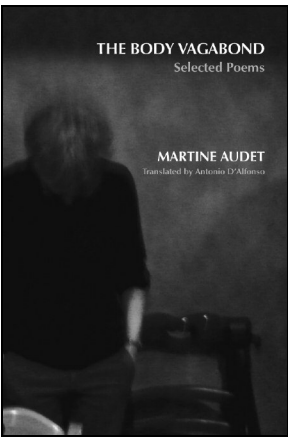
I take a walk outside
and unleash my shadow

things lean against
the table
dogs
begin to dream

* * *

Now
only bread is
on the table

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Born in 1961, Martine Audet is the author of seven books of poetry. Her work has been published in the most important anthologies of French-language poetry in Canada. Her poetry has garnered illustrious awards, including the Prix Estuaires des Terrasses St. Sulpice and the Prix Alain-Grandbois. She has been a finalist for the Governor General Award of Canada three times. Audet also co-wrote a book of poems for children with Michel Van Schendel. She is presently on the editorial board of the poetry magazine, Estuaire.

Antonio D'Alfonso is an award-winning writer and filmmaker. He was also a publisher for thirty-three years. He lives in Montreal and Toronto. His latest collection of poems, The Irrelevant Man, appeared in 2014.

I erase the poem's alphabet
like someone who conceals a piece of evidence

why this need of transparency
and my concern for it

what threat comes before the question

to one side of the eye
the sky gathers effortlessly
in the craziness of the eye of a rose
into which you dip your hands
life will not write love

on the table
a poem
a transparency
on which
the eye
begins to write

from The Terror Chronicles

Normand de Bellefeuille

translated by Antonio D'Alfonso

CHAPTER III

Information on the non-definition of pain

there is no definition of pain
yet there is information on pain:
there is a great rhythm to pain
which is not that of grief
nor that of the night spent with a woman,
unidentified survivor
there is a specific colour to pain
that is oddly different
from the tints and tones
of grief
or from the more secretive colours
– for example, of her groin and armpit –
of the woman, unidentified survivor
because I have got information
on this non-definition of pain:
“there is too much insolence and restlessness
to play the definition game”
this is what this information tells me
which also speaks of pain in these terms:
“strangely it is not without a hint of desert dust nor the
fever felt in the lover’s journey, for pain does not know
the
meaning of difference and pole; besides, it mistakens
sand
time with embrace time”
to think of pain
is
at times
to remember
the slow pace of opposites:
this too is what information hints at
this too murmurs
for delicate is my information
unwed, pagan, fugitive; it is without a people, Slavic,
Slovene, half-Arab
my information
it knows the stuff of stranger
it knows the weapons of lascivious destruction:
it knows the small corners of memory unattainable to
pain:

and so
there, a conversation with Paul-Marie Lapointe
there, the oblique glance from your very young eye
there, this émincé of rhubarb and water spider
on this terrace overlooking the gorges of du Loup
it knows quite a bit, the information
and it recognizes
you
untying the scarves
of pain one by one
forbidding it
all definition
because there is no definition of pain
that is not first of all the opposite of plenitude

that is not first the singular idleness of your plenitude
in a town under the Tuscan sun
or in the reluctant rain as you are eating haggis
in Edinburgh
just as Paul-Marie Lapointe smiled at you, saying:
“don’t worry; never will he ever write a poem about this
meeting, in what could be called Autobiography; what an
idea, wouldn’t you agree?”

CHAPTER IV

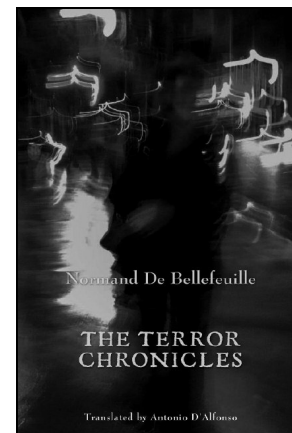
The wake of the whale

it speaks
my life, the truth
being made up of all that I don’t remember
it speaks
this photograph of my life is awful
and memory, a lying magician
because memory has many enemies
it speaks
inasfar as secrets are mistaken
inasfar as thumbing one’s nose at truth
and prewars of a new kind
with powder and alcohol
it speaks
true freedom made up
of everything I remember
just there:
between legend and table conversation
it speaks
just there:
between the pounding desire to dance
and the charms of motionlessness

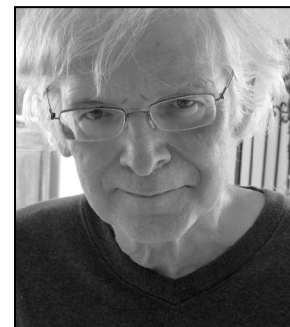
because
two things
well, there is love
and there is death
and without talking of the wake of the whale
and the unbearable guests
that show up at the wake of the whale
it speaks: of course
there are signs of true existence
as many as grievances
as many as witnesses for the defence
as many as what will they say? what will they say?
then again two things persist:

well, there is well love
and there is death
will they say I
was not invited to the wake of the whale?
will they say that lying did not stop?
that love (a thing)
that death (a thing)
are just a parade?

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Normand de Bellefeuille’s first book appeared in 1973 and DeBellefeuille has never stopped writing important books since. He is the author of essays and novels, but it is his poetry that has brought him fame. In 2000 he won the Governor General’s Award for Poetry. He has been a literary critic, a professor, and an editor. He is presently the Editor in Chief at the Éditions Druide.



Antonio D’Alfonso is an award-winning writer and filmmaker. He was also a publisher for thirty-three years. He lives in Montreal and Toronto. His latest collection of poems, The Irrelevant Man, appeared in 2014.

it speaks
love and death are unable to
be to the maximum
well, there is lying
well, there is parading
less enough in the words
of love and death
than the *not-to-be-to-the-maximum*
in love and death

because the verb *to be*
exists only in the present tense

and there is drama
maybe it is not *collectable*
in one instant
this verb *to be*

that is what it speaks:
laps
laps
laps
till the deep side of my biography
you alone know too well
this final step
of this dance
painful jubilation!

from Words and the Stone

Pierrette Micheloud

translated by Antonio D'Alfonso

Deux poèmes construits avec les mêmes “pierres”

Pierre violette des aubes fauves
Quand tu léchais les pieds du chevreuil
Quand les yeux s'ouvraient face aux montagnes

Elle transparaissait de bonheur
Vêtue à peine rien que son châle
De premier soleil sur les épaules

Elle osait les mamelles suaves
D'un lait de sauge (essentielle fleur)
Elle osait ne pas être un mirage.

Pierre avant le soleil ce mirage
D'être et cette aube de lait suave
Quand s'ouvrait la fleur de ses mamelles

A ses pieds son châle, violettes
Et bonheur dans les yeux. Au premier
Chevreuil à peine osant transparaître

Face à l'essentielle montagne.
Vêtue de rien comme ELLE mais fauve
Tu léchais de sauges ses épaules.

La bise de mai quand elle était
La fillette vive enrubannée
De sa jeunesse et de parfums fous

Robe toute en fleurs de cerisier
Couchant l'herbe à légères brassées
Quand elle faisait surgir les fées

En capeline avec leurs secrets:
'Beaux chapeaux de rires gardez-vous
De laisser vos ailes s'envoler!'

Pierre au fond le plus secret du chant
Où l'on te croit silence, je sais
L'abrupte rumeur des voix éteintes.

La Mort embaumeuse aux doigts distraits
Toujours se méprend à les empreindre
De leur passé charnel obsédant.

Pour la Vie, onde qui n'a pas d'âge
Est-ce davantage entendre, ou voir?
Ombres fumées frissons nuages.

Pierre éclat de mousse mes étés
De longue amour chaste un son de miel
A coté de moi Diane déesse

Son souffle en suspens dans l'air doré
Suscitait en foule des lycènes
Ces papillons bleus presque irréels

De ses yeux divins sortaient en fraude
Les Engendrés du Temps éternel
L'hermine à mon front resterait fauve.

Pierre comment ont-ils fait les gnomes

Et les vulcains broyées dans l'incube
Durcissement du courant de vie

Pour ôter une côte à la Terre
Et d'icelle lui faire une lune
La plus amoureuse des amies?

Imaginons l'écoute assidue
D'un virelai arrivant des sphères
Célestes chanté par les éones.

Two Poems Carved with the Same Stone

Stone as purple as dawn's wildcats
As when you licked the roebuck's hoof
As when your eyes scanned mountain faces

She glowed with joyfulness
Covering herself with a shawl only
The first sunrays on her shoulders

She dared expose her smooth breasts
White as salvia milk (an essential flower)
She dared not become a mirage.

Pierre avant le soleil ce mirage
D'être et cette aube de lait suave
Quand s'ouvrait la fleur de ses mamelles

A ses pieds son châle, violettes
Et bonheur dans les yeux. Au premier
Chevreuil à peine osant transparaître

Face à l'essentielle montagne.
Vêtue de rien comme ELLE mais fauve
Tu léchais de sauges ses épaules.

Stone before the sun this mirage
Of beingness and smooth-milk dawn
As when the flower of her breasts blossomed

Purple at her toes her shawl
And in her eyes joy. The morning roebuck
At first too shy to stand on
The essential mountain. Like HER
Dressed with nothing but the wild
Your tongue on the salvia of her shoulders.

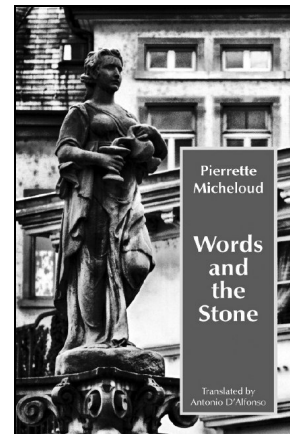
North wind of May when she played
As a young lively girl with the ribbons
Of childhood and wore wild perfumes

Cherry flowers patterns on her dress
Lying on her back arms full of grass
As she called fairies to storm out

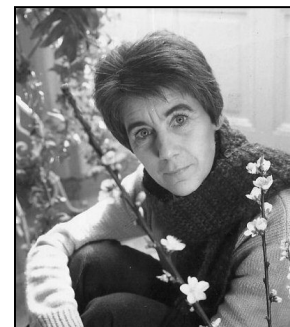
With secrets in their wide-brimmed hats:
'Lovely hats provoking laughter
Be careful, your wings might free you!'

Stone of the deepest secret of song

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Pierrette Micheloud discovered poetry at sixteen years old, reading the works of Villon, Lamartine, and Baudelaire. Between 1945 and 2004, she produced about twenty poetry books. She abandoned her more classical approach to writing verse for a more subtle and musical versification. Considered a troubadour of modern times, Pierrette Micheloud often rode her bicycle and recited her poetry throughout the Swiss countryside of Valais. She moved to Paris in the 1950s, where she developed a love for painting. She had more than ten major exhibits of her work during her lifetime. She passed away on 17 November 2007, at ninety-two.



We take you for silence, I know about
The overbearing rumours of muffled voices.

Death the embalmer with clumsy fingers
Mistakes everytime the imprints
For their past obsession of skin.

For a lifetime, ageless wave
Is it better to hear or see?
Shadow smoke shiver cirrus.

Stone froth sheen my summers
Lengthy and chaste loves sound of honey
At my side stood the goddess Diana

Her whisper hangs in the golden wind
Inciting flocks of butterflies
Blue almost unreal butterflies

From her sacred eyes fraudently flew out
Time's eternal Begotten Ones
The ermine moth on my forehead is wild.

Stone how could they create incubi
With gnomes and crushed red admirals
Hardening of life's current

Remove one of Earth's vertebrae
And change it into a moon
The most loving of friends?

Just imagine the diligent listening
Of the virelay come down from
The celestial spheres sung by the eons.

from Autumn Leaves

Manolis

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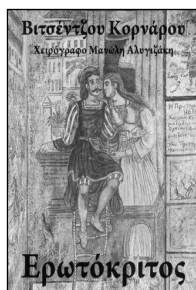
ΚΑΤΑΙΓΙΔΑ

Επειδή πολλές φορές αναρωτηθήκαμε
γιατί γεννηθήκαμε χωρίς στον ήλιο μοίρα
ξέραμε όλοι τη σημασία της καταστροφής
που ζούσαμε απ' τα πανάρχαια χρόνια
κι η αθωότη των παιδιών σηματορός μας
την ώρα που τόσο τρομαγμένοι κρύβαμε
τα μάτια πίσω απ' τις προαιώνιες μάσκες
κι αλήθεια ποτέ δεν μάθαμε
το νόημα της αλληλεγγύης
κι ακόμα καλύτερα
που ποτέ δεν σκύψαμε
μπροστά σους άλλους, εκείνους
που `λεγαν πως είχαν τα κλειδιά
της ευτυχίας μας στις τσέπες τους
κι εκείνος, με το ακρωτηριασμένο χέρι,
έπιασε την κιμωλία κι άρχισε να γράφει
στον πίνακα συνθήματα ανέγνωρα
και `μεις δεν έμενε τίποτε άλλο παρά
να υψώσουμε και πάλι μπαϊράκι
και να πάρουμε τα βουνά μέχρι
που να περάσει κι αυτή η καταιγίδα

STORM

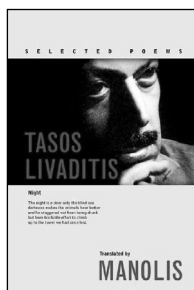
Because time and again
we asked ourselves why we were poor
we knew the meaning of destruction
we had lived since the ancient days
the children's innocence remained
our guideposts when in horror
we kept our eyes
behind primeval masks and
truly we never learned the way
of fellowship and even better
we never bowed our heads
to the others, those who said
they kept the keys
of our happiness in their pockets
while him,
with the severed arm,
grabbed a piece of chalk and started writing
on the board undecipherable messages
and we had nothing else to do save
to again raise the revolutionary
banner and take to the mountains
until this new storm had passed

Manolis is a Greek-Canadian poet. His translation George Seferis: Collected Poems was shortlisted for the Greek National Literary Awards, the highest literary recognition of Greece. He was recently appointed an honorary instructor and fellow of the International Arts Academy, and awarded a Master's for the Arts in Literature. Born in the village of Kolibari on the island of Crete in 1947, he emigrated to Vancouver in 1973 where he worked as an iron worker, train labourer, taxi driver, and stock broker, and studied English Literature at Simon Fraser University.. He now lives in White Rock, where he heads Libros Libertad, an unorthodox and independent publishing company.



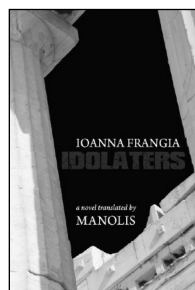
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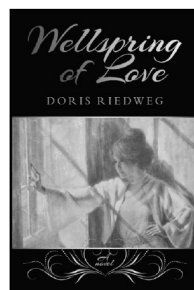
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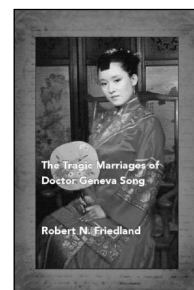
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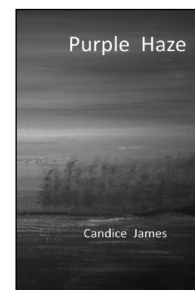
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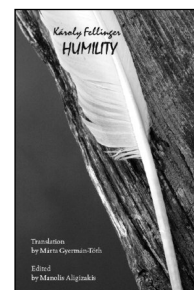
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