

ALEMBIC

Alembic
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Art Work

Paula Tella
Ana Margarita Cabrera



harvest

*harvest moon orange
how soon will you rise silver
eye of the spirits*

*the tide rises with the moon
are you gathering the mist*

Gene Gousie

The Long Poem

I

Trailing out into the evening in the pause
between seasons, I follow
the path that leads nowhere—wind—
whipped like a filament torn
from the geometry of spiders, broken
at both ends, ravelling out
into nothingness.

As trees dissolve
into roots and branches trailing
off at both ends, so
I myself grow hazy
around the edges and explode
out into emptiness, dissolving
into fingers, toes, hair;
and the outer sphere of consciousness
swirls
and mists away into empty space.

II

I walk on.
There are no obstacles.
I am possessed of a great longing to invest
in real-estate.

That is an obstacle.

The weather is generally nice
though an occasional cloudburst of words
causes some discomfort.
On these occasions, I take off my clothes;
and when the roaring clouds have dispersed—
having grown ragged at the edges with a corruption
that abruptly dissolves the storm—
I spread my clothes out in the ticker-tape
of their passage
and the gorgeous, single sun
soon dries them.

III

I walk into an inner
darkness. Ahead, a squadron
of hands approaches in a formation
that wavers
and breaks
as they dive one
or severally, clutching
at the thin wire of my path, they clutch
at my boots.

And they that grasped at the sharp
line in the emptiness, are sliced
clean through.

And those that curled and clamped
shut on the polished leather,
I kick away,
marked with ending
and the beginning.

And my own crushed hands, stamped
with the alpha
and omega of boot-heels.

IV

I come upon the Island of Crabs—
land of tiny horrors in jointed blue
armor or dressed in shells
cast down by the dying.

They scuttle
about, leaping to the clacking
of the fiddler—
crab.

I walk on and the sun
becomes a white flame in the sky, beating
back the tide; and the armies
of crabs cast themselves down
to die; the slick blue armor
baking to red and the sweet blue flesh
boiling.

And at the last,
the emptied
casings crumble at the joints—falling
to pieces, much
as the Colossus of Rhodes must have crumbled
into the sea, and the sea rushing in
at the joints—
Ah, Leviathan, crashing into the ocean!

V

When the city is emptied
and split apart at the joints like a crab
or hand that has been stepped on,
and there is a sound in the street
of driven snow or sand,
hissing
or of a hand wandering for the last time over the loved
dry expanse of thigh
or belly,
I remember in August
at midnight, roaring
out of Boston on a Grey-
hound bus—
at the beginning of life.

Terrence O'Neill

River Song

Winter streams crack like old plaster
pieces float downstream
melting home.

Upstream salmon climb
vaulting stones
the sun sparks off wet backs.

Down the pine needled path
past the hanging gate
a farmer sits atop his tractor.

His son bends in the sun
planting corn seeds
thinking of summer suppers.

I sit on the fence
listening to the farmers song
growing in the fields.

Joseph Osborne

Translation of Pequeno Vals
Vienes, Little Viennese
Waltz from IX Huida De
Nueva York (Dos Valses
Hacia La Civilizacion) Flight
From New York (Two
Waltzes Toward Civiliza-
tion), *La Poeta En Nueva York.*
The Poet In New York by
Garcia Lorca

In Vienna there are ten girls,
a shoulder where death sobs
and a forest of taxidermed pigeons.
There is a splinter of morning
in the museum of frost.
Ay, ay, ay, ay!
Dance this waltz with your mouth dumb.

This waltz, this waltz, this waltz
of consent, of death, and of cognac
that sinks its streaming train in the sea.

I love you, I love you, I love you
in the big chair with the dead book,
through the gloomy hallway,
in the dark attic of the lilly,
in our bed of the moon
and in the dance the turtle dreams.
Ay, ay, ay, ay!
Dance with the broken waist of this waltz.

In Vienna there are four mirrors
where your mouth and its echoes play.
There is a death for the piano
that paints the young men blue.
There are beggars on the roofs.
There are cool wreaths of tears.
Ay, ay, ay, ay!
Dance this waltz that dies in my arms.

Because I love you, I love you, my love,
in the attic where the children play
dreaming the old light of Hungary
through the murmur of the tepid afternoon,
come sheep and lillies of snow,
through the dark silence of the forehead.
Ay, ay, ay, ay!
Dance this "I'll love you forever" waltz.

In Vienna I will dance with you
in a disguise that is
the head of a river.
Look, I am banks of hyacinths!
I will leave my mouth inside your legs,
my soul in photographs and white lillies,

and in the dark waves of your walk, my love
I want to leave my passion,
a violin and a grave, and the ribbons of a waltz.

translated by Jane Lunin

Cloud Climber

(for Cassandra)

Have you ever climbed a cloud? he queried
It's not something you can embrace.
Sipping Black Russians she was still Apollos' Virgin.
She could see he was a prisoner of the cloud.
Within the greenness of her eyes,
Behind the long shadows of the temple,
She had seen him.
After she had crossed the cloud,
Seeing in summers twilight
Red
Dissolving into violet
Into night.
Behind idols and illusions,
Behind myths you can feel him.
He was not new to her,
She had seen him before,
Talking in the market place,
And sailing off to the war,
But, it was all too much now.
Finishing her Black Russian she left to pay homage to
the temple.
And he went back to climbing clouds.

Willie B. Godin



Flores

*for Clara Margarita
and Tanya Margarita*

There are pictures of us
as little girls somewhere,
perhaps in an old album
hidden in the corner of some drawer.
You,
your hair in pigtails
dark as your eyes and my hair;
and I,
with the blue of my eyes
like our matching gingham dresses.
I told people we were twins
though you hated being called younger
and wore your age
like a medal
for courage in battle.

Years passed.
Our families moved apart—
we grew up through letters
and summers
and phone calls on birthdays.
When you got married
I went to be your bridesmaid—
we talked and laughed
and I helped you with your hair.
At the church
your brother's hand was cold on mine
and people walled around you
so I couldn't say goodbye.
The last thing I saw
was a flash of your green dress.

The daisies had bloomed
behind my house
when your baby came;
it was strange to hold her—
she moved a lot—my mother
said I was like that.
It seemed a game to me—
like two little girls
playing with their dolls
naming their babies
after the flowers
and each other.

Ana Margarita Cabrera

turning point

tonight i walked the fields where
the snow was as flashingly white
as a lost seagull spread across
the blue city sky.

tonight i came to a turning point
when the fat burning moon hung above
the edge of the earth
and caught me in its octopus rays.

the mothering fields groaned and melted
with tears for me in my captivity
but i breathless stood waiting to be taken
to the other side of nowhere.

do not release me. i danced
my prayer to that man
in the moon and we rose
into the night through rings of color.

Kathleen Mele

bubbles

summer rain summer
rain
rain rain and rain
bubbles are rising from ivory soap puddles
children are playing i am rich
i have a swimming pool
and i'm gonna take a bath in my swimming pool . . .

i am not rich i go to the laundromat
gushing swishing waters full of dirt and sweat
pour over the floor
even the great heat dryers with the hottest
summer sun cannot
evaporate this flood of bubbles floating full of smells
floating to the ceiling
millions of tiny bubbles hitting against cement walls
popping
trillions of bubbles exploding at 5 a.m.

Kathleen Mele

Bubble Blower: Mouthing the Rainbow

Marbolized plastic forms
you. Bubble blower, Creator of reflections
oscillating shades of all the world's

colors. I use you to fill
the air
with smooth bubbles, winding with
the wind in through to my mind.

Then I drop you from
my window. I reach for you
pleading with you to come back.

The wind feeling
my cry, halts your drop
raises you until you land
on my window sill;

a prodigal
waiting for me to use
you again.

Gary Bortolot

Sneaky Pete

Bored (or unskilled)
with canvas
the artist seeks new medias.
He tapes his own expiring breath,
laying almost unconscious
in Central Park.
He follows people
where ever they may go,
to shops, to movies, to houses.
He sends up weather balloons,
not to see where the wind blows
but to astound the crowd
with an offering to the clouds.

Communication unachieved,
a new media must be found
to satisfy the artist—
it is himself!

He binds himself with raw
electric wires,
lighting up his spine.
He begs spectators
to spit upon the wires,
but no one will.
Then, escaping like a Houdini
he takes a freshly polished musket
and shoots himself
in the leg.

Gary Bortolot

the road

Somewhere along the road he forgot, watching the stones in the road, kicking the pebbles before him, eyes down and just a little ahead.

Afternoons the road is hot, dusty, and one forgets the lantern at one's forehead, blinding and right there—always right there.

Right there under the stars as well, almost asleep but going farther and farther away from now, so that the road narrows and shortens.

He moves, straight ahead, slowly and surely—surely, because the road looks familiar, and though he could not say why this is so, he is at the same time quite certain this is the way the road is supposed to look, that the familiarity is just another sign (the others being forgotten by now, but surely they had been) that this is indeed the proper road.

The darkness does not frighten him. He is guided by the light of the same moon, for he is certain it is the same moon, though he has never looked at it for fear of losing the road. It is indeed the same moon, and the road is just as familiar in the partial darkness.

Now it is that road which moves, no longer the man, and always the same piece of road. And the lantern hangs there, where the nights grow short as the road.

When the nights are short he doesn't sleep. He is tired from not sleeping, but never stops for fear of falling asleep and losing the road.

A total stranger, though there is no such one, in passing would see the glint in the eyes of the man, and would know that he no longer even remembers that he ever forgot.

the tree

You do not feel and you do not tell the shadow of a tree by the ground over which it casts itself.

Look closely and see that the shadow of the tree is the very ground at its base and the shadow continues, or rather springs up from, underground. It is all shadow below, all material shadow.

The man who uproots a tree from the ground notices that there is no shadow in the dirt that is shaken loose from the roots, and as he walks away the area just beneath his eyes begins to darken a little.

Through the Pavement

The rain in April
sure made the grass grow.
There were little girls in
red boots with plaid shirts
sailing their lunch boxes in the gutter.
Crack! baseball in the backyard,
as the grad campaigns for a suitable
present for his accomplishments.
We have cleared the stones away.
We have begun to see the plants come up.
A convertible wheeled into the Village
as the pretzel man told the old streetwalker
a lily had grown up through the pavement
down on forty-second street.

Kevin Pettit

Share This: Blazing

This spring has awakened in me such desire;
the greenness of all things . . .

I would gather into my arms all the broken
oaks and dress them
blazing. I would make

all things green and swaying. Oh
Love, I would take you
thrust you into the center of all

color; make you know the terrible
sweet greenness. Share this: trembling.

Gypsy-dancing after dusk bound winter.

Patricia Slonina

Giver of Cardinals

Such a delicious bed
of daffodils
yellow and white
in the Jamestown sun
nodding quiet secrets
to one another
in the last hours
of the long afternoon.

I think of you
living by the ocean
in your warm house
with such fine wine
and a ghost of Wyeth;

see you settled
in your tall chair
solemn and gentle
smiling at my preference
for tea with milk.

In the morning, you tell me
there comes a cardinal
to feed at the window,
a flash of red
like the tulips in the garden
or the last streak of sunset.

I told you once
how much I love birches
flaming with October
or naked in December.
Months later, you gave me
the picture—a winding
birch bordered road
I wanted to follow.

Perhaps one summer afternoon
I will visit you again
and we can talk like old friends
that no distance can estrange,

no ocean you ever lead me to
will fill my arms
the way this absence does.

Patricia Slonina

