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Ava C. Cipri

Ava C. Cipri is a poetry editor for The Deaf Poets Society: An Online Journal of Disability Literature & Art. She holds an MFA from Syracuse University, where she served on the staff of Salt Hill. Cipri’s poetry appears or is forthcoming in Apeiron Review, The Fem, Literary Orphans, PPR, and scissors & spackle, among others. Her first chapbook, Queen of Swords, is forthcoming in fall 2017 from Dancing Girl Press. She resides online at www.avaccipri.com and tweets at @AvaCCipri.
GIUES

The Great Hall
no longer
symmetrical;
it crumbled
revealing a forest,
no horizon...
the bird emerging, such a long neck,
behind screens of foliage,
the serpent.

Erasure sourced from Gregory Magurie’s After Alice, HarperCollins (2015), pp. 97-100.
RETRIBUTION

twelve miles southwest of the city
in unquestioning silence,
she clutched the reins
and made a departing gesture—
trust one another
stick together
and there were spirits
at sunset
she drew patterns in the soil:
smoke rising, stars coiling
dragons
so far afield
to pay a debt
in herbs and roots, in salves and balms

Alicia Cole

Alicia Cole is a writer and a visual artist in Huntsville, Alabama. Her work has received honorable mention in Hermeneutic Chaos’s Jane Lumley Prize for Emerging Writers and was also published in that journal. Other work is available or forthcoming in Eunoia Review, Corvus Review, Amaryllis, Origami Poem Project’s The Best of Kindness, II anthology, and Love & Ensuing Madness.
Each knot is separate
as I learn about ebb
and flood. Ebb,
one knot; flood,
another. How many
ways of writing this poem?
A knot all its own.
I bet you can predict
the flood of analogies,
the ebb of self-confidence,
But do you know the flood
of lava burning words on
the page? Or the ebb
of the poet eyeing you,
drawing back. The keen
smile that says poem:
always ebb and flood.
WAYS TO HIDE POETRY

Judiciously, under the mattress, or in a small hole in the garage where dead batteries are kept with broken doll parts. Openly, like jacks on the floor for husbands to step on. Studiously, behind your left molar, that silver-capped tooth where your mother planted suicide, now praying, “Just don’t let me read the damned things.” Joyfully, in your dog’s belly, your father cooing, “Shit it out, boy, there’s so much there to swallow.” Secretly, in the bottom of your purse, among the run-amok credit cards and the lint. Timidly, amid the bourbon and beer bottles that you no longer drink. Strictly, like your sister putting young daughters to bed, saying, “Pray, and sleep, and when you wake up in the morning, yes, there will still be television.” Honestly, like your own soul, continually discovering cowardice, saying, “And, yes, Alicia, there will still be poetry unwritten.”
Hélène Cardona

Hélène Cardona’s recent books include *Life in Suspension* and *Dreaming My Animal Selves*, both from Salmon Poetry, and the translations *The Birnam Wood* (José Manuel Cardona), Hemingway Grant winner *Beyond Elsewhere* (Gabriel Arnou-Laujeac), *Ce que nous portons* (Dorianne Laux, Éditions du Cygne), and Walt Whitman’s *War Writings* for WhitmanWeb. Publications include *The London Magazine*, *Washington Square Review*, *World Literature Today*, *Poetry International*, *InTranslation*, *Hayden’s Ferry Review*, *Drunken Boat*, and *Asymptote*.

Nicolas Grenier

Nicolas Grenier has written several collections of poetry. For “Rosetta” (suivi de Philae), Grenier studied comets, in particular the 67P comet, and the Rosetta space program. “Rosetta” is a tribute to science, scientists, and space agencies that have worked on the Rosetta space program since the 1990s. A former student at Sciences Po Paris, Grenier is “one of the most prolific poets of the young generation in the French culture,” according to Alexia Gavriil.
Rosetta mission  
Ariane 5 G+  
European probe

Salvation Islands  
sitting next to the spaceport  
the coast does rumble

under the slingshots  
high above the equator  
Kourou scintillates

in the container  
of an Antonov cargo  
plane Rosetta soars

a pathway to space  
in the midst of wild grasses  
this special convoy

air conditioner  
in white chamber S3b  
the probe reclining

From Rosetta (suivi de Philae), (Editions L’Échappée Belle, 2016) by Nicolas Grenier  
Translated by Hélène Cardona
Cecil Bødker is one of contemporary Denmark’s most highly awarded and prolific female authors. She has written fifty-nine books including poetry, novels for children and adults, short stories, and plays. In 1976, she received the international Hans Christian Andersen Medal for Writing for her lasting contribution to children’s literature. In 1998, she was awarded the Grand Prize of the Danish Academy for her body of work as a writer.

Michael Goldman is a widely published translator of Danish literature and a poet, jazz clarinetist, gardener, father, and husband. More than one hundred of Goldman’s translations have appeared in dozens of literary journals such as The Harvard Review and The Columbia Journal. His recent translations include Farming Dreams by Knud Sørensen and Stories about Tacit by Cecil Bødker. See more at www.hammerandhorn.net.
DAWN

The skin of the night’s grey-spattered abdomen is lifted up along the periphery of a new day’s glowing underpinning.

The forest wakes mile after mile liberated from the heavy darkness, shaking officious shrews out of the mattress with stiff crooked roots.

The night evaporates into songs of birds, and the sun’s first flat rays stretch out on their bellies wondering about mother bird’s ugly children.

A new day kneels in the grass quenching its thirst in the damp footprints of the night.

Cecil Bødker ©1955 “Gry”
Translated by Michael Goldman

GY

Nattens gråsprængte bugskind løftes op langs synsranden af en ny dags glødende pæle.

Skoven vågner mil efter mil befriet for mørkets tyngde og ryster med stive krogede rødder geskæftige spidsmus ud af madrassen.

Natten fordamper i fuglenes sang, og solens første flade stråle ligger langstrakt på maven og undrer sig over fuglemors grimme børn.

En ny dag knæler i græset og slukker sin tørst i nattens fodsper.
SELF-PORTRAIT

Weeds are brazenly growing
on my tongue
in the middle of a bed
of tastebuds,
and between my hairs’
mangrove roots
swampfish swim in schools
like fleeing silver-green
shadowanimals.

My heart is dangling
worry-free
on its rope
from the lowest rib on the left—
if it gets crushed,
I will strew it
like ash on my head
—or maybe
like gunpowder.

Cecil Bødker © 1955 “Selvportræt”
Translated by Michael Goldman

SELVPORTRÆT

Ugræs vokser frækt
på min tunge
midt i et bed
med smagsløg,
og mellem hærets
mangroverødder
stimer sumpfisk,
som flygtende sølvgrønne
skyggedyr.

Mit hjerte dingler
bekymringslöst
i sin snor
fra nederste ribben til venstre,
blir det knust,
strør jeg det
som aske på issen,
—eller måske
som krudt.
Katerina Stoykova

Katerina Stoykova-Klemer is the author of three poetry books, most recently *The Porcupine of Mind* from Broadstone Books. Her poems have appeared in publications throughout the US and Europe, including *The Louisville Review, Margie, Adirondack Review*, and others. Stokova-Klemer is the founder of poetry and prose groups in Lexington, Kentucky. She hosts Accents, a radio show for literature, art, and culture on WRFL, 88.1 FM, in Lexington. In 2010, Stoykova launched Accents Publishing.

Daniela Mihaleva

Daniela Mihaleva was born in 1971 in the town of Varna, Bulgaria. She holds a degree in education. Her poems have been published in national literary magazines. She is the author of the poetry book *A Positive*. 
one recent prisoner explained to me what it feels like when you come out of prison
then we started talking of movies and books about crime and punishment
it was unusual
I didn’t feel any passion
when I delivered his words I used my own vocabulary
my classmates (to whom I delivered his words) had the wrong (lyrical) impression
I tried to fix it to use his vocabulary
I couldn’t just as he couldn’t convey to me his emotion

Daniela Mihaleva
Translated by Katerina Stoykova
FALL IS MILD AND WARMING

two unnoticeable women
want the weather to turn cold
so they can wear their fox furs

there somewhere
by the confectionary
once stood a boy
of the type “but I’m only seventeen”

eye-catching
amidst the coats and the shaving wind
which cut slopes under his t-shirt
his warm
untrimmed hair

and now two unnoticeable women
cry out for cold

Daniela Mihaleva
Translated by Katerina Stoykova

ЕСЕНТА Е МЕКА И ТОПЛИ

dве незабележими жени
искат да стане студено
за да си носят лисичите кожи

някъде там
do сладкарницата
някога стоеше момче
tип “но аз съм само седемнадесетгодишен”

хвърляше се в очите
сред палтата и бръснещия вятър
който изрязваше под тениската му хълмове
tоплата му
неподстригана коса

а сега две незабележими жени
викат студено
Mike Gravagno

Mike Gravagno is the Graduate Assistant for TAB, the Poetry Editor for the interdisciplinary journal Anastamos, and an MFA student at Chapman University.
Book review

ONLY MORE SO BY MILLICENT BORGES ACCARDI
PUBLISHED BY SALMON POETRY, 2016

“It was like this, only more so” is the way Millicent Borges Accardi ends the titular poem in her fourth collection, Only More So. The simple sentence could be read as a mission statement for the book, as she understatedly tackles war, history, disease, survival, and womanhood. Words fail when describing the width and breadth of life, and she reminds the reader to marinate on her poems, then add “only more so.”

Accardi focuses on quiet moments, creating specific characters even as she jumps decades in referencing Raymond Carver to Lena Horne to the band Sublime to Frida Kahlo, jumping from New York City to Spain to Indiana to Eastern Europe—the connective tissue is the day-to-day minutiae it takes to survive everything from a boy learning to shave to the need to placate occupying soldiers in wartime. No matter the subject, her speakers grab onto details that elevate the poems from words on the page to lived scenes in the reader’s mind. The book grounds the horrors of ethnic cleansing in “the rebel tanks / with nudies plastered to their sides” in “Ciscenje Prostora” and looks to a couple early in marriage “giddy with guessing” the husband’s disease in “Arrhythmia.” The husband is “a 40-something man / in a sea of waiting room seniors” determined “To build a new fence, jamming post piles / Into the ground with the same brute strength” he had when he was younger.

The collection begins with a declaration of wanting to live life more fully and of eating ice cream “so that even the last bite contained / both cone and cream” in “On a Theme by William Stafford.” Yet, it’s the second poem, “Coupling,” that lets the reader in on what Accardi mostly explores: the understated violence that exists everywhere, even in an average marriage. The woman in this couple has a “heart as compact as plywood,” and the man’s heart is a pair of “fearless / hands holding a piece of wood steady / while a diamond-point blade cut through.” The following poem, the aforementioned “Ciscenje Prostora,” increases the cognitive dissonance of gently describing violence, this time a soldier raping an Eastern European woman, where “Even little sounds, like birds overhead, / encourage him to go on, to spit, to breathe / three generations of her surrender into his lungs. / Then, silence.” By aiming the readers’ eyes away from the scene up to the birds and then zooming in to breathing, the disconnection and the intimacy of the violation are highlighted powerfully. “It was like this, only more so.”

Disease hovers around the edges of poems throughout the collection, and the poem “Under Different Conditions” does the best job at skirting around the topic before dealing with it more directly than anywhere else in the book. It opens a mystery:

They say once you have it
it does not go away, like a thirst
for liquor, a child, intelligence,
an abusive hand, a talent with
words, blindness, poverty,
a green thumb, perfect pitch.

GRAVAGNO
Almost all of the things with which “it” is compared also show up in the book, so the reader is left wondering what “it” may be. And where “an abusive hand” is negative, “a green thumb” rarely is, leaving no hint where we're headed. Clues start to appear as “it changes forms,” sneaking “inside the bones / of imagination, in the minds / of worry, between the lines / of every poem you read.” Accardi returns to referencing the body, hinting at the disease which is also “between the lines” of many poems in the very book the reader holds in their hands. The ominous and ever-presence of “it” grows and expands so that the reveal, as awful as it is, almost feels like release:

“Write it; you can say this.”

Breast Cancer. People might stop
and watch rooftops as an unexplained
plume of black smoke rises and changes directions above us.

We see the speaker urging herself to say out loud, write it explicitly, “Breast Cancer,” capitalized to give it its full weight, heavy and dark like the “plume of black smoke” that “changes directions” much as the poem, too, changed directions, as many of the poems in the book do. The final line’s length is doubled so it sits fully on the reader. Again, “It was like this, only more so.”

But it isn’t all restrained brutality. There are moments of, if not all out levity, then signs that Accardi is aware the reader might need a second to breathe away from the war atrocities and diseases creeping in all of us. This change of pace is by no means less thought provoking. Halfway through the book we get “Musings in January,” where the speaker is in a hotel room watching “a definitely B / chick flick” and pondering what it is about the main actor that intrigues her. It's more than “his body” even if that “used to have been / a reason”; it's more than “the bull dog neck” or “flat boxer’s nose” she favors. The speaker decides that, in every movie and every image she's seen of this actor, he looks “lost, thirst and lost” and “Even when he is starving, thirsty, dying, / Even then. / He would rather listen.” While it’s obvious that Accardi is fascinated by the grimmer aspects of human nature and history, the lighter moments are where her eye for minutiae can shine, separated from subject matter that could overshadow the work being done. Watching a movie and wondering about one's attraction to a celebrity is incredibly human, as is soldiers committing war crimes or a grieving woman dealing with a cancer diagnosis. It’s in poems and passages like “Musings in January” within Only More So that capture Accardi’s stunning ability to show exactly what life is like.

Only more so.