

Allison Grimaldi Donahue
WAITING

*Do we need to analyse our
encounter with each other? Or
can we just assume it, and see
what kind of dialogue it
anchors to a start in time?*
(Wark)

I wander the cemetery looking
for Beckett. I don't find him.
I find a bench and sit.
Waiting.

If god designed the universe
he also made the clocks and
the wrinkles around yr eyes
The way my body has to circle
and round losing my footing,
tripping on cords and wires to
get the whole picture and
then, well then, it's time for
dinner. That is the god I bow
to, lord of incident and
accident.

but sometimes I do feel
possessed by you
even now yes. silly stupid
pathological
just take it, take my awkward
objects.

The instructions towards my
feelings take in abandoned
toys and rubber
trash and bones for the new
year

The instructions for my
feelings were lost and had to
be downloaded as pdf and
printed

We stand in the kitchen and my
mind wanders—checkerboard
fantasy life
dancing on the white and on
the black quadrants as the
stove billows smoke
I pull out the bottle of
bourbon and move to the couch
and I sit there

TV on rambling Gossip Girl or
some shit and I drink
it drunk as the sun warms my
belly

The fantasy is my own
obsolescence if you didn't
understand
the blending of my flesh into
arm and limb of couch and

parquet a doorbell unanswered
dust plummets

to the ground
in non-monumental grief
like snow on the shoreline

Dalia Maini
SE IL MONDO CHE VERRÀ

è simile a quello che vedo
sarà vertiginoso
barcollante per le notti insonni

ho sognato i fronti
in frammenti
in rime
nella tensione delle mascelle
bloccata tra un urlo
e una chiusura

In nuovi terreni di certezze
in picchi elettrici di energia
in messaggi tagliati in codice
il mio corpo assorbe
la tensione
di questo mondo a venire

Resisto, in privato
attraverso una rivolta
somatica

Ma qual è il prossimo colpo?
Cosa scaglio contro gli scudi antisommossa?
Quale tribunale metterò sotto processo?
A chi faccio cambiare idea?
Con chi costruisco la breccia?

Sto bruciando
Sto bene
Lo farò

E poi finalmente mi riposerò

Dalia Maini
IF THE WORLD THAT WILL COME

is anything like what I see
it will be dizzy
staggering from sleepless nights

I've dreamt of frontlines
in fragments
in rhymes
in the locked tension of jaws
caught between a scream
and a shutdown

In new grounds of certainties
in the electric spikes of energy
in messages cut to code
my body absorbs
the strain
of this world to come

I resist, in private
through a somatic
uprising

But what's the next strike?
What do I hurl at the riot shields?
Which court do I put on trial?
Whose mind do I change?
With whom do I build the breach?

I am burning
I am fine
I will do

And then finally I will lie down.

Jackie Wang

THE SUNFLOWER CAST A SPELL TO SAVE US FROM THE VOID

Some

sunflowers

save their

daughters with invading

dreams distilled into layers of

singing ray petals that meet the eyes as

lemons, I don't remember, now the sunflower is an equation, now a t-shirt,

now lance or condition of heart, its Fibonacci radiance excreting
phyllotactic spirals to light (in the absence of sun) *tomb*

What is it about the sunflower, which appears in dreams to announce every obsession? X of $E=mc^2$? X of the infinity flower, its deep mathematical order. I recruited K to help me solve the sunflower conjecture. M wanted to help, but it was not his help I needed. Why did I want to be seen by K while wearing the t-shirt of the sunflower equation? Email K about the problem, but did not respond after his initial response. Then I was walking into a building and he and E were huddled together looking at something on a computer. I was only wearing the sunflower t-shirt and black brief undies, so I left to plan my follow-up email. How would I hook him? Questions about technical details. Wanted to capture the whole of mathematics in my questions, to offset the mortification of being caught in my underwear. Outside the equation the whole city was turned into a saturnalia of commerce, everything was for sale. I watched a woman try on a button-down cowboy shirt and fur coat. Wanted to snatch the shirt off her body, believing it would make me lovable.

Fourth

sister

of influence

in the room

where the caught breath is

shed between word I hear the annunciation roar

scattering yellow across the day and splintering the head with its blinding symmetry

A new iteration of the dream: "You were never no locomotive, Sunflower, you were a sunflower!" You were never yourself. You were octopus, you were the face of a book we won at the arcade. You were sutra, ora a social movement in Taiwan. You were primordial poultice. You were the composite self, until my conspirator and I set out to turn into ice cream. En route we passed a village of witches, outran the melting wedding cake. Who was the bride in the yellow dress from gagatown? The keeper of geological time. People on the train complained about the slowness of the Chinese Internet.

I

I don't

I don't remember

I don't remember anything, wait

I remember waiting, flinging seeds into a faux-

terracotta trough, then transferring my seedling to the plant bed outside the window

and waiting for the green spire to beget young Helios—a child who lives to witness the miracle of anything
that grows

Antonia Rebekka Truninger
PALM

Body spills into the night. It's leakage
Of stars twinning in
Convulsions of hysteria
They teach me how to laugh. Not to cry

Where my laughter hails upon you
You welcome me like soft morning gleam
Body spills into the light
My firmament spills into the shape of your palm

A sunflower bursts through the floor and grows above our heads

I snap it and put it in your mouth
Swallow
You swallow the flower
The flower turns to stone
It turns into the best chocolate cake you've ever had
The cake is a snake that looks like a bird
Bird shows us Everything:

Everything is
The voluptuous flesh of a burgundy peach

Anything you need

Is the weight of having a body
That only finds me because there is no one else

But the patience of being a body
But the patience of being a body
This island of memory will find me
Despite the serendipity of it all

Everything
Eeeeverythinggggg is

Everything
Is consumed by love
The recognition within the breach of a sigh
The recognition within the breach of a
Sigh
Is permeated by desire
Everything is consumed by love

And pain
Everything

Creeps in under our fingernails

Through our eyes, our ears, our skins, our hearts

This is how we stay alive
Bird whispers
It gets caught in our hair, in our legs and arms and throats, in our words, our dreams, our tears, and laughter. It
nests between our teeth, in the air that we breathe and the stars, and our veins where it buds like a tiny little
flower

You snap it and put it in my mouth
Swallow
I swallow the flower

In my stomach the flower turns to stone
It turns into the best chocolate cake I've ever had
The cake is a bird that looks like a snake

And just like a snake, which, not having anything to eat, eats her own tail
You spread your legs
I read

“It is only by destroying the *I* that it becomes possible to fully believe in, and therefore truly love, the existence of anything outside ourselves”

A sunflower bursts through the floor and grows above our heads

Your face fades from my fear
That I try to hide behind the twinkle of an eye

When you speak
Your voice now is more like mine

What's the distance between your creation and my intangibility?

I ask

Do you see the void?

I heard a fly buzz

You answer

Do you feel my blood rush?

I don't know what to tell you

I answer

But what do you need to say?

I whisper

A body is a place and for some it is
A place which cannot be found

My firmament spills into the shape of your palm
Where Everything hails upon Nothing in
Soft morning gleam. I do not know of birds,
Yet they greet me here. Hands stripped, I coil in my arms

Davide, this flower is for you
With Emily Dickinson, Sarah Kane, Alejandra Pizarnik, Diane Di Prima, Simone Weil

Antonia Rebekka Truninger
PALMO

Il corpo si riversa nella notte. È un gocciolio
di stelle gemellanti in
convulsioni d'isteria
Mi insegnano a ridere. Non a piangere

La mia risata ti grandina addosso
Mi accogli come un tenero bagliore mattutino
Il corpo si riversa nella luce
E il mio firmamento nella forma del tuo palmo

Un girasole erompe dal pavimento e cresce sopra le nostre teste

Lo spezzo e lo metto nella tua bocca
Ingoia
Ingoi il fiore
Il fiore diventa pietra
Diventa la miglior torta al cioccolato che tu abbia mai mangiato
La torta è un serpente che sembra un uccello
L'uccello ci mostra Tutto:

Tutto è
la carne voluttuosa di una pesca borgogna

Tutto quello di cui hai bisogno

È il peso dell'avere un corpo
Che trova solo me perché non c'è nessun altro

Se non la pazienza di essere un corpo
Se non la pazienza di essere un corpo
Quest'isola di memoria mi troverà
Nonostante la sua serendipità

Tutto
Tuuuuttooooo è

Tutto
È consumato dall'amore
Il riconoscimento nel varco di un sospiro
Il riconoscimento nel varco di un
Sospiro
È permeato dal desiderio
Tutto è consumato dall'amore

E dal dolore
Tutto

S'insinua sotto le nostre unghie

Attraverso i nostri occhi, le nostre orecchie, le nostre pelli, i nostri cuori

È così che restiamo vivi
Sussurra l'uccello

Si impiglia nei nostri capelli, nelle gambe e nelle braccia e nelle gole, nelle parole, nei sogni, nelle lacrime e
nelle risate. Fa il nido tra i denti, nell'aria che respiriamo e nelle stelle, e nelle vene dove germoglia
come un minuscolo fiore

Lo spezzi e lo metti nella mia bocca

Ingoia

Ingoio il fiore

Nel mio stomaco il fiore diventa pietra

Diventa la miglior torta al cioccolato che abbia mai mangiato

La torta è un uccello che sembra un serpente

E proprio come un serpente che, non avendo niente da mangiare, mangia la sua stessa coda

Tu spalanchi le gambe

Io leggo

“È solo distruggendo l’Io che diventa possibile credere pienamente, e dunque veramente
amare, l’esistenza di qualsiasi cosa fuori da noi stessi”

Un girasole esplode dal pavimento e cresce sopra le nostre teste

Il tuo viso svanisce dalla mia paura

Che cerco di nascondere dietro lo scintillio di un occhio

Quando parli

La tua voce somiglia più alla mia

Qual è la distanza tra la tua creazione e la mia intangibilità?

Ti chiedo

Vedi il vuoto?

Ho sentito il ronzio di una mosca

Tu chiedi

Senti il mio sangue accelerare?

Non so cosa dirti

Ti rispondo

Ma cos’hai bisogno di dire?

Sussurro

Un corpo è un luogo e per alcuni è

Un luogo che non può essere trovato

Il mio firmamento si riversa nella forma del tuo palmo

Dove Tutto grandina sul Nulla in

tenero bagliore mattutino. Io non conosco gli uccelli,

Eppure mi danno il benvenuto qui. A mani nude, mi accartoccio tra le braccia

traduzione Davide La Montagna