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Kandinsky Burns

Kandinsky burns the village
with color,
sets grass and trees smoldering
in the square. Gasoline
splashing flame at the western edge
of the world.

Red roofs rage against bitter
white, clouds loom, buttery fists
clenched yellow, pounding turbulent
vortex
above the golden
streets rising like flame, spitting
gray-green tongues
upward in blue wind.

Buildings
burn, they stab
your eyes with golden
thorns, roaring
colors like fiery air, a red hot
wall and human
lungs left aching, aching for breath.

- Steve Klepetar

To The Seabirds Killed By An Oil Spill Off The Coast Of Spain

How clever your ancestors
must have thought they were,

looking around at the earth
getting more and more crowded,

then up at the empty sky,
putting two and two together,

never in their wildest dreams
foreseeing how the descendants

of those stupid creatures
swinging in the trees, eating leaves,

sleeping the day away would,
with the black oil of arrogance,

anoint themselves gods
and destroy you here.

- Joel Solonche

St Ives, Ten Years After

The Chinese print stirs
blue against blue,
in a slow breath of morning.

As new light is broken
on the thin shutter bones,
the air is laced with last night's perfume
the taste of salt and rain
and the sweeping gulls
forage and criticize.

I have seen your photograph
on the dusty shelves of friends
cold and serene.
And perfect as this sun.

Now the dappled sand gives up
fragments of a broken grail,
and some tenuous silk threads,
improbably intact.

And I watch morning fill
the white sailed yachts,
as the sea showers absolution
on all the selves
I have ever been.

- John Thompson

Cartography

One of my travelling companions
Photocopied dozens and dozens
Of pages from his European
Road atlas and taped them

Together on his wall to create
A giant map of the continent.
The motorways and roads

Are woven and tangled,
Intersecting across the continent,
The blobs representing cities
Like dead insects trapped.

He will trace our path
Onto his giant wall-map.

- Nathanael O'Reilly

Advice to a Student

Surrender to the blankness
that we are not holy creatures, that we are myth-
makers and straw-filled, duplicitous.
Weep and wring your hands.
“My daddy died last week”
might release you from detention.
Wear a kirpan and threaten your wrists
in front of adults. Horse-laugh.
Snort. Break a heart or let yours
be broken—it won’t hurt nearly like a dead father hurts.
Go the way of romantic agony.
Drink or shoot heroin until you numb pain.
With frost-bitten fingers, rip yourself
into a diorama of unhappiness.
Suicide-bomb the school.
Create nano-remembrances
and arm-hair love-knots
to catalog what you will later erase.

- Ayaz Pirani

Pools of Toxic Mist

Over our heads
leans a large hill

with its scalp
removed.

You count the possums
flat like mats,

the feathered head-dresses
of crumpled birds.

We drive by the moon
chasing the sea's froth,

avoiding the balaclava'd men,
their barking dogs,

the pools
of toxic mist.

We smack through a gap
in rock.

I smell the lush, green dampness
of a woman

brushing grass from her hair.
It's rather late in the day

to tell me
the moon's gone,

the stars have shifted
and there's this man

in the middle of the road
doing somersaults.

- Iain Britton

The Mathematics of Ripples

Interesting how this stuff comes up,
messages at a small shrine
beside the road,

flowers dumped on a pumice ledge,
a bar of chocolate,
bottles of beer, a midden of fag ends -

this, for all the world,
a wrecked Pharaoh's send off.
Question is,

has he gone at all, is he the afterlifer
he believes he is? Exalted?
Thought of?

Remembered truly by those who
love him?
Stuff this in your pipe and puff ...

In hedges, trees, thorny shrubberies,
locals populate, watch, listen. Vehicles,
full of smoky skies,

ignore the memory gone mushy.
Cattle grunt at the smudginess
of the morning.

I move on, to the sounds
of a pond. A splash.
The mathematics of ripples overlapping.

- Iain Britton

Slides

im Brigid Galvin

The sound of chopped wood
Burst to kindling
Sets a fire in me

Hung wet shirts
Are trapeze artists
That hug my neck

The rushed lighting
Of a half-cigarette
Before a chore

Arms that hung
Like balanced scales
From Friday shopping trips

These scenes divide
Like apples shared
Around a fire

Moments flashed
Recurrently
Build up the image

We leave ourselves
In the ordinary
That records our lives.

- Pat Galvin

Notes on Contributors

Iain Britton's poetry is published internationally and is forthcoming in *Ambit*, *Envoi*, *Stand*, *The Warwick Review* (UK), *Harvard Review* (US). Cinnamon Press in the UK will publish his first collection of poems in February 2008

Pat Galvin's work has appeared in *The Sunday Tribune* (Ireland), *The Shop*, *Poetry Ireland Review*, *Southword* and *Orbis*. He received the inaugural Cecil Day Lewis Poetry Award.

Steve Klepetar teaches literature and writing at Saint Cloud State University in Minnesota. His work has appeared in many journals, including *Snakeskin*, *Niedergasse* and *Tamaphyr Mountain Poetry*.

A sixth-generation Australian, **Nathanael O'Reilly** was born in Warrnambool and raised in Ballarat, Brisbane and Shepparton. He teaches literature and writing at Albion College in Michigan. His poetry has appeared in *Correspondances Ocaniennes* and *The Oklahoma Review*.

Ayaz Pirani has been published in *ARC*, *Poetry Midwest*, *Indiana Review*, *Blackwater Review*, and others. He lives in San Juan Bautista, California, though he grew up in Toronto, the UK, and East Africa.

Joel Solonche's poems have appeared in numerous magazines and journals, including *The American Scholar*, *The New Criterion*, *The Literary Review*, *Rattle*, *The Cumberland Poetry Review*, *Poet Lore*, *Poetry East*, *The Atlanta Review* and *Salmagundi*. He is co-author - with wife Joan Siegel - of *Peach Girl: Poems for a Chinese Daughter* (Grayson Books).

John Thompson is based in Glasgow and has been writing seriously for around seven years. He has been published in *Parameters*, *Cadenza*, *Carillon* and *Aesthetica*. He also had a collection published in 2005 by UKA Press (an imprint of Bluechrome).