

Adel Gorgy



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42 x 62 in. (105 x 155 cm.)

Four Water Lilies

Joy

Bring together joy -
We celebrate the maestro
Orchestrating all.

Haiku by Marsha Solomon
Photographic Artwork by Adel Gorgy



Picture by Germain Droogenbroodt

CROSSING ALL BORDERS

To Stanley Barkan, 50 years of Cross-Culture Communications

Like a fisherman,
week after week,
I cast the fishing line
throw the net
in the deepest
in the most distant
of oceans and seas
to catch the words,
the verses, the poems.

Week after week
I mail the catch,
whatever I've caught,
to Stanley
crossing mountains,
deserts and seas.

Carefully he checks the words,
the verses, the poems, adds dots,
commas or question marks,
changes here and there a word,
prepares the poems to cross again
the mountains, the oceans, and the seas
so that somewhere they will rejoice a reader's eye.

GERMAIN DROOGENBROODT

Polyphonic Voices

(to Stanley H. Barkan)

*I am awaiting perpetually and forever a
renaissance of wonder
Lawrence Ferlinghetti*

Words
from different languages
slowly took form
and filled
one by one
every blank page.
It was as if
myriads of polyphonic voices
relentlessly
re-echoed
in sweet music
- rich, melodious sounds
fed by ancient rhythms.

The *renaissance of wonder*
emerged from a shadowy sky
at last

the sun light
silently
erased our loneliness
and
all our fears.

Lidia Chiarelli, Torino Italy

Voci polifoniche

(a Stanley H. Barkan)

*Sono in attesa perennemente e per sempre di una rinascita
della meraviglia
Lawrence Ferlinghetti*

Parole
di lingue diverse
lentamente presero forma
e riempirono
una per una
ogni pagina bianca.
Fu come se
miriadi di voci polifoniche
ininterrottamente
riecheggiassero
in una musica dolce
- suoni ricchi e melodiosi
alimentati da ritmi antichi.

La *rinascita della meraviglia*
emerse da un cielo oscuro
in fine

e la luce del sole
silenziosamente
cancellò la nostra solitudine
e
tutte le nostre paure.



Polyphonic Voices
@ Lidia Chiarello Art

ABSENT LATE COMERS

*for Stanley with regret, typos, and bravos
on your half-century of Cross-Cultural Communications*

We were latecomers to Cross-Cultural Communications
By the time Bill Wolak introduced us to Stanley
Casa Barkan, three sheds, and a garage were already
filled to capacity with thousands of volumes
written by hundreds of poets from every continent.
Their bi-lingual works composed a universe,

At night when the Barkans were watching old movies,
the books in the sheds read poems to each other
and engaged in light-hearted but serious skirmishes
over who was most likely to win the Nobel Prize.

The books in the den simply waited in silence
for Stanley to fall asleep on the couch.
Then they slipped off their shelves and dragged
their pages across the floor to the kitchen,
hoping to find left-over bagel bits, bialys and lox
egg salad and whitefish to appease their hunger.

Weary of waiting, the books in the sheds then
unlocked their doors and crept to a neighbor's yard
to graze on the lawn. Grass-fed books
are most treasured among organic readers

Books on the second floor, too heavy and frightened
to tumble downstairs, fed on dust and moonlight.

For years after we met Stanley the books called to us
whenever we visited, begging for liberation,
especially those who lived in the basement
Confined to boxes living on mold among crumpled papers,
hoping one day to climb the stairs toward daylight
and freedom like the prisoners in Beethoven's *Fidelio*.

Your time has come today, O books of Casa Barkan,
It is the fiftieth year of Cross-Cultural Communications
and your publisher Sir Stanley Barkan will honor
your good service and set you free.

Joan and John Digby

I Can't Help Singing a Poem

—For Stanley H. Barkan—

I can't help singing a poem,
When I look up
At the Grand Swan overhead
In its eternal flight through the boundless space,
Standing by the seashore of my home island, Kikajiam.

I can't help feeling greatly touched
By the timeless beauty of a poem by Li Bai (701-762):
“My friend took his leave at the Yellow Crane Hall in the west,
Sailing down to Yangzhou through the mists and flowers of March.
A lone sail afar disappears into the azure sky.
I only see the Long River flowing toward the end of Heaven.”

I am deeply touched by the poem of Ibaragi Noriko(1926-2006):
“When I was prettiest in my life,
No men offered me thoughtful gifts.
They only knew how to salute in the military fashion.
They all went to the front, leaving their beautiful eyes behind.....”

I can't help but smile at the innocent beauty of the poem by Kawai Hiroshi,
a grade-school boy in Kobe, Japan:
To My Mom
Mom, please come to the school, will you?
Please come, dressed up pretty
And say to my teacher
“I am Kawai.”

And now I am greatly impressed by the great activities of Stanley H. Barkan.
According to some *New York Times* articles,
He has been studying 15 languages
And is proficient in six languages besides English:
Russian, Spanish, Italian, Swahili, Yiddish and Hebrew.

He has tried to bring people together by publishing works translated
Into English from more than 50 languages!
Who in the world has ever tried to perform such ambitious activities?
I just keep wondering, wondering, wondering
Day after day.

He has also published some of my humble English poems
Together with their Korean translations in his Bridging the Waters series,
Bringing my poems to the attention of numerous readers in various countries.
I am so fortunate I've got to know Stanley on my long journey on Earth
From a small island, Kikajima, lying between Okinawa and main islands of Japan.

Naoshi Koriyama

(Note: All the poetic quotations above are translated by Naoshi Koriyama.)

WRITING A POEM

for Stanley H. Barkan

Feel the softness
Feel the faint redolence
Feel the lingering lightness
Feel the flickering flame
Feel the audible stillness

Aiming to be all that
the heavy ridges vast oceans
burning deserts streaming volcanoes
breathless floods pummeling glaciers
curving ravines endless rains
dark storms
had waited eternally
to nestle in your palm
like a petal or an egg or a wand

Trusting that you are a wizard
scattering butterflies from an opened fist
weaving colors drawn from candlelight
waving silk and vanishing from behind
to merge with them all
becoming a breeze

But you are a poet
making a mountain from the mist
and wafting a blank paper
gathering words
from everywhere
turning them into a poem
magically
speaking with birds, fish, breezes,
waves, twilight, sand, dew
and tears and laughter
to say
I love you
to all

Dileep Jhaveri

For Stan

Always the catman,
your songs, your caresses were
tail-flicking delights.

You called us Chico, Harpo,
Dorothy, Pumpernickle;
Pyewacket.

We called ourselves blessed,
Safe, loved and happy.
The chosen.

You named us your muse.
We named ourselves yours.
We named you...
Dad.

Siempre el gato-hombre,
Tus cantos, tus caricias
eran siempre delicias
coletazadas

Nos llamaste Chico, Harpo,
Dorothy, Pumpernickle,
Pyewacket.

Nos llamamos dichosos,
seguros, queridos y felices.
Los elegidos.

Nos pusiste el nombre "musa."
Nos pusimos el nombre "tuyos."
Te pusimos el nombre...
Papá.

-Kristine Doll
October 2020

Hêvî û tesk

Bo Stanley H. Barkan

Peyvan em gihandin hev

ji pelkepeyvên darên zêtwînê
ewên min berî pêncî salî
li Kurdisatanê çadibûn
peyvekulîkên zêtwînê
bi ewrên dilsoziyê re dişînim
ta li esmanê New Yorkê
bişahî bi ser te de bibarin
û bûyîna peyvên
berhevokan pîrozbikin

Perjeng me digîhnin hev

di mêjûya kevn û nû de
ku mirovê ser vê erdê
bi çekan netê kuştin
û rojên wî bi xendeyên
zaro û neviyan bên rengandin

Helbestvanî me digîhne hev

li vê cîhana zû guhêrok
neqşa hêvî û teskê
li ser rûpelên serdemê
peyam e bo bextweriya
mirovatiyê

10.10.2020 Saarburg, Elmaniya

Bona Stanley giranbiha

Dema min ev helbesta çapdikir çivîkek die pencerê re hat odeya kar, ez têgihêstim, ku we jî dixwaze pîrozbahiya te bike, paşê ew bi hindave serbestiyê firî.

15.10.2020

The hope and the passion

for Stanley H. Barkan

The words brought us together

From the leafy words of the olive trees
which I had planted fifty years ago
in Kurdistan
I send flower-words
with clouds of sincerity
into the skies of New York
so that they joyfully rain upon you
and they congratulate
the birth of words

The calamities bring us together

in old and new history
that man on this earth
shouldn't die from weapons
and his days should be coloured with the laugh
for the children and grandchildren

Poetry brings us together

in this rapidly changing world
there is the engraving of hope and passion
on the pages of the present
our message for the happiness
of humanity

translation by Hussein Habasch and Rainer Maria Gassen

Dear Stanley

While I was printing this poem, a bird flew into my study and wanted to send you a congratulation, as I felt, then it flew back into freedom. 15.01.2020

**Dedicated to Stanley and Bebe
Barkan and the achievements
and inspiration of Cross-Cultural
Communications**

Borne of Eros

Our fountain,
borne of Eros,
cascades into poems— lyrics of love
you murmur to my soul.

These rhapsodies flower my inner gardens.
I'm all abloom with you. Enraptured.

We are each other's
muse and mirror, merging in a blaze of passion— our currents, incandescent.

And the phoenix of our love rises beyond all thorns birthing unforeseen dawns.

Carolyn Mary Kleefeld

Sustinuta di Eros

La nostra funtana,
sustinuta di Eros,
sdivaca a vuluni puisii—
lirichi d'amuri
chi tu ciuciulii a la me anima.

Ssi rapsodii azzagariànu
li jardina chi mi vardu annintra.
E sugnu tutta ciuruta di tia.
Pircantata.

Semu, tu e ju, musa e specchiu
l'unu di l'autra, ni funnemu
nna lu focu di la passioni—
e sunnu ardenti li nostri currenti.

La finici di lu nostru amuri
rinasci supra tutti li spini
parturennu albi chi mai m'avissi aspittatu. *Translated into Sicilian by Marco Scalabrino*

From the English/Sicilian/Italian edition of "The Divine Kiss" by Carolyn Mary Kleefeld,
published by Gaetano Cippolla of Legas Press, in cooperation with Stanley Barkan of Cross-
Cultural Communications.

WRITING A POEM

FOR STANLEY BARKAN

Feel the softness
Feel the faint redolence
Feel the lingering lightness
Feel the flickering flame
Feel the audible stillness

Aiming to be all that
the heavy ridges vast oceans burning deserts streaming volcanoes
breathless floods pummeling glaciers curving ravines endless rains
dark storms
had waited eternally
To nestle in your palm
like a petal or an egg or a wand

Trusting that you are a wizard
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weaving colours drawn from candlelight
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to merge with them all
becoming a breeze

But you are a poet
making a mountain from the mist
and
wafting a blank paper
gathering words
from everywhere
turning them into a poem
magically
speaking with birds, fish, breezes, waves, twilight, sand, dew
and tears and laughter
to say
I love you
to all

Dileep Jhaveri

Looking Forward to the Celebration of the Centennial of CCC

The first time I met Stanley was at the John F. Kennedy Airport many years ago.
He was holding a picket with my name scrawled on it, to meet me upon my arrival.
A stout-looking New-Yorker was waiting for a Korean to arrive,
Whose English translation of Korean poems he had published a short time ago.
The name of the press, “Cross-Cultural Communications,” then hit my brain:
Two poetic souls were having their first encounter across the Pacific Ocean.

The myth of the Tower of Babel still remains solid and unbreakable.
But Stanley, an addict to the pleasure of producing books of poetry,
Has remained stalwart, defying the myth by publishing books that nullify it.
A book-monger, and a poetry-lover, Stanley doesn’t care
Whether a book he publishes will yield any profit for his physical life, for
His beloved wife Bebe shares with him passion for poetry and publishing.

During my brief sojourn in New York I partook in an event Stanley had organized.
It was a gathering he had prepared to commemorate Poet Ko Won, his dear friend.
A heart-warming event it was Stanley had prepared to commemorate his dear friend!
Ko Won was a fine poet, who wrote in his native tongue Korean and also in English.
As a young man, I admired Ko Won as a poet and translator; and I was happy
To know that he had found a kindred soul in Stanley far away from his homeland!

Though not affluent materialistically and suffering from occasional physical problems
Aging entails, Stanley stands stalwart and undaunted with his passion for poetry.
He is not rich, but he has attained to zenith’s height what a man can hope for—
A blessed family: his beloved wife, well-grown children, and lovely grandchildren.
Envy is considered one of the human vices one must try to avoid.
But I cannot but envy Stanley for what he has achieved and will still achieve.

Celebrating the Fiftieth Anniversary of the foundation of CCC?
Nay, there will be the celebration of the Centennial of its foundation
Long after those who are gathered here and now are all gone,
For, as Bill Shakespeare declared hundreds of years ago,
Poetry will leave on and people will keep reading it,
“So long as men can breathe, or eyes can see.”

—Written for Stanley H. Barkan by **Sung-II Lee**
In Celebration of the Fiftieth Anniversary of
the Foundation of Cross-Cultural Communications,
October 13, 2020.

William Heyen

Westminster Abbey: Poets Corner

Henry, T. S. Eliot's older brother, suffered childhood scarlet fever,
couldn't hear,

or heard little. A friend said that this led to Henry's "tendency
toward diffidence." ...

The brothers were devoted to one another. Thomas's daughter, Valerie,
said her father's

"some infinitely gentle / Infinitely suffering thing" in the fourth *Prelude*
was about Henry....

Visitors, are we deaf, too, & somewhat diffident, but at least gentle,
& will we

suffer quietly in our own places or with the poets as we open our being
to the rose?

(for Stan Barkan & all CCC poets)

FOR STANLEY BARKAN ON THE 50 TH ANNIVERSARY OF CCC
by John Dotson

IT

I would say more
If I could see more
Wedged as I am
In this granite
Cleft

Forces are gathering
Moving mighty near-
Er than near
I feel fear
All consuming

A hand falls
Over my eyes
Am I making this up
Am I waking up
Have I been dreaming

How can I get a single word
Across if the situation is not
Made more clear

I feel the rushing wind
That would tear
Me limb from limb

Sockets out of sockets
As it passes over
Unspeakable

And now I am free
To look through the goodness
Of all that is

Whatsoever good may be
In its passing

I look after it
I accept
I pray

Which is our calling

And I am moving along
Now in this moment

To find you

Dedicated to the 50th Anniversary of Stanley's Intercultural Exchange

You are the wings of mercy
Flying to places where the sun can't reach
You are a magic lamp of the soul
Light up dark corners
You are a thread
Build a cross-border cultural bridge
You are a seed that will always germinate
Sowing the four seasons

Anna keiko

Tomasz Marek Sobieraj, Poland

GROTA AWERNU

Siedziałem pod pieczarą,
szeroko rozwartą i czarną,
dokładnie taką
jak grota Awernu.

Zaglądałem do wnętrza,
pochylając się niebezpiecznie
nad wilgotną czeluścią.
Wdychałem
kuszący zapach piekieł.

Zabrakło mi jednak
odwagi Eneasza.

GROTTO OF AVERNUS

I've been sitting
in front of a cavern
wide open and dark.

I've been looking inside
leaning dangerously
over a dank abyss,
breathing in
the seductive smell of Inferno.

But I lack
the courage of Aeneas.

Anniversary

Who would not want
On his anniversary,
To ask his spirit,
“Have you achieved everything?”

And to listen to their pseudo-balm,
To burn the boxes of hateful books,
Those written by you.
And among the readers,
There is only you.

The heart aspires to fight again,
But there are no meanings
Outside of beauty.
Where has it gone?

Following the plaid blanket of years,
It dissipated in the shadows of faces.
My light is
A short splash of life—a blitz.

Steven Duplij

Степан Дуплий

Юбилей

Кто б не хотел
В свой юбилей
Дух спросить:
Всего достиг?
Прослушать их
Псевдо-елей,
Сжечь ящики
Постылых книг.
Те, что написаны —
Тобой,
А средь читателей —
Лишь ты.
Душа опять
Стремится в бой,
Но смыслов нет —
Вне красоты.
Куда ушла? —
За пледом лет,
Рассеянная —
В тенях лиц.
Они — единственный
Мой свет:
Короткий всплеск,
От жизни — блиц.

Опять день рождения,
Всё чаще и чаще...

*

*

(1) Transcendence at MMA --- Preety sengupta

Flowers bloom,
With one stroke of a brush;
Eyes fill up with colours and fragrance
From all those paintings—
So many segments of places and moments.
What a surprise that
The blue skies and shimmering lagoons
Of some unknown land
Leave markings on one's memory.
The seemingly inert shapes of sculptures
Are infused with the lilt
Of some ancient or immediate world.
Convergence here
Of beauty, imagination.
An instant of creativity
Becomes the very longing of love,
the impatience of a union;
An experience of life's loveliness.
Miracles occur at every step,
Dispersing gloom,
Under this canopy.

* Metropolitan Museum of Art

* * *

(2) Birds ----- Preety sengupta

The sky is wide enough for all
The innocent and the prey;
The perennial and the transitory
Going their seasonal way.
Trees shelter some,
And lakes nestle the sturdy ones.
Birds are in multitudes
And they have their own races.
They know all the names,
It is certain,
And they can tell themselves apart.
No group is the same,
Nor are two birds alike.
Then
What is it about sheaths
And their inherent features?
When each one is different,
And could be an individual,
What is this talk about,
And who are
The birds of the same feathers?

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“So long as men can breathe, or eyes can see.”

—Written for Stanley H. Barkan by Sung-Il Lee
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the Foundation of Cross-Cultural Communications,
October 13, 2020.

Crossing all Borders

To Stanley Barkan

Like a fisherman,
week after week,
I cast the fishing line
throw the net
in the deepest
in the most distant
of oceans and seas
to catch the words,
the verses, the poems.

Week after week
I mail the catch,
whatever I've caught,
to Stanley
crossing mountains,
deserts and seas.

Carefully he checks the words,
the verses, the poems, adds dots,
commas or question marks,
changes here and there a word,
prepares the poems to cross again
the mountains, the oceans, and the seas
so that somewhere they will rejoice a reader's eye.

Germain Droogenbroodt

By
Robert L. Harrison

In Brooklyn Stan first heard foreign tongues spread their wealth
over neighborhoods still dreaming of the old ways.
Even the pushcart merchants sang out about their wares
in vowels that soaked into his mind with fond memories.

At school Stan was taught about the poets who only wrote in English,
their words were full of wonderment and reached deep into his mind.
Then he went out to grasp the knowledge of those not found,
those whose lost verse could not be read in our books.

As a teacher himself he enriched his students with those lost bards from
distant lands whose words now could be heard, for he translated them,
letting their thoughts whisper into new ears ready for the dance of words.
These words now could be absorbed like snowflakes melting on the skin.

But Stan's quest did not end there for he invited these forgotten poets
to poetry readings that would encourage others to partake of their fine wine.
Yet he knew that this was not enough and he put their words
Into print so all could embrace their wisdom and greet them as new friends..

So he became the cross-cultural man, communicating to the new world
these word shakers who once were denied because they were foreign muses.
Now for fifty years he printed them, poem after poem, in books and chapbooks,
all from the poets who could never reach out to our shores without him.

Dear Friend

I have a special version of mixing Stanley words from a few of his poems and a small modern rap music version mix in one especially for 50 An of CCC POETRY
best wishes

Love & Peace 4 All

Jarek.

by Jaroslaw Pijarowski

"catch the train - especially for anniversary"

catch the train... please
the morning poet came early

catch the train... please
on the brink of fall,
the leaves decide their deciduous
deciduous fate

catch the train... please
mantises prey upon the old and new tomes
preaching the Tao of modern times
(times of Your life) -
life after life
catch the train... please
oh!

oh! to be just like S. T. A. N. L. E. Y...
again and again
S. T. A. N. L. E. Y...
with all his ribs yearning for a woman
as yet unborn (or perfect BeBe perhaps...) ;)

catch the train please
to be just like S. T. A. N. L. E. Y...
again and again
mouth full of the taste of the words
ears without the hiss...
the hiss of dark snakes

and the world... all world is waiting
waiting for the next CCC 50 years...
catch the train... please

all world is waiting
waiting 4 U...
For the best poet in the world and poetry friend for a life,
with the best wishes from the past of the ancient Roman Dust

till the future of the humankind, be the part, always be...
be the part of...

For the best poet in the world and poetry friend for a life,
with the best wishes from the past of the Greek ancient Dust
till the future, future of the humankind, be the part...

For the best poet in the world and poetry friend for a life,
always be the part,
for the best poet in the world and poetry friend for a life,
dear Stanley...

all words... are waiting

waiting ...

waiting - 4 U...

For the best poet in the world and poetry friend for a life,
with the best wishes from the past of the ancient Roman dust
till the future of the humankind, be the part, always ... BeBe ...

and... forever be the part,

be the part of...

be the part of our lives

so WHAT?

So! Catch THE TRAIN

PLEASE!

For the best poet in the world and poetry friend for a life,
with the best wishes from the past of the Greek ancient Dust
till the future, future of the humankind, be the part... BE THE PART!

For the best poet in the world and poetry friend for a life,
with the best wishes from the past of the ancient Roman Dust
till the future of the humankind, be the part, always be...

be the part of...

always be the part, for the best poet in the world and poetry friend for a life, dear Stanley...

all words... are waiting

waiting ...

waiting still - 4 U

so WHAT?

so! Catch THE TRAIN !

PLEASE!

Here is my short poem I've written for Stanley. The translation is in the Galician. The translator is Manuel Cortizo Garcia. ----Arthur Dobrin

When the moon rises
And winter begins
Geese fly like snow

What remains is the glow
Of fire and smoke
Adrift in gauzy dreams

Beckoning what seems
Perfume of lilac and roses
Humming with bees

While waters freeze
Intrepid hikers
Wading in cold water

.....
Cando sae a lúa
E comeza o inverno
Os gansos voan como a neve

O que queda é o resplandor
De fogo e fume
Á deriva en soños brumosos

Chamando ó que parece
Fragrancia de lilas e rosas
Tarareando con abellas

E augas que xean
Ós intrépidos camiñantes
Vadeando as frías augas

The Trance of Sand

You're the bridge of mirrors
crossed only by a smile.

You're the darkness tasting of kisses
and the restlessness of sparks.

You're the embrace of the labyrinth
in an alchemist's firewood.

You're the promise of feathers
and the rose of vanished lightning.

You're the trance of sand
in a mermaid's eyes.

Bill Wolak

The Familiar Road

The familiar road to my grandmother's house
Crosses the green mask of the old coalfield
And I walk backwards in time;
My father holds my hand as we descend
To the iron-rust river that races down
The steep gradient of the cwm.
We walk along the deep, unhealed, black wound,
That lingers like a stubborn guardian-snake
Unwilling to shed its skin,
And trace iconic markers: the remains
Of pit-head towers and weathered tram-track piers,
Along the abandoned seam.

I listen for my great-grandfather's voice
To speak from dreamtime archaeology
But I only hear his name.
As I return along the tip-edged woods
The markers are lost in subterranean
Space that was the old incline
And voices that fill the warm summer air
Sing the Present, while I have been piercing
The strata of generations.

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CASA BARKAN

for Stanley

Casa Barkan
with its Hollywood 1920's
stucco style, its Spanish
terra cotta tiled roof,
its heavy wooden
with its invisible welcome sign
where Kunitz, Rabassa, Scammacca, Ko Won
and a parade of 40 years of poets-- some Pulitzer Prize
winners, some just with their first manuscript
have met with Stanley to discuss their CCC books and translations
where more than 400 CCC books line the bookshelves
and after more than 45 years of publishing also bulge from
a storage units in the backyard—
where Bebe's soft stuffed sculptures of legendary
movie stars Rita Haworth and Marilyn Monroe line the walls
along with her Matisse patterned portraits of family—
where poets and translators have always felt cherished
as they spoke and worked in English, Romanian, Russian, Hebrew,
Korean, Italian, Yiddish, Spanish—
mosaic platters of bagels and cream cheese nearby on an oak table
with mugs of green tea and honey and glasses of Italian wine—
But upstairs in his study alone at 3 AM,
Stanley clutches a red pencil above a poet's manuscript,
glares, and banishes forever an unwanted comma from
Casa Barkan

Laura Boss is a first prize winner of PSA's Gordon Barber Poetry Contest; recipient of three NJSCA Poetry Fellowships; ALTA Award for *On the Edge of the Hudson* (CCC); First Poetry Prize International Poetry Festival Swansea, Wales. Most recent book *The Best Lover* (NYQ, 2017). Her poems have appeared in *The New York Times*.

For Stan

Always the catman,
your songs, your caresses were
tail-flicking delights.

You called us Chico, Harpo,
Dorothy, Pumpernickle;
Pyewacket.

We called ourselves blessed,
Safe, loved and happy.
The chosen.

You named us your muse.
We named ourselves yours.
We named you...
Dad.

Siempre el gato-hombre,
Tus cantos, tus caricias
eran siempre delicias
coletazadas

Nos llamaste Chico, Harpo,
Dorothy, Pumpernickle,
Pyewacket.

Nos llamamos dichosos,
seguros, queridos y felices.
Los elegidos.

Nos pusiste el nombre "musa."
Nos pusimos el nombre "tuyos."
Te pusimos el nombre...
Papá.

-Kristine Doll
October 2020

WRITING A POEM

for Stanley H. Barkan

Feel the softness
Feel the faint redolence
Feel the lingering lightness
Feel the flickering flame
Feel the audible stillness

Aiming to be all that
the heavy ridges vast oceans
burning deserts streaming volcanoes
breathless floods pummeling glaciers
curving ravines endless rains
dark storms
had waited eternally
to nestle in your palm
like a petal or an egg or a wand

Trusting that you are a wizard
scattering butterflies from an opened fist
weaving colors drawn from candlelight
waving silk and vanishing from behind
to merge with them all
becoming a breeze

But you are a poet
making a mountain from the mist
and wafting a blank paper
gathering words
from everywhere
turning them into a poem
magically
speaking with birds, fish, breezes,
waves, twilight, sand, dew
and tears and laughter
to say
I love you
to all

Dileep Jhaveri

Sky Openings: Khartoum Sudan
by Louisa Calio

The night was totally still
empty of any artificial light or sound
as it rarely is in industrial countries
and although you complained of these troublesome blackouts
the poor electrical connections in Khartoum
for me, so burdened with progress and stress
this was a reprieve--
the sky so close and black except for punctuating stars,
I could nearly touch the diamonds
as you walked weighted beside me, an ancestral figure
head filled with thoughts of war
bent you were
with only your eyes touching the heavens.

You said, you didn't want the law or politics anymore
what then would be next?
We wondered, as the sky brought its unspoken reply
For once, we didn't drop to the earthly plight
For once we felt -- the space--
interplanetary, stellar potential
the end of the Piscean Age
Pressing us to new life!

**From the book Journey to the Heart Waters by Louisa Calio Legas
Press/Arba Sicula Mineola, New York, 2014.**

Russian Translation by Marina Akmadova

Открытые небеса: Хартум

Эта ночь неподвижной была, как ни странно,
без малейшего звука и проблесков света,
и не так, как в промышленно развитых странах,
здесь, в Хартуме, сгущаются сумерки рано –
передышка прогресса, которой я рада,
и поэтому стресса здесь будто бы нету.

Небо близко здесь так, что, наверное, можно
собирать эти звёзды в ладонь, как алмазы...
Вы шли рядом со мною, наследник всех прошлых
войн тяжёлых, и мысли о них так тревожно
в голове удручённой не стихли ни разу,
только взор ваш касался небес осторожно.

Вы сказали, что более нет здесь закона
и не знают политики, что будет далее?..
Только небо смотрело на нас удивлённо
и молчало, но в тяготы бед потаённых
погружаться мы с вами сегодня не стали.
Мы внимали пространству и потенциалу
звёзд, мерцающих в небе так ярко и близко...
Эра Рыб наконец-то себя исчерпала
и толкала нас к новой неведомой жизни!

Перевод с английского Марины Ахмедовой-Колюбакиной
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A Father's Day Poem

Day follows day, one after another
You are there, relaxing in your
reclining chair
an umbilical cord tethering you to your
faithful companion, the television.

It has been like this for years
the muse has long since abandoned you
but I love you all the same.
Your idleness endears you to me
for in it I recognize my own.

Hugging you is like embracing a tree,
yet I sense and mourn the fragility of life
and feel our time together slipping through my fingers
as though I had ripped open a sack of rice
and tried vainly to claw the grains up to my pot
with uncupped hands.

Bottomless well of wisdom that you are
I savor our every conversation as if it were our last
knowing well it might be
and cherish the notion
that no father ever loved his son
as mine does me.

Daniel Szyper

Stanley H. Barkan, poet

You work at your carpentry of song,
Sound-texturing each line,
Fine-tuning the rhythms,
Crafting each stanza like a chorus -
As neat as a newly mowed lawn.

You shape the words of your thoughts,
Smooth the images in your mind,
Till you find a melody in the making,
A succinct message in its singing –
A tight construction of sounds.

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ANTI-POEM

To think is to deceive oneself
And to speak is to lie,
For nothing truly worth saying
Can ever really be spoken:
Such is the nature of Reality.

The tongue exists to confuse—
Skilled in flattery and seduction,
It serves no master but delusion
And never fails to betray
The head that bears it.

The mind that delights
In its own cleverness
Blinds itself with its pride—
Inflated with vanity,
It seals its fate with its hubris.

A simpleton and his dog
Understand this life better
Than a whole panel of philosophers,
For the study of ethics
Never turned a stone heart golden.

Words are but turds
And language but a farce:
What I have to say
Cannot be expressed in words—
Not even in this poem.

Why then, oh why,
Do I even deign to try?
I can't afford oil paints,
Canvas or brushes,
And printer ink simply will not do.

If a picture is worth a thousand words,
Then how many pictures
Is a hug worth?
Yet even a hug can lie,
When one hand has a knife in it.

To trust,
Or not to trust,
That is the question . . .
But I would sooner trust a hug
Than my own mind.

—*Daniel Szyper*

Uncle Stanley
By Joshua Barkan

**Born with the gift of prose
second son to Rose
You and your brother Sonny
Old Brooklyn strong
Through the highs and the lows**

**The melody and the beat from
those hardscrabble streets
Who could have imagined all those Worldwide hearts and minds
that you both reached**

**Uncle Stanley with your prolific poetry My Father with his musical artistry If
either of you fell asleep on the couch with the TV on, very quickly you'd hear in
a way only a Barkan could say "Don't touch that control, I'm
Watching that show."**

**So Congratulations Uncle Stanley on CCC's 50th anniversary
My Dad, your brother Sonny
Is playing the piano and singing you a song from above to celebrate this**