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Edward Caruso

Immortality (on rereading Lucretius)

If it takes fifteen minutes to write a first draft
and maybe an hour to perfect it,
if you read it another twenty times
and see no reason to shift a comma,
but on the fifty-first reading
a large rewrite grows imminent,
you're doing well.

If 2000 years later people are still arguing
over what you've left behind,
there'll be no need to improve a single word.

Edward Caruso has been published in Right Now, n-Scribe, Unusual Work, La Bottega della Poesia (Italy) and A Voz Limpia. His second collection of poems, Blue Milonga, was published by Hybrid Publishers in January 2019. In August 2019 he featured on 3CR's Spoken Word program.

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Yuan Changming

4 poems

Island

I do not know if it is a
Spirited home-
Land of myriads of whims &

Dreams, like so many spectres drifting around

But they keep getting off their sinking body-

Boats, gather together there, anchored thickly

Like the foreshadow of last night

Cardioid Reviewed: for Qi Hong

$R = A (1 - \sin \Theta)$

You don't get it? me either

But no matter what

Romance always equals Affection

(Times one minus

Self-In-Need

[From a plain angle])

Just as they often say

Rumour = important x ambiguous

The Art of Seeing/Reading: Negative Spacing vs Blank Leaving

Re-Creating

Towards the summer sky
I make a shape of heart
With my clumsy hands
This is the feel of life
 I tell the season

This is to illuminate the dark
Dreamland like a search light
I tell the crow stalking behind
Like the spirit of my late
 Father. This is to gather all

The positive energy in the world &
Send it to the future. I tell my
Unborn grandson. This is the cycle
Of life & the philosopher's stone

I tell the greening copse. This is
The circle to fill in with cries
& laughs.

 I tell my other self
Beyond the cosmic wall, as if
To balance yin and yang
 In the whole universe

Yuan Changming, 11-time Pushcart nominee and 9-time winner of poetry awards, is probably the world's most widely published contemporary poetry author who speaks Mandarin but writes English. Growing up in an isolated Chinese village, Yuan started to learn the English alphabet in Shanghai at age nineteen and authored several monographs on translation before leaving his native country as an international student. With a Canadian PhD in English, Yuan currently lives in Vancouver, where he edits Poetry Pacific with Allen Yuan. Since mid-2005, Yuan has had poetry appear in more than 1,800 literary outlets across 46 countries, which include Best Canadian Poetry (2009, 2012, 2014), the Best of the Best Canadian Poetry (2008-2017) & BestNewPoemsOnline. In 2021, Yuan served on the jury for Canada's 44th National Magazine Awards (poetry category) and published his first poetry collection in Chinese 《袁昌明诗选》 as well as his 11th chapbook Limerence.

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Paul Collis and Julia Prendergast

A co-constructed poem by Paul Collis and Julia Prendergast

Imagining Country without Dreaming...

Listening to the birds...

Devil place of bad dreams. Is it nowhere land?

Looping echo-call—a spotted turtle dove or one of the cuckoos—a cooer or one of the sorrows.

Thinking Country, in memories...

They say sorrow-bird—I hear warning—brush cuckoos know about sorrow, not-yet fixed in time...

Who are those Ghost shadows that left no footprint?

Ask the reed-warbler—the “clock” bird—time clinging sideways to the stems of reeds and rushes.

Evening hush...

A hollow-gutted raven—all the babies, crying.

Hush. Hush.

A common koel—her song sounds like ‘Alright, Alright’.

Listen. Wind is stirring.

Old ghost gum shaking—mad flight—brittle limbs pitched like a wishbone.

Wind howls a swirl. Wind is telling stories.

The tawny frogmouth throws ghostbeats to the wind.

Paul Collis is a Barkindji person, an author and poet born in Bourke in far western NSW on the Darling River. Paul worked in Newcastle for much of his young adult life in the areas of teaching and in Aboriginal community development positions. He has taught Aboriginal Studies to Indigenous inmates at the Worimi and Mount Penang juvenile detention centres and in Cessnock and Maitland prisons. Paul has a Bachelor of Arts degree and a doctorate in Communications. He lives in Canberra and works as a Creative Writing academic at the University of Canberra, on Ngunnawal Country. Paul's novel Dancing Home won the national 2016 David Unaipon Award for a previously unpublished Indigenous writer and the 2018 ACT Book of the Year Award.

Julia Prendergast's novel, The Earth Does Not Get Fat was published in 2018 (UWA Publishing: Australia). Her short stories feature in the current edition of Australian Short Stories. Other stories have been recognised and published: Lightship Anthology 2 (UK), Glimmer Train (US), TEXT (AU), Séan Ó Faoláin Competition (IE). Julia's research is practice-led: exploring creative writing through theories from neuropsychanalysis. Julia is a Senior Lecturer (Writing and Literature) and Academic Director Pathways and Partnerships, at Swinburne University, Melbourne. She is Chair of the Australasian Association of Writing Programs (AAWP), the peak academic body representing the discipline of Creative Writing in Australasia.

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Claire Miranda Roberts

3 poems

Water Flower

The lotus
blooms, triple
bending into surface—

I want to hide the water
flower, to prevent it from being
seen, the experience of being defamed

or written too clearly. Secrecy
belongs to the lotus
that unfastens

soundlessly like the falling
weights in an elevator
contain solitude—

a dwelling and a gallery
for softened ivory.

Winter Cento

Look to the stem
see where it tapers
where leaves and flowers emerge—

look to the margins
their attachment to the stem
the arrangement of the leaves

their colour, the colour of light
light from a secondary source
lighter than deep snow—

snow on the leaf
defines the half-flowers
their many silver and grey veins

vary the hue
and tone of form
leaf buds on trees in winter.

Pillow Note

Touching tulips is a sadness
 I don't know their air or light
unsurpassable vault within their high
mauve aviaries
the same way closing a rhyme feels
untrue
I don't have patterns of certainty
 but an experience of life
below life

Claire Miranda Roberts' poetry has recently appeared in Blue Bottle Journal and Plumwood Mountain and is forthcoming in Antipodes, Communion and Westerly Magazine. Her poem 'Banksia' came second in the Martha Richardson Memorial Poetry Prize 2020 and her poem 'Ars Poetica' was shortlisted in the Oxford Brookes International Poetry Competition 2020.