

Blind Poetry

Dream onto a blank page

She seemed still
 staring at a blank page this time last year.
 If only she were asleep imagining our earth
 with more than just one moon in orbit echoing
 language cause we live in our words.
 The plot hasn't gone his way since this
 time last year when she woke with a wrinkled
 cheek to nothing. All blank before her shut eyes.
 Her mind tried to build phrases saying stuff
 like move over or move on or o-o-oh not there
 not now not ever even if a million letters pinched
 into a full stop. She never imagined you
 slipping into folds formidable. So favorable
 for moons that hardly exist on paper and resist
 being alabaster hew. O the things I'd say
 this time last year. I told you I lived in words that's
 why they mutter they mouth they argue poetry slept
 in the open space between music and matter and
 the politics of healing over connective scar tissue.
 Move. Would you? In more words my skin would frac
 ture against the tip of my shoulder on wings on
 ward in dreams of life going on like a plaster
 in another dream my mind is full and all the words
 empty onto elastic skin but now (here you are). Dot
 dot dash o-open eyes so punctual on skin my skin my
 voice forming words that never told me how
 they got there in the first place this time
 last year when



II

face figured midnight
 which body were you?
 the light from the room in the garden,
 swallows scattered and the haunt
 below.
 the foxes, badgers awry
 unsound length of the poppys
 leaning always
 like the birds willing land in the
 evening

{DK}



{DME}

{CW}



{NH}

DANSHEN (SALVIA MILTIORRHIZA)

Cyphering

In between the planets
 a tree is growing
 at night
 leaves fall
 from tree to ground
 in this meantime
 of falling and floating
 I watch and know very little
 but that it's almost over and
 that over there
 leaves fall too

Goodnight

I put you to bed, okay?
 Don't put me to bed
 Why not?
 I don't want you to put me to bed
 Don't you want to sleep?
 I want to die
 Really?
 No
 I want to hear everything you say

{LB}



{AM}

The Hill of Crosses

Desecrated but never destroyed, set on fire but never burned down, the Hill of Crosses is a potent symbol of faith, hope, and freedom. And for pilgrims, it is another must-visit location in Lithuania. The Hill of Crosses near Šiauliai is a hill covered with millions of crosses. During the Soviet era, these crosses were removed by the authorities, but locals continuously replaced them. In 1993, Pope John Paul II prayed here, and he often mentioned the sacred site in his homilies and speeches. He later sent a crucifix to Lithuania which was placed on the hill, and today pilgrims begin and end their journeys at this location. Now people come here from all over the world to hang their cross or just to see this unique place.

Contributors

{SM}

Lotte Brown
 Nina Hanz
 Daniel Kearns

Andreia Matos
 David McQueen Emmerson
 Sarunas Milasevicius

Conor Walker