

Excerpts from



WOLSAK AND WYNN



Excerpt from Prologue

In the poem park the seasons spill
as one.

Each line: a tree planted
grows roots; the roots tunnel beneath the page.
Limbs stem.

Occasionally, a small shudder
is a thought misremembered

...

Some days, visitors
flood the gates in hoards. Enticed.

Then for months the park, exposed to the elements, waits

Neglected.

A barely tangible breeze stirs the grass
reminds the park that it is indeed.

Excerpt from Il Giardino Italiano

6

I eroded into spectacle.

I eroded.

I had imprisoned the I and mirthed at its torture.

I became religious. I became cannibal and gorged.

I suffocated myself with my own grandeur.

I thinned.

I thinned some more.

I realized the privilege of a bow.

I bowed before my own privilege.

I squandered, everything, even you, even beauty, especially thought. Oh, how giddy I was squandering thought.

Outside I had tipped life on its side, materialized, and I tipping, insensate.

Close your eyes (1)

I dreamt a crow woke me
to tell me I was sleeping
it had flown over my sleep
wondered at its wakefulness

since then I mind crows
a little more
sleep with my eyes open

Excerpt from Haunted House

2

When Orpheus followed the stream back to the land of the living
he was told not to look behind him
yet he did
 simply too curious.

Stream, spring out of the ground,
claim antiquity in this territory that is all too new.

We wait

contemplate Orpheus
 his plans of rescue
 his simple, obstinate disobedience
 his forgetful stream.

We find the park lacking age.

Those with grand ideas
 spawning salmon, luscious ravines
force the stream to surface.

Don't live under a guarding hand, a spade.
Live only where your rippled story streams.

And if we muse on Orpheus
it is merely with a fondness for will, for disobedience.

So excavate. Go.
Excavate!

About the Author

Oana Avasilichioaei is a poet and translator (French and Romanian). Her first poetry collection *Abandon* (Wolsak and Wynn, 2005) will soon appear in Spanish translation as *Abandono* (Tinta Nueva, Mexico City, 2008). Her translation of a poetry collection by Romanian poet Nichita Stanescu titled *Occupational Sickness* was published in 2006 (BuschekBooks). Oana lives in Montreal where she teaches and coordinates the Atwater Poetry Project reading series.

