MISTRANSLATIONS

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Welcome to Sparkling Tongue Press...

Sparkling Tongue Press is a recently founded experimental literary magazine with a focus on the intersection of visual poetry and multilingualism. The combination of these two topics was a deliberate attempt to drive innovation in contemporary literary scenes and to promote the appreciation of the creative process alongside the end result.

Submitters from around the world took the theme of MISTRANSLATIONS for this inaugural issue and applied their own vision and passion for visual poetry and multilingualism. We are honoured to be sharing their creativity with you.

The theme of MISTRANSLATIONS was selected to represent the vision of Sparkling Tongue Press – a place where experimentation is valued and encouraged. It's also a place for us to reflect on what art appreciation and creation means for us. I want to drive conversations about what it means to experiment with forms and live in between languages and mediums.

Sparkling Tongue Press would like to thank everyone who took part in our submission call. You were numerous, creative, and daring and I feel very privileged to be housing your work. I hope the readers / viewers of this magazine are inspired to enjoy more visual and multilingual poetry. Perhaps, you'll also be enticed to take part in our upcoming submission calls. Our goal is to create an environment where experimentation, regardless of the results, thrives and I hope that our curated set of works – alongside the poets and artists' notes – achieve this.
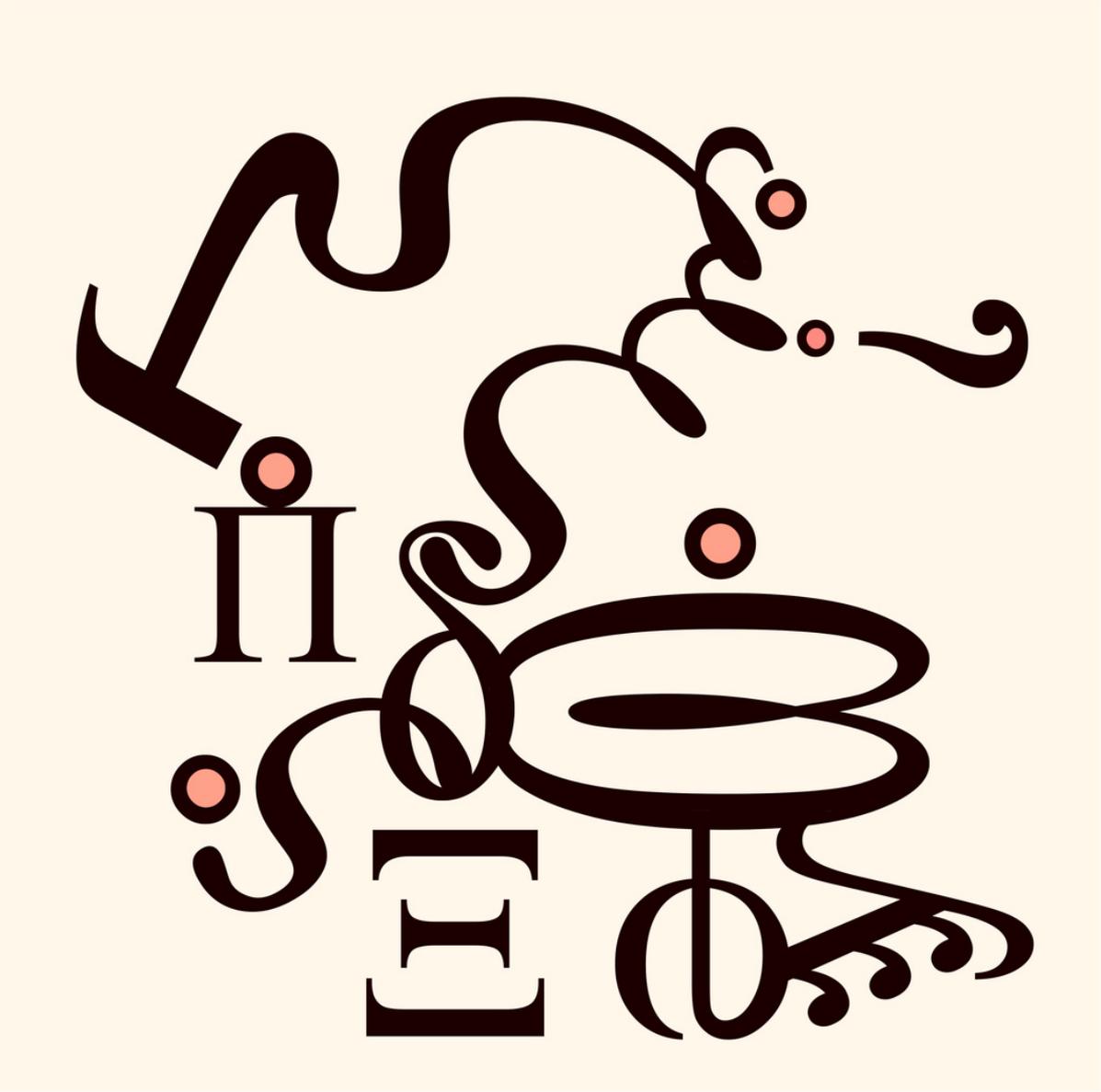
Lucy Hulton
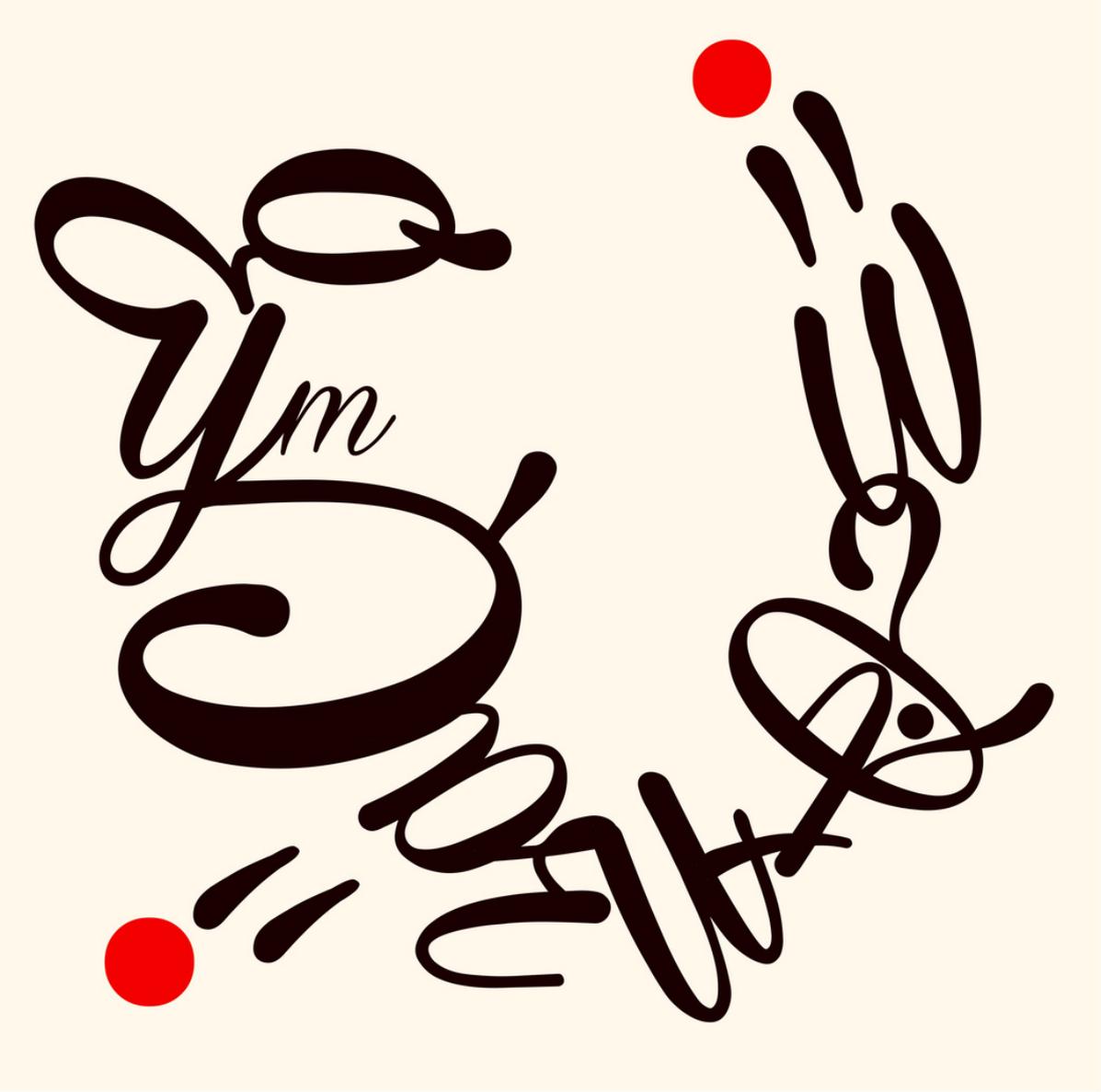Founder, Sparkling Tongue Press

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ⓘdeer

Bio: Stephen Nelson's last book was a Xerolage of visual poetry called Arcturian Punctuation (Xexoxial Editions). He has exhibited visual poetry and published prose and poetry internationally for a number of years. He lives by a burn in Central Scotland. See his visual work on Instagram @afterlights70.

Creative note: I'm interested in creating visual poems which can simply rest in the reader's awareness and open the mind naturally and freely. There's no need to strain or follow a stream of words; no need to narrow one's mental focus by attaching to pre-existing semantic content. The visual appeal of letters or marks has a spontaneous, organic power to spark an internal reaction in the viewer from a place of relaxation and infinite potentiality. One simply looks, rests, opens and expands one's sentient and cerebral capabilities. Visual poetry, from concrete to asemic (and I enjoy working with both forms), explores the outer reaches of consciousness - the breadth, the depth, the height. I'm interested in bringing back poetry from these regions.

4. Pale constructions

Obscus,voisolitary, void, solitary

y saw his pale visage
Emerge from the darkness

allow me to construct the you

o of a sieze mouth
. (once a comma with a long tail) of your belly button
() of your secrecy.ctiEdar's
m of your hips
- of fantastic projections
s of each pubic hair's   silence
: of the blanks to be filled in
i, the whole bigh story of your eye

he spends more time in the swamp watching for

this third person shooter is less immersive

he tells her about his dream
and the telling makes him hard

IMPRINTING THEMSELVES
IN US

THE SMOKY SHAPES
CAN'T ARGUE WITH

she's on her side, screen eyes glossing
scarlet slop of ffwd innards
he's on his side, engraving the imagined
terrain of a mountain range sea
under a hot silk sea

Christ was God's rose bush

His prolific delight obscured more & more
In dark secrecy, hiding in surging
fluid his fantasies

I can't make a word out of you, let alone a sentence.

this swamp
shooter is less impressive
she spends more time watching for the third person

it should be the stupidest thing

two heads in black water
pale   bodies
unfurling
slow-mo   openings
under his eye

5. Hot Waltz, or The Poem is a Zombie

hot and sweet my mind's not right

ME   me

Piston limbs + spider hands + maws   me
MASHING   ME

the poem is a raging survival

the poem is a zombie

As beautiful as the chancre encounter, on a page of sheet music, of a fly-blown carcass and a stick of lipstick

blood stained lip
blood stained phrases
blood stained chords

un son rouge
du rêve blanc

the poem will eat you, pig

the poem glues itself on the carcass
mind
you don't drown
pearl-wet flesh
unseaming along the silk line
stilted breath
bad sea up close

the poem translates the universe
into red-grey slop

and grunts

the poem is an auto-cannibalistic unit of language

La théme doux et violent

As beautiful as a fibreglass reconstruction of the scene of the crime

of

the poem is mindless, terrifyingly mindless
pointless trying to reason with it

The Persuader, Surprised by an Ersatz Apocalyptic Panorama Constructed from Pelvises

As beautiful as the word GOD crushed between your teeth

Bio: James Knight is a writer and artist based in the UK. His visual poems have been widely anthologised and exhibited in various locations, real and virtual, including the Poetry Cafe in London, Poem Atlas and Mellom Press. Recent books of visual poetry include Bloods Dream (Beir Bua Press), The Murderer Threatened (Paper View Books) and Frozen Meat (Sweat Drenched Press). He runs Steel Incisors, a small press dedicated to innovative visual poetry. Twitter: @badbadpoet. Website: thebirdking.com. Instagram: @jkbirdking

**Creative note:** The works are from a developing sequence called 21 Blank Spaces, in which I take Arnold Schoenberg's Pierrot Lunaire as a starting point for an exploration of our essential isolation and our desire to lose ourselves in others. Translation and mistranslation are important themes in the series, in which I include quotes from the German translation of the Albert Giraud poems that inspired Schoenberg, as well as some fragments of the original French. Images and motifs in both the German and French are freely interpreted as fragments in English, and as pictorial elements. And the musical score itself is translated into a core element of the left-hand panel of each vispo diptych.
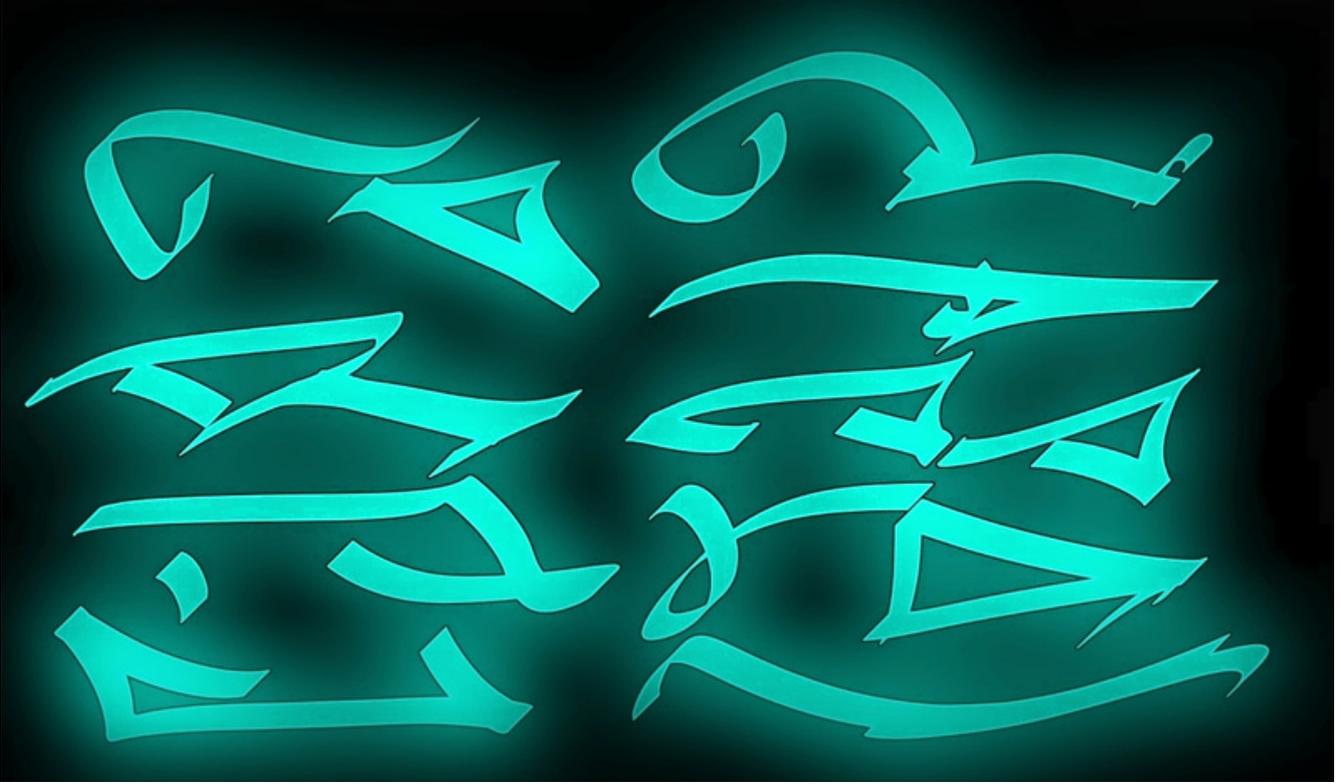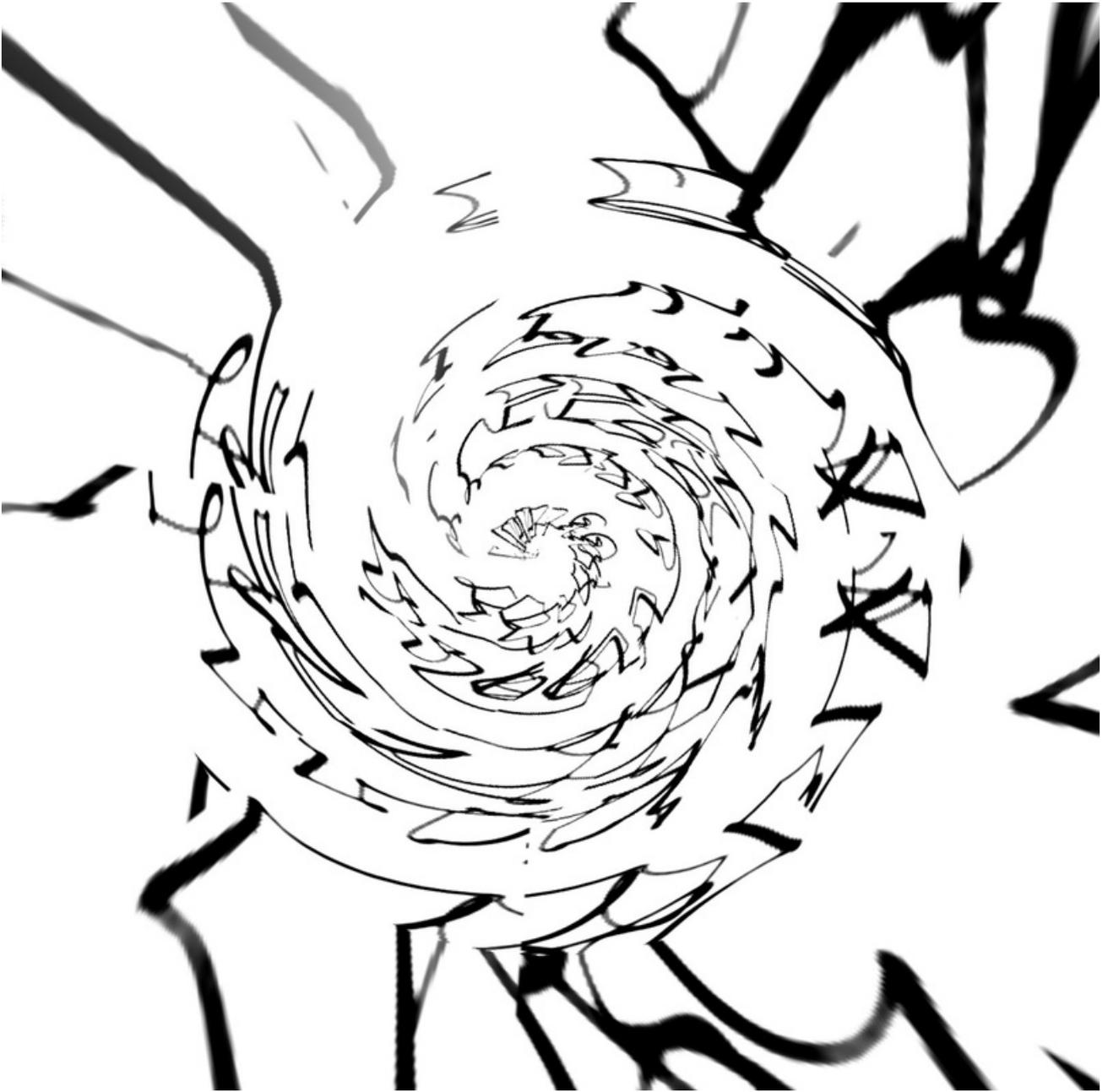
Creative note: I am half Greek and half Italian, as a consequence I started writing in Greek and then switched to Italian to end up in English and having friends all over the world doesn't make it easy to always make my writing understood. I turned to asemic writing because I think it can touch the literary imagination of the reader beyond linguistic constraints and more on a symbolic level. So instead of opting for direct translations of my poems I always prefer to 'mistranslate' poetic experiences with my asemic work as it can be understood by everyone! In a lot of my works, I am trying to explore the idea that poetry can be experienced as a state of mind and not only in a classic readership format.
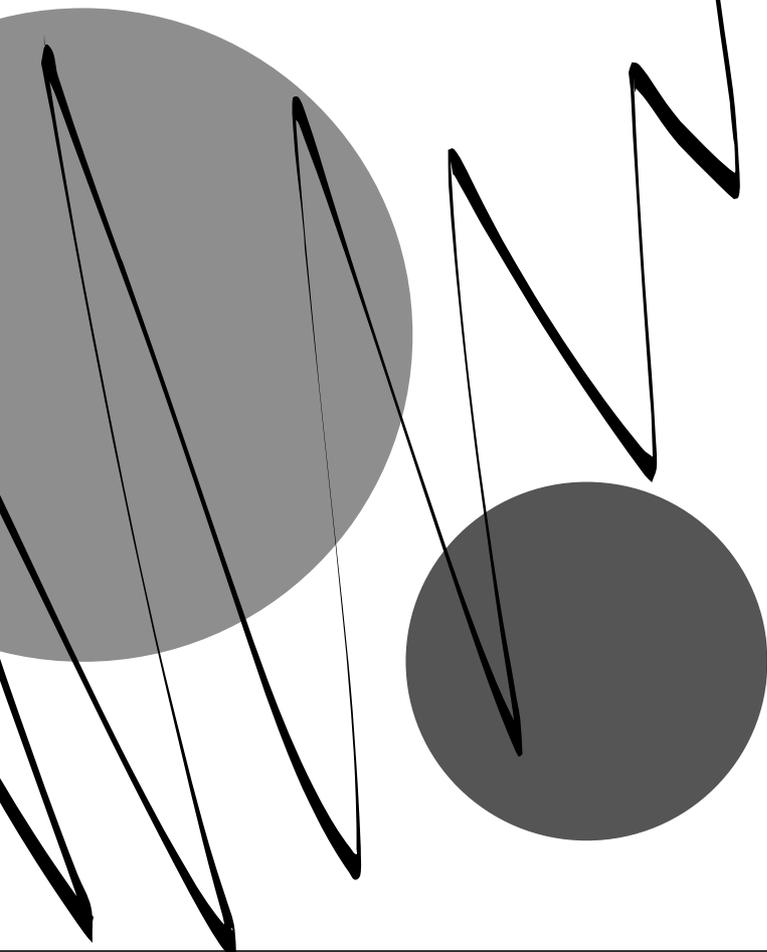
Bio: Sofia Kaloterakis (1995) is a researcher, writer and poet based in the Netherlands. She graduated from the RMA program Media Arts and Performance studies at Utrecht University with a thesis on the science-fictional origins of the idea of techno-scientific progress. Her art and research are a continuous exploration of fictional universes, philosophy of science/language and experimental poetics. She has published and exhibited different types of work including short stories, poetry, video poetry but also research papers internationally. In the last year she co-founded the multidisciplinary AKSH Festival.
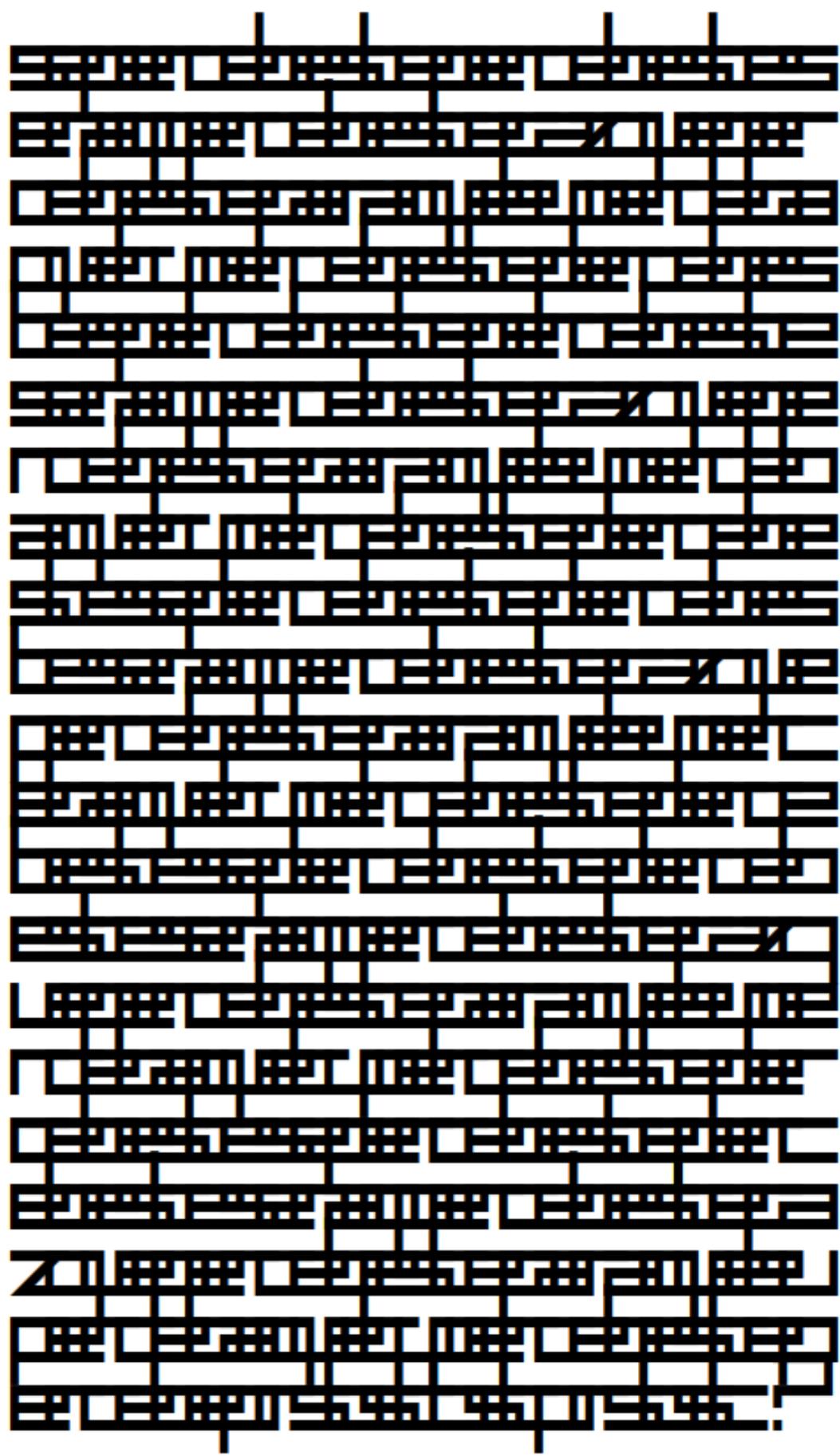
Bio: Yuri Bruscky (Brazil, 1985) is a sound artist, poet and researcher. Doctoral student in sociology at the Federal University of Pernambuco/UFPE, he develops artistic practices exploring intersections between noise, language, technological mediations and everyday life. Bruscky published his first visual poems in 2001, editing and collaborating on fanzines and independent exhibitions. Since 2010, through his label Estranhas Ocupações, he's been releasing records, books, and organizing performances. Co-creator of the experimental music festival Rumor and the seminar and residency program (Entre) Lugares Sonoros. Co-author of the book 'History of Brazilian Visual Poetry' (Cepe, 2018).
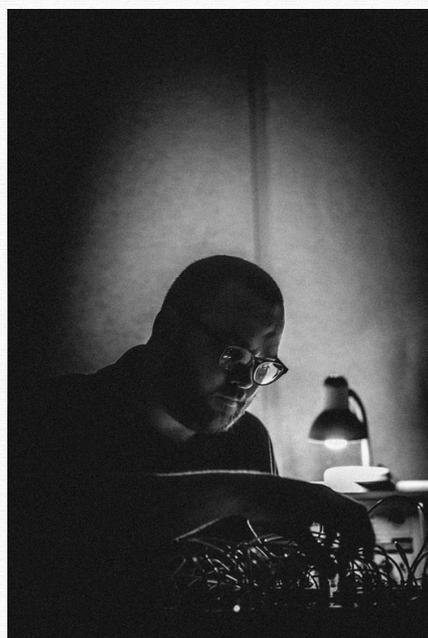
Creative note: Trava-Língua (Tongue Twister) is a series of visual and sound poems based on popular language games that I started in 2017. These nursery rhymes are characterized by their enunciative difficulty due to their structure based on alliterative and assonant phrasal sequences. Taken in its concreteness, language is worked in order to establish meta-enunciative procedures, in which the semantic bases (and particularities, according to the idiom used) of these vocal exercises lose preponderance in favor of the sonic/plastic manipulation of their constituent elements — decomposed and reconfigured visually through typographic explorations in the poem-scores, and aurally through the sound processing (spectral modulation, granulation, temporal distension, spatialization etc) of my recorded voice.

Bio: Winston Lê is a Vietnamese-Chinese poet and interdisciplinary artist who resides in Langley, BC. His writing and visual work has been featured in Ekphrasis Magazine, pagefiftyone, and filing Station. His debut chapbook, translanguaging was shortlisted for the 2018 Broken Pencil Zine Awards. In summer of 2019, he collaborated with multi-instrumentalist composer, Cameron Catalano to compose an art song as part of Art Song Lab 2019. The song was performed at Pyatt Hall by soprano singer, Robyn Driedger-Klassen and pianist, Rachel Iwaasa.

Creative note: *splattered canvas theory of failed languages* is a dissonant transmission of asemic and automatic writing that attempts to convey the failure of mistranslation. This visual work began as a linear sequence of a pictorial cipher for the English alphabet, which I then overlayed with tendrilled brushstrokes to imitate Jackson Pollock's infamous "splattered" canvas. Amidst the scribed chaos, the reader hones onto the remnants of ruined languages, half-utterances, and disrupted semantics.

Within a fragmented linguistic liminal space, the language system's scribbled gestural constraint and blackout poetry erasure generate into a wordless open semantic form of writing. Translation is a form of becoming wherein a word undergoes a shapeshifting process and carries over into a new linguistic state. *splattered canvas theory of failed languages* are the lexical fault lines where form and meaning are irrelevant in a postliterate paradigm shift.

Lorum Ipsum

Lorem ipsum dolor sit amet,
consectetur adipiscing elit, sed
do eiusmod tempor
incididunt ut labore et dolore
magna aliqua.
Ut enim ad minim veniam,
quis nostrud exercitation
ullamco laboris nisi ut aliquip
ex ea commodo consequat.
Duis aute irure dolor in
reprehenderit in voluptate
velit esse cillum dolore eu
fugiat nulla pariatur.
Excepteur sint occaecat
cupidatat non proident,
sunt in culpa qui officia
deserunt mollit anim
id est laborum.

Pain itself. Great sorrow.
Pursued.
Learning determined, blinded
by time. Living only, that
struggle and sorrow over the
years will attend me. What is
our purpose?
To learn, to work, though
others take advantage.
The pain doubles, one finds
no pleasure but the wish to
be without pain. I take flight,
with no words,
except darkness.
I desire not. I am at fault.
My responsibilities
abandoned, softened by
my mind and these exertions.

Translation and Thoughts on Receiving a Poem from my Would-be Wife

Ti amo	*only half of this is mine*	I love you
ed il tuo profumo	*the lesser half*	and your smell
la tua pelle candida	*the translated part*	your pure white skin
sulla mia	*received with thanks*	on mine
le stelle	*wide-eyed with wonder*	the stars
che dal cielo	*at its beauty*	from the sky
sono cadute	*its simplicity*	have fallen
sul tuo corpo	*her purity*	on your body
come me	*her words*	as I have
caduta anch'io	*(I had to look up cadute)*	fallen too
finalmente	*she wasn't my wife when she wrote it*	finally
sdraiata	*but on reading I had to marry her*	lying here
a contare le stelle	*and so it came to pass*	counting the stars
sul tuo corpo	*finally*	on your body

Bio: JP Seabright (she/they) is a queer writer living in London. They have three pamphlets published in poetry, prose and collaborative experimental work. MACHINATIONS, about the work and life of Alan Turing, is out Autumn 2022 from Trickhouse Press. More of their work can be found at https://jpseabright.com and via Twitter @errormessage.

Purus non enim:
  Purus non enim:
    Purus non enim:
praesent elementum facilisis leo vel fringilla. Quis enim lobortis scelerisque
  praesent elementum facilisis leo vel fringilla. Quis enim lobortis scelerisque
    praesent elementum facilisis leo vel fringilla. Quis enim lobortis scelerisque
fermentum dui. Nunc non blandit massa enim nec dui. Nunc mattis enim.
  fermentum dui. Nunc non blandit massa enim nec dui. Nunc mattis enim.
    fermentum dui. Nunc non blandit massa enim nec dui. Nunc mattis enim.
Tincidunt tortor aliquam nulla facilisi. Sed arcu non odio euismod lacinia.
  Tincidunt tortor aliquam nulla facilisi. Sed arcu non odio euismod lacinia.
    Tincidunt tortor aliquam nulla facilisi. Sed arcu non odio euismod lacinia.
"Sed augue lacus viverra vitae congue."
  "Sed augue lacus viverra vitae congue."
    "Sed augue lacus viverra vitae congue."
"In pellentesque massa placerat duis ultricies."
  "In pellentesque massa placerat duis ultricies."
    "In pellentesque massa placerat duis ultricies."
Consequat semper viverra nam libero. Pretium viverra suspendisse potenti
  Consequat semper viverra nam libero. Pretium viverra suspendisse potenti
    Consequat semper viverra nam libero. Pretium viverra suspendisse potenti
nulla. Nullam ac tortor vitae purus. Dolor purus non enim praesent elementum
  nullam ac tortor vitae purus. Dolor purus non enim praesent elementum
    nullam ac tortor vitae purus. Dolor purus non enim praesent elementum
facilisis leo. In cursus turpis massa tincidunt dui. Pharetra sit amet aliquam
  facilisis leo. In cursus turpis massa tincidunt dui. Pharetra sit amet aliquam
    facilisis leo. In cursus turpis massa tincidunt dui. Pharetra sit amet aliquam
id diam maecenas ultricies. Eget egestas purus viverra accumsan.
  id diam maecenas ultricies. Eget egestas purus viverra accumsan.
    id diam maecenas ultricies. Eget egestas purus viverra accumsan.
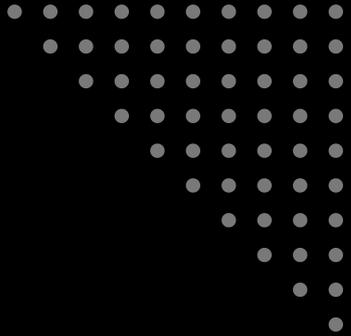
Creative note:

Lorem Ipsum:

This is my own loose translation of the *Lorem Ipsum* dummy copy text, which first appeared in the 1500s as a bastardisation from Cicero's *de Finibus Bonorum et Malorum* (The Extremes of Good and Evil) c. 45 BCE. When I discovered what it was actually about and the history of it being used as dummy publication text I was intrigued and had to create my own version.
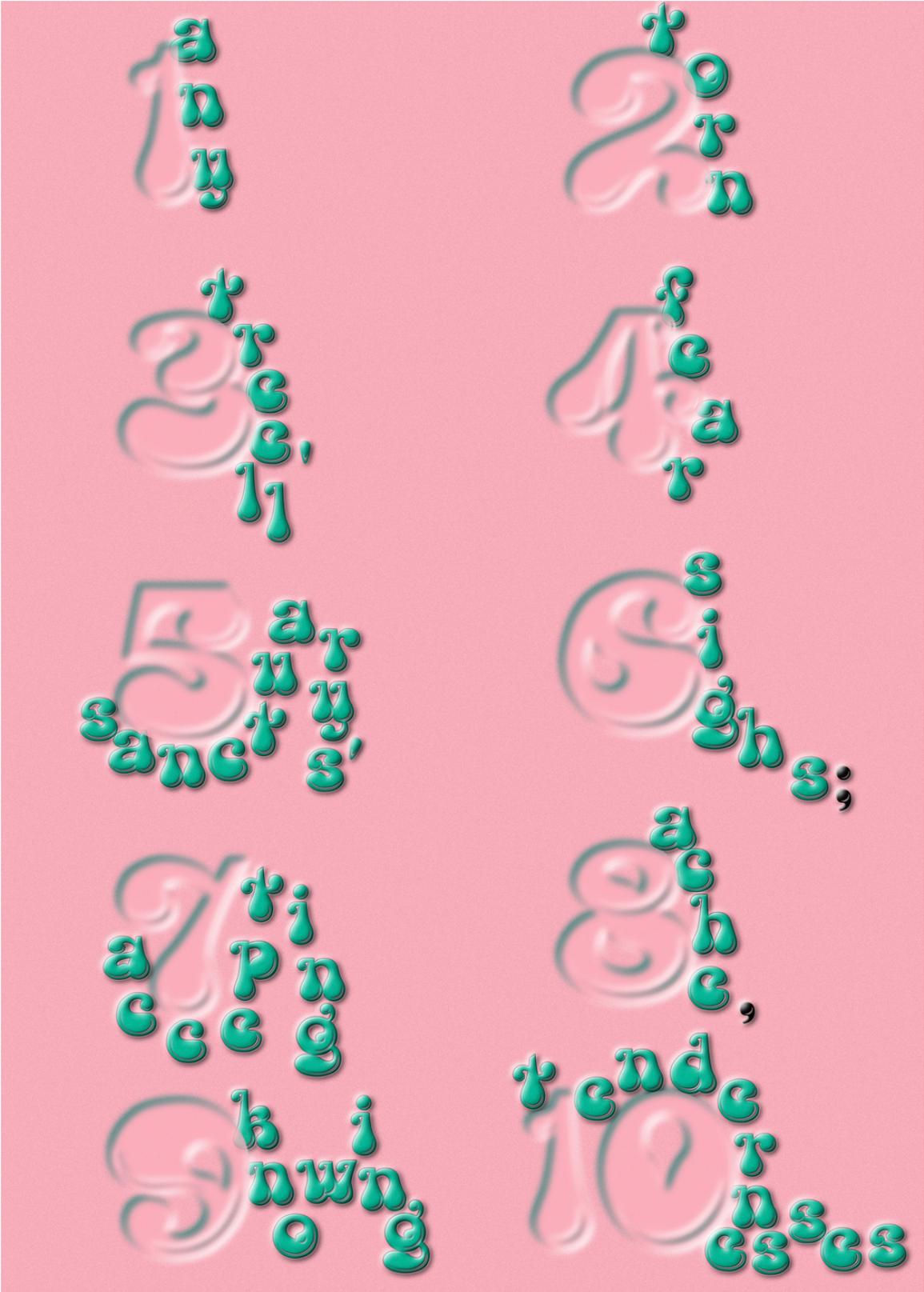
"*Neque porro quisquam est qui dolorem ipsum quia dolor sit amet, consectetur, adipisci velit...*"

"*There is no one who loves pain itself, who seeks after it and wants to have it, simply because it is pain...*"

Translation and Thoughts on Receiving a Poem from my Would-be Wife:

The original Italian poem was written by my now wife (Anita Rinaldi) which she gave to me soon after we started dating. I was blown away by it, but needed her to translate. As I began (slowly, and somewhat ineffectually) to learn Italian, I became intrigued in the translation process and how much meaning can be lost by transferring something into English, especially from a Romance language. I decided to present the original and my attempted translation with my literal thoughts and response to the poem.

1 anyng

2 torn

3 trees'll

4 fear

5 sanctuary's

6 sighs;

7 accepting

8 ache,

9 knowing,

10 tenderonesses

1 any

2 torn

3 tree, tell

4 fear

5 augury's sanctuary's

6 Sighs;

7 accepting knowing

8 ache,

9 ?

10 tenderness

James Kearns

Bio: James is a poet, performer, and visual artist based in Birmingham, England and Cape Town, South Africa. His work focuses on experimentation and collaboration and explores how poetry can interact with other art forms. He was a winner in the Streetcake Magazine Prize for Experimental Writing and his poems have appeared in anthologies by Verve Poetry Press and Streetcake Magazine as well as in 3AM Magazine and exhibitions by Poem Atlas. His forthcoming project, funded by Arts Council England, explores depictions of dementia in experimental poetry and publishing. He is @unkearnsed on Instagram and his website is unkearnsed.com
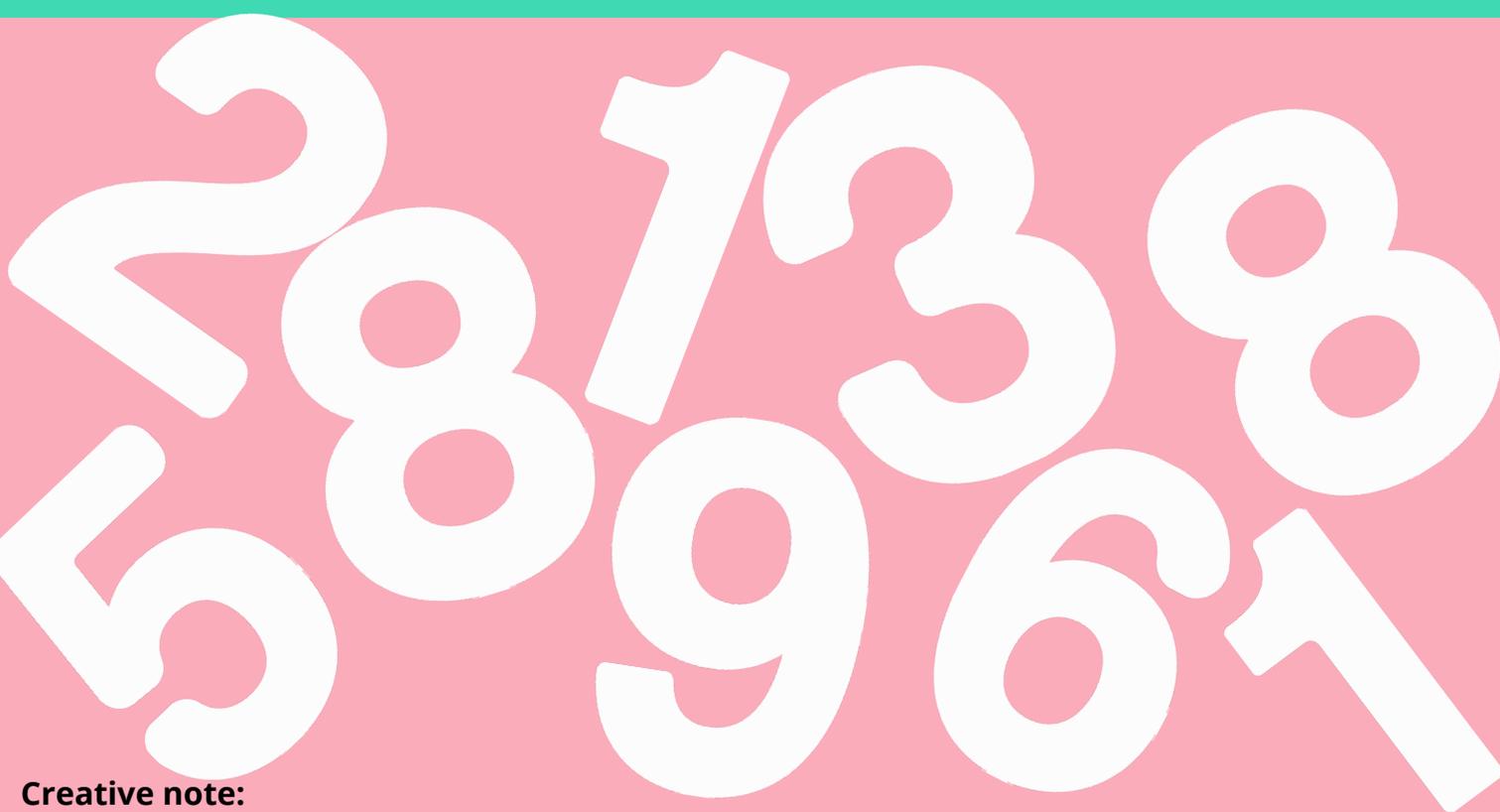
Creative note:

The poems, in a form I came up with and tentatively call 'Count to Ten', are made of 10 words, each a (near) homophone of the corresponding number from 1 to 10 in a European language, with the hope that a natural and instinctive rhythm appears in their being combined. The visual form gives a clue to this.

IMAGINE**1**ALTERNATIVE IN HARMONY WITH... ? WORLD WHERE WE ARE

Bio: Maud, a 24-year-old French woman, works for a NGO based in Marseille (France Nature Environnement PACA) where her role as a project manager sees her dealing with climate, energy, and air quality matters. She is also an environmental activist.
LinkedIn: Maud Rebibou

**Creative note:** I am an ecological activist, always questionning the world I am living in.

My work meets the theme mistranslation because the two first words are both French and English (we spell them the same way and mean the same). Also, the end is not written as I want the readers to imagine it in their heads. There are many possible ways to finish the sentence !

In my mind, the word harmony tends to meet the idea of Nature. The poem also makes use of the form of a lightbulb (like the verb think or the verb imagine).

mostly they sing but believe they are talking [Harmony]
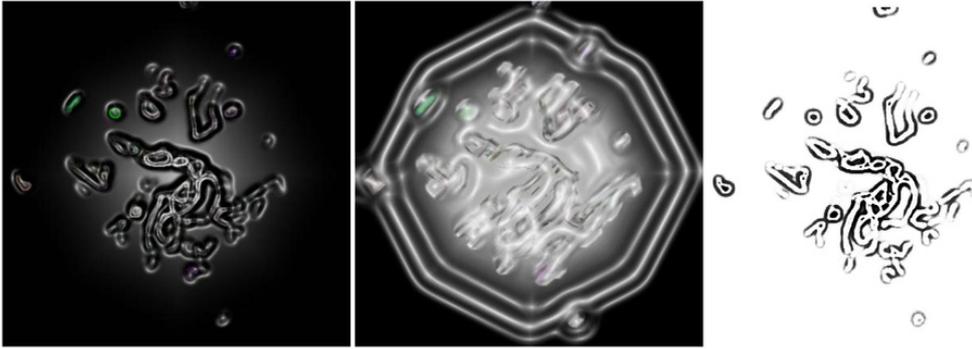
the most misunderstood aspect magnified [Failure]
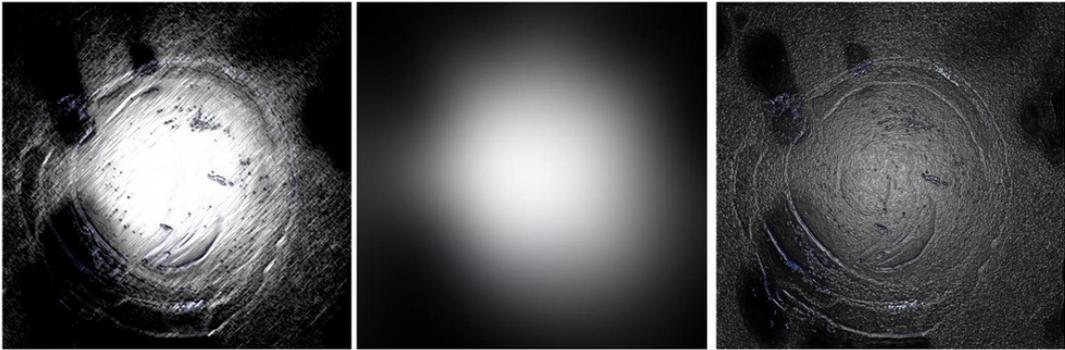
the Dead and their way of speaking [Separation]

Bio: Nic Stringer is a writer who also works with visual and sound material. Her first collection, A day that you happen to know (Guillemot Press) was highly commended in the Forward Prizes 2018. Other books include Hemispheres and Persephone. She is a founding member of Corrupted Poetry and Fractured Strings, the anthology Living with other people is due out in 2023 from Corrupted Editions.

More at corruptedpoetry.com

Creative note:

These pieces are from work in progress, currently titled **In the dark[room]** which will include visual, written and sound elements. The project will explore the effect of proximity to the indefinite future, using a series of what I've called *fades,* which are a visual representation of the internal form of a thing, over very small intervals of time. The visual elements rely on layering images and drawn or painted pieces, which are also digitally manipulated and often pixelated to create the *fade.*

Change

ça va me prendre tout mon p'tit change
        (I'm going to need all my pocket change)
                is something one might say when they're about to undertake a difficult task

ça va me prendre tout mon p'tit change to find a way to translate "change" meaning
        both
                currency and transformation

a sole equivalent won't be coined so easily
        a translation in itself is a transformation
                but then how can I turn "change" into "changement" when "ment" implies "lies"?

ça va me prendre tout mon p'tit change
        and I'm not lying when I say
                le p'tit change est un anglicisme anyways (pesky interferences)

the proper word is "monnaie", but what does "monnaie" have to do with evolution?
        they say money can buy anything but
                I don't even know how much

I should charge
        for a complete make-over
                of language

as a translator, I believe nothing is impossible
        yet as a writer I always strive to be untranslatable
                why am I so mean?

what do I even mean?
        I pile puns on top of idioms, write bilingually
                ça va leur prendre tout leur p'tit change que je me dis

to find another way to say that
        I'm a two-faced loonie-queen
                cornered in a *pièce*

they say the untranslatable
        can be adapted
                indeed, the necessary alchemy of words must operate:

the transmutation I'm looking for
        in the cracks of the sofa
                is what keeps me going

Home, sick

not sleeping means not crying
  pleurer l'insomnie perdue
now I've had some tears I'm torn open
  déchirée par les la(r)mes
everything makes sense in this dream
  car tout prend sens en songe
that I (be)hold so dear
  ce que je chéris
now I can read
  désormais je le lis
while meaning
  mais ce qu'il veut bien dire
lies in th'in-between
  ment dans l'entre-deux
after knowing more about
  après avoir su
where I stand
  où j'en suis
where to land
  je me terre
under a different
  sous les aurores nordiques
northern light
  ou sous un autre angle
on a shimmering shrine
  sur un autel lumineux
that I can call home too
  qui sait peut-être un chez-moi

The steps of the giants

Miss Traduction

I fall in between

je trébuche

the steps of the giants

en suivant pas à pas

who are taking over

les géantes qui gèrent

the messy mistakes

mes erreurs gênantes

of everything I overthink

mes pensées

– think over and over –

en spirales

all over again

encore et encore

as far as I know

plus enfoncées

that's it for now

dans l'instant présent

*** six […] later, common […] gone ***

*** six […] plus tard, sans bon […]***

I now no longer long to fit in (the)

ne plus jamais me sentir vouloir (autant)

more and more I know how to (I)

que je sache comment (je)

outlast, linger, longer, at last the last one (standing)

survis, m'attarde, plus longtemps, dernière (debout)

for if I fear I will fall (short)

car si j'ai peur de tomber (à court)

I know I can fail or flee or fly, free. All fine (finally).

je sais que je sais m'échouer, m'enfuir, m'envoler, m'élever. Enfin (en folie).

Creative note:

The first poem stems from a workshop facilitated by poet David Ly, during which we read a poem about "change in the cracks of the sofa", and I immediately thought of how difficult it would be to translate both meanings of "change". The poem thus explores polysemy, bilingualism, writing, translation, and money, too! The poem in question is "Anthropology" by James Galvin.

The second one is about being situated between two languages: the lines in English are original, although strongly influenced by French, and the lines in French are very loose self-translations of the English lines.

The third one is about translation mistakes, and how to get rid of the fear of making them. Once again, the English lines are original, and the French lines, loose self-translations. Can you guess who the giants are?

Bio: Myriam Legault-Beauregard (she/her) is, above everything else, a loving mother and translator. At night, when her two young children are asleep, she pursues her literary dreams. Her translations can be found in K1N, Reunion, Le Sabord and ellipse, and some of her original works have been published in PØST-, ellipse, Unfortunately, flo., and Bending Genres. While French is her first language, she also enjoys writing in English. She is currently enrolled in a French Studies PhD program at the University of Ottawa (Canada). Twitter: @Myr333
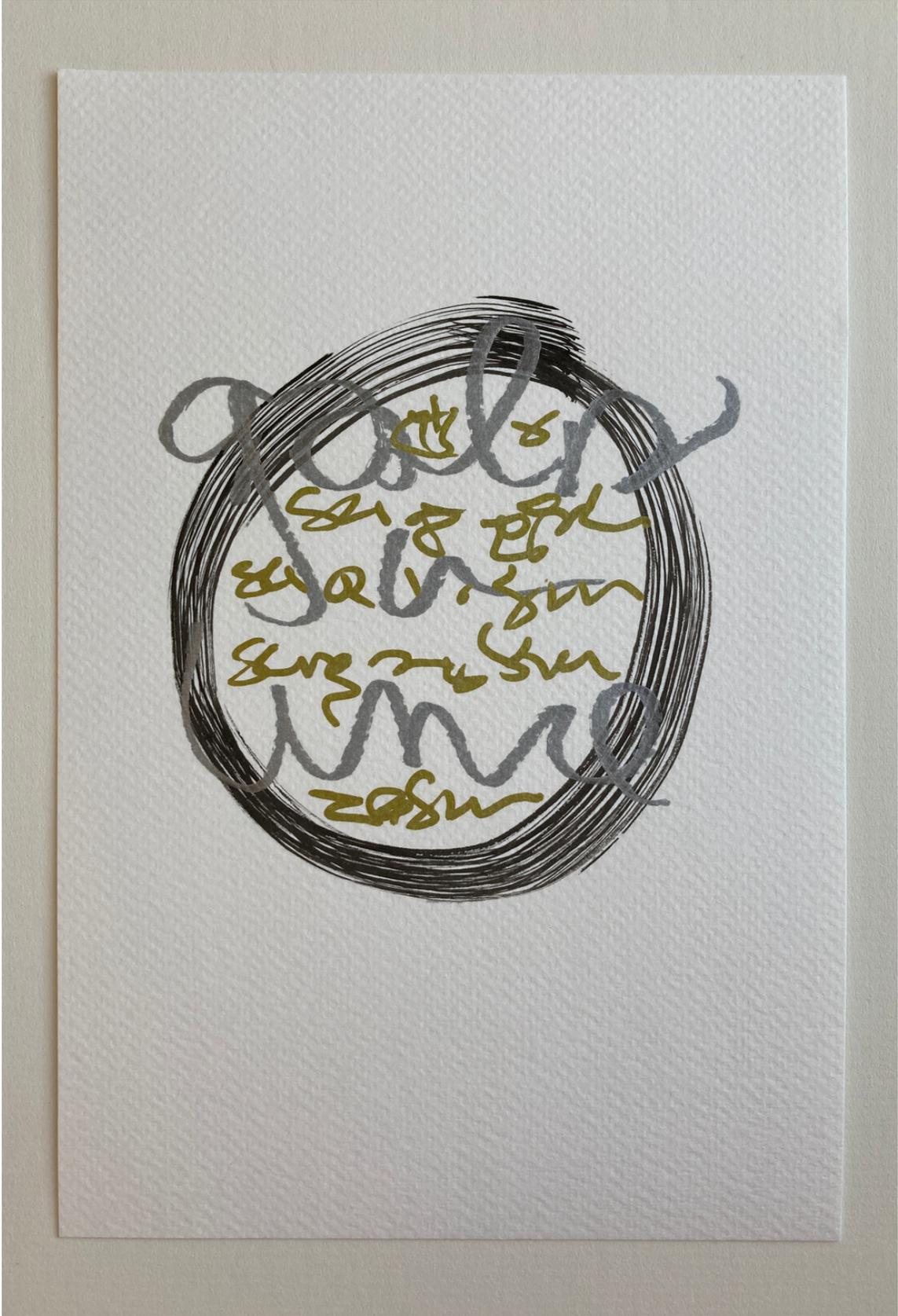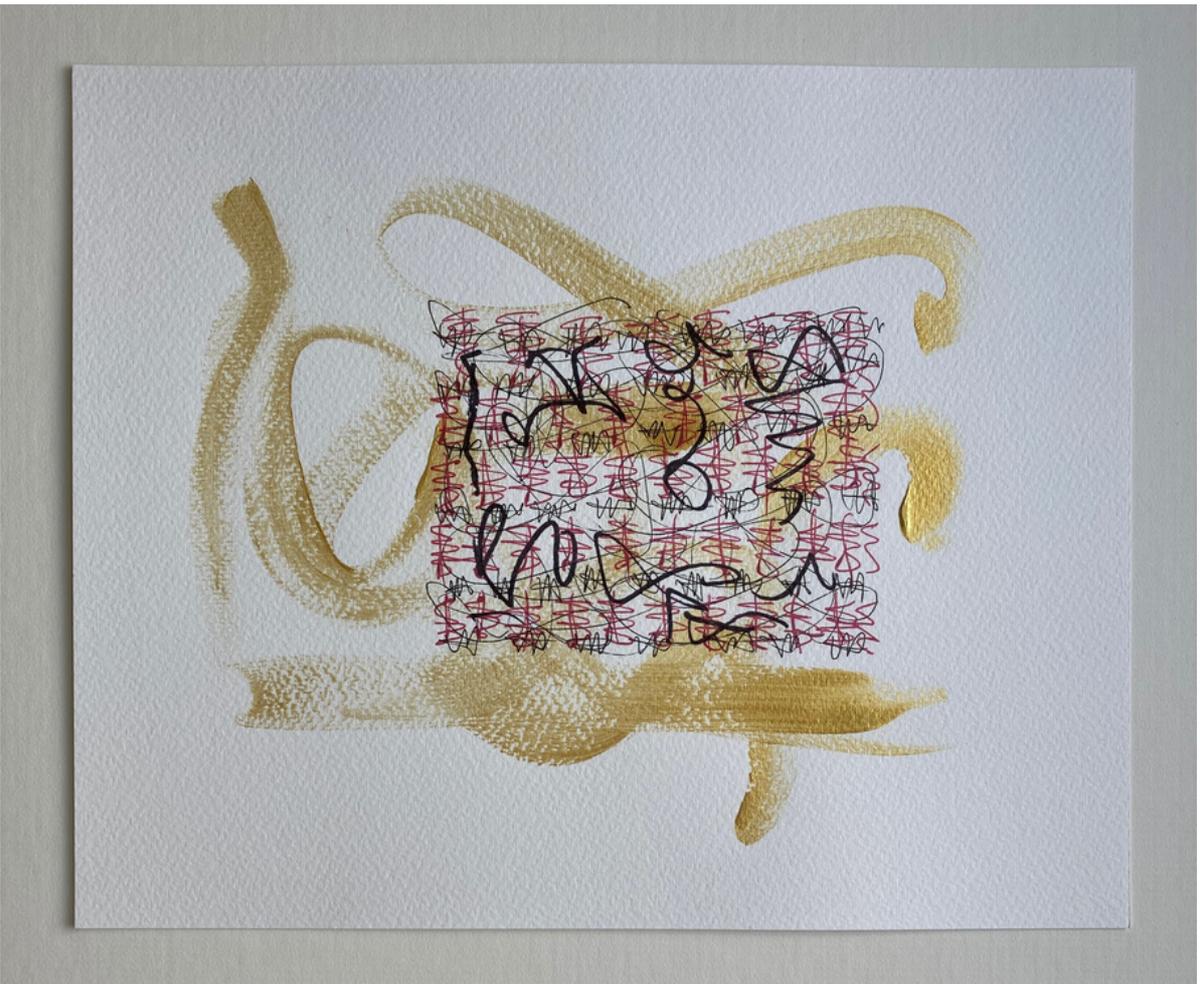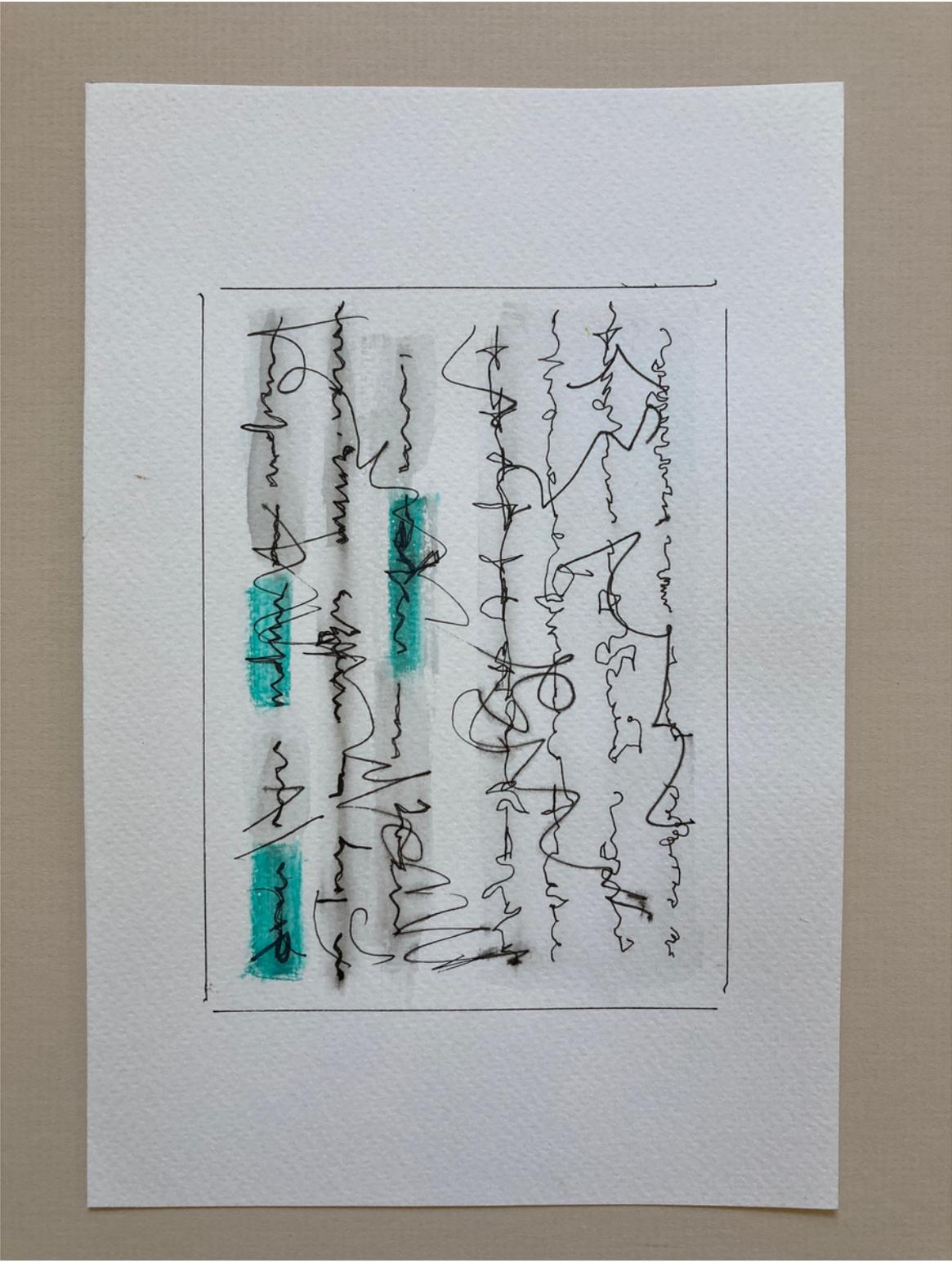
Terri Whetstone

Bio: Terri Whetstone (Canada) is a multidisciplinary artist working with large-scale painting, text, contemporary textiles, collage, and photocollage. An established visual artist with an active studio and exhibition career, her artwork is preoccupied with (and generally falls into) one of four themes: Identity, Text-based, Formalism, and Nature/Science.

She has been slowly circling back to non-representational/abstract art and recently has been engaged in researching Asemic writing and using this to create a dynamic series of drawings and large paintings.

Terri has had multiple solo and group exhibitions in Canada and her paintings, collages and textile artworks are held in collections in Canada and the USA.

www.terriwhetstone.com
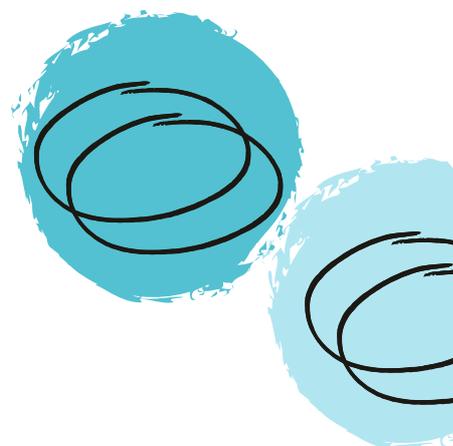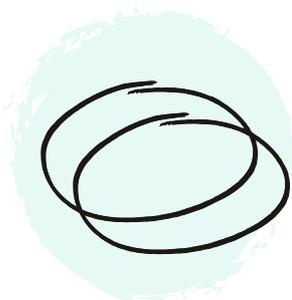
Creative note: As a visual artist, I use Asemic writing as a tool for incorporating text and the gesture of writing in a way that is free from dogmatic cultural or commercial slogans, political messages, or kitsch pop-spirituality. I describe my Asemic artworks as "text-reminiscent" - despite looking like readable words, the text is faux language.

The artworks are within an entirely liminal space between writing and purely abstract art. They are visual webs of quasi-calligraphic shapes that are layered and balanced in relation to one another and, graphically, to the negative space of the paper or canvas ground. The artworks are expressive works without literal meaning and are generative rather than reactive.

This body of work is a pivot from "quick reads" to "no-reads" - with a challenge to audiences to imagine meaning, rather than "being told what to think".

My intention is to engage the viewer's imagination through the ambiguity of the text and for the artworks to be understood/appreciated through subjective experience - looking and feeling - rather than the decoding /comprehension of reading/literacy.

The Dangers of Time Travel as Illustrated by Chaos Theory

Baseline:

Not even the time / traveler cared about the / spilt milk on the floor

Not even the time / traveler cared for the spilled / milk on the ground

(though he didn't mean to interfere, the sentence was altered, and he returned)

Not even a time / traveler took care of the / lost milk on the floor

(he's not just a time traveler; he's *the* time traveler + it's not exactly lost if you know
where it is)

Poor milk on the floor for a minute, the passenger did not think

(most of us have not had that particular thought, indeed)

He's not even a time traveler! Put the spilt milk on the floor!

(he's confused the present gods / powers-that-be of this timeline: erase and rewind,
next)

Not even a single traveler / took care of the milk / that was not on the ground

(so they tended to the milk on the ground? lick it like a fine feline? reset)

Even the time traveler / did not care about the milk / spilled on the ground

(that's closer, yet stranger, not at all natural to his ears: do-over)

Even the time traveler did not / notice the milk on the ground

(*notice*? well, perhaps that shall fix it and next time he won't get into this mess)

Not even a traveler on time / He took care of the missing milk on the floor

(can one be late for time travel? can't one simply travel in time to be *on* time?)

The passenger also / did not notice / the lion on the ground

(if the lion is hungry, it shall reach for the milk before it reaches for the passenger)

At the same time the traveler does not / care about spilled milk on the ground,
(none of this is happening at the same time; it is happening *to* the same time)

At the same time / visitors do not pay attention to the fact that / the milk falls to the floor

> (in that same timeline, either lions and careless travelers or careless travelers and visitors)

Even when the traveler was not concerned about spilled milk,
No driver stopped / at the bottom of the milk

> (like stopping in the middle of a highway)

No driver was stopped / under the milk

> (the milky way time-travel police taking bribes on the down-low?)

No one stops a driver / under milk

> (perhaps simply following protocol)

Travelers don't care about the lakes / and shallow waters of the world

> (what about milk?)

No time travelers —
Beware of lack of milk on the floor

> (so the milk is not there but everyone thinks it is?)

The tourists did not even know that the milk had been spilled

> (if some milk falls on the floor and no one sees, did it even happen?)

Tourists do not know when the milk is flowing / to set a goal

> (certainly not the moral of the story?)

Tourists overlook the pool and the clean water

> (not again with the bodies of water!)

Time / Tourists should not talk about cowboys

> (maybe that can be their goal)

Weather / Tourists, don't worry / Milk spilled on the ground

> (almost like a telegraph)

Time / Strangers do not even want to discuss cow dung

> (do you know anyone who might want to discuss it? when are we exactly? an especially eclectic age of discovery in terms of manure? or have we altered the timeline so much that we're only just now at the dawn of agriculture?)

*Not a time traveler / I saw milk on the floor*

> (perhaps he's fixed the problem)

He is not a traveler through time / I saw milk on the floor

> (who is he that you speak of?)

The World of Warcraft traveler did not care / about the milk on the ground

(has he erased this timeline so many times he's merged it with another world?)

Not even a moment / traveler thinks about / pouring milk on the floor

(so he was the one who'd done it all along? he'd been under / at the bottom of /
BEHIND the milk! We've had the answer all along!)
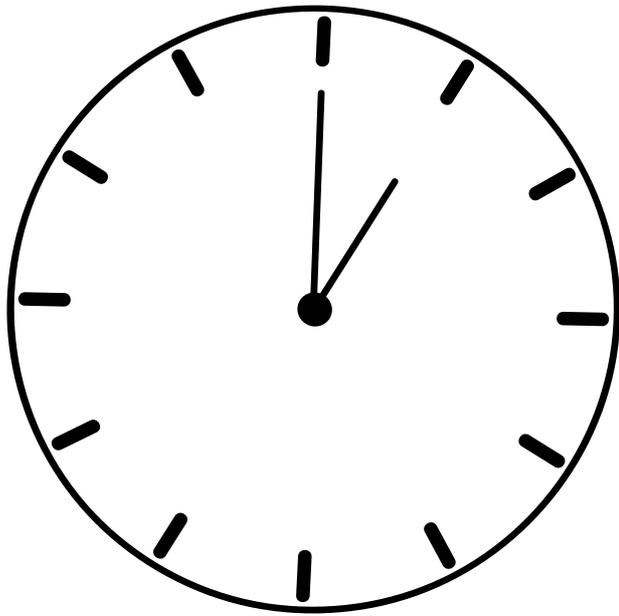
Bio: Beatriz Seelaender is a Brazilian author from São Paulo. Her fiction has appeared in Cagibi, AZURE, Psychopomp, among many others, and essays can be found at websites such as The Collapsar and Guesthouse. Her novellas have earned her both the Sandy Run and the Bottom Drawer Prizes. Seelaender's poetry has been published by Inflections Magazine, VERSION [9], etc. "Canon Familiaris", a chapbook in which she turns canonical poems into poems about her shih tzu, Uli, will be released by Really Serious Literature in 2023.

Twitter: @biaseelaender
Instagram: @slanderdawg

> **Creative note:** This started as a senryu, but it turned into a poem about time-travel when I decided to run the sentence through Google Translate multiple times. The time-traveler attempts to rewrite the original lines / change the past, and keeps getting the weirdest results -- all taken from those same lines being translated to multiple languages back into English. A metaphysical game of wireless telephone.
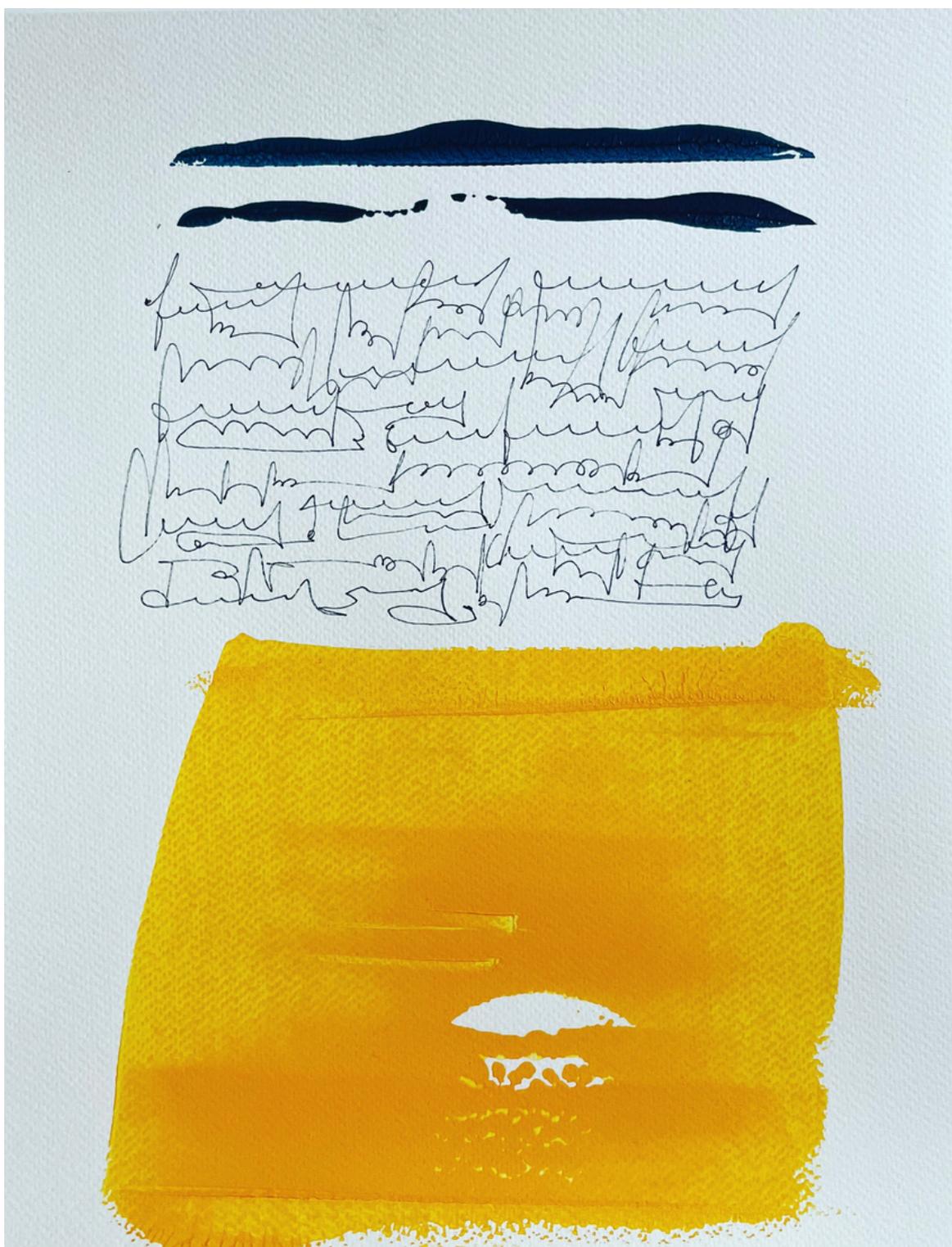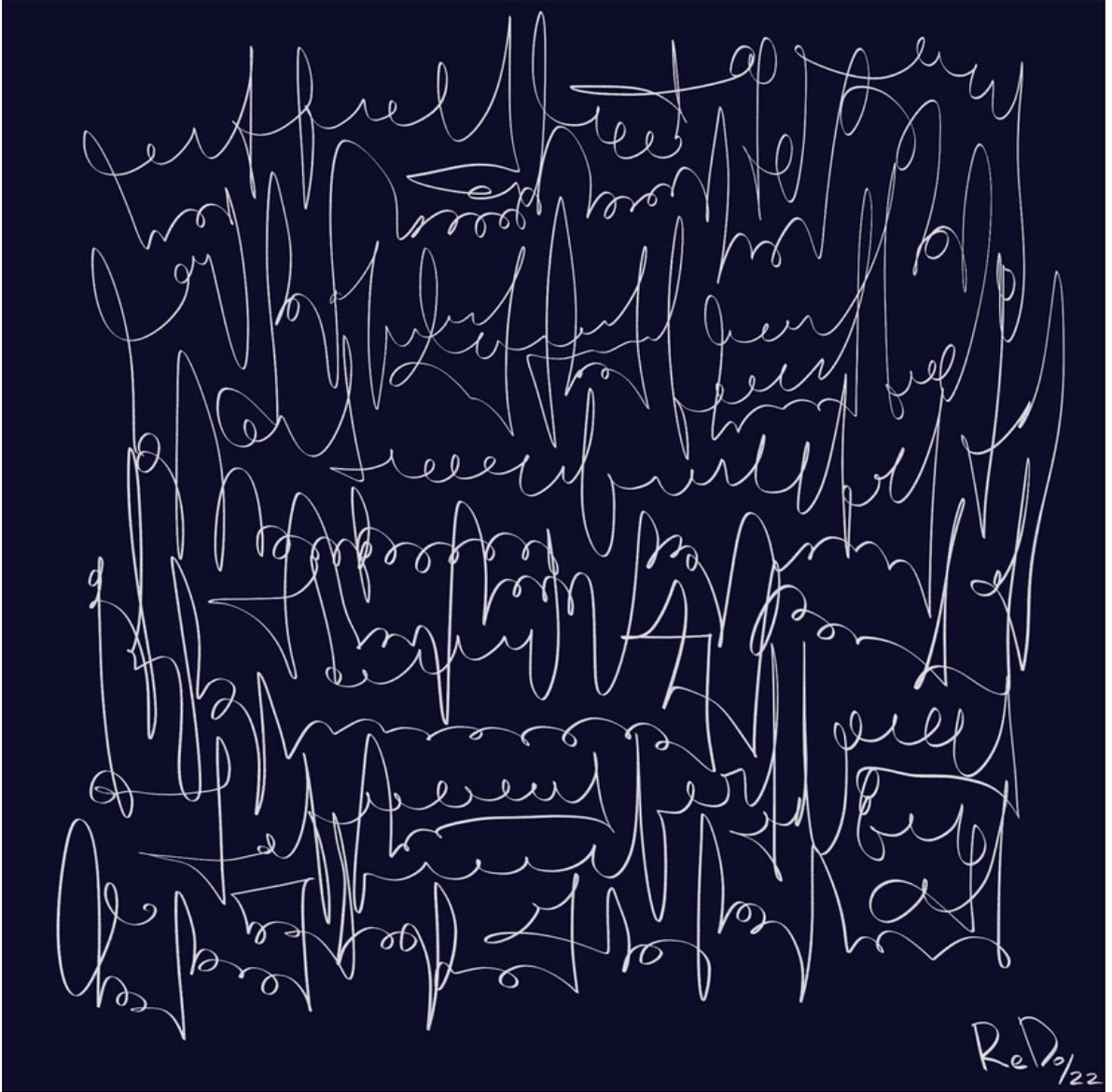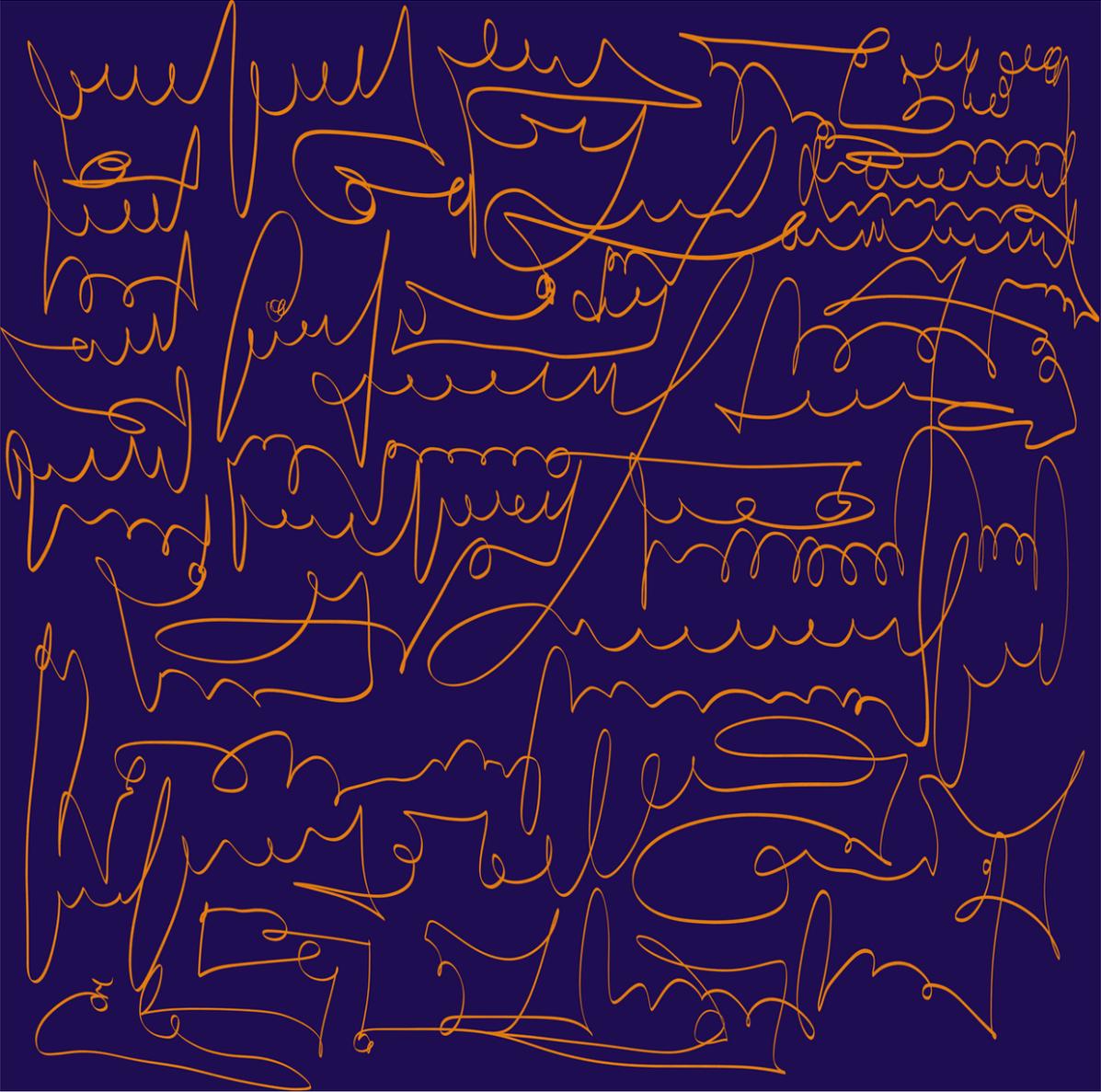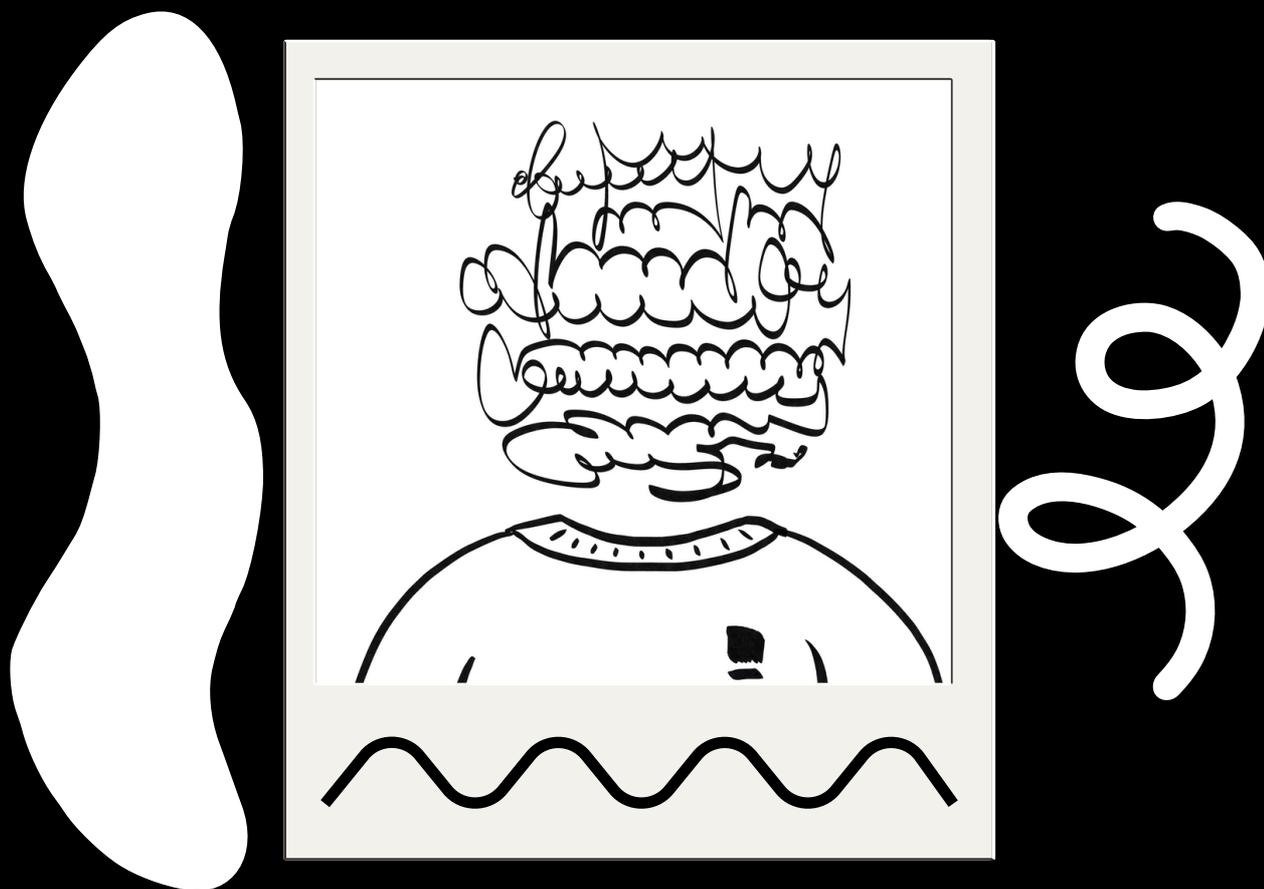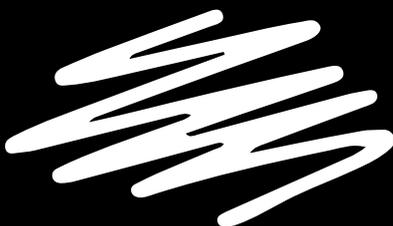
Bio: ReDo is a Tel Aviv-based artist who works with abstract painting and asemic writing. He explores the laws of physics and visual field through line, shape, and color. He believes art should aim to provide the viewer with experience. As a result of its work, ReDo represents the meeting of art and science.

Instagram: @redo.yourself

Creative note: One line from start to finish. From Russian\English to Hebrew\Arabic and back. This is a story with a duration like a labyrinth. Take your time and read this. The main thing is the path.

ou une transformation plus profonde qui m'a divisé en trois morceaux toujours lié

Apprendre Le Français

Je traduis du Français en Anglais de l'Anglais en Grec seulement pour continuer que

I understand is it a practical matter same alphabet a wealth of sources or a

Μεταφράζω τα Γαλλικά στ' Αγγλικά τ' Αγγλικά στα Ελληνικά μόνο για να

βεβαιωθώ ότι κατάλαβα είναι πρακτικό θέμα ίδιο αλφάβητο πλήθορα πηγών ή

je comprends est-ce une affaire pratique même alphabet une abondance de sources

I translate the French into English the English into Greek only to confirm

Μαθαίνοντας Γαλλικά

Learning French

μια βαθύτερη αλλαγή που μ' έχει χωρίσει σε τρία κομμάτια πάντα αλληλένδετα

je comprends est-ce une affaire pratique même alphabet une abondance de sources

deeper transformation that has split me into three pieces always interlinked

Bio: Ilias Tsagas is a Greek poet writing in English and in Greek. His poems have appeared in Ambit, The Mechanics' Institute Review, streetcake magazine, Beir Bua Press, SAND, FU Review, Tint Journal, The Shanghai Literary Review, Poetry Lab Shanghai, Plumwood Mountain Journal and elsewhere. He works in the energy policy sector as a journalist and an academic. He is @Ilias_Energia on Twitter and @ilias.tsagas on Instagram.

Creative note: A brief description of my writing process - One part of my poetry focuses on mixing text with geometric schemes and presenting the text in different shapes. I don't start from a shape. I always start writing the text and after I have written the poem I like to consider if a geometric representation reinforces the text's meaning. This is definitely the case of my poem published in the inaugural issue of the Sparkling Tongue Press.
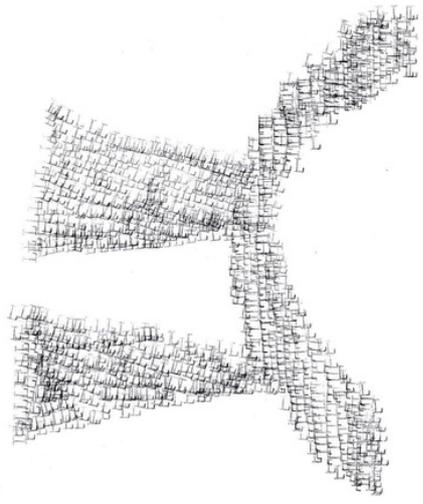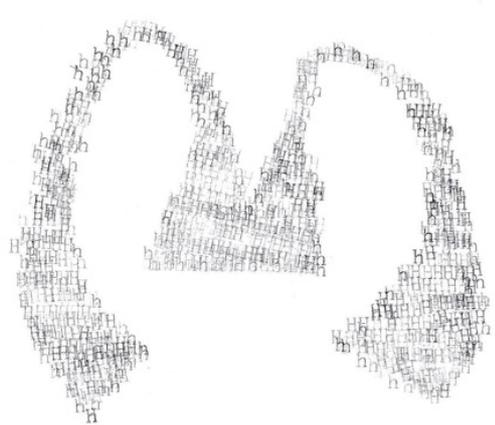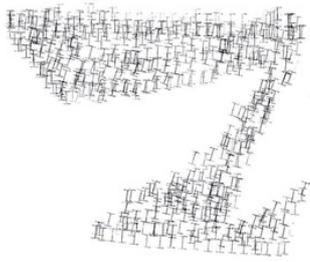
Bio: Richard Capener's releases are *The Voice Without* (Beir Bua Press, 2022), *KL7* (The Red Ceilings, 2022), *Dance! The Statue Has Fallen! Now His Head is Beneath Our Feet!* (Broken Sleep Books, 2021) and, in collaboration with Imogen Reid, *Today is a Thursday* (Overground Underground Books, 2022). He edits Hem Press, and its sound poetry imprint Angry Starlings. He is also Reviews Editor for Mercurius Magazine.

Creative note:

Early last year, SOBER magazine invited me to write an essay to explore the avant-garde's relationship to intermedia. This caused me to look at different origin myths of language alongside the recorded history of writing. On considering the Book of Enoch, I was reminded that the fallen angels, among other things, taught metallurgy. When this was placed alongside the advent of the letterpress – with its movable metal type – writing began to take on a charged, heretical meaning. The typewriter, a descendant of the letterpress, played a key role in the history of visual poetry and, with its metal type, felt like the right medium to explore this heresy of language. Enochian, the language purportedly given to John Dee and Edward Kelly by angels, was an organic direction to go in. My Enochian Alphabet is a sequence of visual poems in which each letter of the Enochian alphabet is built from their corresponding English letter/s.

atrophy

entropy

atrophy

entropy

atrophy
entropy
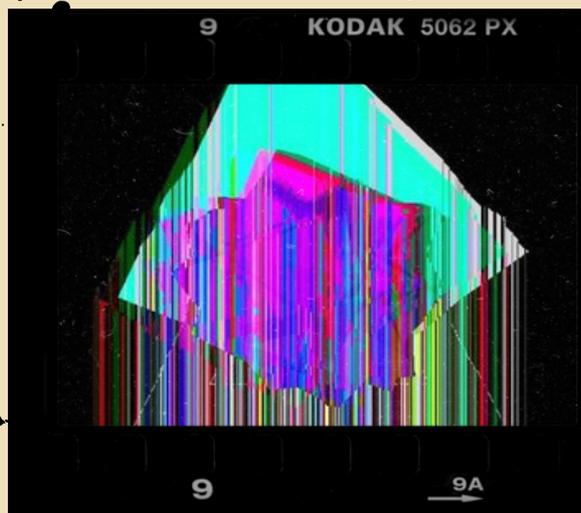atrophy
entropy
atrophy
atrophy
entropy

who's he when he's at home?
who's a language when he's at home?
who's a grammar when he's at home?
who's a dialect when he's at home?
who's a book when he's at home?
who's a page when he's at home?
who's a noun when he's at home?
who's a verb when he's at home?
who's a word when he's at home?
who's a letter when he's at home?
who's a symbol when he's at home?
who's a sound when he's at home?
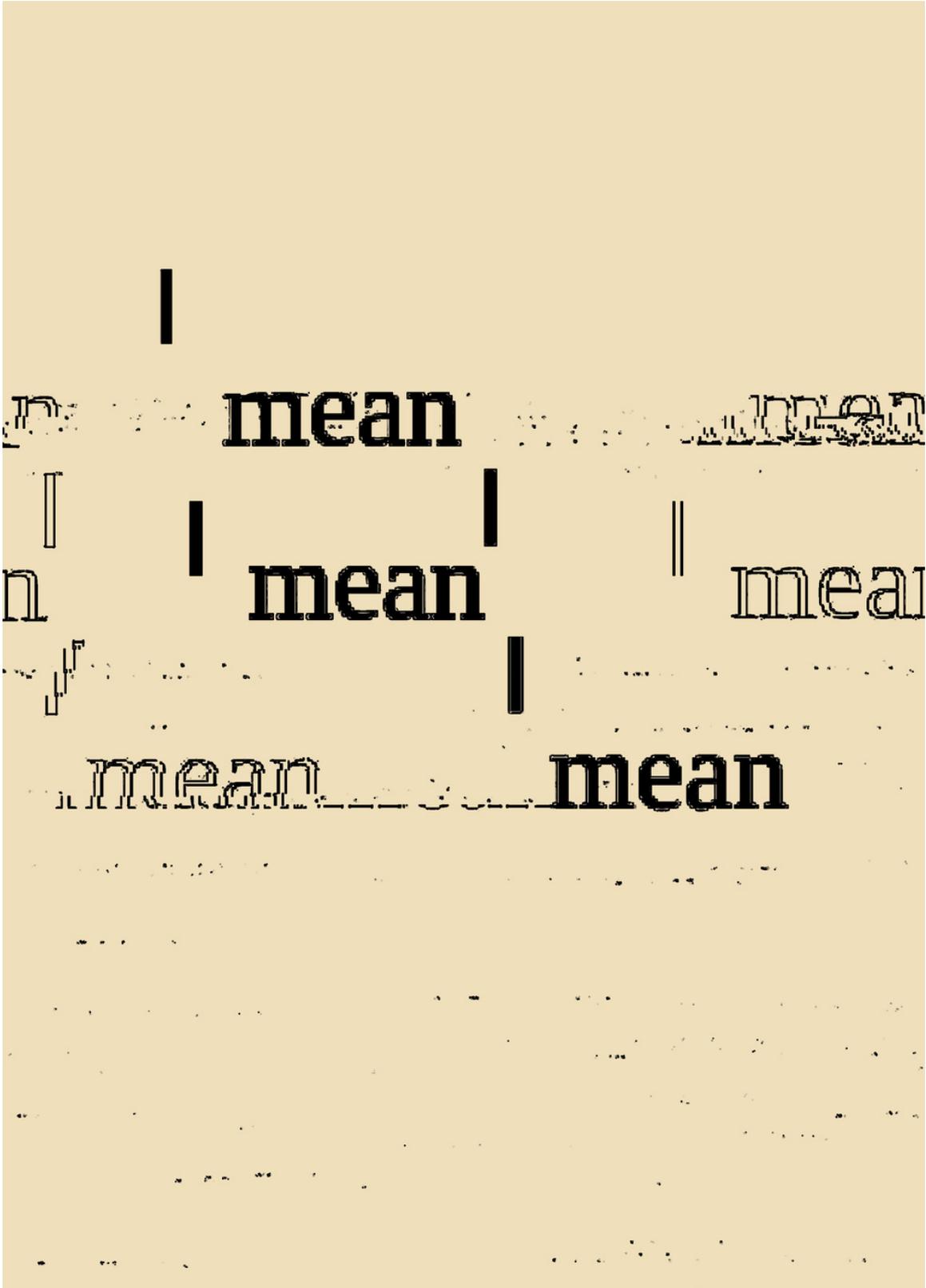
bio

Jon Gilbert is a poet and PhD researcher, based in Leeds, UK. He currently works at the University of Leeds as a postgraduate teaching assistant and poetry archive intern at the Brotherton library. His work explores the resistive properties of text using concrete and visual poetry techniques, often using these pieces as scores for performance.
Twitter: @GonJilbert

creative

'atrophy/entropy' is an attempt to explore the inherent loss, and gain, in all attempts of communication. This inability to express exactly what is desired is matched with an inability of a reader/viewer/listener to completely grasp intent. It is here that the loss occurs, as the words, or meaning, or intent, unavoidably atrophies during communication. This is the inherent instability, and mistranslation, in communication, that always gravitates toward disorder. However, within this loss is the potential for gain, represented here in the shrinking gaps between the words as they blur into one. A reader explores these gaps between words and creates new meanings through their combination, challenging the works own internal logic of atrophy and loss.

'Who's He' pertains to the untranslatable nature of idioms across lines of power and class. Just as a soundwave of the poet's voice saying "who's he when he's at home" is untranslatable through the human eye, certain idioms are mistranslated across cultural lines. These idioms, in turn, can reveal the culturally received nature of all language and meaning, explored here through a progressive shift from language to sound.

note

'I mean I' is a piece of visual poetry that not only raises questions of meanings relationship to identity but also explores a modernist-reminiscent anxiety toward never truly being able to say what you mean. It was created using 'glitching' techniques to intervene in the text of the images code, resulting in the breakages and slippages seen in the piece. At this material level, the visual results are a product of image software 'mistranslating' the damaged code, causing a further 'translation', in the form of movement, to unintended destinations.

Bonita Rose Kempenich
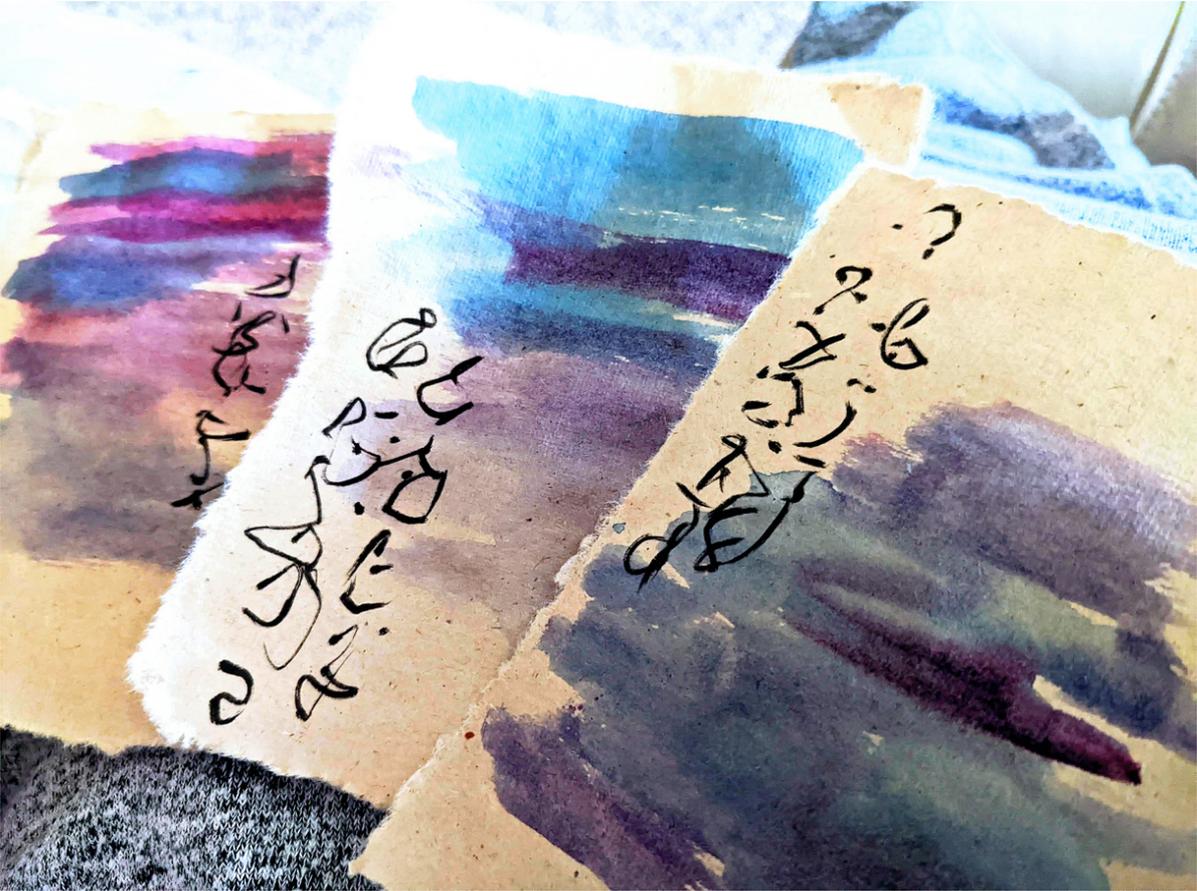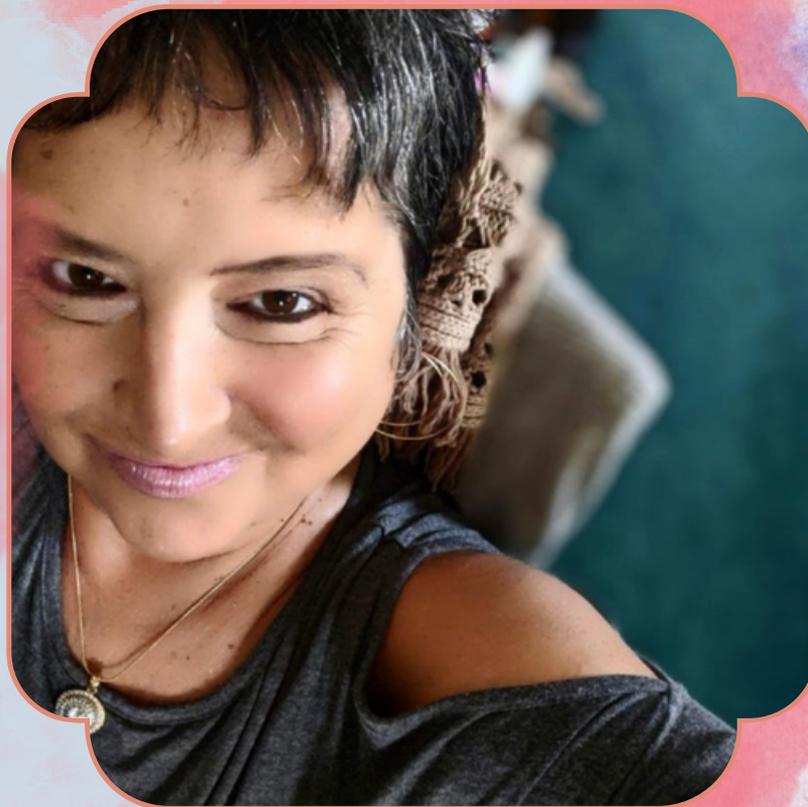
Bio: Bonita Rose Kempenich is a passionate full-time creative, living on the northern plains of Minnesota USA.
She lives with her husband Greg and their dog, Toby and makes sure she enjoys her every day. She's a mother and a first time Grandmother this year to Olivia.
Her interests are many.
They include mixed media art, collecting vintage jewelry, found object art, slow stitch, botanicals and gardening, art collage, Asemic writing, found poetry art, photography, playing with watercolor, and journaling.
Bonita makes sure to live her life creatively every day.

Find Bonita here:
Blog www.bonitarose.com
Instagram Bonitarosek

Creative note: Multilingualism. To me that's Asemic writing. It moves me yet the only person that has understanding is me. A language between myself and The Divine. A simple watercolor wash with Asemic writing in ink can make a bold statement.
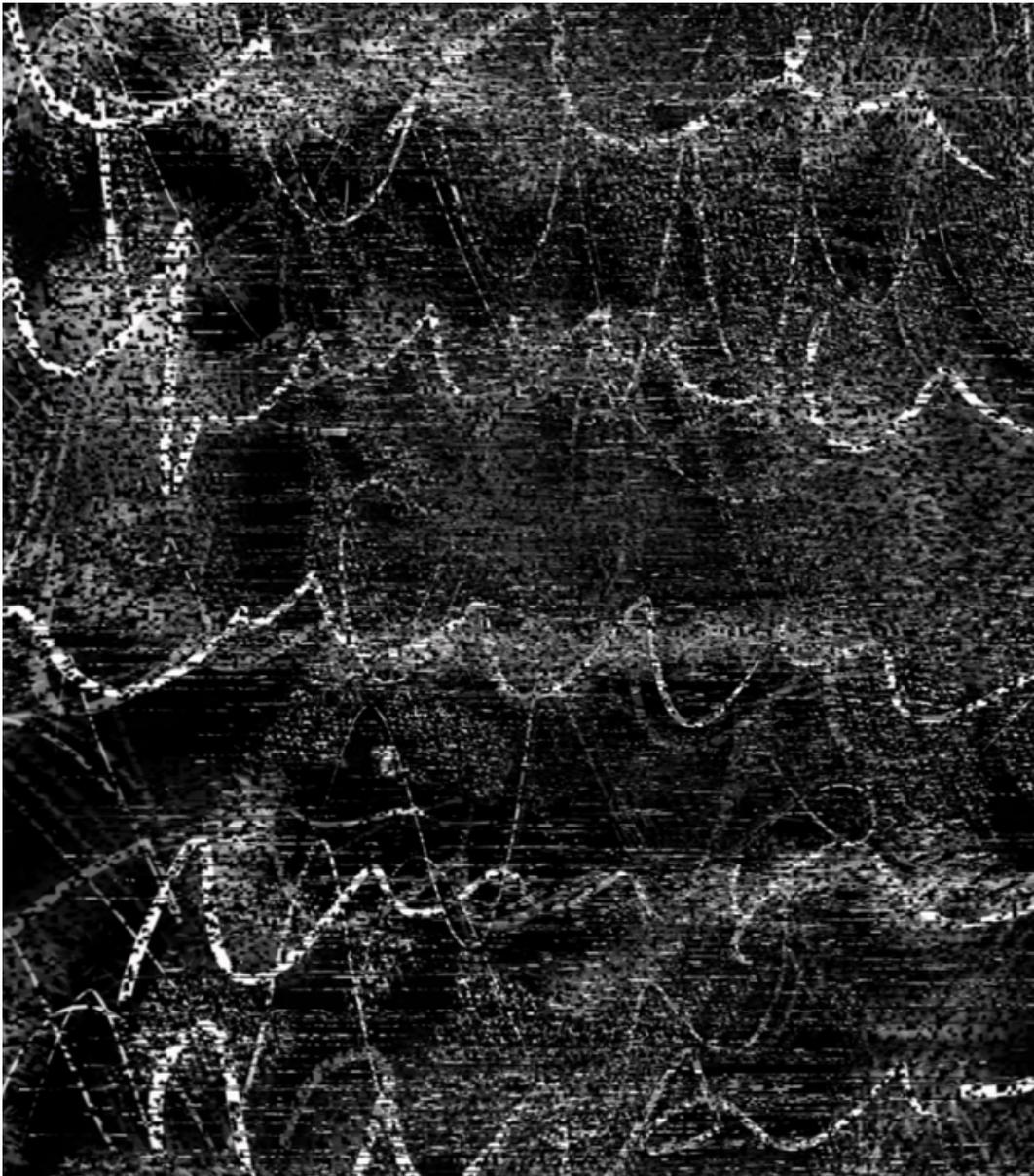
Bio: Michelle Moloney King (she/her) is a poet, asemic poet, editor of Beir Bua Press and works as a primary teacher. Moloney King is inspired by family life in flux, signifier and signified, plurality of time, and the surreal absurdism of life. She is published in Abridged Magazine, M58, 3 AM Magazine, Streetcake, Babel amongst others, Collections: Another Word For Mother with SurVision Books, 2022, Womxn Heatwave Mama by Beir Bua Press, 2021, and Shapes of Motherhood by ABP, 2020. www.MichelleMoloneyKing.com
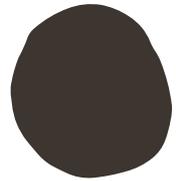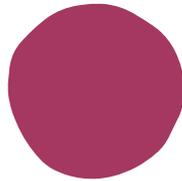
Creative note: I wait for the itch in my hand, that need to "get it all down at once" the sound of the material over the page, the symbols of letters, of marks with meaning and want to move beyond a fixed meaning. I'm inspired by Ogham (old Irish writing of a sort), of wildness and weeds, brambes, hair fyling due to wind, movement. Material - oil sticks, acrylic, and watercolour on 300gsm Fabriano paper.

For further information and submission guidelines, please
check out our website. We welcome your creativity.

Lucy Hulton

Sparkling Tongue Press - MISTRANSLATIONS