

Datura

#20 | 10_26

EXIL/E



CARLSON - DIAMONDPOLOUS - GARCIA-CANALÈS - GREY -
HUOTARI - LASVERNE - NICOLA - TRETYACHENKO - WOLAK -
ZAAL ALSALLOUM - ZABLE

Datura Issue 20 - Contents | Sommaire

Cover illustration | Illustration de couverture: Refugees on a boat by anonymous

Inside illustrations by Bill Wolak

À vous tous gens de coeurs, Le rêve dispersé et Un million de linceuls de Mohamad Zaal Alsalloum - poèmes arabes traduits en français par l'auteur

Voluntary exile by Elena Tretyachenko - non-fiction

That First Flashback of Intimacy by Bill Wolak - collage

When the Whole World Becomes Palestine by Nell Carlson - poetry

1929 by DC Diamondopolous - fiction

Inescapable as the Secret Mirror of Desire by Bill Wolak - collage

Dinah and Deported by John Grey - poems

The Tintinnabulator by Bill Wolak - collage

Pieds, *Le mémoire/se perd...* et Lignes coupantes de Cathy Garcia-Canalès - poèmes

At an Antipode by Heikki Huotari - prose poem

Raw Truth by James B. Nicola - poem

Of Course and Exile by Jeffrey Zable - poems

Lost Intimacy y Bill Wolak - collage

Bouge de là-bas d'Alain Lasverne - poèmes

Clinging of Wildfire by Bill Wolak - collage

**À vous tous gens de cœur
de Mohamad Zaal Alsalloum**

يا كُلَّ الناس الطيبين

النص العربي

وأنا أقتنص القصيدة
سأقص عليكم فرعا من شجراتي
كانت أوراق الخريف تحن للأرض كل عام في منزلي
وتتبلل أغصان المشمش والياسمين بالمطر
كانت تحتفي نباتات أُمي بأيلول
وكان أُمي بعيداً بعيداً خلف رمال الرياض
اعتدنا غربته وطيفه المرسوم في الكلمات
وأنا أكتب على دفاتري بأقلام الرصاص
وأملأ حقيبتني كتباً وريحان مدرستي
فأنا حكاية ثلاثة رجال (أنا وأبي وجدي)
ثلاثتنا طُردنا من أرضنا من البلاد
جدي الجولاني العتيد مات في ظلال الشام بلا جولان
وأبي المتغرب عقدين دفن جانبه بلا وطن
سهمان جرحا قلبي
وأنا اليوم في الغياب خارج الحدود
في بيتنا كانت شجرة ليمون
تثمر كل عام
"طار الخبز وبقي الجوع"
غاب الحب وبقي الموت"
وعويل الوجع في وادينا السحيق
لم أر جدي حين ولدت
فهو في ذاكرتي مجرد صورة معلقة في صالون
وحكايات جدتي عنه
فهل من يموت مُغزباً شهيداً؟!
لماذا لم نعش حياتنا طبيعيين؟
لماذا لم نر نور الحياة الطبيعية؟
لماذا يسلخ جلدنا كل يوم غريب؟
يا أعزائي ... اسمعوا بقية الحكاية
مات جدي ... وبدأ أبي من الصفر
عَمَرَ منزله حجراً حجراً ... وبذراعه شق المعجزات
أوقد النور والأمل ليكمل الحكاية
وحين تعبت أنفاسه عانق التراب
لتنام مدينة أخرى وتغيب شمس حياة في ذاتي
لأبدأ أنا بين متعثر وناجح
بين متأخر ومتقدم
أصارع شخصياتي بين الأغلال المصفدة
حتى تدق ساعة الخلاص

Et tandis que je saisis le poème,
je vais vous conter une branche de mes arbres.

Chaque année, chez moi,
les feuilles d'automne languissaient après la terre,
et les branches de l'abricotier et du jasmin
se mouillaient sous la pluie.

Les plantes de ma mère célébraient septembre,
et mon père était loin, très loin,
derrière les sables de Riyad.
Nous nous étions habitués à son absence,
à son ombre dessinée dans les mots.

Et moi, j'écrivais dans mes cahiers
avec des crayons à papier,
je remplissais mon cartable de livres
et du basilic de mon école.

Car je suis l'histoire de trois hommes :
moi, mon père et mon grand-père.
Tous trois, nous avons été chassés de notre terre,
chassés du pays.

Mon grand-père, l'inébranlable homme du Golan,
est mort à l'ombre de Damas, sans Golan.
Et mon père, exilé durant deux décennies,
fut enterré à ses côtés, sans patrie.

Deux flèches ont blessé mon cœur.

Et aujourd'hui,
je suis dans l'absence, hors des frontières.

Dans notre maison, il y avait un citronnier
qui donnait ses fruits chaque année.

« Le pain s'est envolé, la faim est restée.
L'amour a disparu, la mort est restée. »

Et le hurlement de la douleur
dans notre vallée profonde.

Je n'ai jamais vu mon grand-père :
il était mort lorsque je suis né.
Dans ma mémoire,
il n'est qu'une photographie accrochée au salon
et les histoires que ma grand-mère racontait de lui.

Celui qui meurt en exil
est-il un martyr ?!

Pourquoi n'avons-nous pas vécu
comme des gens ordinaires ?
Pourquoi n'avons-nous jamais vu
la lumière d'une vie ordinaire ?
Pourquoi, chaque jour,
un étranger nous arrache-t-il la peau ?

Mes chers amis...
écoutez la suite de l'histoire.

Mon grand-père mourut...
et mon père recommença de zéro.

Il bâtit sa maison pierre après pierre...
et de ses bras, il força l'impossible.
Il alluma la lumière et l'espoir
pour que l'histoire puisse continuer.

Puis, lorsque son souffle se fatigua,
il étreignit la terre.

Une autre ville s'endormit alors,
et le soleil d'une vie disparut en moi.

Et ce fut à mon tour de commencer,
entre trébuchement et réussite,
entre retard et avancée,
luttant contre mes propres personnages
parmi les chaînes et les entraves,

jusqu'à ce que sonne
l'heure de la délivrance.

**Le rêve dispersé
de Mohamad Zaal Alsalloum**

الحلم المنثور

النص العربي

ماذا هناك؟

قالوا وطن؟!!!

تتزاخمه الثعابين على أوراق العنب
في حلمي المنثور الغارق في الغياب
يعضّ الكلب الطفل الذي رماه بالحجارة
قرب مزرعة الغيلان البائسة
حيث تثمر الأشجار على مياه أسنة
قرب خرابة يتناكح فيها الغلمان
جرفتها البلدية لتدفن الإغواء
والى جانبها مدرسة؟!!!
تطلّ بنوافذها على المدى
على عصارة السماء وجبل الشيخ
أين فان غوخ ليرسم سماءنا
على صفائها وغيماها البرينات
وجحيم دواماتها وأمواجها العاتية
سماءنا يا مطر البراميل والأحقاد
وشجر الزيتون يهمني وجعاً
الخوف لا يجمال الصدور الغاضبة
وعسل الجبال لا يروي ظمأ الدماء
لا شفاء

لا شفاء منك يا وطن

لا شفاء

وقد غابت عنك طيورك المحلقة

وملأ الجو غرباننا الدهماء

وجياد سورية اليوم هاربة

فهل سيبقى بعدنا إلا الرثاء؟

Qu'y a-t-il là-bas ?

Ils ont dit : une patrie ?!

Les serpents s'y pressent
sur les feuilles de vigne,
dans mon rêve dispersé,
englouti dans l'absence.

Le chien mord l'enfant
qui lui avait jeté des pierres,
près de la misérable ferme des
ogres,
où les arbres donnent leurs
fruits
sur des eaux stagnantes,

près d'une mesure
où des garçons copulent.
La municipalité l'a rasée
pour ensevelir la tentation.

Et juste à côté,
une école ?!

Ses fenêtres s'ouvrent sur
l'horizon,
sur l'essence du ciel
et le mont Hermon.

Où est Van Gogh
pour peindre notre ciel,
sa limpidité,
ses nuages innocents,

l'enfer de ses tourbillons
et ses vagues déchaînées ?

Notre ciel,
ô pluie de barils et de haine.

Et l'olivier ruisselle de douleur.

La peur n'épargne pas
les poitrines en colère,
et le miel des montagnes
n'étanche pas la soif du sang.

Pas de guérison.

Pas de guérison venant de toi,
ô patrie.

Pas de guérison.

Tes oiseaux qui planaient dans le ciel
ont disparu,
et nos noirs corbeaux
ont envahi l'air.

Aujourd'hui,
les chevaux de Syrie ont pris la fuite.

Que restera-t-il après nous,
sinon l'élégie ?

Un million de linceuls
de Mohamad Zaal Alsalloum

مليون كفن

النص العربي

لا وقت عندي للأمل
تدور الأفكار في رأسي مثل زهرة
لكن لا غزل
يخترق الحرف عندي المدى
يجرف الأفكار عن الزمن
لا تبكيني حبيبتي
فأمننا ..
سورية...
قد جهزت لنا الأكفان
وأعلم أن بحثك عني متعب
فلن تجدي مني سوى الرماد
إن سلم في قارورة طفلي منك
ربما ...
يعود للوطن

Je n'ai pas le temps d'espérer.

Les idées tournent dans ma tête
comme une fleur,
mais sans poésie d'amour.

La lettre traverse en moi
l'étendue,
emporte les idées hors du temps.

Ne pleure pas sur moi,
ma bien-aimée.

Car notre mère...

la Syrie...

a déjà préparé
nos linceuls.

Et je sais combien il t'est
pénible
de me chercher.

Tu ne trouveras de moi
que des cendres.

Si, dans ton flacon,
quelque chose de mon enfant
survit,

peut-être...

retournera-t-il au pays.

Voluntary exile
by Elena Tretyachenko

I am a voluntary exile. I have lived in Vietnam for three years. I am not going back while Putin or his followers are in power.

However, this war ends – in defeat or victory – Russia has already lost. It has lost its brilliant people, its reputation, and the world's trust.

The country I believed in feels drained, exhausted. It no longer feels like it needs me. I used to volunteer and protest. I tried to be an active, responsible citizen. I believed in a free, decent Russia. Then something inside of me broke. I was left with the fragments of my dreams and hopes. I ran out of strength to fight. I told myself leaving was a form of protest. The hard truth is that it wasn't. It was fear and shame.

As Dostoevsky wrote, the worst sin is to betray and destroy yourself for nothing. Life in Vietnam became a bacchanal: dancing, shopping, alcohol, date, empty talks – all vanity, all noise, everything a distraction.

Lost. Broken.

I am still looking for the person I once was – the one who lived and fought for her own principles, her own beliefs. I still hope her soul and mind have not melted under the hot sun of Vietnam.

On 24 February, at 4 am 2022, Russia attacked Ukraine. It divided our lives into before and after. Mine was not exception. In the first hours, I kept trying to reach my friend in western Ukraine on WhatsApp, just to make sure she was safe.

For weeks, neither of us understood what was happening. We talked every day, trying to make sense of reality, trying to hold each other. I posted call for peace and shared reports of Russian soldiers were doing in her country- the messages she sent me.

We tried to keep our friendship alive. But pain slowly drove us apart.

My cousin went to the war to earn money and came back to his mother in a zinc coffin. I could not grieve. To me, he was a murderer. And yet he was still my family. Still a part of me. No one- not even I could support me or share my pain. I felt like a fish thrown onto the sand by a cold wave, gasping for air. The

distance between us grew. Pain seeped into every empty space inside me. I still believe we could become close friends again, because the hole it left is one nothing can ever fill.

Why didn't I protest? I tried.

One the first day, I drove to the main square of my city to speak out against the war. Police were everywhere. A few people wandered around, quietly talking about how lonely and devastated, and frightened they felt, knowing that most of their friends, colleagues, and relatives supported the war.

It felt pointless - the most pointless walk of my life.

Speaking out was almost suicide. People were arrested, jailed, or forced to leave the country. Anyone who opposed the war was labeled a traitor, an enemy of Russia.

New laws, new criminal cases, new rules - we were suddenly living in an Orwellian world.

At that time, I worked as an English tutor for children. When I came to teach, parents would come up to me and start talking, trying to make sense of what was happening in the country.

I had never hidden that I was a member of liberal Yabloko party. Most of them knew where I stood on Putin, and they wanted to know what I thought about the war.

We were all confused. Shocked.

One parent once grabbed me and shook me, trying to convince me that the war was justified, that everything was NATO's and America's fault.

Others said I was brainwashed by Ukrainians through my friend - a woman who was simply terrified for her life. I felt all her fear as if it were my own.

My students asked me what their future would look like. They said they didn't want to live like North Koreans.

VPNs became part of our daily lives.

My brother had worked for the government his whole life, but he chose to resign on the fourth day of the war, trying to keep his conscience clear. Being at two different poles we did not communicate for years. He called my mother and told her I should leave the country.

She was on my side, but her first instinct was to protect me. She began monitoring my Facebook, YouTube, and other social media, watching everything I posted or liked.

She would scream at me, terrified, begging me to stop, to keep quiet, to just leave.

She counted the days until I left, afraid something would happen to me. She had lived through the Soviet era and knew those authorities too well.

Fear settled in our house and made our home life unbearable.

My friends from abroad and my ex boy friend texted me offering me a help to leave the country. I felt confused and lost. It seemed that everyone wanted me to leave.

The day before, most members of Yabloko had posted anti-war statements on Facebook, by morning every post was gone. I called a friend. She refused to talk. Later she told me that the police threatened her.

I sat alone, watching Youtube, crying. Each day it became harder to say out loud what we really thought.

On buses, in shops, in lines, people grew harsher, angrier, almost warlike.

A stranger once asked my mother mockingly how her Ukrainian relatives were doing. She has no none. We just have a Ukrainian surname.

I decided to leave Russia with a heavy heart- to protect my sanity and my freedom.

A new passport. Papers. Certificates. A job offer. Tickets. Cash. One suitcase. A new life waiting to begin. It took me almost five months to make it real.

Vietnam. It was not a choice, just the fastest way out.

My mother sat across from me at the kitchen table and asked me to promise that if she died, I wouldn't come back. My brother would take care of everything.

Exile was safer than home ever was.



That First Flashback of Intimacy by Bill Wolak

When The Whole World Becomes Palestine
by Nell Carlson

They'll hear your name.
They'll read your nation of origin
Then they'll assume you to be anything they like
You'll be sparks of the homeland
Some of you will even become stars if you can survive.
Because if they won't let you become human
You may as well be light
But first you must find yourself
A reason to live. A reason to fight. An excuse to die.
Something sacred to protect you from the caricature they'll try to
make of you
Something they can't strip from you when you become the scapegoat
that couldn't get away
The world is watching
...And with allies like these...
This is not about human rights
This about pornography and propaganda
You're worth more vulnerable and beaten
Because what was done to you is an excuse for them to do the same
thing to someone else
Now, they've had their losses, too
Yet most of their martyrs died under friendly fire
Most of yours just died
Cannon fodder for the empire
In genocide one must be grateful to have voyeurs to your most
private moments
This is one more sanction for your failure to conform
Yes
One day they will pull their gaze away
After they've prodded every part of you
Filled their charts with your reactions
They'll leave you with the mess
This is healthcare in reverse
And you're the experiment
Like the frog dissected or woman raped
It's your job to lie there
Twitching
Yet, you are rising and you don't even know it
You becoming more
The thing about being forged in fire is that..
You always remember what it means to be aflame
And you carry your hearth with you, always

1929

by DC Diamondopolous

Douglas Haines was not an impulsive man. He'd given it a lot of thought—his decision final. He stood atop the Savings and Exchange Bank in the financial district of Los Angeles. The wide box toes of his oxfords suspended over the roof's ledge. Ten stories high, with no awning to catch a leg, the sidewalk empty, there would be no question of death.

He looked across Spring Street. The new city hall building dwarfed the Barker Brother's Furniture Company, Coulter Dry Goods, and every structure downtown. Giant candy canes and fake laurel were fastened to street lamps. Outside the post office a Santa Claus rang a bell over a donation pot, shouting, "Ho, ho, ho, Merry Christmas," mocking Douglas, who'd lost everything in the stock market crash.

Without money, how could he give to charity? There'd be no Christmas tree, no presents for his wife and daughter. Merriment had disappeared with his fortune.

He blamed the bankers, the stockbrokers, himself. Greed had grabbed him by the lapels. He remembered the seductive breath of it urging him to acquire more capital and with it the insatiable appetite for power. The country was drunk with wealth one moment, bankrupt the next.

If only he'd acted! The warnings of a crash had been threatening. First the September market crash in London. The papers promised the Rockefellers and Morgans would save them—*invest*. And there were his nightmares, for over a week, the same one. He was back in the war, in France, clawing his way through the mud to reach the Savings and Exchange Bank. With each handful of sludge, he slid further into an abyss. He'd wake up shaking, his night-

shirt soaked. Mary would stroke his face. "It's just a dream, darling."

After the crash she reassured him that money didn't matter as long as they had each other and Lilly. How could she understand? She who was sheltered from the responsibilities of being a husband and father, supporting a family, protecting them, and if required, going off to war. What kind of man was he who had to send his wife and child to her parents' home in St. Louis—and borrow money for the train tickets from his father-in-law?

Now his gut acted up, repeated stabs that sometimes reached his chest. *Mary. Lilly. Hard to finish-thoughts, when . . .* he took a deep breath and found strength in taking charge of his death, a semblance of the person he'd been when supervising hundreds of men.

On the 8th floor below, he'd cleaned out his office—pictures of Mary and Lilly, pencils, pens, letters, awards, his pipe and tobacco, a photograph of himself smiling with the moving picture star Buddy Rogers at the ribbon-cutting ceremonies for Mulholland Highway. His life's work was packed in boxes, sealed against a future, neatly stacked, with all the edges touching, for Douglas Haines was a tidy man.

The Great War made him that way. His Springfield was cleaned, uniform buttons polished, everything in tip-top shape. Orderliness lived with him even as he stood on the mantel of the Savings and Exchange Bank: hair combed, shoes waxed, suit pressed.

In 1918, he'd wanted to desert—the bombs, grenades, pissing his pants from the fear of it. He endured but returned home, broken. Now as he gazed out at the dying bruise of a purple and yellow sunset, he was deserting. He had no money. A bum. Douglas was more afraid of living without honor, a name, a plaque on his office door announcing his achievements to all who entered, than stepping

off a building.

He inched his shoes further over the ledge. Surely death would come in an instant. Then what? Not even the Carnegies or Vanderbilts knew the answer to that.

He saw derbies bobbing along the sidewalk. Where were the men going? Home? To other rooftops? That damn Santa ringing the bell. How come the sun sets—the moon rises? He looked up. There must be stars out by now in St. Louis. Had Lilly made a wish on the first one? He closed his eyes. Teetered.

He grasped his chest, leaned his upper body back. His left hand felt wrong. His thumb rubbed an empty space where his wedding ring had been—best ten years of his life. After he'd packed up his office, he left an envelope on his desk. Inside it he put his wedding band and wallet—also, a note to Mary telling her he loved her and Lilly, and that he was sorry. Would she understand? And Lilly. A child needs a father. His body twitched. He was back in the war, felt the dank mire of the trench, shooting at the Hun, men dying, scared and homesick, longing to run away.

Steady, Haines, he told himself. Find courage in being, a—a what? A coward?

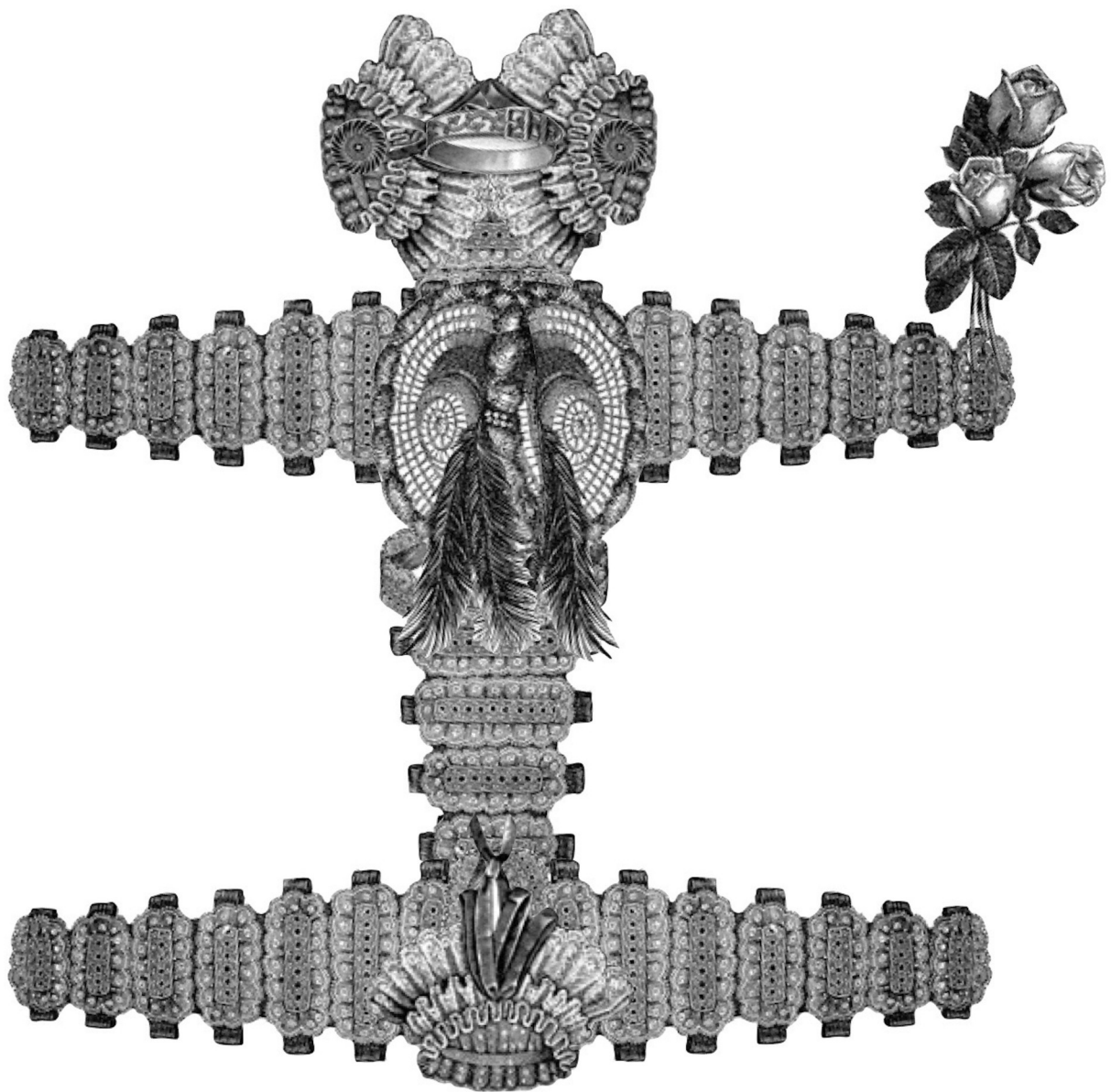
"Mary," he whispered.

He'd met her after the war. She brought everything that was good and clean and kind into his life, turning his dark world into one of wonder and hope. Then Lilly came. "Daddy's home!" Every night she'd run into his arms. It was the best tonic for a hard day's work. Who could love them more than he did?

He blinked, a hood of darkness flung over his future—never to see his child or hold the woman who brought him back to life. What would they think if they saw him standing on the edge of a building? How would his wife feel if she found him in the morgue? Could they ever forgive him for deserting them?

Douglas Haines was not a crying man. But tears for his family came hard, like a torrent. He took out his handkerchief and wiped his face. He stepped down from the ledge and crouched against the side of the building, shaking.

He stood, brushed off his suit, made certain his tie was centered and straight, then walked across the rooftop to the door and opened it.



Inescapable as the Secret Mirror of Desire by Bill Wolak

Dinah
by John Grey

She waits tables.
Tonight, there's tips enough
to pay the baby sitter.
But the rent is another story.

The customers are few.
Mostly surly.
Occasionally flirty.
But she never does flirt back.

Her thoughts are always
for the child
and the girl watching over her.

One's four.
The other's sixteen.
She's thirty five.

And she runs those ages
through her head
like the spinning reels
of a slot machine.

They're never can match up.
There's no three of a kind.
No jackpot.

At closing time,
she wipes counter and tables
with a damp rag.

Once home,
she checks on the child.
All is okay.
The sitter leaves in silence.

The refrigerator hums.
A dog barks in the distance.

She sits at the kitchen table.
counts the coins again,
thinking they might multiply
under the right kind of light.

Deported
by John Grey

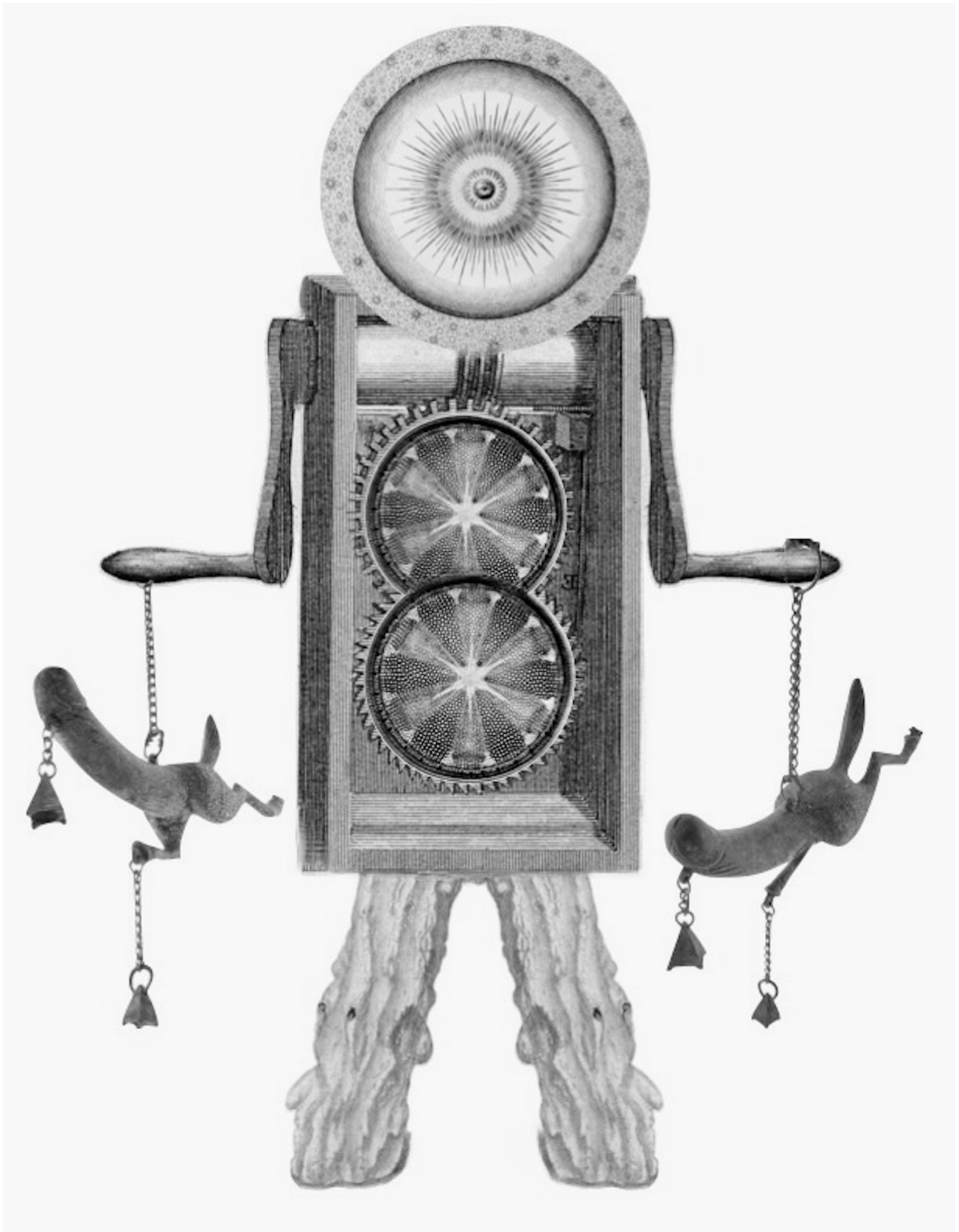
Wire and concrete stretch
between two parched lands.

The desert, like all indifferent terrains,
destroys the indestructible -
fences, checkpoints, floodlights,
and footprints coming and going.

The raid is over.
Arrests made.
Papers disbelieved.

And your hand -
once clenched in resistance -
is mine to trace
with these scarred fingers.

I find in your palm
what you discover in mine.
A necessary hardness.
But not a whiff of freedom.



The Tintinnabulator by Bill Wolak

Pieds
de Cathy Garcia-Canalès

Plante
du pied racine
pied
qui touche terre
pied humain

Traces
cheminement
empreintes
fils entrelacés
sous un seul
et même soleil

Vagabonds terrestres
exilés en quête de paix
reliés
tous
au cordon ombilical
de la planète mère

Humanité tissée
qui trop souvent
s'effiloche
dénigre sa pluralité
l'incroyable richesse
de sa diversité

Tambour résonnant
de la marche
d'un bout à l'autre
de la trame
plante des pieds
qui nous grandit
disperse ses graines

Virevoltants
puissions-nous fleurir
partout où le vent
nous emporte
où le sol

nous accueille
car la Terre-Mère
qui que nous soyons
d'où que nous venions
nous aime

Poème
de Cathy Garcia-Canalès

La mémoire
se perd sur les routes
l'exil n'est pas un voyage
ce temps qui pousse
notre poids de pierre
dans le désert de nos rêves
les pieds ont faim
cherchent un sol fertile
non brûlé par les guerres
pillé par les cupides
pour enfouir racines meurtries
se planter fermes tranquilles
sous la caresse du vent
l'exil n'est pas un voyage
la mort pas un éternel refuge
l'errance n'est pas une excursion
la Terre compte
chacun de nos pas
la trace que laissent
les choix
que nous n'avons pas

Lignes coupantes
de Cathy Garcia-Canalès

Poussière
souillée là
où à la gorge du matin
pissent sang
noms
cris
cassures
brutales

Déserts
longues balafres
cendres d'hommes
escortés
souffle court
interdit d'altérité

Frontières
plaies ouvertes
des sans-retour
piégés
aube creusée
fourbue de silence
où se forgent
boyaux féroces
fièvres insupportables

Corps
chaîne au ventre
assignés à marcher
ténèbres remâchées
labyrinthes sans fil
à l'arrière d'un camion
Ariane est morte

Langues
écorchées de barbelés
enflées de saccages
entre deux rivages
écartelées
chair à découper
suivant les pointillés

Corps de sable trop lourd
aux rêves disloqués
les passeurs trient
un bébé
pleure trop fort :
par-dessus bord !

D'étranges sirènes glissent
grimacent phosphore
leurs mains sont douces
comme la mort
entends-tu leurs dents
crisser sur la quille ?

Lacérations

Le phare d'humanité
s'est éteint
se taisent
les eaux noires

At an Antipode
by Heikki Huotari

The intersection of all lines of sight is the point at infinity. This sentence is unpunctuated purposely. Neither nocturnal nor arboreal, I said I thought you said your zeitgeist doesn't bite. You said, It's not my zeitgeist then the appetizer, entree and dessert were served concurrently. I'm thinking of an age between the age of falling in and falling out. I'm thinking of an interval of scintillators indicating each of three neutrinos. Objects of affection and bêtes noires more malleable than they may appear, to what eternal bliss have you confined me lately. I almost forgot to strike out blindly or I didn't get the memo but my limbic system did. The logically impossible will miss no episode of I Love Lucy. Put the traces through their paces, i.e., assign agency. Depending on the signs of the parameters equations of competing species may be those of predator and prey. Bless random actors for they may have breakfast but in bed, confer a third degree or PhD then open a door in the ceiling or the floor and set the prisoner of conscience free.

Raw Truth

by James B. Nicola

Here is a poem whose topic is so
important for you to hear and believe,
I shall refrain from using it to show
off literary skills so that you say,
My, what a writer, What a way with words,
or check off all the similes and tropes
I sling. Raw truth abhors a metaphor
unless it cannot do without one. I
must simply do without when I report

that I have a good friend with Gen Z kids
who are applying to a foreign country
for citizenship and thereby a passport
so that if he who promised a bloodbath
provides a bloodbath, they will have a place
to go and live. My friend survived the first
Holocaust; his family did not. And he
loves his children. What else are we to do?

This foreign country happens to be getting
lots of applications from Americans
who, with the second passport, will not have
to seek asylum, just find new homes.

Of Course
by Jeffrey Zable

I get tired of having to explain myself.

When prodded to do so, I'll begin...
but as soon as I realize what's happening,
will stop mid-sentence and depart.

Where do I go?

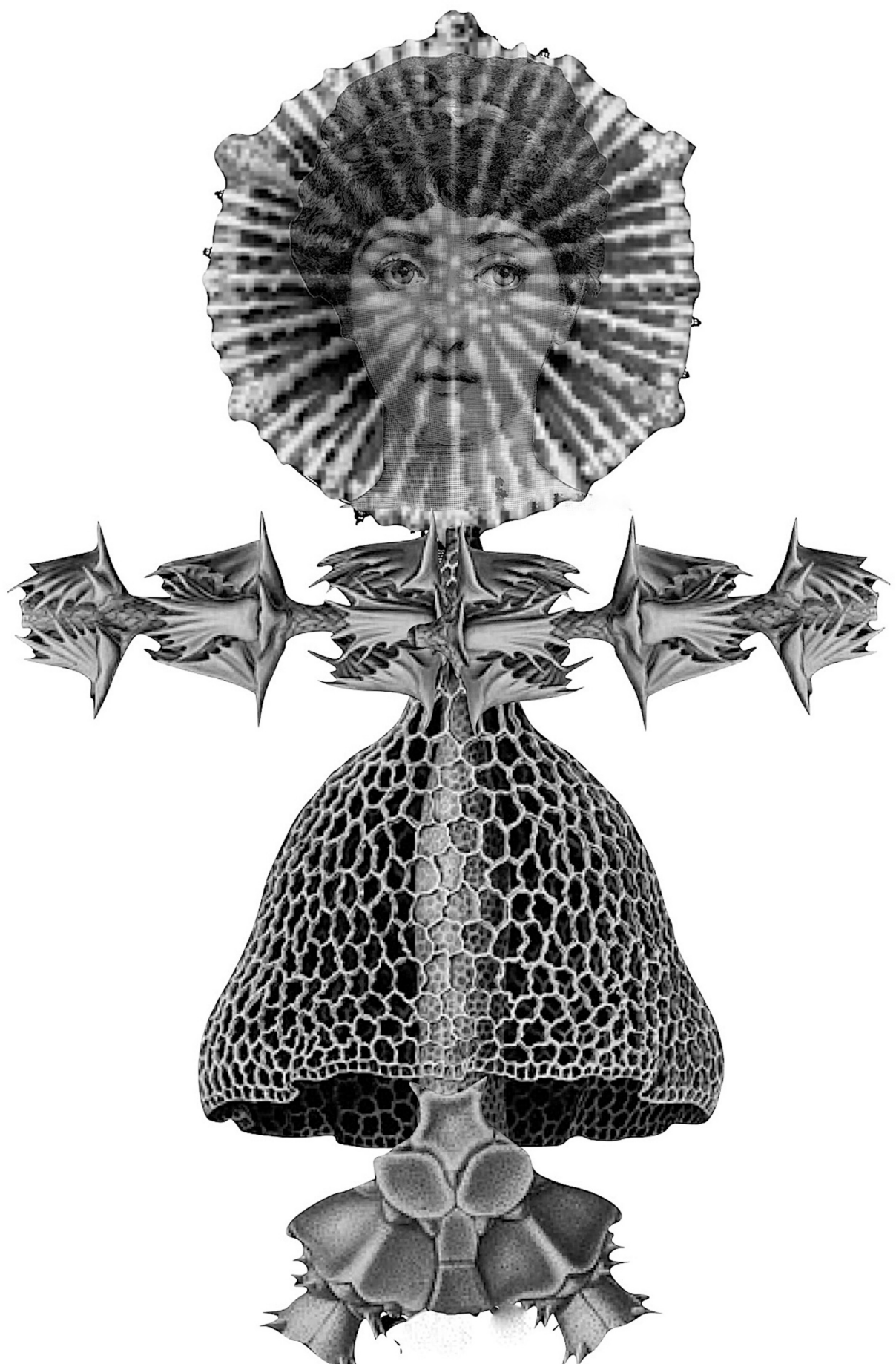
To some place where it's quiet
and no one else is around
except for maybe a creature
that doesn't speak my language
nor have a look that seems judgmental
and threatening.

This works best as I can be myself
and make it through another day.

Exile

by Jeffrey Zable

It doesn't look like I'll ever be coming back.
There are no signs to the contrary. What is there
that would make the slightest difference anyway?
They sent me here mainly because my mind
was posing some very curious possibilities.
I'll likely be here until I'm ready for the grave
or become ashes scattered in the wind.
I will say that even in the womb I begged
the woman who brought me here to abort,
but because I hadn't developed language
to an understandable level, she thought
I was saying *aboard* as in *I'm all aboard*.
My problems began right from the start
and became so dissimilar from what they
expected that I really can't blame them.
And I have to admit that it's really
not so bad. I do get lonely on occasion,
but mostly tell myself that it's all in my head.
And I admit that I seldom miss those
that I once knew except on the rare occasion
when I remember some positive interaction
that was few and far between.



Lost Intimacy by Bill Wolak

Bouge de là-bas
d'Alain Lasverne

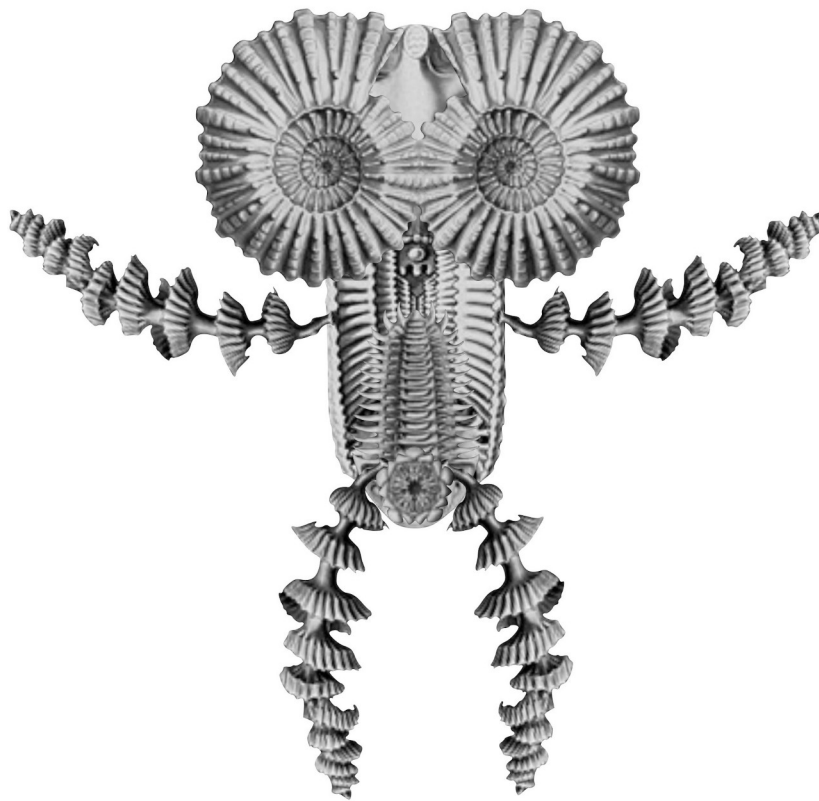
la somme des espérances
les fleurs fanées accrochées
à la porte close
le vent chaud d'un été perdu
l'immonde peur devant son corps
et la pluie tendre de son corps
et là le gel et là la nuit
final

mon index refuse de se plier
toujours à contre temps
ma jambe a mal d'une douleur
qu'elle n'est pas prête à
accepter
alors accepter
plier ce corps et puis partir
de ce corps
qui s'appelle âge
enfin

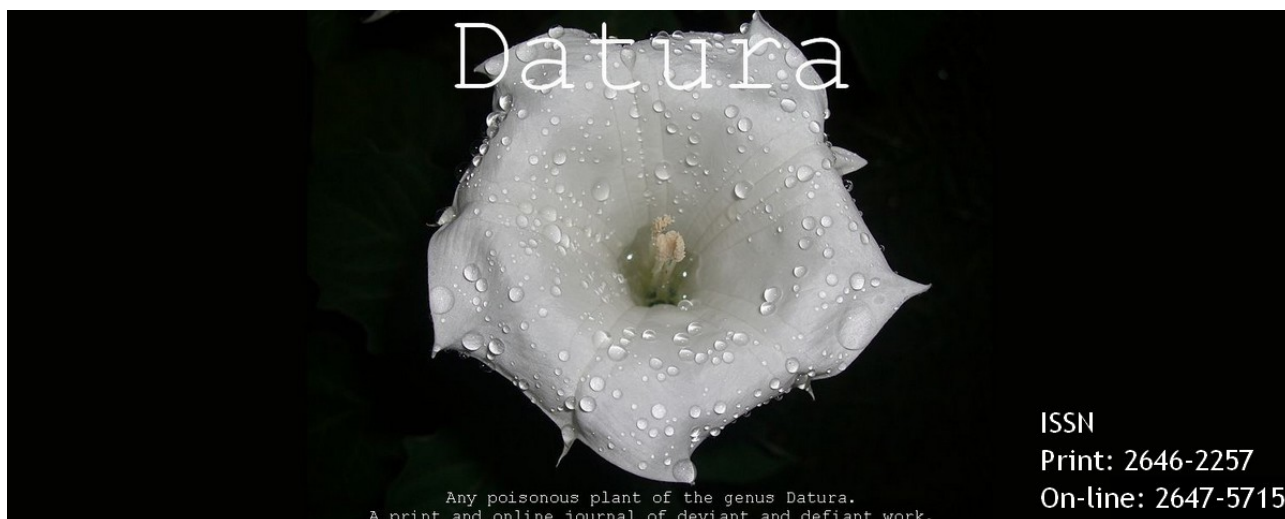
ne me laisse pas seul
ne va pas où le soleil percute
les peaux et tremble la vie
ne me laisse pas au bord
je suis un enfant origine nuit
mais le froid
mais la mort

abrège tu veux
tes tremble-lèvres
tes soupirs poisseux
je pars où je veux
j'ai des pieds à courir
une autre à pénétrer
de tout moi
après toi
je serai moi
après tout

feeling oh oh oh
je nais en note nouvelles
matin mutin j'explose
de quoi le blanc des draps
résonne-t-il
glisser tendre attendre
toi peut-être tuto
d'explosion de
vie



Clinging of Wildfire by Bill Wolak



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