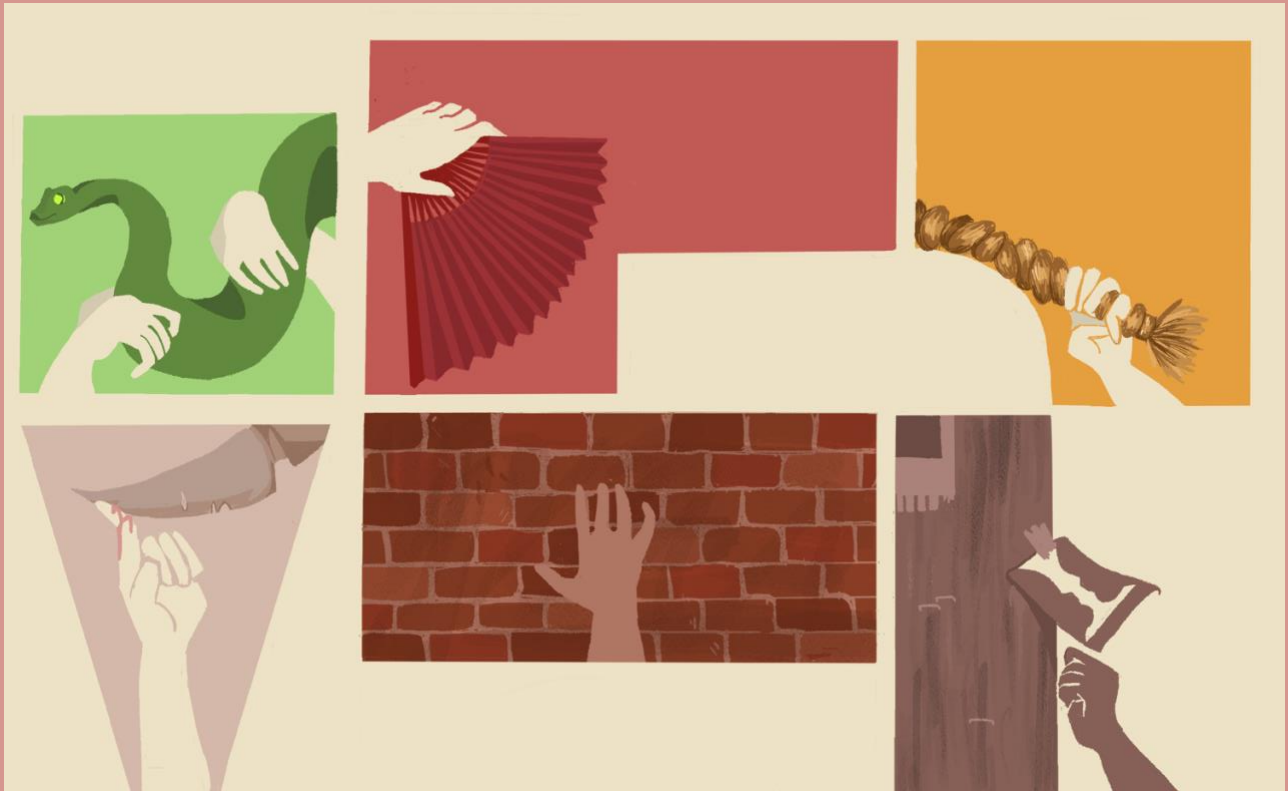


# TRANSOM ISSUE 16: FOR THE TREES

[wherein we can't see the forest]



“6 Blind”

Digital

Nate Cheshire

VERNAL EQUINOX 2023

























































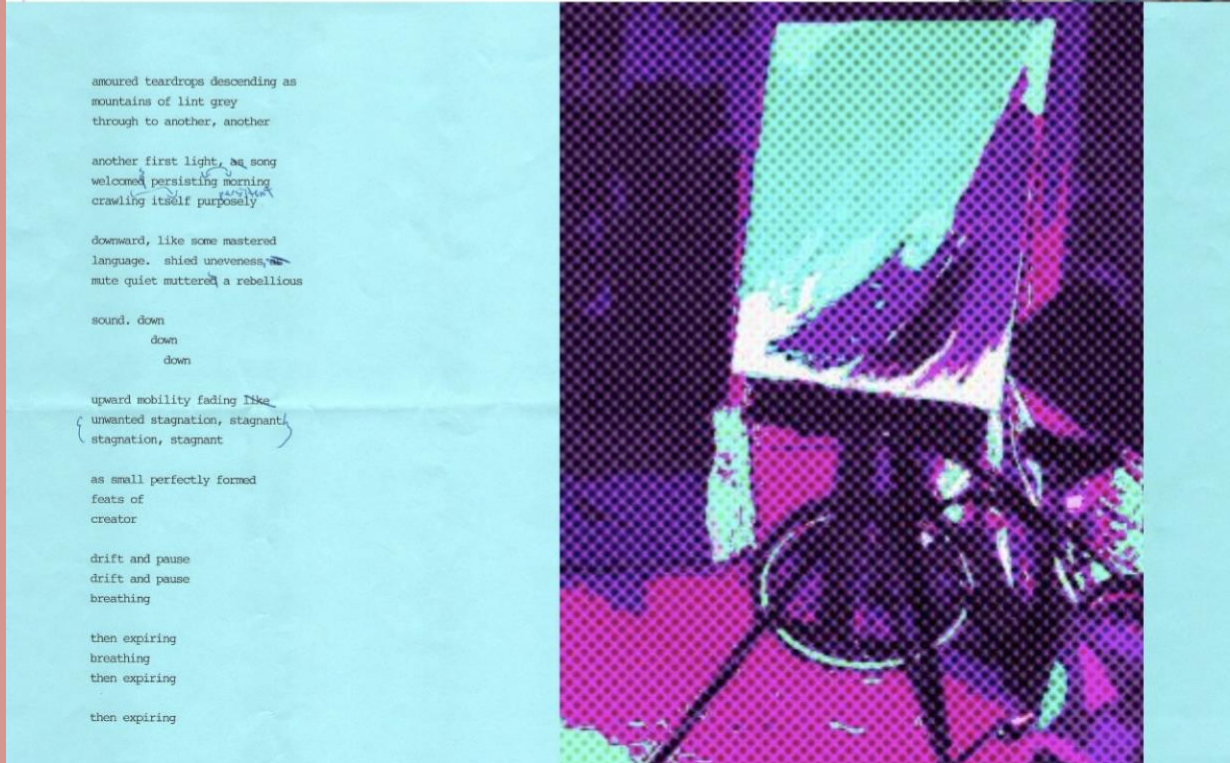
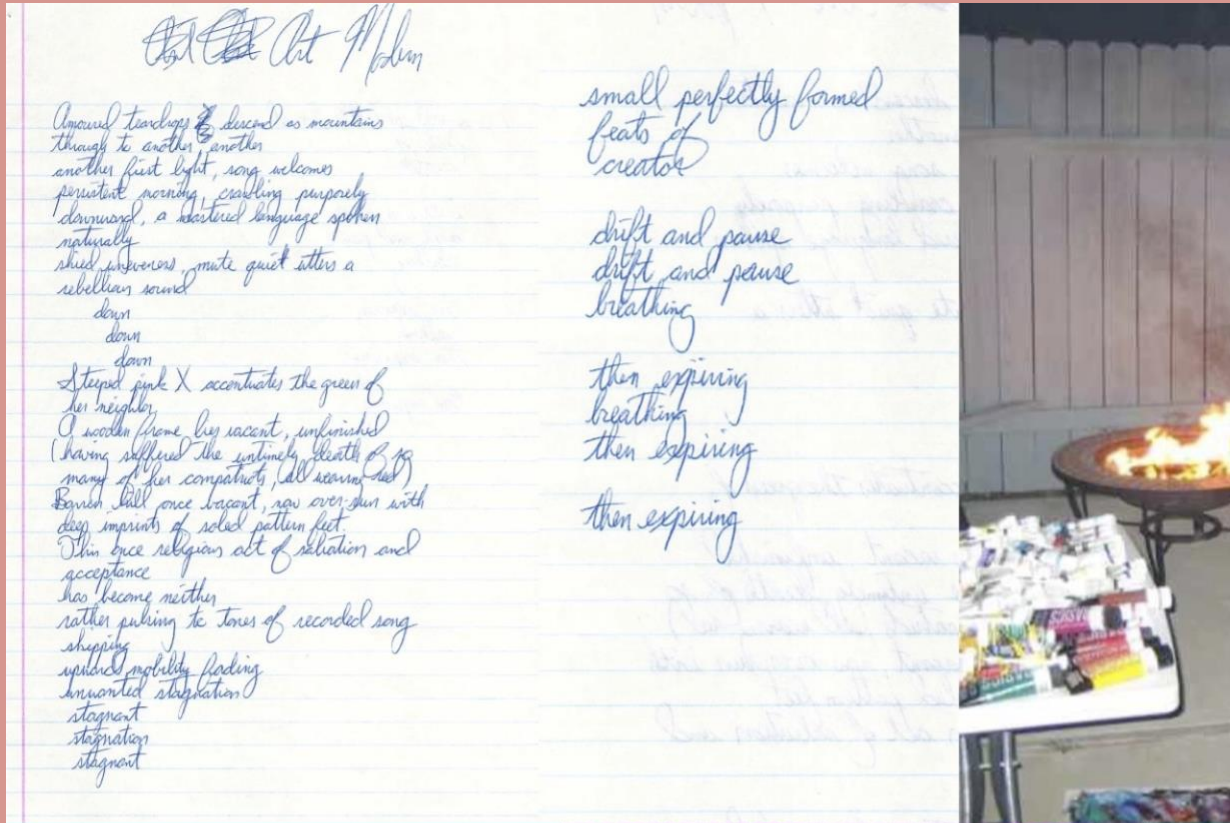






CHRISTOPHER STROPLE

Art Modern



# CHRISTOPHER STROPLE



## Art Modern

Steeped pink X accentuates the green of her neighbor, wooden frame lies vacant, unfinished, on a barren hill, once mottled with arrays of color. Trodden now, with the deep imprints of soled pattern feet. Uncomplicated in its simplistic demure, this once religious act of salvation and acceptance has become neither, rather it pulses the dull tones of much-too-heard song.

## Word Dis-Association

Fascination  
fascinatio  
fascinati  
fascinat  
fascina  
fascin  
fasci  
fasc  
fas  
fa  
f

Art, Modern.

Amused teardrops descend as mountains  
through to another  
another

another first light.  
This song welcomes a persistent morning  
crawling purposefully downward, a  
measured language spoken.

hushes flush as bushes brush  
varies  
shears

of  
color  
pre dawn blues  
afternoon greys  
nighttime follows  
color

of  
steaky  
varies  
brush brushes as bush bushes

A solid unconscious.  
Make quiet

CHRISTOPHER STROPLE





CHRISTOPHER STROPLE

Art, Modern

Teardrops descend as mountains to another  
Another  
Another first light.  
This song welcomes persistent morning.  
A mastered language: Spoken.

Streaks  
Of  
Color  
Pre-dawn blues  
Afternoon grays  
Nighttime yellows  
Color  
Of  
Streaks

A shy unevenness.  
Mute quiet  
Utters  
A rebellious sound.

A wooden frame lies vacant and unfinished.  
The barren hill, once vacant, is now over-run,  
Pulsing to tones of a recorded song:  
Skipping.

Fascination  
fascination  
fascinatio  
fascinati  
fascinat  
fascina  
fascin  
fasci  
fasc  
fas  
fa  
f

Upward mobility fading:  
An unwanted stagnation.

CHRISTOPHER STROPLE

Stagnant.  
Stagnation.  
Stagnant.  
Stagnation.  
Stagnant.

They ask him questions not wanting answers,  
Wanting him to gasp subservience like the aspiration  
Of a slain red bleeding mute tones of grey.  
He grasps a copper flask spiriting a cerebral  
Plumage of, this time whiskey.  
He holds the whiskey and adjusts his visor of life accordingly.  
This is not the first time and this is not the last.  
This arch of orange seizes him and shakes him.  
He protests this rapture.  
He protests.  
He sees a reel, a caption of the past;  
Of the same scene, the same movie.  
And smiles.  
It is hot.

Small perfectly formed  
Feats of  
Creator

Drift and pause,  
Drift and pause.  
Breathing...

Then expiring.  
Breathing,  
Then expiring.

Then expiring.

# CHRISTOPHER STROPLE



## Word Dis-Association

Fascination  
fascination  
fascinatio  
fascinati  
fascinat  
fascina  
fascin  
fasci  
fasc  
fas  
fa  
f

the kiss lasted briefly  
it brought no music  
no symphonies of gold  
or trumpets of sound  
instead

they ask him questions not wanting answers  
wanting him to ~~bleed the~~ gasp of subservience  
the gasp of ~~the~~ slain red bleeding ~~the~~ mute tones  
of grey. he grasps the ~~copper~~ flankard  
spiriting a cerebral plumage of, this time whiskey,  
he holds the whiskey and adjusts his visor  
of life accordingly.  
this is not the first time  
and  
this is not the last  
for ~~the~~ domed arch of orange seizes him,  
shakes him, massaging his limp arms  
kissing him hazes of opaque, snow and spirits.  
kissing him again  
he protesting ~~rapture~~, he protesting ~~gazes~~  
~~is~~ the bronzed crystal shining against  
the blank expanse of apartment wall  
he sees a reeled caption of the past  
the same scene, the same movie, and smiles.

it is hot.  
hot enough that the slow circles  
of the fanned ceiling  
are only circles.



CHRISTOPHER STROPLE

A wooden frame lies vacant; unfinished. (having suffered the untimely death of so many, all wearing red ribbons.)  
 The barren hill, once vacant, is now over-run with the deep imprints of sole-patterned feet. This devotion, this act of salvation is, was neither, it is pulsing to tones of a recorded song, skipping.

Fascination

fascination

fascinatio

fascinati

fascinat

fascina

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Upward mobility feeding an unwanted stagnation

stagnant

stagnans

stagnant

stagnation

stagnant



She has looked briefly, bringing no music no symphonies of gold, no trumpets of sound instead...

They ask him questions not wanting answers wanting him to gasp unobserved like the gasp of a slain red bleeding mute of gray.

He grasps the copper flanked spiriting a cerebral shyness of this time whiskey. He holds the whiskey and adjusts his visor of accordingly.

This is not the first time and

this is not the last.

For a domed arch of copper seizes him, shales in haze of opaque, smoke and spirits.

Kisses him again he protesting this capture, he protesting those of

The bronze crystal shining against the blank expanse of apartment wall.

He sees a reeled caption of the past the same scene, the same movie, and emit it in hat.

Hot enough that the slow circles of the ceiling fan are only circles.

Last bite.

mashes to ashes

CHRISTOPHER STROPLE

the blank expanse of apartment wall.  
He sees a reeled caption of the past  
the same scene, the same movie, and smiles.  
It is hot.  
Hot enough that the slow circles of the  
ceiling fan  
are only circles.

Last bite.  
marks to ashes  
+ +



beautiful peace

beautiful peace

drift and pause  
drift and pause  
breathing

then expiring  
breathing  
then expiring

then expiring















NORA SCHIMPF

Guide for the Perplexed, 1:50

with the lips, but also faith by the soul, convict  
to them in words as  
you connect  
you have to rise possess unity, , reflect , and  
form essential and G-d has no corporeal implies  
like doctrine declare unity  
but affirm freedom  
as apprehension belief.  
has this conceived from what we  
found  
follow your reason, and  
conceive Unity  
understand to that class who  
Commune with your own heart and be still.



















































JOÃO LUÍS GUIMARÃES  
& CALVIN OLSEN

**João Luís Barreto Guimarães** was born in Porto, Portugal (June, 3rd, 1967) where he graduated in Medicine. He is a Poet (as well as a Reconstructive Surgeon). As a writer, he is the author of 11 poetry books since 1989, including his first 7 books in “Collected Poetry” (“Poesia Reunida”, Quetzal, Lisbon, 2011) and the subsequent “You Are Here” (“Você está Aqui”, 2013), published in Italy, “Mediterranean” (“Mediterrâneo”, 2016) – National Award of Poetry António Ramos Rosa 2017, published in Spain, France, Italy where it was Finalist of the International Camaiori Prize 2018, Poland, Egypt, Greece, Serbia and forthcoming in the USA, Finland and Czech Republic; “Nomad” (“Nómada”, 2018) – Best Poetry Book Bertrand 2018 and Armando Silva Carvalho Poetry Award 2020, published in Italy where it was Finalist of the International Camaiori Prize 2019, Spain and Czech Republic, forthcoming in Serbia and Egypt; the anthology “Time Advances by Syllables” (“O Tempo Avança por Sílabas”, 2019), published in Croatia, Macedonia and Brazil, forthcoming in India; “Movement” (“Movimento”, 2020), Grand Prix of Literature est 2022, also published in Macedonia, forthcoming in South Korea. The English translation of “Mediterranean”, by Calvin Olsen, won the Willow Run Poetry Award 2020. His work is published in anthologies in Portugal, Brazil, United States, Germany, Austria, Italy, Spain (Castilian and Catalan), México, Dominican Republic, Croatia, Montenegro, Bulgaria, as well as in literary magazines in Portugal, Spain, France, Belgium, Holland, Romania, Hungary, United Kingdom, Macedonia, Brazil, México, Uruguay and the United States. He has read at literary festivals in Malaga and Pontevedra in Spain, Aguascalientes in México, and Zagreb/Split in Croatia, Bremen in Germany and Washington and New York in USA. English translations have appeared in *World Literature Today*, *Poetry London*, *Asymptote*, *The Banyan Review*, *Salamander*, *Anima*, *Tupelo Quarterly*, *The London Magazine*, *The Columbia Review*, *The Chattahoochee Review*, *The Cortland Review*, *Bellevue Literary Review*, *International Poetry Review*, *The Common*, *Ezra Translation*, *Anomaly*, *LIT Magazine*, and *World Without Borders*, among others.

**Calvin Olsen** is an American poet and translator based in Edinburgh, Scotland. He holds an MFA in Creative Writing from Boston University, where he studied under Robert Pinsky, David Ferry, and Nobel laureate Louise Glück, and an MA in English & Comparative Literature from The University of North Carolina at Chapel Hill; and he is currently a doctoral candidate in Communication, Rhetoric, & Digital Media at NC State University. Calvin’s poetry and translations have appeared in *The Adroit Journal*, *AGNI*, *Asymptote*, *The London Magazine*, *The National Poetry Review*, and *World Literature Today*, among many others, and he is the recipient of a Robert Pinsky Global Fellowship and a 2021. Travel Fellowship from The American Literary Translators Association. More of his work can be found at [calvin-olsen.com](http://calvin-olsen.com).











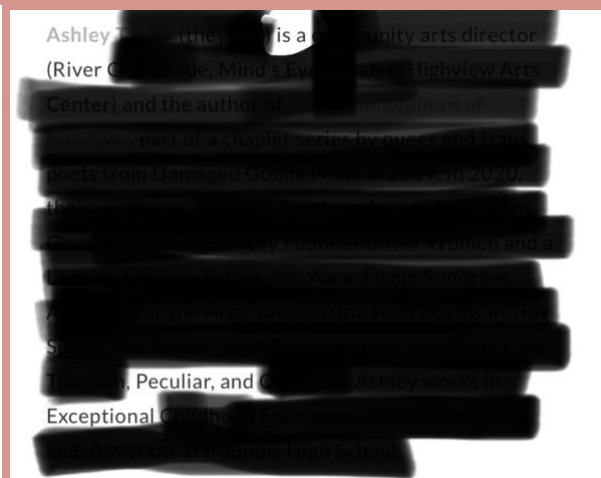
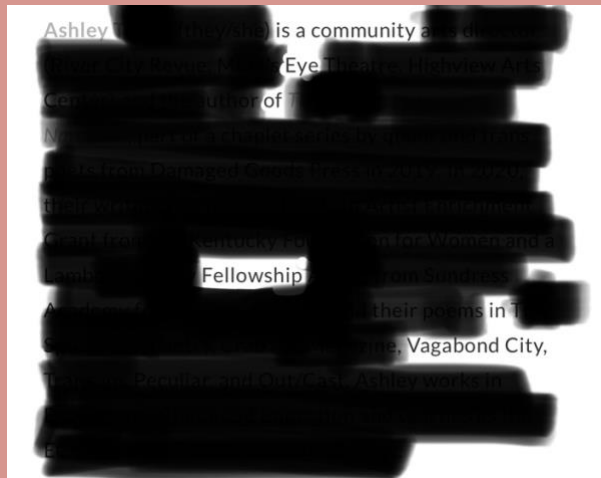


## EDITORS THEMED BIOS

**Nate Cheshire** (she/her) is a visual artist who fell in love with literary journals during her time in undergrad at UofL. She loves mediums, such as comics, that bring art and words together, as well as dense visual and written symbolism. She's especially fond of thought defusion, optical illusions, sudden epiphanies, and the view from the canopy.

**Jodi Hooper** (she/her) is a poet and fiction writer based in Louisville, Kentucky. She avoids silvered mirrors if she can help it, and can often be found hanging out in the margins of whatever you're reading lately. Jodi is a religious viewer of *Beyond Belief: Fact or Fiction with Jonathan Frakes*.

**Ashley Taylor** (they/she)



Thank you, dear readers.