as per Le Roman de la Rose, for example

compiled & edited by Arpine Konyalian Grenier

Introduction:

We're after ourselves, language, love. *"The love I love is one, but one, the only rose!"* reads the inscription under the statue of priest, scholar, historian, poet and community leader, Fray Angelico Chavez (1910-1996) at the downtown plaza in Santa Fe. And Celan, translated reads, *"Bolt the door: There are roses in the house … where they beat my father and mother to death: what bloomed there, what blooms there?"*

Because this therefore that is ongoing, who what where when why how regardless. Mired in or sorting out or faced with the cruel and unusual, we travel through a daily and ordinary impermanence, quarkly and at times celebratory as per *Le Roman de la Rose*, for example. *On dit: l'important c'est la rose l'important c'est la* we made up down deduct youth beauty danger jealousy bad-mouthing *un peu bouche un peu* trust me it is *le roman delaros ele ro man de la ro se le rom an dela roseler oman del arose lerom and elar o sel ero man de la rose* for a four letter truth – eros, rose, sore, after ourselves.

The hybrid nature of the contributors to this feature is engaging. Their self created constraints foster open and inquiring minds. No solving, re solving or dis solving but revelations, moment to moment temporal to spatial, changing. An event, *cherchent, changent*. Language too a rose, a dwelling, opening up, evolving. Silverstein's *Silence* sparkles with hope. *Gul* is *vart* is rose in *the Supernal Garden,* I say … *the haptic laugh … yet were it not for tragedy we would have been nomenclature*. For Anagnopoulos, *Darkness is well stocked with pink … Everything shakes, radiates.* So then, *alors,* Casamassima's intricacies about writing are a treat … *break me of this habit/of forming you into words/the form of me knowing you … to return if sketched/to the prophet's silence … to browse through columns/of grass intended for rain …* Mukherjee's escorting Paradjanov's Po-megranate to Po-etry, tremors to work (writing). Stamatakis in *Two* is *self, not verb nor object … flexion & gyre* - , Switaj right there at the immediacy of experience … *fallen where I fell …*

malforming white beams. Rich Murphy says, *The definition of steward brings action*; the painterly dramatics of Basil King trans-migrate our sensibilities; Muller's *hare* to *hair* gyrations with artwork are screaming: *May I speak, may I?* Of course, we say. Curtain's up, here we go.

Call for Work:
Poetry, Prose, Mixed Writing, Photographs, Artwork, Other

as per Le Roman de la Rose, for example

How does the cruel and unusual work for you through art, whether it comes from direct experience or direct/indirect memory. Be Genet, for example; lemon to lemonade, for example. How does one turn to *Le Roman de la Rose* (a Middle Ages Poem) when one is mired in or sorting out or faced with what happened or what is happening that is cruel and unusual: racial, religious, cultural, gender related or other. Funk it, create a piece in response to it, create whatever you must.

Please send e-mail submissions with brief bio pasted into the body of the e-mail if possible to guest editor, Arpine Konyalian Grenier at arpine@cox.net with the words, "Big Bridge", followed by your full name in the subject line.