

**taipei
poetry
collective**

Versify

The *Taipei Poetry Collective* is proud to present their first printed production commemorating their event, *Versify*, at Yolo Lab in Nov. 2017. The following pages document snippets of this evening's readings. You have in your hands an echo of what we've so long been cultivating.

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'woman' by Sandee Woodside also forthcoming in *dancing girl press*, 2018

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shout-out:

our poets, new and old—especially leora, the crew at b46, jamie, yolo lab, ed, liam, michael,
manav, roma, andrew, and the ubiquitous corkscrew.

amen, xie xie, jia you

[臺北詩人] 在此感謝您參加我們的第一場作品發表會, [Versify], 也特別感謝 Yolo Lab 的共同合作和支持。

你手中的書是今晚的回音, 我們醞釀已久的沉吟。

在場的老朋友、新朋友、詩人們, 我們在此感謝您。

much love,

ashley,

alex,

&

sandee

woman

S/subject
of themselves and other,
assertive, non-essentialist,
screaming from the center

wrap them up in insecurity: incredulity,
cold appendages apologized for,
as if verbal acknowledgment
combats, perceived weaknesses

propped up, heavy lidded
by potions over- taxed or prescribed
fetal positions, heating pads, menstruation cups
having been kept, closeted, or proudly asserted
still point back to the power of such pain

find them inhaling fumes, nonchalantly
—leaving streaks of assuming color
possible settings:
salon,
boudoir,
spa, studio,
stage

doors left in just a way:
agape with ripe permissions,
rendered
weighed down,
low,
woman's past empty

located in their game to cavil
at a label, sacred
brandings can better heal
once set to rove

—*Sandee Woodside*

Of all the skinscapes, yours is the most unavoidable:

Like yearning for a salt bath,
swollen halfway to hysteria,
ankles caked
in mountain slopes,
adhering cumulus at intervals
to ward off fierce dimensions
of decay

Like calculating losses
against night-bought
pale-blue bruises,
plethora of plastic, plaster,
and pill-sized
fades of consciousness

Like expecting a release,
after pounds of sweat have reached
ravine accumulation,
sheets ringed
in last night's
blurry attempts;
like memory's criminal
fingerprints
crawling
up phantom thighs

Like all the regret
bound by currencies
and wrinkles, winking
past

As your flesh can be fantasized
wrongly

—unavoidably
set to spill,
hold tight,
hold tighter,
I'll decompress

—*Sandee Woodside*

positioned as first thing i see when i wake up:

'surrender to the hauntings to learn to heal' in a child's handwriting on the post-it yellow, traditional in hue; tactfully hovering over too-chipped blankness beneath; a detestable last resort
there are no staples® here for me to peruse with aisles higher than homes, wheely chairs begging to be tried out, the un-smell of glue unknowingly to be stolen by boys wearing coats in august, while i'm looking to waste money on anything to aid me in coping. i'll one day swallow to forget.

let's color code in easter egg shades, i had a perfectly pink paperclip dress once i bought as a 27-year-old in the children's section,
i had the audacity
but too much ass to wear it

this post-it is still yellow

it reminds me on insomniac mornings
to send vibrations through my cells, to move vibration through my deep bits
to shake up the container i'm claiming's past empty
i used to sing in sunday school gathered round an old piano
my pantyhose itched my ass if i'd sat too long in a cheap skirt, with the radiator hissing into my back-knees
what do you call that crease anyway?
i tried to sing perfectly, perfectly, but without any love for jesus. but the vibrations then i realize now
were all the god i needed.
unnamable creases opened. sensations devote.

there are three more post-its in my view, near the door and desk, same scrawl, same ubiquitous hue, all eagerly inapplicable.

i can't color code the way i used to

try *bhramari pranayama*
'bee breathing'
be gentle with your fingers in your sockets, your canals
brain's too stuffed with notional projections
mouth's throbbled thoroughly, unmutterable glyphs
allow the ancient wisdom to help you past the hated stationery
and next time get a room with a view

—Santee Woodside

Bios:

Jeremy Beacock

I live and work in Taipei, Taiwan as an English teacher and faculty member for the School of Life, Taipei. I write and perform poetry when I can, often at the Red Room. (p.46)

Daniel Black

Daniel Black is from Jackson Heights NY. After exploring the world of comics he moved on and is still expressing himself in either the written form or other mediums. The idea of creating a tapestry of images with words is one of his favorites. (p.26)

Ë the author

Ë The Author is a writer, poet, story teller, emcee and beat-maker from America. He has officially released three Hip Hop albums to date, all of which were created in mainland China and Taiwan and contain some bilingual elements using Mandarin and English, with collaborations with different musicians from all over the world. He is currently working on his fourth Hip Hop album called "Ol' Ëvil" which is the final part of a two part series entitled "Ëgnore The Ants", scheduled for release in spring of 2018. Also he is working on a poem anthology entitled "New Foreign" that will release around the same time. The poem he has written for this occasion is a reflection not only on how man has interfaced with food but also the food for thought, or psychic food, that we consume and are addicted to. (pp.16-17)

Alexandra Gilliam

Born at the foot of the Alamo and raised in New Orleans, Alexandra earned her MFA in Creative Writing from California College of the Arts. She is the author of chapbook "Femmetstuary" dancing girl press, 2016. Find her work at In Parentheses Magazine, LIT 30, and Aspasiology in response to Donna de la Perrière. She is currently living, teaching, and writing in Taipei, Taiwan where she co-hosts Taipei Poetry Collective, a reading series and workshop. (pp.42,43,44)

Rose Goossen

Rose Goossen is a multitasking maverick of Canadian origins. She has been around the world exactly one time and now lives in Taipei. She works primarily in the tower of song, but never hesitates to extend the influence of her artistic licence to the realms verbose, visual, kinaesthetic, experiential, or otherwise. In her spare time, she enjoys arranging small magnetic words into lewd and despairing phrases upon the face of her refrigerator. (pp.6-7, 18-20)

Kira Wei-Hsin Jacobson

Kira Wei-Hsin Jacobson is a conceptually oriented artist & poet based in Taipei, where they are currently learning about alternative ceramic techniques. They make work with and about bodies, and are currently working on a collection of poetry centered around what constitutes a home. They are also reading & presenting poetry in qvoc spaces in the US and Canada via the Internet and hope to continue creating international networks between artists through meaningful collaboration. (pp.9, 34-35, 45)

Ashley Jade

Ashley loves encouraging humans. Hailing from New York, she has been published there by VOX Magazine. Currently, she is managing her sanity while she obtains her master's

degree, teaches, and helps run her brainchild—Taipei Poetry Collective—in Taiwan. Wherever Ashley goes in life, her poetical inclination will follow. (pp.4, 27-28, 37)

Shameez Joubert

Shameez Joubert is a graphic designer and teacher living in Taipei. She loves playing with typography, which is purposefully considered in her poetry. (pp.5, 32, 33, 39)

Leora Joy

Leora Joy is interested in the perverted intersections between art, the practise of everyday life and popular culture. (pp.29, 30, 31)

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Aspiring Azul (Manav Mehta)

Born and raised in Taipei, Taiwan.

Indian national

I strive to fulfill my role as a skin man.

Sustaining a rhythm welcoming all walks of life to tune into, and appreciate those around them, as well as what is truest to themselves.

My title at the Red Room International Village in Taipei, Taiwan is Reeves of Red Room.

Promoting cross culture collaboration, curating programmes, and gatherings for artists across a multitude of genres. This is done so upon a strong foundation of bards, stewards, faith keepers, masons, scribes, peacemakers, tavern keepers, jesters, sound-scapers, sculptors, musicians, painters, thespians and most importantly, volunteers. (pp.12-14)

Matt Van Pelt

Matt's previous iterations include Classical Music Emcee, Caterer, Private Equity Researcher, and Director of Happiness. Most recently, he works as a teacher and college counselor in Taipei, and is the steadfast male delegate to the Taipei Poetry Collective. Poetry's been as constant as anything for him, and with continued efforts he hopes to one day find the words to properly disparage Ximen's—nay, the world's—slow-walkers. (pp.47-48, 49, 50, 51)

Corey Sanderson

Meddling with wordplay

In locales home and abroad

While music attends—

I find time to educate,

Outside of my dog's antics.

(p.38)

Charlie Storrar

Charlie Storrar, from the UK, is a standup comedian, actor and program host at Radio Taiwan International. (p.15)

Andrea Valladares

Born in the navel of the American continent, Honduras. 5 years abroad in Taiwan. Currently finishing my undergrad in diplomacy. Interested in good rhymes and sounds, open for anything that challenges me. (pp.20-21)

Vanessa Wang

Originally from Chicago, now tracing my parents' roots back to Taiwan. Currently studying Oriental Philosophy at NTU for my masters. I've had depression and PTSD since I was 16, and poetry saved me. The classics are the noblest recorded thoughts of man, said Thoreau, well, so is poetry, the written and spoken word. Spoken word gave me a voice that depression robbed of me. I hope my poems can inspire others to find their voices too. (pp.10-11)

Sandee Woodside

A long-gone but native New Yorker, she spends her days alternately exercising poor time-management skills and deep-breathing techniques. She studies literary linguistics remotely, while teaching, writing, and combing over other's writing. She founded and curated Folio (a multidisciplinary art experience slash reading) in Saigon last year, and now enthusiastically makes up one-third of Taipei Poetry Collective's founding flair. Equipped with a notable hatred for capitalization, an abusive relationship with m-dashes, tattoos of a semi-colon and an interrobang, and an infatuation with collective memory and identity construction—she hopes you enjoy her pastiche of confessional and feminist conflagration. (pp.8, 23-24, 36)

sandeewoodside.com
IG @foundfocuspoetry

Ángel Wu

A girl with a head full of dreams, not the least of which is to write poetry. She laughs and she cries; she lives and she dies. She is figuring out the world while the world is figuring her out. (p.25)