

Wasafiri

International Contemporary Writing

Issue 85, Spring 2016

Articles

Doves and Cowboys: Daughter of a Writer in Exile
'Eight chickens' ... 'and there was this goat': Academic Knowledge and Not knowing
Spiralling Paths from Past to Present in Patrick Chamoiseau's *Une Enfance créole*
The Art of the Short Story: A Risky Business

Interviews

Mervyn Morris
Zanele Muholi

Art

Gerry Judah: Prescient Landscapes and Fragile Architectures

Fiction

Dike Chukwumerije
Brian Lockett
Janet Olearski
Janice Soderling

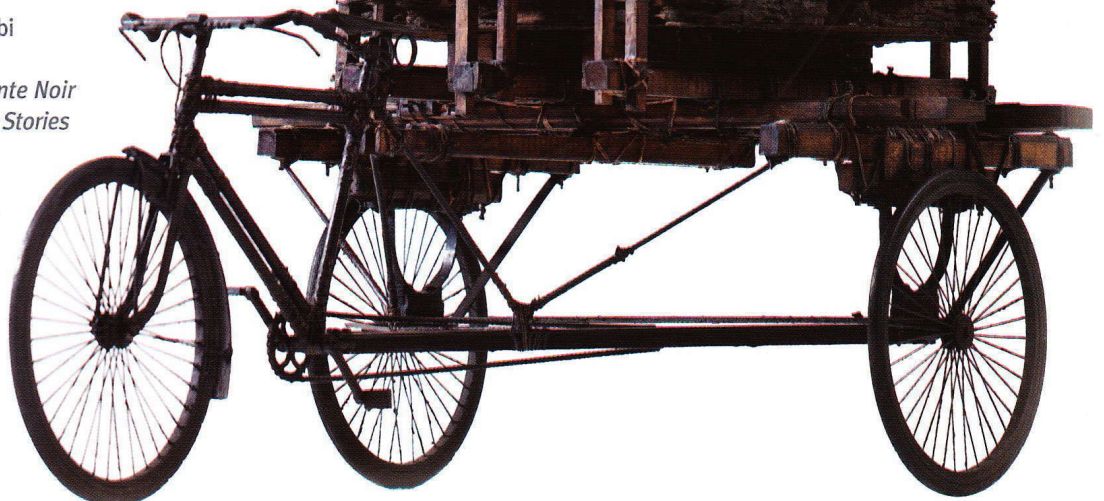
Poetry

Rupert Arrowsmith
Richard Georges
Nancy Anne Miller
Kynpham Sing Nongkynrih
Andrew Pidoux

PLUS the winners of the seventh *Wasafiri* New Writing Prize

Reviews

Sait Faik Abasiyanik *A Useless Man: Selected Stories*
Patience Agbabi *Telling Tales*
Phyllis Shand Alfrey *Love for an Island: Collected Poems*
A Igoni Barrett *Blackass*
Om Prakash Dwivedi and Lisa Lau, ed *Indian Writing in English and the Global Literary Market*
Xavier Garnier *The Swahili Novel: Challenging the Idea of a 'Minor Literature'*
Marilyn Hacker and Deema K Shehabi *Diaspo/Renga*
Alain Mabanckou *The Lights of Pointe Noir*
Catherine McNamara *Pelt and Other Stories*
Kei Miller *The Cartographer Tries to Map a Way to Zion*
Sasenarine Persaud *Love in a Time of Technology*
Mongane Wally Serote *Rumours*
Novuyo Rosa Tshuma *Shadows*
Karen McCarthy-Woolf *An Aviary of Small Birds*



Rupert Arrowsmith

The Way to Bhutan

A Japanese forest of damp pine and camphor
Was where it caught me in the end, Buddhism,
I having sought the bright eye of a sculpture
In a temple of wood

once riven by lightning.

For some weeks I crouched by a whitewashed wall,
Watching the tides of my own mind lap

'Til a monk rapped my back with a timber

(For slouching — in Zen a sloppy habit)

The deeps of the white wall seemed to imply,

There is another place —

A place of snows,

A place in the sky.

Next was a land of salt and fine dust, in China
Right hand of the Silk Road that once had spanned
a bright Buddhist continent,
its light long gone out

pinched

between caliph and commissar.

A stone face loomed from a broken cave

Roomed half in *nirvana* and half outside,

in carven relief

it seemed to explain,

There is a place where it all still exists —

A place walled by mountains,

Hard to attain.

In Burma I found it, when I went south,
Each mountain crowned with a temple town,
the very air humming
with monastic murmur.

And I shaved my skull,

and put on crimson,

And in the forest I begged and was silent,

beginning to understand,

beginning to get it all.

But even there in the lull of the hall,

I seemed to perceive,

There's another land yet,

Where it never went out.

