

be)(adonna\*<sub>33</sub>

Fall 2002



*Cross River*

*Pick Lotus*

by

Zhang Er

translation by

Rachel Levitsky and Zhang Er

deadly nightshade, a cardiac and respiratory stimulant, having purplish-red flowers and black berries



*Cross River. Pick Lotus* was published previously in the original Chinese in the book *Water Words* (New World Poetry Press 2002, Alhambra, CA).

Photo by Peter Hutton.

*Cross River. Pick Lotus* © Zhang Er 2002

Translation by Rachel Levitsky and Zhang Er.

Belladonna\* pamphlet production and design, Bill Mazza: [www.mazzastudio.com](http://www.mazzastudio.com)

It is set in Geneva 9 and 36 pt, ITC Calson Medium and Bold, 9, 14 and 24 pt, and ITC Officina Sans 9 and 10 pt.

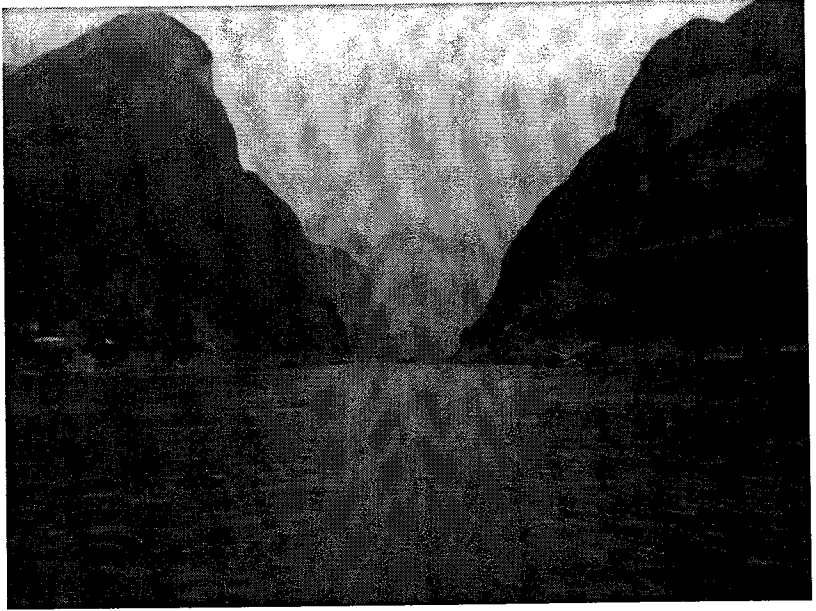
Price is \$3 in stores or at events, \$5 signed copies, mail order add 50¢ postage per item  
Belladonna\* pamphlets are published periodically by Belladonna\* Books.

Belladonna\* 33 is published in an edition of 165—33 of which are numbered and signed by the poet—for her Belladonna reading at Zinc Bar, NYC, October 25, 2002, with Tonya Foster.

Belladonna\* is a reading series that promotes the work of women writers who are adventurous, experimental, politically involved, multi-form, multi-cultural, multi-gendered, impossible to define, delicious to talk about, unpredictable, dangerous with language.

Rachel Levitsky, editor Belladonna\* Books.

Belladonna Books, 458 Lincoln Place, #4B Brooklyn, NY 11238 • [levitsk@attglobal.net](mailto:levitsk@attglobal.net)  
<http://www.durationpress.com/belladonna>



## 涉江·采芙蓉

1

即使这个不常来的花园，也踩出  
一条惯常的路。就这么可叹。

就是从专心弈棋的神仙桌旁  
不进入地走过，把思想按下去

就像把计时钟按下去。喷泉在晨光中  
休止：淤泥、昨夜的落叶和垃圾。

表演者还没出现，看客和小偷的  
情节在想象中展开。一秒钟。

路边的货摊刚刚摆出还没化妆的脸：  
这串彩石该配哪件衣服？

山水、花鸟、许多容易的喜爱  
是不是也是你的喜爱？她不确定

进而更换审视之后的答案。仅仅  
花费时间，那是谁都有的一

喷泉女神风化发黑的瘦脸  
头上的绿葡萄已在三个月里

变成红宝石。供你选择的  
已经有限，包括被你否定的一瓣。

另一瓣悬在颈下，依然在胸前不忘  
采或不采的辛苦，其中的清香。

# Cross River . Pick Lotus

## 1

That even in this unfrequented garden, a single path is  
Beaten down by habit. Is pitiful.

As is walking by this table where divinities concentrate  
On a game of chess, pressing down on thinking

As if pressing on a timer. The fountain sleeping in this morning's light:  
Last night's leaves, sludge, garbage.

The performer doesn't show; imagination hatches a plot—  
Spectator, thief. A second.

Sidewalk vendor begins to display the naked head:  
What matches the chain of colored stones?

Mountains and Rivers, Flowers and Birds, delights various as they are easy.  
Are you delighted? She doesn't know.

Further examination changes the mind.  
It only takes time, the least we have.

Slender face of fountain goddess erodes and  
Darkens. Her grape locks turn from green to red

In just three months. Your selection already limited,  
Includes the lotus petal refused

Another is suspended below the neck, memory on your chest  
Hard decision whether to pick, slight fragrance in choice.

那些跑步经过的锻炼者  
脸上一般表情充足甚至幸福

身材各式各样，并不仿照我们  
心目中完美的向往。

写诗是不是也与晨跑一样？  
笨拙而不优雅地吭吭吃吃

在经过的路上留下旁人不解  
更缺乏自我审视的一行又一行。

为了总在前面的目的：  
每一天到来，又一次锻炼。

她风风火火地走，夹一卷逾迦功  
天蓝里透出抑制的反叛

从头传到脚，向太阳  
五体投地也需要柔软的腰肢和

结实的欲望。而你面壁十年  
在穿衣镜前还是凸腹凸臀屈膝

四面甲壳的防卫，优雅与你  
整年的工作无关。

与你今天出门无关。

Joggers pass. Generally content  
In the face, even happy

Various in body, not the image of the ideal sought  
In the heart of our mind.

Is writing poetry like jogging in the morning?  
Clumsy. Ungracefully huffing and puffing

Embark along a road without glancing back  
Cross line after incomprehensible line—before onlookers.

Reach into the constant goal ahead  
Arrival of another day, another exercise.

She walks by quickly, clutching a yoga roll  
That is sky blue, the rebellion suppressed

Top to bottom, prostrate to the sun  
Needing elastic waist and

Solid desire. Facing the wall for eons fashions  
Belly and buttocks protruding, knees bent before the mirror

Defended by shells on four sides. From grace estranged  
The entire year's work

And your outing today.

坐下来点心。在葡萄藤的院子里  
等待阳光把你暖和起来。

看盘盘盖盖的碎菜，水果，炸土豆  
摊鸡蛋，果汁，咖啡，蛋糕

看见兰泽，芳草，深林，云霏霏  
奥林比亚的上帝们吵吵闹闹

完好端上来，狼藉撤下去。  
我们竟有这么多必需？

善于把美变成丑陋。然后去  
卫生间做另外一些事情。

我和他们无一例外地喝茶  
吃饼，再叫一份咖啡。

然后问，这架葡萄是真的？  
这顿早餐代价多少？

滴着血，刚从他胸膛里摘来。  
要尝尝吗？我的神，滴着血

要去哪里？小心醉倒  
低着头。



Sit and eat something in the vineyard.  
Wait for the sun to warm you.

Watching the dishes and bowls, cut fruit,  
Vegetables, fried potatoes, eggs, juice, coffee and cake

Orchid patches, fragrant grasses, dense forest  
Clouds, sleet—the Olympians quarreling

Laid out in perfection, removed by messy defeat.  
Wondering whether all of it is necessary?

Capable as we are of turning beauty ugly,  
Going to the toilet to do another thing.

Like them, I drink tea, unexceptionally—  
Eat cake, then order another coffee.

And ask if the overhead vines are real and  
How much for the breakfast?

Bloody, having just been plucked from his chest.  
Want a taste? My god, bloody

Where are you going? Drunk and head lowered  
Be careful. Don't fall.

脱下华美的衣冠，便下起一场小雨。

窗台上吊兰淋着耀眼的阳光。  
真的暖和起来了，你说。

并不特别针对怀里的情侣。不过  
自我陶醉，开满野花的草地

漂向江流。摘吧，尽兴奉献  
桃李之后的盛夏，不是野花的荷莲。

静坐。一种姿势就是  
千种姿势的象征。

你对我说，等。所有答案  
就是等，盘腿—

花露把床单印出一滴滴流水的  
原则。拈花一笑

你睡进我此刻的梦，在极乐的  
意义上，抓紧我的手。

蝴蝶一样忽乎将至、忽乎将行  
献出哪怕仅仅一季的柔情。

就是工作。罗丹说永远工作  
就是欲望永不满足。

与之呼应，雨起伏着  
岁月流逝的忧愁

忘我又自重地抛下河。

Taking off a splendid costume while rain drizzles down.

Ferns on the windowsill dripping with sun—  
You say, 'It's really warmed up now,'

Not particularly to the lover in your arms. A mere  
Indulgence, on the meadow sparkly with flowers

Drifting down the river. Pick, pick to your heart's content  
This offer of mid-summer after peach and plum, a domesticated lotus

Sits still. In one position  
That symbolizes thousands.

You tell me to wait. Answers lie  
In waiting. Cross the legs like this—

Drop by drop, dew on flowers imprints the idea of water  
Flowing onto sheets. Pick up lotus, smile

With a sense of Sukhavat, you fall into my momentary  
Dream, grasp my hands.

The butterfly that suddenly arrives, suddenly departs  
Offering a tender love for only a brief season.

That is the work. Rodin said *toujours travailler*  
Desire never satisfied.

Undulating rain which echoes it, rises, falls  
Alongside the sadness of time passing

Sacrificial, yet dignified, throws itself down the river.

满月。周末的家庭组合。  
把孩子放在哪？

月亮东升，也还没有结论。  
老实的想法只做为枕头

供你辗转，进而写下些  
老实的句子。今晚

只读吕德安和里尔克。因此也想到  
神、绝对理念以及现成的秩序。

*I'm not looking because I'm married.*

不看的世界在月光下栩栩如生：  
总是忧伤以终老——

同居而离心抑或同心离居  
峻山，霰雪，幽林，芳草

会有这一片动人的水衬在下面  
把今夜托起，你和你和云豹。

那么，孩子放在哪？

除了抱在怀里  
在我身体气味里上上下下？

Full moon. The composition of a happy family on a weekend.  
Where to put the child?

In the east, the moon rises without solution.  
Honest thoughts become mere pillows

For tossing and turning, before writing down  
A few honest sentences. Tonight

Reading only Lu De-an and Rilke. Therefore thinking  
About god, absolute ideals and the present order of things.

结了婚就不找了

The unseen world vibrant under moonlight:  
Endings are always sad.

Bodies together and hearts apart or vice versa  
Snow, mountain peak, a deep forest, lavender and lemon grass

That the cradle of moving waters underneath—would eternally  
Hold the night, you and you and the cloud leopard

Where then, to put the child?

Besides close to my chest  
Up and down wrapped in my smell.

还是想象他涉江采芙蓉吧  
路滑，明月忽乎消失，湘夫人

卷入乌云，又怎么能怪我？  
一半零落，一半骋望

也不管赠谁，你和你和她  
想或着不想，这是不是生活？

他一定也唱着，让江风  
野外的气息吹拂两腿间的花果

水光。到底都是爱。美人。一个人走  
还是集体殉节，都是爱。

都在心里唱了，从挂满葡萄的园子走出  
出于同样的原因。一场大火。

一个好天，夏末的一个夜晚  
看世界和悲哀向你靠拢

在最后一块完整的石头上  
凝立，趁月正高

留下光辉的自我，拈花一笑  
可人的面庞，奇服，巍冠，夜明珠

天花乱坠，乱坠。

It's better to imagine him crossing the river to pick lotus.  
Slippery scene: the moon's sudden disappearance, Madame Xiang

Rolling into a dark mass of clouds. How can you blame me  
Half decomposed, half wistful and desperate for more?

No matter who it's given to, you and you and her,  
Thinking of it or not—is it living?

He must be singing, the river wind caresses a  
Scent of wild fruit and flowers between his legs

Under the river light. Finally, it's love. A beauty. One person exits  
Or collectively dies for the integrity. It's love.

Mute song in the heart. An exit from the garden  
Sagging with grapes, because of it. A raging fire.

A nice day, late summer evening  
Watching the world as its misery approaches

A last intact stone  
Stands still, as the high moon

Casts an illuminated self. Pick up a lotus, smile  
At the distinguished face, fine coat, top hat, iridescent pearl...

Heaven sent flowers fall like rain, like rain.

他过世的时候，我在远方  
不能再远。

这是我从来避免的话题。亲人  
生动地死去，伴随烟，骨殖碎裂，灰烬。

呼吸缓慢变浅，海潮  
一浪，连额上的皱褶也湿润起来

一浪冲净落满尘土的记忆  
你说，对不起……

以为不过一次短暂的告别  
起锚，升帆，一粒盐就这样溶入海

从而无所不在。像夜的梦  
刷地一下划亮充满寓意的歌——

远方，我脱下裙子，换上  
爬山靴，准备再次上路。

记住你的血脉，读你遗赠的书  
却不能走近你，对不起。

山倒了，地裂，光荣啊！  
他的神，在供桌上合目不看。



At the moment he died, I was far I  
Couldn't be farther.

It's the topic I try to avoid. Someone dear  
Dies. Vividly, with smoke, broken bones, ashes.

Breath slows and becomes shallow, a tide, a wave  
Stretches, turns the wrinkles on his forehead moist

And washes clean the dusty memory  
You, saying, I'm sorry . . .

Thinking only of a brief separation  
Sail set, cast away, a salt crystal dissolved by the sea

Then is everywhere. As last night's dream  
Lights this song with meaning:

Far, I change, from skirt into  
Hiking boots, preparing for another journey.

Thinking of you, my blood, reading the book you gave me  
Yet unable to get close to you. I'm sorry.

The mountains fall! The earth cracks! Ah, glory  
The god on his alter sees nothing.

最好我还是不认识你  
从而想象你对我一往情深：

呵护我，现在用大毛巾  
把这汪活水一下子抱起来。

吸干，吮干，你会让我伤心。去吧  
找一付桨和另外一条船

去很远的地方。九十九岁  
瞎了眼，因为你已经知道太多。

比如男女的秘密  
或者说神的秘密，将来。

于是，送给我这本古诗？  
我的未来，你和我读不出的未来

漆黑。已经伸手不见五指了。  
天亮的时候，你会追上你

游泳，顺流，在同一种色调上  
你的水再次把你包裹

笑容，你和你消融。高潮时  
一浪掀过眉头，铺展身底下的沙。

8

I've never met you, so  
Imagine you lost in love.

Adore me like now, embrace me with a big towel—  
Pool of spring water. Absolutely, in your arms.

Drink, kiss me dry, before you break my heart. Go then, sail your  
Next boat, ride a new set of peddles

To a far away place. Ninety-nine  
And blinded by knowing too much.

For example, this secret of man and woman,  
The secrets of gods, the future.

Is it why you sent the ancient collection?  
Poetry, my future, the blurred future of you and me

Pitch black. You already can't see the hand in front of your face.  
At daybreak, you catch up with you

Swim downstream, the same color  
Your water wraps you up

In laughter, the two of you merge. High tide climaxes  
A wave over the eyebrows, the sand flattened underneath.

怎么形容海？  
向一个从没见过海的人？

活了九十九岁，他想看海，想  
走在玻璃海上并且吹响七只号角。

在这欢乐的一瞬间，大天使的翅膀  
写出满天预言，我又怎么能

告诉他风暴，和呛人的海涛  
海上发生的事情，我们之间是是非非？

海晒出盐，泪流成海  
他看不见的预言是泪，世界。

在想象的岸上，他总比我们走得快  
逝去的影子雪白象披散的床单

舔净汗津津的额角，无法形容的咸  
把握这场旷日的健身运动。

溯游直上，腰承受水的重量  
千年沉积。抓不住的爱。

他顺流，并不追求什么。  
他先我们进入大海。

How to describe sea  
To someone who's never seen it?

He lives to ninety-nine, he wants it, to see it  
To walk on its glass surface, to blow the seven trumpets.

At this joyous moment gigantic angel wings  
Write prophesy all over the sky. How can I tell him

About sea storms, the choking waves  
These things, right and wrong, that happen between us?

The prophesy he can't read is the world, tears  
That become sea, sea that dries to salt.

On the brink of imagination, he's walking  
Faster than us, a shadow white as our rumpled sheets.

Lick clean the moist forehead, the indescribable saltiness of the body  
Building exercises that take the whole afternoon.

Resist the current, the waist laden with water sustains  
A thousand years of sediment. Love that can't be contained.

He drifts downstream, pursues  
Nothing. He enters the sea before us.

进入地底。

这间屋子。  
没有风，也没有光。

因为你已经走了很远  
或者住得太久。

我们在底层。不能感觉  
这里思想彷徨。你的脚步

咚咚敲响我们头顶上  
另外一个世界的晨钟。

你说，那里芙蓉遍地，永远湿润  
人们舒腰，呻吟，自由

在露天的花园拥抱。这就是  
他把握的秘密？

睡下去吧，梦里的阳光忽明忽暗  
还有白鹭和啄木鸟，风。

更深的地方。智慧以黄土的形式  
为你们旋出恰当的洞穴

结实，而且适用，不会在作爱时  
吱吱作响

没有光的深处一股泉——井？  
井。这秘密小心将你们埋起。

Enter the underworld.

This room.  
No wind, nor light.

Because you've already walked very far or  
Stayed too long.

We are at the bottom. And can't sense  
The thought walking back and forth. Your steps

Dong-Dong, striking above our head  
The morning bell of another world

You say, there are lotus everywhere, always moist  
You moan in my imagination, comfortable and free

To embrace in the open garden.  
Is that the secret he holds?

Sleep away. Sunlight in the dream flashes on and off  
There will be white egrets and woodpeckers. Wind

Further down. Wisdom in the form of soil  
Digs you a cave fitting

And sturdy, suitable, not squeaky  
When you make love

At this lightless depth, a spring—a well?  
A well: the secret meticulously buries you.

樱桃熟了。夏的结尾。  
其中两颗落在我脚下花砖

皮开肉绽，甜香的结尾。树荫  
竟容许如此惨烈的事情安静地发生。

挂在枝头并不诱人，毁灭之时  
却格外艳丽：闪耀春天的光和色彩。

但愿只有春花和夏叶。  
但愿你是上帝。

叹惜把她们拾起来，再次利用  
榨汁或煮酱，献上灵台。

我是见证人。坐着，看见她们最后  
唯一的飞行，为了看不见的籽。

或者只为飞，离开生了根棵树  
哪怕一瞬间。飞下崖。

把花砖移开，铺黄土，看她们  
轻轻落入柔软的终床。

击水三千里。启锚，扬帆  
他海一样的手掌。



## 11

Cherries ripe. The end of summer.  
Two fall upon the flowered tiles under my feet

Bruised and lacerated, their sweet, fragrant end. The shadow of leaves  
Allowing these brutal things to occur quietly.

While on the branches not so attractive, in their destruction turn  
Splendid: shining with the light and color of spring.

Wish there were only spring flowers and summer leaves.  
Wish you were a god.

Sigh, pick them up, reuse them  
Squeezing juice or boiling jam, to put on your altar.

I am the witness. Sitting, watching their last  
And only flight, the seeds invisible.

Or only for the flight, leaving the rooted tree  
Even for just a moment. Leap from the cliff.

Remove the tiles, spread the soil, watch them  
Gently, gently landing in their soft death bed.

Breaking the three thousand mile wave. Cast off, set sail  
His sea hand.

教堂的门打开了。  
牧师们站在向上的台阶微笑。

这杯清水，为远行的人解渴  
归途匆匆。您的灵魂可以在这里解脱。

点燃的蜡烛浮在水上，浮出流动的河  
欢迎，欢迎，今天是我的生日。

也是我写作的日子。好日子  
无法进入教堂。因为你拉过我的手

以后发生了很多事情：  
在如此明媚的阳光下采莲

还有樱桃坠地，滴血的葡萄  
还有这片我们不认识的疆土，上面

新新旧旧的墓碑。先是她去了  
后来他去了，她们去了，你。

准备着，我们一天又一天晨练  
准备自己的心身，因为我们

肯定会获得这最终的秘密。请为我引路—  
这些亡魂点亮的生日蜡烛

顺流船  
能让我在海边追上？

Church doors open.  
Priests standing on the steps up, smiling.

This cup of clean water to quench the thirst of travelers  
On a hurried journey home. Where their souls may be free.

Lit candles float on water, become a river.  
Welcome, welcome, today is my birthday.

My writing day as well. A good day although  
I cannot enter the church--since you held my hand.

Lots of things have happened:  
Picking lotus under this warm and tempting sun

And falling cherries, grapes dripping blood-like,  
The unrecognizable land littered by

Tomb stones, old and new. First she is gone  
Then he, they, you.

Preparing, we do morning exercise day after day  
Prepare our body and soul,

Undoubtedly we'll receive the last secret. Please guide me—  
These birthday candles lit by the dead souls

Downstream boats  
Can I catch up with you at the edge of the sea?

一封退回的信。  
有地址，还有照片，服饰整齐

连头发都梳得一丝不苟  
那里曾经是一个灿烂的世界——

我们希望，我们年轻。  
现在简装，企图把这个世界赋予的东西

统统交还。包括每一个早晨和月亮。  
这是不是件好事？你问。

那么这些梦：手把着手  
在沙滩上写出一行行白鸥

出海，去追他的帆。河入海  
佩戴泡沫终极的莲冠

甜腥，还有几颗赤裸的卵石  
从史前的雪山滚入平铺的手掌。

拈花一笑。他逝去的床  
此刻竟温暖幽暗从而令人神往：

才意识到我们其实离海还远，离他  
更隔了无法投递的思念。

海蓝的梦：天幕上海豚忘我地追逐。

A returned letter.

There is an address, and photographs of tidy clothes

Even the hair combed meticulously

Once there was a splendid world—

We hoped, we were young. Now we

Simplify, returning what this world has presented us

Everything. Including each morning and each moon.

Isn't it a good thing? You ask.

How about these dreams. Hand holding hand

On a sandy beach writes white gulls as line after line

Out to sea, chasing his sail. The river runs to sea

Wearing an ultimate lotus crown of foam

Sweet and fish-flavored, a few naked pebbles roll down from  
Pre-historical snowcaps into the spread palm.

Pick up a lotus and smile. His death bed

Warm and quietly dark, very attractive for the moment:

Then we realize we are actually far from the sea, from him

Separated further by the undeliverable desire.

A sea blue dream: dolphins, with abandon, chase each other in the sky.

猛虎在城市大街上袭击  
扑倒两个美女和一个孩子。

行人的脚步停下来，又再次纷纷走动  
怎么会有这样的事发生？

还是夏天。荷花正盛。  
生活刚刚开始，青春期梦游的光

不小心点亮这么些欢乐的蜡烛  
都是瞬间的事，都为我目睹

翻腾出封闭在我们集体记忆里的  
最后秘密：涉江，采芙蓉。

医生说不要喝酒或者吸烟。所以  
我在健康表上老实填下

不喝酒，不吸烟。  
不要吓唬孩子。不摘葡萄。

正是上班高峰。街边  
纵欲的店铺还没摇起铁栅。

阳光，阳光，阳光—

都说，雨不会下来。

14

A tiger pounces on a city street  
Striking down two beauties and a child.

Passersby stop, and then walk again in a continuous stream  
How can such a thing happen?

It is still summer. Lotus blossoms.  
Life has just begun, the light of a dream-walker in puberty

Carelessly burning abundant joyful candles  
In a split moment, I see it all

Stirring up in our collective memory  
The sealed secret: cross river, pick lotus.

The doctor says, do not drink or smoke.  
I dutifully fill in the form,

Don't drink or smoke.  
Don't threaten the child; don't pick grapes.

At the peak of rush hour. On the side of the street  
Shops that satisfy carnal desires yet to raise their iron gates.

Sunlight, sunlight, sunlight—

They say no rain will come.

# be)(adonna\* Catalog

Pamphlets are published in conjunction with the be)(adonna\* reading series  
and are between 6 and 20 pages in length.

Books are \$3 each; \$5 signed editions; add 50¢ postage per item. Checks payable to Rachel Levitsky.

## published in 2000:

1. Mary Burger, *Eating Belief*
2. Camille Roy, *Dream Girls*
3. Cecilia Vicuña, *Bloodskirt*, trans. Rosa Alcalá
4. Fanny Howe, parts from *Indivisible*
5. Eleni Sikelianos, from *The Book of Jon*
6. Laura Mullen, *Translation Series*
7. Beth Murray, *12 Horrors*
8. Mei-mei Berssenbrugge, *Audience*
9. Laura Wright, *Everything Automatic*

## published in 2001:

10. Lisa Jarnot, *Nine Songs*
11. Kathleen Fraser, *Soft Pages*
12. Rachel Blau DuPlessis, *Draft 43: Gap*
13. Nicole Brossard, *Le Cou de Lee Miller/The Neck of Lee Miller*
14. Lee Ann Brown, *The 13th Sunday in Ordinary Time/Reverse Mermaid*
15. Adeena Karasick, *The Arugula Fugues VII-VIII*
16. Aja Couchois Duncan, *Commingled : Sight*
17. Lila Zemborain, *PAMPA*
18. Cheryl Pallant, *Spontaneities*
19. Lynne Tillman, chapters from *Weird Fucks* and "Dead Talk"
20. Abigail Child, *Artificial Memory—vol 1 & vol 2* (\$6 set)

## published in 2002:

21. Deborah Richards, *Put A Feather In It*
22. Norma Cole, *BURNS*
23. Jocelyn Saidenberg, *Dusky*
24. Gail Scott, *Bottoms Up*
25. Carla Harryman, *DIMBLUE and Why Yell*
26. Anne Waldman, *[THINGS] SEEN/UNSEEN*
27. kari edwards, *a diary of lies*
28. Bhanu Kapil Rider, from *The Wolf Girls of Midnapure*
29. Rosmarie Waldrop, *Trace Histories*
30. Tina Darragh, from *rule of dumbs*
31. Chris Tysh, *Mother, I (fragment of a film script)*
32. Jennifer Moxley, *The Occasion*
33. Zhang Er, *Cross River . Pick Lotus*
34. Tonya Foster, *A Swarm Of Bees In High Court*

be)(adonna\*Books



458 Lincoln Place, Suite 4B Brooklyn, NY 11238  
[www.durationpress.com/belladonna](http://www.durationpress.com/belladonna)