
THAW(ING)



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THAW(ING)
by Mister Koppa
& Friends
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Illustrations

Untitled, Helene de Winter, **The Netherlands** . . . . . fore end sheet
Untitled, Nikki Soppelsa, **U.S.A.** . . . . . title page
Catch Me if You Can & ***Woods Blow Up***, Gary Ortman, **U.S.A.** . . . . . 8 & 9
Untitled, Lisa Chun, **U.S.A.** 17
Sky Blue Picnic, Susan Legind, **Italy** 18
Untitled, Gary Ortman. 25
Untitled, Flore Kunst, **France** 26
Untitled, Sammy Slabbinck, **Belgium** 30
Winter in Contrast, Susan Legind 32
Sea Nymph, Barbara Minch, **U.S.A.** 33
Untitled, Flore Kunst 34
Define Pleasure, Filipa Sottomayor, **Portugal** 35
Untitled, Helene de Winter 37
Untitled, Helene de Winter . . . . . rear end sheet

Walking through woods in Liberty,

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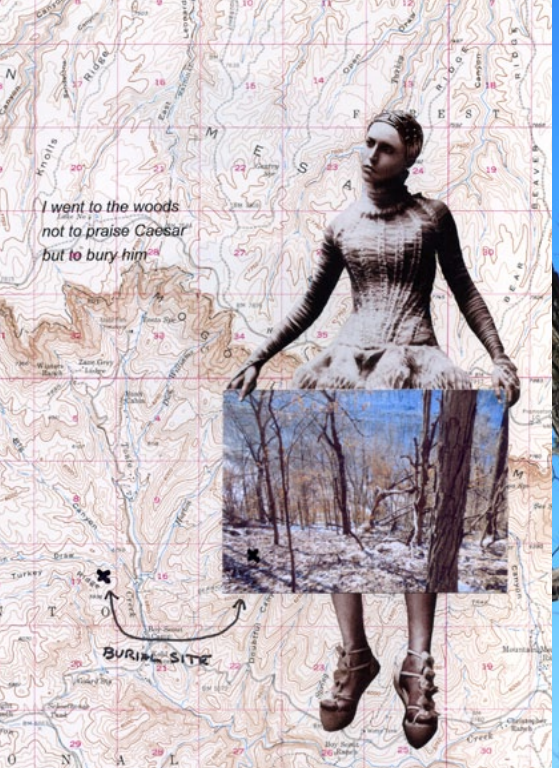

3


4


5


6


7


I went to the woods
not to praise Caesar
but to bury him
BURIAL SITE


caught
becoming
a doorway.





WINTER IN CONTRAST

I witness the first light of dawn and imagine I should consider myself fortunate. But I'm honestly not that taken with it. Winter mornings in Chicago are nothing worth writing a poem about.

Mute, bleak shadows slowly shrinking into the recesses of dank alleys and pooling black under cars along packed curbs as weak shades of gunmetal and dirty off-white snow begin to dominate the overcast cityscape. Wind whipped trash hovers and falls in dead end corners where the lakeside gale can't find a way through.

Nothing like the beautiful bright blast of clean light from my youth to the north; peering out glass panes to see piles of soft snow fluff and crystalline icicles blanketing the pines and cedars.

Stepping into the air, the saturated, cold blue sky reflected in unfrozen portions of the lake.

Walking among brittle green moss, grey stone outcroppings, orange and red leaves curled in determined fists against the chill, clinging to branches like charcoal line drawings.

Dragging my sled over snow in low-lying ribbons, scratchy brown growth poking through seeking what warmth the angled sun may provide.

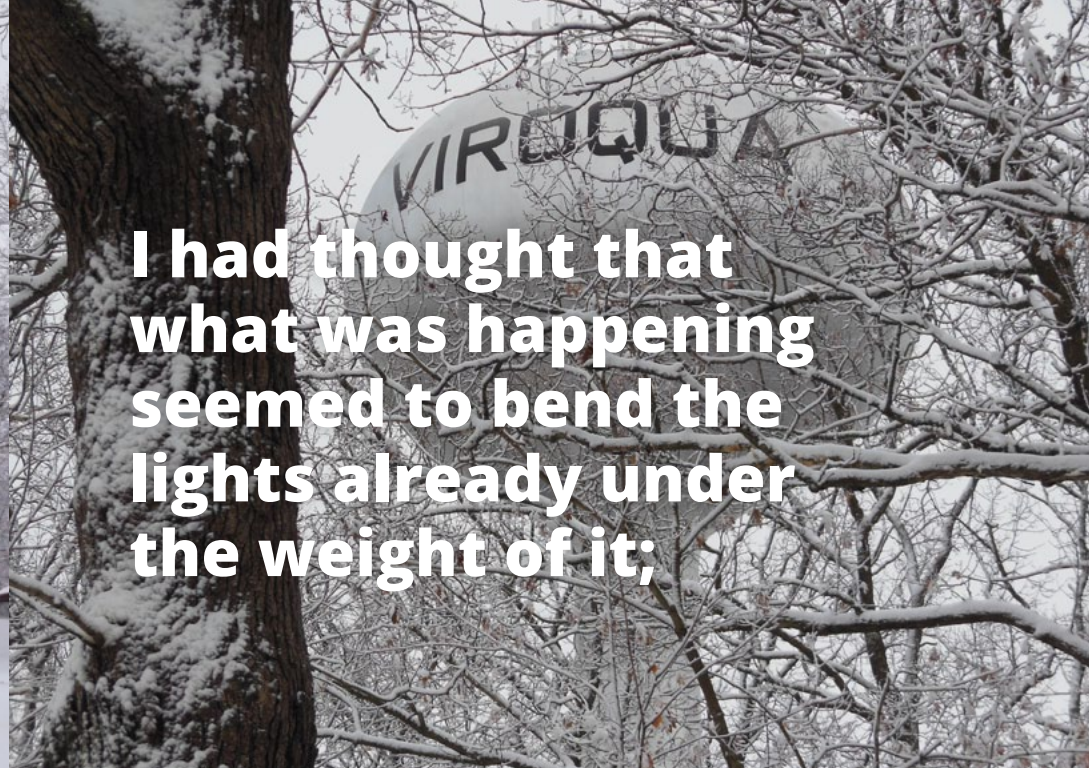



Past her
white orchid
by the window:
a March squall.


She sat on the day bed
with tea before her
on the table.



“Expectation,”
she said.
“Like expecting
something...
illumination.
Waiting for it.”



I had thought that
what was happening
seemed to bend the
lights already under
the weight of it;

like spring flowers turned by a late snow.










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Wed Mar 20	Mostly Cloudy	19° 5°	CHANCE OF SNOW 10%	WIND WNW at 17 mph	Details
Thu Mar 21	Mostly Sunny	30° 11°	CHANCE OF PRECIP 0%	WIND NW at 6 mph	Details
Fri Mar 22	Partly Cloudy	35° 23°	CHANCE OF PRECIP 10%	WIND NNE at 6 mph	Details
Sat Mar 23	Mostly Cloudy	34° 26°	CHANCE OF PRECIP 10%	WIND ENE at 8 mph	Details
Sun Mar 24	Cloudy	34° 26°	CHANCE OF PRECIP 10%	WIND ENE at 11 mph	Details
Mon Mar 25	Cloudy	38° 27°	CHANCE OF PRECIP 20%	WIND NE at 11 mph	Details
Tue Mar 26	Mostly Cloudy	38° 25°	CHANCE OF PRECIP 20%	WIND N at 9 mph	Details
Wed Mar 27	AM Clouds / PM Sun	40° 29°	CHANCE OF RAIN 10%	WIND NNW at 6 mph	Details
Thu Mar 28	Cloudy	43° 32°	CHANCE OF RAIN 20%	WIND ENE at 6 mph	Details

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Des explosions atomiques silencieuses


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THIS YEAR SPRING IS SO SLOW TO SETTLE IN

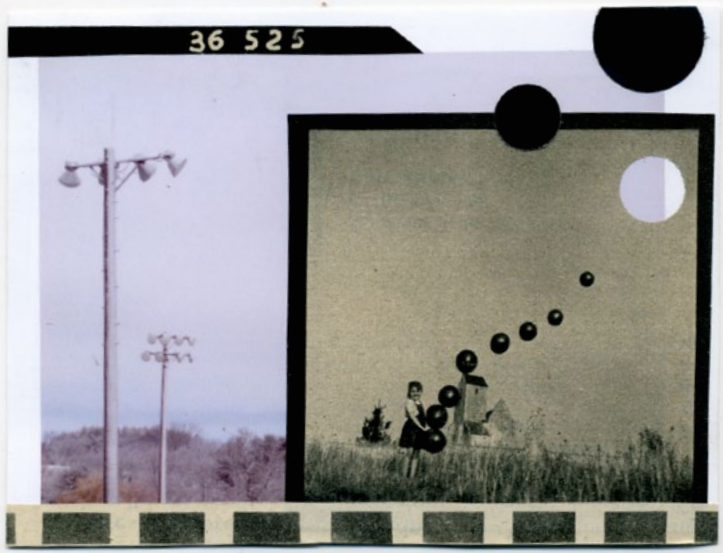
PART I

She is waiting for something.

Waiting for her waiting to burst
into two white magician's doves
freed from the dark confines of her hat
when she lifts it from her scorched head,
scorched by this profusion of
New Mexico light.

It's eleven o'clock. The sun is sharp
and way too bright.
She cringes when she
reads the weather report.
Tomorrow it might snow again.





THIS YEAR SPRING IS SO SLOW TO SETTLE IN

PART II

She is moving towards something.
Moving without moving. It looks like
She is sitting still but really
she is secretly nurturing
a white lotus in a
dark and watery garden.
Her heart
is right now
but won't always be
floating in a dark pool
rooting in the mud
ready to open
but not quite opening
ready to know itself
as a sovereign kind of love
yet waiting for the right signs,
for spring to settle into its warm skin,
for a palpable reassurance.

Today it is so bright and warm,
tomorrow it might snow again.

Still, while she sleeps, she can sense
what's inside her unfurling.
White petals
pushing through
pushing through her clenched and
darkened heart.



Today Apr 19	Rain / Snow Showers / Wind	37°F 23°F	CHANCE OF PRECIP 40%	WIND: WNW at 22 mph Details
Sat Apr 20	Sunny	46° 34°	CHANCE OF RAIN: 0%	WIND: W at 7 mph Details
Sun Apr 21	Showers	56° 45°	CHANCE OF RAIN: 40%	WIND: S at 19 mph Details
Mon Apr 22	Showers	60° 43°	CHANCE OF RAIN: 50%	WIND: SW at 7 mph Details
Tue Apr 23	Showers	43° 31°	CHANCE OF RAIN: 40%	WIND: NNW at 12 mph Details
Wed Apr 24	Partly Cloudy	50° 36°	CHANCE OF RAIN: 20%	WIND: NW at 11 mph Details
Thu Apr 25	Partly Cloudy	48° 35°	CHANCE OF RAIN: 10%	WIND: W at 10 mph Details
Fri Apr 26	Cloudy	54° 40°	CHANCE OF RAIN: 20%	WIND: SSW at 9 mph Details
Sat Apr 27	Showers	50° 37°	CHANCE OF RAIN: 60%	WIND: W at 10 mph Details



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Colophon

February 20, 2103; Liberty, Wisconsin: 0°

I'm standing on a wooded hillside. It's so pretty I decide to capture it in my camera. I recently promised myself not to accumulate any more stuff. Digital files are stuff. I feel maintaining them and keeping them organized could drive me nuts. I need to do something useful with these pictures. I print the images and send them by mail to virtual friends I have met through the internet, one way or another. Another virtual friend introduces me to a writer; we become friends; he agrees to contribute. I connect with a writer I published back in the early days—1996; he agrees to contribute. Collages start coming in the mail, then words. I lay it all out in chronological order to share the experience. It marks a new beginning: We are thawing.

Set in Open Sans Extrabold, Regular and Light. Twenty-six copies of this title have been privately published as a limited edition, hand stitched during the thaw of 2016, and lettered A through Z.



