

Qualm

[Home](#) [Current Qualm](#) [Previous](#) [Writers](#)

Current Qualm

Poems by

[Ian Duhig](#),
[Malachi Smyth](#),
[Tiziana Colusso](#),
[Luke Kennard](#)
and [Claire Crowther](#).

Qualm aims to be a small uncompromising showcase for contemporary poetry in English. It comes out twice a year, in April and October, and consists of previously unpublished poems contributed by their authors. Back numbers remain available in full, under Previous. All poems are copyrighted to their authors and the Writers page provides details of their books etc. The first Qualm appeared in 2003. The eleventh Qualm - of October 2008 - is now out.

Previous Qualms

Sept 2003. Poems by

[Les Murray](#),
[Glyn Maxwell](#),
[Jack Beeching](#),
[Peter Reading](#)
and [Simon Carnell](#).

Mar 2004. Poems by

[Harry Clifton](#),
[Simon Carnell](#),
[Les Murray](#),
[Jamie McKendrick](#)
and [Antonella Anedda](#).

Oct 2004. Poems by

[Hugo Williams](#),
[Peter Reading](#),
[Paul Henry](#),
[Jack Beeching](#)
and [Harry Clifton](#).

April 2005. Poems by

[Stephen Knight](#),
[Anne Stevenson](#),
[James Sutherland-Smith](#)
and [Brian Waltham](#).

Oct 2005. Poems by

[Medbh McGuckian](#),
[John Mole](#),
[Brian Waltham](#),
[James Sutherland-Smith](#)
and [Simon Carnell](#).

Qualm

[Home](#) [Current Qualm](#) [Previous](#) [Writers](#)

Tiziana Colusso

(Two poems translated by Sebastian Schloessingk)

LOW-CARAT FABLE

Buddha The Suave is becoming bored
in his palace of jade:
not even the sound of the gushes
of aquamarine dissolving
in the opal fountain
or on the fire coral
can make his smile bloom again.

Up here in the clouds there's no harmony
- reflects the Suave One - and doesn't get it.

The topaz is silent, cockerel yellowhood.
Silent the rubicund ruby,
even the emiered emerald
dozes, silent.

Then Buddha realizes -
in the palace of suspended jade
what's missing is the earth,
the deep cavern
where the jewel is born:
ancestral sound, maternal,
spreading in waves,
mixed with gross gangue.
Up there, in the rarefied air,
even the most precious stone
sounds out stifled, and falls silent.

ECO-TEMPESTS

navirambling the bristling typhoon-corrugated clouds:
entropy retaliation for terrestrials
devoid of memory of the planet's
every eco-equilibrium effort
and minters if anything
of hypocritical eco-incentives:
who sows the wind then reaps
the proverbial tempest and who
doesn't have the head for it better have legs
to flee the Dismal Eco-Wrath.