

still and unstill

photographs by Andreas Gripp



still and unstill

also by Andreas Gripp

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still and unstill

Andreas Gripp

Beliveau Books

CANADA

still and unstill

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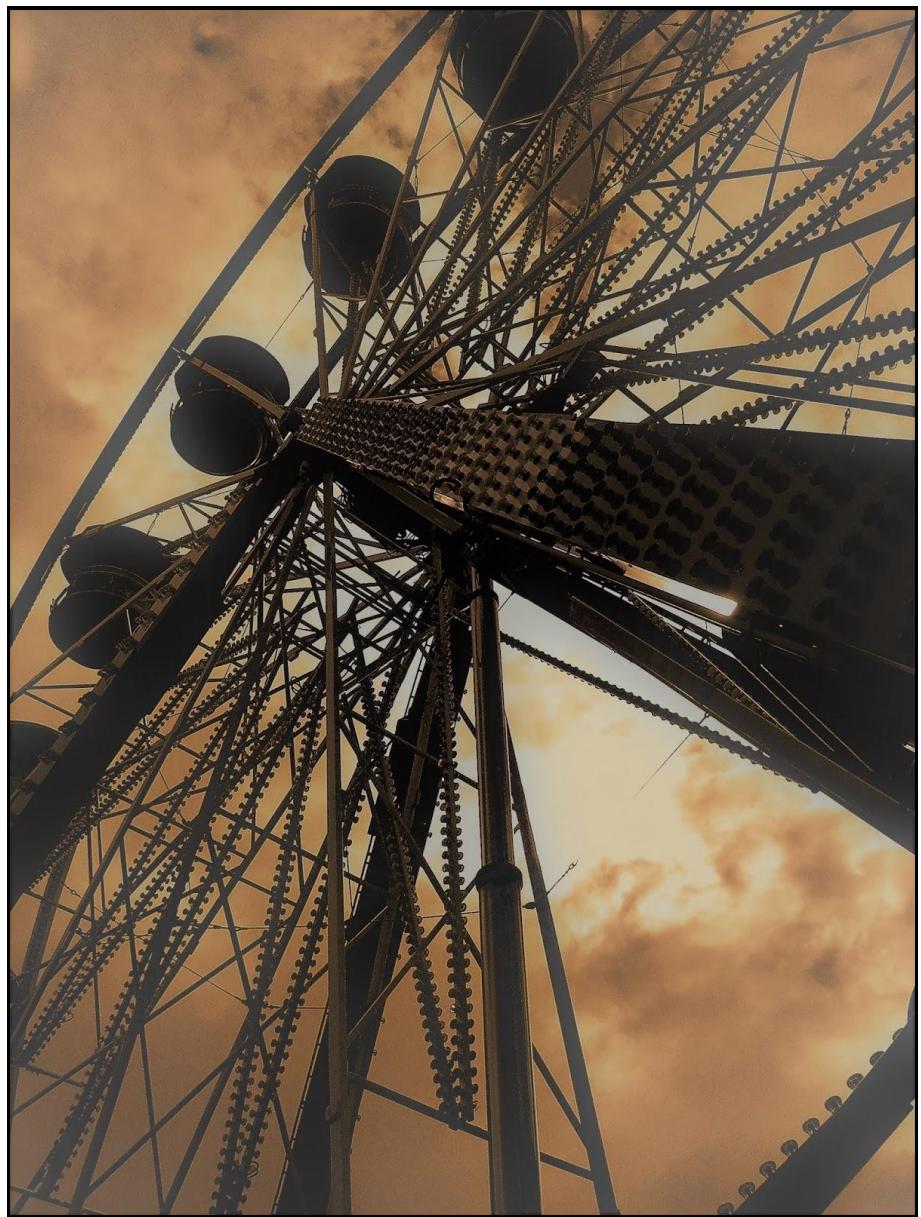
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Very Brief Foreword

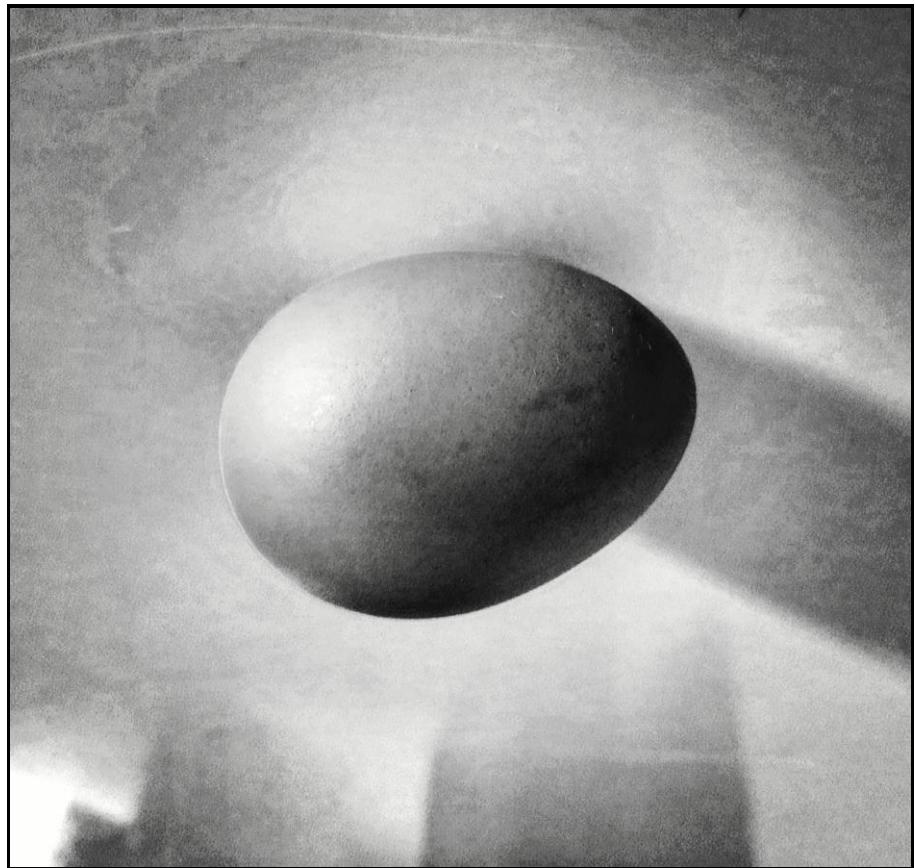
I won't claim to be a professional artist or photographer. I am far from that and am aware of the limitations of both my skill and the devices I use to present my work. That said, I hope I've made the best of what I have and what I've seen. Thanks for viewing!

– Andreas Gripp

January, 2025























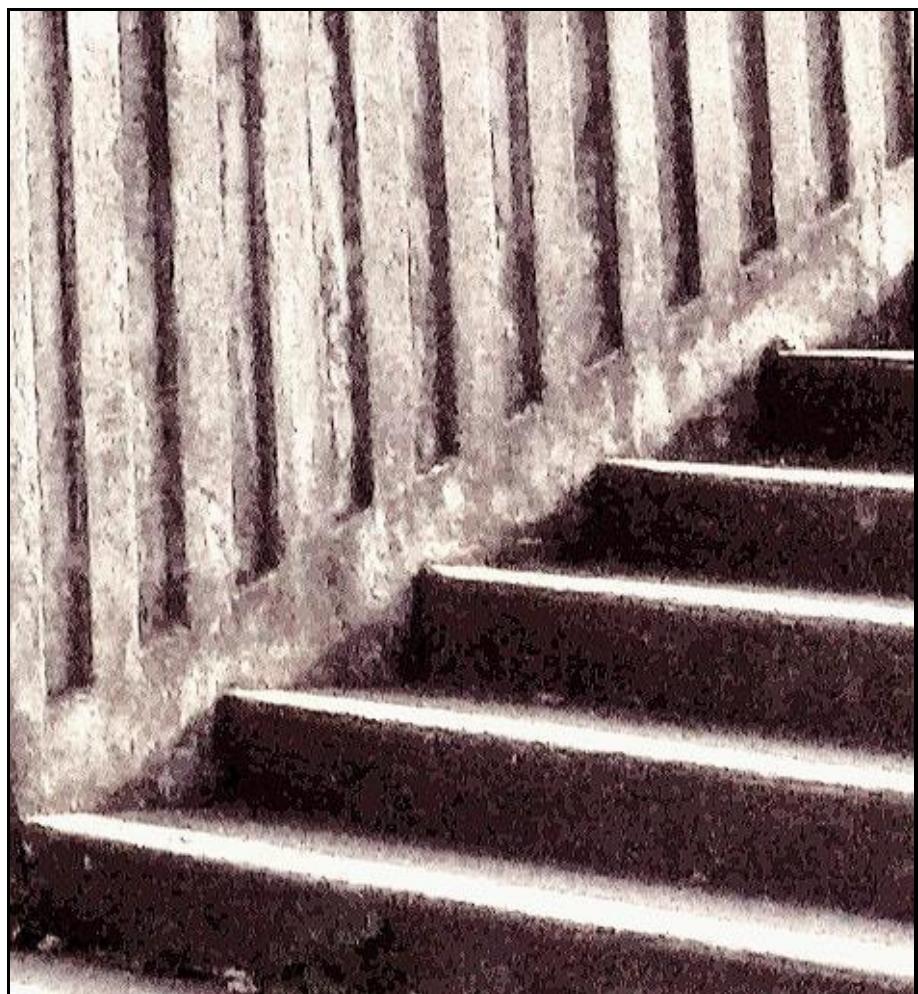


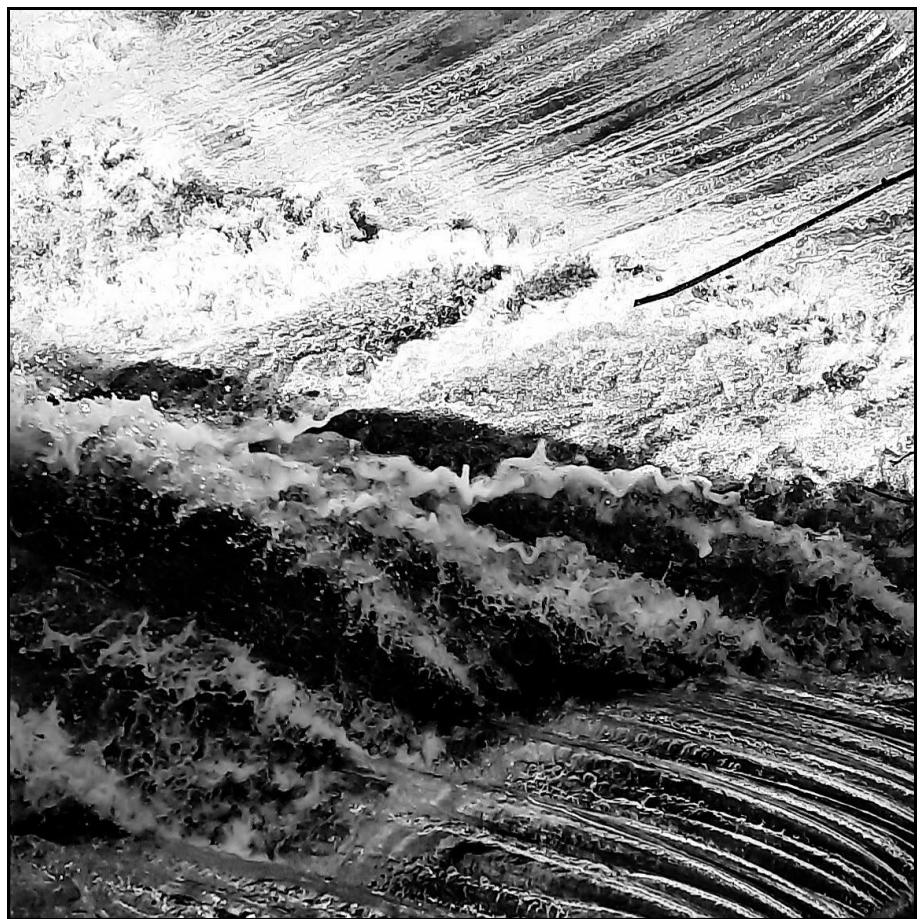




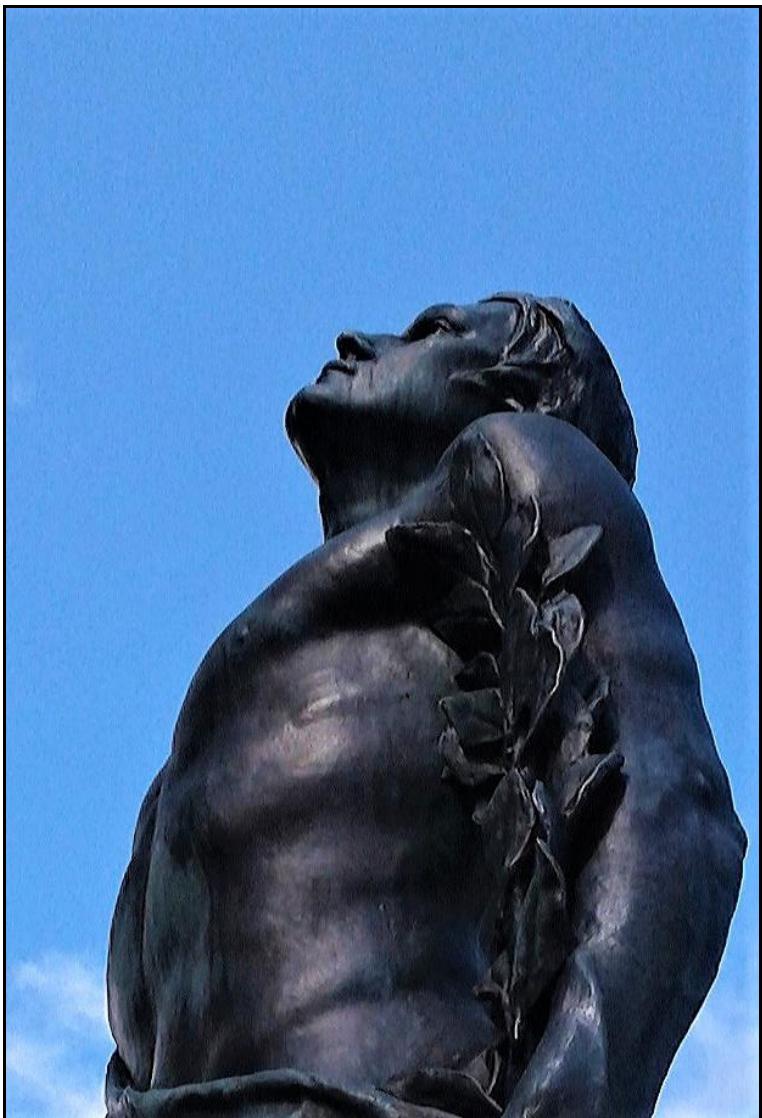










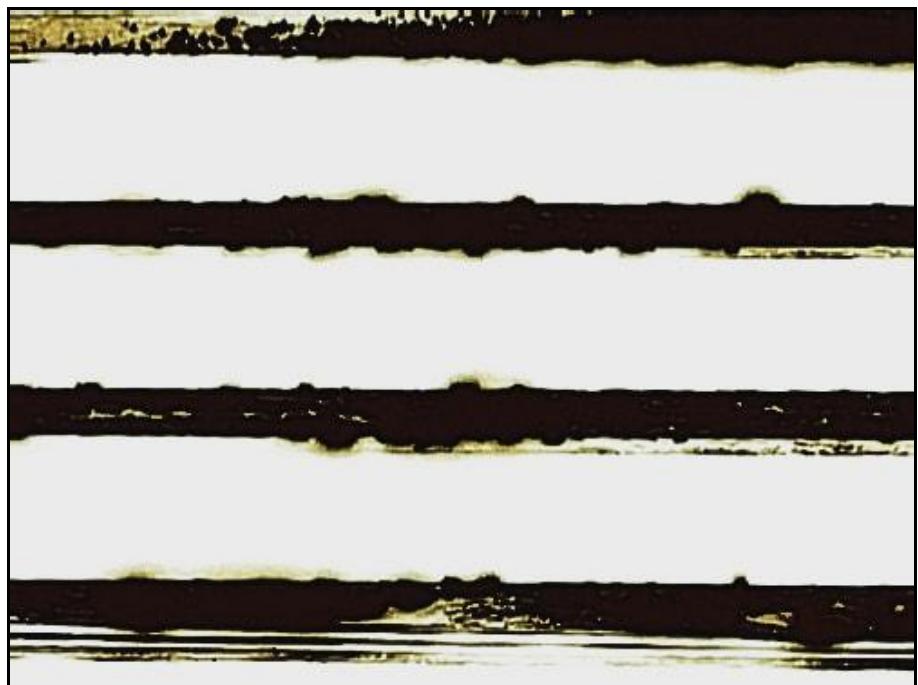


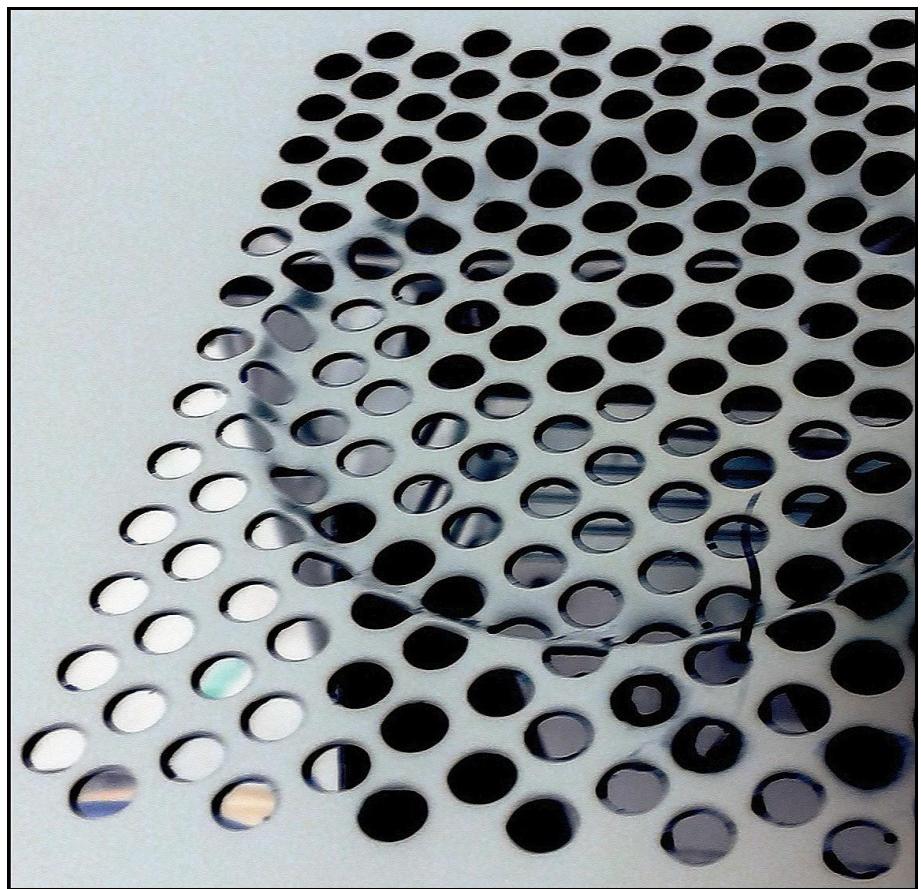
Dénouement

a poetry anthology

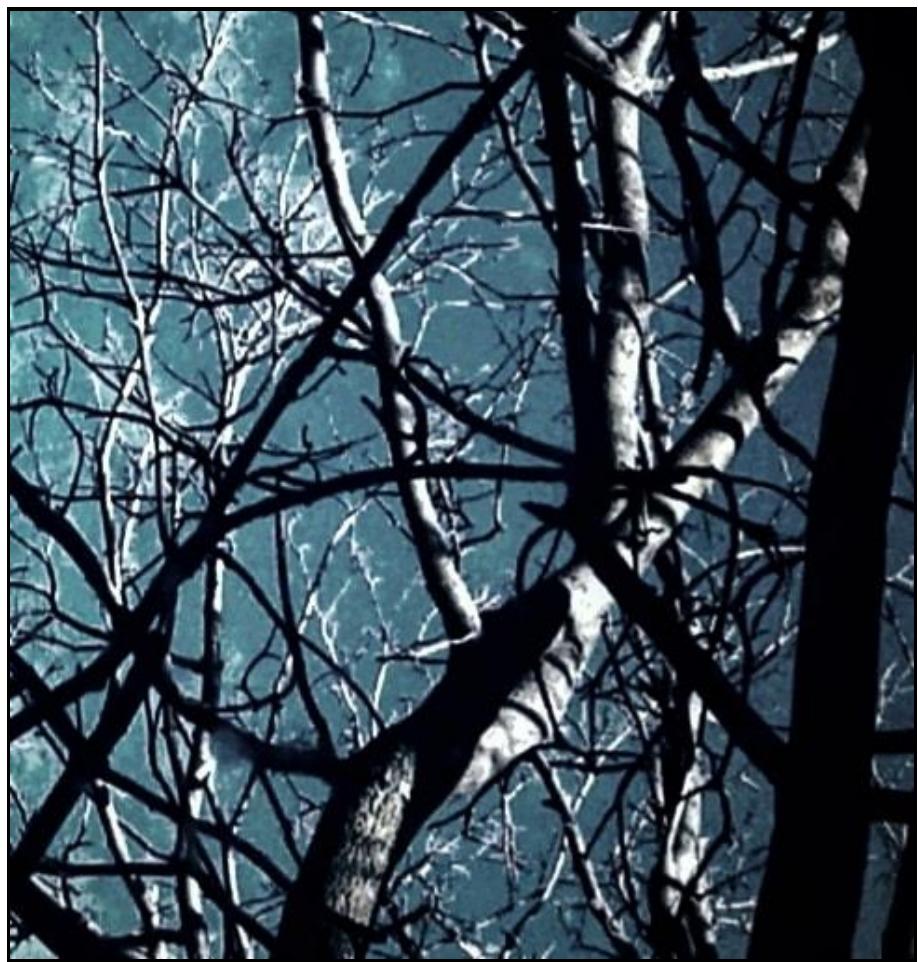


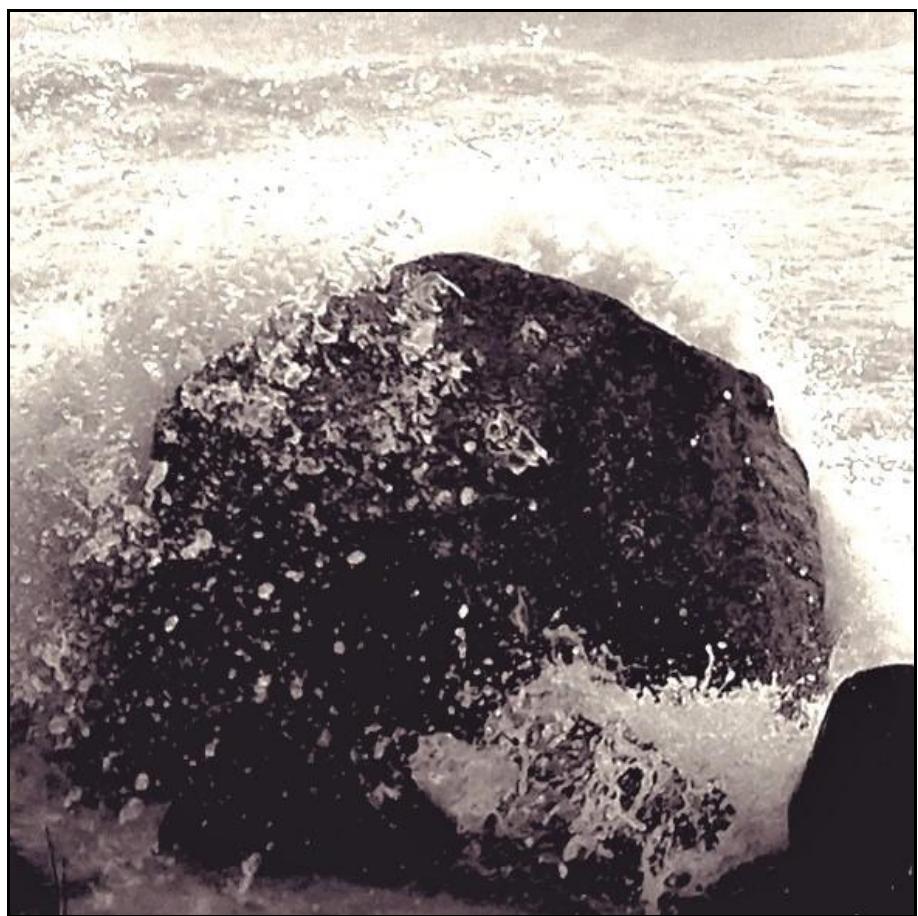






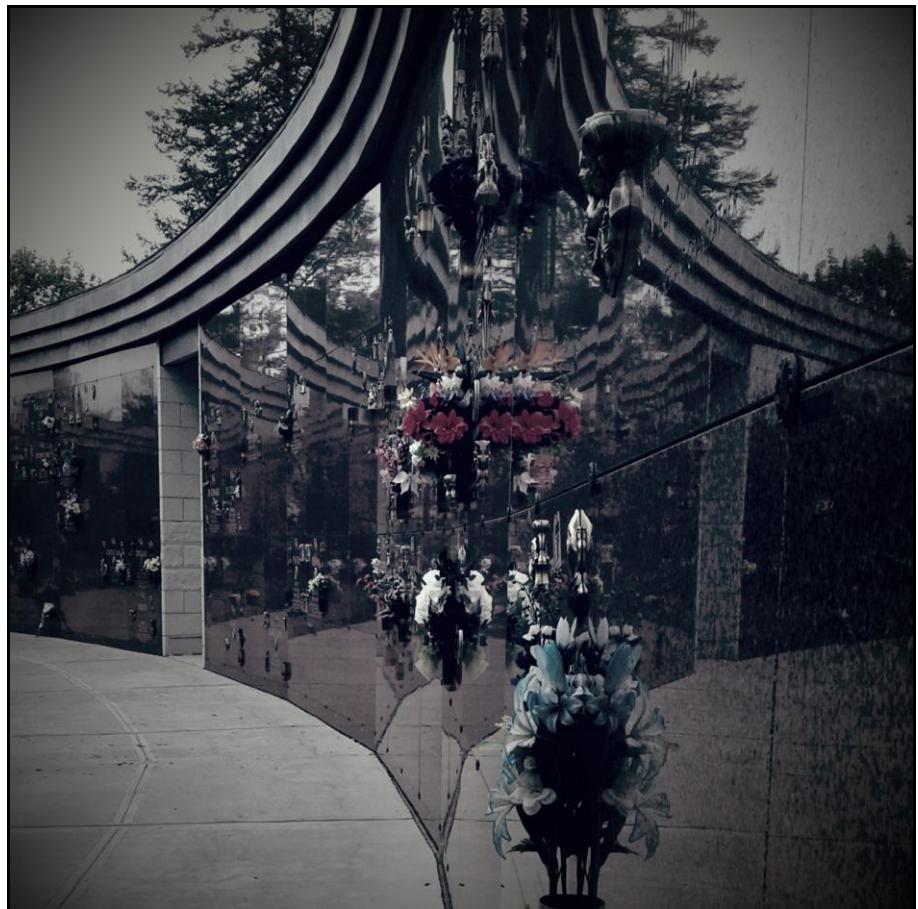










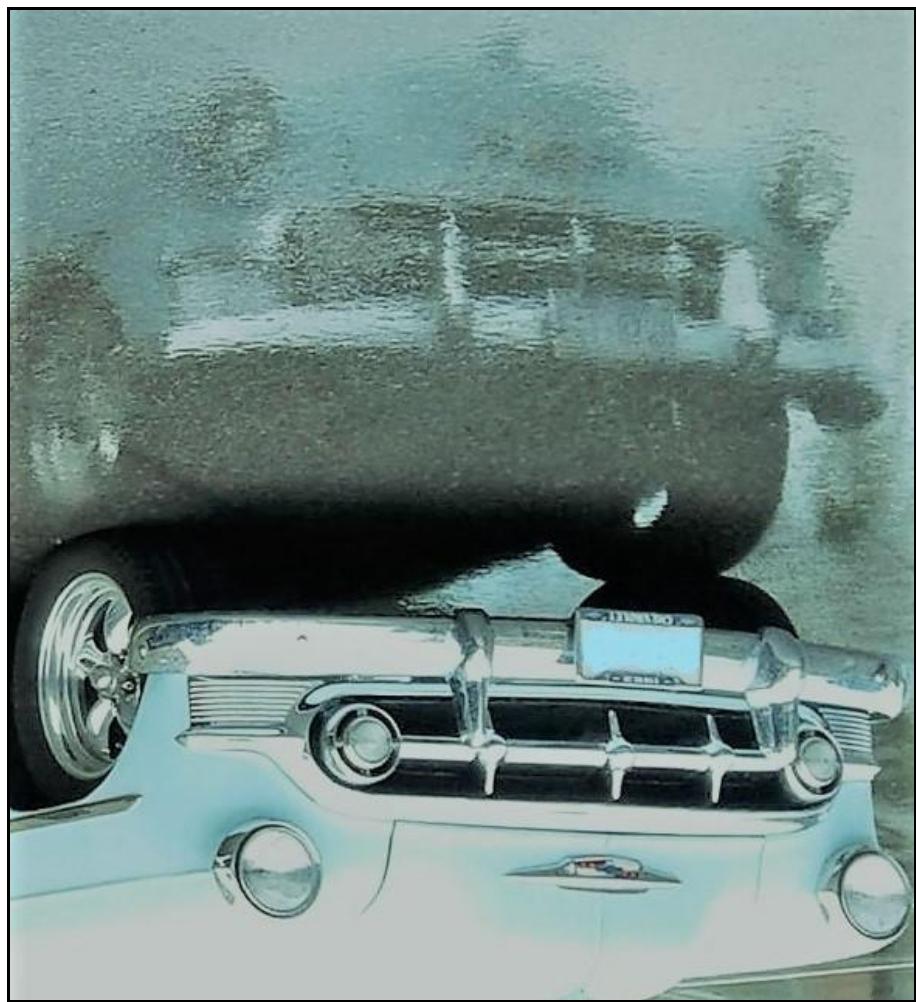






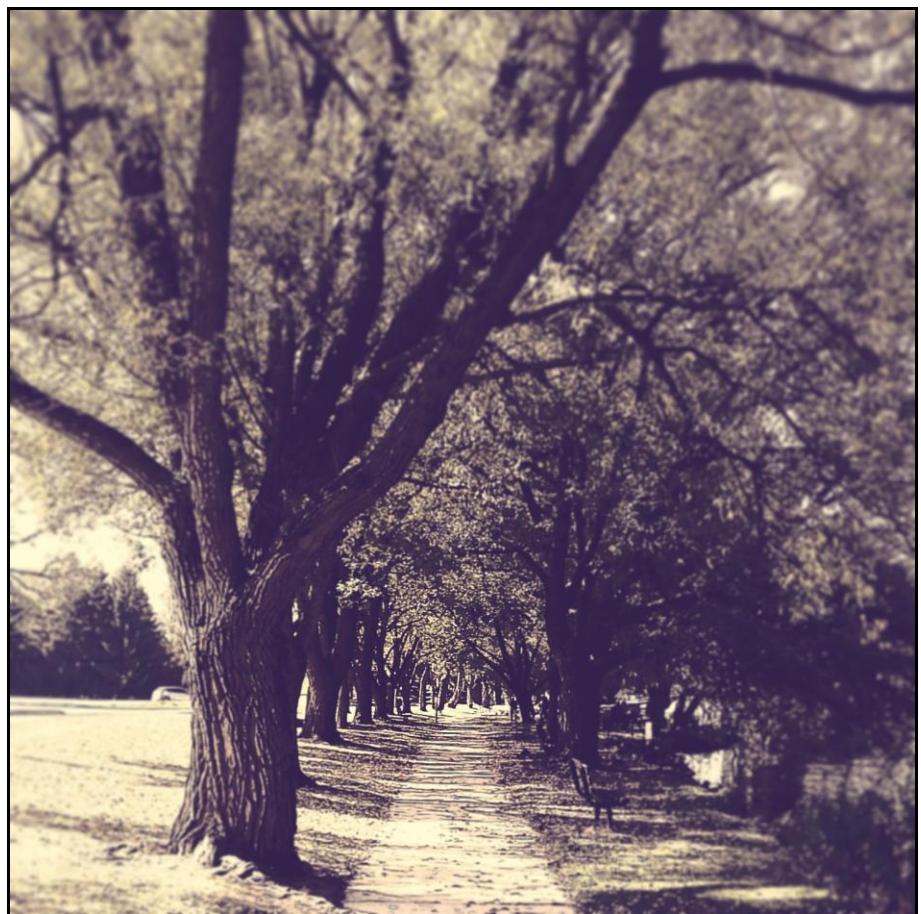


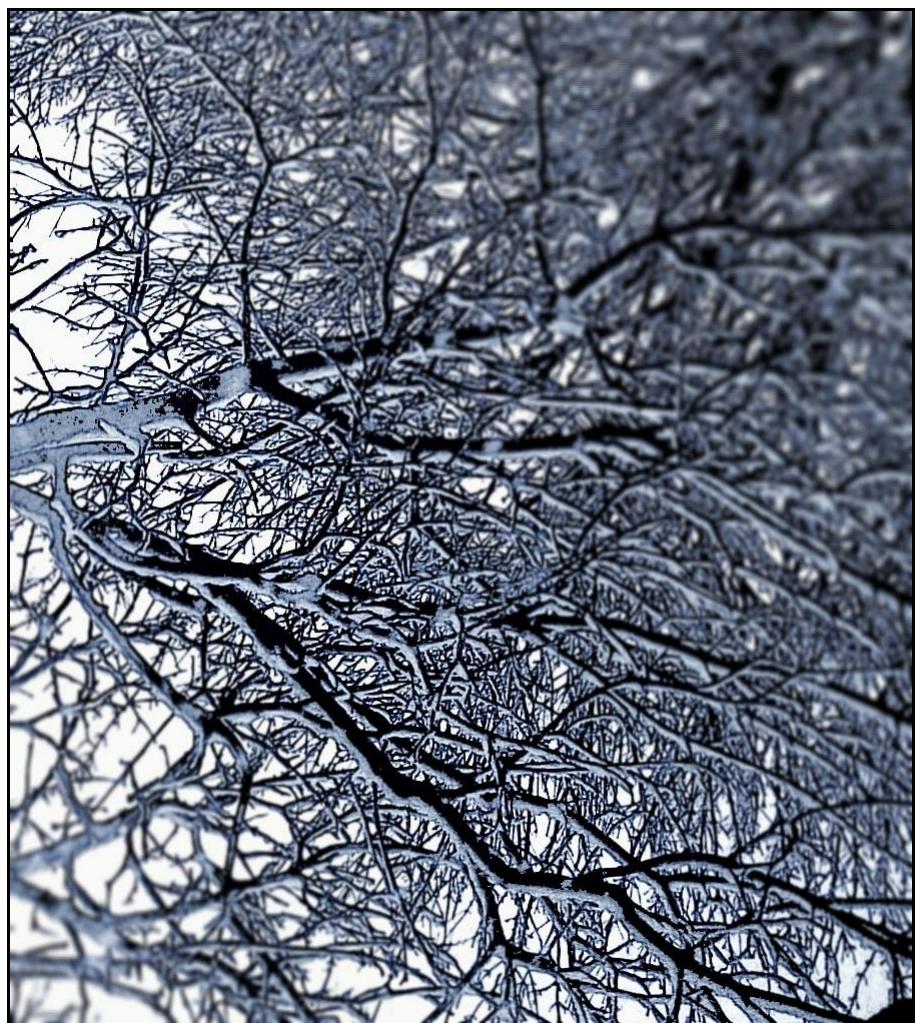


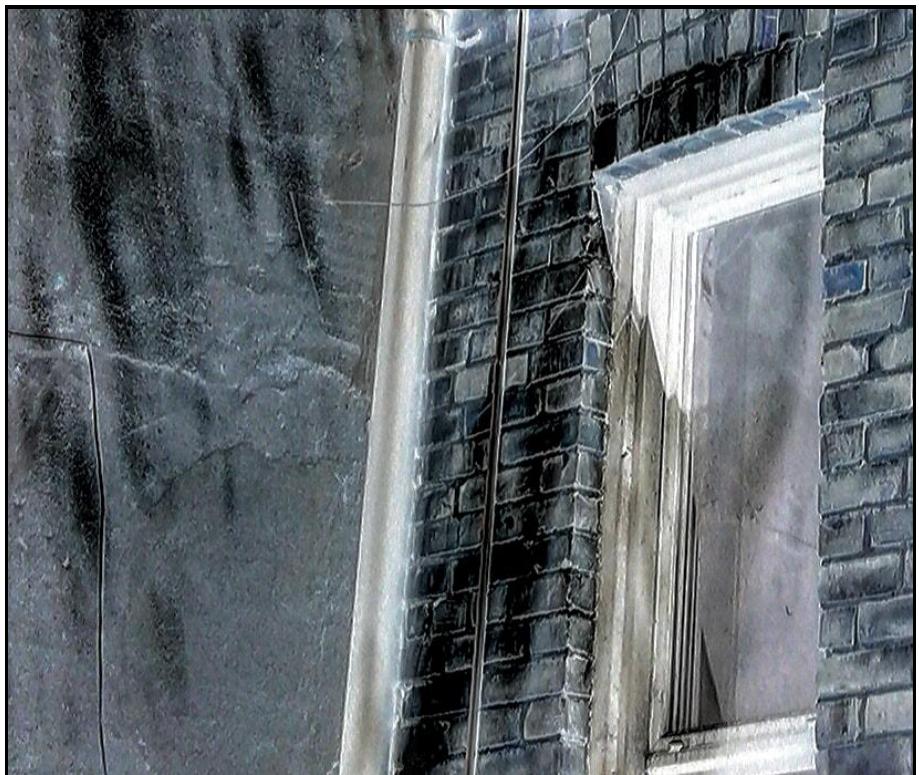




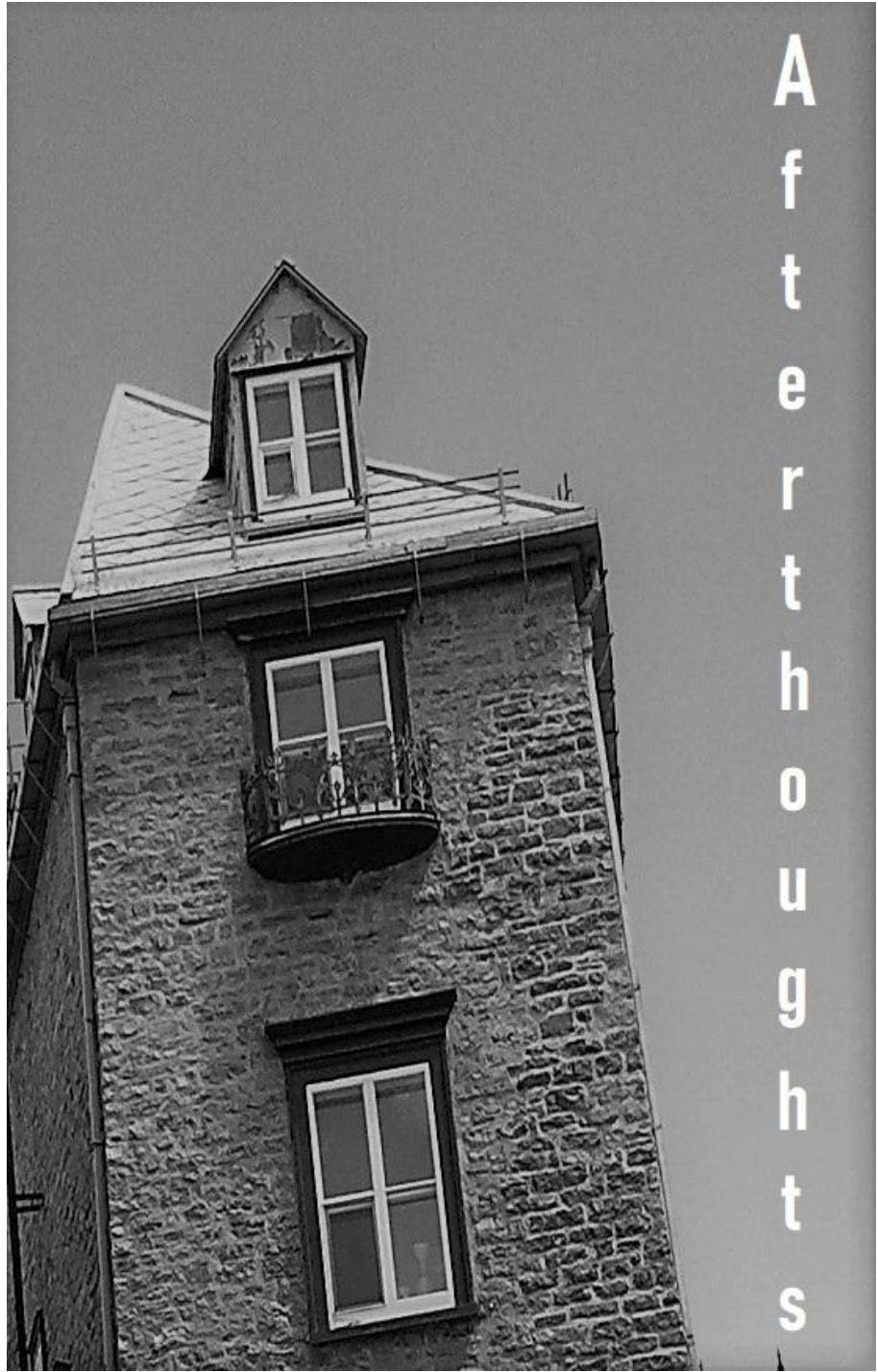




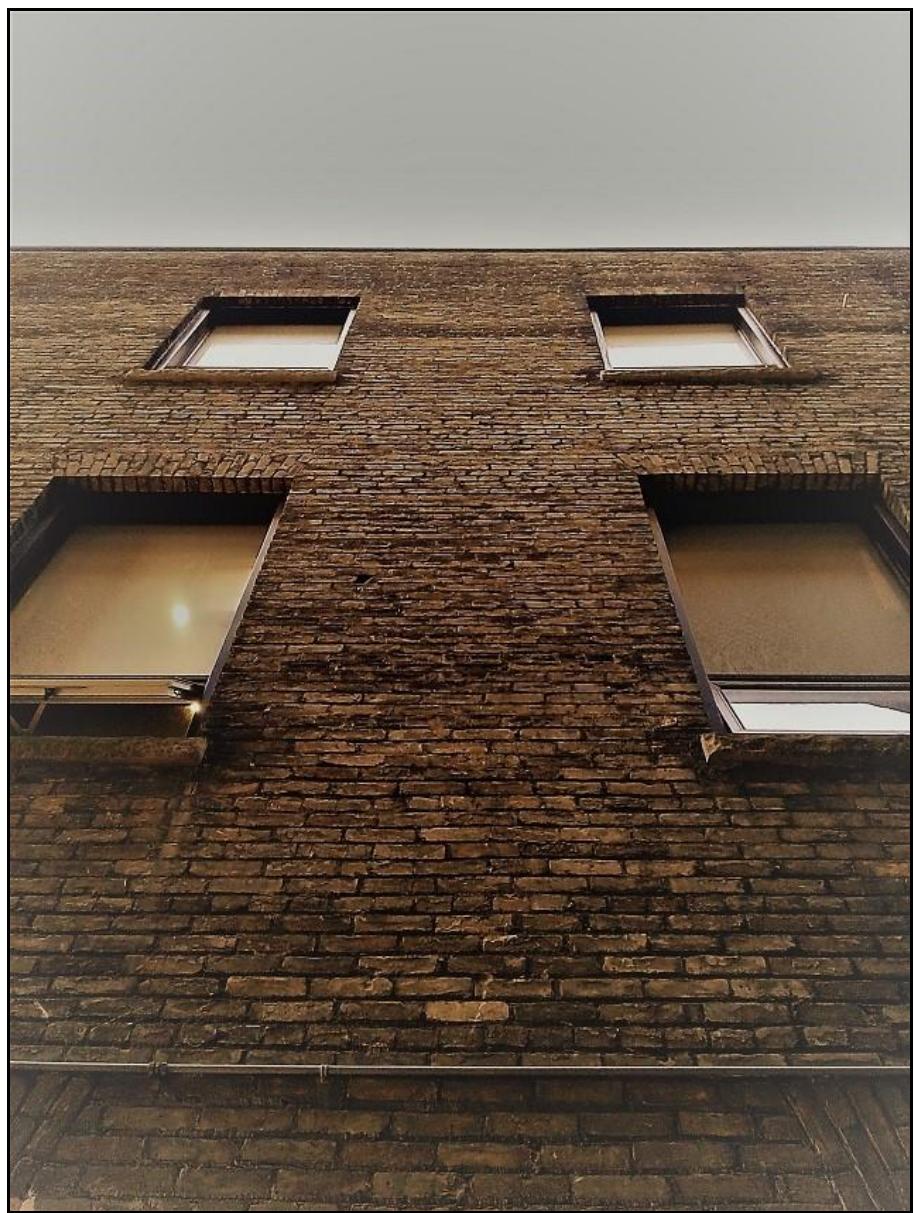








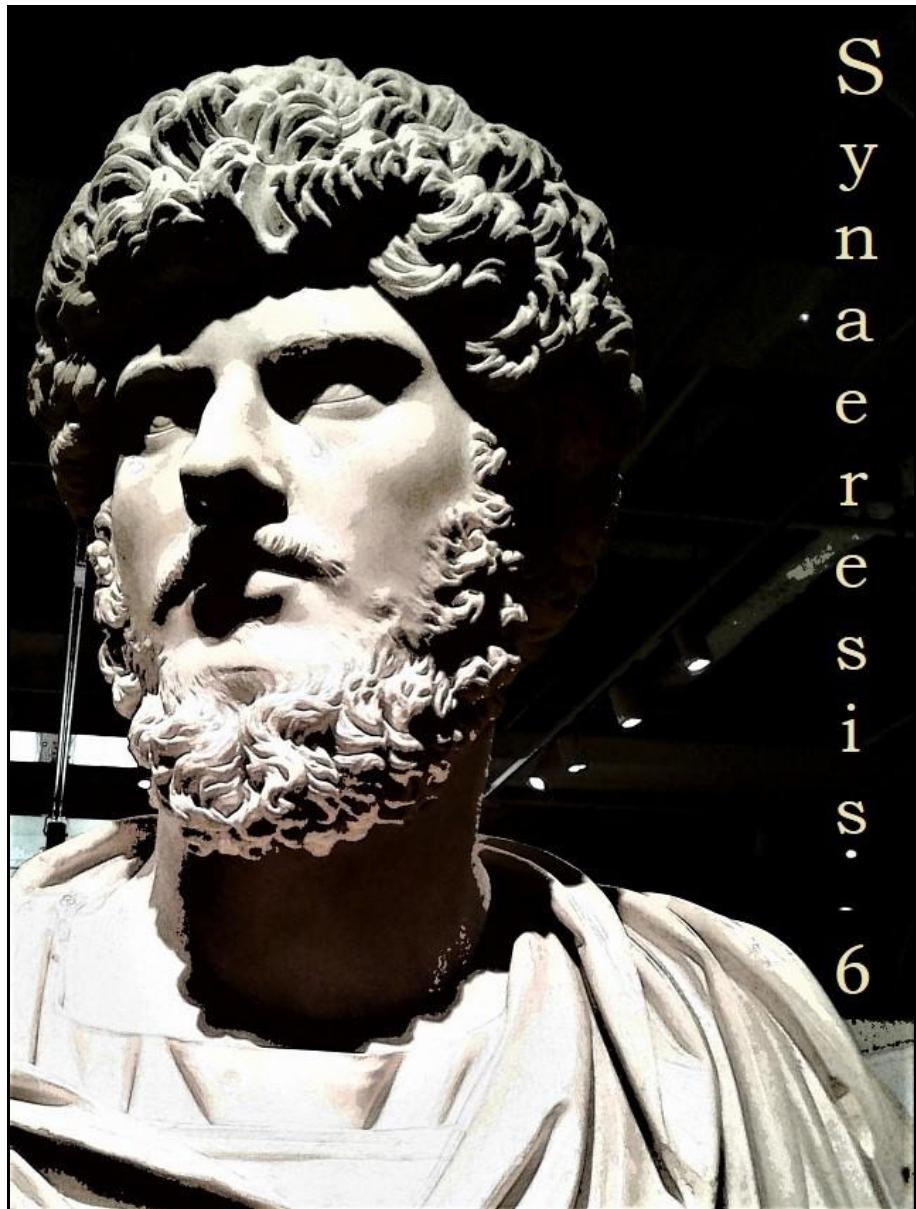
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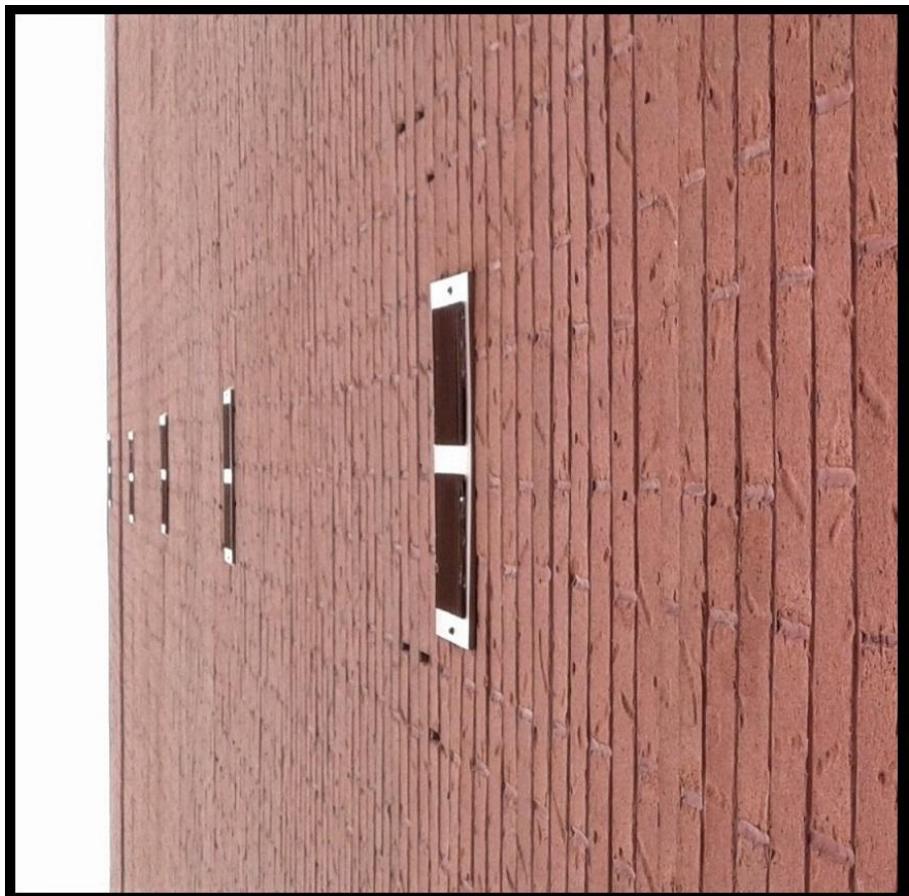




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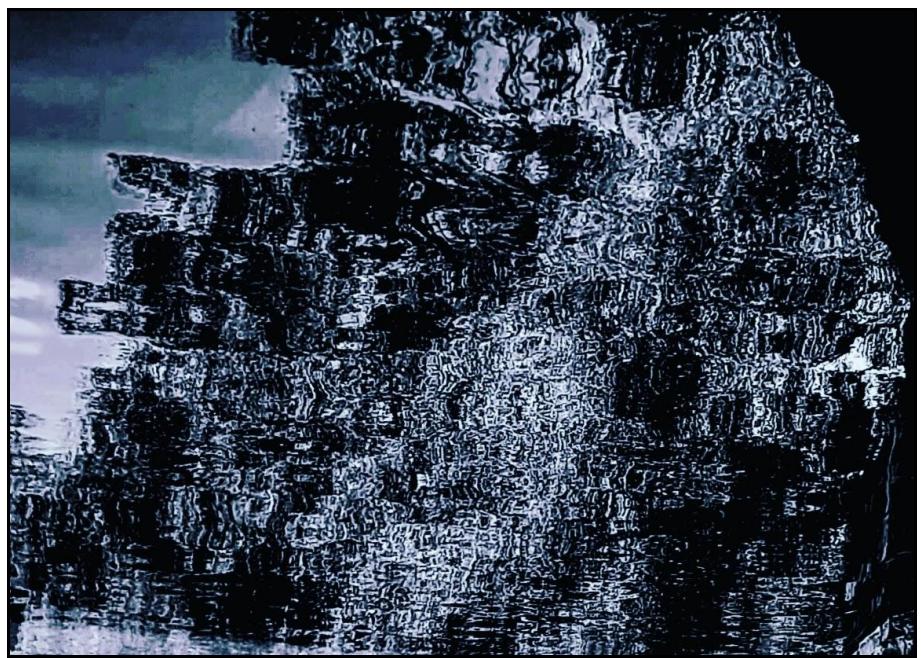




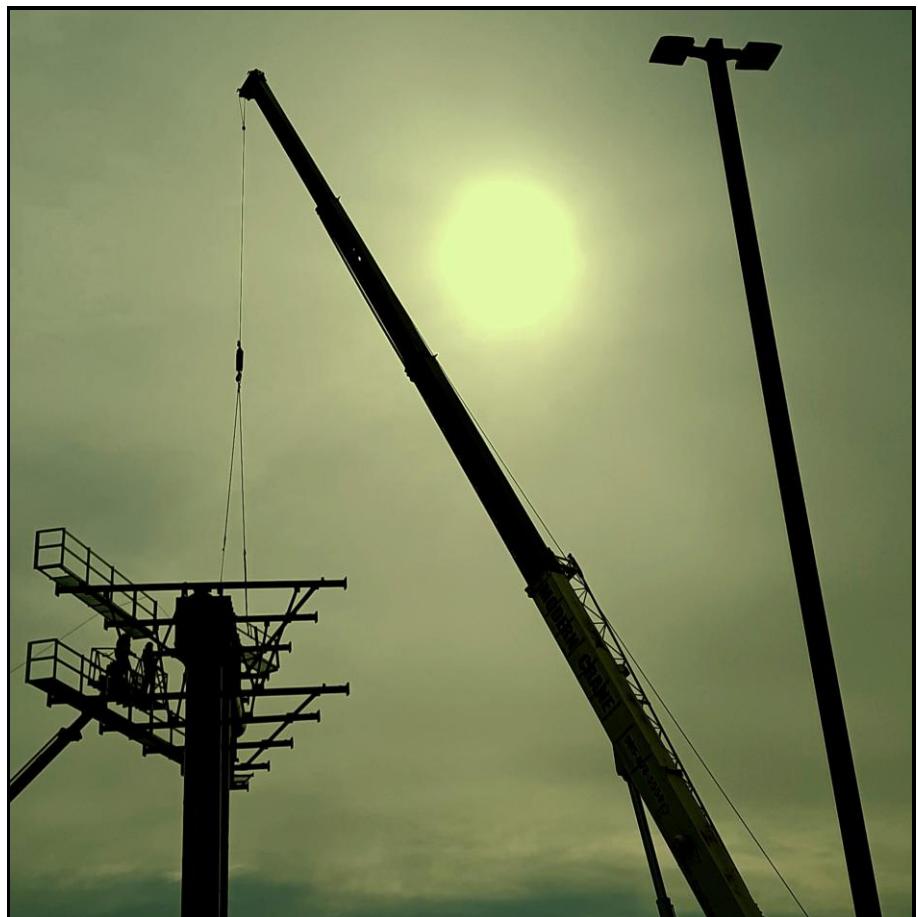


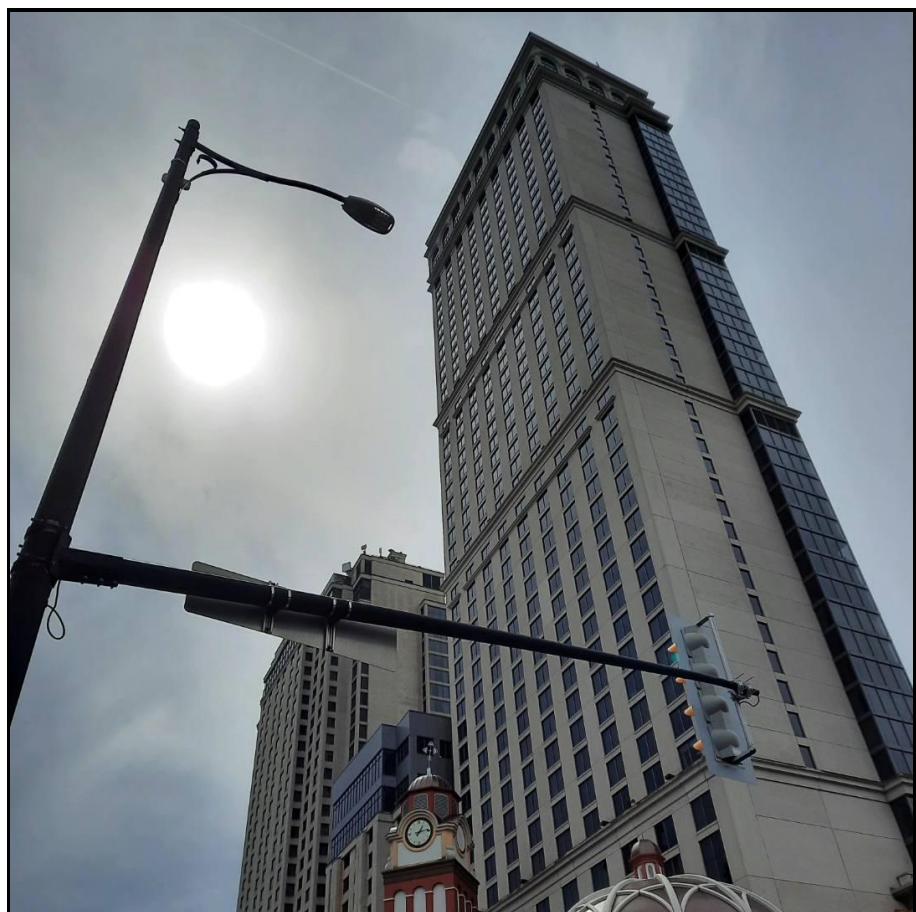






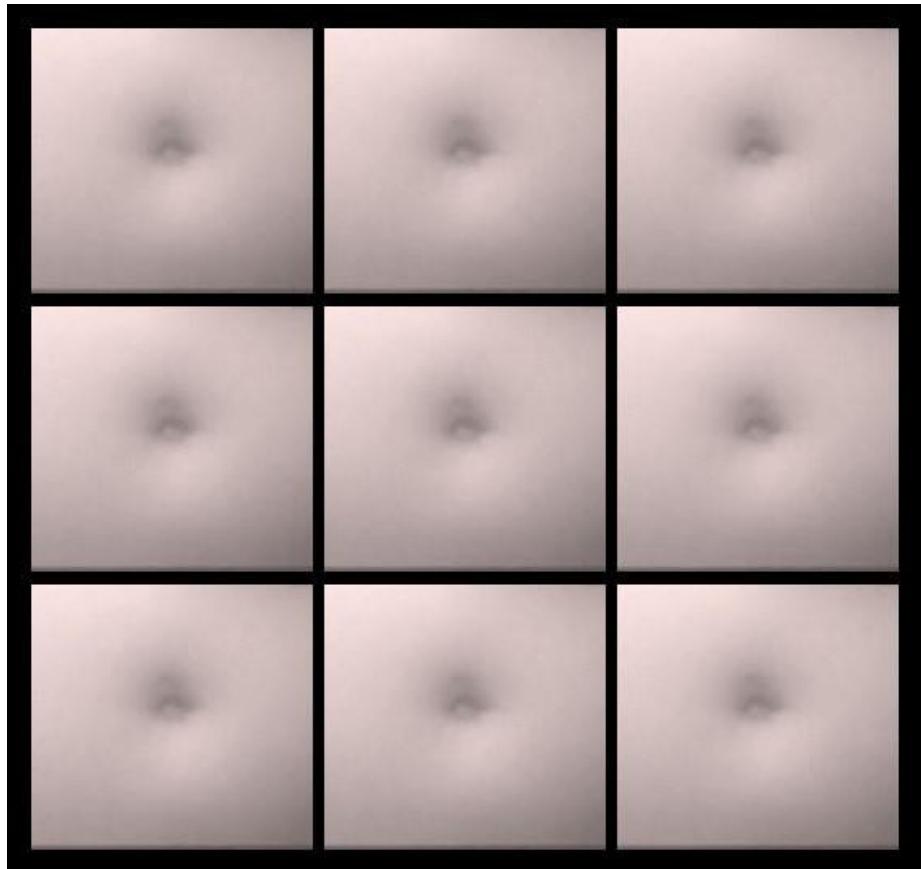










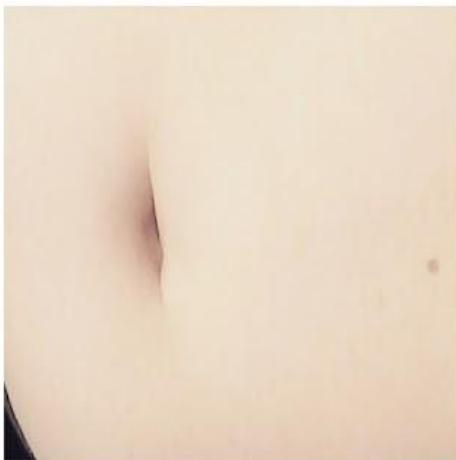




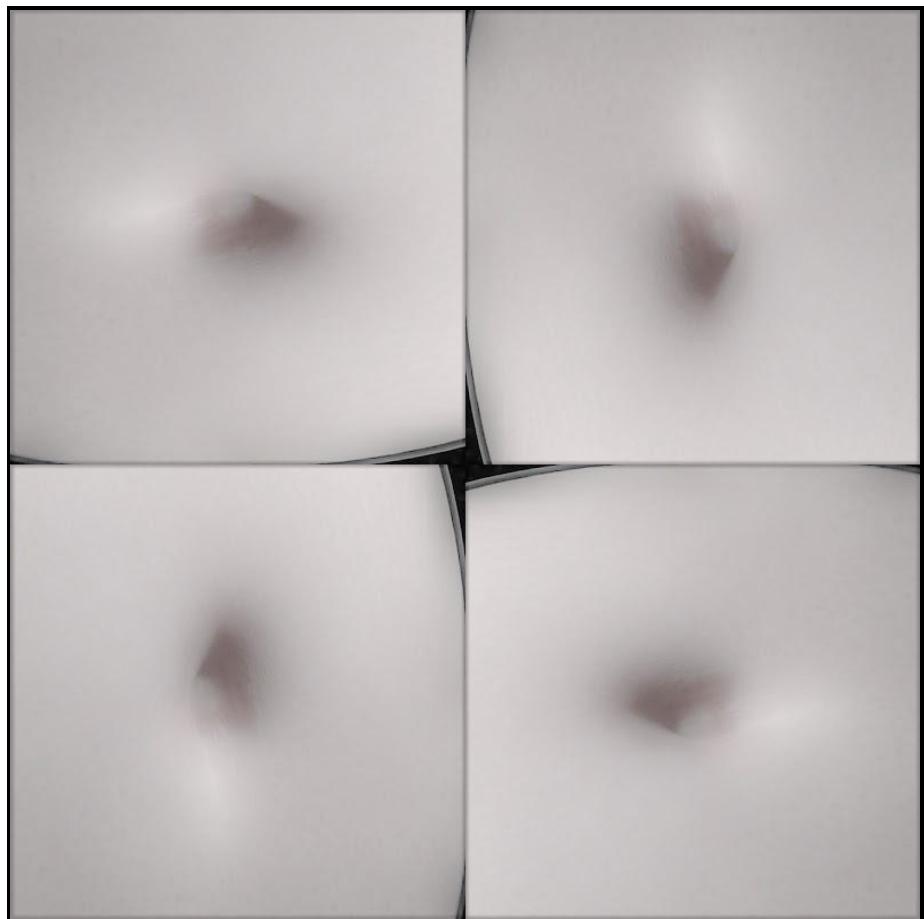
Haiku

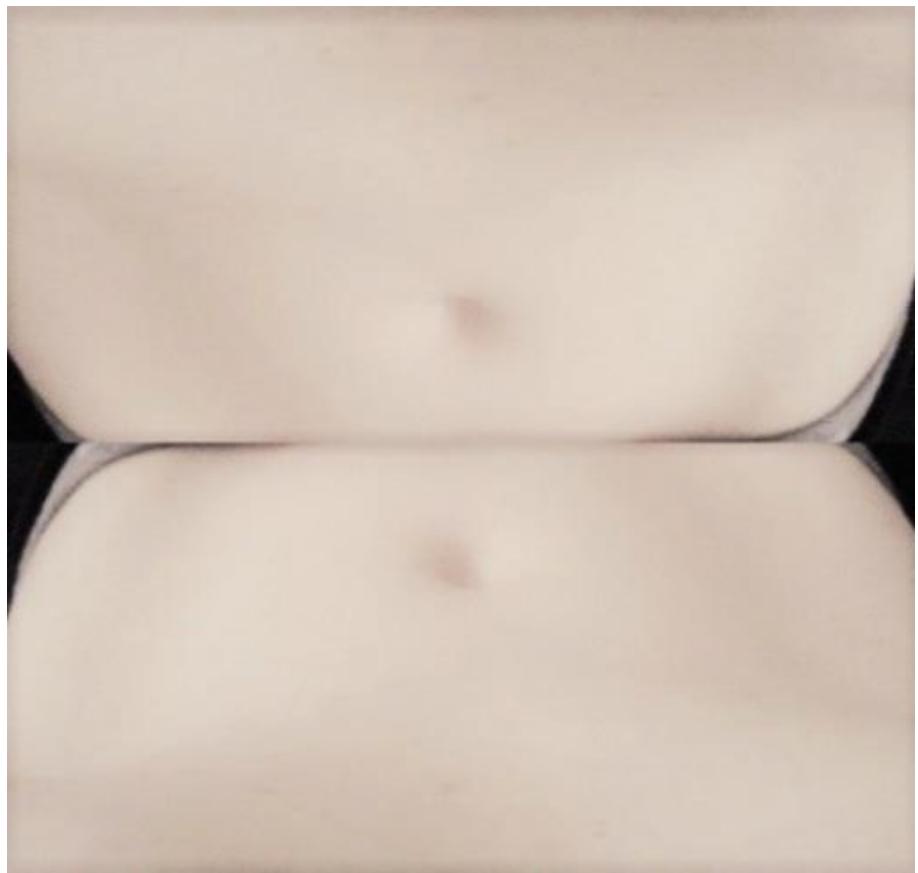
Scar in my center
Folded skin denoting loss
Birth's disconnection

Andreas Gripp



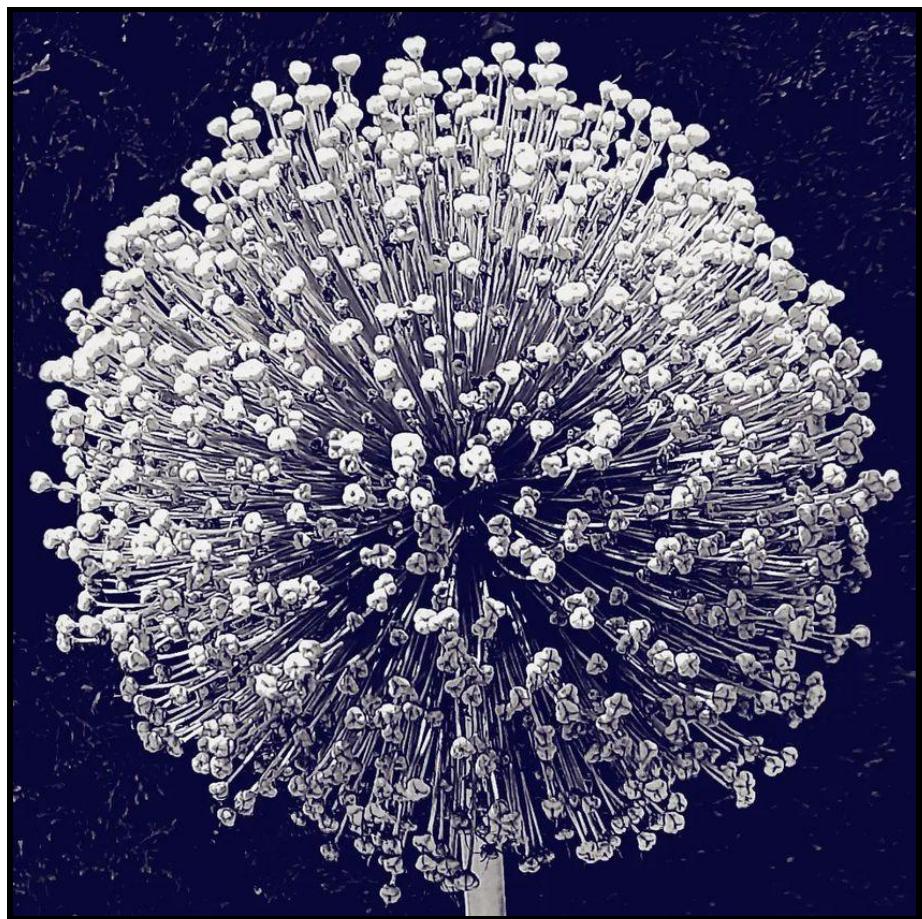










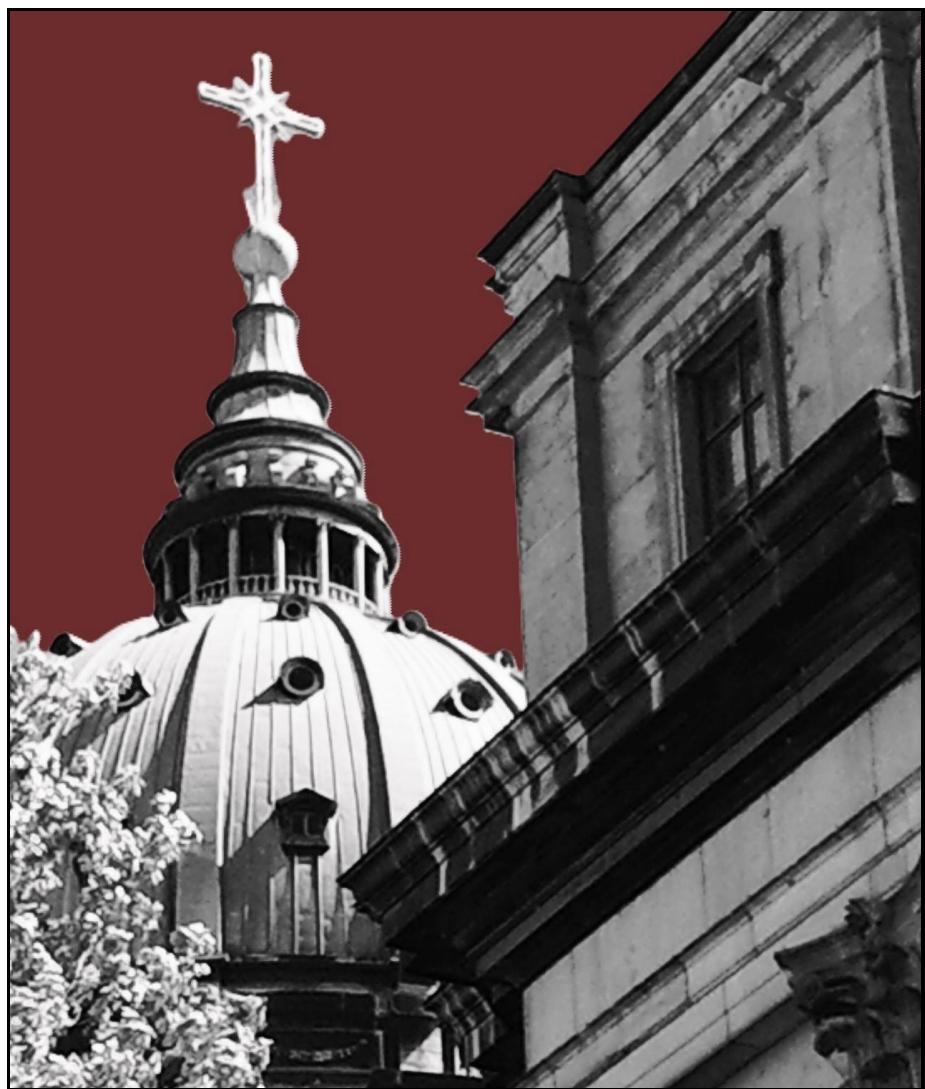










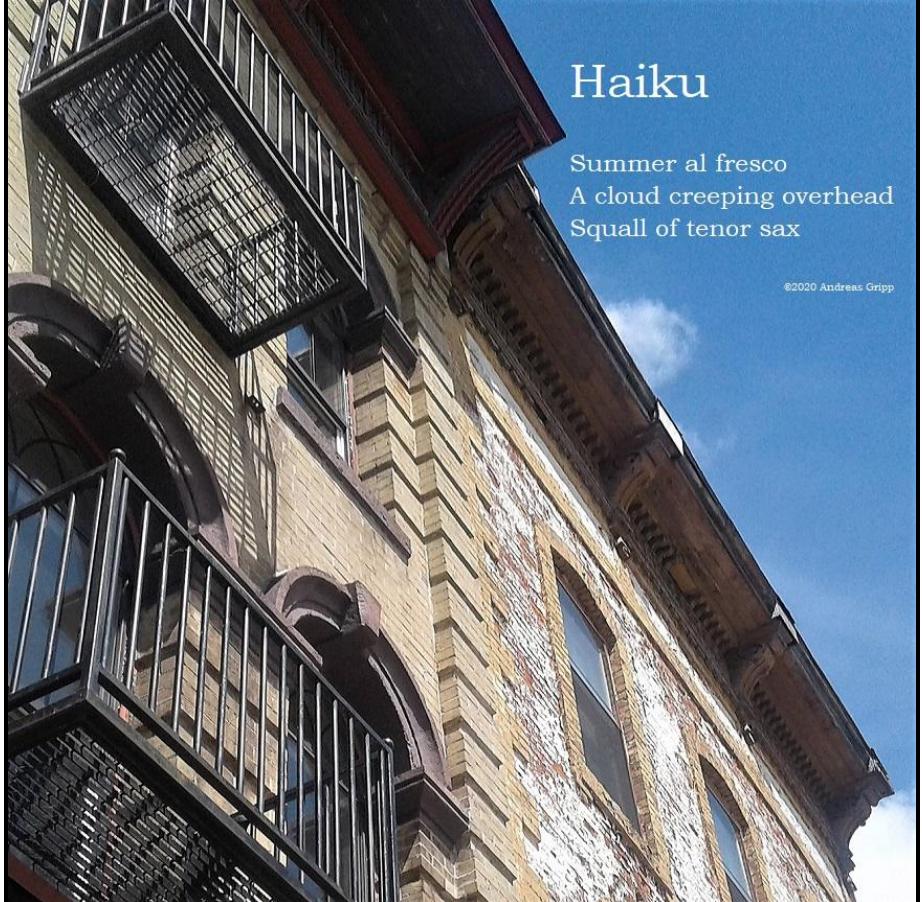












Haiku

Summer al fresco
A cloud creeping overhead
Squall of tenor sax

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Par i s



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*This one is not so Grand
as its river, no Seine
cutting at its heart
or couples arm-in-arm
amid *je t'aime*.*

We can see
the eroding townscape
from this crowded
rooftop diner,
and there's a soufflé
on the menu you'd like to try,
while I scan the varied wine list
for *Château Valfontaine*.

We made a *hard*, last-minute
left off the 403, figured
Brantford would be dull,
there's only so much
Bell and Gretzky
we can digest, yet again.

And substituting for a tower?
There's the truss bridge
serving the railway
that traverses the muddy banks,
its lattice now a respite
for a dozen, migrating flocks,

and, upon which, the locals say,
some have confessed their love;
plunged down in *ultime liberté*.



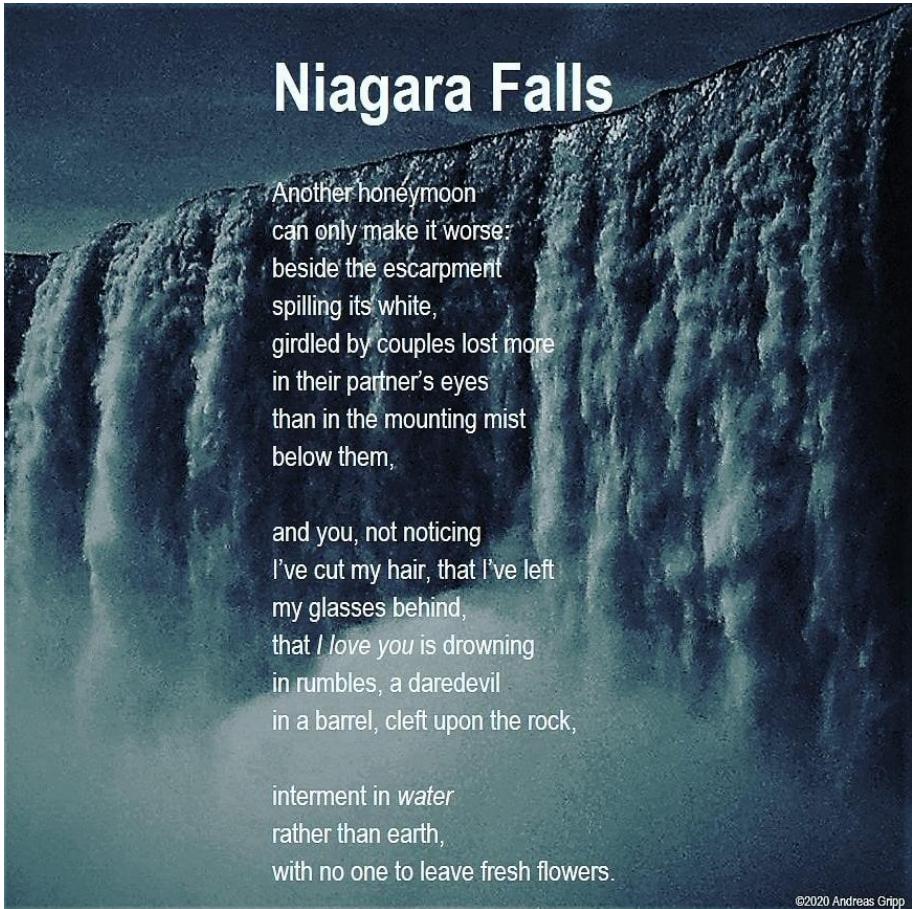












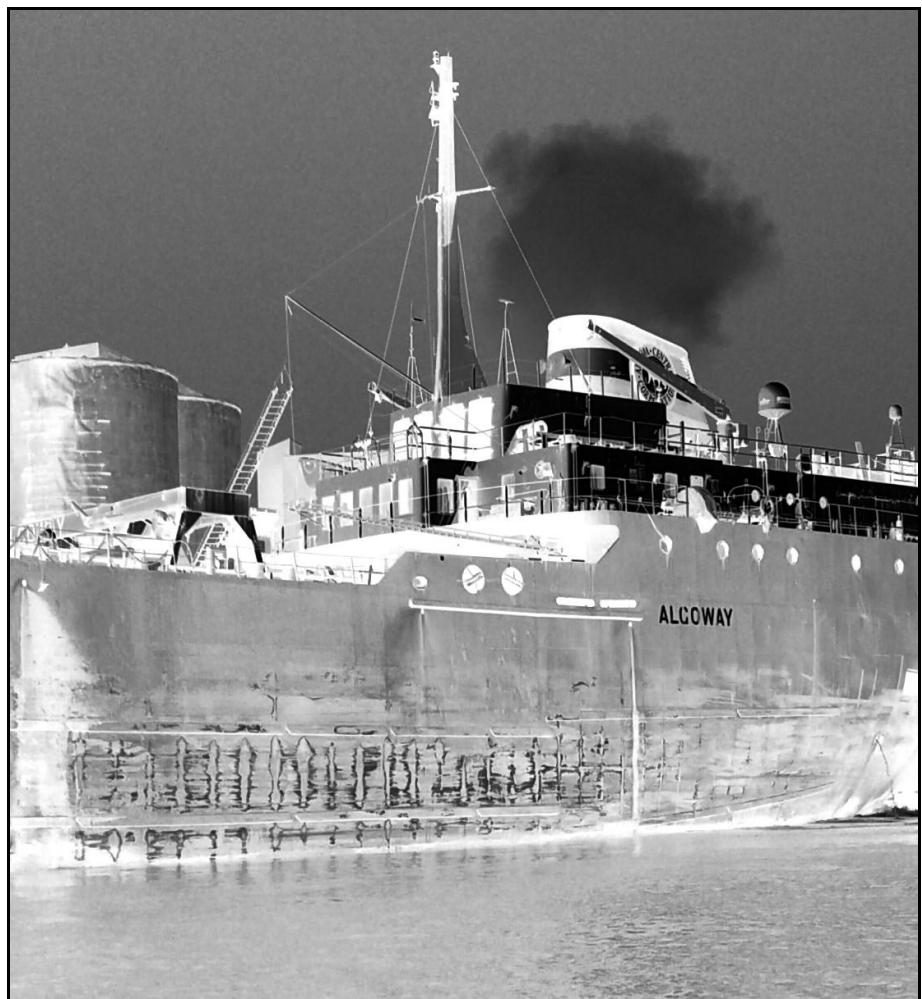
Niagara Falls

Another honeymoon
can only make it worse:
beside the escarpment
spilling its white,
girdled by couples lost more
in their partner's eyes
than in the mounting mist
below them,

and you, not noticing
I've cut my hair, that I've left
my glasses behind,
that *I love you* is drowning
in rumbles, a daredevil
in a barrel, cleft upon the rock,

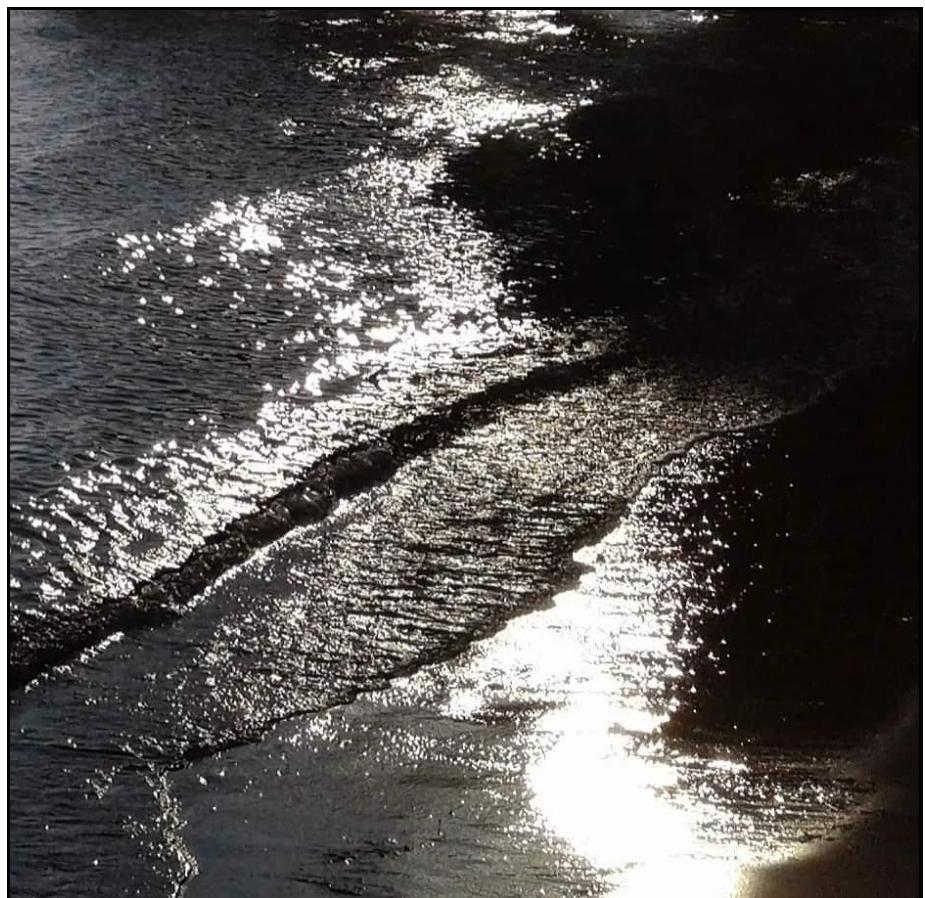
interment in water
rather than earth,
with no one to leave fresh flowers.

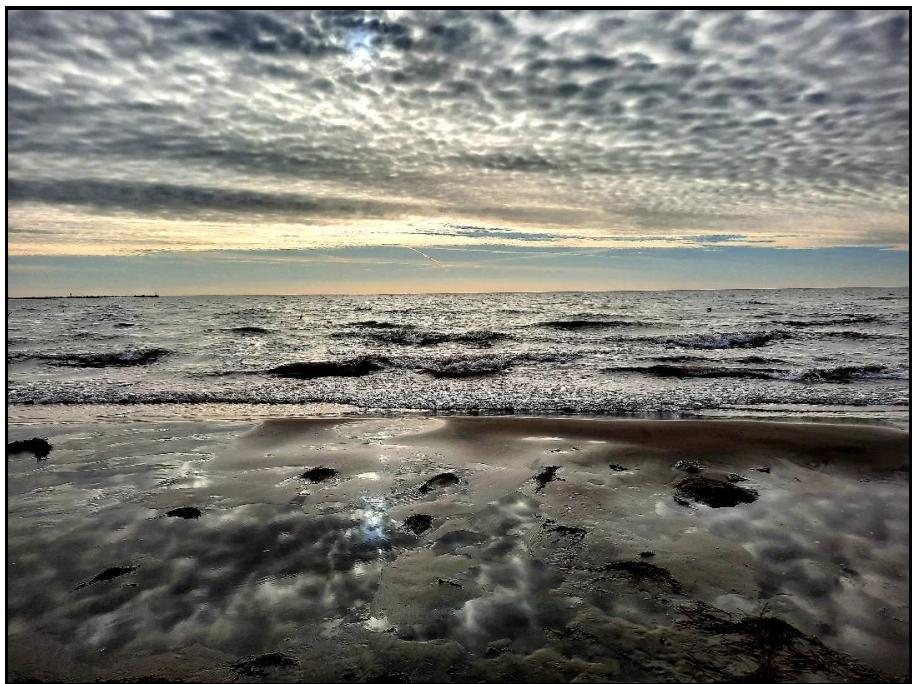


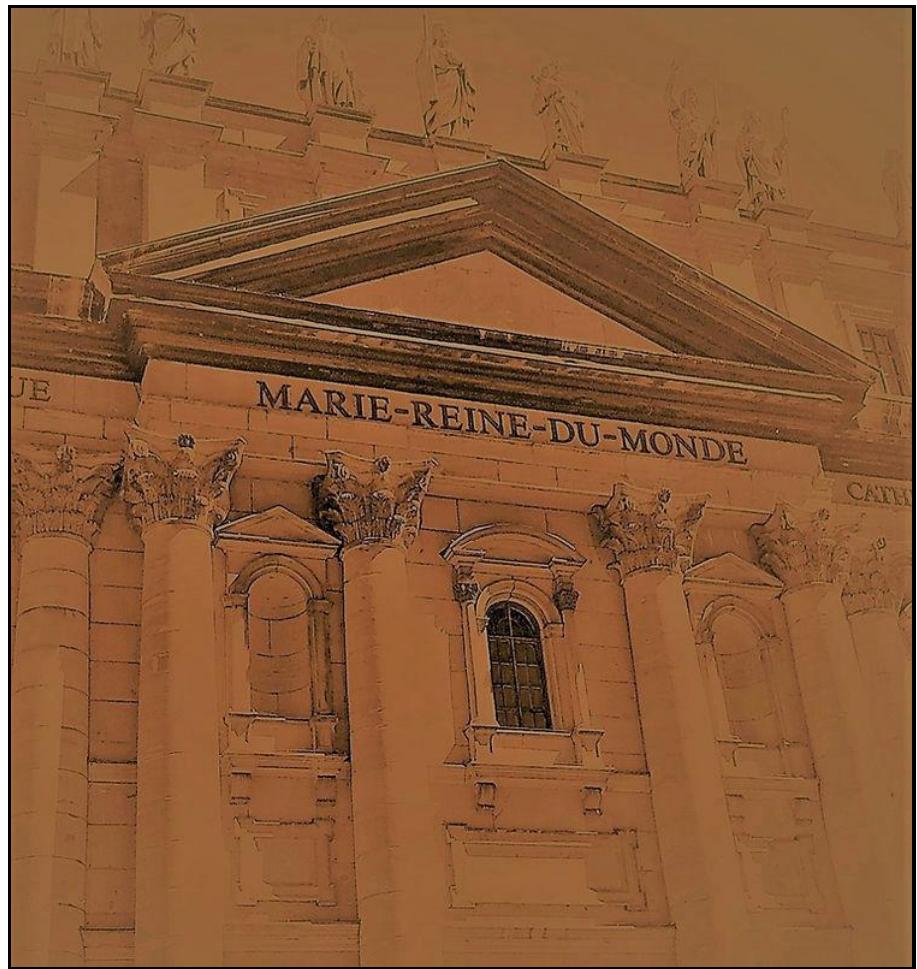


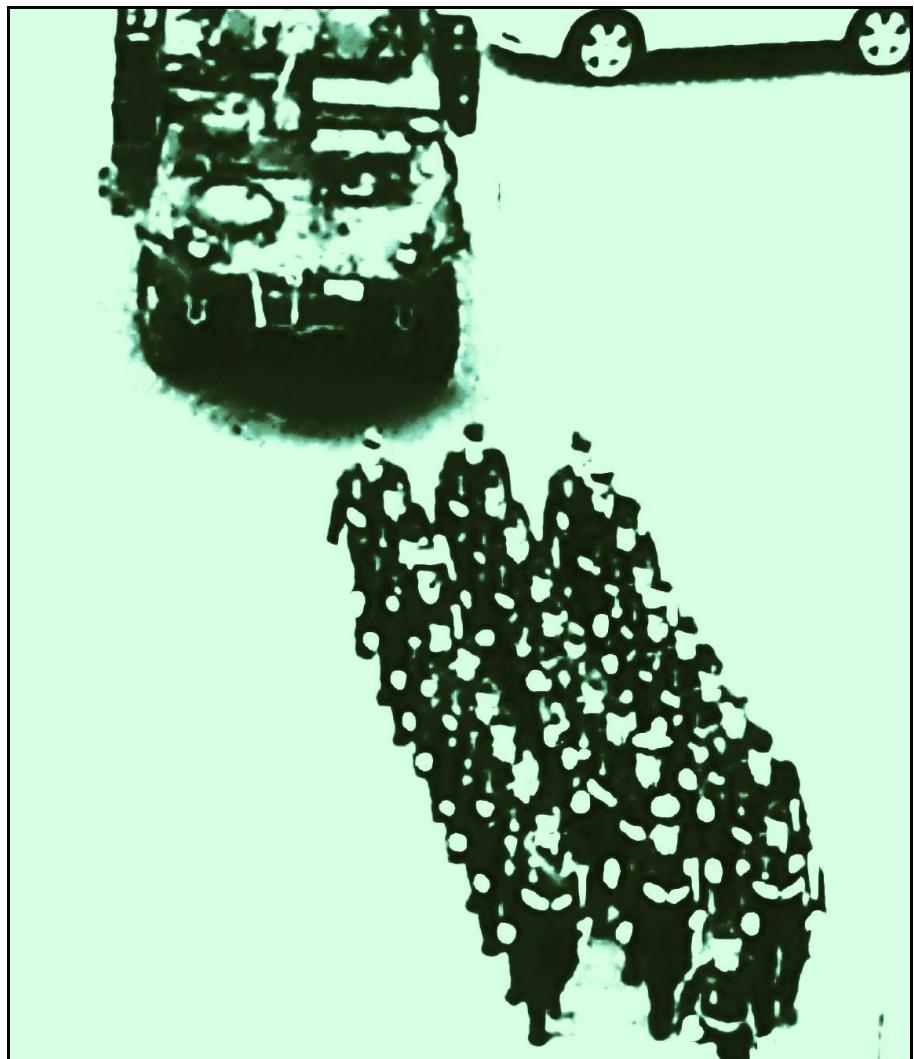
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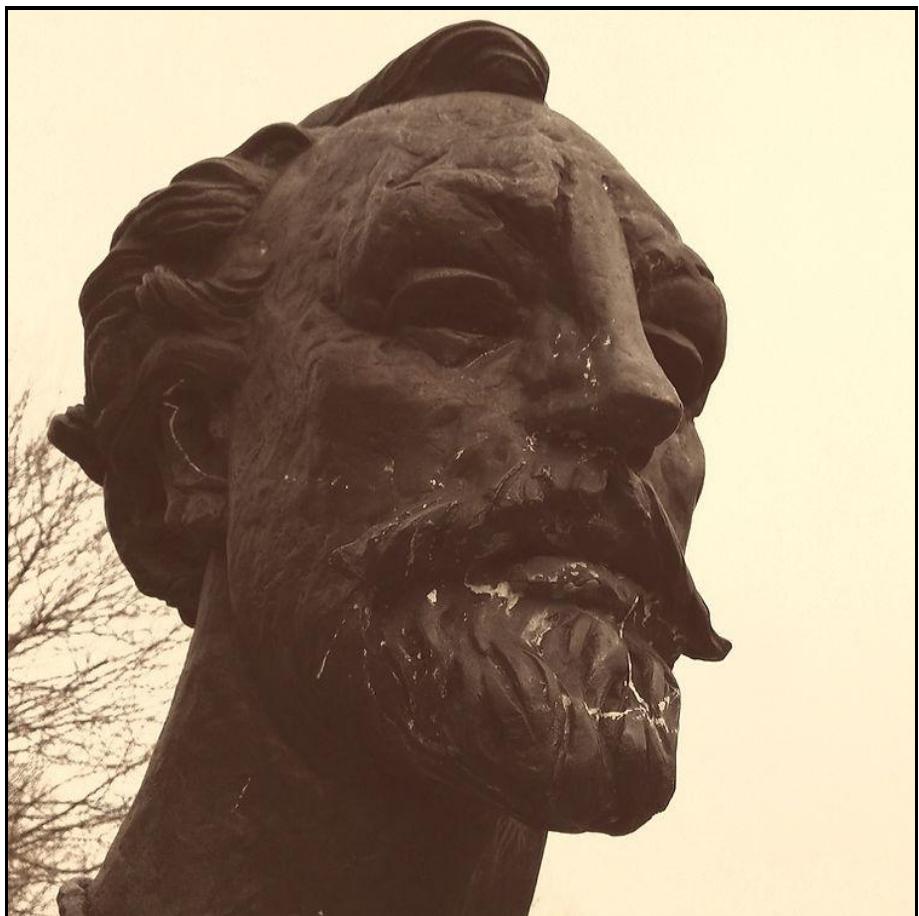


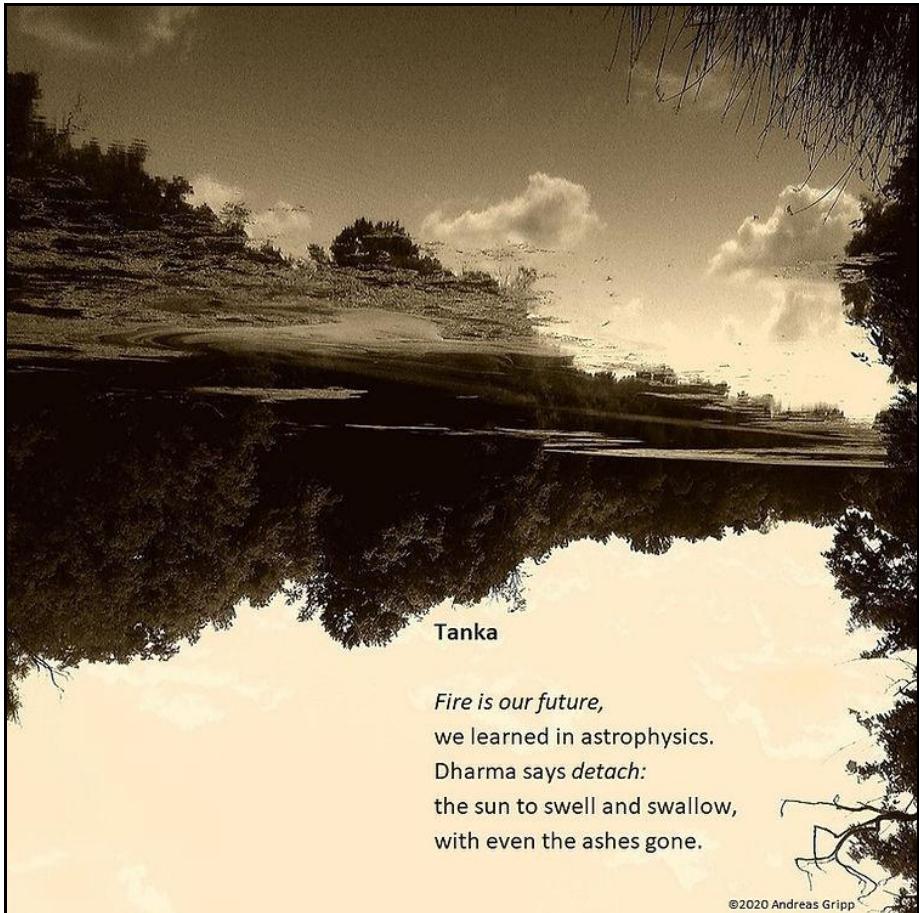












Tanka

Fire is our future,
we learned in astrophysics.
Dharma says *detach*:
the sun to swell and swallow,
with even the ashes gone.

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Andreas Gripp (Andreas Connel-Gripp) is the author of various books of poetry, photography, and short fiction. He lives in Essex County, Ontario, with his wife, Carrie Connel-Gripp.



I'm non-binary even though I seldom use the they/them pronouns. Huzzah.



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