



One day it will happen. I'll read to an audience of *double* digits  
and then I'll call Ripley's & we'll *see* who can't believe it.

## Andreas' Neato Newsletter / Summer of 2025

"WTF? Again?! So much for that once-in-a-geological stratum bullshit you fed us!"

You're right. And I should hang my head in shame for this 3<sup>rd</sup> instalment of my ~~abysmal~~ wonderful poetry happenings trilogy—which is easily the worst of the lot. However, the silver lining is that the saga is complete and I stand here like the pitiful Jar Jar Binks of verse and say *enough is enough*. And so it is. Let's get this episode over with, shall we?

Instead of making even more enemies than I already have, I will be posting my newsletters on my website **only** after this one, so if you somehow long for the days of literary spam, you'll be able to find it here:

<https://andreasgripp.wixsite.com/andreasgripp/news-and-events>



**Black Mallard**  
poetry press

*presents*

# Parnassus '25

poets of Essex County

featuring



D.A. LOCKHART



MA|DE



Kathryn MacDonald



Carrie Lee Connel



Andreas Gripp



Saturday Sept 13/25  
2:00-3:30pm  
Leamington Library  
1 John Street  
[FREE ADMISSION!](#)

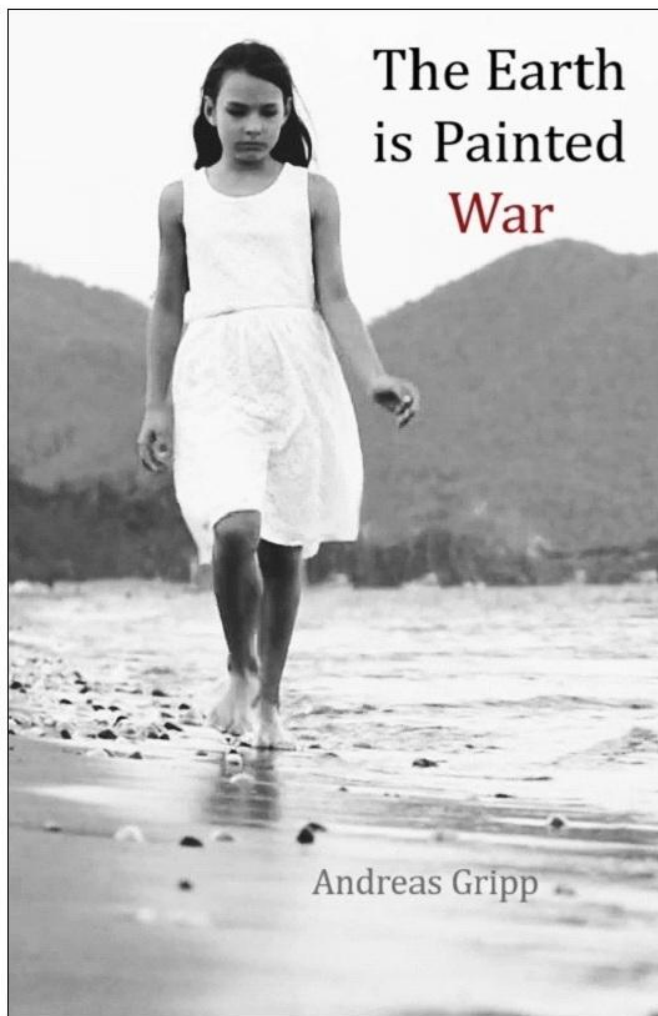
As you may or may not know, Leamington is Tomato Town, which is good to keep in mind in case you need to pick some up along the way to the library on September 13<sup>th</sup> in order to hurl them at me (not at the other 5 poets, please—they're generously giving their time and travel expense to help unleash some semblance of a poetry scene down here in "mainland Canada's southernmost community"). Of course, turnips are cheaper and will hurt more. There are road stands galore in this area, so take your pick. Apparently, for whatever reason, the farmers here know me by name. Just tell 'em "self-published poetry guy" sent you and they'll set you up in a jiffy.



Speaking of "published" (yes, those are sarcastic air quotes which annoying people do with their fingers to exhibit their derision. Apparently, Austin Powers was known to do this on occasion), I have not one but TWO summer book releases to share with you. The first one, *The Earth Is Painted War*, is the sixth in my 2020s 2.0 sextet. That means there isn't more. Isn't that fantastic? The other, *Delirium Lullaby*, is the latest blend of brand-new verse with a slew of personal favourites. It's the one I'd like to be most remembered for (whether in a good or bad way is up to humanity, I guess). And that's it, I think. Honest. There's nothing else coming down the pipe like backed-up sewage in a rainstorm.

What follows on the next 2 pages are press releases for each. Note the similar design. Recycling the same layout gives me more time for Baco Noir (this *is* wine country, after all, and I need to do my bit for the local economy).





## The Earth is Painted War

by Andreas Gripp

The 40<sup>th</sup> book of poems by Andreas Gripp, *The Earth is Painted War* is a series of eccentric ballads endeavouring to make sense of human affairs, from the personal to the social; from the political to the absurd. Somber and droll in equal measures.

Available from

[andreasgripp.wixsite.com/andreasgripp](https://andreasgripp.wixsite.com/andreasgripp)

88 pp. / Perfect-bound / 5 ½ x 8 ½

\$15.00 / ISBN 978-1-927734-62-9

Silver Starling Press / July 2025

Contact: [andreasgripp@gmail.com](mailto:andreasgripp@gmail.com)

Our long-awaited  
jaunt to *gay Paree*  
has been postponed.  
I try to be upbeat  
as I spring the news:

*In a year  
it will still be there.  
It's not going anywhere.*

Aside from the predictable  
*poet and I didn't even know it*  
remark, you bring up the  
chance that it *won't*,  
blown right off the map  
in a Putin tantrum,  
or as the bullseye for a  
space rock—or suffer yet  
another bubonic plague.

I take it even further  
than your gloom—  
that Parisians will roll  
their streets up like a scroll,  
take apart their homes,  
disassemble the  
Eiffel Tower  
like Meccano,

once they hear that  
we are coming;  
that we've waited  
20 years for their baguettes;

corking their champagne,  
stuffing every suitcase  
with berets, leaving  
every *Fifi*  
with their friends in  
Monaco

from *How Far Would You Go for a Gag*, ©2025 Andreas Gripp



## Delirium Lullaby

a collection of poems favoured and new

Andreas Gripp

## Delirium Lullaby

by Andreas Gripp

A selection of favourites and newly written poems by Andreas Gripp, right up to July of '25. Possibly a definitive volume of Peoples Poetry. Read it every time as though it were the first. Or the last. Often synonymous, no?

Available from

[andreasgripp.wixsite.com/andreasgripp](https://andreasgripp.wixsite.com/andreasgripp)

308 pp. / Perfect-bound / 5 ½ x 8 ½

\$20.00 / ISBN 978-1-927734-63-6

Black Mallard / August 2025

Contact: [andreasgripp@gmail.com](mailto:andreasgripp@gmail.com)

You bought a  
dozen roses  
for the thorns,  
wrapped your palm  
& fingers round their  
spikes, the rivulets  
of rouge—  
dittoing their corolla  
of the dawn—  
then brought them  
to her door, sharing *love*  
*is never wilted*  
*but it wounds*, bleeding  
in the grim & glow of  
sunfall,

that passion  
and its pain are  
equal measure

beat-for-beat,

there's not the other with-  
out the one,  
the charge of minus/  
plus,

an engine unable  
to rondo if  
the negative's  
negated,

hoping the *slap*  
that greets your cheek  
is just a little S&M,  
a shade of her  
that no one's ever known

from *Exsanguination*, ©2025 Andreas Gripp

Now, here's the best news of all: When I wrote my final poem for *Delirium Lullaby*, it really did feel like a finale of sorts—y'know, when there's nothing more to say that hasn't already been mumbled in front of the mirror. That being what it is, I will share one more poem with y'all, being the introduction of this new element of the newsletter was so well received, I was begged to ~~never~~ do it again.

## Visiting My Mother at St. Leo's Cemetery

We discern the milky  
seeds  
of dying dandelions,  
afloat in  
mid-June breeze,

and I tell you  
as I boy I saw them  
through my bedroom window,  
wondering how it snowed  
when it was sultry  
beneath the sun.  
It was only after that

when my mother  
spoke of *wishes*,  
I should run into the  
yard and pluck a stem,  
blow my breath  
in yearning, seeing  
what might come true.

I asked her if  
this weed was *King*  
*of Flowers*,

if our cat  
was a distant cousin,

if a wish was  
better than a prayer  
(the latter gone unanswered  
in her days of sick & blood);

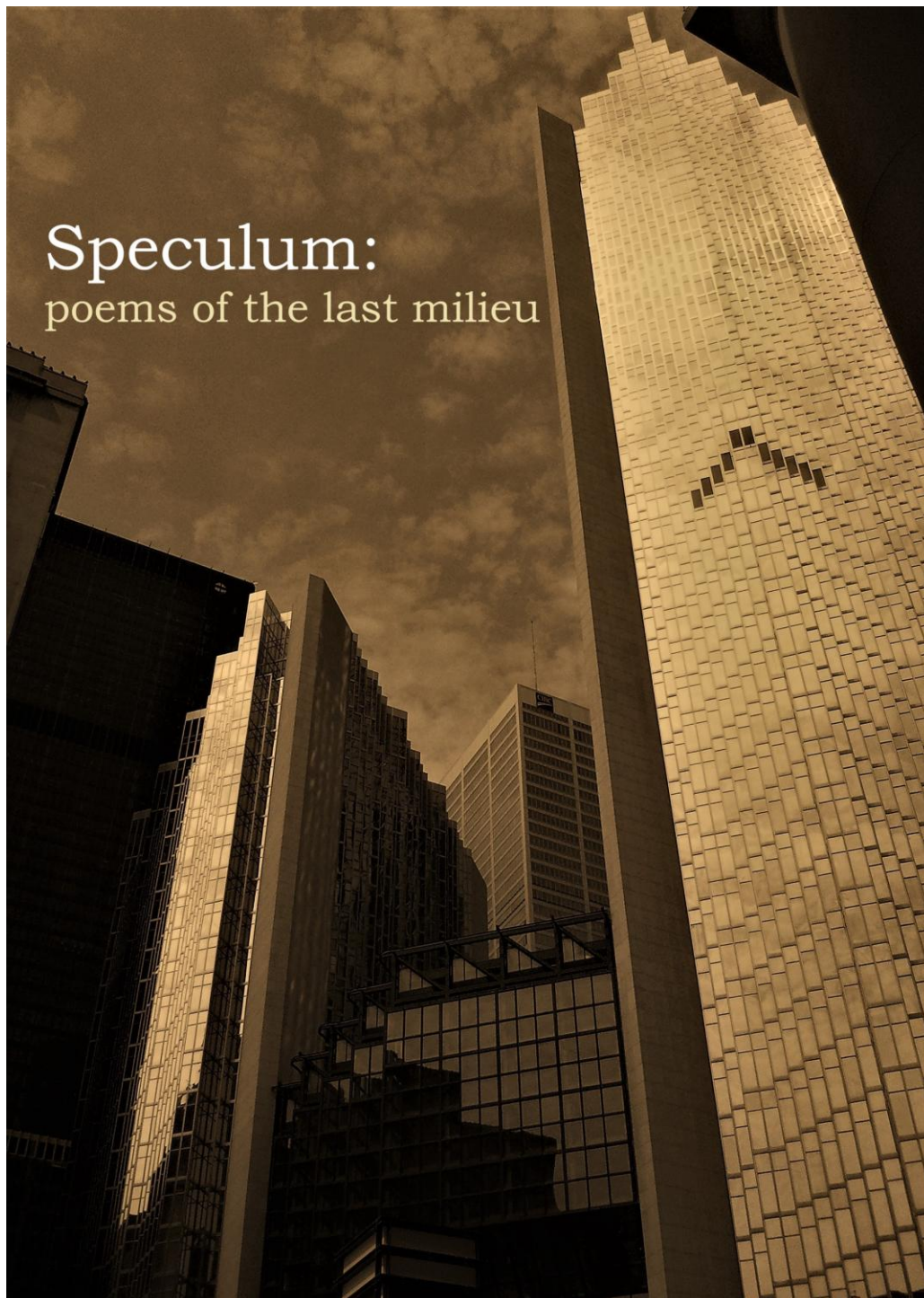
if it mattered  
if my eyes were  
closed or open;  
and if I peeked, was it  
critical if I witnessed  
where they landed, like  
bowing my head  
at grace

while glancing at  
the others, thanking  
some fickle God  
who'd take offense  
if He ever caught me,  
make me go to  
bed without my dinner,

my litanies  
unheeded as she passed,  
drifting off my tongue,  
useless as a cloud  
that gives no rain when it is  
begged, a winter-hearted  
genie in the wind.



**DON'T SLEEP ON THIS ONE!** I've received some fantastic poems from gifted poets and I'd like you to join them in this anthology coming out in September from Black Mallard. Here's the cover. The call for submissions is on the next page. The deadline is August 15, 2025 at 11:59pm (I'm actually in bed by 8 so I'll check my inbox the very next morning for you last-second stragglers).





# CALL FOR SUBMISSIONS

## Speculum: poems of the last milieu

*Speculum* will be an anthology of poetry from the pulse of our urban, tech environment; the conflicts arisen from our dependence on reels and soundbites; the spread of human hatred and of love; set amid the refraction of our present generation(s), where clouds speak of storage not of sky. From Genocide to Starlink; the burning of the Earth; the proliferation of memes & social media—and our mindless, celebrity culture. Racial, societal, religious and gender oppression; and of daily individuals—in the guise of class & place. That said, don't be didactic. Use the magic of the poet's trade: metaphor, simile, and nuance. Say it in a way that no one else has ever endeavoured. Speak our truth.

This is to be a collection that actually *communicates* in a coherent manner. No pieces which deliberately obfuscate, please. No Sunday tea & cookies poetry, either. Submitted poems must fit within the margins of a digital book (5.5" x 8.5"). Concrete/Visual poems, or formatting which requires a tremendous effort to reproduce on the page, will not be accepted for publication. Write with *meaning*—for its own sake. These are trying times.

Poems should be previously unpublished, so come up with something new. There's no shortage of material in 2025. Please send up to FIVE poems, in a single MS Word document, as well as a brief bio, to:

**blackmallardpoetry@gmail.com**

There are *no* submission fees of any kind. The anthology will be published this upcoming September. The deadline to submit your poems is **August 15, 2025**. This digital anthology will be available for free on the Black Mallard website:

**blackmallardpoetry.wixsite.com/home**

## FINAL WORDS

And this time, they really *are* final words, at least in terms of emailing a newsletter which apparently is more grating on people's nerves than that middle-of-supper phone call from someone wanting to clean your ducts; who has the oh-so-predictable duck mascot on their business card. You have to admit, even *I'm* not that bad. So as I spend the rest of my summer looking upon boats and seagulls at the marina here in town, wondering where I went wrong, know that I did my best to build and service a poetry community. Of course, *everything's* a "community" these days—there's even a new one now for folks who like to put bananas in their spaghetti à la pizza & pineapples. I'm not going there. I've said enough for one lifetime.

Enjoy the weeks of warm weather ahead, and all the very best to each of you, even those who detest me but didn't have the nerve to say *unsubscribe*. This rum's for you.

Andreas

