

An aerial, top-down view of a large, diverse crowd of people walking on a dark, square-tiled floor. The people are scattered across the frame, some walking alone, some in small groups, and some pushing strollers or carrying bags. The perspective is from directly above, creating a sense of a busy, public space. A large red rectangular area is positioned at the top center, containing the magazine's title. A vertical red bar runs along the right edge of the image, containing the issue information. At the bottom, the word 'PREJUDICE' is written in large, bold, red capital letters.

THE
CONTINENTAL
LITERARY MAGAZINE

ISSUE 01 • VOL 01 • WINTER 2021

PREJUDICE

POETRY

Like a White
Airship

Two in
the midst
Mila
Haugová

Magnetic
fields of
sympathy

TRANSLATED BY
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Like a White Airship

Bird existence //in the shadow of constellations
We are the patience of stones //in freezing snow
Where are we now advancing in which time of light?
How much nearer //to time before the creation of dreams?
How many constellations // nearer to time before the mirror?

Two in the midst

All of time's layers are in motion //claims upon light and dark
Are rising//their splendid heads and hair (silk)
Mouths in moist recesses //whatever else they may enjoy
In this time of absolute pride.

Pale cross on the brow // near to zero and infinity
(one day you're everything for him next day you're nothing)

Magnetic fields of sympathy

In the intimacy of stripped-bare sounds
I cannot remember any voice
My hearing is failing my memory of sound or
there is a rift so acute and deep
that it escapes comprehension.

I step on the fragile November ice
no it's nothing unsafe // only tread
inspired by water on the field path
and covered with an icy fractal
of morning frost.

And yet there is fear in that bursting sound
As if everything under my feet were receding
to a bottomless depth //on whose bed is
an empty space for speech.

Corona time is // a second expulsion
from Eden: the little Roma girl
wasn't learning for nearly a year she didn't have
computer tablet or telephone:

She forgot even letters // wasn't able to
sign her name: she smiled into the camera
and said: "I'll learn that again"
it rains incessantly rains on her little feet

shod in over-large shoes
a little dog loyally next to her // she turns
and goes off with adult steps
aged 9 one day she'll be very beautiful

Mila Haugová /míla haugová:/
(1942, Budapest, Hungary), Slovak poet

They're scared of sweetened beer, their spidery wives go screwing in the bushes assured of their descent, but even so the children born of this fucking are usually merfolk (which renders the rut less legitimate). I've seen their tweets: a migrant hid centaurs in a Gypsy part of town, they write, and inspect the colour of my iris, lost gazing at clothes I want to wear to stop being myself, as it's rapidly consumed by quanta of sky-blue light.

As if an extra ring can influence your capacity to convey meaning - that's not inherited, states Reznikoff. Under the earth we'll be equal, for the earth will eat us up (unearthly flagellates, diatoms, brown algae, moths), so don't you worry about the young fascist boy who's more of a spidery-merman by birth than all the rest of us, a foretaste.

Agnieszka Wolny-Hamkato / agnɛjka vo lni - hamka to /
(1979, Wrocław, Poland) Polish poet