

Chapter 1 : POETRY MOUNTAIN: Michael McGriff

blog.quintoapp.com: Sea Beneath My Window (Green Integer: 93) () by Ole Sarvig; Anni Whissen and a great selection of similar New, Used and Collectible Books available now at great prices.

Many of the poems work well for me, especially the "Beginning of The translations are straightforward, and work on the content and not the form. In some of the poems, the text has been truncated, e. Personally, I can relate more strongly to the intensity of Mahmoud Darwish. House of love 38 Excerpts I love you as if all hearts were a mirror of mine as if life were invented for my love I love you O how much I deleted from your lips built my heart into a road and a house hung it as a cloud over clouds and how I equated beauty with you and her fantasy sprout and how and how I love you the light in your eyes has withdrawn it has been flooded our hair like drifts of snow poured on your shoulders braided, tied or loose I feel time has melted in my eyelids solidified and tumbled like silence. Beginning of the name p. Did the road end, has her name changed? Beginning of the way Night was paper -- we were ink: Yearning for the journey rising in her face he sailed in her. Beginning of love Lovers read the wound We wrote the wounds into another time We painted our time: Our footsteps are blood and longing. Every time they rose they plucked us, hurling their love, hurling us, a rose to the winds. Beginning of Sex-I Room balconies darkness tracing of wounds a body breaks slumber between wandering and loss our blood revolves in question and answer speech is the maze. Beginning of Sex-II Rooms bending in arms, and sex uplifting its towers- thrown into a gulf of sorrow sorrow within a gulf of waists- and sex opening its gates- we entered. Fire was growing and night huddled its lanterns we fashioned a mound, filled a pit and whispered to the far-reaching space to offer up its hands. Beginning of words Our two bodies thunder you say, I listen I say, you listen, words mingle. Our two bodies an offering you fall, I fall fantasies and flares around us you fall, I fall. Between you and me words gather and blaze. Beginning of wind "Body of night" she said, and continued "home for the open wounds and their days We rose and saw the wind erase our traces we whispered we will resume our secret meetings and parted Beginning to spell Now we may wonder how we met now we may decipher the road of return and say: Now we can bow and say we came to an end. Beginning of madness When your winds swept over his boundless forests he said: There he is now, wearing what the sacrificial victim wears his tomorrow his yesterday his horizon a blade, and dust of words before his eyes. A mirror for Khalida from al-Masrah wal-Maraya, 1. Beneath the water p. The night was pregnant. Once I got lost in your hands, my lips were A fortress Longing for outlandish conquests In love with siege You came forth Your waist a sultan, Your hands the vanguard of armies, You eyes, a hiding place and a friend. We clung together, drifted, entered The forest of fireâ€”I outline the first step You open the road. It sleeps in its huts, and disappears. O how we worried about its wandering, we ran roaming the place asking, prying we sight it and scream: Strike roots into my loss. I slipped into your basin an earth revolving around me, your limbs a flowing Nile we floated we sank you crossed into my blood my wves crossed over your bosom You broke. If salt goes by, we meet, will you? My love is a wound my body a rose upon the wound to be plucked by death, a branch surrendered of its leaves and settled. I entered your basin holding a city beneath my grief what transforms the green branch into a snake the sun into a dark lover. We were fused into each other I heard your heartbeat within my skin are you an orchard? A cloud rolled I surrendered my face to the flood and stayed among my own remains. In my passion you melted No borders bound my senses no sword sweeps asunder We were both one face. My shirt is no apple nor you a paradise. We are field and harvest guarded by the sun. I made you ripen. Come forth from the green edge. This is our plenty: Only you are one with my limbs and organs Come forth from that edge I bespeak my own death. You define your own skin loosen your lips fuse them between my teeth I am night and day a lull in time in our fusion strike roots into my loss. Twice he has been a finalist for the Nobel Prize. A village that belonged to the beginnings of creation; huts made of stone and mud that we called our houses. The mud cracked every season, and we had to fix the roof with new mud and thatch to make it withstand rain and wind and time. Nevertheless, the rain kept seeping through invisible cracks and its drops fell on our heads â€” father and mother and kids â€” as we sat to rest, or eat, or sleep. The house was so narrow that my father built a big wooden bed and raised it on high stilts where

we all slept: In winter, when it was cold, our only cow, and her companion ox, slept under it. There was no such thing in the area where we lived. And of course, never saw a city. At this age also, I began to discover my own body, when I had my first lesson in how a male and female get together. It happened at night, in a small valley outside the village, where she took me. Memories of the village: But where is this village now? When I went back, after fifty years, I felt as if I was returning to something dead. As though I was climbing a mountain of wind. Maybe to measure, in my mind, time as it flows and separates me from my birthplace – but then why do I feel that the place where I was born is not merely geographical? Why do I feel that I can create my birthplace as I do my poem? And a poem is never complete. Nor the place where one is born. Yes, one is born more than once, in more places than one. The first president of Syria, after its independence from the French Mandate, was supposed to visit the Ladhkia region soon. Maybe he would like it, and want to see me. He might ask me what I want. And this is literally what happened. It was a rainy day and I was shivering like a sparrow which had lost its nest. The chief of our tribe was against my father and he was also responsible for the welcoming of the president. When I arrived there, thousands of people were crowding round the president, and when the chieftain found out what I wanted to do, his men came and took me away. I started to cry, telling myself: There is a child who has walked a long way to read a poem to you! It was my first dream come true. I was thirteen years old. And since then, I love number But he is quick to point out that his situation is not unique. In this sense, exile is hell because it means anxiety, the perpetual searching for new things. His writing, teaching and involvement with organizations such as UNESCO allow him to fulfill what he calls human responsibilities. Poetry cannot work in practical ways, but it can give new images to the world and new relationships between words and things. This is its responsibility," he said. We invented political and ideologically engaged poetry, but this engagement killed both the concepts and the poetry," he said. This is the secret of poetry," he said.

Chapter 2 : Sea turtle - Wikipedia

*Sea Beneath My Window (Green Integer: 93) [Ole Sarvig, Anni Whissen] on blog.quintoapp.com *FREE* shipping on qualifying offers. A woman awakens in a strange room with the sea roaring below. She is permitted to leave the house and enters a strange city filled with even stranger characters.*

Although he wrote in numerous genres, he made his mark primarily in poetry which may have helped bury him. The three novels and two poetry collections that have made their way into the GR database have garnered a grand total of 23 ratings and four reviews. A young woman wakes up in a nondescript room in a house perched on the coast of a small island. She has no idea who or where she is. An air of indeterminate menace clings to some of the ex-pats surrounding her, but whether this menace is genuine cannot be discerned while she lives this bizarre existence completely devoid of context. The situation engenders an extreme form of nascent self-consciousness that at times makes one squirm. Sarvig excels in his description of place: Throughout the book, in addition to the mesmerizing investigations into self and identity, there is also some post-WWII philosophizing from various characters on the state of morality in the world and the future of humanity. The protagonist wakes up on island of expat disolutes. She has no memory of her former life. There is even an interesting moment in the very beginning of the book when she passes her hands over her body, as though discovering for the first time that she is a woman. One hand touches the public hairs of my pelvic area and then grabs hold as if it were looking for something, while another comes to rest on my knee. Throughout most of the book, our heroin is traumatized with amnesia and spends the duration in a panic, looking for her identity. My favorite moment in the book is likely the only break from that panic--oddly it appears early on, when she stumbles into a garden. I suddenly have all the time in the world. The world is good, the dogs friendly, the bats exciting and soft like soot. The cats stir around me, and the ants make a wide arc around my foot, distant like the lanterns on the vehicles way out there on the road. I must find out everything. That part just tripped me up, because I wanted to think about what that would mean as an enduring state. Anyway, long story short--good book. An idiosyncratic meta-story about identity, the author, and what one is supposed to do with history--whether global, or personal which in this case is conflated. I got more than halfway through and it took me a couple of months to do that. The reason for this was because the book was moving at such a pace that it made it difficult for me to find the motivation to finish it. Maybe another day I will try. Somewhat uneven tale of an amnesiac who wakes up to find herself in a lighthouse. Slowly resolves itself, but with a disappointing ending.

Chapter 3 : Green Integer Books, Complete Catalog

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Dermochelyidae Distribution and habitat[edit] Sea turtles can be found in oceans except for the polar regions. The flatback sea turtle is found solely on the northern coast of Australia. During the first three to five years of life, sea turtles spend most of their time in the pelagic zone floating in seaweed mats. Green sea turtles in particular are often found in Sargassum mats, in which they find shelter and food. Living in the ocean therefore means they usually migrate over large distances. All sea turtles have large body sizes, which is helpful for moving large distances. Large body sizes also offer good protection against the large predators notably sharks found in the ocean. It takes decades for sea turtles to reach sexual maturity. Mature turtles may migrate thousands of miles to reach breeding sites. After mating at sea, adult female sea turtles return to land to lay their eggs. Different species of sea turtles exhibit various levels of philopatry. In the extreme case, females return to the beach where they hatched. This can take place every two to four years in maturity. An olive ridley turtle nesting on Escobilla Beach, Oaxaca , Mexico The mature nesting female hauls herself onto the beach, nearly always at night, and finds suitable sand in which to create a nest. After the hole is dug, the female then starts filling the nest with her clutch of soft-shelled eggs. Depending on the species, a typical clutch may contain 50-100 eggs. After laying, she re-fills the nest with sand, re-sculpting and smoothing the surface, and then camouflaging the nest with vegetation until it is relatively undetectable visually. She then returns to the ocean, leaving the eggs untended. Female sea turtles alternate between mating in the water and laying their eggs on land. Most sea turtle species nest individually. But ridley sea turtles come ashore en masse, known as an arribada arrival. The eggs in one nest hatch together over a short period of time. The baby turtles break free of the egg shell, dig through the sand, and crawl into the sea. Most species of sea turtles hatch at night. Turtle nests that hatch during the day are more vulnerable to predators, and may encounter more human activity on beach. Turtle gender depends on sand temperature while the egg is incubating. Larger hatchlings have a higher probability of survival than smaller individuals, which can be explained by the fact that larger offspring are faster and thus less exposed to predation. Predators can only functionally intake so much; larger individuals are not targeted as often. A study conducted on this topic shows that body size is positively correlated with speed, so larger turtles are exposed to predators for a shorter amount of time. In , Carr discovered that the young of green and loggerhead sea turtles spent a great deal of their pelagic lives in floating sargassum mats. Within these mats, they found ample shelter and food. In the absence of sargassum, sea turtle young feed in the vicinity of upwelling "fronts". In the open ocean, pre-juveniles of this particular species were found to feed on zooplankton and smaller nekton before they are recruited into inshore seagrass meadows as obligate herbivores. If you were to start with sea turtle eggs, you would end up with only one sexually mature subject. This is due to predation and obstacles preventing the young turtles from reaching the ocean. Once they reach adulthood only 20 sea turtles will survive, and this is without human interference. When human interference is factored in, only 2 out of sea turtles will survive to reproductive maturity. To maintain hypotonicity they must excrete excess salt ions. The much larger lachrymal gland found in leatherbacks may have evolved to cope with the higher intake of salts from their prey. A constant output of concentrated salty tears may be required to balance the input of salts from regular feeding, even considering leatherback tears can have a salt ion concentration almost twice that of other species of marine turtle. Salt gland functioning begins quickly after hatching, so that the young turtles can establish ion and water balance soon after entering the ocean. Survival and physiological performance hinge on immediate and efficient hydration following emergence from the nest. Diving physiology[edit] Sea turtles are air breathing reptiles that have lungs, so they regularly surface to breathe. Sea turtles spend a majority of their time underwater, so they must be able to hold their breath for long periods. A foraging turtle may typically spend 5-40 minutes under water [36] while a sleeping sea turtle can remain under water for 4-7 hours. Their large lungs permit rapid exchange of oxygen and avoid trapping gases during deep dives. Fluorescence[edit] Gruber and Sparks

[39] have observed the first fluorescence in a marine tetrapod four-limbed vertebrates. According to Gruber and Sparks fluorescence is observed in an increasing number of marine creatures cnidarians , ctenophores , annelids , arthropods , and chordates and is now also considered to be widespread in cartilaginous and ray-finned fishes. The role of biofluorescence in marine organisms is often attributed to a strategy for attracting prey or perhaps a way to communicate. It could also serve as a way of defense or camouflage for the sea turtle hiding during night amongst other fluorescent organisms like corals. Fluorescent corals and sea creatures are best observed during night dives with a blue LED light and with a camera equipped with an orange optical filter to capture only the fluorescence light. Omnivorous turtles may eat a wide variety of plant and animal life including decapods , seagrasses, seaweed , sponges , mollusks , cnidarians , echinoderms, worms and fish. The diet of green turtles changes with age. Many parts of the world have long considered sea turtles to be fine dining. Ancient Chinese texts dating to the fifth century B. Coastal peoples gather sea turtle eggs for consumption. Near Cooktown , Australia. To a much lesser extent, specific species of marine sea turtles are targeted not for their flesh, but for their shells. Tortoiseshell , a traditional decorative ornamental material used in Japan and China, comes from the carapace scutes of the hawksbill sea turtle. The Moche people of ancient Peru worshipped the sea and its animals. They often depicted sea turtles in their art. Beach towns, such as Tortuguero, Costa Rica , have transitioned from a tourism industry that made profits from selling sea turtle meat and shells to an ecotourism-based economy. Tortuguero is considered to be the founding location of sea turtle conservation. In the s the cultural demand for sea turtle meat, shells, and eggs was quickly killing the once abundant sea turtle populations that nested on the beach. The Caribbean Conservation Corporation began working with villagers to promote ecotourism as a permanent substitute to sea turtle hunting. Sea turtle nesting grounds became sustainable. Tourists love to come and visit the nesting grounds, although it causes a lot of stress to the turtles because all of the eggs can get damaged or harmed. In the oceans, sea turtles, especially green sea turtles, are among very few creatures manatees are another that eat sea grass. Sea grass needs to be constantly cut short to help it grow across the sea floor. Sea turtle grazing helps maintain the health of the sea grass beds. Sea grass beds provide breeding and developmental grounds for numerous marine animals. Without them, many marine species humans harvest would be lost, as would the lower levels of the food chain. The reactions could result in many more marine species eventually becoming endangered or extinct. Beaches and dunes are a fragile habitat that depend on vegetation to protect against erosion. Eggs, hatched or unhatched, and hatchlings that fail to make it into the ocean are nutrient sources for dune vegetation. Stronger vegetation and root systems help to hold the sand in the dunes and help protect the beach from erosion. This has triggered the IUCN to conduct threat assessments at the sub-population level for some species recently. These new assessments have highlighted an unexpected mismatch between where conservation relevant science has been conducted on sea turtles, and where these is the greatest need for conservation.

Chapter 4 : Shades of green - Wikipedia

Sea Beneath My Window (Green Integer: 93) by Sarvig, Ole; Whissen, Anni. Green Integer. PAPERBACK. New.

I had been told that I would be met by my translator, who would whisk me off to my Seoul hotel. Although it took me a while to move through passport control and to receive my small bag, I rolled out of the entry doors with a feeling of being on time, ready to greet the person holding a sign bearing my name. No such sign appeared. No signs appeared save discreet hotel announcements: But I knew I had exited from the door closest to our baggage carousel. What could I do? I had been given, despite several queries, no name of a hotel, no name of a contact. It had been repeated and repeated in emails that someone would be there to meet me. But after a half-an-hour, I had to admit to myself that there was no one. No, I was on time. I walked back and forth across the waiting area, attempting to strongly convey to those waiting for others that was seeking someone. No one responded in the least. I was not for whom they were waiting. I even dared to walk out of the waiting area for a few moments, perceiving that there were several such entry gates; but I quickly determined that they were inappropriate spots, containing mostly domestic flights, and returned to my original location. No one even looked in my direction. I was tired; I had not slept during the flight, and it was now 2: Well, I sighed to myself, I am a seasoned traveler. Stillâ€”in all meanings of that wordâ€”I remained, feeling somehow guilty, that I was at fault. Clearly, no one was going to come for me. Out of nowhere appeared a kindly Korean man. Are you sure this is the one at which you were expected? My flight was no longer on the board. He rang each number three times without result. I pondered to myself. At the information desk I described my situation and had my own name paged, hoping that if somewhere were waiting for me they would come to the desk. No one arrived at the desk, and I was not even sure that I heard the announcement. I told her my story, hoping she might help me find a hotel in Seoul. I believe it had to be, however, a four-star hotel, since the series of events that occurred there would not have taken place at a hotel of lesser quality. My brother David and I shared one room, while my Father and Mother slept in another. My brother quickly drifted off to sleep, but all night long I was kept awake by rumbling and roaring noises, as if a crowd of angry protesters were stationed just a few blocks away. My parents, so they reported the next morning, had also been kept awake. Dave had heard nothing. While we spoke at the breakfast table near the lobby, loud screams of young women suddenly silenced our conversation. Across the lobby, in full view of our table, marched a group of musicians, led by two men I immediately recognized as Mick Jagger and Keith Richards. It was June 26, , the day in which The Rolling Stones first performed on their famed first Scandinavian tour. I had heard their new record, "Satisfaction," just a month before in my Norway dorm room on the English off-shore Radio Caroline. No one else in my family knew who they were or why people might be screaming at them. In Paris my father found us, again at the information desk, a wonderful hotel just across from the offices of Paris Match, with high-ceilinged rooms and a small elevator that reminds me to this day of the one in the movie Charade. I loved the hotel, although my mother complained vociferously, as she did about any hotel or motel in which we stayed. It was in that hotel room that my father broke into tears as he entreated me to return home from my year in Norway, the purpose, I suddenly perceived, of our little Grand Tour. Now, here in Incheon, 45 years later, I knew things had changed. Before this trip I had always planned everything out, arranging for rooms long in advance. I would never have trusted to luck. Yet, in memory of those halcyon days I felt that certainly I could find a single room available in a city with a population of over 12 million inhabitants. There clearly has to be something available. There must be some place to sleep. Someone was to meet me here and take me there. I was perspiring out of simple fear and frustration. The rooms looked somewhat pleasant, in a rustic manner of polished redwood. She came back to me with an open smile. But what choice did I have? Now I was afraid: Gate 33," she summarily dismissed me, handing me a slip of paper announcing my reservation. I looked up to discover that I was at Gate 3. Somewhat relieved, if nothing else, I walked to that far gate and went out onto the sidewalk. There were several large city buses, and others arriving at regular intervals, dozens of them, each sweeping away huge crowds. I waited for a long while, but no hotel shuttle bus arrived. One large bus, so its sign announced, was headed to Dankook University, the host of the conference I was

attending. For a second I fancied riding out to the University, except that I knew no one would be there to greet me, and perhaps, I questioned whether events would even be scheduled there. I waited for a longer while. No hotel bus showed up. In the very next lane I could see a lineup of taxis. Perhaps I was waiting in the wrong lane? My luggage cart and I rolled out into the next circle of hell, where I attempted to ask a taxi driver if the bus to the hotelâ€”presenting him with my small slip of passageâ€”might be arriving at this location. After much scrutiny of my paper, he brought out a pair of reading glasses and studied it anew. He pointed back to where I had come. And I retreated, waiting for a longer period. I was tired, had had no sleep now for over 17 hours. I was anxious to reach the hotel, email my hosts, and crawl into bed. With grim determination, I returned to Gate 3 in order to complain. My friendly guide was waiting upon other suckers, and I had no patience left. I grabbed the brochure which she had previously offered, and marched out to the waiting taxi line: He too brought out his glasses to study the brochure. Fortunately, the flier contained a small map of the area. And after a brief survey of the thing, he walked me forward to his cab. Finally, I was on the move, I thought to myself. This is no big thing. Many rooms looked empty, but I knew there was no turning back. We took another turn and drove down an equally empty road, and then another, and another. Where was this driver taking me? At another turn there were a few of what appeared to be roadside stands, selling fireworks, all lit up by colored firefly lights. A few larger buildings were also lit up by strings of out-door light bulbs, some with red-neon depictions of women in prone positions, which I presumed represented the existence of sex-bars or hotels. Long stretches of empty highways followed, replaced with a few more brightly-lit roadside stands and bars or hotels with sometimes unidentifiable symbols. Very popular," spoke the sibyl in the front seat. We drove on and on into the night. There was another stretch of sexual institutions, another series of what appeared to be fruit stands surrounded by what looked like Christmas lights. Finally, a few higher structures appeared and the driver took a turn into a narrow side-street, what seemed to a dirt alley. He drove half-way up the alley, before backing down and turning at a fork into an equally dark lane. A few yards off lay what looked somewhat like Eulwang Hotel of my brochure. I looked around in some small distress, but felt happy to have arrived at any destination. He helped me carry my bags to the lobby, filled, it appeared with about people lined up to the front desk. But I soldiered on, suddenly perceiving that these tourists had already checked in and were awaiting their room assignments from the tour guide. Accordingly, I walked straight to the desk. The young clerk quickly checked me in and, after a shower in mid-bathroom with a hose , I returned to the lobby to use my computer, since there was no access in the guest rooms. Brother Anthony called him, and at midnight, Heysoo called the hotel with a message for me: Despite the shouting voices one could discern in the nearby streets along with the occasional explosion of fireworks, I was fast asleep at the time Heysoo called, and slept comfortably all night. The morning light sent me downstairs for a 5: I laughed at the combination as a I bit into a slice of toast, as did the Korean-American couple from Atlanta seated at the next table. As I began to explore the underdone yolk of my egg, the clerk announced that I had received a telephone message, reporting that someone would be here to drive me into Seoul at

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Chapter 6 : - Sea Beneath My Window (Green Integer: 93) by Ole Sarvig

The Sea Below My Window, his third novel, was originally published in and appeared in English translation in , courtesy of Green Integer (Douglas Messerli's post-Sun & Moon imprint), and is the only of Sarvig's works to be t.

Chapter 7 : The Sea Beneath My Window by Ole Sarvig

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