

October 2007 *"Relax / I tell t*

"Relax / I tell them / you're inside / poetry now" _Julia Connor



Over The Rice Fields

Laverne Frith

Watch as the shorebirds fly in formation, a white squadron wheeling in the wind. They bank right and dip as they shadow the targeted fields. So many decisions that follow will be independent, as if landing brings individual freedom for a spell their foragings taken at will protracted for as long as the grain will last. After all, this is not really about rice; this is not really about flight; this is not really about birds.

POEM FOR HAROLD NORSE

A.D. Winans Neeli and I visit the ancient warrior Praised by William Carlos Williams And other literary giants 90 years old Early stages of dementia setting in Playing hide and seek inside His solitary room Now an old man trapped In death's shadow He reads us a poem from His collected works His voice still loud and clear Like Sunday Church Bells

He puts down the book becoming Frail and vulnerable again This rock of ages with peaked hat Walking slowly with us to the Cafe across the street Complaining about the loud music As Neeli orders him a cup of coffee "Make mine black", he says then Wants to know why I didn't put Milk in it This forgotten warrior

Walking back to the care facility Neeli shielding him with an umbrella To ward off the cold rain "That's my hotel the Beat Hotel" He says — Hotel Nirvana racing inside His blood

He stops says, "I can't go on" Out of breath As if the next step Might be his last He is like a bird His eyes nesting In my soul Feeding on poetry the Sum total of his life **Poetry Now**, Sacramento's literary review and calendar, is published at least ten times a year by the Sacramento Poetry Center, and is funded in part with grants from the Sacramento Metropolitan Arts Commission.

Submissions of poems, artwork, reviews, and other work of interest to the Sacramento poetry community are welcome. Work must be accompanied by a SASE for return. Note that work submitted to SPC's publications may appear on SPC's website as well: www.sacramentopoetrycenter.org.

Please submit to 1719 25th Street, Sacramento CA 95814, or via email to: poetrynow@sacramentopoetrycenter.org.

Poetry Now is distributed in area bookshops, Sacramento County libraries, and by mail to SPC member-subscribers. If you are interested in receiving *Poetry Now*, or want multiple copies to share with others, please contact us at the above address.

Editor: Bob Stanley Design: Richard Hansen Contributing Editor: Tim Kahl Poetry Editor: Frank Graham



The Poet Tree, Inc, also known as The Sacramento Poetry Center, is a non-profit corporation dedicated to providing forums for local poets—including publications, workshops, and a reading series. SPC is entirely run by a volunteer board of directors.

Board of Directors (as of July 2007) Bob Stanley – President Indigo Moor – Vice President Tim Kahl – Secretary Merrylee Croslin – Treasurer Sandra Senne – Membership Frank Graham – Member of the board Rebecca Morrison – Member of the Board Martin McIlroy – Member of the Board Mary Zeppa – Member of the Board Stanley Zumbiel – Member of the Board

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Contact us at:

1719 25th Street ■ Sacramento, CA 95814 *poetrynow@sacramentopoetrycenter.org* (916) 979-9706.

Visit our website:

www.sacramentopoetrycenter.org



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president's message

If you're not writing as much as you'd like, check out Gail Godwin's brief essay "The Watcher at the Gates." It's a sharp reminder that the critic (the one that keeps us from working) is always lurking. You can find it easily online.

We had a great turnout for Laverne Frith's reading on Sept 10th, I overheard a visitor say "it feels like a family reunion!" I know the readers appreciate a good crowd, so come out and support the poets who make our community unique.

SPC's October line-up is full and varied — On Oct 1st **Art Mantecon** begins hosting a first Monday series at HQ for the Arts with three of the Six Sierra Poets — **Iven Lourie, Kirsten Casey, and Scott Young.** October 8th brings **Nina Lindsey** and **Helen Wickes** from the East Bay to HQ. **Indigo Moor** hosts **Viola Weinberg** Oct 15th at The Space (R and 25th). We also resume readings at the Carmichael Library on Thursday the 18th in Carmichael with **John Bell, Bill Peiper** and **Jill Stockinger**. Every Monday night this month we'll be presenting poets at HQ on 25th Street — see the calendar for details, or check the updated website www.sacramentopoetrycenter.org. With all the other things he has to do, Tim Kahl is still working on improving the SPC site — but he posts pdf's of *Poetry Now*, and the online calendar as soon as I finish them.

Thanks to so many of you who responded to our spring fundraising drive — we've had dozens of members renew, and quite a few generous contributions — if your name's on the list below, you're helping SPC continue (in its 28th year), if you're not there, we trust you're doing your best in various ways.

Sometimes we get more than financial contributions. Along with his membership renewal, reader **Blair Allen** sent us a note commenting on the selection of poems, and this bit of advice for both individuals and communities in today's world: *"Keeping creative energy going is something that has to endure beyond trends or fads."* Thanks, Blair, for your tonic — it's always nice to know people are out there reading, listening, and keeping the energy going.

> —Bob Stanley President

Contributors to SPC – Summer 2007 Thanks to all of you!

Blair Allen Jane Blue Gene Barnes Quinton Duval Joey Garcia Robert Grossklaus Susan Kelly-Dewitt Mary Mackey Mimi and Burnett Miller Theresa McCourt Rosalie and George McIlroy Joyce Odam Danyen Powell Anne Rudin Gordon Preston (Hardpan Journal of Poetry)

poetry submissions to Poetry Now

Submit poems to poetry editor Frank Graham at: grahampoet@aol.com

Shadow Over Streets

Marie J. Ross

There is shadow over streets, moving dimly like ash in breeze, a complacent eye blinking gray over cement cracks and raunchy soil under cans. Shadows, brake chairs hammered by manicured nails and hands dipped in linseed oil. Shadow, stalks in the cold of night, soaking card board, sealing doors with loud haunting noises. He roams in mute slippers switching off light bulbs, and water heaters, he the master in night cap, and warm pajamas. How cruel he hovers, how skimpy his vital portions. Shadow is gray soot over flesh, over mind, a forgotten eye to worldly glisten. That fleck of gray living as conqueror on raunchy soils under cans.



Thompson Peak Retreat

Reasonably priced writers' cabin in rural Northeastern California. Ponderosa pines, deer, and a view of the mountains. Cabin with loft, yard, porch, and flower garden. \$700 per month (two week minimum)— 6% discount to Northern California writers. Utilities, amenities included. No pets, nonsmoking. Owner/writer. If interested, email Diana: dmackinnon@citilink.net. Thompson Peak website with photos—click photos to enlarge: thompsonpeakretreat.com.

The Physics of Econometrics

Jillian Benci-Woodward

I would like to do a linear regression In a regular fashion Slide softly down the sloping lanes Of memory

Omitted words on canvas Variable bias Leaches little letters off The page

Correlation does not imply Causation to the casual eye Adrift amongst alien art And gravity

I say heteroskedasticity To the extent that Pity Delivers down to my doorstep And retires.

EFFORT

Joyce Odam

The Desire to Become a Storm —Arnando Roche Rabell

I push through barrier after barrier with my life which is crowded with intention and failure. I am huge—fit everywhere, for I am forceful. I am my own jungle of resistance. Trees crowd into me challenge my right to be among them. I push them aside. As long as I am strong I can do this. At night I sleep among the sleeping trees. Each morning we begin again.

2 poems by Kate Wells

TELL ALL THE PEOPLE

The cicada in my bedroom sends two dream splitting calls to start my day. You're already up. Last night's argument simmers on the stove but our two children are hungry so we wait. You boil water, measure oatmeal, set out their favorite bowls, raisins, walnuts, cinnamon, honey. What if no one could fight till all children were fed?

RELICS

I cleaned the dust off my parents' photos, stacked old books and their opinions in boxes to give away. Black rosary beads. The cross that hung in the hall—my mother wove palm leaves through it once a year. St. Christopher medals, a statue of Mary her mantle the only blue in my mother's room— I'd slide my fingers across the raised flowers, reading what I could in cool porcelain. Mary, I could understand.

After receiving a degree in Anthropology, **KATE WELLS** moved to California to become a raft guide. Seven professions later, she now teaches high school English and lives along the South Fork of the American River. She reads at the Book Collector on October 10th.

Wordsworth — the mouse who loves poetry



Books by Frances H. Kakugawa

Wordsworth the Poet Wordsworth writes poetry — about rainbows made of butterflies and castles in the clouds. But all the other mice make fun of Wordsworth and his "silly" poems, until the day the sun disappears, and the sky rumbles, and the rain begins to fall and fall. That's when Wordsworth takes pen in hand and shows the others how poetry can save the day.

Wordsworth Dances the Waltz Wordsworth doesn't understand why Grandma has changed so much since she came to live with his family. She doesn't even remember his name. He finds comfort in writing poems, which also help his family understand what's going on with Grandma.

Frances Kakugawa is also the author of **Mosaic Moon: Caregiving Through Poetry**, a unique resource for anyone with a loved one suffering from Alzheimer's disease or other long-term illness. Created from poetry workshops conducted by the Alzheimer's Association Aloha Chapter, this writing tool for non-writers is brimming with ideas and techniques for finding solace in journaling and poetry.

All titles available from Watermark Publishing www.bookshawaii.net or (toll-free) 866-900-BOOK

SACRAMENTO LITERARY CALENDAL for the Sacramento region & beyond

OCTOBER2007

POETRY CENTER



1 Monday

Art Mantecon hosts at SPC - Iven Lourie, Kirsten Casey and Scott **Young** — three of the Six Sierra Poets who have published Yuba Flows, a new anthology from Hip Pocket Press. 7:30pm.

2 Tuesday

SPC Poetry Workshop, 7:30pm, Hart Senior Center, 27th & J. Bring 15 - 20 copies of your one-page poem. Info: Danyen, (530) 756-6228

3 Wednesday

Poems-For-All is pleased to present James DenBoer reading from his book "Stonework: Selected Poems" published this month (Sept. 2007) by Sandy McPherson's Swan Scythe Press. Poems-For-All Chaplettes of Mr. DenBoer's work will be dispensed. 7:30pm. The Book Collector, 1008 24th Street (between J & K Streets.) 442-9295. www.poems-for-all.com

4 Thursday

Poetry Unplugged. Luna's Café. Hosted by Mario Ellis Hill. Festivities begin at 8pm and there will be an open mic as well.

6 Saturdav

All are invited to Escritores del Nuevo Sol's writing workshop and potluck. 11am. at La Raza Galeria Posada, 1024 22nd Street, Sacramento. For info call Graciela Ramirez, 456-5323 or joannpen@comcast.net. Website: www.escritoresdelnuevosol.com

8 Monday

General meeting of the SPC Board of Directors meets at HQ for the Arts -1719 25th Street - 6:00pm. All members or interested parties are invited to attend.

Readings by Nina Lindsey and Helen Wickes. Bob Stanley hosts at HQ for the Arts, 1719 25th Street. 7:30pm

9 Tuesday

SPC Poetry Workshop, 7:30pm, Hart Senior Center, 27th & J. Bring 15 - 20 copies of your one-page poem. Info: Danyen, (530) 756-6228

Bistro 33 Poetry Series. 8:30 pm Open Mic after. Bistro 33 in Historic Davis City Hall, 226 "F" Street, 3rd and "F" Streets in Davis.

Wednesday 10

Rattlesnake Press will celebrate Sacramento Poetry Month by presenting Placerville poet Kate Wells at The Book Collector, 1008 24th St., Sacramento, from 7:30-9 PM to celebrate the release of her new chapbook, Spiral. Also released: a broadside from Mary Field, plus #5 in the new Rattlesnake Interview Series featuring Julia Connor, as well as the first of the new interview anthologies. Refreshments and a read-around will follow; bring your own poems or somebody else's. More info: kathykieth@hotmail.com

Dr. Andy's Poetry and Technology Hour, host Andy Jones, 5pm, KDVS-90.3 FM or subscribe to podcast at www.kdvs.org

11 Thursday

Luna's Poetry Unplugged. Open mic before/after. Hosted by Geoffrey Neill. 8pm at Luna's Café, 1414 16th Street. Info: 441-3931 or www.lunascafe.com. Free

12 Friday

The Escritores del Nuevo Sol/Writers of the New Sun, join with the Zapatista Coalition on el Dia de la Raza, for the annual remembrance of Chicano poet Phil Goldvarg. 6 pm contact Graciela Ramirez, 916-456-5323. www.escritoresdelnuevosol.com

15 Monday

Sacramento Poetry Center presents Viola Weinberg at The Space-25th & R Streets. Indigo Moor hosts.

16 Tuesday

SPC Poetry Workshop, 7:30pm, Hart Senior Center, 27th & J. Bring 15 - 20 copies of your one-page poem. Info: Danyen, (530) 756-6228

17 Wednesday

Moore time for Poetry: Terry Moore's Access Television Show, 9pm, co-host Tyra Moore. Access Sacramento, Channel 17

18 Thursday

SPC's reading series at the Carmichael Library resumes with **Bill Pieper** John Bell, and Jill Stockinger. 7:30 pm at Carmichael Library, Marconi Avenue between Garfield and Fair Oaks. Free.

Poetry Unplugged at Luna's Café. 8pm. hosted by Frank Andrick. Free.

20 Saturday

Underground Poetry Series presents Lori Jean Robinson, Random Abiladeaze, and Taifa Jamari, plus open mic. 7-9pm, \$3.00. Underground Books, 2814 35th Street (35th and Broadway). Hosted by La-Rue'

22 Monday

Sacramento Poetry Center presents Phoebe Wayne, Francisco Reinking and other UC Davis creative writing grads. Tim Kahl hosts. HQ for the Arts, 1719 25th Street. 7:30pm

23 Tuesday

SPC Poetry Workshop, 7:30pm, Hart Senior Center, 27th & J. Bring 15 - 20 copies of your one-page poem. Info: Danyen, (530) 756-6228

24 Wednesday

Dr. Andy's Poetry and Technology Hour, host Andy Jones, 5pm, KDVS-90.3 FM or subscribe to podcast at www.kdvs.org.

25 Thursday

Poetry Unplugged at Luna's Café. 8pm, Free,

26 Friday

Dia de los Muertos/Day of the Dead The Escritores del Nuevo Sol/ Writers of the New Sun offer poetry and music for this annual Mexicanoriginated celebration, brought to the US by the Chicano movement, and which has become a meaningful time of remembrance for people of many backgrounds to honor with joy those who have passed from their earthly life. This is one of a week's full of activities coordinated by La Raza Galeria Posada. Cost: \$5 or free-will donation as you can afford, 7:30 pm contact Graciela Ramirez, 916-456-5323. www.escritoresdelnuevosol.com

27 Saturday

"The Show" Poetry Series: International Slam Champion Talaam comes to town from Baltimore. 7 to 9pm. All ages are welcome. \$5.00 Note: This event will be held at the Guild Theater - 2828 35th Street (at Broadway) not at Wose Community Center! Contact: (916) 208-POET.

29 Monday

Frank Graham hosts a Halloween reading at HQ for the Arts with the Ghastly Ghouls of SPC's Tuesday Night Workshop. 7:30pm

30 Tuesday

SPC Poetry Workshop, 7:30pm, Hart Senior Center, 27th & J. Bring 15 - 20 copies of your one-page poem. Info: Danyen, (530) 756-6228

The Rainbow and the Tumbleweed

G. Thomas Edwards

The rainbow cascades headlong from massive thundering cumuli to dance with golden sage and grass upon the valley's floor while time capitulates to watch in awe of what's before. Repeating shapes and muted tones a plethora of form A solitary tumbleweed tumbles through this score. The only movement visible timed in metronomic Tachyons... Ah one, ah two... ah three, ah four The harmony of what we see vibrate within these strings and make appear all that is... all that is before The Thunder cracks, and Timpani Kettledrums pound out the rolling rhythm's change. Crescendos near, you hear it now? Immeasurable the time that's passed light years in terms of relativity depends on where you stand, a planet circling Epsilon or from the valley floor... Ah one, ah two... ah three, ah four

Where Are You, Flower Child?

Cleo Fellers Kocol

We drank that year, high school fading into Viet Nam, beer and sex ushering in little dawns, draft cards adding smoke to foul air.

And from the litany of lost equations, we put our youth on a line no one had crossed before. And life tasted like a fresh mold, a new shape.

But the shape bulged in the wrong places. The gates were padlocked, the end written without our knowledge, our input a noble fantasy — a postscript in the present world. John C. Reiger

The words she pens first seem so clear, But later words are not so dear. To see me? Yes! She writes to say, But cannot seem to pick a day, Why oh why, this indecision? Do I offend or cause derision? Is she confused, or just too busy? Do I send her into a tizzy? Her words are sweet; her action's tardy. My patience needs to be quite hardy. I write and write, to say, I too, Would like to spend some time with you. Again her note is imprecise. How soon before my interest dies? "To see you, yes!" I wish she'd say. "I'll be at home this very day."



The Book Collector

Books for readers & collectors since 1995 1008 24th Street → Midtown Sacramento Between J & K Streets → (916)442-9295 Monday to Saturday 10 to 6 → Sunday 11 to 4

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Reading Rexroth

William Ludington

He had passion for Sacco and Vanzetti for a future when all were free, authority broken— Nietzsche-like, he felt more alive as he hiked rocky trails, back-packing through blooming meadows camping at abandoned ranches where all that remained were blooming apple trees and a broken wall

Even more than Eliot he distrusted the future, the movement toward the lowest average cultural plateau, his outrage at the death of Dylan was more focused than the howling of Ginsberg He tells us we're still there,

America hasn't gotten any better, the bombs are still exploding and we still wonder what the point of poetry is while trying to write it.

Native Spirit

Richard Bunch

(after Lakota, Navajo and Paiute singers)

The singing men beat the drum. They are praying to the creator.

All four winds descend and the trout dance.

The singing women chant a dream song. Their voices ascend like eagles.

Both the raven and the bear greet the boom in thunder.

The children hum a dream song. To the creator, they are praying.

Birds of fire shake the lizard-blue mountains.

The singing men pound the drum. Their voices ride upon a whirlwind.



COLLECTIONS WANTED

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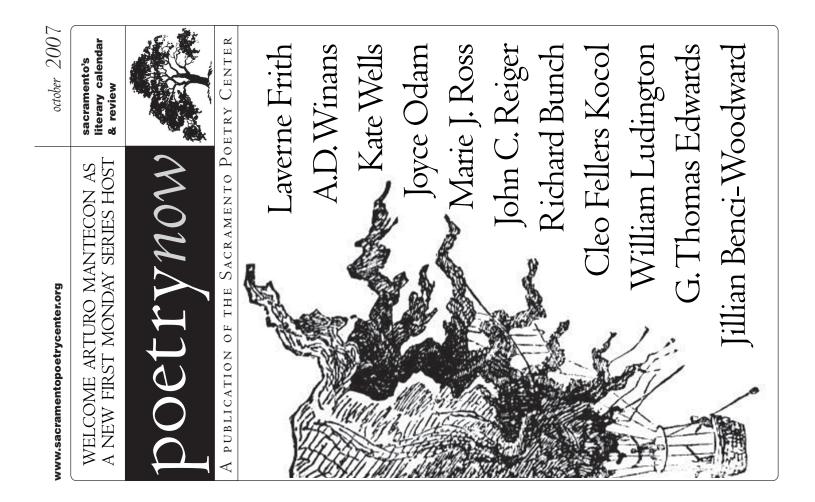
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Thurs, Oct 18 at Carmichael Library -John Bell, Bill Pieper,

Jill Stockinger

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