



# poetrynow

December 2007

“Relax / I tell them / you’re inside / poetry now” —Julia Connor

## spc poetry contest spring 2008

**FIRST PRIZE \$100 / SECOND PRIZE \$50 /  
THIRD PRIZE \$25**

Ten honorable mentions  
(\$10 gift certificates from barnes & noble)

**Deadline: february 15, 2008**

Winners will be notified in march, featured in *Poetry Now*, and invited to read at a special reading at SPC. Send one anonymous copy of each poem along with a cover sheet listing titles, first lines and contact information.

**Entry fee: \$4 per poem**

Send your poems to:  
SPC 2008 contest  
1719 25th Street  
Sacramento, ca 95816

### I WILL TEACH YOU

*Patricia D’Alessandro*

how to carry cherries in your hat  
and walk you through the splendid realm of miracles  
when blossoms are not open and ground is covered  
with a quilted sound of snow  
where cherries lay  
on mounds of unicorns,  
looking up as if to scandalize the sun  
opening themselves to warm their pits  
that glow a phosphorescent hue  
that startles and astounds  
and you must be aware  
not to place your hat  
beside the largest stones  
for they are subterfuge  
to camouflage the cherries  
you will carry  
and the best are hidden to the left  
cuddled under elderberries  
floating on a peppermint  
of bone

### MYSTIC BUICK UNDERGROUND

*Nancy Bodily*

Where the wind, wind, wind  
blows semis between Lodi  
and wishing for whales  
to navigate  
modern terrain

Take me back, back. back  
to the scaffolding

To fluid  
liquid  
free from sheet metal  
and the square corners

To the end of my very first breath

**PATRICIA D’ALESSANDRO’S** most recent collection will be released from Rattlesnake Press on December 12 at The Book Collector, 1008 24th St., Sacramento, at 7:30 PM. She has received a Lifetime Achievement Award from the Sacramento County Board of Supervisors and the Sacramento Metropolitan Arts Commission for her participation in the Sacramento cultural arts scene.

**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](http://www.sacramentopoetrycenter.org).

Please submit to 1719 25<sup>th</sup> Street, Sacramento CA 95814, or via email to: [poetrynow@sacramentopoetrycenter.org](mailto: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 — *fn*  
**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.

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[poetrynow@sacramentopoetrycenter.org](mailto:poetrynow@sacramentopoetrycenter.org)  
(916) 979-9706.

**Visit our website:**

[www.sacramentopoetrycenter.org](http://www.sacramentopoetrycenter.org)



## president's message

### *"So much depends upon"*

Another year flew by—Mondays and Tuesdays filled up with readings and workshops once again. Thanks to **TIM KAHL** for organizing the Monday night readings with unflagging zeal—it continues to be a good run on 25<sup>th</sup> Street. Thanks as well to those who hosted the readings this year—Tim, **INDIGO MOOR**, **REBECCA MORRISON**, **FRANK GRAHAM**, and **ART MANTECON**. Without your efforts—booking and hosting—we couldn't do what we do. Thanks of course to those who read, whether you come from near or far, and special thanks to **DANYEN POWELL**, who continues to facilitate the thriving Tuesday workshop.

For the last twelve months, SPC has been most fortunate to have had the professional graphic design of **RICHARD HANSEN** grace our newsletter. His work has added a lot to the look and feel of our monthly piece. Richard and Rachel do a lot for the literary community of this area, hosting readings, and providing a place where poets can offer their wares. Please support *The Book Collector* in the years ahead—they do more than their part for us.

In November, the literary world lost one of its greatest living writers—**NORMAN MAILER** died at 84. As a friend of long-time SPC President **LUKE BREIT**, Mailer was aware of the Sacramento poetry scene to some extent, and was a lifetime subscriber to *Poetry Now*. We'll miss sending our monthly rag to his New York City address—it was always nice to dream that the Pulitzer-winner might find one of our poems to his liking.

By the time this issue hits your mailbox, our annual fundraiser at the Millers' home will be past. If you made it, we thank you for your support. If you couldn't attend, please consider making a year-end donation to our non-profit group. All donations to SPC are tax-deductible. Even if we send you a haiku in thanks.

*Poems in print, poems heard.*

*Nearly three decades gone by—*

*Wonder who to thank?*

—Bob Stanley

President

poetry submissions to *Poetry Now*

Submit poems to poetry editor Frank Graham at: [grahampoet@aol.com](mailto:grahampoet@aol.com)

## HUSK&NUT

*Phillip Waterhouse*

Leaf, petal, sprig, bark, all listed  
among tentative specifications for  
a pot pourri you are assembling  
because there are no retail sources  
of it anywhere here if you can  
believe such a commercial dearth,  
eucalyptus sheddings, snips of evergreen,  
of ever blue spruce, from ivy vines, of  
two, three oaken variety, a few  
dark rust-color clippings from foliage  
of a hardy shrub no one around  
to identify & other impulsive picks  
then-rose petals, any color, any hue,  
their eventual dehydrate of unexpected  
fragrant pungency perhaps  
the root of the entire pourri perfume—  
suddenly, it is done. Somehow.  
Aromatic in a low round cut glass bowl  
from garage-yard sale miscellanea.

You are become part of all their earth.

## Writing the Writing

### A Workshop with Julia Connor

Julia Connor, Sacramento Poet Laureate, is now soliciting participants for her 2008 workshop series **Writing the Writing**. Space is limited. If you are interested please contact Julia via her web page at [www.JuliaConnor.com](http://www.JuliaConnor.com). Advance registration and submission of participants work is required. Workshop participants meet monthly for an all day session composed of Julia's presentation, resource sharing, serious study, and hand-on writing practice. Part One of the series will begin in February with succeeding sessions in March and April. (An independent three-day out of town workshop is planned for May.) Part Two will consist of sessions in Sept, Oct. and Nov. Subscription is for the entire series. Themes and specific dates are available upon request. Cost is \$135.00 per person, per session

## WOLF FEELS SOMETHING COMING

*Shanan Ballam*

Something deep as freezing licks  
my brain. I can taste its heavy metal, smell  
the sweet of fresh-cut wood in rain,  
or a broken bone leaking marrow.  
Something surges—the dense  
fragrance of sucking snows.  
Is this my last season, my cold  
death soaking in? I hear singing  
deep in the woods, and something  
in crimson skin glides nearer,  
steadily, even in the slice of autumn wind.

## REFLECTIONS ON OLD AGE

*Marilyn Wallner*

I no longer consult mirrors.  
They have nothing new  
to tell me.  
Oh, there's no avoiding them  
when say, brushing teeth or  
hair, obsequious intruders  
on my field of vision.  
Orthodox Jews cover them when  
there is a death in the family.  
Vanitas vanitatum.  
To do this for the death of one's youth  
would not be kosher.  
I note the young  
checking themselves  
in any reflective surface  
like store or car windows.  
I want to shout  
"If you're not sure  
you are here, why  
don't you just ask me?"



## The Book Collector

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Monday to Saturday 10 to 6 ↗ Sunday 11 to 4

*Featuring a large selection of local poetry & small press*

## 3 poems by Phoebe Wayne

### FOREST HOME CABIN IDYLL

In the dream, the stone's matrix is our teeth and our various fluids compacted around mica and granite, colored all the names of myth

and camp, photograph, stump, and costume. Our grandmother by an open cookfire in her baby clothes and red hair we can

see through the grayscale. We carry rocks from the motionless riverbed in the dream. In the dream the old beams are our bones,

our pine bones with our shaggy skin, and the new beams our splint and cast, the spoiler armature meant to be out of the frame

of the picture. We can trace the edges of the dream in a morning before the sun tops the canyon wall, drizzling prices over the scene,

dusting it in green and blue, tracing wires and filmstrips, showing the mills knitting us into our clothes in and out of the shade

on the roads someone built while we dreamed. It is as if we never grew the arm of the freeway, never reached out into speed.

### LANDSCAPE INTO

They are fast streets parking lots scroll by: a landscape marked or not, fruit-stand sign in its curve of relevance over time, years of cars, birds drafted on the underpasses. Sketched into less speed, street of less speed I roll to a stop on. Various walls reveal themselves origami graced by metals and regional light that flashes its effects from turquoise wallpapers, from dim interiors. Brown paint unfolding angles and steep stairs into. Where sharp connects mask my skin into shade and the knots of my irises. All thin boards laid together making an effort in plain rectangular light, the structure its own emotion, sugared by sun, running west-east to the freeway's cut.

### WHY WHY WHY

Cow touches down itself on the ground foursquare the firmest word or makes arches between points, apparently contains the world etc. all sadness etc.

### WEIGHTED SNOW

*David Iribarne*

Remember the snow  
playing, having snowball fights  
wedding ring lost  
not all that was lost.

Looked so hard  
rubbed the white powder clean  
tried to come home  
forget what had happened  
forget what was lost.  
Funny, how a blank color  
can gather so much eminence.

Every night try to search  
through space for meaning.  
It remains...space.

Can you hear it?  
The distance between you...me.

Now the question is—  
now will you look  
through the white snow,  
that white space  
and are you willing to remember  
what it was like—  
or do we go on living this facade.

### ADVERTISE IN POETRY NOW

Reach out to Sacramento's diverse literary community to promote your books, workshops, events, or organization!

You'll also be helping to support SPC.  
**1/4 page — \$40 1/2 page — \$75**



# literary calendar

for the Sacramento region & beyond

DECEMBER 2007

GET UPDATES ON THE SPC WEBSITE

## AFTER FLAUBERT

*Allegra Jostad Silberstein*

*"The human tongue is a cracked cauldron on which we beat out tunes to set a bear dancing when we would make the stars weep with our melodies."* —Gustave Flaubert

The S.O.S. drummers  
(Sex On Sunday)  
set our hips swaying  
our feet shuffling  
like dancing bears.

The lead singer  
belts out a melody  
on the make  
with a mike

his tongue's not cracked  
(nor a cauldron)  
but he is loud...

Flaubert wants stars to weep  
though he knows they can't.

On the make  
with words, myself,  
I understand.

Words are too much with me.

And my ear's a willful harp  
playing out folk melodies  
when I would be symphonic—  
make the stars to weep—

I tell my tongue be still,  
think Save Our Ship, think  
Sex On Sunday  
keep feet shuffling  
like a dancing bear.

### 1 Saturday

All are invited to *Escritores del Nuevo Sol's* writing workshop and potluck. 11am. at event will be held at home of **JOANN ANGLIN**. For directions, call: 916-451-1372 . For info call Graciela Ramirez, 456-5323 or joannpen@comcast.net. www.escritoresdelnuevosol.com

### 3 Monday

Sacramento Poetry Center presents **ALFRED ARTEAGA** and **LORNA DEE CERVANTES** at *The Space*, across the parking lot from HQ for the Arts. 1719 25th Street. Hosted by Art Mantecon. 7:30pm.

### 4 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

### 6 Thursday

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

### 7 Friday

*The Other Voice* presents two outstanding Davis Poets: **KATY BROWN** and **DANYEN POWELL**. We meet from 7:30 to 9:00 in the library of the Davis Unitarian Universalist Church located at 47074 Patwin Road. Refreshments and open mike follow so bring along a poem or two to share.

### 10 Monday

Sacramento Poetry Center presents a reading by **SANDRA MCPHERSON**. Hosted by Frank Graham. 7:30pm at HQ for the Arts, 1719 25th Street, Sacramento. Free.

### 11 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.

### 12 Wednesday

*Rattlesnake Press* presents **PATRICIA D'ALESSANDRO** at The Book Collector, 1008 24th St., Sacramento, to celebrate the release of her new chapbook, *Metaphoric Intervals From The Insanity Of Life*. Also appearing will be a littlesnake broadside, *Notes From an Ivory Tower*, from **ANN WEHRMAN**, plus a new issue of *Rattlesnake Review*. Refreshments and a read-around will follow; bring your own poems or somebody else's. 7:30-9 PM, 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.

### 13 Thursday

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

### 15 Saturday

*Underground Poetry Series* features Poets **CANDY, ISAAC GRIFFIN** and **BRET FREEMAN** plus open mic. 7-9pm, \$3.00. Underground Books, 2814 35th Street (35th and Broadway). Hosted by La-Rue' 916-737-3333. Plus, a FREE spoken word workshop and open mic. Learn more about: How to read your poem effectively, How to market yourself and your work, and more! www.mybmsf.com/terrymoore

### 17 Monday

*Sacramento Poetry Center* presents Celtic Women w/ **JEANINE STEVENS, BRIGIT SHEA TRUOX, CHARLENE UNGSTAD**, and others. Hosted by Rebecca Morrison. HQ for the Arts - 1719 25th Street. 7:30pm.

### 18 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

### 19 Wednesday

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

### 20 Thursday

*Poetry Unplugged* at Luna's Café features **KATASTROPHE** from SF - aka **ROCCO KYATATOS** - famous international 'Homo Hop' star and lyrical poet. (also a member of the famed original Sister Spit spoken word group) Plus local Sac wonders **GENE BLOOM** and **BARBARA NOBLE**. 8pm, Free.

### 22 Saturday

*"The Show"* Poetry Series features R & B vocalist **MARCIA LEWIS** from Soul II Soul, plus slam champion from Sacramento **HE SPIT FIRE**, and New York poet **TANTRA** (www.tantrasmasterwordplay.com). 7:00 to 9:00pm All ages are welcome. Cost: \$5.00 Note: The Show is on a special date - not the last Saturday! Wose Community Center Contact: (916) 208-POET.

### 24 Monday

*Sacramento Poetry Center* - no reading

### 25 Tuesday

*No SPC Poetry Workshop* - Merry Christmas! Don't bring 15 - 20 copies of your one-page poem.

### 27 Thursday

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

### 31 Monday

*Sacramento Poetry Center* - no reading - Happy New Year

All venues are located in Sacramento — area code 916 — unless otherwise indicated

# Mundial Experimental by Tim Kahl

## YÜEH-FU AND VOCALESE

**MATERIALS AND METHODS:** The ancient rulers of China created an official organ of the state called the Yüeh Fu (“Music Bureau”) which collected various songs from the provinces to measure relative discontent with the government. These songs chronicled tales like the sorrow of separation by war, exile and poverty, the ravaging frontier, the return of a wanderer, etc. However, it wasn’t until Emperor Wu of the Han Dynasty revived the Yüeh Fu that it ceased to become a name associated with an imperial organization and it started to become associated with a genre of Chinese poetry.

The Yüeh-Fu were popular songs that originally were accompanied by music. As such, they sported strict metrical requirements. Their relationship to the music can also be seen within the repetitions (choruses) and borrowed phrases (musical quotations) that exist within various Yüeh-Fu. Variations of the Yüeh-Fu were created in the way folk songs spring variants, and very consciously the Yüeh-Fu were worked over by poet-musicians over a period of a couple of centuries until they reached a stage where they achieved a state of being literary pieces, entirely divorced from the music that had sprung them to life.

It should not be a surprise that when the Yüeh-Fu are discussed in an English context that a comparison is made to the ballad. They are near equivalents, right down to their folk song origins and their maturity into full literary forms once they have severed from the musical motifs that provided the impetus for their existence.

The melodic lines of the music have left their imprint on the words that have been left behind. It is almost though one bears witness to the force of the music which has shaped the words in the same way one witnesses the serpentine marks of water cutting through the gorge. The leftover imprint of this pattern is what many consider beautiful about poetry. These people must imagine themselves as linguistic archaeologists discovering fossilized pieces of music.

One might consider the marriage of word and song as the kind of perfect union that all other human utterance envies.

But there is so much music that wanders lonely through the world without words to pair with. Impinging on such a sad state of affairs, jazz singers started to match up lyrics with jazz melodies and solos, creating a form known as vocalese,

where they would borrow the melodic structure of the instrumental piece and lend it words. Notable examples can be found in the work of Lambert, Hendricks and Ross and The Manhattan Transfer’s rendition of Weather Report’s “Birdland.” More recently the work of Brandon Cesmat (who visited Sacramento in July) has built on this tradition by composing poems with specific jazz melodies in mind, such as Miles Davis’s “So What,” and then relegating the remains to the page to determine whether any of the melodic imprint still exists for a reader who has only a hint of the musical force that gave birth to the poem.

This is the time-compressed version of what has happened to the Yüeh-Fu and the English ballad. For those of us who simply can’t wait for the music to get stripped away from the words in the great rock tumbler of time, here is something to try:

**PROJECTS IN THE HOME:** Listen to a great jazz solo or melody and lay down lyrics on top of the melody. It’s probably a good idea to match the line breaks with the breaks in the musical phrasing. This will ensure the best representation of the sound on the page. Try singing the lines out loud in order to make sure that the lyric fits well. If you stumble in your singing of the musical phrase, then you should probably recalibrate.

The instruments that are closest to the human voice, that have breath associated with them, will probably be the easiest to replicate with lyrics attached to them. Saxophones and trumpets would be just about right. Flutes might twitter too much for ordinary speech to keep up. Then one could possibly graduate to instruments that are touch-based. Guitar and piano are the obvious ones that come to mind. However, it will probably be difficult for the voice to always modulate to the more idiosyncratic styles of playing for these instruments. I’d hate to sing like Bud Powell or Keith Jarrett (whose own voice usually can’t keep up with his playing).

The pieces with the most eccentric rhythms are probably the last step in the graduated scale of producing vocalese. Here I think of Thelonious Monk and Dave Brubeck and to a certain extent Pat Metheny though there are many others. The sometimes choppy unexpected rhythms are difficult to stick with and stay inside of, yet these kinds of pieces would allow for the easiest recapture of the music from the page after the music has been stripped from it.

And after your jazz library is depleted, start in on Mussourgsky and casbah music.

FRANK GRAHAM **INTERVIEWS**  
**BRAD BUCHANAN**

**Associate Professor at CSUS, and author of *The Miracle Shirker*, published in 2005.**

CONTINUED FROM THE COVER

**Who were those voices, those literary influences?**

James Joyce was the first writer to really make a dent. I read a *Young Man as an Artist* in high school and it blew my mind.

**You were at what age when you read him?**

Grade 10, I think.

**Pretty serious reading...you must have had good teachers.**

Yes, I suppose so. Besides Joyce liked drinking and a good time and that appealed to me too.

**When you go into your writing stage, you actually sit down to write—(poems like) *The Treehouse*, *The Glue Eater*—and others of that style—are you going around with a child’s mind, are you walking around with the same kind of imagination all the time?**

I wish I did walk around with that sense of wonder and discovery that children seem to have. But it takes an effort to enter that world. I think that’s really what you need. Something needs to happen to you – to have that sense of discovery again. You’re thinking, “I haven’t actually seen or heard this sort of experience before” it could be just two or three words or a metaphor that make you feel like sitting down (to write). I actually don’t like sitting down. I walk around...I spend too much time on my ass as it is.

**Can you talk about the sense of success you feel as teacher, if you feel it, is there elation, excitement, when a student writes well?**

Sure there is. But I never feel it is my success. You can’t really implant creativity, all you can really do is get out of the way...It’s not really so much a sense of success on my behalf, it is that this person has done something successful, they’ve gone to a creative place and it’s like, I was able to witness it. People are fairly advanced organisms, and they are where they are, they know what they know, when they come into the classroom. You learn to get out of the way. It is just a matter of if they can find the right words and genre, to release those latent, sometimes not so latent energies... You see, if you start taking credit for people’s successes, you must also learn to take responsibility for their failures.

**I am surprised you could get into the mind of the heroin addict, as in *The Heroin Garden*—I mean, how could you get into the imagination of the addict, you described the feel of the bite, the needle, as the bite of a snake—your ability to get into that mind, you went imaginatively to a place that is remarkable.**

The poem is basically about the myth of the Minotaur. Addiction is a kind of maze in which people get lost so the Minotaur can devour them. So the Minotaur is a symbol of the self that kills something about our humanity...We become animals in certain circumstances when we indulge our appetites too much. Our sense of humanity gets lost in a way ... For me that poem was a way of making something that has a mythic resonance. You capture the stream of consciousness, here’s a way of making this activity into something that has a mythic purpose.

**Poetry is a way of turning all experience into something larger. It isn’t like offering a realistic report on what homeless life is like. You know, how frequently do the homeless compare themselves to Greek heroes? The poem is trying to figure out how to transfer this raw experience into something someone else can understand. I think the idea to some extent is that even in ugliness there can be something profoundly beautiful.**

The poem is very visual in terms of placing you in the space where I saw this man—there’s a huge maze of connecting ramps setting where most of the homeless people lived, this web of intersecting freeways. He (the addict) was visible, you could see what he was doing. It was a surreal thing to watch, and yet there was something beautiful about it. It was an intimate act and at any time you see these intimate acts going on, unless you are completely puritanical, you are complicit.

**Why poetry? Why of all things—I mean, you could have been a lawyer or a jeweler or anything else?**

Poetry is the most concentrated expression of trying to be creative with words, and that’s the only excuse I’ve had for my educational career. I almost dropped out of university after my freshman year because I was required to study economics and subjects I didn’t give a shit about. There’s really nothing else I feel able to contribute to human society, honestly. In general I’m not a very social person, and for me poetry is the most satisfying medium for a connection with other people. I feel fortunate to be in Sacramento where there’s an effort to get poets out and write, there’s encouragement for poets at all levels to be a part of a community. I’ve not felt that in any other place except in academia—so it’s nice to be in Sacramento. Poetry is a place where things can happen that can’t happen anywhere else.

**Note:** This is an edited version. For a full transcript of Frank’s interview with Brad, go to [www.sacramentopoetrycenter.org](http://www.sacramentopoetrycenter.org)

SPC poetry contest spring 2008

# poetrynow

sacramento's literary calendar & review



A PUBLICATION OF THE SACRAMENTO POETRY CENTER

## FRANK GRAHAM INTERVIEWS BRAD BUCHANAN

**How did your interest in poetry develop—were you a child, high school student?**

I remember writing stuff as a child, high-school too, I wrote some dirty limericks my parents found—you grow up listening to pop music and think “I could write something like that”. I was forced to write some sonnets in H.S. and I found out it was like a higher type of crossword puzzle...

**Was your family an influence, your parents?**

Not really. I suppose, my father wrote playful poems to his brother that they would read aloud. My mother is an English Major, but she ended up doing computer programming stuff, so they were not really literary people.

**You were the first to have a concern with literature then?**

I guess I was trying to rebel against the bourgeois comforts of my youth which now I've completely embraced—but it felt like rebellion to deal with modern radical experimental writers for a while or to just try to say something that was more meaningful.

CONTINUES ON PAGE 7

spc blog: [www.sacramentopoetrycenter.blogspot.com](http://www.sacramentopoetrycenter.blogspot.com)

## Tuesdays SPC Poetry Workshop

7:30pm, Hart Senior Center, 27th & J Streets.  
Bring 15 - 20 copies of your one-page poem.

**Poetry Now**  
Your local literary journal—  
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**The Poet Tree, Inc.**  
1719 25th Street  
Sacramento, CA 95816

**December 2007**  
Readings at SPC/  
HQ for the Arts  
(Mondays, 7:30pm)

**Dec 3**  
Alfred Arteaga  
Lorna Dee Cervantes

**Dec 10**  
Sandra McPherson

**Dec 17**  
Jeanine Stevens  
Brigit Shea Truex  
Charlene Ungstad

**Dec 24**  
No Reading

**Dec 31**  
No Reading

**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.

**Mundial Experimental**  
by Tim Kahl  
**ONE MIGHT CONSIDER  
THE MARRIAGE OF WORD  
AND SONG AS THE KIND  
OF PERFECT UNION THAT  
ALL OTHER HUMAN  
UTTERANCE ENVIES.  
SEE PAGE 6**

**POETRY FROM**  
Patricia D'Alessandro  
Nancy Bodily  
Phillip Waterhouse  
Shanan Ballam  
Marilyn Wallner  
Phoebe Wayne  
David Iribarne