



poetrynow

January 2008

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

What is a Poem?

Frances H. Kakugawa

Write, write, write, I say.

But what is a poem, you ask.

And how do I write?

What can a poem hold?

It is a fragile shopping bag

rice paper thin, egg shell thin

but oh, don't let its appearance

stop you from shopping.

Too heavy a load

may rip right through

and splat! It's all at your feet, or

rolling into a ditch, or

too shattered into pieces

for all the King's men and all the King's horses.

There is really no way of knowing

what weight it will hold

or the number of items

or size.

So place it gently, slowly,

into the bag.

test it for while, hold it close to your heart,

swing it away to and fro,

carry it a mile, feel it roll around the bag,

let its weight bounce against your knees.

skip, run, walk,

and if the bag is still intact

you know the content's just about right

And what do you do with bags torn apart

and content scattered at your feet,

with no one near to give you a hand.

why, just get a truck and haul them away.

And go shopping again.

My Love

Cleo Fellers Kocol

Her image burned into my memory,

Her words repeating, entering

The interstices where

Love and liking

Intersect, I look

Into her eyes

Again.

Yes, they say, yes.

And I don't

Know how

To reply.

A soft

Aye?

I put down, the snapshot taken

Before we started on our trip,

Before the car hurtled

Out of nowhere down

The wrong way

On a one way

Street.

Her last words echoing and echoing,

I wonder if I would be nearly as

Devastated if I had known

Her better, or maybe

Better, if I had

Known her

Less.

Her Father's Belongings

Brad Buchanan

Everything that she can't have
must be destined for Daddy, or so she believes.

The stones set tantalizingly

in concrete steps belong to me

if only I could be bothered to claim them.

If she could, she would scribble my name

on all the sweet, forbidden things

at Safeway. My appetites are long

and brightly lit, patrolled by laws

like gravity. She can go for days

trapped inside the omnipotence

she attributes to me. Nothing makes sense

as mere impossibility.

I try to avoid the blame, say I

am not in charge of the leaves that sway

out of reach, or the places she can't play

but she won't hear of it. Everything needs

a reason why or why not, and gods

are the easiest—especially when

they're parents, and say yes most of the time

Poetry Now, Sacramento's literary review and calendar, is published 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. Note that work submitted to SPC may also appear on SPC's website as well: sacramentopoetrycenter.org.

Please submit to SPC, 1719 25th Street, Sacramento, CA 95614, or email to grahampoet@

Poetry Now is distributed in area bookshops, Sacramento County libraries, and by mail to 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, or call SPC at 979-9706.

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Poetry Editor: Frank Graham
Contributing Editor: Tim Kahl
Design Editor: Elizabeth Krause

The Poet Tree, also known as the Sacramento Poetry Center, is a non-profit corporation dedicated to providing forums for local poets – including publications, (Poetry Now and Tule Review), workshops, special events, and an ongoing reading series. Funded primarily by members, SPC is entirely run by a volunteer board of directors. We welcome your input and your interest.

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president's message

Another year flies in, with its stories and its deadlines, all the seasonal variations one needs to fill up space and time. In the moment of composition, in the minute, the hour of deciding what it is that needs to be said, all falls away, time stops and the writer is lost in the web of connections...

In January, SPC will have readings every Monday at 7:30 – Art Mantecon features **Barbara Jane Reyes and Oscar Bermeo**, two talented young poets on January 7. Tim Kahl presents **Emmanuel Sigauke and Shevonn Blackshire** on Jan 14th. Rebecca Morrison hosts **Michael Cluff and Michael Garbarini** on the 21st, and I get to present an evening with **Frank Graham** on the 28th. Come on down to HQ – 25th and R - for a verse or two, and start the year right. We'll be there.

Mark your calendar now for our **April Writer's Workshop** – Indigo Moor is putting together an all-star lineup for the 2008 weekend event on April 4 and 5. As of press time, we have tentative commitments from Carl Phillips, Ellen Bass, Jane Hirshfield, Camille Norton, Joshua McKinney, and Quinton Duval. It's a full day of poetry – guaranteed to be the biggest SPC event in a long time. Don't miss it!

No doubt you'll notice our new format for *Poetry Now* – a work in progress engineered by our new design editor Elizabeth Krause. We welcome any and all suggestions from readers – feel free to email or call SPC! Thanks for your support, and we look forward to seeing you as we begin our 29th year!

Bob Stanley

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 POETRYNOW,
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

11 X 10⁶*Laura LeHew**for Aunt Charlotte who gave me a paper clip necklace on Thanksgiving Day.*

Eleven million paper clips collected
 by an 8th grade class –
 a clip for a life extinguished

by self-glorified xenophobia
 and effective excessive force.
 Lives memorialized

on the anniversary of Kristallnacht,
 the night of broken glass,
 the government sanctioned rape

and ravage of the Jews.
 “Racially inferior” people sacrificed
 depicted in the culmination of genocided paper clips:

Jews		6,000,000.00
Gypsies, Gays, Disabled, Etc.	5,000,000.00	
.....		
Lives Lost in the Holocaust	11,000,000.00	

in a railcar that wound its way
 to concentration camps like Dachau to sort for selection:
 forced labor and medical experimentation

infectious contagious diseases, fevers, bone grafts, and neutering
 the unlucky to extermination camps
 at Chelmno, Belzec, Majdanek,

Sobibor, Treblinka,
 or perhaps even Aushwitz-Birkenau
 with its four (4) Zyklon B gas chambers.

By kids who had the courage to explore,
 “what does six million
 look like?”

Graduating Orange County*Colette Jonopulos**Southern California, where the American Dream came too true.*

Lawrence Ferlinghetti

June meant graduation on my birthday, theme parks,
 thick coconut scent of suntan lotion, bodies stretched

brown and animal-like on the sands of Newport, that
 slice of coast where everything unfastened, turned from

monochromatic, from unknown to always known. Our
 ostentatious mall with its poppy seed hotdog buns,

peaches heaped on Belgian waffles, Baker’s heels
 instead of tennis shoes: advent of my uneasy slide from

child to woman, the shift never effortless, and everyone
 watching. My Montebello/Pasadena/Redondo/Orange

County parents left behind, laid perpetually side-by-side,
 tree roots lifting them toward unremitting sunshine, toward

who I was at 19, at 33, who I never was. And still this
 on-ramp, off-ramp fever kicks it up to forty—up to

fifty—a show so overt, so determined, when I brake, I’m
 back on stage, a virginal eighteen in platform heels.

Blaming Hagel*Jack Lindeman*

I say you were a beast of burden
 touched in your brain
 by the most unequivocal hardships,
 rock bottoms, abrasive insects
 with stingers as lethal
 as the points of spears.
 A few men could fathom
 your executioner’s lingo
 and I was tired of learning rules,
 memorizing how indifferent
 most laws are to their own words.
 I was tired of seeing the universe
 in the shape of a pear.
 One evening an accumulation of thunders
 like the wrath of Zeus
 descended on my mind
 and I knew the sound
 of that insatiable deity
 speaking bluntly,
 as you verbosely defined,
 who opened and shut
 the door on our lives.
 Were you setting the world straight
 with your synthetic turbulence?
 I listened like one of Odysseus’ men
 to your Siren wails
 but avoided the rocks.
 The schools of thought dwindled
 like uprooted plants
 and you came like a lifeline
 until the middle
 of my own barbarian century
 culminating in bulldozing corpses
 and anyone doing anything
 to anyone else
 that had never been done before.

No Dilemma*Jack Lindeman*

You can see the night
 is full of frightening decisions
 you haven’t made yet.
 There are the stars
 like a battalion of soldiers
 being led by militant moonlight
 from one sky to another.
 That’s possibility for you
 because you were raised by your parents
 to go where you please
 even if you didn’t know
 exactly how to get there.
 Yet tomorrow
 there will be other assignments
 and nothing more for breakfast
 than a small bowl
 of what you have always believed in.

cipher

Jordan Reynolds

That's what I am here Trees
ignore my whispers chatter
to themselves My footsteps
filled with blown leaves

Rain water falls through
me collects in pools
fills hollow earth I grasp
a flower browns
under my touch the wind
taking it wheresome off

Writing in earth You arrange
symbols with bones they clink
making words Old rooms
filled with our

Holes in the ceiling show
our patterns Morse Code
glittering across skin Pinch
the sky hold it
beneath your ears Tiny voices
rushing to explain

Mission Street, San Francisco, 5:54 AM

Colette Jonopulos

*"Until they address the needs of the mentally ill, people will
have a sleeping situation that is totally inappropriate for them."*

Paul Boden

slingshot of electricity
overhead, buses hiss through
town legless and cold-blooded

as if every stop in the city
is somewhere to escape to,

ease under. Wind
reaches inside your
shirt as you descend onto
Mission, where you were

taken by your impermanence on an
uphill ride on quarters, bodies

scented sour, *f-this, f-that*
shouted into the emptiness

when "come" would be the
sound of welcome:
coming home, coming
coming coming

home; the ride shorter
than expected, serpent on
track ready to

spark itself to life as
if you'd close your eyes
and wake outside your

own voice, blue flash of
lights, damp of
eyelashes. You

find no cloak for cheap liquor
or stale urine, no substitute

for the insatiable urge
to look up at cables connected
to a source that hisses out
intention: coming
coming coming

Through the Round Window

Lisa Jones

Any poet is drawn to these words: bone, cut, breath, skin
and O'Keefe knew too, the language of bones:
what could be seen, in the hollow of the pelvis,
the infinite gifts of the circular window.

Her lush perception, her round
and curving lines. The possibilities of yellow
and green--rivers traversing our surface.

Looking back down from the airplane,
at our expansive aging face,
with all its shapes and shadings,
I see the beauty of both our footsteps
and the places we did not step.

O'Keefe you walked those lines,
even bragged of your daring
or perhaps you simply wanted us to know
the truth that only women tell--

that there was never certainty;
that every egg-shaped view of the sky,
every dip in to the center of a flower,
was wonder, yes, but also gall
--a hard-earned, wild and frightening freedom.

Broken Buddha

Michelle Kunert

I found a broken Buddha statue on 10th and E Street
by a little second hand and close out grocery market
in a sidewalk pavement of shrubbery
he was about a yard high
before ruggedly split into ruins
barely recognizable by his robe
and left headless like Nike
I went into the store and asked,
"Is that your "Buddha" that got broke?
Did any of the punks or drug addicts hanging around here
come and smash your statue up so badly, beyond repair?"
cause I felt from it some tragedy of karma releasing.
The black man behind the register said, "No mon,"
I said again "Are you sure it's not yours,
because it made me feel bad?"
Again he assured, "Nope."
But I wondered if he did have a site to see downtown
and just didn't know
Like Bishop Gallagos, AJ Stevens
Caesar Chavez, Iron cats, the Vietnam Veteran Memorial
and the Broken Pieces of Buddha at 10th and E Street.

Sacramento Area Literary Calendar January 2008

3 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.

5 Saturday

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
Special Reading at Luna's - *Songs for Maya* hosted by B.L. Kennedy, Featuring **Litany** with **Miles Miniaci**, Mario Ellis Hill, Vincent Cobalt, Robert Lozano & Others

7 Monday

Sacramento Poetry Center presents **Barbara Jane Reyes and Oscar Bermeo**. Art Mantecon hosts - at HQ for the Arts - 1719 25th Street. 7:30pm

8 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.

9 Wednesday

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

10 Thursday

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

11 Friday

Isis Bazaar presents **Candy, Taifa Jamari** and **Bene' Bailey**. (Candy's CD Release Party for *Embrace*).
Second Fridays from 8 to 10pm, 122 "I" Street in Old Sacramento. \$5.00

12 Saturday

Culture Collection presents **Random Abiladeze**, hip-hop artist **Izreal**, vocalist **Carla Fleming** and **Khiry Malik Moore**. Second Saturdays from 2 to 4pm. 6391 Riverside Blvd in Greenhaven. FREE!

14 Monday

Sacramento Poetry Center presents a reading by **Emmanuel Sigauke**. Hosted by Tim Kahl. HQ for the Arts - 1719 25th Street. 7:30pm

15 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

16 Wednesday

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

17 Thursday

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

19 Saturday

Underground Poetry Series presents **LaRue** and **Yoke Breaker** plus open mic. 7-9pm, \$3.00. Underground Books, 2814 35th Street (35th and Broadway).

21 Monday

Sacramento Poetry Center presents **Michael Cluff** and **Michael Garbarini**. Hosted by Rebecca Morrison. HQ for the Arts - 1719 25th Street. 7:30pm

22 Tuesday

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24 Thursday

Poetry Unplugged at Luna's Café. 8pm. hosted by B.L. Kennedy. Free. Features: **Suzanne Roberts, Charlene Ungstad, Noel Kroepin**

26 Saturday

"The Show" Poetry Series features **Kafiah from Phoenix, Khiry Malik Moore and Candy**. 7:00 to 9:00pm. All ages are welcome. Cost: \$5.00 2863 35th Street off 35th and Broadway. Contact: (916) 208-POET.

28 Monday

Sacramento Poetry Center features **Frank Graham**. Hosted by Bob Stanley. HQ for the Arts 7:30pm

29 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

tiger's eye poetry contest

has returned to planet earth...

with larger prizes...

\$500/\$100/\$50

a new deadline...

2/28/2008

And a bolt from the blue:

One contest entrant will be awarded an editors' choice chapbook contract. This prize is in addition to the top three prizes, and consists of 50 copies, and publication in the Mid-Spring 2008 Issue. The three poems submitted to the contest will be considered a representation of your best work. If your poems are selected, we will ask for additional poetry, and work with you to develop a gorgeous 20-30-page chapbook.

send 3 poems/short bio/case/\$10 to

tiger's eye poetry contest

p.o. box 2935 ● Eugene, Oregon ● 97402

check us out @ tigerseyejournal.com

Breasts*John Aylesworth*

I still like boobs a lot, after all these years:
 ones that sag a little
 when they're pulled out of their sling,
 small ones that don't need to be held
 and perk right up like puppies,
 anxious for a petting.

I even like the ones that are gone,
 slashed off in war with cancer,
 left only in memory,
 the pull by lips kissing, hungry.

Cultivating Thorns*Cynthia Linville**For Cindy and Harry Hurn*

This beat up tin bucket full of used nails
 followed you from
 San Francisco to Toronto
 to Yorkshire, England
 when nearly nothing else did
 except a soft grey sweatshirt
 a red enamel tea kettle
 and the tome you wrote
 (but gave up publishing
 after only one rejection).

These nails --
 retracted from our coastal love shack
 ripped from our daughter's tree house
 recycled from the rotting rose trellis --
 anchored us to the separate crosses
 we bore across continents and seas.

Thirty years later
 I find this bucket of rusty metal
 in a shadowed corner of your garage
 after we bury you today
 and I am tempted
 to plant them alongside you
 to see what kind of tree
 would grow.

Pandora's Language?*Brad Buchanan*

Her favorite objects are also her favorite
 subjects, so she has learned them well:
 box, birdie, fish, and bubble;
 shoe, hat, apple, and ball?
 She bounces the box and unlaces the bubble,
 wears the fish and chirps at the apple,
 picks the birdie from a tree,
 lets the hat drown in the sea,
 bursts the shoe with a poking finger
 closes the ball at the sign of danger—
 she needs better words or a different world;
 I can't tell which, since I'm too old.

Her favorite subjects must renew
 themselves in objects like clothes or clocks:
 ball, apple, hat, and shoe,
 bubble, fish, birdie, and box.

Smile*Brad Buchanan*

It's one of those ads where they want to give you
 a pang of guilt, disgust and grief:
 children with the worst cleft palates
 you've ever seen. They're also impoverished,
 obviously, and need your help.
 You wonder how any surgery,
 no matter how careful and generous,
 could solve even the obvious problem.
 Their eyes follow you, half-hopefully,
 as you note their foreshortened lips
 and think: disfigured, permanently
 or not, they can never be beautiful.

She, on the other hand,
 has a plump red mouth between soft cheeks,
 and sees her own happiness everywhere.
 She gestures at the accusing page—
 where damaged infants await a saving
 scalpel to bring their faces back
 with a second, healing mutilation,
 to something other can love as human
 and wholesome, not a ripped-open gash
 exposing bone too young to tell
 its terrors—and she murmurs, "Smile."

I only hope that, when she's older
 and lonely, having done something wrong
 or not, she'll take this hint and call me
 on whatever toy she finds lying around.

At The Place Of Five Troughs*Dianna Henning*

A herd of cows came to drink, their tongues
 Afloat in the water, their hooves mired in mud.
 They swiveled the large boulders of their heads,
 Rubbed them against posts
 To rid themselves of horse-flies
 That congregated around their ears.
 Watching the Holsteins, I thought of the summer I became
 The sole bottle whisperer on a beach so abandoned
 Even the reef seemed human. With my drink's cold rim
 Flush to my lips, I pressed sound
 Into my empty glass bottle, heard its echo spring
 Out the neck's opening
 To land like fall's leaf on my shoulder.
 With an index finger, I followed the bottle's seam,
 And thought of the cows I always passed
 On my way to the ocean, their lax contentment
 In a world without fracture.
 Do they know that by following the cracks in their path
 They'll find the fault line,
 That any water in the trough only pulls them deeper?

We were friends

Lisa Jones

in a booth, under the cut papers, *papel picado*—cherry
lime, orange, blueberry, and lemon colored silhouettes
of deer, crow, and coyote surrounding us.
Gilded red sombreros and painted
wooden maracas on the walls. A buttery afternoon light,
softened by the shade of the room, drunk by
the pinatas and the silk flowers. Lime colored
ice sparkled in our glasses.
Your brown eyes were warm, the muscles
in your face calm, as if,
in that vibrant wilderness, you had found something,
the one bird that had eluded you.
Your gaze, relaxed and steady.
I felt like water, shimmering.
Turning straw into gold,
I told you about my motorcycle days.
That's when I slid to the side
and pulled my white skirt above my knee
showing you the purple, pink gash,
the gravel pattern extending upward.
You leaned forward. Then the
colorful animals began to dance in their
paper forests, whispering "She's got him",
We didn't notice them.
I let the fabric fall against my leg,
we brought our eyes and words above the table,
but in truth, I had you,
caught in the folds of my skirt.

Returning to Redwoods

Philip Crosby

for Edith

We bring the old to trees,
the peace is overpowering.
I hear my ears.
The soft earth comforts canes
and hard benches are always forgiven.
All through the park people are sleeping,
sun lounges sleek as canoes,
fingers dangling on the ground like in water.
All around us is the silence of lasting.
I see a snow crowned shadow
led to a picnic table
looking up at welcoming branches.
I used to lead,
now I am led by memory;
Soon enough I will feel arms.

The Narrowing Point

Joyce Odam

This long path between trees, their shadows
criss-crossing in the last of sunlight –

This long perspective into evening, this soft
intensity of light – how soon the darkness

will know itself and obliterate
the narrowing point the eye is fixed upon.

Circles

Taylor Graham

All these years,
and I'm still an undergraduate
in search of the perfect circle.
Not Cleopatra's cave, grounded
in geography, myth,
and tragic history, but
a "mansion for all lovely forms."

Is it such a dangerous dream?
The walls of crystal and sulphur
keep caving in upon each other.
The elusive arcs and tangents –
the sweet trumpets that bid us
listen long after we wished
to be asleep – the straight-up

surprise ascension of the dove,
or is it an English skylark?
Awake at 3 a.m., I lie puzzling
the dark. All these imperfect
pieces. At last the morning
news breaks in. Mauritania,
Iraq, Afghanistan.

Goodbye

Joyce Odam

Say it simply. Say it softly and sadly.
It is the longest word you will ever say.
Give it a black border for the death it imitates.

Let it go freely.
You cannot call it back.
It is a word without a meaning.

A quick word. A spondee word.
It will come of its own volition.
You cannot regret it.

Let it take everything it needs.
How you hoarded it.
How you refused it – keeping it


longer than necessary.
Let it have your regret, that baggage of doubt,
that second thought.

Swimming Upstream

Cynthia Linville

Words not spoken
stick in my throat
like tiny fish bones
that want to be whole
fish again,
want to swim up
slip out
land on your plate
(slippery bait)
caught between your knife
and your lips
to be filleted
or be kissed.

<p>www.sacramentopoetrycenter.org</p>	<p>January 2008</p>	<p>sacramento's literary calendar & review</p>																								
<p>FEBRUARY 15, 2008 – DEADLINE FOR SACRAMENTO POETRY CENTER'S ANNUAL POETRY CONTEST – SEE INSIDE FOR DETAILS!</p>		 <h1 style="text-align: center;">poetrynow</h1> <p style="text-align: center;">A PUBLICATION OF THE SACRAMENTO POETRY CENTER</p> <p><i>poems inside from:</i></p> <table border="0" style="width: 100%;"> <tr> <td style="width: 33%;">John Aylesworth</td> <td style="width: 33%;">Brad Buchanan</td> <td style="width: 33%;">Our thanks to Mimi and Burnett Miller for hosting SPC's 2007 Fundraiser – it was a great evening, and provided a welcome financial boost for the poetry center!</td> </tr> <tr> <td>Philip Crosby</td> <td>Cleo Fellers Kocol</td> <td></td> </tr> <tr> <td>Taylor Graham</td> <td>Dianna Henning</td> <td></td> </tr> <tr> <td>Lisa Jones</td> <td>Colette Jonopulos</td> <td></td> </tr> <tr> <td>Frances H. Kakugawa</td> <td>Michelle Kunert</td> <td></td> </tr> <tr> <td>Laura LeHew</td> <td>Jack Lindeman</td> <td></td> </tr> <tr> <td>Cynthia Linville</td> <td>Joyce Odam</td> <td></td> </tr> <tr> <td>Jordan Reynolds</td> <td></td> <td></td> </tr> </table> 	John Aylesworth	Brad Buchanan	Our thanks to Mimi and Burnett Miller for hosting SPC's 2007 Fundraiser – it was a great evening, and provided a welcome financial boost for the poetry center!	Philip Crosby	Cleo Fellers Kocol		Taylor Graham	Dianna Henning		Lisa Jones	Colette Jonopulos		Frances H. Kakugawa	Michelle Kunert		Laura LeHew	Jack Lindeman		Cynthia Linville	Joyce Odam		Jordan Reynolds		
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<p>poetrynow</p> <p>The Poet Tree, Inc. 1719 25th Street Sacramento, CA 95816</p>	<p>spc blog: www.sacramentopoetrycenter.blogspot.com</p> <p>Every Tuesday: SPC POETRY WORKSHOP 7:30 PM, Hart Senior Center, 27th & J ● Bring 15-20 copies of your one-page poem</p>
<p>JANUARY 2008 Readings at SPC/HQ for the Arts Mondays, 7:30 PM</p> <p>JANUARY 7TH Barbara Jane Reyes & Oscar Bermeo</p> <p>JANUARY 14TH Emmanuel Sigauke</p> <p>JANUARY 21ST Michael Cluff & Michael Garbarini</p> <p>JANUARY 28TH Frank Graham</p>	 <p>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.</p>