



poetry now

The Sacramento Poetry Center's Monthly Newsletter Journal for Poetry

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

President's Message

February 2009

Here comes a full schedule – readings, workshops and contests abound as SPC swings into its 30th year. You'll find plenty of readings at 25th and R this month - on February 2nd, Robert Grossklaus hosts Miles Miniaci, Bo Lopez, and Crowdad Nelson with music by Chéne Watson and Bob Wilson of *Litany*. On the 9th, I'm honored to be hosting Hannah Stein and Katherine Hastings. On Friday, February 13th at 7pm, Cynthia Linville will be presenting *A Marathon of Love Poems* with fifteen different readers, as part of her Second Friday Series. Emmanuel Sigauke and Frank Graham are planning our annual African-American reading event for Monday, Feb 16th, and on the 23rd, Tim Kahl hosts the *Lawrence Dinkins Traveling All-Stars!* All readings are free, but we gladly accept your donations!

Free SPC Workshops? – Tuesday nights are one great place to work on your poems – at the Hart Center, there's always a welcoming group of poets dedicated to helping each other. And now our Saturday workshops in Natomas give you a weekend option – see SPC's website for details. All SPC-sponsored workshops are free. 2009 brings SPC contests galore – now's your chance to get that manuscript together for our first annual poetry book Contest – the Cathy Washington prize will award \$1,000 to the winning manuscript – there is a March 31st deadline – you can find the details at www.sacramentopoetrycenter.com. SPC's 3rd annual High School Poetry Contest begins February 1st, and the deadline is April 15th. This has been an exciting competition in its first two years, and we are hoping for an even bigger turnout in 2009. Spread the word at your local high school – there are poets everywhere! If you're wondering, our non-high school, annual SPC poetry contest (for individual poems) should begin in May.

Mark your calendar for April 3 and 4 – our weekend workshop will be Friday evening and all day Saturday. Otherwise, stay tuned, thanks for listening, thanks for writing!

Bob

Arthur Winfield Knight is the author of three collections of poetry and five novels, including his latest *Misfits Country* which is set against the making of *The Misfits*. More than 3,000 of his poems, short stories and film reviews have been published in journals and anthologies including *College English*, *The New York Quarterly*, *Poet Lore*, *Cat Crimes III*, *New Trails*, and *Westward*. His work has been translated into Chinese, French, German, Italian, Japanese, Serbo-Croatian, Spanish, and Turkish.

Zucchini

By Arthur Winfield Knight

I remember my mother
standing at the sink
cutting zucchini
into thin slices
at the house
on Keokuk and Oak
in Petaluma.
It was the year
my mother worried
about turning 30,
standing before the mirror,
searching for gray hairs.
I was probably
in the first grade.
She'd put the zucchini
into an aluminum pot,
simmering them
in tomato sauce,
until the kitchen smelled
of oregano and thyme,
tomatoes and sunlight.
The canary sang
along with Mario Lanza
on the radio. Someone
I'd meet years later thought
zucchini were ugly,
but I still remember
how beautiful
they looked to me,
how delectable they tasted.

Pears

By Arthur Winfield Knight

Buying a pear,
it all comes back to me,
that first summer I spent
on my grandparents' ranch.
I lived in a tent
so I did not have to go
inside the farmhouse.
I could smell the pears
from the two trees
next to my tent. At night
I could hear the pears
fall to the soft earth.
Sometimes at dawn
I'd wander through fields,
picking persimmons
and pomegranates,
or I'd walk up the hill
to the chicken houses
that had been abandoned
before I was born.
I'd pick apples and walnuts
from the trees there.
It was the summer
my mother began to care
for my father's parents.
I remember the house
smelled of bananas
and baby food,
urine and disinfectant.
I got my first car
that summer. I discovered
every back road
in Sonoma County, driving,
driving, wanting to be
anyplace but home.

Lowell Jaeger teaches creative writing at Flathead Valley Community College in Montana and is editor of Many Voices Press which is busy compiling *New Poets of the American West*, an anthology of poets from western states. His publication credits include *The Iowa Review*, *Atlanta Review*, *The Coe Review*, *Poetry Flash*, *Georgetown Review*, *Big Muddy*, *Antioch Review*, *Louisiana Review*, *Pacific Review*, *Hawaii Review*, *Poetry East*, and *The California Quarterly*. His third collection of poems, *Suddenly Out of a Long Sleep*, was published by Arctos Press in 2008.

A Patrolman's Tale

By Lowell Jaeger

I've pretty well hid the cruiser
in a grove of cottonwoods
along the gravel to the landfill.
New ordinance. No uncovered loads.
Need to protect against garbage
blown into ditches.

I hit the lights and he pulls over
like he'd been expecting it.
Ford pickup, mostly rust.
Stacked like a hay wagon
with throw-aways after someone's
busted yard-sale.

I'm careful he keeps both hands on the wheel
when I come near. Old bugger. Stubbled chin.
Missing teeth. Tell him, "It's the law.
Dump loads covered. Secured."

He exhales a little whistle. Screws up
his face so it looks like a twisted
dish rag. Spits. Swallows hard.
Says, "Sonny this may be garbage
in yer eyes, but it's all I own
of this whole damn world."

Nothing back at the academy, no
operations manual tells me
just how to answer back. I stare.
"You okay, man?" All I can think
to say. He levels his gaze

on me directly. The engine dies.
"Sure son, I'm alright." Then a pause . . .
"But you look kinda funny,
standin' there, one foot
in yer mouth."

Thought It Would Be Easy

By Lowell Jaeger

All summer in County Services.
A college junior.
Big metal desk with my name.
In-box. Out-box. Rolodex.

Paid just to write it down,
other peoples' grievances.
Terrors. Nightmares. Hard
luck. Decide who's qualified.
What type of support.

*Jim was worse than George.
He'd take us for rides
so far into the trees
no one could see.*

Learned to cradle my coffee cup
in both palms
like an ember to carry
one interview into
the next. And next.

*So when he finished
with my sister, I ran.
Just ran. Stumbled home
on my birthday.
Blood down the inside
both thighs.*

I opened file drawers.
Selected appropriate forms.
Sent him across the hall
to Room 3B. Her to C. Or D.
Or upstairs to the attorneys.
Downstairs to the cops.

Twelve week tour of duty.
Two maybe four clients
an hour. Sort of
changed me. Kept wishing

I could open a window. Watched
the clock. Faces,
voices, ages, dress
changed.

Little else.

Richard Luftig is a professor of educational psychology and special education at Miami University in Ohio. Luftig received the Cincinnati Post-Corbett Foundation Award for Literature and was a semi finalist for the Emily Dickinson Society Award. His poems have appeared in numerous literary journals in the United States and internationally in Japan, Canada, Australia, Finland, and England. His third chapbook of poems was published in 2007.

Our Days

By Richard Luftig

**LIKE SPARKS OR
SMOKE
WITH NO HINT OF
FLAME,**

**THE PAST IS ALWAYS
PRESENT. MEMORIES**

**HAVE A WAY OF
SINGING
OUR OUTSTRETCHED
ARMS,**

**SCORCHING OUR
HEARTS
AT THE MOST
UNEXPECTED**

**MOMENTS. WE KEEP
REACHING FOR THEM**

**LIKE FRESH
HAMMERED
SOMEWHERE**

Bus Station

By Richard Luftig

The clock on the wall has lost so much time
you can almost set your watch by it
and the “home- made soup” sign
flashing in the coffee-shop window
has long quit feeling guilty about the lie.

It’s hard when the busses stop
wearing the town’s name like a headband.
Hard to admit that it has become nothing
but a place to pick up stragglers,
too tired, too numb or just too damn blind
to have packed up and called it quits
long before this. But tonight,

when he stumbles off to the sullen stares
of passengers eager to arrive
at their own lonely climes,
he’ll grab his bag from the belly of the bus,
and hear his heeltaps on the scarred, grooved tile.

He’ll wait for awhile (just in case
someone shows) on a ribbed-worn
wooden bench varnished smooth by years
of rough dungarees and held fast
with collective wads of ancient gum,
all the while trying to reduce memories
to a more manageable size.

Then he’ll follow them out into the night,
towards the lone, single streetlight,
over by the curb stand,
searching, waiting for a cab that gave up
on his arrival a long time ago.

Sibilla Hershey has previously published poems in regional literary journals including *Poetry Now*, *Rattlesnake Review*, *The Yolo Crow*, *The Archer*, *Sacramento News and Review*, and several anthologies.

Taylor Graham is a volunteer search-and-rescue dog handler in El Dorado County. Her poems have appeared in *Poetry Now*, *Tule Review*, *The Iowa Review*, *Southern Humanities Review*, and elsewhere, and she's included in the anthology, *California Poetry: From the Gold Rush to the Present*.

Different Light
By Sibilla Hershey

For GGG

We were driving west
On seldom traveled roads
Toward the setting sun
When we reached a high pass
Somewhere west of Lida, Nevada.

At the top of the crest
We paused, awed
By the Sierras,
Layers of distant summits
Silhouetted against
Evening light.

Traveling together
Late in life
The unexpected
Before dark.

House-Cat's Lament

By Taylor Graham

Hunger's an itch, a growing
between gut and skin, grapple of the first
of nine lives. It's living
every instant of the streak
from under-porch to under-cabin, a long
hazard, adrenalin fist of daylight.
Night's the cold edge burning
frost on the lawn, sliver-moon reflected
in the owl's arc.

Home's this tedium of walls, mock-
flight from the dog, mask
of pretend-fright. Conventional
purr at petting. The hope-
lessness of a never-wide-enough opening
door.

Coming from Rattlesnake Press!

Oar

a new chapbook from Julia Connor

In the End, It's a Worthless Machine

a littlesnake broadside from Josh Fernandez

The Dimensions of the Morning

a Rattlesnake Reprint from D.R. Wagner

Join us February 11, 7:30 PM

at The Book Collector

1008 - 24th St., Sacramento

Then, on Thursday, February 19:

Join us at Poetry Unplugged

for the premiere of

WTF!!!

a quarterly journal

edited by frank andrick

Luna's Café, 1414 - 16th St., Sacramento, 8 PM

Next deadline for
Rattlesnake Review (#21)
is February 15!

Go to rattlesnakepress.com
for submission guidelines...

and look for DAILY
poetry/events/gossip on
MEDUSA'S KITCHEN

(medusaskitchen.blogspot.com)

Kevin D. Burgess was born in Missouri, raised in Arkansas, and has made his home base in Northern California for the last 18 years. His poetry and short fiction has been published in the online magazine *Sacramento Poetry, Art and Music*. He has had two books of poetry published, *Earth, Sky and Walls* and *The Queen City*. He has traveled to most of the fifty states and has lived and worked in England, France, Germany, Brazil, and Russia.

Incident on the Big Sandy

By Kevin D. Burgess

In the Appalachians
Eastern Kentucky blends
Into West Virginia
In the valley
Of the Big Sandy River.

But the culture is the same.
English and Scottish.
Some of the spoken word,
English of 400 years past.
The only news
Of an outside world
Brought back by
Young men gone to war.

It is a hard country.
Slivers of valleys
Surrounded by rounded peaks,
Except for the slash
Of the coal mines.
Tit poor farms,
Sour Mash,
Coal and Black Lung.
Blackberries and peaches in summer
Cornbread and pork belly in winter.

It is Indian summer,
But October rains
Have swollen the streams.
I wade waist deep
Across a stream.
I am here to measure
Its gradient.
To help the people
Of this valley
The government assures me.

I breathe heavily as
I walk up hill
To a cabin nestled
Into the valley wall.
A knock on
A plank door

Brings no answer.
In the back
Of the cabin is a barn
Of weathered oak.

Leaning to one side
It is slowly traveling downhill.
I walk through a door.
A rusty horseshoe
Tacked above the entrance.

A hand on my shoulder
And the sound only
A cocking pistol makes.
The barrel of the gun
To the back of my head.
I hear undecipherable
Human noises
And after several seconds
Slowly turn around
To find a young man
In dirty overalls
Ragged print shirt
And stubble on his chin.
A man more frightened
Than I am.

The man makes
Strange guttural sounds
And I realize he
Is deaf and mute.
As slow as I can
I extend my right hand.
The man's eyes flashing wildly.
His desperate mind
Scattered with possibilities.
Then tentatively
He places the gun
In his left hand
And reaches out with
His right hand
To grasp
Mine.

Lisa Jones interviews Kim Addonizio

Kim Addonizio is a National Book Award finalist and Pushcart prize-winning poet who brings an edgy, gutsy voice to her polished narrative meditations. Her work includes a mix of the dark, the sensual, and the spiritual, sometimes employing traditional forms to describe modern human struggles. Many have been introduced to her as the co-editor of an inviting and insightful teaching book on the making of poetry, *The Poet's Companion*, written with Dorianne Laux.

Addonizio has two new books coming out. The first one, *Ordinary Genius*, is also a teaching book. Like *Poet's Companion*, it is a series of chapters inspired by her free-lance teaching, which she conducts on-line and in workshops in Oakland, California, where she lives (information available on her website: kimaddonizio.com).

According to her publisher, Norton, the book includes "new insights into the creative process, craft, and the lessons Addonizio has learned through her own creative subjects--love, loss, identity, community. There are Chapters on gender, race, and class, encouraging readers to explore their creative vision more deeply." She "shares her breakthroughs and frustrations frankly, including samples of rejection slips . . . and a wealth of knowledge about form and structure, metaphor and rhythm, revision, and . . . publishing."

Norton will release *Ordinary Genius* in February of 2009 and *Lucifer at the Starlite* in October. Her previous poetry collections include: *Tell Me, Jimmy and Rita* (a verse novel), *The Philosopher's Club*, and *What is this Thing Called Love*. She's also written two novels and has a word/music CD *Swearing, Smoking, Drinking, & Kissing*, a book of stories, *In the Box Called Pleasure* (FC2); and the anthology *Dorothy Parker's Elbow: Tattoos on Writers, Writers on Tattoos*, co-edited with Cheryl Dumesnil. She's been awarded two fellowships from the National Endowment for the Arts and a Guggenheim Fellowship among others. Last year I had the privilege of becoming one of her students and have since enjoyed attending a poetry salon she held at her house so students could read their own work and enjoy the featured reading of Nancy Pearson, one of her students who recently published a book, *Two Minutes of Light*, which won the Perugia Press Prize. I asked Addonizio to respond to some e-mail questions about her own work.

How is this book different from Poet's Companion?

When I wrote the *Poet's Companion* with Dorianne Laux, the Internet was really new. *Ordinary Genius* recognizes the back-and-forth between books and cyberspace, and makes use of that. *Ordinary Genius* is also a bit more expansive, I think—it brings in collaboration, performance, ways of making and experiencing poetry in a broader sense.

Can you give me an example of a suggestion you offer in the book for how to use the internet as a poet?

There are lots of suggestions for poems to Google, work you can read online to help you think about how to approach a writing exercise in the book. In one chapter, the reader is directed to web sites that show graphically disturbing images of suffering: Nagasaki, Darfur, etc. There's not even a writing exercise attached to that one. The exercise is simply to look at those things, to confront them.

How is your poetry changing? What can you tell me about the book Lucifer at the Starlite?

I was pretty severe with the poems in the book—I tried to cut anything that didn't have a certain kind of intensity. It's a dark book, but I think there's hope there. Stylistically, maybe it begins to move somewhere else from where I've been. That's usually my goal, to try and take the writing someplace new.

Lately I have been thinking a lot about women poets who have written about the body and sexuality. Jan Beatty has a poem where she thanks poets like Sharon Olds and Sylvia Plath and others for paving the way for modern women poets to be able to write about what it means to live in a woman's body and she says we still have a long way to go. Are you still writing about sexuality and the body? Are you moving into other subjects?

As Whitman says, "I too received identity by my body." What if we reconceived the question as being about identity? That strikes me as potentially more interesting. As for moving into other subjects, the other subjects have been there in my work all along. I'm obsessed by the same subjects that have always tugged at me: mortality; the suffering in the world; the connections between people; the spiritual realities we dimly apprehend and how to enact them, how to live authentically, within awareness, and with kindness. I'm not sure I'm interested in being "a woman poet writing about the body." Aren't we all writing about the body? Aren't we all in a body, experiencing life? It seems weird to separate that out, as though if we're writing about being in a body we aren't also writing about the mind and imagination and spirit.

I love this quote from you: "Poetry is not a means to an end, but a continuing engagement with being alive." Do you want to say anything more about that? How do you stay in touch with that even though, in the professional realm you are in, one can get very caught up in the business/ambition side of poetry?

Since I found poetry—or it found me—in my late twenties, I've pretty much devoted my life to it. It's not hard to stay in touch with poetry. Poetry is like food; I need it to live. I need to see and know that there is more than the mundane, more than the everyday reality of work and money and entertainment. I need a sense of the gravitas of life, a connection with the duende; poetry and art and music take me there. Without them I would kill myself out of boredom and meaninglessness. I find meaning in the natural world, too, but I mostly find it in culture, in the products of my fellow humans who are thinking and wondering and imagining and grieving and loving as I am. I can get caught up in ambition like anyone, but it doesn't have anything to do with what motivates me to write. I write because I have to. I have a brother who's an athlete, and I'm sure he does that because he has to, because without it, he wouldn't feel connected to himself or to the world.

If you were about to take your subject matter in a new direction, where would you be going?

How can I know? The subject matter changes as your life changes. You don't control your subject matter—it chooses you. I'm hoping for more light, less darkness and loneliness. And then, too, I think of that great Galway Kinnell poem:

Prayer

Whatever happens. Whatever
what is is what
I want. Only that. But that.



Sacramento Area

Literary Calendar

February 2009

Monday 2

7:30 pm

Robert Grossklaus hosts Miles Miniaci, Bo Lopez, and Crawdad Nelson with music by Chéne Watson and Bob Wilson of Litany at SPC, 1719 – 25th St.

Tuesday 3

7:30 pm and every Tuesday:

SPC Poets' Workshop @ the Hart Center, 27th & J Sts. Danyen @ 530-756-6228 FREE Bring 15 copies of your one page poem to be read/critiqued.

7:00 pm and every Tuesday:

"Life Sentence" poetry reading and open mic. The Coffee Garden, 2904 Franklin Blvd., Sac.
<http://www.myspace.com/lifesentenceshow>

Wednesday 4

The Bistro, 3rd and F Streets in Davis, 1st and 3rd Wednesdays. Free. 530-756-4556
aojones@ucdavis.edu

http://www.bistro33.com/bistro33_davis for schedule

8:00 pm

Mahogany Poetry Series, and every Wed. night at Queen Sheba restaurant @ 1704 Broadway, with Khiry Malik M., Slam, open.

Thursday 5

8:00 pm and every Thursday:

Open Mike and featured poet at Lunas Café -- Feature TBA

Saturday 7

Every 1st Saturday

Rhythm N Rhymes:
open mike, webcast & filmed for public TV @ Butch N Nellie's, near corner of 19th & I.
myspace.com/RNRshow

Monday 9

7:30 pm

Bob Stanley hosts Hannah Stein and Katherine Hastings at SPC, 1719 – 25th st.

Friday 13

7:00 – 8:30 pm

A Marathon of Love Poems.
Twenty local poets read poems of love, lust, and heartbreak. SPC, 1719 – 25th Street. Hosted by Cynthia Linville.

Saturday 14

10:00 am – 11:30 am

SPC 2nd and 4th Saturday workshop facilitated by Emmanuel Sigauke and Frank Dixon Graham located at South Natomas Community Center next door to South Natomas Library
2921 Truxel Road, Sacramento, CA. Bring 10 copies of your one page poem. Contact or for info: grahampoet@aol.com

Monday 16

7:30 pm

African-American Poetry Night
Hosted by Frank Graham and Emmanuel Sigauke
at SPC 1719 – 25th Street.

Friday 20

The Other Voice, sponsored by the UU Church of The Other Voice, sponsored by the UU Church of Davis presents Charles Halsted and Miles Miniaci who will have a music background as he reads his poems. The reading is at 7:30 in the library of the church located at 27074 Patwin Road. Refreshments and Open Mike following, so bring a poem or two to share.

Monday 23

7:30 pm

Tim Kahl hosts 23 The Lawrence Dinkins Traveling All-Stars at the SPC 1719 – 25th st.

Sunday 28

11:00 am to 1:00 pm

El Camino Poets invites any interested poets to attend its regular monthly workshop and tea at the Ethel Hart Senior Center, 27th and J Streets in Sacramento. Please bring 8 copies of your poem for critique.



TRUCE

by Dobby Gibson

Perhaps this can be understood
 only by someone who has already had
 the thoughts expressed here,
 someone who knows
 that you can't truly understand a word
 until you're already in desperate need of that word,
 like *afternoon*,
 like sitting in front of an open summer window,
 old guitar falling slowly out of tune.
 So far, I have learned very little.
 I want to, for instance, but can't,
 render this in something realer,
 in a *leaves* that not only blesses leaves,
 but in a *leaves* that makes them more so.
 There is a new word for uncertainty,
 and an old word for permanence
 that was recently forgotten.
 But there is no dictionary for this,
 there's just that hawk there
 circling above the river
 to perfectly name the way the clouds
 blow past us as impossibly as prepositions.
 Of this language, which is sometimes not reassuring.
 To whatever happens next, which I deserve.
 Whatever I can name.
 Whatever great light
 or greater reason why.
 Whatever song that's better once it's been heard before.
 It's a powerful idea
 to have had the idea before.
 I'm so close to this idea, I'm burning.
 You've been holding me back.
 You saved my life.

PERMANENT MARKER

By Matt Hart –

Appearing with Dobby Gibson at SPC HQ on March 9, 2009

Two doors down, the man who just kicked
his dog also screams at the ceiling.

I've seen him at night looking up at the stars.
Once a marvelous redness, then poof an air of spores.

Everybody breathes until at last! at last!
The right hand margin or the horizon remembers:

It's time for the curtain call.
Now come together, hold hands.

I have to admit that all those hooves to the ear
sound delicious, but how much longer can the flag stay afloat?

Fact is, you're gonna bleed in a tree until you don't,
and after that you'll discover the blues.

My point exactly is a pencil through a shark.
The earth crashes into the moon.

Join SPC

\$30 annual membership gets you Poetry Now
and Tule Review

Name _____

Address _____

email _____

Mail to: SPC Membership
1719 - 25th Street
Sacramento, CA 95816



Room To Write classes – Spring 2009:

1. Study six American poets who changed our poetic landscape:

American Poets Born During the Late 20's. (Part 2) In six weeks we will study 6 major American Poets born between 1926 and 1929: W.S Merwin, Robert Bly, Adrienne Rich, Frank O'Hara, Galway Kinnell, and Philip Levine. This will be an exciting overview of these fine writers. *Led by John Allen Cann*

Tuesday evenings, 7:00 to 9:00 pm. March 3, 10, 17, 24, 31, April 14. (no class April 7)

Cost for series of six classes: \$120, Drop-ins - \$20 per session

Note: additional cost of text will be approximately \$50

John Allen Cann, Professor of English at Cosumnes River College, has been working with poetry for thirty years. His "Kids in Words" programs have put on bardic assemblies in local schools since 1997. Editor of Aetheric Press, Mr. Cann has published a number of books of poetry, including Solitude the Shape of a Woman. As an undergraduate at Cornell University, John studied with A.R. Ammons and William Matthews, and he has an MA in Creative Writing from San Francisco State University.

2. Try your hand at screenwriting with this one-time free class:

Screenwriting Workshop with Walter Klenhard. This one-of-a-kind workshop will give you practical advice from a professional screenwriter. Beginners will learn the building blocks: format, structure, dialogue, and story. You will write short scenes that utilize these tools. Experienced writers will have the opportunity to re-write their scripts with the guidance of an established writer/producer. Seven classes beginning March 4th.

Wednesday evenings, 7:00 to 9:00 pm. Feb 25, March 4, 11, 18, 25, April 1, 8.

Classes are FREE, but class size is limited to ten participants. You must pre-register.

Walter Klenhard is a professional screenwriter who has recently come to the Sacramento area from Southern California. Since 1988, Walter has written over twenty produced MOWS, for CBS, NBC, HBO, TBS, ABC, Lifetime, and Hallmark. He was nominated for an Edgar Award for outstanding television mystery for "The Last Hit." An accomplished director, producer and actor, Mr. Klenhard began his theatre career as an actor. As a teenager, he studied theatre in England and later continued at UCLA. His acting credits include "Midway," "Tom Horn," and, on TV, "Alfred Hitchcock Presents."

Classes will be held at 1719 - 25th Street, Sacramento. To register, or for more information on **Room to Write**, call Bob Stanley at 916-240-1897, or email Bob at bobstanley@sbcglobal.net.

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.

Submit poems and a 30-50 word bio to clinville@csus.edu. (Electronic submissions preferred.) Submissions may also be mailed along with a SASE to SPC, 1719 - 25th Street, Sacramento, CA 95816.

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 916-979-9706.

Editor: Frank Graham grahampoet@aol.com

Poetry Editor: Cynthia Linville

Contributing Editors: Tim Kahl, Martha Ann Blackman

Interviews: Lisa Jones

Book Reviews: Emmanuel Sigauke

Design Editor: Henry Chen

Calendar Editor: Aaron Gerwer

Please submit events to be listed on the calendar to aarondscrub@yahoo.com

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.

Board of Directors (as of Jan 2008)

Bob Stanley, President

Tim Kahl, Vice President

Rebecca Morrison, Secretary

Sandra Senne, Treasurer

Kate Asche, Member at large

Frank Graham, Member at large

Mary Zeppa, Member at large

Stan Zumbiel, Member at large

Brad Buchanan, Member at large

Emmanuel Sigauke, Member at large

Contact us at

1719 - 25th Street, Sacramento, CA 95816

bobstanley@sbcglobal.net

916-979-9706

Or visit our website at

www.sacramentopoetrycenter.org.



The Sacramento Poetry Center Presents

First Annual Poetry Book Contest

Winning book manuscript will be published by
The Sacramento Poetry Center Press.

Winner will also receive a prize of:
\$1000.00 and 50 free copies of their winning book.

GUIDELINES: Submit a manuscript of 48-70 numbered pages of original poetry in any style. Manuscript must contain 2 title pages: Name and contact information (including email address, if possible) should appear on first title page only. Name should not appear anywhere else. Manuscript should be typed, single-spaced, paginated, and bound with a clip.

The Sacramento Poetry Center will also consider publishing additional manuscripts from the contest.

Check for \$20.00, US, per entry (multiple entries OK) should be made out to The Sacramento Poetry Center. Paid-up members of the Sacramento Poetry Center may enter the contest for a reduced fee of \$15. Please note that members of SPC will not receive preferential treatment in the judging process. Include a table of contents page and an acknowledgments page for magazine or anthology publications. Will read entries postmarked between **January 1, 2009 and March 31, 2009**. Enclose an SASE for announcement of the winner.

Entries should be mailed to:

The Sacramento Poetry Center
Poetry Book Contest
P.O. Box 160406,
Sacramento, CA 95816

For more information, please visit our website:
<http://www.sacramentopoetrycenter.org>

http://www.sacramentopoetrycenter.org

February 2009



poetry now

A PUBLICATION OF THE SACRAMENTO POETRY CENTER

Matt Hart is appearing with
Dobby Gibson at SPC HQ on
March 9, 2009.



www.sacramentopoetrycenter.org

poetry now

Sacramento's literary calendar & review

SPC Blog :

sacramentopoetrycenter.blogspot.com

NONPROFIT ORGANIZATION

U.S POSTAGE PAID

SACRAMENTO, CA

PERMIT NUMBER 1956

The Poet Tree, Inc.

1719 25th Street

Sacramento, CA 95816



The Poet Tree, Inc., also known as The Sacramento Poetry Center, is a nonprofit corporation dedicated to providing forums for local poets including publications, workshops, and a reading series.