



poetry now

The Sacramento Poetry Center's Monthly Newsletter Journal for poetry

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

Poetry 'round town It's a Monday night in January, and Frank and Rebecca are putting out cookies and making hot water for tea at the poetry center. Tim's setting up the sound system, he's got a reader coming in from the Bay Area that he contacted five months ago; she's expected to arrive momentarily. I'm spreading blankets on chairs, handing out Poetry Now. Interested parties are starting to drift in; the crowd won't be huge, but they'll be appreciative of this poet's work. Before her last poem is done, we'll be surprised by the imagery, the turns of phrase, the intensity that builds as she reads poem after poem. It's a good night.

I'm at my desk at home a week later, late on a Wednesday night, and emails are coming in from here and there. Terry Moore's sending an update on the third Saturday Underground Poetry Series, Rae Gourand has a workshop coming up at Cache Creek. Andy Jones sends an invitation to the upcoming Bistro 33 reading via Facebook. Sandra's updating SPC's mailing list, sending out requests for membership renewal. Mary and Linda are working on a grant application; a request has come in from a local organization that wants to put on an event. I'm responding to B.L. Kennedy's question about a venue we're booking for a Ginsberg event in June. Here's Frank Andrick – radio show coming up, a reading, too; and notes from Molly Fisk & Ellen Bass – workshops at home or far away. Wish I could go! Messages bubble in from NorCalLitList, Poets and Writers, Rattlesnake Press, the flow goes on. It's after eleven o'clock – why are all these folks working?

I'm amazed at the amount of work people are doing on behalf of poetry in our community. Along with those listed above and many others, SPC members are more active than ever – planning new projects – readings and events, and we're just part of the choreography of poetry in Sacramento. But there are many poets-at-home who still don't know that all this activity exists. One of our goals for 2009 is to get the word out about all the events that are going on. So we're grateful to KXJZ and KXPR for some new Public Service Announcements, which began February 9th. Hopefully, many of their listeners will check out the SPC website, and find our regional calendar there. Meanwhile, the work goes on, the messages crisscross in cyberspace. Kind of a poetic rhythm to all that. Spread the word any way you can.

What's up at 25th and R? **March 2** Emmanuel Sigauke hosts Richard Loranger; **March 9** Tim Kahl hosts Dobby Gibson and Matt Hart; **March 16** Rebecca Morrison hosts a St. Patrick's Day celebration with the Sweetwater Gaggle Poets; **March 23** Tim Kahl hosts Troy Jollimore; **March 30** I'll be hosting the fourth annual SPC appearance of !X – Sac City College's Ethnic Theater Workshop.

Advance notice of some April events: Our poetry workshop will be **April 3rd and 4th**. I recommend you sign up early, because we're offering the full day workshop *free of charge* this year. Call 916-979-9706 if you want to register, or email Tim Kahl through the SPC website. This is our regional version of a poetry stimulus package – help us fill the seats! Monday, **April 6** we'll present the first book from SPC Press, *Sometimes in the Open*, an anthology from poets laureate from around the state. Julia Connor and other laureates will be reading. And **April 14** – just confirmed – Pam Houston and the UC Davis Graduates will read. More coming in April, May, June. But my computer can only hold so many emails, and my paragraphs so much information. Thanks for allowing me to unload, and keep up all the good works. -- Bob

Kim Triedman is author of the poetry collection *bathe in it or sleep* which won this year's Main Street Rag Chapbook Competition. She was a finalist for the 2007 Philbrick Poetry Award, a finalist for the 2008 James Jones First Novel Fellowship, a semi-finalist for the 2008 Black River Chapbook Competition, and a semi-finalist for the 2008 Parthenon Prize for Fiction. Her poems have been widely published internationally and she is a graduate of Brown University.

Saturation

By Kim Triedman

Outrage is what I mean to say –
it's all about the

crows at this hour, and the color
out my window is

gasping to grey. Yes, I am tired
of it all, even the grass,

greening, even the
sky. Forgive me but it's

you I'm talking about,
the way you

slip, sideways, the way you
deaden the view like a

rusty old screen.
Give me some milk, thickly;

give me a reason
to bleed. The world will

never
break so blue.

Moving on

By Kim Triedman

It's a lot to throw away. Just
look at all this stuff—
keys to god-knows-where, cheap
shoes, photo albums filled
to overflowing. Take a breath.
Make sure you know

what you are doing. There may
be something here
you cannot live without—
something misplaced, something
old and rare that shines
beneath the dust. The one

good thing. I myself have
found things you could
never imagine: a wink,
the lines of a song, hunger
in all its costumes; the scent

of skin. Even that evening
you brushed my hair while I
just wept and nursed the baby.
Once there was an orchid
there, beneath a pile of

rumpled sheets, and every now
and then I'll find a sturdy
hope that I can live by. Take
your time. Make sure you know
what you are doing. It's a lot
to throw away.

Jeff Swan has been writing poems for years and has published in the past but recently took a five-year hiatus from writing. He lives in Washington State, owns a small business, and travels in Canada regularly.

Thoughts while passing a Cemetery in The Country

By Jeff Swan

A quarter moon shines bright
down upon the dead in their graves

Their forms quiet now
lying in wait for revival
of reincarnation.

At this moment
when the grass
has just began to grow again
from harsh Winter

Deer graze
among the tombs
peacefully.

That is how I want to be
when I am laid to rest.

Lying still
the world passing
above me.

As silent as a deer
on the first
warm Spring night.

The Sacramento Poetry Center's Third Annual High School Poetry Writing Contest

No cost to enter!

Postmark Deadline: April 15, 2009

Limit of 3 poems per student

Prizes include:

\$100.00 for our Grand Prize winner

Free books and swag for finalists

*Publication in Poetry Now,
the monthly journal of the Sacramento Poetry Center
Grand Prize winner will receive an invitation to read
their work at the Sacramento Poetry Center in the
Summer.*

Be sure to include an SASE (Self-addressed, stamped envelope) if you want notification of winners.

Note: poems should not have your name on them – include a separate cover letter with your name, address, phone and email address, and the titles of your poems.

Also indicate the name of your school.

Send your original poems to:
High School Poetry Contest
Sacramento Poetry Center
P.O. Box 160406
Sacramento, CA 95816

*Email submissions will be accepted: send to tulereview@sacramentopoetrycenter.org
Put "SPC HS CONTEST" in the subject line.
Include above information sheet as the body of the email, and send each individual poem as an attachment – MS Word documents only.
Questions? tulereview@sacramentopoetrycenter.org*

Good writing and good luck!

J F Pytko is a one-time poet laureate for the Philosophers Guild who's published five chapbooks and one collection of poetry, *Saturday Night and Other Poems*.

Crystal

By J F Pytko

Night's stare sticks
to the window
like a tongue on dry ice.
Street light etches whatever
is in its grasp.
Deep in the hole
of sleep, no one hears
the votive lights, reminding
each other to remain alert
and light the way
for the penitent in me
to return with the incense
that rises with its hands
folded over my heart.
And to return
in the hymn
that is sung
when the dawn
is given its wings.

Pop Goes Poetry

**Sacramento style – new or old,
these are some of our favorite local
blogs/websites, videos,
venues and *stuff*.**

VIDEO: In 2005, B.L. Kennedy and Linda Thorell received a grant from the Sacramento Metropolitan Arts Commission to establish The Archives Group, dedicated to preserving the history of Sacramento's poetry scene on videotape. The results of this collaboration were the documentary film, *I Began to Speak*. Check it out!

There's a splendid list of poetry related movies out on DVD at:
<http://www.poets.org/page.php/prmID/195>

WEB: The revamped and lovely, brilliant red, and legendary, EskimoPi Online, by Rebecca Morrison deserves a new visit. As Indigo Moor might put it, this site is "cherry" -- cherry red, I should say. But the site is an art in itself, a techno poetry wonder. It's a must when surfing the poetry web -- go to <http://www.eskimopie.net/> Rebecca keeps one of the most formidable calendars in the area of events, readings and other literary clips. There are many other things-"poetry" to keep you entertained.

UC DAVIS EXTENSION ARTS AND HUMANITIES

SPC members now receive a special discount on all UC Davis Extension writing courses! For more information, check the website at

http://extension.ucdavis.edu/unit/arts_and_humanities/.

VENUE: For those enjoying the Spanish language, Mexican culture or Latin roots, <http://www.escritoresdelnuevosol.com/> is the place to be. One of the best kept secrets in Sacramento, the Escritores Del Nuevo Sol have been in the business of promoting the creative use of language for many years and have advanced the likes of Adrian Arias, Francisco Alarcon, Jose Montoya, Danny Romero, JoAnn Anglin, Arturo Mantecon, and other people SPC folk love to read. Readings from this group are most often held at the always intriguingly designed and artfully decorated La Raza Galleria Posada -- a small, but enchanting, venue. Everybody is welcome and you need not, in my opinion, be an expert in the language to get something out of the elegant readings (most often in the Spanish tongue).

SPC Poets' Conference

Held at SPC HQ 1719 - 25th St. in Sacramento
FREE to the Public!

First Weekend in April!

3 Workshops in the morning
and 3 in the afternoon -- to choose from.

lectures, workshops, readings and more!

William O'Daly

Camille Dungy

Camille Norton

Matthew Zapruder

Susan Kelly-Dewitt

Libby Kovacs

A Place Named After You

By Peter Layton

I listen to the motors take
the little fake engines around on the track.
In the air the smell of warmed oil
similar the sound of sewing machines whirring.

The make believe town is also here, minding itself.
I have placed pretend water in a glade, in a lake.
More fake water boils over rocks and a pretend fall,
there are
animals whom've stopped dead in their plastic tracks

fawning over a not real orchard.
Are you
as you appear to dance between dust flakes
in the limelight of air

The small electric sounds, of trains following
the bends, curves, of the track, seamlessly going into
the made up back ranges, the
rouge of a sprayed-up-there sky.

Join SPC

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

Name_____

Address_____

Email_____

clip and send!

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

Coming from Rattlesnake Press!

A new chapbook from Norma Kohout
(All Aboard)

A littlesnake broadside from Patricia Hickerson
(At Grail Castle Hotel)

and a brand-new issue of
Rattlesnake Review
(the Snake turns 21!)

Join us March 11, 7:30 PM
at The Book Collector
1008 24th St., Sacramento

Next deadline for
Rattlesnake Review (#22)
is May 15!
Go to rattlesnakepress.com
for submission guidelines...

...and look for DAILY
poetry/events/gossip on

MEDUSA'S KITCHEN
(medusaskitchen.blogspot.com)

Emmanuel Sigauke Reviews

Cage by Astrid Cabral, translated from Portuguese by Alexis Levitin.

The poems in *Cage*, a collection by the Brazilian poet Astrid Cabral, take us into the cage of the natural world, showing it as both liberating and imprisoning. The poems are either about animals in the jungle, or they make references to the beast inside and outside us.

In "Let us Call the Oxen", the poet reminds us to call creatures by "their rightful name," which I take to mean that the barest minimum we could do, if we insist on not doing much else, is to acknowledge the existence of these creatures. Remember the question: What's in a name? An ox is an ox because he is an ox, the poem seems to say. And nature has an abundance of all these others creatures, which should be identified and respected as part of something big, the cycle of life to which we all belong. We still have time "to do things right/to distinguish among snakes/and carefully name them/corals, rattlers, anacondas."

Perhaps our naming of these creatures has been too arbitrary, so that just as an ox has been known by that name, it might actually be a wolf? And what if we are the cattle and the cattle are something else? The poet encourages to "call our dictionaries/dumb and asinine" because they have contributed to the misnomer. We must see the organic alphabet of nature signified through its diverse creatures, acknowledging the value of the smallest creature.

In "Two-faced Dog" the phallic is presented through the image of a dog: "You bark and are your fangs/and bury deep in me.../your ivory daggers/so I'll remember who you are." The seeming violence of the dog is seen as endearment. When we move on to "The Beast," we discover that a beast has taken over a husband and has left the wife solitary. The beast celebrates its triumph by mocking the once-patient wife, who now remembers that from the wedding day, husband and wife have "been battling forever." So there are those beasts in nature, which should be called by their rightful names, and those beasts that enter us, which should also be called by their rightful names.

"Cave Canem" introduces the dogs within the persona, which "howl in times of madness/against cages of courtesy." In "Naked Jaguar," the persona won't look the naked jaguar in the face because it is "hidden within," but it continues to suck the blood of its carrier "with an insatiable thirst." The beast within forms the character of the persona, but feeds on the persona as if to guarantee the temporality life whose ugly face we see in "Dead Bird" where we lament the death of a bird and console ourselves by imagining him flying in a different world. In another poem life is presented as the seven-headed beast which we learn not to fear as we grow older:

*The more I age
the more heads I snip from the seven-
headed beast. And the I recognize him,
my intimate, my neighbor.*

The persona takes us to another level in her treatment of the natural world, observing the smaller creatures like cicadas, which "burn away the hours" with their noise. This is necessary noise, because it helps them "call for rain that still delays."

Because we are human (and beastly), we dream. Dreams become horses in never-ending galloping, just like the billions of dreams that represent the purpose of each life that has passed through our planet.

If these poems capture the beauty and ugliness of nature, they also function as guides to how humans should relate to all creatures; they label fish as kin, and jaguars as beasts within, bringing attention to cicadas singing for rain for the good of every creature. But until we learn to relate more closely to the beasts without, the poet seems to argue, we are the ones who are caged by our ignorance of how life (as argued by nature) works.

Lisa Jones Interviews Jan Beatty

Some people call it eating weather—
the way you swallow what you know
--Jan Beatty, from "Red Sugar"

Jan Beatty's recent book, *Red Sugar*, is about what is inside the body, whether we are talking about emotional weather or the sweet and sorrowful semiotics of blood. In "Skinning It," she says "Why is the raw body so unloved / When it's out-loud?" Though her work can take the reader to very hard places, Beatty refuses to silence the body. She writes an elegant, gritty poetry, grounded in her experiences as an adopted daughter of a blue-collar family and her adult journey through waitressing, social work, academia, and teaching in a maximum security prison. She currently directs the Creative Writing program at Carlow University, teaches workshops for Mad Women in the Attic, and hosts a radio program, *Prosody*, on NPR-affiliate WYEP-FM, featuring the work of national writers.

While other women poets have come from the working class, Beatty owns this voice more fully and infuses it with a powerful feminist edge and a daring articulation of vulnerability and desire. The sexuality and renderings of violence in her work are provocative enough that Cincinnati-based Joseph-Beth Booksellers deemed her book unsuitable for an uncensored reading. Though they claimed to be protecting children in the bookstore, the reading was scheduled in the evening and they'd just recently had a famous male porn-star in for a book signing, leading Beatty and others to see this as a case of censoring based on sexism.

Beatty recently read her work at the Sacramento Poetry Center (video clips of her readings can be found at sacramentopoetrycenter.blogspot.com). Scroll down to Nov. 5, 2008 or find her poems and audio-clips on her website: janbeatty.com). *Red Sugar* is her 3rd book with the University of Pittsburg Press. Prior books include: *Boneshaker* (2002), *Mad River* (1995), and an award winning chapbook, *Ravenous* (1995). She's published in *Quarterly West*, *Gulf Coast*, *Indiana Review*, *Court Green*, and various anthologies. Her awards include a Heinz Foundation award, the Pablo Neruda Prize for Poetry, and two fellowships from the Pennsylvania Council on the Arts.

What got this book started?

In my last book I sort of killed the body off. It's about disassociation and dissolution of the body and I thought "what happens now?" Not that it is supposed to be a series in that sense, but I just didn't know what I would write about next--if the body is gone. I thought "well, I haven't gone *inside* the body..."

I love the way you build on [Gretta Erlich's line] "you walk inside yourself and eat weather" in the title poem "Red Sugar."

I guess I thought about what would be inside the body. I didn't think about it consciously, but looking back, I thought "We swallow so much and keep so much inside us, we don't even know what we're carrying--a lot of it should come out . . ."

Did you notice from the beginning, the adoption issue? Did it take awhile before you could see that [in your work]?
Yeah, it took a long time. After my first book I didn't know.

It sounds like I'm naive about my own book, but I remember looking at *Mad River* and the first epigraph is by Louise Bogan. It says "not lost, abandoned, left behind, this is my hand upon the mind." Which to me is about abandonment as a child, but it wasn't a conscious thing. The book begins with a poem about my conception, which seems narcissistic, but I wasn't aware that I was doing that, I swear. I always knew it was a huge thing, but it has just gotten bigger as time has gone on, not smaller.

A lot of poets have to comment, as you do, that this is not autobiography. What is it that readers need to understand about poetry on this subject?

They just need to know beyond a shadow of a doubt that this is not autobiography. This is not the poet's life, this is not what the poet necessarily thinks or believes. You can write a poem in anyone's voice, you can have a narrator that's certainly not yourself. It is a work of art. Think of it the same way you think of stories or fiction. It's a piece of writing. It is not the person. They need to make that distinction.

Maybe if they are beginning writers or readers they get stuck there... a lot of people writing poetry may think "well everything I'm writing is true, so then everything she wrote is true" and that's just not the case.

Besides if that is what you wrote it would be horrible poetry, because no one's life is like that... you know, you have to shape the poem to make it work and lie and steal and cheat and murder people in your poems... everything... and it limits it so much--that's the *sad* part: if people think this is autobiography. It is *much more* than autobiography! It's everything--it's all possibility. It's not limited by our lives, which can be restrained a lot.

Another reason that irritates me is because of the horrible tradition of calling women poets confessional poets, because people--mostly male poets--have assumed that all women can do is write what has happened to them and that is so diminishing, so unacceptable. I hate that term. It was just a way to silence women and to say "what you are writing--it's a little *different* than what we're doing, you're writing *confessional* poetry."

Sometimes we might censor ourselves. I had a powerful moment with my friend, (a local poet, Jenny Jiang). I was writing a personal poem about something many women have gone through and I said "I'm having a hard time with this, because it just seems like this story has been done so much." She said, "would we say a man shouldn't write about a war experience, because it's been done too much?" I appreciate your work, because it shows how you can take a familiar, but personal story and be fresh with it.

You have to write what you are driven to write. Nobody gets to tell you what to write. My students are afraid to use "I"--first person--in their poems and I say "Well, who told you to do that?" They don't have an answer, but they got it somewhere. They are writing in these affected, strange voices that have nothing to do with them. Then they come into my office and tell me stories that are brilliant and interesting--so it does damage to people, that position. Like your story--"that's been told"--your story's *never* been told. Not like you would do it. Of course you have to find the craft, you have to find something to warrant the poem being written.

[In the class I visited today], you talked about the poem "Shooter"--you'd written pages and then you weren't sure what you had...

I'll write pages of stuff and I'll have no idea what it is. I'll look at it later and say "this is terrible" or "there's nothing in here that feels important." Gwendolyn Brooks has that quote--a poem is when "you are importantly excited about an idea." Not when you are excited about an important idea, but when you are *importantly excited*. So I am looking for that. Is there something here that feels like it has life, necessity? If so, then I'll do more free writing.

I work with other writers--Judith Vollmer, who's been a mentor to me, and I show my work to Aaron Smith, who's a good friend, and they'll say "no this is terrible!" [Laughs]. And I'll say "really? I thought it was good" and they'll say "No, not so good." But you have to have people you trust to give you feedback, because sometimes we can't see what we are up to.

Lisa Jones is a staff interviewer for Poetry Now. A member of the "Squaw Valley Community of Writers," she is currently editing their "Annual Review." Her work has been published in "Qarrtsiluni's Journaling the Apocalypse" and in "Poetry Now." She recently won first place for the "Constance Topping Memorial Prize" for poetry and received an honorable mention in the "Sacramento Poetry Center" contest. She can be reached at lisajonespoet@gmail.com.

Sacramento Area Literary Events, March 2009

Mon, 3/2, 7:30 pm: E. Sigauke hosts Richard Loranger at SPC HQ, 1719 - 25th St.

Tues, 3/3, 7:30 pm *and every Tuesday*: SPC Poets' Workshop @ the Hart Cntr., 27th/J Street 530-756-6228, 15 copies of your 1 page poem.

Tues, 3/3 and **Every Tuesday** 7 pm: "Life Sentence" poetry reading and open mic. The Coffee Garden, 2904 Franklin Blvd., Sac. <http://www.myspace.com/lifesentenceshow>

Wed, 3/4, 8 pm: Mahogany Poetry Series, *and every Wed* night at 1704 Broadway, with Khiry Malik M. malikspeaks@aol.com

Wed, 3/4: The Bistro, 3rd and F Streets in Davis, *1st and 3rd Wed*. Free. 530-756-4556 aojones@ucdavis.edu http://www.bistro33.com/bistro33_davis for schedule

Thurs, 3/5 *and every Thurs* 8 pm: Open Mike and featured poet at Lunas Café -- Feature TBA

Sat, 3/7 *and every 1st Sat*: Rhythm N Rhymes open mike, webcast & filmed for public TV @ Butch N Nellie's,

near corner of 19th & I. myspace.com/RNRshow

Mon, 2/9, 7:30 pm: Tim Kahl hosts Dobby Gibson and Matt Hart SPC, 1719 - 25th St.

Wed, 3/11: Rattlesnake Press presents a new chapbook from Norma Kohout (*All Aboard*), a littlesnake broadside from Patricia Hickerson (*At Grail Castle Hotel*), and a brand-new issue of *Rattlesnake Review* (#21). The Book Collector, 1008 - 24th St., Sacramento. Refreshments and a read-around will follow; bring your own poems or somebody else's.

Sat, 3/14, 10-11:30: SPC **2nd and 4th Saturday** workshop at S. Natomas Comm. Cntr. 2921 Truxel Rd, Sac. Bring 7 copies of your one page poem. Info: grahampoet@aol

Mon, 3/16: Celebrate St. Patrick's Day with the **McKinley Park Gaggles** Poets at SPC, 1719 - 25th St.

Wed, 3/18: CSUS Festival of the Arts, Gabriel Gudding will be reading in the Library Gallery from 1 pm-2 pm.

Fri, 3/20: CSUS Festival of the Arts, Kathryn Cowles reads- Library Gallery; 2 pm-3 pm

Fri, 3/20, 7:30: Library of UU Church of Davis 27074 Patwin Road, The Other Voice presents: Julia Levine and Gillian Wegener. Refreshments, Open Mike.

Sat, 3/21: CSUS Festival of the Arts, Elizabeth Cross reads -Library Gallery from 2 pm-3 pm

Sat, 3/21: Random Abiladeze, Carla Fleming, and BME tour under Terry Moore performs; open mic at Underground books, 2814 - 35th St. (at Broadway) www.terrymoore.info

Mon, 3/23: Tim Kahl hosts Troy Jollimore at SPC, 1719 - 25th St.

Mon 3/30: Bob Stanley hosts !X Ethnic Theater at SPC 1719 - 25th St.

Sun, 3/22, 11 am - 1 pm: El Camino Poets regular monthly workshop and tea at Hart Center, 27th and J in Sac. Bring 8 copies of your poem.

COMING SOON:

FIRST WEEKEND IN APRIL – **SPC POETRY CONFERENCE**, FREE!

Check for details online.

Workshops, lectures, readings from fine poets!

HOW MY ORCHID GROWS

By Patricia Hickerson

in steam leaf and sugar pods
steam and leaf, stem and leaves
my orchid blooms
her topside hearts
beat in a pink mist
poke out feelers
on a long leg of pipe
armed with green feathers
bedded on grey pebbles, she
charms creeping fungus—
distillery of water, steam her up!

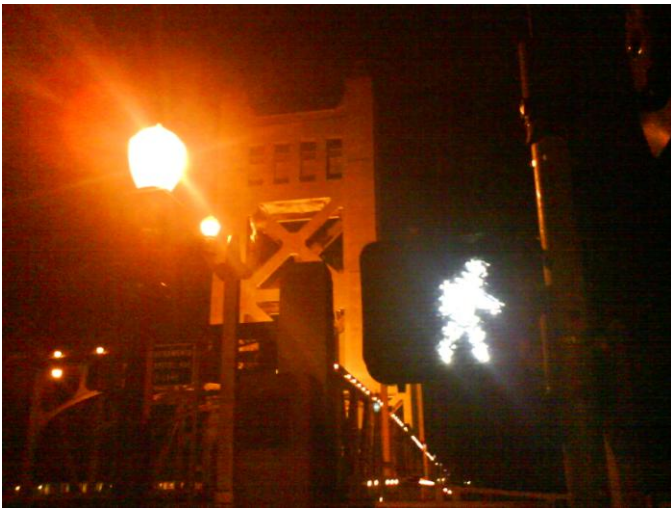
You put her smack up against tree bark,
my orchid
would still cling
and flourish.



Night Train

By Sibilla Hershey

Remember the train ride
from Beijing to Shanghai, 1991?
The North China Plain
was covered with snow.
It was a world without maps
or familiar landmarks.
We were riding in the dark
sharing a light.
Under the silk quilts of night
we murmured as the currents
of the Yellow River washed in sleep.
Such were our pleasures then.
I did not know it yet
that at dusk darkness emerged
from the human mortar
of the Great Wall,
that all great rivers
had an undertow,
that trains could derail
and become vehicles
of destruction.
We now live in separate cities.
It was in China that the rift began.





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. 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.

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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.

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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>

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poetry now



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