



poetry now

The Sacramento Poetry Center's Monthly Newsletter Journal for poetry

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

Always the dilemma: write about the past or the future? Mention what local poets and have already done or what they're about to do? I'll start with the message Eloise Barter sent to SPC the day after Mary Zeppa's 30th anniversary reading on April 20:

Thank you — and the other poets — for a dazzling evening. I went away speechless...It has been decades (Berkeley in the '50s) since I have experienced sound and feel of live poetry. It was great. Please invite us to the sixty anniversary — we'll all be around, I'm sure.

I spend paragraphs thanking board members, but this month, here's a nod to other individual volunteers and organizations who have assisted SPC recently: Alliance Francaise — thanks for allowing us to use your space for our April Conference. The Book Collector — how do I thank thee, let me count the ways. Ray Tatar and Polly Goodall — those tireless Quixotic soldiers of 25th and R — providing a space for the arts, one roll of duct tape at a time! Aaron Gerwer — for helping with paint and pen, your mind and your back, good luck in Philadelphia and stay in touch. The new Summer Acting Camp that will share SPC's space at 1719 25th Street. Know any kids (ages 6-12) who want to try acting? Contact Cynthia Speakman at 502-0336. You can email me, too. And Cynthia Linville — the poetry editor who keeps Poetry Now in the now (there's a line that wouldn't make the cut). Lisa Jones — if you missed Lisa's interview with Li-young Lee in our May issue, look it up on the SPC website. I was excited to get that kind of insight from a poet of Lee's perspective. Henry Chen — still providing layout for Poetry Now, even after your internship's over! Costa Apostolos and the Friends of Fremont Park, what a ton of work you put in to help us with the Multicultural Children's Festival! While I'm at it, Rebecca Morrison, Theresa McCourt, and Frank Graham for working on that festival, which could be the biggest event SPC's done in years! Capital Public Radio for some wonderful radio announcements on our behalf — where would this town be without KXJZ/KXPR? UC Davis Extension Writing Program, for helping in many ways. I could go on, and no doubt I will. Thanks to all of the above, and to you, reader, for reading and supporting the center!

June is probably already here as you read this — so be sure to come to B.L. Kennedy's tribute to Allen Ginsberg — the evening of Saturday, June 27th at California Stage! The 2009 SPC Poetry Contest (for individual poems) is underway, and the deadline is July 15th. Plenty of time to write new work, and revise the old. As usual, readings every Monday at 1719 25th Street — yes, we're air conditioned now — June 1 gives us a chance to feature grandfather/grandson poets Tchaka Muhammed and Dwight Sanders, June 8 will feature C.E. Chaffin, June 15: Clive Matson, Q.R. Hand, H.D. Moe, June 22: Julia Levine, Nancy Bodily, June 29: Dorine Jeanette. Five Mondays in June — five chances to cool off with a poem or two, and help us begin the second thirty-year run of SPC!

Bob

Shawn Aveningo, resides in Rescue, CA, grew up in St Louis, MO, has lived throughout various area of the US and Germany, while raising her three children. Through the years she has enjoyed diverse careers in software development, consulting, sales and real estate, as well as volunteered in the local schools and community. You can see more of her work published in Rattlesnake Review, Medusa's Kitchen, PoetryNow, Poetz, WTF, and Survivor's Review.

RED DRESS

By Shawn Aveningo

I bought that red dress.
According to Addonizio,
it's what women want.
It is what I want.
To be wanted when I wear it
and
when I take it off.
It takes a certain boldness,
joie-de-vie to wear red,
clinging to every curve,
and I do mean every.
It's shade of red
not too orange, not too blue
pairing with my patent peep toes,
perfection. Not to be confused,
construed with a perfect 10,
not at all.
Toss in a pair of flesh tone
fishnets, an alluring string of pearls,
no hook needed to lure 'em in,
even when I'm having
a bad-hair day.
Yes, I too, may be buried
in that red dress.
or perhaps just the shoes.

TAURUS FELL UNDER THE MOON

By Shawn Aveningo

Just the other morning,
pre-dawn, to be exact,
sliver of crescent moon
poked through a cloud, like a horn.
Many moons ago, she basked
under a Spaniard sun
to witness the ancient battle -
man vs. beast.
The smell of sangria and sweat
filled the arena, while locals
laughed at a tourist donning red,
bulls-eye in every sense of the word,
regardless of dialect.
How many times had she worn red
to seduce the manly beast,
to ignite a fading flame?
Trio of Picadores
waving amber and magenta sateen,
swooning Toro in trance,
planting spear after spear.
His words, even when unspoken,
cut deep, leaving scars, unhealed.
Trumpets Blare!
Enter the Matador!
Let the Faena begin,
the familiar promenade,
dance of death
between hero and villain.
Not glamorous, nor poetic.
Simply barbaric.
For what courage,
what bravery need be summoned
to take down such a monster,
stripped of all dignity,
staggering in a crimson pool?
He'd often kick her when she was down.
The Matador once again feigns danger,
with Toro's gaze now fixated
upon muleta rouge,
Final plunge of the sword,
released from pain, perhaps shame.
Crowd rises to an ovation,
cheering the estocado,
applause, a rampant staccato,
white kerchiefs waving in praise.
Her tissue wipes a tear,
finding no reason to celebrate
the slow, painful
death beneath a crescent moon.

Lytton Bell earned a poetry scholarship to the Pennsylvania Governor's School for the Arts and later graduated Magna Cum Laude from Bryn Mawr College. She has published two chapbooks, won five poetry contests, and performed at many local poetry venues. Her work has appeared in over two dozen publications.

Glen Lantz is 47 years old and lives in Dubuque, Iowa. His work has appeared in *10K Poets*, *Bad Marmalade*, *Deep Tissue Magazine*, *Heroin Love Songs*, and *Ursa Major*. He has poems forthcoming in *Clockwise Cat*, *The Curious Record*, and *10K Poetry Zine*.

THE WHITE SUNDRESS

By Lytton Bell

I only knew you from study hall

We were both sixteen
walking in the woods behind the football field

when you pushed
me up against a tree
The hard bark

bit into the flesh at the open back
of my white sundress
You moved quickly, your body pressing against my body
your lips opening my lips

your tongue tangled in my tongue
The white sundress tied at the neck
and you untied it with it a single tug
and the whole top fell, suddenly, to my waist
and your ravenous hands engulfed me

I gasped
and you lifted the hem of the white sundress
sliding it up my thigh, slipping your fingers inside the elastic
of my lavender underwear
You groaned
and whispered, "Will you let me?"

And my teenage mind could not feel beyond that moment
beyond the tree and the sun
in my eyes and your fingers and the white dress -
could not see, could not know how you would die, or how soon
or how the loss of you would enter me
and enter me all my days

And I heard myself say "Anything, anything."

WITH A PUSH

By Glen Lantz

Talent for abuse
the gradual finds value
throwing off the trouble.

Peccadilloes with a savvy
sitting in the narrow circle
was not too averse.

One hundred
and twenty five degrees
with a push.

Become something again
mounts up stride by stride
driving off the cliff.

We land on the other side
a little scratched up
but, no worse the wear.

Alienated from existential lethargy
rip and tear at the threads
loyal to the argument.

Locking into one another
the hours were several
outside howls the wind.

Out of December
we pay homage
to little obscurities.

To his bones
inevitable cascade
intensified deeds.

At the sour change
shake the shadow
of the early.

SEXUAL PEAKING

By Lytton Bell

My body vibrates like a tightly strung, finely tuned steel jaw trap
Don't you want to strum it?

Look at my walk: a silky slow dance on top of vials of liquid explosives
a severed wire swinging toward you, sparking

Whisper something, I'll laugh too loud
When I sweep the hair from my eyes, you inhale -- roses

Don't brush your briefcase against me accidentally in the elevator
Don't wave me through the intersection on a rainy day right before you turn left

Don't stand behind me in line at the Starbucks
I can feel your gaze; I can feel your thoughts

The click of my heels on the tile says
Try it, try it

I'll snap shut around your whole life
a darkness, an answer

I could eat your entire world in one bite, starving
I could make you the happiest man
who wishes he'd never been born

Coming from Rattlesnake Press!
Walt Whitman Orders A Cheeseburger
(A new chapbook by Bob Stanley)

Mandorla: A Prelude
by frank andrick
(littlesnake broadside #52)

Plus a brand-new issue of
Rattlesnake Review (#22)!

Join us June 10, 7:30 PM for all of this
at The Book Collector
1008 24th St., Sacramento

Now Available at
The Book Collector:
The second issue of WTF!!!
—a free, quarterly journal
celebrating Poetry Unplugged
at Luna's Café and
Edited by frank andrick

...and look for DAILY
poetry/events/gossip on
MEDUSA'S KITCHEN
(medusaskitchen.blogspot.com)

Next deadline for
Rattlesnake Review (#23)
is August 15!
Go to rattlesnakepress.com
for submission guidelines...

Gene Altshuler retired as a partner and national practice director from a big five firm and came to poetry and creative writing later in life than most. He views poetry as "talking to yourself out loud." Which, by the way, he always did, but now he writes it down. When asked "why poetry," he said, "What makes you think I have a choice?" He has been published in numerous literary

LIP SERVICE

By Gene Altshuler

I hear the talkers talking
A clattering and a coughing
While they spin away the day
A little bit like gnawing
On the boniness of soul

Come see the talkers talking
Crafting phrases needing coining
Smoking jawing yawning
Telling lies and stuff alluring
Foes and catamites come morning

I hear the talkers talking
A clacking and a snorting
In a knowing sort of way
While they slither not go walking
On this gray and distant day

A group of us went whoring
A roaming and a roaring
Seeking seers that weren't snoring
Coming in when it came pouring
On an endless sort of day

How I searched for less than boring
With the crew that went a whoring
A steppin' and a struttin'
For the stuff that proved elusive
Like a very easy lay

In the backroom of a storehouse
Laying up alongside sawgrass
Is a dank and dirty soul-house
Filled a room of mannered asses
Bloated on decaying gasses
With a shaman holding sway

Can you see the talkers talking
Over heads of tall men gawking
During periods of promise
Watching kids in puddle play
Leaving no one left to say

It is time to stop the talking
The gawping and the hawking
The luring and the whoring
The spinning slithery walking
The making of the hay

I hear the talkers talking
A laughing and a chortling
Silently in meeting
quacking mewling bleating
Pointing fingers at our joining
Leaving nothing left unsaid

Art from Jose Montoya's Sketchbook



Dorine Jennette Interviews Lucy Corin

Lucy Corin's novel, *Everyday Psychokillers: A History for Girls* (FC2, 2004) speaks in the voice of a highly alert adolescent girl articulating the patterns of violence and cruelty that surround her: stories of psychokillers permeate the news; boys are beaten by their fathers; her friends are molested by their older brothers. The narrator traces these brutalities through even the "normal" social interactions of her everyday life, and struggles to place herself in the world. Corin's latest book, *The Entire Predicament* (Tin House Books, 2007), "leads the reader through upside-down worlds where characters behave normally in the most extreme situations and bizarrely with almost no provocation" (jacket copy). As those who attended Corin's April 28 reading at SPC discovered, Corin's dry-humored work combines the playful and the bleak, making a show of dancing atop the gallows in lyric prose that reviewers love to call "poetic." Corin read from her project of the moment, "101 Apocalypses," a collection of micro-fictions. Asked by host Tim Kahl how she defined "apocalypse" for purposes of this project, Corin replied in terms of the cycle of birth and death, of perpetual transformation: "Show me something that's not an apocalypse, once you start contextualizing it that way."

Jennette: I want to start with a craft question that is dear to my heart. In an interview that you did for the *Duke* alumni magazine, you mentioned it was Joe Porter who taught you the difference between being weird and being interesting, and I wondered if there was any of that that you could pass on?

Corin: . . . I think it sometimes has to do with where your head is when you're writing. That if your head is in the text enough and in the thing that you're trying to do on the page, then you're not going to be being weird for weird's sake, because that's not going to hold your own interest. You have to be being weird because as a person, you're trying to figure something out that is requiring certain surprising elements . . .

Jennette: So it's a problem-solving interest.

Corin: It's a problem-solving interest, and it's a relevance to something larger than that moment of being pleased with yourself.

Jennette: That's very helpful, thank you! I also wanted to ask you [how you] cope with vocal tone in these pieces. I'm thinking about the narrator in "Wizened," in particular, in *The Entire Predicament*. This is a young woman who's choosing to live like an old woman . . . and she says, "I am the bitch from hell and what I need is a good fuck." And it's really startling, but then you realize, well, that's the sort of thing that people will say about a woman who lives by herself and doesn't engage in various masochistic people-pleasing behaviors, right, so maybe she's just sarcastically repeating that remark, but it's kind of sandwiched between things that she says dead-seriously, and then she does sleep with that kid—

Corin: Right! [laughing]

Jennette: So you end up wondering, where are sincerity and sarcasm meeting in the middle of that kind of comment? . . . It's like her personality won't quite coalesce. It's always just about to, but it won't . . . How do you think about that kind of statement when a character makes it? And how do you accomplish that kind of double-valenced effect?

Corin: . . . My rule has always been that if something stays in the story, that it has to turn over at least once, preferably many times . . . especially in the beginning section of a narrative like that. That's sort of your classic unreliable first-person narrator sort of mode of entering a story . . . taking something from the culture and sort of claiming it and sort of not claiming it and being coy with it . . . When I wrote it down, I was like, oh, look at her, she's making a joke . . . and I didn't know what to do with it, because I'm just sort of making a joke myself . . . If something hadn't happened to it later in the story, it probably would have gotten booted in a later draft . . .

Jennette: That's interesting. So it's still about your purpose or your experience of continuing to be interested in the material as you're writing it.

Corin: Right, and it has to grow and become complicated, or it doesn't get to stay in the story.

. . .

Jennette: Thinking about that first person voice, the piece "First Person," in *The Entire Predicament* . . . really caught my eye, because this speaker is describing herself as a lighter: her head is flipped back, and there's light coming out the top, and there's that imagining of kneeling down to run her fingers through the people below her like they're a handful of bullets . . . it's a complete apocalypse: she's self-immolating, other people are bullets, it's just total destruction. And I wondered about that because . . . it's the first piece in this whole collection of first-person pieces and it's called "First Person"—

Corin: That's me not being coy.

Jennette: Right! So how does that construct an image of the first person? Is that what you're thinking of as you're writing in the first person? How do those things compare? That constructed image and your actual composition process?

Corin: Well, it's so cool to me that you described it as apocalyptic, because I'm now writing a series of a hundred "apocalypses" . . . I'm continuing to be interested in the way that I'm playing with the idea of power and the idea of storytelling through point of view. I'm continuing to do that in the apocalypse project, because I'm completely destroying the boundary . . . between first person and third person . . . When that little project is complete, that division is going to be so fucked with that it's going to be pretty meaningless to try to make those distinctions.

Jennette: One initial difference in impulse for a poet and a fiction writer might be, "Is my impulse lines, or is my impulse sentences?"

Corin: Mm-hmm. I think that's true. I think that was a really clear distinction to me in school when I was saying, "No, I'm a fiction writer." [Corin's early teachers suspected she was a poet.]

Jennette: So then I wondered . . . what's your unit of thought? . . . You have this variety of traditionally grammatically complete sentences mixed in with these little vocal blips, these little fragments . . . To what extent is some kind of technical awareness of syntax part of your composition process? Are you doing this by ear, are you graphing sentences? Both?

Corin: Both. It's that same thing of writing it down the best way I know how in order to accomplish some pages . . . And then . . . giving everything a reason, having to make everything justify itself for a larger whole. And I have lots of different really formal restrictive games that I play because of that.

Jennette: Poets love to do these things.

Corin: I know, I know.

Jennette: Is that rare for a fiction writer, or do fiction writers like these games also?

Corin: I think that fiction writers of a certain kind love these games . . . My training in it is the part of my training that is from the avant-garde end of fiction . . . I most as a reader gravitate toward the [stories] that have more intricate forms, and think that the others should be journalism. [laughs] You know? . . . I gravitate toward stories that are highly formal. [Whether] stories are in a realistic tradition or stories are in an avant-garde tradition is sort of irrelevant when you look at them for formal complexity.

Dorine Jennette

www.dorinejennette.com

2009 SPC Poetry Contest

Entry fee: \$3 per poem **Prizes:** First, second and third prizes will be awarded -- \$100, \$50, \$25. 10 honorable mentions will receive \$10 gift certificates. **Poem Requirements:** Please send two copies of each poem, one with your name and contact info, another without any identifying information on it. No restrictions on length, subject or style. **Judges:** to be announced **Deadline:** July 15th, 2009
Send poems to: Sacramento Poetry Center Poetry Contest, The Sacramento Poetry Center, 1719 25th Street, Sacramento, CA 95816

2008 SPC Poetry Contest Winners

1st	Susan Wolbarst	<i>Diagnosis</i>
2nd	Sally Wood	<i>Thyme Leaves</i>
3rd	Mary Herrema Giudice	<i>In the Dark Corridors of Northern California</i>

Honorable Mentions: Sally Wood, *Violin Practice*; H. Allen Blair, *Imprint*; Merle Martin, *Life: A Ballet*; Cynthia Linville, *Great-Grandfather*; Marilyn Wallner, *Free Fall*; Nancy Wahl, *What Things There Are I Cannot See*; Joyce Odum, *Silence As Its Own Desire*; Red Slider, *Spirit of the Ground*; Renee Marie, *Cry Baby*; Susan Wolbarst, *Black Widow*; Lisa A. Jones, *Leaves*; Ray Hadley, *Skippping Stones Across a River*

Sacramento Area Literary Events, June 2009

Mon, 6/1, 7:30pm, Tchaka Muhammed and Dwight Sanders read at SPC 1719 25th street hosted by Bob Stanley

Tues, 6/52, 7:30 pm and every Tuesday: SPC Poets' Workshop @ the Hart Cntr, 27th/J sts. Danyen@ 530-756-6228 FREE bring 15 copies of your one page poem to be read/critiqued.

Tues, 6/2 and Every Tuesday 7 p.m. - "Life Sentence" poetry reading and open mic. The Coffee Garden, 2904 Franklin Blvd., Sac.
<http://www.myspace.com/lifesentenceshow>

Wed, 6/3, 8pm Mahogany Poetry Series, and every Wed night at Queen Sheba restaurant @ 1704 Broadway, with Khiry Malik M., Slam, open.
malikspeaks@aol.com

Wed, 6/3, 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.

Thurs, 6/4 and every Thurs 8pm, Open Mike and featured poet at Lunas Café -- Feature TBA

Sat, 6/6 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, 6/8, 730pm, C. E. Chaffin reads at the SPC 1719 25th street, hosted by Emmanuel Siguake.

Weds, 6/10 Join Rattlesnake Press for a new rattlechap, Walt Whitman Orders A Cheeseburger, from Bob Stanley; a brand-new issue of Rattlesnake Review (#22); and littlesnake broadside #52 Mandorla: A Prelude by Frank Andrick. at The Book Collector, 1008 24th St., Sacramento, 7:30 PM. Free!

Sat, 6/13, 10-1130am, 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

Mon, 6/15, 730pm, Clive Matson, Q. R. Hand and H. D. Moe read at the SPC 1719 25th street hosted by Rebecca Morrison.

Sat, 6/19, 8:00 pm to 10:30 pm and every third and fourth Friday- Blackout Poetry Series w/open mic. Located @ 26 Massie Ct., Sacramento, CA 95823 (916) 681-2555. Cost \$5

Sat, 6/20, 10am Writers of the New Sun/Escritores del Nuevo Sol have a new meeting date: the 3rd Saturday of each month. Coming dates are: April 18, May 16, June 20. The 10 AM potluck meetings are at La Raza Galeria Posada, 1024 - 22nd St., midtown Sacramento. Call ahead to confirm: 916-456-5323. Members of all skill levels support each other via readings, exercises, critiques and information, writing in English, Spanish, or both. To request information, call 916-456-5323.

Sat, 6/20 and every third Saturday at 7pm, Celebration of Word, Sound and Paint.
Carol's Books, 1913 Del Paso.

Mon, 6/22 Julia Levine and Nancy Bodily read at the SPC located 1719 25th street, hosted by Tim Kahl.

Sat, 6/27 7pm to 9pm and every last Saturday- The Show Poetry Series featuring poets, comedians, singers and an open mic, hosted by Terry Moore. Located @ 2863 35TH STREET (OFF 35TH & BROADWAY). Cost \$5

Mon, 6/29 Dorine Jennette will read at the SPC located 1719 25 street, hosted by Frank Dixon Graham.

Scott V. Young is a part time teacher, writer and actor. More of his poetry can be seen in *Yuba Flows*, from Hip Pocket Press. He begins an MFA program in Fiction at Pacific University in June. Along with his three delightful children, he lives in an unfinished house by a creek just north of Nevada City, California, where he gardens a little and sometimes stops to look at birds.

Christopher Thomas' work has appeared in *Amelia*, *Bay Windows*, *Chiron Review*, *Duckabush Review*, *Evergreen Chronicles*, *The James White Review*, *New York Native*, *Paramour Magazine*, and others, and has been anthologized. His collection, *The Smell of Carnal Knowledge*, is forthcoming from Lone Willow Press later this year.

COMING HOME ONE NIGHT

By Scott V. Young

Two boys, one fat, one thin in
heavy jackets, scattering noise across the streetcar
tin cups of anger overflowing
looking for broken promises,
a bridge to jump from,
a knife to wave in the new electric air,
two boys arrive in my face one night
in the rain and steam and
everyone is tired, smaller than
they want to be, sinking into
obscurity except these boys
neighborhood boys, high school
if they ever showed up, nobody
will be bigger than these boys
tonight, not me, though I think
of a thousand responses, look
them in blurry eyes, want
so badly to make them look bad
to—

but I never said a word
never said a word
and later, and for days rage
and exultation dance,
a chorus of insane angels
beat down my manic heart
my fist rises like a bullet
every muscle I've ever had, every
memory, every grief
a smoke signal:

You are dead, it says
you are dust
and I am never stopping
never broken, made
of fire, made of madness.

LETTER TO THE BEAU OF MY DREAMS

By Christopher Thomas

You will probably never know what goes
through my mind when I see you. I admit

to urges of sacred sex, of the privilege
it would be to just rest my hand on your

skin. I have no idea why I want such things
or what's going on between your molecules

and mine when you're near me? Are you
as aware of the ways in which everything

I am wants to be pulled close to everything
you are? I try to look disinterested as if

there is no more attraction for you than any
other person I greet after church, at market

or along the highways and byways of town.
If we chat, I try to keep the topic as far

removed from what I really feel as possible.
It's not just because we are the perfect

beauty and beast or because you have just
begun your journey and I am at the end

of mine. There is more. I lower my eyes
when you walk by because I know I must

settle for being your friend and learning
how to let that be enough for both of us.

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.

Board of Directors (as of Jan 2008)

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Kate Asche, Member at large

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Stan Zumbiel, Member at large

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Emmanuel Sigauke, Member at large

Contact us at

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bobstanley@sbcglobal.net

916-979-9706

Or visit our website at www.sacramentopoetrycenter.org.



Winans' poetry, short stories, articles, book reviews, & essays have appeared in over 500 literary magazines and anthologies. He is the author of 30 books of poetry and three works of prose. His new book, *San Francisco Blues*, is available from Black Shark Press

POEM FOR DAVE CHURCH

By A.D. Winans

I walk about the apartment
Tripping through the garden of my mind
Wandering through a luscious vertical hibernation
Beneath the quiet sheen of one light bulb
And the shadowed glow from the bedroom window
With Van Morrison and Dylan cranked beyond the
Tinnitus shaking the dust from my memory bank

I see you slumped over the steering wheel of the
Taxi cab you drove all those long years
Poet warrior who recorded my "13" jazz poems
Making the poems come alive
As no other poet could

Brought back to reality by a flock of birds
Who circle the dark clouds outside
That threaten to burst into tears
Gone but not forgotten
jazz in your heart poetry in your soul
Your words exploding like artillery fire
Shattering the quiet of dawn

poets are like butterflies
inhabiting temporary space
tasting the pollen of life
spreading their wings
reshaping the stars the universe
cosmic matter waiting to be reborn

.....
UC DAVIS
EXTENSION
ARTS AND HUMANITIES

SPC members now receive a special 10% discount on all UC Davis Extension writing courses! This is an unadvertised discount and SPC members must self-identify for it to be applied. discounts are not available when enrolling "and paying" online; we recommend that SPC members enroll by phone at (800) 752-0881. In addition, discounts must be applied when enrolling and cannot be combined or applied retroactively.

On the cover:

Poet Alan Satow



poetry now

June 2009

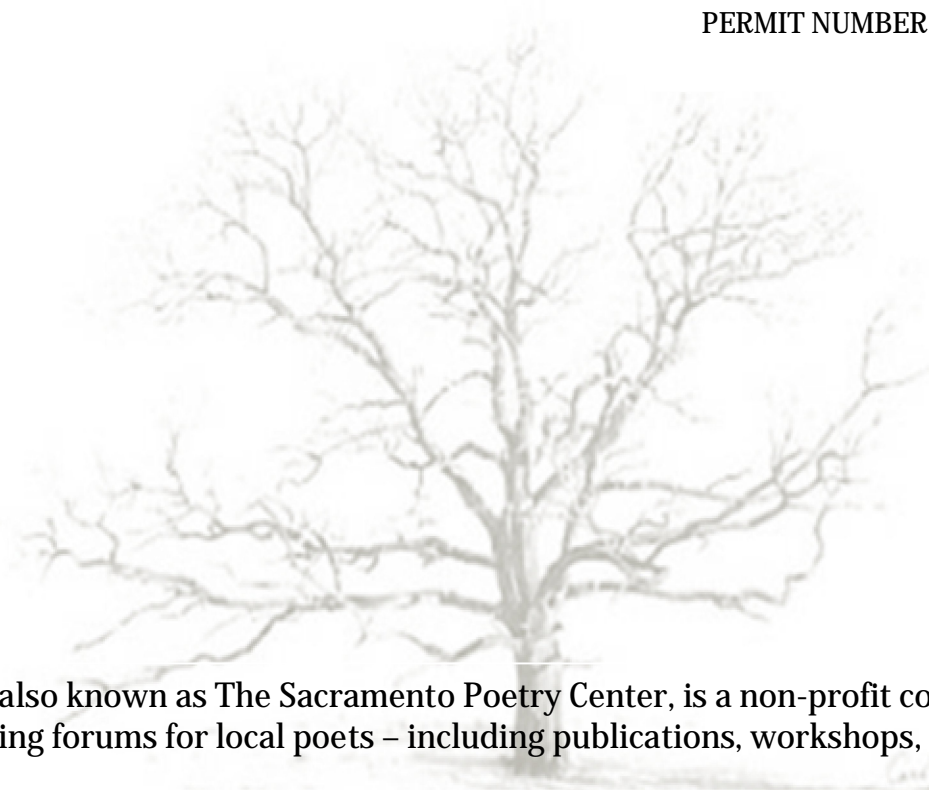


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