



poetry now

The Sacramento Poetry Center's Monthly Newsletter Journal for poetry

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

SPC president's message

October 20, 2009

On November 2, Richard Spilman will read from his prize-winning manuscript, In the Night Speaking. It's exciting for SPC Press to present this fine work, which was selected from over 200 manuscripts. While Sacramento's first poet laureate, Dennis Schmitz, made the final selection, Brad Buchanan put in countless hours of work into the project, coordinating the selection process, and overseeing the layout and printing. Thanks also to BJ Shaw (The California Poet) for his design work, and the many board members who worked on the first round of readings. Please join us at the Poetry Center at 7:30 on Monday the 2nd, to show Mr. Spilman that this is a town that appreciates poetry!

November 9 –I'll be hosting another of our popular Fiction Nights at SPC. The editor and publisher of Farallon Review, Tim Foley will be there, and he is bringing a number of the fiction writers that he's published in the review, including Joey Garcia and Lynka Adams. With five Monday nights in November, it will be a full month at 25th and R Streets. On November 16, R.D. Armstrong and Bill Gainer will read; on November 23rd Tim Kahl presents Lee Herrick and Michael Medrano; and Frank Graham showcases a trio on November 30: Lucy Lang Day, Tom Miner and Dianna Henning.

Special Events in November:

On Friday, November 12, Rebecca Morrison continues her Poetry in the Arboretum series with a reading by Kel Munger and Sandra Gilbert at the UC Davis Campus, Wyatt Deck at 12 noon.

Please come to The Guild Theater on Friday, November 13 for a five-hour spoken word and poetry night. Sample over a dozen poets, including Supanova, Kathleen Lynch, Quinton Duval, BL Kennedy, Kate Asche, NSAA, Jim Nolt, Danny Romero, Emmanuel Sigauke, Terry Moore, and some stirring recitation from Brad Buchanan. Frank Withrow and Anna Marie will perform, and Sam Pierstorff is coming up from Modesto. Eminent Spoken Word artists Ner City and Phoenix Reign will be on hand as well. It's good poetry for a good cause at a big place – so bring your friends, send your students, drag along your family! Come early or late, you can attend from 6 to 11 for just a \$2 per person donation. Any profits go to support both SPC and The Center for Fathers and Families.

Advance notice – RSVP or just show up at the door - Wednesday, December 2 at 6pm will be SPC's annual fund-raiser at the Millers' home. Call us at 979-9706 to RSVP, but you're welcome to just show up – it's \$30 per person, and \$25 for members. Last year was our biggest fundraiser ever – we hope to top it again this time! And come for readings in December under the new insulated roof: Monday, December 7 brings Zoe Kiethley and her new book to SPC. And on December 14, join us for a fundraiser for the Squaw Valley Community of Writers at SPC! Speaking of communities of writers, by the way, belated congratulations are in order – Kate Washington and Brad Buchanan welcomed Lucy Elizabeth Buchanan way back on August 25th. Where does Dad find time to write new poems? Ah, but the inspiration!

Bob Stanley

Lucille Lang Day is the author of eight poetry collections and chapbooks, most recently *The Curvature of Blue* (Cervena Barva, 2009). Her work has appeared widely in magazines and anthologies. She received her M.F.A. in creative writing at SF State University, and her Ph.D. in science and mathematics education at UC Berkeley.

Lucille Lang Day appears on Monday, November 30, 2009, at 7:30pm, with Tom Miner and Dianna Henning, at SPC for a special reading.

SOMEDAY

By Lucille Lang Day

Someday I will disappear
because the universe
with its receding galaxies
and little stars
that turn red, orange,
blue and white
before they collapse
is not large enough to
hold me. I might leave
swiftly as a tsunami
after an earthquake
or slowly as diminishing
light at the end
of the year. However
it happens, do not feel
bad for me. With
unbelievable luck,
against all odds,
I was conceived
and knew love and joy,
loss and sorrow,
for many seasons
on a shimmering
blue-green planet,
and when I go,
my quarks and gluons
will be forever
far beyond the reach
of time and fear.

MEDICAL TEST

By Lucille Lang Day

After I guzzle 48 ounces of water
in one and one-half hours,
my bladder is ready to burst,

but the ultrasound technician is pleased
that this swollen organ presses
my intestines out of the way.

She examines my uterus, tubes
and ovaries, which look like a field
of gravel on the display—quite

a moonscape, with no interesting
geologic features like the San Andreas,
Mount McKinley or Half Dome.

This is such good news I could
be an astronaut or dance like Isadora.
Surely there must be more in store

for me this afternoon than checking
my post office box and stopping
by the drugstore for vitamins. I want

to grab the hand of the universe
and spin like a galaxy with no
black holes, stars streaming into space.

Based in Ballston Spa, New York, **Effy Redman** has written for *Bennington Free Press*, *Book Arts Classified*, and *The Saratogian*. Her play *Year Ten* premiered in Brooklyn at The Gallery Players theatre. She received her B.A. from Bennington College. This is Effy's first published poem.

AUTUMN AWAKENING

By Effy Redman

I sit, outside, in a blue and white striped deck chair. Damp grass is the deck. Recline. Shut eyes using thumb and finger. Home now, eyelids wish paralysis did not affect their closings. Sleep hovers in November gusts of balm. Chickens, behind me, cluck reprimands to each other; they are music. Then, a light thud on smooth cheek. Finger and thumb let my eyes open, like cameras denuded of lens caps. I sit up. Dry leaves fall all around the garden, swirling, some landing in my lap. Each leaf resembles a relaxing hand.

FRAGRANCE GARDEN

By Ariono-jovan Labu

Call it sacred as Paradise,
something similar exotic jungles Cuba
the calico fragrances, rich aromas
tapioca guava & paypya.

Marinating laverndar-jasmine,
ginger & plantains
with topaz-peppermint.
Simmering coco & pineapple
vanilla/cinnamon,
velvety-coconut incense.

Wild mango staining
tropical-turquoise sky
like the sweet whispers
warm sugar cane.

JARDIN DE PERFUME

By Ariono-jovan Labu

Llameo sagrado como Eden
algo selvas exóticas semejantes Cuba
las caliocos gragrancias, ricas aromas
madioca guayaba y papaya

Lavanda que marina-jazmin,
jengibre y plantanos
con topacio menta.
Fuego lento de pina y cacao
vainilla/canela,
aterciopelado-incienso de coco.

Mango salvaje manchar
el tropical-turquesa cielo
como los cuchicheos dulces de
caliente cana de azucar.

Dorianne Laux on Tough Girls, Vulnerable Men and the Art of the List Poem

An Interview by Lisa Anne Jones

The dead tree rubs its fallen body/against the living,
building/its dead music . . .
--from "Cello"

Pushcart Prize winning poet Dorianne Laux is known for her clear and passionate poems on sexual love, family relations, and the everyday lives of American workers. While most of the poems in her latest book, Facts about the Moon (2006), are her trademark lucid narratives, some are more lyrical, often employing cosmic facts and nature metaphors to speak to human struggle, as in the excerpt above, from a poem that sings about grief and beauty in the wake of 9/11.

Formerly a resident of Oregon, Laux recently moved with her poet husband, Joseph Millar, to teach at North Carolina State University, but continues to spend time in the west, as an instructor at Pacific University's Low Residency MFA Program and at Esalen, in Big Sur. She

has three prior collections, is the co-editor of the very popular Poet's Companion and has received NEA grants and a Guggenheim fellowship. We conducted this interview through e-mail.

In "The Lost" you write about men and their bodies in a manner that seems to take them out of mythology and the realm of romance or danger. Men become very real, vulnerable and lovable as a group. What other poets do this? Sharon Olds is known for her fresh writing about sexuality and men, but this poem has a different feeling than her writing.

My real father was virtually unknown to me. My stepfather was a violent sexual and sociopathic predator. Growing up, I did not have a good view of men. They were either too far away or too close for comfort. So I set out to find out about them, like a scientist, collecting them like specimens and putting them under my microscope, often sleeping with them as a way toward trying to know them. I watched them closely (I had seen my fathers only from the corner of my eye) to try to figure out who they were and how they got their power...

Dorianne Laux interview continued on next page (4)

Dorianne Laux interview by Lisa Jones -- continued

.... But like a scientist who thinks she's going to reach one outcome and discovers another I was surprised by their vulnerability and complex beauty. And like a scientist, there was a coldness to my gaze; when my experiment had run its course and I was done, I cruelly moved on. Christopher's accident made me shockingly aware of how real these men were, and my heart broke open for them all. This poem is that flood.

Sharon Olds opened up this territory and I'm grateful to her for clearing the path. The early work of Carolyn Forché was also a great inspiration. But yes, the tenderness of men, that's something that interests me. I saw a show on PBS the other night (I watch far too much television) and it was about a scientist who studied a group of monkeys for years. One day the river became flooded with some microorganism that poisoned the fish and many of them died. The scientist had become quite fond of them and was devastated. But as he continued to watch the group he found that it was the Alpha monkeys that had died, the ones who clawed their way to the shore and batted away the weaker others. This left the group with the females and the more passive males. When the babies were born the passive males taught the feisty teenage male monkeys to be kind to the smaller children and females, how to groom and share food. In one generation they went from a war-like group to a thriving peace loving tribe. I've been blessed to know so many tender, loving men, and the young men coming up now that I've had the privilege to know are funny, smart and gentle, not the warlords and C.S.I. serial murderers movies and video games try to push down our throats. I want to show off the loveliness of those other, less often seen men in my poems. **You recently released a chapbook, Superman. Did I hear that theme will be carried over into a new book that will focus less on pop icons and more on men?**

The pop icon poems will be included in The Book of Men as many of those iconic figures, like Superman, happen to be men: The Beatles, Mick Jagger, The Oxy Clean guy. Though the women are there, too, as always, making a stand.

In "Moon in the Window," from your book Facts about the Moon, you say "I never wondered. I read," and then, "It took me years to grow a heart." This is such a striking phrase in that context, perhaps because we are prone to imagine a poet being born to wonder and a girl to love, but reading doesn't equal wonder here, the girl reads "dark signs" and the heart develops later.

Girls are tough little creatures. When I was a child, reading was a dead serious endeavor. There was so much about human beings here on earth I didn't understand. I didn't want to wonder, I wanted to know. I left children's books behind fairly early for adult novels my mother brought home and kept in nooks around the house, War and Peace, The Rise and Fall of the Third Reich, as well as biology, psychology and philosophy textbooks from her studies in nursing. Through my reading, I came to know the fullness of human beings, their physical and mental vulnerability, their cruelty to one another, their small acts of kindness, and as this knowledge grew, so did my heart.

Do you have any special advice for writing and revising list poems? You seem to have quite a few of these. What draws you to them?

I love lists. Sometimes I'll be walking along and notice a piece of paper on the sidewalk or left on a bus stop bench, and often it's a list—groceries, school supplies, hardware store, a list of medications or things to do, people to call. It's always so compelling. The stranger who made the list comes alive to me: oranges, cornmeal, screwdriver. Is the screwdriver a tool, or the drink to be made from the oranges? What's broken? What's come loose? What's something sweet, gritty and in need of tightening? A list, even as short and simple as this one, intimates worlds.

When I write a list poem it usually begins as a meditation on an idea, but explored directly through the objects of the world. Fear, poverty: I try to see these ideas take a form, shift from form to form.

Once you begin a list poem and it catches fire, there's almost no stopping it. In revision, I look for ways that the list can be trimmed of any dry brush, or shift the objects around to see if one can feed into another, if one can open another up. And of course I'm looking for music: glissando, fortissimo, crescendo. I think of Whitman, of course, but more of the great Polish poet Adam Zagajewski, whose poems "Going to Lvov" and "Franz Shubert: A Press Conference" were great models and inspiration for me. They are essentially praise poems, whereas I've taken a bit of a different tack in my poems "Fear" and "Gold". I don't praise the color gold, but rather see it as the color of poverty, and fear rather than wonder colors the world of childhood. I have another short list poem called Ode to Gray, the most cliché-maligned of colors! It needed a poem to stand up for it.

Dorianne Laux interview continued on PAGE 7

Joyce Odam has been published by hundreds of journals and has published more than fifteen books and chapbooks of poetry. Her many awards include Grand Prize winner of Artists Embassy International's Dancing Poetry Contest, the Voices International Bernie Babcock Memorial Award, and the California Federation of Chaparral Poets Golden Pegasus award (twice). She was editor of *Poetry Depth Quarterly*, and since its closing, she focuses on her monthly *Brevities* and her work with Rattlesnake Press.

THE ILLUSION OF DEATH

By Joyce Odam

This is a time of place; we slip through hours
and shadows of ourselves like out-dated guests.

We are enormous in the light of vast windows
that repeat our reflections as we scan the distances.

Birds with bent wings soar in our direction.
They are slow and deliberate. Their beaks shine.

But this is a place of time. We turn back to the rooms
we occupy. We look at each other then look away.

We go to the cages and enter. Sleep receives us. We are
in vast dream worlds, flying into windows of black glass.

Our wingtips shudder as we brace for the illusion of death.
In the morning we rise into sunlight, shining and happy.

THE GOLD LANDSCAPE

By Joyce Odam

Gold the color of gold; sky the color of sky;
thunder clouds, textural; the strange fierce light.

Soon the sound:
thunder; felt crackle; everything motionless.

Then a sway of blue . . .
not really blue . . . but feeling of blue . . .

The gold light spreads,
refracts; the gold fields start to sway.

A telephone pole shudders.
Creaks.

A long fence trembles and strains.
The huge sky billows and tears itself.

Nothing on the roadways
that form a cross here—no person—no cars,

only the great invisible force of light and the wide
bulging and swaying—the year

torn into another season— the moment charged
with some great ghost of gathered sorrow,

human-like—blent and moaning—wind-howl;
vast gold motion of field after golden field. Rain.

MORNING GHAZAL

By Joyce Odam

Somehow the dream does not hold past the dreamer
Her relinquished sleep is in shreds.

Morning is acute with gray light through which
a dark invisible bird is somehow singing.

The trees quiver apart and shadows flutter out . . .
nothing is as certain as such astonishment.

A black cat walks across the pavement,
avoiding the lines. Perhaps it is a superstitious cat.

The dogs from next door begin their tedious barking;
there are no more roosters in the neighborhood.

In the kitchen, the windowsill figurines
begin their daily routine of watching her.


A telephone rings from so far away
it takes one ring too few for her to reach it.

my legends are legion
by frank andrick

i feel a curious
stirring that grows
within me, as if
undreamed of things
were forcing their way
up into the light
of cognition
and i am helpless
against them ~ i am
helpless against myself

only cats can speak
the language of the sphinx
this is not knowledge
my lulle blue sister
it is remembrance.

like when kamdinsky
looked ip unto
the ceiling
of the sistine chapel
where god pounts his
finger
at adam
and confers upon him
life and illumination
and all he saw was
a triangle
touching
a circle
touching
a square
a triangle = trinity
a circle = infinity
a square = the finite
and when
i
looked into
the fire
all i saw
was
YOU



FEATURING:

Jim Nolt
Emmanuel Siquake
Bari Kennedy
Kate Asche
Danny Romero
Anna Marie
Frank Withrow
Lawrence Dinkins
Sam Pierstorff
Quinton Duval

Friday
Nov. 13, 2009
6PM - 11PM
\$2 ADMISSION

WORD
Sacramento
POE·TRY
Festival

Guild Theater | **2828 35th Street**
Sacramento, CA

Sponsored by: _____
The Sacramento Poetry Center & The Center for Fathers and Families.
www.sacramentopoetrycenter.org • www.fathersandfamilies.com

Kathleen Lynch
Brad Buchanan
Terry Moore
Supanova

Bob Stanley
Phoenix Reign
NerCity from Oakland

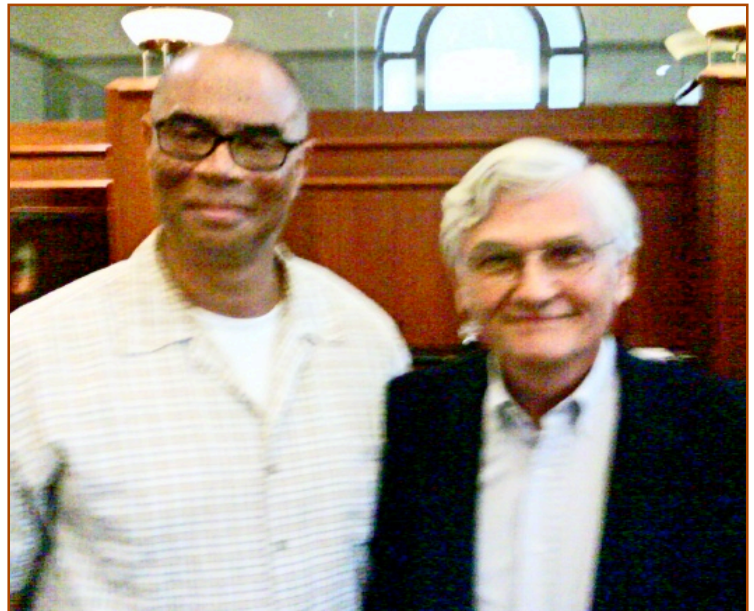
Dorianne Laux interview by Lisa Jones -- continued

I appreciate the way “Vacation Sex” and “Kissing Again” convey both the heat and the tempered reality of sex in a mature relationship. I see the broader theme of mid-life relationships and aging more and more in poetry. Am I right to think it is a recent change? I suppose it is an issue of the baby boomers moving into this life-stage and a consequent shift in the legitimacy of revealing the secrets of aging.

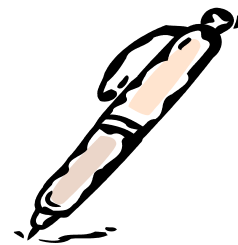
Yes, we have more poets writing from the middle and late years of life than at any other time in our history. It's astounding. Sharon Olds, Philip Levine, Ruth Stone, Gerald Stern, Adrienne Rich, and before she died at 74, Denise Levertov and Stanley Kunitz at the ripe old age of 100! Imagine if Keats, who died in his mid 20's, had lived as long. Emily Dickinson died at 55. That's young now. Sylvia Plath died at 30, Anne Sexton at 35. How would their work have changed had they lived into old age? Age tempers the passions as it intensifies the spirit and focus. Every touch, every kiss is a gift when the shadows of death and loss and infirmity are encroaching in seeable increments. We stand in a diminishing pool of light, and the poem knows this.

Describe a poet that you believe hasn't yet gotten quite the recognition they deserve. I am forcing you to choose one, so you can tell me a little bit about what you admire in the poet's work.

No poet has gotten enough recognition. . . . I like the work of Frank X. Gaspar, a poet who has won an award for each book he's written, but still does not have a publisher. His poems appear here and there and he does have a devoted following. Born in Provincetown, he's lived in L.A. most of his life and teaches at Long Beach City College. His poems often take place in his backyard where he simply begins musing after a meal or a trip to the store or on a book he's just read. The poems are fluid, easy and intimate, often posing a question or a series of questions, slightly wry, somewhat worried, but always open hearted and utterly gorgeous. Field Guide to the Heavens is a lovely book. His latest is called Night of a Thousand Blossoms and is out from Alice James Books.



Poetry fans and readers at the favorite poem project, held at the Sacramento Room of the Central Library -- **Marcus Crowder**, theater critic for *The Bee*, and arts guru and theater producer, **Ray Tatar**.



Sacramento's legendary poet and politico, **Luke Breit**, and political poet and San Francisco's Poet Laureate, **Jack Hirshman**.



At the Threshold of Alchemy by John Amen

Publisher: Presa Press, 2009

Reviewed by Emmanuel Sigauke

John Amen has been described as "brutally realistic", a poet who "flexes verbal muscles", pursuing a "relentless path through memory and dreamscape". These are the great words from the blurbs, but let's enter the book now.

The first piece is entitled "Purpose". Here the persona is upfront with us: we are told that he or she "is in love with what pulses beneath blush and bone". What a strong message about the observant eye of the poet, one that cannot be deceived by pretense, surface impressions wouldn't just cut it—the poet goes for the underlying, delicate truth of every situation. That's a purpose, defined. We cannot, therefore, be shocked when the persona tells us: "everyday, without fail, I must lick the divine". Not sniffing, not squinting at. Licking; that's how close the incisive eye of the poet gets to the "pulse".

In "Triptych", there are some little amazing lines like: "It's tragic, / how someone's pain can become chronic noise, a schick / you learn to tune out". This questions the feeling we call compassion, the length of time it can stay without burning itself out, given sometimes the weight it often is asked to carry on its shoulders. Surprisingly, it outlasts the burdens it faces, and life becomes possible again.

Some of the poems tell stories (the persona's life), sometimes they bury them (lost relatives, friends), but in both cases, what's confirmed or dodged is memory. In an effort to remember loss and pain, the persona of "Burying the Story" concludes, "people / do in fact change; you forgive, even forget; life does indeed go on." Notice how prosaic this sounds; yes, the whole piece straddles prose poem/flash fiction, and to tell you the truth, the poem's form paled in the face of the brutally realistic message. This volume reads like a book of memories, and as the persona remembers, we are forced to remember too, to remember love and loss in order to gain.

I like the piece entitled "Between", where I am told that "Shame is the chair the monkey sits in" by a persona who forgets, sometimes, that he is blind, and walks around "worshipping eggs and static". What frail reality, what vulnerability! But, remember, it's in this delicacy, and in the static, with all its inconveniences, that a form of truth might be hiding, as long as we remember what we were told in "Purpose".

You read the poems and you nod at the arrival of each little revelation, but along the way, you are slightly scared, what with the helplessness that our very humanity faces. One persona says his "guts [are] on the rotisserie of blame", another wants to know when "the hand of man" became "synonymous with destruction". Perhaps that happens every time the Minotaur seeks to feed on our ambition, as the persona of "History" tells us.

A strength, as well as an inspiration, in this poetry is the persona's willingness to strip himself of all sense of importance, that realization that in value there is also valuelessness, but that, okay, that does not really matter, you pursue your purpose nevertheless. The persona of the last poem, "Afterwards", even says: "After thirty years of arguing with ash, / I've finally befriended failure", and that the initial purpose, that strong goal statement in the first poem, has experienced collapse: "Finally, dear comrades, this leads nowhere."

But these are not poems of despair; otherwise we would all give up after experiencing *Hamlet*. There is a transformative power borne out of the many realizations to which each piece is a window. The greater awareness you get of what might have posed as obvious leads to a kind of change, a change for the better, if not by inspiration, then through the bits of understanding, the whiffs of wisdom the lines contain. If these poems will not capture you at first (because later they do), you will enjoy the unique, surreal imagery, and the story of one persona who has dreamed and dared to live.

Calendar of Sacramento
Literary Events
November, 2009

11/2 MONDAY

Bob Stanley hosts
Richard Spilman,
SPC Poetry Book Manuscript
Award Winner
at the SPC, 1719 25th St.
sacramentopoetrycenter.com

11/3 TUES

**Room To Write Class -
Fall 2009 Studies
Sylvia Plath on TUES,
11/3, part of a series
in the study of six
American poets
American Poets Born
During the 1930's. An
exciting overview of
Sylvia Plath by John
Allen Cann Tuesday
evenings, 7:00 to 9:00
pm. Cost for series of
six classes: \$120,
Drop-ins - \$20 per
session. Classes
held at 1719 - 25th
Street, Sacramento**

Contact:
johnallencann@comcast.net

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

11/4 WED

Every Wednesday
5pm Dr. Andy's Technology and
Poetry Hour on KDVS radio station
90.3 FM, <http://www.kdvs.org>

Every Wednesday
9:00pm Mahogany Poetry Series
night at Queen Sheba restaurant
@ 1704 Broadway, with Khiry
Malik M., open mic.

1st and 3rd Wednesdays
Bistro 33 Series; 9pm at 3rd and
F Streets in Davis, Free.
530.756.4556
RAE GOUIRAND READS hosted by
Andy Jones (226
F Street, Davis). This is the
Northern CA launch reading for

Best New Poets 2009 - and it's
also Rae Gouirand's birthday! Two
terrific reasons to
stay up late. With San Francisco
poet Melissa Stein.
aojones@ucdavis.edu
http://www.bistro33.com/bistro33_davis for schedule

11/5 THURSDAY

CSUS creative writing students
read their work in The Collective
Reading Series, 4-5pm
Multicultural Center (across from
the Library entrance)11/5
THURSDAY

Every Thursday
FM 95.7 Mountain Mama's Earth
Music Thursdays 10-11am with
Nancy Bodily Replayed: Sunday
10-11am Thursday 11pm-Friday
12am -- Music and poetry woven
around a central theme with roots
deeply tied to mountains and
earth.

11/7 SATURDAY

California Poets in the Schools
Multi-generational
Celebration of Poetry 1PM-5PM

First Saturdays of the month: "
Live and Direct" readings at Butch
N' Nellies, near 19th and I street.
Televised. With music and open
mic. myspace.com/RNRshow

11/9 MONDAY

Every Monday
SPC readings; *Bob Stanley hosts*

Farallon Review Fiction Night,
at 1719 25th St. in SAC

11/10 TUESDAY

Room To Write Class - Fall 2009
Studies Linda PASTAN on
TUES, 11/3, part of a series in the
study of six American poets
**American Poets Born During the
1930's.** An exciting overview of
Linda Pastan by *John Allen Cann*

7:00 to 9:00 pm. Drop-ins - \$20
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Malik M., open mic.

11/12 THURSDAY

Kel Munger, writer for *SNR*,
reads in the Arboretum, Wyatt
Deck on UC DAVIS campus, 7pm

Every Thursday 7:30 pm,
Open Mic and featured poet at
Lunas Café -- Feature TBA 16th
Street between O and P streets.

Every Thursday,
FM 95.7 Mountain Mama's Earth
Music Thursdays 10-11am with
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10-11am Thursday 11pm-Friday
12am -- Music and poetry woven
around a central theme with roots
deeply tied to mountains and
earth.

11/16 MONDAY

Every Monday

SPC readings at SPC HQ
1719 25th St - between Q and R
streets.
sacramentopoetrycenter.com

11/17 TUES

Room To Write Class - Fall 2009
Studies MARK STRAND on TUES, 11/3,
part of a series in the study of six
American poets **American Poets Born**
During the 1930's. An exciting
overview of MARK STRAND; lecture by
John Allen Cann; 7:00 to 9:00 pm.
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1st and 3rd Wednesdays

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Davis, Free. 530.756.4556
aojones@ucdavis.edu

11/19 THURSDAY

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Every Thursday

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Music Thursdays 10-11am with
Nancy Bodily

11/20 FRIDAY

Every Third Friday

The Other Voice reading; OV
presents Deborah Neal and Ron
Lane. We meet at 7:30 in the
library of the UU Church of Davis
located at 27074 Patwin Road.
Open Mike and refreshments
follow the reading.

11/21 SATURDAY

Third Saturdays

7pm, Celebration of Word, Sound
and Paint.
Carol's Books, 1913 Del Paso.

11/23 MONDAY

Tim Kahl hosts Lee Herrick and a
poet-to-be-named-later from
Fresno-- SPC readings at SPC
HQ 1719 25th St - between Q and R
streets.

11/24 TUESDAY

Room To Write Class - Fall 2009
Studies MARY OLIVER on TUES, 11/3,
part of a series in the study of six
American poets **American Poets Born**
During the 1930's. An exciting
overview of MARY OLIVER; lecture by
John Allen Cann; 7:00 to 9:00 pm.
Drop-ins - \$20 per session. Classes
held at 1719 - 25th Street, Sacramento
johallencann@comcast.net

11/25 WEDNESDAY

Every Wednesday

5pm Dr. Andy's Technology and
Poetry Hour on KDVS radio station
90.3 FM, <http://www.kdvs.org>

Every Wednesday

9:00pm Mahogany Poetry Series
night at Queen Sheba restaurant
@ 1704 Broadway, with Khiry
Malik M., open mic.

11/26 THURSDAY

Happy Thanksgiving!

11/28 SATURDAY

First Saturdays

Live and Direct readings at Butch
N' Nellies near 19th and I street.
Televised. With music and open
mic. myspace.com/RNRshow

11/29 SUNDAY

Every Monday

SPC readings at SPC HQ
1719 25th St - between Q and R
streets.
sacramentopoetrycenter.com

11/30 MONDAY

7:30 pm;
Frank Graham hosts:
Lucy Lang Day,
Tom Miner,
Dianna Henning
at SPC, 1719 25th Street
916.606.4303 for information.
This is a free event.

Coming Soon!

12.2.09

**The Burnett and
Mimi Miller SPC
Benefit Holiday
Party 2009!!!**

CRAWDAD NELSON

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 WEBSITES.

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LAST LINGERING FLOWER

By Ken Fisher

I've done everything I can to coax
more beauty through your stems, which channel sap
that flows unseen until your magic pokes
a blossom out from in between overlap-
ing twigs and leaves and flowers turned decay.
The cycle of the season has decreed
that now you must appear in disarray,
although your pride resists the change, to plead
for time's permissive pardon. You must sense
that once spirea gains selective favor,
clematis, too, will argue its defense
to cling to beauty. God insists we savor
only momentarily. So why
are you allowed this last bloom which won't die?





November 2009



Moirra Magneson, Charlene Ungstad, and Lytton Bell

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