

Sacramento's Literary
Review and Calendar:

Poetry Now

January 2006
Vol. 12, No. 01

A Publication of the Sacramento Poetry Center

The Right Side of the Dash

We are told our days are numbered
And we count the ones that pass.
Anniversaries and birthdays
Mark the mound of sand in glass.

In *Who's Who* (if you're that famous)
Or a purchased resting place
Glares a printed expectation—
Date of birth, a dash, a space.

Others will fill in the balance
When we shrink to mold or ash—
On a jar or on a tombstone,
On the right side of the dash.

With our heads all facing forward
We can only see the rear!
All events we plan or hope for
Are not there till they appear.

Counting backward we remember;
Counting forward we forecast,
With blithe optimism shrug off the
Number that will be our last.

Others will fill in the balance
When we shrink to mold or ash—
On a jar or on a tombstone,
On the right side of the dash.

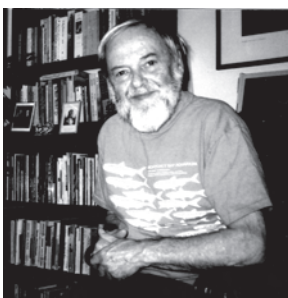
—Anatole Lubovich

Flute

Between Cro-Magnon's breath
into the fibula of a fawn
and philharmonic discipline
of *The Afternoon of a Faun*
whistles a zephyr
of cumulative cumbrance
of fifty thousand years.

And none can say whether
Cro-Magnon or the crowd at Carnegie
was thrilled with greater joy.

—Anatole Lubovich



Anatole Taràs Lubovich was born in 1937 in Ukraine. By the time he and his family emigrated to the United States in 1950, Anatole had become fluent in several languages and had developed his lifelong love of words. He eventually studied 14 languages, with a particular passion for English which he spoke and wrote with precision, wit and elegance. He received a degree in musical theater from San Francisco State and appeared in numerous theatrical productions.

Anatole was published in anthologies and journals, won several awards, and was featured at readings. He translated poetry into English from Ukrainian and other languages. He was founder of the Not Yet Dead Poets Society on the Peninsula. He was a Humanist, an Esperantist, a philatelist, an opera lover, and an ardent bibliophile.

Anatole passed away on November 16, 2005, in Sacramento.

This Issue:

frank andrick
Anatole Lubovich
Terry Moore
B. Z. Niditch
Shawn Pittard
Wendy Soto
Michael Spurgeon

Jeanine Stevens

Reviewed:

In The Folds

by Allegra Jostad
Silberstein

To Run With The Savages

by William S. Gainer

Afterthoughts

After I closed the door,
I knew what I should have said.
After I released the knob,
I realized what was meant.
After I pocketed my pen,
I understood the signs.
After I descended the steps,
I found another answer.
After I sat behind the wheel,
I could not turn back.

After I wound the watch,
I reset the time.

—Anatole Lubovich

A memorial for Anatole Lubovich has been scheduled for Sunday, January 8th, 2pm, at HQ: Headquarters for the Arts (25th & R Streets, Sacramento.) More details will be forthcoming, but do mark your calendars and plan to attend.

President's Message

Looking Forward, Looking Back

What a beautiful here-comes-winter day: the air brisk and clear, the sun bright and intense. And the light-and-shadow show! I do not know which to prefer: the translucent organic swirls that dance across my walls in early morning or the afternoon silhouettes so crisp and precise you could almost number the hairs of their heads.

It's the first Saturday in December and, just like that two-faced Roman Janus, I'm looking both back and ahead. Back to 2005, all of it, all of it: the poetry in motion of those soon-to-be 365 days. I think of my own life: full of people and crowded with incident. I think of the collective life of the Poetry Center: full of and crowded with same. Like at least some of you, I too often find myself so stressed by or enmeshed in the day-to-day, that I either can't find or don't take the time and energy to focus on my writing, i.e., to do the work that makes me who I am. Or, if I do manage to write poems, I don't manage to send them out into the world where they can, as a good friend says, "do their work."

So, looking ahead, gazing out into this radiant afternoon and imagining 2006 will be both crammed-full of the same and spilling over with surprises, I promise myself I'll do better by myself. I'll gather the energy and set aside the time to do the work I must do to be a true and productive member of the poetry community.

And speaking of promises: by the time you read this, the year as Board President I promised the Poetry Center will be exactly half over. It's a big job. One I wouldn't even attempt without the collaborative work, the help and support, of my stalwart fellow Board members. Project by project, task by task, I gain more respect (and feel more compassion) for my predecessors. So I'm looking back and ahead on that account, too. Our community is full of talented, energetic people with great ideas. Are you a great organizer? A dynamite promoter? A superb fundraiser? SPC needs you. Come to our January 9th Board meeting (5:45 pm @ Hamburger Mary's) and look over the possibilities.

Be sure to check out the Calendar for events at both SPC and at the many other venues in Sacramento where, virtually every night, poets and presenters are putting their time, energy and talent into keeping poetry alive in our community. May it ever be thus. Happy New Year!

—Mary Zeppa

Special Thanks

To Susan Kelly-DeWitt for the 6 wonderful One-of-a-Kind BroadSides (of poems by Julia Connor, Victoria Dalkey, Albert Garcia, Laverne Frith, Susan Kelly-DeWitt and Ann Menebroker) she made and donated to our 12/1 benefit Raffle. Susan gave us this gift in memory of Anatole Lubovich.

To our Poet Laureate Julia Connor for the BroadSides of her own poems she donated to our Raffle.

And to all you brave souls who braved the dark and stormy night that was December 1st to be with us at the benefit where we took in a very welcome \$1,097.

Poetry Now, Sacramento's Literary Review & Calendar, is published each month by the Sacramento Poetry Center and is funded, in part, with grants from the California Arts Council and the Sacramento Cultural Arts Awards Program of the Sacramento Metropolitan Arts Commission with support from the city and county of Sacramento.

Submissions of poems, artwork, and other works of interest to the Sacramento poetry community are welcome. See submission guidelines on page 11.

Poetry Now is distributed free in area bookshops, coffeehouses, community centers, colleges, etc. Back issues are available for \$3 each. Your membership gets **Poetry Now** and **Tule Review** delivered to your door or box.

Managing Editor: **Robert Grossklaus** (dphunkt@mac.com)
Calendar Editor: **Robert Grossklaus**
Editorial Staff: **Jody Ansell, Ann Conradsen, Tom Goff, Barbara Link, Pat Osfeld, and Ramona Soto**
Design & layout: **Robert Grossklaus**

The Sacramento Poetry Center is a non-profit corporation dedicated to providing forums for local poets—including publications and reading series—and bringing to Sacramento the finest poetry we can get our hands on. Our offices are at 1719 25th Street, Sacramento. Our phone number is: (916) 451-5569.

Board of Directors:

President: **Mary Zeppa**
Vice President: **Bob Stanley**
Secretary: **Martin McIlroy**
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Advisory Board of Directors:
Luke Breit, Julia Connor, Patrick Grizzell, Burnett Miller, and Anne Rudin
Office Manager: **Robert Grossklaus**



HQ opportunity for performance space

The Short Center is leaving HQ. The three remaining partners (Kabinet Films, Asylum Gallery and SPC) are looking for someone to share their space. It's a small shared office and a performance space (shared by mutual agreement & master calendar) for \$168 per month plus utilities. Ideally, we'd like someone who would complement what the rest of us do. All three partners would have to approve someone new.

Contact HQ @ 451-5569.

Warning: SPC/HQ is a Temperature-Challenged Space!

In other words: Baby, it's cold inside! We've been using small space heaters with (as you know if you've been to a reading in the last few weeks) limited success. We're looking for a better solution but, until we find one: when you come to HQ, DRESS WARM!

Call for articles!

SPC would like to include your article about the Sacramento poetry scene on its website. There is no limit to the length of these articles. Please send your work to:

Sacramento Poetry Center
1719 25th Street
Sacramento, CA 95816.

You may also email your articles as Word attachments to dphunkt@mac.com or

poetrynow@sacramentopoetrycenter.org
Please include your name, address, phone number and email address on each page



March Storm

Time embraces you
when darkness goes out
between two bed sheets
wanting to drink water
or devour a blood orange
by kindled light beams
putting on chamber music
to silence the surrounding
with a child's dispersion of fears
trembling by my wood stove
near the jolting shadows
resembling butterflies.

It starts to rain outside
by the elm tree whispers
yet protected by curtains
on storm-wet windows
you daydream of strawberry jam
Mozart starts up again
by tear-proof recordings
not venturing outside
when the very stars
will stare you down.

—B. Z. Niditch

Good on Your Knees

I feel it writhing like a glass cutter in the back door
sinking in from the outside orange rain
I could see the picture forming from the side of the house
wet appleblossoms wilting on his boots
stiff in the flood light reflections
it was more of a dare to see if I'd run
but I pay for nights like this with my own sweat... I've waited
it wasn't my fault you found the lights of my house intoxicating and
dizzy
just the right shape to slip onto your tongue
however it was I made out your footsteps
hallowing through my lonely apartment walls
no one ever looks through the clarity of the moment
when you're locked in your own closet on New Year's Eve
these prayers are the most lucid between blackout and clinking rage
it's only a few hours to me, I can stuff it behind me tomorrow.

—Wendy Soto

News In Brief

The Thompson Peak Writers' Workshop in Janesville will host a workshop and reading and wine tasting (wine provided by Napa writer Jennifer Kerr and her husband Charles) with author Roy Parvin (*In the Snow Forest & The Loneliest Road*) on the third Sat. of March 2006. The workshop and reading is \$50.00. Space limited to twelve workshop participants. Please call Dianna Henning at 530.253.3303 if you are interested. ■ **San Francisco Poet Laureate:** San Francisco poet Jack Hirschman has been selected as the next poet laureate for the City by the Bay. ■ **Hardpan: A Journal of Poetry** is a new biannual journal coming from Modesto poets Debbie Loyd, Karen Baker, and Gordon Preston. Deadline for its first issue is Jan. 6, 2006, to premiere in March, 2006. Send poems to PO Box 1065, Modesto, CA 95353 (hardpanpoetry@sbcglobal.net). Include name, address, e-mail, phone, and SASE. The editors promise to respond within 42 days! Send \$15 for one year's subscription. No previously-published work, please. ■ **Tiger's Eye: A Journal of Poetry** has a contest deadline of February 28. Guidelines: tigerseyjournal.com, or click on the link to the right of this post. Mail entries (3 poems, \$10, SASE) to Tiger's Eye, PO Box 2935, Eugene, OR 97402. Also, the Tiger's Eye gals would like to see your work space! Send b&w photos (preferably, though color will be accepted), and Colette and JoAn will choose one photo for a future cover of the journal. They say, "Don't clean up the mess; just show it like it is." ■ **California Lectures, A Look Ahead:** Thursday, March 9, 7:30pm California Lectures: Baxter Black, DVM. Cowboy, columnist ("On the Edge of Common Sense"), commentator for National Public Radio, and the best-selling cowboy poet in the world. The lecture will be preceded by a preview of Black and his work by CSUS English professor, Steve Cook. Preview is free with admission and begins at 6:30pm. Lecture will be at the Crest Theatre, 1015 K St. Tickets are \$23 and can be bought at the theater or through Tickets.com or by phoning (916/530) 766-2277. For information on California Lectures, phone (916) 737-1300 or go to www.californialectures.org. Thursday, April 27, 7:30pm California Lectures: Sue Monk Kidd. Kidd will read from and discuss "Mermaids Chair" for which she recently received a Quill Award. Her first novel, "The Secret Life of Bees" has been on the NY Times bestseller list for over two years. Kidd's other work includes the acclaimed memoirs, "When the Heart Waits" and "Dance of the Dissident Daughter." The lecture will be preceded by a preview of Kidd and her work by CSUS English Professor, Wendy Matlock. Preview is free with admission and begins at 6:30pm. Lecture will be at the Crest Theatre, 1015 K St. Tickets are \$23 and can be bought at the theater or through Tickets.com or by phoning (916/530) 766-2277. For information on California Lectures, phone (916) 737-1300 or go to www.californialectures.org. ■ **Sambatyon Book Release Reading** at The Sterling Hotel 1300 H Street, Sacramento on Thursday, February 9, 2006, at 7pm. Announcing the publication of the first issue of *Sambatyon* ("River Of Inspiration"), a literary journal of Jewish writing in all genres: poetry, essays, short stories and first chapters from novels, all by authors who span the continuum of being religiously observant and boldly secular. Sponsored by an initial grant from the Jewish Federation of Sacramento, *Sambatyon* may be the first journal of its kind: a temple and synagogue-sponsored journal of creative writing on Jewish themes, ideas and experience plus beautiful artwork. *Sambatyon* contains the writing of members of the Sacramento Jewish community and beyond, with submissions from as far away as NYC! If you are interested in becoming involved in the editing and production of future issues or in submitting your own original writing or artwork, please contact Stacia Levy at CallMeSal@msn.com. Submissions for the next volume should be 3,000 words or less. The submission deadline is April 1, 2006. □

Literary Calendar for January 2006

Note: Unless otherwise stated, events take place in Sacramento, CA.

3 Tuesday

SPC Poetry Workshop, 7:30pm, Hart Senior Center, 916 27th St. (27th & J). Bring 15 - 20 copies of your one-page poem. Info: Danyen, (530) 756-6228. Free. Workshop news, www.sacramentopoetrycenter.org, SPC Workshop News.

Terry Moore's Access Television Show, 1st & 3rd Tuesdays, 9pm, Channel 17 (depending on cable provider). Co-hosted by Regina High. (Sacramento viewing only.)

4 Wednesday

Alan N. Satow presents First Wednesday Poetry Series: **TBA**. Java Aroma at the Empire Theater, 1825 Pacific Avenue, Stockton. 7-9pm, free. Info: Alan N. Satow (209) 463-6058.

Dr. Andy's Poetry and Technology Hour, host Andy Jones, 5pm, KDVS-90.3 FM. Info: www.culturelover.com.

Mahogany Urban Poetry Series, 9pm. Hosted by Khiry Malik and Rock Bottom. Sweet Fingers Jamaican Restaurant, 1704 Broadway. Info: www.malikspeaks.com or 492-9336. \$5 cover.

5 Thursday

Poetry Unplugged, **TBA**. Open mic before/after. Hosted by Mario Ellis Hill. 8pm, Luna's Café, 1414 16th St. Info: 441-3931 or www.lunascafe.com. Free.

Poetic Light Open Mic: 8-10pm, Personal Style Salon, 2540 Cottage Way. Info: John Hughes, 470-2317.

Evening of Poetry: Host: La-Rue. 7pm. Gwen's Caribbean Cuisine, 2355 Arden Way. Info: 284-7831.

6 Friday

Open Mic at the Barnes & Nobel in Citrus Heights, 6111 Sunrise Blvd, 7pm. All are welcome to bring their work and meet other poets!

7 Saturday

Escritores del Nuevo Sol's writing workshop and potluck on 1st Saturdays. 11am, second floor at La Raza Galeria Posada, 1421 R st. (15th & R). Info: Graciela Ramirez, 456-5323 or joannpen@comcast.net.

4 | poetryNOW

8 Sunday

Poemspirits features: **Brad Buchanan** of *The Miracle Shirker*. Also, Nora Laila Staklis talking briefly on Japanese haiku master Basho. Unitarian Universalist Society of Sacramento, 2425 Sierra Blvd. 6pm, refreshments, open mic. Contact: Nora Staklis or Tom Goff, 481-3312, or JoAnn Anglin 451-1372.

A memorial for **Anatole Lubovich** has been scheduled for 2pm at HQ: Headquarters for the Arts, 1719 25th St., Sacramento (25th & R Streets, Sacramento.) More details will be forthcoming, but do mark your calendars and plan to attend. Info: 442-9295.

Stockton Poet's Corner Presents: Honorable Mention winner **Eileen Malone**, author of *Letters with Taloned Claws*. 7pm at Barnes & Noble, Stockton Weberstown Mall. Info: www.poetscornerpress.com or (209) 951-7014.

9 Monday

Sacramento Poetry Center presents **Terry Moore**; host: Bob Stanley. 7:30pm, SPC/HQ for the Arts, 1719 25th (25th and R Sts.) Info: 451-5569 or www.sacramentopoetrycenter.org. Free.

BookTown, a bi-weekly radio show spotlighting the literary scene, co-hosted by Molly Fisk and Eric Tomb, 1-2pm, KVMR 89.5 FM.

10 Tuesday

SPC Poetry Workshop, 7:30pm, Hart Senior Center, 916 27th St. (27th & J). Bring 15 - 20 copies of your one-page poem. Info: Danyen, (530) 756-6228. Free. Workshop news, www.sacramentopoetrycenter.org, SPC Workshop News.

11 Wednesday

Rattlesnake Press presents Jeanine Stevens celebrating the release of her new chapbook *The Keeping Room* from Rattlesnake Press; host: Kathy Kieth. The Book Collector, 1008 24th St., 7:30pm, free. Info: 442-9295 or kathykieth@hotmail.com.

Dr. Andy's Poetry and Technology Hour, host Andy Jones, 5pm, KDVS-90.3 FM. Info: www.culturelover.com.

Mahogany Urban Poetry Series, 9pm. Hosted by Khiry Malik and Rock Bottom. Sweet Fingers Jamaican Restaurant, 1704 Broadway. Info: www.malikspeaks.com or 492-9336. \$5 cover.

12 Thursday

Poetry Unplugged presents **TBA**. Open mic before/after. Hosted by Narbara Noble. 8pm at Luna's Café, 1414 16th St. Info: 441-3931 or www.lunascafe.com. Free.

Poetic Light Open Mic: 8-10pm, Personal Style Salon, 2540 Cottage Way. Info: John Hughes, 470-2317.

Evening of Poetry: Host: La-Rue. 7pm. Gwen's Caribbean Cuisine, 2355 Arden Way. Info: 284-7831.

13 Friday

The Other Voice: **Elise & Don Feliz** 7:30pm, Davis Unitarian church library, 27074 Patwin Road. Info: Allegra, (530) 753-2634 or Betty, (530) 753-1432.

14 Saturday

Poems-For-All presents **David Larsen, Lauren Gudath, Sean Finney, & David Hayward**. Refreshments & free mini-books. Hosted by Frank Marquardt. 8pm, The Book Collector, 1008 24th St. Free. Info: 442-9295.

Patricity in Spirit in Truth, open mic at Queen Sheba's restaurant, 1537 Howe Ave., 3-5pm. Info: Patricia Turner-Green, 920-1020 or patricity_07@yahoo.com.

15 Sunday

Third Sunday Writing Group 1-3pm, various locations. Info: eskimopi@jps.net or nancy_wallace@calpers.ca.gov.

16 Monday

Sacramento Poetry Center presents a Martin Luther King Jr. celebration. Video screening and open mic to share MLK-inspired poetry. Stan Zumbiel hosts. 7:30pm, SPC/HQ for the Arts, 1719 25th (25th and R Sts.). Info: 451-5569 or www.sacramentopoetrycenter.org.

Calendar continued...

Note: Unless otherwise stated, events take place in Sacramento, CA.

17 Tuesday

Third Tuesday Poetry Series presents **TBA**. Hosts: Art & Christina Montecon. Q&A follows reading. 7pm at La Raza Bookstore, 1421 R Street. Info: 743-5329. Free.

SPC Poetry Workshop, 7:30pm, Hart Senior Center, 916 27th St. (27th & J). Bring 15 - 20 copies of your one-page poem. Info: Danyen, (530) 756-6228. Free. Workshop news, www.sacramentopoetrycenter.org, SPC Workshop News.

Terry Moore's Access Television Show, 1st & 3rd Tuesdays, 9pm, Channel 17 (depending on cable provider). Co-hosted by Regina High. (Sacramento viewing only.)

18 Wednesday

Urban Voices presents **Julia Connor**; hosted by B.L. Kennedy, 6:30pm, South Natomas Library, 2901 Truxel Rd., free.

Dr. Andy's Poetry and Technology Hour, host Andy Jones, 5pm, KDVS-90.3 FM. Info: www.culturelover.com.

Mahogany Urban Poetry Series, 9pm. Hosted by Khiry Malik and Rock Bottom. Sweet Fingers Jamaican Restaurant, 1704 Broadway. Info: www.malikspeaks.com or 492-9336. \$5 cover.

19 Thursday

Poetry Unplugged presents: Poet, journalist, and former Poetry Now calendar editor **Rachel Savage** & Sacramento poet and writer **David Wilsey**; plus special guests. Limited edition event-only poetry/programs and Poems-For-All minichaps available on a first-come first-served basis. Hosted by Frank andrick. Open mic before/after. 8pm at Luna's Café, 1414 16th St. Info: 441-3931 or www.lunascafe.com. Free.

Poetic Light Open Mic: 8-10pm, Personal Style Salon, 2540 Cottage Way. Info: John Hughes, 470-2317.

Evening of Poetry: Host: La-Rue. 7pm. Gwen's Caribbean Cuisine, 2355 Arden Way. Info: 284-7831.

20 Friday

Poetry reading featuring **Anthony Martin**, guitarista & poet, and **Jim Michael**, bilingual poet extraordinario! Followed by open mic. \$5 or as you can afford. 7:30pm at La Raza Galeria Posada/Bookstore; 1421 R St., Sacramento. Info: Graciela Ramirez, 456-5323.

California Lectures: **Marilynne Robinson**. Pulitzer Prize and National Book Critics Circle Award winning author of both fiction: *Gilead* and *Housekeeping* and two works of nonfiction: *Mother Country* and *The Death of Adam*. From a Washington Post Book World review, "Marilynne Robinson uses the language so exquisitely... Every sentence is a wonderful sentence..." The lecture will be preceded by a preview of Robinson and her work by CSUS English professor David Madden. Preview is free with admission and begins at 6:30pm. Lecture will be at the Crest Theatre, 1015 K St. Tickets are \$23 and can be bought at the theater, through Tickets.com or by phoning (916/530) 766-2277. For information on California Lectures, phone (916) 737-1300 or go to www.californialectures.org.

23 Monday

The Sacramento Poetry Center presents **TBA**. Rhony Bhopla hosts. 7:30pm, SPC/HQ for the Arts, 1719 25th (25th and R Sts). Info: 451-5569 or www.sacramentopoetrycenter.org. Free.

BookTown, a bi-weekly radio show spotlighting the literary scene, co-hosted by Molly Fisk and Eric Tomb, 1-2pm, KVMR 89.5 FM.

24 Tuesday

SPC Poetry Workshop, 7:30pm, Hart Senior Center, 916 27th St. (27th & J). Bring 15 - 20 copies of your one-page poem. Info: Danyen, (530) 756-6228.

Free. Workshop news, www.sacramentopoetrycenter.org, SPC Workshop News.

25 Wednesday

Burns Night: A Tribute to the Scottish Bard. "Robert Burns: poet and balladeer, Scotland's favourite son and champion of the common people. Each year on January 25th, the great man's presumed birthday, Scots everywhere take time out to honour a national icon. Whether it's a full-blown Burns Supper or a quiet night of reading poetry, Burns Night is a night for all Scots." —BBC. Join us for a not-so-quiet night of poetry to celebrate. Scotch, yes. Haggis, no. Read during the open mic a selection from Burns, other Scottish poets (classic or contemporary) or poems of your own that celebrate one or all of the following: 1) Burns 2) Scotland 3) Scots 4) Drink. Non-Scots Welcome. Scots, Wha Hae! 8pm.

Dr. Andy's Poetry and Technology Hour, host Andy Jones, 5pm, KDVS-90.3 FM. Info: www.culturelover.com.

Mahogany Urban Poetry Series, 9pm. Hosted by Khiry Malik and Rock Bottom. Sweet Fingers Jamaican Restaurant, 1704 Broadway. Info: www.malikspeaks.com or 492-9336. \$5 cover.

26 Thursday

Poetry Unplugged presents: **Bill Pieper**. Open mic before/after. Hosted by B. L. Kennedy. 8pm at Luna's Café, 1414 16th St. Info: 441-3931 or www.lunascafe.com. Free.

Poetic Light Open Mic: 8-10pm, Personal Style Salon, 2540 Cottage Way. Info: John Hughes, 470-2317.

Evening of Poetry: Host: La-Rue. 7pm. Gwen's Caribbean Cuisine, 2355 Arden Way. Info: 284-7831.



List Your Event:

To have an event listed on the SPC Literary Calendar, please email us at: calendar@sacramentopoetrycenter.org, dphunkt@mac.com or call Robert Grossklaus at: (916) 337-8962
by the 5th of the month preceding your event.

Thank you.

Calendar continued...

27 Friday

The Nevada County Poetry Series' Annual Fundraiser Poetry Reading Featured Readers: **Al Young**, California's new Poet Laureate and the Nevada Union High School "Inkwell" student poets. 7:30pm. Q&A and book signing to follow Al Young's reading. The main theater of The Center for the Arts, 314 West Main St., Grass Valley, CA. For directions go to thecenterforthearts.org. Advance tickets are \$8 general, seniors and students, and \$2 for those under 18 and will be available at Odyssey Books and The Book Seller in Grass Valley, and at Cherry Records in Auburn. Tickets will be available at the door at for \$10 general, seniors and students, and \$3 for those under 18. Refreshments included. Seating is on a first-come basis. Information: NCPS (530) 432-8196, Center (530) 274-8384

28 Saturday

Robert Grossklaus reads at The Book Collector, 1008 24th St., to celebrate the release

of his book, *Kissing Einstein*. Free refreshments and mini-chaps. 8pm. Info: Robert Grossklaus, 337-8962 or dphunkt@mac.com.

30 Monday

Sacramento Poetry Center presents **Laurie Duesing** and **Michael Spurgeon**. 7:30pm, SPC/HQ for the Arts, 1719 25th (25th and R Sts.) Info: 451-5569 or www.sacramento-poetrycenter.org. Free.

February 2006

15: Urban Voices presents **Bill Gainer** and **Kel Munger**; hosted by B.L. Kennedy, 6:30pm, South Natomas Library, 2901 Truxel Rd., free.

23: Poetry Unplugged presents: **Indigo Moor** and **Judy Halebsky**. Open mic before/after. Hosted by B. L. Kennedy. 8pm at Luna's Café, 1414 16th St. Info: 441-3931 or www.lunacafe.com. Free.

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sacramentopoetrycenter.org](mailto:poetrynow@SacramentoPoetryCenter.org)**

Jeanine Stevens was born in Indiana but has lived in the Sacramento area since 1960. She is a retired instructor from American River College where she taught Psychology, Anthropology, and Sociology for 32 years. Her poems have appeared in the *South Dakota Review*, *Valparaiso Review*, *Timber Creek Review*, *Bardsong*, *Ekphrasis*, *Poesy*, and *Tiger's Eye Journal*. Rattlesnake Press is publishing her chapbook, *The Keeping Room*, and The Indian Heritage Council published her chapbook, *Boundary Waters*. Her awards include "First Place in Poetry" at the Mendocino Coast Writer's Conference-2005, the Artist's Embassy International's Dancing Poetry Contest, 2004 and 2005, the Massachusetts State Poetry Contest and The Southern California Genealogical Society Contest. Besides writing, she enjoys Balkan folk dancing, the North Coast, and the Sierras.

Sea Gulls

At Aquae Sulis, Roman generals hold silent court.
Green waters barely ripple old melodies on lute strings.

August heat demands open windows, eight sleepless
hours traded for a few brief breezes. Herring gulls

perch on every sill: gold-rimmed lids, light yellow
irises like tiny spinning suns — gawk as if humans

had just arrived in England. They rampage
ear-creasing, high-pitched squawks— kyow and hyah,

doubling longer notes far beyond measured decibels.
Bird noise seems to taunt moonlit statues, the silver

spires of Bath Abbey dwarf the largest commander
who gazes inward, melting dreams in submerged pools,

so far from home. Across the River Avon, a stone
labyrinth— worm trails and hexagons slither and gleam.

—Jeanine Stevens

Reflections

Below a small footbridge, a sun fed pond,
bits of drab yellow straw, like walking sticks
flit over the surface. On the sandy bottom,
bright shadows, black as licorice, magnified
four times their size, move ahead, pulling

the surface. This, only visible in clear water,
black jet clusters, each, like an elegant
Victorian brooch displayed on a jeweler's tray.
A closer look, just shadows, quivering reflections,
water striders at their brightest in the noon day sun.

Then, the old film on the movie channel, a man
disfigured in battle, the imperfect couple, one scarred,
one plain. An enchanted cottage, they step across
the threshold, and once inside become unblemished,
though no one else stops, pauses to see
beauty falling outward, love reflecting inward.

—Jeanine Stevens

Jeanine Stevens
reads at The
Book Collector
on January .
See calendar for
details.

California Feng Shui

Because I need to believe the perfect arrangement of any room might enlighten myself to the meaning of me, I polish my collection of flying monkey figurines, move the coffee table an inch to the left and crank up my new whale song cd. I practice breathing and picture a sailing ship on a mystical sea. *Ding!* My mind's wind chime goes *Ding!* Then the telephone starts to ring and instead of talking to myself I'm talking to Amanda, Amanda who says she's shackled up in Sedona, AZ, with a shoe salesman gone self-appointed guru. Besides kama sutra, he's teaching her about the transcendental relationship between the sole and the soul. It turns out the traditional Chuck Taylor tread design is an exact match for the big toe-print of some defunct Tibetan god. Just before she says goodbye, she says she's sending me a genuine American Indian dream-catcher air-freshener for the car. I swear, sometimes I'm sure if Amanda wasn't such a Sagittarius, she'd be the *O* in my *Om*, which I guess explains why, in the vacuous hum that comes when she hangs up, I start to feel the essence of her aura's absence; and because I can't tell if it's my karma or my chakra that's all out of whack, I light a stick of incense, assume the lotus position and throw I ching. *Ding? Ding?* *Ding?* Not a chance. Something about the color of the carpet won't let me sail back to my trance, or maybe it's just I can't get my mind off Amanda and the time we tried telepathy, the two of us cross-legged, gazing into the other's eyes, projecting silent conversation, each finding it almost impossible to believe that at last we could enunciate all the things language falls short of, that we'd actually achieved oneness, so when I said, *You are my magic 8 ball's blue fluid of mystery*, I knew she divined exactly what I meant. It was only later I learned what I interpreted as the collaborative translation of the heart's elusive grammar Amanda merely took to be an exchange of selected vegan recipes. Like I said, she's a real Sag. Or maybe it's me, the Pices. I mean, how could I expect to read her thoughts when more often than not trying to read my own is like trying to read Tarot cards without knowing what their symbols signify? Here's a thought: if I take out the card table and light the lava lamp, the room might look the way Amanda's did the night she held the séance, the night Madame Frida channeled Frank, a disembodied voice who finally confirmed the cosmic convergence my ouija board had long suggested, namely that in a parallel universe, one of the infinite astral dimensions virtually identical to our own, Amanda and I are metaphysically in love, spiritually zen and totally, 100% Chinese. Well, the lava lamp doesn't work; I'm no closer to myself than I am to that alternate life with Amanda. What's more, this rearranging is making me tired. I think I'll nap before I go to the park for my public tai chi. Then, if that doesn't work, I'll still have the evening to sip ginseng tea and write a verse or two of poetry.

—Michael Spurgeon

Michael Spurgeon earned his MFA in creative writing/poetry from the University of Arizona, where he received the 1997-98 "University of Arizona Poetry Center Poet in the Schools Fellowship." He is the author of two chapbooks of poetry: *Prosthetic Breath & Other Poems*, published by the 3300 Press in San Francisco, and *Valente's Delicate Wrist*, winner of the 1998 Talent House Chapbook Competition in Talent, Oregon. Additionally, his poems have appeared in a number of journals like *The Sonora Review*, *The 3300 Review*, and *The North American Review*. He received a 1997 "University of Arizona Poetry Center & Academy of American Poets University Activities Board Prize" and a 1998 "Arizona College Theater Festival Meritorious Achievement Award for Playwriting." He is currently an Assistant Professor of English at American River College, where he teaches composition, literature, creative writing, and screenwriting.

Michael Spurgeon reads with **Laurie Duesing** on January 30th at SPC. See calendar for details.

Rubber Chicken

After her virtual pet, Virgil, fizzled out and died, Suki purchased the first in a long line of rubber chickens. How she doted on that rubber chicken, fed it, bathed it, clucked at it like a conscientious mother hen so it too might learn to cluck like any normal chick. I first met Suki when her chicken was about four. It was in the vet's office. I'd taken my turtle, Soup, a red-eared slider who lacked ears and an interest in sliding and who was possibly lactose intolerant as he avoided all dairy products except for a rare wedge of Brie, to the vet, and there Suki sat, crying, cradling Al. "Oh Al! Unfortunate Al! Pal o' mine!" Sobbed Suki. Al, it turned out, had lost a leg to an unleashed Chihuahua. The vet, naturally, was powerless. Even more troublesome was that he lacked a certain bedside manner one might expect, but I guess ultimately vets get accustomed to pet loss. I felt bad. Not that I am a great lover of chickens, rubber or other, but there was something in Suki's sadness that said the loss of a leg, even a rubber chicken leg, articulates the inevitable absence that haunts and clings to all worldly things, awakening us, obliquely, to each life's profound solitude, and that this solitude quivers as our single, tenuous connection to one another. Out of gratitude for the lesson that no one is alone in loneliness, I offered Suki my Soup, a minuscule act of animal kindness.

—Michael Spurgeon

Autumn is the perfect season for savoring Allegra Jostad Silberstein's new chapbook of poems, *In the Folds*. Ms. Silberstein's poems are a thanksgiving, a celebration, a joyous song of gratitude for life, for family and friends, for the earth and its moon, and for poetry itself.

In the title poem, the author remembers warming her feet at "the old cast-iron on the farm,/the open oven door where we would prop our feet/so cold after playing in the snow." From her home today, warming her feet "on the fender/of my wood stove," "the miles fan out from farm to now." In this moment of tender remembrance, Ms. Silberstein reminds us all to slow down and savor our memories. She writes: "I hold my glass of wine savoring/this communion: memory mirroring roots/in the folding of my years."

In the Folds is also a meditation on the seasons—the seasons of the earth and, metaphorically, of our lives. "So much depends on angles," she writes, in "Morning View From Balcony." In "A Calonyction Coming," she describes "the slant of Autumn-/light, as if the brightness of the moon/still were shining in the shadowed east." We move gracefully though the author's garden and its moonflowers, the calonyction of the poem's title, where "The earth's angle turning away from sun/deepens the green of hearts the vine weaves,/softens the blurred edges of brown leaves/in the early morning of moon flowers."

A blithe spirit is at work in these poems. Ms. Silberstein is also a dancer, and she brings her knowledge of the musical gesture to the page. "Flights" is an especially good example. The poem physically floats down the page, its line breaks create a breathy rhythm, and there is a fresh playfulness in lines like "a laughter/of leaves."

Flights

A feather
floats
lifted into
a laughter
of leaves
turning and
returning
like thoughts
spiraling
in the silent
murmur
of a pen
brushing
words
on blue sky
lines.

This poet-dancer celebrates the body, too, in lines like "the ribbed/cathedral/beneath my breasts," and "I remember how you/reached/touched my foot/my hand/how your smile/burrowed/into the arc of my ribs." And she acknowledges time's effect on the human body: "Sculptured bones hover/above the hollows of my cheeks,/and skin sags in the valley/between tendons and neck." These lines, from "Beyond the Dark Deck..." lead us to another communion, between the speaker and the Black Walnut outside her window, both holding strong to the life force within them. "O, Black Walnut, are we the same.../under wrinkled bark, an osmosis of desire:/

sap seeping through the veins.../still calling."

Her poem "The Perfect Dance" is a celebration of dance itself. She writes "to lift your hands, freeing them/to move in gestures/signing for the soul." How beautiful that image is, and the idea that such a gesture "holds you until you float/in the afternoon air/like the voice of the lark."

Several of Ms. Silberstein's poems are written in formal verse. There is a "Terzanelle for the Rising Moon," a "Rondel Supreme for a Moonlit Night," "Packrat Blues," and an "Evening Tanka." I'm certain there are more poems written in form that I simply could not identify as such. This is because, in every case, the form fits the poem's content. Never did I feel the poem had been forced into the constraints of its form. To the contrary, I felt the use of formal verse was a way of showing the author's respect and love for poetry itself.

Of course I have my favorites in this collection. One is "An Intuition of Angels," in which she writes, "I have not gone on pilgrimage/or lain prostrate before a saint,/but long ago on a high hill/in Wisconsin, when swollen buds/burst from pale purple casings/into tender green, I danced/ a liturgy and in their blaze/of autumn color, I sang an anthem." Another favorite is "On the Way." Like "An Intuition of Angels," it explores subjects close to my own heart.

On the Way

At seven o'clock in the evening
on the way to a poetry reading
I saw by the edge of the road
in a clear space open to mountains
just past the crowding of houses,
a shimmering:
golden seed pearl
strung on stalks
swaying in perfect freedom,
easy in a gentle breeze.

For these brief moments
miracles seemed logical:
how certain gifted believers
can be given Mary visions,
how the heart stops momentarily
and then does a little flip-flop
when the beloved appears,
how the cripple can walk
and the blind be given sight,
how rainbows are a promise...

At half-past the next hour
when it came my turn to read
the words had gone astray.
I spoke pale shadows
beside an inner ache
for the wayside
shining I had seen earlier.

(continued on page 9)

Would that I could sprinkle words
with holy water, set them like a seal
upon my palm, press them to my lips
and let them fall upon the page
like evening sunlight on wild oats.

Ms. Silberstein's pure love of life, and poetry, is contagious. I will read, and re-read, *In the Folds* throughout the holiday season. Once again, Kathy Kieth's Rattlesnake Press has produced a chapbook of great value.

In the Folds can be purchased at The Book Collector, 1008 24th Street, Sacramento, CA, or it can be ordered directly from Rattlesnake Press, 4708 Shade Tree Place, Fair Oaks, CA 95628. Price: \$5.

There are very few performance poets who can entertain an audience the way **Terry Moore** can. His energetic and personally warm style is always well received. Terry has and can perform in any environment without tapering his performance. His enthusiastic style varies according to the audience and venue, however, his effort and consistency never wavers.

Terry has won multiple slam competitions, yet has a performance aspect that separates him from the average spoken word artist. That performance aspect has earned him opportunities to open for major artists such as: Maya Angelou, Guy, Lalah Hathaway, Raphael Saddiq, Jay Lamont, Mary Mary, Gerald Albright, Iyanla Vanzant, Philip Bailey, The Temptations, Rudy Ray Moore, Pieces of a Dream, Norman Brown and the West Coast All-stars featuring Howard Hewitt, Rick Braun, and Jonathan Butler and more.

Terry has written fifteen poetry books, recorded four spoken word CDs, is a member of the popular spoken word group Born 2B Poets and was a member of the Sacramento Slam Team in 2003 & 2004. In 2001 and 2005, he was voted by the Sounds of Soul Music/Entertainment Awards as the Spoken Word Performer of the Year and in 2002 he was nominated for Entertainer of the Year. Not to be left out, Terry was recently selected to appear and perform on Showtime at the Apollo in New York.



Terry Moore reads at SPC on January 9th. See calendar for details.

One

Give me just one chance
and I will bury you under an avalanche of my feelings
Just so I can resurrect you into the sunlight of the brightest love
your dreams have ever seen
I will be your heartbeat when you sleep
I will continue to beat for you, the rhythm of our future bliss
I simply want you to need me in order to function just like the air
you consistently welcome into your soul

I want to be the refreshing thought
that pulls your jaw muscles into what's defined as a smile
The same kind of smile that you first displayed as a newborn
When you and I and love were innocent
The innocence you had before your first and last heartbreak
Before you even knew I existed even though elsewhere I did exist

And when we combine the warmth of our bodies
I will close my eyes so tight while tasting your lips
until our energy flows on the same current
until I feel the pain of my past and tears come out of your eyes
until our own shadows see so much beauty in us
that they render privacy
and leave the one designated spot on earth in which we lay

I believe that I truly love you
even if it is too early to tell
even if I don't know what love is
My best guess is that it's what I'm feeling right now

So look behind these big brown eyes of mine
See how bad I want you in my arms
holding me as if I was everything good you have ever possessed
your breathing, your sexy walk, your thoughts, your body, your mind, your
emotions, your feelings and in my ears repeatedly your name
I really, really want you
The only question is if you want me the same?

If you do then let us beg the moon for its romantic approval
Retrieve hope from the tight grip of yesterday
Promise our hearts to the next moment
and find each other in laughter

If you want me like I want you
then just give me that one chance
And I promise another one won't ever be needed!

—Terry Moore

“To the ways we avoid the asylum.” is the dedicated statement that opens the latest published works of the celebrated poet, author, publisher and Nevada county arts promoter William S. Gainer. Gainer is also dedicated to the word and its power to tell, suggest, and inform the imagination. By practicing ‘avoidance’ he instead engages us with a collection of poems entitled, *To Run With The Savages*. A collection that is part observation, scene sketching, snapshot scribing, character nailing, and entertaining. 18 poems with titles such as “Spiders, Rituals, Invitations From The Jukebox, The Emergency Of Passion, The Business Of Toads,” and the title poem. Title is given in respect to Charles Bukowski, and it seems no stretch to imagine the late So-cal seminal poet and publisher putting these poems to print himself if only he could. Thankfully we have Sacramento’s very own Rattlesnake Press to do so in this century. An interesting twist to this is the fact that Gainer recently published the national PENN award winning poetry book “Leaning Against Time” by bay area poet Neeli Cherkovski, a former roommate and the co-publisher with Bukowski of the legendary “Man the Humping Guns” publications. What goes around comes around.

The book, *To Run With The Savages*, chronicles character studies, scenarios, and situations sometimes by exposing their bare essentials, other times haunting the reader/dreamer with suggestion. Many of the poems are one page word cluster scripts and stories. When Gainer stretches out into the longer poems his economy of word and line and creative non-fiction approach to the poem allow for no filler. He is terse, taut, and transcendent employing his skills to examine the minutia of conversations, first and lasting impressions, and the end of the line. Not many poets display such definitive deftness at description and then beyond. From street speak, to bar talk, affairs of the heart and spirit, and the feelings of ‘Lost in Lust’ Bill Gainer is city sassy and foothill cool. And you can find all that between the covers of *To Run With The Savages*.

To Run With The Savages

Most are one or the other
but to run with the savages
you need to be both:
mean
and tough.
Everything is met
With eyes focused.
No conversation,
no running to momma,
no place to hide.
To survive
you need to learn
to take your meat fresh.
Remember:
They don’t want to kill you,
they want to eat you
alive.

William S. Gainer’s new book shows us a Johnny Cash reality where gritty truth and surmised expectations take their tumbles as they will. It casts a wary wolf’s eye, a voyeur’s peek into an alt. ‘is that all there is’ on-going situation called the nuances of living. It is compact and distilled serious wordplay not afraid to laugh at itself under it’s

breath. Makes you wish you could buy the poet a drink and get yourself into a long conversation. Reasons enough for you to put yourself between the pages of this book. Pure and simple ... Bill Gainer is also a master of the closing stanza, the killer ending that leaves room for a much anticipated sequel. He has a winning respect for the word ... and he knows how to use it.

Believing in Luck (excerpt closing poem)

But like the rest of the gamblers,
you believe in luck,
bet on chance
and know
there’s always
possibility.
So you scrape your change
From the nightstand,
Drop both coins into your pocket,
put the other face on,
the one without pain,
into the day,
place
another bet.

To Run With The Savages can be purchased at The Book Collector, 1008 24th Street, Sacramento, CA, or it can be ordered directly from Rattlesnake Press, 4708 Shade Tree Place, Fair Oaks, CA 95628. Price: \$5.

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- 2. *Not made by hand : selected poems 2002-2004*,
by **David Anderson** (RockyDell Resources)
- ★. *Tule Review: Winter 2005* ed. **Brad Buchanan, Keely Dorran & Robert Grossklaus** (Sacramento Poetry Center)
- 4. *Black Dog* by **James DenBoer** (Rattlesnake Press)
- 5. *Free Wheeling* ed. **Elsie Whitlow Feliz**
(Towe Auto Museum, www.toweautomuseum.org)
- 6. *To Run With the Savages* by **Bill Gainer** (Rattlesnake Press)
- ★. *Skunk Talk* by **Albert Garcia**
- ★. *Palabras de Leynie y Cooty Boy* by **Phil Goldvarg**
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- ★. *Kissing Einstein* by **Robert Grossklaus** (Polymer Grove)
- ★. *Vyper #2* ed. **Robert Grossklaus** (Rattlesnake Press)
- ★. *Rattlesnake Review #8* ed. **Kathy Kieth** (Rattlesnake Press)
- ★. *Snakelettes #5* ed. **Kathy Kieth** (Rattlesnake Press)
- ★. *The Smokehouse Boys* by **Shaunna Oteka McCovey**
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- 15. *Letters With Taloned Claws* by **Eileen Malone**
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- 18. *Bigfoot Lives* by **Crawdad Nelson**
- ★. *Brevities #34* ed. **Joyce Odam**
- 20. *The Silt Reader #7* ed. **Robert Roden & Barton M. Saunders**
- ★. *The Keeping Room* by **Jeanine Stevens** (Rattlesnake Press)
- ★. *Footsteps in My Heart* by **J. B. Thomas**
- ★. *Beware of the Night* by **J. B. Thomas** (book & CD)
- ★. *Public Places, Private Spaces (littlesnake broadside #18)*
by **Claudia Trnka** (Rattlesnake Press)
- ★. *Sambatyon ("River Of Inspiration")* by **various**
- ★. *Love Is More Than A Four Letter Word* by **A D. Winans**
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To Atropos

Your unimpassioned hand that holds my thread,
I know, will snip it when I least expect.
Although I wish that you'd delay your act,
It's not the fatal flick that is my dread.

It's the unraveled thread that is my fear,
A feeble filament too long held fast,
Resembling not the substance of the past
Forgotten fatness of a life once dear.

No plea of mine would prompt you to suspend
The destined moment of that fateful cut.
I yield to your decree and do not mean
To dislocate the inevitable end:
Yours is to pick the second and the spot.
All that I ask is you should make it clean.

—Anatole Lubovich

Now that the weak cells of my brain have been destroyed,
As remnants refermented rally to reform,
I've no contrition for the night I well enjoyed.

I didn't dump distemper's rage on Doctor Freud,
But let a salty liquor limply to transform,
Allowing weak cells of my brain to be destroyed.

When sober daily doings drowned my soul in void,
I sought escape from droning duties' stinging swarm:
I've no contrition for the night I well enjoyed.

My focused mind seeks fervently to be employed,
With durable components that survived the storm,
Now that the weak cells of my brain have been destroyed.

The slurry stagger of a tipsy anthropoid
Is but a blurry memory, content and warm,
With no contrition for an evening well enjoyed.

What if my frolic offered food for a tabloid?
Tequila was more curative than chloroform.
I've no contrition for the night I well enjoyed,
Since only *weak* cells in my brain have been destroyed.

—Anatole Lubovich