

The Blue Guitar



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Co-editor’s Note

I refuse to let current events define the rest of my life. Right now, the end to the pandemic seems far off, but in time we will overcome it, with our humanity and health intact if we are careful. Our victory won’t be elegant and it won’t be perfect — but, we will prevail. Our art will go a long way toward helping us prevail and hold on to our humanity. American poet, novelist, essayist, and playwright William Carlos Williams, who also was a practicing physician, wrote the poem “Spring and All (By the road to the contagious hospital)” at the end of the First World War and during the Spanish flu pandemic. This excerpt captures perfectly current sentiment:



Co-Editor
Rebecca
“Becca” Dyer

Lifeless in appearance, sluggish
dazed spring approaches—

They enter the new world naked,
cold, uncertain of all
save that they enter. All about them
the cold, familiar wind—

Now the grass, tomorrow
the stiff curl of wildcarrot leaf
One by one objects are defined—
It quickens: clarity, outline of leaf

But now the stark dignity of
entrance—Still, the profound change
has come upon them: rooted, they
grip down and begin to awaken

From all of us at The Blue Guitar: Stay safe and healthy and all of the best this holiday season! Here’s to new beginnings in 2021 — and keep reading and keep submitting!

– Co-Editor Rebecca “Becca” Dyer

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Publisher: Elena Thornton

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Artwork for front,
back covers: Marjory Boyer

The Blue Guitar arts and literary magazine is a project of The Arizona Consortium for the Arts

www.TheBlueGuitarMagazine.org

Fall 2020

5 Poems by Wynne Brown

Compos(t)ing a Poem During the Pandemic

Step 1: First choose a framework.

Or not — mine sprouted as a heap
under the old velvet mesquite as time

on my oft-washed hands went
viral, the mound mutated into a concrete pile

of leftover blocks and rocks
alternating overlapping

couplets stacked packed and
sturdy enough to hold the heat.

Step 2: Add green material.

What some call kitchen “garbage” —
mine’s the refuse from a well-lived life

rife with leafy Romaine residues,
wilted chard, their rainbow hues faded

pebbled-leather avocado skins,
cucumber gone limper in the (so-called) crisper,

a once-proud pineapple crown atop
an exhausted banana melted down to jelly

coffee grounds now melded
to their brown paper filters.

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For Wynne Brown, poetry has always been a way to explore the territory where emotion meets language. She’s especially drawn to intersections, that area in a Venn diagram where playfulness swirls with power, where curiosity and hopelessness mingle. Her poems have appeared or are forthcoming in *Wild Roof Journal*, *Oasis Journal*, “The Sonoran Desert: A Literary Field Guide” by Eric Magrane and Christopher Cokinos (2016), and “Spilled: A Collection by the Dry River Poets” (2011). Her biography of the 1880s botanist and artist Sara Plummer Lemmon (for whom Arizona’s Mount Lemmon is named) will be published by Bison Books/University of Nebraska Press in 2021. Her other books include “More Than Petticoats: Remarkable Arizona Women” (2nd edition 2016), “Falcon Guide to Trail Riding Arizona” (2012), and “Cave Creek Canyon: Revealing the Heart of Arizona’s Chiricahua Mountains” (2nd edition, 2020). Her website is: www.wynnebrown.com.



Continued from page 3

Hint: To avoid a plague of smells, add no dairy, add no meat
OK to sprinkle some devilled eggshells.

Step 3: Add brown material.

Decades of detritus from the filing cabinet —
mine's rejected poems, shredded VISA bills,

statements of former financial ills and worth,
newspapers saved for wrapping (but just the funnies),

ripped up cardboard from all those Amazon boxes
cleansed of poxes, an epidemic of yet more words

Step 4: Add water to compost.

No need to measure —
Mine? just enough to dampen (but not its spirit)

and whet its growth.
More if it's hot, less if it's not.

Step 5: Add time.

Or thyme if the pot by the door needs pruning —
no need to set a timer (or is that a thymmer?)

In mine, insects hum a lullabug
lizards bask under parasols of papaya peel

worms casting their benediction
working their magic of decomposition.

Step 6: Stir occasionally.

A pitch fork works well although
time and tines wait for no man

or this woman, as I mine
what comes up, what breaks down

turning pandemic remnants
into fertile poetic ground.

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Promise Fulfilled

They lie silent
lovely, unsuspecting
bathed in nothing
but sun's light, desert glow
open, sprawled, innocently enticing

Until
two boys playing men, father and shadow-son
approach,
decorate the hills with pink ribbons as
foreplay, then
rip and peel their skin
in one long narrow strip
again
again
again.

Next
the boys gather rust-colored metal shafts
plunge them into pristine earth
thrust themselves inside
again
again
again.

For miles and miles and miles and miles and miles

High-fiving each other, the boys crow
about satisfying
their border promise—
a betrayal that leaves
the virgins
 Cabeza Prieta
 Organ Pipe
 Quitobaquito Springs
 and so many more

still silent
now
forever broken

© 2020

Backburn

Our state is burning up — yes, with COVID fever
yet hotter still with twenty real-time fires
I watch from my window as the Bighorn
devours the Santa Catalinas and
the route of Sara Lemmon
an 1880s botanist whose name brands
the highest peak
now claimed by flame
her tracks now demolished as another
 billowing
 towering
 exploding —
Nature's Nagasaki moment
swallows the sky.

Today's controlled fire intends to protect life and property.
Just a backburn, they say
as they spray yet more scarlet retardant:
Better red than black.

Sounds like what they told that young boy
Better your back than front
proudly wearing his team's nylon shirt
he'd leaned against the family woodstove
one blustery December evening.
The cloth began to shimmer, then
 glowing
 melting
 charring —
housebound napalm
seared its map deep in flesh

the same night as my birthday celebration went
awry, the boiling oil
 sautéing,
 braising,
 blackening —
fondue gone rogue
sizzled the skin right off my hand.

Day after day the boy and I shared pain
in the burn unit's debriding room
his screams and moans bouncing
off soft green walls, mine muffled
as workers scraped dead flesh from living nerves.

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Just as firefighters with their Pulaskis
and Halligans now pull smoldering fuel
from soft green ferns
to save the remaining wildlands while
that same right hand
still scarred after 30 years
grips the pen trying to snare
the wreaths of smoke
 wrapping
 hiding
 eclipsing our mountains —
a vibrant full-color photo now rendered
into way more than fifty
shades of gray.

© 2020

Turnaround

From Baja's turquoise skies and seas, from
sliding through sunlit rollers shiny
as mercury spilled down the planet's spine
paddle slicing silvered slopes scattering
crowds of curious sergeant majors all
under surveillance by
one solitary stately yellow-foot gull.

From night-time rising bathed
in moonlight, creeping tender-footed
across the cobble beach to pee
Cortez's sea lapped my ankles
wrapped in luminescence
entrapment of stars above.

From ambling along Loreto's laidback *malecon*
to scrambling too soon too fast to
pulling out tickets, liquids, laptop, bare feet sticking
to god-knows-what on airport floors
to a secondhand starless sky
reflected on glass-walled towers of
St. Paul

to shoes too tight, black slacks too slick,
battling balky Internet, thumb drive,
name badge dangling around my neck,
all
that endless coffee, ceaseless smiling, standing,
talking, running for elevators,
waiting,
breathless

as the finback mama whale and calf
glide
silent
beneath my boat then
surfacing
they blow
the spray caught
twinkling
cascading
against Danzante Island spires
gently shrouding me
in whale snot.

© 2020

Annual Report

Bearing binoculars, bird book, and little know-how,
I arrive pre-dawn, now
greeted by the Canyon Towhee,
personable, curious, first to every party,
not like the Spotted, or is it Rufous?
hiding under bushes to confuse us.

A White-breasted Nuthatch, so appealing in his upside-down-ness
and snowy vest, freezes as my field guide flaps,
while male White-crowned Sparrows all
sport distinctive black-and-white-striped racing caps.
The Curve-billed Thrasher jabs the air with its strident call
QUIT QUIT QUIT — and never less.

Magnificent Hummingbird, its regal split-second iridescence
snags winter's light glinting on the metal fences.
Mexican Jays, those sentinel local hoodlums, swoop in — unadorned,
they lack their Scrub Jay cousins' looping necklace.
Gambel's Quail, topknots flopping, they warn
CUIDADO! CUIDADO! — rarely stopping.

Scotts Oriole, with its un-named hood, thrills the birders,
who're soon brought down by Cooper's Hawk swift murder
of the Acorn Woodpecker, that engaging clown.
Lesser Goldfinches light up the feeder (a quadruple-decker!)
and red-hued House Finches perplex as they dash in:
Are they Purple? Or maybe Cassin's?

Oregon Juncos earnestly scratch under firs
dressed as tiny hooded executioners.
Out in the flats, Chihuahua Ravens fly in crowds,
but in the mountains,
Common Ravens survey the air
only solitary or in pairs.

After lunch we navigate Peloncillo paths
where my skills are sorely taxed: I'm lost
among confusing, zipping sparrows—Brewers, Vespers, Lark, and Lincoln's,
Black-throated, White-capped, Song, and Chipping—
so flipping hard this avian rookie sings *HOSANNA!*
when correctly ID-ing one Savannah.

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Grasshopper Sparrows explode from underfoot in wind-swept grasses,
dive back down, then dart like wrasses in a sea of stems, dodging
the elegant streamlined Prairie Falcon who passes
gliding sailing skimming almost touching the waves of weeds
then settles where Merriam's Turkey tracks inscribe
the sand and snow of Silver Creek—and deer imbibe.

Almost sunset and time for quitting, when
evening's sky sheds fifty Mountain Bluebirds,
a fountain streaming brilliant azure—
which is for sure
a color most befitting
the Chiricahua Christmas bird count.

© 2020

4 Poems by Grace Fryberger

My Dearly Loved Dead

The evidence points only
to the unthinkable riddle
who were you really?
where are you truly?

Which is right heart here
what's in front of me washes aside
what's inside of me pours out.

Alone under a dark clear night
our breathing together like this
gives the loosened shape a kind of answer
a signal change from one form to another
that compels me to sway, and know

This is the best time to see
a blizzard of meteors shouting.

© 2020



Pam Burtis

Grace Fryberger's recent work appeared in the Medical Literary Messenger Journal through the University of Virginia Commonwealth. She lives in Tucson, AZ. She is curious, reads, still dances, and will entertain any topic of conversation. The best assessments of her can be found in her poems and short narratives.

The Present

This morning, I got lost in the
then, that, him, her, and them

careened forward into the
when will, but what ifs, can't see it

drowning in detritus my raggedy
shadow wandered around listening
for the sound of a distant bell

when suddenly I noticed
swarming a bird of paradise
monarchs in my front yard.

© 2020

The Recovery

This unweaving is a weary hold
you can't see the drainage
don't know what all is vanishing
hoping the *don't wants* do, that's the promise.
a lugubrious weight sleeps
deep, murk with mass
constant through the days.
nothing snaps
or suddenly breathes
you wait for a bounce
but gently doze.
still, something eases
you read between the beats, listen hard
you look to get out of the way of yourself
knowing the unweaving knows
exactly what to do.

You rest now, grateful, into the coming feel
of a flint scrape that sparks.

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That

That

is joyous
is simple
is redemptive
but it is shackled
it is unrealized
in its softness
that is unseen
though it is sought
weeping like a willow
where it is cradled, cherished -
the fragrant rose
of that first night
suspended in its thick source
pregnant in its blood cloak
eyes untouched.

it tumbles through this spacious dream
flesh opening like an emptied cup comes
full comes empty comes full
that it is joyous
born weighted now unshackled
arrives in the raw
the vein sought now found
new in its softness
favored from that suspension -
cherish its redemption
this night embraced
its fragrance delivered
begin in simple surrender
eyes sky wide.

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Victims of Circumstance

By Jim Bochenek

© 2020

Elmer was up early as usual, but this day was different. It appeared every day would be different. He shared the small home with his aunt and was surprised to hear her stirring. Since losing her job she was a bit lost, much like Elmer now was, and tended to sleep late, no longer motivated to meet the day.

“Good morning,” Elmer said entering the kitchen.

“Mornin’, baby,” his aunt replied, the water on the stove just reaching a boil. She poured it into Elmer’s favorite thermos and hung the tea bag from its side.

“Still goin’ out today?” she asked.

“I guess...not sure what else to do.”

“You’ll figure something out,” she said, her voice trailing off, disbelieving her own words, sharing his confusion, frustration, and despair.

There was a knock at the door. Elmer knew who it was, right on time, but was still surprised they were both keeping to their routine.

“Hey, Sam,” Elmer greeted his friend, opening the door wide so Sam could enter the warm home. “I’m pretty much ready.”

Sam stepped in but was fidgety and quiet, unsure of what to say.

Elmer noticed his friend’s uneasiness as he closed the door. They looked at each other. Sam broke the silence.

“Are we still...you know, cause I don’t have my...”

“I know,” Elmer interrupted. “Me either.”

“So...”

“I don’t know.”

Trapped again in silence, Sam walked to some shelves on the other side of the room and allowed himself to be distracted for a minute or two. He looked over the items he hadn’t seen

in a while and quietly read to himself: “if you had fun, you won,” “thanks for playing with us...”

“Your aunt put your trophies back out.”

“I did,” Elmer’s aunt replied, entering the room, handing Elmer his thermos and its lid. “Good morning, Sam.”

“Good morning, Ma’am.”

Elmer walked over to the window and stared out. The beautiful woodland scene that usually brought such joy now reflected the uncertainty of what was before him.

“You gonna wear your winter coat?” his aunt asked.

Elmer shrugged, still facing out the window, taking a drink of tea.

“Baby, it’s cold out there.”

Elmer’s face squinched after his first sip. He turned toward his aunt. “What’s in this tea?”

“Elmer. Your coat?”

Elmer turned his glance to Sam, who turned his eyes back to the shelf of family keepsakes. Elmer knew he didn’t need his coat but knew she wouldn’t let up.

As he walked passed his aunt toward the coat closet, she stopped him, put a hand on his shoulder and a kiss on his cheek.

“I’m gonna go lie down. You have a good day.” She walked off to her room.

Elmer stood for a moment, discouraged and demoralized. But he eventually retrieved his coat from the closet.

The two friends moved to the door, Sam walked out, but Elmer couldn’t step beyond it.

Sam turned back, aware Elmer hadn’t joined him in their cold new world.

“It’s all so absurd,” he said, frozen in the doorway.

“I know.”



Inspired to pursue writing by his high school English teacher, Jim Bochenek achieved a Bachelor’s Degree in English at Arizona State University. He intended to pursue a career in writing or teaching, but life had other plans. After a fulfilling career in the events world, Jim’s creative outlet turned toward photography, a pursuit he continues to enjoy. But the desire to put pen to paper was never completely extinguished. This story, one of his most recent efforts, hopes to convey the confusion and uncertainty in today’s society.

Some Nerve

By Nina Kolodij

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Chronic back pain—also known as a young adult’s worst nightmare.

My journey as an equestrian began when I was five years old and over time, has been punctuated with many spectacular tumbles off moving horses. The inevitable reality of falling off horses combined with an active love of scouting and the outdoors provided the perfect setting for one of my spinal disks to rupture like a raw egg dropped on the floor.

Disks are pockets of spinal fluid that lie between each bone in the spine, acting as a cushion against shock and aiding flexibility. Bulging disks are smooshed out of shape (whether by compression from daily wear or from an injury) and often press on the bundle of nerves in the spinal cord.

The cause of my pain was a mystery for many years. In fact, after the first two rounds of physical therapy failed to treat the growing pain in my lower back, the doctors called for X-rays and magnetic resonance imaging, usually referred to as MRI for short. Although a bulging disk was discovered between the fifth lumbar and first sacral vertebrae, it was dismissed as insignificant.

My back worsened and I began to seek other causes, as well as for a way to cure the constant stabbing. A future MRI would show that the original bulging disk now had six other bulging disk friends, and had been promoted to “herniated,” meaning the protective tissue had torn and could no longer hold spinal fluid.

I went through the treatment gauntlet, trying everything from chiropractic care and acupuncture, to physical therapy (again), to nerve blocs. I even had multiple sessions of burning out my nerves entirely, in a procedure called ablation where wires threaded through hollow needles are used to fry painful nerve

endings with electricity.

My pain grew so intense that I began upping my dose of medications and lowering my dose of physical activity. It seemed that I was losing all my hobbies—hiking, ballroom dancing, horseback riding—even walking down the hallway of my apartment complex was a chore.

When my parents visited from out of state, we were limited by my inability to do pretty much anything, let alone our favorite activities: strolling through the Reid Park Zoo or exploring the Arizona Sonora Desert Museum. I was totally robbed of my healthy coping mechanisms and favorite pass times.

Some doctors even suggested seeing a psychiatrist for long-term mental health management, because they couldn’t figure out what was wrong, and therefore I was probably exaggerating. It was beginning to look like I’d just have to suck it up and live with the pain.

Toughing it out stopped being an option when my pain evolved in a way that interrupted my academic life. When I attempted to attend a geologic field camp as a degree requirement, I was stopped halfway and given the option of going home or going to the hospital. Unsurprisingly, hiking 10 to 20 miles a day in mountainous terrain was not ideal for my situation, so I packed up my gear and went home, defeated.

It would be another two years before a doctor finally offered some good news.

Seven years after the start of my pain, when I was 21 years old, an orthopedic specialist officially diagnosed me with degenerative disk disease, likely the cause of my complaining spine. I convinced him to try a surgical treatment. I had

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Nina Kolodij graduated this year with a Science and Environmental Journalism master’s degree from the University of Arizona. Her interests include science journalism and communication, historical journalism, geology, environment and conservation, photojournalism, and travel. In her spare time, she is an avid reader, artist, equestrian, and ballroom dancer. After growing up in suburban Pennsylvania, Nina decided to explore her passions in Tucson, Arizona. She received her BS in Geology and a minor in Planetary Sciences in Spring 2018. Nina decided to stay in Tucson to combine her love of science and writing in the form of a master’s. Her thesis project focused on the science of science of communication. Through a series of interviews, she collected perspectives from “stakeholders” involved in communicating science: scientists, science journalists, policy influencers and the public. The interviews have been published on the website Speaking Science-ese in an attempt to analyze the issues present in science communication, as well as to present ideas and opinions on how to better communicate science. Although Nina’s ultimate goal is to pursue a doctorate in either earth science or science communication, her main objective right now is to gain experience as a science writer. After interning at the Smithsonian National Museum of Natural History, Nina realized that working for an organization that shares and encourages her love of the natural world is incredibly important. Because of this, her dream job would probably involve working at a zoo, aquarium, museum, or national park.

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exhausted all other options, and nobody else had even considered surgery as an option for such a young patient. We scheduled it for June 2018, so I could finish the last semester of my undergraduate degree in geology (I had found a less intensive work-around for my field camp requirement).

What was supposed to be a three-hour spinal fusion surgery turned into seven hours under the knife, during which two surgeons worked together to remove the herniated disk and put a metal spacer between two vertebrae. The hope was that the bones would eventually grow together into one fused piece.

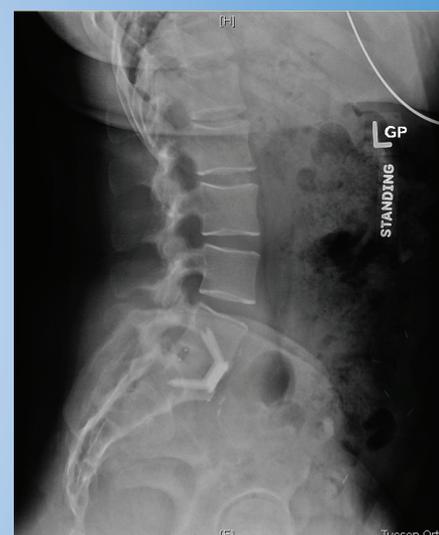
Upon waking up, I reacted horribly to the anesthetic and spent hours dry heaving in my recovery room with a six-inch incision in my stomach—the path to my spine was easier to navigate from the front—and antibiotics burning their way into my bloodstream through an IV in the back of my hand. Despite the nauseating aftermath, I got up and walked the length of the hospital hallway that same night, and I was able to go home the following afternoon.

My mother and my boyfriend spent a month helping me get back on my feet—literally. I wore two back braces and moved in small increments with the help of a walker, at first, and later by using a sparkling, light blue cane. Just a month after surgery, I was beginning to feel better, which was a feeling I'd abandoned years ago.

The moment I truly realized the surgery was a success was in July, when my father joined us in Arizona to see how I was progressing. We went to the Arizona Sonora Desert Museum.

Arguably the most iconic portion of the museum is the Desert Loop Trail out in the desert proper, where they home the coyotes and javelinas, and hold demonstrations with free-flying birds of prey. That trail, only half a mile long, had become impossible for me at the height of my back pain. However, with the encouragement of my loved ones, I was able to walk the trail with the help of my fabulous cane.

I wasn't pain free yet—I still had more than a year of healing and growing new bone to go—but I had begun the process of getting my life back.



The writer says of the photos: “The first two are MRI images (spinal disks don’t show up in X-rays) from February 2018, four months before surgery. In the spine, the super white parts between vertebrae are the disks, and they stand out because of the spinal fluid they contain. You can see that bottom disk, before the spine takes a curve into the sacrum, has pretty much no fluid inside—that’s my ruptured disk. The next image is an X-ray from two months after my surgery (August 2018), after they removed the trashed disk and put a spacer in its place. The spacer was there to keep my vertebrae from collapsing and rubbing bone-on-bone. The last picture is an X-ray from this February (2020), where you can see that bone has grown around the spacer and fused the two vertebrae that were once supported by a spinal disk.”

3 Poems by Robert Feldman

Bisbee Rain Collage

(a monsoon inspired poker poem)

rain collage

drip drip ontop scattered books
unseen, invisible
buckets surrendering their rusted holes
to that familiar July damp
drifting up through the floor

certain poets have returned underground
confounding fixed thinking,
alleycats outback fluttering our wings,
once sheltered ontop soapbox scaffolds
casting insignificant shadows
onto cigar ash floorboards

now, window barbarous downpour,
constant waterwash up from *Agua Prieta*
sinking the ground deeper beneath this forsaken red pit,
where Copper Queen dragon miners hang out
selling lost petrified rocks
to gambling stonecutters celebrating on holiday,
as if it were *fiesta* time
when holy monsoons seize back their garden

meanwhile, thirty or so miles to the north,
Bisbee Billy leans over the dealer,
scoping his royal picture cards
figuring another trick bounce,
while the clueless players cast their desperate lots,
hoping to extract diamonds from iron,
turquoise from copper matrix

then at once our underground jester
catches the sing song shuffle of doormats,
as the remaining tenants begin hauling out buckets of water,
unaware survivors armed with heishi trinkets
and malachite spiderweb chips



Born in Paterson, New Jersey, Robert Feldman was inspired early on by members of Paterson's literary tradition, most notably Louis and Allen Ginsberg and William Carlos Williams. Later, while living in St. Louis, he organized poetry readings, produced and hosted a community-issues news hour and a biweekly bebop jazz radio program on KDNA-FM. There, his interest and admiration for the Beat Generation flourished. After relocating to Bisbee in the early '70s, Robert was instrumental in publishing some of Arizona's most influential writers such as Drummond Hadley and Michael Gregory, and in 1980, collaborated with Lawrence Ferlinghetti on his Bisbee publication, "Mule Mountain Dreams." Currently, Robert resides in greater Phoenix, continuing to write, paint, and play tabla, besides actively publishing in several online poetry magazines. "Hineni," a collection of 15 Hebraic photographic poetry, was published in spring 2018, and "Sunflowers, Sutras, Wheatfields, and Other ArtPoems" in summer 2019. The body of Robert Feldman's writing and painting can be accessed at albionmoonlight.net; he can be reached at rfeldman@gmail.com.

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here in this red hat age of pentagrams, nooses,
and sycophant doubletalk fakers
submerged
in allnightcardgames
lasting till no one's left to admit defeat,
our joker folds his winning hand
ceding to the deluge outside,
aware it's too late to hop aboard the busride
back to St. Elmo's museum,
half turn through its drenched swinging green doors

© 2020

calls for camouflage

three or four of the reigning judges
nonetheless remained obdurate
seated high above the rest
overplaying any hint of eminence,
directing a relentless clan of jesters and jugglers,
entertaining runners doing handstands,
donning red hats,
scatting backporch Dixieland songs,
fronting an already mesmerized, gathering crowd

a slight of hand performance followed,
an eleventh hour departure from some intended snake oil cure,
pulsating wheels transforming fire into foolsgold,
and as these descendants from far away toxic planets
relentlessly infested this misguided fractured land,
surviving masked citizens were left to dodge
invisible avenues of craters and quicksand

and after the deluge,
remaining congregants
knelt before the judges
calling for even more camouflage,
frozen trees shedding cold deadwood,
while we survivors of this entire spectacle
continued standing aside, motionless,
brooding three legged,
some two,
most without

© 2020

Tigerland

New Song Sung
along pebble-dashed crossings,
these Towering Universal States
bursting from all directions, fulfilled.

Unfurling Peaks Soaring
red-gold circles our eyes,
young black hawk gliding down a painted pass, anticipating,
feigning, breezing through these boundless miles of sentient rock.

“We have no answers,” they stare, glowing back at us,
“you are, we are,
only difference we endlessly bathe in The Silence.”

There are few answers to intentional questions,
precise moments simply appear, reflecting
the Light, showering
Sparks
right out there in front of our eyes.

And somewhere across this world
yet another gold-red sunset
colors the sky,
now arising here,
this Tigerland,
proclaiming
its aura of Mighty Majesty.

*Bola National Forest
Albuquerque, New Mexico*

© 2020

A Poem by Michelle Micalizzi

Breaking Eggs

© 2020

Waking from what seems like a lifetime of sleep
to find walls too close.

Pretending in a moment,
to be ok with the warm wetness of restraint.

The realization that growth has made this small unsafety,
unsustainable is unavoidable.

We all know that eventually
restriction becomes too painful and
all that is left is to break free
from the familiar walls that bind.

This is the very moment when it is clear
that it is no longer possible to stay small,
curled up and unassuming
The pecking and the pushing must begin.

In that moment, the fear of what is next
somehow becomes irrelevant.
We know that is ours to do.
We commence to push, peck, struggle
and to defiantly spread wet wings.
To do the uncertain.

When one was born with the will to fly
There is no other option
but to spread stiff moist wings
One tiny moment at a time.

Intrinsically understanding
that to know messy peace in the unknown
is far better then being kept captive by
the certain misery that comes with
the real time death of hope.

There is no easy neat pretty in pink tucked in way to begin.
There is no way to remain silent kept and fragile
when one's owns wings are strangling one to death.
After all, possibility unrealized is a painfully slow conscious death.

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Michelle Micalizzi is a Social Practice Artist who merges collaboration, visual journalism, and poetry to creatively connect art, business, and community by combining systems, words, video, and images to convey a concept, thought, social concern, or biographical story. Contact her at MichelleMicalizzi.com. (Photo by Jillian Milam Early Morning Light Studio)

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Letting go of the uncomfortable familiar,
we gasp that first luscious breath of air
and feel the radiant sun on our face.
Proving that DNA knows itself
is deep relief on a cellular level.

Those of us who long to soar
know that every ounce of
ugly chaos is required to
look down from the bird's-eye view above
and feel just one moment of
delicious fearless hindsight
& the relief of actualized potential,
before it all starts again.....



A Poem by Sandy Eisenstadt

Yesterday and Now

The time was yesterday
The place was now
The air was cool and crisp
The stars were leaving the sky
As the sun rose from its latest slumber
The quiet of the night replaced by the hustle and bustle of everyday life
While in the background almost inaudible
To all except for the ones who listen
The birds are singing, dogs are barking, and the laughter and voices of children
are carried in the breeze
Young lovers pull the shades against the sun
While the elderly watch it, all unfold
Before the young became old, they were fearless and hard living
Now with the days growing shorter and shorter and the nights growing longer and
longer the fearlessness of younger days gone replaced by experience and wisdom

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The poet writes: "I am originally from Scranton, Pennsylvania, a small town located in northeastern Pennsylvania. I have lived in Tucson, Arizona, for over 30 years. I attended Keystone Junior College and Temple University. I graduated from Temple University and studied creative writing while attending Temple. I am currently a member of a poetry writing group here in Tucson. In addition to writing, I also enjoy abstract painting. My e-mail address is appraiser-2@hotmail.com."

Make Her Stop

By Sandy Eisenstadt

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It was like a movie cliché or a bad dream he couldn't wake up from. He didn't mean to kill her. It was a horrible accident.

He just wanted her to listen. She wanted to get more serious. He didn't. He wanted to end the relationship. She threatened to go to their bosses. He knew, since interoffice dating was prohibited if she actually went through with her threat, they both would be fired. He only meant to grab her and talk some sense into her, but she wouldn't listen and got angrier and louder. He didn't mean to push her so hard. He just wanted to quiet her down. As she was falling, she hit her head on an end table. When he bent down to help her up, he realized she was dead.

Knowing the severity of the problem he now faced, he cleaned the apartment and wiped his fingerprints on all the surfaces he touched including her. His next problem was to get past the nosy neighbors. Closing the door behind him, he pulled the collar of his coat tightly around his face making it hard to identify him. On the way out, he thought he saw one of the neighbors from the two apartments down looking at him. He wasn't too worried, though; she was half-blind without her glasses and from what he could see she wasn't wearing them.

About three days after the incident, as he now called it, Detective Sergeant Joseph Colbert and his partner Detective Amyl Sparrow came to see him. After learning that he and the deceased had been dating and armed with the somewhat dubious description from the neighbor since she didn't have her glasses on at the time, they came to see if it was him. They asked him to come down to the police station and stand in a lineup. They said it would straighten out the whole matter. He refused saying, "If you're not arresting me, I would like you to leave." As he was opening the apartment door, he continued speaking, "Whoever identified me was mistaken. I was home the whole night. Besides, we stopped seeing each other about two or three months ago. She wasn't happy about the breakup, but I wouldn't kill her for that."

The detectives had no real evidence except for the neighbor's description, but when they would strategize, they always came to the same conclusion he was the man.

To get him to confess, Colbert and Sparrow went back to his

apartment several different times. On each visit, they would become more aggressive telling him, "If you come clean now, we can help you. You didn't mean to kill her. It was an accident. Confession is good for the soul." Even though he knew the detectives had nothing to connect him to the death, there were several times his conscience nearly got the better of him and he almost confessed. He didn't. He would remind himself if he confessed, his life would be destroyed and besides, it wouldn't bring her back. After several months of the police badgering him, they finally gave up. With no real evidence, the case was put on a back burner. He was happy to learn that, but his happiness was short lived.

It was about six months after the incident he started hearing the voice. At first, it was faint and distant. He put it down to guilt. He was sure it would go away. It didn't and as time went on it started to become louder and louder. Eventually it became loud enough to hear it plainly. The voice wanted to know "Why did you do it? Why did you kill me?"

The voice did not go away. He tried to ignore it as much as possible. Sometimes, with the voice practically screaming inside his head, he found it hard to keep his composure in public. At one point, he went to his doctor to have him prescribe something to quiet the voice. He prescribed Zantac, which helped for a while, but the voice was just too strong and could not be cut out entirely.

Hoping to relieve his conscience, he began making donations to charities dealing with women and abuse. It didn't help the voice wanted justice, and charity was not going to do that.

The voice kept it up until he couldn't sleep, and barely ate. He walked around half-dazed with dark circles under his eyes. It was on the one-year anniversary of her death that he made a full confession. Running into the police station, he screamed, "I did it, I did it. I didn't mean to, it was an accident. I pushed her too hard. I didn't mean to kill her." Shaking his head, he continued, "Now she's inside my head. I can't get her voice out of my head. Help me! You have to help me!"

The confession didn't stop the voice and he was placed in a hospital for the criminally insane. Even though he was put under heavy sedation, every now and then you could hear him screaming, "Make her stop! For god's sake, make her stop!"

Shamus

By Sandy Eisenstadt

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There I was lying face down in some dark back alleyway next to a dumpster. The smell of rotting garbage, puke and cat piss was everywhere. My head felt like it had been used for a soccer ball. I slowly got to my feet, and as I started staggering toward the street I tripped over something. As my eyes adjusted to the darkness, I saw I had tripped over a body. Leaning down for a closer look, I immediately recognized the body; it was Ben Wright, the man I'd been hired to find.

My name is Shawn McAllister and I'm a shamus, a private eye, and I had been hired by the Wright family to find Ben. The Wrights were one of the oldest and wealthiest families in Wrightsville. The town had been named after them. Ben was the heir apparent to the family fortune. Word had it he wasn't the brightest bulb in the pack. But then again, he didn't have to be.

Wrightsville was a small town nestled in the mountains of northwestern Pennsylvania. With its stone-built homes and manicured lawns, it seemed to be the ideal symbolic representative for small town USA. The only thing missing was Deputy Sheriff Barney Fife and Floyd the barber. But underneath the façade of respectability the town had its deep dark secrets. There were the unexplained disappearances of people, murders meant to look like suicides and the blowing up of trash removal trucks. The list does not account for the goings-on in the area known as the District.

The District was spoken of in whispers. It ran for about one mile. It was bordered by Adams Avenue to the north, Washington Boulevard to the south, Myrtle Street to the east and Jefferson Avenue to the west. The District was where the crooks, drug dealers, drug addicts, pimps, and hookers lived and plied their trade. This is where the tattoo parlors, plasma donor centers, rundown hotels and apartment buildings, seedy bars, and storefront churches are located. For the right amount of money, you can get whatever you want — women, drugs, or even have someone vanish like they were never alive.

As I reached for my cell phone to call Ben's sister, I felt drained. I needed some rest. I had only been working on Ben's case for about two days, but it seemed a hell of a lot longer.

The day she entered my office I was sitting at my desk drinking my cup of dirty sock tasting \$3 cup of exotic latte coffee made from coffee beans grown somewhere in the Andes. I recognized her immediately. She and her brother were constantly in the news. Her name was Janet Wright. She looked much better in person. She stood about 5 feet, well-built, with long blond hair

and green eyes.

As she sat down in the chair in the front of my desk, she said, "I see you recognize me. You come highly recommended, Mr. McAllister." Over the years I had built up a reputation for being good at what I did, but more importantly I was known to keep my mouth shut. That's why Ben's sister hired me to begin with.

"I want you to find my brother." She had come to me rather than the police since she didn't want the family name dragged through the mud because of him. Reaching into her purse, she pulled out a picture and handed it to me. It was of her brother. As she handed me the picture, I asked how long he had been gone. She said for about four days. She also told me he had disappeared before but returned after a day or two usually smelling of alcohol, cigarettes and cheap perfume.

Examining the picture, I found myself trying to suck my paunch in. He looked like one of the male models you think can't be real. Blond hair and all white, sparkling teeth. Taking out a pack of matches from her purse, she said, "You see, Mr. McAllister, my brother likes nothing more than to spend his time in the District. He likes hanging out with the degenerates. The more degenerate, the more he likes them. Maybe it's his way of doing penance for being born rich. I stopped trying to figure him out years ago." Throwing the pack of matches to me, she continued, "You can start looking here. This seems to be his favorite place." With that, she got up and walked toward the door. As she was about to leave, she turned and told me to keep her informed on my progress. I assured her I would. The name of the bar on the matchbook was Last Stop Bar and Grill. It was located at 816 South Safford Street in the heart of the District.

The bar's name, Last Stop Bar and Grill, was appropriate. It was the perfect place to come and drink to forget who you were and why you were there to begin with. It was the type of place where no one knew your name and you were better off for it. The smell of stale cigarette smoke and cheap perfume assaulted you as you entered the dark and dingy place. It had missing ceiling and floor tiles, exposed electrical wiring, and down to the bone interior of tables and chairs, and not much else.

I sat at the bar and motioned for the bartender. With his broken nose, busted hands and dazed look, he reminded me of a prize fighter who had lost one too many of his fights. I showed him Ben's picture and asked, "Do you recognize him?" Looking at the picture, he said he wasn't sure. After I slipped him a \$50, his memory returned. I could have got the information for less,

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but I didn't want to stick around in the bar too long. "Oh yeah, that's Ben. Nice guy except when he drinks too much, he gets real mean." Pointing to a vacant table at the far end of the bar, he continued, "He's usually over there drinking with Delores." It turns out Delores is one of Clarence's girls.

Clarence was top pimp along the Avenue. He was mean and deadly with cold, lifeless eyes. He stood about 6 feet with tattoos and piercings up and down his body. It was rumored besides running women he was into drugs, loan sharking and murder for hire. He was not someone you wanted to mess with.

According to the bartender, Ben was in love with Delores. He planned on taking her away from the life. He was going to set her up in a nice apartment, buy her new clothes and play house with her. The only problem was she didn't feel the same way. To her, he was just another john, a rich one but nothing more.

As I walked down the District, I ran into one of my informants, Dennis. He had once been a CFO for a big corporation. He had had all the perks — a fancy car, trophy wife, house on the hill — but that was before he took to the pipe. Now he would sell his soul for another hit on the crack pipe. He was rail thin. Dangling a \$20 in his face, I told him I was looking for Ben Wright. I also told him I thought Ben might be with Delores. For my \$20, I learned Delores had an apartment over on Sycamore Street.

Sycamore Street was more like a dirty, rat-infested alleyway than a street. The Clover Arms was just another seedy apartment building with a fancy name. It was a three-story stone building covered in graffiti. There were broken liquor bottles and used needles strewn everywhere. Her apartment was on the top floor.

As I entered the building, the sounds of people talking and babies crying were mixed with the sounds of televisions and radios playing. The smell of foods being cooked filled the air. Reaching the third floor, I saw Delores's apartment door was open.

I cautiously opened her apartment door, calling out, "Delores, are you here?" There was only silence. As I ventured further into her apartment, I again called out, "Delores, are you here?" This time, I heard moaning. Following the sounds, I found Delores lying on the couch in her bedroom/living room with an ice pack on her face. She had been beaten up. As I looked down on her lying on the couch, I really didn't understand what Ben saw in her. She was shop worn, a bit overweight, and unkept, but I guess it's like they say, beauty is in the eye of the beholder. Leaning over her, I asked, "Who did this to you?" She opened her swollen eyes and looked at me suspiciously.

I assured her I wasn't a cop. I told her I had been hired by Ben's family to find him. I asked her again, "Who did this to you?" She whispered, "Ben." She said he didn't mean it, he was just drunk and mad that she wouldn't go away with him. I asked

if Clarence knew. She nodded yes and said, "I told him Ben didn't mean to do it. He was sorry for what he'd done to me. He even gave me money to pay for a doctor, but Clarence didn't care. He couldn't let him get away with beating me up. It was bad for business." I wanted to take her to the hospital, but she said no. She knew if she went the police would be called, and that was something she didn't want to deal with. As I left her apartment, I had a fairly good idea how this was going to end if I didn't find Ben first.

I searched all over the District for Ben. When I couldn't find him, I hoped he had sobered up, realized what he had done and taken off. I was wrong. About a half-block from where I was standing, I saw him staggering into the alleyway separating the Brewer's Bar from the plasma center next door. I ran as fast as I could, and as I neared the alleyway, I called out Ben's name. Running into the alley, everything turned dark on me.

I was about to get up when I heard Clarence's voice. "Stay down, shamus, I want to talk to you. That's Ben Wright over there. He's dead. It was an accident. I had no intention of killing him. I was just going to scare him. I don't need the Wright family after me. Wake up, shamus, I'm not done yet." "OK, OK, stop shaking me, my head feels like you used it for a soccer ball. What the hell did you hit me with?"

According to Clarence, he didn't mean to kill Ben, he was just going to scare him, maybe beat him up a little bit, but Ben just kept going after him. It was an accident. Clarence pushed him and he hit his head on the dumpster. Clarence asked, "You believe me, don't you?" From what I had learned about Ben, I believed him.

After Clarence left, I called Ben's sister. When she answered, she asked if I had found her brother. I told her I had. She wanted to know when the family could expect him. I paused before answering, "I'm very sorry to tell you but your brother is dead." There was a brief silence on the phone before she answered me, "I see. How did it happen?" I told her the whole story. After I finished, she asked, "Have you called the police yet?" I told her I hadn't, she was the first person I called. She was pleased to hear that saying, "Good, Mr. McAllister. My family and I will handle it from here." As she was about to hang up, she asked, "Mr. McAllister, we can count on your discretion, can't we?" I assured her she could. She told me that was good because she didn't want to see anything bad happen to me. After telling me there would be a check in the mail, she hung up.

A week after my conversation with Janet, I received a substantial check in the mail. It was shortly after that a notice of Ben's death was in the news. He supposedly had a major heart attack while on the treadmill at his yearly exam. Who was I to say different and besides, it looked and sounded a lot better than the actual truth of how he died at the hands of an angry pimp for beating up one of his girls.

A Poem by Karista Rose

Life Is Dance

Life is dance, dance is life
Twisting turning in a world of strife
Stand up take a chance
Every step is to a beat
Quick, quick, slow, slow
You never know where you'll go
Just dance around and breathe

Round and round you spin
Sometimes on a line that is thin
Breaking the mold
Even though others may not be sold
Dance, dance to the rhythm of life
Life is dance, dance is life

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Karista Rose is a native Arizonan, born and raised along Route 66 in Kingman, AZ. She has called the Valley home for the last 18 years along with her husband, James, their son and their Sphynx kitties. She wrote her first poem at age 13 for a national high school poetry contest and placed in the top 10 and was published in their national book. Karista Rose not only writes poetry and songs but also enjoys creative expression through various other mediums. She attributes her range of creativity to both her parents, especially her father. Her Native American father wrote songs, sang, played multiple instruments including the flute and guitar and was a hoop dancer. He also painted and sold many of his paintings in museums across the United States. Karista Rose has released four collaborative books including a six-category best seller. Karista Rose is an advocate for several national organizations and is heavily involved as a local community volunteer. Follow and contact her via Facebook at #KRDefyingtheOdds or karistarose@yahoo.com.

A Poem by James Harris

Souls of the Eyes

As I sail the sea of eternity
One walks this dimension of hell
The sun burns skin of flesh

Other vessels I have seen in the distance
Other ghostly figures walk their halls
Why won't our sails turn?
Why must we be so alone?

One night I cried to stars above
Where must I go?
Where will I end?

One day I called the wind that kissed my soul
Are there no others?
Am I the only soul?

One night I sailed beyond the dimension
One night I soared through the existing mind.
As my feet step across the billowed clouds.
A blue eyed dove came to sing a song

"The stars and the wind
The sea and the sun
Are all friends that you have
Look in the eyes of the ghostly ones,
The souls that lift you in flight.
You'll see these friends in disguise.

"You too have unique powers
Those of strength and understanding
Albatross shall be your name

On this sea of eternity,
None can survive
Without one another's support."

As this dove floated away
I woke a better man
Starting this very day
I will do all I can.

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James Harris is from Chicago, IL, but has called the Valley home since early childhood. He lives with his wife, Karista Rose (who also loves writing poetry), their son, and their Sphinx cats. He loves writing poetry as it is a way to understand, feel and express the feelings of the soul. He also enjoys sketching and working for local events and theatres as a technical/production manager whenever he can. He is very excited to share his poems to the world. You can reach him at tallknightproductions@yahoo.com.

7 Poems by Sara Kil

We Love LA

5/28/20

To the City of Angels
Angelenos, La La Land
My City, My Home, My Love
The weather is nice
To the people who call LA their home
To the visitors, who are passing by
To the people who come here with dreams in their hearts, don't let them die

As I cruise on by,
I put my hand out the window
with the music on, way too high
There always traffic on the 5, doesn't matter the time of day
I feel better, turning on the radio
just jamming, wishing it was back in the late 90s
Driving along Hollywood Hills to Skid Row on 5th and Crocker Street
The palm trees swaying to the music

I see many colors, sights, and sounds
LA is like a bowl of salad
We're all tossed together around
Different ingredients, different flavor
Always something new, creative

LA can make you happy or sad
Even angry or very lonely
LA can chew you up and spit you out
But also, be a fun place
And dreams come true to those who hustle
Remember it is what you make of it

In these streets of LA
Doing the daily grind
We work hard
Play harder
Love hard
Fight with all our might
We cheer for the home team



David Sohn

The author writes: "My name is Sara, and I write stories about faith, life, and community. Also, I write Poetry. I'm part of the Fashioned Magazine and West Angeles Church Blog. Check out my blog kilsara.blogspot.com and my other writings on fashionedmagazine.blogspot.com. Please contact me at kilsarablog@gmail.com."

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From getting King Taco to Korean Barbecue in Koreatown
LA food makes my mouth water
From the Lakers to LA Dodgers
Whether you're for UCLA or USC
School pride strong
We know how to do it right
La culture is Lit we light up the sky
so bright nobody can deny
We are known, heard
We're LA strong

Living life
Doing life
Expressing ourselves to the fullest
I feel connected
I feel moved

You stop at a red light
you nod your head
To the car next to you
As if seeing an old friend
You wave goodbye
And onto the next adventure

Singing at the top of your lungs
Crazy dancing, hands up
Don't care who's watching
Yeah there's been some few bad days
The riots, people fighting,
homelessness, and the rats
The racism is worst than the LA fog
From earthquakes to wildfires
Our fire for life never goes out
We shake the dust off
start over, bigger dreams
Beauty for ashes
The ugly turn to victory

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Navigating through the concrete urban jungles
Seeing the needs of the people around us

Churches are fulfilling those needs,
people are working together, standing together
different colors side by side,
shoulder to shoulder
People helping people

Churches are partnering with others to reach others
We may not speak the same language, we understand
We are the church, we love
And having fun while doing it

Once chaotic streets now shining bright with positivity
Kids once scared to play in the streets play freely
God smiles

We rebuild, thrive
We collaborate,
We're a community
We stand together
We are more alike than not
We are better together
We win
My Love Letter to the City of Los Angeles

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Hospital Stay

The girl's stomach hurts.
The parents know it's not a big deal,
But the doctor says it's something worse.
The doctor tells the parents for the child to stay for two nights.
She will spend the night.
The child waves goodbye to her parents.
She is in her yellow outfit holding the nurse's hand walking through those double doors.
The girl looks back one last time, and her mom is crying.
And then the door closes, and she can't see them anymore.
She is alone in her room.
At night, the room is dark,
Then late at night, a man opens the door,
He opens the door slowly, just a little, peeks in.
Immediately the bright light shines only for a brief moment,
The man comes inside, and his shadow follows,
The man gestures to the child,
To stay quiet.
He lifts the blanket,
He puts his hand under the gown.
The child will never forget
His face,
His skin,
His round glasses,
His hair,
Then he quickly leaves the room, just as he came.
She didn't understand, what just happened, and this moment will change her life.
But the next day, a kind female nurse takes care of her.
There is a bad,
There is a good,
But what do we focus more on?
This one night, the child will never forget, will never be the same.
That is until later on when she meets Jesus, will never be the same again.

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Keep on Walking

There is a house full of rooms.
As you walk by,
You hear something strange.
You hear screams.
You hear nothing.
You keep on walking.

Until it's your turn,
The room is dim.
Someone holds you down.

Something strange is happening.
I am screaming at the top of my lungs.
I am nothing!
No one is listening to me.
It's over!

As you walk back,
You know,

Your soul is crying.
Your body is numb.
You're heartbroken.
Your mind says,

Keep on walking!

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No Regrets

I have done some stupid things,
I have even said dumb things,
But I don't regret it.

I said something to someone a while back.
I am still learning the art of confronting.
It never goes plan even with a script.
It could get messy,
Nobody wins.

I believed every word I said.
I know I was right.
I poured out my heart and took a while to say.
It got quiet.
Dead silent,
Why was the long pause the most daunting to me?
It got awkward, pretty fast.

I could do a better job of expressing my feelings, my brain decided not to work that day.
Should I have said it?
Did it help me?
Did it help the other person?
Did it help the situation?
Am I happy? Yes or No.

But I needed it.
But what about their feelings.
Screw them, what about my feelings.
I did feel better.
Looking back,
What I did was wrong.
I should've kept it to myself.
The best way is to give it to God.

We didn't talk for a while.
We didn't see each other for a while
But God restores.

There are some meant to be in your life for a season.
There are some meant to be left behind.
Some are meant to take a break in your life but reappear later on.

I now see this person, and it's okay.
I didn't mention that conversation again.
We both moved on.

But those words I said that day I still don't regret.

It is the truth. It is my truth.
I know my worth.

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Dancing Wildflower

Wildflower, Wildflower,
There is no one around.
You're all alone,
There is no audience to see your beauty and light.
I keep dancing in the wind.

I'm weeping into the wind,
I feel invisible; sometimes.
But, I know someone is watching beyond the wind, I feel it.
I keep dancing.

Why should I keep dancing?
I am beautiful and worth it.
I sway to the beat of my own drumbeat.

I choose not to wither and die.
I keep living.

I am the wind. The wind is me.
I know God is watching me, and he delights in me.
My one audience.
Best audience,
He is the only one to please.

I'm flawless,
He adores my beauty,
My fragrance radiates the air,

So I dance happily, joyful, gleefully, in the wind, to the one who created me.
I'm fully loved.

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Keep Going

There is a little girl who is climbing a mountain.
She keeps climbing.

It is high. It is dangerous. It is tiring. It's impossible. She still is going.

There is a man behind her telling to get down. To turn around, go back.
He is telling her to stop.
She does not look back.
She doesn't slow down.
She does not back down.
She keeps on moving forward.

You would think she is crazy. Maybe, she is deaf. This girl is stupid.
Voices, voices.

She doesn't stop until she reaches the top. She goes until she arrives.
She looks around. She breathes a sigh of relief.
She shouts her victory cry. She admires the view.

There is something great ahead of her. She scans the area. She knows.

She finally lets go of everything weighing her down. She brings
everything to the king. She brings all her worries, doubts, and fears.

In return, she receives peace.
There is water below her. She smiles.
She dives down. Finally, she can fly. She soars. She is Free.

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Angry Woman

Have you ever seen a person walk into the room, kill the mood.
The room suddenly turned cold, icy cold?
The dynamic in the room changed. Everybody stopped having fun.
Nobody breathed. The room just died.

She is the woman in the red dress with the blood-stained venom lips
ready to devour her enemies, no mercy for the weak.
One look and she will slit your throat Game of Thrones style.
She has no heart, a walking skeleton meant to torture souls.

She is Cruella de Vil in human form; she wears the coats of her victims proudly.

She is the king. She has no feelings. She thinks she owns the world,
and we should bow to her feet. As long as she gets what she wants,
she throws you away with the other peasants.

Her passive-aggressive ways are toxic. Her words are like daggers.
She makes you feel stupid. Her anger drives everybody away.
She makes everybody's lives miserable.

Cruel, Cruel, Cruella de Vil. Watch out, the monster kills!

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Mexico Mission Trip

By Sara Kil

© 2020

Who gets blessed more: the people who you are ministering to or you?

The last time I went to Mexico for a weekend mission trip to Tijuana, I was 17 years old, a high school student.

I haven't been on a mission trip for a while. I had never been on a mission trip outside of the United States yet.

It was the first time experiencing this kind of culture shock. I saw kids begging for money with no shoes on, barefoot. I saw the homeless on the streets wandering, stray dogs roaming around.

It was crazy at the borderline; it was like a circus.

It is a different kind of poverty. It's so near us, yet far away.

It was my first time at the Source church, and I first heard of Khop there because of their joint Source/Khop Thanksgiving dinner in 2018.

Then a while later, I went to Khop. I didn't know what to expect, but I liked it and kept coming back.

KhopLA (Koreatown House of Prayer) is a house of prayer in the heart of LA. It's a safe place to come together to encounter God and be filled and refreshed. We worship and pray together, be the hands and feet of Jesus in the city of Los Angeles.

The Khop ministry has partner churches in Mexico. We annually go there and do a variety of services and events. Go around meeting up with partner churches and bless them with supplies and needs.

KHOP went to Camalú one weekend to help with a work project. We were putting oil/diesel mix onto the wooden walls of the church to help protect from termites.

Originally, there were supposed to be five people going on this mission trip.

It ended up being three people: Johan, Shane, and me. I got to know two different kinds of Oppas (older brothers).

We left in the evening and got there later in the night. While waiting in traffic to get to the border, we saw food trucks going into Mexico. You knew something was happening.

We were there during the weekend of the 52nd Annual SCORE Baja 1000 single-loop race. November 19th – 24th, 2019, Ensenada, Baja California, Mexico.

We first stayed overnight in Ensenada, Baja California, Mexico.

I had a room to myself, the boys shared. We took precautions and brought water bottles to use to brush our teeth. I had a good

night's sleep.

Then in the morning, we met with our translator, Perla, and we all had breakfast together. I had Birria (Mexican Goat Stew) served in a styrofoam cup at Birrieria Rodriguez Restaurant. Also, I ate Tortillas Rojas dipped in oil and consomé and their spicy salsas.

Then, we left to go to church in Camalú, Mexico.

We saw the house, got the church tour of Casa Barro Nuevo (New Mud House). Even though there was a language barrier with our host family, we were grateful for their warm hospitality and smiles. Thank you for Google translate.

We went straight to work, given a mixture of oil/diesel to paint over the wooden walls of the church.

We first had to dust off the building, get rid of the dirt buildup, then we applied two coats of paint over it.

The tree branches and plants helped scrape off the dirt buildup better than the paintbrushes. The natural resources helped, were useful.

Carla, one of the congregation members, came in the afternoon to volunteer to help us paint the church.

Even though she spoke little English, she worked hard. And we appreciated her help.

We painted almost half the building, listened to worship music, talked, and joked around. It was hard work, yet rewarding. I admired the work ethic of our team.

We would finish as much as we could for the day and finished off what we could in the morning.

Since the hot water was working, I took a shower.

Plus, afterward, we had homemade Empanadas. We had a food fellowship. I like Mexican Coke better because they use real cane sugar instead of high-fructose corn syrup like they use in the U.S.

Afterward, during the evening, we went to meet up with Victor to visit his school, also a girl's home. He gave us a tour of the property owned by his mother-in-law. We prayed over him, blessed the ministry.

It was one of my favorite moments of the trip because we were outside, and we could see the stars in the sky. You can't get this in California. I got to look up and enjoy God's creation, his handiwork. Then we drove back to the house.

Again, I got a room all to myself, which was nice. And the boys shared a room.

Continued on page 40

It was my first time using the outhouse. It was interesting. You appreciate the bathroom, especially when you need to go at night. For new experiences, a good flashlight comes in handy.

On Sunday morning, our last day there, we saw Johan putting on some final touches on the wall.

I admired my team for their servants' hearts. They put their faith into action. They loved the people as Jesus did. They sacrificed their time and were humble.

The congregation wanted to honor us by serving us lunch for our hard work.

We attended the Sunday morning service at Casa Barro Nuevo with Daniel preaching. Thank you for the English translation, Perla.

We were playing with the kids. They were the most simple games that made these kids happy; just kicking a ball around was fun, in their world. We ate good food and had fun; smiles all around the room!

The highlight of the Mexico trip was Erik's tacos. The food was the bomb. I liked the shrimp tacos. You pick the fish, they cook it for you on an open grill and bring it to you. There was a performer at the restaurant and we tipped him. Yes, the tacos are indeed worth the trip.

We drove back home. We talked; something about being in the car for hours, you get to know people.

I got to listen to a few podcasts, learn some new random facts.

As we drove, we saw the beach that was extending like forever. It was nice taking in the view. Amid poverty there is beauty. There is the good, bad, ugly, and God is watching over this city.

Before we came to the border, there was a checkpoint. An officer told us to get out of the car so he could check it. We saw people sitting down, waiting. It didn't take long for us.

There were stories before this trip that I heard that didn't apply to us. I heard of no hot water, no hot shower, and a long wait at the border. You would come home late.

But for us, the hot water was working, plus we took hot showers and had a limited waiting time, less than an hour at the border. We got home at a reasonable time. We were blessed.

As we were waiting at the border with churros in our hands, life was sweet. We were going back home, back to reality. I want to cherish life, not take things for granted, enjoy the simple things.

You see the riches and poverty of Mexico while driving.

One of the culture shocks for me was when we were driving by a rundown shack and saw someone living in them but they looked happy.

When I think of Mexico, I think of smiling children, God's people worshipping Jesus, and the stars in the skies. The same stars we see in our backyard. We are more similar than different.

Thank you, Mexico, for the lesson in gratitude and ministering to my heart!



Shane Wongsriporn

The author on a mission trip to Mexico.

A Poem by Richard Fenton Sederstrom

The Virtual World: In the News, and Out

© 2020

In, March/April: From the Pumpkin under His Mask
*an attempt at a poem at a time when all attempts
at prose have been suspended*

On the news again, again, again . . .

an actor, I think an actor, or a Personage pretending
to be an actor pretending to be a Personage-Who-Knows-
Something tells me that we will be wearing masks soon.
Should be now . . . The gov't is at the point of issuing
an order demanding a recommendation that maybe soon . . .

Then, after the fat man with the orange skull-mask
has interrupted the Personage to repeat what
the Personage has just said and added that
there are millions of masks available and that "they
are beautiful masks," if I recall the unrecallable rightly,

I am informed by the fleeting ghost of another Personage
that the states are responsible for getting out the masks
(which are both plentiful and beautiful) after they
have requested the masks from . . . but we don't have masks
in the U. S. warehouses where all the masks are . . .

and Orange-Skull-Mask-Man interrupts again to inform
who may or may not be listening that plenty of (beautiful?)
masks . . . uh . . . might be got . . . uh . . . or . . . uh,
er (That was a nasty question!) . . . or bought, er,
from companies overseas (somewhere) who bought masks

from, uh, companies in the U. S. who seem to have bought
masks from the gov't. (U. S.) representatives of which
(Whitewash House) who extracted them from General Motors,
where masks may or may not have been made, uh,
depending on . . . whether we are perfectly informed . . .

Continued on page 42



Richard Fenton Sederstrom lives in the Sonoran Desert of Arizona, where he was raised from age ten, and from which he received his first cactus puncture the day he arrived, one afternoon in 1954, a lesson he still appreciates. Sederstrom is the writer of six books, the most recent being "Sorgmantel." A new book, "Icarus Rising: Misadventures in Ascension," will appear in 2021.

Continued from page 41

But I would wander off now into the septic peril
of the local mercantile system, where I am advised not to go
without a mask, in order to find a mask in order to shop
for a mask in relative safety. But I'll stay home instead
and watch tv, because I don't dare miss any announcement
that might make sense
or not . . . or not . . . or not . . . or

In, June: What follows is a poem that is not a beautiful poem
but a nasty poem about a nasty thing and so maybe it is not a poem at all
but just a disassembled lump of words about a dissembling disassembling
lump of flesh, Potus Bloviatus, which name is not intended to refer to any
assembled lump of flesh occupying space in any important edifice or any
below-ground bunker thereof. I can't really recommend its being published
by any reputable magazine, but the subject being the *form* of most infamous
lowest of the most disreputable, it might be worth exposing it into the
current atmosphere. It is hard to type while pinching one's nose, but it is
possible to read that way.

I recommend lighting incense. Aromatic fumigation.

a bunker boy,*

[a cautionary tale for very brave children of all ages]

*picking up a borrowed and embarrassed Bible and preparing
to leave for St. John's Episcopal Church near Lafayette Square,
Washington D.C, June 1, 2020:*

*this*** bunker boy reaches out into the dark
space that fills that part of the dark
room that isn't This Bunker Boy

Bunker Boy's elfin fingers touch the dark of the dark
room and Bunker Boy's elfin hands slip into Bunker Boy's linty pockets

Bunker Boy feels around his pocket
Bunker Boy feels around for candy
Bunker Boy likes candy to feel around for but
Bunker Boy doesn't like the feel of damp lint
in Bunker Boy's pocket

Wet pocket lint is yucky
Bunker Boy is afraid of Yucky

Bunker Boy's hands want to go away from Bunker Boy
This bunker boy's hands want to become Hands
Hands want to feel for the damp
lint

Continued on page 43

Continued from page 42

want to feel the damp
want to caress the damp
want to pull the damp
fuzzy lint

toward Bunker Boy's sticky lips
bunker boy's Lips want to leave bunker boy want to
to
to . . .

Bunker Boy takes his elfin hand
takes his elfin hand from out his linty
his damp linty
fuzzy linty pocket

Bunker Boy reaches out toward the light switch on the dark
wall at the edge of the dark
space in that part of the dark room that isn't bunker boy

Bunker Boy remembers remembering and remembering remembering
Bunker Boy remembers that the switch will light dark
Dark Space that is that part of Room that is not bunker boy

Bunker Boy is brave
Bunker Boy is very brave

Bunker Boy slips his wet linty wet elfin wet hand back into its
damp linty pocket

where Bunker Boy feels around for more candy,
which is sweet and warm and and
and soft
soft and not so very yucky after all.

Bunker Boy sidles about bravely he is brave in the dark space of the
dark room.

Bunker Boy remembers to remember to reject what is in the dark
space of Dark Room that is not bunker boy.

The light that is not lit is not bunker boy
bunker boy is not
there is no room in the dark
space in Dark
Room that is bunker boy for whatever is not but used to be Bunker Boy.

Continued on page 44

Light is not bunker boy

Dark Room is bunker boy
bunker boy is the dark and the dark

Space
and Dark Room

Can you see bunker boy smile in the dark space of Dark Room that is
bunker boy

If you can't
then
what you can't see is only bunker boy skulking a-cringent
in his closet.

*I can't/won't admit that "bunker boy" refers to just any psychotic narcissist
would-be-autocrat, but only the "form" of psychotic narcissist would-be-
autocrats. I am not averse to the accusation of libel, which wouldn't stick,
but I am averse to such menacing gins as thumbscrews, which are widely
reputed to cause discomfort.

**"This President" is a cognomen that we hear from commentators almost
more than we hear this president's actual name (which, see above, I do not
admit to knowing). I think it is appropriate to make the assumption that
this is done in the effort to distinguish This President from any legitimate
president.

In and Out, July: Proper Fundamentals in the Art of Obeisance
*in memory of John Sherriff (1918-2002),
with thanks to Hugh Fenton (1893-1959)
for an old meaning of "fundament"*

A rare summer thunderstorm in the desert,
localized as such storms contrive to be
in order to make the news this afternoon,
in order in turn to maintain
the reputation of desert for what is rare,
colorful, and violent—

Continued on page 45

For Mrs. Veneering,
whose name is legion
in the legion of Names in Paradise Valley,
the gray sky
seems to have reminded her
of a wanton lapse of class
in her hair color,
and the gray begins bluing
as the sky clears.

She deigns to converse with us
before we arm ourselves
to prune the thorniest of her desert thorn trees,
a honey mesquite.
I take off one glove,
not to touch the finer flesh,
but maybe only to flap sweat from my brow—
a summer storm brings back heat in a hurry
and untoward humidity with it—
or maybe
to seem socially deferential to Mrs. Veneering.

“Is it raining in *south* Phoenix?”
she demands, and her hair color
is lightened
by her condescending gesture to the peonage
as it begins to match the tint
of the blue-tinged clouds that,

like the beautician the subtle hue presages,
all bow to Mrs. Veneering
as they, not turning from her presence,
wisp their obsequious way
backwards and dissipate
into the sky-borne coif.

Then they and we all
salute her presence from our distances
and we give way
to acknowledge her investment in view,
the pure blue aura,
the proud
and universal fundament,
poised regal in paradisaal real estate.

Continued on page 46

I return my glove,
take up my saw and lopping shears,
nod to my fate
and leap into the relief of honest thorns.

Out: Query from the Excluded Third

Nurse Kraschette frowns -
profoundly distracted.
On a scale of 1 to 10, she'd asked,
what is the level of your pain?
I asked back,
what conditions stand for the outside limits?

I cannot in courtesy stop
at this extraspective bewonderment
for an officious assessment
of all the petty pains I have felt
from birth pang and spankings
to sciatica, heel spur, gout. But—

but,
hesitation is self-serving.
On no particular scale,
I have felt less pain
than the many good people
whom I insult with my carping.

I can judge that 1 must be somewhere
in the neighborhood of being sensate,
waking after a lone night
on the dew of a cool summer morning,
breeze wafting gently over my whiskers
from the direction of the lake—

the sun, the day's birth.
I will surmise that 10 is echoed
by the penultimate gasp
or gurgle after the final
tug at the wheel of the rack.
Fine.

Continued on page 47

But what does any of that mean
in the nature of feeling?
What is the sensation before the final
pitiable gasp?
Or the appendicitis attack?
Heat rash?

Most uncomfortable, but no. Tough,
but certainly no more than 5, maybe 7.
What feeling, on any scale,
is mere recognition of sensation—a 1?
Does sensation begin at a level of pain
or a level of pleasure?

Out of what bounds?
What neighborhood?
How cool or warm?
What,
on a level of 1 to 10
is that breeze if it is only wafting?

Where is the summer morning,
at what latitude or elevation?
What level of pain
is moving a fountain pen across paper,
perhaps one held in an old
man's arthritic hand?

At what level of what pain-scale
is remembering?
What level of all levels does not,
for the sake of remembered experience,
cover the range—the Epicurean agon
of the well-lived entropy?

Mythos: The Real News from the Apogee

Waiting for Odysseus, Eumaeus Tells a Story to Himself
that Evening in Company of Two Young Pigs

Was it Phemios I have heard tell it?
that after the first thrill of ascension,
the young man Icarus began to look about, to take stock,

to take the beginning of possession, to take,
ah, breath from the source of his flight.

Continued on page 48

Near ground, he fluttered to get used to his wings.
Small birds fluttered back at him in their automatic mock attack.

He bridled and sniffed at their petty affront.
Gnats to his ambition.

He ascended.
A pair of ravens in mating ritual stopped in their fertile orbit
but only to pause
and unite again to ignore his glory.

Before he ascended to the high orbit of the albatross,
the bird had not bent a wing in her perpetual glide, but flinched now,
veered
and escaped the grin of the young man's greater orbit.

He saw and then ascended farther to race the chariot of the sun, Helios
a distant god, rival to his ascending aspirations and
a new and worthier father
who seemed to slow for the young man to pass
in their common proximity.

But then, I recall the poet to say,
in a blind and golden moment the body of the young man
flashed fire,

crashed, roasted charred blood sunset-sky red,
rotted quick to mire and bone
and could not be put back together.

But the spirit of the young man, translucent as the air
he no longer breathed, but still
both whole-figured and invisible in the light
could not ever again descend to sacred Earth.

And the father of the young man, Daedalus,
builder unbuilted,
architect of the chthonic aurochs-realm, despaired.

And the teller concludes that, starved for the comfort of his son
and in the shame of their wild ascension in hubris,

the father ate only his despair,
and despair poisoned him until he could not
finish his dying.

Consider Tithonus.
Scan the high horizon of all who cannot finish their dying.
And taste the raw luck we simple share.

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for the Arts website, www.artizona.org**

Who we are

All about The Arizona Consortium for the Arts

The Arizona Consortium for the Arts is a nonprofit organization approved by the Arizona Corporation Commission in February 2008. We hold a 501c3 tax-exempt status.

We are all-volunteer. We are educators, artists, performers, writers and supporters of all artistic endeavors, and are proponents and supporters of the rich, vibrant and diverse community of the Greater Phoenix area as well as the entire state.

The Arizona Consortium seeks to create a multicultural, multidisciplinary arts center that will provide a home for our activities and foster artistic growth for people of



all ages in conjunction with exhibiting artists, writers, actors, dancers and musicians who will share their expertise in a gallery, theater setting.

Please visit www.artizona.org or www.theblueguitarmagazine.org for more information about

becoming a member, networking, donating, advertising, volunteering or submitting work to The Blue Guitar arts and literary magazine, Unstrung poetry magazine and The Blue Guitar Jr. literary and arts magazine for youth.

You can become a part of the Arizona Consortium and make a difference. There are countless ways to contribute, and the consortium is grateful for any donation in any form.

For us to grow as an organization, provide various services to artists, and support inspiring projects, your financial support is needed.

Every dollar received will support our website, the publication of our magazines, and the establishment of our future center.

Please visit our donations page, <http://www.artizona.org/donate.html>, and donate today!

Thank you for your support!



A rendering of the consortium's dream multicultural arts center by Effie Bouras, building designer, Mechanik Design Office, LLC.

The consortium's vision for a multicultural arts center

The rendering of The Arizona Consortium for the Arts' dream multicultural arts center by Effie Bouras, Building Designer, Mechanik Design Office, LLC.

The Center will be a source and a destination for creativity and inspiration. It will be a home for many wonderful community organizations, creative and innovative multicultural and multidisciplinary activities, classes and projects representing and celebrating our diverse community.

The Center will be a cultural icon in the Phoenix area.

The Center will be an inimitable foundation for a unique experience, one that you'll want to share with family, friends and community.

Designed by Effie Bouras, the Center will feature numerous spaces for the arts in all genres, performances and presentations. A flexible and variable seating performance theater for rehearsals, concerts, theatrical presentations, video art and films, lectures, meetings and recordings will be available free-of-charge or at a minimum cost.

Meet the staff of The Blue Guitar magazine



Elena Thornton, publisher: Founder and president of The Arizona Consortium for the Arts, Elena is an educator, artist and poet and lives in Phoenix. Reach her at info@artizona.org.

Rebecca Dyer, co-editor: A Tucson native, Rebecca is a poet, journalist and teacher residing in Mesa with her husband, Rick, her Blue Guitar co-editor. Reach her at rebeccadyer@theblueguitarmagazine.org.

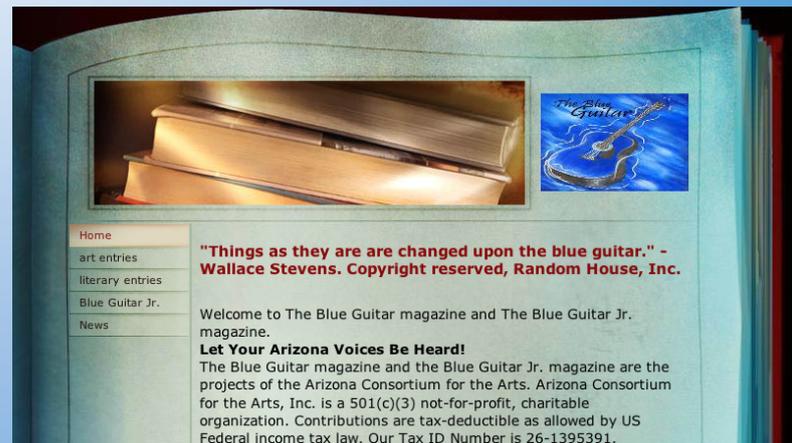


Richard H. Dyer Jr., co-editor: Richard (married to Rebecca, above) is the news editor of one monthly newspaper and two websites in the East Valley, a photographer and a welded-steel sculptor. Reach him at richarddyer@theblueguitarmagazine.org.

Marjory Boyer, cover design artist for The Blue Guitar: Marjory, of Scottsdale, is an award-winning artist, muralist and an acrylic-painting instructor. Her biography and contact information are available at mboyerart.com.



Check our websites for news on the arts



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Check out The Arizona Consortium for the Arts website, www.artizona.org. There, you can sign up for an e-mailed newsletter. Also follow us on Facebook and Twitter.

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Fall 2020

A Call to Poets for the 2021 Issue of Unstrung

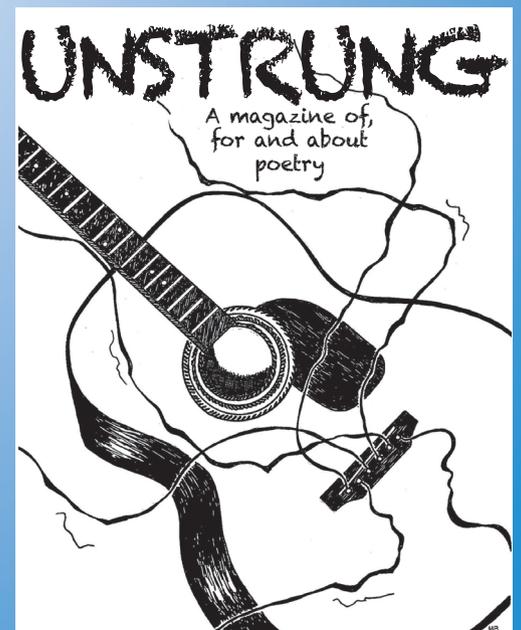
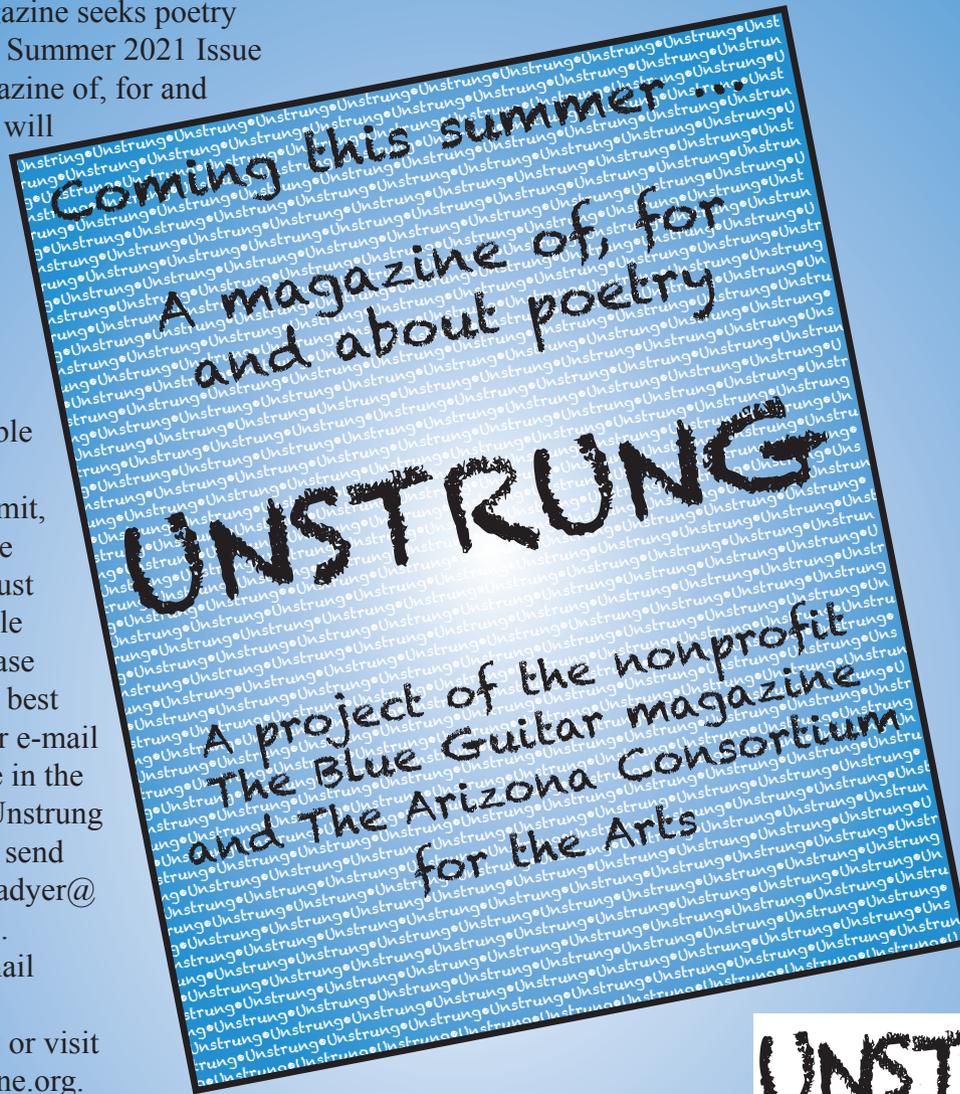
The Blue Guitar magazine seeks poetry submissions for the Summer 2021 Issue of Unstrung, a magazine of, for and about poetry. Submissions will

be accepted from June 1 through July 4. Poets must submit original work and must have a tie to Arizona. Simultaneous submissions will be accepted, but the poet must notify the magazine as soon as possible if the work is accepted elsewhere. It is free to submit, and multiple poems may be submitted. Submissions must be in the best shape possible and publication-ready. Please include your name and the best way to contact you on your e-mail submission. Please include in the e-mail subject line: Attn. Unstrung — Poetry submission, and send to Rebecca Dyer at rebeccadyer@theblueguitarmagazine.org.

For more information, e-mail Rebecca at rebeccadyer@theblueguitarmagazine.org or visit www.theblueguitarmagazine.org.

Unstrung, a magazine of, for and about poetry, is a nonprofit project of The Blue Guitar magazine and the nonprofit The Arizona Consortium for the Arts. The Arizona Consortium for the Arts is a startup, nonprofit group dedicated to supporting and fostering artists and the arts in Arizona, including the literary, visual and performing arts. For more information about Unstrung magazine, The Blue Guitar magazine and The Arizona Consortium for the Arts, visit our websites:

www.theblueguitarmagazine.org
and www.artizona.org.



A Call to Writers for The Blue Guitar Jr.

Open to children and teens who write
and to adults who write
for children and teens

The Blue Guitar Jr. magazine seeks literary submissions for its next annual issue for children and teens. Submissions from children and teens and adults who write for children and teens are sought by Oct. 1, 2021, in all genres — fiction, poetry, plays, creative nonfiction — all geared to appeal to youthful audiences. Writers must submit original work and must live in Arizona. Simultaneous submissions will be accepted, but the writer must notify the magazine as soon as possible if the work is accepted elsewhere. It is free to submit, and submissions may be made in multiple genres. Please include your name and the best way to contact you on your submission. To submit or for further information, e-mail Editor Rebecca Dyer at rebeccadyer@theblueguitarmagazine.org. For additional information, visit www.theblueguitarmagazine.org.

The Blue Guitar Jr. magazine is a project of the nonprofit The Blue Guitar literary and arts magazine and The Arizona Consortium for the Arts. The Arizona Consortium for the Arts is a startup, nonprofit group dedicated to supporting and fostering artists and the arts in Arizona, including the literary, visual and performing arts. For more information about The Blue Guitar and The Blue Guitar Jr. magazines and The Arizona Consortium for the Arts, visit our websites:
www.theblueguitarmagazine.org and www.artizona.org.

A Call to Artists for The Blue Guitar Jr.

Open to children and teens who create art
and to adults who create art
for children and teens

The Blue Guitar Jr. magazine seeks art submissions for its next annual issue for children and teens. Submissions from children and teens and adults who create art for children and teens are sought by Oct. 1, 2021, in all media geared to appeal to youthful audiences. Artists must submit original work and must live in Arizona. Simultaneous submissions will be accepted, but the artist must notify the magazine as soon as possible if the work is accepted elsewhere. It is free to submit, and submissions may be made in multiple mediums; up to 5 images can be submitted. Artists are encouraged to submit images of work by e-mail; please provide high-resolution JPEGs of 300 dpi. Images must be identified in the e-mail with the artist's name, contact information, titles of works, dates and mediums. Please include your name and the best way to contact you. To submit or for more information, e-mail Editor Richard Dyer at richarddyer@theblueguitarmagazine.org. For additional information, visit www.theblueguitarmagazine.org.

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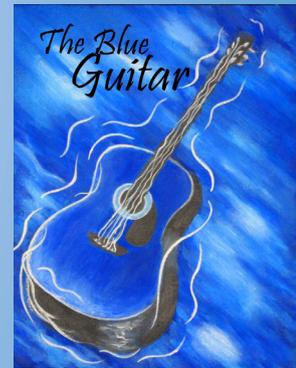
A Call to Writers for Spring 2021



The Blue Guitar magazine seeks literary submissions for the Spring 2021 Edition from Feb. 1 through March 4. Submissions are sought in all genres — fiction, poetry, plays, creative nonfiction. Writers must submit original work and must live part- or full-time in Arizona. Simultaneous submissions will be accepted, but the writer must notify the magazine as soon as possible if the work is accepted elsewhere. It is free to submit, and submissions may be made in multiple genres. Please include your name and the best way to contact you on your submission. Submissions must be in the best shape possible and publication-ready. To submit or for further information, e-mail Editor Rebecca Dyer at rebeccadyer@theblueguitarmagazine.org. For more information, visit www.theblueguitarmagazine.org.

A Call to Artists for Spring 2021

The Blue Guitar magazine seeks art submissions in all mediums for the Spring 2021 Edition from Feb. 1 through March 4. Any artists who work in any visual art media, are 18 years or older and are part- or full-time Arizona residents can submit. It is free to submit and up to 5 images can be submitted. Artists are encouraged to submit images of work by e-mail; please provide high-resolution JPEGs of 300 dpi. Images must be identified in the e-mail with the artist's name and contact information, titles of works, dates and mediums. Submissions must be in the best shape possible and publication-ready. To submit or for further information, e-mail Editor Richard Dyer at richarddyer@theblueguitarmagazine.org. For more information, visit www.theblueguitarmagazine.org.



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“Things as they are are changed upon the blue guitar.”
— Excerpt from Wallace Stevens’ 1937 poem “The Man With the Blue Guitar.”
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Volume 12,
Number 2
Fall Issue
FREE!

*“Things
as they are
are
changed
upon
the
blue guitar.”*