

Table Of Contents

Art

| "Rainforest Frog," "Bare-Necked Umbrellabird," "Waterfall With Jaguar" – <i>David Chorlton</i> |
|--|
| "Anchovies - Ayerwaddy River," "Calla Lilies - Bogota," "Dragon Fruit - Hoi An," "Herbs and Spices-Essouira," "Sweets 01 - Hue" – Judith Rothenstein-Putzer |
| "In the Beginning 1," "In the Beginning 2," "In the Beginning 3" – <i>KellyAnn Bonnell</i> |
| "AnthozoaBorg2," "Osteorhizophor-surrealTree3," "Phytotessellost" – Andrew Lincoln Nelson |
| "Elephant," "Epistrophy" – Robert Feldman |

Poetry

"August Afternoon: Sand Creek, Idaho," "Aubade: Cathy's Bench at Priest Lake," "Weeping Woman Hill: Woodside, California," "Spreading Center: Iceland," "Remembering Morro Bay," "Veterans Day: Mt. Lemmon"

| – Susan Cummins Miller | 4-9 |
|---|-----|
| "On Dreaming Earth" – David Chorlton10- | -12 |
| "A Mirror of Sole Autonomy," "Civil Disobedience," "He," | |
| "She," "Mr. Vincent's Solitaire" – Gari Crowley13- | -17 |
| "I Remember Him," "Words Were Never Needed," "Unfinished Business," "Scent of a Woman" | |
| - Esther Schnur-Berlot | -21 |
| "Desert Haiku," "Soft Witness" – Mary Knapp25- | -26 |
| "Hope," "Going Home," "Cardiac Influence" | |
| - Betty Mermelstein | -34 |
| "Where You See Black," "Peeling an Egg and Other Predicto | ors |
| of How My Day Will Go, "Leave Some Space," An Unsettled Mind" – Audrey Sher-Walton | |
| "muddy road on O.K. Street," "paradise," signature of surrender," " what comes around" – Robert Feldman .51- | -54 |
| "The Dun Box" – Richard Fenton Sederstrom | -64 |

Non-fiction

| "Monarch" – Emma Brocato | 3 |
|---|----|
| "Chey Bunthy" – Mary Knapp | 24 |
| "In Search of Silver Linings," "To Have One Place," "Failure" | |
| - Janet McMillan Rives40-4 | 3 |
| "The Individual Solutions to the Environmental Crisis" | |
| – Nandini Warrier | 6 |

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News

| The 2022 Blue Guitar Festival of the Arts | . 66 |
|---|------|
| All about The Arizona Consortium for the Arts | . 67 |
| The Consortium's vision for a multicultural arts center | . 68 |
| The Blue Guitar magazine staff biographies | . 69 |
| Sign up for The Consortium's e-newsletter | . 69 |
| Call to poets for the Summer 2022 issue of Unstrung | . 70 |
| Calls to writers, artists for the 2022 Blue Guitar Jr71 | -72 |
| Calls to writers, artists for the Spring 2022 Blue Guitar | . 73 |

Co-Editors' Note

After few if any arts festivals for the last two years because of the pandemic's rude interruption, the Blue Guitar Festival of the Arts made its triumphant return in early November. Masks were in abundance and people practiced safe social distancing; it was quite an achievement with music and poetry. And the crowds returned. Next year at this time, here's hoping for handshakes, fist bumps and hugs with no hesitation. Here's to the arts! May they always reign supreme! 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 2022. Keep on reading and keep on submitting!



Co-Editor Rebecca "Becca" Dyer



Rebecca "Becca" Dyer and Richard H. Dyer Jr., Co-Editors

Co-Editor Richard H. Dyer Jr.



Summer 2021 Unstrung poet Shireen Arora reads at the 12th annual Blue Guitar Festival of the Arts on Nov. 7, 2021, at Desert Ridge Marketplace in Phoenix. The free event was in collaboration with the Creative Drill Sergeants Veterans' Charity and was sponsored by the Arizona Consortium for the Arts.

Editor: Rebecca Dyer Publisher: Elena Thornton

 Editorial Staff

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 Editor: Richard H. Dyer Jr.

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Monarch By Emma Brocato

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can feel the sun's warmth on my skin, but no heat lingers in the air. Some leaves rustle about noisily in piles, while others still cling to the branches as they begin to change colors. Stepping briefly into a shadow feels not only like switching climates temporarily, but also like being invited into a mystery. I don't know what I'm excited about, but definitely something. Change is in the air.

This is what I experience nearly every fall — my favorite season. Having lived in the southern half of the United States for my entire life thus far, fall also marks the arrival of something very precious: the monarch butterflies.

My earliest memories of monarch butterflies go back to my preschool days. I truly believe that receiving an environmental education from a young age contributed to my love for nature and my fierce devotion to conserving it. We raised monarch chrysalises and released the butterflies upon hatching. Ever since then, I have eagerly awaited the monarchs' arrival each year during their migration.

When I am blessed with a monarch sighting, I am gently reminded to slow down and enjoy the waning warmth of fall. Seeing the autumn glow of the sun every year is like a visual reminder to be on the lookout for these gorgeous creatures as I'm wandering through a garden or hiking trail.

According to multiple sources, the monarch butterfly has been in decline roughly for the duration of my lifetime. The way our timelines match up seems significant to me, and I feel obligated to help them somehow. The monarch butterfly has been profoundly meaningful in my connection with nature and the seasons. My heart breaks at the thought of fall without monarchs.

So, what exactly is the answer to saving this precious pollinator species? Research? Outreach? Education? Investigative reporting? Gardening with milkweed and other favorite snacks? Or perhaps, all of the above?

In the fall of 2019, I found myself feeling very connected to the monarch butterflies and their migration. It seemed that everywhere I looked, I found discussions and events in the community revolved around them. Their community significance was evident in urban landscapes as well, as I saw some of their favorite plants in gardens all over town.

And, perhaps by fate, I found myself preparing for a migration of my own. I was moving from Austin, Texas, to Tucson, Arizona — my furthest move thus far in life. In between packing boxes, I tried to soak in as much of my favorite season as possible. I even dressed up as a monarch for Halloween. The fact that I'd still be living in the monarchs' fall migration range gave me some comfort, as if I were bringing a piece of home along with me.

After spending roughly the first week of November unpacking and getting settled, I pulled into my apartment's parking lot and was greeted with a lovely surprise: A lone monarch butterfly bounced gently among the desert scrub. It must have been a straggler, running late to join its flock in Mexico at the end of the migration period.

"But I guess you're not so far from home after all, little guy," I thought.



Emma Brocato is a graduate student in journalism at the University of Arizona. A semi-recent Tucson transplant, she has fallen in love with the desert and uses it as inspiration. Her work includes journalism, fiction, essays, poetry and nature photography. She hopes to inspire appreciation and conservation of the environment.

6 Poems by Susan Cummins Miller

August Afternoon: Sand Creek, Idaho

Old sisal rope dangles from cottonwood branch. Is it the same branch, the same tree, the same heavy rope that carried you out over Sand Creek when you were a boy no older than your grandson? Swinging out over the water his green eyes glow, his blond hair captures sunlight. His body, loose-limbed and summer-brown, swings, drops rope, sails out and splashes, flies and splashes, his laughter echoes, crashes, echoes, crashes through the soft mirror that separates now from then. *Lift me up again, Grandpa—I want to fly!*

Your hands are gnarled, but your arms and shoulders are strong strong from a lifetime of swinging and lifting and carrying. You touch the rope, cling for a moment, wanting yesterday's body, yesterday's joy in discovery. Yesterday's future. You lift my fiveyear-old son, hug him close until, his grasp secure, he wriggles away, eager for that perfect moment of disconnectedness, of ephemeral freedom—while you wait on the muddy bank.

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Tucson writer Susan Cummins Miller, a former field geologist, paleontologist, and college instructor, has published six novels and an anthology containing the works of 34 women writers of the American frontier. Her poems appear frequently in journals and anthologies. Two poetry collections, "Making Silent Stones Sing" and "Deciphering the Desert," are forthcoming from Finishing Line Press (2022; 2023). Website: susancumminsmiller.com.

Aubade: Cathy's Bench at Priest Lake

I'm alone, listening to the music of the morning. Light dances off the water into pines along the bank. Wild roses nod, pink grass bends to kiss the sand, a bluebell unfolds at my feet. Mosquitoes hover for a moment, whine, then disappear. Gnats are whirling dervishes just above the canal, but no fish jump for easy breakfast. A Steller's jay scolds from a tall fir, nude bole rising fifty feet to split into a trinity of trunks, each surmounted by a cross of pale green needles that catch the early sun.

I hear a familiar hum above my head—find a hummingbird paused for a moment as if in greeting. A billion jewels glitter in the sand under my shoes. Robins call—lyrical sopranos. Two cedar waxwings fly low over the lake, up the canal, beaks open to feed. Only one returns. Is the other too full to fly?

The canal reflects trees and sky while forest and lake debris drifts slowly toward the water's end as if toward flotsam-andjetsam heaven. Perhaps that's what the afterlife is—a resting place for Earth's debris, the flotsam-energy and jetsam-creativity swirling, ebbing, flowing in some distant river? The debris on my canal drifts back, pausing as the breeze and wake energy are absorbed by dock and bank and boat, listless as souls in Limbo.

A web strand, spider attached, swings out over the water, the skein a prism that carries a rainbow, suspended for a moment in space before floating back to be worked into an intricate pattern, a net for unwary insects. A second spider uses my leg as tree trunk—two strands of web connect me to the pine bench. No clouds mar a blue-sky canvas, deep and pure and endless backdrop for misty mountain and sentinel pine. A splash—a fish jumps, flips, the ripples drift by forever, until they reach a shore.

Weeping Woman Hill: Woodside, California

Until the silent fog closed in I watched the falcons circling above the oaks and Douglas firs that line the glen. Now, evening mist wraps hillsides where the rye and oats bow low before the onshore wind and kiss the ground on which I sit. Patient as the old seabed that underlies the spring-green turf, I wait for one last glimpse of Weeping Woman Hill. Why, I wonder, does she weep, and what malevolence convinced her she had nothing more to say, nothing left to do at twenty-eight? I find no clues in the indifferent wind that strokes my hair, and so retreat to rooms that nestle snugly in the crook behind her knees. *Sic Manebimus in Pace*, announces the painted board beside the entrance gate: Thus we will remain in peace.

Remembering Pamela Djerassi

Spreading Center: Iceland

Exuberant adventure to a faraway island of snow, shifting ice, unpredictable volcanoes, predictable geothermal vents, and waterfalls that make the earth shudder under my boots. In Iceland, the moon rises and sets in an arc barely bridging the horizon where two vast tectonic plates diverge.

Less than one degree south of the Arctic Circle the summer nights are so short that when we begin climbing a tephra crater at 8 A.M., the sun has been up for five hours. I ascend Hverfjall together with my son, his mate, and mine. I know this privilege, this gift of time together in a faraway land, won't come again. *Can't* come again.

I have forgotten my hiking stick in the flurry of getting from car to trail. Fifty years ago, even twenty, I wouldn't have needed one. I would have led our small band up the steep charcoal-gray zigzags to the summit. Now I lag behind, planting one careful step, then another, aware I can slip at any time on rough, pyroclastic ejecta that erupted when Darius I held the Persian throne, Cleisthenes was wrangling Athenians into a proto-democracy, the Zapotecs were building their sacred city, and Confucius governed a town. Yesterday, though, in geologic time.

The thing about being last in line is that it allows and facilitates *a-ha* moments and the absorption of sensory clues: *Step, step, step*. Maintain balance. *Step, step.* It's all about balance. *Step, pause*. The sacred in the secular, the ordinary. Social harmony. The family as center—the fresh basalt eternally rising to fill fractures in the crust.

At the crater lip I peer down at a teardrop-shaped interior cone. Rain mists the camera lens. Or perhaps it's tears fogging the sight as I capture images of loved ones. Behind them clouds slip like smoke across a landscape of earth turned inside out: cold black basalt, gray ash. Jagged clefts mark openings of caves and lava tubes. In the distance, Lake Myvatn's a pewter shield mirroring the heavens above Odin's land. Balance.

Remembering Morro Bay

At dusk the sun slides into fog hovering beyond the barrier bar. A single ray dodges mist, skims dark water and dank mudflats to touch my cheek. My body blends with shadows cast by yellow bulbs above the dock. The onshore breeze makes treeshapes waver. Night herons swoop down from eucalyptus to perch on sailboat masts, raucously sharing the fishing news, diving, splashing, falling silent. Black feathers, broken by white exclamation points, merge with the night as I wrap damp air around me, nose assailed by sea-meeting-land smells. Lick my lips, taste algae, damp wood, decaying crabs, and old odors of soft tacos, French fries, onions, and scallops from the cafe on the point we used to visit together—before life hit the PAUSE button.

Veterans Day: Mt. Lemmon

Pine tree beside Airstream trailer. Backpack-brown stains on faded olive drab, relic of an Asian war-leans against the step. Three-legged mutt rises stiffly, sniffs the air, stretches, takes off after a chipmunk. Swerves, distracted by a second squirrel, while a third scores sunflower seeds from a backpack pocket. Yellow pollen dusts a package—the size of a shoebox and neatly wrapped in a brown-paper bag-sitting in the exact center of the worn picnic table. The man occupying one of the benches studies the parcel. Touches it gently with a knobby index finger, as if the box of ashes might explode. The dog nudges his knee. One hand absently strokes the tricolor head. Then fingers meet and interleave, forearms forming a triangle on the weathered redwood. Leaning forward, eyes closed, wispy gray hair swings like curtains to hide lined cheeks. His gravel voice whispers stories into the silence-stories only the mountains, the old pines and the damaged dog hear: Hey, buddy-remember that season when the rain never stopped? But the mountains, pines, and mutt don't remember. Only the man and the ashes are left to bear witness.

A Poem by David Chorlton

On Dreaming Earth

Sarapiqui

The river that flows to the moon turns away from the Earth, looks back at the sierra it is leaving, and drifts against its ridge with skirts of water.

The finches on a volcano's lip have smoke washed from their faces, the gods who summon lava step back into a cloud while it passes, and rainforest trees grow faster but still can't keep pace. So

the night fills to bursting until lightning rips it open, and the caiman waits for the current to return through one more night of liquid darkness.

Selva Verde

Wide awake on the dreaming earth in their carnival skins the dart frogs shine among the shadows that soak into shadows beneath them, each one a drop of poison that fits on a fingertip, each one a gift too bright to refuse.



"Rainforest Frog," watercolor painting by David Chorlton.

Continued on page 11

David Chorlton is a transplanted European, who has lived in Phoenix since 1978. His poems have appeared in many publications online and in print, and often reflect his affection for the natural world, as well as occasional bewilderment at aspects of human behavior. The Bitter Oleander Press published "Shatter the Bell in My Ear," his translations of poems by Austrian poet Christine Lavant. A new book, "Unmapped Worlds," featuring older poems that had suffered neglect, is out from FutureCycle Press. He recently took up watercoloring again, after twenty dry years.



Continued from page 10

Rara Avis

The venom by which the Bushmaster lives flows lower than a thousand meters, through undergrowth and burrows running deep as fear in the ground:

a glowing thread from evolution's warehouse to the warming penetration when the fangs go to work: needles pressing into the Earth and the Earth deflates.

**

Turrialba

A razor wire seam runs through the city, but it's beautiful down where litter floats on the river as it hurries out into the green world in the volcano's impatient shadow.

The sleeping dogs on the sidewalk are indistinguishable from the turtles cast in concrete and the armadillo in the park, all covered by a canopy of birdsong. There goes the bus, destination history,

with teeth on its wheels to hold on to the road as it rises until passing through a cloud and soaring

a thousand years high with no brakes.

Cerro de la Muerte

It's cold among the quetzals near the bride's train of water sweeping down between the green and greener leaves that reach out from the shadows for a vine to hold on to. So constantly wet is the forest the eye can't gain a foothold to see the birds display their streaming selves in flight. A short climb back



"Bare-Necked Umbrellabird," watercolor painting by David Chorlton.

Continued on page 12

Continued from page 11

the path flows to the road that melts along the mountain's contours. No stopping here. Either follow the ghost light down or scan the slopes for a hummingbird whose throat is misty fire.

The Children's Eternal Rainforest

A cloud fills the valley where a jaguar last chased a meal a century ago. Every day the sun takes back the shadows it has given and the ground turns to steam. A lost cry flies over the forest until the awakening when a claw rips open the impasto sky.

Monteverde

A moist light hangs in the forest. Monkeys climb the sounds to the canopy and slide along them back down. Every color of birdcall is here, dripping from the high boughs and soaking into ground cover. All that exists in between can only be seen from inside a raindrop.

*

Playas del Coco

Fever moves in from the ocean as it swaggers ashore with a headache inside every wave. A storm breaks in a howler monkey's throat. It speaks for the trees from which it spits. Another night of the sky turned inside out. First the chills, then sweat, until dawn floats in on calm water. The compass needle in the mind is shivering while each step takes minutes, on the way to see how the waves emptied their pockets on the beach.

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"Waterfall With Jaguar," watercolor painting by David Chorlton.

5 Poems by Gari Crowley A Mirror of Sole Autonomy

ignored the warnings, the dumbing down. crept into psyches, peoples and houses. a cult of shameless liars: true believers, feral malcontents who obliterate the rule of law intent on their own ignorance.

demonic solicitors of low-class autocratic ambitions, flying their flags as geese. magnets for pathology, mutating exponentially. natal troglodytes emerging from fake intelligence.

serious business this cabal of violence; homogenous anathemas progressing from bad to worse. it can happen here when those grandiose words turn into smoke and mirrors and freedom from could be anyone.

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Gari lives in Sierra Vista with his wife, Linda, and their two cats, Tony and Baxter. He can be reached at xqjy1956@gmail.com.

Civil Disobedience

cleansing the temple, a burglary, of all things, in non-violence and principle.

weigh the crucible love and loss, the iron fist.

how human, how humane and justifiably sane.

that is... what is right. tolls of truth out of media—

seminal, and founded upon posthumous incredibility,

cause and effect, and founded tradition as beacon lights in history.

hard hats, hammers wrapped in flags.

testimony to a republic, if you can keep it.

He

always needing that beautiful city where theologies of lights reposed.

an order of things truth and dreams, a holy propaganda coalesced.

those complicit gods and your need for comfort, with too many failures displayed.

taken by emphysema, every effort a disappointment until the final inkling of the lights.

a final prayer dreamed, that struggled breath, and nothing needed to be confessed.

there was no such thing as absolute truth as duplicitous as a means to an end, dying in the softness those dim lights.

She

a very quiet fear creeps into that profuse loneliness invaded her balance of here and there.

her speech so tutored by a strain of dementia that words whorled convoluted stories and repeats.

her thoughts, as disnimbled fingers could not grasp clarity, disseminating quickly.

she died after surgery, a relief to her will, from a devolving reality of helplessness.

Mr. Vincent's Solitaire

Old is as old does when life had ceased its import. A meaningless capitulation of solitary endeavors, while conscious of his finite number of heartbeats...

and what value is there in what is left, having come to an empty disposition? A yearning of the heart, a need for touch

born from the glossy veneer of photographs, to the faces fading in the blueish fingers of his eyes. A void that spirals like a scavenging

carrion eating his inner man. The nature of enduring his being, isolated and divergent, dying alone.

Mr. Vincent sits in the tete-a-tete, wanting for words and essence, palliating his bones in the warm sun's eternal largesse.

His loneliness just is but the warm, quiet embrace of his life ending, is good company.

4 Poems by Esther Schnur-Berlot I Remember Him

Scolding

You're still on the phone? You're still on the computer? You're still not dressed?

I forgot he needed his daily hugs

I slowly noticed He skipped line dance Fridays Dropped Hola conversational group No longer zoomed with political cronies

I ignored his midsentence surrender to sleep

Miss his prebreakfast menu of morning kisses and smiles Miss petty arguments over can't remember what Miss his being pissed when I insist he wear that shirt

No longer am I a we – I'm anonymous me Outsourced to cable news 24-7 hidden behind a mask of invisibility

I'm still on the phone – sharing my loss of him I'm still on the computer – writing about us I'm still not dressed – no one is waiting for me

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Esther Schnur-Berlot is a transplant from New York City where she worked behind the scenes in TV commercials and then on to California where she taught wearable art. Now living in Tucson, she devotes her time to writing poetry. Esther's poetry has been published in the California State Poetry Quarterly, the Sonoma Collective and "Desert Voices." Esther also appears in "Desert Voices," 2nd anthology, published by the Poetry Corner in Sun City. E-mail her at Lberlot@comcast.net.

Words Were Never Needed

Feeling my despair he musses my hair Our cheeks embrace in a silent goodbye.

I seek old photos.

He wearing his innocent smile and a full head of hair (that I'd forgotten). Me in suede gaucho pants topped with a black satin shirt exuding mock confidence.

We met at a Consciousness Raising pretending to raise our consciousness.

It was my last chance to mend a broken heart. His to end a broken marriage.

Under the guise of lust – custom renamed love we left our pasts in the past.

Temperamental clashes pursued us across the great divide – endured by a loving friendship that stayed on and on

until death

arrived to claim him.

Unfinished Business

Dear Mindy, You know I'm a bit quirky but I trust you'll follow my Last Will's frequent change of heart.

I admit to my greedy nature so I'd appreciate an auction rather than a throw-away or give-away of art copies, knockoff designer clothes and my crafty jewelry.

I know – I know – I'll never know but do ask husband – the accountant who gets the tax deductions for my valuable donations.

By the way, my thoughtless cousin Lilli did not send me a birthday card for the big one, I'm flirting with dropping her from my moveable list of heirs.

Lastly – please check to see if IRS is still trying to track me down to collect old payment penalties.

Scent of a Woman

I sleepwalk across a tightrope of time and space to find my way home.

Barefoot I jump onto the bed pull up my hand-me-down flannel face the mirror and examine sprouted mounds of naked innocence. Fervently pray to be spared from the curse.

Often I'd press my ear to the thin walls of my older sister's bedroom overhearing worry about the curse.

Does it show through my tight skirt?

Turning fourteen, I panic to wake in a moist bed to find blood trickling from a deep tunnel within staining my skinny thighs.

Shrieks bring Ma running. With tear-filled eyes she slaps my face* and hugs me close to whisper,

Today you're a Woman.

*I can't recall why it was or is a Jewish custom to slap a girl's face entering womanhood.

Chey Bunthy By Mary Knapp

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'll tell you right off the bat, I'm a traveler. And by traveler I mean the kind of person who is happiest on the road, in some out-of-the-way village, in a country whose language is not offered on the CDs available at your local library.

The kind of traveler who collects moments like postcards, even if some of those moments don't reveal themselves until months if not years later. Moments that can challenge pride and courage ... and moments that can open a heart.

Now that I'm retired I have even more time to travel. And to make things as real as possible, I try to combine volunteer work with traveling as much as I can, wherever I go. It doesn't always play out as expected, but that is really the point. I travel to places that resonate and then try to do good things that might help a little while I'm there. Then, when it's time, I go home, do the laundry, apply for a new visa or two and do it all over again. That, right there, is my sweet spot.

At this point, you're probably expecting me to launch into a seat-of-the-pants adventure story with photos attached. But I think you've seen those images before, and maybe even have similar pictures of your own. So, let's just skip the hoopla and get right down to the heart of the matter. Every country is different, just like every person is different, with sounds and smells, and a rhythm and personality all their own. If you're going to do it justice, you have to slow down and listen to the heartbeat of the person or the place you happen to find yourself next to at the moment. But the listening and the hearing and the understanding require a tuned-in sort of quiet regard on the part of the listener, not to mention herculean patience.

What follows is a tale about some of those quiet moments

that happened to me during one of my trips a few years ago. It could take place anywhere really, just the places and names might be a bit different. But this particular story is about Cambodia in general and about Chey Bunthy in particular.

I've never been a big fan of southeast Asia, or didn't think I was until I actually went there. As a kid, I always associated anything Asian with the mildew-smelling "Oriental carpets" in my piano teacher's house. Fortunately, there is more to Asia and Cambodia than tropes and newsreels.

I ended up in Cambodia near the start of a long journey – mostly unplanned – in 2016 that took me back and forth across most of southeast Asia and that lasted almost a year. After arriving in the organized chaos that is Phnom Penh, a sixteen hour bus ride from the capitol brought me to a hot dusty corner of Cambodia called Mondulkiri Province.

I had come to help put a book together of the oral storytelling tradition of the indigenous Bunong tribal people. As part of that effort, we traveled across the Province videotaping the elders as they told their stories. We lived in their villages in the mountains while we interviewed and taped them. I make it sound easy, but it wasn't and looking back on it now, I struggled to understand Cambodian logic, and to avoid all the strange varmints in the hammocks where we slept.

To describe my grasp of the Khmer language as tenuous would be a gross understatement. But undaunted I had tried to at least learn the basic greetings and how to pronounce the numbers from one to ten. As we prepared for our taping sessions with the Bunong tribal elders, I was assigned the job of keeping track of the videotape equipment, changing

Continued on page 23



Mary lives and writes in the West Valley. She spent her career as a fisheries biologist and now eagerly awaits her return to traveling — to the lesser-known corners of the world — where she likes to live among the people and learn as much as possible. She can be reached at marymknapp@gmail.com.

Continued from page 22

batteries, and keeping the machine focused on our long suffering storytellers.

When all the participants were in place and it was time to start recording, I wanted to give the storyteller their signal to begin. I had it in my mind that I would get their attention and then start the countdown, three, two, one, in the Khmer language....and pause and hopefully it would seem logical to everyone that at that point the storytelling should begin. I'll never know what the correct sequence of numbers should have been since just at the moment I began the countdown I realized that I couldn't remember any number except the number one – which sounds something like "moi" I believe. So as usual, I winged it, looked at the storyteller, and counted off "moi, moi, moi" ("one, one, one") and sort of nodded toward them hopefully. The expressions everyone gave me at this point are hard to describe, but mostly resembled polite puzzlement, or something close to it.

Somehow my ignorance never got in the way, and we were able to film the ancient, patient Bunong people reciting their long stories from memory...stories that are so much like the fables from cultures around the world, stories of love, deceit, joy and hardship that bind us together as humans.

The rest of my time was spent in our tiny volunteer office on the second floor of a restored building in the town of Sen Monorom – working on the story transcriptions and helping to make the English version as coherent as possible without losing the original meaning of the story.

My boss at the project was Chey Bunthy. Bunthy is a tiny gem of a person who seemed to be in charge of every aspect of the loose knit organization that she headed. The little headquarters that we and the rest of the team occupied was on the second floor of a building that seemed to be on the verge of collapse at any moment. It was easy enough to observe the goings and comings in the ground floor café and crafts store located directly below us by merely looking through the holes in the thin sheet of linoleum that apparently was the only thing holding up the second floor. We were crowded in with books, government reports, a white board, Bunthy's desk, some ancient laptops and an enormous solid wooden table that is a reminder of why there are few forests left in southeast Asia.

I can't remember what Bunthy's exact title was but for all intents and purposes she was in charge. She did everything from keeping the donors happy, to organizing afternoon language classes for high school girls to helping me get settled in my guesthouse ... All with a slight weariness that seemed to turn to a look of hopefulness on a dime.

I was relatively new at volunteering when I worked for her and so everything was either a splendid revelation or an insurmountable problem to me. But Bunthy was OK with it all.

One morning in the office I heard the low raspy humming sound of Buddhists chanting from another part of the village. It was one of Cambodia's many holy days. I asked Bunthy if I could take a break from my work and witness whatever was happening. She smiled as if to say ... "Well of course!" So, speed walking like a kid, off I went following the chanting all the way to the Pagoda, to the ceremony, to spend several hours as part of something strange, incomprehensible and moving.

I didn't know it then but the occasion was the spring holy day called Meak Bochea – a cleansing and renewal day of sorts. From what I could see at first, it involved women and children sitting on the Pagoda steps, their backs turned to the presiding monk, as he gently poured ladles full of cool sacred water from an enormous clay jar, over heads and down backs and shoulders, over and over again, as he chanted and smiled. I slowly became aware somehow that this ritual represented a cleansing. I stood shyly near the steps watching the ritual until soon the monk noticed me and welcomed me to the steps to join the others. As he continued to pour the water over us and intoned the incomprehensible words I began to feel more and more as if I had come a very long way just to be made better by this moment.

I ventured inside the temple doors to find lots of families and kids gathering inside, some sitting cross legged on the cool floor arranging their offerings in round silver containers they would offer later to the monks and to Buddha. The temple was dark and inviting as I walked inside and found a place to sit on the periphery. Many people greeted me as if they had been expecting me to join them. I didn't know if it was because I am old and perhaps revered in some way or because I am from a different country and therefore a curiosity.

I took my time and drank it all in, the chanting monks, the bright silky sarongs worn by the women and girls, the temple bells, and the lazy cats stretched strategically near the food area.

One older lady took a shine to me, came up close, held my hand and smiled right into my eyes for a long moment. It was one of those rare experiences that stay with you forever.

As the days wore on, without realizing it, I adopted the little village for my own and on my free time made an appointment with myself to explore every nook and cranny in Sen Monorom that I could discover – just observing the rhythms of everyday life, from the dragon lady who was the unofficial money changer and who presided over her realm at an ancient wooden desk – strategically placed half in and half outside the door to the beer store, to the teenaged boy who had a lean-to stall at the edge of the main road with a sewing machine inside

Continued from page 23

where he made beautiful clothes using cloth from the colorful bolts stacked beside him. He was a master tailor and apparently clairvoyant as well as he observed his customers' pantomimes and translated them into perfectly fitted clothes at the end of the day. I finally entrusted my one and only jacket to him for repairs and new pockets. He seemed to disappear for a few days after that until I spotted him early one morning on my way to the bus headed out for the capitol and my next assignment. When he saw me he produced my jacket – with pockets – beautifully brought back to life and which has been with me on all the many miles that I have traveled since.

Bunthy invited me to her house for dinner one evening. We rode her little moped to the outskirts of town and we relaxed and talked in the kitchen while she cooked and her daughter played "school" on the white board mounted nearby. After supper, Bunthy showed me the little farm and vegetable gardens she and her husband had planted down the hill and where they planned to plant and to thrive on into the future together.

As it was, the feelings I had that night at Bunthy's, those were the same feelings that I had – a calmness and an innocence – as I passed the rest of the days that I would spend there in Sen Monorom and in all of Cambodia.

People will tell you that each country is different. That each one has its own personality. And if that's true, then to me, Cambodia is a warm night under a full moon sky, and Bunthy is one of the millions of little stars in that sky.

2 Poems by Mary Knapp Desert Haiku

Night highway – full speed Centerline roars like windblown Luminarias

Soft Witness

When you have witnessed Ice shelves collapse Glaciers disappear The evolution and extinction of species The evolution of your own language The drift of culture The soft witness of a thousand moons The stubborn secrets of the universe still unnamed

When you have finally learned to accede to the slow quiet of a foreshadowing When you have loved a young face and Did not look away from an old one

You can understand that the journey has been a long one The road cratered with imperfections, mistakes, sins Yet eased by effortless laughter The feel of a familiar book in your hands The kinship to the land A sense of wonder of the chambered beauty within us all

When these become touchstones Of a long life lived And finally of a private acquiescence An understanding, an acknowledgement That a fate, a destiny has been yours all along The terrible and the wonderful And the yet to come

Scottsdale Artist



"Anchovies - Ayerwaddy River" Mixed media 2021



Twenty years ago, Judith Rothenstein-Putzer left the snow blower back on Long Island's north shore to arrive in Phoenix in the heat of the summer. An occupational therapist by profession, she got a job in home health and then the public school system. Settling into the desert life-style, however, came with some unrest and much soul-searching. Always needing a creative outlet, something inside was screaming to be released. A former art major in college, she decided to return to her roots. While photography has been constant throughout her life, it always tended to take a back seat to a busy lifestyle with family and career obligations. The artist decided to step out from behind the lens to resume her exploration of other media. She worked with collage/assemblage for a while, but ultimately came full circle back to photography. First order of business was to switch from film to digital. Wanting to push the envelope a little more, she continued to take local art workshops and came upon the unique technique of alcohol transfers. She describes the process as a "hybrid between photography and printmaking." With additional experimentation, she discovered that by adding pen and ink to the final image, it made the colors pop and the images more three-dimensional. Each image is one-of-a-kind. She is in the Hidden In The Hills Art Studio Tour Nov. 19-21 and 26-28 as a guest artist of the Sylvia Fugmann Brongo Studio (#38), 37416 N. Arbuscula Drive in Cave Creek. Go to www.artworksbyjudith.com or email ArtworksByJudith@aol.com.

Scottsdale Artist



"Calla Lilies - Bogota" Mixed media 2021

"I started the 'Central Market' small works series in March 2021 in response to the impact COVID-19 had on the way I approached my artwork. Much of my artwork is travel inspired; however, with my wanderlust curtailed I've spent much of the last year going through images from trips past to create new work. One of the more colorful aspects of my travels has been tours through many of the wonderful markets, bazaars and souks from around the world. In addition to the lively sounds and strong smells while meandering through the markets, as an artist, I was drawn to the wide array of colors and shapes and juxtapositions of all that I saw before me. Some fruits were funky looking (and smelling) while others were displayed in patterns. Some displays even appeared to defy gravity. Using my mixed-media/alcohol transfer technique, some images have been very representational, while others quite abstract. My plan was to create one new work per week for a year and introduce each new work to you first, my loyal followers, on social media before putting it on my website. I'm happy to share that I've just passed the half-way mark to my goal. Thank you for all your support and kind words – it's helped me to keep a positive attitude during these very challenging times. So stay tuned – lots more fun and funky market items to come."

- Judith Rothenstein-Putzer

Scottsdale Artist



"Dragon Fruit - Hoi An" Mixed media 2021

Scottsdale Artist



"Herbs and Spices-Essouira" Mixed media 2021

Scottsdale Artist



"Sweets 01 - Hue" **Mixed media** 2021

3 Poems by Betty Mermelstein

Hope

Hope strives to surface as does a sliver of light peering from behind the dark eclipse of a moon. It pushes, stretches, hugging the black horizon, for it knows its life is tenuous. With time-given confidence it breaks the shadow to claim its conquest. Grateful that ages rest between the shrouds.

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Betty is a retired Mesa teacher, living in beautiful Gold Canyon with her husband. She has had various articles, poems, and short humorous essays published, as well as having self-published ebooks and paperback books for children and adults. The poem "Going Home" was the first-place winner in the James Whitcomb Riley Festival Written Poetry Competition in Greenfield, Indiana, in October of 2019. Her writing is showcased on her website: https://www.punkynotes.com/. Betty is passionate about her family, traveling, and ballroom dancing. She is a volunteer through dancing and by being a Citizen Archivist with the National Archives Catalog.

Going Home

Childhood imprints call me back. electrifying the connections and strengthening the memories that idle in my mind.

Welcomed to the old house, my hand closes over glass door handles to push open portals of souvenirs that remained there for my homecoming.

I wander through shrunken rooms, Recalling favorite dresses in the closet, gin rummy played at the kitchen table, and pets bringing their friendship and chaos.

The swing set is gone from the yard, but I see the little girl pushing her feet into the balding grassy spot below, throwing her songs to the air.

Tromping through weedy grass, the concealed cemetery is viewed with honor. Ancestors known only to my imagination, continuing to oversee our noble land.

Even if I hadn't returned, strong memories would have pulled me back, viewing the scenes through travelling senses content in my remembering.

Cardiac Influence

My heart.... tonight is spinning around the room trying to find its equilibrium before it's rendered more than a rescue operation, and if its remains are meant to be discovered in recovery, will its empathy, not just its beating, be found to be intact?

For my heart has emitted its care, placing its vessels to offer up comfort driving the blood to assure understanding and beating out encouragement. But a monumental callous display of indifference has constricted my heart's crucial rhythm.

4 Poems by Audrey Sher-Walton

Where You See Black

Slowly sipping Italian roast from an old blue mug Desert sky drops snow flurries stick like they Forget they're not in Iowa or NY

Freshly ground beans lift their darkened aroma snow clings to the palm tree's fronds

Flute sits idle in its case Magazine closed page blank on screen awaiting a keystroke

Snow is calling Its hushed frantic voice Watch me cascade Paint your world chalky white where you see woeful black

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Audrey Sher-Walton established and facilitates Wordslingers Writing Group. She is an active member of Berkeley Poetry Circle as well as Tucson Poetry Writers. Audrey is the associate editor of Awakenings Literary Review and serves on the Board of Directors for The Awakenings Project — both support and promote creative outlets for those living with mental illness. She is the three-time recipient of the Joanna Lowry Prize for Literary Arts. Audrey Sher-Walton is the founder of Write ON! Eastside Writing Group and former member of Writers Lunch as well as Quiet Writing. Two of her poems won Pima's Family Heritage Project Contest. She has been a guest reader on KXCI's Poet's Moment and at the University of Arizona. She penned monthly columns in two Tucson newspapers. Her poems have been published in Zocolo, Unstrung, Aurora, Write ON! Anthology, The Blue Guitar, and in her own collection: "All the Colors of My Life Are Red," which is part of the University of Arizona's Poetry Center's Archival Collection. Her book is used as part of the curriculum in AP English classes in TUSD. Audrey owns Mrs. Audrey's Academic Achievement, a tutoring service. Audrey can be reached at: Redwavepress@yahoo.com.

Peeling an Egg and Other Predictors of How My Day Will Go

This is not new We've all been there

Ready to eat a hardboiled egg Chosen for its simplicity Protein with no dishes to wash What could be more expedient?

And there you are With this egg But it resists The shell coming off in miniscule pieces You get a hold of a decent edge and think all too optimistically That fate will change And the peel will slide Freeing the egg inside

But no The battle between you and the shell rages on

You have the Hungarian paprika ready to sprinkle On this white little orb

> But this is not new This has happened before

The damn shell is tattered Disintegrating

Your efforts become harsher as you lose patience But all this results in is more egg in the trash That potentially could have been in your mouth

> You could start all over with a new egg But damn it You try coaxing the peel away As if changing to soft tender touch might talk some sense into the egg

> > **Continued on page 37**
And isn't this a true predictor of how your day will unfold?

Easy unfettered: Yellow yoke waiting to be devoured as You wish to devour the new day

> But hell This is not new We've all been there The shell resisting Your day screwed

Leave Some Space

Leave some space

Space to be unencumbered and free

Free to breathe fully

Fully aware of only what I choose

Choose wisely

Wisely make decisions about what to worry about

About those worries – let them go

Go on a trip

Trip to an altered state

State your intention to make it happen

Happen to be free wheelin'

Free wheelin' like Bob Dylan

Bob Dylan back in the day

Days run into each other in obscurity, undefined and marked by nothing eventful

Eventful opportunities are boxed up and tied

Tied to a safety net with holes in it

It's getting tiresome being locked up because of stupid people

Stupid people who know they are stupid

Stupid people who don't know it, are the most frightening

Frightening how many stupid people I talk to in a day

Days move into night and it's only the demarcation of the moon that sets me free

Free to leave some space

An Unsettled Mind

You're unraveling right before my eyes Sandman visiting some other desert

Insomnia a way of life Yawns more desperate like a thirst that even cool water cannot quench

IV" and "The Very Edge." Her first chapbook, "Into This Sea of Green: Poems from the Prairie," was

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Tables piled with chairs inside a restaurantlocked.

miss dinners out, the happy hour menu at Pastiche with friends, early Saturday night at Sauce with my nieces, a special meal at The Keg with out-of-town guests. Is it the food, the chance to eat something other than my own cooking? Is it the humming atmosphere, chatter all around? Perhaps it's the opportunity to dress up just a little bit. It's all of this. Yet I can't help but smile when I think about last Friday with friends, eating hamburgers cooked out on their grill, masks on until we ate, me six feet from each of them. The conversation was so relaxed, no need to give up the table for the next customers waiting outside, no wondering if the people next to us were eavesdropping just a little bit, no being distracted by the dress on the woman across the room, no wondering if her husband was the guy I'd seen at Planet Fitness.

Today's patio meals are a throwback to my New England childhood when we'd trek next door to the Barts' house, Ed and Sara greeting us in the breezeway. (Don't worry; even back then, my parents said it was okay for me to call them by their first names.) Mother would bring baked beans and her famous coleslaw, Dad some bottles of Hires root beer. Ed would grill hamburgers and hot dogs out back while Sara's blueberry pie cooled on the porch. With no restaurants in our tiny town, this is how we shared a meal: no hassle, no hurry, no effort to make an impression, and always good food with our good neighbors. Have we come back to this comfort and kindness in

our pandemic world? Can we keep it going once things return to "normal"? I hope so.

> Fifth grader at the kitchen tablestruggling.

It must seem a bit strange to raise your hand on a Zoom screen, and you can't just discreetly walk up to the teacher's desk for some private help during homework break. I can see your frustration. As for all of this technology, you seem to have mastered it with ease. And congrats to you for being on time and ready to roll when the bell rings, so to speak. When I was in fifth grade, my big adjustment was having to ride a bus fifteen minutes to Reynolds School, a old two-room schoolhouse out in the country. Big deal. The only real downers were no hot lunch and not seeing my big sister at recess.

At ten years old, you are coping well, interacting with your classmates and teacher remotely via computer. You display remarkable self-discipline and don't let fear of Covid-19 get in your way. Since your mom was called back to work, the entire family has pitched in to help. I volunteered to be your Wednesday "home-school monitor." What a bonus for me. Thanks for the guitar concerts during your breaks and for keeping my dog happy. I hope you can see how much I enjoy being around you and how much I love to learn. Call me a nerd if you want, but I adore dividing mixed numbers, talking about Spanish explorers in America, and helping you find just the right word for a sentence. I've told you that I was a teacher before I retired, and now I love being a teacher again. The best moments are when you say, "Oh, I get it, Titi."

Continued on page 41

Janet McMillan Rives was born and raised in Connecticut. In high school, she moved to Tucson, Arizona, where she currently lives. She taught college economics for thirty-five years and retired as Professor Emerita of Economics from the University of Northern Iowa. Her poems have appeared in such journals as The Avocet, Lyrical Iowa, Raw Art Review, Ekphrastic Review, Heirlock, Sandcutters, The Blue Guitar, Unstrung, and Fine Lines as well as in a number of anthologies, most recently "Voices from the Plains



Church parking lot on Sunday morning empty.

At church the pandemic landed with a thud. One week we were asked to pass the peace from a distance; the next week the church was locked down tight. For me there would be no more drives up Oracle Road with KTUC's Sunday gospel hour on the radio, no more sermons from the pulpit, no more visiting after church or going to lunch with friends.

As young children, my sister and I were sent to Sunday school a short walk from our house. My parents probably were not in church on those mornings though my mother was active with the women's club and church bazaars. Neither my father nor my mother had been raised in a church; and though they taught us to be good girls, there was no church teaching at home, no Bible verses to memorize. Notwithstanding my tenuous religious upbringing, I started attending church regularly in my late thirties, even became a deacon and an elder. Each week I face the fact that Sunday worship no longer means going to church and each week I examine the nature of my faith.

Many months have passed and I have survived church on YouTube and now via Zoom, a much preferred form. I've missed only a few Sundays. Does my above-average attendance record mean my faith is stronger than I might have thought? Not necessarily. But it does tell me that I am flexible, can compromise, will seek something valuable in a form as socially distant as YouTube. Perhaps knowing this is a gift in itself. But wait, here's the bonus: Next Thursday afternoon my church will start something that never happened before—Holy Happy Hour Zoom meetings. Pour a glass of wine! Here's to your health!

To Have One Place By Janet McMillan Rives

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"Home is a hollow between the waves." — Michael Longley in "Remembering Carrigskeewaun"

The Irish poet Michael Longley, on a podcast with Krista Tippett ("On Being," November 3, 2016), spoke about "the beauty of going back to the same place." For him it is Carrigskeewaun, which I have learned is in County Mayo, Ireland. It is officially called Carrigskeewaun Townland. I love the term "townland," perhaps because I seem to have grown up in a townland. I found a web page in which Michael Longley says of Carrigskeewaun: "If I am depressed I go for a walk in my mind up the path to the cottage around the little ruined out houses and I stand taking in the view even though I'm in Belfast or London or New York." He read his poem "Remembering Carrigskeewaun," and on the website I discovered another entitled, "Carrigskeewaun: For Penny and David Cabot," in which Longley describes The Mountain, The Path, The Strand, The Wall, The Lake. My own dreams are of

> One place which is inexhaustible. One place, not home exactly, but it feels like home. One place to go back to.

I have been thinking about an idea, a dream, I've had since childhood, a desire to go back to the same place. Early on in my life, it was the maple tree, the sandbox, the horse barn, the stone walls to look for dimes my grandmother and I had hidden in Chiclet boxes. Later I returned to Ingalls' Rock, Sullivan's Pond, the island at Mirror Lake, Woolworth's, Frog Rock, Shady Glen. The desire to go back was always inside of me even before we moved and I couldn't go back to any of those places.

Growing up, my friends had places to go back to in summer:

a beach house at Black Point an historic home in Damariscotta a lodge in Wolfeboro.

Oh, I saw those places, just once, never to return.

My family didn't go back to places. We went onward, outward, new places, new adventures, always something different. But what I wanted was to go back.

In the interview with Kristin Tippett, Longley said of Carrigskeewaun, "The place is inexhaustible." He spoke of people who travel widely (as he does) and the idea that such travel "broadens" one; but he wondered if perhaps it actually "narrows" one. I wonder too.

I wonder if by going back I might feel deepened, feel held tight by that one inexhaustible place.

> It's too late for me now, too late to find a place to go back to. Yet still I search for that one place, inexhaustible, not home exactly.

Failure By Janet McMillan Rives

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Failure was something to be avoided by a fifties' kid coming of age in a decade when the world was perfectly fine every family compatible, stable every town a Lake Wobegon every person following The Plan.

Mine was an idyllic childhood, sort of fifties fake like my friends' lives. The one bump in the road was the move from Connecticut to Arizona at age 16, a boulder actually. I adjusted poorly to the dusty city, large high school, isolated neighborhood, really no neighborhood at all. There was no hanging out after school watching "American Bandstand," no impromptu baseball games in the middle of the street, no walking to school through the woods. We had one tree in our yard, a eucalyptus; there was nothing else but cactus and scruffy bushes.

> Failure during college in the sixties was a girl who didn't get good grades didn't join a sorority, didn't walk to class with a pack of friends *hi guys* didn't wear Lanz dresses and Capezios from the College Shop didn't go out on a date every single Saturday night. I was not a failure.

When *okay* follows *really bad*, it seems like *great*. I completely bought into college life those first two years at the University of Arizona. But my junior year in Paris heralded a new phase: high heels, chignon hair-do, books of poetry, plays

and operas, perfecting my French. I borrowed "style" from Madame Beaulieu, professor of geography. I feigned knowledge of the world thanks to Monsieur Duverger, professor of political science. My college days pretty much ended when I returned to the U of A, devoting my senior year to a serious preparation for graduate studies in economics. A boyfriend in another state minimized distractions of campus dating, drinking, partying. Most nights I was off to the Science Library to crack the books: money and banking, international trade, economic development, calculus. And so it continued into grad school.

> But then came the post college "must do," time to get married. Failure (for him too) was choosing the wrong mate, compromising on a job, living in the wrong place and oh no, getting divorced.

Imagine a young woman, unhappy, embarrassed, not knowing where to turn, unsure of her next step. Picture me sitting in a car outside the post office near Glen Riddle, Pennsylvania, where we lived, fiddling with my wedding ring, wondering when I would take it off for good. There I was rehearsing a call to my parents when I would tell them Bill had moved out, and soon they would be parents to two divorced daughters. I was never more alone than then. I wondered, "How did this ever happen." Oh, I moved on, but it took time for me to come to my senses.

> Then came career, college teaching, travel, vibrant family dinners with nieces and cousins, outdoor concerts on clear desert days, poems and books shared with friends. Wait! Was that really failure so long ago or was it the start of finding what counts?

KellyAnn Bonnell Phoenix Artist







"In the Beginning 1" 3x5 Acrylic on canvas 2020



KellyAnn Bonnell is a teaching artist, arts education advocate and consultant supporting programs throughout the state of Arizona. KellyAnn defines herself first as a costume and fiber artist and second as a poet.

"In the Beginning 2" 3x5 Acrylic on canvas 2020

"In the Beginning 3" 3x5 Acrylic on canvas 2020 "I work with a variety of media. My creative voice speaks many languages from acrylics to written word. I am a fiber artist, costume designer, poet and so much more. My collected works tell the story of imagined worlds. My works appear as dreamlike creations in which fiction and reality merge, shifting mindsets and creating timeless experiences."

- KellyAnn Bonnell

The Individual Solutions to the Environmental Crisis By Nandini Warrier

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66 We have a single mission: to protect and hand on the planet to the next generation."— Francois Hollande.

The environmental crisis is getting worse, and it is happening fast. Essential ecosystems, wildlife, and natural resources are being depleted and destroyed. It is extremely important for companies and industries to change their harmful practices to be more eco-friendly, but individuals can help as well. Individual solutions include limiting consumption, avoiding single-use plastics, switching to a more sustainable diet, and becoming more civically active.

Overconsumption has detrimental effects on the environment such as depleting natural resources and emitting greenhouse gases due to excess factory production. Overconsumption is where people consume more products than they need. Friends of the Earth further explains: "Overconsumption worsens climate breakdown and increases air pollution. It exhausts the planet's life support systems like the ones that provide us with fresh water, and leaves us short of materials critical to our health and quality of life." To combat this issue, it is best to only buy what is absolutely necessary, and use it for a long time. Donating to a thrift store is beneficial since buying used clothing instead of new clothing does not require additional resources. Limiting overall consumption is one of the key individual solutions to the environmental crisis.

Decreasing the use of plastic lessens the damage to ecosystems and wildlife. Plastic waste breaks down into smaller pieces called microplastics. These microplastics end up in water sources and can harm or kill marine life, along with creating lasting damage to ecosystems. Reducing the amount of plastic used on a daily basis lessens carbon emissions and can help save animals from being caught in or choked by the waste. To explain further, the Natural Resources Defense Council (NRDC) states, "Beached whales have been found with stomachs full of plastic trash. And recent studies found plastic in the guts of 90 percent of the seabirds tested and 100 percent of the turtles" (Lindwall). Stopping the consumption of single-use plastics is helpful in order to stop pollution in ecosystems.

There are many ways to reduce one's consumption of single-use plastics, disposable items, and paper products. A key way to do this is to invest in reusable items. Reusable items can actually save money in the long run because it isn't necessary to continuously buy items such as cotton rounds, but instead have five reusable bamboo rounds that wash with a regular laundry load. Additionally, plastic water bottles are easy to swap out for reusable metal water bottles, which cuts down on a lot of plastic waste. Another low-waste swap is to bring reusable utensils and straws to restaurants that don't have any, as well as bringing reusable takeaway boxes for leftovers. Furthermore, bringing reusable grocery bags and totes to stores will save a lot of bags that just take up space. Steel lunch containers last a very long time and assist in having a low-waste packable lunch. Also, a steel tumbler cup to put a drive-through coffee, smoothie, or other drink in is a better alternative to plastic cups. At home, recycling or reusing any plastic containers is better than just disposing of them.

Continued on page 46

Nandini Warrier is a freshman at Paradise Valley High School. She is on her school's speech and debate team, as well as being a part of SkillsUSA and New Global Citizens. She loves running, playing the piano, and singing. She is an editor for the literary and arts journal Ink & Feather. She works for the organization the Polling Place. Her hobbies include reading and baking.



Continued on page 45

Containers can be reused to put other food items in, to grow plants, to make candles in, to store items such as push pins or hair clips, and to decorate for a gift for a friend. Decreasing reliance on single-use plastics can increase sustainability and reduce pollution.

In addition to lessening single-use plastics, choosing a sustainable diet can help the environment by reducing individual carbon and water footprints. Getting locally sourced and organic produce is important because "the transportation sector generates the largest share of greenhouse gas emissions" (Source of Greenhouse Gas Emissions). Any methods of reducing the transportation involved in one's diet are helpful to reducing carbon emissions. Growing fruits and vegetables at home eliminates all transportation used, making it the best option. Plus, chemicals are used to grow crops which release toxins into the environment and wash away, contaminating water sources. By lessening the chemicals used to grow food, people can decrease pollution. To add: "Organic farming practices may reduce pollution, conserve water, reduce soil erosion, increase soil fertility, and use less energy. Farming without synthetic pesticides is also better for nearby birds and animals as well as people who live close to farms" (Robinson). A farmers market is a great way to find organic, locally sourced and homemade food. Making sustainable choices regarding diet and food sourcing is important to reduce one's eco-footprint.

Similar to eating organic foods, switching to a vegan diet makes a large impact on one's eco-footprint. To support this, a study by the University of Chicago explains that "you can reduce your carbon footprint more effectively by going vegan than by switching from a conventional car to a hybrid" (Fight Climate Change). This shows that choosing a vegan diet is one of the most impactful ways a person can become more sustainable. Even if a full transition to a vegan diet isn't feasible, implementing non-dairy or vegetarian choices such as oat milk instead of cow milk and veggie burgers instead

of meat burgers make a difference. Plus, cutting down the consumption of fish is also helpful because the fishing industry contributes to waste in oceans, harming wildlife, and the oceans being depleted. A plant-based diet is a significant option to cut down your carbon emissions and be overall more eco-friendly.

Another idea to reduce food waste is to compost. The Eden Project 2021 explains: "Good things to compost include vegetable peelings, fruit waste, teabags, plant prunings and grass cuttings. These are fast to break down and provide important nitrogen as well as moisture." People can use this compost for an at-home garden or give it to one in their community/schools near them. They can also sell bags of compost on Etsy, farmers markets, and other online websites. Composting is a simple way to lessen food waste and help the community.

Individuals can also help the climate crisis by becoming more civically active about climate change in their community. An individual can contact people who work for corporations and address something they want changed in order for more sustainability and environmental conservation. One option includes holding a climate action club at school to spread awareness. Getting politically active is also a significant step, and it includes voting for people who have an agenda addressing climate change. Another course of action is to go on climate strikes and urge politicians to give the environmental crisis importance. Posting and sharing articles with unbiased information from reputable sources about climate change is also an option. Spreading awareness and becoming civically active is important in solving the climate crisis.

There are numerous ways individuals can contribute solutions to the climate crisis. Many actions individuals take can decrease pollution, waste, and greenhouse gas emissions. People can change their habits to reduce their consumption and single plastic use. They can also change their diet and increase their activism. Take the steps necessary to fight climate change and help the environmental crisis!

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 Top 10 Things You Can Do about Climate Change D avid Suzuki Foundation, David Suzuki Foundation, 2

Andrew Lincoln Nelson

Tucson Artist



"AnthozoaBorg2" Graphite on bristol board 18x24 2020



Andrew Lincoln Nelson is an artist working in Tucson. He produces detailed semi-realistic and surrealistic drawings of futuristic or exobiological landscapes. He has a background in academic research and fine art. His work has been shown at Biosphere 2, Manifest Gallery in Cincinnati, National Arts Program and LPL Annual shows at the University of Arizona, Untitled Gallery in Tucson, and The Center for the Arts in Chandler. His art has also been included in juried publications and online venues, receiving best-in-show in several recent shows from Grey Cube Gallery and Camelback Gallery. He also does occasional commission work, recently including a book cover illustration (The Book of Stranger Vol. II) and several music score cover illustrations (The Butterfly and the Ocelot by composer A.M. Guzzo). Website: www. nelsonrobotics.org

Andrew Lincoln Nelson



"Osteorhizophor-surrealTree3" Graphite on bristol board 18x24 2020

"These hand-drawn graphite landscapes contain machine creatures, plant-animal hybrids and other conglomerations that might be found in the distant future or on other worlds. It is possible that post-technology ecosystems containing feral machinery might continue to evolve even after those biological agents that created the technologies have become extinct. And what differences might be found in life that has developed on other planets with different evolutionary mechanisms - and under the influence of non-human intelligences? Do exobiological ecosystems follow the general Neo-Darwinian framework seen on Earth, or is there a wider variety of complexification of matter than would be evident from only observing Earthly life?"

- Andrew Lincoln Nelson

Andrew Lincoln Nelson Tucson Artist



"Phytotessellost" Graphite on bristol board 18x24 2020

Andrew Lincoln Nelson

Tucson Artist



"Osteoplayaborg1" Graphite on bristol board 18x24 2021

4 Poems by Robert Feldman muddy road on O.K. Street

artistic organization sometimes integrates sometimes disintegrates within spaced out walls reeking of 1970s avant-garde dada performances

first there's Friedman announcing to the disembodied room: "It needs to be noisy at random intervals!", as silent Apache coyote skin tom-toms sit stranded on the platformed stage

then Peter Young tries talking in specifics: "I am..." "She is..." "We can't possibly..." while Carmen circulates among the circus cast, a seductive phantom somehow constantly dressed in hip Lost Generation costumes

Ting! Ting! somewhere Tingsha Cymbals ring

And then Michael: "Come on, guys, let's do the play, here's a white candle now that a harmonious glow has come"

"Everyone create distractions! Distractions!", this time darling Shani

and so it begins... characters carrying agamous bodies, women dangling in red capes wailing on harmonicas, audience members and drop out actors perched on ladders as lights dim, darken, and then a collective scream!

this Zen theater suggests neither beginning nor end, grit and vivacity remain focused on what's happening with the onlookers, all else, the performers, for instance: external pillowfight! recycled famished energy!

> Peter again: "Ready? Set? Okay, everyone: Jump the fence!"

"Oh my," I mumble, "isn't there another muddy road somewhere else in town?"

Philadelphia Hotel, O.K. Street, Bisbee



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 rffeldman@gmail.com.

paradise

stepping away from the garden, a path becomes the actual destination, we are exultant wherever we reach.

and answers are not sought, the mere ringing of silent sounds is all that is needed.

yet there along the garden walk, I conducted an unbroken ensemble, longing for other extremes of Love.

how foolish to wish for the unachievable!

for the promise to unveil Beauty or others' wrongdoing becomes irrelevant, instead, to strive for something unbearable truly tests one's fortitude.

we discover ourselves but for a few moments, a gust of wind, and like the morning star we fade, vanish.

then let others dwell in their paradise. I choose to be face to face with you.

signature of surrender

treasure the fool, shops the Chelsea Hotel icy January Manhattan \$1100 a month.

treasure the fool, waits to touch the woman who brought him home, who shackled his will with fierce detachment who danced with his shadows laughing off walls.

> treasure the fool, visits films alone refusing to exhaust the rivers of others.

treasure the fool, discovers sedate moons while dreaming of yellow treasures, mango bearing trees, glasses overflowing with crushed red ice.

> treasure the fool, dying gently each day, wet sand rooting his sex, white winter beach, portrait of passion.

signature of surrender.

... what comes around ...

Bansuri wooden flute Sugarcane reincarnation, Bamboo *teental* bagpipe, Left hand right hand fingering Celebration of the now.

Tabla twin hand drums Left hand *dagga* palming waves of rhythms, Right hand hummingbird winged fingers polishing the *raga*, Both stirring the sweetness of birth, Both exploring the confidence of death.

And once birthing the *tala's* sixteen beats, Exquisite life without limit, The *sum* threads into her next cycle, Heart's breath beginning once again.

Robert Feldman Bisbee Artist



"Elephant" Oil and acrylic 1987

Robert Feldman Bisbee Artist



"Epistrophy" Acrylic 2014

"A friend turned me onto Yves Klein sometime in the early '70s. As an established silversmith practiced in using a torch for soldering, I decided to stretch out and begin to experiment with making my own 'fire paintings.' I wanted to work in oils at that time and knew practically nothing about the medium. After playing with smaller bits of canvas, I decided to lug this huge piece of plywood that sat abandoned in my neighbor's backyard into my studio, stretched/stapled canvas onto it and painted away, choosing mostly 'sunset' reds and oranges and whatever other related colors I had in my quiver. I also started pouring and splattering turpentine (used it to clean brushes) onto areas of this long (10-12 foot) canvas and lighting it with the torch. Sometimes I'd 'direct' the flow, other times I'd allow it to meander. I also began to apply clomps of pigment and gesso onto areas of the canvas (then later on other pieces), thickly applied, and then burn it. That was totally intriguing as well, playing with breaking down the oil paint, and of course figuring out what effects worked and compensated for what didn't. And so this is how these two fire paintings, 'Elephant' and 'Epistrophy,' were born and developed."

- Robert Feldman

A Poem by Richard Fenton Sederstrom

The Dun Box

an essay on shades of no particular shade

From Part 1 Spring 1974, late morning: Introductory Interlude A Circumstance or Two

The sun-scape of early morning mountain ranges melts as we pass into mirages cut with triangles of azure sky-diamonds incised into the solid rock faces of escarpment. After we have left them behind to melt into tomorrow morning's new delusion, the blind interstate lumbers down and through the foothills. The hills sink toward the shallow revenant of the Colorado River, and the river opens back toward the flats of boredom and a

retro-neon interruption of small dry burgs at the western border of Arizona, a stretch of another flat, flat desert morning: Sun. Pockets of housing, strip-lined stores, and acres and acres of winter folk identified by and with travel trailers,

RVs, and flea-markets. They glow in their agony, blobs of tattooing in cerise deep sunburn. Colorado River, once mud-red with native life, oft-dammed, for decades green from above, pool-blue at the surface we drive by, chilled from the dams—petty real estate now—

blue signifying not-quite-life, not-quite-death, dying from mechanics and merchandizing, southward tan, dank in places,

Continued on page 58



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," appeared this January.

crisping mud sloughed to insult Mexico, then miles and miles and miles of the same beige desert with a new name; no saguaro cacti.

We drive over the hot skin of a dead black line in a touristical race toward the tectonic edge of dire imagination.

Half alert to what we may have been talking about, or not, the children seem protected again in a web of parental responsibility

defined by the necessary rigors in boxes of expository prose. In no more than mechanical safety, they watch for the edge of the world, and they—or Jackie mostly, our bestirred elder daughter—are sleepily focused on the looming eternal vistas. What appear though are the glaucous farm acres boxed in squares around the town of Indio, just past the last bit of world. The streak of moss-green between road cuts widens into a varied green patch-quilt in mottled shades of crop. Carol turns around and mentions to the kids something about how the land below is so different now, to which Jackie, who has just turned "I'm six now," replies, "Is that Land?!!" Like the first

little girl to cross the ice bridge she is thrilled at the discovery she shares with Eve and Leif Ericson and Gudrid and Christopher Columbus

and Nellie Bly and Amelia Earhart, discovering together, as Penelope and Homer discover Odysseus or Sappho—words from the lyre:

Land, Oh!! or in a peep of the child's elation:

Eureka! Oooh!

Neil Armstrong looks over to his co-pilot and announces that they are about to land. Jackie looks hard at the surface of the cold Moon and asks back to Neil, "Is that land?!!"

Continued on page 59

So much reality is made of circumstance and myth, slowing what goes round to keep it from dying out. The Mojave Desert, the Moon: it's all "that land?"!! in the moment of discovery.

In the moment of ownership it becomes "one small step," a clod of history kilned with endnotes.

Years later, seven-year-old Debbie declares "O, look. It's just like England!" But it's Iowa. Only it isn't Iowa anymore. It's England,

where she has never been—to her, her grandmother's England in stories, green and old and wholly present.

How bare and wistless to correct and envy in one silent breath the child's regard for inaccurate precision sprung from her own delight in images.

From Part 2: Spring, 18?? to Hades: *introductory to myth The rut glimmered*.... *I suppose it was trying to make some point but we never found out about that*...[*i*]

The desert road is graded, not recently.

Was smooth ever an issue?—Gold is where glory soars, beyond the pomade of ease.

Decades past and past, between hole to hole, rut to rut, rock to rock, stumble to stumble, thorn to spine: mesquite to palo verde to cholla to saguaro, all decorate and arm the desolate fore-trails to the expected comfort of traffic pattern.

Abandoned even from maps, it is untrafficked, anthropocene geology exposed, a rut-designed monument dedicated to viral existence and neglect in bland homage to the human zeal for nowhere. It goes there it seems, but where there?

Continued on page 60

The track and trace of it disappear long before it might bother to reach the shadow-range that screens the farther range after range that disguise in their slow humor slow by the standards of our heroic fictions of life-span to Oz. The willful bliss of a true horizon.

From Part 3

The scientists are in terror and the European mind stops . . . [ii]

The red-tailed hawk swoops. Hunting, she neither accuses nor acknowledges. She has no other business but the desert office of keeping the blinding silence of her hunt.

Loitering in the creosote bush, a lone quail uses the silence as a cue to sing and yawp out his evolution of invisibility among the cacti.

From their disinterested perspectives, hawk and quail fail to watch the road wander beyond the memory of our simple gratitude for the feckless pleasure of admiring relics

behind us toward any past we will not care to face. American, United-Statesian, individual, united, and forward *forward forward* squinting into the western sun, we do not inquire into past pasts.

Our pasts, even yesterday as was, are rootin'-tootin', all poised in the lens toward the subjunctive cinematic future perfect. But Fah! to forward foraging.

We, you and I and We, who if we will, will depart again as quantum shade, will not care or dare to observe meaningfully. We may gander backward, gander sideward to ***

the one who walks beside you— Titus Lucretius Carus, inventing his way through the crazy maze toward Feynman's narrow horn gate into every dimension of physics, plans and models of separate and entwined—

Continued on page 61

who can know? futures that may involve you and involve your ability to make choices about your existence in the midst of, on the edges of it—It— all.

From Part 5 Disney against the metaphysicals . . . [iii]

A century and a half ago we would have paled in wonder at the shock of that solid unmapped mesa that had not been there only yesterday evening, or

can we remember at all? And if we fail to trudge in reality any longer, in the panic of so many kinds of thirst, what use is a map?

Still, we might have studied the map again, and maybe we would have changed our direction, to the south maybe, and a world of desert, at the pace of horses'

unsteady walking, deadlier than this one. And maybe by the time the sun had revealed the truth of mountain out of the mystery of mirage,

we might already be dying, untracked, in sere wonder dust-drowned and desiccated out of our illusion into madness

but ours is only a brief vacation, a weekend on the coast a few hours west. The car follows the black track of highway, past mirages no more now than an entertainment of invented memory. In the back seat, our three children see only Disneyland, each in all six of their sense receptors. *Disneyland*^{©TM}! For their lorn parents the highway

reflects back like water, silver-black, brittle in the sun.

Our kids are sheltered by the clear and right-angled definitions of ninety degrees for every corner of boxed, airtight prose, as though

Continued on page 62

I have invented a bomb-shelter for children and futility, framed and protected as though in the immoveable light of the ordinary Vermeer room, where the warmth of sunlight is organized in the glaze of mortal geometry, a safe universe, mortal and immortal according to the inhalations of the day.

We can move from the one obvious peril to peril that is all tawny glow, claws hidden, the mirage of spirit that we carry to light our trepid way toward every cotton candy shadow, toward the teeth of more malicious goblins.

We may refine the daily jolts of necessary care into poetry, by the accident of nursery rhyme move the life of words into worlds of close and closeted meditation. But raising children is pure prose.

Is this a poem about responsibility? But responsibility is a matter for prose. Is this then a poem about prose, and if so, does it extol prose, or as both does it embrace the natural rigors and blind terrors that belong to the far ancestral enigma, *ain ma*? By which torch-lit chthonic depths does it return to a poem about poetry?

Or is the essay to remind me of the frail boundary between, no, before such distinction could be made between ritual and exposition? Is it our preparation for the projective co-relative magic of our heading, a poem of some sort to seal our trust in my nether-course ability to engage nightmare, *comme dans le tombeau*, while I fend off goblins, highway patrol radar, and eighteen-wheelers

Continued on page 63

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Fall 2021

and while our children contemplate the plastic anticipation of halflife on Main Street (1890s Ames, Iowa?) and this mirage's wellswept radiations out into Everychild's dream of candy-coated autocracy, without restriction or meaning, except for mouse-tail rubber thorns in the cartoon briar-patch? For adults it is another experiment in blind perspective where we watch realized virtuality play out in Technicolor on the polished streets, veneers of the United State of Americana

or participated

—as when we got trapped on the closed Monorail car through three laps of the route, happily forgotten by the bland blind Americanistic gleam radiating between cap and uniform.

But the Monorail is electric. It is a train. In the U.S. of Americanica? It must be an illusion. No one notices. To misjudge the improbable saving genius at a slow quiet pace is embarrassing to the institutionalized mentality. That's us, one or the other.

—as when once I asked my five-year-old son after we spooked the Haunted Mansion, "Were you scared?" Tom nodded then and said, "No." But the thrill had offered something urgent for his mind, and while he was dealing with it, I asked, "Tom, if your ghost helps you flush here at Disneyland, will you help your ghost flush at home?" Influenced by Disneyland's anim-ousy magic, the automatic urinal flushed magically right then. At the motel, Tommy helped his ghost flush three times in five minutes. I stopped him. We talked. A father's good ideas are always good; they don't work very often:

We live in our deserts, I am reminded. We flush water. Some golf, bushwhack through coiffured jungles: plod on rich grass in soggy courses. Pipes drip; some of us fix them. We adhere to the spirit of conservation two more delicate and pacifying chimeras: soul and moderation.

—and as when once we watched an arrest happen right in a line nearby. If you open your eyes you can still see the aura of No. No Longer. No one in the line reacted. Not one seemed to notice at all.

Continued on page 64

Is Justice blind, or merely undetectable? What can be said about infotainment Justice when what passes for evidence of its practice is not examined even in the static excitement of an unmoving queue unnoticed? Virtuality will not be intruded upon by the unreality of actual occasion. The sudden gap in the line was swallowed out of anticipatory existence, like the end-notated small-print digestion of historicians.

We must secure the dire comforts of the desensitized elect: lawabiding, racially impartial, well-swept impartial parking lots and lots of impartial fresh paint. Much complaisant waiting in the California glow under the grace of its ecru firmament—the celluloid of it all!—which Tom Wolfe, I think it was, labeled as the hazel colored skies of Los Angeles. For my purpose, I'll say "sepia colored skies." But . . .

From Part 6 Spring 1974 to 18??: Postlude

for now and for the 400 or so minutes of our trip roaring by so slowly, confined as we are only by road, time, and the illusory horizon and freed from the hallucinations of timeless space by the hallucination of safety at freeway speed and fast-frame moments of eroding geology into the passing hallucination of mountain peaks and dark mesas, I accelerate to meet and pass the illusion of going back . . .

[i] John Ashbery, "Breathlike," from *Planisphere*.
[ii] Ezra Pound, *Canto CXV*.
[iii] E.P. *Canto CXVI*.



Coming in Fall 2022!

The Annual Blue Guitar Festival of the Arts!

Join us for an amazing showcase of the arts, with music, dance, cultural presentations, art activities for children and literary readings!

Free admission!

For more details, go to The Arizona Consortium 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 two monthly newspapers 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.



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www.artizona.org. There, you can sign up for an e-mailed newsletter. Also follow us on Facebook and Twitter. www.TheBlueGuitarMagazine.org

A Call to Poets for the 2022 Issue of Unstrung

he Blue Guitar magazine seeks poetry submissions for the Summer 2022 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.

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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, 2022, 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, 2022, 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.

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 Writers for Spring 202 The Blue Guitar magazine seeks literary submissions for

the Spring 2022 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 2022 The Blue Guitar magazine seeks art submissions in all mediums for the

Spring 2022 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.

> The Blue Guitar magazine is a nonprofit project of 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 The Blue Guitar magazine and The Arizona Consortium for the Arts, visit our websites: www.theblueguitarmagazine.org and www.artizona.org.

"Things as they are are changed upon the blue guitar." Excerpt from Wallace Stevens' 1937 poem "The Man With the Blue Guitar." Copyright reserved, Random House Inc.

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