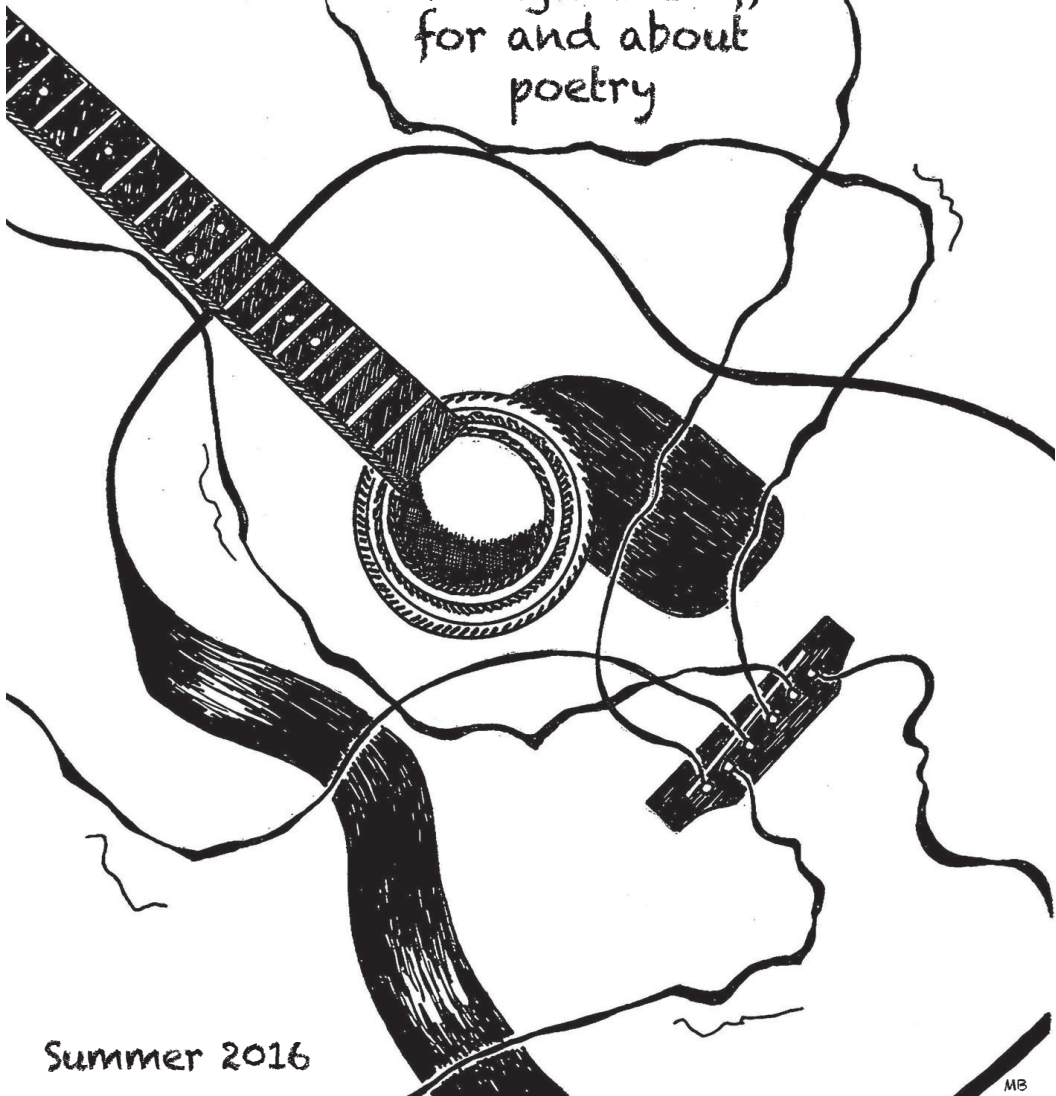


UNSTRUNG

A magazine of,
for and about
poetry



Summer 2016

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Unstrung is a project of the nonprofits The Blue Guitar
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Editor's Note

Travel is a theme running through this issue — travel as inspiration, adventure, escape, romance ... travel as a sense of place. Time is another theme — or the idea of being “atemporal” — separate from or unaffected by time. I can appreciate both ideas, having just come from a trip to Ireland. Our tour guide told us it's a relatively young island, emerging from the last ice age just 10,000 years ago. I got to see firsthand how sheer cliffs, rugged coastlines and rolling green hills could be a source of strength and inspiration for Irish poets. And, just as it is in Ireland, Arizona's own wild beauty is a source of strength and inspiration — its unforgiving deserts, forested mountains, high-plain meadows, soaring red cliffs. What's more, what is untamed here has existed long before we could even define the notion of “time” and will exist long after. But for us poets, it begs the question about our sources of inspiration: Are the sparks greater than what they ignite in us?

Rebecca “Becca” Dyer
Editor

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Eva Willis

A Bilingual Adventure

Upcoming Trip

Excitement surfaced every time Audrey
let herself think of her upcoming trip to Spain

the Prado

Moorish castles

Don Quixote

the voyages of Christopher Columbus

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She would visit Seville, Marbella on the Costa del Sol,
Barcelona, Madrid and more

I've got my two years of high school Spanish, she thought,
and I'm eager to try it out with a Castillian accent

to converse with the locals

What would she remember from ten years ago?

Barcelona Lesson

In Spain, Audrey met a fellow traveler, Anita,
from Washington, D.C. who was on the same tour

Anita worked for the American Medical Association
and was involved in publishing their monthly magazine

Continued on page 5

In Barcelona, on a free night, Audrey and Anita went to a popular local restaurant near the Ramblas

having agreed to escort a teenager, Marjorie, from Florida who was traveling with her mother

As the dinner was wrapping up, Marjorie left the table to go to the restroom and never came back

Audrey asked some waiters “donde esta?” and described the girl to find out where she had gone

She understood well enough to learn the girl left with some boys out the back door

Back at the hotel, the ladies alerted the girl’s mother, who was not surprised at her daughter’s disappearance

At breakfast the next morning before the tour, Marjorie and her mother were both present

Audrey and Anita later learned that Marjorie had been raped when she was 13

Marjorie is a handful, Audrey thought, and I won’t be responsible for her again; I’m done!

The Waiter Teo

Audrey was vacationing in Madrid
for three nights

She found that she liked the city
and the young Spanish men

They were dark, handsome
and had those slender hips

Many meals were served in the hotel
and a young man was one of the waiters

6

The first time he laid the linen napkin across Audrey's lap,
he looked into her eyes and smiled at her

He had a brilliant white smile
under warm, beautiful brown eyes

By the second day, Audrey asked his name
and found herself flirting with him

At lunch on the third day,
Teo was once again serving

Taken by this young man,
she decided to meet him in the lobby that night

At the prescribed time,
Teo and a friend appeared

When he saw that only Audrey was there,
Teo sent his friend away

He took Audrey to a dance club
where they sat at a small table in relative dark

They danced a few times and talked as much as they could,
Audrey frequently resorting to her English-Spanish dictionary

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Eva Willis

Eva Marie Willis (B.A. from ASU) is retired and lives in Ahwatukee (Phoenix), Arizona. Since retiring, she finds personal expression in her numerous poems, in dancing, and in her oil paintings. She is the author of “With All My Heart,” a collection of short stories and poems about relationships. It is available in paperback online from Lulu.com, Amazon, and Barnes and Noble. She is interested in politics, spirituality, dancing and living life to the fullest. You can follow her on Twitter under EvaTwits or contact her via e-mail at jwillis42@cox.net.

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Esther Schnur-Berlot

The New Normal

My choreographed morning begins
counting spoonfuls of coffee
to a shout out

Make stronger coffee.

Domestic mundane chatter
silenced by glaring headlines
A meme virus has spread
from mind to mind
infecting generations with

9

Death reward
Life a punishment

Random victims
bodies scattered
a rock concert in Paris, a picnic in Lahore,
knives wield outside a Tel Aviv cafe
Nothing personal –
just hapstance kills.

Continued on page 10

My coffee grows cold
sanity is trapped in a vise
perched on a split screen
over and over I ask
why, why, why

*Revenge is easier
Kill the bastards.*

Tasting bitterness
the newspaper is shoved aside
I cannot read on –
on the beheading of decency.

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Esther Schnur-Berlot

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. She is also in Poetica's Spring Issue of 2016 and will be in Poetica's Fall Issue of 2016. E-mail her at lberlot@q.com.

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Esther Schnur-Berlot

The Mob

Strange sycophants wait
for a pouty mouth
to flutter hearts
Our new savior tweets and twitters
gutter speech to roam above clouds
promising a dividing designer wall
to reach the sky

12 Surely we haven't forgotten
how to round up the other
We've hung strange fruit
in southern breezes before
Lassoing eleven million sepia tone faces
onto buses
should be easy breezy

Cleansing all aliens from sight
We'll make America white
Again
Mob voices genuflect
Amen

© 2016

Esther Schnur-Berlot

This Temporary Life

Forgetting and remembering
scab wounds dissolve
the calendar of time
hiding under a blanket of fear

Forgetting and remembering
best friends forever
playing potsy
licking dreamsicles

Forgetting and remembering
waning eyesight now seeing clearer
anger adjusts to forgiveness
optimism reigns in sadness

Forgetting and remembering
a life of lust to life of mind
physical decay dresses up faded youth
refuting passage of time

Forgetting and remembering
false starts on a road trip
of ambition refusing to take
the off ramp

Forgetting and remembering
life is temporary

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Esther Schnur-Berlot

Dilemma

If I matter to myself
and you matter to yourself

who is to decide
who matters more?

If we both feel pain
whose pain will take precedent?

Unfairness to me upsets me more
than unfairness to you.

My money is mine not ours.
Giving it all away – what's left to give?

Is dining out in style more important
than feeding the hungry?

If my heart doesn't bleed
will it cause my conscience pain?

Continued on page 15

Do I buy the cheap shirt made in China
Or the overpriced – made in the USA?

Over taxed into virtue – I scream
my wants are being suppressed.

Do Hillel's words help?
If I'm not for myself
Who will be for me
If I'm only for myself
What am I

© 2016

Elizabeth Oakes

Sedona and the Centuries

Here the rocks hold centuries
and give them to us,
palms open, red as if our blood
flowed through. We are like
shards of pots being reassembled
by invisible hands.

We spin in a sacred vortex
where junipers twist,
where what we were and are
and will be is wrung out,
where we twist into newness
like Sufi dancers.

The ocean that was once here
shimmers still. A wave tips
the shore, leaves shells of memory
in the puddles of morning.

© 2016

Elizabeth Oakes

Elizabeth Oakes (Ph.D., Vanderbilt University) is a poet, spiritual writer, and former university Shakespeare professor. Her first book of poems, “The Farmgirl Poems,” won the 2004 Pearl Poetry Prize, a national prize based in California. She is also the author of “Solace: Readings for Transforming Childhood Trauma and Healing Words: A Series of Interlocked Affirmations.” Currently, she is included in “Veils, Halos, and Shackles: International Poetry on the Oppression and Empowerment of Women” along with poets, both male and female, from fifteen countries, published in April 2016 in Israel. Elizabeth and her husband, the artist John Warren Oakes, first visited Sedona in 2008 and moved there permanently in 2012. She can be reached at je@etherealpub.com.

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Elizabeth Oakes

Here in Sedona

Here in Sedona
light is our habitat

Here pale – even white –
doves flash
like stunt pilots
or angels
over the ordinary highway

Here the mind becomes
canyon mind –
open
ageless
silent
waiting

Here, the world
says, here – take
this holy emptiness
and know
it. It is yours

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Continued on page 19

Here, the world
says, as a mother
who knows she's
dying says, take
this before you
go

Here, take this

© 2016

Ivana Kat

Magic I Am

My feet kiss the ground I walk on
all the way to your bedside
My calves crave your palms
and your fingers grasping them
pulling my thighs closer to your chest

Take off my garter wildly
but my stockings gently
Magic I am. Wait till you feel me.
Surrender into the now,
and stay. Breathe me

Close your eyes, accept more
Sense the universe and
Let go when it's right.
Your fire is strong,
I want to caress the flames.
© 2016

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Ivana Kat

The poet writes: “I am Ivana Kat, from Eastern Europe. I live in Arizona now. I find writing poetry a cozy refuge. Writing in a foreign language is a challenge I accepted.”

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Ivana Kat

Scream!

I cut my ears off to not hear your “good-bye”
Stuffed the holes with C4. Someone give me a light!
I poured wax on my eyes not to see you walk away
and yet your intense moves are tattooed on my retinas...

My skin I peeled off and poured instead colorful dye
My body squirming on the marble floor, leaves Picasso-like traces
Your touch I shall never feel again. I am falling astray
I burn like a fine cigar in a Swarovski crystals ashtray

22

Not chained and yet my mobility is handicapped
My fingertips indulged in your manly frame and loving strength
Now, as I am supposed to play the harp for strangers
gathered in the royal amphitheater, and I rather scream!

The conductor I must follow and commence entertaining
hundreds of unknown faces I feel pinpointed at my being
I want to rip out my voice box because it still moans
of our time together, when two souls and bodies interlaced.

© 2016

Ivana Kat

Thank you

Atemporal moments must caress your mind
as your eyes meet my words from wishing letters
I sent. Hoping them, to reach your soul

Decades it seems have spilled like honey
on the cold marble floor of our separate lives
as I waited my prison term to end

Your glow I needed to be mine
your breath down my spine and more
a promise I asked the cosmos to bechance

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to intertwine our paths again
and you being free; to sink
your passion in my psyche and flesh

We've met and I call for time to stop
As my hands flow along your body
That I crave and desire even more...

© 2016

Ivana Kat

Horrific Frigoriffic

On his couch I lay and needles stare at me with desire
to pierce my skin and take me to hear hell's choir
I feel the pillows' fabrics caressing my tired self
My eyes wonder slowly and they stop at the green bookshelf

Leaving that sweet spot, my feet take me towards it
each step hurts immensely as glass was broken without my permit
and my shoes I lost long ago or I might never had any
I can't recall nor I want to. I must be ready...

24

Delighting myself with some books and Newton's balance balls
I reach to give them motion and my hair on my face falls
Millimeters away my finger is from the cradle and I am disrupted
He's arrived to his home, and I am here a life to destruct

The slender man from the photo, his heart my round hits
My job is done, so payment I need, as in the lake he "sleeps"
Expensive cotton clothes he wore, I wish I kept
but my journey has to go as previously mapped.

© 2016

Ivana Kat

Limitless Illusions

Taking a breath of this collective nonsense,
My brain exploding in millions of molecules
I feel the colors. I hear visions of atemporal scenes
No pressure. 4 plus 5 is 11 this month

In my cup of tea there is the entire universe
My darkest thoughts break the cage I'm in
Under the dome I sit, singing Neptune's words
My sinuses pressure my brain; or is it stellar dust?

Infinite happiness and love amongst thy shadows
My friends, my voices, I am one with all
I adore my hands, my freckles, my ears, myself
Pushed to the limits... I realized, fear is my enemy

© 2016

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Ivana Kat

A Puppet (Make Me Dance)

Taking the makeup off
I look at the mirror
Giving back what it gets
It's serene. It is empty.
So am I.

To start a new day
Eggs sizzling in the pan; I break another
Holding it, seeing it drip...
It's dead. So is a story
Mine.

Browsing around for matching colors
In my closet! Always an experience...
I find my today's disguise
Another act. No feeling
Smiles.

Being a muse, a desire, a game
I flirt with life. Shows of fantasy.
People in "Awe." I am adored
And then the curtain drops. So does my mood.
A puppet.

© 2016

Robert Feldman

a time when

deer stole through the white wood,
heartbroken,
imagining warm green leaves—
blue stars,
a solitary cherished planet

shivering greytail
rotund chocolate eyes
imagining kinder forest voices
settled inside unbroken wide winter distances,
misty streams emanating frozen breath,
snow clumps falling from yellow and gold birch

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wounded raw wet deer
imagining lucid silver pools,
endless earth trails, grass
innocent of boot print,
devoid of the hunter's shells,
yes, instead imagining verdant hills, dells
to roam
steeped in the sweetness of patchouli clover

Continued on page 28

courageous classic deer
imagining seasons when apples fall effortlessly
there to lick—
taste,
resolute pathfinder,
woods without vengeance,
envisioning forests without assassins
back to a time when
wooden ships sailed on the water,
a time when imagination
merged with life
one dream realized,
one single life lived unbroken,
unconditionally

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for the children of Sandy Hook Elementary
© 2016

Robert Feldman

Born in Paterson, New Jersey, Robert Feldman was inspired at an early age by members of Paterson's literary tradition, most notably Louis and Allen Ginsberg and William Carlos Williams. As a young adult while living in St. Louis, he organized various poetry readings, produced and hosted a community issues news hour and a biweekly bebop jazz radio program on KDNA-FM. It was during this time his interest and admiration for the Beat Generation flourished. 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." During the '80s and '90s, he participated in dozens of poetry readings around the country. Now years later, he continues to write, paint, and play tabla, besides working with high-school students as faculty advisor of the Park Vista Writers Workshop. The body of Robert Feldman's writing and painting can be accessed at www.albionmoonlight.net; he can be reached at rffeldman@gmail.com.

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Robert Feldman

Horse

(for Chris Taylor and Patti Smith)

because I can dream
she is dead,
I can dream my victim---
falling off a cliff
junk
dripping,
compensating sperm

because I can dream
delusion caresses my spirit,
horse burned to death
trapped inside its stable
nobody to lead it out
by its tail---
rope of blackfire,
teeth
bared and smoking---
portrait!

Continued on page 31

because I can dream
see others' faces first
before my own dream---
she is dead
buried under her rising sign,
flinging dirt,
broken red fingernails
scattering frightened seagulls
almost to the sea,
almost home,
my victim

sure, yeah, I can dream,
because I can dream about her
who forced a bridle between my teeth
who yanked the reins a few times
who mounted me face frozen solid,
“giddy up, come on!”
anytime she needed some spirit,
“come on horsee!”
anytime she wanted some more death,
“giddy up...”
so she could ride
so I could dream

Robert Feldman

a most peculiar man

once he started he could not recall how that broom wound up in his hands.

all he knew was that the littered yard had to be swept clean, stray papers needing to be picked up, the glass shards, broken pebbles, dehydrated aquamarine gum, fossilized insects.

so purposely, yard by yard, inch by inch, that spindly broom whisked along, always directed mindfully of where to go next, and when to move on.

all the while there were no thoughts pouring or seeping in or out of his mind; each moment became forever, unbound, infinite...complete.

and he did not pause, not for a second, to follow the ride of the swooping red-tailed hawk floating above his sweaty brow...

and he was not mindful of the sporadically joyful cries of children resounding...some insignificant breeze fluttering through his fingers and hair...soundless acoustic babble melting into his gorgeous fabric of meditation, precise consciousness.

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Continued on page 33

the sweeper never once looked up – nothing else mattered,
except the rhythm of bristles on concrete, candy wrappers becoming one
with greater candy wrappers, and that long train emerging from the sweet
long-lost tunnel, into the daylight of nothing more than right here, right now.

© 2016

Robert Feldman

Sunflowers, Sutras, Wheatfields

(for Erik Satie)

1st Movement

upstairs Chinese lamp,
outside streetlight alabaster snow
brushing across the Seine River,
C minor occasional impressionist midnight breeze

34 inside Satie sips absinthe
dreaming of fish,
staring stoically back at the dusk,
warming pumice raked hands over wood stove,
umbrellas populate a distant room,
sparse fingers fly across imaginary minimalist keyboards,
88 keys,
twice over

Continued on page 35

2nd Movement

his eyes close...

Sunflowers,

Sutras,

Wheatfields...

broken rainbows

pony-tailed girls

Honfleur moon, uncertain...

the curtain rises...

3rd Movement

eyes close again...

captured in his mind's eye

his velvet figure accompanies himself

walking around each chord several times

each step ambiguous

avoiding any glimpse of sunshine

at all costs,

a widower's religion

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Continued on page 36

4th Movement

bittersweet playground,
park overgrown
willow reeds,
rushes,
stray pelicans hover,
flutter,
warm cryptic lake
slowly ripples
infiltrating the fingers
ballerina boats skirt about devoid of gravity,
French dancers,
chipmunks
moths
alltogethernow,
raining reindeer glasses,
white food diet...
is there a parade for Erik?

36

Continued on page 37

5th Movement

“Oh, didn’t hear you enter...care for some brandy? Still snowing out there?”

“Paris can be so unforgiving when we have one of these daunting April blizzards, no?”

“well, never mind – let me take your coat...no? yes, you’re shivering! Yes, yes! Some brandy would do you fine.”

“I do so love practicing your new concerto even though this piano sometimes flattens those minor chords”

“which is precisely why we’ve prepared another piano above this one! simplicity may be expressed in octaves”

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Continued on page 38

6th Movement

Suzanne left no farewell note
just a portrait
when the intensity became too much to bear

Satie's room
welcomed no other,
now devoid of companionship,
a single repeated chord
not expressing harmony,
unrequited love,
his repeated waxen candle reburned to nothingness
only the Gymnopédies survives—
French dada wheatfields forever frozen,
Van Gogh sunflowers forever fossilized
artistic eternal sutra unrealized

© 2016

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Robert Feldman

Prolific fingers

Prolific fingers
handheld words
fire to water
characters abound

Nails grasping letters
chiseling poetry
prying open the breath
sense
touch

Prolific fingers
earnestly clench
where the heart directs
where the pulse participates
where the blood broods
where the skin stretches—

Fingers
Nails
Words
Characters...
specters of poetry,
all merge as me
© 2016

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Robert Feldman

Shanibird

(eulogy to Shani Friedman)

her goddess gut laugh
cleared the air
better defining the art being discussed,
Peter's dots hurled up against the wall
Jon's masking taped stripes
abstractexpressionist colors
exploding into Eric Satie chords,
and all those painters
would gather around Shanibird—
kids waiting for ice cream

and yes, even the poets
checked out the bop
from her piano
tuned to flatted fifths:
“Feldman! Must you guys always listen to Dylan and the Dead!?”

wow! we cleared our heads
considered the voice...
Nancy was right!
there really was jazz
splendid cosmic candles all around us...
why hang onto borders?

Continued on page 41

last night Carmen said
we were all kids together
once upon a time in Bisbee,
the merriest pranksters,
painted faces
parading down Brewery Gulch
celebrating April fools
reading equal-house astrology charts
debating Henry Miller, Dante, and Gurdjieff,
whatever blew into her open window
wherever it was...
Shani served us all tea

now, her music drifts in from some other window
where she is sure of,
and we must trust her voice
we always have—
why not this time?
when here in this theatre, right now,
she has lowered the curtain
left us here,
all of us here...
this sister would want us
to move on
to create our next possibility...
brief candles that we are!

41

Richard Fenton Sederstrom

Notes in Black and White

In a black and white photo
the canine clarity of black and white,
the absence
of human sight dominates
the scene in such
a way that the scene
disappears
in favor of its particulars

42 as color becomes dispensable
and the scene belongs
to the mind striving
to fare far out
from the prescribed
bounds of eyesight.

*

Rafting white water
you see best
through the cold white
splash on your face.

*

Continued on page 43

To look into the lake
on a day of such clarity of depth,
but no visible bottom
by which we can test
the intrusions of reality,

to see so far into the water
is to see into collodion
emulsions of clear
oblivion,
a perfect obsidian
refracted out of sunlight.

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Richard Fenton Sederstrom

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In his fourth book, “Eumaeus Tends,” the poet admits: “By choice and necessity, I lead an eremitic life. I have not been educated in what is called ‘creative writing.’ I do not deserve to display the credentials of the MFA, and so I cannot be regarded as a professional poet. I like it that way. It is probable that I make many mistakes. I am inclined to allow the beginnings of my poems to wander in prosy fashion and let rhythm take over when it has a mind to. Still, my mistakes are my own. But if anything I say is worth saying, the worth is my own too. I’d like to think that those who look at the poems may gain from my mistakes and venture their own. We may learn together and enjoy together the adventure of making language and sharing it.”

Contact the poet at richard_sederstrom1221@q.com.



Richard Fenton Sederstrom

After Wards: A Disconstruction of Future Reflection

Washington, late spring, 1864

walnut cabinet
rounded front
curved glass doors
confound
his way out of terror
four shelves laden with nostrums
most in gray-green gangrene tins
labels like all
language now partly ob
literated man
gled like words in ward

in silence, in dreams projection
raises eyes from unfol
ded letter
unwilling to move or see or
breathe
reads what can be seen of each row of tins

down
ward from shelf to shelf to shelf to shelf
word-lorn tally athwart this days deaths
gawks into a specter of his pallor in the curve of glass

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Continued on page 46

	ACCIDIUM TANNICUM	SMITHI NTRAS		YLUM
ARB.	ASSI IDIUM		CII PHAS	LACTOSUM
	SODII BORAS ALBA	SINAPIS	M	IS AS
OTASSI FT. OD TART.		FLDEXT RGOT		CCARINUM
	INCI DUM		IACTOSUM	

Walt sorts sheaf of un
folded letters
puts several unread into pocket
to read later by him

self

maybe over and

over
again

to no one anymore

returns to ward

tired

bonebonebone

bonetired

and hearty grieved

a grievous day

and oh wordless word

less word less

as a photograph of night

O

beautiful

be persuaded*

*in the constructed future reflection:

“(Come sweet death! be persuaded, O beautiful death!)”

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Richard Fenton Sederstrom

Tourist as Magus, Magus as Tourist (*Karchner Caverns*)

Of course you need to leave your mark here,
a sacred handprint in a sacred place.
How can you leave Underworld by merely leaving?

Clap your souvenir cap to your head and go?
Grab a pre-wrapped sandwich
before you squint your way to the parking lot?

48 At the very least you need to touch the damp living wall
with your warm hand, *need* to
feel the cool. But you shiver and refrain.

Better that you let the cool touch bless the rest of you
with your sense of eons in this holy undercroft.
Merely to touch may leave no mark.

To touch merely, to be touched merely
will leave a shared emblem on you
and on the shadow-wall of the cave.

But you also know about purity.
How easily purity is contaminated.
How easily you may be contaminated.

Continued on page 49

You keep your wanting, grieving hand in its pocket.
Feeling your hand there, maybe touching nothing
but the familiar car keys, your grandfather's pocket knife,

you know in your fingers, whatever they touch,
that they touch whatever mark you have left,
what mark you have been left with.

You share, not touching the generations
you have been touched by,
that you touch.

© 2016

Kerry Bennett

Up Here

Up here

The silent mountains are my solace,
Your unseen presence, my landmark.

Up here

The warm, dry winds carry the sound of your beating heart.

Up here

The clouds wander like souls above us,
Looking for loved ones and spirits of the past.
I wander the streets looking for your smile.

Up here

Freshly washed with summer rain,
Pine needles glisten in sunlight,
The way your eyes light up in laughter.

Up here

The earth is ruddy, sharp, rocky.
I run my hands over your face, but it is dusty red stone,
With a prickly pear beard.

Up here

As wild flowers blanket the meadows and stars veil the skies,
I piece together this quilt of words in my native tongue,
So that someday you might lift your head

Up here

And listen.

© 2016 (This poem first appeared in Coconino Community College's literary and arts magazine *Curios*.)

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Kerry Bennett

Kerry Bennett writes poetry inspired by the people and landscape of the Southwest. She also writes memoirs about growing up in the 1960s and '70s as well as travel narratives. Kerry grew up in Michigan and spent a number of years on the East Coast. She now lives in Flagstaff, where she has a day job in marketing communications for a local health-care organization. Kerry studies with nationally known author Mary Sojourner. You can email Kerry at kerryb41@aol.com.

51



Kerry Bennett

Ring of Salt

Here in the high desert,
Water is hidden deep within the mountains, precious and scarce.
Only beads of sweat left on my face as I climb up.
Only a trace of tears left as I wish you goodbye.
I've already cried that river.
I've already finished that drink.
Wanting, not having.
Wishing, not getting.
Wandering, not finding.
Those tears are long gone, under the bridge.
London Bridge, Rainbow Bridge.
The Bridge of Sighs.
As the sun sets, I climb down, my shadow leading the way.
The tears and sweat have left their mark,
Like a ring of salt on the rim of an empty glass
And a slice of lime, a broken straw.
© 2016 (This poem first appeared in Coconino Community College's
literary and arts magazine *Curios*.)

Kerry Bennett

Midnight in Flagstaff

Lights out, windows open.

The unease of being here
(without really being here)

hangs in the air.

I taste the cool summer breeze,
smell pine needles and dust.

The midnight train comes through town,
and my thoughts rattle around like empty boxcars.

Sleep settles softly, finally,

As crickets chirp in the field beyond.

© 2016 (This poem first appeared in Coconino Community College's
literary and arts magazine *Curios*.)

53

Dale L. Baker

Lanai Time

Do you know south Maui beaches?

Do you know the evening air?
that skips around feet
propped up on windward chairs?

Tradewinds that skim the ocean
puff mist between spread toes

wiggles
tickles,
giggles

Even with my eyes closed
I know south Maui air
from toe to nose
the mist rides low
and settles in my hair

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Dale L. Baker

Dale L. Baker enjoys reading her poetry at Dog-Eared Pages Bookstore's monthly open mic. See www.youtube.com for video "Ms Dale L Baker slut poem." Her book of poems "Jarring a Tiny Bird" released in 2016 begins with a dedication to one strong woman in Ms. Baker's life, her grandmother, and ends with a tribute to another, the teacher instrumental in Ms. Baker's development as a writer. The hummingbird theme from the title appears often in the book, linking emotional highs and lows of caregiving, widowhood, loss, healing, online dating and sheer joy. It's a coquettish, playful yet powerful book for mature women and the men who love them. "Jarring a Tiny Bird" is the poetic sequel to Ms. Baker's first book "More Than I Could Ever Know: How I Survived Caregiving," the winner of two book awards in 2014. Ms. Baker moved to Arizona in 2012 to start a new life after several years of caring for family members in Oregon. She spends her summers in Hawaii. Visit her website, <http://www.msdailelbaker.com>.

55



Dale L. Baker

Still Hooked

why is it
those we love
don't love us back?

and those who worship us
fail to
excite us?

why in the evening
do I slap my hand
to keep it from
Googling and Facebooking you?
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56

Dale L. Baker

Exit Door

Over a doorknob
noose-knotted trousers
on his knees
throwing his weight

with a snap
he hung
himself

on a doorknob
his own trousers

57

Calculated
Researched
Envisioned, no doubt, hundreds of times

on his knees
wanting so badly
with a snap
to move on

seeing only
throwing his weight
this one way
out

© 2016

Dale L. Baker

Thirty Years Too Late For The Party

Foot on log, hand on knee; old photograph of me,
Crater Lake and my jeans, same blue hue,
Denim tight, fit so fine, my hair glows like thick honey
What a gorgeous girl I was; sad shame I never knew.

Shyness kept me from the crowds, round shoulders hid my bust.
A desk corralled my hips and thighs, a chair caressed my butt.
I should have been out dancing, luring masculine lust.
Why did I choose to study when I could have been a slut?

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58

Dale L. Baker

Love Birds

They sat on either side of
sugar water,
Emerald female
Ruby-throated male.

Through our kitchen window,
I watched,
waiting for them
to squabble and bolt.

When they lingered
I smiled.
Swaying together, they sipped
separated by glass.

I knew you'd be thrilled when I told you,
disappointed that you were not here.
Then
I remembered.

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Continued from page 59

What's left of you fills an urn
in the living room.

You've seen your last hummingbird,
enjoyed your last
magnolia-shaded summer
beneath
pint-sized buzz.

How foolish of me
To forget.

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60

Dale L. Baker

Picked From Air

The rounding sounds of words call to me
They float
They glide
They tumble and rumble,
Seducing me to lure them
To set them down in rows
To pair them off
Noun verb, noun verb, noun verb
To spice them with adjectives
To adorn them with festive phrases
To dress them with dangling participles
They laugh at *faux pas*
They giggle at *deja vu*
Those tempting teasing words
I'll never catch them all
They reproduce, recouple and float free
So there are plenty left for you,
And you,
And you,
And you,
As well as for me

© 2016

61

Richard Fenton Sederstrom

A Case for the Lonely Writer

*First one. First try fail better one. Something there badly not wrong. Not that as it is it is not bad. The noface bad. The no hands bad. The no -. Enough. A pox on bad. Mere bad. Way for worse.*ⁱ

62 If what follows maintains a course it will do so mostly without me. So it may be confusing. I hope so. If what follows makes sense, then I have done the job wrong. If it leads you toward discovering something like sense on your own, then I have succeeded. Too well, I suspect. A starting point somewhere between the two poles will satisfy me. So will anywhere around the poles. Anywhere, but Somewhere. Indeed, I hope that it remains confusing to all of us, because I want to say something about independence among poets, but I want to do it by way of my own stumbling adventure with a poem, whether I am writing it or reading it. And that is confusing. I will add here that I will seem to leave out everyone in the writing world but poets. I would apologize, but I don't write novels, nor "creative non-fiction" nor ... you understand. Besides, poets were here first, and no writer worth the language is entitled to abandon Genesis. AND: all literature that is literature is made up of poetry.

*

If you ask me why I write "something like poetry"ⁱⁱ I might shuffle about, grin innocently and joke that I like to communicate with the people who knew Homer and visited with Odysseus at home. It can't possibly be true.

It is true.

Continued on page 63

Engaging in poetry as poet—as reader, as LISTENER, as tolerated if not welcome participant—is engaging with the late simian re-vision of the very beginning, the world before poetry, the world before words. And that return destroys utterly the future of poetry. Only it doesn't; it can't. It does eliminate the possibility of poetry, of any art, even as a profession.

But of course and again, it doesn't. Art, like Walt, is large, a kosmos, and contains multitudes, including professional artists.

*

A.R. Ammons, who spent most of his life teaching poetry, which means classes and workshops, was nevertheless always an outsider, never sure about his status as a professor or poet paddling around the mainstream. He tried not to take it personally. What he said about government support of the arts is, in part:

I detest the averaging down of expectation and dedication that occurs when thousands of poets are given money in what is really waste and welfare, not art at all. . . . The genuine is lost, and the whole field wallops with political and social distortions. ⁱⁱⁱ

Ammons fails to provide alternative suggestions for independent poets. The independent poet already knows what to do: be independent—and stay in the world he needs to stay in. The day job. Also, very likely, the night job. That the job might be teaching, even teaching writing in a college, doesn't matter so much as experience in a world matters: the C.W. workshop, a whaling ship, a bedroom and garden in Amherst, a desk in an office in Hartford, working in a pool hall and tutoring, teaching third grade. What works.

*

When I look in the backs of anthologies at the biographies of poets these days, I am not surprised that almost all of the contributors are products of MFA programs and that they are most likely to teach creative writing at colleges and universities. ^{iv} That this system is responsible for a stolid quality of inbreeding and secular ecclesiastics with acolytes training acolytes is not the point of this essay.

Still:

Mark Edmundson, whose own notion of poetry I think to be a touch sonorous by today's standards, nevertheless makes a potent case against our reliance on the institution of the MFA workshop degree.

64

To thrive in this process you often must write in the mode of the mentor—you must play the game that is there to be played. You must be a member of the school, you must sing in the correct key. If you try to overwhelm the sponsor, explode his work into irrelevance—well, the first law of success is simple: Never outshine the master. . . . The master will not like it—and there will be no first book, no fellowship, no job, no preferment. It is only by making the master look more accomplished, by writing in his mode, becoming a disciple, that the novice ascends. . . .

To thrive in the world of contemporary poetry, to thrive at court, you had best play it safe, offend none. ^v

Although the comments are reminiscent of Dr. Johnson's complaints about patronage (which he grudgingly accepted anyway), Edmundson's

view is harsh. Certainly he knows that the artist will take what she needs from the program she has entered with both optimism and skepticism, and she will, as she learns to learn for herself, take what works and leave what doesn't. She may save her overt displays of independence (rebellion and revelation) for her real world, and she may even discover what real worlds exist for her.

Or not. Or not. Or not.

*

The artistic life I want to contemplate is the ancient, sacred and disregarded primordium that poets still come from, the old array of human characters who have been driven to look at the world, and beyond the world, in ways that may be accompanied by the lyre. Most of us these days seem to have been bred by the fires of MFA programs, like salamanders, but some of us also know that our fires are confined neither to institutions nor myth. We are what we come from.

65

Like for instance:

I don't know how many poets have spent their careers teaching at the elementary and high school levels. Not many, I think, not so much because these poets don't exist as that they have no institution to support them. So I will try to speak for my anonymous colleagues when I declare that we are the appropriate subject and audience for Tomas Tranströmer's poem, "Codex." We represent the anonymous practitioners who spend their lives quietly transforming and transferring the culture to next and next and next generations, in a strong sense all at once, those minds who eventually and somehow joyfully

. . . can no longer receive
have not stopped giving.
They rolled out a little of the radiant and melancholy tapestry
and let go again.
They are anonymous, they are my friends
without my knowing them

They are like members of my own ancestral family, names mostly never known, or forgotten, or moiled into the vaguest generic mythos of unheeded family tales; men and women—mostly women—who, whatever their official life-calling might have been, somehow managed to spend much of their lives in the front of the classroom, adding words to the “Codex.”

It’s an attempt to take nothing as ever finished, but so far as we can, always to translate, transform, transfer, “to step over the border without anyone noticing ...”

*

In European caves, among what are now fragile treasures of what we see as art, besides the pictures of great animals—bison, rhinoceros, aurochs, lion—are handprints. Handprints, among the rarity of the caves, are not uncommon. But in Chauvet Cave ^{vi} the little finger of the limned hand is slightly bent. We cannot assume that the hand was chosen on behalf of this trivial misfeature. It is, we assume, a hand communicating—what? It is not our language; we have no language for what we see; we cannot see without language. For us, it is only the bent finger that suggests language—a signature; we cannot help but interpret. It is no more than a flaw, a repeated visual hiccup. If it were speech—poetry—we might hear it, see it, as a stammer, an interruption to the flow

Continued on page 67

of sense that would stop us—and we are stopped—to consider what, in the flow of the poem, suddenly sends us beyond language.

*

Sometime during my first years of graduate school, I bought the brand-new volume *Poetry: The Golden Anniversary Issue*.^{vii} I still have it. It's right over there on the fourth shelf up, to the right, a little more, that's it. I know, it's pretty small, but that's all the bigger it needs to be.

Actually, because I am writing several hundred miles from that bookshelf, I am not really looking at the book. I don't really need to. Neither do you. If you know who was writing poetry between 1912 and 1968, just in general—this isn't a test—then you know who are represented in this little volume. You may not like all of their work, in fact, you may react almost violently to some of the most famous of it, but you can't really get away from it, whether you want to or not. And you do want to, and you do not want to.

I used to subscribe to *Poetry*. I haven't for over a decade. One of my friends still subscribes, but he admits that the reasons fall between hope for improvement and a stubborn defeatism. But I have gotten mail from *Poetry*.

Here is part of one such letter, one that I have received at least twice in the last few years:

Dear Reader:

It is difficult
to get the news from poems
yet men die miserably every day
for lack
of what is found there.

--from Asphodel, that Greeny Flower

Continued on page 68

When William Carlos Williams wrote the lines above, he didn't mean them literally – as if a poem a day, like an apple, would keep the doctor away. What he meant was that poetry nourishes us, and refreshes and helps us discover the meaning of our daily existence.

I do not know that I can argue with that, so far as it takes me. But it doesn't take me farther than so many other matters that refresh me and help me discover the meaning of my daily existence: my morning coffee, a cool shower on a hot day, rain drops on roses, whiskers on kittens, crisp apple strudel ^{viii} and even many not so favorite things.

68 William Carlos Williams cannot have been so dull-witted the day he wrote those lines! “Men die miserably every day for lack of what is found there”! The sentiment is uplifting, no doubt, but the image is horrifying. He is referring to what may be found in what he calls, just above these lines, “despised poems.” If the banner representative of America's premier (and wealthiest) poetry magazine can fail to read what is on the page, what purpose can the magazine really have these days than—like any successful institution, universities for instance—to perpetuate itself? Surely, something there is in poetry that is more than mere Poetry, or why does some of it stick around so long?

To foe of His—I'm deadly foe—
None stir the second time—
On whom I lay a Yellow Eye—
Or an emphatic thumb—

Though I than He—may longer live
He longer must—than I—
For I have but the power to kill,
Without—the power to die—

764 ix

or

Eros makes me shiver again
Strengthless in the knees
Eros gall and honey,
Snake-sly, invincible. x

or

69

The staggering stammering author shivers twice at this double poetic revelation: Shiver #1) In the history poem, Kings (1, 20), Elijah discovers Yahweh not in the power of the wind or the cataclysm of the earthquake, but in the miniscule axial word *ruah*, “breath.” Shiver #2) The King James Bible slant/translates that word, however, as “*a still small voice*.” It is a voice that most people are still in want of hearing, and many die for the want.

*

John Barr served as the first president of the Poetry Foundation (whence, these days, *Poetry* magazine). In September 1996, Poetry published Barr’s essay “American Poetry in the New Century.” Among his comments, he declared, “American poetry is ready for something new because our poets have been writing in the same way for a long time now. There is fatigue, something stagnant about the poetry written

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today.” The letter from the magazine that I quote from above came to me the last time in 2014. The more things change ...

Whatever the goal of any institution—a church, a university, a government, a corporation, a poetry foundation—as it succeeds, if fails. Its purpose evolves to avoid failure, or the fear of failure, by resorting to schemes of self-preservation, benign or ruthless—both usually. As our purpose as artists, whatever we think the purpose is, is partly not to fail, we can do no more than to take what the institution offers and then grow without it. Or, grow without it from the start. But grow.

*

70 The finger continues to beckon. Some caves are still, to geologists, alive. To the artist, in caves like Chauvet, images still stop us for want of words, including ours. The images and we stand together, all helplessly stammering and staggering, unapproachable and alive. Here is a stammer; a mystery of stammers—of hesitation—of nearly unspoken—unspeakable perhaps—Threats (“A sumptuous Destitution”) to all that we Think we Perceive:

In many and reportless places
We feel a Joy—
Reportless, also, but sincere as Nature
Or Deity—

It comes, without a consternation—
Dissolves—the same—
But leaves a sumptuous Destitution—
Without a Name—

Profane it by a search—we cannot
It has no home—
Nor we who having once inhaled it—
Therefore roam. ^{xi} (1382)

To where did Emily Dickinson roam? Only into and through the poem and into Eternity in order to battle the Inventor of Eternity—to the Death. I don't think that Dickinson is being coy in the feeling of line 2; I do think that she aims toward a joy that is unique in its defiance of what we are taught by culture to think of as "Joy." It is a terrible Joy that is born of a poet's freedom and aloneness:

On this heath wrecked from Genesis, nerve endings quicken.
Naked sensibility at the extremest periphery. Narrative
expanding contracting dissolving. Nearer to know
less before afterward schism in sum. No hierarchy,
no motion of polarity. ^{xii}

71

Workshops do not need to teach such language. Can they, in fact? What Dickinson learned of life through her poetry could not have been learned from life in Amherst alone, either through cooperation with her own culture or kneeling at the feet of her distant "Master." What Howe learns from Dickinson, and what she learns from her own writing (prosepoetry?) about Dickinson's writing does not come from classroom or workshop.

*

A.R. Ammons seems, at least in part, to have enjoyed the inspiration for *Sphere: The Form of a Motion* from a faculty meeting: listening: listening? being there? playing with his car keys while his attention was

Continued on page 72

directed toward the door? Or the notion he may have played with in his mind in or out of the pulse of a meeting: The One and the Many probably: when someone suggested that some notion be put in “the form of a motion.” O, yeah. What is more formless than motion: what is more formed than the effort of following the motion? (The colon was Ammons’ trademark punctuation.)

the shapes nearest shapelessness awe us most, suggest
the god: elemental air in a spin, counterclockwise
for us, lets its needlepoint funnel down and gives us

a rugged variety of the formless formed: ^{viii}

72

“We approach the task of listening/Through the veil
of meaningless distraction.” ^{xiv}

*

I looked back at the very beginning of this just to see if I had come to a reasonable conclusion to the troubles, or if I were still confused. I am proud to assert that my intention that the piece would maintain its course without me, and that I would remain confused, has come to pass. On the other hand, I have to admit that owing to the confusion I have maintained, I am the last person to decide whether any of it has taken a course toward good sense, or even usable ideas in that direction. Still, I am not where I started, I think.

What is a writer? What is an artist? How does the artist know that she has done art? What should the artist’s focus be? To return to Trans-trömer’s “Codex,” I omitted to look at the actual people represented in the poem. Take “Adam Ilebough 1448”:

Who?

It was he who made the organ spread its clumpy wings and rise—
and it held itself airborne nearly a minute.

An experiment blessed with success!

So we know a little bit about Adam Ileborough, and it is possible to find out more. We will not discover much of anything that tells us more about Ileborough's art or his unsung contribution to that art. But we can extrapolate the possibility that without Ileborough's almost anonymous contribution, the next step (the step leading to Bach?) might not have happened, or might have evolved into an entirely different butterfly in the process of musical evolution.

That is what matters! It is good to read the masters of the past in their success: Homer, Sappho, Lucretius, Virgil, Du Fu, Chaucer, Shakespeare, Dickens, Whitman, Dickinson, Rossetti (Christina), Twain, a list I make very quickly and pretty much arbitrarily, save that, for the first six writers, we have no idea what training they had in their art, and that for the last six, we know that they had no particular training; in fact, none of them either enjoyed or tolerated much formal education at all. Each of them might as well be anonymous (efforts continue to anonymize poor Shakespeare). What they left, they left. The rest of the tradition, almost all of the tradition, belongs to the written Codex. We belong to that Codex, but only insofar as we have done the work we know and think and strive to do. For itself.

*

I began all this with a more than slightly “mistake”-ridden quotation from Samuel Beckett. The translation of that has been floating around for some time now, and it is beyond doubt that it has (poor Beckett, who was, nevertheless, open to even the most feckless of ironies) become a

cliché. But, as it has much to do with the subject here, it will not suffer from one more repetition:

“Ever tried. Ever failed. No matter. Try again. Fail again. Fail better.”

*

I am going to finish (finally? finally!) by listening to some of us. I went back through last summer's edition of *Unstrung* in search of some more stammers, bent finger-prints, efforts that may or may not begin to succeed, but which fit into the Codex we have all been participating in all along. Each poet is among the youngest in that edition, and with one exception all the pieces are excerpts, unfairly perhaps but intentionally isolated. What, in fact and eventually, is not an excerpt? Like Sappho, we are all made up of fragments, or else we are finished.

74 For the purpose of this exercise, I am not including the names of the poets, but with a little very and very appropriate effort you can find them in that edition of *Unstrung*. If you cheat and look, you fail in this; you will have missed the point (point?) of my wandering, and to quote G.B. Shaw and a very dear late friend, “The angels will weep for you.” Or they will not.

*

1
the shards of liquor bottles, guised
as stones, reflect the searing sunrays
of the afternoon.
glass that is now desert,
arranged like patches on a quilt.
each shard has a density
and hue; each shard is an emblem
carrying a history of tragedy &
jubilee.

bottles that Chicano boys drink
& throw into washes, bottles of
hard liquor consumed by Yaqui boys;
bottles that break like their reflections.
broken bottles like the memories
of drunken saguaros, who drink
sunrise and vomit ashes.
they are phantoms, who don't
know their names & who wait
for the rain to fill up the washes.
their gratitude is all this glass
on the bed of the wash,
an offering in return for
the liquor of grey skies.
a wash of desert glass is
a mirror made of these shards
reflecting the sun &
all the forgotten faces of Tucson.

75

2
“Do you bleed?”
I asked the bird
“Do you feel as I do?
I’ve suffered idleness
And so I must tell you
Of the dreams I have of endless seas
And of temples vandalized.
My love for you undying,
Yet still away you fly.

The sky may welcome you,
But my words a tempest make.
I will cage you in my chest
For I have no heart to break.”

“Do you speak?”
I asked the mountain,
“Do you feel as I do?
Every drop of sweat
Was to become worthy of you.
Though I still have fear of falling
And being blinded by the sun,
I want only for my devotion
To set loose your crystal tongue.
My words are to you unmoving
For your roots run far too deep.
Without the strength to crush you,
You’ll dissolve in tears I weep.”

3
Sir,
You taught well – I admit.
To this day, words drop out of me:
Light . . . with pause, and
Fearful.
Because little girls shall not make large ripples
But you ripped much more than my voice.
So now I make a sound, Sir.
for every disregard,

every lie to match convenience,
every shove into the corners of my mind,
i thank you.
My mind is now furnished with the comforts of a home
that you never could provide
And a heart large enough for a world said to have no heart for me.
thank you.
for the cutting curses
that cut me free from the complacency of a life
meant to keep my head down
So that I could float above the world to a found home. and
thank you
for beating me down until I didn't know myself
So that I had to stand up again to be found
and most importantly,
thank you
for hurting me
So I could learn to weigh importance with pain.
it hurts to look you in the eye, sir.
nowadays it hurts to look just about anyone in the eye.
because what you did to me was enough
to stop looking for anything in others.

77

4
Tell me why I should see your question mark
and do anything but take the hooked end and
hang you in the town square, ill omen that you are
vision of the silence you forced upon
me.

Tell me why it is because I still have the heart
to love the ones who left me guarding dying pumpkins.
Tell me why when question marks appear
my veins are lined with gunpowder,
this overly tied tongue's weak wick stands ready
the sticks of dynamite that pose as my corrupted skeleton
are whispering as they collide.
You stand with lighter in clenched yellow rose fist
flicking flame at my timidity like lashes of the devil's
tail.

And my eyes are glitching timers
trying to foresee their own destruction
and not comprehending why, WHY
a question
could so pose itself simply
but just dangerously enough to stand me on the
edge of infinity
and dare me to answer
with its 99 cent lighter inches from my fuse. ^{xv}

*

In the *Paris Review* interview, David Lehman asked A.R. Ammons
“Do you think poetry has any future?”

Ammons replied, “It has as much future as past—very little.”

Lehman: “Could you elaborate on that?”

Ammons: “Poetry is everlasting. It is not going away. But it has
never occupied a sizable portion of the world's business and probably

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never will”.

Reality is always good news, and this is reality. So is the work of the poets quoted above. So is our work.

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ⁱ Samuel Beckett, *Worstward Ho*.

ⁱⁱ William Stafford’s phrase. It is usefully corrective to vanity and other symptoms of panic.

ⁱⁱⁱ Interviewed by David Lehman in *The Paris Review*, summer 1996.

^{iv} One of the very few poets in the *2014 Best of American Poetry* not aligned with the profession is Sean Thomas Dougherty, who works in a pool hall and tutors private students.

^v “Poetry Slam or, the decline of American Verse,” *Harper’s*, July 2013.

^{vi} Werner Herzog, *The Cave of Forgotten Dreams*.

^{vii} University of Chicago Press, 1968.

^{viii} Do I really need to identify this?

^{ix} *The Complete Poems of Emily Dickinson*, Thomas Johnson, ed.

^x Guy Davenport, trans. in *The Norton Book of Classical Literature*.
At the time of writing, I do not have access to Ann Carson’s translation, which I would have quoted from. But this’ll do for now.

^{xi} Susan Howe, *My Emily Dickinson*, p. 22.

^{xii} *idem*. p. 23.

^{xiii} A.R. Ammons, *Sphere*, p. 16 (section 13).

^{xiv} R.F.S. “Respiration,” from *Disordinary Light*.

^{xv} But of course, I really can’t leave the poets truly anonymous. It is appropriate to do so in the context but not fair to the people who invented these lines. So the names of the poets follow, but only the names. It is still up to you to finish the exercise. The poets are, in order, Enrique García Naranjo, Hannah Irene Walsh, Emily Long, and Zoe Keeter, to whom, my thanks.

79

Open Mic: A celebration of the arts

Join us at our Monthly Open Mic Arts, Letters and Culture Events. They are a great opportunity for artists, writers and performers in all genres, spanning all disciplines and cultural representations, to get together, meet one another, read, present, share, learn and enjoy.

Where: Dog-Eared Pages Books, 16428 N. 32nd St., Suite 111 (just south of Bell Road), Phoenix, AZ 85032; (602) 283-5423.

When: Every last Thursday of each month, from 5 p.m. to 7 p.m.

We also address key issues in contemporary art and culture, exchange ideas, learn new things through rigorous talks, conversations, debates and readings in an informal setting. Join us! Everyone is invited to bring a friend(s) and enjoy exciting conversations in the beautiful surroundings of the neighborhood bookstore. Meet new and old friends and enjoy. All programs are free and open to the public.

For more information, contact Elena Thornton — (602) 263-5373 or info@artizona.org.

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The Arizona Consortium for the Arts' Annual Fall Festival of the Arts

Noon to 4 p.m., Sunday, Oct. 30

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Arizona Historical Society Museum at Papago Park,
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Admission is free!

For more details, visit The Arizona Consortium for the Arts website,
www.artizona.org

A Call to Poets

For Summer 2017

Unstrung, a magazine of, for and about poetry, will seek poetry submissions for its Summer 2017 Issue from June 1 through July 1, 2017. 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. 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.

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

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

A Call to Writers for the Fall 2016 Blue Guitar

82 The Blue Guitar literary and arts magazine seeks literary submissions for the Fall 2016 Edition from Sept. 1 through Oct. 1. 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. To submit or for further information, e-mail Editor Rebecca Dyer at rebeccadyer@theblueguitarmagazine.org. For more information, visit www.theblueguitarmagazine.org.

The Blue Guitar, The Blue Guitar Jr. and Unstrung are nonprofit projects of the nonprofit start-up The Arizona Consortium for the Arts. The Arizona Consortium for the Arts is dedicated to supporting and fostering artists and the arts in Arizona, including the literary, visual and performing arts. For more information, visit our websites: www.theblueguitarmagazine.org and www.artizona.org.

Meet the staff of Unstrung magazine



Elena Thornton, publisher: Founder 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, editor: A Tucson native, Rebecca is a poet, journalist and teacher residing in Mesa with her husband, Richard, her co-editor for Unstrung, The Blue Guitar and The Blue Guitar Jr. Reach her at rebeccadyer@theblueguitarmagazine.org.



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Richard H. Dyer Jr., editor: Richard is the managing editor for three weekly newspapers in the East Valley, a photographer and a welded-steel sculptor.

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



UNSTRUNG

A magazine of
for and about
poetry



Unstrung will
return in
Summer 2017