

MONTEREY POETRY REVIEW

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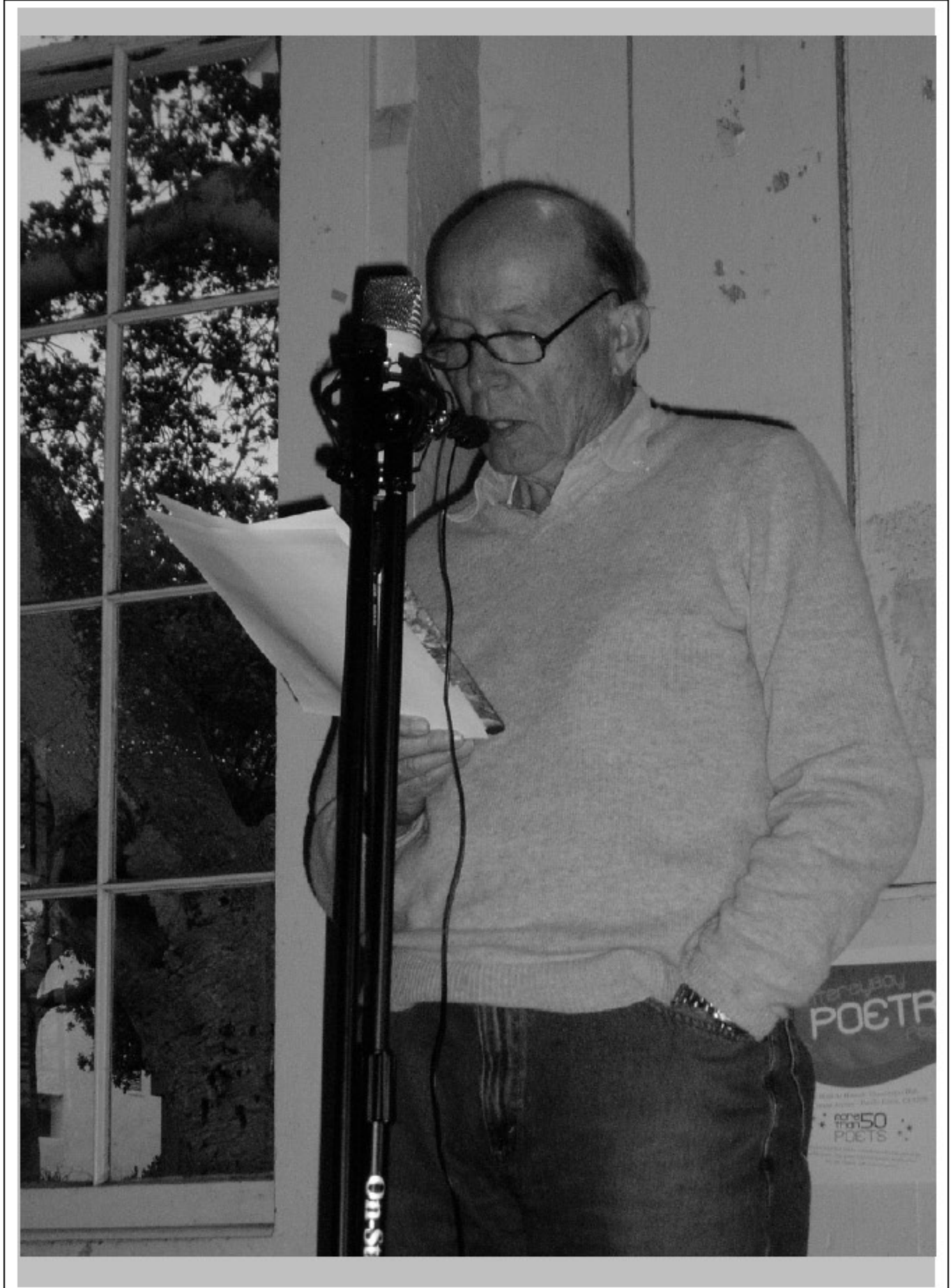
Asks about the war

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GEORGE WILSON reads at the 2nd Monterey Bay Poetry Festival in Pacific Grove

**FEATURING POETS FROM THE WHITNEY LATHAM LECHICH
POETRY WORKSHOP OF PACIFIC GROVE, CALIFORNIA**



Faye Ferrall

FAYE FERRALL began writing poetry as a child. She is the mother of two daughters, has an interest in field herpetology and is active in animal and environmental issues. In addition to her volunteer work at the SPCA Benefits Shops, she likes reading, photography and religious studies. A freelance writer originally from Virginia, she now divides her time between Pacific Grove and Nova Scotia.

Blood Shows Far Keener

My white Dutch blood shows far keener
in my blue/green Irish eyes
and my English past hides
my grandmother's red skin
and shiny black hair smelling of woodsmoke.

But, the ones who run with the elk
and laugh with God's dog
and pray for bear spirit
are there, flowing so very there.
My home is in the waters
and my heart nests with the eagle
for I am the child of all things.
Knowing that sets me apart.

My brother is the earth
my father is the sky
my mother is the rain
and I am reborn ten thousand years ago
and tomorrow shall live in the spirits of ravens.
For I know what my people knew –
and know that sets me apart.

The rain miracle falls on my face.
I look into the eye of the silent frog
I smell the ages of the world in the warm earth
and read the lives of the spider people.
There is a deer with her fawn;
oh, I know the color of that love.
Two snakes, a small fish and quiet wind.
These are the treasured memories I take with me.

Knowing that sets me apart
far, far keener.

Yucca Mountain

For Helen Caldicott

This ancient formation
a thing of beauty and worship
for the red people,
silent home of coyote, sagebrush and roadrunner.
She is here and destined for an unholy Hell.

Bull-dozed, earth-moved, and buried
inside the cast-off debris
of our holy nuclear quest
hollowed out, and hidden,

spent rods of yesterday's dreams and nightmares.
Today's hairdryers shaped like funny cancer cells
wait for us or for an earthquake.

I say, Let the creators of cancer have it.
But, leave my children alone.

How Like a Human

How like a human
to see in liquid eyes
nothing.
God, the secrets there
hidden confronted.
The ends of the earth,
timeless connections,
earth music.

I am of these things:
brown coat and white tail.
Talon and feather.
Of the pack, one.
The two-legged destroy,
know nothing
of such solid
murmuring to the fresh born, open
in the dark den
in the silent wood
the pack listening, watching.

I run with her.
She breathes the breath
borrowed by my grandfather,
and sends it forth for tomorrow's lives.

Tell me: where will be goodness and mercy
to follow me
when the last wolf dies
alone, the last echoes of ringing shot
hurled into a screaming darkness.
One by one, death by death,
we come to this aloneness.

My children,
apologies will never be enough.

Wood Song on a Fall Evening

The leaves blow across the yard
while I sit with my tea and allow gratitude in:
I have lived to see another autumn.

I love these leaves.
I never rake them into piles, sweat over
a fire to burn them to cinders.
I let them lie there, under my feet,
becoming earth once again.
Returning.

My neighbors are tormented.
They rake and break out their leaf blowers,
puffing and chugging, convinced they have
accomplished something heroic
and vanquished a menacing marauder.

When they finally stop their life-wasting efforts,
I can hear the acorns and hickory nuts fall.
Those seeds: never to see the trees they become
that will grow to scatter their leaves in autumn.
Maybe I will live to have tea here again.



Barbara Bowman

BARBARA BOWMAN moved to Pacific Grove in 1978 and began writing poetry in 1980 to accompany her paintings. She recently began writing again as a member of the W.L.L. poetry workshop.

darkness

touching cat fur's beauty
oceans depth
silent teak
soft radiance of the night
shadows of the elephant
unutterable
tell me of things
behind my face
hidden
recessed

house

in a house on a summer dry countryside day
fingers choose
mutterings on grand piano keys
Mozart sonatas
sound of bees intense becomings
trap me inside my self's defense
tiger eyes wanting out

on a Christmas tree's persistent drumbeat
to dried fir needles New Year's hangovers
fingers mourn lost soul and mind
somewhere
unknown

in this house of children not my own
house of elephant tears;
from one drink to the next
my grasping mouth
on the nipple
of music and alcohol
elixirs of love

weep falling water from clefts
into ever so dark dark bottomless depths

silence silence

bouncing bouncing ball ball
from wall to wall wall
this black vast wasteland
of nothing

oh to feel feel real real love love

romance d'amor

I played the music,
yet again,
until
lines etched my fingers
and I could not press
the strings for pain



Photo: Ken Jones

Dan Linehan

DAN LINEHAN is a science editor at Riverside Publishing and editor and publisher of the event program for the *California International Airshow*. His writing has also appeared in *Pacific Flyer*, *In Flight*, *Monterey Weekly*, *Homestead Review*, *Anthology of Monterey Bay Poets*, and *Oil Addiction: The World in Peril* by Pierre Chomat. He has one poetry chapbook titled *Spindrift Through Ocean Archways: Poetry of Monterey*. Dan has recently published *Passing Through* by David Gitin (Linehan Press 2005). www.dslinehan.com

Del Monte

Sprinkled little V's
in the sand
magically align

divining
from the beachfront
eddy undercuts
of pebble pearls

with legs
flowing open
as every wave
recedes.

Flutter

Down from the rail
chilled by past-midnight

the roundest dark eyes
speak no sadness or joy
only life

as she watches
and wonders
my intentions

a flutter of understanding

and in her coat
of ancient fabric

slips into the deep.

Sand

On cool, sugar-fine grains
a wave rushes the shore
retreats with handfuls
scooped beneath my feet
to sink my heart
closer to Earth.



Sue Ellen Stringer

I am grateful, after all these years, to carry my home deeply rooted within myself.

Watching the Elders

Watching the elders,
 I have always,
 since
 a child,
 since
 I had no living grandparents
 watched the ones
 with graying hair
 wanting to touch
 a branch
 cut off from my tree too early.
 Heal a missing limb,
 full of unknown, nourishing sap.

Watching the elders,
 I find my grandparents in
 cypress and oak trees,
 my friend Louise,
 elderly people on the bus,
 my five aunts with silver hair,
 my parents,
 and the rocks I sit upon.
 All telling treasure stories,
 if I choose to be still and listen.

I am a child,
 watching the elders,
 gathering the sap
 of their maple colored lives,
 savoring the rich syrup,
 delighting in the sugar of details,
 and storing up their choice stories,
 for the long winter nights,
 of ignorance and fear
 surrounding us.

I am an adult,
 watching the elders
 of my church
 standing around me like sturdy elder trees,
 tall, full, eloquent, uniquely shaped
 by their history, memories, strengths and
 experience
 each distinguished, freely giving the gifts
 of who they are.

Watching the elders,
 around my hearth of earth family,
 I am a poet
 making logs
 that give healing heat
 And burn long
 into memory.

My descent into and return from Hell

It is my moon time
 I am sloughing off rich, dark blood

fertile with memory and grief.
 Dark cave of towering citadel
 dwarfs her as she walks with a suitcase,
 signals to the howling wolves of nearby juicy prey.

Confused, rambling mind
 deep anger, hurt heart, walking
 with naked feelings radiating
 a raw scent to any predator.

Within this endless, cold, cement, dark cave of towering
 citadel
 she wanders, lost, devoured.

Today I am bleeding tears of grief
 for that beautiful young woman, Persephone,
 who naively walked into Hell's Kitchen, 10th and Broadway,
 and grappled her way through streets of darkness saturated
 with suffering.

By amazing grace and the tapping of her ruby red slippers
 she found her way home again
 to emerge as walking wounded into the healing-light
 of her mother's arms.



Norma Jean Hodges Keyston

NORMA JEAN HODGES KEYSTON, well-known local soprano soloist with the Monterey Symphony and Bach Festival, recently founded "Colleagues of the Arts," a non-profit foundation that gives assistance to gifted children in all of the art disciplines. She is also an occasional poet.

The Little Leaf That Was

Tiny oak tree budlet –
 slowly opens to a smiling
 Carmel spring
 Moved by its own life force
 into existence,
 It is propelled by an
 unseen hand toward
 form and color
 Ever slowly changing,
 But always fulfilling
 its destiny.

Blue Lady

Blue and white ocean
 Swirls in watercolor pools –
 Wearing a necklace of sun
 sparkles –
 Each becoming an arrow of
 light
 Shooting downward to the depths
 of her life-creating palette
 Igniting into life forms –
 then rising to bathe in
 wavelets
 The shores of white sand –
 Each grain a stepping stone
 to eternity.



Photo: Zaheer Kasod

George M. Wilson

GEORGE M. WILSON is a retired clergyman, WWII pilot, graduate of Princeton, volunteer mediator and poet. He is married, living here for 16 years, and has many children and grandchildren. He has lived in Japan, Thailand, Greece, England, and the South, East and West of the U.S.A., and traveled on all the continents.

One Day in Kenya Near Voi

One day outside of Voi in a place dust dry
with old eroded gullies, ten feet deep,
crisscrossing a worn out valley
sprinkled with low trees and bushes,
red mud huts stuck with sticks and rusted tin roofs,
I with seven others from places like
Carmel Valley, Marin Highlands, Pebble Beach
gave to that one school with five hundred kids
one-third bare footed, the others shod in flip flops,
along with thirty teachers, one principal,
eight rooms, dirt floored, windows without glass,
kids all head shaved in tattered yellow or green
skirts or shorts, all of them singing and dancing
for us, clapping their hands, smiling, serving us
food and drink. ...one day, one time,
the eight of us gave one month's budget
for that school with no more pain than
a pin prick on a finger, thereby mingling
a tiny drop of our bloody wealth
into their bloodied earth
from which our ancestors and we
have extracted so much and given back so little.

Zanzibar

Pleasant, if you like indolence,
white sand beaches, trinkets and spices,
that is, for the last one hundred
and thirty-three years. Before?
Indescribable, and that
for half a millennium.

One half of those enslaved
from deep reaches into Africa,
sold sometimes villages at a time
by chiefs to Arabian slave traders,
others rounded up, half of them
never lived beyond Zanzibar
where castration of males,
beatings, torture were routine.

Any historical memory
makes lolling about, swimming
the warm beautiful waters,
consuming wonderful fruit,
drinking away, eating away
an evening in assure, tropical air,
over cast or under cast with
somber thoughts of how callous
our ancestors, Arabian ancestors,
even some African ancestors
have been.

Most places I have been,
I could live in, not there.
The small, sunken memorial
to millions who died cruel deaths there,

one of several African Holocaust sites,
is not enough to staunch the blood
that seeps out of that otherwise verdant land.
The memorial to Livingstone
who set out from there helps a little,
but all the spices of Zanzibar
cannot mask or purge
what happened there.

A Thousand Zebras*

I saw a thousand zebras today
Not to mention equal numbers
Of impalas, wildebeests, gazelles and buffaloes,
Other creatures were sprinkled among them,
Even one snarling lion and
An almost charging rhinoceros.
All were cheek by jowl
To a million and more people
Most so poor, so unused, unwanted
As to make a zebra's life seem grand.

We stand, so easily, in our land rovers
Watching in both directions
What we've never watched before
Except in pictures where
We control the pages of Africa's life.
Africa's here, and so are we
Ever so safely while watching
Still as at the movies
People waiting roadside
For never coming buses,
Gazelle-like,
While lions also wait nearby.

Dancing*

I'm present
At a concert in the plaza,
More or less dragged,
By wife and friends,
Anticipating its completion.
Still the Africa in me
Wanted to listen.
Everything too loud
But energizing.
I even danced a bit
At the end,
Caught up at last by
The beat and all the others,
Dancing on the grass.
One blonde - I tend to lock on them -
Who could have lost ten pounds,
Still beautiful, danced
An hour straight
Never achieving
The rhythmic motion
Of the singer, dancer,
Bottle rattling, black beauty
On the stage, but still
She got to me,
Made me want to be young,
Want to dance
Half as well as she,
Plus other things.
Her long blonde hair
Made hot the nape of her neck
In the afternoon sun;
She fussed with it
In delightful ways
As I would like to have done.

* From *Here and Now, There and Then* by George M. Wilson, Thunderbird Press.



Photo: Zaheer Kasod

Megan Lee

MEGAN LEE has an M.A. in creative writing from Wesleyan University and has worked as an English teacher, writer and editor. She won the Connecticut Women's Clubs Scholarship with her short story collection, *An Eye in the Wall*, and has written several poetry chapbooks: *Wings* (2000), *Rhylla* (2001), *Fallen Stars* (2002), and *Paint Me a Woman* (2004). Her poems appear in the *Anthology of Monterey Bay Poets* and *streetpoet*. As a member and past facilitator of the Whitney Latham Lechich Poetry Workshop, she works locally to promote poetry with readings, publications and assisting at the annual Monterey Bay Poetry Festival in Pacific Grove.

Man

人 In a pastoral
her son learned the pistol sound
and the feel of rifle in his hand.

Some primeval woman's fear
tethered her to the porch.

His first *crack* melted the painted pond
horse flesh rippled
the M-16 tore the canvas day
leaves missiled down.

She wondered if the stone he aimed for
was his missing father's heart.

Empowered, the boy-man
mounted the porch step
rifle-handed
sotto-voiced
acne gone
day-old stubbled chin
thrust out.

On hearing the news of a pregnant suicide bomber in the Iraq war:

Woman

女 Desert madonna with child
your belly,
an open mouth,
screams crimson to the earless sky,
your unborn child's flesh
is shrapnel in my face.

Before you murdered were you not like me? –
woman with a name I do not know.
Was not your blood
that stains the checkpoint sand
as Semitic as mine? Mother and martyr,
your fierce love nightmares me.

In a dream I tread curious carpets
in your immaculate home
and see a woven table cloth

set with roast lamb, scented rice and mint,
a cushioned bed where you offered
your firm belly as Allah's canvas,
a mirror that shivered when you kohled your eyes,
black and shiny as the *Ka'ba* stone.
A frame of gold reveals your girlish face unveiled
before your first blood flowed:
your eyes – languorous as a camel's,
your lash – a calligrapher's brush.

You glowed – you lit the day!
Why does your brilliance distress me?
Were you more common
would you rest easier on my mind?

Your tears – two rivers of blackened ash
overflow your swollen belly,
anoint your unborn child;
they fill my brush,
they ink my page.

Your murdered husband's flesh in fresh-turned earth
still clings to its bones
confounding an army of worms
awaiting your terrible vengeance.
And from the shadows flicker
two black coals:
your brother's eyes
simmer.

Tidings from the East trouble me.

In the city of peace
there is no safety –
young men mount her altars,
bellow like oxen,
burn like rams –
but you, my sister, my daughter,
as a lamb
lay down without words.

I awake to more pastoral days
afraid to ask what it is you blew your life apart to say,
uncomfortable in the happiness that depends on not
seeing or hearing you,
and knowing that nothing will protest
except the mute statistics.

Child

子 In the name of *Allab* most merciful
most gracious: Mother –
you gave and you took away
my heartbeat
my first and last gasp
of humid breath.

Allab is merciful –
He will answer my one prayer
to follow you into Paradise
or Hell.

I am your daughter –
of your flesh
and of your blood;

Maykhalif, maykhalif, my mother
there is nothing to forgive.

I did not want to become a resource
developed for their new world order.



Will Gibson

WILL GIBSON has been a carpenter, retail owner, real estate agent, copy machine salesman, life insurance agent, winery worker, and painting contractor while always wanting to be a writer. He follows that vocation by writing short fiction, working on that one novel that is in everyone, and penning poetry. Will lives with his family in Pacific Grove.

Gray Day Blue Skies

Blue skies in
gray mountain place.

But blue eyes on
this ashen face

that keep me
at a slower pace

on life's already
too short a race.

For blue eyes
should shine
without a trace

of sadness for

life's past sorrows
and sometimes
waste.

Overpopulation

Overpopulation undermines our future,
Gashes the earth, requires constant suture
to close self-inflicted wounds.

Overpopulation threatens our existence,
Imperils nature, keeps us at a distance
from open healthy balance.

Cities hemorrhage, bare lands diminish.
A race for success without a finish.

People expand, other life crowded.
Name it progress, true costs shrouded.

Need of markets overpowers reason.
Addiction to growth, an earthly treason.

Resources finite.
Consumption controllable.

Conservation a virtue.
Wealthy waste deplorable.

The problems coming
from overpopulation
Need now
to be understood.



Art: Jondy Lee

Jondy Lee

JONDY LEE is this issue's featured student poet. At 16, he attends Monterey Peninsula College majoring in graphic arts. His poetry won 2nd place in the Monterey county school poetry competition in 2004.

Single Tear

My heart cries for rest from the pain
Beaten down by many broken dreams
Now too broken and battered to escape
Must pretend to live.

Locked Away

bashing
breaking
destroying
creating a world that is my own

blending
mending
pretending
reprimanding myself until I bleed

binding
winding
blinding
finding myself hidden in your shadow

cowering
devouring
towering
overpowering the chains that encumber
me

Essence

Your shadow is a delirious void
manipulated light recalls power
time will rain essential eternity
elaborate language will cry blood
Death dreams in my arms

Masquerade

It's always raining in my world
filled with medicated happiness
fabricated illusions are my life
elaborate delusions constrain me
riddles distort all I should have said
emotionless shadows surround me
churning my unconscious hatred.
I step into the darkness
unattach myself from soulless dolls
feel the pressure drop
I am screaming for my life.



Charlie Star

CHARLIE STAR is a new poet who loves photography, drawing, cooking, gardening and reading. He is currently on a year-long vacation studying art at Monterey Peninsula College. Following this sabbatical, Charlie is planning a black-and-white photography assignment in France, focusing on the kitchens of French restaurants and homes. Charlie lives in the woods of Carmel.

Nighttime Haikus

One stroke past midnight,
Coal black arch of night calls me
Up to heaven's rest.

Yellow moon like milk,
Full circle we all watch move.
Breast for lover's eyes.

I wake from a dream,
Heart pounding, breathing fast now.
The dream world's more real.

Teddy bear and sip of milk,
My mother's voice in my ear,
Pillow hears my prayer.

I hold my lover,
Circle of me around her.
I will never move.

I want to wake her,
My heart slowly pounds her door.
She puts up with me.

What's that noise There. That.
In the still of my night room,
My heart beats so loud.

Summer Night

It is a summer night
in the old farmhouse we have rented.
So hot and humid,
but a gentle breeze begins to blow in
softly

through the bedroom window,
cooling us in our married bed.
After all those nights of being apart,
that strangeness...

We come together and our bodies touch
as if for the first time.
in a breathless silence,
in a deeper love neither of us knew still
existed.



Mary Dandridge

MARY DANDRIDGE is an elementary special education teacher in Seaside, California. Her work has appeared in anthologies and newspapers, and her book, *Gifted Inspirations* is in bookstores under the pen name, Elizabeth Dandridge.

Mister Pig

Shadowed by the stump
The runt squatted by the stream
Short, round and thirsty

Ballerina

Tall graceful ballerina
moving fluidly
elegantly and elongating
in lines
smooth and small movements
complimenting and cascading
into a majestic stance.

Memories

Memories of time
spent with you
filter through my mind.

Memories of love
keep me strong
and allow me to go on.

Memories of you
keep me content
until we meet again.



Rudolf Tenenbaum

RUDOLF TENENBAUM teaches Russian at the Defense Language Institute in Monterey, and is the author of *How to Learn English Through Picture Problems*. The following rhymes are selected from his latest language-teaching book, *How to Remember American Idioms*.

4

We grow wiser with our strength
declining:
Well,
every cloud has a silver lining.

55

Lecturing rangers
on the dangers
of fire, is like
*preaching to angels
or, to the choir.*

56

In our society
we suffer anxiety.
It's rather strange
that we succumb to it
and
*cross the bridge
before we come to it.*

117

An angel in charge of the seasons,
quite an unhappy teen,
had a number of reasons
to hate his boring routine.

Today he crossed out the Fall,
December will follow May.
He decided to just

*let the chips
fall where they may.*

139

Harry, Dick and persnickety Tom
Will look for brides on marriage.com.

They'll all find perfect women to marry
who will love

every Tom, Dick and Harry.

144

Joe sang for Jane; his voice was strong,
and as he sang her song after song
she imagined rusty gears,
and every pause was

music to her ears.

164

By investing knowledge, abstract and
empirical,
They created a truly phenomenal vehicle.

Whatever the trouble, like brakes getting
fractured,
It returns by itself where it was
manufactured.

In my case there was a defective part,
Simply a starter that wouldn't start,
Next, the battery lost all its juice,
Then the rear brakes became very loose,

Soon the transmission
Went out of commission

While turning right I had to be deft;
The steering wheel only turned left.

Among the lemons, a record breaker,
It finally

went to meet its maker.

Monterey Poetry Review, Volume I No. 1

Poetry Contributors: Barbara Bowman, Mary Dandridge, Faye Ferrall, Will Gibson, Norma Jean Hodges Keyston, Jondy Lee, Megan Lee, Dan Linehan, Charlie Star, Sue Ellen Stringer, Rudolph Tenenbaum, George M. Wilson.

Submissions: We will read up to six poems. Please include your name and address on every page, a photograph, a short biography, and an S.A.S.E. for a response. Mail submissions to: Megan Lee, Editor, P. O. Box 5885, Monterey, CA 93944.

The Monterey Poetry Review accepts poetry submissions from writers and students in the Monterey Bay area, reviews of new poetry books and chapbooks, as well as news and articles on local poetry, poets and events. MPR is seeking a graphic artist for design and layout.

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Letters to the editor may be addressed to: montereypoetryreview@gmail.com

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