



# monterey poetry review

Winter 2005

Vol. 1/ No. 3

\$ Enjoy.00

photo by Dottie Jakobson

featuring poets from the Monterey, Santa Cruz, and South Bay Counties

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Playing the Loteria

Monterey Poetry Review  
PO Box 5885  
Monterey, CA 93944

# From the Editor

photo: Jane Morba

The 2nd issue of the *Monterey Poetry Review* rallied enthusiasm as 3,000 copies were distributed free in coffee shops, bookstores, campuses, and libraries. Local poets responded with submissions, and volunteers committed their time and considerable talents to the future of the publication: **Lori Howell**, author and an executive administrator, is organizing the *Monterey Poetry Review* as a non-profit, and serves as our publicist and Vice-President. **Shawn T. Singletary (aka C-7)**, poet, emcee and student at NPS, is our event organizer and Treasurer, and **David Weinstock**, writer and editor, is Secretary of the MONTEREY POETRY REVIEW ORGANIZATION, which should be fully non-profit by January 2006. New staff members, **Belén Arellano**, a professional graphic artist, is giving the *Review* a unique look, and long-time supporter, **Barbara Bowman**, retiree and poet, is our administrative assistant.

Together, we introduced the *MPR* to the public and the media on October 1st with a 3-hour poetry reading at the Monterey Public Library. Feature articles in the *Monterey County Weekly* and the *Monterey Herald*, and **Hebard Olsen's** filming of the event for AMP TV, helped increase local awareness of the *Review*.

My recent move to nearby Gilroy prompted a further widening of our base, which now extends from Monterey and Santa Cruz counties to poets in San Benito and Santa Clara counties. You can hear poets from these South Bay counties perform at an open mic every Tuesday night from 6:00 – 8:00 at **Sue's Coffee Roasting Co.** in Gilroy at Monterey and 5th Street. Recently, I read a poem there that personifies the Celtic word for autumn – *rhylla*. In celebration of the season, I am including it here:

# RHYLLA

Hair of russet red and gold harassed  
by gray-tongued northern winds,  
Rhylla sits, but never rests: she's turning  
leaves of tattered books; preserving  
wisdom row by row in jars of glass –  
tart rinds orange'd by the morning rays.

Clothed in woven linen garment,  
draped with memory's crocheted shawl,  
Rhylla sits, but never rests: she's collecting  
walnuts fallen near the garden gate;  
wrapping warm red apples in newspaper noise  
for the cool and silent cellar.

Humming ends from summer tunes,  
spurred by autumn's early gloam,  
Rhylla sits, but never rests:  
she's birthing treasure from the soil, reaping,  
gathering, sorting, wrapping, storing up  
our winter joys.

--  
In this 3rd issue of the *Review*, the tragic events in the Gulf are the subject of new poems by featured poet, Maude Meehan, and by Nicole Henares. You'll find new works by William Minor, Maria Garcia Tabor, Ryan Masters and Eugenia Hepworth Petty, recognize the talent of other well-known local poets, and enjoy the writing of several poets being published for the first time.

The next issue of the *MPR*, due at the end of February, will be our first themed issue. The theme is "States of Mind" and will feature poet and teacher, Ellen Bass. The submission deadline is January 10. All submissions must include a photo, a short biography, and full contact information to be considered for publication.

Take a few minutes now to read, and enjoy,  
poetry.  
-- Megan

## monterey poetry review, Vol. 1 No. 3

**Contributors** – Robert Barminski, George Donald, Susan Samuels Drake, Dale A. Edmands, Jennifer Lagier Fellguth, Nicole Henares, Lori L. Howell, Donna Kuhn, Yu Lan, Angel Look, Ryan Masters, Maude Meehan, Dean Mimmack, William Minor, Eugenia Hepworth Petty, Sarojani Rohan, Catherine Segurson, Maria Garcia Tabor and David Weinstock.

**The Monterey Poetry Review accepts** submissions of 1 – 6 poems, book reviews, interviews and articles (300 – 700 words) on local poets and events from writers in Monterey, Santa Cruz and South Bay counties. Send to:  
**montereypoetryreview@gmail.com**  
or by post to: Megan Lee, Editor, PO Box 5885, Monterey CA 93944. Submissions must include a digital photo or snapshot, a short biography, and full contact information to be considered for publication.

**Deadline for 4th issue: January 10, 2006.**  
**Theme: "States of Mind"**

**Monterey Poetry Review Staff**  
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Event Organizer / Treasurer: Shawn T. Singletary  
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Administrative Assistant: Barbara Bowman

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Donors: Barbara Bowman, E.H. P., W. M., B.R., and those who gave at the library reading.

**Special thanks** to Dan Linehan and to our volunteer distributors: Will, Sue Ellen, John, Christopher and many others.

# Nicole Henares

NICOLE HENARES is a native of the Monterey Peninsula, whose work has appeared in *Thunder-sandwich*, the *Homestead Review*, *Poesy*, *Poetry Motel*, *Poetry Bay*, *Zen Baby*, and *Remark*.

# LOUISIANA 2005

The sun refuses to shine  
and the moon is blood red.  
The saints walk  
through the streets  
of the city  
neck deep.  
Oh when those saints go marching  
and howl  
that same old song  
of hunger  
and hard killing floors;  
no god's trombones,  
oh no brass band dixieland funeral  
for the city of the dead:  
Let them float by  
while we shoot  
this looter.

# RAIN IN THE CITY

ten wave downpour  
of trombones under  
grey-blue skies heavy  
thundering one hundred  
one hundred one hundred  
the tempo of hail

six string weepings  
lost dreams  
lost souls  
in the streets

scattered poems  
murdered in the hot hot  
afternoon mouth  
of rain

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## Maria Garcia Tabor

MARIA GARCIA TABOR is a poet and fiction writer. She has current publications in *Red Elf*, *Cold Mountain Review*, the *Anthology of Monterey Bay Poets* and the *South Carolina Review*, among others. She is the founder and director of the Poetic Voices Poetry Festival and serves as editor for both the *Homestead Review* and *Ping-pong* literary journals. She gives poetry workshops and readings in and around the Bay Area.

## LA CHALUPA (Woman in Boat with Flowers)

She rows her boat down a green river,  
a basket of strawberries, warm bread wrapped  
in a cotton tea towel embroidered with poinsettias.  
Yellow poppies spill over the bow of her boat.

She paddles to meet him,  
wears a purple dress and a necklace  
of turquoise leaves. The red ribbon in her hair  
flies in the air like a cardinal.

He waits for her on the water's edge.  
As her foot leaves the boat—  
but before it reaches the shore—  
she believes he'll reach for her.

## EL BORRACHO (The Drunk)

At family gatherings he sits across plastic checked tablecloths,  
crudités, fried chicken and deviled eggs. Everyone talks at once,  
until his voice fires tracers of non sequiturs, and we stop, listen.  
We understand him. He's been leaving silver stones in moonlight  
for years, and like birds in search of bread, we've followed him.

The weight of good looks and high school popularity cripples him.  
He is unmarried, childless and spends his nights in darkened bars.  
We, the younger, escape two grandfathers' legacies, raise fluffy-haired  
children  
and mow lawns. I watch him across a field of croquet hoops tripping  
as he plays the fool. He makes us laugh so hard, we cry.

## EL PARAGUAS (The Rain)

Cold rain made my shirt paper.  
You came and molded it to my breasts,  
told me I was beautiful—  
“all heat and stream.”  
I believed you.

## EL DIABLITO (The Little Devil)

The devil wears a glitter shirt and leather pants.  
He is not red, does not have horns,  
pointed ears, a tail, left hoof or a right talon.  
He's a bad boy who looks at the wife knowingly,  
smiles. An anemone, she shivers,  
pricked by the tip of his pitchfork.

## EL ÁRBOL FRUTAL (The Fruit Tree)

Under the plum tree I gorged  
on fruit that bruised my lips.  
The alleyway was forbidden, so I pressed  
my ear against chain-link and listened  
to the clamor of teenage boys  
and watched them as they sweated  
under basketball hoops.  
I tingled and ate kumquats.

## LA RANA (The Frog)

I sit on a boulder in the Trinity River and make peace with my fear  
of the bear. I will leave it here with the tadpoles around my ankles,  
speckled stones, tall grass and the frog's eyes just above the surface.

I will try to sit in stillness like that frog and watch water rush over,  
fallen firs,  
duck my head to avoid a swallowtail flying into me. One eye  
is on a garter snake swimming S's and the other on a lizard

beneath the coolness of a redwood shadow. There are greater  
fears out there, a parent's death, a terrorist's threat. The river deafens  
all sounds save the truth of rapids, the croak of a frog, the splash of  
a foot.

## EL TAMBOR (The Drum)

My last name means “little drum.”  
Pulse of heart, rain on flat rock, father's voice.

My maiden name is my father's name, obvious I know:  
Mexican tiles, adobe walls seal the mouths that would tell me more.

My mother's name cries Southern wind on white porches.  
Tobacco teepees drying death. Black-eyed peas.

My first name screams long-suffering virgin.  
Pieta. Crosses made of abalone on the roadside—

At the intersection of life and what comes next I find Ox-Alice  
in cracks of asphalt or maybe it's just grass. I don't remember

the name of it now. The sun says it's green. My name is red circles,  
blue cloth, the sound a drum makes.

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author of children's books,  
inspirational poetry, and  
a murder-mystery novel

# VULNERABLE AS WIND CHIMES, OR HUMAN LOVE

Vulnerable as wind chimes, or human love,  
I can feel myself becoming  
a soul with legs,  
some susceptible delicate thing  
with not so solid tendrils,  
having passed through  
a world that, oddly enough  
(and nearly against my will)  
has proved me amazingly tough.

“I shall go by  
dragging my burden of love.”  
I was not as hardened, rough,  
obviously, as Mayakovsky, but  
he died (or killed himself)  
at forty-three; and for whatever  
fluke or half-mad reason, I  
am still alive—or what seems  
to pass that way—at sixty-nine.

Surely, mercy and goodness  
have dogged me all of my days—  
followed me like an unbidden shadow.

## William Minor

WILLIAM MINOR trained as a visual artist and exhibited woodcut prints and paintings at the San Francisco Museum of Art, the Smithsonian Institute and other museums and galleries. He produced his first book of poems and prints, *Pacific Grove*, in 1974, and has published five more books of poetry: *For Women Missing or Dead*, *Goat Pan*, *Natural Counterpoint* (with Paul Oehler; nominated for the Pushcart Prize XI), *Poet Santa Cruz: Number 4*; and *Some Grand Dust* (Chatoyant Press, 2002)—the latter a finalist for the Benjamin Franklin Award. A jazz writer, he has published three books on music and served as a scriptwriter for a Warner Bros. film documentary called “Monterey Jazz Festival: Forty Legendary Years.”

## “IT IS GOOD TO LIE THERE,” MARINA SAID

*“Which of the two is more terrifying I don’t know:  
a naked soul or a decomposing body.”*

Osip Mandelstam to Marina Tsvetaeva,  
on one of their walks through a cemetery

“It is good to lie there,” Marina said,  
but Mandelstam could not agree, nor do I.  
I do not ever intend to just lie there  
for I want my ashes set adrift in the sea,  
my glorious friend, the Pacific Ocean,  
floating for a moment, perhaps, before  
they go under, within, and I become  
one with everything—and everybody.  
Mandelstam feared being “walked over.”  
When Tsvetaeva replied, “You will not  
be walked over, because it will not  
be you; you will be ... a soul,” “Metaphor!”  
Mandelstam snapped back. “I’m speaking of feet,  
even boots!” And that’s when he said that  
was just what he feared: the terror of choosing:  
naked soul or decomposing body?  
“Do you want to live forever?” Marina Tsvetaeva  
asked, “without even a hope for the end?”  
“*Ya ne znayu*” (I don’t know), Mandelstam said.  
“I only know that I’m afraid and, right now,  
I just want to go home.” And so they did.  
Mandelstam died in a labor camp at forty-seven  
and was buried in an unmarked grave.  
Marina Tsvetaeva returned to Russia from Paris  
and committed suicide. *Ya ne znayu*.  
I do not know the location of her grave.

The Face, and Fate, of Osip  
Mandelstam: From Age  
Thirty-One to Age Forty-Five,  
Two Years Before His Death in  
a Transit Camp in Vladivostok

Artwork by William Minor

## SANDRA BULLOCK

Did you know that you are working  
as a cocktail waitress in the bar  
of the Pleasanton Hotel, in Pleasanton,  
California? She isn’t just a look-alike;  
it’s you: the real you, or as real  
as you will ever get. She’s a bit  
shorter than you, but we all know  
how the Silver Screen inflates, how  
humanly pleasing particulars acquire  
the overlarge status of legend.  
The chin, the lips, the cheekbones,  
the hair—it’s all you: proud and pouty  
and perfect; even those studied curls,  
those auburn arabesques (not one  
misplaced) I could trace and lick  
endlessly, if allowed to. Along with  
your lean (trace and lick from  
the toes up) grace-endowed body,  
fully clothed now of course but  
easily disrobed in mind, gliding  
from table to table as if on skates,  
waiting for me to lift you up,  
as if we were doing Swan Lake  
together, and all night long.

You are not performing Swan Lake,  
all night long or otherwise. You  
are waiting on tables in the bar  
of the Pleasanton Hotel in Pleasanton,  
California—and I’ve got to get out  
of here! Thinking of my wife, my kids  
no longer kids, my grandchildren, our  
good cat Annie, and my friend George,  
who sits next to me on the adjacent  
bar stool. He’s the one who told you,  
“My friend here thinks you are Sandra  
Bullock.” “I am Sandra Bullock,” you replied,  
“I’m just doing research for a cocktail waitress role  
in my next movie.” Clever, Sandy, clever. But I  
knew you would be that way  
in real life; I just knew it! “I loved you,”  
I say to you now, “in Wrestling Ernest Heming-  
way”; and you flash me that  
absolutely devastating smile, melting  
my faithless heart. “Take me out of here,”  
I say to George, who knows well, I think,  
my faithless and all too loving heart.  
“I know,” he says, “it’s time to go.”  
And he knows well, I also suspect,  
how easily love betrays love, and always  
in the name of that higher cause: love.  
He knows that time is not on our side  
in the presence of legend. In the presence  
of legend it is always time to go.  
And so, we go.



# Ryan Masters

RYAN MASTERS' poetry has been published in a wide range of literary journals and anthologies. His chapbook, *below the low-water mark*, is available from Pudding House Publications (2003). In 2004, he edited the *Anthology of Monterey Bay Poets* (Chatoyant Press), which NEA President Dana Gioia called, "terrific...Individual poems demand appreciation – yet the collective success exceeds any one poem's strength." Staff Writer at *The Monterey County Weekly*, Masters also teaches Creative Writing at CSU Monterey Bay.

## ON SEX IN THE POETRY ROOM AT CITY LIGHTS BOOKSTORE

Benediction!  
The bodhisattva poets perv from their shelves,  
grinning hey Jehovah, mother Mary, motherfucker, marry me, mount me, make me wet, lick your fingers  
touch her sweet lips gentle like turning the page of a Bible,  
look deep into her eyes- she is yours,  
she is beautiful as cool rain upon the Tenderloin of your soul washing all the dirt and waste and regret away.  
Hallelujah, son, they cry from their shelves. Holy, holy, holy.  
The sounds of the crowd down on the street below, the ass barkers shouting, Pussy! Pussy! Pussy! on Columbus.  
Drunk laughter fills the first Saturday night of summer  
The sound of her breath catching  
hangs like lace off a hook in heaven.  
Downstairs 100 hands touch virgin books  
while she lets out a silent roar  
all the love a universe can hold  
before it tips, spills holy  
water down the dark fabric of the sky  
of her thigh, let us cry in joy for God is great  
and God is good and God will bless the holy fools  
and lovers. God will bless the holy fools and lovers  
like us. Forever and ever.  
The chair creaks its quiet secret rhythm  
The poets bestow their crooked smiles  
The world is not broken yet  
There is still hope  
If lovers like us still exist.

## MARRIAGE AT THE BOTTOM OF THE SEA

We howl and sing to shape our world  
like ocean creatures navigating blind

the miles, the endless miles of sea.  
Somewhere between sunblind

surface and a muddy benthic sadness  
the eerie bioluminescence

of our unreasonable dreams  
spins like a silent Catherine Wheel

at a Mexican carnival of drowned  
Conquistadors and shadowy pearl divers.

While far below our hearts lay half-buried  
in the muck, barely breathing

through clam-lip siphons.  
We make ungainly leviathan turns

hurl waves of hurt and sadness  
fear and jubilation at each other

listen for what bounces back to gauge  
each other's form, to define ourselves.

## SOMEDAY

I'm gonna dive  
too deep where  
sun fragments  
glitter their  
heavenly manna  
where low fish  
rumble chug thunder  
clouds and the jellies  
hover under pressure  
like brains.

Bound in tiny globes of air  
my prayers will find  
the surface, swirling up  
in exultation  
from my resting place  
beneath you

## BIG SUR

We drove down to the green summer sea  
clenching the sun in our teeth  
afraid to speak should our words  
burst into flame and our hair catch fire  
while the treeskin around us was rough tongue  
still and so very thirsty for fog.  
Persecuted by voices, our mothers our fathers  
agitating the air about our heads,  
we fled deep into the forest  
to a place where water boiled up and pooled,  
where we could murder one another  
peacefully, quietly.

Blinded by sunsteam,  
the ache and arch of our bodies, our skin  
blistered, it peeled off in sheets and floated  
in the cauldron around us, the smell of lust  
like wet fur, black dirt and sulfur.  
Sex like rictus grins buried in the woodgrain,  
horns and teeth and tails that dragged.  
Nails begged blood to the surface,  
tore muscle from bone hook,  
left us shredded and moist.  
Our fury  
abandoned to molder  
stinking in the forest, we pressed  
the flesh of our palms to the earth,  
immediately haunted  
by the isolations of fast bearing age,  
the wry pinch of failure, brutal addictions  
that already burned dark holes in our pretty cheeks.

## Maude Meehan

MAUDE MEEHAN's most recent book, *as if the world made sense*, published by Many Names Press (2003), includes short personal essays as well as poems. Earlier poems from *Chipping Bone* (Embers Press, 1985) and *Before the Snow* (Moving Parts Press, 1991), both out of print, were incorporated by Paper-Mâché Press with new work under the title, *Washing the Stones* (1996).

### LOUISIANA:

*Katrina*  
*September, 2005*

Too many miles  
too many days  
through a putrid soup  
waist high and thick  
with death and disease  
past strange  
broken landscape  
throngs of black people  
belly-growl hungry  
fierce thirst unslaked  
who watch as they walk  
for something familiar  
a signboard a roof  
sight of a lost one  
‘til at last they are herded  
prodged like cattle  
packed into perilous  
caverns of hell  
while too late  
that dark stinking fluid is  
pumped from the land  
snaking its way  
into Lake Ponchartrain  
staining Gulf waters  
then silently borne  
by the moon-pulled tides  
from sea to shining sea

### ON MY OWN

Lonely old men  
follow me  
in the supermarket  
think I look like  
a good cook,  
well padded,  
white haired,  
safe.  
Say things like  
“Scuse me, Can you tell me  
how long do I boil eggplant?” or  
“Are these greens okay to microwave?”

Sometimes  
my heart wants

to take them home  
set their frail stooped shoulders  
soft little paunches  
skinny tired legs  
right down in the kitchen.  
Let them watch as I stir the gravy  
sift and slice,  
fetch out the leftover pie  
add the ice cream,  
ask, "Would you like me to iron that shirt for  
you  
wouldn't take but a minute.”  
see their rheumy eyes light up.

If I knew they'd go right home  
never darken my door again  
I might even do that.  
But, let's be honest, there's no pie  
in my old fridge and even the ironing  
board has forgotten the stroke of my hand.

### 1950 BRONX SUBWAY ENCOUNTER

I see the tattooed numbers  
on the trembling wrist  
next to my safe Catholic hand

long to ask

how did you escape  
which camp  
your family

want him to know

someone saw the pictures  
skeletal bodies  
cattle cars  
bones

feeling my stare  
he turns  
eyes blank as marbles

nothing, nothing there

### MONARCH

We walked into the woods where Monarch  
butterflies had clustered, covering branches,  
rough trunks of trees, their exotic wings  
quivering, quivering an amazement of color.  
My friend clapped his large hands filling the air  
with a panic of orange flutter. For just a moment  
I was crowned, the strange weight of a multitude  
of delicate wings beating, cling to my hair.

### TRANSGRESSOR

He wears  
the narrowed  
eyes  
tight lips  
taut chin  
of one  
whose credo  
is weaponry

He turns  
huge keys  
reckless  
of what will  
be unlocked

He labels masses of  
innocents  
mutilated  
and mangled  
or mercifully dead  
*Collateral Damage*

He mouths Freedom  
Democracy  
as they are  
furtively  
eroded

He imposes  
his will  
blind to  
the future

the bloodbath  
his children  
our children  
all children  
may drown in

# INHERITANCE

*Edgar Maxwell Gruen, 1884-1973*

Against a painted backdrop a child  
stares warily into the camera. He is  
three, wears high button shoes,  
black stockings, and a knee length tartan,  
his sad imperious face  
framed by ringlets and lace collar.

It is my father. The photo yields small clue  
to the brooking parent whom I knew as  
paradox. Prone to deep melancholy, he saw  
shades of darkness everywhere although  
his moods were well disguised in public

He died, bequeathing to me that stealthy  
phantom cat of ever-present angst  
to claw at me, to come and go at will  
twitching its tail, grooming its ragged  
fur, mewling a thin deceitful purr.

## HOW IT WAS

*Zoar Valley 1970*

Back country road  
steamy  
summer night  
saddled behind you  
arms  
circling your waist  
legs  
straddling  
your thighs  
face  
burrowed  
between  
shoulder blades  
breasts pressed  
against  
strong  
solid shelter  
of your back  
sultry wind  
rushing past  
carrying  
your scent  
hot shaft  
of headlight  
piercing  
pitch dark  
heated  
roar  
of engine  
pulsing  
wanting

to ride  
forever

---

“Inheritance,” “Monarch,” “On My Own,”  
“Transgressor,” and “How It Was” appear in  
Maude Meehan’s most recently published  
book, *as if the world made sense* (Many Names  
Press 2003)

## Interview with Maude Meehan

- BY SUSAN SAMUELS DRAKE

Maude Meehan is fascinating, loveable, and  
admired as a mother-sister-buddy. A favorite  
quote is from an Albert Camus poem: “In the  
midst of winter I learned that there is in me an  
invincible spring.” This invincible woman says  
things like, “I can’t stress enough the impor-  
tance of taking risks. It’s so freeing. I promise  
new doors will open.”

In her professional dancing (ballroom, jazz,  
Latin) and modeling years in  
New York, she hadn’t many  
clues that her life would fan  
out so colorfully. Spunk is  
the elixir for this woman  
one writer called “feisty and  
startling.” She’ll dazzle the  
waitress, the store clerk, your  
mother and the family dog.  
She’s not flamboyant, but  
put those shining eyes and  
mischievous smile together  
with her native New York  
charm and you have a  
winner!

We talk in her office, a  
corner of the bedroom in  
her assisted living apartment,  
with two filing cabinets and  
a computer on a desk.  
Creativity lies in piles  
everywhere, unlike the  
stately, tastefully-appointed  
living room with an Asian  
motif in gold, browns and  
blacks.

When we’re together,  
Maude’s no more 85 than I am 67—we’re just  
girls. We break into one another’s sentences  
with asides like, “Love your ring,” then pick up  
the original thread without missing a beat. We  
pounce on political pronouncements like two  
broad on a trampoline, bounce from a wicked  
joke to mention of immortality, sometimes in  
the same sentence.  
Notable national writer-poets such as Diane di  
Prima, Lucille Clifton, Tillie Olsen, James  
Houston, and Grace Paley use these words in  
their reviews of Maude’s work: “passionate and  
wise,” “tender yet powerful,” and “hard-earned  
wisdom of a life full-lived.” At a reading at  
Cody’s, Maude was introduced as a happy  
anarchist; she showed up for a Celebration of  
the Muse reading last year with a Harley-  
Davidson decal on her walker. She walks her  
talk, twice jailed for taking part in antinuclear  
demonstrations traveling to Nicaragua during  
its upheaval, and taking part in protests and  
marches from an early age. She claims the  
world, especially our government, is in the  
worst state she has seen in her close to 85 years.  
She’s a Scorpio, “of course, mellowed by an  
Aquarius rising,” she adds.

At age 14, the New York City native and Don  
Meehan fell in love. He became a physician. His  
love and his death shape some of Maude’s  
poems, yet without sentimentality. Photos of  
their daughter and sons, in-laws, grandchildren  
and great-grandchild testify to her pleasure in  
this brood.

At age 45, Maude volunteered to set up a  
nursery school in the inner city and called on  
white public schools to contribute chairs,  
tables, toys, etc., so that the influx of young  
southern women would have some free hours  
to learn the most basic survival skills needed in  
The Big Apple: sign-reading, bus-riding,  
banking, apartment-renting, and so on. Later,  
she organized a teen-age  
center in the same project.  
She believes absolutely  
that one person can make  
a difference anywhere.  
“You don’t need a  
committee.”

At 55, she began putting  
her passions into poems.  
Soon, some UCSC  
English students and  
teachers attended Maude’s  
in-home poetry work-  
shops, and persuaded  
UCSC to hire this degree-  
less poet for its extension  
workshops. Sometimes the  
intelligent, passionate  
heart of someone steeped  
in poetry is a sufficient  
credential. She emphasized  
craft, technique and  
critiquing. Her remarks  
were made as if the  
students were already  
experienced relatives in  
the global family of poets.  
Many of us Monterey Bay

area poets started out under Maude’s wing.

In an interview she once remarked, “It seems  
to me that the creative individual is always  
conscious of what is going on in the many  
facets of life surrounding us. ... At those times  
when our pain and frustration at what we  
perceive as injustice, stupidity and cruelty  
overwhelm us, we are compelled to take action,  
to give voice, to witness...for me, it is the  
poem. There are poems I think of as mosqui-  
toes, their tiny bite leaving an itch that insists  
on my attention.”

SUSAN SAMUEL DRAKE is a native Palo Alto  
whose first book is a poetic memoir, *Fields of  
Courage: Remembering César Chávez & the People  
Whose Labor Feeds Us*. Her essays, nostalgia,  
features, and poetry appear in *Porter Gulch  
Review*, *Anthology of Monterey Bay Poetry*,  
*seniorwomen.com*, *César Chávez 1962-1993: 175  
Essays*, and *Mid-County Post*. Her interview  
with feminist leader, Dolores Huerta, appears  
in *The Progressive* and *El Andar*. Susan is a  
mother of two and a grandmother of two, and  
lives in Soquel.

**George Donald**

GEORGE DONALD, born 1957, rectory dweller, child actor, singer, student pilot, linguist/interpreter, let alone being a writer and fib teller.

THE HILL

When Allen Cardle was killed on McKissick’s hill  
the sun was shining yellow and gray and  
the ground was wet. The bridge to Lorna was closed.

When Allen Cardle died, there was the slam  
and drag of a tractor and a voice said “home”  
and a watch band slid on a wrist.

When Allen Cardle was laid out on McKissick’s hill,  
there was no more blue smoke or bent weeds and it was  
nothing but lunch for horseflies.

When Allen Cardle was killed on McKissick’s hill  
while the apprentice kept painting lines on everything,  
I heard a book close I swear I heard it shut.

**Catherine Segurson**

CATHERINE SEGURSON completed her MFA in creative writing at California College of the Arts. She has been a reader for *Zoetrope All Story* magazine for two years, and on the board of *ZYZZYVA* magazine for three years. Her work has appeared in *Coastal Living Magazine*, and she is currently working on a novel.

ANCIENT WASH BASIN

We’ve carried our linens, barefoot sometimes  
Past your trees, and my geraniums  
Your white boys’ shirts, my grandmother’s slips,  
My girl’s lace bonnets, our worn black scarves  
Soiled with our ancestor’s dirt  
And bones

Side by side our bellies knew the cool stone rim  
Our napes the Siennese breeze  
Blows past this shaded stone trough  
Finding the stone walls nearby, the walls around our only world  
The walls you’ve flown beyond

Up the steep path, our clothes heavy, our minds full  
Through the soiled textiles our words scour

Drowning duty, splashing thoughts, wringing evil laughs  
After, the walk downhill was light, and clean

Through the wall’s open arch a green valley shows  
We glimpsed flashes of war; swift violent pain  
Between towels

After a germ blew away your hair  
I see you in the archway valley  
I wash longer than usual, squeeze my headscarf  
Hear the wash sounds now  
The water echoes your sayings  
The clothes stay heavy without you  
Even down the hill

**Yu Lan**

YU LAN came to Monterey in 1999 and teaches Mandarin at the Defense Language Institute. He began writing poetry in Chinese in middle school, and after arriving in the U.S. in 1996, he started writing in English . His favorite subjects are personal sentiments and natural scenes, following the Chinese poetic tradition.

PACIFIC GROVE

Morning fog hangs low,  
Leisurely, waves rush onto the shore,  
Rocks crowd together like clouds.  
Vast is the sea, its horizon melting into the sky.  
Almost touching the ocean, lines of sea gulls pass by.  
Totally ignoring the splashing waves  
Two people fish from a high cliff  
Purple blossoms border the winding path,  
Traffic mixes with human voice,  
Enchanted  
I sat on a bench, facing a sail, distant, and alone

T

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## Robert Barminski

ROBERT BARMINSKI teaches geology and oceanography at Hartnell College. Living and taking care of the Marks Ranch for the past fifteen years inspires poems and prose of Monterey County. His past life as a boatman is reflected in stories of the Grand Canyon and the rivers of the West. His work has appeared in the *Homestead Review* and *Boatmans Quarterly Review*.

## AVALON

Beyond the west  
back in the canyon  
time goes back  
to the Marks Ranch

Nisene and her boys  
gather eggs by the truckload  
grow beans in Greenfield  
grow love for the land

Time shifts  
eggs don't pay  
boys grow old  
green fields lay fallow

For Nisene  
for you and me  
for a time ahead  
foreseen and forestalled  
land was bestowed

In the still and quiet  
of the morning  
the earth smells young  
dust and dew chill the air  
we breathe

Our land still holds  
names and spirits  
called in time  
chanted by children  
Nisene and Avalon

## BANDTAIL PIGEONS

They clatter through the oak leaves  
fly from our footfall  
swoop and circle in silent flight  
gather the flock into one soul.

The earth is bony hard  
dry in May, dry too soon.  
A rainy February and then nothing  
an early summer and a long one.

Could be a ten year drought like the 50's  
that's what the old timers say.  
A bobcat holds a vigil in the dust  
divining on a ground squirrel hole.

The white sand road curves  
in graceful symmetry through the pasture,  
swoops away from the ribbon of asphalt  
gathers lost souls into the bosom of the ranch.

## Lori L. Howell

LORI L. HOWELL is a published author of children's books, and the founder of the "Ivy Corner" writer's critiquing workshop. A member of the Cental Valley Writer's Club, the International Women's Writers Group, and the National Association of Women Writers, she has won the Editor's Choice Award for her poetry. Her poems appear in *The Anthology of Halcyon Poetry* and *The Anthology of Poetry Gems 2000*.

## LIGHTHOUSE SECRETS

To hear the thrusting waves against the  
rocks where you stand; during the calmness  
in a storm.

Every creature's senses are aroused by the  
different smells from the sea.

A cloud of dew leaves a taste of salt on my  
lips;

The fog horn blows to stir a moment of  
silence.

When I close my eyes your light  
captures my spirit; embracing us into one.  
My vision is your secrets of passing days,  
awaiting the flight to eternity.

## David Weinstock

DAVID WEINSTOCK, writer and editor, is a recent arrival in Pacific Grove. For eight years, he led the Otter Creek Poet's Workshop in Middlebury, Vermont. His poems have appeared in *Spoon River Quarterly*, *Riding the Meridian*, *2 River View*, *Salt River Review*, and *Modern Haiku*. Contact him at: dweinstock@adelphia.net

## WALLET

Let it be written in blood  
On my organ donor card:  
Stranger, I did this for you,  
(Whatever I just did to die):  
Slam the Camry through trees,  
Fall down the hall stairs, burst  
A cerebral artery, choke  
On a chunk of rare roast beef  
Inhaled as if cool mountain air.  
Live on, my partwise inheritor.  
No gratitude is owed. My rewards  
Were immediate, varied, and real:  
Avoiding autopsy's post-mortem audit,  
Lingering warm in a private bed  
As others cooled in the morgue;  
And this card, bail bond,  
Out Of Jail Free, habeas (finally) corpus.

## Sarojani Rohan

SAROJANI ROHAN: Teaching for 23 years, I continue to find joyous inspiration in children's innate communion with wonder and delight. Poetry is my way in to discover how to make sense of the Mystery, and my way out of dark corners and closets full of tigers and monsters and other things that go bump in the night. As I grow older, I find I am opening and deepening, and have an ecstatic willingness to be dazzled.

## CHASING THE MUSE

The poem  
sliding safely through home plate  
first crashed through the outfield wall  
then ricocheted off the stadium lights  
into the ostrich feathers  
of the lady's red fedora.

To retrieve it  
I slogged through murky swamplands,  
crawled on my knees  
through crevices of sharp stone,  
swam the channel against the current,  
climbed hand over hand  
to scale the sheer rock face  
of the path  
leading to the bottom most step  
of the ancient monastery  
where it is rumored  
they stay  
in the self-imposed  
exile  
of solitary prayer  
confined in a small enclosed room  
made of stone

There.  
There for 3 years  
in unceasing prayer  
the poem was resting,  
in one of those rooms,  
waiting breathlessly  
for the heavy latch  
of the rock door  
to open.

The **Whitney Latham Lechich Poetry Workshop** meets in Pacific Grove on the 1<sup>st</sup>, 3<sup>rd</sup> and 4<sup>th</sup> Thursdays, 7-9 pm, at the "Little House" in Jewell Park (next to the library). Phone 831-373-1519 for details or email: pgpoetkate@yahoo.com.

## Eugenia Hepworth Petty

EUGENIA HEPWORTH PETTY, born in San Antonio, Texas, moved with her family to Aptos, California in 1969. She received her BA in English from Mills College in 1982 and her MA in Poetics from New College of California in 1995. Her poetry has appeared in various publications, including, most recently, *The Newport Review*, *Brick and Mortar Review*, and *The Pedestal Magazine*. A chapbook of her work will be published in 2006 through a grant from The Rhode Island Council on the Arts. Her photography is forthcoming in *Terra Incognita*, and she continues work on a manuscript of poetry and photography related to her experiences as a Peace Corps Volunteer in Ukraine from 1995-1997.

## LVIV, UKRAINE FALL 1995

Today I was in love  
I bought blood red berries  
Pomegranates torn open  
Dried herbs tied in bundles  
Eggs in glass jars

All around me the city breathed  
Centuries of mourning  
Born against the weight of the sky

The carved stone of doorways  
Armenian apses  
Layers of language on markers of the dead  
Fortresses  
Courtyards  
Sculptured turrets of thick walled arsenals  
And tiers of icons enshrined in light

Today I was in love and the city breathed  
Bouquets of burnt-orange lamps  
sputtered  
Priests swung censers through Moldavian cathedrals  
Edifices arched  
Not buildings at all  
But monuments to fortitude  
Like the faces of people

## THIS POEM

This poem was waiting to be born  
in foxholes  
with six year old  
mud slung soldiers  
doing bottle cap runs  
in barefoot blistered haze  
for the cool linoleum of Piggly Wigglys

This poem lay in wait  
by the hurricane ditch  
for the horny toads  
to wake from sleep  
crawl out of the shadows  
shoot blood from their eyes

This poem climbed out of its shell  
a clean-flesh cicada  
old self brown and drying  
on snowbells and dogwood

This poem ran down the alleyway  
with the neighbors'  
surgically deodorized skunk  
but this poem  
wanted to make a stink  
so it turned back  
waited till dawn for a skillet hot sun  
like a halo behind  
the yucca plants

This poem fought like a fire ant  
fresh from the next  
coppered with sweat  
and an unforgiving heat

This poem burned like a fuse going out  
sputtering like fireflies  
that appeared and disappeared  
on the periphery of night

This poem watches egrets  
knee deep in swamp grass  
before "Ducks Unlimited"  
took over the Texas wastelands

This poem swam the canals  
of the riverwalk  
colored lights strung  
under cypress and oak

This poem stayed in town where it lumbered by  
sea walls  
listening for steel drums and gulls  
ratsnakes and vipers

Texan  
provincial  
this poem never left home  
learned to stay cool under Southern moons  
stalwart  
basking  
a cotton mouth of words  
waiting to strike.

## L(I)ST

I woke and wept screaming afraid of my voice  
I traveled toward dusk

I dug beneath fences of rendering plants  
I examined old bones

I set out traps for mice and small insects  
I devoured cruel words

I scavenged in dumpsters for gold tinted  
bric-a-brac  
I embellished deceit

I knelt in a circle of torn black thread  
I refused to feel

I collected bright scars in hammered tin boxes  
I constructed new altars

I buried glass bottles of urine and wolfbane  
I exercised prayer

I bathed for three nights in the skins of boiled  
walnuts  
I ascended, singing

I listened for wind chimes on warm wooden  
porches  
I remembered the sky

I emerged from cold bunkers with armfuls of  
roses  
I heralded spring

## Donna Kuhn

DONNA KUHN is the author of several poetry books and chapbooks, a visual artist, dancer, and creator of experimental videos. She lives in Aptos, CA.

### STICK YOUR TORCH IN THE AIR

a heart says sweat instead of sweet  
some people are offended when i curse  
im from new york, i tell them, this is how we talk

if i held your hand would it confuse u  
dream about spaghetti and salt  
i dont use anything for its intended purpose

he was only happy when he painted  
im beginnning to understand  
a future star stares at the liquor bottles

lined up behind the bar  
im still hiding in my pencil jar  
peek out from beneath your picnic table

u were ancient with an american flag  
over your head, the liberty bell hung  
in the middle of nowhere

suspended in green sky  
if i couldve kept u alive  
i wouldnt write another word

palette please, stick your torch in the air  
take in your foam cherries  
hollow skulls on the skating rink

united we stand, uh huh  
please \$1, tell the corn god  
god bless this mess

a ripe banana smiles, a blue lady bug crawls  
i need your sandwiches, your bones  
my animated face distorted

## Dale A. Edmands

DALE A. EDMUNDS is a native of the Monterey Peninsula, whose work has appeared in *Thundersandwich*, the *Homestead Review*, *Poesy*, *Poetry Motel*, *Poetry Bay*, *Zen Baby*, and *Remark*.

### THE STREAM *for Mark Strand*

If you stand here  
long enough,  
stand here  
at the edge  
where it flows  
past you  
in a hurriedness  
of splash  
and roll,  
of white foam  
over rock,  
of wave  
after wave,  
you begin  
to understand  
that his  
is your life,  
and there  
beneath  
the surface  
where the sun  
glitters with  
aquatic stars  
are the smiles  
you have;  
all going by  
in a rush  
down there  
under the bridge  
and around  
that last bend  
disappearing,  
and if you  
follow,  
you will  
disappear  
with it  
and become  
these black  
rocks  
the water  
runs white  
over,  
like rain  
in a graveyard  
of wet, polished  
stone.

## Dean Mimmack

DEAN MIMMACK teaches in the Santa Cruz city school district—three decades at Harbor High and one decade at Soquel High. He is planning to retire to furniture making, travel, and writing.

### BAY AQUARIUM

Perhaps there is a viewing bubble –  
some plate glass window cut into the wall  
of a fourth dimension in space –  
through which unimagined gods watch us  
as if barely-subsisting ants kept in a farm  
or defiant sea bass in an aquarium tank  
who believe themselves free-swimmers  
while only that gelatinous purple thing  
that trembles on its rock anchorage  
and the paranoid crab wedged in that crevice  
have an inkling of the truth

### CARMEL GALLERY RECEPTION

“You see how that edge of light...”  
Swirl, Swirl, Swirl.  
“...has something else in mind...”  
Sniff, Sniff, Sniff.  
“...other than vivid white?”  
Sip, Sip, Sip.  
“It’s as if a spiritual discoloration...”  
Look Thoughtful.  
“...has slipped away...”  
Look Thoughtful.  
“...diagonally down the canvas...”  
Swallow.  
“...yielding to a stain of profane beige.”  
Wait, Wait, Wait.  
“By the way, how was Tuscany?”

## Jennifer Lagier Fellguth

JENNIFER LAGIER FELLGUTH is a member of the Italian American Writers Association, National Writers Union and California Writers Club. She has published four books, *Coyote Dream Cantos*, *Where We Grew Up*, *Second-Class Citizen*, and *The Mangia Syndrome*. Her work has appeared in numerous anthologies and e-zines. Jennifer teaches at Hartnell College and California State University, Monterey Bay.

## MOONSTONE BEACH BAR & GRILL REVERIE

Around us, Harleys and Indians  
create their own rules of the road.  
Jesus is the co-pilot of the biker babe  
at the neighboring table.

We sip stiff cocktails,  
slide the weight of urban traffic jams  
and work-day disasters  
from the knotted cords  
of our tense shoulders.

Black birds beg at the feet  
of burly men in slick leathers.  
I envy their mounds of golden fries,  
thick, greasy burgers.

Shivering tourists in tank tops and shorts  
discover coast summer  
feels more like winter.  
Fog sheets wipe sunlight from  
a denim sky littered with seagulls.

I am vacationing from familiar ports,  
a ship without anchor,  
one hand scribbling the moment's truth  
upon paper napkins.



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## Angel Look

ANGEL LOOK is a poet and painter with a continuing fascination of the dream world. She is also a labor and delivery nurse and mother of two. She lives in Monterey where her work has appeared in newspapers and anthologies. Angel hosts the monthly National Writers Union poetry readings in Carmel.

## PULLING AWAY

It begins at the front door,  
there on the porch, under the shadowy pines,  
where you start to say goodbye. And I  
know, as I stand with one hand  
on the gray door frame, that yes,  
it's late and really you should go,  
but you hesitate,  
shuffle things in your hands,  
pass papers into your book,  
adjust the small plastic bag  
filled with leftovers from this evening.

That's when I begin to feel it pull. Then,  
as you go down the steps and

into the yellow light of the lamps  
shining on the driveway, I feel it tighten,  
like a slipknot tied in the muscle and bone  
of my chest wall, like a rope  
untended on a dock, still attached  
as the boat tries to pull away.

Someone has forgotten to untie the line.

It pulls now,  
tighter, thinning, line straining  
until just as I think I hear  
the splintering of metal being pulled from wood  
I remember to unwrap, let go,  
toss you your line

## THE WAYSIDE INN

I am visiting here for just a short time.  
What does it matter what I do,  
how the story turns out?

I don't know what I want. I suppose  
any one of these lives that I see here  
could work out, one  
of a number of different stories,  
good or bad,  
in the end will I care?

I know only what I carried here  
in my suitcase – everything else is uncertain.

I am tired of it, the imperfect fit,  
the bad timing that comes from not  
having an internal GPS.

I envy those, who find it easy  
to choose paint colors,  
or what to do with the rest of their lives.