

From the Editor

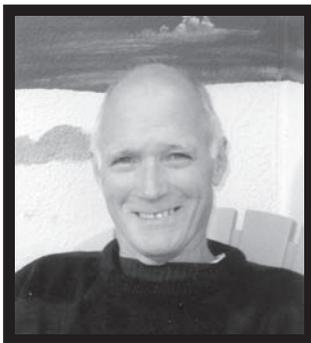


The Review in David Gitin's Creative Writing class at MPC. Photo: Halley Roberts

The *Monterey Poetry Review* is one year old, and is now registered as a California non-profit organization. We celebrate with our first themed issue, "States of Mind," featuring the poetry of Ellen Bass, a.d. winans, Patti Sirens and twenty-eight other poets from the Monterey Bay area, with cover art by Elena Samborskaya.

The various states of mind portrayed move through a wide range of human experience, transfigured by the poets from life into art. A fitting thought was penned on the envelope of Bryant Clifford's submission (pg. 11) – "Poetry is a state of mind."

With sadness, we honor the memory of Dale A. Edmands, whose poem, "The Stream," appeared in *MPR's* Winter 2005 issue, and who read at our October 1st debut at the Monterey Public Library. Dale passed away on January 22. We include here more of his excellent work.
-- Megan



Dale A. Edmands

DALE A. EDMANDS was the Webmaster of Kookamonga Square, an online literary and art collection, housing over 200 poets and artists. Dale is greatly missed by his family and friends, and by the community he served.

MÉNAGE À TROIS

In this dream the three of us
are sitting on the banks of the Charles
The grass is as green as cemetery sod
The trees boldly waver their newly minted leaves
beneath a May sky mirroring the deep blue river

We sit with notebooks, cigarettes and smiles,
talking about poetry, about how the dead white
sails of the rental boats resemble flags
of surrender as they bob and weave across
the bay, tacking towards the shores of
Cambridge

One of them, the older one, the tall one
with the jet black hair, turns to me and asks,
"Have you ever thought about giving up your
life?"
I look at both of them for a split second,
then smile my answer, "The only thing I am
thinking
about in those terms, is your virginity,
and the check at the Ritz for two martinis
and a whiskey sour."

GRAVITY

We are not angels,
thus we adhere
to gravity's rules.

Had we wings,
how easily
to push ourselves
upward, away
from this weight,

this invisible tether
that keeps us
tied to this Earth,

Almost as if God
knew what
He was doing.

DUSK

The light in the room fades,
but I hesitate to flick on
the lights,

because outside is where
the light has gone,

is swallowed up
in a pink blush
that backlights the trees.

The pale blue sky darkens,
makes silhouettes
and shadows,

wings that dust the air
with twilight's soft
and lingering glow.



Kate Aver Avraham

KATE AVER AVRAHAM is a poet and children's author. Her book, *JOEY'S WAY* was published in 1992 by MacMillan. Her poems have appeared in numerous journals and anthologies, including *Calyx Journal of Art and Literature by Women* and the *Nimrod International Journal* where she was a finalist for the Pablo Neruda Poetry Prize. She works in art therapy and founded Blue Moon Creations, a non-profit promoting art and writing as healing.

IF YOU'RE ALREADY ON THE ROAD AT FIVE A.M.

when the porcelain blue sky begins
to turn pale around its rim, and if you pass
the Langendorf bread truck and the man
waves to you like you're the only other
person awake in the whole world, then
on down the road, you lift your cold can of
Mountain Dew to the driver of the Coca Cola van
and she laughs until the ash from her cigarette
drops off, then you tune in to AM and Carlos
Santana is singing Black Magic Woman just as
you hit a stretch of road where you're alone, so
you speed up and straighten out those curves
the way your stock car racing boyfriend taught you
thirty years ago. Then, if you're in the right place
when the edge of dawn yellows, you may
be able to smell the scent of dust in the trees
when the sun first reaches them, and you'll shift
down hard instead of braking when you hit a curve
because it feels good, take off your shirt
ride along in just your red tank top even though
your arms are a little flabby, but you don't care
because the air has warmed up and you've rolled
all the windows down, so by the time the first flash
of sunlight hits your dash and turns it into shiny,
silver chrome, your old model Honda is rumbling
like a Harley and you know this is how to start
over, this is what it feels like to get a second
chance.

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Contributors – Kate Aver Avraham, Robert Barminski, Ellen Bass, Bryant L. Clifford, Brian Conner, Casey Curtis, Dale A. Edmands, Beth Elderkin, Jessie Escobar, Gary Fleming, Rozalie Gibbs, Calhucí Hoebel, Lawson Fusau Inada, Patricia Wellingham-Jones, Carolyn Kleefeld, Art Koulakani, Dorianne Laux, Kent Leatham, Manfred Luedge, Peggy Mastrude, Sister Kay McMullen, Colin Mitts, Bonnie Moore, Leo Osornio, Bernice Rendricks, Patti Sirens, C. B. Sundquist, Stuart Thornton, t. mike walker, Cathy Warner, Rain Wilmoth, a.d. winans

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 the Summer 2006 issue: May 15.

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part of this edition may be reproduced in any form
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Correction for Vol. 1 No. 3, page 10: The 7th
strophe of Eugenia Hepworth Petty's "This Poem"
should have read: This poem watched the
egrets/knee deep in swamp grass/before "Ducks
Unlimited"/took over the Texas wetlands//