

## a. d. winans

A. D. WINANS is a native San Francisco poet, writer and photographer. He attended the first Monterey Jazz Festival, and the title poem of his first book of poems, *CARMEL CLOWNS*, was written in a Carmel bar. He has been a frequent visitor to Santa Cruz where he read his work in 2004 at the Wired Wash Café. He is the author of numerous books of poetry and prose, and has been published internationally in nine languages, most recently, Russian. A poem of his was set to music in 2004 and performed at Tully Hall in New York City.

## HAIKU POEM

a microphone inside my head  
static playing mad tunes on my tongue  
a lonely grasshopper without wings

## POEM FOR AN IMAGINARY DAUGHTER

Daughter that I never had  
Tugging at my arm-sleeve  
From death's still sleep  
Hanging heavy as an anchor  
Rooted to the tip of my tongue  
Your vision riding high in the  
Retina of my third eye  
I toss restlessly in half-sleep  
A tugboat captain throwing  
You a lifeline towing  
You gently through my dreams

## TO BE A POET IN AMERICA

to be a poet in America  
is to be faceless  
like the Indian on an old  
Buffalo Head Nickel  
to be a poet a prophet  
a Shaman  
is Boxcar Willie  
riding the rails without  
a guitar  
to be a poet in America  
is to be invisible

## OCEAN BEACH

Old ghosts stand guard  
At deserted Playland  
The fat lady sings no more  
The funhouse torn down  
Like my old high school  
The sanddunes filled with debris  
A lone ship in the distance  
The waves dancing along the shore  
Bring back old memories  
San Francisco drowning  
In quicksand fog banks  
My eyes a piece of dead driftwood  
Floating aimlessly out to sea

**"To Be a Poet in America" and "Ocean Beach" first appeared in the *Noe Valley Voice*. "Poem For An Imaginary Daughter" first appeared in *Presa Magazine*.**



## Sister Kay McMullen

SISTER KAY McMULLEN, SND, trained as a volunteer with the Monterey County AIDS Project. She is now a writer and researcher for the development office for her religious community, the Sisters of Notre Dame in Belmont, California, where she is a part-time, early morning and stolen days poet.

## GRIEF'S OTHER DAUGHTER

Divine  
Confusion,  
Grief's daughter,  
tossed and turned all night.  
The face of death  
stuck in her eyes.  
It was toward morning when  
at the edge of a dream  
she saw something,  
a tiny stirring  
that somehow survived the dark.  
At first she tried stalking it  
but soon realized she could do nothing,  
nothing, that is, but breathe,  
but keep alive  
and trust  
that in her helplessness  
this tiny – call it light,  
whisper, whatever –  
would be faithful  
and with patient unknowing  
she would know  
Grief's other daughter,  
Peace.

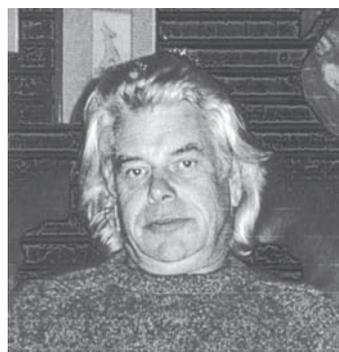


## C.B. Sundquist

COLLEEN BETH SUNDQUIST is a visual artist with a studio at 711 Cannery Row. Her creative expressions often transcend the visual and she finds herself weaving word tapestries with ancestral themes from her Finnish roots.

## SIROCCO

He was all the wind he could become.  
Soft salty breezes to  
The tornado tearing over me,  
Torrid to bricks,  
And lifting me up and beyond  
Dizzy I spin in that vortex as  
The gusting passes through me.  
Inhale my passion,  
Exhale my laughter.  
Sirocco through my lips  
In whispers, murmurs, moans, and more.  
It sings into the canyons of my soul,  
And carries beyond as  
It fills my sail.



## Manfred Luedge

MANFRED LUEDGE was born in West Germany in 1951 and emigrated to the U.S. in 1982. He has worked in Santa Cruz County since 1988, is married, and has one daughter.

## NO. 1

My hearing improves  
Every time coyote slips his  
Tongue into my ear.  
He wipes his ass with the tail  
Of my shirt  
And leaves me  
To do the laundry.  
  
Listen, dickhead,  
He says,  
There's more to dreaming than  
Being asleep.