



## Lawson Fusao Inada

LAWSON FUSAO INADA is regarded by many as the poet laureate of Japanese America. A professor of writing at Southern Oregon University, Mr. Inada has published extensively, won numerous awards, including two National Endowment of the Arts Fellowships, and has been one of the twenty-one poets to be honored at the White House, for a Salute to Poetry and American Poets. His second book of poetry, *LEGENDS FROM CAMP*, received the American Book Award and was featured on CBS, and his recent documentary, "What It Means to be Free," captures life in the camps with actual footage accompanied by his poetry readings. Mr. Inada has written the first poem for the 10,000 Poems Project:

My oh my  
I see I am  
The first poem  
For the first project  
of this Valley of the World  
My oh my  
First baby artichoke  
first baby broccoli  
first baby lettuce  
first baby strawberry  
growing in the beautiful fields of Salinas  
I can't wait to meet  
my 9,999 poetry friends.

## Calling All Poets! 10,000 Poems Sought

Website Created as Part of Steinbeck Chair Project

*"Contrary to public opinion, poetry is not anything confined to books in libraries or campuses; rather, poetry is within every individual, and everyone has access to the poetic spirit."*

— Lawson Fusao Inada, 2005-06 Steinbeck Chair

Hartnell College, The Western Stage, The National Steinbeck Center, Salinas Library and Partners for Peace recently named poet and author Lawson Fusao Inada as the new Steinbeck Chair at Hartnell Community College and the National Steinbeck Center. For the next year, on various visits, Mr. Inada will participate in a variety of community activities including lectures and outreach activities in partnership with area schools and non-profits, library events, writing workshops, and the 2006 Steinbeck Festival.

One of the goals of this year's Steinbeck Chair is to collect 10,000 poems from students, community members and elders of all backgrounds. All forms of poetry will be accepted. There is no line limit and poems may be submitted in any language. Multiple submissions are permitted, and previously published poems are accepted if rights belong to the author.

A website has been created: [www.10000poems.com](http://www.10000poems.com) with guidelines to begin collection of the poems. Poems may also be dropped off in person until September 15, 2006 at the following sites in Salinas: Hartnell College Library, the National Steinbeck Center, The Western Stage, the John Steinbeck Library, and a number of other locations in Salinas. For more information call Kathleen at (831) 755-6905 or Margie at (831) 775-4724.

**Poetry Counts!**  
Help us get into the  
**Guinness Book of World Records!**

The Steinbeck Chair Project is collecting 10,000 poems from Monterey County and beyond. For more information, or to submit a poem visit [www.10000poems.com](http://www.10000poems.com) or call (831) 775-4724.

This project is supported in part by an award from the National Endowment for the Arts, which believes that a great nation deserves great art. Other funding was generously provided by the Community Foundation for Monterey County, the Hartnell Foundation, the Harden Foundation, and the Institute of Museum and Library Services. Additional support was provided by our family program sponsors: Duke Energy, Harden Ranch Plaza, Heald College, Largo Concrete, and Pebble Beach Company.



## Casey Curtis

CASEY SHANNON CURTIS is a graduate of R.L. Stevenson in Pebble Beach, and currently studies English at San Francisco State University. He recently began writing poetry and cannot stop.

## THE CHOSEN

for her

She let the air out from my lungs, slowly first  
To set my heart on fire, faster then to really evade  
The warmth of my embrace, and I watched her  
Leave from my window sill, parched by a sudden thirst

That shred my coughing veins, my curtains faded brown  
By an age too past to count, slender as ever though  
As I watched her with eyes dead inside their empty shells,  
Walking along her silken wall, fingering a worldly gown

She stood, through the lenses of my pane,  
As the angel, or a sip of wine which shines the soul,  
And my heart was a hole in the escape of passion,  
Surrendered in a silent swell of pain,

As I saw the searching fogs of morning miss her skin,  
Now untouchable, now the blanket of the coming night,  
That ignites this tear I drip, alone in her absence, for I had  
Lost the chosen to a drag of ephemeral wind.



## Patricia Wellington-Jones

PATRICIA WELLINGTON-JONES, former psychology researcher, writer, editor and lecturer, has been published in *Ibbetson Street Press*, *Underground Window*, and *HazMat Review*. Her newest books are *BELT OF TRANSIT* and *HORMONE STEW*. Her website is [www.wellinghamjones.com](http://www.wellinghamjones.com)

## LOLLIPOP PINWHEEL DAY

It was a lollipop pinwheel day,  
a scrambled brains on a  
slab of forgetfulness,  
skip the jam, I'm there  
already, morning.

I hung myself up in the  
shower and scrubbed,  
jelly bean colors flew  
all through the spray.

Wild hair fizzed in the sparks  
of the light so,  
yielding, I threw on my  
most outrageous clothes  
and ran out to play.