



**Robert
Barminski**

ROBERT BARMINSKI teaches geology and oceanography at Hartnell College. His work has appeared in the *Homestead Review* and the *Boatmans Quarterly Review*.

OVER THE EDGE

He drives along the edge
the knife edge of the planet
careens along the Big Sur Coast,
a dark and desolate descent
except for two dim, yellow, headlights.

He stops and watches the slits of rain
cold down to the marrow of the bone.
Here is where all will end
his Volkswagen bus hurtling off the cliff
drowning the oceans roar by Rocky Creek Bridge.

He drinks from a bottle of cheap Tequila
fueling his suicidal courage
fifty feet from the edge.
The engine idles roughly
warming the insides.

Finally, he takes a last swig
flings the empty bottle
presses the gas pedal and accelerates
toward the flaming edge.
The engine sputters and dies, out of gas.

In the morning he awakes and looks over the edge
hungover, and stupefied
hitchhikes to the gas station
accepts the first ride and the first cup of coffee.



**Gary
Fleming**

GARY FLEMING lives in Santa Cruz. He has degrees in Theatre Arts from Hartnell and CSU Humboldt, and has recently returned to study writing at Hartnell. His poetry has appeared in the *Homestead Review*.

LATE NIGHT BODHISATTVA

Just sitting now, in thought I'm left to drift
And wonder what the cause might be to leave
With many musings I've still yet to sift
And walk, unknown, the path of dreams they weave.
Sometimes at night it seems my mind's a shack,
Its cupboards bare, I search to find a crumb,
A worthy thought whose sense I might attack
And tie its skin, so taut, to wisdom's drum.
Then sound that drum with hand, a touch so slight,
Yet fills the air until the ear is glutted,
And spills a full vibration, swift and tight,
Into the mind of all in dullness rutted.
And may that wave of wisdom's word not brake
Till in each heart a place is found to take.



**Beth
Elderkin**

BETH ELDERKIN, an English major at Monterey Peninsula College, has placed in numerous poetry competitions, was co-editor of the MPC student newspaper, *Scratch Paper*, in 2005, and has been published in *The Homestead Review*. She is the lead guitarist, vocalist and lyricist for Third Eclipse (www.ThirdEclipse.com), currently completing their debut album with Grammy-winning producer, Jeffrey Cohen.

i have the center and it's just another
circumference

i look around me, the soft
brush is a stroke upon my marketed insides

the silence skips over itself
my breath alone cannot fix it
so i cry for the days i never paid attention to

death is just another vocabulary lesson

nod

We dance.
The spinning is authentic,
enough to send
teardrops
across the walls
as blood.

dashed

oceans recoil
i feel your ghost in the waves
its fingers spit foam



**Bryant
L. Clifford**

BRYANT L. CLIFFORD, from Massachusetts, studied creative writing at Bennington College and theater at Stella Adler Conservatory. He makes his living as a painter, sculptor, potter, landscaper and gallery curator. He received a fellowship residency for his art and writing from the Virginia Center for the Creative Arts and funding from the Maxine Shore Foundation in Carmel, where he currently resides, working as a screenwriter. *THE MONARCH OF EVENING TIME*, his first book of poetry and prose, appears in Spring, 2006.

STORM RIDER

It's hard work not to worry about little brother.
He looks so charmingly lost, so dilettantish,
each different colored eye sparkling for someplace else.

He leaves piles of surfer journals at my bedside,
and demonstrates the 'oracular tail slide'
up and down Casanova.
The drag of wood edge
joining pavement
is palpable music,
gravelly sibilance.

His universe is getting closer,
an adventure begging to happen.
The pulse of it is ineradicable,
blood thick like the Maverick's break.

We leap off its page,
riding through the barrel,
guided by the hand of our father.

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upcoming book*

THE MONARCH
of EVENING TIME

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