

Gardening with
Wallace Stevens

Kathleen S. Burgess

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Table of Contents

Dugout
Walnuts
Gardening with Wallace Stevens
Reflections at Adena
Elegy
Family Photograph
A Little Night Music
To write a poem I could memorize
On My Way to You
A Wanderer
Hemispheres
Birding in Ohio
Flight
Taos Pueblo Round Dance
At Old Oraibi
Coyote
The Vocal Cords of Wind
After a Great Wind
Still Life
Blue Boneset
Lifelines
I Believe I'm Sinking Down
I'm a pilgrim light needles into place
At the Chinese Lantern Festival, Columbus, Ohio
Come Spring Come Sonnet

Dugout

Felled by a stone axe, and burned hollow,
a ninety-foot pine rides the water reincarnated
as a dugout vaguely redolent of its fiery formation.
Three thousand years since Bronze Age Britons

sat athwart—poled through swamps, rowed lakes.
Registered signs: bird trill, antler, planet, moon,
clouds sung by the sun. They fished the depths, cooked
on deck the thrashing silvers.

From the roots of sound and trunks of words, language
feeds images that buoy our dreams. Awakened we craft
metaphors, from the Greek *metaphorá*, “transfer, or carry.”
Transoms, lifted from sterns, allow vessels to be sunk

for the winter in a bog as nourishing as poetry. Hidden,
then dug out, similes and metaphors also float, fresh
or fossilized—tongue of flame, or eye of a needle compass-
bound—so similar, the insensible ear does not tell them apart.

At Florida’s Pithlachocco Lake, Seminole for “the place
of long boats,” a folksinger and a teacher lead students
to discover canoes by the dozens. Archaeologists spoon-lift
from mud the shards carbon-dated to five thousand years.

In time, the people of six continents piloted dugout canoes
over oceans—some with outriggers, some with sails.
Like squirrels we cannot remember where the vehicles lie
though they branch and leaf and flower before our eyes.

Walnuts

Dad polished shoes on Sundays before church—
those wanton walnut browns, cordovan wing-tips.
Or he'd pay me to clean and polish. Quarter a pair.
He'd dress, bring Danish from the bakery. Eat.

Unlock the car and siren the horn till we fell in.
In the choir loft Dad sang a cigarette-roughened
second tenor to Mom's quavery, English-horn alto.
After church the choir met at Willy's Airport Café

for BLTs, fries, a puffy apple pie or baked Alaska.
Through all the smoke, we saw propellers spin,
wheels taxi runways, wings shudder to lift, to land.
In summer, Mr. Michael's walnut trees were forts

for the boys to shinny up. The bigger girls, too.
They nailed on slats for us younger kids to climb.
We turned green walnuts into grenades or bombs,
and dropped our improvised explosives on Nazis,

like those who shelled Dad in World War II and
left him broken for nine months in France. He
never talked of war. But watched *Run Silent, Run
Deep*. *The Longest Day*. *From Here to Eternity*.

Some I watched, tucked beside him on the sofa.
On the hottest days, Mom would roll limes soft.
Cut and twist halves over a glass measuring cup.
Add water. Aluminum trays of ice. A little sugar.

Those times rise like cumulus clouds above a path
littered with green walnuts, the scents of lime
and polish in a childhood before the Sherman tank
of change. Beneath treads we would crack apart.

Gardening with Wallace Stevens

The mist was to light what red / Is to fire.

—Wallace Stevens, *Variations on a Summer Day*

I

Say a black rat snake vanishes into bamboo,
and leaves behind the empty sleeve of its skin.

II

Naked, unselfconscious, the snake
weaves through tongues of zebra grass
and silver grass while a west wind
bends the grasses, a tremulous rustle.

III

Grasses of the garden are feathers
that shift and fluster. Grown from worms
and peat and clay, their nests are lined
with last year's desiccate stems.

IV

Over Appalachian hills the evening sun
bears the world on its shoulders, sets
through mimosa and maple, cumulus,
mountain, sea, and forecasts of thunder-flash,
then rises as curse or cure
for the world that was, and is.

V

Nature imagined through stained glass
posits a snake as an omen of loss,
our loss to be driven from grace.
The snake, danger of dangers—
knowledge—like the sun,
the eye that never closes.

VI

The snake grows as the adolescent grows,
muscular, drinking air.

VII

Neighborhood boys unsure of their duty
find the snake. They must wonder,
should they rid my yard of the beast
to make the world safe?
They can never make the world safe.

VIII

Should they study it, poke it, leave it alone?
The best they can do is to let the snake go
its way to test the air for insect, rodent.

IX

Raindrops prism leaf-edged rainbows, in echoes
of celosias' flamboyant red, orange,
lightning yellow, and cactus.
Tradescantia simmers a darker blue,
and violet salvia indigoes. Like broken promises,
shadows slither and lengthen.

X

Beneath the setting crescent
a slug slimes up from cedar mulch
to eat into lace a marigold
that repels most insects.

XI

Plant, slug, moon, and I are one,
imprinted by egg, darkness, light.
The serpent protects this egg called earth.

XII

In the shifting atmosphere of prisms,
words vein the body of the world we know
and become under a breaking sun.

Reflections at Adena

Water vapor, dust, and ice updraft into a blue hemisphere,
like ectoplasm conjured onto photographs in a darkroom.
A white whale afloat in the sky won't moan its double bass
at mockingbirds or the garden plot full of history's echoes.
Shadows shorten on the lawn where once a reveler,

still awake at sunrise, sketched the first state seal of Ohio.
In the town below, a woman driving to work stops
with traffic, checks the rear-view mirror to color the oval
of her lips. All this occurs under light that sieves
through trees above the muddy trail to the cemetery stone

on the grounds of Adena Mansion. There I walk the path
of those who fought in wars past, or didn't. Slaves freed
and brought to serve here lie unmarked. The governor, his
family are reinterred at Grandview Cemetery, the one which
overlooks a mill that pays millions for our schools to thrive.

Wind refigures the whale as a bat skull, ears pitched
toward ants and a fly that drones, then blows away.
I accelerate to the street below. A church sign on a corner
asserts *The blood of patriots seeds the tree of liberty.*
Across the valley, a retired soldier breakfasts on grits.

Elegy

After the painting *Sawyer's Pond*
—Julia Rice

About the boy capital-L Life ripens spring:
a pot of Johnny-jump-ups, a sprawl of lemon lilies,

perennial bloomers. A few pond-bound lily pads
float from clouds. The clouds drip stones.

Under a cornflower-blue fedora, he faces the flow.
His arms and legs are pale; his shoulders wilt.

The Velcroed sneakers, too clean for any boy.
Though he asks nothing of his feet, he wants

to walk again with Grandpa in the woods,
where the northern leopard frogs *Snored*, where

tadpoles swam their tails off and budded legs.
Where a red-winged blackbird gargled his coarse

Cheerily, and April violets lilac and deep purple
scented a creek bed of Dutchman's-breeches.

The boy sits while water dribbles and drops
into the pool like tears through fingers.

Family Photograph

A satin patina of light hovers over the sofa leather
where they sit—the grown-up daughter and son, home,

together. He, cross-legged between his sister,
her scarf ornamented by a gold gift bow as corsage,

and Dad, who smiles in a wool shirt Christmas red,
festooned by a tangle of green curling ribbon as necktie.

The father's left hand lies snug in a brown leather glove.
The son's lips close in amused concentration, as,

from one blue sleeve of a Santa Express party sweater
to Dad's bare hand, he extends the four-fingered cardboard
insert.

The easy grip and shake say humor's an art between them.
In the photo we can't see what's done: a breakfast of pancakes

with berries and syrup, cups of coffee, espresso black.
Nor can we hear the daughter's grin blossom into the next quip,

or the silver ball from Lazarus, now Macy's, a falling portamento
followed by the stutter-chirp of a mechanical mocking bird.

The same gurgle-spurts their parents had made with forefinger
tommy-guns blazing at Nazis from perches in neighborhood tree
forts.

Behind Dad, a photograph of two girls. Sad little Pearl, grandma
of the siblings on the sofa, has cut her own bangs. Younger sister,

the stormy-eyed Nevada, is tethered to sissie's arm. They're in
button shoes,
twin shapeless dresses of mattress ticking. Pockets quiet their
fists

where they stand on a porch in a southern Ohio flooded by
rivers
of misfortune years before the Great Depression—a photo in
grayscale.

Nothing much to suggest sentinel evergreens on a hillside of
snow and stone
where the living stoop to lay flowers, and the grace note of light
moves on.

A Little Night Music

The sun is a red eye misting between clouds
and the horizon. I feel the chorus of cicadas.

False wing on false wing, katydids and crickets
in the trees. An incessant cacophony.
We pass a pond where pickerel frogs plink

behind a screen of cattails. Then the bullfrog
chants, Into the groove, into the groove.

Homebound swallows shiver the brown skin
of the water. This causes a largemouth bass
to breach. Battle-scarred, the big fish trails

a regalia of lines, hooks, maybe memories.
A ray-finned sunfish is unlucky, caught

in the hungry mouth of night. We walk on
earth soft with burrows, winding and furred.
There's a scent of deer musk beyond the trail.

Hearts thump around us. Some to mate. Some
to escape. Some stop. But tonight we're alive.

To write a poem I could memorize

ars poetica for Rose M. Smith

would require uncommon simplicity,
obvious patterns, fleshed metaphor,
an animal—say, a giraffe—grazing
grasslands reclaimed from strip mines.

What's forced beneath those mines,
near The Wilds of Cumberland, Ohio,
harvests tremors foreboding and real,
yet the language used to hide that truth

is about believing and turning a blind eye.
The giraffe is an example of an herbivore,
the addled guide tells an open-air safari bus
of tourists. *Or an herbivore is an example*

of a giraffe. Thirteen lines in, I'm losing
the gist of the exercise in the drift of
giraffes crossing the dirt road before us.
And I begin seeing predators stalk

through summer grass and scrub trees,
the land aflame, the Aeolian harp silent
regarding elemental needs. Something,
a cheetah, quickens a life to terror. To bleed.

It's one life to feed the other.

On My Way to You

Parades of yard signs and magnets on cars
command, *Support Our Troops*. The colors
a match for the heat of stars: red, white, blue,
even the yellow in loops of ribbon flagging steel.

Rows of cornstalks stubble the earth,
the corpses beheaded. Darkness circles.
I drive beneath a squall line, and turn
south on Dugan, west on Children's Home.

At home an almost invisible tube troubles Mom
as it aerates her smoke-struck lungs,
which neither forest nor machine can fill.
A northeast wind wraps the horizon

in storm clouds before downpour. Trees
bent to a cold front. Storms haunt me.
In the distance a lightning of white phosphorous,
a shower of cluster bombs. Death squads

shadow the bodies of the vaporized.
Only night clothes lie intact. Only belongings.
Uranium and napalm shroud Iraq, held off
until the second stolen election. A banner

declares *Mission Accomplished!* Those
who survive, and those born after, cancer.
It's nearly spring. Here, too, in Ohio, pine trees
candle. Tapered canopies burn with a pale green fire.

A Wanderer

I start in fog—the summer morning
heavy after thunderstorms—

sudden torrents
invisible on radar screens.

A fog wraps the Appalachian foothills,
blots the sky,

obscures the fields of corn.
The sun spears the heart

of a cloud with an ethereal brightness—
an apparition

that might send me a message
through the riffles of Paint Creek,

or the spider webs on witch grass
that shimmer and blow like skirts in a breeze.

And I think of you, Mother—your handbag
full of memories, your cannula of dreams.

Hemispheres

In China, half a world between us,
near the convulsing Himalayas, you
write to ask after Mom. You should
have seen how fractures in her spine
shrank her, and heard her laugh about
the bone doctor's diagnosis: that she
had "a crummy back." Our family's habit
leashed her to an oxygen tank although
she had never smoked one cigarette.

Brother, do you remember our breakfasts
of homemade waffles, real maple syrup?
The golden grapefruits blushed rose, fruit
of paradise, *citrus paradisi*, she'd rinse,
press, and roll against the cutting board,
and slice the fruits in two along the equators
to reveal a pattern of petals in the halves.

I use her small, serrated grapefruit knife:
hold its wooden handle; insert the curve
of the blunt, blade tip; and saw the sections
free of membrane, bitter pulp. As she would.
The acid-sweet scent lingers.

For years she stayed with us for holidays
and healing broken bones. So small, she fit
the old junior bed. Her chamber now is spare
as a phone booth. But I see her rise, change
into a pink T-shirt with red roses and a letter
S for her moniker, one of the final two,
the word she whispers to me, *Survivor*.

Birding in Ohio

Absence, or erasure—which is the diction
of the endangered—the flights unsteady
against a jet stream toward extinction.

Bobwhite? a girl answers, a question
for a question that burns in memory.
The loss, one of a multitude, a phantom

pain. Still she listens spring to autumn
for echoes through the meadows and trees,
down Appalachian foothills, silvery runs.

By a trail once railroad, now macadam,
almost level, almost straight, an early
wet on Queen Anne's lace and beebalm

magnifies the small. Trumpet vines yawn,
Virginia creeper twines into the canopy.
Stay off my land, the poison ivies warn.

Two cardinals flame; of goldfinches, a dozen
above the path. No mockingbirds, no bees,
no bluebirds. Only the claims of robins.

She's blind to the mohawk-tufted crowns,
speckled ocarina shapes hidden on the lea.
Bobwhites! Once more before they're gone.

Flight

In reflex, my left hand shields my eyes
against wing snap, the urge to stop
for a flock, the muttered recollections...

parents launched by a car that filled the mirror.
The news of departure from this life, too soon
feathered from summer radios on the half hour.

This tinted windshield raises invisible eddies.
A flight of pigeons spreads skyward with red feet.
Again birds will cluster on roadsides, settle on eaves.

Were I a latter-day Pandora unlocking and releasing
Misfortunes' rush from a sprung box of myth, I'd note
they turn to feed on us, not on insect, fruit, seed.

Hope beguiles us to open lids. What's inside
may be a gift—another heart to hold up to all ills—
or a crush greater than any other. The cries

as bodies shatter safety glass, and after...
You've heard Hope's whisper, a lift releasing secrets.
Here escape's a blur upward, surrounds us as we speak.

Wing-fanned, we race against what is
as unavoidable as wind, or shadow, or the next tick
of the blood's clock, as though luck had wings.

Taos Pueblo Round Dance

John Rainer settles, where his father
first spurted, slippery into waiting hands.
The cries filled this adobe room

resonant with stories while morning
pours through a skylight. In the open
doorway, a blue spruce flute

calls all the way to Red Willows Creek,
asking nothing. That is the way with music.
On the flute-maker's left a photograph

of his father and his two nieces,
brother Howard's girls resplendent in red.
Howard wrote of them as *golondrinas*,

hummingbirds, tasting
the sweetness in Grandfather's kisses,
then flitting away with little-girl chirps.

Once from his chair John says he watched
a third-floor adobe implode. First, he said,
a crack, then rain and snow opened

small mouths in one flat roof, and rotted
the sturdy wood vigas. Digested walls
into earth until only the hunger remained,

hunger and memory. Building,
rebuilding into the air, John's music,
his stories, fill and fledge us.

At Old Oraibi

In winds that skirt the San Francisco Peaks, we wait to understand the village silence with our own. Signs warn, *Do Not Enter*. Buildings seem in ruins.

Other tourists come, go away. We hear murmurs, wind, but no words until an elder of the Bear Clan—the chief—materializes, beckons, unlocks the gate.

Her 10-year-old grandson Ray shines like his name, “a beam of light through banked clouds.” He guides us over Third Mesa to the ruins of a mission church

taken down three times by lightning and fire. *Why?* we ask. *Because it was Spanish?* He answers, *Yes!* Amid the debris of centuries, we reconsider the history

of the Pueblo Uprising. Only the Hopi remained free. Now women offer us crisp cornets of blue corn piki. Ray swings a bull-roarer of lightning-struck pine,

a long, thin, turquoise leaf shape. One side painted with a cloud, lightning bolts, two bear paws; the other, with a bear kachina. Spinning on a string, it buzzes

like a tiny wing, whirrs the call for thunder and rain. We buy this handmade toy to remember that Hopi rituals mean to save the world. Without electricity,

or running water, the Hopi conjure corn from dust, trusting fields to snowmelt, cloudburst, or water cans. So leaves leap fresh that bear no witness to drought.

Coyote

on the photograph *Coyote II*
—H. Eugene Bradford

Trickster skull—a mask of bone
and shadow—craters

the dream's dry ocean beds.
An eye socket craves its golden iris.

Its lower jaw is lost
to scavengers or soil's digestions.

Coyote tastes nothing drawn to earth
but winter's gravity.

Gone the muzzle's goading scents,
hackled fur, tendon, claw.

Fangs feather its skull
like a bone wing intent

on avenging the dead, or the gaunt
hand that stretches

for its grim scythe. What remains,
without vertebrae or brain bowl,

tips skyward, barks without a tongue.
Songdog pierces the air—

its sudden, sharp howl rises darker
than Mojave nights—a shatter

of echoes, a blind wind
blown from the full hunger moon.

The Vocal Cords of Wind

Any carrier will do—
the speeding air
strokes and strums
anything that moves.

Mute grasses speak
in the millions.
The heavy heads
drop seeds to earth.

I'm restless with the swell
of an impending storm
I cannot see, only
hear the leaves' reports.

Trees chatter to trees,
a dry-tongued
chorus on the rise
of each hill.

Listen to the stories
improve from side to side,
as the upright grasses
pitch and lie.

After a Great Wind

In a too-early darkness, candlelight flickered
 our shadows up the stairs. Transformers
 had fallen in fireballs. Disconnected.
We lay sweating between sheets
 and nightmares of homes
 beneath shallow maples.
Roofs peeled away
 like lids of tinned sardines.
 We wake to a city pawing, licking at wounds.
We eat raw from refrigerators.
 Board over windows.
 Clamber through a jungle-green maze
of limb and canopy. Together
 we heave lighter branches
 into piles at the curbs.
But tree trunks on what's left of cars
 we leave for machines
 chewing wood and spitting sawdust
to clear the streets.
 Cautiously we step, as we watch
 for the power lines' fanged bite.
After sundown we lie uneasy,
 day animals in the night.

Still Life

A traffic of insects

The innumerable drone a composition

The articulated drone

A woodpecker unseen

Yellow-panicked arcs of six goldfinches

In the scene the mates a wake of shadows

Shadows' last cool breath

Before the heat of morning

Meditations

A mourning dove

The North Fork a splash both sides of the surface

Ripples reflections

Scattered sparrows

A ripple of leaves in the wind

Dew-gathered rain passed through the leaves

A thin unwinding

Rumination a herd of black cows and calves

Lifting faces to the rain

An opossum's white face

Composed against the blacktop

Blue Boneset

Three—the doe, two spotted fawns—stand tense. She does not twitch, although the fawns soon flick ears and black-edged tails, and dip

to crop the meadow. Mowed of goldenrod, reed canary grass, Queen Anne's lace, and thistle, the silage will overwinter cattle.

She stamps one cloven forehoof. Stamps again. I do not move. Her ears stare, two great eyes. She blows a loud, hard breath. As one they leap

into the woods. The racketing gravel pit intrudes—a mechanical clangor, the squeal of wheel, the clunk and clatter, as buckets load.

In the strain of engines I breathe in the slant light of the forest where thick boards laid side to side bridge dry creek runs.

Wood mulch softens footfall into silence. I follow an earthen wall the Hopewell built to enclose a constellation of mounds.

Of three miles just an untilled hillside fragment remains by a forest pond reflecting so earth-green and sunstruck that the water masks as forest.

White umbels of spreading hedge parsley and loosestrife stalk the land. Yet the tiny fists of the wild blue ageratum open.

Lifelines

I wipe a silk from my shoulder. Who's
coming? In the deep shade, a wobble,

a tilt from upright, and the speed

reveal someone wheeling a bicycle.

Then, a man.

One caterpillar descends
a thread spun for escape. White with black,

it must see the world from the view

of youth broken free,
slipping into the unknown.

There were struggles to leave,
inevitable hungers, habits, eyes

blind to cyclists, walkers, robins.

Today dew sparks a thousand thousand lights.
A compound, then a short future looms.

Now other caterpillars rappel from trees.
Some hitch rides, land

flattened to the pavement, or ripen wings.

Hickory tussock moth: its larvae sting—
barbs a man will wish he'd never touched.

I Believe I'm Sinking Down

from *Cross Road Blues*, known as *Crossroads*
—Robert Johnson

At the horizon a drowning sun,
powerless to float the graphite sea,
casts rays like grappling hooks into her chest.

Onboard, hundreds of screens flicker.
Should she watch *Big Fish*

or reel out her misgivings? Stage them:
wings unhinged, the fuselage and tail
thundering into an ocean too shattered to reflect?

Storms and wind shear terrify,
but she doesn't pray the airbus through

a sky star-stung, scythe-hung. Clapton
shreds the blues of Robert Johnson, an afterworld
of resurrections in a set of loaner earphones.

By its wingless tongue, her pencil articulates
the frictions as she belies a lack of faith in last acts.

I'm a pilgrim light needles into place

No art is possible without a dance with death.
—Kurt Vonnegut, *Slaughterhouse Five*

Stitches drop from a quilted sky.
Light fractures. No. That was then.

Now skeins of cirrus
reflect a cold ordinary.

I'm packing away
the ornaments of the old year.

Under January's ceiling,
green branches jangle with icicles, bells.

The glass rings a mantra,
a summons unraveling time.

I've seen Time slow,
as one arthritic hand casts on.

Knit forward. Purl back. Bind off. Snip,
and done. It's buttoned up but crooked.

One moment I'm walking upstairs,
the next, blinded by sun-flash

through window glass—
the way klieg lights usher

a hero into the Hall of Death,
through a bright, illusory doorway.

Into a silence dreamt backwards,
ice sweaters a freeway bridge.

The car's a slow-motion accordion
squeezed by an ambulance.

In the back seat, children.

We rub our eyes. Glitter for days.

At the Chinese Lantern Festival, Columbus, Ohio

I reach for my brother's hand along a path
meandering through fantasies of light.
It's years—he's in Sichuan, the province
renowned for spicy food and lantern craft.

Because of this, I'm here with the jugglers
and cartoon pandas in a mushroom forest.
Krishna holds his flute atop a column risen
from a lotus. The pink petals open, close.

Giraffes, zebra, tigers of silk stand at his feet.
Guardian lions dazzle the eyes of children
oblivious to the night's cold. One stretches
arms, a butterfly who fans wings between

the electric wings. Too young to read *Do Not
Touch*, he stops their heavy flutter, lets go.
Bundled-up workers are busy serving beer,
fries, dragons of painted sugar on sticks.

I'm lost in the dark, seeing what's before us.
A young man (as he passes) laughs, *No Exit?*
Now the dragon, the symbol of power,
and as long as two blue whales, blazes above.

Cold flames stream from its mouth, but
what we need is warmth. I cannot hold
my brother's hand in this world, where
a tunnel of flowers lights the way.

Come Spring Come Sonnet

I'm walking to surround myself with trees
though only landing-strip cuts

remain of the forest lining a paved bike trail.
Beyond, the bottoms of the North Fork,

its cornfields turned to stubble
pale as the winter legs of women.

Come breathe into the cold air clouds
the way trains would billow smoke

in every season. The way
wood frogs clouded the melting pools.

From hills that breast the Scioto Valley let
milk-white water gush from hidden springs.

Let all limbs swell and
sap begin its uphill rush to sweet.

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Mudfish: “Hemispheres”

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Poetry: “The Vocal Cords of Wind”

Reeds and Rushes—Pitch, Buzz, and Hum: “Gardening with
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Shaping What Was Left: “Coyote”

Steinbeck Now: “After a Great Wind,” “Dugout,” “Family
Photograph,” “I Believe I’m Sinking Down”

Locofo Chaps

2017

Eileen Tabios – *To Be An Empire Is To Burn*

Charles Perrone – *A CAPacious Act*

Francesco Levato – *A Continuum of Force*

Joel Chace – *America's Tin*

John Goodman – *Twenty Moments that Changed the World*

Donna Kuhn – *Don't Say His Name*

Eileen Tabios (ed.) – *Puñeta: Political Pilipinx Poetry*

Gabriel Gudding – *Bed From Government*

mLEKAL aND – *Manifesto of the Moment*

Garin Cycholl – *Country Musics 20/20*

Mary Kasimor – *The Prometheus Collage*

Iars palm – *case*

Reijo Valta – *Truth and Truthmp*

Andrew Peterson – *The Big Game is Every Night*

Romeo Alcala Cruz – *Archaeoteryx*

John Lowther – *18 of 555*

Jorge Sánchez – *Now Sing*

Alex Gildzen — *Disco Naps & Odd Nods*

Barbara Janes Reyes – *Puñeta: Political Pilipinx Poetry, vol. 2*

Luisa A. Igloria – *Puñeta: Political Pilipinx Poetry, vol. 3*

Tom Bamford – *The Gag Reel*

Melinda Luisa de Jesús – *Humpty Drumpfty and Other Poems*

Allen Bramhall – *Bleak Like Me*

Kristian Carlsson – *The United World of War*

Roy Bentley – *Men, Death, Lies*

Travis Macdonald – *How to Zing the Government*

Kristian Carlsson – *Dhaka Poems*

Barbara Jane Reyes – *Nevertheless, #She Persisted*

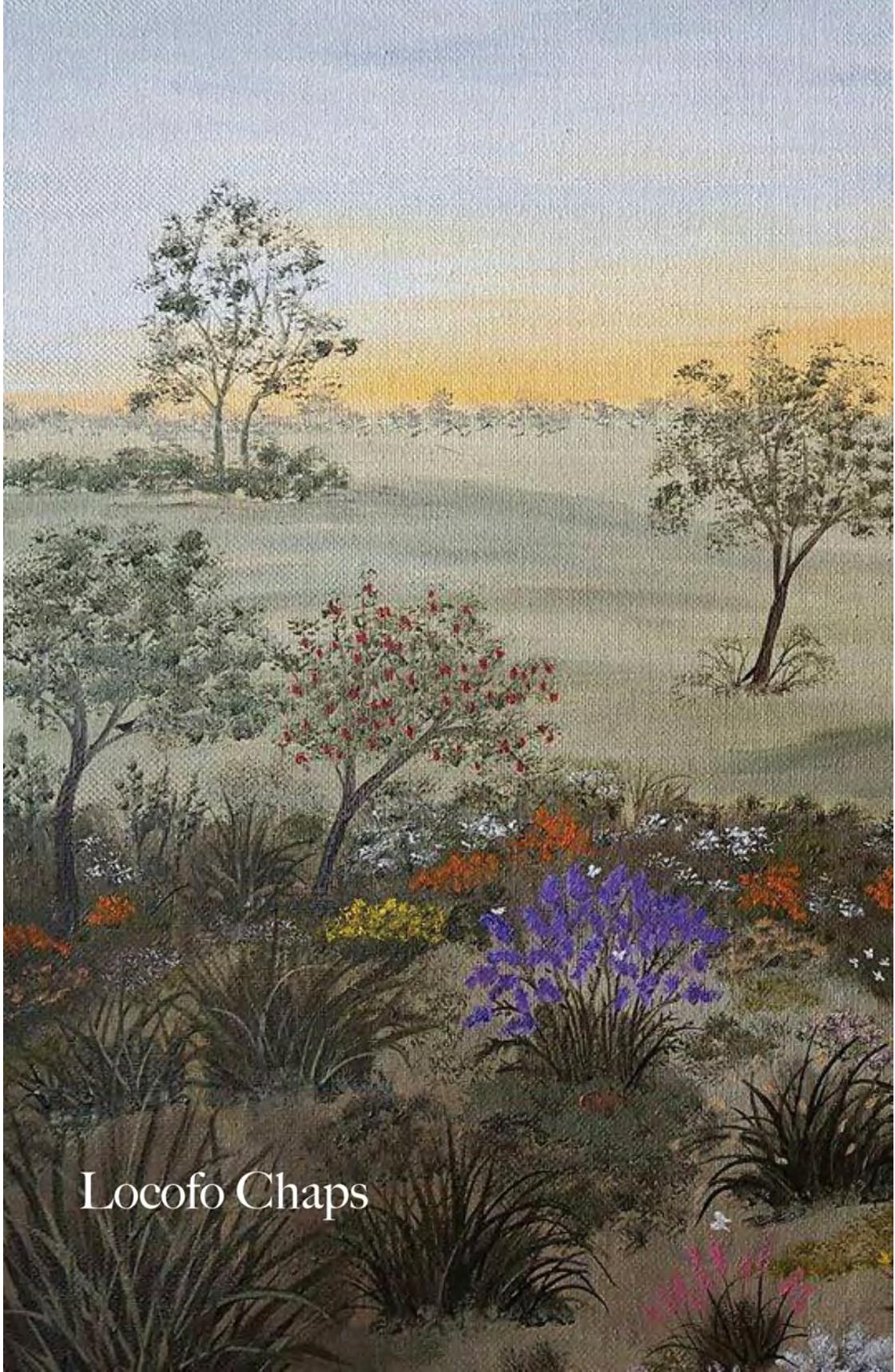
Martha Deed – *We Should Have Seen This Coming*
Matt Hill – *Yet Another Blunted Ascent*
Patricia Roth Schwartz – *Know Better*
Melinda Luisa de Jesús – *Petty Poetry for SCROTUS' Girls,*
with poems for Elizabeth Warren and Michelle Obama
Freke Rähä – *Explanation model for 'Virus'*
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John Bloomberg-Rissman – *In These Days of Rage*
Colin Dardis – *Post-Truth Blues*
Leah Mueller – *Political Apnea*
Naomi Buck Palagi – *Imagine Renaissance*
John Bloomberg-Rissman and Eileen Tabios –
Comprehending Mortality
Dan Ryan – *Swamp Tales*
Sheri Reda – *Stubborn*
Aileen Cassinetta – *B & O Blues*
Mark Young – *the veil drops*
Christine Stoddard — *Chica/Mujer*
Aileen Ibardaloza, Paul Cassinetta, and Wesley St. Jo – *No*
Names
Nicholas Michael Ravnika – *Liberal elite media rag. SAD!*
Mark Young – *The Waitstaff of Mar-a-Largo*
Howard Yosha – *Stop Armageddon*
Andrew and Donora Rihn – *The Marriage of Heaven and Hell*
Reshmi Dutt-Ballerstadt – *Extreme Vetting*
Michael Dickel – *Breakfast at the End of Capitalism*
Tom Hibbard – *Poems of Innocence and Guilt*
Eileen Tabios (ed.) – *Menopausal Hay(na)ku*
For P-Grubbers
Aileen Casinetta – *Tweet*
Melinda Luisa de Jesús – *Defying Trumplandia*
Carol Dorf – *Some Years Ask*

Marthe Reed – *Data Primer*
Carol Dorf – *Some Years Ask*
Amy Bassin and Mark Blickley – *Weathered Reports: Trump
Surrogate Quotes From the Underground*
Nate Logan – *Post-Reel*
Jared Schickling – *Donald Trump and the Pocket Oracle*
Luisa A. Igloria – *Check & Balance*
Alik Barnstone – *So That They Shall Not Say, This Is Jezebel*
Geneva Chao – *post hope*
Thérèse Bachand – *Sanctuary*
Chuck Richardson – *Poesy for the Poetus. . . Our Donaldcito*
John M. Bellinger – *The Inaugural Poems*
Kath Abela Wilson – *The Owl Still Asking*
Ronald Mars Lintz – *Dumped Through*
Agnes Marton – *The Beast Turns Me Into a Tantrumbeast*
Melinda Luisa de Jesús – *Adios, Trumplandia!*
Magus Magnus – *Of Good Counsel*
Matina L. Stamatakis – *Shattered Window Espionage*
Steve Klepetar – *How Fascism Comes to America*
Bill Yarrow – *We All Saw It Coming*
Jim Leftwich – *Improvisations Against Propaganda*
Bill Lavender – *La Police*
Gary Hardaway – *November Odds*
James Robinson – *Burning Tide*
Eric Mohrman – *Prospectors*
Janine Harrison – *If We Were Birds*
Michael Vander Does – *We Are Not Going Away*
John Moore Williams – *The Milo Choir Sings Wild Boys in
Trumplandia*
Andrea Sloan Pink – *Prison and Other Ideas*
Stephen Russell – *Occupy the Inaugural*
James Robison – *Burning Tide*
Ron Czerwien – *A Ragged Tear Down the Middle of Our Flag*
Agnes Marton – *I'm the President, You are not*
Ali Znaidi – *Austere Lights*

Maryam Ala Amjadi – *Without Metaphors*

Kathleen S. Burgess – *Gardening with Wallace Stevens*

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