

Voices de la Luna

A Quarterly Poetry & Arts Magazine

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San Antonio Students

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ABOUT VOICES DE LA LUNA

James Brandenburg, Co-Editor

Welcome to the third edition of *Voices de la Luna: A Quarterly Poetry and Arts Magazine*. We officially achieved tax-exempt status in December 2008; now we are proceeding with our fundraising efforts. The Board of Directors has decided to publish future issues in a 'Publish on Demand' version, that will permit any reader to print their own issue, if they wish to obtain a hard copy version.

Dr. Mo Saidi and I are excited to welcome Salome Salter back to *Voices de la Luna* as Marketing Director. Mo, Salome, and I share the common vision to take poetry and arts into the community, to transform lives with our work, and to improve our city's quality of life. We are witnessing the healing effects of poetry and art in our community, as we bring various groups of people together. I see very clearly in my poetry support groups at Clark High School and with my journaling students at San Antonio College how young lives are transformed, improved.

In the third digital edition we are interviewing and publishing poetry by Josie Mixon, who, abused as a child and an adolescent, found 'hope amid the abuse' in her confessional poetry. Through the healing effects of writing, she was able to deal with her painful past experiences, and is now sharing them with the community. We are also publishing works by poets suffering from mental illnesses, by students who cut themselves to deal with their pain, and by poets who have experienced various kinds of trauma and tragedies in their lives.

Our staff includes the following: Mary Virginia Pittman-Waller, wildlife photographer and scientific conservation researcher, who photographs animals in Kenya, East Africa and also spearheads The Wounded Warrior Project, Carol Hoorman, who teaches Art and Reading at an alternative high school in Garland, Texas and is piloting a program for at-risk students, Maripat Munley, art therapist, Luis Valderas, art teacher at Clark, and Al Drymala, therapist and dream analyst in San Antonio.

As only the second poetry therapist in the State of Texas to become certified, I work with organizations such as the Rape Crisis Center, the Children's Bereavement Center and the V.A. Hospital and offer my insights to therapists, teachers and students in other institutional settings. I continue to present workshops on university campuses and consult with professors on the healing effects of art and writing.

We invite you to become a part of one of the most innovative projects in the country, where poetry

and arts are used as venues to heal wound, by supporting or joining our projects at *Voices de la Luna: A Quarterly Poetry and Arts Magazine* and our various activities.

OUR MISSION

To publish a quarterly poetry and arts magazine with international flavor and a commitment to inspiring, educating, and healing community members through the arts.

OUR ACTION PLAN

Mo H. Saidi, Co-Editor

1. To publish an advanced digital poetry and arts periodical.
2. To design and publish an advanced digital and quarterly poetry and arts magazine.
3. To use poetry and arts to reach out to the community, to youth, and to the disadvantaged; and to organize poetry therapy sessions and poetry and arts educational programs at schools and even in prisons.
4. To participate in teaching English and American poetry and literature in schools.
5. To educate therapists and literary groups in the use of poetry and arts for healing purposes.

PLEASE DONATE

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Voices de la Luna
14 Morning Green, San Antonio, TX 78257.

The First Stanza

from

To You by Walt Whitman

STRANGER! if you, passing, meet me,
and desire to speak to me, why should you
not speak to me?
And why should I not speak to you?

OUR ORGANIZATION

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Spoken Word and Performance Poetry

Spoken word is a form of literary art or artistic performance in which lyrics, poetry, or stories are spoken rather than sung. Spoken word is often performed with a musical background, but emphasis is kept on the speaker. A frequently seen version is performance poetry, where a poet either reads previously-published poems, or poems specifically written to be performed aloud. Another kind that has gained popularity in recent years is political and social commentary; done in such a way that it is still prose, yet somewhat more artistic than regular speech. Spoken word artists are often poets and musicians. Spoken word gained notoriety in the late 1980s and early 1990s through the emergence of "poetry slams," where spoken word artists would square off in cabaret-style duels.

Life Is Fine
Langston Hughes

I went down to the river,
I set down on the bank.
I tried to think but couldn't,
So I jumped in and sank.

I came up once and hollered!
I came up twice and cried!
If that water hadn't a-been so cold
I might've sunk and died.

But it was Cold
in that water!
It was cold!

I took the elevator
Sixteen floors above the ground.
I thought about my baby
And thought I would jump down.

I stood there and I hollered!
I stood there and I cried!
If it hadn't a-been so high
I might've jumped and died.

But it was
High up there!
It was high!

So since I'm still here livin',
I guess I will live on.
I could've died for love--
But for livin' I was born

Though you may hear me holler,
And you may see me cry--
I'll be dogged, sweet baby,
If you gonna see me die.

Life is fine!
Fine as wine!

FEATURE INTERVIEW

Robert Flynn
Interview by Mo H. Saidi

Professor Emeritus at Trinity University, writer, and a native of Chillicothe, Texas. Robert Flynn is the author of twelve books, among them seven novels: *North To Yesterday*; *In the House of the Lord*; *The Sounds of Rescue*, *The Signs of Hope*; *Wanderer Springs*, *The Last Klick*, *The Devils Tiger*, and co-authored with the late Dan Klepper, *Tie-Fast Country*.

You are a native of Chillicothe, Texas a town of about one square-mile; how many people lived there in 1932?

I think the population of the town was fewer than 1,000, but many more people lived out in the country then. I was born in Wilbarger County on my father's farm, four miles east of Chillicothe. (I attended schools in both Hardeman and Wilbarger Counties.) Another family lived in the wooded area of the farm. In addition to the rent-free house they could have a garden, a milk cow, a pig, and guineas, because chickens were easy prey to hawks, coyotes, foxes, and bobcats. In return all family members who could work had to work for Dad at the prevailing wage before they could work for someone else. It was a common arrangement because of the Depression and villages with a school, a church or two, a gin, a store dotted the countryside. The worker families were almost entirely white until World War II, when white laborers worked in defense factories and black workers moved into the empty houses on the farms.

Did you have an inspiring childhood?

My childhood provided me with an environment for a writer. Farm work is usually solitary work. I fed chickens and gathered their eggs, fed hogs, milked cows, herded cattle and sheep alone. I worked in the same field with my brother, and sometimes my Dad, but my brother was older than I and always ahead of me on their row when chopping or picking cotton. I learned to drive a tractor to get out of the field. My brother, sister and I were close and played together but at work I was alone and I made up stories to entertain myself. I am never bored when I am alone.

You are a productive writer and have authored twelve books. When did you start writing fiction?

I first wrote plays because there was a class in playwriting at Baylor. I began a journal when I enlisted in the Marines because my father asked me to. I began writing seriously when Jean and I were married and in school. I wrote some short stories but "*North to Yesterday*", my first novel, began

as a play because I thought I knew how to write a play. In the summer of 1963, it turned into a novel.

When did you start teaching literature?

I've never taught literature. I taught an introductory class to creative work, "Integration of Abilities" that required students to keep a journal, produce drawings, sculpture, sound or music, a dance, play, poem or story. The book, "Paul Baker and the Integration of Abilities," was about that class and Professor Baker who created the class. It became a popular class and there was an instructor for every twenty students to assist during "lab" or workshop classes. Sometimes there were six or seven instructors in addition to Professor Baker. I've also taught religious drama, playwriting, and fiction writing.

Were your characters Lampassas and his son Jamie from *North to Yesterday*, modeled after Don Quixote and Sancho Panza?

When I began looking for a publisher for *North to Yesterday*, I knew there was a problem. Publishers that specialized in westerns would reject it because it was, I thought, an anti-western. Publishers that published westerns as well as other genres were likely to reject it if they thought it was supposed to be a "western." I included a cover letter with the manuscript that said *North to Yesterday* was no more a western than Don Quixote was a western. They liked the idea and promoted the book that way. The cover was a cowboy on a horse in a pose that combined images of Don Quixote and the sculpture, "End of the Trail," of an Indian on a horse.

Did you used to chased jackrabbits when you were growing up in Chillicothe, Texas?

Some years jackrabbits were a menace and could destroy a cornfield in a night or two. Some farmers furnished shotgun shells to boys who would shoot the rabbits. My brother and I shot a few jackrabbits. Chasing jackrabbits across barren wheat fields in pickups was more horseplay than hunting and rarely successful.

how did you create the wild Texas cowboy characters in your novels?

They are composites of people I have known. The good ones are from my family; the bad ones are from Jean's family. That is a joke I told someone once that my mother overheard and repeated to others. I think she thought I was serious.

Did you vote for Obama and why?

I voted for Hillary Clinton in the primary. I thought the country was in such a mess that it would require her intelligence and experience to recover, but I feared hostility toward her from those who call themselves "conservative." When Obama won the primary I supported him because he was the only hope for those who wanted to restore what "conservatives" call "American values."

Interview with Robert Flynn
continued

As a Christian, does it bother you that his middle name is Hossein?

Names are important in fiction because they are usually the first clue to a character, and there is a difference between Clyde and Claude. There is even a difference between John and Jon, or Jeff and Geof. Outside fiction, I don't believe names should limit a person. I am a Christian but "God" is limitless. The name I call God limits God, gender limits God, color limits God, religion limits God, any image, thought, idea I have limits God. It is a bit arrogant of me to think that I comprehend God. I have my beliefs based on what I have read, experienced, been taught, but I hope they are subject to expansion and I'm not arrogant enough that I would claim that my vision, my comprehension of God is complete or exclusive. In Jesus' parable of the King separating the sheep from the goats, the sheep were surprised that they were sheep, and the goats were surprised that they were goats.

How about Obama's middle name, Hossein?

I hope I do not judge people by their names. I do believe that some people I know very well were given the wrong name by their parents.

What is your take on Obama's including non-believers in his inauguration speech?

I heard his statement but I had no reaction to it. Obama is president of the United States and all the citizens thereof. I have read that George Bush also referred to non-believers. Equal means equal. I met with the arts faculty of a university in Laos some years ago and asked if they used nude models. The rector said yes. There were conversation among faculty members and he amended his statement to, "Theoretically yes, practically no." That is true of equality.

Should the United States Government have a Secretary of Arts?

It would help. Every time the NEA is mentioned, those whose idea of art is whatever pop culture they despise believe that their taxes are going to support that culture. Some citizens don't want to financially support corporations that move jobs overseas, that make nuclear weapons, that pollute the air and water, that destroy the environment but they are less vocal or emotional about it. A Secretary of Arts would have a position from which to elevate the arts and art education.

Do you think there will ever be peace in the Middle East?

It will be very difficult. Almost all the boundaries in the Middle East were decided by Europeans, most

of them after World War I and the defeat of the Ottoman Empire. As in Africa, rival tribes and religions were included inside the same national boundaries to make it difficult for them to organize opposition to the occupying powers. The border between Israel and Palestine was decided by the UN. The first step is for the US to stop vetoing the yearly UN resolution requiring Israel to return to its borders. The second step is for Israel to decide on one state or two states and act on that decision in a legal and honorable fashion. This will get me in trouble but nuclear deterrence prevented a nuclear holocaust during the Cold War. I think Iran equipped with nuclear weapons would act as deterrence in the Middle East. Iran is a very old culture and they are not going to commit suicide by attacking a nuclear-armed Israel that would be supported by the nuclear-armed US and would obliterate them. On the other hand, Israel would not likely risk suicide by attacking a nuclear-armed Iran. Ideally, all nuclear weapons would be destroyed. I don't know if that will ever happen.

What are you writing these days?

I have just completed editing page proofs for a new novel, *Echoes of Glory*, that is scheduled for April publication. I am blogging some stories that I wish were not in the Bible or that I wish were understood a different way. Most of my life I have wondered how the Israelites could have chosen Barabbas, a nationalist, terrorist, guerrilla, militant, patriot rather than Jesus, the prince of peace. Looking back over my life, I have almost always chosen Barabbas. I think the church has almost always chosen Barabbas, America has always chosen Barabbas. I think the blogs may become a book that I would like to call *Stories I Wish Weren't in the Bible*.

I was taught that God commanded genocide against the Canaanites because they practiced idolatry and/or sacrificed their children to their gods. It is possible to understand that Moses or the writer who told the story believed that God commanded that men, women and children should be killed because such practices were not uncommon at the time. But some in each of the three monotheistic religions believe the other two worship idols, and I'm convinced that most Americans worship Mammon or, at least, sacrifice their children to Mammon. Wars, hunger, the environment are proof of that. Ezra and Nehemiah return to Jerusalem from Babylon

to rebuild the temple and the wall around around the city. They refused to let those left behind help build the temple, creating lasting hostility. They had to defend the wall while building it, because their neighbors fear renewed violence. Everyone who has foreign wives and children had to cast them out because God belonged to Israel alone. The books of Ruth, Esther, and Jonah were written in protest of such exclusivity.

What is your next novel about?

I have the beginning of a new novel that I'm not ready to talk about, because I don't have a clear idea of it yet.

John Updike dies of cancer at age 76

Updike won many top literary prizes, including Pulitzers for two volumes of his famous Rabbit series. In about 50 books over half a century, he chronicled sex, divorce and other aspects of life in post-war America. He once told an interviewer that his subject was "the American small town, Protestant middle class". He died in a hospice near his home in Beverly Farms, Massachusetts, his publisher said.

The son of a schoolmaster, Updike was born in Pennsylvania in 1932 and, after attending Harvard, spent a year as an art student in Oxford in the UK. Later he joined the staff of the New Yorker magazine, to which he contributed numerous poems, essays, and short stories. Updike's first novel, *The Poorhouse Fair*, was published in 1959. The following year, though, saw the publication of the book which established him as one of the greatest novelists of his age, *Rabbit, Run*.

United States Poets Laureate 1961 to 1971

1961 - 1963: Louis Untermeyer (1885-1977) Born in New York City, Untermeyer first worked for his father's jewelry manufacturing company, but left in 1923 to concentrate on writing. He wrote several volumes of his own poetry, but he is best known as a critic and anthologist. His most famous anthology is "Modern American Poetry and Modern British Poetry" (1969). Untermeyer also lectured on poetry, drama and music.

1963-1964: Howard Nemerov (1920-1991) Nemerov, born in New York City, served as a pilot for the Royal Canadian unit of the U.S. Army Air Corp. over the North Sea during World War II. He was a versatile writer, producing novels, short stories, plays, and essays, in addition to his many volumes of poetry. In 1978, his "Collected Poems" won both the National Book Award and the Pulitzer Prize. He served as Distinguished Poet in Residence at Washington University in St. Louis from 1969 until his death.

1964-1965: Reed Whittemore (1919-) Whittemore, born in New Haven, CT and graduated from Yale, is known for his witty, graceful verse. In addition to eight collections of poems, Whittemore wrote a biography of William Carlos Williams. After serving in the U.S. Army Air Corps during World War II, he taught at Carleton College in Minnesota. He was editor of *Furioso*, a literary magazine that he started at Yale and then revived at Carleton, later known as *Carleton Miscellany*. He was a professor of English at the University of Maryland from 1967-84.

1965-1966: Stephen Spender (1909-1995) Sir Stephen Harold Spender, who was knighted in 1983, was born in London and educated at the University College School in London and at Oxford University. His early poetry was inspired by social protest, but critics

preferred his later introspective, autobiographical poems. He cofounded and coedited (1939-41) *Horizon*, a literary monthly, and *Encounter* magazine (1953-66)

1966-1968: James Dickey (1923-1997) Dickey, born in Atlanta, was a high school football star. He flew combat missions in the Pacific during World War II. After the war, he graduated from Vanderbilt University and studied further at Rice University. His two most famous volumes of verse are "Helmets" (1964) and "Buckdancer's Choice" (1965), which won the 1966 National Book Award. In 1970, he wrote the best-selling novel "Deliverance," which was made into a major motion picture.

1968-1970: William Jay Smith (1918-) Smith was born in Louisiana but grew up in St. Louis, Missouri. He earned a bachelor's and a master's from Washington University in St. Louis. Besides his 10 collections of poetry, Smith wrote criticism, translations and children's literature. He is particularly noted for his translations of French, Hungarian, Dutch and Brazilian poetry. Smith taught at Williams College, Columbia University and Hollins College. His most recent work is "The World Beneath the Window: Poems 1937-1997."

1970-1971: William Stafford (1914-1993) Stafford, born in Hutchison, Kansas, received a bachelor's and a master's from the University of Kansas at Lawrence and, in 1954, a Ph.D. from the University of Iowa. Ordinary life was the subject of much of his poetry. He published more than 65 volumes of poetry and prose, and won many awards and honors, including a Shelley Memorial Award and a Guggenheim Fellowship. He won the National Book Award in 1963 for "Traveling Through the Dark." Stafford taught at Lewis and Clark College in Oregon from 1948 to 1980.

A Thought for Today

The artist brings something into the world that didn't exist before, and he does it without destroying something else. John Updike, writer (1932-2009)

A Quotation for Today

No artist is ahead of his time. He is his time; it is just that others are behind the times. Martha Graham (1894-1991), dancer. Quoted in: *Observer Magazine* (London, 8 July 1979)

Recommended Poetry

Excerpt from *Where to Start*, SA Life, The Express-News, Sunday 22 February 2009 - Harvard Professor Stephen Burt Recommends: John Keats, "To Autumn" / Elizabeth Bishop, "Song for the Rainy Season" / William Carlos Williams, "The Last Words of My English Grandmother" / Adrienne Rich, "Power" / Samuel Taylor Coleridge, "Work Without Hope"

BOOK REVIEW
by Mo H. Saidi

Remains
A Book of Poetry by Cyra S. Dumitru

It is a delightful experience to read *Remains*, Cyra S. Dumitru's third book of poetry. With three chapters rendered in distinct voices, Dumitru challenges the reader to understand her intimate poetic language. Through her beautifully crafted poems, she generously shares her life-experiences, the meditative aspects of her poetic style. In some poems, one faces scenes saturated with revengeful emotions and anger, while in other poems she describes a beautiful desert that signifies her hope for peace and transformation. Against the stream of tender childhood memories, horrific images of war, an image of lifeless plastic heads on a platter, a sobering encounter with a father void of love and affection towards the members of his own family, she triumphantly walks in a garden of life full of growth, promises, and hope.

In the poem, *Appetite*, the narrator describes an image where the people's anger and frustration surge through the streets in the aftermath of 9/11. She writes:

of two men--Hussein and Bin Laden
We might wish the heads were real
but they are merely plastic. If only
we could dip our fingers in their false blood,
taste the updated delicacy of revenge.

In *Invitation to a Beheading*, she describes the barbaric ignorance of terrorists, their total disregard for human values, precious life; and their sadistic bliss when they perform the ritual of beheading:

We regret the suffering
of those we behead:
hardly quick and neat.

These images are sober indications of the today's brutal world and family's incongruities. In the poem, *The One Time Daddy Gave Momma a Dozen Roses*, the narrator is a victim of sexual abuse, and the image of the father at the doorstep of her bedroom describes the horror of the uneasy moment, of the encounter, alone and defenseless:

With my older sister gone three weeks,
I was now fair game. Last night,
he'd stood at my bedroom door,
moonlight slicing across bare feet.
I knew what the neighbors had said to
Momma was true.
He denied it, of course. Men are such liars.

She is an unwary butterfly praying to be saved from being devoured, seeks a medicine to cure her father's malady, and looking for a camouflage to hide her colorful and tasty wings:

how sickening such beauty can be
to the unwary, the pitiless bird.
If only I had known this medicine for my father,
known how to change the taste of my wings
to something that would have left him wrenching
that first time. The patterns inscribed on my wings
were made for some larger definition of desire.

We read Dumitru's poetry because like many of us, she has been haunted by inescapable tragedies and has observed the death of loved ones; like us, she has suffered the pain of injustice and seen the side-effects of war, family disorders, and experienced the absence of peace and tranquility in daily life. She explains these issues in several poems including *To the Giant Raven Who Called Out to Me in Estes Park*:

How did it feel when her spirit filled your wings,
became breath streaming through your bones,
lifted you over the blue spruce, guided you
towards the long porch across the small cabin
where I knelt, crushed by news of her death?

In the last section *After Life & Recovery*, Cyra's poems take a magical turn; there she proposes a tentative answer to the question of what will become of us and our words when we die:

What becomes of our words when they release us
once their resonance is done
once neither the air nor the eardrum nor the
steady page
holds their vibrations?

Dumitru talks about life experience, the fragility of life, and her expectation of the afterlife. Cancer is a beast that attacks our dear ones and consumes their energy, transforms them into lonely goddesses and forbids them to touch anyone: "While she radiated isotopes, she was too dangerous to embrace."

It is toward the end of the book that we are reminded of the power of words and the delicious taste of the verse that comes from the poet's burning emotions:

How delicious
the words
that lie
on the other side
of burning.

In the poem, *March: Cibolo Creek, Boerne*, she is optimistic about how nature usually heals itself: "Suddenly the green heals itself. / You are driven to wound once more, to see whether the creek / can seam itself whole again, and again and endlessly again." Here her message carries hope and the possibility of redemption; perhaps her meditative poetry may heal our wounds.

Democracy at Work
America
The Bedrock of Democracy

Democracy in America, Then and Now, a Struggle
Against Majority Tyranny A Quotation from Adam
Cohen's Article in The New York Times Published:
January 23, 2006

During the War of 1812, an angry mob smashed the printing presses of a Baltimore newspaper that dared to come out against the war. When the mob surrounded the paper's editors, and the state militia refused to protect them, the journalists were taken to prison for their own protection. That night, the mob broke into the prison, killed one journalist and left the others for dead. When the mob leaders were brought before a jury, they were acquitted

Dreams and Poetry - Rooted in the Divine
by Alan Drymala

When he was almost eighty-six years old, and only weeks before his death, C. G. Jung completed his last written work. It was a short article, entitled "Approaching the Unconscious". The essay was included in a collection of essays called *Man and His Symbols*, and published after his death.

He had been asked to do an overview of his psychology for the general public, to be written in a more popular style than was customary for him, and he had resisted. But subsequently he had a dream in which he was speaking to a large crowd and being understood, and he took that as confirmation from the unconscious that the work should be undertaken.

This book is very often overlooked. The title itself jars our modern sensibilities. However, if one is looking for a succinct and lively description of engaging the unconscious, this volume is extremely helpful. In one particularly illuminating section, Jung writes that ALL of our conscious knowledge – all of it – is surrounded by and mixed with some amount of unconscious content. "(E)ven the most matter-of-fact contents of consciousness have a penumbra of uncertainty around them. Even the most carefully defined philosophical or mathematical concept, which we are sure does not contain more than we have put into it, is nevertheless more than we assume. It is a psychic fact and as such partly unknowable. The very numbers you use in counting are more than you take them to be. They are at the same time mythological elements... These subliminal aspects of everything that happens to us may seem to play very little part in our daily lives. But ... they are very relevant, for they are the almost invisible roots of our conscious thoughts." Jung, *Man and His Symbols*, p.29

In Jungian dream work, one begins with the imagery in a dream and makes personal associations to the various images, i.e., how and where in my personal life have I encountered this image, and what does it

personally mean to me? Then one examines mythology and literature and religious traditions for these images and their meanings in those contexts. Jung called this amplifying the image. Both steps re-insert the image into its unconscious background; re-immerses it in its unconscious source, so that those waters of meaning and vitality and life can flow through it once more.

Writing poetry is the same process. The poet tenderly holds a bit of her day in cupped hands and wades into the stream of the water of life, and allows those waters to gently wash over the experience, leaving it shimmering like so many shiny minnows. Or she may be engulfed by the turbulence of life itself, and only finally thrown onto a stony beach, gasping for air, her each labored breath a testimony of survival and last thoughts.

So words become more than words. They become splashed with the colors and vitality of the unconscious. The poetic experience reconnects us with those "almost invisible roots of our conscious thoughts" as described by Jung, and it follows the taproot to its hidden origin, the realm of the dream and ultimately of the Divine. Thus, when one writes a poem, one becomes rooted in and enlivened by the Divine itself.

For a fuller description, see "Jungian workshops" at
www.alandrymala.com

Contemplation
by Cyra A. Dumitru

From time, from space
forget you exist
contemplate the emptiness

There is no way to
animate
there is only denial

Slip in and out of time
feel weightlessness

You have become one with infinity
when you no longer think you matter
when you no longer remember
the meaning of want

Let go
let everything go
and through this nothing,
you will find peace.

Monologue with my Son
by Hejo Müller
Translated by James Brandenburg

Can you hear
trees whispering
in the park, my son?

They have
plenty to say
to one another.

Nights, when wind
rustles through trees
adorned with leaves
they awaken, arranging anew
their stories for the day.

They argue both for and against.

Yet strange,
isn't it?
In the end it is always the same:
even when the sea rages—remain calm:
Love conquers all!

Be mindful of one thing, my son
I have often overheard
trees whispering to one another
on long nights

and it was always the same in the end:
LOVE CONQUERS ALL!
SAEVIS TRANQUILLUS IN UNDIS

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Taste of Desert in July, 2003
by Cyra S. Dumitru

Flames ride the ridge,
tower through acres of pine,
rain ash upon the desert.

Smoke rises: a magnitude
that flattens sky and breath.
We wash the ash from our skin.

Fear lodges a charred thorn
inside our throats and we pray
for distance. Along the ridge,

moving through scorched ground,
strive the wildest of dreamers:
those who face this blaze,

unruly as gods, and
imagine containment.
Armed with back burns

and cascades of slurry,
they enter the heart of heat
this brightly roaring air

and hear waterfalls.

Monolog Mit Dem Sohn
by Hejo Müller

Hörst du die Pappeln
flüstern
im Park, mein Junge?

Sie haben sich
viel zu erzählen.

Nachts, wenn der Wind ihnen
ins Blätterkleid bläst,
werden sie wach und beginnen
die Geschichten des Tags
neu einzurichten.

Und finden Gründe und Gegenstände.

Doch
seltsam, nicht wahr—
jedesmal heißt es am Ende:
Wenn auch die See tobt—bleibt ruhig:
die Liebe besiegt alles!

Sei dessen sicher, mein Sohn.
So oft hab' ich den Pappeln
gelauscht in langen Nächten

Und jedesmal hieß es am Schluß:

SAEVIS TRANQUILLUS IN UNDIS
OMNIA VINCIT AMOR.

Alan Seeger
1888-1916

Seeger was born in New York City. His family moved to Mexico City in 1900. Much of the family magazine, *The Prophet*, was written by him. As a Harvard College student, he edited the *Harvard Monthly*, which published many of his poems. Among his rebellious fellow students was John Reed, who wrote *Ten Days that Shook the World*.

When war began in 1914, Alan Seeger was living in Paris. He signed up and enjoyed being part of the French Foreign Legion. The romantic poet wrote "I Have a Rendezvous with Death" when he was exhausted with bronchitis. On June 18, 1915, he wrote to his mother, "Death is nothing after all." On July 4 he was dead.

I Have a Rendezvous with Death

I have a rendezvous with Death
At some disputed barricade,
When Spring comes back with rustling shade
And apple-blossoms fill the air—
I have a rendezvous with Death
When Spring brings back blue days and fair.

It may be he shall take my hand
And lead me into his dark land
And close my eyes and quench my breath—
It may be I shall pass him still.
I have a rendezvous with Death
On some scarred slope of battered hill,
When Spring comes round again this year
And the first meadow-flowers appear.

God knows 'twere better to be deep
Pillowed in silk and scented down,
Where love throbs out in blissful sleep,
Pulse nigh to pulse, and breath to breath,
Where hushed awakenings are dear . . .
But I've a rendezvous with Death
At midnight in some flaming town,
When Spring trips north again this year,
And I to my pledged word am true,
I shall not fail that rendezvous.

Blessed Is the Match A Documentary Movie about a Poet during the Second World War

Blessed Is the Match is the first documentary feature about Hannah Senesh, the World War II-era poet and diarist who became a paratrooper, resistance fighter and modern-day Joan of Arc. Safe in Palestine in 1944, she joined a mission to rescue Jews in her native Hungary. Shockingly, it was the only outside rescue mission for Jews during the Holocaust. Hannah parachuted behind enemy lines, was captured, tortured, and ultimately executed by the Nazis. Her mother Catherine witnessed the entire

ordeal - first as a prisoner with Hannah and later as her advocate, braving the bombed-out streets of Budapest in a desperate attempt to save Hannah. With unprecedented access to the Senesh family archive, this powerful story unfolds through the writings and photographs of Hannah and Catherine Senesh.

Eating Chelo at Aunt Behjat's in Tehran by Roger Sedarat

Before the soldiers came for her brother
I watched my aunt cooking basmati rice
When she lifted the rattling steel cover,
A burst of steam ran makeup down her eyes.
Under the faucet she massaged the grain
Then recooked it in oil to form a skin;
A pinch of saffron bled a yellow stain
On the thumbnail she used to scratch her chin.
While digging all the rice out of the pot,
She tried a spoonful covered with sumac;
On her top lip a single grain was caught
Like red lipstick clumped deep in a dry crack.
As she carried the plate to get the door,
I watch her pale face painted in horror.

Bear County Detentions Ministries Maripat Munley

Through Bexar County Detention Ministries, along with Sister Ellen McRedmond DC and Chris McCartney, Art Therapist Maripat Munley spearheads cyclical six week Visual Spiritual Journaling programs at the Bexar County Jail for women who are incarcerated. Goals of this art-based program are assisting the women to:

1. learn to self sooth and center;
2. practice an art-based form of prayer;
3. develop a habit of journaling which has been shown to reduce stress and improve immune systems;
4. encourage a form of self expression that is not dependent upon written words; and,
5. take advantage of the therapeutic benefit of art-making followed by meaning-making from images created.

Interview with Josie Mixon
by Jim Brandenburg

Josie Mixon is a poet and survivor of sexual and domestic abuse who promotes awareness through her poetry. Her books *Reflections of My Battered Life* and *Of Flesh and Bone I am Woman Surviving Abuse* reflect her experiences with abuse. She is the host of San Antonio's longest running poetry venue. Her work has been published in numerous newspapers and anthologies.

Jim: Recently, you came out about your abuse growing up, and you have made a decision to share your experiences with those around you.

Josie: I had never discussed or shared my experiences with abuse with anyone because of the shame I have felt all of my life.

Jim: It must have been very painful for you to talk about your abuse; what brought you to the point where you were comfortable sharing with others?

Josie: Writing about it and talking about it are two different things; they are very far apart from each other. I had never accepted the pain of being abused, nor had I realized that the abuse I experienced was not my fault. I acknowledged the pain when it went past my lips and into the ears of strangers who took me into their lives and accepted me without question.

Jim: How has it been helpful to you and to others to share your experiences? What kinds of forums do you use to share your experiences?

Josie: I have peeled away layer after layer of pain, and I am still far from reaching the core of my pain. I am still not sure what the depth of that pain is, and I have come to realize that I may never discover that place. A huge weight was lifted off my shoulders when I was able to speak out loud about the abuse and the shame that ate at my soul like termites came to an end. I didn't know I was in so much pain. I had learned to bury it and pretend it never happened. Every opportunity that presents itself to me is a forum. If I have an audience, whether it is a poetry reading, a discussion at work, or a commentary in the newspaper, I will use the opportunity to discuss these issues. My co-workers are now accustomed to my ramblings. This year I had the honor of being named Chairwoman for V Day San Antonio; this position gave me a bitter-sweet feeling due to the fact that I realize why I was asked, but yet I still felt honored. It gave me a new audience and a new opportunity to promote awareness.

Jim: Has anyone ever told you that you go too far in speaking about your abuse? I have heard you describe some very painful experiences.

Josie: Yes, I have been asked to stop, and I wrote a poem about it and still read it every so often. I have my down times and ask myself why I am doing this, especially when I feel that nobody is listening, but then the selfishness goes away as I am reminded why I do this. I give voice to those who can't or won't speak out about abuse. The times I have been asked to stop was due to the fact that I touched a nerve within someone's personal journey to healing; they needed to blame someone, and that person was me. I open wounds by speaking so openly, but it's all part of healing. I am willing to take the blame if it will help someone heal.

Jim: I understand that writing about your experiences has been quite helpful in your healing. Can you talk to our audience about the process of writing as a healing process?

Josie: First of all, some of my writing was done during my abusive marriage, but it wasn't until you came into my life when I was your student at San Antonio College that I allowed someone to touch my bruises and then hold me, telling me it was okay. It was you who read my words out loud at that poetry therapy workshop you were conducting, and that was the moment my true healing began. It was as if a dam had broken, and since that day it has been a nonstop flow of healing. A few months ago I had a relapse in my healing because someone I knew who was very dear to me became abusive toward me, and I found myself depressed, scared, and vulnerable. I realized I wasn't in the place I had originally thought within my journey toward healing. I felt as if by trusting again I had let my guard down, so once more I felt that I was at fault. It was recent so I'm not past that yet.

Jim: Some critics call your poetry confessional poetry. Would you agree with that categorization of your work? What kind of response have you received in regard to your poetry?

Josie: I've also heard it called documentary poetry, and honestly it doesn't really matter to me what it's called as long as it is being read. At the beginning of my experience, I was offended while reading when some people in the audience would stand up and walk away. I used to think I was doing something wrong, but then I realized the people who walked out were standing around the corner crying and waiting for me. Still others say nothing at all to me; they just hug me, sob, and then walk away. Others tell me I say those words they have never been able to say themselves; then there are those who say they have never told anyone until that very day that they too are a survivor of either sexual abuse or domestic violence. Complete strangers tell me they love me; being told this by total strangers is odd for me. Due to my experiences, love isn't exactly a word I can relate to in this setting.

Continued . . .

Interview with Josie Mixon
by Jim Brandenburg

Continued

Jim: You received almost instant success with your poetry. Your manuscript was accepted immediately for publication. The something happened a second time I believe. How do you account for this instant success?

Josie: My first book was my journal, and it hit home for many other survivors and victims; they needed to gain strength from me through the poetry. Promoting awareness and speaking out about things meant to be secrets, got people's attention. It's not about the books; it's about the healing.

Jim: Can you speak about your influences in writing poetry?

Josie: The first time I ever heard the poem Stopping By The Woods by Robert Frost, and I heard the bells, I felt the cold and envisioned the snow covered village through the pine trees; I was there in a moment's notice. I lived in Mission, Texas which is hot and tropical, so I knew at that moment I wanted to be a poet who wrote poetry that people could see and feel without ever reading the words. My poetry does not come from the heart; it comes from that place that all survivors know so well. It comes from the tightness in my body and in my stomach that I felt in bed next to the person who had just beaten me. It comes from the awful taste of the relative's mouth on mine as he abused me as a 12 year old child.

Jim: Have you patterned yourself after anyone?

Josie: I don't pattern myself after anyone.

Jim: Where do you plan to go from here? Will you try to reach an even larger audience? Perhaps a national or international audience? You have quite a story to tell.

Josie: I don't know where I will go from here. All these angels appear in my life right when I think I will no longer be writing about these experiences. Like yourself. I am completely dedicated to promoting awareness for these issues, and I will go wherever my voice is needed.

Jim: Some really exciting revelations have come to our attention about your story. Is there anything about these revelations that you would like to share with our audience?

Josie: When I was 13 years old, I became pregnant and had a baby boy who was given up for adoption. After years of looking for him, I found him last July, and we have since reunited and he is now one of my biggest fans. I have three children—Joe, Claudi, and Arturo, and they are my life. Out of the ashes of sexual abuse as a child has come a most beautiful relationship with my son. I thank God for everything.

Jim: Do you have any advice for those out there who have been abused and are afraid to talk about it?

Josie: Write about it if you are not ready to speak out; it helps tremendously. Why you stay is not important. As a victim, you do not have to justify to anyone why you stay, but when you are ready to reach out, I will be right here waiting for you.

Jim: Is there anything you would like to share with our audience?

Josie: Poetry Therapy is an incredible tool and provides the support and encouragement needed on this trip towards healing. Let us not forget about the women who have lost their lives at the hands of domestic violence. Listen to their cries and help put an end to the cycle of violence. We all have a right to be free of abuse.

Jim: Can you list the titles of your books and where they can be purchased?

Josie: Reflections of My Battered Life at Target.com, Barnes & Noble.com; and Of Flesh and Bone I am Woman Surviving Abuse from Redlead Press. Some poems have been published in newspapers and anthologies, and others may be available on line. Google my name Josie Mixon, and links to my books are available.

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Thanks!

SHAME
by Josie Mixon

The shame of being shamed
As if it were my name
I've worn the letter
Before you and behind you
It has initialed my life
And when I tried to forget
You reminded me
Unforgiving memories
An unforgiving mother
Words never spoken
Yet implied
Not once a "p" for pride
Instead an "s" for shame
Shame, only shame
Defining a daughter
Who existed
In name only
Didn't breathe
Didn't feel
Didn't hurt?
The shame of being me
I smell of it
I look of it
Shame
I've worn it well.

PHASES OF SURVIVAL
by Josie Mixon

Strong hard fingers
Pressing at my lips
Standing by
I watch in horror
As I begin
To get my story straight
Straight enough
To release the hold
Fear
An unacknowledged reason
Adhering itself to my lungs
Attacking my heart with guilt
Imitations of respect
Visit loneliness
Overpowering the will
Enduring the agony of the giving
I never received
While explanations gave way to betrayal
Of the forgiving desires
Importing forgiveness
Without a trial
As fear was always watching
An infectious stabbing of the heart
Over and over again
By the hands who caressed my face
Standing by
I watch in horror
At the man who claimed to love me

UNWANTED
by Josie Mixon

Between the cracks and the smaller spaces
I could see you
A momentary pause gave me time to look around
And there I was
I saw myself standing there
Just standing
Just looking like a tourist in a foreign land
I am an outcast on familiar ground
Yes I see myself
A stranger to all
With miscellaneous rules
To keep me stable and unwanted
There is competition within myself
As who I am fights for who I want to be
Secretly my autobiography
Has now become my eulogy
As I stand back and let the winds take hold
Surrendering me to my destiny

SANCTUARY
by Josie Mixon

My sanctuary
Is now
My destiny
Words, words
Read out loud
Given shape
Sounds and smells
I've given myself permission to hurt
Out loud
Where the entire world can hear me
Or ignore me
My sanctuary is found
In the faces of my sisters
In the shattered hearts of the abused
Who survived to live again
Without the hand of violence
My voice shelters me from shame
Striking back
Without remorse
In different shades
In different shapes
My sanctuary
It is my pen
As it's finally found its canvas
With a stroke of a word
Called poetic justice

Certitudes
by Tom Keene

As your view of me faded in the rearview mirror,
I waved goodbye and watched your car take you
away.

Now I sit on the porch to let the January sun
match its warmth to the glow of your having been
here.

I contemplate the certainty of death
and the mysterious stuff of eternity.
Like Siamese twins stuck at the sternum,
these certitudes consider each other.

Body tells soul of your face
flushed with orgasmic rush,
our passion-spent contentment,
and holding each other in after-embrace.

Mute-soul already knows, and pledges to keep,
till long after our bodies reduce to gas, crumble to
ash,
the memories that sponge-like it sopped from our
bodies' gush,
and promises, with all the certitude of death, resur-
rection.

Siduri
by Bryce Milligan

She wears mourning
black for the ocean that
once, when she was still
in love with it,
reached out and bit her
on the heel,
revealing that even
sunshine and southern surf
envy the freedom
she alone can bare
before the gods
of this small sea.

Catching Fire
by Darby Riley

That being indoors is the cosmos
itself; the energy
of the first
imagined emergence

Now, so long later,
we've lost our way,
await salvation
from without

Start within.

DISTRIBUTION PROBLEM
in response to a news story
by Joan Seifert

What if all the world's pain belongs to me?

To cry, watching a newly-minted lamb push from its
ewe-mom,
to weep at love songs from happy troubadours
who sing of boundless love?
How innocent, these tears.

To tremble when winners takes the gold
and cheers are heard today and many brilliant days
to come—
How naïve, this quiver.

I cry in distress; it is impossible!
For the world's poor children eat cookies made of dirt!

What is wrong with the human condition?
Is it destiny? Or is Fate disdainful of other soils than
mine?

I'm not of that imperious sod, telling why,
frittering opinions varied as the stars.
And who knows which ones true?

Beauty is so limited here, so viciously uneven.
There's not enough for everyone.
They say "Look quickly! It will not last!"

I know that.
That's why I cry.

Lovers Immortal
by John Serna

We were lovers you and I living so intensely
deep within each other's being,
existing solely for the time we spent together
blind as with only hearts seeing.
We were young wishing we had until forever
snuggled in our burrowed nest,
holding hands tight through life's hectic run
delirious joy at pleasure's quest.
We were lovers you and I lost in ourselves
believing we had endless fare,
romping and reveling in a hypnotic trance
stared past signs of age's wear.
We were naively ignorant as reality awakened
changing mystic world to bleak,
reviving from delusion's self imposed sleep
minds cast adrift in futile seek.
We were lovers you and I so many years ago
thinking our lives be immortal,
assured we would live until eternity's end
youth racing past time's portal.
We were lovers ... but our love was mortal.

Untitled
by Vivian Kearney

And yet...
there is a loveliness
through all your wondering
sense of nothingness
moods of tears,
fears of death

That shines through sorrow
through emptiness
a soft whisper
forming a saddened smile,
saying
and yet...

The 16-Inch Drop
by Jacks Blue

It's all crammed in your head,
Everything that you know.
You can always fit more,
Who knows where it may go.

Gaining knowledge each day,
It is good for us all.
To continue to grow
To discover our call.

But the riddle isn't what
Is rolled up in your skull,
It's about how it's used,
Else becomes lost and null.

But to crack the secret,
There's something you must do,
Data has to evolve
And rejuvenate you.

The information must
Make the sixteen-inch drop,
From your head to your heart
And there it must stop.

Once the drop has occurred
And the data processed.
Your life it will change
And then you'll be blessed.

Blood Soaked Sockets
by Al Drymala

Blood soaked sockets
Hint of defiance
Deeply rooted anger
Profound agony
Life cramped
Crammed in a too small container
Spilling over
But where to go?
Bridge that abruptly ends
A shoreline marking
The edge of the deep,
The unknown abyss
Matter suspended in air
Dark and light
Black and white tiles
Form a floor of opposites
Insane opposites
Of blindness and seeing
Of ending and beginning
Of land and of sea
Of matter and spirit
Of black and white
Of despair and survival
Blood soaked sockets
Whose vision pierces
The soul of the casual onlooker
Blood soaked sockets
That will never view life
The same again
Blood soaked sockets
That now see eternity.

Artichoke
by John Trause

Leaf over leaf over leaf
over leaf over leaf
layered like lacquered leather
over a heart
bristling and thistling
on a stalk
pale green
kale green
spiky snarky grenade
stark in wild places
in arid lands
artichoke
witness in the wastes
around Jerusalem
or distilled in a cocktail
on the Riviera
or the Via Veneto

Faces
by Esther Alexander

What's to tell in a face
Of what's pure and what's true
The features may need verifying

The eyes that look hard
Are the ones that are sad
When the time comes for their dying

The noses that flare
Might have tenderness where
It was thought there'd be anger instead

The mouths that may smile
Showing teeth all the while
May be hiding deceit within

Prominent dimples
May be deep in the skin
Of the one whose character is unstable

Facts these may be
Yet mistakes are still made
By believing the stories that faces may tell

She Got So Old
by Jo LeCoeur

she forgot her turquoise greens
and tawny oranges,

forgot our names
and that she loved us—
woodland, basin, range.

Her poles had wandered.
Hilltops worn flat,
fast rivers slowed to silt.

Roots once tied red earth to cypress bark
and bone. She forgot the story.
Her clay dried out, the seams gave way,

layers sliding,
colors failing.

The day she left, she slept all day.
All night she fed the fire her name.

We did not circle like the wolves.
To howl. Sit silent. Howl.

The day she left, we danced for her.
We shook the whitest shells.
And sang.

Water
by Robert Wynne

Water has been seeing gravity
again, secretly meeting
in graffitied towers
and gurgling fountains,
at Niagara Falls
and on the trays
of clumsy waiters.

So sad to see
the mere idea of down
exerting its will
on entire oceans.

Only those renegade clouds
seem to be able to resist
the lure. I thought
distance made each drop lighter
but how then to explain
the fog that's just rolled in?
And why am I crying?

1973. East of the Berlin Wall
by Marilyn Stacy

The poem draws her inside truth
again and again
until she knows its every
syllable and rhyme,
its metrical phrasing of sounds.

With each word she is pulled
deeper into the poet's world until
its clear metaphors and strong emotion
permeate her being,
lighten her burdened heart.

The words,
connected as intricately
as a Mozart sonata
or a Beethoven symphony
plant hope for peace deep within.

She folds the thin sheet of paper,
with care, tucks it into her pocket,
waits for the searchlight
to pass, then races across bare earth
toward the wall with the others.

Dallas psychotherapist Marilyn Stacy, retired Richland College professor, is past president of the Poetry Society of Texas (PST). THIS POEM WON 2ND PLACE IN THE 2008 AHMAD SHAMLOO PST CONTEST. Stacy's poems can be found in anthologies, journals, and in her books *Along the Path and Dreams*. Website is www.marilynstacy.com.

It Was the Chef Who Finally Explained
by Natalia Trevino

How to make a good sauce:
You can't throw everything at once.

You have to wait. Work in layers.
First you let the onions cook alone in the oil.

And you listen. Crush the garlic
that will be used. Add it at the right time.

They'll take each other's flavors,
if each is added separately.

And they create layers within the liquid. Simmering.
Like two people in a good marriage.

Each layer encases the other
and it works out, immersed

in the combinations
all the way down the throat.

A Mountain of Ocean
by Rod C. Stryker

I huddle
on the shore
by the mountain
w/her grief
in my pocket,

fierce waves
salt my toes clean
of loose guilt.

Reasons explode
against her rejection,

it flows between
impotent complaints
I sputter to evoke,
but the mountain wins,

crumbles over my
best intentions
until her grief
is all that's left.

Eye Blink
by Carol Culler

I stoop, and from the dust lift
two stones baked to blood heat by desert sun.
Palmed with magician's best finesse,
I say you must trust me; put out your hand
and drop the blood-black stone
into out-stretched hand. You caress the smooth,
surprising weight. Space trash, I say.

And we stand side-by-side looking outward
where molten bits splattered, not seven thousand
or seventy, but seven hundred thousand years ago
and lay undisturbed until I picked one,
offered for your pleasure.

Not loath, you welcome the next offering.
Your trust has grown as sultry wind blew
down through millennia. I do not disappoint:
this second stone is larger, not as dense,
but worn by frequent use, the knocked off flakes,
a perfect fit for your grasp.
I say, For hacking flesh from bison flank.
Right handed, the maker was.
Can you feel him?

Yes, you say, erasing in an eye blink
those last ten thousand years.

Exercise In Metaphor On the
Restrictions of Language
by Carol Culler

Undigested in the maw, the dandelion of thought
welcomes the icy wind of language—lifting,
preserving, trapping in mammoth, hairy coating
the simple deeds and sunshines of man's soul.

Ambered by the sap
that flowed through
vanished xylem of the cortex,
a thought, written:
quixotic as the fly.

The tongue is to the mind
as manacles to the gesture
and shackles to the fleet of foot.

That Fall
For my cousin, LeeAnn Horn
by H. Palmer Hall

She sat upon the spine-curving arc of metal--
apex of a new bridge over water flowing
through the intracoastal canal, high enough
for any tonnage/any ocean ships to navigate--
wrapped warm in arms that cared,
lips that touched hers.

Two ribbons of steel, not twined, twinned,
bound with struts he'd helped to build,
he'd welded tight, crafted with his own hands--
nothing below but waves washing
in to suck out torn remnants of waste,
discarded fragments, ill-used.

Much of this can only be imagined, not known,
not written in some tale of truth, some detailed
obituary in the daily news to give dates,
list parents, brothers, sisters, survivors
who go on in her wake, whispering that
she loved, she fell, last kiss

still warm on lips that turned from moans
to shrieks with that final plunge into dark water,
her body washed out with other waste
into a deep gulf of what ifs, why nots, I wills,
I won'ts. No simple story, no pat ending
just a long fall, a final splash.

Infinity
by Juan Manuel Perez

Her name is infinity
Because she is forever
The symbol upon her naked shoulder
Of smooth steel, rubber coated wires
On a curvaceous synthetic carcass
Killing me with cool caresses
Sex, like a microwave dinner
Almost a real meal

She pretends
She is human
It's just not working out
Lead poisoning
A sexual transmitted disease
She wants to love me
She's just not getting it right
She's killing me slowly
When she seduces me

Her name is Infinity
Not mine

Moon Days
by Connie Beresin

The moon moves from her mooring
to mourn with me on Mondays, cleverly
making more of me than she means.

Tuesdays her dusty white-gray patches
warn of trouble; half lit by the sun's rays,
the moon possesses not her own reflection.

On Wednesdays the moon welcomes
walkers – footprints mixed with sand
and the pumice of eons – vast and lonely.

Thursdays she thrives as the waxing and waning
create moments of lunacy for those less able
to honor the cycles sailors celebrate.

Leading the sun on Fridays, the moon's blue-
brown surface becomes etched with patterns –
craters of abstraction – flat, dark, and mottled.

Often on Saturdays, satisfied with silvery
shimmers the moon shows her stuff, slowly
settles for spring mixed with shy suspense.

Sundays sand spirals beckon Viking ships
to the moon's shores, like a magnet – pulled
by her brilliance, mourning her eclipse.

too much ado
about nothing
by Catherine-Grace Patrick

this time it lasted
little more than a year
that is....
until it fizzled
when it drizzled
down to
nothing
so
it
seemed

though once
we dreamed
that nothing
was impossible

yet that too seems
so 'once upon a time'
before your heart turned
on that dime
and poof!
there was
but
nothing

Galadriel
by Stuart Young

My Lady of the Wood
Clothed in light
You ask me to gaze
Into the mirror
To see "What was,
What is,
And what may be."

I understand now
Middle Earth
Is a parallel universe

Here Earth is safe
Not overpopulated
Or polluted
No species endangered
No suffering to fight
All will continue to Become
Without impediment
Without end

I can stay here in peace
Or, moved by compassion
Return to my timeline
And try to Comfort the sorrowful
Heal the afflicted
Save the oppressed
Fight injustice
Right wrongs

I don't want to bother.

The Last Voice Listened To
by Peter Holland

Why Vickie, why?
We could always talk
you and I,
but you went and
made that impossible.
We had sat together
on the bus, at lunch,
at the park, and the mall.
We shared boy talk,
and school talk,
and secret talk
just for you and me.
I knew your pain
when no one else did,
not even your Mom and Dad.
I knew your demons.
I told you not to listen.
You were to talk to me first.
Why didn't you wait
to talk to me first?
Now my days are blurred by tears
because you listened to your fears.

Tasting Texas
by Valerie Bailey

Their names are different—
"Dinner Bell," "Bluebonnet Cafe," "Little Blanco Inn."
The menu is the same—
splattered, hand-typed daily special attached by
paper clip.
Iced tea served in giant plastic tumblers, scratched
and worn by use.
Amateur paintings for sale, hang crooked on the wall.
Thirty-five dollars buys a field of bluebonnets
or an old oak tree.
Toothpicks in a water glass stand beside the register,
along with loaves of home-made bread
and honey from some local bees.

These are the originals—the classics,
surviving in a "drive-thru," "take-out" polished
world of chrome and glass and fast food chains.

Big city copies with gingham curtains, clever menus,
and copper teapots filled with polished ivy,
serve tea in Mason jars to impress tourists
who've come to taste Texas.

But in small Texas towns, at oilcloth covered tables
on linoleum or hardwood floors,
scuffed from tread of dusty boots,
you'll enjoy authentic.
The juke box may be too loud,
your fork may be bent, and you may share
your meal with a couple of friendly flies,
but you will taste Texas!

Translation
by Alicia Galvan

You will be with me always
in my memories,
of death,
of life,
of resurrection.

Because without wanting
almost all that is now yours
was mine at sometime.

My belongings of then
I leave you
for I have grown accustomed
to not having them.

And although the will
wants to deny the subconscious
a flight of nostalgia.

Know that you
will be with me always.

Hope
by Donald Jackson

He walked the streets of his youth
hungry
dancing with the marvel,
running towards his dreams.

But fate had a different path
his reality would take him
stealing the tail from his kite.

Now spinning, his mind screams
the man wants to pull out of
this stall.
the child just laughs.

Night on the River
by Lou Taylor

Silence
In
The hours from midnight
To dawn
Broken by
A deep horn
Almost a moan
A freighter on
The Mississippi
Signals its presence
An answer comes
From down river
A symphony of freighters
In the darkness
Lonely sound
Eerie sound
Calling us to ourselves
Telling us to breathe
Letting us know
That we are alive
That soul
Has a place in this crazy world
The sleepless join
In silent community
Hugging the river
With thoughts

Untitled
by Alicia Galvan

Estarás conmigo siempre,
en mis recuerdos,
de muerte,
de vida,
de resurrección.

Porque sin querer
casi todo lo que ahora es tuyo
fue mío en alguna vez.

Lo mío de entonces
lo dejo
pues ya me acostumbre
a no tenerlo.

Y aunque la voluntad
le quiera negar al inconsciente
un vuelo de nostalgia.

Sabed que tu
estarás conmigo siempre.

Rest Alone
by Julia Hawkins

Sitting in the corner in his black suit
he stares as steam from black coffee rises.
He watches for patterns in the rising smoke
beautiful waves and curls
as his cigarette lit and lonely,
rests in the ash tray.
He picks it up
sets it on his lips
smoke sleeps on his tongue.
When he exhales, it scatters
like cockroaches on a kitchen floor.
As steam from his coffee
and smoke from his mouth clash,
he sheds a tear.

The man destroys the beautiful steam
the artwork in the air
gone, in an instant just like his wife.
He rubs his eyes to clear away the tears
but behind his solemn eyes,
he sees her beauty, her face, her eyes.
Another tear falls into his coffee.
Through blurred eyes,
he sees the dark car with dark windows,
waiting to take him to his wife.
He walks away
as his coffee and his cigarette
rest alone.

Of Men and Bullets
by Cyra A. Dumitru

And the gunshots,
they fall like rain
no pattern yet utterly purposeful

I am the observer,
the mother the wife
I read letters telling me
that I should feel pride

Staring down at shoes
splattered with mud
it is your face I think of,
eyes rolled to the side, unfocused

They mark your passing with
a cross, a flag, a name,
they who knew you in combat, in motion

Mine is a different flavor of sorrow
for it was this face
they say you prayed for
at the end
The arms that held you in stillness,
living breathing stillness
were those you needed,
though you went to your end surrounded by brothers

Did anyone think to wipe the filth
from your cheeks?

Angered
by Claudio Alvarez

Separated
disconnected
I am not the same
friendships unplugged
don't know what
I've done wrong
ideas come and go
don't know what
to do anymore
wish I had wings
to take flight
that's the only way
to get this anger out.

False Promises
by Ellaire Yantis

You neither own me
nor control me
no longer am I fooled by your lies
You promised me
happiness, complacency
but left me nothing but guilt
self-hate
fear,
weakness.

I flushed my feelings away,
now I shall do the same to you
I broke your hold on me and
I am free
to feel all that
you promised to protect me from.

Ranger
by Cyra A. Dumitru

Colors,
deep strong hues
pushing forth a force
and an extended hand
There is no hesitation painted
though the motion
is incomplete,
it simply lingers in between the eyes and imagination

They say its tail has healing powers
yet it is written that one of its kind
lured Eve to the forbidden fruit

We look at the face and wonder,
Who is she
What is she thinking?

Woman in her element
vulnerable,
mysterious,
alone

She does not need your companionship
nor will she answer your questions
but never will she turn away harshly

Instead
she will gather you gently to her bosom
and rock you to sleep
but she will not be there
when you awake
in the morning

A Note about Poetry Therapy
& Support Groups
by James Brandenburg

The poems in this section come from our poetry support group at Tom C. Clark High School. An important topic for this group is how students are disconnected—from each other, from themselves, from parents, from teachers, from school, and from society in general. By writing down their feelings about being disconnected, students gain distance from the topic and often become reconnected. One student misses her dead mother, another her homeland, another her lost love, another her father, and another student writes about disconnecting as a way to connect to a greater power within us. Their writing assignments usually engender lively discussions.

Poetry Therapy & Journaling
San Antonio Students
Journal Entries

Student S talks about how journaling helps her deal with her emotions: I have learned that journaling helps me feel better when I talk about things that sadden me or depress me in my life. Journaling helps me relieve the stress that I have bottled up inside of me; it helps me feel better and I am able to accomplish the things I need to accomplish. I feel good when I put my feelings down in writing because sometimes I don't have anybody close to talk to or someone I can trust so that I can talk about the things I am going through. Writing is very helpful for me to get those feelings out. Just writing things down in my journal helps me to feel better.

Student C talks about an experience when she felt fear or anxiety, sadness or depression: I guess of the emotions that stands out is depression. In 1995 my mother passed away, and I was only 18 years of age and had just graduated from high school in 1994. I remember walking into the emergency room and waiting for news on my mother. When my father came toward me with open arms to comfort me, right then and there I felt numb and like I was floating in air. He validated the worst-case scenario when he said, "She didn't make it." The words went through my head over and over, "She didn't make it." My whole body felt weak, and I fell to the floor.

Then in 1998 my father passed away. I remember being at his funeral and still feeling numb, shocked and still depressed over the loss of my mother. To top it all off, as if it could get any worse, my brother passed away in 1999. He was only 19 years old. My heart was broken, and in 2001 I went into a major depression. I thought I was crazy, and the doctor put me on medications. I felt alone in this world because all my family was gone. I drank and took drugs to deal with my pain, but I soon realized that drugs and alcohol

did not solve anything. I was slowly dying because the thoughts of life were gone. It was then I joined the 12-step program with NA; it was a spiritual program that was very valuable, and the people in NA helped me to put my life back together again. NA is still valuable for me today. My thoughts and feelings of depression are gone. No medications. No nothing. Just faith. My faith sustains me.

I used to blame everyone for my problems. Healing was a long process, and it took me a long time to change my beliefs and behaviors so that I could create the best results that I could. I used to live my life where I was a victim with a small v, and things became worse for me, turning the small v into a capital V. For example, when I lost my family, I felt God did this to me to punish me; therefore, I turned to drugs and alcohol, and it was everyone else's fault that I had a string of bad luck in my life. Today things are quite different for I know life does not have to be like this. Today I wake up and am grateful for another day to be alive and am able to create a new beginning in my life. I know if I continue making decisions that result in positive actions, then I can look for ways to create my desired outcomes and experiences despite the obstacles. I am now a creator.

Paradox
by Oliver Belmares

Long strings lead back to me
with nothing on the other side
my path is narrow
try to keep an open mind
hands dissolve into ash
but I am no phoenix
I like to break promises
going back on all I've sworn
don't mind going down
yet climbing up is hard
people place their bets
still I play no cards.
People go all out
I'm done with playing hard

My words not in order
don't mean anything
some are repetitious
some I like to sing
mean every thought I think
try not to stand for anything
refrain from holding onto tree branches
instead I am the maple leaf
floating down the stream.

Mother's Love
by Sabrina Moehrig

Time went by so fast
wish you had stayed a while longer
miss you dearly and all the fun times
the laughs, the tears, the smiles
but mostly I miss your love
my life is useless without you
but I know we will meet in heaven
watch me now from above
help me through these hateful days
help me know right from wrong
I can be good
because that's what you wanted
I could count on you
to hold me
when sad and alone
I know you love me
no matter what
You are that shining star
in the sky
you are my guardian angel
always and forever
in my heart.

Deaf Paperback
by Jonathan Sanders

Disconnected
self-destructive
every day by myself
paste a picture
and yell at it
to what you've become.
If I could have the chance
to toss it right back
right into your face
maybe I would not have blamed myself
when you always accuse me of this.

Against the Wind
by Cat Ruppel

Once again, here it comes
Darkness that completely numbs
My wings, my life, all I've become—
I take one step and down I go
Winds too strong for me to hold
With splintered wings it finally ends
My chaotic life starts over again.

Separated
by Alesi Viramontes

I am blind without my father
living in a dark world
without eyes
I see nothing
I know nothing
all that beating
all that violence
separated us
from him
forced us to leave
he thought
he only hurt our mom
but he hurt us all
Still I worry
is he dead or alive?
Not knowing
tears my heart out.

Memories
by Lina Barakat

At midnight
I sit on the steps
looking at the stars
winds attacking me
and hugging me
I miss it
my home
I miss it
my country
always on my mind
the most beautiful place
I have ever seen
I loved it
but lost it
so all I have left
is memories
morning
noon
and night
memories surrounding
my heart.

It's Complicated
by Lindsey Garcia

My family is complicated.
Like a broom all up in the air.
They stress like crazy.
They aren't happy
Like the people in the war
That are always fighting
My grandma and my tia
Are always there for me
Just like pen is there for paper.
We survive on each other.
Like the water and fishes
We all have love for each other
But don't show it.
Like the color white
You can't see on white paper.

What She's Like
by Ephraim Montoya

Her name is good to the ears,
Like what you want to hear,
She makes me smile so bright,
Like a police flashlight,
Her hair is soft as a stuffed teddy bear,
Our feelings we share like the perfect pair,
She is rare like the shady spot in a crowded
parking lot,
We go together like cheese and tater tots,
She looks good like candy paint on a low rider,
For me she goes deep like a deep sea ocean diver,
She's good at handling herself like a racecar driver,
She makes my heart jump like my heart's hydraulics
went haywire,
I and she keep it hot like the middle of a fire,
We long for each other as if we're filled with desire,
She's so sweet like the taste of honey,
Her skin is so soft like fur on a bunny,
I don't want her to leave me,
She promised she'll stay,
I will love her till my dying day,
I've come to believe she feels the same way.

The Way I Look
BY Dee Cervantes

The way I look
The way I talk
The way I fight in this war
Makes me strong;
God forgive me for what I did
When I cry I feel down
But every tear I drop
Is anger and sadness in my life!
But then
I see Him beaming down from above.
Is not here where I want to be? Until I die!!
I want to fly in the sky
Find my happiness there and be loved
I know
Without a soul I cannot survive
And He's the only one can help me
To be happy
Until I die

Por el modo que yo miro
By Dee Huerta

Por el modo que yo miro
Por el modo que yo hablo
Por el modo que you peleo en esta Guerra
Dios me ha perdonado por lo que yo he hecho
Cuando lloro me siento triste,
Pero
Cada lágrima que tiro es tristeza y
Soledad en mi vida
Pero después miro hacia el cielo y
Trato de encontrar mi felicidad
Mi amor yo sé que sin mi alma no puedo sobrevivir
Pero Él es el único
Que me puede ayudar a encontrar mi felicidad
Hasta el día que yo me muera.

Things I wish I Could Do
by Julia Hawkins

I already know how to tie my show
But there's so much more I wish I could do
I wish I could fly high in the sky
I wish I could run from this horrible lie
I wish I knew how to fly a kite
I wish I could tell myself, "It's all right"
There are so many things I wish I knew of
I wish I could easily fall in love
But what's the point of wishing now?
I always seem to wonder "how?"
How is it that people can fall deeply in love?
Why is it I can't fly like a dove?
All these things I wish I could do
But I know it won't happen
Not without you.

Inside You
by Jeremy Alaniz

You turned away
words left unsaid
were all that remained
You thought you knew
but you were painting
pictures in your head
How did you feel
the moment you opened up
and saw how much you care?

Did you realize
how time stands still?
Did you realize
you always had free will?

You looked across
the path of human kind
and searched for answers
Suddenly you knew
and found
that love inside you.

Days Drag On
by Julia Hawkins

Life goes by slowly
I wait for something to happen.
Waiting, watching,
Nothing
It feels so empty since you left
I try to look back to a happy time.
Looking, thinking,
Nothing.
All my memories of you
Bring tears to my eyes.
I miss you, I need you.
Or do I?

I think to myself
As another day goes by,
Then a week, then a month.
Still I'm stuck on thoughts of you.
I think of something, after all this time,
I finally see
After all this pain and suffering,
I know what it was.
It is not you that I need,
That I love, that I miss.
It's your idea.
That idea of not being alone
I wait for that idea to come true,
Wait, watch, look, think,
Yet nothing ever happens.

The Way I Look
BY Dee Cervantes

The way I look
The way I talk
The way I fight in this war
Makes me strong;
God forgive me for what I did
When I cry I feel down
But every tear I drop
Is anger and sadness in my life!
But then
I see Him beaming down from above.
Is not here where I want to be? Until I die!!
I want to fly in the sky
Find my happiness there and be loved
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Without a soul I cannot survive
And He's the only one can help me
To be happy
Until I die

Por el modo que yo miro
By Dee Huerta

Por el modo que yo miro
Por el modo que yo hablo
Por el modo que you peleo en esta Guerra
Dios me ha perdonado por lo que yo he hecho
Cuando lloro me siento triste,
Pero
Cada lágrima que tiro es tristeza y
Soledad en mi vida
Pero después miro hacia el cielo y
Trato de encontrar mi felicidad
Mi amor yo sé que sin mi alma no puedo sobrevivir
Pero Él es el único
Que me puede ayudar a encontrar mi felicidad
Hasta el día que yo me muera.

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THANKS !

Jalal ad-Din Rumi

Rumi was a 13th-century Persian poet, and since he lived most of his life in an area called Rūm because it was once ruled by the Byzantine Empire (East Rome), he was called Rumi. Rumi was born in the hometown of his father's family, in Balkh, Bactria, in contemporary Afghanistan, which at that time was part of the Persian Empire. He lived most of his life under the Sultanate of Rum, where he produced his works and died in 1273 CE. He was buried in Konya, Afghanistan and his shrine became a place of pilgrimage. Rumi's works are written in the New Persian language. A Persian literary renaissance (in the 8th/9th century) started in regions of Sistan, Khorāsān and Transoxiana and by the 10th/11th century, the Persian language had become the preferred literary and cultural language in the Persian Islamic world. Although Rumi's works were written in Persian, Rumi's importance is considered to transcend national and ethnic borders. His original works are widely read in their original language across the Persian-speaking world. Translations of his works are popular in South Asian, Turkic, Arab, and Western countries. His poetry has influenced Persian literature as well as the literature of the Urdu, Bengali, Arabic and Turkish languages. His poems have been translated into many of the world's languages and transposed into various formats; BBC News has described him as the "most popular poet in America."

Raven
Edgar Allan Poe
(First Two Stanzas)

Once upon a midnight dreary, while I pondered,
weak and weary,
Over many a quaint and curious volume of forgotten
lore,
While I nodded, nearly napping, suddenly there
came a tapping,
As of some one gently rapping, rapping at my cham-
ber door.
"Tis some visitor," I muttered, "tapping at my cham-
ber door -
Only this, and nothing more."
Ah, distinctly I remember it was in the bleak Decem-
ber,
And each separate dying ember wrought its ghost
upon the floor.
Eagerly I wished the morrow; - vainly I had sought to
borrow
From my books surcease of sorrow - sorrow for the
lost Lenore -
For the rare and radiant maiden whom the angels
name Lenore -
Nameless here for evermore.

Love Dogs
by Rumi

One night a man was crying,
Allah! Allah!
His lips grew sweet with the praising,
until a cynic said,
"So! I have heard you
calling out, but have you ever
gotten any response?"
The man had no answer to that.
He quit praying and fell into a confused sleep.
He dreamed he saw Khidr, the guide of souls,
in a thick, green foliage.
"Why did you stop praising?"
"Because I've never heard anything back."
"This longing
you express is the return message."
The grief you cry out from
draws you toward union.
Your pure sadness
that wants help
is the secret cup.
Listen to the moan of a dog for its master.
That whining is the connection.
There are love dogs
no one knows the names of.
Give your life
to be one of them.

Billy Collins

Poet Billy Collins is a unique literary figure - a widely read contemporary poet. The former US Poet Laureate and New York State Poet has received fellowships from the New York Foundation for the Arts, the National Endowment for the Arts, and the Guggenheim Foundation, though his most dramatic honors come from a wide and appreciative readership. Collins's poetry collections, including *The Trouble With Poetry* and *Other Poems*, *Nine Horses*, *Sailing Alone Around the Room*, and *Picnic*, *Lightening*, have broken records for poetry sales. His writing is marked by inventiveness beyond traditional poetry forms with ironic twists and lyrical turns of phrase that resonate powerfully. An advocate for integrating poetry into everyday life, Collins compiled the anthologies *Poetry 180* and *180 More* with poems for every day of a typical school year. Billy Collins has been a professor of English at Lehman College of the City University of New York since 1968.

The Last Man
by Mo H Saidi

The man and his son climbed up the steep side of the hill above a dry creek. Below their trail, a narrow creek meandered between the rocky, washed out earth toward a canyon. They crawled and scrambled through the pile of boulders to the hidden opening where a steep, narrow tunnel led to a large underground cave, whose entrance was now covered by a heap of scorched trunks and blackened limestone rocks.

They climbed down slowly into the wide natural labyrinth, its floor studded with stalagmites of various heights and sizes, with pools of odorous water encircling their bases. The water was tepid, and hopefully still potable. The air was humid and warm but not as repulsive and hot as the outside air; still, the devastating worsening of the climate and the tumultuous ecological events of the past decades had altered the cavern's condition profoundly and affected its water, its temperature, its air.

The man pulled two dead deer, their hooves and skin burnt, to a flat landing surrounded by pools of water in the far corner of the cave. A spring from the aquifer was bubbling up and filling a pool, overflowing it. The man could hear the steady gurgle of water flowing away into a niche some distance away. The son was now asleep, but the man could hear his wheezing, occasionally interrupted by brassy coughs that reminded the man of the time when his son, then only three years old, had suffered a bout of croup and had been struggling for air to breathe and stay alive. Back then he had taken the child to the emergency room. Now the son was struggling to survive on his own in the tainted air.

Outside the cavern the air was dark, hot, and filled with embers. The cedar trees, mesquites and live oaks were all gone. Not even their stumps were recognizable anymore. Flames had consumed grass, plants, brush, the entire flora of the region, and much of the oxygen in the air. He pulled out his trusty Swiss knife and cut three strips of meat from the deer loin. He washed them in the pool of the lukewarm water and put a piece in his mouth. The meat was dry but chewy; it tasted almost like barbecued meat. His son's cough cut into his thoughts. He took the other two strips and got up. "It's good meat, have a bite," he said. The son coughed and gasped heavily before he took a strip, chewed on it between coughs, and swallowed the sap. He managed to eat one piece, but soon became exhausted and lay down again. The cave was dark and the son could not see what he was eating.

"Can you light a candle?"

"No."

"There are some candles in the bag, Dad."

"I know."

"There is a matchbox in there, too."

"Yes, there is."

"Let's light a match," the son urged.

"I cannot."

"Why not? I know you have a match box."

"It's dangerous, okay?"

"Why?"

"Just smell the air; it's dangerous to light a match."

"Okay," the son replied, exhausted.

It was dark. He breathed heavily and coughed.

Outside the cave, strong winds were battering the land. The man and his son heard the thunder of the storm blasting through broken stumps; they heard the rumbling as it scattered scorched branches and pushed half-burnt bones and broken skulls around the valley.

Dim light entered through the opening chinks and alighted on the entrance of the cave where it almost illuminated the first few yards of the tunnel. It was high noon now, and the most light they would see during these short days. Forlorn of bright sunlight, the anemic light could only penetrate the first twenty feet of the tunnel, before it curved and declined into the underground cavern.

The man was thirsty and knew his son would need some water, too. The man got up and slowly felt his way along narrow, slippery stones and between patches of water towards the deepest corner of the cave where water was bubbling up from a spring at the bottom of the pool. He squatted and filled two cans. The water had a slight smell of rotten eggs but was not as warm as the water in the ponds outside, a bit cooler here than in the other pool near the cave opening, but still as warm as his hand. He took a sip. It tasted tolerable. It would help him swallow the dried meat he was chewing slowly and carefully. He carried one of the cans to his son and lifted it up toward his son's face. The son had a sip, hesitantly, and coughed a few times. But he slowly drank the whole can and then the second one. The man stumbled back to the spring, filled the cans again and returned to his son. He remembered their climb to the cavern.

Continued . . .

Last Man continued . . .

They were caught in another world without a sun, moon, or stars. He felt the weight of the burnt shadows, the rough edges of scraggy stones, the blades of rocks.

The uneven ground was covered with scattered blackened stones, a deafening silence was the opus of night; the accursed solitude in the land of abandoned life.

The wind was pushing malodorous air into the cave through the cracks of the opening. The son became nauseated, dizzy from the smell of methane in the air. In the dark, the man listened to the harsh swoosh of the wind forcing its way into the cavern. The son was wheezing, coughing until he became exhausted, sweated copiously, and then he fell silent.

The man knelt and peeked through the opening between the boulders. Craggy cliffs on the right were completely burnt black; the ground barren of plants. Black ash filled the crevasses between the rocks. The wind blew more vicious, warm into the breaks, towards the opening, and whistled it into the cave.

The handkerchief covered half of the man's face, his nose and mouth, but the cloth was getting muddy with sticky ash. The air was so gray and so heavy, he began to cough. He retreated deep into the cave and washed the soot from his face, laid the washed handkerchief to dry on a stone and again filled the cans with water from the spring. His son was awake, following his shadows on the concave wall, watching his movements.

The man went slowly to the deep corner of the cave and cut three strips of meat. Every day it was harder to cut the meat. They both munched and swallowed the bits with sips of water. Then they noticed lightning outside the cave; streaks like bands of blue ribbons flashed repeatedly in front of the cave. Claps of thunder reverberated with loud booms in the valley. Then torrential rain was pouring down and hammering the hill; water billowed in the boulders above the cave and ran down and myriads of waterfalls rushed fiercely into the creek below. Sheltered by the opening, the man observed the murky, fierce river flowing straight from the dark skies and washing cliffs and limestone flats. Water was washing off ashes and embers, rolling scorched rocks and burnt limbs down into the valley, while the wide limestone bridge above the opening of the cave rattled with the forceful gale.

The storm lasted all day, every day, for several weeks. Water filled the valleys, the creeks, the hill-sides, and made the air humid and heavy. A layer of wet soot covered the ground of the cave, the faces of man and son, their hands and legs. The stench of smoked meat and the stink of methane were subdued by the suffocating, humid air. The

son's breathing became harder, longer, and noisier.

The man dragged his son to the flat patch deep inside the cave near the bubbling spring with its better water. He rolled his son close to the warm water and left him there while he rinsed their clothes in another pool. Then he crawled to the deepest end and brought two sheets which he had stored there. After he washed his son's face, hand, chest and body, he wrapped him in a sheet. He rolled his jeans around one of his boots and slipped the improvised pillow under his son's head. Naked in the dark he washed himself and lay down beside his son, with his head on the other boot. He pulled the other sheet over his body. The faint sound of thunder and the fleeting light of lightning kept them awake. Finally the warmth and darkness of the cave overcame the faint flashes in the distance and lulled them into deep sleep.

The crushing noise of the rushing waters outside the cave, rolling down from the barren hills into the valley awakened them. The lightning and thunder had grown intense again and they saw the shadows of stalactites and stalagmites appear intermittently on the wall of the cave.

"When will this storm end?" the son asked.

"It will end soon."

"When?"

"Soon."

"What is going to happen on earth?" the son asked.

"Do not worry. We are safe here."

"How long will the storm last?"

"For weeks, my son."

Drops of water were falling on the pool of water next to them and a few hit their naked legs and chests. The son began to cough but soon his breathing was becoming smoother. The air was warm and humid but only a few cinder floaters remained in the air.

"What happened to the city?" the son asked.

"By now it must be under water."

"How about the lake north of the city?" the son asked.

"It's under the water, too."

"And the hills around the city?" the son asked.

"They are all under the water now."

The son coughed for a few minutes and then became exhausted and grew quiet.

Continued . . .

Last Man continued . . .

Dim light entered the cave. The man walked to the opening and looked out. The storm had rolled several boulders down the creek and had widened the gaps between them. Only rough limestone surfaces remained outside; all the soil and mud had been washed away and bare, naked rock led down the steep side of the hill. The valley below was entirely under water; the flood had turned the entire landscape into a vast sea. The waters flowing toward the southern plateau were carrying broken branches, scorched bodies of burnt horses, deer, and humans.

The man was stripping meat from the last rump. The meat was dry like jerky, but he offered a piece to his son. The son had been coughing incessantly and his breathing had grown laborious; he was struggling to inhale the thick air; he was struggling even harder to exhale. His face was swollen. He had not eaten anything for three days, only sipped warm water from the deep end of the cave.

All night, the son was shivering with fever. His breathing became shallow and his coughs were sporadic, like off-tuned whistles. The man struggled to stay awake. He touched his son's face, it was dripping with sweat. He kept cleansing it with his handkerchief. The son had not uttered a word for two days, had not eaten for three and now could not even swallow water. The man poured a sip of water into his mouth; it flowed over his cheeks and rolled to the son's neck, shoulders, and back.

The man's eyes were dry, his head drooping. Several times he lost consciousness briefly and each time he found the can of water on the son's chest, intact. Finally the man could no longer keep his eyes open.

When he awoke, his son was not coughing anymore. The man did not know how long it had been since he had fallen asleep or his son had stopped coughing. He touched his son's wrist but did not feel any pulse; he put his ear on his son's chest and could not hear the sound of breathing.

He dragged the son's body to the farthest corner of the cave next to the naked deer bones. He took off his son's clothes, immersed him into the pool, and washed the emaciated body in the warm water of the spring. He dried the body, wrapped it with the one remaining sheet, covering the body from head to hips but leaving naked thighs and legs open. He washed the legs and feet again, dried them, and lifted them up on the limestone flat where he left the corpse with legs slightly apart.

The storm had swirled above and around the cave for days and moved the columns of dust and ash

away from the hills into the valley. Eventually after the rain had stopped falling, the waters receded down below the creek and deeper into the canyon. The strong wind and rain pushed away the stinky atmosphere and now floating particles and inflammable gases were cleared from the air around the hills.

The wide river below the cave had subsided and turned into a narrow stream. The washed-out land was forlorn, shorn of life, trees, plants and animals. The smog receded into the deeper valleys and the clouds of soot were dragged further away by the strong wind. The sun's beams penetrated the softer air of the highest elevations of the land. The moisture in the air washed the rocks. The morning dew softened the streaks of dirt hidden beneath the rocks.

A green stalk rose from below a rock. A young twig grew two feet away. Several young twigs with curled leaves rose up further, next to another rock. Yellow dandelions, short and tender, raised their heads near the cavern's opening. A flock of migratory birds flew in from the north and alighted on the flat below the hill.

A woman of about forty climbed up the hill. She knew this remote cavern and approached the pile of boulders below the natural limestone bridge. When she crawled down the underground tunnel entrance and turned on her flashlight, the slippery track of wet stones reflected the light. She slowly advanced further down till she reached the hall crowded with myriad stalagmites and stalactites. Among them, on a flat rock between pools of greenish of water, she saw scattered bones and a pile of clothes.

She heard the gurgling of water and saw in the distance a stream bubbling along and against the dark corner of the cavern. And when she moved the beam of light around, she saw the motionless body of a man in fetal position next to a pile of bones. She recognized the scattered clothes of her son and squirmed her way through the scattered limestone close to them. The man's eyes were shut but she noticed the shallow movements of his chest, his scrawny face, long beard, bony arms and hands, long nails, and found the scar on his forehead from a fall several years ago.

T H E E N D

Writer Highlight

Khaled Hosseini
Physician-Writer
(Excerpt from the Writer's Almanac)

Khaled Hosseini was born in Kabul, Afghanistan in 1965. An internist and practicing in California, his first novel, *The Kite Runner*, published in 2003, became a best-seller, and was later turned into a successful movie with same title. Hosseini was the son of an Afghani diplomat. He lived in Tehran, Iran, for several years because of his father's assignment at the Afghanistan embassy. At the time Soviet tanks rolled into Afghanistan, his family was stationed in Paris. Hosseini's father applied for political asylum in the United States, and the family moved to San Jose, California, in 1980. In Afghanistan, Hosseini's family had been wealthy and respected, and he had grown up surrounded by servants. But in San Jose, they survived on welfare and food stamps. The only job his father could find was working as a driving instructor. Hosseini wanted to be a writer, but he realized that he needed a more practical profession. So he went to medical school, and it was 10 years before he had time to start writing again. He would get up at 4 a.m. and write for two hours every morning, before he went to the hospital. Even though Hosseini's family knew many people in Afghanistan who had been killed or imprisoned under Soviet or Taliban rule, his memories of Afghanistan were all pleasant. Whenever he thought about his childhood, he remembered flying kites over the city in an annual competition. He wrote a story about one of these kite competitions, and his father encouraged him to expand it. He did, and that story became *The Kite Runner*. Just before *The Kite Runner* was published, Hosseini took his first trip back to Afghanistan in 27 years. The neighborhood where he had grown up was full of collapsed buildings, piles of rubble and bullet-scarred walls. In 2007, he published another big best-seller, *A Thousand Splendid Suns*. The novel begins in 1975 and continues to the present time. It tells the story of two women in Kabul who are both wives of the same cruel man.

The Curse of the Luddite God
by Robert Flynn

A certain man chipped at a fallen limb to make it easier for his wife to carry to the fire. His stone ax hit another stone and sparks flew. Some sparks landed on his arm. Others struck his bare chest. He laughed. His skin was too tough for sparks. He struck the rock again. He would amuse her when she returned. Perhaps make her jump in fear when a spark touched her.

Some sparks fell in a rabbit's nest and smoke came forth. The man stepped back. His woman stepped behind him. He pushed her away. If he had to run he didn't want her in his way. He watched the smoke. His woman cried quietly fearing the rabbit spirit. He bent closer to look. He blew at the smoke and jumped back. A tiny flame broke forth.

The man froze not knowing whether to run to the village for safety, throw dirt at the fire to kill it or throw sticks at the fire to feed it. He looked at his woman. He looked to see if evil watched to see what he did. He threw a twig on the fire and it ignited. His woman gasped. He picked up the twig and poked it at her and she fled. He considered fleeing after her, less brave when he had no need to show it.

He threw a stick on the fire and the fire grew. He backed up and searched the trees and grass behind him. Perhaps this was an evil place. He picked up a limb, threw it on the fire. Sparks flew and flames leapt. This was an evil place but God had given him fire. He selected a branch, held it to the fire until it ignited and carried it to the village.

His woman had told them what had happened and everyone was huddled at the entrance to the cave. Women cried and children whimpered. Men watched ready to flee. A priest emerged from the darkness of the cave. There had been no terrifying claps, no flashes of light signifying that God had given them fire if they could find it. "Where did you get fire?" the priest asked.

"I made it," the man said, not daring to meet his eyes, half-doubting himself.

"You lie," said the priest who guarded the fire in the cave. "Only God can create fire. It is his gift to us."

The man looked at his woman who huddled with the others, holding her children close. "I made it. God gave it to me" the man said fearfully. "She will say so." But his woman, speechless with fear, shook her head no.

The priest stamped out the fire. "If you made it you can make it again. If God gave it to you ask him to give it to you again," he said.

The man fell on his face before the cave. He pulled his hair, he beat his head, he cried aloud but there was no fire. "I must go into the woods," the man said. "I must find the stones that speak to God." But he knew that God would not give him fire again because he had permitted the priest to destroy his creation.

Continued . . .

The Curse of the Luddite God
continued . . .

In despair and unbelief he stumbled through the woods until he came upon the cold remains of the rabbit's nest. He blew on it but there was no smoke. He picked up another rock and hit the first one but there were no sparks. Crying aloud to God he picked up rock after rock until he found a sacred rock like the one on his ax. He hit the rock with it and there were sparks. He ran in search of a sacred rabbit's nest but could find none. He found a bird's nest and because it was all he could find he carried it to the rocks and chipped sparks into it, blew until smoke burst into flame.

He carried to the village the rocks that made sparks and a small nest that transformed sparks into fire. While the priest watched heresy and the villagers looked to the cave for retribution, the man showed them how to worship. He struck sparks into the nest until a wisp of smoke appeared. Kneeling, he blew life on the smoke and a tiny flame arose.

"Bring twigs," the man said and boys ran at his bidding. "Bring branches."

The fire grew as the man fed it and the villagers watched in awe. They had never before had a fire outside the cave. The fire inside the cave came from God and only the priest could tend it. Every morning the villagers bowed before the cave and made offerings and the priest gave them access to God's fire.

The man's wife knew that he was awkward and lazy because he was always the first to return from a hunt even if he was empty-handed or brought nothing but rocks. Now she too was struck with wonder. Who was this man who could make fire? Proudly she stood beside him, her arm linked through his.

Boys grabbed flaming sticks and ran into the light lighted by the fire. Only the priest saw evil. "You have made yourself God," the priest said. "Only God can make fire."

"No," the man said. "God gave me the power to make fire."

"You have destroyed the faith of your people. Who will believe in God if man can create fire? You must leave the village."

The man stared at the priest. His wife clung to his arm in fear. The man turned to the villagers. "Our lives are better if I can make fire when we need it," he said. "Surely God wants that."

The priest waved a rod threatening the man. "You see good but only fire from God is good. This fire

will bring destruction." After the priest went into his cave the villagers sat by the fire dreaming of the future when their children could make fire where ever they wanted, perhaps some day have fire in their huts.

After everyone had gone to bed the wind rose, blowing embers on dead grass at the edge of the village. The grass ignited and driven by the wind, the fire swept through the village. Three children were burned. Only the cave offered refuge.

At first light the villagers assembled before the ruined village. The priest was wroth and waxed indignant. "This fire was not from God," he said, pointing his rod at all of them. "This fire was evil. Only God can give sacred fire and only the priest can tend it." He struck the ground with the rod. "Man must not attempt to be God. You," he said, pointing the rod at the man. "You have put on the mask of god and now you will destroy the world if we do not destroy you."

The man looked at the faces of the villagers and they were hard. They seized him and dragged him from the village. The priest picked up the rocks the man had brought to the village and threw them at him. The others also picked up rocks and threw at him. His wife threw one rock then turned to lead the children away.

The priest brought sacred fire from the cave and gave fire to the others who picked up pieces of wood. Together they threw the fire on the man's quivering body until it stopped moving.

"Henceforth there will be no fire but the fire that comes from God," the priest said. "Rocks that make sparks are evil and whosoever touches them will be condemned."

But a certain man troubled himself. If rubbing rocks together could create fire, what would happen if he rubbed sticks together? Did worship require a nest if dry grass could turn into fire?

T H E E N D

The Wonderful World
of San Antonio Theater

by Antoinette F. Winstead

Though not widely known outside the region, unless one happens to be a theater connoisseur, with over a dozen theater companies, San Antonio's vibrant theatrical community offers something for every taste. For those with traditional taste, there is the Josephine Theater, the Sheldon Vexler, and the San Pedro Playhouse. For the more adventurous, there is always Jump-Start Performance Co., the home of the late, great Sterling Houston. There is even something for the children, the Magik Children's Theater. Theater companies abound in the Alamo City, offering numerous opportunities for actors, directors, and playwrights.

I, like so many others I have met over the years, was a neophyte when it came to the Alamo City theater scene, until I began teaching at Our Lady of the Lake University, home of the 24th Street Experiment Theatre, founded by Ric and Pam Slocum. From Ric, I learned about this amazing network of theater companies. However, it was actually serendipity that led me to this amazing community of artist, of which, I now find myself a member.

A few years ago, I received an invitation to attend a play by a newly formed theater company, The Renaissance Guild, founded by Latrelle Bright, Paul Riddle, and Danielle King. I inquired if they needed any directors, and lucky for me, they did. I have directed seven productions for them, with an eighth, *Fabulation*, opening in February 2009. The company has also offered me an opportunity to hone my playwriting skills with their bi-annual ActOne Series. In fact, TRG was the first theater company to premiere one of my full-length plays, *Somebody Else's Life*. Thanks to TRG, I have made many inroads as a playwright. And, this coming spring my latest full length, *Common Ground* will world premiere in Austin, Texas at the Carver Theater.

Set in South Central Texas in 1968, *Common Ground* is a family saga about a man so set on revenge that he is willing to destroy his entire family to achieve it. *Common Ground* received its first reading with the SAT Playwrights, of which I am a member. Founded by Modrea Mitchell-Reichert, it is an organization dedicated to nurturing playwrights at every stage of their careers and developing new works through monthly readings, held at the San Pedro Playhouse. For playwrights looking for a supportive writing group, the SAT Playwrights is the organization to join.

The SAT Playwrights hosts an annual Play Festival showcasing 10-minute plays by playwrights from around the country. To date, I've had three plays produced for the Festival, with a fourth, *A Lifetime of Lifetimes*, due to premiere at the next

SAT Playwrights Play Festival, which begins on January 9, 2009 at the San Pedro Playhouse. With a variety offerings for both patrons and practitioners, hopefully more people will discover this wonderful world of theater that I have and become apart this ever growing and evolving body of theater goers and artists that make up San Antonio's vibrant theatrical community.

A Duet
by Robi Bloom

Sugarland

At diabetes camp in Sugarland, Texas thirteen year olds learn to take care of their bodies and to eat right. The girls giggle and whisper that a boy's juice has the more glucose than an apple. Amanda resents the needles and blood and the small LED screens that go blank after a few seconds. She bets the boys she can guess their blood sugar levels by taste. The wager scares them all, who mistrust her like a new word. She pricks the finger of her favorite, a thin brooding boy, and coaxes out the sweet blood. She licks her lips.

The optimist

Marty finally got into Sarah's panties after prom. "Things are gonna change," he said. "Big ideas!" He borrowed money from a cousin to build a suitcase that doubled as a chair. Every prototype crumpled under him. Even his mother felt ridiculous perched atop one. Sarah admitted that a baby would make her whole. Marty tied his newest shoes and packed up his last suitcase with notions of Canada. On the bus, he sat next to a woman wearing at least three shirts. He told her his heart was broken but he might just be ready to give love another chance.

A New Book about WWII Germany - "The
Great Escape: Nine Jews Who Fled Hitler
And Changed The World"
by Kati Marton

Excerpt from The New Yorker (www.newyorker.com)

Among the Hungarian Jews who made their way to England and America as Hitler rose to power were four scientists, two filmmakers, two photographers, and a writer. These men, products of the same few Gymnasien and cafes, delivered the Manhattan Project, game theory, and "Casablanca." Marton, who fled Hungary as a child in 1957, illuminates Budapest's vertiginous Golden Age and the darkness that followed (a darkness that some of her subjects, notably Arthur Koestler, never shook). Marton provides a moving measure of how much was lost.

On 10 December 1950
William Faulkner received
the Nobel Prize in Literature.

When a Swedish correspondent in New York called to give him the news that he was being honored, Faulkner was busy working on his farm in Oxford, Mississippi, and said, "It's too far away. I am a farmer down here and I can't get away."

But he eventually went. Appearing drunk at the podium, he said: "The young man or woman writing today has forgotten the problems of the human heart in conflict with itself which alone can make good writing because only that is worth writing about, worth the agony and the sweat. He must learn them again. He must teach himself that the basest of all things is to be afraid; and, teaching himself that, forget it forever, leaving no room in his workshop for anything but the old verities and truths of the heart, the universal truths lacking which any story is ephemeral and doomed — love and honor and pity and pride and compassion and sacrifice."

Three Poetic Words

1. coeval
adjective: Having the same age or duration.
noun: A contemporary.

ETYMOLOGY:
From Latin *coaevus*, from *co-* (in common) + *aevum* (age), from Greek *aion* (age). Ultimately from the Indo-European root *aiw-/ayu-* (vital force, life, eternity) that is also the source of *ever*, *never*, *aye*, *nay*, *eon*, *eternal*, *medieval*, *primeval*, *utopia*, *Sanskrit Ayurveda*.

USAGE:
"Charles Darwin and Abraham Lincoln were born in the same year, on the same day: Feb 12, 1809. ... Instinctively, we want to say that they belong together. It's not just because they were both great men, and not because they happen to be exact coevals. Rather, it's because the scientist and the politician each touched off a revolution that changed the world."

Malcolm Jones; *Who Was More Important: Lincoln or Darwin?*; *Newsweek* (New York); Jul 7, 2008.

A THOUGHT FOR TODAY:
Only the madman is absolutely sure. -Robert Anton Wilson, novelist (1932-2007)

2. immoderate \im-MAH-duh-rut\
adjective: exceeding just, usual, or suitable bounds

Example sentence:

The budget buffet attracted customers with immoderate appetites but limited pocketbooks.

Did you know?

"Immoderate," "excessive," "inordinate," "extravagant," "exorbitant," and "extreme" all mean going beyond a normal limit. "Immoderate" suggests a lack of desirable or necessary restraint ("immoderate spending"). "Excessive" implies an amount or degree too great to be reasonable or acceptable ("excessive punishment"). "Inordinate" implies an exceeding of the limits dictated by reason or good judgment ("inordinate pride"). "Extravagant" implies an indifference to restraints imposed by truth, prudence, or good taste ("extravagant claims for the product"). "Exorbitant" has connotations of a departure from accepted standards regarding amount or degree ("exorbitant prices"). "Extreme" may imply an approach to the farthest limit possible or conceivable, but commonly means only to a notably high degree ("extreme shyness").

3. wherefore \WAIR-for\
adverb

*1 : for what reason or purpose : why
2 : therefore

Example sentence:

"O Romeo, Romeo, wherefore art thou Romeo?"
(William Shakespeare, *Romeo and Juliet*)

Did you know?

In our example sentence, Juliet is not inquiring into her beloved's whereabouts. Rather she is asking why it is that Romeo must be Romeo, a member of the Montague family and, therefore, an enemy of Juliet's own family, the Capulets. Yet, wherefore does "wherefore" mean "why"? Starting in the early 13th century, a number of new words were formed by combining "where" with a preposition. In such words, "where" had the meaning of "what" or "which," giving the English language such adverbs as "wherein" ("in what"), "whereon" ("on what"), and "wherefore" ("for what"). English speakers have largely dropped "wherefore" in favor of "why," but the noun "wherefore," meaning "an answer or statement giving an explanation," continues to be used, particularly in the phrase "the whys and wherefores."

Disconnect
by James Brandenburg

I follow sounds
disconnect
from where I am
that ancient siren
lures me
down a spiral staircase
deep into caverns
of red clay.

I look for
loose wires
covered with orange dirt
to splice together
what I used to have.
Crusts of red hair
have wrapped themselves
around layers of clay
a child screams
for my attention
I lead her by the hand
up through
my spiral staircase
and introduce her
to my world.

Sweetness of the Lamb
by James Brandenburg

If I but know thee,
O Sweet Lamb
how little know thou thyself
Is it the burning bush
that scares thee away
from thyself?
Is it the claws of the eagle?
Where once I knew only thy sweetness
today I see beneath thy surface
What is it that lurks there?
Something akin to madness perhaps
Still I love thee with all my heart
my Sweet Lamb
even when thou
art unraveled by bullet holes in the glass
Is it thy sweetness
that so intrigues me
or is it the knowledge
that white is
polarized with black
and that
opposites attract?

Jerusalem Menu
Adapted from A Taste of Palestine
for Aziz Shihab
by Mo H. Saidi

He walks to school through the Jewish Quarter
he hears the church bells mixed with the calls
of muezzins; he gets some enticements from
the shopkeepers of the souq: some Arab some Jews.

From the edge of the Christian Quarter he buys
sweet hot milk, a Christian Arab stirs the bowl
with a long wooden spoon; a bibliophile Jew
sells Bibles and Korans in the bookstore.

Christians live in Bethlehem; Jews in the village
north; and Moslems in Hebron. To find his friend
he walks to the church after school; the boys
of the triumvirate villages dribble the ball in the open
field.

Mother skins eggplants and slices them thin
adds two cups of yogurt, two cloves of garlic
and some olive oil; she fries the dish golden
brown; she sends a portion to a Jewish friend.

The soldiers enter the village; camp in the field
erect a post, and the Union Jack; Jordan's King
annexed a part; Christians and Jews are mortified
Arabs bound; the boys kick the ball no more.

Jews run away from distant hostile lands
homeless, they come to settle in the Promised Land
The paper brings the news of the Second World War
a tank rumbles in and stops in the dusty field.

The old woman mixes lamb meat with onion juice
the cubes on skewers, tomatoes, onion, squares
of bell pepper between; over the fire perfumed
with herbs she grills the meat; she wipes her eyes.

Blue smoke fills the narrow alley, rises, and dissipates
over the camp of armored vehicles, tents of soldiers
it never reaches the Jews town. In the farther village
the smell of hot sweet milk is embedded in the wall.

Quotations from Robert Frost

A poem begins as a lump in the throat, a sense of
wrong, a homesickness, a lovesickness. It finds the
thought and the thought finds the words. (The Let-
ters of Robert Frost to Louis Untermeyer, 1963)

I wish our clever young poets would remember my
homely definitions of prose and poetry; that is, prose =
words in their best order;—poetry = the best words in the
best order. (Samuel Taylor Coleridge, Table Talk, 1835.)

Voices de la Luna Submission Guidelines

General Guidelines

Voices de la Luna accepts English language poetry and prose submissions from anywhere in the world. Submissions are accepted only by e-mail attachment in Microsoft Word or similar format for Mac users. Include your name, e-mail address, mailing address, and telephone number on each poem submitted, and on the first page of each prose manuscript. Youth poetry submissions should be clearly marked as such, and should also include the writer's age, name of school, and grade level. Please note that youth writers must not yet have graduated high school and be no more than 18 years old.

Brief biographical notes are interesting to us and help us understand who we are reaching. However, contributors' notes will not be published (at least not in the print version), nor will they figure into the selection process. Work will be selected for publication based solely on literary quality and the way each individual piece of writing meets our current needs.

Simultaneous submissions are acceptable as long as we are informed by e-mail immediately (with title and submission date) if you need to withdraw the work from our consideration. Submissions may have been previously published, as long as the writer provides that information and currently holds the rights. If work has been translated, make sure to include the translator's name for credit. In some cases, we may publish short poems in both languages side-by-side. Readable, well-crafted, formatted submissions are expected. Submissions in "rough draft" form will not be considered.

We do not pay contributors. We contact writers only if work has been accepted, letting them know that their piece will appear in the up-coming issue. This notification will come immediately before an issue goes to print, not sooner. Writers from the San Antonio area can pick up free copies of the magazine at a very large number of convenient locations, which will be indicated on our website. Out-of-town and overseas contributors will be mailed a copy or copies of the issue in which their work appears, as part of our distribution list.

We have a small editorial staff and many submissions. We cannot provide feedback on submitted work, nor will we offer reasons why a particular work has not been accepted for publication. We may hold work over for a future issue, especially work that arrives when the issue we are currently working has already been filled. Please do not contact us about the status of a submission. If we've had your work more than six months and through at least two quarterly issues, and have not contacted you, it is unlikely we will be using those particular pieces.

Just remember to withdraw your work in a timely manner if you surrender the rights elsewhere. Remember, you can send new work each month, while we are considering your previous submissions.

Prose

We are looking for short fiction pieces of up to 1200 words, works in which a heart struggles against itself, in which the messy, unmanageable complexity of the world is revealed in "sentences that are so sharp they cut the eye." As Takashi Murakami puts it: "We want to see the newest things. That is because we want to see the future, even if only momentarily. It is the moment in which, even if we don't completely understand what we have glimpsed, we are nonetheless touched by it. This is what we have come to call art." Please submit fiction to Awinstead@voicesdelaluna3.com.

Poetry

We are devoted to publishing mostly poems from unsolicited manuscripts. We do not base our selections on a writer's publication or award history, but on the poems themselves. We will accept up to 3 original poems per month. To fit into the format of our magazine, please limit the length of your poems to 28 (or fewer) lines of no more than 60 characters each. We believe it is up to the poet to break longer lines in the way that s/he sees fit. Please submit poetry to Joans@voicesdelaluna.com.

Contact Us:

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