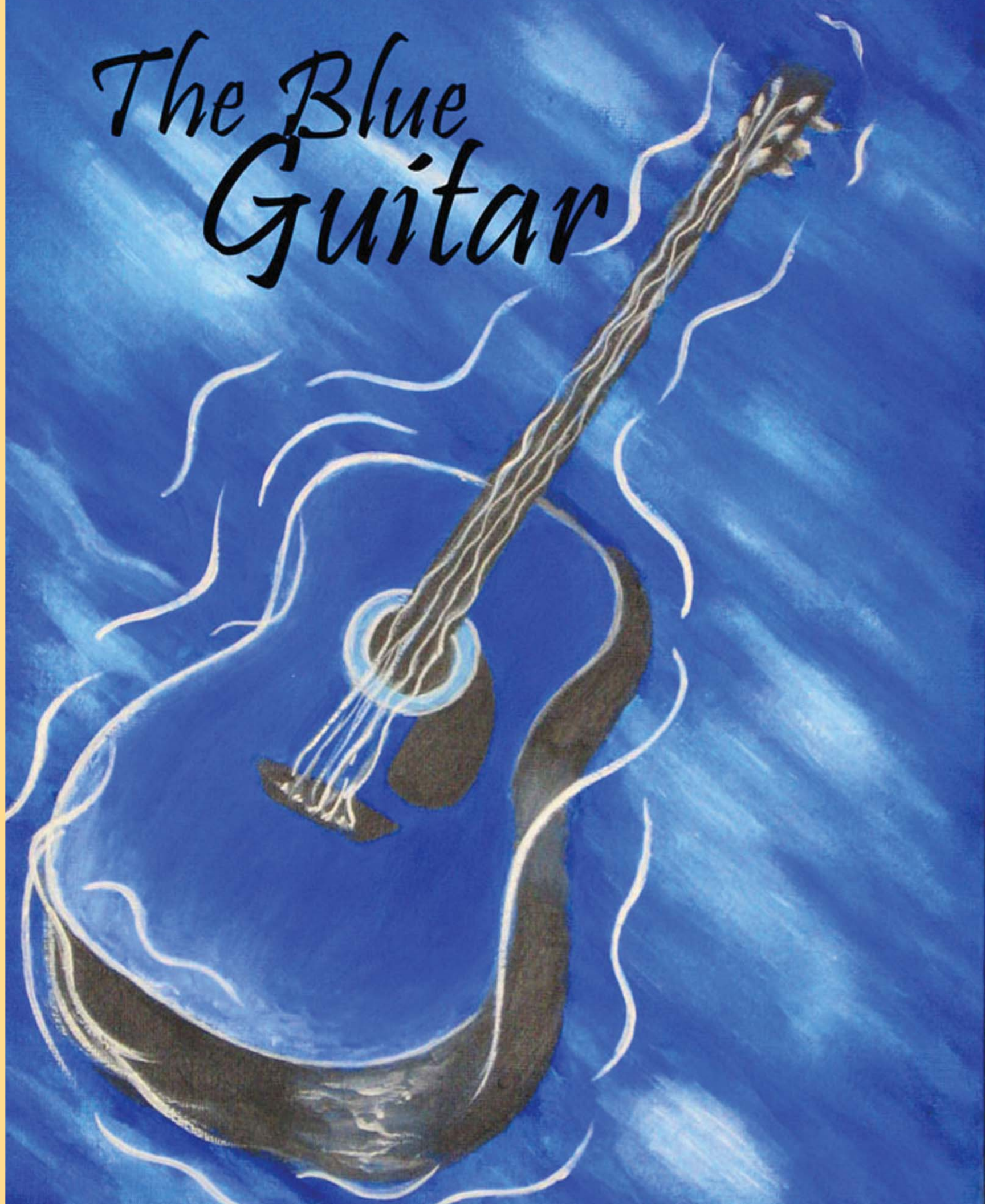


# The Blue Guitar





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## Editor's Note

Our decision to focus on poetry for this issue of The Blue Guitar was spurred by several factors, among them an overflowing abundance of exceptionally good poetry submitted, as well as a couple of other things:

1) I received a letter in the mail from The Poetry House in New York the other day, asking for a donation. I asked myself why the East Coast continues to corner the market on all things poetry.

2) During a recent spirited discussion at work on how to handle the spelling of E.E. Cummings' name (apparently he did prefer uppercase and periods), one colleague (I hope tongue-in-check ... for his sake), said, "No one reads poetry anymore, anyway," which was met rightfully so with a loud chorus of boos, hisses and "No way!"s. "There's plenty of good poetry out there," I argued, to which a wiser colleague added, "And bad poetry, too. I know, I've written my share."

The point is, poetry as the most poignant and most potent expression of the human heart will never go out of style.

Yes, ladies and gentlemen, poetry is alive and well here in Arizona.

And for proof, I give you Exhibit A: the fall issue of The Blue Guitar.



Rebecca  
"Becca" Dyer

## Editorial Staff

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[www.TheBlueGuitarMagazine.org](http://www.TheBlueGuitarMagazine.org)

Fall 2010

# Seven Poems By Michael Gregory

## When It Rains in May

© 2010

Behind a thin overcast left from yesterday's shower,  
the moon, not quite full, seems thin too, translucent,  
disappearing in the growing light as nighthawks  
thrum like small engines in the distance, cactus wrens  
chatter, and quail start their territorial calling.  
The air is cool, the morning gentle for a change.

When it rains in May, it probably won't in July  
when it's supposed to, so yesterday's sprinkle, though a relief  
from the record-breaking heat, was a reminder of summers  
when by August, despite the pumps, the pears had lost  
most of their leaves, the apples and peaches were half normal size,  
the cottonwoods down by the wash had turned yellow, and cattle  
out on the range lay down thick-tongued in the dust to die.

Up at the university, scientists  
read rocks and tree rings and shrinking polar icecaps.  
Up on the rimrock they decipher unanswered prayers.  
Down here the message goes round by word of mouth.  
Hasn't been this dry in twenty years says Tom.  
Since the fifties says his dad, and his dad says  
Not since McDonald's well went dry after the war.  
Nacho says his grandad said his grandad said. . .  
Not since the last time says Jack and that's God's own sweet truth.



Michael Gregory's most recent poetry collection is "re: Play" (Pudding House, 2008). His poems have appeared in a wide variety of periodicals and anthologies in the US and abroad, including recent issues of Anon (Edinburgh), Avocet, Blue Mountain Review, Mirage and Caveat Lector. His poetry has won a number of awards, including a Tucson Poetry Festival award and an Arizona Commission on the Arts Creative Writing Fellowship.

A widely-recognized toxics activist, he is the author of several studies on US-Mexico border environment and numerous papers and monographs on local, national and international pollution issues. He has taught writing, literature and history at several colleges and universities.

One of the originators of the renowned Bisbee Poetry Festival, and founding director of the Central School Project cooperative community arts center in Bisbee, since 1971 he has lived off-grid in the Sulphur Springs Valley ten miles north of the US-Mexico border, where he raises organic fruits and vegetables. Email [aztoxics@gmail.com](mailto:aztoxics@gmail.com).

## Everywhere the Story Was Told

© 2010

*she revealed her mysteries*

*- Hymn to Demeter*

1

Everywhere the story was told it was  
agreed she had mated with the sea  
who came to her in the guise of a horse.

In Phigaleia her black stone  
statue holding a dolphin in one hand  
in the other a dove was worshiped.

Elsewhere the story ends with her  
giving birth to a foal but there they say  
she also gave birth to a daughter they honor in secret  
and refer to only as The Mistress.

2

The great Iambe  
a limping virgin

of some years  
brought a smile

to the lips  
of the mother

grieving her daughter  
by telling her

lewd stories  
the old wet-nurse

in attendance  
upon them

mimicked with  
lascivious gestures.



# In the Orchard

© 2010

Suppose these trees and grasses  
this sky we breathe

down here where what we see above  
as blue has gone transparent

were sand and rocks, all the clouds and fruit  
solidified as hope

come to nothing;  
and the form love takes when twisted by fear

or clenched in remorse  
were fingers touching bruises left by mouths,

insect or bird,  
open without sound, too hungry

to sing — or by wind,  
the skin torn, insides damaged by the fall,

here where we lie  
looking around at what we have to offer

each other now that the stars we counted  
on have disappeared,

the figures we took for meaning  
dissolved, the warmth

we were given to understand as something  
of a compensation

escaped into shadows,  
certain parts suddenly secret

no matter how much we know or knew  
or thought we did

before we began  
to feel with our eyes in this broad daylight

the walls around this garden flaming to life  
at a single word,

your tongue a sword against my throat  
this amazing solitude

within which one disintegrates,  
breaking up, breaking down,

the tension that held us  
as the soul is said to hold the body

unraveling,  
the lines of force letting go,

our constituent assembly  
dissolved, articles of incorporation

disavowed in favor of particles  
independently engaged

in the business of losing ourselves  
in the inner workings

of things that crawl in holes, in darkness,  
in various states of decay.

# The Soul of the Dry Regions Before the Heart

© 2010

*a god breathed into my lungs*  
- Penelope

The soul of the dry regions before the heart  
(feelings consciousness intelligence  
the motivating force impelling to action,  
inspiration hard to tell from the breath)

precedes the belief that the heart decays last  
(is itself the seat of sentience)  
which comes into fashion even later  
than the belief that the soul in the head

(life itself: almost synonymous  
with mind except for those mental functions  
still carried out as they thought in the chest)  
kept fresh by the cooling cerebro-spinal fluid

survives bodily death in some semblance  
of the human being it used to be  
(though such a notion as individual selves  
wasn't the norm until later yet).

# Wireless

© 2010

*If you think it, how can it be far?*  
- Pound

a cold wind out of the north north west,  
pairs of white-crowned sparrows in the bare mesquite,  
the blue seas of the waning moon emptying  
into the same blue of the late morning sky,

walking the dog where you always take her  
out the pipeline road to and from Mexico,  
at the sign warning of danger underground  
I try to reach you over on the coast

but the signal is too weak, the solar flares  
or winds between here and there too strong or something,  
so I fold up the phone and put it back in my pocket  
keeping my hand there around it out of the cold

on our way back toward the relative warmth of the house,  
avoiding stickers and burs along the narrow path,  
stepping on the prints the three of us have left,  
scattering sparrows through the brush as we go.

# No Longer Feeling Themselves

© 2010

*an essential connectedness*  
- Dalma Heyn

No longer feeling themselves  
in relationship  
but playing a role in one  
in order to keep each other.

No longer feeling equal  
powerful free from having  
to feel on demand  
to please another

who won't make the effort  
to romance or seduce  
as if forever after  
one and only one

weren't a fairy tale  
wanting to be treated  
for a change they said  
like a grown-up.

# He Had Given Up He Said

© 2010

*Thus do old men love*  
- Ovid

He had given up he said  
believing or looking for

(a distinction not without  
differences) escape from death

fairly early on (not  
long after he first in fact

paid attention to it) in favor  
of trying to find out how to make

the best of the situation.  
Dancing bears came into his mind

polar bears in polar seas  
keeping the pieces of ice floes

underfoot as long as they can  
in the warmth of mating season.



# 5 Poems by Laura Maher

## Of a Woman's Back

© 2010

The keystone: already a metaphor  
of importance, we find the block  
in beauty, in the buildings we love

and print on all of our postcards.  
I will send one to my mother,  
my aunt too; the women in my life

love the small efforts, pictures  
of churches where my feet shuffled  
past the arches to rub St. Peter's

disappearing foot. The arch: we balance  
our whole body on one, we assume  
we will not be crushed walking under

one. Our bodies seem nothing more  
than an architecture textbook: become  
familiar with the important parts

and a body might too be art. Living  
makes us think we will live forever,  
like drinking espresso from a tiny

porcelain cup is all of it. When we  
returned to the hotel room, you said,  
*a woman's back is beautiful*

and I pointed to my scar. I am not  
beyond imperfections: these can  
remind us of dying. And we will,

you know. It is just that everyone's  
trips to Italy are the same. But we will  
still take many pictures: the women

in our lives love the stories  
of the pictures, even more  
if they can be turned into postcards.

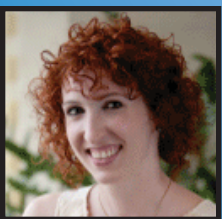
For me, it might be more than metaphor,  
living in my body like a building.  
Scientists have found that a woman's

back will bend with a weight differently  
than a man's does. It is for children:  
so the keystone of an arched back

is really a keystone. My spine, the place  
a child has already claimed—my body  
no longer mine. You said,

*a woman's back is beautiful*

and I fell down to bed with you,  
with your rod-straight spine,  
your condemned body, your Italy.



A native of the Sonoran Desert, Laura Maher has studied poetry at the University of Arizona and the University of Texas at Austin, where she was awarded the Michael Adams Thesis Prize. Her work is forthcoming in Crazyhorse. She lives, teaches and writes in Tucson. Contact her at [lmaher09@yahoo.com](mailto:lmaher09@yahoo.com).





# This Harvest

© 2010

Call me autumn, for I have turned red  
with promise, budding, and I have fallen,  
earth trodden, compressed for a next life.

Though pause to call me autumn.  
Give me a full season to fall,  
my movement towards ripening.  
And keep those shoulders straight  
as moonlight, my body knows  
enough to hesitate between the blades,  
to linger, stay. Or maybe, you'll find,  
I choose to drift. I am an equinox; one night  
burning, the next not so warm,  
the change like forgiveness,  
like when we pretend we have not known  
other seasons. When I return,  
always, it seems, the next year,  
you lay the quilt on the ground,  
get covered in cockle burrs.  
You might have known, the ground  
softer, smelling of tree bark. You often  
want to fall asleep under my reddening  
leaves. If you remember me, know me  
by my tilt:

    here, place your hands  
on my tilt. Let me soak  
to the outer edges of your memory,  
so by winter, you can think back  
and say autumn. I will be spoken, autumn,  
and I will slide in—red, earthen, moving.

# A Poem for my Grandmother, Who Keeps Her Life On Her Lungs

© 2010

My grandmother, the one with pincushions for lips,  
no longer breathes with the ease of a young woman,  
and I sit here, feeling self-conscious for all my shallow  
little gasps of surprise, my gulps of laughter, my pickled  
yawns at morning. And worse for the pleasurable hiccup  
breaths, caught, as secrets usually do, in the throat, or  
in the folds of wrinkled sheets. I never taste my breaths,  
but neither does she—doctors have said the pulse of constant  
oxygen kills that sense quickly. The last years, an ordering  
of losses: husband, breath, taste, balance, heartbeat.

Lemon meringue reminds my grandma of her tasting years,  
and now I watch her empty lips—tongue-licked, puckered,  
skin hanging like molasses. I imagine my hands like her lungs:  
*this is where the scar tissue is growing, this is where I loved a man  
with a side-tipped hat, this is where I had twins come from my body,  
this is where I remember apple orchards behind my father's house, this  
is where I was taught to read, this is where I was taught  
to keep secrets, this is where I am drowning, this is where I am tired  
of waiting to die.* It grows tiring to say so many times: I love you.  
We never pray when I am in the room, though I cannot say  
if she does when I am gone, or when I am sitting here, burdened  
by the weight of breathing, or not praying.



# Three Poems By Esther Schnur-Berlot

## Ars Neurotica

© 2010

Ars Neurotica  
gave birth to a blur  
of jumbled words  
flailing  
in a spasmodic dance  
with flurries of guttural  
yelps running wildly  
on a Tabula Rasa landscape  
spewing blather before  
meaning is stitched  
on rhythmic vocal sounds -  
    unsure  
befuddled by perfection  
of placement and pauses –  
should it be  
    here  
    there  
    where?  
the dilemma meter races

high  
    to  
    low

as my emotional scale  
hides  
behind a gauzy scrim -  
of a deceitful metaphor

but then he came along  
spouting his smooth lyrical  
sestina as he glides  
into a pantoum of quatrains  
leaving me unsympotica -  
as I slant towards  
neurotica



Esther Schnur-Berlot is a transplant from New York City where she worked behind the scenes in TV commercials and then on to California where she taught wearable art. Now living in Tucson, she devotes her time to writing poetry. Esther's poetry has been published in the California State Poetry Quarterly, the Sonoma Collective and Desert Voices. E-mail lberlot@msn.com.

# Is It Destiny...

© 2010

I gulped down growing pains  
as Cousin Marcia giggled  
in my ear whispering  
her teen crushes.

We kiss tested our braces –  
pressing lips on back of palms  
I rehearsed my pucker poses  
seen on Cover Girl  
and hid under Max Factor  
pancake – hair topped with  
screaming Egyptian henna.

Marcia never practiced  
the ballet of trying to please.  
She wore her clean freckled face  
and wash and wear do.  
Her gap- toothed grin  
enhanced her openness.

The first time he – unbuttoned  
my blouse his rummaging hands  
pierced my painted armor. I choked  
on the fear of being abandoned  
while Cousin Marcia - chased, lassoed  
and married the most popular boy.

The rhythm and flow of our lives  
did not alter our relationship.  
Her contagious laughter still ripples  
across time and a continent  
to cheer my brooding moods.

# Baba\*

© 2010

The chipped door creaked  
hello as I skipped over  
the threshold kissing Baba's  
brow below her covered head.  
Friday afternoon every mismatched  
chair waited its turn to be polished.

Baba's golden hands commanded  
the yeast of her braided challah\*\* to rise.  
The stove sat patiently waiting  
as I tucked the pale dough into darkness.  
Shortly it reappeared in amber splendor-  
kissing the air with its delicious fragrance.

A threadbare tablecloth rested all week  
before it fluttered and landed  
on the Sabbath table.  
Crossing a stormy ocean,  
Baba's branched candlestick survived  
and glowed at sundown.

I lit her candles and fearfully watched  
arms fly above flames. She covered her face  
as she blessed the light  
swaying and murmuring her closing devotion.  
Her apron strings clung to my palm  
In blind love Baba's hand reached down  
to find my head.

---

\*Baba – grandmother

\*\*Challah - Braided Bread



# Three poems By Tamara Mikell-Choudhury

## Khan el-Khalili

© 2010

Until you have experienced Khan el-Khalili

Smack dab in the center of Al'Qahira, Cairo you have not lived

The heat in the summer and the excruciating bone cold of the winter

Your fingers damp and cold to the touch in December and January

And still sweat dripping from your forehead on those July days

Situated at one corner south to Bab Zuwayla and west to Azbakiyyah

Bordered on the south by al-Azhar and on the west by Muski Market

The original courtyard lying midway between Sikkit al-Badistan

On a narrow street, you will find el-Fishawi, the Cafe of Mirrors

And you too shall see a reflection of yourself

A meeting place for local artists,

Frequented by the Nobel award-winning Naguib Mahfouz

You should shop in the area north of al-Badistan and to the west, where prices may be lower

Better deals for gold and silver to be found west of the Khan

And you will find brass and coppersmith markets

Khan el-Khalili, souk, old city Cairo

Dating back to 1382

Many coffeehouses, much street food, Turkish coffee, shisha (water pipes)

In mango, peach, apple, vanilla, lavender

Smoking on the streets in those coffee houses, on pillows, with friends

Al-Hussein Mosque, not far away

You praying with the many, with the hundreds

Bent in prostration, head on concrete

Many heads on concrete, with black marks

Black, grey and smoky tinted circles embedded on those aged foreheads

Al-Azhar University, for Qur'an and Islam

Midaq Alley, a novel by Naguib Mahfouz set in an alley in

Khan el-Khalili

A target for terrorism

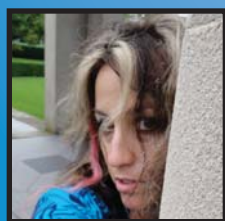
Contemporary and historic

Smells adored, colorful, cramped

Shopkeepers calling you

Spices, papyrus, oils, gold

Continued on page 14



Tamara Mikell-Choudhury, the granddaughter of Holocaust survivors grew up not only with her immigrant Jewish mother and grandmother in Arizona, but also on a Sufi commune in the middle of Texas with her Muslim father. Tamara is a doctoral student in the Second Language Acquisition and Teaching program at the University of Arizona where she focuses on the Middle East and issues related to gender, religion, language, and identity. She lives in Tucson, Arizona with her husband, Bengali-Lithuanian children, and her Yorkie-Wawa dog (a beautiful mutt), Li'lGuy. Additionally, Tamara is passionate about three-dimensional art, and when she isn't reading or writing, she is designing funky fabulous homes and creating hybrid installations.

**Continued from page 13**

A tourist trap—indeed,  
    Cartouches of your name, fabric, pots, household needs  
Deep shadows and bright sunlight, cold and heat  
    Winding alleyways, groups of men huddling, maze-like  
A bizarre Bazaar  
    A warren of winding, twisting, battling stalls and carts  
In the heart  
    And of your heart  
Bargain shamelessly  
Fixtures for sale, mosaics and brass, oriental carpets, perfume shops with floral rose  
scents  
Jasmine and Neroli  
    Soothing, relaxing, deep and warm  
    For your soul  
You with a scarf, sweat slowly starting to build under the fabric  
    Slowly losing the fabric, the pain, the warmth  
Watching the other women, some with and others without  
    You still with  
Is it time?  
    To watch as the fabric slides down  
    Off of your head  
    And into your backpack  
This scarf  
    Your scarf  
    A keeper of your warmth  
    Your protection  
Dear Khan el-Khalili  
    Answer her  
In your maze  
    Give her direction  
Do not lose her dear Khan el-Khalili in your deep and unforgiving labyrinth



# White, Texas

© 2010

Dar ‘al Hickma— a commune outside of San Antonio, Texas between Austin and the River Walk— sat beside a little town named Blanco, which means white in Spanish (and this town lived up to its name); the average customer at the corner store had white skin, freckles, red hair, and wore a cowboy hat; there was only one restaurant on the dirt road that ran through the middle of town and it happened to be Italian, run by Mr. and Mrs. Angelo; I had my first waitressing job at this dimly lit family food place, but I had problems— I could not serve alcohol because my religion told me so— each and every time a customer came in and ordered a glass of Chianti, I would have to run and find Mrs. Angelo and ask her to serve my wine; Mrs. Angelo was not happy about this, she was not happy with me—she did not like the rag I wore on my head (it was really a scarf) but she chose to refer to my religious covering as a tablecloth, cloth napkin, AND a rag—she did not like this thing I wore on my head, and she would tell me, no, really mock me about my hairless head; she often made comments such as, “I bet you don’t have any hair under there”, or “Go buy yourself a brush”; the cook beside the hot stove was also intrigued by my style (maybe more so than Mrs. Angelo) and he would also tease me, asking such questions as, “How long is your hair really?” or “Is it brown with blonde streaks?”, and then he would say to me, “Tamara, would you like to go out with me tonight?” and he would suggest we go to the bar (that was located a quarter of a mile from Angelo’s Italian Restaurant), even though he knew I could not drink, because he too helped carry my drinks on many Friday nights; each time he asked, I would refuse him, and each time I refused him he became more insistent and more intrigued: every Saturday night I would go home to our hill named Dar ‘al Hickma; Dar ‘al Hickma rose above this white town, it was gloriously colorful in contrast to the monotone landscape; this hill could not be accessed by anyone except our community members (it had huge towering walls and a coded entry gate) and Mrs. Angelo would ask me, “What do you do up on that hill?”, and I would look at her while still wearing my paisley-faded scarf and say nothing, but she would ask questions persistently, because she wanted to know what happened on THAT hill— this was possibly the reason she kept me around and let me work at her restaurant: she had never met anyone who lived up high, and for years she had wondered who, who had lived up THERE— and she consistently inquired if they all looked like me, if they were all covered up wearing funny looking rags (that sometimes didn’t match their outfits), but I kept our secret, I didn’t tell them we stayed up all night and prayed until the sun came up, nor did I tell them we fasted from sunrise until sunset during the month of August; and I certainly didn’t tell anybody what else happened on that hill.

# Pink Enamel

© 2010

Locate me in my tub. Pink, enamel and deep. By myself. Me, an unlucky 13. I could say I'm here soaking healing my Poison Ivy but I'm not. I'm here counting, popping and blowing white foamy bubbles into the air. One bubble, two bubble, three... How I love thee. Clap. One bubble down. I'm still filling my tub. I add more berry-scented liquid. I could say I have a lot of stress and need the warm water to melt it away but I don't. Why would I? I'm 13.

My mother worries. She worries for both of us. She worries about my dad, friends (if I'll ever get any), boyfriends (she's praying for a miracle) and if one day I'll live happily ever after. Yuck!

"Leila" she says, "A girl of your age should be out having fun."

Having fun to her is watching as me and a cheerful blond watch Twilight together and stay up all night giggling and fantasizing about our life with Edward Cullen, the seventeen year old lead hunk.

My father worries too. He worries that I'll get boyfriends, have too many friends, wear shorts to school and forget to pray.

"Leila" he says, "Have you prayed Maghrib yet? "

Having fun to him is chanting the names of Allah and reciting Qur'an.

Having fun to me is looking up at the sky and watching the clouds pass.

I stay floating face up in my tub. I don't want friends, boyfriends, don't want to recite Qur'an and surely I'm not interested in chanting all night. Not yet. Now I belong in a tub. So here I am, popping bubbles. Darn, I missed the one that just skimmed my nose!

My father walks into the kitchen in the evening. He hasn't come from far. Only from his office. He doesn't leave the house much. He writes books about Islam, the Muslims in Spain and about Heaven and Hell.

"Leila" he says, "Do you want to go to Hell?"

Hell to him is a fire. Big and red. Hot and thorny. He says, "Hell is forever".

Hell to me is leaving my house, going to school and definitely listening to those bubbly blonds chit-chatting.

Hell is also praying, praying, praying. Gosh, I almost forgot Maghrib!

"Or do you want to go to Heaven?"

Heaven to him is gardens filled with rivers. Papayas and mangos. A place close to God.

Heaven to me is flowers, blue skies, running water, no God and of course bubbles.

From time to time my dog walks in. He is what they call a Yorkie-WaWa. Really a designer mutt. He puts his claws up on my baby-pink tub and whimpers. He likes baths too. A bubble lands on his nose and he scurries away. He doesn't like bubbles.

When you lie in a bath for 2 hours, you remember a lot. You close your eyes and listen to your mutt's long nails scratch hurriedly against the enamel and think of who you are.

You think of you at six, sitting on your huge teddy bear that is bigger than two of you put together and remember the day your dad said he had decided he was going to go to Heaven and left. He told you he found a group of Muslims that were going to lead the way. You believed him.

When you lie in a tub for hours, you remember a world you lived in not too long ago. Not one you read about in Anne of Green Gables.

You are a woman standing in your kitchen. The kitchen your mom had probably dreamed for you. With a dreamy husband too (she finally got her way). You remember your dad as you cut the celery for your barley soup. He with a moustache and a beard. "Very Islamic" he would say. "Just like the Prophet Muhammad."

**Continued on page 17**

**Continued from page 16**

You are a girl memorizing Qur'anic passages, one by one, two by two and ever so quickly. You want to go to Heaven.

You fear Hell.

When you lie in a tub for hours, lunch comes before you notice. Suddenly the smell of your mom's quiche is wafting from the small yellow kitchen to your pretty-in-pink tub.

It is time to get out.

In the kitchen, your mother is still frying the potatoes and onions. You look into the skillet and grab a half-done slice and pop it into your mouth. You could say to mom, "Don't worry".

But you don't. Instead you grab another organic-extra-virgin-olive-oil fried potato and sit down on a stool in the kitchen next to her.

I could say,

Roses are red,

Violets are blue.

When I grow up

I don't want to be a Muslim

Or a Jew

I don't though. It hurts too much.



# Marcela Camarena-Lubian

Southeastern Arizona Artist



**"Merry Christmas wherever you are"**  
Acrylic on masonite

*I approach every new work without expectations or preconceived notions but rather let the painting come to life on its own. My favorite medium is acrylics, because I love the broad color spectrum available. The work embraces the use of thin layers with opposite colors to create shadows and texture. The final result is the bright and bold color characteristic of my paintings.*

— Marcela Camarena-Lubian



Born in 1974, Marcela C. Lubian is a self-taught artist who delights in the independence and flexibility of her eclectic education. A resident of southeastern Arizona for the last seven years, Marcela's work is born out of pure joy, and ranges from pragmatic to whimsical. Contact her at [Lubian61@hotmail.com](mailto:Lubian61@hotmail.com).

# One Poem By Sean Medlin

## Toast

© 2010

Let's toast to the world that bathed me,  
Baptized me in worldly worship and dried me off with comforting sin,

Let's toast to my mother and father  
Who gave me the best perfectly flawed love they could give,

Sacrificed themselves for my defects  
Giving me the greatest upbringing I could ever beg for,

Let's toast to every friend who calls themselves my brother,  
Because we all know the anger and joy that comes with brotherhood!

Let's toast for every angel I've left heartbroken,  
Whose lips graced mine,  
Your strength showed me the fault lines in my structure,  
I pained you, and in turn you shoved me,  
Now I feel as if I might break!

Let's toast to the believers,  
The families, the lovers,

Let's toast to pride,  
Immaturity, and selfishness,

Drink in honor of my sexism and racism,  
Let's drink until we all know my true colors  
And you ignore your own distorted coloration

Because when you're sober you hate yourselves  
But never question me,

So consume and guzzle until you crucify me  
And forget that I am Human,  
Drain bottles and cups without notice or consciousness,

Forget that you too have natural-born bruises that won't wash off of your skin

Toast to my misused privileges,  
My accidents,  
My wrongs,



Sean Medlin writes: "I didn't start writing poetry until 6th or 7th grade. It was then that I realized my love of rhythm, rhyme, and metaphors. Growing up, my dad always played jazz, R&B and Hip-Hop. He would always make CDs for me; he never let me listen to the radio. My mom also greatly supported my hobby of reading; she would buy me a book whenever I wanted one. Because of my parents, I learned to express myself through words at an early age. Over the years my poetry and writing talent has grown, but I still believe I have much more growing to do! I won an Editor's Choice Award for one of my poems, 'Ghost' in September 2008. My English teacher at Agua Fria High School used to let me read my poetry in front of the class; however this year, I started performing my poetry every Friday at a Spoken Word Coffee Shop called the Fair Trade Café, on 1st Ave. and Roosevelt. The Spoken Word experience has helped me mature and learn more about the art of poetry and how to write and perform better. Just recently I was one of the top scoring Brave New Voices Slam poets; I made it into the Grand Slam that took place on April 2nd at Fair Trade Café, with a chance to be on the Slam team to represent Arizona!" Sean also advises a high school poetry club. Contact Sean at [chronic\\_poetic@yahoo.com](mailto:chronic_poetic@yahoo.com).

Continued on page 20



Then hate me as if your mother never taught you what forgiveness was,  
Don't spit out the anger just chase it with vodka!

Let it rumble and quake in your belly,  
Strike me down because I deserve it  
And my misguided actions look so much worse when your vision is blurry...

I just wish,  
That you would actually love every single one of my blemishes and tragedies,  
Because I'm trying really hard,  
To love you for your fuck-ups too.

---

# About The Arizona Consortium for the Arts

The Arizona Consortium for the Arts is a Non-Profit Organization approved by the Arizona Corporation Commission in February 2008.

We now have 501c3 tax-exempt status. We are all volunteer. We are educators, artists, performers, writers and supporters of all artistic endeavors, and are proponents and supporters of the rich, vibrant and diverse community of the Greater Phoenix area as well as the entire state.

The Arizona Consortium's vision is to create a multicultural arts center, where children, teens and adults will become inspired, to develop their creative abilities, in conjunction with exhibiting artists, writers, actors, dancers and musicians who will share their expertise in a gallery, theater setting. Please visit [www.artizona.org](http://www.artizona.org) or [www.theblueguitarmagazine.org](http://www.theblueguitarmagazine.org) for more information about becoming a member, networking, donating, advertising, volunteering or submitting to The Blue Guitar magazine.





# 3 Poems By Christyne Moraga-Cisterna

## Stolen Innocence

© 2010

The young girl attends a birthday party  
To share good times with good friends.  
An early afternoon gathering to laugh,  
Dance & experience the joy of teenage life.

Childhood friends & family members there;  
Watch over her to insure she has a good time.  
The 45 drops on the turntable with a slow jam  
But no one asks her to dance.

A bit of an outcast because she is prim & proper,  
Never wanting to be the topic of whispers & gossip.  
The girl watches as others pair off to snuggle & kiss.  
Feeling dejected & out of place; she makes her silent exit.

She walks down the street to call Mom for a ride,  
A familiar face stops & offers to take her home.  
But before he can, he has to pick up his date.  
No reason not to trust, after all, he is no stranger.

He takes a route towards the outskirts of town as  
His date awaits him in the nearby foothills.  
The sun peaks over the mountains as dusk approaches.  
Little did she know, this would be her darkest day.

The late model Ford takes a low dirt road.  
His nonchalance gives her no cause to suspect  
the plan he has devised to take her innocence.  
This young passenger has entrusted herself to him.

As he brings the car to a stop, there is no house in sight.  
She's helpless, caught off guard & frozen in disbelief.  
Like an animal, he overpowers his prey, hand over mouth  
Straddling her, unable to breathe or scream, she fights.

It is unknown how much time had passed  
For his act & offense to be accomplished.  
She bleeds on the front seat of the car,  
He stands tucking his shirt & zipping his pants.

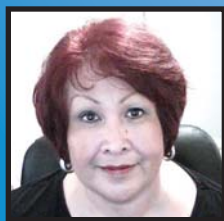
He offers no apology, but chuckles at his surprise.  
Never guessed she was a virgin & that he would be her first.  
His ego is so great that he fails to recognize the damage  
He's done to his cousin, whose innocence he has stolen.

He admits there was no date & I should have known better!  
And hopes this will teach me a lesson in trust.  
The ride home is long & the shadows of night  
Are unable to hide her shame & dishonor.

Childhood lost, womanhood forced upon her,  
She hides in plain sight as she enters her home.  
A polite exchange with mother, as she rushes to  
Seek refuge in a bath of hot & sterile water.

In the solitude of her emotional prison,  
Only God can hear her whimper & cry.  
She finds no words or thoughts of absolution,  
Only anger & the wish that she could die.

In the final hours of that terrible day,  
Her life was changed forever.  
Forgiveness will always be a stranger  
And a stolen innocence never to be regained.



Christyne Moraga-Cisterna was born & raised in Globe, AZ, a first generation Mexican-American. Writing has been her emotional outlet, escape, refuge and companion. Christyne started writing in early adolescence, got distracted with life and began writing again over the last 12 years. Her desire is for the reader to feel her words, allow them to speak to their own hearts & listen with an open mind. Contact her at [cisternaz@msn.com](mailto:cisternaz@msn.com).

# Thick Thighs

© 2010

I... am a real Woman...  
Not who you see on a billboard.  
Not considered the “acceptable” norm; but,  
All me, for you, all Woman.

Soft & sensual, feminine & full!  
All that a man desires.  
But you deny yourself my hidden treasure  
By thinking on what my hips measure!!

I... am a Rubenesque Woman,  
With thick thighs & sexy curves;  
I can turn your head, rattle your nerves;  
Or send you away with a smile!

Don't be afraid to go for what turns you on.  
Worrying & wondering what others might think.  
Baby, just come get me while you can  
Or before you know it, I might be gone!

Know this! I am all Woman,  
Ready & able to please,  
If I let you ease  
Into...  
My... wide... thick thighs!

So forget what you may have heard  
My Man, and  
Experience for yourself  
My shelter, my warmth,  
Holding you...

Within...  
My...

Thick Thighs

# In the Shade

© 2010

Like a gentle breeze,  
I blew into your world.  
Soft, warm & refreshing.  
You opened your heart,  
Smiled & I was lost  
In the warmth of your aura.

In the shade,  
I hunger for you.  
Yearning & seeking;  
Lusting & longing  
To feel your body  
Pressed against mine.

The morning sun  
Brightens the day.  
I open my heart  
To welcome you.  
I am tender,  
Kind & generous.

In the shade,  
A torment of emotions  
Whirl through my mind.  
Fantasies are the power  
That generates my being  
Creating my strength.

In the light  
We shine, We trust, We love.

In the shade,  
Private, Pulsing, Perfect.  
You & Me



# 3 Poems By Joshua Hunter Hensley

## Boredom On Birthday

© 2010

Avoiding words  
Like I'm avoiding my cat  
Because she sheds very much  
Is a terrible opening for any written performance

That's what poems are  
Little plays  
Miniscule movies broadcast in your mind  
A little alliteration, beauty, and ugliness  
And you're fooled that it's good and worth your time  
I guess

The letters are the players  
Each one spelling out its purpose  
I just don't feel like writing right now

But I'm going to continue to do so  
Because I know it's terrible to spend my time  
Watching movies so I do not have to maintain  
Intelligent thought

If that's what THIS even is

Better to drink myself into a stupor on paper  
Or computer or whatever  
Than to be nullified  
Pacified  
Yes, even stupefied  
By some multi-million dollar production  
Telling me what the nature or reality is  
Or  
Distracting me from it

I feel better already

Art truly is a wonderful thing  
I can see myself saying that to a blonde woman on the street  
Not that I have a thing for blondes  
But as soon as I thought up that "Art Wonder" thing  
That image came to my mind  
I must be more arrogant than I thought

She will smile and tell me that's worth at least a buck  
Than walk away with my poem, in her hand, her lovers' hand  
in the other  
To end up where I have no idea  
At home  
In her cupboard or her child's schoolbooks or on a wall  
Maybe even in the trash  
I really do wonder what happens to the poems I sell to people

I've written this  
I've pet my cat  
Art is so great  
Because it can even be a terrible poem



Joshua Hunter Hensley works as a landscaper for the fascist banking system. He lives in Phoenix, AZ and is constantly being surrounded by strange things. He is 24 years old.

# Some People Look Like Stitches On A Couch

© 2010

This vast spaceness a meaninglessness of words  
I'm alone among close allies  
With what I feel called to

No one will listen

So solitude  
Envelopes me like Salvia

I'm put out like a cigarette  
Cashed like a bowl  
Spit

Like the bottom of a forty  
Nothin' left but for  
The dead friends

Who am I to talk for?

If my computer decides to perchance  
Crash  
In a cacophony of pretentious  
Hypocrisy  
Then so be the circumstance  
I let be written  
Into existence

Words are bound to fail  
If that's what I think

The hard part is

Being who and what  
You want

...selfishness?

# Pain

© 2010

This blank page  
Helps me  
Lets me see into my soul  
All my intricacies  
Psychoses  
Multiple personalities  
Pain  
Joy and the art of suffering  
Hardens  
Crystallizes  
The spirit that is within me  
That is me  
Towards what I hope  
Is a clearer understanding  
Of what it means  
To be  
Whatever it is we are

Whoever I am  
Heard or read or not  
I speak and I act and I hurt  
Very deep inside  
That feeling of  
...whatever it is  
The pain  
Proves to me that the  
Soul  
Exists

I'll always be strange  
You might not understand me  
My brother nor father  
Suppose if you have sensed or  
Experienced  
Similar feelings of alienation, disillusionment, apathy  
The desire to be hurt  
To feel anything at all  
And blah blah blah  
Read my palm

Stab me in the master gland  
Your thoughts  
Betray me

The crying prophet the hapless clown the singing grave digger  
I  
Think I concern you all  
You all concern me  
At least

Night night before I go

This tearing  
Is putting me together

# Six Poems By David Chorlton

## Monsoon Views

© 2010

I  
On a lightning-pale branch  
of a dying juniper  
  
against a deep grey storm  
gathering over Silver Peak  
  
a hummingbird sits  
pressed like a wet leaf on the atmosphere.

II  
In the time it takes the black-tailed rattlesnake  
sliding through the grass  
to ease itself beneath the empty house  
with the weeds, Silver Peak  
fades from green  
to washed-out grey and as the last  
scales slip out of the rain  
even the contour  
disappears.

III  
Last light is washed away  
in a downpour  
  
and in each flash of thunder  
the mountain reasserts  
  
its mass in the electric rain.

## The Missing Pines

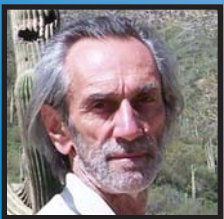
© 2010

The view from the cabin deck always had  
two pines in the foreground  
from which the descent  
into the valley  
was an easy roll down  
until the road wound to the invisible side  
of the next hill  
and reappeared on the one after that  
before it ran too low to see. Far off

through the haze  
lay the higher ground and the mountain  
held sacred with its  
eternal highlight of snow at the peak.  
The pines held the view  
in place,

tall and leaning slightly  
with a drop of sunlight on each needle  
and a cloud pulling free  
of their crowns. It became logical to think  
of them as holding  
up the sky. They stood  
as pillars for a storm and formed  
a portal through which the calm

that followed would pass. Then beetles  
came in the drought  
and now there's nothing to hold  
the slopes in place;  
just granite and mist  
and the glow  
of tail lights on the road.



David Chorlton was born in Austria, grew up in England, and spent several years in Vienna before moving in 1978 to Phoenix, where he pursued both poetry and visual art, much of which was in watercolour and pastel. Arizona landscape and wildlife have become more present in his work and his newest published books reflect his concern for the natural world. They are "Waiting for the Quetzal," from March Street Press, and "The Porous Desert," from Future Cycle Press. He recently had a poem included in the anthology, "BIRDS," from the British Museum. His chapbook, "The Lost River," won the Ronald Wardall Poetry Prize from Rain Mountain Press, and he won the Slipstream Chapbook Contest with "From the Age of Miracles." Web site: <http://www.davidchorlton.mysite.com/>. Email: [rdchorlton@netzero.com](mailto:rdchorlton@netzero.com).



# Some Storms

© 2010

I  
Along a line of leaning fenceposts  
the wire sags and trails  
in the red earth  
as a first raindrop falls  
from the black half of the sky  
with a slap that provokes  
a downpour's  
indivisible response.

II  
All distinctions disappear  
between the mountains and the clouds  
gathered above them  
in a moment when gravity  
fails to hold the land down  
and a curtain of rain  
blows through the space  
between Heaven and Earth.

III  
The mountain at the border pales  
behind a line of cottonwoods  
and a tangle of mesquite  
that runs to the country's edge.  
Dark clouds move up from the south  
  
and the rain inside them stutters  
as it feels for a language  
in which to fall.

# Repeat Exposure

© 2010

The first time you look  
out of the cabin window you see  
a wide green shadow  
arched across the stream. The next time

it seems more earth than leaves  
and drier than you thought.  
You go back a third time

having come to love the sounds  
that rise at night  
from the undergrowth  
and the long notes of the owls  
waiting in the dark.  
It becomes a highlight

of the year to open the door  
and watch the birds loop  
after flies. Everything is  
familiar now, from the smooth rock  
on the right bank

to the tree roots holding  
to the left, and the mesh  
of fine branches as the oaks recede  
behind the sycamores.  
One time in spring

light breaks from the ground  
and in winter  
there's a pale glow

to the chill. Now it's summer once  
again, the redstarts  
come and go, and the evergreens  
open up their secrets  
to you, whom they have eventually  
learned to trust.

# Late Night at the QT      Arizona's Vulture

© 2010

We're under a canopy floating on the moment  
with its electric red stripe and a name  
where numbers roll  
showing how many gallons and how  
many dollars  
flow into the tanks  
of our cars.

The gas station glows  
like a theatre stage  
set down in the city  
where we come to fill up  
until familiarity makes  
QT a comfort.  
From patch to patch  
of brightness we traverse

the approach to the convenience store  
appearing to be extras  
in our own lives, while the paving  
is exhaling the heat  
it took in all day, a circumstance  
that softens the way  
we look at one another  
and briefly bonds the violinist with the tattooed  
man and the executive  
with the biker. We exchange

a few words in passing,  
and offer advice  
on making the air machine work.  
It's barely conversation but it's friendly  
even though we'll go into the night  
in all directions, away

from where the light is cold and the snacks  
have a shelf life of forever.

© 2010

When the West was black and white  
even justice  
was portrayed in monochrome  
with the bad men dressed  
in darkness while  
the marshals peeled away  
from their shadows  
as they walked toward the vanishing point  
at the end of a long, long street  
with the scent of gunfire  
in the air. In last night's rerun

on the television channel  
that turns back time  
two men discovered their friend  
cut open in the sun  
while a buzzard in the foreground  
perched and picked on his ribs.  
Behind them lay a valley  
swaying in the light  
with vegetation as sparse  
as their dialogue. The saguaros  
were real, but the bird

with its white ruff and face  
was an old world species in new  
world Arizona whose turkey vultures  
hang all summer long against the heat  
where we become familiar  
with the shallow V  
formation in the wings  
early in the evenings when they circle  
down from legend  
to their roost. Close up, they look

old. They look tired. They rattle  
in their sleep and cough out  
rusty nails when they wake up  
to spiral until their red faces  
glow on the clear blue sky.



# David Chorlton

Phoenix Artist



**"Lyudmila's Boutique"**  
Watercolor with pastel on paper  
30 x 40 inches

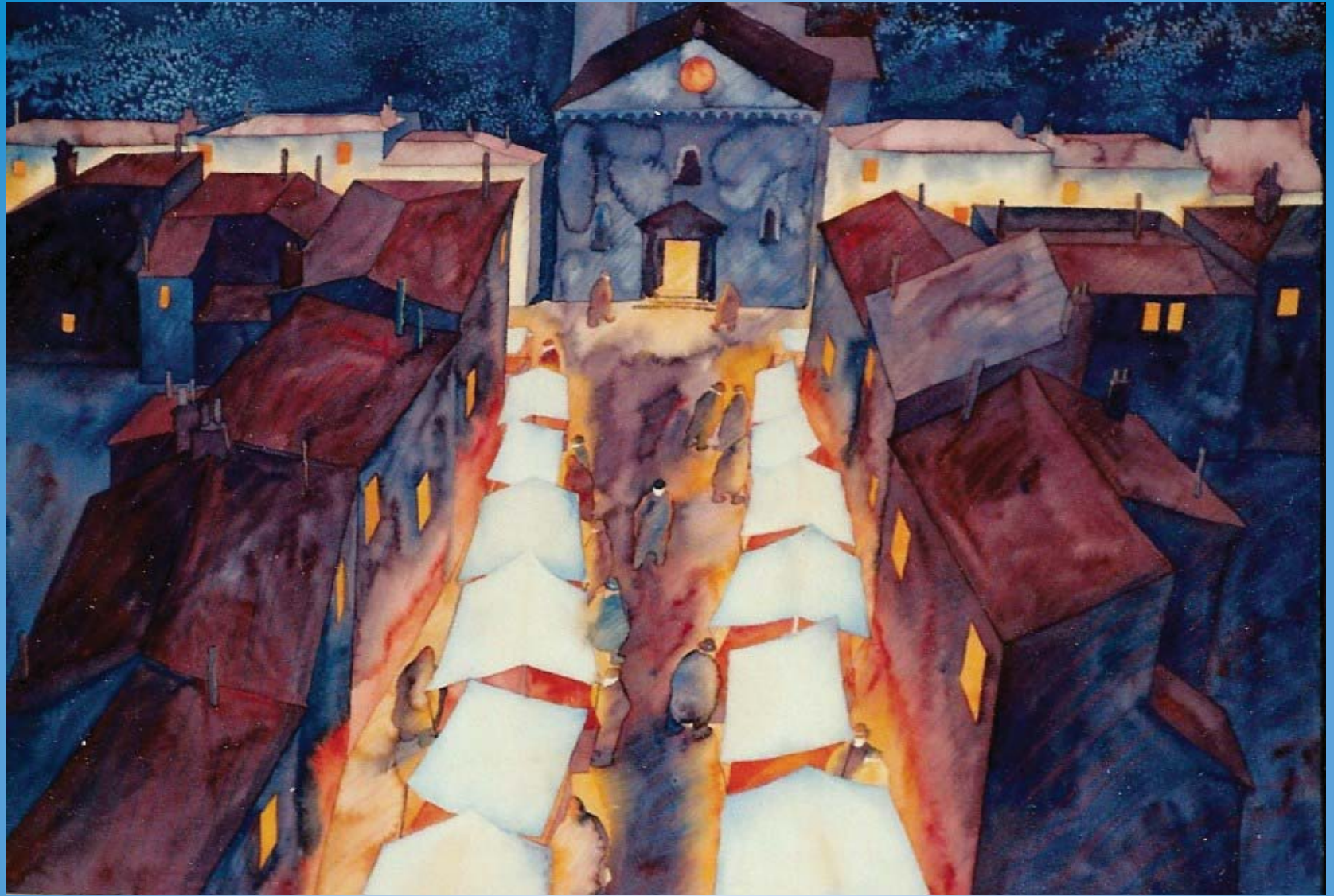
*"These scenes are versions of what I recalled when I painted them years after leaving Europe. Memory strips away the unnecessary and leaves the atmosphere, hopefully, intact. I'd visited Moscow (in 1971) and experienced Central Europe's many moods during my time in Vienna (1971-78) and these were the basis to my painting done in sunny Phoenix. I suspect I lived out my dream life in that form, as I seem mostly to dream with settings in Vienna! Anyway, the paintings are never of specific streets, but of ones that might have been had anyone thought to build them that way. These streets are now as much a part of my memory as the actual ones were, only quieter."*

David Chorlton



# David Chorlton

Phoenix Artist



**"Night Market"**

Watercolor with pastel on paper  
30 x 40 inches



# David Chorlton

Phoenix Artist



**"Turning Point"**  
Watercolor with pastel on paper  
30 x 40 inches

# Three Poems by Charles Watts

## A Late Valentine

© 2010

it has been five months now  
and the snow is only real  
snow on the mountains  
here, in this town I whisper  
is only rain, a constant fall

and I will think of you  
when spring begins to caravan  
north through the valleys  
kissing each grain and thistle  
into flower, oh you are truly  
gone now wait

and in autumn I will be  
with you, the cool night coming  
down from the hills  
to celebrate the harvest  
here, in this room I whisper  
is only one of us

## An Object

© 2010

fog is a lace curtain  
across our camper door  
I peer out on the maples  
frame the morning darkness  
try to image the view  
of the ancient trees

I saw you yesterday  
kneeling beside a stump  
capturing the flow of it  
in the deformity of its burl  
and hoped someday  
that I might be such

an object  
perfect in your eyes  
in the autumn mist



Early in his career, Charles Watts had an underground play ("Visigoths") produced in Los Angeles, which led to script writing contracts for several TV series, including "Kojack" and "Here Come the Brides." He soon fled Hollywood, got an MFA in poetry, and went to Iran to teach literature at several Universities. For five years, he edited "Seizure," a magazine of poetry and fiction. Do not worry about his sanity; he has done many other things. Publications so far this year include two stories and six poems in lit journals, and ten poems in "Karma in the High Peaks," a new anthology from Ra Press. Contact him at [charles@envisionist.com](mailto:charles@envisionist.com).



# Vacation on the Big Island

© 2010

long time

since I've been in  
an occupied third world

country

it started at the rental  
counter, a slack key here she be  
and get the hell out  
of my face, white  
boy, there's the road  
rain to the north  
sun to the south

North

past the  
mountains and the cargo  
shorted figure in  
the mist with a bow  
with a dead boar  
over

his shoulder and then the rain  
again the rain but sun puddles  
between for the civilized  
piss stop and photo op, some  
typhoon took it out bay  
some jungle of rambutan  
breadfruit banana  
strangler fig frog

always a dog at always  
a shack at always the end  
of always the butt stub of town  
on the side of the hill that falls

into the sea  
when the floods

Come

of lava  
of rivers of mud  
of wind sucking bones  
from the cemetery crumbling  
under the curled edge  
of that wave

# 2 Poems By Kaitlin Meadows

## Terra Infirma

© 2010

The earth is a broken crust of bread  
With yeast at core  
Raising the stakes  
Of seismic anarchy.  
She shudders and settles  
In a bewilderment of seasons,  
Pewter fog,  
Hoar ice dazzle,  
A lozenge of light  
Circling the wolf moon.  
Clouds arrange themselves  
Over the Catalina Mountains  
While moonlight in fibrillations  
Brings a gust of comprehension.

Poems are  
Tiny acquisitions  
Of understanding  
Come in a sudden  
Convulsion of wings  
From a thousand geese  
Lifting from the Wilcox salt playa,  
The unraveled skein of light tangled in clouds,  
A beveled spectral sunset layered  
And shot through with throb  
Like too ripe persimmons,  
A bloody pumpkin smear on the horizon.

A drowned western diamondback  
Rises up out of a flooded hole  
Like hydra's hair,  
A Gila woodpecker flicks its checkered tail  
On saguaro's crest.  
The sunset is bronze,  
The sky is aluminum,  
The wind is steel  
And poems are the smooth stones I collect  
In my wild heart's  
Pockets  
To hold me  
To the uncertain earth  
Of blood and salt.



Kaitlin Meadows is an artist, poet, storyteller, mask maker, clay worker, and founder of "Manic Expressive Arts," a rural collective of feminist artists "dedicated to making art that makes a difference." Her passions include archaeology, paleontology, and poetry. Kaitlin is a committed member of Sky Island Alliance (Friends of the Jaguar), Great Old Broads For Wilderness, WomanKraft Center For The Creative Arts, PaperWorks (The Sonoran Collective for Paper & Book Artists) and is an Arizona State Archaeological Site Steward. She has been widely published and has four chapbooks: *Lost Tribe Chronicles*, *The Indigo Kimono*, *Russet Tweeds*, and *Red Dragon Moon*. Contact her at [paloma@dakotacom.net](mailto:paloma@dakotacom.net) and [www.kaitlinmeadows.com](http://www.kaitlinmeadows.com).

# The History of The Future

© 2010

Foretold on big stone blocks  
Hauled up to temple tops  
Gone to ruin now,  
Smothered in jungle tangle,  
Or etched as Nazca lines  
On barren hilltops  
Seen best with the raven's eye.  
The admonitions are clear,  
Terse curses,  
Wise warnings.

Listen.

There are frequencies,  
Pulsations,  
That ancient things emit  
Messages that hold  
Alluvial comprehensions.

Listen.

Birds lecture the lizards  
On the peril of winged things,  
The lit crystal orb  
Tells its prophecies.

Listen.

The moon is decanting its light  
And our memories have forgotten us  
While we are dying and killing  
For copal and cochineal, oil and milk.

Listen.

The sun is blind  
In an aureole of heat,  
The wind is vesperal  
Chanting its ancient litany of  
Push and pull.

Listen.

History is the plaintive incantation  
Of a black widow spider  
Teaching the air  
Between a mesquite  
And a cholla  
The sacred art of  
Web weaving.

Listen.



# 8 Poems By Kelly Nelson

## Ogham Stones

© 2010

Where else would we write  
we had just wood and stone.  
And what else could we say  
but me and mine. We'd not  
imagine things you call crypts  
beneath places called museums  
where our names would stand  
where we'd never set foot.

Can you imagine  
tasting a tree  
and knowing its name  
and twenty others more?  
Can you imagine  
a predator's breath,  
a battle where you touch  
everyone you kill?  
Can you imagine  
our world without magic?

There were things we didn't need to say.  
Certainty. Perfection. Iron ore. Lust.  
You've far more words  
and far more time  
to scratch your claims  
front to back, edge to edge.

## A Page from the Book of Babur

*Memoir of a 16<sup>th</sup> century emperor*

© 2010

A perfect filigreed frame.  
The precise feathers of blue and red birds.

Elegant blooms on bending stems.  
A pea hen, in a garden, mid-stride.

Mystical swoops aligned in neat rows  
pronounce the best ways to eat a mango—

skin and bite it  
mash and suck it.



Kelly Nelson lives and teaches in Tempe. Her poems have appeared in *Bellowing Ark* and *nibble*. One of her poems has been nominated for a Pushcart. She's currently writing a memoir about living without a car in metro Phoenix. Contact her at [Kelly.Nelson@asu.edu](mailto:Kelly.Nelson@asu.edu).

# Desert Summer 14

© 2010

1  
The wind blew rocks  
onto my roof.

I was sleeping  
or not at home.  
It didn't care.

I'd find them  
or I wouldn't.

2  
I have spent  
three thousand  
eight hundred  
seventy five dollars  
killing termites  
or trying to.

They have eaten  
their weight in wood  
five hundred times over.

The queen has spawned  
four thousand nymphs.

I've invited them to stay.

3  
This house uncooled  
creaks beached, cracks lengthwise.  
There will not remain a wall of stones  
when it disappears  
sooner than Chaco.

# Mikhail's Feet

© 2010

are statue feet, bigger  
than a normal man's,  
toes that could dent metal,  
ankles wide as a kid's thigh.  
They look like they'd clomp,  
pewter snow shoes on tile.  
We know they don't.

The fort looming over Lisbon  
has giant stone stairs  
built for the likes  
of him.

You gave me your old, worn sneakers  
to drop at the Nike store in the mall  
to be recycled but I've kept them  
next to my sneakers – how much bigger yours look,  
how much smaller mine have become.

Mikhail does not believe in marriage.  
Or god. Why bother imagining something  
immense and unseen when right there,  
knowable, touchable, are the feet of a statue.

# Lake Chapala, Mexico

© 2010

A man whose left leg will never be straight  
tells me garza is their word for heron  
though he calls them perros. I protest

*but they are so beautiful*, thinking he means dogs  
like people say pigeons are rats. He names off  
the bones the car crushed: tibia, fibula, femur, patella

healed into a parenthesis, a crutch and a horse  
to get around. His glassy-eyed friends by the lake  
call to him. They are hungry. They want lunch.

And he has their only knife. He writes Rubin  
in wobbly letters on my map to show me  
where he lives. He says he'll take me riding.

My last night, standing  
water's edge, a heron flies off and lets out a sound  
that would best be called a bark.

# Dublin Crab Kill

© 2010

Flight! Claws scrabbling for  
ground. Sounds of wings and wind and  
morning commuters.

The river used to  
be wider till we penned it  
between concrete walls.

Smack! Shell down on a  
sidewalk. Dryness and wrongness,  
belly up, exposed.

The deer with one red  
parent, the other fallow—  
we call them mutants.

Flipped! Tossed! Water is  
nowhere. Shell scritch on cement.  
Now one leg's missing.

We brought hares here for  
supper. When they over  
multiplied we drugged them.

Strikes from the gull's beak.  
The body fights less, goes still.  
A woman watches.

# In Guadalajara

© 2010

it's easier to find a bust  
of Beethoven than a  
vegetarian restaurant. Easier still  
a six-cent mango, cops with  
rifles, big-bottomed mannequins,  
wedding dress shops, chairs in the  
street, photos of naked miners,  
a man juggling melons at a red light  
while his boy plays on the sidewalk.

## The Only Way

© 2010

I could learn Spanish is through  
immersion, says one gringa living  
in Mexico to another. Meanwhile,  
un hombre que habla Español  
weeds the garden  
beside the patio  
where the two women  
drink coffee and talk.

I greedily eavesdrop.  
I understand every word  
without staring at their mouths, without  
paying full attention, without asking  
what does that mean? I am conversation  
starved, vowed to subsist  
on half-remembered textbook lessons.  
At the market I jot food names: calabaza,  
aveno, durazno, merron. On the street  
I venture a conversation. He asks,  
is your family here with you? No,  
same word in both languages, yet  
he doesn't understand.

In a tiny plaza  
too small for guide books  
there's a woman who  
looks like me. She lowers  
blue eyes, no invitation. I might  
be loud, I might break the spell  
she moved here for. We pass  
without even a buenas tardes.



# 6 Poems by Richard Fenton Sederstrom

## A Ducky's Uncle

© 2010  
For Robert Pack

It's part of my Sunday effort to be  
As unavailable to productivity as I can be,  
And that delicate effort has led me to sit here  
By the lake, reading a few poems by Robert Pack.

It is Bob's reminiscence about having been,  
In his forming years A "mother duck"  
That has me returning to my day job,  
The pad here in my lap under my pen,

Itself dragged from its idle sabbath.  
I've gone back to work for a few moments  
Because, in an earlier period, not an hour ago,  
I had waded out for a quick cold swim,

And I was met by the five baby goldeneye ducks  
We have been watching since they were tiny.  
I commented behind my back, to Carol, something  
About how they were almost grown, "all bigger now."

Then as though to show off to this waddling old uncle,  
One of the five suddenly took wing, splashed  
A competent take-off and flew out across the lake.  
I would not boast to Bob that I would ever be

A good mother anything; a moment  
Of accidental uncledom will suffice.  
Still, it is good to think like a fellow  
Old poet for a moment, and, for a moment,

To share a gentle look into passing lives  
Over the garden fence between our stories.

## God's Fool

© 2010  
He sits, shoulders foursquare and solid,  
Feet spread, firmly sure on the concrete,  
Without which solemnity of human touch  
Perhaps this slick arrogance of pavement

Might slide like fragile tectonic plates  
From its assigned place of base utility  
Above our liquifacted desert Earth.

He sits erect atop his ruptured suitcase,  
By presence and sign blessing us despite  
Our sad misattention, against the burn  
Of our ultimate slide netherward.

He stretches his arms with priestly grace  
Toward the sun it seems, maybe to shield  
His eyes and ours from that outer magma  
Of our volcanic firmament.

He gestures, not wildly.  
He caresses the sky.  
This is no brain-fried wilderness prophet.

God's jongleur, another Francis,  
He composes some harmony within himself,  
For us, and we

Who stop for the grace of his ceremony  
Merely at the cold invitation of a traffic light,  
Are soothed into his gentle control  
As he conducts the music of this busyness.

He gathers the air itself,  
Embraced in those graceful arms into his beauty,  
Composes an ordered music from the disharmony of traffic

And thus becomes the momentary savior  
In our gas-fired universe, of all who stop for him.



Richard Fenton Sederstrom lives in the Sonoran Desert of Arizona and Mexico and the North Woods of Minnesota, the places in which he was raised. "I am fortunate to have retired from all respectable pursuits, especially teaching. Now I return to the classroom as a visitor, where, instead of teaching out of pedagogy, I teach out of confusion and into it, the way teaching should be done." He has published poems regularly in Big Muddy, The Talking Stick, Red Owl, and Saint Anthony Messenger. He has also been published in Tar Wolf Review, The Tule Review, English Journal, Plainsongs, Mother Earth Journal, and Ruminare, among other journals and magazines. His book of poems, "Fall Pictures on an Abandoned Road" came out last December, and his new book, "Disordinary Light," has just been published. Contact Richard at [richard\\_sederstrom1221@q.com](mailto:richard_sederstrom1221@q.com).

# Grays

© 2010

My assignment is alignment  
Of too much for too little,  
A composition of

A single large iron heaven blue ocean,  
Uncontrollable Atlantic breakers rolling in to cold sand,  
Immoveable shore:

Two eyes,  
Three nervous pinto ponies, brown and white  
Against the moving gray waves

Under this unmoving leather gray sky,  
The flickering mind settled behind  
The patient lens of a camera:

Human vibration contrapuntal  
To the stateliness of waves  
The gentle waltz of ponies finding their places,

Time patient like the lens in its wait  
For the perfect position of waves and horses  
Eyes and tide.

The ash gray moon enters this picture  
Only from so deep beneath the horizon  
That the only picture possible

Will miss neither the ponies nor waves nor sky  
But will expose the invisible moon  
And all the fire and gray basaltic Earth as well.

The horses move again,  
Move Earth and tide toward one shutter  
Snap.

# Her Black Hair

© 2010

I'm lying on this cold streambank  
With my neck arched way back, blank eyesockets  
Aimed at the midday sun,

And I can't hear the water any more,  
Rushing away from this finality of injury.

No, that can't be right,  
Because I am very much alive, lying in the midmorning sun,  
And the wound in my leg really doesn't hurt much.

I caress the bubbling glare of the clear stream  
Flowing me away from my moment of folly.

So I am lying on my left side then, maybe leaning  
On my left elbow so that my pulpy right leg  
Lies not touching the rough sand.

But that can't be right either because  
Then I couldn't see her on the edge  
Of the higher bank that rises in the shade.

So maybe that leg is bleeding away into the creek sand  
And down stream  
Where I need not admit to the sureness of need

Because I can see her and she asks,  
Who probably can't see the blood anyway –  
Is so much of the demand of our manhood always  
To conceal the blood? – asks, Are you all right?

And I – am I only eighteen here in this story? –

I say Sure and I add Thanks to her caring face,  
And I want, oh I want those lips to ask again,

And I can tell the real and helpless truth  
Over and over and maybe forever.

But she leaves my adolescent need forever instead,  
And forever turns her fine young head of black hair trimmed  
short,  
And maybe says OK then, and I always hear that,

And always she vanishes down stream.  
And I will be helped before long, but only up and out.

I only ask her in winter now,  
And only when the old scars begin to itch or throb,  
That old scar on my leg, the scar on my heart.



# Las Golondrinas (The Swallows)

Colonia Ranchito, Guaymas, Sonora, Mexico

© 2010

That cardon stood in the sun long before, maybe a century before  
I picked up this shard of old pottery,  
The one in my hand with most of a purple blossom fading,

Or the piece of green bottle glass,  
Washed by so many of the so infrequent rains  
That its cutting edges are only as rough now as working hands

To my investigating touristical soft fingers  
That touch the dry air in the direction of the children  
On the edge of the arroyo,

Who stare at me ready to smile again.  
I will wave.  
I will pick up a bit of old pitcher,

Part of its lip still attached.  
The flowers on it are yellow under scratched glaze.  
I wave again. Children wave back.

I have forgotten to bring candy.  
That matters. But they wave back anyway.  
That matters, to all of us, much more.

That is a scallop shell,  
Lying on the pink sand beside a wine bottle bottom,  
Symbol and tool of centuries of pilgrims,

Las golondrinas, las poemas discalcas, turning,  
Returning, turning, like centuries of furrows of unshod poems.  
Candyless, the children wave some more,

All pilgrims, they from their plywood chabolas,  
Me from somewhere north, they know.  
My being here pleases them more than it pleases me,

No, pleases el norteno in me less than me myself.  
I ask if I can keep the bits and pieces.  
The children smile and wave,

Las golondrinas also, las golondrinas del Poverello.  
Someone, who only might have been me, or anyone else,  
Has offered them something they can give back.

Junk matters here, or the many colors of junk,  
The broken elements of such permission as they are blessed to offer.  
The cardon stands by in the sun.

It will stand almost as long as the junk I leave behind.  
Las golondrinas will fly away when they sense food  
Somewhere else, and return to the barrio

Or they will flop broken winged here in the dump  
With the many broken flowers, desiccating  
In the fractured beauty of shards.



# Haruah

© 2010

We were on our way out,  
Me, the inexcusable draft of a stalled poem  
and two new acquaintances,

The woman who, in what context I do not remember,  
Nor need to now, said the word.  
The other was the word she said—

“Golondrinas,” the word we casually asked into the car with us.  
“It means ‘Swallows’ she said,” and I think  
She explained why she said it. I think,

But I drove away from the meaning, and I think I will never know,  
Because Golondrinas became the ruah,  
The imperceptible rush of wings,

The still small voice that took over from me, and  
While I had nothing more to do with writing my poem or my mind  
Than drive, became the voice, not mine,

But the voice of the poem, of the birds, of the children  
In the poem, propelled on the flashing wings  
Of the swallows, and their own unstable plumage.

And I can become and remain  
The still small shadow of invisible Elijah,  
A swallow shadow, and the passing silent voice of

The returning golondrias, or the children themselves,  
An ineluctable axial whisper of quick  
and quickly passing truth.

# Fatima & Maama: A 10-Minute Play

By Asher Wyndham

© 2010

## TIME

Present day. Winter.

## SETTING

A small apartment in Ypsilanti, Michigan, near Ann Arbor. A kitchen table. Three chairs. Cutting board on the table with zucchini and eggplant. Also, a mug and a bag of little marshmallows.

## CHARACTERS

FATIMA HALAWANI, 15. An Iraqi American. *Not bi-racial*. At the start of the play, she is wearing winter wear. Over her hijab, a winter hat. She wears big geeky eyeglasses. Can be played by someone who looks young.

MAAMA, her mother, late 30s-40. She is in the uniform she wears at the gas station. She is disheveled and tired. She wears a hijab.

## NOTE

A slash / in the dialog indicates when the other character should start talking, creating overlapping speech.

Choose a song that is a chart topper but also a song that is appropriate for krumping.

\*\*\**This play (or any future, corrected or revised draft) can be produced by anyone, anywhere, royalty-free. Before you produce it, you must email the playwright at [asherwyndham@yahoo.com](mailto:asherwyndham@yahoo.com)* \*\*\*

*A few years after high school, I traveled to Syria for two and a half months. One Sunday morning on a crowded sidewalk in Damascus filled with bearded men walking caged songbirds, Bedouin beggars, and shoeshiners, I saw a young girl walking hand-in-hand with her mother. Her mother was covered head to toe in black, while her daughter wore a hijab and Nike pumps. And over her hijab, a Miss America-like crown. The image of the daughter and mother has stayed with me for a long time. This ten-minute play is actually based on the first scene from a full-length play that I have not completed about an Arab-American girl who wants to be Homecoming Queen. In this play, the girl doesn't want to be Homecoming Queen. Maybe one day I will complete the full-length play. This is my first Theatre for Youth play. I would like to thank Doug Hill, my director, and the other artists who worked on the play at ACTF in Utah. And Judith Williams, my director, and the other artists who worked on the play at ATHE in Los Angeles.*

– Asher Wyndham

(MAAMA, late 30s, stands at the table cleaning a brown stain on her gas station uniform shirt with a kitchen rag. She wears a hijab. She sighs. FATIMA, 15, enters, shivering. She wears big geeky glasses, winter clothing and a hijab. Her backpack is over her shoulder. She bangs “snow” off her boots. MAAMA watches FATIMA bang her boots clean even when they are clean. FATIMA kicks off her boots and whips off her hat.)  
FATIMA: I am like a Popsicle with a hijab on! Arabs shouldn't move so close to the North Pole!

MAAMA: Shush. You were born here. I have hot cocoa with little marshmallows! Sip it and warm up!

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Asher Wyndham, originally from Canada, is a 3rd year MFA candidate in Dramatic Writing at Arizona State University, Tempe. His play “Cassius Sargent’s Chicken Bones” received the John Cauble Award for Outstanding Short Play at ACTF and was staged read at the Kennedy Center in DC. “Fatima & Maama” was produced at Point of Contention Theatre Company in Chicago in November, part of the 5th Annual Chaos New Works Festival. You can see his thesis play “Allegra,” part of the Mainstage Season at ASU, December 2nd-5th. Contact him at [asherwyndham@yahoo.com](mailto:asherwyndham@yahoo.com).



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(FATIMA slouches in the chair. She takes off her winter wear and puts on novelty slippers (bunny?) during:)

MAAMA (Cont.): ...So uh. How was school?

FATIMA: Oh, the usual. Gretchen, this Barbie doll wannabe, accidentally spilled her Sloppy Joe all over my hijab.

MAAMA: I am glad it was an accident.

FATIMA: And after she said, "Oh, I am sooo sorry, shit Shiite."

MAAMA: Ohhh, Fatima, my baby... You okay?

FATIMA: ...Yeah... So what did you spill on your uniform?

MAAMA: Root Beer slurpee. No time to scrub it clean because it was busybusybusy at the Fuel Shop.

(MAAMA puts on her apron and starts chopping zucchini. FATIMA unzips her backpack and takes out Cosmo Girl magazine and reads.)

MAAMA (Cont.): For dinner shish Kebab, okay?

FATIMA: How 'bout French fries or / Easy Mac?

MAAMA: La, la.<sup>1</sup> Genuine Iraqi cuisine tonight.

FATIMA: Fffine.

(MAAMA chops. FATIMA sips hot chocolate and eats marshmallows and reads.)

MAAMA: Cosmo Girl? The Fuel Shop sells that. It's the girl version of that slutty magazine. Give it to me!

FATIMA: No!

(MAAMA takes the magazine.)

FATIMA (Cont.): It's harmless!

MAAMA: Why are you staring at skimpy dresses?!

FATIMA: ...There's a...a dance.

MAAMA: You mean: the Homecoming Dance. Sorry. No.

FATIMA: Homecoming, it's just one night a year.

MAAMA: I never went to dances when I was your age.

FATIMA: Hey, give it back!

(MAAMA rolls the magazine up and stuffs it in her apron pocket.)

FATIMA (Cont.): I bet you danced on your bed when you were fifteen. I want to dance not just in my room. I want to dance on the gym floor at Homecoming. C'mon, Maam/aaaa.

MAAMA: Your hot chocolate is getting cold.

FATIMA: *Everyone* is goin' now. Everyone from the Math club and the Manga club. Even the Goth kids and the wheelchair kids. Even some Muslims.

(MAAMA's face reads "Really"?)

FATIMA (Cont.): *Yeah*. My Syrian girlfriends Raneen and Zana are going.

MAAMA: You're not Syrian.

FATIMA: I wish I was instead of I-raqi!

MAAMA: Fatima!!

FATIMA: It's gonna be like The Event. The theme is Feelin' Groovy!

MAAMA: Feeling groovy with a guy!? You have a date!?

FATIMA: No. Salam likes Zana. No boy likes Fatima Halawani...

MAAMA: Good. Then you don't have to go.

FATIMA: Maama! I neeeded to go! I have to show off...

MAAMA: Show off what?

FATIMA: My...my killer dance moves.

MAAMA: *Killer* dance moves...?

FATIMA: (Takes out a DVD from her backpack) I got this DVD

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**Continued from page 44**

at Goodwill. Just five bucks.

I've been practicin' when you're not home. Hardcore for like six months.

MAAMA: Buck Wild: A Crash Course on Krumping. (?) You're spending your allowance on ghetto dancing videos!?

FATIMA: Watch me get my groove on!

MAAMA: Good Muslim girls don't get their groove on!

FATIMA: Watch me take it to the streets!! Yo, DJ, hit it!!

*(Dance music plays. FATIMA starts krumping!)*

MAAMA: Fatima, stop stomping! Fatima!! Neighbors will bang on the walls!! Fatima, stop!!!

*(MAAMA stops FATIMA from dancing. Music stops.)*

FATIMA: I'm buck, right?

MAAMA: Buck??? No, you're Fatima. Sit down and chop baadenjaan.<sup>1</sup> Respect your Maama. Good and dutiful. *Always*. Slices way too thick!

FATIMA: AHHHH! I WANNA BE — BE NORMAL!

*(FATIMA stabs the eggplant and just misses her MAAMA's hand!)*

MAAMA: Let go of knife! You almost killed maama. Fatima. Listen. *Listen*. You're perfect the

MAAMA (*Cont.*): way you are.

FATIMA: Perfect? O-M-G! I wanna be da bomb!

MAAMA: Da bomb!? Like a *shahida*<sup>2</sup> blowing herself up at a Beirut discotheque!? / That is not funny!

FATIMA: Whoa! I didn't mean like that! I wanna be an Explosion of Awesome Beauty — like Miss America, Rima Fakh...<sup>3</sup>

MAAMA: My baby girl wants to look like a *sharmuta*<sup>3</sup> ... Allah, where did I go wrong?!

FATIMA: *(Takes the magazine out of the apron pocket)* Let's go to the Mall in Ann Arbor and find the perfect dress.

MAAMA: Maama isn't an ATM machine!

FATIMA: *Pleee/eeez.*

MAAMA: You don't listen — when you should! I'll finish preparing dinner! Again! Look what you did to the eggplant... Fatima, Fatima. You silly girl. Go to your room.

FATIMA: Where am I!? Guantanamo Bay!?

MAAMA: That is *not* funny!

*(FATIMA starts to exit — MAAMA takes the magazine. FATIMA grabs it. Tug-a-war!)*

FATIMA: Hands off! / Hands off!!

MAAMA: It's going under the sink with wet trash!

FATIMA: SOOO UN-FAIR! AAUUGH! ...You, you're so not like regular moms — *normal* Moms who, like, let their daughters do *what-ever* they like!

MAAMA: Don't make me get out the broom and sweep you to your bedroom.

FATIMA: They let them go to Joe's Pizza, eat atomic wings and French Fries. Gimme more freedom. Don't, don't put me in another brace. The scoliosis brace was bad enough...

MAAMA: Good Muslim children never chide their parents. My Lord! Bestow on Fatima thy

MAAMA (*Cont.*): Mercy even as she cherished me in childhood.<sup>5</sup>

FATIMA: My spine's fine now. So I wanna showcase my moves, my knowledge. I don't wanna be the "Paperbag Princess from A-rab-Land" anymore!

MAAMA: I will call the school and demand to speak to Principal Pavlovich!

FATIMA: *Again*?! Nothing is going to change. After lunch,

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when I was getting the Sloppy Joe off my hijab, this rich snob named Tina asked me in the restroom if I ever gave... *(Tears up)*  
Osama bin Laden a, a...blowjob.

MAAMA: *(Comforts her daughter and then after a moment:)*  
Gretchen and Tina, they're just jealous of your straight As.

FATIMA: It's not just a few white chicks! There are a lotta people that tease me! ...They're right when they laugh at me.

MAAMA: Nooo!

FATIMA: Look at me! Ugh. I need a dream make-over, like, *now!* These geeky glasses — I don't want to wear them anymore!

MAAMA: You want those Ray-Bans so you can look like a Hollywood celebrity?

FATIMA: I want you to get me contacts! And Neutrogena / for my face! Big zits!

MAAMA: You want *a lot* of things! A dress. An iPod. Pink Yeti boots?? Augh. Fatima. Don't we all want a lot of things to color our lives? But we can't have everything. We can't.

FATIMA: I'll clean my room! I'll do dishes *every day* for a month! I'll give you more back massages!

*(FATIMA massages MAAMA's back.)*

MAAMA: I want to give you...more like an i-Pod, give you things that other parents give, but I, I can't. I'm sorry. ...Fatima. Times are...hard. Sooo hhhhard. For me. For the both of us *(A hand on the back of the third chair)* since...Baaba...died. His Chrysler pension / is not enough.

FATIMA: Is not enough, *I know.*

MAAMA: Ypsilanti may be cheaper than Ann Arbor, but not much. And I'm trying to pay rent before deadline *again* and pay off billsbillsbills.

FATIMA: I'm sorry I was born with a spine like a question mark.

MAAMA: Fatima.

FATIMA: HANDS OFF ME!!!

MAAMA: I don't want a World War Three before I have to get back to the Fuel Stop! I'm getting behind. I have to make supper — and I have to scrub my uniform some more.-

FATIMA: Try to stop me!

MAAMA: Ay-yi-yi! I'm going to die of a heart attack just like Baaba!

FATIMA: I'm goin' to the dance!

MAAMA: No dinner for you! No almond flan! You go to your room! Do your homework!

*(FATIMA grabs her backpack, DVD, and the bag of marshmallows . She starts to exit.)*

FATIMA: I HATE YOU! I HATE YOU!!! YOU'RE SO...SO... SO — SO NOT AMERICAN!!! / LET GO OF ME!!!

MAAMA: Fatima! Fatima!!

FATIMA: WHY DON'T YOU GO BACK TO IRAQ, YOU SLURPEE RAGHEAD!!!!?

*(MAAMA turns her back to FATIMA. FATIMA cries. MAAMA holds back her tears.)*

FATIMA *(Cont.)*: I, I'm sorry.

*(MAAMA picks up the marshmallows that had fallen on the floor.)*

FATIMA *(Cont.)*: I'm sorry.

MAAMA: I'd like you to have fun. *(Turns to face FATIMA)*  
But I don't want you to cry at the dance.

FATIMA: Don't worry. *No one* will make fun of me because I'll seriously impress *everyone*. I've discovered krumping. It makes me...invincible.

MAAMA: Whenever you get made fun of, I get upset. I know how you feel.

FATIMA: No. You. Don't.

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MAAMA: Yes. I. Do. *(Sighs)* ...I'm supposed to be the stronger one...

FATIMA: What's wrong, Maama? ...Maama?

MAAMA: I didn't spill slurpee on myself. Some trucker threw slurpee on me. He called me... something really...awful and told me to go back to where I came from.

FATIMA: If Daddy was here, he'd show up and make sure no one picked on us.

MAAMA: He's not here...

FATIMA: So you get hurt sometimes. And I'll get hurt too.

MAAMA: Yeah... *(After a moment:)* Hey! How about I be your chaperone at the dance?

FATIMA: I am almost sixteen, hello!

MAAMA: I'll serve punch.

FATIMA: *(Flat, like on life support in a hospital)* Uh...I guess it'll be all right, if you came to the dance...

MAAMA: *Great. (After a moment:)* We'll get through this, okay? We've gone through it for two years. Fatima and Maama. One insult at a time, okay?

*(FATIMA nods "Okay.")*

FATIMA: Yo, DJ, gimme some muzak!

*(FATIMA krumps. Music under the following:)*

MAAMA: Why are you dancing if there is no music?

FATIMA: I hear music — in my head!

*(FATIMA continues krumping. After a moment, MAAMA mimics FATIMA. She's clunky. FATIMA laughs.)*

FATIMA *(Cont.):* Muslim girls shouldn't get their groove on!

MAAMA: We're going to have to get our groove on, if we're going to be invincible in Michigan!

*(They get buck wild!!! They have fun, they start laughing, but then they get serious. Music gets louder — so loud it would shake the walls of any small apartment. Strobe lights flash like in a dance club. After a moment, END OF PLAY.)*



# A big thank-you from the Arizona Consortium for the Arts

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## Check our websites for news on the arts



Check out the Arizona Consortium for the Arts website, [www.artizona.org](http://www.artizona.org). There, you can sign up for an e-mailed newsletter.

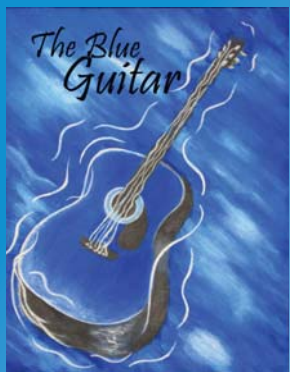


The Blue Guitar Magazine's website is [www.theblueguitarmagazine.org](http://www.theblueguitarmagazine.org).



**Coming in April 2011,  
the Third Annual  
Blue Guitar Spring Festival  
of the Arts**  
**For details, go to The Arizona  
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# A Call to Writers for Spring

**T**he Blue Guitar magazine will accept literary submissions for the Spring 2011 Edition from Feb. 1 through March 15. Submissions are sought in all genres — fiction, poetry, plays, creative nonfiction. Writers must submit original work and must live in Arizona. Simultaneous submissions will be accepted, but the writer must notify the magazine as soon as possible if the work is accepted elsewhere. It is free to submit, and submissions may be made in multiple genres. Please include your name and the best way to contact you on your submission. To submit or for further information, e-mail Rebecca Dyer at [rebeccadyer@theblueguitarmagazine.org](mailto:rebeccadyer@theblueguitarmagazine.org).

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## A Call to Artists for Spring

**T**he Blue Guitar magazine will accept art submissions in all mediums for the Spring 2011 Edition from Feb. 1 through March 15. The art entries, which will be selected by a jury for inclusion in the spring issue, must follow the theme of “Nature Images.” Any artists who work in any visual art media and are 18 years or older and are Arizona residents can submit. It is free to submit and up to 5 images can be submitted. Artists are encouraged to submit images of work by e-mail. Images must be identified in the e-mail with the artist's name and contact information, titles of works, dates and mediums. To submit or for further information, e-mail Rebecca Dyer at [rebeccadyer@theblueguitarmagazine.org](mailto:rebeccadyer@theblueguitarmagazine.org).



The Blue Guitar magazine is a nonprofit project of the nonprofit The Arizona Consortium for the Arts. The Arizona Consortium for the Arts is a startup, nonprofit group dedicated to supporting and fostering artists and the arts in Arizona, including the literary, visual and performing arts. For more information about The Blue Guitar magazine and The Arizona Consortium for the Arts, visit our websites: [www.theblueguitarmagazine.org](http://www.theblueguitarmagazine.org) and [www.artizona.org](http://www.artizona.org).



*The Blue Guitar Magazine's  
production editor donates  
sculpture to Mesa Community College*



**"The Welders"**  
Three welded-steel figurines on an  
I-beam base; 4 feet tall  
2010



Richard Dyer of Mesa, production editor for The Blue Guitar Magazine, and a continuing-education student at Mesa Community College, created and donated his original steel sculpture "The Welders" of three welded figurines on an I-beam to the college, 1833 W. Southern Ave. The sculpture and a plaque are to be set in concrete as a permanent addition to the college's outdoor art collection. Each of the three figurines took more than five hours to sculpt, using a metal inert gas wire-welder. The sculpture was designed as a tribute to the Welding Technology Department, its instructors and students. Richard has been taking metal sculpture welding classes at MCC since the summer of 2004. The sculpture was unveiled in the college's BP-GC Courtyard as part of an open house Oct. 28, 2010, celebrating new landscaping and shaded sitting areas for students and the remodeling of the BA business building.

## *Some final words from the editor*

### **Reading Denise Levertov**

© 2010

*For Jim Green*

Suddenly  
there was this unfolding  
the time-lapsed opening  
of a flower inside  
deep inside  
and while I  
felt it in me growing  
I kept it to myself,  
kept my mouth  
shut for fear  
it would explode  
and the I  
and the me of  
*me*  
would trickle out

— Rebecca Dyer





Volume 2,  
Number 3

**Fall Issue  
FREE!**

***“Things  
as they are  
are  
changed  
upon  
the  
blue guitar.”***