

# The Blue Guitar Jr.

*Featuring  
literature  
and art  
for youth*

*The 2014 edition*





**Keira  
Hamilton**

Poems

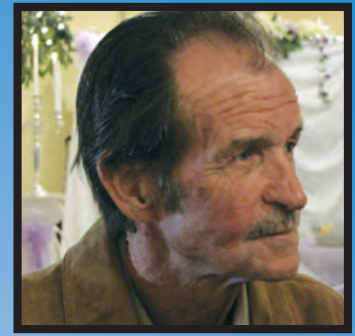
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**Eva  
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**Tom  
Green**

Poem and artwork

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## **The Blue Guitar Jr. Staff**

Co-editor: Rebecca Dyer

Co-editor: Richard H. Dyer Jr.

Publisher: Elena Thornton

Artwork for front, back covers: Marjory Boyer

The Blue Guitar Jr. magazine is a project of the nonprofit The Blue Guitar literary and arts magazine and 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 and The Blue Guitar Jr. magazines 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).

**“Things as they are are changed upon the blue guitar.”  
— Excerpt from Wallace Stevens’ 1937 poem “The Man With the Blue Guitar.”  
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# 3 poems by Keira Hamilton



The poet writes: "My name is Keira Hamilton, and I'm 16 years old. I have three siblings: an older brother, a younger sister and a little brother. I have a cat named Mojo, we have a Chihuahua named Mika and a large hound/Rottweiler mix named Hoss. I was born in Willcox, Arizona, and soon after moved all over New Mexico (my dad had the wandering spirit). But we fell behind on bills, we had to move back to my birth town, where we rented a house from my grandparents. But a lot has changed since then, and things are better. I enjoy reading and writing, and I've always been the girl with my face in a book. Poetry really started to take off in sixth grade, and since then, I've been filling up notebooks with ramblings or napkins. I just become 'spontaneously inspired' and have to write. If you have questions or criticisms, you can e-mail me at [bubblebunny9@gmail.com](mailto:bubblebunny9@gmail.com) (I've also had the same e-mail since sixth grade)."

## Untitled

© 2014

When all is said and done,  
Who will not judge thee,  
Who will not turn a blind eye,  
To the things you have done,  
What will you do then,  
When those who you believed,  
Would never forsake you,  
Forget their love and hurt you,  
What will you do then,  
Who can you turn to,  
Who will want you to turn to them,  
They will shove you away,  
They will persecute you,  
And devour your heart,  
Just like the demons that plague us all.

# Untitled

© 2014

Remember  
Long ago when we  
Could build forts,  
Hide from the monsters  
Under our beds,  
In our closets,  
In our heads,  
When life was easy,  
And chores were  
Something you dreaded,  
When a dog died  
He barked in heaven,  
When our dreams came alive  
And we,  
We were the creators and thinkers,  
The architects of worlds,  
And now,  
We believe you can't hide,  
That you must stand  
And fight,  
That sometimes chores  
Aren't that bad,  
We let our dreams slip away,  
Like a sheet off a bed,  
Or the snow off a shed,  
We can't possibly  
Imagine playing army,  
Because  
Our friends who held our backs  
In those wars of heart,

Went to Iraq,  
And didn't come back,  
When you believed  
Your parents were  
Immortal,  
Gods.  
In their own right.  
But then you see the coffin,  
The hole in the ground,  
The final resting place  
Of our bodies,  
But not our souls.  
Sometimes,  
I honestly  
Frustratingly,  
Try to remember,  
I want to,  
Some things,  
I just can't draw  
The curtains  
Of my mind and see,  
The play,  
That was my life,  
Sometimes,  
Remembering is all we can do.  
When I am older,  
And stronger,  
I won't regret,  
But I will  
Remember.

# Untitled

© 2014

To have a beginning  
There must be an end  
Was there an end  
When I became  
Your friend?  
I cannot recall  
If we both stopped  
And said  
'This is the beginning  
Of something  
We'll never forget'  
I think we just  
Realized one day  
That we were  
Always together  
So it seems  
That we've been  
Friends forever  
But we had to start  
Somewhere  
And that somewhere  
Was the beginning

So where's the end?  
I think there's an end  
But it's very far off  
We laugh too much  
And cry together  
We know too much  
About each other  
To even greet the end  
Happily  
So we remember  
The beginning  
With smiles  
And though we  
Acknowledged the end  
We push it back  
With our friendship  
And look upon it  
As a beginning  
Because if we ever  
Stop being friends  
It'll be because  
We can't stand  
Each other.

# 7 poems by Eva Willis

## Pieces and Parts, Junk and Gunk

© 2014

Could one conk you on the head?  
Not if you are in bed.

Could a piece hit your thigh?  
That's better than the eye!

The parts average four inches.  
Tell me if that pinches.

Does it put you in a funk  
if you think of it as junk?

There are people keeping an eye  
out for stuff from the sky.

Only God can make a tree,  
but people cause space debris.



Eva Marie Willis (B.A. from ASU) is retired and lives in Ahwatukee (Phoenix), Arizona. Since retiring, she finds personal expression in her numerous poems, in dancing, and in her oil paintings. She is the author of "With All My Heart," a collection of short stories and poems about relationships. It is available online from Lulu.com, Amazon, and Barnes and Noble. She is interested in politics, spirituality, dancing and living life to the fullest. You can follow her on Twitter under EvaTwits or contact her via e-mail at [jwillis42@cox.net](mailto:jwillis42@cox.net).

# Different by a Mile

© 2014

Your shoes may not look like mine  
Your clothes are another style  
Your hair is all golden shine  
We're different by a mile

I'm a purple nerple  
You're a pink falink  
I come to school in a ferple  
You're brought in a patrink

It's okay if your feet are big  
See, my ears are quite small  
Another's nose may look like a pig  
but we won't mind at all

We can accept anyone who's blue  
or accept them if they're green  
We can like them whatever the hue  
as long as they're not mean

Would you like to be my friend  
I asked, I'd like to have another  
It's time now for this poem to end  
Let's walk together, my brother

# Respect

© 2014

I respect my teacher  
I respect my preacher  
I respect my mom and dad  
Respect should be the fad

I take the caring advice  
since they are being nice—  
those things they offer aloud  
'cause I am not too proud

I listen to what my parents say  
I stand there and don't walk away  
I give them my full regard  
before I go play in the yard

I can learn from you  
You can learn from me too  
We can get along as we play  
and stay friends for another day



# Time Out

© 2014

Our family's so large  
we can't think  
There are so many kids  
but it doesn't stink

We each have time out  
sometime during the week  
It's not to punish  
but to help us be meek

We can't use electronics  
or have any music on  
We stay alone in our room  
until any irritability is gone

A quietness takes over  
The sky's suddenly bright blue  
since we are more peaceful  
sometimes I take two.

# Alphabet Soup

© 2014

apple and anteaters  
bedlam and Barbies  
crazy quilt and curtains  
denim and desperadoes  
eclair and elements  
fruitcake and friends  
GI Joe and giraffes  
handicap and hightops  
ice cream and Indians  
jam and javelinas  
Kris Kringle and kitchens  
lettuce and llamas  
marriage and Mexicans  
Nintendo and nuts  
orange and okapis  
paradise and poets  
quiet and queens  
racehorse and raspberries  
salsa and syrups  
tetherball and tomcats  
umbrella and ushers  
Vaseline and vending machines  
watermelon and whiskers  
Xerox and x-rays  
yoyo and yellow jackets  
zero and zebras

# Butterfly

© 2014

High above me, butterfly  
With your wings so lacy  
Can you see me from the sky  
Or is your view hazy?

Flap your wings to flit  
From flower to lovely flower  
Or fold them up when lit  
Or when there is a shower

# Books

© 2014

Take me away to places I may never visit.  
Show me glimpses of lives I'll never live.  
Carry my imagination on their winds and wings.

Teach me about dandies and seafaring men,  
cads and fathers,  
kings and farmers.

Help me envision heroes and superheroes,  
nurses and nuns,  
school marms and wives.

Transport me,  
promising hours of pleasure.  
Move me, groove me!

# A poem by Tom Green

## The Twig

© 2014

In a forest of trees there stood a small twig,  
Swaying with the smallest of wind;  
Touching the earth and yearning to be,  
More than he felt he was then.

Winter snows came and buried him deep  
In a blanket of unbearable cold;  
And he wished most of all  
That he could stand tall  
Like the trees beside him so old.

For he was so small and they were so tall;  
And majestic to him they appeared.  
All seemed lost at the terrible cost  
Of the future and things that he feared.

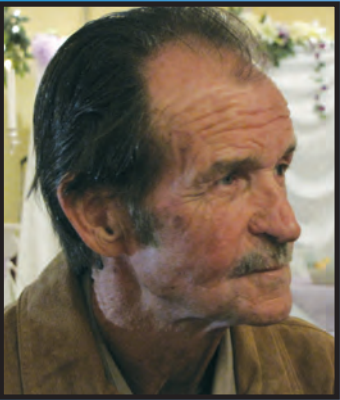
They're so far above me  
And I know they don't love me—  
This thought he carried inside.  
But the time will come  
When I will grow some,  
And the little twig silently cried.

Cold snows gave way to the summer sun  
And the years went by one after one.  
The little tree grew and he always knew  
That someday he would be someone.

Then came the year  
When he lost all his fears,  
And surpassed all the trees he had known.  
But close to his heart  
Were the days of his start  
And his memory of feelings he'd known.

His branches he spread,  
Just far as he could  
And the space that he covered was big.  
For the giant who had  
But a heart made of wood  
Sheltered a hundred small twigs.

So, remember my friend,  
That time and again  
We fail to look down below  
And we make our advance  
Without giving a chance  
For the other small twigs to grow.



Tom Green is an Arizona writer and artist who lives in "the hinterlands," about forty miles north of Tucson. He is a kindhearted self-made man; works hard; has two grown children; and loves to make things out of metals; he made a horse and cowboy bigger than life-size out of recycled materials.

# Artwork by Tom Green



**“Turtle”  
Metal sculpture**



**“Cowboy-n-Horse”  
Metal sculpture**

# Artwork by Tom Green



**"Golden Flower"**  
Metal sculpture



**"Gila"**  
Metal sculpture

# A Call to Writers for The Blue Guitar Jr.

Open to children and teens who write  
and to adults who write  
for children and teens

**T**he Blue Guitar Jr. magazine seeks literary submissions for its next annual issue for children and teens. Submissions from children and teens and adults who write for children and teens are sought by Oct. 1, 2015, in all genres — fiction, poetry, plays, creative nonfiction — all geared to appeal to youthful audiences. 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 Editor Rebecca Dyer at [rebeccadyer@theblueguitarmagazine.org](mailto:rebeccadyer@theblueguitarmagazine.org). For more information, visit [www.theblueguitarmagazine.org](http://www.theblueguitarmagazine.org).



# A Call to Artists for The Blue Guitar Jr.

Open to children and teens who are artists  
and to adults who create art  
for children and teens

**T**he Blue Guitar Jr. magazine seeks art submissions for its next annual issue for children and teens. Submissions from children and teens and adults who create art for children and teens are sought by Oct. 1, 2015, in all media geared to appeal to youthful audiences. Artists must submit original work and must live in Arizona. Simultaneous submissions will be accepted, but the artist 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 mediums; up to 5 images can be submitted. Artists are encouraged to submit images of work by e-mail; please provide high-resolution JPEGs of 300 dpi. Images must be identified in the e-mail with the artist's name, contact information, titles of works, dates and mediums. Please include your name and the best way to contact you. To submit or for more information, e-mail Editor Rebecca Dyer at [rebeccadyer@theblueguitarmagazine.org](mailto:rebeccadyer@theblueguitarmagazine.org). For more information, visit [www.theblueguitarmagazine.org](http://www.theblueguitarmagazine.org).

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*Blue Guitar Jr.  
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2015!*

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