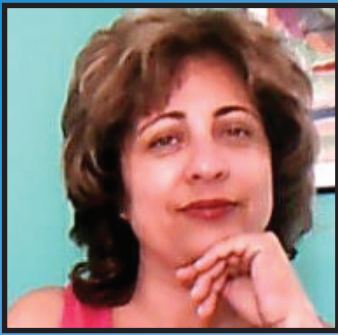


The Blue Guitar Jr.

*Featuring
literature
and art
for youth*

The 2015 edition

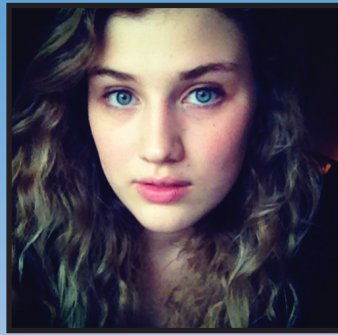




Elena
Neva

Poem

3



Jasmine
Gordon

Fiction

4-11



Eva
Willis

Poems

12-20

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www.theblueguitarmagazine.org and 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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A poem by Elena Neva

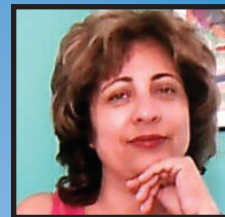
Granddaughter

© 2015

Impromptu while waiting for the concert to begin

When you are born, my Granddaughter, we will go for walks together.
I will sing to you and read to you. We will smile at each other.
We will be the happiest people on Earth.
We will talk and have fun.
When you start school, I will come pick you up and watch you run to me.
We will talk and play. We will have a great time together.
You will grow day by day, and one day you will become a pretty young lady.
We will walk and talk about things. We will have a great time together and never be bored.
Then one day you will meet a handsome young man,
and I will watch you two walk hand in hand and talk.
I will be happy, because you are having a great time together.
Sometimes you will let me come along and we will have a great time,
but I will understand if you two chose to be alone together.
I enjoy walking alone.
Then one day you will have your own grandchild, and you will write your own story.
I am waiting for you!

P.S. Sofia was born on December 8th and we met!



Elena Neva, Ph.D., is an art historian, proud grandmother of a beautiful little flower and proud Mom of two wonderful children. Contact the poet at www.eleaneva.yolasite.com.

MacGregson and the Kelpie

By Jasmine Gordon

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The night was cold and foggy, and I was alone on a path by the loch, still a long way from home. I lived just outside of Elensborough, a small town by the edge of the loch. I had walked this way a million times, it was nice, quiet, and peaceful. My walk gave me time to muse over life and the world, to reckon with the impossible and solve the probable. It was on one of these long nightly walks that my adventures, or maybe misadventures, began.

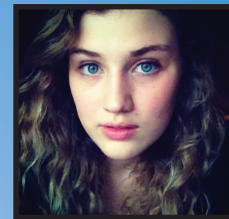
I was about halfway home when I saw it, a gorgeous black horse with a golden saddle and bridle. Its mane flowed around its huge shoulders and its tail was so long that it lay on the ground. Its lustrous coat was so dark that it looked almost like an abyss in the night, and yet still shone like the moon reflecting off the loch. Its elegance drew me in and I walked closer. I looked into its strikingly blue eyes, I found myself sinking into their depths. They were hypnotic, drawing me closer and deeper as if I was sinking down into a pool.

Without thinking I reached my hands forward and grabbed the golden bridle and put my hand on its neck. Its coat was soft and silky and just slightly wet

from the mist. I stroked the horse's neck to get it used to me, talking to it in the soothing voice used to talk to a child. A horse like this must belong to a nobleman, you could see that it was well bred by how it held itself. It needed to be taken home.

I looked back into its eyes expecting pools as deep as the loch, but to my horror, they had gone a dark green and there seemed to be a black fire alight within them! I tried to pull away, but my hand had been sucked into its shoulder – now a mass of slimy kelp. I grabbed onto a nearby tree just as the beast took off! My arm was yanked forward with a gargantuan tug. My fingers slipped from the tree bark and I dragged myself into the beast's saddle. The beast was running towards the shores of the loch like the wind! I knew that pulling on the reins would do no good, or so the stories I'd heard since I was a child said. I had to get the bit out of its mouth! If I got the bit before it got to the loch, then I might live.

I leaned forward, the beast's hooves thrumming underneath me. When it felt my weight shift forward in the saddle, my arm, that was still stuck in its side,



The author writes: "My name is Jasmine Gordon. I am sixteen years old, a junior in high school, and I am a creative soul. Currently, I live in Tucson, AZ, but plan to travel the world. I write everything from fantasy and sci-fi to philosophy papers. I really enjoy the ability to create entire worlds on a piece of paper. Besides writing, I enjoy music and art, I play electric bass, and sing and paint in my spare time. "

Continued on page 5

Continued from page 4

began to drag me back! “NO!” I shouted. But, the beast must have been startled because it turned its head towards me. I took my opportunity and lunged forward! I grabbed the metal bit and dragged it down with me as I crashed into the mossy soil. The beast tumbled after me and began to change, it became entangled in its mane and tail, which I could now see were made of kelp. It seemed to implode and shrink and a green mist flowed around it and a circle of lights of every shade of blue and green spun wildly around the mist.

“Huuuuuumman! G-g-giiive me m-my bit!” The beast began to change. It seemed to sort of flow around itself, a dark green cloud, getting smaller and smaller, until it was only the size of a cooking kettle. The once massive animal flew up to my hand on tiny wings and tugged at the bit.

“Give it here! I promise I won’t drown you, it was an honest mistake..... Honestly!” It squeaked, still tugging on the bit.

“How do I know that you won’t just try to drown me again as soon as you have the bit?!” I asked.

“I won’t!” It squealed. I looked down at it doubtfully. It sighed, obviously exasperated and spoke again. “You know what, to prove it, I will give you 3 pearls, each pearl contains a wish, just smash a pearl and say your wish. I will grant each of your wishes if you will give me my thrice-rusted-bit!” It gave another long tug on the bit. The kelpie had worked himself into a high temper and grew to about a foot tall. If it got angry enough, it would return to its normal size and I would once again be at its mercy.

“Alright, alright, drop the pearls next to the pine cone just there, and I will throw your bit over there.” I

said pointing towards the loch.

“Fine,” came the curt squeak. The kelpie had shrunk back down to near-pixie-size.

“Ready, TRADE!” I said and threw the bit as far as I could before grabbing the pearls it had dropped. I ran and ran, too afraid to look back, until I reached my home. It was small, the garden was in minor disrepair, and the gate creaked, but it was home.

“Where *have* you been?!” said my wife, Helena, a square-faced red-nosed lady with a nest of bright orange hair on her head and a nasty way about her. We had married very young, and I was not so in love as I used to be. I hadn’t even walked inside yet and I was already regretting coming home.

“I just got att—” I started.

“Oh, I suppose you had other more *important* things to do than be at home on time for supper?!” She screeched, as I edged past her and into the hall to warm up by the fire in the small cozy living room. She followed me with ladle in hand.

“I was only late beca—” She once again cut me off.

“Because you did what? Stepped into a fairy ring?!” shrieked Helena.

“*No, I was late because I was attacked by a kelpie!*” I said, this time with some force so that I would not be interrupted. Helena threw me a disgusted glance. She took a long time to answer, muttering to herself, “Kelpies... What’s next...”

Why couldn’t she believe me! It wasn’t so uncommon for someone to be taken by a kelpie. She finally found her voice and finally asked, “Have you gone mad?!”

“What? No! Here, I will show you something that the kelpie gave me after I took its bit!” I said as I

Continued on page 6

Continued from page 5

pulled the pearls from my pocket with a flourish. “Each of them is a wish! You just smash one and it will grant a wish.” I explained, smiling carefully.

“What?!” yowled Helena. “Give them to me!” her eyes gleamed with greed, flitting back and forth between me and the pearls.

“But you sai—” I started.

“HAND THE PEARLS OVER!” She screamed, lunging at them.

“No,” I said, stepping back and pulling my hand away.

“WELL WHY NOT?!” She said, eyeing the pearls again.

“First of all, what would you wish for?” I asked.

“Do the pearls even work?!” She said, ignoring my question.

“I don’t know, let’s try one, just to see!” I said, her question had alighted my curiosity. Helena’s eyes lit up with greed. *This was not a good idea*, I thought.

“Ooh! Let’s wish for money! That way I can get a silk dress.” She grabbed a pearl and before I could stop her, she had smashed it into the floor.

The kelpie was summoned. A glowing circle opened up in the ground and a man climbed out. The circle remained around his feet, and it seemed like a miniature blue and green version of the northern lights were glowing around the edge of the circle. The man was very young, only 19 or 20. He was very tall, and had a head of black hair. *Wait, no, that’s kelp! He had kelp for hair!*

In a very tired and slightly drawly voice he said:

“What on *earth* are you summoning me at this time for?! I was asleep...”

“You said you would give me 3 wishes!” As I said this, the kelpie’s eyes lit up and changed color to a

deep blue.

“Oh you do, do you? Well, spit it out, what do you want?” he said smirking slightly.

“We wish for 7 pots overflowing with gold!” Threw in Helena.

“What?! Helena that’s far too much gold for us to wish for, that would make us as richer than the knights and lords, we do not need that, we are farmers! Simple people!” I protested. It was just too much! Helena glared at the kelpie, ignoring me.

Raising an eyebrow, the kelpie said, “Very well, now when you wake up, the gold will be here.”

Then the northern lights around the kelpie put out a blinding light and when I looked again, the kelpie was gone.

After an argument about the wish, we went to bed. I was up for hours, though, absorbing my day’s adventures. Finally, I fell asleep.

“Look!” someone was shaking me. “Look, look!” My wife said, I sat up quickly and looked around. On the floor at the base of our bed were 7 pots, overflowing with gold.

“God almighty!” I exclaimed. As I walked forwards, I noticed something, a pool was leeching out from the bottoms of the pots, it was a pool of a deep red molasses-like substance. Blood.

“Oh isn’t it pretty?” asked my wife. She walked forwards and took a handful of the gold and put it against her cheek, her feet an inch deep in the quickly spreading pool of blood.

“Helena, what about the blood?”

“Oh never you mind that!” She said and went back to looking at the gold with reverence.

Continued on page 7

Blue Guitar Jr. 2015

Continued from page 6

“Never I mind it?! Helena it’s blood!” I couldn’t believe that she didn’t care a bit!

“Yes yes, I don’t care, go get a rag and clean it up and look at all this money!” I stood there in shock. I dumbly wandered into the kitchen, filled a pail with water, and brought several cloths. I walked back in to see Helena counting the money, putting it in stacks of ten all around the room. I walked to the pool of blood and my stomach gave a lurch; a very, very small hand was sticking out from under one of the pots “Ahh!” I gasped.

Helena stood up and walked out saying, “I’ll be back soon! I’m going shopping, don’t you dare make any wishes while I’m gone!” She said this in an almost sing-song voice. With disgust I walked forwards and lifted the pot off of some kind of object. It was the corpse of a leprechaun. A rush of horror hit me, *I did this*. I pulled two more pots over, two more corpses, *I did this*. I pulled the other four pots off the corpses, *I did this ... I did this ... I did this!* I tripped over my feet as I backed away, falling into the corner. I sat there in shock, before a thought dawned on me.

“Kelpie!” I shouted. “Kelpie, come here now!” I saw the glow behind me and whirled around, furious at the kelpie! I stood slowly, blood dripping off of me. I was disgusted.

“You *beast*,” I screamed. “How could you do that?! There is gold all over the place, in tombs, in warlords’ vaults. Why would you murder seven innocent leprechauns?!” I whirled towards him, gesturing to the blood.

“I got the gold the easiest way possible! That’s what you told me to do,” the kelpie drawled.

“Fine, I wish that I could keep the gold but have the leprechauns come back to life!” Helena would kill me

if the gold disappeared.

“Hmm, there’s a slight problem there, you see, I can’t bring back the dead,” he said, frowning.

“You are an insult to your kind,” I retaliated.

“I can live with that, and I’m actually one of the better ones,” sighed the kelpie.

“You are impossible!” I growled.

“Thank you, now onto business, you have summoned me, now you must make a wish, go on and smash a pearl.”

“Yes, I wish for my wife to be a beautiful, kind person, a person who deserves my love and the money we have been blessed with,” I said, and stopped on one of the pearls, tired of her selfishness and greed.

“Are you sure?” the kelpie was giving me a sly look.

“Positive,” I replied with certainty.

“Very well, then crush a pearl and wait for her to get home and you will live in peace,” replied the kelpie, and with a burst of light, he was gone. I waited and waited, but finally my impatience got the best of me and I went for a walk. I made sure to stay well away from the loch. When I got home, a delicious smell was drifting out of my house, and the garden had been tended to. I walked in and standing there was my wife, but not my wife. The lady standing before me was very beautiful and had her silky red hair done up in a braid around her head.

She greeted me with a “Welcome home, dear,” a kiss and “I made corned beef and cabbage soup. It is ready to eat. Will you help me set the table?”

“Of course!” I said. We laid everything out and she spooned out bowls full of a delicious savory stew. We sat down to eat and she told me of her shopping trip, of how she had had so much money that she had given some extra to the other women in the village so that

Continued on page 8

Blue Guitar Jr. 2015

Continued from page 7

they too could have fine gowns! We talked long into the night and after many hours went to sleep.

Seven peaceful months went by. I was happier than I had ever been in my entire life! We built an extension to our house and Helen (she refused to be called Helena now) decided to extend it and start an inn for travelers, but with some free rooms for those who would otherwise have none. We both agreed not to use any more of the pearls. We were happy, so what use were they to us? We hid the last one away in the barn.

Then the unthinkable happened. Neil, one of my friends from in town, ran into our house, and called out to me.

“Come quickly! There has been an attack! Your wife is in danger!”

“What?!” I said and ran out the door and to the barn. I threw a bridle onto Charles, our draft horse, and just in case, I grabbed the pearl bag. I rode like the wind, as fast as my horse could go; it still felt like he was running in slow motion. I saw the plumes of smoke long before I even had the village in sight. “Helen! Helen!” I yelled as I crested the hill and rode down into the village. “Helen!” The village was in chaos, there was fire everywhere. I ran up to Susan, one of Helen’s friends, and yelled over the noise “Where is Helen?!”

“I don’t know, when I last saw her, she was helping to get the sick out of the sick house!” Susan ran off out of the village and I ran faster, towards the sick house. I could use a wish right now, I could wish that she could be right next to me, safe! I looked over at the pouch at my side. It was the wrong pouch, the wish pouch was still at home, locked up in the barn tack room. *No!* I thought. I ran into the burning building. As I looked, my hope faded and was slowly replaced by dread.

Where is Helen?! That was the panic running through my mind, over and over again. It tormented me and knocked about inside my head as I searched. I would have to leave soon, the smoke was overwhelming me. “Helen!” I called one last time before breaking into a coughing fit. The fit got worse, and as my vision began to blur, I saw her, lying with a sword through her chest in a pool of blood. I ran to her side, no! No! NO! I thought. This wasn’t supposed to happen, we were supposed to live happily ever after, this is not how it works! Then my thoughts expanded to darker channels. Who did this?! I will rip their beating hearts out of their chests! I will bring the very earth down upon them. I held Helen to my chest, as if my arms could bring her back, my tears draining into the vast void now present where she had touched my life.

“*Arrrrrgh!*” I let out a primal roar and pulled the sword from her chest. I picked her up and a charm fell from her hand. An amulet with the markings of the warlord of Nosturr, a particularly bloodthirsty man who could never have enough. I *would* kill him, him and all of his warriors, for my friends and family, and for Helen.

When I returned home, I went to find the pearl. I summoned the kelpie and expressed my need for revenge.

“I can give you the power you seek, all you must do is wish,” he said, dead serious. I threw a pearl upon the ground, smashed it, and growled: “I wish to have the power to avenge my wife.”

“Very well.” The kelpie for the first time ever stepped out of the northern lights. He grabbed me around the waist and threw me over his shoulder, and before I knew it I was once again riding on a horse towards the loch at full speed, but this time I leaned

Continued on page 9

Continued from page 8

into the gallop so that the kelpie could go faster. The kelpie plunged into the loch and the icy water closed around me.

“Do not worry, as long as you hold onto my mane you will be able to breathe,” the kelpie spoke to me in my head. I felt us speed up suddenly and we went deeper and deeper. I clung to the kelpie’s mane for dear life. But, marvelously, my lungs still filled with air, and as we went deeper, the light faded more and more, but I could still see as if it was midday. The giant kelp plants formed an amazing underwater forest, with fish of all shapes and sizes swimming to and fro amongst the massive fronds.

The kelpie swam through the kelp grove and into a cave. At the entrance to the cave there was some kind of fluorescent-gold membrane which we walked through. When we came through the other side of the entrance, we were dry, as if we had never entered the loch at all. As we walked in, a fairy lady greeted us. The kelpie laughed and said, “I would like you to meet my family, This is Aisling, my wife.” He gestured to the lady. Two children peeked out from behind the lady’s skirt. “And these are my children, Ianthe, and Antaeus. They have never seen a man before, so please excuse their shyness.” I was bewildered, I had always thought of kelpies as ruthless killers, not beings with families or things that they cared about.

“I-I...well, it’s a pleasure to meet you all. I have just realized that I have never asked you your name, Kelpie, I am sorry.” I said

“Not to worry, my name is Kai.”

“Well, it is nice to formally meet you and your family.” I bowed my head and looked back up at Kai.

“Onto business then. The power that I am about

to give you also comes with a curse, as does every great power. The fairies are cursed to live forever, the nymphs are cursed with a hideous body, and the kelpies are cursed to murder against their will. Are you willing to accept the consequences of your wish?”

“So I will become a kelpie and live as long as the sea...” I mused. “Yes, I am ready to accept the consequences of my wish,” I said, thinking only of my dead loved one.

“Very well, follow me,” the kelpie said. We walked down through the cave system, deeper and deeper into the earth. Eventually, we reached a huge white marble cavern with images of the sea carved into the walls. Glow worms covered the roof of the cavern in such a density that it looked like the Milky Way had been brought down here into the earth. Several glowing butterflies fluttered around ... a tree? There was a gigantic tree growing in the far end of the cavern. It had white leaves with silver veins and deep bronze bark with gold highlights. At the top of a tree there was a blue-fluorescent ball that let a steady stream of water flow onto the tree. It pooled at the bottom of the tree and created a pond.

“This is a magic Gülemar, magic is floating about the earth in random swirls and currents, kind of like the air. Chambers like this one magnify and purify any magic that comes in contact with them, that is except for magical beings, we don’t get purified,” Kai explained.

“Ah, how does that tree grow here?” I asked.

“Magic I suppose, although in truth I have no idea.”

“Okay, so what do I do now?” I asked.

“I do this,” said the kelpie, drawing a small dagger from a sheath at his waist and cutting a slash in his finger. He then produced a small bowl and let his

Continued on page 10

Continued from page 9

blood flow into it for a few seconds before wrapping a handkerchief around his finger to stem the blood. “Now, you must walk into the water, and keep your mind blank, for the magic here will test you and either deem you worthy or destroy you.”

“Alright.” I sat a few minutes on the water’s edge, clearing my mind of everything and anything. I put my foot in the water and felt the warmth of it on my feet. I walked deeper and deeper into the water until I was shoulder deep and then I submerged my head. The water around me began to swirl into glowing bits of light and bits of dark. I looked up and saw Kai standing on the edge of the water. He tilted the bowl into the water and as soon as the first drop hit the pond the water began to show me things. Terrible battles, Helen’s death, and many other things besides, it tortured me. After what seemed like an eternity, the images grew calmer, it showed me the village rebuilt, the people there happy, my farm flourishing. Then it showed me the warlord, Nosturr, on his throne dead, me standing over him, the lands he controlled set free! I lifted my head from the water, and let out a snort and a whinny. *Wait what!? A whinny?!* Right. I scrambled out of the pond, dragging my tail with me, and Kai started laughing.

“What?!” I said with my best glare.

“You just need to shapeshift to a man! You look ridiculous with a fish tail out of water.” Kai laughed. I couldn’t help but start laughing too. Then when I thought about my new power, the laugh went a little hysterical but I managed to get out, “How...do I...uh.. shapeshift?”

“Well, think of something that links to your human life.”

“Helen,” I said, my happiness gone, replaced again

by the ice again in my heart. And voila! I was human again.

“Once you get the gist of it, you will be able to shapeshift your clothes into armor, and heal your wounds by changing your form. That’s when it comes in really useful.”

I spent the next 2 months getting used to being a kelpie and perfecting my skills. My abilities were amazing. I could jump twice as high, move ten times as fast and see whether it was dark or light. I could think faster but most importantly, I could shapeshift myself and objects around me. Kai gave me lessons with shapeshifting combat and after the 2 months ended I was prepared to go on my mission of vengeance.

“Thank you for all you have done for me,” I said and bowed to Kai and his family. “I owe you so much, I don’t know how I will ever repay you!”

“There is no need, what you will do is good, I have seen the atrocities Lord Nosturr has put upon his people and the people of the surrounding lands. It is his time to fall,” Kai said with a nod.

I traveled north through the lochs and lifted my head above the water for the first time in two months. When I finally got to the kingdom of Nosturr, I changed to a horse and galloped across the land to reach his castle. When I reached it, I imagined myself in a simple hunter’s garb. I equipped myself with a bow and arrows, and the broadsword that I had gotten from Helen’s corpse, as well as two daggers. I would not use magic for this fight.

“Lord Nosturr! Come out, you coward! You killed my wife, I challenge you to a duel, to the death!” I screamed at the castle gates. One of the guards

Continued on page 11

Continued from page 10

disappeared, and some time later the ominous black gates creaked open. A huge man, all in black, rode out into the meadow. He was riding a black steed that looked at me and spoke: *Help me!* in my head. *I will. You will soon run with me,* I replied. The horse would be on this side for my fight. The man on the horse was garbed in a black cape. The ends of it were all tattered and worn, it was so long that it brushed the ground even whilst he was on a horse. His armor was as black as his soul and had more spikes than a porcupine on it. I walked forwards and threw the amulet at him. “Does this belong to you?”

“Why yes, it does, thank you for returning it to me.” said a gravely distorted voice. The voice of Nosturr.

“Then you are my enemy, come, and we shall fight!” I said.

“Eager to die then, are we?” he said mockingly.

“No, but eager to kill you!” With that, we both rushed forwards. This man was a master swordsman and at first he had the upper hand, but I knocked him off his horse and his horse ran to the edge of the field. I fought him with the sword that still had my wife’s blood staining the blade. We fought for a day and a night and half a day again. Halfway through the second day, he got a blow to my ribs. Two of them must have fractured, and as I let my guard down from the pain, he cut the back of my left calf to the bone.

“Ahhhhhhhhrrrrrrrggggghh!” I screamed at the top of my lungs. As he stepped away to avoid a weak blow I thrust at his chest, while he was distracted by this, I used the last of my energy to throw myself at him, grab him around the neck, and bash my head into his, rendering him unconscious. Just as he was regaining consciousness, I thrust the amulet into his face and said, “Remember Helena now?” and I cut

open his chest and tore out his heart.

I stood over his body and yelled to the castle walls: “In three winters I will return, with the one who will be the heir to the throne. You shall crown him your king or you will suffer the same fate as your master. Until then, this man,” I said gesturing for the horse to come over. I quickly touched his forehead and he shapeshifted into a man, “shall be your king!”

“Me? but I am only a horse, how can I lead men if all I have known is the stables?!” the horse said.

“You will do fine, just rule with kindness and generosity,” I said, and with that, I changed to a horse and left to the sight of Nosturr’s previous men bowing to the horse.

As I swam back to my village, I healed. Soon enough, you couldn’t even see the scars from my worst wounds. After two months of living back in the village and drowning 7 travelers in the loch, I realized that I would never be able to return to my home. So, I spent my days searching for a home, and trying to get the blood off of my hands by traveling around and performing as many acts of good as I could. However, now I have accepted my fate. I am now a kelpie, but it doesn’t change who I want to be, nor who I can become.

Epilogue:

MacGregson returned to the kingdom with the child of one of the village’s massacre victims. A little boy with big green eyes and wild red hair. He ruled fairly and so did his children and his children’s children. MacGregson went on to be many different people throughout time, changing as the sea changes, to fit the new world. There are mentions of a man throughout history who has done many little things that made the world a better place.

9 poems by Eva Willis

The Giant 3D Printer

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What if the universe
was a giant 3D printer
able to read our thoughts
and cause them to manifest – in form?

Energy flows
where attention goes.
So what if that energy
transformed into events in 3D?

Yoda would bless us,
saying “May the Force be with you.”
Would that awesome power
make us think anew – give us pause?

What if our thoughts
are creating juggernauts?
What if God Almighty
allows us to create our reality?

We are here to experience
the fullness of the whole-life,
not to deny the darkness
or wish for no strife – instead accept it.

Stay calm, be at peace
and our rate of evolution will increase.
We require no approval
from outside ourselves, no protocol.

We are free beings
who can decide and declare,
create and express,
and experience if we dare – our individuality!



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 in paperback 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.

The Source of All

© 2015

In the shadow of the Himalayas
the snow leopard looks out
over the Tibetan plateau
watching the mists rise up to the heavens
back to the God who sent them.

The Tibetan fox with its narrow
slits for eyes listens
for a fattened pika on the permafrost,
ever hopeful for a meal
from the Great Provider.

The solitary red panda peers
out from the safety of treetops
to watch the white-bellied musk deer
stealthily graze below
in the Father's abode of snow.

The air is so thin
it seems all life floats in suspension
where one is lost in oneself
but knows the majestic mountains
reflect the countenance of the Almighty.

In Mu-stang, Nepal
along the ancient Silk Road
cliff caves are found
which house the mummy bones
that were preserved for the Afterlife.

All life is connected
say the land's rugged inhabitants
and, at once, is both resilient and fragile,
requiring courage and a belief
in a caring Higher Power.

Thus the toothy descendants
work to eke out a survival
in this challenging clime,
counting on the protection of
the All-Seeing One.

Judgment

© 2015

The color of your skin is not important to me.
The religion you choose isn't either.
The only thing that matters is your
character!

If I don't know you,
I can only judge whether you are
threatening or not
by how you look and act.
Sorry, but that is all I have to go on.

Maybe you are robust enough
that you are not threatened by others.
Good for you!
Or, maybe, you think you are robust enough
until someone walks into the school or
movie house where you are
with an assault rifle.

So, if I don't know you
I certainly don't hate you,
but be aware that the way you look
and the way you conduct yourself
might intimidate or threaten me
although I DON'T WANT to feel
intimidated or threatened.

I want to keep what is mine,
what I have worked for.
I want to live out my life
naturally and in peace.
I want to love the God I choose.
That's not asking too much!

Shrug Off the Pressure

© 2015

Ask yourself who you are
Ask yourself what interests you
Ask yourself who you want to be
Feel free to not be me

Everyone wants to fit in
Everyone can be scared
But don't be blue
Just be you

You are enough
Though you may be different
Don't accept a label
Better to be sane and stable

Different things excite different people
Which is a good thing
Consider how the snowflake makes life fun
Like it, you are an original one

Appreciate yourself
And be true to you
Take what others see as your fault
With a grain of salt

Give others the same freedom
And allow them to be who they are
Everyone will be happy
So make it snappy!

Do You Like My Dog?

© 2015

Do you like my dog?
She is not a hog.

She's a very smart dog.
She is not a frog.

She is not a horse,
She's a Dandie Dinmont, of course.

Her name is Bunny.
Do you think that's funny?

She has curly blond hair.
You say you don't care?

She takes lots of work to groom
I do it in the bathroom.

I feed her and fill her water bowl.
Keeping her healthy is my goal.

When I come home, she brings a toy.
She gives me hours and hours of joy.

I like to give her a hug
And lie next to her on the rug.

Hurray for Ice Cream

© 2015

I like ice cream,
really I do.
I even like vanilla.
What about you?

I like butter pecan
and chocolate mint.
Coconut is tasty.
Pistachio has a green tint.

Do you like anything on your ice cream?
I like chocolate sauce
and nuts of any kind.
Sprinkles give a nice gloss.

What do you like your ice cream in?
Do you think a waffle cone is yummy?
Do you like sugar or cake cones?
I like ice cream in my tummy.

Oh, and there's whipped cream
and that maraschino cherry.
That's when you have a sundae.
It makes me very merry!

Wamu Looks for You

© 2015

There is a tiger named Wamu
who has a colorful tie too.
It is yellow and orange and green and blue
and it swings side by side as he moves through
and strolls the jungle looking for you.

He looks for you at high noon.
He hunts for you whistling a tune.
He wanders about during sunny June
and sometimes even under the moon.
He wants to see you soon.

Unfortunately, tigers are getting rare.
We need to make sure their jungles get care.
We want to continue to see them there.
To ensure that they are treated fair,
it wouldn't hurt to say a prayer.

Pigaroo Tale

© 2015

Mary Martha, the pigaroo,
and her little piglet too
got on their horse Blue
and went to the mall.

Martha wanted to buy
new clothes for her little guy,
which she made him try
to see if they were too small.

It was almost time for school to start
and she wanted her piglet to dress smart.
He was the very beat of her heart,
although he wasn't very tall.

“Can you recite your ABC’s,”
Mary Martha would tease.
“Do you remember to say please”
as piglet Poo stuffed his jowl.

So now the poem ends.
Poo made many new friends,
including one named Porky Renz,
and that is all!

Ruby's Day in Town

© 2015

Miss Ruby Poopenyatz went barreling along on her bicycle wearing her pink and purple polka dots with a pink flowered hat.

She stopped to chat when she saw her neighbor, Mr. Toad, standing on the side of the road.

She asked him what was up.
He said things were fine as frog's hair. He didn't have a care.

After saying goodbye, Ruby made her way along Main Street toward the city library to get a book to read.

Mrs. Beryl Bear suggested a book about the out-of-doors and remarked about a honey of a sale at the grocery store.

Miss Poopenyatz was hungry and decided to pop into the cafe owned by her friend, Mr. Tortoise, who said that business was slow.

She ate half a hare sandwich and a cup of mock turtle soup and pedaled her way back home.

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

The 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, 2016, 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. For additional information, visit 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

The 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, 2016, 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 Richard Dyer at richarddyer@theblueguitarmagazine.org. For additional information, visit www.theblueguitarmagazine.org.

Meet the staff of The Blue Guitar Jr. magazine



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*Blue Guitar Jr.
will return in
2016!*

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