The Blue Guitar
Editor's Note

From a distance, as you drive into Tucson from the north, you can see the back of the Santa Catalina Mountains rise up. If the sun's angle is just right, you can see the ridges of the range running smoothly up and down like snows.

I say the back of the Catalinas only because when you live in Tucson, you become spoiled by the front views, nestled as Tucson is in a desert valley, comfortably cradled among four ranges — the Catalinas, the Santa Ritas, the Tuscons, the Rincons. It was almost a prayerlike chant reciting their names and their directions to remember them: the Catalinas to the north, the Santa Ritas to the south, the Tuscons (although we say Tucson Mountains) to the west, the Rincons to the east. It was impossible to get lost as long as you knew which mountain range was which.

I was born and raised in Tucson and met my husband there at the University of Arizona. My side of the family still calls Tucson home. Growing up, I remember equating Tucson's hot, dry climate and desert setting, its palm trees, brush, cactuses and mountains, with the Holy Land. This is what it must be like, I thought, this is what a spiritual place must be like. I still carry that spirit inside me.

Call it what you will, but such a spirit has helped Tucson rise up after the unimaginable tragedy of Jan. 8.

Like the strong backs of the mountains ringing it, the city bears its grief and pain with dignity. It is willing itself to keep going, to salvage what it can, to focus on the good, to continue to reach out to those seemingly unreachable.

The rest of the state, indeed the nation and the world, could learn from such faith and perseverance, this unwavering sense of commitment and community.

With this issue, our fervent prayer is that the healing power of hope, like the desert’s miraculous rain, will continue to renew and restore, and love, like the wildflowers that each year signal spring, will continue to abound.

To the people of Tucson, especially to those who have suffered hardship and pain but continue to reach out and endure, this issue is lovingly dedicated.
One Poem By Erin Armstrong

Six Degrees

© 2011

Static unfolds across the city
Nation
World
Bullets Scatter
Step up to a podium
Pep rally
The State of the Union: chaos
Tell the nation, tell everyone to be a teacher
It’s what we can do for our children
Weeks ago stand in a stadium where athletes run back and forth across a waxed court
Sweat drips faster when you run
Pass out t-shirts and call that unity
Maybe
It is less than six degrees of separation in this town
Everyone was there
How do you comfort a city that acts like a town and doesn’t know what to do when the violence
of a city infiltrates their town?
The coyotes have come down from the mountains
The ants are making larger holes
Water doesn’t run as far as we’d like it to
The cacti refuse to let death take them
The city works to survive
We wonder how to heal
Someone calls her self the hope girl
She looks like flowers splayed in front of a hospital lawn, candles burning through the night,
pictures scattered, sterility broken, a city vigil in the midst of anarchy
One Poem By Esther Schnur-Berlot

Mayhem and Miracles

© 2011
Saturday morning’s Tucson sun
splashes across our local Safeway
entrance. An unknown actor wearing
a hoodie and sunglasses steps forward
appearing over caffeinated with
a blinking nervous system that suggests
too much tea talk.
In 15 seconds his inarticulate rage
fires off 31 Glock bullets shooting
a hole through the skull
of our congressional leading lady.
The rampage of explosive hate goes on
firing into the right to assemble cast –
a child, a judge, a groom to be
and chivalrous husbands covering
wives in their twilight years
to shield them from harm.

Frightened by the apocalypse
of the dead and wounded
the undaunted audience, of ordinary
people, tackle the crazed one.
They rush in all directions to care
for loved ones and strangers drenched
in blood.

Old Pueblo is under klieg lights.
Mayhem and miracles scream from
front page headlines. The President
arrives for the curtain call paying homage
and consolation to our desert hamlet.

With new found resilience we await
our leading lady’s return to the stage.

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.
One Poem By Lynn Black

Dedication To The Living And The Deceased In Dahab - Sinai, Egypt; Re: Bombing Of 4/25/06

© 2011
The clear desert skies
clouded up this morning
and I cried …

To the concierge of a hotel
who tried to take advantage of me
when I had sand in my eyes …
may you meet 10,000 virgins in heaven.

The sands shifted today
parting and reshaping
a new destiny:

To the record store owner
dazzling me for hours
with a whole new world of sounds
as we drank Egyptian tea
and read our fortunes in our laughter.

To the gift shop owner
who carefully measured
oil of jasmine into a bottle..
distilling our friendship and love.

I whisper
to the restaurant owner
who also sang the Koran each evening
from a make-shift mosque
of clay and straw …
a neon tube glowing atop
in the shape of an arrow pointing
towards the heavens

etching into my being
the chant of life …

“I am part of you.”

---

Lynn Black has been a massage therapist for the past 16 years. Before that, she worked in the corporate world doing everything from legal secretary to selling cars. She has lived all over the country and traveled the world. Lynn has always been a writer ... from a little girl quietly trying to make sense of the world to the present. Lynn observes: “I say this: Many of us are afraid of sitting too close to the fire; we think the desires of our hearts might combust. That is not what happens ... not only will the passion consume, but transform.” Contact Lynn at: highergroundmassage@gmail.com.
© 2011
Winter drives a black cough
to carry ethers into collapsed lungs. Unseen hands
shake doorknobs. I cannot sing sleep back to the birds.
Lifeless flowers bend dark faces to dirt.

Half a body
under invasion
from each
of the four ways.
This is the territory
of anonymous stars.

Months hence, I awake from the last day to forget.
Buds come to branches long bare of pears.
I unclasp my hands gently, and the wind
gives dead leaves a holiday.
Late Call

© 2011

Last night,
Turning, I was blinded
By a ray of light.

– Seigen-Yuiin

Centuries ago
Zen masters in Japan summoned their thoughts
for final
poems in which a hare might leap and a crow
might reel
or a mud-bull trot the ocean floor before in June
snowflakes
fall. More recently, Noel Coward said,
Goodnight
my darlings, I’ll see you tomorrow, while Anna Pavlova
asked for
her swan costume to be prepared. Oscar Wilde
insisted
either the wallpaper had to go or he would.
Karl Marx
dismissed his housekeeper and told her
last words
are for fools who haven’t said enough. For others,
the end
comes suddenly one Saturday before they have
the chance
to speak or to know why the man with the gun
picked them
on the morning after he telephoned a friend at 2 am
and left
a message in the dark inviting no reply:
Hey man,
it’s Jared. Me and you had good times. Peace out. Later.

A Study in Hope

© 2011

Hope is a word from the dark, heard
when nobody knows who spoke.
Listen,

there it is again, in a foreign language; Arabic
this time. It’s been spoken a lot
in Australia and Pakistan
asking for the rain to end, while the same word
in Niger asks
for it to start. We remember

how it stretched into a syllable so long
in Russian, Czech, or Polish, that it could

no longer be cut from the dictionaries.
It comes and goes. Sometimes years
go by

without our even thinking about it.
If rainforests could speak
they’d find a way to say it, but
the high pitched cries the howler monkeys make
in the canopy

are as close as they come.
It’s impossible to know whether the polar bear
who swam for nine days to find ice
ever hoped, or how

the ice could say it hopes temperatures will fall
before it disappears. Hope is too abstract. Ice
on the other hand

is tangible. We know when it’s there; the polar bear
would know when it’s gone.
We hope she never has to find out.
In Memory

© 2011

Times remembered
By friends & family left behind,
Of the ones who’ve been called home,
And never to return.

Unable to understand...
Difficult to forget...
Yearning to accept...
Your Shadow in our Hearts.

You’re gone; we remain.
A part of you will linger,
Leaving behind an emptiness
That cannot be explained.

Wisdom,
Love,
Faith;
Comforts & keeps us.

We pray to our heavenly Father;
He is always with us.
He brings the everlasting light
Into the darkness of, your...
Shadow in our Hearts.

In Loving Memory

Peace & Blessings
for those who became Tucsonans

© 2011

Dedicated to Daniel Hernandez and the residents of Tucson.

i.

come walk
beside
my wounded
body

the flaying
between us
is only ours & we can give
no lashing

in return
after all –

our
lashèd
parts
still
sing

let us remember and bless the wingèd

& blessèd be the creatures that slither
on the ground

the untouchable
enduring

great bodies of land

great bodies of water

great bodies in the sky

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Whitney DeVos is an MFA candidate in poetry at the University of Arizona in Tucson. She is the co-Editor-in-Chief of the literary journal Sonora Review. Her work has been published online at Back Room Live, and in print, Passwords, a literary magazine of the Claremont Colleges. She sometimes manages blogs about Dante at http://infernosummer.org.
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distressed
and spilling
over

in this
they are like us

the inevitable
opening up

privileged
to survive
if only
once

our most
vulnerable
structures

static
intact

and if again, to know love

the vitriol
that comes
with being

separate

yet
clasping
organisms

o
belovèds

the necessity
of preserving

words / the incorporeal

our simple
gestures

our
bridges

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\textit{ii.}

when they are drawn

the ability to weep

though our bodies have gone strange: something recalling hope here:

a realization

and the capacity to hold

what feels like a vacant organ again

\textit{iii.}

we try our hands

at the backs of chairs

we clutch the backs of others
iv.
lanterns
the brittle wind

v.
and yet:
all this accounted for
the tangents
of human despair
beside us shorn bodies
dead bodies
even now emitting a periphery
light it seems once
traversed the air cleaved

vi.
and yet: come walk
beside me
I shall walk
alongside the moat
trench of your body
and you
    alongside mine

in spite of:

the book’s answer:
sadness

is something
that grows

    yes, alive  wants
        a harbor

and us, we shall be still
newly-picked

    our bright wounds shining
        from woolen mouths

this munificent ritual shedding

    of words
        and yet:

vii.

suddenly the rain
fall

wind chimes still
gleaming
One Poem By Jonelle Farr

The Door

© 2011
Catastrophe.
Unsteady and stumbling through the crumbled rubble—
This depicts what our lives have now become.

Disaster.
Our house has been swept away
Like a drawing from a dry erase board.
All that remains is a sea of cement slabs
Looking like a disorderly upheaval of crushed ice;
A foundation—
Its wooden beams stretching flimsily towards the sky
Like the loose ends of an unfinished wicker basket;
Part of a once-strong brick wall
Standing cruelly sawed in half,
Its edges looking like corrugated cardboard;
In the background
A telephone pole twisted like a wire—
Bent and swaying like a blade of grass in the slightest of breezes.

A Door.
One oak door standing tall and solitary
As if it has roots too deeply twisted in the ground
For the confusing whirlpool of wind to wrest it from the earth.
How it survived I will never know;
But there it stood
Outlined by the perfectly measured door frame
Looking like a picture hanging against a sky
As gray as a steel sheet
Hovering over the chaos below.
How many times has this door been opened and closed?
Now it stands closed for the last time.
Even if it were opened
It would only reveal the same tragedy on the other side;
Yet the brass doorknob shines like a golden orb
Captivating the eye and drawing me in.
I reach out a trembling hand
To gently touch the smooth familiar handle.

Revelation.
The door is a beacon of hope
Towering above the ruin and decay.
The door may close off my past way of life,
But it is still a door—
One that can also open to opportunities
For starting over fresh and new.
Laura Fellows was born in West Virginia into a family of artists, writers, and musicians. Her family lived in several states on the East Coast. She moved to Arizona as a young adult, living in Flagstaff, Tucson, and eventually Sedona. She has four degrees unrelated to art or music, and has worked as a school psychologist and a clinical social worker. Since her youth, Laura has been an avid outdoor enthusiast, and has been involved in rafting, canoeing, skiing, hiking, and cycling in Arizona. She has studied art and music in a variety of settings and plays classical guitar, violin, mandolin, ukulele, recorder, and harmonica. After experimenting with other mediums, she settled on watercolors as a medium. She paints with bold colors on quarter sheets of 140# or 300# Arches paper, and is particularly enamored with filbert brushes. She paints almost exclusively from life, and uses photographs only occasionally to add missing details. She can be contacted at laurafellows@msn.com.
Laura Fellows
Sedona Artist

“Post Catharsis”
Watercolor
Laura Fellows
Sedona Artist

“Post Katrina”
Watercolor
Laura Fellows
Sedona Artist

“Danza Soledad”
Watercolor
Creativity has been an unrelenting force in my life; I have been a visual artist, a writer, and a musician as long as I can remember, although I was encouraged to pursue a practical career. Sometimes this force is a flowing river, and other times it is an explosive force pent up behind the dam created by my job obligations. I am a person with a lot of energy and stamina, but even for me, it is daunting to find the time to paint, write, and play music while developing an unrelated career. School assignments and job-related tasks have provided me with many opportunities to write, but painting and music have competed for my time and energy. One evening I stuffed my guitar into the background of a painting I was rushing to complete so that I could play the guitar. I was struck by the vision that my painting could become the vehicle to chronicle my musical life. Thus was born the focus of my current artistic life and a venue in which the creative force behind my visual and musical art could intertwine and emerge in one tangible form. I play the guitar at a level of obsession. When my last job vanished beneath me, I found myself on an intensified journey with the guitar. Clinging to my music life seemed like a viable way to hold onto myself and remain focused on creating a future. I began rising at 4:30 every day so that I can play the guitar at least 30 hours a week. The painting Catharsis was a reaction to having botched a guitar solo performance due to my enthusiasm and performance nerves, I was not able to play the piece, and I found this to be painfully frustrating due to the amount of work I had invested in the piece. The painting is really a self-portrait of my reaction; I am the guitar. I am currently very involved in creating a series of music-related paintings and they all similarly relate specific emotional stories from my personal path as a musician. Nevertheless, emotions are universal and it is my hope that this truth will enable my paintings to touch the viewer and facilitate their reflections of their own emotional path.

– Laura Fellows
Ironic

© 2011
Dedicated to the victims of the Tucson Tragedy

There’s a song that goes like that; an old man turns 98, wins the lottery and dies the next day, or a death row pardon two minutes too late, rainfall on your wedding day, how about a black fly in your chardonnay?

Isn’t it ironic?

There were no premonitions on that deceptive day, as the Catalina Mountains overshadowed the Safeway, a backdrop to the scene about to unfold illusion of safety, a perception of peace a wide open space, unguarded, a hunting field.

Isn’t it ironic?

An area, like any corner of our nation protected by an amendment to assemble and speak freely preserving the right of the people to keep and bear arms a parking lot; a battle ground; as the first shot hit home at half-laugh and mid-sentence, like a rag doll she dropped.

Isn’t it ironic?

A grandmother fell, a judge, a young child mere puppets on stage, their strings cruelly cut chaos erupted, scrambling like deer, playing hide-and-seek, or Russian Roulette? a lunatic’s eyes, a spray of bullets, and silence.

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Flora Gamez Grateron, a Texas native, has been writing most of her life. Born the seventh child of nine, her stories and poems reflect the complexity and rewards of living among a Mexican-American family rich in culture and tradition. Flora’s work has been published in The Blue Guitar, an arts and literary magazine of the Arizona Consortium for the Arts, and in La Bloga, a Flor y Canto out of Los Angeles speaking out on Immigration issues. Her Corrido on her 89-year-old dad was one of the winners at the 2010 Tucson Meet Yourself Festival. Flora has also been published in the Oasis Journal 2010. She belongs to Sowing the Seeds, a women's writers group working on an anthology. Flora graduated from the University of Arizona and teaches English/Language Arts in the Sunnyside Unified School District in Tucson, Arizona.
Isn’t it ironic?

The shells are spent, the Glock’s work done
humans like mummies shuffle around
pantomime takes over, signals and gestures
like characters on a stage that abruptly collapsed
but for some, the craziness matters
none.

Isn’t it ironic?

The strong and the able sprang into action
there were heroes that day, and angels and saints
the setting no longer be
fits the light hearted play
the muse has arrived and turned it into Greek tragedy
as the scene nears its end, our main character’s eyes
close.

Isn’t it ironic?

We wept and lamented, gnashed our teeth and asked why?
we visited memorials, lit candles, paused and contemplated
we read their life stories, learned their names, attended funerals,
but one thing we could not do was comprehend, or worse,
feel the pain of the mother, or wife, or husband left behind to
mourn.

Isn’t it ironic?

One act of cowardice, an instant of insanity, brought disbelief,
people of strength brought to their knees by the news
darkness overtook our sunny Old Pueblo
we struggled to return to ‘before 1/8/11’
but after that day, our city was
tainted.

Isn’t it ironic?

Our beloved Tucson became a euphemism
reluctantly, we became the new Columbine, or Virginia Tech
“Let’s hope we don’t have another Tucson,” they remark
still we pray our main character recovers to take a bow
when the stage lights dim and the final curtain is
lowered.

Isn’t it ironic?
Often I Meet

© 2011
After a line by Theodore Roethke

Often I meet, on walking from a door,
Someone I think I knew, but cannot place.
I stand on an awkward edge of hello, fumbling
to bind frayed edges, torn apart.
Glances collide at my rasped Good Morning.

He harrumphs,
Good Afternoon
in counterpoint.
We retreat forward
to our separate days.

Often I hear, when I still my voice,
words I know, but never spoke
as obligation beckoned.
Words to support or defend.
Pale statue beside
myself in vexed immobility,
lest my comfort be interrupted.
Stifled words dine
like unwanted guests
on twinges of guilt.

Often I savor, in some dimly lit café,
a slice of perfect-apple pie, redolent
with cinnamon, nutmeg, home and hungry boy.
Parents who mend broken toys,
bad at arithmetic, good at multiplying love.

I picture them today
in sandwich boards.
Front: Honor thy mother and father.
Back: Where did we go wrong?
No point of contact.

Often my hand, in dark and narrowed space,
sinks in diaphanous blanket of web: highway,
pantry, playground, gossamer-strand kingdom.
Uncomprehending invasion with fevered hand
catches me open-mouthed, aghast, at bay. Momentarily

I am quarry ensnared.
I withdraw, wipe
the web across
my shirt — callous
home wrecker.
Often I catch, on some errant breeze,
the scent of rue. Botanic embodiment
of emotion, wafts past lures me onward.
One does what one must and would
do again. Route chosen years ago.

No detours, no
stoplights. Compulsion
propels me.
Without end. Nemesis
with my shoes.
Two Poems By S.M.T. Hedger

Blown Away

© 2011

Where have all the children gone?
One by one they left

I want never to see
The pool of blood a child leaves

Still worse is
To look away

The sightless that walk amongst us
Take it all in stride

Bullets rip through our innocents
A shame we can’t conceal

When a small frame falls
From the view of crosshairs

I see the mournful mothers
I hear the wailing fathers

We have lost so many now
Our children pay the price

Too little the time
Too empty the casing

Caught in the scope
Of zero tolerance

Too void the justice
Too loud the boom

How can we emerge from the darkness
When we kill the light

Written for the fallen desert blossoms:

Tanee Natividad
16 years old girl
Shot and killed
Tucson, Arizona
November 18, 2001

Brisenia Flores
9 year old girl
Shot and killed
Arivaca, Arizona
May 30, 2009

Sergio Huereca
15 year old boy
Shot and killed
Mexico-Texas Border
June 6, 2010

Brenda Arenas
15 year old girl
Shot and killed
Tucson, Arizona
August 5, 2009

Christina Green
9 year old girl
Shot and killed
Tucson, Arizona
January 8, 2011

Lovingly this poem is dedicated to these children; and to all children who find their end in front of a gun.

Sara was born and raised in the Arizona desert among the foothills of the Superstition Mountains. She became aware of social issues and inequalities at a very young age, and has always used poetry to mend. Recently her poetry has been shared on La Bloga’s “On-Line Floricanto,” Immigrants2befree and on the Facebook page Poets Responding to SB1070. In January, Sara was invited to read “I Will Be Silent No More” on France Kassing’s radio show, on KDVS 90.3 FM broadcast from UC Davis, California. Her proudest achievement is her volunteer work to stop the deportation of American veterans. You can join her and learn more at www.valenzuelabrothers.com. Currently she lives in Syracuse, NY, as a student, wife and mother.
I will be silent no more

© 2011
I heard the lies growing up,
The ones that are whispered in white folks’ homes.
The jokes that aren’t funny
But program you with a smile on your face.
The jokes about shooting “cans.”
The jokes about them, the others, the not us.
The illegals, the wetbacks, the aliens.
All those over there,
In front of the Home Depot
(When they were still allowed to stand there
And beg for honest work, for labor).
And they would run up to the sides of white trucks
Driven by white men.
And I would wonder with my child mind,
Why do they run?
As a farmer’s daughter we ran our horses
When we wanted to sell them
To white men in white trucks,
In order to show off their value.
Now, as an adult, I see the two displays as the same.
As I have grown so has our hate toward them —
The others, those over there, the not us.
When I enrolled in college I was so happy.
Happy to be a woman,
Happy to be the first in my family,
Happy to be in higher education.
2 years in, Proposition 300 was passed.
Many people have forgotten it now.
It was the first step of control,
Of open racism, of open hate,
Of closed thinking.
And it passed in my birth land.
It was so that they, the others, the not us,
Could not get, and would not get, a foot up.
It was a ban on educating them.
If you could not prove your citizenship
Then you — a not us — must pay out of state tuition
For the entire duration.
This inflated tuition was 3 times my fare.
And in that moment, it happened.
I found I have a ball in my throat,
A round and heavy sphere.
If I swallow it, it shall consume me.
So I keep it there, lodged.
It is the blackness that shuts out truths,
And it will silence you.
And so it went on,
With the minute men,
And with the people who tipped over
And destroyed water stations,
Pouring water, Arizona’s blood
Onto the dusty desert floor.
Knowing that they caused certain doom
For them, those others, the not us.
And then, SB1070 so we could once and for all
Be done with them — the alien, the illegal, the wetback.
They are not even worth reading about
Or teaching about.
She said we have to keep it from our children
As if it is something catchy.
HB2281
Don’t speak of them, the others, the not us.
And when Tucson schools refused,
And funding was threatened, they swallowed hard
The sphere of lies and silence.
Now it rests in their belly and they fight no more.
Justice forever gone, scattered in the Sonoran wind,
And still it was not enough.
Now they — those others, the not us, over there —
Must carry papers,
Just as the Jews were forced to in Nazi Germany.
And all of this has defined us
More than it has them.
We who whisper behind closed doors
And in voting booths.
We who sit on the sidelines and cheer for no one.
We who let them — the dictators — tell us what to believe.
We who evict the indigenous
And call babies anchors
And as I write this,
I feel the ball in my throat contract and tighten.
Perhaps you can feel it too?
It is awkward and discomforting,
And as it tries to silence me I cry out.
I will not let this hate define me
Nor my generation
Nor my people.
And I will yell
And I will tell all who will listen.
I will be silent no more.

www.TheBlueGuitarMagazine.org
One Poem By Joshua Hunter Hensley

Todo un Mente

© 2011

I’m sorry
Ask me a question
Because I have to say

I don’t have hope
Probably none at all
I’m not sure right now

I see things as a farce
Of self-perception, us and them
And I think all of us are

Repeating things, everything, you know what I mean
And the collective mind of all of us, though not filled
Is cluttered with Information and History and Fun and Truth and lies and Media etc. etc.

According to what that mind already had set up
In a certain part of the planet
I don’t believe the New Times or the World Wide news
So
I will not respect a killing spree
There are no dirty words for it

hope

In anything Living off a dui like an irregular heartbeat
Regretting nearly all the drugs we’ve ever done

This state is reactionary and scary,
I like brown people
Why does everyone look so Mad on the street
I’m paranoid as (expletive deleted) on and off the freeway
This is a police-state
The weather sucks (no offense)
Driving is maniacal
Punishment unusual

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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.
I’m sorry
I do not know why

I started attacking Arizona for the way I perceive
How can I express hope
I don’t know how
I’m sorry we’re like this
I’m sorry to say

Yet what can we really do but pray for those people and love them
Make an effort to be Good
And be Funny
When I thought of Hope I became sad
I can’t express it

Insanity is either
A complete mental breakthrough
Or breakdown, we all know that
The govt. is a dream

Wake up

Go out and accost people with Freedom
With Truth
Spread Healing words of Hope

At everybody you see on the street
Don’t ask me
Question yourself, I’ll try

Dear Mind
I Love you
I’m sorry for what I said earlier

Come here
Let’s make up
I’m so sorry
I Love you

Would you like to buy some roses or a painting or some
Poems or a book
Can I mow your lawn

Please just don’t be sad, Mind
I Love you
I’d do anything to get you back
I guess
That’s my only Hope

Peace

Continued from page 25
Hope Shining

© 2011
I grieve today —
My loved one has passed on,
beyond the Sun.
I’ll grieve tomorrow and too many more;
But I know that there is peace,
Beyond the Sun.

I’ll grieve in loneliness today
but I’ll grieve with joy;
for stress and pain, like mist, dissolved;
and I’m sure that there is peace
Beyond the Sun.

I’ll grieve in darkened light today,
the evening of a life;
the curtains not completely drawn,
for I know that there is hope,
Beyond the Sun.

I’ll grieve a little less today;
Tomorrow hurries in;
Fullness of Joy,
brightness of Hope,
in a land beyond ... Beyond the Sun.

For I know that Hope, resplendent, shines,
Beyond the Sun.
One Poem By Sean Medlin

A Two-Part Letter for Citizens of Earth Enduring Tumultuous Times

© 2011

I
When I saw the revolutionary’s shot,
Fall
Crippled winged and burning,
I thought,
...The whole world will soon be on fire.

Soon, cars in New York and Washington will explode with Molotov madness,
And Cruise missiles will sink into U.S Soil.
I admit, I haven’t been following the crisis in Libya or Egypt.
I have been too wrapped up in my own ignorance
But there are gunshots denouncing freedom,
And soldiers killing civilians in the name of a dictator,

This,
Sounds like 1959 the Cuban Revolution,

This,
Sounds like 1791 the Haiti Revolution,

This,
Sounds like too many dead bodies and empty guns,
People of Libya,
People of Egypt,
I may not know your history,
Or the wars you’ve already fought,
But you’ve alerted a sleeping world and now we watch in awe as you shake an old regime
With vigor and bloodshed,
I am with you…

Signed,
An Ignorant American.

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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, last year, I started performing my poetry every Friday at a Spoken Word Coffee Shop called the Fair Trade Café, on 1st Avenue 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. I’ve also been one of the top scoring Brave New Voices Slam poets; I’ve made it into the Grand Slam 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.
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II
Do not weep.
The sea is not angry with you.
Mother Earth doesn’t hold grudges.
8.9 might as well be the Devil’s number,
No one deserves what you’ve stomached.
As your reactors pop, like kernels in a microwave
And the water bulldozes through your cities in an attempt to kiss the sky…
There is hope.

There is hope for you.
You who stood against two Atomic bombs and shrugged off the ashes,
You who dared to innovate and build futuristic wonders for the world,
You Japan, there is hope for you.
I see it in the goodness of people,
Who will help like they did in New Orleans,
Who will help like they did in Chile.
The Citizens of Earth will not let Japan become another Haiti,
Recovery can be made possible with more than just dollars,
There are a thousand praying souls pleading for your country to heal

I am with you.

Signed,
An Ignorant American.
Marie Lang was born in Chicago and raised in Columbus, Ohio. Marie recognized at a young age that her love of art would be a lifetime passion. Her work has been described as “wordless and refreshingly primitive, without reliance on words and intellect.” She began publicly exhibiting her paintings in 1983, and since then has consistently exhibited her work in art galleries throughout the Midwest, including Mars Gallery and Eclectic Junction in Chicago, Woodwalk Gallery in Wisconsin, Roy, G. Biv Gallery, Acme Gallery, and The Painted Monkey in Columbus, Ohio.

Marie graduated from Ohio State University in 1989, and in 1991 she earned the credentials ATR, as a registered art therapist. She has been the featured artist on an award-winning profile documentary series, which aired nationally, called “D’art.”

Patrons living in Columbus, Atlanta, San Francisco, Chicago and New York have collected her work. In addition to her work as an artist, Marie is a mother and wife, married for 25 years. Marie Lang has also been a presenter overseas and locally, presenting workshops on creativity and faith and healing from loss and grief. After the death of her first son in 1997, she began to use art to help children heal from loss. Currently, Marie resides in Mesa, Arizona, where she paints, rides horses and is writing about art as prayer. Marie can be contacted at marietlang@gmail.com or on Facebook.
Marie Lang
Mesa Artist

Love is the talisman of
human weal and woe

“The Talisman”
Oil paint and paper
Marie Lang
Mesa Artist

“Transformation”
Oil paint and paper
Marie Lang
Mesa Artist

“A step at a time”
Collage

“I believe that art is most powerful as an expressive outlet for all that it means to be human, colorful, messy, spectacular.”

– Marie Lang
One Poem By Naomi Miller

The strings of my guitar lament

© 2011
The strings of my guitar lament
the passage of my time not spent
in meeting, greeting issues of the day
that come so frequently across my way.

Oh yes, my children call and I respond,
For them, I’m always ready with my wand.
My neighbors, too, can call on me to act.
With friends I know, I have a silent pact.

But then, where is the reaching hand, the caring touch,
for those whose lives “do not amount to much”?
(in parlance of the men in power and place
who make decisions for those they seldom face)

I must not slide along that silent throng.
I must not play that corollary song.
I’ll be a player with my word and deed,
give voice and hand to grow an action seed.

After a longtime career as a professor and psychosocial therapist in the field of social work, poet Naomi Miller enjoys writing and retirement in Oro Valley. Contact Naomi at rochester10@comcast.net.
Two Poems By Brian Mostoller

Primal Scream

© 2011
Primal scream
is what I want.
Throw everything to the wind
and see what comes back.
Plant that which does.
It’s March.
Good time for winds.
Here I am,
O wind.
Scatter me to the sky
and cast me on good land.

Reckoning

© 2011
Come on, my enemy, we have yet to wrestle for our lives,
but many hard and miserable hours must you endure
until that period shall arrive.
— Frankenstein

“What did you expect?”
he heaves between breaths.
He smiles.
Hair clutches his face, and
a corner of his lip twists up.
“I’ve hunted you a long time,”
I say, but my voice wanes and my head sags.
Ragged and icebound,
we stand.
“You don’t have the guts,”
he taunts.
His breaths slower, measured.

A seed
from somewhere in my childhood,
he embedded himself
in soft, moist thoughts.
He grew thick and dark,
and sprouted severity.
Tall and ripe,
he choked my clarity.
All I could do was
chase.

“I don’t know what to do.”
The dull throbbing pounds the words
from my mouth.
He laughs.
“I want a different end,”
I say.
No more chase.
Make friend
from fiend.
Geometry

© 2011

At Thanksgiving my brother-in-law prays like the Widow Douglas over the mashed potatoes I made. I tip my head down and mumble ‘Amen’ to please him, but I don’t really mean it.

Later, when we walk in the snow and I am behind him trying to rest my feet into his footsteps reducing my effort, I see his footprints point outward like a duck’s. I’ve also noticed a duck’s feet are quite different from ours.

If I drew a line between the tips of the toes then followed the instep with two more lines finally meeting at a point, the triangle would be obtuse, which is the only thing I remember from geometry. Maybe, 117 degrees at the crucial angle.

When I walk with my head down avoiding eyes maybe pretending to read the papers in my hands I see my feet. The left points full-steam ahead like the Titanic going for the iceberg.

My right foot, however, veers starboard out toward unknown adventure until it is brought back by the force of my leg to which it is fully attached.

And my footsteps can be made into a triangle too, even if it is acute.
Bullet Democracy

© 2011

Ten AM, a Safeway parking lot.
As she speaks, treacherous chance pulls her number.
The bullet enters her head and
fifteen grams of abrupt lead weigh her down.
She stops mid-sentence, swaying with the extra load,
fading, wondering who else Madness has tapped,
why someone decided to vote with a Glock.
Balance loses to gravity and she falls,
surrounded by crying, curses,
draining dreams onto a parking lot curb
while the gun sings, over and over,
the only note it knows.

One Poem By Dan Ramirez

At 17 Dan Ramirez was discouraged by his family and high school counselor from pursuing a career as a writer. Forty years later, he picked up a pen and discovered his voice as a poet. Contact him at luftpistole@cox.net.
Nicole Royse is a fine artist located in Tempe. Her website is www.nicoleroyse.com. She can be reached at nicoleroyse@gmail.com.
Nicole Royse
Tempe Artist

“Zenith”
Nicole Royse
Tempe Artist

“Layers”
Nicole Royse
Tempe Artist

“Radiant”
Nicole Royse
Tempe Artist

“Vivacious”
Nicole Royse
Tempe Artist

“My artwork focuses on abstraction of form through the use of line and color by working with Acrylic and Oil paint on canvas. I am a young emerging artist (self-taught) with a Bachelors of Arts degree in Art History. I focus and draw on the natural world that we encounter every day and throughout the course of our lives. I aim for my work to be modern in aesthetic by using clean lines and a bold color palette while maintaining an elegant simplicity of form. Through my examination and exploration of the natural world and my inner self, I am led on a journey of rediscovery where I must sift though the complexities of life. My artwork is also in many ways a reaction to my life experiences. Everyone experiences a wide range of events, reactions, emotions, and beliefs; through all of this a history is created that essentially makes us who we are today. This history and journey is important, unique, and essential to every one of us. In each of my artworks I try to examine my life, a memory, or an event through which I use line, color and texture as my tools. Through each painting I express a pure and simple idea, an idea that others may reflect on and connect to while encouraging them to examine their own lives in some way.

– Nicole Royse

“Awakening”
Some Afterwords

© 2011

Someone opened the discussion with
“We live, and then we die.”
Then you, Tim, reminded them
about the chance for an “Afterword.”
All they had to do was write. You said,
“Live, and write. Do it for yourself, and
for those who can’t.”

Most winter days you wore a natty gray cardigan
over a black cotton tee, fit
the description of R.’s last persona:

   tough guy in the guise of a grandfather
   waking from his nap

In Spring, green vines and samurai tattoos
crawled out of your shortened sleeves. You said
in conference, “Just looking at these
gives me strength.” Remembering that, and how
I fought with your conviction – you’d never get old.
I was afraid, watching you walk backwards, waving,
your head and shoulders filled with the faint chimes
carried over from the chapel, and in the corridor,
sky’s glassy cinnamon light.

Remember D. who admitted in class she lost her faith in men?
She has now confided to us, not long after your heart attacked, after
you didn’t make it back, that you had offered her once
your gloves. It was a cold night in January, both of you in line
waiting for the concert doors to open. She confessed your kindness
was real, but she was stuck, couldn’t get back the trust.
Still, she reminds herself: Live, and write.

On my way home yesterday, under crimps of tussock grass,
an unexpected rabbit stood-up: gray coat, glossed muscles, flexed.
I called him Ikiru, for you – to live – continuously. I wrote
what you might have said with the voice of your favorite filmmaker:

There’s allowances for desires, even a longing for distances ahead, and
for any number of incisive jump-cuts along the way. All of you,
live on.
5 Poems By Richard Fenton Sederstrom

Easing the Light

© 2011
When you flick on the light, you flick on the light only.
You don’t think, don’t need to.
But thinking is control, you know, which
You lose in the unthought flick of the switch
To the silent, masterly surge of blind lightning.

With a candle, even a brief stub, maybe only
A stub from the neglected rear of a kitchen drawer,
You control the light, control all that the light controls.
Your hand controls the light defying wind,
While you illuminate the secret map of your palm.

With the oil lamp you accept the laws of control
That come from having to buy the oil,
Having to bring home the oil along the paved road,
The oil paved road going back to gravel
In the gentle imprecise control of memory.

But when you have shut the door,
Have allowed the outside to darken, have lighted your will,
Then you fill the lamp in the resin scented,
Fire scented old kitchen, your grandparents’ maybe
Or theirs. You trim the wick.

You light the lamp.
You adjust the wick for the light correctly controlled
To the brightness and the dimness you need
to control time to the needs of your soul,
And you open the book to light the poem.

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 Ruminant, 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.
The Good Close Darkness

© 2011
The temptation of this revolving
door into the darkroom.
   If I stand in the middle
   of the magic circle,
Slowly turn, spin
   in my new cosmic freedom
   the cylinder of door
   either way I desire,
   it will open not like the turning
   of the clock, but either way I will,
   into the cloud of unknowing.
   I turn the door so . . .
So very slowly,
   for it is all of infinity
   I have in mind, that orbits
   just outside this fragile ozone.
I feel with a hand for the open portal.
   It is there, just there
   where my fingers slide through,
   then my hand.
Then, in my void of eyeshot
   all that exists
   is the good comfort of
   willed momentary nothing.
My dark hand draws back,
   in its stronger will,
   to the good terrible
   everything,
The disordinary light.
Respiration

© 2011
The still small voice barely breathes.
We approach the task of listening
Through the veil of meaningful distraction,
Of idle talk of this or that, exercises
Of the tongue, or of sleep, purposeful dreams.

All is respiration, tug and warp of original
Inspiration, the constant movement.
The final medium, the knowledge
Of what is heard of this news of death.

The still sculpture, bare skull, sullied flesh,
Is mere expiration, waste of breath
And spirit, the small true voice
Blown away with desert sand.

It is an urn fired dead, a petrifaction of spirit,
Rock bound, sere, which monuments must be,
If only to invite us into the true life.
Distractions, dappled, malleable,
Breathing, the being of it all.
When you open your senses again to the raw silence
Of this desert, the rain has gone, and the thunder
That told you who invented the tall echo of just a little fear.

Then all of a sudden you smell the desert,
The fragrance raw too, of abundant oils, but so alien
That you wonder whether you are allowed to ply your senses.

You are beginning to wake to the energy.
You don’t know where it comes from,
Or even that it may have a source.

So I’ll tell you.
If you look back at that tall saguaro,
The first one you wondered at, didn’t you?
Because you know the tourist is entitled to wonder,
Now look at the gray scrag of bush in front of the cactus,
The one whose leaves look so spare of energy.

It is creosote that so fills this void in your senses,
A mystery of volatile oils that nursed
Those long generations of Desert People, O’odham,
Into the joy of health,
The raw abundance of scarcity.

It is the scent of necessity’s industry,
And you and I wonder at it too when we find out,
And not without a simple shudder maybe,
As civilization threatens to dry like the puddles already have
From that burst of mountain storm.

I can only tell you what I can’t know:
I have walked into the bareness so far that not all the water
I could carry would prevent the ghost dance hallucinogen
Of sun-warped vertigo in this scalded Sinai,
Where nameless immigrants come to their sere rebirth,
Never welcomed, save as mummies.

Walk until nothing is left of life but a ring of creosote bush
Its rough circumference limning shadows in the acres within.

Wait under such shade as you can find,
Sleep as sleep may come, and in the dawn,
When the shadow of the clone of bushes specters out
From its mottled gray shroud, just note:

What surrounds you now is a creation five hundred
Of our fragile generations old!

It is time for you now to stand.
Perhaps we will bow to this ragged peasant mother
Before we walk the inner circle, caress her hard leather of leaves.

You are surrounded by what you are, and air, light, this holy breeze.
Should you allow the rain to fall,
Blessed fragrance of unremembered lives,

Children of our long disdain,
You will bear and nurture them in the circle of your timeless health.
I have no telephone beside me here in the car.

It is at home in my living room,  
Weighs some twenty-five pounds,  
Is connected only to the wall  
Anchored by four brass toggle bolts

And when I want to hear the phone ring,  
Guide the children in my arms into my soul,  
My grandchildren into our past,  
My great grandchildren into our mist of ancestry,

I pick up the heavy dull black hand piece,  
Place it silent to my ear,  
And then I turn the little handle  
And invite the scratched black bell into its ringing.

When I am done alerting the ether  
With my phone’s soft bells,  
We talk to my parents and grandparents maybe,  
Or my brother Jack, now to answer with them,

And our six generations converse together  
In long distance party line voices –  
HELLO? ARE YOU THERE?  
YES WE ARE. HERE
Kip Sudduth  
Phoenix Artist  

“Hands”  
Photography — infrared — Ektachrome slide film — montage.  
1976  

Kip Sudduth is a painter/photographer/mixed-media artist living in Phoenix. He says: “Vision and quality of touch conveys a strong sense of material presence of space and conceptually, the idea of time. Surface patterns merge the elements into a visual language of unity. In the 1970s I apprenticed with the Italian painter Manlio Guberti, who would agree in defining artistic creative endeavors as the ‘conceptualized heightened experience through textural relief, there is the possibility of increasing visual experiences for the viewer. I use heighten tactile experience in all the work I do. I first experimented with photography in 1964. I thought the first roll of film I developed and the first contact print I made was MAGIC. I have never lost this excited anticipation. My art has always been based on Chance by Design, time - space continuity, the unity of the elements seen and felt through a textural experience. The experience forces the viewer into the work allowing the process of visual self discovery. Images are found not only in real time, but form in space allows for new possible visual experiences. The sense of touch conveys recognizable realms, but when you shift the visual experience, that vision becomes multi – dimensional.” Contact the artist at gsudduth@cox.net.
Defining my art or any art has always been rather a difficult, but its idea as Dante Virgil said ‘human art as the grandchild of God.’ ‘The Madonna of Frances Place’ is the first photograph that I did from start to end. That is, I developed the film, printed the silver gelatin print and sepia toned for final presentation. Ultimately I added the texture of sprinkled paint for a snow effect. (During my youth in Louisiana it seemed to snow several years in a row). How does this work relate to hope? In all art the viewer is able to find his own personal visual response, but personally, it represents hope not only as the ‘grandchild of God’ but our search of the unimaginable realized. In the 1970s I accepted an art specialist position with the Stockton Art Troupe, my first professional art teaching experience. In it, some twenty artists with diverse backgrounds came together under the tutelage of musical theater. I produced two large scrims that hung from the ceiling. I back projected photographic slides at the finale of our troupe’s performance which gave response to dancers whose movement inspired free form musicality. The photograph ‘HANDS’ I present here was done as dancers were photographed while projected images of hands were being front and rear projected simultaneously and photographed again in infrared film. It represents the not only the importance of hope realized through touch, but the touch of human beings, the reaching out for one another multi-dimensionally. The making of art and the teaching of art has and always will be a privilege. I continue the search for visual vocabularies through new and alternative photography, painting, and collage. Please enjoy the possibilities of my present offerings of the past for the hope of the future.

–Kip Sudduth
© 2011

(KYLE tries fixing the loose chain on his trick bike. No luck. He’s drunk. Some dented beer cans on the ground. ARNIE enters with a bag.)

ARNIE

Nice trailer. Really.

KYLE

If you’re a Bible thumper, I’m gonna get my twelve-gauge.

ARNIE

Kyle… It’s me… Arnie… Uh: Your uncle!

(“Who cares”)

Oh…

ARNIE

Got in three hours ago. Still kind of jet lagged… Far walk from your Mom’s. You live far out of town.

KYLE

Shouldn’t you be in Japan?

ARNIE


KYLE

Whatever.

ARNIE

What happened to your forehead?

Characters:

KYLE, 18. Chubby. Looks younger than he actually is. He’s drunk. He has a bruise on his forehead.

ARNIE, late 30s, but he looks older. Can be played by someone younger.

Time:

Present. Summer. Mid morning.

Setting:

Outside a trailer (unseen) in Stokey, Iowa. No set, just a blank stage.

Note on Text:

Words in square brackets [ ] are not said. The words are implied by gesture or the words are just thought. A slash / indicates when the next character speaks, creating overlapping dialog.

This play was workshopped and staged read at the Kennedy Center American College Theatre Festival in Los Angeles in February, 2011. The playwright would like to thank the following artists for their work on the play: Steve Shade (Director), Rachael Friedman (Dramaturg), James Jonson (Stage Manager), Cameron Garcia (Arnold), and Esteban Suarez (Kyle).

KYLE

Can’t you see I’m busy, fixing my bike? Fuck this chain!

ARNIE

Kyle… I thought it’d be good if—Before I settle down and get a new job, I thought it’d be good, you know, if we—

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**KYLE**

Had a reunion. Lovely. My Mom forced you to come here! She thinks I’m going to fuck up again. Get into some pit of depression—

**ARNIE**

And get drunk?

(Picks up a beer can)

It’s like nine in the morning.

**KYLE**

Move. You’re casting a shadow.

**ARNIE**

I’m in Stokey for maybe three days, so… You were locked up in Juvie for five years! Kyle! You want me to go?

**KYLE**

…Came all the way to bumfuck Iowa to visit, so stay. I guess.

Fuckity fuck!

**ARNIE**

Isn’t that a kid’s bike?

**KYLE**

Nno. It’s a trick bike. BMX. Xtreme.

**ARNIE**

Cool… Uhm. Why don’t you have a car?

**KYLE**

No money. But don’t worry about me! I’m eighteen! I’m getting by, that’s all that matters. I bought this bike from that kid Bubba next door. Now I don’t hafta walk twenty minutes down the railway track to get to the factory. But if I don’t get this fixed, I’m gonna have to walk again. Rent’s cheap in this lot. I rent a room in this trailer from this guy Darrick I work with. He’s cool. He breeds guinea pigs. Dresses them up like Superman and Lois Lane and makes them [fuck].

**ARNIE**

That’s… cool. Your mom told me she hooked you up. How’s working at the factory?

**KYLE**

Free ice cream! But I hate working at the same station with my mom. She’s like a Pomeranian. Yapyapyaps about hospital shows. My teeth chatter like in a slasher movie!

(KYLE shows his teeth and tries to scare ARNIE!)

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ARNIE (Cont.)
You cried.

KYLE
No: I screamed! A dead raccoon with its eyes eaten out by bugs! Barf-gross.

ARNIE
I fixed the chain to stop you from crying. And you…hugged me and we biked through the park. And after we went to the Texaco, sat on the ice box.

KYLE
Ate Doritos, saw transports go by.

ARNIE
Made the drivers pull their horns.

KYLE
And talked about stuff like Alien / Versus Predator!

ARNIE
Alien Versus Predator! And saw the eagle circling…

KYLE
Yeah… So um. So can you help me?

ARNIE
Sure can—

(ARNIE flips the bike over and starts to fix the bike chain.)

KYLE
Thanks.

ARNIE
This’ll be easy. …Sorry, I didn’t stay in contact with you.

KYLE
You didn’t. Why didn’t you send a birthday card? You know my birthday! We share the same fucking birthday! July the second!

ARNIE
Here: your present. Wipe your hands and take it out.

(KYLE turns away from ARNIE.)

ARNIE (Cont.)
All right, I’ll take it out then. It’s a Happi coat. H-a-p-p-i. Ancient Japanese warriors wore something like this. Try it on. C’mon! Please!

KYLE
I can’t be happy wearing this around town.

ARNIE
It could be a bathrobe?

KYLE
Okay. Let’s see what this kimono-whatever looks like on me… My name is Kamikaze Wasabi. I bow to my Sensei Bonsai.

ARNIE
(Laughs)
Happy belated birthday.

KYLE
Ditto. Thanks for the souvenir. I had fun on my birthday. I played Sonic the Hedgehog and puked my guts out on beer.

ARNIE
(Resumes fixing the chain)
I hope your mother gets on you for drinking.

KYLE
She does: “Don’t end up a lonely drunk bachelor like your Uncle Arnold.”

ARNIE
What!? I, I’m not lonely. And I’m not—I’m sober. Really.

KYLE
Admit it: you got shitfaced on your birthday too.

ARNIE
Just a sip of sake.

KYLE
[Really?]

ARNIE

KYLE
Whatever. So, haven’t found Mr. Right? Or are you like asexual like / a monk?

Continued on page 55
ARNIE
Nno. I’ve been…busy. Paying my off fucking grad loans.

KYLE
You don’t want that HIV scare again, right?

ARNIE
What!? Why is she telling—Forget it. You fucked this bike up.

KYLE
She said you’re like me: “Scared to move forward.”

ARNIE
Scared!? What!? I know how to—I am moving forward! We, we’re nothing alike. …

KYLE
Yeah. I love tits and pussy. So why didn’t you even send me a postcard?!

ARNIE
Teaching wasn’t a vacation. It was my job.

KYLE
I saw a postcard from Malaysia? on mom’s fridge. Some lake and garden? So: You had time to visit fuckin’ Ching Chong La La Land, but not me in Juvie?! Even my drunkass crazy Dad did a better job staying in touch! Just admit it: You gave up being my uncle because you hate me!

ARNIE
I am here, aren’t I?!

(KYLE takes off the coat, bunches it into a ball and throws it at ARNIE.)

KYLE
There’s no point in you coming here. I’m gonna see more of my parole officer than you. I’m gonna test the bike out. Get out of my way.

ARNIE
Wait! Let me check the chain!

KYLE
Let go!

(KYLE gets on the bike.)

ARNIE
You’re drunk! Just take a spin around the driveway.

(KYLE rides the bike in a circle around ARNIE.)

ARNIE (Cont.)
How about we go inside and…play Super Mario Brothers?

(KYLE rides faster. After a moment—ARNIE gets in the way—)

ARNIE (Cont.)
Remember what you said to me at Thanksgiving. When you were twelve.

KYLE
…Fuck off fag.

ARNIE
You slammed the front door in my face.

KYLE
…I’m, I’m sorry.

ARNIE
Not your fault, you were twelve, you know. It was your Dad and… But what you said, it…hurt. I had to get away. Des Moines, it was better for awhile but…Japan.

KYLE
I was guilty and I deserved it. So, you gave up on me.

ARNIE
I wasn’t there when you were in court because I had to get ready for Japan! …Okay. Yeah: I gave up on you. What you did when you were thirteen, it was…!

KYLE
…Yeah… I space off sometimes at work, brick after brick after brick after brick after… Mom shakes me awake, and Julio is like, “Are you a braindead motherfucker!?"

ARNIE
Your mom told me you’ve been…upset. Can’t sleep. You have no friends your own age. So… What’s up?

Continued on page 56
I saw him. On the Fourth of July. I drove up to get my Cookie Dough Blizzard in my mom’s car and...It’s Him. Trevor. He knew it was me. He had a hard time telling me how much the Blizzard was. ...Because I was the one who... His face is better, but it’s still…fucked up. I couldn’t look at him straight in the eyes. ...I—

(Fighting back tears)
I left money on the ledge. More than what the Blizzard was worth. I drove off to the Bomgaars parking lot and just... I cried...like a fuckin’ baby... And beat my forehead on the steering wheel over and over til I was bleeding. And I watched the fireworks...through the cracked windshield...bursting. How can I forget what I did? Howwww?

ARNIE
You didn’t light the match.

KYLE
But I gave Joel the matches!—my matches!—from my pocket! I b-. I b-burned some...gay kid.

ARNIE
What you did... It’s in the past.

KYLE
If I had to do my life over again, I wouldn’t’ve gotten drunk that night—I wouldn’t’ve dragged Trevor from his house to the ball field and kicked him again and again and again—I wouldn’t’ve dumped the kerosene on him—I wouldn’t’ve given Joel the matches—I wouldn’t’ve laughed fag when he was rolling—burrming on the snowbank— screaming—crying— Kyle!—Kyle!—Kyle!

ARNIE
He didn’t die, so that’s...good.

KYLE
The firefighters, they peeled Trevor off the snowbank. It was icy, so some of his skin came off... Do you forgive me?

ARNIE
You didn’t burn me.

KYLE
DO YOU FORGIVE ME?

ARNIE
...Yes. Yes. Let’s go to the park. C’mon.

KYLE
...Okay. After the park we can go to the gas station.

ARNIE
And look for the eagle.

KYLE
Cool. I’m gonna take my bike. I’m not really tipsy now. You can borrow Bubba’s new bike. It’s a trick bike like mine. AYO BUBBA! CAN MY UNCLE ARNIE BORROW YOUR BIKE?!

ARNIE
I don’t think / I can ride a—

KYLE
THANKS! You know how to ride a bike. Let’s go.

ARNIE
Okay. But wait—
(Offers the coat)
Happy belated birthday.

(After a moment, KYLE slides his arms through the coat. ARNIE takes from the bag and unwraps a Happi coat. He puts it on.)

ARNIE (Cont.)
Tadaima. It means: I’m back home. Tadaima.

KYLE
...Tadaima.

(They start to exit. After a few steps, KYLE’s head crashes into ARNIE’s chest. He sobs like a child. ARNIE puts the kickstand down. KYLE lets go of the bike. ARNIE pats KYLE’s head.

END OF PLAY.)
On March 6, the Arizona Consortium for the Arts held a benefit concert in collaboration with the AZ World Music Initiative to benefit both of the organizations at the Il Vinaio Restaurant and Wine Bar at 270 W. Main St., downtown Mesa, Arizona. Visit www.ilvinaio.com. The afternoon and evening were filled with fine entertainment. Musical styles included Folk Rock, World Music, Latin Jazz, and Smooth Jazz by some of the Valley’s most popular musicians. Many thanks to Jonathan Gabriel, Jazz-a-tukee, Radiant Sky, Greg Meyers and Gary Kiggins Duo and dulce VAS for the wonderful performances! Il Vinaio donated 25% from its sales. Many thanks to everyone who came, donated items, ordered food, drinks, purchased raffle tickets and purchased from vendors! A huge thank-you to Cameron and Cindy Selogie of Il Vinaio for their generosity! Many thanks to Sherry Finzer for organizing the incredible event, and thank you to all who helped! $358 was raised for the consortium!

Photos by Richard H. Dyer Jr./The Blue Guitar Magazine
The consortium’s vision of a multicultural arts center

The rendering of our consortium’s dream multicultural arts center by Effie Bouras, Building Designer, Mechanik Design Office, LLC.

The Center will be a source and a destination for creativity and inspiration. It will be a home for many wonderful community organizations, creative and innovative multicultural and multidisciplinary activities, classes and projects representing and celebrating our diverse community.

The Center will be a cultural icon in the Phoenix area. The Center will be an inimitable foundation for a unique experience, one that you’ll want to share with family, friends and community.

Designed by Effie Bouras, the Center will feature numerous spaces for the arts in all genres, performances and presentations. A flexible and variable seating performance theater for rehearsals, concerts, theatrical presentations, video art and films, lectures, meetings and recordings will be available free-of-charge or at a minimum cost.
Mesa Community College’s fashion runway benefit for consortium is a smash hit

On March 12, Arizona Model and Actor Management partnered with Monique Fagre Swimwear to bring an incredible morning of “Runway Tips and Techniques” workshop to all the participants ranging from ages 5 to 40s to benefit the Arizona Consortium for the Arts.

The workshop was provided by the graciousness and generosity of designer Monica Samuels and her partner Maria Elena Fagre.

The workshop was an incredible experience for all the participants. Everyone received personal attention. The benefit of confidence and self-esteem-building was evident from the participants’ smiles, especially for the little ones.

Mesa Community College donated two classrooms for the workshop. The director of the Fashion Merchandising Program at MCC, Evonne Bowling, graciously planned for the classroom space and the runway. Also, Sondra Barr, 202 Magazine’s editor, arranged for Sam Evans to be the event’s photographer.

The organizer of the event, Gail E. McCauley, president of Arizona Model and Actor Management and one of the consortium’s advisers, said: “I thought of an idea to give back to our community by making this workshop where everyone would benefit. The purpose of this workshop is for 100% of the proceeds to go toward this wonderful charity to support their arts and cultural events, projects and vision.” Many thanks to Gail! The consortium is grateful to everyone who attended, helped and donated! $415 was raised for the consortium!

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 or www.theblueguitarmagazine.org for more information about becoming a member, networking, donating, advertising, volunteering or submitting to The Blue Guitar magazine.
A big thank-you from the Arizona Consortium for the Arts

Crystal Achey • Julie and Rick Mukherjee • Donna Donte • Debra Pelow • Olivia • Davin and Michelle Lavikka • Deborah Kay • Michelle Hawkins • Melanie Tighe • Frank Musselman • Sara Vannucci • Windy Lynn Harris • Wise Women Write • Moshe Bukshpan • Audrey Thacker • Partick McGinn • Kristina Konen • Ann Wheat • Carmela Ramirez • Michael E. Singer • Raven • Sharon Austin • Steven Sable – Stacia Holmes • Phoenix Center for the Arts • Phoenix Center Association • Eric Cox • Austin Vickers • Eric Aceves • Lynne Thompson • Jessica Dimino • Anita Shaw • Denise Landis • Marcia Fine • Pat Rios • Lori Landis • Amit Elazar • Nicole Romine • Elena Mitchell • Aurelia Lunt • Jonathan Gabriel • Anne Wallace • Macy’s • Aleksandr Tulchinsky and Family – Leonid and Polina Tulchinsky • Ainnie Lasconia • Janessa McKibbin • Ralph “Rafal” Skrzypczak • Sara Harrison • Lynn Black • Autumn Drozda • Particia J. Jensen • Susanna Astarte • Nicholas Schulte • Thom Butcher • Zhanna Tevan • Arizona Classical Kids • Stacia Holmes • Yvonne Wilson • Joyce White • Anna Yakupovich • LaTorri Lindsay • Adrienne Chanatsky • Jason Bressier • Jorn P. Bates • Jeanne Eles • Marissa Keller • Barbara Fleury • Joe Floco • Gillian Benowich • Annie Loyd • Buz Essel • Kathy Henderson-Essel • Colleen Sugden • Linda King • Michelle Durnell Bullock – Dr. Judith Blandstadter • Rebecca Dyer • Richard Dyer • Sherry Finzer • VeeRonna – Dulce Vas – Radiant Sky • John Calvert • Jason Wiedman • Jazz-a-tukee • Greg Meyers • Gary Kiggins • Esther Schnur-Berlot • Susan Stephens • Bob Hurni • Society For The Arts • Barry Brooks • Paul R. Cocuzza • John Fontana -Keith Sparbanie • Monica Lynn Fidura • Roger A. Simpson • Michael and Fe Gabriel • Paul R. Cocuzza – AZCulture • Gabriel Bay • Warren Chu • Michelle Peralta • Bob Booker • Catharine R. Capozzoli • Laurie “Nugget” Hammond • Gail MacCauley • Rodney Houston • Tianna Schneider • Stephen Hilliard • Katie Kral • Roger Kirk Nelson • David Fraley • Chrisal Valencia • Benjamin Kern • Nuha Sarraj -Tosca Kerr • Cecilia Castillo Fisher • Jake Beckman • Elana Lathan • Breyan Sussman • Keith Sparbanie • Dennis and Jeanne Yuresko • Elena Eros • Susan Canasi • Corinne McAuley • Cynthia Bowers • Phoenix Volunteers • Fawn Cheng • Joan Embrey/Johnson • Marti Otten – CJ Heru – CJ Rider • Gilead • Janae Jaynes Learned • Effie Bouras • Joan McConnell -Susan Stalteri • Darrylee Cohen • Andrew Smith • Dr. Trish Dolasinski • Rachel Greenfeld • Kas Winters • Courtney Tjaden – James Thornton • Howard H. Paley – Il Vinaio – Cameron and Cindy Selogie • Mesa Community College • Monique Fagre Swimwear • Monica Samuels • Maria Elena Fagre • Michelle Frias • Pamela D. April • Mai De Koch • Miwa Williams • Alasyah Hargrave • Bustos Family • Debbie S. Jennings • O’Brien Family • Kaitie Williams • Pearson Family • Misti Swink • J Lynn Mahoney • Cavender Family • Hollinger Family • Estera Siket – Forakis Law Firm – Silvertree Dentistry • Carla Pritchard • Jenny Dagnino • Jack Howell • Colin O’Donohoe • Nancy Johnson • Michelle Hamett – Jerahian family • Nicholas A. Baio • Jasmine Blanchard • Chuck Mallory • Kenneth Weene • Glenda Pitts • Dean and Andi Barness

Check our websites for news on the arts

Check out the Arizona Consortium for the Arts website, www.artizona.org. There, you can sign up for an e-mailed newsletter.

www.TheBlueGuitarMagazine.org

Spring 2011

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May 22 event to draw attention to local arts organizations

WHAT: A celebration of the arts in support of the Arizona Consortium for the Arts

WITH: Dog-Eared Pages Books and a variety of small arts organizations

WHERE: Dog-Eared Pages Books, 16428 N. 32nd St. (just south of Bell Road)

WHEN: Noon-5 p.m. Sunday, May 22

WHO: For participation and information, contact Chair of Event Kenneth Weene, (602) 569-6426, ken_weene@cox.net

Dog-Eared Pages Books in Phoenix and its owners Melanie Tighe and fiance Thom Butcher, are heavily involved in the community. They host author signings for local authors, children’s story times, book clubs, writers groups, poetry readings, a Scrabble club. They also host many events for the Arizona Consortium for the Arts. The consortium thanks Melanie, Thom and Dog-Eared Pages Books!

The Arts are a beautiful garden. They require nurturing and tending. This is an event to draw attention to the many arts organizations that blossom in the garden of The Valley of The Sun. This is a great chance for artists, writers, musicians, poets, and dancers to get together; meet one another; and find out what’s going on in North Phoenix. You never know who you will meet, who might be the one to help you further your art, your goals or who you will be able to help. Pack a lunch and plan to stay from noon ’til 5.
Coming in May 2011, the Third Annual The Blue Guitar Spring Festival of the Arts
For details, go to The Arizona Consortium for the Arts website, www.artizona.org
A Call to Writers for Summer

The Blue Guitar magazine will accept literary submissions for the Summer 2011 Edition from June 1 through July 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. For more information, visit www.theblueguitarmagazine.org.

A Call to Artists for Summer

The Blue Guitar magazine will accept art submissions in all mediums for the Summer 2011 Edition from June 1 through July 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. For more information, visit www.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 and www.artizona.org.
“Things as they are are changed upon the blue guitar.”