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Co-Editors' Note

It's spring, and the arts are blossoming once again. The Fourth Avenue Spring Street Fair returned to the streets of Tucson and the Phoenix Art Museum reopened its doors for docent-led tours as the pandemic loosened its grip. During recent trips to both of those places, we were reminded of the vital connection between art and the individual appreciating it. It's the connection that binds all of us to each other. It's the painting that pulls you in, the poem that jumps off the page, the song that still plays in your heart. As artists, we wouldn't be able to do what we do without the viewer or the reader or the listener. Our art is our attempt to reach out with what's in our souls in hopes that someone else will receive it and feel it. How much more basic of a human connection can you get?



Co-Editor Rebecca "Becca" Dyer



Co-Editor Richard H. Dyer Jr.

It is with great sadness we must report that producer and director Jon Bonnell, known for "Nanosharks," "Major Roberts," "Disaster Wars," and "Star Quest: The Odyssey," passed away in December. Arizona born and raised. Jon mentored aspiring storytellers on page and screen and served as president of the Arizona Screenwriters Association/IFP. He also was an active member of the board of directors for the Arizona Film and Digital Media Coalition, working to help change film policies in Arizona. Here at the Arizona Consortium for the Arts, we had just seen Jon in November at the Blue Guitar Festival of the Arts, which he had attended in support of the consortium and in support of his wife, artist and poet KellyAnn Bonnell. Jon inspired so many of us. His lifetime of dedicated service to others as well as his unexpected passing at such a young age remind us of life's fragility and how important it is to make each moment and each day count. It is in Jon's memory that we lovingly dedicate this issue.

> Rebecca "Becca" Dyer and Richard H. Dyer Jr., Co-Editors

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Editor: Rebecca Dyer Publisher: Elena Thornton Editor: Richard H. Dyer Jr. Artwork for front, back covers: Marjory Boyer

Spring 2022

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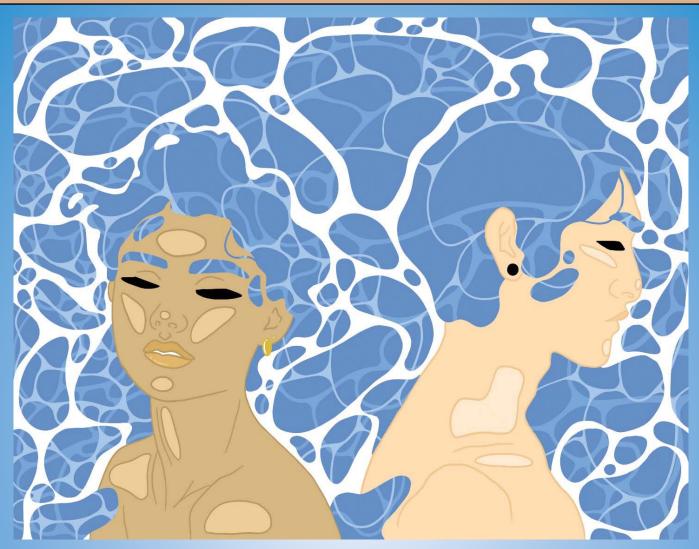
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Curious Waters 1 Digital illustration 8.5 x 11 2022



McKenna Mai Ring was born in Phoenix, AZ, but was raised in the city of Avondale. Ring graduated with an AA and AAFA from the Maricopa Community College District in the fall of 2019. She has shown her work in the Estrella Mountain Student Juried Art Show in 2018 and 2019, the Estrella Mountain Student Art Show at the Avondale Civic Library in April 2019, the Día de los Muertos Student Show in October 2019, the Westminster College Juried Art Show in February of 2022, and the Westminster Senior Art Exhibit in March 2022. Her work has also been featured in the Mariposa Literary Review in 2018, the spring issue of Blue Guitar magazine in 2019, and was an Honorable Mention in the 53rd volume of The Traveler in 2020. Ring currently attends Westminster College in Salt Lake City, Utah, and will be graduating in the spring of 2022 as a BA Art Major with a minor in Spanish. You can find her portfolio, business email, and all of her socials from Instagram @kennamaiart.



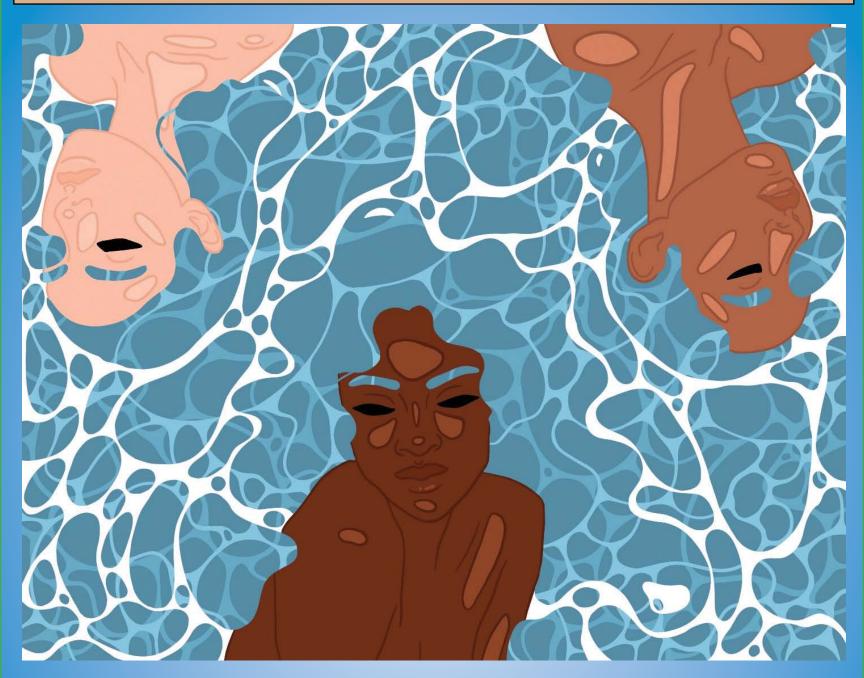
Curious Waters 2 Digital illustration 8.5 x 11 2022

"My art is a way for me to experiment and create things that I find beautiful. My art is often inspired by the media I consume, but I do not assign a story or meaning to each piece. Rather, I create compositions that are compelling to me and the viewer may take what they want from it. My work features an emphasis on color relationships, people and abstract designs. Contrasting color schemes are most prominent in my work, most often juxtaposing the subject from the surrounding composition. I choose to use people in most of my compositions because, to me, humans are some of the most beautiful things in this world. I've also begun experimenting with abstract designs. I find these elements to be the most interesting to create with."

- McKenna Ring



Curious Waters 3 Digital illustration 8.5 x 11 2022



Curious Waters 4 Digital illustration 8.5 x 11 2022



Curious Waters 5 Digital illustration 8.5 x 11 2022

4 poems by Alfred Fournier

Bĕ-reft'

To leave desolate, especially by death. — American Heritage Dictionary of the English Language

brutish on the lips stunned B drops to the belly burrows into pith

growling R rips away exposing wounds in mocking dark

tremulous F grapples with indifferent air

softly muted T cuts the breath echoes in a vacant room

a coat stiffly hangs familiar scent tarries

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Alfred Fournier is a writer and community volunteer in Phoenix, Arizona. His poems and creative nonfiction have appeared in The American Journal of Poetry, Welter, Delmarva Review, The New Verse News, The Perch Magazine and elsewhere. New work is forthcoming in The Indianapolis Review and Sin Fronteras / Writers Without Borders.

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After Learning You Have Cancer

Expiration date trumpets from the side of a milk jug just opened, and I know the milk might spoil before then, or be finished or go to waste.

In any case, this date, stamped across a curve of plastic, will come and go, and there will be another jug cooling in the dark fridge

until I open it, light spilling to the floor, twist the sky-blue lid, regard a date a sense of *before* and *after* —then pour, lift the white liquid to my lips.

Discharged

Then I was home again, its quiet lack of flowers welcoming enough after institutional white walls, walks on meticulously gardened grounds.

No one needs to put the knives out of reach. I am okay for now, certified sane. Able to sort my pain from the world's

indifference. There are birds in the yard and green that wants for nothing this time of year. Later, bud will fall, then fruit.

For now, the window, this tea seem province enough. My breath blowing steam on lukewarm glass, medicated finger scrawling hearts.

Untethered

Look straight through translucent skin to what she is. Her body is her body, is not her. She will not claim to own this flesh. She hates the way it sometimes trembles, shows no mercy in its need. She is not meant to sit, to stand, to move from Midwest darkness into desert, or to cross a crowded room. She's learned to move in modest ways-to carry her frame apologetically to the office, to the marketplacean avatar, but inside, smoldering, a star, a heart gone supernova. Her stance designed to fool dull men. She's ermine, she is mink, a face you cannot recognize, a face you cannot miss, shining pebble in a stream, her skin too clean for cities, and her smile slim and lame. She holds no passion for this body she will gladly one day leave, denies the very food that feeds her as she lifts off from the table, soul untethered and alive. She's rising to a grand perspective, never flesh nor bone, a blue and daring swallow, she's a sweep of milky cloud, a wind-borne seed on prairie skies. Unreachable by desire.

A poem by Caylen Baugh crooked

is the world always turned sideways or is my head on the wrong way

i can't tell the difference between straight and askew if i am right or of the lesser few

the way you stare makes it seem that i am at fault but it appears that i've only fallen from the lines fallen from a hook, fallen from a vault and now i'm left crooked

the painting down the hall hung up, screw and all

but it screeches, the way it sits sewed to my eyelids the violent image the way it leans to the right, just a smidge

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Caylen Baugh is an IB freshman in the East Valley. She spends her free time outside of school writing poetry and dreaming big. She hopes to attend the creative writing program at NYU sometime in the future and can't wait to share more of her work with the world!

Jocelyn Ruiz Tempe Artist



Jocelyn Ruiz is a full-time Arizona resident in Tempe, AZ. She currently is pursuing many creative outlets and is thankful she gets to incorporate her skills as a Teaching Artist and Marketing Assistant. Beyond that, she always considers herself a "head above the clouds" type of person. She never plants her feet on the ground because she is always waiting for something new beyond the horizon. When making this piece, she thought painting the back of a woman in the galaxy with a bit of imagination would fit what she feels. Although we don't see the woman's face, we can tell how she is feeling with the body language she displays and the surrealism that is in the painting. Most of Jocelyn's artworks focus on imagination with hints of romanticism for something that is not realistic.

"Waiting" Watercolor, color pencil, and ink on watercolor paper 2020

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A poem by David Chorlton Postscripts

The day the sidewalk opened and closed, and opened again the sun was climbing to the point from which all things on Earth were visible: the past repeating itself, and the future bearing down with all its warning signs on full alert. The cars along the street stepped forward as ground gave way. The once familiar stood on its edge, a strange sky hung overhead, and the hand reaching out for anything to grasp disengaged itself and flew into the forever that was light.

Π

The moon's door opens. Once inside, the corridors continue their overlapping paths all the way to the core where flying foxes hang on wishes. They eat

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David Chorlton's poetry has appeared extensively, much of it having related to nature and Arizona. "Postscripts" is largely an account of being in a rehabilitation facility early this year, a second such experience dealing with injuries incurred in November. As it happened, the facility was a better place to be than expected. Happy to be back at home now, David has returned to observing the birds visiting his back yard and keeping up with his pets. His most recent publications include "The Inner Mountain," a set of poems and paintings based on South Mountain.



the energy that heals and turn to light. Bright, brighter, brightest, every sparkle illuminates a portion of the souls whose weightless travel ends in the open palm holding each life as a seed.

III

Another walk down to the end of the line and back past every open door exhaling another late breath. The telephones speak in whispers, the walls of what they have seen between the comings and goings of shoes along the hall delivering medicines, step by intravenous step and with a pill for every creaking hinge. But there's music breaking from the ceiling to connect a headache to the injured leg ticking to the moment today's special is announced in tones of easy jazz.

IV

While traffic plays its midnight tune the moon with a scorpion's tail floats above all suffering and smiles the needle smile, the pill smile, the mattress smile whose arc binds west to east where it reaches safe harbor at sunrise with all its sutures loosened.

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V

The blood lady's work is never done; with her lilac colored bag she crosses every threshold with a smile and unpacks vials and needles. She summons cheer one person at a time, leaves a smile behind her when she leaves the room, hanging upside down with tightly folded wings holding body and soul together.

VI

The moth at the window carries a cloud on each wing and having reached the end to its narrow pathway through the stars it stops to drink a single drop of condensation from the glass where the smallest measures are enough to sustain another day of life.

VII

A cry from deep inside slips beneath the door to begin its nightly wandering. There's snakebite venom running through it and an eye that sees the future breaking out of the sound. Away it goes in the darkness, trying to escape and follow the long, late lines of traffic to the ends of the Earth.

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VIII

From the small ache to the larger is a short distance, and so much further back. A mile in one direction is quickly four, three, seven, ten and once around the moon before coming to Earth whose grass blades are bound by rivers to a forest's secret shade the source of all kind words. Let us pray, brothers, let us curse the skies for all misfortune. And let us by the handful pick each patch of sunlight from the ground to hold in safekeeping for such times even the clouds are dry.



"Shattered Sunrise" Acrylic painting with tissue paper 24 x 8 2020



Monica Kemsley is a 2D artist from Tucson, Arizona, who employs a wide range of artistic mediums to express her voice. Recently she has found that Mixed Media combined with acrylic painting gives an expression of ideas and feeling that is often elusive with other art techniques. Utilizing papers, fabrics, textures, and words lends a dimension to her pieces beyond the subject. Monica has achieved 1st place for Collage at the Pima County Fair's Fine Arts Exhibit. In 2019, she also won Best in Class. Monica has a business degree from the University of Arizona with a minor in Studio Art. Many of the skills she utilizes in her current works were honed through independent classes she's taken at The Drawing Studio in Tucson.

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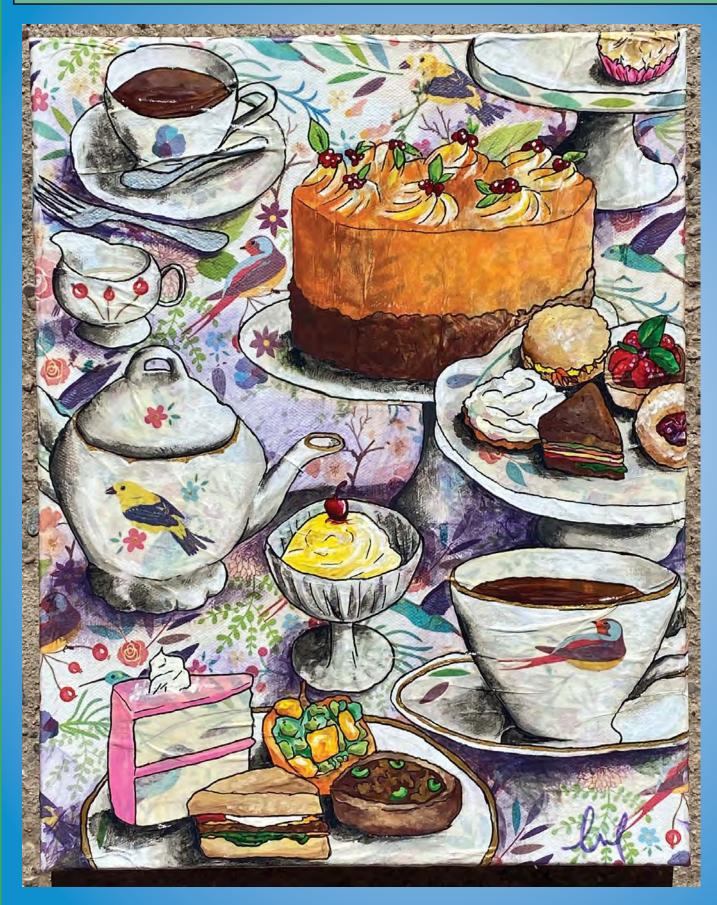
"Woman with the Pearl Necklace" Acrylic painting 10 x 24 2022

"I'm passionate about color and texture and how different mediums can work together to create a piece that's something more than just the subject. I learned drawing and painting first, but mixed media continues to infiltrate my work in more and more ways. I enjoy different aspects of art. A focus on technique has its place, but I also enjoy being playful and creating pieces that are fun to view and fun to make."

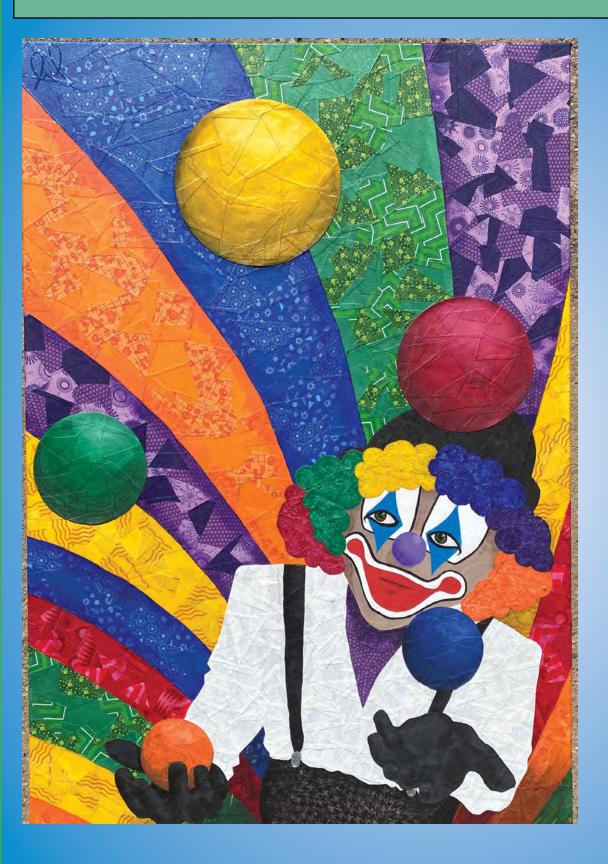
- Monica Kemsley



"Floral Feast" Papers, book pages, and acrylic collage 14 x 14 2020



"Tea for Two" Tissue paper, drawings and acrylic collage 11 x 14 2021



"Up In The Air" Fabric and acrylic collage 24 x 36 2019

A poem by Duann Black

The Opaque Jar

Survivor's guilt is your strangling noose. You cannot cut it. It will not loosen. You cannot remove it. Survivor's guilt sticks like melted tar to your heart. You live with it or deal with it. You come to its terms or fight it every day. Survivor's guilt tears you apart memory by memory. A tune catches a tear in your eye. The depth of your despair slaps with a sting. Survivor's guilt is not for living. You handle it. You force it to change, or you succumb to its grip of misery. The choice is yours. No snap of your fingers will shoo it away. It stays for the long haul. Do not let guilt destroy you. Put it in a jar. An indestructible jar. A jar you open less and less. An opaque jar with no key or expansion capability. A jar you strive never to enter. Moment by moment you win the battle, focused on the future, believing in life. Look at life lived. Recognize each day as a gift to remember. Seek day-after-day memories of moments together. Ban survivor's guilt. Fill your thoughts with memories formed of love and tenderness, loyalty and dedication, power and strength, friendship, and the will to remember with tear-mixed joy. Moment after moment, an hour after another, several hours in between, a day here, one day there, is the formula to ban survivor's guilt.

Survival is the goal for you, and those you lost.

They never see those left behind. They never wanted this. They left believing in you.

Do not diminish their believing.

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Duann Black is a writer, author, and poet with stories to tell and things to say. During a multi-year break from emptying ink pens onto paper, she strived diligently to spell "grammar" as chief editor for Alan Black, author of 20 books, including "Metal Boxes" and "A Planet with No Name." She is a well-traveled military retiree always ready with a story to share.

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Survivor's guilt is the false focus.

Love of your loss, failure to see shared love.

Acknowledging aching sadness is failing to remember your heart.

You shall survive without the guilt.

Your heart filled with memories of those who guard your heart with their love.

Precious moments held, hard-wired in lovers' hearts, tenderized by laughter, smiles, textures, touch, and the taste of joy-filled tears.

Do not resist love. Cherish it daily.

Fill the jar with thoughts of your loss.

Remember today who remains in your heart.

Their point of view has no guilt.

Their point of view is the sight of you vibrant with life.

Remember your love. Honor your love. Continue your love.

God designed life to be shared and your heart to hold memories of love.

Walk forward loved for the rest of your life.

Thrive with love, with memories forever within, filled of love to conquer your loss. Banish survivor's guilt to the opaque jar.

Fred and Jerome By Duann Black

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66 Terome, do you see what I see?" Fred was standing in the doorway.

"I don't rightly know, Fred. What are you referring to?" Jerome slid off the stool behind the counter to join his partner at the door.

"Well, aside from not being able to see them mountains yonder to the east, and my ears still ringing from that hail storm that just passed, I swear I see blood flowing out of the downspouts coming from the roof."

"You mean to tell me you think that blood red liquid making three rivers into the parking lot over there is real blood?" Jerome shook his head.

"What else could it be?"

The men wandered back to the store counter.

Jerome scratched behind his left ear. It was a habit Fred saw every time Jerome was trying to come up with a fancy answer. "Fred, maybe you shouldn'a parked those dead bodies on the roof above the store. I realize this is Arizona and it don't rain too often, but still, it is late Fall when we usually get a fair amount of rain and such."

Fred sputtered at the thought of dead bodies on the roof before a belly laugh doubled him over. He slapped the counter so hard the coins in the cash register jingled. "Jerome, I do believe that is one of the funniest things I've ever heard you say. You've got one doozy of an imagination, you know that?"

Jerome pointed to the downspout just outside the store's main door. "Well, I don't know about my imagination, but what else could it be, if it isn't blood?"

Fred shook his head at the look on Jerome's face. Apparently his oldest friend was not joking.

Both men turned toward the sound of running footfalls coming from the rear of the store. They gave each other questioning looks. "Who's in the store with us?" Fred asked.

"Oh, I forgot. Matt from next door came in a while ago looking for some research book in the old book section at the back of the store. He said he didn't want any help finding it, he figured he knew exactly where it was so I turned on the light, reminded him not to trip over the rise in the floor, and let him go."

A moment later, Matt, unable to make the turn to the front section of the store, ran into the bookshelf at the end of the ramp. "Fred, Fred, can I borrow your ladder?"

By the time Matt reached the front counter he looked like something horrible was about to happen if he did not get that ladder immediately. "Sure Matt, let me unlock the storeroom door for ya." Fred dug into his pocket for the key while taking the shortcut to the storeroom. "Do ya mind me asking what you need to borrow my ladder for?"

"I need to get to the roof and I don't have time to go back to my store for my own ladder. Please, Fred, please let's hurry. Okay?"

Matt hustled Fred toward the storeroom at the far side of the store. "Hurry, hurry, please."

"Keep your drawers on, man. I'm moving as fast as my bum leg allows."

Reaching the storeroom, Fred unlocked it, turned on the light, and pointed to the ladder behind a stack of boxes filled with water-damaged books he kept forgetting to take to the trash dumpster.

Matt tossed boxes aside flipping their contents across the floor. He tripped over several boxes reaching for the ladder.

"Hey man, you're going to have to clean up that mess. You know that, right?"

"Yeh, yeh, yeh, whatever. Get outta my way." Matt ran the ladder into the wall trying to turn it so he could exit the storeroom. A gaping hole was the result. He pushed past Fred, waving the front end of the ladder like a sword threatening anyone in its path.

"Matt, you're going to be paying for that repair. You know that too, right?" Leaving the storeroom open, Fred followed at a safe distance.

Jerome saw the ladder coming at ramming speed. He jumped up from the stool and backed toward the counter's right side, well away from the front door.

Matt did not answer Fred's question. He slowed down to avoid impaling bookcases with the ladder so he could turn toward the store's entryway. Tipping the ladder before reaching the front door, he pushed it open with his shoulder.

When Fred reached the front of the store he signaled for Jerome to follow him. The men stepped outside under the red clay tile awning that ran along the front of the shopping center buildings. Jerome pointed to the blood red liquid running full force from the downspouts. Fred shrugged. They turned their attention to Matt who was already going up the ladder.

Fred scratched his mustache and chin. "So Jerome, do you think that ladder will hold? You want to make a bet on whether or not it'll fall to the left before Matt gets to the roof?"

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"Five dollars says the ladder topples to the left after Matt steps onto the roof." Jerome reached for his wallet.

"You're on, Jerome. Do you mind if I give it a little push?" Both men laughed.

Matt scrambled up the ladder and hauled himself up onto the top of the awning while pushing off from the top ladder rung. The ladder began to fall to the left. Jerome started to catch it but Fred grabbed his arm. "Let's make certain that ladder goes all the way to the left. We don't want anything to interfere with our bet." He winked. The ladder clattered to the parking lot where it bounced on its side once before settling flat.

"It appears you've won the bet, Jerome. Do you want that five dollars in cash or beer?"

"Mighty nice of you to give me a choice; let me see, which do I want—"

A cry of agony came from the roof somewhere to the left above the bookstore. Matt sounded like a cow with a full udder begging to be milked.

Both men stepped back farther into the parking lot trying to get a better view. They heard whimpering. Matt was nowhere to be found as they searched the roof from one end to the other, yet they clearly heard him. The man was now crying like he had lost his best friend.

"Matt?" Fred called, "Where you at, man? What's the problem?"

"Come on, Matt. What's going on? How can we help?" asked Jerome.

Between his sobs, the men clearly heard Matt say, "They're all dead, I've lost 'em all. My children are all gone."

Lightning hit the roof with a thunderous roar near where the men thought Matt's voice was coming from. A bubbling line of electrified death streaked across the roof before traveling toward the parking lot via the closest downspout. It struck the aluminum ladder, causing it to jump like bacon crackling in a hot frying pan.

Fred opened his eyes. His ears rang and his body tingled. He was lying on his back with his friend a dead weight across his chest. He wiggled his toes and fingers and scrunched his nose, blinking tears from his eyes. Convinced he was alive, he pushed Jerome off his chest and slowly got to his feet.

The cloudless sky caught his attention. Trying to clear the buzzing from his ears, he no longer heard Matt crying. Jerome moaned. Fred turned to check on him and noticed the downspouts were dry. The parking lot was dry. There was no evidence of blood-red liquid streaming from the downspouts. He helped Jerome to his feet. The man was a bit unsteady, but appeared to be in one piece.

Jerome's mouth dropped and Fred turned toward the roof to see why. Part of a shoe fell to the parking lot next to them. It did not look empty. The men looked at each other for a silent moment before bolting for the store door, jostling each other to enter first.

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Spring 2022

The Green Maze By Duann Black

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ally took a deep breath, closed her eyes, and launched herself forward into the maze wall slit. What she would find on the other side was not about to wither her resolve. Someone had to figure out the puzzle and she was determined that someone would be her.

Others had tried unsuccessfully for years to solve the riddle of the maze. No one knew any more about it than they did the first day it appeared. Every student who came to school that fateful day had the image of the maze's appearance etched into their memory. Those memories were fueled by imagination, horror, fear, or wonder. No one was injured, no building disrupted, no animal crushed. The maze suddenly appeared as if out of thin air, like someone turned on the switch to flood the backyard with light.

Had the maze always been there in plain sight on the athletic fields, just beyond human vision? Did a time portal appear, ripped open by some unknown cosmic event? Was a science experiment missing from a secret laboratory in an underground

facility?

The instant she passed beyond the outer edge of the green hedge wall she realized she was clutching her briefcase. Silly, what good would it do her; unless she needed to bop the head of a maze monster. Too late, she may as well keep holding onto it. One never knows when the varied contents of a teacher's briefcase can save the day, solve a riddle, or provide ballast when she hits the water waiting below her next footfall. Hopefully her boots are tall enough to keep the mud out. Squishy toes inside muddy boots are never a teacher's favorite experience.

Sally kept her eyes clamped shut, as if refusing to open them could suspend time and space, and prevent the coming fatal actions.

She blinked. Twenty pairs of eyes were fixed on her, each waiting for her to tell them the secret of the maze. If only she could. Absently, she glanced at the floor beside her desk, to the battered briefcase sitting beside the drying muddy boots. If only she could remember.

The Red Barn By Duann Black

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The weathered round barn stood apart from other out buildings in the unkempt field. Built by a man who valued arcs and circles rather than straight lines and right angles, the barn enjoyed its uniqueness.

Red paint, once vibrant in the noonday sun, was missing entirely from many sections. The weathering paint peeled away from several boards as it lay flat and faded on the sides facing the fiercest weather.

Well-worn doors remained closed on rusted hinges along tracks filled with bird nests and fallen roof shingles.

Once filled with hay, the occasional milk cow, straw, feed bags filled with grain, barn cats, and transitory field mice, the barn sat empty today.

Alone now, with no caretaker, the barn lacked the sound of feet moving from chore to chore. There were no chores to be done, nor callused hands to tend to them.

Vehicles on the nearby road sped past the barn. Rarely did an eye take notice of the unique relic waiting for the renewal of life on the unkempt, lonely homestead. The fading round barn patiently waited for the familiar voices of its youth to return.

The Tour By Duann Black

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The tour bus came to a smooth stop before imposing gates in front of an old family-style farmhouse near Springfield, Missouri. The chattering tourists fell silent as the tour guide rose from her seat.

Switching on the microphone, the guide started her wellpracticed pitch. "Here we are at the PitJolie Farm, home of BradJolina and the Pejos. When the parents of BradJolina One, formerly known as Brad Pit, moved to an undisclosed location in the southern part of nowhere, they deeded the farm to him. Their one stipulation was that he name it the PitJolie Farm. Evidently, they had some issues with the press calling it the Pitt Farm, or The Pit for short."

Looking out of the bus window at the sturdy gate set into the massive wall, she continued. "The new owners erected the stormtrooper-proof concrete wall you see here. Rumor is that the walls are capable of keeping out all vehicles short of an Abrams M-1 tank. We've heard they use electricity to repel sightseeing wall climbers, as well. The press is unable to capture sound or video beyond the property boundary. All recording devices focused in the farm's direction are scrambled and some unknown force prevents drones from flying above the property."

Leaning toward her captive audience, the guide lowered her voice. "I've heard that air traffic controllers route all air traffic well away from this property. Local pilots steer clear voluntarily, complaining about interference to their flight controls."

Holding up a grainy photo of BradJolina I and II, she began chattering about their family. "The Pejos are the BradJolina children. We know little about them aside from the fact that they are numbered, not named. There are no known photographs and we do not know how many are located here. Known names are PJ1 and PJ1A. We believe these designations stand for their oldest natural and adopted children."

Ignoring a tourist's raised hand, the guide put the photo away. "Folks, that's the end of our tour for today. The bus needs to move away to comply with county traffic laws. On our way back to the tourist hut, I'll be happy to answer each of your questions, as long as they are on the list we provided for you at the beginning of the tour."

Jillian stopped listening to the guide. Without looking, she switched off her phone's camera before opening the photo and video app. She had her fingers crossed that she had captured some good photos. The moment she sat down on the bus, she had turned on the video, in spite of signing paperwork stating it was illegal to do so. She had not bothered reading the fine print. She was certain it matched the usual penalties, such as surrendering her phone so they could remove all digital records of the tour, etc. Glancing down at her hidden phone while appearing to look out the window, she noticed it was powered off.

It was an uneventful trip back to the tour starting point. By the time the bus reached the required turn-around spot at the end of the road, Jillian had given up trying to get her phone to show any sign of life. She assumed the battery was drained because it was in video mode most of the day.

The tour bus came to a stop at the edge of the parking lot. Passengers were allowed to disembark one at a time while all others remained seated. It was a slow process. Before long Jillian's thoughts turned to finding a restroom. She could not see any facilities near the hut which was closed for the day and the bus had none. She shook her head at how foolish it was for her to sit at the rear of the bus just because she wanted to take illegal videos instead of purchasing them inside the hut.

Wait a minute, she thought. All I remember seeing for sale in the tourist hut were tour tickets. This probably wasn't my smartest choice. I should have taken the escorted tour. So it cost more and I couldn't take videos without getting caught. Bet I'd have found a restroom ages ago.

Twenty minutes passed before the row in front of Jillian disembarked. While waiting, she sat with her legs crossed and lower abdominal muscles clenched against the need to find a restroom. She wondered if she would accidentally pee when she stepped off the bus. *Hurry, hurry, hurry, my eyes are turning yellow.*

Finally, it was her turn. Carefully pulling herself to her feet, she focused on controlling her need to prevent the watershed of liquid her bladder was screaming to release. She felt miserable and assumed she looked miserable. Her muscles were clenched as tightly as she could possibly manage and still move. Each step involved carefully maintaining her pelvic clench. It felt like her bladder would burst open, overflowing with torrents of pale yellow liquid in an instant. She took measured footsteps up the aisle, trying to look like a casual, silly tourist.

When she reached the front of the bus where the steps were

Spring 2022

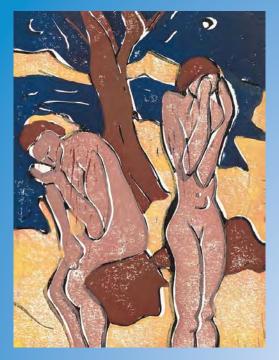
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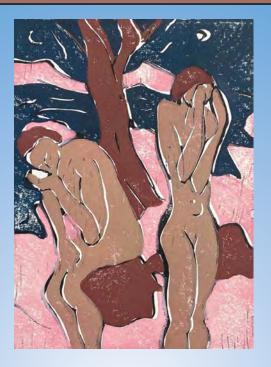
located, she found none. Between the end of the aisle and the ground beyond the open bus door, there was a black, vacant gap. Looking down, she saw blackness that appeared to go on forever. Her grip on the pole next to the end of the aisle tightened. There was no bus driver. She was alone on the bus. She turned to look through the side windows. No one was in sight and dusk had fallen. Her rental car sat alone in the parking lot. It looked like it had been deserted there years earlier. No other cars were in sight, including on the exit road. *Where did everyone go? They couldn't have left without me seeing vehicle tail lights. Did everyone safely leave the bus? If I hadn't been so concerned about peeing my pants maybe I would have seen what became of everyone once they reached this point.*

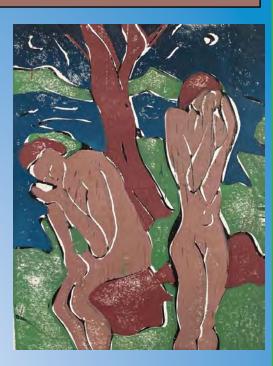
"Hello...is anyone there?" She called.

A shiver crawled up her spine, giving her a cold shoulder. The hair at the base of her neck stood on end. She felt like she was being watched. Turning toward the rear of the bus she saw blackness moving slowly toward her. Warm fluid ran down her legs as the blackness engulfed her.

In the black void, Jillian heard a voice. "We told you the rules. You violated them. You signed the paperwork informing you of the penalties for failing to obey. Did you not believe that your life would be forfeit?"







"La Voie de Dieu" Relief print on paper; colored variations from an 8 part series 6" x 8" 2022



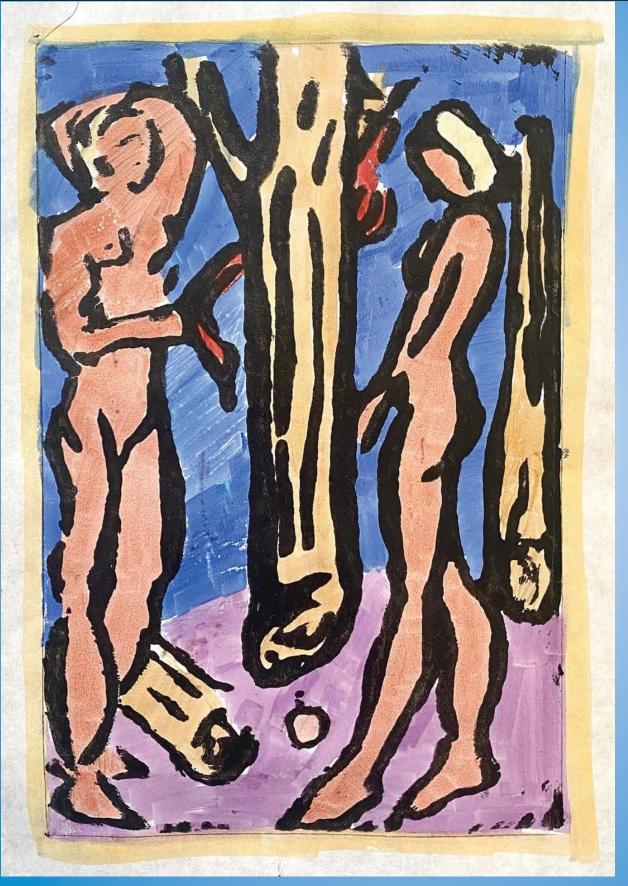
Gabriella Jording is an artist based in Phoenix, Arizona. Studying Art History at Arizona State University, she pulls inspiration from what she learns in her classes. Her work often bends and shapes into whatever art period or artist she is studying at the moment. She pulls inspiration from as early as the ancient Egyptian works all the way to the Impressionist period. Gabriella creates in a variety of mediums and is always looking to expand her materials. Some of the mediums she primarily works in are: clay, paint, sculpture, oil pastel, and ink. Aside from her studies, Gabriella draws out inspiration from her surroundings, as well as her experiences. Her work reads as a journal of her daily findings and continuous studies. The goal of her art is to tell stories and document her studies through her work.

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"Polka Dot Fabric Fan" Fabric and paper folded 8" x 10" 2021

"I aspire to share what I am learning through the art I create. I want my art to read as a progressive timeline that reflects my daily findings, learnings and experiences. In the past two months I have been exploring the world of printing. I have been very interested in the different color combinations I can play with for each print through the use of markers. As you will see in my work, all of my pieces contain abstracted, colorful figures or natural landscapes inspired from biblical stories, other artworks, or dreamlike fantasies." - Gabriella Jording



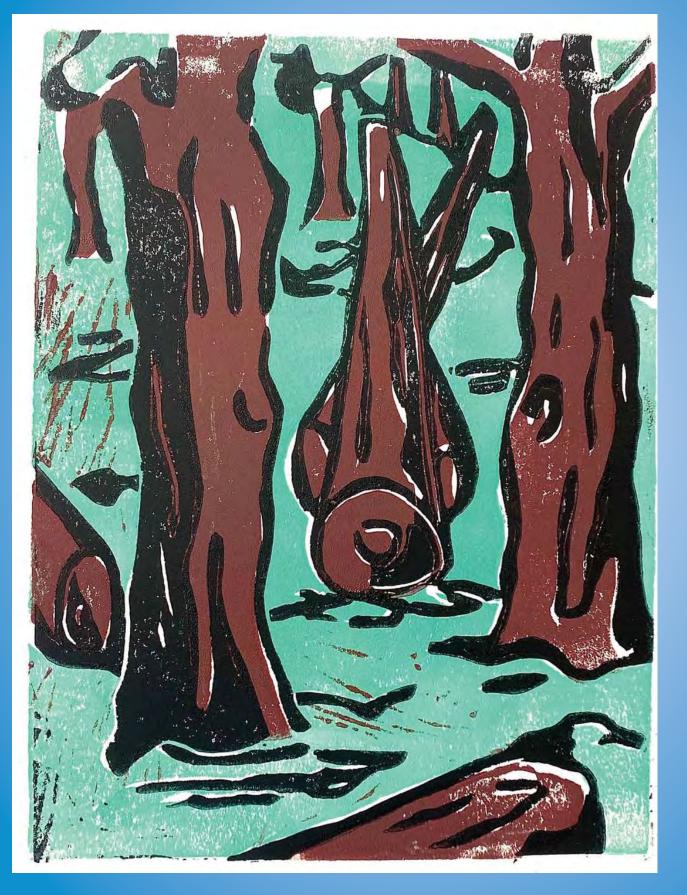
"Adam & Eve" Linocut print and markers 8" x 10" 2021



"Dans Le Jardin" Linocut print with markers 8" x 10" 2021



"Midnight Swimmer" Air dry clay and acrylic paint 6.5" 2021



"Winter Woods" Linocut print 8" x 10" 2022

9 poems by Abraham Aruguete A Mis Enemigos (A Confession)

The way society treated me, makes me weep As I stumbled around these hazy streets Piss poor pissed on just for fun Or treated with pity by guilt ridden angels with guns drawn Little did they know I know their names And secrets I could spill if they act so strange Saviors with empty hearts posing for fame Guilt ridden activists weighed with shame Devils with blue hair and rainbow flags Normally I don't judge but they stabbed me in the back I don't care what you said or pretended to be I care about what you've done, homie. Pinprick kids will take you out to dinner And whisper about you as they leave you in the shitter. So here's a list of what I've done The bastards can get the sinner's view just for fun. Raised in a place where there aren't cops on the sidewalks, or cows I told an uncle loosed girl she was just seeking to stand out. Only one I never paid for, but if there's a theme I'm the only one who ever says sorry. Oversexualized, mama wasn't around to pull him from poor kid's lives I wanked to child porn because they looked like me at the time The orphan didn't know he was in danger To be used and groomed by total strangers. To my five or so parents, you did your best I don't blame ya'll, I'm just putting the past to rest. I was hit and so was everyone there What kind of love can you get on seven thousand a year? Dumbass children call me mean When they've never experienced bone crushing poverty. I ain't from the streets, but MF Doom spoke: "I try to act broke, Jealousy the number one killer among black folk." May he rest in peace and in blunt smoke. The only people who ever did me wrong Were the spineless cowards who ran away when I could finally step on their lawn. Dummy, half-people, inkept, sheltered, some fawn Others bite me, but all of them operate with guns drawn You little bastards want my dirty laundry? Here, have it all, pretend you don't compare And writhe with jealousy at my lack of mistakes The only blood that has been spilt

Continued on page 38



The poet writes: In Chinle Arizona born and raised Being all Cuban Asian Irish relaxing most of the days Oh the reservation kids were so cruel At least he learned to act the fool Until a couple of middle class college students up to no good Thought this was someone who with they could screw He made a bunch of little rants and they all got scared And said, "You're gonna stay alone in your studio apartment there!"

Was my and mine own, no guilt. Stole some alcohol and gum, smoked a spliff for fun But was dragged to the store for the alcohol by my badass dad and mom. Sorry for the spliff and alcohol and robotripping, mom, But I was at the bottom of that family heap trying to achieve, And I've already forgiven everyone for that and grieved. Only guilt is yours, my "friends," As you can only develop yourselves off of others, cowardly. White fuckers turn white as a ghost As they slowly learn that they had it better than most And pissed it away on a fantasy, a half-forgotten dream Some failure, when talked to, bursts at the seams. I own mine. I donate to charity When the blind and the ignorant merely watch and flee I guess they ain't hanging me from some unknown tree. Lies through teeth cinched Pretend the fuckers weren't prepping me to get lynched. Pigs face first in the pigpen Snort and eat each other's shit, because they're "friends." Oh well. The blind and the meek bow down to another's tune And use themselves and one another for each other's food. The poet merely grieves his dead town Only the cowards in their own guilt and self-pity Meet it with frowns. Weak souls nurtured by cowards Will never be able to meet righteous fury expressed outward And so they writhe in their own suffering I'm not responsible for their anger, guilt, or greed. Yuppies play punk and talk about Biden v. Trump But when the riots start outside they hide When news stories come about war in Ukraine Millions of deaths from a new disease strain They cringe in fear, shock, horror, pain. They are the ones who refuse to look; Me, well, I'm now an open book. Call me a creep for making a peep Flee in fear and lonesome anxiety Slander my name across every feed Motherfucker, I own me.

Armchair Gen

Wars are like football matches Everyone wearing flags They don't know the horrors of it Quite frankly, they don't understand. Red versus White, Green versus Blue Norwich versus Northumberland, here comes the daily news. Guess we all learned from the Gulf War Common hatred bonds together hands. The soldier's dress, the uniform pressed Etat and elan for the daily test. They'll ask and shout and wave, stout Patriotism's a loud band. They'll talk about what they'd do if they had the gun But they rarely hold it with their own hands.

Heat

Hatred itself is heat, to counter the insecure cold of Fear By which it is the second cousin to. In between lie the Hot flashes of Anxiety, whose angst makes us move. The summers themselves are hot, but if one becomes too hot One melts, into an incoherent soup. The violent rage of yesteryear becomes the regrets of today And paranoia begets tomorrow's loneliness. Prisons. Built for others. Which are built for themselves. From violence, from love, from instability. Or perhaps from stability itself. Either way. Walls are made Only to create hothouses to hate ourselves for. What our souls would not give to wreck them, and create space! But heat, when let loose, into another's void Sometimes causes the ejection of the Other Out There. We are then left, vacuumed out, in a state of perpetual implosion. It is much safer in one's own hothouse of one's own creation To live in perpetual isolation.

Hunt

There is a danger in being open prey during hunting season. The pallid predators prancing around town Will drag you around, and around, and claim to lift you up, but will only wear you down. Unresolved utterances will be pronounced, untimed And ignored, dismissed, belittled. And once their ammunition is spent, The soiled shells rolling around in the bitter brokenness of banal bonds not recognized in time They too shall screech boundaries and with infinite largesse, label and leave. It seems I have made friends to get told what I am, and, like a pretty parrot, Preach back their praxis. And of course, they see red, Much like the flags littered around, ignorance, the only comforting sound. To threaten you through mutual friends, to take, exacting, Their proclamations, profound yet repeated, little words thrown around. Impressed into service as listener, yet only there as curiosity To be poked and prodded without mercy by a thousand crawling questions. Some sing songs of sixty hour workweeks, to deliver Sermons of their hypothetical Mount Reaching towards Utopia, only elucidated in sweet tones. Others self-absorbed in a mask of their own making, seduce in their sorrowful solitude Taking souls through another route. Loveless sounds escape through Soiled mouths. The saddled saints, sorrowfully take you in. And I, the perpetual object whose personhood, omitted, take a not so silent leave. Who is wrong? Where does it end? When does it end? For the future piles of clay

Be careful where you make your entry, and how. So many love to scrawl. And scrawl. And scrawl.

Narcissi

Narcissus, with her, or his, or their lack of a moral abacus Stand starkly against the hollow people with no faces. Perhaps they have had heavy harms, horrible hurts To a wounded inner Echo, which only operates on repeat. Perhaps, unhurt, they amble into assumed ambience And articulate on and on about all the things they enjoy. High school never ends, cliques clicking, clacking, fingers tapping Until either the money or the people run out, having had enough of it all. Among the children, or among the hardened furies, Who can have nothing but all of it, Keep a stick. And, indeed, little Narcissus, Your self-awareness of your own half-formation shall not save you. So many will stop you to tell you to stay, And sing songs about themselves. Sirens, all, but what makes a difference Is what will make you, you.

Restraint

Giving up is the same process as letting go The future, like hope, is given to the children And adulthood is realizing the past has an effect For the torrid present. The hot sands of youth Give way to silence, simmering, And resignation, quiet. Promises empty, remembered As the stolid encouragement of old souls Telling us what will happen, and yet Only recognized in the now as their self-fulfillment. The youth, in hot flashes, proclaim revolutions, Which they have neither the discipline, nor time, to fulfill Watched over by glassed eyes Which only hope for advancement of the round faces Perhaps to pull them back from a ledge Perhaps to tell them, then, that they are being silly. A life philosophy, itself a product of a place and time Carried forth, attempted to be injected Misremembered, mistranslated, to the unready hands Of the tired scribes. We can only ever last so long. And yet whether our wet eyes are burned into the retinas of the old Or our pouting mouths, the only thing I can babble is an apology For the state of the world, little ones. We can neither grant you Armageddon nor Utopia. We can only grant you Empty promises made by men with empty smiles All work, no talk, or all work, and all talk, Being everything they're supposed to be, successful, competitive, distraught, Ruining the lives of the people they surround, and yet, Still followed to the end. Light! Light! More light! And yet, can I say, I was terrified When I could not find my reflection in that sheen? The ancient love whispered about To produce and reproduce Is given now at a holiday Or jumped for by a billion faces, Who know not what they jump for. And then The silence falls among the crowd. And then The little frowns form about. What is lost in memory Made up on the spot, passed on To the angry faces, belittled. O sorrow, O sorrow, To all the denizens of tomorrow.

Robot

The minor annoyances of yesteryear, Somehow spiral into the now, not able to be silent Unlike before, the invisible man, quite visible. A hairpin trigger scares everyone. Jumping from extrema to extrema No continuity, thundering about, a loose cannon Who only hits every once in awhile. And so they ignore, Ambivalently, these angles in their own cathedrals Are no longer sappy saviors--but mere survivors, ducking from Each loose shot. It turns out, poking and prodding The person running on automatic leads to somewhat of a protracted process Of unwinding, melting, enraged. Beware to remodelers. To remake, one must first take apart. And the automatic people Do not come apart so quietly. Yesteryear's trauma Imposed onto the horrified faces of today. Is it a death, natural? Of something not meant to be, wasted youth spent only in a perpetual lesson Which would have been better not to experience at all? Blessed boundaries! To hide from, to shift attention away! Run away, dear robot, for you were never their equal, But rather pushpin. Such is the life of the Others, who, in wasted want Merely only want themselves for company. And there you are too, perhaps? Simulated friendships, for a simulated recovery, for a simulated cause. Is this your test? A death? A rebirth? Oh, little robot! How cowardly and bravely you run! Away, apart, always away and apart.

Attention

I never knew that honesty could be conflated with attention Much like creepiness, with affection The other people his age will teach him a lesson With whispers Is this karma coming to roost its head? Or simply people speaking ill of the dead? He wishes they could go home instead For shelter And the rebels, they will hate him For all the silly things he says But he knows he's not The only one. Much like the bodies trafficked from coast to coast And the pictures online across every post He just feels as if he's making the most. Maybe he should've said something sooner But he was fine silently coping Until one day he realized They didn't care. So if you cannot bear my cross Please take a look at the loss And the violence inflicted upon those without a care Please stop staying silent When another inflicts their violence So more people don't have to grow up Without a home.

City Poem II

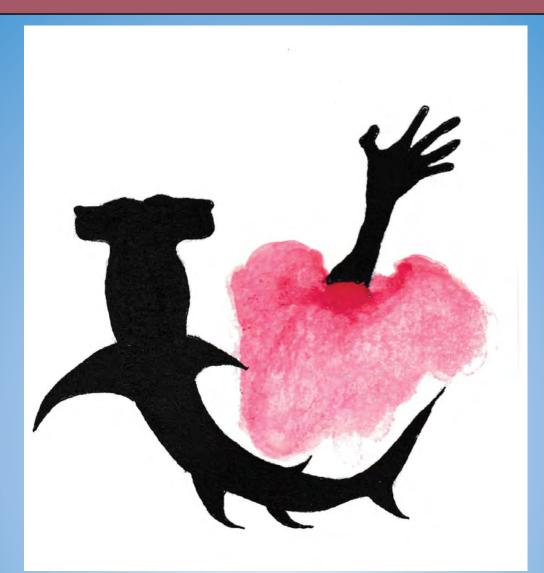
In the country The only coping mechanisms are dogs and one another The outsider reduced to atoms But at least there's an openness Hatred met with hatred Hatfields and McCoys Cowboys and Indians Reds and Whites In a city, the hatred is diet Stares and walks, all quiet Whispered slurs and insider words To paint a half picture The one you want to show, that is. The inchoate nature of childhood Is to refuse and to denigrate To idealize as a form of explanation Why everything is mommy-daddy-me. The street artists sing about what they'll never have True love, empty words choked with deceit Attention is what they want, the painted faces Choked with the desert heat Maybe they flunked out of college Maybe the friends they made didn't last Maybe they got bounced around And ended up in the trash. Oh, poor extraverts, Those deemed worthless by the body on their first pass Fall down hard and rise up, Eager for a second chance. The errant horrors of innocent fun Carried down the ladder, getting steeper with every rung A child spurned and spurned again Will turn enraged at the words of a pen And later, for fun Will tote around a gun. The gaudy streets meet the bright eyes Who will soon also meet their decline Coming into contact with years of drama Covered by the asphalt's grime. In two years, what will they be? The soft fresh faces from high school Who have they already compressed Who will they use and be used? Perhaps that optimism should be a bit tempered For those on the ground: You must not waste your time looking up or down Only forward and through can you ever get out.



"The Doctor Is In" Acrylic on recycled meatloaf TV dinner box 2019



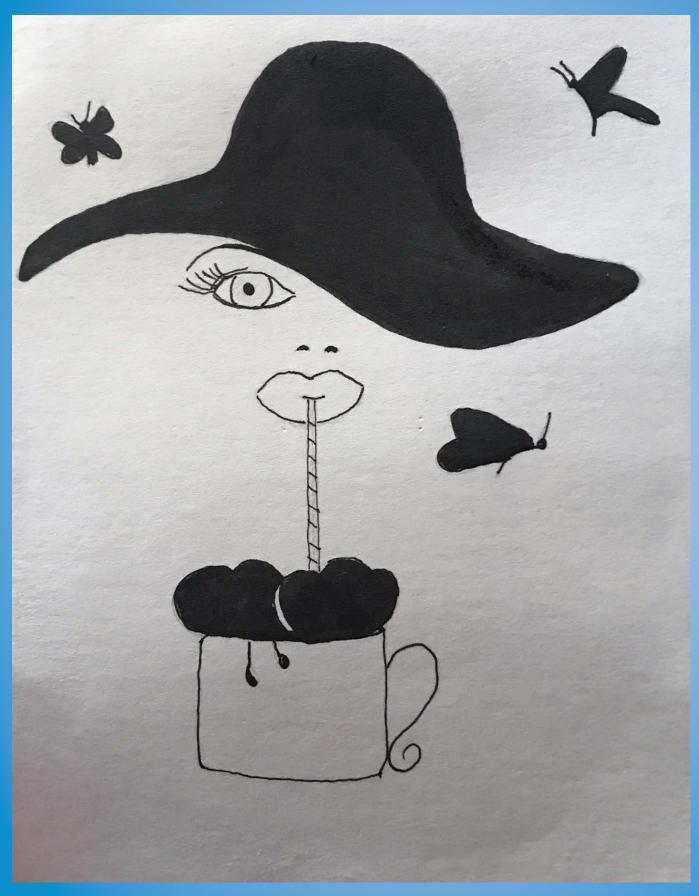
The author writes: "I'm an American artist raised by my German grandmother in the '80s. I started sharing my work publicly in 2018 after taking a 10-year break from doing local art festivals where I sold mostly wood burnings and a few acrylic pieces. My themes have always stayed a bit surreal and dark but with a fun loving delivery through many different mediums. From bugs, to classic beauties with mind-bending surrealistic themes, you never know what I'm going to do next. Here's a glimpse of what I've been working on lately. Feel free to follow me on Instagram @audrasdarkdesigns."



"Hammerhead Shark" Ink on 4x6 watercolor paper 2022



"Billy (goat)" Acrylic on 18x24 canvas (22x28 framed) 2022



"Fashion" Ink on Recycled meatloaf TV dinner box 2022



"Self Portrait" Acrylic on recycled cheese box lid 2022

A poem by Richard Fenton Sederstrom

Far Shores, Closing

avlägsna stränder, stängning For Nick Salerno Charles Wu and I were talking. Charles was a scholar and translator of Laozi. I offered my preference for Zhuangzi.

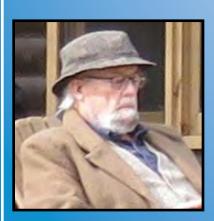
Diane Ma asked me in some shock, "Not Laozi? How can that be? But why?" "Because he reminds me of my grandfather." She had no response. Charles smiled. Charles and the Old Ones require no more to say.

It's an ancient smile, that response from out the pictured cave into the sun. In that primatial sun I have four grandfathers now. Maybe five, one of whom may be myself at long last. We try to speak through one another.

Eumaeus, Zhuang Zhou, Du Fu, and Hugh Fenton, me; dynamos of passivity, companions of the dao of necessary occasions. It takes all four, or five sometimes, but who is the other? One or more to calm their, our petulant élève.

Of late I have so wearied . . . wearied stark . . . what? My soul? Souls? Just words. What is a soul but just words?

Continued on page 53



Richard Fenton Sederstrom lives in the Sonoran Desert of Arizona, where he was raised from age ten, and from which he received his first cactus puncture the day he arrived, one afternoon in 1954, a lesson he still appreciates. Sederstrom's new book, "Icarus Rising: Misadventures in Ascension," appeared this year. A new book, "The Dun Box," is almost finished, if it continues to cooperate in appropriate misbehavior.



Photo by Richard Fenton Sederstrom

For the day, perhaps, which soul or shadow of my own I invite along with my grandfathers' souls: my not-so-secret sharers.

And our shared retreats— Log-slab covered tar-paper cabin. Folly. Thatch-roof cottage. Piercing absences. Stone hut and pigsty, maybe interchangeable. No-where?

Deep blue lake, ciscoes jumping, forest shadowed, green. Shaded valley lakes and streams, sacred mountains, crags, clouds.

Hills guide down to luffed sails in a clearwater port to loaf together, diddling our toes in a bright sea of pregnant wine.

2

The necessary condition of our apartness keeps us close and closed together in mutable cloud-bound arrangements, stories out from within our kaleidoscopic pirouettes of mind.

Our core of years, our witness, growing as one and another in one or another fluky voice to witness in our shared days and ages axial treasures of thought and spirit: cultures thrush and flute songs: the music!

and wars, treacheries far gone and near. Castles, basilicas, laws of trebuchet and bomb. Survivals — Permian, Cretaceous, Anthropocene.

... Oh, and the good of waiting. Keeping the table ready for twenty years or ever: we also serve ... and ever.

Continued on page 54

Our shared life longing for the company of friends and comfort if not property and fated instead to apartness and the failure that is both Circe and Penelope to the unrequited poet:

We are no Archilochus, Tyrtaeus, Callinus. Our lyrics may be bald, prosy, sans iamb and god-helpless. We stammer toward . . . and avoid the epode as we avoid finality. (Even Du Fu? Let us concede.)

3

Some Documents:

Hugh Fenton— Our shared decision at Gettysburg. Melancholy. Buying solitude with Yankee peddling. The love of language, the pain of having to employ it merely.

Hugh, to me: After Gettysburg, I could never leave my comrades, but I never fired another shot.

Thank God I never had to. I don't know what . . . You know what your problem is, Richard my lad? Your problem is . . . well you don't hold your mouth right. You've got to learn to hold your mouth right.

I, back in Hugh's direction: Can we strive for clarity in the end of our work and our words the embodied silence from which another might create new clarity?

Is it hard trying to get lost even in battle because of the efforts of observing, the need to discover what is new in the beckoning wordscape of lostness? [from *Sorgmantel*] *

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Zhuang Zhou-

Some admonition might Zhuang Zhou give here casually to ward off disaster to the ambitious, from the shadow now of his westering way, the crumpled silk of his small fame . . .

from Zhuangzi

What do you think? Is it better to give up one's life and leave a sacred shell as an object of cult in a cloud of incense three thousand years, or better to live as a plain turtle dragging its tail in the sand? Go home! Leave me here to drag my tail in the mud. Thomas Merton's Version

... In my way I follow the master's indirection, avoid intent. Pelt stretched here, wrinkled there, balding and baggy-eyed, I have subtly avoided the eight by ten glossy by way of the program of unstudied inaction.

from Icarus Rising

*

Du Fu— Drink, depression, diabetes and a long slog to Zizhou. Dirges to conscripted dead, their wives and children. Laments for his own.

On sore feet to see the family alive, mourn lost son. Ambitions razed by private genius: sounds of words in images. Hanzi emerge from the dao of the brush.

from Du Fu, in David Young's version: Fireflies signal back and forth in the dark

Birds roosting near the creek call softly to each other

and all the ongoing war and mayhem

I sit up, feeling hollow as the clear night whirls past.

Continued on page 56

and, I back to both: two loons outside lake-glow coo to each other about migrating

and the tiny music of a small fish flipping on the surface of the lake—

far outside the ammo-racket of civil mayhem and the dys-civil ranting of demagogues

I rise in some quiet hunger outside aliment moon-glow glides toward us and fades [from Sorgmantel]

*

Eumaeus-

Longing for the sake of . . . well, of longing. What spares the length of hours. Keeping the table set and lorn lights on Ithaka. Loyalty is a louche form of allegiance raised by soul to hospitality.

from Homer, and Eumaeus: You answered him, swineherd Eumaeus— Eat dear guest, enjoy it, simple though it is. Gods give, gods take away, as is their will: to gods all things are possible. Emily Wilson's version

and I, back: Mindful Eumaeus, you are the one left surviving to assist us to remember the voices of the poetry, when no god is listening. While the gate of horn is open, speak. [from Eumaeus Tends]

4

Mostly silence, anticipations recorded at rest. We share moments, not solemn the still sad music the cushioned rumble of Nature or we try, I with pen and paper.

Continued on page 57

We share our singular and personal secrets in silence, in order that what is most to us, what we'd prefer not to we still prefer and proffer in silent rhythms wing-beats of an owl in our earliest dawn-lit forest.

James Wright and Apollinaire pray together as translator and poet—and poets together— "All we want is to explore kindness the enormous country where everything is silent." And Wright added aloud, "Christ, I'd rather have written that than go to heaven."

Sometimes we share sentences that might be heaven.

5

Four—six? more?—of us alone together, not without enlisting company, crowding centuries. Longing for we are poets of longing. Longing, *langian* and lucky in words, in the vagaries of Fortune's Folly.

In our fortunes we have long grown accustomed to our incubate distances: horizons bound by centuries and opened into eons splattered into dollops of tempera, mosaic shards,

marble chunks, and papyrus ready for planting, painting or words and words. Sandbox and mudpies: ghosts at play,

modeling the bas-relief strata,

prepared negatives of the souls of Earth.

Evolution is home, where we keep our books, our pens and strata of paper, all the accoutrements that with the chastened mind add up to our battered blabbing soul opened to the shared dimensions.

Just words, no less than just. This single stammering entity, four out of how many more?

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How many fewer? Our disheveled universe is how large? Is how small? And how all in between?

Time is the immaterial predicate that proposes the connections, justifies the aeons, vouchsafes gravity to the immaterial: as we may do to summon the gods, our self-arrayed, self-arraigned deities, we approach our ordinary arts with tentative reverence.

It is self-reflective reverence of course, because the gods' deserve such attention as befitting the human exempla their human creators instilled or distilled in the colors of their natural misbehaviors.

6

With tentative reverence toward the mute adventure of home, such security as we think we may deserve, the same fen-and-street-soiled, half-chastened mind that adds up its cirrus-shadowed selenity:

if we are so curb-chastened maybe we will fail to grow accustomed to the incubus loneliness: from the cheerful ways of men cut off.

The collected mind alone meditating the ways of the gods we create as though coordinated, daily agreed in common distance to grow in isolation together, will fail to acquiesce to forces assembled against this foolish phantom insurrection.

Is any phantom exorcised? Should be? Is memory, phantom understood in our longing to live beyond and beyond and beyond? Or the poem?

Continued on page 59

But a poem is always a trick, an act no poet, not the most astute reader can quite pull off, the shadow of the act behind being true.

And mine now? What act? I shall continue to furrow with my forbears and friends, my fellow spooks, and we shall together you are attending, Bartleby? continue to define the silent continuities.

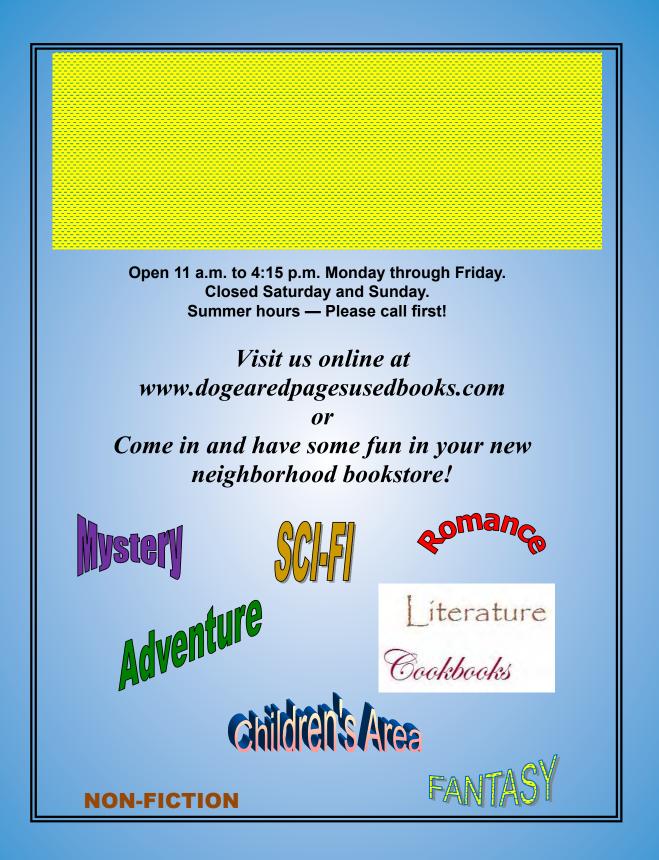
Except, perhaps, for Nick? I could ask. I ask. Nick has enjoyed the leisure now for long enough to understand what blessing it is that to learn toward understanding the well and long-considered dubiety of dao leads no farther than to join the company

of . . .

let me suggest the timelessly available Eumaeus, whose table waits for us. I'll be there too. Maybe the others. Maybe not; you never know nor need to.

We'll eat. Well, we'll eat and talk. In the morning maybe we'll walk down to the pier. Watch white sails take to the sky, and then,

and then



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The Arizona Consortium for the Arts is a nonprofit organization approved by the Arizona Corporation Commission in February 2008. We hold a 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 seeks to create a multicultural, multidisciplinary arts center that will provide a home for our activities and foster artistic growth for people of



all ages 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 work to The Blue Guitar arts and literary magazine, Unstrung poetry magazine and The Blue Guitar Jr. literary and arts magazine for youth. You can become a part of the Arizona Consortium and make a difference. There are countless ways to contribute, and the consortium is grateful for any donation in any form.

For us to grow as an organization, provide various services to artists, and support inspiring projects, your financial support is needed.

Every dollar received will support our website, the publication of our magazines, and the establishment of our future center.

Please visit our donations page, http:// www.artizona.org/ donate.html, and donate today!

Thank you for your support!



A rendering of the consortium's dream multicultural arts center by Effie Bouras, building designer, Mechanik Design Office, LLC.

The consortium's vision for a multicultural arts center

The rendering of The Arizona Consortium for the Arts' 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.

www.TheBlueGuitarMagazine.org

Meet the staff of The Blue Guitar magazine



Elena Thornton, publisher: Founder and president of The Arizona Consortium for the Arts, Elena is an educator, artist and poet and lives in Phoenix. Reach her at info@artizona.org.

Rebecca Dyer, co-editor: A Tucson native, Rebecca is a poet, journalist and teacher residing in Mesa with her husband, Rick, her Blue Guitar co-editor. Reach her at rebeccadyer@theblueguitarmagazine.org.





Richard H. Dyer Jr., co-editor: Richard (married to Rebecca, above) is the news editor of two monthly newspapers and two websites in the East Valley, a photographer and a welded-steel sculptor. Reach him at richarddyer@theblueguitarmagazine.org.

Marjory Boyer, cover design artist for The Blue Guitar: Marjory, of Scottsdale, is an award-winning artist, muralist and an acrylic-painting instructor. Her biography and contact information are available at mboyerart.com.



Check our websites for news on the arts

F fo	a Conso r the Arts				
	hout Us	g Community th	rough Arts and	d Culture! Directors	Donate
Contribute PayPal	Arizona C consortium	n's vision is to establish a mi	c. is a 501(c)(3) not-for- ulticultural, multidisciplinar	profit, all volunteer, comm ry arts space/center with a	nunity organization. n open door policy.
PayPal	Arizona Consortium for the Arts, Inc. is a 501(c)(3) not-for-profit, all volunteer, community organization. consortium's vision is to establish a multicultural, multidisciplinary arts space/center with an open door policy center will provide a home for all activities and foster artistic growth for people of all ages through the particip in the arts. It will be a home for many wonderful community organizations and groups, creative and inno-				
Volunteer	We are de	nd projects representing and edicated to creating a connect Itural and educational events	tion with our community	and provide a platform fo	
Join Us Contact us at info@artizona.org.	our communities by providing innovative programs, activities and publications. Our programs help nurture support underserved and economically challenged populations through the transforming power of the arts. We reflecting and representing the distinctive character of our region and explore, share and provide opportunities the compelling expressions of arts and culture.				
We invite you to join us in our incredible journey, and to take part in our mission. We need people	access to t unite, colla	rtium provides support for e the arts for the general publi aborate, partner, connect, a g arts, literary arts and cultur	ic by hosting cultural, arts and engage individuals an	and performance arts even d community organization	nts. We aim to adva s in all aspects of a

www.artizona.org. There, you can sign up for an e-mailed newsletter. Also follow us on Facebook and Twitter. www.TheBlueGuitarMagazine.org



The Blue Guitar Magazine's website is www.theblueguitarmagazine.org. Like us on Facebook. Follow @BlueGuitarMagAZ on Twitter.

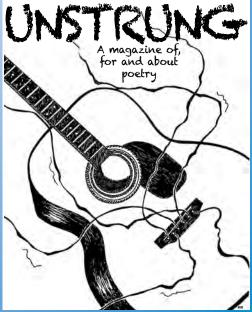
A Call to Poets for the 2022 Issue of Unstrung

he Blue Guitar magazine seeks poetry submissions for the Summer 2022 Issue of Unstrung, a magazine of, for and

about poetry. Submissions will be accepted from June 1 through July 4. Poets must submit original work and must have a tie to Arizona. Simultaneous submissions will be accepted, but the poet must notify the magazine as soon as possible if the work is accepted elsewhere. It is free to submit, and multiple poems may be submitted. Submissions must be in the best shape possible and publication-ready. Please include your name and the best way to contact you on your e-mail submission. Please include in the e-mail subject line: Attn. Unstrung - Poetry submission, and send to Rebecca Dyer at rebeccadyer@ theblueguitarmagazine.org. For more information, e-mail Rebecca at rebeccadyer@ theblueguitarmagazine.org or visit www.theblueguitarmagazine.org.

Unstrung, a magazine of, for and about poetry, is a nonprofit project of The Blue Guitar magazine and 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 Unstrung magazine, The Blue Guitar magazine and The Arizona Consortium for the Arts, visit our websites: www.theblueguitarmagazine.org and www.artizona.org.

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www.TheBlueGuitarMagazine.org

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, 2022, 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.

> The Blue Guitar Jr. magazine is a project of the nonprofit The Blue Guitar literary and arts magazine and The Arizona Consortium for the Arts. The Arizona Consortium for the Arts is a startup, nonprofit group dedicated to supporting and fostering artists and the arts in Arizona, including the literary, visual and performing arts. For more information about The Blue Guitar and The Blue Guitar Jr. magazines and The Arizona Consortium for the Arts, visit our websites:

A Call to Artists for The Blue Guitar Jr.

Open to children and teens who create art 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, 2022, 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.

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



A Call to Writers for Fall 2022

The Blue Guitar magazine seeks literary submissions for the Fall 2022 Edition from Sept. 1 through Oct. 4. Submissions are sought in all genres — fiction, poetry, plays, creative nonfiction. Writers must submit original work and must live part- or full-time 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. Submissions must be in the best shape possible and publication-ready. To submit or for further information, e-mail Editor Rebecca Dyer at rebeccadyer@theblueguitarmagazine.org. For more information, visit www.theblueguitarmagazine.org.

A Call to Artists for Fall 2022

The Blue Guitar magazine seeks art submissions in all mediums for the Fall 2022 Edition from Sept. 1 through Oct. 4. Any artists who work in any visual art media, are 18 years or older and are part- or full-time 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; please provide high-resolution JPEGs of 300 dpi. Images must be identified in the e-mail with the artist's name and contact information, titles of works, dates and mediums. Submissions must be in the best



shape possible and publication-ready. To submit or for further information, e-mail Editor Richard Dyer at richarddyer@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.

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