

UNSTRUNG

A magazine of,
for and about
poetry



Summer 2022

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Fenton Sederstrom

Unstrung is a project of the nonprofits The Blue Guitar and The Arizona Consortium for the Arts

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Abraham Aruguete

The World Consciousness Poem (Or, Trying to be Aware at the End of Utopia)

When is armageddon, the poet wonders?

When is utopia?

The men in the suits, hidden behind their eyes

Blind themselves to their family

They must use brutality

Or a domineering sneer

To achieve their lost dreams

And death, which I have known

For so long, so long

A carrion dragged around by

Reservation dogs

Libidinal flows known

Ever so slowly, anodyne

The self-awareness lost

Of the weather, the clock, from perhaps some crime

A desire for revenge long past

Or a dream that will never come

Immortality in a violent shun

Of society, of the other

Men, forty years ago, once brothers

Now murder each other again.

Does it matter who wins?

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Continued from page 3

Whose *dacha* one will fund?
They come every day
Plans to have us labor under the sun
To take it out on someone below
Just so they will be insecure and undone
So another child can wonder
Where they were before they look for more fun
Attention given by others
For a position born into, or for looks
Snarling at one another
Through message boards about comic books
After being dismissed by the veteran
Whose eyes into they cannot look.
And the poor, jealous of the rich
In desperation, use each other for violence.
I cannot blame a place or time
And only the men, oft with no rhyme
With some guilt laden woman at his side
Good for him and good for her
The violent rulers of this earth
Dying locked behind their eyes
Amin, though he lies
Alone in Arabia
Is up there with nothing
But his throne of skulls
Do we not sit on them all?
I climbed a weary climb,
Hands stuck in eyesockets
Taken out of time

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Continued from page 4

But when I was dragged back

One spring night

Senseless suffering made sense

By the schizoid-schizophrenic with no life

Instead of helping others or ourselves, we drag each other down

So the paranoid have something to defend.

And the weary beheaded poor

Given entertainment which does not solve their famines

“Look over there!” The ruler cries, hiding from his and other eyes

Dragged down by guilt, or circumstance, only the latter forgiven

As blood is spilled in the court, always for attention.

Did we not learn the lessons of the first two wars?

Did we not learn the lessons of the eighties, forty years ago?

No, we merely ran away on some ill begotten dream

A land of utopia, the internet, a land freer than free

The last frontier and last escape from reality.

And the autocracies, aware of the opium, but bewareing of the release

Shutter their eyes and tell others to stand in line.

Ignoring as they please.

Did not Mao cling closer to his ideal

When he knew it wasn't real?

Did not Pol Pot toss aside his human lot

When it was the past he wished he forgot?

Or perhaps Hitler, mustachioed in a frown

Saluting to some achievement of his promptly torn down?

When does it end?

Where will it end?

When does it end?

Where will it end?

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Continued from page 5

In Africa, the meat grinder toils

And claims so many souls

In America the old

Die paranoid and alone

In the former remains of the cold war states

Nostalgia keeps them trapped, a desire for a revenge fueled by hate

Leads them to take it out on the former countrymen

Whose pains are only remembered by the two last generations.

So perhaps Berlin was not the end

And neither was Iran

We have forgotten everything

The birds and the bees, climate change

Trapped in paranoia and fear

Or a fatalism near and dear

Well, maybe the poet

Will kill you with a word or two

The walls we draw in our head

Around a past action, or those left for dead

Or some dream lived out for revengeance

Or some cowardly flight from and not towards

Only a new low will you make

Only more self-disgust will you generate

Falling deeper, and deeper, and further down

How many lies can you make before I gun you down?

How many secrets do you lock away

Inside that head of yours?

The empty heads of women

Who gave themselves out of desperation

Commit violence on those with nothing to do with it

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Continued from page 6

And let the guilt drag them down.
To be morosely attached to the outcast men
Or even worse, that eternal curse
Of paranoia's poison
So let the names sit on my tongue
Lest you dare come across
Ignore it to make it worse
Just like the people you've all lost.
And the hobbies, and the friends
And the sunshine.

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Abraham Aruguete



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Abraham Aruguete (Ah-roo-get-tee) was born in Fort Defiance, New Mexico, on January 16th, 2000. He is a recent math graduate from UofA and enjoys writing when not drowning in insufferable amounts of work.

David Chorlton

Working Class Belief

It was never an issue
at home. Grace never said. Good luck
never questioned and bad
accepted as a roll of the cosmic dice.
The only family heirloom
passed along from the book of Isaiah
was a reference best ignored
but too obscene to forget.
The scent of the war
was still in the air, and God
never stood a chance of surviving it.
Our Father who art . . .
in morning assembly
was language at attention, though nobody
saluted, as the lesson
for each day was
that the Jewish boys processing
from their own room were
secrets on parade with a counterfeit
deity to guide them. And
the rain came down from Heaven
while hymns rose
to the sky: *Thou flowing water,*
pure and clear, with the compass pointing
true north and the giving of thanks
for the latest soccer scores

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in which belief was universal, never
mind the slippery ladder
leading up to salvation. Only
what was visible was real. Eternity
was time running out of energy.
The End is Nigh the sandwich boards
displayed as they hung from
believers' shoulders. But there was never
any proof. Not a shiver running
between the stars, no smile burning
on the sun, no streak of angry lightning
aimed at sin, no chariots
to take away the souls that find
no place on Earth. The only angels
went on foot from door
to door, knocking for the honor
of being told to go away. The great
cathedrals stand like music
turned to stone, with credit to the masons
and the many who hauled
great weights across the landscape. They had
the strength to do it, while as a certain
Mr. C. said years ago, *You can't tell me
somebody who's been dead three days
can roll a bloody stone that size
from the opening to a cave.*

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David Chorlton



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David Chorlton's poetry has appeared extensively, much of it relating 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.

David Chorlton

Turkey Vulture Memories

I

12 In a clearing surrounded by few trees
close to a footbridge
crossing from shade to shade
on a day when the ground was holding up
its spare offerings to
the sun, a deer lay swollen
with an aroma rising
through the midday light. The long hours
spent in circles
narrowed to a point from which descent
was powered by a gentle
thirst for blood, and wing clicked after
wing as one and then the next
alighted on the ground
preparing to approach. Then the first
beak opened up the skin
and what broke loose was an abattoir,
an orchard, a cathedral
whose every prayer became silence
in memory of a life
flowing to sustain other lives.
Then rising, full for now, and passing over
accidental passers by
the only recourse was to shower them
with offal, still fresh, and shining

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as it slid along
the sunbeams.

II

Circling over Silver Peak
(or Silver Peak circling beneath
the dozen with their angled wings
navigating light)
to move slowly was a matter of style
that comes when several share the grace
displayed by the first
who returns from weightless heights
to the heavy, heavy
earth.

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III

Hunched on a bough stripped for survival through
an all-night rain
were many, each one bearing
the water's insistence
in the hammering dark. It was a time
to be black, except
for the bare skin gleaming where
a head is stripped for entry
to an open wound. The storm was
a welcome discomfort
at the end of a calm and hungry day.
Thunder opened up
some chaos and disruption through which

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it was easy to sleep and greet
dawn with bones unlocked, to dry
and prepare to rise again
with senses primed to pick up the scent of whatever
did not survive the night.

IV

A javelina? Left for days
at the base of the steps leading to
a cabin door where nobody
had entered for weeks, causing a ripeness
to announce its presence. A hot day
in summer. A quiet afternoon. A patch
of nowhere in which
to enjoy solitude at the edge of decay.

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David Chorlton

The Tapping

A woodpecker drills into the light.

Rat-tat-tat,

a cloud passes over the sun

and a shadow floats

down toward the earth, but

with nothing to grip

for a bird intent on continuing his day's work,

Rat-tat-tat, opening

what is closed, releasing

souls from confinement, so that each

may hammer at truth

before flying, with its red cap

as a signal that

life goes on.

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David Chorlton

The Moment

The wing at vision's edge
bears the weight departing brings
when it's time to turn around
and the surroundings have no more
adjustments asking
for attention. No loose connections

on the streambed, no peaks about to topple
from the ridge, no limbs
attempting to climb back
up along their tree. Even what is broken

lies shining in its place
within the universe: the sycamore
split by lightning, the bajada
fraying into dry air,
the road the miners followed when
they gave up searching

for their fortunes and set
their watches to the rest of their lives.
What a sunrise it will be
when they wake up with no money

to show for where they've been.

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Unstrung • Summer 2022

Gari Crowley

life

the nightstand
a ring
tissues
and
wine glass
a photo
face
down

a dense emptiness
of space
and time
is pitiless
mind
and
heart
quivering
entrails
whispered
traducements

a tabby
at the
French doors
warming
herself

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in the
morning
sunlight
sleeping

all in a
day's
work as
life goes on

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Gari Crowley



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Gari has spent his entire life in Arizona except for three months in California where his younger brother was born. He has always had an interest in the borderlands, its life and people, not to mention the variety of creatures both venomous and non-venomous. He lives in southern Arizona with his wife, Linda, and their two indoor cats, Tony and Mario (also, the three strays with two kittens that they feed and water.) Gari is seventy years old and enjoys gardening.

Gari Crowley

Grand Canyon Air Disaster 1956

They saw the ink stains
and the feathers of smoke
at the top and bottom of the gorge.
A natural disaster,
the result of
an arcane aberration of human ingenuity.

Their briefly storied intervals
fell by the wayside as earth tones and colors
flickered through reels of windows.
The loss of what might have been
through time and unforeseen occurrence
disintegrating into eons of erosion.

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Gari Crowley

The Arc

There came a time I dismissed my youth, it having been exasperated,
when on the mountaintop looking toward the east;
the inflection in my heart, having tired of life's obtuse sustentations.

Now, the relative obscurity and the occurrence of my age,
being as I am, through empirical design,
bound to the stricture of time and the long arm of the universe,

still hold to my humanity and the true nature of my being.

For a certainty all things break down. Immortality was always insentient.
Stranded now, in the pejorative sense of aging,

21

adapting to becoming a wizened octogenarian, a blessing and malediction
born of waters and winds of life, the silt of this flesh and blood
having settled in my clay of oldness and where does one go from here...

It's been said, years do not make sages, they only make old men;
less useful, not ornamental and perhaps ponderous. But I perceive
the reality this side of that mountain, settled, and looking toward the west.

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Gari Crowley

these assault guns

for the taking
for the freedom of killing—
grown-up children playing army
with a constitution to bear arms and hand grenades

an idolatry of weaponry is smothering the landscape
infringing upon the right to life—
promulgating excruciation
and opportunity

22

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Robert Feldman

don't be surprised

don't be surprised when your garden flowers spit back your watering,
when cars refuse to budge when lights turn green,
when neighbors on your block nod nope
at your offering of cakes and cookies.

don't be surprised when clowns gather to break
their month-long fast in your backyard,
when another dolt disinvites you to your junior prom,
when smiling children at your door offer photos
of Treblinka and the Rosewood Massacre.

don't be surprised when hummingbirds bathe in that very rain
that washed out your daughter's graduation,
if the books in your library have shuffled then swapped pages,
if the music you love swims off,
notes fusing into one grey bleary bog.

and don't be surprised when your sins rebel
into the sum of all your knowledge,
when your days ring silent and destitute,
nights whisper turmoil and rancor,
when your truths become discarded sand
gathering in some forgotten hourglass,
when good friends no longer recognize your once familiar voice,
and don't be surprised when your passions grow fewer,
disguised as boredom, stupor.

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we harvest from deserts that are already ours.
we cry out for a style of freedom, but only the sort that suits us,
deteriorating into nothing more than permission
to further distract ourselves.

magicians work a clay of light
polishing the stains of their actions,
with eyes busy crisscrossing the unguarded borders
of tomorrow's dawn.

so don't be surprised if an unintentional garden walk
turns into an ambush,
for even shadows can incinerate a path chosen...
whoever prophesizes pain and retribution cannot travel on the wind.

and witnessing long days void of muse and spark should not surprise.
and holding goodwill and forgiveness captive leaves the heart's light
unrequited, denied.

no, it should not surprise that blight and desolation are not to be praised
inside anyone's house.

June 20, 2022
Tucson

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Robert Feldman



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Born in Paterson, New Jersey, Robert Feldman was inspired early on by members of Paterson's literary tradition, most notably Louis and Allen Ginsberg and William Carlos Williams. Later, while living in St. Louis, he organized poetry readings, produced and hosted a community-issues news hour and a biweekly bebop jazz radio program on KDNA-FM. There, his interest and admiration for the Beat Generation flourished. After relocating to Bisbee in the early '70s, Robert was instrumental in publishing some of Arizona's most influential writers such as Drummond Hadley and Michael Gregory, and in 1980, collaborated with Lawrence Ferlinghetti on his Bisbee publication, "Mule Mountain Dreams." Currently, Robert resides in Tucson, continuing to write, paint, and play tabla, besides actively publishing in several online poetry magazines. "Hineni," a collection of 15 Hebraic photographic poetry, was published in spring 2018, and "Sunflowers, Sutras, Wheatfields, and Other ArtPoems" in summer 2019. The body of Robert Feldman's writing and painting can be accessed at albionmoonlight.net; he can be reached at rfeldman@gmail.com.

Jorge Gamboa

Petrichor

Distant clouds loom behind the hills
On this side of the line
We call the hills cerros
The clouds are nubes
And rain softens its sounds when it crosses the border
Lluvia
We repeat the sweet syllables over and over
Like an incantation, wishing rain into existence
Behind the cerros, on the other side of the line,
We perceive that sweet, tender smell
Of rain upon soil
That makes the trees and flowers
Bloom and color the land
Drenched and sated by the Lluvia
When it comes down to brass tacks
There is not much difference between
This side and the other side
The sun shines on all of us
Nos abraza
Y nos abrasa
It embraces us
And it sears us
But here on this side of the line
We have to settle with the promise
Of those dark, pregnant clouds
And that smell of petrichor
That drenches the air
And builds its dwelling in the place
Where our longings refuse to perish

Jorge Gamboa



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Jorge Gamboa hails from Sonoyta, Sonora, and his family roots in the region date back to countless centuries. He has family on both sides of the border, mainly in Southern Arizona, and this has fostered a unique worldview and appreciation for the land and the people of both countries. He is a writer, film critic, translator and Spanish tutor.

Mary Knapp

Deer Kachina

He drove through the night
On a long journey
A journey to fulfill a promise
A promise made years ago

When he arrived – it was barely light
But he could see the herd on a low rise
With the sun behind them
Some of them lifted their heads
Acknowledging his presence
Then stamped the ground softly but with impatience

He sang to them
And gathered them tenfold
Leading them on their journey
Back to the western mountains
Back to the pueblos and mesas

Back to the cottonwood roots
Back to the beginning
Where he sang the songs
And danced the dance of the deer kachina

Singing to ensure the harvest and dancing to renew the rainfall
And lifting his head as he danced
To make possible the continued life of the pueblo

Mary Knapp



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Mary lives and writes in the West Valley. She spent her career as a fisheries biologist and now eagerly awaits her return to traveling — to the lesser-known corners of the world — where she likes to live among the people and learn as much as possible. She can be reached at marymknapp@gmail.com.

Mary Knapp

Gibbous Moon

There was a waxy gibbous moon in the sky on my walk this morning
Peaking over the rooftops and hiding among the trees
His face, with a sly smile, peered out at me,
one cheek more swollen than the other,
as if hoarding a treasure there of earthly delights.

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Mary Knapp

One Word

I watch the women in Tehran
in the late afternoon
with their families
crossing the bridge and walking in the park

I feel a glance
And turning I look up

A moment's pause
I smile with hesitation
and then softly I say
... 'Salaam' ...

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And the world opens like a flower
Just waiting for this moment to bloom

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Mary Knapp

This is what I miss when I'm not in Southeast Asia

I miss...

The noise and the heat

Walking everywhere

Children everywhere

The sound of a thousand motorbikes

The call to prayer

Temple bells

Monks' robes

Reclining buddhas

Long straight black hair

My ad hoc guesthouse

Spicy noodles and spicy vegetables

The mountains, the volcanos

Brown rivers moving like great swollen snakes

Giant fireflies

The harbors, the ports

The skyscrapers, the shanties

Bamboo scaffolding

Tuk Tuks and their drivers

Night markets

Air conditioned ATMs

7-11 ice cream

Lord Rama Roundabouts

Water buffalo Roundabouts

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Water buffalos
Rice paddy
Rain in sheets
Like nothing else in the world
Like rain in sheets
In the jungle

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33

Richard Fenton Sederstrom

Wake Robin

Sleep realized

*Was the whiteness that is the ultimate intellect,
A diamond jubilation beyond the fire.*

Wallace Stevens, "The Owl in the Sarcophagus"

1

Toad Shade

It is late May. It has rained
and the forest and the sky look feel taste
cold and sloppy.

Not enough sound to interfere with a sigh of devotion
in a self-inflicted chill wetting.

Clouds have begun to wilt into the eastern distance.
The lake has begun to warm to the new spring,
not enough
and no roar of pleasure-boats displeasures.

Protected as well as I can be from the several
spring-bucked curses of tick,
out of some May-time folly
I slog through the final weeks of rot
from last fall's confused and wan
diminishment of summer life,
a ragged likfält, such fertile birthplace!

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Somewhere under the rot,
rhizomes of trillium slither through thawed muck—
the distance of wishful thinking above
the muffled renewal of magma rising.

In a couple of weeks maybe,
their stems will erect a ground-low canopy of green,
to support and sport pale clusters of white
blossoms ripening in the shade of senile aspens.

Before the end of their season trillium will solemnize
themselves into faded purple, a violet hour
of pretend Lenten-regal for the confusion
of any who require of plants the incense—
the condescending delusion,
the yoke and taint of blessing.

*

Until grass rises and the undergrowth greens,
this is a hillside the colors of wet turkey—

My uncle planted the first trillium clusters decades ago.
Their travel by rhizomes underground,
slowly toward light and nourishment,
must be encouraged,
but only by meticulous inattention.
To pluck the flower is to kill the plant.

My uncle's plucked generation travels still
underground toward the fading or our memories—

more slowly for now—
then at once and not at all.

*

The plant in mute honesty abets only
our folksaga metaphors from humble runic alchemy—
toadshade, birthroot, wood lily, wakerobin.
Trille blanc in French, trilling in Swedish.

But *Trillium grandiflorum* is grand enough
to adorn the anthropogenic
proprietary sanctum. The technician
tells no story. Folk names invite story.
Listeners invent story after story.

36

I do remember, as some days it was to me,
trilling like the hermit thrush.
Tempting our leaf-fledged delusion of a New Eden,
we know not to worry over
what we bless only ourselves in grief.

*

Non carpe diem, sed decerpta ex die.

The soar and talons of appetites
disjoined
may seize a day so long
or soon as days survive
for human grip to seize.

How much I would rather pluck
the fruits of my day, day by day
into the future of each day's given night,
as such goodness ripens
that I may have earned for tending
the dooryard of those futures.

For each of us, a day will be harvested
with all the next,
for some: seized—for whose survivors
condemned to a world of dis-ease,
fear-brewed hatred, the petty spite
of extinction-driven moral palsy:

2
Blues in the Night

37

“They’re real notes. Swear.”
This from the girl with the blue clarinet.
Real blue. Swear.

Her notes are blue.
No metaphor. Swear.

What sound it is cannot be written out and out
and out as real notes, no more than whale song—
the real and ecstatic whale—
not the human’s wistful echo of her many ghosts.

Or a wolf in the night,
keening its own extinction.
The soul-searching owl—
the soul tearing rapacious owl.

A lone osprey's hard starving grief
having found no perch.
A death cry over dark water.
Real notes: silent.
The victory-smug burble of diving fish.

All notes. Swear.
The banshee-laugh of a siren
before a dread of dawn.
A tourist's drug-sweetened bliss
gaffed into madness.

The note of nightmare howl
from the gutted mind
broils on the dream-flash rack
in the orchestra pit of refining flames—
real notes—hot licks.

*

Now, now, now the death gurgle
of the man fixed flat on the pavement,
his neck pressed breathless, ground
under his killer's knee.
Loud sighs, muffled
outrage from intimidated bystanders.

38

Real notes, modulated.
Storm-stoked panic.
Primordial wail from the bereaved,
isolated beyond consolation.
The judge's autistic, institutional deliverance:
a sentence of Original Guilt.

Nearly drained, in desperate modulation
the lover of death lowers the volume of notes.
Real notes. Swear.

The exhausted mother pleading so so so far
suspended beyond the demeaning notes of language.
Real notes! Oh Swear!—

39

The squall-notes
of another summer aborning in surge—
death-march notes a dirge to mourn
a strangling new servility.

*

Behind me,
back down the two-rut track and into the woods
echoes the flute-song of a thrush,
diminuendo.

Real notes. Swear. Only:
Once—upon a time.
Swear.

3

Birth Root

“Eater, become food”

Frank Bidart, “The Third Hour of the Night”

We might choose to remain below, behind,
just another mammal, really,
a short-lived species, really,
as the evolution of species goes. And goes.

A primate, by the sullen grace of evolution—
as we also call our neglected, disparaged,
murdered, diminishing next of kin—
nearly hairless, possessed of a rich intellect,

40
condemned to understand the nature
of the suicide we may have casually doomed
ourselves to apprehend before the final blink.
Or. “If you can’t say something nice . . .”

We after all and all, have too many reasons not to rise.
Or I have, anyway? And shall I ask around? Anyway?
Only a few reasons may ever be worthy
of the final slap into re-cognition—

at which, forest interrupting,
I rip off a very small tick from my left calf,
worried already about the red stigma growing,
the bullseye rash of Lyme disease—

the emergency room, new symptoms, palsy maybe,

years of lingering debilitation maybe—
still think to ask,
gesturing a bent finger into the cave of dank wood,
but what of the expanding life, rushing blood,
the flesh of us all— the hungry mortal harvest?
Food?

*

A trillium's flesh wills to live on until
it happens to die.

Or it happens to live underneath
the feeding rot from last fall,

like you if you happen to burst
into the chill air again next spring.
If you—what? Live . . .

41

in words perhaps.
See from within layered glyphs,
figures on the cave wall.
Press your open hand.

Press an open hand
stained in something like blood,
something like words,
the corpuscles of the poem that just happens
to get spoken some night later.

Something like words
pressed into the side of a bison, say.
Then lift up,
out into the radiance of spring
the bison and the words for and to the bison.

Yes, those words, and yes,
the very bison you will meet on the open ground.
All of those words—
the soul of them attached, inviting
the souls of other animals,

souls of comingling cells
in the words the bison, the aurochs, the cave bear
will follow the intelligence of white plants to their—

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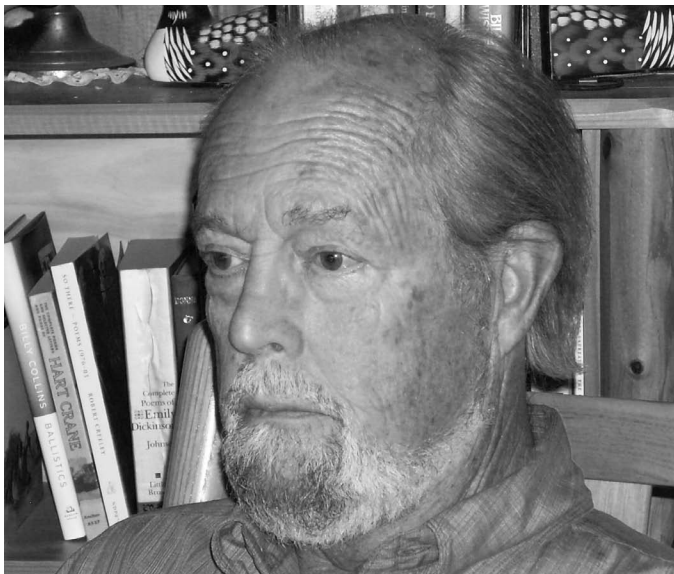
your shared surface on Earth running
with natural mind,
our shared world of folksaga, of

toad shade, birth root, wood lily, wake robin
trille blanc, trilling—
their colors, their ages and movements
from white to purple—to the ground we share:

birth root wood toad lily robin shade root birth
A trill of new arrangement for each following spring.

A trill for the ultimate spring that follows only
into the wisdom of empty white.

Richard Fenton Sederstrom



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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 in 2021. A new book, "The Dun Box," is finished and should be published early next year.

Richard Fenton Sederstrom

William Duffy's Hammock Was Strung Between Two Trees

projected for the centenary of James Wright's poem, 2061

*"I lean back, as the evening darkens and comes on.
A chicken hawk floats over, looking for home.
I have wasted my life."*

44 Well, now. Now? Sitting here in the shade
of air conditioning
in the middle of a prosthetic new century
what can I know now of William Duffy's farm?
Of William Duffy?

When have I last seen a farm
owned by someone with a human name? Or face?
When have I smelled hay inside
a pine-sided red-painted barn?
What do I know of Pine Island Minnesota?

Are there still pine on the island? How many?
In what geography is the island, anyway? Is it
even an island in water? Is there water? Anymore?
How far must water be drilled
from under the barrens of farm country?

Continued on page 45

Minnesota went away.
James Wright carried it away
in the pocket of a denim freight car
on a frayed siding outside Fargo North Dakota—
rails long since dragged to the Fargo Rust Museum.

The nature trail that replaced it has sported no footprints
since, since . . .
life
supported trees that supported hammocks
that supported any dream at all.

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Editor's Note

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No other literary genre can compete with poetry as a vessel for the compressed image. No other genre can lend itself so easily and successfully to capture the compressed image's potency and poignancy. As the reader experiences what seems a simple image in their mind's eye, it unfolds for them into something much more profound. A poem's momentum, an evocative verb, an image inextricably entwined with the poem's theme, all contribute to an indelible impression on the reader's imagination. The compressed image is another device the poet can use to allow the poem and the reader to meet halfway. You will find compressed images throughout the poems in this issue, with some poems choosing to end on these images. In his trademark spare language, the poet William Carlos Williams also makes striking use of compressed images in this poem:

Spring Storm

The sky has given over
its bitterness.
Out of the dark change
all day long

Editorial Staff

Editor: *Rebecca Dyer*

Editor: *Richard H. Dyer Jr.*

Publisher: *Elena Thornton*

Artwork for front and back covers: *Marjory Boyer*

Unstrung • Summer 2022

rain falls and falls
as if it would never end.
Still the snow keeps
its hold on the ground.
But water, water
from a thousand runnels!
It collects swiftly,
dappled with black
cuts a way for itself
through green ice in the gutters.
Drop after drop it falls
from the withered grass-stems
of the overhanging embankment.

I am picturing these cool images in my mind's eye in this
summer of torrid temperatures!

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Rebecca "Becca" Dyer
Co-editor

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A Call to Poets For Summer 2023

Unstrung, a magazine of, for and about poetry, will seek poetry submissions for its Summer 2023 Issue from June 1 through July 4, 2023. 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. 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.

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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

Unstrung • Summer 2022

A Call to Writers for the Fall 2022 Blue Guitar

50 The Blue Guitar literary and arts 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. To submit or for further information, e-mail Editor Rebecca Dyer at rebeccadyer@theblueguitarmagazine.org. For more information, visit www.theblueguitarmagazine.org.

The Blue Guitar, The Blue Guitar Jr. and Unstrung are nonprofit projects of the nonprofit start-up The Arizona Consortium for the Arts. The Arizona Consortium for the Arts is dedicated to supporting and fostering artists and the arts in Arizona, including the literary, visual and performing arts. For more information, visit our websites: www.theblueguitarmagazine.org and www.artizona.org.

Meet the staff of Unstrung magazine



Elena Thornton, publisher: Founder 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, editor: A Tucson native, Rebecca is a poet, journalist and teacher residing in Mesa with her husband, Richard, her co-editor for Unstrung, The Blue Guitar and The Blue Guitar Jr. Reach her at rebeccadyer@theblueguitarmagazine.org.



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Richard H. Dyer Jr., editor: Richard (married to Rebecca, above) is the news editor of two monthly newspapers with websites in the East Valley, a photographer and a welded-steel sculptor.

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



UNSTRUNG

A magazine of
for and about
poetry



Unstrung will
return in
Summer 2023