

The Blue Guitar

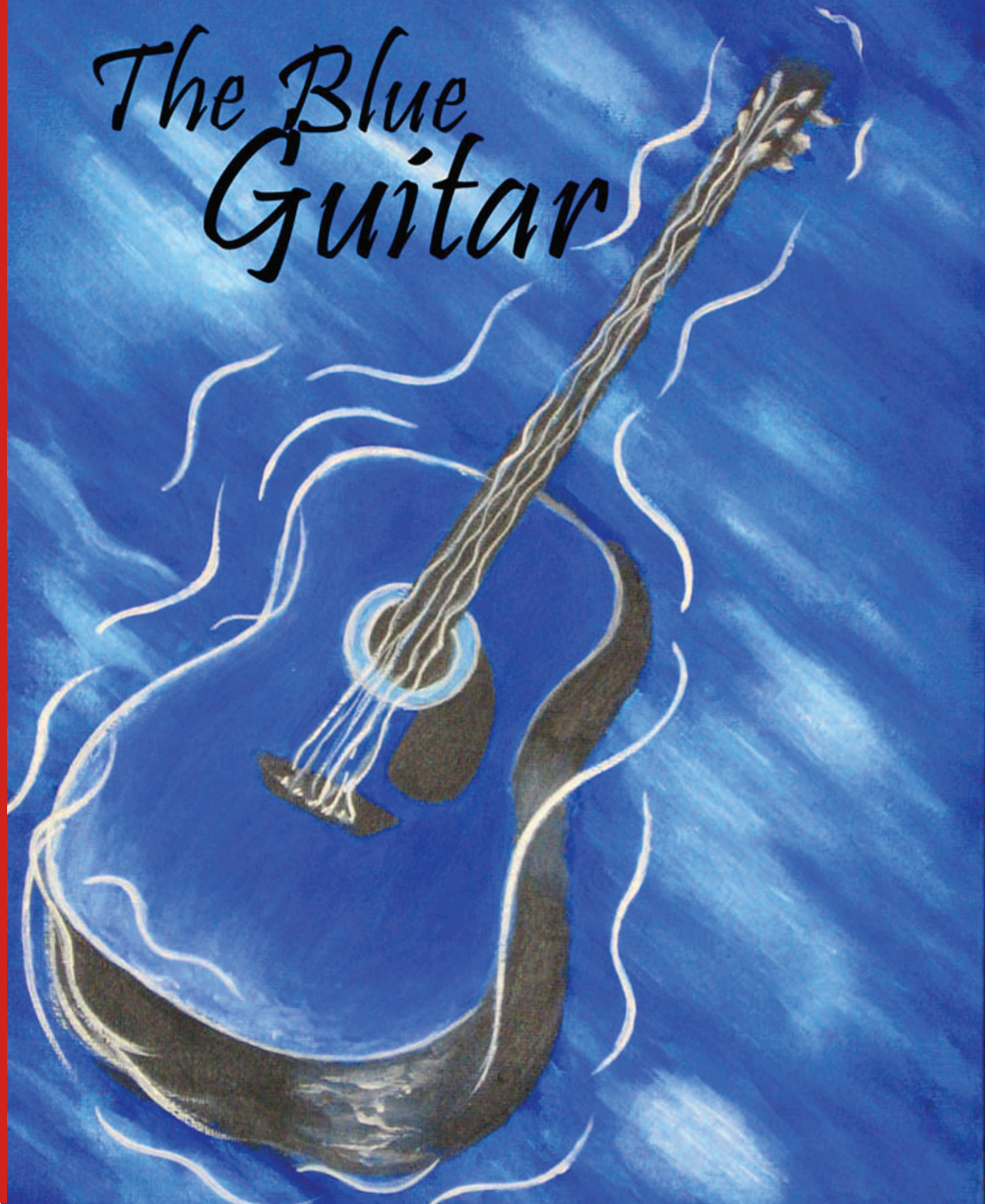


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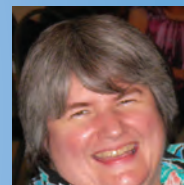
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Editor’s Note

I first met Alberto “Tito” Álvaro Ríos more than 20 years ago when I was a grad student getting my MFA in poetry through ASU’s creative-writing program. He was teaching us the forms of poetry. The first day of class, he faced a room of intense young poets and asked ... what did you have for breakfast this morning? We all laughed and relaxed. One person said, “Cheerios,” another said, “A cup of coffee,” someone else said, “Nothing.” This great man could have asked us anything and he asks us what we had for breakfast?! I realize now, if I live to be 150, I would hope to be so wise. That’s Tito in a nutshell ... humble. And in his skillful way, he was reminding us to stay grounded in the concrete, in the moment. We can’t lose sight of the everyday details that we all share as humans and then we ultimately transform into our poetry. As busy as he is, Tito graciously responded to our request for a Q&A, which we bring with great pride to you in this issue. Congratulations, Tito! Arizona is blessed to have you as her first poet laureate! It is an honor well-deserved on both sides! And, on a personal note: Thank you for being my teacher, mentor, inspiration and friend!



Rebecca “Becca” Dyer



Alberto Ríos

Rebecca “Becca” Dyer
Editor in chief

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www.TheBlueGuitarMagazine.org

Fall 2013

Roadside Barbie

By Lesley Sudders

© 2013

A scream, a pout or shout, a parent's malicious lips?
Small, golden-haired, blue-dressed figure, sprawled,
unwanted debris beside the highway.

It's a Barbie.

I almost stopped. My heart did stop, just a little. No small girl throws her doll out the window of a speeding car. Does she?

"Stay where you are. Roll up the window. We can't go back. We're in a hurry."

Mind running through scenarios. The little girl, in a fit of pique, at who knows what? The only one weaker or more powerless than she, the doll. But surely the doll can come back to her. Right?

Sobbing, "Can we turn around?"

Maybe it was a little brother or sister, horrid in that moment, who had no understanding, but did have access to an open window.

Most horrifying, a parent, in anger or impatience. Regrets.

"Forget it. We can't go back. Stop your whining."

Perhaps a recent loss, a grandma. Barbie is sent out the

window to heaven to comfort the dear one. Maybe we can get Barbie back, maybe Grandma, too.

"Please, stop?"

Was it one of a bevy of Barbies reposing on the shelf in a pretty bedroom: Ballgown Barbie, Malibu Barbie, Holiday Barbie?

Or was it her one and only Barbie?

Maybe a casual act to see what happens when an open window is close to an object, any object.

Why was the window open? It's hot now. A car with no air-conditioning, someone struggling against poverty and hopelessness. Out of patience with a sulky child.

A lifeless piece of plastic lying by the road.

Something loved, and discarded.

Maybe, just maybe, another car will stop. Someone will jump out and pick up the doll.

Dust it off, wash it off, and see a new treasure, for a special little girl.

Reclaimed Barbie.

Lesley Sudders, a writer since age eight, is the first to admit that writing well is hard work. But striving to communicate thoughts, fantasies, and reactions to the world in a way that entices others to read such scribbles is an exciting undertaking. She has published a mystery, "The Brodick Follies," writing as Les Brierfield, and is at work on her next novel and several short stories. A Colorado native, she lives in Arizona and collaborates on writing projects with her husband, writer and artist Eduardo Cervino (who writes as E.C. Brierfield). She welcomes contact at tolife@cox.net.



The Black Tie

By Andrew J. Hogan

© 2013

Winnie Kroll was staring into the pastry case of Worden's Grocery at the one remaining chocolate éclair when the reflection of Bobby's face in a Garrison cap appeared in the glass. Winnie spun as fast as a skater on Rayner Pond. Her neighbor Frances was standing alone behind her, pointing out the window.

"Winnie, look. Harold Jenkins has his black tie on."

Jenkins entered the Western Union office across the street. Winnie dropped the potatoes and bag of sugar she was just about to pay for and rushed out of the door.

"You left your ration book," Stanley Worden said. "Do you want me to hold these groceries for you?"

Frances pointed out the window. "Oh God, Stanley, Harold's getting on his bike. He's got an envelope in his pocket."

Winnie was out of breath by the time she reached her house two blocks away on Sycamore. She looked around before she opened the door. Nobody in sight, she pulled the loose nail out of the nine of her house number. The brass number swung around,

the six rocking back and forth like a man in a noose. Winnie slid inside the door, closing it without a sound. She ran to each window, drawing down the shades. In the dark, Winnie sat down in Bobby's rocking chair, swaying slowly back and forth, almost stopping three-quarters of the way back where the runners hit the loose floorboard and squeaked. Before he was drafted, Bobby drove Winnie nuts making that squeak.

Footsteps thundered up the front-porch steps. A sledge hammer pounded on the front door. Frozen in Bobby's rocker, Winnie held her breath. Moments, minutes passed, maybe hours. The sledge hammer pounded again. Lighter steps came up the porch stairs. Murmuring, murmuring, more murmuring. The big steps retreated. Silence. Winnie started rocking again, slowly. Then she picked up speed and put a little extra weight into the squeak. Five squeaks later, Winnie took a deep breath, got up and went to the door. Soundlessly she eased the door open. Frances was sitting on the top step, crying softly. Frances extended her hand toward Winnie, holding a telegram. Winnie opened the door, repositioned the dangling house number, and took the telegram.



Andrew Hogan received his doctorate in development studies from the University of Wisconsin-Madison. Before retirement, he was a faculty member at the State University of New York at Stony Brook, the University of Michigan and Michigan State University, where he taught medical ethics, health policy and the social organization of medicine in the College of Human Medicine. Dr. Hogan published more than five-dozen professional articles on health services research and health policy. He has published thirteen works of fiction in the OASIS Journal, Hobo Pancakes, Twisted Dreams, Long Story Short, The Lorelei Signal, ThickJam, The Copperfield Review, and Sandscript.

Curiosity Killed the Grasshopper

By Danielle Herrington

© 2013

Science can be scary. I remember walking barefoot through the grass on a warm, sunny day. In the small Michigan farming village where I grew up, the shade of my childhood home cooled the green blades between my toes as I stalked my prey. I clasped the neon orange handle of my net in one hand, while the other held a clear plastic cage.

And then I saw it.

I had seen grasshoppers before, but never one this big. It was practically the size of my entire 6-year-old hand.

I had always been a bit of a tomboy—catching bugs, playing sports and hating all things pink.

At that age I wanted to be a scientist when I grew up, without even knowing what that really meant. That Christmas, my parents would buy me a microscope kit that I would use constantly for about two weeks before breaking the flimsy light fixture mounted under the stage.

But at the time, all I knew was that this was the biggest darned grasshopper I had ever seen. I dropped the cage on the lawn, thinking to myself: “I had better use two hands for this.” The insect was perched on one of the orange-and-yellow lilies that lined Mrs. Elliot’s driveway and marked a boundary that I was under no circumstances allowed to cross unsupervised.

I took a deep breath, adjusted my grip on the net and swung. I caught it!

Quickly, I scrambled to cinch the net closed beneath the wriggling grasshopper, while my other hand fumbled to open the lid to the cage that had held so many insects prisoner before. I can still feel the grasshopper kicking and struggling against the net and my hands. The anxiety built up as I prepared for that fateful moment between the net and the cage, when all my hard work hunting and chasing this bug might be for naught.

In my bug-collecting past, some lucky insects had seized that small window of opportunity and escaped before I could close the lid to the cage. But I wasn’t going to let that happen this time. As quickly as I could, I released my hand from the net, dropped the grasshopper in the cage and slid the lid over the opening, hastily twisting it into place.

But I was too late.

The grasshopper had already made that bold leap to escape from the cage. Its head made its way to freedom, but its still-wriggling body did not.

Although the screaming and flailing 6-year-old me didn’t realize it at the time, that experience taught me that the pursuit of science comes with moments that are scary or uncomfortable or just plain gross. But those moments change us and carry us forward. That particular moment not only gave me the world’s weirdest phobia (seriously, of all things, who’s afraid of grasshoppers?), but it also inspired my passion and curiosity for all things science.



Danielle Rae Herrington was born in Michigan in 1988. After a several months long road trip to nowhere in particular, Danielle ended up settling down in Tucson in March 2010. From there, she developed a love of craft beer through her employment at Thunder Canyon Brewery and resumed her studies as a transfer student to the University of Arizona. Danielle will be graduating in December with a B.A. in Journalism and German Studies and then aspires to start her own photography business, a lifelong passion and skill she’s worked to cultivate over several years. E-mail: Mittwoch.1105@gmail.com.

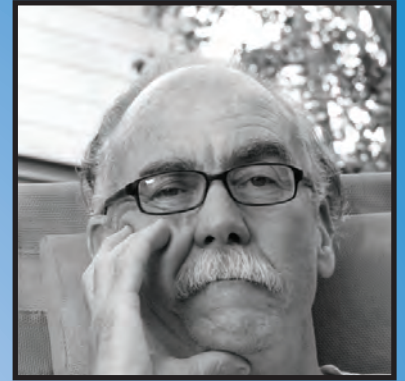
2 Poems by Gari Crowley

Crazy Horse

© 2013

To live what was right —
resisting the ordained effusion of a god
into the earth where your dead lie buried.
You lived with the red blanket, hawk wing,
lightning and hail. You went into the
deepest blue the eagle seeks,
your generosity and courage with you.
You would not quit the scenes of your
childhood so you never wore the white
man's pants or served the
politics of their unknown god.
They killed off the godless bison,
those creatures without beneficence,
and their silence fell hard on the parceled Plains.
The hard driving of the rails ended
the expanse of freedom, goading
the indignity of being wards of the state.
Your fire was hemmed in, angry and claustrophobic.
Many said the old ways were gone,
the warriors of jealousy and treachery.
Isolated and quite alone
you breathed the old spirit,
wanting for your people, in the heart of the Sioux
earth, a dream, to be at peace and left alone.
Fort Robinson had waited for you and
took your blood, red blanket, hawk wing,
lightning and hail. It was done.
It is said that death and sorrow
are never distant but there is, at least,
the promise of living.

The poem contains two statements, in part, attributed to Crazy Horse. One, in part, is attributed to Charles Hicks, a Cherokee. There is one Sioux proverb.



Gari writes: "Having started early retirement a few weeks ago, I am wandering a bit. I am trying to shed the skin of sixty-two years, hoping for a rejuvenation of mind and heart and to improve on my oscillating sense of well-being. What do I have to show for myself except that I am here, learning and writing poetry and enjoying it." Contact the poet at arroyo_verde@yahoo.com.

True Believer

© 2013

There was a conjugating of rectitude
and expectations.

He was a player of the great promise
where sabbatical and asylum were found
in stars as artisans of wishful thinking,
entities of hopes and dreams.

They had life and moved and existed.

A morning burst
of his bathroom light;
a flinching and stretching of the eyes.

His malleable hands scree down
his long, inherited face.

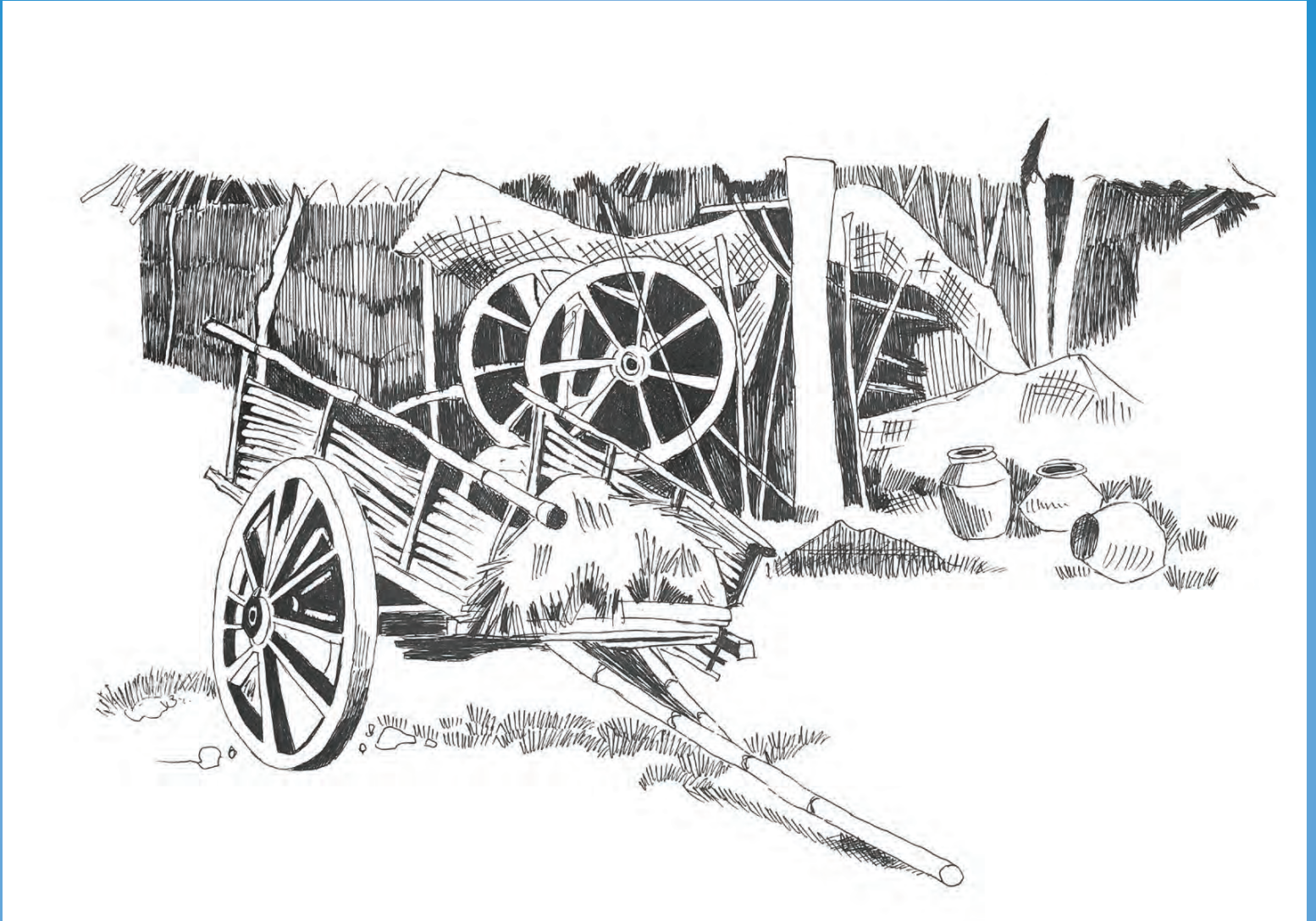
In the mirror, seeing startled hair:
seeing an interrogating reflection of
breathing, maledictions, gathers
and chinks, being well beyond a half-life.

Ruminating
joints are embodied in his age
of abstraction. He is
pondering his relegation
to microscopic particles,
fields and interactions, to
an elementary constituent
disenchanted and disillusioned.

In his eyes he sees
the changing articulation
grinding the declining grist
of his virtues.

Vinuthna Parimi

Tucson Artist



“Untitled”
Pen work
November 2012



Vinuthna Parimi was born Feb. 13, 1992, in India. She lives in Tucson now and is studying studio art at the University of Arizona. Most of the works she does are in pencil. Contact the artist at vinuthna.parimi@gmail.com.

Vinuthna Parimi

Tucson Artist



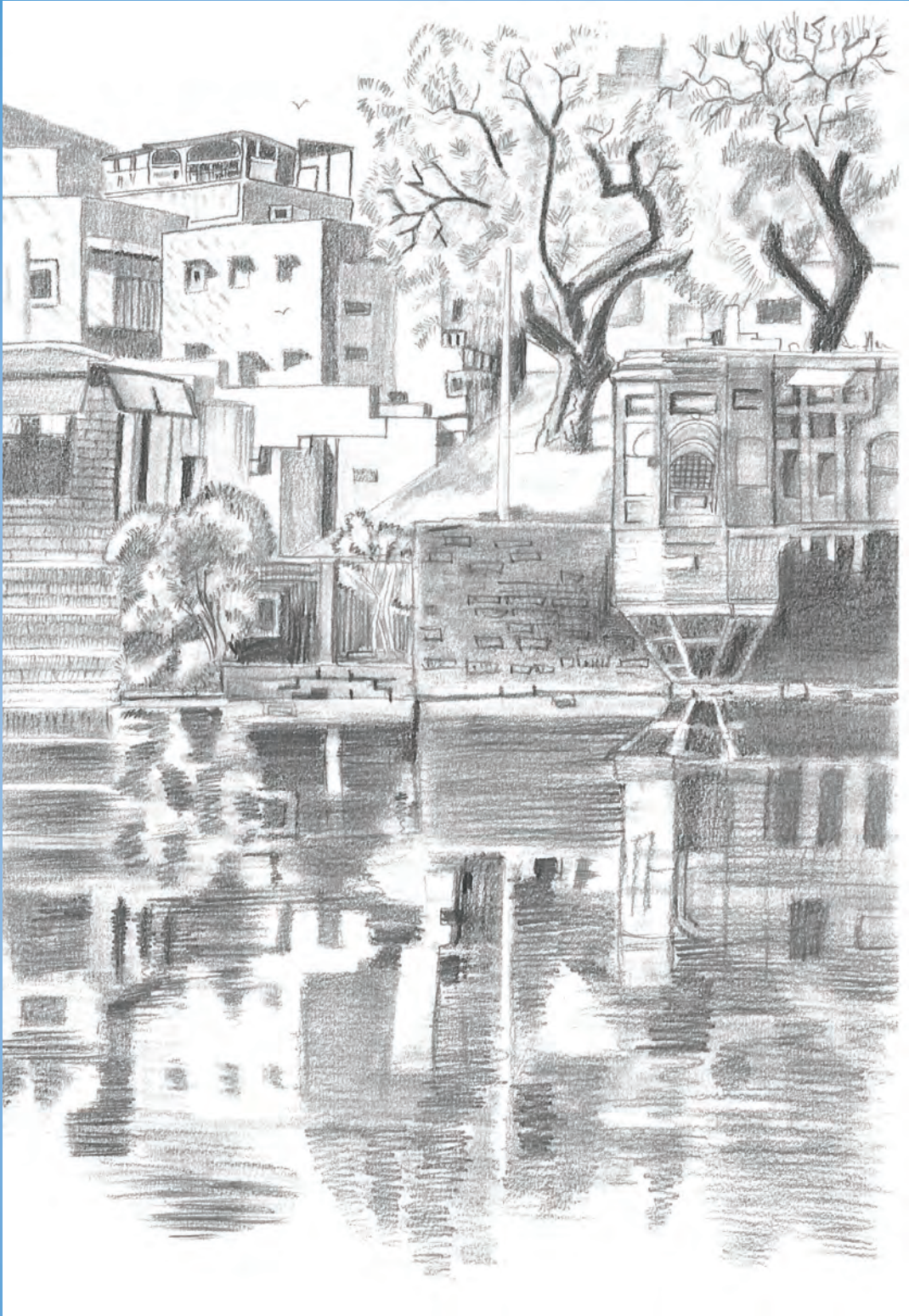
**“Untitled”
Color pencil
November 2012**

“I create art because it makes me happy. It is my outlet for expression, my place to escape from the rest of the world. My works often concentrate on portraits and still life. I am inspired by nature and photographs of people.”

- Vinuthna Parimi

Vinuthna Parimi

Tucson Artist



“Untitled”
Color pencil
November 2012

Vinuthna Parimi

Tucson Artist



**“Untitled”
Pencil
December 2012**

Vinuthna Parimi

Tucson Artist



“Untitled”
Pen
November 2012

Vinuthna Parimi

Tucson Artist



**“Untitled”
Pen
December 2012**

Vinuthna Parimi

Tucson Artist



**“Untitled”
Pencil
November 2012**

4 Poems By Deborah Mayaan

I called to the mountain

© 2013

I called to the mountain
and it did not come
what to do?

nothing to do
except walk to the mountain
and bring it back home

tracks

© 2013

wearing
new shoes
I do not
recognize
my own tracks



Deborah Mayaan is an energy work and flower essence practitioner who appreciates the healing power of words. Her articles on complementary medicine have appeared in a wide range of publications, from the Arizona Daily Star to Spirituality & Health Magazine. She loves teaching Write to Heal workshops and earned an MA in Educational Psychology. Contact her at www.deborahmayaan.com.

wiring

© 2013

needing to replace the wiring to the water heater
I search the remnants stored under my trailer
find several good pieces
sheathing intact, #10
capable of carrying this amperage
safely
without overheating

but none quite long enough to do the job

testing with current
I find each is good
there are no breaks
in the wires
hot
cold
ground
all are intact

in my tool drawer
fortunately
the right size wire nuts
soon a complete stretch
exists

anticipating the hot shower
my sore neck
sighs

and I see
the scattered pieces
coming together
all the lineages of learning
connecting
into oneness

coming home

© 2013

nestled safe within the heart of the mountain lion
the image that guided me here
how I forgot it
when life got hard
lost my connection
not entirely—always a thin thin threat of catgut sustaining me
but that feeling of being lost
wandering,
wandering in the desert
shedding, shedding, although I did not know it
shedding that which needed shedding
in order for me to become free

now in this time of rebuilding
I need the full courage
the fierce love of the mountain lion for her cub
for the part of myself
that is moving on wobbly kitten legs
just opening my eyes
to take in the beauty of this world
to know that for a little while longer
I will be fed by the milk of the great mother cat
while I grow strong enough
and learn to catch my own sustenance
to mark a territory of my own
to call for a mate
to birth wonderful wild beings of my own

and soon I will hang
the art I made
the cat guide's eyes
always following me
the shema¹ written big
yes to listen, always listen
I am learning

to know I am guided, always guided
and blessings pour forth in abundance
when I listen

and when I do not,
I fall off that derekh habrachot,
that path of blessings,
the rockyness of the way
a signal to be still
and find my way back

wandering, wandering
we Jews in the desert
a friend and I joke as we walk
Pesach² approaching
feeling the same rhythms here
in this Sonoran Desert
as in crossing the Sinai

[1] Shema—listen; this is also the name of the central prayer in Judaism—Shema Yisrael, Adonai Eloheynu, Adonai Ekhad—Listen God-wrestlers, God is our God, God is One.

[2] Pesach—Passover—spring holiday celebrating the liberation from slavery in Egypt, and furthering our ongoing liberation and growth.

Continued on page 18

shedding, shedding
the habits of slavery
from the time in Mitzrayim³, in the narrow place
of the slavery of the Israelites
shedding, shedding
the habits of submission, of fear, the deep soul memories of masters and slaves
of higher and lower
shedding, shedding
as we transform into the free beings
we are becoming
all of us

feeling raw with thin new skins
we cut ourselves
as we scramble over the rocks
reach for a foothold
in the canyon
slip on the bit of moss
growing in the trickle of water
wondering if we will see the time of the canyon filling
when the rains pour down in plenty
making of this land
a richness
perhaps not of milk and honey
but of saguaro fruit and honey mesquite pods

shedding, shedding
the tears
the sadness of exile
the fear of dying like Rachael
part-way to the promised land

but shedding, shedding
this courage to shed, to grow
to transform
to be part of the homecoming
the home-creating
coming into the magnificence
of what we were meant to be

[3] Mitzrayim—Hebrew name for Egypt, literally
the narrow place.

9 Poems by Eva Willis

Olde English Village

© 2013

The mist hanging on the hillside
caresses and cools my cheeks.
The morning steeps in grey and the grass
is an eye-soothing lushness of green.

The tiny tea house in the
old English town has a quiet
morning buzz, like the hum of bees.
Couples warm themselves inside.

Bone china cups are adorned
with hand-painted flowers,
each one unique,
keeping the Earl Grey steamy

The nearby shoppes contain
treasured memories, someone's antiques,
and knitted scarves, gloves and hats
to ward off the country dampness.

Like the opening of a lotus blossom
or the unfurling of a lily pad,
people's lives are laid bare by conversation
that reveals their inner thoughts.

The daintiness of the cups
is a contrast to the messiness
of the lives juxtaposed
in this traditional setting.

Eva Marie Willis (B.A. From ASU) is retired and lives in Ahwatukee. Since retiring, she finds personal expression in her numerous poems, in dancing, and in her oil paintings. She is interested in politics, spirituality, dancing and living life to the fullest. You can follow her on Twitter under EvaTwits or contact her via e-mail at jwillis42@cox.net.



A Hell of Their Own Making

© 2013

I am a wimp sometimes
and was, innocently, blindly,
unafraid sometimes.
I had book smarts,
but when I was young
was amazingly naive.
Didn't understand people.
Was idealistic to a fault.
Call it stupid.
Call it ignorant.
Call it what you will.
Expected people to act
like my mother and dad did
and do what they say they'd do.
Do good deeds and live clean lives.
Could I have been Edward Snowden?
Yes, when I was young,
but not now with wisdom and wizing.
Blowing the whistle provides
its service, but
the ego is dangerous.
It leads us to walk paths
we should never consider.
Snowden is screwed.
Darkness and fear haunt him.
His life will suck and

he will either be in custody
or looking over his shoulder.
Maybe the saying should be
fools rush in where
wise men fear to tread.
Still, there is a service
in his actions. Only,
he thought he was too smart.
It comes from immaturity.
They say you can't fight city hall.
You can, but you often lose.
Every action has its
reaction and its
consequences. This is
something kings, presidents,
governors and politicians
should remember.
It is something each of
us should remember
BEFORE we take any
significant action or
make an important decision.
Sure, the ego wants what it wants,
but that has led many a
man and woman into
a hell of their own making.

The Colored Street

© 2013

Walking home from St. Jerome
School so I could go by
the house where he lived,
I would walk down that street.

That's where the black people
in my neighborhood lived,
all on one street together,
but they were called colored then.

Some of the houses were in disrepair,
but it was an old neighborhood.
Lots of ethnics lived nearby –
I-talians, Croats, Poles, Czechs, Slavs.

You didn't look closely
cause you didn't want to linger.
Move along quickly down the street
and get to the corner.

Life for me in East Cleveland was good –
sitting on the old porch,
playing in the street,
close to the neighbor kids,

home parties with accordion music,
and lots of good food.
People watched out for
one another and their kids.

How was life for them?
Did the same ice cream truck
cruise down their street?
Where did they shop?

I don't remember any
of their kids
at my Catholic school.
Were they invisible?

We've come some distance.
Things are mostly better
and I am comfortable individually,
but there are age-old wounds to heal.

Taking Flight

© 2013

Kaleidoscopic stardust compresses to become flesh
And we are catapulted into the light,
New beings of energy and matter.

Suckling at our mother's breast,
We are dependent on her
As flies on warm manure for sustenance.

Stark lessons, lovingly taught,
Fill our life quiver as colorful arrows
Heavy with meaning and poignancy.

Unsure atop the tenuous precipice,
We swallow hard and tense our muscles
As she pushes us off to fly,
A salty tear staining her cheek.

Mileposts and milestones
Stack one on top of another
As life becomes static
Until that fateful day when she slips through the vapor curtain.

Peruvian Experience

© 2013

My flashlight was directed at my feet
So I wouldn't stumble
On the crossbars of the tracks.
Occasionally, I'd shine it
At the walls of the tunnel
Although if the train came
It would be behind me.

I had a high fever and
It would take the pills time to work.
Emerging from the tunnel
I could see the Urubamba
Spilling down the ravine it created.

My energy was ebbing
But the walk to the tiny village
Helped me momentarily ignore
The chills once again attacking my body.

No dinner that night or the night before.
Sleep, only sweaty sleep,
Was all I could muster
And pray that I'd be better
On the morrow leaving Aguas Calientes.

The destination for these two days
Was one of my long-time dreams.
But now Machu Picchu was a city
Lost not only to the Incas,
But to me.

Ansel

© 2013

Nature's panorama spreads before you,
As you hold up the cardboard frame.
Push out your hands – slowly –
And straighten your elbows.
Now pull them in
And see how it changes everything.
Select the perfect view.

For human subjects
Let the face fill the frame
From just below the top of the head
To the top of the shirt or bottom of the collar.
The face holds the secrets.

You started with black and whites
That were very small
And the photos grew in color and size over the years
like your passion for the art.

Get it framed just right
And patiently wait for the moment
When shadow and light are perfect
So we can delight in the lines and curves
And see through your discerning eyes!

Reflections of Love

© 2013

The beauty of the night
Bounces off your body.
You are the mirror.

Your taste and your touch
Make my flesh sing –
Make my heart shout aloud.

Can you feel my heart
Pound so beneath my skin?
I have to think to breathe.

You look up at me
With those 'thank you' eyes
And I melt into your arms.

You nuzzle and I caress.
We merge and yet
We retain our individuality.

The Kiss You Can't Dismiss

© 2013

So sweet, it was nectar- filled.
So hot, it ignited my flesh.
Your kiss awakened my senses
And left me feeling fresh.

Like the flash of pyrotechnics
Or a cold beer on a hot day,
You animated my very being
With your passion at play.

First one eye kissed, then the other.
Your hand caressing my shoulder.
We could laugh or we could cry.
Which one would be bolder?

Our energies intermingle
As silence permeates the room.
You meet my lips tenderly again.
Our love is in full bloom.

The Blue and White Lamp

© 2013

She flips on the Chinese blue and white porcelain lamp
Beside their four poster mahogany bed
Late at night before they sleep
To look at his face
Deeply and intently,
Because of a remark made
That was, oh, so sweet.

She reaches up to click it off
When she's perturbed
And then stares a hole
In the back of his head
And calls him a jerk
In her mind
Before rolling over and nodding off.

He reaches across her to turn it on
And comes down on her lips
With his – passionately –
Before righting himself to his side of the bed
And reaching under his pillow
To pull out the hinged jewelry case
Which he presents to her.

She turns it on
In the middle of the night
When a storm scares her
And he's away on a business trip.
She picks up a magazine
From beneath the lamp
And flips pages to calm herself.

He twists the key
In his fingers
To illuminate the room
When their first child
Calls
To them,
Sensing a monster in his room.

Just a blue and white porcelain lamp –
Not something they think about
Or even notice now.
Just one tiny part
Of their inner sanctum
And their mostly
Lovely ordinary lives.

Where are the Elk?

By Annemarie Eveland

© 2013

When I first came to live in Pine, a small mountain village in the North Central Mountains of Arizona, I was pretty much a city slicker. I locked my doors, dressed warmer than needed, was careful about talking to strangers who readily became dear friends, and thought I needed to get a cultural city fix every now and then since there “wasn’t much to do.”

I also held a passionate search for wildlife, especially elk. I had seen the deer and my heart leaped upward, but the lure of seeing a massive four legged furry beast with antlers extending into the sky was all too exciting. I would ask, “Where are the elk? How can I see them?”

An amusing smile crossed the local’s faces. No matter where they pointed me, the elk did not arrive. Finally it was explained to me that elk have their own paths, places and nocturnal times. They decide to come around when they want to. Elk can’t be ordered up like a cup of Starbucks in the city.

Glumly, I resigned myself to the fact that I would be one who would have to look at photos or listen to other stories from those more fortunate to see the big guys.

One day when I came out of our little town market and went to get into my car, I saw a street sign along Hwy. 87 that intrigued me. It read “cemetary” road. Now I am not ghoulish by any means, but because the sign was spelled differently than I recalled from Webster’s Dictionary, I thought maybe it was

named in the early days of pioneer history of Pine. I decided to investigate. I headed up the dirt road which, of course, ended at the town cemetery.

It was late afternoon and sun filtered through the trees, casting magical looking shadows. I stopped my vehicle at the gate entrance, opened my car door and stepped out. I thought I saw distance statues of ... yes, elk! Then I mused, “What a community! These folks like the elk so much they made elk statues for grave markers in their cemeteries.” Under my breath I whispered, “Hooray! These are my kind of people!”

Suddenly, one of the large statues moved. Then I saw four statues ... all moving. These were the real elk with five and six pronged antlers, which later I came to properly call them “racks.” My heart raced excitedly. Leaning on the door frame of my vehicle, I wondered how I could get closer to them. I really needed to see them much closer. I

didn’t want to scare them. Not that these solid massive mammals couldn’t handle themselves against a tiny morsel such as myself.

Then I noticed that one was always on “guard,” watching while the others munched tender green morsels on the ground. Then, as if by some unspoken signal, the guard would put his head down to graze and one of the others would take the watch. As this group watch continued, I devised my own plan.

Each time the “shift happened” with my arms stiffly out-

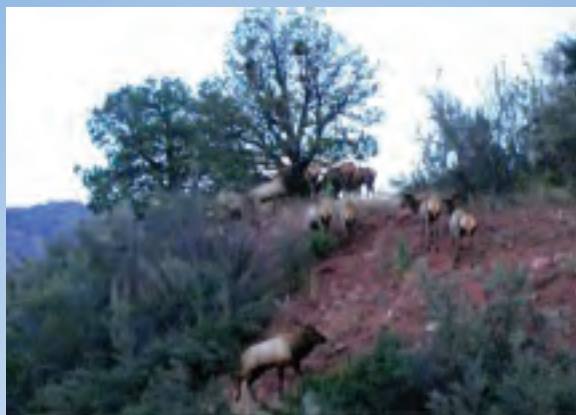


Photo courtesy of Annemarie Eveland
My elk on trail up to the Tonto National Forest in Pine, Arizona.

Continued on page 26



Author, speaker, counselor, minister and certified instructor since the 1980s of Reading People Face to Face, Annemarie’s fun Face-Reading presentations: on Caribbean Cruise ships, Dale Carnegie Trainings, in Mexico; Canada, Great Britain, Germany, Scotland, England; Arizona Superstition wilderness; throughout the United States, including Alaska and Hawaii. Featured in international newspaper articles, journals, business newsletters, TV, Radio, multimedia educational videos and keynote speaker at Universities and Conferences, her audiences range from first-graders to elders. Also retained as a consultant by trial attorneys for client preparation, depositions and selecting juries. Her classes were required graduate coursework at post-secondary education institutes. She has written training manuals, a storybook for children and teachers, articles for newspapers, newsletters, journals and magazines, published poetry, wrote as a columnist for two newspapers. Her new book “At First Glance – What Faces Reveal” is a handy, easy-to-follow book on face reading. Contact her at aeazona@yahoo.com.

Continued from page 25

stretched from my sides and my fingers spread wide, I took one large step forward and stopped immediately as the guard's head came up. I stood still, silently repeating in my head, "I am a tree. I am a tree. I am a tree." Each time they shifted, I stepped one long step forward. Each time they stopped, I stopped, ever thinking "I am a tree." This process continued until I was more than half way across the cemetery, getting closer and closer to my ultimate goal, to see elk close up.

Then an unsettling thought crossed my mind, "What if they came running towards me? What if I got trampled in their exiting?" There wasn't really anything to hide behind. I felt rising fear. Even though I didn't move a muscle, the instant I had this thought, all the elk heads jerked up and stared straight ahead in my direction. I took a tiny breath inward and forced myself to relax. "I am a tree. I am a tree. I am a tree." They then went back to grazing, and I to my one-tree-step-at-a-time, getting closer to them one secret step at a time.

Finally I stopped and just watched them graze. Minutes ticked by. Then one by one, as if by silent agreement, they turned, gracefully leaped over the fence and disappeared into the forest. My tree limbs shivered a bit as I saw how easily they could leap over from a standing still position. What magnificent powerful animals, I thought. What a memorable visit to a cemetery. And I am still standing.

Now I tell people, if you are looking for the elk, you might try looking for them in the late afternoon at the Pine cemetery. You might see the elk there, or you might see me. I am the tree.

6 Poems by Annemarie Eveland

Autumn Into Winter

© 2013

Morning's light shines on
a tree of golden russet leaves.
Still lingering, song birds
sing out their mellow song.

Leaves are falling now,
and soon the trees
will stand barren
in blankets of whites.

Overhead,
Birds fly in formation
as they travel south.

During this late fall season,
I have been escaping
the coming winter cold
with my warm laughter.

Gusty winds blow leaf shadows
on these hallway walls,
like lonely solemn silhouettes
determined to have the last say.

Last night's curtain of dark
let the stars danced merrily
in an veil of inky black.

Winter will soon be here.
Meanwhile, I tell stories
to lighten my spirit
and warm my feet
for tomorrow's winter walks.



Photo courtesy of Annemarie Eveland

Forest Fires in My Mountain Village

© 2013

Over this Mogollon Rim, day is breaking.
From my home atop this mountain side,
I see summer sun has parched the valley below.
Warm gusty breezes move ponderosa treetops
Warning of still another danger.

Little or no rain came last night
To soothe this dry caked-brown valley.
Distant fires on the mountain seen.
Anxiously, I listen to the radio alerts
For messages of pending evacuations.

My heart pounding; every muscle tense, testing fate.
I don't want to leave my home in the dark;
But these red skies last night kept me awake
Their flames licking fiercely at the cold black skies,
And I am packed, waiting for a signal to evacuate.

The foot of my mountain is a moving maze.
I see forest fighters being trucked in.
Dozers are working importantly loud.
Heavy equipment charges into the forests
Looming metal giants to save still standing trees.

For reasons still unknown this morning
Somewhere in the valley I heard a cow moaning.
Dogs made their whining marks audibly sharp
And a humming bird whirled by determinedly.
I am surprised any birds are still here.

Not a hint of a cloud, not a whisper of rain.
The sky turns into a surreal orange now.
Eerie silence broken by working firefighters.
Everywhere around me is covered with a powder-dust
of graying ashes from the raging fires beyond.

I swallow hard. My throat too parched to speak.
I am not yet able to surrender to this endless moment.
Why do I wonder about those ancient ones of long ago
Who lived here before we came and claimed this land.
Did they thirst also? Or was it moist, cool and green?

A streak of sunlight races down the distant mountains.
I inhale and look at morning beauty unveiling itself.
For a moment, a distant awesome Rim view relaxes me.
I feel a small relief that maybe this too will pass.

I sigh deeper, feeling peace and serenity inside me.
Two ingredients more important than the stalling rains
And the unfamiliar fire-red colorings of this land I love.
Then as quickly, the emergency alarm turns off.

Safe again!

Written by the poet, a resident of Pine, Arizona, during wildfires.



Photo courtesy of Annemarie Eveland

Forest Footsteps

© 2013

This path leads I know not where;
But, in my journey I can dare
to trust these giants I walk past;
their silent strength, rooted fast.

Though my mind is wildly spinning,
Somehow still I am winning
more of what I long to be,
mountain-like, yet always free.

They speak to me in silence known
as talking leaves, wisdom loan.
I learn by layers; but in quiet find
I still run movies in my mind.

One foot steps, one foot follows
Journeying thru sun and shadows.
Sounds unknown bring my fears,
And various shades of curious tears.

With each new shadow I breathe past,
through their leaves, sun streaks fast.
With each next step, as I transcend
It matters less to know the end.

Snow Trees

© 2013

Sleeping snow tree waits to move.
Cold winter clings steadfast
To its limbs and branches,
Making the peering sun's job harder
To pierce the heavy veil of whites.

Dripping ice casts sleek prisms
Of dangling brittle icicles.
Slender icons, clumps
of the snow's surrendering.

Night storm memories
Now melt from daylight's
Small morsels of warmth.

Dressed in an icy snowsuit,
The old oak tree,
Stripped of leaves
Silently endures
This inconvenience.

It has seen many seasons.



Photo courtesy of Annemarie Eveland

The Heart of the Wind

© 2013

In the heart of the wind
I listen for something calling me home.

The heart of the wind whispers
And yet I cannot hear what it says.

My heart struggles to stay open.
What ghosts lurk in this place
So vast it does not contain me?

The wind whips through me as it leaves.
The loneliness I feel reminds me again
Of my longing to go home.

Winter Woman

© 2013

I am winter woman,
Silently waiting
For something inside of me
To break loose and bloom

I am winter woman
Wisdom inside growing
As I listen to the quiet voice
That sits deeper within me.

I am winter woman
One who believes in souls
That outlast the waiting
For each season to end.

I am winter woman
One who bears a child
Who in freshness of spring
Will be anything but mild.

I am winter woman
Waiting because I know
All fear experienced now
Will someday be a smile.

I am winter woman
Shedding all the stuff
I collected for my life
In my search for Self.

I am winter woman
Having lived thru death
I know I will survive
For now I am enough.

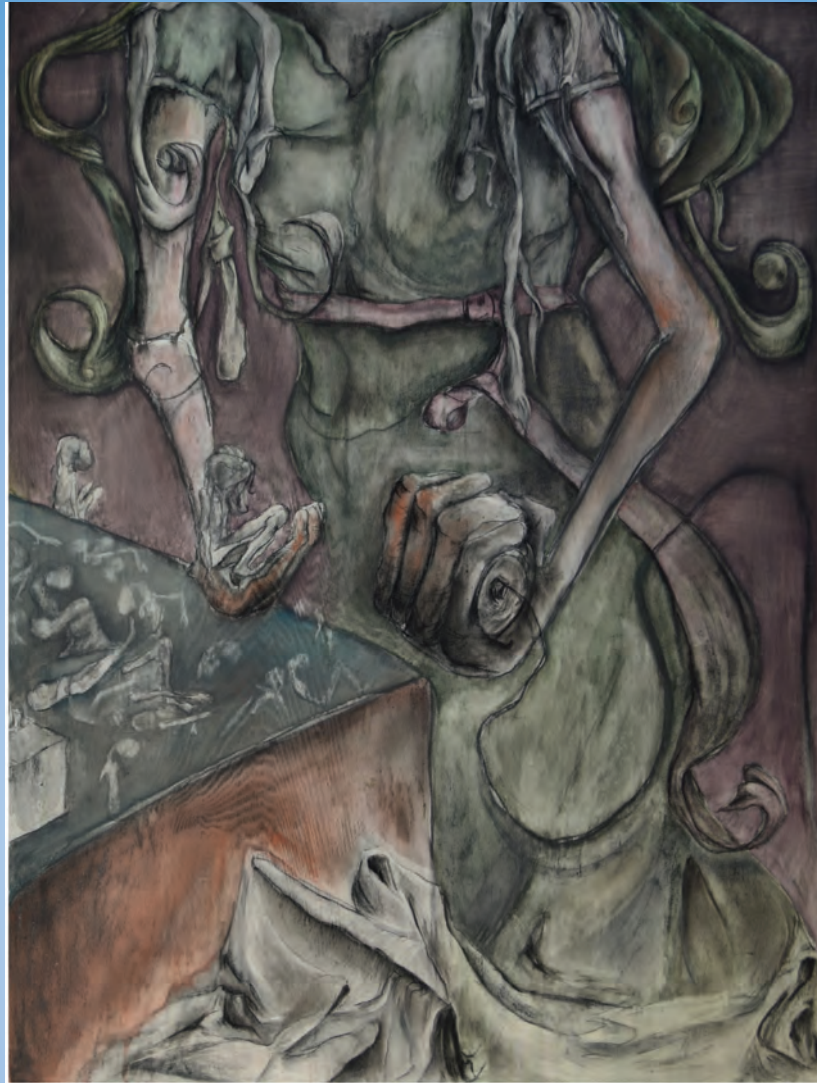
I am winter woman.



Photo courtesy of Annemarie Eveland

Melissa Rivenbark

Tucson Artist



“The Tinkerer”

**Charcoal, watercolor, and graphite on panel
2012**

Melissa writes: “I am originally from Maryland and last year I moved to Tucson to study art at the University of Arizona. I will be graduating with my BFA in 2D Studio Art in May 2014, which I am very excited about. My art is drawing-based, using both wet and dry media. I am really attached to the process of making art, so I make a lot of marks that end up getting covered up or pushed back when the piece begins to get too overworked. I try not to stop myself from making marks that I feel are necessary to make, but sometimes they get covered up for the sake of creating a successful work of art. Art is my most honest form of expression and I enjoy when others feel that they can relate to my work in some way. I can be found on Facebook at www.facebook.com/MelissaAnnRivenbark or to contact me, you can e-mail me at mar6@email.arizona.edu.”



Melissa Rivenbark

Tucson Artist



“Normal”

**Charcoal, watercolor, and graphite on paper
2013**

My work explores social and psychological developments throughout life. I am especially interested in stages of imprint vulnerability. Some developmental circuitry is hard-wired in our brain and others are more fluid; these flexible schemas are more like software, and through practice and awareness people can learn to be more adaptable. Psychological developments, known as imprinting, affect the quality of life for each person and often the community at large. Each drawing tells a story about processes that a person goes through during specific experiences. Expressive line work and layering of media are used to show the multiplicity of the figures on the canvas and the layers of life events that affect people physically, mentally, and emotionally. In each drawing, the figure is deprived of everything except the message it truly offers.

- Melissa Rivenbark

Melissa Rivenbark

Tucson Artist



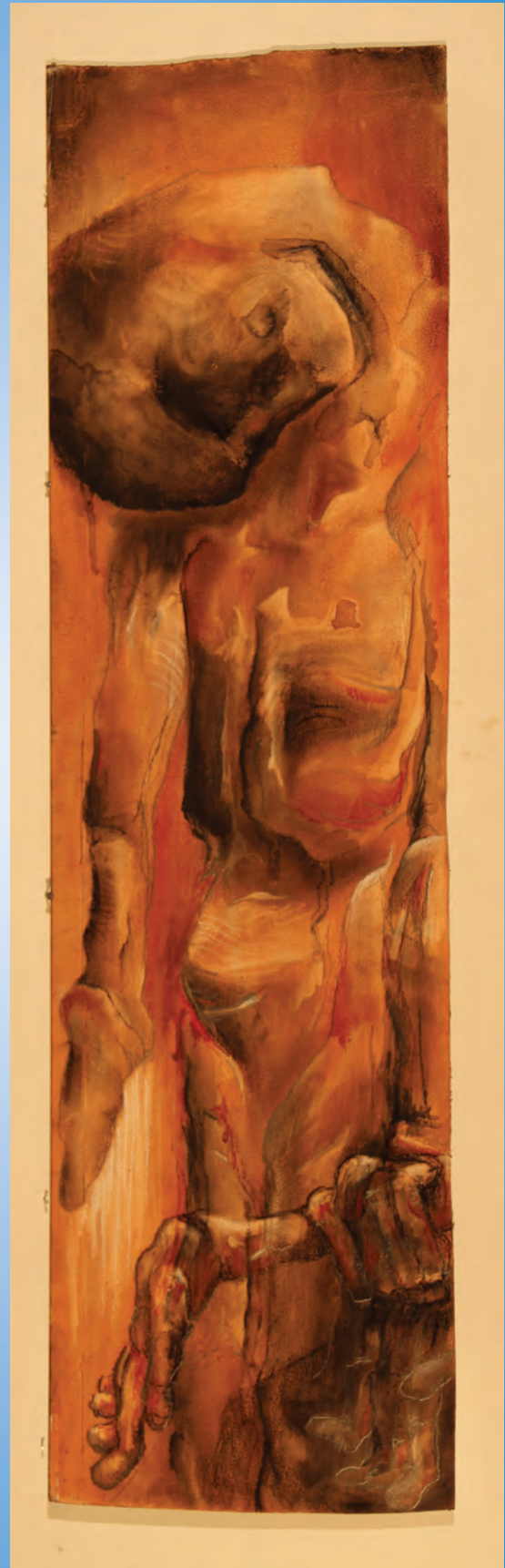
**“No Longer Intact No. 1”
Charcoal, watercolor, and graphite on panel
2013**

Melissa Rivenbark

Tucson Artist

“Amputee No. 1”

Charcoal, watercolor, and graphite on panel
2013



Melissa Rivenbark

Tucson Artist



“Equipped: A Vessel”

Charcoal, watercolor, and graphite on panel

2012

8 Poems by David Chorlton

Coffee

© 2013

On the wall above the bins
where the beans go to be peeled
is a print of Saint Xavier
kneeling in his vestments
with hands joined in prayer
while the ones that picked the coffee
come from Nicaragua
and for three months every year
fly from six to four daily
until the basket fills
for one thousand colones,
sixty minutes, ten fingers,
two dollars.

Night and Day

© 2013

Dink frogs sprinkle darkness
with their calls
and the night fans
to a jagged edge of green
where a Gaudy Leaf frog lifts
a red and moistening eye.

Along the poison dart trail
after rain, cicadas
scrape their voices on the air
and tiny frogs appear as heartbeats
in the costume of a god.

On the Sarapiquí River

© 2013

The afternoon flows slowly
between trees that muscle their way
into the loose light
to which spider monkeys cling
while lianas are strung
between boughs and the water
becoming humidity's harp.
Where a trunk leans from the bank
an iguana has draped himself
on a moment of stilled time
and above, in the incessant buzz
katydids make, a Spectacled owl
holds his silent face still. Then
a cloud explodes to turn
the forest colours inside out
in a blink of the caiman's eye.



David Chorlton was born in Austria, grew up in England, and spent several years in Vienna before moving to Phoenix in 1978. He pursued his visual art and had several shows as well as writing and publishing his poetry in magazines and collections, the latest of which is "The Devil's Sonata" from FutureCycle Press. Although he became ever more interested in the desert and its wildlife, the shadow side of Vienna emerges in his fiction and "The Taste of Fog," which was published by Rain Mountain Press.

A Walk in the Dark

© 2013

The night rain falls quietly
at first: one drop on the mantis,
one on the glass frog
the size of an itch, and one
on a harlequin beetle's shell,
then harder
on the grasshopper, the katydid,
and finally it drums
the leaves until its voice
is full, and the Cut Eye snake
slips its head through the gap
where curtains of water part.

Bus to Bus

© 2013

The colours of the houses on the way to La Virgen
have a rainbow of their own. Their walls
are so happy in yellow, lime green,
and pink beside blue. Night left its breath
as steam that hangs between the forest
and the fields. One man comes aboard
selling chances, another with fruit, and a third
has something deep fried that nobody wants.
A dozen oropendula nests are suspended
from a tree. Change for Guapiles. An aricari
is impressed high up on the rain that starts
as drizzle and lasts until Cariari. Change
again. Above and beyond the banana plantations
branches of teak brush against low clouds.

Tortuguero Afternoon

© 2013

Braids of shadow wind

around the deep green calls

from howler monkeys swinging

high among the hours

through which the sloth moulds his body

to a bough among boughs

above leaves above leaves

cascading down to the path

the caiman left in water pennywort

and the yellow ring

in a Tiger heron's eye at the point

where water embraces

the ambition of a seed.

Tortuguero Night

© 2013

A million years pass in a lightning flash

over the Caribbean. A dark shape

leaves the water, and turns into

a massive shell. Beneath a chosen star

it stops, becoming the Green Sea turtle

who digs a few more centuries from the sand

and lays her silent eggs inside

the breathy pulsing of the tide.

Birding at Guyabo

© 2013

The second growth songs

in the forest

are many colours: a musical phrase

in red; a long yellow note

drawn between epiphytes; a green

trill. But the only wings

visible are in the Morpho's

noiseless blue.

My Soul

By Heather J. Kirk

© 2013

Alma:

Little girl/young lady whose name means “Soul,” touches my own soul with her calm yet tenacious spirit. Indian girl who must help provide for her family, the mission grounds her storefront. She helps me for hours, though we interrupt the work with a few bouts of silent volleyball bumping a colorful beach ball we find as we clean and organize. She does not forget her role and that her mother will ask who bought what for how much. Done she says, “Now come see the dolls.” I buy.

Alma:

Silent child, with soft but piercing eyes, takes it all in, saying so little but learning so much.

What do my actions teach you mijita? I hope it is good. I hope it serves you well, that I reflect the One who brought me here and made our lives connect for this moment.

Alma:

I watch your mother teach you how to weave as she makes you repeat tedious first mis-steps. I observe as you slowly, then more quickly, cause colors to dance and change on your tiny loom. I study and think I understand. I want to guide your hands when you study the pattern you are to follow anxiously. Suddenly, I realize I have thought too simplistically. I give up trying to comprehend. You have mastered it.

Alma:

Who first refuses, then after some thought, decides to let me take her picture: a close-up so close I wonder if I’m wrong to cross the invisible cultural line, even with her permission. Alma, who later sees another picture of her Tarahumara face and dress on a computer screen and runs screaming from the room three times before she finally accepts an inkjet color print of herself, passing from the hand of the age of technology to the hand of nomadic life in an instant.



Photo courtesy of Heather J. Kirk

Hand and loom, Creel, Mexico.

Alma:

Who lets me hug her and hold her close, who accepts the blame for clinging on too long when it is really me who can’t let her go.

Same child Alma:

Who refuses to hug or even look at me on the day I am to leave, but when I speak her pain out loud, lets me hold her, turning in to me with tears that become my own. Perhaps one day, Alma, my own soul will be silent long enough to learn from you too.

Published in “Chicken Soup for the Latino Soul,” 2005, in a different format.

Heather J. Kirk is a writer and photographic artist. She has contributed to various journals and written a poetry book “We ... a spirit seeking harmony for a world that’s out of sync,” taking readers on a journey from tragedy to hope. Kirk received a Vermont Studio Center Poetry Residency. Her art has shown nationally and in Arizona, including Gammage, Herberger, @Central Gallery. Kirk has been a featured artist in Phoenix Home and Garden. Contact the writer and artist at www.heather-kirk.artistwebsites.com.



5 Poems by Heather J. Kirk

Tumbling In

© 2013

There's a tumbleweed outside my door,
and I'm leaving it there.

Saw it about a week ago straddling the
line of my lawn and city property,
neither one's responsibility, I suppose.

Then it was gone, traveling on its
death journey, born on the winds, or
most recently river's rain, that licked
the same shore, threatening to encroach
too close. Like it, the water also unbound.

There is a tumbleweed outside my door,
and I've decided to leave it there,
curious whether this rolling airy
mass of sticks and thorns has the
ability to be trapped in the corner
of my doorway, victim of its freedom.
Winds press it in, no way to work
around the three perpendicular sides,
man-made elements confining.

I wonder if the tumbleweed will find
a way to move of its own accord,
or stay forever locked in a static
empty place where no one is meant
to stay, only to enter...or to leave.
Or, if by someone else's assistance,
it will disappear one day.

There's a tumbleweed outside the door,
and I'm leaving it there.



Photo courtesy of Heather J. Kirk

**Unending tumbleweeds #5,
horizontal.**

Dust

© 2013

This dust I deplore
from the desert floor
sifts under cracks
and closed window sills.

Carried in clouds
from mountains
and excavations
and toxic dump sites
to my door.

This dust I brush away
and vacuum up,
dirty remains of the world
and my own dead DNA,
of shed skin cells
and follicles of my
still-shiny hair.

Where do I fly
after I dump you, and I,
into the garbage can?

Do I let go of my past,
or do I arrive instead
in that simpler form
of dust,
sifting underneath
your door?

Why We Search

© 2013

If I keep exploring
another way,
I can postpone the
One and only
Way.

If I am looking
for You in places
You are not, I can
keep pretending I
haven't been
found out.

If I try to self-
actualize, I preserve
the mirage of my
pride that hates to
admit that
I can't.

If I keep closing
my eyes, I can
pretend a little
longer that my
eyelids are Yours
and You can't see
me either.

But Your light
shines right through
fragile flesh and
while the choice
is mine

the timing of that
choice is dangerously
and ultimately
eternal.

Why I search is
proof enough
that I need to
stop looking and
simply see what is
infinitely obvious.

You.

Ice

© 2013

Under your feet,
shaking trembling
molten core rises up,
sole to soul in this
season of melting
ice and mud. Up
the river in Eden's
Lake, what decides
where cracks
appear, I cannot
know, but the
impact pours in
islands and chunks,
crashing loosing
becoming less and
more, lodged in
waterfalls where
I can see under
your feet: earth,
mineral mud and
clear clear ice.

I can see your core.



Photo courtesy of Heather J. Kirk

Ice crystals.

Hero Status:

© 2013

Father above
Father on earth
Martin Luther King

I don't know why I didn't know,
perhaps too young, born only a
few years before his martyrdom.

Whether it was not well known,
or whether the icon status
had outlived the fleshly mistakes,
I was shocked, enraged, deceived,
betrayed, hurt, depressed, and
numb, as if in some perverse way
he had cheated on me.

I deplore lies and hate infidelity,
and yet in a strange way, once
the initial response gave way,
I was relieved. Because in my
own human way, as human as
a hero, I too am unfaithful to
my beliefs and who I claim to
be. And yet I still strive to be
free.

I can still say they are my
heroes, discovering my parents'
imperfections too. This
revelation changes how I see
my role, no longer safe from
the realm of responsibility,
but also newly empowered to
take on the dangers and the
challenges I face, even with
my many limitations.

Perhaps one day I too will be
someone's imperfect hero.

As for my failures, I offer
those up as a strange kind of
gift to the only One who has
not fallen to the temptations
of this world. For He is the
only Hero who will know
what to do with those.



Photo courtesy of Heather J. Kirk

San Xavier with copper light.

How Avoiding Science Homework Inspired Me to Study Science

By Michaela Kane

I was attempting to avoid my astronomy homework by flipping through YouTube videos. Truth be told, I should have forced myself to finish my work, considering it was already 2 a.m. and I had an early class later that morning.

Still bored and lacking motivation, I clicked on a random video in the sidebar.

“What’s the most astounding fact you can share with us about the universe?” a voice asked in my headphones. It seemed like a big question to be asking at 2 in the morning on a school night, but even so, my interest was piqued. How could one possibly begin to answer this question?

A deep, booming voice began to answer back. I had stumbled upon a video featuring Dr. Neil deGrasse Tyson, an astrophysicist at the Hayden Planetarium in New York City. The question came from a reader of Time magazine, and to this day I hold that Tyson’s answer changed my perception of the world around me.

“The most astounding fact is the knowledge that the atoms that comprise life on Earth, the atoms that make up the human body, are traceable to the elements that cooked light elements into heavy elements in their core,” Tyson began. He went on to explain how the atoms in our bodies came from these stars, which exploded and formed solar systems and planets that contained the ingredients for life.

I’d known that my atoms came from stars. I’d heard the “We Are Star Stuff” speech during an astronomy class. The same homework that I was avoiding mentioned this concept. It wasn’t new to me, but for some reason, whether it was sleep deprivation or the beginning of an existential crisis, I was struck by the beauty of Tyson’s answer.

I had never associated science with beauty. To me, science

seemed far too logic-driven to ever inspire creativity or beauty. Instead, I focused on English and art rather than biology and physics. Neil deGrasse Tyson’s answer flipped all that on its back. Not only did he explain how the universe and life itself came to be, but he did it in a way that made me think.

Since that night in my dorm room, I’ve tried to seek out science rather than hide behind my history or art textbooks. I’ve tried to make the same creative connections to science that Tyson did in the video, and for the most part I’ve been successful. I’ve listened to Carl Zimmer talk about parasites and how thinking about death leads to the instinct to fight for life. I’ve read about evolutionary biology and how humans were literally born to run, and how running makes you happier. And I’ve listened to Radiolab episodes on topics ranging from “patient zeros” to the toxicity of the Berkeley Pit in Montana. All these stories challenged my notion that science couldn’t be creative or beautiful.

Since that initial viewing, I’ve watched the video more times than I care to count, but every time I watch it, my reaction stays the same. Unfortunately my habit of putting off my homework until the early hours of the morning hasn’t changed.

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Michaela Kane is a journalism student at the University of Arizona, where she is also pursuing a degree in neuroscience, as she hopes to pursue a career as a science writer. She is a photographer and reporter for the *Arizona Daily Wildcat*. You can find her work at thewanderingkane.wordpress.com or at michaelalynnkane.wordpress.com.

Kamille Trujillo

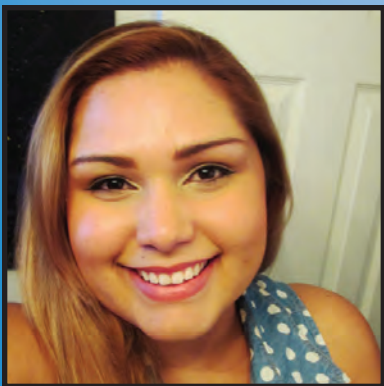
Tucson Artist



“Somewhere Over the Rainbow”

Acrylic on canvas

2012



“My name is Kamille Trujillo, most call me Kami. I am currently a 22-year-old art student studying at the University of Arizona for my Bachelor’s in Fine Art. Art has always been a big interest in my life, but it was not until my first art class in 9th grade that art became part of my life. The moment that really pushed me was a simple moment, but it had the biggest impact on me. I had shown a painting I had done to my grandma and she looked at me and simply said, ‘Kami, you would be STUPID if you didn’t make art your career.’ From there, I set out to do what I love, knowing I had the support from my family and friends. But along the way it has been a bumpy road. Early in my art college career, I got to a moment where I felt I was going to give up because there were professors who made me doubt if art really was for me. I would get told that my art was too pretty, too perfect, and flat out that I was wrong in my choices. I knew I had the room to learn, so criticism without constructiveness and advice was not very encouraging. Just before I hit my breaking point, I had a professor who challenged me and never told me I was wrong; instead, he pushed the talent I had and allowed me to be my own artist. Without the motivation he gave me, I would not have found the artist I wanted to be. Now I am on my last year of college, and I feel happy and confident to face the art world that lies beyond art school. E-mail me at kami@email.arizona.edu to contact me.”

Kamille Trujillo

Tucson Artist



"Self Portrait"
Acrylic on canvas
2012

Art is more than just art to me. When I get into an artwork, I can get lost for hours. It's the most satisfying moment when someone tells me how my art makes them feel. My art is a success when I am able to evoke an emotion through my art.

- Kamille Trujillo

Kamille Trujillo

Tucson Artist



“Unknown Importance”

Acrylic on canvas

2013

Sunflowers Never Wilt

By Natasha Reeves

© 2013

I cannot describe to you how I got in this place; the first thing I remember is looking up at the sky. Above me was a veil of blue, but not the deep bright blue you see during the day and not the navy sheet you see at night. No, the sky was a simple slate of azure and through it I could see stars, planets, cascading meteors, celestial bodies, star dust from gases, rocks and other physical matter. I could not decipher between night and day; there was light from what I could guess was the sun and it was so blinding. There was the moon lingering low above the earth as if it was setting and it hung there like a piece of clothing on a clothes line.

I slowly rose and I saw that I was enveloped by tall, gleaming sunflowers. I wondered how I knew I was in a sunflower field as I had no body to rise and I had no eyes to see. Though what I was surrounded by was stunning, I still felt anger, confusion, and despair. I started to think that something horrible must have happened to me. I knew who I was; I had memories, though they were all scattered and fading as if something was taking them away.

I remember my mother's and father's faces and my best friend's face and her being; what was her name? It was Marly I believe, Marly Jones. I knew my name, I knew it more than others; I was Terra Evelyn Myers. I went forward a few feet, and the yellow from the sunflowers was absolutely stunning as their faces all looked up to the sun, following it as it moved across the sky. Watching the sunflowers was the only way I knew days had passed when I was in the field; their heads tracked the movement of the sun and they bowed their crowns when it was night.

Resentment, sadness, and pain were all I felt. Someone must have wronged me, or maybe I was angry at myself for making a fatal mistake. Was I drowned? No, I would be in water.

Was I stabbed, choked, poisoned, hit by a car, hit in the head, or maybe I was burned to death. As the days went by I noticed that the pain started to numb and all I could feel was curiosity and a sort of awareness.

When I finally moved, the chartreuse grass caught my attention because it was so amazingly vivid compared to what grass normally looked like. The pine trees reminded me of the human body that I was desperately missing. The bark looked like a human hand as its crevices and cracks resembled the lines and patterns in what were my own palms. I was envious of the trees branches as I wanted my own limbs back. I could see the trees, the sky, the heavens, the grass, and I could smell pine, dirt, and rain. When I neared a tree I could feel its rough bark and slender foliage which was a dark emerald. The sound of the wind blowing through the trees scared away my numbness and the pain came back only for a moment.

I somehow had all of my senses and everything seemed to be more intense. I could feel more than touch, smell, sight, and sound. I knew what was around; I knew that a few yards in front of me was a street, though I could not perceive it with human eyes.

I could faintly hear the engines and whooshing noises of cars. As I crossed what is a street, my heart was heavy with all of the negative emotions a person can feel; even though I technically had no heart I still felt the pain where my heart should have been. As I walked and looked at the mountains in the distance, looking purple and blue against the transparent sky, there was a tugging on my being. Something was trying to take the pain away and strangely I held onto it.

Animals were the easiest to see as I could feel them so strongly. Like the plants they were clearly visible and sensible.

Continued on page 51



Natasha writes: "I was raised in Prescott, Arizona, and I am currently a Journalism and Advertising student at Northern Arizona University. Writing and storytelling have always been a passion of mine along with traveling." Contact the writer at nr236@nau.edu.

Continued from page 50

When I entered the more congested part of the city I still saw nothing but I could feel everything. This area was all made from stone and concrete and I heard so much sound. People's voices were screaming in my ear; I do believe I could hear their thoughts as I could hear two sentences coming from the same voice at times. Their sentences were not full so I knew I couldn't really hear them, I just understood them.

This blindness was frustrating to me and I wanted to find a familiar face or voice. I could not see faces or bodies or buildings. I only felt and knew.

"Can anyone hear me!" I screamed without a mouth or a voice. Someone surprisingly answered,

"We can all hear you!" I turned to those who answered, and before me stood two others in my same form. They were different than me in the fact that they were calm and had a feeling that I could not describe, as it was too foreign to me at the time.

Before I could communicate with them they disappeared to the place that had constantly been tugging on me. The people were noisy, their thoughts and emotions kept moving through me like waves.

I wondered through the city until I found my way to Marly's home. Here I felt like I was in a dream, figures were blurry but I knew where and what everything was. Marly's presence was strong and I grew cheerful as I saw her face and body appear before me. I guessed that my consciousness recognized Marly to the extent that it was able to create an image for her.

Every detail of her face and structure was visible to me from her flaxen hair to her hummingbird tattoo on her ankle. Marly's boyfriend was also clearly perceptible; every hair of his beard could be seen along with his tired looking eyes. I discovered a new sense as I felt the sorrow between the two and I knew it was sorrow from my death. It gave me comfort to be around those I knew, but their grief became a part of me and I could not escape anyone's emotions or thoughts.

"The funeral will be scheduled on ..." started Marly as she appeared to be talking on the phone. I could not pick up all of her words because my dear friend's emotions were smothering her thoughts and voice. I decided it was time to go to my old home, to where my parents stayed.

When I made my way, I saw people on the streets and knew who some of them were. I wanted to follow them as I was so inquisitive about their lives and well being. I had a sort of freedom which made me glad, and when I discovered this freedom and this little bit of amusement the tugging became stronger. When I encountered happiness the tugging pulled at me like a fish being hauled to the surface; yet, when I came across bad emotions, the pulling weakened. I found my old home not from memory or instinct but by the immense amount of grief that my

parents were experiencing.

I walked along an old country road and I was aware of its existence. Lavender and small red blossoms lined the street and I felt all right. When I came to my old house I began to watch as my parents grieved but it was too painful to continue to watch.

My mother constantly wept and my father's dreams were filled with devilish thoughts and visions. I kept track of the days by again watching the sunflowers outside and by determining when my parents were dreaming though it is hard as our minds are always dreaming. We just don't realize it as much when we are distracted by the day's tasks, but our minds are always active with thoughts and reveries. Days went by so quickly. I started to think that I must have been moving slower in such a state. I also came up with the theory that pain caused you to move slower since when I was around my loved ones I became so heavy as if I was carrying anvils on my back.

The times I became lighter was when my mother would look up and say, "I feel her presence, I swear I do. She is still here with us."

This caused me to not want to leave, my presence comforted my mother, and being around my loved ones though caused me pain didn't make me feel so unstable and so lost.

When I stayed at my parents' house indulging in their negativity and hellish dreams, that peculiar yank came on me again. It kept pulling and pulling until finally it forced me to go outside to where I could actually see objects.

"Why can I only see the outside!" I called out. "I can only see the mountains, the trees, the stones, the bees, the birds, the creatures! Why?" And when no one answered I became furious. Why did I not see the light at the end of the tunnel? Maybe I did and I took a wrong turn? Where were the loved ones such as my crazy Aunt Milly or Uncle George? I don't even remember my own death!

"How did I die? How did I die?" I asked the world and got nothing but the wind, the chirping of birds, and an orchestra of crickets. I remember walking along a road and I was near the sunflower field. There was something out of my control, something I could not predict, and something I could not fight against. It was so sudden, and anger swelled back into me and I became so heavy. I screamed at the wind and the wind carried my wrath far but no one replied to my cry.

After a few hours or days I am not sure I calmed down and started to move around and explore the city as any bored ghost would do. That is what I called myself, a ghost, because it was the only logical explanation to me as to what I was.

Continued on page 52

Fall 2013

I came across a hospital where I thought maybe I could meet another ghost. If no new ghost would be there to accompany me, I would have made my way to a graveyard. Many people were filled with sadness or fear and I could not stand this, so I found my way to the one person who was accepting of their death.

This person was an old man and he was dying from cancer and thankfully at an old age. His friends and family were surrounding him during his last moments and even though they were sad they all had an understanding that it was his time to go. As I felt all of his emotions of woe, fear, and the concept of the unknown, he had a welcoming sort of attitude to death. As he slowly slipped away from “life” he became more and more joyful and calm; something I wish I had when I died. Of course I am not sure how I died.

Excitement jolted through me as I was eager to have another ghost to keep me company and possibly help to guide me. Yet to my disappointment as his life slipped away, so did his feeling and being. When he died he was completely gone. I could not sense his dead body or his “energy,” “spirit,” or whatever you want to call it. I was frustrated, how could this man completely vanish? This is when I discovered that I could only see things that were alive. This explained why I saw the plants and animals. I could see the rocks and dirt because living things were in it and they used it. I could not comprehend his body anymore because it was dead, it was gone and he was gone. His body was dead and him, the man himself, well he went somewhere; he must have gone to the place that kept calling to me.

The lucky man got to go in a blink of an eye while I was still stranded. I understood now that I was aware of the buildings, the sidewalks, the roads, and the cars, but I couldn't actually see them because they were not alive. When I took a closer look at the ground outside, I saw living things, insects and maybe even bacteria. But by seeing this life, my consciousness you could say was able to see the dirt and the rocks.

By knowing that I could only see life I became fascinated and happier by the distraction of tempering with all I could sense. I found a stream of water and admired it; the sapphire water shone like it was made from crystals and I walked above it, in it, and under it. Every bird I saw looked as if their wings were laced with diamonds, and whenever they flapped their wings the feathers practically blinded me. Deer, squirrels, raccoons, and rabbits were not frightened of me. I could observe them closely. The bears, mountain lions, and wild canines did not mind my presence and I watched as they instinctively went about their lives.

The world around me was beautiful and extravagant. I started to forget things such as my day to day life, I forgot that I

worked at a coffee shop, I forgot who many of my friends and acquaintances were, I forgot to visit the graveyard, but my parents and my best friend still loitered around in my mind. For the most part I forgot about the world, and I no longer looked at the sunflowers to keep track of the days. I felt at peace with everything around me, and at random times I had jolts of excitement or glee. Ecstasy is how I would describe the emotion pulsating through me as I forgot the world around me. The calling became louder and stronger and I was okay with it.

While I basked in blissfulness, darkness came over me; I could feel the joy leaving me slowly like when water is slowly drained from a sink. The memories of my life and my identity started to rush back into my head. I started to miss my loved ones again so I went back to the city in search of them.

As I wandered the streets, the darkness grew and out of that darkness came a feeling of rage that grew and grew like a massive, red fire which flames licked and sliced through the bleakness.

I heard a scream and saw a girl running away from two menacing figures. I followed the girl and her pursuers; swiftly and precisely. They chased the girl down into what could have been a dark ally if it was night time.

The woman ducked behind an object and her suffering and fear pulsated throughout me. The two men had the same aura as any other person in the world except for the fact I could sense a hunger within them. Their beings which looked like normal people started to change before me as ugly, black things.

I don't know if these men appeared this horrid in reality or if their evil intent made them look so hideous and ghastly. As their wickedness grew and grew in front of me, my mind came up with a more revolting image for the men. Their onyx skin hung from their iron-looking bones and their mouths were gaping open with hunger; fangs and an inky-like substance dripped down from their jaws. One of the man-creatures found the girl behind the object and tore her from her hiding spot. She screamed and tried to jerk away in fear but his grip on her was too strong. The two man-creatures cornered her and pushed her against a wall. I slowly approached the scene, hoping I could do something. As I got closer I could feel more of what the girl was going through. I was able to actually see the dim alleyway and the brick wall which she was held up against. I saw what the girl was seeing; I saw two drunk faces of burly men and sweat rolled down their cheeks and around their distorted smirks. Their voices were harsh and loud and it made her recoil; turning her face against the brick wall.

That night I watched in great detail this girl get raped and murdered. A part of me was apathetic, but her emotions and sensations ran through me to where it was impossible to be

uncaring. As her body died I still saw her being and it was in pure agony of pain and anger; a suffering that I had not experienced before. I felt bad for the girl and not in a pity way but in a sympathetic, compassionate way. I wanted to approach her, but all of her bad feelings were too strong for me to near.

I called out to her hoping she would come to me, but she did not move. All of her anguish held her down as though she had feet made of rock. She was so heavy that it would take a very long time for her to ever be able to move along this earth.

I wanted to help this girl but the calling came to me again. It reminded me of what I had to do and seeing the terrible fate of this young lady made me grateful that my death wasn't as horrific as hers. If I had a body I would have shuddered at the images I saw and I would have vomit from what I felt and witnessed. I yelled out to the lady and wished her luck but I did not get any reply.

My favorite thing to do was to sit and watch the trees and plants move in the wind. They danced and twisted in the breeze like they were in slow motion. Time was fragmented so strangely and I couldn't completely perceive it. Days were only hours but everything seemed to go by slowly. As days rolled by I found that it was time to listen to the calling. I got up and followed it like one trying to find music coming from a far away room.

I followed the calling through the forest whose greenery reflected the sunlight like glass. The calling led me through valleys with wide skies and portrait-like horizons; I traveled between deserts of white and scarlet sand. I crossed an ocean with waves that stood taller than the cliffs they crashed upon.

This ocean was huge and the water had no actual color. Now and then I would see flashes of light darting through the water. After the ocean came another valley and more forest and at the end there was a mountain with one sharp peak. I stood below the mountain and looked up at its greatness. The summit was so far away and I wondered how many people had braved this intimidating giant. The mountain was covered in trees and dirt and at the top was a layer of ice and snow. I admired the peak for a while until the calling came upon me as if it was my heart pounding from running too hard. The tugging on my being told me to follow it again, I looked up at the giant and realized the calling wanted me to climb the mountain. I would have gulped or possibly shake at this notion if I had a body; but I knew it had to be done. I mentally took a deep breath and moved toward the peak which grew and grew as I neared it. The blue and purple tint of the mountain started to fade and greens and browns flooded the mound.

The trek was steep and I ascended at a rate no man or woman could ever dream of ascending. Trees and shrubbery flew past me in a blur of green. As I came to the summit, the ground became bare and completely empty of any vegetation. It was such an alien place. The land was empty and below me was the earth motley colored and vast. As I stood on top of this peak I started to forget everything; my relations, my feelings, parts of myself that no longer mattered, and I even completely forgot my loved ones' names and my own name. The pain and anger was gone and I embraced the world around me. I embraced the howling wind which constantly thrashed against the peak, the tiny specks of trees below, the wide sky painted with shapely clouds and dotted with celestial bodies, I took it all in. As I left everything behind I looked up and left this world to where there was nothing but life.

Breana Curtis

Phoenix Artist



“Hurt”

Digital painting/photography

Feb. 13, 2013



Breana Curtis is mainly a digital artist and hobbieist photographer originally from Ohio, who moved to Arizona over four years ago now. Moving to Arizona sparked a motivation in her to pursue her artist aspirations of creating and showing others her evolving work. In 2012, she was able to get into her first exhibition at a Chandler gallery and at the same time was blessed with another exhibit in a local cafe in Maricopa. She is more currently experimenting with flower photography and looking into other artistic endeavors such as composing classical/thematic music. If you wish to contact her, you can at brecsphotography@aol.com.

Breana Curtis

Phoenix Artist



“Mask Of Colors”

Digital painting

Feb. 8, 2013

It was an image done with careful thought
but meaning it never truly brought
Sought a change and better it got
Stirring emotions once never caught

Bringing to life what my heart never forgot
Creating something new from not a lot
Expanding the range of what's in and not
Getting people to feel and relate on spot

- Breana Curtis

Breana Curtis

Phoenix Artist



“Who Am I”

Digital painting/photography

Feb. 11, 2013

Breana Curtis

Phoenix Artist



“The Outcast”

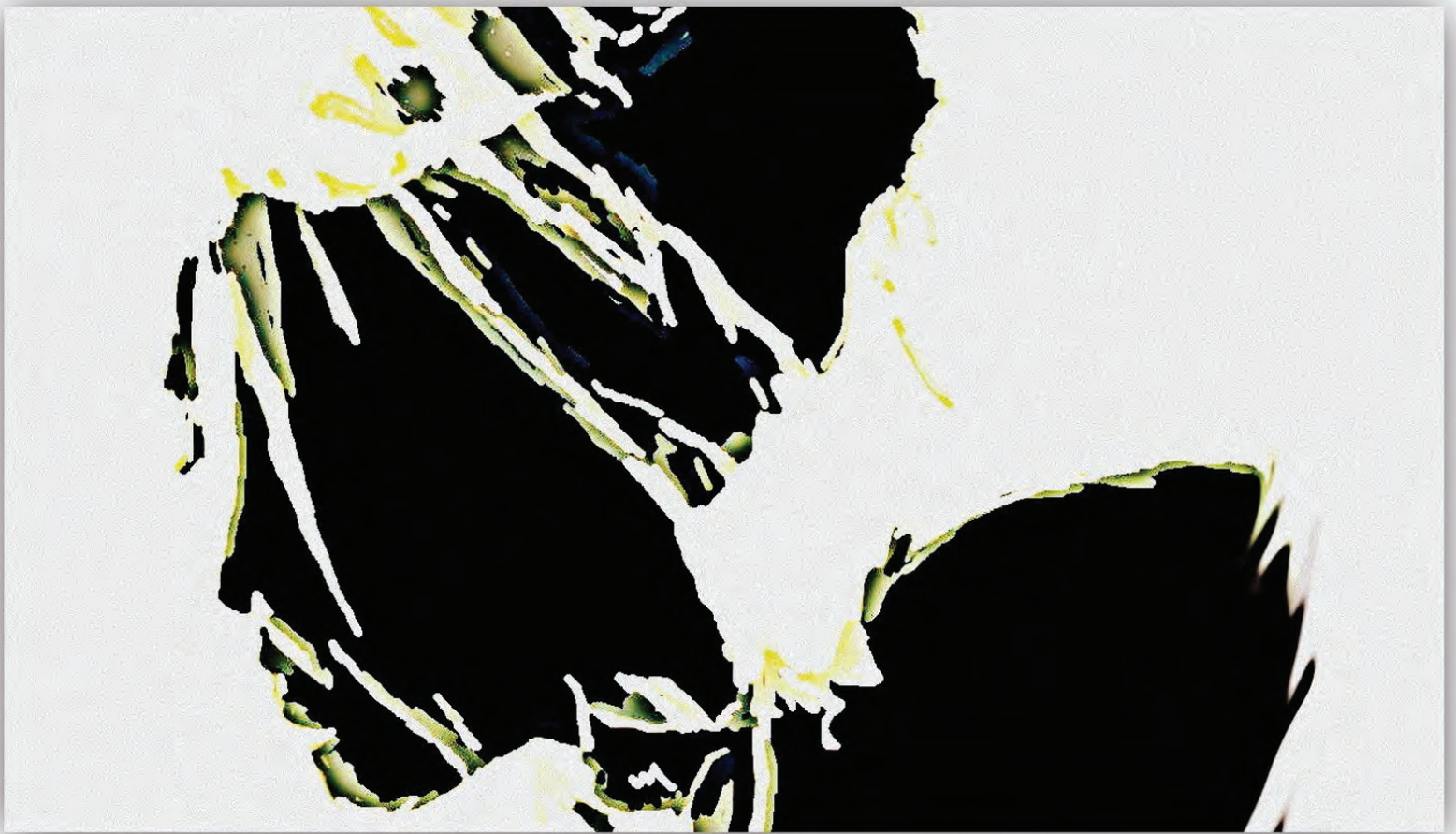
Digital photography/digital Paint

Logitech Webcam

Windows Paint/Picasa

Breana Curtis

Phoenix Artist



"Feel"

Digital photography/digital paint

Logitech Webcam

Windows Paint/Picasa

8 Poems by Richard Fenton Sederstrom

Once I Was a Fist

© 2013

*"How do you know if you're going to die? ...
"When you can no longer make a fist."*

– Naomi Shihab Nye

Once I was a fist—
two of them sparring
indefly at molecules
in the sheltered sun.

Sometimes when
I look down at my
arthritic old hands
I still hear the tinkle

molecules make when
they twinkle
against the rays
of fading light.

What's left of light
makes what's left
of my warped fist
enough for not dying.

Of an Age

© 2013

I am of an age when
I cannot be expected to listen
to anything anyone tries to tell me.

So without saying anything
that might interrupt tradition
or expectation I turn my head

and I listen as though
the last moment of my life
depended on every second

I listen. Then in the vast array
of those final seconds
I try to clear from the gently

falling chaff the golden grains
the seeds of ripening memory.
In the tangle of those lines

I see that I have just informed
myself that these agricultural
efforts often come to naught:

the pedestrian mis-thought
gladdens me however
with a cloud of future in which

I will enter once more upon the tenure
of learning I started inadvertently
those seconds of listening ago.

Richard Fenton Sederstrom lives in the Sonoran Desert of Arizona and Mexico and the North Woods of Minnesota. His book, "Fall Pictures on an Abandoned Road," was released in 2009, "Disordinary Light," in 2010, and "Folly, A Book of Last Summers," in 2011. Sederstrom's poems have appeared in *The Talking Stick*, *English Journal*, *Plainsongs*, *Big Muddy*, *Mother Earth Journal*, *The Blue Guitar*, *Memoir* (and), and *Ruminare*, among other journals and magazines. Fortunate to have retired from all respectable pursuits, especially teaching, he returns to the classroom as a visitor. Contact Richard at richard_sederstrom1221@q.com.



At Split Rock

© 2013

for Carolyn Forché

You're right about light houses, of course.

They are places of "being alone"—
alone under the vast refractory of prism
through prism upon prism,
through year, decade, century, crush of water,
fathom upon fathom upon
the great gray ether of mud

which lies quiet,
patient while it practices to become in turn
only one among the death count of strata
that lie as layers of Earth's calloused skin
each layer sometime exposed to the aloneness
of water working us gently warmly
away into the womb of Earth once more—

alone with the shining black orthocone
alone with mosasaur and muskelunge
with the weightless grace of a birch-bark canoe
with the Edmund Fitzgerald
with the fishing boat out there running
in a panicky straight white-knuckled
line against the waves—

with you far beyond my side,
Selene's torch searching out into the night
into the chronometer of beam timing the waves,
the passage of that distant ore freighter
or the fading lights that might be anything very large
and moving very slowly,
all alone.

Stepping off the Kraton

© 2013

Near Panorama Point, Nebraska

Below my feet, not far by greater standards than mine,
Lies the impenetrable fossil of what is left
Of the oldest mountain on the continent.
How many thousands of millions of years
Did the geologist say?

Not all that far west and a bit south
Is Dinosaur National Park,
Its famous clutter of giants' bones
Plastered into a vertical stratum
Like a bas-relief in gray gesso

One hundred and fifty million years old,
Give or take a few hundred
Thousand human generations.
Under all the oceans no one
Has found fossil-bearing rock older than this.

I will turn my eyes from this glare of the recent,
Return my attention to the stable foolscap
Of unerodeable foundation, solid
As my grandfather's stories, base rock
Into which my memories impress my eroding future.

Miranda's Gift

© 2013

*a cautionary fable for young readers
and very old*

Miranda gave me the plastic bracelet I am wearing,

Because, she reminds me, some weeks ago
I told the story of an eagle and a tortoise,
Both of which died twenty-four centuries ago, or about.
You know the story. You've been around.
You may have heard it from me, but probably not.

Anyway, it seems that this old Greek playwright—
You remember Aeschylus from high school, right?—
Old Aeschylus, ninety or so years of age,
Was walking in his garden, someone's garden anyway,
Minding his business, maybe working on a play or two,

And, like most of us, not looking up,
Because on the whole we don't look up, do we?
And so, not seeing the eagle that bore the boulder of tortoise
In his talons, where, sky and reptile encumbered,
He had no way to open his lunch—starving amid plenty,

The old poet kept up his old man's ramble,
A stumble or a limp, but so slowly that the eagle missed
The slow show of movement that accompanied
The old poet's bliss, or musings, or agony maybe, or
Maybe savoring what he failed to see was his last promenade.

And the newer old poet who tries to amuse only you,
That old poet, whether he knows it or not,
Will keep company with his precursor, and with Earth and sky
If only to remind him again of all that is in between.
Take this tortoise in both hands, will you? Watch for eagles.

Oh. Did I remember to tell you why? Or what the eagle did next?

I Would Not Care to Die Completed

© 2013

Last night you were explaining
what you and your busted ankle
require to get you from here to your garden
and the inconvenience this episode has proved to be,
but not the pain.

You added that it was only an inconvenience,
not permanent, and that “You learn.”
and that’s when I thought of something I had written
in the back of some poet’s book.
Was it James Wright? Yes—I looked.
“I would not care to die completed” I wrote.

I’d like to see myself lying in my bed
propped up on several down-filled pillows.
My grandmother’s—my great grandmother’s—
eiderdown comforter is still soft and light.

The air is light, and a glitter of dust motes moves
like a question in the small voice of air, like
angels no bigger than atoms of oxygen.
We share these last hours or moments—
but even quieter, released for the occasion
from the head of their infinite kingdom of pin-head,

enough voice to breathe soundlessly
that message for stunned Elijah,
for the dying poet too in still small ecstasy
unencumbered by harp or trumpet or even tongue.

The comfortable old doubter is propped on the down pillows,
high enough to remind him not of angelic presences
but of the air that moves them, and moves his breath,
filters his breathing.

There should be flowers, but not inside,
perhaps the usual summer’s decorous blue
migration of creeping bellflowers
that work their seasonal way around the house,

not to show themselves off nor to show off the house
but to remind me lying there of their habit
of inhabiting abandoned houses and foundations
and the proper blue gardens of some other century,

gone to seed and mongrel life
that will not stop to be monumental,
never stop nor allow for completion
while I wait for that unnatural punctuation:

out of my control and therefore out of my
range of interests at the ultimate nonce.
I might startle myself away from the communing motes
and the air that lights them and think to myself alone
or maybe ask “What is it?”
and answer or try or pretend.

Yes pretend—the poet’s daily bread.
One breath is never like another.
The task is tasting each
and tasting the silence in the mortal distance between,
and tasting the distance itself.

Sometimes Sky

© 2013

Notes from a Writers Conference

I

When I am in the mood for surprises
I like to avoid surprises
that refuse to surprise.
But sometimes the surprise
arises from the rigorous avoidance of surprise

II

Because
doesn't it feel good sometimes to break out
of mediocrity, even if we break into
no more than another mediocrity?
At least it is someplace else for a little while.

III

I refuse to flex the muscle of "Paradigm"
or wave any other blunt instrument at a poem:
I formulate. We formulate.
You formulate. You (pl) formulate.
S/H/It formulates. They formulate.

IV

How do we make meaning in a poem
when we don't know what the words
in the poem mean? Make meaning.
Then unmean your meaning
if that works for you and your reader.

V

When a reader looks at a poem
with a notion that the words don't have
to mean, what does? What does this say
about the writer's world of meaning?
"I got rhythm"? and ask for nothing more?

VI

We are given to depend on
too much verbal energy.
Ask, "What does the sky look like?"
Sometimes, when we are looking
with the appropriate energy

VII

sky looks like sky.

Only in Passing

© 2013

The poet is a relic of ages when time
was measured in passing
movements in the cosmos
and timid footsteps moving through the forest
or on the edges of any darkness

in passing

what the poet still does in words
is reflected in the movement
and reflects the narrative transience
of each, like the heat-quivered
form of that saguaro darkening on the horizon

or the poet

or time: the coming light

Jackson Boelts

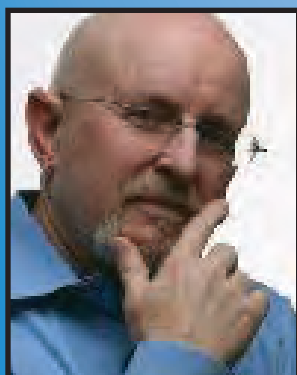
Tucson Artist



“Disconnect Human: Long Neck II”
33.5” x 44.5”
Watercolor
2013



“Disconnect Human: Blue Wanderer”
30” x 45”
Watercolor
2013



Jackson Boelts is an artist, educator, designer and facilitator. He has exhibited his work in Europe, the Pacific Rim, and throughout the Americas. He is a Professor of Art at the University of Arizona and has taught watercolor and drawing in Orvieto, Italy. His website is www.jacksonboelts.com. He can be reached at jboelts@email.arizona.edu.

Jackson Boelts

Tucson Artist



“Disconnect Human: Ghost Ancestor”

30” x 44.5”

Watercolor

2013

This Disconnect Human series of large watercolor paintings examines our human disconnection with our planet. We are a unique species able to combat our environment, fight most diseases that have ravaged our predecessors, and built shelters and transportation that would have amazed our ancestors. In our continued need for fossil fuels, an ever-expanding appetite for land, fresh water and material wants, we have forgotten to appreciate the very most important thing that we need to exist as a species—the Earth.

- Jackson Boelts

Jackson Boelts

Tucson Artist



**“Disconnect Human:
Purple Between the Blues”
30" x 44.5"
Watercolor
2013**



**“Disconnect Human: Sepia Overload”
29.75" x 44.5"
Watercolor
2013**

Daughter of History

By Guillermo Reyes

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Don't judge Gwenn Andauer for her one and only murder—at least that's what her defense might sound like once she comes to trial later this year. Since her arrest, she hasn't denied the killing, and police have reportedly found a confession that she penned on long hand years before her arrest. The 40-year-old policewoman, who was celebrating seventeen years of service in the San Diego Police Department before she was arrested, stored her confession in a plain folder and left it in a drawer in her desk at the downtown office. Through nearly two decades of service, Gwenn—the daughter of an American CIA officer and a Chilean mother of German descent—had risen in the ranks of the San Diego police to head the sex crimes unit. She won several community service awards and an assortment of trophies and medals for running San Diego marathons that have hung in her office all these years. Her lawyers are touting her as an exemplary leader in her community, even if she herself has admitted her guilt in this one sin for which she might, say, get executed.

Gwenn, free-spirited waitress who worked her way through an undergraduate degree at UC San Diego before applying for the force, once looked and did as other young women in Southern California. She attended her share of parties on and off campus, learned to surf, got her tan in place, and a beach body to boot. San Diego had never seemed as eco-friendly in the '90s, navigable and uncongested, a period in her life when Andauer faced the day with the youthful zeal and frenzied energy of someone driven to succeed. Upon graduation, she was accepted into the San Diego Police Department, and every day required her to assess and incorporate new skills into her life, which meant forensic technique along with a bit of guile, a bit of cunning in interrogating suspects, but the rest was about living, and partying. It was, by the look of things, just an average,

vibrant, exemplary youth.

Gwenn was born in the American section of the Panama Canal.

"In case you ever want to become president," her father told her early in life, "remind people you were born on American territory."

"I'd better remember that," she answered. She was 10 years old and was thankful that she had a father who actually thought of her daughter as a future president.

Variations of "a woman's gotta dream big" were her late father's favorite sayings. She was an only child. All the energy that might have gone to a male heir instead were placed on her and, as a child, she imagined herself as a combat fighter in a SEALs unit, liberating some island like Grenada from Soviet and Cuban invaders. But she gravitated instead towards police work. Her father encouraged her throughout her youth to think big but also concretely and specifically and to plan ahead, and then one day, he'd been found dead one morning at his desk at home, a burst ventricle within him. She'd been 19 at the time. Gwenn was left alone to care for her mother, a Chilean national of German descent who was—how best to describe her for those of us fortunate enough to have met such a colorful woman—homebound for various personal eccentricities later labeled "depressive." Her mother had originally named her daughter "Guernica," after the Spanish town invaded and pummeled to death by the Nazis during the Spanish Civil War. Guernica grew up to hate the name, mostly because of the strange questions it got, about whether she knew that her name was associated with a vicious battle. An occasional Picasso fan might have asked if she was named after the painting, but the painting was also inspired by an infamous aerial bombard-

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ment—and who wants to be named after that? At 10 years old, Guernica chose to be called Gwenn, but kept her legal name and did her best to avoid introducing her friends to her mother who often kept calling her by the deadliest female name since Medea. (Mrs. Andauer has become something of a local celebrity in San Diego herself during this entire ordeal, giving interviews to the press in which she claims her daughter's been the victim of a conspiracy involving, well, the CIA and the Communists in some unholy alliance—we the people in the media have obliged her with attention, and one must admit Mrs. Andauer has been good for ratings.) In college, Gwenn called herself a “modern chick” but not a feminist. She believed in a woman's right to choose, and urged her gay friends to get married already even in the '90s when the issue wasn't particularly on the political radar, and she empathized with racial minorities as well. She often counted as one, too, depending on how she filled out her forms. Her mother hailed from the southern edge of Chile where the Antarctica blew winds to challenge international ships trying to cross the Strait of Magellan (nowadays more for tourism than commerce), so technically Gwenn could pass for “Latina” even though her mother's ancestry were traced to Germanic/Aryan roots. But the SDPD wouldn't have gotten away with not hiring her regardless of her background because she wanted it that badly and nobody was going to stop her. Still, she never explained to her mother that she'd gotten her job as part of a minority and female set-aside program. Her mother wouldn't have stood for it, no more than her father might have had he been alive.

“That minority stuff gives me the creeps,” her mother told the press after the arrest. “If they want to be judged by the content of their character, I don't understand the need for special legislation favoring them ...”

It was always “they” this and “them” that with the colorful Mrs. Andauer. It seemed ironic to Gwenn that she could qualify for minority programs given that her mother was a certifiable Aryan.

Her father had been an American adventurer who had worked for the CIA in Latin America in the early '70s and her mother had fled with him once his work there was complete. The nature of his work remains classified, but Gwenn admits to an interviewer today that it was connected to the CIA's support of the military against the various socialist or progressive movements in that region, including the freely elected government of Salvador Allende in Chile. Decades would pass before the official “Pinochet Files” would be released to the public to reveal an extensive American presence in the military coup that overthrew President Allende.

“Your father was a hero,” her mother told her, repeatedly

while growing up. “But he wasn't even allowed to get credit for it. Kissinger was a wimp!”

Mother's family had fled Germany as the allies had moved in on Berlin. A couple of ships later had them landing in Buenos Aires, Argentina. A flight later to Santiago, and they joined a family of German immigrants in southern Chile, in the city of Valdivia, which was nearly destroyed by the strongest earthquake ever recorded in human history. Her mother survived, but hasn't forgotten. “The earth was trying to shake me off,” she told a local TV interviewer because Mother made it clear that tectonic plates were all about her, a punishment for her sins. Mother felt she had plenty of them to shake off, but rarely spoke up about them. Gwenn's father, Roger Andauer, had never even proposed properly to her mother, Margarita Schweikert. She tagged along and fled with him to the U.S. once the Chilean coup was wrapped up like a gift, and soon they were married in the Canal Zone where he was stationed for five years. She doesn't even remember a ceremony or a party. It just happened, she told me years later.

But the coup didn't exactly correlate with the very different type of murder Gwenn herself would eventually be accused of. The killing of Emily Smythe in San Diego wasn't exactly an act of realpolitik as approved by Henry Kissinger and the CIA. Emily Smythe was the young wife of Arnulfo Lopez-Ellenstein, the Mexican-American young man who had split up with Gwenn at a time when she had entertained illusions of eternity with him. Eternity was a crucial word, a belief system really, one that gives heavy emphasis on the ideal. You are mine forever. That's the key to this belief. Either you're mine or no one else may have you. Death might or might not follow. A young woman without any experience with men such as Guernica seemed to believe it.

Mrs. Andauer told reporters she first noticed her daughter had a problem with men when the matriarch woke up one morning in her San Diego home and found her daughter sleeping on the couch in the living room. That was Gwenn's first week of classes at the university. She had moved to the dorms only a few days earlier.

“What are you doing here?” the mother asked. She noticed the young woman had slept with her average Southern California wear, shorts and tank top, and had only let go of messy, dusty sandals that lay on the edge of the couch looking wet and torn. “What happened?”

“I walked from campus to the bus stop, and then took the bus downtown and connected to one in North Park, and just threw myself on the couch. I was too tired to even brush my teeth.”

“You are supposed to be living on campus. Don't tell me you miss ‘Mommy’ because I won't have that, you know. It's

pathetic. You are the daughter of a hero, a warrior—there's no need for that type of sentimentality."

"Don't worry, Mother, I didn't miss you one bit," said her daughter, harshly.

"Good! I'm glad you admit it. Tell me what happened, and then go. You are expected to make a life out there on your own. It's bad enough I'm paying for tuition. Out with it. What happened to you?"

"I lost all track of time, Mother."

"How does one do that?"

"I was disoriented. I walked until I found a familiar street. Our street. I had to come home."

Disoriented. Mother understood too well. "It's a man, isn't it? One of your professors."

"No, not one of my professors, just a boy. It's silly actually."

"I'm sure it is. But I'm still curious. Tell me—and then go. Don't forget deodorant."

On her first week on campus, Gwenn spotted him walking along toward one of his classes in those long passageways with verdant landscapes that make a campus look ever so peaceful, far away from the noisiness of freeways and cars everywhere on the streets. He was a sight to behold, this rather tall, if lanky, presence. She noticed his legs exposed and the color of what appeared at first to be perfect, evenly tanned skin, but it was actually natural olive skin that matched that special hook nose of his, clunky and awkward but lovable, and to get back to those legs, yes, what a sight thanks to the revealing clothes of an average fall semester in San Diego—those ever present shorts and tank tops with logos that everyone on campus seemed to wear as if the youth of America were walking advertisements of the apparel industry. On most people, the look simply revealed that Americans were overweight, marked with bulges and pimples and unflattering tattoos, even on the women, but on a boy like Arnulfo Lopez-Ellenstein, it was the closest thing to sex the eye could spot in the daylight, a form of walking flesh revealing itself to the senses of anyone who seriously looked. His legs, well-exercised, revealing biker's calves, and his arms, defined and cut, without exaggerated hulks, were enough to stir something in her, to make Gwenn feel disoriented.

Arnie, as he would later come to be called, was something to behold. And someone to follow. Gwenn left behind her book, her car keys, her purse and her wallet. She wanted to see if all roads led to him. It led her to find an off-campus apartment where the boy walked in, looking carefree, as if freed from all outside obligations. He lived on the first floor, and the windows generously opened to let in the sunshine and the cool marine layer of a breeze. As the sun set, it was easier to hide behind a set of bushes landscaped to look like little birdcages. Homeless

people could live in them.

"You mean you stood outside all night watching him from a hideout?" asked her mother, looking amused. She hadn't forgotten that in high school, Gwenn had followed one of her male teachers home and was discovered sleeping on a shed in the backyard of the home, scaring the teacher's wife to death. "And, don't tell me, you left behind your purse?"

"That's right. I fell asleep in the bushes and an old lady walking her dog found me when the dog almost peed on me."

Gwenn ran back to campus only to find her purse gone with all her credit cards and her car keys. The only thing left were a couple of text books from a Forensics class that nobody wished to steal. Mother helped her call the credit card companies to put a stop to them and get new ones—they were Mother's credit cards after all, and then she drove her daughter to the DMV to get a new license.

While they waited for the license, the mother asked, "What's so special about this boy anyway?"

Gwenn hadn't even thought about "specialness," but about her feelings, about how this perfect stranger had made her feel this way. "He just stirred me up," she said, and didn't know how else to explain it. "I had to see him at home."

"So what does he do there?"

"Oh, stuff."

Stuff? Her daughter had stood outside the window just to watch "stuff." But apparently, stuff was it. The boy had poured himself some sugary cereal for dinner. It was, according to the television commercials, a cereal for champions. He also dined on a single protein bar wrapped into a thin plastic layering. His two roommates, students at SDU, came home and dined on take-out pizza with beer on the side, which Arnie had responsibly kept away from. They all watched together an episode of "The Simpsons," and from the window, so did Gwenn.

"And you still felt stirred up after that?" The mother asked with wonder. "He sounds like an average twerp."

"I knew you wouldn't understand."

"Oh, I understand all right," she said. "I just don't want to keep calling the credit card company after you leave your stuff unattended."

"Mother, it won't happen again."

She kept her word. There were no more misplaced credit cards or missing purses. But Gwenn wasn't through with Arnie. It turned out that, on her first social event, a freshman orientation hour, the main student representative was a young senior assigned to greet the new class. That was Arnie Lopez-Ellenstein. That's where she learned his name and learned that her first impressions were justified.

Average, ever so average did he seem in retrospect, so weak

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and pitiful, but that's not how his smile struck her at that function. It wasn't simply the solid construction of the hook-nosed Aztec face. It was also the way he carried himself, the way he confidently greeted her. It took care of her, it reassured her, it seemed to imply this is it, whatever it was, it was that inscrutable "it" that movie stars often possessed in all those old movies Mother watched, and this was present not on celluloid, but in living flesh. Still, yes, yes, it starts with the face, the young man's expressions of welcoming her at her first campus function. He was one of those socially active young men who understood the importance of gestures—a welcoming, kind word made her in fact feel at home on campus. He was the perfect Mexican boy—Mexican-American really, and the family was well-bred, local business owners of some tire chain store. She didn't care about tires one bit, but she understood success and the discipline needed to stay afloat in a competitive world of tires. But he could have been selling scented candles just as well. She just wanted him adjoined to her. Up until then she had been a stable, if ambitious young woman with the drive to succeed in college, to establish her own voice as the daughter of an intrepid warrior like her father, but now she also felt connected to something even more primal. To her womanhood perhaps? How adorable and yet vibrant and manly he looked in his suit, a dark woolen thing most likely bought for him by his mother. This much good taste couldn't have been anything other than a feminine instinct—his mother had successfully trained him to please women. He didn't even realize how effective his gestures proved to be on her. She was so overjoyed, she immediately spun into fatalism—she would never impress him. She was shapeless, a bookworm, a dork. Other young women were clearly more attractive in their warm weather skirts, fashionable and airy. Her shorts were average, and she had failed to dress up for this function. But then she brightened up and understood her challenge. Gwenn was immediately elated by the goal and the singular aim of pursuing him. She would woo. She would conquer. She would triumph over the other weaker girls. Gwenn believed she would make the right impression with consistent perseverance. She would create an aura of invincibility about her, and he must not be allowed to think he could ever turn her down—and signal to other young women that she was the winner, they the losers. You win by convincing the enemy to fold early and often.

How painful it all seemed now, sweet, and melancholy, seventeen years later. To think she had been in love that blindly, and it was a genuine feeling, a heavenly torture, a dizzying pain that kept her up at night still after all these years, that made her imagine things fully awake, and made her entertain grand illusions of forever.

They had gone out for four whole months, an eternity. He knew the right well-lit restaurants overlooking the ocean, places his own mother must have recommended, too. Gwenn even imagined this future mother-in-law—a woman she never met but imagined as part of her future—as being practical, civilized, a classy woman who'd reared her son in the specifics of politeness, and knew where women wanted to be taken. And he was all that, suave, and smooth-talking, and welcoming, a trilingual kid who had learned his parents' Spanish along with his native English and taken a couple of years of Swedish. She didn't know why Swedish, but it sounded right. He yearned to become a diplomat and travel the world. He was even interested in hearing about how her father had joined the CIA, but she couldn't reveal parts of family history because they were still classified information. But he found it riveting that she had been raised in this type of family, connected to diplomacy, even if an "underground" one, and he seemed doubly interested as if they had found something that bound them for life. She felt the bond, and it made her imagine this feeling lasting years, decades even, till old age.

“Look at this crap!” Mother threw the social section of the Sunday *San Diego Union* at her daughter that ill-fated morning. The folded paper hit the cup of coffee, almost turning it over. “The asshole!” Mother declared like a final pronouncement. “He's dead meat!”

“Calm down, Mother. What are you talking about now?”

Gwenn had gone to visit Mother on one of her days off from the university. Mother lived in North Park at the time, in a house that had to be rebuilt after a Cessna collided with a commercial airliner over the neighborhood in 1978 and debris and body parts fell from the sky on a perfect sunny day. It was the end of the world, the old woman and original owner of the home told Mother when she walked her around the wrecked home that she was then putting on the market because she couldn't live with the memory of the crash. The owner would not rebuild in a place that would forever remind her of the deadliest day in San Diego history. Mother relished the challenge and said that it was the safest place on earth. Nothing catastrophic could possibly take place in North Park any longer. Imagine the odds, she told her daughter, of another lethal accident event taking place there on the precise same spot. How practical of Mother to set up shop over the deadly memory of that dark day in San Diego history. Mother had not only bought the ruined house with Father's life insurance, but fixed it, and they had moved in together afterward. Gwenn didn't last. She moved closer to campus as soon as she was accepted to the university and she still had bad dreams of airliners tearing apart

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in the sky over her home. Mother slept soundly because God favored her, or so she believed. The Chilean Germans were a confident people, Mother reminded her, a people who stared into the darkness and challenged it to a duel.

“That Mexican wheeler-dealer!” Mother told her. “You sure know how to pick ’em.”

Gwenn thought she and Arnie were still seeing each other. Arnie had mentioned a need to finish a senior thesis project for a political science class. He was applying to grad schools in international relations and thought this thesis would be his main sample writing, his calling card actually. She left him alone and respected his need for a little distance. That was enough distance for him to announce his engagement to Emily Smythe.

Now Mother had caught it: A wedding ceremony was being announced in the *San Diego Union* for early June and Gwenn read about it like anybody else in the city. She went over the details repeatedly: He was engaged to Emily Smythe, the daughter of a Phoenix shoe retailer; the girl was studying history at UC San Diego, and they were now marrying at some La Jolla resort in a month. Gwenn thought she could have forgiven the news if only Arnie had managed to tell her up front, but now she realized she had been a thing on the side, a sexual outlet at best. She had been a mere hookup, it turned out, while this young woman from Arizona had been anointed to fulfill the Catholic boy’s perceptions of womanhood. Emily’s picture revealed a certain feebleness of mind, a weakness, and virgins like her seemed silly and pliable to Gwenn, and easily removed, too. Removal was the right word. She had played with that word in her mouth until her lips could utter it with a certain flair and practicality. A nuisance needed to be removed like a pest. If necessary, stomped.

What a distraction to her own ambitions. She was already studying for the exam to enter rookie training at the San Diego Police Department. She was serious about law enforcement. She could not be thinking about something as atrocious as ... as ... she couldn’t even say it. Removal?

“We won’t talk about it ever again,” she told her mother.

“You need a priest to talk to,” said the mother. “Public humiliation is a deadly thing for anybody, and you’re weak.”

“Are you sure about that, Mother?” She asked Mrs. Andauer, thinking she might take her mother’s throat by surprise and show her who’s weak. But maybe her mother was right. She needed to refine her craft, needed to grow in toughness, and was clearly unprepared for this world of disappointments.

“Since then, my daughter outgrew any signs of girlhood,” Mrs. Andauer revealed to one of her friends in the media, one of those morning shows that pops up at 6 a.m. at a local channel, which early risers can watch with coffee. “My girl might have

struck you as a weakling back then, a foolish sentimental girl. The woman you’d meet in a few years developed her looks, her frame, her muscles even. She took up surfing, for godssake! She learned to bust down doors and chase pimps around until they were out of breath when she threw them in the slammer.”

Gwenn never spoke to Arnie again until many years later. She followed her dreams, her enthusiasm for the law. She became the San Diego policewoman she felt destined to become. She dated men, some on the force, others not. She felt she would eventually find one to marry, but she wasn’t in a rush. How wholesome she seemed, in and out of uniform, an active woman who surfed on her spare time, who went dancing with her friends to some of the surfer hangouts by the beach, and also to some of the sexually ambivalent clubs in Oceanside frequented by some of the Marines. She found a cheap thrill inhabiting that awesome world of the daring, the closeted, the passionate— young men who understood their mission in life, to serve the military, and yet to hide their sexuality. She had a special weakness for that type of double life—found it touching and sweet and poignant. It was the life of the sun, the beach, and youthful energy around her. But she still knew that something in her had changed, the earth had moved, the hurt was lodged deep within somewhere in her hard wire. The double life she sensed in her gay Marine friends—that was a life for her, a heterosexual woman hiding her hurt.

A couple of years later, when she was still out on patrol, she parked her cruiser outside the condo building where the young couple lived. Arnie was out. She had made sure of it. She had informed herself about his schedule, knew about the internship with the San Diego Institute of International Studies where he often attended diplomatic functions and where he worked as an intern. This week he was showing around visitors from allied European countries, people who visited military facilities in the U.S. and then liked to be escorted around the dynamic night life of Southern California with a quick trip to Hollywood on the side. Diplomats used San Diego as their excuse to party on behalf of their countries, and the affable intern Arnie seemed happy to comply. The Cold War had fizzled out, crumbled like the Berlin Wall itself, and the world of the main players seemed permanently suspended in peace. It was the end of history, Professor Fukuyama said, and people in San Diego in particular wanted to believe it. Without the Communist Party to kick around, it was party time.

Emily preferred to stay at home working on her dissertation on all three of the Bronte sisters, which was taking years because she clearly didn’t have the discipline to follow a consistent program of study—at least that’s how Gwenn thought of Emily, the woman who couldn’t hack it, not marriage, not work,

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not study. In contrast, look at Gwenn. She had become a proud member of the SDPD while the sap, Emily, remained a struggling student. How long, Emily? How long, before he realizes you are going nowhere, that you can't live up to your ambitions?

Emily opened the front door to her charming little Spanish-style bungalow. Daddy put the down payment, and Emily had chosen it for location, expensive, but clearly not exclusive. The place didn't even have a security gate. Any stranger could park his car on the street, and invite himself in—the stranger in this case was a woman, a female cop.

“May I help you, Officer?” Emily asked. She stood, wet, wearing a robe with a towel on her head looking like a turban.

“No, you can't help me!” Gwenn told her as she slipped past her.

Emily watched helplessly as the officer forced her way in.

“Officer, is there something wrong?” asked Emily. “Has something happened to my husband, Mr. Lopez? Please!”

At the sound of the man's name, Gwenn reacted the way one reacts to an insult. It tore into her. It brought back an ugly feeling that she once had felt when Mother first threw a copy of the social section of the *San Diego Union* at her face announcing the engagement. “Arnie's just fine,” she said bitterly. “Never been better apparently!”

“So you know him,” said Emily, beginning to understand who stood in front of her.

“Yes, I knew him before you came along,” she told her. Then she couldn't go on. She threw herself down on the couch and she couldn't look up. She was suddenly weeping, out loud, with that type of sobbing that she had seen in movies, Greek old ladies in heavy veils over their faces crying at a funeral like in, say, *Zorba the Greek*.

“What is wrong, Officer?” Emily asked, trying to seem sympathetic. No, of course, she couldn't understand, thought Gwenn. The asshole hadn't told her at all about anything. Her name hadn't even crossed his lips. Emily had never heard of the “ex.” Arnulfo had chosen to erase her from history altogether.

“Officer, do you need ... water?”

“Fuck water!” She shouted. “And fuck you, Emily!”

Emily was stunned into silence. “You obviously aren't here on an official capacity, Officer. Perhaps it's best you leave because you wouldn't want me to call the police. How would this look to your fellow officers, or to your boss, the chief of police?”

“Are you threatening me?”

“No, no, I wouldn't do that,” said Emily, now royally backing down. “I just want to make sure you'll be OK. This isn't right, you shouldn't be here! He did mention you once, ah, Gwenn,”

she added, but stopped. She decided it was best to be quiet now.

It was an honest voice, an earnest and polite face, a pretty young woman with a petite figure, who looked even better in person and vulnerable in her bathrobe and wet hair. Had she just taken a shower when she arrived? Gwenn wasn't about to confide in her though, not to her, the sap. She didn't need to. Her mission had been to make her presence known and she clearly had achieved that. Now the wife knew she existed. She knew who she was. And who knows what Emily might do? Call the cops? Or call Arnie himself and tell him what she had done? Would her boss be waiting for her at the office the next day ready to interrogate her about her transgressions? Oh, this is nothing, she thought, compared to what went on in her imagination, what she was truly capable of.

She went home thinking this was it for her, for her tenure as a cop, for all those years she had dreamed of dying as a member of the force. She had her department-issued gun with her. It was as useful as any to put an end to it, to her life altogether. She had sunk this low, losing her composure in front of the enemy. But instead, she slept, a deep bitter sleep that took her back in time to childhood, to memories of travel, to foreign lands where her father kept landing in a jumbo jet, leaving her alone in a hotel with her mother, and then when the job was done, they would fly out. It was the life of quick results. The deed was done, and they left behind a military junta firmly in place, Marxist rebels tortured or dead. She dreamt of bodies piled up like so much debris, mounted onto trucks, then dumped in the ocean. The image would haunt her dreams like the ones of bodies, living, breathing, human beings that fell from the sky over San Diego on that day in 1978 when the planes collided. And then there was the memory of that history teacher, Mr. Miller, lovable Mr. Miller, the teacher who had once left her mesmerized with his blue eyes and a muscular body that looked so perfect for a man in his 30s, rigorous, experienced, like a body that thrives under the pressure of weights. It was true that she'd fallen asleep on the shed in the backyard of his home. She had meant to spy on his wife and children, but then something overcame her, a fatigue that had made her lower her head as if curling up into a fetal position and pass out. Mr. Miller had been her first crush and her first case of stalking, but her body had betrayed her. She wasn't able to follow through at the time. She'd grown stronger and more insistent since.

When she woke up that morning, she got herself into her uniform, and felt ready to walk into the office, to ask to speak to the chief, offer her resignation or whatever she needed to do to show her sincerity.

But nothing happened. When she went to work, the boss greeted her like on any other day. There were no phone calls

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from Arnulfo Lopez-Ellenstein, nor from the young woman herself. She had to wonder why Emily had chosen to keep her secret. Surely Emily must have asked her husband questions. That woman is in the past, he must have reassured her. She must have been easy to convince, the sap. Or Arnulfo himself was the type of naïve young man who thought you, his pursuer, would just go away. She went about her duties as normal. She was interviewing for a promotion to work on an investigative unit to weed out sexual traffickers.

She woke up a few weeks later with a certain feeling she had never felt before. No, I won't go away, she told herself. I won't be invisible. He must know I exist. He must know that he hurt me. Finding out about his engagement to the shoe seller's daughter in the pathetic social section of the *San Diego Union* had been the ultimate blow—and she had lived with it all these years. If he hasn't called, then one day he will, when he finally pays attention.

Little Emily was dead within two weeks, strangled to death. Gwenn went home that night thinking that in no time, the San Diego police, the ATF, the FBI, even the CIA, someone, anyone would surround her apartment complex, demand her surrender in some dramatic spectacle televised via satellite for the world to see. Imagine the possibilities for broadcasting. It was exhilarating to think of it, but couldn't contain that emotion. Her exhaustion shone through instead. She slept and dreamt of bodies falling from the sky once again.

The next day she pulled herself out of bed, feeling fatigued, as if a cold were coming on, and she wondered what her story would be. It wasn't as if she had been so entirely careful. She had worn gloves, but forensic advances in DNA testing were slowly being instituted at the time. The SDPD hadn't yet adopted the technique of testing everything for DNA evidence. Still, she was aware of the advances in forensic science and knew the risks.

She returned to work to find the homicide unit hopping as usual. One of her detective colleagues volunteered information about a gang of Mexican boys, "illegals," hitting a couple of neighborhoods that previous night, robbing residents, and they had left one woman dead, a young woman who must have surprised them by being home alone. Detective Wynard asked her to come into his office. She felt a rush of anticipation, a little thrill in the air.

"A certain Mr. Smythe says you paid a visit to his daughter a couple of weeks ago and that you were once the lover of her husband, Arnulfo Lopez-Ellenstein."

"What exactly is he saying about me?" she asked. "I don't

understand."

"His daughter was found dead last night in their apartment."

"Oh. I don't know what to say—my God."

"We think she might have been the victim of the Sepulveda gang—those illegal kids running around breaking into people's homes, but then the old man decided that you are her husband's ex-lover and, you know, we need to follow every lead, you understand. So ... why did you visit her a few weeks ago?"

"Look, I dated Arnie back in college—"

"Is that his nickname?"

"Yes, don't be surprised. We dated, but that was two years ago. I haven't been in touch since. And I've never met her."

"So where did the old man get this idea then, that you were there?"

Emily had talked after all. Gwenn imagined her reaching for the phone after she left that first time, calling Daddy back in Cowtown, Arizona, letting him know that her husband's ex had knocked on the door and that she was a policewoman. She imagined that tone of surprise in the old man's voice. A police-woman? That doesn't sound right, honey. Did you call the cops? She hadn't called the cops.

"Like I said, I never met his wife," she said, firmly, and held her eye contact steady.

She also realized that her discipline would pay off at a moment like this. She had never sent letters desperately pleading with Arnulfo. She had left no paper trail to identify her as the jilted woman. Her only appearance had been recently, two years after her breakup, and she had gone after the wife, not the husband. Arnulfo had no evidence of the threat Gwenn represented to his wife, and she could hear Arnulfo himself reassuring Emily that she wasn't a peril to her, that Officer Andauer was a cop for godssake. A cop.

"I haven't even spoken to the man these past two years."

"Alright, well, yes ... Lopez said as much. Yes, I already spoke to him. I'm pretty sure our lead with the Sepulveda brothers is pretty strong, but the old man insists that you came in and scared his daughter half to death."

"I do not go around San Diego scaring housewives half to death."

"I believe you, but I had to ask, you understand."

"I understand."

The Sepulveda brothers were charged with murder. Their robbing spree had resulted, in fact, in the accidental killing of an older woman just six months previously when according to their confession she'd come at them with a knife and they had shot her, leaving them to claim self-defense against an 80-year-old woman. At first, they denied any responsibility for the Emily Smythe murder. Still, the defense lawyer made the brothers con-

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fess to that crime and to the old woman's murder in exchange for a reduced sentence. Illegals kill two local housewives, went the headlines. It reassured people that they were behind bars.

Seventeen years had gone by. Gwenn had just come from a luncheon in which prominent female contributors to the community were handed out awards for service. The winners included a couple of schoolteachers, a community activist, the editor of a local magazine about the "San Diego lifestyle," and the owner of a women's apparel company. Gwenn was also the winner for nearly two decades of service, especially for her work pursuing sex traffickers. She gave the inspirational speech that brought the luncheon audience to its feet, and she went back to work carrying a plaque with her name on it, and some extra piece of cake on a styrofoam plate to help assuage a feeding frenzy during the sixth month of her pregnancy. She had married a gay man, a refugee from Bosnia. He lived in Hillcrest with his American male lover, and in exchange, she was due to be a mother.

She left the cake in the office refrigerator when she walked out and she saw those faces, the ones she knew would one day be staring at her. It was that new detective McIntyre from the cold case unit, asking her to step into his office.

"We really need your help with a case," he said.

It seemed perfectly natural somehow, but there was something to that tone of voice. She knew the day had arrived and read it in the subtext of his words. She had helped through the years in various homicide cases involving traffickers, and her expertise in the area had helped put away ruthless men and a few women who were involved in the exploitation of other women from all over the world who were flown into Tijuana then transported into the U.S. through the desert. It seemed like Ukraine was the most popular country among the traffickers, and Gwenn had even learned to communicate in basic Ukrainian with the victims. Gwenn had worked with the various agencies needed to free these young women, find them homes, jobs, and provide basic human sympathy needed for them to get on with their lives. The traffickers were rats, a survivor species, a special subset of evil that continued to recur and return for more. The battle was never entirely won with them.

"We reopened the case of Emily Smythe, or Emily Lopez-Ellenstein, if you will."

"All right, so how can I help you with that, Detective?"

She knew where this was headed, and McIntyre must have realized that she knew it as well. She had always wondered about the ease with which the investigation had dropped her as a suspect, had re-routed all suspicion at the Sepulveda gang, and then even Arnie himself had never pointed the police towards her. That had left Emily's senile father to insist for nearly

twenty years that the case should be reopened and that one of San Diego's most accomplished female cops should be investigated. The San Diego detectives had failed to follow up the lead given to them by Emily's father, and she knew for certain that Arnie/Arnulfo lived in his own little world of denial. She knew it because she had gotten an opportunity to ask him once herself, up close.

She had stayed away from Arnie all these years. She decided it would have been in bad taste to even approach him after his wife's death, especially after finding out that Emily's old man had it in for her. But she did hear about the conference of international scholars scheduled for Mexico City in the summer of 2001. The Internet had given her a guilt-free mode of keeping up with all the whereabouts and activities of Arnulfo Lopez-Ellenstein. A quick entry on Google and she was up to date on his various lectures and speakerships as a young professor of international studies at UC San Diego. One of his books, "The Rise of Al-Qaeda," had been published without fanfare in 1999, but would travel up the charts of bestsellers in the aftermath of 9/11 and was especially praised for its simple, yet precise observation that Al-Qaeda would strike the homeland. Some critics had criticized the young author for his "paranoid style," but he was now called "prescient." During the summer of 2001, before world events caught up with Lopez-Ellenstein's prophecies, a simple conference of international relations scholars in Mexico City seemed like a perfect place for a reunion between Gwenn and Arnie.

She immediately noticed the look of surprise on his face when he walked into the bar of the hotel near the Zócalo where a majority of the scholars were staying. This was a historic neighborhood with its ancient Cathedral leaning like the Tower of Pisa, and the presidential palace across the street greeting a new presidency, and a massive square often used for protests but also for music festivals and gatherings of Aztec dancers. Her immediate reaction to seeing his easily befuddled face was, "Poor Arnulfo ... still the same old sap." Arnie understood all too well the motives of Muslim extremist terrorists on the world scene but he did not see the signs of terror in his own ex-lover's eyes. She reached over from her booth and hugged him briefly, asexually, like greeting a long-lost brother, and then bid him to sit down and have a drink with her to catch up.

How lovely he must have found her, wearing the most feminine outfit he had ever seen on her, a black little dress of Oscar runway-style value that suited her well in a sinewy, leaner figure than she'd ever shown before. One single earring hung on her left earlobe as if she had lost its twin on the right, and in that dim light, she could have doubled for Barbra Streisand in "Funny Girl" ready to sing "My Man." He would not have

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recognized the reference. He was clearly too straight for that. But she knew the look that she was after, and she had achieved it as usual without him catching on entirely. He was impressed but didn't seem to know why.

"I've always wanted to visit Mexico City as an adult," she told him. "My father traveled all over Latin America and we must have come here when I was a child, but I don't remember it well. It's like a recovered memory," she said. "But never mind me, what have you been up to?" she asked him.

The somewhat startled, young professor enjoyed a shot of bourbon, which went well with that red-white-and-blue bowtie he'd worn with a clashing striped white and purple shirt and suspenders with black pants. Who wears suspenders these days? Gwenn wondered, but that was one of the things about Arnie, which made him lovable (if a bit dorky) even after all these years. He warned her from the start that he'd need to return to his friends at the conference in a few minutes. He was also the type of man who would never bring up the subject of his dead wife. She had to do it for him.

"I never told you how sorry I was about Emily," she told him. "It must have been horrible. I never called you. I just thought it wouldn't be in good taste, you know, but I really felt for you then. I hope you realize that."

He stared at her in disbelief as if this was the last thing he had ever wanted to talk about. The man was delivering a speech about how Al-Qaeda was poised to attack the United States to a bunch of skeptical old men, and the subject of his dead wife was just not something he cared to get into at that point.

"Can I just ask you a question?" he asked.

She smiled in anticipation. She thought he would ask the question, that question, the one no one, not even the police, had dared to ask her: Did you kill Emily?

"Were you really in love with me all that time?" he asked instead.

"Why, Arnie ... I was crazy about you, but you know those days are gone," she said. She didn't explain to him that she had booked her flight to Mexico City to coincide with this conference. He didn't need to know that.

"I thought so," he said, "it's just that Emily ... I mean, she said you came over that night and cried in front of her."

"Well, I don't know what she meant," she said. "I never met her."

"Why would she make that up?"

"I don't know, Arnie. Jealousy sometimes drives people to say things."

"Wait, you think Emily was jealous of you?"

This hurt her feelings just enough to give her pause, but she wasn't about to show it. What would have been so preposter-

ous about Emily being jealous of her? But she was on her best behavior and tried to be gracious.

"It's perfectly possible she imagined I was still in the picture somehow," she answered. "After all, you got engaged with her when we were still seeing each other, didn't you?"

"You both coincided," he admitted, "but, no, actually, by the time we announced our engagement, I had already broken up with you," he insisted.

"That's not how she remembered it then," Gwenn said. "I'm just guessing here, otherwise why would she say I came knocking on her door when I didn't?"

"You're not saying she imagined it? Or worse, that she lied!"

"Arnie, let's not. Please! Let bygones be bygones, you know. We had a great time, I loved you then. Things are different now."

"Gwenn ... I ... ah ..."

Oh, here it came. Gwenn had waited years for this. Was this the question?

"I ... I loved you, too," he said. But no, she somehow didn't want to hear about love. She really was itching to hear the question. She was dying to answer it for him and him alone. She was dying to say it, too, because a feeling of anticipation, exhilaration even, made her think that she would get to confess her crime to him, if only he would ask the question and she would give the truth to him like a parting gift. She would finally pay for it because he willed it and the sweetest punishment would come from him, and only him. Her passion would then, at last, expire. Hearing his confession of love now, well, it was somehow non-climactic. This was no longer about love, but about hate, and more importantly, it was about lethal passions that were closer, really, to terrorism. Didn't he know that? Didn't he realize that it was about something comparable, a willingness to break all barriers for this love-hate thing that lived within her like a parasite? "But Emily was ... she was a normal girl," he added.

"And I wasn't normal, Arnie?"

"There was just something intense about you," he said. "And I don't blame you. Any woman who wants to join the police and hunt criminals must have that extra zing—or whatever you call it, that extra drive that makes her so special. But I couldn't compete with that."

"To you, I was competition then."

"I just wanted a normal wife, Gwenn, that's all. I regret what happened, the way I treated you. I feel bad that I couldn't even tell you to your face and that you had to read about our engagement in the paper."

"How do you know that I read it in the paper?"

"Your mother called to chew me out."

“My mother?!?”

“She even called again to say good riddance when Emily was found dead.”

“My mother! It figures.”

Gwenn was beside herself. Her mother—this was a genuine surprise. She was glad she had put away that woman in the La Jolla Assisted Living Facility.

“I even thought maybe your mother had come over and you know—but the police said that the intruders were two strong, male criminals running around the neighborhood. Illegals, too. They strangled her. It couldn’t have been an old lady like your mother. Strangulation requires strength so a woman was ruled out. I wasn’t thinking rationally, but she was my first thought, isn’t that ridiculous?”

And you never suspected me? She wanted to ask but refrained.

“When Emily’s father made those charges about you, I had a fight with that old man. I told her you were a righteous woman, a policewoman for chrissake! I defended you because I loved you, don’t you see? I didn’t believe you were capable of harming Emily. I still feel that way. You have been an outstanding policewoman. I’ve kept up with your career, too. I’m very proud of you, Gwenn, I’m just sorry we’re both alone now. I’m sorry I brought us both to this type of life where we’re left wondering what might have been if only I’d been stronger, or strong enough to accept a woman as dynamic as you ...”

She felt the duty to walk away. It was she who took the last sip of her red wine and then left him in the hotel bar to fester in his solitude. Gwenn had her moment of gliding away wearing the delicate designer dress and he hadn’t even recognized it. It was something she had stolen out of Emily’s closet as a trea-

sure. She had to lose twenty pounds to fit into it. The man had not paid attention to Emily’s fashion choices all these years and he wasn’t paying attention to hers now. The deadliest lover must be the one who is oblivious to you, who doesn’t see the truth when he sees it staring him in his face. She walked out into the Zócalo alone, breathing in the night air, allowing Mexican men to stare at this woman in an elegant black dress showing off Amazonian calves. She was an asset to the night with its exploding fireworks in the air celebrating a national holiday; there she was, a woman for the ages, ever so free and looking stunning like a piece of the Milky Way itself. She belonged to the cosmos, and she knew it even if Arnie could never seem to notice.

But Detective McIntyre was another type of man altogether. That day in 2013, he was ready to face this pregnant woman with what he knew, from the tips provided to him by Emily’s father who had made a thorough inventory of Emily’s belongings and found a dress missing, and the results of DNA tests that were becoming ever more conclusive. But more importantly, McIntyre pulled out the picture of Emily and Arnie in the *San Diego Union* when their wedding had been announced years previously. In that picture, Emily dons the same dress that Gwenn was wearing in another picture of hers that he pulled out from the archives. He showed both pictures to her then. Guernica “Gwenn” Andauer was accepting an award for community service wearing Emily’s black dress, which she had maintained in wearable shape for twenty years.

“You had the nerve to wear it in public,” he said. “You were daring us to put the pieces together. You tempted us and you lost, but how daring, I must say. What a risk, Gwenn! What a calculated risk to wear Emily’s dress in public!”

“Damn,” she said. “A guy finally notices.”

5 Poems by Kathy Halsey

Llyr's Fire

© 2013

The good folk have joined
forces with bright beings.

Some still smile and run.
Others wait for their families
but their cares are gone.
Their pureness perfected
by love.

The candles are lit; the fires burn
blanking out darkness.

Manifesting memories of always being in the NOW

This moment, this night
the veil is thin.

Half-way between heaven and earth
the Rainbow Bridge is populating.

They see the love burning in our hearts.
They smell the sage.

We are with them.
They are with us.
We remember.

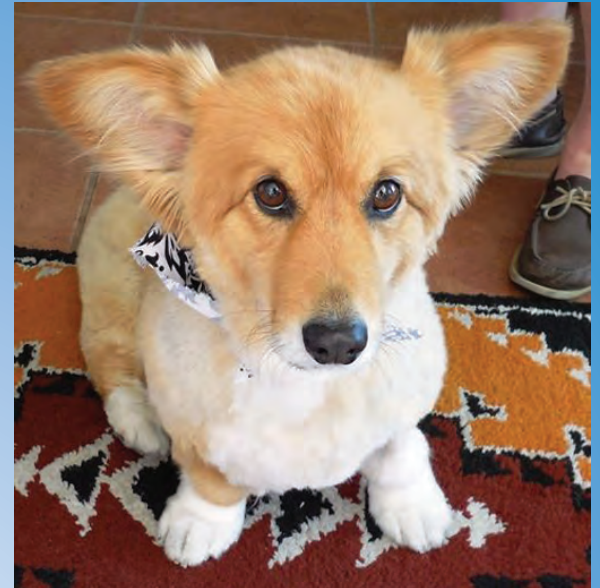


Photo courtesy of Kathy Halsey

Kathy Halsey writes: “The poem’s background involves the passing of Iris, my Pembroke Welsh Corgi, the inspiration for my children’s books. She died early June of renal failure and Addison’s Disease.

“I wrote this the weekend of the super moon and the summer solstice. The title and poem are inspired by Llyr’s Fire, a memorial ceremony created by Caryl Bahner-Guhin to commemorate a courageous Corgi, Llyr, who had degenerative myelopathy. Llyr passed on to the Rainbow Bridge June 21, 2012. For 2 years, people all over the U.S. and beyond lit candles, burnt sage leaves, and took strength together in this real time/virtual event. Over 1,400+ Corgis, other dogs, and people were remembered this year.”



Kathy Halsey, poet and children’s writer, is a former school librarian and English teacher. She has published articles in professional school library journals and written curriculum for the State Library of Ohio’s “Choose to Read Ohio” program. Kathy served for nine years on the Buckeye Children’s Book Award board, Ohio’s reader choice award. Currently she’s a charter board member of Page One Literary Center and a SCBWI member. She lives in Phoenix, Arizona with her husband and Pembroke Welsh Corgi, Wiley. She is passionate about literacy, education issues, picture books and Corgis. Contact the poet at infowoman@sbcglobal.net.

Seen

© 2013

Unknown.
Real,
Sur-real.
Seen by the seer
who stares at the stars.
of galaxies gone by.

Seen as droplets of earth.
Tears of the planet
spilling over worlds.

A world-weary view.
A distant land.
To wander,
To wonder,
To know.

The Dance

© 2013

Aurora Borealis.
Night rainbow pirouettes
setting dreams on fire.
Colors stag leap.

Extensions in the dark
explode and awaken the inner fire
radiating into revelry.
Dancing on

Spring Buds

© 2013

Precious blooms
the duo.
Together.

Fragile
fragrance flutters.

Attachment.
Sturdiness.
Moored and rooted.

Jagged heartbreak.
Wild weather rips,
tugs at blossoms.
now limp, damp,
their thin skin crumpled.

Watercolor Wave

© 2013

In my heart
waves felt
over and over.
A chant that calls.

Sound and fury
awaken the churning
from the depths
I am far from the shore.

I have known you as a child,
whispering to me in the wind.

Now full blown as you capsize
toward my soul.
Tumblings
crash crazily
with their dizzying strength.

Can I go on as I feel your pull?
You tug me closer toward danger
toward you.

I long for your might,
the sense of struggle,
the allure of your all encompassing
being.

One with you,
Oh, watercolor wave.

This poetry was inspired by the art of MJ Deen.

Marty J. White

Phoenix-Scottsdale Artist



“Passion”

**A labor of love, with bright colors and feathers.
2012**



“Butch”

**Always surprised at life, his whimsical eyes reflect joy, and the bright ink dyes bring out the personality.
2012**



Marty writes: “Art has been a passion of mine since I was able to walk. My appreciation of Art has grown through my education, teaching, museums, galleries, artists’ homes, festivals, schools, and architectural wonders that I have visited on my world travels. Through the years, I have been an Art Teacher, Collector, Business Owner and Artist. My passion has always been creating art pieces with natural found objects.”
Contact the artist at <http://martyjwhite.com>.

Marty J. White

Phoenix-Scottsdale Artist



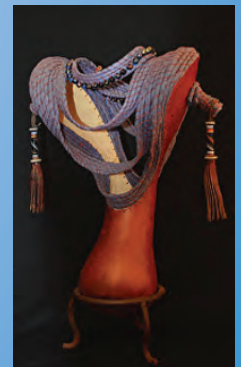
“Teton”
This spirit creation, wrapped in fur, symbolizes the wealth and beauty of the mountains.
2013



“Patience”
Woven with pine needles and embellished with drift wood and silver inlay.
2013



“Drum Beat”
Created with a canvas so you can beat the drum to your favorite rhythm.
2012



“Missy”
Has an attitude, wise, street smart and very cool.
2012

It seemed the dirtier I got, the more fun and creative I became! After being introduced to gourds, that inspired me to work as a mixed-media artist. So why do gourds inspire me? My love of gourds enables me the joy of design, carving, weaving, embellishing, and painting. Thus creating artwork while working in a green environment, utilizing natural products to enhance my designs ... The gourd and wood mediums allow my heart and soul to soar with the creation of unique custom pieces. Each piece is unique and filled with a part of my heart, so I hope you enjoy the voyage through my work.

- Marty J. White

Community Spotlight

Questions and answers with Alberto Ríos, Arizona's first poet laureate

Q What do you see as the greatest concern(s) today facing the arts in general and poetry and fiction in particular—globally and locally? What do you see as the most needed solution(s)?

A The arts, I think, so often seem simply decorative to people—an extra, rather than a vital part of our lives. It is hard to argue for the arts, of course, when people are starving or being bombed—and yet, the arts, which are all about the imagination, may be exactly where the answers lie. The arts start in the mind, but their warehouse is in the heart, and drawing out what the heart brings is the only way we're going to all help each other. If not, we will be looking only at spreadsheets.

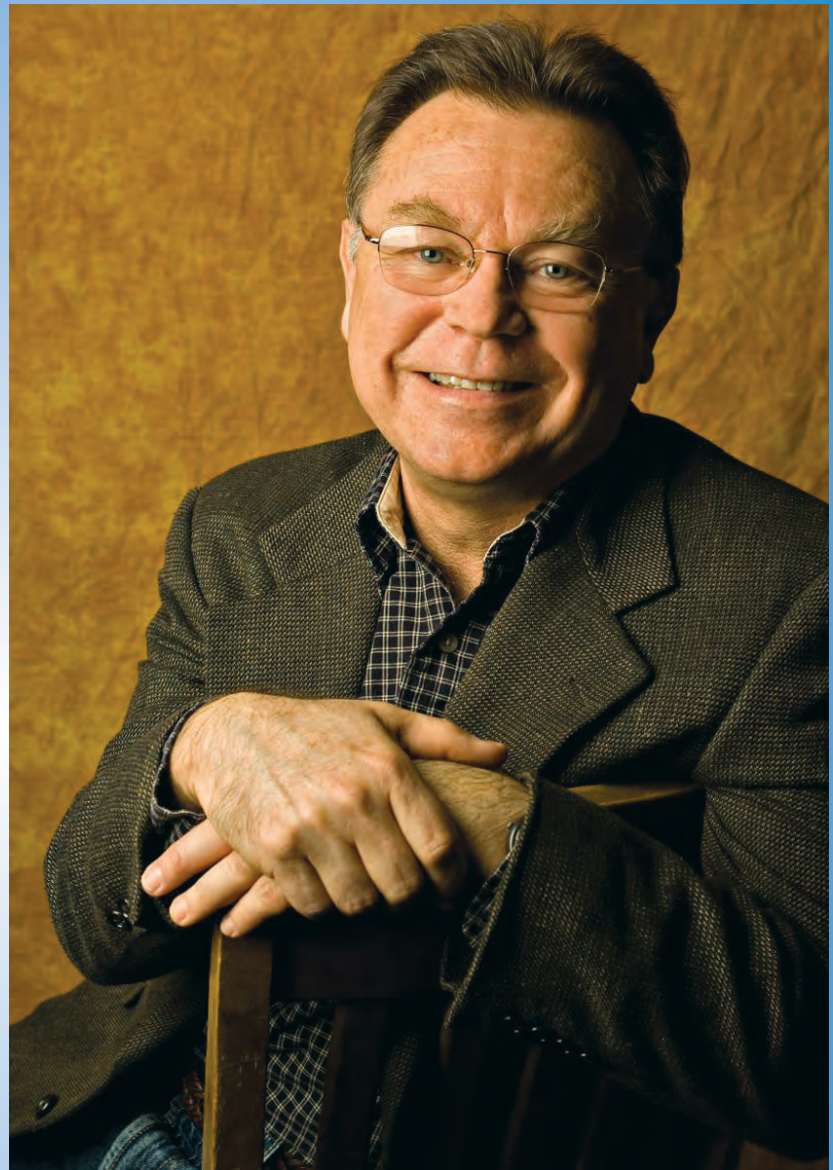
Q What do you see as the greatest current positive(s)?

A The arts do not go away. They never have, and, we hope, they never will. But articulating something that is always changing is invariably difficult. Still, it doesn't take much to see the arts in action. They are at work, for example, when somebody who sees something and turns to another person and says, simply, "Hey, did you see that?" It means that they were struck by something, perhaps moved by it, and they wonder if someone else was, too. And if the person didn't witness the moment, they wish they could bring it back, if just for a moment—and they try words, or whatever else they can draw on. But the moment matters to them, and that's where the arts get their energy—from things that matter.

Q When and how did you come to the realization that you are a writer—what was the spark? Was it an "a-ha moment" or a gradual realization?

A It happened in second grade, when I got into trouble for the egregious crime of daydreaming. I think it's moments like that where writing

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“ I sat there, no breath, and could see only hair around her left nipple, like a man. Her clothes were old. Accented, in a language whose spine had been snapped, she whispered the words of a city witch, and made me happy, alive like a man: *The future will make you tall.* ”

— Alberto Ríos

From “Madre Sofia,” which appears in “Whispering to Fool the Wind,” the Walt Whitman Award winner for 1981.

Continued from page 81

starts—with imagining, with thinking beyond the chair you're sitting in, with wondering what condiment might taste even better in the couscous. Writing is invention, and no matter what field we think of, invention takes care of itself. When I did begin to put pen to paper, it was, rather amazingly, just something I did for myself. I wasn't doing it for a grade, for my parents, or to impress my friends. I just started—some impulse in me awakened. And grew. I began writing in the backs of notebooks, then on stray pieces of paper, then anywhere I could.

Q • If you're comfortable answering this and feel that you're not giving away any trade secrets • —are you currently working on or testing new theories of your own on craft or currently experimenting with technique or genre? Any new projects you've undertaken that you haven't tried before (including state poet laureate)?

A • I am wrestling most with the idea of public poetry—that is, poetry I write that isn't exactly mine. This is a new take on ownership and on the individual artist. I call these "Poems of Public Purpose," and I am very excited about them. What exactly a poem of public purpose is or does is hard to explain, but I think it's one that serves the public good, attends the public's sensibility, and asserts something bigger than the personal stance.

Q • What wise words would you give to future generations of writers to keep them going?

A • Don't talk about it—do it. That said, I don't mean to be glib. There is a magic to writing, and a feeling of accomplishment in having done it.

These are measures to be reckoned with. The greatest magic, I think, is what I say everywhere I go: Every pencil is filled with a book. It's your job to pick it up and let it out. A funny follow-up to that is, curiously, when I was recently researching something on pencils, I found out that a regular #2 pencil actually has enough lead to write about 40,000 words. Every pencil really IS filled with a book!

Q • Just about the whole state can claim you as their own—born and raised in Nogales, BA and MFA from the UA, Regents' professor at ASU—what do you have planned as an encore for the northern part of the state?!

A • One of my first residencies in the Poets-in-the-Schools Program, in about 1978, was in Winslow. Following through with some of the early visits I made all those years ago would be both fun and important, I think. I very much want to take on this responsibility of the poet laureateship not as an accolade but as a working idea, something that isn't simply decorative but that can generate some real substance, elegant substance.

Q • And, finally, what did you have for breakfast this morning?

A • Leftover dreams.

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Alberto Álvaro Ríos, born in 1952 in Nogales, Arizona, is the author of ten books and chapbooks of poetry, three collections of short stories, and a memoir.

His books of poems include "The Theater of Night," winner of the 2007 PEN/Beyond Margins Award, along with "The Smallest Muscle in the Human Body," a finalist for the National Book Award, "Teodoro Luna's Two Kisses," "The Lime Orchard Woman," "The Warrington Poems," "Five Indiscretions," and "Whispering to Fool the Wind."

His three collections of short stories are, most recently, "The Curtain of Trees," along with "Pig Cookies" and "The Iguana Killer."

His memoir about growing up on the Mexico-Arizona border—called "Capirotada"—won the Latino Literary Hall of Fame Award and was recently chosen as the OneBookArizona 2009 selection.

Ríos, recently honored with the University of Arizona Outstanding Alumnus Award, is the recipient of the Western Literature Association Distinguished Achievement Award, the Arizona Governor's Arts Award, fellowships from the Guggenheim Foundation and the National Endowment for the Arts, the Walt Whitman Award, the Western States Book Award for Fiction, six Pushcart Prizes in both poetry and fiction, and inclusion in The

Norton Anthology of Modern Poetry, as well as over 250 other national and international literary anthologies. His work is regularly taught and translated, and has been adapted to dance and both classical and popular music.

His most recent book, "The Dangerous Shirt," is just out from Copper Canyon Press.

Ríos is a Regents' Professor at Arizona State University, where he has taught for over 30 years and where he holds the further distinction of the Katharine C. Turner Endowed Chair in English. He has just been named the inaugural poet laureate of Arizona.



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The Arizona Consortium for the Arts is a Non-Profit 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, multi-disciplinary 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

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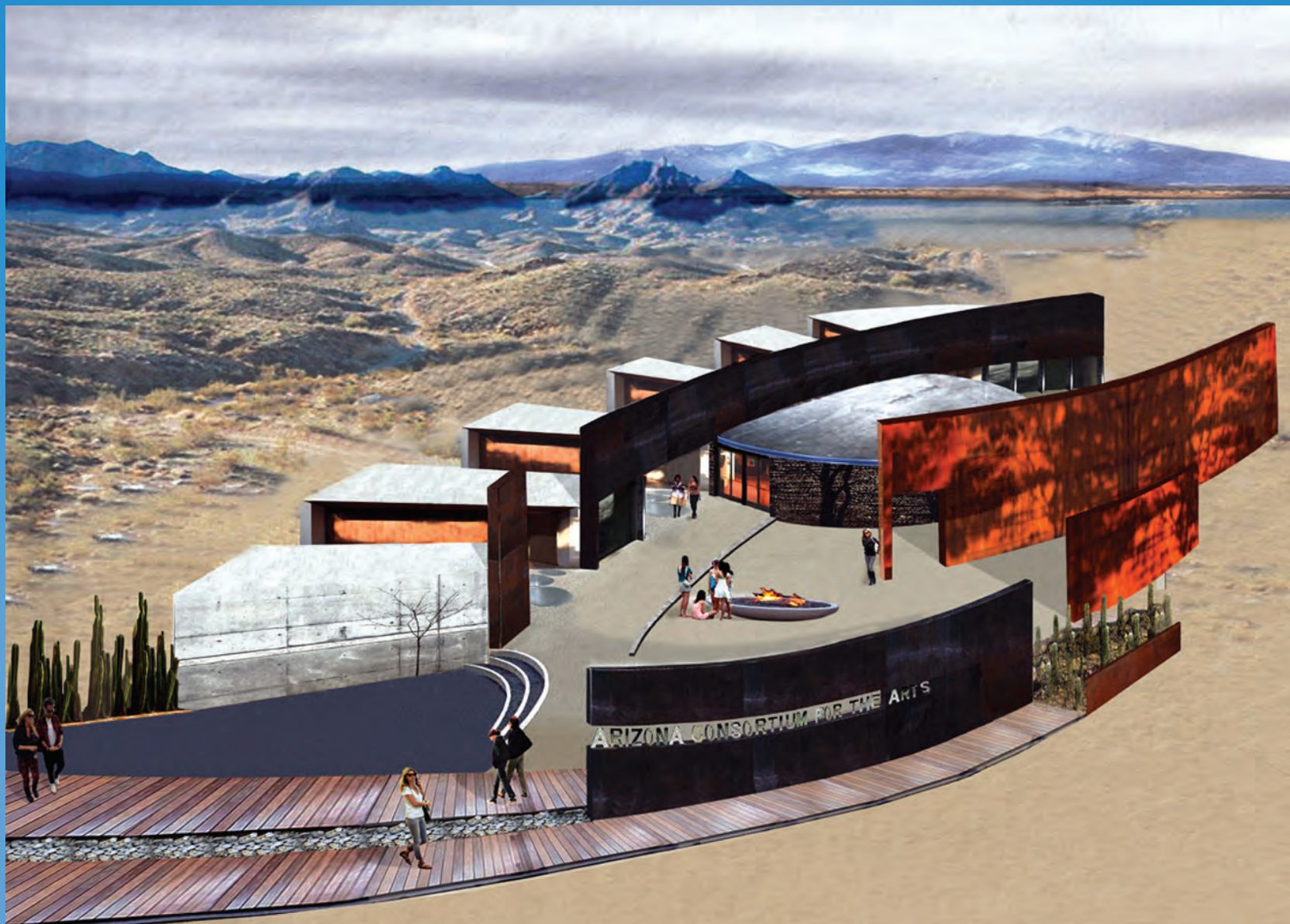
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For us to grow as an organization, provide various services to artists, and support inspiring projects, your financial support is needed.

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

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Thank you for your continued 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.

Meet the staff of The Blue Guitar magazine



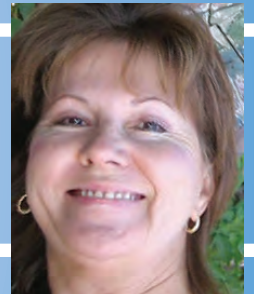
Elena Thornton, publisher: Founder and president of The Arizona Consortium for the Arts, Elena is an educator, artist and poet and lives in Phoenix. Reach her at info@artizona.org.

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

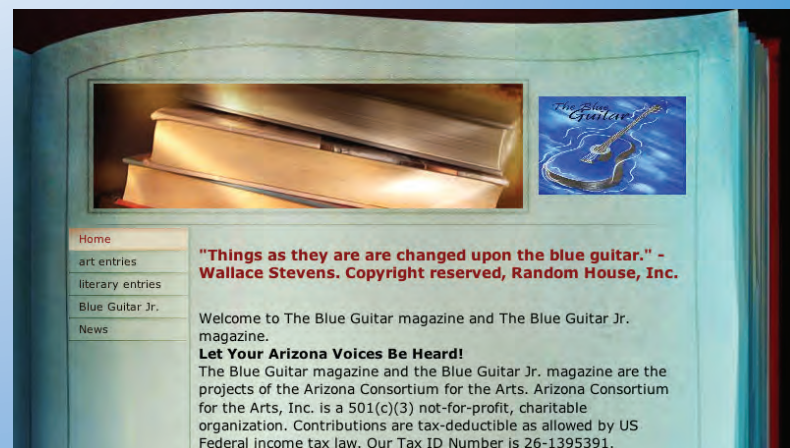
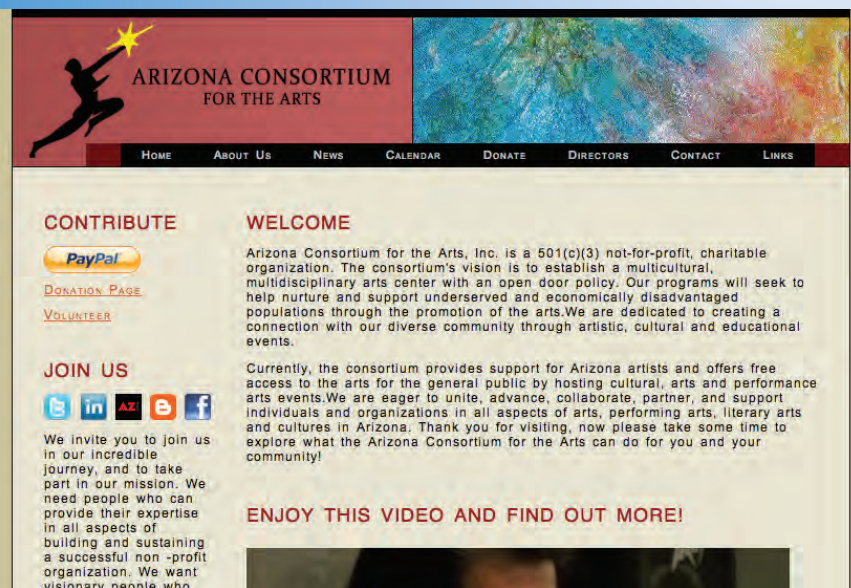


Richard H. Dyer Jr., production editor: Richard (married to Rebecca, above) is the managing editor for a monthly and three weekly newspapers in the East Valley, a photographer and a welded-steel sculptor.

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



The Blue Guitar Magazine's website is www.theblueguitarmagazine.org.

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

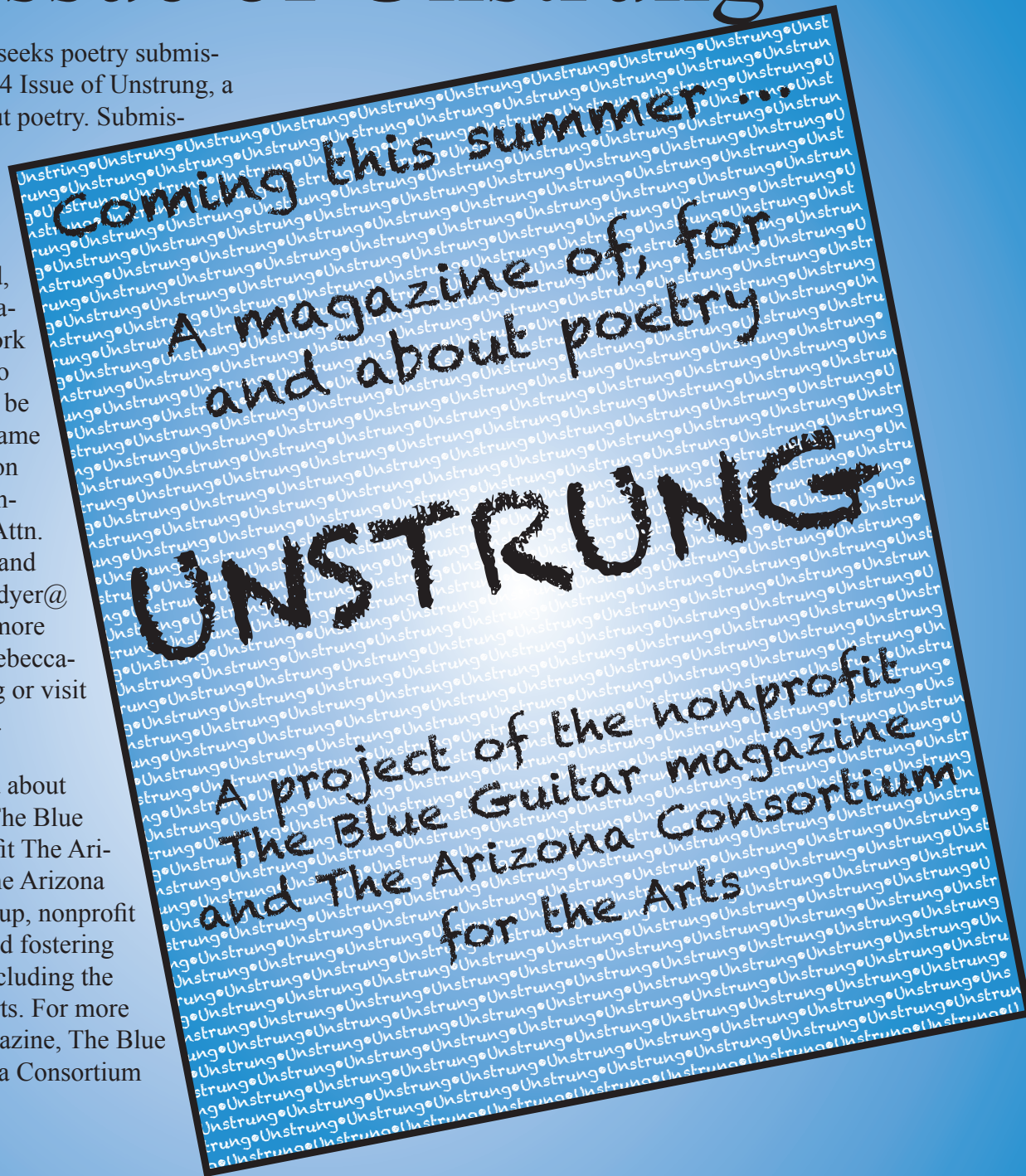
www.TheBlueGuitarMagazine.org

Fall 2013

A Call to Poets for the 2014 Issue of Unstrung

The Blue Guitar magazine seeks poetry submissions for the Summer 2014 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. 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.



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, 2014, 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 more information, visit www.theblueguitarmagazine.org.

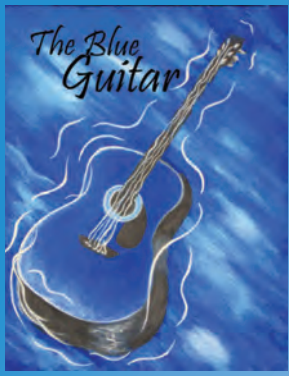
The Blue Guitar Jr. magazine is a project of the nonprofit The Blue Guitar literary and arts magazine and The Arizona Consortium for the Arts. The Arizona Consortium for the Arts is a startup, nonprofit group dedicated to supporting and fostering artists and the arts in Arizona, including the literary, 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 Artists for The Blue Guitar Jr.

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

The Blue Guitar Jr. magazine seeks art submissions for its next annual issue for children and teens. Submissions from children and teens and adults who create art for children and teens are sought by Oct. 1, 2014, in all media geared to appeal to youthful audiences. Artists must submit original work and must live in Arizona. Simultaneous submissions will be accepted, but the artist must notify the magazine as soon as possible if the work is accepted elsewhere. It is free to submit, and submissions may be made in multiple mediums; up to 5 images can be submitted. Artists are encouraged to submit images of work by e-mail; please provide high-resolution JPEGs of 300 dpi. Images must be identified in the e-mail with the artist's name, contact information, titles of works, dates and mediums. Please include your name and the best way to contact you. To submit or for more information, e-mail Editor Rebecca Dyer at rebeccadyer@theblueguitarmagazine.org. For more 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 Spring

The Blue Guitar magazine seeks literary submissions for the Spring 2014 Edition from Feb. 1 through March 7. Submissions are sought in all genres — fiction, poetry, plays, creative nonfiction. Writers must submit original work and must live in Arizona. Simultaneous submissions will be accepted, but the writer must notify the magazine as soon as possible if the work is accepted elsewhere. It is free to submit, and submissions may be made in multiple genres. Please include your name and the best way to contact you on your submission. To submit or for further information, e-mail Rebecca Dyer at rebeccadyer@theblueguitarmagazine.org. For more information, visit www.theblueguitarmagazine.org.

A Call to Artists for Spring

The Blue Guitar magazine seeks art submissions in all mediums for the Spring 2014 Edition from Feb. 1 through March 7. The art entries are juried for inclusion. Any artists who work in any visual art media and are 18 years or older and are Arizona residents can submit. It is free to submit and up to 5 images can be submitted. Artists are encouraged to submit images of work by e-mail; 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. To submit or for further information, e-mail Rebecca Dyer at rebeccadyer@theblueguitarmagazine.org. For more information, visit www.theblueguitarmagazine.org.



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

“Things as they are are changed upon the blue guitar.”
— Excerpt from Wallace Stevens’ 1937 poem “The Man With the Blue Guitar.”
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Snapshots from the Spring 2013 The Blue Guitar Festival of the Arts



Photos by Richard H. Dyer/The Blue Guitar Magazine



Volume 5,
Number 2
Fall Issue
FREE!

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