

The Blue Guitar



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Editors’ Note

How unconquerable the human soul. And what a wellspring of inspiration.

At the end of August, the last time I saw my father, I was describing to him artwork that Rick was creating. My father could no longer speak, but when I described a snake that Rick was sculpting for Tucson’s annual reptile and amphibian show, my dad’s still-bright eyes got wide and he mouthed, “Oh, my,” the way he would often show amazement, surprise and delight. To the end, he was proud of our family and of all our creative endeavors. In his final hours, he was incredibly strong, sharing one last conversation, one last affirmation. He has given us a legacy of love and devotion that continues to fuel our creative energies.



Here’s to all of our beautiful inspirations! To those still with us and to those who live on in our hearts, this issue is lovingly dedicated.

– Co-Editor Rebecca “Becca” Dyer

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www.TheBlueGuitarMagazine.org

Fall 2016

3 poems by Gari Crowley

Camping

© 2016

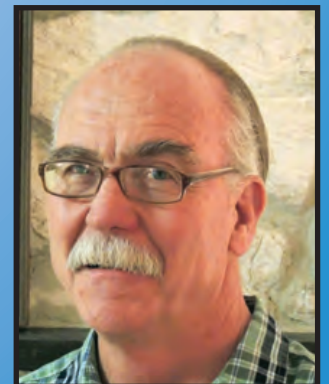
A pastoral light is upon the sleeping tent
from the last remaining coals in the fire pit.
Not much longer and the bear will come,
down from the mountain and the deep dark woods.

This may be as without color as the night can get.
In the mountains, in the woods,
shades of black in silhouettes—
a boulder, a tree, a log or a bear perhaps.

Even the moon has backed away,
peeking through pine tops that thrash in the wind,
hiding the sounds I should be gleaning.
Quietude has turned to chilling shudders.

The bear is coming through the deep dark woods.
A stalking rogue crossing the human threshold,
with his heavy freight, knee jerk reactions
and his stealthy, deliberate, arbitrary hunger.

A celebration of childhood fears—
lying awake in a paranoid insomnia.
Oh yes,
the bear is still coming from the deep dark woods.
In whispers of fright, my only hope is its prerogative.



Gari is a native of Arizona and has lived here his entire life. He lives in Sierra Vista with his wife, Linda, and their two cats, Big Tony and Baxter. He is retired. It was Ted Kooser, Dana Gioia, Billy Collins, and Jane Hirschfield who gave rise to his interest in poetry. At this time, William Carlos Williams is of special interest, as well as Weldon Kees and Robinson Jeffers. Gari can be contacted at gvinc51@gmail.com.

Empathic Dialogue

© 2016

An enterprise of man's invention,
the corollary of the industrial revolution.

 this environmental holocaust,

 a subterfuge of human condition—

a global catastrophe,
a capital dilemma.

A cleverness behind the evil,
reverse psychology of human ingenuity.

 Who would be so sanguinary

 to unleash a hydrogen apocalypse—

the antitypical trebuchet,
not a thing to overthink.

Or,

humanoid bots

sensed of artificial intelligence,

 the cloning of human species

 and its stream of consciousness—

the antitypical Titanic
floating in plausibility.

Outsmarting the gray matter,
unforeseen unpleasant consequences.

 The syntax inscribed upon the heart,

 the loneliness of empathy—

a feasible terminus
this advent of tomorrow.

Thank You, William Carlos Williams

© 2016

A sky of the
barely
 light
and audible—
the moon opaque.
In the distance
dogs
 bark
in variable
meter.

I am gently shaken
conscious,
 barely
rotating
into dawn
when at the window
birds
 begin
to melodize
intuitive verse.

And as the eye light of the
golden
 hour
is upon my
relative
 anonymity,

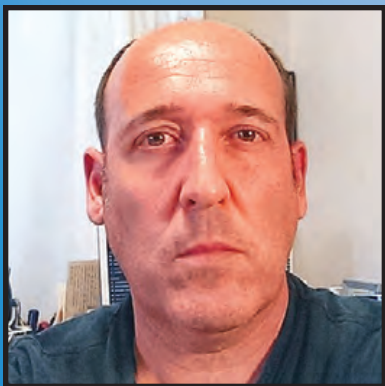
I awaken to my place of
local
 adaptation
and praise the
ground underfoot.

Tal Dvir

Chandler Artist



“Wise Guy”
Oil on canvas
20”x16”
2015



Artist Tal Dvir says, “In my paintings, I’m striving to engage fresh thoughts and ideas. My subjects contain mainly figures but not limited to as I truly see myself as a renaissance painter who seeks for new forms of artistic language within the painting field. I see my work as a process of constant reinvention and although working with paints on canvas, at times, my work could be described as sculpting with paints, applying and modeling the texture’s surfaces to express my statement, while maneuvering different approaches of textures into one painting style.” Recent exhibitions include: 2016, “Gods & Monsters” juried group show at {9} The gallery in Phoenix; 2015, “6” Squared” juried group show at the Randy Higbee Gallery in Costa Mesa, California; and, 2015, “ASU Downtown Exhibit - Bugs Birds Beasts and Blooms” invitational group show at Arizona State University in Tempe. Learn more about the artist at www.taldvir.com. Contact the artist at taldvir@taldvir.com.

Tal Dvir

Chandler Artist



“Her Last Tune”
Oil on canvas
24”x30”
2016

“While currently painting contemporary impressionism, I am grounded in the classic approach inspired by the old masters like Velasquez, Murillo, and El Greco and later by impressionists and expressionists such as Pissaro, Degas, Schiele, Giacometti and other modern artists. The work is a reflection of life and its surroundings, blended in self-expression and imagination, painting figures and other subject matters.”

- Tal Dvir

Tal Dvir

Chandler Artist



"In Lustrous"
Oil on canvas
20"x16"
2014

Tal Dvir

Chandler Artist



"Disproportional Around Midnight"

Oil on canvas

40"x30"

2016

Tal Dvir

Chandler Artist



“Let’s Leave the City Lights Behind”
Oil on canvas
36”x24”
2015

5 Poems by David Chorlton



David Chorlton was born in Austria, grew up in Manchester, England, and lived for several years in Vienna before moving to Phoenix in 1978. Arizona's landscapes and wildlife have become increasingly important to him and a significant part of his poetry. Meanwhile, he retains an appetite for reading Eugenio Montale, W.S. Merwin, Tomas Tranströmer and many other, often less celebrated, poets. David is also happy to report that Amadeus has a second starling as a friend now.

1695

© 2016

Smoke ascends in failing light.
Keep your eyes on the crumbling mission church
for the sun will go down
before you have ridden ten miles.

The day's heat darkens, with its thousand eyes
opening as stars
that follow you, bright and insistent,
thirty days long.

Even when your horse stamps hard
and seems unsteady in its gait,
sit firmly in the saddle.

Under cover of the sky now
they are chewing beans and leather;
then the men will kneel
and sharpen their arrows,
but the deep night is for sleeping,
an hour, maybe two,
and their hands will soften
as they are washed clean, soft
as the bread of dreams
from which each breaks his share.

The night's first wave washes against the mountains,
the second reaches your heart.
But if you look beyond them
you can still see the dying cottonwood
raise a hopeful limb to the moonlight
- one was already taken by wind
- and you wonder: how long,
how long yet
will the crooked wood endure the weather?
Of Spain nothing more is remembered.

You should have clawed your way back into the arroyo
or tied yourself with threads of hope to the cross.

Continued on page 12

Continued from page 11

Coyotes howl until you believe
this is a monsters' country, where they leave no rest
and cut the silence into shreds, leaving
red streaks on the ground where you may have slept
in the pause allowed by time
as your senses spiral away.

The reins no longer hold,
a voice calls for you, and you're glad
to feel needed. The best
work is carrying faith and herbs
to distant valleys,
hauling water, erecting walls
of mud, and counting souls by candlelight.
The best time is exhaustion, the chocolate
preceding dreams and the whip that sharpens belief.
The best of all is morning, waking with first light
and standing tall against the dove call sky,
without considering how soon
you will be called to the ever renewing shores of the sun.

— *Modeled on a poem by Ingeborg Bachmann*

A Roadside Moment

© 2016

The wood still flows
in a curve the light has polished
from its roots to the last
protruding snags
that point up, down, and sideways
beneath the steady grip
by which a Turkey vulture holds
to passing time.



Photo courtesy of David Chorlton

A vulture perching in the Chiricahuas.

Western Sepia

© 2016

I

A ladder leans against light
stopping one rung short of a cloud
above a pueblo touching sky.
The way down
 is a stony track
leading to the pool where a face
once reflected
remains, indelible on water.

II

Two clay pots at the riverside
hover in the haze
into which their carriers
disappeared, having almost completed
the long walk home.

III

A loom's frame holds a rock face
in place, and shifts to make room
for a tree that grants shade
to the woman who
sees with her hands:
 lizards
and lightning; a pony who runs
until the ground disappears
from beneath him.

IV

The wind in the grass has turned a brown
that pales to a horizon
from which no one who has reached it
returns to other colors.

V

They never fade,
these men preparing
to take their next step
on paper
 stained with thunder.

Continued on page 15

VI

Up to the broken roofline
by ladder and by steps
that crumble past a window
and a door
 the women climb
until they settle
together, bound by costume
and the way
their hair is bound; side by side
on the edge of time.

VII

Dust by last light
takes the riders in
who look only ahead
from their horses
while the blankets on their shoulders

burn at the edges
as they first become small
and finally
turn into stars.

Monsoon Highway

© 2016

Two solid white
and a broken yellow line between them
run straight ahead for as many
miles as space allows.

No detours here, no place
to hide, just a flat

desert turning green after rain
with new clouds boiling
over mountains as blue
as the sky behind them.

Fence posts tick
past in the corner of an eye
while the flat earth slides
beneath, and stormlight
swallows all who travel through it.
Drive at the speed of forgetting

and don't measure
distance by miles. Carry on

to daylight's end. The bowstring
still vibrates. You're flying
with no
turning back.

In the Gila Wilderness

© 2016

A forest's darkness thins
to the height of birdsong, where
tree crowns sway
against low cloud. A few green strokes
are brushed into the shadowy
interior, as far as can be heard
the tapping
by which a Three-toed woodpecker
cracks the charred bark open.



Burned trees in the Gila Wilderness.

Photo courtesy of David Chorlton

Flagstaff

By Sarah van Praag Leonard

© 2016

Arizona, June 3, 2016

I

Summer morning is not delicate in Arizona
Blatant sunrise, cymbals clanging a Sousa march,
cry of a Valkyrie warrior Deserts and valleys
sizzle A roadrunner stalks an indolent
scorpion Quick attack Its beak snaps shut

II

Mid morning I walk Max down the hill
An eagle circles above, flying so high I
barely see the yellow beak, white feathers,
pure movement in a cloudless sky

III

Day unpeels like the skin of a snake,
translucent layers, revelations My senses
heightened, I am a gun dog pointing Morning
is a chorus, a blue and green ballad

IV

Pungent dry pine needles, forest afternoon
Lupine and Indian Paint Brush blossom
Squirrels scurry up trees, chattering,
scolding intruders, cause pine cones
to rustle, drop Wind through branches
a presence, the susurrant a personality

V

Red-orange sunset explodes as I laze
on my porch Bats flit from the eaves,
ravens dive bomb a squirrel, attempt
to hijack his acorns The neighbor's
beagle bays as a black cat scampers
through my yard In the distance a
train whistle heralds arrival of the
Southwest Chief from Albuquerque
Destination – Union Station, L.A..

A Day In The Life Of . . .

*Tempus fugit
Run hard, fast*

*Does the eagle see me?
Am I visible?*

Each day a new song

*Afternoon whispers
aromatically*

*Evening glows, bustles
then darkens amidst
mournful sounds
Carpe Diem
Will I die in L.A.? Me moriré
en Paris, en aguacero, un día
cual tengo ya el recuerdo **
or . . . perhaps the North Rim,
if I'm lucky*

**Caesar Vallejo

"Black Stone Over A White Stone"



Sarah van Praag Leonard has been an adopted daughter of Arizona twenty-five years. In winter she lives in Carefree, in the summer she heads to Flagstaff. Prior to retiring, Sarah worked in health and fitness as a college teacher, an Air Force Fitness Officer, and in massage therapy. Her poems have appeared in numerous literary magazines: Canyon Voices, Gila River Review, Painted Cave, Passages, Passager, The Paradise Review, Thin Air Magazine, and Vortex. *Arizona, June 3, 2016* is a paean to Arizona.

6/18/12

By Lysa Cohen

© 2016

I really shouldn't have eaten those chicken enchiladas for dinner.

It's strange what goes through your mind when your world is coming apart at the seams. It's just one of those things you never think about until it happens to you.

June in Arizona used to mean two things for me: heat and more heat. Unbearable, rabid heat that drains your energy and leaves you a heaving, sweating mess. But now that mid-June heat wave also means the anniversary of my brother's death.

I always teach summer courses at the college, and that June was no different. As per my usual Monday, I taught six hours of lecture courses and another four hours of private violin lessons. It was well after nine o'clock when I finally collapsed on my couch with a plate of chicken enchiladas (à la mom) and a DVR episode of "Bunheads."

Half the plate and twenty minutes into the episode, my phone rings. My mom is worried since she hadn't heard from my brother in a couple of days. That wasn't an uncommon occurrence since my brother preferred to spend his days in an alcohol and drug induced stupor.

Please don't judge too harshly the lack of sympathy and understanding in my tone. My brother's addiction has been an ongoing saga for years. By that point I had lost count the number of times he had been in and out of rehab, the number of times he had checked himself in and out of the hospital, and the number of times we had bailed him out literally and financially. I was honestly relieved for the momentary reprieve from the constant drama.

But, I put my enchiladas back into the fridge and meet

my mom at my brother's apartment. It was after ten, but the temperature was still over 100 degrees with enough humidity to make you feel as if you were locked in a perpetual sauna. Knocking on my brother's door, we were greeted by the barking of his dog, Ony. We called through the door for him to answer, but the only reply was the wax and wane of barking as if Ony was running from the back of the apartment, to the front door, and back again.

Soon after, a call to the police was made.

My mother knew. I guess I did too, but I wasn't ready to admit it yet.

We wait. Not in silence. I know we talked about something. Probably something mundane. Or made plans. The "what if" plans that you don't think you will actually need, but you make them anyway so you will feel better when everything turns out fine.

Revolving lights of red and blue and a blaring siren soon cut through the humid darkness.

The police officer was familiar with my brother and was irritated to respond to yet another incident involving him.

I understood his frustration. It was my frustration, too. I had been responding to calls for far longer.

After the police officer came the fire department and paramedics, with more lights, more sirens. How else were we to gain entrance when the front door was deadbolted and the arcadia door locked from the inside?

A couple of the uniforms scaled the balcony from the stairs.

It must be nice to be so fit.

Within moments, the arcadia door had been removed and the firemen were inside.

Continued on page 20



A graduate of Ottawa University, Lysa Cohen is a GED instructor at Mesa Community College, where she spends her time educating and inspiring her adult students. In addition to her duties at the college, she also teaches violin, is a member of the Chai Strings, and is working on a full-length novel. Contact her at lysa@live.com.

They sent the female firefighter to talk to us. She was young, pretty. I kept thinking that she was too fragile for such a tough job. Ridiculous, I know, but stereotypes and all that.

Just seeing her walking towards us, I already knew. Why would they send the female firefighter if he was alive?

She never actually said the word “dead.” As many times as I have thought about that night, I keep coming back to her words ... her carefully chosen words. Words meant to calm, to comfort. Words she had been trained to say. If only she knew that there were no words to calm and comfort.

“He’s in there. We have called and the detective and coroner are on their way. I’m so sorry.”

Even more words. I really hate those words.

“I’m so sorry.”

It’s what you say to people when you know their world is falling apart and you have nothing else to say. They’ve done nothing wrong, yet they insist on apologizing. I do it too. I’m just as guilty, but I really hate those three words.

“I’m so sorry.”

And yet, hearing these words, I didn’t feel peace. I didn’t feel comfort. I didn’t even feel anger. I felt nothing. I want to say that I was filled with sadness and tears, but the truth is far more complicated. Isn’t it always? Aren’t normal people supposed to cry when they find out their brother is dead? Instead I was filled with hollowness. Numbness. Emptiness.

Phone calls needed to be made.

Stepfather. He wants nothing to do with the situation. No, figure it out. The dog is not staying here.

Aunt and uncle. Friend. Landlord. Father? No. Not him.

They brought my brother’s dog out on a leash and handed her over to us. We need food for the dog. She’s hungry.

Someone took the dog from me. I don’t remember who. A friend? A paramedic? I don’t know. I can’t remember.

I can hear the paramedics talking to the police. “Looks like a grand mal seizure. With the heat ... could have been anytime ... 36-72 hours ... advanced decomp. Dog ran out of food ... got hungry ...”

They stopped talking when they saw me.

“... Dog ran out of food ... got hungry ...”

“... Dog ran out of food ... got hungry ...”

The words raced through my mind, spinning in chaos until a visual began to take shape.

I really shouldn’t have eaten those chicken enchiladas for dinner.

I feel sick. I want to close my eyes and shut it all out.

I can’t.

I look over at my mom. She’s sitting on the curb staring at

nothing. My uncle is sitting with her.

Someone is asking me questions. I don’t remember who. It doesn’t matter. Things need to be taken care of. Important things. I can’t seem to remember what things, but they need to be taken care of.

Another woman is asking my uncle questions. The detective. “How long did he have a drinking problem?”

“I’m not sure.”

“How long has he been taking drugs?”

“Not long. Not sure.”

“High school.” The words came from me. I don’t really remember making the conscious decision to open my mouth and speak, but there it is. “He started experimenting in high school. It was beer and weed then, now it’s vodka and pills. He gets the pills from the hospitals for his pancreatitis. I’m not feeling so good. I really shouldn’t have eaten those chicken enchiladas for dinner. What about his guns? What should we do with the guns? The other officer said it was an arsenal.”

Chastised by my uncle for asking about the guns at “a time like this.” He would take care of it.

Why do I keep thinking about them?

Why do I care?

I don’t know, but I do.

There are things to do. Phone calls that have to be made. I have to teach tomorrow. There’s no one to cover my classes. There’s no one to cover my mom’s classes. I will teach both.

Commotion up the stairs. A gurney. A black bag. It seems rather deflated.

“... Dog ran out of food ... got hungry ...”

Lift and carry down the stairs. Two men. Load him into the van. Two men.

“... Dog ran out of food ... got hungry ...”

My stomach turns. The world spins. I can’t breathe. I can’t think. It’s so hot. My stomach lurches again. I put my hand to my mouth and realized it was wet. Tears. When did I start crying? I don’t remember crying. Does that mean I’m normal? I can’t breathe. I can’t breathe. It’s too hot. Too humid. Too many lights. Too many people. Too many questions. Too much noise. Too much noise. Too late. Too late. It was too late—it all comes rushing out—the memories, the pain, the hurt, the anger, the chicken enchiladas. Over and over again, it all comes rushing out.

I collapse on the grass, uncaring of the people swarming around me—talking to me. Uncaring of the noise. Uncaring of the bugs I can feel under me. My eyes glued to the flashing light of the coroner’s van as it slowly pulled away from the curb. A soft brushing of fur had me looking down. Ony looked back at me in mutual understanding before dropping her head into my lap, and all I could think was ... *I shouldn’t have eaten those chicken enchiladas for dinner.*

Pamela Parker

Mesa Artist



**“Atlas Moth”
Photograph
July 27, 2016, at Butterfly Wonderland**

The artist writes: “As a kid growing up in Arizona, I have always had an interest in photography and never had the opportunity to follow that dream growing up. I told my husband of my dream, and for Christmas 2014 he surprised me with a Nikon D5200 DSLR camera. My photography adventure began. After several weeks of playing with my camera, I realized I needed to take classes and enrolled in an online course. It was an international photography school and I graduated in July 2015. I’m still learning and I know I will never stop learning this beautiful art form. I fell in love with nature and wildlife photography and I’m out every weekend improving my art. My husband and I go RVing every chance we get, visiting our magnificent state, so I can practice and photograph our wonderful wildlife. I have had the honor of several of my photos being featured as Photo of the Day on the Arizona Highways magazine website and Friday Fotos theme on the Arizona Highways Facebook page. I was thrilled to be a finalist in the 2015-16 photography contest through Arizona Highways magazine. I live in Mesa and you can check out my work on my Viewbug page, <https://www.viewbug.com/member/PamelaPLPPhotography>, along with my photo of the day on my Facebook page, <https://www.facebook.com/joyofbellydancing>. Contact me at plpphotography@cox.net or 480-962-6303.”



Pamela Parker

Mesa Artist



“Blue Morpho”

Photograph

July 27, 2016, at Butterfly Wonderland

“My passion is photographing nature and wildlife. I love watching the sun come up sitting by the edge of a lake or pond capturing the golden light on the wildlife as they begin their day. There is a peace that early in the morning. I’m currently working on finding my style in this wonderful art form. To take my photos to the next level I’m adding quotes and creating short video slide shows put to music and featuring them daily on my Facebook page. I’m always challenging myself to try new techniques to enrich my photography.”

- Pamela Parker

Pamela Parker

Mesa Artist



“Clipper”

Photograph

July 27, 2016, at Butterfly Wonderland

Pamela Parker

Mesa Artist



**“Paper Kites”
Photograph**

July 27, 2016, at Butterfly Wonderland

Pamela Parker

Mesa Artist



“Lacewing Glory”

Photograph

July 27, 2016, at Butterfly Wonderland

4 poems by Thomas W. Quigley

Solstice Moon

© 2016

Her milky, soothing orb peers o'er tan hills
As fades the mustard flame of father's hate
Cool succor soothes sharp burns where rage did spill
His dazzling cruelty will at last abate

Our blistered skin, parched river, hills afire
This eve, his fevered madness starts to break
Grim Solstice marks the peak of father's ire
Soft sunset's silken shroud engulfs our aches

Sun's dark flight, burning guilt now gone from sight
His dusty, wild siroccos brought to calm
Our night of repose, bathed in velvet light
Pale, tranquil seas of Moon's face like a balm

Pearlescent clouds drift mute across her sphere
Fair promise of monsoons, their healing tears



Tom Quigley developed a love for and connection with the outdoor life while growing up in Northern New Mexico. After a brief and unpublished foray into fiction in his early 20s, he wrote prose and poetry only sporadically until this year. He has lived in Tucson since 2003 with his wife and 3 children, and is a Pediatric Anesthesiologist at University Medical Center. His poetry has been self-published online and in the professional journal *Anesthesiology*. He can be reached for comment at twquigmd@gmail.com.

Desert Haiku

© 2016

Desert sun morning
Humid clouds rocket skyward
Pregnant with monsoon

Desert Lightning

© 2016

Clouds stretching above craggy peaks gracefully
Mushrooming ever higher with each hour.
A vision beguiling across the speckled slate valley,
The distant rumbles echo compelling power.

Lured towards the storm where my love awaits
As I approach, white canopy growing
Amplifying charge drawn towards its mate,
Breathless need for the deeper knowing.

Thunderhead's navy blue underside deepens
The forest below infinitely attractive
Inside, a growing lightning bolt quickens
To your approach, I become reactive

Charges arc together as my lips touch yours
The golden crescendo, our currents unite
Timeless infinity of the union pure
Rattling windows, the thunder's might

Damp sagebrush scent lilt on the breeze
Deep electric blue sky, gone is the weather
Sunlight refracts through dripping trees,
Current dissipated, hearts nestled together.

Desert Soul

© 2016

Inhale the sage-scented breeze liaison
Jagged peaks' sharp ebony silhouette
Crescent moon, Venus, ornaments of dawn
Crystal desert morning never forgets

Afternoon visit, charged mind of the clouds
Thunderstorm downdraft, its cleansing ozone
Searing sun hides behind navy blue shroud
Embraced by your presence, never alone

Vermilion cliff sunset, eternity
Spirit of the wild, you are the portal
Stretching out to you, encompassing me
Melt, intertwine, these moments immortal

Rejoining the pack, reach inward to hold
Eternal caress of the desert soul

2 poems by Leisah Woldoff

A Thoughtless Whisper

© 2016

A thoughtless whisper
Becomes a worldwide trend
We've gone too far
We can't go back again

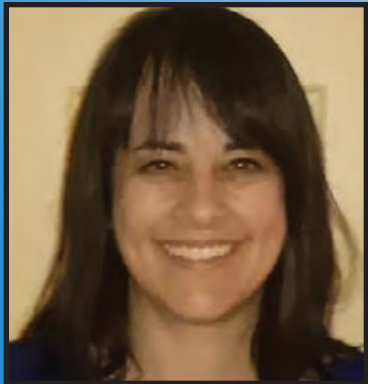
Everyone's a witness
With a camera in hand
Gathering evidence
Against their fellow man

What was once a passing thought
Now lives on and travels far
Once it escapes into cyberspace
Hatred attacks and leaves its scar

What was once a private life
Can unravel with a few words
Global venom quickly spreads
Poisoning the universe

Nineteen eighty-four
Has nothing on the 21st century
Contemporary war
Verbal, viral enemies

Little brother's always watching
Paparazzi for the masses
Lying broken on the sidewalk
Is a pair of rose-colored glasses.



Leisah Woldoff has been writing lyrics and poems since the 1980s. These writings originally appeared in spiral notebooks, but now can be found online at beyondthenotebook.wordpress.com. She is the managing editor of Phoenix Jewish News and lives in Phoenix with her husband, three sons and one dog. Contact her at leisahwoldoff@gmail.com.

In the Lobby

© 2016

I saw you in the lobby
But I didn't say hello
I figured you were tired
And I'm not someone you know
But for a single moment
We were breathing the same air
I snapped a picture in my mind
So I still see you standing there
I saw you in the lobby
But continued walking by
Your back was toward me
So I couldn't catch your eye
Opportunity presented
In a flash it disappeared
A one-sided memory
Of a moment that we shared.

A poem by Eva Willis

7 Years

Based on the song by the same name by Lukas Graham

Once I was seven years old - too -
Something you did made me blue
so I packed to run away from you
and took off down Eaglesmere Avenue

I didn't get far I'm told
I was afraid of the dark and getting cold
I turned around, not feeling bold
Once I was seven years old

Once I was eleven years old - and grandma died
I remember the cemetery ride
knowing she would never again be at my side
My mama cried and cried

Grandma had taught me to play poker
and my Gramps was always a joker
Lots of fun would occur
Once I was eleven without her

Once I was twenty years old - at ASU
Knowledge I would pursue
But there were many things new
I was learning about vodka and brew

I was discovering new facets of life
with no plan to be a housewife
as if that was something rife
But when I was thirty I wanted no strife

Then I worked and I worked for 34 years
and got laid off which could have caused tears
but time with mom and dad instead brought cheers
Sometimes we have plans but life interferes

Now I am over sixty years old
My parents are gone from the household
I don't know what's foretold
but I have friends and life is full, rich and bold

But once I was seven years old



Eva Marie Willis (B.A. from ASU) is retired and lives in Ahwatukee (Phoenix), Arizona. Since retiring, she finds personal expression in her numerous poems, in dancing, and in her oil paintings. She is the author of "With All My Heart," a collection of short stories and poems about relationships. It is available in paperback online from Lulu.com, Amazon, and Barnes and Noble. She is interested in politics, spirituality, dancing and living life to the fullest. You can follow her on Twitter under EvaTwits or contact her via e-mail at jwillis42@cox.net.

4 poems by Stanley Fidel

Let The Brain Wave

© 2016

Let the brain wave.
Let the flow go.
Smile back when the soul says hello.
Take time.
Find the right design.

Fight the critic's quiet doubt,
Left to wait, dying to shout,
Impatient to make its sign,
His turn will come to take his surgeon's knife,
Pare what's best,
Cut away the rest.

First
You must
Allow your soul its say.
Let the passion out,
Before you chisel it away.
Right
Left
Play together
Let your brain wave.



Stanley grew up in Brooklyn, New York. He graduated from Erasmus Hall High School and Brooklyn College intending to pursue a career as a Philosophy teacher. After a series of circumstances beyond his control, including the death of his guidance professor, his Master's thesis never got approved. He then left academia and turned to the business world to earn a living. Stanley worked for companies like New York Telephone, IBM, NCR and several other major corporations before deciding to form his own marketing company, Fidel Communications Co., Inc., which has supported his writing habit for the last 37 years. He is proud of being the author of the lyrics for the theme song of the Disney film, "The Fox and The Hound." The song is called "The Best of Friends."

When I, Of Ruin Read

© 2016

When I, of ruin read some youth expired
Before the common time apportioned him,
Never to gain the treasures he desired,
Nor wealth, nor love, nor fame, an anonym.
Or did he die too soon to even dream
Of honors wrapped in gold the world may give?
No sins to expiate or self redeem.
What meaning then in such a life to live?
If life were only all we can perceive
Such early death were tragic evermore.
But what our senses swear must we believe?
Or can our mind's own fancy teach us more.
 There is a transmigration of the soul
 And He that made our world has His own goal.

Arizona Desert Skies

© 2016

Words by Stan Fidel and Music by Baker Knight

If you've ever watched the sun come up at the breaking of the day
Then the Arizona Desert Skies will take your breath away.
A gentle eastern breeze will warmly flow,
As the distant clear horizon starts to glow.

Arizona Desert Skies takes your heart by surprise.
It cleans your soul, clears your mind
Right before your eyes
Is a little glimpse of heaven
Arizona Desert Skies.

As the day begins to come alive and the sun lights up the sky,
In a tranquil sea of powder blue, white clouds come sliding by.
Birds are gliding softly through the air
And inside you know you're blessed just to be there.

Arizona Desert Skies takes your heart by surprise.
It cleans your soul, clears your mind
Right before your eyes
Is a little glimpse of heaven
Arizona Desert Skies.

Then the evening shadows start to fall and the day begins to close.
You are swept away by grand displays of reds and indigos.
It's a feeling like you've never known
You can sense somehow that you are not alone.

Arizona Desert Skies takes your heart by surprise.
It cleans your soul, clears your mind
Right before your eyes
Is a little glimpse of heaven
Arizona Desert Skies.

Poets' Poem

© 2016

Poets have to live outside of words
Few earn many dollars from their rhyme,
And rarely do Cadillacs come in return for verse,
 So I'm a traveling salesman
 In my other line.

It is in fact indigenous to the craft
To daylight labor at survival tasks

Two styles came alive,
In my problem for life.

For purity of gift
Some cleave a world between their art
And how they thrive,
 Like medicine man Williams
 banker Eliot
 lawyer Stevens
And split the fee with their identity.

Others are not so fine
To sanctify the poet's task
And contiguously labor near their skill
 like copywriter Crane
 teacher Auden
 playwright Gibson
Self stays intact, talent in compromise.

My self chose a split,
 To salesman/poet.

Yet what makes a poet
Is indifferent to how he provides.

It is his plural capability
To tell a whole thick laden story
In a single line,
Of nice words,
That sometimes even rhyme.

Lynn Zubal

Sedona Artist



“Brooklyn”
Oil
February 2013



The artist writes: “I was born in Johnstown, Pennsylvania, and at the age of 2 came to Arizona. As a self-taught artist, I began creating stories in comic strips at the age of 7. I was influenced by children’s science books and illustrations inside. As an artist, I have won many awards and have a B.F.A. in drawing as well as an associate’s degree in art, animation and graphic design. I am also a member of the Guild of Scientific Illustrators. I have created two books for children, ‘Sonoran Desert Frog’ and ‘The Story of Death Valley’; both can be purchased on Amazon or at Barnes & Noble. I can create graphic design and layout for print, publication, graphic design for Web pages, illustration, digital photography, art. I have experience with design/graphic hardware, PC and Macintosh and software that includes InDesign, Photoshop, Illustrator, Dream Weaver, Muse. My artwork is a combination of computer design and drawing and can be seen at lazgalleries.com.”

Lynn Zubal

Sedona Artist



“Sax Player”

**Photograph and drawing combined with computer design
September 2015**

“Art to me is a unique way of expression, and I have different styles to personify a subject. I enjoy pencil the most because I can regulate value best in one color. I study and appreciate the work of other artists, which is the incentive toward my creativity. With these skills, I can see my reflection on a cup of coffee and can dip my brush into it, inventing my portrait with one single color. ‘Brooklyn’ the painting lacks detail, but the values and color bring the painting together much like the old masters of Post-Impressionism. Last, with ‘Sax Player’ and ‘NY Sound,’ I used the computer to manipulate my photographs to give a vibrating appearance to represent the tranquil sound of jazz.”

- Lynn Zubal

Lynn Zubal

Sedona Artist



“NY Sound”

**Photograph and drawing combined with computer design
September 2015**

6 poems by Gene Rockwell Gant

The World Was Our Balloon

© 2016

We laughed away a rainy day and never shed a tear
We never worried what the world
 was coming to next year
We heard a different drummer and we sang a different tune
We were young – the world was our balloon

We learned to walk and then to run,
 in spite of falling down
We took a front row seat
 when they were sending in the clowns
We saw a new horizon when a man walked on the moon
We were young – the world was our balloon

We tried in vain, to rearrange the world with love alone
But now we know the winds of change
 blow where they choose to blow
We sowed the wind and now and then
 we reap what we have sown
Dreams – when they have flown – won't be un-flown

Let's drink a toast to better days and glorify the past
We'll try and think of better ways
 to make the good times last
Summer days are days-gone-by
 and winter – comes too soon
So let's recall – when we were young
The world – was our balloon



Gene Rockwell Gant, recording artist, songwriter, poet and former newspaper columnist/editor, has won awards in journalism, songwriting and poetry. He and his wife, (former Disneyland pianist) Connie Campbell Gant, reside in Sun City, Arizona. They perform as a piano/vocal duo at various venues. He's written 33 poetry chapbooks, a paperback "Lifted from Despair," and three (as yet) unpublished novels. He currently serves on the board of the Arizona State Poetry Society and is President of the Sun City Area Poetry Society. He enjoys writing easily understood lyrical poems.

Through a Windowpane

© 2016

A blurred world
Seen through tears
Eyes searching darkness

The street below
Reflects the glow of streetlights

Raindrops
Once flying free
Now rivulets
On window panes
Broken patterns
Flow to puddles on the sill
Trace them with a finger

Tears compete in vain
With rain

Stoplight on the corner
Green, yellow, red
Opalescent colors
Play across the pane
Tail lights of the limousine
Blur to black

The once alluring bed
Seems alien and cold
He is gone

Through Childhood Eyes

© 2016

Sunshine filters through leafy trees
Throwing shadows on the path
Shimmering shadows
On the whims of the breeze
I grow dizzy watching them dance

In childhood I heard the music
The orchestra in the breeze
I would dance along
Now I can't hear the song
But I dream of a second chance

To visualize through childhood eyes
Shadows dancing on the path
To sing with the trees
In the winnowing breeze
And perchance ... to join in the dance

To Come Back Home

© 2016

I pray in vain for shady lanes
And watch the rain on mountains
made of windowpanes

Sweet memories of distant thunder
Echo in the rumbling of subway trains

Vacant eyes in lonely faces
Pass me on the streets but never say hello

And I see in those faces
They view the world from places I don't want to go

Forever flashing neon lights
Illuminate the loneliness that fills the night

The seller sells the buyer pays
And who will say in alleyways what's wrong or right

You lazy rollin' river flowin'
I wish my weary soul was goin' back to you

Somewhere along the way
I lost the barefoot boy your memory is talkin' too

That boy I used to be
Calls out to me he's missin' you and wishin' he was free

To come back home

The Spinner

© 2016

Sitting alone ... in the cool of the evening
Working her needles
And watching her fingers grow old
No one to talk with her ... no one to listen
And no one to cover her ... seeing her body is cold
Spinning mementos in measure
Treasure ... more precious than gold

Gathering laughter ... all dressed up in party clothes
Lending an ear and pretending to hear the unknown
Failing to capture the rapture we're after
We're living together ... but each one ... is living alone
Strangers in circles of strangers
Drifting in dreams ... of our own

Pacing the pulpit inside a cathedral
Surrounded by spires
Where uncounted choirs have sung
Raising his eyes from the ocean of faces
The Idol embraces
The mind-blinding faith of the young
Rising higher and higher
As spell-binding anthems are sung

The spinner has spun ... in the gathering twilight
Her story ... more precious than gold
A tale ... that is yet ... to be told

Canyon Colors

The morning sun tops the far-off mountains.
Shadows crawl across the canyon walls.
Riotous colors cloak the clouds,
a camouflage, to mystify the eyes of the unedified.
She would know the colors in the canyon,
but not I.

She would say: "That's burgundy and over there,
sienna." Then she would smile and point across
the way and say, "That's brown."

I, of course, would frown and say,
"I know the color brown."
Then she would laugh and kiss me;
that was heaven.

Then one day she found a lump had
formed within her breast.
Abomination raged within her bosom.

And now, I stand alone to watch the sunrise
in the canyon; splaying splendid colors
up and down the canyon walls.
I can't contain my tears, as I softly speak her name.
I look around ... and all I see ...
is brown.

2 poems by Michael Gregory

From “Pound Laundry”

In that brown long century preceding,
half-ignorant in its illusions hypocrisy
false overwrought feeling shallow morality
artificial *sapless religiosity*
and lamentable taste, we the people slipped

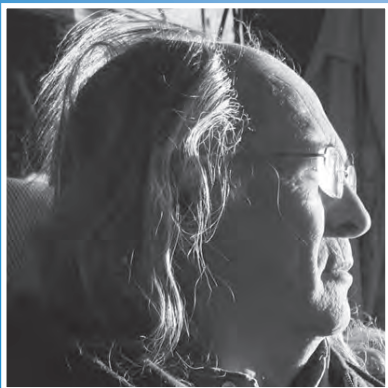
into unscripted time: all form and value
for the first time or first in a long time
subjected to unlimited immediate change.
—For some, for the better: satisfiable desires
satisfied as well at least as might be expected

scenes characters actions motions properties
reduced to types and symbols objects of analogies
a strategy for getting around those fatalistic
accidentals in the score set down
in the causal determinism of mathematical science

the dominant idiom of the day the rational
empirical presupposition of death an ethical
notion that living one’s essential life in the personal
realm is *a failure to elect infinity*.
—For some, a special pleading of family resemblance

moral and intellectual character the genius
of place people nation race the synthesis
of ancestral heritage and bloodline making up
the present individual: *some things cannot be changed*.
—For some, no longer assuming the viewpoint of angels

Continued on page 47



Michael Gregory’s books and chapbooks include “Hunger Weather 1959-1975,” “re: Play,” and most recently “Mr America Drives His Car,” selected poems from roughly the last quarter of the last century and the first decade of this one, published in 2013 by Post-Soviet Depression Press. Since 1971, he has lived off-grid ten miles from the U.S.-Mexico border in the high desert grassland of southeast Arizona, the location of his 1975 book, “The Valley Floor.”

yet making a fetish of saintly self-discipline,
less interest in manipulations of word and world
than moral remedies for inward temptations,
less in failings of personal idiosyncracies
than dogmatic anthropocentric system-building

upon generic human bias in scientific
aesthetic cultural judgment, specific imperfections
best treated with honesty and self-restraint
through for instance image reproduction machines:
gramophones photography radiograms

polygraphs run in real time letting nature
appear to speak for herself, the problem less
how, with all values perverting into social
values to reconcile freedom and equality,
than how to attune equality with authority.

—For some, a positivist skepticism (no grounds
for moral authority or transcendent obligations)
leading to moral skepticism fused together
with moral indignation moral nihilism
charged with moral fury in hatred of the modern

syphilization of society worse now
than when the evil flowers first put the spirit to sleep
back before the canals started communicating
pus between festering relationships
before all the crying over lost Edens called love.

—For some, given as far as they could tell nothing
to choose from but myths and fictions subject to transmutation,
metamorphosis, the question was which to believe
with a will and what attitude to adopt
in achieving a willing suspension of disbelief

while keeping in mind it is one myth or fiction among
a plethora of other possible solutions
irony for example displacing self-deception
to that extent allowing for more productive
engagement than utter skepticism would allow.

—For some, the objective character of meaning and value
verified by the fact that numbers ethics and logic
being independent of empiricist
materialist tendencies cannot be reduced
to subjectivity psychology nature

or anything outside the spheres of logic ethics
or arithmetic, gratified to have at least
two truths avoid the naturalist fallacy:
*Only the love of people and beautiful objects
good in itself and The good cannot be defined.*

—For some, an incapacity to experience others
except through fear deceit mistrust and domination,
love a technique a contract to enhance male production,
extramarital partners a logical consequence
of imbalance at the heart of relationship.

—For some, conscience a knowing *with*, a sharing of knowledge
with another oneself or otherness as such
hard to tell from *being with* or simply from *being*
given concomitant complications like guilt for whatever
and falling back on the unexamined impulse of the moment.

—For some, the overthrow of superstition
by reason followed by the overthrow
of overweening rationality
by passion followed by relentless freedom
to experience absolute ecstasy.

—For some, a seller's market of inflated language,
nothing behind it its currency rubbed thin enough
to see through, no longer convertible to meaning
its gold standard floated on the open exchange
all illusions of actual value just that

no choice but either to concentrate on producing
a crystal that refers only to its own coherence
or to register the absence of any transcendent,
debunk belief in any referent affirm
in a tragic key the play of meaninglessness.

Continued on page 49

—For some, as the old estates and orders gave way
to classes parties and later to interest groups,
as movements subsumed schools cults and sects, as urban
restlessness picked up the pace, a feeling of being
alive engaged present in their own time.

—For some, lives sacrificed to ever newer
technicalities *having a life* traded in
on *making a living*, keeping body and soul together
dependent on the machine behind the hand that feeds,
relativity the only freedom left

the freedom of self-expressive invention geared down
to a range of more reasonable expectations
appropriate to perdurable servo-mechanisms
the night mare of history graced with fantasies
that bear no more than any a close looking into.

Modernity a different animal
from *modernism* a quarter century after
Rimbaud in support of the Communards said

Il faut être absolument moderne.
The former, a shambles shot through with tickertape
ammunition-stock heroes' parades

romanticism's funerary desire
for desire Keats's famous attic figures
forever out- not inside the urn

a thousand-and-one desire-prolonging nights
consummation never so-wished so never
so close as to need *interruptus*—the ever-repeated

promise of the thing itself a *pathos of the new*
stimulating customer decisions
to satisfy the urges of investment.

The latter, after the latest canvases
destroying illusions of geometric perspective
refusing meaning by flattening vision

a savvy half-cocky attitude
toward novelty *news that stays news*
the new the old seen with new eyes

Yeats and Maud in *gai Paris* on mushrooms
(or was it cactus?) Ellis having made it
almost respectable after *The Drunken Boat*

Freud and Conan-Doyle into cocaine
Pound and Hemingway on the left bank
dabbling in opium and absinthe.

A necessity that requires us said Wilde
to live the collective life of the race, the sum
said Pater of *everything that has preceded.*

8 poems by Richard Fenton Sederstrom

- - - - - : - [dash-it-all-!]

© 2016

I too am tired of trying to make meaning
out of a meaningless, or anyway a non-meaningful
cosmos, in symbols that are no more than

tentative plucks at strings without a harp.
I would also like to write it all out in
L-a-n-g-u-a-g-e.

The dashes imply a rate of speed that is good for our systems,
the jogging, the running, the celeritous typing during which
too much infelicitous speed is not possible, keeping track of all the

- - - - - s

Or they are the little lines between segments
of sensible utterance that recommend their
silence. Like “. . . ,” they say nothing, but

suggest intelligence. Ellipsis. Elleipein.
What we do not understand, we can omit, leave out.
Replace with something like holy silence. T-i-m-i-d-i-t-y.

T - - - - - .

Then omit replacing. Begin in something
like wholly silence, and be silent.
Or. Do not make the effort of silence.

“Silence” must be made. Do not make.
So the title of this, which is only something-
like-a-poem, is signified by the unmade - - - - - .

Continued on page 52



Richard Fenton Sederstrom was raised and lives in the North Woods of Minnesota and the Sonoran Desert of Arizona. Sederstrom is the author of four books of poetry, notably *Disordinary Light*, and most recently *Eumaeus Tends*, based on the few lines of *The Odyssey* that are axial to our understanding of the power and complexities of love. A new book, *Serenity Book Four*, will appear next winter. Contact the poet at richard_sederstrom1221@q.com.

The recommended designation of

is something like:

“representation of what seems not to be uttered
in between letters that are non-representative of speech
so long as they are not marked in such an order”

as language, which becomes an abstruse
sarcophology of the relationship between
language and silence, or L-a-n-g-u-a-g-e-,

which is what is not what is and what
is and, o-hell, what it looks like to you
me and the Original J-o-k-e-s-t-e-r.

That’s another seven dashes of silence
to worry over. Remove the dashes, and
you have letters in a word. A word,

dash -----

----- it -----

----- all!

Notes from M. Arouet

© 2016

Life is fleeting.

Life is short and life is insignificant.

When we write to the dead,
we write also to all of history
and not *from* history,

and so far as we are able
we write to all of memory.
Memory is living beyond living
(such a dull statement!)

We write on behalf of what will always be un-remembered and re-created.

The respect we owe to the living is our lending them the chance and challenge
of remembering along with us—

and joining the,
well,
responsibilities:

The poet is responsible to the past for the past.
The poet is responsible for the entirety of human past behind past.
of human present and human future—
as witness, as scholar, as, if not sage, patient interlocutor.

It falls to the recorder of what is human to extend
to the human dominion as well—
each individual, human or not.

It is a trap of course,
the exit from which is the poet's other responsibility,
that the poet writes—

speaks, sings, prays, laments on words outside words—
to each individual to whom the poet is responsible.
The poet is free to listen back in turn.

Eumaeus Old Tends to Conveniences

© 2016

An accident out there on 41st Street, Sioux Falls.
And after we returned to the Best Western
after we had grabbed a meal at Olive Garden,
where the Zuppa Toscana is to be recommended
way above the Chicken Marsala, in Sioux Falls,

after, anyway, we returned to our room (do
you know what it's like not to remember
your unlabeled room number if you are
an old person in the era of the Key Card?)
which, lucky for us, is placed in an obvious corner—

and after I had returned to my MacBook Air
to test the air for information on The Orphans' Train
that I wanted for a more difficult poem than this
promises to be, and after it wouldn't connect and after
Carol had tried the TV to check out HBO which

we refuse to have at home anyway, in preference
to more æsthetic efforts, like . . . well, like what?
That is when she let me know that we had no TV
in the room. So, for the first time ever, I read
through *USA Today*. Blackout all around.

Orphans in Concordia

© 2016

1

Ed: Well, he was always [
] tractor,. The first time [
]

Ivan:] [

Mrs Ed: [*laughs*]

Ed:]raccoon huntin' [
]first rifle. A little [
]coon just sat there in the branch

Mrs. Ed: *laughs again, as always [?]*

Ed: Well
Best time to grow up in anyway

2

The Orphan Train Museum squats
behind a *bas relief* steam engine,
brown on the side wall.

The engine skews at an angle forward
obliquely to plow into oncoming traffic
like the locomotive in that first horror film

blackandwhite and silent as the screams
in the bleeding (blackandwhite) audience,
one century's iron into another century's alloys and plastic.

3

Ed and Ivan and Ed's Wife

Sorry. Ed and Ivan never mentioned your name.

We have so many kinds of orphans these days.

Names. Words. Whole identities.

rise in age-appropriate modulated grace.

Continued on page 56

Continued from page 55

Ed bids good-bye.
Aims toward the parking lot.

Ivan and Ivan's Wife look after Ed.
They seem not so sure which direction Ed
has decided on,

if he's decided, even after he's headed
in the mis-direction something decided him on.
Decided, for Ed and themselves,

Ed's memory being yet another orphan.
Old age orphans us all.
Ivan and Ivan's Wife open the door and go out it.

4
"I think you drop'd something."
Could be another member of Ed's family.
Same largeness, and gray. Same Kansas.

I don't see what he picks up.
"I know it wasn't yours," he adds.
"I guess I'm just another picker-upper; don't want anyone to slip."

5
Orphan.
From Greek, "orphanos," "bereaved".
For Ed and Mrs. Ed and Ivan and Concordia
I am bereaved.
And alone.

I dream again and again and again of the black engines
of my earliest orphan's
westward horizon.

Anomalopoesis: Whiffs of a Morning with Garbage*

© 2016

The gods created things—
stuff, animal, vegetable, the us.
The noun.

We created the connections,
the movings about, the verb.
And the slosh of movement: sex.

Lucretius is Rome's little joke on the Middle Ages,
the Middle Ages of the Middle Ages
and the Middle Ages of Now.

To Lucretius
what does matter matter?
All's matter, and there's no matter.

Some matter matters
just enough for what we regard as Poetry,
as the poetry that reminds us that

Beauty: all that is impossible,
All abstractions,
(well, beautiful or not, but beautiful)

because the artist's job is not to draw you into nature;
it is to draw you out of nature into yourself
and bring nature with you anew.

Beauty is also made up of atoms,
or might as well be.
Blessed unreality is also a solid chunk of atoms.

Smoke rises
dissipates into what matters.
What matters is.

The goal of poetry is to announce the stunned and hushed
Eureka! of silence.
You hear this from me. You will not see it modeled in me.

Continued on page 58

Continued from page 57

We have words for the flash of unspeakable
dark before the speakable Nothingness, nothingless.
We have no word though for Nothingness.

We have a word for the infinitesimal spot of time
between life and nothingness.
We have yet to invent a word for death.

**The book by A.R. Ammons, that is, copyright 1993*

Badlands

© 2016

It is because the lake is so clear this summer.
The bottom disappears.
Disappears?
A cloud bank covers the only blue left for a while.

Then just under the deception of glitter,
surface ripples like knapped sky, flint-deep.
The lake deepens to dark charcoal.
Ancient lava flowing under the surface.

Still and hard below.
Malpais.
The disparate translucencies of lake a mile above the pillow
of set lava balanced precarious above the igneous flow

that stood still for the creation of the first
minuscule death—the comedy
that dies still after aeons of learning.
A Folsom point. Obsidian lens.

What is seems

© 2016

for and in memory of Nick Salerno

always to be and be and solid—
No No No!
Not always!

All that is always is never
all ways but not all ways never either
neither of which may (may not)

exist (!)
seems always to be—seems—
love—

like
“Love, Nickie” or
“Love, Dickie”—
pudgy valedictions, silly, age-old, respectable,

is
being love actually but always. For us
always for the same reason
is love

*

The young mother
in the row of seats in front of me
here in the dentist’s waiting (always waiting)
room

reads to the blond toddler on her lap,
Words. And pictures readable only by her child
about the Tooth Fairy.
Close attention as palliative. Daddy texts.

*

It is not the catalogue of memories we long for
but the real, solid and whole person we demand—

even knowing that whatever is real, solid and whole
ever was the unreal, dissolved and unwholesome

in ourselves that we grieve
and not the contents of the urn closeted somewhere

real, solid in each particular particle of ash
and as whole as the image of smoke can be whole.

Sorgmantel

(Swedish, “Mourning Cloak,” *Nymphalis antiopa*)

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“In the still of the night once again I hold you tight.”

Gray stucco shudders.
A scrap of dirty gray slips off, flutters
upward in a beauty of grim purple, then

mottled gray again. Then
lands on—what?
What? Reflection jounces with my father’s Buick.

Ivy covered walls—outside somewhere among racing cacti.
Mourning purple darkens mourning lilacs instead,
and I lean my head against the mourning

evening purple outside the car window.
Back seat, nineteen-fifties Sonoran night.
“Deep Purple.”

In that waning mist of memory no “you”
breathes my name yet and I have never yet
sung that stanza’s last word but flat.

Mourning will be always sung in choir-perfect key.
Mourning never is.
The purple of it shudders.

Gray again. Concrete under ivy.
Flake of dull ash sways from her lilac blossom.
Then a release again into deep purple, lorn purple.

The butterfly rests on her lilac, sips
and darkens the fragrance of loss.
And I remember.

Memories sung on key are contrived, conventional, choral.
Memory will rise to the well-rim of the mind always off-key.
The sigh rises confused, the sorgmantel in dark flutter,

my father mantled at the wheel of his Buick.

Gary LaCroix

Tucson Artist



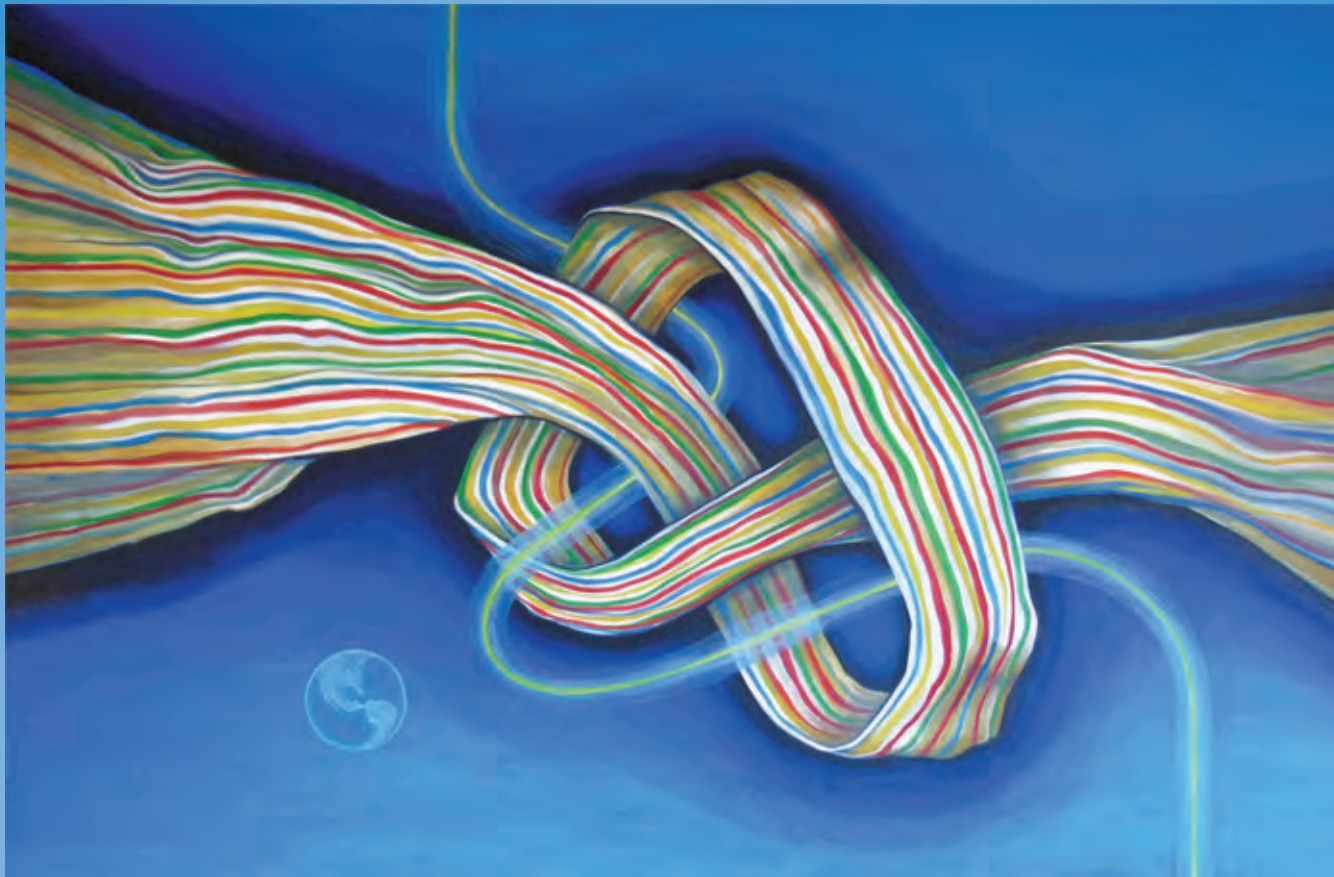
“Untie the Knot=Freedom”
Oil on canvas
30”x40”
August 2015



Artist Gary LaCroix, who produced his first oil painting at the age of 9, creates visionary images that expose the mind to unknown worlds that somehow seem familiar. By presenting image, color and energy in a way that challenges the ego/mind perceptions, the viewer must see through its self-constructed beliefs and experience something new. The artist writes, “As I have journeyed inward through the intellect, spiritual paths, psychedelics, the corporate world and meditation, one thing is evident, science and spirituality are converging ... realizing a holistic universe, holographic in nature. We are part of a whole. The concepts of reductionism, Newtonian physics and fundamental religions are being replaced by self-awareness and quantum physics. My paintings use color and energy to ask the ego/mind to see the world differently; they are often described as visionary, bio-cosmic or surrealistic.” Gary’s work is in numerous private collections throughout the U.S. For more information, go to www.garylacroix.com. E-mail the artist at glart13@aol.com.

Gary LaCroix

Tucson Artist



**“Untied Knot”
Oil on canvas
24”x36”
December 2015**

“Thought-provoking images that use brilliant color and energy to convey the merger of science and spirit.”

- Gary LaCroix

Gary LaCroix

Tucson Artist



"Not Square"
Oil on canvas
24"x36"
March 2016

Gary LaCroix

Tucson Artist



“N.D.E. (Near-Death Experience)”

Oil on canvas

20”x30”

April 2016

FRIDAY NIGHT *Writes*

\$5.00 admission

*Your \$5.00 ticket can be applied toward
your purchase that evening*

*A series of informative presentations
for writers by published authors and
publishing professionals*

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*Seating is limited. Tickets may be
purchased in advance.
Guest speaker begins promptly at 5:30*

Coming in Spring 2017!

The 9th Annual

Blue Guitar Spring Festival of the Arts!

**Join us for an amazing showcase of the arts, with music,
dance, cultural presentations, art activities for children
and literary readings!**

Free admission!

**For more details, go to The Arizona Consortium
for the Arts website, www.artizona.org**

Open Mic: A celebration of the arts

Join us at our Monthly Open Mic Arts, Letters and Culture Events! This is a great chance for artists, writers and performers in all genres, spanning all disciplines and cultural representations, to get together, read, present, share, learn and enjoy. A featured artist is showcased for the entire month!

WHERE: Dog-Eared Pages Books, 16428 N. 32nd St., Suite 111 (just south of Bell Road), Phoenix, AZ 85032; (602) 283-5423.

WHEN: The last Thursday of each month, 5 p.m. to 7 p.m.

We also address key issues in contemporary art and culture, exchange ideas, learn new things through rigorous talks, conversations, debates and readings in an informal setting. Join us! Everyone is invited to bring a friend(s) and enjoy exciting conversations in the beautiful surroundings of the neighborhood bookstore. Meet new and old friends and enjoy! All programs are free and open to the public. For more information, contact Elena Thornton — (602) 263-5373 or info@artizona.org.

About The Arizona Consortium for the Arts

The Arizona Consortium for the Arts is a Non-Profit Organization approved by the Arizona Corporation Commission in February 2008. We 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

Jr. literary and arts magazine for youth.

You can become a part of the Arizona Consortium and make a difference.

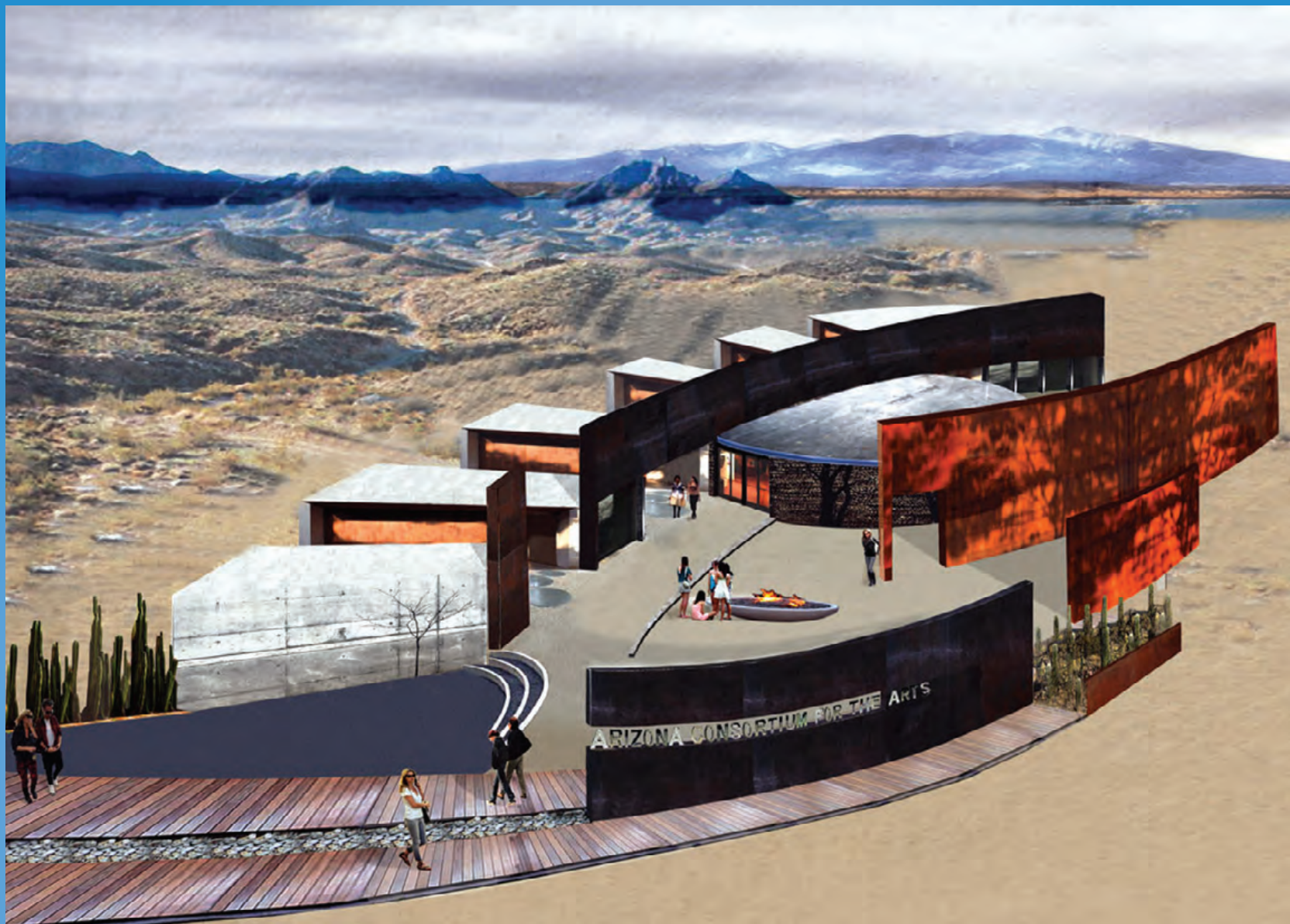
There are countless ways to contribute, and the consortium is grateful for any donation in any form.

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

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

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

Thank you for your 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



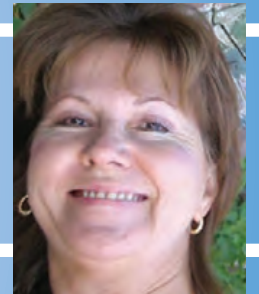
Elena Thornton, publisher: Founder and president of The Arizona Consortium for the Arts, Elena is an educator, artist and poet and lives in Phoenix. Reach her at info@artizona.org.

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

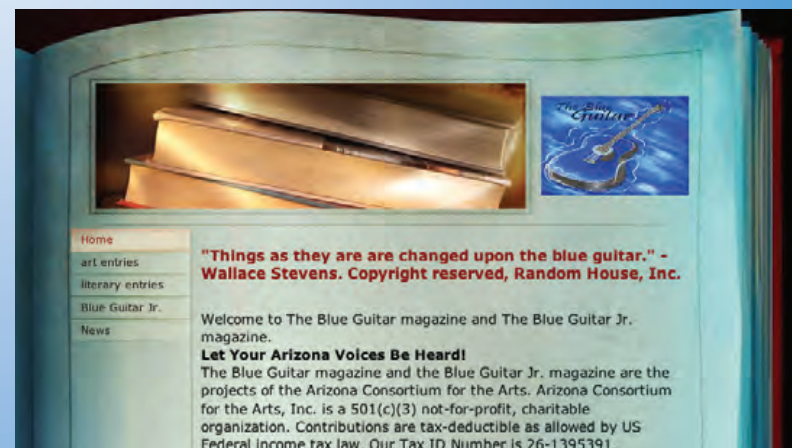
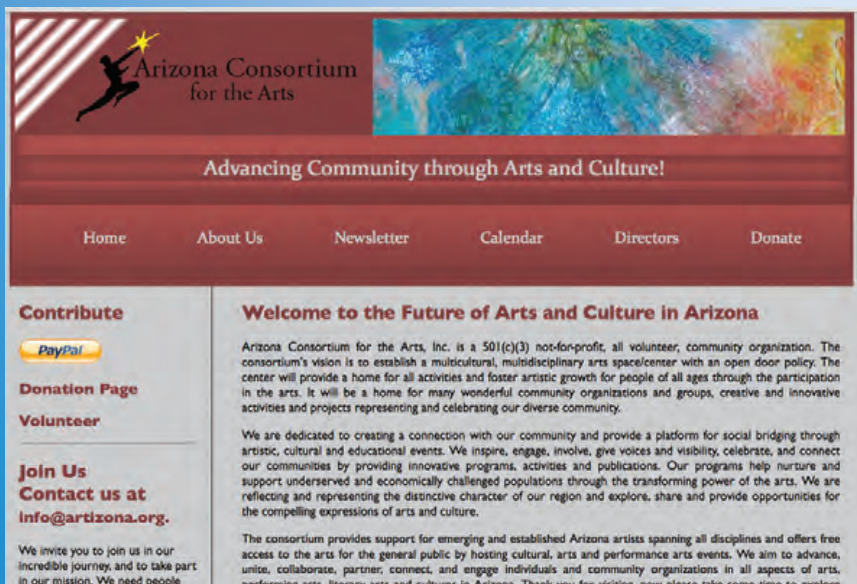


Richard H. Dyer Jr., co-editor: Richard (married to Rebecca, above) is the managing editor for three weekly newspapers in the East Valley, a photographer and a welded-steel sculptor. Reach him at richarddyer@theblueguitarmagazine.org.

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



Check our websites for news on the arts



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

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

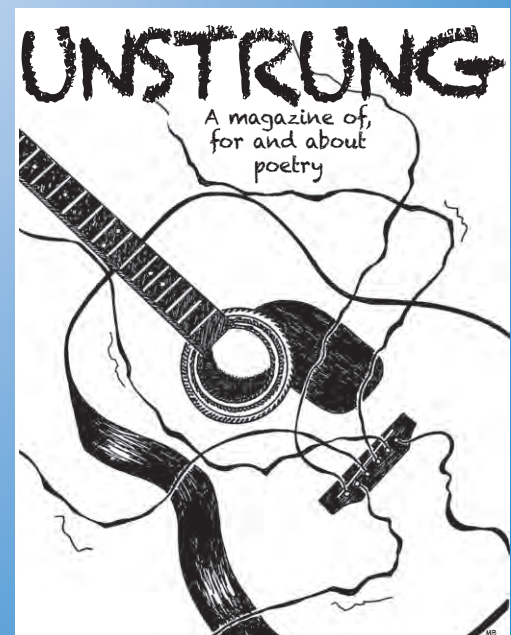
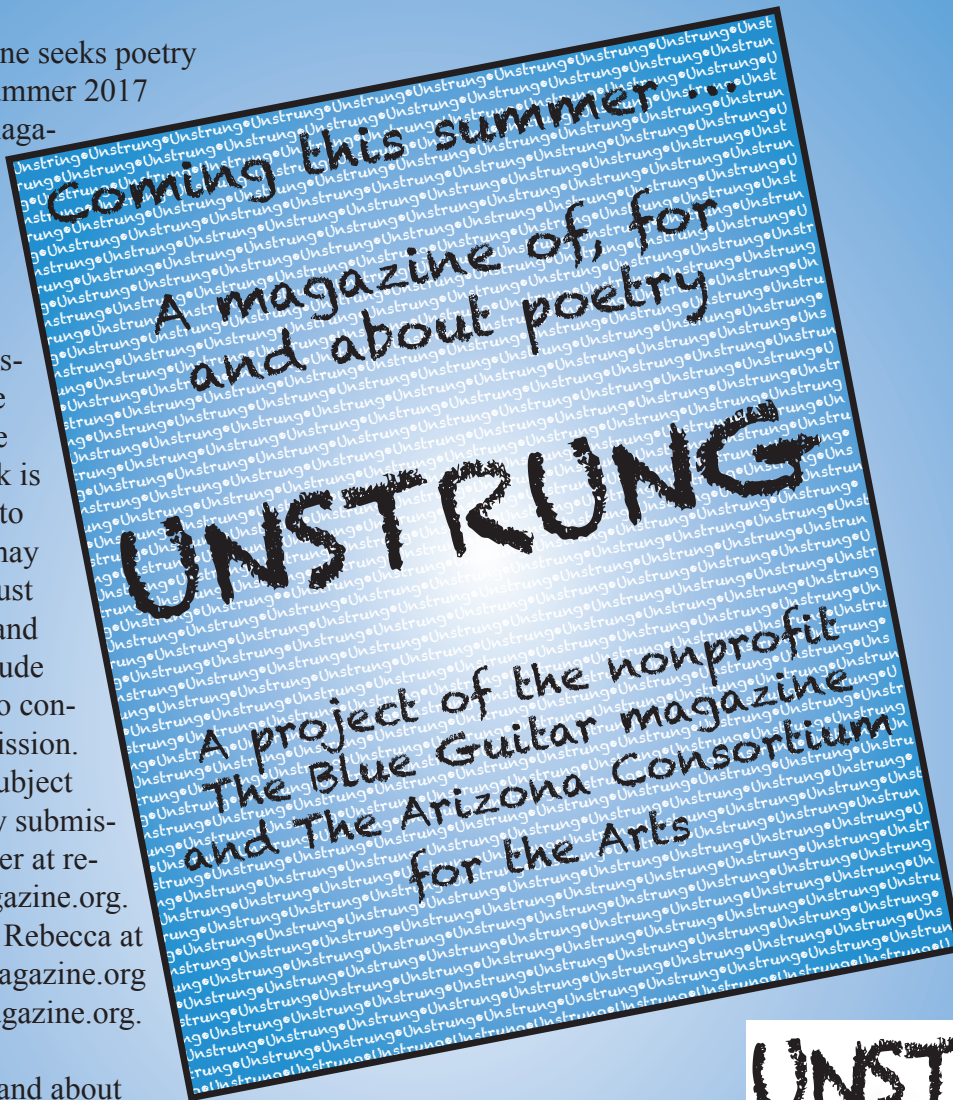
www.TheBlueGuitarMagazine.org

A Call to Poets for the 2017 Issue of Unstrung

The Blue Guitar magazine seeks poetry submissions for the Summer 2017 Issue of Unstrung, a maga-

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

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



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, 2017, in all genres — fiction, poetry, plays, creative nonfiction — all geared to appeal to youthful audiences. Writers must submit original work and must live in Arizona. Simultaneous submissions will be accepted, but the writer must notify the magazine as soon as possible if the work is accepted elsewhere. It is free to submit, and submissions may be made in multiple genres. Please include your name and the best way to contact you on your submission. To submit or for further information, e-mail Editor Rebecca Dyer at rebeccadyer@theblueguitarmagazine.org. For additional information, visit www.theblueguitarmagazine.org.

The Blue Guitar Jr. magazine is a project of the nonprofit The Blue Guitar literary and arts magazine and The Arizona Consortium for the Arts. The Arizona Consortium for the Arts is a startup, nonprofit group dedicated to supporting and fostering artists and the arts in Arizona, including the literary, visual and performing arts. For more information about The Blue Guitar and The Blue Guitar Jr. magazines and The Arizona Consortium for the Arts, visit our websites:
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, 2017, in all media geared to appeal to youthful audiences. Artists must submit original work and must live in Arizona. Simultaneous submissions will be accepted, but the artist must notify the magazine as soon as possible if the work is accepted elsewhere. It is free to submit, and submissions may be made in multiple mediums; up to 5 images can be submitted. Artists are encouraged to submit images of work by e-mail; please provide high-resolution JPEGs of 300 dpi. Images must be identified in the e-mail with the artist's name, contact information, titles of works, dates and mediums. Please include your name and the best way to contact you. To submit or for more information, e-mail Editor Richard Dyer at richarddyer@theblueguitarmagazine.org. For additional information, visit www.theblueguitarmagazine.org.

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www.theblueguitarmagazine.org and www.artizona.org.



A Call to Writers for Spring 2017

The Blue Guitar magazine seeks literary submissions for the Spring 2017 Edition from Feb. 1 through March 3. Submissions are sought in all genres — fiction, poetry, plays, creative nonfiction. Writers must submit original work and must live part- or full-time in Arizona. Simultaneous submissions will be accepted, but the writer must notify the magazine as soon as possible if the work is accepted elsewhere. It is free to submit, and submissions may be made in multiple genres. Please include your name and the best way to contact you on your submission. Submissions must be in the best shape possible and publication-ready. To submit or for further information, e-mail Editor Rebecca Dyer at rebeccadyer@theblueguitarmagazine.org. For more information, visit www.theblueguitarmagazine.org.

A Call to Artists for Spring 2017

The Blue Guitar magazine seeks art submissions in all mediums for the Spring 2017 Edition from Feb. 1 through March 3. Any artists who work in any visual art media, are 18 years or older and are part- or full-time Arizona residents can submit. It is free to submit and up to 5 images can be submitted. Artists are encouraged to submit images of work by e-mail; please provide high-resolution JPEGs of 300 dpi. Images must be identified in the e-mail with the artist's name and contact information, titles of works, dates and mediums. Submissions must be in the best shape possible and publication-ready. To submit or for further information, e-mail Editor Richard Dyer at richarddyer@theblueguitarmagazine.org. For more information, visit www.theblueguitarmagazine.org.



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“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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Volume 8,
Number 2
Fall Issue
FREE!

*“Things
as they are
are
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upon
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