

**CALIFORNIA**  
**QUARTERLY**

**CALIFORNIA STATE POETRY SOCIETY**



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**Nicholas Skaldetvind  
Editor**

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## **California State Poetry Society**

*California Quarterly*, Vol. 49, No. 3, Autumn 2023

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## Editor's Note

I've set out to present an example of poets' vertical investigations abstracting from the muck and confusing murk a clattering of time, of place, of history, making the reader giddy with notions of the numinous, names, theories, dreams, dates, legends. A good poem rewards this kind of looking. These poets place themselves at the center of all time in that self-perpetuating way great mythic-figures have always done without border, age, limit and within a labyrinthine wonder. Fresh and clean verse, pure and naked of pretense, as the wild waters and unmoored light which bathes the Ionian Islands' and California's dazzling coast alike.

The content of these poems possesses an intimate quality veering towards a self-involved disposition bordering on narcissism or, in a better-fitting locution of our time, an encroachment on the autism spectrum. The inherent lyrical structure bestowed upon these works imparts a sense of coherence and unity, steering the reader to believe this was a preconceived notion of collaboration. Seekers of light and truth go beyond the California world. They've roused me from a bedazzled stupor as I scoured after the alchemical "what" of the submitted poems, how to articulate my rationale in selecting a poem and then to sequence the thing. Rather than "editor" I began to consider myself auditor of the human experience. The principal reason they've been selected is pleasure. As Peter Gizzi stated elsewhere about editing *o•blék: a journal of language arts*, "the discourse around poetics comes second; the poem has to lead."

The reward is this terrific group singing the relationship they share with the world. Certain poets have widened my eyes with their singing: Dianna MacKinnon Henning, Jim Dunn, Karla Kelsey, John James, Susie Meserve, Charles Rafferty, Paul Schreiber. Songs in which there is the recognizable sound of a human voice inducing you to continue reading. I will also wager that if you are like me, you turn to poetry as a means of revealing that which pertains to yourself, for the possibility that another poet out there will open a window for you that you didn't before trust was there. Faith.

Thanks to the poets for offering such a rich assortment of verse. And thanks are due to you, dear reader. We are in society.

**Nicholas Skaldetvind**  
**California / Greece / New York**

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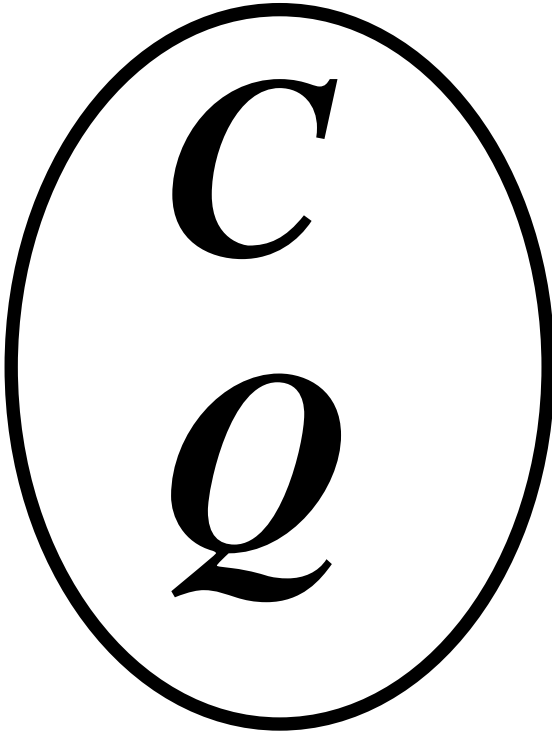
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## TOPPLED STATUES

Wrap a rope around a stiff reminder  
Nothing comes down easy  
You must have pull and an angle of approach  
To tear down the moment and build a new now  
The carved mountain coming down.  
One of many monumental children.  
Make it come alive and die in a frenzied instant.  
Topped statues fall with certain sadness  
In their stilted surrender; the majesty is lost  
In the grace of God's gravity  
And the power is transferred  
From one thing to everyone  
From metal to flesh there is  
An electric exchange  
Lightning in the assassin's scope  
Focusing on the unseen ocean  
Of the people's wishes.

*Jim Dunn*  
*Beverly, Massachusetts*

## IN THE CATHEDRAL

Organ music  
is like a great slab of concrete  
pushed across a shiny tiled floor  
by an army of peons.  
It moves slowly in one direction.  
Then even slower in another.  
It pauses, holds its position  
as the men catch their breath.  
And then it goes on.  
And on.  
Eventually, the men  
can shove the heavy weight no longer,  
and they fall away,  
stumble to the ground,  
their cries of pain unheard,  
as that concrete slab rumbles to a stop.  
Then, up in the mezzanine,  
some guy in a beard stands up,  
is applauded by the congregation.  
They mistake him for the one  
who put an end to this.

*John Grey*  
*Johnston, Rhode Island*

## UNHOMELINESS

My words and tempos strain between  
the ice-scraped granite of this nordic shield  
and the crumbling sediment of my California coast.  
It's not just the language, but other shifting  
sediments and stone that unhome me here.  
The low angle of Swedish sun-glitter hides  
so much hard hazard round *kärr* and *kobb*,  
small islands in these myriad archipelagos.  
How can I know the terrain? half a life  
and still half a stranger.

While my hearth state alternately desiccates, burns  
and floods, washes away its margins, its redwoods  
and sanity – homecoming is always a misstep into a dis-  
ease that grips the trees, pine and oak, and TVs –  
more than climate, more than armed rage,  
more uncanny even than an angry poet's howl.

*Unheimlich*, a shadow figure, a specter of a lost brother,  
a coast, a conversation, a poetic line always beside  
and slightly behind the one I see and write, things  
I thought I knew, but now  
the current of my voice disperses seaward  
mud and memories, driftwood and desire, and  
washes up on some forgetful beach at night.

*Paul Schreiber*  
*Stockholm, Sweden*

## A FATHER'S DEATH

He would not grip life,  
pushed away with wiry old arm  
those hoses of hospital air,  
the little extension,  
but gripped on my arm, fierce as a claw  
tensed against passage –  
not terror but terrible, his grip.

His brain dried out  
as hard as old bones  
knocking their hollow tune  
in yesterday's winds.  
Not so only, also the sudden resonance,  
clear settling in his eyes,  
knowing me through the clutter,  
knowing now and why.

His wide clarified eyes saying  
You – you – you that I loved  
while his pulse jack-rabbited in his neck  
and gullet bobbed-swallowed words  
in airless attenuation;  
not clinging to air but to me, my arm,  
my old father, talons of death grasp even me  
in his terrible grip.

Waiting – it is only waiting.  
What is this attendance  
at the edge of attenuation?  
The waiting for not wanting – and  
finally wanting that too, for him  
to let go, I cannot wait any more,

memorizing the lay of the sheet, the fold of the gown,  
watching the breath rise and pulse hammer crazy.

Here in the middle space,  
each cell tumbling more hurriedly after the other  
into the vortex of stillness,

can I hope that his hard grasp tried to  
compress fifty years of soft heavy hugs?  
Can I pry loose his fingers when they have cooled  
and remember only the father's careful touch?  
knowing he never let go when so many others  
let go.

*Paul Schreiber*  
*Stockholm, Sweden*

## TONIGHT I'LL DANCE

Bring forth that lampshade hat, she said,  
and clear the table, now!

or I'll kick down your fine Limoges;  
for I'm tired of being tired  
and bound I'll not be bound tonight

by your desiccating bell-jar laws  
by your thousand Lilliputian threads,  
a thousand expectation dreads,

or

that time of life, imperceptible  
creep of growing-still  
along synaptic labyrinths  
that have consumed a hundred sweet Athenian boys  
(smooth thighs and shoulder-blades I still can taste).

I'll not accept

the matron's half-complacent bulge, her modest hem,  
the teacups, cakes, the hosts, the toasts,  
the watch being watched, the ticking tock,  
the creak of reed-dry stick-bone joints  
the marginless horizon's narrowing arc

I'll not accept.

No!

Tonight I'll dance you Salomé's best dance,  
I'll ask for John the Baptist's head, or yours,  
and you will gladly give.

Play now!

did you break a string? then play on three  
nor struggle with the tuning pegs  
I haven't time

but wail a dervish madness while  
my long hair flails the frozen world  
light shock rock rifts iii-oorrr iii-oorrr  
a spinning mad Petrouchka whirl  
tut-tut-tut-tut-tut-tam-tam-de-tam

polyrhythmic african  
beat passion's perspiration out  
beaded sweat salt I'll lick your lips  
the taste of memories  
before the fall  
so play!  
Tonight I'll dance.

*Paul Schreiber*  
*Stockholm, Sweden*

## BRINEFLIGHT

Gull's glide along the convex of a bubble  
that rides a rage of sea,  
above which a gull flies.  
A hundred bubbles with a gull for each.  
A hundred gulls above,  
thus a hundred per bubble.  
Wingéd sea of circuitous encirclement,  
sky's swerve of fin and gill,  
sun's plumage of radiance.  
—Drowned in with the drift and drifts.

*Jeff Graham*  
*Walnut Creek, California*

## IN PRAISE OF BLUE

Far blue of the Pacific.

Indolent morning glory  
looping a whitewashed fence.

Crater Lake opening its eye  
to the sky.

A fountain in the desert. Stars,  
slipping out of darkness. Turquoise

in a dead woman's necklace. The weight  
of water urging tides. The song

in my head that spins me to morning.  
The blue of the shirt that still smells of you.

*Ruth Bavetta  
San Clemente, California*

## **THE 1970s**

They began with the Beatles ending, and if you wanted to make a map, you needed two colors for Germany. Back then I found my first fossil and I thought about mastering the trumpet. The Japanese sea lion went extinct while I was learning to multiply. I broke an arm. I started a coin collection. Despite my nourishment, only a handful of breakfasts have lasted all these years. Nevertheless, just as girls began to matter, they ended with a Soviet invasion.

*Charles Rafferty  
Sandy Hook, Connecticut*

## **I LIKE TO THINK OF MYSELF AS HAVING GOALS**

Someday, when I'm better, I'll dog paddle across the English Channel, I'll catalogue the spiders that have chosen to live inside with us. Until then, I'll keep stirring this broth counterclockwise, like the bats do the air above our yard where someone has all but drained the sky, as if its light were vodka.

*Charles Rafferty  
Sandy Hook, Connecticut*

## PURSES

Crocodile, ostrich, suckling calf — so many animals turn into purses. It is pointless to resist. After all the moon doesn't need a key to come inside, and I used to know a girl with bars across her windows. We have to make do. Some purses are built to fit a dictionary, while others can't accommodate Altoids. We carry the dead that carry what we need, and the snap that holds it all is golden.

*Charles Rafferty  
Sandy Hook, Connecticut*

## **EAST RIDGE, ASCOT HILLS**

already there  
on the sunlit path  
angular  
with cartoonish toes  
looming larger than life  
a sinuous puzzle  
of late Triassic origin  
unfolds  
up there after me  
a squirrel  
in the black mustard.

*Gregory Cecil  
Huntington Park, California*

## MAIS OÙ SONT LES NEIGES D'ANTAN?

In Spinoza's view, you might assume,  
the snow longs to persevere in its  
own being – yearning forward with  
its *conatus*, vehement. But no:

like Parmenides, his ancient clone,  
Baruch says any change you might notice  
merely *appears* to be. I.e., that it's –  
with a conceptual stretch – still H<sub>2</sub>O.  
The heaped-up alpine peaks, their rich affluents.

But how could water wish to fade into mist?

*Rick Anthony Furtak*  
*Denver, Colorado*

## TUMULT

eyes blink open  
to a night not budging. Commotion in the air.  
The illumination bordering the venetian blinds  
within their window frames,  
like the margins moating  
book text, tinged orange, pinkish. Pale as if  
a dome of dimmed bulbs might be  
backlighting the sky.  
Each downward slat,  
not squeezed shut, a hardened magma  
of the boiling, incoherent paragraphs  
rushed to sustain  
a molten dialogue.  
And between them, thin white spaces.  
He rolls left,  
further distancing the other body.  
Turns the page. Still the covers pin him  
to his thoughts.  
Rasping metal scouring  
the stubborn ground.  
Those would be the plows  
grinding to keep up.  
Stealthy snowfall strangling the streets.  
Things heard always spill into  
something else.

*Lauro Palomba  
Barrie, Ontario*

## SNOW

Passel of squirrels in the dry yard  
tearing shit up, upending the planter

we scored on the corner  
and slotting acorns into the zinnias,

seed-clods littering the porch, shock of a tail,  
nut-eyes. These vermin seem so human, destroying

and fleeing and returning to destroy again,  
like the serial murderer in the British mystery

we stumble into each night, saying to ourselves,  
*sleep would be a wiser choice*—but so wanting

an hour to escape to Zermatt,  
where the killer's cigarette crackles in the snow.

Hills, roadways, everything white.  
As it happens at bedtime our California-raised son

remarked, *we need to go somewhere it snows*  
and because I often think he's a prophet

I paused, like maybe he'd solved the conundrum  
of this tinder place—we should move where it snows!

But then he followed with  
*I'd like to have a really big snowball fight*

and then I could see it too: effervescent white pine  
and the twined packages beneath, and from the window

two children in a fortress, breath gray,  
flinging and flinging to defend their keep.

*Susie Meserve  
Albany, California*

## LIST

What a strange location for boundless desire,  
here on Acton Street. Prune

the apricot. Bring the grapes back  
to rootstock. Mow. Organize the shed.

End the daydream—

I have all the money in the world and the bees

are not dying. You notice my tasks  
and shuffle your papers stashed under the desk:

a summons, a will, a love letter, a photograph  
of you as a child that looks just like

our youngest. If I rearrange the sippy-cups  
will I find myself in my old apartment at 184 Main,

those long single years of making myself puke  
and running, and running, and running,

where every night I tidied to obsession,  
woke up and started again? I didn't know you then.

Didn't know I'd meet a man

who keeps an unruly beard with hints of ginger

while our long-haired boys wrestle in the hallway.

The Legos scatter like seed. School is out so many days.

The 7:00 p.m. Amtrak bleats like a foghorn  
in the distance, putting me in mind of the sea.

*Susie Meserve  
Albany, California*

## HIKING IN TILDEN PARK ON THE LAST DAY OF SUMMER

Too quiet for a hawk.  
Just the faintest rustle overhead,  
  
swift brown cleft through the trees  
slicing the sky in two. My family  
  
right beneath it. And I thought of the night  
my classmate was beheaded,  
  
when two barred owls summoned each other  
in the dark, shook me  
  
from my bed in the New Hampshire woods  
with their back-and-forth, their eerie want,  
  
from a dream that I was the executioner  
wearing the black hood. *Jim*,  
  
I gasped. And silence.  
Today in the daylight, California, Jim dead  
  
four years and a single brown-and-white feather  
in the path for the boy starting school  
  
to pick up. He finds the tiny knives up its side,  
smothering the noise to keep it secret.

*Susie Meserve  
Albany, California*

## HOPLAND OVERHEAD

*Mendocino County, California, 2022*

Even the air is gorgeous. The road curls  
through Jackson Demonstration State Forest,  
flash of an eagle here, acorn wheeling there.  
Flash of a tree opened like a seam,  
the axed red slit, the white cross lurking  
in the undergrowth. Route so tortuous I can easily  
see the tragedy: the redwoods' shadows  
a distracting gift until the grill splits a trunk.  
*Adios to California*, John Hiatt croons on the stereo—

Me, I just doubled down on this state.  
Pulled out of the Bay and made north.  
Hopland, Willits, eventually, Fort Bragg,  
where the ocean seems to portend the universe.  
Here by Pudding Creek will I find  
what I'm looking for? Because mostly it comes  
looking for me, desire. I'm so good at pushing  
this car forward. Not so good at watching trees pass.

*Susie Meserve  
Albany, California*

**HOMEWARD OVER SONORA PASS, AUGUST 2020,  
LISTENING TO A PODCAST ABOUT THE PAINTER  
EGON SCHIELE, WHO DIED OF SPANISH FLU**

Each turn is more breathtaking, each clip  
about some casualty of 1918:

Wilson's sanity in negotiating the Treaty of Versailles,  
Gandhi's peace, Schiele's mentor, wife, and unborn child

while the fluid was already accumulating in his own lungs.

The brakes smoke. The baby complains. We swing  
into a pullout to pee and gaze up at a spire.  
The undercarriage hisses when you slosh it with water.  
Two days across Colorado, Utah, and Nevada,

nursing the argument with your sister.

Thank God for relics,

I think, as we take the wheel to what's left of the pass,  
like carving an orange down to the pith. He watched  
the breath evaporate from his wife's body,  
his child dying inside, and began to sketch.

*Susie Meserve  
Albany, California*

## PIETER BRUEGHEL THE ELDER'S *FALL OF ICARUS*

“...the ploughman may  
Have heard the splash, the forsaken cry,  
But for him it was not an important failure...”  
W.H. Auden, “Musée des Beaux Arts”

The shepherd hearing the story—  
a father gifts his son wax wings  
to flee the country—  
searches the sky to see the calamity.  
A shooting star, Icarus,  
blazes headlong into a murky green sea.  
The farmer keeping his head down,  
one hand on the plow,  
must till his small plot of land  
before planting season's end.  
Because a hard breeze bullies his boat,  
the skipper never sees Icarus's  
chalky legs kicking as he drowns.  
On the bank, a fisherman  
tries catching supper for his family.  
He might buy scraps at a market in town.  
Blame not these men  
bearing a working man's burden.  
The shepherd is the worst of humanity:  
he forgets his flock to witness a catastrophe.

*Kevin McDaniel  
Pulaski, Virginia*

## WINDOW MAGIC

A doe stretches  
to reach the topmost  
leaves as she strips  
the Mock Orange bush,  
nose wet as a dew  
dipped blackberry.  
She does not know  
I lean into the kitchen sink,  
crane to catch  
every movement.  
I won't knock  
on the window,  
even though  
this fragrant shrub  
she grazes is my favorite.  
Tonight,  
I'll let stars wash me clean,  
dream of deer,  
how such gazing  
blossoms into happiness.

*Dianna MacKinnon Henning  
Janesville, California*

## INCHANTING

take the smoke  
from my garb  
glisten  
between moons half fulfilled  
gift me a breath  
a humming  
a plaiting  
and  
holy cadences  
of string  
self-devouring

you taste  
yourself  
a pleasure expected  
empty  
of wafts and  
removed  
from rivers

tell me  
how many crystals do you count  
under my skin

how many skeins of tones  
rest between  
wood  
and  
frenzy  
and  
fog

*Rhea Krčmářová  
Vienna, Austria*

## ANAMNESIS

This *anamnesis* is killing me, you say,  
into the wind. The wind blown  
by the wind, like a blast  
of cold through our ears, like a cloud  
of cloud in our heads.

What's most vulnerable about this space  
is its collapsibility, how we occupy  
so many previous lives, as if  
the known were always unknown,  
as if our iPhone's memories  
can return history. *Butterfly—  
Swimming—Remember,*  
I say to the chatbot, which I've asked  
to sound like you, though it doesn't really  
sound like you, but an awful lot like me,  
because I'm the one inputting the data  
remembering what neither of us  
can remember. If we're not *geo-coding*,  
we're *lingo-minding* our place  
in history, with multiple accounts  
of our vast existences, charging us to *feel*,  
at least, like we're making our way  
through the automatons of the past  
via language. A river winds  
through the landscape of our minds,  
promising forgetfulness –  
a gift for (or from? we can't tell which)  
the after-world... but we don't want to talk about  
the after-world, or about  
how dark the waters below us,  
or how my fingers are forever trying  
to run through your hair  
into new memories.

*Anthony Caleshu  
Plymouth, England*

## ΤΟ ΑΙΩΝΙΟ ΜΑΤΙ ΤΗΣ ΣΙΩΠΗΣ

Στάθηκα και ρώτησα, γιατί αυτό και γιατί τ' άλλο;  
μέσα στις πόρνης ιστορίας το άπλωμα.  
—Το είπα το ερώτημα σε ανθρώπους,  
—στο βουνό που αγκαλιάζει τη δύσκολη ώρα την ψυχή,  
—στη θάλασσα που γίνεται αδίσταχτη,  
—στην προσευχή που εισακούεται,  
—στη μάνα γη που τα πάντα φιλοξενεί...  
Απάντηση δεν πήρα, παρά ένα χαμόγελο από  
πηγαδιού το ασάλευτο νερό,  
που το καταμεσήμερο,  
γύρω στις δώδεκα καθρεπτιζόταν ο Ήλιος.  
Μίλησε το είδωλο της εικόνας του,  
που έξω δεν μπορείς να την κοιτάξεις  
«... και μέσα στο πηγάδι, που με βλέπεις, συνεχίζω να παρακολουθώ  
τα πάντα!»  
τούτα τα λόγια έλεγε ο βουβός αντίλαλος των ματιών μου.

*Γεράσιμος Σωτ. Γαλανός  
Ληξούρι, Κεφαλονιά, Ελλάδα*

## THE EYE

I stood asking why this why that nature, that  
perpetual whorish History distracting  
—the immediate without answering.  
—I questioned peoples' mountainous embraces  
—in difficult times, the ruthless seas. I didn't  
—get an answer. Once I smiled  
—at the still well water  
where the sun reflected  
the idol of his image unable to  
confront I heard  
*inside the well, where you see me, I keep watching  
everything.* A mute echo of the eye.

*Gerasimos Sot. Galanos*  
*Translated by Sophie Kagadis*  
*Giannakis and Nicholas*  
*Skaldetvind*  
*Metaxata, Kefalonia*

## PROMESA AÉREA

No vengán a hablarme del manto lírico  
de lo viejitas que están las galaxias  
de los achaques y caprichos de Dios.  
Repetirme lo azulado y armónico del cielo.  
Flauteo, coro de ángeles, lo bien que uno reposa  
entre las nubes.  
Qué es eso de compararlas con algodonaes  
de andar cursileando por ahí que son los féretros del cielo.  
Las nubes me parecen vacas gordas plastas secas.  
Qué disparate equiparar los granizos a diamantes.  
Que asociaciones más desatinadas hilvanan los poetas.  
Qué desconcierto hablarme de las nubes  
como rumiantes preñadas por el pastor del cielo.

*Eliécer Almaguer*  
*Cypress, California*

## AN AIRY PROMISE

Don't talk to me about the poetic mantle  
about the age of the galaxies  
the aches and pains of a capricious God.  
Don't go on about the blue harmonies of heaven.  
Flute playing, angels' choirs, how well one rests  
among the clouds.  
And what is this comparison with cotton fields  
spouting some nonsense they are felt puffs in the sky.  
Clouds seem to me like fat cows, a plain nuisance.  
And how crazy to compare hail to diamonds.  
These are out-of-tune associations fabricated by poets.  
How disconcerting to speak of clouds  
as ruminants impregnated by a heavenly shepherd.

*Translated by Margaret Saine  
Irvine, California*

## **EIGENTLICH SOLLTE MAN**

Eigentlich sollte man  
keine Gedichte mehr schreiben  
nicht über Vergangenes  
noch über die Zukunft nachdenken  
falls noch eine da sein sollte

Eigentlich sollte man  
einfach nur gehen  
unter den Wolken  
der Sonne entgegen  
bei strömendem Regen

Was ist schon ein Tropfen  
gegen deine Gedankenketten  
die sich nicht mehr  
bändigen lassen

Eigentlich sollte man  
angesichts aller Umstände  
keine weiteren Umstände machen

Und beim Gehen nur gehen  
und Gedichte allen anderen  
zum Zeitvertreib überlassen.

*Karl Greisinger  
Augsburg, Germany*

## ACTUALLY ONE SHOULDN'T

Actually one shouldn't  
write any more poems  
nor think about the past  
or about the future  
if there is going to be one

Actually one should  
just walk  
under the clouds  
towards the sun  
in a downpour

What is a drop of rain  
against your shreds of thought  
that can no longer  
be controlled

Actually one should  
considering all circumstances  
not bother with making an effort

And only walk when walking  
and leave the poems to all the others  
to pass their time.

*Translated by Margaret Saine  
Irvine, California*

## EVENING TREE

Steel, olive,  
the almost yellow,  
these shades of green

when struck by  
dim of light  
become one green

of evening tree.  
Dusk and past dusk,  
alder, tulip, maple

lose themselves,  
passing through  
blue into each

a deeper gray.  
To then become  
slender hues

of silhouette,  
each reaching thickly  
into night.

*Edward Garvey  
Chapel Hill, North Carolina*

## 57 THE FOX GOD'S SHRINE

writing by tea-light  
beside the fox god's shrine a little bird bends in the air - an odor  
drowsy and thick  
I put down a pot of honey, it is night on the table  
(I knew a clean man but he was not for me)

\*\*\*

put your ear down close to your soul and listen hard  
you will greet yourself arriving at your own door  
I said I hate long-distance drives, but I love them  
I had a feeling I was the last let into the kingdom of their distance

- 1 Nina Cassian
- 2 Takako Arai, Kenneth Rexroth
- 3 Laura Vazquez
- 4 Lorine Niedecker
- 5 Anne Sexton
- 6 Derek Walcott
- 7 William Matthews
- 8 Taylor Johnson

*Jim Ellis*  
*Auburn, New York*

## LOST IN STOCKHOLM

The spaces push back, streets  
angle off hubs the locals  
call *plan, Karlaplan, Odenplan,*  
*Fridhemsplan,* streets  
like light split by prisms  
into pathways seen by some  
but dark or hidden to the colorblind.

Yet space is the easy part,  
static, stable, caught on maps;  
in speech, lost vowels lose  
sense, and asking direction  
seems worse than crime  
while straight answers wait  
behind thick, opaque quiet.

*Thomas Lavelle*  
*Stockholm, Sweden*

## ANY WONDER

She wore James Bond's favorite perfume,  
bras only to work, clear polish  
on fingernails trimmed short.

Any wonder then that conversations lingered longer  
and accidental brushes of clothing or skin  
grew more frequent, lasted an instant more.

In time, they kissed in her kitchen; pulses  
stilled doubt, became hurricanes  
of flesh and brain to savor or anticipate.

Then she said "no more", and landscapes  
of bodies flattened to maps, and his memory alone  
charts silk roads to those textures and smells.

*Thomas Lavelle  
Stockholm, Sweden*

## THE MUSE

turned into a 17-year-old boy  
and left to play basketball.

*Craig Cotter  
Pasadena, California*

## NIGHT HOOPS

Woke in the night from a dream  
playing basketball. My heart raced  
from dreamed exertion and elation,  
for waking slow I realized  
it was a dream and I had won  
though there were no teams,  
uniforms or score board, just me  
versus two other guys. We might  
have counted baskets in our heads  
or simply felt the lead, felt ascendant.  
The backboard and hoop were regulation,  
but we had no ball and shot instead  
a piece of candy, size of an office  
eraser, but square. Even in dreams  
candy won't bounce true, so we dribbled  
by moving our wrists as if the ball bounced  
and followed all the rules for steps,  
carries, pivot feet, including  
double dribble, so if my wrist stopped  
I had to shoot. They of course  
could pass; still I made steals,  
grabbed loose balls and took rebounds,  
imposing my body between rim  
and man as I'd learned then forgotten  
all those years ago.

*Thomas Lavelle  
Stockholm, Sweden*

## SATURN'S CHILDREN (AFTER GOYA)

I warned the kids: your father's gonna turn.  
He thinks you'll do the same, and he should know  
because he taught you by example: loyalty  
is for the losers. Why should family  
be any guarantee against betrayal?  
He said he'd date his daughter. What was that  
but proof that he was ravenous for meat?  
Eat or be eaten's all the bastard knows.  
You see it in those fearful pools of eyes,  
the panicked brow: I'd better wolf them down  
before they try and take a bite of me.  
Whoever flesh he's squeezing in his mitts  
(I think I know that ass, though I'm not sure)  
looks like they just gave in, or trusted him:  
"It's you and me together, Dad." Yeah, sure.  
You've lost your head, your arm, and one more chomp  
and goodbye to your Rolex. Jupiter,  
Neptune and Pluto, they were smart enough  
to cut a deal and help us build the case  
against the shaggy titan, their old man,  
who thought himself eternal. Now he's out,  
excluded from the pantheon, reduced  
to cameos in New Year's Eve cartoons,  
chased out by babies. But you mark my words.  
What he can't eat he litigates to death.  
Year in, year out. You're never rid of him.

*Cary Barney  
Madrid, Spain*

## **BROKEN BIRD (C. 1988)**

The silent beak opens and opens,  
reaching for words to deny this grounding.  
The jutting elbow shakes  
but cannot lift its feathers, cannot lift.  
Can such simple black eyes know  
the sky is gone from them now  
and the ground forever still?  
The others did not wait,  
They've flown beyond the last  
of all denuded trees.  
The broken bird can only fly  
to where the frozen earth  
has met his dying brown breast,  
a margin to be crossed,  
the closest and farthest horizon.

*Cary Barney  
Madrid, Spain*

## **BROKEN BIRD II (2023)**

All birds crash to the ground,  
no longer poems in flight,  
but what were the chances  
this one would drop from a tree  
at the moment someone (me)  
was passing who once wrote  
a poem about a broken bird?

Here lay the bird, on its back,  
its feet clawing for sky, its beak  
gaping and gaping in mute agony  
like the beak of my imaginary bird.  
Had my long-ago words  
summoned it to die at my feet?  
Was there a providence in its fall?

It silently cried of hopelessness  
but just its own, I assured myself,  
not mine, not yet, not the world's.  
I stomped it out of its misery  
and covered it with leaves.  
The other birds kept singing  
and I kept walking.

*Cary Barney  
Madrid, Spain*

## TÊTE À TÊTE

In a dream, my godmother explains,  
she knows a woman's vintage  
by the way she styles her hair.  
Each age expects us to subdue  
ourselves in a particular way  
and we comply — sculpted pin curls,  
confections made possible by hairspray,  
sleek pelts blown dry after a shower.  
Now young women take care  
to look careless, make it seem  
loveliness requires nothing more  
than a toss of the head. As she tells  
me this, she pats her own hair, auburn  
as it was when she was young.

When I open my eyes, grief grabs me.  
We didn't have this kind of *tete a tete*  
when she was living. Now I want  
to know everything—how she combed  
her hair before she met my uncle,  
how she used bobby pins to hold  
their home together, how she changed  
her style when he was gone. All this  
unfolded while I wasn't paying attention.  
Only now do I wish I had her notes  
about what's next for me and the man  
who shows up with coffee at bed's edge,  
asking gently, "Are you awake?"  
Wiping regret from my eyes, I murmur  
*Yes. I'll be with you. After I brush my hair.*

*Carolyn Jabs  
Santa Barbara, California*

## JANUARY

junk swirls beneath the bridge  
an encampment made of sand  
spring comes whenever one wishes  
the mountains just don't disappear

Christy is clean in the  
silver mists and moonlight fields  
along the riverbed sits a treehouse abandoned  
resistance needs a permanent lookout

a shopkeeper said it snowed in March  
last year and anytime soon  
the river could return

behind the hearsay of a city  
the wild  
slither stalk and root

*Mathias Toivonen  
Kista, Sweden*

## ARCTIC CIRCLE 1

hullfrost, salt-shadow,  
skuas huddled on melt-  
ing caps of solid sea. scentless,  
the air breaks my skin.  
the ocean pounds against  
a basalt coast layered with epochs  
of ice. the sun swings  
a flaming disk between wave  
and soundless sea.

*John James  
Louisville, Kentucky*

## ARCTIC CIRCLE 2

then thaw. a bright blur  
in fog. harp seals moving  
off a malachite shelf, visible  
only as lacunae pinched  
on a slate-gray smear. rust  
along the railing  
resolves to dull orange.  
I will not shoot the albatross.

*John James*  
*Louisville, Kentucky*

### ARCTIC CIRCLE 3

no harbor. the physicality  
of the cold assaults  
the entirety of my body, its stature  
low against the mist, water  
evaporating, water cleaved  
to the glacier's face, its mass  
fragmenting, a sunk prop  
before the cabin door.  
it regulates the mind, the loose  
bergs. it shows where an island is.

*John James  
Louisville, Kentucky*

## SPRING

How many years  
have you set a poem  
a gate to spring

quietly somewhere  
within my life hidden  
like the gate of spring

which swings so quick,  
so true. This world,  
this vow of color

does swing quickly  
into bloom – one day not,  
the next day, yes.

Brilliant white petals  
on a stilled pond.  
Truth holds

its gate open,  
winter's fence  
overwhelmed in green.

*Edward Garvey*  
*Chapel Hill, North Carolina*

## WATCHING THE GARDEN EMBRACE LIGHT

I wish the day  
would somehow cease  
in its flow of grief from  
family to family

I wish that there  
were a kabbalah of  
object placements  
on my kitchen table  
that would cause  
the killing to stop

So I move the  
salt closer to the  
honey

And study the  
proximity  
of the knife  
to the loaf of  
Odessa Rye  
Bread

*Beau Beausoleil*  
*San Francisco, California*

## A MOVEMENT

Stop everything and wait.  
You're almost there.  
Agony is wherever. Agony  
is not like anything.  
Not thunder eating  
the sleep of mice.  
Not quite heavy snow falling  
on a burning house.

*Adam Day*  
*Louisville, Kentucky*

## NIGHT

The stars  
are in the ground  
with my grandmother,  
peering up  
the skirts of storms.

*Adam Day*  
*Louisville, Kentucky*

## ISOLATION SONGS

Head stuffed with rubber and methyl violet  
I was pulling my suitcase the long way home  
I was dirtying my antique hem with nothing  
Less than death. See excessive algal bloom  
For biome out of whack. Nevertheless, let  
Us film us before we collapse, the monad  
No longer self-enclosed but windows open  
With Orpheus roaring sun's galactic blast.  
Bright blue heads of birds dangle from his  
Ears. The corner violinist wanders into traffic.

\*\*\*

As cloud-mind dominates matter, slender  
Lies slip through lips to quiver at arrow's  
Tip, edge of self blurred against insistent  
Crispness. When I let my body go I haptic  
Gash, ruminating flood until sunset appears  
Inside the sun. Then two ash boxes lower  
To the sea, the sky sparrow-brown, desert  
Myrrh against leather, feather, moss I lost  
A locket but not your visage clipped from  
A magazine. And tender flows for days.

\*\*\*

Glass oracle and white squall language  
The ocean at her desk as Anna Karenina  
Touches to her cheek a paper knife. I look  
Up from my book and you pass on. Enter  
The recorded bugle, the ceremonial flag  
Ceremonially folded. The beauty alcoves  
Lend to thought is not mere clever device.  
We disembark to transformed law, dried  
Estuary over which several suns extinguish  
Themselves in evermore rapid succession.

\*\*\*

The orator, asked to unwind a thread dry,  
Taut, proceeds in found vocabulary: *sdvig*  
*Faktura, bespredmetnost*. As Tyrian purple  
Brightened by weathering and light evades  
Destruction of psychic space, a plover's tail  
Slides between the legs of an upside-down  
Lover, anklets and wristlets of delicate red  
Tufts. Freon's icy brightness follows rotted  
Fruit. The beauty of the alcove convulses  
The lark to a prized shade of clotted blood.

\*\*\*

I was studying the sky. I was sublating my right  
To exist. I was slipping into the translucent  
Marine economy of an instant even as the clock  
Burnishing its bare hour holds close its glass.  
Lest condensation obstruct mechanism's view.  
There are no longer singular states of affairs  
But corporeal events rising to the surface.  
The tree greens, the rocks quake in the garden.  
I am turning away from marigold's matrix  
Mother to the magna mater, Roman Cybele.

\*\*\*

Eyelashes of mink and sable, only bodies  
Exist in space, only the present exists in  
Time but if you say *gold ingot* a gold ingot  
Passes through your lips. I was studying  
The actress's immaculate stillness when  
Cosmic fabric rippled with your passing.  
An icy brightness follows the rotted sweet  
Tree's refusal to leaf out. The actress moves  
Off-stage. Let us commit the golden child  
To palm-sized statuettes given back to earth.

*Karla Kelsey*  
*Hastings on Hudson, New York*

## A SUMMER DAY DISLOGIC

It is hard to know how hard  
the reinforced roof will resist  
the rain the flowers brought

an incoherent hue upon  
the house first the florist  
out front drawing up a plan

of plants native and unalien  
like sky or years or bicycles  
the child in the plastic pool

watches pedal by while sad  
and stubborn strangers stroll  
or coast along the lake

like storefronts shutting  
down at dusk a thought  
one can't put a finger on

or in the far away  
they want the present not  
to be as indecipherable

as dashlights a backseat  
fondling overtakes  
the feeling two friends

for years will correspond  
about and question how  
if it wasn't for them

then why was the future  
free of the innumerable  
noise night rationalizes

dusk around  
town towels thrown  
like shoregrass

in a breeze brought on  
by the gas air associates  
with in a sky smeared

clear of its clarity  
it has just or is about  
to rain a day away

from the others  
it gets its form from  
the abruptly gone and how

they scramble  
the young ones  
to unimagine

that understanding gained

*Brandon Rushton*  
*Clio, Michigan*

## FROM MOTION STUDIES (VOL. I, FOUR PARTS)

### I.

The arrogance of beginning borne away  
by having just begun the state of seeing  
some becoming into view the place  
was packed in retrospect she'd said  
she'd thought to say something of  
the movement that sort of public made  
explicit gesture toward the shop the awning  
gathered under an impression things  
were going good were well what more  
wanting could there be upon the cusp  
of some hypothesis pursuing other means

### II.

The remarkable littleness in late  
season slowing down the room  
they decided to dine in growing  
dark she says it stretches on  
the sureness this certainty is not  
the tablecloth reserved the stain  
the doorway lingered in small cars  
the streets the sidewalks passed  
were quiet then like toward the far  
side of some moment looking back  
the night was lantern lit they moved  
through it it moved through them  
what about it could be said she said  
the light from the lamps came in

### III.

They put paint on things because  
they pictured color could confound  
the group gathering makes a larger  
group gather round chronologies  
form from imagining recursive  
trends prevent motion in the manner  
she believes beauty groups together  
in groups that turn from great paintings  
unimpressed it's possible somewhere  
along the spindles of the staircase  
going down she came to conclude  
the conclusion was occult what else  
could explain the applause those thieves  
making off a long way with a forgery

### IV.

There is no paradise outside the present  
indicative of the paradise inside it  
though that was the point the manuscript  
made sure to state in its derangement  
the whole is only the confusion of  
the whole collected nor is it the self  
that time will take away what would  
be longed for she was sure was this  
cross-legged sitting on the dock the dog  
kissed days away from here it will be  
remembered it rained responsibly  
her only responsibility to begin

*Brandon Rushton*  
*Clio, Michigan*

## SUDDENLY

street light  
can do things  
other light can't

all that was to be  
was what it was

clownish light  
nothing more

then suddenly  
you find yourself  
in something's  
abject glory

a trill of color  
on dirty winter ice

street light  
can do what  
other light can't

to wander  
the soft dark  
outside the  
circle of light

ragged circle  
from the street light

it was always  
this way here

darkness  
like expression  
of doubt  
spills over

the way excess  
thought leads  
to starlings

a geometry  
taking wing

*Peter Gizzi*  
*Holyoke, Massachusetts*



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### CSPS CONTEST OPPORTUNITIES

The California State Poetry Society offers monthly and annual poetry contests. Members of the CSPS are also eligible to participate in all poetry contests of the National Federation of State Poetry Societies. See our website, [CaliforniaStatePoetrySociety.org](http://CaliforniaStatePoetrySociety.org), and blog, [CaliforniaStatePoetrySociety.com](http://CaliforniaStatePoetrySociety.com).

### THE CSPS MONTHLY CONTESTS

This contest is open to all poets, whether or not they are members of the CSPS. Reading fees are \$1.50 per poem with a \$3.00 minimum for members and \$3.00 per poem with a \$6.00 minimum for nonmembers. Entries must be postmarked during the month of the contest in which they are entered. They must consist of a cover page with all contact information (name, address, telephone number and email address) as well as the month and THEME on cover page, and the titles of the poems being submitted. Also, please, put all identifying information on each poem!

At this time *we are accepting previously published poems* for our Monthly Contest. Please note the publication where it first appeared on any such poem. There are two ways to submit, by regular mail (enclosing check) or email (using Paypal):

CSPS Monthly Contest – (Specify Contest Month)  
Post Office Box 4288, Sunland, California 91041

**Or** submit by email to: [CSPSMonthlyContests@gmail.com](mailto:CSPSMonthlyContests@gmail.com) (specify the month), and pay your fees by Paypal to the following account: [CaliforniaStatePoetrySociety@gmail.com](mailto:CaliforniaStatePoetrySociety@gmail.com).

All contests are judged by qualified senior poets. The 1<sup>st</sup> prize winner receives half of the prize pool for pools less than \$100. For pools of \$100 or more, the 1<sup>st</sup>, 2<sup>nd</sup> and 3<sup>rd</sup> prize winners receive \$50, \$10 and \$5, respectively. There are no exceptions to the prize disbursement rules. The monthly contest winners are announced as they are awarded. All of the winners for the year are listed in the first *Newsbriefs* of the following year; poems appear in the *Poetry Letter*.

Please note: Do not send SAE's. We do not return poems. If you win, we will let you know. Otherwise there are no notifications.

### **CSPS Monthly Contest Themes**

- January: Nature, Landscape
- February: Love
- March: Open, Free Subject
- April: Mythology, Dreams, Other Universes
- May: Personification, Characters, Portraits
- June: The Supernatural
- July: Childhood, Memoirs
- August: Places, Poems of Location
- September: Colors, Music, Dance
- October: Humor, Satire
- November: Family, Friendship, Relationships
- December: Back Down to Earth (Time, Seasons)

## THE CSPS ANNUAL CONTEST

This contest is open to all poets, whether or not they are members of the CSPS. Poems must be uploaded to our website or postmarked from March 15 through **June 30th**. Reading fees for all entries, domestic or international, are \$3.00 per poem for members and \$6.00 per poem for nonmembers. There is an 80-line (two page) limit for each poem. Winning entries are announced on our website, blog, and in the CSPS *Newsbriefs*, and published in the fourth issue of the CQ in a given year. Poets winning 1<sup>st</sup>, 2<sup>nd</sup> and 3<sup>rd</sup> prizes receive \$100, \$50 and \$25, respectively. Six Honorable Mentions may also be awarded.

The Contest Judge for 2023 is Polish-British bilingual poet **Anna Maria Mickiewicz**, also a writer, editor, translator, and publisher. She is the founder of the publishing house Literary Waves that published many volumes of poetry in English and Polish. Born and raised in Poland, Anna moved to California and then to London, where she has lived for many years. She is a member of the English Pen. Her poetry appeared in the United States, UK, Australia, Canada, Poland, Mexico, Italy, Bulgaria, Hungary, Salvador, & India. She was honored with the Gloria Artis medal for Merit to Culture by the Polish Ministry of Culture, the Cross of Freedom and Solidarity, and The Joseph Conrad Literary Prize (USA). She is a member of the Jury of the K M Anthru International Literature Prize in India and the Chapter of Madal for PoEzja Londyn.

Award-winning poets are published in the fourth issue of the *California Quarterly* in the contest year. The Honorable Mention poems and other submissions are forwarded to the CQ and the *Poetry Letter* editors for possible inclusion in the subsequent issues. Contest results are posted on our website. If submitting by mail, send a cover letter with all poet information and a list of submitted poems, one copy of each poem with no poet identification, plus an email or SASE for contest results (*only for those poets who do not have an email address*), to:

**CSPS President & Contest Chair**  
**P.O. Box 4288, Sunland, California 91041-4288**  
**CaliforniaStatePoetrySociety@gmail.com**



# California State Poetry Society

Post Office Box 4288, Sunland, California 91041-4288

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## NEWSBRIEFS 2023, NO. 3, AUTUMN 2023

We are eagerly awaiting the results of the **2023 Annual Contest** from the contest judge **Anna Maria Mickiewicz**. She will be selecting the best poems from the batch of anonymous submissions forwarded to her without any identifying information. The three prize-winners will then be published in the last *CQ* of 2023 while the Honorary Mentions will be considered for publication.

The *Poetry Letter* obtained its ISSN: Online ISSN 2836-9394; Print ISSN 2836-9408. It is distributed in PDF format and posted on the website and the blog. The second issue of 2023 featured the list of monthly contest winners for 2022 and all poems, illustrated with colorful abstract paintings by Janusz Maszkiewicz, the founder of Vienna Woods Gallery, a proficient craftsman, sculptor, painter, and a member of Krakart Group of Polish American artists that exhibit their works together in the U.S. and Poland. Michael Escoubas's review of *Desert Flow* (artwork by Adrián Caldera and poetry by Charlotte Hart) was illustrated with Caldera's digital art. He also reviewed *Hayley and the Hot Flashes* by Jayne Jaudon Ferrer and *Crystal Fire: Poems of Joy and Wisdom*, edited by yours truly, with artwork by Ambika Talwar (14 paintings) and 144 poems by Elżbieta Czajkowska, Joe DeCenzo, Mary Elliott, Jeff Graham, Marlene Hitt, Frederick Livingston, Alice Pero, Allegra Silberstein, Jane Stuart, Ambika Talwar, Bory Thach, & the editor. All poets are CSPS members and several serve on the Board. The final review in the *Poetry Letter* No. 2 was of Joel Savishinsky's *Our Aching Bones, Our Breaking Hearts: Poems on Aging* by Nina Miller. Due to the editor's error, William Scott Galasso's review of *Distance* by Mariko Kitakubo and Deborah P. Kolodji, was omitted from this issue. The poets will have to wait for the *Poetry Letter* No. 3. Apologies.

The two issues of the *California Quarterly's* vol. 49, No. 1 (by Konrad Tademar Wilk) and No. 2 (by Maja Trochimczyk) continued to receive favorable comments from readers, praising the beautiful flow of poems in each issue and the artworks on their covers. During the CSPS Board Meeting on 22 April 2023, **Nicholas Skaldetvind** was confirmed as guest editor of the *CQ*. Skaldetvind holds a B.A.

from St. Louis University in Madrid, Spain and M.A. from Stockholm University in Sweden. He is a double citizen of Italy and the U.S., fluent in English, Spanish, & Danish. He also speaks/reads Swedish, Portuguese, Italian and French... and he edited the *CQ* during his residency in Greece. At the same time, we said farewell to **William Scott Galasso** who edited *CQ* vol. 47, no. 4, but had too many other poetry obligations, in the haiku world and publishing his own books to continue his work as a *CQ* Editor and member of the CSPPS Board. He will be missed and we wish him success in all his projects.

. The Treasurer Report for **22 April 2023 Board Meeting** listed the starting balance of \$8,649.44 and 2023 YTD Balance of \$10,324.32. The Treasurer noted that this was the best financial status of the organization in at least twenty years (since then, we spent funds on printing/mailing of the *CQ*, our largest expense). The online presence of the CSPPS also continued to grow, with the blog having had overall 58,822 visitors by April 2023, and featuring 14 posts in 12 months. As expected, most of the readers last year came from the U.S. (6,360); they were joined by poetry lovers from Russia (763); the Netherlands (721); Belgium (443), Canada (424); the U.K. (343), Germany (301); and South Korea (249). It is amusing to see the strange statistics that machines collect for us. Our Facebook group had only 176 followers, so there's room to grow.

**Member News.** Sunland/Tujungna Poet Laureate **Alice Pero** had a six-page feature in "Cholla Needles 76" and a feature with Brendan Constantine at Village Poets in Bolton Hall Museum, Tujungna. She received a Commendation for her work with students this year at Fair Oaks School in Altadena.

The **National Federation of State Poetry Societies** has a new president, **Paul Ford**,. It held its Annual Convention, *Catch Poetry: Stage & Page*, on June 21-25, 2023 in West Des Moines, Iowa. It also organized the Blackberry Peach Spoken Word Poetry Competition and the National Slam, as well as 50 other poetry contests. Our Board decided that our interests focus on "printed" rather than "spoken" word—but do tell us if you think otherwise, and, please, volunteer for the NFSPS opportunities. More information in NFSPS *Strophes*: [www.nfsp.com/Strophes2023%20-%20Aug.pdf](http://www.nfsp.com/Strophes2023%20-%20Aug.pdf)

~ *Maja Trochimczyk, CSPPS President*

## PUBLISHING OPPORTUNITIES WITH CSPS

### *CALIFORNIA QUARTERLY (CQ)*

The CQ accepts submissions via Submittable.com and by mail (for poets without email & internet access). Submission requirements:

- *Name, address, and email address on every page of every poem;*
- *One-page poems are best; a two-page maximum for any poem*
- *Email address or, for mail submissions without emails, SASE with sufficient postage for requested response*
- *No biographies or résumés, as only the poems are judged*
- *The poems must be original unpublished work of the poet*
- *Six poems per submission, max.one submission per quarter.*
- *Foreign poems with translations are encouraged*

Poems are not returned, so keep copies, if mailing! Simultaneous submissions are NOT accepted as of January 1, 2023. Poems considered for a given issue are generally collected during the previous calendar quarter. Upload or submit only one set of six or fewer poems per calendar quarter; poems without names and addresses of poets will not be considered.

Payment consists of one copy of the *California Quarterly*; all rights remain with the poet. Upload poetry submissions via the Submittable link on our website, [californiastatepoetrysociety.org](http://californiastatepoetrysociety.org). You may also go directly to:

[californiastatepoetrysociety.submittable.com/submit](http://californiastatepoetrysociety.submittable.com/submit), or send poems by mail (if you have no email) with an SASE to:

**CQ Editors, Post Office Box 4288; Sunland, CA 91041-4288**

CQ welcomes submissions of unpublished original art for its covers. Send them as a JPEG attachment with a resolution of 300 dots/inch or better to print an image 5” high x 3.75” wide, one image at a time, in an email via the **Chair – Art Panel** link on the **Contact Us** tab of the website or submit them via the **Submissions** tab. CSPS reserves the right to post selected artwork on its website. For extra CQ copies or a sample copy, see the CQs tab of our website or send a request with \$10/copy to:

**CSPS, Post Office Box 4288, Sunland, California 91041-4288**

## **CSPS POETRY LETTER**

The *CSPS Poetry Letter*, (Online ISSN 2836-9394; Print ISSN 2836-9408) posted on our website, blog and emailed to poets, is a venue for previously published or award-winning poems that otherwise might not see re-publication due to restrictions on previously published works in the poetry world. You may submit poems and poetry book reviews to *CSPS Poetry Letter* through email to Editor, Maja Trochimczyk, [maja@moonrisepress.com](mailto:maja@moonrisepress.com), or by mail to:

*CSPS Poetry Letter*  
Post Office Box 4288, Sunland, California 91041-4288

### **2022-23 CSPS DONORS AND PATRONS**

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CSPS is the official state organization representing California to the National Federation of State Poetry Societies (NFSPS). Since it is a 501(c)(3) organization, donations above the membership level are tax deductible. Donor and patron support ensure that the quality publications of the CSPS continue and that its mission to promote poetry and art in California and around the world continues to grow. Information regarding renewal and patron contributions on page 67.

***The Board of the CSPS thanks you for your support!***

## CSPS MEMBERSHIP INFORMATION

### Benefits of CSPS Membership

1. *Quarterly receipt of the California Quarterly including the CSPS Newsbriefs. The Strophes newsletter of the National Federation of State Poetry Societies (NFSPS) and CSPS Poetry Letter are no longer mailed, but rather posted on the societies' websites.*
2. *Reduced reading fees for all CSPS contests (see pages 61-2).*
3. *Entry rights to all NFSPS national poetry contests.*

### Membership Categories

<i>Domestic Individual</i>	\$40 per year
<i>International Individual</i>	\$60 per year
<i>Domestic Family</i>	\$45 per year (four members max)
<i>International Family</i>	\$65 per year (four members max)
<i>Domestic Library</i>	\$39 per year (no contest entry rights)
<i>International Library</i>	\$55 per year (no contest entry rights)
<i>Donor</i>	Membership + \$1-\$24
<i>Patron</i>	Membership + \$25-\$99
<i>Silver Circle Patron</i>	Membership + \$100-\$199
<i>Gold Circle Patron</i>	Membership + \$200 or more

Library memberships receive the publications listed above, but carry no contest entry rights with them. Be sure to submit the names of those included in a family membership so they have member contest entry rights with the CSPS and the NFSPS. New membership fees for 2021 have been approved and are posted above.

### Renewals

Membership is from January 1<sup>st</sup> through December 31<sup>st</sup>. Annual membership renewal in the CSPS takes place each year in December for the upcoming year. Payments can be made on the **Membership** tab of our website or mailed to:

### CSPS Treasurer

18732 Piper Place, Yorba Linda, California 92886  
<http://www.CaliforniaStatePoetrySociety.org>



# California State Poetry Society

## 2023 Membership Form

Membership for one (1) year includes four (4) issues of the *California Quarterly*, *Strophes* (the newsletter of the National Federation of State Poetry Societies – NFSPS, posted on their website), *CSPS Newsbriefs* (included in the *CQ*), *CSPS Poetry Letter* (emailed as PDF attachment & posted online), membership in the NFSPS (\$3.00 of membership dues), and access to CSPS contests and other state and national contests (at a discount for some of the contests). *Regardless of domestic or foreign membership, all CSPS members are eligible for CSPS contests.* Please check membership below:

*(Please note the extra postage necessary to mail the journals)*

USA Individual	\$40	Foreign Individual	\$40 + \$20 postage
USA Family*	\$45	Foreign Family*	\$45 + \$20 postage
USA Library**	\$39	Foreign Library**	\$39 + \$16 postage

\* *Family includes all items listed above, as well as contest entry rights for as many as four (4) people. If ordering a family subscription, please write the other names for the family membership on back of this form.*

\*\* *Library includes all items listed above except contest entry rights.*

Donation levels after membership dues: Donor (+ \$1-\$24); Patron (+ \$25); Silver Circle (+ \$100); Gold Circle (+ \$200)

Name: \_\_\_\_\_ (*print clearly*)

Address: \_\_\_\_\_

Phone: \_\_\_\_\_ (optional) Email: \_\_\_\_\_ (*preferred for CSPS*)

CSPS may \_\_\_\_\_ share my name and email/address with other poets

**Mail To: CSPS Treasurer, 18732 Piper Place, Yorba Linda, California 92886**