



Poetry Now



December 2006

“Relax/I tell them/you’re inside/poetry now” -Julia Connor

I Began to Speak, a history of poetry in Sacramento, shows at the Crest on December 6th. Poetry Now interviewed Linda Thorell, who worked with B.L. Kennedy to plan, film, and edit this work.

PN: How much work was it?

LT: I started filming poetry readings five years ago with the hopes that one day we would find a grant to archive all the material I filmed and the archive tapes of Bari's dating back to 1986. The idea of doing a documentary movie started [...] almost two years ago. You ask how much work it was. I just spent the past 14 hours straight making a single sound editing pass across 107 minutes of the movie. I've done this so many times I can quote the speakers, and I have a poor memory. From the beginning of the transfer of the raw video from the VHS tapes, analog Hi8 tapes and Digital Hi8 tapes onto DVDs, logging all the readers, then reviewing all the footage again and again for the best of the useable pieces, learning the software, collecting graphic files and downloading music sound tracks from local musicians, not to mention the 100s of hours of interviewing poets and then those file transfers.....what can say, I am exhausted just trying to recall everything it took to get the film to this point. At least a thousand hours of my time, not to mention Bari's, over the past 18 months. Every evening, weekend and all my earned vacation time from work. You might ask what hurts the most from all this....my ring finger from hitting the 'edit undo' right mouse key. And, then, early on in the project there was the two times my PC died and I lost everything.

PN: Did it turn out like you expected?

LT: This is a question better answered by Bari. It was his vision, his passion for preserving the voices of Sacramento and personal contacts within the community and his director skills that made this film what it is. From my side, I have to say yes, and better than I expected, considering the grant deadline, useable video, equipment, funding, and this being our first film.

PN: Were there any surprises along the way?

LT: I was surprised by the quality of writing and the variety of the styles by the many poets that we no longer see at events in Sacramento. I feel very lucky to have been able to view all the raw video. I was surprised how difficult it really was for us to decide who to include, what pieces had to be cut, there were just too many to choose from. To confirm our choices we asked for suggestions

from many in the community. It was a painstaking process, not wanting to leave anyone out, yet having to work within the parameters of the grant proposal and the time limits of the movie.

PN: What did you learn from the process?

LT: How gracious everyone was that allowed us to come in their homes, move their furniture, interrogate them about the past, quiz them on their process for writing and drill them for advice to the aspiring poet.

PN: What are your hopes for the screening and beyond?

LT: I hope everyone is entertained and proud to have a documentary made about their city and its literary history. We plan to enter a director's cut in film festivals next year with the hope that a professional film house might pick the film up and take it to the next level of professionalism. We will promote the film nationally with the hopes that Sacramento poets will get the recognition they are worthy of.

A few follow-up questions for Bari Kennedy:

PN: Any surprises – when all was said and done, what did you learn from the project?

BLK: How painful it is to make a movie. The hours of editing. The detail and movement and focus one needs to have in relationship to story. But mostly the hours. You basically have the film "living in your head" day in and day out. You are never able to look at a movie the same after the experience of making one. Linda is a genius on the computer. I think that when you come out with a finished product there is a feeling that I cannot identify. But, it will all lead-up to opening night.

PN: What are your hopes for the film, now that it's done – at the Crest and beyond?

BLK: That the poets of Sacramento will realize that this is their story. That this is a celebration of who they are and why they are. Remember, you go online and you will find film documentaries about Ginsberg, Bukowski et al, but there is nothing out there that celebrates the beginning and evolution of one single community of poets.

Making I Began to Speak has been a dream of mine for many years. It was the genius of Linda Thorell that made it a reality... Not San Francisco, not Los Angeles, not New York...Sacramento now has a legacy of poetry.

Sacramento Literary Calendar for December 2006

Friday, December 1

Terry Moore opens for Brian McKnight at Memorial Auditorium. Also featured is LaToya London. 7 p.m. For ticket information:

www.isoundtracks.net

Saturday, December 2

First Saturday Poetry Series, 7pm.
Sojourner Truth Art Center, 2251 Florin Rd.
Hosted by Noah Hayes and Felicia McGee. All ages / \$5.00. Come early for workshop.
Info: www.malikspeaks.com

Escritores del Nuevo Sol's writing workshop and potluck. 11am. at La Raza Galeria Posada, 1024 22nd Street, Sacramento. For info call Graciela Ramirez, 456-5323 or joannpen@comcast.net.

Sunday, December 3

PoemSpirits presents **Albert Garcia** at the Unitarian Universalist Society of Sacramento, 2425 Sierra Blvd. (2 blocks north of Fair Oaks Blvd, between Howe and Fulton), 6 PM.

Monday, December 4

Sacramento Poetry Center presents **Celtic Women: Brigit Truex, Jeanine Stevens, Charlene Ungstad and Rebecca Morrison**. Serving up "some Celtic chic, dishes, libations, music, poetry, broadsides, and photos." Bring Celtic poetry-stories-goodies to share (anything from Northern Europe qualifies). Hosted by Bob Stanley. SPC/HQ for the Arts, 1719-25th (25th and R) 451-5569. Free.
Special time 7:00 p.m

The Moody Blues Poetry Series
at "A Taste of Laguna" Southern Cuisine
9080 Laguna Main, Laguna
8:00PM OPEN MIC \$5 cover
Hosted by Ms. LaRue, Music by DJ Barney B

Hannah Stein and Susan Kelly-DeWitt
read at The Other Voice (Unitarian Universalist Church, Patwin Road, Davis). 7:30 PM.

Tuesday, December 5

SPC Poetry Workshop, 7:30pm, Hart Senior Center, 27th & J. Bring 15 - 20 copies of your one-page poem. Info: Danyen, (530) 756-6228

Wednesday, December 6

*** Film event – 7pm at the Crest Theater –
Premiere Screening of **"I Began to Speak"**
The History of Poetry in Sacramento
by **BL Kennedy** and **Linda Thorell**.
Advance tickets available from the Crest!

Mics and Moods presents at Capitol Garage, 1500 K Street. 10pm-midnight. Features and Open Mic hosted by Khiry Malik. Info: 492-9336 or www.malikspeaks.com 21 and over/\$5cover.

Dr. Andy's Poetry and Technology Hour, host Andy Jones, 5pm, KDVS-90.3 FM or subscribe to podcast at www.kdvs.org.

Thursday, December 7

IX – The Ethnic Theater Ensemble at Luna's *Poetry Unplugged*. Open mic before/after. Hosted by Mario Ellis Hill. 8pm at Luna's Café, 1414 16th Street. Info: 441-3931 or www.lunascafe.com. Free.

Vibe Sessions at Cobbler Inn, 3520 Stockton Blvd. (next to Colonial Theater) Hosted by Flo Real 8-11pm. \$5.00 All ages. Open Mic.

Saturday, December 9

Patricity's Poetry "*In Spirit & Truth Series*" features plus Open Mic. 3 to 5 p.m.
61 Yuence Smoked BBQ & Grill, 9657 Folsom Bl. Sacramento (Off Bradshaw) 361-2014 Free.

Sunday, December 10

Poets from **Manzanita**, Vol. 5 will be reading at Barnes & Noble in Stockton 6pm. Pacific Avenue, across from Delta College.
Information: mrosemanza@jps.net

Monday, December 11

SPC Board of Directors meets at HQ for the Arts - 1719 25th Street – 5:45pm.

Sacramento Poetry Center presents a reading by Mendocino County poets **Teresa Whitehall, Linda Noel and Devreaux Baker**. Hosted by Bob Stanley. HQ for the Arts, 1719-25th Street (25th and R) 7:30pm 979-9706.

The Moody Blues Poetry Series presents
Hosted by Ms. LaRue. see Dec 4 for details

Tuesday, December 12

SPC Poetry Workshop, 7:30pm, See Dec 5.

Bistro 33 Poetry Series

8:30 pm Open Mic after.

Bistro 33 in Historic Davis City Hall, 226 "F" Street, 3rd and "F" Streets in Davis.

Wednesday, December 13

Mics and Moods features **Jamie Kilstein** at Capitol Garage, 1500 K Street. 10pm to midnight. Features and Open Mic hosted by Khiry Malik.

Joseph and Susan Finkleman read at The Book Collector, presented by Rattlesnake Press 1008 24th St., Sacramento. 7:30-9 PM Celebrate the release of their new spiralchap, *Poems in Two Voices*. Refreshments and a read-around will follow; bring your own poems or somebody else's. Info: kathykieth@hotmail.com

Moore time for Poetry: Terry Moore's Access Television Show, 9pm, co-host Tyra Moore. Access Sacramento, Channel 17

Thursday, December 14

Vibe Sessions at Cobbler Inn, 3520 Stockton Blvd. (next to Colonial Theater) Hosted by Flo Real 8-11pm. \$5.00 All ages. Open Mic.

Poetry Unplugged at Luna's Café. 8pm hosted by Geoffrey Neil. Free. See Dec 7.

Friday, December 15

Native American writer, **Luke Warmwater**, shares his poetry and perceptions at LA GALERÍA POSADA/LA RAZA BOOKSTORE 1024 -22nd Street (between K and J) Sacramento. Open Mic to follow. 7:30 pm Info contact: Graciela Ramirez, 916-456-5323. website: www.escritoresdelnuevosol.com

Saturday, December 16

Mario Ellis Hill, Jamie Kilstein (One of New York City's top slam poets) **Born 2B Poets, and Bloom Beloved** are featured at the *Underground Poetry Series* plus open mic. 7-9pm, \$3.00. Underground Books, 2814 35th Street (35th and Broadway). Hosted by La-Rue'

Monday, December 18

Sacramento Poetry Center: no reading

The Moody Blues Poetry Series in Laguna presents. Hosted by Ms. LaRue. see Dec 4 for details

Tuesday, December 19

SPC Poetry Workshop, 7:30pm, (see November 7 for details)

Wednesday, December 20

Dr. Andy's Poetry and Technology Hour, 5pm, KDVS-90.3 FM or www.kdvs.org.

Mics and Moods at Capitol Garage, 1500 K Street. 10pm to midnight. Features and Open Mic hosted by Khiry Malik. Details: See Nov 1.

Thursday, December 21

Poetry Unplugged at Luna's. See Dec. 7.

Mics and Moods at Capitol Garage 1500 K Street. 10pm to midnight.

Saturday, December 30

"The Show" Poetry Series features **Rodzilla, Brigit Truex, Brittney Robinson** and **Luke Breit**. 7-9 pm at Wo'se Community Center (Off 35th and Broadway), 2863 35th Street, Sac; \$5.00. Info: T.Mo at (916) 455-POET.

Selected Poems

by

Anatole Taràs Lubovich

Published by members of the Foothill Bibliophile Society. Edited with an introduction by Do Gentry. Live Oak Press (Palo Alto), 2006. 144 pages, hardcover. \$20.00

Available at The Book Collector,

1008 24th Street, Sacramento,

(916) 442-9295.

Brigit Truex reads at the Sacramento Poetry Center, December 4th at 7:00 pm as part of the *Celtic Women* reading. Brigit Truex was born in Washington DC, lived in Los Angeles, Massachusetts, Maryland and back to northern CA. She is published in Poetry Now, Rattlesnake Review, Manzanita, Folio, PDQ, Drumvoices Review, plus numerous anthologies including Sacramento: 100 Poems, Nantucket, Washing The Color of Water Golden, Small Town USA.

Irish Mossers

Brigit Truex

Determined by the tip and tilt of the moon, the long-handled, long-prowed boats skim the surface toward the Ledges --

Flurries, Flatiron, the Sisters --
reefs and rocks only seen
in a handbreadth or rakeslength
of water, beneath moving, glinting
upside-down skies where
gulls fly on their backs
and clouds wrap shoulders
like tattered sweaters.

Below, in that other world,
clutched by holdfasts,
the wavering fairy fans --

clusters of color from rose to gold -- heave and dip at the tines' approach.
Sturdy, fearless youth and more
strike and plunder the submerged
plates of rock, fling their
sunsparked booty
into spongy heaps
between gunwales and brogued laughter.

By tide's turn, they head beachward,
spread on the warm sand
their moss-tufted carpet of
rose mauve crimson
that fades in the dusk
to cool ivory.

This Land Is Not My Land

by
A. D. Winans

Winner of the 2006 PEN Josephine Miles award for Literary Achievement.

Available through Presa Press: \$6
POB 792. Rockford, MI 49341.

www.presapress.com Presapress@aol.com

Rebecca Morrison reads at the Sacramento Poetry Center, December 4th at 7:00 pm as part of the *Celtic Women* reading.

WHY I COME TO CREEK (written at Cache Creek, Spring 06) Rebecca Morrison

Because I have found the coolest part of the forest
Because I have given water to the lonely lizard
Because I have given blood to the mosquito
Because epiphany lies in the underbrush
Because I hear the tree
Because of the double-winged dragonfly
Because my self is split and gauze-like
Because I cannot see the future
Because the blackberries burst in abundance
Because the deer bound through the brush
Because I am in light and shadow
Because I see things I cannot name
Because the construction crews loom in the distance
Because the loon cries
Because the cabbage moths follow me
Because the fireweed . . . the cattails
Because I see things I cannot name
Because I am trying to name myself
Because everything is still and everything moves
Because butterflies have eyes on their backs
Because the bullfrog bellows
Because the elderberries stray into my path
Because yellow flower dust falls
Because of the green long day
Because I can hide in the forest
Because there are no cars or houses here
Because I am inside nature
Because green, yellow, white and brown enter me
Because what is dead and fallen nourishes what grows
Because the amber grass bows to the breeze
Because something has been lost and something has
been found
Because the trees hold up the world
Because the birds respond
Because sunlight scatters shadows
Because of the rush of wings and the dying down
Because of the slow sawing and short calls
Because of the random path
Because the creek needs a witness
Because of the cacophony of wild things which make
themselves known
Because of the silent sun

Because of the speaking trees
Because of his long ears which catch me
Because of the sudden flights and slow descents
Because of the cascades of light and water
Because something is beating
Because the fallen log demands my undivided attention
Because the meadow has called to me from a great
distance
Because my familiars are lizards and moths
Because of wings, flow and flight
Because here time is delineated by light and heat
Because I missed something the last time I was here
Because something moves through the stillness
Because the stillness moves me
Because the woodpeckers would never forgive me if I
forgot about them
Because here everyone is treated the same
Because everything here is close to the source
Because of the ceaseless current
Because the forest is large enough to hold all of me
Because the hummingbirds don't seem to mind me
Because the sun wears a dragonfly necklace
Because she is building her nest
Because the creek ha brought the ocean and the
mountains to me
Because the horizon is like my eyes—wide open
Because the creek never sleeps
Because happiness sits beside the tree
Because something there is in human beings that loves
nature
Because a cache is where you store everything valuable
Because beauty should always be free
Because the trees have not bothered to write anything
down
Because paper comes from trees and so does poetry
Because the jackrabbit has hidden at least 20 poems
from me that I have yet to find
Because the oak has been waiting 200 years for me and
at last I have come

A chance to write / A beautiful setting / A group you'll call your own...

Enjoy 3 days and 3 nights at a winter writers' retreat in Mendocino County.
Small workshops led by **Maya Khosla**, (poetry), **Charlotte Gullick** (fiction), and **Bob Stanley** (memoir).
\$395 includes food, lodging and program fee.

January 11-14, 2007. (Thursday evening through Sunday noon)
Wellspring Renewal Center, Philo, California
www.wellspringrenewal.org

BRASIL from Poems in Two Voices, the new work by Joe and Susan Finkleman
Joe and Susan read Dec 13th at The Book Collector, 7:30pm

I get up in the morning **and it is a slow morning**
It is slow **And the sun**
The sun moves more slowly **The sun moves much more slowly**
At first light **The light is a messenger from the past**
Than I do **You are the message**
As if the presence of the evening moon
Morning moon makes the sky confused and languid
Embarrassing and making the sun timid
The sun timidly looks up the moon's dress
But then the moon flees the sky
The sun peers at the moon with its shy eyes

And the light **slides through the window**
Liberated from shyness **drumming a rhythm between my fingers**
Dances across the table and my morning bread
Bread shadows
Flutters and flashes through a cup of Joe's humid breath
Flutters and flashes **breathing music into my eyes**

And I hear this sub-dural rhythm **Clickity- clack Clickity- clack Clickity- clack**

Of train and track train and track train and track train and track

Of train and track train and track train and track train and track

Train and track train and track train and track train and track
train and track Clickity- clack train and track Clickity- clack train and track

And then the coffee cup starts blowing lead
train and track Clickity- clack train and track Clickity- clack

A cup of Joe a cup of Joe a cup of Joe
traffic traffic traffic traffic traffic traffic

And I feel traffic traffic traffic traffic traffic traffic traffic traffic traffic

A cup of Joe a cup of Joe a cup of Joe a cup of Joe

And I feel traffic traffic traffic traffic traffic traffic traffic traffic traffic
train and track Clickity- clack train and track Clickity- clack train and track

A cup of Joe A cup of Joe A cup of Joe C a p p u c c i n o o o (drawn out)
Cappuccino Cappuccino (sotto voce)

And the world spins ever faster, in time with my heart
Spinning faster my heart (sotto voce)

Go to work Go to work Go to work Go to work Go to work Go to work Go to work
Money Money Money Money Money Money Money (sotto voce)

Go to work Go to work Go to work Go to work Go to work Go to work Go to work
Money Money Money Money Money Money Money (sotto voce)

Stop and Go Stop and Go Stop and Go Stop and Go Stop and Go Stop
Go and stop go and stop go and stop go and stop go and stop

And I walk across the street and across the way
Walking crossing walking crossing the way

for more from Joe and Susan, check out:

www.visionsandviews.com

GATES OF WINTER

Theresa Whitehill

The two gates of winter are guarded by the dead.
All Hallows' Eve in early November
and Memorial Day when summer is allowed to leak
itself out into free air. Death by love, by life, by reason
on the one side, death by patriotism, by ideals by
economy on the other.

We stand and feed the dead in order to fend off winter
and to banish it, to free ourselves of ornamental
limits. We feed the dead our memories and our
sorrows, with barbeques and sweets, with a holiday
dedicated to softening bones over a fire, chocolates
wrapped in iridescent foil. But what is it the dead
actually savor, what's delectable once you've
divided yourself in two and no longer have to stand
on the hill imagining wisdom?

I have been listening to the dead and find them
difficult. They are not as articulate
as they could be. What is it that sets their skin
aflame, that causes them to flutter their eyelids
half open with helpless desire? I would think it would be
flowers, and babies, and the more expensive kind
of soap bubbles, red objects, fireworks, swooning,
those things inescapably fertile and passing. We are
this planet's goodbye and its trident. We know how to
feed things, spirits and loneliness, structural steel
and alphabets, now we must learn somehow
to be fed.

UNTITLED

A chair or a bench
placed in a garden
tells a person
where to sit, and a path
where to walk, but what
about a war?

Untitled

Each time the summer goes
on its way like a reluctant angel
trailing its wings through the dust
of autumn, there remains a
window between the seasons,
a fragrance of wood smoke
and ripe fruit stolen
from damp grasses.

A California poet, designer, and letterpress printer, Theresa Whitehill's literary work includes commissioned poetry, culinary poetry, letterpress poetry broadsides, and poetic essays. Her current literary projects include serving on the Poet Laureate Committee of Ukiah, and collaborative work with chef Shannon Hughes of Point Arena. As Poet-in-Residence at Stags' Leap Winery she participated in a series of salons which were the subject of a CBS Special in March of 1999. "Évora a Doce," her poem about Portuguese soul and food was published as a limited edition letterpress broadside by Alice Waters in the summer of 1999. *Appellation Magazine* has published her poetic prose, and her poetry has appeared in regional California magazines and anthologies. Her literary letterpress broadsides, many produced with her husband, artist Paulo Ferreira, are included in many major national collections including the Getty Center for the Arts, Brown University's John Hay Library, and Stanford University's Special Collections Department. **Theresa Whitehill will read at SPC on December 11th with Devreaux Baker and Linda Noel.**

If I Have To Choose

Devreaux Baker

I choose the afternoon
we stood on the bridge
and dropped the leaves in the water
and the people who lived there beneath the bridge
lived in cardboard boxes
and lay on the stones by the water
and the stones were red and warm
and a man kissed the air beneath us
and threw the air up to us, if I have to choose
I choose dropping the key out
the window to her
and listening to her
run up the stairs
and eating the pears she brought
and later going out while you slept behind
and she took my hand
her hand so small in mine and
said we are climbing
into the hills above Rome today, this moment is ours,
and we did, if I have to choose I choose the
gypsy girls on the bus, how they smelled of milk,
and tried to steal your wallet and pushed their baby into my arms
and the air outside was buzzing
the air was electric with this current
this pulse, this larger-than-the-sun kind of thing
pressing us all together
so that I could not love enough or I could not open wide enough
to let all that love inside my body, if I have to choose
I choose standing on the edge of all our chances
where there is no clear path to follow
and you say Go ahead and fall,
I am here
I will catch you.

Devreaux Baker has been awarded a MacDowell Creative Writing Fellowship, a Hawthornden Castle International Writers Fellowship, and three California Arts Councils Awards for her Public Radio Program, "Voyagers: Original Writing For The Radio." Her novel, *House Of Rain* is part of the permanent collection of the Barker Historic Library at the University of Texas. Her poetry and prose has been widely published in both national and international journals and anthologies including: *The American Voice*, *A Paris Review* and *The Reater From Scotland*. She recently co-edited *Wood, Water, Air and Fire: The Anthology Of Mendocino Women Poets*.

No, i'm not sleeping *Gene Bloom*

I close my eyes
when i want to
hone in closely
to a reader who has
something to say
worthwhile
it looks as though
i am nodding off
but not so
by closing my eyes
i can pay closer attention
to the words
and not be distracted
by the readers charms
 her body
 her face
 her legs
so consider yourself
worthy of my deepest
attention
when i listen to what
you have to offer
in a learning exchange...

yes, i am listening to you
more so
than to others
who may seem to
have my attention
but my head may be off
in another directions...

Poet Poetess
male or female
watch me closely
as i write down
my feelings and
observations
look and see
if my eyes are closed
while i gather in
my thoughts and everything
that surrounds me
while you are reading

your poetry.

Friday Eve *B.Z. Niditch*

Irony must have dreamed
then dropped me here
on this incredulous eve
under a night lit sky,
making my way
along black icy roads
through snow whitened foliage
every mile lasts a lifetime
and only the moon and stars
offer a hopeful tiny glimmer
guiding me toward my fate

Winter's Last *B.Z. Niditch*

With a silent drowsiness
the morning's icy echo,
weightless as a cloud,
snow paints the branches
of backyard trees
and the air cracks
even day stars.

From dawn's retinal
red-winged blackbird skies
appear out of nowhere;
doubting myself
one half-expects,
from a careless glance,
that a child under a maple
could save this new-fallen snow.

PN Review

Anatole Taràs Lubovich *Selected Poems* reviewed by Bob Stanley

I have to admit it, I love poetic forms. When I'm not sure what to write, haiku always perk me up. I'll attempt a sonnet now and then, or wrestle with the challenges of a sestina. I have file folders stuffed with failed sestinas, doomed by their own circularity. Somewhere in stanza five, the fifth repetition of the word *wrench* does me in. So while I love form, I don't consider myself an accomplished formal poet. When I came to the recently-published work of Anatole Lubovich, an avowed experimenter in form, I wasn't sure what to expect.

Not to worry. After reading Anatole's *Selected Poems*, which was carefully edited by Do Gentry, I'm touched by both the message and the formal skills of the late Mr. Lubovich. While the form is often front and center, at times reminiscent of Coleridge's *Metrical Feet*, Anatole maintains a deft touch, moving towards what we expect, and then drawing back, and leading us to an unexpected revelation. While the rhythm and rhyme are often conventional, the poet's imagination keeps a twist in the content. In the last stanza of "The Right Side of the Dash," the lightness of the form is counteracted by the darkness of the theme:

Others will fill in the balance
When we shrink to mold or ash—
On a jar or on a tombstone
On the right side of the dash.

Does he write political poems? Yes, in an optimistic way. Love poems? To life, to others, to art itself. Piercing at times, whimsical at others, these verses confirm that Anatole Lubovich was Sacramento's local Renaissance man, crafting his rhythmic and philosophical pieces for friends, and for the world at large. His work is always confident, never egotistical. Much like his wide-ranging intellect, his humor often comes to the surface. When I read these poems, I remember him coming up to the microphone with a twinkle in his eye, a new message for anyone who would listen. Lubovich celebrates language and engineers meaning from the scaffolding of many forms. We'd do well to once again turn our ears and eyes towards his work.

Malnutrition

Anatole Lubovich

I wish I could say
that I was brought up
by God-fearing atheist parents,

but voices were raised
to glorify God
in orthodox show of adherence.

Some voices were raised
in anger, but not
to strangers, for the sake of appearance.

Inquisitive probes
of logical thought
ere thwarted by creed's interference.

Instilled was the faith
with efforts to shield
from ecclesiastical errants.

The cobwebs' dark screen
resisted attempts
to peer into rational clearance.

Their heavenly crowns
were hoped to be earned
by gray lives of earthly forbearance.

I wish I were reared
by daylight of reason,
not doctrinal, dark perseverance.

I wish I could say
that I was brought up
by God-fearing atheist parents.

December 2006

Poetry Now

A publication of the Sacramento Poetry Center

December at SPC/HQ for the Arts

December 4th **7:00 pm**: “*Celtic Women*”
featuring Brigit Truex, Jeanine Stevens,
Charlene Ungstad and Rebecca Morrison.

December 11th 7:30 pm: **Theresa Whitehill,
Devreaux Baker and Linda Noel.**

No readings at HQ on Dec. 18, Dec 25, Jan 1

Inside this issue of Poetry Now:

An interview with Linda Thorell on “I Began to Speak”

PN Review: Selected Poems of Anatole Lubovich

Poems by Theresa Whitehall. Gene Bloom, Brigit Truex,
Devreaux Baker, Rebecca Morrison,

B.Z. Niditch, and Joe and Susan Finkleman

last chance to enter
deadline: december 15,
2006

SPC poetry contest
first prize \$100

final judge: Sacramento
poet laureate Julia
Connor

second prize \$50
ten honorable mentions
third prize \$25

all winners will be
featured in Poetry Now,
and invited to read at
SPC

Please send one
anonymous
copy of each poem along
with
a cover sheet listing titles,
first lines and contact
information.

entry fee \$3 per poem
send your poems to
SPC 2006 contest
1719 25th Street
Sacramento, ca 95816

The Poet Tree
1719 25th Street
Sacramento, CA 95816