Shoebox Filled with Mao Buttons

Stubs of sun, deflated saffron orns, scoop up a fistful—
they chink and clank, megaphones chime The East is Red.

Betrothal gifts à la mode, virgin factory girls gave sex
to comrades, and pinned their souls to Chairman.

Students bartered them for steamy pork buns,
a professor swallowed two to commit suicide.

Plexi-glass sunflowers, now italicized mementos.
    Dragon-sons, phoenix daughters! Speculate and trade

your shamed nostalgia for museum fortune, Mao on money,
    his mole is art, postmodern aesthetics, the rust is a lie.

Denounce it? Flip one over, needle enjambed,
    hook still kniving, yes, there us blood tinning on your thumb.
FROM *SEVEN* BY SHERYL LUNA

**The Breaking**

We break and rise as the ocean, moon and stars.
Silence follows.
Were we meant to unhinge?
Low beat of morning.
We crack like children’s bones;
mending is possible. The letting-go like dawn.
The piano keys strike
in time to the light shimmered pines.
We are plural and singular sadness,
broken in the high desert when snow refuses to melt.
Streetlights lull against the darkness.
Bats shrieking, bellow of strange heaven;
bats of bendable bones hang
in their upside-down thrones. Caverns light
with their darkness. Stalactites shimmer
with man-made lights.
Snaps of the mind: circling, turmoil in nets, flight.
A burst of shade flaps madly by the thousands.
This is the old dusk, the dark awakening.
But we break as glorious as whales breach seas,
as if we too must suddenly
and spectacularly breathe.
When Death Comes

When death comes growling, gnawing, scratching at my door, window, gate, when death comes gigantic, awesome, without reason, suddenly slowly, minute by year; when death comes chilly to the bone, sweating fire, when death comes to the place, time, space of my waking, when death comes bloated, bestial, bantering, battering, cajoling, calling, cat on a hot, cat on a cold, catapulting my ego off the edge, when death comes tomorrow or the next moment, comes suddenly on me like a fever or a bad dream, daring, devilish or dressed in white wings, comes cascading, rocky, raucous, ravishingly rude or (even beautiful in its fierceness), glorious, gluttonous, no clue, no time, when death comes entering, breaking, busting down the door, when death comes, I want:

I want to be radiantly ripe, peel scars into petals, joust judgments ‘til they surrender, tattoo fierce faith on every inch of my skin until the divine imprint becomes my own face, drown hesitation in an ocean of mercy, waves spitting miracles, become emptiness, silence shaking my bones, rejoice, relinquish, manifest my teacher, when death comes, I want to rip out my heart, offer it to those without, remember to remember to bleed suffering into forgiveness, dance translucent rain 'til rainbows take me, when death comes, I want to know, go graceful, glow, (flow rivers) into heart/breaking transformation.
Charlie Costa Plays a Joke

With a stick, I draw a picture in the dirt of a train and make the sound a train makes. Woo woo, I call to my bare feet, to my toes, wishing I could have a real train or any toy.

I kick a rock past our tent, pretending I’m playing Kick the Can, but it hurts my foot, so I stop in front of the Costas’ tent where Mr. Costa is pretending a circus is going on, saying, “Come one, come all,” and motioning to the kids nearby who like him because he makes us laugh, even when we’re hungry, and tells us to call him Charlie.

He says my name and gives me a newspaper rolled up like a spyglass.

He says it costs a penny and his wife Cedi yells, “Did you buy spyglasses when we are starving?” We kids yell too, “Let’s see.” When he hands me my telescope, I put it to my eye and look around wishing I could see stars or the moon, right now, in the day. I look down the row of tents for my mother. I want to see her. I want her to be pretty.

All of a sudden, everyone is laughing: Charlie has put charcoal on our telescopes, and we all have black eyes. We are all laughing and can’t stop. Even though we are hungry, we can’t stop laughing at our funny black eyes.

I put the spyglass up to my other eye so I will look like a raccoon. This time I will see things only raccoons can see, stars and planets just for raccoons.
Crowned With Pale Blue Moonlight

If you are
the reluctant oracle
I am
the petitioner
renewing
forgotten hopes

White wimple
stark
above
tender
blue oval

Skirt of blackbirds’ wings
spread wide
holds

sequestered fragments
streaming diamonds
fears burning
dark water
Matrilineal Winter

Traditionally, at Laguna, the house is given to the oldest daughter
At Acoma, the house is given to the youngest daughter
The house belonged to Grandma Marie
Given to her oldest daughter, Jane
Soon, Jane gave Sister Clara
The family home

Three sisters in their winter
Share their mother's house
They are Orion’s belt
Wintry sister stars

Three stars softly fading
Reminisce festal shadows
Mom’s chili stew cooking
7-UP in the Frigidaire

Three sisters embrace home
But not like they used to
Keep moving around
More aches flare

What do we do with your house, Mom?
We feel bad that you’re getting old
We’ll help you when we can
We miss the old you

Serious oldest daughter
Humorous middle girl
Cheerful youngest baby
Wintry sister stars
FROM *ELEMENTAL* BY BILL BROWN

**The Light That Follows Rivers**

Like the light that follows rivers in the night,
   a figure hovers ghostlike in my dreams,
my father or stranger, sometimes the same,
   his blue eyes stained, his thoughts to read.

His gruff hands hover luminous in my dreams,
   above my childhood slumber they touch my head.
His blue eyes like his hands I wish to read—
   yet I am older than my father when he died.

Above my childhood slumber they touched my head—
   his eyes, his hands, his storied voice, all lullabies.
Though I am older than my father when he died,
   as men we travel alone, I know that now.

His eyes, his hands, his storied voice, his lullabies,
   my father, my stranger, always the same—
As men we travel lonely, I know that now,
   like the light that follows rivers in my dreams.
It is late, very late, & I sit by the last of the fire. Mr. Douglass visited us tonight. He sleeps in the loft upstairs.

When he stood in our narrow doorway, he looked to be filled with light; it shone off his shoulders behind his head, through his fingers. Then he entered. At first I thought him to be made of cliffs—his cheekbones, his jaw, his thick arms. His shirt so white, so very white, against the rock of his face.

Then there was his voice. How it rumbled, a deep roll of sound that caught me in my chest. Not only his voice, but his words.

What he knew.

The girls served him beans, corn bread & a bit of the last of the lamb. I stood back, near the stove, in case there was need.

I watched him. His large hand moved in circles along our table, as if he would polish the raw, unvarnished wood, would make it gleam, as he seemed to gleam. I felt, I suppose, pulled by that hand, its back & forth motion as he & John Brown spoke, argued, leaned to each other—my husband full of fury and action;

Mr. Douglass, his words. What he knew.
FROM *FAROLITO* BY KAREN S. CÓRDOVA

**Grandmother’s Voice on the Telephone**

66 pounds. Dying by ounces.

When she speaks, air within her
crackles like the sweetest dove trying to walk,
to flit on autumn leaves
without breaking them, honoring
those few moments
before haze shudders and rain completes,
returns Abuelita to her beloved garden
feeding roots of ancient plum and apple trees
that give both life and shade,
that lean into the *acequia*.

Yes, there will be that silent day
when leaves disintegrate and cover her, becoming
her *petate*. No. Not yet—
Brittle and crisp,
her voice still shades me
from harsh knowing she is leaving
as it crushes English/Spanish
into sound scented
paperwhite and fruit of *manzanares*:

*Come. See me now.*
*I’m here. Tell everyone good-bye for me.*
Of Soul I Keep Margins

utterly free, feet shod
for grievous walking; all

erasable footing, loose sheets of water, white
letters (your mark) in a black field.

I make preparation for the wake of breathing,
costly, perfect spillage & stumbling.

What if beauty is only a settling, a practiced
disruption polished to dangerous gloss?

I set my foot down to keep the index of bruising
tender to its supple edge. Trace

a wing.

Listen for the long hollow cry of the goose.
Before the Rain

The sand bar gives itself back to the river in scallops.
The conversation lifts, urges.

Fish rise: white-sided, plump, deeply scaled.
Side-by-side. The world is copper. Figure-eights touching
shoulder, rib, hip, thigh.

Bird tracks. A scarlet-backed damsel-fly.
A single tree, burnt. Black.

The wind is full of children. Cotton rafts in a copper river.
Southbound. Cloud boats. Full of seed.
FROM *THE MISTRESS* BY CATHERINE STRISIK

**Morning Glory**

May I study you by touch? Your vine periwinkle blue circling your slender torsos? I want to touch your centers, deepest where marriage circles dark waters, strokes your sacrificial hands.

Strokes your hair and the balance between each strand. Appearing as separate, yet the heat from your open mouths. Only then will I carry the bowl filled with pomegranate. Oh how your bodies suffer beauty.

Wait. Where are you going inside my touch? Off to visit the Queen of Morning Glories? I clip. I deadhead.

My fingers stretch the vine. Your bodies without the attendant reminds me to hold my breath by its root. I’ll hold I will as long as you will until we are—nothing nothing ever felt this—route to the heart—from the cornea.
FROM *LIBRARY OF SMALL HAPPINESS* BY LESLIE ULLMAN

One of Leslie Ullman’s own poems that illustrate her essays and exercises on the craft of poetry:

**Reading James Wright on Flight 357 from Albuquerque to Chicago**

Sometimes a poem offers a series of chance encounters—partial phrases that slip into the next seat and lift me before I re-engage approved electronic devices. Sometimes a poem reads my mind in that private space before thought gathers itself into subject/verb, cause/effect—the shades are down but I can see in or the words are clear and the spaces between them are shades closing off the whole sky of what’s been left out—a spare, thrilling diet. When my feet touch cracked tarmac again, part of me remains behind a high, golden window. Sealed off from the thronged neon streets.
approximate

as in the words
for the repetition of a bird waking you
just as you begin to concentrate
as in vanish

recall something in the chest
flexed into hardness
every time your mother vexed you
as in water

how it can’t move fast enough
when bodies collide
rises up when your child needs you
having always needed you
from the breast

how yesterday was pancakes
she asked if there was time and you said yes
then there wasn’t and still you made them
because you love her and she asked

as in thirst, your mother gone

as in it could have been song
now you’re late and put out put
upon it could have been
song
FROM *BLOODLINE* BY RADHA MARCUM

**A Brief History of the West**

Like years, the desert
has no edges—red dust, red
dust condensed, busted ash—like years,
a corrupt uniformity we cut through.

Where miniature houses sail out
over shelves thrust up, where air breaks
down on rock, on conglomerate
that defines a sky.

Or dream dry salt seeps
from pores in your calves.

In one settlement, a headless
fire truck rusting by a shed, plastic
cowboys. In another, rancid
frozen confection.

One year, the lakes were too white
when we went by.

Where we go trailing
our own wake of glass, like years
we enter, enter again, stop seldom, and rest
in our own dust impressions.
FROM *HUM OF OUR BLOOD* BY MADELYN GARNER

**Surgical Mask in the Time of Plague**

Half my face erased, only eyes above horizon—unmoored from a crooked nose, muffled mouth.

The nurses insist I wear a mask—white as blisters, as bone, as mausoleum marble.

Snow fort.

What have other mothers done in times like these:

Hide in their homes?

Come swaddled in gown and booties, blue-gloved?

Or do some of them attend, defiant—faces bare?

For days I have kissed my son through paper—sail billowing with each exhale.

Now watching him again turn away from me as if a stranger, I choose.
Sequel

Dear Husband and King,
I’m writing to you because I’m afraid someone is rewriting our story.

Lately, your mother has been licking her lips and eyeing the kids rather strangely, and knowing her ogre-ish lineage, I fear she admires Daisy’s round arms and Dawn’s dimpled knees with other than grandmotherly affection.

I know how important your war must be, but I’m worn out trying to make my lamb printanier and blanquette de veau tender enough to please her. Unless you return to the castle with haste, we’re in imminent danger of losing, my dear, our happily ever after.
FROM THE DOCTOR OF FLOWERS BY RACHEL BLUM

Who would have come
if the angel had not come

Was there something
you wanted to tell me

A river flowed
through my house

so there is nothing
you cannot say to me

Water that
begins in the stairs
carries a velvet dress

like plaster
when my legs
are failing

and salt like snow
so suddenly
your laughter

and the sound
is a boat and the
boat is my hands

and I remember you best
with my hands

there it is always
the same day
The Praying Tree

Ten years of driving the same highway, past the same tree, the picture is at last complete. The eucalyptus tree and narrow birds above a blessed steel sea with no thoughts of yesterday, today, or tomorrow.

Black cormorants on bare branches spread their wings as if in prayer. A sunny day in Summerland, and the tree, visible only from the highway, hides its penitent perch from cars racing by too fast.

Four wheels swerve to avoid a sheer cliff, southbound on the 101. The fat sun slides its yolk into the glass ocean. Slow down. See an empty nest of woven round sticks in the praying tree.

Birds soak in rays without fear of cancer or the nature of forgiveness. Slick imperfections, wet wings open and close in Morse code for good-bye.
Letter to Mabel—From a Door Turning Inward

I drove through the old blinking light to the ranch you gave Lawrence.

As if the road could take me through reasonable perspective. The road with its spindly bushes and dust. The sky, combed and curling.

The Ranch is bending down. The body of land baked in sun. Beside his door stands a pity of trees. Even Georgia’s pine has suffered and suffered again, and is now without fragrance, needles whipped from the heat.

Despite sudden afflicted weeds and shamble, the needy arrive for opinions. Yet the house has shed its unsteady hand. Every breach, each final line, the pace of his sentences. Walls in the cottage crack.

We want his spelling of sorrow, all the trembling. Have we asked too much?

Up the slight hill, where he holds to his revolutions, yellow lumps indulge in a pattern. I nearly kneeled in its persistence, or I should say, reeled as it billowed.

The dark grew rough, and I left. Time was again to its pauses. I saw two horizons: one when I looked back, hunted by hawks.
The Cairns

They’re stacked beside the creek
on a hidden gravel road—patience
and craft, the artful searching,

seeing, chipping, shaping. Mostly
limestone, each rock—millions of years
forming, fossilized, story-filled—itselt a cairn.

The hours spent in rugged contemplation,
water burble, wind in leaves, the forest’s sway—
a present for those who pass as the earth

crumbles in time what human hands have made.
I stack words to remember what words alone
can’t say. The tongue is an eye, a poet wrote,

not just a choking muscle, fumbling with age.
The earth a grave of lost words, stones
and children’s bones; a cairn, itself, crude and holey.

The gift is in the labor, mother taught—
scraped palms, broken nails, tired backs,
the ordered wonder of shape.
**We Are Meant To Carry Water**

like buckets on rope
haul us up and be quenched.
Like clay vessels,
like aquariums, like troughs,
you can lead horses to us.
Built to carry each other
between islands
from drowning continent
to drowning continent,
lungs reconstituting holy springs,
each time a breath
of accordion pleats
little fist of sound escaping.
We are water heavy,
collapsing wells,
thick water pumps
through chest holes,
skiffs slip down spackled
rivers churning silt,
lake-eyed child, her rod
in the depths wishing.
The Boat That Takes Me

Blanket my body
in the hull of red canoe

Lay its heavy head
on a needled pillow of pine

Suck the cold knob
of Adam’s apple –

Say goodbye
Misting foot against

a bone boat
adrift in memory

A hand clutches
the trim of a gun

metal dock
Silent trigger

not so hard to push
off after all –
See And Be Astonished By Whatever Will Occur

Before the black water withdraws to scale the lake’s shore with brine like skin
incandescent after love
before the black room’s green
night-heron’s eye becomes the mirror revealing myriad criminal stars, thinned relentlessly
into foreign
constellations unremembered
tarnished by the shrunken unkindled arbor of vacant memory and men riding antlered
deer under the horizon into the valley plaqued
with burn before the burning whirlwind or boiling pool no matter how shrunken the gyri
or jigging fibered tangles before the white ones
leave their floating wooden mountains no matter how many still thrumming hearts we lift
from opened breasts of those pinned
to an altar for burning we will all be only variant syllables joined and spun through
the aqueduct’s opened mouth into the river’s sacrificial throat
like cries against wind in dream
FROM GIRL BY VERONICA GOLOS

Ten Miniature Gods Swirl Inside the Room

How old are you?
Ten.

Do you know our names?
No.

How long do we have?
Mother will sleep. See? Her bottle is empty.

Do you dream of us?
Sometimes.

When?
When I’m under water. In the bathtub. I go under water and I open my eyes, and there are so many floating sparkles.

Will you come with us?
Where?

Where do you wish?
To the sea?

You will become
Mermaid.
Oh yes, please.
Yes, pearls in my hair, silver tail, my nails purple as cyclamens.
You are walking on a side street
in a small western mountain town
opposite a muddy field where two horses
pasture you’ve walked past the horses before
today they are solemn not a wagging-tail day
their eyes on pocks in the mud their hooves made
and you wanting the long lashes
of acknowledgment

    a small cold wind
blows and a tree of brown leaves shakes
it is talking and the brown
rains down another gust
again that talking sound
the leaves give

like starlings, small black birds
of gold eyes that with one mind rise
from buildings or trees a tornado
to block light then fan and turn
a pointillist demotic
Alternate Names for Rape Survivors

1. held breath in the half-light of red-eyed dawn
2. muscle tension before the brick is thrown
3. forgotten bodies piled on a dorm-room floor
4. someone's daughter
5. shade from a leaf gone once the sun moves in the sky
6. life-destroyer of the hometown football star
7. huddled masses yearning to breathe breathe breathe br
8. twisted knot, a hive of cuts on thighs
9. disembodied soul and the cat's 10th life
10. your teacher, bus driver, dental hygienist, the girl who sits stone-faced at church
11. (me)
12. every third woman reading this
13. a reinvention of reinvention
14. the millisecond before the razor or the noose
FROM *ANYONE'S SON* BY DAVID MEISCHEN

**The Words Inside**

Night rustles in the hackberry leaves.  
A gate hinge complains, nudged  
by restless yearning. Henhouse mutterings  
from wherever dreams have transported  
these heavy, flightless creatures.  
From the house behind him only  
silence, no sign from the others. Father,  
mother, sister, brothers. Awake they look  
past him, eyes empty as grommets.  

Tonight—the dark, the stars, the cool  
against his skin—he burns to know  
if somewhere there are others fed  
by hungers that cannot be  
quenched: out of deepest dark  
beneath the nearest hackberry,  
a white plume cresting, a tail  
held sassily aloft. The boy on one  
side, this unknowable creature  
on the other, his impertinent sashay,  
as if winking at the boy, his longing,  
the meager rooms behind him, doors  
opening so easily out to a sky  
like this. Confetti incandescing,  
The boy takes in as much  
starlight as he can hold. Sleep  
opens in him, its delicate petals,  
a voice without words, singing him away.