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The internal Advisory Board represents a variety of disciplines and perspectives; is consulted individually and/or as a group for advice and ideas; meets once each semester for reports, updates, and needs of the journal; and is invited to assist in other ways as needed. The Chair of the Department of English, the Director of Academic Technology, Wilkinson Account Manager in Strategic Marketing, and Wilkinson College’s Publicity Coordinator hold standing positions on the Advisory Board. Each additional board member serves a three-year, renewable term.
DESIGN STATEMENT

The print issues of TAB: The Journal of Poetry & Poetics are special editions, each published at the beginning of the calendar year. These issues reflect the mission of Tabula Poetica: The Center for Poetry at Chapman University to create an environment that celebrates poetry in various forms and venues. The annual print issue engages the reader with poetry as a material object and asks that the reader negotiate between image and text. The design of this issue does not assume a traditional role of quietly framing content; instead, design actively shapes the reading of the entire page. The special print editions of TAB will continue to experiment and explore the intersections between form and content, object and space, and reader and reading.

The monthly 2014 electronic issues pick up elements from the January 2014 print issue, which embodies an expression of time and space. From beginning of the journal, each page employs atmospheric and, at times, abstract photography of the sky taken at different times of the day. Text has been placed within various objects specifically chosen to interact with light. These objects include water, glass, blinds, wrinkled paper, and windows. The sequence of time is reflected in the progression of the journal, beginning with morning light and moving to night. Experimentation with space is conveyed through the different voices of the authors included in these issues. The print issue’s spine is unorthodox, creating unexpected vertical and horizontal movement in the reading experience. The physicality of the object forces the reader to acknowledge its presence. The life of this interactivity becomes an individual journey of pages unwilling to be turned passively. The space in this issue challenges readers to take in more than merely text and image but also a full-body experience of holding and disorientation.

Monthly electronic issues follow each annual printed issue. Using these differing formats—print and digital—allows experimentation with design and materiality in a time when print and electronic dissemination coexist. TAB will not force either format to adapt to the other. The reading experience in virtual spaces is different than that of a printed journal. The electronic issues are shaped by Open Journal Systems, a federally funded, open-access system from the Public Knowledge Project designed to serve the public good globally. While the electronic files can be printed, each electronic issue will be formatted for ease of reading on the screen. Decisions about page size, typography, and composition are driven by the online reading experience, rather than to mimic a print version. TAB also makes use of the audio/video possibilities of digital dissemination.
SANGUVORY

Never knowing fear, clad in black, the surgeon sharpened
His scalpel, tricked his patients into compliance, into sanguine

Offerings. For generations, nazcas bowed in supplication,
Humble disciples, begging forgiveness through scarification.

No incubuses. No work of the devil. No smidge of evil.
Just opportunity perched on the wing. Made in good faith.

Isolation caused new directions, new thoughts. Built a beak.

The surgeon, relaxed by the curving surf and sand, vacationed
In the shade, digesting a robust dinner, completely sated.

His patients healed in the expansive light, tending to each
Another's wounds, recovering in no tomb of bones.

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On Wolf and Darwin Islands of the Galápagos, Geospiza difficilis septontrionalis, a subspecies of the sharp-beaked ground finch, feeds on the blood of birds, gannets (nazcas), and blue-footed boobies. This unique adaptation allows the finch to expand its diet. Some creationists claim that the finch turned to blood meals after the fall of Adam and Eve, since God would never create a creature that exhibits vampirism.
THE AXOLOTL SETTLES

For the muddy bottom, settles
For cold water, settles for villainy, battles

Not to be roasted or pushed into transformation.
We desire to unlatch its secrets, its information

About regeneration, some illogical fountain
Of youth, a homemade miracle, regrowth redone

After catastrophe, a factory of cells ready
For the Industrial Revolution, crazily

Producing replacement parts at breakneck pace
To cure every aberrance, every abhorrence.

Axolotl, a type of salamander, can regenerate tissue (and limbs) and this mechanism has been studied deeply in order to unlock ways of coping with human disease and injury.
THE AXOLOTL RISES

From the muddy bottom, rises
To metamorphose, rises in crisis.

Buds form, digits elongate, bone calcifies,
Legs sprout, body widens, juvenilia dies.

Leaving the shrinking water, the axolotl
Waddles on all fours, stout, powerful:

The lynch pin to the squeaky axle,
A stick of soft wood to the sharpened chisel,

The thought to the transitional sentence,
A single link to a massive fence.

Axolotls retain a juvenile form their whole lives unless conditions prompt them into changing into an adult form. This mechanism is known as neotony. They were recently placed on IUCN red list.
HAUNTS

After the war years
ruminating in the market
over food that one had forgotten
existed, my uncle says to another pensioner,
ah yes. There were such fish—
as if putting his hand through a reflection,
it’s just a ripple in a pane of old glass,
that shining succulent flesh.

My cousin died in Riga, begging for a tangerine
when there were none to be had. If I spoke of these things
it would be to invite you to my house for
a plate full of shadows, the dead
carnations and baby’s breath silhouetted
on the wall I’ve traced in their fineness.
Pēc kara gadiem
tirgū prātodams
par sen aizmirstiem ēdieniem,
krusttēvs otram pensionāram saka:
jājā. Tādas zivis jau bija—
it kā roku iegremdēdam
atspoguļojumā,
sulīgā spīdīgā miesa
kā burbulis veca stikla rūti.

Māsīca nomira Rīgā, lūgdamās pēc mandarīna,
kad tos nekur nevarēja dabūt. Ja es par šādām lietām
runātu, it kā tevi ielūgtu ciemos,
piedāvātu šķivi ar ēnām, novītušas
nelkš un ģipsenes, ko iezīmēju
smalkī niansētas uz sienas.
Nyctohylophobia: Fear of Forests at Night

On a willow bough, an owl whos.
The byway bellows below.
The yellow lilies and the bluebells yoyo a ballet.

The willows eely blow. Yells well up—
a baby bawls, left in a web of blue and yellow.
The bluebells bob like wallabies. The lilies lap his elbow.

The willow, lulling him a lullaby, lowly bows.
The baby boy lies ill.
The wily lilies bully and the willable bluebells obey.

The willow sways bye-bye.
The baby blows away. The bellows allay.
The lilies lie about their alibi. The loyal bluebells bail.

Beyond the willow will be a bulb where a baby lay.
The willow wobbles and will wail
while a yellow owl eye allows it all.
THE THIMBLERIGGER

She knows all about pricks and punctures
the danger of points and pins, needles
and cacti. Have you ever tried to dust
the skin of a succulent spiked with spines?
She understands, carries the tiniest bandages
and all manner of fingertip protections.
Leather snoods to snug over index fingers,
metal caps dotted with perforations perfect
for pushing needles through leather,
bamboo sheaths for a thumb or pinky
to keep accidents from crushing them unawares.
Her pockets overflow with sizes from tiny
like a baby’s curled fists, to the largest man,
like a lumberjack who needs shields from splinters.
So many ways a hand can be hurt. Crushing in
train couplings, knives cutting deep gashes,
smashing in carriage doors, pinching in door jambs.
She knows her work will never be done,
her own fingers missing their distal phalanxes,
her wings serving double function, delivering
her thimbles and carrying her from house to house.
CONTRIBUTORS

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Paul Brooke, Professor of English at Grand View University, is the author of four books, including the upcoming Sirens and Seriemas: Photographs and Poems of the Amazon and Pantanal. His newest project, Darwin’s Cellar, focuses on evolution and misunderstandings of science.

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Inara Cedrins is an artist, writer, and translator from Latvian to English who went to China to learn to paint in Chinese ink on silk and remained five years. Her anthology of contemporary Latvian poetry was published by the University of Iowa Press, and her new Baltic anthology was published by the University of New Orleans Press in 2013. She became a docent at the Lincoln Park Conservatory and has painted a mural on canvas based on the tropical plants there.

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KRISTEN LATOUR
Kristen Latour has published three chapbooks: Agoraphobia, from Dancing Girl Press; Blood; and Town Limits. Her poetry has appeared in journals such as Fifth Wednesday, Cider Press, Atticus Review, dirrtcakes, qarrstiluni, and The Adroit Journal. She teaches at Joliet Junior College. Readers can find more information at www.kristinlatour.com.

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