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THE CENTER FOR POETRY AT CHAPMAN UNIVERSITY

TABULÀ
poetica

CHAPMAN UNIVERSITY | WILKINSON COLLEGE
of Humanities and Social Sciences | Department of English
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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 the print issues do not assume a traditional role of quietly framing content; instead, design actively shapes the reading experience. 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 2015 print issue explores mapping as place, location, and orientation. The journal’s design this year encourages reading mindfulness with the intention of getting lost, disoriented, having to navigate a way through as someone might navigate a journey and encourage discovery. The journal emphasizes the iconic ritual of unfolding and refolding maps and also the visual weight of traditional street maps in order to communicate credibility and an authoritative source of being an actual place. But this place is no place.

We examined work by Jacques Bertin, a French cartographer and a visual semiotician. In his book, The Semiology of Graphics, he synthesized design principals with rules applied to writing and topography. His work was dedicated to the study of visual variables (shape, orientation, color, texture, volume, and scale) of maps and diagrams to code visual combinations that would create successful map-reading objectives. We challenge these guidelines by employing visual variables associated with illegibility, including graphic density and angular illegibility. The front side of the map, which contains the poems, tightly compresses layers between text and texture, eliminating hierarchy and contrast. There is no right side up so disorientation is part of the reading experience. This is further emphasized by orientation conflict in which each poem is placed on its own angled baseline.

This back side of the map provides information about the authors. In order to discover the author of a poem, the reader must flip between the front and back of the map to determine its placement on the latitude and longitude grid. This side of the map uses photography of places so specific that the reader is excluded from knowing the place. With the common use of GPS and everyday devices that lead the way rather than show the way, this print issue empowers the reader to lead their own way.

Electronic issues, on the second Wednesday of every other month, follow the 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 and the reading experience for each format drives the design. 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 are formatted for ease of reading on the screen. Decisions about page size, typography, and composition are driven by the online reading experience. In this electronic issue, the design of the author pages play into the print issue by including author bios and designating “location” on a zoomed-in part of the map. TAB also makes use of the audio/video possibilities of digital dissemination.
SPECIAL ISSUE

Each year, thousands of California students participate in the Coastal Art & Poetry Contest hosted by the California Coastal Commission. Students in grades K-12 are invited to submit original poems with a California coastal or marine theme.

For several years, Tabula Poetica has overseen the mid-level judging of the poetry contest and chosen the finalists in each grade category. Thanks especially to Annie Kohut Frankel, the Education Director at the California Coastal Commission, for supporting this ongoing collaboration.

This year, for the first time, TAB: The Journal of Poetry & Poetics devotes its May issue to the winning poem, along with an honorable mention, in each grade category. TAB is proud to be a part of this project and to feature California’s young writers.

This year, Tabula Poetica Graduate Assistant David Krausman coordinated the judging process. The undergraduate Chapman University students who participated as judges are Daniella Islas, Caitlin Dinunzio, Jay Dye, Max Celentano, and Katie Ratermann.

GET A COPY

To receive a complete copy of the print issue as a map, please send a check for $10 made out to Tabula Poetica and mail to:

TAB, English Department
Chapman University
One University Drive
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Or become a member with a charitable contribution:
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Contributors receive complementary copies and can request additional copies. TAB is distributed at the AWP Conference each year.
KINDERGARTEN–1ST GRADE

ELIN EKENHEIM
Kindergarten, Belmont
Winner

EESHA MUTHINENI
1st Grade, Santa Clara
Honorable Mention
THE GREAT WHITE!

I don't know what it is about you but I'm fascinated.
Maybe it's your cold eyes
Sharp teeth
Big jaws.
I love you great white shark!
I don't want to swim near you.
But I want to protect you, so you can live forever!

—Elin Ekenheim
OVER THE SEASHORE

Over the sea shore
Where the waves roar.
Over the sea shore
Where the sand blows.
Over the sea shore
Where the kids play.
Over the sea shore
Where I smile all day!

—Eesha Muthineni
2ND–3RD GRADE

ARIANNA TRAUB
2nd Grade, San Rafael
Winner

ZAK TREVAN
3rd Grade, San Diego
Honorable Mention

P.9
THE WAVES AT THE COAST

The waves at the coast roar into life like lions, tigers, any type of carnivore, and then they crouch down like a completely harmless creature. We wait for the next roar of waves to pick up and start the raucous cry again.

—Arianna Traub
THE DEEP SEA

Do you see
the shimmering sea
glinting and reflecting?
The sea quietly
and gently lapping
against the sandy
sea shore.
The waves
can be many things:
for a person they
are wonders,
for a fish
it’s home.
When I’m on the
sandy
sea
shore
I feel like
I am free
to build
to break
and to build
again.
My feet
are delighted
to make
footprints
in the
sand.
The deep
blue
ocean
makes me
joyful
in every
way.

—Zak Trevan
ISHA SINGH
4th Grade, San Jose
Winner

NATASHA GUPTA
4th Grade, Cupertino
Honorable Mention
THE GREAT LINE

What is the horizon line,
that great line
that’s been there since the beginning of time?
That great line,
stretching stretching across the earth,
that has confused mankind
since mankind’s birth.
That great line
down at the bay,
and under its watch, the dolphins play.
But alas when we try to figure out,
that line just keeps on moving out.
As we get closer, it goes farther,
Away, away, away...

—Isha Singh
WINTER

When the sun slips on its winter garment,
The fluffy clouds do mourn and weep,
For summer warmth is gone and now
Winter coolness wakes from sleep.

Skies dark with crystalline rain
Are mirrors of ice on frosted panes.
Birds have gone from the sands and seas,
Gulls and robins, crows and geese.

All the land is waiting for the sky to shine once more.
Let the frost be gone and breeze be warm on the sunlit sandy shore.

—Natasha Gupta
7TH–9TH GRADE

EMILE Y SUSU

9th Grade, Alhambra

Winner

SABINA HOLZMAN

9th Grade, Irvine

Honorable Mention

P.15
SHE IS THE OCEAN

Hand in hand, the sun felt warm but not as warm as Her hand,
The breeze strong, but not as strong as Her words
Down the wooden steps until our feet touched the warm, soft sand.

Some days, we would listen to the ocean through sea shells;
Some days, we would watch it as it touched our feet.
   I am the ocean, she would say.
   Never did I understand until this day.

Today, I hold Her hand, although it's not the same.
   My feet burn as they take each step,
   But the pain doesn't beat the pain in my heart.
   I continue my stroll, step by step,
   And still I cannot bear to part.

   The ocean water is chilly
   As if the creatures themselves can feel my pain,
   For she has torn my heart apart
   By leaving me on this day.

   Her ashes fly in the wind, freely, calmly.
   Slowly, she makes it to the ocean and becomes a part of it.

   Now I understand
   She was right all along.
   She is the ocean.

—Emily Su
SPRING TIDES AT DAYBREAK

the path twists down the crags to the field
before the shore, faded, footfalls like dust-catchers
in the sand. woad waters round the skerries
like cream in coffee, brackish blues
crested with pallid tones. the murmur of the tides,
returning, receding (the moon lulls
the ocean in its cradle). even the shoals
are quiet; the occasional roseate seastar,
ragged on the dark rock. a gull cries,
widespread wings as it glides past, the silhouette
otherworldly in the fog. settled water,
spring’s first saffron poppies
bright among the driftlogs.

—Sabina Holzman
10TH–12TH GRADE

AMANDA VALLECORSE
11th Grade, South San Francisco
Winner

JARID MCCARTHY
11th Grade, Oceanside
Honorable Mention
CALIFORNIA SOARING

Trees, amazing redwood trees,
So tall and majestic. Mendocino magic.
I find my way above their fray,
Coastal spray and trains that wind from mountain to bay.

Eyes squint to see through billowing fog and mist.
What’s this: A rust colored golden gate towers above slow-moving clouds.
My soul breathes in the cold, salty ocean air
As arms open to greet me, inspire me, give my wings life.

My California spirit is soaring now.
San Francisco winds gently lead me south.
Finally, a place to rest at the Monterey sea crest,
An oasis wild and free, teeming with my kind.

There they are, old souls with powerful blow holes.
Slow and steady, I feel their life rhythm beneath me.
My humpback friends lead me now,
Continuing my journey south to tinsel town.

Ah, now for some action!
The Santa Monica Pier deserves my attention.
A morsel of food to fill my bill,
A city of angels and dreams to fill my wings.

My home, independent and free,
I see all this California can be.
The golden coast is more than a view.
It is a preview of what can be, a possibility
Where free spirit meets every aspect of beauty.

—Amanda Vallecorse
A LEAP FROM THE JETTY

The bonfire sizzles,
The once orange embers
Dying out and receding to their
Black, permanent graves.
The last drops of sunset slip away, too,
Dashing all light from the sand and the stones,
Leaving the coast bare and dark
And full of stars.

At once, we wake, not from sleep,
But from our towels and blankets to dive into the night.
Ignoring the rocks at our feet, cutting up at us like the things we wish to ignore,
We lean into the wind.
Darkness whistling,
Sweet wind fills with salt.
Our screams go silent, replaced by bare joy.
Teeth shining, hearts pumping, lungs heaving,
We fall from the earth and into the void.

Lights and sounds of humanity,
Now worlds away,
Grow soundless and empty in the roaring blue-black.
Water surrounds us,
Both falling from above and lapping up from below.
Black rises, black falls.
With no lines of day to separate the two,
Heaven and earth crash into each other.

I dive below,
The blackness around me,
Pure and wild.
A pearl at my feet shines,
Guiding my way.
Bleeding-red coral
And milky-green fronds:
My only companions in this
New shimmering night.
One moment, draped in towels,  
And the next dancing  
Through the misty waves,  
Avoiding responsibility like ships  
And words like hooks.  
Deeper now, we see the creatures, scattering beneath moonlight  
Like man under cloud,  
The violence above lost on their  
Silver-white skins.  
Close by, we hold hands,  
Pretending to be them.  
Further we swim,  
No warmth upon  
Our backs nor any needed.  

We surface again, shouting to the stars,  
Letting ourselves loose,  
Unaware of reflections,  
Wishing we could stay in the cold underneath.  
I look from the sea,  
Lifting my hands to the sky,  
Where the once hyper-blue air filled  
Our lungs with light.  
I look back to the ocean, splashing into the water once again,  
Aware of the life swimming deep below  
And now hopeful of the life that fills the space above.  

—Jarid McCarthy