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## JOURNAL OF & POETICS

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THE CENTER FOR POETRY AT CHAPMAN UNIVERSITY





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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  
Orange, CA 92866

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

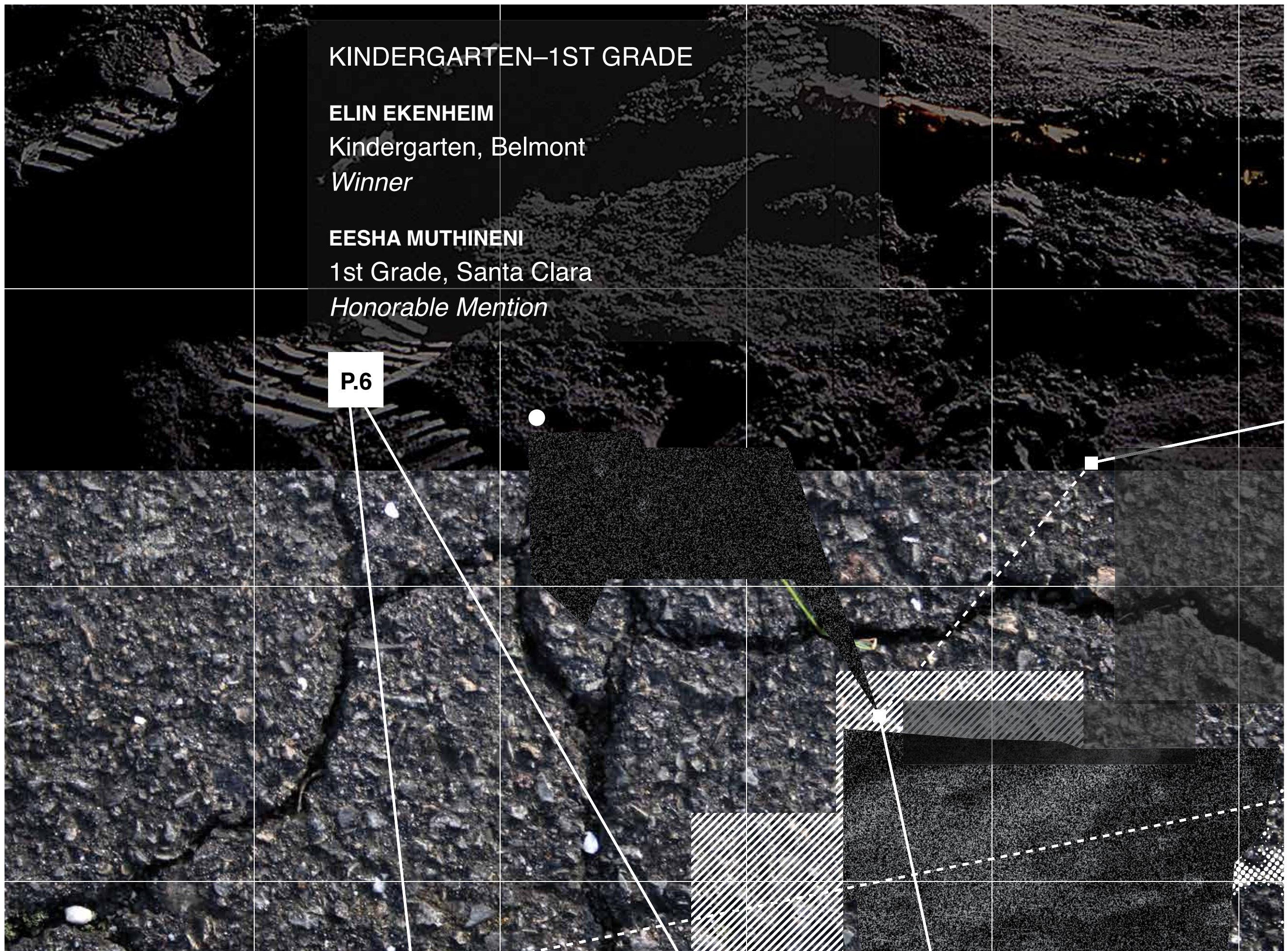
*Winner*

**EESHA MUTHINENI**

1st Grade, Santa Clara

*Honorable Mention*

**P.6**





**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  
ARIANNA TRAUB

2nd Grade, San Rafael  
2nd Grade, San Rafael  
*Winner*

ZAK TREWAN  
ZAK TREWAN

3rd Grade, San Diego  
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



### 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

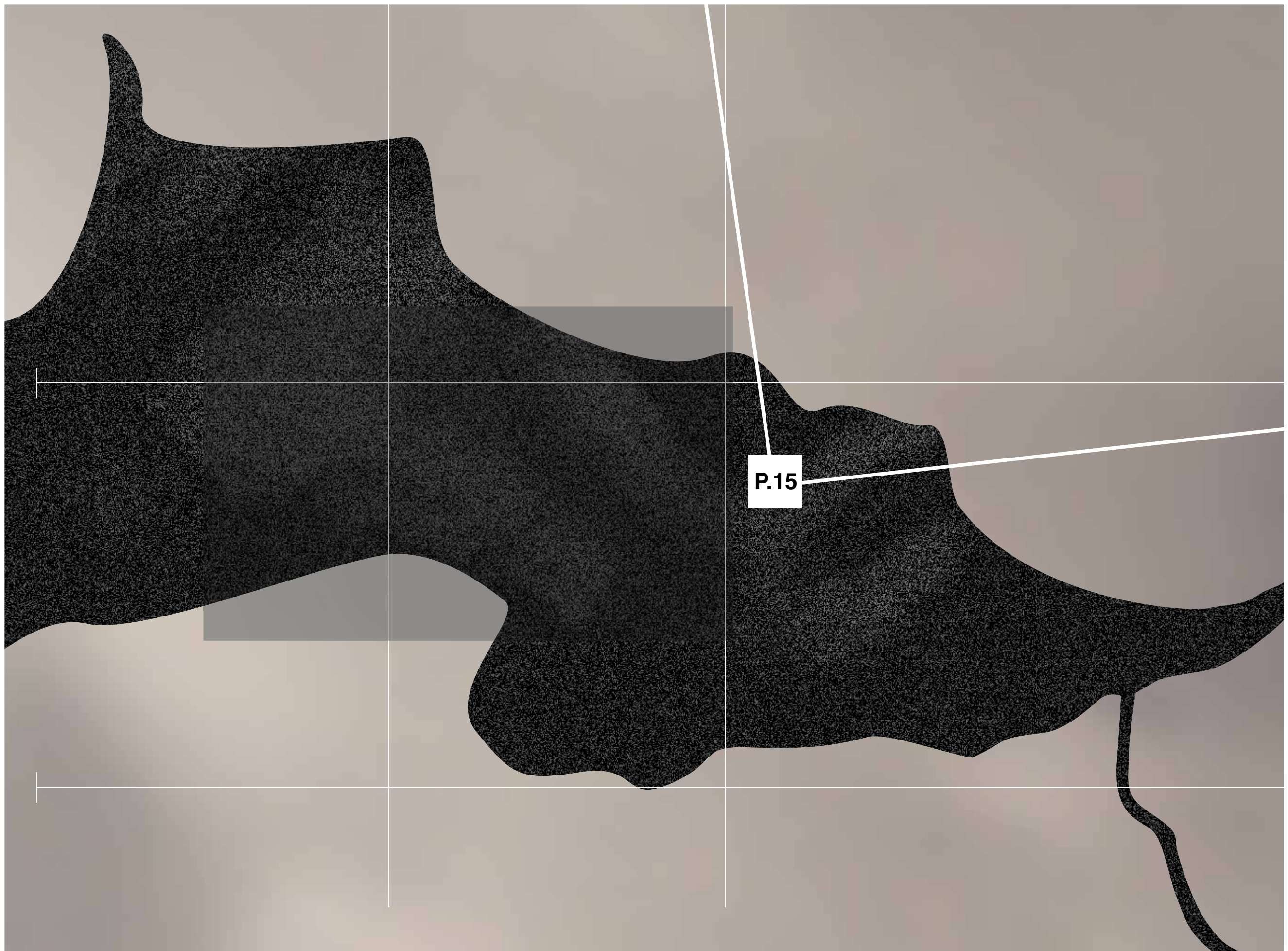
When the sun slips on its winter garment,  
The fluffy clouds do mourn and weep,  
For summer warmth is gone and now  
Winter coolness wakes from sleep.

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





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**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





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**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