

T A B

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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 *TAB's* mission 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 first 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.

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 merely mimic a print version. *TAB* also makes use of the audio/video possibilities of digital dissemination.

To order a copy of the print issue, please send a check for \$10 made out to Chapman University to *TAB: The Journal of Poetry & Poetics*, Department of English, Chapman University, One University Drive, Orange, CA 92866. *TAB* will be available at the AWP book fair.

L A N E T T E C A D L E



HYPOTHETICAL

Choose one, my daughter says, you must choose between being peed on and falling off a cliff. I refuse to play along and her ten-year-old insistence won't let it be. *You must choose. You must—it's the game.* She sits, patiently, skin flushed from the sun and a lifetime left to wait for my answer. I simply can't. I choose well, but only when the moment exists and the hypothetical never does. The real thing is never that horrifying or mundane. No, the big choices are like the name of the game—think fast—and I've learned not to second guess after each round. I forget those moments and remember instead ants trailing the sand in loops; one ant pushing a grain that looks like quartz. The patterns in hospital linoleum, fractured and unnaturally green. The stripes headlights make through venetian blinds at three a.m. when it's not him. The ridges on the doctor's face before he turns to the door, after he says everything's going to be fine. I focus on a small bead of sweat as it tumbles down the slope of his nose. Things like that. The events behind the images are like shorthand, never as real. The Cuban Missile Crisis. Hearing my brother is going to die before he's five. The surprise when my husband is late, not dead. The words *cancer* and *you* in the same sentence. Think fast.

R I C H A R D C A R R



FOUR DRUNKENNESSES

Drunkness of Li Po. He splashed face-first
into the reflected face he so loved—Pretty Moon

Drunkness of Pretty Moon. She loved the water
Lonely Lake—whose eyes melted in her presence

Drunkness of Lonely Lake. His love note to Moon
purple carp delivered—down to Mud and Leaves

Drunkness of Mud and Leaves. She embraced
in her bed at the dark lake bottom—poor Li Po

WAYWARD

Wandering from town to town
on simple roads

down the green mountain
along the amber river

forest dripping with spring snow
field crackling with autumn husks

at every house and in each new handshake
faithless and alone—I meet Basho

D O N A L D I L L I C H



HAIL MUSIC

The hail made a kind of music we danced to.
Sometimes a swing tune, other times pop songs.
None of us wanted it to end, as we learned new

dances, ways to gyrate our skinny bodies.
We didn't fear its pounding, or the storm's
movement over the suburbs. Our roof was strong.

The trees would stand still like stone statues.
The only thing left to do was sing, to tell clouds
we were happy with disaster, loved crashing

ice. Our parents had different opinions.
They didn't understand this music, begging us
to come in to the basement, immerse ourselves

in tents and sleeping bags. No reason to feed
lives to destruction that wouldn't appreciate them.
In the end we obeyed them, left our fun.

The wind died down, leaving only small breezes
and dear pieces of hail. We tasted them.

C H R I S T O P H E R M U L R O O N E Y

SAN BERDOO

at the toll bridge over the Inland Sea
you pass the time amicably
reaching into the pocket of your jacket
or the glove compartment
or in the various niches surrounding one behind the wheel
for the elusive coin that will bid the fellow
let you pass entirely unmolested
bid is good and there's the bridge motif

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Lanette Cadle has previously published poetry in *Connecticut Review*, *Crab Orchard Review*, *NEAT*, and *Menacing Hedge* as well as forthcoming work in *Elder Mountain*. She is a past recipient of the Merton Prize for Poetry of the Sacred and is currently an Associate Professor of English at Missouri State University, where she is also an editor for Moon City Press.

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Richard Carr's writing has appeared in *Poetry East*, *Exquisite Corpse*, *New Letters*, *Painted Bride Quarterly*, and other journals. He has published two chapbooks and eight full-length collections of poetry, including *Lucifer* this year. A former systems analyst, web designer, and tavern manager, he currently teaches English in Minneapolis.

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CHRISTOPHER MULROONEY

Christopher Mulrooney has poems in *Pomona Valley Review*, *Bicycle Review*, *Epigraph Magazine*, *Auchumpkee Creek Review*, *The Germ*, *Red Branch Journal*, *Decanto*, *The Cannon's Mouth*, and *The Criterion*.