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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 does not assume a traditional role of quietly framing content; instead, design actively shapes the reading experience. The special print editions of *TAB* continue to experiment and explore the intersections between form and content, object and space, and reader and reading.

The 2016 print issue explores the representation of energy. Energy is best conveyed by experience, in context, generating an emotional effect. Yet, we learn energy in 2-dimensional static visual representations like weather system reports, combinations of molecules, and diagrams like the ones used to explain the energy forces of how the Twin Towers collapsed during 9/11. This issue contains four energy panels (movement, connection, destruction, sustaining) dedicated to the exploration and relationship among diagrammatic representations, the expression of energy, and poetry. Diagrams interact with text and visual compositions that occupy the space and create new visual representations of energy. The contrast and radiance of the back panels is a complete manipulation of diagrammatic language, returning movement, and chaos that leaves an emotional imprint to the experience of the viewer. Perforated panels empower the reader to redirect energies, recreate sequence and narrative.

Electronic issues, on the second Wednesday of every other month, follow this 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 are formatted for 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 possibilities of digital dissemination.

To order a copy of the print issue from 2016, 2015, 2014, or 2013, 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* is available at the AWP Bookfair.
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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

AIDAN HERNANDEZ-STEVENS
1st Grade, Sacramento
Winner

ANUSHKA IYER
1st Grade, Cupertino
Honorable Mention
CARMEL HAIKUS

The path to the sea
Trees, leaves falling. Animals
Brown fur, old bridges.

The ocean water
Splashing people, pushing sand
Making it darker

When we walk in it
It feels our toes. By the sea
Tiny sand angels.

—Aidan Hernandez-Stevens
DOWN BY THE SEA

The sky is blue and wide
And you’re by my side
Water touching our toes
The sun shining on our noses

You make some castles
With sand and pebbles
And down by the sea
You are free

—Anushka Iyer
2ND—3RD GRADE

PURVA MARFATIA
3rd Grade, Cupertino
Winner

SAM PINDER
3rd Grade, Los Angeles
Honorable Mention
THE MARLIN

It swims swiftly through the sea,
Twisting and turning so gracefully.

It darts through the water: Swish!
At 96 km per hour, a fish.

It flies through the air in a single leap,
Then plunges straight back into the deep.

It swims slowly to get a little rest,
An amazing creature, maybe one of the best.

—Purva Marfatia
GENTLE WIND, GENTLE WAVES

Gentle wind, gentle waves, basking in the sunlight. Crisp white sand baking in the heat. Blue sky, blue sea, children laughing in the waves Gentile wind, gentle waves, till the sea turns silent.

—Sam Pinder
4 T H – 6 T H G R A D E

AALIYAH RAMIREZ
6th Grade, Fremont
Winner

ELENA BREM
5th Grade, Yorba Linda
Honorable Mention
RESILIENCE, BIG AS AN OCEAN

High tide
smashes the shore
and pulls creatures back
into the deep, deep blue.

Exhausted, the tide recedes,
yet pools of life remain in a chain
like a necklace on her breast.

Life is resilient.
Tide pools carry life,
however small
and seemingly unimportant.

Yet have you ever seen a tide pool?
Have you seen
graceful Anemone, waving her slender arms
or
Hermit Crab and his scuttling walk?
Have you felt Starfish,
with her textured skin?

These animals must be strong
to survive a difficult life.
Strong to hold on while
waves pound and pummel.

Each creature's life is important.
Direct or indirect,
these creatures' lives
are joined to ours.

Now
the high tide returns
with another spurt of energy.
Hang on tight!

— Aaliyah Ramirez
OCEAN BOND

Calming clash; a wave
about to strike again; soft
Something speaks to me

—Elena Brem
7TH—9TH GRADE

PERI BENJAMIN
7th Grade, Tiburon
Winner

ALLISON CHOE
8th Grade, Milpitas
Honorable Mention
I REMEMBER

I remember my dad in some sense
I remember how he dashed across the water in his brand new surfboard
I remember not being able to surf alas I was only 4
I remember going up to the beach house with my brother
I remember the way he would look down at me before he went out across the waves
I remember how uncomfortable wet suits were
I remember getting my very own boogie board
I remember the long winding road back home that made my brother carsick
I remember the piano that was seated upstairs
I remember when we sold the beach house
I remember engraving his name in the sand and watching the waves roll over it
I remember laying ashes in the sand
I remember how the inviting waves seemed like a far off world in the distance
I remember why we didn’t go there anymore
I remember sitting in the front row wearing a black dress
I remember it all as if it was yesterday
But he is gone now and nothing can change that
He is still here but not in person
He is probably just at the beach
Watching waves roll in and out
Riding the waves like a knife against butter

—Peri Benjamin
IRIDESCENCE AND ISLANDS

blackened blue strata cliffs
rising into the halcyon
lightened sky, realize that
ocean is ephemeral,
ocean is the salt that washes up
on sanded shores,
ocean is the love of sluggish
crystal lagoons, a scintilla
of phosphorescence
breaking onto the sand, rounding quartz and
scaring the fish.
iridescence and islands.
at the ocean listening
for breathing and
missing the feel of air
whooshing through lungs,
ocean above sky,
earth above air.
dry grasses fashioned
into paintbrushes &
ground-up sunflower petals &
winged seeds
blowing away like smoke
into the sea.

—Allison Choe
10TH - 12TH GRADE

ELISE WING
10th Grade, Kentfield
Winner

ELISE WING
10th Grade, Kentfield
Honorable Mention
THoughts We Have Getting Out of the Car in Monterey

Night in the Philippines has fallen
and usually we think nothing of it
as we go about
checking our watches and tempers
our laundromat costs and taxes
and our kettles and language

But today is different
today we clamber out of the backseat
and the wind shocks us
the sun is too harsh on the sea
and the sea too wide to look across it

So instead we imagine across it
thinking of the boy
with lips wide and elliptical like banana leaves
as he melts into his hammock

Listening to dogs bark
and cars rattle over the potholes
the rain falling like slashes of black ink
and the neighbors
laughing over the last bowl of squid curry

—Elise Wing
TREASURE HUNTING IN SANTA CRUZ

Sea cliff bedding planes
layers of some immense cake
brackish, slumping
human history is only an inch deep here

The fossils come away dusted
chalky veil, swept away by callused fingertips
the spiral, delicate
is veined by grooves regular
as a corrugated tin roof

Somewhere my mind shapes a detour
kelp is a lushness and rustling
flash of silver as a minnow darts
light is meek and blue
but bold enough to say, “good morning”
to the shelf where this very shell resides

How was it to know, that out of the billions
it would be the one preserved for posterity?
will my ginger beer can be the one
found lodged between layers
some three million years hence?
when they, whoever they are
look back on the trashed oceans
and plastic-spotted rocks
and recall the anthropocene?

—Elise Wing