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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.

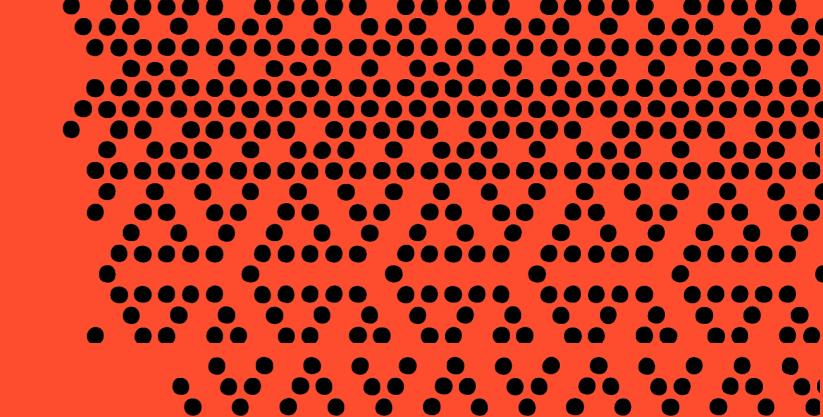
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Contributors receive complementary copies and can request additional copies. *TAB* is distributed at the AWP Conference each year.



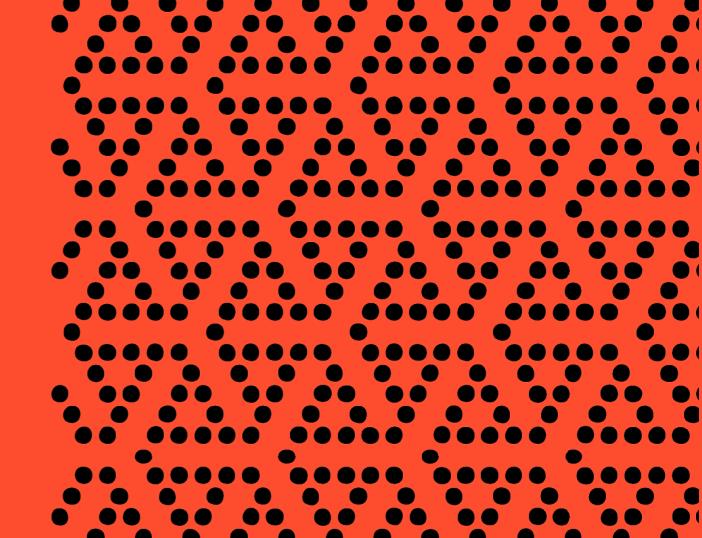
KINDERGARTEN-IST GRADE

AIDAN HERNANDEZ-STEVENS ist 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.

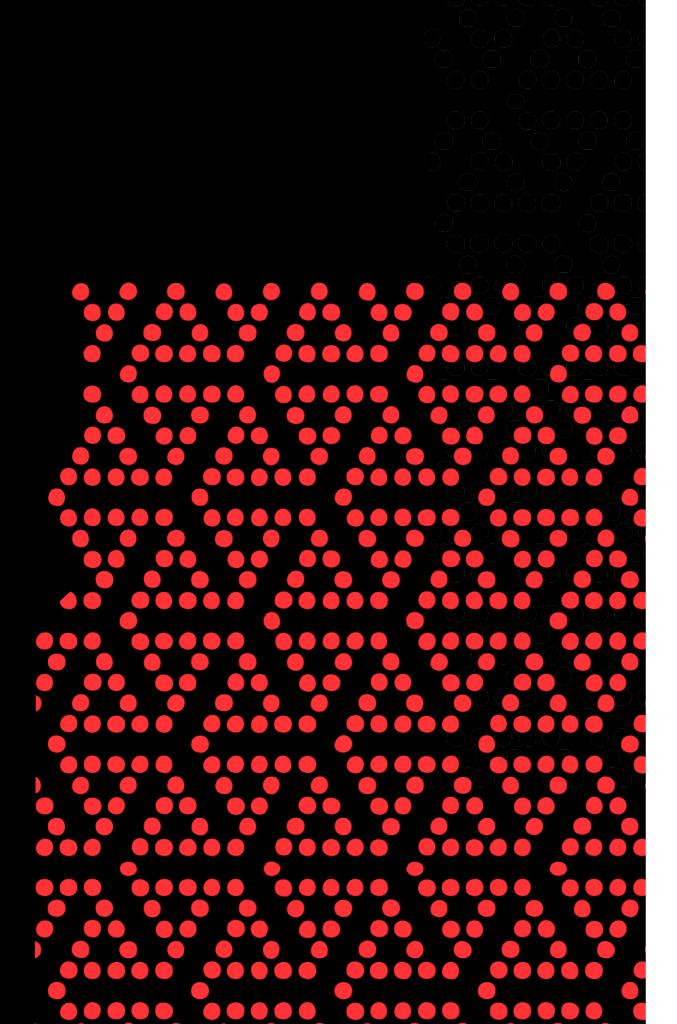
—Aidan Hernandez-Stevens

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



2 N D - 3 R D G R A D E

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 Gentle wind, gentle waves, till the sea turns silent.

—Sam Pinder



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

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

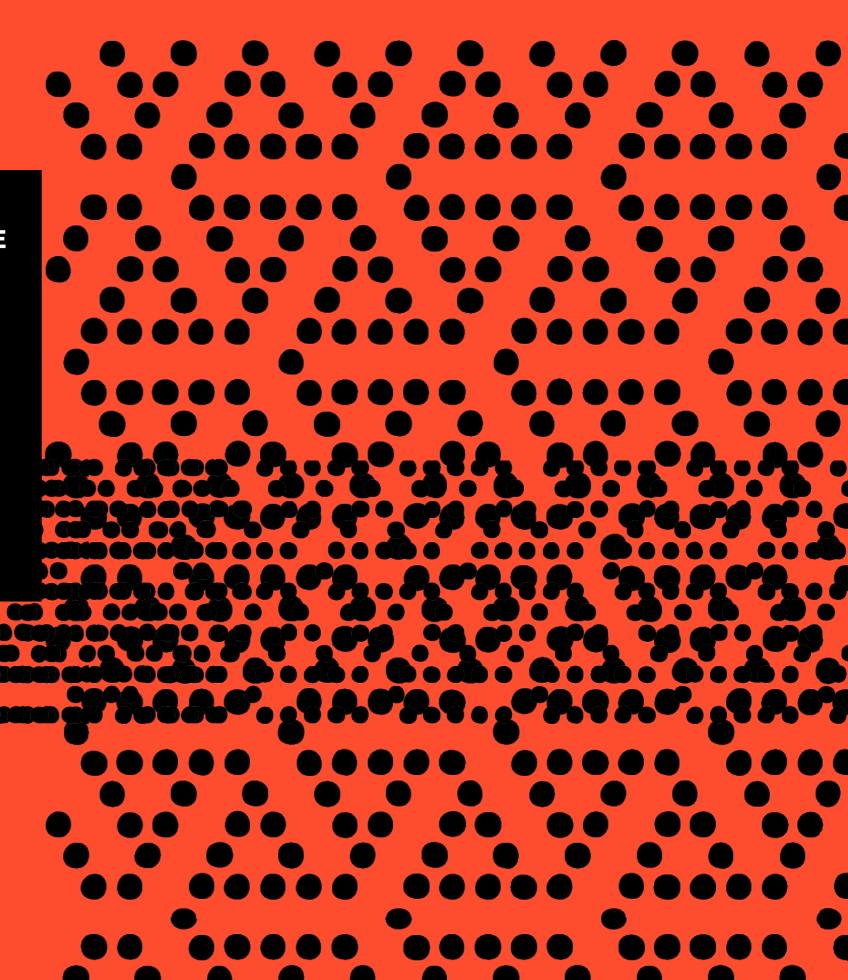
Calming clash; a wave about to strike again; soft Something speaks to me

—Elena Brem

7 T H - 9 T H G R A D E

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

IOTH-I2TH 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