Kelli Allen, p. 6–8
THIS IS THE PART WHERE WE DON’T SAY “LOVE”
THIS IS HOW I ANSWER GOODNIGHT
Colleen Coyne, p. 9–11
UNDERSTORY
THE BIRKENHEAD DRILL
Deborah Hauser, p. 12–14
HOW MUCH COMPRESSION?
Jessica Hudgins, p. 15–16
DREAM FRUITS
Carrie Meadows, p. 17–19
ALL I SEE IS LINES:
NO PEACE:
Brianna Pike, p. 20–21
WEDGWOOD
Editor in Chief: Anna Leahy
Creative Director: Claudine Jaenichen
Graduate Assistant: David Krausman
Criticism Editor: Brian Glaser
Translation Editor: Alicia Kozameh
Readers and Book Reviewers: Alexis Gobel, David Krausman, Adrianna Medina, Robert Matt Taylor

TAB Internal Advisory Board: Joanna Levin, Chair of English; Mary Litch, Director of Academic Technology; Laura Silva, Wilkinson College; John Benitz, Theatre; John Boitano, Languages; Douglas Dechow, Leatherby Libraries; Rei Magosaki, English; Kevin O’Brien, English

The internal Advisory Board represents a variety of disciplines and perspectives; is consulted individually and/or as a group for advice and ideas; meets once each semester for reports, updates, and needs of the journal; and is invited to assist in other ways as needed. The Chair of the Department of English, the Director of Academic Technology, Wilkinson Account Manager in Strategic Marketing, and Wilkinson College's Publicity Coordinator hold standing positions on the Advisory Board. Each additional board member serves a three-year, renewable term.
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.
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:
https://secure.touchnet.com/C20539_ustores/web/store_cat.jsp?STOREID=1&CATID=130

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

Kelli Allen’s work has appeared in journals and anthologies in the United States and internationally. She served as Managing Editor of Natural Bridge, is the current Poetry Editor for The Lindenwood Review, and is the director of the River Styx Hungry Young Poets Series. She is Professor of Humanities at Lindenwood University. Her chapbook, Some Animals, won the 2016 Etchings Press Prize. Her full-length poetry collection, Otherwise, Soft White Ash, arrived from John Gosslee Books.
THIS IS THE PART WHERE WE DON'T SAY "LOVE"

Tell me again how I’m sorry. Explain how underneath your hands I am different than when alone with my body. Make it up. The long fence running from sandy yard to seaside. Pretend to look out the window while you talk to me. Show me what believing you means. I cannot press against nowhere, or later.

Tell me how I want to be saved. In the backseat of my car you called me Princess and I whispered dragon and we almost sang.

This isn’t the part where you remind me that I sometimes ask for dirty things, windshield muck thick ugliness. There is no mystery in breaking twigs under my back when you push hard into the cold grass, hips-against-hips. This story is not that one.

When all the delineations point toward a happy ending, tell me you know better. Say, we are both falling from some bridge, but not really. Tell me how we both jumped, waving our hands, tongues out to the monsters we left long on the ground.
THIS IS HOW I ANSWER GOODNIGHT

Gravity changes the way we say Yes.
Reclining means that I am relaxed enough
to tell you I could have drowned when you fell
asleep on the sand. I stood over your sun
bruised body, tiny crabs outlining your legs,
and collected my breath into lungs more
than burning, more than almost spent
completely. You did not wake then, not
for hours, and I let you burn a little,
watched your lips puff bright from simple
red to something like belladonna sheen.

I lie back, now, and admit that I never wanted you
to save me, that we save, each, ourselves, shells
already snug on our backs, curled smooth
as only skin pretending to be more than itself
can. I rest my head against your pillow and wait
for you to listen right, to see how far I’ve come
from undercurrent to woman who is asking you
not for forgiveness, but for knuckles to press
into shoulder blades, palms slow to fan,
when I roll to leave this space, yours, and walk
directly back into the ripe waiting sea.
Colleen Coyne is the author of the chapbook *Girls Mistaken for Ghosts* from dancing girl press, and her work appears in *DIAGRAM, Hayden's Ferry Review, BOXCAR Poetry Review, Tupelo Quarterly, New Delta Review*, and elsewhere. She lives in Massachusetts, where she teaches writing at Framingham State University and works as a freelance writer and editor. You can read more of her work at collencoyne.net.
UNDERSTORY

When the dead speak, we have to listen. They coach this puffed up season, this fertile mantle.

They own our palest reflections, which create their own dangers.

In the house of roots, they pass through small rooms and balk at each threshold.

They perch alone among trees, like cold creatures—curve & hunch, fur & bluster—the over-hanging shadows that fold themselves neatly into our beds.

Past the pane: the sky between the branches.

Blue leaves surprised by red flowers, yellow-budded pinecones split by cicadas, a trunk netted by sliding weeds.

Their skin the winter sky between the branches.

In the cradle of evening, the cool, endless rocking, the dead steal our wings. No time to learn to die. Oh, but then—the moment just before, that last lost calling—the body lets go its gentle grip. Every branch bends and lifts—the great exhale. We press our ears to the canopy.
THE BIRKENHEAD DRILL

An ornament of light decorates real danger, scolds our reckless passage. Stumps float in the mirror moon path, or stack solid from the seabed. Prepare for your grave enlightenment; unravel your ultraviolet hair, which we’ll fling into the foam.

On this under-sunned, tilted starboard, salt sanitizes our armless hands, wind steals cold from clanging buckets, and we barnacle our anchor. If rescue fails, we’ll out-sink the scavengers with stale bait: our ankles wrapped in coral.
Deborah Hauser is the author of *Ennui: From the Diagnostic and Statistical Field Guide of Feminine Disorders* from Finishing Line Press and is a contributing editor at *The Found Poetry Review*. Her work has recently appeared in *Carve Magazine, HEArt Journal Online, and Antiphon*. She leads a double life in New York; she works in the insurance industry when she isn’t writing poetry.
HOW MUCH COMPRESSION?

In “Can Poetry Matter?” Dana Gioia asks:

Q. How much compression is needed to transform versified lines into genuine poetry?

how much compression is needed to transform versified lines into genuine poetry?

how much compression?

so much depends upon the compression of versified lines into genuine poetry

how much compression?

how much compression?
is needed to transform versified lines into poetry?

A. just this much.
Jessica Hudgins lives in Baltimore, where she teaches creative writing and co-organizes the reading series *Hey You, Come Back*. Her work appears in *The Journal, Portland Review, Glassworks, and Incessant Pipe*. She received her MFA from the Writing Seminars at Johns Hopkins.
DREAM FRUITS

I am surrounded, calm. Nimble-fingered, I know there is a source, a problem, and a solution in each pried-at thing. I thumb the peels off; then the flesh, leave it all glistening around me. I crack open the seeds and they burst, one after another, into flower. Pistils unfurl from their hold and worms and moths swarm down, eager to be known.
Carrie Meadows lives in Chattanooga, Tennessee, where she teaches creative, professional, and academic writing and runs Story Creators, a nonprofit literacy and art program for elementary school students. Her work has appeared in *North American Review, Prairie Schooner, Mid-American Review*, and other publications. Her first poetry collection is forthcoming from *Calypso Editions*, and her website is at carriemeadows.com.
\textit{All I See is Lines:}

\textit{Henry Speller to wife Georgia, two years dead}

train tracks
to our floor as if an engine was due to pass through like a storm
strings in my guitar
grids those strings stamp in my fingers
my time with you racing my mind like bourbon on a motorbike
smiling eyebrows and lips on the sexy pictures you painted
nylons over a woman’s thigh like a sheet of diamonds
breasts coming at me like darts
Delta Queen’s stacks licking up sky and pushing it back
--- like spit it’s blown to a bubble
paddles working that steamer through mud and turtle
grooves on a cow’s horn
head of my shovel to red clay
bathtub ringed in rust
steeple cutting through rain
Pastor’s arm aimed for God and cloud
your drum picking up and carrying off my beat
your eyes steady like knives the morning you said, “Mamma come to me
--- in a dream. I won’t be out here next summer.”
the poles holding up the porch when you said it
arms of the chair I held till my hands fell slack
floorboards cold to my feet
plane rising up like a cross slicing earth from Heaven
handles on your coffin
my harmonica quiet by my pencil on a table
edge of paper where my crosshatches stop
curtains without those long lashes of yours to pull them shut nights
--- I can’t draw a new face
NO PEACE:

Juanita Rogers to the stone baby in her belly

Little knot I can’t pull my pants past, you
are the fist the Devil left in my gut
when I ran from the Garden. I don’t know
what to call you, but I hear you singing
real whispy like you’ve lost both your front teeth.

Mud woman, mud woman, make your clay men.
Break them down and build them up again.
Mud woman, mud woman, drink your lye tea.
Sway in the suds till down comes baby.

I hear other songs. Stonefish and Monster
come dragging femurs like spears. They tap hymns
on a pig’s empty skin beside horned men
nibbling at mermaids’ scales like wet secrets.
Stuck under this sun, they, too, will harden.
Brianna Pike is an Associate Professor of English at Ivy Tech Community College. She received her MA from the University of North Texas and her MFA from Murray State University. Her poems have appeared in So to Speak, Connotation Press, Glassworks, Gravel, Heron Tree, Mojave River Review, among others. She lives in Indianapolis with her husband and son. She blogs at https://briannajaepike.wordpress.com/. Find her on Twitter @BriPike.
WEDGWOOD

In a small room off my grandmother’s kitchen
shades of blue take shape in a cake stand, serving
platter, butter dish, cup and saucer. Maidens, lambs,
and cherubs etched in a collection gathered

over countless trips to cramped, antique stores
crammed with glass goblets, painted porcelain
birds, and brass lamps. My grandmother hunted
every booth, straining to glimpse a glint

of blue and white. Delighted, she held them tight
to her breastbone all the way to the register,
only letting go when the shop owner wrapped
each treasure in layers of thick paper.

Today, my mother, my sister and I stand
in front of the shelves while my grandmother’s
fingers caress every dish, recalling each time
she pulled a piece of beauty free from dust.