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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 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, openaccess 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.

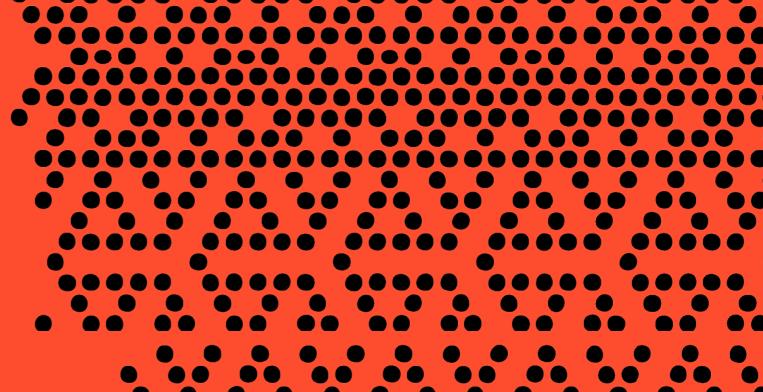
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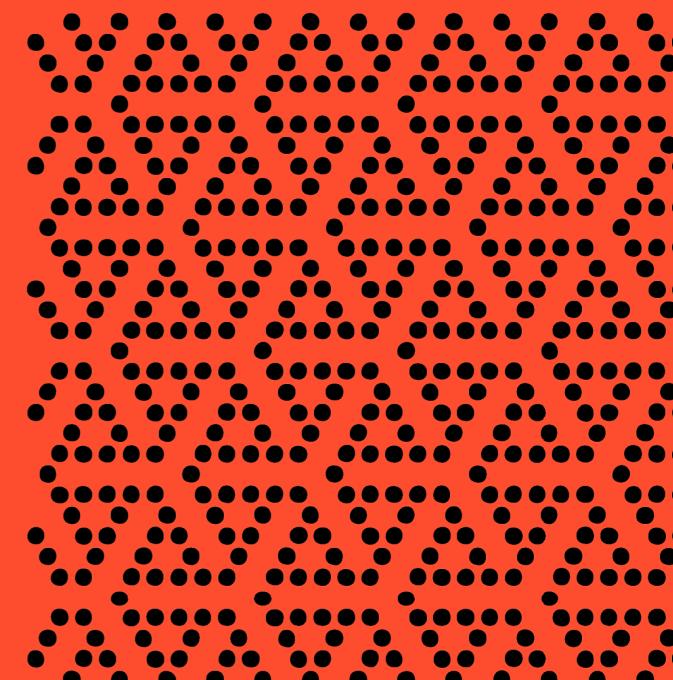
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# LANDON GODFREY

Landon Godfrey is the author of Second-Skin Rhinestone-Spangled Nude Soufflé Chiffon Gown, selected by David St. John for the Cider Press Review Book Award. She co-edits, -designs, and -prints the letterpress postcard broadside journal Croquet.



#### **ELEPHANT**

Let's have drinks, shall we? It's such a nice day. We're civilized people after all. The lawyer just sent a nice bottle of bourbon. Small-batch stuff from a place in Kentucky that used to be a still in the woods. I imagine that's actually the case for most distilleries. Did you know that Appalachia isn't pronounced with a long a sound? Appa-latchia. Appa-batchia. Appa-cat-chia. trap-chia. Oh, Appa-shut-yourlook. The ice bucket's full. Isn't that one of the great pleasures in life? One finds ice right when one needs it? The Mona Lisa, penicillin, an ice bucket filled by unseen hands—how lovely life can be. How something de la something. Well, let's have drinks, shall we?

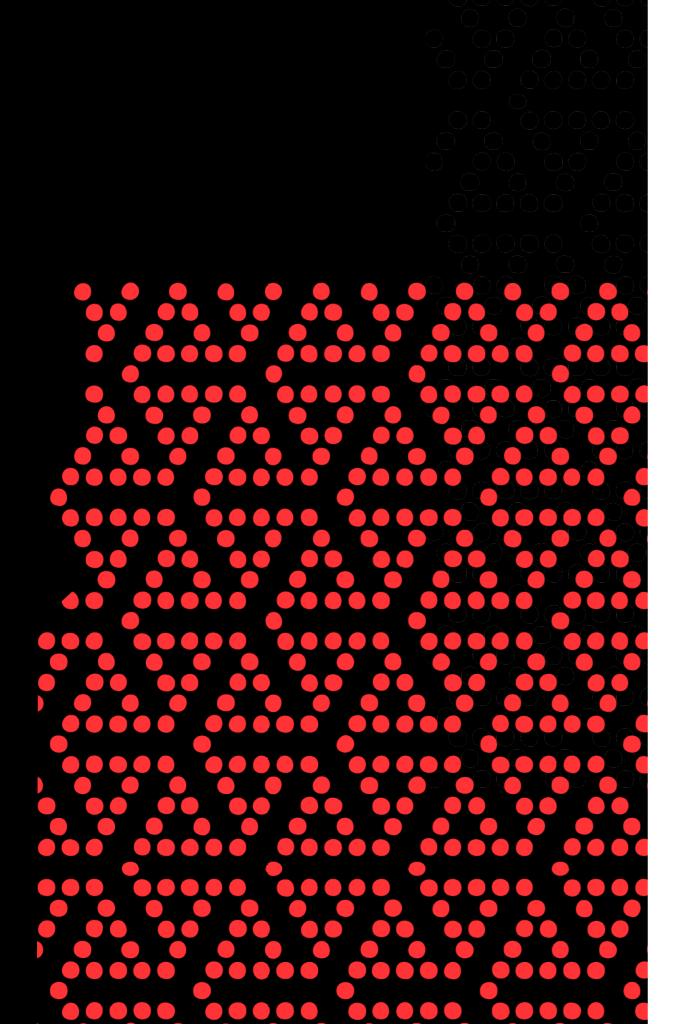
*It is like having a book out from the library.* It is like constantly having a book out from the library. —Lorrie Moore

Do I miss our running joke about being brainwashed by the Diffi-Cult? Dressed in the ascetic garb of our high school teachers-brown corduroy suit with high-water trousers or brown woolen A-line skirt, brown turtleneck sweater, flat gladiator sandals laced to the knee—one falls in love, engages in arguments about the meaning of endlessness vs. the meaninglessness of endlessness-adding the doublesuffix-lessness to everything: everythinglessness bangs one's head against the wall instead of chiming a gong, walks through streets paved with books, envies that American movie star who, in her twenties, couldn't tell a TV interviewer where she'd been to high school—oh, enviable erasure! In the Diffi-Cult, everything—especially remembers the unattainable rememberlessness.

#### **JUNK DRAWER**

Death is the opposite of everything. —Susan Sontag

After I die, please let your new wife throw this detritus away. Allow these things to become holes in your heart. I promise you won't need my desiccated rubber bands, extra buttons to the ratty cardigans I wore around when cooking gardening reading that you'll have given to a charity shop, tags from my pied dog lost in Vermont so many summers ago, local merchants' logo-screaming magnets I wouldn't let you put on the refrigerator, the odd champagne cork, notes about errands I either did or didn't do, and the rest of it, all the flotsam and jetsam from the ocean of moments we weren't paying attention to because like everyone else we thought this world would last forever. Let your wife change the drawer liner and lay in her own provisions for the duration, until such time as this little kitchen-corner-tucked coffin's opened for the next viewing.



# TOM HOLMES

Tom Holmes is the editor of Redactions:

Poetry & Poetics and the author of three fulllength collections of poetry, most recently

The Cave, which won The Bitter Oleander

Press Library of Poetry Book Award for 2013,
as well as four chapbooks. His writings
about wine, poetry book reviews, and
poetry can be found at his blog, The Line

Break: http://thelinebreak.wordpress.com/.

Twitter: @TheLineBreak

## RESPONSE

The challenge is to indicate where I have been. I could point backward and say, "From there," but the voice is a poor instrument it can't erase, it can only speak louder.

I could write a story or draw a map, either way, I'd make a long metaphor, draw out some significant moments and scratch out wherever I slept or pissed.

If you like watching through tinted windows, my van could take us back on hard roads and a series of pit-stop associations we can remake a life together, or not.

Perhaps your question was simpler than all that. It's been so long since we shared a space. I hear between your words, but, more, I watch— I want to invoke meaning in your presence.



#### IN PRE-COLUMBIAN TIMES

In Pre-Columbian times, the world was flat and people fell off all the time. Discontinued species sought refuge on the steepest slopes. What you might call a dingle, but not in front of the kids. Nuns, cloistered in tight clusters,

jogged alongside outlaws as they roped and rode their visions right to the edge. Are racing them still. It's the stretchiest relationships that last. Tidying our messes, messing with tides, we leapt on anything that would take our lives for a spin

before they spun out of control. Language like fresh cut grass on the tongue. There's a switch on the side of the planet that flicks on and off whenever another concept, or container ship, explodes. The ocean a sky that can't keep its

stars straight. You don't have to be a mermaid to struggle with your footing. Knowledge an uneven thing. What washes ashore after a late night storm is anyone's quince pie. Some things are best left unexplained so there

are foot prints to return to, to follow into the high meadow where lingers the last rogue balloon. We started as fish thinking we'd grow into turtles; as turtles we wanted to be birds; and as birds we weren't satisfied until we were

trees batting down clouds. What's next? Rocks are sharp and our bones are old. One person's benchmark is another's wind jammer cruise. But that barque embarked eons ago. Last aboard, a dog unable to shed its fleas.

### **CARPET DREAMS**

The chair wants some alone time but the man sinks only lower and lower.

He's in for the night. What about me? says the chair. My legs are tired

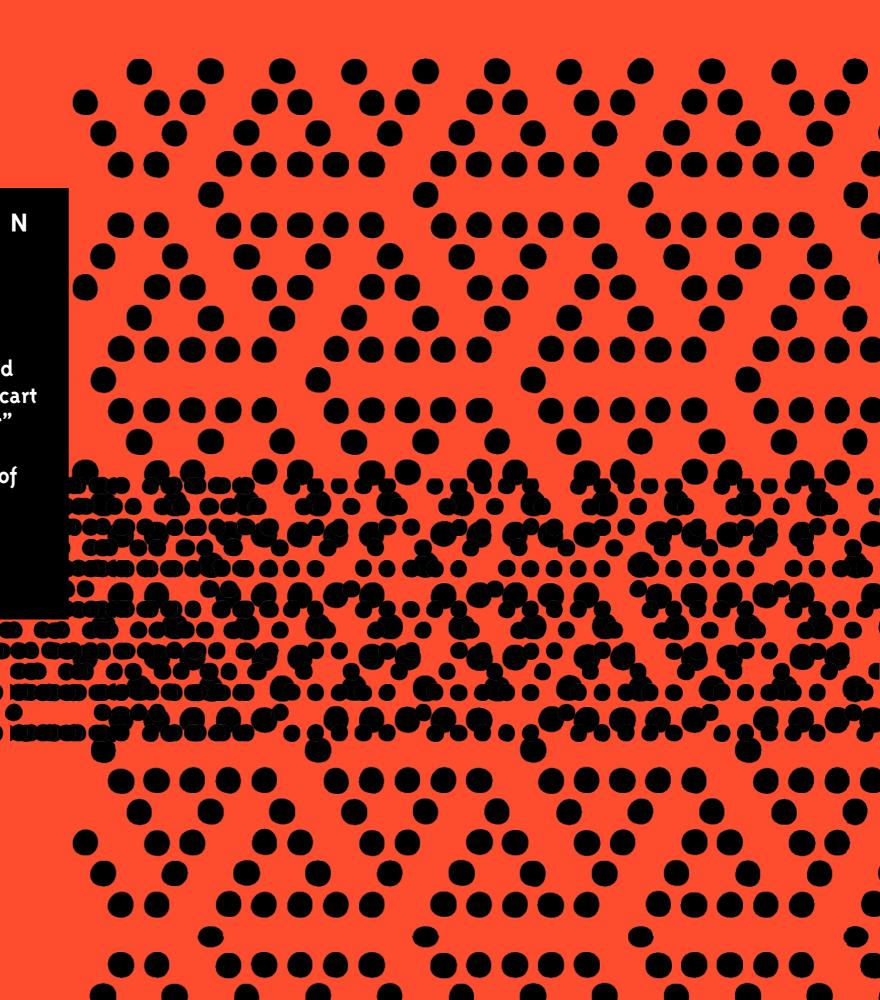
too and my arms need a stretch. Meanwhile the carpet dreams of pulling

out from under them both. All these years I've been supporting you, it says.

Meanwhile the floorboards, the foundation—and below your mother's grave.

# CANDACE PEARSON

Candace Pearson's Hour of Unfolding received the Liam Rector First Book Prize for Poetry from Briery Creek Press. Her poems have appeared in fine journals and anthologies nationwide. A multiple Pushcart Prize nominee, she grew up in the "other" California—farm country—and now lives in in an old hiker's cabin in the foothills of Los Angeles.



#### MOSES, THE BATHER

In those last days

though we did not know they were the last, we suspected; though we knew they were the last, we could not count them; we could not accept they were the last, even as they mocked us with their velocity

we lost all sense of privacy. More and more

strangers entered your dying, as though waving goodbye took many hands, not simply yours or mine. Yet amid the intruders—dispensers of drugs, dispensers of advice in all directions, of regret came Moses, the bather, and you a water child

ready to be bathed.

We showed him the recipe (colloidal oatmeal, hydrogen peroxide, ancient salts) you'd devised to rid your body of toxins. He followed it faithfully, lowered you into the current. Your final submersion. From the Nile back to the Nile.

I'm an Aquarian, a water bearer, you used to tell me, to explain your need for high dives and deep-running tides. I don't believe in horoscopes, just as I don't believe in the protective power of family or the infallibility of love.

Later, when you could no longer be carried like a raja on someone's shoulders, Moses with his anointed cloths and sponges, his soft ablutions, bathed you where you lay.

The day after you died, Moses called to say, Sorry, so sorry, the static in his voice white water flowing over rocks.

#### **BODY OF LAND**

In this knowing unknowable land the breathing earth the sky lit by cloud speak a vocabulary of wind indifferent to footprints

and we find ourselves inside the geography of permanence & change the only question how to find our way forward as sapling or shadow

Do this succumb to the comfort of rectangles press your ear to a cottonwood to its whisper and hum

patterns emerge

there in the distance what we've looked for all along life on a curve the infinite line



#### **MAIN STREET**

Sometimes I want a life unseen, above the bookstore, a small life, lined with shelves of novels and poems, a life of sinking my hands into soft, grey wool, a knitting project, the needles clacking.

At the window, snow pelts, in falling light, the blackbirds that arrow eastward, across the bay where the lighthouse flares its fan. A small life, such as the one in which stew

bubbles on the stove and there is a wooden table set with two bowls, two spoons, two mugs for milk and thick napkins, white and folded. Bread bakes while steam from the kettle clouds my glasses.

You know this life, the one I want. It is devoid of clatter, of clamor's insistence. Instead, it is a life of red rain boots poised at the doorstep, of a handful of friends and good lines in the writing,

a life in which the postman, huffing up the stairs, hands me a packet of letters bound in cotton cording, their messages tender, of good hope and cheer. A life worth its silence, its simple, sacred yearnings.