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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, and Wilkinson College’s Publicity Coordinator hold standing positions on the Advisory Board. Each additional board member serves a three-year, renewable term.

Special Issue Note: California Coastal Commission Poetry Contest
TAB Volume 5, Issue 3, is dedicated to the winners and honorable mentions in the California Coastal Commission K-12 Poetry Contest. Tabula Poetica assists with the judging and recognizes Chapman University Graduate Assistants Jenni O’Rourke and Mike Gravagno, who coordinated the process, and undergraduate judges Alexis R. Allen, Marina Burandt, Julie Linh Nguyen, and Alana Reiss.
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 2017 print issue examines the effects of noise and text delivered to the reader as visual volumes on multifaceted layers. Textures and patterns act as a sounding board, adding a variety of tones intended to create an atmospheric pairing with the poems themselves.

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

ROBERT BECERRA
1st grade, La Puente
Winner

NASH WILLIAMS
1st grade, Morgan Hill
Honorable Mention
CONSUME

Consume consume that’s all we do
We take and take and don’t regret
We need to know what’s best at end
Our oceans are at risk today
Because of all the things we toss away.

—Robert Becerra
OCEAN WATER

The water goes swish, swish, Swish. The shark goes bite, bite, bite on a tiny fish. The water goes swish, swish, swish through the gills of a tiny Fish.

—Japleen Dhillon
2nd–3rd grade

EMMA LUCCHESI
3rd grade, Elk Grove
Winner

JAPLEEN DHILLON
3rd grade, Fresno
Honorable Mention

ALEXIS LAVELY
3rd grade, Santa Rosa
Honorable Mention
**WAVES**

Do not stop me waves.
You can’t stop me now.
The sun is shining on me.
The sand is so soft.
And it’s like a blanket.

I can see the mountains.
They are so beautiful!
Like you! You! You!

You can’t stop me now!
I’m like a wave! A wave!
A wave! The sun is shining on me!

The waves are so beautiful!
You can’t stop me now waves!
Even if the waves are so high!
You can’t stop me now!
I can climb the rocks
And you can’t get me!!

You can’t stop me now…

—Emma Lucchesi
ALCATRAZ

Where the prisoners would cry,
As they planned to try
To escape this frightful place,
Now many birds,
Come in large herds,
To breed and raise their young

—Nash Williams
A DAY AT THE BEACH

Rolling, tossing,
Salty spray,
The sea calls to me,
On a sunny day.
Frothy, foamy,
Shimmering waves,
Frolicking in the sea,
Splashing in a stony cave.

—Alexis Lively
4th–6th grade

SIENA DUNN
5th grade, Palo Alto
Winner

ABIGAIL ALFORD
5th grade, Hollister
Honorable Mention

FITZPATRICK BROCKWAY
4th grade, San Francisco
Honorable Mention
HAD THE OCEAN BEEN MY FRIEND

Had the ocean been my friend,
I would have given it
All of my truths for safekeeping

All of my darkest secrets,
Nestled deep into the sand,
Surrounded by the soothing hum of the waves.
Waves enveloping my mistakes in life,
Like buried treasure,
Never forgotten

Tales I would have written,
Girls plucking seashells from beaches
Whose golden shores were
Like isles of dreamland
But whose fates were
Like lines drawn in sand

If the ocean had been my friend,
I’d have
Spent off all my loneliness
Strolling its vast shores,
I’d have walked with the wind
Had the ocean been my friend

—Siena Dunn
WONDERING WAVES

Watery waves wonder
Why their world is so wet.
As they wake to whistling winds,
Will they have a new pet?

A swordfish, a seal, a sea slug they have!
Why not a fox, a fawn or a friendly calf?

I guess they’ll never understand.
They can’t have animals who live on land.

—Abigail Alford
I AM A FISH IN THE BIG BLUE SEA

I go with the current,  
The current goes with me.  
I follow school into  
The seaweed.  
We feed off algae  
Crab, plankton, and krill.  
Shrimp for dessert.

Big animals and small ones,  
We cower from sharks,  
Hide in the dark.  
I am a fish  
In the  
Big blue  
Sea.

Never stop being hunted,  
Hunted all day.  
Swim, swim,  
Swim away.

Now there are 10,  
Now there are 8,  
Now there are 7,  
Now there are 5,  
Now there are 3,  
Now there is  
Only me.  
I am the last,  
Speeding fast,  
Zooming through the 100 yard dash.
Can you catch me?
Catch me if you can,
Catch me, catch me.

—Fitzpatrick Brockway
WILL TOLMIE
7th grade, Tiburon
Winner

SARAH FENG
9th grade, Los Altos
Honorable Mention

VICTOR LI
8th grade, Saratoga
Honorable Mention

7th–9th grade
LAST SUMMER

The transit driver veers around the road,
knocking us from side to side, but
we don’t care:
we’re just on our phones or
picking at the sticky duck tape
holding the back seat together
~
suddenly, the bus lurches to a stop
our eyes look out:
the fog is creeping onto the beach and
into the sea
~
we grab our boards and
kick up the hot sand as we run
we tiptoe across the shoreline
and into the salty water
~
the waves kiss our faces
and we laugh at our inability to surf
crushing seashells as I walk,
the water climbs up my body
~
one time,
we catch a big one, but
the undertow catches us and
we’re sent flying
~
as we rise out of the water
and into the sweltering sun,
I look back into the past
at the sandcastle that the little giggling
boy is crafting with his mother.
I smile.

—Will Tolmie
OPUS

the water is quiet in the prelude.

b flat—a white gull shrieks,
    high c—the man on the sidewalk plays his saxophone,

a legato when the sunlight spins and blurs,
    Two
    Short
    Staccatos when the young boy splashes at the silvery water—

a wizened couple trudges through the sand

the water laps hungrily at the shore,
    an arpeggio—a black shell washes
    up at my feet
    then a pearly white one, worn at the edges
    my pruned fingers sliding against them,
    a crescendo.

—Sarah Feng
TWILIGHT BEACH

twilight
Blazing violet
songs of feathered sirens
  Soaring

through the sky.
People playing. Laughter swaying
a salted, sandy reverie.
  steadily breezes

into the evening Quiet.
  Sun setting, tides lowing, blue flowing, windows, barnacles closing, umbrellas folding,
Folding together the day and memories.
  The Pain of
stepping on shells
seaweed
  drifting sentiments
Washes away,
  like footprints
  on a beach.

—Victor Li
10th–12th grade

ELIZABETH NAIL
11th grade, Pasadena
Winner

JOYCE KER
10th grade, San Jose
Honorable Mention

KATE LIN
12th grade, Fremont
Honorable Mention
what if people moved like hills
rolling ambling undulating
or like ocean waves
they are hills, are waves
ever-shifting rises
watery knolls
ancient
our ancestors saw the hills
the same way we do
and the oceans looked on our forefathers
as they planted their flags on their peaks
we drove up Highway 1
a summer’s weeklong vacation
passed Bixby Creek Bridge
as the light was turning golden
my father used to take road trips with his own
from landlocked Moore
to the shores of Galveston
there are few hills in either city
but many in between
and many in the nationless waves
the hills of my California coast
some made of water
some made of earth
blend seamlessly
like the currents connecting
perpetually through space and time
the Gulf of Mexico
to the Pacific Ocean
like the currents connecting
perpetually through space and time
my father to his father
to me

—Elizabeth Nail
Eleven when I nearly drowned
He was watching
I stepped on a sea urchin while snorkeling
Spikes dug into my skin
like shark teeth
Currents of electricity
swam through my foot
as water swallowed me
In my left temple a pulse
my brain pounding
I could not breathe

Thirteen when I met him
Swore I loved him
He put his hands around my waist
“A bit chubby here”
His words stung like brine
pushing me underwater
deep into a chasm
Waves hissed at me
their salt-tongues encrusting my body
Seaweed groped my legs
coiling around my chest, squeezing
I could not breathe

Fifteen when I learned to float
Tossed his words of shrapnel
into the ocean’s abyss
I’m made of sea glass
Jagged-tumbled
Shining
Broke harpoons on my skin
Snapped spears on my neck.

—Joyce Ker
TIDE POOL LOVE

He tells me that his love for me is like the ocean—
vast, deep, and filled with glittering sunsets and marbled skies.
I want to tell him that the ocean isn’t just a static, picture-perfect snapshot
to be displayed on some postcard hastily mailed home.
No, our love is the ebb and flow of tide pools.
At low tide, it teeters dangerously upon the slick, jagged rocks.
It’s the tentative scuttle of the hermit crab, poised to retreat back into its fortress,
the shutting of the anemone exposed to the harsh rays of the sun,
the stiff spines of the sea urchin raised in defense.
But then the ocean swells and high tide brings a new wave of excitement.
Our love becomes the opaleye breathlessly darting beneath the pensive surface,
the blooming of anemones and mussels,
the vibrant sea stars reflecting the starry night sky.
But most of all, our love is the resilience of the tide pool creatures,
Able to withstand the crash of thunderous ocean waves
And firmly planted down with tube feet through both low and high tide.

—Kate Lin