

**SPECIAL
ISSUE:
CALIFORNIA
COASTAL
COMMISSION
POETRY
CONTEST**

Volume six: SSG three

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MAY 2018

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reviewed by MATTHEW...

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THE CENTER FOR POETRY AT CHAPMAN UNIVERSITY

T A B U L A
p o e t i c a

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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 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

Every year, Tabula Poetica selects finalists for the Coastal Poetry Contest for K-12 students hosted by the California Coastal Commission. This year's mid-level judges were Meg Boyles and Rachel Nicholls; both are poets and MFA students at Chapman University.

Tabula Poetica appreciates this collaboration and acknowledges especially the work of Annie Frankel in the Public Education Program of the California Coastal Commission. *TAB* is thrilled to share the poems of young Californians. You can also view the winning art and poetry selections at the California Coastal Commission's website:
<https://www.coastal.ca.gov/publiced/poster/mm18/winners2018.html>.

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 2018 print issue amplifies the qualities in aesthetics and materials of ephemera as the main framework to poetry. Damien Gautier contributes his photography of urban typography showcasing various words, letters, and signs which have been rearranged and layered calling attention to the arbitrary size and two dimensions of both the physical photograph and the postcard. In today's world of excessive materials in a disposable culture, we revisit the function and permanence in a collection of postcards. We examine the origin and value of a postcard as a record of personal travel, propaganda, and advertisement and how some collections end up being documents of preservation.

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, please send a check for \$10 made out to *Tabula Poetica* and mail to:

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Orange, CA 92866

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

KINDERGARTEN-1ST GRADE

ELEANORA DUFFY
Grade 1, Culver City
Winner

FATIMA MOHAMMED
Grade 1, Anaheim
Honorable Mention

RISHIKA GANAPATHY
Grade 1, Sunnyvale
Honorable Mention



U.S.A.

Texas

CALIFORNIA TIDE POOL

I'm a two-spotted octopus
Crawling through the tide pool.
And I can change colors.
Isn't that so cool?

I'm a little bat star—
My arms look like a bat
And I come in many colors
What do you think of that?

I'm a purple urchin.
I'm about the size of a golf ball.
I have some little spikes.
And I live beside a wall.

Together we're the tide pool friends
And we just have to warn ya
We're the coolest things you'll ever find
And we live in California!

—Eleanora Duffy

DAZZLING DOLPHINS

Do spiral, do curl, do leap. Swim on!
Oh, the dolphins go speeding through the water
Leaping, spiraling, spinning through the air
Past everything—the dolphins go faster than lightning
Hasty dolphins striking through waves—
In the water, the dolphins glow, striking on
No one faster, no one more sly
So raise a cheer for the dolphins!

—Fatima Mohammed

SAND IN EVERY BEACH

I find sand in every beach.
I see waves dancing.
Coming forward and disappearing in to the sand.
Some sandcastles are small, some are big.
Every sandcastle is golden.
Every beach has sand.

—Rishika Ganapathy

N° 1488.

2

2ND-3RD GRADE

ROWAN MATSON
Grade 3, San Luis Obispo
Winner

PATRICK LOUIE
Grade 3, San Diego
Honorable Mention

AMEEN MOHAMMED
Grade 3, Anaheim
Honorable Mention

RÉPUBLIQUE FRANÇAISE.

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ANGERS R.P.
323

THE INCREDIBLE BEACH STORM

Crash! Boom! Smack!

The waves hit the sandy and rocky beach

Lightning screeches like a lion's roar

Waves are so big, as big as a mountain

Who is the strongest?

The two are battling under the galaxy sky

Waves against lightning

Pouring rain hitting the tide pools

Crabs scuttling trying to find shelter

Who is going to win?

—Rowan Matson

OUR CALIFORNIA COAST

The sun sets across the horizon
As if it is a gift from heaven
Colors brighten like a winking star
Such little light across the horizon
Before your eyes the colors switch from
Orange to yellow across the sky
The stars flicker and they shine
They celebrate by dancing in the darkness
Past the horizon the sea lions
Snooze
The leopard sharks recharge
For the night waiting for the next day

—Patrick Louie

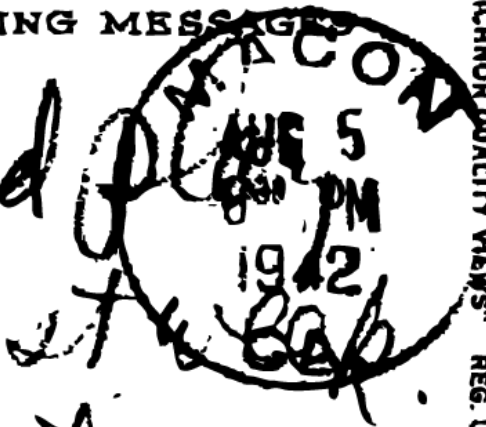
SERENE SEA

Inspired by the crashing waves at Crystal Cove

See the sea glistening in the sun, waves
Echoing through the mist, crashing
Rocks, drenching stones until the tide falls low, and
Easily etching long nicks in steep cliffs, eating up time with its many
Never ending changes,
Entitled to the ocean, pooling in
Sunlight, and dappling under the dazzling
Emerald light of the moon, it's big, it's blue,
And it has a vast expanse of sparkling water.

—Ameen Mohammed

ING MESSAGES



te me
think
if any -
right

10.
Please write me
what you think
about it & /

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4TH-6TH GRADE

ELLA SCHUMER

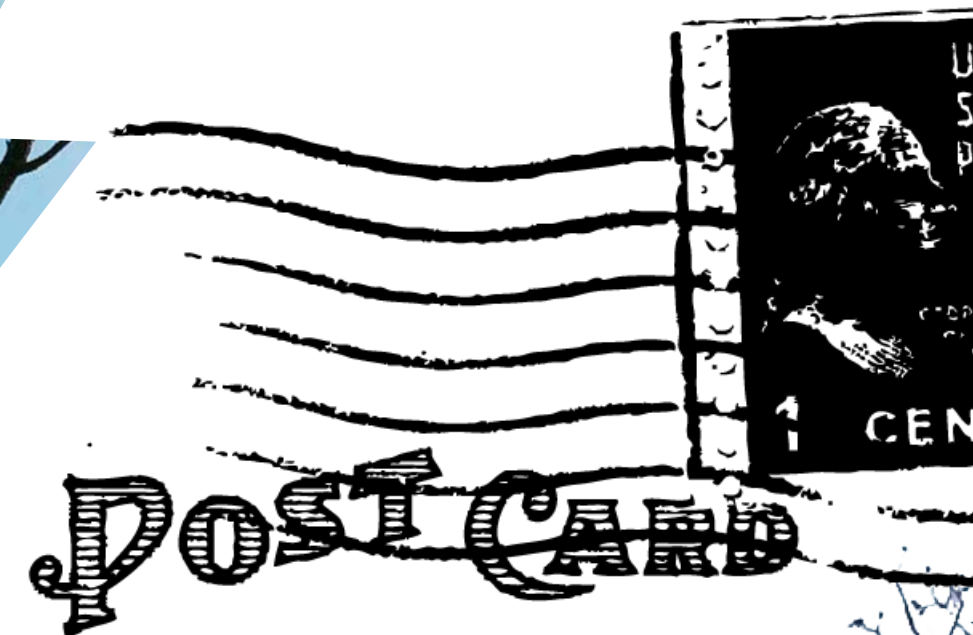
Grade 5, San Francisco
Winner

ELYCIA ENG

Grade 6, Rodeo
Honorable Mention

CHELSEA ZHOU

Grade 6, San Ramon
Honorable Mention



on Washington

THE OCEAN IS ME

I make poetry out of trash when my waves come boom splash.
Sometimes blue, sometimes green but never ever, ever clean.
The salty air whips through me, surrounds me, and everything is around me.
Kids running on the beach, I try to calm them and to teach.
I reach down and grab the sand, before the kids come throw it with their hands.
When the sand castle gets soaked, I try to fill the sandy moat.
If the kids are feeling sad, I wash on shore a smiling crab.
When you put to your ear a pretty shell, you listen, and hear, it has something to tell.

—Ella Schumer

RIVER FLOWS TO THE SEA

The river looks lonely,
with all the branches
in it.

The river looks lonely,
as it wipes
away the rocks.

The river looks lonely
even with the
foaming, rushing water.

The river looks lonely
so it flows to the sea
and it would never
be lonely
again.

—Elycia Eng

A PAINTING FOREVER FROZEN IN TIME

Dark bands of kelp sway in the rippling ocean,
Raked viciously by an invisible breeze.
Churning waves pound against the rocky shore,
A lion's roar of wrath.

In the vast bowl of sky,
Eagle's sharp eye slyly searches for prey.
Chestnut wings highlighted by golden sun
Spiral endlessly in the glorious wind.

Lanky trees with gnarled dark roots
Cringe, bracing against the strong coastal gale.
Distraught branches raise up like hands to the sky, in
A desperate plea for survival.

How long have the trees faced the blustering wind?
How long have the rocks endured the thunderous waves?
How long has the eagle searched for his hapless prey,
Outstretching his wings in the golden sun?

A picture, a painting forever frozen in time,
I whisper my question to the static sea, as
The rolling waves lap against the shore,
The soothing purr of a kitten.

—Chelsea Zhou

From
Commanancy of Tefar
Pa 11.

PLACE
ONE CENT
STAMP

7TH-9TH GRADE

NATASHA GUPTA
Grade 7, Saratoga
Winner

EMMA ALMAGUER
Grade 7, San Rafael
Honorable Mention

KELLY CHUANG
Grade 7, Corte Madera
Honorable Mention



THE FLIGHT OF THE CATALINA CORMORANTS

Wild birds woke one evening
Murmuring soft greetings,
In the manner of their kind;
Gentle, quiet; voices fleeting.
And raising heads and arching necks
As the customs of yore
'Til noticing what lay above
Was *different* from days before.



*Cormorant, come to me,
Off the coast of Cataline,
Find me waiting, watching thee;
Know that your grace is seen.*



Swirling skies held gelid winds
'Til shivers were in beak;
Shore and sea, alike to night:
Dark and silent speech.
Mysteries bade come in mist:
Unraveled, calm, and not yet gone;
So serene they heard the tide
Setting like the peaceful sun.



*Cormorant, come to me,
Off the coast of Cataline,
Find me waiting, watching thee;
Know that your grace is seen.*



Sable wing and starlit eye:
Golden yet and silver soon;
Hue of day and passing light:
Led by stars and lit by moon.

They shall glide from moon-washed shores
To sweeter seas of sun-soaked waves;
Wild birds woke one evening
To soar off to a different place.

—Natasha Gupta

SWIMMING IN THE DEEP BLUE

My hair flies around me
engulfing me
in a protective bubble.
Little fish
swim around my toes,
sand slips through
my fingers,
gently
drifting to the ground.
Long seaweed kelp
reaches
toward the bright blue sky
as clear as a crystal.

—Emma Almaguer

SWIMMING IN THE DEEP BLUE

The pitter-patter of wings echo between the rocks, like rain against a cold window.
Snippets of the sun blink at the bobbing seagulls, waiting.
The veneer of fog pours over the stagnant, gray bay.
The clouds sigh over the hills,
Timidly awaiting the empty sky.
A blue, bitter breeze blows betwixt beryl grass.
The silent gold is a spider, crawling on skin and weaving webs of shivers.
Stillness cracks, spilling rays of sun.
Warmth pours over the serene water as the azure sky pulls its cloak of clouds closed again.

—Kelly Chuang

10TH-12TH GRADE

ANISHA L. JOHNSON
Grade 12, Carlsbad
Winner

KEMI ASHING-GIWA
Grade 12, Altadena
Honorable Mention

SABINE HOLZMAN
Grade 12, Newport Beach
Honorable Mention

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PACT - PUB

HUMAN

humans are like oceans
a sea of shining droplets
all the same, but all unique

and sometimes our thoughts—
they gather like the wrappers and bottles on the seabed
like *this* thought. confused
no direction
what's next?

we're angry, too, like the raging seas
sinking everything around us
screaming, empty wind howling from our lips like lightning-lashes:
go away go away go away

then when we've sunk enough
the sun claws the clouds to brume,
the light dances on the waves like flowers like stars like diamonds
and in that moment
that moment when we're happy like the oceans
nothing nothing
has has
ever ever
been
so so
beautiful perfect

but no one truly understands the oceans
as we never truly understand each other
mysteries, perfect and flawed and love and hate
like how the waves know how to play with a child
tickling them but too gentle to knock them down
a riddle.

something the ocean could teach us all:
 how to love—
 no conditions—
give your warmth and light to all those other droplets around you
do you remember the gleam of a rainbow over the waves?
the way all the sea foam bands to crest a powerful wave?
 together, we can change the world
so don't waste time pushing and hating
 be the rainbow, be the wave
 join together. love. be loved.

so in the end
yes, humans are like oceans
 except for one thing—
the ocean floor lives in darkness
 but take a human
and dive deep down inside their soul, layer by layer by layer
and I'll tell you what you'll find:
 light.
because our light doesn't come from without
our light shines from within, through everything, through every part of us
and that's what makes us beautiful
 that's what makes us strong
 that's what makes us—

human.

—Anisha L. Johnson

DEEP

We know more about space—
Spiraling galaxies, bursting quasars, distant Earths—
Than our own oceans,
On our own planet.

The sea is discovery,
And the rivers our paths towards it.
So we go down, down towards the North Pacific,
To the endless expanse of Gaia's tears—
To the deep unknown.

—Kemi Ashing-Giwa

ELEGY FOR A GREAT WHITE SHARK

There was the sea & then not the sea.

The body & Then
Not the body.

Listen: the history of you is an easy story to tell.

You were a boy & your mother pulled you
from the water gasping, sweat silver on your back
in the noonday sun. You were a boy.

Only a boy. You played at pirating.
Who knows what the treasure was.

Then you were a man & the hook was a knife in your palm.
You named your ship *Slaughterhouse. Killing floor.*

You pulled fish from the water with your mother's hands.
Not a boy anymore. Not almost-drowned anymore.

You named the sea *plunder.* & you: pirate.

All the blood on deck & none of it yours.
All the great whites' backs, silver like yours.

There are some lives you never meant to catch.
Some creatures you never meant to kill. You meant to
make a living. Buy a house. Send your kids to college.

But here you are. Here they are:
skinned, dead, shark out of water,
shark drowning in air.

And here your history ends.

In all your stories you will call yourself
Odysseus. Telemachus.

Whatever makes it easiest when the last shark guts itself
on a line, grieving in a language

no-one can understand.

—Sabine Holzman