

Volume six
ISSUE five

CREDIT DEL'OU
ANGERS

TABLE OF CONTENTS

SEPT 2018

KRISTIN GEORGE BAGDANOV, *Calving and Wander*, pp.6-8

ALISHA HILLAM, *Ferrous and Dénouement*, pp.9-11

BEATRICE LAZARUS, *Synchronicity*, pp.12-14

LIZ MARLOW, *Elegy for a Gambler*, pp.15-16

GARY MESICK, *It Wasn't the War and
Compline: Camp Casey*, pp.17-20

AMY PENCE, *Fashion Week, Voss*, pp.21-22

ALEXANDRA UMLAS, *Five Hearts*, pp.23-24

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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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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.

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

KRISTIN GEORGE BAGDANOV

Kristin George Bagdanov is a PhD candidate in English Literature at University of California, Davis. She is the poetry editor for *Ruminate Magazine*. She has poems in *Boston Review*, *Colorado Review*, *Puerto Del Sol* and other journals. Her full-length collection, *Fossils in the Making*, is forthcoming from Black Ocean. Follow her: @KristinGeorgeB and kristingebagdanov.com.

Card.



TOM JONES

S.A.

Texas

CALVING

creature of our own breaking : each body
a velocity silent ache inside
the ice crystal
: structure of intimacy :

we never notice
subaerial melting
the slow wedge until
I am : & : you are

each birth an absence
chiseled
from the old

sinking form :: stillborn

WANDER

I wandered thoughtlessly

I wondered at a face
reflected in shallows

I understood nothing
but surface

My arm reached inside
and disappeared

My hand
would not show me
what it saw

only gave me
its reaching

A fly is important

The surface said

A fly is important

The depth allowed

Trebled noise: wing tips abuzz with wind's own voice
hear the hollow hear it offer its mouth to us all

N° 1488

ALISHA ERIN HILLAM

Alisha Erin Hillam's work has appeared in such publications as *Architrave Press*, *Prick of the Spindle*, *Midwestern Gothic*, *Passages North*, and *Crab Orchard Review*. She is the recipient of several literary awards from Purdue University and is a Best of the Net nominee. Originally from Indiana, she currently resides in Massachusetts.

RÉPUBLIQUE FRANÇAISE.

**CREDIT DE L'OU
ANGERS**



RECOURRER.

M. Marion
Ch. Lefevre

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ANGERS U.P.
323

FERROUS

1926, Weaning farm, Washington Township

Do you remember that day,
that first year we were married,
when I took that photograph of you
with the two draft horses?
Before Jean was born,
when it was just us.

The wind blew sharp and your boots
were caked with snow, but you smiled
at the aperture in the white light.

I think now
that you were a raw
boy at twenty-one,
anxious to be smelted and cast,
so unschooled in despair.

What did we know
of the fire and wreckage
of failure?

And, oh, what you were to me,

what you are,
even lost in your darkness—

the final product of a violent
supernova, heavy and metallic,
the stuff that stars
and men are made of.

DÉNOUEMENT

September 1927, Weaning farm, Washington Township

I like the way that you get up and scrub at the kitchen dishes
as soon as we stop eating, as if your diligence to duty could scour
away me knowing that you poured out the gin I bought in town.

You might consider our six screaming children,
consider the land I can't and don't want to farm.
Also, the way that a man is supposed to be able
to look his father in the eye.

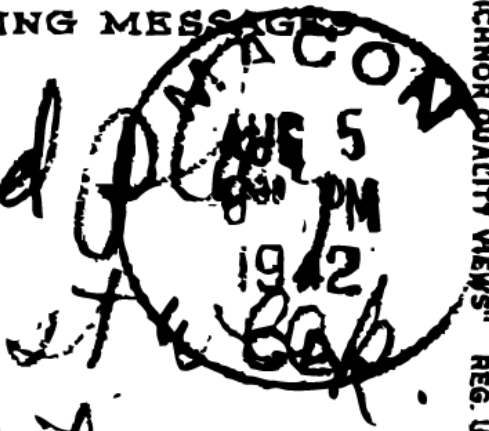
How many bottles do I have to buy before you understand
that I don't want to hear the baby bawling at night,

that I don't want to fail you but

I don't want to help you,
that I don't want to feel,
that I don't want any more? Watching you haul

water to old Barney, scatter feed to the chickens, yank
weeds from the truck patch, working and working
and working, I think that you are a cold north wind
that blows in a February that will never end,
and I would like to bury myself
in a river of white lightening,
because you are the thing that I need
and cannot live up to.

ING MESSAGES



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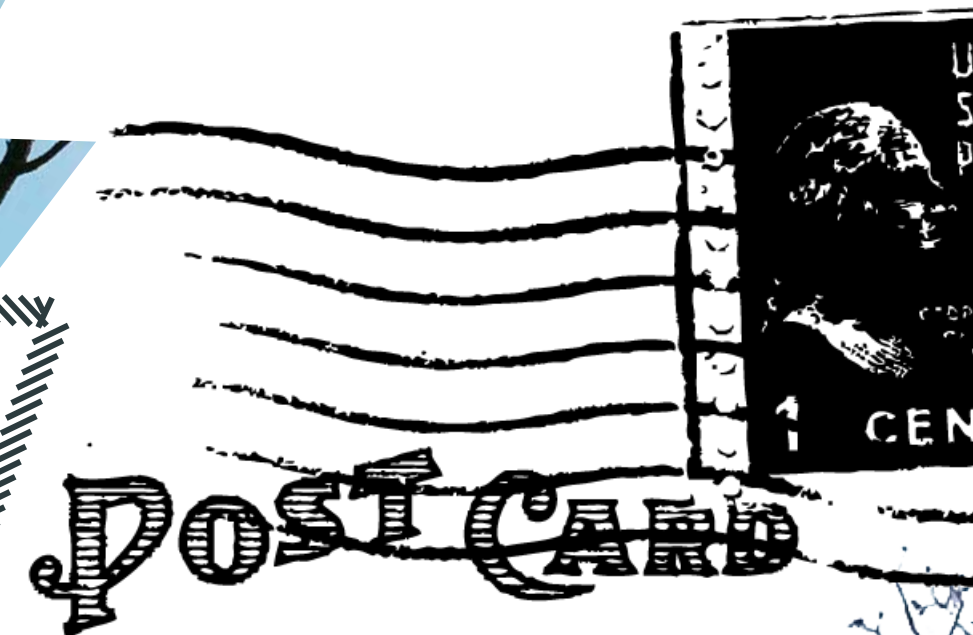
Please write me
what you think
about it &

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BEATRICE LAZARUS

Beatrice Lazarus's work has appeared in *The Lyric*, *Sou'wester*, *Pearl*, *JAMA*, *Poem*, *Plainsongs*, and *Creative Nonfiction*, among others. She won the 2013 *Briar Cliff Review Poetry Prize*, and her poetry was included in *Hope Street*, an anthology of New England poets. She is the editor of *Lay Bare the Canvas: New England Poets on Art* and *The Loft Anthology*, a *ForeWord Book of the Year* finalist.



on Windham

SYNCHRONICITY

*For a few moments I floated completely calm
and no longer hated having to exist. —Jane Kenyon*

The woman at the Y circles the drain,
wheeling and diving, as if trying to retrieve
something she can't find,
a copper coin, a gold ring, a dream
fallen from her opened hand.
Stripped of skirt and stockings,
 she gets honest, buoyed
in this pool of women. Bonbons
shore up her swimsuit. Blue threads tear
at her seams. She holds her breath,
 exhaling in an unbroken circle
 of legs and arms curving high,
lifting in unison.

Beyond these walls, the city's grim
machine where cursing mothers are stuck
at the factory's smashed windows
 as a bullet threatens to break in.
She dives underwater, islanded.
Sea sounds crest in chlorine folds,
calling her to some wilder, greater
thing and she realizes she has work to do,
her arms soaring end to end in liquid blue
 where the ground does not fold
beneath her, or betray her, threaten
a constant fall. Submerging,
 she is less body, more sky,
emptied of weight. She becomes
tidal, feels the tremors of the sea,

its cold blue flame,
the sudden emergence of gills and scales
and the airless invocation
to change, as though any instant
the water would take her,
sweep her away,
if she were not happy just being here,
unearthed and alive in this safe,
chlorinated space
of imperturbable blue.

From

LIZ MARLOW

Liz Marlow's poems appear or are forthcoming in *The Bitter Oleander*, *B O D Y*, *The Carolina Quarterly*, *Permafrost Magazine*, and elsewhere. She lives in Memphis, Tennessee.

PLACE
ONE CENT
STAMP



ELEGY FOR A GAMBLER

1.

The most difficult stages of grief, the ones at the beginning, allow your voice to keep me awake at night. Morpheus, the god of dreams, visits me every night, taking on your slouch, thin limbs, and beer gut, trying to get our memories to overlap. I need to remember you the way I remember the scent of rain covering asphalt, the way I remember the intense smell of chlorine in the indoor pool where we were both lifeguards.

2.

Yesterday, a raccoon took mica marbles from a vase in my backyard. She left a garden path of them to tell other raccoons where she went. Or maybe she marked the path to remember where to get more marbles. It also could have been a Hansel and Gretel trail, but more permanent. How was my home suddenly her home?

3.

Ants hibernate under the soil all winter. When they come out, they leave a scented trail behind to tell other ants where to find food. When they deplete the food source, they move onto another. The original trail fades. In Dali's *The Persistence of Memory*, memory decays: time melts and decays with ants crawling on it like a carcass. As time passes, reality and memory match less and less.

4.

In the National Archaeological Museum in Naples, all the dice from Pompeii are arranged in neat rows, some are perfect cubes, some rectangular cuboids. I thought when I first saw them that maybe the Romans didn't know that a die should be a perfect cube. That a couple thousand years means that we know how cubes should be. The truth is that they knew. The dice found in Pompeii were weighted, some were just better at hiding it. Does any gambler actually believe she will win?

5.

A few years ago, the House of Gladiators in Pompeii collapsed. Now, crumbled bricks and textbook pictures are all that is left of it, which will eventually fade. What I am saying is nothing lasts, and we are all cheaters gambling time.

GARY MESICK

Gary Mesick graduated from West Point Military Academy and Harvard University. A Seattle native, he spent some time as an infantry officer and now works in aerospace analytics, leading a data management organization. His poetry has recently appeared (or will soon appear) in *New American Writing*, *North American Review*, *Atlanta Review*, *Sugar House Review*, *Caveat Lector*, and elsewhere.

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PACT - PUB

IT WASN'T THE WAR

It wasn't the war that terrified me
But that late Saturday night when I was alone,
Only weeks from turning twenty-three,
A loaded forty-five holstered at one hip
And a walkie-talkie swaying from the other.
I descended the grimy basement stairwell
And stepped into the dark hall of the Enlisted Club,
Grateful for the baggy fatigues
To hide the tremors in my knees.

And there I stood, the Officer of the Day,
Facing sixty men, scarred from battle
And the tattoo needle, men our country paid
And trained to kill, men who believed in little
Except that they had time for another beer
Or two, men who glanced at me with mild amusement
As I croaked, "Closing time, Gentlemen."

COMPLINE: CAMP CASEY

There is a monastic order to life
Here, among the relics
Of conflict older than these trees,
Among the vaulted arches
Of corrugated Quonset huts,
Among armed men keeping vigil
Over bridges with pre-chambered charges,
Where retaining walls double as bastions,
And the amber rice lies in open fields
Of fire before them,
Forever and ever
War without end.

Rise, dress, stretch, and run,
Work until I have had my fill,
Then read, write, and think.
The Stars and Stripes is a red,
White, and blue tabloid,
With pictures and box scores
And precious little news;
Letters home, a litany of longings;
Thoughts, more like wishes;
And neither news, nor letters, nor wishes
Can transport me beyond the gates
Of this secular monastery.

Just beyond are those we serve
And those we fear,
And the hell of it is,
We can't tell the difference.
We do our duty,
Killing and dying as infrequently as possible.
We drill and train,

Run and march and ride,
Hugging the misty hillsides,
Fording the pungent rivers,
Avoiding Happy Mountains
(The sacred burial mounds)
Where grass grows lush and full.
They farm rice and ginseng within the range fan,
So we ensure the impact area
Is at least reasonably clear of men
And women before we shoot.
We pay solatium to the families
Of those we kill.

Even as taps sounds, tanks rumble
Yards from where I sleep;
A medevac helicopter hovers
Over the aid station—and yet
There is no war.
But this Godforsaken place
Knows no peace,
And poses all the troubling questions
Without offering any hope of definitive answers
(As any self-respecting monastic order would),
Which makes this the worst
Or the best
Of all possible worlds.

AMY PENCE

Amy Pence authored the poetry collections *Armor, Amour; The Decadent Lovely*; and the chapbook *Skin's Dark Night*. Her hybrid book centered on Emily Dickinson—*[It] Incandescent*—was released by Ninebark Press in 2018. She's also published short fiction, interviews, reviews, and essays in a variety of journals, including *WSQ*, *The Rumpus*, *Poets & Writers*, and *The Writer's Chronicle*. She lives in Pine Lake, Georgia. See more at www.amypence.com.

Dear Anne
you that Luciani is
lending me
Summer
T. Carneiro
Sept? So
dawn goes
Did I tell
SW in the
VALEURS A RECOURRER.
Bureau de poste d
Département d
Five acres
School
Lutheine

peu d'insérer
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conscription poste
IMPORTANT
ouvrables à Paris se co
figurant au verso du
485



FASHION WEEK, VOSS

Your madness was a kind of genius; your genius, a madness. The hollow quills of birds sprocket from the tenements. Or suppose there was no tenement. You were coddled and given a front row seat. An imprimatur, you emit your auratic

power. We had the sense time was endless. Given a room, we took the room. Given a wind cloak, we would animate the skies. Poised on our heads an entire Japanese city. Entire villages tore into paper. Whole cities collapsed.

But we forgot to be discomfited. Remember our last rites? Remember our dreams? The aberration of birds, the apparition of a house poised on your shoulders.

Behind you, the metathesis: your pet names for women, the flawed games to show us you were violated. When you clothed me in the dress of razor clam shells, how could I not cut my palms rubbing what was left of my torso?

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SAINTES

Alexandra Umlas holds an MA in Education with an emphasis in cross-cultural teaching and is currently an MFA student in poetry at California State University, Long Beach. Her work can be found in *Rattle*, *Cultural Weekly*, *Southeast Review Online*, *Mothers Always Write*, *F(r)iction Literary Journal*, *The Poet's Billow*, *Modern Loss*, and others.

ALEXANDRA UMLAS

(1) Indica

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se rue 36 Avenue Gamb
SAINTES



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dureau n° 1485.

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FIVE HEARTS

Sunk into the soil of our yard, a worm
bin contains what's left of last night's
salad, lettuce wilting, sucked holey, decay
and worm castings. The worms weave
terrified of drying

out, they twist, eyeless, feel the sun's
agony. My daughters and I visit with apple
cores, crescents of bruised pear, eggshells,
seeded strawberries; a lush ritual where rot
turns over on its self,

and treed oranges, heavy, still green,
sway. In Sanskrit their name means fragrant,
naranja, but worms have no noses. On some
trees the fruit stays lime-green all year long.
Already the orange

orange is decaying. Death and the living
hold hands, sing to each other, squirm,
squint away light, gift food scraps
to the binned, whose endings and beginnings
seem the same.

Our own molecules too soon turned
wilted leaf, peeled orange. One daughter
tells us worms have five hearts. We are
not surprised. Is one heart ever
enough for anyone?