

T A B

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LORI D'ANGELO

Saturday
pp. 5–6

LORENE DELANY-ULLMAN

Souvenir
Near Jardin du Luxembourg
pp. 7–10

DANIELLE SELLERS

July Letter, Ten Years Late
Minor Territories
pp. 11–13

CHRISTINE SWINT

Postcard Madonna
Eve Clears Her Garden
pp. 14–16

CONTRIBUTORS

p. 17

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THE CENTER FOR POETRY AT CHAPMAN UNIVERSITY

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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 this issue does not assume a traditional role of quietly framing content; instead, design actively shapes the reading of the entire page. The special print editions of *TAB* will continue to experiment and explore the intersections between form and content, object and space, and reader and reading.

The monthly 2014 electronic issues pick up elements from the January 2014 print issue, which embodies an expression of time and space. From beginning of the journal, each page employs atmospheric and, at times, abstract photography of the sky taken at different times of the day. Text has been placed within various objects specifically chosen to interact with light. These objects include water, glass, blinds, wrinkled paper, and windows. The sequence of time is reflected in the progression of the journal, beginning with morning light and moving to night. Experimentation with space is conveyed through the different voices of the authors included in these issues. The print issue's spine is unorthodox, creating unexpected vertical and horizontal movement in the reading experience. The physicality of the object forces the reader to acknowledge its presence. The *life* of this interactivity becomes an individual journey of pages unwilling to be turned passively. The space in this issue challenges readers to take in more than merely text and image but also a full-body experience of holding and disorientation.

Monthly electronic issues follow each annual 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 will be formatted for ease of 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/video possibilities of digital dissemination.

L O R I D ' A N G E L O



SATURDAY

My husband watches *How I Met Your Mother* at 8:30 in the morning.
My son eats strawberry waffles, a breakfast food.
Yesterday, he ate pepperoni and watched *Dora the Explorer*
while we got ourselves and all the other animals ready.
I, as usual, am working. We must go to the grocery store, again
for baby wipes, cans of cat food, a bag of dog food, a box of Kleenex.
After our venture into the realm of animal rescue, it's hard to feel
excited about crowded parking lots and begging kids pimping out their car
wash. Even the usually exhilarating gift-card-to-the-coffee-shop now seems
an inadequate pick-me-up. I wish I could get happy like TV commercial
people about soap and stain remover, the wonders of cleanliness. Instead,
our living room is a mess of *Jake and the Never Land Pirates*, trucks
and trains, ripped up cardboard that featured the ever-enthralling breadbox.
Lately, it's been whatever we need to do to keep the cats out of the food.
Maybe, tonight, if we're lucky,
we'll get to watch a marathon of *House* reruns, order
decent takeout pizza from the other side of town, and get home before it's cold.

LORENE DELANY-ULLMAN



SOUVENIR

Tour Eiffel

its bolts and beams
were meant to be
momentary

like its affair
with the winds

*

the tower encloses
emptiness

except for its dialogue
with the sky

it speaks only
of breadth

*

beneath it
swarms of men
& women

who see a city
through girders

in the distance
a cathedral

where saints reside
and the bronze feet

of jesus
are slowly rubbed
away

*

you stand under its symmetry
of gratings and rails

where emptiness
owns no one

& then again
everyone

NEAR JARDIN DU LUXEMBOURG

I can't find
the street

the window boxes mad
with blue lobelia

the cafés
swollen with men
and smoke

here as there
a tired bird
I can't name

*

in the snare
of imagination

I go on
about myself

and if I'm good
a row of trees marches

toward another
continent

where you are
not knowing

the wet cough
of the waitress

who serves me coffee
every morning

*

this uncomely quiet—
no need to close my eyes

it loots from my body
every close vowel

DANIELLE SELLERS



JULY LETTER, TEN YEARS LATE

The smell of soy sauce reminds me
of that steamy third-floor studio
riverside. I busied myself

with stir-fry, breading wedges
of tofu, splitting cherry tomatoes.

You cleared your throat
and for the last time
insisted it would never work.

What good did it do, your staying
the night? Those last long hours?

It took the whole pavement-hot summer
for me to stop drinking at Cleopatra's
Needle near your borrowed apartment.

I have a daughter, a husband now.
I wish he were you.

MINOR TERRITORIES

From any train in Germany,
where my not-yet husband was stationed
after the war, on both sides of the track
I loved to see miniature gardens,
their toy sheds spilling a warm glow
onto rickety bamboo fences meant to keep
sweet pea vines from smothering strawberries,
cabbage, beefsteak tomatoes.

Ten years ago, in Baltimore with the man
who'd bring me lilacs for no reason,
I knew this German kind of joy
in a park flush with daffodil lion heads.
After such an arduous winter,
it felt good to go barefoot,
to plant our feet in the wet new grass,
and pass a Frisbee between us.

Now I know they're *Schrebergartens*,
plots of land let by the government.
Almost every German city or village has one.
And even if you build a shack
you cannot sleep there. Less romantic,
but think of all those people
studying the fickle clouds, gauging rain,
for whom the past is never past.

Note: the last line alludes to William Faulkner's quote: The past is never dead it's not even past, Requiem for a Nun.

CHRISTINE SWINT



POSTCARD MADONNA

After detail of El Greco's La Sagrada Familia

What you see is my face encircled in a psychedelic nimbus,
jet black hair held in place under a lace mantilla, eyes downcast,
skin like cream, lips and robes stained the color of ripe berries.
What you don't see is the infant held to my breast,
his fingers entwined with mine. I would show him to you,
but he's been cropped from my story. He's soil, cosmic dust, words on a page.
Call me *Mare*, for North Star, for bitter seas, for unshed tears.

EVE CLEARS HER GARDEN

Spring forced no life from the apple tree
so we took it down, dragging crown and trunk
to the yard for the boys to chop into logs.
Then the soil—taproots thick as wrists, severed
with pick ax and machete, rocks and clay
loosened with tines of hoe and pitch fork. Leaves,
sheaves of them bleaching under this year's
brown ones, peeled away. Worms slid through sleek mud
as blade tips carved nearby. From a tide
of mulch, pale as a sprig of thyme, a snake
flashed its stripes like a dart, and I dropped the spade.

There is flawless blue where the tree
once reached. Verbena and asters now pink
the hill instead of old geometries,
those leafless branches. A sphinx moth, some kind
of flying serpent, takes wary sips from
rose, then phlox, then flies in my direction,
as if to reach the pith of me and my temptation.
The urge is to coax seedlings into vines,
to answer the call of minstrel goldfinch,
to open my throat's hive and free the bees
that seem to buzz between each breath, each rib.

CONTRIBUTORS

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Lori D'Angelo's work has appeared in various literary journals including *Connotation Press*, *dirtcakes*, *disClosure*, *Drunken Boat*, *Everyday Genius*, *Forge*, *Gargoyle*, *Literary Mama*, *The New Verse News*, *Praxis*, *Prime Number*, *Red Lightbulbs*, *Reed Magazine*, *Stirring: A Literary Collection*, and *Word Riot*.

LORENE DELANEY-ULLMAN

Lorene Delaney Ullman's book of prose poems, *Camouflage for the Neighborhood*, was the winner of the 2011 Sentence Award and published by Firewheel Editions in 2012. She recently published her work in *Stymie*, *Lunch Ticket*, *AGNI 74*, and *Cimarron Review*. Delaney-Ullman teaches composition at the University of California, Irvine.

DANIELLE SELLERS

Danielle Sellers is the author of *Bone Key Elegies*, published by Main Street Rag. Her poems have appeared in *Subtropics*, *Smartish Pace*, *The Cimarron Review*, *Poet Lore*, *32 Poems*, *Prairie Schooner*, and elsewhere. She lives in Winter Springs, Florida, where she edits *The Country Dog Review*.

CHRISTINE SWINT

Christine Swint's poems appear in *Slant*, *a Journal of Poetry*, *Tampa Review*, *Flycatcher*, *Hobble Creek Review*, and others. Her poems have been nominated for the Pushcart Prize, Best of the Net, and Best New Poets. She lives in metro Atlanta, Georgia, with her husband, two sons, and her dogs. She writes weekly at *Balanced on the Edge* at <http://christineswint.com>.