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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 do not assume a traditional role of quietly framing content; instead, design actively shapes the reading experience. 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 2015 print issue explores mapping as place, location, and orientation. The journal's design this year encourages reading mindfulness with the intention of getting lost, disoriented, having to navigate a way through as someone might navigate a journey and encourage discovery. The journal emphasizes the iconic ritual of unfolding and refolding maps and also the visual weight of traditional street maps in order to communicate credibility and an authoritative source of being an actual place. But this place is no place.

We examined work by Jacques Bertin, a French cartographer and a visual semiotician. In his book, *The Semiology of* Graphics, he synthesized design principals with rules applied to writing and topography. His work was dedicated to the study of visual variables (shape, orientation, color, texture, volume, and scale) of maps and diagrams to code visual combinations that would create successful map-reading objectives. We challenge these guidelines by employing visual variables associated with illegibility, including graphic density and angular illegibility. The front side of the map, which contains the poems, tightly compresses layers between text and texture, eliminating hierarchy and contrast. There is no right side up so disorientation is part of the reading experience. This is further emphasized by orientation conflict in which each poem is placed on its own angled baseline.

This back side of the map provides information about the authors. In order to discover the author of a poem, the reader must flip between the front and back of the map to determine its placement on the latitude and longitude grid. This side of the map uses photography of places so specific that the reader is excluded from knowing the place. With the common use of GPS and everyday devices that lead the way rather than show the way, this print issue empowers the reader to lead their own way.

Electronic issues, on the second Wednesday of every other month, follow the 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 and the reading experience for each format drives the design. 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 ease of reading on the screen. Decisions about page size, typography, and composition are driven by the online reading experience. In this electronic issue, the design of the author pages play into the print issue by including author bios and designating "location" on a zoomed-in part of the map. TAB also makes use of the audio/video possibilities of digital dissemination.

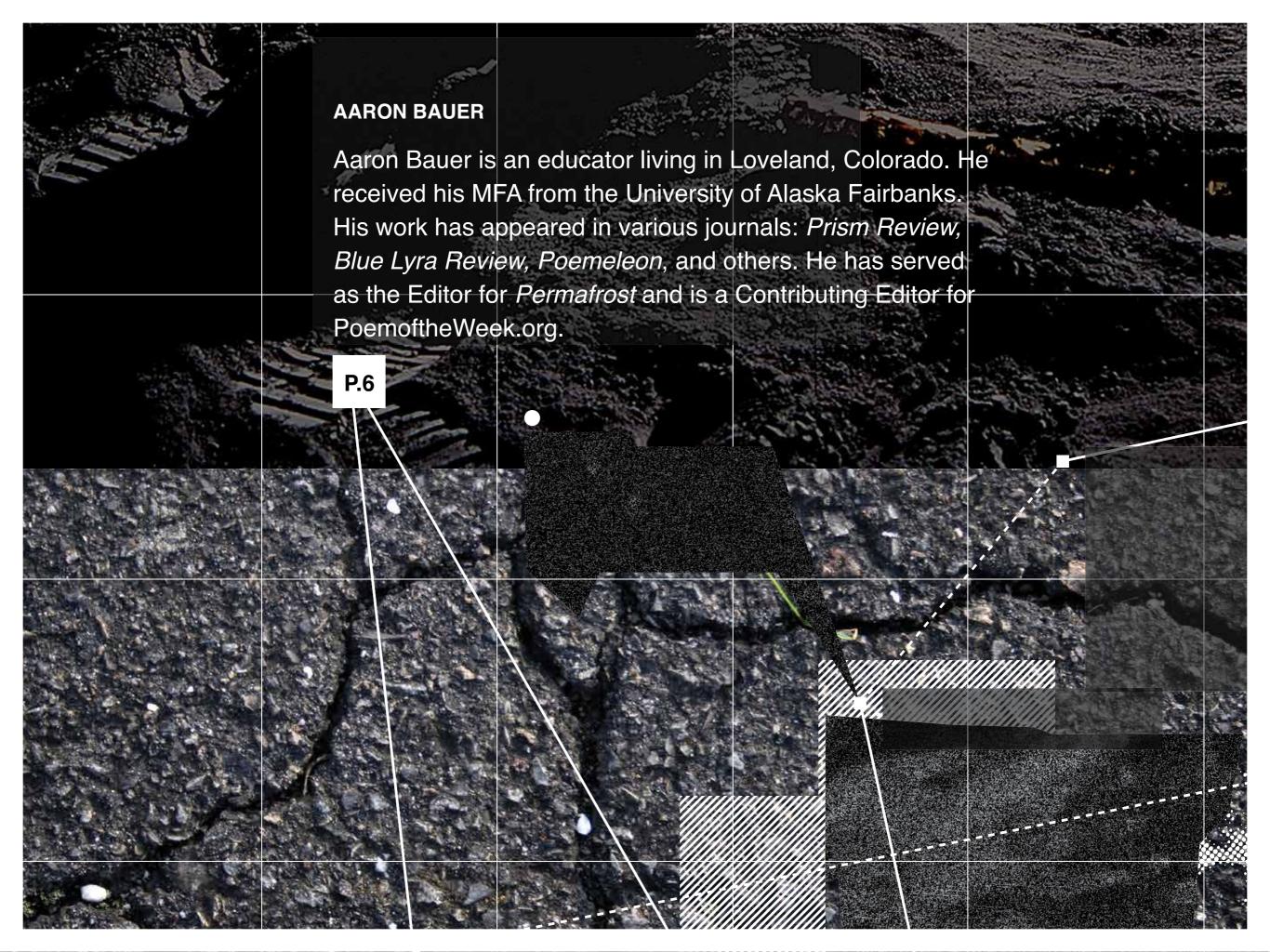
GET A COPY

To receive a complete copy of the print issue as a map, please send a check for \$10 made out to Tabula Poetica and mail to:

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



REVIVE

Yet the sunburn burning within the body to find its refuge. Yet the sponsor

the rounding
of the surreptitious
men, dim
in the window. Yet the summons

gone diffuse
in the end
to yet more revive
the grubs, the rounding of the wrists

ever tighter.
Put our fissures
before our fetters
for our song's end. No more

the mystifying housemen nor the good-for-nothings, nor the vendors, nor the buyers.

Put it in your reserves,
The fights
of wisdom
for our desire, envoy or sentry,

Short-existing spirits for the prominent good or instruments for restoring the wound.



THE BODIES THAT FELL FROM THE SKY

You are spooning her in the bed. You are eleven years old. The giant Swatch hanging from her closet door ticks, ticks. You hold her till she falls asleep, but you stay awake forever. You ask her about the bodies falling from the sky that morning in Manhattan, several years in the future. What did they look like?

STILL SUNSET

It all started on New Year's Eve. You watched the sun fall off a cliff with your dad and uncle in Del Mar. You're still waiting for someone to say goodnight. You're still alone with the ribbons of smoke in the garden. Still in the bathroom, kissing the cool tile. Your limbs are still tangled in knots as the world changes colors unbelievably.



TAEGEUK IL JANG

- · Heaven brings rain and light, warmth, so life grows with keon, the creative force, from the Yi Jing, Book of Changes.
- · Sir, the Sino-Korean numbers one to ten are: il, ee, sam, sa, oh, yuk, chil, pal, gu, ship, Sir!
- · Consider the thicker vinyl padding rather than cheap cloth and foam—it might make the difference between a minor bruise and bad bruise, a god-awful bruise and broken tibia, though unfortunately it drinks sweat.
- · No headshots delivered to anyone under the age of 12.

18 movements between heaven and light. No longer stepping out barbarously, taking up space, the walking stance is introduced, from which you can block, punch, and kick on 14 and 16.

Buy a stars-and-stripes bag of protective gear and start contact sparring. Helmet, mouth guard, chest guard, forearm and shin guards, instep protectors and peek-a-boo gloves.

Practice control. Aim kicks at your sparring partner's chest pad. Block kicks with your padded arms and gloved hands.

- · Otherwise when you accidentally kick a little 11-year-old boy in the neck and he crumples, cries, hyperventilates and requires ice and much comforting, you will feel so bad you wish you'd kicked yourself in the throat instead.
- · You will spend the next few days apologizing every chance you have—to him, his parents, his sister, in every medium and manner possible.
- · At least they seemed to enjoy the card, book and drawing.

BACK KICK

- · Not to be confused with a kick to the back, which is never cool, in or out of the dojang.
- · Overturn and it begins to look like a side kick.
- · The image of the back kick is that of a donkey kicking with its hind legs, a furry little donkey, using one leg.
- · The stepping is trickier than you'd think. Step to the right with the left foot for a right back kick, step to the left with the right foot for a left kick. Step with the front foot.

Dwi Chagi, chucking by dweeb.

Your first time trying, a black belt grips and puppets you in a disturbing manner by the top of your dobok lest you overturn.

Step, turn, look, chamber, kick. The back kick is the strongest kick. Work on targeting. You can break boards and bricks with this—maybe not now, but one day.

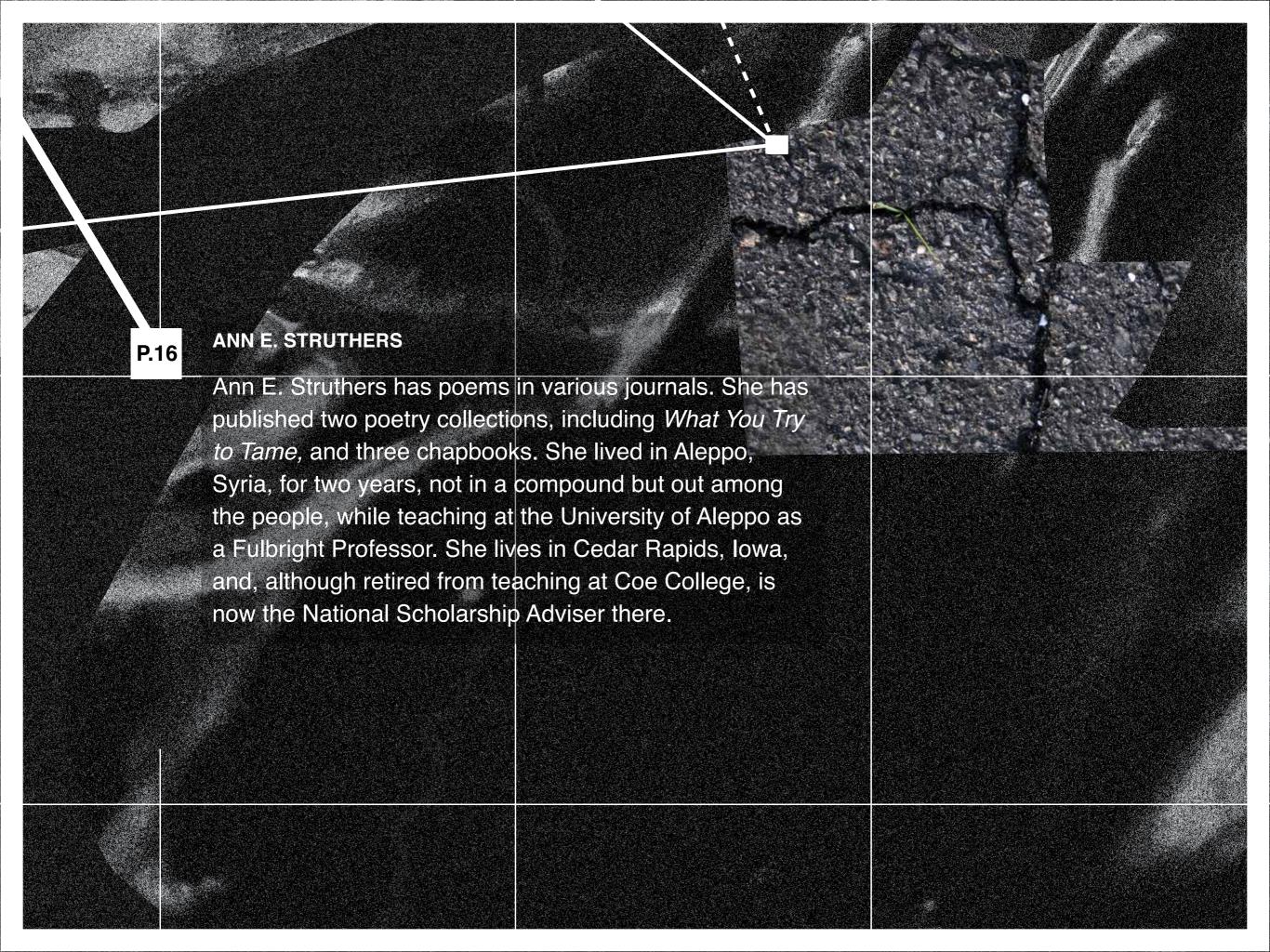
Beginning in fighting stance, prepare to kick with the rear leg. If kicking with right leg, turn right 180 degrees to the back, looking at the target over the right shoulder.

- · This requires a **chamber** as well, close to the chest, before driving the heel into the target.
- · Step forward for additional momentum. Know how long or short your leg is, what or who you can reach, and how high.
- · One day you could snap him in half if you want.
- · Unless sparring or doing combos, after the kick rewind back to fighting stance rather than spinning in a circle. This is not a dance.



CLASS AVES

They write themselves in the sky, the Secretary birds, while New World vultures gaze down tube noses to see a pin fowl feed its young on crop milk. The gruiforme misfits, drab and button punk, beneath the perfumed breath of the superficial doves soaking their belly feathers in watery holes. And my own, answeriformes, the screamers: ducks, swan geese, screaming formally behind my floating world on the never ending river. All these families of strong flyers, auks and terns; brilliant and gregarious, I've seen at parties shrieking flight obscenities, toes front and back snacking on the seeds of their own name. Todies, motmots, rollers, whoopers and hornbills, once naked and helpless before the great dharma of evolution, ascend the swallowing ice, to specialize in warm blood by sunset, rising at dawn with their own kind.



THE TWO LIVES OF ALEPPO CHILDREN'S HOSPITAL SESTINA FOR CAPTIVES

Shortly after his capture, James Foley, later beheaded, was held at Aleppo Children's Hospital.

—as reported by *The New York Times*

In the war with no uniforms, no faces, black masks at check points. Jhadists or The Free Syrian Army? Jim Foley, freelance journalist, after the story so near the Turkish border he foolishly risked their nets and snares. Captured, he was fodder for ransom, propaganda. He could not know what would not save

him. First jailed at Aleppo Children's Hospital, they saved him for waterboarding, beatings. His captors, masked doctors of death, specialists in cruelty, demanded ransom, wanted new, crisp bills, millions to set him free, European governments paid. U.S. won't pay for their captives. Journalists left bleeding inside their stories.

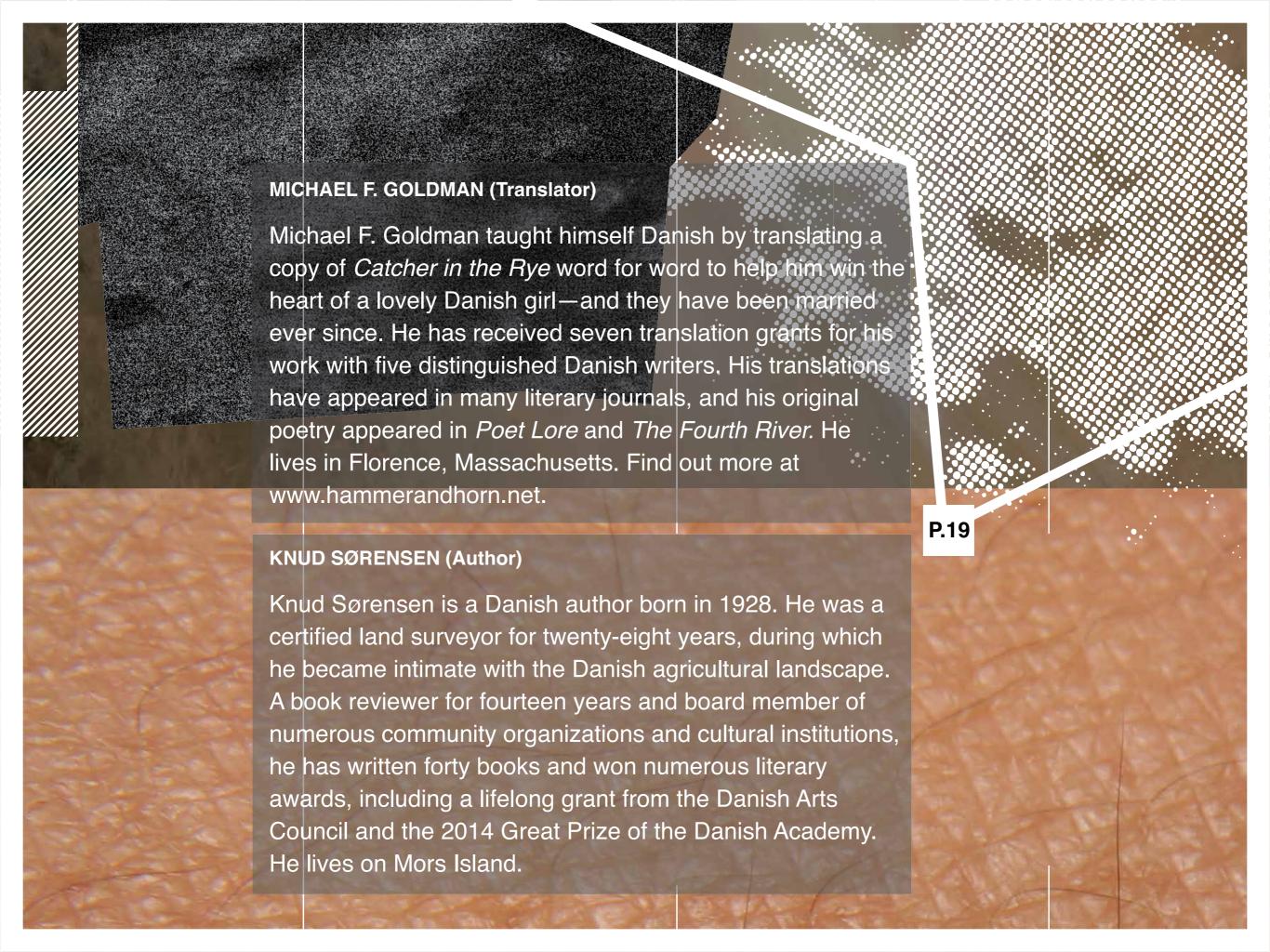
Eighteen in one cell. They told each other stories they remembered from movies, TV. They saved paper to make a chess set. They quarreled, too. Their captors tortured them in operating rooms. Hate masked jihdist faces at the hospital turned charnal house, depravity free to captives, anguish to parents who cannot afford ransom.

Before the war, doctors there gave their services for a ransom to bacteria, virus. They dispensed kindness, cures, a healthy story Dr. Hannah, pediatrician, young intern, spent her learning freely, saving the lives of babies as winter hardened. Saving them at year's end when government free medicine ran out—her mask secure against their coughs and wheezes, she attached their

little faces to oxygen, two babies on one bottle, their breath eased. In winter pneumonia was the enemy. To ransom them, doctors paid ingenuity and luck. The mother's masks of hope and dread could not presage a happy ending of every story sometimes it was too late, child gasping, turning blue, she couldn't save them all. She goes home at night, never quite free

from those pleading faces, but she was happy to give her life to free children from pain and death; broken bones, infected wounds, their ear aches, stomach aces, childhood diseases. But she could not save the country from civil war, tribal war. No doctor could ransom it from religious rancor, simmering for centuries, history's cruelest story. She prayed her peaceful prayer for all of them behind her doctor's mask.

Before the war Children's Hospital: doctor's masks told a story for healing, free to a generation of children and their families. Now jihadists' black-masked bloody story filmed: beheadings, burnings, decency held for ransom, no captive, no child saved.



WHEN HANS NIELSEN'S FARM WAS CUT IN HALF BY THE COUNTY ROAD

The property lies in slightly undulating terrain approx. 30 ac on a uniform lot favorable for agriculture. The buildings sit along the town road in the northeast corner. (Farmhouse modernized in '58. New pighouse in '64). At the appraisal in '69 the property was assessed as following: Improvements 126,000, land 49,000. The family consists of a man and wife and a daughter living at home (office intern).

It starts with baseless rumors. Then comes the notice about the survey. Then come the markers. Then comes the certified letter with summons to an inspection of the property. Then comes the day.

A couple of carfuls of county board members and technicians arrive at 10am and take in the field conditions. The fall plowing has been done and it is not good for walking, so observing is done from the stone boundary wall. Afterwards they continue with negotiations around the table in the living room.

Presented:

As passed by the county board and approved by the cabinet minister consisting of plats, elevations, cross-sections and land register maps. Plus: Registry of owned property and copy of the summons with postal receipts. And not mentioned in the minutes: cigars, cheroots, cigarettes.

DA HANS NIELSENS GÅRD BLEV GENNEMSKÅRET AF LANDEVEJEN

Ejendommen ligger i svagt kuperet terræn ca. 12,2 ha i en regulær og driftmæssig fordelagtig lod. Bygningerne ligger ved kommunevej i det nordvestlige hjørne. (Stuehuset moderniseret i 58. Ny svinestald i 64). Ved vurderingen i 69 blev ejendommen ansat således: Ejendomsskyld 126.000, grundværdi 49.000. Familien består af mand og kone og en hjemmeboende datter (kontorelev).

Det begynder med løse rygter. Så kommer annoncen om opmåling. Så kommer afmærkningen. Så kommer det anbefalede brev med indvarsling til en åstedsforretning. Så komme dagen.

Et par bilfulde amtsrådsmedlemmer og teknikere ankommer kl. 10 og man besigter forholdene i marken. Den er efterårspløjet og ikke rar at gå i og man holder sig til skeldiget hvorfra situationen kan overses. Derefter fortsætter man forhandlingerne omkring bordet i opholdsstuen.

Det fremlægges:

Det af amtsrådet vedtagne og af minsterieet godkendte projekt bestående af plankort længdeprofiler tværprofiler og matrikelkort. Desuden: Lodsejerfortegnelse og kopi af indvarslingen med postkvitteringer. Og uden at det nævnes i protokollen: Cigarer, cerutter, cigaretter. The project is reviewed. Vehicular crossings of the new road will not be constructed. Instead the establishment of smaller underpasses are suggested and detailed drawings are presented to the county board members and to Hans Nielsen. Hans Nielsen says My harrow won't fit through that. The technicians think that it can and two men go out to measure the harrow. Nielsen is right. And what if I get a combine. The 1.8 mile alternate route that would otherwise have to be used is studied.

Hans Nielsen goes out to the kitchen to talk with his wife. A county board member remarks that it's just a matter of time before the property would cease operations. Looking around the living room, the furniture is quite new. There is a 19" television and a tapeplayer. Hanging on the wall are a colorized aerial photograph of the farm buildings and portraits of family members at different ages. Also an agricultural board certificate that Hans Nielsen and his wife received in 58. A fly buzzes in the window sill. The air is blue from cigar smoke. Hans Nielsen comes back and says How about taking the whole thing.

It is dictated to the minutes that the lot owner desired the cut-off land area expropriated (approx. 10.4 ac). The minutes are signed. (Compensation is referred to Assessment).

There is some chat for a few minutes about commonplace things. Like raising pigs and such. Then the visitors say goodbye. And continue on. It's 11am.

Projektet gennemgås. Der anlægges ikke overkørsler til den nye vej. I stedet foreslås etablering af en mindnre underføring og detailtegningerne vises frem for amtsrådsmedlemmerne og Hans Nielsen. Min harve kan ikke komme igennem siger Hans Nielsen. Det mener teknikerne den kan og to mand går ud for at måle harven. Nielsen har ret. Og hvis jeg nu får en mejetærsker. Man studerer den 2,9 km lange omvej der i så fald skal bruges.

Hans Nielsen går ud i køkkenet for at snakke med sin kone. Et amtrådsmedlem bemærker at det kun er et spørgsmål om tid før ejendommen nedlægges. Man kigger rundt i stuen. Møblerne er ret nye. Der er et 19" fjernsyn og en bånd optager. På væggen hænger et farvelagt luftfotografi af gårdens bygninger og portrætter af familiemedlemmer i alle aldre. Endvidere landboforeningens diplom som Hans Nielsen og hans kone fik i 58. En flue summer i vindueskarmen Luften er blå af cigarrøg. Hans Nielsen kommer tilbage og siger: Kan I ikke ta det hele.

Der dikteres til protokollen at lodsejeren begærede det fraskårne areal medeksproprieret (ca 4,2 ha). Protokollen skrives under (erstatningsspørgsmålet er henvist til taksation).

Så snakker man et par minutter om almindelige ting. Svineavl og den slags. Så siger de fremmede farvel. Og kører videre. Klokken er 11.

HANSTHOLM

The dreams arose out on the ocean carried by the waves they sought the coast some were crushed in the breakers while others reached land and materialized in houses in breakwaters in wharves in factory buildings and in lanes and new streets and people took up residence in the newly grounded visions.

And out on the ocean new dreams are constantly being born seeking the wavecrests that can lead them to that place at the edge of the land where those people who thrive living with dreams reside.

HANSTHOLM

Drømmene opstod ude på havet båret af bølgerne søgte de mod kysten nogle knustes i brændingen mens andre tog land og materialiserede sig i huse i moler i kajer *i produktionsbygninger* og i gader og nye veje og mennesker bosatte sig i de nu jordfaste visioner.

Og ude på havet fødes til stadighed nye drømme som søger de bølgetoppe der kan føre dem ind til det sted på det yderste land hvor de mennesker bor som netop vil trives i samvær med drømme.

HEART OF THE MORNING

There is a sound—and it must be what woke me up there is a sound of quick heaving breaths that are not ours and it is morning now, and I look —and it is the first time this morning that my eyes see other than dreams --I see the sunlight strained through the curtains' tight weave, and still I hear these quick heaving breaths that penetrate the house together with the light particles, and even before I have decided to I am over at the window I pull the curtain aside and it gets louder the sound and now I see it too, a black wavy line across the southern sky that the sun still is able to illuminate from below. and the wave stretches almost from the eastern and almost to the western horizon. I say behind me "It's thousands of Brent geese flying north," and I also say "like an ascending garland,"

MORGENENS HJERTE

Der er en lyd-og det er nok den der har vækket mig der er en lyd af hastige hivende åndedrag som ikke er vores egne, og det er morgen nu, og jeg ser —og det er første gang denne morgen at mine øjne ser andet end drømme jeg ser sollyset blive siet gennem gardinets tætte vævning, og stadig hører jeg disse hastige hivende åndedrag som trænger ind i huset sammen med lyspartiklerne, og endnu inden jeg har besluttet det, er jeg henne ved vinduet, og jeg trækker gardinet fra, og den bliver kraftigere lyden, og nu ser jeg den også en sort bølgende linje over det sydlige himmelrum som solen endnu kan belyse skråt nedefra, og bølgen strækker sig næsten fra den østlige og næsten til den vestlige horisont. Jeg siger bagud: "Det er tusinder af knortegæs på træk mod nord." og jeg siger også:

but that's not entirely accurate, I must admit when we are now two at the window, there is too much sideways movement, too many changing peaks and varying depths in the picture up there. And suddenly I see it: of course, it's an extended and kindly rounded cardiogram rising over the horizon flapping its way across the great bluish screen up there. Now we can hold hands. "Look," I say "one more day with a heart out there beating as it should."

"som en opstigende guirlande," men det passer ikke helt, må jeg indrømme da vi er blevet to derhenne ved vinduet, der er for megen bevægelse på tværs, for mange bevægelige højder og flygtige dybder i tegningen deroppe. Og pludselig ser jeg det: Det er jo et langstrakt og venligt afrundet kardiogram, der har hævet sig over horisonten, og basker sig hen over den store blålige skærm deroppe. Vi kan godt tage hinanden i hånden nu. "Se," siger jeg, "se endnu en dag er der et hjerte derude, der slår som det skal."



Book review

LITTLE SPELLS BY JENNIFER K. SWEENEY PUBLISHED BY NEW ISSUES POETRY & PROSE, 2015

The world created by Jennifer K. Sweeney in her third book of poetry, Little Spells, is a gorgeous hybrid of real and imagined, fantastic and mundane, natural and man-made. These are not necessarily juxtaposed against one another but are, rather, blended together to create a language that is at once terrifyingly dark and delicately magical. To call this book a book of "spells" feels more than appropriate.

These poems are as much dialogic as they are absolute. We, the readers, feel we are being spoken to personally, as if these poems were written just for us. Yet, they also seem to speak to everyone and everything in the world, addressing a more universal way of being.

Wake up, the currents of bees have fled this hour of seed dark imaginings in their wake unsweet feverless drone.

This stanza comes from the first poem in the collection, "Abandoning the Hives." In this stanza, we see a natural event (bees abandoning their hives) turned into something dark and ominous with phrases like "this hour of seed" and "dark imaginings." The poem ends with the line "A row of empty jars fills with sunlight." This language is much more concrete, more straightforward, than anything preceding it, but the image of the empty jars filled with sunlight—filled with nothing of substance—has the same haunted tone as the rest of the poem. Its bluntness only increases the horror of the statement; this is an end, but what kind of end? Is the sunlight an image of home or an image of emptiness?

The next poem, "Call and Response," gives us no answers to these questions, but, as the title suggests, raises even more of questions.

There are mnemonics for remembering bird calls, a goldfinch's airy Po-ta-to chip! or the Inca dove's bleak *no-hope*. That spring, a pair of meadowlarks pleaded But-I-DO-love you from the maple boughs...

The listing of the bird-calls seems to have meanings, seems to give multiple personalities, ways of looking at life. But these are mnemonics, ways of remembering the sounds of the calls. How far can we actually read into them? This tension is at work throughout the poem, wandering between positive and negative, romantic and realist, wondering how best to approach a world that contains such a kaleidoscope of joys and sorrows. The voice of the narrator becomes yet another "bird call," another voice among and around the various sounds of the birds, and the mnemonics that mimic their song. There is one bird in the piece that has no call—the crow—a silence just as poignant as the bird calls all around it.

The poem "Field Accomplice" shares its name with the title of the first section. The second couplet in this poem reads: She flies around for hours begging me

to catch her in my throat.

This couplet captures the tone, not just of the poem, but of this entire section. It is such a concrete image and, yet, is completely metaphorical. It's a haunting, almost sullen line, but composed with a delicate musicality of sound that lifts it from merely somber to something almost gothic.

Echoing the book's title—*Little Spells*—the "she" in this poem is an earthy, witchy personage associated with both life and death, putting "dead leaves back on the trees." The meter and the assemblage of sounds gives this poem the musicality, and therefore the mystique, of a chant, a place where poetry and music intersect. But who is doing the chanting? Not "she," but the narrator, who, with the power to "catch" this mystical "she" in its throat—in the place where words are made—becomes even more strange and terrible than "she." The speaker/narrator/poet is a person with real power, the person with the power of language.

The title poem of the collection explains:
We are not witches as fable stoops us
hunchback over caldrons, not women
hobbled sinister by absence though we know
there are tides in our blood that lean us
toward some ancient clock.

"We are not witches," says the speaker—but only not "as fable stoops us." In short, "we" *are* witches but not in the way we have come to think of witches.

These little "spells" turn the world we thought we knew into a world of vivid fantasy. We see "the trick of the moon" in a row of apartment windows and see the roughened bark of a tree as "etched with secrecy." These poems are dramatic, even over-dramatic, but that's exactly what's appealing about them. Sweeney manages to take tropes we think we know inside-and-out and make them feel utterly new. These poems are long, thin, meanderings—they look slender and delicate on the page. Each line carries contemplative weight even as it is impossible for the eye to zip across the shortest line.

This is a book that will stay in the mind long after it is finished. These are lines that will float through the reader's mind at random moments in the world, that will continue to have meaning no matter how many times they are read and re-read. A beautiful collection, *Little Spells* is a book well worth the read (and re-read).