

T A B

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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 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.

CHLOE HONUM



SNOW WHITE

Queen, you were starlight
obsessing over an empty cradle,
then over the door to the cradle room,
then over the hallway to the door.

I too feel my life is moving backward.
I spend hours recalling
how I reeled, as if from dream
to dream, when you knocked,

how crows swooped and dived
like black fire behind you.
The prince tells me I moan
for you in my sleep—

good star, bad mother, lone tree
in a vast field on which the seasons hang
their sheets, wet and colored
with all the illnesses of beauty.

EVENING

I want to try to tell you
about remorse, but I've grown
fond of silence, how it sits
beside me like a pet.

On the porch a crow begins
to interrogate nightfall,
as if its eyes will not adjust.
A neighbor boy

opens his bedroom window
and allows to wander,
at the end of his flashlight,
a golden moon. Now the wind

won't let the leaves alone—
they swirl against my door
like words to a sentence,
out of order and burning.

SALLY ROSEN KINDRED



LITTLE RED

To treat it, the doctor said, we don't need a name for it. I picked up my basket, put her white coat inside. Folded, it smelled wild, gristle in ice. Lupus, Lyme, rheumatoid arthritis. Tied my good-girl hood across my head, like a saint's caul, like a fever. Walked out through the cold woods toward my breathbed, toward my prone grandmother prayers—skin creased with hymnless pain, weak light in the wrists and ankles snarling. Snowdrops on the path of needles, torn teeth on the path of pins. By the time I reached that house, I'd be meat for heaven's feast. See it: a plate swollen white, a table heaving too-late mahogany lust, tea steeped from stars. But out here, in the alders, a noise, anonymous as stained-glass hums on the tree-spines, dim growls from outer space, lunar lace. It could be the wolf. It could be the moon. Lupus, lupus, Lyme. We don't need a name. Crumbs of light hunt through my elbows, weaving into their soft walls. Huntsman comes with an axe of names. Dawn comes howling down the path of pins. I want to move my hands from this wound, put down the basket, move body into bread, become a loaf, immobile. A name for it. Hide hunger, hide my hands. Hide. Path of needles. We don't need.

RED TIGER PRAYER

Holy is the dried glue on the child's
new picture, the cat already peeling
off the red construction paper. Holy the howl
of that paper cat, the child's first scratch
with death bled from magic marker,
the night he's up at four to say
the picture dreamed him sorrowed out
by tiger's ink, his flesh
gone balloon-flat on the pillow.
Holy orange marker, clawing its way
through the seams of his dreams.
And the storm-glass eyes gleaming.
Then rain. Praise his faith
in my raised head: how could I
not rise to meet it?
Holy the whiskers, holy the waking,
the mother's body glued by its joints to the bed,
her swelled wrists pinned to the sheets
by arthritis. Holy the body that can't leap
to save the sorry tiger from his rage
or snarl down grief in sorrow's son.
Praise the failed joints in the mother's body,
in the roof of the sodden house.
Holy that roof's crooked breath under rain.

JONATHAN TRAVELSTEAD



PAPER LANTERNS

Daughter of a marine
sick, delirious now nearly two years,
you are the first woman I learned to fear
the way you did your father's white glove treatments,
the man who threatened to give you away
for a smear of dust.

Your Saturday cleaning manias
as I folded hospital corners in clown sheets,
and made tight triptychs of bathroom towels
only ended in my pillowed crying because their edges
rarely aligned as perfectly as the welts
on my calves.

Skinny-belted woman,
it is easier to remember your temper
as a sign you never wanted me.

Open palm stinging lines across my face
at a diner where, that once, I didn't hold open your door.
Thanksgiving. A bite of ham
struck from my mouth because my napkin lay, unused,
rolled on the table. Slapped again at Cedar Grove Methodist
when saying the Lord's Prayer.
My head lacked the proper angle of respect.

I've carried resentment
for your Puritan, Southern discipline-
a smoldering ember in my belly.
I speak, and potash rises into the air
like exhaust from the shame
you branded into me.

Today, I choose something better. Eighteen.
Through the thin plaster
you heard me crying for the truck-driver's daughter,
the first of a string of women
I will never learn I can't save from their fathers.
How you eased open my bedroom door,
laid beside me, traced letters of my name
into my back.

Hard woman
who saw children reflected only
in shined brass and porcelain,
how is it now that I slip toward thirty wishing
you could see me now, you tilting Patsy Cline's
"You Belong To Me" as you pump
the Singer sewing machine up and down my torn jeans,
each note sparkling like glass fragments
you brushed from my knees?

Mother, forgive me.
It took so long lancing the infection
I allowed grow inside me,
and now a sweet pain rises there
like the flickering eyes of paper lanterns
lit and carried away by the night.
Please forgive me for taking so long to know
I loved you even then.

ALEXIS GOBEL



Book Review

***SAINT X* BY KIRK NESSET
STEPHEN F. AUSTIN UNIVERSITY PRESS, 2012, \$15.00**

This book review has been removed.

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Chloe Honum is the author of *The Tulip-Flame*, which was selected by Tracy K. Smith as winner of the 2013 Cleveland State University Poetry Center First Book Prize. Honum's poems have appeared in *The Paris Review*, *Poetry*, *The Southern Review*, and elsewhere.

SALLY ROSEN KINDRED

Sally Rosen Kindred is the author of two collections from Mayapple Press, *No Eden* and *Book of Asters*, the latter of which was published this year, and , and a chapbook, *Darling Hands, Darling Tongue* from Hyacinth Girl Press. Her poems have appeared in *Quarterly West*, *Hunger Mountain*, *Verse Daily*, and other journals.

JONATHAN TRAVELSTEAD

Jonathan Travelstead served in the Air Force National Guard for six years as a firefighter and currently works as a fulltime firefighter for the city of Murphysboro in Illinois. Having finished his MFA at Southern Illinois University of Carbondale, he now works on an old dirt bike he hopes will one day get him to South America.