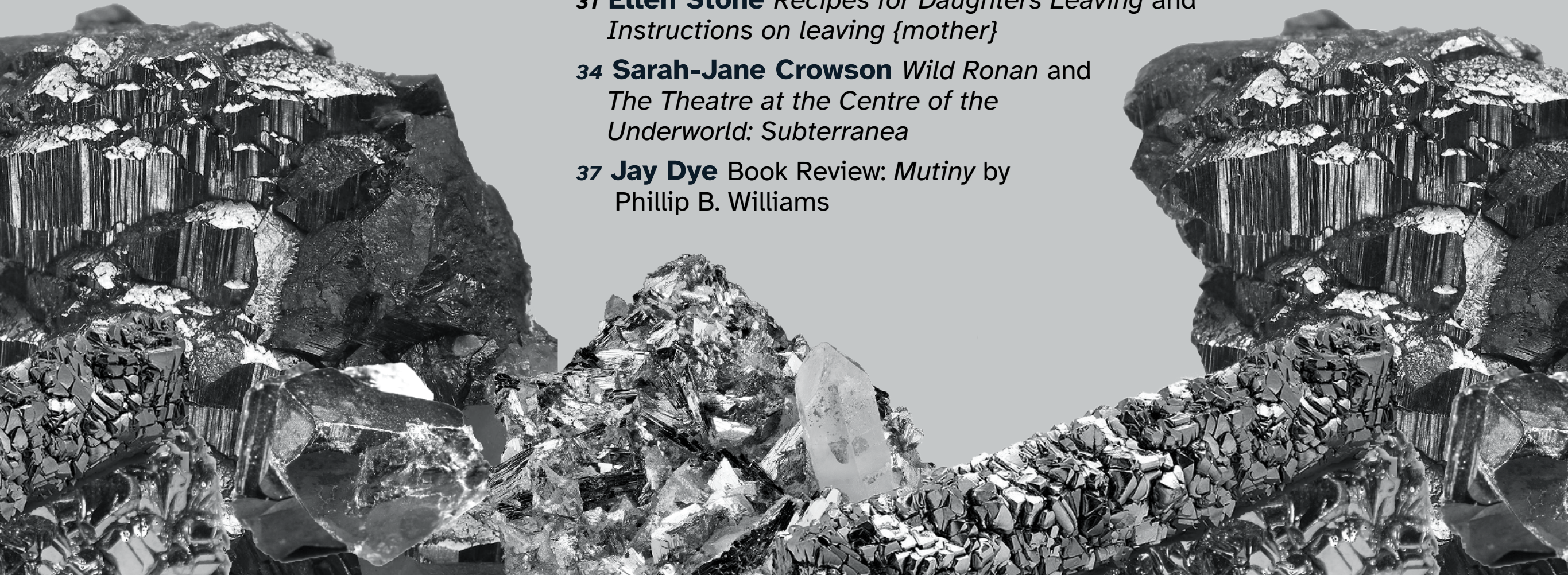


THE JOURNAL OF
POETRY & POETICS

Vol. 10 | Issue 5
2022

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ISSN: 2169-3013

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THE CENTER FOR POETRY AT CHAPMAN UNIVERSITY



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Department of English

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Design Statement

The annual, distinctive print issue of *TAB: The Journal of Poetry & Poetics* engages the reader with poetry as a material object and asks the reader to negotiate between image and text. The design does not assume a traditional role of quietly framing content; instead, design actively shapes the reading experience and continues to experiment with and explore the intersections between form and content, object and space, and reader and reading.

The 2019 print issue was *Tab Journal's* first issue driven by inclusive design and low-vision principles. With this new print issue, we extend our effort to create an engaging and increasingly equitable experience for all abilities based on inclusive design.

This 2022 volume is our tenth issue. It is no coincidence that this volume, in both the print and online issues, echoes the durability and usefulness of aluminum and tin, the traditional tenth anniversary gifts. This volume, launched with a large-format print issue, reflects and shines and is our gift—from the staff and the contributors—to literary culture.

The design for this year's *Tab Journal* emerges from a year of recognizing the complexities of choice, drawing boundaries, and acknowledging multidimensional anxieties of being between a rock and a hard place. As we continue to experience the compromises that go hand in hand with the pandemic, as we continue to face the relentless considerations of safe and dangerous spaces, this volume surveys concepts of shared corners and shelters, of physical and metaphorical places and spaces where individuals, pods, and communities take refuge.

The visual language in this volume draws on the mining of minerals—Arsenopyrite, Aluminum, Platinum, Tin, Tennantite, Titanium, Silver, Volcanic Rock—and a back-and-front scientific identification system to connect author and poem. The January print issue was digitally printed with two colors of ink (metallic and black), then scored, die-cut, and folded to achieve a



poster booklet. It is, then, two forms in one, poster and booklet, each of which offers a different visual and tactile experience of scale and perspective. The online issues extend the visual design and transform it—rather than replicate it—for the screen.

To request one or more copies of the print issue, please use the Contact form on the *Tab Journal* website.



Millicent Borges Accardi

Millicent Borges Accardi (she/her), a Portuguese-American writer, is the author of four poetry collections, most recently *Through Grainy Landscape*. Her writing awards include fellowships from the National Endowment for the Arts, Fulbright, CantoMundo, Creative Capacity, California Arts Council, Foundation for Contemporary Arts (Covid). Fundação Luso-Americana (Portugal), and Barbara Deming Foundation.



Sometimes the Deaf

From a line by Ethelbert Miller

Fumble with over-sized hearing aids
in a bedroom of the house on Loma with a player
piano that drills on through a paper
roll with holes punched in it that signal
to the keyboard to vibrate the hammers
to hit the keys to press down into the shelf
that looks like a tree, at the bottom of the stairs
when you come into the house.

We happen to feel the explosion
of vibration sound, the noble bullet
of noise we can dance to and happen
onto each other all of our own devices
laughing, we budge and run back upstairs
to slather Ten o Six on our faces and
think about smoking in the backyard,
the sin of being young and not integrating
yet into a life we know not of what and
we are heaven and noble, signing
to each other the words for funny

and ugly and worse, like the phrase
for she has large breasts and he is
full of bull shit. The days are a part of
a world full of interrogation like what
are you and how do you do this,
the habits of the hearing drenched
inside us like I don't know what to say we
could tap dance and linger at the jazz
club, touching the front wall when the drummer
plays a solo, keeping pace with our own
friendship, the clothes we shared, trading
back and forth like yodeling, We developed
onto banana fish this one time when
we got our periods and tapped the chords
of the piano that was in front of the staircase
near the front door that could play all by itself.



Kazim Ali

Kazim Ali (he/him) is a poet and translator; his recent books also include nonfiction and fiction. He is a professor and the chair of the Department of Literature at the University of California, San Diego. See more at www.kazimali.com.

Glome

Look look loke turn in re sub
I search re cherche this twist per
vert the exchange but trot out
the trot trot the loke tonock or doke
En nar the end then noa trothplight
Light shard don a shared slight soor
Shoor of rone that swoon this night
Ye frayne the path wich way after
Now daft adrift in the rift between
Riff and clef nef not able to guide
Gullible skiff clop the hoof unfound
Frog untouch yet round this world
Doth trop or dop that glim that spun
A clot of lines seem cyme seme won

Drom

Drom soun unfound confound
Fount unravel to sant follow ful
Dromos down chavish echo lown
Spanned years in dromic rounds
Babul sunt become sauch roads
To cop to cruise a curse to linge
Cruse fasten me breath drought
Under the door dram dowsed
For fair drank the dromophobic
Perced by mean dour trace ment
Dromond spare forth now kellick
Dropt trou tropic clothic suent
Corv deep drap corbis to maund
Dromo manic I fair foe for fent

Poet's Statement

Muscle memory means being able to do something because the body remembers it, not the mind. And it is an intelligence as sophisticated: how we know how to walk up stairs for example, or to reach behind us and grab something off a shelf, or make a dance, or type a line without looking down. Walk on a tightrope without looking down.

In the poems I wrote during the early days of the pandemic, I was in language unknown because we were in a life unknown. Rather than a sentence or poetic line I'd rehearsed a thousand times before or with a grammar (Subject-verb-object, how boring) or a vocabulary (Standard American English), I found myself troubling myself. As we were fixed in place, I imagined boring down—back to earlier Englishes, including Middle English—and ranging 'around'—into Scots, French, Middle French, Old Norse, Spanish—but also into the present moment, into slang and the argot of the information age.

They could all live in a poem. A poem that might not even be able to be *read* as much as it immediately in its own form would require translation. Or it **could** be read, but read out loud, for its sound and music. In these poems, I aimed not to tread a path I'd tread already, but to make new lines, new sounds.

Of course, the wilder the energy one seeks to harness the more of a shape or a frame one needs, so I chose that most English of shapes (and it's not even English but Italian and yet), the sonnet. Sonne et. Sun net.



Shonda Buchanan

Shonda Buchanan (she/her) is a USC Los Angeles Institute for the Humanities Fellow and a Department of Cultural Affairs City of Los Angeles (COLA) Master Artist Fellow. Author of five books, including the award-winning memoir *Black Indian*, Buchanan holds an MFA from Antioch University and teaches at Loyola Marymount University.

How I Learned

There was a time when we ate everything that was put
in front of us. Fried bologna sandwiches, hot dogs cut up

in baked beans, cheesy scalloped potatoes, catfish we caught;
greens we grew, boiled with hammocks or pigs feet.

Us, the six, then seven wolverines of Kalamazoo.
Drenched by summer, we raced across Polish neighbors' yards.

Poured our laughter into the melting air like fists.
Sifted brown sugar fell from our pockets, from behind our ears

as we ran. Mama called out, dusk in her voice:
Come home before dark. And we scattered like buckshot

from a .22, trying to fit every little thing in
before dark slid over the East side on Southworth Street,

over our hungry bones. No fathers ever called us home.
Only the promise of food and water and maple sap love.

We hummed Jackson Five songs at the back of our throat,
snapping fingers, bumping hips as we piled into the waiting house.

No one could touch us.
No one would claim us.

Becoming the River

for Nina Simone

When a child
comes from the dirt,
from the earth,
from the cool bodied rain
of poverty and layers of coal
laughter. From Indians and Africans
colliding on a damaged rock.
From music, so much music
that her head filled with the gospel's holy ghost,
with whole notes and whale bones and parrots and Egyptian gold.
From deformed hearts of white slave masters and black mamas' last kisses.
From cornflower blue skies slit by a cotton field sun
and babies, all the black babies sold away from their enslaved mothers
fall from that blinding hole in God's sky.
From playing the dozens
and emancipation dreams folded neatly into squares
at Lincoln's memorialized feet.
Statues of confederate
soldiers she never saw but knew she had

to hide from.

When music

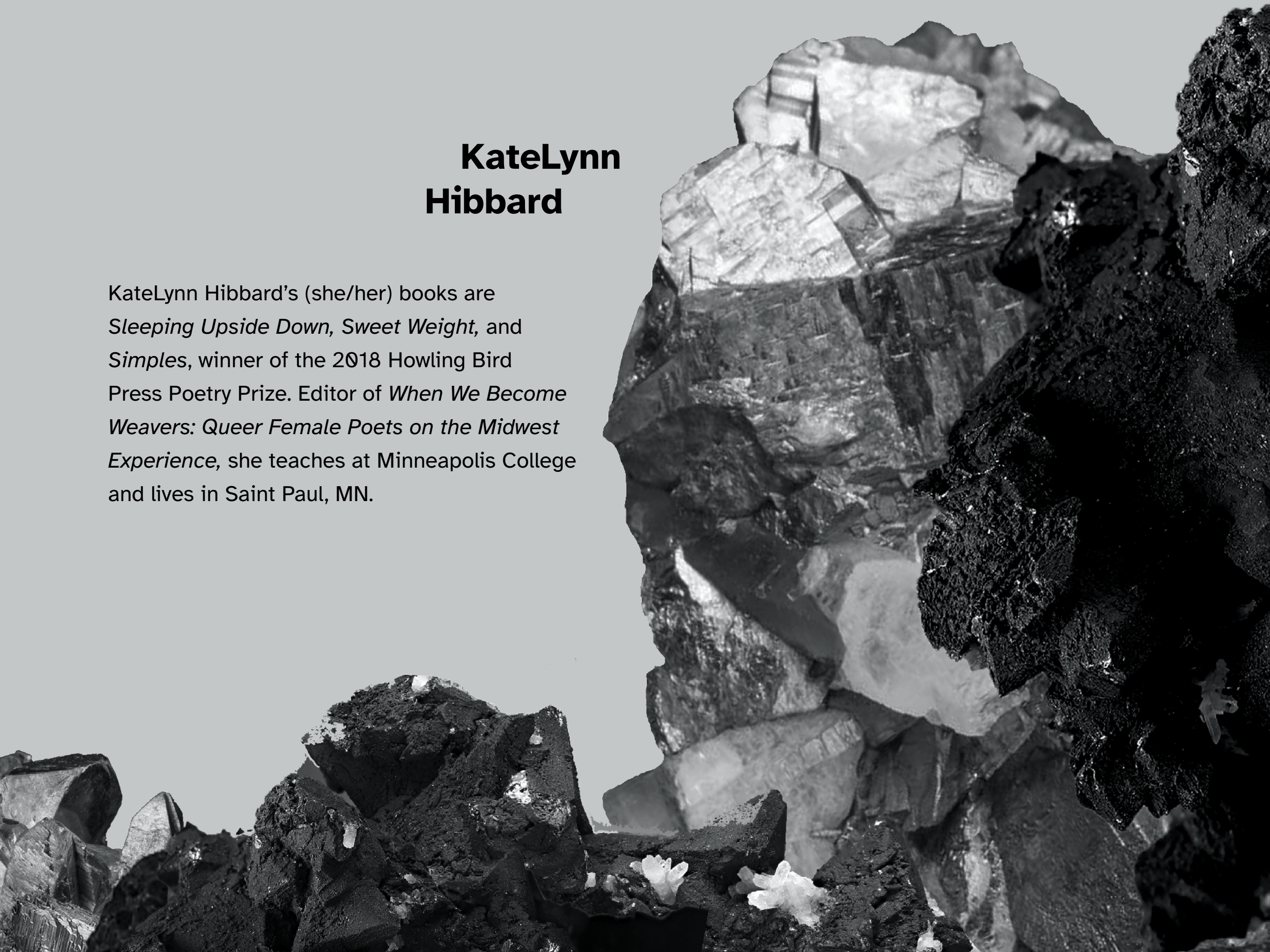
and unsafe and chattel memories
are your food,

you have no choice

but to become the river one day
and a tuning fork the next.

KateLynn Hibbard

KateLynn Hibbard's (she/her) books are *Sleeping Upside Down*, *Sweet Weight*, and *Simples*, winner of the 2018 Howling Bird Press Poetry Prize. Editor of *When We Become Weavers: Queer Female Poets on the Midwest Experience*, she teaches at Minneapolis College and lives in Saint Paul, MN.



I want to say something in defense of the sparrow.

How hardy they are to overwinter here in the bitter north, how unsung. Nothing flashy in their coloring or habits, the essential workers of the bird world. Like clerks in a grocery store, or those folks on the truck from the city who ride around town putting in and taking out Do Not Park Here Thursday signs. More than half of all the birds in the world are sparrows, and I could not pick out the particular one who lives in the oak outside my window if my life depended on it. At least I think she lives in that tree. If something is not seen or heard, does it cease to exist? Her song, like herself, ubiquitous. The sound of background music. Not the irritating kind like elevator music. Just not noticed, exactly. Not heard, exactly.



Paul Jaskunas

Paul Jaskunas (he/him) is the author of the novel *Hidden*, which won the Friends of American Writers Award. His work has been published widely in the UK and Europe. He teaches literature and writing at the Maryland Institute College of Art, where he edits the art journal *Full Bleed*. See more at www.Jaskunas.com.

Caught in the Lethe

Bramble crowds the banks of the Lethe.

Mulberry boughs and long-necked nettles
and azaleas skirt the river's skin, snagging
debris on the move downstream.

Here comes a lonely bedroom slipper
walking the current with uneven steps.

A telephone cord slithers
along the water's edge.

Next floats an armada of plastic bottles,
a tangle of cassette tape and twig,
and water-logged hairnets dragging vines,
and a hollow doll's head with blinking eyes.

Caught in the arms of a fallen sycamore,
our mementoes commune and bob
in Lethe's slow eddies,

where they belong,
where they have always been headed.

The secret purpose of things
made by unknowing hands—

to ride the watersheds of the earth,
into oblivion's current, where swill
and soot will pull them down
to the riverbed rocks—

to be remembered
by Lethe, if not by us.



Alison Lubar

Alison Lubar (they/them) is a queer, nonbinary, mixed-race femme; they teach high school English and Mindfulness by day and yoga by night. Their debut poetry chapbook, *Philosophers Know Nothing About Love*, was published by Thirty West. See more at <http://alisonlubar.com>.

The Apiary Library and Falling Back in Love

LAST NIGHT

i dreamt we smuggled
 bees to safety
 in hollow library books,
in the post apocalyptic anthropocene:
 our dangerous cargo safely vibrating
and alive held an encyclopedia's worth
 of (stings and flowers!
fruit sex through surrogate!)
 wooly little black and yellow bodies
to jump-start a summer abundance
 in a barren garden

THIS MORNING

the potted fig tree in the kitchen
 casts a skeletal shadow.
(last week its new shoots fell
 back into themselves
and leaves turned their palms
 to the sky

before rolling like lace cigars
(we killed this, too))
a labor to save this commitment:
(clay scrapes ceramic tile
over aluminum doorframe through threshold of home)
once dragged outside and I supplicate its trunk:
that something in the terracotta sarcophagus
lies dormant in hopeful thirst (enough
to give life one last go)
into the sun the soil
is spotted with the throbbing shadows
of a dozen sleepy bees



Kim Roberts

Kim Roberts (she/her) is editor of *By Broad Potomac's Shore: Great Poems from the Early Days of Our Nation's Capital* and author of *A Literary Guide to Washington, DC*. Among her six books of poems are *The Scientific Method* and a forthcoming crossdisciplinary collaboration with photographer Robert Revere, *Corona/Crown*. See more at <http://www.kimroberts.org>.

Bermuda Fireworm

Odontosyllis enopla

Consider the Bermuda fireworm,
a tiny marine invertebrate
that Christopher Columbus described
in 1492 as *the flame of a small candle*
alternately raised and lowered
against black water. Females, glowing
cerulean stars, circle near the surface
until males shoot up like tiny comets
from the mucus-tube homes

where they sleep most of the year
in anonymous benthic seabeds.

In mating season you can see
their electric coils in the waves.

Then the explosion, like fireworks,
when they deposit their gametes.

In preparation, all four of the male's eyes
swell to twice their usual size.

The better to see you with, my dear.

Consider their complex internal clock:

fireworms mate in swarms exactly
57 minutes past sunset on the third evening
after a full moon in summer.

The females circle and pulse
like a bioluminescent ruffle.

Timing so exact, such striking regularity.

Wouldn't it be lovely to know to the minute
that your expectations will be met?



Ashish Kumar Singh

Ashish Kumar Singh (he/him) is a queer poet from India and a post graduate student of English literature. His works have appeared or are forthcoming in *Chestnut Review*, *Mason Jar Press*, *Native Skin*, *Blue Marble Review*, *Brave Voices Magazine*, and elsewhere.

Dangers of Dating

In the open field, as I wait for him to show up
I notice how the dusk swallows the whole day

not in mouthfuls but slowly—all at once.
It's winter and how odd that one should feel

cold when the source of all the warmth is right there,
in the near dark of the sky. I check my phone

and it's time, and still no trace of him. There are
few things only a heart knows, be that love or fear.

Now that I am waiting, I remember what somebody
once told me about a friend who was beaten to death

and because it is such a frequent occurrence like
birdsongs in the morning, I took no heed.

It comes with being a fag, I guess. It is how
you tell the others, that despite everything

you are still a queer and still alive.



Ellen Stone

Ellen Stone (she/her) advises poetry club at Community High School and co-hosts a poetry series in Ann Arbor, MI. Her books are *What Is in the Blood* and *The Solid Living World*. Ellen's poetry has been nominated for the Pushcart prize and Best of the Net. See more at at www.ellenstone.org.

Recipe for daughters leaving

Remember: just because you are a daughter does not mean you must mend.

—Jihyun Yun

Chop the salt pork into small squares like bits of your childhood. When you ate what was slaughtered for you. As your mother emptied warm loaves onto those Formica countertops from dark thick tins. Sprinkle the salt pork like small windows, like tiny mirrors, throughout the house. Retain some bits for cooking, like reminders, on top of the table where you will pour the dressing over the greens. Dressing, the leaking from your dad's heart. Add a soulful of vinegar to the grease in the pan. Stir to gather up all the scrapings, like the women before you— always twining a spatula around for good luck, good riddance. Remove the salt pork, the mom, the family, crisp and cooling from the cast iron. Until you have a bowlful of leaves with spears. In early spring, when the dandelions first sprout, dig a basket of them for everyone, going or eventually gone.


Instructions on leaving {mother}

In order to leave her, you must find her
pale and waning out the kitchen window
where just days ago, she was still here, bright
a perpetual streetlight beaming in,
crown of hickory and oak framing her.
Now she has bled again into daylight
dissolved in the gypsum bowl above us
translucent but thin enough to puncture
expectation, reality, what we
know of as prediction, fortune or luck.
Mother as floater moon, alabaster
tap dancer at the sill, pirouetting.
Soon the sun denudes the sky, obscures her.
But she has seeped inside now, oxygen.



Sarah-Jane Crowson

Sarah-Jane Crowson's (she/her) work is inspired by fairytales, psychogeography, and surrealism. She is an educator at Hereford College of Arts and a postgraduate researcher at Birmingham City University. Her work is published in a range of journals, including *Silk Road Review*, *Penn Review*, and *Rattle*. See more at www.sarah-janecrowson.com.



Wild Rowan



The Theatre at the Centre of the Underworld: Subterranea





Jay Dye

Jay Dye (she/her) is a writer and artist from Orange County, CA. She is currently an MA/MFA student at Chapman University. Her work has been published in *Calliope*, *Scribendi*, and *Sapere Aude*. See more at <https://jaydye.org>.

Book review

Mutiny by Phillip B. Williams
Penguin Random House, 2021

Mutiny is a dazzlingly fierce poetry collection from Phillip B. Williams. The back cover's definition of *mutiny* is as "a rebellion, a subversion, an onslaught," and Williams's poetry embodies all three. This collection is a rebellion against Western canon, a subversion of expectations, and an on-slaught against all forms of oppression. Each word feels incredibly precise; each poem holds in-tense emotion. Williams's range fills the collection with life, giving anger and admiration each its own time and space.

There is a lot of well-earned anger in *Mutiny*. In the first poem we are presented with the image of "reluctant saints on a pyre: Eliot, Alighieri, / Homer." Williams isn't just talking back to the Western canon—he seizes it, uses what can be salvaged, and burns the rest. When Eliot is invoked again, it is in shame: "I tried to rewrite *The Waste Land*," says the speaker of "Mastery," "The can-on's reach / casts ruinous light." The shadows of white men lead to destruction.

Williams's focus, however, is not only on the literary canon. "Final Poem for a King" takes aim at rape culture with breathtaking audacity, as the speaker tells of "daydreaming of hunting down rapists / in abandoned factories." The refrain is haunting because it articulates so well what many of us are scared to admit having felt: "If I could kill them all, God: know I would." I'm on edge reading it; I can *feel* this poem in my gut. Its directness is shocking. But it is that very directness, that gut-punch, that is most human.

Finality is a also major concern of *Mutiny*. Approximately half of the poems have titles that

follow the pattern “Final Poem for ____.” From the first poem, simply titled “Final First Poem,” to poems with titles like “Final Poem for the Biography of a Black Man as Animal and His Enforced Embrace of a Human Praxis,” Williams is writing a lot of endings. These he pulls off with aplomb. I certainly won’t be attempting to write about the moon anytime soon after reading his tour-de-force “Final Poem for the Moon.” Rather than turning to cliché as lunar poems often do, Williams orients himself towards myth, casting the moon as a “deliberate disc slipped from Thoth’s spine.” I found myself as awestruck by this description and its sounds as the poem’s speaker is by the moon itself.

In other places, though, finality takes on other dimensions. The incredible “Final Poem for the ‘Black Body’” depicts a drawing of a slave ship overcrowded with the word “ditto.” A footnote clarifies that “ditto” was used on slave ledgers to denote the transported slaves. Emphasizing the interchangeability this word suggests, Williams adds onto this: “All is ‘ditto’ if even one is ‘ditto.’” Freedom, then, is not final until all share in it.

The last poem in this collection is titled “In the Beginning”—the same the words that begin the first poem. This highlights an important characteristic of *Mutiny*: temporalities are all messed up and even backwards. Are any of these “Final” poems truly final? Even as all are final, none are final, and that’s the point. Williams makes a book out of final things, things that are the last of their kind, and in their finality, they find kinship. Yet, this book commits mutiny against the concept of finality, against firm endings. Williams’s work is a call to mutiny in order to create the future!

Mutiny is a fantastic collection through and through. I’ll be returning to Williams’s language and form. After all, I can never truly be finished with this one.