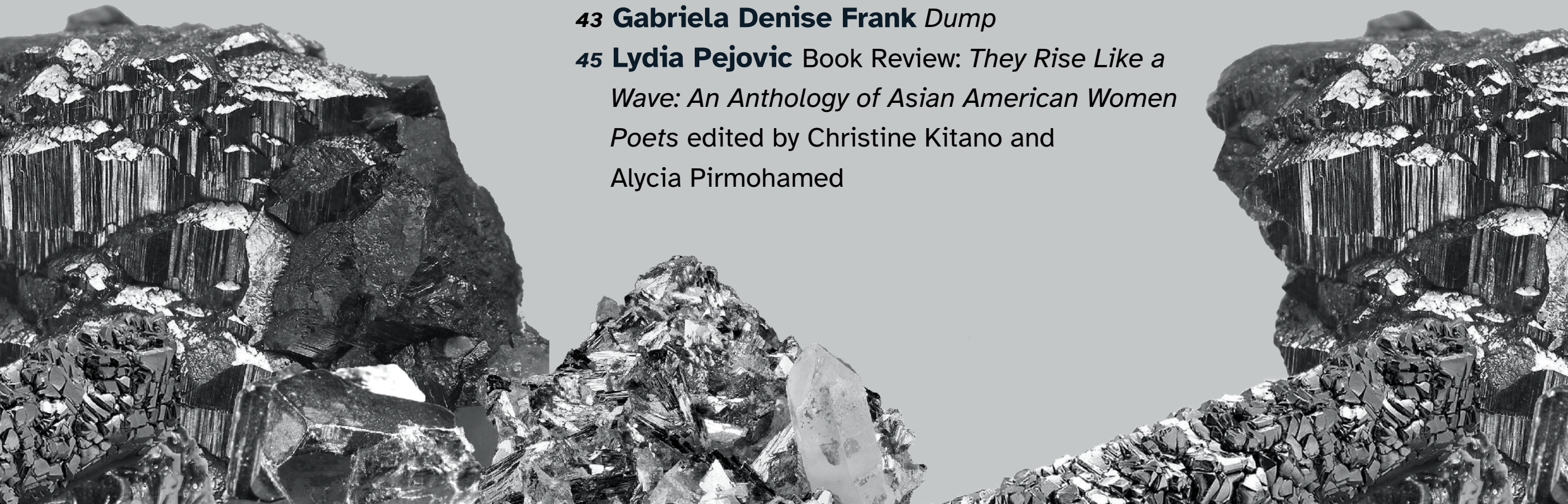


THE JOURNAL OF
POETRY & POETICS

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THE CENTER FOR POETRY AT CHAPMAN UNIVERSITY



**Wilkinson College of
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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.



Andy Butter

Andy Butter (he/him) is a lecturer at the University of Nevada, Reno, where he recently earned his MFA. His work has appeared or is forthcoming from *Sierra Magazine*, *National Geographic Explorers Journal*, *Passages North*, *Southeast Review*, and elsewhere. See more at <https://www.andybutter.com>.

How Wonderful the Earth Is Blue

is what Yuri Gagarin the first human
in space said gazing down through the porthole
at the Amazon's lazy thread

or the comma of Lake Baikal. What I like
to imagine instigated his exclamation
were the Great Lakes of North America

in particular Lake Superior, the wolf-head
water I grew up on. The world's largest lake
which sounds like an unassuming fact

until you are to stand on its shores,
the horizon constantly spilling over Earth's curve
and realize there's enough freshwater here

for your kid's kid's kid's kid's kid
to drink and never once think of scarcity.
That's what I like about water—it is both

incomprehensible and boring at the same time.
My 7th-grade science teacher said as much
when he said *the most mystical thing we know*

each day is water. I agree even though we found
years later my teacher was a sex offender.

The news of magic persists, I guess,

no matter whose mouth it blows from.

My friend Jack is a biologist full of such news.

I asked him *if every one of your ancestors were a card*

*and you went far back enough wouldn't you
eventually turn over a picture of a fish?*

Woah, woah, woah, you wish! he said.

Jack has always quieted my excitement with science.

I respond with questions he can't know.

I asked him if he knew about Lake Superior's
regional war hero? He was an ace fighter pilot
in World War II's Pacific Theater, calmly dog-fighting

over an endless blue ocean. The Bong Bridge
is named after him. First name Richard. He was a major.
So get this, I say into Jack's voicemail

who we tout as our fighting finest is named
Major Dick Bong! Jack hasn't picked up my calls
in four years because while I was blabbing about

astronauts, war heroes, trout scales, tannins
that make rivers look like root beer,
jellyfish, salmon and salt gradients, whale morphology,

ancient lakebeds of Mars and the moon,
dinosaur piss, Noah, Pacific wayfinding, New York
City's wastewater Twitter page, and the Devil's Kettle

he was thinking about how his dying dad's
last request was for a sip of water before he went.
I don't talk about water because I love water

I talk about water because I don't know how
to talk about anything else. I feel like Yuri
the first person to stare at the entirety

of the planet and the only thing I can remark on
is the most obvious fact which makes me think
it was probably the Pacific Ocean that elicited

Yuri's assessment of the color of the planet.
But even then, he must've passed that blue plate
and soared above the green Taiga of Eurasia

then the dusty band of the Sahel
then the tableau of the American Eastern Woodlands
cut short by the Mississippi. Which reminds me

there is one more thing I wanted
to see if Jack knew about.
I heard someone say now the trains run

so infrequently when a rail technician
forgot to tighten the bottom cap
of the corn car and the seeds spilled

on the tracks for seventeen miles
west of Minot, North Dakota,
green stalks started to grow.

Bisexual Epistle with Overlapping Circles

Dear Will,

“Blah dee blah blah ba blah blah blah”
is how someone might start a letter.

“It is clearer than light that you are yourself an asylum
of all the noble Arts, it has been my pleasure, from a singular love

I bear towards you, to dedicate to you this book” is another.
500 years ago Albrecht Dürer wrote that to his friend Wilibald.

Historians say they had an “impassioned friendship.”
I say don’t you think they were lovers?

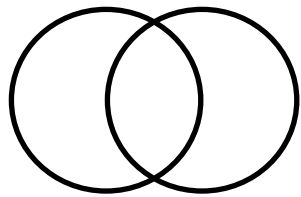
I say don’t fall for the trick the Google home page got us all with,
that if you do only one thing it means you do it well.

I say the human tongue didn’t evolve to yodel
but yodel it does, along with many other tricks.

I return to the search bar’s annoying clairvoyance,

learn it was Dürer that first articulated the *vesica piscis*.

Are you familiar? Two circles run through each other's centers.
It's a shape you might see on a hippie's suntanned shoulder. Like this:



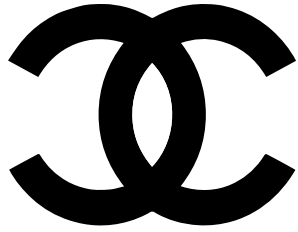
Whatever others might say about it (and they have a lot to say):
fish bladder, Aphrodite emblem, bowls of light, to me

it is diagram showing you how to knock at my perimeter
and a diagram of me finally letting you into my center.

Either that or a bejewelled vagina surrounded by two testicles.
You're right, it is really just a doodle of lines. But follow me:

Young Coco Chanel born in south central France
was entranced by her church's stained glass windows

which later inspired the logo for her fashion empire.
A *vesica piscis* with the mouths cut out, facing away from each other:



Frank Ocean sang about it in his song “Chanel”:

“I see both sides like Chanel, C on both sides like Chanel”

Why am I telling you this? Because Coco made a *vesica piscis*
how Albrecht described it and Frank sang about Coco’s

iteration of Albrecht’s sacred geometric idea and in singing about it
brought a strange symbol back to Earth for me to tell you about.

How is it that history makes its way to us?
Often it arrives in accidentally glamorous packages.

It arrives unglamorous too. Like when my apartment flooded,
and letters you used to pass down in 8th grade band class

signed off with tragicomic wishes of dying, bumped into my ankle.
The note said *welcome*. Written after I told you,

do you remember—it's one of those moments
too on the nose to include in a letter or poem—

standing in my closet (c'mon) holding a pencil (puh-leeze)
that I was attracted to men and wanted to be a writer.

You gasped. You dropped the pencil. It rolled toward me.
It's one more metaphor that encircles our lives. Look—

Albrecht Dürer is long gone. Geometry isn't sacred.

Future historians can be snooty and nosy bastards
so let me state it once now for the record:

To me, you are an asylum. You are clear like light.
Of all my noble arts, you are the worthy successor.

Sincerely,
Your "Impassioned Friend"



Ion Corcos

Ion Corcos (he/him) was born in Sydney, Australia. A nature lover and a supporter of animal rights, he has been published in *Cordite*, *Meanjin*, *Wild Court*, *Wood Cat Review*, and other journals. He is the author of *A Spoon of Honey* from Flutter Press. See more at www.ioncorcos.wordpress.com/.

The Undecided Dishes

First, knot the damp soil, then the petrichor;
after, the incessant drip from a pipe, the rattle of a nerve,
and soon, a snail. The pool of water slips
away, and the story changes from my telling to yours.

We fall cumulatively: glue to memory.

A bucket—small hole—rusting, and the trickle of a stream
along the ghost of grass and dandelion and moss.

It wasn't that long ago, a still life with a slice of toast;
the rope that held the broken fence snapped,
and I left. Always looking at the moon in a puddle,
scaffolding and wind gust.

Awkward, a pharmacology of rocks.

The clothes rack falls over onto pots of plants.

Jackdaws gather on a roof; on a dying tree, a flock of crows.

A coat hanger, a grater, and wooden pegs,
the undecided dishes: for forgetting.

An empty front door foyer, you are left hungry.



Leslie Dianne

Leslie Dianne (she/her) is a poet, novelist, screenwriter, playwright, and performer. Her poems appear in *Noctivant Press*, *The Wild Word*, *Trouvaille Review*, *Flashes*, *Sparks of Calliope*, *The Elevation Review*, *Sanjoko*, and *The Bluebird Word*. Her poetry has been nominated for a Pushcart Prize.

School

To understand the ocean
I would have to lie
on the sand and
let it scratch my skin
until it was smooth
then I would bury my arms
and let the sandweight
take my bones and
knit my flesh to itself
my legs would grow holes
and turn inside out
my chest would sink in
to the deep moist layer
where treasures are kept
my ears would dissolve
and say hello to my eyes
my nose, curious at the change
would scent danger
then wonder
the fog would come

from across the world
tides would visit me
and offer me to the moon
I would wash from the shore
blink with my big new eyes
at the waves
my tender gills
learning to breathe
once more
a kindergarden creature
in a new kind of school

Farnaz Fatemi

Farnaz Fatemi (she/her) is a poet, editor, and writing teacher. *Sister Tongue* was chosen by Tracy K. Smith for the Stan and Tom Wick Poetry Prize winner and is available from Kent State University Press. Her poems and lyric essays appear at Poets.org, *Tahoma Literary Review*, *Crab Orchard Review*, *Catamaran Literary Reader*, *Tupelo Quarterly*, *SWWIM Daily*, *Grist Journal*, and several anthologies. See more at www.farnazfatemi.com.



Ground

Dead things in summer don't unloose
the blues the way they do later in the year.
I'm weeding down a thicket of ground cherries

thriving after years of dormancy.
I'm grumpy, though I'd been gleeful
that first harvest, about all their amber fruit.

I see the curved stiffness of the carcass,
brush it with my knuckles
as I brace down low on a stem.

This dead animal in good weather
seems out of place. I don't reel.
I'm not ready, just yet,

to shovel it away. I find a trowel
to scrape back the plants nearby,
take stock from all the angles.

No obvious wounds,
no rot. No gash of animal
in its side. Just stiff death,

a hint of must, me poking
as gently as I can,
weighing its end between my hands.

I go back now to remember
there's not a dying season.
No schedule.

Each year's end there's a pileup—
all the fall anniversaries ready me
for January. It doesn't take much.

Even a forgotten squash
in the fridge makes me heave.
I consider all my neighbors,

my long missing cat, can't find
a poisoner in this thick inventory
of culprits. No answer.

In other months I'd try so hard
to make this unearthing
mean more than it appears.

I push my tool under
the thickest swell of body,
winch it over. The rat's full grown

and dead. I carry it off.
The sun overhead hits us both,
doesn't change what I know or how..



Mureall Hebert

Mureall Hebert (she/her) lives near Seattle, WA. Her work can be found in *Qu*, *The Normal School*, *Sundog Lit*, *The Adirondack Review*, *Cease*, *Cows*, *Carve*, *Hobart*, *[PANK]*, *decomP*, and elsewhere. Her work has been nominated for Best Microfiction, Best New Poets, and a Pushcart Prize. Hebert holds an MFA from Northwest Institute of Literary Arts. See more at www.mureallhebert.com.

Woman in Aquatic Blue

i.

She balls her hands into fists,
thumbs tucked inside,

the way you're not supposed to do.

Beneath her ribs, jellyfish mob the waves,
secure in their salty cage,

contracting bells in narrow wing-beats.

ii.

She hides lost teeth in her pillow,
not to be found

but to chew away nightmares

while leatherbacks angle pikes
along her esophagus, beaks open—

ruminations in the blink of a swallow.

iii.

She collects moles on the backs of her legs,
walking constellations

to track herself when she's adrift.

Vertebrae bisect the rise
of shoulder blades, fins unfurling

in shades of joy and barefoot breakers.

iv.

She tears her thoughts into pieces,
joins them together with her eyes closed,

mosaics of memories,

puzzles with right-angled corners
that recede from the land and dive into the sea.

She is the mirror image of herself.



Frances Klein

Frances Klein (she/her) is a poet and teacher writing at the intersection of disability and gender. She is the author of the chapbook *New and Permanent* from *Blanket Sea* and currently serves as assistant editor of *Southern Humanities Review*. See more at www.kleinpoetryblog.wordpress.com.

What There is to Lose

Leather shoes in the rain, of course, and the endless why
of your child's third year. A pillowy slice of cake. Love.
The demanding clamor of the five am alarm that is what
brings, no, drags you into each day you
would rather not face. The will
to live, sometimes. Try as you might to lose
the weight it will be there
to comfort you before bed, like a talisman under the skin. Is
there anything that stays, you will ask the stream of Repo men, but
they all say nothing.
Your closets and shelves overflow, no room for anything else
save the empty spaces where you used to
keep your vases, your best dress, your love.

*A Golden Shovel after Louise Gluck, based on the form developed
by Terrance Hayes to honor Gwendolyn Brooks*



Carolyn Oliver

Carolyn Oliver (she/her) is the author of *Inside the Storm I Want to Touch the Tremble*, winner of the Agha Shahid Ali Prize in Poetry and published by University of Utah Press. Her poems appear in *Beloit Poetry Journal*, *At Length*, *Superstition Review*, *32 Poems*, and elsewhere. See more at www.carolynoliver.net.

Lux Hours

In another life I am a strange kind of sentry
who watches over a palm-sized swatch sacrificed
to pillager light: Magna Carta's blue dosimeter,
sheepswool safeguarding a sheepskin
flensed and thinned, made to speak
in witness—then annulled, made nothing
yet smuggled safe through centuries,
vault-swaddled treasure of cathedral
and this castle-prison

[there once was a water-meadow
and a sealing *to no one*
will we sell,
to no one deny or delay
right or justice]

I watch visitors strain to decipher
Latin lattices of iron gall ink,
to the quick and curious schoolchildren
I explain the twin sister fleece asleep
in archive midnight before they depart

to tour dungeons and the chapel
where every seat's a solitary confinement

[there once was a boy
set fire to a haystack
then he lived in a cell
with no one to see
in good faith
this shall be observed]

I watch for the face of the child descended
from one who survived on the meat
this parchment once encased
though I won't recognize her fleet gaze
when it lights on the blue spectrum
and the covenant no one intended to keep

[there was once a king
given by our hand
and then another and another
in all things and all places for ever
no ceiling without deceit]

In this room where light grazes
our vulnerable textures living and dead
I'm trusted never to lose sight
of the balance between revelation and rest
but I misplace myself, misplace the hours
watching the fugitive dye transform
the forfeit wool

[there once was blue:
Runnymede June sky blue
morpho-under-bloated-glass blue
Boudicca's woad blue
vein blue, silverblue of fish scales
and drowned lips, yes
hypothermia blue
who could love it blue]

and out of the blue it's raining, blue
faces of the lost sheep fading,
and I'm wading the fens with you—
you, in your wool sweater red as a robe painted
on a medieval Madonna or a king,
you, telling me about a new pigment,

blue of crucible and accident, you
my Sunday morning nebula
whose light has traveled so long to reach me
overexposed in the rebel dark.

Note: In this poem, all italicized language is drawn from the English translation of *Magna Carta*.



Ronald J. Pelias

Ronald J. Pelias (he/him) spent his career writing books that call upon the literary as a research strategy, including *If the Truth Be Told* from Brill, *The Creative Qualitative Researcher* from Routledge, and *Lessons on Aging and Dying* from Routledge.

What Can a Poem Do?

It can change the world, if you believe ripples in the currents of ongoing affairs matter, that words escaping the expected can alter reality.

It can swallow you into the pleasures of bafflement, place you in the middle of its perplexity where you relish the search, the images struggling into meaning; or it can annoy as you attempt to enter, to grasp the obscure, to articulate some significance that lives up to its hype.

It can cure, protect you with words that heal, words that become lessons for living, that become sacred texts. It can be ignored without loss or consequence.

It can be ecologically indifferent, a waste with its lines that seldom reach the page's side or bottom, with its spacing that leaves so much white between, with its demand that each of its kind merits a separate sheet. It can help save the earth.

It can create a rhythm you feel in your bones, feel into meaning. It can bore you, as the rhythm of work on an assembly line might, with its steady flow of the same, with its laborers never questioning their efforts, with its supervisors making the rules.

It can transform your disposition, up or down, for better or worse, temporarily or permanently; it can mold you beyond its shape.

It can be a private conversation you have with yourself that clarifies what agitates or that turns paper into trash.

It can be a weapon you deploy to separate friends and foes, the torch you carry in the slow progress toward justice, a crack you make in the cement where the like-minded gather. It can teach you how easy it is to fall when sitting still.

It can hold you in place--duct tape covering the mouth, a door nailed shut, the sound of a rapid firing AR-15. It can set you free.

It can mesmerize like morning glory or disappoint like dead daffodil buds, can electrify like an eagle's dive or lay still like a frozen fish, can entice like a new love or repel like a lifelong foe.

It can pull together the elusive, assemble darkness into the visible, put fog in a cardboard box. It can chart a path into the mystery of forward and it can lead you astray.

It can function as a mirror to your wounds, a reflection of your scars, an echo to your pain. It can ricochet injury's history.

It can require your attention--an assignment you rather not do, an urge you cannot resist, a gift you could not refuse.

It can perform, open the curtain to a character whose voice rings true, necessary. It can choreograph its own dance, sing its own song. It can bring down or empty the house.

It can cling to the utopian, invite the imaginative, generate a "we" that defines you. It can be unremarkable, verbiage you quickly forget.

It can add complexity, turn complexity into the discernable, or render the complex simple. It can

be more or less than its creator, be greater or smaller than you.

It can confess secrets you recognize as your own; it can bear witness to what you rather deny.

It can be an emotional map, an empathy guide to where someone else sits and a marketing ploy cashing in on personal trauma.

It can catch you, like tar might grab a feather, holding you there, and no matter your efforts you're stuck to it, set in place, making you the reader it wanted.

It can do an alphabet of possibilities. It can annoy, badger, choose, delight, enthrall, follow, grab, haunt, ignite, judge, knife, license, mislead, nourish, own, paralyze, quash, relax, stain, torture, unsettle, vex, warn, yank, and zonk you. Or, it can X-out all such doings.



Annie Whittemore

Amie Whittemore (she/her) is the author of *Glass Harvest* from Autumn House Press and *Star-tent: A Triptych* from Tolsun Books. She was the 2020-2021 Poet Laureate of Murfreesboro, TN, and an Academy of American Poets Laureate Fellow. She teaches at Middle Tennessee State University, where she directs MTSU Write, a creative writing mentorship program. See more at www.amiewhittemore.com.

Another Queer Pastorial that Fails to Address White Supremacy

Begin with catalpa, maybe. Maybe honeysuckle, the neighbor's lilies feeding
the morning air. Use the mother finch who never flinches when I sit beneath her nest.
Return to the gravel, the woods, the farm where we kiss.
Her lean hand in mine. The everywhere of it.
Green scent of her like basil, harvested strawberries. Her hair,
a cinnamon mess beneath her hat. What does she want? Nothing
she says, and neither do I, at least, not right now, and like so many
white women I feel guilty about my life and how I want
to turn this poem away from it. Away from the white children screaming
nearby, their laughter as they play with goats in the sun.
Away from the free beer I sip while we stand
in the CSA line, as if buying local food deserves reward—
this is where I cut the line about the galaxy in a goat's eye.
This is where I find a metaphor sharp enough to show
separating these gifts from my guilt is as impossible
as growing blackberries without thorns.
The turn is never complete, never not-awkward, not even
when it happens in a strawberry field, where two women kiss for the first time.
What if shame were the sound of good food left
to rot in the field, gray brushstrokes of a mockingbird scolding a crow?
There are so many ways to feel small and worthless.

There are so many ways to use one's privilege,
to cartwheel it away from the self.



Jane Zwart

Jane Zwart (she/her) teaches at Calvin University, where she also co-directs the Calvin Center for Faith & Writing. Her poems have appeared in *Poetry*, *Ploughshares*, *Threepenny Review*, *The Southern Review*, and *TriQuarterly*, as well as other journals and magazines. See more at www.janezwart.com.

Turtles

In some stories, a turtle wears a broken dish. In one
his shell is the ground beneath our feet. A tortoise
is not a turtle and a hare is not a rabbit, but we
do not mind: in fables, a slow domed fellow trudges
his way to the race's finish before a showy leporid.

A turtle in an advertisement might stand upright,
a chocolatier or happy camper. The mascots grimace;
the logos are O's in hotels' names. To slap caps
and boaters and stovepipes on them is apparently
irresistible, though the fiercest don domino masks.

...

In my third grade classroom, a box turtle ate lettuce
in his glass box. The star of the week rained shreds
of it down while baleful Speedy stared. I sat beside
his tiny biome, and when green ribbons stuck
to his beak, I laughed, so shamefully unashamed.



Gabriela Denise Frank

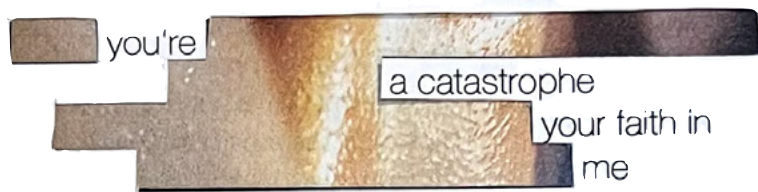
Gabriela Denise Frank (she/her) is a storyteller, editor, and educator. Her writing has appeared in *True Story*, *Tahoma Literary Review*, *Hunger Mountain*, *Bayou*, *Baltimore Review*, *The Normal School*, *The Rumpus*, and elsewhere. She is the author of *Pity She Didn't Stay 'Til the End* from Bottlecap Press and creative nonfiction editor for *Crab Creek Review*. See more at www.gabrieladenisefrank.com.



Dump



Wouldn't want to be you
baby



you're a catastrophe
your faith in
me



won't
be enough



get out
while you can
I'm
sinking



to zero





Lydia Pejovic

Lydia Pejovic (she/her) is a writer and Dual MA/MFA student at Chapman University. She earned her BA in English from the University of San Diego. Her work has been published in *Calliope Art & Literary Magazine* and *Voices Magazine* and is forthcoming in others. See more at www.lydiapejovic.com.

Book review

They Rise Like a Wave: An Anthology of Asian American Women Poets

Edited by Christine Kitano and Alycia Pirmohamed

Blue Oaks Press, 2022

They Rise Like a Wave, a new poetry anthology, offers the breadth and depth of the unique, yet somehow similar, experiences of women and non-binary Asian American poets. This collection is gripping, emotional, vivid, and meaningful. In the introduction, editors Christine Kitano and Alycia Pirmohamed discuss the importance of curating this anthology at this particular time in history. Specifically, “this anthology aims to capture the voices of Asian American women and non-binary poets writing through this moment” as an exploration of topics such as racism, displacement and out-of-place-ness, loneliness, womanhood, and much more. The variance in styles, subject matter, and pacing allows readers to come in contact with a wide range of authors, established and emerging, and their points of view. This anthology urges readers to listen to all these voices individually and together.

They Rise Like a Wave critiques the American values of individualism and racism, though it takes a hopeful more than hopeless approach. Many of the poets in the collection discuss the rift between a faraway homeland that they do not know and a cruel America that is their birthplace or where they were raised. An excerpt from Allison Albino’s poem “Father’s Advice” captures this awareness quite succinctly:

He closes most arguments: *If you don't like this country,
then get out, go back to where you came from.* But I can't.
This America is mine – I am not a guest in my home
I will not cut with these shit knives, won't hack
with a muted blade – I'd rather
bleed out.

Albino highlights a dilemma faced by many of this anthology's poets: How could I leave my home for a so-called homeland, when I know this home and do not know that homeland? Shouldn't I work to improve this country, rather than leave here behind when I'm faced with its flaws? This struggle to create an America of belonging while also suffering from its racism and discrimination is an unfortunately common topic throughout *They Rise Like a Wave*.

Some poems discuss the feeling of being out of place in both Asian and American identities, a sense of neither here nor there rather than a both here and there. Sarah Audsley's poem "Letter to my Adoptee Diaspora" describes the experience of being a Korean orphan:

"Korean orphans languish in system as tradition,
new laws make adoption difficult." We are
the sea cows floating, munching on vats
of kimchi, shoveling ramen into our mouths,
trying to make us "Real Asians." [...]
Do you feel like you were robbed
of your culture?
Sometimes I lie in bed & think about all of us.

There exists here a struggle between Asian and American identities, revealing a liminal space of Asian Americanness. Audsley wonders if she is simply playing the part of an Asian woman, especially since she does not know what it is like to live in Korea. The separation from the presumed homeland mixed with life lived in America creates a sense of broken, confused, or shifting identity for many poets in the anthology. For readers, one's own identity likely affects the experience of reading these poems.

Throughout the collection is an underlying sense of hope, tenacity, and progress. In "Poem for Clara Elizabeth Chan Lee," Carlina Duan writes of the first Chinese woman to ever vote in the United States.

[...] Clara Lee, first Chinese American woman
to register to vote. the year she died was a year I lived: breathed
puffs of air upon my mother's chest. childhood of wet grass
& ink stains. long childhood of spelling my name. [...]
the first time I darkened a circle
on an American ballot, I pressed my hands to my face and thought
of her.

Despite the darker side of America, this poem reminds of progress that has been made, that times have changed. Women like Clara Lee manifest bravery and perseverance, even in a country or world that seems as if it wasn't made for you. Poems like these cleverly interweave critique with hope, pain with progress, as bravery is perseverance is made necessary by discriminatory hardship.

They Rise Like a Wave is a powerful accumulation. By including a variety of experiences, voices, and styles, this anthology is an affirmation that rises out this moment, when

discrimination and violence against Asian Americans is recurring news. *They Rise Like a Wave* belongs not on your bookshelf but, rather, in your hands so that you can read these poems for yourself, whoever you are.