

T A B

THE JOURNAL OF
POETRY & POETICS

2023

Vol. 11

Issue 2

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One University Drive, Orange, California 92866
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ISSN: 2169-3013

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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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UNIVERSITY

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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.

This 2023 volume is *Tab Journal's* eleventh year, and its print issue draws from traditions of how reading materials are made available to readers. Certainly, text is contained in objects such as books, journals, newspapers—with their scale, weight, and page-turning demands. These objects take on their weight based on cover material, size of page, binding, and ink. A single volume of *The Compact Oxford English Dictionary (2nd Edition)* weighs 14.8 pounds and comes with its own magnifying glass.

And how are such objects themselves contained? The shelves where books and journals are stored are exclusive to people who can reach, grab, unstack, and navigate codex systems, all within the rooms and buildings that shelves—and readers—occupy. Henry Petroski writes in *The Book on the Bookshelf*, “Books and bookshelves are a technological system, each component of which influences how we view the other. Since we interact with books and bookshelves, we too become part of the system. This alters our view of it and its components and influences our very interaction with it.”

In Volume 11, *Tab Journal* questions access in relation to interaction and portability. With digital and audio formats of reading material, what is the place for print? *Tab Journal* strives for flexibility in a physical interaction yet defies the traditional anatomy of a codex—a spine, page signatures, an obvious cover. It is not waiting to be chosen from a shelf. Instead, the print issue

takes its storage with it in a form of a pouch where other things can join in its container, just as a phone or tablet is a portable container for poetry and much more.

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

Special Issue: California Coastal Commission Poetry Contest

Every year, Tabula Poetica selects finalists for the Coastal Poetry Contest for K-12 students hosted by the California Coastal Commission. This year, Chapman University students in *Tab Journal* Editor Anna Leahy's MFA poetry writing class served as the mid-level judges.

Tab Journal is thrilled to share the poems of young Californians as part of this collaboration with the community and Annie Frankel, the Public Education Program of the California Coastal Commission. You can also [view the winning art and poetry selections at the California Coastal Commission's website.](#)



Kindergarten -1st Grade

Winner

Madison Quan
Kindergarten
Harbor Seals

Honorable Mention

Lana Babic, Grade 1
Down By the Ocean

Simon Litvinenko
Kindergarten
Two Waterfalls

Adeline West
Kindergarten
Ocean Waves

Harbor Seals

I went to the Aquarium of the Pacific, trust me you should go.
Harbor seals eat school fish, I bet you didn't know.

Harbor seals don't wear clothes because they have thick skin.
I bet you didn't know they have flippers and not a fin.

It's very cool harbor seals have front flippers to help them steer,
But back flippers help them balance but maybe you didn't hear.

I bet you didn't know that the harbor seals can't stand,
But it's really really funny when harbor seals bounce on land!

—Madison Quan

Down By the Ocean

In the beautiful ocean I go
Sending ripples upon the surface.

Deep down

down

down

down

I go into a world of beauty.

I watch the scene teeming with life.

I come up to the surface

I remember the beauty.

All along and into the car.

I can still hear and see the waves

crashing

gently

upon

the rocks.

—Lana Babic

Two Waterfalls

There were two waterfalls
And they were going on
each other
And they stopped in the
middle

—Simon Litvinenko

Ocean Waves

Ocean waves

crash on the sandy beach.

Corals wave

below the ocean waves.

Crabs scuttled

on the sandy shore of the beach.

Rainbow fish

swim below the surface.

—Adeline West



2nd-3rd

Grade

Winner

Randie Byrd, Grade 2
Monarch

Honorable Mention

Leanora Bazar, Grade 3
Ocean Love

Madelyn Dennis, Grade 3
Oh What a Dream

Savannah Liu, Grade 3
My Home Beach

Melody Ran, Grade 2
By the Seaside

Kayla Brianna Zamora, Grade 3
You Are the Thing I Love Most

Monarch

Gliding to Natural Bridges

Fluttering, dancing, spinning

A colorful poppy soaring through
the bright blue and white sky

Transparent

Fairies of the forest

Perfectly symmetrical

Fragile wings coming to life

Strong and tough

Egg to caterpillar to chrysalis to butterfly

The souls of my family's greatest friends and ancestors

—Randie Byrd

Ocean Love

Glimmering blue life
where all kelp forests grow tall
in every which way

The smell of seaweed
and the vibrant colors
of our huge ocean

All of our ocean
has served our planet of love
for many years

—Leanora Bazar

Oh What a Dream

My toes on the sand
Soft and sweet as my dreams float on
Makes life complete
Birds chirp as the palm trees sway
And the wind tickles my nose
On that tender day,
The calm sea-salty breeze
What a dream
But there is a monster
Everybody knows there is a monster
But nobody knows what,
California known for its pretty beaches
And gorgeous waves
But nobody wants to come on their days
We need it back
We need it clean
No birds can fly
No fish can swim
We all need to pitch in

—Madelyn Dennis

My Home Beach

Roaring waves
crashing onto the
beach

Soft warm sand
sifting between my
toes

Up above, gulls
soaring over the
Ocean.

Down below sand crabs
digging in sand burrows

looking for the
Golden Gate
bridge hanging over
the bay

—Savannah Liu

By the Seaside

By the shore, on the beach,
I can see the seaside.
All the tree leaves gently sway,
and so does the tide.

The sun shines brightly,
and ocean water flows.
The sea water sparkles too,
and the wind swiftly blows.

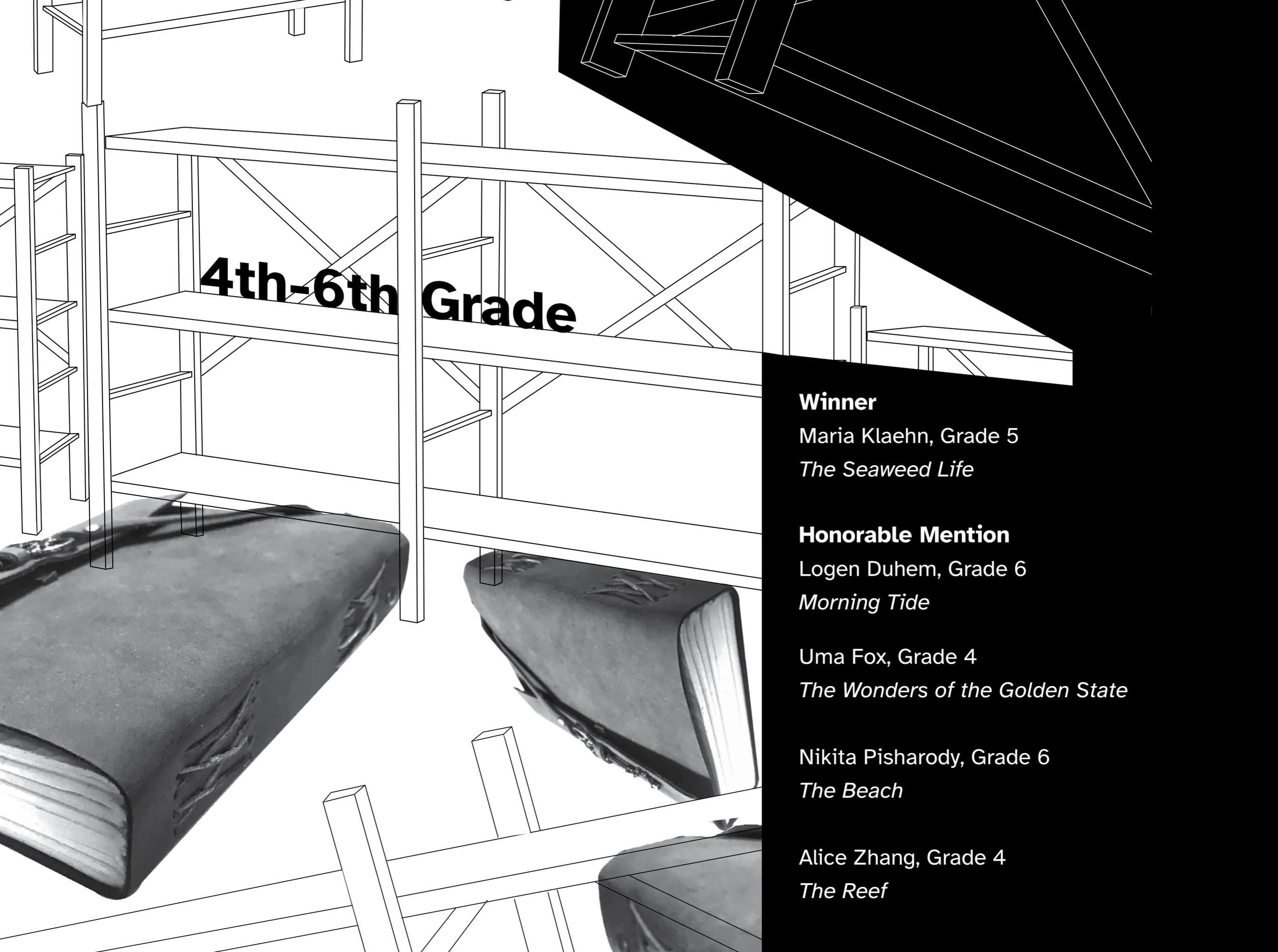
By the shore, on the beach,
I can see the sea.
The coast is
as beautiful as can be.

—Melody Ran

You Are the Thing I Love Most

Waves crashing
sounds like music
to my ears
the feeling
is sincere
it just wants
to come near
whenever I'm not
there a strong
feeling makes
me want to be
there because
you are the
thing I love
most.

—Kayla Brianna Zamora



4th-6th Grade

Winner

Maria Klaehn, Grade 5

The Seaweed Life

Honorable Mention

Logen Duhem, Grade 6

Morning Tide

Uma Fox, Grade 4

The Wonders of the Golden State

Nikita Pisharody, Grade 6

The Beach

Alice Zhang, Grade 4

The Reef

The Seaweed Life

Wavy, slimy, growing long,
Squishy, gloppy, green and strong.
Fish are swimming through its forest.
All are crowding to explore it.

Their tendrils reaching towards the sun,
'Neath the crabs are having fun.
Shimmering forests and glowing leaf,
Sunlight won't reach it underneath.

Looking for warmth and light from above,
Then a wave comes the algae to shove,
Pushing and pulling it onto the beach,
Where the hot, dry sand its life does leach.

—Maria Klaehn

Morning Tide

Whales dive deep as they wake from sleep
The sun rises slowly over dune shadows lowly
Birds soar overhead, always the first out of bed
Over the smooth soft sand, the gentle breeze plays like a band

Look what has washed ashore, rinsed and tumbled more and more
Strands of kelp, broken shell, polished stones and even bones
Salty spray as winds blow playfully, enjoy a day made so beautifully

—Logen Duhem

The Wonders of the Golden State

The sky is orange and violet, with clouds of painted white stained by bloodred.
Beneath, a crystal pond of rolling ocean waves as far as the eye can see.
Schools of fish splash in the depths, their slimy scales aglow in the dying sunlight.
The waters lap at tan sand where crabs scuttle.
Deep below, clams dig far with their shining milk-white pearls.
Seabirds flap under newfound stars, white wings like fire under the moon.
Over green trees they fly, their legs brushing the tips of the branches.
Grass twists and swishes in a midnight breeze, the chill of night air bringing frost.
Though the days are warm and sunny, the nights are damp and cold.
Gusts whoosh past hard enough to rip a tree trunk from the earth, roots and all.
But as the twinkling stars begin to fade, and the silver moon dips away,
The sunrise casts a magical glow over the land.
The poppies start to blossom, stretching under an azure-red sky with the new sun.
The world welcomes a new day in the golden state.

—Uma Fox

The Beach

The roar of the waves
Calms the chaos in my mind
'Tis a lovely shore
The sea, being kind

Beautiful ocean waves hide a powerful roar
While they crash against gentle white shores

It is a beautiful evening, calm and free
With a full day of fun behind me
I reflect on the things I have done
All of the bad, and all of the fun

As I watch the sunset, I foresee
Another day of joy
And another day of glee

On a nighttime stroll
Don't see a soul tonight
As I think about days to come something catches my sight
A lighthouse guiding the ships to the shoreline

As I watch the lighthouse something comes to mind
Perhaps this is a sign that the future is bright

However we need to make it this way
By cleaning up the oceans and the bay
If we don't do this, I have to say
The ocean might suffer a coastal doomsday
But don't worry because we still have hope
If we clean up the oceans we won't have to mope!

—Nikita Pisharody

The Reef

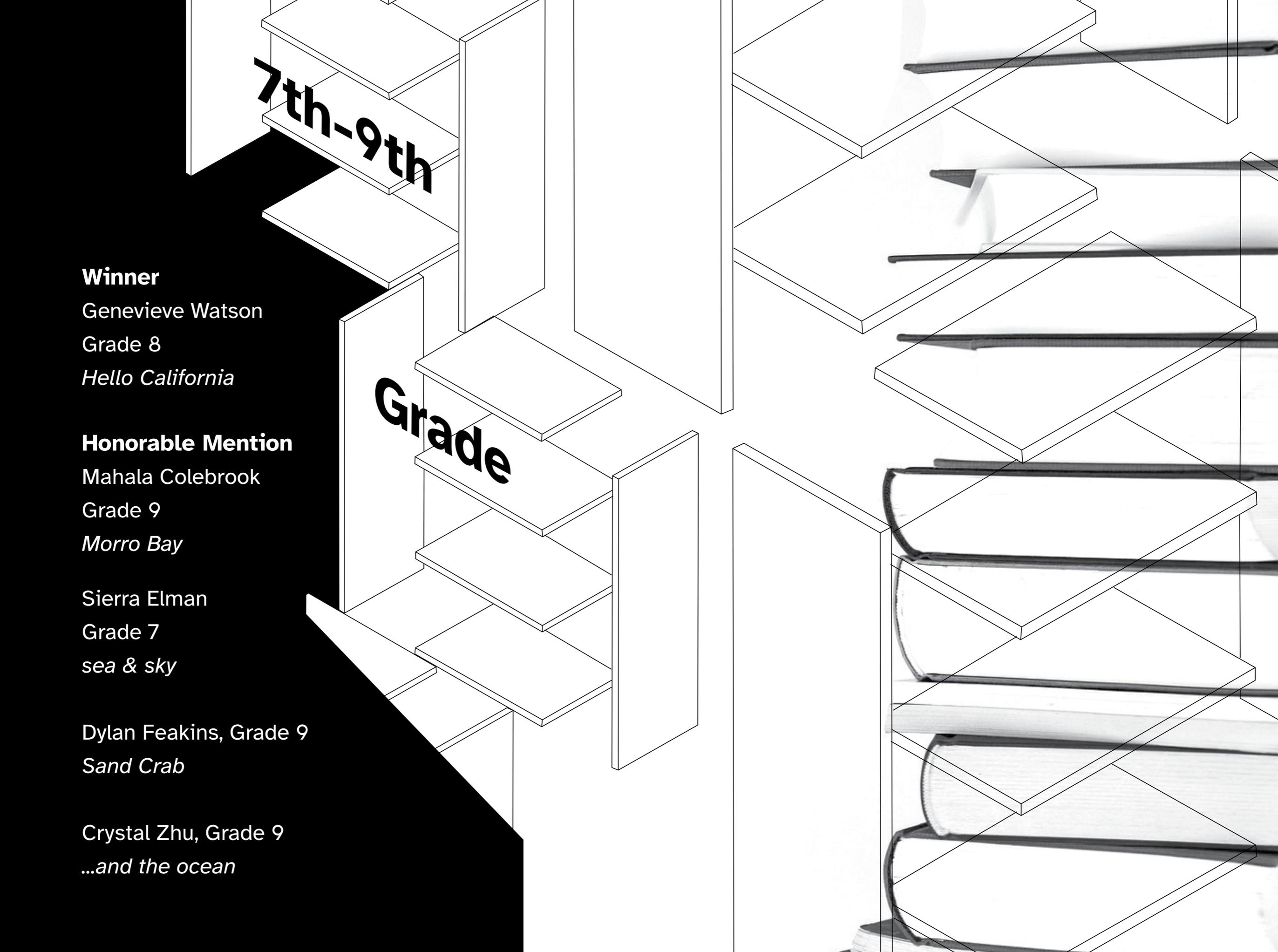
Down in the deep,
A shark swims in the water.
Right above him,
Is one little otter.

The sunlight zone
Is where the octopus roams.
It's catching fish
Right out of their homes.

The coral reef
Is home to so many.
But since overfishing,
It's rare to see any.

The oceans are waiting,
For us to discover
All the new species
It has uncovered.

—Alice Zhang



7th-9th

Winner

Genevieve Watson

Grade 8

Hello California

Honorable Mention

Mahala Colebrook

Grade 9

Morro Bay

Sierra Elman

Grade 7

sea & sky

Dylan Feakins, Grade 9

Sand Crab

Crystal Zhu, Grade 9

...and the ocean

Grade

Hello California

Never before

Has there been one like her

Skin

Kissed by the gold of the sun

Hair

Wild as a field of whispering reeds

Eyes

Splashed with the clearness of the sky

She carries no fear

Just Burning

Pulsing

Exhilaration

When she enters my waters

I crash gently upon her

Everything Stills

I do not cradle a mere soul

The heartbeat I listen to

Soft and rhythmic

The skin pressed against me

Delicate as the petal of a flower

The spirit that reaches out

To brush my very core with light

No

What I hold

Is pure living sunshine

California

This child

This shard of light

This piece of the sea

I will call her California

Who I give my soul

Who carries it upon her fragile shoulders

Who could be my demise or my rebirth

Her name will be California

A dazzling

Innocent

Smile

A Clear

Knowing

Gaze

I offer her a grin of my own

Hello California

—Genevieve Watson

Morro Bay

As the wind blows past people walking
along the beach,
seagulls can be heard from above.

In the distance,
below the undertone sky beholds
Morro Rock.

A famous tourist site, where people
from far come to travel to see.

In shining blue water emerges adorable
sea otters, laying on backs and eating clams.
Sea lions swimming for mackerel,
anchovies, and squid.

The beautiful hues of yellow, orange, and pinks
paint the clouds
of a magnificent sunset.

—Mahala Colebrook

sea & sky

look at the vast sky
see the wispy clouds,
the deep, swaying blue

feel the sand between your toes
climb across the dune, a camel's hump,
watch the reeds & grasses waver

notice not only the infinite sea
but also the frothy bubbles in the waves,
the chirps of skittering plovers, wind-up toys

recognize the shiver that crawls through your body
when you approach the shore, tentative, & the tide tickles you
let your squeal of surprise reverberate

forget the difficulties & challenges of life
& breathe in time with the ocean & the
gulls cawing & the grainy crunch under your feet

gaze into the horizon, the twinkling sun,
observe how its golden arms stretch & transform
into humanity, the future, the universe

—Sierra Elman

Sand Crab

The beach sand is warm
a sand crab scuttles along
searching, like us all

—Dylan Feakins

...and the ocean

in the wave whispers
there is story
in whiskers of abalones
that slumber beneath shaded ocean boulders
there is story
in the clashing symphony of
waves but also petrels and cormorants perched
on Bird Rock that is dotted with
smatterings of white who
shout huskily
and—

it is the sharpest of lightning, the loudest of thunder
the softest of velvet, the slowest of giants
the fierce, the gentle
the pretty, the ugly
the foam of whitecaps and the colors of a tapestry
with its story shaping land and cliffs and—

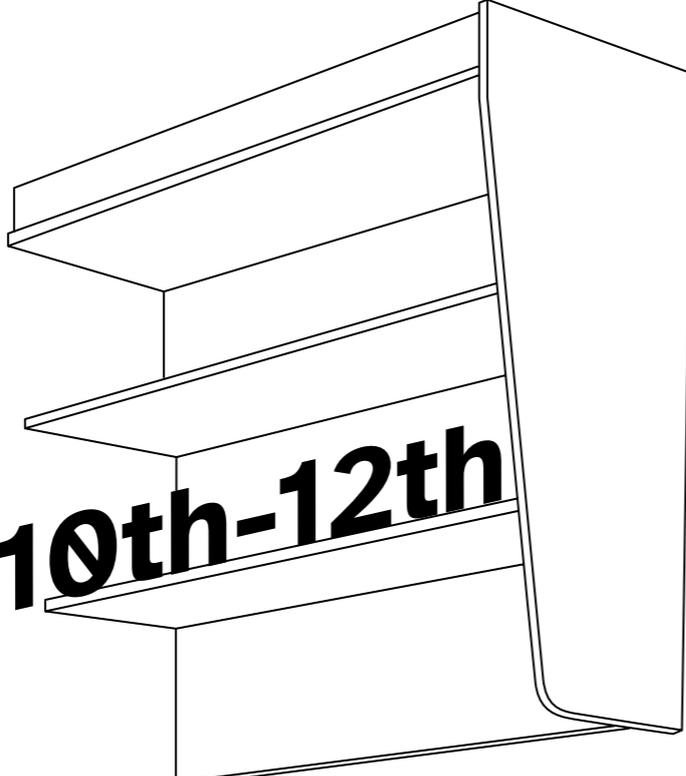
ceruleans, the streak of russet like a painter's brush gone wrong,
sea otter twisting, a brown barber pole spinning into the eternity that stretches both

above and below but not really because it is a metropolitan of giant kelp, brittle stars
and the California cone snails that inch so slowly
slowly along
the gravel seabed
like eternal dreamwalkers glazed in amber
the spire of his tooth and ridges of his back and—

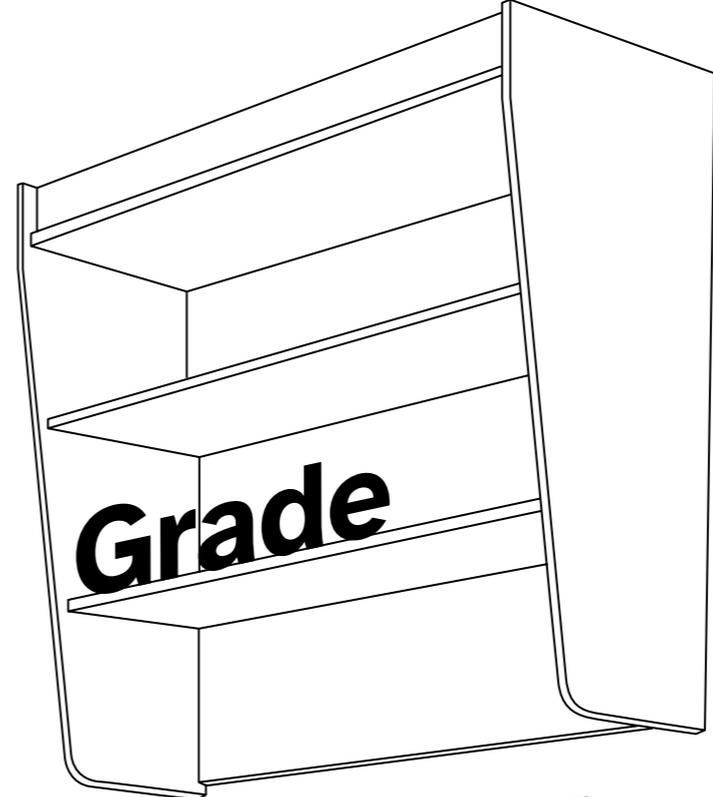
and—?

and we can never say enough
to tell the story of our briny, littoral home
and you
yes, you, with fingers in currents and toes in sand
eclipsed in a hidden cove or shadowed beneath the Golden Gate
or crouching below gold-bathed palm trees, you sit only on a
minute beach that breathes with the ocean's power
in a 840 mile coastal line
fitted in a nine-and-a-half million square mile jut of land
that is yet again, enveloped by indigo
but—
you are touching the waters
of the world

—Crystal Zhu



10th-12th



Grade

Winner

Kaylia Roark-Hernandez
Grade 12

A Beach of Unblown Glass

Honorable Mention

Landon Amavero, Grade 11
*El Eco de Mil Corazonos |
The Echo of A Thousand
Hearts*

Audrey Goddard, Grade 11
Tide Pools

Carissa Kelly, Grade 11
The Beach at Night

Angelyn Liu, Grade 11
Waters, Infinite



A Beach of Unblown Glass

All are welcome
underneath this bleeding blue sky
above these rounded stones, wiser
every step toward the sea
amongst this cotton foam
hugging toes with bubbles blown by joy
and sorrow
born from Nature's simple truth

A black and white film

A kaleidoscope of rainbows

Sand dollars, crab shells,
periwinkles, barnacles

Anemones—giants of the rocks
dipped in green tea and dusted with heather

Sea urchins—abundant blackberry brambles
dark as night, sharp when disrespected

Life awaits in these sands
these rocks and tide pools
with wills stronger than stone
defiant
thriving amongst the waves.

—Kaylia Roark-Hernandez

El Eco de Mil Corazones | The Echo of A Thousand Hearts

Trembling with treble
The beast roils and groans
Stirring in its wake a storm of stones
El eco de mil corazones

Grey-red painted cloud
Uneasy yet still
Shattered silence so loud
Roar of the heavens shrieking and shrill

Forcefully carved new veins
Run up and down, a globe of clay
Cut like grain, Earth a castaway
Triumph of civilization, swept away

—Landon Amavero

Tide Pools

It is quiet
With not a sound but the rain beating down
Falling in dense droplets,
That land on the rocky shore
Upon taking a closer look you will see
Tidepools freckled where cliff meets sea
Little galaxies of their own
With unmoving stars painted along rocks
Crabs scurrying across the shallows of the tide
And algae dancing beneath the surface of the pool
A sense of undisturbed peace

Until a wave pummels against the shoreline

Its quick arrival comes as a shock

Crystalline waters disrupt all serenity

Filling the hollow trenches of the coast

Submerging all life in a clear, salty cloak

Then it is quiet
Can life resume as normal?
Creatures hold their breath in anticipation

With a startling crash, another wave soon follows

Stronger this time,

Swirling into motion the formerly still water

As clouds of bubbles rise to the surface...

For an instant—all life is disoriented
Their peaceful morning had taken an eventful turn
But then they carry on with their tasks for the day
And all is quiet once more

—Audrey Goddard

The Beach at Night

Picture the beach.
There, right there
Let me guess
Blue skies
Bluer oceans
White sand
Baked by the sun
Faces red with sunburn
Air filled with the metallic smell of sunscreen
Hot ground, cold water
Maybe a sunset or sunrise
Shrieks of joy
Packed with families
And surfers
And seagulls
That is the beach in the light of day
But days end and light diminishes
Brightness fades and night takes over
So what of the beach then?
When the fire pits are far away
And the ocean is a dark, opaque abyss

When the sand is cold
And freezing water bites at the ankles
Friends still laugh together
The joy is still there
But there's no one to hear it
Except the ocean air
Secrets swallowed by the sea
Bared souls retreating with the tide
Friendships forged under darkness
Who knew the beach could be the best
When it was quiet
The coast as the backdrop and witness
For euphoria in the dead of night
What of that beach?

—Carissa Kelly

Waters, Infinite

the sun is laid to rest in its glittering grave,
swallowed by a sea that has encompassed all else.

those shipwrecked strain to stand on their tiptoes, keeping
their drowning prides a seal whisker's width above the point

of no return. despairing eyes pillaging the clouds with a final
plea while cities swell with schools of fish descending

upon the limits like nets of stardust scattered across
impossibly glasslike skies, the bridges overhead twisting into

monoliths. civilization's shadow lengthens into steel and
stone. the emerald green of signposts just barely there

beneath midnight shades of kelp, revealing that highway one leads not
to a destination, but to a state of purgatory where the crag of the coast is merely

a fleeting silhouette tumbling from cliff to slivering crest, mouth agape,
gurgling muted by a wash of white noise. rivulets spill into alleys,

unheeding, bursting the veins of the ocean's arrhythmia—
plagued heart. waves unravel into tongues lapping into outstretched
hands. starfish, resisting the will of nature in all of their luminous
resplendence, cling to window panes for their dear lives as they
peer at turtles who wander wide-eyed down the avenue and float
weightlessly past barnacle-adorned meters and abandoned ghosts of cars,
past the world that has never given them a second thought—
—forgotten them, even.

perhaps we could have seen this coming before it was
too late, our lungs excavated from the cavities of our chests
as our hands and feet became arrows rupturing the surface for a stolen
breath of forgiveness. instead we have developed a reputation for dismantling
ourselves, our people, our home;
we are promising, yet we also brim with broken promises.

one day, earth will be smeared with watercolors of blue.
one day, you will wake up to salt on your tongue.

one day, there will be no horizon—

just the bubbles drifting languidly,
a half-visible spattering of tears
between you

and an infinite expanse of sea.

—Angelyn Liu