

T A B

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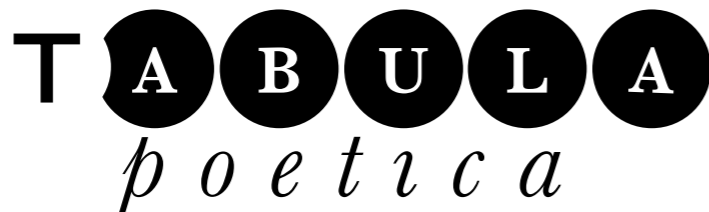
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THE CENTER FOR POETRY AT CHAPMAN UNIVERSITY



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Department of English

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Design Statement

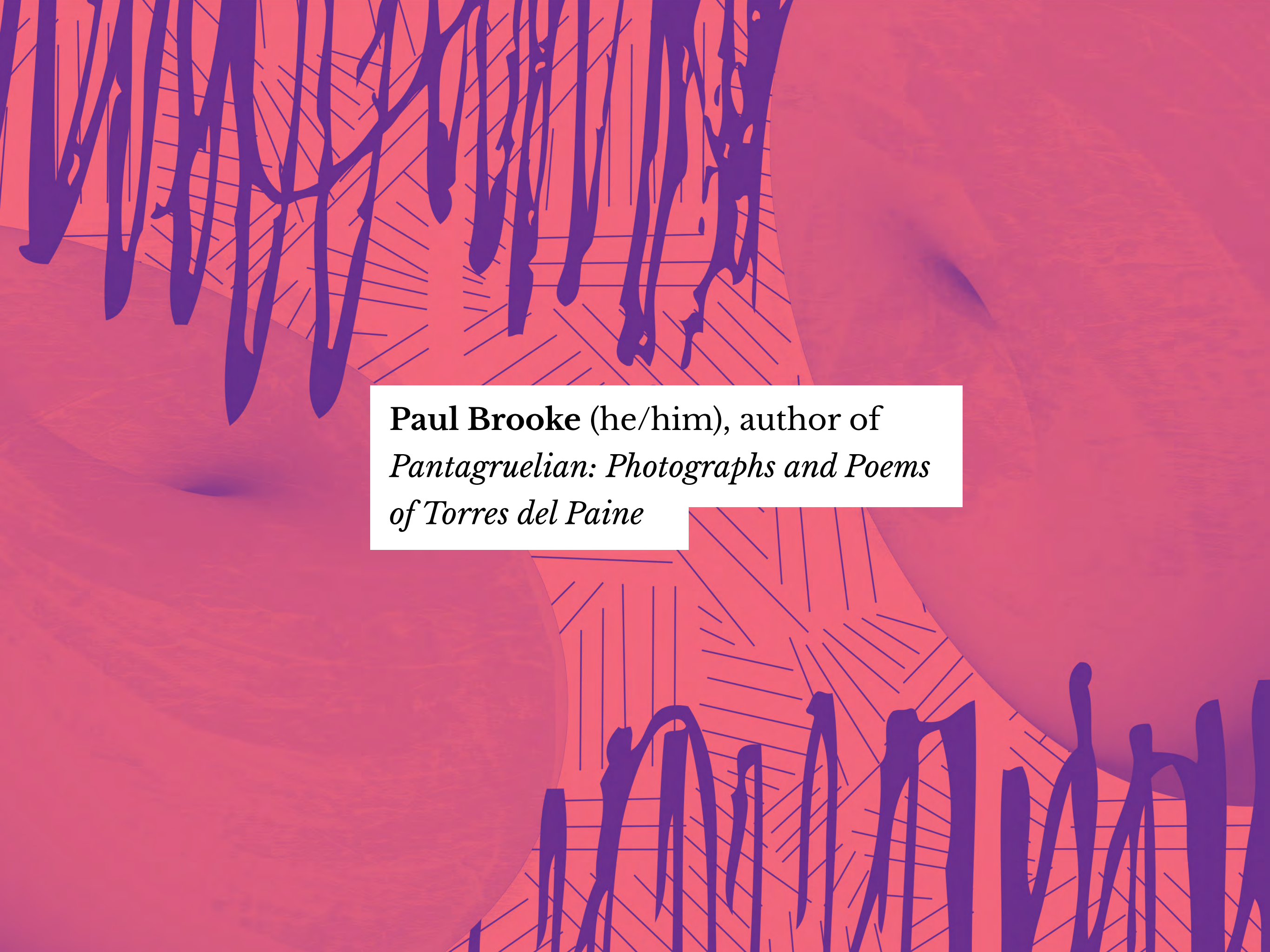
The annual, distinctive print issue of *Tab: The Journal of Poetry & Poetics* engages the reader with poetry as a material object and asks the reader to negotiate between image and text. The design does not assume a traditional role of unobtrusively framing content; instead, design actively shapes the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

The 2024 print issue plays with concepts of collaboration. For the first time in *Tab Journal's* twelve years, the Creative Director has paired with another designer, Jessica Oddi, to create the visual language of this print issue. The bold visual backgrounds demonstrate a painterly process of two artists in the same space mark-making on one canvas together.

These visual elements become front and back partners of each poster–sheet–page. The conversations between this design and the poems themselves (text and voice) amplify the definition that this printed issue is at once a singular object and two interdependent parts, like a door hinge or a pair of pliers. One component cannot operate without the other. Pairs are categorized as twos or duos of parts, people, or ideas, but pairing carries the complexity of layers. The pairing of wine and cheese embodies two objects with their own distinct processes, standards for quality, time for aging, textures, and experience of taste. In medicine, *theragnostic* refers to the pairing of diagnostic biomarkers with therapeutic agents to provide treatment matched to an individual. In a kinematic pair, each of two physical

objects imposes constraints on the movement of the other. Pairing risks the mismatch, invites the unintended connection, and suggests what is left out by quantitative limits. The goal for this issue is partnership, conversation, celebration of the depth and complications of useful pairings.

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



Paul Brooke (he/him), author of
*Pantagruelian: Photographs and Poems
of Torres del Paine*

Grotto of Neutrinos by Paul Brooke

—IceCube Lab at the Amundson-Scott South Pole Station detects neutrinos with 5160 DOMs, digital optical modules, placed deep within the ice, up to 2400 meters.

Cosmic rays/galactic gases bestow
gamma rays/neutrinos to the grotto;
particles pulse Cherenkov light below

in ice. Clusters/cascade events ripple

in nanoseconds across DOMs array.
It reads like a beaded language/a Braille
interpretation of the Milky Way/

an ancient lexicon of transmittal/

a decrescendo/a rallentando/
meaning like a Morse Code manifesto.
Balloons of energy map ratios
and prove the universe's afterglow.

אֲנִי מֵיָמֵינוּ מֵעַתָּה מֵעַתָּה מֵעַתָּה

אֲנִי מֵיָמֵינוּ מֵעַתָּה מֵעַתָּה מֵעַתָּה
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Chen Du (she/her), member of
American Translators Association
and Translators Association of China

Xisheng Chen (he/him), translator,
ESL grammarian, linguist, educator

Yan An (he/him), author of *Rock
Arrangement* and *A Naturalist's Manor*

1. **Tenebrosity** by Chen Du Chen Du and Xisheng Chen, translators

The tenebrosity I am talking about is pretty coquettish

Like a sodden fairy who can become so mature
Only at night as to have a charming and graceful bearing
With the sultry fragrance of tulips
It has beaten down an old lion escaping from a zoo
And its tiny, exquisite yet relaxing slumber
Stranded on the street side

The pretty coquettish darkness
Has a thin rope-like waist only deserved by a fairy
When the pretty coquettishness as of a rope
Shows up in the indolent twilight
And starts to exert the effort as of a python

A beacon will be slowly suffocated
So will be a city in the violent aroma of tulips
In the scent wafting here from an artificial park lake
Mingled with the smell of mud

黑暗 by Yan An

我说的黑暗是妖冶的

我说的黑暗就像一个水淋淋的妖精
只有夜晚才会成熟得风姿绰约
用郁金香闷骚的香味
击倒动物园里逃走的一只老雄狮
和它搁浅在路边的
一场小巧而又松懈的睡眠

黑暗是妖冶的
有细细的妖精才配的绳索般的腰身
这绳子一般的妖冶
当它从慵懒的暮色里露面
开始使出蟒蛇般的力气

一座灯塔会慢慢窒息
一座城市 在郁金香激荡的香味里
在公园人工湖上飘荡过来的
夹杂着烂泥气息的味道里
也会慢慢窒息

The background is a collage of purple and blue-toned images. It features several feathers of different sizes and textures, some with intricate patterns. A prominent polka-dot pattern in a darker shade of purple is overlaid on the background. In the bottom right corner, there is a close-up of a white flower with many petals. The overall aesthetic is artistic and textured.

Julia Kolchinsky Dasbach (she/her),
author of *40 Weeks* and *Don't Touch
the Bones*

I always want to leave you at night by Julia Kolchinsky Dasbach

& in the morning I'm inclined to stay perhaps being	selfish
is easier with no one watching but the moon & stars	faceless
our children name violence it's never easy	perhaps because I'm still here
cockroach carcass of the mudroom &	in the corner insomniac
beer cans on the unwashed	
bar top & the Legos like landmines with the lights off & Scorpio shifting	scattered

between the oak's fingers
the archer
in futile aim

caught

his hands must grip
the bow
& the bed-

like a beloved


-sweat-stained comforter
suffocates my nape
instead of your hands

perhaps I only stay for them

your hands not

the children

what if that
is enough?



Xander Gershberg (he/him), Virginia-based poet and poetry editor of *MAYDAY*

Registry [Train to Krakow] by Xander Gershberg

The now frostbites the station. Uniformed
men wait, dot the white backdrop of house
ruins.

The patrols keep coming. The conductor
hears my German speech, carries my luggage.
Poles and

Germans are separated. Anni laughs
and the military makes room for us.
We are

pretty crowded here, she says. I re-
mark, *it's a cold day, not fit for dogs*.
The soldier—

Are you people from Berlin? He uses
the *herrschaften* form, reserved for important
people.

Registry [Willi Tannenbaum] by Xander Gershberg

In mirror, feeling new lace
the brown lets lips thin and further
the race.

The boots over thin feet, loose and tied
tight to walk atop
funeral peat.

The stronger jaw plays with danger,
motions the practice, the malice of language lawed,
harsh and doggerel.

This is not anymore a Jewish face
but a name, Vladimir Ruchinsky—
Aryan face.


Registry [Travels] by Xander Gershberg

I play the game and the train rolls on
through my life forever. It used to be
pleasure,

adventure. In this future, trains move
towards volcanoes, the crack of death
and lawed land.

Once upon a time I traveled and saw
perfection—eyes opposite me
like the sea.

I have to believe / utterly / in what I am.

The background is a vibrant blue with several large, overlapping, rounded shapes in shades of green and yellow. On the left and right sides, there are two large, intricate wireframe spheres made of thin, intersecting lines in a light yellow-green color. The overall aesthetic is modern and abstract.

Anton Lushankin (he/they), Kyiv-based poet, writer, translator with work in petrarch and dadakuku

Innuendo by Anton Lushankin

On the following page, complete the poem by filling in the spaces at your own discretion. Spaces are illustrative and can hold an unlimited amount of text. The text does not have to match the metric of the poem/be written in the same metric. Spaces can be filled in any language, with any semiotic signs. At least one space must be filled in by the reader for the verse itself to be considered complete. Single punctuation marks may also be used to fill in spaces.

day _____ like the waves
_____ in the alleys and among the cars,
where the days hide themselves _____
_____ lurking time. enough, enough _____!
i _____ and you're to me _____
_____ that's what happened _____
got caught up somewhere _____
and stayed as it is _____. stranger thoughts
_____ and stranger feelings _____!
you're in bed _____ i'm cooking dinner.
awkward smile _____ leave me, hold me
tightly _____!
and nothing's left _____
_____ and there far away already _____
looms. faint lights _____ and i to them
_____ to the streetlight poles slowly _____
your handprint _____ on my heart.

_____ bed scenes _____ sad posts in the feed _____
_____ social media and road bridges.
again another cigarette. by it one _____
can tell _____ you are so beautiful


_____ when _____ just hair
hide _____ cars _____ the speed is high.

_____ look for me _____
in the neon lights _____
city in the window _____ all around
_____ *kiss* _____

and i go down to the dungeons of my own _____
arcades _____ and me—my Arcadia
_____ left pennies and stars back there. i've had
enough _____ i will be just like_
_____ languid tears _____ nodody, to no one
_____ just like that _____ just like that _____.

October 11, 2022

Kyiv



Katie Manning (she/her), author of
Hereverent and founding editor of
Whale Road Review

Dear Shadow by Katie Manning

I've lost you, but I'm
no impish child creeping

around a nursery window
to hear stories about myself.

I'm the girl who grew up
and wrote the stories down

so I wouldn't forget but
then forgot anyway.


There's always too much light
or not enough. I've been inside

this house too long. Sometimes
I wish I could chop off my hair

and fly away with my sons
instead of aging and watching

their lives fly by too. Shadow,
I forgot to look for you for so long

that you left me—I'm not sure
I'd see you now if you returned.

The background is a vibrant yellow with abstract blue patterns. On the left, there are stylized, overlapping shapes resembling leaves or petals. On the right, there are large, curved, overlapping shapes. The central area is filled with a pattern of thin, intersecting blue lines forming a grid-like structure.

Adesiyan Oluwapelumi (he/him),
Nigerian-based writer with work in
Poet Lore, *Brittle Paper*, and elsewhere

Fractals by Adesiyan Oluwapelumi

The mind diffracts into ruptured wavelengths,
cranium fragments into ellipsis of memories,

and a city built in enamel gnashes iron—
every edifice plunged into the throat of ruin,

I am becoming a limb of reality—amputated
& left to rot in the cocoon of dream-ingesting maggots.

In the dark, a cricket chirps, singeing its wings,
as it harmonizes the broken cadence of a lullaby

swooning me into eternal rest. Somewhere, between
whole and (w)holeness, I lay, the gap sinking into me

like an inhalation, my body a door with no door
leading to a discotheque. Everything before me

is a grave. I, a walking corpse. In the sky, a dark moon
hovers with crows clustered into a murder of feathers,

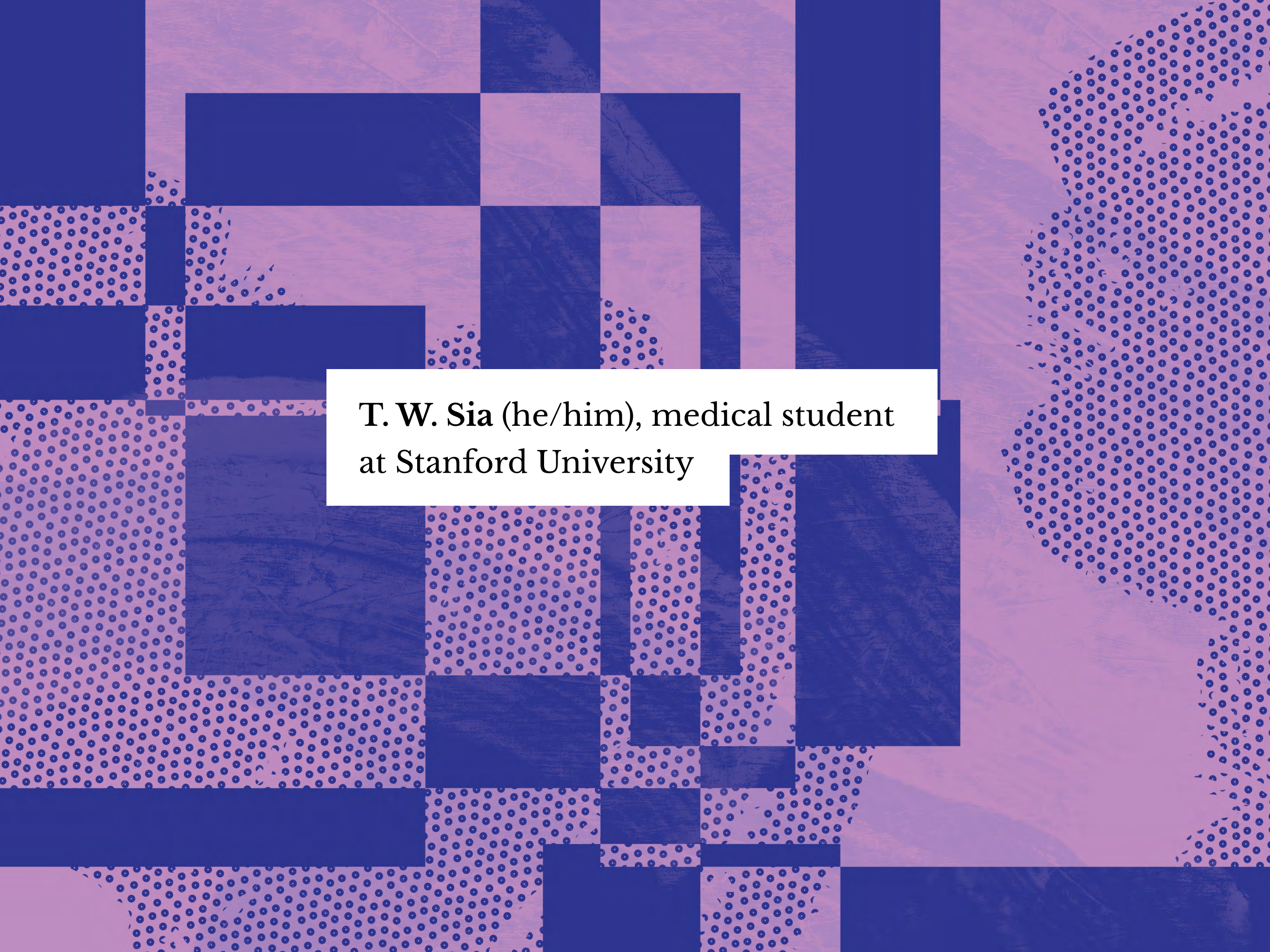
I am horoscoping into an offing with miracles
rendered into past tense & a quiver of memories

sculptured in keepsakes. Tinctures of hope
besmirches my face, unearthing sadism

from my body buried in ache, my lungs turning
godless—defiled by an ennui wanderlusting

across the rooms of my body. I press on a clavicle
and a ripcord ricochets my neck off my head.

I am walking headless into a dream.
Tell me does it hurt less, the pain forged in memory.

The background features a complex, abstract design. It consists of various overlapping rectangular blocks in shades of purple and blue. Some blocks are solid, while others contain a pattern of small, dark blue dots. The overall effect is a layered, geometric composition.

T. W. Sia (he/him), medical student
at Stanford University

You will never lose family by T.W. Sia

I put my finger in the dent on my car / and I rub
two wounds together / to cauterize each other
as brothers / I grew up with my mother telling me

to kill myself every morning / and every night I stitched
my innocence back together until it was whole /
when we went to the pagoda, the aunties narrowed their eyes

to search for my father in my face / I haven't seen him
but I am wearing anger issues like hand-me-downs,
coloring in / bruises with more bruises / *You really*

have a good son, the aunties lie to my mother.

One night, Jenny tells me that she hates men, and
all I can think about are fathers / men who volunteer nothing

but a last name / something to never lose,
I put my finger to her finger / and volunteer something else.
When my mother wakes up the next morning,

there is death in her eyes / *it is until death do us part*, and
I put my finger to her finger / and I rub two wounds together.