

**Telepoem Booth® Santa Fe by Elizabeth Hellstern, 2019
funded through the City of Santa Fe Arts Commission**

Instructions for the Telepoem Booth:

This phone is NOT WIRED for making outside calls.

Emergency calls are not possible on this telephone.

This phone provides free access to poetry recordings.

1. Locate a Telepoem number in the Telepoem Book.
2. Pick up the hand-set.
3. Dial entire telepoem number (including area code.)
4. Repeat number dialing for entire Telepoem number.
5. Listen to the poem. (Adjust volume as necessary on volume control button at top left of phone.)
6. Hang up the phone when done.

For more information, visit TelepoemBooth.com or facebook.com/TelepoemBooth.

For other directories of poems available to dial in this booth, visit telepoembooth.com/directories.

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(Poems are only available to listen to in Telepoem Booths.)

Instructions for using the digital PDF Directory:

Enter "Control f", to search this document (or "Command f" if on a Mac). Enter your search term. Then, to repeat the find, use F3 to search forward or Shift F3 to search backward.

To jump to a specific PDF page, press "Control Shift n", enter the page number, then press Enter.

ALPHABETICAL LISTING OF TELEPOEM BOOTH POETS BY LAST NAME.

LAST NAMES STARTING WITH A.

Poet: Aylward, Susan.

susanaylward.wordpress.com.

Poem: *The Black and the Light*, Running Time: 1:30, Telepoem Number: (505) 295-2522.

Poem: *I Am From*, Running Time: 2:22, Telepoem Number: (505) 295-4263.

Poem: *Seasons*, Running Time :31, Telepoem Number: (505) 295-7327.

LAST NAMES STARTING WITH B.

Poet: B., Holly.

hollybaldwin.weebly.com.

Poem: *Supermoon*, Running Time: :47, Telepoem Number: (505) 225-7873.

Poem: *There.Is.No.Pill.For.What.Your.Body.Remembers*, Running Time 1:24,
Telepoem Number: (505) 225-8437.

Poet: Baldwin, Devin James.

devinjamesbaldwin.com.

Poem: *Politics of Hair*, Running Time 1:42, Telepoem Number: (505) 225-7654.

Poet: Battson, Jill.

facebook.com/jillbattsonpoet.

Poem: *Buffeted on a Saturday in New Jersey*, Running Time 2:19, Telepoem Number:
(505) 228-2833.

Poem: *I Groan as One Guilty*, Running Time 2:21, Telepoem Number: (505) 228-4476.

Poem: *Siege Engine*, Running Time 1:17, Telepoem Number: (505) 228-7434.

Poem: *Time and Gravity*, Running Time 3:30, Telepoem Number: (505) 228-8463.

Poem: *Titan*, Running Time 1:30, Telepoem Number: (505) 228-8482.

Poet: Betts, Genevieve.

genevievebetts.com.

Poem: *Indian Summer*, Running Time :47, Telepoem Number: (480) 238-4634.

Published in *The Tishman Review*.

Poem: *Language*, Running Time :36, Telepoem Number: (480) 238-5264.

Published in *New Mexico Review*; and from *LummoX 7 Poetry Anthology*.

Poem: *New Light*, Running Time :53, Telepoem Number: (480) 238-6395.

Published in *The Tishman Review*; and from *Stay Thirsty Poets Anthology*.

Poet: Bower, Laurie.

lauriebower.net.

Poem: *Late in the Day*, Running Time :37, Telepoem Number: (970) 269-5283.

Poet: Bramble, Andrew.

Poem: *Wicked*, Running Time 1:27, Telepoem Number: (505) 272-9425.

Poet: Brandi, John.

johnbrandi.org.

Poem: *Do Me Love*, Running Time 1:42, Telepoem Number: (505) 272-3663.

From *Facing High Water* (White Pine Press, 2008).

Poem: *Letter from Kathmandu*, Running Time 1:08, Telepoem Number: (505) 272-5388.

From *In What Disappears* (White Pine Press, 2003).

Poem: *Riding Bus #1 to the Palace of the Legion of Honor*, Running Time 1:48, Telepoem Number: (505) 272-7434. From *The World, The World* (White Pine Press, 2013).

Poem: *Work Song While Gardening*, Running Time 1:24, Telepoem Number: (505) 272-9675. From *Facing High Water* (White Pine Press, 2008).

Poet: Brody, Debbi.

facebook.com/debbi-brody-403362593193901/.

Poem: *For Dylan and Any Dark-Skinned Man*, Running Time 1:51, Telepoem Number: (505) 276-3673. From *LummoX Anthology*. Produced by Steve Sanders, Seadog Studios.

Poet: Budesheim, Beth.

bethbudesheim.com.

Poem: *Birdsong*, Running Time 1:17, Telepoem Number: (505) 283-2473.

Poem: *Ode*, Running Time: 1:21, Telepoem Number: (505) 283-6330.

LAST NAMES STARTING WITH C.

Poet: Camp, Lauren.

laurencamp.com.

Poem: *Dublin*, Running Time 1:41, Telepoem Number: (505) 226-3825.

Poem: *A Pint* Running Time 1:17, Telepoem Number: (505) 226-7468.

Poem: *Warning* Running Time 1:33, Telepoem Number: (505) 226-9276.

All poems excerpted from a longer piece, published in *you are here: the journal of creative geography*, and from *The Dailiness* (Edwin E. Smith Publishing, 2013).

Produced by David Camp.

Poet: Carlsen, Ioanna.

ioannacarlsen.com

Poem: *Mornings*, Running Time :34, Telepoem Number: (505) 227-6676. Published in *Poetry East*

Poet: Carlson, Tina.

Poem: *Dear Human*, Running Time 1:18, Telepoem Number: (505) 227-3327.

Poem: *Dermoid*, Running Time 1:06, Telepoem Number: (505) 227-3376.

Poem: *Lilith to Migrant Girl*, Running Time :58, Telepoem Number: (505) 227-5454.

From *We Are Meant to Carry Water* (3: Taos Press, 2019)

Poet: Carnahan, Melody Sumner

sumnercarnahan.org

Poem: *Charm*, Running Time 1:21, Telepoem Number: (505) 227-2427. Read and produced by Laetitia Sonami/CCM Mills College

Poem: *That Is The Law*, Running Time 1:58, Telepoem Number: (505) 227-8428.

Read by Robert Ashley and Joan La Barbara, produced by ABC Radio, Sydney Australia; excerpt from *One Inch Equals 25 Miles* (Burning Books, 2004)

Poem: *The Time Is Now*, Running Time 1:14, Telepoem Number: (505) 227-8463.

Read by Elizabeth Wiseman, produced by Dino J.A. Deane. Published by Burning Books, 1998.

Poet: Chase-Daniel, Julie.

Poem: *Animal Vegetable Mineral*, Running Time 1:24, Telepoem Number: (505) 242-2646.

Poem: *On Returning Home*, Running Time :55, Telepoem Number: (505) 242-6673.

Poem: *Preservation*, Running Time 1:14, Telepoem Number: (505) 242-7737.

Poem: *You want to tell them things*, Running Time 1:34, Telepoem Number: (505) 242-9689. All poems from *The Blue Fold: Explorations at Loggerhead Key, Dry Tortugas National Park* (Axle Contemporary Press, 2018). Produced by Matthew Chase-Daniel.

Poet: Cisper, Mary.

marycisper.com

Poem: *After My Brother Dies, a Dream*, Running Time 1:18, Telepoem Number: (505) 247-2383.

Poem: *Durga on Her Brass Lion*, Running Time 1:12, Telepoem Number: (505) 247-3874. All poems from *Dark Tussock Moth* (Trio House Press, 2017)

LAST NAMES STARTING WITH D.

Poet: Davis, Jon.

santafelaureate.blogspot.com

Poem: *Anthem*, Running Time 1:08, Telepoem Number: (505) 328-2684. Published in *Improbable Creatures* (Grid Books, 2017)

Poem: *Empire*, Running Time :11, Telepoem Number: (505) 328-3674.

Published in :*terrain.org* and *Improbable Creatures*

Poem: *The Gropingest Grope of All Gropers*, Running Time :58, Telepoem Number: (505) 328-4767.

Poem: *Solstice*, Running Time 1:34, Telepoem Number: (505) 328-7657.

Published in *Taos Journal of International Poetry & Art*

LAST NAMES STARTING WITH F.

Poet: Falandays, Kallie.

kalliefalandays.com

Poem: *The Dream Is Wrong*, Running Time :59, Telepoem Number: (302) 325-3732.

Poet: Federici, Federico.

federicofederici.net

Poem: *Keep Me As A Pet*, Running Time :53, Telepoem Number: (39) 337-5337.

Poet: Fleming, Gerald.

Poem: *Casa de Ambivalence*, Running Time 1:54, Telepoem Number: (415) 353-2272.

Poem: *Let's Organize a Parade*, Running Time 1:27, Telepoem Number: (415) 353-5387. Published in *New World Writing*. Produced by Robbie Long.

LAST NAMES STARTING WITH G.

Poet: George, Jenny.

Poem: *Everything Is Restored*, Running Time 1:09, Telepoem Number: (505) 436-3837.

Poem: *The Sleeping Pig*, Running Time :33, Telepoem Number: (505) 436-7533.

Poem: *Sonnet for Lost Teeth*, Running Time :51, Telepoem Number: (505) 436-7666.

Poem: *Threshold Gods*, Running Time 1:44, Telepoem Number: (505) 436-8473.

Poem: *Reprieve*, Running Time :42, Telepoem Number: (505) 436-7377.

All poems from *The Dream of Reason* (Copper Canyon Press, 2018)

Poet: Gould, James.

Poem: *Dance With Me*, Running Time :24, Telepoem Number: (505) 468-3262.

Poem: *Department of Answers*, Running Time :56, Telepoem Number: (505) 468-3378.

Poem: *Permission*, Running Time 1:13, Telepoem Number: (505) 468-7376.

Poem: *Quiet Time*, Running Time 1:07, Telepoem Number: (505) 468-7843.

Poet: Gregorio, Renée.

reneegregorio.com, theembodiedcreative.com

Poem: *The Angel Tells Me*, Running Time 1:53, Telepoem Number: (505) 473-2643.

From *The Storm That Tames Us* (La Alameda Press, 1999)

Poem: *Privilege*, Running Time 1:49, Telepoem Number: (505) 473-7748.

From *Drenched* (Fish Drum, Inc., 2010)

Poem: *The Shopkeepers' Names*, Running Time 2:52, Telepoem Number: (505) 473-7467.

Poem: *Sometimes*, Running Time 1:13, Telepoem Number: (505) 473-7663.

From *Drenched* (Fish Drum, Inc., 2010)

Poet: Griffo, Cari.

Poem: *Holy Water*, Running Time 3:02, Telepoem Number: (505) 474-4659.

Published in *Manorborn*

LAST NAMES STARTING WITH H.

Poet: Hellstern, Elizabeth.

elizabethhellstern.com; telepoembooth.com

Poem: *Come To Me, My Grace*, Running Time 1:04, Telepoem Number: (928) 435-2663.

Poem: *High Desert*, Running Time 2:14, Telepoem Number: (928) 435-4444.

Poem: *Kissing Zinnias*, Running Time 1:23, Telepoem Number: (928) 435-5477.

Poem: *My Mom Dreams*, Running Time :51, Telepoem Number: (928) 435-6966.

Poem: *Tornado Summer in Iowa*, Running Time 1:36, Telepoem Number: (928) 435-8676.

Poem: *Waterwheel Turning*, Running Time 1:09, Telepoem Number: (928) 435-9283.

Poet: Holland, Michelle.

Poem: *Definition*, Running Time 2:22, Telepoem Number: (505) 465-3334.

Poem: *Expecting Beauty*, Running Time 2:07, Telepoem Number: (505) 465-3973.

Poem: *Playing the Rain*, Running Time 2:03, Telepoem Number: (505) 465-7529.

From *The Sound a Raven Makes* (Tres Chicas Press, 2006)

Poet: Hunt, Robyn.

mourningdovespersist.blogspot.com

Poem: *Music From the Curb*, Running Time 1:08, Telepoem Number: (505) 486-6874.
From *The Shape of Caught Water* (Red Mountain Press, 2014)

Poem: *To Say Blue is Too Simple*, Running Time 2:18, Telepoem Number: (505) 486-8672. Produced by Robert and Robyn Hunt

LAST NAMES STARTING WITH I.

Poet: Iskat, Jeanette.

Poem: *Sometimes I Rhyme Slow, Sometimes I Rhyme Quick*, Running Time 1:46,
Telepoem Number: 505) 475-7663.

LAST NAMES STARTING WITH J.

Poet: Jacobs, Alex.

Poem: *Light Down the Road*, Running Time 4:02, Telepoem Number: (315) 522-5444.

Poem: *Owezogo*, Running Time 1:38, Telepoem Number: (315) 522-6939.

Poem: *This is A Terrorist Act*, Running Time 4:52, Telepoem Number: (315) 522-8447.

Poet: Jacobson, Elizabeth.

elizabethjacobson.wordpress.com

Poem: *Birds Eating Cherries from a Very Old Tree*, Running Time 1:54, Telepoem
Number: (505) 522-2473. Published in *Ploughshares*

Poem: *Dear Basho*, Running Time 1:34, Telepoem Number: (505) 522-3327.

Published in *JuxtaProse*

Poem: *Lay Hold of Me*, Running Time 1:14, Telepoem Number: (505) 522-5294.

Published in *American Poetry Review*. All poems from *Not into the Blossoms and Not
into the Air*, used with permission (Parlor Press, 2019)

Poet: Johnson, Christopher J.

Poem: *I Want Your Hair To Obscure the Sun*, Running Time :35, Telepoem Number:
(608) 564-4926.

Poem: *Maybe We Are Just Dumb Vacuum*, Running Time 1:07, Telepoem Number:
(608) 564-6292.

Poem: *The Ruined Wall*, Running Time 1:04, Telepoem Number: (608) 564-7846.

From *&luckier* (Center for Literary Publishing at CSU, 2016)

Poet: June, Lyla.

sodizin.net

Poem: *and God is the Water*, Running Time 3:43, Telepoem Number: (575) 586-4634.

Poem: *Hozhó*, Running Time 5:45, Telepoem Number: (575) 586-4694.

LAST NAMES STARTING WITH K.

Poet: Kathamann.

kathamann.com

Poem: *Beast in the Fossil*, Running Time :45, Telepoem Number: (505) 528-2327.

Poem: *Listening to the Language of Corn*, Running Time :33, Telepoem Number: (505) 528-5478.

Poet: Katrinak, Mark.

Poem: *Nightfalls*, Running Time 1:43, Telepoem Number: (216) 528-6444.

Poet: Khalsa, Mehtab.

Poem: *Mice with Spoons*, Running Time :30, Telepoem Number: (505) 542-6423.

Poet: Kuzov-Tsong, Che (with Tsong, Edie; and Ward, RJ)

Poem: *More Human Than Human, Pt. 1*, Running Time 1:51, Telepoem Number: (505) 876-6671.

Poem: *More Human Than Human, Pt. 2*, Running Time 2:03, Telepoem Number: (505) 876-6672. Produced by RJ Ward

LAST NAMES STARTING WITH L.

Poet: Laflamme-Childs, Michelle.

michellelaflamme.com

Poem: *181 Not to eat*, Running Time :26, Telepoem Number: (505) 523-1816.

Poem: *286 Not to pressure*, Running Time :45, Telepoem Number: (505) 523-2866.

Poem: *466 The court must judge*, Running Time :42, Telepoem Number: (505) 523-4668.

Poet: Logghe, Joan.

joanlogghe.com

Poem: *Dressing Down For Love*, Running Time :37, Telepoem Number: (505) 564-3737. From *Unpunctuated Awe* (Tres Chicas Books, 2016)

Poem: *How to Improvise Rain*, Running Time 1:46, Telepoem Number: (505) 564-4698. From *Blessed Resistance* (Mariposa Printing and Pub. Co., 1999)

Poem: *Rain Business*, Running Time 2:10, Telepoem Number: (505) 564-7246.

From *Unpunctuated Awe* (Tres Chicas Books, 2016)

Poem: *Singing Down*, Running Time 1:13, Telepoem Number: (505) 564-7464.

From *The Singing Bowl* (New Mexico Press, 2011)

Poem: *Something Like Marriage*, Running Time 2:45, Telepoem Number: (505) 564-7663. From *Blessed Resistance* (Mariposa Printing and Pub. Co., 1999)

LAST NAMES STARTING WITH M.

Poet: Macres, Marianne.

Poem: *A Short Bus Ride*, Running Time :41, Telepoem Number: (505) 622-7467.

Poet: Marco, Kate.

Poem: *Moons*, Running Time 1:08, Telepoem Number: (505) 627-6666.

Poet: Martínez, Valerie.

www.valeriemartinez.net

Poem: *Mid-High, 1976*, Running Time 2:46, Telepoem Number: (505) 627-6434.

Poem: *El Mundo al Mundo*, Running Time 1:05, Telepoem Number: (505) 627-6863.

Poem: *Santa Fe Sestina*, Running Time 2:57, Telepoem Number: (505) 627-7268.

Poem: *Sestina de Santa Fe*, Running Time 3:55, Telepoem Number: (505) 627-7378.

All poems from *And They Called it Horizon: Santa Fe Poems*, used with permission (Sunstone Press, 2010)

Poet: Mason, Timothy.

timothydmason.com

Poem: *Nathan's Poem **, Running Time 3:57, Telepoem Number: (617) 627-6284.

Poem: *Pony Rider*, Running Time 2:55, Telepoem Number: (617) 627-7669.

All poems published on *Bloodlines* (CDFreedom.com). Produced by Geoff Bartley; music by Geoff Bartley

Poet: McGinnis, Mary.

mcginniscounseling.com

Poem: *Crow in a Bottle*, Running Time :53, Telepoem Number: (505) 624-2769.

Poem: *Missing Bob So Much*, Running Time 1:42, Telepoem Number: (505) 624-6477.

Poem: *Over Lavender*, Running Time 1:21, Telepoem Number: (505) 624-6837.

Poet: Mills, Tyler.

tylermills.com

Poem: *H-Bomb*, Running Time 1:56, Telepoem Number: (570) 645-4266.

Published in *The Believer*

Poem: *The Sun Rising, Pacific Theatre*, Running Time 1:35, Telepoem Number: (570) 645-7867. Published in and produced by *The New Yorker*

Poem: *Zinnias*, Running Time 1:32, Telepoem Number: (570) 645-9466.

Published by Academy of American Poets, *Poem-a-Day*

Poet: Moldaw, Carol.

carolmoldaw.com

Poem: *Alert*, Running Time :56, Telepoem Number: (505) 665-2537.

Poem: *Corrective*, Running Time :45, Telepoem Number: (505) 665-2677.

Poem: *Dream Loop #1*, Running Time :25, Telepoem Number: (505) 665-3732.

Poem: *Loop: The Barrancas*, Running Time :52, Telepoem Number: (505) 665-5667.

All poems from *Beauty Refracted* (Four Way Books, 2018)

Poet: Morris, Mary.

water400.org

Poem: *Deduction*, Running Time 1:04, Telepoem Number: (505) 667-3338.

Published in *Superstition Review* and from *Enter Water, Swimmer* (Texas A&M University Consortium, 2018)

LAST NAMES STARTING WITH O.

Poet: okpik, dg.

dgokpik.com

Poem: *Anthropocene*, Running Time 1:44, Telepoem Number: (505) 657-2684.

Poem: *I Want To Believe*, Running Time 1:32, Telepoem Number: (505) 657-4926.

Poem: *Necklaced Whalebone*, Running Time 1:34, Telepoem Number: (505) 657-6325.

Poem: *Physical Thaw*, Running Time 1:26, Telepoem Number: (505) 657-7497.

Poem: *Skinny-Boned Bear*, Running Time 1:22, Telepoem Number: (505) 657-7546

All poems from *Thaw*

LAST NAMES STARTING WITH P.

Poet: Petersen, Karen.

Poem: *Among the Bristlecones (for David George Haskell)*, Running Time :51, Telepoem Number: (505) 738-2666. Published in *The Curlew*.

Poem: *Noah's Ark*, Running Time :51, Telepoem Number: (505) 738-6624.

Published in *A New Ulster*

Poem: *Taking out the Garbage*, Running Time 1:03, Telepoem Number: (505) 738-8254. Published in *A New Ulster*

Poet: Pirloul, C.

Poem: *Refuge*, Running Time 1:27, Telepoem Number: (505) 747-7338.

Poem: *Sonnet*, Running Time 2:57, Telepoem Number: (505) 747-7666.

Poem: *0*, Running Time 1:09, Telepoem Number: (505) 747-0000.

Poet: Proudheart, Jacob.

Poem: *Facing Fear*, Running Time 3:42, Telepoem Number: (505) 776-3224.

Poem: *Time*, Running Time 1:02, Telepoem Number: (505) 776-8463.

Poem: *The Winner's Dance*, Running Time 1:33, Telepoem Number: (505) 776-9466.

LAST NAMES STARTING WITH R.

Poet: Ransom, Jim.

Poem: *My Prayer*, Running Time 1:43, Telepoem Number: (610) 726-6977.

Poet: Reed, Stella.

Poem: *Leda to the Migrant Girl: On Silence*, Running Time 1:04, Telepoem Number: (505) 733-5332. From *We Are Meant to Carry Water* (3: Taos Press, 2019)

Poem: *Origami*, Running Time 2:19, Telepoem Number: (505) 733-6744. Published by *Tusculum Review*

Poem: *Watsu*, Running Time 1:29, Telepoem Number: (505) 733-9287.

Poem: *Women Sigh the Trees*, Running Time :55, Telepoem Number: (505) 733-9663.

Poet: Rockman, Barbara.

Poem: *As My Old Lover Dies of HIV/AIDS*, Running Time 1:14, Telepoem Number: (505) 762-2769. Published in *Here & Now Project/Na (HIV) PoWriMo*

Poem: *Daily Walk and Song*, Running Time 1:21, Telepoem Number: (505) 762-3245. Published in *antinarrative*

Poem: *If a Man Can Teach His Daughter*, Running Time 1:06, Telepoem Number: (505) 762-4326.

Poem: *Spring*, Running Time :43, Telepoem Number: (505) 762-7774.

Poem: *Stranded in the New Age Bookstore*, Running Time 1:39, Telepoem Number: (505) 762-7872. Published in *Sin Fronteras*

Poet: Rogers, Janet.

facebook.com/poetlaureatevictoria

Poem: *Birds Carry My Goodbye*, Running Time 1:44, Telepoem Number: (250) 764-2473.

Poem: *Soft Earth*, Running Time 1:50, Telepoem Number: (250) 764-7638.

Poet: Ruth, Janet.

redstartsandravens.com/janets-writing

Poem: *Moving*, Running Time 1:42, Telepoem Number: (505) 788-6684.

Poem: *On a Río Grande Oxbow in Autumn*, Running Time 1:28, Telepoem Number: (505) 788-6627.

Poem: *Shimmer*, Running Time 1:28, Telepoem Number: (505) 788-7446.

Poem: *The Universe is Expanding*, Running Time 1:44, Telepoem Number: (505) 788-8648.

LAST NAMES STARTING WITH S.

Poet: Seluja, Katherine.

katherineseluja.com

Poem: *Monastery in the Desert, Abiquiu, New Mexico*, Running Time 1:51, Telepoem Number: (505) 735-6662.

Poem: *You are Migrant*, Running Time 1:30, Telepoem Number: (505) 735-9682.

From *We Are Meant to Carry Water* (3: Taos Press, 2019). Produced by Gustavo Seluja

Poet: Smith, Rick.

Poem: *A Haiku After Drought*, Running Time :09, Telepoem Number: (505) 764-4245.

Poem: *Statues After Snowfall*, Running Time 1:01, Telepoem Number: (505) 764-7428.

Poet: St Thomas, Elektra Bella Nyx.

Poem: *Can You Hear Us?*, Running Time 3:26, Telepoem Number: (505) 788-2269.

Poet: St Thomas, Thomas.

Poem: *DoubleTree*, Running Time 1:29, Telepoem Number: (505) 788-3682.

Poet: Stevens, James Thomas.

poetryfoundation.org/poets/james-thomas-stevens

Poem: *El Barril*, Running Time 1:21, Telepoem Number: (505) 783-2277. Published by *Prairie Schooner*

Poem: *La Dama*, Running Time 1:02, Telepoem Number: (505) 783-3262. Published by *Wasafiri*

Poem: *La Garza*, Running Time 1:49, Telepoem Number: (505) 783-4279. Published by *Wasafiri*

Poet: Sze, Arthur.

Poem: *Black Center*, Running Time 1:18, Telepoem Number: (505) 793-2522.
Published in *Ploughshares*

Poem: *First Snow*, Running Time 1:17, Telepoem Number: (505) 793-3477.
Published in *Academy of American Poets Poem-A-Day* (poets.org)

Poem: *Sight Lines*, Running Time 2:22, Telepoem Number: (505) 793-7444.
Pub. in *Kenyon Review*. All from *Sight Lines* (Copper Canyon, 2019)

LAST NAMES STARTING WITH T.

Poet: Toon, Michele.

Poem: *Grandma Toon: All About Tall Girls*, Running Time 3:36, Telepoem Number: (210) 866-4726.

Poet: Tsong, Edie (with Kuzov-Tsong, Che and Ward, RJ).

edietsong.com

Poem: *More Human Than Human, Pt. 1*, Running Time 1:51, Telepoem Number: (505) 876-6671.

Poem: *More Human Than Human, Pt. 2*, Running Time 2:03, Telepoem Number: (505) 876-6672. Produced by RJ Ward

LAST NAMES STARTING WITH V.

Poet: Valley-Fox, Anne

annevalleyfox.com

Poem: *My Life Is a Circus*, Running Time 1:15, Telepoem Number: (505) 825-6954.
From *Nightfall* (Red Mountain Press, 2016)

Poem: *Things That Want to Be Counted*, Running Time :39, Telepoem Number: (505) 825-8446. From *How Shadows Are Bundled* (UNM Press, 2009)

LAST NAMES STARTING WITH W.

Poet: Ward, RJ (with Kuzov-Tsong, Che and Tsong, Edie).

Poem: *More Human Than Human, Pt. 1*, Running Time 1:51, Telepoem Number: (505) 876-6671.

Poem: *More Human Than Human, Pt. 2*, Running Time 2:03, Telepoem Number: (505) 876-6672. Produced by RJ Ward.

Poet: Wellington, Darryl Lorenzo.

Poem: *And They Say*, Running Time 6:00, Telepoem Number: (505) 935-2638.

From *Life's Prisoners* (Flowstone Press, 2017)

Poem: *Strangers in a Legal Land*, Running Time 2:27, Telepoem Number: (505) 935-7872. From *Life's Prisoners* (Flowstone Press, 2017). Produced by Janet Rogers

Poet: Wellman, Jerry.

jerrywellman.com

Poem: *Breath*, Running Time :41, Telepoem Number: (505) 935-2732.

Poem: *Reciprocating*, Running Time :58, Telepoem Number: (505) 935-7324.

All poems from *Emblems of Hidden Durations* (Axle Contemporary, 2013)

Poet: Whiteswan, Lilly.

Poem: *Mary's Canyon*, Running Time 5:12, Telepoem Number: (505) 944-6279.

Poem: *Unwanted Visitor*, Running Time 1:16, Telepoem Number: (505) 944-8692.

Poem: *Red-Hair Witch*, Running Time 3:33, Telepoem Number: (505) 944-7334.

Poet: Williams, Jeanie C.

penpowersf.com

Poem: *Thief*, Running Time :58, Telepoem Number: (505) 945-8443.

Poet: Williams, Moriah.

moriahjwilliams.com

Poem: *Elephants in her Fingers*, Running Time :42, Telepoem Number: (505) 945-3537.

Poem: *Sunflower*, Running Time :37, Telepoem Number: (505) 945-7863.

Poem: *We Were Wolves*, Running Time :59, Telepoem Number: (505) 945-9393.

Published in *Poetry of the People, Vol. 2*

Poet: Wolff-Francis, Liza.

Poem: *For Coffee*, Running Time :58, Telepoem Number: (505) 965-3672.

Poem: *Missing Stories*, Running Time 1:05, Telepoem Number: (505) 965-6477.

Published in *Malpais Review*

Poem: *Ten Minutes Until the World Ends*, Running Time 1:26, Telepoem Number: (505) 965-8366.

TELEPOEM BOOTH POEMS BY TOPIC.

BEAUTY.

Poet: Baldwin, Devin James.

devinjamesbaldwin.com.

Poem: *Politics of Hair*, Running Time 1:42, Telepoem Number: (505) 225-7654.

Poet: Davis, Jon.

Poem: *Anthem*, Running Time 1:08, Telepoem Number: (505) 328-2684. Poem:

Empire, Running Time :11, Telepoem Number: (505) 328-3674.

Poem: *The Gropingest Grope of All Groppers*, Running Time :58, Telepoem Number: (505) 328-4767.

Poem: *Solstice*, Running Time 1:34, Telepoem Number: (505) 328-7657.

Poet: Johnson, Christopher J.

Poem: *I Want Your Hair To Obscure the Sun*, Running Time :35, Telepoem Number: (608) 564-4926.

Poet: June, Lyla.

Poem: *and God is the Water*, Running Time 3:43, Telepoem Number: (575) 586-4634.

Poem: *Hozhó*, Running Time 5:45, Telepoem Number: (575) 586-4694.

Poet: Martínez, Valerie.

Poem: *Santa Fe Sestina*, Running Time 2:57, Telepoem Number: (505) 627-7268.

Poem: *Sestina de Santa Fe*, Running Time 3:55, Telepoem Number: (505) 627-7378.

Poet: Rockman, Barbara.

Poem: *Spring*, Running Time :43, Telepoem Number: (505) 762-7774.

Poet: Smith, Rick.

Poem: *Statues After Snowfall*, Running Time 1:01, Telepoem Number: (505) 764-7428.

Poet: Sze, Arthur.

Poem: *Black Center*, Running Time 1:18, Telepoem Number: (505) 793-2522.

Poem: *First Snow*, Running Time 1:17, Telepoem Number: (505) 793-3477.

Poem: *Sight Lines*, Running Time 2:22, Telepoem Number: (505) 793-7444.

Poet: Williams, Moriah.

Poem: *Elephants in her Fingers*, Running Time :42, Telepoem Number: (505) 945-3537.

BRAIN/BODY.

Poet: Carlson, Tina.

Poem: *Dear Human*, Running Time 1:18, Telepoem Number: (505) 227-3327.

Poem: *Dermoid*, Running Time 1:06, Telepoem Number: (505) 227-3376.

Poem: *Lilith to Migrant Girl*, Running Time :58, Telepoem Number: (505) 227-5454.

Poet: Carnahan, Melody Sumner

Poem: *That Is The Law*, Running Time 1:58, Telepoem Number: (505) 227-8428.

Poet: Fleming, Gerald.

Poem: *Casa de Ambivalence*, Running Time 1:54, Telepoem Number: (415) 353-2272.

Poem: *Let's Organize a Parade*, Running Time 1:27, Telepoem Number: (415) 353-5387.

Poet: Gould, James.

Poem: *Dance With Me*, Running Time :24, Telepoem Number: (505) 468-3262.

Poet: Mills, Tyler.

Poem: *The Sun Rising, Pacific Theatre*, Running Time 1:35, Telepoem Number: (570) 645-7867.

Poet: Morris, Mary.

Poem: *Deduction*, Running Time 1:04, Telepoem Number: (505) 667-3338.

Poet: Kuzov-Tsong, Che (with Tsong, Edie and Ward, RJ).

Poem: *More Human Than Human, Pt. 1*, Running Time 1:51, Telepoem Number: (505) 876-6671.

Poem: *More Human Than Human, Pt. 2*, Running Time 2:03, Telepoem Number: (505) 876-6672. Produced by RJ Ward

Poet: Williams, Moriah.

Poem: *Elephants in her Fingers*, Running Time :42, Telepoem Number: (505) 945-3537.

Poem: *Sunflower*, Running Time :37, Telepoem Number: (505) 945-7863.

Poem: *We Were Wolves*, Running Time :59, Telepoem Number: (505) 945-9393.

CHILDREN (BY, FOR & ABOUT).

Poet: George, Jenny.

Poem: *Everything Is Restored*, Running Time 1:09, Telepoem Number: (505) 436-3837.

Poem: *The Sleeping Pig*, Running Time :33, Telepoem Number: (505) 436-7533.

Poem: *Sonnet for Lost Teeth*, Running Time :51, Telepoem Number: (505) 436-7666.

Poet: Holland, Michelle.

Poem: *Playing the Rain*, Running Time 2:03, Telepoem Number: (505) 465-7529.

Poet: Jacobs, Alex.

Poem: *Owezogo*, Running Time 1:38, Telepoem Number: (315) 522-6939.

Poet: Khalsa, Mehtab.

Poem: *Mice with Spoons*, Running Time :30, Telepoem Number: (505) 542-6423.

Poet: Logghe, Joan.

Poem: *Singing Down*, Running Time 1:13, Telepoem Number: (505) 564-7464.

Poet: Petersen, Karen.

Poem: *Noah's Ark*, Running Time :51, Telepoem Number: (505) 738-6624.

Poet: Pirloul, C.

Poem: *0*, Running Time 1:09, Telepoem Number: (505) 747-0000.

FAMILY.

Poet: Aylward, Susan.

Poem: *I Am From*, Running Time: 2:22, Telepoem Number: (505) 295-4263.

Poet: George, Jenny.

Poem: *Everything Is Restored*, Running Time 1:09, Telepoem Number: (505) 436-3837.

Poet: Hellstern, Elizabeth.

Poem: *Come To Me, My Grace*, Running Time 1:04, Telepoem Number: (928) 435-2663.

Poem: *Kissing Zinnias*, Running Time 1:23, Telepoem Number: (928) 435-5477.

Poem: *My Mom Dreams*, Running Time :51, Telepoem Number: (928) 435-6966.

Poem: *Tornado Summer in Iowa*, Running Time 1:36, Telepoem Number: (928) 435-8676.

Poet: Holland, Michelle.

Poem: *Playing the Rain*, Running Time 2:03, Telepoem Number: (505) 465-7529.

Poet: Jacobs, Alex.

Poem: *Owezogo*, Running Time 1:38, Telepoem Number: (315) 522-6939.

Poet: Logghe, Joan.

Poem: *Singing Down*, Running Time 1:13, Telepoem Number: (505) 564-7464.

Poet: Martínez, Valerie.

Poem: *Mid-High, 1976*, Running Time 2:46, Telepoem Number: (505) 627-6434.

Poet: Mills, Tyler.

Poem: *Zinnias*, Running Time 1:32, Telepoem Number: (570) 645-9466.

Poet: Moldaw, Carol.

Poem: *Corrective*, Running Time :45, Telepoem Number: (505) 665-2677.

Poet: Morris, Mary.

Poem: *Deduction*, Running Time 1:04, Telepoem Number: (505) 667-3338.

Poet: Rockman, Barbara.

Poem: *If a Man Can Teach His Daughter*, Running Time 1:06, Telepoem Number: (505) 762-4326.

Poem: *Spring*, Running Time :43, Telepoem Number: (505) 762-7774.

Poet: Wolff-Francis, Liza.

Poem: *Missing Stories*, Running Time 1:05, Telepoem Number: (505) 965-6477.

FRIENDSHIP.

Poet: Gould, James.

Poem: *Quiet Time*, Running Time 1:07, Telepoem Number: (505) 468-7843

Poet: Wolff-Francis, Liza.

Poem: *For Coffee*, Running Time :58, Telepoem Number: (505) 965-3672.

HOMAGE.

Poet: Hunt, Robyn.

Poem: *To Say Blue is Too Simple*, Running Time 2:18, Telepoem Number: (505) 486-8672.

Poet: Martínez, Valerie.

Poem: *El Mundo al Mundo*, Running Time 1:05, Telepoem Number: (505) 627-6863.

Poet: Mills, Tyler.

Poem: *The Sun Rising, Pacific Theatre*, Running Time 1:35, Telepoem Number: (570) 645-7867.

Poet: Seluja, Katherine.

Poem: *Monastery in the Desert, Abiquiu, New Mexico*, Running Time 1:51, Telepoem Number: (505) 735-6662.

Poet: Stevens, James Thomas.

Poem: *El Barril*, Running Time 1:21, Telepoem Number: (505) 783-2277.

HOPE.

Poet: Gould, James.

Poem: *Permission*, Running Time 1:13, Telepoem Number: (505) 468-7376.

Poet: Holland, Michelle.

Poem: *Expecting Beauty*, Running Time 2:07, Telepoem Number: (505) 465-3973.

Poet: Hunt, Robyn.

Poem: *Music From the Curb*, Running Time 1:08, Telepoem Number: (505) 486-6874.

Poet: okpik, dg.

Poem: *Anthropocene*, Running Time 1:44, Telepoem Number: (505) 657-2684.

Poem: *I Want To Believe*, Running Time 1:32, Telepoem Number: (505) 657-4926.

Poem: *Necklaced Whalebone*, Running Time 1:34, Telepoem Number: (505) 657-6325.

Poem: *Physical Thaw*, Running Time 1:26, Telepoem Number: (505) 657-7497.

Poem: *Skinny-Boned Bear*, Running Time 1:22, Telepoem Number: (505) 657-7546

Poet: Pirloul, C.

Poem: *Sonnet*, Running Time 2:57, Telepoem Number: (505) 747-7666.

Poet: Reed, Stella.

Poem: *Leda to the Migrant Girl: On Silence*, Running Time 1:04, Telepoem Number: (505) 733-5332.

Poet: Wolff-Francis, Liza.

Poem: *Missing Stories*, Running Time 1:05, Telepoem Number: (505) 965-6477.

HUMOR.

Poet: Brandi, John.

Poem: *Riding Bus #1 to the Palace of the Legion of Honor*, Running Time 1:48, Telepoem Number: (505) 272-7434.

Poem: *Work Song While Gardening*, Running Time 1:24, Telepoem Number: (505) 272-9675.

Poet: Budesheim, Beth.

Poem: *Ode*, Running Time: 1:21, Telepoem Number: (505) 283-6330.

Poet: Davis, Jon.

Poem: *The Gropingest Grope of All Gropers*, Running Time :58, Telepoem Number: (505) 328-4767.

Poet: Federici, Federico.

Poem: *Keep Me As A Pet*, Running Time :53, Telepoem Number: (39) 337-5337.

Poet: Khalsa, Mehtab.

Poem: *Mice with Spoons*, Running Time :30, Telepoem Number: (505) 542-6423.

Poet: Logghe, Joan.

Poem: *Something Like Marriage*, Running Time 2:45, Telepoem Number: (505) 564-7663.

Poet: Macres, Marianne.

Poem: *A Short Bus Ride*, Running Time :41, Telepoem Number: (505) 622-7467.

Poet: Martínez, Valerie.

Poem: *Mid-High*, 1976, Running Time 2:46, Telepoem Number: (505) 627-6434.

Poet: McGinnis, Mary.

Poem: *Missing Bob So Much*, Running Time 1:42, Telepoem Number: (505) 624-6477.

Poet: Mills, Tyler.

Poem: *H-Bomb*, Running Time 1:56, Telepoem Number: (570) 645-4266.

Poet: Petersen, Karen.

Poem: *Noah's Ark*, Running Time :51, Telepoem Number: (505) 738-6624.

Poem: *Taking out the Garbage*, Running Time 1:03, Telepoem Number: (505) 738-8254.

Poet: Reed, Stella.

Poem: *Women Sigh the Trees*, Running Time :55, Telepoem Number: (505) 733-9663.

Poet: Rockman, Barbara.

Poem: *Stranded in the New Age Bookstore*, Running Time 1:39, Telepoem Number: (505) 762-7872.

LIFE.

Poet: Aylward, Susan.

Poem: *The Black and the Light*, Running Time: 1:30, Telepoem Number: (505) 295-2522.

Poem: *I Am From*, Running Time: 2:22, Telepoem Number: (505) 295-4263.

Poem: *Seasons*, Running Time :31, Telepoem Number: (505) 295-7327.

Poet: Betts, Genevieve.

Poem: *Indian Summer*, Running Time :47, Telepoem Number: (480) 238-4634.

Published in *The Tishman Review*.

Poem: *Language*, Running Time :36, Telepoem Number: (480) 238-5264.

Published in *New Mexico Review*; and from *Lummox 7 Poetry Anthology*.

Poem: *New Light*, Running Time :53, Telepoem Number: (480) 238-6395.

Published in *The Tishman Review*; and from *Stay Thirsty Poets Anthology*.

Poet: Bower, Laurie.

Poem: *Late in the Day*, Running Time :37, Telepoem Number: (970) 269-5283.

Poet: Brandi, John.

Poem: *Riding Bus #1 to the Palace of the Legion of Honor*, Running Time 1:48, Telepoem Number: (505) 272-7434.

Poet: Budesheim, Beth.

Poem: *Ode*, Running Time: 1:21, Telepoem Number: (505) 283-6330.

Poet: Carlsen, Ioanna.

Poem: *Mornings*, Running Time :34, Telepoem Number: (505) 227-6676.

Poet: Carnahan, Melody Sumner

Poem: *The Time Is Now*, Running Time 1:14, Telepoem Number: (505) 227-8463.

Poet: Cisper, Mary.

Poem: *Durga on Her Brass Lion*, Running Time 1:12, Telepoem Number: (505) 247-3874.

Poet: Gould, James.

Poem: *Department of Answers*, Running Time :56, Telepoem Number: (505) 468-3378.

Poem: *Permission*, Running Time 1:13, Telepoem Number: (505) 468-7376.

Poet: Gregorio, Renée.

Poem: *The Angel Tells Me*, Running Time 1:53, Telepoem Number: (505) 473-2643.

Poet: Griffo, Cari.

Poem: *Holy Water*, Running Time 3:02, Telepoem Number: (505) 474-4659.

Poet: Hunt, Robyn.

Poem: *Music From the Curb*, Running Time 1:08, Telepoem Number: (505) 486-6874.

Poet: Johnson, Christopher J.

Poem: *Maybe We Are Just Dumb Vacuum*, Running Time 1:07, Telepoem Number: (608) 564-6292.

Poet: Khalsa, Mehtab.

Poem: *Mice with Spoons*, Running Time :30, Telepoem Number: (505) 542-6423.

Poet: Katrinak, Mark.

Poem: *Nightfalls*, Running Time 1:43, Telepoem Number: (216) 528-6444.

Poet: Marco, Kate.

Poem: *Moons*, Running Time 1:08, Telepoem Number: (505) 627-6666.

Poet: Martínez, Valerie.

Poem: *Mid-High, 1976*, Running Time 2:46, Telepoem Number: (505) 627-6434.

Poet: Mason, Timothy.

Poem: *Pony Rider*, Running Time 2:55, Telepoem Number: (617) 627-7669.

Poet: Moldaw, Carol.

Poem: *Corrective*, Running Time :45, Telepoem Number: (505) 665-2677.

Poet: Petersen, Karen.

Poem: *Taking out the Garbage*, Running Time 1:03, Telepoem Number: (505) 738-8254.

Poet: Reed, Stella.

Poem: *Watsu*, Running Time 1:29, Telepoem Number: (505) 733-9287.

Poet: Stevens, James Thomas.

Poem: *El Barril*, Running Time 1:21, Telepoem Number: (505) 783-2277.

Poet: Sze, Arthur.

Poem: *Sight Lines*, Running Time 2:22, Telepoem Number: (505) 793-7444.

Poet: Whiteswan, Lilly.

Poem: *Unwanted Visitor*, Running Time 1:16, Telepoem Number: (505) 944-8692.

Poet: Wolff-Francis, Liza.

Poem: *For Coffee*, Running Time :58, Telepoem Number: (505) 965-3672.

Poem: *Ten Minutes Until the World Ends*, Running Time 1:26, Telepoem Number: (505) 965-8366.

LOSS/DEATH.

Poet: Battson, Jill.

Poem: *Titan*, Running Time 1:30, Telepoem Number: (505) 228-8482.

Poet: Carnahan, Melody Sumner

Poem: *Charm*, Running Time 1:21, Telepoem Number: (505) 227-2427.

Poet: Cisper, Mary.

Poem: *After My Brother Dies, a Dream*, Running Time 1:18, Telepoem Number: (505) 247-2383.

Poet: Davis, Jon.

Poem: *Solstice*, Running Time 1:34, Telepoem Number: (505) 328-7657.

Poet: George, Jenny.

Poem: *Everything Is Restored*, Running Time 1:09, Telepoem Number: (505) 436-3837.

Poet: Hellstern, Elizabeth.

elizabethhellstern.com; telepoembooth.com

Poem: *Come To Me, My Grace*, Running Time 1:04, Telepoem Number: (928) 435-2663.

Poem: *Kissing Zinnias*, Running Time 1:23, Telepoem Number: (928) 435-5477.

Poet: Holland, Michelle.

Poem: *Definition*, Running Time 2:22, Telepoem Number: (505) 465-3334.

Poet: Jacobson, Elizabeth.

Poem: *Birds Eating Cherries from a Very Old Tree*, Running Time 1:54, Telepoem Number: (505) 522-2473. Published in *Ploughshares*

Poem: *Dear Basho*, Running Time 1:34, Telepoem Number: (505) 522-3327.

Poet: Laflamme-Childs, Michelle.

Poem: *286 Not to pressure*, Running Time :45, Telepoem Number: (505) 523-2866.

Poet: Martínez, Valerie.

Poem: *El Mundo al Mundo*, Running Time 1:05, Telepoem Number: (505) 627-6863.

Poet: McGinnis, Mary.

Poem: *Crow in a Bottle*, Running Time :53, Telepoem Number: (505) 624-2769.

Poet: Moldaw, Carol.

Poem: *Dream Loop #1*, Running Time :25, Telepoem Number: (505) 665-3732.

Poet: Pirloul, C.

Poem: *0*, Running Time 1:09, Telepoem Number: (505) 747-0000.

Poet: Reed, Stella.

Poem: *Origami*, Running Time 2:19, Telepoem Number: (505) 733-6744.

Poet: Whiteswan, Lilly.

Poem: *Mary's Canyon*, Running Time 5:12, Telepoem Number: (505) 944-6279.

Poet: Wolff-Francis, Liza.

Poem: *Ten Minutes Until the World Ends*, Running Time 1:26, Telepoem Number: (505) 965-8366.

LOVE/RELATIONSHIP.

Poet: B., Holly.

Poem: *Supermoon*, Running Time: :47, Telepoem Number: (505) 225-7873.

Poet: Battson, Jill.

Poem: *Buffeted on a Saturday in New Jersey*, Running Time 2:19, Telepoem Number: (505) 228-2833.

Poem: *I Groan as One Guilty*, Running Time 2:21, Telepoem Number: (505) 228-4476.

Poem: *Siege Engine*, Running Time 1:17, Telepoem Number: (505) 228-7434.

Poem: *Time and Gravity*, Running Time 3:30, Telepoem Number: (505) 228-8463.

Poet: Brandi, John.

Poem: *Do Me Love*, Running Time 1:42, Telepoem Number: (505) 272-3663.

Poet: Falandays, Kallie.

Poem: *The Dream Is Wrong*, Running Time :59, Telepoem Number: (302) 325-3732.

Poet: Federici, Federico.

Poem: *Keep Me As A Pet*, Running Time :53, Telepoem Number: (39) 337-5337.

Poet: Gould, James.

Poem: *Dance With Me*, Running Time :24, Telepoem Number: (505) 468-3262.

Poem: *Quiet Time*, Running Time 1:07, Telepoem Number: (505) 468-7843.

Poet: Holland, Michelle.

Poem: *Definition*, Running Time 2:22, Telepoem Number: (505) 465-3334.

Poet: Johnson, Christopher J.

Poem: *I Want Your Hair To Obscure the Sun*, Running Time :35, Telepoem Number: (608) 564-4926.

Poet: Laflamme-Childs, Michelle.

Poem: *181 Not to eat*, Running Time :26, Telepoem Number: (505) 523-1816.

Poem: *466 The court must judge*, Running Time :42, Telepoem Number: (505) 523-4668.

Poet: Logghe, Joan.

Poem: *Dressing Down For Love*, Running Time :37, Telepoem Number: (505) 564-3737.

Poet: Macres, Marianne.

Poem: *A Short Bus Ride*, Running Time :41, Telepoem Number: (505) 622-7467.

Poet: Marco, Kate.

Poem: *Moons*, Running Time 1:08, Telepoem Number: (505) 627-6666.

Poet: McGinnis, Mary.

Poem: *Over Lavender*, Running Time 1:21, Telepoem Number: (505) 624-6837.

Poet: Moldaw, Carol.

Poem: *Alert*, Running Time :56, Telepoem Number: (505) 665-2537.

Poet: Pirloul, C.

Poem: *Refuge*, Running Time 1:27, Telepoem Number: (505) 747-7338.

Poet: Reed, Stella.

Poem: *Origami*, Running Time 2:19, Telepoem Number: (505) 733-6744.

Poem: *Watsu*, Running Time 1:29, Telepoem Number: (505) 733-9287.

Poem: *Women Sigh the Trees*, Running Time :55, Telepoem Number: (505) 733-9663.

Poet: Stevens, James Thomas.

Poem: *La Garza*, Running Time 1:49, Telepoem Number: (505) 783-4279.

NATURE.

Poet: Aylward, Susan.

Poem: *Seasons*, Running Time :31, Telepoem Number: (505) 295-7327.

Poet: B., Holly.

Poem: *Supermoon*, Running Time: :47, Telepoem Number: (505) 225-7873.

Poem: *There.Is.No.Pill.For.What.Your.Body.Remembers*, Running Time 1:24,
Telepoem Number: (505) 225-8437.

Poet: Betts, Genevieve.

Poem: *Indian Summer*, Running Time :47, Telepoem Number: (480) 238-4634.
Published in *The Tishman Review*.

Poem: *Language*, Running Time :36, Telepoem Number: (480) 238-5264.
Published in *New Mexico Review*; and from *LummoX 7 Poetry Anthology*.

Poem: *New Light*, Running Time :53, Telepoem Number: (480) 238-6395.
Published in *The Tishman Review*; and from *Stay Thirsty Poets Anthology*.

Poet: Bower, Laurie.

Poem: *Late in the Day*, Running Time :37, Telepoem Number: (970) 269-5283.

Poet: Budesheim, Beth.

Poem: *Birdsong*, Running Time 1:17, Telepoem Number: (505) 283-2473.

Poet: Carlson, Tina.

Poem: *Dear Human*, Running Time 1:18, Telepoem Number: (505) 227-3327.

Poem: *Dermoid*, Running Time 1:06, Telepoem Number: (505) 227-3376.

Poem: *Lilith to Migrant Girl*, Running Time :58, Telepoem Number: (505) 227-5454.

Poet: Chase-Daniel, Julie.

Poem: *Animal Vegetable Mineral*, Running Time 1:24, Telepoem Number: (505) 242-2646.

Poem: *On Returning Home*, Running Time :55, Telepoem Number: (505) 242-6673.

Poem: *Preservation*, Running Time 1:14, Telepoem Number: (505) 242-7737.

Poem: *You want to tell them things*, Running Time 1:34, Telepoem Number: (505) 242-9689.

Poet: Davis, Jon.

Poem: *Solstice*, Running Time 1:34, Telepoem Number: (505) 328-7657.

Poet: George, Jenny.

Poem: *Sonnet for Lost Teeth*, Running Time :51, Telepoem Number: (505) 436-7666.

Poem: *Threshold Gods*, Running Time 1:44, Telepoem Number: (505) 436-8473.

Poem: *Reprieve*, Running Time :42, Telepoem Number: (505) 436-7377.

Poet: Gregorio, Renée.

Poem: *Sometimes*, Running Time 1:13, Telepoem Number: (505) 473-7663.

Poet: Hellstern, Elizabeth.

Poem: *High Desert*, Running Time 2:14, Telepoem Number: (928) 435-4444.

Poem: *Tornado Summer in Iowa*, Running Time 1:36, Telepoem Number: (928) 435-8676.

Poem: *Waterwheel Turning*, Running Time 1:09, Telepoem Number: (928) 435-9283.

Poet: Hunt, Robyn.

Poem: *To Say Blue is Too Simple*, Running Time 2:18, Telepoem Number: (505) 486-8672.

Poet: Jacobson, Elizabeth

Poem: *Birds Eating Cherries from a Very Old Tree*, Running Time 1:54, Telepoem Number: (505) 522-2473.

Poem: *Dear Basho*, Running Time 1:34, Telepoem Number: (505) 522-3327.

Poem: *Lay Hold of Me*, Running Time 1:14, Telepoem Number: (505) 522-5294.

Poet: Johnson, Christopher J.

Poem: *Maybe We Are Just Dumb Vacuum*, Running Time 1:07, Telepoem Number: (608) 564-6292.

Poem: *The Ruined Wall*, Running Time 1:04, Telepoem Number: (608) 564-7846.

Poet: June, Lyla.

Poem: *and God is the Water*, Running Time 3:43, Telepoem Number: (575) 586-4634.

Poem: *Hozhó*, Running Time 5:45, Telepoem Number: (575) 586-4694.

Poet: Kathamann.

kathamann.com

Poem: *Beast in the Fossil*, Running Time :45, Telepoem Number: (505) 528-2327.

Poem: *Listening to the Language of Corn*, Running Time :33, Telepoem Number: (505) 528-5478.

Poet: Logghe, Joan.

Poem: *How to Improvise Rain*, Running Time 1:46, Telepoem Number: (505) 564-4698.

Poem: *Rain Business*, Running Time 2:10, Telepoem Number: (505) 564-7246.

Poet: Martínez, Valerie.

Poem: *Santa Fe Sestina*, Running Time 2:57, Telepoem Number: (505) 627-7268.

Poem: *Sestina de Santa Fe*, Running Time 3:55, Telepoem Number: (505) 627-7378.

Poet: Mills, Tyler.

Poem: *Zinnias*, Running Time 1:32, Telepoem Number: (570) 645-9466.

Poet: Moldaw, Carol.

Poem: *Loop: The Barrancas*, Running Time :52, Telepoem Number: (505) 665-5667.

Poet: Petersen, Karen.

Poem: *Among the Bristlecones (for David George Haskell)*, Running Time :51, Telepoem Number: (505) 738-2666.

Poet: Pirloul, C.

Poem: *Refuge*, Running Time 1:27, Telepoem Number: (505) 747-7338.

Poet: Reed, Stella.

Poem: *Origami*, Running Time 2:19, Telepoem Number: (505) 733-6744.

Poem: *Women Sigh the Trees*, Running Time :55, Telepoem Number: (505) 733-9663.

Poet: Rockman, Barbara.

Poem: *Daily Walk and Song*, Running Time 1:21, Telepoem Number: (505) 762-3245.

Poem: *If a Man Can Teach His Daughter*, Running Time 1:06, Telepoem Number: (505) 762-4326.

Poet: Smith, Rick.

Poem: *A Haiku After Drought*, Running Time :09, Telepoem Number: (505) 764-4245.

Poet: Sze, Arthur.

Poem: *First Snow*, Running Time 1:17, Telepoem Number: (505) 793-3477.

Poet: Williams, Moriah.

Poem: *We Were Wolves*, Running Time :59, Telepoem Number: (505) 945-9393.

POLITICAL/REVOLUTIONARY.

Poet: B., Holly.

Poem: *There.Is.No.Pill.For.What.Your.Body.Remembers*, Running Time 1:24, Telepoem Number: (505) 225-8437.

Poet: Bramble, Andrew.

Poem: *Wicked*, Running Time 1:27, Telepoem Number: (505) 272-9425.

Poet: Brandi, John.

Poem: *Letter from Kathmandu*, Running Time 1:08, Telepoem Number: (505) 272-5388.

Poet: Carnahan, Melody Sumner

Poem: *The Time Is Now*, Running Time 1:14, Telepoem Number: (505) 227-8463.

Poet: Davis, Jon.

Poem: *Anthem*, Running Time 1:08, Telepoem Number: (505) 328-2684.

Poem: *Empire*, Running Time :11, Telepoem Number: (505) 328-3674.

Poem: *The Gropingest Grope of All Gropers*, Running Time :58, Telepoem Number: (505) 328-4767.

Poet: Fleming, Gerald.

Poem: *Casa de Ambivalence*, Running Time 1:54, Telepoem Number: (415) 353-2272.

Poem: *Let's Organize a Parade*, Running Time 1:27, Telepoem Number: (415) 353-5387.

Poet: Ginsberg, Allen

Poem: *Howl **, Running Time 26:42, Telepoem Number: 0

Poet: Gregorio, Renée.

Poem: *Privilege*, Running Time 1:49, Telepoem Number: (505) 473-7748.

Poet: Iskat, Jeanette.

Poem: *Sometimes I Rhyme Slow, Sometimes I Rhyme Quick*, Running Time 1:46, Telepoem Number: 505) 475-7663.

Poet: Jacobs, Alex.

Poem: *Light Down the Road*, Running Time 4:02, Telepoem Number: (315) 522-5444.

Poem: *This is A Terrorist Act*, Running Time 4:52, Telepoem Number: (315) 522-8447.

Poet: Jacobson, Elizabeth.

Poem: *Lay Hold of Me*, Running Time 1:14, Telepoem Number: (505) 522-5294.

Poet: Logghe, Joan.

Poem: *Dressing Down For Love*, Running Time :37, Telepoem Number: (505) 564-3737.

Poet: Mason, Timothy.

Poem: *Nathan's Poem **, Running Time 3:57, Telepoem Number: (617) 627-6284.

Poet: Mills, Tyler.

Poem: *H-Bomb*, Running Time 1:56, Telepoem Number: (570) 645-4266.

Poet: Reed, Stella.

Poem: *Leda to the Migrant Girl: On Silence*, Running Time 1:04, Telepoem Number: (505) 733-5332.

Poet: Seluja, Katherine.

Poem: *You are Migrant*, Running Time 1:30, Telepoem Number: (505) 735-9682.

Poet: Sze, Arthur.

Poem: *Black Center*, Running Time 1:18, Telepoem Number: (505) 793-2522.

RACIAL ISSUES/CULTURAL PERSPECTIVES.

Poet: Baldwin, Devin James.

devinjamesbaldwin.com.

Poem: *Politics of Hair*, Running Time 1:42, Telepoem Number: (505) 225-7654.

Poet: Brody, Debbi.

Poem: *For Dylan and Any Dark-Skinned Man*, Running Time 1:51, Telepoem Number: (505) 276-3673.

Poet: Gregorio, Renée.

Poem: *The Shopkeepers' Names*, Running Time 2:52, Telepoem Number: (505) 473-7467.

Poet: Iskat, Jeanette.

Poem: *Sometimes I Rhyme Slow, Sometimes I Rhyme Quick*, Running Time 1:46, Telepoem Number: 505) 475-7663.

Poet: Jacobs, Alex.

Poem: *This is A Terrorist Act*, Running Time 4:52, Telepoem Number: (315) 522-8447.

Poet: Kuzov-Tsong, Che (with Tsong, Edie; and Ward, RJ).

Poem: *More Human Than Human, Pt. 1*, Running Time 1:51, Telepoem Number: (505) 876-6671.

Poem: *More Human Than Human, Pt. 2*, Running Time 2:03, Telepoem Number: (505) 876-6672. Produced by RJ Ward

Poet: Martínez, Valerie.

Poem: *Santa Fe Sestina*, Running Time 2:57, Telepoem Number: (505) 627-7268.

Poem: *Sestina de Santa Fe*, Running Time 3:55, Telepoem Number: (505) 627-7378.

Poet: Mason, Timothy.

Poem: *Nathan's Poem **, Running Time 3:57, Telepoem Number: (617) 627-6284.

Poet: okpik, dg.

Poem: *Anthropocene*, Running Time 1:44, Telepoem Number: (505) 657-2684.

Poem: *I Want To Believe*, Running Time 1:32, Telepoem Number: (505) 657-4926.

Poem: *Necklaced Whalebone*, Running Time 1:34, Telepoem Number: (505) 657-6325.

Poem: *Physical Thaw*, Running Time 1:26, Telepoem Number: (505) 657-7497.

Poem: *Skinny-Boned Bear*, Running Time 1:22, Telepoem Number: (505) 657-7546

Poet: Reed, Stella.

Poem: *Leda to the Migrant Girl: On Silence*, Running Time 1:04, Telepoem Number: (505) 733-5332.

Poet: Rockman, Barbara.

Poem: *As My Old Lover Dies of HIV/AIDS*, Running Time 1:14, Telepoem Number: (505) 762-2769.

Poet: Rogers, Janet.

Poem: *Birds Carry My Goodbye*, Running Time 1:44, Telepoem Number: (250) 764-2473.

Poem: *Soft Earth*, Running Time 1:50, Telepoem Number: (250) 764-7638.

Poet: Seluja, Katherine.

Poem: *You are Migrant*, Running Time 1:30, Telepoem Number: (505) 735-9682.

Poet: Stevens, James Thomas.

Poem: *La Dama*, Running Time 1:02, Telepoem Number: (505) 783-3262.

SEXUALITY.

Poet: Brandi, John.

Poem: *Do Me Love*, Running Time 1:42, Telepoem Number: (505) 272-3663.

Poet: Carnahan, Melody Sumner

Poem: *Charm*, Running Time 1:21, Telepoem Number: (505) 227-2427.

Poet: George, Jenny.

Poem: *Sonnet for Lost Teeth*, Running Time :51, Telepoem Number: (505) 436-7666.

Poem: *Threshold Gods*, Running Time 1:44, Telepoem Number: (505) 436-8473.

Poet: Martínez, Valerie.

Poem: *El Mundo al Mundo*, Running Time 1:05, Telepoem Number: (505) 627-6863.

Poem: *Santa Fe Sestina*, Running Time 2:57, Telepoem Number: (505) 627-7268.

Poem: *Sestina de Santa Fe*, Running Time 3:55, Telepoem Number: (505) 627-7378.

Poet: Reed, Stella.

Poem: *Watsu*, Running Time 1:29, Telepoem Number: (505) 733-9287.

Poem: *Women Sigh the Trees*, Running Time :55, Telepoem Number: (505) 733-9663.

SORROW.

Poet: B., Holly.

Poem: *There.Is.No.Pill.For.What.Your.Body.Remembers*, Running Time 1:24,
Telepoem Number: (505) 225-8437.

Poet: Cisper, Mary.

marycisper.com

Poem: *After My Brother Dies, a Dream*, Running Time 1:18, Telepoem Number: (505)
247-2383.

Poet: Jacobson, Elizabeth.

Poem: *Dear Basho*, Running Time 1:34, Telepoem Number: (505) 522-3327.

Poem: *Lay Hold of Me*, Running Time 1:14, Telepoem Number: (505) 522-5294.

Poet: Reed, Stella.

Poem: *Origami*, Running Time 2:19, Telepoem Number: (505) 733-6744.

SPIRITUAL/MYSTICAL/EXISTENTIAL.

Poet: Bramble, Andrew.

Poem: *Wicked*, Running Time 1:27, Telepoem Number: (505) 272-9425.

Poet: Budesheim, Beth.

Poem: *Birdsong*, Running Time 1:17, Telepoem Number: (505) 283-2473.

Poet: Camp, Lauren.

Poem: *Dublin*, Running Time 1:41, Telepoem Number: (505) 226-3825.

Poem: *A Pint* Running Time 1:17, Telepoem Number: (505) 226-7468.

Poem: *Warning* Running Time 1:33, Telepoem Number: (505) 226-9276.

Poet: Carnahan, Melody Sumner.

Poem: *That Is The Law*, Running Time 1:58, Telepoem Number: (505) 227-8428.

Poet: Cisper, Mary.

Poem: *Durga on Her Brass Lion*, Running Time 1:12, Telepoem Number: (505) 247-3874.

Poet: Davis, Jon.

Poem: *Anthem*, Running Time 1:08, Telepoem Number: (505) 328-2684.

Poet: George, Jenny.

Poem: *Threshold Gods*, Running Time 1:44, Telepoem Number: (505) 436-8473.

Poem: *Reprieve*, Running Time :42, Telepoem Number: (505) 436-7377.

Poet: Gregorio, Renée.

Poem: *The Angel Tells Me*, Running Time 1:53, Telepoem Number: (505) 473-2643.

Poet: Griffo, Cari.

Poem: *Holy Water*, Running Time 3:02, Telepoem Number: (505) 474-4659.

Poet: Hellstern, Elizabeth.

Poem: *Come To Me, My Grace*, Running Time 1:04, Telepoem Number: (928) 435-2663.

Poem: *High Desert*, Running Time 2:14, Telepoem Number: (928) 435-4444.

Poem: *Waterwheel Turning*, Running Time 1:09, Telepoem Number: (928) 435-9283.

Poet: Holland, Michelle.

Poem: *Expecting Beauty*, Running Time 2:07, Telepoem Number: (505) 465-3973.

Poet: Johnson, Christopher J.

Poem: *The Ruined Wall*, Running Time 1:04, Telepoem Number: (608) 564-7846.

Poet: Katrinak, Mark.

Poem: *Nightfalls*, Running Time 1:43, Telepoem Number: (216) 528-6444.

Poet: Laflamme-Childs, Michelle.

Poem: *181 Not to eat*, Running Time :26, Telepoem Number: (505) 523-1816.

Poem: *286 Not to pressure*, Running Time :45, Telepoem Number: (505) 523-2866.

Poem: *466 The court must judge*, Running Time :42, Telepoem Number: (505) 523-4668.

Poet: Moldaw, Carol.

Poem: *Alert*, Running Time :56, Telepoem Number: (505) 665-2537.

Poem: *Dream Loop #1*, Running Time :25, Telepoem Number: (505) 665-3732.

Poem: *Loop: The Barrancas*, Running Time :52, Telepoem Number: (505) 665-5667.

Poet: Petersen, Karen.

Poem: *Among the Bristlecones (for David George Haskell)*, Running Time :51, Telepoem Number: (505) 738-2666.

Poet: Pirloul, C.

Poem: *Sonnet*, Running Time 2:57, Telepoem Number: (505) 747-7666.

Poet: Reed, Stella.

Poem: *Women Sigh the Trees*, Running Time :55, Telepoem Number: (505) 733-9663.

Poet: Rockman, Barbara.

Poem: *Daily Walk and Song*, Running Time 1:21, Telepoem Number: (505) 762-3245.

Poet: Seluja, Katherine.

Poem: *Monastery in the Desert, Abiquiu, New Mexico*, Running Time 1:51, Telepoem Number: (505) 735-6662.

Poet: Valley-Fox, Anne.

Poem: *My Life Is a Circus*, Running Time 1:15, Telepoem Number: (505) 825-6954.

Poem: *Things That Want to Be Counted*, Running Time :39, Telepoem Number: (505) 825-8446.

Poet: Whiteswan, Lilly.

Poem: *Red-Hair Witch*, Running Time 3:33, Telepoem Number: (505) 944-7334.

WANDERLUST/TRAVEL.

Poet: Aylward, Susan.

Poem: *The Black and the Light*, Running Time: 1:30, Telepoem Number: (505) 295-2522.

Poet: Brandi, John.

Poem: *Letter from Kathmandu*, Running Time 1:08, Telepoem Number: (505) 272-5388.

Poet: Camp, Lauren.

Poem: *Dublin*, Running Time 1:41, Telepoem Number: (505) 226-3825.

Poem: *A Pint* Running Time 1:17, Telepoem Number: (505) 226-7468.

Poem: *Warning* Running Time 1:33, Telepoem Number: (505) 226-9276.

Poet: Chase-Daniel, Julie.

Poem: *Animal Vegetable Mineral*, Running Time 1:24, Telepoem Number: (505) 242-2646.

Poem: *On Returning Home*, Running Time :55, Telepoem Number: (505) 242-6673.

Poem: *Preservation*, Running Time 1:14, Telepoem Number: (505) 242-7737.

Poem: *You want to tell them things*, Running Time 1:34, Telepoem Number: (505) 242-9689.

Poet: Gregorio, Renée.

Poem: *Privilege*, Running Time 1:49, Telepoem Number: (505) 473-7748.

Poem: *The Shopkeepers' Names*, Running Time 2:52, Telepoem Number: (505) 473-7467.

Poet: Logghe, Joan.

Poem: *Something Like Marriage*, Running Time 2:45, Telepoem Number: (505) 564-7663.

Poet: Mason, Timothy.

Poem: *Pony Rider*, Running Time 2:55, Telepoem Number: (617) 627-7669.

Poet: Rogers, Janet.

Poem: *Birds Carry My Goodbye*, Running Time 1:44, Telepoem Number: (250) 764-2473.

Poem: *Soft Earth*, Running Time 1:50, Telepoem Number: (250) 764-7638.

Poet: Smith, Rick.

Poem: *Statues After Snowfall*, Running Time 1:01, Telepoem Number: (505) 764-7428.

WORK and/or WRITING.

Poet: Brandi, John.

Poem: *Work Song While Gardening*, Running Time 1:24, Telepoem Number: (505) 272-9675.

Poet: Carlsen, Ioanna.

Poem: *Mornings*, Running Time :34, Telepoem Number: (505) 227-6676.

Poet: Gould, James.

Poem: *Department of Answers*, Running Time :56, Telepoem Number: (505) 468-3378.

Poet: Jacobs, Alex.

Poem: *Light Down the Road*, Running Time 4:02, Telepoem Number: (315) 522-5444.

TELEPOEM BOOTH® POEMS (FULL-TEXT)

Poet: Aylward, Susan.

Poem: *The Black and the Light*, Telepoem Number: (505) 295-2522.

The world will tell you you're crazy
when you listen for owls,
La Llorona and lowriders,

when you yell "Burn Him" under fireworks,
"Bravo" at Don Pasquale,
and hiss at the Melodrama.

They won't know your need
to dance by bandstands, soak in cinema
under stars and margaritas on balconies,

why you crave luminarias, Las Posadas,
and piñon when it's cold,

when footsteps snap
through your turquoise fatigues.

They won't understand, when all night long,
you lie between the still and the turning above,
just to take in the black and the light,
that quiet cold filled with the hunt.

They'll think you're crazy when you tell them
your wheel is slowing, and
that your soul is tethered to the rocks

because you know you love the mountains
even more when they're hidden,
and that a living heart will always be broken.

You're the one who's woken up
by raven wings and the sun's rising song,
they who pulled you closer,
they who called you to a life you knew was here
when there was no reason, no reason at all.

Poet: Aylward, Susan.

Poem: *I Am From*, Telepoem Number: (505) 295-4263.

Paris via Quebec, Northern Ireland,
a blacksmith in Massachusetts,
a carpenter in Wales

I am from Bridgeport, cousins,
pajamas at the drive-in,
dot candy and porcelain elephants,
sugar snow-balls eaten in the shopping cart

I am from hotdog-chocolatemilk-frenchfries,
when dad was home on leave,
Chubby Checker, The Beatles,

dodge ball in the road

I am from,

she always had a smile on her face,
the best mistake she ever made,
peering over into her Cadillac's front seat,
"it's a great life if you don't weaken"

I am from dark waters of Long Island Sound,

fleeing man-of-war,
barefoot on the seawall,
minuscule beach frogs,
sunburns, sunfish, lemon ice

I am from Abby Road

for having a sore throat,
and sharing Valentine candy

I am from Little Women, Little Men

by flashlight, and
dancing to Stevie,
secret passageway, silhouettes,
pink feather pen, cigarettes

I am from wanting, not believing,

confusion, not achieving,
nightmares, humiliation,
lack of preparation

I am from,

keep going, step up,
keep going, for the sake of life itself,
and hug gently, so as not to hurt one another

I am from tracing my mother and grandmother's hands

while oiling the pie-crust table, and the secretary -

and from cousins, and clutching dear
all I thought I didn't need,
and mincing for memories

I am from constellations by steam,
Ghost Ranch and O'Keefe,
pink aspens at twilight,
Leonard Cohen, and gratitude
at night

Poet: Aylward, Susan.

Poem: *Seasons*, Telepoem Number: (505) 295-7327.

my bones unfold
I stretch to see
early buds about to burst

hummingbirds collect
honeysuckle pleasures
needled into eager beaks

trees drop their blush
their prickly beauty
stabs the sky

tattered bird nest
cracked snow
frozen fledgling in repose

Poet: B., Holly.

Poem: *Supermoon*, Telepoem Number: (505) 225-7873.

this supermoon
keeps setting my body ablaze
the fatter it grows
i just want more of everything
that's yours to give

your mouth, your tongue, your lips
scraping and exploring
without abandon

your hands skimming,
grazing the contour of
this butter-soft skin

your arms entwined
across my back as i
fold into the space of your
chest like a child who belongs there

every inch of you
permeating the emptiness
of my body i
can't fill on my own

and still,
it may not
be enough

i want it all
even the parts you
didn't know existed
the moon has that much power

you have that much pull

Poet: B., Holly.

Poem: *There.Is.No.Pill.For.What.Your.Body.Remembers*, Telepoem Number: (505)
225-8437.

Inspired by Claudia Love Mair

For the fists that ravaged your bones
splintering your reflection

from the inside out,
leaving your spirit torn
into jagged rags of grief

For the watercolor, stormy inkstains
that followed the beatings, the pinching,
the moments when you dared say
something wrong, out of tone,
indifferent

For the times you let men touch you
because you were lonely, alone,
or just felt so loathsome
that any burst of connection
was welcome in your sorrow

For the moments when you said no
but he forced himself next to you,
on top of you, inside you,
under your flawless, glowing skin where no
amount of cleansing can ever
restore the shininess of what he stole,
leaving you ragged and dull

For the babies
who wanted to flourish
but could not find a way to attach
to the rigidity that crept its way into
your body and metastasized,
leaving your womb an
empty coffin of your
worst imaginings

For all the suffering and sorrow
for every harsh, piercing word
that settled in your chest,
fanning out to your lungs

organs, tissue and blood,
reaching deep into your marrow
to whisper that you would
never be good enough

to feel robust again
The memories leaching into
every pore, even
the ones you can't recall
but that the body recollects
Those ones where there will
never be a pill
to purge
its remembrances

Poet: Baldwin, Devin James.

Poem: *Politics of Hair*, Telepoem Number: (505) 225-7654.

Tight, curly locks
swirling wildly.

Line ups, tapers, and fresh fades—
wave caps and du-rags
preserve and accentuate black waves.

Young girls braid, straighten, and color—
transforming their hair into something new.

European standards of beauty
inform the discourse of hair politics.

Hair obsession,
cultural repression,
indoctrination of self-hatred and shame.

Degradation of dark, kinky, curly hair—
rooted in contempt of the African identity.

Yet in the same breath, you culturally appropriate
our language, clothing, music and style—
passing it off as cultural appreciation.

As if we should be grateful for your exploitation—
disguised as approval and admiration.

My heartaches—
every time my baby girl says,
“Dad, I wish my hair was longer and straight.”

My beautiful black girl—
living in a world of otherness.
Bombarded with images of straight, long, European hair.

In this moment of longing for straight hair, she fails to see—
the beauty contained within her African identity.
The power of her dark, curly hair.

Growing outward and upward,
unrestricted, unconfined—
freedom.

Poet: Battson, Jill.

Poem: *Buffeted on a Saturday in New Jersey*, Telepoem Number: (505) 228-2833.

Small green bird lifeless on the concrete expanse
downtown Newark is sloughed of workers
this sunny Saturday, autumn-chilled October
we are bundled against the enormous wind
there is no sign of trauma on its emerald body

...love, *some of the drops do sparkle*

some of its tiny feathers curl and vibrate
and our breath, snatched by the wind,

is pulled into the screaming periwinkle sky
the air is alive with poems, contained miasma
and there, at our feet, a second bird immaculate in death

...In honour of our ancestors

pikin ningre you, are dead also, third completion
we look to the plate glass edifice, sheer mirror
as CK Williams, lanky page of poetry in russet and yellow,
passes - accent aigu - through the buildings' wind corridor
a group of pigeons approach the small black corpse

...embracing our differences

the fourth, legs outstretched, surprised curled claws
lies inert below a small whirlwind of dust and leaves
how did they die? how did they die?
our bed is a raft in a hotel room flooded with tears
all of us buffeted by gusts of wind, gusts of language.

...nothing loved is ever lost

Poet: Battson, Jill.

Poem: *I Groan as One Guilty*, Telepoem Number: (505) 228-4476.

(ingemisco, tamquam reus)

we are the transparent apricot light filtering through muted windows
the smoky blue hoards in neglected cylcorama corners
we catch in your glance, kaleidoscopic in the crystal edges of your eyes
we have come to ease the way
we perch on window sills or help ourselves to vinyl chairs
remember me? I was your classmate died young
and me? your mother's sister taken before my time

with celestial voices as sweet as pure light
we'll bring you tales of pastoral fields, the dew not yet dry
of family upon family waiting to take your hand

our collective breath catches beneath the downy hairs of your arm
and releases in a silent bubble cacophony when you bathe
we smooth your blankets with our ice hot hands
we give succor, our cool lips press your forehead
it is not time for us to take you
but feel us as tangible filaments in this pale room

we turn our backs when others enter your room
we ignore your reach, your imploring eyes, your wicked phrase
but we have left our scent hovering
we notice the puzzled look of strangers, a green clarity
blocked recognition of our purpose
we crowd the bed to watch your membrane'd eyeballs fidget in sleep
join the conversations of the dying to bring you the words of the dead
in this room whatever is hidden shall be seen

Poet: Battson, Jill.

Poem: *Siege Engine*, Telepoem Number: (505) 228-7434.

It was a war
it was a war
 it was a tremendous battle
It was a war
it was a war
 it was a tremendous battle
at every turn there was an assault, an insult
no Christmas truce in the dark, wet trenches

It was a war
it was a war
 he took up arms
It was a war
it was a war
 it was a losing battle
I tried not to trigger him, I planned my retreats
but he ambushed me in the kitchen, and then in the streets

It was a war
it was a war
 it was a war of attrition
It was a war
it was a war
 there was no quarter given
sometimes I thought that there might be a truce
when I let down my defenses then came a putsch

It was a war
it was a war
 it was a guerilla war
It was a war
it was a war
 we were naked and bleeding
there was a blockade of emotions, a counter offensive
we were running on empty, it was all so intensive

It was a war
it was a war
 it was a constant and restless
It was a war
it was a war
 it was a Pyrrhic victory

Poet: Battson, Jill.

Poem: *Time and Gravity*, Running Time 3:30, Telepoem Number: (505) 228-8463.

In Asheville, despite white gauzy curtains,
the noon light is shrill on our aging bodies
five score of skin blemishes and creases
we celebrate the end of a four-day journey
with intertwined flesh across expensive white sheets
 - our mouths dark with bacon grease

we pocket our bodies between duvet and flesh

sing the body electric, caress the plains of skin
play an invisible theremin as our hands work the air
Time continues its gnawing ravaged magic
in cahoots with its old friend, Gravity
- we appear as ancient, out of work porn stars

on trips, a strange reversal: you are neater than a pin,
fussy about spilling food in the car
while I cast clothes and towels around the hotel room
leave wrappers and empty cups for later
I rejoice in the occasional liberty of maybe
- will every role turn inside out?

there is a clarity at this blue-ridged, southern altitude
where the streets are paved with vegans
we see beyond the occluded
to the unguarded place sometimes glimpsed
and check the box next to "mountain towns I like"
- hello, Salida, Gunnison, Telluride

repurposed health food store is a repository of sound
Dr. Bob's touchable, playable machines – toy land for my boy
there is nothing more apt, the weekend before Halloween,
than the spectral sounds delighting the swollen town
Silver Apples of the Moon fall into The Magnetic Fields
- costumed revelers throng every street

we track the impending hurricane
curled together from the safety of the pillow'd bed
our plan to hike Grandfather Mountain abandoned
to race north on the skirt of the storm
autumn's radiant foliage's challenge will be to stay tree-side
- he said: being together is all that matters

Poet: Battson, Jill.

Poem: *Titan*, Telepoem Number: (505) 228-8482.
for Del Dako

She balances the eclipsing moon on her head
white muslin gauzy drift across a darkened meadow
titian tresses an undulating blush over shoulders
moonlight bursts between her fingers
like blood expelled across a brick wall

Atlas carried the weight of the world on his shoulders
until it crushed his spirit with the heaviness of mountains
that night in Los Angeles, pulled from dreams
by the heft of Del seated at the end of the bed,
trill auditory imagining, bells, a single explosion
the book of maps scattered into the dull, windy evening
he ends at the atlas vertebra like a silver milagros body
shining under the quartered face of the moon
here, at the edge of the world.

Poet: Betts, Genevieve.

Poem: *Indian Summer*, Telepoem Number: (480) 238-4634.

For the late mother, love erupts
like acid reflux, unfurls a spiral galaxy
like the ones in the blind owl's eyes.

Summer's nearly over.
You can tell because fat sunflowers
cast their gaze downward

and cicadas drop dead from the sky,
litter hot sidewalks after their last
buzzy lullaby.

Even the children's clothes foretell
the season's end—mud splatters
and grass smears and lightning bug entrails.

Gunshots are fewer now. We will soon
open the windows to autumn coolness,
feel it unfold over Brooklyn rooftops.

Published in *The Tishman Review*

Poet: Betts, Genevieve.

Poem: *Language*, Telepoem Number: (480) 238-5264.

I do not know how to speak
the old language, only grasp

fistfuls of dirt searching
for the scent of childhood—

prickly pear and juniper
and sticky summer tar,

a land of ancient sea beds
where trilobites sleep.

Soon, we too will add our salt,
let it steep in the soil

while we sleep eternal,
starmilk in the darkness

until light pours over newly
exposed deer bones.

There is only the new language,
pebbled and opal in our mouths.

Published in *New Mexico Review*; and from *Lummox 7 Poetry
Anthology*

Poet: Betts, Genevieve.

Poem: *New Light*, Telepoem Number: (480) 238-6395.

I want to speak the language of

crickets and circuits, circus elephants,
crushed velvet and poetry and tar pits.
My eyes are crammed with skyscrapers.

I want to look at every flower's center
as the face of God—the mascara-black

asterisk striking the inside of the tulip cup,
the pollen-tipped whiskers of the tiger lily,

the iris' beard, purple and unfurling
like a bridge's backbend into an island.

The poor daffodils spent all spring
with their faces in the rain sludge.

So did I, for that matter, trying to mumble
through my trumpet-mouth, mudded shut.

I will have to speak a new yellow,
the saturated canary of the sun,

burn a new light in place of the old one.

Published in *The Tishman Review*; and from *Stay Thirsty Poets
Anthology*

Poet: Bower, Laurie.

Poem: *Late in the Day*, Telepoem Number: (970) 269-5283.

Late in the day, when the shadows are long
I walk in the shade of the mesa alone

September breeze caresses my neck
and whispers sweet nothings of love and regret

while crickets explode as my feet touch the ground
and rabbit brush peaks in a golden mound
I am blessed, I'm at peace, I am finally found

filled with the urge to burst into song
late in the day when the shadows are long

Poet: Bramble, Andrew.

Poem: *Wicked*, Telepoem Number: (505) 272-9425.

My mind is wicked
My tongue is wicked mean
See them rewrite history
Know exactly what it means
Think they can trick us
Think they can deceive
But we been around the block
Know the history of those thieves

The haters will try
but they can't break up our crews
Cuz, a clear mind moves
With stunning attitude

We don't feed fear
We make our options then we choose
We choose to live these lives that we grew
We didn't buy them
What's on the shelf is just abuse

Your mind is wicked
Words weave a wicked screen
Cleaving love from our bodies
With your infected, petty dreams
Think you can fool us
But the cunning self-deceive

We're rooted in the earth
And know the history of our grief

Violent thoughts try
But they can't break up my groove
Falling is included
In my dance across the room
It's the old story: a room, a view
Don't fill 'em with crap
What's on the shelf is just abuse

My mind is wicked
An edge that's slices lean
Moments of piercing
but flitting clarity
Just wind in the fairground
pushing dust and dancing clowns
pulsing fluid movements
and the crows are going wild

We don't feed fear
We make our options then we choose
We choose to live these lives that we grew
We didn't buy them

Poet: Brandi, John.

Poem: *Do Me Love*, Telepoem Number: (505) 272-3663.

Do me love
Tear the rose from dawn
Do me long

Do me on the graves
Spread the burning door
Do me upside down

Do the poor rejections in the rain
Do me strong
Do the sunlit nave all night long

Be animal on me, be teeth
Do the old shack along the tracks
Do me free

Sing my burning thing
Make church of legs
Make night thy day

Speak thy longing ache
make noise of swords
Make deep thy please

Do me lunatic in the sun
Keep me love, up til dawn
Hide my lion in the blaze

Do me far, do me wide
Strip thy star, pass the heat
Shade the leaf

Be fear, be love
Touch me with thy need
Be death, be fire

Trouble heaven with thy thirst
Be sleepy at my side
Let me listen, let me find

Do me love
Do thy taste in mine
Be voice, be heatwave

Be candles for the blind

Strew thy ash, break thy wave
Take madness from the mind

Do me love
Do right from wrong
Ask the ankle from the chain

Take me love, ring thy bell
Be tongue that trembles
Clear my breath with your smile

Do me love from light above
Do me out, do me up
Do me wide, do me slim

Do me love
Do me in.

From *Facing High Water* (White Pine Press)

Poet: Brandi, John.

Poem: *Letter from Kathmandu*, Telepoem Number: (505) 272-5388.

Friends, let us wake with disbelief,
bare our souls, tell our stories, lose our eyes,
become vagrants of the Sea.

Let us seek the heat
of the kernel that feeds us in the dark
and step aside of men whose twisted lips
pretend to lead, but are not real
in their pursuit of war.

We've already seen years
of massacre, hydrogen light the night,
children with ruined eyes, tortured by what
no one should ever see.

Let us leave our security,
open our memory, bring flowers
from the storm, write letters that become
sanctuaries, so that we ourselves
may become sanctuaries.

Friends, a dream
runs up to me smiling. I call on you
to see in the dark, to finish
the song inside you.

From *In What Disappears* (White Pine Press)

Poet: Brandi, John.

Poem: *Riding Bus #1 to the Palace of the Legion of Honor*, Telepoem Number: (505)
272-7434.

There's nothing new
about getting old. It's been around
a long time.

Leaves get old, so do cars.
Even dragonflies, within the span
of 24 hours, get old.

Why, just today
I saw some old people
getting on my bus.

About to vacate my seat,
I realized for once I was sitting
where I was supposed to be.

Just under the sign
reading: These Seats Reserved
For Seniors.

With a half-smile, I pondered
the knobby hands in my lap,
the wrinkled paper bag

wrapped around
the lukewarm coffee
jiggling in my paper cup.

In the watery light
of the eyes of the man
across from me, I saw my own

and caught myself talking out loud,
spilling decaf on my shoe,
pulling the frayed bell cord

to be let off —anywhere
so I could test my feet, walk
where I was going.

But once out, I couldn't
remember my destination. I only knew
the sidewalks were moving, and

in the park, the kids
had left their swings swinging,
while up above, the sky was shaking.

So I took a break, bought a donut,
sat down on a bench. Gave my crumbs
to the sparrows,

washed my shoes under a public fountain
and yes, I thought: here I am, once again
feeling young, doing the wrong thing right.

From *The World, The World* (White Pine Press)

Poet: Brandi, John.

Poem: *Work Song While Gardening*, Telepoem Number: (505) 272-9675.

Rake the path, gather bramble,
burn the babble, turn over a stone that gleams
but never reveals its center.

Catch a blossom between the teeth,
amble the weeds, discover a corkscrew seedling
winged and twirling, one that brings you to all fours.

Come down from the top,
dig at the bottom, chew the debris, roll the sun
around with your tongue.

Unwrap the wire from the gate,
undo the cloud, ungun the hip, unbutton the brain,
wander naked without thought of fame.

Hair on the head,
moss after the rain, pull back the leaves
and the ears begin to sing.

Fold the palms, bow to mortality,
take a dust bath in a deserted cave,
begin at the end, follow the wind.

Mountains are moving,
ploughs are rusting, harbors are flooded,
borders do well ground into powder.

Forget the race,
shoulder the wood, carry water,
heat the tea, plunge into fire.

Polish the mirror,
erase the face, quiet the mind
that talks in sleep.

From *Facing High Water* (White Pine Press)

Poet: Brody, Debbi.

Poem: *For Dylan and Any Dark-Skinned Man*, Telepoem Number: (505) 276-3673.

The human body,
A mighty and delicate clay.
His, young and strong,
Each arrest a crack in
The stoneware.

Humans aren't bought
At auction in the USA
Anymore, like our priceless
Limoges was, a gift
from a friend when your father
and I married, 1979.

It is irreparable ,
a chip on its spout
lowers its value,
not unlike the color
of your skin.

I keep it for its beauty,
delicate flowers, gold
leaf edges. Precious
in a life-long tea pot collection
from all over the world.
Were it to fall and break
into pieces, I would not
shed a single tear.

The next time the cops pull you over,
Before they have a chance to throw
You, handcuffed in the back
Of their car, like they usually do,
If they see the handle of your gun,
If what has become nearly inevitable
In these trumped times happens
To you, my son, I will shatter
into a million irrecoverable shards.

From *LummoX Anthology*

Poet: Budesheim, Beth.

Poem: *Birdsong*, Telepoem Number: (505) 283-2473.

Birds echo song
between still mountains
I land in myself

Poet: Budesheim, Beth.

Poem: *Ode*, Telepoem Number: (505) 283-6330.

I gazed at you with newborn blue eyes
brought you to my mouth, until it was denied

we leapt, and danced, and reached for things high
occasionally I bruised you when I was careless, and we cried

You test the waters for me, and offer your advice
Your shape so intrigues me, I think it rather nice

fashioned into a finger, when I'm tired and reclined
you also make an awesome scratcher, when my trimming falls behind

O' big toe, O' big toe
like these rose scent bubbles that adorn you
take my crown in stride,

Excerpted from *Journey*, published in *you are here: the journal of creative geography*, and from *The Dailiness* (Edwin E. Smith Publishing, 2013)

Poet: Camp, Lauren.

Poem: *A Pint*, Telepoem Number: (505) 226-7468.

On a curved street in Carrick-on-Shannon.
On a wood stool near a stranger.
With a pint of muddy beer.
A bowl of roast parsnip soup.
The tide exhaling across the way.
By a silver rail.
By the skirt of the dreary sun.
On the scarf on the scruff of the island.
Everything in this tavern is a chant and a ritual.
We set our conversation on the counter.
Time refuses to continue.

Excerpted from *Journey*, published in *you are here: the journal of creative geography*, and from *The Dailiness* (Edwin E. Smith Publishing, 2013)

Poet: Camp, Lauren.

Poem: *Warning*, Telepoem Number: (505) 226-9276.

Don't walk into a fairy circle.
If you move through fields of Sitka spruce, through bogs,
into an island of oak, ash, hazel and holly,
beware the sweet gospel
of their voices, the stream and giggle of movement.

You won't need a compass to see the signs.
Beware the tiny girl-bodies as they strut,
their doll eyes dancing. Their spirits reside in the heather,
in tiny specks of yellow gorse

in the weak, wet, westernmost world.

If you are tangled in yourself, carry cold iron
and cast your bells on the night wind,
or the changelings will capture you,
flicker and pirouette on your sadness, pinch and pull
until you are sediment in the forest.

Excerpted from *Journey*, published in *you are here: the journal
of creative geography*, and from *The Dailiness* (Edwin E.
Smith Publishing, 2013)

Poet: Carlsen, Ioanna.

Poem: *Mornings*, Telepoem Number: (505) 227-6676.

The dog
wanting out
in the mornings:

nuzzling
head
wet-nosed
on the bed.

Barely conscious,
thinking by doing,
you get up
to prevent
an accident,

letting out
what wants
to get out
and later,

letting in
what wants

to get in.

Doing by thinking,
you lie in bed waking,
drinking tea and making

the best of these last
few moments
of rest.

Then the phone
rings,
the dog becomes restless,
the day
in earnest

begins
and it's later,
you're writing,--

letting in
what's out,
letting out
what's in.

Published in *Poetry East*

Poet: Carlson, Tina.

Poem: *Dear Human*, Telepoem Number: (505) 227-3327.

Dear Human,

The point is, my hands are
wild as willow and as raw.
School was a series of book
smells and subtitles.

Something never quite
right like a rock in the
shoe.

Last week I seized
and gave birth to
a lynx. Between
my breasts, a vase
with fresh soil,
under my ribs
my brother lies
in peace. When
you say hands
up! I cradle him
in the suitcase
of my throat.

For my own good
night took all her food
out of the fridge and
smashed the
glop on the walls,
the color of spleen. It was beautiful
before the police arrived. The
rope confessed the crime, razor
blade, sun, shoddy door in a motel
room. The web, the cage, the closet.

Shoot
me here, in
my garden's
body. My wings
blew off last
week in a
storm.

Poet: Carlson, Tina.

Poem: *Dermoid*, Telepoem Number: (505) 227-3376.

Each night the silence.

Am I a mare?

Am I ditch, late summer,
dried mud?

Am I murderer, muck?

I skull dark dreams

with bits of spark,
hunt ponds
snaked with poachers.

Thirty before I stopped

drowning, before

I began to feed

as if I was a herd.

Am I fertilized

feckless,

a farm?

Metal splints in my toes

knee titanium-hinged

pastures of organs gone missing.

Stranger's hands still

sound my mouth.

When they opened me

and took her out,

she was wound tight with hair

and teeth, glandular.

Fingered with

bark from the trees

I tried to grow in there.

Poet: Carlson, Tina.

Poem: *Lilith to Migrant Girl*, Telepoem Number: (505) 227-5454.

The world was female
from the first, a welcoming
lap, a garden. I am thousands
of years old, you always
young. I lived in trees
above the songs of life's
beginnings. Couldn't bear
the human contract,
to kneel before the man,
sacrifice my voice to his fires.
Like you I smell the waters
of exile, of salt . And you,
daughter, don't drown
in sorrow. Between your
heart and the lost boy,
is your grandmother's memory.
Crawl in, know you belong.
To the wreckage and light,
to the dark nights that
diminish our differences.

From *We Are Meant to Carry Water* (3: Taos Press, 2019)

Poet: Carnahan, Melody Sumner.

Poem: *Charm*, Telepoem Number: (505) 227-2427.

Charm.

Yawn.

Hold open your throat and repeat the word "mood" very distinctly three times, pitched as low as you can without growling or producing a false tone. Imagine that the sound comes from your chest. Now, with your throat in the same position, repeat the word "ice" three times.

Take the word “love” and say it until the meaning of it trembles in your voice. Let your face reflect what you have put into your voice. Then, in that manner say “Good morning.” “How interesting.” “Do come again.”

Read and produced by Laetitia Sonami/CCM Mills College

Poet: Carnahan, Melody Sumner.

Poem: *That Is The Law*, Telepoem Number: (505) 227-8428.

People on the plane of mind experience each other intensely in the moment, but there is no distance, per se. Allow me to explain. The visual sense remains intact, but it is as if the entire body has become the eyes—comparable to the sensate acuity of the membrane of a cell.

Travel does not exist on the immaterial plane. Rather, we speak of the ability to manifest at different locations. This means, theoretically, that one could exist at an infinite number of locations, and size would be infinitely small at each.

However, such shrinking creates an influx of energy—energy is specifically increased by multiple manifestations. That is the law.

Read by Robert Ashley and Joan La Barbara, produced by ABC Radio, Sydney Australia; excerpt from *One Inch Equals 25 Miles* (Burning Books)

Poet: Carnahan, Melody Sumner.

Poem: *The Time Is Now*, Telepoem Number: (505) 227-8463.

The time is now. It is the year of the simple message. The style is imitation, the technique to cheat. The world has abandoned the lion eagle ox in favor of the 30-second spot. There are no presents for children, everything is obvious, envy has erased all sympathetic response. Fire burns on unencumbered by water, uninspired by air. This is a description of mediocrity. There is more headroom but one’s feet are forced into slippers of steel. Pride holds the multitudes in a continual, habitual process of readornment. The sun sets and rises without saturation of the senses, rises and sets

without redemption of the soul. Approaching the azimuth now the sun condenses its message to opposites: There will be good fortune, there will be evil.

Read by Elizabeth Wiseman, produced by Dino J.A. Deane. Published by Burning Books

Poet: Chase-Daniel, Julie.

Poem: *Animal Vegetable Mineral*, Telepoem Number: (505) 242-2646.

Trying to identify the
raptor in our field,
Matthew mentions
he is not a great fan of
Linnaeus. An explanation
ensues having to do with
classes or phyla or kingdoms.
Grasp weak on such things,
my mind wandered,
a blue-winged thing dropped
from the sky, hovered
over a yellow-bellied
winged thing whose
white eyebrows had
captivated me earlier
in the broad day –
twitching, I thought
with worry – and with
no apparent effort
snatched her (or him)
from the mid air just
as I realized I had not
been listening, or even
looking, just wondering
idly, whether the beans
might be done. Now
headed for the cottage,
our footsteps synchronize

even as we squabble
over whether the
intermittent wind is,
or is not,
a distant hurricane,
edgy with hunger.
Barely clothed,
I will dance
in the kitchen as he
prepares our meal, again
we will feast as gods
at rest after so much
christening, and fall
soundly to sleep only
when our skins cool and
the full moon sinks
at last into the sea.
High on their perch, cheeky
kestrels observe our every
move, tails bobbing.
Soon, it will be they
who know our names.

From *The Blue Fold: Explorations at Loggerhead Key, Dry Tortugas National Park* (Axle Contemporary Press, 2018)

Poet: Chase-Daniel, Julie.

Poem: *On Returning Home*, Telepoem Number: (505) 242-6673.

He sees a hawk
the first morning, as he
heads to town, and I
a raven, later,
both of us late risers
fond of our nests.
The dawn
had been nearly

violent in its reds and
yellows as we explored
the familiar sheets,
reviewed the territory of
our bed.

A magpie, flashing
black and white,
followed my afternoon
path with the dog,
arroyo washed hard
by rain, clouds long gone,
air so thin
we could all
slip through it.

Maybe it was just
passing through
as wind does here,
in the high desert,
no clinging
scent of chamisa
at the end of the season,
the beginning of fall.

Animals, all
buoyant today
we breathe
in, home as
joyous enterprise
and out,
as open gate.

Poet: Chase-Daniel, Julie.

Poem: *Preservation*, Telepoem Number: (505) 242-7737.

In death the lilies
lie down
like long-necked egrets,
graceful in their green

bed of infinitely
long duration,
but the birds
we find
look like exhausted
angels crashed to earth,
simply unable
to carry on
for even one more
blessed second.

We see traces of a turtle,
tracks leading to her
wide V-bottomed nest
certain to be full,
soft white eggs
deep down, a deposit
safe, at least for now
and triumphant
in the tattered landscape.
My thoughts turn

toward the little kid
in the Haggadah
who asks every year
what does all this
have to do with me?

None of us imagines
we are that wicked
one, certainly not I,
who must learn
again and again
we are all connected,
no boundary,
one and the same.

If you know the story,
you know this, and that
it's about survival.
And how it is in
the telling
each year that we remember
the world,
return to the fold over
and over, across
the distance of our questions.

From *The Blue Fold: Explorations at Loggerhead Key, Dry Tortugas National Park* (Axle Contemporary Press, 2018)

Poet: Chase-Daniel, Julie.

Poem: *You want to tell them things*, Telepoem Number: (505) 242-9689.

So you reach with your grass,
stroking their feet, you say
this is a long story,
the unfolding of it
or its end
is up to you.
Listen.
Listen, you say,
while they look and look.
Casting your gentle touch
to the wind
you drive them away
by hurricane
you fling your sand
from one side to the other
you pull the fruit from the trees
scorch every leaf
rip out the lilies.
You raise the tide
suck them in a little too deep.

Again and again
you pull down the dock
but they return nonetheless
their looking never stops.
You summon the clouds
you shower them
you tear at their clothes.
The air is thick with your voice
guttural, howling,
whistling, you call in the raptors to
feast on the songbirds, a ritual
of carnage. By full moon
at perigee you hammer
all night, glaring
you stoke the sun
burn their round faces.
Eventually they go, melting
back into their blue fold,
the way of all the others.
You don't know if they
learned your language or if
they could even hear you.
On to the next guests,
you'll never hear them
say: our island
is a shuddering microcosm,
speaking for the earth,
you'll never see this,
the fruit of
all that looking,
with its hopeful stone,
what's come of them
now, in the flesh
after you.

From *The Blue Fold: Explorations at Loggerhead Key, Dry Tortugas National Park* (Axle Contemporary Press, 2018)

Poet: Cisper, Mary.

Poem: *After My Brother Dies, a Dream*, Telepoem Number: (505) 247-2383.

You marry a woman named Rose
and move to Vermont
where it snows and snows.
One of my names is Rose and between
here and there, mountains, lakes,
more mountains. What happens
in Vermont is unknown to everyone.
Covered bridges, maple syrup,
horses tearing flowers with huge
autumn teeth on postcards.
You're disappearing,
what will you do next.
I miss the snow for ten minutes.
Vermont's another country
no one goes to. It will be colder,
where are the right clothes.
The rose is tired of lifting such weather,
what are russet horses to me.
The ice inside this movie is not
melting. Maples lose their leaves
everywhere. The capital is not Burlington.
Snow is shaking inside a red
bouquet like Miss America.
A body already sat up in bed.
By now, Vermont is invisible.
The bridges not to be imagined.

From *Dark Tussock Moth* (Trio House Press)

Poet: Cisper, Mary.

Poem: *Durga on Her Brass Lion*, Telepoem Number: (505) 247-3874.

When my sister says she gave away everything
except what fit in the back of a pickup,

don't bother with the radio,
I'm in a tunnel—

unhearable nuthatch tappings, unidentified
white flowers. The umbels look
experimental: rays wearing emanation tufts.

(Someone asked me once, lead the next song,
frost-proof roses, Durga on her brass lion—

I can't sing I'll say)

The highway looms: cardboard storage, torn
gloaming paper, a bridge on which
is written make something useful.

Lion
of ditched belongings, lion of asphalt.

Uprooted, roses cannot soften
Durga's silent question— could I?

(Scraps fly:
some escape the light, some are swallows)

From *Dark Tussock Moth* (Trio House Press)

Poet: Davis, Jon.

Poem: *Anthem*, Telepoem Number: (505) 328-2684.

Cadillacs & catalexis. Burdens. Graces.

Jimi in the billowing, the blazon & hiss.

Black jeans, black boots. Lean as a stork.

Shades, circa Dylan '64.

Powder blue Strat lashed to his back.

Destiny wants him, wants pick slash,

shimmer & sweep, hammer-on,

elision & crunk. Wants hip thrust, amp hump,

tongue in the crease. The guitar's

lather & moan. Blue flames, dapple of headlights,

emergency whine & blatt. Long black fingers

on the maple neck. The banner, blood-spangled,

riven & shorn. Home of the grave. Then:

Blackout. Whipped free, that Strat,

in amplight & droning flung. Hazards, vexed

amplitudes, all of it, sputtering with avarice & shame.

Published in *Improbable Creatures* (Grid Books, 2017)

Poet: Davis, Jon.

Poem: *Empire*, Telepoem Number: (505) 328-3674.

A sizeable hog
snoozing beside
the rusted abattoir.

Published in *:terrain.org* and *Improbable Creatures* (Grid Books, 2017)

Poet: Davis, Jon.

Poem: *The Gropingest Grope of All Groper*, Telepoem Number: (505) 328-4767.

Was a gringo, a gamer, a guppy-lush geegaw,
who stole in the night to the wine bar askew.

His hat was all flimflam, his mouth half-aghast,
awash in st-stammer and thrust. His parry,

a party, a partly-posh soiree, a glimpse and a gush
and a slap on the butt. His hands wandered wary

for wary was he, that tentacled tit-monger and
kisser to boot. Brute boot, to be sure, hallowed

and hollowed and power-mad, too. Who adores
a fascist abhors a boor. His lingua was franca,

his linguine, al dente, and paired with vin gris,
for the gropingest grope of all groper was he.

Poet: Davis, Jon.

Poem: *Solstice*, Telepoem Number: (505) 328-7657.

I would like to say this
night is annunciation,
that the waning moon floats
the winter sky, a wafer of light
on a tongue of darkness,
or tell you how my father
once, legend has it, pissed
in the gas tank of a '39 Ford
and rattled the last miles home,
but who knows where this
particular darkness will take us,
smuggling us in a willow basket
across the snowy fields

while Orion grabs, with one
strong arm, three rabbits by the ears,
with the other hoists
an armful of kindling, and plods
steadily across the sky. I meant
to tell you to breathe deeply,
meant to say I'll be back,
in darkness or light, meant
to say we'll lay a fire, roast
these mealy rabbits and sing
at the end of this short day a song
about light, how it comes again,
untended, regardless, hands out
in supplication, asking
forgiveness for being itself,
for being a disturbance of air
between the wings of night,
for promising us so much
that darkness finally delivers.

Published in *Taos Journal of International Poetry & Art*

Poet: Falandays, Kallie.

Poem: *The Dream Is Wrong*, Telepoem Number: (302) 325-3732.

The woman you thought you loved
Is drinking Coca-Cola with a stranger

In an RV park. The woman you loved
Is calling other people mean names

Behind her son's friend's basketball hoop.
The woman you loved had three kids

And takes pills for her blood pressure.
The woman who told you that your hands

Glistened like two brilliant, distant stars,
The one who sang you arias while you showered.

That one has been othered. That one watches plays alone.
No one is sadder than they choose to be,

But in the back seat of the movie theater
On a Wednesday night, the future feels moist

Like rained-on cardboard; you're beaming
Because the woman you love

Is on her way home with bread
From a bakery you love
And she doesn't know
What names you've been whispering

In your tired mouth
All morning.

Poet: Federici, Federico.

Poem: *Keep Me As A Pet*, Telepoem Number: (39) 337-5337.

keep me as a pet,
a poet, a buzz of nerves,
a dial-pad erased, an n-
-degree polynomial curve
that fits a logarithmic shape,
an equidistant surface,
a segment miles away
from the centre of my birth,
a thin blank bone – a dowel,
I think – a tiny creature
cradled on a wooden train,
a skinny toy, a scan, an X-ray
box for sodden minds of ghosts
that creep on long straight stilts,

a traffic light that flashes
yellow, green and red,
the pinhole eyes on guard
from the pink machine ahead,
a golden fish that snaps ashore,
a hat, a bat, a lamp, an apple peel
in the flat palm close at hand
– don't touch me, though
for such a fear forever rests
in me, a flawless butterfly
that strengthens revelation
drops and folds

Poet: Fleming, Gerald.

Poem: *Casa de Ambivalence*, Telepoem Number: (415) 353-2272.

It's possible to feel awful anywhere. You can be above a harbor, the water blue, the sky blue, one boat streaming in, a little generic warm wind, birds, etc. and think, *if I only focus for a minute, do the numbers, I can average myself at least abject.*

You make up formulas: your income + your living situation + that blue weather + the mute pleasure of that lone boat and its white wake divided by the cumulative suffering delivered by gunpowder x the world's current population x that number's exponential expansion minus every molecule of mud blown skyward, and you enter, in your sought-for negative number, an abjection so deep you stand up & search the nearest dark drawer for a badge to turn in.

After a few hours you pull yourself up, out, venture into the fading light, decide to go to a club, careful not to consider the connotations of *club*, and you sit down, order a drink, steering your thoughts delicately, carefully not considering the implications of *drink*, and the music begins, stops, begins again, and a beautiful woman beside you spins on her barstool & says, *Do you like the music?*

And you weep into your hands just a little moment, recover, answer: *Do I like the music? This contra-bass? This bandoneón? I'm wondering only how you deserve your skin, what I did to deserve the sight of this candlelight on your face, what your lips did to*

deserve their fullness, what we're doing here listening to tango when the rest of the world...

You've said enough, she says. Come with me & let's be miserable together—we'll build a house called Casa de Ambivalence, we'll wrap our bodies around each other, I promise to cry out in pain....

Poet: Fleming, Gerald.

Poem: *Let's Organize a Parade*, Telepoem Number: (415) 353-5387.

Let's organize a parade of one-legged war heroes, the President said,

fifteen years of roadside bombs, there must be thousands of 'em! We'll dress 'em in bright colors, the lost lefts we'll do red, the lost rights we'll do in Air Force blue, we'll fly 'em here, put 'em up a few nights—vouchers for drinks, that's all it'll take—they'll march the half-step, we'll goose-step 'em, left flank & right, and when they're told to Close Ranks for the cameras, they'll look whole again in the afternoon light & our great nation can forget...

Dressed in polished cotton, the soldiers came, did as they were told. Up the straight avenue they marched, young men, young women, slow but lockstep, eyes raised, televised, unwavering, arm in arm for support.

And then, as one, they fell, The Domino Effect come true, but not the way the generals had warned of it, been funded for it so long ago; there on that glorious day the one-legged warriors fell, men against women against men against men, arm in arm they went down in the clatter of prosthetics, the reds into the blues in one wave undulating down the avenue, the band on the bandstand antheming its martial pageantry of spring, cherry blossoms adrift in the brisk April breeze.

What about one-armed men, then, said the President. They can still salute, can't they? Let's make 'em salute. What about gurneys? Can we get guys on gurneys...

Poet: George, Jenny.

Poem: *Everything Is Restored*, Telepoem Number: (505) 436-3837.

He swallows the last spoonful
of prunes, their soft rapture

in his mouth. Then the jar
is washed under play of light,
then the boy's mouth
is wiped with a cloth.
He squalls for a moment, then
stops. Everything is restored.
Chime of spoon in the sink.
The boy is lifted out of his seat,
legs swimming in the slow
element. A small seal.
The kitchen ebbs and flows,
sleek afternoon sunshine.

Now the boy is placed
in his crib, now he is slipping
into the silvery minnows
of dreams, a disorder of shine,
particles of motion flickering
beneath the surface.
Harm will come. It's the kind of knowledge
that ruptures and won't
repair—an ocean that keeps
on breaking.

The day moves with the gradual logic
of drowning. Evening fills the house.
Oh, where are you? Where are you going?
The mother folds up the ocean
and shuts it in a cupboard.

From *The Dream of Reason* (Copper Canyon Press)

Poet: George, Jenny.

Poem: *The Sleeping Pig*, Telepoem Number: (505) 436-7533.

It is easy to love a pig in a nightgown.
See how he sleeps, white flannel

straining his neck at the neck hole.
His body swells and then deflates.
The gown is nothing to be ashamed of, only
the white clay of moonlight smeared
over his hulk, original clothing, the milk
of his loneliness. The flickering candle
of a dream moves his warty eyelids.
All sleeping things are children.

From *The Dream of Reason* (Copper Canyon Press)

Poet: George, Jenny.

Poem: *Sonnet for Lost Teeth*, Telepoem Number: (505) 436-7666.

The combines were tearing off the field's clothes.
It was August, haying season. My tooth
was loose, a snag in the clam of my mouth.
I worked it like a pearl. I'd been out of school
for sixty days. In the sweat of the barn
I watched him shoot the calf in the head.
He wiped the hide gently, like cleaning his glasses.
Overnight, I grew a beard so I wouldn't
have to get married. I let my feet go black
from burned grasses. *It never gets easier*
he said, kicking straw over the blood patch.
She went down so quiet it was almost
sad. Later, when my tooth fell out, I buried it
under my pillow and it grew into money.

From *The Dream of Reason* (Copper Canyon Press)

Poet: George, Jenny.

Poem: *Threshold Gods*, Telepoem Number: (505) 436-8473.

I saw a bat in a dream and then later that week
I saw a real bat, crawling on its elbows
across the porch like a goblin.

It was early evening. I want to ask about death.

But first I want to ask about flying.

The swimmers talk quietly, standing waist deep in the dark lake.
It's time to come in but they keep talking quietly.
Above them, early bats driving low over the water.
From here the voices are undifferentiated.
The dark is full of purring moths.

Think of it—to navigate by adjustment, by the beauty
of adjustment. All those shifts and echoes.
The bats veer and dive. Their eyes are tiny golden fruits.
They capture the moths in their teeth.
Summer is ending. The orchard is carved with the names of girls.
Wind fingers the leaves softly, like torn clothes.
Remember, desire was the first creature
that flew from the crevice
back when the earth and the sky were pinned together
like two rocks.

Now, I open the screen door and there it is—
a leather change purse
moving across the floorboards.

But in the dream you were large and you opened
the translucent hide of your body
and you folded me
in your long arms. And held me for a while.
As a bat might hold a small, dying bat. As the lake
holds the night upside down in its mouth.

From *The Dream of Reason* (Copper Canyon Press)

Poet: George, Jenny.

Poem: *Reprieve*, Telepoem Number: (505) 436-7377.

Before the insects start to grind their million bodies,
before impulse scatters the deer into the trees,
before desire:

there's a rest.

The dawn and the day observe each other.

The herd begins to move over the field, one shared dream
of grass and wind.

The small stones of their hooves in the stony field.

I've exhausted my cruelty.

I've arrived at myself again.

The sun builds a slow house inside my house,
touching the stilled curtains, the bottoms of cups
left out on the table.

From *The Dream of Reason* (Copper Canyon Press)

Poet: Gould, James.

Poem: *Dance With Me*, Telepoem Number: (505) 468-3262.

Dance with me
like cobwebs aglow
with dangerous intuition,
like treetops
earthquake nervous,
like broken puppets in a fun house
drunk on liquor abandon.
Dance with me
with eyes blind to preconception
and my usual
I-don't-think-I'm-up-to-this-attitude.

Poet: Gould, James.

Poem: *Department of Answers*, Telepoem Number: (505) 468-3378.

Say, I have a question

No, I don't have an appointment;

I'm a walk-in

So tell me:

It is Money or Courage?

No, that's fine, I can wait. Take your time.

I got 10 maybe 15 minutes here---

No, I tell you what, I'll wait here all day. I'm a patient man.

This is an important question for me. Is it Money or Courage?

I don't want to hear you talk for an hour about a lot of theories

And I don't want to fill out a damn questionnaire and hear your speculation
about how my past may be influencing my present orientation and attitude.

No, I'd rather just sit here quietly while you think on it.

Then I just want you to level with me.

Money or Courage?

I think I know the answer, but I want to hear it from you.

So you tell me.

Okay?

Poet: Gould, James.

Poem: *Permission*, Telepoem Number: (505) 468-7376.

You have to know who to ask. It helps to have the right questions. There may be paperwork, filing deadlines, requests for references and transcripts, a format to follow. You might need to write an essay explaining why you need permission, why you think you deserve it and what you're planning to do with it if you get it. They'll make attempts to verify and there may also be lab work and physical and psychological exams. Expect phone calls. Background checks are likely. They will talk to your friends, family, co-workers and neighbors. You'll probably have to perform equations and calculations. You'll need a formula. You'll have to figure all that out for yourself. Yes, there are guide books and night classes. Or you could pay to get help from a qualified Permission Aid Specialist who may be able to prescribe medications purported to help with the process.

Finally, you will need to make a choice when you complete the application: A big, well lit life, or a small one, cramped and dark?

You decide.

Poet: Gould, James.

Poem: *Quiet Time*, Telepoem Number: (505) 468-7843

Let's not say anything for awhile
let's trust one another
let's know more than words

Let's listen to our hearts
quietly, without words
let's reach for something
free of the burden
there are so many to choose from
it's so hard to get it right

Let's go another way
maybe just sit and look
the trees, their shape and aspect of green
the way air and distance change
the color of the mountains afar
compared to those up close

these rocks and pine needles
the bird that just flew by
or the one we can't see
perched nearby whispering
heep heep heep
the favor of wind
acknowledged by branches aquiver
this calm stillness
let's be that.
Quiet
For now

Poet: Gregorio, Renée.

Poem: *The Angel Tells Me*, Telepoem Number: (505) 473-2643.

learn to listen with your whole body
she tells me

and I say I want to be with him
till my bones ache

she says I think a certain amount of praying
will be necessary

and I say I want to cut through this
like breaking a glass bottle over flagstone

and she ways be raw
in your emotions

and I say I long to be
living in danger

and she says there is another territory
between the wild and the rational—live there

so I say who has the key?

is it the car mechanic?

—my hands gripped tight around his thick waist
loving that wiry territory under the hood?

and she says you know
where your lips are

and I say I am ready
to burrow in

and she says don't fall over into it
like shouting down a well

and I say already there are too many
echoes in me

and she says lay a tribute
to what's broken

and I say I will burn candles
next to the shards of glass

and she says explore the dimensions
of your clashing desires

and I say I am afraid
to drive through blinding snow

and she says the musicality of chance
and I say this beginning breaks over me

and she says dive fully
under the harsh surface of water

and I say I have been
in shadow too long

and she says I am your intimate witness
and I say you are the unsounded voice in my head.

From *The Storm That Tames Us* (La Alameda Press)

Poet: Gregorio, Renée.

Poem: *Privilege*, Telepoem Number: (505) 473-7748.

I make a cup of coffee.
Outside my window, nothing's burning
except a strip of light across the burnished field
caused by the sun's rising.

I drink the cup of coffee,
while on the world's other side
a child reaches toward a packet
on the ground, thinking it is food.

Here it is the milky way that stretches
clear across the entire sky above the house,
huge arc of condensed stars.
What streaks across night sky is only a shooting star.

Once, in a village in Laos, a helicopter
flew over my head. A villager, startled, said:
That's what it sounded like when the Americans were here.
The sorrow I felt ran wider

than the spirit of welcome in that man's arms.
Now we add our dead to the three million Vietnamese,
to the rooms piled with the bodies of the east Timorese,
to those at the pharmaceutical factory in Sudan.

I live in a house, intact, made of earth.
The only sounds: dogbark and wingbeat.
This kind of silence fills my body as rain

fills the arroyos, makes rivers live again.

The shadow of geese flying overhead
fell down over my view out the kitchen window
and the shadow made me duck,
even though I was inside.

From *Drenched* (Fish Drum, Inc.)

Poet: Gregorio, Renée.

Poem: *The Shopkeepers' Names*, Telepoem Number: (505) 473-7467.

In a small shop in Xania
I meet two young shopkeepers
with hallucinogenic names.

One tells me everything's made in Greece
as she leads me around the store
with her vibrancy.

The other remarks
that in the current economy
the women are the first to go,
in the world of work
the first to be seen as unnecessary.

My shopkeepers do not offer
their names until asked. Stunned at the power
they evoke, I ask further:
what might it mean
to live into those names?
They laugh, unaware of their shining.

Oh, Panagiota!
Look at all the clothes
you tempted me with—
I bought more than I needed

in the glow of your generous attention
bought your charm and laughter, your warmth.

Panagiota, Panagia—all-holy one—
we visit your chapels
everywhere on Crete,
each dedicated to your namesake.

Oh, Olympia!
sanctuary of ancient Greece,
classic site of the first Olympic games.
In your temenos—temple of Hera,
temple of Zeus, altars of sacrifice.

Then I turn my head
to see on a shelf amidst the scarves,
underneath the hand-wrought jewelry,
chthonic goddess of snakes!

She stands holding two live ones,
clearly unafraid,
knows what it means
to grapple in darkness—
not afraid, either, to show herself,
her breasts fully bared
above checkered bodice,
arms open,
hands full of snake.

These are the women I hold
as I return home: goddess of snake,
Panagiota, Olympia.
(In the myth of Glaucus
it's the snake that knows, that delivers
the herb of regeneration, of rebirth.)

But who is this snake priestess,

snake goddess—of the earth
of the mother, of the household—
her meaning disputed.

All I know is when I look at her
I see her strength,
her ability to hold
what's writhing in both hands,
to know that sometimes
what's powerfully given
—like our names—
asks us to shed what's deeply held
—our insignificance—
and to live there.

Poet: Gregorio, Renée.

Poem: *Sometimes*, Telepoem Number: (505) 473-7663.

Sometimes the sunset is all I can bear,
that rosy golden light all I need to know
of what the world can do to you.
The bright pink and white cosmos refuse
to look less cheerful in the shadows.
On the aging wooden table, dried out
from this desert air, cracking and changing shape,
I have two candles here in front of me:
one for the burgeoning underbelly of earth
beneath my spreading feet, the other
for quieting the world's solid confusion,
when going to war is for peace's sake.
Sometimes I think of the men I've loved
and how each was perfect and necessary,
for a time, how I'm always looking in,
then looking out, till I wake up dizzy
with the thought of what's possible and impossible,
and I want to eat homemade vanilla ice cream
with toasted coconut and caramel sauce

till I die in the sweet delight of it all.
Sometimes the changing air of fall could make me
break down, crack open. Sometimes if
I could play the piano again, and sing,
I'd hit the road with these poems,
I'd call up my fourth cousin, Chick Corea,
and have him show me the show-biz ropes,
I'd have dinner with everyone I've ever loved
gone to the other side now and there'd be
no pressure to be anything other than what I am,
conflicted and bright as the New Mexico sunflowers
that won't blossom, then do,
under the half-mooned, Milky-Way sky,
wanting nothing but the sun to rise again over these hills.

From *Drenched* (Fish Drum, Inc.)

Poet: Griffo, Cari.

Poem: *Holy Water*, Telepoem Number: (505) 474-4659.

I'd like to borrow your faith
 in holy water.
Go down to where I'm dirtiest,
drop past all the lingo,
way past the lingo of low self-esteem
that "Not good enough," voice
hunching shoulders, apologizing
for being in the same room, down, down
to where thinking out of religion goes.
Down, down to, "It wasn't my fault."
Down, down to where your sin
is my sin.
 I'm a sin-mixer,
into your holy water.
I'll buy it Catholic for forty dollars a bottle.
Holy cross prayers as my prayers.
 I'm a prayer-mixer,

throw Rosh Hoshanah bread
into your Jewish water,
let it bloat there.
You can have my feet
ankles down, elbows down to hands, take my mouth,
extra water enter my mouth,
especially the mouth,
five times a day for Wudu.

I'd like to borrow your faith
in holy water,
after the cleansing.

To drink an entire cup of Nam mon
every morning, its magic
to keep me clean.
Let me hold the candle for wax
droppings in the alms bowl.
Floating gold leaves and lotuses,
your holiness is my holiness.
Drop me into your Hindu, wash my grime
in the Ganges River, so I may
be sacred before I pray.

I'm a prayer-mixer,
waiting for the high-priest at Manik Ganga
to do the water cutting ceremony

I'm a water-cutter,
running naked chanting for holy spots
in the Sri Lanken's river.

I'd like to borrow your faith
in holy water.

To be dunked and popped
out of a human tank, as if bursting
away from the placenta, new-born,

I'm a born-again.

Your sin is my sin,

I'm a sin-mixer.
Pray for me with your prayers
or your belief's prayers.
I'll take all prayers
and scrub them into the holy water,
right down to the bones of all religions,
scrub down to all their storytellers,
deep down to the sins in their stories.
Holy water, take me down.

Published in *Manorborn*

Poet: Hellstern, Elizabeth.

Poem: *Come To Me, My Grace*, Telepoem Number: (928) 435-2663.

I pen and stamp
an expression of regret
to my dying auntie. How much grace
do I still need?

To measure myself I cross-out
expletives, teaspoon my fits,
measure my rage

I'd rather rise before the sun to greet it;

I'd rather hug eight times a day;

I'd rather braid than upbraid;

I'd rather not eat the maggots out my mouth,
unpleasant lying things that feast
on death.

How much grace? and where?

I send the letter and she writes a return that day.

I read it after her death,
Yes, there is peace between us before I die.
Thank you, thank you, thank you.

Poet: Hellstern, Elizabeth.

Poem: *High Desert*, Telepoem Number: (928) 435-4444.

The cacti grab at my skin, needy,
hoping someone will love them
Their fuchsia-bloom is beautiful

The flies rise in spring
Irritating, maybe
but alive. For such a very short time

The land has new buildings scattered
The bulldozed branches are piled on the side
of the human tracks that mar the desert

Every day an exquisite sunset,
the sun's requisite farewell
to the harsh of Ortiz Mountains

The night then
pulls the clouds in
the lightest of eiderdowns

Raven circle in blue
Desert life is true and slow
there's no room for waste

Its beauty is spare
and unexpected. Death
is always here--a constant guest

This desert has flogged me,
whipped me

cracked me over its knee

Like the snag piñon tree
Only to cast me aside
my wood bleached to silver

The wind is my mirror
a reflection of constant change
I am split open to the sky

In the stone circle above the arroyo bed
I spiral like a pendulum
regulate the energy's clock mechanism

Raise my vigor and directly address
the gods and the fae
Make offerings and ask for their aid

Peel away the bark
eat the surface, like a twisting beetle track
Oh land, may you accept me yet!

I seek the rain and then the chalice
And bowls of ancestral pottery spill
like lucid dreams from the pillow

Poet: Hellstern, Elizabeth.

Poem: *Kissing Zinnias*, Telepoem Number: (928) 435-5477.

[An excursion out of the group home and into a greenhouse--inside the broken brain
which houses my mother]

The psychic doors sense her approach and open
to a field trip on the universe--Your skin is hungry for sunshine

--explorer from a wheeled carriage, the matriarch
watches the world as she rolls by. We are draped in matching scarves

my father brought back from his solo trip abroad--
Our heraldry from another country
allow us passage

We continue towards the orderly rows of greenery.
it's a scene.

Everyone acts so nice; nobody looks in our eyes.
A giggle-- fuels my push reaching, at last, the beginning
where seeds are sown. Deep rich earth.

Her quaking fingertips wish to caress but her muscles can't reach
Flowers wave at her. They are rooted in place,
filling plastic vessels under the sun.

The queen awaits homage from the petals.
She kisses her zinnias, anoints her nose with pollen.

Happy- sad. Death- life. End. Begin.

Poet: Hellstern, Elizabeth.

Poem: *My Mom Dreams*, Telepoem Number: (928) 435-6966.

My mom dreams of dogs in grocery stores
Her pigtailed tight, she's conquered her fear
Of the yappers on their leashes guarding their grass patches
That she passed on her way to 2nd grade.

My mom dreams of slipping into the private honeymoon pool
with her tired, slim honeymoon body, surfaced next to a man again.
Her quim that just learned French

My mom dreams of brightly colored scarves flashing
Tickling her face like an infant.
She likes it when I float them over her, like a parachute in preschool,
Dancing around her hospital bed, googling my eyes upside down
in-between my legs, breaking through the wall of the brain-injured stare

Oh yes, I dream, she says.

Poet: Hellstern, Elizabeth.

Poem: *Tornado Summer in Iowa*, Telepoem Number: (928) 435-8676.

Tornado-summer in Iowa
We'd walk to the water tower
Where teenagers graffitied their lovers names and
I longed for that kind of devotion
When I had just learned to ride my bike
I pedaled that lilac banana seat in circles around the driveway
Until I scraped my cheek
on the hard curve

And my mom's hair was a present of soft 80s curls framing her face
Our house was the Executive Model
The bathroom had dust angels that I could watch
We would bury Stars Wars figures and fiery demon fingers would steal them from the
sandbox
I took that lilac banana seat everywhere,
My wheels of freedom letting me be
Alone. Finally.

On those heavy days of tornado-summer
My brother sat at the western window, watching for twisters
Birds shat but I thought it was rain
And the air was thick and it pushed me
Down the hill, on the lilac banana seat
That was my throne of liberty

In those weighty days of tornado-summer,
My brother watching in fear
Me pedaling as hard as childhood
My moms 90s frosted hair a check in the mail
I smell the memory of who we
were becoming; anxious, striving, running.

I'm still on that lilac banana seat
Still curious and able, my own legs taking me where I will go.

Poet: Hellstern, Elizabeth.

Poem: *Waterwheel Turning*, Telepoem Number: (928) 435-9283.
with a nod to *Telephone Ringing* (W.S. Merwin)

I cannot resist
the way the wheel turns as it follows
how I use the waterwheel force
to hammer-strike filth rags into pages
or grist-mill the grain for our bread
one for soul and other for sustenance
circling, if I knew how to circle fully round
the apex to dunk deep beneath, holding my breath
and the middle days where we just continue
about our lives and their same rotation
while we transform without knowing, we are
discarded linens, pounded into a fine mold with deckle-edge
the wheel we can't slow or speed
as the water's nature is to be its own master
and we are simply the paper
with our own words upon it

Poet: Holland, Michelle.

Poem: *Definition*, Telepoem Number: (505) 465-3334.

"Touch me, remind me who I am." Stanley Kunitz

For the years I was married,
I was reminded who I am,
reminded of daily beginnings
in the dark of early morning chores
we both woke to his arm across
my shoulders, my back to his chest,
a half embrace hello,
to organize the sharpness of ourselves

from the mess of sleep to the form
that we would take to rise
and meet our lives again together.

I catch myself in the mirror,
hair unruly, eyes lost until I focus,
but just for a moment on the image
staring back at me. I pretend
I don't ever see myself,
avoid dark windows in lighted rooms.

Night, now, is a disassembling,
no feet, no heart beat, no breath
to worry about, a time lapsed
to forget everything that holds skin
on bones, holds eyes in sockets,
tongue unmoved, body unchecked.

I push against each giving in,
fall asleep now alone, grateful
to drop off, but I fear I lose each night,
lose more of the "I" that constructs
"I am," because there is no one now
to touch me in that way,
that familiar comfort that brought
all the disparate parts together,
a touch so usual, a common prayer
to rebuild and remember.

I wake today to the alarm in the dark,
and every morning there's a forgetfulness,
a lapse, an anticipation, that his arm
will find me again, remind me who I am.
Then the wrench sharp as a heart cramp,
a gasp ungasped, aware the definition
has changed forever. The dictionary
that contains me snapped out of existence

in late August, after the other part
of who I am forever died his brave,
horrible death, after he promised
he'd wait for me forever,
but not beside me anymore.

Poet: Holland, Michelle.

Poem: *Expecting Beauty*, Telepoem Number: (505) 465-3973.

She thinks the world stiff as principle
may not give way to beauty, not anymore.
There's a gasp that catches the edge
of sunrise so similar to every other sunrise,
right? When Charles I was hung at dawn,
or the Titanic's band played on into
the inevitable sinking,
or the heaves of labor pushed out
her wailing self into the early hours
of another day, like any other day.
You see where this is going?

Each strip of light ribbons down
from the clouds, the stringy moon setting
in the western orange morning glow,
this time a crescent so thin,
like a winking eye, a knowing grin,
a solstice dawn. But, there's a catch
these days, an astronomical reluctance,
a whisper of resistance to rise again.

The math is there, beyond the eastern horizon
on anyone's topography –
could be the line of calm ocean,
the rocky outcropping of a distant mountain
that she still can't name, or closer,
just along the knife of ridge outside
her window. See the equations,

dull scratches as on a blue-sky chalkboard,
or in the hoary frost on the inside
of the thin glass pane looking out.

Squint and the markings are there,
a proof of sorts to remind the sun
that even after such a long night, the day
should begin again, and again tomorrow,
no matter if the little girl at the window
expects this gift as beauty or wants to witness
another lit catastrophe. Her gasp creates the catch
the sun feels. She has learned the world
by heart, the equations that will send
each day spinning toward inevitable night.

Poet: Holland, Michelle.

Poem: *Playing the Rain*, Telepoem Number: (505) 465-7529.

We wake to rain and wonder
where the leaks will darken the dirt floor,
where the pots are resting from the last rain,
and if we heard our eleven-year old daughter
midnight wandering again.

We imagine the night cloud cover moving,
and the glints of rain if we were to look
as into a shower of small lights.
Rain hits the corrugated tin above us,
fills the grooves into soffits,
into downspouts, into cattle tanks.

The corners of the tin don't connect,
they overlap uneasily, reflect
the light of most of our sunny days.
Water finds a way into the house
unexpectedly. The tar we slapped down
didn't hold, wasn't smeared

into the right corners, and we're leaking again.
"Oops," my husband says, his hand out,
"Get a pot."

We hear the notes rise in the storm.
While we scurry for containers
to hold the outside of rain
that has turned to downpour,
our daughter is at her piano.

She matches the cadence
of drops on the tin roof,
the clucking of our wet hens,
the shuffling of horses as they find
a place to stand away from slanting rain.
She plays a song of this storm on this night.

Her fingers fly to the thunder
and her head bows low to the keys.
She brings the storm into the house,
catches the arroyos filling and washing
down small rocks. The echo
of lightning flashes with her fingers.
We place the pots. She continues,
and the midnight rain begins to subside.

She ends the storm as the only sound left
is the water dripping into the cattle tank.
As she passes us on her way back to bed,
I say, "Nice storm," and wonder briefly
if she had played the storm into being.

From *The Sound a Raven Makes* (Tres Chicas Press, 2006)

Poet: Hunt, Robyn.

Poem: *Music From the Curb*, Telepoem Number: (505) 486-6874.

Rising from the damp ditch of short sleep
acequia lady picks up her traveling mandolin
to accompany boom box bass on wheels
passing on the wet street.

Bus comes by. Push brakes hiss
at the rigid stop sign corner.
Wistful 'o' in the mouth of the bronze
mother in the artist's yard floats as if
a piano in her esophagus is escaping.

Accordion whistles through car windows.
Down the block, one weary dishwasher
steps out for a smoke. Cheap spoons a jangle
in his big, damp pockets.

He inhales then breathes out,
harmonica toke he can't hold in,
two-step with utensils, outside these rooms
where we drink without hearing.

Until night kicks with tenor and the hollow
windy etch of leaves missing from trees.

From *The Shape of Caught Water* (Red Mountain Press)

Poet: Hunt, Robyn.

Poem: *To Say Blue is Too Simple*, Telepoem Number: (505) 486-8672.

To select a favorite stone to set in silver is to know your knuckles
and the years of cobalt and opal you have held your hands

under cool water, inside this wintry place. The songs you know
by heart, melodies of movie musicals in which the angel father

brings a star of cyan from blue heaven for his daughter
The full, blue moon, your head bobbing to jazz drum shuffle.

All this aquamarine and fall blue, late snow that lands
on the azure underside of desert earth where aspens molt

and the evergreen trees are nearly navy when squinting to see
driving in again for home, from far. Tired and blue

Blue where rickety houses hang on to the edge of the earth
Secure now as seen from a deep denim galaxy, you, working blue,

Mother, and I had to leave you to return to your enchanted place
To your worn, cool hands jeweled with blue. To dry waves of juniper,

jays, and the hues of landscape as runoff spills over, blue bottles
in *acequias*, azure and cornflower etchings, trinkets on your
 windowsill

that sing. Your particular indigo. Ancient language acquired,
a granddaughter named *Azul*. Whole syncopated symphonies

in this place for you, a Texas girl with deep purple roots you are
dug in here, now, forevermore. Inside the waterfall of cinematic

rain that is and isn't blue depending on the absence or fondness
of teardrops of teal lingering and saxophone and the overdue

sureness of blue of never leaving again.

Poet: Iskat, Jeanette.

Poem: *Sometimes I Rhyme Slow, Sometimes I Rhyme Quick*, Telepoem Number: (505)
475-7663.

They cut our tongues all the time

Shove these bodies into smaller cages,
prettier shapes to fit nicer now
Tell you why you really don't think

what you think you think
Or that you have no right to think at all
And you forget yourself
As it is designed to
Except for the odd synaptic misfire

But sometimes it screams through
through time
To when your voice was still your own
And your ears still heard true
Without the filter of others

You move a table here in 2017
Screech metal across floor
And I'm on the 6 train in 1977
Headed down to the city

Back when the Bronx really still boogied down
El Wood shudders soars above apartments
Screeching around tracks
Slow in the curves
Your child eyes return and you see
Burnt buildings and grey waves of rats
Collapse and decay,
hot steel and the windows open
Summer air carrying salsa y merengue

And then there's this new sound
rhymes suddenly there
Born in and of the asphalt
Rising like blood from the sidewalk

And you hold some piece deep
Past their cutting
And your hear the beat
In water on metal
Steel on tile

Blood in the veins

again and again and again

It makes me wonder how I keep
From going under

Poet: Jacobs, Alex.

Poem: *Light Down the Road*, Telepoem Number: (315) 522-5444.

I don't wanna go that freaking highway...
Cokes, candy bars, coffee brown or black, chimichangas,
Burritos, rancheritos, Doritos, beer & wine, cigarettes,
Joints & speeders...Its duty calling, it's the call of the wild
It's a warrior tradition where you fight to stay alive
But you're paid in cold hard cash
You're paid to remember-then to forget-then to keep quiet.

You do the crapwork, you get paid well - You be careful & exact &
Breathe when you're supposed to - You'll live for another paycheck
Get yer pension bro 30 years! You cause a stir, you do your job
Too good! You be light down the road...
Trouble-maker, whistler-blower, do-gooder, pain in the ass.

You do the crapwork for the security of keeping your job,
But your job is their personal security, which is why they don't do
Your job - They pay you to put your life on the line, disregard your
Security - To do what they can't do or won't do - But who's
Watching your security at home & what are you really working for
Your neck on the line, your insecurity
Season to season, boss to boss
For the good nature of the beast so it will feed you
For the good of high society that looks down on you
For the benevolent fount of Business As Usual, Profits Uber Alles
For the Mr. Policemans of the World
For these moneychangers-wizards-despots-tyrants in suit-coats,
For these souvenir-sellers, these carnival barkers, these media shills,

From the agribiz-corporate-farmers to haute-couture designer-chefs
To the cuisine of the chemical crazy
For these so sinless & unregretful... Mr & Ms Clean...

In the so-called Democracies, there are short circuits by the millions
The wanton apathetic being led by the zealots & fanatics
Makes you wonder how long The People have allowed themselves
To surrender...bit by bit, byte by byte, right by right...

Sacrificed on the altar of Democracy by the unseen hand of the
Marketplace just like the settler-sacrifices sent west by
Politicians & land speculators.
Now, there are desperate characters armed to the teeth
These passive producers & chi-chi reviewers & zomboid consumers
Who moan for lost symbols & strive for blind status
Yet they are the cold-blooded rational terrorists
With credit cards in hand, buying up acres of farm land to produce
Cash crops for the Global Economy, buying up rainforests, plants,
Animals, peoples & DNA to steal & patent...
All to press into coffee table books to view under glass.
This communal trough is held up with standards of silver & gold
Dug out by Dead Indians who flew straight to white-man's heaven
With Church Blessings, but this gold is an illusion
& the rational world is held together by paper
& modern man's imagination & delusions
A splintered tree held together by human spit & machine oil
But it will rot & it will not last & without the communal trough
The alleged rational turn into mobs high on panic!

You go down that road you die fast - You stay home –
You die of poisoned old age - One day, one individual will weigh in
At the scales of justice - Raising his/her head from the auction block
They will set the deadwood ablaze & you better learn how to dance
The unplugged frenzy or you better have long ago learned how to
l i g h t d o w n t h e r o a d . . .

Poet: Jacobs, Alex.

Poem: *Owezogo*, Telepoem Number: (315) 522-6939.
(*Owetsoken*)

She came unannounced, just deciding upon herself
That Skaroniate, her brother, would need some help
And Kionnon, her mother, would like some female company
As for me, she may not have thought much
(my face so bushy, maybe scary)
Just hoping that I would get to like her in time
Get to know her more than just another mouth to feed
(a gentle joke from Dad)

Owezogo, “under the ice”, her name means this
Those tiny bubbles under the ice, running in patterns
When the winter ends and the ice starts to melt
That’s what I think...
If we take her to the Longhouse at Strawberry time
They will give her a name, maybe Owezogo,
Maybe another name more suited to her
But she always remain this to us
Come from the spring to spend a winter with us

Stronger and fatter and much more pleasant than
Scowling Skaroniate, her brother, was
She puts the tail on our family
She’s the rear legs pumping hard
Skaroniate, he’s the front feet leading us anywhere
While their mother is the head, heart and spirit
Me, I guess, am the stomach, tongue and teeth of this creature
Feeling its way around

The mother knows the exactness of things
And we all share in the taking of chances
The son he runs forward any which way
Daughter, she is the strong one making sure we get there

Look, in the snow

There is our footprint.

Poet: Jacobs, Alex.

Poem: *This is A Terrorist Act*, Telepoem Number: (315) 522-8447.

Warning: by reading this poem you are committing a Terrorist Act.

Attawapiskatt Chief Theresa Spence is on a hunger strike since
December 11, not far from the front door of Canada's Parliament
perhaps the most visible symbol of the newest trans-border
international native movement #IDLENOMORE
and this of course is a TERRORIST ACT
opined local media in defense of constitution country corporation
& god - because Natives are weakened victims of the welfare state
we be delusional in this hungered weakened welfare emotional state

Of Course, it is a TERRORIST ACT, which was my first response
upon hearing this and how the media talking head experts would react
to the news of another Dead Indian, like monks setting themselves on fire,
like people all over the world setting themselves on fire in desperation
like standing in front of a line of tanks holding bags of groceries
like the first beatings, deaths, self-immolations of the Arab Spring
like the new generation of women in India fighting for dignity &
justice...because only as Dead Indians do we have power
the power to get the media & government to possibly listen
the power to get lawyers & support groups & interviews & press
conferences & fund raising & headlines & media bytes &
celebrities on our side...

In the Americas, Justice stands on the bodies of Indians,
and the hard part is to get Justice to look down...

Sympathy empathy caring for the poor nurturing mothering
working hard working smart unionizing organizing researching protesting
Wondering where they money at! Standing up Sitting down
Blockading borders Not participating Not voting Not consuming
Going on Hunger Strikes Being Hungry – Being Poor
Saying something about thievery conspiracy collusion

These are all TERRORIST ACTS

Canada is of course a corporation an original corporate nation state
Like the United States of America – Corporations in full complicit
Co-operation with government & military & power brokered global initiatives...
Which is all called “Fascism”... have bankrupted the world
Have created a Global Economy So they can then bankrupt these
World Economies - Bankrupt the earth’s resources
Bankrupt the Banks & Bankrupt the Governments
This is the New World Global Economy This is Fascism
These are all TERRORIST ACTS upon TERRORIST ACTS
Bankrupting by consensus Bankrupting by holding back
The Corporate Global Economy is Fascism is Terrorism.
Eisenhower said on leaving the presidency to beware of the
“Military Industrial Complex” but he purposely left out the
“Congressional” connection so as not to offend friends...

I thought I had given up some time ago
I saw all the beautiful colors of the rainbow in the 60s
I was howling in the wilderness & on the streets in the 70s
I was hiding hunkering down in the 80s, we all looked up, sniffed the air,
looked around in the 90s thru that small window before the new millennium.
Then we saw it all crash several times
Physically emotionally mentally financially spiritually
By design by conspiracy by collusion by law
We are all Down by Law... Sometimes all we can do is WITNESS
WITNESS the everyday atrocities the cyclical genocides
The annual holocausts, the immoralities the realization that
Government is bankrupt - These banks are committing fraud
Fueling homelessness desperation wanton behavior class genocides
Committing acts of terror on the populace
As in any war conflict campaign coup d’état big brother devolution
All agreed to by politicians who’ve already cashed their paychecks
And credits and chits and promises and campaign contributions
We are all Down by Law, We are all walking Terrorist Acts
By breathing in dissent by whispering resistance
By reading by observing by witnessing by writing

By recording by taping by posting by forwarding
We are all committing Terrorist Acts
Everyday people everyday

My advice to PM Stephan Harper is bring some peaches, mango,
some water and juice, bring oatmeal cookies your wife made,
go visit Theresa Spence. Be human, start there.

Poet: Jacobson, Elizabeth.

Poem: *Birds Eating Cherries from a Very Old Tree*, Telepoem Number: (505) 522-2473.

I thought I would make a short list of what is not a feeling.
Birds are not feelings.
Birds eating cherries from the tree are not feelings.
This is the best entertainment, I say to myself, *watching birds eating*
cherries,
and now I have made a feeling.

The robin's beak glistens with the sticky juice.
When a cherry comes off a branch, snagged on the sharp point of
its beak
the robin flies away with the cherry, perches on a fence post.
But the robin cannot eat the cherry if he is holding onto it,
so he drops it and goes back to the tree for more.
The robin is not a feeling.
The deep rust of the robin's breast is not a feeling.
But when I recognize the robin as male because of the color of his
breast
a feeling about maleness swells from my center, and I shiver.

The magpies take big bites out of the cherries, half of one at once.
They squawk and scream at the other birds, who ignore them.
Listening to bird calls is not a feeling.
A very old tree is not a feeling.
But when I think of how very old the tree is, a feeling comes.

The magpies tug the cherries off the tree, sometimes 2 or 3 at a

time.
They fly back to their nest and pull them apart like prey.
Below the nest piles of cherry pits lie in varying shades of
decomposition.
A young sparrow flies from the cherry tree, giddy perhaps from all
the sweetness,
and crashes into my window, breaking its neck.
The bird is warm in my hand.
And I have made another feeling.

Published in *Ploughshares*

Poet: Jacobson, Elizabeth.

Poem: *Dear Basho*, Telepoem Number: (505) 522-3327.

Dear Basho,

Thank you for sending your new poems.
I have a question.

But first I want to tell you I traveled North by bus the other day
to watch the pueblo dances, and there was a man on a high pole.
He had a dead lamb with him, whose neck had been slit.
The pole was a hundred feet in the air, and he leapt and twirled
on a small platform, which wobbled with his movements.
You would have liked to have seen his body, covered in sweat,
shimmering in the sun like a thousand yellow leaves.

That night I dreamt I was in a park of tall leafy trees
in various shades of autumn. I had a baby boy
in a backpack slung from my shoulders,
when out of nowhere appeared an enormous snake,
and in one wide bite it ate the baby off my back.

I woke with the morning light,
sweat pooling in the hollow between my collarbones.

Basho, what is the world if it is not this uneasy faith

puddling and drying as we thrust ourselves toward the
sky?

You have been dead over three hundred years,
but I feel you, Basho,
the length of your back, its weight across pine when you lie down.
Your knobby right hand, a stylus between your fingers.
I feel the way you feel yourself,
so many brown and silvering leaves,
each atop or underneath another.

Published in *JuxtaProse*, from Not into the Blossoms and Not
into the Air, used with permission (Parlor Press, 2019)

Poet: Jacobson, Elizabeth.

Poem: *Lay Hold of Me*, Telepoem Number: (505) 522-5294.

Remember the giant whooping crane on the county highway
whose mate had been hit, stretched out dead at the center
of the road? She stood by him, wings open and flapping, shrewd
voice anxious, screaming, her dark red crown bowing in her
descent
through the rim of despair. With each oncoming car she took a
short
running flight to get out of the way, pacing the side of the road until she could return to
him. The next day, when still there, exhausted, wings tattered and brown, we scraped
what was left of her lover off the asphalt with a snow shovel, and laid the body on the
low, dry threadgrass by the embankment. The birds had come that July to our swale,
which had filled with monsoon rain. She stood there,
close to us, in the still, yellowing grass, her interminable legs
wobbling
underneath her body. The long toes of her feet twitching. That shallow silver dish of my
mind chattering, *lay hold of me. Lay hold.*

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Poet: Johnson, Christopher J.

Poem: *I Want Your Hair To Obscure the Sun*, Telepoem Number: (608) 564-4926.

i want your hair to obscure the sun.
i don't want this for everyone, but
for me& for those who've
wondered as deeply as i have.

there are laws, &people who believe
their own. both are bared on all of us;

i don't think i ever discerned anything
before this, now everything is a whole image.

if you were inaccessible as water
i would become anything else, but
you are not strange. you're who i am.

Poet: Johnson, Christopher J.

Poem: *Maybe We Are Just Dumb Vacuum*, Telepoem Number: (608) 564-6292.

Maybe we are just dumb vacuum
containing what's around, filled w/
what people are, empti-
ness& void& hunger, only what
-- expectant -- waits for, idk,
a kin or otherness to identify w/;

everyone is a compliment or
contrast -- i mean, who they are
fills-out my form, as i am known
in the shape of them, linked
by the finitude of our expression
which is a dearth of names.

I think in your blueprint,

Their passage is deeper than the hour,
it's bracken round these stones
&the dust that flows from their friction,
seamless in all things,

From *&luckier* (Center for Literary Publishing at CSU)

Poet: June, Lyla.

Poem: *and God is the Water*, Telepoem Number: (575) 586-4634.

When I close my eyes at night
I can feel the rock being cut open
by water.

I hear a grandfather song
and it sounds like
sand
walking down
the river bottom.

In this song they talk about how even
the mighty canyon walls are formed
by meandering streams.

Beneath the gentle waters there are people.
Not people like you and I.

Stone people.

When I close my eyes at night
I am one of them
and God is the water.

Over lifetimes
She runs over me
until I am polished
and smooth.

She teaches me
about patience and commitment.
She teaches me
How to be gentle yet persistent,

When I close my eyes
she speaks to me
in a language of
trickles and bubbles.

She says:

“Journeys.
Take them.
But try to remember
who you are
along the way.

I have nothing for you
but these words.

Take them with you
and I will see you again
when you arrive
at the ocean’s throne
as one million kernels of
sand.”

Her voice
hums in my blood
quiet as a stream in the night
and it is a song about how
we are all
just
so loved.

The eagles dip their talons into Her soft body
and pull from it
a fish
a fleshmeal
for their children.

They sing this grandfather song with her
and it sounds like feathers
cutting into the sky.

In this song they talk about how
even hatred surrenders to wonder!

She is breaking my heart apart like
a stubborn, granite puzzle of problems.

Even the hardest
doubts and sorrows
give way to
Her infinite grace.

And who knew that sometimes
grace can come from
standing in the raging river
until everything we think we own
is ripped away from us
and replaced with a weightlessness
so profound that
we can't not cry
tears of absolute praise
and run all around the
river banks shouting
to the cattails
and the minnows
and the willows
about the truth of beauty!?

About the truth of a God that breathes
through the trees;
The truth of a God that weaves
winter from water and night;
The truth of a God that weaves
bodies from dust and light;
and carries us down the river of life
over and over
and over again
until we finally understand the meaning
of forever.

Forever.

In the language of the stones
there is no word for regret.

Only the complete understanding of what it
means to be a beloved son
or daughter.

We are the rock
and God, She is the water.

Poet: June, Lyla.

Poem: *Hozhó*, Telepoem Number: (575) 586-4694.

("zh" pronounced the same
As the "sh" in cashmere
Or the "j" in Taj Mahal)

It is dawn.

The sun is conquering the sky
And my grandmother and I
Are heaving our prayers at the horizon.

“Show me something
Unbeautiful,” she says, “Try it.”

I could not.

This morning she is teaching me the meaning of Hozhó.
Although there is no direct
Translation from Diné Bizaad
Into English
Every living being knows what Hozhó means.

Hozhó is
Every drop of rain
Every eyelash
Every leaf on every tree
Every feather on the bluebird’s wing

Hozhó is undeniable beauty.

It is every breath that we give to the trees.
And every breath they give to us in return.

Hozhó is reciprocity.

And my grandmother knows this well
For she speaks a language that grew out of the desert floors
Like red sandstone monoliths
Like arms out of the earth that reach into the sky
Praising creation for all its brilliance.

Hozhó is remembering that you are a part of this brilliance.
It is finally accepting that
(Yes)
You are a sacred song that brings the Diyin Dine’é
(The gods)
To their knees in an almost
Unbearable

Ecstasy.

Hozhó is re-membering your own beauty.

And my grandmother knows this well
For she speaks the language of a Lukachukai snowstorm
The sound of hooves hitting the earth on birthdays
For my grandmother is a midwife and would
Gallop to the women in labor
And she is fluent in the
Language of suffering mothers
Of joyful mothers
Of handing glowing newborns to their creator.

Hozhó is an experience.

But it is not something you can experience on your own
The eagles tell us
As they lock talons in the stratosphere
And fall to the earth as one.

Hozhó is interbeauty.

And my grandmother knows this well
For she speaks the language of the Male Rain
Which shoots lightning boys through the sky
Pummels the green corn children
And huddles the horses against cliff sides
In the early afternoon.

She also speaks the language of the Female Rain
Which sends the scent of dust and sage into our hoghans
And casts rainbows in the sky.

Us Diné, we know what Hozhó means!
And you!
You know what Hozhó means!

And deep down we know what Hozhó does not mean...

Like the days we walk in sadness.
The days we live for money.
The days we live for fame.

Like the day the conquistadors came
Climbed down from their horses and asked us
If they could buy
The mountains.

We knew this was not Hozhó
Because we knew
You could not own a mountain.

But we knew we could make it Hozhó once again!

So we took their swords
And we took their silver coins
And we melted them
With fire and buffalo hide bellows
And recast them into beautiful
Squash blossom jewelry pieces
And strung it around their necks!

We took the helmets straight off their heads
And transformed it into
A fearless beauty.
Hozhó is the healing of broken bones.

Hozhó is the prayer that carried us
Through genocide and disease.

It is the prayer that will carry us through global warming
And through this global fear

That pitches shadows in our minds.

This morning my grandmother is teaching me something
Very important.

She is teaching me that the easiest
(And most elegant)
Way to defeat an army of hatred
Is to sing it beautiful songs

Until it falls to its knees

And surrenders.

It will do this, she says, because it has finally
Found a sweeter fire than revenge.
It has found heaven.
It has found HOZHÓ.

And so my grandmother is talking
To the colors of the sky at dawn
And she is saying:

hózhónáházdíí'
hózhónáházdíí'
hózhónáházdíí'
Beauty is restored again...

It is dawn, my friends.

Wake up.

The night is over.

Poet: Kathamann.

Poem: *Beast in the Fossil*, Telepoem Number: (505) 528-2327.

The sun marches across
the earth's marrow like a
totem. Letters of daring
fade with damp weight.
Dark cedars imprint the
next title in the log.
Foxglove catches the
last rays of light. The
design of heather reflects
on the summer hammock.
Grains of words I didn't know
swoop in pink costumes on
the air.

Poet: Kathamann.

Poem: *Listening to the Language of Corn*, Telepoem Number: (505) 528-5478.

Myths change into crusty
old gifts. Songs of all fears
appear on bird feathers.
The stream sheds stories of
ceremonies. A day at the
rim of blue awe. My age of
shedding and throbbing is
upon me.

Poet: Katrinak, Mark.

Poem: *Nightfalls*, Telepoem Number: (216) 528-6444.

This fever of not knowing who one is—

ripples upon a lake, reflections, calm
body of water you can't dip your self

into—its vastness makes you more a stranger.
And afterward with script, Helen and Eve

together sipping tea, discussing past
lovers and lounging in the aftermath

of war, another man struck down:
a browning apple peel, a blood-stained shield—

watching the toiling men turn garden dirt
over into battlefield, sowing seeds

of incompleteness, bitten-apple I,
serpents, the Aphrodite-arrow eye—

a mythos unraveling kindled your unknowing.

Poet: Khalsa, Mehtab.

Poem: *Mice with Spoons*, Telepoem Number: (505) 542-6423.

Pirate mice with spoons
are the greatest warriors.
Soldiers of the ridiculous,
Mad Hatters on the Bounty.
Spoons at the ready,
to feed an elixir of joyfulness
to the marauders of seriousness.
Laughing battle cries.

Dancing on deck
in a choreographed mutiny
against ego's absurdity.
Self-importance is slain.

Poet: Kuzov-Tsong, Che (with Tsong, Edie and Ward, RJ)

Poem: *More Human Than Human, Pt. 1*, Telepoem Number: (505) 876-6671.

75% alien
99% animal
73% antagonistic

17% approval
100% atoms
7% blood
15% bone
98.8% bonobo
57% broken
1.5% calcium
58% cartwheel
82% common
57% coyote
28% cyborg
65% cynical
94% dark matter
45% daydream
18% depressed
34% dirt
93% distracted
.1% DNA
19% douglas fir
33% dust mite
74% dying
83% eagle
53% familial
25% fat
18% fire
50% flight
67% friendly
31% frozen
9% fur
17% gluten intolerant
 3×10^{-10} % gold
1.09% growth rate
15% gun
17% heavy metal
81% high
21% homeless
43% human

Poet: Kuzov-Tsong, Che (with Tsong, Edie and Ward, RJ)

Poem: *More Human Than Human, Pt. 2*, Telepoem Number: (505) 876-6672.

43% impoverished
87% inner child
2% lavender essential oil
27% leisure
26% living
50% merino wool
57% non-human
12% morbidly obese
74% monotonous
16% mucous
6% Navajo
22% normal
7.6 % North American
50% off the grid
35% organic
7.6% over age 65
65% oxygen
20% protein
1% RNA
35% salt
47% Scottish
10x10 -9% silver
4% skin
28% sky
82% sleepy
42% stardust
69% sterile
56.4 % Taiwanese
4% taste
.04% teeth
12% thought
.05% titanium
5% toxic

26% under age 14
5.6% undocumented
34% unrecoverable
51% urban
62% virus
6% visible
72% water
15% white
72% wolf
86% zygote

Poet: Laflamme-Childs, Michelle.

Poem: *181 Not to eat kosher fowl*, Telepoem Number: (505) 523-1816.

I ate of your limbs, feeding
on that which is boundary and forgotten
sense. One smooth arc and your reality
shifts to that which occupies the dark
space between and I wonder how
we managed to fit everything
into such a small suitcase for so long.

Poet: Laflamme-Childs, Michelle.

Poem: *286 Not to pressure*, Telepoem Number: (505) 523-2866.

Adrift

a new insignificance
awaits escape
in crickets and dreams

once abducted,
swaddled in ermine--
luxurious moss of mind
comforts fresh skin.

A new significance spun
of ego-hardened gems

gleams from pale
shrouded eyes,
illuminating an empty doll house
and a plastic
Mickey Mouse record player.

Weedy self-worth
wills the night to infinity
in vain.

Another cycle ends with
birdsong and unwrapped vision.

Poet: Laflamme-Childs, Michelle.

Poem: *466 The court must judge the damages incurred by the fire*, Telepoem Number:
(505) 523-4668.

When you get home, separate
the small shadow suns from their
string behind your eyelids and
arrange them about yourself in an organized yet
random seeming pattern. Keep our

secret close amid the burning
dark discs now scattered around your
stocking feet like spilled candies and know it
is true, what they
say about bees, when your heart is
full of them.

Poet: Logghe, Joan.

Poem: *Dressing Down For Love*, Telepoem Number: (505) 564-3737.

Put on your love dress.
Take off your other garments
the ones that cost you most.
Wear your heart out.

Become a transvestite
for love. Cross dress
as a heart.
Establish a municipality
with eyes you meet on the street. Enter the election
for Darling. Let kindness
reign. Put on no airs. Be plain as feet which also may carry you away along the Love
Highway. Hello.
What is your name?
I have forgotten. Remind me.

From *Unpunctuated Awe* (Tres Chicas Books)

Poet: Logghe, Joan.

Poem: *How to Improvise Rain*, Telepoem Number: (505) 564-4698.

Take a shower and sing about rain.
Know that rain and grace are the same
Word in some Middle Eastern languages.

Say grace, then water the lawn
With a Rain Bird Sprinkler. Play Coltrane,
The Grateful Dead, or Ella Fitzgerald to your lawn.

Talk to the grass. Say, "La, la, la."
Pour dishwater on rosebushes.
Deconstruct the word drought.

Ought. Draft beer. Drama. Ouch.
Examine the sky for sky-looms, where rain
In the distance never hits the ground.

Make weather predictions.
Devise a theory about rain. Make life grainy
Through slow, long exposures.

Develop black-and-white

Film from a storm. Chant in Sanskrit
About the River Ganges.

Hand churn rain-flavored ice cream.
Wear ozone perfume. Play a kettledrum
Softly. Do not waste tears.

But cry. Go to sad movies. Find a man
Who cries. Marry for moisture not money.
Make love on a roof. Have wet children.

Go to the Rainbow Dance at Santa Clara and love
Children holding painted rainbows in their hands.
Watch the backdrop of clouds darken, wince at lightening.

But a pass to the local pool. Hang Laundry.
Wash a car as sacrifice. Put on white slacks and walk
Along Paseo de Peralta. Improvise grace.

Save bathwater and send it to the apple.
Learn a song in the Tewa language.
Dance till you sweat to "The River of Babylon."

Petition Saint Jude.
Read these words outside.
Name your son Noah.

From *Blessed Resistance* (Mariposa Printing and Pub. Co.)

Poet: Logghe, Joan.

Poem: *Rain Business*, Telepoem Number: (505) 564-7246.

The rain is not busy being rain
it is in business, raining , but not
busy. The rain falls on the cupola
I am sitting dry under rain.

Today I realized I am in dread
of weather. I drove the highway north
when fire exploded by Tesuque.
I drove south when the Jemez erupted.

Fire has a busy life, torching trees.
It is amoral. It is not altruistic.
It hates to be personified. Yo Fire
it never says to another flame.

I am busy worrying and obsessing.
Today's topics include arroyo flood
lightning when I drove to the pool
turned around and drove home unswum.

I am worrying about Republicans
and deficits. The Serenity Prayer is fine
but I am supporting the economy by worry.
I cannot do anything, but I can obsess

which is something. The rain doesn't default.
it stops. It just does its dew point, cloud
thing. I don't pay attention to history
but I obsess about weather. If rain were busier

the drought might end. It needs a day-planner,
it needs a wake-up call from the concierge of rain.
Wash your car, go to opera, hang out
lingerie hand washed.

Water the plants by hand, by dishwasher.
Rain is not vain, but try placing mirrors
in the yard to reflect sky. If I could be tidy,
not slacker but efficient, if I could be rain.

I thought it would take all our tears.
I thought we would assemble teacups

in a row. I thought we would be leisurely
weave hammocks of wind and light.

If all the sky looms in the west finally touched
the ground. Rain would fall. Sweet rain
with its gray leisure suit. Solid rain, clapping
for an encore. Dervish rain in white robes and turban,

and weather would not be the enemy.
Gratitude to the stunning relaxed rain.
trooping over the parched hills, good soldiers
of water, peace-making force against dusty armies.

From *Unpunctuated Awe* (Tres Chicas Books)

Poet: Logghe, Joan.

Poem: *Singing Down*, Telepoem Number: (505) 564-7464.

I'm coming. Down out of the clouds
into the rain. I hope I'm coming straight
and clear. I hope I'm falling on holy ground,
That the people catching me are sure and loving.

I hope the people bringing me to earth
have said their evening prayers and their morning prayers,
because where I'm coming from is made of prayers and leaves.
Silk spun from mulberry is fine but where I'm coming from is finer still.

You know those shape singers with notes so bright
they drop, note by note, into your body?
That's how I'm singing down into a woman
dressed in gauzy skirts next to a man whistling

to hold up. I'm the one calling down the lullabies.
I'm yours. I am your DNA gone wild with love,
I am the split second the angels take to connect us
to God, my spine the ladder up and back.

My feet haven't yet touched down
so learn the old songs for me
because I'll come out dazed and start forgetting.
My eyes will gaze at you and I'll lose

My angel sense. Sing me to ease
With an anthem from your dazzling alma mater.

From *The Singing Bowl* (New Mexico Press)

Poet: Logghe, Joan.

Poem: *Something Like Marriage*, Telepoem Number: (505) 564-7663.

I'm engaged to New Mexico. I've been engaged for 18 years.
I've worn its ring of rainbow set with a mica shard. I've
given my dowry already, my skin texture, my hair moisture.
I've given New Mexico my back-East manners, my
eyesight, the arches of my feet. New Mexico's a difficult
fiance. I learned the word chamisa, and the plant takes an
alias, I plant trees for it, carry water to them. At
first New Mexico plays hard to get, says: "Learn Spanish.
Study adobe making. Make hammered tin light fixtures for the
house."

I'm engaged to New Mexico, but I don't want to marry New Mexico.
It's too large. It burps when it drinks beer. It leaves the
toilet seat up. It likes beans cooked with lard and chile
so hot that even people born here and nursed on a chile can't take
the heat.

I tell it, "I'll date you, but I don't want to marry you."
"You promised," it whines, "it's been 18 years." But I was younger.
Now I'm not ready to commit. I've been to Chicago. I've
seen Manhattan next to a man I love. I've dined on Thai
food in Boulder, Colorado. My mother tells me, "You could
do better. New Mexico's not good enough for you." I atell
her, but we're engaged. It gave me these cuticles, these
dust devil eyes, and my Bar-None brand. But I have to admit,

even to mom, that I don't love it anymore. Truth to tell,
it was infatuation, never should have gone on so long.
I bought rhinestones, and it threw them to the stars. I bought
velvet, and it made velvet paintings of coyotes.
I want to leave New Mexico, but it acts like it owns me.
I only wear red and black, the secret state colors, I dream
New Mexico license plates on all the cars in eternity. It
follows me everywhere like mesquite cologne. Calls me
senorita in a loud voice in public.
I love New Mexico in the dark, but I don't want its kisses,
full of prickly pear and rattler. I want an ocean voyage.
I want a real state like Massachusetts, full of Pilgrims,
lots of grief and headlines. I want back my youth.
I'm flirting with Alaska. I've got a bad crush on Wyoming.
I'm even pining for my old love, Pennsylvania. My hope chest
is full of turquoise and Chimayo weavings. There are all
dusty and creased with years of waiting.
Dear New Mexico, I write. Meet me in Espanola at Ranch
O'Casados
at 5 pm on Saturday. We have to talk.
It rides into Espanola on an Appaloosa. It carries a
lariat and ropes me in the Big Rock parking lot.
"Kiss me, darling," it drawls. Its spurs reverberate.
See what I'm up against?

From *Blessed Resistance* (Mariposa Printing and Pub. Co.)

Poet: Macres, Marianne.

Poem: *A Short Bus Ride*, Telepoem Number: (505) 622-7467.

Of this, I must to you, confide.

I had a short bus ride.

Not the long haul, of an affair,

It was more of a fling, with flair.

The driver threw me off, while I was, "hitting the ground",

He hardly skipped a beat, of a HEART, not found.

Leaving me, instead, of making a PROPER, turn around.

I yelled INSULTS at him, but he heard only MY SOUND.

Poet: Marco, Kate.

Poem: *Moons*, Telepoem Number: (505) 627-6666.

we have entered
a new phase
of wisdom,
not feeling
wise
by any means,
but settled in
with
knowing
what
we know,
a fullness
turning bright
our eyes,
now luminous
in
twilight.

we have begun
to measure
our lives
in moons-
the calendars
have fallen

from
each of our walls,
no days
or weeks,
no months
or years,
numerals drop,
fading
with time.

this calculus
of moon
speaks softly
in sonnets,
riding
on heartbeats,
waxing
and
waning,
traveling
through
stars.

the language
of moon
shines
from your lips,
“shall we travel
to Spain
in two or
three moons?”

shall we
sail on
to Abiquiu,
gazing east
toward the Sangres,

waiting the rise,
moon
after
moon,
over
and
over,
until our bodies
are moon dust
dancing
on air.

Poet: Martínez, Valerie.

Poem: *Mid-High*, 1976, Telepoem Number: (505) 627-6434.

Where Mayor Coss and Marge sit now, the present-day city hall, was once the nurse's office, the principal's, half a classroom, maybe a textbook storage room in the old Mid-High. If I look hard, it slowly reappears.

Like a half-way house between junior high and high school most ninth graders in the city got a ride or bused there for one year as the mercilessness of puberty waned and adulthood began. At lunchtime, they let us out

onto the downtown streets and we'd walk down Lincoln to the old Woolworth's for a fifty-cent Frito pie then plant ourselves on the plaza and make lists of every boy or girl we loved, who ignored us, and just who said she was going to break up with him after he pretended he didn't know her.

The year before they shut down Mid-High my father taught ninth grade, and I went there. It was bad enough to be the daughter of one of the strictest teachers. Worse, we drove to school in his beloved Chevy '56, a monstrous white behemoth among sleek yellow Mustangs and Corvettes.

I imagined the eyes of everyone were on us as arrived

so I took to pretending to tie my shoes on the approach,
then waited for the first bell to slink out. My father
didn't even comment. At 14 the world is one big eyeball
staring at and through as if to shrink you to pebble-size
so I used to finger the globe in history class, whisper
all the countries I'd slip into silently, a radio journalist,

a bodiless voice over the airwaves, safe. About mid-year
some glitch in the electrical system made the Chevy honk
when Dad turned right. Each morning we drove St. Francis
to Paseo de Peralta with an obligatory wide right turn
around the post office to our parking space. For three weeks,
we wailed our approach from 500 feet off and everyone

turned to laugh. Dad got out, apologized, and the crowd waited
till after the bell to see me finally lift my head, grab
the passenger door handle and slide out. Every day
was imminent death. Then, one Friday, a boy I worshipped,
who never noticed me, walked up to the car, shifted his books,
and said, *This car is bitchin', aren't you in my English class,*

*my mom has a broken-down Impala, that honking thing
I think my uncle can fix, don't be embarrassed,
someday you'll probably tell everyone about this.*

From *And They Called it Horizon: Santa Fe Poems*, used with
permission (Sunstone Press, 2010)

Poet: Martínez, Valerie.

Poem: *El Mundo al Mundo*, Telepoem Number: (505) 627-6863.

un sueño

Descubro el Buda en el traspatio,
pintura negra en la madera,
la cabeza inclinó, la sonrisa tan tranquilo.

Entonces, los muertos me vienen
a través del césped, las piedras del jardín,
una cama de flores, sin el sonido,
las bocas silenciosas como bajo-la-tierra.
No necesitamos cuquieraas palabras,
los muertos y yo. Solamente imágenes,
el mensaje *ellos vienen*,
el pasaje secreto bajo la pared,
la criaturas que suben,
el cielo sobre las nubes sobre el aire sobre la tierra,
mundo al mundo, esta tarde,
alguien yo soy, alguien yo supe,
las capas debajo las capas.

From *And They Called it Horizon: Santa Fe Poems*, used with
permission (Sunstone Press, 2010)

Poet: Martínez, Valerie.

Poem: *Santa Fe Sestina*, Telepoem Number: (505) 627-7268.

Late autumn blows leaves into women's hair. On the plaza,
Lydia feeds the pigeons—iridescent feathers gone blue
in the tangerine sun. It is afternoon and adobe,
crush of pueblo-style hotel rooms against a sky
that holds them steady. Her skirt is wound in ribbons,
gathered in ruffles, wind-flipped velvet, black and silver.

Merrymakers tumble from the doors of La Fonda, blue
windbreakers and cowboy hats. Spun from adobe,
they rush by Lydia like a tornado. A glance at the sky
stuns them, for a moment, then they're a ribbon
of raucous laughter. Sunlight descends in silver,
travels the metal rain gutters, trimming the plaza

in a membrane of liquid light. Like the gold (not adobe)
the Spaniards thought they saw, coffer as wide as sky
over Seven Cities. Lydia pulls on her coat, pushes on ribbon,

remembers there's jewelry to be sold, turquoise and silver
flashing like eye-lets along the streets of the plaza.
These days, under the shade of the portal, there's the blue

of lapis and sapphire, too. All the colors of sky
remind Lydia of dawn, on the mesa, digging. Ribbons
of pale blue embedded in rock and aching for silver.
Now the stone-cold cuff on her wrist jolts her back to the plaza,
the bracelets for show and sell, cupped in the pale blue
of a tourist's cashmere gloves. Not unlike adobe

cast into bricks and walls, hugging windows ribboned
in Virgin Mary ultramarine. Bells swing and ring the silver-
toned song of the cathedral. It's a late Mass, the nave a plaza
of bowed heads. Where Lydia prays, the vault is a blue
arc from mountain to mesa, over the endless adobe
earth. Lydia knows it as the one, limitless sky

that cradles everyone from above—the caricaturist, silver-
haired, at his booth, the Mexican girls skipping in the plaza,
the santero wrapping up Saint Agnes in crisp blue
tissue paper. It's October. The day feels old as adobe,
new as the drugstore's loopy neon sign (sky-
high and glowing), fluid as the clouds' unruly ribbons.

*My hair is silver, thinks Lydia, the veins in my hands are large
and blue; my legs are earth-bound adobe. The plaza floats
on time's swirling ribbons. I'm swaddled; I'm half-swallowed in sky.*

From *And They Called it Horizon: Santa Fe Poems*, used with
permission (Sunstone Press, 2010)

Poet: Martínez, Valerie.

Poem: *Sestina de Santa Fe*, Telepoem Number: (505) 627-7378.

Otoño sopla hojas en el pelo de mujeres. En la plaza,
Lydia alimenta las palomas—plumas iridiscentes y azules

debajo el sol mandarina. Es la tarde y adobe,
los hoteles estilo-pueblo aplastan contra un cielo
que los aguanta y estabiliza. Su falda es rodeada de cintas,
doblada en pliegues—terciopelo, negro y plata.

Los fiesteros caen de las puertas de La Fonda, azules
rompevientos y sombreros de vaqueros. Desenrollar del adobe,
ellos corren por delante de Lydia como un tornado. El cielo
los aturde, por un momento, y se hacen una cinta
de risas estridentes. La luz del sol descende en plata,
viaja por los canales metálicos, envolviendo la plaza

en una membrana de luz líquida. Como el oro (no el adobe)
que los españoles que creían ver, los cofres llenas, como el cielo
sobre las Siete Ciudades. Lydia tira de su abrigo, empuja cintas,
recuerda que hay joyas que vender, turquesa y plata
que destellan como espejos en las calles de la plaza.
Estos días, bajo la sombra del portico, hay azul

de lapislázuli y zafiro, también. Todos los colores de cielo
hacer que Lydia se acuerde del alba, en la mesa, cavando. Las cintas azul pálido
empotradas en la piedra, llamando a plata.
Ahora el brazalete frío en su muñeca la trae de subitito a la plaza,
las pulseras para ver y vender, ahuecada en el azul
de los guantes cachemira de un turista. Similar al adobe

moldeado en ladrillos y paredes, abrazándose a las ventanas encintadas en el
ultramino de la Virgen Bendita. Las campanas de plata de la catedral tañen y cantan.
Es una Misa tardía, la nave una plaza de cabezas inclinadas. Dónde Lydia ora, la
bóveda es un arco azul de montaña a mesa, sobre la tierra interminable de adobe.
Lydia sabe que éste es el unico, ilimitado cielo

que acuna a todos desde arriba—el caricaturists con pelo de plata
en su puesto, las chicas mexicanas que saltan en la plaza,
el santero que envuelve a Santo Agnes en papel azul
crujiente. Es octubre. El día se siente vieja como el adobe,
nuevo como el anuncio de neón rojo de la farmacia (cielo-

alto y resplandeciente), fluido como las nubes, revoltosas cintas.

Mi pelo es plata, piensa Lydia, las venas en mis manos son grandes y azules; mis piernas son adobes de la tierra. Esta plaza flota en las cintas del tiempo. Estoy envuelta; estoy medio-tragada en cielo.

From And They Called it Horizon: Santa Fe Poems, used with permission (Sunstone Press, 2010)

Poet: Mason, Timothy.

Poem: *Nathan's Poem* *, Telepoem Number: (617) 627-6284.

He is parading down Michigan Avenue
in a frock and stockings, hat, white gloves, handbag and heels.

The Queer Nation Party enters the bar
escorting their candidate for President Joan Jett Blakk on the
campaign trail.

Joan knows this election is a drag and has been nominated to make it a real drag.
Hire dykes on bikes she says
they'd never tolerate such tackiness
and keep your legs crossed honey.

Next stop is a show your dick party,
where Joan obliges and picks up a number of votes.
Then off to greet and terrorize suburban families
on their Sunday mall big city shopping outing
with the message
I am Queer
I am here
and I am your son or your son's good friend.
Then a quick photo opportunity to kiss a cop.

My matron brother cracks a smile and raises an eyebrow.

Now my brother sits still in Chicago's Wicker Park citizens hearing room
as the new police commissioners speech

seeking the banishing of prostitutes from the block
is interrupted by the local anarchists who parade around the room
carrying banners reading No to Yuppies
in direct parody of the No to Prostitutes campaign
Voices raise, Egos bruise
a dozen or so of Chicago's finest enter the fray
and arrest all the banner keepers
then entering the audience arrest everyone who encouraged such disrespect

Still and polite my brother sits through the entire affair.
An aesthetic Buddha imitation of the old Colt 45 Malt Liquor ad
where the brawl slowly crumbles around the man calmly sipping his brew.

He is still as a petal in the rain
as six armed Chicago policemen surround him
tugging on his shoulder
telling him to stand, to leave, to be arrested with everyone else
He is still, as the hush after a backfire, after a gunshot, after a broken taboo
as he politely informs the "gentlemen" he is finding the meeting interesting
and his intention is to stay.

He is still as his etiquette is vouched for
by the citizen, the voter just beyond the TV camera
He has made their choice for them
and watches the officers leave with the stillness of a pointed question.
He will be no pink Rodney King this night.

Upon completion of the propaganda he leaves
to call lawyers and arrange bail.
My God he says if it was Human dignity they were interested in
they'd at least want to bust the johns as well
and publish the names for their wives and children and bosses to see
do they let them act like that at home?
But no, none of such matters just rhetoric
about disease ridden scum catchers and queers too.

The Commissioner denies I bonds

requires everyone to post cash bail or spend the night in jail
He was surprised when they could and did
with the touches of fingers to telephone tones.

It was a night of free speech and intellectual discourse in the
Windy City.

From *Bloodlines* (CDFreedom.com)

Poet: Mason, Timothy.

Poem: *Pony Rider*, Telepoem Number: (617) 627-7669.

Thoughts of a would be Pony Rider
Tacked to the wall the poster reads:
Pony Express
Saint Joseph MO to California
Ten days or less
Wanted: Young, skinny, Wiry fellows
not over 18
must be expert riders
willing to risk death daily
Orphans Preferred
Wages 25 dollars per week
Apply Pony Express Stables
Saint Joseph Missouri

The dust is settling on the streets, those little devils, curling off Frederick and down
round the slaughterhouse,
lay down flat as the Kansas plains.

Now this city kid's heard the talk of the 'shockers,
waves of that golden grain, everywhere, far as the eye can see
and beyond that, The Lakota People.

Crazy Horse, Sitting Bull, Red Cloud.
Riding wild for Little Big Horn, for Wounded Knee,
with the look of a coyote eating off its leg to be rid of the trap,

the look of a warrior riding against the tide of genocide.

Old Jacob, down at the Soldier's Rest,
he says its sheer madness to lock eyes with a brave
whilst doing battle
Tain't like killing a white man, there's no repentance in those eyes
no sir, none at all.
Well old Jake's tales must be true of they wouldn't be paying
no 25 dollars per week to no carpetbagging orphan kid
for riding haywire, through the middle of it all,
just to make California in ten days with some I Love You note
or other official business, to urgent to send round the Cape
No those wild tales must be speaking fact.

Now I can ride real good, can use my pistol too
why I can take down a squirrel in any field,
but I don't know about meeting eyes with no brave
making no orphan out of my parents

But I sure would be liking to see that wheat
waving everywhere, and to be riding to beat the wind
carrying every Christians hopes for me to do it
and that would be a change
it'd make no never mind
that Vincent's riding with Cantrell
or that Nathan went East, with Mr. Lee
or that Steven stayed put to plow the field.

But it would sure beat kicking the dust
to revive these devils
here off of Lafayette Street.

From *Bloodlines* (CDFreedom.com)

Poet: McGinnis, Mary.

Poem: *Crow in a Bottle*, Telepoem Number: (505) 624-2769.

Comfort for the ravages of death approaches; cook the
raw potatoes, put the crow
on your lap while watching television;
wet your lips while a dog snores.

In a year, the house will be swept clean -the
night strong alchemy will have leapt away.

Buy puffs for your nose when
overjoyed as well as grieving. Be on
tap for every possible celebration,
teach your crow one simple song and
laugh with the crow while loading the dishwasher. Remember
eternity has the crow's endorsement.

Poet: McGinnis, Mary.

Poem: *Missing Bob So Much*, Telepoem Number: (505) 624-6477.

1

Any number of women I know with their Bobs,
their bobcat bites,
moist synergies,
many women missing their Bobs
even Georgine at 87 says several times at our party
“how I miss him, the tennis pro,
I loved his breath on me in bed,
he warmed me.
The tennis pro.
We took four bright, young Russians
with short haircuts,
four bright, young spies,
from L. A. to Santa Monica,
spent all day, took them out to dinner.
Maybe that was stupid,” she finishes,
then, “None of them were stupid.”

2

I've only loved one Bob whose parents were Lebanese.
He was a poet, an engineer, uncircumcised,
went to live with a woman with five children,
receding, slightly curly hair
he'd be 68. Where is he now?

3

Too many abusers were named Bob.
Cheryl's first boyfriend Rob,
then her husband Bob.
Too many abusers behaved like puppies,
pleading for forgiveness after.

4

"Eddie, I say even though his name isn't Bob,
I think he's manipulating you."
There's a bird in this yard, let's call him Bob.

Poet: McGinnis, Mary.

Poem: *Over Lavender*, Telepoem Number: (505) 624-6837.

Once my parents gave me Yardley
very surprising that they understood lavender was
endowed with special powers. I
read Latin on my front step and sprinkled
lavender on my wrist.
And even listened to Italian opera,
volatile and slurpy, imagining that the Italian American
English teacher who I loved
needed me to love opera as he
did, when actually, he didn't. I
ran over him with projections which he
side-stepped. He would be 77 years
old if
very much alive.
Each year that has passed would have
rearranged his beauty. What if

like my old friend Mary's, his voice will have aged and become deeper, voluminous and unrecognizable? Don't ever come back unless you're a night-owl, swimming through darkness. The few evenings we had were flooded with ice cream and my reverberating longing to be someone else.

Poet: Mills, Tyler.

Poem: *H-Bomb*, Telepoem Number: (570) 645-4266.

We could not calculate directions between Johnson, VT, and Elugelab.

We could not calculate directions between Tokyo, Japan, and Elugelab.

Search nearby, e.g., "pizza."

Your search for "pizza" near Elugelab, Enewetak Atoll, RMI, did not match any locations.

Make sure all words are spelled correctly.

Did you mean Marshall Islands resort?

We could not calculate directions between Marshall Islands and Elugelab.

The blast will come out of the horizon just about there.

Welcome aboard the USS Estes.

You have a grandstand seat here to see one of the most momentous events in the history of science.

It is now thirty seconds to zero time.

Know about this place and want everyone to find it?

If the reactor goes, we are in the thermonuclear era.

You are about to add a place that you believe is missing so every
one can find it.

Put on goggles or turn away.

Do not face the burst until ten seconds after the first light.

Enter a place name: [a few dozen neutrons].

We do not support adding a place here.

Refresh.

Enter a place name: [water furred with wind].

Refresh.

Enter a place name: [zero].

Published in *The Believer*

Poet: Mills, Tyler.

Poem: *The Sun Rising, Pacific Theatre*, Telepoem Number: (570) 645-7867.

Here we have another moment of blue-sky thinking,
when no one loves you in the morning.
The tinderbox as empty as a train at 5 AM.

It is 5 AM: a tin knife and fork packed in your pants,
you yank the sheets up where your neck
placed an envelope of nerves.

Acrid sky over us, streaked with the tar
blur of gasoline: the sky knows the machines
are being fed—that is blue-sky thinking,

when no one loves you less. I want to touch the raw
cloth of your coat sleeve while you put your body
inside it: it's like I'm the voice from the beginning

of an opera that speaks from the ceiling
gilded with octagonal tiles to say, there are exits
on all sides. But you are moving like a wheel

riding over a rope, and your lover
is your hand, lacing up boots through their rusted portals.
The sky reminds me of nothing, the way it feels

staring into white curls of light combed through stones.
What I thought was a tinderbox is actually
a box of bullets. What you thought was the sun is the sun.

Published in and produced by *The New Yorker*

Poet: Mills, Tyler.

Poem: *Zinnias*, Telepoem Number: (570) 645-9466.

My father's mother grew a garden of zinnias
to divide the house from the woods:

pop art tops in every color—cream,
peach, royal purple, and even envy

(white-green, I knew, and when the pale
petals opened in early August,

I thought they'd blush like an heirloom
tomato, heir-loom, how strings of wine-dyed

wool lay over the frame of an idea,
how my cheeks look in the mirror

after a run, always the wrong
time of day, thunder rolling around the stadium

of trees, or the sun striking the boughs
with light over and over as though to plead

the green right out of the leaves,
or so it seems to me,

too sensitive, she would say, her love
scientific)—the sunburst petals

a full spectrum except for the sea
returning to you, *blue, blue,*

the color appearing in language only
when we could know it like a cluster of stars

in the arms of another galaxy
while ours spirals around a black hole,

and now they grow in space, in the satellite
where we live out an idea of permanence

among galactic debris, acquiring stars,
losing vision, the skin touching nothing,

the heads *little suns* you watch die
on the stem if you want the bloom back.

Published by Academy of American Poets, *Poem-a-Day*

Poet: Moldaw, Carol.

Poem: *Alert*, Telepoem Number: (505) 665-2537.

Night sweats, sweat between my breasts;
the sheet slick, my mind
a mattress left out and pecked open,

stripped of its stuffing
by magpies battering their nest
high in the courtyard's cottonwood.

2 A.M., 3 A.M., 4,
Don't miss the bus, don't miss the bus,
my father talmudically warns

from beyond his freshly tamped grave
as an owl's twin searchbeams
exhume the dark. The nightly raid

begins with a series of hoots.
The sheets are soaked. The heart
I gave you, the one currently

confined in me, fibrillates
non-stop like a tin spoon
banged between iron bars,

self-celebration morphing
into solitary panicked protest
in shadow of the owl's launch.

From *Beauty Refracted* (Four Way Books, 2018)

Poet: Moldaw, Carol.

Poem: *Corrective*, Telepoem Number: (505) 665-2677.

for Sue

They trained us well, in some regards:
not to settle in shabby neighborhoods;
always to call when we travel, and call
on our return; never to stray far or, at least,
if going far, not to stay away too long;
to remember and celebrate with them
their birthdays and anniversaries as they
invariably remembered to celebrate ours.
Quick learners, we soon figured out
how not to disappoint and how not
to arouse suspicion or undue angst:
our living arrangements conventional,
our reported behavior beyond reproach--
until, eventually, our lives became our own.

From *Beauty Refracted* (Four Way Books, 2018)

Poet: Moldaw, Carol.

Poem: *Dream Loop #1*, Telepoem Number: (505) 665-3732.

To suffer a loss of limb—
my right arm, my writing arm,
the foot I flex as I think—
to be crushed like a clove
under Kirshna's juggernaut—
pressed to a verjuice
of tears—even on waking whole,
night's grief unstaunchable—
my father barefoot in snow.

From *Beauty Refracted* (Four Way Books, 2018)

Poet: Moldaw, Carol.

Poem: *Loop: The Barrancas*, Telepoem Number: (505) 665-5667.

Somewhere inside poems written
to avoid unwritable ones

are wisps of what I turned from.
If not inside, then suspended,
like a full moon at 6 A.M., drained
of color in a rust ring of cloud.

I like to time things to the minute
but having fifteen minutes leeway
is more reliable, allows for time
spent watching the puff and dissolve
of contrails fat as SUV tracks
in the arroyo's impressionable sand.

To register to scale what's intangible,
I take the ridge to where the trail
tapers off and the view expands,
range after range, our own house,
small from here, one among many,
just past the curve of silver poplars.

From *Beauty Refracted* (Four Way Books, 2018)

Poet: Morris, Mary.

Poem: *Deduction*, Telepoem Number: (505) 667-3338.

*My mother says, you know the person
who brings the uterus on Sunday?*

*Ma, they took your uterus.
Nearly five decades ago*

following ten acts of childbirth
a surgeon closed her womb.

No more bodies coming through her.
No more bearing down.

Honey, you know, what is it called?

Uterus?

My mother, victor of crosswords
is deeply concerned, her head bent

over her chest as she searches
for the word on the shelves

of her temporal lobe.

Ah, Eucharist, I say.
Yes. And she thanks me,

her interpreter in the country
called forgetfulness,
her guide through the nation
of memory.

Published in *Superstition Review* and from *Enter Water, Swimmer* (Texas A&M University Consortium, 2018)

Poet: okpik, dg.

Poem: *Anthropocene*, Telepoem Number: (505) 657-2684.

POEM TEXT NOT AVAILABLE

Poet: okpik, dg.

Poem: *I Want To Believe*, Telepoem Number: (505) 657-4926.

I believe when the body is at ruin,
the mind seems to give into the notion,
blossoms growing out of the ailing stomach
like shoveling
from parts unknown:

Jennifer's petunias,
pistils of bear grass,
stamens of Indian paints,

ovules of Mozart's string quartets,

but at the the moment of morphine
spiraling you can become clear
of one thing temporary thoughts madness.

The wonder of things:

A mean planet,
Horses running
hock & fetlock fitly,
across dirt trails.

In an interval of minute momentarily
contained notes on a two-line bar is enough.
Enough pain. Enough crying. Enough settling in.
Enough headache's & certainly enough fentanyl.
I say no, like Layli.

From *Thaw*

Poet: okpik, dg.

Poem: *Necklaced Whalebone*, Telepoem Number: (505) 657-6325.

As I toss & roll
these bones
at the 2nd, 3rd, & 4th vertebrae
the curvity of my neck
where something
of a winged fused
bowed & fossilized
merged kink-bended
wrongly & fused bowed
& fossilized then merged
bended slouched in a
hunchbacked crooked
pain into a pinged
pang where needles

& cracks at my side-to-side
forced hanging sluiced
movement of ivory
scalloped cervixes at the
nape & snaps snaps
I rebound at the fear
& instinctively quake
with vanquished surrender
in numbness & wake then
mumble you're part of me
now leave & it slaps its tale
then a V formation following
& decelerates the sea waved
source of vigor 110 years old.

From *Thaw*

Poet: okpik, dg.

Poem: *Physical Thaw*, Telepoem Number: (505) 657-7497.

Berries and roots

melt

algae

moose-racks

covered dripping

chartreuse moss

rocks

remind me of

my collapsed veins

Right arm

restricted appendage

pink-tan-blue

like frozen to liquid

I taste

Polar cap ice

Swamp

I.V. drip drip drip

freed from bodily

frost thaw under

sunbaked

paper birch peelings

I peel back the blood loss

of sunbaked leaves above

Roaring sun

 wax wick wax wick
calves my tachycardia fastest
 no more liquid to quench

I double leg cramp

my throat craves more melt water

as I candle the seal oil

lamp again again

again

From *Thaw*

Poet: okpik, dg.

Poem: *Skinny-Boned Bear*, Telepoem Number: (505) 657-7546

No fear, dead on in the night sky
Or stuck on the deep web, bear
Stars still exist. Name the bone pile,
On the marsh heaving like the
Chukchi Sea: pure white ice & arctic,
arctic air. 50 miles of open water,
floating, I see a carcass, marrow bones
5X a black bear, at 1500 lbs. 9 feet
tall & with one swipe of his paw
I'm neck snapped to the slush ice
cheek blood snow. I glance across
the whiteness a radio-collared skinny,
boned, muddy male polar bear.

Bones on inner iced
Melt water tears reflected

No ice, no seal bears.

From *Thaw*

Poet: Petersen, Karen.

Poem: *Among the Bristlecones (for David George Haskell)*, Telepoem Number: (505) 738-2666.

Hiking the Western back country
through the labyrinth of history
on a Precambrian mountain
late summer in the Rockies
I find myself lost in the woods
staring at a split bristlecone pine
its fine eddies and whorls of wood
running like a river of time
through 50 generations of mankind.
Here, a needle is fifteen summers,
a sapling a century,
the dense and resinous bark
a slow moving universe.
For every species,
there is a tempo, a velocity
and time is dependent on context.
Can you smell the rain?
I sense autumn in the fallen leaves
of Nature's conversation around me;
the immediacy of my world is now.

Published in *The Curlew*.

Poet: Petersen, Karen.

Poem: *Noah's Ark*, Telepoem Number: (505) 738-6624.

I love the story of Noah and the Ark
mainly because you can twist it around
and still maintain the essence of the story.

It could be sci-fi, or it could possibly be
some crazy Middle Eastern guy
holed up in a boat, drunk and stranded,
at the edge of a vast desert.
You can tell it straight as a myth or go for realism,
basically do anything you want
and still remain true to the ancient story.
I hope Noah put the dinosaurs in the bottom
or the whole thing would have tipped over.
Always wondered about the insects...
and the presence of those lurking vultures
is too painful to contemplate.
In the old manuscript drawings,
is that a pie on the top deck?
Was there anything in Genesis
about Noah saving a pie??
My feeling is that it may be a grain store,
though I like the idea that he saved
the blackbirds by hiding them in a pie.

Published in *A New Ulster*

Poet: Petersen, Karen.

Poem: *Taking out the Garbage*, Telepoem Number: (505) 738-8254.

My mother is taking out the garbage
-she pronounces it as a joke
accenting the second "a"
like it's a French word becoming an "ah."
"I'm taking out the gar-bahge."
Hard to imagine Rimbaud taking out the garbage,
or even the gar-bahge;
Rilke—he'd throw it out the castle window.
But Billy Collins could do it
or maybe even Frost, on a snowy evening.
Getting rid of things we don't want
is not as easy as it seems:

we twist and turn, hung up on
this word, that phrase,
this house, that life.

Published in *A New Ulster*

Poet: Pirloul, C.

Poem: *Sonnet*, Telepoem Number: (505) 747-7666.

Long I am away, thinking of the land.

My hands grow large and ancient.

A diamond shard, a broken triangle of light

Formed from that vibrant air of our home lodges

Between my heart and solar plexus.

Each side, this mirror, holds futures.

Now its pierce widens the girth of my ribcage. Always

We ask, has it rained?

Feather Grass. Coral-throated Whiplash. Great-Horned Owls
whose calls

Tremble to warble when January courting.

From snowmelt Cryptogammic Crust blooms irish, acid-orange and
black, gluing dust into soil.

My love mops the floors.

A young piñon roots through my lower right back-most molar.

Poet: Pirloul, C.

Poem: *Sonnet*, Telepoem Number: (505) 747-7666.

—As bird of prey, from depth-wadi rose and ochre cliffs, out the
 pliant-jeweled and gaudy marine garden, on dawns
I rise and dusks and noon — I've escaped

All certainty — it is meet to be round —
Dagger-purity of desert's mid-sky furnace falcon-flakes

A young girl's smiling spectrum of color out my foliage feathers, I
 unbind my wings —
Tip-heart-tip, trident tail to unhooded crown — far far high I flaunt
 and still —

While afloat sands' fire I rise yet further — rivulets of breeze
Stroke up my down's fluff, labyrinth-winding air-throat streams to in-
my breast with pleasant cool.

fondle

Now, in the globe's recession, I see There : blue mountains : a
 kingdom. I know within its ancient treasure
So am beyond its tempting bound —

And *NOW*

I re-member :

The slave's melting jasper
Waxes still —

Manna-tears trace-sew my heart to theirs — distilled
Of hope's loss so clear that no blood need be shed or flesh wared,

Calls the choice I am to meet me : calm hands the occipital lock
 caress, cradle, nurse, turn, lengthen, lift out cage:

GKli-eeeeee KhrliKhrliKhli gKreeeeeEEEEEEEEEEAA

Poet: Pirloul, C.

Poem: 0, Telepoem Number: (505) 747-0000.

stars sing the skin of Lucy
Lucy, whose name is Light
Light, whose number is 11
11, whose name is Justice
Justice, whose one and one are One
One and one and one her glowing necklace
necklace, her bead-baubled raiment
raiment, bows, ribbons, her streaming smile
smile, her sovereign happiness
happiness, whose name is Felicity
Felicity, striped socks, all the colors
colors, cross-legged song, she draws the stars

Poet: Proudheart, Jacob.

Poem: *Facing Fear*, Telepoem Number: (505) 776-3224.

Running and running, I run from a demon who taunts and teases. "Help me! Help me!" I call, begging for anyone to help me stand tall.

A rescuer grabs me and holds me up high "I got you pretty child" he hisses just as I realize, it's another demon that saved me and holds me tightly in its claws! "Help me, help me." I cry as I fall, begging my soul to please stand tall.

The memories all haunt me. The feelings inside, are so toxic, I can barely survive. Broken pieces scattered in the wind, I run in circles begging for an end.

Bruised and bloody, dying within. "Why will no one help me?" I painfully gasp, as demon after demon claw at my back.

Circles I go, running through hell, desperately trying to find a way out. "HELP ME! HELP ME!" I scream out loud, "I can't stop running circles in HELL!"

“Please,” I whisper to the demon who holds me now “I can’t breathe, I have to get out. Won’t you please, please help?”

“Silly, silly child,” he responds to me “can’t you see? You are grown but still stuck on the idea that you aren’t free. Circles and circles I watch you destroy. You can keep running and begging for help, but, it might do you good to stop, and look around. For there is no help, down here, in Hell. There are other prisoners here, begging as well. There are all the tools needed to help you stay down. There are dragons and demons with which you may play. There are rivers of sorrow being drowned and washed into the bay, where they can grow bigger and cause even more dismay.

‘Denial can be found everywhere you look, prisoners pick it up and suddenly believe they found there luck. Falsely believing it is us who say if you stay or leave. You are all so funny to me, to watch you spin like tops, all the while swearing you’re not.

‘Yes, yes, there are tunnels, ladders and doors indeed. They were built by fools who needed to believe. But you built them, and know where they lead.

‘Ah, but the true kicker, you poor silly child, is that even if you could leave truly make it out, you would be so alone, so filled with pain and self-doubt, you would be begging to come back into this world of sin once again. For this “Hell” is your home. Where your friends all play. Where you can run with your dragon with no worries of time or day. This is where you choose to run away.

‘Running and running, begging and screaming for help. Don’t you see? That is how you build this life you now call HELL.”

Poet: Proudheart, Jacob.

Poem: *Time*, Telepoem Number: (505) 776-8463.

A silly concept I thinking

Hurry it up your already late

You can chase it but you cant catch it

You can loose it but you cant own it

You just missed it
Its getting away

No matter how careful you are there; still isn't enough in a day

Your memories it makes, but give it enough, then your memories it takes

It is the only thing to heal a broken heart
But doesn't take much to tear one apart

It turns children into adults but takes so long
Taunting and teasing
Then poof without a second, thought your gone

Oh there it goes now
I hate to ask, but can you please hold on a minute

I'll be right back

Poet: Proudheart, Jacob.

Poem: *The Winner's Dance*, Telepoem Number: (505) 776-9466.

I see you tried to find the freedom inside
I saw your wings spread
I saw the world reflect through your eyes

Face down on the ground
Covered in mud

Now is the perfect time to begin again
Jet because your down doesn't mean the end

Get up get up
Play in the mud
Now dance for fun

Look within
Is your smile back

One step
Two step
Twist and spin
Flap those wings
Create freedom within

Live for self
Live for love
Strength you'll find each time you choose to get back up

Strength you will need
To find the self esteem

To say I got this
I am proud to be me

Then use your wings to swim
If you so have the whim

No one else could ever be me
For they are them

Now you know the secret to life
now you know how to win

One step
Two step twist and spin
Get back up
again and again and again

Poet: Ransom, Jim.

Poem: *My Prayer*, Telepoem Number: (610) 726-6977.

I pray that in springtime

the sun warms the earth and
the wind blows and blows and
the iris blooms and
the lavender sends up new shoots and
tiny pale-green leaves force open
the dry brown buds of the lilac.

I pray that in summer
the sun burns hot and
the towering thunderheads cross the sky and
the mountain streams run cold and
trout, marbled and streaked and rayed, strike
my small reddish brown fly
cast upon the tranquil pool.

I pray that in autumn
the nights grow cool and
the skies turn cloudless and
the market overflows
with plump darkly purple eggplants and
everywhere across town
the aroma of roasting chili fills the air.

I pray that in winter
the days grow short and
the nights turn frigid and
the snow falls silently
filling the field beyond the cabin and
we hear the trumpeting of the elk
come down from the high parks.

Poet: Reed, Stella.

Poem: *Leda to the Migrant Girl: On Silence*, Telepoem Number: (505) 733-5332.

I saw the moon last night,
dragging its thumb
through the ocean as if tracing

your path. Sky can be more

easily broken than silence,
your wounds missed
unless rinsed in lemon,
held to sunlight.

Your tongue will push sounds
from dual-chambered lungs,
soft wings thumping
against bars. They make wishes

on the sternums of birds
in the new world,
cracking the dried bones—
don't speak in your dreams.

Utter only in private
those syllables for your god.
Keep your want in your belly,
it is an oceaned thing with tides,

hum to it when you dip your bread
in oil. The moon will loosen
your glossy lips. Send a kiss
over the railing, watch it float
like stars on waves.

From *We Are Meant to Carry Water* (3: Taos Press, 2019)

Poet: Reed, Stella.

Poem: *Origami*, Telepoem Number: (505) 733-6744.

i.

Driving the High Road from Taos, a mockingbird flew
into the side of my car, a violence of black and white
at my periphery In my rearview — nothing

I should mention that in the passenger's seat
an empty jar lined with dust
from your remains

flew to the floor

At the bosque I crept through columns of willows to a chorus
of flies the cries of cranes
hinged jaws of dragonflies snatching gnats

Those bugs we call Jesus walked on water

gray shadowed footprints small rippled ghosts

your ash

drifts

like music

Imagine a leaf
 that clings to a branch
 when the wind has taken others

ii.

Every day people wander
out of this world and in
who hasn't heard of the grandparent
dying while the infant is born?

 Around me wind blows dry leaves
 like airborne boats

How to be a mariner?
How to hold to shore

In the conflagration that took your final body I could have plucked a cinder of your glowing bone, held it against my wrist. Instead I wipe my finger around the jar of ash after you've spilled into the river, lick the dust from it

I'm gathering to me everything
I need to be one leaf on a tree:
courage of a magpie
necklace of light
your wet eyes in the morning
I fold your voice
into the small bones of my ear
my forehead blooms
a paper lotus

At home what I think are dried leaves
on the kitchen tiles
turn out to be moths
 dissolving
 into dust when I bend
 to pick them up

They taste
 nothing
 like you

Published by *Tusculum Review*

Poet: Reed, Stella.

Poem: *Watsu*, Telepoem Number: (505) 733-9287.

My first husband told me
he thought the space between
my eyebrows and lids a perfect canvas
for color. After I left him
I painted a muted gold there,
brown in the crease,
sage green on the lid,

and strode into the lesbian bar
wearing more makeup than I'd ever worn
when trying to seduce a man.
But I could not find the right woman,
one who understood my sad palette
as a longing
to press my breasts
into breasts, nothing hard between us.

Between the first divorce
and second marriage
I had a watsu massage from a woman
shaped like the Venus of Willendorf.
She floated and dragged me
through warm spring waters until I sobbed
and she curled me fetal
in her clotted arms, kissed my forehead,
each closed eye, before sitting me upright
on the stone lip of the pool.

Later, in the spa lobby,
I saw her crocheting by a bright fire,
her fingers manipulating yarn
and hook into a pastel robe of comfort.
I yearned to sit at her feet,
place my head in her lap
while she pulled strands of my hair
into her nimble weave,
making me into something soft
and wanted.

Poet: Reed, Stella.

Poem: *Women Sigh the Trees*, Telepoem Number: (505) 733-9663.

It's been discovered that trees sleep,
lower their branches, imperceptibly,
to rest in the dark,

spill needles,
and dream of walking
down from the mountains
through cities
where music pours from neon signs
and women with dark syrupy hair
in silk stockings kick
untree-like on table tops
made from heartwood,
women with red mouths
kissing the air and the birds,
lips wet as bath toys.
Women, sigh the trees,
oh, to wake with women
whose slumber is sheep
never leaving their pasture,
women with morning breath
a wilting freesia
when they yawn like barn doors
squeaking open.

Poet: Rockman, Barbara.

Poem: *As My Old Lover Dies of HIV/AIDS*, Telepoem Number: (505) 762-2769.

As the clear cut mountain
so the boy incarcerated for a crime
he did not commit

As the disappeared wolves
and crabs so the pinon withers with rust

As the boy sought his father's
arms to wrap round

what his every pore and prayer craved—
simple love a body twin to his own

so the forest so the tide and glacier
shrink with refusal

The boy turned man is dying
of lust natural as spring run-off

He has watched the earth corrode
As contagion corrupts cells so
a country's veins rupture

As he grows old
as the mountain's scraped raw
so flesh blisters

Sea afloat in plastic
and yet tufts of spring grass

Body frail as drought
and yet he wets his lips

one breath for the continent
one for the self

Published in *Here & Now Project/Na (HIV) PoWriMo*

Poet: Rockman, Barbara.

Poem: *Daily Walk and Song*, Telepoem Number: (505) 762-3245.

Each day at this time a breeze twists the aspen into a mobile of tiny mirrors.

Each day at this time a raven declares from the tip of a spruce
I will crown the dying with my closed feathers.

He takes up his possessive verbs and beats them
into throats of passersby.

A boy points to a tree clustered with apricots

and sings *Lemons! Lemons!*

A man reaches for a woman's arm and she receives.
The day is rank with fallen fruit, swollen with song.

Always a litany of war dead, street dead,
black walnuts crushed by boots.

This morning
I studied a juniper's hard blue fruits.

How badly I wanted them to be berries
ripening in musty coats, what once I gathered in buckets,

but they were furred starts of nuts,
what would burst into dry huts of seed
and be destroyed by jays.

How badly I wanted
to drop into a tin cup, sweetness
I might offer my beloved.

Published in *antinarrative*

Poet: Rockman, Barbara.

Poem: *If a Man Can Teach His Daughter*, Telepoem Number: (505) 762-4326.
after "Leaning Into Wind: Andy Goldsworthy"

to split a reed

insert
another slimmer
reed into the hollow tip

to repeat

and hang these

like icicles from limbs
above a stream

If crouched by the stream
the man rests one
hand in his daughter's lap

while she wraps wet red
leaves around each of his fingers

his other hand
already bandaged clumsily

by the hand now held
grown useless

If stream waters

striped by reeds'
shadows

redden with
elm's refuse

If the bank holds
daughter and father

if she makes of his hand
art he has taught her

is it leaf
hand or water
that binds them?

and which becomes
more beautiful
in the making?

Poet: Rockman, Barbara.

Poem: *Spring*, Telepoem Number: (505) 762-7774.

Every shoot and blade saying,
Now, notice me now— yellow tulips
open so wide it seems their petaled arms
will break behind while arriving plums
flaunt their best-of-show pose— my daughter,
at three, counts *blossom trees* as we drive,
numbers beyond what she knows but
wanting to name delicate explosions.
How she loves the plosive word.
Blowing her lips and popping
tongue to teeth, *Blossom*, she cries,
blossom, her whole mouth becoming
the thing she loves.

Poet: Rockman, Barbara.

Poem: *Stranded in the New Age Bookstore*, Telepoem Number: (505) 762-7872.

In the hum of machine-softened air—
noise to fill space where negative energy
might infiltrate the tinkle of copper bells—
birds are at play in their fenced yard
and walls are lined with texts that step
into depths of Tao and I Ching.

Because the sign by the door says,
“It’s bad karma to steal,” and I did,
at my last stop, in the coffee shop where
another poet’s stacked flyers for classes
conflicted with mine, I took the last ones
and now am writing on the back
because I have no paper,
it is no surprise
my keys are locked in the car

and I'm stranded in contemplation,
my aura so tainted I'm certain
pure souls who slouch
in soft chairs and read,
look up and know
I am in great need.
I am empty vessel
without right path.

But the salesgirl beams with goodwill,
"He'll be here soon," meaning not the Messiah,
but my husband, whose day I'll be blamed for dismantling.

On the counter, fairies hold glass orbs.
I roll egg-shaped stones from the river in India
the cashier can't name, but tries to describe
their power: *balance, protection, peace
of mind*, he thinks, which, surprisingly, I feel
moving out into a mild winter day,
staring down into my car where
the star wand, purchased here
by the man who is now lost
and late, holds my keys.

Published in *Sin Fronteras*

Poet: Rogers, Janet.

Poem: *Birds Carry My Goodbye*, Telepoem Number: (250) 764-2473.

Kal-lak'-a-la Lo' lo Ni'ka Kla-how'-ya

Tin-tin of nika tik-egh

Stone of nika wau'-wau

Skoo-kum of nika se-ah-host

Smoke of nika til tum-tum

Kwah-ne-sum kum-tuks ky'-as nah-kook

Kal-lak'-a-la, lo'lo nika kla-how'-ya

Mah-sie waum way-hut

Mah-sie e'-lip closhe eh-k'ah-nam

La mes'-tin

Le mo'-lo kloodsh'man ko'-pa ni-ka al'ta kwass

Siwash pil-pil, kwann

Cloosh-spoose halo mahlie

Cloosh-spoose halo mitlite

Bell of my love

Horn of my talk

Ghost of my eyes

Smoke of my heavy heart

Always know dear

Birds carry my goodbye

Thank you for the warm road

For the best story medicine

The wild woman in me now tame

I shall not forget

I cannot stay

Poet: Rogers, Janet.

Poem: *Soft Earth*, Telepoem Number: (250) 764-7638.

is this earth?
it's so soft
I've been living
amongst steel beams
reality is hot uncomfortable
not
air-conditioned
where precipitation
is discouraged
touch her
she wants to
hold you
feel the heat
surround you
go ahead and sweat
why don't you
cry through
the words you wrote for them
go there and come back
come back again

silence
inside the vault is sexy
museum secrets
made public
is this my history
is this history at all
I find being this close
erotic

special time with them
reveals stories they hold
from others
I am an open-hearted target
I come to them
humble, with nothing
taking aim and piercing
me with teachings
opening my thinking
feeling what she felt
I see what she is seeing

I like uncertainty
reminds me of
respect
when no one
has taught us
modesty

the earth
is so soft
come, touch it

Poet: Ruth, Janet.

Poem: *Moving*, Telepoem Number: (505) 788-6684.

I hugged a cottonwood yesterday.
It was standing there
where it always was.
A voice in my head said, "Do it."
So I hugged a cottonwood,
wrapped my arms around its girth—
rough, wounded bark,
loose twigs, spider webs and all—
my fingers could not reach,
my arms could not encompass
all that the cottonwood was.

I laid my cheek,
closed my eyes.

The earth did not move
beneath my feet.
Nothing happened
that I could tell.
A shiver pulled a zipper
down my spine,
but that was the autumn wind,
or maybe the thought of the spiders.

The cottonwood stood
by the acequia
as she had for a hundred years,
swished her golden skirts
above my head.
She stood, unmoved,
rooted.

I was the first one to move,
bent down,
picked up a sprig
of waxy, yellow leaves—
spangles sprinkled from her skirts
in the last high winds—
and headed home.

Today the leaves in the vase
are turning brown,
furling, starting to crack and crumble,
but I am still moving,
her rough arms wrapped around me,
knuckley, leafless fingers
giving me a gentle shove.

Poet: Ruth, Janet.

Poem: *On a Río Grande Oxbow in Autumn*, Telepoem Number: (505) 788-6627.

Cottonwoods rooted by the river grow into autumn,
leaves spun to gold as they glow into autumn.

Sandhill cranes gargle before blustery wind,
necks stretched south in a row into autumn.

Acequia water drains back to the river,
down toward Mexico as it flows into autumn.

Russian thistles are wrenched from brittle roots in sand,
born to tumble and rustle as they blow into autumn.

Armored datura pods—medieval spiked weapons—
explode with seed shrapnel sown into autumn.

Black-winged miasma of shiny feathers and beaks
flaps over the bosque as they crow into autumn.

First flames in fireplaces singe last signs of summer,
piñon wood snaps, its embers thrown into autumn.

Fresh-roasting chiles crackle, spin end-over-end,
earthy aromas twist warm and slow into autumn.

Fall insinuates icy fingers down Raven Girl's neck;
she pulls her scarf tight—gilded leaves let go into autumn.

Poet: Ruth, Janet.

Poem: *Shimmer*, Telepoem Number: (505) 788-7446.

—after Charles Wright's poem "Clear Night"

Breeze brushes the surface
of the shallow pond
disturbs reflection of sky and leaves
reveals, by the rim of stones,

a slurry of tadpoles
shimmying and nudging each other
in the shallows.
Animated commas
amphibious sperm
some already with hind legs
soon to haul themselves from the pond—
 a repetition of that Middle Devonian
 movement from sea to sand—
to live out spadefoot lives in the desert.

I want to shimmer just below the surface.
I want to be transformed.
I want to swim and swim
and then, without even trying,
I want to sprout legs and
lose that tail that is pulling me down.
I want to drag myself from the deep.

And the tadpoles whisper *what?*
and the voracious dragonfly nymph
beneath the surface says *too late!*
and grabs a tadpole by the tail.
Splatters cease, water smooths,
reflection of sky and leaves returns,
mirrors my face
obscures my view—
perhaps the tadpole's and nymph's views too—
of the way toward transformation.

Poet: Ruth, Janet.

Poem: *The Universe is Expanding*, Telepoem Number: (505) 788-8648.

What does that mean anyway?
Is there more of it?
more astronomical miscellany—
stars, comets, planets, moons, asteroids?

or more galactic garbage—
those bits of trash
that look too small to be dangerous
but orbit the earth at 17,000 mph?
Are these pieces of the universe getting larger?
Or just farther apart?
And what are they expanding into
that is not already the universe?

I don't have time or brain-power for this—
understanding an expanding universe,
black holes, dark matter, antimatter,
how they know there is water on Mars.
And extra-terrestrials—
if the powers that be don't like aliens
from Honduras, what will they possibly think
about little green men with almond eyes?
And really, why do all those imagined aliens
have two legs, two arms, and two eyes like us—
show some imagination!

Oh, and what about human colonies
on other M-class planets,
or under domes on moons somewhere?
The possibilities are problematic.
Don't we have enough trouble
figuring out how to get along with each other
on this one familiar planet?

I'm skeptical.

Unless, of course,
I get to pick which idiots
we cram onto the spaceship
and shoot out toward
 that expanding edge
 beyond what I can imagine . . .

Poet: Seluja, Katherine.

Poem: *Monastery in the Desert, Abiquiu, New Mexico*, Telepoem Number: (505) 735-6662.

A man carries a cross
tipped sideways
as if about to fall
from his shoulder his back
from the chapel wall where blood drips irregularly
but it's blood just the same.

On the day we finally came to the monastery
hidden deep in the tertiary age.
Layers of colored ribbons
of rock yellow mustard terracotta cream.
Taking the curves slowly or a little fast
until the high sloped curve that tipped a bit too much over the green Chama water
and we both said at exactly the same moment what if someone...?
So we slowed down
because what else is there really to do
when the ruts cut deeper and the quiet more intense.
By the river, a sandy beach looking something like Coney Island
but I'm talking long ago.

We moved along the thirteen miles of twist and dirt and rut
and entered a small parking area and the deepest quiet yet.
Geese lifting off the river, the wind blowing cold and blue.

In the chapel, a monk praying.
Light falling in squares across the stone altar,
the white altar cloth moving gently in a waft of radiant heat.

And way up there, at the top of the cliff
two crosses and five crows.

Poet: Seluja, Katherine.

Poem: *You are Migrant*, Telepoem Number: (505) 735-9682.

You are migrant
which is to say
you are standing in a line
a very long line
you are grasping the fist of a child you do not know
which is to say you will not lose this child
you don't know where this line will lead you
but you know well what it took you from
you are from Syria, Tunisia, Mexico, Ukraine
a sack holds your belongings in other words
please God, praise Allah enough to barter for your passage
in other words you'll barter the child if it comes to that
a woman with hair as golden as the sky
above your grandmother's house
offers water, a bowl of rice
you do not understand the loud marketplace
of her language but you do recognize the sound
so like your grandmother's voice
the last time you saw her
which is to say your clothes are torn
to say you are not synthetic
nor bullet proof
nor digitally secure
you are dehumanized say
you are transitory
on the way to some other
border country jail cell
you are migrant
not refugee

is to say

From *We Are Meant to Carry Water* (3: Taos Press, 2019)

Poet: Smith, Rick.

Poem: *A Haiku After Drought*, Telepoem Number: (505) 764-4245.

Dry limbs comb the wind –

A stone remembers water.

My shadow stirs dust.

Poet: Smith, Rick.

Poem: *Statues After Snowfall*, Telepoem Number: (505) 764-7428.

The sculptured figures standing out on Canyon Road
Teach lessons after snowfall.

They show how hidden currents alter shapes:
The snow finds ways to cling and deepen on their
sides.
The snow marks paths, adds flesh, tells secrets . . .
The snow is longing and desire made visible.

The statues show how light would curve and curl
If it were solid, like the snow.
And if the bronze and marble were the notes
that Chopin wrote,
The snow would be the aching silences between them.

The statues are for *now*.
The snow is fleeting, drifting memory:
It turns and creeps into the spaces that the
sculptor lets us see unfilled.
They show how *never was*, is, after all,
A part of all that is *right now*, in snow.

Poet: St Thomas, Elektra Bella Nyx.

Poem: *Can You Hear Us?*, Telepoem Number: (505) 788-2269.

Can you hear us?

We're screaming.
We're crying.
Our children our dying,
Yet,
We march for our lives cause everyday
We might just
Die,
In our best friend's arms.
Shot in the head,
BANG! BANG!
We're dead.
Yet you can't hear us,
See us
You barely believe us
Call us
Liars,
Soulless Creatures,
That dwell in the night,
Don't take fright,
We're the good guys.
Even though your thumbs do more of the actual fight,
Behind your small screens.
Fight! Fight!
Spewing all the lies you hear on TV, we are the game changers, earth Quakers.
You raise your stocks,
Mouth cocked
Back in a grin shooting your ammo in chagrin
Of the fake media
Letting the onlookers film
Your mistakes and your
Pain
Your ammunition tears through my classroom door,
I am pulled to the floor
It's happening once more.
I am pulled to the floor
I have surrendered my life
Too many

Times,
I just
Might
Die.
Better now than
Have more fright
Like the night creatures,
Even though we're telling the truth,
We're pictured like demons of the media,
The social media tearing my family to pieces
Our pictures are tacked to the politician's dart boards.
Wishing to silence us
With every throw
They wish to take our lives...
They wish to take our souls,
They wanna clap their tiny hands over our mouths,
Silencing us.
Letting us froth in the mouth.
We are the hell bringers
Disturbing the peace that was lay beneath us. Making our voices ringing the halls,
Lined with the clear backpacks of silent protest.
The alarms are ringing.
There's no more singing.
Except
The fright of the
Night creatures.
Hell bringers
We are the night creatures
Let me spell out our names
Alyssa Alhadeff, was fourteen
Scott Biegel, was 35, dove in front of a bullet to save Kelsey Fiend.
Are you listening?
Martin Duque Anguiano, was 14
Are you listening?
Nicholas Dworet, 17
ARE you listening?
Aaron Feis, thirty seven

Are you listening?
Jaime Guttenburg, fourteen,
Are you listening?
Chris Hixon, forty nine.
Are you listening?
Luke Hoyer, fifteen
Are you listening?
Cara Loughrab, fourteen
Are you listening?
Gina Montalto, fourteen
Are you listening?
Joaquin Oliver, seventeen
Are you listening?
Alaina Petty, fourteen
Are you listening?
Meadow Pollack, eighteen
Are you listening??
Helena Ramsay, seventeen
Are you listening?
Alex Schachter, fourteen
Carmen Schentrop, was sixteen
Are you listening?
Peter Wang was 15.
Were you listening?
They've been silenced,
They can no longer play the game we call life,
They can no longer play soccer with their friends
During recess
Can no longer be what they wanna be,
When they old enough to vote,
Which would have been in a month or so,
If They weren't silenced,
Like us night creatures,
They like crickets in the night!
Chirp! Chirp!
Say it with me!
Chirp! Chirp!

They can no longer be greeted in their halls by peers,
Like Biegel, who dove a bullet to save Kelsey Fiend.
Dworet was 17. Liked to swim.
Was an actual kid.
Until those night crickets ricketed his life,
Till he tore down his halls
Feis, saved students from divining in front of a bullet!
But tell me again why we need guns to protect those halls?
Chris Hixon, died.
He's a daddy!
One more little girl's gonna grow up without her daddy!
Cara can no longer dance her heart out,
Gina can no longer march with her marching band,
On the grand stands,

They are dead
Gone forever.
Cause Cruz was psychotic,
Getting fan mail from his psycho fans,
Yes that's happening! (throw article at your feet)
I couldn't make it up if i tried.
Because we need gun reform guys, please!
I do not want my name to be whispered along side there's.
Let's let them be the end of an eon.
Let them be the silencers of that horrible sound.
But we better play that game,
Cause them night creatures
Rule the day and night,
Our voices will ring through the capital,
We won't stop till our voices are heard.
We won't stop till we call em out on their games.
We won't stop till those daytime creatures are afraid of The night creatures.

Poet: St Thomas, Thomas.

Poem: *DoubleTree*, Telepoem Number: (505) 788-3682.

Drinking alone

In a double tree
In the desert
In mid May
At happy hour
With twenty seven tv screens
Wall mounted .
All with the sound down
Each one a different channel
Displayed as a prototype
For DJ Trumps new wall
The bartender huddles under the bar
Cunningly Playing candy crush.
Slowly yet frequently
Patrons position themselves
Every one on a cell phone
Silently.
They sit
They drink
They stare into their hands
Screen dreamers
Searching for lost dreams
Within hand held screens
Some find love
Some find hate
Others file their taxes
I Myself, do the same
Surfing the globe with my thumbs
Staring at my screen
Shuffling my thoughts
Updating my dreams
Digitally deconstructing
Anything or anyone
Cause I have nothing else to do.

Poet: Stevens, James Thomas.

Poem: *El Barril*, Telepoem Number: (505) 783-2277.

In the one-time mecca of the hard up honeymoon,
we were both born.

Yours, a life above the waterfall. Mine, below.

And Annie Taylor? We were all schooled in her story. How Miss Michigan schoolteacher took on the cataract at 63. In her petticoats and lace-up boots, clutching her good-luck-heart-shaped-satin pillow, she stepped into the barrel where, two days earlier, she placed her cat to test pilot the way. Air pressured in by a bicycle pump, bung in the hole, mattress wrapped. And the fall, fall, fall, emerging twenty minutes later. Only head gashed and rib bruised to proclaim:

I would sooner walk up to the mouth of a cannon, knowing it was going to blow me to pieces than make another trip over the Fall.

And in our two year, two year, two year fall. What was bruised if not
broken?

Your C-3 vertebra, out of whack.
Slack, from practice. Your tendons overwrought,
too taut from the bow, taught by the bow.

And my base pain, in the neck.
Now I know the days you play,
curse Bach and his concerto
for a doubled violin.

Published by *Prairie Schooner*

Poet: Stevens, James Thomas.

Poem: *La Dama*, Telepoem Number: (505) 783-3262.

& why does it all make sense in the gibberish, hoot & high pitch
of sacred, striped & breech-clouted clowns.

& how the quick & birdlike head
movements seem natural. Straw tufts quivering above blackened

backs.

& now is the Virgin, Our Lady of the Fertile Row.
Corn Maiden cloistered in cool white wash.

& clowns tease & jeer, shooting stick bows & weed arrows.
Shooting arrows into air & pulling our tongues. We are human
again.

& we endure stinging suns for some clown's successful climb.
Where from the top of the towering feast pole, a slaughtered lamb
looks on.

& he lowers labour's bounty bound, on ropes, the breads & gourds.
The lifeless lamb slips the lively knot. Dull thud. We are animal
again.

Published by *Wasafiri*

Poet: Stevens, James Thomas.

Poem: *La Garza*, Telepoem Number: (505) 783-4279.

Light through the quaking aspens dapples the ground at your feet,
creates the illusion that you stand in a dusty and shimmering pond.
O desert heron, you came from nowhere, said, I would like to try.
Your brown wings spread wide, as you bend your neck and strike.

Creating illusion, you stand on the dusty and shimmering driveway.
You knock so lightly at the door that more often I feel your
presence.
Your brown wings spread wide, as you bend your neck and strike
out on a new road of being men & birds together. Monthly
migration.

You knock so lightly at the heart that more often I feel your
presence
when you are absent, not sleeping beside me, but striking in the

dark.

On the new road of being men & birds together, our monthly
migrations
keep me soaring and grounded. A fish at the end of your spiked
beak.

When you were absentminded and striking in the dark, I knelt in the
below you and held your thin knees, quaking lightly in my hands.
You keep me soaring and grounded, a fish, at the end of your beak.
Each of us content to play both parts. At once, both sunfish and
crane.

bath

Below you, I knelt, your thin knees quaking lightly in my hands.
O desert crane, you came from nowhere, said, I would like to try.
Each of us playing both parts at once, content as sunfish or heron.
Light through the quaking aspens dapples the ground at your feet.

Published by *Wasafiri*

Poet: Sze, Arthur.

Poem: *Black Center*, Telepoem Number: (505) 793-2522.

Green tips of tulips are rising out of the earth—
you don't flense a whale or fire at beer cans

in an arroyo but catch the budding
tips of pear branches and wonder what

it's like to live along a purling edge of spring.
Jefferson once tried to assemble a mastodon

skeleton on the White House floor but,
with pieces missing, failed to sequence the bones;

when the last speaker of a language dies,
a hue vanishes from the spectrum of visible light.

Last night, you sped past revolving and flashing
red, blue, and white lights along the road—

a wildfire in the dark; though no one
you knew was taken in the midnight ambulance,

an arrow struck a bull's eye and quivered
in its shaft: one minute gratitude rises

like water from an underground lake,
another dissolution gnaws from a black center.

Published in *Ploughshares*. From *Sight Lines* (Copper
Canyon, 2019)

Poet: Sze, Arthur.

Poem: *First Snow*, Telepoem Number: (505) 793-3477.

A rabbit has stopped on the gravel driveway:

imbibing the silence,
you stare at spruce needles:

there's no sound of a leaf blower,
no sign of a black bear;

a few weeks ago, a buck scraped his rack
against an aspen trunk;
a carpenter scribed a plank along a curved stone wall.

You only spot the rabbit's ears and tail:

when it moves, you locate it against speckled gravel,
but when it stops, it blends in again;

the world of being is like this gravel:

you think you own a car, a house,
this blue-zigzagged shirt, but you just borrow these things.

Yesterday, you constructed an aqueduct of dreams
and stood at Gibraltar,

but you possess nothing.

Snow melts into a pool of clear water;
and, in this stillness,

starlight behind daylight wherever you gaze.

First appeared in the Academy of American Poets Poem-
A-Day, (Poets.org). From *Sight Lines* (Copper Canyon, 2019)

Poet: Sze, Arthur.

Poem: *Sight Lines*, Telepoem Number: (505) 793-7444.

I'm walking in sight of the Río Nambe—

salt cedar rises through silt in an irrigation ditch—

the snowpack in the Sangre de Cristos has already dwindled before
spring—

at least no fires erupt in the conifers above Los Alamos—

the plutonium waste has been hauled to an underground site—

a man who built plutonium-triggers breeds horses now—

no one could anticipate this distance from Monticello—

Jefferson despised newspapers, but no one thing takes us out of
ourselves—

during the Cultural Revolution, a boy saw his mother shot in front of
a firing squad—

a woman detonates when a spam text triggers bombs strapped to
her body—

when I come to an upright circular steel lid, I step out of the ditch—

I step out of the ditch but step deeper into myself—

I arrive at a space that no longer needs autumn or spring—

I find ginseng where there is no ginseng my talisman of desire—

though you are visiting Paris, you are here at my fingertips—

though I step back into the ditch, no whitening cloud dispels this
world's mystery—

the ditch ran before the year of the Louisiana Purchase—

I'm walking on silt, glimpsing horses in the field—

fielding the shapes of our bodies in white sand—

though parallel lines touch in the infinite, the infinite is here—

Published in *Kenyon Review*. From *Sight Lines* (Copper
Canyon, 2019)

Poet: Toon, Michele.

Poem: *Grandma Toon: All About Tall Girls*, Telepoem Number: (210) 866-4726.

“Hun, don’t slouch. You won’t look like a short girl. You’ll just look like a tall girl slumping
over.”

This was single-handed the best piece of advice ever given by a 6 foot, 58 year old woman to her granddaughter in 1976.

1967: the year the Concorde flew transatlantic in 3 and a half hours. The average cost of an American home was \$44k and Isabel Peron was overthrown as President of Argentina.

As a taller-than-average 8 year old freckle-faced redhead, I was unaware of all these events. All I knew was that when I was with my Grandma, I emulated her every move. I could play dress up at her house and the clothes and shoes FIT me. She served me breakfast in bed in her hot pink bedroom. We drank coffee from her demitasse cups. And she smelled good.

She redefined her East Texas red neck with a string of diamonds and pearls that commanded respect in the most elite Dallas social circles. At 6 foot, she wore size 10 heels with her white hair and red lips while driving the longest Cadillac she could acquire. She was a presence. A woman to be reckoned with. A blusher of sailors with her foul mouth and her “hun, let me tell you something....”

Her soul softened around me. She taught me how to sew. She gave my Mother money every year to make sure I had at least one nice dress from Neiman Marcus...that fit. She took me to the nicest restaurants and made sure the counter girls gave me gallons of perfume samples. She would remove her false teeth and make a crazy face just to make me laugh. From her, I learned about big gaudy broaches and Mumus.

I would sob uncontrollably when I had to go home.

You need a strong woman like this when you are becoming a strong woman yourself. And life's cruel joke is that good smelling Grandmas are taken long before you know just how much you need them.

I am one of the fortunate ones. She is still with me. It took me a while to figure it out. One day, while cleaning my home, a red bird was at my window staring at me. As red as my Grandma's lipstick. When I took laundry upstairs, I heard a pecking on the window...this bird was following me around the house. This red bird would continue these antics in Australia, Mexico, and every state I've called home in the US. I always see her when I'm happiest or when I need her the most.

I should have known she'd find a way. I can almost hear the negotiations between her and whoever sat at those pearly gates. “Hun...let me tell you something”.

Poet: Tsong, Edie (with Kuzov-Tsong, Che and Ward, RJ)

Poem: *More Human Than Human, Pt. 1*, Telepoem Number: (505) 876-6671.

75% alien
99% animal
73% antagonistic
17% approval
100% atoms
7% blood
15% bone
98.8% bonobo
57% broken
1.5% calcium
58% cartwheel
82% common
57% coyote
28% cyborg
65% cynical
94% dark matter
45% daydream
18% depressed
34% dirt
93% distracted
.1% DNA
19% douglas fir
33% dust mite
74% dying
83% eagle
53% familial
25% fat
18% fire
50% flight
67% friendly
31% frozen
9% fur
17% gluten intolerant
 3×10^{-10} % gold
1.09% growth rate

15% gun
17% heavy metal
81% high
21% homeless
43% human

Poet: Tsong, Edie (with Kuzov-Tsong, Che and Ward, RJ)

Poem: *More Human Than Human, Pt. 2*, Telepoem Number: (505) 876-6672.

43% impoverished
87% inner child
2% lavender essential oil
27% leisure
26% living
50% merino wool
57% non-human
12% morbidly obese
74% monotonous
16% mucous
6% Navajo
22% normal
7.6 % North American
50% off the grid
35% organic
7.6% over age 65
65% oxygen
20% protein
1% RNA
35% salt
47% Scottish
10x10 -9% silver
4% skin
28% sky
82% sleepy
42% stardust
69% sterile
56.4 % Taiwanese

4% taste
.04% teeth
12% thought
.05% titanium
5% toxic
26% under age 14
5.6% undocumented
34% unrecoverable
51% urban
62% virus
6% visible
72% water
15% white
72% wolf
86% zygote

Poet: Valley-Fox, Anne

Poem: *My Life Is a Circus*, Telepoem Number: (505) 825-6954.

My partners and I have kidnapped three kids,
intending to start a circus. The boy is a gifted
aerialist, though he's clumsy on land.
The girl, a gold-medal gymnast, has never
flown trapeze. The four-year-old,
brilliant in circus arts, speaks only Chinese;
she's chubby and snubs what we cook.
My partners are twenty-somethings
of the "whatever" ilk. I tell them we really
need a plan; we can't hold the children
hostage forever, so how to convince
their parents to send them to our circus?
What acts will we offer? We need to establish
a practice schedule and get started.
When do they think we'll be ready to open
and where can we find a tent?
My partners loll on the floor: "No worries!"
The baby has plucked up a centipede;

she beams as she chews. Scooping
the leggy remains from her mouth, I see in a flash
the calamitous turn my life has taken.

From *Nightfall* (Red Mountain Press)

Poet: Valley-Fox, Anne

Poem: *Things That Want to Be Counted*, Telepoem Number: (505) 825-8446.

Someone on earth is counting—

night stars,

rooms in a honeycomb,

snow geese descending, wild

lilies, grain spilled from a bushel basket,

bubbles rising up from a blue hole.

Those who are hungry get up in the dark.

Their job is to count

sticks of kindling,

cups of milk, empty beds or racks of shoes,

newspapers in the dwindling stack,

how many fish in the bottom of the boat.

From *How Shadows Are Bundled* (UNM Press)

Poet: Ward, RJ (with Kuzov-Tsong, Che and Tsong, Edie).

Poem: *More Human Than Human, Pt. 1*, Telepoem Number: (505) 876-6671.

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Poem: *More Human Than Human, Pt. 2*, Telepoem Number: (505) 876-6672.

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34% unrecoverable
51% urban
62% virus
6% visible
72% water
15% white
72% wolf
86% zygote

Poet: Wellington, Darryl Lorenzo.

Poem: *And They Say*, Telepoem Number: (505) 935-2638.

I heard there was a legend
nearby. I see a Spanish Oak.
Nature's Gogoltha. Or a green Ragnorok.
A church letting out. A family
vanishing into the block.
I kind of detest the blaze of legend
less pure than simple lies.
It may be gossip's swiftest
avenue to retooling its alibi
for cruelty...
legend has it the man
was lynched, noosed, his flesh charred
unrecognizably as afterbirth,
his clothes tossed to the rags
of history, an oil-soaked, human torch.
His body was a clock
broken by drunken sailors,
slammed against a brick wall, loosening

the memory of pain's instruments. The charts.

He was twisted beneath a limb
preserved in a square on blank street,
the oak still living, serpentine, Gothic,
longer than any accusatory finger.
The family approaches. To read a plaque,
I guess. Naw. The garden fence is only
to protect the tree
from pests, locusts, and blank odd threats.
The victim was blinded first.
He was a soldier... his heirs, his relatives...
say this, say that.... Or who says much
beside the steady erosion of tic, tock.
Trace his body in civic sands.
Trace a memorial in the public dust.
This is a Maypole Sunday. Adults
matter less than esplanade children,
kids still matter more than strangers.

Not oak nor ivy could make the tale
charming. Or make a case history isn't
playground rumor. I shouldn't say that
anyhow. No matter the last surviving witness
stands like a testimony which faintly
incriminates: like silences after a death.
I guess the dead inhale. Exhale. Like memory's breath.
Pretend the oak tree called for a funeral hush.
Pretend happenstance may someday honor it

like a storm which turns away from a ghost house,
a low flickering
And they say...
– an outline, rumor, legend, gossip is a contour
A profile in sidewalk chalk, a bag of bones.
None of the skeletal anatomy filled in
nor veins. Children may crayon it in colorfully.

I heard about a fable woman, conjurers,
slave, though she was real, neither, both,
– I still know she was black, no rites
of the festooned macabre changed that.
Probably talked too much. They say.

A human scarification. Her lips sewn shut.
Guess she was alive, her nasty fibs
punished. Now the story is a retired flag
folded up, till it flaps in the breeze
Occasionally it snaps like a pocketbook
the tongue clucks like a pocketbook.
My life beneath the limb of a story
playing a stranger's
part in a dumbstruck village
is over. The present begs a way to live
together here.

From *Life's Prisoners* (Flowstone Press, 2017)

Poet: Wellington, Darryl Lorenzo.

Poem: *Strangers in a Legal Land*, Telepoem Number: (505) 935-7872.

Three men have lassoed one man in an utterly strange
and an utterly ineluctable
embrace. One man's pupils shimmer darkly as three
triangulated flashlights intersecting
piercing his immobilized flesh
as though he has been fitted with apparitional
faces; a Triptych of rumor and speculation's
swaddling clothes enveloping coyly
uncoiling hydras of indeterminate intentions.
The shadowing of such inarticulate affairs is gray.
The status of such indeterminate plans is *stand down*.
The accused stands at mid-center like a smudgy emblem.
Crapola of the realm; chump change; a trashy penny.
He stands mid-center like a representation of the prodigal son

in Rome; he has wandered from the stone kingdoms;
the far fields; the rocky provinces; the hinterlands;
the counties of lawless pursuits; heavy breathing; loose
-lipped legends of lapidary prizes; ancestral reprisals.
Conflicting stories, strung around his neck like primitive beads.

Three men impromptu critique one man's dress.
The backwardness inherent in his knobby-gnarly haberdashery.
His livid scarifications; his colorfully antique tattoos
portraying finely stitched pictograms – following
the first blinks – that sidle his ghastly limbs
unrepentantly illustrating somebody's dubious prospects.
The lack of modesty behind his anachronisms
insulting any portraitist's idealized stove top hat.
And then the compass point fire burgeons
fork-tongued licks winding up, up the loose shirt sleeves.
Conflicting stories, strung around his neck like primitive beads.

From *Life's Prisoners* (Flowstone Press, 2017)

Poet: Wellman, Jerry.

Poem: *Breath*, Telepoem Number: (505) 935-2732.

So who is that me
laying down the ink?
Or is it more accurate to suggest
a plural of me(s)?

I am the breather
and the receiver of the breath
And who and what is the breath?
Where and when did the breath
in all its giftiness originate?
And now that I take it in again

Who am I with all this inside me?

From *Emblems of Hidden Durations* (Axle Contemporary)

Poet: Wellman, Jerry.

Poem: *Reciprocating*, Telepoem Number: (505) 935-7324.

Our memory fills time faster
And fuller than our foresight
Both are a dream

We see time as finite
The emphasis is backwards
The past hurtling as it approaches
The future

Time seems it just seems

And all around reciprocating rhythms
Responding to reciprocating actions
Reciprocating

From *Emblems of Hidden Durations* (Axle Contemporary)

Poet: Whiteswan, Lilly.

Poem: *Mary's Canyon*, Running Time 5:12, Telepoem Number: (505) 944-6279.

Poem: *Unwanted Visitor*, Running Time 1:16, Telepoem Number: (505) 944-8692.

Poem: *Red-Hair Witch*, Running Time 3:33, Telepoem Number: (505) 944-7334.

POEM TEXT NOT AVAILABLE

Poet: Williams, Jeanie C.

Poem: *Thief*, Telepoem Number: (505) 945-8443.

I walk onto the stage
like this

As if you are a shopkeeper
and I
a customer
in need of help

What I look for
isn't here
on your neat shelves

But on your face
when you
after hearing the bell

Come around

And remembering
your wife
is behind the counter

watching

Recognize me

She doesn't know me

Or that
after these years

It doesn't matter
what you sell

I'm not paying

Poet: Williams, Moriah.

Poem: *Elephants in her Fingers*, Running Time :42, Telepoem Number: (505) 945-3537.

They had extracted so many birthdays
she became light as tinsel, longing
for nothing but pink miniskirts
and turquoise tights. She rescued
what embers of memory she liked

and wore them as an arpeggio of rings.
She danced empty,
declared a pox on the naysayers and
gorillas for all kittens. She did not limit herself
to the empirical sphere and found
that dark matter increased her options
by at least a hundredfold. Darting
in and out of the world's breathable skin,
she decided to show
how slicing through the right border
at sufficient speed
is the only thing required
for catching fire.

Poet: Williams, Moriah.

Poem: *Sunflower*, Running Time :37, Telepoem Number: (505) 945-7863.

Sharp as watercress, her life depends
on groundwater. Through windows of instinct
she speaks with night birds.
Cultivates remoteness
with the thorny horticulture
of ridicule. She threatens each tender menace
with a septic bite.
Sleep is a gas-soaked blanket.
She tells no one she is pregnant
with library books, that starfish prints
can buckle her resolve.
Straining against an arterial leash,
bright yellow blazes from her heliotropic heart.

Poet: Williams, Moriah.

Poem: *We Were Wolves*, Running Time :59, Telepoem Number: (505) 945-9393.

This is the year
we turn ash to whispering moons
and empty them into the river.

Maybe you have held your tongue
for a season that wrapped around the earth so many times
you forgot your own name,
forgot your breath is the body of silence.
Maybe you always remembered
that before this
we were wolves,
our shining paws pressing into
the snow's thousand directions
of silver. Now is the time
to remember that fire is inside you
as much as water is inside you,
the time to kneel and touch
a stone the size of a sleeping cougar
who will give you a handful of bright rain
for the narrow passage
you will thread
through the mountain
who is still dancing
with the first thing she knew.
In the sage and scrub
your ancestors come back
as dawn-colored roses, resting, held
for the first time
in their memory,
for the first time
you've grown the petals to feel them.

Published in *Poetry of the People, Vol. 2*

Poet: Wolff-Francis, Liza.

Poem: *For Coffee*, Telepoem Number: (505) 965-3672.

My favorite is the sipping of coffee, hot as soup, dark as soil, around a kitchen table with others, the pot a part of the comradery, its open lip spout, occasional sizzle on its warming pad, a part of the telling of stories, a confiding of secrets and dreams and remedies. It is the hot mug between my palms, a sharing of something that may not be

there without it. A dog lying belly-up on the floor, shakes at the laughter, sleeps during hushed voices. It is, in fact, my favorite habit, caffeine, decaf, half-caf. Just the flavor of rich brown water coffee. And then, I also love the days when coffee is the only company, stains rings onto notebook pages, cools in the mug beside me.

Poet: Wolff-Francis, Liza.

Poem: *Missing Stories*, Telepoem Number: (505) 965-6477.

Last March, my father told me a story
as if I had heard it countless times
about the day he flew a killer whale
to Hawaii, when in fact, I had never
even imagined a whale in the air.

An Air Force mission, two pilots:
my father, before he was a father
and another man, who I imagine also
tells these stories now in his older years.
The whole crew had parachutes

strapped to their backs in case
the whale realized it was literally
a fish out of water and thrashed its tail
and the plane to the ground.
But luckily, the whale was still.

It lay in a sling as people poured water
over its flesh and kept wet towels over
its eyes. Its trainer petted it and talked
to it, saying, there were blue seas
waiting ahead, in paradise.

How many stories precede us
that we do not know? Stories
on the brink of leaving us, told as if
they had been told over and over again.
Stories of whales in airplanes, laying still.

Published in *Malpais Review*

Poet: Wolff-Francis, Liza.

Poem: *Ten Minutes Until the World Ends*, Telepoem Number: (505) 965-8366.

I don't want to spend
a lot of time looking for you,
just be here
to hold and read a poem to,
maybe something by Robert Haas
or Lucille Clifton.
And our son,
instead of apologize to him,
we will dance.
I will jump up and down,
eat dark chocolate, sip whiskey,
scratch the dog behind the ears.
I will cry and then want to hear a joke.
Tickle me.
How much time is left?
Who pushed the button?
Who decided?
I'll light a candle, hold onto you
my partner, hold onto our son.
I've already said I love you
to everyone else,
there's no time now.
Let's run outside and down the street
screaming we loved life,
pick up sticks, throw rocks.
Let's write a love note to the world,
a quick scattered message,
a heart.
I'll leave it on the counter.
Let's hold hands again.
Count slowly

and I will sing to you both
with my last minute of breath-

You are my sunshine.

My only sunshine.

You make me happy when skies are gray.

You'll never know dear how much I love you

Please don't take my sunshine away.

THANK YOU!

The Telepoem Booth® project is created by artist and writer Elizabeth Hellstern, and is made possible with the help of hundreds of community members.

Special thanks to the Telepoem Booth® Team: fabricator Owen William Fritts (solidcore.tv), computer programmer David Earl Smith and contemporary art curator Emily Lawhead.

Much gratitude to The City of Santa Fe Arts Commission.

Thank you to the Telepoem Booth® Santa Fe Jurors: Edie Tsong, Michelle Holland, Karen Petersen and Darryl Lorenzo Wellington.

For more information about the project or to bring a Telepoem Booth® to your town, please visit:

TelepoemBooth.com

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