

Scribbler

JULY 2014

ISSUE 80

Emotions are not irrational intrusions into reason. They are intrinsic to rational thought.

Concluded by Antonio Damasio, neurologist and neuroscientist at the University of Southern California, per an article in Discover magazine, April 2014.

This month's selections present Nature and humanity intrinsically tangled up together. Enjoy.
 -Jean Hohl, July 2014

That Sun

That sun, rayed
 head, toothless
 as a widow

in her winter;
 we sing, we dance,
 the sun, it splays

that heat, that love
 for us.
 We wait, we thaw,

we plant the wheat
 into earth
 into holes

smaller
 than a sparrow's
 beak.

That bird, he sees
 that sun;
 he opens

his throat, that throat
 that springs
 forth

chaff
 and wheat
 into song.

-- Nadine Lockhart

Untitled

Captain My Captain
 Bring me my ship of dreams
 Long have I waited
 Crying an ocean of tears
 Weeping in the night
 Under the Moon Light
 Wishing on shooting stars
 Praying for a Sirius kiss
 Fill my cup
 So I may drink the nectar of Gods
 And never thirst again
 Pour your elixir of eternal life into my being
 Let me dwell in the shrine of
 Eminent stillness
 Sailing free
 Sailing free

-- Le'ema Kathleen Graham



Founder and Editor Emeritus:

Craig Heath

Publisher:

Clive Matson

The Scribbler
c/o Clive Matson
472 44th Street
Oakland, CA 94609
clive@matsonpoet.com

Managing Editor:

Jean Hohl

Guest Editor:

Emilie Rose Clarke

Featured in this issue:

Nadine Lockhart
Ayden Graham
A. M. Stanley
Clive Matson

Le'ema Kathleen Graham
Emilie Rose Clarke
Sharon J. Davies

PREVIOUS ISSUE FINANCIAL REPORT:

Issue 79: 400 printed, 351 mailed
Expenses: copy and fold, \$205.07
Stamps: \$172.46
Collate, address, seal, and stamp: barter
Total expenses: \$377.53
Total income (from donors): \$143

DONORS:

Michele Garside, Jayne McPherson, Erin Matson,
Dawn Ramm, Kayla Sussell



Subscriptions:

Participants in Clive Matson's creative writing workshops receive copies of the Scribbler for two years, and for as long thereafter as the recipient shows interest. If you are interested in receiving copies of the Scribbler, send an email with your name and mailing address to: clive@matsonpoet.com

Submissions and Editorial Policies:

Basic Acceptance Policy: If the current editor likes a piece, it gets published; if not, it is passed on to the next editor who will either use it, or return it to the author. All rights are reserved. Send submissions to: scribbler@matsonpoet.com

The Crazy Child Scribbler is published four times a year by Clive Matson. All materials remain copyrighted by the authors and any reproduction requires author consent.

SCHEDULE AND ANNOUNCEMENTS

POETRY SALOON (drunk on poetry!)

Meets at 472 44th Street, Oakland, the second Friday of the month. Potluck at 6pm, reading at 7:30pm. Bring poems or prose by you and others to share, or come just to enjoy. Hosted by Kayla Sussell. July 11, August 8, September 12, October 10.

CRAZY CHILD WRITING WORKSHOPS (fee: \$80)

Saturdays, 10am - 5pm, once a month.
July 12 in San Rafael
August 2 in Oakland
September 13 in San Anselmo
October 4 in Middletown

10-WEEK WORKSHOPS poetry, prose, plays, nonfiction (fee: \$400), Mondays and Wednesdays, 7pm - 10pm, Temescal District, Oakland. Current series end August 25 and August 27. Next series start September 8 and September 10.

NOVEL AND CREATIVE NONFICTION WORKSHOPS (fee: \$400 for ten sessions)

One ongoing, intensive workshop meets for three hours every other Monday in Marin. Writers bring ten pages to each session. Limited to five writers.

THE NOVEL'S ARC (fee: \$500 for four sessions)

In this workshop four novelists commit to reading each other's novels and examining how the novel works as a whole. We'll devote a two-hour session to each novel. Current sessions end in August; next sessions start in September. Dates to be arranged.

HARBIN WRITING SEMINAR (fee: \$325, \$225 for Harbin residents; \$50 early registration discount, dormitory lodging and five catered meals)

Friday, July 18 at 6pm to Sunday, July 20 at 4pm. Harbin Hot Springs, Middletown, CA 95461 (To register, contact Elaine Watt 707-987-2339 x72 or accounting@harbin.org)

WRITING EXCURSIONS: SEE PAGE 8

For more information about any workshop, visit matsonpoet.com or phone 510-654-6495. To register, phone 510-654-6495 or email clive@matsonpoet.com (unless otherwise noted).

Rock

Walking along West Cliff,
sea birds wheel and dive.
The air is crisp with
salted character.

Glimpsing the wall of fog,
my newfound friend
recites his homeland aloud,
though the chill has not set in
against the still-radiant sky.

Cigarette hangs on lip,
his ringtone hand carries
cheap signals as smoke wafts by.

The sea claws admirably against the rock.

-- Ayden Graham

In Blue

The serpent
in blue awaits
a reversal,
time running
backwards,
determined to return
endlessly circular,
the skin removes
impurity and
all is cleansed.

The inner pearlescence
reacquaints itself
with the ivory exterior,
all gorgeous
ties make trails
through the sky
as she mimics
the turning of
the waves
and surrenders
to the stretch
and pull
of renewal.

-- Ayden Graham

Past Lives Today

Oh man what I used to be, oh man, oh my, oh me.

In fur, black, spotted, soft and free
in the cracks of tumbling boulders
behind the translucent bodies of hanging leaves.

Through the broken chains of my Grandmother's
jewelry, I have found a small resemblance of myself.

Now I am older than those who were alive before
me, and it puzzles me that I am such a dreamer as I
struggle so to fall asleep.

I often find that precious sound of hands on white
piano keys, the noise that calms my soul in the softest
of melodies.

Oh how I long to find myself in everything I see. Oh
it is all what I used to be, oh man, oh my, oh me.

-- Emilie Rose Clarke

The Wilderness

I am sent to the middle of the desert
where there are some rules and nothing
except invasive grasses, a few Joshua Trees,
that, for instance, I am not allowed to touch.
Their roots spread shallow, spiraling near
a surface of loneliness and granite, eroded
into sand. Wind kills the unstable. Fire,
drought, even the idea of thirst sends animals
chewing through protective bark for water.
Stolen blossoms. I gather thick waxy
petals at dawn, taste emptiness and salt.

-- Nadine Lockhart



14 Avedons

The crease between Monroe's breasts
below her flawless fawn frozen face.

The crease around and between and
around and between each thorny scar
in Warhol's left side
claiming him "15 minutes of fame."

The crease within Joe Dallesandro's right scrotum
upstaged by Candy Darling's hand on hip pose
their scrotum the same red as Gerard Malanga's lower lip
as he smolders as charred shadow next to Viva's chiseled over lashed Bohemian eyes
that look into the camera for the camera to look into them because they exist for the camera.

The crease around Ginsberg's smile –
a dimple similar to the crease between Orlovsky and Ginsberg's hips
whenever they embraced.

The crease at the far left corner of Twiggy's left eye
just beyond the border
of her perfect makeup-artist-applied black
eye liner.

The crease at the center of Marion Anderson's lower lip
as she sings...her hair a swaying ocean vibrating lucid sound...
her eyes closed to us.

The crease at the center of Louis Armstrong's forehead
flaring out in wailing pulse-of-light be bop scattin' growls.

The crease beneath Igor Stravinsky's smaller eye
and how his smile gleams out into both eyes
his brain composing music.

The crease at the center of Nureyev's flattened left big toe tip
as he stands *en pointe* on it.

The crease within Ringo Starr's eyes that states
As a child I went to bed hungry.

The crease that is the crease of the crease that screamed that screamed that pounded that
screamed that screamed that creased its way through Pound's brain into his face then screamed then
pounded then screamed its way back again.

The crease upon Malcolm X's forehead that he never sees –
no matter how hard he looks for it,
his eye glasses two thick disks of sunlight his eyes shine out of,
looking out from within the sun's light into this world.

The seed of the crease not yet formed
within John Lennon's right eye
from the after blow of bullets jolting him forward
toward the arms of his wife – Yoko.

W.H. Auden's face a tranquil forest of creases
each tree solid, perceptible
as he strolls, smiles, a landscape unfolding toward me, into me.
George Harrison's "My Sweet Lord" playing
off beyond a green grocer's winter open air produce display
as Auden slowly strolls so close...so near...so solid, bundled neatly
in tall black wool coat and hat – Auden the poem...so near...
so close...just beyond the hushed hiss sound of New York snowflakes
falling.

-- A. M. Stanley

Endesia

A sheep's head, no,
a ram is my vision for you –
take it to a vacant place, plant
seven true cacti, face north,
sun rising on the right, lift
your arms into a perfect "V" –
notice blue
flowers near your feet, the desert
heat already in the air, find
two small rocks, pocket them,
go where you call home,
tell no one, and the new year
follows without fear.

-- Nadine Lockhart



Anthropomorphic Fantasy

They come to remind me
of home, to return
to this landscape
that enters my being
as though it were personal

The whale breeches,
sends a spray
into the air

The egret perches close
to the shore,
white feathers brilliant

Noisy black oystercatchers
high pitched cry,
red beaks open to the air

And all the common ones,
the gulls, harbor seals,
cormorants

outlined against a gray-blue
sea world, water world,
air world

the one I breathe each morning,
the one I will return
to in a week
the one that holds my imagination
as if I have been chosen.

-- Sharon J. Davies

Of Catholicism

And the babysitter takes the catechism,
flattens the small book on her bed,
shows us our souls –

It's fascinating like a science, the body
outlined in black, not unlike a chalked
murder on asphalt, colors in reverse.

Hers – she points to it – is pure,
not marked, my sister's the same.
Which is mine? She laughs,

*Yours is that one
full of black dots.*

She hates Blake
*Piping down the valleys wild,
Piping songs of pleasant glee,*

And when my mother returns,
I'm waiting in the empty lot
next door, a field of cold grasses

graze my legs, innocent reeds
play to me, wind in my ear
'Pipe a song about a Lamb!'

And the babysitter,
she is blonde, and bright,
and perfect.

-- Nadine Lockhart

Eyes

Today
I discovered my new eyes.

They are not jaded
Severed ends that leave pain.

Stabbing all I see with Memories.

Those scattered things.
Fading.
A forgetful thing.

Thank God for these new eyes.

-- Emilie Rose Clarke

Time

These twigs
These branches
These stones, gather on the floor of a riverbank.

A songbird bathes in the cool, refreshing water as it pours over
his red wings like bathwater cascading down the side of an
antique claw foot bathtub.

Each dead leaf fallen from the old Redwood tree above floats
downstream,
Gathering into a heap with other driftwood alike.

Like these twigs,
These branches and these stones.

Pebbles that once accumulated below boulders in this river have
now surfaced. Beginning anew-shining like gems of gold
underwater in the midday heat.

My delicate fingertips plunged into the wet surface and my eyes
closed.

All I could see was the parting of your scarlet lips as you ask me
"are you ready for sleep?"

I opened my eyes and I was alone, without you still, like these
twigs, these branches and these stones. Gathered on the floor of
a riverbank.

-- Emilie Rose Clarke

For Venus in Sagittarius

You had fire in your eyes
For me once
From the stars it sparkled
A flame kindled by Venus
Going through the sign of the centaur
You must have been sent by Her
Gallop in with your horse/man body
Like Cupid
With an arrow of Amore
I died from the precise puncture
A fatal wound to the heart
Because words can kill

-- Le'ema Kathleen Graham

Three Seconds

(from *Love Poems: Your Eyes Say Brutal Gardenia*)

Our eyes meet.

In three seconds
the thin fire under our skin flares
windstorms of sparks and scatters
embers through the underworld.

Feel the heat there.
Feel warmth rising
through my breath and into the day's muscle,
singeing skin and stretched clothes
that used to fit.

Take them off. Throw those
worn pants down, let them rot
in dawn mists, compost and push nutrients
into the unformed future.

Updrafts
fling burning twigs and orange coals aloft,
veining and marbling the lower sky..
Red flags blow loose in a summer breeze.

Bring on the new self.

Put hands and arms
into its gestures, discover angles and swatches
of the person already here.

Move
through exultant and mint-sweet air.

The whole story downloads in one click,
beginning, middle, end.

From here on it's *deja-vous*.
Daisy-blossoms blow through
and rambunctious
our kneaded and sex-warm bones.

The white bed spread with crimson petals
to a drop-off horizon.

.....Who would not fall?
Whose moods would not swirl
into the downspout of a black hole?
A face with heavy lines stares up through
a pool with no bottom.

Is this your need, is it mine?

Five-year-old cherubs play chase
around a picnic table, dance at the surf's edge
and let foam wet their squealing toes.

In three seconds a tide overtakes
our ruly pates and we're in over our heads.
The frothy cyclone swirls over while
and sea-washed sand,

upending sight
and exposing the playground of myths.

Green foothills fill the curves of Helen's
cheeks and satyrs romp the valleys.
The sky hangs a turquoise and lapis
necklace above the mountains.

Surely this love will overwhelm.

Surely this love
topsy-turvies a river without channels.
My hardened and scar-crossed past
chump tossed and drowned.

His shirt off
in three seconds and dark boots tumble
to the floor. Muscular shapes
move back and forth in the drunken air.

Her blouse off in three seconds
and red shoes clatter to the floor.

A whirlwind engine in the basement
wobbles and spins unbearably fast.

Frayed threads arabesque
the fluid air and stitch unplanned patterns
into rich and careless fabric.

Sails go taut on the sparkling sea.

The mirror in your eyes shows sibling
engines spinning in my basement.

Light entering my eyes reflects your soul.
Light entering your eyes reflects my soul.

-- Clive Matson



WRITING EXCURSION 2014

August 8 - 17

"Writing Highway 395" at Yosemite and June Lake

Entire workshop \$1,100, Yosemite portion \$450, June Lake portion \$650

Clive says: "We've expanded my favorite excursion to include a few days at Yosemite before going over the Sierra to the east side. We'll come back with huge amounts of new writing, refreshed from camping, swimming, traipsing around, and writing in one of the most beautiful parts of the planet.

Camping gear is available on loan for free, and we'll make the trip together via carpools. Save the dates, let me know which part of the trip you'd like to do, and of course, phone me at 510-654-6495 with any questions."

Clive Matson, 510-654-6495, 510-508-5149 cell, clive@matsonpoet.com
Elaine Watt, 707-987-2860, 707-987-2339 x72, accounting@harbin.org
www.matsonpoet.com/classes

LAKE COUNTY WORKSHOP (fee: \$55)

"Let the Crazy Child Write!"

Saturday, October 25, 4 to 6pm and **Sunday, October 26**, 10am to 5pm

Lake County Arts Council Gallery

235 Main Street, Lakeport, CA 95453

(To register, 707-263-6658)

DID YOU READ THE SCRIBBLER FINANCIAL REPORT?

Total expenses: \$377.53. Total income (from donors): \$143. Your copy of The Scribbler is late this month because Clive needs to be paid. Please help him cover the costs of this journal!

THE SCRIBBLER

Clive Matson

472 44th Street

Oakland, CA 94609