



## ***CSPS Poetry Letter***

Hello, dear Friends of Poetry,

Welcome to the third issue of the 40<sup>th</sup> year of the California State Poetry Society's ***California Quarterly!*** In this number edited by our board member Maura Harvey, we will continue our series of commemorating GREAT CQ POETS AND EDITORS with a tribute to Jack Fulbeck. Previous poets commemorated have been Julian Palley, Elaine Lazzeroni, and Jim MacWhinney.

Thanks go out to all our members for having been so faithful to us and the cause of poetry world-wide. We would like to ask you to urge your poet friends to become CSPS members as well. After all, we promote poetry in California and connect you to poets writing in the rest of the U. S. and many other countries. We would also like to urge all past and present contributors to become members! And please consider joining our editorial board, we would be delighted to welcome your talents to help us build a stonger CQ and CSPS. As outlined in the CQ issues themselves, there are several membership categories. Please send your memberships directly to our Membership Chair, board member Richard M. Deets, at: **2560 Calabria Court, Dublin, CA 94568**. Or contact him at ***RDeets@att.net*** if you have any questions.

And *DO* keep the poems coming! Submissions to CQ 40:4 are accepted until the end of September, and from October to December, submissions will be accepted for the 41:1 issue. We hope soon to establish a website to facilitate submissions – and a whole lot of other stuff! In the meantime, editors who have accepted your poems may email you, asking you to send them an electronic version of your poem directly to their email address.

Thanks to all those who have written us in praise of the CQ. Here are the words of contributor Michael Fraley, writing about the 40:1 issue, which he enclosed with his submission for 40:4:

*It's a great gift you've given us with Volume 40, Number 1! It bears reading and re-reading. I just read 'Dolls' again by Michael D. Riley. It's an evocation of time past, a raising of spirits that have fled. Very effective. 'Through the Blinds' by Catherine Ross is much cooler emotionally, focused as it is on careful observation.*

Our greetings to you, enjoy life and a good harvest – *and good writing!*

Yours truly,  
Margaret  
[UMSaine@gmail.com](mailto:UMSaine@gmail.com)



Here are several poems first published in earlier CQ issues:

### **THE AMARYLLIS**

A red so intense it interrupted  
me blazed outside your window.  
“What is it?”

“An amaryllis.” Two days later,  
there you both were, a plant’s long  
tropical leaves hanging out of the pot.

You cleared space, packed dirt on top  
beyond my kitchen window, saying  
the sprawl of leaves along the ground

would die back and a fresh  
stem and flowers emerge, two seasons  
from now. Half-aware,

I look out on it daily, impatient  
to repeat the startling new red. I have  
sought lipstick that pure.

There is no such paint, even blood thins  
to orange or darkens to blue.  
A poinsettia is a sunburnt amaryllis.

If it were a real fire, it would hold and spread,  
but it will be contained: stiff and upright, and  
still on its upthrusting stem,

though wind flows across the back yard.  
This is a miracle of heat at a distance.

*Barbara Hawk, Huntington Beach, California*  
First appeared in CQ Vol. 31 No. 1

### **THE WALL**

*In memoriam, Denise Levertov (1923-1997)*

Early December sun brings a clarity  
Beyond words: as if sieved from honey,  
The light pools, then slides down scores  
Of graffitied names (Ramon, Eva, Juan),



Down a panorama of deft designs: daisies,  
Wobbly stars, an unblinking eye, a heart.  
Every half block, two palm-flattened hands  
Leave their wordless remark on rare, blank  
Spots, where, in vain, the wall tried to ascend  
High above the reach of two youthful arms:  
All the paired hands are outlined in careful  
Red, left by some tagger in the dead of night—  
Late, when the freeway's roar slows to mimic  
The sound of the whole world turning, when  
Small campfires are set in empty lots, where  
There are no longer walls, no longer borders—  
As when, eons ago, our ancestors left their own  
Handprints on a cave's wall, to say, "Look,  
I'm here. I'm somebody. I have a soul."

*Maurya Simon, Wrightwood, California*  
First published in CQ Vol. 32 No. 2

### **1<sup>st</sup> Manichean Canto**

*(for the Cuban writer Reinaldo Arenas, dead)*

Everything is a prisoner of its opposite, the void and the plenty.  
Without ugliness beauty is eclipsed. Without the lie  
truth defines nothing: luminous obscurity,  
sick health, sad happiness.

We beseech you, God, desired and shunned,  
uncertain friend, puzzled creator, loving torturer,  
just abuse, wounding peace, silent noise,  
organizer of confusion, watchful forgetting.

And so we venerate your incessant creation  
of demolishing evolution. All in you is instability  
and recreation, fleeting perfection,

and You and your shadows will keep playing  
at the expense of time—dismantling itself—for your glory  
and your eternal desolation as a voracious dissatisfied artisan.

*Jorge Yviricu, Bakersfield, California*  
*Translated by Margaret Saine*  
First published in CQ Vol. 36 No. 3

## FOTOSÍNTESIS

Sol  
seré tu acción  
con planetas que giren alrededor de mí  
seré tu pensamiento, Sol  
con átomos resplandecientes  
seré tu lujuria, Sol  
resplandecen en mi frente isótopos radiactivos  
    que se superponen para ofrecerte, Sol  
    la mayor superficie posible  
seré tu misterioso spin  
Sol, resplandeciente Sol.

*Mediodía del 20 de agosto de 1972  
La luz se filtra por El Tepehuaje, destinada mi vida  
a realizar la fotosíntesis. E.M.*

## PHOTOSYNTHESIS

Sun  
I will be your action  
with planets circling around me  
I will be your thought, Sun  
with brilliant atoms  
I will be voluptuous you, Sun  
my forehead shining with radioactive isotopes  
    that superimpose to offer you, Sun  
    the largest possible surface  
I will be your mysterious spin  
Sun, brilliant Sun

*Noon on August 20, 1972  
Light filters through El Tepehuaje (town in Jalisco, Mexico) as my life  
is destined to realize photosynthesis. E.M.*

*Eloísa Moreno, Tlajomulco, Jalisco, Mexico*  
First published in CQ Vol. 32 No. 2

Your *Poetry Letter* editor

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