

cæsuræ




arrival

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cover art (above): Force129, *Work in Progress*



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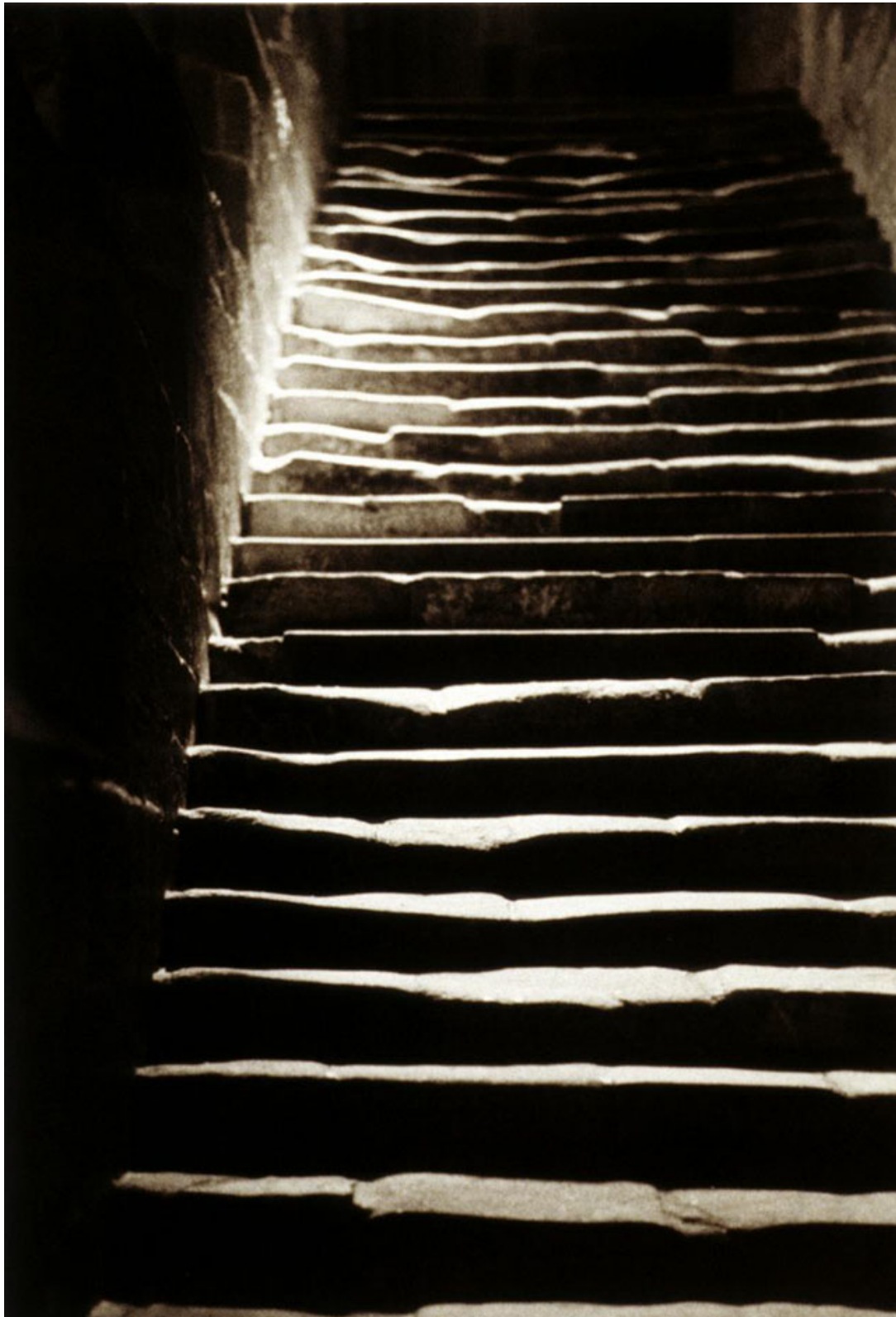
***It is amazing, delightful,
confounding and mysterious
how one poem or painting
arrives so gracefully, and
another requires such relentless
modification.***

So even though this year's call was an open theme, I wanted the submitters to consider the path they took before calling their art complete.

I've always enjoyed seeing poems go through their transformations; lines that were cut, notes and criticisms from trusted sources, different handwriting and ink colors. On occasion the presentation of these edits looks attractive on a page, offering insight that enhances one's appreciation for the final draft. That appreciation led to an additional request, that the artists so inspired could share before and after versions (visions?). Though numerous poets and artists submitted before and after examples, and many were quite artistic, from collages to maps of word selections, nothing presented well online or on a 6x9 page; thanks for attempting, we might renew that request...

More importantly, what did arrive? Here are some beautiful words about birth, death, arrival/departure, God, woman, earth, illness, health, love, recovery, protest and perception: poetry.

Bill Cozzini
Editor-in-Chief



Kathryn Murdock, *Monastery Stairs*

Ruth Mota

Bridge Over the Capiberibe

I remember the night those March rains ended
when we crossed together over the swollen Capiberibe.
Recife's ripened scent wrapped round us in a muggy shawl.
Moonlight mirrored contorted in the swirling muddy river,
while in the shadows, crabbers clinked and scurried below.

A beggar jangled coins in the bottom of his Nestle can.
His eyes pierced me as he yelled: *Alema me da dinheiro!*
We passed him by, I pretending not to hear; you not hearing,
too worried about the number of days before your next paycheck,
about our car in the body-shop, about the baby growing in my belly.

Beads of sweat formed on your brow
when you examined the coins in your palm
and realized we had just enough to catch the bus home,
while I found it miraculous that our monetary salvation was so precise.

Your worries blocked this city's pain. I absorbed it:
the woman who rummaged through our garbage bin,
those legs bloated with elephantiasis spread across the sidewalk,
the emaciated boy who twice twirled the latch on my purse when he scurried by –
the latch you reminded me over and over to turn inward towards my breast.

On that bridge we walked together holding hands,
but tumbling in different dreams:
you afraid of sliding into poverty, unable to provide,
me calming the currents of human misery that kept rising
turgid and brown like the water beneath us.

Mark Taksa

Pay For Kindness

My steamy iron sings my wrinkled suit.
Refusing another trial by ironing,
I rush to the closet. Out of the house,
my cuff is rumped. I am late to the job I will lose,
if my wrinkle follows my boss into the office.

At his window, my neighbor, praising the sky
and waiting for an answer, notices my car refuses
to wake. Seeing me stare, as if handless,
at the hood of the car, he stops praising.
Lugging a satchel of tools, he hurries to repair.

Turning his gizmo and cranking thunder
out of the engine, he is the car rabbi.
He believes the pay for kindness
is in being kind, is his expectation I will encounter
a street sign as a marker of good fortune.



Tim J. Myers, *Ad Vibe*

Ellen Schmidt

I already learned to stand on my head

At ten, I wanted to be the first person to
go to the moon,
discover a cure for cancer, the
first woman president.
Years later I thought,
before I die, I'll
learn to stand on my head,
learn to speak Spanish,
eat as much chocolate ice cream with
chocolate chips in a sugar cone as fits and a
scone and a popover.
Now,
before I die
we'll share another funny story about a neighbor and a
crazy dream in the morning, I'll
write poems and paint and draw and glue,
share them with you,
feel energy
thrumming through my veins and
share that with you, too.
Before I die I'll
read wonderful books that pull me into them
We'll eat homemade pizza and
your pesto with our basil and
one of every vegetable in your garden.
Before I die I will do all the things that I
do each day,
live just as today,
this day,
all days.
No need to go anywhere or to
do anything special –
It's already as special as it can get.

Hillary King

Sharpen Your Eye (Liner)

Mornings my eyes thick with the debris
of last night's dreaming,
I have to knife color
out of the pencil.
Rough canvas, age.
What I want seems to be
narrowing.
Morocco, ballet, sex
has been getting a shrug.
Wine, silence, friendship, a nod.
Burn the point of the pencil.
I am art now and I need
to be framed correctly.

Sarah Brown Weitzman

Hand of God

by Rodin

Erupting
out of a great block of Carrara

a huge hand
oddly not an old hand

but a smooth young hand
the polished fingers,

delicate yet strong
as a pianist's,

hold another square of marble
out of which a small human figure

is emerging, left unfinished
to remind us

that nothing is complete
or needs to be.



Mary Anne Gerhardt, *Femme*

Stuart Gunter

A New Vesuvius

By the time each home,
each town square, plinth
and portal, crumble back
to ground and root, covered
in hot ash, this game could
continue into the night
of the dead. Kitchen table set
with a game of chess, the players
still as statues, the bread and butter
stale and moldy. First move:
knight across pawn to any blank
square, heading into the battle fray,
like two silent people playing
chess at a kitchen table.

Lisa Ludden

Your Sadness Was My Sadness

I wore it like a sweater, like your Opium perfume, to understand the mechanics— pumping heart tracing arteries like feelings.

That's how I thought sadness worked—a contracted muscle, a skipped beat, a lost artery routing an alternate path home.

Then I wanted to know it like a daydream. Wiry fingers down the bannister, across teacups, settling by the kitchen door, watching cardinals feed. Red-winged bodies beating glass.

Your hands, knit nerves wrung like a tea towel, wary of what springs the mind next. Here, in my thoughts, yours have a place to live. Words strung in patience over years of watching.

To know my mind, I slip into yours. Buried near is the truth that there are no secrets. Someone is always watching. Waiting for us to emerge from behind glass.

Rikki Santer

Now Playing: Everything I Said At The Party

In the first hour I was full of flourish,
an almond tree tossing tender blossoms
to each co-worker, even to Sheila who
bogarts spotlight like a delinquent.
Then the jello shots played a glissando
& my history was erased with each
whisper-thin curl of my cigarette as irritation
ignored her Miranda rights. Was the zit
on Marlon's nose a barnacle named
Cro-Magnon, or Tina's Instragram
cat photos as stimulating as the mold
in my shower? Did Ruby's arugula salad taste
like fortified E. coli & Tim's EDM mix make me
want to drown myself in a biblical healing pool?
Did Bryce agree that her chronic nail biting was a manual
art most delectable & that her cousin's cosseted life persists
like a high-def hunk of throat-gagging fudge?
Into my morning coffee, sugar cubes cannonball
& this sound track sputters and skips.
My iPhone nuzzles under a pillow for shelter while
enemy machetes glisten in the social media of day.



Tim J. Myers, *The City in War*

Bruce Spang

A Vegan's Ode to Meat

My mother's friends ask when we fix her meals
if she'd had her meat. "Her MEAT?" they ask
as if its absence was an unredeemable slight.
Their question brings me back to the grill by the kitchen
where, as a teen, I smacked the steaks that spat
their greasy consonant sounds of fat flamed
through the grills like sun spots, bright bursts
fisting upward to char the flesh I'd flip
once or twice—never too long—since
father insisted they'd be medium rare,
the blood seeping through the blackened,
charred meat, blood pooling on the plate,
sopped up with buttered biscuits and corn,
salted, slabbed with butter, drooling its juice.
We'd barbecue the next night, chicken, its skin
slobbered with barbecue sauce, blistered
red, ablaze with fat, to be held by the tips
of our red-stained fingers and picked clean
to the bone. Night after night, meat, the fillet
of fish, the patty of hamburger, the slab
of bacon, the strip of sirloin, meat, meat, meat,
tops the menu of worry for her friends
who've heard of tofu, tempeh, and the flaccid
vegie burgers and wonder if mom could ever
stand upright without her meat because—I can't deny it—
the smell of it from our neighbor's grill, the burnt,
acid, sweet smell of steak brings me back
to the long-necked fork, tongs, and spatula lifting
the meat, flipping it, letting its juices caress the coals
as if there was nothing better in the world.

Michael Jack O'Brien

after anxious nights, crowded dreams

boy walks out early
on dry kansas plains

prairie drifter, tumbling
among tumbleweeds

until caught in prickly embraces
of barbed-wire fences

when meadowlark's song
catches his soul

the first note high
the second low

and seven trilled notes
rise then fall

from fencepost soloist
feathers wind-blown

yellow breast
black collar bold—

whistling wild hope
for this child

James B. Nicola

Invocation

so much depends/upon//a red wheelbarrow — William Carlos Williams

I'm having issues with the wheelbarrow.
His wheelbarrow. For he put nothing in it
but a wheelbarrow. Of course I am slow,
and bad at reading poetry. But still
it seems it's how the literati spin it
that puts something in the barrow. I will
be glad to stipulate, because he said
the thing he wrote's a poem, it's a poem.
But what's the barrow for: sand, landfill, loam?
And what's the difference whether it is red,
green, blue, metal, or wood? It could as soon
have been black, after a rain, under the moon
and stars at night so that it's glistening
with memory. . . or potential. . . not nothing!

For who once wheeled it, working in the yard,
scooping me up in a flash when I was three
years old? And I would never feel how hard
the seat was until after he'd dump me
in the woods with the other leaves; when he
pretended I was not there, I would climb
under the leaves and hide, time after time,
because at that age I was not heavy
so we could get away with it. How we
depended on that wheelbarrow, upon
its hollowness, its wheels, for everything,
but not "so much." That barrow, I could sing
of all day . . . how in time it grew rusty
and squeaked . . . how one day, it was simply gone.



Sara V Cole, *Swamp Woman*

Dane Cervine

The Mighty Box

Mara's 60th birthday bash blares Motown & Salsa
from the Mighty Box art gallery's
second-floor view of the highway
in San Francisco's underbelly.
Greek and a bit wild,
she was my wife's boss at the university,
wanted to gather friends not to thwart
time's relentless hip-hop beat,
but feel it vibrate in the body's box,
bones shaking with the deep bass & brash horns
blaring like an underground train bent,
not on arrival, but going on forever.
Reason enough

to get drunk at this mighty party—
but I am the designated driver,
sip a Coke, drift into scenes from Magritte's
surreal paintings from the MOMA earlier.
The immense eye called *The False Mirror*,
the blue iris filled with clouds, unblinking.
This confusion of what is real—

Time and its regrets, or the true mirror
of this moment: my wife's eyes
laughing as we dance, inviting,
deeply mortal, deeply beautiful
because of it. There is everything

to lose in this mighty box of a world.

Another Magritte painting shows
a black-suited man with black wings
marooned with a quiet lion on a bridge,
entitled *Homesickness*—as though
we've lost something by being
mortal. Which I feel so deeply
except now:

Michael Jackson moonwalking
my feet between Mara's Greek ecstasy
and her dear friend dancing, somehow,
exotically with a cane despite
her broken foot. All of us broken
in some way, and not caring
one damn bit.
Black wings and all.

Jan Wiezorek

Creatio Three

I hope my indigenous
prayers—the flutes and
drums—do not disturb,
but we pray every morning
while you walk to the big
church. There, girls and
boys stand up for their
elders and give up their
seat for another, as
savior, making their
own creation of love
and mercy from the
heart—their knees
and cartilage silent
against the cracking
of those who sit with
cane and mystery.

MK Punky

Seven Lost Friends

Predilection for guns

Addicted to opioids

Reliably unreliable

Prefers video games

Distant after the divorce

Uninterested in my work

Bigger narcissist than I



Force129, *Let's Go Crazy*

Cassandra Caverhill

“She’s Lost Control”

—*After Joy Division*

Silver relief,
 plaster-cast face.
Eyes widened.
 Mouth shuttered.
Your sculpture,
 made in art class,
I revered like a museum piece;
 always looking
up to you. My small fingers
 skied across
the sloped nose and fished

 those pupil ponds
for notes. Tracing
 the mouth’s metallic plate,
I read those circular
 bolts like Braille,
a language I didn’t
 understand, no—
not until much later.
 Now, after your latest
attempt, with a bottle
 of Ambien and a bottle

of Absolut, I turnover
 a new interpretation
of what you may’ve
 been trying to convey
all this time:
 it’s not only about
what you keep
 from spilling out,
but also what
 you fend off
from getting in.

Jeanine U-C

Punks

Patti Smith uses language the way taggers use spray paint. Her detailed tales of driving, diving, dying. The pounding of horses' hooves, hearts beating, symbols/cymbals shimmer. Guitar crashes like a wave, bass thunders, keyboard spirals. Her voice, rough as a pack-a-day smoker's, silvery as a child's, tough as her imagery. She yanks the mic from the stand, growls, howls, prowls the stage. Hair as black as a new-moon sky, dead white skin.

Yes, I would do anything to follow her footsteps into the footlights, chanting poems like pilgrimages, like magic spells, like Gregorian monks. The taste of incense, the smell of stained glass, the sound of smooth stone floors as nuns glide down the aisles. The gentle whispers of their souls/soles, "so many candles, so little illumination."

On the other side of the street a dancehall dozes 'til the night arrives w/ limousines full of bridge-and-tunnel punks. Mohawks perfectly in place. Make-up professionally smeared. T-shirts slashed by hot, young designers and sold in a suburban Macy's.

In my bedroom I whisper along to the Sex Pistols, The Clash, Gang of Four, Dead Kennedys, angry as they are. It's all art, all communication, it's all over, civilization. Catacombs and coffins, decadent graveyards, gothic trees festooned w/ spider webs.

We are the zombies our parents dread. Our future, some low-wage job selling overpriced necessities to the suckers who have real jobs. They furnish and fill their homes, occupied by people they hardly know.

Our parents' dream – having everything that their neighbors desire. Our dream – having nothing that's new or clean or pretty. An ironic thrift store pink plastic purse w/ a chain of safety pins added for a strap.

We hope to horrify our parents for their own good, open them up to the truth, combat all the lies about purpose, patriotism, property and propriety. We leave our manners in the back pockets of our black jeans, tiny pieces of sodden paper clog the washing machine. We explain the evils of capitalism and advertising to the ones who house us, feed us, clothe us. Only yesterday we begged them for the specific toy we had to have, in order to make our lives worth the trouble.

Patti Smith and all the rest show that we might someday make a living as artists. That belief belies our jaded pose. Purple prose pouring out of our mouths open to the deafened sky, muffled by charcoal grey clouds enclosing the moon in a velvet box.

We are perfect reflections of each other, strikingly similar in our individuality. Our minds made up of memories, lessons learned, the sort of drugs that send lightning bolts through grey matter.

Geode, a crystallized gem in the cave of the heart. We reach for handholds, carry lit lanterns which devour oxygen. Breathless at the sight of stalactites and stalagmites, ancient as our ancestors in Greece/grease, slippery as sand after a storm. Terrified, if someone sees hope in us.

Joyce Meyers

Grounds

Coffee grounds spilled from spent orange rinds,
detritus of the grownups' breakfast.
The aroma followed you outside on wisps
of conversation you did not understand.

All summer you visited the weeping
willow behind a stranger's house,
burrowed into leafy arms. Its rings
still hold your secrets.

One night you stayed out too late, came home
to tears, punishment. The next morning, early,
you walked to the bay. The sun bent low to warm
your skin, glinted on water the color of loneliness.

Why didn't you like me when you were growing up?
The question startles. You are
all denial. You have no answer.
We all do what we can.

The crabapple snows petals, spreads
a blanket of lace on the grass. You sip your coffee.
They say grounds make good compost. The danger
of frost is past. It's time to plant.



Pushpa MacFarlane, *Here*

About the Poets:

Cassandra Caverhill is a poet and freelance editor from Windsor, Ontario. Her work has appeared in *Great Lakes Review*, *Typishly*, *The Louisville Review*, and *Open Palm Print*. She is an MFA candidate in Creative Writing at Bowling Green State University. Cassandra is currently working on a chapbook, *Bandwidth*, about music and memory.

Dane Cervine's books include *The Gateless Gate – Polishing the Moon Sword* from Saddle Road Press, a cross-genre work of Zen koan & prose poems. Previous books include *Kung Fu of the Dark Father*, *How Therapists Dance*, *The Jeweled Net of Indra*. Dane's poems have won awards from Adrienne Rich, Tony Hoagland, the *Atlanta Review*, *Cæsura*. His work appears in *The SUN*, *the Hudson Review*, *TriQuarterly*, *Poetry Flash*, *Catamaran*, *Miramar*, *Rattle*. Visit his website at www.DaneCervine.typepad.com

Stuart Gunter is working toward a Master's Degree in Mental Health Counseling and lives in Schuyler, Virginia. He likes to paddle the Rockfish River and play drums in obscure rock bands. His poems have appeared or are forthcoming in *West Texas Literary Review*, *Streetlight*, *Gravel*, *The Madison Review*, *Deep South*, and *New Plains Review*, among others.

Hillary King is in her 50s and lives in the San Francisco Bay Area of California. She writes poetry as a way of witnessing, remembering, and exploring the mystery of human beings and the world around them. Her poems have appeared in *Cæsura*, *Fourth River*, *Belletrist*, *PANK*, *Blue Fifth Review*, *Cortland Review*, *Mom Egg Review*, *Gertrude*, and other publications. She is the author of the book of poems, *The Maid's Car*.

Lisa Ludden is the author of the chapbook *Palebound* (Flutter Press, 2017). A finalist for the Red Wheelbarrow Poetry Prize 2018, her poems have recently appeared in *The Normal School*, *Epiphany*, *580 Split*, *Permafrost*, *Stonecoast Review* and elsewhere. She is currently at work on her first full-length book of poetry.

Joyce Meyers taught English, then practiced law in Philadelphia for nearly three decades. Her poems have appeared in *The Comstock Review*, *Atlanta Review*, *Slant*, *Iodine Poetry Journal*, and *Common Ground Review*, among others. In 2014 she won the *Atlanta Review* International Poetry Competition, and was nominated for a Pushcart Prize the same year. Her collections include *The Way Back* (Kelsay Books 2017) and two chapbooks, *Shapes of Love* (Finishing Line Press, 2010) and *Wild Mushrooms* (Plan B Press, 2007).

Ruth Mota received her BA in English and and her Masters in Public Health. She lives in the Santa Cruz Mountains, devotes herself to poetry in retirement, and has led poetry circles to veterans and men in jail. Her poems have appeared in various on-line and print journals including: *The Monterey Poetry Review*, *Cæsura*, *Phren Z*, *Typishly*, *Quillsedge Press* and *Passager Books 2018 Poetry Prize Collection*. Her poem *May Day Kiss* will appear soon in Terraplin Books *Kissing Compendium*.

James B. Nicola's poetry and nonfiction have appeared in the *Antioch*, *Southwest*, *Green Mountains*, and *Atlanta Reviews*; *Rattle*; *Tar River*; *Poetry East*; and *Cæsura*. His full-length collections are *Manhattan Plaza* (2014), *Stage to Page* (2016), *Wind in the Cave* (2017), *Out of Nothing: Poems of Art and Artists* (2018) and *Quickening: Poems from Before and Beyond* (2019). His nonfiction book *Playing the Audience* won a *Choiceaward*. He serves as facilitator for the Hell's Kitchen International Writers' Roundtable.

Michael Jack O'Brien has placed poems in in a variety of print and on-line publications, as well as these anthologies: *Phoenix: Out of Silence...and Then*; *Gridlock: Poetry of Southern California*, *Proposal on Brooklyn Bridge*, and *California: Dreams and Realities*. He also babysits grandchildren and sings them lullabies, hoping he isn't ruining their sense of pitch.

The author of many books of poetry, non-fiction and fiction, most recently the novel "Year 14," winner of the Barrelhouse Prize, **MK PUNKY** is a past contributor to *Cæsura* and serves as Poet Laureate of Vista Street Library in Los Angeles.

Rikki Santer. My work has appeared in various publications including *Ms. Magazine*, *Poetry East*, *Margie*, *Hotel Amerika*, *The American Journal of Poetry*, *Slab*, *Crab Orchard Review*, *RHINO*, *Grimm*, *Slipstream*, *Midwest Review* and *The Main Street Rag*. My sixth poetry collection, *Dodge, Tuck, Roll*, was recently published by Crisis Chronicles Press.

Ellen Schmidt. I teach workshops at Cornell University every semester, week long workshops at Star Island, NH every summer. I designed *Writing through the Rough Spots*, a course enabling participants to create clarity about life's challenges. My students, 18–85 years, range widely - athlete, author, chaplain, ex-felon, hairdresser, musician, physician, prison guard, restaurant server, scientist ... and come from across the US and 15 countries. Publications: *Poetry Quarterly*, *The Avocet*, *Passager*, *Tufts Magazine*, *Mothering Magazine*, *The Healing Muse* (Fall '19).

Bruce Spang is the author of two novels, *The Deception of the Thrush* and *Those Close Beside Me*. He's published four poetry books, including *All You'll Derive: A Caregiver's Journey* and *Boy at the Screen Door* (Moon Pie Press). He's the fiction editor of the *Smoky Blue Literary and Arts Magazine*. His poems have been published in journals across the United States. He lives with his husband Myles Rightmire and their four dogs, five fish, and twelve birds.

Mark Taksa's poems are appearing in *Cardinal Sins*, *Bryant Literary Review*, and *Isthmus*. He is the author of ten chapbooks. *The Invention of Love* (March Street Press), *Love Among The Antiquarians* (Pudding House), *The Torah At The End Of The Train* (first place in the *Poetica* chapbook contest), are the most recent.

Jeanine U-C. It's taken my whole life to get to be this age, and slightly less time to display my love for word play. The poet laureate of Santa Clara County, Mighty Mike McGee, has called me a "silly genius."

Sarah Brown Weitzman, a past National Endowment for the Arts Fellow in Poetry and Pushcart Prize nominee, is widely published in hundreds of journals and anthologies including *New Ohio Review*, *North American Review*, *The Bellingham Review*, *Rattle*, *Mid-American Review*, *Poet Lore*, *Miramar*, *Spillway* and elsewhere. Her latest book, *AMOROTICA*, is forthcoming from Darkhouse Press.

Jan Wieszorek writes from Barron Lake in Michigan. He has taught writing at St. Augustine College, Chicago, and his poetry has appeared or is forthcoming at *The London Magazine*, *Yes Poetry*, *L'Ephemere Review*, *Words Dance*, *Adelaide Literary Magazine*, *Leaping Clear*, and *Cabildo Quarterly*. Jan is author of *Awesome Art Projects That Spark Super Writing* (Scholastic, 2011). He also writes about unsung heroes for *The Paper* in Buchanan, Michigan, and did so formerly as a freelancer for the *Chicago Tribune*.

About the Artists:

Sara Virginia Cole. It is my intention to visualize resilience through difficult transitions with the beatification of the ugly. While I primarily work with abstracted imagery of botanical forms and hybridized cellular structures, I have recently reintegrated representational figurative work as a reflection of my own female identified, disabled, visceral systemic search for balance and beauty. In this process I am confronting my physical limitations and perceptions of UGLY and BEAUTY within my varied disabilities such as cerebral palsy. My work is quietly meditative on one end of a continuum of the process of homeostasis, and yet also holds the resilience and tension inherent at other stages along the same continuum. The work represents the flow of energy, emotion, and expression of my interpretation, my bearing witness, to personal and universal search for balance. www.saravcoleart.com

Fernando “**Force129**” Amaro, Jr. was born and raised in San José, California. He’s currently working full time as an artist and designer and a stay at home dad. “Working in mixed media allows me to work on a variety of projects and styles at any given time. Spray can art is my first love but I also can work some magic on the computer utilizing Photoshop” the artist states. The work shown in this publication is all analog, and the artist’s work can be found in murals as well as galleries such as Kaleid, MACLA, and Works/San José. www.force129.com

Mary Anne Gerhardt lives in Santa Clara, California. After many years of creating art of various mediums, Mary Anne began using mixed media and collage at the start of 2012, when she joined Lori Krein’s “Expressive Collage” classes. Since then, Mary Anne has also experimented with various collage and mixed media techniques of her own, and now uses them in her art. She enjoys displaying her work in shows at various venues around the Bay Area.

Pushpa MacFarlane. In my prior life, before coming to the United States, I indulged in art—sketching my favorite Hollywood Stars. Later, I took a diploma course in Decorative Art where I learned to do Batik and Tie & Dye, as well as tooling in leather, and detailed cutouts. Two of my batik pieces were published in the *Catamaran Literary Reader*. Over the past several years, I’ve been taking umpteen photographs of what I see as art in nature—the sun shimmering on the lake, a lone crow on a flagpole. It’s the poetry in nature that fascinates me. I’ve yet, to put all this down on canvas, which is going to be my next preoccupation.

Tim J. Myers is a writer, storyteller, songwriter, and senior lecturer at Santa Clara University. He's published four books of poetry, over 140 poems, has 15 children's books out with more on the way, and made the New York Times bestseller list for children's books. His Basho and the Fox was read aloud on NPR, and he's been nominated for two Pushcarts. Find him at www.TimMyersStorySong.com or on Facebook at <https://www.facebook.com/TimJMyers1>.

Kathryn Murdock is a retired educator mainly in the ancient world, myth, and art. She is also a playwright, artist, volunteer, and is passionate about space, the mind, and time. She spent a year traveling in Europe, has been to the island of St. Helena, and has made seven transatlantic voyages. She holds a BA in Classical Archaeology/Museum Studies and did her graduate work at Oxford.

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