

CHANTAL BIZZINI

Vagues Poissons Arqués, 2012
collage, 22.5 x 8 cm



courtesy the artist

PATRICIA SPEARS JONES

The Land of Fog and Poetry

Anxious words on a coast where the ocean
Rocks the rocks.

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These are the days where shadows would be welcome
But the sun is bright bright bright and even at night
The moon is bountiful as if everything blue

is full.

I've a decade's worth of sadness encircling my heart
But that's easy—it's just the blues. And the blues is always
Bountiful.

But the mound of dirt, the wooden box, the pretty
Coffin. The pallbearers' awkward grace—that's not easy

I'd rather be in the land of fog and poetry
In the land of shadows and mystery

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Today a toddler kept sitting down as if
On strike, her mother videoing her every
Chubby step. Her grandmother enabling
The moves. But the girl was not having
It. Step one, step two. Stop. Cajole
Cajole. Step one. Stop, sit. Cajole
Mama films and films as if the iPhone
Is a kind of appendage. And finally
Daughter reaches mama, slobbers on
Phone. One last chance to say no.
Just look at me. Just see me. Now
Hold me. And don't let go.

Patricia Spears Jones is an African-American poet and playwright interested in multicultural/multidisciplinary practices, particularly in theater and performance. Her collections include *Painkiller* and *Femme du Monde* (Tia Chucha), *The Weather That Kills* (Coffee House), and three chapbooks.

“hates California” the melody plots
This recording of an instrumental arrangement
That old Rodgers and Hart song, brassy
Luminous rhythms

An arrangement done in the forties
The 1940s. But oh, so modern
This recording as if made the day
Before this day

In the Cloister's herb garden scents compete for
Dominance, but sage wins
And the quince trees are dying one by one
The garden's soil has lost its own dirty mother's milk

Insects, snow, the random droppings of ugly birds
Who knows the brassy band is playing an arrangement
From the 1940s while the quince trees are dying

Have been dying now for years—the fruit fuzzy with
Sad disease. The curving branches darker, brittle-looking

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A good friend is now in the land of fog and poetry
Sidewalking with Bob Kaufman, cracked sage of
Fog and poetry. Another California dreaming