

INSIDE COVER

A Summer Solstice Day Spectacle Of Willfully Poetic Endeavors

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LA ARCADA DE LOS ESCRIBAS



A Summer Solstice Day

Spectacle Of

MARKET POETEC

Endeavors

2023 Anthology



Rogue Scholars Press
In Partnership With Slap Dash Productions

This book, for the shatterers of virtuous theories who question everything, especially that which they hold to be true.

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INTRODUCTION

The quiet embrace of a newborn dawn, as the old year faded into whispers of memories, a tapestry of souls converged upon the sacred realm of verse. Gathered under the benevolent gaze of the sun's tender glow, a poetry event unfolded, igniting the air with an ethereal symphony of words and emotions.

On that fateful New Year's Day, the boundaries of reality blurred, and the ephemeral boundaries of the heart were traversed. A collective of diverse voices, each resonating with unique hues, intertwined like celestial constellations, breathing life into a sacred dance of ink and parchment. Dreams flaunted their secrets, and passions coursed through the veins of those who dared to seek solace in syllables.

Immersed in the ambiance of a time suspended, poets bared their souls, exhaled their wills, and summoned the veiled realms of imagination. They became the alchemists of language, the Arcade of the Scribes, forging metaphors from ancient stardust and intertwining narratives with the essence of life's mysteries. In their hands, the mundane transformed into the extraordinary, the mundane into the profound, and the mundane into the sublime.

Verse upon verse, the air shimmered with an intoxicating melange of vulnerability, strength, joy, and melancholy. The pulse of every heart resonated through the sacred space, painting invisible strokes upon the canvas of collective consciousness. And as the final syllable slipped into the ever-changing tapestry of time, a hushed awe descended upon the audience who had witnessed this exquisite unveiling of the human spirit.

This anthology is a testament to that luminous moment, a vessel harboring the essence of that ephemeral gathering. Within these pages, you shall encounter fragments of ideas woven with silken threads of longing, lines that unravel the mysteries of love and loss, and tones of the infinite contained within the finite. It is an invitation to embark on a journey where words dance, muses sing, and the boundaries of the known yield to the enigmatic world of the unsaid.

May this book guide you through the labyrinthine corridors of existence, illuminating the hidden corners of your mind and sharing truths only poetry can unveil. Open your heart, dear reader, and embark on this odyssey into the ocean of bliss woven on that New Year's Day, where poetry reigns as the eternal language of all humankind.

- C. D. Johnson, Editor-In-Chief

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

ONCE again, we have to give thanks to those who offered up their blood, sweat, tears, and verse in order to make such a culturally enlightening event happen in a time in which it seems the light of the arts tends to fade more often than shine. They keep the fires burning at the temple, holding back the demons of mediocrity and insouciance.

Appreciation to:

Slap Dash Productions, Big Mike Logan, Linda Kleinbub, Madeline Artenberg.

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Puma Perl, Pete Dolack, Faux Maux, Phillip Giambri, Didi Champaigne, Eve Packer, Miriam Stanley, submissions editors Pam and Sam Dickenson, and Westbeth Home To The Arts.

And a very special thanks to our intellectual predecessors who lit the first match for us, Bruce Weber and Joanne Pagano Weber.

Most of all, great appreciation and admiration for all the poets, writers, musicians, and artists without whom there would be no contributions to fill up these otherwise empty pages. The Muze loves her all children unconditionally, as do we here at Rogue Scholars Press!

EPIGRAPH

From LOVE IN THE TIME OF CHOLERA:

Fermina Daza shared with her schoolmates the singular idea that the Arcade of the Scribes was a place of perdition that was forbidden, of course, to decent young ladies. It was an arcaded gallery across from a little plaza where carriages and freight carts drawn by donkeys were for hire, where popular commerce became noisier and more dense.

The name dated from colonial times, when the taciturn scribes in their vests and false cuffs first began to sit there, waiting for a poor man's fee to write all kinds of documents: memoranda of complaints or petition, legal testimony, cards of congratulation or condolence, love letters appropriate to any stage in an affair. They, of course, were not the ones who had given that thundering market its bad reputation but more recent peddlers who made illegal sales of all kinds of questionable merchandise smuggled in on European ships, from obscene postcards and aphrodisiac ointments to the famous Catalonian condoms with iguana crests that fluttered when circumstances required or with flowers at the tip that would open their petals at the will of the user.

Fermina Daza, somewhat unskilled in the customs of the street, went through the Arcade without noticing where she was going as she searched for a shady refuge from the fierce eleven o'clock sun. She sank into the hot clamor of the shoeshine boys and the bird sellers, the hawkers of cheap books and the witch doctors and the sellers of sweets who shouted over the din of the crowd: pineapple sweets for your sweetie, coconut candy is dandy, brown-sugar loaf for your sugar.

But, indifferent to the uproar, she was captivated on the spot by a paper seller who was demonstrating magic inks, red inks with an ambience of blood, inks of sad aspect for messages of condolence, phosphorescent inks for reading in the dark, invisible inks that revealed themselves in the light. She wanted all of them so she could amuse Florentino Ariza and astound him with her wit, but after several trials she decided on a bottle of gold ink.

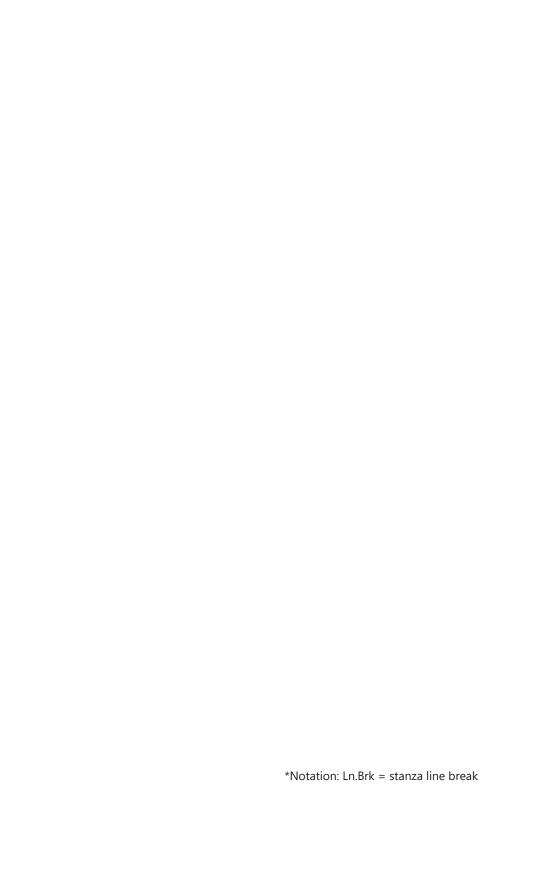
Then she went to the candy sellers sitting behind their big round jars and she bought six of each kind, pointing at the glass because she could not make herself heard over all the shouting: six angel hair, six tinned milk, six sesame seed bars, six cassava pastries, six chocolate bars, six blancmanges, six tidbits of the queen, six of this and six of that, six of everything, and she tossed them into the maid's baskets with an irresistible grace and a complete detachment from the stormclouds of flies on the syrup, from the continual hullabaloo and the vapor of rancid sweat that reverberated in the deadly heat.

She was awakened from the spell by a goodnatured black woman with a colored cloth around her head who was round and handsome and offered her a triangle of pineapple speared on the tip of a butcher's knife. She took it, she put it whole into her mouth, she tasted it, and was chewing it as her eyes wandered over the crowd, when a sudden shock rooted her on the spot. Behind her, so close to her ear that only she could hear it in the tumult, she heard his voice:

"This is not the place for a crowned goddess."

- Gabriel García Márquez





001

Pow Ahimsa

Pow Ahimsa — A human being living in Brooklyn, working at a school on The LES. Plays music without words, other times writes words without music. Favorite musician-Eric Dolphy. Favorite poet-Rumi with Rilke a close second. Favorite food-homefries with the perfect char on the potatoes and onions and perfect amounts of salt, grease and smoked paprika.

Eulogy For Lou Reed

Get thee on that A train and get as far as you possibly can from your time bound backwater

where no one's truly free. There's nothin goin down at all-that's what you screamed to me from a

tiny red transistor radio many years ago and something about the resistance

inside me

subsided.

You said it was alright and for some reason I believed.

Thanks be which gave you a barren home and restlessness to seek.

There's

a certain grace in the desperation of anything but this, anywhere but

just get yourself down to The Village or The LES and you take your chances there

with the punks, poets, junkies-the ones who were tossed, complete in the incompleteness, ones who seek to seek, not needing to find. Only the truly lost ever find anything in this life anyway. You found your salvation then

like a bell of clarity some trash chorus of tattered halfway angels rang out

1

It Was Alriiiiiiiiiiight

So it was. I finally believed in something.

Pledge Of Allegiance

I pledge allegiance to the vibe of the primal OM of the Universe and to each human manifestation all seeming to converge on this one G train underground seemingly invisible with an immensity of reverence for cats.

 \sim

002

~

Austin Alexis

Austin Alexis was a finalist for the Kenyon Review Short Nonfiction Prize.

Rest

I "forgot" how to set my digital alarm clock because I wanted to sleep forever.

But I woke up anyway — damn it to hell — and the long-ass day charged me with life again, like Michelangelo's God rattling Adam.

Mike, you over-active darling, unfortunately, you've given Reality ideas. I liked the void just fine.

More of it would've done nicely.

While In Tompkins Square Park

Somehow, I expect to spot
Henry James or Ruby Dee or Neruda
or other paragons, dead, yet breathing,
their individual spirit too vital to die.
Here in this park where thuds
resound from the tops of bongos,
I anticipate the heroic sounds
of the voices I've just listed:
intricate Jamesian sentences, lacing the air;
the inimitable heartfelt drawl of Ruby Dee.

cont...

In this urban green doling out drumbeats and the pounding of basketballs and the animal roars of peripheral buses, I await not overly aggressive squirrels nor loud-mouthed slovenly chess players but an electric charge from Neruda while Dee and James part the clouds.

 \sim

003

Amina Susi Ali

Amina Susi Ali is a poet and writer located in New York City. She is currently writing short stories and a biography. Follow her on Instagram @aminasusi for upcoming appearances and open mikes etc.

Life, Suffering And Death

Life, suffering and death, the eternal pattern. Already I know too much about numbers two and three and am still trying to figure out what life really is. Is it the routine and plodding of our days, the bittersweet bread earned by the salt sweat of our brows? If so, I want nothing of that life. It shackles me. I have no need for daily chains. I want air, sun, grass and mud below my feet, not pretty distraction and consecutive chapters. Freedom, I await you however you choose to come.

 \sim

My Formica Home

The black counter glistens, its surface illuminated by waning sun. A blue and white takeout cup rests in my neighbor's hand. He is one of the multitude of teachers, bus drivers, and travelers, like me.

Home on 39th Street with no mother other than this eternal coffee pot, this stool, today's foundation. The small window booth my occasional refuge. Every story in existence is lived and told within these brick and orange walls.

Donuts are lined up on their racks, daily creations of all hues: sprinkled pink, chocolate, caramel, pineapple and flaky coconut. Just like Sunset Park, where you can find an avocado on every corner, and sometimes mercy.

004

Madeline Artenberg

Madeline Artenberg was a photojournalist and street-theatre performer before falling for poetry. Her work appears in such publications as *Rattle*. She was a finalist in *Mudfish* 2020 contest. A poem was nominated as *Best of the Net* 2020 by *Poets Wear Prada*. Her poetry book, *Naming a Hurricane*, from *Pink Trees Press*, is available on Amazon Books.

At Ellis Island

Father leaves his Sephardic last name in the hay wagon he escaped in. Blends with the Eastern European Jews at Ellis Island.

He settles family in a Brooklyn project. When father smells one whiff of cumin-laced lamb, he closes windows, piles on his plate brisket and boiled potato.

When he comes upon neighbors, he brushes past their *Komo estash*, mutters under his breath, "I'm fine, I'm fine."

When his daughter asks where he was born, he points far across ocean. She collects photos of faces like his: long and narrow, highcheek bones, sharp chin, dark eyes.

Ln.Brk

In school, she slips easily into *Me llamo*. *Señoritas* in red beckon from grammar books. When she decides to teach Spanish, father yells, "You're throwing away your education."

Now, he's lost the way to temple, can't find the next prayer page.

Every day, she shows him photos of faces like his. He's forgotten who she is, forgotten his name. Every day, he prays, "Dío, por favor, take me to mi padre."

 \sim

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Joanie HF Zosike

After graduating from NYU, Joanie HF Zosike acted with The Living Theatre for 30 years. She received an Edward Albee fellowship, a grant from Foundation for Jewish Culture, a NYSCA DCA regrant, and a Sara Patton poetry stipend from The Writers Hotel. Her work appears in Maintenant, Have a NYC Vol. 3, Light on the Walls of Life (Ferlinghetti tribute anthology), Women in American Theatre; Ides—a Collection of Poetry Chapbooks, and Alien Buddha Gets a Real Job; as well as The New Guard, Home Planet News, Jewish Forward, Syndic, Silver Birch, and BANG!

Praise Song To The Bullet

Praise Song to the Bullet
Praise the bullet — the point that is the bullet
Praise the maze of careless language that
permits a "bullet" to represent punctuation

Praise the punctuation, the puncture of the bullet that laces grammar with the blood of innocents...of innocence

Praise the flight of the spotless deer as she flees the hunter's dispassionate aim Praise the hunters, for they, too, are prey

Praise the bear, praise a woman's wildness that lives in her trunk of deviant urges Praise the bear's great tenderness as he embraces his bear-child with tender paws

Praise the woman who says: You just have to bite the bullet

Ln.Brk

Praise the woman who replies:

I will never bite the bullet

I will bite the pubis of the blood orange

Nibble gently at sweet pink flowers

But I will not praise the shooter,

and I will not bite the bullet —

unless it flies into my mouth

Praise the bullet caught between the teeth of stillness like a nervous carrion bird

Dear Magical Beings

(For Amber, forever Amber)

Friday the 13th in its rare unicorn incarnation is an heirloom in the basket of our tomatoes 13 is a reminder of the rawness of us We walk through the coals of this hellhole earth with blistered senses, herding our fears as if they were spooked cattle

So much time, so much spine — *Peace peace peace!*I listened to Kendrick Lamar's new album today*, eavesdropping on the passion and total abandon of his generation, the nonstop hip-hop thoughts he be handing down from a mindset that with all my good intentions, I can never understand — I haven't been there

Yet we're living on a platter a clatter of celestial matter that shatters expectations like a splattered miscalculation If you be a brother or a sister, if you be Jew or Asian Latinx, First Nation, Islander, LGBTQ, do you find you're inside any of the lies they tell about you? Who's the Frankenstein? Who? Who's Batman? *Nu*? Let's hear it for Fat Lady and Fat Man! You're raging against statistics like any normal person do

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cont...

So despite all my gasping at the earnest fierceness and incessant use of the N-word, I dig how he preaches and teaches despite what might be considered crude

Peace peace peace! I can't bear to watch the news but to ignore is to refuse to engage
The way to mesh is not to wish away
It is to be positive like all of you, my friends,
and thank you for reminding me of all the times to come
and when to go...home
Watch your sperm, watch your eggs
Watch the hours and your offspring ideas
Remember baby tears are same as grown-up tears
The laughter of magical beings
is the medicine that will bring our lips
to the cup of truth

(*Kendrick Lamar's fifth album, *Mr. Morale & the Big Steppers*, was recorded in studio on July 31, 2022, produced by PGLang, Top Dawg Entertainment (TDE), Aftermath Entertainment, and Interscope Records.)

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POSTSCRIPT

Gabriel García Márquez wrote of one of his characters, "Without intending to, without even knowing it, he demonstrated with his life that his father had been right when he repeated until his dying day that there was no one with more common sense, no stonecutter more obstinate, no manager more lucid or dangerous, than a poet."

- The same goes for book editors.
And with that...I am done.

ROGUE SCHOLARS Press

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Other ANYDSWPE Volumes:

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Pa'lante A La Luz (Charge Into The Light) - 2018 Rogue Scholars Press ISBN-13: 978-0-9840982-5-5

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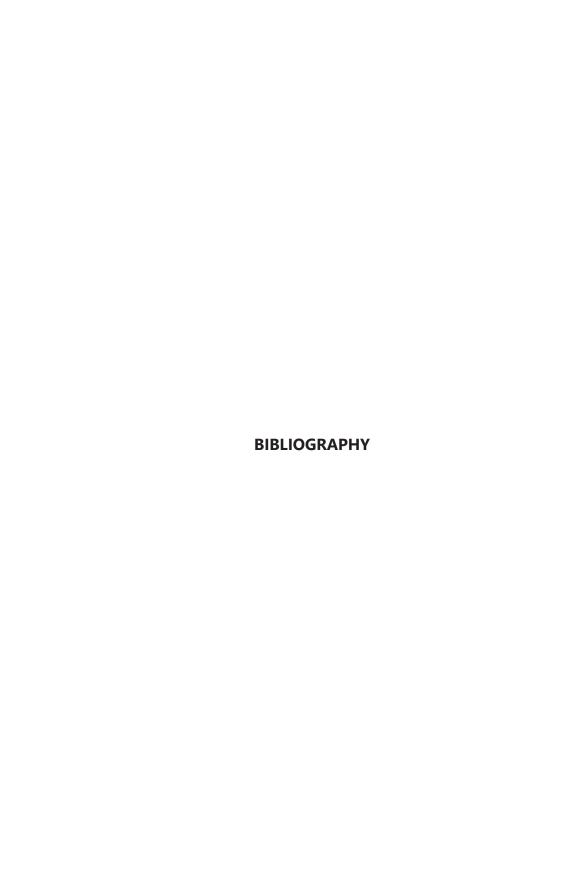
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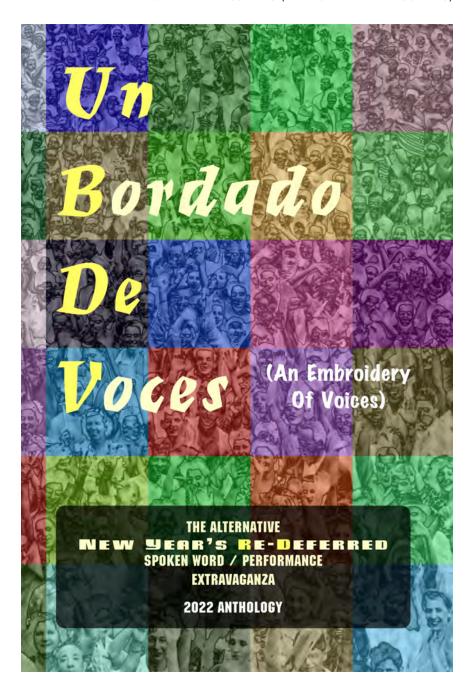
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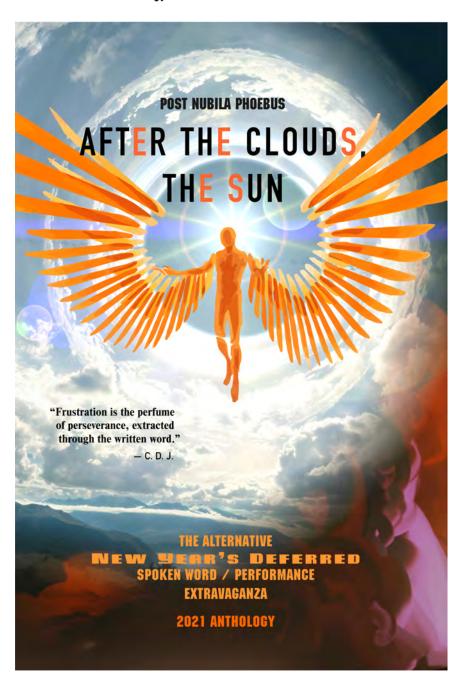
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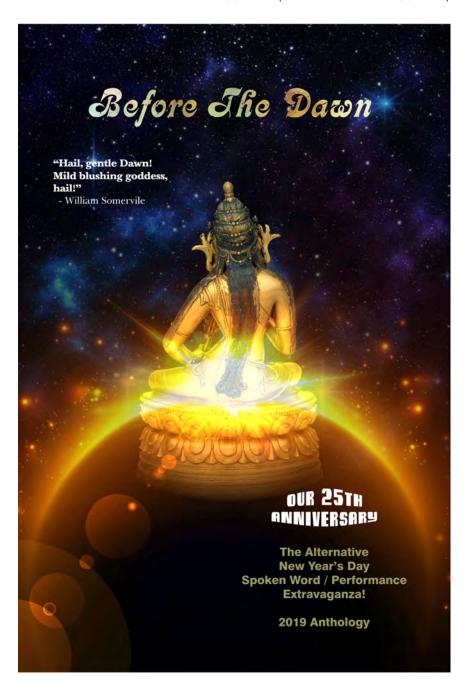
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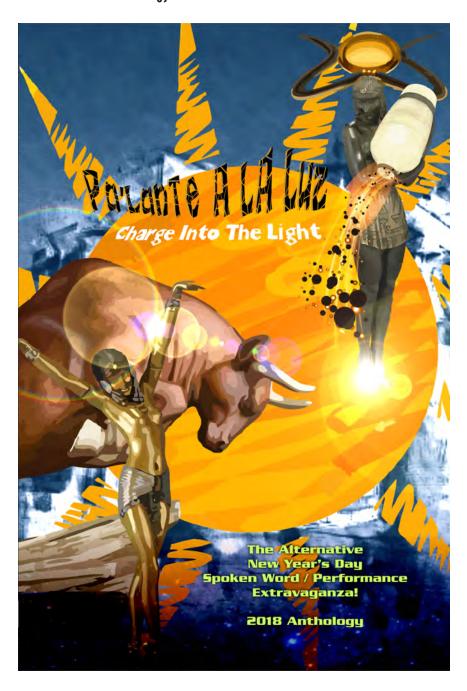
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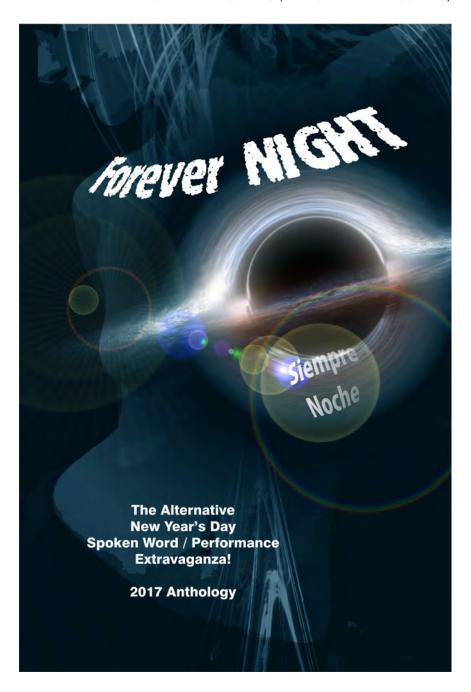


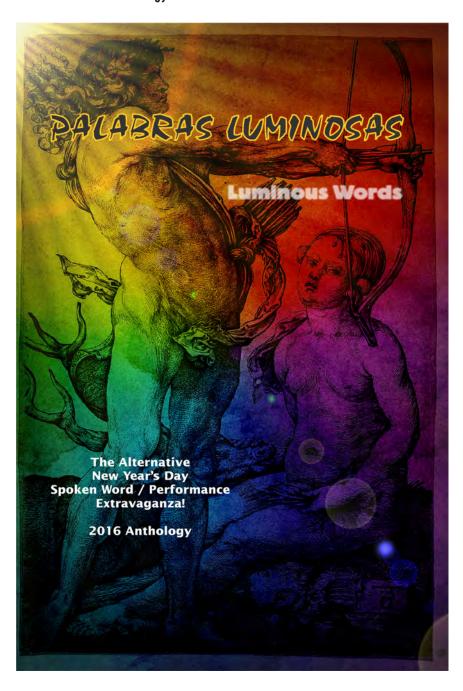


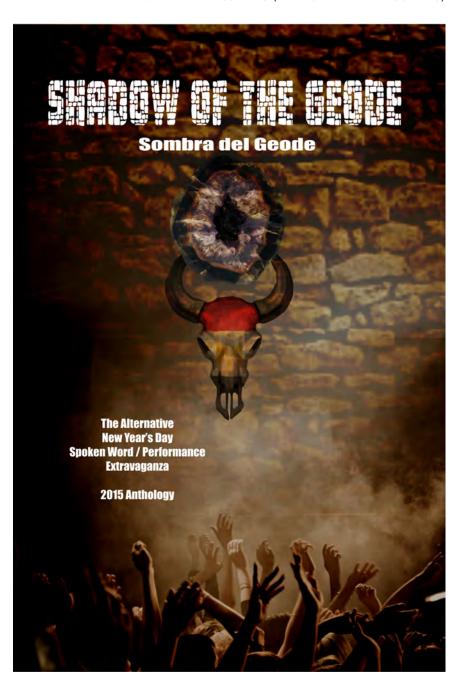


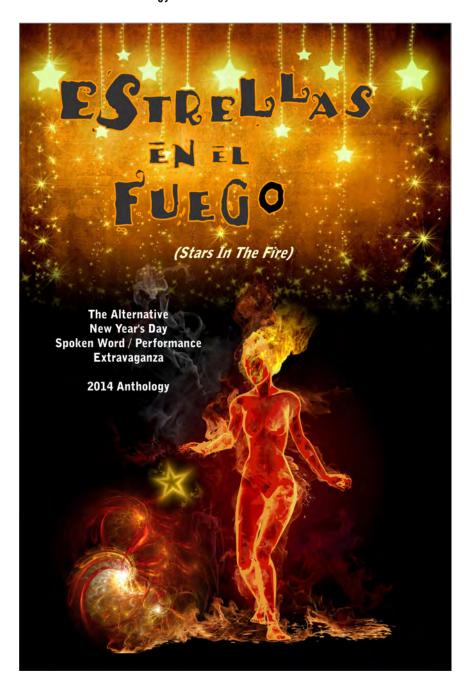












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