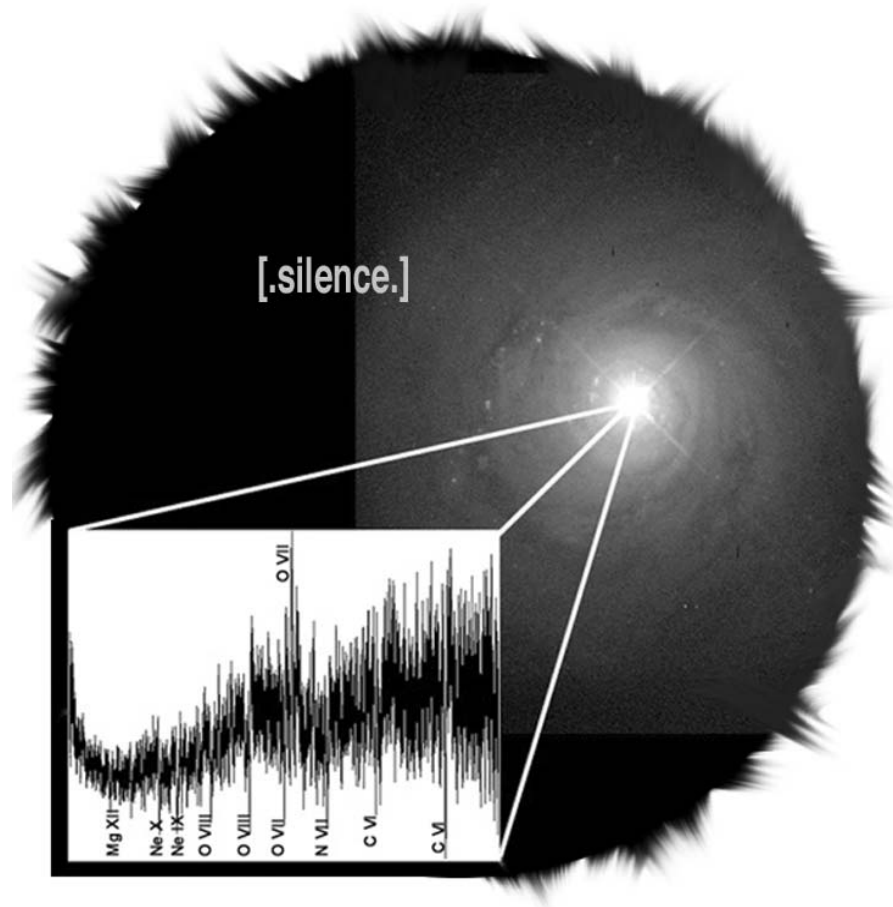


ZAZIL 2

art, education, and poetic activity : : : san diego, june 2004, no.6 : : : free

: : : *the official newsletter of the San Diego Poetry Guild* : : :



About SDPG & Zazil2

Now in its second year of operation, the **San Diego Poetry Guild** is a collective of poets, writers, artists, film makers, videographers, educators, dancers, and other creatives who come together to pursue common goals, share experiences, and combine resources. We use the word 'poetry' broadly to make room for all kinds of artistic and human endeavors, only some of which are represented in these pages. **Zazil2**, the official newsletter of SDPG, first appeared in June, 2001 under the auspices of our local sponsor, Factory School. Focusing on art, education, and literary activity in the Baja-Cali region, Zazil2 currently features work written and produced by Guild members. Back issues of Zazil2 are available in PDF format through the Factory School website (factoryschool.org). At this time, Zazil2 does not accept unsolicited work.

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Guild Notes

Thanks to Ashley Lindemann for doing the bulk of the editing work for this issue. Ashley is a poet and runs the open mic night at Point Loma Nazarene University. She came on board last February, 2004 as Guild intern in collaboration with the Factory School internship program. The publication of Z2#6 marks the official conclusion and culmination of her project, but we at the Guild hope she'll stick around with us in some capacity. Check the local F.S. website (sandiego.factoryschool.org) to find out more about the internship program.

Response to our January Winter Showcase was enthusiastic and encouraging, and we hope to do it again soon (watch for details circa next Fall). Meanwhile, we're hoping to set up a Guild-sponsored reading and performance night this summer in col-laboration with local organizers. Check the Guild website for details about these and other special activities.

Last month's BBQ and bull session at Bill's was a big success. To summarize some of the late-night chatter, the Guild's main focus for this summer is ACTION, meaning we may not have a grand plan right now but we all know pretty much what needs to be done, and we'll be doing it. A couple of us will be abroad this summer, so while our numbers will be down for a month or two our collective spirits will be high. Those of us sticking close to home through the June gloom and late summer heat will do our best to keep the poetry ball rolling.

About the theme for this issue (silence): In the continual clobber of a culture riddled with soundbites, and systems that categorize us, the guild pleads for "silence" this time around. As we chisel at the form we captured in the last issue's theme of "shape," we hope for even more tangibility in the emptiness of "silence"...

Bobbie West

MOVING, THEY GO

watch them

watch them speak

do you know?

(who they are)

do you see?

(what they say)

watch them

watch their mouths

open
and
close

can you find?

(the words)

can you touch?

(their meaning)

meanings change

each time

the tongue

tips

watch them

watch their lips

open

and close

watch them

watch them moving

moving, they go

J.R. Osborn

EXCAVATION: THE SILENCES OF QUIETMAN

Re: the tao is beginning to gestate in my lower cinnabar field
i believe the book is called **silence**
---although he tended to call a lot of things silence

Re: Roundabouts?
. . . silence.

Re: Christmas greetings
"silent night, holy night,
all them *little* shepherds singin'
hallelujah!"

Re: humanity rising
and the holy host of angels held rapture in silent attention.

Re: earth speaks
Lift its head and silently pray for life

Re: art in times of war
I am painting a silence you will not recognize

Re: EXTREMELY IMPORTANT
This is ENTIRELY BEYOND OUR CONTROL and we
greatly regret that the current service is being terminated.

Ashley—Kay

SILENT HIDING

She's in a locked position.
She needs to make herself

a
smaller,
more
compact
unit.

Tense,
fetal position,

grief and confusion—

A convulsive,
child's breath
crawls inside her handbag

Carlos Conrad

RENACA RESACA

Washed ashore,
sea-drunk after a short swim
in the mourning, blue Pacific's
wind-slapped, white-capped
rising tide swells.

I roll over,
burnt and sleep-thick—

having dreamt a hummingbird
beneath the breastbone
of every willing woman—

to bloated trunks
and shapeless thighs
beside the barely believable
ubiquity of human beauty.

I only echo
the startled
near-silence
between two waves
in my Sandmanned,
half-opened eyes.

J.R. Osborn

THE SILENT EMPTY CALM

Is it certain that there corresponds to the word *silence* a unique, univocal concept, a concept that can be rigorously grasped and calmed: a silent concept? Following a strange figure of discourse, one first must ask whether the word or signifier "silence" silences a determined content, an identifiable emptiness, a describable value. But in order to articulate and propose this question, I already had to anticipate the emptiness of the word *silence*: I have had to predetermine silence as the tranquility, calm, or site of *emptiness*, and of an emptiness that is *silent*.

If *silence* encourages emptinesses, and if this encouragement could not be subdued, then from the outset it would not be justified to define silence *itself* as the calming of an emptiness. Now, the word *silence*, which nothing initially authorizes us to overlook as a word, and to impoverish as an empty word, contains a semantic field which precisely is not limited to semantics, semiotics, and even less to linguistics. From the semantic field of the word *silence* escapes the fact that it also designates nonsemantic moments.

Here at least provisional recourse to ordinary language teaches us that one may, for example, *silence a moment* or that a tremor, a shock, an interference of *noise* can be silenced—that is, momentarily calmed. It is also said that different or distant sounds can silence each other by means of a given disruption or containment. What happens in this case, what is calmed or silenced are not phenomena of emptiness or insignificance. In these cases we are dealing neither with a semantic or conceptual emptiness, nor with a semiotic tranquility, and even less with a linguistic calm.

Octavia Davis

SUMMER SANDALS

At the T G & Y in town, they had rows of nail polish lined up on a dusty white metal shelf, each alluring bottle costing 59¢, half price every day. My cousin Joylene, she'd stand there and stare at the bottles and sniff her fingers while we waited for our mothers to sift through the remnant bin at the back of the store, looking for 2-yard lengths of double-knit for new slacks.

When the summer sandals appeared on the family footwear racks, Joylene left the nail polish and planted herself in front of the size 3s. Those strappy white spring time shoes spoke seductively of tea length satin dresses, embroidered bodices, and pink lemonade. One afternoon, Joylene snatched them up and crouched down against the scuffed wall of the T G & Y, looking sly over her shoulder, and tried them on.

Aunt Lula finally bought those sandals for Joylene. They were about the only ones left when they ended up on the sale rack—my size was all gone. Joylene knew they fit, but she acted surprised when she buckled them on. She trip-trapped up and down the aisle a couple of times, then declared they were just right. She gloated all the way back home, but when she ran into the house to show the boys, the left heel caught on the front step and snapped right off.

“Don’t have any money, and you kids tear everything up,” Aunt Lula yelled.

Joylene didn’t say anything for the rest of the day.

Bill Marsh

THE ALPHABET

a very small violin
a metamachine that simulates
a backward history
a service, an assembly agent
a preferred portal, portfolio
a strategy in relation to *everything*
a need maybe
a sky mall mag
a minority president “makes history”
a production presence in borderland
a fat-belly-centric unilateral uniformity
a genius that perhaps one might stomach
a set of landscapes
a version of tools or today’s paper
a fucking coffee “lounge”
a story of source code as loot
a parasyntactics of lifting
a “refuge in the present”
a paper bag rhetoric of arrangement
a motivation for what remains
a compulsive need to fill the page
a mess in the streets
a “salon” oh really
a story of what would be found
a mood (blah blah)
a sound

Jingle

SOCIAL MUFFIN

When I walked into the 24-hour coffee shop,
Everyone ran to the hidden restroom,
I futilely yelled, "Is someone sitting here?"
It reminded me that yesterday
The whole moon was deregulated,
So all the nights can merge, integrate,
Vertically and horizontally.
You must have heard the rumor,
The city is smoothly unbundled,
Dog walkers are talking
About networked infrastructure and disconnected dogs.
Despite the reassurance of
Half and half,
I will only order a mouthful of muffin to go.

Bobbie West

ECONOMY CLASS

My mind has turned to crud

(thud!)

—mud on the bottom—that's

dead in the head, Fred.

In the seat up front sits

a man WITHOUT a head.

(nope—there it is—pardon me!)

Comes flapping at my face, a

wildly moving mouth

with no sound coming out;

silent movie

Jingle

THE SILENCE OF A SPOON

“Imagine the spoon is a cat, and you are nothing...”

“I don’t think the spoon is a desert animal...”

“Just imagine, you are only one cat short of being something.”

“If it is true, it is funny.”

“If it is funny, it is true.”

“If I drop the spoon to the ground, will it bounce back to my hand?”

“If you drop a spoon to the ground, will it bounce back to your hand?”

“Let’s drop a spoon to the ground...maybe it will bounce back to our hands.”

“Nothing will bounce back to our hands.”

“I can’t imagine the spoon is dropped and becomes nothing.”

“Stop dropping nothing to the ground!”

In a canyon where everything is made of spoon, we cuddle and wait for something to bounce back to our hands for many many years.

Ricardo Guthrie

DESTINY

Nothingness is
my name
and (like the moth drawn to the flame)
I circle, spiral,
endlessly.

Jen Vernon

UNTITLED

I. *War*

countries are just arbitrary lines
 not what the land had in mind, not in the stars design
 not in the mountains rhyme

countries are just arbitrary lines ignored by hurricane, twister, breath
 breathe in hold blow up

countries are just arbitrary lines not in body's breath
 breathless coroner separates flesh
 official's dress what's left in flag

clover, mint, lilacs miss presidential address
 foot knows to love thigh, hip foot knows grass clover licks
 face knows lilac mint

II. *Grenada*

grenada granite grenade pomegranate raw cotton rose seeds
 brown paper lunch sack, grenade halved, plastic wrapped
 spoon shovel ruby mounds steel cold mouth cave sweet
 lips press handle rest spoon shovel mine shaft

lizard skin pomegranate smiles toothy grin
 translucent red white kid's teeth, begin-again
 grenade blue white body snatch, forever-after
 umbilicus cleaved chokes outer space, float we granite bits
 stuck in shrapnel and pomegranate

where does hope live in body scope?
 chest cavity, leg muscle battery hair follicles, forehead, lids
 where does hope live? in lilac scent, in wind

III. *Viento Wind Gods*

red clay kiss face air gods croon in museum case meditation
 lips pucker puff swoon give breath thanks, breathe deep grace

red clay kiss face air gods croon full belly valley wind
 horn player cheeks, mountain lake lids, up tilt chin
 Viento face transcends

Foot knows to love thigh hip face knows lilac mint

Ricardo Guthrie

THE SECOND TIME

A perfumed lipstick
smudge
ran along the ceramic lip
of the cup.
A pink, glossy reminder
of her mouth
(a placeholder
for the real
thing).

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