

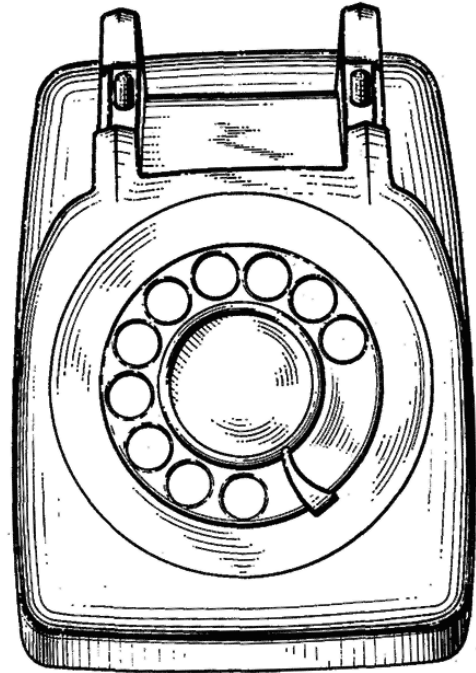
THE ROTARY DIAL

ISSUE 1
MARCH 2013

Alexandra Oliver, Editor

www.therotarydial.ca

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MARYANN CORBETT

Street View

One more pedestrian day
Steps up. It hands me these:
An east-west avenue
Alléed with leafing trees
That traffic with the light.
Such mornings, I confess
I've stalled at the center line
Struck motionless
Watching sunrise parade,
All brass, out of the east.
Of life's small celebrations
Even these least
Need trotting out sometimes
With somersaults and handsprings
Across the sullen blacktop
That buries things.

FRANK OSEN

Yards

I knew a man once, who walked off a cliff.
That first night in our starter home, not sleeping –
things needed so much up-, or just safe-keeping –
we seemed to teeter on a steep What-If

the lawn should parch, the plaster crack, walls rot
into their timbers, tumble down? I felt
the tyranny of things our getting got,
was now our lot. Our neighbor wore a belt

of tools, as if to hammer home that fact,
which he did capably, each weekend-long
to sounds of projects driven, nailed and tacked,
or quartered to a table saw's loud song.

We verbed his name. To Trimble: plane a log
for drawer pulls; gild the undersides of eaves;
not merely rake, but marshal all the leaves
and – God! That saw – what's left to saw? The dog?

His calm and measured puttering, not reckless,
appeared designed to make us feel more feckless
in our hilarity of disrepair.
So one day, when he stepped off into air

while hiking, fell partway down a mountainside
and looked up at his daughter with a laugh,
and then (unused to doing things by half,
perhaps) rolled down the rest of it and died,

it seemed as if he'd planned and built a way
as sure as with an augur and a gauge,
to show how he could, on a Saturday,
do what might take some people half an age.

We Go Without You

We go without you, since you're east at school,
and by the dim brick entryway we meet
more stranded parents in a humid pool
of mourners, damp with handkerchiefs and heat.

It's almost like old parents' nights inside,
though now with older parents in a queue,
to get the oldest children's course review
and greet the parents of the girl who died.

The lesson here is one we've always known:
you can be sheltered, loved, behave, do well,
and half a breath may blow it all to hell.
It's news we bury till the kids are grown.

We know we're wrong; it spells the overthrow
of our imperium when we presume
to spare you anything you ought to know.
Still, as I near the hollow in this room,

I'm bargaining to make that deal anew,
ransacking meager stores of grief and rage –
my loss of two loved parents to old age –
and fervently I wish that loss for you.

Potemkin Village Idiot

It grew, as bogus constructs often do,
because it hits us where we live – a place
of neat facades one could concoct on cue

to gull the gullible, and then un-brace
and rearrange, so that it's always fronting
some new, intriguingly familiar face.

Though scholars claim real buildings just wore bunting,
the false-front legend gives us more to love.
Today, on Guadalupe beach, I'm hunting

a plaster sphinx and plywood remnants of
a movie set that Cecil B. DeMille
junked somewhere in a drifting dune above.

How long before, near some Crimean hill,
a hyperrealist Russian oligarch
who's backed extensive excavations, will

announce his find or new amusement park;
if not that genuine Ur of the ersatz,
re-re-re-resurrected from its dark

of moldered paperboard and rotted slats,
then its authentic, gleaming replication,
complete with rides and characters in hats?

I'd buy a ticket to that dedication
and souvenirs from each concessionaire,
but be compelled to tell the congregation

more times than anyone could bear –
it's not the place that really wasn't there.

MARY MERIAM

Done

Quarter to nine, the trouble in the sink is done.
The trouble from a day spent on the brink is done.

The walk we took at two, the two of us alone
in weather strangely warmer, in a blink is done.

The field of small white asters, bees and butterflies,
the buzz and scent of them, the pleasant stink is done.

It happens every fall, the leaves are green then gone,
scattered and run aground, poor leaf, its link is done.

Even with so much earthly danger, even so,
we're never done with love, or what we think is done.

I've felt her soothing over me, the sweetest spirit.
She is ineffable, so Mary's ink is done.

JOHN BEATON

The Depth of Winter

The cold has slowed and quieted this valley:
the side-creek waterfalls are petrified
and, in the canyon, shade has shrunk the currents
to zig-zag cracks in ivory-white inlay;
downstream, where noonday's pallid half-light reaches
across a floodplain, open channels cut
through hardened snow as flows outswim the freeze
then reach a lake which chills them to a standstill.
And there the surface, still and flat, at once
all colours and no colour – flawless whiteness –
thins and arcs, becoming gray, an iris
around a central disk of vitreous coal,
a subterranean, Cyclopean pupil.
And in that eye there is a well of blackness
that drains the light and drowns the clawing ice.

Standing Firm

The bastion berg shattered sheet-ice
that crepitated, creeping across
domains of mountains. Its shadow shook
as crumbling crags creaked, cracked,
and foundered before the force that flowed,
bearing migrations of birds and beasts
south to the sun. Life fled or fell.
The glacier wove its winding-sheet,
a gruesome mausoleum for mammoths;
mounded moraines of ripped rock
bore skeletons with sabre-teeth.
Black above these barren barrows,
numinous, the nunatak withstood.

KIM BRIDGFORD

Bad Writing

Bad writing is always waiting. It comes to you – you don't need to seek it out.

William Logan

Like kamikaze pilots, or a drought –
A bully in your e-mail who's obsessed –
Bad writing waits for you and finds you out.

The adjectives and adverbs friend your site,
And once the caps show up, no Robert Frost.
Like kamikaze pilots, or a drought,

Such drama finds a path, and carves a route.
The kittens have a turn, the puppies next.
Bad writing waits for you and finds you out.

A mosquito waiting for the skin that's sweet,
It searches out your bedroom. Like a heist,
Like kamikaze pilots, or a drought,

With exclamations, it's immediate:
You're shouting on the page, and YOU ARE LOST!!!
Bad writing waits for you and finds you out.

You thought it was for truffles, but this snout
Burrows for your weakness, and your angst.
Like kamikaze pilots or a drought,
Bad writing waits for you and finds you out.

Gone Are the Libraries

Gone are the libraries, the card catalogues,
The homework that used to be eaten by dogs.
Gone are the libraries.

Gone are the magazines that very few read,
But poets all yearned for, to be garlanded.
Gone are the magazines.

Gone are the phone lines in dormitory halls,
Where love twists its signal and crying appalls.
Gone are the phone lines.

Gone are the letters, sent home from the war.
Calligraphied thank-yous, the airmail that tore.
Gone are the letters.

Gone are the typewriters that pecked at their truth,
But so is Joe DiMaggio, and so is Babe Ruth.
Gone are the typewriters.

Gone are the newspapers; gone are the shops
Where real food was sold by old moms and pops.
Gone are the newspapers.

Instead there is speed; and instead there is hype,
And, instead of live interviews, we set up our Skype.
Instead there is speed.

We find all this loss, when we're waiting or walking.
Nobody's thinking, and everyone's talking.
We find all this loss.

What have we done? Now we press and delete;
We sleep with our phones, and we text and we tweet.
What have we done?

DAVID ROSENTHAL

From the Bridge on the Estero Trail

Point Reyes, California

Before we came here, someone built this bridge,
and cut the trail that winds around the arm
of Drake's Estero, climbing to the ridge
above the beds of Johnson's Oyster Farm.
They set the trailhead near a young pine grove
that started as the remnants of a failed
Christmas tree farm. Before that, in the cove
north of the trail, the butter boats once sailed
from Shafter's Ranch, unfazed by shipwrecked ghosts
who littered Limantour with sinking layers
of tattered sails and broken planks and posts,
long after Drake himself stopped for repairs.

When Drake arrived, the Miwoks had been here
for centuries, with camps a few miles east –
supplies of oysters, mussels, rock crab, deer,
jackrabbits, quail, and berries never ceased,
as bobcats, hawks, and vultures knew quite well,
before the camps or ships were ever built.
Even the mice found food in trees that fell,
and sandpipers dug insects from the silt
of falling tides, the way they're digging here,
where ebbs from the Estero and beyond
cause Home Bay's mounds of mud to reappear,
and draw the stream beneath us from Home Pond.

We steal ourselves a quick, wind-huddled kiss
against the rail, then watch the fading flow
of vastness trickling past the rocks below,
and someone says *the moon is doing this*.

DAVID GWILYM ANTHONY

Mother's Day

I hold the phone remembering –
no need to call today.
Routine's my life raft; as I cling
I hold the phone, remembering
a loss. It is a cruel thing,
this trick the mind can play.
I hold the phone, remembering.
No need to call today.

MARYANN CORBETT

Rethinking Tolkien

Be honest, now: What you ached for, young,
with your head down over dusty volumes,
was spell and enchantment, charms and secrets.
These lines, so old, so broken open,
so groaned over, the grave books gaping
dried-up bones out of Bosworth-Toller
that you fumble and prod to fashion flesh for –
all half-measures. All means to the end
of the magic words in the mind of the wizard
who knitted a time out of new-made tongues.
Think of him, then, in his thinned age,
in the oak pew, bent on his ashplant,
the people around him mouthing plain English
while he barked aloud the abandoned Latin,
the last sounds left him here, *sub luna*,
that spoke the dream of a different world.

CONTRIBUTORS

Maryann Corbett lives in Saint Paul, Minnesota, and works for the Minnesota Legislature. She is the author of *Breath Control* (David Robert Books, 2012), which was featured on the first books panel at the West Chester Poetry Conference, and *Credo for the Checkout Line in Winter*, forthcoming in 2013 from Able Muse Press. She is a past winner of the Lyric Memorial Award and the Willis Barnstone Translation Prize. Her poems, essays, and translations have appeared widely in journals in print and online and in a number of anthologies. New work is forthcoming in *PN Review*, *Modern Poetry in Translation*, and *Barrow Street*.

Frank Osen won the 2012 Able Muse Book Award for his poetry manuscript *Virtue, Big As Sin*, selected by final judge, Mary Jo Salter. He was born in Yokosuka, Japan, grew up in Southern California, and is a graduate of the University of California at Berkeley and Loyola Law School. His work has appeared in numerous print and online journals. He has won the Best American Poetry Poem Contest, and has been a finalist for the Nemerov Sonnet Award, the Morton Marr Award, and the Writers Digest Poetry Competition. His work has been nominated for a Pushcart Prize and frequently appears in *The Spectator* (UK). He lives in Pasadena, California, and walks to work at the Huntington Library.

Mary Meriam's poems are published in *Literary Imagination*, *The New York Times*, *The Gay & Lesbian Review*, *American Arts Quarterly*, *Poetry Northeast*, *American Life in Poetry*, *Measure*, *Sentence*, *Light*, many other journals, and several anthologies. She is the author of two poetry chapbooks, *The Countess of Flatbroke* and *The Poet's Zodiac*; the editor of *Lavender Review*; and a blogger at *Ms. Magazine*.

John Beaton was raised in the Highlands of Scotland and emigrated to Canada in 1979. He lives on an acreage in Qualicum Beach on Vancouver Island. An actuary by profession, he is now retired from a career in the pensions industry. For almost four years, John was a moderator of *The Deep End* workshop at Eratosphere. His poetry has been widely published in literary and non-literary newspapers, magazines, journals, and anthologies, and has won poetry competitions. He is a regular spoken word performer at concerts for general audiences, Celtic events, and literary gatherings.

Kim Bridgford is the director of the West Chester University Poetry Center and the West Chester University Poetry Conference, the largest all-poetry

writing conference in the United States. As the editor of Mezzo Cammin, she founded The Mezzo Cammin Women Poets Timeline Project, which was launched at the National Museum of Women in the Arts in Washington in March 2010. She is the author of seven books of poetry, including *Bully Pulpit*, a book of poems on bullying, and the forthcoming *Epiphanies*.

During her tenure at Fairfield University, she became known as one of the best writing program directors in the United States, a teacher of national reputation, and one of the best contemporary practitioners of the sonnet. She was the 2007 Connecticut Touring Poet, a series that has included James Merrill, Robert Pinsky, X. J. Kennedy, and Donald Justice. She has appeared in *The New York Times*, *The Washington Post*, *The Philadelphia Inquirer*, *The Connecticut Post*, on NPR and the website of *The News Hour* with Jim Lehrer, and in various headline news outlets.

A popular presenter, she has read her work in venues throughout the United States, including the Bach at One series across from Ground Zero.

She wrote the introduction to Russell Goings' *The Children of Children Keep Coming*, an epic griot song, and joined Goings in ringing the closing bell of the New York Stock Exchange when the book was released, a week before the first Obama Inauguration.

In December she joined Goings in a collaboration with the 92nd St. Y in celebration of Romare Bearden, along with Elizabeth Alexander, Stanley Crouch, Kwame Dawes, Sarah Lewis, Khalil Gibran Muhammad, and John Edgar Wideman.

David Rosenthal lives in Berkeley, California, with his wife and two teenaged daughters, and teaches kindergarten and first grade in the Oakland public schools. His poems have appeared in print and online in *Rattle*, *Measure*, *Raintown Review*, *Unsplendid*, *Birmingham Poetry Review*, *The Chimaera*, and several other journals. He has been a Pushcart nominee, and Nemerov Sonnet award finalist, and a semi-finalist for both the Richard Wilbur and Donald Justice Book Awards. He is the founder and host of First Wednesday Formal, a monthly poetry reading series in Albany, California. His first book, *The Wild Geography of Misplaced Things*, will be released later this year from White Violet Press.

David Gwilym Anthony was born in Ffestiniog, North Wales, brought up in Hull and educated at Hull Grammar School before going on to study modern history at St Catherine's College, Oxford. He is the author of *Words to Say* (2002), *Talking to Lord Newborough* (2004) and *Passing Through Woods* (2012), and his work has appeared worldwide in journals in print and

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