

Editor's Note

My thanks to Kayla Sussell and Clive Matson for allowing me to guest edit this issue of The Crazy Child Scribbler. I wished to find poems that went away from, rather than toward, polemic. Personal poems that are 'from some place,' (your muse?) Rather than poems 'about some thing,' (even if that thing happens to be president.) Each poem was chosen lightly and quickly, as if on a whim (looking it up I find an archaic use of whim being: *a windlass for raising ore or water from a mine.*)

I take responsibility for any unorthodox punctuation and formatting in this issue. They were my choice, to honor the poets' intent and poetic license.

The next issue of The Scribbler will be devoted to the topic of drugs – both legal and otherwise. Poems can be as long as 60 lines and prose up to 950 words. The deadline is November 30, 2017. Please send work to Kayla Sussell at 420 45th Street, Oakland CA 94609 or to karnit@LMI.net.

– Jack O'Neill

~ ❁ ~

This is not a pleasant poem

There was a boy who washed his hands
and didn't know he'd washed his
hands. He did not think he had
washed his hands and so he washed
his hands again: he still
did not feel that he'd washed those
hands and no one could tell him
they were safely washed and so
he went on washing his hands til
his hands were red and raw but
never clean. There was a man
who took a knife and slit his throat
and flirted on the edge of death
but he could not die, he did not die
not while he had to wash his hands –
a little boy's work is never done.
There was a boy who washed his hands.

– Dennis Rhodes

Untitled

Lost in time and stumbling blind,
a fat man comes to hug my head.
Happy for the attention
and hungry for the affection
I squeeze and mumble thank you.
Oh awkward fate and curious strength,
don't leave me on my own,
I need your good and loving heart
to free from death and life to start

– William O'Neill

~ ❁ ~

In this issue

Page 1	Dennis Rhodes, William O'Neill
Page 3	Don Brennan, Molly Harcourt, D. Jayne McPherson, Pauline Denise Keil-Stocker
Page 4	Nancy P. Davenport, Elinor Wylie, Laurence Hope
Page 5	G. Masias Gusman, P. Keilstocker, Jack O'Neill
Page 6	Adele Mendelson, Richard Schwarzenberger, Alan Catlin
Page 7	A. Catlin, Dink, R. Schwarzenberger

NEWS FLASH #1

A Post-Paris reading with Clive and Gael and guests will be held at Expressions Gallery, 2035 Ashby Ave. in Berkeley on Friday, October 27, 7-9 pm.

A Los Angeles tour will take place the weekend of November 17-19.

Check Clive's website for updates.

Workshop Schedule

CRAZY CHILD WRITING WORKSHOPS

Set your creative inner self free to write with abandon.

(fee: \$80 or any donation)

Saturdays 10am - 5pm

October 21, Benicia December 2, Oakland January 6, place tba

MIDDLETOWN "RESILIENCE" WORKSHOP

(fee: \$5 or any donation)

Second **Saturday** of the month, 12 noon to 5 pm

October 14, November 11, December 9, January 13

Middletown Art Center, Lake County

To register: email Lisa Kaplan at MiddletownArtCenter@gmail.com
or phone 707-809-8118

10-WEEK WORKSHOPS

(fee: \$400 per session)

poetry prose plays nonfiction

Wednesdays 6:30 to 9:30 pm Temescal District, Oakland

Current session ends October 25 — New session starts November 8

Fridays 10am to 1pm Temescal District, Oakland

Current session ends October 27 — New session starts November 3

2-BUSY 2-WRITE

(drop-in writing time)

(fee: \$20 or any donation, like healthy cookies)

Alternate **Tuesdays** from October 10 on, 7 to 9 pm Temescal District, Oakland

Let the Crazy Child Write! with Clive Matson

(fee: \$250 - \$320 sliding scale) October 23, 30; November 6, 13, 20, 27

Mondays 6 to 8 pm The Liminal Center, 3037 38th Ave., Oakland

We'll do exercises that bring out the passion in our bones and our creative unconscious – the Crazy Child – where our stories and poems and rhythms and blogs and rants live and thrive. All genres are welcome! We want to get those editor voices out of the way while we write with the rhythms of our breath and body, in the manner that's most powerful and true for each individual. For each class you'll be expected to bring in the revised exercise from the previous class, with copies for everyone

THE NOVEL'S ARC

(fee: \$500 for five sessions)

Four novelists read each other's novels and examine how each works as a whole. Two-hour session devoted to each novel. Sessions will be arranged when four authors declare their readiness. Dates, time, and location to be determined.

FOR MORE INFORMATION: matsonpoet.com or phone (510) 508-5149

POETRY SALOON (drunk on poetry!)

Second Fridays at 472 44th Street, Oakland
Potluck at 6pm, readings start at 7:30pm

*Bring poems or prose by you or others to share,
or come just to enjoy.*

October 13 ~ November 10 ~ December 8 ~ January 12

Hosted by Kayla Sussell

THE SCRIBBLER PREVIOUS-ISSUE FINANCIAL REPORT

Issue 92, 400 printed:	\$200.00
337 mailed at a cost of:	\$166.55
(including 2 foreign @ \$1.20)	
Collate, address, seal, and stamp:	Donated
Total expenses:	\$366.55
Total income:	\$106.66
Net loss:	\$259.89

DONORS

Anonymous, Lois Lyles, R. G. Matson, Dennis Rhodes

~ ❄ ~

*The Crazy Child Scribbler is published four times a year.
Submissions remain copyrighted by the authors, all rights reserved. Reproduction requires author consent.*

SUBSCRIPTIONS

Workshop participants receive the Scribbler for two years, or as long as the recipient shows interest. To get on the mailing list, send an email with your name and mailing address to: clive@matsonpoet.com

We greatly appreciate donations, which can take the form of helping us assemble and mail the Scribbler. Or you can make out a check to Clive Matson and mail it to THE SCRIBBLER, 472 44th St., Oakland, CA 94609

SUBMISSIONS

See instructions, top of page 1. All rights reserved.

~ ❄ ~

The CRAZY CHILD Scribbler

Founder and Editor Emeritus: Craig Heath

Publisher: Clive Matson

Editor-in-Chief: Kayla Sussell

Production Manager: Jean Hohll

Contact information:

c/o Clive Matson

472 44th Street

Oakland, CA 94609

clive@matsonpoet.com

Kindness

It is speculated, Dharma has a beginning
and an end. Both are kindness.

Strolling through bucolic meadows
seeking wisdom, may inflict ignorance,
and leave us starving for a sense of peace.

When we blunder into poverty streets,
starving is about food, peace is seldom
to be found, flowers and meadows are
merely sad dreams of those in pain.

If we retreat to silence, yet hear in our minds
the thunder of words, can we find our way
back to the emptiness within them?

Often the middle path to kindness, centered
in each of us, may only be traveled with
patience.

It can be difficult to be both patient and kind.

Peace, it has been said, is an abused child
who has taken refuge beyond the stars –
Perhaps she will only come to rest in our
minds when she believes we can be trusted.

If wisdom should drive us into the arms
of compassion, a path towards kindness
leads through the suffering of others.

When our destination becomes compassion,
we already are where we are going.

– Don Brennan

~ ❁ ~

Molly Hearts Jody

reverse
french
tuck
folding
carton

– Molly Harcourt

Savior

When fronted with the news
that elephants make sounds
inaudible to humans
which can travel
miles underground
to reach their mark
and these higher mind
memory-couched trunks
visit the graves of their dead,
turning over
ancestor bones cyclically,
and when my sightings
of nature in harmony
from outside my backyard
creek - ravens, finches, mallards,
wild turkeys, quail and dove in couplets
fanning their tails, bucks,
wild red squirrels and in some place off
pasture, cows transfixed
by the 3-D stories inside smells
may I refuse to mellow
the full-bodied light of the moon
when it barks from the sky to the earth.

–D. Jayne McPherson

~ ❁ ~

Untitled

you're hard
to get
to know
you know
that much
don't you
ever say
that

– Pauline Denise Keil-Stocker

Sleep/Love Mindfulness Poem (2)

it's another rainy morning
and I'm taking
my mood
out
on my lover slamming doors
snapping at this and that
let's go back to yesterday
when
the
rain first started
grey dark
and he took me back to bed
in the
middle of the day
exposing the first band of color
in the sky and
on his body
rainbows rainbows
as the sun went down
how does a leopard change her spots?
by
moving from place to place

— Nancy P. Davenport

~ ❁ ~

Atavism

I was always afraid of Some's Pond:
Not the little pond, by which the willow stands,
Where laughing boys catch alewives in their hands
In brown, bright shallows; but the one beyond.
There, where the frost makes all the birches burn
Yellow as cow-lilies, and the pale sky shines
Like a polished shell between black spruce and pines,
Some strange thing tracks us, turning where we turn.

You'll say I dreamed it, being the true daughter
Of those who in old times endured this dread.
Look! Where the lily-stems are showing red
A silent paddle moves below the water,
A sliding shape has stirred them like a breath;
Tall plumes surmount a painted mask of death.

— Elinor Wylie

Elinor Morton Wylie (Sept. 7, 1885 – Dec. 16, 1928) was an American poet and novelist popular in the 1920s and 1930s. "She was famous during her life almost as much for her ethereal beauty and personality as for her melodious, sensuous poetry." Quote from InfoPlease.com, Web, Apr. 7, 2011.

Atavism

Deep in the jungle vast and dim,
That knew not a white man's feet,
I smelt the odour of sun-warmed fur,
Musky, savage, and sweet.

Far it was from the huts of men
And the grass where Sambur feed;
I threw a stone at a Kadapu tree
That bled as a man might bleed.

Scent of fur and colour of blood: —
And the long dead instincts rose,
I followed the lure of my season's mate, —
And flew, bare-fanged, at my foes.

* * *

Pale days : and a league of laws
Made by the whims of men.
Would I were back with my furry cubs
In the dusk of a jungle den.

— Laurence Hope

Adela Florence Cory "Violet" Nicholson, (1865-1904) wrote under the pen name of Laurence Hope. Hope was a remarkable poet of British India, who lived in Baluchistan and Central India and came to love India and its traditions.

Unregimented

1987 on a slaughterhouse 3rd shift, a wide eyed Latino working
twelves behind a captive bolt gun stands stunned, eyes blazing,
symphonies of screams filling ears with moist fears and more upon
more questions...

What a no better starting place than this.

I'm feeling that *this is it* feeling is never going to cut through deep
enough while I'm lying to myself behind a business end of a
butcher's blade, that I'm letting myself live fully; peacefully. I have
more in common with these heifers I stand over.

At least they're worth something to someone.

I'm beginning to realize we're both still alive, being cut down,
dying, piece by piece. Why? I don't know; does my bellow sound
like moos too?

...February 1987 in front of IBP on their shuttle bus, a numb cold
Mexican covered crimson in bovine blood, chunks of muscle,
pride, wishing the Army would have taken his fat ass, wondering
what's coming next, or if the bars are still going to be open;
waiting for the driver to finish a dump and to be taken 54 miles
back to his car (that may or may not start)
writes his first poem.

It starts to snow hard,

—G. Macias Gusman

Untitled

Put your life in order
And
Set your mind at rest
You got it
Right
The first time

Does it sound like this
Is it sound without form
Yes that's it exactly

Do you know the word
Synchronicity
Yes

You're a Mobius strip

—Pauline Denise Keil-Stocker

Untitled

It wasn't Ernest, or it wasn't his fault
While out hunting one day
The Great White Hunter was oiling his gun
When his guide offered him a grenade
How far can you throw it
Oh Great White Hunter
Great fun and we'll have a display
Like Alexander he threw it
Startling two lovers it landed
Surprise all around and
"Oh I say!"

—Jack O'Neill

Crack Me Like an Egg

Crack me like an egg, hard
against the bowl. Slice my
pomegranate heart,
let my ruby juices flow.

Force my petals open,
each one a tender victim,
and fill me with child,
one, two, and three.

Open me, open me,
lead me to the street.
Take me to the market place,
make me earn my keep.

Crack me like an egg.
Rend my fortress heart.
How else can I bear
the pain-swollen beauty,
of this terrible world?
How else can I feel his breath
in my breath?

— Adele Mendelson

~ ❄ ~

A lake of ordinary birds

Lovely if man-made
this blue platter reflects a sky
unsullied by history personal
or otherwise.
A phalanx of sea gulls
stares in one direction. The future
is not there.
And ducks, modest in their aura
honking their preferences.
A flash of teal at the neck makes me aware
I am so little.
So little I might be seeing.
There are other birds on this lake,
crows of course
and darters in inconsequential thickets.
The heron has returned and is
re-thatching a nest in the cypress.
How ordinary it seems, this existence.

— Richard Schwarzenberger

Love in a Time of War

You can see them, the pregnant women, the nursing mothers,
the lovers holding hands

Their ears wired for sound, one thousand songs for liquid days,
a herald angel's apocalyptic ode

And for some, the bombs are falling now, all the highways are
mined, the mangled fields are as unsafe as any road

The bombs falling are an aphrodisiac, the shock and awe of love
among the ruins; all their exposed flesh burned where it is
touched

Even when the war is ten thousand miles away

Ten thousand miles or five thousand, it makes no difference, war
is simply something just beyond the horizon and love is what
happens right here

Right here where the black hawks are flying, where the bombs are
smart, the missiles guided, precision piloted reminding us it
is not so much how the bombs are directed but where they land

And who they land on that matters, distance is a factor in a time of war

In a time when we have come to love the bomb more than we love our
fellow man, more than we love ourselves

Maybe, what we know is not love at all but something more primitive,
something bestial and impure

Something that causes us to believe that we are no longer descended
from

Angels, unless the angels are the exterminating ones, the kind that
fly on the wings of stealth bombers that inflict their death, unseen,
from above

Consider what they have wrought; consider the light from burning
cities as a
celestial event, a fireworks display, a celebration for the dead, for
love
in a time of war

Love in a time of war is all we have.

Cherish it.

— Alan Catlin

~ ❄ ~

Down in the Valley (mom's version)

Down in the valley, the valley so low,
Hang your head over, hear the wind blow.
Hear the wind blow, dear, hear the wind blow.
Hang your head over, hear the wind blow.

Roses love sunshine, violets love dew,
Angels in heaven know I love you;
Know I love you, dear, know I love you,
Angels in heaven know I love you.

If you don't love me, love won't you please,
Say you don't love me, give my heart ease.
Give my heart ease dear, give my heart ease,
Say you don't love me, give my heart ease.

Write me a letter, send it by mail,
Send it in care of, Birmingham Jail.
Birmingham Jail dear, Birmingham Jail,
Send it in care of, Birmingham Jail.

Down in the valley, the valley so low,
Hang your head over, hear the wind blow.
Hear the wind blow, dear, hear the wind blow.
Hang your head over, hear the wind blow.

— Traditional

Editor's introduction to A Defeated Soldier...

Compromise and conflict. The parcels of our ethos: our emotional response to the BS of the opposing party, and our emotional response to the BS of our own party. Very often their BS is heinous, and ours: sadly un-avoidable. There is no perfect world: though daily we buy perfection, and pay with our blood. Let's say all soldiers are betrayed, long before they go into battle, and long after — whether they die or 'live.' A soldier who admits defeat may be further betrayed, and a soldier who accepts defeat may be outcast: by the innocent.

A Defeated Soldier Wishes to Walk His Daughter Down the Wedding Aisle (2004)

The bridal train is Caucasian chalk
dust on black tile in a bare, cloistered
room with no interior light except what
is provided by cracks in the ceiling
between joists, half-finished sections
of wall board, homes to field mice,
stray pigeons, colonies of bats, that are disturbed
by commotions during dress rehearsals for
the real thing, the final march to the altar.
Two mismatched field boots from a past
era of infantry wars mark the passage from
one state to another, are all that remains of
their being here, even their march forward,
their footfalls, erased.

— Alan Catlin

Dink's Song

If I had wings like Noah's dove,
I'd fly up da river to the man I love.
Fare thee well, O Honey, fare thee well.

Ise got a man, an' he's long and tall,
Moves his body like a cannonball.
Fare thee well, O Honey, fare thee well.

One o' dese days, an' it won't be long,
Call my name an' I'll be gone.
Fare thee well, O Honey, fare thee well.

'Member one night, a-drizzlin' rain,
Roun' my heart I felt a pain.
Fare thee well, O Honey, fare thee well.

When I wo' my ap'ons low,
Couldn't keep you from my do'.
Fare thee well, O Honey, fare thee well.

Now I wears my ap'ons high,
Sca'cely ever see you passin' by.
Fare thee well, O Honey, fare thee well.

Now my ap'ons up to my chin,
You pass my do' an' you won' come in,
Fare thee well, O Honey, fare thee well.

Ef I had listened to whut my mama said,
I'd be at home in my mama's bed.
Fare thee well, O Honey, fare thee well.

— Dink (at a wash tub in a tent camp, recorded by
John Lomax, 1909)

(Spring) It's happened again

soft amber streetlights
eleven pale daffodils
the snails did not eat

raccoons maul trash cans
free spider falling catches
bare persimmon twig

my ears place the sound
a wedge of geese going north
leaves flock to the vines

the pine overhead
will bury us in needles
who can stay indoors?

it's happened again
the lilacs bloomed and are gone
before I knew it

— Richard Schwarzenberger

THE SCRIBBLER needs website help to go online at matsonpoet.com. If you can assist, please tell Clive.

Lake County Two-Day Workshop

"LET THE CRAZY CHILD WRITE!"

Saturday October 28, 4 to 6 pm
and Sunday October 29, 10 am to 5 pm
Lake County Arts Council Gallery, Lakeport CA

Fee \$55. Phone 707-263-6658 to register.
See MatsonPoet.com/excursions for details.

THE SCRIBBLER

Total expenses: \$366.55

Total income from donors: \$106.66 (*thank you!*)

PLEASE DONATE to keep the publication going.

Writing Costa Rica

TWO SESSIONS IN FEB. 2018

Register by October 1, 2017

Cost: \$1,400 per session

(*single occupancy: \$1800*)

\$100 discount for taking both sessions

Jan. 20 to Jan. 27; Jan. 27 to Feb. 3

Clive Matson, Facilitator

To register: (510) 508-5149 or

clive@matsonpoet.com

More information at: matsonpoet.com/Costa-Rica
and www.NosaraRetreat.com

NEWS FLASH #2

The Paris Trip to the European Beat Studies Conference was a rousing success. Besides the panel presentation on Herbert Huncke on Friday morning of the conference, with people who knew Huncke well (Clive, Jerry Poynton, Bonnie Bremser and Eila Kokkinen), Clive and cellist Gael Alcock premiered Clive's new poem, *Hello Paradise, Paradise Goodbye* in Paris at Les Instant Chavirés. Fundraising will continue as we pay off the balance on the trip. If you would like to donate, send your checks to 472 44th St., Oakland, CA 94609, made out to WordSwell. All donations are tax-deductible.

THE SCRIBBLER
Clive Matson
472 44th Street
Oakland, CA 94609

