

"Even before East Bay Poets House got under construction, Crazy Child Scribbler kids were romping in foundation trenches, making paper airplanes out of old blueprints and throwing them into the circus streets, jazzed that something's going on behind the clowning."

The Champ

This was '91. Being fat, black, nerdy, smelly, and sensitive about it all (contrary to today's fashionably ironic hipster shit) was not cool at all back then. I was bullied so bad, I wanted to kick my own ass.

Winter Break Eve. I'm waiting at the bus stop, in front of the country bar, and two overgrown 8th graders are giving me hell. Suddenly, snapping out from behind a dumpster, an angry mongrel of a dog starts barking and snarling at the jerks. They step off.

It actually seemed as if he wanted to be my friend. His eyes were smiling when he cozied up to me. The bus pulled up, I quickly got to a seat, but when I look out the window he'd already split. Miraculously, when I get off the bus 7 hours later, there he is! As he followed me home I decided to nickname him "The Champ."

Since he had my back, I took care of him. Tricky though, considering the fact that I had to keep him a secret. For 5 days during that vacation I was able to feed, bathe, and play with The Champ. He slept under my bed, and we watched a lot of TV.

The sad part: My grandfather, June Bug, came home smashed (which was not unusual), tripped over the kerosene heater in the living room, and damn near burned the house down. In the smoky late night scramble, The Champ freaked out and bit the drunk's leg. He took a McGruff-sized chomp.

Aunt Shirley came to pick me up. I kept asking her if my dog would be OK. Wasn't so worried about June Bug. She just kept driving me around town and telling me not to worry about it. By the time she dropped me off, he was gone.

— DeWayne Frazier Dickerson

I'm Tired

I'm tired of this sap rap
This incomprehensible trap
rap

This flagging Red and
Blue/let me clap you back
with my gat type crap

I'm tired of all the political
lies...

Tired of seeing history only
through the lens of racist
eyes

I'm tired of us doing drive
bys that lead to our demise

I'm tired of seeing the
Brown Mother who sighs
and cries

I'm tired of meeting wolves
in a sheep's dis disguise

I'm tired of this so-called
Black Man scare/tired of
being feared

Tired of watching women
on Instagram twerking their
derriere

I'm tired of all the tension...
Tired of fools committing
suicide because they're still not
using protection

— Don Simmons



Haibun: his heart bled blue tones

My father played cornet and trumpet in the band. He went to university to be a conductor after playing for the US Army overseas in post-war Germany. He long loved the stirring sentiments of large classical orchestral works... but

his heart bled blue tones—
jazz riffs spit quick through pursed lips,
the rush of stage air

— Amos White

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Don't forget to visit and like Clive at his social media sites and share on your own sites. Each like builds our following in the creative work of raising the collective consciousness about artistic expression and its necessity in modern life. Facebook sites include **Clive Matson, MatsonPoet, Writing Highway 395** and **Writing Costa Rica**. Watch for updates on Twitter at **Clive Matson@MatsonPoet** and on Instagram.

Workshop Schedule

CRAZY CHILD WRITING WORKSHOPS

Set your creative inner self free to write with abandon.

(fee: \$80 or any donation)

Saturdays 10am - 5pm

April 7, Point Richmond May 5, Briones

June 2, Benicia July 7, Point Richmond

MIDDLETOWN "RESILIENCE" WORKSHOPS

(fee: \$5 or any donation)

Middletown Art Center, Middletown, Lake County

Second Saturday of the month, 12 noon to 5 pm

April 14, May 12 (last meeting)

To register: email Lisa Kaplan at MiddletownArtCenter@gmail.com

10-WEEK WORKSHOPS

(fee: \$400 per session)

poetry *prose* *plays* *nonfiction*

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

Current session ends June 13 — New session starts June 20

Fridays 10am to 1pm Temescal District, Oakland

Current session ends April 27 — New session starts May 4

2-BUSY 2-WRITE

(drop-in writing time)

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

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

MARIN WRITERS GROUP

(fee: \$40 per class or any donation)

Meets the third Thursday of the month 7 to 9 pm in San Rafael

April 19, May 17, June 21, July 19

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 VISIT
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.*

April 13 ~ May 11 ~ June 8 ~ July 13

Hosted by Kayla Sussell

THE SCRIBBLER PREVIOUS-ISSUE FINANCIAL REPORT

Issue 94, 420 printed:	\$217.63
372 mailed at a cost of:	\$182.28
(including 2 foreign @ \$1.20)	
Collate, address, seal, and stamp:	Donated
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Total income:	\$175.00
Net loss:	\$268.57

DONORS

Richard Kleiner, Maria Lambert, Erin Matson,
Lynn Sugayan, Stanley Vogel

~ ❁ ~

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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 write a check to Clive Matson and mail it to:
THE SCRIBBLER, 472 44th St., Oakland, CA 94609

SUBMISSIONS

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~ ❁ ~

CRAZY CHILD Scribbler

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Daughter

She—
comes to remind
you of your unresigned and flaming
womanhood
as she gathers
to protect the embraces
who shape her.

From your mother, to
her mother's mother, to
the mother she is
without
her own children,
she swirls
in the fizz of those girls
before they
themselves became
mothers.

And so, it is
the education of skin
that tangles her
with us.

She—
is a buoy, an atom,
a vibration
of heritage lifted
from the soil
and turned to expose
what grows
without tending.

And so, there is
no denial in the preparation
of a mother.
She adheres to
an ancient core
of thought as nourishment
and kisses away
swaying shadows of other
fibrous beings cooing
to attach themselves
In a collective tug
of divine harmony.

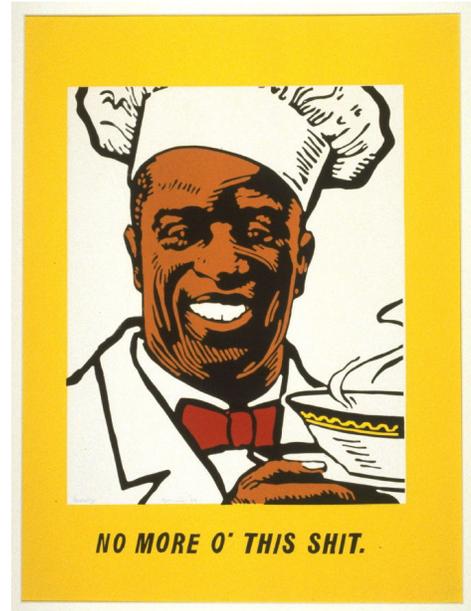
And then, there is
an indecent hoard of
hugs banging in your ribcage
as you sleep
cloaking you in
a gauze of care from
the women who watch over

you whispering prayers
of their own mothers and
their mother's mothers' prayers.

Gasping breaths of our
truthfulness navigate in a pebbled
brook, down from a ravaged mountain
spring into
those sprawling systems
of all other
mother-women.

We are daughters
of divorced ravines, identical
nutrient properties, duplicated
tidal patterns
and the howling groans
of rebirth.
blue world.

— Mairead Ajisola, for Elizabeth



Rupert Garcia (1969)
Screenprint
Gift of Mr. and Mrs. Robert Marcus in 1999
Courtesy of the Oakland Museum of California

UPCOMING THIS YEAR:

The EBSN Conference in Vienna Austria,
Oct. 3-6, 2018. For more news on that, see p. 7.

Unapologetic

I am not sorry I gave it up
like liquor, nicotine
making bad boys king
and nights that stole the years

I am not sorry Im good
like early morning lovin
nappy hair girls with daddy's
Nana's peach cobbler
things that dried my tears

I am not sorry Im cool
living in the plus
spittin poetry
lovin hard
dissin the c word
sitting on the porch in my slip
copasetic things that ice my fears

Im not sorry I am authentic
like slow dancing
sporting locs
laughing loud
oozing Black
saying fine to
doing JuJu
and other things that make jungle dust
if I want to

Im not sorry I am courage
like
mama dead
daddy gone
12 feeling on my on my own
16 pregnant
bury the middle sister
survive the divorce
bury the daddy
survive survive
bury the big sister
living every day anyway
and other strengths that slayed the fear

I am not sorry Im light, in the dark
blinding, shining, turn me on light
like the sun every every every day
shining light for me to see
what my life could truly be
and other notes that dance on fear

I am not sorry I am Divine
like an eclipse, or a hood miracle
harvested organs, that take my breath
and give it back again

I am not sorry, I am Love
pour me out, scrape the bowl
lick the spoon love
ain't too proud to beg love
ride or die love
down in the country with the elder's love
forgiving incest, love
raggedy draws but the kids go to private school love
8 rock Love
forgiving rape love
didn't eat last night, but the baby did love
surviving slavery love
taking your whooping love
everlasting love
pushing out a baby love
blacker the berry love
hanging from a tree love
taking a knee love
die at the Lorraine Hotel love
forgive myself love
hanging on a cross for love love
and other truths that saved my life

Im not sorry
Im free
Unapologetically

— Makeda aka Sandra Hooper Mayfield
August 2017

an excerpt from **Black Madonna**

The fear of the black mother is her own coffin going into the ground before her children are taught to cope in the black skin that she has bestowed.

Like a tree in an orchard with no rights
to the fruit plucked for the nourishment of others.
Shackled and watching the picking is a phobia
passed down like a recipe for pound cake.

The fear of the black mother is knowing her child will be seen for their blackness and not all of the color she taught them before kindergarten.

The fear of the black mother's questions the Cs amongst the As.

The black mother fears the whitewashing. The erasure of everything she has given them. The eradication of their grandmother's tongue.

The fear of the black woman is that one day her stomach will grow with a life she has no power to sustain.

— Vernon Keeve III

Transference

a young black man was shot
again while walking to class
*nobody knows where the bullet
came from* or how a mother
finds strength to bury children
he died right there on the street

his heart was transplanted
into another man's chest
a middle-aged factory worker
troubled with black organs
living in white bodies

the man worried that if
cells carried memories
& hearts housed souls
he was tainted now too
*guilty because a black
man made love to his wife*

after surgery he developed
a passion for classical music
it calmed his heart

he listened for hours
whistled melodies
he never learned

it couldn't be the organ
*because a black guy from
the 'hood wouldn't be into that*

the man never appreciated
the black people who saved his life
not Daniel Hale Williams
not Myra Adele Logan

and certainly not that young man
who gave his heart away
who died *hugging his violin case*
close to his chest

— Yvonne M. Johnson

*Based on interviews with an organ donor's
family and the recipient.*



ghetto dwellers

either there's hope or I am merely dreaming
because the sick already tired of living indecent
within impoverished cycles claiming our nephews and nieces
trying hard to teach us lessons of mind over matter
just hope that mine (mind) move us from ghettos like telekinesis
boy i tell you they treat us,
like prematures,
so we live as we die as a fetus
like zoo keepers
and they act like they'd die if they feed us
well that's the hunger that arises when deprived of our leaders
name another breakfast program that inspired people
to be doctors instead of filling their veins with needles
and they been pounding up my dogs maybe our howls are feeble
maybe the housing people need screaming to house the people
We can't be Bobby Seale
but we've got mouths to feed too

for every image of seeing popeye on spinach
a popeye's on every corner
we hit the bottom of trenches
we hit the bottle and gargle
and bottle up our defenses
i hit bout every hour
and every hour and minute
a nappy black boy is killed
a nappy black boy is killed

— alan roberston



Warning Lambs of the Law

Children live for the chase and reward.
As adolescents we chase experiences
rather than things.
Sprints to the ice cream truck,
peppy steps to ever-still homes on Halloween,
stomps to one another
during the most lethal games.

Moments most hated however
were the sudden stops in the road
on the way to and fro.
Seemingly endless occasions
of blasting
whatever T-Pain song was poppin at the time
came to a screeching halt.
Thirty minutes to an hour
of unnecessary inspection
over the course of eighteen years
have a way of snatching
occasions like these for good.
At seven, he is so curious
at seven he is not granted clarity.

So when the time comes,
his parents turn the volume to a slight murmur
depressing auto tuned out of tune T-Pain.
He rests his affection
on the warning labels
printed in the windows.
All the while,
he never stopped searching
for the warning labels
of law enforcement.

— Alex Edison

Don't miss the Book Launch and Reading sponsored by the Beat Museum and Third Mind Books: *Starting from San Francisco: Thomas Rain Crowe in Conversation with Third Mind Books.* Saturday, August 4th from 6:00-9:00 pm at The Beat Museum, 540 Broadway, North Beach, San Francisco. Arthur S. Nusbaum, founder of Third Mind Books, will deliver his presentation on the Baby Beats from the 2017 European Beat Studies Network Conference in Paris, followed by a poetry reading in which participants from this lost gem of a literary epoch will take part, including Neeli Cherkovski, other Baby Beats of San Francisco, San Francisco street poet Jack Hirschman and Clive Matson, protégé of the Beats.

This event will be followed on Sunday, August 5 from 4:00-7:00 pm at the Art House Gallery and Cultural Center, 2905 Shattuck, Berkeley by *Beyond Beatdom: The New Poetry Movement*, with **readings and performance by Clive and younger generation writers influenced by the Beat aesthetics.** This event is a preview and fundraiser for the 2018 EBSN Conference in Vienna in October, themed Beats and Politics – Past and Present.

The Scribbler... LIVE!

Featuring Performances from the Bad-Ass Black Power Poets of the 21st Century:

Kira Allen
Makeda
Don Simmons
Amos White
DeWayne Frazier Dickerson
AND MORE

@ The Octopus Literary Salon
2101 Webster St., Ste. 170 - Uptown Oakland

MONDAY, APRIL 30
OPEN MIC - 8:30 pm (sign-in by 8:15)
Scribbler LIVE - 9 pm



Rumi's Caravan returns to Oakland!

Enjoy the beauty of the spoken word with musical accompaniment in an improvised poetic conversation that meanders through moods of prayer and grief to humor and celebration. Hear the words of great poets from many cultures and delight in a special performance by an inspired Sufi dancer. This event is a benefit for the Middle East Children's Alliance.

July 14th, 7:00 PM — Unitarian Church,
685 14th Street

Tickets:

<https://www.brownpapertickets.com/event/3371248>
www.rumiscaravan.com

WRITING COSTA RICA

TWO SESSIONS IN 2019

Register by October 1, 2018

Cost: \$1,400 per session

(*single occupancy: \$1800*)

\$100 discount for taking both sessions

Jan. 19 to Jan. 26; Jan. 26 to Feb. 2

Clive Matson, Facilitator

To register: (510) 508-5149 or
clive@matsonpoet.com

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

Again this year,
Clive Matson and Carol Criss
will attend the

European Beat Studies Network conference

in Vienna, Austria, Oct. 3-6, 2018.

The theme is **Beats and Politics - Past and Present** and a subtext of younger artists influenced by the Beat aesthetic. To that end, we will be accompanied to Europe by a group of younger artists and writers who will be performing their work on an extended tour of German cities with vibrant writing communities. Fundraising events for this trip will be held throughout the summer, as well as online funding campaigns. For a preview of that trip, join us at the Berkeley Art House and Gallery on August 5.

Spark of Creation Creativity

Writing Workshop

Clive has been invited to teach at Lendrick Lodge Holistic Retreat and Spiritual Centre. In the beautiful setting of the Scottish Southern Highlands, near famed Loch Lomond, Lendrick Lodge offers courses in shamanism, reiki, yoga and personal development, and teachers with a deep commitment to humanity and the planet. Dates are Oct. 22 - 28, 2018.

For more about the workshop and Lendrick Lodge, go to:

<http://lendricklodge.com/course/spark-creation-creativity-workshop/>



THE SCRIBBLER needs WEBSITE HELP with matsonpoet.com. If you can assist, please contact Clive.

WRITING HIGHWAY 395 EXCURSION

Join us for eight glorious days in the Eastern Sierra. Escape the summer heat for the fresh air and inspiration of camping in the mountains, plus be a witness to the Perseid meteor shower and enjoy the natural hot springs that abound in the area. Intensive focus on your writing; exploring the eastern side of the California Sierra; creating a small and dedicated community with other writers – there's room for it all in this workshop!

August 9-16, June Lake, California

Cost \$700 (\$50 discount to the first three people who register). Check out our Facebook page.

For more info and registration, go to:
Writing Highway 395 or contact Clive.

THE SCRIBBLER Total expenses: **\$443.57**
Total income from donors: \$175 (*thank you!*)

PLEASE DONATE to keep the publication going.

NEW! Writers' Getaway with Clive

– as part of **Spirit Lake Hermitage Creative and Healing Arts Three-Day Retreats**. Tap into your creative unconscious through a writing exploration in which your most passionate and authentic impulses inform your writing! Under Clive's guidance, you will have the opportunity to experience, develop and discover your writing potential in a charming private retreat center nestled between the manzanita trees and blue oaks of beautiful Lake County. The retreat features a five-star vegetarian menu accompanied each night by the local orchestra of frogs and crickets and blanketed by the starry night. An outdoor hot tub, sauna and massage menu are also available for your enjoyment.

Three summer weekends, June 15-17, July 20-22, August 17-19. \$450, meals and camping included. For more information and registration, go to www.SpiritLakeHermitage.com

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