

SPRING Issue 2021 Archived



The SPRING Issue: Poetry In Motion

The SPRING Issue: Poetry In Motion
April/May 2021

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THE CARDINAL ARTS JOURNAL

A project of the Division of Languages and Humanities

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Cardinal Arts Journal





Irene Latham on Poetry

Poetry in motion. It brings to mind an eagle soaring across azure sky; dancers gliding across a stage; a just-hit baseball whooshing in a beautiful arc. According to urbandictionary.com, the phrase means:

"A purpose of graceful fluidity, such that moves with tactful elegance throughout. A noun; abstract yet direct and completely beautiful to all 5 senses."

In order to achieve this motion in a poem, poets play with rhythm and rhyme, pacing and line breaks. The poem can move us visually by how its words are shaped on the page, and emotionally through a tour of sounds, sights and surprise delights. As Philip Larkin wrote, "poetry is emotional in nature and theatrical in operation." As eyes move across the page of a well-crafted poem, readers may experience the stir of anticipation, the rub of frustration and finally that satisfying slide into the unexpected inevitable.

About Irene



<https://youngpoets.com/irene-latham/>
<https://oneworld-publications.com/can-i-touch-your-hair-pb.html>
<https://www.penguinrandomhouse.com/books/569670/fresh-delicious-by-irene-latham-illustrated-by-mique-moriuchi/>
<https://poetryteatime.com/blog/poet-interview-irene-latham>
<http://poetryforchildren.blogspot.com/2020/10/this-poem-is-nest-by-irene-latham.html>

Below are covers from a few of Irene Latham's books for children.



"Poetry's in Motion Coast to Coast" Method Man

Creative Writing

Check out poetry, fiction, and creative nonfiction from students, community members, and employees at GSCC!

READ

Visual Art

Check out art and photography from students, community members, and employees at GSCC!

VIEW



Creative Writing

Check out poetry, fiction, and creative nonfiction from students, community members, and employees at GSCC!

READ

Visual Art

Check out art and photography from students, community members, and employees at GSCC!

VIEW



The Cardinal Arts Journal Featured Poetry & Art Submissions

The featured poetry submission is "Lesser Lines"
by
Mark Harrison.

The SPRING Issue cover art is a piece of original art in
an encaustic medium



The SPRING Issue cover art is a piece of original art in
an encaustic medium
by
Tina Pendley.

The featured art submission is a series of virtual mixed
media pieces
by
Liz Jones.

FEATURED POETRY SUBMISSION

"Lesser Lines" by Mark Harrison

I wanted to be young Bob Dylan for an instant,
not the myth, but the man –
rushing through the pouring New York rain
into some Manhattan bookstore



"Lesser Lines" by Mark Harrison

I wanted to be young Bob Dylan for an instant,
not the myth, but the man –
rushing through the pouring New York rain
into some Manhattan bookstore
to buy you a cheap chapbook
of Lord Byron poems
and inscribe on its pages that I had
rushed through the pouring New York rain
into some Manhattan bookstore
to buy you a cheap chapbook
of Lord Byron poems

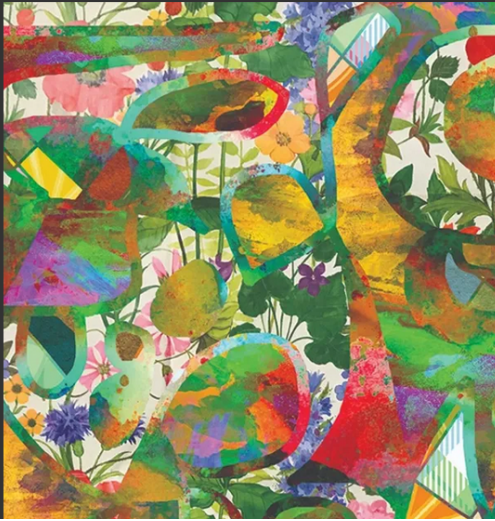
But I'm not Bob Dylan –
not a myth, just a man
strumming lesser songs
inscribing
lesser lines
lesser words
on pages
torn
from me



FEATURED ART SUBMISSION BY LIZ JONES



FEATURED ART SUBMISSION BY LIZ JONES





"Poetry is delicious. . ." Virginia Woolf

Meager Gods by Mark Harrison

The vicarious Manhattan moment I choose
(as you have instructed me to choose
a vicarious Manhattan moment)

Meager Gods by Mark Harrison

The vicarious Manhattan moment I choose
(as you have instructed me to choose
a vicarious Manhattan moment)
is an instant you might be cradled
in my arms, on a Saintly Sunday morning
as we lie groggily, together
on a bed high in the Hotel Chelsea
your head pressed tight
against my slow-rising chest
my heartbeat pounding out
in perfect rhythm, tribute
to those meager gods
we have chosen to worship –
as distant church bells chime
and the sounds of West 23rd street
rise up to embrace us
with imperfect, glorious love

I Married My Cookware by Isaiah Bolin

I married my cookware
She made me cookies on our first date

I Married My Cookware by Isaiah Bolin

I married my cookware
She made me cookies on our first date
I bought a hundred dollars worth of
metal polish
Maybe that was a bad investment
She is stainless steel
It isn't sexist to have your wife in the
kitchen a lot if she is a pan
I do keep her in the cabinet though
She likes it there
Plus she gets cold easily and is
uncomfortable to sleep with
I proposed to her on a Saturday
We were by a pond with swans
swimming around
Another couple there called me a lunatic
She didn't want to have a Jewish
wedding
Too violent and brutal
Our vows were sweet
I said I loved her and that I'd care for her



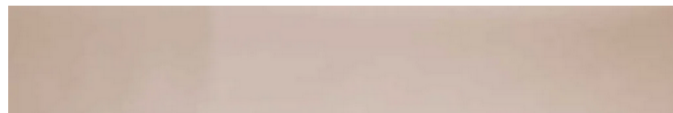
Too violent and brutal
Our vows were sweet
I said I loved her and that I'd care for her
She made creaking and popping sounds
Who knew that a courthouse wedding
by a Subway could be so beautiful
Our honeymoon was at Sears
She got jealous after I browsed the pots
I assured her that I only wanted to cook
pasta
She can't eat pasta
We slept on the demo beds for a few
nights
Then security found us out
Only I got arrested
She had no hands to cuff
She was a witness at my court hearing
I got institutionalized by the judge
Now I'm sad because she can only see
me once a week
Sometimes the security won't put her on
the phone
They call me "cookware fetishist"
I cry sometimes

Sometimes the security won't put her on
the phone
They call me "cookware fetishist"
I cry sometimes
They keep me locked up because they
think I'm still sick
But I just love my wife very much
Maybe next year I will be released
And I can once again embrace the love
of my life
And bake some bread
I married my cookware



"Painting is silent poetry" Plutarch

Photography by Jessica Trammell
Submitted by Catherine Bailey



Photography by Jessica Trammell
Submitted by Catherine Bailey



Decorative Stoneware Clay Bowl
by Tina Pendley

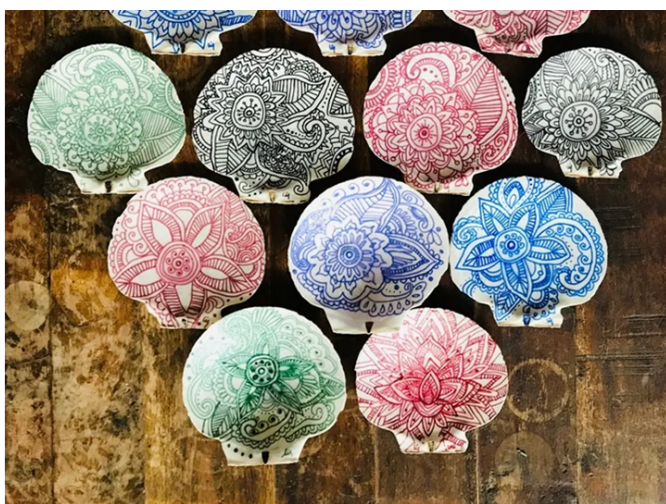


Original Painting
by Karen Helms





Painted Shells
by Liz Jones



"Poetry Came in search of me." Pablo Neruda

I Know Not of Poetry by Jessica Mark

I know not of poetry or of punctuation,
But I live deep inside my mind.
Perhaps I stay there more than most,
Working through my salvation.
I have loved and lost, and loved again.
I have lived through laughter and tragedy.
I have longed to be something and nothing,
Many times, all at once.
I identify with Dickinson, the recluse.
I have longed to be her,
Oh, to be finished with social graces,
My dear Emily, how I envy you.
The brain is truly wider than the sky,
And deeper than the depths of the ocean.
To choose to live among its depths
Should be terrifying, but no.
For us, it is liberation and freedom.
~~For us, we choose to free the imagination.~~
For us, we choose to free the imagination.
I know not of poetry, but my eyes are open to the soul.
I know not of poetry, but it knows me.

Details by Mark Harrison

bathed in exit-sign neon
colored crimson, blood
we stand, naked
street lights stabbing though
wounded window blinds
etching tiger stripe lines
onto the curved canvas
of your lithe body
& God is there
– right there
in the details
of the scene



"Poetry is the deification of reality." Edith Stillwell

Second-Hand Serenade by Robert Corker

Tick
 Tock
 Tick
 Tock
Your pulse will quicken
Your heart will stop
Thumping and pumping
Electric shock
 Tick
 Tock

Black Hole by Krystal Calhoun

A gray matter of nothingness,
intertwined with complete black hole
Nowhere to go and feelings are numb
There is no way out, no cure
Spiraling thoughts of insanity
Alone and dark and cold
Nothing can complete the depth of
loneliness
A bright glow of despair creeps over the



Electric shock

Incessantly beating
Against the clock
You crawl to a sprint
Then you're lucky to walk

Dead in your bed, sil-
houette of chalk. Dig-
nity for dying
Or will they gawk?

Tick
Tock
Tick
Tock
Tick
Tock
Tick- Help me
Tock- Live for-
Tick- ever
Tick- ever
Tock
Tick- Choke slow
Tock- ly by
T- Hands of the
Clock
Tick
Tock
Tick

Nothing can complete the depth of
loneliness
A bright glow of despair creeps over the
blacken sunset of night
No stars in the sky to brighten the day
No light shed to shine the way
Darkness appears as a silhouette
dancing in night to a somber song
Marching to the beat of a heartless song

"Poetry is painting that speaks." Plutarch

Through Gloucester's Eyes by Carmine Dibiase

How sure I was, old Lear, that you had lost
your mind when you denounced your own good flesh
and blood, Cordelia, and believed the lies
the other two, also your own, had clothed
you in. So clear to me was your mistake

Breaking Free by Valerie Powell

I wrote about you once
I said you had eyes of an angel
But I did not look close enough
Or I would have seen the evil inside

"Poetry is painting that speaks." Plutarch

Through Gloucester's Eyes by Carmine Dibiase

How sure I was, old Lear, that you had lost
your mind when you denounced your own good flesh
and blood, Cordelia, and believed the lies
the other two, also your own, had clothed
you in. So clear to me was your mistake
that I was blinded to the same in me.

My poor Edmund, whoreson child, hated me
for laughing as I told of how I'd lost
my virtue at his making. A mistake
of youth, I said, a folly of the flesh,
conceived under the dragon's tail and clothed
therefore in filth. They served me well, such lies.

But you, Lear, shed that motley suit of lies
your vixens dressed you in. There, before me,
withered and enraged, you stood, your unclothed
trembling form blue-veined and small. Having lost
the world, you found yourself, became your flesh,

But you, Lear, shed that motley suit of lies
your vixens dressed you in. There, before me,
withered and enraged, you stood, your unclothed
trembling form blue-veined and small. Having lost
the world, you found yourself, became your flesh,
every inch of it a king. Your mistake,

your vanity, became then my mistake
alone. The wind and rain washed the world's lies
from you, forked animal, and chilled your flesh.
You shook to see what had become of me:
my eye holes hollowed out, their luster lost,
hardened gore hanging from a frame ill clothed.

Grief without end, it seemed, till Edgar, clothed
in rags and howling mad, made me mistake
a plain for Dover's cliffs. I would have lost
my being there, tossed myself, all my lies,
to the rocks below. He knew to let me
play at falling down, off this world of flesh.

I rose up from my knees and he then, flesh
of my flesh, spoke as himself again, clothed

Breaking Free by Valerie Powell

I wrote about you once
I said you had eyes of an angel
But I did not look close enough
Or I would have seen the evil inside
I wrote about you once
I thought you had a heart of gold
But I was naïve and unaware
Of the cruelty that resided within
I wrote about you once
I said you were strong but gentle
But I had never felt the pain
Of your fists connecting with my flesh
I wrote about you once
I thought I was in love
But I never felt the fear
Of not escaping your control
I wrote about you again
To remind me of what you did
I wrote about you once
I thought I was in love
But I never felt the fear
Of not escaping your control
I wrote about you again
To remind me of what you did
I hid my belongings; I packed them away
I planned my escape
I wrote about you again
To make sure I would never forget
I called for help; I left you that day
I broke free... FREE from the pain



I rose up from my knees and he then, flesh
of my flesh, spoke as himself again, clothed
me in a son's embrace, kindly schooled me:
to drop unripe he called a fool's mistake.
Now I see it. My empty bone cage lies
at rest, whistling in the wind, glad it lost,

in time, its ripened flesh: my old mistake
incarnate. Here, unclothed at last, no lies
can bind me. I am wind, now felt, now lost.

"Poetry is life distilled." Gwendolyn Brooks

AL HWY 204 by Tabitha Bozeman

Driving today, I thought of him.
I leaned through the curves
remembering them well enough

Untitled by Heather Clark

Each dawn I become another person,
It's a daily role I'm forced to play.
I put on a mask, and a brand-new tone,



"Poetry is life distilled." Gwendolyn Brooks

AL HWY 204 by Tabitha Bozeman

Driving today, I thought of him.
I leaned through the curves
remembering them well enough
to drive with my eyes closed.
"Friend"
 is too strong--
coworker? Acquaintance?
I saw the cross marker through the windshield,
then his face--his wide, white smile,
that blonde hair,
but
 I could not name him.
I'd worked with him,
sobbed for his future, lost.
 Now I'd lost his name.

As a little girl, I named every doll.
I believed they felt neglected
if I named one and not all."

Untitled by Heather Clark

Each dawn I become another person,
It's a daily role I'm forced to play.
I put on a mask, and a brand-new tone,
Polish my shoes, then I am on my way.
Off to act the part, it's the people's
choice!
Perhaps one day I will win an Oscar!
I am rather skilled at changing my voice
And no one suspects I am an actor.
Alone again, I am free to be me,
Stripping off the layers of illusion.
In my pure form, I can finally breathe,
No longer in the virtual prison.
I'll relish the candor behind this door
Until tomorrow when it starts once
more.



searched for his memory, lost.

Now I'd lost his name.

As a little girl, I named every doll.

I believed they felt neglected

if I loved one and not all.

I believed naming them each night

as I tucked them in

kept them safe.

Kept them from being forgotten,

lost.

It took me two days to remember his name.

Sitting at my desk

I whispered it suddenly to myself,

named his existence,

his memory,

relieved he was not lost.

I turned the corner behind this door

Until tomorrow when it starts once

more.

"Poetry and beauty are always making peace."
Mahmoud Darwis

SPRING ISSUE SUBMISSIONS

Isaiah Bolin

Isaiah Bolin is a student at Southside High School, and will attend the University of Alabama in the fall of 2021, majoring in Criminal Justice with a minor in Theatre. He is a talented actor and writer, and has enjoyed participating in theatre, broadcasting, and journalism at SHS. He is a Superior rated actor and playwright through the Trumbauer Theatre Festival.

Tabitha Bozeman

Tabitha Bozeman is an English instructor at Gadsden State and editor for the Cardinal Arts Journal. She has degrees from JSU, UAB, and is ABD from SHSU. Her poetry has been published in journals such as the Birmingham Arts Journal, Southern Women Writers Review, Mud Season, and Here Poetry. She lives in Gadsden with her husband and 4 children. When not studying,

Krystal Calhoun

Krystal is nursing major who has always loved to write and express herself through poetry. She loves being creative. Her children are her motivation.

year from his position as Distinguished Professor of English at Jacksonville State University in Alabama, where he lives with his wife Susan and Watermelon the Cat.

Mark Harrison

Mark Harrison has been a multi award-winning journalist, photographer, and creative writer. He currently works as a clinical social worker in the mental health field. He is a Gadsden State Community College alumnus and also holds a BA degree in general studies (with concentration in English, composition and communication, literature, and languages), a BS in social sciences and psychology from Troy University, and a Master of Social Work from the University of Alabama.

Liz Jones

Liz Pevsner Jones has dabbled in music, poetry, painting, crafts, you name it (yet with so much artistic territory yet to be discovered). She lives in Gadsden with her husband, Chris, and their children, Ruby and Will. Liz is a huge fan of baked goods, quirky road trips and bargain shopping.

Jessica Mark

Jessica Mark is a Registered Hygienist and currently working toward her Bachelor's degree in dental hygiene. She was honored for her academic achievement with the Hinman Scholarship in 2013. Trained by Dr. Mark Skelton, one of the most prominent dentist in Alabama, Jessica has taught oral health to her patients for 8 years, with passion for educating others in dental hygiene. She has hope of becoming a college educator in the dental hygiene field. Emily Dickinson inspires the poetry she writes, and she is also known for writing and singing original songs in her local church. She is the mother of one daughter and lives in Leesburg, Alabama, which she refers to as "the most beautiful and best kept secret of Northeast Alabama".

mother of one daughter and lives in Leesburg, Alabama, which she refers to as "the most beautiful and best kept secret of Northeast Alabama".

Tina Pendley

Growing up Tina worked with ceramics, and as an adult, she began collecting pottery: "The more I collected, the more I wanted to learn to make it myself. I enjoyed throwing on the wheel but once I began hand building I knew I had found my place. I create what I call Patchwork pottery. I make individual pieces and form them together to make my final piece. I glaze them with bright, bold colors. I enjoy watching the piece develop and come to life."

Tina has won many awards for her work, including: **2014**- Purchase Award at Caves Spring Art Show; **2014** Second place in Sculpture at Art in the Park, Scottsboro, AL; **2015**-First place in: Professional Pottery category, Best in Category, and Best Over-All in the Georgia Area EA Ceramic and Fired

Valerie Powell

Valerie is a current Gadsden State student, and local poet.

Jessica Trammell via Catherine Bailey

Jessica Trammell is an accomplished local photographer and singer. Find more about her work at Jessica Trammell Photography on Facebook.

Catherine Bailey is an English instructor at Gadsden State, with a background in law. She lives with her husband and two beautiful daughters in Gadsden.



Tina has won many awards for her work, including: **2014**– Purchase Award at Caves Spring Art Show; **2014** Second place in Sculpture at Art in the Park, Scottsboro, AL; **2015**–First place in: Professional Pottery category, Best in Category, and Best Overall in the Georgia Area EA Ceramic and Fired Art Show. Her Patchwork pottery was featured in Lookout Alabama Magazine in **2015**. **2019**–Honorable Mention Gadsden State Alumni Art Exhibit.

She currently has pottery in Maraela Winery in Hokes Bluff, AL, Noccalula Falls Park, and in the Mentone Art Center, Mentone, AL.

CREATE MORE!

For MORE about poetry and National Poetry Month, check out these resources:

Learn about the history of National Poetry Month here:



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Learn about the history of National Poetry Month here:

<https://poets.org/national-poetry-month/faq>

On National Poetry Month: Featuring Jen Benka, Edward Hirsch, Olivia Morgan, Ali Liebegott, Amanda Johnston, Samantha Giles, P. Scott Cunningham, Jeff Shotts, Tyler Meier, Andrew White, Richard Blanco, and Brenda Shaughnessy:

<https://www.poetryfoundation.org/poetrymagazine/articles/88725/on-national-poetry-month>

4 Ways to Enjoy Poetry Forever:

<https://thewritepractice.com/enjoy-poetry/>

Poetry Games and Activities for Children:

<https://www.weareteachers.com/poetry-games-for-the-classroom/>

Funny Poems:

<https://www.rd.com/list/funny-poems/>



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<https://www.rd.com/list/funny-poems/>

WRITE MORE POETRY:

<https://www.readpoetry.com/8-poetry-exercises-to-help-your-creativity-flow/>

<https://www.poetryfoundation.org/library/prompts>

<https://www.masterclass.com/articles/9-creative-writing-exercises-for-poets#quiz=0>

<https://www.pw.org/writing-prompts-exercises>

Poetry and SQUIRRELS???

https://www.amazon.com/Magnetic-Poetry-Squirrel-Refrigerator-Letters/dp/B00BC60XIK/ref=sr_1_11?dchild=1&keywords=poetry+gifts&qid=1619841699&sr=8-11

Drink tea from a poetry mug!

https://www.etsy.com/listing/977805362/poetry-mug-ceramic-watercolor-art-poetry?ga_order=most_relevant&ga_search_type=all&ga_view_type=gallery&ga_search_query=poetry&ref=sr_gallery-1-40&organic_search_click=1



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https://www.amazon.com/Magnetic-Poetry-Squirrel-Refrigerator-Letters/dp/B00BC60XIK/ref=sr_1_11?dchild=1&keywords=poetry+gifts&qid=1619841699&sr=8-11

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FOR MORE ON POETRY IN MOTION

Poetry In Motion--In Transit? Read more here:

Poetry in Motion® places poetry in the transit systems of cities throughout the country exposing it to millions of viewers every day. It was launched by MTA New York City Transit and the Poetry Society of America in 1992. It currently appears in Los Angeles, Nashville, Providence, San Francisco, and New York City.

<https://poetrysociety.org/poetry-in-motion>



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What did that sign say???

Roadside senryū is an anonymous unsanctioned art installation in 23 locations around the United States which began in June 2020. Check out the signs popping up around America here:

<https://www.roadssidenenryu.com/>

Is there poetry in EVERY motion?

And finally, here's a video of LeBron James' monster jams as a Laker if you prefer your Poetry-in-Motion in basketball form:

https://youtu.be/J_17Atpyvo

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