From the Editors' Desk

Welcome to the eighteenth quarterly edition of Winged Poiesis News. Our focus is on the poetic in literature and art. This might be poetry, songwriting, a short excerpt from a fanciful novel or short story.

Our colorful Autumn days are gone, the weather is cooler. Much welcomed rain and snow on the mountains have finally come. Winter is one of our themes, but as usual we welcome non seasonal pieces. Since our contentious political race has dominated our thoughts lately, I’ve added my poem “Thirteen Ways of Looking at a Red Herring.” This issue features local artists Gerald Hufeld and Louie Lethridge. Our Spotlight poem is “The Visitors” by Diane Funston. Her literary references are delightful. After several years we finally have another poem by our local Poet Laureate, Jonathan Kinsman, a well-known instructor at Yuba College. This poem, *Our Land is Fertile, Our People Grow to One*, was commission for our Cultural Celebration several years ago.

Winged Poiesis is a program of the Yuba Sutter Arts Council. Winged Poiesis is open to all opinions in an artful expression, with the exception of hateful, prejudicial materials, or pornography. Submit your work to susanpmcnally@earthlink.net. If it is written please convert to plain text. If it is visual please submit in JPEG format.

Please visit the Writers' Group most 2nd and 4th Wednesday nights 6 to 8:30 pm at 2009 Sicard Street, Marysville, CA. It's one block west of Kynoch School and around the corner from The Flower Girl. We are looking for writers willing to share their work in progress, and develop their craft in a supportive atmosphere. Please phone or text me at 740-3268 to confirm meeting dates.

~ Susan P. McNally and Edward P. McNally, Editors

Winged Poiesis masthead design by Susan P. McNally with Edward P. McNally
Yuba Sutter Arts is pleased to renew its support of the “Winged Poiesis,” and the Writers’ Group. We appreciate Susan and Ed McNally’s work in keeping the arts, in all their many forms, alive in our community. By providing this forum for writers, artists, photographers, and lyric writers, they have created a safe, interactive and encouraging environment to nurture emerging creatives, so critical to any creative process.

Yuba Sutter Arts is especially in tune with the literary muses this month as we assist preparations for the Literary Luncheon on February 4th and make final plans for our annual Poetry Out Loud event the evening of February 9th.

The Literary Luncheon will be held on Saturday February 4th from 12-2:30 at St. John’s Church. Guest authors will include Mark Twain, Louisa May Alcott, Will Rogers, Jane Austen and yours truly as Ernest Hemingway. Lunch will be served and witty repartee will abound.

Poetry Out Loud is an annual high school poetry recitation program, funded in part by the National Endowment for the Arts. Yuba Sutter Arts invites local high school students to its Burrows Theater to compete for cash prizes and a chance to go on to state and national competitions. The contest is scheduled for Thursday, February 9th at 6pm.

We are delighted that the literary and visual arts are alive and well in our community, and invite your involvement on any level you choose. For more information about these programs and other arts endeavors in Yuba and Sutter counties, contact us at 742-ARTS or yubasutterarts.org.
What’s On January—February 2017

Sara Sealander, “Drawings” exhibit at the Yuba Sutter Arts Gallery, 624 E Street, Marysville, January 1-27. Sara will be holding a free Gallery Talk Thursday, January 26, 5—7PM.

**Wednesday January 18, 6 PM. Marysville’s 167th Birthday Party** hosted by local historian and filmmaker, Chuck Smith, will be making a presentation as Stephen J. Field at the Burrows Theater on E Street. $5 tickets, available at the door.

**Yuba Sutter Opry**
January 21 at 1:00 pm - 3:00 pm Burrows Center, 624 E Street, Marysville
The Grand Ole Opry Comes to Marysville Join Art Mulcahy & Roadside Flare and other fantastic country performers

**Who was God’s Fiddler? The Favorite Music of Jascha Heifetz**
January 22 at 4:00 pm - 6:00 pm
Featured guest Ayke Agus will join Helen Graham and Rebekah Hood-Sava in an afternoon of Chamber Music focused on exploring the genius…

**Shakespeare Readers’ Theater**
January 11  6:00 pm - 7:15 pm 624 E Street, Marysville
February 8, February 15, March 1, March 8, March 15, March 29, April 5, April 12
Join our group of Shakespeare lovers in reading the bard's works. Both experienced and novice readers, as well as listeners, are invited to…

**2017 Literary Luncheon**
February 4 at 12:00 pm - 2:30 pm, 800 D Street, Marysville,
The Friends of the Packard Library of Yuba County invites you to enjoy a delicious lunch and "meet" some of your favorite authors, including Jane Austen, Ernest Hemingway, Laura Esquivel, Will Rogers, Mark Twain and Louisa May Alcott. Tickets are just $20.

**Duo Deloro Flamenco Guitarists**
February 12 at 2:00 pm - 5:00 pm
In an exciting new collaboration, guitarists Adam del Monte and Mak Grgic team up for a fresh and spontaneous program, "La Buena…Vida”, for a journey through Latin American and Spanish landscapes. Hear flamenco classics plus traditional Argentinian Tangos and original compositions that cast a renewed spirit into the world of the guitar. Tickets are $25 General Admission/$20 Senior, Students & Military (a $1 handling charge will be added to online ticket sales). Call 530 742-ARTS for information. Burrows Center, 624 E Street, Marysville

(Listings are only partial)
yubasutterarts.org
facebook.com/ysrac
When I was a boy in Illinois, I was always creative, drawing or fashioning something out of cardboard. At 9-10 I disrupted my class by making sound effects for the airplane pictures engaged in dogfights that I drew. As a young man I studied art in many schools. I worked 40 years in the art world, starting as a draftsman. Later I worked as a concept illustrator, commercial illustrator, technical artist, and graphic designer.

http://www.geraldhufeld.com/
The Visitors

There is a knock on my door, most unexpectedly, in a well-deserved moment of solitude. Two woman are at the door, their faces, pallid, hair pulled back, distant eyes. It took me a while, but I soon recognized them.

Sylvia Plath and Anne Sexton. I could see my front yard trees through their gossamer nightgowns. Ghostly and forthright they walked right through me and sat on the settee by the fireplace. "Can I get you something"?, I asked, feeling it was such a dumb question.

"We are here to give you something", Anne said, lighting a cigarette. I was too taken aback to protest. "Virginia was supposed to come too", Sylvia whispered, "but she was drowning in responsibilities".

"We noticed you are struggling between family need and self", they said in haunting, choir-like unison. "We've been there, many of us, your sisters. We though it might be easier in modern times, but once again we were misled".

"I'm happy, I am not mentally ill, my kids are grown", I said, "why warn me?"
"You have that room of your own, dear. Be rude if you must, be selfish, rest your mind. but do go into your own room, your own space, and write to save your life".

A moment later, the fire surged a bit, and I was all alone, left on the settee, a blank pad of paper and a pen at my side.

© ~Diane Funston
**Winter Flurry**

Winter drought no doubt  
Desert high, soil dry  
Rain's patter splatter  

Thunder harks, sky dark  
Snow dances, sideway glances  
Winter chill a thrill  

Snow past, puddles last  
Carpet of snow, mountains glow  
Puffy clouds, birds loud  

© ~Roger Funston  

**Winter In The Woods**

Around the house today  
a cold wind blows  
leafless trees  
beyond the window pane  

wet black branches  
contrast-draped  
with bleached white  
Spanish moss  

Gusting sways the trees  
shivering the moss fronds  
where they hang.  
cold raindrops spatter.  

© ~Peter Crowson  

White

California valley dwellers 
rarely experience winter’s wonders.  

Here we are, several families happily gathered  
in a Lake Tahoe home in October.  
Wine, laughter, and good food  
by our fireplace at night.  
Wind chimes tinkling with the slightest breeze,  
and the tender feel of downy comforters deepening peace into sleep.  

The miracle came in silence  
like the down in our comforters,  
or the smallest of angel feathers.  
Alabaster and serene  
all silent except for the occasional laughter of wind chimes.  

White, transforming each pine tree,  
each house, yard, and vehicle  
with a bridal veil of purity.  

© ~Susan P. McNally  

Photo Source: Is Cute
Winter In The Woods

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© ~Peter Crowson

Santa Fe In Winter

The city is closing for the night.
Stores draw their blinds one by one,
and it's dark again, save for the dim
infrequent streetlight bending at the neck
like a weighted stem. Years have built
the city in layers: balustrades filled in
with brick, adobe reinforced with steel,
and the rounded arches smoothed
with white cement. Neighborhoods
have changed the burro trails
to streets, bare at night—
no pedestrians, no cars, no dogs.

With daylight, the houses turned galleries
and stores turned restaurants open—
the Navajos wrapped in wool
crowd the Palace of the Governors plaza
to sell their handmade blankets,
silver rings, and necklaces
to travelers who will buy jewelry
as they buy everything—
another charming history for themselves.

© ~Deborah Ager
Winter Complaint

Now when I have a cold
I am careful with my cold,
I consult a physician
And I do as I am told.
I muffle up my torso
In woolly woolly garb,
And I quaff great flagons
Of sodium bicarb.
I munch on aspirin,
I lunch on water,
And I wouldn’t dream of osculating
Anybody’s daughter,
And to anybody’s son
I wouldn’t say howdy,
For I am a sufferer
Magna cum laude.
I don’t like germs,
But I’ll keep the germs I’ve got.
Will I take a chance of spreading them?
Definitely not.
I sneeze out the window
And I cough up the flue,
And I live like a hermit
Till the germs get through.
And because I’m considerate,
Because I’m wary,
I am treated by my friends
Like Typhoid Mary.

Now when you have a cold
You are careless with your cold,
You are cocky as a gangster
Who has just been paroled.
You ignore your physician,
You eat steaks and oxtails,
You stuff yourself with starches,
You drink lots of cocktails,
And you claim that gargling
Is a time of waste,
And you won’t take soda
For you don’t like the taste,
And you prowl around parties
Full of selfish bliss,
And greet your hostess
With a genial kiss.
You convert yourself
Into a deadly missile,
You exhale Hello’s
Like a steamboat wistle.
You sneeze in the subway
And you cough at dances,
And let everybody else
Take their own good chances.
You’re a bronchial boor,
A bacterial blighter,
And you get more invitations
Than a gossip writer.

Yes, your throat is froggy,
And your eyes are swimmy,
And your hand is clammy,
And your nose is brimmy,
But you woo my girls
And their hearts you jimmy
While I sit here
With the cold you gimmy.

© ~Ogden Nash
Thirteen Ways of Looking at a Red Herring

I
Among twenty reigning politicos,
the only thing moving
was the perverse eye of the red herring.

II
We are of three minds,
like a body of water
in which there are three red herrings.

III
A red herring dangles in the hot autumn winds.
It was a small part of the pantomime.

IV
A politico and a voter are one.
A politico, and a voter, and a red herring are one.

V
We do not know which to prefer,
the mystery of insinuations,
or the mystery of innuendoes,
the red herring deflecting, or just after.

VI
Posters fill long windows with barbaric crass.
The shadow of a red herring crossed them, to and fro.
The ruse traced in the shadow,
an indecipherable cause.

VII
O, fat cats of Babylon,
why do you imagine golden herrings?
Do you not see how red herrings
float around the feet of the lobbyists about you?

VIII
We know noble rhetoric
and lucid, inescapable platforms;
but we know, too,
that the red herring is involved
in what we know.

IX
When the red herring drifted out of sight,
it blurred the edges of certain coteries.

X
At the sight of the red herring
lolling in a crimson light,
even the bawds of harmony
would cry out disingenuously.

XI
He rode over the capitol in a glass airplane.
Once, a fear pierced him, in that he mistook
the shadow of his apparatus for a red herring.

XII
The river is moving.
The red herring must be equivocating.

XIII
It was twilight all day.
It was raining, and they were going to reign.
A red herring crouched in the golden throat.

©~Susan P. McNally

red her·ring
noun
noun: red herring; plural noun: red herrings

1. a dried smoked herring, which is turned red by the smoke.

2. something, especially a clue, that is or is intended to be misleading or distracting."the book is fast-paced, exciting, and full of red herrings"
Denise Levertov

Born: October 24, 1923, Ilford, United Kingdom
Died: December 20, 1997, Seattle, WA

A Happening

Two birds, flying East, hit the night at 3 in the afternoon, stars came out over the badlands, and the billowy snowlands; they floundered on resolving not to turn back in search of lost afternoon; continuing through cotton wildernesses through the stretched night and caught up with dawn in a rainstorm in the City, where they fell in semblance of torn paper sacks to the sidewalk on 42nd St., and resumed their human shape, and separated: one turned uptown, to follow the Broadway river to its possible source, the other downtown, to see the fair and goodly harbor; but each, accosted by shadows that muttered to him pleading mysteriously, half-hostile, was drawn into crosstown streets, into revolving doorways, into nameless small spaces back of buildings, airless airshafts, till no more was known of man, bird, nor paper.

© ~Denise Levertov

To the Snake

Green Snake, when I hung you round my neck and stroked your cold, pulsing throat as you hissed to me, glinting arrowy gold scales, and I felt the weight of you on my shoulders, and the whispering silver of your dryness sounded close at my ears --

Green Snake--I swore to my companions that certainly you were harmless! But truly I had no certainty, and no hope, only desiring to hold you, for that joy, which left a long wake of pleasure, as the leaves moved and you faded into the pattern of grass and shadows, and I returned smiling and haunted, to a dark morning.

In city, in suburb, in forest, no way to stretch out the arms - so if you would grow, go straight up or deep down.

Denise Levertov
Agnus Dei

Given that lambs
are infant sheep,
that sheep are afraid and foolish, and lack
the means of self-protection, having
neither rage nor claws,
venom nor cunning,
what then
is this ‘Lamb of God’?

This pretty creature, vigorous
to nuzzle at milky dugs,
woolbearer, bleater,
leaper in air for delight of being, who finds in
astonishment
four legs to land on, the grass
all it knows of the world?
With whom we would like to play,
whom we’d lead with ribbons, but may not bring
into our houses because
it would spoil the floor with its droppings?

What terror lies concealed
in strangest words, O lamb
of God that taketh away
the Sins of the World: an innocence
smelling of ignorance,
born in bloody snowdrifts,
licked by forebearing
dogs more intelligent than its entire flock put
together?

God then,
encompassing all things, is
defenceless? Omnipotence
has been tossed away,
reduced to a wisp of damp wool?

And we
frightened, bored, wanting
only to sleep ‘til catastrophe
has raged, clashed, seethed and gone by without us,
wanting then
to awaken in quietude without remembrance of agony,

we who in shamefaced private hope
had looked to be plucked from fire and given
a bliss we deserved for having imagined it,

is it implied that we
must protect this perversely weak
animal, whose muzzle’s nudgings

suppose there is milk to be found in us?
Must hold in our icy hearts
a shivering God?

So be it.
Come, rag of pungent
quiverings,
dim star.
Let’s try
if something human still
can shield you,
spark
of remote light.

Published in 1975

I’m not very good at praying, but what I
experience when I’m
writing a poem is close
to prayer

Denise Levertov
Louie Lethridge
Murals & Paintings
I’ve taken up painting this week. I’ve never been very good at it, but I decided it would be a fun habit to take up. Having had very limited success with my last free-painting effort, I wanted to take a more structured approach. I decided I would start with a paint by number. I would learn some rudimentary techniques, and have all the supplies I needed for the project in an inexpensive little kit. After all, outfitting a beginner’s art studio is quite an investment. And there are fewer things more disappointing than trying to make yourself enjoy a hobby just because you spent a lot of money on it. Thinking of you—my one week of guitar lessons back in 2002.

So, all the wiser, I started small this time. I thought about Van Gogh’s Starry Night, but it felt presumptuous to take on Van Gogh on the first try. So, I thought I’d do something wintry and Christmas themed. I finally settled on a deer in the snow scene that I hated. It was either that, or a Thomas Kinkade knockoff that I’d never finish.

I bought a little easel, and set up my easel on my desk, and gasp moved my laptop out of the way. It reminded me of that scene in Toy Story, when Andy threw Woody off the bed, and firmly planted Buzz in his spot. “This is where the spaceship goes,” he said. From the distance I heard my laptop singing “You’ve Got a Friend in Me.”
I opened the package, and tentatively started painting. It took two days, and I had a lot of fun. It was definitely tedious at some points. I had to remind myself that you can’t rush art. The painting never looked like the box. It was definitely a “beginner’s” effort, as you can see for yourself above. Yet I had to put all of that aside.

The whole thing was about being calm, relaxed, and taking your time; things I wasn’t entirely used to as a writer. Writing comes quick and easy. Many times I hear the sentences or words in my head just before I type them. This was all about patience, detail, and stepping back. When painting you can’t always tell what you are doing close up. It’s only when you step back you can see what you are doing.

For a while my deer was intact, but the snow scene wasn’t working. I figured I’d forget the numbers and do what I wanted. That was fun. I started to blend this color and that, do the tree this way, change the colors here and there. I began to understand what the numbers were trying to do.

I’m sure there are so many spiritual lessons there…trusting God’s plan. Keep doing what is in your hands to do….Patience and diligence will create beauty….But I just don’t feel like analyzing it. Sometimes, a painting is just a painting. Sometimes things are just fun and enjoyable. Some things God gives to us because he loves to bring us joy. And for $7 at Hobby Lobby, that’s not a bad deal.

Layla Velasquez is a freelance writer that the editor met while she was living and working in Sutter County. Oh My Deer was originally published online in The Vagrant Writer, Valasquez’ blog
A Rare Snow On The Sutter Buttes is a photograph by Ron Sanford. Affordable prints on paper, canvas or metal of this photograph are available on line at Fine Art America.
Our Land is Fertile, Our People Grow to One

A nation’s culture is language grounded, its words are the seeds of its people and their ways. Our garden yields persimmons and pears, our fields send forth pumpkins and bok choy, Groves of Sutter almonds: a panoply of praise for Yuba peaches full of California sun.

Our word store grows with the new and untried and is sown throughout our Land by others who fled fallow fields, or lackluster lands, or compelled to come as chattel in chains in hulls of ships or in bellies of planes.

Upon sore and blistered feet, they bounded across oceans of sand and despair for days on end to begin anew in our gardens and fields. The waves of genius came: all sisters and brothers bringing the best seeds of the world’s granary.

To America they came, the new land of milk and honey, where the Law imparts the horizon of opportunity – the dawn of promise from each day’s sun.

To America they come; and gladly serve to add to our rich and abundant life, to work our common soil with strong, untiring hands, to increase our loyal stores of community.

And through all grief and all uncivil strife we have learned we share the common belief that we are a nation of ideals, not skin tone, we are formed more perfect by the new and unknown; for we are they and they are us, for we are union and woven through our hearts: for we out of many are one.

© ~Jonathan Kinsman