



## Donna Kuhn

DONNA KUHN is the author of several poetry books and chapbooks, a visual artist, dancer, and creator of experimental videos. She lives in Aptos, CA.

## STICK YOUR TORCH IN THE AIR

a heart says sweat instead of sweet  
some people are offended when i curse  
im from new york, i tell them, this is how we talk

if i held your hand would it confuse u  
dream about spaghetti and salt  
i dont use anything for its intended purpose

he was only happy when he painted  
im beginning to understand  
a future star stares at the liquor bottles

lined up behind the bar  
im still hiding in my pencil jar  
peek out from beneath your picnic table

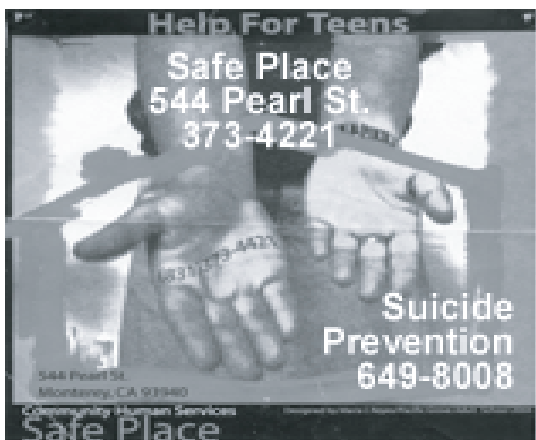
u were ancient with an american flag  
over your head, the liberty bell hung  
in the middle of nowhere

suspended in green sky  
if i couldve kept u alive  
i wouldnt write another word

palette please, stick your torch in the air  
take in your foam cherries  
hollow skulls on the skating rink

united we stand, uh huh  
please \$1, tell the corn god  
god bless this mess

a ripe banana smiles, a blue lady bug crawls  
i need your sandwiches, your bones  
my animated face distorted



## Dale A. Edmands

DALE A. EDMUNDS is a native of the Monterey Peninsula, whose work has appeared in *Thundersandwich*, the *Homestead Review*, *Poesy*, *Poetry Motel*, *Poetry Bay*, *Zen Baby*, and *Remark*.

## THE STREAM *for Mark Strand*

If you stand here  
long enough,  
stand here  
at the edge  
where it flows  
past you  
in a hurriedness  
of splash  
and roll,  
of white foam  
over rock,  
of wave  
after wave,  
you begin  
to understand  
that his  
is your life,  
and there  
beneath  
the surface  
where the sun  
glitters with  
aquatic stars  
are the smiles  
you have;  
all going by  
in a rush  
down there  
under the bridge  
and around  
that last bend  
disappearing,  
and if you  
follow,  
you will  
disappear  
with it  
and become  
these black  
rocks  
the water  
runs white  
over,  
like rain  
in a graveyard  
of wet, polished  
stone.



## Dean Mimmack

DEAN MIMMACK teaches in the Santa Cruz city school district—three decades at Harbor High and one decade at Soquel High. He is planning to retire to furniture making, travel, and writing.

## BAY AQUARIUM

Perhaps there is a viewing bubble –  
some plate glass window cut into the wall  
of a fourth dimension in space –  
through which unimagined gods watch us  
as if barely-subsisting ants kept in a farm  
or defiant sea bass in an aquarium tank  
who believe themselves free-swimmers  
while only that gelatinous purple thing  
that trembles on its rock anchorage  
and the paranoid crab wedged in that crevice  
have an inkling of the truth

## CARMEL GALLERY RECEPTION

“You see how that edge of light...”  
Swirl, Swirl, Swirl.  
“...has something else in mind...”  
Sniff, Sniff, Sniff.  
“...other than vivid white?”  
Sip, Sip, Sip.  
“It’s as if a spiritual discoloration...”  
Look Thoughtful.  
“...has slipped away...”  
Look Thoughtful.  
“...diagonally down the canvas...”  
Swallow.  
“...yielding to a stain of profane beige.”  
Wait, Wait, Wait.  
“By the way, how was Tuscany?”

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