



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

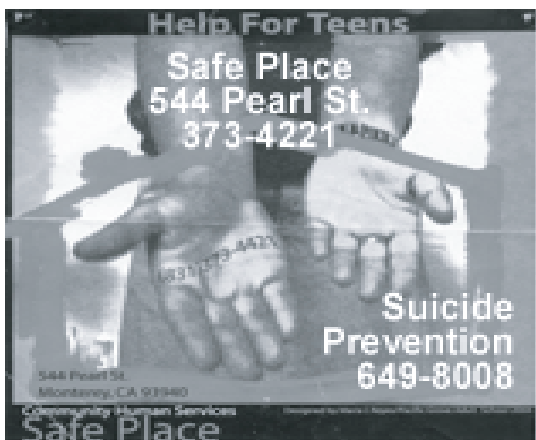
u were ancient with an american flag
over your head, the liberty bell hung
in the middle of nowhere

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?”

**Advertising in the
MONTEREY POETRY REVIEW**

Cost: \$6.00 per square inch

Column widths should be
2.5 inches, 4 inches, or 8.5 inches,
at any height.

For details, contact:
monterepoetryreview@gmail.com
or call Lori at 831-624-5674

Make checks payable to:
Monterey Poetry Review

Mailing address: M. Lee, Editor,
P.O. Box 5885, Monterey, CA 93944