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# **The ReImagiNation Project**

## **15 Visionary Works**

**Text-Image Collaborations on Social Justice,  
Positive Change and Environmental Awareness**

1  
**Two Haikus**  
Poem by Carla Perry  
Painting by Gina Wilson

2  
**Dream Act**  
Poem by A. David Sharf,  
Elaine Nussbaum,  
Digital art by Angelina Marino-Heidel \*

3  
**Sleepwalker**  
Poem by Marjorie Powers  
Textile Art and Graphics by Allan Oliver

4  
**Guardians Not Thugs**  
Poem by Alan Wieder  
*Circumscription*, Painting by Joanie Krug  
\*

5  
**A Remarkably Vigorous Rose**  
Poem by Judith Barrington  
Digital Art and Graphics by Marcia  
Barrentine

6  
**Notes From A Lookout's Log**  
Poem by Tim Barnes  
*Mountain With Clear Cut*,  
Gouache by Lucinda Parker

7  
**Sweethearts Of The World Unite**  
Poem by Stephen Sander  
Digital Art by Angelina Marino-Heidel

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**The Standing Laurel**  
Poem by Deborah Buchanan  
Painting by Charles Erickson \*

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**Pentecostal**  
Poem by Primus St. John; *Looking For A Drumbeat*,  
Painting by Chris Haberman

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**Industrial Workers Of The  
World**  
Poem by Stephen Sander  
*Working The Land*,  
Painting by Angelina Marino-  
Heidel\*

11  
**Growl Revisited**  
Poem by Leanne Grabel  
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Flynn

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**I Have Never Wanted To  
March**  
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**Change Is Imminent**  
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Marino-Heidel *Los Cruxes*,  
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**No To The 1%**  
Poem by Alan Wieder and  
Joanie Krug  
*Four Horseman Of The  
Apocalypse*,  
Painting by Charles Erickson \*

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**Census Report**  
Poem by Tim Barnes  
*The Stand*,  
Photography by Ilka Kuznik \*

\*Page Design by Angelina Marino  
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1

## Two Haikus

It's worst than it looks  
Polarization must end.  
Turf wars destroy hope

Are you listening?  
Who are you listening to?  
Be bold. Be Brave. Vote

— Carla Perry

# 2

## DREAM ACT

September morning at the bus stop.  
I see her gather her children for school—  
lunch, hats, gloves. I see her button  
an oversized red-wool coat.  
I see her check the contents  
of a pink and blue Sponge Bob backpack.  
I think of my own mother  
who did so many things for me—  
worked long hours and saved to buy me  
new clothes, notebooks and pencils,  
books and gym shorts.  
She told me I could do anything  
if I worked hard and applied myself.  
Because of her I could dream  
of becoming anything.  
Anyone  
would be lucky to have this mother.  
Everyone  
should have the freedom  
to give their children  
a chance  
to dream.

— A. David Scharf and Elaine Nussbaum

# 3

## Sleepwalker

Mid-stride, mid-morning  
the sleepwalker opens his eyes.  
He's as naked as Adam

What garden is this? Why  
all these snails – outsized, airborne?  
How can a rainbow hang in strings

that blow in the breeze  
and flow along his limbs,  
that connect him with snails,

leaf-laden boughs, whatever lives?  
He shuts his eyes again to focus  
on the tingle and warmth of his skin.

He knows everything here has already  
received its name, and if he listens,  
he will learn his own.

— Marjorie Powers

# 4

## **Guardians Not Thugs**

Stop Police Brutality and Racism

It's not right to call police pigs  
It's not right for police to act piggish

100's of acts of police brutality in 2012  
Young black men shot and beaten – young black men die

It's not right for government to protect pigs  
Investigations – no prosecutions

It's not right to call police pigs  
It's not right for police to act piggish

— Alan Wieder

# 5

## A Remarkably Vigorous Rose

*remembering Vita Sackville-West  
and the garden she created at Sissinghurst*

They want women to be like gardens  
cultivated possessed  
perfected by man.

The plucked tea rose in the vase  
and the vase-shaped woman posed  
their sensualities  
both despised.

Plants and wives  
become invisible  
and husbandry *is* a revealing word.

Women *are* like gardens  
seeking profusion  
even extravagance and exuberance.  
Swelling bushes, wandering creepers,  
flying ramblers  
shove against, spill over, leap above  
the neat lines of borders  
and hedges sharp as razors,  
just one season away from consuming  
the faded brick prison walls.

A remarkably vigorous rose  
climbs close to the purple border  
a mass of subdued color  
at all the flowering seasons.  
In the white garden  
strides a silver willow-leaved pear  
by clusters of gypsophila  
inevitably described as a veil  
its brilliance lost  
in the image of the fearful bride.  
Among the rose beds spring delphiniums  
foxgloves and day lilies.  
the glowing fruits of Rosa Moyesii  
are scarlet as the wildest woman.

— Judith Barrington

# 6

## Notes from a Lookout's Log

1.

Mountains aren't moved by much.  
Clouds are watery forms.  
Forests hold honest elections.  
Streams campaign for the roots of grass.  
Lakes have bright ideas.  
Storms give electrifying speeches.

2.

Landslides are local events  
that change views.  
Whole hillsides agree  
when the wind arrives.  
Trees scream  
when saws come.

3.

May deer pioneer the grasses  
and reclaim the crazy scars  
of those old logging roads.

— Tim Barnes

# 7

## **Sweethearts of the World, Unite!**

We need a brighter light! A warmer embrace!  
Some trace of love in all this madness!

Sweethearts of the World

Where have you been hiding? Why have we not heard from  
you?  
Has your passion been so loud, your slumber so sweet  
You didn't notice the world in ruins?

Sweethearts of the World

The evening sky holds stars we have yet to see.  
When one star goes out, when one heart is lost  
It affects us all  
Light years from now.

Sweethearts of the World

Not just joining at the lips, nor the joining of your hips  
O sweet joining that it is!

But the joining of our hearts  
Opening up our eyes,  
Burning down the walls  
Tearing down the lies

Sweethearts of the World

We need a brighter light  
We need, we need, so much more!

If the dream leaves anyone out  
We are all lost...

Sweethearts of the World Unite!

— Stephen Sander



## The Standing Laurel

The standing laurel divides our world, rendering judgment, a shadowed solace.

On each side our choices offered: the sword of necessity and power,

held to enforce dogma or opened to truth's slicing edge.

Its companion book turned to law, information, our common ideals

held aloft or corrupted by petty interests, the ensnaring spectacles

of seduction and consumption. The tree shades all choices, waiting for our movement, our direction.

— Deborah Buchanan



## Pentecostal

All night  
I kept my loneliness to myself  
Like the wind god Amalivaca  
Did for many years,  
Then folded it up  
Into the ends of the morning darkness  
In small enough pieces  
To blow through my four-hole flute.  
I am looking for a circle of dancers  
Who touch  
By the nature of their unusually  
Long shadows;  
I am looking for a drumbeat  
To accompany  
What is a bloodknot of kindness  
Between us,  
Taken  
From the the great strength of a healing music,  
Taken  
From the sanctuary of a singer's open hands  
That eventually  
Will plait us into strands  
Of the everlasting hair  
That make up the forgiving rainbow.

— Primus St. John, Communion

# 10

## **Industrial Workers of the World**

Bring back the IWW  
Unloosen the noose  
    Around the necks of organizers,  
    Around the necks of immigrant workers,  
    Around the pages of revisionist history books  
Bring back the IWW

Today there are less and less American corporations  
    Less English companies  
    Less French  
    Less German  
    Less Japanese  
Now there are global companies  
    Multi-national corporations  
Stuffing boardrooms, stuffing stockholders  
Stuffing the pockets of  
    CEOs, CFOs, and COOs  
And stuffing the war chests of lobbyists and politicians

Bring back the IWW – Industrial Workers of the World

History tells us that when the workers tried to organize and  
Unite nationally and internationally to create  
    One big union, the IWW  
Was labeled Communist, wasn't Communist, was Communist

Was labeled Socialist, wasn't Socialist, was Socialist  
Was anti-business, wasn't anti-business, was anti-big  
business

But today History tells us when corporations organize and  
Unite nationally and internationally through  
Mergers and hostile takeovers  
Why this is just the cost of doing business in the 21<sup>st</sup> century  
—

When corporations run the political system  
It's not a democracy people  
Not that it ever was  
It's not the United States of America  
Not that it ever was  
It's not one person one vote  
Not that it ever was

When 5% of the country owns 95% percent of the wealth  
We are not the Land of the Free and Home of the Brave  
Not that it ever was

And maybe the only way to combat corporate globalization  
Is through the global organizing of workers

And these governors, who are destroying unions and their  
rights to  
Collective bargaining in the name of balancing the deficit,  
are  
Counting on the frightened masses to do nothing and to  
See these corporate-backed politicians as wise sages of  
Democracy and economics

But workers and working families are rising up,  
Whether unionized or not, workers everywhere  
Recognize an attack not only on their rights to organize and  
Rights to collective bargaining

But workers everywhere recognize this attack on their very  
right to Exist

How can it not be clear that an energized  
Economy is one where the workers, the working families,  
The middle class, are employed and earning strong and  
sensible  
Wages with benefits and retirement

This isn't the redistribution of wealth,  
It's not Communism, or Socialism,  
Or some painted utopian fantasy

It's a true democracy that tends to the well-being of its  
citizens  
It's a balance of citizens, business and government in  
concert  
For their mutual interests

It's multi-national corporations, because they won't go away,  
and

It's strong union organizations, because they won't go away  
—

It's the creation of jobs in neighborhoods,  
It's the America we all have imagined at one time or another  
Before the cynicism, before the despair and hopelessness  
Before the greed

And in the words of Langston Hughes  
"Let America be America again —  
The land that never has been yet —  
And yet must be — ...  
The land that's mine — ...  
Bring back our mighty dream...  
O, let America be America again."

— Stephen Sander



## Growl

Looking toward the future, America,  
better wipe out the obvious sins.

All the people going hungry  
while the fat snack on snapper  
shouldn't need to.

All the people controlling  
shouldn't have to.

But if they have to,  
legislation showers down  
with sweet randomness  
like petals in a soft breeze,  
like a mountain  
with a mountain's sensibilities.

Better be different than you are, America.

Different men should be.

Women should be.

This way it seems like  
we never learned a thing  
like *Hee Haw's* all we've watched  
like we squelched all hint of culture  
like we thought we didn't have to have a culture  
like we were glad we didn't have to have a culture  
because having a culture was just too much  
for our feeble sensibilities

like we ever had any sensibilities.

America, we've been acting like you have no comprehension  
of the human soul at all  
like we can't focus  
like we can't get moist, hard, soft  
like we can't get anything human at all.

And damn me if we're not changing species.  
I mean, I heard of one more incident  
where grandpas were fingering babies  
just to get their rocks off.  
Then they went to the veterans' parade.  
Then they went to the Christians' parade.  
Tell me, where does the pride come in?

America, a horse like us  
would have been glue by now.  
A brain like us  
would have been dead by now.

Better visit the French cathedrals.  
Better eat with the ancient women.  
Better live with the monks  
and take a long, long vow of silence.  
Better learn how to recognize the justice.  
Better learn how to need the justice.  
Better rise up, not clench up  
when we start to feel the freedom.

Better empower the brilliant.  
Better empower the gentle.  
Better wipe out the obvious sins.

— Leanne Gabel

# 12

## I Have Never Wanted to March

Or wear epaulets. Once I walked  
in a hometown parade to celebrate  
a salmon derby. I was seven, my hair in  
pigtails, a steel flasher strapped diagonally  
across my chest *bandolier*-style  
(in Catalan *bandolera* from *banda*—band  
of people—and *bandoleer* meaning bandit).  
My black bandit boots were rubber  
because here on the flanks of the Olympics  
it always rains on our parades.

I believe I pushed a doll buggy.  
I believe all parades, especially military  
parades, could be improved if  
the soldiers wore *bandoliers* made to attract  
fish, and if each soldier pushed a doll buggy  
inside which were real-seeming babies,  
their all-seeing doll-eyes open  
to reflect the flight of birds, of balloons  
escaped from the hands of children to  
hover over the town—higher than flags, higher  
than minarets and steeples.

What soldier could forget  
*collateral damage* with those baby faces

locked to their chinstraps? It is conceivable soldiers would resist pushing doll buggies. Bending over might spoil the rigidity of their marching. What about a manual exhorting the patriotic duty of pushing doll buggies? Treatises on the symbolic meaning would need to be written. Hollywood writers might be of use. Poets and historians could collaborate, reminding the marchers of chariots, of Trojan horses, of rickshaws, of any wheeled conveyance ever pulled, pushed or driven in service of humankind.

I would like, for instance, to appear in the next parade as a Trojan horse. When they open me I'll be seven years old. There will be at least seven of me inside me, for effect, and because it's a mystical number, I won't understand much about war, in any case—especially its good reasons. I'll just want to be pushed over some border into enemy territory, and when no one's thinking anything except: *what a pretty horse!* I'll throw open myself like a flank and climb out, all seven of me, like a many-legged spider of myself. I'll speak only in poetry, my second language, because it is beautifully made for exploring the miraculous ordinary event—in which an alchemy of words agrees to apprentice itself to the possible as it evades the impossible. Also poetry doesn't pretend to know answers and speaks best in questions, the way children do who want to know everything, and don't believe only what they're told. I'll be seven unruly children when they open me up,

and I'll invite the children of the appointed enemy  
to climb into my horse for a ride. We'll be seven  
together, the way words are  
the moment before they are spoken—  
those Trojan horses of silence, looking for a border

to roll across like oversized toys  
manned by serious children—until one horse  
has been pushed back and forth  
with its contraband of mutually pirated children  
so many times it will be clear to any adult watching  
this unseemly display, that enemy territory  
is everywhere when anyone's child is at stake, when  
the language of governments is reduced to ultimatums,  
when it wants to wear epaulets  
and to march without  
Its doll buggy.

But maybe an edict or two could be made  
by one child-ventriloquist through the mouth  
of the horse, proposing that the advent of atrocities  
be forestalled by much snorting, neighing, prancing and  
tail swishing—by long, exhausted parades  
of reciprocal child-hostages who may be  
rescued only in the language of poetry  
which insists on being lucid  
and mysterious at once, like a child's hand  
appearing from under the tail  
of the horse, blindly waiving to make sure that anyone  
lined up along the street does not submit entirely  
to the illusion of their absence, their  
ever-squandered innocence, their hyper-responsive  
minds in which a ladybug would actually fly away,  
with only its tiny flammable wings,  
to save its children from the burning house.

— Tess Gallagher

# 13

## Change is Imminent

Rock, oh, rock of earth, rock of ages,  
solid rock to stand on. How has Man  
changed you into a tool of suppression,  
carved you into a basalt weight,  
imprisoned you in wire  
and left you  
dangling  
above our chests,  
a swaying  
pendulum?

Each motion, each pass, becomes a lyric,  
becomes a hypnotic phrase  
to freeze free will with  
while the world lays broken.  
But there is a nick in the wire,  
a bend in the bolt.  
Change is imminent.  
Change is eminent,  
and asks  
"If it's broke, who's gonna fix it?"

Oh rock deformed, imprisoned pendant.  
Darkness stitches across our minds,  
ripping the sweet notes from cognition,  
lullabying the gentle of spirit,  
awakening them as bantamweight militants  
armed with destructive hammers!  
If we shatter the impediment  
do we shatter the foundation?  
Best drop your angry hammers  
and find yourselves a mending kit.

We see the promise of light  
between the pendulums rhythm.  
With each sweep, light shoots,  
darkness spreads, light shoots again.  
On the back swing it strikes us:  
nothing matters if nothing matters  
nothing works if no one works.  
On the back swing there is time  
to get our minds out  
and bust it loose.

— Marino-Heidel

# 14

## **No to the 1%**

No War — Yes Justice  
No Poverty — Yes Equality  
No Outsourcing — Yes Employment  
No Homelessness — Yes Housing  
No Hunger — Yes Food  
No Classism — Yes Health Care

No to the 1%

— Alan Wieder and Joanie Krug

# 15

## Census Report

The palaver begins in the trees,  
the wind and its constituents,  
the conversational creaking of firs,  
the patter and flash of ailanthus.

This is the community of birds  
and squirrels. Every thing agrees  
without voting and the wind  
tallies the results of the elections

that are never held. The polis  
within the polis, the city in which  
people are not part of the populace,  
the wind in the branches, squirrels

and birds crossing the sky,  
unelected and free.

— Tim Barnes



## Artists and Writers

**Tim Barnes** taught for twenty-six years in the English Department at Portland Community College. He is the author of several chapbooks of poetry, most recently *Definitions for a Lost Language* (2010). He is the co-editor of *Wood Works: The Life and Writings of Charles Erskine Scott Wood* (1997) and the editor of *The Friends of William Stafford Newsletter*.

**Marcia Barrentine** is a graphic designer based in Portland, Oregon. She creates logos, websites, books, t-shirts, packaging, spaces, and communication materials for a diverse array of organizations and individuals. She loves being a "visual translator" and continues to be thrilled by the dynamic collaborations that come her way. Portfolio: [barrentinedesign.com](http://barrentinedesign.com)

**Judith Barrington** is the author of three poetry collections, most recently *Horses and the Human Soul*; poetry chapbooks include the Robin Becker Award-winning, *Lost Lands*. Her memoir, *Lifesaving*, won the Lambda Book Award. Among her other awards are The Dulwich International Poetry Prize and The Stuart Holbrook Award from Literary Arts. Visit [judithbarrington.com](http://judithbarrington.com)

**Deborah Buchanan** is a writer and teacher who lives in Portland.

**Charles Erickson**, a one-time staff cartoonist for the *Texas Observer*, now lives in Portland, Oregon.

**Virginia Flynn** "I grew up in Providence, RI, where I was destined for a life in the business world. Art was not an option but the desire to create was strong. Moving clear across the country opened up opportunities to pursue my artistic endeavors at Marylhurst College. Printmaking and the stark, graphic beauty of b&w spoke clearly to me and today it is the art form that I most enjoy . . . cutting black paper, creating positive and negative shapes, to tell visual stories." Portfolio: [Ginniflynncutouts.com](http://Ginniflynncutouts.com)

**Tess Gallagher** is a poet, fiction writer, essayist, screenplay writer, and translator. Her poetry collections include *Dear Ghosts*, *Moon Crossing Bridge* and *Amplitude: New and Selected Poems*. In 1979 she began living with Raymond Carver, whom she married shortly before his death in 1988. In Ireland, she bought lambs to save them from the butcher and has begun weaving wall hangings from their fleece. She lives in Port Angeles, Washington.

**Leanne Grabel** is a language arts and special ed teacher, as well as a poet, performer, and mother of two daughters. Her most recent books are the stretched memoir *Brontosaurus*, as well as the book of prose poems, *badgirls*. Grabel, who founded the legendary Cafe Lena with her husband Steve Sander, is currently working on graphic poetry chapbooks.

**Chris Haberman** is a working artist, writer and curator native to Portland, Oregon. He has been coined as “the hardest working artist in Portland”. His “outsider” rich art is a colorful cartoon puzzle of integrated figures and text, focusing on subjects like pop-culture, literature and the region.

**Joel Heidel** “My objective is to escape the preconceptions of forms and find new juxtapositions of seemingly incompatible elements. I strike to achieve balance between elemental and complex shapes and forms, extending and overcoming established expectations. I work primarily in abstract direct-metal sculpture. My personal artistic approach extends to my collaborative work as well, where artistic minds work in concert to create a piece of work.” Heidel is a sculptor and muralist living in the Northwest. Sculptures: [www.artspa.us](http://www.artspa.us)

**Ilka Kuznik** teaches ESL at Portland Community College in Oregon. Her photos have appeared in publications such as *The Friends of William Stafford Newsletter*, the Pasta Works newsletter, at a Café Sol multi-media show on Semana Santa in Andalusia, Spain, and the chapbook *Definitions for a Lost Language* by Tim Barnes.

**Joanie Krug** is a special education facilitator and painter who has lived in Portland for 19 years. She is especially involved in issues of diversity and restorative justice and her paintings are gestural, figurative, and expressionistic. She has shown her work at galleries in Washington D.C. and San Francisco as well as Portland, Oregon.

**Valerie McKee** is an artist and great-grandmother who has lived in the Whitethorn Valley surrounded by family, friends and the beauty of the north coast for more than fifty years. Her artistic expression has taken many turns, from drawing and painting to years as a stained glass artist and then a deep interest in woodcuts and linocuts. She gathers inspiration from her penetrating observation of nature and people, as well as images from dreams and favorite lines of poetry. Valerie loves to share her art with the community around her and the world.

**Angelina Marino-Heidel** is a northwest muralist, artist and publisher of one-of-a-kind and small edition collaborative works between artists and writers. Marino's murals and other works are held in collections throughout Oregon, nationally and internationally. Portfolio: [angelina-marino.fineartamerica.com](http://angelina-marino.fineartamerica.com); [artspa.us](http://artspa.us); [angelinamarino.wordpress.com](http://angelinamarino.wordpress.com)

**Elaine Nussbaum** has been writing poetry since 1962. She holds a Certificate in Poetics from the Naropa Institute (now Naropa University) where she studied with Anne Waldman and Allen Ginsberg. She is currently attending the MFA in Creative Writing Program at Pacific University. She lives in Scappoose, Oregon.

**Allan Oliver** began his art and design career in Latin America and then formed a graphics and public relations agency in Portland, specializing in non-profit organizations. Discovering the artistic uses of computer imaging, he started a business creating hand-printed fabrics. He showed his designs in his gallery and later exhibited primarily Latino artists.

**Carla Perry** received a BA in Poetry from the University of Iowa Writers Workshop. She spent 25 years as a freelance technical writer before launching Dancing Moon Press in 1997. She is the founder of the Nye Beach Writers' Series and Writers On The Edge, and the recipient of the Stewart Holbrook Oregon Book Award and the Oregon Governor's Art Award. She was editor and publisher of *Wild Dog* and *Talus & Scree*. Her books of poetry include *No Questions Asked, No Answers Given* and *Laughing Like Dogs*. Her novel, *Riva Beside Me*, was published in paperback and eBook in 2012. Site: [dancingmoonpress.com](http://dancingmoonpress.com)

**Lucinda Parker** is an associate professor emeritus with PNCA. Parker has shown at the Portland Art Museum several times and is represented by Linda Hodges Gallery in Seattle, Laura Russo Gallery in Portland and has shown in New York, Los Angeles, Washington DC among other art hubs. Parker holds a BA from Reed College and an MFA from Pratt Institute.

**Marjorie Power** is a widely published poet. Many of her poems have been inspired by visual art. Her work appears in magazines, journals, and anthologies, as well as seven small collections from small presses. She lives in Corvallis.

**Steve Sander** was born in New York, moved to Portland in 1971. He and his wife ran Cafe Lena, a cultural hub for poetry, art and music from 1991 to 2001. Poet, songwriter and father of two amazing daughters, Steve has a CD of original songs, *Rusted Serenade*, and a book of poems, *Let The Sky Resolve*, due out August 2012.

**A. David Scharf** is a lifelong episodic political activist, woodworker, outdoorsman and raconteur. He lives in the hills above Scappoose, Oregon.

**Primus St. John** lives in Oregon. He is a retired professor of English and Creative Writing from Portland State University. He has published four collections of poetry and co-edited the anthologies from Here We Speak and Zero Makes Me Hungry. His last collection of poems *Communion* won The Western States Poetry Prize.

**Alan Wieder** is an oral historian who taught for 23 years at the University of South Carolina. He has also been on the faculties of the University of the Western Cape & Stellenbosch University in South Africa. Finally, he just completed a book on South African freedom fighters Ruth First and Joe Slovo that will be published by Monthly Review Books in the United States and Jacana Press in South Africa.

**Gina Wilson** is a painter whose work currently includes ceramic vessels. She was born in Saratoga Springs, New York and grew up west of Chicago. She completed her BFA at the University of Illinois at Chicago Circle, earning her Master's Degree at Portland State in Oregon. The Laura Russo Gallery has represented her for 28 years.



