

THE POETIC BOND™ NEWSLETTER – Issue 2

We are looking for articles – got something to say, and it's all about poetry, why not send it in (email poetry@trevormaynard.com). You can download Issue 1 of the newsletter from <http://www.thepoeticbond.com/PBN1.pdf>

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1. Call for Submissions, THE POETIC BOND IIII, 2 April 2014, closing 30 June 2014

There's been a brisk start to this year's submissions for THE POETIC BOND IIII with forty-one poems already submitted! Last year over seven hundred poems were submitted with ninety-eight making the shortlist and fifty-two selected for the final anthology, published in paperback in September 2013, and now available through Amazon and elsewhere. Short biographies of every poet involved, and those involved in The Poetic Bond and The Poetic Bond II, are available in the “Meet the Poets” on www.thepoeticbond.com. The very first POETIC BOND is available on KINDLE with plans for volumes II and III to follow suit this summer.

Feedback in the form of READERS' REPORTS, will be given from July 1st, 2014, once the submission window has closed. The final selection for each anthology is made by the editor and is based on emergent themes evident within the pool of work submitted, the idea being that the work in the anthology reflects the contemporary zeitgeist of work produced in the new media, professional and social networking community. All poems remain copyright of the author, this is your work, not ours; all we ask is that you allow us to promote your work as part of the anthology.

There is no restriction on theme, subject or form, and there is no line count! The submission fee of £7/\$12 (for up to three poems), and further details of all guidelines, including the copyright statement are available at www.thepoeticbond.com

2. Spotlight – Graham Bates

G.D. Bates lives in Christchurch, New Zealand. His poems explore the landscape of thoughts and feeling, and are occasionally lyrical, but mostly in the form of free verse or prose. He was published in THE POETIC BOND in 2011 with “Touch” (1), followed by “untitled” in THE POETIC BOND II (2012), and “Rapture” and “Jazz Intelligence” in THE POETIC BOND III (2013).

Graham, what inspires you to write?

Reading poems inspires me to write them. Even a dislike of another's poem can inspire me to write. My poems are often self-reflective, so most of what I write doesn't see the light of day because it's difficult to make that sort of thing interesting. Self-reflective poems need a concrete image to ground them, or a touch of irony, a comedic twist, or maybe a lie masquerading as the truth, to

make them more than just confessions. Poets are like comedians, it's just that they don't have to make people laugh; a good poem might perhaps have the opposite effect.

Tell us a bit about your featured poem and how it came about

I heard Joseph Campbell in "The Power of Myth" saying "...[the brain] thinks it's running the show, but it's a secondary organ". I thought a personification of the brain might look like Edmund Blackadder; a clever sycophantic cynic with an agenda for gain. The heart is like the carefree king or queen. When that king or queen leaves the land, the brain exerts executive authority, which results in a well-oiled machine, but also a lack of bliss. The real master returns unannounced, the brain remembers its place, and a majestic rapture, the like of which those with bi-polar speak, results.

What plans do you have for the future?

To keep developing my poetry and to self-publish a book of poems, which I intend to do the artwork and graphic design for also.

Rapture

Rapture is the collapsing of a gateway
to euphoric sweetness so powerful
that even a brain so indignant as this
has been known to drop everything
and to fall to its knees, wheedling,

*Welcome home, my Master,
as you can see, in your absence,
I've merely been keeping your kingdom in order
for you to do with, upon your return,
as you please...*

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Issue 3 will feature Belinda DuPret and her poem "Fruitful" from THE POETIC BOND II

3. Poetry, Review and Discuss is a discussion group on the professional networking site LinkedIn.com. The aim of this group is to look at poetry that is about love, life and the world; poetry that explores issues, that wants to change things, and gets the work out there.

Current discussions

Matthew F Blowers III wry, knowledgeable and witty poem "Reading The Occult" at <http://lnkd.in/dPTgP8X> has attracted several comments and is well worth a peek.

Laura Bailey continues her excellent links, with this one, a reading of "SNAKE" by DH Lawrence provoking plenty of comment and starting a lively discussion; many thanks to 'resident skeptic' Murray Alfredson for his contributions <http://lnkd.in/d3WbmW9>

4. Article – “AT THE VIRGINIA CENTER FOR THE CREATIVE ARTS” by Marguerite Guzmán Bouvard © 2014

AT THE VIRGINIA CENTER FOR THE CREATIVE ARTS

Of primary importance is the land. It is so still that at first it seems like background. Gradually, however, it takes hold. Like low music, it insinuates itself into my subconscious, moving through me like the deep notes of the bass viol. In the distance are the Blue Ridge Mountains, but they do not hold the quality of distance. They are incandescent above rows of dark evergreens. Heavy clouds emanate from their peaks and surge across the fields towards my studio. Outside my window, a hawk rises and falls in stately undulations and the fields circle below, wrapped in their yellows and browns. The land has its lights and the supplicant winter shadows are like Giacometti figures. The earth breathes and turns before me, exhaling patience. This quiet has its own immensity, greater than the Atlantic boiling along the coast, vaster than the night sky. The land streams by carrying our lives to the sea like the Zambezi. It fills my silences, knocks against my breast like words struggling to emerge.

I arrived in my studio carrying my life like a sack of boulders. It weighs me down until I can no longer see beyond it. But now I long for chores just so I can escape this alienation from self. There are no obligations waiting for me here, just a room with two windows, a table, a bed and a bookshelf. It's anonymous as a blank canvas. How can I fill this space? I am new to the world of artists' colonies. The first day I panic. I try to read, but the words dance before me as something apart. I cannot take them in the way I take in the land. I read one of my favorite poets. She is such a crafted writer, so strong and assured that I begin to feel incompetent. I turn from one book to another, then pick up William Gass's "In the Heart of the Heart of the Country." He knows how to take one in with stealth as the land does. As he describes his house, the sparrows on the telephone lines, I feel myself beginning to open up. I drop the book, pull my chair close to the window, perch my feet on the desk and stare out the window at the clouds.

Afternoons I take walks down the road behind the barn. I pass small jerry-built houses with dogs barking and howling in front of them as if they were guarding palaces. They leap around me trying out their ferocity on the all too rare passerby. Then the houses thin out and farms open their pages. A blue line of mountains rises above the fields. The road closes in once more with oaks, honey locust and elms enmeshed in shrouds of jasmine and kudzu. The wind blows and blows sending a swirl of light and shadow around me. There is no one on the road, but a pair of blue birds flits among the branches. I am still waiting for the words to spring out of the brush the way they did a few years ago when I brought back the poems the way I brought back the leaves and twigs clinging to my shoes and coat and the wind tangling my hair.

I have hung a pastel painting of a forest on my studio wall and a delicate ink drawing of two weeping trees and a man and woman embracing. Blanche Dombek lent them to me for my stay here because I fell in love with them when she was showing me her latest work. "How do you do it?" I asked when I first saw her forest exhaling humidity and sound, the light falling among the trees like copper blades. "It's automatic drawing," she replied. Her hands build up the colors in layers until the form emerges. She doesn't stew over things the way I do, has learned to let the art take her where it will. This forest on my wall, with the earth-colored trees, its pungent lime greens, its rods of light, is presence.

So is the wind blowing heavy clouds across the mountain tops over the fields and the studio. It wrestles against my studio door as I open it to head for the kitchen. It pushes the door against my hands as I struggle back inside. It blows the clouds across the sun so that light and shade alternate in

rapid succession above the fields like slides in a dissolve show. I remember the dining table in a brigantine sloop I once sailed. The table remained level with the horizon while the boat moved around it and our chins rose and fell above the table. My studio is level while the clouds sail up and over. It seems as if I am underwater while giant freighters, aircraft carriers and cargo ships scud overhead.

My dreams come in with me this morning. Always when I am away for a period of solitude, I dream of my parents. They loom above me in fragments or we come together for half-finished scenarios. Last night my father was reading aloud and I was sitting very close to him, my shoulder at right angles with the letter he held before him. He was absorbed in his letter, reading aloud in a language I couldn't understand. Then I was in a room with my mother, amazed to be with her since in the dream, I knew she had died and I was aware of her fragility. The room was filled with other people. Then it emptied out all of a sudden, the wind that blows some flames in, others out. Alone in this room with my poems, the table, my computer, chair and bed, I am trying to exorcise fear. I am uncertain about my writing. Perhaps it is the nakedness that troubles me: The poetry lies in the self without work or family, age or country. The fields outside my window need no justification. They journey beneath clouds and red tailed hawks. The mountains know their height because of them. Birds plunge among the stubble. But poetry must continually reinvent itself. I begin to strip myself down shred, by shred, let go of all my moorings until there is no line between inner and outer, until I begin to really see.

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5. Classifieds - Publications

The Poetic Bond, ISBN 1466498412

The Poetic Bond II, ISBN 1480209732

The Poetic Bond III, ISBN 1492384194

Keep on Keepin' On (Trevor Maynard) ISBN 1480052493

The Watcher from the Beacon (Peter Alan Soron) ISBN 1480108804

The Light That Shines Inside Us (Marguerite Guzmán Bouvard, Dailogos Books)

ISBN 978-1-935084-38-9

What We Don't Know We Know (Jessie Brown, Finishing Line Press, 2013)

Lucky (Jessie Brown, Anabiosis Press, 2012).

NEXT, ISSUE 3, 23 April 2014

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