

fireweed

poetry of Oregon



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Jim Shugrue

UNTITLED

There are those words
 we can't get away from;
 we write lists of them
 under the heading *avoid*
 and still they rise to our
 persistent breaking of
 silence. Silence is one of them.
 Spoken so often
 in spite of itself,
 a cheap shot in the dark
 as improbable as God.
 Dark too, of course,
 as the years tighten
 into a knot of it.
 What the rain would say
 if it ever stopped raining.
 And here, of course,
 rain will come in,
 the solid wall of it
 between us
 and the world we want
 to love. Turning everything
 into mudslide, flood.
 We huddle under our sagging
 moss-laden roofs and listen
 to its monologue of dark
 and silence and rain and try
 to make a song
 that keeps them out.

Jim Shugrue

THE LAST LETTER POEM

It's breakfast at the Athenian again:
 Bloody Marys and poached eggs with hash,
 the fisherman still argue about nothing,
 the sound still glitters through the windows,
 I'm still nursing a slight hangover at noon,
 only everything else has changed.

Once or twice a year we come here,
 see some art, hear some jazz, walk the vanished streets
 that night and enough wine bring out
 from under the healed-over scar of memory.
 Once you could walk for miles
 through a landscape of bars and hotels,

always in the aftermath of some boom or other,
 this surplus town. Smells of fish and damp lumber,
 ferry rides to Bremerton for beer at the Anchor,
 the stopped clock telling perfect time. Last night
 I walked and drank these streets again, down alleys
 where laughter echoes through so many labored days,

where the general strike still holds, and See-Yahtlh
 ghostwrites the graffiti. On 101 the pawnshops
 specialize in guns and wedding rings, the stripbars
 and motels imply a subtext to the stolid
 occupations of this town. Once a decade a good
 welterweight arrives. Was that your voice I heard last night

or only the creaking wharves along Alaska Way
 whispering in an accent like the rain? You are a color snapshot
 fading in the Taos sun, a neon martini glass
 blinking on the back wall of the last decent bar in California,
 a boy in the lobby of a residential hotel watching
 old men depart daily on the slow freight of the obvious.

We take to poetry because we love the world
and end up, if we're lucky, with a few old friends
who put up with us. Memory is all there is,
but there's no future in it. The fishermen, the tourists
browsing through the souvenirs of vacancy,
the serious young man with his saxophone

case open for tips playing *Giant Steps*
in this lapse in the recurring
drizzle: these are parts of speech in the
dead language of eternal love it takes
a poet's voice to translate into words
I hear you, man, I hear you.

Lex Runciman

NIGHT SKY NORTHWEST

Ignorant of us, incapable of interest,
unacquainted even with water the simplest need,
all summer a dipper appears to revolve slowly
among uncountable lights, though halogen bleaches them
and by carbons they are diffused.

Against the usual erasures, I look to them.
I'd like to know the names of my parents parents
parents parents—what they ate or wanted most to eat,
and what, before sleep, they might have thought about
but not discuss.

Beyond their eyes, mouths, the circles of their faces,
and what dirt under their nails accumulated,
and how their shoes fit (I assume they had shoes),
I would like to know how they claimed for themselves
an importance and understanding—or how they lived

with not understanding. It's not religion I mean,
but what a mouth might say, how a face would turn—
the pauses, the completions and the incompletions.
I presume each star of the dipper's handle
wears in some chart its own name.

They don't know what they don't know—
When they began, how they writhe
akin to each other, like suns.
They don't even know their own light
steadily arriving where my eyes are drawn to look.

Lex Runciman

WEEDY HOUR

Fat, loose, relaxed as sloth,
open afternoon putters under the eaves,

dozes, meanders under oaks, lodge poles, black walnuts, firs,
embroiders the Queen Anne's lace wider than saucers,

—an acre under blue July nodding and rebounding
in fey, idle, isolate wind.

In gusty November, days shorter,
darker, shorter again, low overcast, skeletons, gray rain,

work a closed loop, obligation, and deadline—how is it wrong
carrying a poem in a pocket: a hillside, a weedy hour

detached, dusty, hot, empty,
too common for beauty.

Doug Stone

THE DIVINE COMEDY

Midway through the journey of your life,
crumpled from the flurry of the day,
empty as this midnight hour,
standing in a hotel lobby
waiting for a room.

The dusky light rubs against
you like a half-starved feral cat.
Caffeine spits across
your brain as you sign a name
and wonder if it's yours.

The night clerk looks just like
that Sistine ceiling God
about to touch Adam
when he points you to your room.
Years ago you might have thought
he was pointing you to salvation.
Now you only pray
Virgil doesn't smoke or snore.

Doug Stone

REQUIEM

An old woman,
bent like the wing of a gull,
with eyes the color of fog,
carries her wash on her hip,
carries her sorrow like a broken bird
clinging to her apron.

She sings a song to the wind crazed gulls,
a song about her winter children
floating in the earth or water,
floating in the cold.

As she pins the clothes to the line
she wonders if they called out her name
before their trembling tongues went still.
She reassures the gulls she would have answered.

Joshua Robbins

BATHING IN THE SANGAM

The believers gather at the Sangam where the dark
blue waters of the Yamuna, the gray currents of the Ganges,
and the mythical Saraswati converge.
They have come. Sinners wanting salvation
and liberty from reincarnation,
villagers, astrologers, faith healers, philanthropists,
expatriates and hippies, mendicants with ash-smearred bodies,
Hindu gurus robed in yellow, red, and purple saris.
Failed businessmen pray for the return of fortunes,
the poor ask for riches, the barren seek children.
One smiling man raises his arms and wades
into the polluted water chest high.
Another sings and begs at the shoreline
as dogs scavenge for food, their long tongues
lapping up the puddles of offered milk.

At breakfast my son organizes
what I have given him for breakfast: pieces
of dry toast, a small handful of cheerios,
five cold tangerine wedges.
Lining the fruit down the center of the plate,
the toast and cereal on either side,
he has the faith of Christ,
the faith of the Buddha,
to believe the answer and not believe
the answer and still walk through the universe,
watch the day grow into its own peculiar light.

And as I stand in the ordinariness of my house
I am struck by the look of awakening in my boy's face
as he sees me staring at him,
the same expression on his face
that Christ must have worn
after raising Lazarus from the dead,
the same face the Buddha had
when he looked behind him
and saw lotus blossoms
opening in praise.

Joshua Robbins

AWAKE

He could not remember
his tallness or thinness
the color of his hair or skin
He would not have seen himself
had there even been a mirror
He could not remember
the bedroom's length width height
or where the ceiling was supposed to be
His wife gone
and his glasses and books and desk
Vase candles clock earplugs gone
Papers photographs
Thumbtacks pinning postcards to walls
Postcards and walls gone
The window gone doorframe door
Carpet plaster texture his hands
He could not remember the sound of his voice
if he did or did not have shoes
where the grocery store was
where he worked
the path of his nightly walk
or what road to travel
to anywhere else.

Charles Doran

SOUNDS

The ruffled tones of neighbors wake me from my sleep,
Perhaps telling of ball scores or raccoons padding through the night.
A jet, secluded, whines to a landing some miles away.

In early light, a Bronco coughs, chokes, coughs again,
Roars off, gravel clattering its underside,
Pebbling the post box nearby.

Soon, two robins, whistling, perch upon the limb
I should have trimmed two years ago,
While the house finch twitters paradiddles in the bush below.

In afternoon, an eagle, high, too soon from nest,
Beeps its discontent on learning how to fly,
While mother soars soundless higher yet above.
Hidden, father quail whoops directionless warnings
To save the mother and the young.

Home from school, a child screams of a bee bite on her cheek.
At night, my drunken neighbor slouches to his porch,
Muttering of a firefight long ago in Nam,
Cursing bloody angels dancing on the moon.

Sounds that never quite made it to music,
Nor to poetry.

Charles Doran

SOFTLY GO

Go softly into that good night,
Leave your life's rage this day,
Slip into the quiet, far from sight.

Though foolish men see the future bright,
Time's dark cloud will dim their sun's ray,
Go softly into that good night.

Bad men, crying at the last, curse the light,
Sad for a life too long astray,
Slip into the quiet, far from sight.

Mild men, disgraced by fright,
Soon learn what living has to say,
Go softly into that good night.

Brave men, near death, will lose their might,
No longer blaze, nor longer play,
Slip into the quiet, far from sight.

And you, my father, give up the fight,
Let's have no time of tears, I pray;
Go softly into the good night,
Slip into the quiet, far from sight.

Maraline Ellis

NOVEMBER

Speak of small things
our rule seems to say;
discuss the tree, worrying
its leaves to the ground,
whether to trim or leave
one low branch. It's the leaves,
the continuous collection
of small yellow leaves.
Rain slicked they cling
to grass and cement,
repelling the rake's interruption.
It has come to this—
a discussion of leaves—and
the life or death of a tree,
limb by limb, leaf by leaf,
so we speak of small things
just to hear sound move through air.

PORTABLE POETRY

At daybreak
stars disappear
where do I discard my dreams?

Neiji Ozawa

This poem of 10 words
is readily memorized
to become portable—

to carry in our minds
as a “re-minder”
of the poetry that is

within and around us
in our daily lives.
Poems related

to the above are
included in a book
called, fittingly,

ONLY WHAT WE COULD CARRY:
The Japanese American
Internment Experience.

“Confinement poetry”
Is actually quite
Liberating, freeing

our minds to real-
ize wide horizons
of wonder:

Poor butterfly fluttering
among the flowers
wind is too strong

Senbo Takeda

Guest poem from *Lawson Fusao Inada*

Bill Siverly

MEMALOOSE

“We halted a few minits at the Sepulchar rock,”
Wrote Clark, suppressing his fear just long enough
To see “the method those nativs practiced deposing the dead,”
To visit like Odysseus that dark domain from which no one returns.

In gabled cedar vaults, fresh burials enter from the west,
Robed in skins, pushed upstream through the charnel house
By relatives who yearly advance the late-lamented remains
Toward the mingled bones of ancestors in the east.

With flesh and then without, spirit makes its way
Over these same rivers and mountains, and so requires
Spirits of fish nets, knives, and killed canoes,
Baskets, bowls, buttons and beads to bring to winter dances.

Odysseus and Clark had long forgotten that everyone is reborn.
Death is only the shedding of flesh,
As spirit resumes the bardo of its residence on earth
Until its name is no longer used,
And the grandparent returns in the face of a child at birth.

Memaloose today, long plundered of its goods and bones,
Lies buried by the lake behind Bonneville Dam.
Only the white tombstone of pioneer Victor Trevitt stands,
Surrounded by Columbia’s cemetery lawn.

Spirits do not vanish, nor linger in heaven, languish in hell.
Spirits are indigenous and never leave their country:
At Memaloose I see them dancing like black spots at noon,
I see them falling like long shadows over the gorge at evening.

At Memaloose travelers halt a few minutes for rest.
“Days and months are travelers of eternity,” says Basho.
“So are the years that pass by.” We spend our lives in traveling
And then come home to the same warm emptiness of night.

Casey Bush

SPANISH LESSON

taxi driver tourist guide
pulls over to the curb
and asks me to get out

no further
this is the edge
of the zone

where hot chocolate
and egg bread
are placed on the graves
of loved ones

where edible puppet faces
made of flour and sugar
are left inside the cathedral
on the altar for the parrots

outside the restaurant
on the sidewalk
we listen to a brass band

under a sea of blue plastic tarps
courtyard filled with empty cages
red meat hanging from trees

citizens organized into shifts
continuously ring a bell
insisting they are not dead.

Casey Bush

JANE SINGS IN THE KITCHEN

a John Cage arrangement
of "California Here I Come"
a pagan tongue spread among the literate
the genitals of mummies rattle museums
seen through the window
dogs define perimeters
suburban garden hoses lurk in the lawns
the average number of peas in a pod is decreasing
cholera has broken out down the street

the border guard takes one look at us
and wants to know what is in the trunk
opened like an amplifier full blast
or a sardine tin split
with corpses laughing
coffee and cigarettes

from the livingroom
I can hear a voice
that sings clearly
 amused
 by television
 commercials
 but not sold
a long distance runner
crossing time zones
miles without refrain.

Coleman Stevenson

MY MOTHER COOKS BREAKFAST ON A SUNDAY MORNING
BEFORE I AM BORN

What are you smiling at, standing there before the stove in your bare feet,

cooking eggs sunny side up?

You've seen the sun rise a thousand times in winters like this,
the kitchen windows of warm houses clouded with steam.
This morning, water's hot for the tea; bacon curls in a cast iron pan.
The scent of clean towels comes fresh from the dryer; hyacinths
bloom in glasses on the sill.

What could be more simple than a Sunday morning,
the sound of his razor splashing in the bathroom sink
while you hum and shake your hips to the radio?

Maybe you're smiling at nothing, unaware
how gracefully you move in this new life,
with each cracked shell whiter than paper,
more pale than milk.

It seems such ease could never end,
the eggs flipped, grease drained from the skillet into a jar.
Waiting for his silk face, you smile again,
remembering the rice falling over you like rain

Coleman Stevenson

(From THE FLOWERWATERERS)

*...he is always surprised,
As if he didn't deserve to be loved,
As if it were time he was found out.
—Harold Brodkey*

No one waits for you tonight,
but if the bartender likes you, you'll get

two cherries in your whiskey sour.
As you watch the others around you

slip gradually down into their seats, drink
until you can no longer hear the magician's coins

spinning on the table. Drink yourself so empty
your ankles turn over when you start the long walk home.

You must choose: the sudden snap of magnificent insanity
or the uneven wandering of an aimless woman down the street,

her loose sweater cascading from the top of her shoulder,
cars whirring past. In this life, they sell notions

at the corner store, vague as smoke or specific as a button.
Take what you can get, like the jar of marionberry jam

the last tenant left in the refrigerator,
even if the seeds will stick in your teeth.

Curled on the end of your bed, the dog sighs
deep within himself, dreaming of the life you might have had

if all men were not obsessed with past lives
and confused by the beauty of the wrong girl.

You might have been anything you wanted,
but what can you do,

now that heaven is too cheap,
and every time is like the first,

coming home to fire,
to the smell of burnt toast.

Michael Spring

THE POEM HOLDS ME UP

by the throat
although it's painful
I'm astonished
I can still breathe

my feet barely
off the ground
like rats
nudging and wriggling
their snouts
for the ground

I must look like some strange
demon struggling
with invisible wings

or the mystic
levitating
in ecstasy
or madness

but the truth is
I'm being
held and waiting
for the poem's other hand
to slap me
into my senses or complete
the strangle hold

Nancy Nowak

THREE LOVE POEMS

I.

The girl who watches her crush go past
the house where, simmering in rooms behind her, is life
she's allowed, a stack of problems to solve, supper on the stove

has never questioned the detour he takes, deliberate
mockery, letting her see him surely
as he must see her moony face peer
through the curtains. Like a jay working his tail

to balance on one grey twig high in a maple, he
claims the expectant air even as
he abandons it to the cold.

II.

*Maybe it was time to go.
I got up to go.*

*We were both a little drunk. 'Hey,
wait a minute, this is heading in this direction*

which is not where I'm going.'
Why? I don't know

*When I think of everything that was going on
between us*

*I think "Why not just go make it?"
It just wasn't where my body was going.*

*Like why not?
But it was not.*

III.

With nerve enough
and such a blizzard shops have closed, classes canceled
the city's slowed, *time to go*, three of us, anywhere
by subway and on plastic, fueled
first by noon brandy. We want

everyone to want
as we want, while snow falls
cleanly, echoing itself. Though we settle

for dining with ghosts
at the Algonquin, our table in the empty salon
a sinking ship laden with silver and pretense

time remains to shape night
before it resists our grasp.

The real snow-studded sky has been reworked
into the Terminal's vault of heaven.
No trains running; two men trapped
among others in the subterranean
Oyster Bar, neither down to his last dime, have us

join them in good gin. Is that
what sings along the spine, wits
never sharper, I think

this is it, why
the place could burn down tomorrow, become
a roaring drum for the untracked homeless.

One lives famously
at One Fifth, he tells me, near
the square, NYU, the dean
of something, dull red

the way clouds take the city's lights

his hair. He shifts truths, hand to hand;
he can go home, so I

see the shimmering moment falter.
Whatever could happen *why not*
was not what I deserved.

Jean Esteve

IT'S HERE

At maybe seven, maybe eight or ten,
 you get peak return on your imagination.
 How you will die:

The end
 comes easy, early, accident or heroically.
 You collect piles of each, and then heaps more
 of titillatory self-powered models,
 nozzle in mouth, gory wrists,

rattling defenestration.
 Your darling corpse lies dreamy, sweet as ice-cream
 topped with parents' tears.

Enough of this.

With luck you reach your teens and immortality at last.
 Out you march, full stride till fifty.
 Fifty. Fifty. Fifty. Half a century.
 where "dying" disappears from your vocabulary.

Curiosity on hold, your pictures smear into an It.
 It's over there. Figment, fancy, man-in-the-moon,
 you zoom toward it, it's coming soon—it's got your friends—
 to a theater near you.

A Glorious Wind

Alan Contreras

Selected Poems of Gabriela Mistral

translated by Ursula K. Le Guin

University of New Mexico Press, 2003

Whenever a writer as powerful as Gabriela Mistral is translated by a writer as distinctive as Ursula Le Guin, the result is likely to be unfortunate or glorious. Le Guin taught herself Spanish, though she doesn't speak or write the language, but poetic translation requires as much esthetic sense as linguistic facility. She recently issued her own translation of Lao Tzu (she does not read Chinese), and has now brought forth not only the largest collection of Mistral's work ever available in English, but a translation of great beauty, filled with the sensitivity to subtleties of human experience that we have come to expect in her own novels and poems.

Any translation is the creative work of at least two people. The key to a successful translation is to convey as much of the original writer's meaning as possible without the translator's own creative personality burning through. In this review, I will attempt to convey a sense of how Le Guin approached her task compared to how others have translated Mistral.

There are four previous selections of Mistral's work in English: a 1957 selection by Langston Hughes, a sizable block published in 1961 by Mistral's literary executor Doris Dana, Maria Giachetti's 1993 "Reader" that also includes some prose, and Christiane Kyle's large-format illustrated edition of *The Mothers' Poems* issued by Eastern Washington University Press in 1996. The latter has relatively few poems but is visually spectacular. These four have significant differences in selection and none is complete. Neither is Le Guin's; with her characteristic directness, she simply says that she was unable to translate some of the poems satisfactorily, so didn't. Nonetheless, this is the largest collection now available in English.

How should a translator approach a poem? With respect, modesty and trepidation, one hopes. Yet excessive caution can drain the life out of a poem and convert it from inspirational art to a technician's wordpile. We can be thankful that Le Guin knows how to balance respect with boldness, thereby filling the English words with the same earthy fire

for which Mistral is known in Spanish. Consider how she handled *The Foreigner*, a poem that appears in all three of the previous major collections.

Le Guin's version in its entirety reads as follows:

"She chatters about her barbaric seas,
seaweeds and shores that nobody here knows.
She prays to a bodiless weightless god.
She looks so old she might die any moment.
She's made our own garden alien to us,
planting cactus and saw-toothed grasses.
She breathes life from the desert wind,
and she has loved with a blanching passion
that she doesn't talk about, and if she did
it would be like the map of another planet.
She'll live among us eighty years
always as if she'd just arrived,
speaking her panting, whimpering tongue
that nobody can understand but animals.
And here among us, on some night
of fearful agony, with only her fate
for a pillow, she'll die
a silent death, a *foreign* death."

The word "seaweeds" is a good example of Le Guin's esthetic sense leading her to the right *poetic* word, not just the right *English* word. The Spanish in this line is "algas," which is a general word for algal plants. In theory the Spanish for seaweed should be "algas marinas," yet in the context of the lines, "marinas" is clearly not necessary because the first two lines are all about seas and shores, thus "seaweeds and shores" is both accurate and poetically superior in English than what two of the other translators used: Giachetti's "mystic algae and sands" (a strange combination in English—*mystic* algae?) and Dana's "sands and algae unknown to me." Hughes also had the good sense to use "seaweed," though his line "God knows what seaweeds and God knows what sands" seems overcooked, since the "God knows" parts are not in the Spanish at all.

The very first line gives an idea of what poets do in translation. The poem begins "Habla con dejo..." which translated literally, means "speaks in a slight accent" (Hughes version) or perhaps more precisely, speaks with an odd accent. Le Guin starts simply "She

chatters," which does not convey the meaning of "dejo" very accurately, yet in the context of the poem as a whole, fits very well, because this foreign woman is babbling away about all these strange things, and "chatters" also suggests that the sounds are less than understandable, much as an exotic parrot or monkey might sound.

Compare this to the technically purer but boring Hughes version or the Giachetti version "She speaks with abandonment" and Dana's phantasmic excursion: "She speaks with the moisture of her barbarous seas still on her tongue," far afield from the words of the original but poetically the most vivid. Le Guin has stopped at the edge of the revisionist abyss, Hughes never got close to it, Giachetti is off on an uninspiring side trail and Dana has leapt the abyss in one stride, in effect presenting her own images filtered through the original. Such is translation.

Le Guin does not always choose the word I would choose—for example, her "saw-toothed grasses" is milder than the "claw-like" grasses of Hughes or the dangerously active "clawing grasses" of Dana, which I like best because it fits with the idea of a strange, foreign, uncomfortable, possibly dangerous garden. Giachetti launches into "herbs that rustle in the wind like sails," which does not convey the image of harsh difference that the original intends, as well as having a curious notion of herbs. I might have said "clutching grasses." It is a question of what image the translator sees in the original and wants to retain.

Giachetti does hit exactly the right note with her "elvish animals" where Le Guin uses simply "animals," Hughes "beasts" and Dana the technically accurate "little beasts." The Spanish word "bestezuelas" clearly implies a diminutive, and the "elvish" provides both the size and the idea that maybe these little creatures are able to communicate in some way with humans a la Narnia, thus "elvish."

This collection is not the complete poems of Mistral in English that we still await, but anyone who hungers for a broad selection of poetry from Latin America's first Nobel laureate will find a consistently readable and poetically crisp array in Le Guin's new translation. Finally, one of Le Guin's best poems, "For Gabriela Mistral," appears in her own collection *Sixty Odd*, apparently inspired by her work on this translation. *Sixty Odd* is a fitting companion to her translation of Mistral.

Contributors

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Lex Runciman lives in Portland. Recent work has appeared in *Meridian*, *Hubbub*, and *Windfall*. Recently, two of his poems were set to music by Northwest composer Richard Bourassa and premiered in performance at Linfield College.

Bill Siverly lives in Portland and co-edits a new poetry magazine: *Windfall: A Journal of Poetry of Place*.

Jim Shugrue lives in Portland. A finalist for the Oregon Book Award, his poems have appeared in many literary journals, such as *Fine Madness*, *International Quarterly*, and *Quarterly West*.

Michael Spring is a frequent contributor to *fireweed*.

Doug Stone lives in Albany. His poems have appeared in the *University of Portland Review* and *The Oregonian*.

EDITORS’ NOTES

We are happy to be in print again. As many of you have surely guessed, the hiatus has been financial. The economy has continued to be hard on small presses and magazines like ours. As Peter Sears put it in a recent Friends of William Stafford Newsletter, “each year, funding in the arts shrinks.”

Editor Pat Vivian has had to resign this fall to return to the world that works for pay. We’ll miss her good ear for poetic lines, her good eye for proofing text, her dry wit and quiet drawl. Jackie Kramer, our designer, has also had to leave *fireweed*. We’ll miss her, her designing abilities, and the occasional chance to see Lucy, her beautiful baby daughter.

The work of this issue’s designer, Alan Contreras, is before your eyes. You’ve seen his poems and reviews in *fireweed*, including a review in this issue of Ursula Le Guin’s translation of Gabriela Mistral. He has also published books and articles on birds and natural history, including *Northwest Birds in Winter* (Oregon State University Press). *Fieldwork: Poems of the Natural World*, a chapbook, appeared in 2002.

Just a word to let you know, if you didn’t already, that we are now *fireweed: Poetry of Oregon*, not just Western Oregon. Everyone east of the Cascades take note. Our new *fireweed* address for correspondence and submissions is Attn: *fireweed*, Department of English, Portland State University, PO Box 751, Portland, OR, 97207. Harold Johnson, former *fireweed* editor, reports that he still occasionally receives submissions at his address.

Last August 24, *fireweed* contributors Casey Bush, Lex Runciman, Jim Shugrue, and Coleman Stevenson gave a well-attended benefit reading for *fireweed* at the Mountain Writers Center in Portland.

Poets west and east of the mountains have published collections of poems last year and this. Four collections by Portland poets include Jane Glazer's *Go Where the Landshed Takes You* (John Daniel & Co., 2003), Paulann Petersen's *The Wild Awake* (Confluence Press, 2003), Lisa Steinman's *Carslaw's Sequences* (U. of Tampa Press, 2003), and Michele Glazer's *Aggregate of Disturbances* (U. of Iowa Press, 2004).

Down the Valley, Traprock Books, Erik Muller's imprint, has just published Virginia Corrie-Cozart's collection of poems, *A Mutable Place*, and Barbara Drake's chapbook, *Small Favors*. On the east side of the mountains, Rob Whitbeck has had two collections come out, *Oregon Sojourn* (Pygmy Forest Press, 2001) and *The Taproot Confessions* (Pygmy Forest Press, 2003). Eighteen Eastern Oregon poets contributed to a serial poem, *The Other Side of the Hill: A Trek Through Eastern Oregon by Poet* (Ice River Press, 2003).

Thanks again to faithful subscribers and generous contributors. Please encourage fellow poetry lovers to subscribe—at \$12 a year, it keeps the poetry community together. The 'weed always requires more than subscriptions to help us exist. Help us hang on.

Shelley and Sydney



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