OUT OF THE BLUE:
AN ANTHOLOGY

THE POETRY OF VALLEY STATE PRISON

2017
A Collaboration By Members Of:

WRITE HERE, WRITE NOW

along with

other incarcerated poets at

Valley State Prison

Chowchilla, CA.

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This is dedicated to our families, friends and everyone who has ever taken a chance on us. Thank you.
"A well chosen anthology is a complete dispensary of medicine for the more common mental disorders, and may be used as much for prevention as cure."

--Robert Graves
"To name an object is to destroy three-quarters of the pleasure given by a poem, which is gained little by little: to suggest it, that is the ideal."

--Stéphane Mallarmé

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DISORDER
"Most wretched men
Are cradled into poetry by wrong:
They learn in suffering what they teach in song."

--Percy Shelley
Holiday

What's there to celebrate?
Nothing's changed but the date.
Time moves on just the same.
My past, my given name
remain. The moon and sun
don't care that anyone
of us attempt to name
them. That we even claim
to know the reasons why
they inhabit the sky.
And "sky" is but a word
(relatively absurd)
we apply like "ocean"
or "Brownian motion"
that mean nothing at all.
No matter what we call
them, they continue
to exist without you
or me. As would this day
come to pass anyway.
Despite designation
or blithe celebration
time moves on just the same.
By any other name.

-Benito Gutierrez
I Am Not

I am not stable; I am not

a smiling, cheering, party-going confetti-fest

I am not a perpetual persona unaffected

I am not a brainless hot-air balloon

I don’t make clucking noises to assert myself

I am not consistent; I am not

a robotic spectator with preprogrammed responses

I am not a dispassionate mover of chess pieces

I don’t see life as a jigsaw puzzle

I am not attached to puppet’s strings nor do I mime

I am not grounded; my feet are never firmly bound

Fleet of eye and soul am I

High of mind and goal am I

I am never quite at home; nor myself in other’s eyes

I am not normal; I am not

a carbon copy of the others

I draw upon elements deep and trifling

I am both created and evolving; complete yet growing

Parts of me are fixed, parts are in change, and other parts

brush away with time like so many stray eyelashes

-Milad Moulayi
Out Of The Blue

Waiting
Come to me
Let me hold you
Rest in my arms
Ssh
Let me hug you tightly
Rely on my strength
I’m still here
Stare into my eyes
See the depths of my soul
And find nothing there
Just a void
Darkness
Go deeper still
Into those blank pits that spark
It’s my rage
Waiting for an enemy
That never comes
-Jason Lint
Out Of The Blue

Blind

Someone I hardly know

So small when I left

Now so little we see

A deep longing inside

Searching for that lost part of me

Split so long ago

Another part of the disease

Eats and eats is never full

Consuming fire I'm such a fool

Taken so much from me even you

Look deep within only to see

The cancer I thought

Thing I call a disease

See in the hazy confusion

That disease was me

- Kevin Rose
Out Of The Blue

_**Drowning In Sorrow**_

Love falls to dust
Death ever looming
All hope is lost
A thousand tears, crying

Weeping innocents
Hope a faded memory
As the past lies
In flame and ash

Even the brightest day
Gives way to the blackest night
Sorrow knows no bounds
Suffering is eternal

Feel your heart
Wretched from you
Terror in your bones
From pure apathy

There is no release
No peaceful rest
When the soul
Is drowning in sorrow

-Ismael Sanchez
Out Of The Blue

More!

Get to the peak of many peaks

To what one seeks but doesn't seek

Listen – the beat beats you bigger

Dance yourself a perfect figure

Seek it, beat it, blow it – be it

Yearn so strong but you can't see it

Where you're going does not exist

Through neon forests you persist

Close, but the parachute pops out

Closer, but nothing hears you shout

It's not here – not under her dress

So close but not exactly death...

-Onslow Mansbridge
Out Of The Blue

Chains

Chains of connect-the-dot girls and calendar faces
Dreamworld disguises and sheep in wolves' clothing
Mountaintop
Enlightenment
Smoky dank basement
Pass around the truth
But don't mess up the rotation
Headlines and bylines
And my lines rehearsed
Actions, reactions, infractions, and factions
Of sanctions and fire
Lava words flowing from lips
Of voluptuous volcano
Unknowning glances
Blown chances
Escorts, cohorts, money sports,
And horizontal resorts
Bedtime at nighttime
And daytime's a dream
A dream of a sweaty dollar bill
Clenched in the fist of tired proletariat
At the end
Of the day
Comes high time for bedtime
And playtime's a scream
A dinosaur of fractured ideals
Of fossils of fiction
Of fairy-tale yesterdays
Of 2.4 parents
And children who grew up too fast
Of lovely lace adorning, concealing,
The Valium™ under June Cleaver's pillow
See, we are the children of "Tune in next week!"
The offspring of the baud and the Veda
The cosmic hybridization of HBO and DNA.
If life's just a movie
Who the hell cares what happens to me?
As long as I have good lines
But the lines disappear
Black bleeds into white till our ethics are tired
And all that's left is the dreary gray of Father Time's beard
Some old baby pictures of Earth
(Before she lost her virginity)
And a memory of a story
When daytime was playtime
And nighttime?
Was for dreaming

-Benjamin Frandsen
Out Of The Blue

Hearts Are Broken
Friend or foe
Shared blood
Or not
Neighbor, stranger

In the west
They preach love
In the east
That we are one

Knife or gun
Or sharpened tongue
Injures, maims
Even kills

But worst of all
The ripples and echoes
Why play games of chance
When hearts are broken?

-Ismael Sanchez
CONSEQUENCE
"They say my verse is sad: no wonder;
   Its narrow measure spans
Tears of eternity, and sorrow,
   Not mine, but man's."

--A. E. Housman
Out Of The Blue

Silence That Cries

Concrete walls for the pain I've caused,
Should of paused, .... But I pushed,
My evil to its limit... so .. so .. sorry you were in it,
Concrete walls were built for trash like me
Passing out hugs ... stupidly, I chose, drugs,
Hurts my heart, but it was tore up from
the start.
"Don't you cry or I'll give you something to
cry about,"
But nothing can make me cry like your
silence!
Reminisce in the violence I can't
get rid,
So I'll keep this silence ...'Cause I don't
want something to cry about,
Inside these walls same things are taught,
break your dreams while your bones rot,
Concrete walls for those who don't think.
I want to speak but it's too late,
no longer a child ... reap my fate.
Nothing ... can make me cry like
your silence

-Kevin Rose
Out Of The Blue

My Gilded Cage

As I sit here staring at this blank page
Trying to write with...
Aw hell, I don’t know
As I sit here in this gilded cage
Toilet shower food entertainment
What more could I ask for?
Not much you might say
Hm...but alas
No I would rather starve naked
Dirty and cold in the streets
Than in this damn cage
With my thoughts and heart
Soul begging for freedom
To smell air not recycled
Eat what they feed me
Watch what they will
Read what's allowed
In everything
I have nothing!
-Jason Lint
Out Of The Blue

Inernity

Rain
Not here
Where pain is clear
Where oceans wane
And wax
The fear within my soul reacts
As if by ear
Upon my brain, in...
Sane?
I hear
This chain, my tear
It leaves a stain
And woe
The year I've lost but even though
They disappear
My wounds remain, in...
Vain

-Benito Gutierrez
Out Of The Blue

Change

The clock ticks steady
Wind rustles the grass
The daily thrum of life
Passes by unknowing

Men and women ignore
The steadily rising tempest
Sky dark with cloud
Omen of the storm

Simple lives unchanging
Refusing to adapt
Simple minds not learning
Refusing to evolve

Harbinger of ancient doom
The only absolute eternal
The only thing that doesn’t change
Is the fact of change itself.

- Ismael Sanchez
Out Of The Blue

Shattered Dreams

A mother cries as the gavel slams down ending the dreams she had for her baby. So many thoughts of hope and happiness destroyed in one moment. But it was not one moment. She looks back to her beginnings. A youth full of want. The embarrassing pains of a broken home.

Yet the longer this went on, she began to see a change.

Her son metamorphosed into someone that though stronger had now also lost his warmth. A cloud of sadness hung over his face as he blamed God and the universe for the losses he knew.

Few friends did he keep as he sank into darkness. He served what he felt, making many pay for his fathers' cruelty.

Finally a life he took in an act of icy wrath. Not thinking how many he would hurt in the process. The key was tossed, they entombed him alive. Yet his mind was free. Able to think, able to change. Still, his mother has had to live with the reality that her baby was gone forever.

-Albert Barreto
Out Of The Blue

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I ponder new identity

The mirror shows a different me

If I'm a piece of property

Then do I own my thoughts?

Lost my name and gained nine digits

Met the mass of mental midgets

Introspective mind now fidgets

Creative power rots

Life and boredom now adjacent

Not long till I wax complacent

Languid days make me impatient

Waiting for a sign

Some need for productivity

A call for a proclivity

For depth or creativity

A challenge must be mine

Of course if I reanalyze

It's not my place to ostracize

I'm no magi nor am wise

Enough to merit praise

Possibly I'm meant to be

Not more than just one-one-nine-three

And as such I predestined be

To live out all my days

-Benjamin Frandsen
Out Of The Blue

One Wish

Every one of us
Wants some thing or another
More often than not
At present I just wish
To be uncaught
Let loose
Upon the world at large
Free to come and go
As I please, more or less
With relative ease
Unbound
These prison walls behind me
Without restraint
I'd go
Where no one else could ever
Find me.

-Benito Gutierrez
REFLECTION
"Out of the quarrel with others we make rhetoric;
out of the quarrel with ourselves
we make poetry."

--W.B. Yeats
Out Of The Blue

Ideals

I belong to the social order
I don’t belong to myself
I smile, am chipper, and go with the flow
They like me now
They share with me now

My eyes ache to see justice, my body to feel kindness, my mind to taste liberty
My body yearns for the truths of the mind
How my mind screams for representation in the body!

My well-informed and passionate opinions are greeted by a dull stare and sullen silence

The undertone: “Watch yourself! Don’t think that way! This is it. THIS is the way!”

A dull stare and a heavy blink

I want to be whole, an individual through-and-through,
I want citizenship, I want society,
I want myself and the recognition of myself

So many shabby social forms, so much pomp in our interactions, so much veils, hides, and cringes in the name of tact

So little do I see myself in the eyes of others, so little do I feel truly beheld, so few are those cherished moments of connection and consequence

-Milad Moulayi
Out Of The Blue

Mask I Wear

Thinking thoughts of virtual reality

Isolating me

Separating me... from reality

Feel my past ... what used to be

All the reasons why... to hide beneath,

These false identities...

Look inside these eyes... to see..

The most beautiful... truthful lies...

See darkness ... lost my mind

In disguise.. Blind... Search...

Three eyes and still blind

feel around .. to find..

3 bells, one chime ... bearing!

Sinking thoughts ... catching me,

Head hurts and my nose bleeds

Paranoid ... schizophrenic... bags of bad deeds!

Thinking thoughts ... separating me from me,

The mask I wear becomes ... a reality...

-Kevin Rose
Nothingness

I am empty
A vacant nothingness
A husk
A hollow shell
That walks and breathes
Speaks, eats, shits
And slow dying
Like us all
I am a ghost
Haunting the memories
Of those who used to love me
At least the best
Of the shit they remember
And all of the bad
I’m a fuck up
Out of luck bum
Who survives on the wealth
Of those that used to love me
I am a vacant nothingness....

-Jason Lint
Out Of The Blue

**Venial**

I'm still astounded by the sound of surrounding peace.

Taught to allow my essence to bleed out messages welcoming wolves and yet luring and netting sheep.

The only difference between me and a shark in the sea is that I walk on two feet while I think, move, live, and eat.

Can I be enraged by ways long engraved in me?

I'm left feeling like a traitor...for turning my back on my carnal yet primitive nature, on a quest for change to prove that there's no difference between...

Skin tones of black, brown, beige, or pink.

What if I gave you my brain to think?

And assigned you the time to reach goals that will remind you of who you are...

Without having to be defined by whether or not you rock duck tails, brochas, braids or ink.

Educated and raised in the ways of the streets...

Yet forsaken after being taken in and left to live as a slave to the streets!

And all because of my ways of thinking and false beliefs?

Call me fake! But I'm a man made by me!

And a product made from my negative ways...

And I've arranged to choose to change.

Molded maybe? But not by my deeds!

Only me as God knows what awaits me on this road that I so crave to achieve,

But I'm brave enough to say...

It feels so amazing to be...ME!

-Teddy Ryan
Out Of The Blue

Love Me Then
What if I never did what I did.
Would you love me if I was that same kid
What if I did what I did as a kid
Does it matter that inside I shattered
Mind most can’t imagine
Changed but still the same
Could you love me then
Would you love this kid
What if I never did what I did
Does it even matter that inside I was
    shattered
Tried suicide and I ... still ... lived!
Would this change your mind about this kid
Can you forget what’s been done
Focus on what could be
You yes you and me
Can you see put back together piece by piece
Would you love this kid could you love
    this kid
What if he never did what he did....

-Kevin Rose
Out Of The Blue

Without Love

My thoughts disjointed
Finger unpointed
For who can ignore the plight of the outcast?
Thou hast
Failed to keep the spirit of the law
Visit widow and orphan
In a race with endorphins
To see which of us will be first
To make me feel again
That psycho is some mother’s baby
That hermit is some father’s son
Smack dab between “hell no” and “maybe”
The lonely guru chanting “we are one”
When someone fires a shot
Is he lashing out at kind words unsaid
At yearnings unfed?
At smiles unreturned
Have we learned
That not everyone can play the cards they’re dealt?
Have we fallen too far
To help the stumbler to his feet?
We repeat
The cycle
We must open jaded eyes
Reach out to those despised
Sock the wall and realize
That he
Behind bars and alone
That she
Shattered, on her own
Even he
Slicing blade to bone
Are merely us
As we would be
Without love

-Benjamin Frandsen
Out Of The Blue

Tired Not Dead

Darkness surrounds me
Madness distracts me A pin point of light
Ignorance confounds me
Sadness detracts me I stay in the game

I pull away searching inside myself Push against shame
Break off some chains At times I'm awake

I see old ways
they kept me safe Stronger still
The cost was pain

I believe I achieve

Though I myself was far At times I still grieve
Future uncertain Six feet, cement, dirt, and weeds
Do you know what hurt is? I climb out, pound my chest, and breathe
To not know your purpose I burn them all
Forced into alertness? I burned them all

I peek through the curtain

-Albert Barreto
Out Of The Blue

Love Me Then 2

What if I was a hero not a zero

Would you see this kid ... then?

Paper and pen without sin

Hands that heal instead of kill

Cheap thrills instead of pills

"What Ifs" do they cross your mind

Can you see or try to find

Me back in your life, you and I

We look so good together .... Remember?

Only if you could, see this kid

through different eyes .... rewind...

Say goodbyes to all those lies

One can dream

-Kevin Rose
INSIGHT
"This is for all ill-treated fellows
Unborn and unbegot,
For them to read when they're in trouble
And I am not."

--A. E. Housman
Out Of The Blue

Legacy

I hear my mother's voice
In echoes and rustling leaves.
Her cadence and rhythm rise up
Unbidden when I speak.
My loftiest goals are but peaks
She dreamed I'd climb one day.
Some of my most original thoughts
Are hers—distilled, refashioned.
I am the glare on the water
From her setting sun;
I am ripple and shadow and imprint,
Grateful embers of Comfort's fire.
She gave me everything she had;
Now it is mine.
And we are whole.

-Benjamin Frandsen
Out Of The Blue

Casualty

He was an odd one
That skinny boy
Never quite fit in
Self-conscious
Not self-aware
He lived a life within
Alone
A mother's love
Was all he'd ever known
Attempts to replicate it failed
As painfully as his own

-Benito Gutierrez
Out Of The Blue

That's The Thing
That's the thing about being without limits,
Our reasoning's seem slants and gimmicks.
Shake your fist,
Say it louder,
I don't care.

That's just it, when a section is missing,
Though it feels foolish, we keep on insisting.
Blow a bubble,
Be the bubble,
Can't be both.

It's not what you say, but how you say it?
Can a heart become a spade as you play it?
Flip the card,
Lay it soft,
You still lost.

That's the thing about not having limits,
Loss just a teeter on traded pivots...
I am lost,
No I'm not,
Here we are.

-Onslow Mansbridge
Out Of The Blue

After Party

The party's over

Everyone's gone home

Just you and I alone

The band is out back

Smoking, shirt sleeves undone

We should probably get going, too

At least they played our song

And oh, how we danced!

But sadly

These things never last very long

-Benito Gutierrez
Out Of The Blue

Whirlpools

Whirlpool, what a lake you have disturbed
I pine for the mountains that make you
Spinning, spinning, luring me to you
So convinced I can swim at your pace.

Fools, these men with their philosophies
Telling you all water is the same
Perhaps if your chaos was subdued
You could contemplate such deeper flows.

I wonder why you are so worried
Worried you won’t find adequate love
I’ve seen you talking with the flowers
Like their petals only smile for you.

Only nature calms your whirling
Smiling at you with kittens and cubs
Men can’t quench you though they try to swim
Some drowning, some struggling to escape.

You don’t know what you need, you just whirl
Spinning, spinning, still searching for more
Now I know, I see the reasons why
Why fairies and gods were made for you.

Gossip excites you, spins you faster
Thanks be to God for the solution
The perfect fantasy brings us peace
Your faith in a man with constant love...

-Onslow Mansbridge
Out Of The Blue

Siglos

Rosas se callen de las montañas
Y gotas de agua se desaparecen
Quando nos habla el viento
Y nos toca los rayos del sol

Corre el río del tiempo
Destruyendo las piedras
Hoy callen las hojas
Mañana callen los árboles

Las nubes vienen aquí
A ocultar la mente
También a limpiar
Con su lluvia tormentosa

Pasan los siglos
Pero siempre repiten
Los que separan
Siempre se reúnen

El tiempo de extrañar
Se pasa como invierno
El tiempo de amar
Permanece eternamente

-Ismael Sanchez
Out Of The Blue

Contribution to Fall

A beautiful array of colors

Embodied by leaves of all sizes

Autumn hues of vibrant yellow, fading green

Cold drab gray sidewalk squares

Frame them all the more radiantly

Delicate tiny fibers of fall

Crushed in final soundings of their unsung songs

Few people notice

The beauty they trample underfoot every day

I am a poet

Which means that I notice

And tell you that I do

But still I'm a man

So the crunching sounds

Don't slow my pace at all

-Benjamin Frandsen
Out Of The Blue

Interstellar

Fashioned from stardust

Immeasurable worth

This heavenly body

our mother,

the Earth

Indulging the cycle of life

and re-birth...

-Benito Gutierrez
CLEMENCY
"For, though my rhyme be ragged,
Tattered and jagged,
Rudely rain-beaten,
Rusty and moth-eaten,
If ye take well therewith
It hath in it some pith."

--John Skelton
Without Consequences (Kelly)

No consequences nothing to fear

Invisible, now in love, shed a tear

Life simplistic but live to the fullest

New identity, new clothes, hang with the coolest

School dances, big chances

Stupid in love, many romances

Emotional turmoil... dazed... confused...

We don’t blame no one, used and being used

Lost my love but many to follow

Smashed to a pole ... life becomes hollow

You lost your life in a way I lost mine too

I’m still here to write .... This poem’s for you

Lived foolishly in this existence, thought I’d be with you

Life without consequences is simply not true.

-Kevin Rose
A Senseless Lie

It's the last day of summer, and into the night
gatherings grow and laughter rings light.
Forthcoming freshmen want to milk their break,
and settled seniors give a toast to their fate.

in the warm summer air wafts a cheer that is rife.
In the parties for their own sake, in celebration of life,
in the looseness of lips, and idle time comes the flowing of liquor and wine.

And though underage, many do drink.  
And not just to sip, but to cease to think.  
And lighthearted laughs grow cackling and wild.  
And hair flows loose that was earlier styled.

With the swinging of hips and the pressing of lips 
the hours draw on to the dawn.  
The riotous fare leaving no energy to spare, 
partyers file on past the lawn.

As festivities close, some walk to reach home.  
Some go in groups, and others alone.  
Some have prudently arranged a ride.  
But another, poor fool, chooses to drive.

A wise friend's protests, "Dude, you're wasted.  
You can't drive home, you'll never make it!"  
go unheeded as the fool replies, "I'm not that bad. I'm good to drive."

These words seem to echo in the firefighter's mind,  
As the jaws of life give him a look inside.  
Within the wreckage, a charred body seems to writhe  
As if to protest, "I'm still alive."

A senseless end to a senseless lie,  
"I'm not that bad. I'm good to drive."

-Milad Moulayi
Out Of The Blue

The Strong Girl

She stands though the weight of her world does its best to bring her to destruction. Dysfunction is all she has ever conceived. Her childhood was a pit of confusion as pain reared its ugly head in her home.

Known only to her were the deep wounds caused by those that should have protected her. There she learned that pain was normal and that secrets were to be kept. The cold of insecurity was her cloak as she lost what little trust she held on to.

Not true were the promises of those who would come seeking that one thing. Who seemed to understand her plight but chose it to use her.

The ruse became hers as the losses accumulated. She played the same game. Taking as they took. Her beauty was the tool she used to torment would-be deceivers.

It only got worse as the emptiness deepened. Her embraces her own as she lay awake late nights. Her soul a raft on the treacherous sea that is the great what-if. A million lives lived yet not. The possibilities were illimitable leading to happy endings or dead ends.

Hers was no guess. Her life was hers but the pain was hers, too. A rose may grow thorns yet it’s still a delicate flower who’s petals may be lost in the wind.

In the end she gave herself permission to grieve. She also pardoned and in turn opened herself for the chance to be loved. In her strength she became quite acquainted with pain and loneliness.

It was only just that she did not fear these things anymore as the wounded woman stood in her strength.

-Albert Barreto
Out Of The Blue

Still There

If home is where the heart is
Then I’m already there
In fact
I never left
I’m not even gone
I’m there
Right behind you I’m there
Folding laundry on the couch
In the back yard
Four separate piles
Chasing giggles and laughter
I’m there
The cat stretched out beside me
While you stand at the kitchen sink
Straining green beans
Watching
On the front porch
Taking off my muddy boots
Listening at the door
Just in time for dinner
I’m there
My pictures in the closet
The expression on his face
The sharpness of her wit
Somewhere in your heart
I’m still there

-Benito Gutierrez
I Am Ultra
I feel you inside me

Growing and consuming my body

You make me weak, tired, and it’s killing me

You make it difficult for me to hold down a meal

I’ve lost my full head of hair. Look at me now!

Chemotherapy, weight loss, what’s next?

I’m done letting you control me

I’m thru letting you consume me

I’m finished letting you slowly take me down

I will defeat you and I will win.

I will get rid of you.

You can’t stay here, inside me.

Who or what do you think you are?!?

You’re thru, your time here is overdue!
Out Of The Blue

It's my time now!

Today is a new day.

A new me

I am reborn

A new chapter in my life...I will rise.

Today I am ultra

I will look forward to the next day and many after.

I am standing on my own two feet

Please take my hand; please...take my hand and walk with me.

Down this new road. To embark on my new life.

I will live, fight, love and win!

! I AM ULTRA!

-Trevon Alegre
ALLURE
"A poet without love were a physical and metaphysical impossibility."

--Thomas Carlyle
Out Of The Blue

Love Affair

I come and go
Much like the wind
Intimately
Blowing about
Cool, refreshing
Upon your face
But for a time
And then I go
Leaving only
A memory
Behind me, fresh
Though bittersweet
With a promise
To come again

-Benito Gutierrez
Out Of The Blue

**Self Immolation**

Heart song from notes of colored flame
Fingers reach while tongues speak
Singeing me ever so slightly
Awakening half-dormant senses

Was I alive before this music?
Before beauty burned me?
Seeking life in the ashes
Feasting on smoke and dust

Sudden amnesia of pleasure
When suddenly extinguished
I seek to hold my enlightenment
As it engulfs definition
Leading to holy madness.

-Ismael Sanchez
Out Of The Blue

A Pleasure

It would be a pleasure for you to visit,

to see your lovely face, to unmask.

Come just as you are: lost, downcast,

crazy,

abandoned to fickle sensibilities,

starved of intelligent company.

Walk the town with me—

view the sweet mother cooing to her little ones

view the new lovers, faces afire with hope and possibility

view the ragged beggar, smiling as he jingles his

change cup

view the moon who shines guidance on all her children

Why are you so without hope?

Open yourself: love and warmth are all around you

The gleaming stars insist on the thousand trillion

points of light in this universe

The grass, rosebushes, and trees sway together,

silently proclaiming the unity of all things

The monastery perches implacable on the mountain top,

neither wind nor waves disturbing its stoic walls
Out Of The Blue

Why do you deny what is best in yourself?
You carry vaults of gold in your breast
There is brilliant light in your eyes
Your skin is a wonderful sponge soaking with sensation

Don't seek the divine in worldly artifacts
The truth already abides within you
Consider your mind – a miraculous spark of
  cosmic consciousness
It is the origin of your dreams and ideals
It blesses you with the light of reason and
it fills you with satisfaction in communing with
  another soul

Don't consider these trifles
What would we be without dreams?
How would we live without ideals?
With what would we fulfill our souls if not the
  companionship of others?

All that is most common is most valuable
All that is small and forgettable is most necessary
All that is overlooked and ignored sustains us
All that we abuse and destroy is our very lifeblood

-Milad Moulayi
Out Of The Blue

Gone
I'll be gone before you get this
Gone another Christmas
Beyond the cold December
Something to remember
Gone
Without a trace
The breeze upon your face
Along your silhouette
As close as I can get
Gone, And farther still
Cast off against my will
Gone before you met me
Did you ever really get me?
That song inside your head
A pawn, like Dylan said
Gone until tomorrow
Parting is sweet sorrow
They say.
It makes you wonder
Gone and going under
Dark side of the moon
I hope to see you soon

-Benito Gutierrez
Out Of The Blue

Mine For The Time Being

While I drain myself of these aches and pains I allow my brain to be free!

To bleed freely, as easy as a peaceful breath, but still more stressed than the eye can see.

My mind an eternal inferno of pain, hate, cries, and screams,

but in the eyes of someone pained and hurt as much as me...I find relief.

Through the mist and the fog as I trip and I fall, is your hand if only I could reach.

So now I strain to gain a grasp of your being to show that I need you, as much as I need me.

Blissfully existing while on a mission to frame one scene, you and me, tangled in unity

while I'm wishing that you could be mine to keep.

Forever blind to see, that a jewel as precious as you... couldn't resign to reside with me.

Desperately in need of a thing I can't ask for, like my bodies passport or my minds I.D.

Surely it's a crime to be, blessed with a glimpse of a heart so divine

and yet denied the time to define what it means!

In position to stay aligned primed for the entrance of a sublime genie.

Upon Arrival it's survival's jeopardized by a fine breeze,

with no intent to be intense, but to make visible the pretension of a lying thief.

In its time of profound fear all was clear for the light to see, bliss was as fickle as a blown whistle...

and only mine for the time being!

-Teddy Ryan
Out Of The Blue

For Crystal

You're wandering the alleys of my mind
Still searching for the rhyme in our refrain
But numbness bid me leave myself behind
To sit and sip the sweetness of my pain
I pour us each a glass and raise a toast
To your tenacious love and pouting pride
I feel the mindprint footsteps of your ghost
Who haunts me now though I'm the one who died
Though this "death" lets no mourning leave your lashes
Know I would die to turn your tears to light
Then you would be the phoenix of my ashes
And rise on flaming wings into the night
But since this stubborn love is yours to give
In dying just to hold you let me live

-Benjamin Frandsen
ENCHANTMENT
"Rightly thought of there is poetry in peaches...
Even when they are canned."

--Harley Granville-Barker
Out Of The Blue

Pickled Poetry

As water from my eyes filled the skies

Dirt from the hole filled my soul

Empty from life squeezed bone dry

Color of truth is the lie

The answer to your question is why

Solution of tears is to die

Holding hands has no meaning

Share only to end

A touch you cannot feel

Love that's not real

Flowers that don't smell

Secret lips that tell

Arms that won't hold

Story untold

Promise I don't want to keep

Fear of what comes next

Life I can't live

In a prison that won't parole

Hole that cannot be filled

Hills of make believe

Broken little boy and girl dreams

Pickled Poetry...

-Kevin Rose
When

Give me the mind of the atheist

And the soul of the living God

Grasp the pen, my clenching fist

With ink unmask the fraud

My perfect blend of paradise

And faculties of fire

For still my fate must roll the dice

When luck consumes desire

-Benjamin Frandsen
Out Of The Blue

**Fantasy Loop**

Treasure box full of gold bugs

Beetles hide in rainbows

Colors fighting on wings of fairies

Nymphs eat candy in the woods

Trees relate ancient stories

Rumors wisp inside the spirits

Ancestors haunt the cavern

Mines sparkle with dragon fire

Demon eyes on the black market

Swindlers draw footsteps on the map

Charts guide to magic whirlpools

Tides hide mermaid lovers

Heart of the world in a gem

Jewels in a box full of bones

"X" marks the spot once again.

-Onslow Mansbridge
The Drunken God

The once sweet Ambrosia of the Gods
Has long since aged to Tannic Wine
The Elixir of Eternal Life
Now giving Madness and Intoxication

I travel the Astral Realms
Seeking my Destined Pantheon
I am the Foreign God
Destined to Forever Wander

I tempt the Pious Man
And the Saintly Woman
Draw them to the Path
The Left Road never taken

Inversion and Subversion
Holy to Profane
Leading unto Temptation
The Truth makes its Way

The only thing I ask
Is this Humble Question
Though I am Mad and Drunk
Will you still call me God?

-Ismael Sanchez
Out Of The Blue

Nowhere Art

Somewhere, a picture of a stream...

You see its algae and wet earth

A boy cups a frog in his hands

A girl stares at his reflection

Ripples disguise his impish smile

As the captured moment expands

To stretch and fill the entire world

And suddenly you feel the breeze

Water cools your hand – you splash him

The frog hops to freedom nowhere

Smile, hear this satisfying bloop

Have joy for this carefree laughter

Where is this place, where is this youth

No frogs live near this little stream

-Onslow Mansbridge
Out Of The Blue

**Visions**

The pink latex glove blows listlessly in the wind

The shaved cat looks quizically and lets out

whimpering “meows”

The flaming arrow shoots through the hallway

in my home

My mother levitates on the brown leather sofa,

floating

over the trees in the backyard

My brother sticks his hand into the computer

screen and

pulls out a hamburger

The mangled car crashes through the front

door, the

engine block on fire

The alien firefighter pries me out and takes me

to

safety

The insane police officer laughs and talks to

himself

inside the rusty jail cell

The skyscraper is hit by a plane and collapses

onto

the forest canopy below

The smiling girl embraces me until I turn to dust

The oven has six well-groomed heads inside

The body parts on conveyor belts are put

together,

packaged, and labeled “Next Victim”

The table saw chops books down the middle

The medieval castle in the woods is approached

by

an Apache helicopter

The happy, laughing family turn to wolves and

maul each other

The sword peels revealing a banana underneath

The state-issued cup overflows with crystal

meth

The line of C/O’s beat their trays against the

chow hall railing

The mad homeless man attacks a child viciously

The raincoat floats through the street on fire

Thousands of peaches rain down from the sky

-Milad Moulayi
Out Of The Blue

**Bad Credit (Epigram)**

A mutual situation we must make

Said the devil, a lil' give and take

A piece for me, a piece for you and then

We'll settle things up like gentlemen

It sounded fair enough to me and yet

I couldn't afford the extra debt

-Benito Gutierrez
Out Of The Blue

Mercurial Whimsy
Concentric layers
Of subjective reality
Sanity is insane
Is the reverse true?

The sweet madness
Of objective truths
And subjective possibilities
Gradually overtaking perception

Consistency crumbles
Cracks and shatters
A mirror of illusion
Hiding mercurial whims

Contradicting natures
Battle unforgiving
Conquering microcosm
Of boundless mindscape

Under tranquil waters
Of human consciousness
Chaotic multitudes
Surface to light.

-Ismael Sanchez
Out Of The Blue

The Storm

Eyes open
From a deep sleep
Not knowing how to feel

Thunderstorms rattling the brain
Fire consumes the heart
Stomach tightly clenched

Forgotten love remembered
Opportunities lost
So much to prove

Obsession kicks in
Perfection locks the mind
Ambition drives it forward

Old demons try to grab ahold
This was never the plan
Yet it always was

Finally remembering to breathe
The smoke begins to clear
A brief lull in the storm

I shake my head
I should get out of bed
I'm going to be late

-Kory Nokes

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Contributing Poets

(In alphabetical order)

- Trevon Alegre #AZ-4567
- Albert Barreto #T-42556
- Benjamin Frandsen #F-29177
- Benito Gutierrez #V-19968
- Jason Lint #G-55884
- Milad Moulayi #AB-1856
- Kory Nokes #AU-1494
- Kevin Rose #F-76380
- Teddy Ryan #AY-9613
- Ishmael Sanchez #BA-2403
- Christopher Witt #AI-4602
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