

Aunt Chloe 2012

Dimakatsa

Layisani



NTHABISENG



Angst kh

EGO

?

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*Fall Staff 2012*

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*Aunt Chloe* is a journal for people who have reclaimed the spaces denied them by cultural and historical tyranny. She belongs to any of us who have been pushed out of the spotlight, yet through art, literature and dialogue have re-chosen where we belong.

*Aunt Chloe*  
A JOURNAL OF ARTFUL CANDOR  
2012

*Aunt Chloe* 2012 remembers:

Adrienne Banduit

Etta James

Whitney Houston

Beverly Garrett

Tiana Kindred

Jasmine Lynn

& Trayvon Martin

# Aunt Chloe: On War

In this fourth edition, Aunt Chloe takes up the subject of War, and I think I hear an echo from 1969—Edwin Starr singing:

“War! Hunh! What is it good for?  
[Absolutely nothing!]

....Peace Love and Understanding  
Tell me, is there no place for them today?

They say we must fight to keep our freedom  
But Lord knows there’s got to be a better way....”

Turns out that the song-poet was wrong. War is a friend to more than the undertaker. It has achieved a “currency” both literal and figurative. The 80s were the culture wars. We are now a culture of wars. We are at war abroad, and we are at war with ourselves. We are at war with love, with empiricism, with the Constitution, with reason.

Just when it appears we can agree on nothing, we stumble upon refreshing agreement found in the wisdom of a song. James Brown performed Starr’s lyrics, as did Bruce Springstein with the E-Street Band, and then Boyz to Men took up the lyrics and brought this 1960s classic into the 2000s in their heartbreaking symphonic close harmony. In all of their stylistic and cultural difference, these artists (even little Jimmy Brown from The Big Beyond) are singing away on You-Tube, singing the same song, with intensity, word for word, I imagine, in a kind of unity.

But maybe this is one time when we are justified to believe in a Truth that defies the evidence—War is good for nothing, absolutely. Even as the moneymakers trade on the lives of the faithful, the trusting, the kids who just wanted a way to pay for college and maybe a house bought out of foreclosure.

War, hunh! What is it good for? Ask Wall Street. Aunt Chloe don’t know much about these politics/ But she think that some who run ‘em/Do mighty ugly tricks. In these pages, choose your war, of body or soul, from the East Coast, to the American South to Soweto to Palestine to the Housewives of wherever. Here we are in Post Soul America. Check out Boyz to Men and then check your resolve.

opalmoore

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## “How Much for One?”

TERESA LEGGARD

*for Trayvon Martin*

The sun sweats rays over a cane field, young saplings greening toward the open sky, raw and sweet before this process begins.

Sucrose is used in most processed foods in America especially candy.

So green they vibrate, verdant and pompous, shoots signaling across the way to say *hello* or here *I am* or *come cut me down*.

At the corner store a cavity buffet: pop, pickles swimming in bitter brine, nickel jaw-breakers, ten-cent gum, pixie sticks, fake cigarettes that leave fingers with powdery prints.

Cane can grow between seven and 30 feet tall, all roots and leaves and stems.

Just a little spending money so he has to make it count. The baby-faced patron wanders up and down the rows, sneaker soles sucking sticky floors.

From a distance they give the appearance of bamboo, but that formidable façade fades when the wind blows again sending supple limbs dancing about.

A sugar snack, a sugar drink. *How much for one?* There there Sugar, don't know why the shopkeeper looked at you that way.

The distant orb descends casting everything in shadow. What sun has shown sanguine the moon lights as lurking, latent danger in the dark.

*How much for one?* Ring him up, give him change, change the receipt, check the tape, check the register.

Cane beetles emerge to eat at night; by morning green limbs will be full of holes. By morning's light a sickle rises with the dawn and chops the cash crop by the bundle, the ripe with the sapling, indiscriminately.

The wide-eyed wanderer bops *boombap* back down the road, vittles in hand, sticky fingers, mouth a candied color not found in nature. His hands are too full to reach for the sky to wave hello, so he nods instead.

Sharp sickle slices down, there's sap everywhere. They will fetch a good price. *How much for one?*

# The Language of Shedding Skin

NIKKI HERD

Teach that the alphabet begins with I.  
When asked where the ancestors are, say:

everywhere.

Remember each ancestor is a hymn  
each hymn a taut line of rope  
a row in a cotton field  
a path to the back of the bus  
a razor's edge as it cuts.

Before the ancestors there was nothing, and  
before nothing there was more nothing.  
Find a pen. Insert it with force  
inside the palm of your hand.  
Call it *the word*, important as blood  
that necessary color of pomegranate stain, hibiscus leaf  
your mama's lipstick, a cherry  
lollipop, fire hydrant red.

Then

elect one of us to the highest office.  
Tell the press we have gone crazy with love, and

carry *peace*, chant *peace*, march *peace*.

If past and present

whisper the names:

Audre Lorde  
James Baldwin  
Essex Hemphill  
Langston Hughes  
Lucille Clifton  
Ntozake Shange

.....

.....

.....  
.....  
.....

Fill in the blanks.

Remember the alphabet always begins with l.  
Swallow. Regurgitate. Spit out.

Spell it: *l*  
Spell it: *l-o*  
Spell it: *l-o-v*  
Spell it: *l-o-v-e*

Say it with me: *love*  
*love*  
*love*

Whisper the names:

Amiri Baraka  
Zora Neale Hurston  
Sapphire

.....  
.....  
.....

Listen.

Skin colored like stained glass.  
Sound of rain on a tin roof.

Butterfly or bird  
perched on wire.

Never mistake these voices for winter.  
They are singing to wake the dead.

## poem for the outsiders looking in and the insiders needing out

BANAH GHADBIAN

My grandmother used to keep everything in jars

Labeled with masking tape in scrawling black Arabic letters

Like calligraphic spiders spinning webs of glass, strong enough to bind generations

She said, the leaves in this jar brewed in tea will cure the sickness that comes from sleeping under an open window on a summer night

Here is yellow safran to ward away the jinns that have nested into your darkest crevices

(extracting from your depths inextricable inexplicable expletives)

Enough zam zam water to soak cous cous treats and grow mish mish trees

Cumin is brewed for cramps, first periods—that tenth of a moment when you think the pomegranate stain between your legs means you are dying, for when your hymen breaks playing pirates on a barstool

This jar is thyme. Brewed in steam and mixed with a touch of honey, it's the perfect cure for heartache

Newspaper clippings of old revolutions, jars of carrying backs and sugar wax//mint tobacco hookah stacks

Jars of moments sealed, orbs of third world secrets  
dipped in olive oil and sprinkled with sesame for freshness.

Your granddaughter will try to place herself in these jars

Secreting secret aspects of her identity

And dripping their essence into each/\

This jar is labeled as *Syria-sly* radical: argilehs, arguments—a jar of smoke and sweat, defiant words and youtube streams

This is the good *muslimah jar*—hijab wound tight, iA's, mA's, ASA's,MSA's, bound by endearing BS and enough Spirit and Sincerity as a sprint commercial

Here is my riot grrl punk, sweaty sneakers //angsty stoners and homemade zines, the shitty guitar trying to squeeze out of the seams

Here is my Afro Arab jar, clumps of kinky beards and browning skin//histories relearned and nizar qabanni's grin queer femme jar, turned on its side and wrapped in brown paper so as not to see its contents

Here is my jar with every moment spent code switching // oppression bitching

One day I will gather these jars and release them into the sea

I will tell my children, look at the way they mix into each other, creating muddy rivers of rough brown

Until they melt out of their labels,

And into spherical peripheries of existence and experience

Fluid collectives of Isms, orgasms, Aha's, and Allaaahuakbars

Brewed in the sea to make a perfect Banatea

## History Lesson (or) Triage (or) Pain Management

TERESA LEGGARD

1.

A wound Im-  
properly dressed  
will never heal.

2.

Pretending not to see  
a scar is not the same  
as being whole.

3.

Phantom limbs  
continue to ache.

4.

Does it sting?  
Good. That means  
it's working.

Two Poems from *The New Sky*

*Raúl Zurita*

*Translated by: Christina de la Torre and Diana Glad*



## **El Ascenso Del Pacifico**

RAÚL ZURITA

Se encumbró entonces el océano  
y nuestras pupilas miraban el portento  
sin todavía creerlo  
Escuchamos de nuevo las rompientes, las  
infinidades de islas  
subiendo igual que estrellas sobre el cielo  
Allí está el Pacifico hombre, allí encima  
de nuestras cabezas  
y no lo crees y tus ojos lloran  
y no puedes entenderlo y tus ojos lloran  
todos los que amamos son el mar

Todo lo que amamos es el mar  
América es un mar con otro nombre  
todo lo que vive es un mar con otro nombre

## **Pacific Rising**

RAÚL ZURITA

That's when the ocean crested  
and our pupils gazed in disbelief  
upon the wonder  
Again and again we heard the crashing waves,  
infinities of islands  
rising like stars in the sky  
There's the Pacific, man, right there  
above our heads  
and you can't believe it and your eyes weep  
and you don't get it and your eyes weep  
all those we love are the sea

All that we love is the sea  
America is a sea by another name  
Each and every living thing is a sea by another name

## Como Salvas

RAÚL ZURITA

*Hay otros mundos pero están en éste*

*Hay otras vidas pero están en ti*

*p.e.*

Entonces como salvas luminosas cubriendo de lado a  
lado el cielo seguían subiendo

Tendiendo las escenas donde morimos y era la historia  
nuestra la que se iba desplegando arriba chorreante de  
agua lavada emergiendo desde el Pacífico

Mostrando las antiguos golpes los gritos la rota carne  
en que muriéndonos imaginamos que habrían otras praderas  
flotando encima de las cumbres de los Andes cuando ya  
muertos vimos los ríos aparecer de nuevo y  
era todo Chile el que emergía detrás de ellos lavado como  
una salva de luz destellando sobre las cordilleras

## Like Volleys

RAÚL ZURITA

There are other worlds but they are in this one

There are other lives but they are in you

*p.e.*

Then like incandescent volleys lighting the sky from end  
to end they soared

Revealing the stage where we perished and it was our  
history unfurling on high dripping water  
emerging cleansed from the Pacific

Exposing the old wounds the screams the torn flesh  
of our dying as we imagined there would be other  
prairies floating above the summits of the Andes when  
once dead we saw the rivers reappear and it was Chile all  
of it emerging from behind cleansed like a volley of  
light bursting over the mountains

3 Poems

WILLIAM WRIGHT HARRIS

**at the pond**

two women sit

their calloused feet breathing in relief

io stands beside them looking  
at waters that won't take her

that gauguin painted in deep purples & blues

*1887 oil on canvas*

## dali's self

portrait has  
marilynmonroe&  
chairmanmao  
juxtaposed &  
hanging  
like a painting in the gallery of his skull  
a necklace of queen isabel adorns his throat  
moustache turned toward the glowing sun  
his bright eyes  
weeping  
a bent &  
bleeding  
timepiece &  
an ant  
hair breathing against the wind as that of a greek statue  
paint somehow alive &  
dripping  
from his brain  
a bald eagle soars a  
lone  
its shadow cast in a deeper shade of blue

## the she-wolf

is not lupa with  
romulus&remus  
at her pink teet-  
nor the fur of  
krishna maddened  
& howling at silence-  
she is not fenrir  
gobbling odin  
on ragnorok-

nor is she the  
oil&plaster&gouache  
on canvas-

she is not jung looking  
from sigils&glyphs  
-smiling-

nor is she the  
handprints&signature  
at bottom-left-

pollock just had to paint her

## **we have created you from a clot**

BANAH GHADBIAN

We have created humankind from a mere clot of blood (96:2)

Today i watched a forearm with its muscles exposed and nerves broken get sewn back together from a man who had been hit by a bullet in a protest in Syria

and while the room was sterile and the surgeons were quiet, i was examining the poetry of surgery trying to understand how strange the process is,

prodding at tightly packed networks of nerves and tissues trying to roll together in one functioning chunk,

i never knew that the exposed muscles of a forearm look like a shaven tomato and that we have taut tendons like rubber clown balloons that can snap in an instant

that we are jumbles of wires and insulation packed warmly into thin lining,

or why it is our bodies are trained to endure pain,

to defend intrusion, protect what is sacred,

why we find ways to endure extreme limits

why even when the cells begin to multiply uncontrollably or the intestines begin to fail, the body continues to function like an unsolved algorithm going on but still making sense

how our bodies are designed to float but we still sink,

and I realized that what is broken will heal if you lean it in the right direction, that the new can be patched onto the old and still function

i never knew the six year old girl with the long eyelashes that i speak to weekly has a colon shaped like a red ruby number eight you could wear as a ring on your finger

and that when her intestines coil out from underneath they look like piles of red ribbon to match her new eid dress

and that when you weld a man's muscles back together with electric tweezers he can still shake violently under anesthesia

his body is awake even when his mind is not, knowing he wants out of here.

i guess what i've come to realize is that no matter how well your brain knows you, or those around you,

you never fully know a human until you know what color their insides are

# Special Section

## **WAR**





Artists Who Contemplate The Fate of Those Who Speak of Freedom,”  
Performance, Spelman College 20 March 2009  
Arturo Lindsay

## For the Martyrs

SHARAN STRANGE

*(in recognition of the Arab Spring)*

*While all bodies share the same fate,  
All voices do not.*

—Li-Young Lee

*Revolutionaries are guided by great feelings of love.*

—Che Guevara

I.

Who speaks when a society ignites?

Who is silenced when it explodes?

What language serves as manual for the awful machinery of progress?

Which bodies bear the burden of change?

II.

Witness, I sing to you of the martyrs,  
whose courage, belief, and love  
sent them into the streets  
without hesitation  
or certainty of safety,  
but with phone numbers tattooed onto their arms  
so that the families could be called  
in case of their deaths.

I speak now of words  
both written and hurled,  
of chants and tweets,  
e-mails and prayers:

*Can't believe it. A cacophony, sirens,  
Horns, flashing ambulance lights . . .*

*Pitch black . . . and air thick with gas  
Tear gas like Hell . . .*

*Beaten arrested in Interior Ministry  
Pitch Black, only flashing ambulance lights . . .*

*Subjected to the worst sexual assault ever  
Those women were not like your daughter or mine.*

*The revolution was a calamity for you . . .  
The women of Egypt are a red line.*

*Beaten arrested in Interior Ministry  
Who can we complain to, our police are pimps.*

*The people want to topple the field marshal.  
We want our rights. We want fair trials. We are not dogs.*

*What I ask from every Egyptian, and every world citizen,  
And everybody out there: to stand for what's right . . .*

*Beaten arrested in Interior Ministry  
God willing, he will not have died for nothing.*

*Beaten arrested in Interior Ministry. Those people  
Who died are humans created by God.*

*Beaten arrested in Interior Ministry  
The blood of the martyrs will not go in vain.*

### III.

This ground is ours to claim, ours to hold—  
whether Cairo's Mohamed Mahmoud Street  
or an alley in Sanford, Florida  
where the cries of youth shatter the air.  
Whether Mohamed Rabea or Trayvon Martin,  
Brisenia Flores or Alyana Stanley Jones,  
Rekia Boyd or Muhammad Sulaiman,  
Oscar Grant or Shaima Alawadi,  
Mona Eltahawy or the *Blue Bra Woman*.  
Whether journalist or blogger, activist or footballer,  
man, woman, or child  
in the streets, or our homes, or our beds,  
this ground is ours to make our stand.  
Whether Occupy Wall Street's *We Are the 99%*  
Or Mohamed Fawzy Ashour's last words—  
*Salmiyah, Salmiyah (Peaceful, Peaceful)*—  
these claims are ground to stand guiltless upon.  
This Tahrir Square, Cairo, Alexandria,  
Suez, Ismailia, Sinai—this New York, Oakland,  
Chicago, Atlanta—this Egypt, U.S., world—  
is ours to stand upon, create, and nurture  
whole and honest bodies,  
from the ground up.

### IV.

Finally, I speak of the ground from which everything arises—  
the syntax of insistence, the consonance of Art in its telling.

Each activist is a poem readied, then spoken, in her rising—  
or is the poem spoken, bequeathed, in his falling?

When we rise we are a forest awakened,  
a phalanx seasoned at withstanding  
batons and bullets, cowardice and fear.

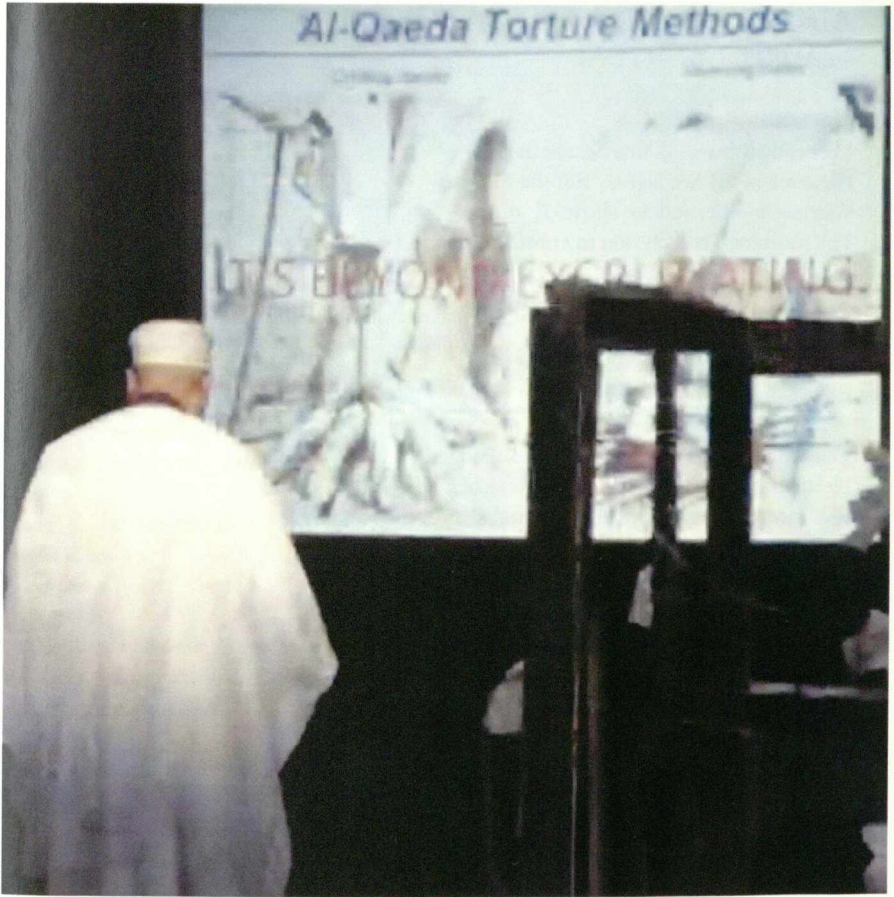
When we fall, we do not shame the ancestors,  
we become stones, renewing the earth,  
stanching the muck of the regime's lies.

Now is a thick time  
of deep dangers and an ever-blooming peace,  
the cycle of tyranny gives rise to bitter faith  
forged in our days of rage.

This poem, too, designs its own rising and falling,  
falling and rising  
like the breathing of a nation  
as it chants its freedom,

and the inspiration of the martyrs, who still speak,  
inciting us to keep the field fertile,

saying,  
Witness!



Artists Who Contemplate the Fate of Those Who Speak of Freedom. A Performance Work, A. Lindsay, (pictured, Joe Jennings)

## Airman

LAURENCE SNYDAL

My brother drove. A fine Seattle mist  
Flickered in the headlights. But the new day  
Was just another sodden shade of grey,  
The morning I had chosen to enlist.

I'd signed up in November. A promise  
In a fit of latent adolescence,  
I'd be an airman, a mythic presence,  
Icarus, one of life's melodramas.

Then the quonset hut and lines of unfledged  
Nestlings, all of us wishing for our clothes.  
The medics joking. Spread your cheeks. Not those.  
Mustering back in mufti, we were pledged,

Swallowed within the solemn oath we swore.  
Later, in a hotel lounge, a new GI  
Tickled the keys. We sang a last goodbye  
To peacetime though there wasn't any war.

The wars were over, done, but we had spent  
Years at the movies dreaming of righting wrongs.  
Now here we were singing Elvis songs,  
As innocent as he of what they meant.

We had sought the sun and were brought lower  
Than the low. Overnight a silver bird  
Bore us to Texas where we were assured  
Our ass was grass, the D.I. the lawnmower.

There are sadder tales. None of us ever fly  
Alone, unfettered. A four-year duty tour  
Fashions more cynics than sinners. And you're  
No better judge of Icarus than I.

### 3 Untitled

SIMON PERCHIK

Your death seemed a neat trick

the crowd shoulder to shoulder  
and you in the center, eyes closed

as if some dirt makes a difference  
knows how the first shovel full  
is already spreading out

as hillside, as galaxies echo  
—without any string a tiny stone  
pulls you back hand over hand

charged, the way this iron-sharp magnet  
empties the Earth  
becomes a flower, shaped

not by some restless butterfly  
but from your dress giving birth  
every Spring, half mist

half child running underwater  
and all that's left is thirst  
for someday or another.

It's time! the ache side to side

and across your forehead  
wrinkles split open

--the cramp comes into this world  
the tightening grip  
that has your eyes, your cry



takes you by the hand  
the way its shadow falls  
exhausted, in pain and now

two mouths to feed though one  
is still invisible and you  
are never strong enough

to lift it, to bathe it  
as if it needed lullabies  
would grow into your arms

held up to be carried  
one next to the other  
--what you hear in the ground

is the cry birds have, made crazy  
from watching the sky forever  
hold down the Earth though this rake

leaves nothing intact, its handle  
half unnoticed, half  
from behind, holding on, held

by the still damp dirt  
floated out for more room  
that enters from somewhere

and everything around you  
backwards and forwards, covered over  
with eggshells and emptiness.

You store in your mouth

the sky, for better or worse  
the sun though her lips

flake off bite by bite  
and each morning more leaves  
found dead on the doorstep

--you eat the way these leaves  
lose their way  
still open their wings

thrown back as if the wind  
once was everywhere  
all the sweet water on Earth

on your lips clinging to hers  
afraid what's down there  
growing huge in your cheeks

filled with sunlight year after year  
returning to the tree  
that lost its fire

and somewhere inside a wooden box  
calls out for stone : a single spark  
to heat her bones with flesh

become a face again  
and in your mouth the smoke  
whose fragrance is her breath.

## Song for Rahim Alhaj

WAYNE LEE

Chords like cries from rubble  
his head bent over his oud

he cradles her in his lap  
her carved neck angled back

strums like breath  
plays the light back into the moon

wind rustles dry leaves  
tears fall like shooting stars

embers in the night  
he carries his mother in his eyes

smoke masking clouds  
cousins assassinated at taxi stands

first song he ever heard  
last song his mother sang

Iraqi lullaby  
he cradles her in his lap

## Premature Blindness

WINSTON RILEY

We learn to turn  
and look the other way.  
Premature blindness syndrome.  
Selective forgiveness for  
unquestionable malfeasance  
and crimes against humanity.

So addicted we've become  
to the buffer  
between the skin of our bodies  
and the grotesque torment of  
"other."

Ray Anderson and Paul Hawken  
sing the praises of Walmart.  
Two champions of the  
great and growing green Grail.  
Pawns of the Goliath King  
that gobble all  
with a gestation so fantastic  
we can't see the limbs for the leaves.

The king's mistress is Facebook.  
His queen is the IMF  
and the board is so strewn with  
toppled knights and bishops  
we refuse to accept the verdict  
of CHECK  
forgetting the cruelties of war  
MATE.

Whole cultures tumbled  
eco-systems disrupted, the  
veins of our mother slit open  
and oil pours out into  
streams and rivers  
crowded byways no longer  
reverberate the echo of

Mark  
Twain.

Instead we bookmark  
our favorite website  
in the ocean of temptation and lost  
cause.

Who was it worth saving?  
Was it our children? The vast  
expanse of some vague promise  
or gentle handshakes with  
fellow countrymen and  
distant allies

perhaps new connections  
a kinship with all  
living things  
a symbiotic defiance  
to chaos  
a hopeful effort to  
renew our spiritual stake  
anchored to the belly  
of all  
creation.

Will you have me? Am I  
welcome here?  
Who is asking? Who is  
listening?  
Who am

I started to..  
would it be ok  
what time is it  
I really should be

on  
my . . .

Will you? Can you?  
Do you have the time?

Does anyone really know  
what time it is

Surely we can overcome this  
premature blindness  
Surely we can navigate  
this narrow stretch  
of universe.

Cheeseburgers lined together  
circling the globe until  
billions and billions have  
been  
McFucked  
by the Great and Powerful  
McFucker.

and now we turn  
and look the other way  
so accustomed we've become  
to licking the boots of  
those who kick us.

A flicker casts a shadow  
dancing on the wall.  
Somewhere the source of light  
rumbles. Rhythm.

A captain announces safe passage:  
Mark  
Twain.

Across the shore  
a boy slings a stone like a rocket  
aimed at a nameless giant  
while the serpent gladly swallows  
its tail in perfect symmetry with  
the ten thousand things.

**i am american: black genealogy throught the eye of an artist**  
KHEVEN LAGRONE

While sitting in a friend's kitchen in San Francisco, a group of Brazilian men showed me pictures of the type of men they desired. All the men in the pictures were white; all the men were "bears." The Brazilian men lamented their experiences with being rejected by these "bears." "Bears" found the Brazilian men to be skinny and unattractive. I told the Brazilian men that many African American men would find them desirable. I knew African American men who went to Brazil to savor the beauty of Brazilian men. The Brazilian men in the kitchen were unmoved by my statement. Pointing at another "bear," one man said, "We like these men because they are 'real American.' When you think America, you think big white men," one told me, an African American. "They are America." As if that wasn't bad enough, he added, "Don't you agree?"

## cassie & batman

J. TARWOOD

In the closet,  
eye pressing the keyhole,  
hemp burning her wrists,  
Cassie adores Batman.  
He dashes through the skylight.  
Chunks & chips of glass  
fall like fancy firecrackers.  
Grizzled bad guys on the floor  
gape & point & shriek.  
They have no luck.  
They run. They hide.  
He finds them out.  
He knocks them dead.  
Cassie cheers.  
From behind a fur rack,  
he tugs their ringleader,  
Cassie's Mom, her breath  
like onions & beer.  
Batman is just:  
his gloved hands grasp her neck.  
Cassie squirms. Now all she can see  
is an ebony *something*  
as if a key had broken  
in the lock.  
A cough. A rattle. A thud.  
Cassie screams  
& bangs head first  
against the door.  
Firm as a tombstone,  
it stays shut.



## a few word for the ruins

J. TARWOOD

To go back where wanting  
to leave began, tugging  
a black suitcase, enough changes  
inside to last a visit.  
Train nags all the way,  
heart of the city still grandstanding  
for lake & sky; then  
a long chug past  
smoke & green, houses like  
a wild uppercut; then  
that stop before the end,  
silting port leftwards,  
rightwards the climb  
to the waste left behind,  
waiting like compost  
to be put back to work.

# Artists Contemplating the Fate of Those Who *Speak* of Freedom — A Manifesto on the “I” (Eye) in Witness

*for the tortured ones—*

The world does not contemplate love.  
The world does not contemplate cruelty.  
The world does not contemplate how desire lurks  
    beneath our acts of love and cruelty.

The world does not contemplate the artist.  
It is the artist who contemplates the world.  
It is the artist who can imagine justice unborn but made.  
It is the artist who sees with three eyes, who knows that to be human we must love and  
speak of love and sing of love and be love.

The artist knows that presidents and kings may weep for the dead and grin behind their  
hands, and this is irony, another I—the eye hidden, the eye veiled.

The blindfold is an (eye)rony.

The world does not contemplate shame.  
Artist!—contemplate the fate of those who speak of freedom and grin behind their palms.

To be an artist, one must be capable of outrage, be able to weep and rage against shame  
in the open.

We began in the Rage of Reagan and return in the age of technology—a performance  
ritual for our time.

Our time is a time when the babble of talk is all the rage but all the rage is a Twitter, a cell  
phone documentary of a beat-down, an Internet cry for help.

Our time is a time for virtual words, face-to-face made possible by satellite, respect, a word  
in an old song sung by an “angry Black woman,” tragedy is material for  
stand-up comedy.

We were born in the Rage of Reagan, reiterate in conflict with our musics, voices unintelligible to voice-recognition technology.

You may be a part of this co-operation.

You are witnesses, you with your three eyes your two heads your multiple hands your intersecting worlds your always, always remembering to remember the ones we lost in this liberation improvisation.

Recall the names of the loved and the lost, write each name in blood on a ribbon, knot it to the razor wire of unaccountabilities.

This is a non-virtual work of artists always contemplating the lengthening arc of justice, the drum of Love.

*A performance art ritual: Arturo Lindsay, Opal Moore, Sharan Strange*

## **Fifty Dollars** ALAINA LONG

You tell me to disappear,  
Lose all remembrance of you:  
Contagious laugh, check.  
Bright smile, check.  
Easily offended personality, check.  
Love-of-my-life feeling, check.  
But before I go,  
I want my fifty dollars.

Look me in my eyes  
When you talk to me  
Don't wave me off like  
An annoyed baby-sitter does a child.  
Heal the bruise you put on my heart  
Like the one you left on my side  
Your mumbled sorry stinging worse  
than the purple knot.  
I want my fifty dollars.

Disappear, you say in a haughty tone  
Casting shadows on the love I  
Used to know  
With our carefree kisses and  
Smiles too painful to erase.  
But now I know why the stars would hide  
When we were together,  
They could not shine on  
Someone so cold.

I want my fifty dollars for that trip to CVS

I want my fifty dollars  
For those babies  
We made, for their uncelebrated birthdays.  
"Maybe its best," you say.  
And your cold stare assures me of this lie.

So now I want my fifty dollars.



T. Lang Dance: **MOTHER/MUTHA**

Review: LAUREN BROWN JARVIS

Audio begins. The sound of a whip lashing thrusts between a faintly audible question, what lies between? The smell of freshly oiled bodies drifts from the stage. Quivering bodies. Do they quiver out of fear? Nervousness? Shame? Revulsion? What do you do when your body is not your own? How does your mind react as you wonder when will it end? What happens when no one hears you scream? If a woman screams out in the dark of night and no one hears her, does she really make a sound?

The world premier of *MOTHER/MUTHA* presented by T. Lang Dance explored these questions and generated more as the audience traveled inside the thoughts and emotions of enslaved women forced to breed.

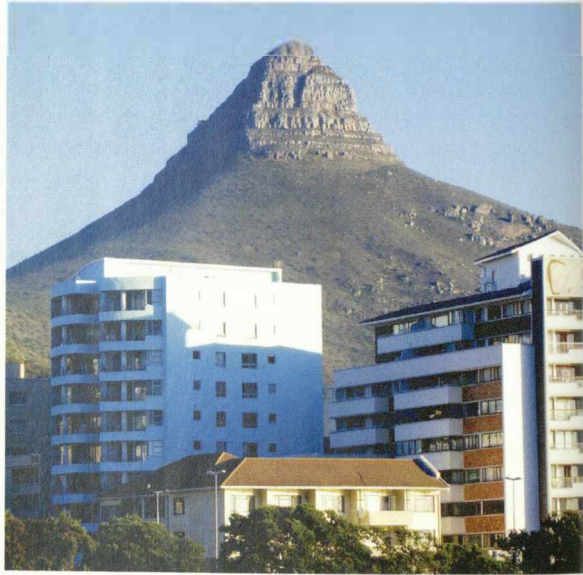
On stage, the T. Lang Dancers deftly explored the psyche of women whose bodies were viewed by their owners as public spaces. Violence was a regular part of the lives of women held captive during slavery as they lacked any means of preventing the abuse. Through dance *MOTHER/MUTHA* juxtaposed the devastating encounters of enslaved women with the ways women today are viewed as sexual objects.

Whether your lineage included enslaved persons or not, women all over the globe have been subjected to some form of sexual violence. In the American narrative, it played out most notably during the slave experience where women were raped, by slave owners, overseers, or other males in the community as their bodies were required to replenish the master's supply of slaves. Rape—brutal, devastating. The word has sadly become a benign utterance in our reckless American lexicon. Still, MOTHER/MUTHA and the T. Lang dancers made rape as it exists in our past and our present dauntingly real.

One powerful moment of the performance, (as there were many), involved dancers attempting to run away, scrambling to escape painful moments of cruelty, only to be dragged back once again. The reality of repetition was remarkably conveyed by the T. Lang dancers, prompting the question of how many times can you run and if you do, can you ever really get away?

Forced breeding. Was it really necessary? MOTHER/MUTHA dancers showed both the viciousness and the voyeuristic nature of how not just enslaved women were treated but all women. New Question. How much of the rape of women was for breeding or for the masters' entertainment?

After vividly projecting the internal experiences of women made to breed against their wills, MOTHER/MUTHA then examined why Mothers would allow the precious bodies of their daughters to become public spaces? Scenes of young girls being weaved, spray tanned and drenched in excessive makeup to perform sexualized acts in pageants begat another question. After what women have overcome, what mother could subject a child to such overt voyeurism? Have you, the mother, now become the mutha?



## Travelogue 2012

BRUCE WADE

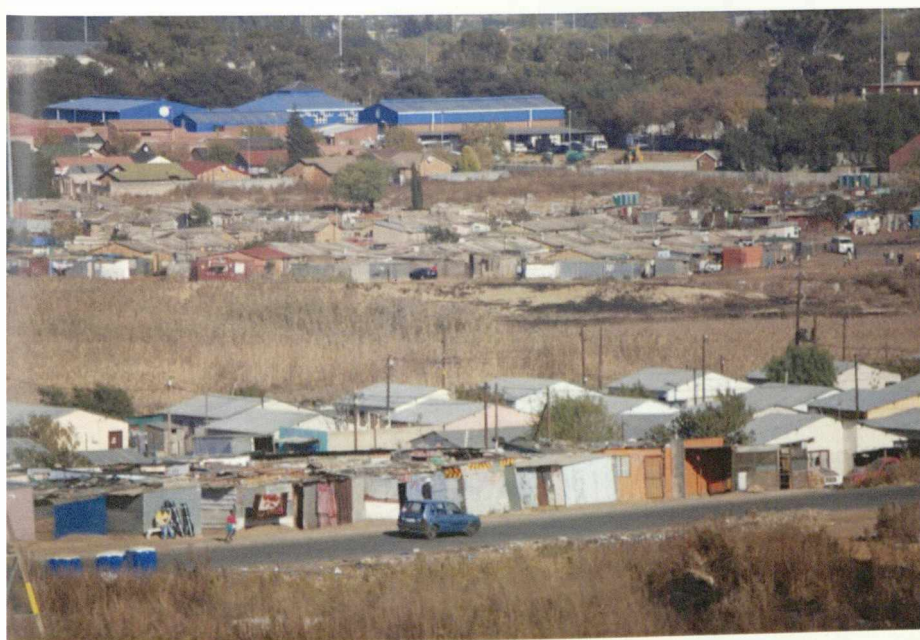
In May, I was able to take five Spelman College students to Cape Town, Johannesburg, Robben (“Seal”) Island and Soweto, South Africa, to study the national response to HIV/AIDS and reflect on the emotions and discoveries natural to such an experience. I have always been impressed by the similarities between the U.S. (as “superpower”) and South Africa (as regional power) in terms of economic development, health disparities, immigration concerns, mass media representations and white privilege. I am also struck by the differences, such as the numerical minority status of whites, the prevalence of the AIDS epidemic, the level of political awareness of South Africans and the massive “township” phenomenon.

### **The Teboho Trust Saturday Educational Program**

(<http://www.tebohotrust.org.za/>) was founded in 2001 and is run by an American expatriate (Jose Bright, Esq.). The Trust functions as an after school (and Saturday) refuge / empowerment program for youth of all ages. Some of the young “learners,” as they are called in South Africa, interacted with Spelman College students who accompanied me on this study travel experience. These eager students were engaged in a lesson on English delivered by Spelman and Morehouse students. South Africa has 11 official languages, and most youth are multi-lingual. This fact is always a shock to those from the U.S. and a point of conversation that South African youth find amusing.

The **Teboho Trust** is located just outside of the famous Soweto Township near Johannesburg, South Africa. Soweto (Southwest Township) is massive, the site of the anti-apartheid “Soweto Uprising” in 1976. June 16th – when this insurrection began - is now a public holiday in South Africa (“Youth Day”). The protests were led by high school students in resistance to the introduction of the Afrikaans language into the high school curriculum. An estimated 40,000 students participated in the uprising and nearly 700 students were killed in the protests. Hector Pieterse was one of the first students killed in the protest – commemorated in an infamous photograph that drew international attention to the uprising. The photograph showed Hector’s limp body being carried by a colleague after he was shot by South African police officers. In the photo, his sister Antoinette Sithole is running alongside her dying brother.

The South African students always seem to be happy to engage with U.S. students, many would like to study in the States. I wish that African American students were so enthusiastic about learning. Teboho means “Thank you God for giving us this person...this gift” (<http://www.tebohohotrust.org.za>).



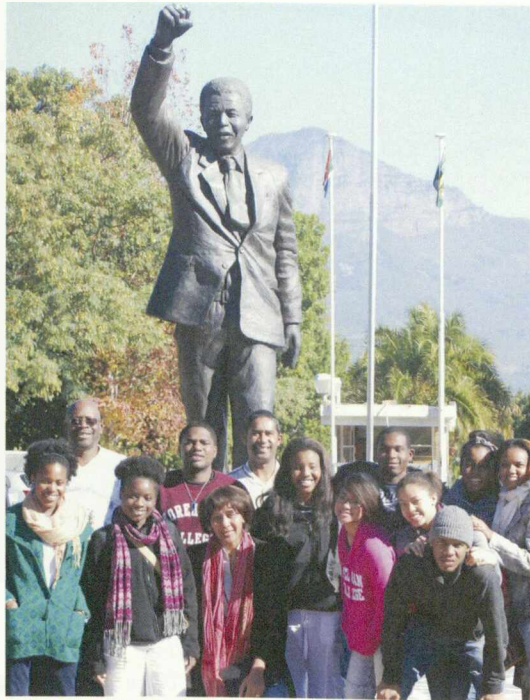
A photograph taken from our van as we moved about Johannesburg illustrates one of the most striking public issues in South Africa – housing. While luxury housing is quite common, especially for middle class whites and the “Black Elite”, the majority of “Africans” live in informal housing settlements or townships. My students and I are struck by not only the nature of the housing – often they are without running water or electricity – but also



by the pride that residents have in their homes and their communities. Students note how large the townships are and realize that black Africans are the majority population yet the majority of them live in townships. This year we were able to tour several townships and visit many homes where the residents were hospitable enough to welcome our western gaze. I always tell students to be polite and courteous – mostly they are.

Students always want to visit Cape Town when they travel to South Africa. Cape Town is a large and moderately paced city, much like a European metropolis. However, the contradiction between downtown Cape Town and the massive townships, is dramatic. Khayletisha is the largest township in the country and lies on the outskirts of the city. Tourists flock to Cape Town but most are unaware of township life and struggles. It bothers me when African American students fail to understand the historical and sociological forces, which lie beneath the contradictions.

Tourists see the townships from a distance, from their cars or busses, but few venture inside. Even as you fly into the Cape Town airport, you fly over a large township, which offers a unique view into township life (if you are paying attention).



Spelman/Morehouse South Africa Study Travel  
Photo: Bruce Wade

## Memorial Wall

At first, observers pass by this wall thinking that it's just another art project by elementary school children. In reality, the Memorial is a collection of images commemorating the lives of former students at the AIDS orphanage. The memorial is a way for students to express their feelings about students who have died from AIDS or related conditions. Each of the Spelman College students reacted to the wall with great emotion as they photographed the colorful images depicting vibrant children at play. We all spent a lot of time discussing the wall once we realized what it represented.

BRUCE WADE



## CONTRIBUTORS

**Banah Ghadbian** is a writer split between continents and colors. Mainly for now she is a sociology/women's studies student at a university. She will like you if you give her mangoes.

**William Wright Harris** has published internationally in such literary journals as *The Cannon's Mouth*, *generations* and *Write On!!!*. A student at the University of Tennessee-Knoxville, he has studied with such poets as Jesse Janeshek, Marilyn Kallet, Arthur Smith, and Marcel Brouwers. His poems juxtapose concrete images with abstract notions. The poems here reflect his interest in the ekphrastic poem and mythology.

**Niki Herd** grew up in Cleveland and earned degrees in Creative Writing from the University of Arizona and Antioch University. Nominated twice for a Pushcart Prize, she is the recipient of fellowships from Cave Canem and the Virginia Center for the Creative Arts. Her work has won awards from the Astraea Foundation and the Arizona Commission on the Arts, and has appeared in several journals and anthologies, including *The Ringing Ear: Black Poets Lean South* and *The Drunken Boat*. Her debut collection of poems, *The Language of Shedding Skin*, was a finalist for the Main Street Rag Poetry Award. Her title poem, "The Language of Shedding Skin," is reprinted here with gratitude.

Writer and Digital Doyenne **Lauren Brown Jarvis** attended Spelman College and produced the highly successful *Digital Doyennes: Wisdom from Women who Lead in Social Media and Digital Innovation*. She has worked with the National Visionary Leadership Project, Atlanta Public Schools, Black Women's Film Network, All Women's Media Alliance, Women in Film and Television and All Women's Media Alliance. Lauren blogs regularly for Examiner.com and AllVoices.com and Urban Politico. Lauren serves as National Communications Director for New Leaders Council. She was named a 2009 New Media Institute Fellow by the National Black Programming Consortium. Her review of "Mother/Mutha" is reprinted here with permission.

**Kheven LaGrone** is the creator/curator of "I Am America: Black Genealogy Through the Eye of An Artist," which exhibited in San Francisco and Oakland, California. He also created/curated "Coloring Outside the Lines: Black Cartoonists as Social Commentators" and "BABA: Black Artists' Expressions of Father." LaGrone edited a collection of literary criticism by scholars from Asia, Canada and the United States on Alice Walker's *The Color Purple*. His own writings have appeared in several publications.

**T. Lang** is a native of Chicago and former dancer with the New York City's Metropolitan Opera, Marlies Yearby's *Movin' Spirit Dance Theater* and Nia Love's *Blacksmith Daughter Dance Theater*. T. Lang established her now Atlanta-based company in 2006 in New York City. Since then, she has been creating a singular body of work that has accumulated critical acclaim. Her works have been presented in numerous venues, including The Kennedy Center, The Alliance Theater, The Goat Farm Arts Center, Southwest Arts

Center, Dance Space Project at St. Mark's Church and Movement Research at Dance Theater Workshop, Wave Rising Festival, P.S. 122, DUMBO Dance Festival, Dance New Amsterdam, Cool New York Dance Festival, Reverb Festival, Fertile Ground, Throw, The Flea, WAX and Dixon Place. She is Assistant Professor of Dance and Director of the Spelman College Dance Theatre. **T. Lang** is faculty for Atlanta's esteemed choreographer and artistic director, George Staib, and his Staibdance Summer Intensive in Sorrento, Italy. [www.staibdance.com](http://www.staibdance.com).

**Wayne Lee's** poems have appeared in *Tupelo Press*, *Slipstream*, *Aunt Chloe: A Journal of Artful Candor*, *New Mexico Poetry Review*, *The Floating Bridge Anthology* and other journals and anthologies. His third collection of poems, *Leap, Float*, will be published this year. He lives in Santa Fe, where he works as an educator and journalist.

**Teresa Leggard** is a poet and writer from New Jersey. She is a regular contributor to *Aunt Chloe*, first as an undergraduate student at Spelman College. She studied Creative and Media Arts at UMKC and is an editor at Hallmark Cards.

**Arturo Lindsay** is a painter, photographer, performance artist and scholar-teacher at Spelman College. His research is on African spiritual and aesthetic retentions in contemporary American culture. This issue of *Aunt Chloe* includes photo images from the performance work, "Artists Who Contemplate Freedom," a.k.a. "The Torture Project." Dr. Lindsay's works and projects can be viewed at <http://www.arturolindsay.com/>

**Alaina Long** is an undergraduate student at Spelman College and a Comparative Women's Studies major with a minor in writing. "I hope my Spelman sisters will find freedom and strength to give voice to everyday issues (such as domestic violence) that we may face." Alaina works in the Women's Research and Resource Center.

**Simon Perchik** is an attorney whose poems have appeared in *Partisan Review*, *The Nation*, *The New Yorker*, and elsewhere. For more information, including free e-books, his essay titled "Magic, Illusion and Other Realities" and a complete bibliography, please visit his website at [www.simonperchik.com](http://www.simonperchik.com).

**Winston Riley** is a traveling oil painting salesman, lives with his wife of 20 years and their daughter in Ozark, MO. He hopes to finish an action fantasy novel, *Oats*, this year.

**Laurence Snyder** is a poet, musician and retired teacher. He has published more than 100 poems in such magazines as *Columbia*, *Caperock*, *Lyric* and *Gulf Stream*, and in many anthologies including *The Pagan's Muse* and *Visiting Frost*. Some of his work has been performed in New York City and Baltimore.

**Sharan Strange** grew up in Orangeburg, South Carolina, was educated at Harvard College, and received the M.F.A. in poetry from Sarah Lawrence College. She is a contributing and advisory editor of *Callaloo* and cofounder of the Dark Room Collective. Her poetry has appeared in *Agni*, *The American Poetry Review*, *Callaloo*, *The Best American*

*Poetry 1994*, *The Garden Thrives*, *In Search of Color Everywhere*, and in exhibitions at the Whitney Museum in New York and the Institute of Contemporary Art in Boston. She is the author of *Ash* and teaches poetry at Spelman College. Her poem "For the Martyrs" is first published here in *Aunt Chloe*, and was part of the performance collaboration *Bearing Witness* with Arturo Lindsay and numerous other artists.

**J. Tarwood** has had poems in *Free Lunch*, *American Poetry Review*, *American Poetry Monthly*, *BAD*, *Big Muddy*, *Buckle &*, *Bryant Literary Review*, *Rockhurst Review*, *Pike's Creek*, *Blue Mesa*, *Eratica*, *Calliope*, *Coe Review*, *Front Range Review*, *Natural Bridge*, *Willow Review*, *Yet Another Small Magazine*, *Rio*, *Rhino*, *Paris / Atlantic*, *Phantasmagoria*, *California Quarterly*, *Liberty Hill Poetry Review*, *Lilies and Cannonballs*, *Colere*, *Poetry Ireland*, *Wind*, *Grassroots*, *Poetry Motel*, *Midwest Quarterly*, *Main Street Rag*, *White Pelican Review*, *Quantum Tao*, *Red River Review*, *Rapid River*, *Spiky Palm*, *Runes*, *Terra Incognita*, *Visions*, and *Plainsong*. In 1997, he won a Plainsong poetry award, and he was a featured poet in *Visions* in 2001. He has been nominated for a Pushcart Prize. He has two books published, *The Cats in Zanzibar*, and *Grand Detour*.

**Bruce Wade** is a graduate of Morris Brown College and earned a M.A. degree in demography from Bowling Green State University. He completed his graduate work in sociology of health and research methods at the University of Notre Dame. Dr. Wade and faculty from several colleges (including Bryn Mawr, Swarthmore, Oberlin and Morehouse) developed a course on post-apartheid human rights and identity in South Africa. His photo-log documents his study abroad trip to South Africa with 5 Spelman College students to study health disparities and HIV prevention in South Africa. Dr. Wade has published several articles and book reviews on racial identity formation, gender role expressions in hip-hop, environmental justice and gender-based violence. His current research interests include health disparities, HIV / AIDS, racial reparations and backdoor eugenics associated with the Human Genome Project.

**Raúl Zurita** (Santiago, Chile) studied civil engineering at the Universidad Santa María de Valparaiso. In 1979 he, with other artists, helped organize CADA (Colectivo de Acciones de Arte), devoted to creating public art, political in character, as a form of resistance to the military dictatorship. He has published *Purgatory* (1979); *Anteparadise* (1982); *Paradise is Empty* (1984); *Song for a Love Disappeared* (1985); *Loving Chile* (1987); *Song of Rivers in Love* (1993); *New Life* (1994); *Militant Poems* (2000); *INRI* (2003); *My Cheek is the Starry Sky* (2004); *Dead Countries* (2006); and *LVN* (2006). Zurita has been awarded Guggenheim (USA) and DAAD (Germany) fellowships and has earned many prizes including the Pablo Neruda (1989) and the National Prize for Literature (Chile, 2000). His books and poems have been translated into English, German, Russian, Italian, Portuguese, Swedish, Chinese, Bengali, Turkish, and Hindi. *Aunt Chloe* is honored to include two poems by Raúl Zurita, translated by **Christina de la Torre** and **Diana Glad**.

## *Aunt Chloe's* Call for Work 2013

Our 2013 issue will include a "Special Section" on WORK. Contributors are encouraged to interpret the theme broadly. Interested artists might think of the "dailiness" of work, or important work that doesn't get acknowledged. We find important commentaries on work in classic blues, jazz and Motown music's. Poets have written about work, and we also note that the production and performance of poetry and other arts are always named as "work." Artists "make work" and a noted scholar refers to the "joy of work." We have vernacular variety in our references to work: hustles, gigs, slaves, chores. We have the language of survival and creativity: "makin' it work." We have those whose work ethic demands that they carve out time to honor time away from work—every day "except Sunday—and life schedules that build around unfulfilling work—Thursdays and every other Sunday off. These days when politicians talk about work but do little to honor it, we invite our poets, writers and image makers to consider the rhythms of WORK.

### 2013 *Aunt Chloe* Submission Guidelines

Please read the following submission guidelines carefully to ensure that your work is considered. Aunt Chloe will accept submissions until **March 15, 2013**. Aunt Chloe **ONLY** accepts **electronic submissions**. Send to: [auntchloe@gmail.com](mailto:auntchloe@gmail.com)

#### **The following requirements must be met:**

- A cover letter in the body of an email with your name, mailing address, email address, phone number, the titles of each submission, and how you heard about Aunt Chloe: *A Journal of Artful Candor*;
- No headers or footers in the document; your name only in the cover email, not included on the work;
- A brief biographical statement in the third person (50 word maximum);
- Text files in Microsoft Word .doc format only. Do not place text in the body of an email.
- Visual art must be in .jpeg format

Previously published work is acceptable when solicited by the editors, and when the contributor has retained rights. Simultaneous submissions accepted. If your work is accepted elsewhere, please inform us as soon as possible. Payment for publication is in the form of two copies per contributor. Authors retain all rights to their work.

#### **Submission requirements:**

- Poetry: 3-5 poems
- Fiction: 1,200 word limit
- Essays, Articles, Reviews: 1,200 word limit
- Art: All images must be in .jpeg format