



Special Interest Articles:

- Jim Corner shares an epiphany. See page 2.
- The Poetry Writer's Toolkit book review See page 6.
- Summer Contest Results! See page 7.

Poets Overboard!

It has been a rough couple of weeks for the online poetry community. Two well respected and active online workshop boards, and members of the InterBoard Poetry Competition, announced significant changes.

MiPo will no longer be featuring an online workshop. Ms. Didi Menendez, Editor of MiPo eZine and founder of the board, stated that she wishes to concentrate on

web and print publishing rather than continue operating the popular workshop.

Another popular forum, Atlantic Online, moves shortly to a subscribers only service.

Many other web communities offered a welcoming hand (including DMR) to those displaced by these changes.

In the case of the Atlantic

forum, however, such a move may not be required. Atlantic Online regulars Mark (JMark) and Liane (nayomie) - also a DMR favorite - polled the membership to determine their preferences.

As a direct result, [The Frugal Poet](#) was born! It is already thriving, and if you get a chance, do take a peek.



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Putting More Work in Workshop

The poetry workshop at Desert Moon continues to evolve.

Recent changes, updates, and additions not only improve the website, but add to the benefits poets enjoy when participating at Desert Moon.

Past issues of The Crescent Moon Journal, too long on the missing list, are now available in HTML format thanks to

Liane Haslauer. The rest of the web team at DMR has been keeping busy, as well.

Carl Bryant leapt into the technical lead position, helping get the new and improved Discus board in place, as well as doing site updates.

New Associate Editor, Tracy Estes, went from back bencher to Code Warrior with a little

coaching. (See "Promotions" Page 3)

Phil Grinevitch, of inetgalaxy (the DMR webhost), deserves plenty of credit for working alongside the new webteam every step of the way.

Other improvements include expanded search capabilities, weekly poetry exercises, and...come visit to see!

Just One Ahead of Jonah

Two issues tug at me almost everyday. “Walk standing straight, shoulders back, chest out with your butt inline with my shoulders.” The other is to slow my pace when an *epiphany* sparks. James Joyce, my favorite novelist, introduced me to these vignette-like moments. Most are small: a thrasher in the leaves, a coyote pup romping in the sun, but others seem to accumulate in time. I collided face to face with my most recent, certainly my major epiphany this fall. I don’t remember day or time exactly, but I do recall the circumstances.



The unfolding moment (I work hard to stay in the moment and succeed at least in one of the twenty tries) started with my decision to lead the *Hunger No More* effort in Chalice Christian Church. You remember, I asked persons of our faith community to bring staple foodstuffs to church on Sunday and our children place them in the basket in front of the communion table. My immediate purpose – take the items to the local food pantry.

Coincidentally, Diane, a friend, an associate editor of a local Christian newspaper, asked me to contribute poetry. In our first conversation, I told her about *Hunger No More* coming to Chalice. Her reporter, Shara, soon called me for information about our churches interest in hunger. After I had spent a good hour discussing the program, she told me of Maria and her five children.

“I collided, face-to-face, with my most recent (certainly a major) epiphany this fall.”

Although I had often assisted working poor in my parish in northern California, I was far removed from the grit of the effort after many years away. I secretly balked at the idea of becoming involved with a *no light at the end of the tunnel single* Mom and five small children. But I had just filled Shara’s notepad with a hunger program’s possibilities. Reluctantly, I gathered the collected food, adding bananas, milk and caramels to the larder and called to tell Maria I was coming.

“Food” cried little Amber, 2 years old. Each child rustled in the sacks for a favorite. George, 8 years, chose the caramels and Ashley, 9 years, chose the Ritz. They lined up for portions of the trove to carry the Jeep to their apartment, not more than 100 steps away. After sparring with the children, gathering data from Maria about her plight and some thankful good-byes, I said good-bye. The mental portrait of the little family shook my being.

“I’m caught between a rock and a hard place,” I mused. If I get involved in this situation, I could spend endless days of inventing brain-racking solutions to impossible dilemmas. I could even become today’s Jonah. Unlike the folk of his ancient city, however, these children tugged at my fatherhood. Maria’s blank, but troubled stare, haunted my quiet moments.

Epiphany struck like a minor bolt of lightning. For Maria and kids, Jim, you’re stuck. For yourself, you can do little, but follow the moment, remembering as you trek, *Your journey is your home.*

JDC



Promotions at Desert Moon

Change is the way of things. At DMR, the leadership roles are no exception.

Jim's guidance and support, along with the help of Chris George and Charles Cornner, brought Desert Moon Review a healthy and functional community, foundation publications, and a springboard for the future.

With the DMR board community at 120 plus members, Jim felt that some changes were due.

Charles Cornner stepped aside as Associate Editor

earlier in the year to pursue other ventures.

Mustansir Dalvi, longtime contributor and excellent poetry community member seemed a perfect fit for the role.

More changes were coming! Chris George was asked to step up as Editor of the Review. Happily, Chris accepted the new role.

With the DMR board community at 120 plus members, Jim felt that some changes were due.

With the Editorship turned over to capable (and experienced!) hands, Jim perched the Publisher hat at a jaunty angle to herald the next generation of Desert Moon Review.

Another associate editor was needed to help with administration tasks. Tracy Estes was given the nod.

Tracy's strong presence in the online poetry community, his willingness to pitch in behind the scenes, and his consistent voice on the board made him a natural choice.

If the current momentum at DMR is any indication, the choices were inspired!



Jim Corner



Chris George



Mustansir Dalvi



Tracy Estes

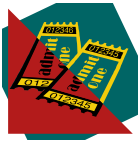


From the Editor of Desert Moon Review

Hi, Mooners

It is a pleasure to introduce this issue of Moon Notes on behalf of Desert Moon Review publisher and founder Jim Corner and all our staff. We hope you enjoy the contents and thank editor Charlene Dewbre for her work in putting this issue together.

Chris George
Editor, Desert Moon Review



Chris George spent a few hours at the movies recently. Here you'll find his take on some of the latest releases.

The Manchurian Candidate

★☆☆☆☆

Not much like the original and more a grade B thriller than its illustrious 1962 forebear directed by the late John Frankenheimer from the Richard Condon novel.

Forget the Commies, now it's those infernal corporations with their fingers in the political pie.

Apparently those company demons implanted something in Denzel Washington's back when he and his platoon were fighting in 1991 in the first Gulf War. (hmmm, hasn't there been another since?)

In Liev Schreiber's head they planted a chip -- the part where they drill into his head to check on the chip, cranium dust pouring out has to be one of the best if unnerving parts of this flick -- so when Liev is nominated for his party's Vice Presidential slot, prodded by his Senator mother, played by Meryl

Streep (think Hillary Clinton, nudge nudge), he is all set to run for President of the U.S. of A., presumably on behalf of the Halliburton-like corporate types-- are you getting chills yet? -- when the Presidential nominee gets assassinated (they hope) on cue.

The only thing is, Denzel keeps getting these nasty nightmares and is afraid that Liev is not the hero he is claimed to be and that evil doings went on in the desert.

They were all programmed to say he saved the platoon, and in reality ** horror of horrors ** the G.I.'s killed some of their own men, ... yes even cleancut honorable Denzel was forced to kill!!!... and he is going to stop the foul plot.

The reasons for the arbitrary killing of a couple of soldiers from their company, or why the

...where they drill into his head to check on the chip, cranium dust pouring out...

corporation would want to run the nation are unexplained... but we all know why they would want to do the latter, don't we?

This is all so much hokum. While a certain tension is built up, the movie overall is a severe letdown given its illustrious forebear directed by John Frankenheimer and starring Laurence Harvey and Angela Lansbury in the Liev and Meryl roles, with Frank Sinatra in the Denzel role.

See the original and forget the remake. More proof that you should never remake a classic.

De-Lovely

★★★★☆☆

Well acted by Kevin Kline as Cole Porter and Ashley Judd as his long-suffering and part-understanding wife (Porter was gay), and of course the songs are de-lovely, if a bit odd to see sung by modern stars such as Alanis Morissette, Sheryl Crow, Vivian Green, Robbie Williams and Elvis Costello. The premise of

the film is wooden, that Porter is taken on a "Christmas Carol"-type journey into his past, seated in a theater watching his own life enacted on the "stage" along with the "director" of the piece, Jonathan Pryce. The movie also goes on too long, and Mrs. Porter after initially vowing herself accepting of Cole's nights out with men comes across as petulant and silly when

she later creates scenes about the same situation. These quibbles aside, the film is a visual and aural treat. Recommended. Kline should get an Oscar.



Porter is taken on a "Christmas Carol"-type journey into his past, seated in a theater watching his own life...

Continued
See 'Fahrenheit' on pg 6

Desert Moon usually shows well at IBPC with strong entries. This month is no exception. The selection judges had their hands full!

This month's entries feature works by Jim Corner, Sarah Sloat, and Terry Lynn Graham, reprinted here for your enjoyment.



Word for Skin Between Fingers

We rise naked in the surf,
sprint to a dune beyond the beach
where twisted Bermuda
cushions us, wrapped together.

My fingers glide elbow
to hand, your skin ripples
as in the deep.

There is a word for every inch
of flesh except for the lotus
between fingers.

- James D. Corner

Upon The Realization Of Why Aspirins Failed To Kill Me

At fourteen I didn't know
I might meet you someday.
So, it didn't matter one whit
when I popped the top off
of the three quarter filled
bottle and swallowed
them all in two gulps.

Somehow even death must have been touched by the shunt
of spirit that purposed itself to flow
between two halves who felt they had no right
to be whole, as if wholeness itself
were only attainable as an apotheosis,
as if we could be satisfied
with hope alone. And what does wholeness feel like?

I am the African plain,
the Baobab Tree, the song
of the Zambezi River. I am Eve
before the fall, I am hushed
in communion with the bend of your spine
as I watch you in the mirror
widening your legs slightly,
the same way a giraffe will, to submit
its great height to appease thirst.
You drink and I am alive

- Terry Lynn Graham

Electric Ode

Electricity is singing in the wires.
It is shouting in the wires.
No, shrieking.

Electricity is not a flower, blooming.
It should wear a rubber girdle.
Electricity is not a symbol.
Oh, it is so.
It is a small hand with many fists,
a bracelet of sharp teeth.

Electricity is the sperm bank of industry.
Electricity is the capital of the 3rd world.
It's neon graffiti.

Have you ever seen
a downed powerline
writhe like a rapid snake?
I've seen that.

I've seen strings
of party lights outdo the stars.
I've seen lights turn valleys
into silver spoons.

Electricity is a singed mustache,
a volley of bees, the alphabet
of lightning, a voice humming
into a whirling fan.

Some worry electricity might leak
onto the carpet,
frazzle the dog,
fry the cat.

Have you ever seen a child
stick a fork into a socket?
Don't say that.

Electricity cannot be stored
like oil. It doesn't spill.
It is convulsing in the eye sockets
of a skull in a gag shop.

Electricity is lewd.
It stands your hair on end.
It crawls the static skirt
between your thighs.

Electricity is a Motown song
playing on the radio
at the edge of the pool
you're jumping into.

- Sarah Sloat

August Results at the IBPC

View this month's winners and judge's comments at:

<http://www.webdelisol.com/IBPC/winningpoems.html>

This month's selections from the Interboard Poetry Competition are an interesting mix.

The Wild Poetry forum's nomination features Laurie Byro and Ivan Waters collaboration, **Penelope and the Birdman**.

A worthy first place, as the piece is strong, with a

clear tale, couched in imaginative imagery both arresting and beautiful.

Second place winner, **Conceptions**, by Knut Skagen was offered by the Melic Review.

It has a lyrical, haunting quality, though the shift of person (as noted in the commentary) is a trifle distracting.

Jim Zola, from The Writer's Block, takes third this month with **A Poem About Nothing**.

The refrain is particularly captivating, and makes this work a true stand out.

Congratulations to all the winners on their very fine poems!

Book Review - The Poetry Reader's Toolkit

Marc Polonsky clearly loves poetry and wants you to join him in his enthusiasm.

Available in student and instructors versions, the Toolkit provides an excellent introduction to the complex world of contemporary poetry.

Along with sound

instruction to the tools of poetry, Mr. Polonsky takes the time to cover the emotions, tone, and wholistic view of the poem.

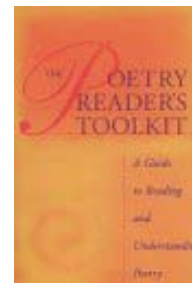
As a relative newcomer to serious poetry, I found the book to be invaluable in explaining basic concepts. It is definitely

geared to the beginner.

My only issue is with the over enthusiastic use of *italics* which proved to be a little distracting.

Highly recommended for the beginner, or classroom instructors.

The Poetry Reader's Toolkit by Marc Polonsky
ISBN 0-8442-5988-8



Available from Amazon.com

Moviehouse Roundup - Fahrenheit 9/11

★★★★☆

Controversial director Michael Moore definitely manipulates the facts to his advantage.

What does it matter if the Bushes and the Saudis were connected by business dealings? What millionaires with business interests are not tied together in one way or another in this age of mergers and takeovers?

Moore seems to imply in noting that Saudis,

including relatives of Osama Bin Laden, got early flights out of the U.S. after the attacks, that Bush was somehow responsible for the 9/11 attacks.

I dozed during the Bush-Saudi portion of the movie.

Most disturbing were the black screen when the airliner crashed into the World Trade Center and the horror scenes in Iraq

with bloody children plus American soldiers' blasé attitudes toward the killing of Iraqis.

Bush's reading of *My Pet Goat* with the class in Florida, just six minutes after hearing about the attacks, is eye opening and may be worth the price of admission alone.

"Moore seems to imply...that Bush was somehow responsible for the 9/11 attacks."

Crescent Moon Journal Summer Contest Results

The Summer Contest has drawn to a close. Here is the announcement as made by Tracy Estes, Assistant Editor at Desert Moon:

"On behalf of the Staff at Desert Moon, I am pleased to announce the winners in the Summer Poetry Competition (Water Images).

First Place

[Remnants](#)

by Julie Damerell

Second Place

[Poem in the Broken Seasons](#)

by Robert N. Ward

Third Place

[I Must Be Rain](#)

by Maryann Hazen Stearns

Honorable Mention #1

[Sheldon Refuge](#)

by Lynne Bigley

Honorable Mention #2

[Names](#)

by Johanna Donovan

We look forward to seeing all of these fine poems featured in the up-and-coming **Crescent Moon Journal-Summer 2004** edition being hammered on as we speak by our very own intrepid Associate Editor, Mustansir Dalvi.

These poems deserve a round of applause, as well as all of the other fine poems that were submitted by over 25 poets."

Weekly Exercise Spotlight

One of the latest tools available to the DMR Poetry Workshop is the Weekly Challenge. The first exercise featured a picture of a blood red sunset sky to use as inspiration, along with certain 'rules' outlined below:



The Rules for week 8-12-04

Four Stanzas
Four Lines per Stanza

You **MUST** use six out of eight words in your poem.

The words:

fulsome
waterfall
incendiary
unseemly
cinnamon
lethal
toll
paladin

Any style--Free or Formal.

Cinnamon Toast

The memory is gentle enough --
Cinnamon toast on Saturday morning --
Mom busily bustles about the kitchen,
Dad reads his paper absently.

But one Saturday our treat
Became a ready anesthetic,
A salve for two little boys about to be burned
Beyond recognition by an incendiary divorce.

We paid our toll in burbling butter
And rich brown sweetness.
Brave little paladin, I snapped
At my big brother, Stop crying,

Grow up.
I never make cinnamon toast --
It's a thing I love too much.
It's a fulsome treat, a lethal gift.

- Mark Leydorf



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Editor's Notepad

Welcome to the inaugural edition of Moon Notes with me as editor.

Newsletters for literary endeavors are puzzling things to me.

Should it be a light, newsy, epistle about the goings on at our humble site? The poetry world at large?

Or do we make it part of the literary endeavor?

Personally, I see any creation as an evolution. What we are today will surely change over time.

As we grow and stretch, as contributors come and go, as my own vision solidifies.

Ultimately, it is the audience who decides whether the work has appeal.

So, it is my fervent hope

that you, the reader, will tell me what you want to see. More, I hope you feel the urge to join in our evolution.

Come play with me...

Please send questions, comments, ideas, and submissions care of Charlene Dewbre, to desertmoon@post.com

About Desert Moon Review

Desert Moon Review is the creation of James Corner. He firmly believes in a poetry workshop environment that can be helpful and collegial. The emphasis at DMR is to help developing poets refine their craft.

Visit us on the Web at:

<http://www.desertmoonreview.com/>
