

# POG: POETRY-IN-ACTION

at The Drawing Studio, 33 S 6th Ave, Tucson

7pm Saturday February 21



RENÉE ANGLE &

RENEE GLADMAN

\$5 admission, \$3 students

**Renée Angle** is the University of Arizona Poetry Center's Program Coordinator. She holds an MFA from George Mason University, where she was editor of the journal *So to Speak*. She has taught for Johns Hopkins Center for Talented Youth, Kore Press Literary Activism Classes, and for a charter school in South Tucson. Her poems have appeared in *Practice: New Writing + Art*, *Diagram*, and *The Sonora Review*.

**Renee Gladman** is the author of four books of prose, *Arlem*, *Not Right Now*, *Juice*, *The Activist*, and a volume of poetry, *A Picture-Feeling*, and of a work in-progress, *Newcomer Can't Swim*. Since 2004, she has been the editor and publisher of *Leon Works*, a perfect bound series of books for experimental prose. She was previously the editor of the *Leroy* chapbook series, publishing innovative poetry and prose by emerging writers. She teaches at Brown University where she works as an assistant professor of the Literary Arts program.

POG is Southern Arizona's premier presenter of poetry readings and related events. Curator for this event is Barbara Henning. POG is a nonprofit, 501(c)(3) charitable organization, whose events are funded by contributions from individuals like you. For information about POG please call 520-620-1626, or visit [gopog.org](http://gopog.org)

from "The Day, the Day," by Renee Gladman

Whatever the past is, however one chooses to settle it, its accumulation is undeniable. Watching water make a zero of things. Its figures may or may not leave you. Earlier, you had drawn a sphere in the sand and placed fragments of shells along the border; now you're sitting back on your haunches, admiring things. Not just your making a shape but others walking by to see it, also their shapes. The person you're with has a hard time focusing on you because you appear to be between forms. A wavering, translucent being with hunger and a desire to be warm, with a name and family history. She calls you by that name, saying to herself, "not real," uncritically

Growing the Bonsai Lake, by Renée Angle

Awoke and found the world a lake  
Alone with mother and mealworms  
And what was left of the rust  
That rose and fell and rose and fell  
With a tide who ate everything but me.  
We were connecting pipes to make  
Large islands to beach ourselves against  
until the tide corroded them away  
And we would float again. There were  
tollbooths, Bright orange buoyed markers,  
and tallies kept with paper and greasy charcoal.  
I checked for my Shakespeare professor  
Who, on all accounts was there  
With his wife floating on metal chairs.  
Suddenly, my mother was not inside  
I was afraid that she had died  
And left me over this red water  
To build islands for all the floaters  
Too busy with their sunscreen  
With their colored styrofoam.  
My mother, I could not find her.  
A short blonde woman appeared  
A muscle in a shell  
Plucked herself from a small cave and as she did so  
Her brain livered out into the open  
A small piece of her brain held out, itself a liver  
So bleeding she sat down to die  
This blonde woman was my mother  
But was not my mother.  
Awoke and found the world a lake.