

Poetry Reading

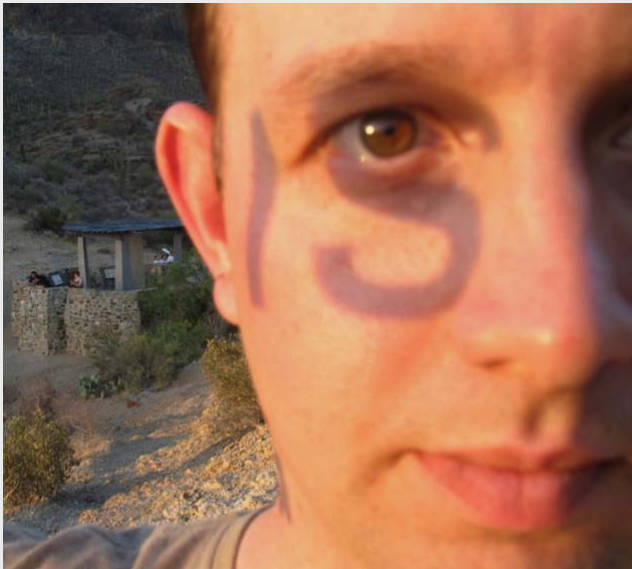
Cushing Street Bar & Restaurant

198 W. Cushing St. : Tucson, Ariz.

Tuesday : August 14, 2007 : 8 p.m.

Join us on the patio, one block south of the Tucson Convention Center, for a free poetry reading with:

Eric Magrane



Eric Magrane's creative work draws upon his experience of wild places and interest in the elemental qualities of light, water, air, and time. He is a professional hiking guide and has taught poetry and writing as well as environmental education. In addition to writing for the page, a few of his current projects include the *Haleakala Series*, which combines sandblasted mirror-poems with digital prints from Maui's Haleakala National Park, and the development of the poemgraph genre, which he and Wendy Burk debuted at *Woven Tongue: Experiments in Poetry* at Solar Culture this May. He has a poem + image piece in the current issue of *Terrain.org* and his website is www.ericmagrane.com.

The language of paradigm shifts
becomes tiring—

(although it's true not long ago

the earth was flat)

When the world repeats

we are faced with

the same scenarios

but each present more catastrophic because the present is ours.

Simmons B. Buntin



Simmons B. Buntin is the founding editor of *Terrain.org: A Journal of the Built & Natural Environments*. That doesn't pay, so (most of the time) he is a web program manager at the University of Arizona. He is the recipient of an Academy of American Poets Prize, a Tucson-Pima Arts Council grant, and the Colorado Artists Fellowship for Poetry. His first book of poetry, *Riverfall*, was published in May 2005 by Ireland's Salmon Publishing. New and forthcoming poetry appears in *The Manhattan Review*, *South Dakota Review*, *Isotope*, and *Orion*. Simmons lives in the community of Civano in southeast Tucson, where he's actively promoting a neighborhood taco stand-to-be, *Tacos de Civano*.

All I can offer, in the end—an end without

syllables, without even the solidity
of consonants—is that it's not the heat, it's
the humidity. So when the rain chants down

like a new vocabulary, when the tongue celebrates
the wet vowels of the dawn, when
finally the fiery blanket draws back—

the rock and the branch, the mountain
and the sky sing fully this radiant cleansing:
this virgin chorus that marks the immaculate day.