

**Q**ALIFORNIA  
QUARTERLY  
CALIFORNIA STATE POETRY SOCIETY



**Volume 43, Number 4**

**\$10**

**COVER ART**  
**“Turning Point”**  
**Sherrie Lovler**  
**Santa Rosa, California**  
**(Gouache, Walnut Ink, Gold Leaf)**

**CALIFORNIA QUARTERLY**

**ISSN 0896-6338**



**9 770896 633002**

## MY NAKED ROOF

My naked roof  
My undressed clothes  
I wear underneath  
my underworld harness

Ripped off walls  
torn down floors  
whores for pigeons; white  
nest indoors  
in this architectural poetry  
physics in form nor function  
apply

Spiked by spilled scotch and  
sticky second-hand smoke  
in this house doorknobs,  
dust-stuffed corners and  
glued-on fixtures run wild  
for hours on end

Its paradise, swallowed-whole  
its recovered nudity, entirely aviated  
its peaked openness, flown across  
its shed skin, as shards of glass  
in perpetual motion in this  
shell of wings I call home; comfort!

*animasuri'17*  
*Beijing, P.R. China*

## NIHIL UPSIDEDOWN

Speed read this poem  
Quickly eat its slogans  
Its recycled formula  
is good for the baby in you

Speed eat this prose's pose  
It's non-stop fed with a smiley  
You won't even notice  
its contradiction  
its convolution  
into meaninglessness

Speech-out, it's *pee-are*  
as alternative fact  
over 'n' over 'gain  
wrapped around you as a diaper  
as a prescribed dose  
of sanctioned fluffy opioid

No, it is not an opium for the people  
It *is* its people's People-Man  
Its words as injections  
objections, sneezy interjections  
interactions without return

Ever deny its recital as the proclamation of  
and your submission to  
the emperor's transparent utterance.

Flee from this poet, for when  
the real smart child stands up 'n' points  
at the imposter poet of the pedestrian's dullest  
you too shall be naked

*animasuri'17*  
*Beijing, P.R. China*



## POCKET OF PEACE

Pieces of a day  
Basis for breathing out  
For fifteen minutes  
one,  
long,  
breath.

Intermittent  
with hints of a smile  
I am content;  
as that which is contained  
I am content;  
as that which is outgoing

I feel one  
with the crisp coldness  
slightly heating up mid-air  
refracting rays  
in colors native  
to the moment  
from 6:30 in the morning until 6:45 AM;  
on that day of that year.

I feel my molecules  
metaphysically dissolve  
in the being with  
the soil, via the tarmac;  
the air, via the vibrations of a lonely horn;  
the wood, as flesh of the artificially-pruned

This is one pocket of peace.  
Here and now.

*animasuri '17*  
*Beijing, China*