

Moonday

An East Side
Reading



August 20, 2017
4 PM

Deborah Kolodji



Deborah P. Kolodji is the California Regional Coordinator for the Haiku Society of America and moderates the Southern California Haiku Study Group. As former president of the Science Fiction & Fantasy Poetry Association, she created the *Dwarf Stars Anthology*, which honors the best short speculative poetry, 1–10 lines long, from the previous year. Debbie has published over 900 haiku and 4 chapbooks of poetry. Her first full-length book of haiku and senryu, *highway of sleeping towns*, is available from Shabda Press and was awarded a Touchstone Distinguished Book Award as well as an Honorable Mention in the Haiku Society of America Merit Books Awards. She has also published short stories in *Thema* and *Tales of the Talisman*, and a short memoir in *Chicken Soup for the Dieter's Soul*.

thistles in bloom
grandmother's needle
threaded with purple

highway
of sleeping towns
the milky way

as far
as the moon's dark side
his untouched pillow

from *highway of sleeping towns*,
Shabda Press, 2016

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Richard Jarrette

Richard Jarrette is the author of *Beso the Donkey* (Michigan State University Press, 2010)—Gold Medal

Poetry Midwest Independent Publishers Association 2011, Chinese translation by Yun Wang forthcoming; *A Hundred Million Years of Nectar Dances* (Green Writers Press, 2015); *The Pond* (Green Writers Press, Oct. 2017)—Chapter V of *Nectar Dances* with paintings by Susan Solomon; *The Beatitudes of Ekaterina* (Green Writers Press, Oct. 2017). His books have been endorsed by W.S. Merwin, Jane Hirshfield, Joseph Stroud, Sam Hamill, David Ferry and used as texts for *Influence of Buddhism on Contemporary Literature* in MFA courses. He has three self-cleaning adult children and four grandchildren and lives part-time with some of them on the eastern slope of the Rocky Mountains.

Honey For The Women

Earth wins its argument again.
I sit beneath a tree to rest, filled with living
like a worm full of dirt, and I Euripides
about the women I've known.

My fingers find a crusty dead bee in the grass,
weightless, more profound than the *Song of Solomon*.
Inside its husk, a hundred million years of nectar dances,
flowers of the world, and the world's sweetness.

But I robbed the tree of a kernel of food
by picking it up and so I put it down.

If I never get up, and no one finds me,
will bees make a hive of my body as in Samson's lion
and honey, from alfalfa and sage,
next spring?

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