

Moonday

An East Side Reading



Sunday, May 19, 2019
4:00 PM

Joseph Fasano is the author of four books of poetry—*The Crossing* (2018), *Vincent* (2015), *Inheritance* (2014), and *Fugue for Other Hands* (2013)—and the forthcoming novel *The Dark Heart of Every Wild Thing* (Platypus Press, 2020). His honors include the Cider Press Review Book Award and the RATTLE Poetry Prize. The Director of the Unamuno Poem Project, he serves on the Editorial Board of Alice James Books and teaches at Columbia University and Manhattanville College.

Joseph Fasano



Lois P. Jones



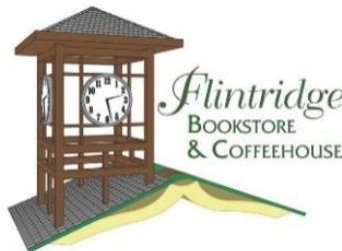
Lois P. Jones was one of two winning finalists for the 2018 Terrain Poetry Contest judged by Jane Hirshfield. Awards include the 2018 Lascaux Poetry Prize, the 2017 Bristol Poetry Prize and the 2012 Tiferet Poetry Prize. Jones has work published or forthcoming in *New Voices:*

Contemporary Writers Confronting the Holocaust

(Vallentine Mitchell of London); *Spillway*, *Narrative*, *American Poetry Journal*, *One*, *Tupelo Quarterly*, *MOIRA* and *Tinderbox Poetry Journal*. Her first collection of poems, *Night Ladder* was awarded Glass Lyre Press's Editor's Choice and listed for the Julie Suk Award. She hosts KPFK's Poets Café and is the poetry editor of *Kyoto Journal* and the co-producer of the Moonday Poetry Series.

Come early to sign up for the open reading or email: pero@earthlink.net to get on the list.

Check www.moondaypoetry.com for other information and find us on Facebook.



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Letter

Tonight, as you walk out
into the stars, or the forest, or the city,
look up
as you must have looked
before love came,
before love went,
before ash was ash.
Look at them: the city's
mists, the winters.
And the moon's glass
you must have held once
in beginning.
That new moon
you must have touched once
in the waters,
saying *change me, change me, change me. All I want is to be more of what I am.*

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Self Portrait

they say the right is the eye
of the father
it hides beneath a mantle
of low clouds
only the left asks if we see its seeing
do we sense what aquafies
even as the photograph closes
in on itself everything around it
turned to black and white
the chiaroscuro it lives in
oceanic iris encircling
the pupil's *isla negra*
and its intake of breath
it is already forgetting
who it was
it is catching the last coin
of light as the dove coos
into the evening
something like a prayer

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