Editor's Corner

Hello there and welcome to the second issue of Iambic.

National Poetry Month is over once again. Poets expressed their love for poetry in shows, books, art, and on the street. Do you write poetry daily? Did you should participate in writing 30 Poems in 30 Days on Napowrimo.net. Check out my attempt on page 7.

Lets move forward in the Sacramento poetry scene. This month in MEET THE HOSTS, I introduce Grace Loescher. In VENUE Profiles, I discuss the Mahogany Poetry Series. Plus, The Adventure in Cellularville by SeneStar continues. Don't forget to also check out this month Calendar to find venues in the Downtown Sacramento area. Also, my deepest thanks to Artist Nixy Cane for this issue's Front Cover artwork. Plus, our advertisement page is active. Check out TMK photography. They taped my March solo feature, Split Personality at Luna's Cafe.

I am seeking to create a source for information on the wide variety of poets and poetry flourishing in Sacramento. we love you to contribute! If you would like to submit work to the 'zine, please contact me!

~ CharRon Smith
Venues

Wednesdays
Mahogany Poetry Series
8:45PM-1 AM, Sign up at 9pm
1704 Broadway Street
Sacramento, CA 95818
$5 at Door.

Final Saturday of
Every Month
Blacklight Lounge Poetry
9 PM-12 AM

Mahogany Poetry Urban Series
Established in 1997

Mahogany Poetry Urban Series is an urban venue that caters to Poets of Color in Sacramento. It is located at Queen Sheba (off 17th and Broadway). The show is run by four hosts who rotate weekly. Each host brings a local poet or spoken word artist to be a feature. The open mic is open to poets, singers, comedians, and rappers.

King of the Mic Poetry Slam is also held later in the show. Participates battle with their poems. The grand prize for the winner is $50 cash.

There is a door fee of $5. The restaurant is open for food and drinks during the show.
Meet the Hosts

Without hosts to organize, promote and run poetry events we would all be reduced to sitting home and penning away with no audience. The hosts add a unique style and flavor to their events. So, check them out and support their events!

Grace is DC native that move to California after her graduation from The University of Florida in 2014. She is the Program Director of Waking the Village, a non-profit devoted to ending youth homelessness. A true civil service worker and Activist artist, she started a program and social justice art studio space for youth called the Creation District where they to create visual arts and bring communities together.

Grace has written poetry and performed spoken word for a couple years. She started to become a regular poet at Midtown Out Loud (an open mic show that drew a LGBTQA crowd to Shine Café, biweekly). The host of Midtown Out Loud closed the enormously popular event in November 2016. Grace stepped up to continue a mic for the LGBTQ communities.

Grace and her co-hosts Matthew Walsh and HK Poet (both MOL regulars) banded together to host the open mic space in Shine Café with a brand new open mic show: Speak Out Sacramento. The three first-time open mic show hosts work with trial and errors but, the shows have become incredible for the last 5 months. To maintain the Midtown Out Loud spirit, the show has a non-profit organization be featured for the month, a ritual scream, and all around hugs.

Her spoken word poetry and friendship with guitarist Jordan Moore was the perfect collaboration for their first 9 song EP, Some Call It Holy. She and Jordan have been showcasing a mini-tour in different venues around Downtown Sacramento. You can listen and purchase the EP on Itunes.

She also started a new open mic show called the Village Underground at the Creation District where she lets the artist get loose with their visual and musical art work.

To hear the full-length audio interview, check out: www.Reswonderland.com/Iambic
Elephant Tattoo by Grace Loescher

You have a tattoo of an elephant on your left ankle
Which catches my eye every time you turn your chair a certain angle
Which makes me wanna turn to you and say
Look, I know you’re pretty entangled in your one point view
But did you…ever believe in angels?

Did you ever have ideals so wild your mom used to say
‘Child—turn that rock music down!’
And you would whip your hair around, turn up the sound
And for the 50th time repeat, momma that’s no snare drum
That sound is my heart beat

Did you ever have a heart beat
That didn’t focus so much on beating others down
Have you ever heard the sound of community?
Am I’m not talking a room full of people who wear the same badge

I’m talking comrades
I’m talking the “we have each others backs”
I’m talking the laying my body down on the train tracks
So you can climb over me and carry on the torch
I’m talking leaving the porch light on
Even when you’re tired
I’m talking no such thing as “you’re fired”

Because we’re in this together now
Because how can picking this world up by its boot straps
Ever be a nine to five? How can we survive if we cant call on each other
In the hardest moments, in the blackest nights, in the fist fights we lose
You cant choose to clock out of caring about the ones who need you the most
Because you need them the most too

I know what you’re trying to do
Everyone knows that a bully is only a bully because they’ve been beat up themselves
But I’ve been through hell too and I think it’d be really cool if you could just say
“Hey! I don’t mean to treat your self esteem like a garbage disposal, I’m just havin a bad day”

Then I could turn my chair towards you
And say hey I’m havin a bad day too
And instead of you taking all your self loathing out on me
I could take you out for coffee or take you in for day time tv
You see

I’m sure you spend hours each morning looking into the mirror with fear
Telling yourself, “don’t let them see you cry”
But I’ve always believed hope is the sister of depair
And where I come from, being a sister means
we don’t care if you have mascara running down your face
you have a place with us
you don’t sit on the bus alone
when we don’t pick up the phone you knock on the window
and then the door
and then you pour kerosene until the entire house becomes dis-jointed
okay maybe that’s taking it too far but you get what the point is

You don’t have to believe the same things that I do
You just have to be kind
And I’ll come sit beside you
When he finally reached the bottom of the hole, he found Jim on his phone. “Dude, you really can’t go on like this. We need to find a way out, and then we can go for our jog around the block,” CharRon said. As they looked around, they noticed that everything was related to the internet. The trees were the wifi towers, the fruits were cellphones, the houses were computers. “Dude, this is just the thing I’ve been looking for. To bad we don’t live here, this is awesome!” Jim exclaimed. As they made their way to the nearest house, they noticed a group of children playing on their phones. “Excuse us, but do you guys know the way out of here?” Jim asked. As they waited for an answer, they noticed that these children were zombies. Zombies stuck on their gadgets!

“No now do you see what will happen to you if you don’t shape up? You’ll turn into a zombie,” CharRon said.

“Okay, okay, you’re right. I’ll cut down on my use. But, how are we supposed to get out of here?” Jim asked. All of a sudden, the zombies got up, and started wobbly walking towards them.

“Uh, let’s get out of here before we, I don’t want to think about it,” CharRon said, starting to run.

“Wait up! I’m not as fast as you! And, I admit, if I’d become healthy sooner, this wouldn’t be happening,” Jim replied, starting a slow jog. As they ran to escape, they noticed the zombies starting to tire.

“Come on Jim, let’s hide behind those computers ahead. We’ll hopefully be safe there,” CharRon called. Rushing over to the computers they noticed that all the townspeople they passed were zombies, and they were coming after them.

“Oh, you’ve got to be kidding me. This is too much! First, we get sucked down here, then, we get attacked by five kids, and now, we are being chased by a ton of
computer zombies!” Jim exclaimed. Just as they were about to outrun the mob, they came upon a cliff, and the zombies were too close for them to run around.

“CharRon, I think this is it, we’re going to be eaten alive and there’s nothing we can do about it. Goodbye old buddy, nice knowing you,” Jim said. As the zombies started to corner in, they found a way to escape, but not in time to save themselves.

To be continued........

Every April, NaPoWriMo challenges people to write poetry for 30 days. Prompts are provided and poets offer up new work. Two of my attempts are here for your amusement.

Blades of Grass
Blades of grass are Samurai to the arbor Shoguns
Invaders attack with sheer number or powerful force
But the shogun still stands
As Grass samurai sacrifice their lives everyday.

Lose Control
Losing control of all these Souls
their hearts got stole
so they pay a toll

~CharRon Smith

IAMBIC WANTS YOU!

We are looking for local poets to contribute to Iambic. We want your poems, your events, coverage of poetry events, interviews with local poets, and all things poetry related.

If you are interested in contributing to the next edition of Iambic, please email SeriousProduction@gmail.com with "IAMBIC Contribution" in the subject line.
Have an upcoming event you want featured on the calendar or in Iambic? Contact CharRon Smith at ASeriousProduct@gmail.com for information!