

Kaleidoscope

A Poetry Anthology

by

The Laguna Honda Hospital

Poetry Group

2008

Introduction and Acknowledgments

Poetry continues to be a vital part of Laguna Honda Hospital, and this anthology celebrates the tenth edition of *Kaleidoscope*. Creativity is alive and well in this nursing home and manifests itself in the bright spirits and talents of our residents.

In the Laguna Honda poetry group, residents from diverse backgrounds, facing diverse challenges, come together weekly to explore and write about a variety of topics. Many of the poets are long-time lovers of poetry and have been writing for several years. Others are venturing into the world of poetry for the first time. All of them bring enthusiasm and curiosity to the writing process as well as the courage needed to delve into their inner worlds and express what is found there.

In this issue poets such as Shirley Middleton use memory and the senses to capture treasured parts of life: "I have heard calypso, reggae, salsa. . . I have smelled rose bushes. . .frangipani plants. . .the sea." In "The King," A. Faye Hicks comments on life in earlier times: "No cell phones, / no color TV, / no Internet. / Music was king."

The poets also use their skills to explore their present lives. Elizabeth Cutler reflects on her physical challenges in "It Could Happen to You":
"fingers flopping like limp French fries / a misty spot on one of my eyes / it began." Patricia Tobias expresses her thoughts on the state of our country in "Dear America": "America has its delicate beauty / and its hunger / for leadership, so let's lead / for peace."

I constantly watch these writers grow and meet new challenges in their writing and in their lives outside the poetry group. The opportunity to express themselves and to share their work with others is an essential part of their lives, one that allows them to be seen and heard as the smart, funny, tender, insightful human beings they are.

As always, the poetry group offers *Kaleidoscope* to the reader in hopes that he or she will be nourished by the poems and inspired by the courage and commitment it took to create them.

It continues to be my privilege to work with each of these poets and to learn from them. My sincere thanks to friends and colleagues for their assistance with this project. Special thanks to

Yvonne Cannon, Penny Scott, Vicky Julian, and Bernadette Thomas for their editorial assistance and to Richard Goldberg for the cover design. Special thanks also to the Social Service Department for its continued support.

Sharon Pretti LCSW
Editor and Poetry Group Facilitator
2008

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Frank Ahern

Elizabeth Cutler

Colleen Crawford

Sharon Grace

Paul Hendrickson

A. Faye Hicks

Paul Hoskinson

Barbara Jamison

Shirley Middleton

Denise Perlman

Kelli Showen

Patricia Tobias

Jim Wimer

Mitchell Zeftell

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DEDICATED TO THE MEMORY OF
OUR FRIEND AND FELLOW POET
MICHAEL NESTA MARLEY

WORD MAGIC

WORD MAGIC

She thinks we're prestidigitators but we're not

She thinks we're prestidigitators but we're not

We can hardly press our digits to the page

Prestidigitators can juggle balls into the air

Raising our spirits in the air, raising our spirits!

She thinks we're poets, but we're not

Sometimes our words can fly up into the air

Brightly colored rainbow arcs into the air

Raising our spirits, raising our spirits

But sometimes they can't

She thinks we're prestidigitators with words

But sometimes they

Fall with a clunk,

fall with a clunk

As leaden as the pencil I'm pressing with my digits,

With my digits to the flimsy page

The page so flimsy it flies up into the air

I wish I could be a prestidigitator with words

Raising your spirits like love in your heart

love in your heart

Elizabeth Cutler

OH WHAT

Oh what I have seen, heard, smelled,
touched, and tasted.

I have seen the Atlantic Ocean,
the Pacific Ocean, the Caribbean Sea,
and the San Francisco Bay.

I have heard gospel music, spirituals,
country music, calypso, reggae, salsa,
classical, and show tunes.

I have smelled rose bushes,
bougainvillea, and frangipani plants,
old ladies' apartments, newborn babies,
good cooking, the sea.

I have touched newborn babies,
bluebells, and grandmother's hands,
and hopefully the future.

I have tasted hominy grits with eggs and bacon,
fish caught by my father's hand,
whelks and rice, snails and mangos.

More to come and enjoy.

Shirley Middleton

Hard hats, hard heads, hard hearts
perhaps sometimes
but this time
no
they spotted a little female fox
running around, confused, in the bowels of
the new Marriott construction site
a lovely little delicate sight
that some men would have
blown away with a gun
but these men were
"real men" to quote my boyfriend
Matt
they got a large Havahart trap
attached it to a small cage of
quail-like birds
they didn't like having to scare the
birds, they explained
so solemn on TV
"we released them both
the fox and the birds as soon as we caught
the fox
we released them to
their rightful homes"
"it's guys like these

who give construction workers

A GOOD NAME”

to quote my Animal Activist self—

Sharon Grace

A NATURAL KALEIDOSCOPE

Here's to my sadly laughing,
 singing rainbow
that fell into the ocean while
chasing extremely multicolored
 small minnows
that were drawing cartoons
as in the *Saturday Evening Post*.

A naughty wisp of wind
 came and blew the missing parts
into the Grand Canyon.

Jim Wimer

OUR NURSES

Nurse, CNA
you make my day.
Body and soul
you keep it whole.
Holistic health
intelligent wealth
careful care.

Nurse, CNA
you make my day.
Working smart
with all your heart.
Laguna Honda
way out yonder.
Outa-sight
day and night.

Frank Ahern

EARTH

There are so many things I love
about the Earth.

I can sit alone on the beach
and think of how beautiful life
has been for me.

Slowly I eat yummy peaches.

I have a wonderful son named David
and he is my life, my world, my happiness.

All this wrapped up
in a big, giant, blue, green, round pearl
bigger than you can imagine,
bigger than life itself—
it's called life.

I love this world; I love this Earth.

Barbara Jamison

ME

Here I am.

Why?

Born and created to become
this curious, inventive,
thoughtful, giving person.

But why?

Just because.

Denise Perlman

SPINNING SOUL

I hear a melody that's
feeding my soul,
inspiring my soul to feel the melody.
The rhythm is uplifting my spirit, my soul.
Every ounce within me
needs to shake a tail
feather at once. It's now or
never, the rhythm is spinning
within my soul.

Patricia Tobias

KIND OF A RESOLUTION

I try to be one with existence itself.
My relationship is pretty good.
I'm not complaining.
I may make mistakes here and there,
but I'm learning that's okay.
It's a big relief not having to be perfect.
Allowing yourself to mess up
is a wonderful thing.
Perfectionism was good
when I had it, but the jury could
still be out on that one.
Accepting who you are and
where you're at is where I've learned
that healing begins.

Paul Hendrickson

THE LOST CHILD

Oh hear me
oh hear me
can't you see
me looking
at you, can't
you see me
or hear me?

Colleen Crawford

THE KING

My first kiss,
my first beer,
my first romance
back in the sixties
when radio was magic,
music the king.
No cell phones,
no color TV,
no Internet.
Music was the king.

Standing close to your love,
dreaming of stars
up above.
Be-boppin', slow-draggin' music.
Writing notes, cutting class,
a new love
on a weekly basis.
Pulling-hair fights,
high school dance,
dressing for the gym.

Turning the radio

to a new tune.
Dance, dance, dance.
Drinking sodas,
milkshakes, and brew.
Crying over a lost love,
changing the channel
for music was magic,
romance the king.

A. Faye Hicks

I'LL TAKE ROMANIA AND AFTERNOON TEA

I never lose at checkers
or romance.
I speak to kings.
I talk to Presidents.
I train dogs to speak Spanish.
I set up a zoo with two hundred
boneless animals from Mars.
I eat methane alkali
from traveler Louisa-Lula.
I sleep 27 hours a day
when I get depressed.
I write a novel a day in stream of streams.
I have 333 ½ castles
along the Nile-Rhine delta.
I cook apples, apples, and rhubarb.
As old as I am. . .
it's not a burden,
not a burden
when I count sands at Waikiki,
at Byelorussia and the Malagasy Republic.
Not a burden
to give money to Bill Gates
so he'll be even happier,

not a burden to wake up Sisyphus.
Not a burden because it's cool and savvy
to overcome, to love.
Not so bad to honeymoon in Australia
and in the Gobi desert,
not really so bad when I dream without dreaming.

Mitchell Zeffel

I IMAGINE

ALL ALONE

My life is full of wonderful things.
First, I'm a woman named Barbara.
I love people and I hope and pray
that they love me too!

I like music—
fast music, slow music too!
My life is full of dreams
of maybe being young again
and having lots of friends
and lots and lots of fun—
oh, to be young again.

I do not like to be all alone.
No, I want to be happy; I want to be alive
with people all around me.
Yes, me, Barbara Ann,
I'm here. I'm here for you.
We are not alone. We are together
and we shall always be.

Barbara Jamison

I MYSELF

I myself
control myself,
usually, that is.
By grace of God
I can remind
and can unwind
thoughtfully.

Premeditation,
concentration.
Resolution,
find solution.
Stay alert
momentarily.
Act appropriately,
most of the time.

Self correction
works for me.
Patient practice
sets me free.
Listen well,
sometimes yell.

Loud voice
sure makes waves.
Meditate that Jesus saves.
Remember that people
don't live in caves.
Easy does it.

Frank Ahern

TO MY MOTHER

The wide ribbons that she tied
at the end of my French braids
were exclamation marks.

How proud she was to match
the color of my ribbons
to the color of my clothes
I wore for the day.

On days she wasn't feeling well,
my long hair would naturally blow
in the breeze
and that was the true feeling of freedom!

Denise Perlman

THE LITTLE ROSE

Inside my mind I see
things that are smaller than me
and things that are bigger than me.

Inside of me I see
a tiny rose that tells me that life
is good and all
is well, but in my mind
there is terror
that I can't explain,
that keeps shouting and shouting at me.

Colleen Crawford

I IMAGINE

My eyes gazing up
dripping tears
of pain.

I imagine a heart
unbroken.
What would I gain?

I imagine joy
and flowers
instead of Cupid's arrow
broken,
bringing pain and sorrow.

Birds singing,
sun shining,
not nightmarish dreams.
No wars, no bombs,
just peace and happiness.
Being alone
by the campfire burning,

surrounded by loving family

is my yearning.
So I gaze downward in prayer,
success just around the corner.
I imagine I will
finally get there.

A. Faye Hicks

A WISH

I wish words could be like clay.
You could dig your hands into them
and sculpt your thoughts and feelings.
The result could be magnificent
and monumental,
awesome and incontrovertible,
so precise that anyone
observing your sculpture
would so be able to hear
its music and smell its sweet
aromas and sour odors
and consume them
making them their own,
bite into them,
make their sweet and savory
flavors their own.
I would love to share
my sculpture and my desire for loving kindness
because words fail me.

Elizabeth Cutler

don't cry
little tear
you're supposed
to fall

Sharon Grace

HOSPITAL PARADISE

The nurse puckers
saying poo-poo.
I dream-wake of beloved
Ocean Beach,
the last spray and recollections
of late Playland.
My neighbor named Jesus
howls through the night.
I think of Stockton St.,
greasy chopsticks
and reverential potstickers.
A fire-bell drill
and most patients are unasleep.
A shrill voice:
Traaaaaaays!
On TV it's heart-numbing
African AIDS
and story-gossip about Mrs. Hillary.
I remember coconut milk
and citron presse
on the French Riviera 37 years ago.
The Lord says to me:
This is hospital paradise.

*Inside broken bones,
meat from my martyrs.*

Mitchell ZefTel

INDIAN SUMMER

Lover of redwoods

Lover of tapioca pudding

Lover of hamburgers and hot dogs

Lover of birds of paradise

Lover of Dickens, Washington Irving, Salinger

Lover of all times of day

Lover of early morning, before sun-up

Lover of a good mattress

Lover of bumper cars and pony rides

Lover of jazz, Dixieland, classical, bluegrass

Lover of eagles and hawks

Paul Hoskinson

SUMMER

Summer is flowers blooming
children playing outside,
the ice cream truck's tunes,
barbecue and watermelon,
sand under toes, walks
to the park, trips to the beach,
fireflies flying, bees buzzing,
mosquitoes biting,
sweat dripping,
long, hot days, short, hot nights
summer is fun, fun, fun
summer is sharp lightning, loud thunder
green, green grass

Shirley Middleton

THE PEACE PROCESS

We only have peace when we don't have conflict. We have to resolve things that bother us. The only real peace is the peace within ourselves.

It's when we have those internal conflicts and share them with others that we cause upheaval of all sorts. After a while no one knows where they belong and they wonder if they belong anywhere at all.

In the morning we can pet the dog or kick the dog and he will take our attitude to the mailman—it's a lick or bite situation.

There's a lot of power in kindness and it's nice to be nice.

Paul Hendrickson

#1

The world is a beautiful place
because we both are here
to love and share.
I'm thinking and remembering
my childhood,
remembering you with me during that time.

Except for those times we were separated
by those who did not feel as we did.
I tremble when I think of those
who had anger and fear within themselves
and expressed it mentally,
emotionally, physically, and spiritually.

How wonderful to have you with me
to counteract these negatives.
I have such gratitude
and wonder with me
whenever you are near.

Jim Wimer

IT COULD HAPPEN TO YOU

IT COULD HAPPEN TO YOU

fingers flopping like limp French fries,
a misty spot on one of my eyes
it began

big honking fear, detached doctors,
humiliating tests: my brain flooded
with dye—boiling bitter coffee
it continued

semi-numbness in hands and feet
limping, falling, crying, a broken ankle
misdiagnosed, then necessarily
broken again to mend it
it persists

friends apologize for complaining
about less consequential ailments
hey we all have pain and mine doesn't
trump yours

now I live in a hospital, doc on tv
talks about training the brain
talks about exercise, thanks, doc,

but for all intents and purposes
my legs are almost senseless
concrete appendages only deigning
to call in with painful spasms

just one more damned infirmity
I'm training my brain to rise above

Elizabeth Cutler

LIFE'S FEARS

Weary of my fears
weary of the year's
fears have held me in chains.
I was afraid to
dance and party without a drink
and that almost destroyed me.
I had to fight my fear of talking
and answering questions in class.
Now I can recite and read on stage.

I rode or flew in airplanes often.
Now I'm afraid to be high up
among the clouds.
I was afraid to be a mother,
but I followed my natural path
and am now a proud grandmother.

My fears have lessened
over the years
and I no longer shed bountiful tears.

A. Faye Hicks

EVERYDAY WOMAN

On a day when the sun is shining
I know the seasons are changing.
Change is a good thing for it brings
new thoughts that will be felt and heard.
The scent of flowers changes from rose
to evergreen.
The sky changes from puffy clouds
to dark gray days, chill wind and air.
Change is always there
like a good friend
or a friend whom you wish would move away.
So hard to begin again.

Denise Perlman

FUNKY LOVE

Dancing is a form of art,
a magical, poetic version of love.

It sways with its own lyrics.

Art is a part of life
whether chosen or not.

Art is love on canvas,
displayed for everyone's benefit.

Art is the artist's soul on view;
it's love on paper for view.

Patricia Tobias

EXPLAINING *D*

D is my choice
for this class.

D is the one and only one
for me.

D is for the ride down my lane,
D, the only heart
that is here today.

Colleen Crawford

GETTING BETTER

I've noticed I've been downsizing my fears. They seem to be less in size each year. From luggage-size to knapsack to fanny-pack to wallet and just getting smaller. Maybe next year I'll keep them in my pocket. I'm just not sure, but that is a can of worms within itself. For years I kept my hand in my pocket because of fear. Being born without four fingers was my reason for hiding. I didn't think I was good enough, but I know that's not true. Over the years, my hand hasn't changed much, but my attitude toward my hand certainly has. What was once huge is now very manageable. My whole perspective and quality of interactions have just gotten better. I know I say it many times and in many ways: it's amazing what a little self-acceptance will do.

Paul Hendrickson

Beautiful straight blonde
hair caught back in a ponytail
God knows how she
kept it clean
innocent 14-year-old face
perhaps 20 in actual age
pretty, sweet, caught up
in an expression of utter contempt
and disgust—
God knows how she kept it clean
God knows how well she knew
just what was being done to her
pretty pink feet
adorned with bead ankle bracelet
pointing at a cardboard blackened sign
“POVERTY SUCKS”

Sharon Grace

ENGAGEMENT EXCITEMENT

Escorting me, his best gal,
around while narrowing down the field
of marriage prospects—
his primary love interest, me.
His past relationships were defunct
and only lived in the very dim past
of his former life—
Bonnie, Carol, and Diane.
I accepted my suitor's love interest
willingly and with exuberance
and almost immediately we began
to save for our nest egg.
I became serious and happy.
We looked on the bright side of life.
He bought me a vanilla ice cream to last
and a Dairy Queen orange float.
He bought a tasty sandwich for me
and his boss. He bought me a cream puff
and an engagement and wedding ring—
beautiful rings.
Those were hungry days when I hadn't
really learned to cook—
only rice dishes, enough for a midnight snack.

We moved to a one-bedroom apartment
and settled in securely,
married in my parent's home
on October 29, 1977.

My husband's brother officiated as best man.
Someone gave me a shot of psychiatric
medicine through the back of my wedding dress
and I nearly fell over.

Kelli Showen

FATHERS

Fathers, of course, you need them,
the yin to your mother's yang
the rough to your mother's soft
the *no* to your mother's *yes*.

And yet some fathers are
the ride in the car on a summer's night
the ice cream after dinner
the bag of potato chips before
and so much more, oh,
how we need them.

What a job
and they've done it to their best.

Shirley Middleton

ON MOTHER'S DAY

Pancake butter,
a lost trinket bringing
back a flood of recollections.
Parakeets in mourning.

Shall I again
beat up on memory?
For a mother is sacred enough
to weep over when she's gone,
to write about because she's gone.

So, carrying a vase
of simple dirt,
of stone and fuchsia,
I open the door
to my mother's room,

risk the sin of pleasure.
So I weep because she's gone.
I remember and I weep.

Mitchell Zeftel

VALUE

I value being alive.
I was always a playful, happy
little girl, always
laughing, never crying.
Then I grew up and found
out what life, love
and sadness were all about.
Life was dreams,
yes, dreams. Maybe
I was a very famous star
and everyone knew me
from close up and afar.
Yes, maybe my name was known
all over the world and then again,
maybe not. Yes, I'm a dreamer.
I like to pretend. Do you?
I value life. It's so very
beautiful in so many ways.
Come with me. We can be anything.
Only value your dreams.
I do, I do.

Barbara Jamison

PROPAGANDA USA

What can I say?
Rodney King said,
"Can't we get along?"
Security, insecurity.
Who is my enemy?
Why is he angry?

Homeland Security. Who's on first?
What goes around comes around.
Bombs away.
Worldwide sound.

Do unto others
as you would have them do to you.
The other man's shoes.
Point of view
just as human
good and bad,
he get mad.

Go figure Uncle Sam.

Frank Ahern

OPPORTUNITY KNOCKS

STAIRWAY

The warmth of the sun
warms everything

The moon so wonderful
Make the most of life

We only have to step up to feel good
Take the steps in life,

the challenge

Paul Hoskinson

We followed the footsteps of Christ
together
we cohabited a Viking ship
when Vikings were still
Matriarchal
and were fierce but
never brutal
we sat in at the
round table at
Camelot
we were pirates together
running down
slave ships
killing the nasty
vicious crews
and taking the people home
I sang Blues to your piano
I sing Blues to your drum
I breathe to your sighs
We are together
Forever. . . .

Sharon Grace

THE ARMCHAIR QUARTERBACK

Crawling, standing, walking,
running, sitting,
a chair with wheels or without.
Once a philosopher,
always a philosopher.
Being a know-it-all
has certainly helped me
get to where I am today.
I always had something
to say about everything.
I'd like to point out
that being right wasn't a criterion.
I think having fun is.
Everything is viable in some way.
Everyone's point of view is for a reason.
People say what they say
because it is important.
If you leave them smiling
you've done your job.

Paul Hendrickson

THE OCEAN

What I value now—
the ocean that I hear,
the birds that are over the ocean,
the sound of waves hitting the shore.
I will value this now and forever more.

Colleen Crawford

OUTBURSTS

I cherish laughter;
had it once, but maybe it's lost:
the deep, satisfying belly laughs
starting somewhere
within, but accelerating until
they rush out,
briskly cleansing my whole system
ballooning bigger, louder
enveloping others,
contagious, loud,
LOUDER
successive waves retreating
sometimes interrupted by
tittering aftershocks
leaving smiles in their wake
then satisfied sighs.

Elizabeth Cutler

BORN IN THE USA

He came to this country when he was five years old. The borders of America came to him. He was proud to be an American since Kiev, Russia was never a place he really experienced. America was his country to behold.

Welcome to America!

America brought him growth and family, a new place to live. So welcome Dad!
Welcome to America!

You were able to cross those straits and seas. Welcome to America even though you're no longer here.

I am here now. I'll experience America for you. I will always be here to welcome you!

Denise Perlman

OPPORTUNITY KNOCKS

Now what?

Be ready,

earthquake

where am I?

Opportunity knocks.

Be ready,

now what?

Knock, knock.

Open what door?

Feet on the floor,

earthquake.

Who's at fault?

Opportunity knocks.

Be ready,

seize the moment.

Think blink

before you leap.

Breathe deep.

Opportunity knocks.

Answer the door.

Knock, knock,

feet on the floor.

Knock, knock,

where's the clock?
Be ready now,
some way, somehow.

Frank Ahern

FINDING BEARINGS OR LOOKING FOR AN EMOTIONAL POSITION THAT WILL LAST

There is no room for feelings of doom
or excessive gloom.

Smiles are natural.

Outside we feel welcomed by people
in peace, a time to regroup.

A time to relate to people who are contrite
and take care in all that they dare to do.

Out of sight!

Beginning in day or night—
this brings to mind how the length
of dusk and dawn are enjoyed by those
who love baseball, home runs,
as well as our own moods soaring.

Are we a nation of manic depression?

Anything goes? Even bipolar syndrome?

Kelli Showen

I AM

I am. . . what do you think about that?

I am. . . alive at Laguna Honda Hospital.

I am. . . living with various supposed ailments.

I am. . . with some gray hair
and sometimes aching bones.

I am. . . with vision that needs glasses.

I am. . . with hearing that isn't always sure.

But I hear what I need to hear

and I see what I need to see

and I do what I want to do

and I am alive!

Shirley Middleton

DEAR AMERICA

You're so beautiful.
You're devoted to ending hunger,
to the welfare of the elderly.
America, just bring those troops home
and let's live as a whole.
America has its delicate beauty
and its hunger
for leadership, so let's lead
for peace, America's free peace,
America's freedom.

Patricia Tobias

LOVE

Love is peace and quiet,
the beauty of clear waters.
It's wonderful to be beloved
by your good mother and father.

Love is so big and powerful
like the wild, wild rush of great, big waters.

Love is what I want, I need
and what I cry for.

Love is so wonderful, I must say.
Sitting on a beach in Hawaii
is a prize in all my Hawaiian dreams.

Love me, kiss me always.

Barbara Jamison

FOUR HOMILIES ON G-D

1

You can try to imagine Him.
You cannot really imagine Him.

2

He is basically deep within you.
Basically on a whim he creates.
For example: pulsars,
eggs, turtledoves.

3

He also knows heartache.
He criticizes the world he made.
He has no Son.
He is alone in the woods.

4

So basically drink up life.
Reconnoiter at the seven desert stones.
He also undoes deceptiveness.

Mitchell Zeftel

I GAZE

As I gaze off into the beautiful
blue distances,
I dream of the past
and reflect on the future.
Past days of mini-skirts
and granny dresses.
The future a cocktail dress
and a hobbling cane.

Staring upward at a star-blazed sky,
the past is a trip to Las Vegas.
The future a trip to Venus and Mars.

I gaze upward at the cloudy skies,
raindrops falling,
memories of my flimsy umbrellas
blowing upward in the wind.
My dreams of the future:
a balloon ride around the world.
I gaze.

A. Faye Hicks

ABOUT THE AUTHORS

Frank Ahern is the president of the Irish Theater Co-op in San Francisco. He is blind and has a passion for books and radio. He has launched a website, [www. sflimericktoday.com](http://www.sflimericktoday.com).

Colleen Crawford was born and raised in Calumet, IL and came to San Francisco at the age of 20. She has worked as a farm laborer in Salinas and as a punch press operator. This is her first experience with poetry and she loves it.

Elizabeth Cutler has written advertising copy on both coasts. She has also answered phones for a sex information hotline and polished bits of meteorites with diamond dust. She has expressed herself through comic improvisation and amateur dramatics. She loves to laugh.

Sharon Grace is an animal rights activist. She is a poet, singer-songwriter, and painter. She uses her art for activism of many kinds and gives voice to those who cannot speak for themselves.

Paul Hendrickson has 24 blogs. He is a regular contributor to *The Insider* and recently published his own chapbook, *Consider These*. He is the president of the Residents Council.

A. Faye Hicks was the 2003 Po' Poet Laureate chosen by *POOR* magazine. Her first chapbook is *Poor Nation*. Her work has appeared in *The Other Side of the Postcard*,

Street Spirit, and *The Insider*, and this is her third appearance in *Kaleidoscope*.

Paul Hoskinson was born in San Francisco and has traveled to the Hawaiian Islands, Guam and Mexico. He is a poet and a painter.

Barbara Jamison's father was born in Honolulu, Hawaii and at the age of 17 her uncle sent her to Hawaii for two years. She learned the hula and continues to enjoy the sunsets and water of Hawaii.

Kelli Showen says poetry is a wonderful way to express herself. She values her family and her love for family spills over to all of humanity. Kelli enjoys being a volunteer at Laguna Honda and contributes to *The Insider*.

Shirley Middleton was born in Mt. Vernon, NY, as was Art Carney, Dick Clark, and E.B. White. She was a third grade teacher in the U.S. Virgin Islands for six years. She has always enjoyed writing and this is her first time exploring the genre of poetry.

Denise Perlman grew up in New York and attended Southampton College. She has taught in Tucson and San Francisco and continues to use her writing skills for *The Insider* and to write poems in the poetry group.

Patricia Tobias was born and raised in San Francisco and has

been writing for many years. She also enjoys tennis and chess. She is a participant in the Laguna Honda PREP program and works in the Laguna Honda General Store.

Jim Wimer started writing sketches for a book at age eight. He has always written "in his mind," mostly science fiction. He describes himself as patient and as a person who is making progress.

Mitchell Zefel arrived in San Francisco in 1968 and attended UC Berkeley's graduate sociology program. He discovered the world of poetry and poetry readings and took classes at community colleges. He also had plays produced at the Jean Shelton school. His poems have also appeared in *Street Spirit* and *The Insider*.

NOTES

“#1” takes its first line from Lawrence Ferlinghetti’s poem, “The World is a Beautiful Place.”

