



# HALLOWEEN BLUE MOON

## a revolutionary letter

A singular, new version of  
Jaime's werewolf poem showed up  
in the mailbox tonight  
the moon rose bloody cold over Kansas.  
Sunday came death news Diane di Prima  
author'd American she-wolf  
epic *Loba*.

On Thursday Sect. of the Interior  
doughy white David Bernhardt,  
illicitly appointed  
plus no credentials whatever,  
delisted American gray wolf from endangered  
status. Fat hands, the hunting lobby  
feeds him. (Tonight Farmer's Almanac lists  
full Hunter's Moon no shit—  
Gray wolf protected 1973  
keystone to the Endangered Species Act  
forty-seven years ago,  
same year first *Loba* poems  
show up copyright fugitive small presses  
Who else remembers Bardo Matrix?  
((wolf howl mourn here, sign  
Diane wolf paw print  
end needless killing critters forever.

– *Andrew Schelling*  
2020

# Ode to the Kingfisher

Dear god of wind, dear morning star—

give me a glimpse of your cobalt crown, your persimmon throat. Pluck me from my mudbank and carry me home in your mouth, dislodge my bones and fashion them into flutes. Cling to me like the earth clings to your tangled roots, tunnel me through termitaria each evening, and swallow me like soft wood so I can live inside your chest, if only briefly. I will unhinge for you like a water-weakened shell. I will rid myself of running like the hunted hare pinned to an open field. Only then will I know each stone unturned, each seed unearthed.

Only then will I be able to fly.

– Sarah Alcaide-Escue

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I always read *Revolutionary Letters* as a love letter to the world. Diane di Prima's work has given me permission to sit with my grief and rage, as well as my desire and joy. Ultimately, she's taught me to live and love unapologetically.

Sarah Alcaide-Escue is a wandering poet, artist, and author of *Bruised Gospel* (The Lune, 2020). Her work has most recently been published in *The Meadow*, *Always Crashing*, *\*apo-press*, *Mud Season Review*, and *Permafrost Magazine*. She earned her MFA in Creative Writing and Poetics from Naropa University in 2018, and she has been awarded fellowships from the Jack Kerouac School, Bucknell's Seminar for Younger Poets, and Eckerd College's Writers in Paradise. You can learn more about her at [www.sarahescue.com](http://www.sarahescue.com).

## revolutionary letter in the shape of honey

*“let no one work for another  
except for love”*

i spit the names of my friends  
into glimmering oysters and  
splinter the neck of love;  
four of us, sharing a bed,  
our pearlescent feet  
barely touching—  
it is a closeness that would make  
even orchids blush.  
the scripture of our hollowed-out  
night charts full bellies and  
the veil of warmth;  
so nascent, this enclave,  
the entropy of our desire.  
*is this not a revolution?*  
yes, the corridor of shared meals,  
of illuminated heads, must be  
*and how would you like to  
be received?*  
gently, i say,  
and with much conviction.

– *Chloe Tsolakoglou*

Chloe Tsolakoglou is a Greek-American writer who grew up in Athens, Greece. She is a graduate of the Jack Kerouac School, where she served as the Anselm Hollo Fellow. Her work oscillates between light and the clearing.

## Revolutionary Letters 1-36: An Anarchic Cento

*so that the stars can look down on the earth and not  
be ashamed of us*

the stakes are ourselves  
get up  
make a habit  
plant seeds  
you may be called upon  
to practice  
at any time, to die  
it will take all of us

& no one 'owns' the land  
this continent is seed  
(across fields of insecticide and migrant workers)  
subtle hieroglyphs of oracle  
put back the buffalo

are you prepared  
to do it  
for our children's children, we will have to  
will have to give up something  
it's a good idea

you can have what you ask for, ask for everything  
no black cloud fear or guilt  
can you  
do you care  
to be spectator, on this scene where there are no spectators  
have you thought about the American aborigines  
whom you can summon in your neighborhood  
'DOES THE END JUSTIFY THE MEANS?'  
how much can we afford to lose, before we win

while the sun goes down on this fabled & holy land  
no exile where we will not hear welcome home  
remember they buyout all the leaders  
better we should all have homemade flutes

simply the acts of song  
the more we give up the more we will be blessed  
put metal back in the earth, or at least not take it out any-  
more  
the peace we seek was never seen before  
stand clear

– *Lisa Alvarez*

Lisa Alvarez's poetry has appeared in *Borderlands: Texas Poetry Review*, *Huizache*, *TAB Journal* and most recently in *So It Goes*, the literary journal of the Kurt Vonnegut Museum and Library. She grew up in and around Los Angeles but has spent the last 30 years in Orange County, California where she earned an MFA in fiction from UC Irvine, became a professor at the local community college. During the summers, she co-directs the Writers Workshops at the Community of Writers in the California's Sierra Nevada.