‘Spontaneous Overflow’

In the preface to his “Lyrical Ballads,” William Wordsworth described all good poetry as “the spontaneous overflow of powerful feeling.” April is National Poetry Month, and to celebrate this auspicious literary occasion The Current is highlighting some of the campus’s resident wordsmiths.

Throughout the month, we have published pieces by faculty and staff poets whose work has been recognized nationally and internationally.

We conclude today with two poems by Sojourner Kincaid Rolle, community coordinator for the Center for Black Studies Research.

Here are the poets we’ve already highlighted: George Yatchisin, Rick Benjamin, George HS Singer, Yunte Huang, Shirley Geok-lin Lim, Swati Rana, Robert Krut, John Ridland, Stephanie Batiste and Teddy Macker.

**The Mockingbird's Song**

*A Song of the Singers’ Singer*

*Remembering Clyde Woods*

It was after the flags had been lowered -

We lifted our heads to watch
this insistent warbler

marveling at his timely retinue;

a rigorous rendition

involving runs

and several turns in the air.

and then he was silent

against the voluminous sky

He dipped down as if to bow

and then,

displaying the smooth white feathers

beneath his wings,

He gently soared away

Leaving us in awe-struck

contemplation and proud.

We, friends, colleagues, protégés -

we all loved him after a manner.

For the moment, we would survey

his gifts to us — personal and everlasting.

Random encounters in the ivied corridors,
fortunate and precise moments

in the tome-packed cubicles -

very few places to sit,

precious little space to talk.

We would also consider his innumerable

contributions to the academy

and to the community of us all.

A certain numbness blunted

any thoughts of depth or profundity.

We were a flock in sorrow.

Our swollen eyes and streaked faces

spoke what our tongues could not broach.

Our aimless wander from arm to arm

to touch or embrace or kiss -

to share that sad and soulful knowing.

We each had lost an irreplaceable friend.

Each of us carried our own piece of his soul.

Each of us knew a part of his song.

He was a singer's singer
able to pull the lyrics from our muted hearts
and show us how our own self could sound.

He was a blues man

He had seen the Blues people
the gathering of poor people
the pain on their faces
the substance of their existence
and traveled into the heart of their pain
ascertaining and deconstructing their songs
singing them back in mellow tones
even the heartless could hear.
He was a soul man of unordinary coolness -
born on the Mason-Dixon line;
bred in the East, refined in the West,
he navigated the cultural plains
claiming his own territory
singing his song of songs.
He was a man of letters with a common man’s sense
could listen to the illest rhymes on the street
then run them down with a philosopher’s beat

He was a man

who cared about the least of us

and we, we who learned his song

now sing our parts. We are the singers.

Across the plains; across the terrain,

across the diaspora, we sing his song - our song.

**We Have Come To Now**

*(For the Women’s Center on its 40th Anniversary)*

The Then The Now The When

The Me The You The We

The What The Why The How The Will

The Bruised The Battered

The Disillusioned The Disenchanted

The Solitude The Struggle The Silence

The Talk The Listen The Trust The Share

The Fear, The Pain, The Secrets The Shame

A Closet A Nest A Lounge A Home

The Open Door The Sages The Wisdom
Mothers Mentors Sisters Lovers

“Our Bodies, Our Selves”
The Strengthening

The Emboldening

The Standing Strong

“A Room To Call Our Own”

Our Own Stories Our Own Images Our Own Songs

Our Poets Our Authors Our Womanist Articulators

A Base A Foundation A Platform

“Our Own Piece of Ground”

The Visionaries The Leaders The Enablers

The Survivors The Overcomers The Thrivers

Our Unbound Feet Our Unbridled Breasts

Our Untangled Tongues Our Unfettered Feminism

Our Uncontained Joy

The Remembering The Experiencing

The Imagining

The Causes The Initiatives The Gained Ground

The Garnered Concessions The Continuous Strive

We Claim Our Right
“We Take Back the Night”
The Sanctuary The Refuge
The Ever-present Light in Trouble
A Leg A Hand An Arm A Bridge
To There From Here To There
Our Higher Hopes
Our Wilder Dreams
Our Greater Aspirations
To Live To Express To Choose To Love
“And Still [We] Rise”
— Sojourner Kincaid Rolle

**George Yatchisin**

*Against Personification*

An asylum is just
an empty room
with the right kind of people in it.
But then so’s a classroom
so I’ll forgive
this one its tiny size
and the students' sighs,

large as an asteroid

out hunting dinosaurs.

If it's mean of me

to make them eke out

their poetry in pencil lead

I'll be that sumbitch,

be the cruel and human Cenozoic

slamming into the Mesozoic

like a glacier shaving

conifers to razor stubble.

I'll never get over

being surprised their youth

still offers flits of wisdom,

lines they don't know enough

to die for. It couldn't

have been a happy first

fish to sprout legs, mount

land, gasp at the inexcusable air
of a wondrous new world.

— George Yatchisin, communications coordinator, Gevirtz Graduate School of Education

Rick Benjamin

To My Doppelgänger

You sit on the curb without knowing what you are going to do while I start climbing a tree toward a nest I will never actually find. You, you’re of a mind to follow directions, rules, to be dutiful before authority. I disobey, routinely fail to read instructions, walk away when someone else tells me what to do.

We’re both walking the same road, that’s true, without having any idea of where we are headed. You ask each person you meet for directions, anxious for answers, while I enjoy getting lost, forget where I meant
to travel, land in someone’s kitchen
drinking tea. You have grown tired
of me, always leading you to another
path you’d rather not have followed,

while I’m still trying to please you.

After all, we come from one nest.

— Rick Benjamin, adjunct professor of comparative literature and of environmental studies

George HS Singer

Well Met, the Light

Every second, all hours, lifelong

Like a bat on the wing the mind chirrs and pings
even wanting to want-- desperate to locate

itself with itself. And so for these groceries: Praise.

No need to instruct-- my arms know their craft,

hefting the cabbage and apples in the grocery bag

lugging the jug of milk as it sloshes. Ambling too—

long bones hinge and unhinge at the knee,

muscles clench and release in synchrony,
unthought though each step is a fall.

Breath needs not ask to enter and leave
the way children come and go freely in and out
the doors of a kindly home for years.

And light too is well met. Eyes apprehend
the sun as it tessellates through the scud
and spindrift on the Sound—no need to ask how.

The know-how lodges deep in the brain stem,
the neural webs that intend blink, swallow, and breath.

They flare and craft walk, they pulse and form see, they
link their billion nodes and conjure this sense of a me.

— George HS Singer, professor in the Gevirtz Graduate School of Education

Yunte Huang

To Be An Asian Poet

To be or not to be

That’s out of the question

Between Asia and America

I choose the life of a poet

Between English and Chinese
I prefer the authenticity of translationese

Between black and white

I have no choice but be yellow

Between truth and lie

I would rather get high

Between real and unreal

Well, it depends how I feel

I’m a Chinese poet on Angel Island

A Japanese poet in internment camps

A Filipino poet in sugarcane plantations

A Korean poet in LA riots

An FOB poet on Boeing 747

A Transcontinental poet on World Wide Web

A restaurateur poet in Alabama

A Language poet in Buffalo

A coolie poet at Harvard Yard

An academic poet in Santa Barbara

A funny poet in my kids’ schoolyard

A chicken poet in the year of the Dog
When they ask me

What kind of ‘nese are you

Chinese, Japanese, or Vietnamese?

I ask them

What kind of ‘keys are you

Yankee, donkey, or monkey?

I singsong

When they ask me to sing a song

I tango

When they call me Tang O

I write a locu

When they ask for a haiku

I write poems for fortune cookies

Where they expect to read

“A Great fortune is awaiting you!”

“You are a talented person”

Or “You are so beautiful!”

I put in “Watch out!”

“We know what you did last summer”
Or “April is the cruellest month”

Where they want to find
Their superlotto numbers
I write in the amount they will lose
To be or not to be
That’s out of the question
Between Asia and America
I choose the life of a poet
Between English and Chinese
I prefer the taste of translationese
Between black and white
I want to be a rainbow
Between truth and lie
I can usually get by
Between the real and unreal
I prefer the impossible

— Yunte Huang, professor of English

Shirley Geok-lin Lim
Learning to Love America

because it has no pure products

because the Pacific Ocean sweeps along the coastline

because the water of the ocean is cold

and because land is better than ocean

because I say we rather than they

because I live in California

I have eaten fresh artichokes

and jacaranda bloom in April and May

because my senses have caught up with my body

my breath with the air it swallows

my hunger with my mouth

because I walk barefoot in my house

because I have nursed my son at my breast

because he is a strong American boy

because I have seen his eyes redden when he is asked who he is

because he answers I don’t know

because to have a son is to have a country

because my son will bury me here

because countries are in our blood and we bleed them
because it is late and too late to change my mind
because it is time.

— Shirley Geok-lin Lim, professor emerita of English

Swati Rana

**Plane Ride After 9/11**

Sash is half
down to block the sun
coming out instead
of its reflection
in the ocean.

Waves are still
moving minutely
like sand. A boat
blemishes hills
of water, more boldly
shaded by the drag
of clouds. Where ocean
ends and sky
begins, can’t say,
a heavy ledge
then lighter grey
retreating. Clouds mount
the horizon, soundless,
aroused by a wide
mad expanse.
The coast intrudes,
casts an edge,
but the sun
is driving
up the mouth
of an estuary.
This is where we begin
to exist
upon the fetid
soil, its long
cultivated skin,
the effort
of order exerted
on a landscape.
A furious shine passes
over lakes, ponds,
metal siding.
The plane slants aside
till the earth’s face
meets mine,
horizon climbs up
then down again through clouds, cavernous
breath. Spit out,
we break from land traces, abridged
sky. The hot cabin is like waking from a restless
night, window
closed too tight—
Suddenly I see another plane fly in the opposite
direction, occult
mirror of the sky
briefly revealed
to contain
our own precarious
situation. I see myself
peering
from below a half
downed sash,
brown skin,
a kind of
terror.
—Swati Rana, assistant professor of English

Robert Krut

Divinity

Virus-blind, you stumble to an alley,
under a lentil rainstorm, a preacher
waves rudder arms to the thunder,
makes lightning scatter until five canaries
escape his sleeves, singing condolences,
a misdirection from the transistor radio
around his neck, beneath his vestments,
its zealous torque fusing electrodes
to your breath, turning thoughts to words,
your face a cannon, and the realization
that he was merely a collection of discarded
nightclub flyers lifted by wind
between graffitied walls.
— Robert Krut, lecturer, UCSB Writing Program

John Ridland

To the Brave Generation

Who have been fired on, and march now for their lives

Those who should lead this land of the free and the brave,
Who should have led you, must now themselves be led
By you who learned too early what it is to give
A life, or rather, to have it taken away
For no good reason except that it was there
For the gun and the shooter who could shoot anywhere,
Who had no image of what it means to live,
Moved by a spirit angry as it was dead.
You learned how easily night can shadow day
By pulling a switch, a trigger. You survive,
You have been tested by fire, and chosen to save
Our nation from itself: you'll be The Brave

*Generation*, and the Free, who can keep us alive.

— *John Ridland, professor emeritus of English*

**Stephanie Leigh Batiste**

**Fray**

Loops remain.

Remnant of the tangled thread

Memory restored to the past,

the present

threads forth across the knot

Restored towards prismatic being.

**Losing One**

Losing one’s mother

is like losing your root.

being unattached

to the world
to history
yesterday now and the day before are doubtful
perhaps not having been at all
tomorrow
a wall of static
beyond it
a tear that might swallow
and you wonder
perhaps
is it possible
no longer to belong
to this planet.
Is it even still
spinning...

— Stephanie Leigh Batiste, associate professor of Black studies and of English

Teddy Macker

The Otter and the Seaweed

This is what you need to know:
you need to know that otters wrap themselves
in seaweed so they won’t,

while sleeping at night, float out to sea...

Are you imagining this?

Can you see the otters actually doing this?

Does it break your heart a little?

Does it seduce you just a bit

into loving more

this odd hard world?

Oh otters, wrap yourselves tight! And sleep,

exactly like you do, floating but seaweed-held

in our salty living waters! Oh otters,

wrap yourselves tight! And you,

the one who doesn’t, the one who doesn’t

tether himself down right,

we are with you as you float away,

we are with you as you sleep

and lose yourself in the night.

On This Earth

after a line by Mahmoud Darwish

We have on this earth what makes life worth living:
the perfume of a sleeping child, the four rain-colored wings
of the dragonfly, the hourglass on the black widow’s belly
pouring blood into blood. We have the mineral green innards
of cucumber, rain-pocked snow, the plastic crucifix
on the sick whore’s wall, sincerer than any cathedral.

We have an alley of poplar trees and road-darkened feet,
bats sipping clear water from a dwindling creek,
we have slices of black bread at a blue table by the sea.

We have on this earth what makes life worth living,
what makes it so queer and lovely and painful,
moon on the snake in the dying rosemary,
and the young couple upstairs in bed
undressing each other regardless.

— Teddy Macker, lecturer, College of Creative Studies

About UC Santa Barbara

The University of California, Santa Barbara is a leading research institution that also provides a comprehensive liberal arts learning experience. Our academic community of faculty, students, and staff is characterized by a culture of interdisciplinary collaboration that is responsive to the needs of our multicultural and global society. All of this takes place within a living and learning environment like no other, as we
draw inspiration from the beauty and resources of our extraordinary location at the edge of the Pacific Ocean.