

FROM THE BLUE FAIRY

POEMS CRAFTED FROM

The Blue Fairy Book by Andrew Lang (1889)

CONTRIBUTORS

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EDITED BY

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In Sleep's Cape

Some nights she's a woman
in a house made of logs wedged with mud
seated fireside, piecing a dress
of quail wings and air
tender leaves and milkteeth
needle piercing in, out
catches, scatters light

Sometimes she becomes a butterfly
folds herself, settles on a branch in warm sun
or she scissors the air open, closed
at night clings to a cave shared with a bear
her feet perceive root, stream, berry
in his musty fur

Next she's a man
diving into a body of water
the cold, a blade, seizes
turns him into a bearded angelfish
red with black-ribboned fins
he hovers for prey

By a kitchen window, a widow
muddles moss, ashes, wizened grasshoppers
mutters words pearled with hurt
spinning a wand she lands, binds a wish
entangles a hazel-eyed, shuttered lover

Some nights, she wakens buttered with wonder
Others, the precipice calls her name
voice laced with longing

What We Said to the Lost Girls

Bitter, long forest:
look back alone,
except for the ground.
Leave the place buried at a tree,
names upon the bark.
Go for safety—so close
might be seen, recognized
by lions and wolves,
snapped up as stray.
Walk fast, the forest so large,
the sun so hot.
Look to end the forest,
every minute
the King running after.
You may imagine how
thorny bushes scratch
and tear pretty to pieces.

LAURIE KOLP

How to Beat Departure

beard the woods

fur the feeble fetch: rock

the wind, grass the dead

lover into earth

In the End

Mother's hand, a brush-scrubbed cabbage leaf
held my strength, but I wished away

her life. At precipice I couldn't see
mother's hand, a brush-scrubbed cabbage leaf.

Was her sacrifice enough to pierce me,
to stretch the winter darkness ashen-gray?

Mother's hand, a brush-scrubbed cabbage leaf
held my strength but I wished her away.

Other Signs

You may imagine
At least a thousand
Magical words

A great shower of shining
Like a bird in the air
Under an enchantment

The eyes of the stars
Full of quicksilver
Out into the world.

PROCESS STATEMENTS

AMY BEVERIDGE on “What We Said to the Lost Girls”:

I read the stories in Andrew Lang’s *Blue Fairy Book* with an eye for passages with especially appealing or strange verbs and imagery. As I cut text and reshaped it through stanzas and line breaks, the poem’s power seemed to rest on its directive verbs, and it became an almost mythical address to an unseen subject.

KAREN L. GEORGE on “In Sleep’s Cape”:

I browse the source documents and select words I enjoy the sounds of, or those that suggest intriguing ideas and/or images, writing those words on a lined 8 x 10 tablet in columns according to parts of speech. I then pair a word in one column with a word in another column, for example, a noun with a verb, until images surface and begin to connect to other images, until a narrative forms. It’s an intriguing, magical process for me.

LAURIE KOLP on “How to Beat Departure” and “In the End”:

When I write found poetry, I first create a word bank of words I like that sound good together. I do not read the passage because I don’t want it to sway me into creating a similar piece. So, I am on a hunt. Once I think I have found enough, I start writing, sometimes looking back to the source for more words. I love how this process allows me to push out from the boundaries of my usual methods and create something I would not have thought of on my own. “How to Beat Departure” was written this way. Lately I have challenged myself to combine found and form poetry, which is how I came up with the found triolet, “In the End.”

DEBORAH PURDY on “Other Signs”:

For “Other Signs” I started by compiling a selection of words and phrases from Andrew Lang’s *Blue Fairy Book*. From this list I selected a few phrases as candidates for potential titles. Working with one potential title at a time I then began pairing and combining phrases to create meaningful context. The process included multiple revisions and often resulted in the final selection of a title that differed from the original used as a starting point.

ABOUT THE CONTRIBUTORS

AMY BEVERIDGE is a pediatric speech-language pathologist. She lives in Albuquerque, New Mexico, where she participates regularly in writing groups and community workshops.

KAREN L. GEORGE is the author of *Swim Your Way Back* (Dos Madres Press 2014) and *The Fire Circle* (Blue Lyra Press 2016); she is also one of the co-authors (with Donelle Dreese, Nancy Jentsch, and Taunja Thomson) of *Frame and Mount the Sky* (Finishing Line Press 2017). Her work has appeared in *The Adirondack Review*, *Naugatuck River Review*, *The Louisville Review*, and *3Elements Review*. A retired computer programmer, she is the fiction editor for *Waypoints*, and she reviews poetry and interviews poets at *Poetry Matters*. She lives in Florence, Kentucky. Online at karenlgeorge.snack.ws.

LAURIE KOLP is the author of *Upon the Blue Couch* (Winter Goose Publishing 2014) and *Hello, it's Your Mother* (Finishing Line Press 2015). Her work has appeared in *Whale Road Review*, *Stirring*, *Rust + Moth*, *conci's*, and *North Dakota Quarterly*. A reading specialist, she is currently teaching first grade and organizes a poetry club at her school. She also serves as a member of the editorial team for *Rockvale Review*. She lives in Beaumont, Texas, and can be found online at www.lauriekolp.com.

DEBORAH PURDY is a retired librarian, and her work has appeared in *Gravel*, *Apeiron Review*, *Found Poetry Review*, *Cleaver Magazine*, and *The American Poetry Journal*. She lives outside Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.