

Cultural Daily

Independent Voices, New Perspectives

The Modern Poets and Composers Club: Sonnet Crown

The Modern Poets and Composers Club · Wednesday, June 27th, 2018

Grandparents

Roots

Will Anderson

A potato famine, an old rickety boat, a great teal lady
A new opportunity, a chance for rebirth
The Great White North, Polaris
But a different kind of Polaris, a star of hope, not direction

A Land of Ten Thousand Lakes, with loons galore
A place of Wild, Twins, and Vikings, a Scandinavian Safe Haven
Where my family roots are strongest
My true environment, my true people, my true home

Minnesota, where a shamrock and golden crown were linked together
Where two families from different backgrounds connected to become one
To most people, a cold frozen tundra with nothing to do
But I see it as the Great White North, a Polaris

We are not here permanently, we are not Angelinos, we are just squatters
Squatters that have a place they yearn to return to...

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Where it All Began

Nick Yvañez

Lenny and Barbara Amato, my step-grandma Linda too, and Eva and Ruben Yvanez.
Their blood running through me, yet so very different.
Lenny, that Sicilian upbringing, he comes from my grandparents who came through Ellis Island.
Barbara, that Jewish, German, and French Canadian background, talk about a mixture.
Linda, well not much is known, but thank you for all the opportunities given to me.
Eva, fresh from El Salvador at the age of 16, already with 3 kids. 14 kids in total, you are strong.
Ruben, straight outta Jalisco, Mexico. My middle name is you. I wear your gold chain everyday.
All of you so different, yet the same. The same? Yes, they are all connected to me.
I know, SHOCKER! I am Jewish, German, French Canadian, Mexican, and Salvadoreño.

For some reason I am just a “beaner,” but there is so much more to me than that.
 I have culture and history running through my veins. A combination of hardworking cultures.
 My great grandparents names are on Ellis Island. I am a product of immigrants.
 Leonard Franklin Amato, my great grandfather had the first main Italian Deli in LA.
 My grandpa Ruben took care of everyone, even my Tios and Tias that weren’t his spawn.

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Oblivious

Parker Renick

Grandma took care of her kids, but did not always agree with them
 formed their own ideas of what was right
 Taught me to love everyone like my kin
 Raised in a melting pot of a city

From a family that was conservative
 They lived together in Hauppauge new york
 The whole town looked like homogenized milk
 Used to things that were not realistic

They did not mean to be hateful but were
 A new generation changed their thinking
 Their kids were raised in a different time
 They saw the foolishness in their parents

They are both born and raised in Queens, New York
 Their children much different than themselves

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4 Stories to One

Michael Bearden

From a generation much different than our own
 Stories from north, south and east
 All come together to create something
 More than just a family

St. Louis
 Home to a boot wearing gun toting military man
 Chicago
 Only 19 when she took his hand to start anew

Chattanooga
 Pain and despair riddled all he saw from Lookout’s peak
 Little Rock
 To Tuskegee university where it all came to

4 stories miles apart

Somehow come together to make us who we are

Parents

Thank You

Nick Yvañez

We are different, but Mom and Dad, the life you've made together is one of beauty and hardship.
Dad, straight outta South Gate, defending your life on the streets everyday.
When people look at you they think "gangster and ex con." But that's not who you are anymore.
You are an OG, but people don't get that gangs were a brotherhood and family.
I get there were territory fights, aside from all your past demons. You are a changed man.
You have your own company and you are very successful. I am not me without you pops.
Mom, well your much more different than dad. You had a secure white picket fence upbringing.
School was a certain, and college was where you would be going, no other worries.
Grandpa, regardless, pushed you and made you work very hard. You started from the bottom.
Made it all the way to CEO and were well known as BOSS LADY.
Mom and Dad, it is crazy that this all started when you worked for mom. LOL. She fired you.
Although you have been together since your first date, Grandpa was still disappointed.
He did not approve and it took years for him to be a man and tell you, Dad, that you did it.
You proved him wrong. Look what you did and where Sanny and I are at in life. Thank you.

*

The Pain of Nostalgia

Will Anderson

You proved us all wrong, for that I thank you...
It was never going to be permanent
We came out here to pursue his job, for us, for his family
His love is undying, that is why we uprooted

He talks about returning and running a farm
Wanting to take his wife back for when he retires
And here am I, also on my way out
And it is much harder than I ever imagined

His road has many winding turns, many kinks in his travels
As I am leaving now, eventually time will also be upon him
He will leave, to a place he loves to be, where he wants to be
But it will be much harder than he ever imagined

When the time comes, he will be bombarded with emotions he doesn't understand
Los Angeles will always be a part of me, apart of him

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Fine Dining

Parker Renick

Fine dining will always be a part of Los Angeles
 love for all facets of flavor runs deep
 Appreciation for the love in food
 Essences and seasons build connections

A pasadena raised restaurateur
 Taught the importance of a simple meal
 Ran his father's baby, The Chronicle
 Sought to share the joy of the fine dining

waitress fresh in town from colorado
 She loved good food but worked to pay the bills
 showed her what it really meant to cook
 Together they would cook to feed our hearts

Food might just seem like a necessity
 They showed me its sweet love – all i've ever known

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Sparks

Michael Bearden

Sweet south side chicago – only place ever known
 Each other since teenage years
 South shore to chatham not far of a ride
 Kindling for a connection lightyears away

She tried to leave once but had to come back
 After graduation it was time to let it go
 Lights camera action time to get on set
 Leaving home sweet home far behind

3000 mile road trip
 From the nation's capital to the entertainment capital
 To follow something unsure
 Listening to his heart, following the lead

This would be the settling place
 It was time to make LA home

US

California Love

Nick Yvanez

I made LA my true home in '14. The streets of Venice and Pico molded me into a young man.
 These are the same streets that taught me and was home to me for 4 years.
 These are the same streets that taught me to help those who need it. And doing so with love.
 LA has been my home for 18 years now. I am LA and LA is me.
 I am and always will bleed Dodger Blue. Viva los Doyers.
 I am and always will bleed the Purple and Gold and will wear the Silver and Black.
 I am what I bleed. I am an LA product.
 I am from the 626. My style is the 626. I am not me without the 626.
 I am a product of those before me. I have been brought up to make a change in this world.
 I am not me without my great grandparents, my grandparents, and my parents.
 I am going to Colorado next year, but I will be back.
 I can't leave LA forever. It is the land of milk and honey afterall.
 I am who I am thanks to LA. I am not me without LA. I am who I am thanks to LA.
 Thank you LA. You have given me EVERYTHING. I AM Los Angeles.

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The River of Me
Will Anderson

Los Angeles you have given me everything
 I sit here today, writing this poem, reliving my experiences
 Memories flowing through my mind, a rushing river
 I'm a fisherman, trying to reel in the best ones

I don't consider myself an Angelino
 I have been rooted all over the United States, East coast to West
 Buckeyes, autumn leaves, frigid winters, childhood pond hockey games
 All memories floating down the river of my own life

As the river continues to turn, rising up against the rocks, leaving the eerie whitewash
 I reel in a new set of memories, something different, an unexpected rush of water
 Lots of skyscrapers, the neon orange sun fading into the deep royal blue ocean
 A sense of peace overwhelms me, a peace I would have never found

Everything is so calm, the river rushes softly through my mind
 Los Angeles is everything I have ever wanted it to be...

*

My Way
Michael Bearden

My home is everything I ever wanted it to be
 Reading street signs for the umpteenth time – How mom taught me to read
 La Brea, Rodeo, Stocker, Don Miguel
 All hot press branded into my mind

In the city of cars but I don't own one
 Metro is my home

A little piece of orange plastic my key to freedom
 Screeching bus brakes and blaring train horns bring me joy

Iron horse bringing people closer than before
 More aliens in my hood too
 But that's still not reason
 To slander my sweet ride

A place so easy to call home
 But now I have to let go

*

Float Away

Parker Renick

Music – showed me how to let go
 helped me escape the emotions of life
 Showed me all the blessings i had
 Made me realize the love in my life

My brother showed me a foreign language
 taught me how to find my deep emotions
 He showed me a whole new LA subculture
 New group of poets, with unique voices

From my eardrums bleeding at the forum
 To dancing in the open spaces of the roxy
 Different languages, same emotions
 culture openness and sharing ourselves

beats and rhyme giving voice to the voiceless
 creating worlds for our exploration

<https://youtu.be/pEMiVrMIy3E>

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