

Your ARC newsletter by and for ESL, multicultural, international students, Californians, and, well, anybody really...



# The Parrot



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Inside This Issue

"Painting is poetry which is seen and not heard. Poetry is a painting which is heard but not seen." - **Leonardo Da Vinci**.

Painting is silent poetry, and poetry is painting that speaks. -**Plutarch**



## Art Interview with Olena Logvynenko

The painting "Fish" (see page 17) was my first work with acrylic. I gave myself a present. I went to an art therapy event in Citrus Heights. The organizer, artist Julia Muslimova, is from Kazakhstan. It was July 23, 2023. She gave us many pictures to choose from, and our group chose to paint the picture of the

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### Does writing poetry make you brave?

It is a good question to ask. I think making anything is a brave thing to do. Not like fighting brave, obviously. But a kind that looks at a horrible situation and doesn't crumble. Making anything assumes there's a world worth making it for. That you'll have someplace, like a clown's pants, to hide it when people come to take it away. I guess I'm saying making something is a hopeful thing to do. And being hopeful in a world of pain is either brave or crazy.

**Daniel Nayeri, *Everything Sad Is Untrue*, p. 122**

## Poem in Your Pocket Day

### National Poetry Month:

**Keep a Poem in Your Pocket Day, April 18, 2024.**

Poem in Your Pocket Day was initiated in April 2002 by the Office of the Mayor in New York City, in partnership with the city's Departments of Cultural Affairs and Education. In 2008, the Academy of American Poets took the initiative to all fifty United States, encouraging individuals around the country to participate. In 2016, the League of Canadian Poets extended Poem in Your Pocket Day to Canada.



**Continue on page 24**

**What is Poetry?** "Poetry is language at its most distilled and most powerful." Rita Dove

## Odes from ESL 350

**Editor's Note: Aicha Boubeker's ode appeared in Issue 177, but the last line of the poem was missing, and the Arabic title was written incorrectly, so we are happy to reprint it in its entirety and with apologies for the previous errors.**

### Ode to ماء

The Arabic "maa" means "water."

Elixir of life

What can I tell you?

You are perfect no matter how you are  
Cold and hard, you make me feel sad, alone

Here but not, I forgot about you

You get upset

Then you remind me that you exist

How can I forget about you?

How can life exist without you?

From the sky to the ground, you fall

You remind everyone who you are.

You talk. Everyone listens.

But do they listen to you?

Not sure!

I heard you

You said

"PITTER-PATTER. YOU HUMAN! YOU ARE UNGRATEFUL!

One day I will go forever!

I will leave you if you don't take care of me!

I will go to another world.

I will leave my home "Earth"

I assure you, nothing will be the same"

"NO, NO! Please don't leave us!

How can Earth survive without you?

How can we poor beings survive without you?

We promise!

We promise!

We will learn how to love you."

***By Aicha Boubeker, ESL 350***

## **My iPhone 14 Pro**

*By Sandra Olivares Martinez*

Keeps me entertained day and night  
No matter the time, it never overwhelms nor bores me  
De-stresses the thought of our worries

Blwop Blwop Blwop .....  
It makes a sweet sound to my ears when messages pop up  
Like popcorn

My iPhone 14 Pro is more intelligent as a computer  
Its hard, soft bezels are as tough as a stone

When in use in the night, it glistens brightly  
Like a diamond in the sky

My iPhone 14 Pro is better than an android  
Every swipe being touched is just as fast as a bunny running a mara-  
thon  
Streaming, gaming, and browsing are faster than lightning during a  
thunderstorm

## *Ode to the Sky*

By Sara Safi

### The Sky's Ode

Oh sky, you are so big and majestic,  
with colorful colors that depict the landscape.

From the soft blush  
of morning to the sharp rush of dusk.

Your canvas, always evolving,  
in enchantingly vibrant hue sings.  
From a bright, cerulean blue to shades  
of gold that take their place,

you are holding the moon's soft  
look and the sun's brilliant beams.  
Stars twinkle in your arms as stars  
achieve their rightful places.

You're an amazing playground for clouds  
with amazing forms.

Cotton candy exploding overhead--  
an image that makes our hearts swell with regard.

Sky, you are such a magnificent sight,  
a wonder and a source of happiness.

Dreams take off in your vastness.  
Enchanting forever, day as well as.



## My Mother's Coffee - By Dalya Kahil

I miss my mother  
And my mother's coffee,  
My mother's Arabic coffee,  
Green or black,  
With cardamom  
Which swims inside it  
Like pearls in the sea.  
It smells beautiful,  
Reaching the door of the house.  
It welcomes all visitors.

You sit for three days,  
You eat, drink, and hear the [rabab](#).  
Then you will be asked about your request,  
And it will be fulfilled  
If you shake your cup.  
This is our tradition.  
This is my coffee,  
Instead of roses and strings.  
You find it in cities and in the desert,  
Between horses and sand,  
Between the poor and the rich.

I miss my mother  
And my mother's coffee.  
Boil on gas or desert sand,  
Boiling like a volcano.  
It feels like water but is black,  
It's bitter.

My mother knows how to make it.  
You put a lot of love and tenderness into it,  
And a lot of Arab originality.  
It is goodness and generosity.  
Yes, gentlemen,  
It's our Arabic coffee.  
I miss my mother  
And my mother's coffee.





## Ode to Cricket

You are always in my heart.

Because you are part of my breath.

People come from far and wide,

Only to see the competition.

There are the best of 11 players per team.

Players don't care about hot or cold weather.

This is a fight between bat and ball,

And one no-ball\* can change the game,

And one early wicket\*\* can lose the game.

The umpire's decision can be helpful.

The umpire's decision can be challenging to the other team.

In a field of green with bat in hand,

The game of cricket is always grand.

Balls flying high, men running fast,

The excitement builds and the energy lasts.

The bowler\*\*\* aims, the batsman waits,

The fielders tense as they guard the gates,

With a mighty swing of the bat.

The ball takes flight and lands with a splat.

Runs are scored, wickets taken,  
The game goes on, never forsaken.  
With cheers and jeers from the crowd,  
The players stay focused, never too loud.  
And when the game is finally won,  
The team rejoices, the competition done.  
Cricket is more than just a game,  
It's a part of our culture, history, and fame.

**Notes about cricket vocabulary:**

\*No-ball: a foul when the player throwing the ball crosses the line.

\*\*Wicket: a team has only 10 wickets, and the defense must protect them, but the offense wants to hit the wickets to score points.

\*\*\*Bowler: the player on offense who throws the ball at the wickets.

**Written by Nasir Siddiqi**

*Nasir works as a tutor in the ESL Center and for the ESL Assessment. He has been playing cricket since he was five years old in Afghanistan. Currently, he plays for two teams in Sacramento: Field Fighters and Afghan Youngsters.*



**What is Poetry?** "Words mean more than what is set down on paper, it takes the human voice to infuse it with greater shades of meaning." Maya Angelou

## Vietnamese Poem

### Ripe Spring

By [Hàn Mặc Tử](#)



In pure sunlight: dreams dissolve,  
A pair of thatched roofs speckled gold.  
The teasing wind rustles emerald clothes,  
On fragrant arbor. See spring unfold.

Verdant grass waves ripple to the sky.  
Around the village, girls singing on high.  
– Perhaps tomorrow from that youthful throng,  
One will follow a husband, bid her game goodbye...

Sound of singing on the mountain,  
Soft as words of water and clouds...  
Murmuring with those sitting under bamboo,  
Such delicate and innocent sounds...

Guests from afar meet at ripe spring,  
Hearts and minds suddenly long for home:  
– This year, does she still carry rice,  
Along the riverbank under the bright blazing sun?

*Translation notes about Ripe Spring by [Huy Le](#).*

## Sana Rahimi Motasebzadeh: Young Afghan Writer



Sana Rahim Mohtasebzadeh was born on July 23, 2003 in Herat, Afghanistan. She is a young woman with an inexhaustible thirst for knowledge. A love of study burst from her in early childhood, and she found her passion in her mother's library when she was nine.

At the age of eight, she picked up a pen, and while she was writing her first short story called "Our Rights Are Equal," she also wrote dialogues of eighteen episodes for children's television programs. She actively participated in cultural activities and was able to finish her first novel named *Piano of Fate* at the age of eleven. This success increased her thirst for writing more and more. At the age of twelve, she began to write scientific articles, and she tried different writing styles to challenge herself to find a proper path. She found her love in storytelling. Sana, at the age of thirteen, started to write a noteworthy continuation of the *Harry Potter* book series and named her work *Harry Potter and The Survivors of Lord Voldemort's Army*. At the age of seventeen, she returned to the literature of her native Afghanistan, and she started writing a mysterious and magical book.

When Afghanistan collapsed in the hands of the Taliban, her family was forced to leave the coun-

try and temporarily stayed in Pakistan. The time of migration and the pain of being away from home gave her pen a burning soul. As a result, two of her short stories, "Tell Me from Heaven" and "Try to Stay Crazy" were published by the Tree of Knowledge Library and also by Hamyaari Media in Canada. Sana fought for her dreams in migration and isolation, and she succeeded in finishing her work entitled *Henry Smith and the Nightmare Monster*. This book is the first fantasy novel in all of Afghanistan.

Sana immigrated to the United States with her family, and soon she published her work because she wanted to show the girls of Afghanistan the power of thought with this work. Despite facing challenges and inequalities in her country, she did not give up on her dream of writing and her reason for living. Her works will undoubtedly inspire the next generations.

**Interview by Asila Sadiqi**



## Professors Pick Poems

### Sonnet 116

*By William Shakespeare*

Let me not to the marriage of true minds  
Admit impediments; love is not love  
Which alters when it alteration finds,  
Or bends with the remover to remove.  
O no, it is an ever-fixèd mark  
That looks on tempests and is never shaken;  
It is the star to every wand'ring bark  
Whose worth's unknown, although his height be  
taken.  
Love's not time's fool, though rosy lips and cheeks  
Within his bending sickle's compass come.  
Love alters not with his brief hours and weeks,  
But bears it out even to the edge of doom:  
If this be error and upon me proved,  
I never writ, nor no man ever loved.

### Vows

*By Rachel Joy Welcher*

Marriage vows talk wistfully of  
"growing old together" by youngsters  
eager for their honeymoon in St. Lucia.  
They mean every word, they just haven't  
seen those words play out yet. It's not  
their fault. Marriage is an act of faith, a

leap of hope; a vow that makes promises  
beyond what we could ever know for sure  
in that white dress, with those shaking hands.

We are not omniscient.

That couple, sandaled and spray-tanned,  
ought to gather all the shells they can find  
on that white, sandy beach and make all the  
love and all the mistakes in love on those  
white hotel sheets. The growing old will  
come soon enough. But the aches and pains  
are only half the story. There is an intimacy,  
a bond that builds up like stubble in the sink;  
that softens everything, like fresh laundry,  
and provides evidence of life lived, like coffee  
grounds scattered on the kitchen floor.

The growing old is, perhaps, even better than the sex  
and sand and sunburns of youth, because it is proof  
that those perfumed vows, folded up somewhere in a  
box of trinkets, safety pins, and old jewelry, has been  
tested and found true.

Will you love me after I disappoint you?

Yes.

Will I love you after you disappoint me?

Yes.

Yes. And so much more, while I get the baby



her milk from the fridge, still half-asleep,  
 asking you for the hundredth time if you  
 had any good dreams last night. You say,  
 as always, that you don't remember your dreams,  
 but I don't believe you. Because this was a dream  
 you had once, and it came true. You smile,  
 and I put the coffee on and while you  
 take out the trash, like a love song.

## Professor Hannah Hartman's Picks

### Vows

I first read this poem shortly before meeting my husband. It made me cry then and makes me cry still. It tells of young love and the bliss that comes with the newness of love and the happiness of being newly wed. But what makes marriage so wonderful is not only all the good times, it is the testing of the vows—the sacred promises—made on the wedding day through the hard, through the

mundane, and through the passing of time. This poem reminds me of the sacred vow I made before God, before my husband, and before the crowd of witnesses in attendance. It reminds me of the permanence of covenant love, the beauty and intimacy of growing old together, and the sweetness of living life side by side with a partner. This poem reminds me that, although my husband and I have already faced so much hardship in our almost 2 years of marriage, I wouldn't trade it for anything. There is no one I'd rather walk side by side, hand in hand with.

### Sonnet 116

I first heard this poem when I was in junior high or high school through watching the 1995 film adaptation of Jane Austen's *Sense and Sensibility*. I have loved it ever since. It is a beautiful depiction of the permanence of love. True love is unshakable and unchanging, no matter what comes. It is a bright light, a guiding star. Aging and death cannot defeat true love. If it changes or fades, then it was never real love to begin with.

## Professor Martha Robles Fugason's Pick

Here's a little background of a favorite poem. As an advancing high school ESL student, I was fascinated by words that began with the letter 'x.' I knew the usual words that came close: 'experience,' 'exam,' 'example.' Then I saw the romcom *Xanadu*, and I had to learn all I could. I eventually found "Xanadu" in the glossary of an English literature book, which I still have among my favorite books!

**In Xanadu did Kubla Khan  
 A stately pleasure-dome decree:  
 Where Alph, the sacred river, ran  
 Through caverns measureless to man  
 Down to a sunless sea.**

***Kubla Khan*, by Samuel Taylor Coleridge (1772-1834)**

If you want to read the full text of *Kubla Khan*, click [here](#).

**What is Poetry?** "If there were no poetry on any day of the world, poetry would be invented that day. For there would be intolerable hunger." Muriel Rukeyser

## Professor Patrick Hoggan's Pick

Es schläft ein Lied in allen Dingen,  
die da träumen fort und fort  
und die Welt hebt an zu singen,  
triffst du nur das Zauberwort.

--[Joseph Freiherr von Eichendorff](#) (1788-1857)

Want to listen to this poem recited in German? Click [here](#).

### Translation

There's a song sleeping in every single thing  
Things that dream on and on  
And the world rises up to sing  
If you but find the magic word.

For several years, I had this poem taped to the door of my old office in Davies Hall 334. Every day I came to ARC, I often read it multiple times a day as I fished for the keys in my pocket. It reminded me to slow down and to look for wonder, look for connections, and to expect good surprises. Treasures are waiting for us. It reminded me of the power of the word. I love the idea that the world is filled with hidden, sleeping songs and poems that are continually dreaming in the background and that the whole world will rise up to sing along if I--you--find the magic word. (Today we might say the "password" instead of "magic word."). The German word *triffst* in the last line could be translated variously as "hit" (as in "hit the target") or "meet" (as in "meet someone") or "find" or "correctly guess." I like to think the "magic word" is not dodging us like a hunted animal that we are shooting at, but is out there and we have to seek it as we would seek a friend who is wondering where we are and what is taking us so long. It reminds me of a quote that I love from the movie *Joe Versus the Volcano*: "My father says that almost the whole world is asleep. Everybody you know. Everybody you see. Everybody you talk to. He says that only a few people are awake, and they live in a state of constant total amazement."



## The Road Not Taken

BY ROBERT FROST

Two roads diverged in a yellow wood,  
And sorry I could not travel both  
And be one traveler, long I stood  
And looked down one as far as I could  
To where it bent in the undergrowth;

Then took the other, as just as fair,  
And having perhaps the better claim,  
Because it was grassy and wanted wear;  
Though as for that the passing there  
Had worn them really about the same,

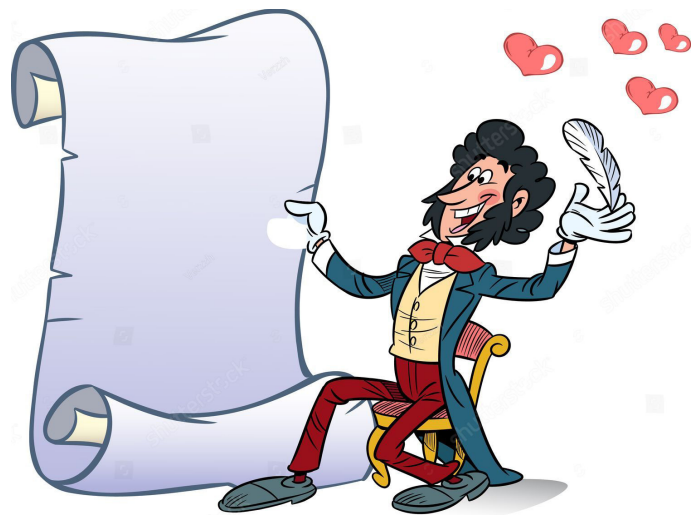
And both that morning equally lay  
In leaves no step had trodden black.  
Oh, I kept the first for another day!  
Yet knowing how way leads on to way,  
I doubted if I should ever come back.

I shall be telling this with a sigh  
Somewhere ages and ages hence:  
Two roads diverged in a wood, and I—  
I took the one less traveled by,  
And that has made all the difference.

## Professor Ally Joye's Pick

Many years ago, Prof. Harold Schneider, an English professor at ARC, introduced me to [Poem in your Pocket Day](#).

He did that by handing out paper copies of [The Road Not Taken](#) to everyone he saw walking down the hallway in Davies Hall. Another reason that I love that poem is that my daughter made a special ceramic tile for me as an elementary school project. She wrote her favorite part of the poem on the tile and drew a picture. She's almost 21 now, but I still have that school project because it's such a wonderful memory for me.



## Finding Poems for My Students

O my students,  
I scour the world of words  
to bring you poems like the rocks  
my girls dig up in riverbanks  
and come running to show me  
because the notches in them  
say something true, something  
that an ancient Wisdom  
wanted us to see.

I run to you, pockets full of poems.  
I select: This poem will help you pass a test.  
Here is one that is no help at all,  
but it is beautiful; take it, take it.

O my scroungers after merely passing grades,  
I bring you poems I have hiked high  
and far to find, knowing  
they will mostly end up like the rocks  
my daughters find, tossed in drawers  
with old batteries, mislaid keys,  
scraps bearing the addresses  
of people whose names  
you no longer recognize or need.

Your current glazed-eye indifference  
doesn't bother me. One day,  
when you are either cleaning house  
or moving (and sooner or later  
everyone must do one or the other),  
you will shake the drawer and the poem  
will fall out. And may the poem be for you  
the one phone number in the universe  
you were looking for, and may it be  
for you the mislaid key  
to your greatest need.  
On that day,  
you will read.

**From Kahf, Mohja. E-mails from Scheherazad.  
University Press of Florida, 2003, pp. 46-7.**

### Professor Danielle Ayala's Pick

I like that poems (and stories) grow with us,  
even subconsciously, and can reappear just when we  
are ready to connect with them again. I came across  
the poem "Finding Poems for My Students," by Mohja  
Kahf, when I was preparing to teach ESL 350, and I was  
charmed by the images and the teacher's benediction  
over her students' reading.

## Easter Week

by Charles Kingsley

See the land, her Easter keeping,  
 Rises as her Maker rose.  
 Seeds, so long in darkness sleeping,  
 Burst at last from winter snows.  
 Earth with heaven above rejoices;  
 Fields and gardens hail the spring;  
 Shaughs and woodlands ring with voices,  
 While the wild birds build and sing.

You, to whom your Maker granted  
 Powers to those sweet birds unknown,  
 Use the craft by God implanted;  
 Use the reason not your own.  
 Here, while heaven and earth rejoices,  
 Each his Easter tribute bring —  
 Work of fingers, chant of voices,  
 Like the birds who build and sing.



## Professor David Evans's Pick

My poetry pick for this issue is one I discovered the day after Easter this year, on Cesar Chavez Day; indeed, I came upon it an hour before this paragraph was written. You may be thinking, "That's surely because you were looking for an Easter poem to share!" The thing is, I wasn't. And that's often how things go with finding poems. If you read poetry regularly, you will come upon poems that you seem meant to find when you do. I think that this poem, "Easter Week," by Charles Kingsley (1819–1875), is one that I shall carry in my pocket on Poem in Your Pocket Day this year.

I came upon this poem after attending an Easter Day church service in downtown Sacramento, after which my family and I went to Beers Books, one of my favorite bookstores in the area, to browse. I became curious about Charles Kingsley after browsing through his classic novel *Westward Ho!*, which I noticed contained a number of poetry excerpts. I surmised that Kingsley must have been a poet himself and promptly confirmed that online. This morning, when searching through a selection of his most famous poems, I came upon this one, titled "Easter Week."

The poem celebrates spring rebirth in such a way as to bring it together with the resurrection of Christ: "the land . . . Rises as her Maker rose." It also contrasts human beings with the birds we hear chirping so delightfully in the spring, by speaking of powers granted to us which are unknown to birds, imploring us to use those powers to give thanks for this time. From a grammatical standpoint, incidentally, I had to pause a moment to see that "to whom your Maker granted / Powers to those sweet birds unknown" is a rearrangement of "to whom your Maker granted / Powers unknown to those sweet birds"!



## What do you look for in a poem?

Reading poems has been a hobby and a desire of my heart for as long as I can remember. I really enjoy reading when I am alone and also enjoy reading poems aloud at parties and gatherings in front of my friends and family. I think choosing a favorite poem is similar to choosing a favorite song. Everyone has their own choice of poem and song, and it is not the same for everyone. Different people look for different elements in a poem to consider it a strong poem. Personally, when I am reading a poem in any language out of the four languages that I can read and write, the first thing I look for in a poem is the simplicity of the poem. By "simplicity" I mean the use of simple language to structure a strong poem which is understandable to all. This is essential to make sure the readers can understand the meaning behind the words used in the poem or get

the whole picture that the poet intended to convey through the words. In addition to the simplicity of the poem, it is equally important for me how strong the poem is, how accurately and interestingly the words are chosen by the poet, and how well-placed they are to convey the poet's intended meaning or imaginary pictures in the readers mind. I choose a poem as a favorite poem if the poet was able to use great metaphors to express their feelings and create an image in my mind from their feeling in that moment when they wrote the poem. Furthermore, a good poem should consist of rhythm, a message, and also effective and proper use of sound when it is read out loud.

**By Parrot Staff Writer: S. Edres Sadiqi**



طوطی از گفتن صد جمله که انسان نشود  
کافر از خواندن قرآن که مسلمان نشود  
در سخن هر که طیب است به درمان بشر  
هر که چون نسخه نویسد ز طبیبان نشود

مهدی محمد بیگی

### Translation of the poem in English:

By saying hundreds of words the parrot can't turn into a human.

By reciting Quran, a person who doesn't believe in Quran cannot become a Muslim.

Everyone is a doctor and tries to cure mankind by talking.

If a person writes a prescription, they cannot be considered as a doctor.

**Mehdi Mohammad Bigi**



**Continue from page 1**



fish. All of the students painted the same picture. It took about three hours.

In August 2023, I found an acrylic painting of some lavender. I did a transformation. I painted it with oil. The photo shows the original, acrylic. (See the file for the oil version.)

**1. How long have you been painting, and did you have any formal training?**

I was about three years old. I drew an apple on the wallpaper with a pen in the living room. This went unnoticed. There were colored pencils in the pre-school. I understood that the sun should be more yellow. I wet the pencil in my mouth. But the nanny asked me to not to do this again.

Later, I liked graphics in drawing classes in middle school. There I saw the proportions of the human body. It then helped me when I was taking a fashion design course. I do not have formal training in art. Actually, I studied at the Kyiv National University of Trade and Economics, where I earned a master's degree.

**2. How many paintings have you made?**

I paint in Julia's art studio for two hours a week every Wednesday. Julia coaches me when I paint. I have made 6 paintings so far. Right now I

start with an image, and then I paint it. In the future, I will paint from my imagination. This picture of the apples was my second painting drawn on January 24, 2024.

**3. What mediums do you like to work in: oil, watercolor, acrylic, etc.? Do you have a favorite? Do you have a least favorite?**

Five years ago, when it was cold and gray, to hide from the blue mood I bought watercolor because I did not know where to start. At that time, I was living in Poland. But I became interested in learning French and improving my skill with the Polish language. So, I left watercolor in Poland with my past life because I don't have enough free time now in America.

The first two pictures I made in the United States were acrylic. Then my tutor, Julia, suggested oil. Now, I prefer oil. It is ductile, but it takes a long time to dry.

**4. What do you do with your paintings after you make them?**

There are only six. The painting of the shaft of wheat, also known as a "spikelet," hangs on the wall in my home. It is dedicated to my family; they survived the Holodomor 1932-1933, also known as the Great Ukrainian Famine.

**5. How do you feel about painting? How do you feel when you are painting?**



**What is Poetry?** "Poetry is life distilled,"- [Gwendolyn Brooks](#)





For me it is fun. So far, I have little skill and I paint as if I am drawing my childhood dreams. However, I try to feel the color, to depict it as I see it. It always turns out to be a game of shadow, light, shape, length, size. Drawing is a way of harmony between what I see and feel, and how the colored brush strokes fall on the canvas.

How do you feel when you are painting? The answer now will be retrospective. Professor Monica Page at Folsom Lake College, who was my ESL teacher, gave the task of writing on the topic “What is your dream job?” In childhood, I sat on dad’s shoulders, we walked downhill. And I imagined at that moment that his head was a support for my fantasy - to draw. I still remember that feeling. All my life I’m going uphill and every single day improving survival skills. But to be honest, I am only on the way to my dream job. When I draw, I am exactly that child on the shoulders: a dreamy, protected, self-confident, braggart with coloring sketchbook.

**6. Do you do other creative hobbies?**

I would like to try porcelain making and its artistic design as well as Japanese Somebana flower making technique.

**7. Do admire the work of any particular artists?**

I am interested in all people who paint, from the first cave paintings to the wall paintings of an ordinary Ukrainian peasant’s house.

On the far left is a picture on the wall at the office of Fundacja Ocalenie, which is a help center for refugees, in Warsaw, Poland. In my opinion it is an authentically beautiful impulse that changes the world. “In the end we’ll all become stories” (Margaret Atwood). I am interested in the techniques used to create the paintings, the artist’s moods, where they got their inspiration. For example, Claude Monet. Have you seen his paintings? How did you feel?

**8. Do you have any funny experiences that you can share about painting?**

It’s a play on words. My parents are Russian speaking. I came home from kindergarten. I asked my parents for a “brush”, but I used the Ukrainian word “panzlik”. They tried to understand. They gave me a comb. No. They give me a pen. No. I was disappointed again. Mom went to the nearby store called “Dumka.” My mom asked them to give her a “brush”! But she used the Russian word “kistochka.” And they gave her an ordinary artist’s brush, that is, a thing she knew, but not in Ukrainian

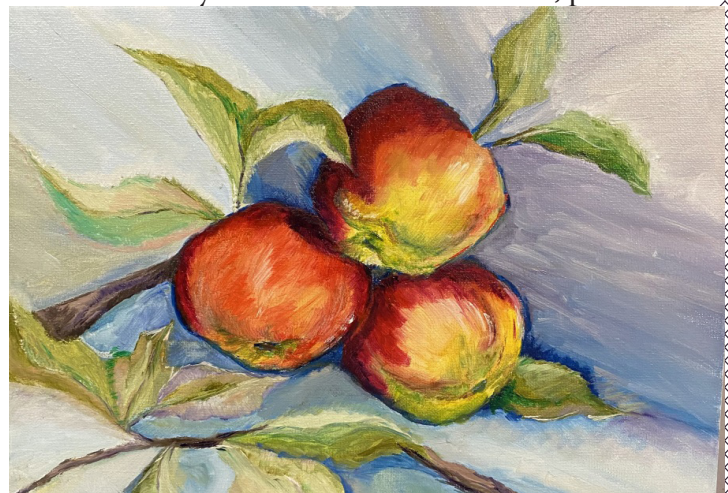
This story still makes her smile.

**9. Can you share a memory of special pride related to one of your paintings?**

I was a little bit proud. Julia told me that when she was working with young students, they thought that apples were a trite subject for a painting. However, at that time, my painting “Apples” was drying under the window and was an example that the teacher shared.

**10. Do you have any advice for others who want to learn to paint?**

It’s easy to learn. There are schools, private





lessons, online, and self-taught. What is your main inspiration? Perhaps an artistic image, an artistic word, an artistic movement is the sound of your voice in human evolution. It is only yours, like fingerprints or DNA. Many people copy Van Gogh's style. But we only know his paintings! In my opinion, canvases are created technically - by you, your hand, your eyes. But the thin neural networks of the human brain "read" the image in such a way that they can catch the invisible impulse of the artist's state.

## Nastaliq: Persian/Dari Handwriting Font

By Edres and Asila Sadiqi

*Nastaliq is a style of Islamic calligraphy developed in the 14th century by the master calligrapher Mir 'Ali Tabrizi. The name indicates the combination of two styles, 'Naskh' and 'Ta'liq'. Nastaliq was the first style to be invented with the Persian language in mind. Learn more about nastaliq from [Google Arts and Culture](#).*

مائیم که از باده بی جام خوشیم  
هر روز منوریم و هر شام خوشیم  
گویند سر انجام ندارید شما  
مائیم که بی هیچ سر انجام خوشیم

مولانا جلال‌الدین بلخی

Poem translation in English:

We are the ones who are happy with a drink without a cup

We are light every day and we are happy every evening

They say, you don't have any future

We are happy even with having no future

[Mowlana Jalaladin Balkhi](#)

Nastaliq font hand writing by:

Mortaza Mansoori Borojeni



**What is Poetry?** "Poetry lifts the veil from the hidden beauty of the world, and makes familiar objects be as if they were not familiar." Percy Bysshe Shelley



هر کجا عشق آید، ساکن شود  
هر چه ناممکن بود، ممکن شود

مولانا جلال‌الدین بلخی

Poem translation in English:

Wherever love comes, we'll inhabit there;  
Whatever is impossible, will be possible.

[Mowlana Jalaladin Balkhi](#)

Nastaliq font hand writing by:

Mortaza Mansoori Borojeni



کز دیو و دد ملولم و انسانم آرزوست

مولانا جلال‌الدین بلخی

Poem translation in English:

I am tired of the devil and the dead;  
being a human is my dream.

Mowlana Jalaladin Balkhi

Nastaliq font hand writing by:

Mortaza Mansoori Borojeni



## Easy Poems for Beginners

### The Waves in the Sea

The waves in the sea go  
 Up and down,  
 Up and down,  
 Up and down,  
 The waves in the sea go  
 up and down,  
 all day long  
 The sharks in the sea go  
 Snap, snap, snap  
 Snap, snap, snap,  
 Snap snap, snap,  
 The sharks in the sea go  
 Snap, snap, snap,  
 All day long  
 The fish in the sea go,  
 Swish, swish, swish,  
 Swish, swish, swish,  
 Swish, swish, swish,  
 The fish in the sea go,  
 Swish, swish, swish,  
 All day long  
 The boats in the sea go  
 Toot, toot, toot,  
 Toot, toot, toot,  
 Toot, toot, toot,  
 The boats in the sea go  
 Toot, toot, toot,  
 All day long.

Source: [Here](#)



### Weather For All

By Lenore Hetrick



"I like rainy weather,"  
 Said the yellow duck.

"Not for me! I want the sun!"

The hen began to cluck.

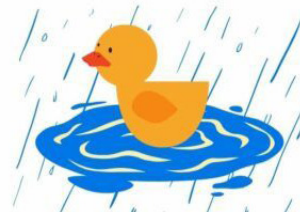
"I think snow is great!"

Millie nodded her head.



"In spring the weather will please  
 each one!"

The wise weather man said.





**Would you like to  
contribute to *The Parrot* ?**

If you want to share your work, art,  
opinion, or anything else with  
*The Parrot*, please email us at  
[TheParrot@arc.losrios.edu](mailto:TheParrot@arc.losrios.edu). We would be  
happy to hear from you and will try to  
respond ASAP.

*The Parrot* welcomes all ESL student  
matters!







## English Conversation Group

● ● ● **Wednesdays 2:30-3:30 p.m. North Natomas**

### **Want to practice speaking English? Join our friendly group!**

Meet new people in your community and share experiences and ideas.

All languages and levels are welcome. No registration required.

#### **Topics:**

- Everyday life situations
- American culture
- Things to do for fun
- News, pop culture
- Other...You help decide!

Groups are led by a trained facilitator. We hope to see you there!

**sac** SACRAMENTO PUBLIC LIBRARY  
**lib** [www.saclibrary.org](http://www.saclibrary.org)

North Natomas Library  
4660 Via Ingoglia, Sacramento, California 95835

### **What is Poetry?**

*"The poetry of a people comes from the deep recesses of the unconscious, the irrational and collective body of our ancestral memories." Margaret Walker*

**Continue from page 1**

Poem in Your Pocket Day takes place every year on a day in National Poetry Month. Poem in Your Pocket Day 2024 will take place on April 18.

**Ways to Participate**

It's easy to participate in Poem in Your Pocket Day from a safe distance. Here are some ideas of how you might get involved:

- Select a poem and share it on social media using the hashtag #PocketPoem.
- Print a poem from the Poem in Your Pocket Day PDF and draw an image from the poem in the white space, or use the instructions on pages 57–58 of the PDF to make an origami swan.
- Record a video of yourself reading a poem, then share it on Instagram, Twitter, Facebook, Pinterest, or another social media platform you use.
- Email a poem to your friends, family, neighbors, or local government leaders.
- Schedule a video chat and read a poem to your loved ones.
- Add a poem to your email footer.
- Read a poem out loud from your porch, window, backyard or outdoor space.
- Discover more ways to celebrate National Poetry Month in the classroom, or at home or online!

**How to Share**

The Academy of American Poets encourages you to print and share poems from the Poem in Your Pocket Day PDF or our site within your educational and community programs. The Academy is not the rights holder for these poems and if you wish to reprint materials and distribute them widely (e.g., in textbooks or other commercial material), you should seek permission from the publisher(s).

**See How Communities Celebrate Poem in Your Pocket Day**

Each year on national Poem in Your Pocket Day, the town of Charlottesville, Virginia, unites in a day-long celebration of poetry. The project is spearheaded by Jefferson-Madison Regional Library, whose staff recruit members of the community—students, senior citizens, local business owners, neighbors, and friends—to distribute poem scrolls throughout Charlottesville. Over 7,000 scrolls are distributed to a local hospital, a children's museum, libraries, senior centers, nursing homes, and numerous small businesses in the downtown area. They also put together a street team that hands out poems along the Charlottesville pedestrian mall.

According to library branch manager Wendy Saz, "The very best part of the project is seeing the way people immediately respond to poetry. People call the library to say how much their poem meant to them, personally. Some folks come back for additional scrolls to give to friends and family members. People stop to recite favorite poems, from memory, to street team members. Last year, when the day was over, we were happily surprised when one street team member commented that he hadn't seen a single poem on the ground or in a trash bin! People were tucking them in purses and pockets, to keep and to reread."

Poetry is best when shared, and Poem in Your Pocket Day is the perfect time to surprise someone with the gift of poetry.

**How did you celebrate? Let us know!**

Source: <https://poets.org/national-poetry-month/poem-your-pocket-day>

## Keep a Poem in Your Pocket

by

Beatrice Schenk de Regniers

Keep a poem in your pocket  
And a picture in your head  
And you'll never feel lonely  
At night when you're in bed.  
The little poem will sing to you  
The little picture bring to you  
A dozen dreams to dance to you  
At night when you're in bed.

So - -

Keep a picture in your pocket  
And a poem in your head  
And you'll never feel lonely  
At night when you're in bed.



## Where Does Poetry Come From?: A Cross-Cultural Question

Poetry transcends cultural and temporal boundaries. Throughout history, cultures worldwide have sought to explain the origins of poetry, often imbuing it with mystical or divine significance. These interpretations, deeply rooted in their societies' spiritual and superstitious beliefs, reflect a universal human tendency to attribute profound, and sometimes other, origins to the creative process. In this article, I will trace how some have understood the sources of poetry across different cultures. In doing so, I highlight the immaterial dimension of poetic practice as an experience that is as difficult to understand as the human being who produces it. Indeed, this type of creativity is difficult to understand.

### How did the Arabs interpret the sources of poetry?

In the Arab world, poetry has long been considered the highest form of literary art and is deeply intertwined with the fabric of society and oral traditions. The ancient Arabs believed that poetry was inspired by supernatural beings, and poets were often seen as possessed by these spirits, giving them an extraordinary ability. This belief confirmed that poetry was not just a human creation but a divine gift through which the unseen world communicated with the mortal world. Researchers in ancient Arabic poetry also point to a legend common among the ancient Arabs, a valley called "Wadi Abqar," a mountainous valley in the Asir region in the south of today's Saudi Arabia. It is considered one of the most beautiful and distinctive natural oases in the Kingdom - and if a poet wants to write poetry, he has no choice but to go to this valley. Due to the beauty of the place, it



was considered a destination for poetic inspiration.

### What is the view of Western schools on the origins of poetry?

The Western tradition, with its rich tapestry of cultures and philosophies, offers a variety of perspectives on the origins of poetry. For example, the ancient Greeks attributed the creation of poetry to the nine muses--gods who presided over the arts and sciences. This divine inspiration, a gift from the gods themselves, was seen as the source of all poetic creativity. This highlights not only the divine origin of poetry but also its role in communicating universal truths and human experiences that transcend the individual poet.

The ancient Romans, like the Greeks, who inherited much of their cultural and artistic framework, viewed poetry as a gift from the gods. The Latin term *fatus*, meaning poet and prophet, encapsulates this dual conception of the poet as creator and seer, suggesting a close relationship between poetic and divine insight.

In contrast, the Romantic era in Europe saw poetry as a spontaneous outpouring of strong feelings, a deep, almost mystical personal experience beyond rational thought. Although less explicitly religious,

this perspective still carries a supernatural air in its emphasis on inspiration as an indescribable force.

### How did Indian civilization express the sources of poetry?

In India, the concept of poetry has been deeply influenced by the rich spiritual and philosophical heritage of the Indian subcontinent. An-





cient texts such as the Vedas - considered of divine origin - blend poetry with sacred chants, suggesting an essential connection between poetic expression and spiritual experience. Classical Sanskrit literature developed the idea of poetry as divine play, with poets often seen as seers who could access realms beyond the ordinary. This view is consistent with the broader Indian philosophical position that art and spirituality are intertwined, with poetry as a bridge to the transcendent.

### Conclusion

Across these diverse cultures, it is notable that poetry is often shrouded in a veil of mystery, attributable to forces beyond the merely human. Whether through divine inspiration or possession by spirits, societies have continually sought metaphysical explanations for the creative impulse behind poetry. This global trend highlights a fundamental aspect of the human condition: the need to find deeper, often ineffable, meanings in our expressions and experiences. Because poetry itself is difficult to limit to pure rational logic or to link to strict rules that inevitably lead to poetry, it invites us to appreciate poetry as a deeply human artifact, a testament to our capacity for emotional depth, intellectual complexity, and the relentless pursuit of beauty and truth. Poetry, in its many forms and manifestations, remains a difficult creation, not because it emanates from the divine or the supernat-

ural, but because it sums up the breadth of human experience itself. In understanding the origins of poetry without resorting to metaphysics, we retain its magic. Instead, we celebrate the wonderful human spirit that flows from it.

**By Parrot Staff Writer:  
Mohammed El mrani**

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**What is Poetry?** "Poetry is the chiseled marble of language; it's a paint-spattered canvas – but the poet uses words instead of paint, and the canvas is you." Mark Flanagan

## Some More Parrot Fun

### Finding Hidden Words



**Challenge:**  
Find 6 hidden words.

See the answers on page 31.  
Click here to [see](#) more fun stuff.



# Poems

## I'm Wearing My Parrot

I'm wearing my parrot on top of my hair.  
 My snake's in the sleeve of my shirt.  
 My lizard is lounging around on my pack.  
 My frog is attached to my skirt.  
  
 My grasshopper's hopping on top on my socks.  
 My turtle is perched on my toes.  
 I dressed up this way since it's St. Patrick's Day,  
 and I don't have any green clothes.

— Kenn Nesbitt



**All doggies go to heaven  
 (or so I've been told).  
 They run and play along  
 the streets of gold.  
 Why is heaven such a  
 doggie-delight?  
 Why, because there's not  
 a single cat in sight!**

Parade



Just then, he could hear a tapping noise. Frankie went over to his window and opened his curtains and saw a brightly coloured parrot sitting on the windowsill.

Frankie looked at the parrot and said, "What are you doing here?"

"No friends!"  
 "No-one likes me!"  
 "Don't like school!"  
 Squawked the parrot.

Just then, dad came into the room.



**A funny young fellow  
 named Perkins  
 Was terribly fond of  
 small gherkins.  
 One day after tea  
 He ate ninety-three  
 And pickled his internal  
 workings.**

Parade

Source: <https://parade.com/living/funny-poems>



## English Practice Hour

It will be in person and online.

**Talk Time meets in Zoom once a week on Wednesdays and in-person once a month on Saturdays. We talk about holidays like Labor Day, but we also just check in with each other, telling highs and lows of our week. Students can email me, Professor Denise Saur, at [saurd@arc.losrios.edu](mailto:saurd@arc.losrios.edu) to get the time, locations, or link.**

Saturday, March 2 was a fine day for Talk Time, a conversation club at ARC. There was no rain but lots of English practice and some hail! Students enjoyed the extra speaking practice. Some brought food they had given presentations on in class. We have some secret chefs in our classes. This club also meets on Zoom with topics like culture and holidays. Students came from ARC ESL classes of different levels. A good time was had by all!







Scan QR Code

### Zoom Hours

MON - 8am to 12:30pm

THU - 11am to 7pm

FRI - 8am to 4:30pm

# ESL Center

## Open On Campus in the LRC!

Monday thru Thursday  
8:00 AM to 7:00 PM

The ESL Center helps all multilingual students with their classes and questions. We speak Farsi, Dari, Pashto, Russian, Ukranian, Spanish, and more. Come see us!



Ask  
Questions

Get  
Help



Answer: net, ball, val, penalty, kick, pass

Did you find  
them?

**What is Poetry?** "Poetry is the rhythmical creation of beauty in words." - Edgar Allan Poe

## Volunteer Opportunity



### Help for Refugee Children



Starting Point is a nonprofit organization dedicated to supporting newly arrived refugee children in the greater Sacramento area.

The organization strives to give them a warm welcome by providing basic necessities and programs as they begin their new lives in the U.S. They do things like meet refugee families with children at the airport, give them welcome baskets, and provide basic ESL and computer lessons, and they have even started a very popular soccer team for the kids. Visit the website and click on [REQUEST HELP](#).

Starting Point is directed by Vickee Moy, a professor of English as a Second Language in Sacramento. She launched Starting Point in June 2017 after being deeply touched by her refugee students' stories about their lives in their native countries and about their new lives in the U.S. Starting Point is one way she hopes to honor and

remember their incredible stories and beautiful lessons about perseverance, strength, hope, and humanity.

As a child of immigrants, Vickee feels a connection with new arrivals and is passionate about helping them begin successful lives in their new country. Along with her husband and three sons, she is excited to reach out to this growing community of newcomers.

<https://www.startingpointworld.com/>

### Want to Help?

There are several ways that you can help Starting Point to help children. You can put together a welcome basket, assemble a backpack with supplies, help buy shoes, assist with lessons and program development for SPARK (Summer Program for Arts, Recreation and Knowledge), or even coach and support a soccer team!

Donations to Starting Point are tax deductible. Please visit the [Starting Point Volunteer Page](#) for more information.



# Explore California:

## A Poetic Look at the Spring Almond Blossoms



Woodland, California.

Photo by Manny

### **Among the Orchards**

*By Archibald Lampman*

*Among the orchards,  
where the bees weave their honeyed spells,  
the almond trees stand sentinel.  
Their blossoms, like snowflakes,  
fall upon the earth,  
a fragrant offering to the seasons.  
And in their delicate embrace,  
we find solace—  
a reminder that life renews itself,  
even in quiet corners.*

**What is Poetry?** "Poetry is certainly something more than good sense, but it must be good sense at all events; just as a palace is more than a house, but it must be a house, at least." Samuel Taylor Coleridge

# Explore California:

## A Poetic Look at the Spring Almond Blossom



Woodland, California.

Photo by Manny

### *The Almond Trees*

*By Derek Walcott*

*The almond trees stand like sentinels,  
their branches laden with whispers of  
history, culture, and identity.*

*Each blossom a testament to survival,  
each leaf a page in the book of seasons.*

*And as the sun kisses their petals, we read  
their stories—their resilience,*

*their longing for the sky,*

*their quiet beauty.*

# DIY

## How to Write a Poem

### freewrite

*Last in my mind, I am swarmed by my thoughts,  
Incessant thoughts spinning around me like a  
tornado of worry and doubt.  
Bumping me left and right, up and down.  
I dream of a mind as peaceful as a meadow.*

### brainstorm



## Part 1: Starting a poem

1. Do writing exercises. A poem might start as a snippet of a verse, a line or two that seems to come out of nowhere, or an image you cannot get out of your head. You can find inspiration for your poem by doing writing exercises and using the world around you. Once you have inspiration, you can then shape and mould your thoughts into a poem. You can try to brainstorm for ideas: try a free-write; write to a prompt; make a list or mind map of images.
2. Get inspired by your environment and those close to you. Inspiration for a great poem is all around you, even if you don't see it just yet. Think of every memory, situation and moment as a possible topic and you'll start seeing poetry all around you! You can try to find a topic by going for a walk, writing about someone you care about, or picking a memory you have strong feelings about.
3. Pick a specific theme or idea. You can start your poem by focusing on a specific theme or idea that you find fascinating. Picking a specific theme or idea to focus on in the poem can give

your poem a clear goal or objective. This can make it easier for you to narrow down what images and descriptions you are going to use in your poem.

4. Choose a poetic form. Get your creative juices flowing by picking a form for your poem. There are many different poetic forms that you can use, from free verse to sonnet to rhyming couplet. You may go for a poetic form that you find easy to use, such as free verse, or a form that you find more challenging, such as a sonnet. Choose one poetic form and stick to that structure so your poem feels cohesive to your reader.
5. Read examples of poetry. To get a better sense of what other poets are writing, you may look through examples of poetry. You may read poems written in the same poetic form you are interested in or poems about themes or ideas that you find inspiring. You may also choose poems that are well known and considered "classics" to get a better sense of the genre.

## Part 2: Writing a poem

1. Use concrete imagery. Avoid abstract imagery and go for concrete descriptions of people, places, and things in your poem. You should always try to describe something using the five senses: smell, taste, touch, sight, and sound. Using concrete imagery will immerse your reader in the world of your poem and make images come alive for them.
2. Include literary devices. Literary devices like metaphor and simile add variety and depth to your poetry. Using these devices can make your poem stand out to your reader and allow you to paint a detailed picture for your reader. Try to use literary devices throughout your poem,

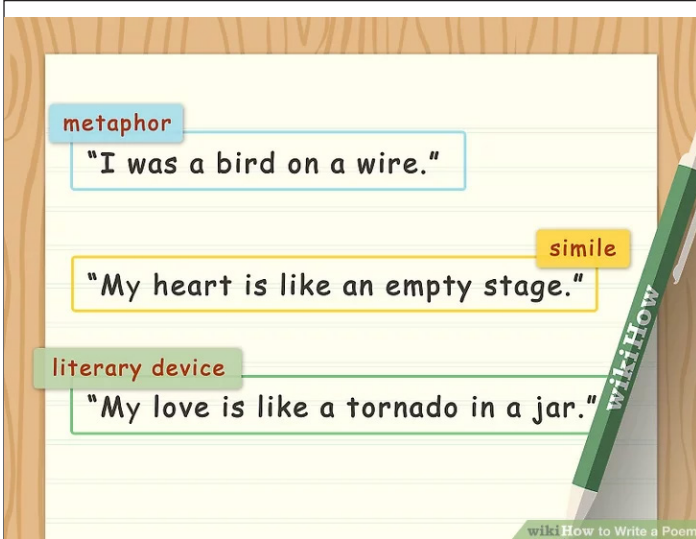
**What is Poetry?** *"Poetry is an orphan of silence. The words never quite equal the experience behind them."*  
Charles Simic



## Part 3: Polishing the Poem

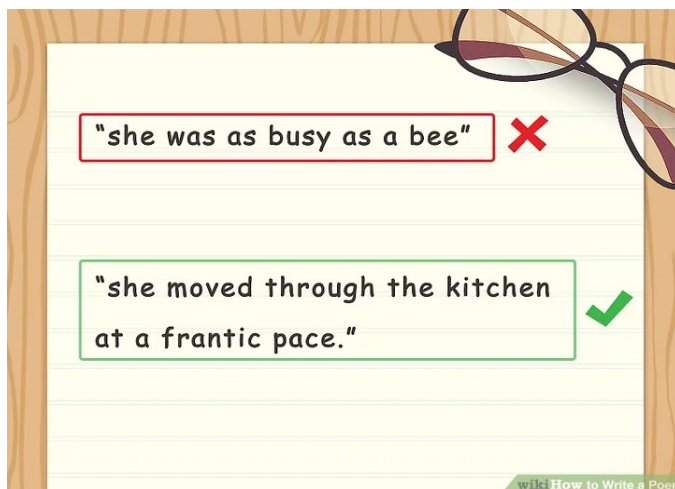
1. Read the poem out loud. Once you have completed a draft of the poem, you should read it aloud to yourself. Notice how the words sound on the page. Pay attention to how each line of your poem flows into the next. Keep a pen close by so you can mark any lines or words that sound awkward or jumbled.
2. Get feedback from others. You can also share your poem with other poets to get feedback from them and improve your poem. You may join a poetry writing group, where you workshop your poems with other poets and work on your poetry together. Or you may take a poetry writing class where you work with an instructor and other aspiring poets to improve your writing. You can then take the feedback you receive from your peers and use it in your revision of the poem.
3. Revise your poem. Once you have received feedback on your poem, you should revise it until it is at its best. Use feedback from others to cut out any lines that feel confusing or unclear. Be willing to “kill your darlings” and not hold onto pretty lines just for the sake of including them in the poem. Make sure every line of the poem contributes to the overall goal, theme, or idea of the poem.

Source: <https://www.wikihow.com/Write-a-Poem#>



varying them so you do not use only metaphors or only similes in your writing.

3. Write for the ear. Poetry is made to be read out loud and you should write your poem with a focus on how it sounds on the page. Writing for the ear will allow you to play with the structure of your poem and your word choice. Notice how each line of your poem flows into one another and how placing one word next to another creates a certain sound.
4. Avoid cliché. Your poetry will be much stronger if you avoid clichés, which are phrases that have become so familiar they have lost their meaning. Go for creative descriptions and images in your poem so your reader is surprised and intrigued by your writing. If you feel a certain phrase or image will be too familiar to your reader, replace it with a more unique phrase.





## The Perspective of a Soldier: A Film Review of *Jawan*

*Jawan* is an Indian action thriller movie that is co-written and directed by Atlee, produced by Gauri Khan and Gaurav Verma under Red Chillies Entertainment, and was released on September 7, 2023. Shah Rukh Khan played a dual role of father and son “Vikram Rathore, an ex-commando and



Figure 1: Shah Rukh Khan played a dual role to rectify corruption in society.

Azad, the jailer of a women’s prison and Vikram’s son.” He teamed up with Priyamani as Lakshmi, Sanya Malhotra as Dr. Eeram, Ridhi Dogra as Kaveri, Sanjeeta as Helena, an ethical hacker, and Girija Oak as Ishkra, an artist, and six women prisoners to

rectify corruption in society. Nayanthara as Narmada Rai, the Head of Force One, Vijay Shetupathi as Kalee, an arms dealer, and Deepika Padukone as Aishwarya Rathore, Vikram’s wife played the roles for special appearance.

In the movie, Azad the jailer hijacks a Mumbai Metro train with his six prisoners and negotiates with Narmada Rai, the head of Force One, to ask the Agriculture Minister to send 40,000 crore Indian rupees in exchange for the passengers’ lives. Kalee, the global arms dealer, finds out that his daughter is one of the captives and decides to pay for the deal. Azad donates the money to the loan waiver of 700,000 impoverished farmers in the country, and then through Alia, he reveals his name as Vikram Rathore to Kalee. Azad meets Narmada and her young daughter, Suchi, and Azad and Narmada get married. Azad and his gang next kidnap the Health Minister and demand better infrastructure at government hospitals in exchange for the Health Minister’s life. Narmada discovers the true identity of Azad after the marriage, and Kalee’s brother, Manish, captures and tortures the couple. Vikram Rathore rescues Azad, and Narmada enters jail by disguising herself as an inmate. There she finds

out about Azad and Vikram’s connection as Vikram Rathore was a commando in the Special Ops unit of the Indian army. He was sent on an operation in which his team faced casualties caused by malfunctioning weaponry. Vikram and his team filed a complaint against Kalee, who was then the supplier of the weapons. Due to the complaint, the same night, Kalee attacks Vikram and his wife Aishwarya, separating them and shooting Vikram off a plane. Aishwarya was sentenced to prison for killing three cops on Kalee’s payroll who were threatening her. Vikram was declared a national traitor; Aishwarya gave birth to their child, Azad, in prison. After Azad turned five, Aishwarya asked him to prove his father’s innocence, before she was hanged.

Azad and his gang had many other operations to rectify corruption in society and escaped. I watched *Jawan* and realized that the movie teaches us that as a citizen, every one of us is responsible to fulfill our responsibility towards our country by fighting against corruption. Corruption is a phenomenon that ruins all the pillars of economic, social, and political growth.



FIGURE 2: JAWAN OR SOLDIER SACRIFICIES HIS YOUTH AND LIFE FOR HIS COUNTRY.

Also, a corrupted government destroys the rights of others, and finally, it prevents a country from progress and development. We should never forget that we can fulfill our citizenship responsibility within the framework of the law. There are several judicial and executive institutions in a government that have the responsibility of preventing government employees from committing corruption and their punishments. As citizens, we always need to report corruption, crime, and fraud so we can build a better society where everyone’s rights are given equally. If we don’t stop it, then gangs and criminals will create chaos and horror.

**Film review by Asila Sadiqi**

## Movies about Poets and Poetry...Sort Of



### So I Married an Axe Murderer (1993)

A San Francisco poet (Mike Myers) who fears commitment suspects his girlfriend may have a knack for killing off her significant others. If you don't know what a "beat poet" is, or you didn't think it was possible to put the word "[haggis](#)" into a [love poem](#), then your homework is to watch this movie.

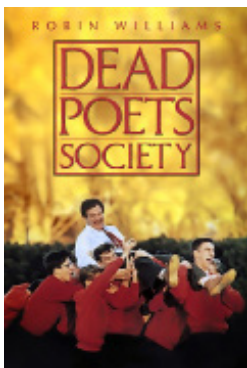
Watch trailer



### Joe versus the Volcano (1990)

Angelica Graynamore, one of the three characters played by Meg Ryan in this 1990 romantic comedy, writes a very short free-verse poem and shares it with Joe, played by Tom Hanks, before he leaves on a voyage to...surprise... jump into a volcano! It's a great poem. You might want to hear it again.

Watch trailer



### Dead Poets Society (1989)

If you don't know who Walt Whitman is or what a "barbaric yawp" is, then it's high time you watched this 1989 film starring Robin Williams and a young Ethan Hawke. It may also challenge the way you think about teaching, and you may never think the same about poetry again.

Watch trailer



### Il Postino (The Postman)

A simple Italian postman learns to love poetry while delivering mail to a famous poet, and then uses this to woo local beauty Beatrice. The famous poet is legendary Pablo Neruda, and this 1994 film is a quirky introduction to him and his work.



Watch trailer



### The Princess Bride (1987)

The classic rhyming game. "No more rhyming now. I mean it! Anybody want a peanut?"

Watch "Anybody want a peanut" clip



Are you interested in more movies about poets and poetry?  
[Check out this list from the Michigan Quarterly Review.](#)

# Rumi Poem and Translation

By Asila Sadiqi

Maulana Jalaladin Balkhi Rumi is from Afghanistan. Rumi is a highly recognized and famous Persian poet. He captivates audiences worldwide with his profound insights and spiritual wisdom. His poem "Listen to the Reed Flute as It Tells Its Tale" beautifully expresses the human longing, for spiritual unity.

## Original Poem

بشنو از نی چون حکایت میکند

از جدایی ها شکایت میکند

از نیستان تا مرا ببریده اند

در نفیرم مرد و زن نالیده اند

سینه خواهد شرحه شرحه از فراق

تا بگوید شرح درد استیاق

هرکسی کو دور ماند از اصل خویش

باز جوید روزگار وصل خویش

من به هر جمعیتی نالان شدم

جفت بدحالان و خوش حالان شدم

هرکسی از ظن خود شد یار من

از درون من نجست اسرار من

## Translated Poem

Listen to the word and the tale it tells

How it sings of separation

Ever since they cut me from the reed bed

My wail has caused men and women to weep

I want a heart that is torn open with longing

So that I might share the pain of this love

Whoever has been parted from his source

Longs to return to that state of union

At every gathering I play my lament

I am a friend to both happy and sad

Each befriended me for his own reasons

Yet none searched out the secrets I contain

## Brave Poetry



Aug, 15, 2021 might have been a regular day for most or even all of you. But for me it was one of the darkest days in my life. It was the day that the Democrat government in Afghanistan collapsed and the Taliban once again took over the country. I was living in the U.S. that day. However, my family were living in Afghanistan and were struggling for their lives and safety. This was the second time in my life that I experienced the Taliban taking over the country. The first time I was a kid and I had to live under their regime for a period of almost 7 years, which were the worst days of my life. When the Taliban on Aug, 15, 2021 once again took over Afghanistan, all those bad memories, all those bad experiences of violence that I witnessed with my eyes during my childhood flashed back and came to life right in front of my eyes. My mom, who was a teacher; my elder sister, who was a government employee; my younger sister, who was school student a day ago, were no longer allowed to continue their basic life routines. They all were banned from public. They had to stay at home and were not allowed to

even go shopping without a male member of the family accompanying them.

On the top of that, as a consequence of my prior employment with the American government in Afghanistan, my family name got on the top of the "Wanted list" for the Taliban, so my family members' lives were under constant threat during those days. To keep themselves alive and safe, they had to move from one location to another location and frequently change hotels and the location of their stay for about three months till the day they got evacuated from Afghanistan to a second country by the international community.

Usually, when I feel so sad or so happy, I get in the mood to write a poem in the Dari language, which is my native language. So, during those sad moments of my life, I wrote this Dari poem that I want to share with you today. Of course, I will translate it in English and interpret the feelings of those moments that I wrote in the poem to all of you.

**by S. E. Sadiqi**





## Great Poets Around the World

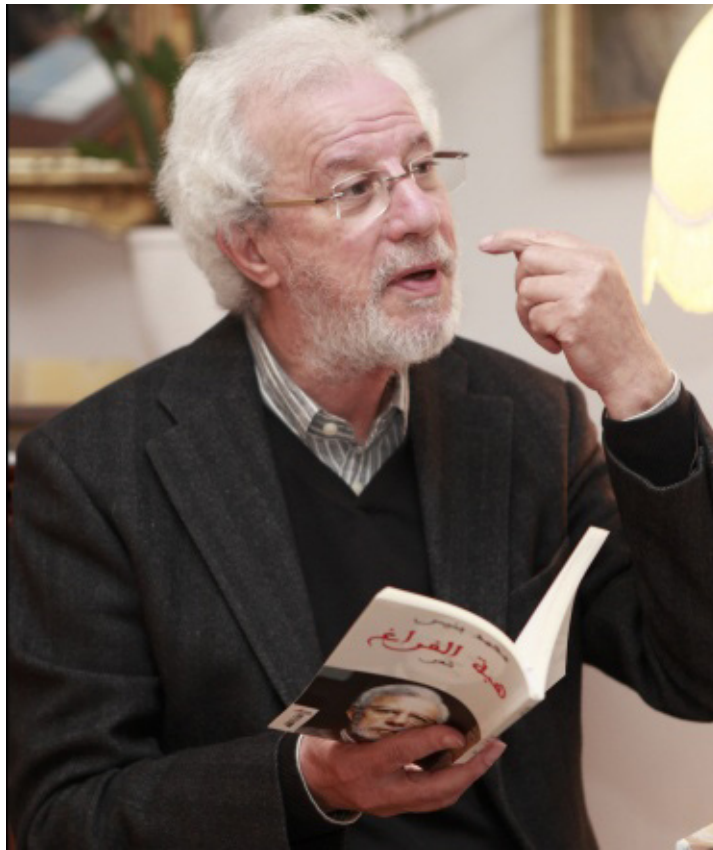
### Mohamed Bennis:

Born on September 9, 1948, in Fez, Morocco, Mohamed Bennis is a prominent figure in the contemporary Moroccan and Arab poetry scene. His poetic works unfold against Morocco's rich cultural backdrop, reflecting a deep connection to the complexities of modern Arabic identity, language, and aesthetics.

Bennis's upbringing in the ancient city of Fez, the cradle of Islamic civilization and Moroccan culture, paved the way for his later contributions to Moroccan and Arab literary discourse.

What distinguishes Muhammad Bennis's poetry is his innovative approach to form, language, and thematic exploration. Freed from the constraints of traditional Arabic poetry, his work enters the worlds of free verse and modern poetic structures, reflecting a conscious effort to redefine the boundaries of Arabic poetic expression.

One of the notable aspects of Bennis's work is his engagement with the complexities of modernity and tradition. His poems often navigate the intersections between past and present, drawing on the rich heritage of Arab and Islamic thought while examining the existential challenges of contemporary life. His approach is a critical voice in modern Arabic literature invested in the cultural and intellectual renewal of the Arab world.



Throughout his prolific career, Muhammad Bennis published numerous collections of poetry that contributed greatly to his reputation as a leading poet of his generation. Among his most famous works:

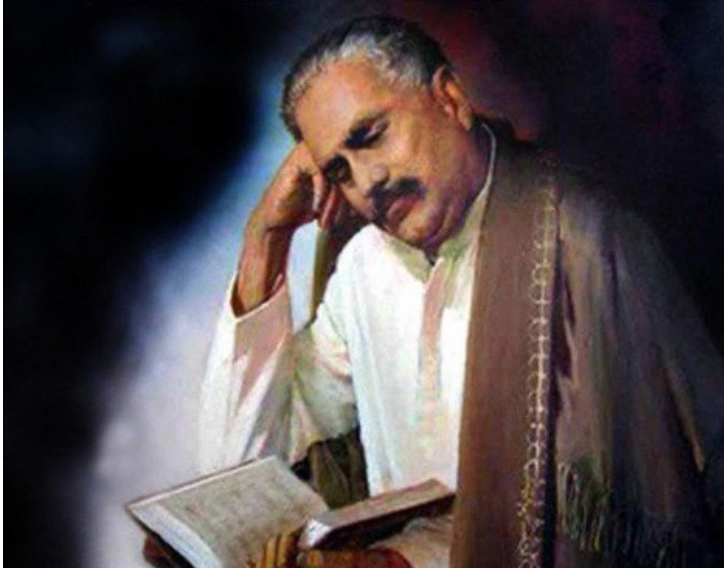
1. "Strokes of Light" (Paintings) is a collection that explores themes of love, memory, and spiritual quest.

2. "A Place in the Core" (Theme in the Core) delves into the essence of existence and perception, characterized by Bennis's blend of philosophical depth and poetic innovation.

3. "The Book of Love and Exile" is a poetic exploration of love and loss. The innovative spirit, philosophical depth, and aesthetic beauty of Mohamed Bennis's works continue to inspire readers and writers alike.

Through his poetry, Bennis invites us into a world where past and present, personal and universal, meet in a tapestry of lyrical beauty and existential reflection, making him a true poet of modernity and tradition.

**Parrot Staff Writer: Mohammed El mrani**



## Muhammad Iqbal

*Poet and Philosopher*

Muhammad Iqbal was a South Asian Muslim philosopher, author, and politician. His poetry is considered to be among the greatest of the 20th century, and his vision of a cultural and political ideal for the Muslims of British-ruled India is widely regarded as having animated the impulse for the Pakistan Movement. He is commonly referred to by the honorific Allama.

Born and raised in Sialkot, Punjab, India (now in Pakistan)—died April 21, 1938, Lahore, Punjab) Iqbal was known for his influential efforts to direct his fellow Muslims in British-administered India toward the establishment of a separate Muslim state, an aspiration that was eventually realized in the country of Pakistan. Iqbal was born at Sialkot, India (now in Pakistan), to a pious family of small merchants and was educated at Government College, Lahore. In Europe from 1905 to 1908, he earned a degree in philosophy from the University of Cambridge, qualified as a barrister in London, and received a doctorate from the University of Munich. His thesis, *The Development of Metaphysics* in Persia, revealed some aspects of Islamic mysticism formerly unknown in Europe.

اٹھو مری دنیا کے غریبوں کو جگا دو  
 کاخ امرا کے در و دیوار ہلا دو  
 جس کھیت سے دہقان کو میسر نہیں روزی  
 اس کھیت کے ہر خوشہ گندم کو جلا دو  
 علامہ اقبال

**Urdu poem translation to English:**

*Rise, and from their slumber wake  
 the poor ones of my world!  
 Shake the walls and windows of  
 the mansions of the great!  
 Find the field whose harvest is no  
 peasant's daily bread  
 Garner in the furnace every ripening  
 ear of the wheat!*

*by Allama Iqbal*

Sources:

<https://www.britannica.com/biography/Muhammad-Iqbal>

[https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Muhammad\\_Iqbal](https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Muhammad_Iqbal)

## Qahar Asi



Qahar Asi was born in 1956 in a small village in Panjshir, Afghanistan. He was a modern and notable poet, who practiced both "New" and "Classic" poetry styles. Asi died in Kabul when a rocket hit his home during the 90s civil war. Like lots of other Afghan poets and writers of his time, Asi showed his concerns about the political and social situation of Afghanistan. His explicit expression of the situation caused him personal problems with the regimes in Kabul. His book "Az Jazeera e Khoon" (From Blood Island) is a good example of his expressing his concerns through his poetry at the time. He also wrote many poems with romantic and emotional content and worked with Afghan singer Farhad Darya. He studied agriculture, and he married Meetra and had a daughter named Mahsti. He wrote many other books.

Here's the translated poem:

*My beloved land  
My dream, my conviction  
My honored blasphemy and religion  
My seventh heaven  
What valiant people!  
What sun! What fire!  
Rising like the Resurrection,  
No obstacle to their will  
Not mountain nor hill.  
Across the land  
Passionately they scream:  
Martyrdom and determination!*

*No house without a Rostam  
That great warrior  
No fortress without an Arash,  
That great archer  
What a brave nation!  
What proud people!  
Let the dust off their footpath!  
Be an honor in my temple!  
Kabul 1987*

Here's the original poem:

خیال من یقین من  
جناب کفر و دین من  
بهشت هفتمین من  
دیوار نازنین من

کوه و کمر غلام شان  
قیامتی قیام شان  
چه آفتابی و آتشی  
چه مردان سرکشی

شهادت و مراد را  
بگوش سنگ سنگ خد  
چه سخت نعره میکشد  
گلوی سرزمین من

به خانه خانه رستمی  
به خانه خانه آرشی  
برای روز امتحان  
دلاوری کمان کشی

چه سر فراز ملت  
چه سربلند مردمی  
که خاک راه شان بود  
شرافت جبین من



## Out of the Cage

### Sacramento State Spring Sting Transfer Event at ARC

**Wednesday, April 10, 2024**  
**10:00 am to 1:00 pm**

Join a variety of Sac State's student services and major departments for Sac State Spring Sting 2024 at ARC! Learn more about the school and programs of interest to you.

This is an in-person event.

Spring Sting is open to all interested Los Rios students. [Register](#) in advance.

### Work and Learn: Building Career Success through Internships (CRC Work Experience)

**Thursday, April 18, 2024**  
**12:00 to 1:00 pm**

Embark on an exciting journey to supercharge your academic and professional aspirations with the Cosumnes River College Work Experience and Internship Program!

The Work Experience and Internship Program exists to help students have the best internship experience possible while earning units toward their degree or certificate.

This is an online event.

Hosted by CRC's WEXP Program. Open to all Los Rios students. Join a [zoom](#).

### QUESTIONS/COMMENTS?

Student Editors: **Tuyet Le, Emmanuel Madrid, Mohammed Elmrani, Sayed Edres Sadiqi, Phong Nguyen, and Asila Sadiqi.**  
Faculty Advisors: **Patrick Hoggan and David Evans**

Please let us know what we can do to improve *The Parrot*. We appreciate any and all feedback you are willing to give us. Contact us at [TheParrot@arc.losrios.edu](mailto:TheParrot@arc.losrios.edu). To see previous issues of *The Parrot*, go to <https://arc.losrios.edu/academics/the-parrot-newsletter>

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