



THE ART OF DAYS

a QUADRA-PROJECT calendar for 2023

featuring MICHIGAN POETS
and the artwork of SOPHIA RIVKIN

JANUARY SNOW

*Already a record month,
sorrow and eight inches more
tomorrow. Smooth-sheened hills
the hue of certain holiday cards
--evening--blue winterscapes
by unremembered artists--
remind us beauty can be harsh.
Sub-zero grates the skin,
no crows caw. See how low
the weighted cedars moan and bend,
life hunkering down,
no tracks in the snow.*

MARY JO FIRTH GILLETT

(Dunes Review, Summer 2022)



<i>SUN</i>	<i>MON</i>	<i>TUES</i>	<i>WED</i>	<i>THU</i>	<i>FRI</i>	<i>SAT</i>
<i>1</i>	<i>2</i>	<i>3</i>	<i>4</i>	<i>5</i>	<i>6</i>	<i>7</i>
<i>8</i>	<i>9</i>	<i>10</i>	<i>11</i>	<i>12</i>	<i>13</i>	<i>14</i>
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<i>29</i>	<i>30</i>	<i>31</i>				

JANUARY

VALENTINE

*If I wear a heart monitor haltered around
my neck, am I a horse, a bird, a love poem*

*if I pull the wire, will I pull out my heart,
hold it in hand—red bird beating, beating*

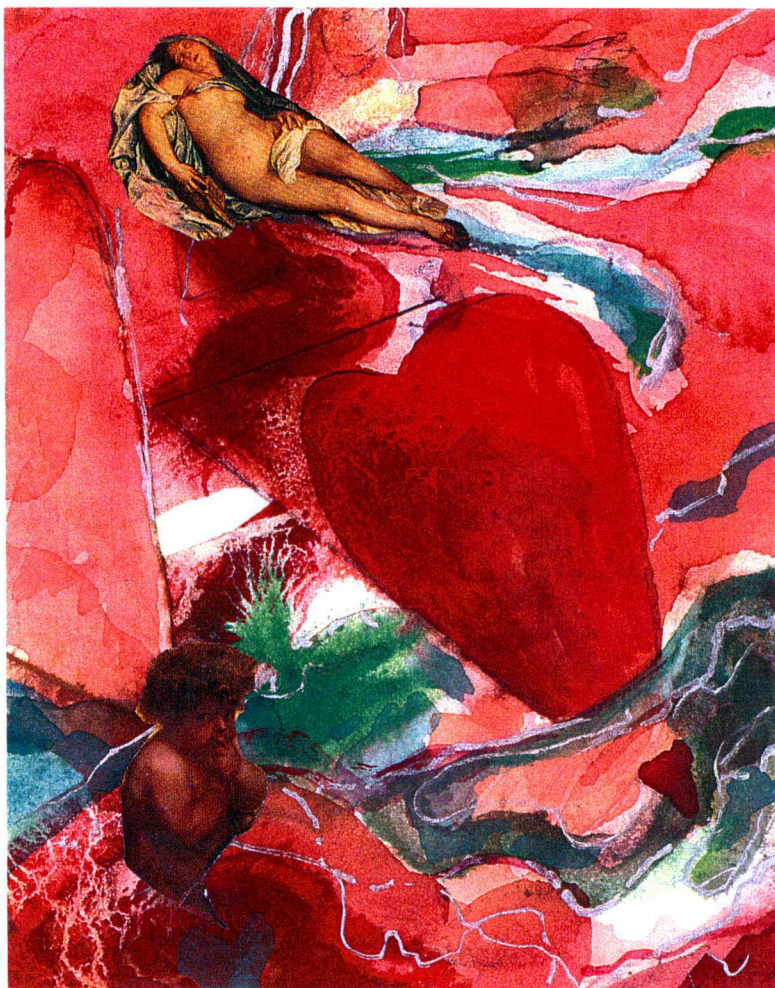
*and where does it leave the body—
unfeathered, unfathered*

*and I am naked as a naked jaybird
on a broken branch*

*and the beat goes on, on for you,
sweet tart for my sweet heart*

*oh small pony, husband, lover,
lead me to the barn
gently, gently*

SOPHIA RIVKIN



SUN	MON	TUES	WED	THU	FRI	SAT
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5	6	7	8	9	10	11
12	13	14	15	16	17	18
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26	27	28				

FEBRUARY

POINTILLISM

in memory of Robert Steele

*I'm a passenger riding a fast train;
the landscapes blend and appear the same.
Trying to decipher what I have seen,
I can only recall a blur of green.*

*People, too, capture such spots in my mind.
I remember them, moments stopped in time:
their eyes, her dress—even a simple hat—
thoughts connect, and perception is just that.*

CINDY FRENKEL

(Prism, Lawrence Technological University)



SUN	MON	TUES	WED	THU	FRI	SAT
MARCH			1	2	3	4
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*AS WITH THE WILLOW,
PERFECTLY WEeping*

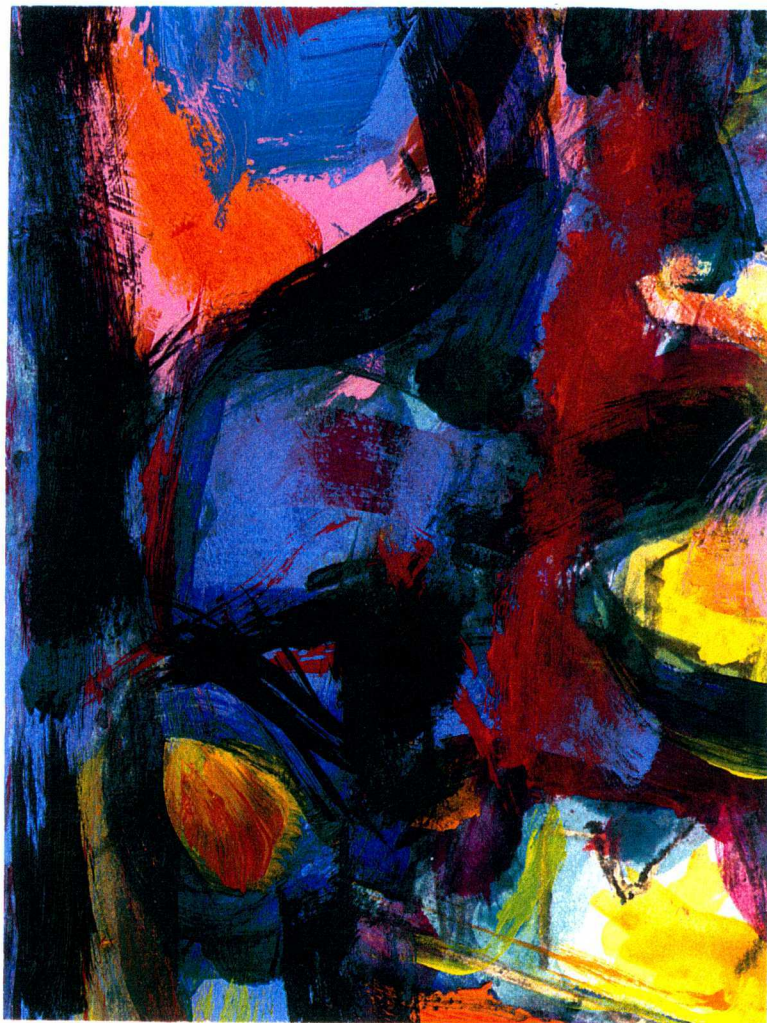
*some things, some occasions,
require a measure of sadness
for their beauty to be fully revealed*

*as with the willow,
at the edge of the aging pond
perfectly weeping,*

*as with some songs—Claire de Lune,
The Coolin, Sakura,*

*as with your dark eyes closing,
now opening, now closing again
as we kiss in the fall of night*

JAN MORDENSKI



SUN

MON

TUES

WED

THU

FRI

SAT

APRIL

1

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LINEAGE

*Today the trees speak greenly
of grace, in a language of rain,
their words meant to convey
no human expectation. The trees
convey no human expectation;
they swell and mutter serenely
among themselves, marveling
that they can speak at all, given
what they know of their ancestors
who had no language to speak of,
no grand words for rain or grace.*

PHILLIP STERLING

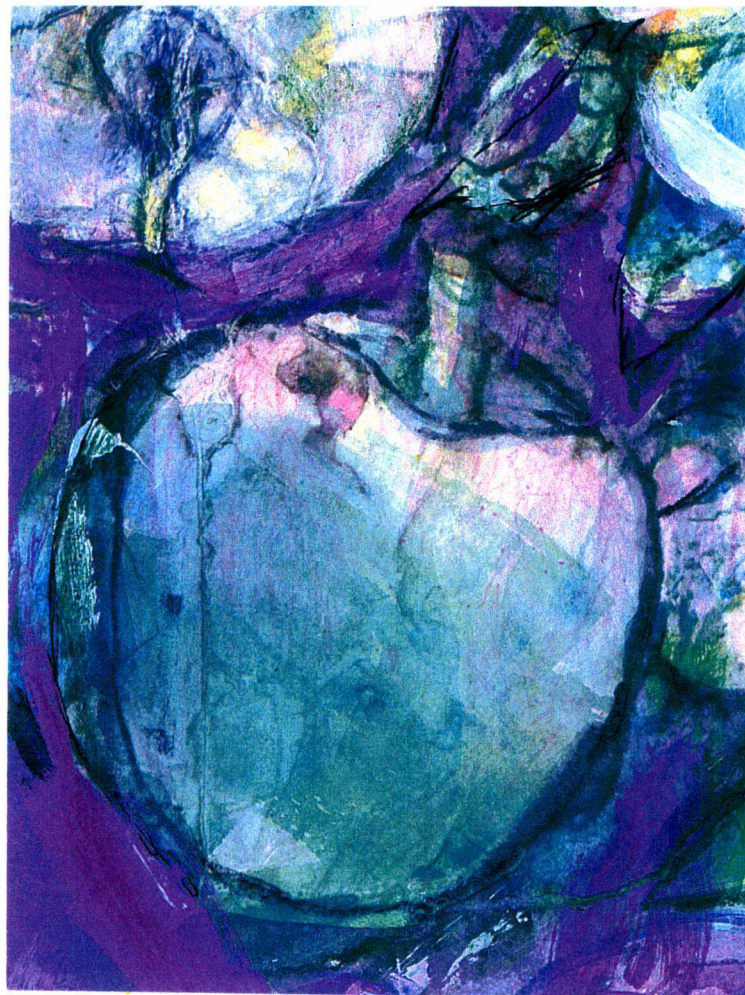


<i>SUN</i>	<i>MON</i>	<i>TUES</i>	<i>WED</i>	<i>THU</i>	<i>FRI</i>	<i>SAT</i>
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<i>28</i>	<i>29</i>	<i>30</i>	<i>31</i>	<i>MAY</i>		

A MUSCATO GRAPE SPILLS FORTH

As I boarded the plane in Tuscany, fluid and frizzante, I took in azzurro blue sky through the lens of my glass bottle eye and said Arrivederci my beautiful vineyard where at night the moon slung so low I swallowed it the way topaz absorbs the light of golden hours. My skin grew straw-colored, luminescent beneath the stipple of stars clustering in florid constellations. I slept in that lamp-lust, my roots buried deep in the loam of green rolling hills, slopes echoing waves of the Adriatic. And in return I perfumed the air with aromas of honeyed caramel, and velvet orange blossoms, fragrance that clings to the vine—la dolcezza, sweet musk, home.

DIANE DeCILLIS



*Recommended wine pairing for this poem:

2000 La Serra Moscato D'Asti

SUN	MON	TUES	WED	THU	FRI	SAT
JUNE				1	2	3
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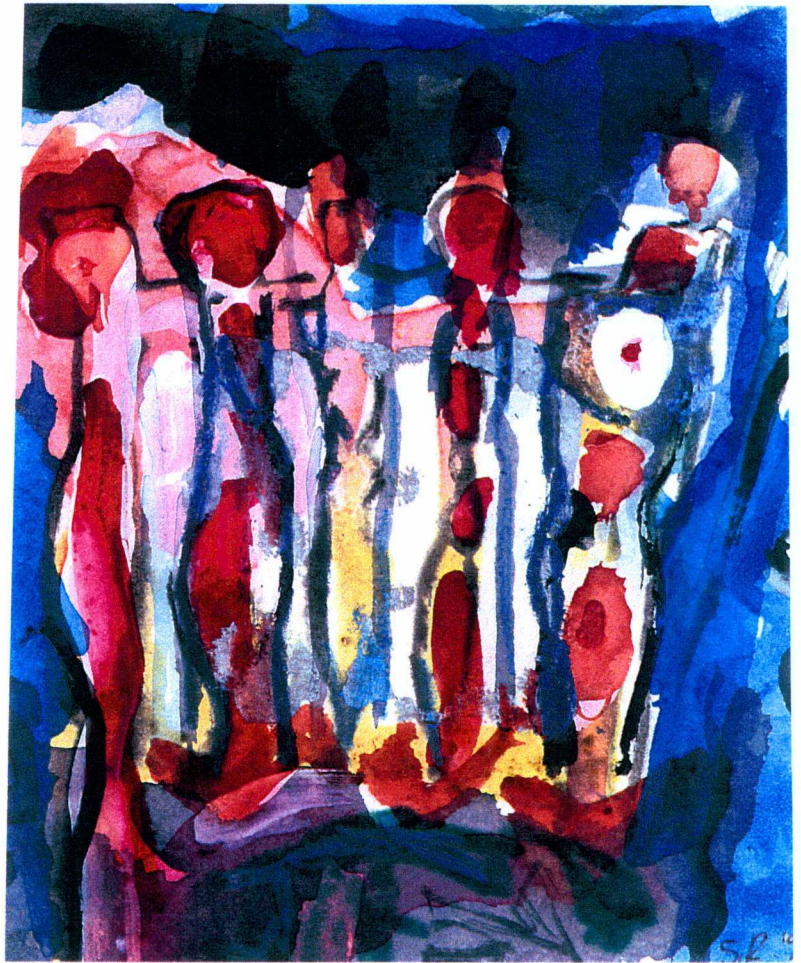
UP FROM A BUBBLE, QUIETLY

*Sometimes I wish
the waves inside
my beating heart
would slow enough to a calm
ripple of love,*

*a stone dropped
into an imaginary pond
clean and pristine,
alive with life: tadpoles,
tiny crayfish and an occasional*

*baby frog peeking
up from behind a bubble
quietly floating to the surface.*

M. L. LIEBLER



SUN

MON

TUES

WED

THU

FRI

SAT

JULY

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BOTH OUR HEARTS CROSSWAYS

*Lying crosswise on the bed,
your head hanging over one edge
and mine the other,
the sky outside the window
an upside-down lake
and somewhere a lawn mower
imitating a motor boat—
and we float here a while
as if we have soared into another world:
you in the book spread open across your heart,
and me thinking of those paintings
in the Louvre, of Flying Lovers,
a light breeze shifting the curtains,
the harsh words we said an hour ago
lifting and levitating like dust motes
in the slant of sun.*

ALINDA DICKINSON WASNER

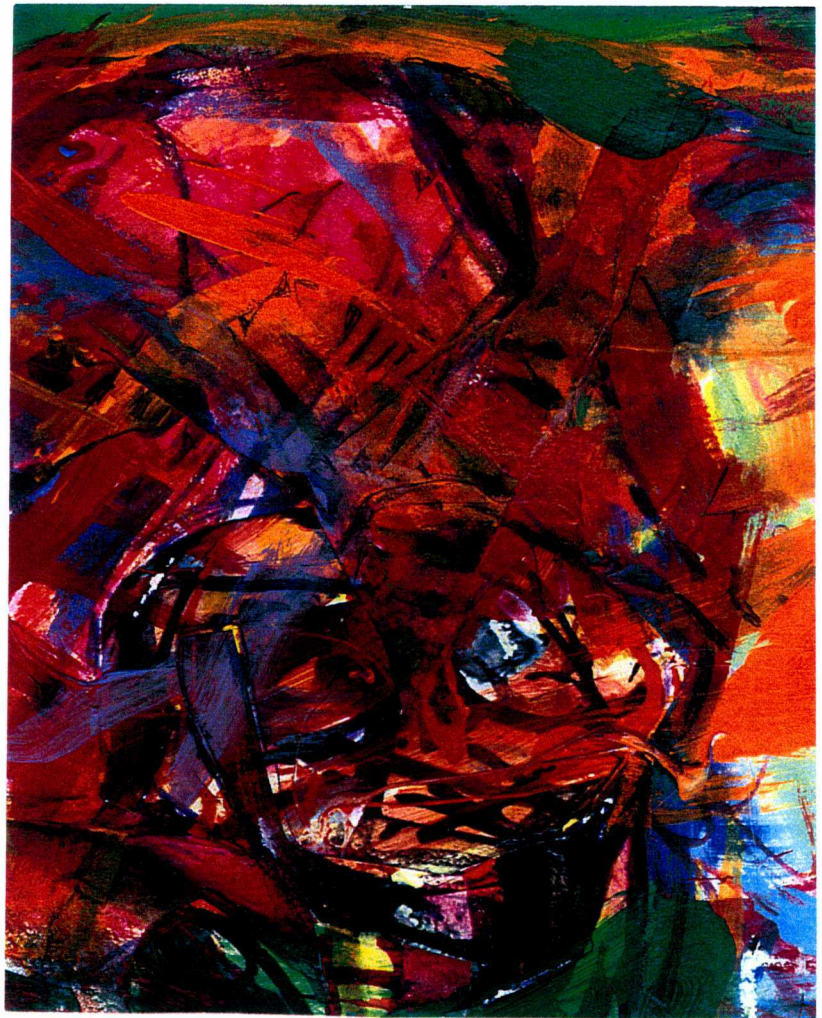


<i>SUN</i>	<i>MON</i>	<i>TUES</i>	<i>WED</i>	<i>THU</i>	<i>FRI</i>	<i>SAT</i>
		<i>1</i>	<i>2</i>	<i>3</i>	<i>4</i>	<i>5</i>
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<i>27</i>	<i>28</i>	<i>29</i>	<i>30</i>	<i>31</i>	<i>AUGUST</i>	

FOX

*I have set the traps
again. From the mist
she watches me stretch
apart, brace the jaws.
It is my blood that
lures her—I am not
generous she knows.
In proximity
her clotted fur exudes
her feral stink,
green eye unblinking
she pads nearer, still.
I abandon her
cries, turn in the dark.
She leaves me raw and
gnawed a right forefoot
I will worry to
the bone on this page.*

MELINDA LePERE



SUN	MON	TUES	WED	THU	FRI	SAT
SEPTEMBER					1	2
3	4	5	6	7	8	9
10	11	12	13	14	15	16
17	18	19	20	21	22	23
24	25	26	27	28	29	30

THE FARMER IN HIS ROWS

*who loves the flight of crows,
who leaves his plow in praise*

of their errant ways.

Who watches their stray glide

*unseam an evening sky,
unstitch his urge to yield,*

to hem his patchwork field.

Who bound to land knows why

in his bones the boundless fly.

ROBERT FANNING

(from *Our Sudden Museum*, Salmon Press 2017)



<i>SUN</i>	<i>MON</i>	<i>TUES</i>	<i>WED</i>	<i>THU</i>	<i>FRI</i>	<i>SAT</i>
<i>1</i>	<i>2</i>	<i>3</i>	<i>4</i>	<i>5</i>	<i>6</i>	<i>7</i>
<i>8</i>	<i>9</i>	<i>10</i>	<i>11</i>	<i>12</i>	<i>13</i>	<i>14</i>
<i>15</i>	<i>16</i>	<i>17</i>	<i>18</i>	<i>19</i>	<i>20</i>	<i>21</i>
<i>22</i>	<i>23</i>	<i>24</i>	<i>25</i>	<i>26</i>	<i>27</i>	<i>28</i>
<i>29</i>	<i>30</i>	<i>31</i>				

OCTOBER

THE GATHERING

*A tree full of birds,
chirping branches bouncing
urgent mania of migration—
wings twitching, stirring up November,
preparing the sky for departure,
exposing drifts of sunlight between clouds,
wind gusting east
as winter circles overhead
like swifts around a tower.*

MIRIAM PEDERSON



<i>SUN</i>	<i>MON</i>	<i>TUES</i>	<i>WED</i>	<i>THU</i>	<i>FRI</i>	<i>SAT</i>
<i>NOVEMBER</i>			<i>1</i>	<i>2</i>	<i>3</i>	<i>4</i>
<i>5</i>	<i>6</i>	<i>7</i>	<i>8</i>	<i>9</i>	<i>10</i>	<i>11</i>
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<i>26</i>	<i>27</i>	<i>28</i>	<i>29</i>	<i>30</i>		

STARS

*Yesterday, under the winter stars, I fell in love.
It was nothing special, I was just out walking.*

*The earth wanted the stars to come home.
Stars crushed in the white snow. Pine boughs*

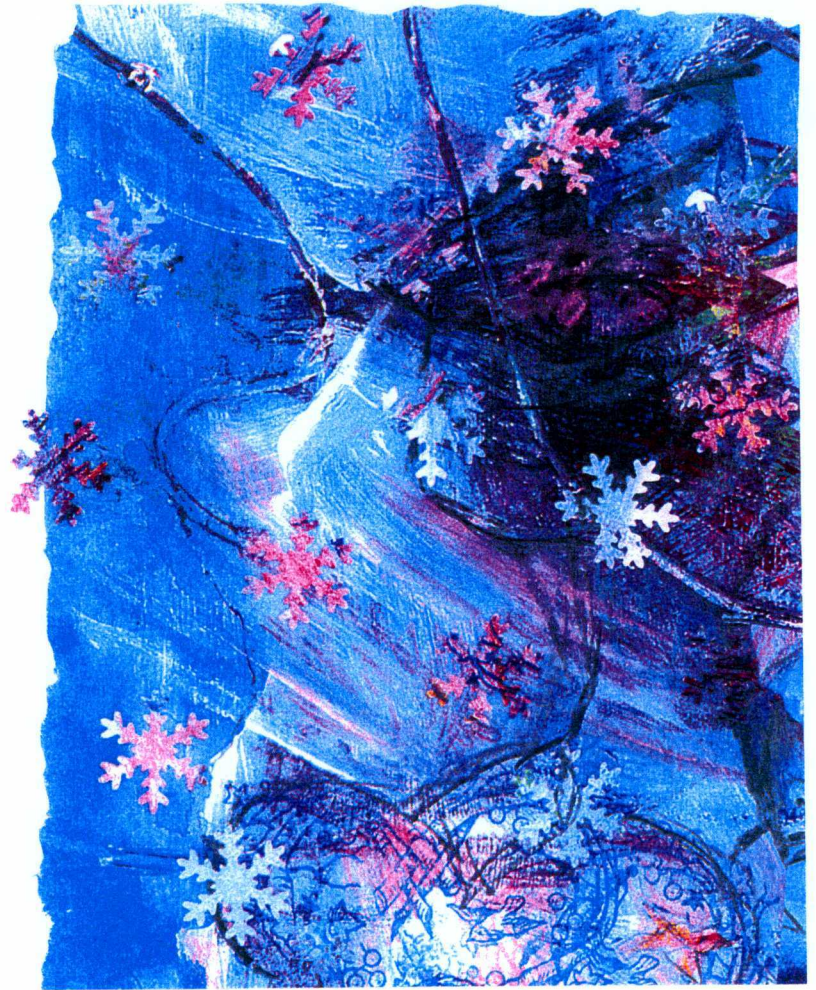
*wearing zinc necklaces, pearl earrings, jewels,
confetti stars scattered all over sidewalks, cars,*

*even a snow shovel had scooped stars in it
and a little boy, wandering the park, had filled*

*his mittens up with the universe. And when
I met her on my front porch, my mouth full*

*of night, my coat collar atmospheric with
the cosmos, even my wife's eyes blinked stars.*

KEN MEISEL



<i>SUN</i>	<i>MON</i>	<i>TUES</i>	<i>WED</i>	<i>THU</i>	<i>FRI</i>	<i>SAT</i>
<i>DECEMBER</i>					<i>1</i>	<i>2</i>
<i>3</i>	<i>4</i>	<i>5</i>	<i>6</i>	<i>7</i>	<i>8</i>	<i>9</i>
<i>10</i>	<i>11</i>	<i>12</i>	<i>13</i>	<i>14</i>	<i>15</i>	<i>16</i>
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					<i>29</i>	<i>30</i>

CONTRIBUTORS

DIANE DeCILLIS Her collection, *Strings Attached* (WSU Press), earned a Michigan Notable Book Award for 2015, won the 2015 Next Generation Indie Book Award, and was a finalist for the Forward Indie Fab Book Award. Her recent collection, *When the Heart Needs a Stunt Double* (WSU Press), was selected by *Publishers Weekly* as one of eight books for *Weathering the Times: Poetry 2021*.

ROBERT FANNING is the author of *Severance*, *Our Sudden Museum*, *American Prophet*, and *The Seed Thieves*, as well as two chapbooks: *Sheet Music* and *Old Bright Wheel*. His poems have appeared in *Poetry*, *Ploughshares*, *Shenandoah*, *Gulf Coast*, and other journals. He is professor of English at Central Michigan University.

MARY JO FIRTH GILLET Her poetry collection, *Soluble Fish*, won the Crab Orchard First Book Award (SIU Press) and four award-winning chapbooks have also been published. Her poems have appeared in or are forthcoming from *The Southern Review*, *New Ohio Review*, *Bayou*, *Harvard Review*, *Michigan Quarterly Review*, *Southern Poetry Review*, *Gettysburg Review*, *Florida Review*, *The MacGuffin*, *Dunes Review* and elsewhere.

CINDY FRENKEL has poems forthcoming in *Poets Speaking to Poets*, *Echoes and Tributes*, and *Divining Dante*. Her work will also be included in *The Poetry Jukebox*, a European street art project. Her poem, "Pit" was just published by *The New Yorker* and can be read on-line. The hardcover version of her collection, *The Plague of the Tender-Hearted*, was recently released from Finishing Line Press. (www.cindyfrenkel.com).

MELINDA LePERE holds an MFA from Vermont College, is a member of Springfed Arts and DWW. Her work has been published in numerous journals such as *Patterson Review*, *The MacGuffin*, *Valparaiso Poetry Review*, *Juked* and *The Collagist*. She was nominated for a Pushcart Prize. Mindy's affinity for the surreal manifests itself in her fascination with puppets, fairy tales, and the ordinary strangeness of life.

M. L. LIEBLER has written and edited over 15 books. His new anthology, co-edited with Jim Daniels, *Respect: Poets on Detroit Music*, won The Tillie Olsen Book Award & the 2021 Michigan Notable Book Award (Michigan State UP, 2020). Liebler's Record Store Day Special Album with Al Kooper is entitled *The Moon: A Box* (2022). His memoir *Hound Dog: A Poet's Life of Rock, Revolution & Redemption*, will be published in 2023. Having taught at Wayne State University since 1980, he is the director of The Detroit Writers Guild and the host of many different series in Detroit and online. His awards include a PEN/Oakland Award (2018), the Michigan Humanities Art Leader in Michigan Award (2020), and four Library of Michigan Notable Book awards. (www.mlliebler.com).

KEN MEISEL is a psychotherapist, a 2012 Kresge Arts Literary Fellow, a Pushcart Prize nominee, and the author of eight books of poetry. His new book, *Studies Inside the Consent of a Distance*, was published in 2022 by Kelsay Books. Meisel has recent work in *Sheila-Na-Gig*, *I-70 Review*, *San Pedro Review*, *Crab Creek Review* and *Trampoline*.

JAN MORDENSKI, the editor of this calendar, has had poems published in Canada, Australia, Ireland and England. In the U.S. her poems have appeared in such publications as *Worcester Review*, *Howling Dog*, *Arete*, *The Cape Rock* and *The Hamilton Stone Review*. Her commendations include several for the teaching of poetry writing, two *MacGuffin* awards, and a win in the Australian Broadcasting Company's radio competition. Her poem, "Crochet" was chosen by Ted Kooser for the *American Life in Poetry* series. As well as *Quadra-Project* she has served as an editor of *Wayne Review* and *Moving Out*.

MIRIAM PEDERSON Professor Emeritus of English at Aquinas College, Miriam is the author of *This Brief Light* (Finishing Line Press). Her poems have been published in several journals and small press magazines such as *New Poems from the Third Coast: Contemporary Michigan Poetry*. Her poems in collaboration with sculpture created by her husband, Rob Pederson, have been exhibited in many regional galleries and documented in three collections of collaborative images and poems.

SOPHIA RIVKIN is the author of three chapbooks, *The Valise* (Mayapple Press, 2000), *Naked Woman Listening at the Keyhole* (Mayapple Press, 2009), and *River of Snow* (Friends of Poetry, Kalamazoo, 2012). Her poems have appeared in an array of literary magazines such as *Wayne Review*, *Third Wednesday*, *Comstock Review*, *The MacGuffin*, and *Passager*. Her poem, “Firefly Nights”, was a winning entry for The Poetry Society of Michigan’s contest in 2019, and “Conspiracy” was a national winner in *Rattle* in 2008. (Both poems can be viewed on-line.) Sophie said she was in her sixties when she returned to college to discover art and poetry. Since then her artwork has been exhibited in various galleries in the Metro Detroit area and her writing earned her a WSU Siegel Pearson Award.

PHILLIP STERLING is an associate poetry editor for *Third Wednesday Magazine*. His most recent book is *Short on Days*, a series of February aubades, released by Main Street Rag in June of 2020, after several months of quarantine.

ALINDA DICKINSON WASNER is the recipient of a Prague Writer’s Fellowship. She has had work published in over fifty print and online journals such as *Evening Street*, *Raven’s Perch*, *Khorus*, *Michigan Jewish History Journal*, *Sports Literate* and *Black Mountain Press’ Sixty-four Best Poets of 2021*. She is the winner of a *MacGuffin* prize, a 2015 *Irish International Poetry Prize*, and was a nominee for a 2011 *Upstreet Best of the Net* award.

This calendar is dedicated to the fond memory of our own Sophie Rivkin, a talented and inventive artist, an accomplished and thought-provoking poet, a faithful and fun-loving friend.

*I dreamed two red airplanes
one is called Happiness
one is called Almost
I know they are there
I feel the wind in my hair*

SOPHIA RIVKIN



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