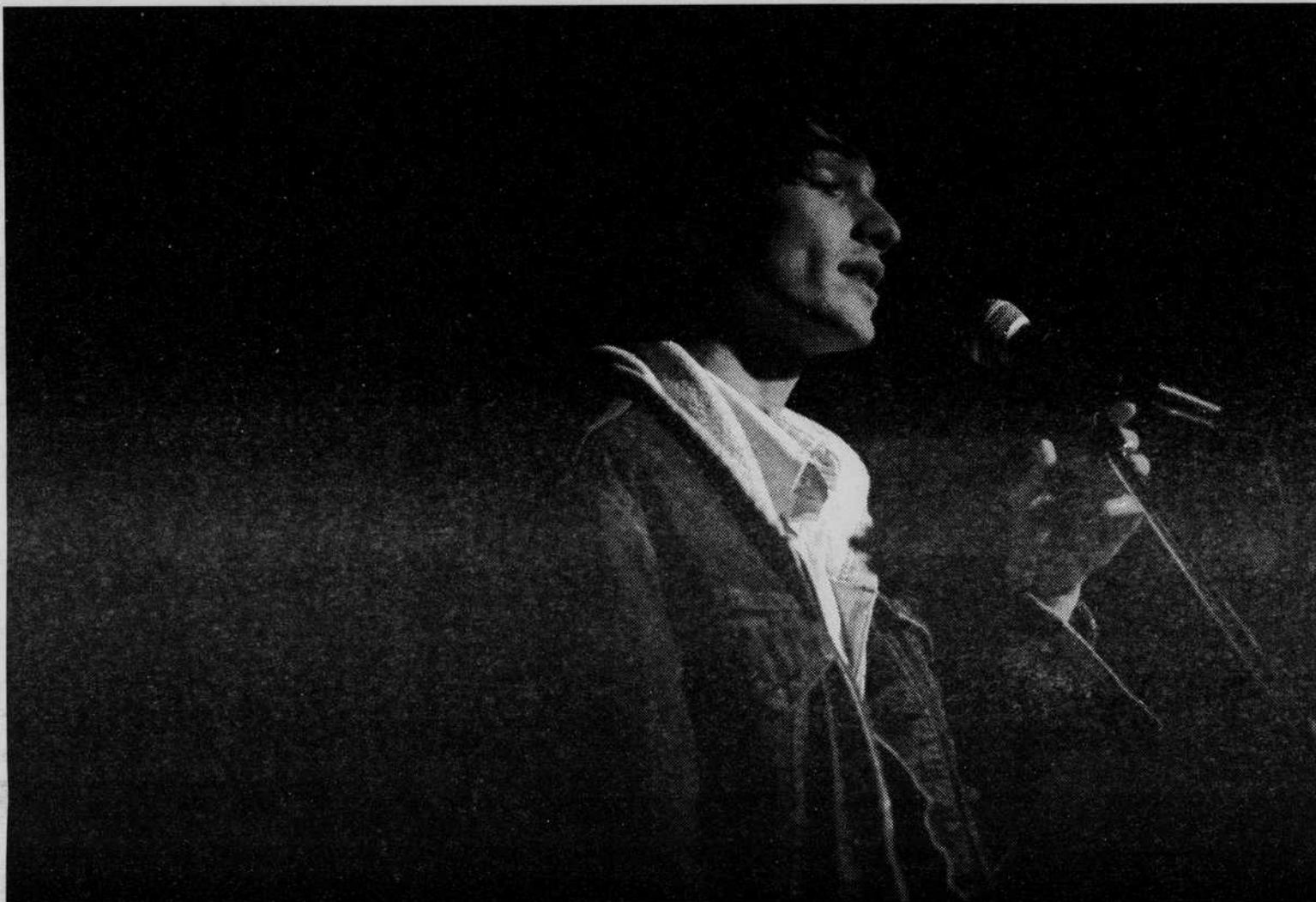


Pulse

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Tattoo-Palooza
Don't miss Tattoo-Palooza,
the Emerald's tattoo design contest.
Coming Soon!

Thursday, April 25, 2002



'Language is a connecting factor' for Open Poetry Night founder Nathan Langston, who steps up to the microphone every Monday night at The Buzz Coffeehouse.

In Amerika's
twinkleless eyes
she loses herself
and asks that
overwhelming
question
"where do you
find love?"
striking down his
grand designs on
the evening
Sam Rutledge

POETRY'S HEART AND SOUL

Open Poetry Mic nights, which take place every Monday at The Buzz, let campus poets take their inner selves to the people

Story by John Liebhardt Photos by Thomas Patterson

It's 9:10 p.m. Monday and somebody ripped off the microphone cord from the Buzz Coffeehouse. No microphone cord, no microphone. No microphone, no Open Poetry Mic, which runs 9 to 11:30 p.m. every Monday.

But open poetry mic founder and master of ceremonies Nathan Langston isn't worried.

We can just read poems outside, he tells the band of poets and their aficionados.

Out they go, to camp on the cement outside the Buzz, shiver in April's cold night, smoke cigarettes (Langston's lure to get them outside) and read poetry. The poets begin to read, their hands shaking from the cold and their poems flapping in the wind. Undeterred by the

skateboarders, the gawking students and the bikers whizzing through, they continue the reading like this for 30 minutes before the microphone cord is located.

"Everybody give it up for the mic cord," Langston cries as he lifted his fist in the air. The crowd roars with approval.

The impromptu reading is an emblem of how dedicated this group of poets and their audience are, as they shiver outside, smoking cigarettes, cheering their fellow bards. As National Poetry Month winds down with events throughout the nation's libraries, reading rooms and quaint bookstores, these do-it-yourself poets celebrate the significance of poetry every Monday night.

Turn to Poetry, page 11



I miss my past,
curling away
from me in
tired(tireless)
spirals
onion skinned
innocence,
bittersweet,
savory and love
going away
with it,
like the string on
a kite or the chain
on a dry anchor
of trust and old
letters
slept upon
(unresponsive).
and unyielding
turn driven under
the starry yellow
freeway lights
existence on
salty road
smelling of
gasoline perfume
cigarettes
and fools yowls
Chris Birke