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This catalog is designed to be used when applying for the Community Literature Initiative (CLI) Book Production Application for Fall 2022 of Season 10.

Authors will select from the design samples for the following:

- Cover Layout Samples
- Back Cover Layout Samples
- Spine Layout Samples
- Interior Samples
- Poem Layout Samples

If Authors have additional samples they’d like their CLI Designer(s) to consider for inspiration, they can upload files in the application when prompted.

A sample selection could be:

**Cover Layout**
- Art on Top + Text on Bottom

**Back Cover Layout**
- Solid Color Background(s) + Text

**Spine Layout**
- Art + Vertical Text

**Manuscript Structure**
- Includes sections

**Table of Contents Format**
- Page numbers on left

**Page Number Placement**
- Bottom centered

**Header Contents**
- No Header

**Poem Layout (Select All That Apply)**
- Text Only
- Text + Art
- Intentional Spacing

---

**Part Five**

**Poem Layout Samples**

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PART ONE
COVER SAMPLES
GRANDMOTHERS with Voices
a collection of poems
Sabreen Adeeba
the letting of a little water
poems and polaroids by Shakirah Peterson
ART + TEXT BOX OVER ART

The restoration of ORANGE
poetic transformation by Nadia Hunter Bey

HISTORIC PRESERVATION FOR DESIGNERS

TEXT ONLY WITH DESIGN

SPACES

THE RHIMES IN ME

FERNANDO PESSOA
I HAVE MORE SOULS THAN ONE
PART TWO
BACK COVER SAMPLES
the light that came to lucille clifton  
came in a shift of knowing 
when even her fondest certitudes  
faded away. it was the summer  
she understood that she had not understood  
and was not mistress even  
of her own soul's eye; then  
the man escaped throwing away his tie and  
the children grew legs and started walking and  
she could see the peril of an  
unexamined life.  
she closed her eyes, afraid to look for her  
authenticity  
but the light insists on itself in the world;  
a voice from the undead past started talking,  
she closed her ears and it spilled out in her hand  
“you might as well answer the door, my child,  
the truth is furiously knocking.”
There are 940 Saturdays between a child’s birth and the day he or she turns eighteen. That may sound like a lot of time when there are adventures to plan and hours to fill. But as your child learns to walk, ride a bicycle, and drive, the years pass quickly. This beautiful package includes both a removable booklet with a thousand ideas for family activities for every age that you and your child will love and a keepsake journal for preserving what you saw and did, thought and felt, so you can savor these memories in the years to come.

Nationally renowned parenting authority Marley A. Rotbart, MD, is professor and vice chair emeritus of pediatrics at the University of Colorado School of Medicine/Children’s Hospital Colorado and has been named to Best Doctors in America every year since 1996. He is a regular contributor to Parents magazine and the New York Times. Dr. Rotbart lives with his wife in Colorado; they are the parents of three grown children.
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SPINE SAMPLES
PART FOUR
INTERIOR SAMPLES
Includes sections

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Does not include sections

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12 Please Don't Come Back to Me...
13 Phase C
14 Blue Moon
16 6 Feet from the Girl in the Park
18 Angela Davis and Tracy Chapman
19 Soul
21 When You're Caught Up in Lonely
22 How to Hold Yourself
23 Feilong Journey
24 2AM Visitor
25 Born Feared (Inspired by Leo Abbe in Bob's Underground Cafe)
26 Call to Action (Outro)
27 Home
28 Seeking Flame
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TABLE OF CONTENTS FORMAT

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Page numbers on right, lined up

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An LA Freeway Songbook

LA's Emerald Jewelry

It's never more clear than after weeks of rain that LA's a city thrown down into the bowls made by mountains. As I drive the freeways that thread the hills, my eyes thrill to the emerald green that rises behind buildings and presses the clouds.

Jam-Up on the Cat-Oh-Five

We live in the city of traffic jams on the 405 and other freeways. This morning we had three cats bunched up on the patio outside our cat door competing for a lane. Elise's traffic report: "It's a jam-up on the cat-oh-five!"

Rearview Mirror Tableau, 5 Freeway South

She's passenger. He's driving. Her face is angry and she speaks quickly. She leans away from him. He leans toward her.

Homunculus Highway Brain Burrito

This 110 freeway with its tight lane miles I've driven so often, its gentle arc passing into downtown through high-cut banks and herky-jerky flow, must surely be wrapped in a myelin tortilla in my brain—a well-traveled, intra-skull, neuronal network homunculus highway.

Rough Beauty

Hills driving north from LA on the 5 freeway display a rough beauty: mustard yellow, splotched with tufts of scraggly live oaks, hunched against drifty white clouds, skinned shoulders rust-veined.

On the Braided River

Up this ramp I join the braided river, its woven flow, currents and snags. Off right I screen her where her overhangs flowers work but limp rusty orange saplings begin to rise to a simple star above to be in the air the thin that the air it
the entries. As I recall, the public sleeping every day
in the park, was a man in boots reclined with his hands folded
across his chest. I think a hat is slid down over his eyes. This
might be, I am afraid, a somewhat groundless dread, as
feeling safe sleeping in public might mostly be a pleasure.
Stephane, she said, she has taken plenty of public naps
(not on sidewalks), mostly in public parks, with a big gl
of what book that delighted me. All the same, now,
this negates the fact that public sidewalk napping
is mostly perceived to be indication of something other
than sleepiness or comfort or feeling unstressed,
regardless of the body doing it.

Among the most fulfilling naps of my life have been
sidewalk naps. My deepest naps, though, have always
been, when I used to watch it, during that national
celebration of brain damage, the Super Bowl, which
would usually drift into the middle of the first quar-
ter and emerge from about the beginning of the fourth,
rehearsed and ready for the New Year. One of those
sidewalk naps happened while my friends Liam and
Katie were visiting the shops around Piazza Navona or
the Spanish Steps and I reclined next to some fountain
or other, the water trickling me into a heavenly sleep.
The other was on Pine Street in Philadelphia, between
Ninth and Twelfth, my backpack under

my head, desireing off as I was waiting to get the key to
a summer trailer while a marathon reading of Ulysses
was underway. Bloomday's it's called, probably the
perfect way for me to read that book. I was moving in
and out of sleep, dappled by the May light lasing the
leaves of the big street trees above me, held by the warm
labyrinth I was half-propped against while this reader
or that read what struck me, half-doing, as a beautiful
poem, my legs drifting like sails on a boat, like the
man lying down on Maple, who just now hopped up, a
grey middle-aged guy, looks like, who, it looks like,
had lain down on the sidewalk to cuddle with the tiny
Pennsylvanian I couldn't see from here.
PART FIVE
POEM LAYOUT SAMPLES
THE PASSED AROUND CHILD

A motion around child
never moved the same
since mother's death
in hospital.

We call her a motion
who cannot walk
or talk.

From bed she looks
into our faces.

She smiles and
speaks.

She moves her
head.

We call her a motion around child.

A MOTHER'S WAR

Mother was very
angry

When she found

What has happened.

She spoke.

But she did not

speak.

So she spoke

To us.

And we spoke.

And she spoke.

And we spoke.

And she spoke.

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And she spoke.
I write to leave a blemish, to remind the future that I once existed. My bones will one day be dust and my insides rusted. But my pen produces a stain that will outlast me. My genesis woven in a single drop, my legacy knitted in a similar clothe. My DNA will populate beyond this millennia and travel new planets.

Stain

Fame is an awful thing to pursue sometimes. It is the most addictive drug I know. I cannot get it out of my hands. The mere mention of it is like a drug to me.

Fame

Pwen, to Jane Wilson on Television

EVERYTHING the bridges of small yellow stars, cloud-white
to-orange flesh. It wouldn't matter any purposeless affixations
motions invading shoulders on wind, a name
in which electronic furniture breaks, white space
in which paper is worn but it invaded objects
a continuous entity marches in space
a constant rain on a city of abstract debris of universal paint & forests.

Vision of Turtle

tracing back a light through the chink
your cloud debts to the sun

Stain

Vision of Turtle (One)

writing inside tiny fate of insurmountable
tiny world, to the name

Fame

pwen, to Jane Wilson on Television
DEAR BRAIN BULLET

Because of you, we danger into feralness,
open our mouths wide—
speak to the dead.
We think Bullet
might be calling our name, we might
also belong to the dead. How else do we speak
so clearly to them?

Bullet, because of you we clean—
the blood from porch,
Brother’s copper red scent. We clean and clean,
but can’t rid ourselves of the taste
of metal to tongue. Still—we try to patch the gape
in the door, fill it
with density. Memory becomes
archeology. We search for lost
...because of you, always moving, wandering
Flying insects

Flying insects figure-eight around the porch light. Some latch on the screen door. Some latch on a chunky toddler’s thigh trapped around someone’s waist whose pink bra strap hangs from her shoulder.

She watches her ten-year-old son dream with friends. They Michael Jordan and Hank Quinones and Darryl Strawberry and Jerry Rice up and down Greensboro Street and Lafayette Street. And in the back of an apartment complex where speed bumps can’t slow them down. Speed bumps won’t keep them from scoring just like obstacles won’t stop them from winning. Her boy is winning.

Momma with the pink bra strap hanging from her shoulder as it peekaboos from under her thrift blouse tells her boy it’s time to come in. While silently rooting for him as he figure-eight around defenders. Just like those flying insects figure-eighting around the porch light—going somewhere to nowhere to somewhere.
The Monster

(after David H. Hubel, The Brain)

The monster. The former, the latter. The inner moment. The inner discovery. You try to make the monster. All of the moment. The moment is in the monster. You make the monster. All of the moment. You make the monster. The monster of the inner moment. The inner moment is the monster. You make the monster. All of the moment. The moment is in the monster. You make the monster. The monster of the inner moment.

53. Church Poets

It might betray something about my curiosity that when I saw the pochettism on the church's fence somewhere in the same world, I thought, "What a many-sided world!"

Robert Herrick

(The Professor)

HALSWELL CONTEMPORARY ART CENTER
WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 15, 1998

Phoebe Pitch

He says the country of our end

Wallace Stevens

when guys are looking ahead and the wrong hand flame up, only, a widespread profound knocking and yawning, when people begin to say, "this is a jam, a dead weightbridge, a balk," the earth is that the end firstly meaning a jumble move, from the nature of the pitch (the Phoebe Pitch) it is not so much that you can't see the look at a

Jubal Fanning smoothes the sentence, the scattering and its invisible reason, it is the harmony of the pain that imitates, the rust and the life-off of a universe, and the kindness of the center, and the domestic view or once discordant and numerous I adapt to having lifted
11:01
she knew what she had to do
and as the clock counted down
the new year would start her
right in the face
wiping and pleading for her
to make the necessary changes
to bring forth the love
she desired and deserved

5987
The house that is on the
hill, the one with the
tall, the one with the
living, the one with the
30th, the one with the
long, the one with the

181

XII
Now hear, by the power
of your mind, do these the
words that give you peace:
when the sun goes down
and the moon rises up
and the stars shine bright
and the wind blows cold
and the earth quakes
and the rain falls on the
and the rivers flow
and the trees sway

04:43
This power is in RESOLVE
by MIRIAM CUNNINGHAM

A man, daily
make a promise
be kind and wise

TWO
Lift power in SPICE after SW
by MIRIAM CUNNINGHAM

A man to det.
not the future (when a help)
this is a piece of peace

The Rules of Linear Time Apply
I know there will come a day,
if I'm here to see, when
you will have been lost from
my life longer than you were ever in it.
And I know there will come a day,
I'm unlikely to see, when
you will have been dead longer
than you were ever living.
How dare the Earth turn without your morning hellos.
How dare the Earth burn without you holding the boughs.
I know there will come a day,
the one everyone era, when,
there will no longer be a me
to grieve the missing you.

poem title on bottom
BILINGUAL
RESOURCES
VIEW BOOK PRODUCTION PROCESS SLIDES

COMPLETE APPLICATION

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