

# Gwendolyn Alley

They say Gwendolyn Lee Lawrence Alley began telling stories as soon as she could talk and to make up poems and sing them at the top of her lungs to anyone who would listen. She stopped for a while but eventually found her



voice again. She danced and recited poetry at the Renaissance Faires in California and Colorado and took lots of

classes at many community colleges. She backpacked 2800 miles from Mexico to Canada on the Pacific Crest Trail and wrote a novel about it. She earned BAs in environmental studies and lit/creative writing plus a grad certificate in education from UC Santa Cruz and then an MA in English from the University of Nevada Reno. She's hooted for spotted owls in the sierras but now teaches writing, education, and yoga. She's read her poetry throughout the west, started spoken word at the Burning



Man Festival in 1995, goes to the Taos Poetry Circus to soak in poetry and hot springs and does the 315 experiment

but mostly publishes in Art Life Limited editions. Her latest chapbook (ARTLIFE POEMS: Cheaper by the Dozen, Back Alley Productions 2003) collects 30 of these poems published from 1996-2003 and she's working on a chapbook entitled "Love and Terror at 315am". She can be heard monthly second Thursdays when she hosts the Spoken Word Salon at Zoey's Café in her hometown. She lives near the beach in Ventura, California with her cats Marcel Duchamp and Man Ray, her husband



Marshall Sheridan and new baby in a yellow and blue house that dips into Prince Barranca. It has lots of

purple doors with handles that may or may not fall off in your hand by the time you read this. Gwendolyn and Marshall are looking for their red classic tandem bike. If you've seen it, please email its location to [gwendolynalley@yahoo.com](mailto:gwendolynalley@yahoo.com). Thanks!



## Bread

i see him when he's making bread mostly  
he doesn't see me

he is relaxed, focused  
elegant in his motions

smooth waltz with the dough

he is young and beautiful  
smooth cheeked girl slim

i imagine him bringing me bread

warm the bread is warm and crunchy and soft  
flour dusts his blue jeans and plaid flannel shirt

the scent of warm bread on his breath  
in his brown hair

he can't smell it any more but i  
would wrap myself in his bread clothes

i wouldn't want to wash his clothes  
wouldn't want to wash the bread smells from him

he can't smell it any more but i  
would wrap myself in his bread clothes

understand his life  
what he does with his days

the baking of bread i understand this i understand  
his rhythm his motion

he would have time to think  
his feet would be tired his back

i would knead him

smell the bread smells in my hands  
smell the bread smells in my hands

a baker's life starts early  
he would leave the warm bed for the bakery  
through the window he can see the dawn  
see the children cross the street to school  
through the window he can see  
the dawn

he would walk home at lunch

and we would have bread

with salads with soup in sandwiches

it would be enough his bread

and we would be happy