



**WHY I LIKE IT:** *Poetry Editor HEZEKIAH writes... CLS Sandoval's 'Watching Too Many Forensics Files' begs the timeless question: What amount of inspiration comes from binging and what amount comes from within? "I sure hope I'm never murder victim...I don't want everyone to know all of my secrets" While it is true, dead men tell no tales. It does give the rest of us ample opportunity to rummage through their dirty laundry. If you love honesty, self-deprecation and network television, CLS has something for you, "I get to paint myself a little bit better than I was / I get to paint others a little bit darker..." She is simply irresistible.*

### **Watching too Many Forensic Files**

I sure hope I'm never murder victim  
I suppose there's many reasons for this  
not the least of which is  
I don't want everyone to know all of my secrets  
Sure, I tend to write memoirs as confessionals  
I tend to tell people more information than they want to know  
but in these cases I am the author of my own history  
I get to paint myself a little bit better than I was  
I get to paint others a little bit darker  
or perhaps a little bit more or less involved  
I get to combine many people into one  
I get to separate one into many  
I get to ebb and weave perfected version of things that occurred  
I am not bound to objective reality

**THE POET SPEAKS:** *This poem is so autobiographical. I love watching true crime, and many times I empathize with the victim, not only because they did not get to continue living, but because these shows tell things about them that are not always flattering. I wonder how the victim would feel about these things being told about them. It makes me think about everything I wouldn't want told, even though I tend to tell so much. Poetry is important to me, because it is an art form that combines many of my passions: writing, performance, argument. I am able to confess, to tell my truth, yet shape it into something more beautiful than it might be on its own. My influences come from a number of places. Many years ago, I competed in forensics (the other kind than my poem addresses—intercollegiate speech and debate). A genre of events we performed is called oral interpretation of literature, and one of those events is poetry. Competitors perform selections of literature—typically obscure, contemporary literature around a theme or argument. I tend to write in that voice. Even though it's my ball point on my steno pad or my fingers on my laptop keyboard, I see myself holding a small black binder, saying my words aloud, and turning pages at the right times in my pieces. Oral interpretation pieces are supposed to be written by someone else, but I become my own author as I write these and perform them in my mind's eye.*

**AUTHOR BIO: CLS Sandoval, PhD** is a Pushcart nominated writer and communication professor with accolades in film, academia, and creative writing who speaks, signs, acts, publishes, sings, performs, writes, paints, teaches and rarely relaxes. She has presented over 50 times at communication conferences, published 15 academic articles, two academic books, three full-length literary collections: *God Bless Paul*, *Soup Stories: A Reconstructed Memoir*, and *Writing Our Love Story*, and three chapbooks: *The Way We Were*, *Tumbleweed: Against All Odds*, and *The Villain Wore a Hero's Face*. She is raising her daughter and dog with her husband in Alhambra, CA.