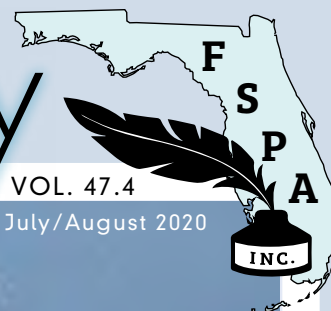


# Of Poets & Poetry

A PUBLICATION OF THE FLORIDA STATE POETS ASSOCIATION

VOL. 47.4

July/August 2020



DENISE DUHAMEL

*See page 2*



Cover photograph by Amira Hadla

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### FALLING LANDSCAPE



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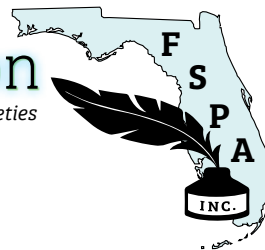
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Al Rocheleau

## FROM THE PRESIDENT'S DESK

### Dear Poets:

There is maybe a feeling that we have returned to 1968, mixed with a bit of 1919. I hope and trust the year will not finish its second half as we have endured its first. I prefer to hope for unity, for health, and as poets, as we read and speak and write, that we can look toward October, to our next live gathering, and to see then where we are. We are preparing for that, just as we diligently prepared for April. We are looking to the light of that fellowship, that weekend of celebration and of learning, and we are sparing nothing, *nothing*, to deliver the best event in our history. The best speakers, the best locale, the best hope we can muster for the future.

When I was a kid, I would marvel at a mound of ants, how a seven-year old could brush it aside thoughtlessly enough, yet could see, immediately, the coming of order again, the endurance, the purpose, the correction, the creation. We are no different. As poets, we are just *samely* different, we are bonded individuals, creating from what is uncreated. Take away our ability to meet, we make up a bunch of digital boxes, Hollywood Squares of poetic exchange. That has occurred all over Florida, in Orlando, Miami, Tallahassee, and many smaller cities and towns in between. Easy really, because the town becomes the city, the city the state, the state, a nation.

We will walk the line on all of this. All of it. And we will be better. I wish you all understanding, a sense of things, a sensitivity *for* things, and for deliverance. The summer will heal, and the fall will shine. And whatever can't be said in poems, awaits in prayer.

See you soon, my sweetest friends.

Al

## ONE AFTERNOON WHEN BARBIE WANTED TO JOIN THE MILITARY

It was a crazy idea, she admits now,  
but camouflage was one costume she still hadn't tried.  
Barbie'd gone mod with Go-go boots during Vietnam.  
Throughout Panama she was busy playing with a Frisbee  
the size of a Coke bottle cap. And while troops  
were fighting in the Gulf,  
she wore a gown inspired by Ivana Trump.  
When Mattel told her, hell no—she couldn't go,  
Barbie borrowed GI Joe's fatigues,  
safety pinning his pants' big waist  
to better fit her own.  
She settled in his olive tank.  
But Barbie thought it was boring.  
"Why don't you try running over something small?"  
coaxed GI Joe, who sat naked behind the leg  
of a human's living room chair.  
Barbie saw imaginary bunnies  
hopping through the shag carpet.  
"I can't," she said.  
GI Joe suggested she gun down the enemy  
who was sneaking up behind her.  
Barbie couldn't muster up the rage  
for killing, even if it were only play.  
Maybe if someone tried to take her parking space  
or scratched her red Trans Am.  
Maybe if someone had called her a derogatory name.  
But what had this soldier from the other side done?  
GI Joe, seeing their plan was a mistake,  
asked her to return his clothes,  
making Barbie promise not to tell anyone.  
As she slipped back into her classic baby blue  
one-piece swimsuit, she realized  
this would be her second secret.  
She couldn't tell about the time  
she posed nude for *Hustler*.

(Continued on the next page)

A young photographer who lived in the house  
 dipped her legs in a full bottle of Johnson's Baby Oil,  
 then swabbed some more on her torso.  
 Barbie lounged on the red satin lining  
 of the kid's Sunday jacket. He dimmed  
 the lights and lit a candle  
 to create a glossy centerfold mood.  
 "Lick your lips," he kept saying,  
 forgetting Barbie didn't have a tongue.  
 She couldn't pout. She couldn't even bite  
 the maraschino cherry he dangled in front of her mouth.  
 Luckily there was no film in his sister's camera,  
 so the boy's pictures never came out.  
 Luckily GI Joe wasn't in the real Army  
 or he said he would risk being court-martialed--  
 he wasn't supposed to lend his uniform  
 to anyone, especially a girl.  
 Just then a human hand deposited Ken from the sky.  
 Somewhere along the way he'd lost his sandals.  
 "What have you two been up to?" he asked.  
 Barbie didn't have the kind of eyes that could shift away  
 so she lost herself in the memory of a joke  
 made by her favorite comedian Sandra Bernhard  
 who said she liked her dates to be androgynous  
 because if she were going to be with a man  
 she didn't want to have to face that fact.  
 Barbie was grateful for Ken's plastic flatfeet  
 and plastic flat crotch. No military  
 would ever take him, even if there were a draft.  
 As GI Joe bullied Ken into a headlock,  
 Barbie told the boys to cut it out. She threatened  
 that if he kept it up, GI Joe would  
 never get that honorable discharge.

~ **Denise Duhamel**

*from Queen for a Day: Selected and New Poems*  
 (University of Pittsburgh Press)



## PROFILES IN POETRY

Photography by Gary Lanier

### THE POET & EDUCATOR

# Denise Duhamel...SERIOUSLY FUN!

Raised in Woonsocket, Rhode Island, poet Denise Duhamel earned a BFA at Emerson College and an MFA at Sarah Lawrence College. | Citing Dylan Thomas and Kathleen Spivack as early influences, Duhamel writes both free verse and fixed-form poems that fearlessly combine the political, sexual, and ephemeral. Introducing Duhamel for *Smartish Pace*, poet Karla Huston observed, “Her poems speak with a wild irreverence. [...] Duhamel experiments with form and subject, creating poetry that challenges the reader’s notion of what poetry should be. She presents what poetry could be as she fully engages pop culture, the joys and horrors of it, while maintaining the ability to poke fun at our foibles—and make us think.” In an interview for *Pif* magazine with Derek Alger, Duhamel stated, “At some point in my development as a writer, I became interested in putting it all in, trusting my leaps, embracing vulnerability in imagery.”

| Duhamel has published numerous collections of poetry, including *Kinky* (Orchisis Press, 1997), *Queen for a Day: Selected and New Poems* (University of Pittsburgh Press, 2001), *Two and Two* (Pittsburgh, 2005), *Ka-Ching!* (Pittsburgh, 2009), and *Blowout* (Pittsburgh, 2013), which was a finalist for a National Books Critics Circle Award. Her most recent volumes are *Second Story* (Pittsburgh, 2021) and *Scald* (Pittsburgh, 2017). | Duhamel has also collaborated with Maureen Seaton on four collections, including *CAPRICE (Collaborations: Collected, Uncollected, and New)* (Sibling Rivalry Press, 2015). With Julie Wade, Duhamel co-authored *The Unrhymables: Collaborations in Prose* (Noctuary Press, 2019). With Maureen Seaton and David Trinidad, she edited *Saints of Hysteria: A Half-Century of Collaborative American Poetry* (2007). Duhamel served as the guest editor of *The Best American Poetry 2013*. | Duhamel’s honors include fellowships from the Guggenheim Foundation and the National Endowment for the Arts. Her work has featured on National Public Radio’s *All Things Considered* and Bill Moyers’s PBS poetry special *Fooling with Words*. She is a Distinguished University Professor in the MFA program at Florida International University in Miami. She lives in Hollywood.

(Continued on next page)



Photograph by Amira Hadla

**Rocheleau:** What was growing up like? Were you the smart kid or the smart-aleck kid? Or when did you evolve from one to the other? **Duhamel:** I was definitely the smart kid, but pretty shy. Though I loved jokes (my Aunt Shirley was a great joke teller), I was more of a listener. I had severe asthma and spent almost all of 4th grade in Crawford Children's Hospital. I had always loved reading and drawing, but I mark my tenth year as the year I realized I wanted to be a writer. I befriended other kids with ailments who became the basis for my characters. In one such "novel," the girl with cancer has magical, witchy powers because of her chemo treatments and casts spells turning our foul-tasting medicines into apple juice. In another, the boy with cystic fibrosis has a cape and, curing all our illnesses, leads us in an escape from the hospital. My one of a kind, self-published "books" were hand written on 3-hole lined paper, tied together with ribbons to form a spine, and decorated with my own cover art. The backs spouted fake blurbs with celebrities popular in 1971: This book changed my life! Mary Tyler Moore. Or Possibly the best book of the century. Mr. Rogers. | Though I realize now that those blurbs were tongue-in-cheek, It wasn't until I went to Emerson College that I became more of a smart-aleck. My classes were full of creative, loveable outcasts and I finally felt like I fit in the same way I fit in with my friends at the children's hospital.

**Rocheleau:** Would you like more people to be able to actually pronounce "Woonsocket," a highly musical and poetic word to both Native Americans and French Canadians? (And in actual usage, could it be any worse than Pawtucket?!) Do you ever find yourself explaining the "up North" experience? **Duhamel:** Both Woonsocket and Pawtucket roll off the tongue so easily for me that I forget sometimes how strange our town names really are. I have been in Florida now for twenty-one years, but I still find myself saying "idear" instead of idea or "ca" instead of "car" when I am talking to my relatives up north. Often when I say I am from Rhode Island, people in Florida think I mean Long Island. Sometimes I will sing Blossom Dearie's "Rhode Island is Famous for You" to get my point across.

**Rocheleau:** What is life like for you in South Florida as opposed to New England, and how did each experience inform your poetry? **Duhamel:** Living in South Florida has been a dream for me! I came to teach at Florida International University as a one-semester Visiting Writer in 1999.

*(Continued on next page)*

In 1998, Richard Toumy and Lenny DellaRocca (the editor of the *South Florida Poetry Journal*) had invited me to read in the now defunct Hanah Kahn series. It was then I met Campbell McGrath whose work I'd greatly admired. When the opening came up to teach at FIU the next year, he invited me to apply. I loved the students. I loved being warm! As luck (mine and definitely Campbell's!) would happen, Campbell won a MacArthur "genius" Award that semester and was going to be taking some serious time off of teaching and FIU needed a poet. I was in the right place at the right time and happily stayed on. My pediatrician had told my parents that living by the sea (which we couldn't afford) would be very good for my asthma. I do remember them wrapping me up in a blanket and taking me to Scarborough Beach in fall--and my asthma indeed always calmed down by the ocean. One of the great benefits for me of living so close to the beach in Florida is that my asthma symptoms have been greatly reduced. | I find both New England and Florida have influenced my work. Like you, I am French Canadian and grew up in a predominantly French Canadian town. So I was shocked to be living again among so many Candians in Hollywood, FL. You can even get poutine here! Some of my Canadian snowbird neighbors call Hollywood "South Quebec" or "Southern Canada." It's like I have come full circle.



*Denise Duhamel, Maureen Seaton and Julie Marie Wade*

**Rocheleau:** Most of your poems have an easy delivery, prose-poem like, with interesting breaks and non-breaks. How do you think that came about? **Duhamel:** I didn't realize there were any living poets until I went to college! I kid you not. Because we'd only read dead poets in high school, I had a sense that all poets were dead—that no one wrote poems anymore just as no one still made their own shoes. I had many years of writing vignettes or short stories until I learned poetic form. In my earliest published work, I felt comfortable in free verse and the prose poem, but sonnets were a struggle. I didn't really feel comfortable using traditional/received forms until much later. I credit Maureen Seaton, my collaborator, in getting me to write in form. She felt completely at ease writing in form and made the process enjoyable.

**Rocheleau:** Humor is important in your work, whether at the core of a light poem, or as a veneer for a more serious one. What separates great humor in poetry from forced attempts at it with the focus on a funny line or a cute rhyme we see in so many amateur poems?

**Duhamel:** Barbara Hamby and David Kirby (proud Floridians!) edited a terrific anthology *Seriously Funny: Poems about Love, Death, Religion, Art, Politics, Sex, and Everything Else*. The introduction to the book is one of the smartest defenses of humor as a way to engage a reader.

*(Continued on next page)*



Denise Duhamel & friend Rick Karlin on Barbie's 60th birthday  
Photo by Gregg Shapiro

## TWO RECENT BOOKS



[Link to Book](#)



[Link to Book](#)

You don't want poetry to give its readers a mindless chuckle, though I have no problem with mindless chuckles in jingles or sit-coms or dinner parties. Matthew Roher makes his point in "Serious Art That's Funny," writing, "Oppression cannot work alongside irony because it believes in its own righteousness and a monolithic concept of truth that must be asserted to the oppressed with a straight face. Irony and satire are the tools by which the oppressed get to make fun of the oppressors without the oppressors getting it."

**Rocheleau:** Who are the humorists or comedians, in poetry specifically or in broader comedy performance who may have influenced your outlook along the way? **Duhamel:** In poetry, I was very drawn to Bill Knott, Albert Goldbarth, and Frank O'Hara. Dennis Leary (yes, that one—but before he was a famous comedian) taught at Emerson College and gave students free passes to the comedy clubs where he was perfecting his act. Then we'd meet to talk about his routine—where he got the laughs, where the audience seemed to lose him, how far he could go with any given topic. We monitored the precise moments people were most engaged and the precise moments they started to groan or worse began to carry on private conversations and ignore Dennis Leary altogether. Watching the makings of a comic and comic timing was fascinating to me. It was amazing how fluid the crossover of techniques was from comedy to poetry, though it took me a few years to integrate what I'd learned. Now I am obsessed with Sarah Silverman, Chelsea Handler, and Kathy Griffin.

**Rocheleau:** You have published a book of poetic collaborations. What are the advantages and difficulties of the collaborative process? **Duhamel:** Maureen Seaton and I have published four volumes of poetry! And more recently I collaborated with the poet/creative nonfiction writer Julie Marie Wade on a book of essays. I absolutely love collaborating with the right people. While I might get lazy and not finish a solo poem on any given day when I am feeling blue or overwhelmed, I would never let down a collaborator by not providing the next line or passage. It's crucial though that writers choose the right partners. Maureen and I put together a set of guidelines we call "The 10 Commandments of Collaboration:"

*(Continued on next page)*

## THE 10 COMMANDMENTS OF COLLABORATION

1. Thou shalt trust thy collaborator's art with thy whole heart.
2. Thou shalt trust thy collaborator's judgment with thy whole mind.
3. Thou shalt trust thy collaborator's integrity with thy whole spirit.
4. Honor thy own voice.
5. Honor thy collaborator's spouse.
6. Thou shalt not be an egotistical asshole.
7. Thou shalt not covet all the glory.
8. Thou shalt love the same foods as your collaborator.
9. Thou shalt eat and tire at the same time.
10. Above all, honor the muse.

**Rocheleau:** Referring to one of your poems, do you actually finger the rosary in your head when you write in meter? Slightly more seriously, what has been your experience when writing in fixed forms and meter? **Duhamel:** As a fellow Catholic you might remember this saying--if the Catholic Church has you at five, they have you the rest of your life! I have loved writing in fixed forms and meter, first with Maureen, but now more frequently on my own. I've found that I've been able to surprise myself by condensing (for syllable counts) and coming up with oddball rhymes. Writing in form has been very useful when I'm stuck. I can lift lines from my notebooks of freewriting and see if I can take them anywhere through pantoums, sestinas, etc.

**Rocheleau:** The amazing Barbie poems, are they intended as direct effect and extension of a child's imagination, or just the perfect ingenious vehicle for a cache of poems that contain adult commentary? Is there a balance there? **Duhamel:** I think it's a bit of both, to tell you the truth! Carl Jung observed "the creation of something new is not accomplished by intellect but by the play instinct." I think of writing poetry as seriously fun play.

**Rocheleau:** Well, let's get down to it. Do you think Ken was mostly faithful to Barbie? When you played with them way back, did he have a Nabokov-like thing for Skipper? (By posing and answering this question, we have of course gone too far...) **Duhamel:** I honestly think Ken liked other Kens! "Magic Earring Ken" (1993) pretty much says it all. Ken tried his best to come out, but Mattel pulled this particular Ken from the shelves.

**Rocheleau:** The Poet Laureate process drags on. No doubt you've thought about what you might do in the post. Can you share? **Duhamel:** I would love to bring accessible poetry to as many elementary and secondary school students as possible. Reading poetry can offer solace and joy. Writing poetry can give students a chance to engage with language in so many unpredictable ways, to explore their identity/identities. Reading should be fun. Writing should be fun. Poetry should be relevant and readily available. I don't want another generation to grow up thinking all poets are dead.

**Rocheleau:** You'll be with us in October for your installation as an FSPA Chancellor alongside Virgil Suarez and Silvia Curbelo. In fact, it is possible that most or all our chancellors will be actively involved in that convention. Any last thoughts? **Duhamel:** I am a big fan of both Virgil's and Silvia's work and am honored to be installed alongside them!

## NOAH AND JOAN

It's not that I'm proud of the fact  
that twenty percent of Americans believe  
that Noah (of Noah's Ark) was married  
to Joan of Arc. It's true. I'll admit it—  
Americans are pretty dumb and forgetful  
when it comes to history. And they're notorious  
for interpreting the Bible to suit themselves.  
You don't have to tell me we can't spell anymore—  
Ark or Arc, it's all the same to us.

But think about it, just a second, time-line aside,  
it's not such an awful mistake. The real Noah's Missis  
was never even given a name. She was sort of milquetoasty,  
a shadowy figure lugging sacks of oats up a plank.  
I mean, Joan could have helped Noah build that ark  
in her sensible slacks and hiking boots. She was good with swords  
and, presumably, power tools. I think Noah and Joan  
might have been a good match, visionaries  
once mistaken for flood-phobic and heretic.

Never mind France wasn't France yet—  
all the continents probably blended together,  
one big mush. Those Bible days would have been  
good for Joan, those early times when premonitions  
were common, when animals popped up  
out of nowhere, when people were getting cured  
left and right. Instead of battles and prisons  
and iron cages, Joan could have cruised  
the Mediterranean, wherever the flood waters took that ark.

And Noah would have felt more like Dr. Doolittle,  
a supportive Joan saying, "Let's not waste any time!  
Hand over those boat blueprints, honey!"  
All that sawing and hammering would have helped  
calm her nightmares of mean kings and crowns,  
a nasty futuristic place called England.  
She'd convince Noah to become vegetarian.  
She'd live to be much older than 19, those parakeets  
and antelope leaping about her like children.

From TWO AND TWO  
~ **Denise Duhamel**

**DELTA FLIGHT 659**

to Sean Penn

I'm writing this on a plane, Sean Penn,  
 with my black Pilot Razor ball point pen.  
 Ever since 9/11, I'm a nervous flyer. I leave my Pentium  
 Processor in Florida so TSA can't x-ray my stanzas, penetrate  
 my persona. Maybe this should be in iambic pentameter,  
 rather than this mock sestina, each line ending in a Penn

variant. I convinced myself the ticket to Baghdad was too expensive.  
 I contemplated going as a human shield. I read, in open-  
 mouthed shock, that your trip there was a \$56,000 expenditure.  
 Is that true? I watched you on *Larry King Live*—his suspenders  
 and tie, your open collar. You saw the war's impending  
 mess. My husband gambled on my penumbra

of doubt. "So you station yourself at a food silo in Iraq. What happens  
 to me if you get blown up?" He begged me to stay home, be his Penelope.  
 I sit alone in coach, but last night I sat with four poets, depending  
 on one another as readers, in a Pittsburgh café. I tried to be your pen  
 pal in 1987, not because of your pensive  
 bad boy looks, but because of a poem you'd penned

that appeared in an issue of *Frank*. I still see the poet in you, Sean Penn.  
 You probably think fans like me are your penance  
 for your popularity, your star bulging into a pentagon  
 filled with witchy wanna-bes and penniless  
 poets who waddle towards your icy peninsula  
 of glamour like so many menacing penguins.

But honest, I come in peace, Sean Penn,  
 writing on my plane ride home. I want no part of your penthouse  
 or the snowy slopes of your Aspen.  
 I won't stalk you like the swirling grime cloud over Pig Pen.  
 I have no script or stupendous  
 novel I want you to option. I even like your wife, Robin Wright Penn.

I only want to keep myself busy on this flight, to tell you of four penny-  
 loafered poets in Pennsylvania  
 who, last night, chomping on primavera penne  
 pasta, pondered poetry, celebrity, Iraq, the penitentiary  
 of free speech. And how I reminded everyone that Sean Penn  
 once wrote a poem. I peer out the window, caress my lucky pendant:

Look, Sean Penn, the clouds are drawn with charcoal pencils.  
 The sky is opening like a child's first stab at penmanship.  
 The sun begins to ripen orange, then deepen.

From KA-CHING!  
 ~ **Denise Duhamel**

## HOW IT WILL END

We're walking on the boardwalk  
 but stop when we see a lifeguard and his girlfriend  
 fighting. We can't hear what they're saying,  
 but it is as good as a movie. We sit on a bench to find out  
 how it will end. I can tell by her body language  
 he's done something really bad. She stands at the bottom  
 of the ramp that leads to his hut. He tries to walk halfway down  
 to meet her, but she keeps signaling don't come closer.  
 My husband says, "Boy, he's sure in for it,"  
 and I say, "He deserves whatever's coming to him."  
 My husband thinks the lifeguard's cheated, but I think  
 she's sick of him only working part time  
 or maybe he forgot to put the rent in the mail.  
 The lifeguard tries to reach out  
 and she holds her hand like Diana Ross  
 when she performed "Stop in the Name of Love."  
 The red flag that slaps against his station means strong currents.  
 "She has to just get it out of her system,"  
 my husband laughs, but I'm not laughing.  
 I start to coach the girl to leave her no-good lifeguard,  
 but my husband predicts she'll never leave.  
 I'm angry at him for seeing glee in their situation  
 and say, "That's your problem—you think every fight  
 is funny. You never take her seriously," and he says,  
 "You never even give the guy a chance and you're always nagging,  
 so how can he tell the real issues from the nitpicking?"  
 and I say, "She doesn't nitpick!" and he says, "Oh really?  
 Maybe he should start recording her tirades," and I say  
 "Maybe he should help out more," and he says  
 "Maybe she should be more supportive," and I say  
 "Do you mean supportive or do you mean support him?"  
 and my husband says that he's doing the best he can,  
 that's he's a lifeguard for Christ's sake, and I say  
 that her job is much harder, that she's a waitress  
 who works nights carrying heavy trays and is hit on all the time  
 by creepy tourists and he just sits there most days napping  
 and listening to "Power 96" and then ooh  
 he gets to be the big hero blowing his whistle  
 and running into the water to save beach bunnies who flatter him,  
 and my husband says it's not as though she's Miss Innocence  
 and what about the way she flirts, giving free refills  
 when her boss isn't looking or cutting extra-large pieces of pie  
 to get bigger tips, oh no she wouldn't do that because she's a saint  
 and he's the devil, and I say, "I don't know why you can't just admit  
 he's a jerk," and my husband says, "I don't know why you can't admit  
 she's a killjoy," and then out of the blue the couple is making up.  
 The red flag flutters, then hangs limp.  
 She has her arms around his neck and is crying into his shoulder.  
 He whisks her up into his hut. We look around, but no one is watching us.

From BLOWOUT  
 ~ **Denise Duhamel**

## ON THE OCCASION OF TYPING MY FIRST EMAIL ON A BRAND NEW PHONE

When I sign "Denise,"  
 autocorrect suggests Denise Richards  
 which makes my ex-husband Charlie Sheen,  
 which makes me a mother of three daughters,  
 and sometimes more, as I also volunteer  
 to take care of the twins  
 Charlie fathered with his third wife Brooke Mueller  
 while she's in rehab.  
 In my new identity, I'm ten years younger,  
 a lot skinnier, but I haven't read much.  
 In my new identity, I get breast implants  
 so I can be in *Wild Things*  
 for which I become pretty famous  
 because of a sex scene with Neve Campbell in a pool.  
 But after that, my acting goes nowhere  
 except for bit parts and my now-cancelled reality show  
*It's Complicated*, which only runs for a year,  
 and for which Charlie calls me "greedy and vain."  
 Sure, I get to be in *The World is Not Enough*,  
 but *Entertainment Weekly* rates me  
 the worst Bond Girl of all time.  
 In my new identity, I still have a sister named Michelle.  
 I'm still French Canadian, raised Roman Catholic.  
 I still get to be a writer, but when I'm Denise Richards,  
 instead of poems, I publish a memoir  
*The Real Girl Next Door*.  
 I'm a *New York Times* bestseller,  
 but deep down I know  
 it's not because I wield a great sentence.  
 In my new identity, instead of overeating,  
 I get more plastic surgery and pose for *Playboy*  
 when my marriage heads south  
 and I no longer "feel sexy"  
 and just want to "prove something."  
 In my new identity, my mother has passed,  
 but my father is still alive  
 going to *The Millionaire Matchmaker*  
 to look for new love. Though I'm no  
 genius, I'm generally respected  
 because I don't badmouth anyone,  
 even when I'm on *Howard Stern*.  
 I repeatedly decline to talk  
 about the restraining order  
 or any of Sheen's public subsequent meltdowns.  
 What's the point? Besides, I need to protect my kids.  
 There aren't many famous Denise's,  
 and I wonder why my phone, if it's that "smart,"  
 doesn't suggest Levertov. When I erase Richards,  
 autocorrect still doesn't recognize who I am.  
 As I try to re-sign, Samsung asks  
 if I'm sure I'm just a plain old Denise.  
 Might I really mean "Denies"  
 or maybe "Demise?"

From SCALD  
 ~ **Denise Duhamel**

# CADENCE SUBMISSIONS DUE JULY 15, 2020!

## Florida State Poets Association

An affiliate of the National Federation of State Poetry Societies



### FSPA 2020 Anthology: Cadence

Editor: Gary Broughman

Co-Editors: Elaine Person & J.C. Kato

#### RULES FOR POETRY SUBMISSIONS

##### ABSOLUTELY NO EXCEPTIONS

- Poems must be owned by the submitting poet.
- Poet must be a FSPA member during submission period
- Poems must be written in English as primary language and be titled, unless a haiku.
- Poets must submit three (3) poems – one will be chosen. Only one of the poems may have been previously published.
- Subject and language of poem should be appropriate for general audience.
- Poems must be digital files, such as Word files, or typed if sent by mail. Please use common fonts such as Times New Roman, Calibri, or similar, using an 11 point font size.
- Poems must be postmarked before July 16, 2020.

#### PUBLICATION LAYOUT REQUIREMENTS

##### NO EXCEPTIONS

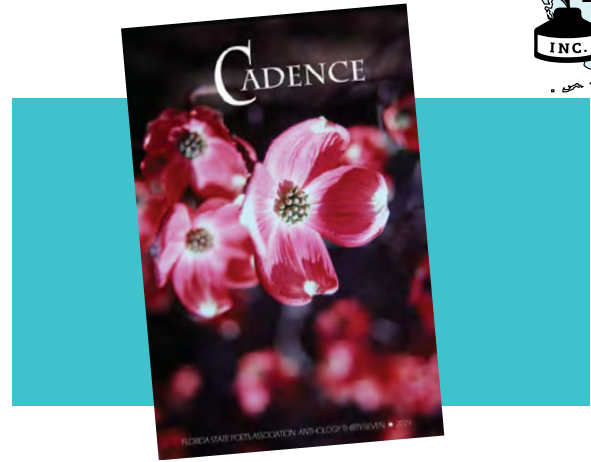
*Poems must meet ALL publication layout requirements, as follows:*

- Poems submitted must not exceed a total of 68 lines including the title, lines between stanzas, and annotations.
- Character spaces within each line (including blank spaces and punctuation) must not exceed 58 total spaces.
- Poems should be 'justified left' except for needed indentations or shaped poems. Do not center.
- Include name, address, phone, email address, and chapter name or Member-at-Large in upper right hand corner of each page.  
(We may need to contact you for editing decisions.)
- Include any award or publishing credits at the bottom of the poem if previously published.

#### SUBMISSION REQUIREMENTS

- Poems must be submitted between May 15 – July 16, 2020. This applies to surface mail & email.
- Email is the preferred submission method. If you have an email account, please use it. If not, send via USPS.
- Email submissions should be sent as attachments in one of the following formats (listed in order of preference): Word (.doc or .docx), RTE, TXT, or PDF files. Do not send as a Pages file if using a Mac. Export your Pages document as a Word file.\*

\* No poem sent embedded in the body of an email message will be accepted.



#### 2020 ANTHOLOGY PHOTOGRAPHY CONTEST

The 6th annual contest for the cover art and interior divisions of Anthology 38 will run simultaneously with the poetry submissions. Winning photos will appear in the 2020 anthology with your name.

**Theme:** Florida from any angle.

#### RULES FOR PHOTO CONTEST:

- Must be a 2020 member of FSPA.
- Photos may be submitted in black & white or color by email or postal mail.
- Preferred submission is a hi-res digital image (300 ppi or greater) in JPEG format (.jpg).
- Print Images may be submitted as a 5"x7" print via surface mail. NO photocopies accepted.
- Photos should convey some aspect of "Florida from any angle" and may be titled. This is for your interpretation.
- May submit a maximum of three images.
- Individual must own the photographic rights & include name, chapter, address, email, phone, and when (year) and where the photo was taken with each submission. (NO EXCEPTIONS)
- **Submissions period between May 15 & July 15, 2020**

#### TO SEND POEMS & PHOTOGRAPHS:

**BY EMAIL:** (Preferred submission method)

[fspa.anthology38@gmail.com](mailto:fspa.anthology38@gmail.com)

Subject Line: Anthology 38 poems & Photo Contest

#### SURFACE MAIL:

Gary Broughman

741 S. Palmetto Ave.

Daytona Beach FL 32114

**INQUIRIES** may be made by email:

[fspa.anthology38@gmail.com](mailto:fspa.anthology38@gmail.com)

or call 386-690-9295.

# 2020 Blackberry Peach Prize Winner Gary Ketchum

*by Mark Andrew James Terry*



*Gary Ketchum the day he found out he won.*

Maybe there is something in the water in Florida, or maybe great talent just seems to gravitate here. I don't know, but when I learned that for the second consecutive year a Florida poet won the NFSPS Blackberry Peach Prize for Poetry: Spoken and Heard, I thought I'd reach out to Gary Ketchum, this year's first place winner, and have a chat. I caught up with him on the phone from his home in New Port Richey. Like many, he is a transplant.

Gary grew up, far from orange groves and palm trees, in Michigan, and got his degree at Eastern Michigan University—swoop! I remember sitting next to him and his significant other, my friend Dina Tanner, at an FSPA convention. I found myself leaning in to hear that “Michiganander” resonating timbre of his voice. He read a poem that he later entered with three others in this year's Blackberry Peach contest.

I open-endedly ask him about poetry.

“I love interpretive reading of literature. I think that is how I fell for poetry.” He cited Homer and the other Greek poets for that oral tradition. When he reads poetry, Gary reads it out loud. “You get so much more out of poetry that way.” He considers himself a traditionalist when it comes to what he writes, and loves to perform, adding his own interpretation to each performance. He exudes a calm confidence that can only come from decades of experience.

Gary enjoyed a forty-year career with United Airlines, managing various aspects of that business. In 2013 he lost his wife, Pamela, of 20 years. He told me that poetry helped him work through his grief. “It just came.”



*Gary Ketchum with Dina Tanner*

While in Chicago he found a poetry meet-up group and that led him to begin performing in open mic events. It was there he first joined a chapter of NFSPS. Eventually, Gary and Dina retired to New Port Richey and joined the New River Poets. Today, he is the Soon-To-Be-Installed President of that chapter. (A Covid-19 title I just made up — ha!)

Gary told me that he likes the challenge of form, especially the triolet and sestina forms, however he tends to write more free verse lately. His influences are mostly Twentieth Century poets: ee cummings, W. H. Auden, Robert Frost, and TS Eliott, but he notes Shakespeare's sonnets, and well, many others.

So I had to ask if he had any advice for entering a spoken word contest. "Pick poetry that allows you to play with the sound of the words. One of my poems in this contest, "For Pete's Sake" (an elegy to Pete Seeger), is an example of what I mean." In another entry, Primal Sound, he personified himself as a drum — mimicking its sound.

Gary is tuned into the realities of today's "tribes" and fearlessly writes political, sociologic and emotional poems—utilizing poetry as a commentary about feelings, life and all aspects of culture.

Yes. He says that he was thrilled to win. But I know, there was also a measure of confidence.

Here is a [link to his winning submission](#), and the following pages are the four poems he submitted.



— Well done Gary Ketchum!

Blackberry Peach  
Prize for Poetry:  
Spoken and Heard  
submission by  
Gary Ketchum

**FOR PETE'S SAKE: Elegy for Citizen Seeger**

Oh, he had a hammer  
hammered in the morning, evening  
he rang out freedom  
sang out *love between our brothers and our sisters*  
*aha*  
*all over this land*

Such a hammer was the  
music he wrote and performed  
Master of the five-string banjo  
he sang  
strummed songs  
of protest prodding people  
to march for human rights  
*we shall overcome*  
march against war  
*where have all the flowers gone*  
*long time passing?*

Yes, he had a hammer  
his hammer had a sickle for a while

he was communist with small "c"  
said he  
but he loved his country  
loved people  
the common man and woman  
the working stiff  
the oppressed

fought for progressive change  
and was blacklisted for his efforts  
A weaver of songs  
never stopped singing even quoting scripture  
*there is a season, turn, turn, turn*

What a hammer  
He urged us on  
to sing together  
to come together  
to overcome together  
deep in our hearts, one day

*Good night Irene*  
*good night Irene*  
Rest in peace, Pete  
we'll keep you in our dreams

~ Gary Ketchum

Blackberry Peach  
Prize for Poetry:  
Spoken and Heard  
submission by  
Gary Ketchum

**PRIMAL SOUND**

I'm tight but  
when right neither  
drunk nor cheap  
I can snare sound from  
tenor high to bass deep

I emanate audible waves of pressure  
preternatural noise mimics a heartbeat  
I am rhythmic root of existence  
r-r-rata-tat-tat-tat-tat-tat-tat  
r-r-rata-tat-tat-tat-tat-tat-tat  
r-r-rata-tat-tat-tat  
r-r-rata-tat-tat-tat  
r-r-rata-ta r-r-rata-ta-tat

you cannot just hear me  
you can feel me  
absorbing booms beat your breast  
engulf you  
possess you

march with me  
dance with me  
chant with me  
I'm your prehistoric percussive  
message maker

whether pounding a parade's pace  
or driving a dirge of death  
I denote destinies of human activities

boom-bah boom-bah-boom-bah  
boom-bah boom-bah-boom-bah  
boom-bah boom-bah-boom-bah

I am primitive  
I am compelling  
I am the beat of life

~ Gary Ketchum

Blackberry Peach  
Prize for Poetry:  
Spoken and Heard  
submission by  
Gary Ketchum

## Allison Wonderland

On the floor before a television,  
small child sat enrapt watching recording  
of Disney classic animated flick.  
"Whatcha watchin', Allison?" I queried.  
"Allison Wonderland," she retorted  
and quickly asserted, "She has my name!"  
No need to correct her mistaken notion of title role name  
as she clearly identified with the cartoon near-namesake.

Like her alter ego, Allison was  
sane protagonist in a mainly mad  
domain inhabited by strange creatures  
urging her hither and yon and to grow  
big or small or not at all, play croquet  
and beware the Jabberwock, my missy.  
Ersatz hatter once asked her to try broccoli  
disguised in cheese. "I don't buy it," said she.

Wonderland wandering, perchance to dream  
of drama and performance on the stage,  
star-struck, she felt stifled by powers that be:  
"Acting's a tough gig once you have grown big,"  
they admonished, as if, "Off with her head!"

She, astonished, moved on, grew up, triumphed  
and dreamt new dreams fed by faith and promise.

Despite insane events the fates assailed,  
she fought and vanquished caterpillars and  
Cheshire cats, tweedle-dees and tweedle-dums,  
walruses and carpenters, red queens and  
mock turtles. She forged on and at last prevailed.  
Allison Wonderland, brave heroine  
nonpareil, emerged from rabbit hole  
whole, hopeful, strong, indomitable.

~ Gary Ketchum

Blackberry Peach  
Prize for Poetry:  
Spoken and Heard  
submission by  
Gary Ketchum

**TRIBES**

We are nation of tribes  
Hear the pounding percussion  
    RIGHTS and lefts  
    PROS and cons  
    THEMS and us  
Politics become X-games  
extreme sport on field of 3 R's  
race religion rightness  
    My identity BEST  
    My god BEST  
    We're RIGHT they're WRONG

No conciliation  
No compromise  
With us or against us  
My way or highway

We are nation of gibes  
Our chiefs play to base  
look for edges by driving wedges  
    TWEET tweet tweet tweet  
    TWEET tweet tweet tweet  
    TWEET tweet tweet tweet

Derision breeds division  
Our democracy destined for demagogues  
Extreme tribes march with torches  
chanting obscenities on synagogue porches

    HATE hate hate hate  
    HATE hate hate hate  
    HATE hate hate hate

Maya Angelou said hate has *caused a lot of problems but has not solved one yet*

Where are Lincoln's *better angels*  
to guide us provide us means to  
vanquish tribal tendencies

We the *People, Yes!* Sandberg wrote  
Answer *not in our stars but in our selves*  
stated The Bard  
*Understand rather*  
*than be understood* prayed St. Francis

We  
not royal we not editorial we  
the people WE the greatest tribe of all  
Listen actively Respect our opponents  
*Recognize the truth in their errors AND*  
*know the errors in our truth*

~ Gary Ketchum

# Mark your calendar. Book your room!

## *It's not too early to book your room for the 2020* **Florida State Poets Association Annual Conference**



When you book, mention Florida State Poets Association for our group rate.

You will find the information for your online reservation link below. If you have questions or need help with the link, please do not hesitate to ask. We appreciate your business and look forward to a successful event.

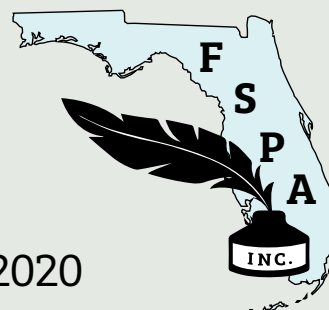
### **Event Summary:**

Florida State Poets Association  
Annual Conference

**Start Date:** Friday, October 23, 2020

**End Date:** Sunday, October 25, 2020

**Last Day to Book:** Friday, October 2, 2020



Hotel offering your special group rate:

**Orlando Marriott Lake Mary for \$139 per night**

**[Book here: Link](#)**

# Linda Eve Diamond

Linda Eve Diamond's poetry has received several honors, including an Artists Embassy International Dancing Poetry Grand Prize Award "for exceptional poetry that inspires dance and for furthering intercultural understanding and peace through the universal language of the arts." The poem, *Lost Gloves*, was read, choreographed, costumed and performed at the annual Dancing Poetry Festival. Her poem, *Notes*, received a First Prize Award and was also read at the festival.

Linda Eve's poetry has been published by numerous journals, anthologies and websites, including *Bullets into Bells*, *Grey Sparrow Journal*, *The Ekphrastic Review*, *Encore: Prize Poems*, *High Shelf Press*, *Leaping Clear*, *Tuck Magazine*, *Poets Reading the News*, *The RavensPerch*, and *Your Daily Poem*. Photographs by Linda Eve have also been recognized with awards and publication. Her photos have appeared in *Cadence*, *Gravel*, *A Cloud a Day: 365 Skies from the Cloud Appreciation Society*, and elsewhere, and she often pairs original photographs with her poetry.

For the poetry community, Linda Eve judged and now co-chairs Flagler County Art League's Annual Poetry Competition, was FSPA webmaster and social media coordinator, and helped with initial setup of NFSPS's Blackberry Peach Poetry Awards, which included formatting and co-editing the first anthology of award winners.

Linda Eve's poetry books are *The Human Experience* (2007) and *The Beauty of Listening* (2013). Currently, she is working on several themed chapbooks. Visit her website at <http://LindaEveDiamond.com> to find her poetry, photography, and more.

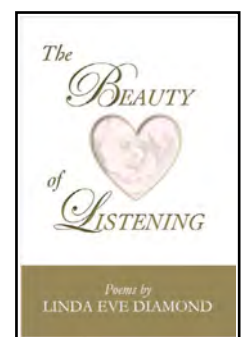
<http://LindaEveDiamond.com>



## HER POETRY BOOKS



[Link to Book](#)



[Link to Book](#)

There is a free download of the ebook version.

"This is not an apple poem" was inspired by Magritte's "This is not an apple" painting, which shows an apple with the words: "Ceci n'est pas une pomme" (translation: "This is not an apple").

THIS IS NOT AN APPLE POEM

this is not  
the leaf of an apple . . . .  
or a book

this is not a . . . this is not an  
poem, ripe and ready . . . apple waxed poetic  
this is not a line that can define what may be true  
call it what you like and take a bite if you have a taste  
for a would-be-poem in an existential quandary shaped  
as a naturally artificial apple, but be careful not to break  
your teeth on the concrete, and any way you slice it, this  
is rich in fiber, is not red but may be read, is not real but  
not entirely unreal, is not still life or a slice of life, make  
of it what you will, open it to the core for a metaphor,  
dig out seeds for poet trees and juice the ink to make  
apple champagne, poetry in a glass, and perhaps  
then, when you're sweetly relaxed, you'll tell  
this not-an-apple, not-a-poem, what it was  
and if it tingled, even for a moment, or  
if it became some thing or another  
because you believed it

~ By Linda Eve Diamond, first published by "The Ekphrastic Review" (Feb. 2020)

## NOTES

I read somewhere that taking notes would gift me with more presence, more poems,  
more sensual being with ever-flowering fullness in each fleeting moment...

So I took notes to see more deeply, jotted notes on silences and sounds,  
exacting efforts to extract the most from each and every hour...

Scrawling notes for future poems, notes to fill the cracks and holes  
of aging memories and notes to show that I was there—or *here*...

Writing notes on sounds of laughter, notes on floorboards, notes on rafters,  
on colors unfolding in flowers and clouds, on being alone, on being in crowds...

Typing notes on the lines at the grocery store, scribbling, texting, journaling, indexing  
adding photos, captions, observations, ever noting on my notes notes notes...

Posting, scrolling, liking, sharing, making notes to anticipate the moment, capture the moment,  
recall the moment, then asking you for *your* notes as I missed another moment...

Missing moment after moment—as I focused on the notes...

I took notes of *all kinds*, took notes *everywhere*—even took *notes* from the *air*!  
I don't know how long this went on—before I heard a grieving silence—  
where once, there was music.

*(I made a note about it.)*

~ Linda Eve Diamond

*"Notes" was honored with an Artists Embassy International Dancing Poetry First Prize Award  
and read at the 26th Annual Dancing Poetry Festival at the Palace of the Legion of Honor  
in San Francisco, CA.*

## *You and Me*

What, in the title, intrigued you?  
Was it you, me, or the thought of us together?

I'm writing this on a Tuesday night in a time gone by  
for you now. I've wrapped myself inside these lines  
to be unfolded by your eyes.

The sky is turning misty now. Is it raining as you read?  
I'm in a peaceful wooded study, but where are we now?

Don't know what city we're in, what day, time or year,  
but I like it here with you.

As I lay myself down in these words, I imagine your caress  
sliding down the page as you undress each line  
with your eyes.

I hold a wisp of your attention as you hold shadows  
of my mind in this embrace so intimately spanning  
time and place.

This moment is ours so hold me gently, rest your mind  
on this feathered bed of words I've made to share with you.

Slide between these pretty print sheets as you please.  
I'll be your lover under book covers, here for you always  
and ever at your page.

*~ from "The Human Experience" by Linda Eve Diamond*



## POEM FOR RENT

Poems for rent—on stages, screens and pages—on a tear  
now and then as always, here and there—everywhere...

Step inside, look around, feel the space, sense the sounds  
as you and your shadow climb the heart pine spiral staircase.

Find secret rooms, hidden gardens—ever-moving views  
in skylight frames, the high arts of clouds and starlit myths.

Partially furnished—as you might imagine—a metaphor or two  
maybe a bit of fruit, a bite of truth, a warmth, a chill, a secret...

Nestle in this simple complex of worlds both private and shared.  
Even the smallest are spacious—sometimes ecstatically Rumi.

Poems for rent, for a bit of attention, a fare of the heart, desire  
for sparks of connection—slipped into small pockets of time.

Poem for Rent

Poems for rent—on stages, screens  
and pages—on a tear—

now and then as always,  
here and there—everywhere...

Step inside, look around, feel  
the space, sense the sounds

as you and your shadow climb  
the heart pine spiral staircase.

Find secret rooms, hidden gardens—  
ever-moving views

in skylight frames, the high arts  
of clouds and starlit myths.

Partially furnished—as you might  
imagine—a metaphor or two

maybe a bit of fruit, a bite of truth,  
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a fare of the heart, desire

for sparks of connection—  
slipped into small pockets of time.

*Linda Eve Diamond*

Poems by  
Linda Eve Diamond

To me, photography is a form of light poetry—creating poetic images with light. We frame photographs as we frame written poems, deciding on where to focus, the scope and depth of field, and what to leave to the imagination. We're making structural choices, using the language of visions, colors, light, and hints of storytelling. Sometimes, for one reason or another, the words don't come, but this is a poetic form that's always inviting the light, getting things to start clicking, in one way or another.

~ Linda Eve Diamond



*Linda Eve Diamond's Golden Dragonfly*



*Linda Eve Diamond's Autumn Splash received an Award of Distinction  
from Flagler County Art League*

Photography by  
Linda Eve Diamond



Mary Rogers-Grantham,  
FSPA Contest Chair

**Please see the  
contest page on  
the FSPA website  
for rules and  
restrictions.**

[Here is a link](#)

## 2020 FSPA Contests List

### # 1 FSPA FREE VERSE AWARD

Subject: Any.  
Form: Free Verse. 1 page limit.  
1st PL \$100. 2nd PL \$75. 3rd PL \$50. 3 HM  
Entry fee \$3 per poem for FSPA members,  
\$4 for non-members. Limit 2 poems.  
Sponsored by FSPA, Inc.

### # 2 FSPA FORMAL VERSE AWARD

Subject: Any.  
Form: Formal Verse. 1 page limit.  
(Include form name at top of page.)  
1st PL \$100. 2nd PL \$75. 3rd PL \$50. 3 HM  
Entry fee \$3 per poem for FSPA members,  
\$4 for non-members. Limit 2 poems.  
Sponsored by FSPA, Inc.

### # 3 LISTENING AWARD

Subject: Listening.  
Form: Any. 40 Line Limit.  
1st PL \$50. 2nd PL \$35. 3rd PL \$15. 3HM  
Sponsored by Linda Eve Diamond

### # 4 TOMOKA POETS AWARD

Subject: At the Beach.  
Form: Any. 40 Line Limit.  
1st PL \$25. 2nd PL \$15. 3rd PL \$10. 3HM  
Sponsored by Tomoka Poets

### #5 WILLARD B. FOSTER MEMORIAL AWARD

Subject: Threat to the Environment.  
Form: Any. 40 Line Limit.  
1st PL \$25. 2nd PL \$15. 3rd PL \$10. 3HM  
Sponsored by John F. Foster

### # 6 ORLANDO AREA POETS AWARD

Subject: Theme Parks and Attractions.  
Form: Any. 40 Line Limit.  
1st PL \$25. 2nd PL \$15. 3rd PL \$10. 3HM  
Sponsored by Orlando Area Poets

### #7 JUNE OWENS MEMORIAL AWARD

Subject: "Secret Languages"  
Form: Any. 40 Line Limit.  
Note: This is the title of one of June's poems.  
Poets may interpret it as they wish.  
1st PL \$25. 2nd PL \$15. 3rd PL \$10. 3HM  
Sponsored by New River Poets

### # 8 THE POET'S VISION AWARD

Subject: Any.  
Form: Any. 40 Line Limit.  
1st PL \$25. 2nd PL \$15. 3rd PL \$10. 3HM  
Sponsored by Janet Watson

### #9 NEW RIVER POETS AWARD

(In Honor of our Deceased Members)  
Subject: Any.  
Form: Any. 40 Line Limit.  
1st PL \$25. 2nd PL \$15. 3rd PL \$10. 3HM  
Sponsored by New River Poets

### #10 VILLANELLE AWARD

Subject: Any.  
Form: Villanelle.  
1st PL \$25. 2nd PL \$15. 3rd PL \$10. 3HM  
Sponsored by Joyce Shiver

### #11 HUMOR AWARD

Subject: Humor.  
Form: Rhymed & Metered. 40 Line Limit.  
1st PL \$25. 2nd PL \$15. 3rd PL \$10. 3HM  
Sponsored by Sunshine Poets

### #12 THE LIVE POETS SOCIETY AWARD

Subject: The Dark Side.  
Form: Any. 40 Line Limit.  
1st PL \$25. 2nd PL \$15. 3rd PL \$10. 3HM  
Sponsored by The Live Poets Society  
of Daytona Beach

### #13 MIAMI POETS AWARD

Subject: Trees.  
Form: Any. 50 Line Limit.  
1st PL \$25. 2nd PL \$15. 3rd PL \$10. 3HM  
Sponsored by Miami Poets

### #14 KATE KENNEDY MEMORIAL AWARD

Subject: Any.  
Form: Any. 40 Line Limit.  
1st PL \$25. 2nd PL \$15. 3rd PL \$10. 3HM  
Sponsored by B.J. Alligood

### #15 WEINBAUM/GLIDDEN AWARD

Subject: Issues and concerns faced by LGBTQ  
Community and those who love them.  
Form: Any. 50 Line Limit.  
1st PL \$25. 2nd PL \$15. 3rd PL \$10. 3HM  
Sponsored by Robyn Weinbaum

### #16 HENRIETTA & MARK KROAH FOUNDERS AWARD

(Free to FSPA Members)  
Subject: Wedding.  
Form: Any. 40 Line Limit.  
1st PL \$25. 2nd PL \$15. 3rd PL \$10. 3HM  
Sponsored by FSPA, Inc.

### #17 PAST PRESIDENTS AWARD

Subject: Answers.  
Form: Any. 40 Line Limit.  
1st PL \$25. 2nd PL \$15. 3rd PL \$10. 3HM  
Sponsored by Past Presidents of FSPA

### #18 FRANK YANNI AWARD

Subject: Books.  
Form: Any. 40 Line Limit.  
1st PL \$25. 2nd PL \$15. 3rd PL \$10. 3HM  
Sponsored by Frank Yanni

### #19 JANET BINKLEY ERWIN MEMORIAL AWARD

Subject: Any.  
Form: Any. 40 Line Limit.  
1st PL \$25. 2nd PL \$15. 3rd PL \$10. 3HM  
Sponsored by Poetry for the Love of It (PLOI)

# Would you like to sponsor a contest?

## 2021 FSPA Contest Sponsorship Form

**Please return completed form no later than September 10, 2020 to:**

Marc Davidson  
2 Braddock Avenue  
Daytona Beach, FL 32118  
flueln@hotmail.com

**Your name:** \_\_\_\_\_

**Sponsor name (if other than your own, e.g. FSPA Chapter):**

\_\_\_\_\_

**Your mailing address:** \_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

**Your email:** \_\_\_\_\_

**Your phone:** \_\_\_\_\_

**Category number:** \_\_\_\_\_

**Category name:** \_\_\_\_\_

**First prize award (minimum \$25):** \_\_\_\_\_

**Second prize award (minimum \$15):** \_\_\_\_\_

**Third prize award (minimum \$10):** \_\_\_\_\_

**Honorable Mention (if applicable):** \_\_\_\_\_

**TOTAL:** \_\_\_\_\_

**Please make your check out to FSPA, Inc. and attach to this form.**

**Contest specifications**

**Poem subject (write a specific subject or "Any"):**

\_\_\_\_\_

**Poetic form (write a specific form or "Any"):**

\_\_\_\_\_

**Other instructions (e.g. rhyme scheme or other aspects of form):**

\_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

**Line limit:** \_\_\_\_\_

**Thank you very much for sponsoring a 2021 FSPA Contest Category!**

*"Most working poets are maybe 5% to 10% away from their ultimate potential: able to write uniformly fine work and to get published everywhere they deserve, and often. That's what the Twelve Chairs course is for." ~ Al Rocheleau*

Free  
Month  
Trial  
of  
FSPA's  
Twelve  
Chairs  
Short  
Course

We are offering our Twelve Chairs Short Course on a free, one-month trial period, so you can experience the benefits of this powerful poetry course at your leisure.

The Short Course was derived from the scripts, recordings, and voluminous handouts of the 180-hour Advanced Course, distilling the copious instruction of that larger course into a sequential stream of short aphorisms and maxims, such as:

THE POET'S TRIANGLE CONSISTS OF: CRAFT, SCOPE, AND VOICE

WE ACQUIRE THEM IN SEQUENCE; EACH SUPPORTS EACH

OBJECTS AND THEIR MOVEMENTS DRIVE YOUR POEM

A PERFECT OBJECT IS DEFINED BY THE CLEAREST WORD

THE OBJECT ITSELF CAN BE FOUND AT THE ROOT OF ITS WORD

MORE THAN ANYTHING, POETS AND POEMS SAY SOMETHING

SENSE AND OBSERVATION MAKE QUESTIONS AND/OR ANSWERS

THOUGHT OR EMOTION, SMALL OR GREAT, MAKES UP YOUR TAKE

POEMS BUILD NOT WITH A SUBJECT, BUT WITH A TAKE

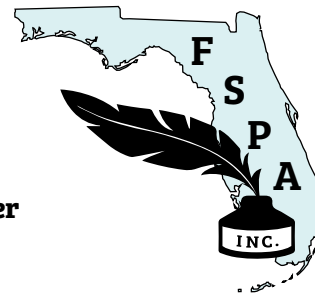
That's just a taste of the Short Course; but are you intrigued? Now you can try the course out at home, free. FSPA is offering a one-month trial of the accredited Twelve Chairs Course on a flash-drive, compatible with any computer system.

The drives contain the full Short Course along with all course handouts. After one month, if you are enjoying the course and its benefits, simply send in your \$50 payment. If you are not happy with the course, you can return it. No obligation.

To obtain your free trial month, simply email Robyn Weinbaum at [FSPATreasurer@Aol.com](mailto:FSPATreasurer@Aol.com)

or mail your request to:

**Robyn Weinbaum, FSPA Treasurer**  
**2629 Whalebone Bay Drive**  
**Kissimmee, FL 34741**



# Florida State Poets Association

An affiliate of the National Federation of State Poetry Societies



## IT IS TIME FOR OUR ELECTIONS

**About Elections:** An FSPA Nominating Committee was elected at 2019 Spring Fling. The members are, Peter Gordon, Carl Johnson, Judy Krum, and Alice R. Friedman, Chair. Officers to be elected are President, Vice President, Secretary and Treasurer. Mail-in ballots will be distributed through the OPAP and new officers will be installed at the Fall Convention in October. Write-in candidates will be provided for. Please VOTE!

**Nominating Committee Report:** Attached is a ballot for the next term of FSPA officers. We need all paid FSPA members to cast their vote for the upcoming term of officers. If you have any nominations not currently listed on this ballot, there is space to write them in. Please be sure to return mail your vote to me no later than September 15, 2020 so that the ballots may be counted prior to our October convention. Thank you.

~ Alice R. Friedman, Chair

.....CUT HERE.....

## 2020 - 2022 Executive Board Election Ballot — Deadline to mail: September 15, 2020

		Check Current Name	Write-in Another Name
<b>President:</b>	<b>Mary Marcelle</b>	_____	_____
<b>Vice-President:</b>	<b>Mark Terry</b>	_____	_____
<b>Secretary:</b>	<b>Sonja Jean Craig</b>	_____	_____
<b>Treasurer:</b>	<b>Robyn Weinbaum</b>	_____	_____

**Member Signature:** \_\_\_\_\_ **Date:** \_\_\_\_\_

**Print Your Name:** \_\_\_\_\_

### PLEASE MAIL TO:

**Ms. Alice Friedman, FSPA Nominating Committee Chair**  
**603 Woodridge Drive • Fern Park, FL 32730**

# FSPA CHAPTER NEWS & UPDATES

## CHAPTER PRESIDENTS

### **Big Bend Poets & Writers**

Gordon Magill  
tallyman01@comcast.net

### **Live Poets Society of Daytona Beach**

Robert Blenheim  
rblenheim@aol.com

### **Miami Poets**

Tere Starr  
terestarr@mindspring.com

### **North Florida Poetry Hub**

Ruth Van Alstine  
ruth@northfloridapoetryhub.org

### **Orlando Area Poets**

Diane Neff  
d.i.neff@gmail.com

### **Osceola Poetry Society**

Mackenzie Riley

### **Poetry for the Love of It**

Charles Hazelip  
dochazelip@comcast.net

### **Space Coast Poets**

Jim Peterson  
outdabox@aol.com

### **Sunshine Poets**

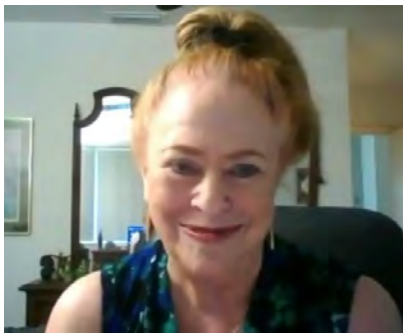
Cheri Herald  
c\_herald@hotmail.com

### **Tomoka Poets**

Mary-Ann Westbrook  
1poetry.3@gmail.com

### **New River Poets**

Janet Watson  
JMPWAT@aol.com



Tere Starr

## Miami Poets

Miami Poets continue to share poetry and friendship while sheltering in place during our new reality. More than ever, poetry is needed. Virtual Miami Poets Soirées, facilitated by **Tere Starr**, were held on the first Wednesday in May and June. We shared poetry, creative energy and inspiration by Zoom. On second Mondays, we joined **Steve Liebowitz** for virtual poetry critiques. In May, Tere Starr was a featured poet during the South Florida Writers Association's virtual meeting. Miami Poets, **Sheena Szuri**, **Steve Liebowitz**, **Lori Swick**, **Connie Goodman-Milone**, **Pat Milone**, **Ricki Dorn**, and **Mark Kraus** shared their poems as well.

### When we meet:

The Miami Poets meet the first Wednesday each month from 1 to 3 pm during the Miami Poets Soirée at the Pinecrest Library, 5835 SW 111th Street, Pinecrest, FL.

Bring poems to read, yours or those by favorite poets. We often get philosophical, discuss what poetry means, now and through the ages. And best of all, we share how poetry enhances our lives. Anything goes so long as poetry is in the equation. Each soirée is an act of creation.

Achievements: **Patsy Asuncion** hosted a Zoom Open Mic from Charlottesville, Virginia. Her poems "Tollway" and "On the Other Line," appear in *voxpoetica*. **Zorina Frey** was featured in *Voyage MIA Magazine*. Since the shut down, she performs her Spoken Word Poetry and Storytelling Time on Facebook. **Sheena Szuri** was a guest on **Chuck Gregory's** #NewDream podcast where she spoke about truth in politics and democracy through the lens of poetic expression. **Connie Goodman-Milone's** letter, "The Gift of Food," was published in the *Miami Herald*. Her poem, "Haiku," appears in *The Author's Voice* along with **Ricki Dorn's** poem, "He," and **Rita Morrissey's** poem, "Parrots." Ricki's poem, "Playground," was awarded a first place for poetry in the South Florida Writers Association's monthly writing contests. **Swati Bagga** received a second and third place for "Mistaken Identity" and "Religion." In the category of memoir, Rita won first place for "A Case of Mistaken Identity" and **Pat Milone** received second place for "Mistaken Identity Crisis." Even with a pandemic, poetry is our priority.

~ Tere Starr, President



Mark Kraus



Pat Bonner Milone



Sheena Szuri



Swati Bagga



Zrina Frey



### When we meet:

The Live Poets Society of Daytona Beach holds its workshop meetings on the third Wednesday of each month at the Daytona Beach Regional Library at City Island. Meetings start at 4:00 pm and end at 6:30 pm and the group welcomes all poets, and anybody interested in poetry, to attend.

## The Live Poets Society of Daytona Beach

The Live Poets Society of Daytona Beach used to hold its workshop meetings on the third Wednesday of each month at the Daytona Beach Regional Library at City Island. Meetings went from 4:00 to 6:30 p.m., and the group welcomed all poets, and anybody interested in poetry, to attend. Now, of course, the chapter is 'meeting' on the computer, and relatively active since then with president **Bob Blenheim** doling out difficult challenges every week since the virus invaded our lives.

These challenges were heroically met via emails on the computer, and included writing poems on the following subjects: "What Makes Me Cry," "Taking a Stand," "I Can't Breathe," as well as writing a poem from the point of view of someone in the dark (after the chapter, "Cruise in the Dark" in Mark Twain's travels through journey, *A Tramp Abroad*).

One notable achievement was that **Llewellyn McKernan** won First Place in the Maitland Library poetry contest with her poem, "The House Goes On Without Her." And **Ellen Nielsen** has been hard at work on a cycle of poems that promises to be an amazing collection when completed.

All members are managing to keep busy, not only by writing poetry but also reading, listening to music, and watching movies. (And too much eating and too little sleeping. Gaining at least a modicum of weight has been an unfortunate result of the latter for some of them.)

It is hoped all of the Live Poets can survive intact until they can meet again at the Library when it is safe to come out of hiding.

~ Robert E. Blenheim, President



Charles Hazelip

## Poetry For the Love Of It

Our chapter recently conducted zoom meetings pending the opening of Tallahassee Senior Center. The chapter's third anthology is under construction with a target date in August. Pat Stanford won two gold medals from the Florida Authors and Publishers Association for her book, *Proverbs of My Seasons, Poetry of Transition*. She took the Poetry Month Challenge by creating 30 plus poems, many of which will appear in *Pandemic in Paradise*, written by a librarian/author in Palm Beach County. Charles Hazelip's fourth book of poetry, *Good Things Good People Ponder*, was published in May. Norma Plumley and her sister sewed and donated 600 masks to hospital, elder care, friends and family.

~ Charles Hazelip, President



Diane Neff

### When we meet:

The Orlando Area Poets meet the third Thursday each month from 6:30 to 8:30 pm at the Maitland Public Library, 501 South Maitland Ave, Maitland, FL 32751.



Alice R. Friedman



Peter Gordon

## Orlando Area Poets

The Maitland Public Library Poetry Month Coffeehouse and Contest was held via Zoom on May 29. Many of the Orlando Area Poets submitted their poems on the theme “Forgotten.” After those attending read their submissions to the group, the library announced the winners as follows:

First Place: **Llewellyn McKernan**: “The House Goes On Without Her”

Second Place: **Sonja Jean Craig**, “Forget About It”

Third Place: **Lynn Schiffhorst**, “So They Will Not Be Forgotten”

The next theme assigned by the library is “Say Yes” for the coffeehouse on Friday, July 24 (date tentative).

The Florida Writers Association Anthology Volume 12, *Create an Illusion*, has accepted the following pieces for the awards collection: **Chris Flocken**’s poem “Elusive Illusions,” **Frank T. Masi**’s short story “Gray Rider,” **Elaine Person**’s piece, “Don’t Refuse Your Muse,” and **Lynn Schiffhorst**’s poem “Soothing the Dark.”

The 10th Annual Florida Writers Conference will be held online beginning Friday, October 16, 2020. Information about the conference is available at [floridawriters.net/conferences/2020conference/](http://floridawriters.net/conferences/2020conference/).

**Lela Buis**’ poem, “Zombie Love,” appeared in the online magazine [Liquid Imagination](#) in November 2019. In addition, her short stories have appeared as follows: “Wine and Magnolias” appeared online in [Mischief Media: A Story Most Queer Podcast](#) in November, 2019. “The Investor” was published in the anthology *Afromyth Volume 2* from Afrocentric Books in 2020; “Possession” was published in the anthology *Wolfwinter* from Deadman’s Tome in 2020; and “The Mending Tool” was published in the anthology *Sensory Perceptions* from Jay Henge in 2020.

**Chris Flocken**’s photograph, Sabino Canyon Sahuaro, was included in this year’s *Sand Hill Review*.

**Alice R. Friedman**’s haiku was published on *Haikuniverse* on May 23, 2020.

**Peter Gordon**’s poem, “You Can’t Quarantine Crime,” was poem of the week on *The Five-Two, Poems on Crime* site on April 27th. See (and hear) it at <https://poemsoncrime.blogspot>. Peter also had four poems published in this month’s edition of *The Marjorie Kinnan Rawlings Journal of Florida Literature*, published by UCF. These included “How Things Get Better,” “Kosher Salt,” “I Wrote This for an Old Girlfriend,” and “Hurricane Dorian Heads Toward Florida.” He also will have two poems in this year’s *Sand Hill Review*, “Belonging” and “Selling Your Soul.”

**Diane Neff**’s poem, “Disco Fever,” was published online in [Claims and Issues](#) and also in [Claims and Bad Faith Law Blog](#), both on April 17, 2020.

**Stan Sujka**’s poem, “An Affair with a Rainbow” received an honorable mention from [The October Project](#).

(continued on the next page)

## Orlando Area Poets *(continued from the previous page)*



Elaine Person

**Elaine Person's** haiku was published online on *The Five-Two, Poems on Crime*, on December 9, 2019. Two of her photographs, "Cactus, (Sore Thumb), Oatman, Arizona" and "Stain of My Heart" were accepted in *Beyond Words*, a magazine based in Berlin, Germany for their May 2020 and June 2020 issue, respectively. *Sand Hill Review* from St. Leo University also took two of Elaine's photographs: "My Hometown's Great Falls, founded by Alexander Hamilton" (Paterson, NJ) and "Belonging in Church," a photo of a basilica in Newark, NJ. Elaine is also on the faculty to lead writing workshops for the annual October 2020 FWA Conference online.

**Shelley Stocksdale's** poem "Six Ways of Catching Fish in China" is grant-funded for autumn publication in *Bamboo Ridge, A Journal of Hawai'i Literature and Arts*; plus will be reproduced with EBSCOhost, that offers databases of research and magazine texts.



Shelley Stocksdale at Huangguoshu Falls, Guizhou,  
The People's Republic of China



*Janet Watson*

### When we meet:

The New River Poets meet the third Saturday each month from 1 to 4 pm at The Old Schoolhouse at 8637 Richland School Rd., Zephyrhills, FL 33540.

## New River Poets

New River Poets have elected, by online ballots, a new board of officers: President—**Gary Ketchum**, Vice President—**Cheryl Van Beek**. **Susan Stahr**—Secretary and **Beverly Joyce**—Treasurer will continue in the offices they have held for several years. New River Poets will be in good hands, but because of the pandemic, we have not yet had a formal installation of our new board. We look forward to having one when the world returns to normal.

Meanwhile, members are polishing up poems to submit to **Cadence** and the FSPA annual contests. We feel there might be a lot of competition this year, because others with time on their hands are doing the same.

Good luck to everyone...and continue to be safe!

*~ Janet Watson, President Pro Tem*



*Cheri Herald*

### When we meet:

The Sunshine Poets meet the second Thursday each month at 10 am at the Central Ridge Public Library, located at 425 W Roosevelt Blvd, Beverly Hills, FL 34465.

## Sunshine Poets

Due to the COVID-19 restrictions, Sunshine Poets has not been able to meet. When we resume, meetings will be held at 10 am on the SECOND THURSDAY of the month at the Central Ridge Library in Beverly Hills. Members currently are working on entries for FSPA's annual contest and are preparing submissions for FSPA's annual anthology. Visit us on Facebook, and for more information contact: [sunshinepoets@gmail.com](mailto:sunshinepoets@gmail.com)

*~ Cheri Herald, President*



Gordon Magill

### When we meet:

The Big Bend Poets & Writers meet the second Tuesday of every month from 6:30 pm to 8:30 pm in Barnes & Noble Bookstore, 2415 North Monroe Street, Tallahassee, FL 32303.



Jen Schomburg Kanke



Katya Sabaroff Taylor

## Big Bend Poets & Writers

Given the COVID-19 precautions we have not held our usual in-person meetings since February. At the time of this report we are uncertain about when we will be able to resume gathering in the same space or when we do, if all of our members will feel safe enough to join us. In a letter to our members, Gordon Magill wrote:

*"To say we live in extraordinary times is an understatement. Most of the busy parts of our lives are still on hold, even our jobs, travel, going out, seeing friends, and we are forced to adapt in ways we hadn't explored previously. It seems we are living through a crisis. Some definitions have crisis or the Greek krisis as meaning the turning point in a disease. The writer and poet Kathleen Norris has said that the Greek root of the word "crisis" is "to sift," as in, to shake out the excesses and leave only what's important."*

So what is the role of poetry, or writing for that matter, in a crisis? Especially in a crisis in which it is a challenge to separate truth and meaning from falsehoods and propaganda?

It seems to me that it is to encourage us to go inside, to ponder, examine, sift, shake out excess, and look for what's important, for the small, or large, meanings in our lives. As isolated as we may think we are, we connect to the world through our introspection, reflection, and imagination. And so with our poetry and writing we re-enter "the family of things."

Our new blog posts members' poems on a weekly basis and our monthly newsletter has been transformed into what we call a [Museletter](#), featuring the poetry and pondering of our members. We are thankful for the following contributing writers: **Twanda Harrison-McBride, Mary L Burch, Jen Schomburg Kanke, Linda Whitefeather, Linda Marie, Katya Sabaroff Taylor, Katie Clark, Rebekka Brooks Istrail, Gordon Magill, Cynthia Portalatin, Stan Johnson, and Jan Godown Annino.**

~ Linda Wright, Secretary  
for Gordon Magill, President



Katie Clark



Twanda Harrison-McBride



Ruth Van Alstine

### When we meet:

North Florida Poetry Hub Poets regular scheduled meetings are the first and third Thursdays of each month from 6:30 to 8 pm at Hope at Hand, 3886 Atlantic Blvd. in Jacksonville.



Sally Wahl Constain

## NORTH FLORIDA POETRY HUB

North Florida Poetry Hub (NFPH) was launched by Hope at Hand, a non-profit organization which provides poetry sessions for at-risk youth populations in Duval, Alachua and St. Johns Counties.

In April, JaxPoetryFest.org was held here in Jacksonville, sponsored by **Steffani Fletcher**, Executive Director of Hope at Hand, and President of North Florida Poetry Hub. This year, due to the COVID-19 crisis all live events had to be canceled, but the Hope at Hand team quickly came together to create online content for a virtual festival on the JaxPoetryFest YouTube channel. JaxPoetryFest consists of 17 recorded poetry workshops, documentaries, readings and performances by writers and poets. They pulled all this off as if it were an easy task, an amazing testament to their creativity, skill and adaptability. Kudos!

The end of April brought an opportunity to uplift the spirits of hardworking staff of Mayo Clinic and Hospital in Jacksonville, FL. A call for poetry submissions was advertised for uplifting, cheerful poems by the Ancient City Poets in St Augustine, who were spearheading the project with Mayo Clinic. NFPH forwarded 60 poems contributed by FSPA poets towards the project, which was coordinated by **Ruth Van Alstine**. A big thank you to the following contributing FSPA members: Big Bend Poets & Writers: **Jan Godown Annino, Linda Marie McGill, Gordon McGill, Melanie Petrandis, Avis Simmonds**; New River Poets: **Andrea McBride, Cheryl Van Beek, Janet Watson**; North Florida Poetry Hub: **SallyWahl Constain, Ruth Van Alstine**; Orlando Area Poets: **B.J. Alligood, Carlton Johnson**; Tomoka Poets': **Marc Davidson**. A second big thank you goes out to hard working Hope at Hand teens who provided additional poetic words of encouragement for the healthcare frontline workers. Alone together!

On the membership side, we are excited to introduce **Sally Wahl Constain** of Ponte Vedra, an accomplished author and poet. Her background is that of an elementary school teacher and librarian in NYC for more than 30 years. She is a valued member of the local literary scene, holding the position of president of the Writers Group at Del Webb, Ponte Vedra, for the past three years, is a published author of several books to include *The Keys to Fanny*, a work of historical fiction, a poetry chapbook, *Sometimes I Wonder*, and her latest book released this past October, *Random Reflections*, an anthology of essays and poems. Welcome, Sally, to both FSPA and your new friends at North Florida Poetry Hub. We look forward to sharing words of poetry, fellowship and a long, mutually beneficial relationship.

Since mid-March due to the COVID-19 crisis, our regular meetings were cancelled until they could be safely resumed. Teleconferencing capabilities for NFPH members are being developed to bridge the gap with plans for virtual platforms to hold meetings and workshops. We are looking forward to welcoming back our friends in live meetings as restrictions are lifted but will have flexible options at the ready in our toolbox for future needs.

~ Ruth Van Alstine - NFPH Member



Mary-Ann Westbrook



BJ Alligood



Sonja Jean Craig

## Tomoka Poets

Before COVID-19 put us all into isolation, Tomoka Poet and Volusia County Co-Poet Laureate **David Axelrod** was asked by the Daytona Beach Marching Band to write lyrics to their official march music. He performed with them in an event at the Daytona Beach Band Shell.

**Mary-Ann Westbrook** was again invited to read an original poem at the annual Freemanville Celebration. Freemanville is a tiny community in what is now Port Orange that was settled by freed slaves right after the Civil War. The only building still there is the Baptist Church which continues to hold services every Sunday and where the memorial celebration is held.

**BJ Alligood** participated in a celebration of Florida winners of the Blackberry Peach Poetry Contest sponsored by NFSPS and chaired by **Joe Cavanaugh**. BJ was the first place winner last year and picked up her prize at the National Convention in Santa Fe, New Mexico.

Our last open mic in Port Orange at Copperline Coffee and Cafe featured our favorite Canadian Poet **Al Hubbs** who was able to make it to Florida and to our open mic again this year to delight us with his latest works.

Everything else that Tomoka Poets were going to be involved in has been put on hold as we wait out this storm that has invaded our lives. In the meantime, we have some prolific poets who are writing and sending them out, back and forth and even critiquing. We will see you all when this tempest has passed.

Congratulations to **Sonja Jean Craig** for her 2nd place win in the Maitland Library Poetry contest. **Mary-Ann Westbrook** has had her poem A Poets Prayer illustrated and put to music by Sea Dog Studios and published on YouTube and Facebook.

Stay Safe. Stay Well!

~ Mary-Ann Westbrook, President

### The Passage

When darkness falls  
obscuring views  
eyes raise upward  
to a shining moon  
Star's stories told  
Sun crests new

~Mary-Ann Westbrook

# □ Poetry Challenge

## **I gaze upon your stillness pondering (Sonnet 1)**

I gaze upon your stillness pondering,  
 What secrets lie below your calm display?  
 Incessant question's answers squandering,  
 Assuming promise of another day.  
 Eyes fixed on clear reflections undisturbed;  
 There stoic models pose without fatigue  
 Seem evermore serene and unperturbed,  
 But for the chevronel of ducks in league.  
 Spell broken finally, the winds join in;  
 Images ripple freely to-and-fro ,  
 Without restraint the waves their work begin.  
 Revealing what may happen down below.  
 The turbulence calls upward precious gems  
 That in sunlight vie for His diadem.

~ Suzanne S. Austin-Hill

# Poetry Challenge

## Forbidden Love

Lingering whispers of a distant night,  
 Still bring out the fear I saw in your eyes,  
 Haunting me even more so were your cries,  
 Each whimper and moan filled with curdled fright,  
 To a tall tower you were swept from light,  
 You were my partner in blasphemous lies,  
 Exposed by phony friends acting as spies,  
 You were still my lover until midnight,  
 In the dark, you escaped your heavy chains,  
 Seducing a guard to free your shackles,  
 Stabbing his heart, leaving nothing but stains,  
 When the King received word, he raised hackles,  
 Searching night and day if one breath remains,  
 I will find you through treacherous cackles.

~ Robert Stanhope

## Ode to Abilify

Millions rely on you each day  
 for peace of mind. Sweet, kind  
 Abilify! You get me through  
 the day with grace and finesse.  
 You're the secret of my success.  
 Who knows what mayhem might ensue  
 if I did not depend on you--  
 tiny little white pill daily  
 you keep me on the safer side  
 of sanity. Depression thwarted  
 and on the darkest of days  
 I have my own private sun.  
 Feel so good! Soar like an eagle!  
 How can you possibly be legal?

~ Dennis Rhodes

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Next Issue: Editor's Choice Poetry Challenge

**Prompt:** Any

**Form:** Free Verse

**Submit by:** August 1, 2020 to Mark@TKOrlando.com September/October issue

Of Poets & Poetry is published six times per year: January, March, May, July, September & November.

## FOR SUBMISSIONS

### Due Dates:

January: Due by December 1  
March: Due by February 1  
May: Due by April 1  
July: Due by June 1  
September: Due by August 1  
November: Due by October 1

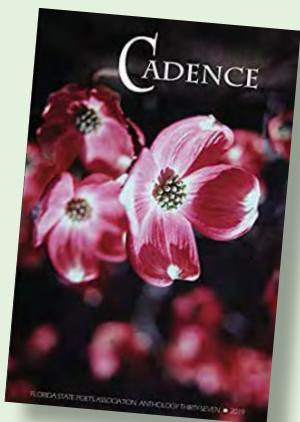
### Submittal Specifications:

Format for text:  
Microsoft Word (.doc or .docx),  
RTF, TXT, or PDF format files.  
Please do not embed your  
submission in an email.

Format for images:  
150 to 300 pixels/inch resolution  
but no larger than 3.5M in JPEG (.jpg)  
format. If you are unable to do this,  
contact the Editor at 407.620.0158.

Note: Please know that we will make every effort to include all qualified submissions, if space allows, and we may choose to edit your submission.

Email submissions to:  
mark@TKOrlando.com



[Click here](#) to  
purchase the  
2019 FSPA Anthology,  
*Cadence*.

## IN THE NEWS

The National Federation of State Poetry Societies (NFSPS) released the list of winners for its 2020 Annual Contests. Members of FSPA were well-represented on that list. Taking home first place in the 2020 NFSPS FOUNDERS AWARD contest was FSPA's **Mark Andrew James Terry**. (Woot!)

Here is the list of wins by Florida Poets—Luke, we are The Force:

### NFSPS FOUNDERS AWARD

1st Place—The Secret Language of Ideas

**Mark Andrew James Terry**

### DONALD STODGHILL MEMORIAL AWARD

Honorable Mention 7—Lists—**Peter Gordon**

### GEORGIA POETRY SOCIETY AWARD

2nd Place—The Conch Republic

**Cheryl Van Beek**

### POETRY SOCIETY OF TEXAS AWARD

Honorable Mention 5—My Therapist Told Me to  
Change My Socks—**Peter Gordon**

### POETRY SOCIETY OF TEXAS AWARD

3rd Place—Autumn Chill—**Joyce Shiver**

### POETRY SOCIETY OF TEXAS AWARD

1st Place—The Night of the Old Iguana

**Robert E. Blenheim**

### JIM BARTON, BARD OF THE PINES AWARD

Honorable Mention 6 — A Thousand Butterflies

**Joyce Shiver**

### JIM BARTON, BARD OF THE PINES AWARD

Honorable Mention 4—Boreal Reflections

**Marc Davidson**

### AL LASTER MEMORIAL AWARD

Honorable Mention 3—The Milkmaid's Morning

**Joyce Shiver**

### JIM BARTON MEMORIAL AWARD

Honorable Mention 3—To Mary Oliver

**Janet Watson**

### ARIZONA STATE POETRY SOCIETY AWARD

Honorable Mention 6—Rain—**Llewellyn McKernan**

### MILDRED VORPAHL BAASS REMEMBRANCE AWARD

Honorable Mention 4—Collectors

**Cheryl Van Beek**

### LEAGUE OF MINNESOTA POETS AWARD

Honorable Mention 6—Pollen in Spring

**Janet Watson**

### LEAGUE OF MINNESOTA POETS AWARD

Honorable Mention 5—Instar—**Cheryl Van Beek**

### POETRY SOCIETY OF INDIANA AWARD

2nd Place—Enduring Freedom

**Mark Andrew James Terry**

### POETRY SOCIETY OF INDIANA AWARD

1st Place—We Knew Them As Boys

**Janet Watson**

### NEVADA POETRY SOCIETY AWARD

Honorable Mention 4—Battle Creek

**Suzanne Austin-Hill**

### NEVADA POETRY SOCIETY AWARD

2nd Place—Senior Citizen's Online Dating Profile

**Elaine Person**

### 24 COLUMBINE POETS OF COLORADO AWARD

Honorable Mention 2—April Awakening

**Cheryl Van Beek**

### MORTON D PROUTY & ELSIE S PROUTY

### MEMORIAL AWARD

3rd Place—A Tanglewood Tale

**Robert E. Blenheim**

### EVELYN CORRY APPELBEER AWARD

Honorable Mention 7—All Too Human

**Llewellyn McKernan**

### THE ROBBIE AWARD

Honorable Mention 6 —Where David Played

**Joyce Shiver**

### FLORIDA STATE POETS ASSOCIATION, INC AWARD

Honorable Mention 1—Daytona Beach

**Marc Davidson**

### FLORIDA STATE POETS ASSOCIATION, INC AWARD

2nd Place—Tracing Orange Blossoms

**Cheryl Van Beek**

### JESSE STUART MEMORIAL AWARD

2nd Place—Kentucky Girl—**Betty Kossick**

### MINUTE AWARD

1st Place —The Hometown Oak—**Joyce Shiver**

### ALICE MAKENZIE SWAIM MEMORIAL AWARD

Honorable Mention 4—Sleepless and Squirrely

**Janet Watson**

### POETRY SOCIETY OF OKLAHOMA AWARD

2nd Place—Gala—**Elaine Person**

### MASSACHUSETTS STATE POETRY SOCIETY AWARD

Honorable Mention 4—Lake Street

**Christina Phillips**

### MAINE POETS SOCIETY AWARD

Honorable Mention 3—The Surf

**Carlton Johnson**

### MIRIAM S STRAUSS MEMORIAL AWARD

Honorable Mention 7—Love

**Robert E. Blenheim**

~ Mark Andrew James Terry, editor  
Of Poets & Poetry



## *A Little Lagniappe:*



### **Guarding the Castle**

The miniature dragon sits atop his marigold kingdom, awaiting the arrival of insects smaller than himself.

His universe an exploded sun of perfectly uniform petals. The flowering aroma an attractive dining table.

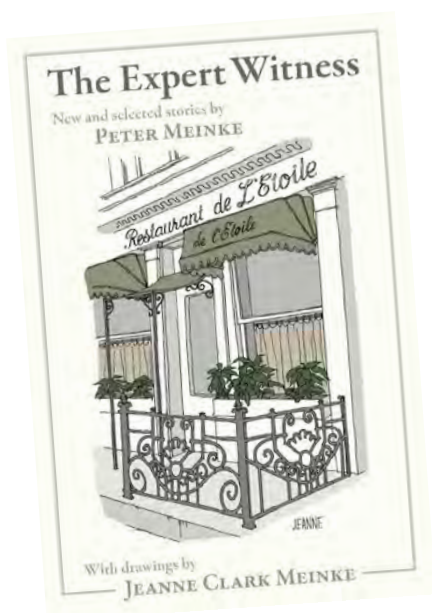
A welcoming dinner bell indeed.

~ BJ Alligood

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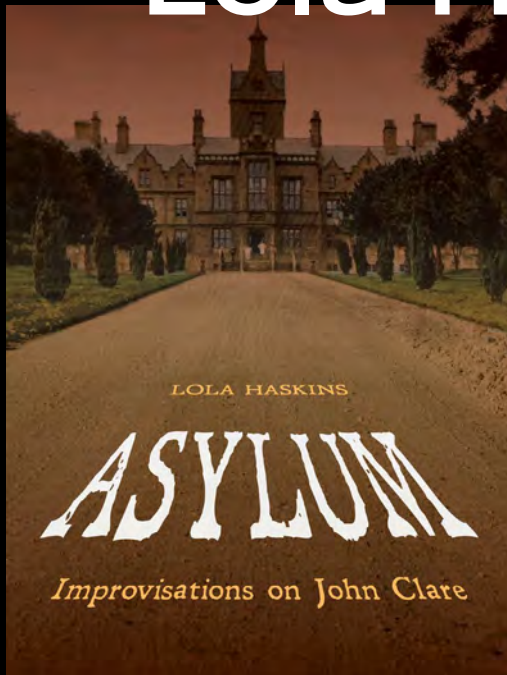
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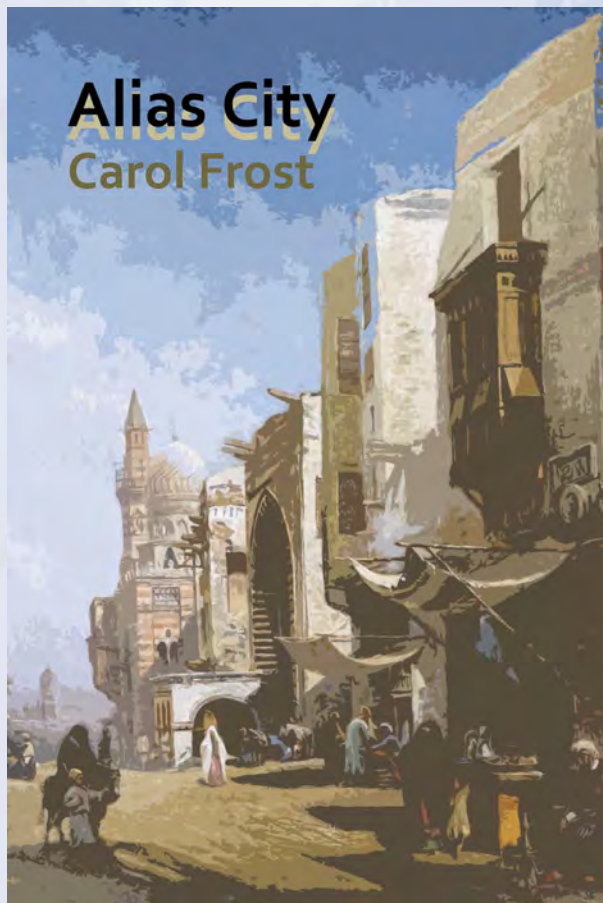


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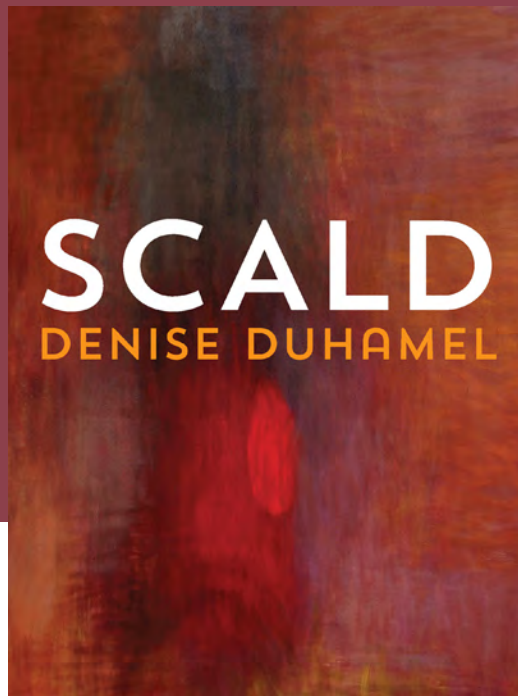


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