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# Of Poets & Poetry

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VOL. 48.1



WHAT ABOUT  
*hope*

*Photography by Linda Eve Diamond*

[FloridaStatePoetsAssociation.org](http://FloridaStatePoetsAssociation.org)



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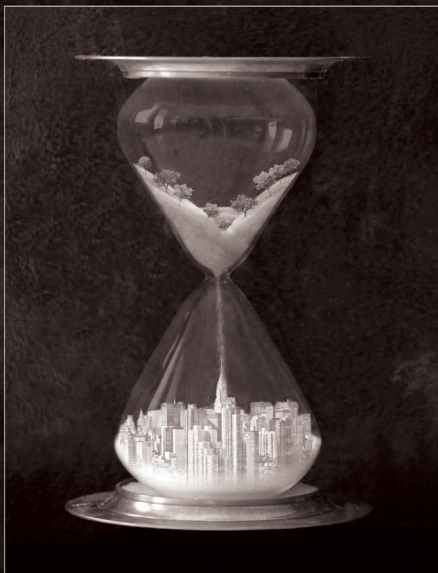
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### FALLING LANDSCAPE



POEMS  
SILVIA CURBELO

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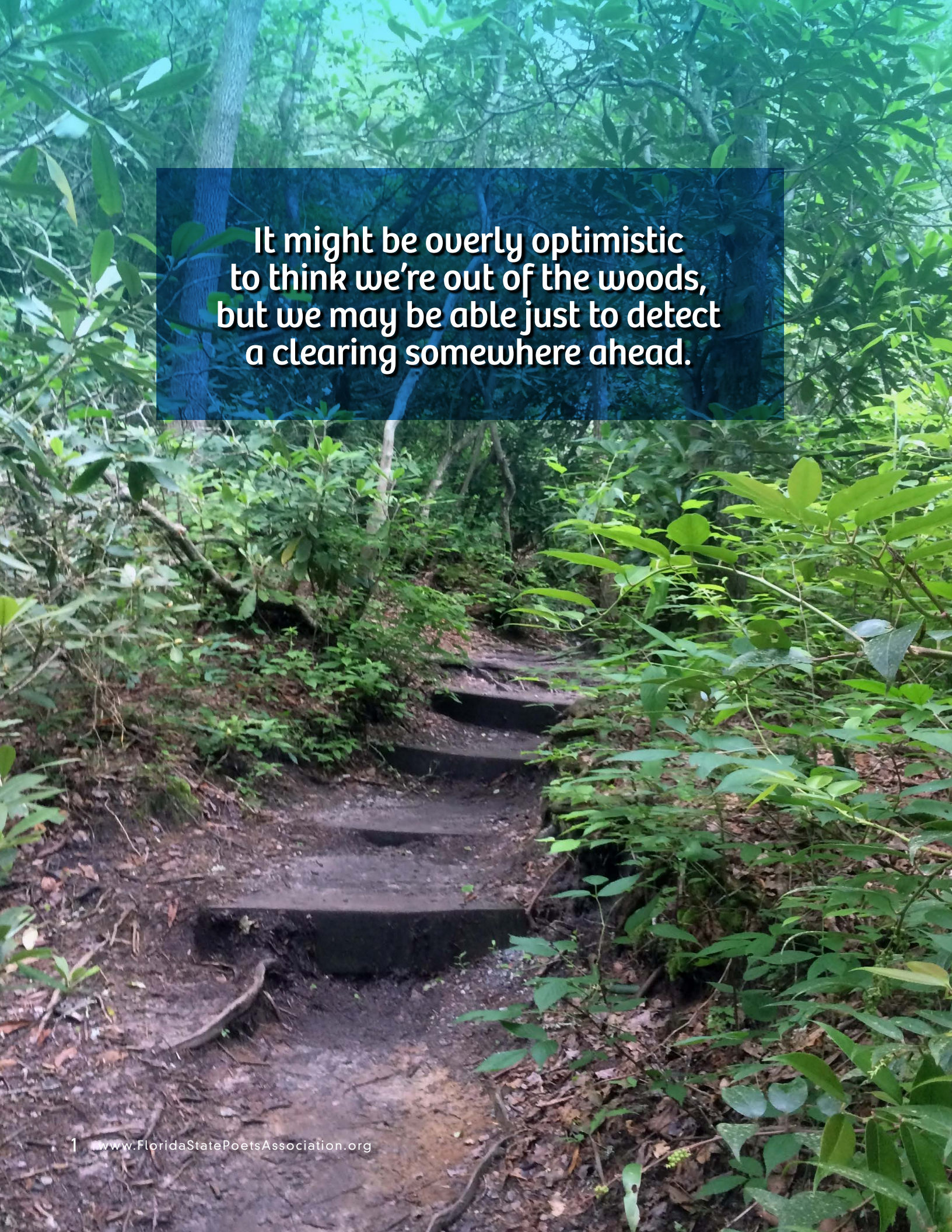
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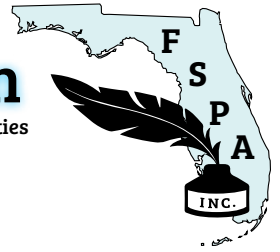
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A photograph of a dirt path with wooden steps winding through a dense, green forest. The path is made of dark soil and several wide, flat wooden planks. The forest is thick with various green plants, including large-leafed shrubs and trees in the background. The lighting is soft, suggesting a shaded forest environment.

**It might be overly optimistic  
to think we're out of the woods,  
but we may be able just to detect  
a clearing somewhere ahead.**

# Florida State Poets Association

An affiliate of the National Federation of State Poetry Societies



Mary Marcelle, President,  
Florida State Poets Association

## FROM THE PRESIDENT'S DESK

After this past year, we've squeezed all the happiness we could from the holidays. Attempting to celebrate as we did before has proven frustrating. I think everyone has faced that frustration as they make their way through this current pandemic world.

A year ago, our hopes for the new year were very different. As this new year breaks, the traditional wish for a happy one comes with an extra measure of hope. That's why we have focused on hope in this issue of *Of Poets and Poetry*.

Hope is what moves us from the sadness that envelops us to the determination to proceed. Hope is an engine of change. When all the world's evils were released, hope was the only thing left in the bottom of Pandora's Box. Hope as a concept fits all the clichés we've heard: hope springs eternal, we can only hope, hope for the best, when all hope is lost, last hope, etc.

Some are hoping for a return to the happiness of social activities; some are hoping for a new job to replace one that was lost, while someone else may be hoping they don't lose their family's home. Some still hope for a return to health for themselves or for a loved one. Some, sadly, hope for the return of someone who will not.

Right now, the world is looking forward to a common hope: that we can keep people from getting sick through measures of containing the contagion and through the shield of a safe, effective vaccine. That's the collective hope that has kept everyone's focus.

It might be overly optimistic to think we're out of the woods, but we may be able just to detect a clearing somewhere ahead. I really hope so.

Take care,

Mary

*The photo on the preceding page  
is by Mark Andrew James Terry, editor*



AS FIRST LIGHT BREAKS ACROSS THE FACE OF 2021,  
WHAT DOES IT BRING WITH IT? WILL IT BE YET  
ANOTHER YEAR MIRED IN THE MIST OF ISOLATION,  
MASKED BY AN ODIIOUS PANDEMIC, OR WILL THAT  
NEW LIGHT BRING WITH IT THE INFINITE HUES OF  
HOPE TO BATHE OUR HOURS, TO LIFT OUR HEARTS  
AND SOOTHE THE STILL-THROBBING WELTS OF 2020?

WE ASKED A FEW OF OUR MEMBER POETS  
AND FRIENDS,

WHAT ABOUT  
*hope*

*The photo on the preceding page  
is by FSPA poet Linda Eve Diamond*

# voices of hope

## **The Wave**

I was at the ninth line of my final poem the one  
about 'the liquid trilling of the nightingales' when  
it began: in the cheap seats Bukowski and Hollo  
high-fived and flung their wine-soaked shirts to the feminists

in the seventh row Romantics with rosy lips made  
swallow imitations modernists hid their eyes so  
they could concentrate purely & the post-moderns stuffed  
their ears so the words wouldn't confuse them The critics

decided to be generous relaxing their hunched  
shoulders in the sun Ginsberg rang his little bells Bly  
was hugging uncertain young men in fatherly ways  
when the New Formalists loosened their ties and stood up

So they all stood up section after section throwing  
their cramped arms in the air a wheatfield of poets on  
a free afternoon baseball on strike the NEA  
nowhere to be seen O and didn't we have a time!

No fans are crazy like mad-dog poetry fans: One  
more line! they chanted One . . . more . . . line! I hesitated  
only a moment and then wild with love for all of  
us I threw the whole damn book into the ink-stained stands

*~Peter Meinke, Poet Laureate of Florida (2015-2021)  
Chancellor, Florida State Poets Association  
[Zinc Fingers](#) (U. of Pittsburgh Press, 2000)*



## Voices

Another sleepless night passes as I sit  
writing in the cool air of the porch,  
exiled again to unsettling thoughts  
of disease, family and money, disruptions  
to our lives as the dream of Spring is held  
fast in a grip of unbroken drought, depleted  
pastures and no promise of weather for weeks.  
This should be May instead of March.

Somehow a lone frog voice issues softly  
from the quiet, into the dark and as if waiting  
for their cantor, a unison of congregants in trees,  
amid leaf and bracken beside the dry pond answers  
in creaking antiphony. The sound rises, spreads  
its solace upon the land apprehending the gloom  
and in this moment it is easy once again  
to believe in things to come.

*~ Sean Sexton, Indian River Poet Laureate  
Artist and Rancher*

## HOPE RISES

When a storm walks the waves,  
gusty wind flipping oak leaves heavenward,  
breezy ballerinas twirling over whitecaps,  
free from gravity, falling up;

When mockingbirds sing  
and crickets cheer the sun's descent into the bay,  
swallowing the cherry globe with promise  
of a new day not yet born;

When a thunderbolt splits the sky, close,  
blinding white light blasting a dead pear tree  
into burning life, a new dark edged with sparks  
exploding into red-tipped wings taking flight;

When lightning feathers the distant heavens  
while we dance on the faded porch floorboards  
despite the buzz of gnats around us in the damp,  
black rain greening black earth, sprouting new geometry.

*~ Katherine Nelson-Born  
Northwest Florida Poet Laureate*

# voices of hope

## WASH YOUR HANDS

gather the poems  
you've always wanted  
to read

reread as if  
your life depended  
on words

to lift you  
beyond the here  
now

shower often  
sing, meditate  
see how your

hands turn  
to swans  
about to embrace

~ Virgil Suárez, Professor of English,  
Florida State University and Chancellor,  
Florida State Poets Association

## HIMALAYAN

Call for stars and atoms, abyss and rime.  
Call avalanche to cover up the climbers left behind.  
Let no one any longer see how cold they are.  
Sweep off empty cannisters and Mallory's torso,  
preserve no more misgivings. Bear these heights alone.  
Mind sundown wrestling on the shoulders.  
Mind the death zone—air, air, air—and go back down,  
then tomorrow like shoeless sheep  
leave earth behind with its examples of falling,  
what's right and what's wrong  
no more than dispersing and building clouds  
on the mountain. Make yourself no elegy  
but the stone snows swallow then exhume.

~ Carol Frost, Alford Professor of English, Rollins College  
Chancellor, Florida State Poets Association

## What Hope Is

Think of the weight of tenderness  
or faith. What is willed, what

is opened. The way someone  
whispers someone's name

into a glass, then empties it,  
swallowing that small word.

~ Silvia Curbello, Chancellor  
Florida State Poets Association  
From *Falling Landscape*, Anhinga Press

## **Not a Prayer**

The amaryllis waits,  
wintering over since  
you brought it home  
to bloom last Easter.  
It fulfilled its promise—  
a trinity of red flowers,  
three months before  
you bloomed so much  
blood after surgery  
they couldn't save you.  
So many years, I've tried—  
keeping a bulb dark and  
dry, replanting it, hoping  
for resurrection. No more  
than a long spear has ever  
rewarded me. Next spring  
it will be only me, burying  
the bulb half above ground  
in well-drained soil. I'm  
told it could have helped  
if I believed in the efficacy  
of prayer.

~ *Dr. David B. Axelrod*  
*Volusia County Poet Laureate*

## **Ode to the Heart**

*In Memory of Fallen Eagle,  
Zachary Capra, ERAU 2018*

Heart, do what you do  
at times like this  
when all that Daedalus  
had warned comes true  
and Icarus goes tumbling  
to the sea. Plump up  
your strong defenses  
against parallels  
with myths  
and let a waxed wing  
disappear, and let  
his angels sing.

~ *M.B. McLatchey, Volusia County Poet Laureate*  
*Professor of Classics at Embry-Riddle*  
*Aeronautical University in Daytona Beach*

*\*Embry-Riddle Aeronautical University (ERAU)*  
*trains hundreds of student pilots each year. A*  
*"Fallen Eagle" refers to one who tragically dies in*  
*an aircraft accident.*

# voices of hope

## THE THINGS THAT NEVER CAN COME BACK

As Dickinson writes Childhood—some forms of Hope—the Dead.  
So religion, science, and comic books  
do their best to close the loop, to see the seasons  
as proof of something circular, that spring will follow

whatever obstacles religion, science, and comic books  
find in their path. We tell ourselves fairy tales  
as proof of something, that spring will follow—  
a poisoned comb and coffin can't stop Snow White

from returning. We tell ourselves tales  
of immortality. The cross didn't stop Jesus.  
A poisoned comb and coffin didn't stop Snow White.  
Walt Disney was actually cremated, despite rumors

of immortality. The cross didn't stop Jesus,  
according to some. According to the Cryonics Institute,  
Walt Disney was cremated, despite rumors  
that he was frozen. But almost 300 others,

according to their families and the Cryonics Institute,  
have undergone cryopreservation, their brains  
resting, "dead" and frozen. These 300 others  
believe that one day resuscitation will be possible.

Having undergone accidental cryopreservation,  
dead Captain America returned from the Arctic years later  
and readers believed his resuscitation possible.  
Alaskan wood frogs, Eastern box turtles,

and Captain America came alive after cold winters.  
Florida iguanas freeze at just 40 degrees, and, like  
Alaskan wood frogs and Eastern box turtles,  
they come back to life when it warms up.

Florida iguanas freeze at just 40 degrees, and, like  
children falling out of bed, they fall out of trees,  
startled, coming back to life when it warms up.  
Benjamin Franklin wanted to come back to life—

like a child waking in bed, like a new tree leaf—  
to see what his country would be like 100 years later.  
Benjamin Franklin wanted to come back to life  
though he thought men wicked, even with religion.

He worried what his country would be in 1890—  
all wars, follies. He thought it better to cast dice than fight.  
He wrote If Men are so wicked as we now see them with Religion  
what would they be if without it?

All wars are follies. It is better to cast dice than fight—  
but what about religious wars, the promise of glory?  
What would soldiers be without it?  
The dead are replaced with medals, headstones, parades

of an almost religious nature, the promise of glory.  
Hope is a slogan, one we'll not soon fall for again.  
The dead are replaced with medals, headstones,  
and we look for our childhoods on eBay and YouTube.

Hope is a slogan, one we'll not soon fall for again.  
The Millennium Seed Bank gathers up what is not yet extinct  
as we look for our childhoods on ebay and YouTube.  
Gone forever is the Golden Toad, Javan Tiger, Pyrenean Ibex.

The Millennium Seed Bank gathers up what is not yet extinct,  
though we've already lost over 400 kinds of lettuce,  
the Golden Toad and Javan Tiger. A Pyrenean Ibex  
clone died from complications, despite "de-extinction" efforts.

Though we've already lost over 400 kinds of lettuce,  
the Judean date palm came back after 2000 years.  
Clones die from complications, despite "de-extinction" efforts,  
but moss piglets seem to survive no matter what.

When the Judean date palm came back after 2000 years,  
we wondered if death was just an ambulance to the future.  
Moss piglets will survive no matter what—  
environmental toxins, drought, and radiation.

What if death is an ambulance to the future?  
We do our best to see the seasons, but the future may be  
environmental toxins, drought, and radiation.  
Some forms hold onto childhood, hold onto hope.

~ Denise Duhamel, *Chancellor,*  
*Florida State Poets Association*

From [Scald](#) (University of Pittsburgh Press, 2017)

## **Fakahatchee Strand**

by morning the water has turned such  
silver i want to put it on i know

it would only flutter off my skin  
like a bird too quick to follow

but i don't care i want it anyway  
and i want that tangle of cattail

and black rush too the way i want  
to be perpetually waking to

yet another gift like the single gator  
stretched out on the muck

where pond has begun to thicken  
to swamp like happiness

it materialized so gradually  
that i never even for a moment

saw it coming

~ *Lola Haskins, Chancellor,  
Florida State Poets Association*

From [\*How Small, Confronting Morning\*](#)  
(Jacar Press, 2016)

## **Not the Eve of Saint Agnes**

At that time when the day dabs black  
into its brightnesses, the tweed of noises  
unravels into disparate threads  
that tie up nothing  
and lose, each to silence, and you decide  
whether to love me like a failed angel  
some hours hence, and the children  
find the places in the cubes  
of their own memory  
that will forget, in end, most of all of us,  
I hope you will say yes.

And we genuflect.  
Or I genuflect and you bestow  
what have you on the limber cork  
of our floating bed, that has floated  
several centuries of seas it seems,  
or seems in one flecked opal instant  
new as a Florida honeymoon,  
the currants sweet, the palms green  
replete with those who saw us off,  
relatives and guests now lost, whispered  
into gray or dead, yet found  
within its welcome circle  
faces of these self-same boys, or girl  
who earn their sleep in a fine house of flowers,  
ringed with night-lights  
and the unused trumpet of morning,  
its sound a kingdom come among  
the company we keep,  
among the brilliant blacknesses,  
the dawning.

~ *Al Rocheleau, Immediate Past President,  
Florida State Poets Association*

# voices of hope

## **Ode to the New Year**

Dust settles in patterns  
On the clean surface  
Of the tilted mirror

Sand filters down  
Through the narrow  
Opening of the hourglass

In the gathering twilight  
Of another magic hour  
Gravity pulls us down

Into the receptive earth  
Our point of view  
Floats upward

We are stardust rising  
A living speck of dust  
To settle and be born again

*~ Joe Cavanaugh, Vice President  
National Federation of State Poetry Societies  
Past President, Florida State Poets Association*

## **Hope**

Hope is the squirrel that busily gathers  
nuts to carry him through winter blizzards  
Hope is the crocus that lies dormant  
under snow silently awaiting spring thaw  
Hope is the flickering ember that bursts  
into flame to provide warmth to the cold  
Hope is the mew of a kitten that waits to  
become the roar of a lion  
Hope is the tightly wound bud  
awaiting the full bloom of flower  
Hope is the tiny spark that becomes the  
explosion of majestic fireworks  
Hope is the look on a young veteran's face  
as he takes his first step on a prosthetic leg  
Hope is a robin that sits upon her eggs  
awaiting the crack of life within  
Hope is the newborn's first intake of air that produces  
a loud lusty cry instantly changing one's life forever  
Hope surrounds us daily becoming the miracle of which we  
bravely cling before the seed of life quickens the soul

*~ BJ Alligood  
Member, Florida State Poets Association*

## Changelings

Residents finish their lunch  
in the dining hall.  
Those on walkers or folded  
into wheelchairs approach  
a table where a milkweed branch  
leans inside a large glass jar.

A snuggle of silk  
attached to the branch  
conceals any struggle inside.  
But now there is movement  
and a glimpse of color.  
Gnarled fingers grasp the table's edge  
as a monarch butterfly begins  
to emerge from its chrysalis.  
And then, suddenly freed,  
church-window wings swing open.

The old ones know struggle,  
for the swiftness of aging  
and the process of change  
took them by surprise.  
Yet, something new and wonderful  
could happen, for sometimes,  
inside them, they feel  
the hopeful flutter of wings.

*~ Janet Watson, NRP President Emeritus  
Member, Florida State Poets Association*

## Arpeggio

*Hope is the thing with feathers.*  
*--Emily Dickinson*

I'd almost forgotten  
how good anticipation feels,  
but then a blackbird came  
and sang to me. He ruffled  
his feathers, threw his head  
back and he sang. Another  
blackbird joined him, and then  
another. The trio of grackles  
created a cacophony.

Other species joined them --  
mourning doves and blue jays,  
mocking birds and cardinals --  
otherwise drawn to water and food,  
but now each one sang along,  
and somewhere in the myriad  
of separate voices,  
a symphony was formed.

The birds sang simple truths  
of touch and hope, the joys of sharing.  
Their song, a gift that's left by ancients.  
And now, with time beside us as we spiral,  
the harmony resounds. Arpeggio...  
Anticipation signals the essential.  
If I follow, it might even lead to love.

*~ Tere Starr, President  
Miami Poets chapter*

*\* Previously published in Second Monday Muse,  
an Anthology of South Florida Poets*

# voices of hope



*There is perhaps no greater symbol of the American West than the American buffalo, or more correctly, bison. The largest land animal in North America, it has endured as an icon of our heritage, spirit and culture. Its very existence has been an instrumental link to our past—both good and bad—and efforts to restore these magnificent animals are also representative of an optimistic future. Once threatened to the brink of extinction, bison are doing quite well today. Thanks to private-government partnerships, herds can now be seen in many states and number in the tens of thousands.*

*~ Excerpt from the Texas Parks and Wildlife website*



## Native Hope

The headlines read  
An epic journey from  
Near extinction to celebration  
A rare bison returns  
DNA proves it

Many see it as a sign of hope  
Hope for a species  
Some think - hope for a people

Bison coming from the verge of extinction  
Should inspire Native hope

Despite opinions  
Natives never lost hope

For over 500 years  
We have endured  
We have survived

Our DNA is strong  
Our heritage is strong  
Our culture is strong

Yes we celebrate  
The survival of a species

Our hope is not  
In the bison  
Our hope is  
In ourselves

In who we are  
Our hope is part of our DNA

*~ Howard Moon, Fox Tribe Heritage  
Member, Florida State Poets Association*

*The images on these two pages were taken in  
a place called Caprock in the panhandle of Texas.  
They are by fifth generation Floridian Allen Butt.*

# voices of hope

## **There for You**

Within uncounted galaxies  
that swirl inside your mind,  
within those folds and vortices  
that stir imagination's breeze,  
there's hope of every kind.

It's there for you to find.

~ *Mark Andrew James Terry*  
*Editor, Of Poets & Poetry, and*  
*Vice President, Florida State Poets Association*

## **Coveting Hope**

May the echoes of hope  
that travel the pews of humanity  
lift you above the face of uncertainty.  
May you catch the storm  
and then release it,  
certain that it will not return.  
May you open your eyes  
to peace coveting forever  
and may you in your passage  
turn to somewhere you can go  
beyond the language of dragons.

~ *Mary Rogers-Grantham*  
*Member, Florida State Poets Association*

## **The Tourist**

Steel blue eyes with a look  
from beyond the veil  
announces an angelic adventure.  
The softness of her fur cushions fear.

Her heart knows only beauty  
of the journey.  
Tastes the music of diversity.  
Delights in its artistry.

Secure in the benevolence of life,  
with the wisdom of sweetness  
smoothly sighs  
you can relax now.

Pack your well worn suitcase  
painted in vibrancy and wonder.  
Smell the colors of a new day.  
Surrender to the gushing fountain of joy  
that awaits you along the way.

~ *Sonja Jean Craig, Secretary,*  
*Florida State Poets Association*

## **Many Voices, One World**

after the bombing is silent  
and people, ordinary people  
begin to fit the shattered shards  
of their lives together again  
a song is heard in the rubble-filled  
streets  
the song of a little child warbling  
like a sparrow in the spring  
perhaps she found  
a flower blooming in the ruins

wherever there is tumult, anger, pain  
and death  
humanity lifts its many voices once again  
from every land  
even from those where each dawn is not certain  
and evening is a lying down to defeat  
but all hope is not gone  
where there are songs

songs of hope, songs of peace  
songs of joy, songs of beauty  
songs to farm with, songs to dance by  
songs to give birth, songs to die  
songs of passion, songs of longing  
songs of blessings, songs of prayer  
songs of thanksgiving, songs of gratitude  
songs of compassion, love and lullabies

songs are humanities' hymn to life  
songs are our love letters to ourselves  
and to the world  
each voice alone is not alone  
if joined by one more and then one more  
becoming  
many voices, one world

*~ Gordon L Magill, President  
Big Bend Poets & Writers*

## **every hour has an angel**

sign of love language  
every hour has an angel  
with a sound message  
hour hand holding  
vespers sounding the silence  
as eternity  
each hour a season  
or maybe a stage or station  
hours of the day  
morning glory  
first response to a heart ache  
day breaks into dawn  
right now sojourn  
through the hours of the morn  
evening whispers  
a pathway witness  
breath of air prayer in wisdom  
enlightens the lamp  
circle gathering  
like music never ending  
quietly tuning  
spirit travelers  
the intermediaries  
earthlings heavenly  
deep purple with wings  
a day curves back on itself  
endarkenment shines  
hourglass fades time  
the passing of everything  
we are not alone  
in life's impermanence  
night watcher changes the light  
in quest of questions  
something permanent  
knits back that which was broken  
the now of no time  
renewed by new view  
a primordial freshness  
the gift of existence

*~ Linda Marie Cossa  
Big Bend Poets & Writers*

# voices of hope

## **There in the wide sky, I hold**

you in a split of time, it was when  
you held me by my hands, and there  
in the wild bare fields you stood  
with hope. No one else.

You keep it so close to my heart,  
hope for the each of us, even when  
hope has lost its air, like a round red ball.

All we have is now,  
here and now on this small patch of earth  
lit by the smile of the moon.

So soon, we catch ourselves in a well of light,  
mending as we step to the next way

with eyes wide and full of hope.

*~ Carlton Johnson  
Member, Florida State Poets Association*

## **Hope** (a nonent)

The enemy descends, stalks the earth.  
Unseen it hovers, bringing death.  
It mocks foolish dismissal,  
Snatches the old and sick,  
Reaps next healthy youths.  
We pray to God,  
Seek a cure.  
He hears.  
Hope.

*~ Cheryl Lynn West  
Member, Florida State Poets Association*

## **Be the Hope**

The morning light brings a certain dread  
Thoughts go racing through my head  
I toss and turn from side to side  
I want to stay in bed and hide.

I can't see where the day will go  
Visions of darkness drape my soul  
I stand alone, silently  
What will my day bring to me?

But there's a spark within the dark  
Life could bring good things  
Be the hope when you can't cope  
The pendulum always swings.

With the glimmer of the evening light  
I feel things will be all right  
I walk a tightrope every day  
I have found a better way.

Hope is bright, hope is dim.  
Hope is all you have in the end,  
aids the desperate, calms the brave  
The pendulum swings — it never stays.

There's a spark within the dark  
Life could bring good things  
Be the hope when you can't cope  
The songbird always sings.

Go left or right, up or down?  
Turn your attitude around  
and you will see  
the pendulum will swing  
for you and me.

*~ Elaine Person, Member  
Florida State Poets Association,  
with Wilson Wingo and Leo Preziosi Jr.*

## Russia and Argentina

Yevgeny Yevtushenko!  
I read your "Night of Poetry" and I am awed  
I sleep with pens and a yellow legal pad beside my bed  
Yet nothing so wonderful day or night pops into my head  
As the poetry you and your friends read around the campfire  
On the banks of the pure blue river running deep in the  
woods of Siberia In the dark night under stars hanging  
down big as lanterns  
Over Bratsk, where you have built the great power plant.  
For the first time in my life I long to be a Russian!  
It's more than the way you describe your beautiful country  
It's your love of life that I admire  
The intensity of your feeling  
Your poetry, your music, your animated conversation.  
Each person reading his or her own verse  
While the thick soup cooks in the kettle over the open fire  
While vodka disappears down burning throats  
While the showoffs dance kicking up their boots  
While women offer their delicious mouths in the woods  
And Serenka, your accordion player, squeezes out a tango  
From the distant Argentine. Ah, the Argentine!  
Can it be as beautiful as your Bratsk? In a few hours  
The Argentine will be under its own starry sky, yes,  
Under this same fat, yellow moon Climbing up the horizon  
like a giant wall clock Honoring the hours of the night  
Is someone there, in Cordoba, on the pampas Picking up a  
Spanish guitar and softly, sweetly Playing "Moscow Nights"  
in answer to your tango On the other side of the world, in  
the Argentine? Do I hear Juan Gelman reading his poetry  
Reading from "Unthinkable Tenderness"?  
Yes, and it is the same Juan Gelman whose family Fled  
Russia during the Revolution to find sanctuary In  
Argentina, only years later to have Argentine Generals in  
their Dirty War against the people Arrest Gelman's young  
son and wife  
And murder them both, just as Stalin arbitrarily  
Sent both of Yevtushenko's grandfathers to the Gulag.  
Explain it to me! Tell me! Tell me! I do not understand.  
Is there no government that will let its people live in  
peace? Listen, friends! Pick up your ears! Listen to the  
wind rising! For the wind carries the voices of the poets forever  
Around the curve of the Earth in oratorical orbit  
Hear the two poetic voices calling out across the oceans  
From Russia!  
From Argentina! as with one voice:  
"Love one another! Only love one another!"

~ Sherwood Ross, Miami Poet  
The last poem Sherwood read in public  
Published posthumously

## Pandora's Paradox

She opened mythical box  
releasing all human ills  
Only one thing remained encased

Why was hope in box at all?  
It was sole positive notion  
housed with world's foul afflictions

Was cynical Nietze right  
calling hope worst of evils,  
for it prolongs the torment of men?

No, Nietze was wrong!  
Most great things derive from our  
best wishes, beliefs, desires

Even when outcomes dash them,  
our hopes carried us through  
tumult, tough times, tragedies  
It is truly utile, not futile

Let loose the boxed prisoner, Pandora  
It's not treasure to be hoarded or hidden  
It belongs in the world so let it spring forth eternal,  
that which we call HOPE

~ Gary Ketchum, President,  
New River Poets

# voices of hope

## **Evening News**

We'll be closing today, once again,  
with some astronomically good news.

Imperceptibly small particles and molecules  
continue to change the whole atmosphere

day after day, with each setting sun,  
without even knowing their impact

scattering the blues away, out of sight  
bringing warm colors of comfort to light.

We'll be back tomorrow, with a new day,  
a new sunrise, a new chorus of birdsongs.

Until then, we leave you to enjoy  
an evening with the stars

and, overnight, any world  
of wonders you can dream. . .

*~ Linda Eve Diamond  
Member, Florida State Poets Association*

## **Park Bench Canticle**

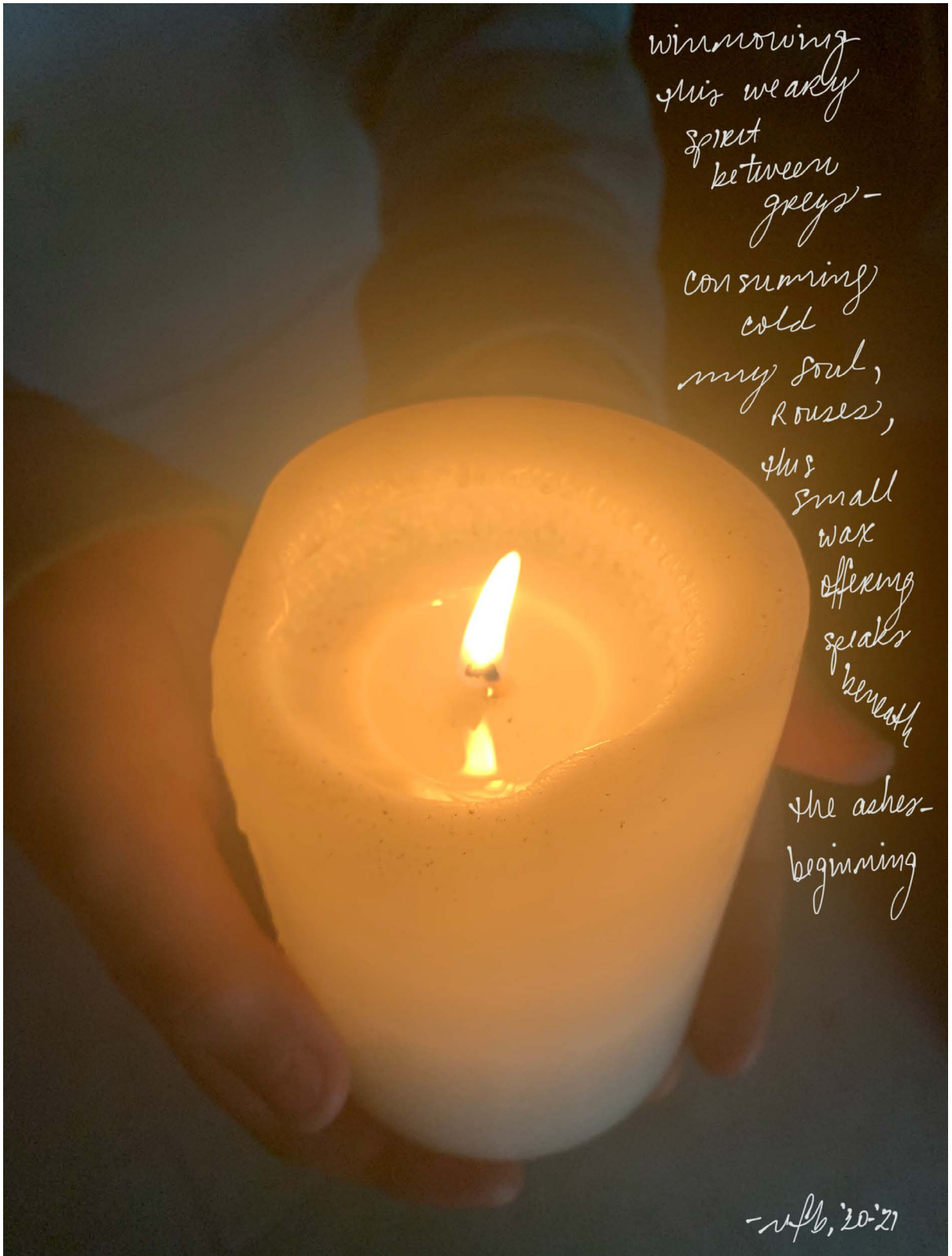
Where is hope?  
Can I pluck it from a tree?  
Hope is seeing my mother hold me  
though my father means me harm.

Where is peace?  
Need I chase it through the streets?  
Peace is sitting squarely  
in the middle of the storm.

Where is faith?  
In clinging tightly to a steeple?  
Faith is knowing I have wings  
because there is a breeze.

Where is joy?  
Must I walk each step a cripple?  
Joy is hearing music  
every time you speak.

*~ Tom Kelly, Member  
Florida State Poets Association*



~ Nikki Fragala Barnes  
Member, Florida State Poets Association



## Poetic Visions, Art and Poetry Alliance

By Sonja Jean Craig

An enthusiastic group of poets attended a reception at the Art Museum DeLand on November 20. Each poet had their work chosen to accompany a work of art from the museum's permanent collection. The poetry was displayed next to the work of art. Guests were encouraged to vote for their favorite over a period of time that the show was displayed.

Curator (and FSPA member) Kevin Campbell was styling that night in his traditional West African dashiki as he emceed the event. One by one, each poet stood by the artwork and read. Every poem was as unique as the poets themselves. It was incredible to hear the creative poems that the artwork inspired. Robyn Weinbaum, Darlene J. Stewart, Mary Rogers-Grantham, Sonja Jean Craig, Elaine Person, Marc Davidson, Dawn Gonzalez, Mark Andrew James Terry, and Shanequa Bernard were there.

Nancy Belle Anderson was awarded 1st place for her work *Pantaloons Moon*; Deborah Jean McShane was awarded 2nd place for her work *State of Mine*; and Timothy S. Deary was awarded 3rd place for his work *Those Three Chairs*. The winner of the video contest was Aleathia Dupree for her work *That Blue Black Love*. The videos can be viewed on The Art Museum DeLand You Tube channel:

<https://www.youtube.com/channel/UCcLXgmMjsMehPfGYIyCFqmw>

The esteemed judges that chose the finalists were Dr. David B. Axelrod, Joe Cavanaugh, Al Rocheleau, Dr. Ranji Shankar-Brown, Mary Ann Westbrook and consultant Donna Gray-Banks. They, as well as Kevin Campbell, wrote poems to the art work, their poems are found in the companion book along with the 34 finalists, *Poetic Visions Poetry Competition and Exhibition 2020 Anthology*.

*(Continued on the next page)*



The idea for the competition, the events, and the form the competition took was a collaborative effort by Pam Coffman (Museum of Art-DeLand), Judy Thompson (Museum of Art-DeLand and MainStreet Art and Culture Slam of DeLand), and Kevin Campbell (MainStreet Art and Culture Slam of DeLand and Creative Happiness Institute). The contest was sponsored by the Museum of Art-DeLand, MainStreet Art and Culture Slam of DeLand, and Creative Happiness Institute. The competition was curated by Kevin Campbell (MainStreet Art and Culture Slam of DeLand). Vivian Campbell, in her capacity as Event Manager of MainStreet Art and Culture Slam of DeLand and as a board member of The African-American Museum of the Arts DeLand (AAMA), helped with the planning and coordinating of SUMMER SLAM.



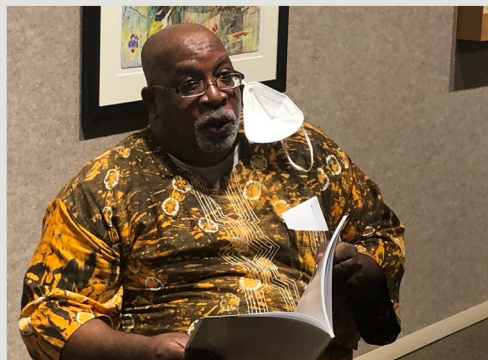
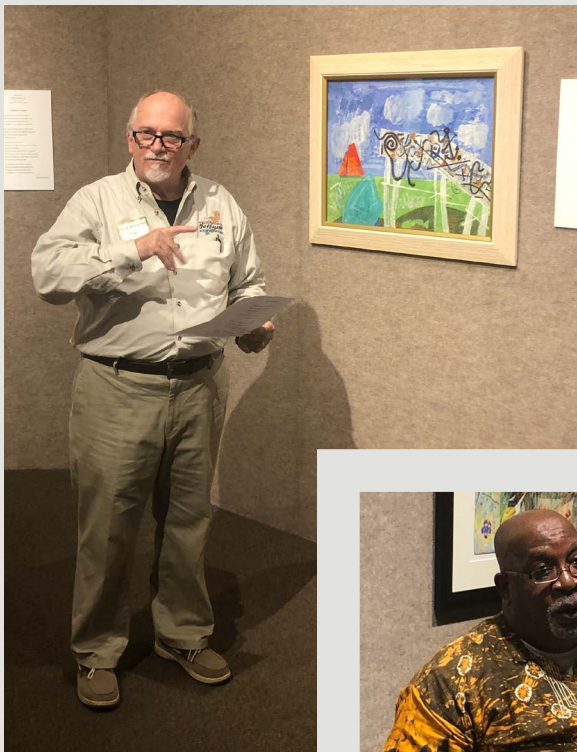
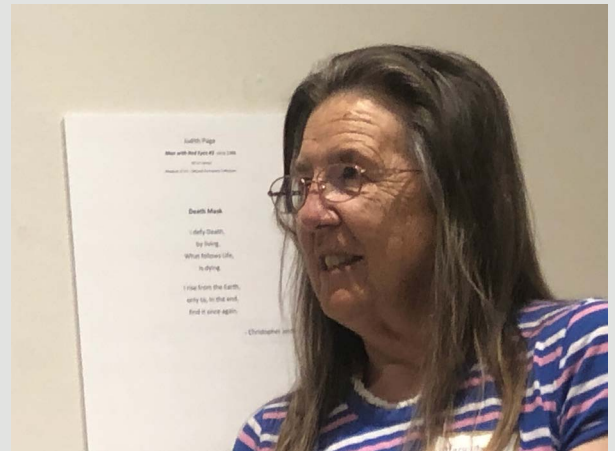
SUMMER SLAM, which occurred September 26th, was organized by Vivian Campbell, Mary Allen (of the AAMA), Dr. David Axelrod, Pam Coffman (Museum of Art-DeLand), and Kevin Campbell. SUMMER SLAM was sponsored by MainStreet Art and Culture Slam of DeLand, The African-American Museum of The Arts DeLand, Creative Happiness Institute, and Orlando Poetry Slam. The Poetic Visions poets were showcased there at the Thin Man Watts Amphitheater, named after Noble “Thin Man” Watts, a jazz legend native to DeLand, as a part of the slam poetry competition. The Poetic

Visions winner was Aleathia Dupree (pictured above) for her poem, *That Blue Black Love*. Joe Cavanaugh (FSPA) emceed the Poetic Visions segment of SUMMER SLAM. Ray Jimenez (Orlando Poetry Slam) emceed the poetry slam segment. Dr. David Axelrod emceed the Open Mic.

On October 17th there was another event organized by Dr. David Axelrod and sponsored by Creative Happiness institute, Ormond Beach Main Street, Ormond Beach Arts District, and Tomoka Poets. It was a lovely afternoon looking over the river and sharing our connection through poetry. Several Poetic Visions poets read. The winner was Sonja Jean Craig for her poem *Splash of Springtime Force*.

The Art Museum DeLand was so impressed by the success of the show, they are planning to hold it yearly. The collaboration of poetry and art has found a welcoming home: 600 N. Woodland Boulevard, DeLand, FL

The companion book, *Poetic Visions Poetry Competition and Exhibition 2020 Anthology*, is available at the Museum of Art DeLand.



Left to right, top to bottom:  
Sonja Jean Craig, Marc Davidson,  
Mary Rogers Crantham, Mary-Ann Westbrook,  
Mark Andrew James Terry, Robyn Weinbaum,  
and Kevin Campbell

# Zorina Frey

After years of freelancing as a writer while teaching herself how to publish and design book covers, Zorina Frey decided to pursue an MFA in creative writing at Converse College. She said that the endeavor took faith to pursue such a profession since poetry and creative writing in general doesn't appear to be one of the top paying career choices—that is unless you get lucky and Hollywood calls.

Before Zorina enrolled in an MFA program, she set out to accomplish everything she thought one might get out of the degree. She published her own books, founded a literary magazine and even performed at colleges. Still, Zorina knew that she was missing something.

“As my losing streak in poetry slams grew more humiliating, it became clear that what I was missing was depth,” she said.

Zorina admits that she is quite skilled in writing poetic rants, proclamations and even testimonies, but claims her messages always resonated above the surface—never, as she says “scraping the scab to bleed my truth. That after all, was too hard!” Zorina went on to say that it's much easier to insinuate, which is fine with poetry, but for depth, she knew the story within her poetry needed to include her.

“Apparently, I need a team of writers to pull the ‘me’ out and onto paper!” she joked.

Zorina chose to get her master's degree in creative writing because she wants to teach at a collegiate level, and knew she needed the letters behind her name to ensure eligibility. She has enjoyed many accolades, but also has experienced rejection. This has taught her that her poetry can always be better.

Zorina is an active member of FSPA's Miami Poets Chapter.



## **How rich do you have to be to eat fruit from a tree?**

Rocky alleys serve as shortcuts  
toward the black side of my neighborhood.  
Red-lined.  
Quiet. We were respectful.  
Our neighbor's Doberman was not.  
His white owners loved their black dog  
they kept in their back yard.  
Another white neighbor had a green apple tree  
that hung over the alley  
providing us a bitter offering  
I tasted as the Doberman's warning barked.

~ Zorina Frey

### **Celebrity Status**

Promising beginnings of a new year  
always start off hopeful.  
Phone calls. Bookings.  
Schools events, community organizations  
finally notice me with pay.  
Flyers, promos, bios, photos.  
Correlate dates. Figure out vacation days.  
Request time off.  
Buy a new outfit to show off.

Event Coordinator meets me in the lobby  
treating me like red carpet royalty.  
Be our guests!

Green Room Butler offers bottled water with Cheez-its.  
Welcoming Couch Cushions folds me in, wrinkling my button-up.  
Let Me Take Your Coat asks if I need anything else.

Urban Arts wants a recording of my voice.  
An African American Inner-City Anthology.  
A beast on the mic, my tongue pricks the last stanza.

The clock strikes twelve,  
I bit the apple.  
It's time to sleep.  
Like God said to Eve,  
it's time to leave.

I thought it was because I had talent.  
Turned out I have dark melanin.  
Public television. Lights, camera, BI-action!

It's February. Who's Black?  
Book that! Forget that!  
It's time to March. Madness!

Dreaming I'm a celebrity in February.  
All I had to do was show up. Be Black.  
So, some organizations can affirm they're going to heaven  
or awarded another grant.

*~ Zorina Frey*

## **I Remember When This Used to Be Fun**

When South Bend's Main Street was paved with bricks and  
buses cost a quarter,

We skipped down the street to Dainty Maids for Long John Donuts  
Stuffing bus transfers in our pockets,

we strolled toward the new 1st Source Bank building made of glass  
where we rode the see-through elevators

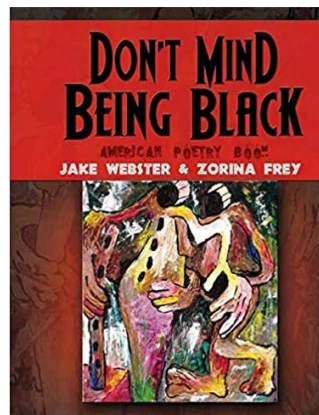
crouching as the transparent box rose to the glass ceiling  
enjoying a carnival-like ride.

"This is not permitted," the attorney in the elevator tells us.

The bell rings on my floor  
I let passers-by exit ahead  
me, following behind pushing my shiny mail cart  
wanting to get off this ride.

*~ Zorina Frey*

Published poetry  
collection by  
Zorina Frey



[Link to the book](#)





# For the poets, our friends, who passed in 2020



*Peace Rose*

## **Laurel and Wreath**

And how do we write of the air that's undone,  
of down-turning roses; diminishing sun;  
of breeze-sifted willows where heartaches attest,  
of heavenly pillows where poets now rest?

And how will this vacancy portion itself?  
Invading the cobwebs of library shelf,  
or in between pixels as hours go by,  
re-reading your passages, eyes shunning sky?

There is no assemblage of pictures of you  
replacing the laughter and conscience we knew.  
There is no retracing your smiling-eye lines,  
or honest critiques that a friendship defines.

There is no soft whisper, the sound of your voice,  
to offer assurance or choice to rejoice.  
There's only remembrance of moments we shared  
when we were together, our poetry paired.

We're marking this passage of all that we knew,  
your confidant penning in full-flavoured roux;  
your patience to listen without being judge,  
to offer advice with those edits you'd nudge.

We're marking your time and your verse mastery,  
to find you once more, you souls that are free.  
To relive the landscapes that made up your life,  
your joy of belief and your stance against strife.

You're there in those poems, what now you bequeath,  
a treasure we measure with laurel and wreath.

*~ Photo and poem by Mark Andrew James Terry*



**Leslie Halpern**, author, journalist, teacher, poet and leader of Orlando and Florida State Poets died suddenly on December 19, 2019. A graduate of the University of Kentucky and the Rollins College Masters of Liberal Studies program, she wrote for *The Hollywood Reporter*, *Daily Variety*, *Orlando Sentinel*, and more. Her books include *Reel Romance: The Lovers' Guide to the 100 Best Date Movies* and *Dreams on Film: The Cinematic Struggle Between Art and Science*. In addition she wrote a Silly Childrens' Poem series. Her latest book, *Poodles & Doodles, Poems about Dogs* told of her travails raising her newly-adopted puppy, Snickerdoodle.

Leslie won numerous awards for her writing from Florida State Poets. At State conventions her name was announced over and over for her winning poems, and beads jangled around her neck. She also won the Editor's Award for Poetry from the Gwendolyn Brooks Writer's Association of Florida, but her greatest award was her son, Alexander, of whom she was extremely proud.

"Leslie Halpern was one of us," said Al Rocheleau, former president of Florida State Poets Association. "She was first well-known as a prose writer in Florida, a writer of stories, memoirs, travelogues, reviews of the arts, especially of film, and also of works for children. All these genres in which she was expert somehow left enough threads of gold rime for ventures into the 'undiscovered country' of poetry," he said.

"Leslie was deeply thoughtful, poignant at times, funny, yet always a person of order and decorum," Mr. Rocheleau said. "Leslie Halpern was competent at anything she did," he continued: "I can say that Leslie loved her son, and was hopeful for his future, as well as for her own. I think she was hopeful for all of us."

~ Alice Freidman FSPA Member



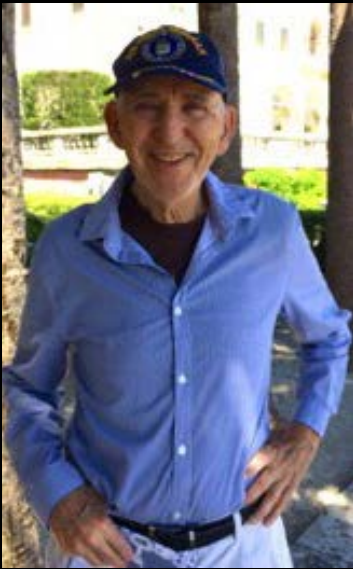


**Robert E. Blenheim**, Robert E. Blenheim, age 73, national award-winning poet, writer, singer and film scholar of Daytona Beach, Florida, died from COVID-19 pneumonia. He was born in Boston, Massachusetts and in 1959 moved to Daytona Beach, Florida. Before graduating from Mainland Senior High School in 1965, he had written, directed and produced several student films, including “The Fangs of Dracula”. In 1999, he graduated with an Associate in Arts Degree from Daytona Beach Community College, where he also taught film appreciation seminars for over 5 years. Robert won more than 130 national and state poetry awards and was the founder and president of the poetry group The Live Poets Society of Daytona Beach in 1992. He was a mentor to many poets and served as a past president for the Florida State Poets Association and was an active member of other poetry organizations. Through the years Robert performed in several theater productions, with his most memorable performance as Koko in Gilbert & Sullivan’s “The Mikado” at the Sands Theatre in 2008. He worked for over 26 years as Special Publications Editor and Typesetter for the Daytona Beach Pennysaver and News-Journal, until retiring around 2012 and was an active member and volunteer for the Volusia Democratic Party and the ACLU.



**Madelyn Eastlund Hickey**, a Brooklyn, New York native, was born July 13, 1928 and passed away on September 5, 2020 in Inverness, Florida. She was preceded in death by her devoted second husband Joseph V. Hickey Sr. and stepson Joseph V. Hickey Jr. (Donna), Madelyn is survived by her daughter Deborah Louise Halstead and son Daniel John Halstead Sr. (Susan), and stepson Thomas Hickey and stepdaughter Kathleen Latia (Richard), grandchildren Daniel John Halstead Jr., Nichole Halstead (Alex), Shannon Hickey Staunch, Judith Simons, Daniel Simons (Mary), Richard Simons and many great-grandchildren.

Upon arriving from California in 1980, Madelyn and Joe were instrumental in starting the local Boy Scout Troop. Madelyn was a devout Lutheran and enjoyed membership in Good Shepherd Lutheran Church where she taught Sunday School and sang in the choir. From early childhood, Madelyn was a gifted writer of poetry and prose, many of her poems and stories have been published and received various writing awards. She was included in the *1975 Women’s Book of Who’s Who*. For many years she was owner/editor of *Twigs* and *Verdure* poetry publications.



**Sherwood Ross**, Sherwood was a loyal and giving friend, a loving and doting father and grandfather, and a champion for human rights. He was a prolific and talented writer which served him well as a journalist, activist, songwriter and poet. A man full of vitality and spark, he passed away at the age of 85 from injuries resulting from a traumatic fall that happened while he was walking to his gym in Little Havana. Shortly before his fall, Sherwood published his last collection of poems, *The Sailor and The Lady in Red, And 25 Other Poems*, including the verse play *Baron Jiro*. Sherwood won 1st place prizes from the Florida State Poet's Association for "Bon Voyage," a poem about the death of a former lover, followed by "The Egret," "O, Guitar!" and "The Astronomers."

Sherwood was a beloved and renowned figure in the Miami poetry scene. Whether at the Miami Poets' Soiree, The Famous Last Fridays poetry reads at Books and Books, University of Miami's U-Speak, or O-Miami Poetry events, the room always got quiet when he would read his poetry; all would be transfixed by his stories and experiences brought to life with his purposeful, gravelly, melodious voice.

Sherwood Ross' works traversed the subjects of life, justice, love, and humor. He began writing poetry in high school and in 1955, while a senior at University of Miami, wrote 15-minute poetry scripts for *The Vagabond* TV show. In the 1980s Sherwood began writing songs for the *Fast Folk Musical Magazine*. Several of his songs, including his "hit" song "I Sliced Pastrami for the CIA," are captured in the Smithsonian's Fast Folk archives.

A civil rights activist, Sherwood was News Director for the National Urban League and served as Press Coordinator for James Meredith on his March Against Fear in Mississippi in June, 1966. When Meredith was shot down next to him, Ross helped get Meredith to a hospital and his eye-witness report made headlines around the world. It is this dramatic incident that was the subject of one of Sherwood's most memorable epic poems, "Jesus in Mississippi." The Rev. Martin Luther King personally acknowledged Sherwood for the "wonderful things" he had done for the Civil Rights movement.

Many of Sherwood's poems were strong statements denouncing violence and tyranny. The night before his tragic accident, Sherwood recited "Russia and Argentina" on *The New American Dream* radio show. His anti-war poems such as "War No More" and "America, The Imperial" can be found on the U.S. Peace Memorial Registry. Sherwood's poem "Hiroshima" was widely republished on the internet to commemorate the anniversary of the bombings of Hiroshima and Nagasaki in August 1945.

Over his lifetime Sherwood wrote heartfelt and powerful poems that could make the reader laugh, cry and sometimes blush. His six published collections of poetry leave us a lasting legacy of a truly astounding human being whose life was an epic poem in itself.

~ Sheena Powell Szuri

# Poetry Extravaganza in the Making

**Daytona Beach, FL** — All you poets who are fed up with isolation and staying in with nothing to do but rewatch reruns repeatedly will no doubt rejoice at the feast of poetry creation we've got lined up for you this coming year.

For 2021 we have lined up 26 Categories in which you may compete. Your skills will be tested, your wits will be challenged and hopefully a lot of masterpieces will emerge victorious. The poetry contest will kick off May 1 when submissions start to be accepted. The submission period runs through July 15. And we urge you to get your submissions in timely. This past year we had one set of submissions which arrived months late due to the Post Offices delays, although it had been postmarked on time, and we had a heck of a fuss over accepting it or not. It's right there in the rules: "FSPA will not be responsible for errors of delivery by the Post Office. We will acknowl-



edge receipt of your entries as we receive them. If you do not receive a timely acknowledgement, contact us immediately at [flueln@hotmail.com](mailto:flueln@hotmail.com). We wouldn't want you to miss out on your chance to win a nice prize and some notice.

After July 15, the judging will commence, and the winners will be announced (and prizes distributed) at our annual fall convention in October. Naturally, we hope you'll be there to collect your prize and read your winning poem to the assembled multitudes.

Below you'll find the list of categories, and the rules and schedule for the contest. If there are any further questions, you can always email me at [flueln@hotmail.com](mailto:flueln@hotmail.com) for answers. I hope to see entries from everyone!

~ Marc Davidson, Contest Chairman for 2021

## LIST OF FSPA 2021 CONTESTS' CATEGORIES

### # 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.  
(Include form name at top of page.) 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.

### # 3 THE LIVE POETS SOCIETY AWARD

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

### # 4 TOMOKA POETS AWARD

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

### # 5 WILLARD B. FOSTER MEMORIAL AWARD

Subject: Food. Form: Nonet, Haiku, Tanka,  
Etheree, Whitney, Ninette, Septolet, etc.  
Line Limit according to form.  
1st PL \$25. 2nd PL \$15. 3rd PL \$10. 3 HM  
Sponsored by John F. Foster

### # 6 THE RONDEAU AWARD

Subject: Kindness. Form: Rondeau.  
Formal rhyme scheme, 3 stanzas, 15 Lines.  
1st PL \$25. 2nd PL \$15. 3rd PL \$10. 3 HM  
Sponsored by Judith and Randy Krum

*(continued on the next page)*

**# 7 JUNE OWENS MEMORIAL AWARD**

Subject: Dancers. Form: Any. 40 Line Limit.  
 1st PL \$25. 2nd PL \$15. 3rd PL \$10. 3 HM  
 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. 3 HM  
 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. 3 HM  
 Sponsored by New River Poets

**#10 ALFRED VON BROKOPH AWARD**

Subject: Love, the good, the bad and the sad.  
 Form: Any lyrical. 30 Line Limit.  
 1st PL \$40. 2nd PL \$20. 3rd PL \$10. 3 HM  
 Sponsored by G. Kyra Von Brokoph

**#11 HOWARD & SANDY GORDON MEMORIAL AWARD**

Subject: Parents and/or Grandparents.  
 Form: Any. 50 Line Limit.  
 1st PL \$35. 2nd PL \$25. 3rd PL \$15. 3 HM  
 Sponsored by Peter and David Gordon

**#12 JANET BINKLEY ERWIN MEMORIAL AWARD**

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

**#13 NOAH WEBSTER AWARD**

Subject: Select any word of 6 or more syllables and make a poem on it.  
 Form: Any rhyming. 46 Line Limit.  
 1st PL \$25. 2nd PL \$15. 3rd PL \$10. 3 HM  
 Sponsored by Marc Davidson

**#14 KATE KENNEDY MEMORIAL AWARD**

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

**#15 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. 3 HM  
 Sponsored by FSPA, Inc.

**#16 PAST PRESIDENTS AWARD**

Subject: Any. Form: Any fixed form between 9 and 30 lines including section breaks. 30 Line Limit.  
 1st PL \$25. 2nd PL \$15. 3rd PL \$10. 3 HM  
 Sponsored by Past Presidents of FSPA

**#17 CURRENT ISSUES AWARD**

Subject: U.S. Politics 2020-2021.  
 Form: Blank Verse. 14 Line Limit  
 1st PL \$25. 2nd PL \$15. 3rd PL \$10. 3 HM  
 Sponsored by Frank Yanni

**#18 ORLANDO AREA POETS AWARD**

Subject: Behind the Façade.  
 Form: Any. 40 Line Limit.  
 1st PL \$25. 2nd PL \$15. 3rd PL \$10. 3 HM  
 Sponsored by Orlando Area Poets

**#19 LESLIE HALPERN MEMORIAL AWARD**

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

**#20 HUMOR AWARD**

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

**#21 DORSIMBRA AWARD**

Subject: Any. Form: Dorsimbra. 12 Line Limit.  
 1st PL \$25. 2nd PL \$15. 3rd PL \$10. 3 HM  
 Sponsored by Joyce Shiver

**#22 CHILDHOOD AWARD**

Subject: Children, reading, writing or both  
 Form: Any. 40 Line Limit.  
 1st PL \$40. 2nd PL \$20. 3rd PL \$15. 3 HM  
 Sponsored by Bookseedstudio

**#23 WEINBAUM/GLIDDEN AWARD**

Subject: Issues and concerns faced by LGBTQ Community and those who love them.  
 Form: Any. 40 Line Limit.  
 1st PL \$25. 2nd PL \$15. 3rd PL \$10. 3 HM  
 Sponsored by Robyn Weinbaum

**#24 THE ENCHANTMENT AWARD**

Subject: Paranormal, Fantasy, SciFi.  
 Form: Any. 40 Line Limit.  
 1st PL \$25. 2nd PL \$15. 3rd PL \$10. 3HM  
 Sponsored by Sonja Jean Craig

### **#25 MIAMI POETS AWARD**

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

### **#26 EKPHRASTIC POEM – Writing inspired by art**

Subject: An Ekphrastic Poem inspired by a painting, photograph, sculpture or other piece of visual art. Include name of piece. Form: Any. 50 line limit.  
1st Prize: \$25. 2nd Prize: \$15. 3rd Prize: \$10. 3 HM  
Sponsored by Elaine Person

### **CONTEST RULES:**

Please read carefully and follow all directions. Any violations will disqualify submission.

#### **1. ALL POEMS MUST:**

- be the original work of the poet
- be unpublished in any form
- not have won more than \$10 in any contest
- be written in English
- be titled unless a sijo or haiku
- have a 40 lines limit unless stated otherwise
- not be simultaneously entered in any other contest

#### **2. CATEGORY SPECIFICS:**

- The same poem must not be entered in more than one category.
- Categories 1 & 2 are limited to 2 entries per category per poet.
- Categories 3 through 19 are limited to one entry per category per poet.

#### **3. FORMAT:**

- Typed, single-spaced on one side of 8.5" x 11" white paper. No illustrations.
- Submit 2 copies – both with category name and number on upper left.
- Poet's name, address, phone and email on duplicate copy only on upper right.
- Mail all entries together in one envelope with check or money order payable to FSPA, Inc. using regular first class mail.

#### **4. FEES:**

- Categories 1 & 2 are \$3 per poem for FSPA members, \$4 for non-members (2 poem limit per category).
- Category 16 is free to FSPA members only – non-members pay \$3.00.
- Remaining categories are \$2 each per contest for FSPA members and \$3 each per contest for non-members. Please do not send cash. Make checks or money orders payable to FSPA, Inc.

#### **5. PUBLISHING RIGHTS:**

- Poets give FSPA, Inc. exclusive first printing rights to all 1st place winning poems awarded in the FSPA, Inc. Annual Contest.
- 1st Place winning poems will be printed in the FSPA anthology.
- The Editor reserves the right to alter line breaks of more than 50 characters per line, including spaces.
- Printing rights revert to the poet after the anthology is published (October 2021)

#### **SUBMISSION PERIOD:**

- May 1 to July 15, 2021
- July 15, 2021 is the "Postmarked By" deadline. FSPA will not be responsible for errors of delivery by the Post Office. We will acknowledge receipt of your entries as we receive them. If you do not receive a timely acknowledgement, contact us immediately at [flueln@hotmail.com](mailto:flueln@hotmail.com).

#### **MAIL ENTRIES TO:**

##### **Marc Davidson**

PO Box 730838  
Ormond Beach, FL 32173

Winners' names will be posted October 2021 on the FSPA website.



## Spread Our Joy!

If you are like me, you LOVE being a member of FSPA. There are a lot of poets in our state that do NOT know about our Association! We need to increase awareness, and ENCOURAGE others to join. Doing this LOCALLY is the best way to increase our membership.

- ♥ Make a flier about your local chapter and post it in the library, coffee shops and other places around your community
- ♥ Plan an event with your local library of a poetry reading by your chapter. Be SURE to have information on how people can attend your meetings at the event.
- ♥ Send a flier to your local University (or high school) literary arts program, and ask that information be included on your local chapter in their packet of information.
- ♥ TALK about it and INVITE your friends to attend!

We are currently designing a uniform flier for FSPA chapters to utilize to help you get the information out in your local community. Email me with the information you would like on it: date, time, place of your meetings and contact person, OR if you would rather interview prospective members first, just send the name of your chapter, when (not where) and who they should contact, with the contact information. I will send a file back to you. It is up to you to print it and distribute it. Email me at: [FSPA\\_MemberChair@icloud.com](mailto:FSPA_MemberChair@icloud.com)

~ Constantina (Dina) Tanner, Membership Chair

## Seeking Zoomies

An initiative your FSPA leadership would like to pursue is to encourage and support more interaction between members. The State of Florida is a big place, but technology, encouraged by this awful pandemic, is making these connections possible. We know many of you are out there zooming away with small groups of friends and chapter meetings. We are looking for poet-members who are interested in hosting monthly Zoomies on (but not limited to) the following subjects:

- Form Poetry
- Free Verse Poetry
- Ecphrasitic Poetry
- Poets under 45
- Concrete Poetry
- Slam Poetry
- Flash Prose
- Modernists discussion group
- Haiku, Senryu, Haibun
- Advanced poetry critique
- Beginner poetry critique
- Readings only

You get the idea. Oh yeah, and make it fun (as if you wouldn't.)

If you are interested in being a Zoomie host (no, not Zombie — that would be weird), your responsibilities would be to schedule and moderate each Zoomie session, and create a report for OPAP of your activities. Note: Poets joining in your Zoomie would not be required to be a member of FSPA, but we believe, through the interaction, they will see the value of joining. We will promote your Zoomies in OPAP and through FSPA emails. Please send me your Zoomie concept if you are feeling the Zoomieness. Send to [mark@TKOrlando.com](mailto:mark@TKOrlando.com)...thanks!

Zoomza!

~ Mark Andrew James Terry  
Zany Zultan of Zoomieness



# FSPA CHAPTER NEWS & UPDATES

## CHAPTER PRESIDENTS

**Big Bend Poets & Writers**  
Gordon Magill  
tallyman01@comcast.net

**Live Poets Society  
of Daytona Beach**  
Robert Blenheim (Deceased)  
rblenheim@aol.com

**Miami Poets**  
Tere Starr  
terestarr36@gmail.com

**North Florida Poetry Hub**  
Ruth Van Alstine  
ruth@northfloridapoetryhub.org

**Orlando Area Poets**  
Diane Neff  
d.i.neff@gmail.com

**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

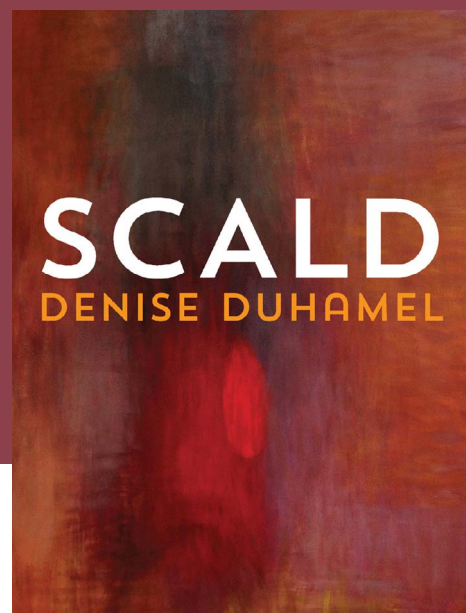
**Tomoka Poets**  
Mary-Ann Westbrook  
1poetry.3@gmail.com

**New River Poets**  
Gary Ketchum  
ketchxxii1@hotmail.com

### ! Are you missing the latest FSPA emails?

• Anyone can sign up for our email list here:

<https://mailchi.mp/bf76829821ed/florida-state-poets-association-email-list>



\$17.00 • 978-0-8229-6450-6

“Denise Duhamel’s *Scald* deploys that casual-Friday Duhamel diction so effortlessly a reader might think heck, I could write like that, but then the dazzling leaps and forms begin. . . Duhamel’s sentences don’t even break a sweat, sailing on with her trademark mix of irony, grrrl power, and low-key technical virtuosity, like if Frank O’Hara, Carrie Brownstein, and Elizabeth Bishop had a baby.” —*Chicago Review*

UNIVERSITY OF  
PITTSBURGH PRESS



Tere Starr



Lori Swick



Zorina Frey



Cheri Herald

## Miami Poets

Miami Poets believe that poetry resonates best when it's shared. We gather by Zoom.com each first Wednesday for the Virtual Miami Poets Soirées, facilitated by Tere Starr, where we share poetry, friendship and inspiration.

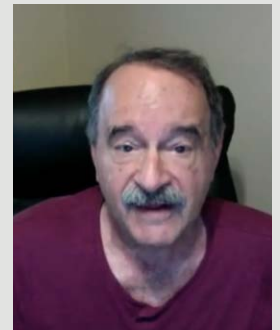
In November we shared poems by featured Miami International Book Fair poets. During December's gathering, we welcomed the holiday season. On second Mondays, we join **Steve Liebowitz** for virtual poetry critiques. Zoom's share screen function offers real time editing suggestions.

**Achievements:** **Elizabeth Plater-Zyberk's** poem, "Do I have the Rights to Kill a Cockroach?" was awarded the second place prize in Eber & Wein's 2019 Contest. **Connie Goodman-Milone's** letter, "Election Day," appeared in the *Miami Herald*. Her poem, "Florida Panther Cats" won First Place in Poetry in September's South Florida Writers Association Writing Contest. **Pat Bonner Milone** was awarded Second Place for her memoir, "A Chill in Rural Redland." October's First Place in Poetry went to **Jo Christiane Ledakis** for "Rowan Feud." Her poem, "Night Light," appears in South Florida Writers Association's *Author's Voice*. **Patricia Asuncion** continues to host the monthly Virtual Global Open Mics from Charlottesville, Virginia. They can be viewed on Patsy's YouTube channel. Her poem "Finding My Way in Words-Twenty Years with My Husband's Parkinson's" appears in *Challenges Into Change, The Women's Initiative 2019-2020*. **Zorina Frey, Ricki Dorn, Steve Liebowitz** and **Lori Swick** each have video presentations promoting their books in the the South Florida Writer Association's section of the Miami Book Fair Virtual Marketplace. **Tere Starr** was selected to take part on a panel for the virtual show, *Literary Luminaries*, presenting writers from four different genre. Tere continues to host virtual Poetry Soirées for the Brandeis Women's South Miami Chapter. Poetry remains our priority.

~ Tere Starr, President



Ricki Dorn



Steve Liebowitz

## Sunshine Poets

Sunshine Poets meets on the second Thursday of each month at 10 am in the Central Ridge Library in Beverly Hills. We study a new form each month and gently critique each other's poems. Member, **Joyce Shiver**, lost her husband, Jim, and President, Cheri Herald, was out of town, so we did not meet in October.

~ Cheri Neuman Herald, President





Vicki Iorio

## The Live Poets Society of Daytona Beach

**Mary-Ann Westbrook**, **BJ Alligood** (both of Tomoka Poets) **Kay Stanton** and **Marc Davidson** have had their work accepted for publication in the SAQA (Studio Art Quilt Association) book on undersea life. Their poems will be paired with quilt work and the book will be available on Amazon.

Marc Davidson's anthology, *The Isolation Challenge*, containing works from 29 poets, most of whom are FSPA members from Central Florida, should be available in about two weeks. Money from sales of the first printing will go entirely to the Jerry Doliner Food Bank, which feeds needy families in Volusia County. This book is dedicated to **Robert Blenheim**, the late president of the Daytona Live Poets.

**Llewellyn McKernan** had three poems accepted in *Studio Journal*, an Australian magazine: "Their Song," "Evening" and "All Too Human."

**John McKernan** has had poems published in the following publications: *Stickman Review*, *Phoebe*, *Collidescope*, *Visions International*, and *Aji Review*.

~ Vicki Iorio on behalf of the late Robert E. Blenheim,  
President



Charles Hazelip

## Poetry For the Love Of It

Poetry for The Love Of It (PLOI) continues to conduct virtual meetings. The group welcomed **Regina Lewis** as a new member. We completed our study of Rudyard Kipling and Woody Guthrie; Gary Snyder remains our notable poet for study in December. **Pat Stanford** is finalizing our website, (<https://wordhacker8.wixsite.com/mysite>). When complete, the site will contain published books for sale by members, contact numbers, and links to FSPA generally and OPAP specifically. PLOI's third anthology, *Variiegated Verses in a Millennial Age* is for sale on Amazon. The group applauded **Jan Godown Annino** for her poem, "Surfing," Second Honorable Mention in the FSPA contest. Linda Whitefeather's poem, "Contact" will be included in a website related to the "Poems on Postcards" exhibit in Wisconsin. Linda also brought to our attention an Artificial Intelligence program (GPT-3) that apparently can write poetry.

~ Charles Hazelip, President



Diane Neff



Carolynn Scully



Mark Andrew Jams Terry



Peter Gordon



Andrew Jarvis

## Orlando Area Poets

The Orlando Area Poets winners in the in-house contest of dark poetry sponsored by **Mark Andrew James Terry** were **Andrew Jarvis**, with “Redrum,” third place; **Lynn Schiffhorst**, with “The Cat’s Halloween,” second place; and in first place was **Barbara Hart** with “The Colors of Butterfly Wings.” The judge was the poet **Becki Friend** of North Carolina.

We celebrated the results of the FSPA contests with a special meeting on November 5th, reading our recognized poetry in the same manner as would have been done in the convention, with poets reading their work in order from the last to first category and from the third honorable mention to first place. Those Orlando Area Poets members who were recognized in the contests included **Lela Buis**, **Peter Gordon**, **Carlton Johnson**, **Diane Neff**, **Elaine Person**, **Lynn Schiffhorst**, **Carolynn Scully**, and **Mark Terry**, for a total of 22 poems in 14 of the 19 categories. Well done, Orlando Area Poets!

Our chapter is currently awaiting results from “The 2020 Official Orlando Area Poets In-House ‘Looking Forward’ Contest.” The winners were announced at our December meeting on Thursday, December 17 at 6:30 p.m. on Zoom.

Our chapter president, **Diane Neff**, was a guest speaker at the Florida Authors and Publishers Association board meeting on November 11, and **Pat Stanford** of the FAPA Board of Directors, as well as a member of FSPA in both Poetry For the Love of It and Big Bend Poets, spoke at our monthly meeting on November 19, to explore areas of common interest in writing and publishing.

The Maitland Public Library continues to host writing workshops facilitated by **Elaine Person**, usually on the third Sunday each month, with a few bonus sessions. The Zoom.com links can be found on the library website calendar. Writing during the workshops is focused on the theme provided by the library for the next Poetry Coffeehouse, scheduled for January 29, 7-9 p.m. The current theme is “Coming of Age.”

**Teresa Bruce** taught those of us at the November meeting how to create an interrobang. It’s the symbol that combines a question mark and exclamation point into one symbol, like this: ? This is why you don’t want to miss our meetings – not only do we have constructive critiques, we learn cool stuff!

**Lela Buis** published her book-length fantasy work in June titled *Case Files of a Spirit Talker*. This is available through bookstores and also online. She also won the Halloween Challenge at *Tales from the Moonlit Path* online magazine this October with a short story titled “Haunted Halloween.”

**Peter Gordon’s** poem, “Mouthpiece,” was the featured poem for the week of November 1 on the 5-2 *Crime Poetry* website.

**Andrew Jarvis** won first place in the Words and Wonders Fall Poetry Contest, sponsored by the City of Orlando, for his poem “Ladybugs.” [Link](#)

**Carlton Johnson’s** poem, “Mountains of Pluto,” was read on *Poets Respond on Rattle.com*.



Elaine Person

**Diane Neff** read her poem, “Performance,” during her participation at the induction ceremony of the Northwest Florida Poet Laureate, Katherine Nelson-Born. Diane also hosted an informal Thanksgiving Day Zoom Gathering for anyone who simply wanted to chat, but everyone, of course, shared a poem.

**Elaine Person’s** photo, “Christmas in Orlando, Florida” was in the finals of this year’s London Photo Festival. Participating in Winter Park Paint Out, her poem, “Moonlighting,” appears on [www.AllPoetry.com](http://www.AllPoetry.com). Her ekphrastic poem, “Motorcycle Man” was displayed and published in the Museum of Art-Deland’s *Poetic Visions Poetry Competition and Exhibition 2020 Anthology*. Four of her poems were accepted in The Isolation Challenge, including a haiku, a micro-poem, “Just When You Thought You Had It Bad,” and “Is It Just Me? How to Handle Months of Isolation in the Nation.” A haiku will be published in the upcoming book by Studio Arts Quilt Association. Her play, *Miss Perception*, was read at an Orlando Fringe Festival workshop, and a new play will be read at the CFC Arts Workshop in December. She also performed in Erma’s Got Talent online at the Erma Bombeck conference. She continues to lead workshops at the Maitland Library and the Crealde School.

~ Diane Neff, President



Mary-Ann Westbrook

### Tomoka Poets

Tomoka poets continue writing on their own and sharing via Email. We all will be happy when we can be together again.

**Marc Davidson, BJ Alligood and Sonja Jean Craig** all placed in the Deland Art Museum Poetic Visions poetry contest. **David Axelrod and Mary-Ann Westbrook** served as judges and also got to write a poem to a painting. All are published in the *Poetic Visions* anthology.

BJ, Marc and Mary-Ann have all been accepted for publication by SAQA Studio Art Quilt Association’s upcoming book who’s theme is “Under the Sea.” Marc also has been collecting poems from all area poets and has compiled an anthology *The Isolation Challenge*. This is a collection of poems dealing with COVID-19. It is at the printer now and will be available soon. The proceeds collected from the sale of the book will be donated to the Jerry Doliner Food Bank in the Daytona area which is distributing food to those in need.

We have been fortunate enough to not have had any member deaths in the past year. However, a shirt-tail non-official member, Cliff Gold passed away a short time ago. Cliff was 92 years old. He chaired a poetry group along with other activities at his assisted living facility. He came to and performed at all of our open mics. His poetry consisted of comedy, making fun of all of us and a poignancy that brought tears to everyone’s eyes. He will be greatly missed by all of us.

~ Mary-Ann Westbrook, President



David Axelrod



Sonja Jean Craig



BJ Alligood



Marc Davidson



Gary Ketchum

## New River Poets

Our chapter continues to meet monthly to share and critique our poetry via Zoom.com sessions. It's a poor substitute for meeting in person but it's still a blessing to see and hear one another virtually. We will continue the practice until the vaccinations and with them, the eradication of the COVID-19 threat are in our rear-view mirror.

I'm happy to share that three of our members who had previously been honored with having their poems put on postcards as a part of the Poetry Jumps Off the Shelf program have received further recognition by having those verses published on the website as well. Bravo and brava to **John Foster**, **Janet Watson** and **Cheryl Van Beek**.



Janet Watson

Our **Ken Clanton** shared a poem via email with the group on December 7th about how he spent the same date 79 years ago. What a treasure it is to have an elder statesman like Ken in our group because he could artistically report how he witnessed history on the actual Pearl Harbor Day. Thank you, Ken. That's all our news from Pasco County. Please, everyone out there, stay safe and well.

~ Gary Ketchum, President



Gordon Magill

## Big Bend Poets & Writers

The Big Bend Poets & Writers chapter continues to be fairly quiet during this pandemic. Most of our members, like Florida poets everywhere, have been writing from home, and posting poetry on our blog. Many poems are posted. Check out our expanded web site, which **Linda Wright** manages.. [Here is the link](#)

Big Bend Poets & Writers is looking forward to the eventual resumption of our three "live" poetry venues as the pandemic winds down. We hope!

~ Linda Wright, Secretary  
for Gordon Magill, President



Ruth Van Alstine



**When we meet:**

The North Florida Poetry Hub Monthly Chapter Meeting is the last Saturday of each month 2-3:30 pm on Zoom. Workshops are the 1st and 3rd Thursdays of each month 6:30-8:00 pm. RSVP required. Link on [Events Facebook page](#) the day of. All are welcome.

## 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.

October saw the launch of our Chapter’s first publication, *The Poet’s Pen*, a numbered, limited edition volume of poetry. Volume 1 was authored and designed by **Ruth Van Alstine**. We look forward to 2021 as each of our chapter members will have the opportunity to author and design their own volume of *The Poet’s Pen*; yet another added-value feature of our membership at [North Florida Poetry Hub.org](#).



November 11th Chapter member **Pat Krause** led a free Zoom “Limericks” Poetry Workshop for the benefit of our members and the community, a fun evening where we learned to bring out our most humorous selves. It was the second in a series of poetry workshops planned to be held going forward into 2021, the next workshop being “Ekphrastic” Poetry in January.

Also, during the month of November, the Chapter members collaborated with Hope-At-Hand for our first Holiday Card Project. Through this collaborative effort, 300 originally designed cards were donated to local nursing homes in the Jacksonville area to brighten and cheer the residents with holiday poetry and festive greetings.

The cards, designed by Hope-At-Hand and NFPH, were filled with poetry written by Chapter members and Hope-At-Hand poetry therapy students. The project was funded through the generosity of Hope-At-Hand.



On November 28th, a well-attended virtual Zoom NFPH Monthly Chapter meeting included our chapter business segment followed with a performance by **Chris Kastle**, a professional musician and storyteller, songsmith, poet, author, artist, and educator from St Augustine. Chris entertained us with song and storytelling, a captivating performance. It was a special afternoon and enjoyed by all.

2020 was a year fraught with the challenges of COVID-19 and the pandemic. We were faced with the dilemma of finding alternative ways to hold meetings and workshops safely, had to find the courage to change gears and take advantage of new ways of doing things and turn all that into new growth for our Chapter. We look forward to the New Year of 2021 and have hope for healing of our country, excited about the possibilities of a new year to bring the art of poetry to our members and community with innovative technology and creative programming and look forward to a brighter future for the art of poetry in our local communities and outreach to the world.

Happy New Year 2021 ~ from your friends at North Florida Poetry Hub!

~ Ruth Van Alstine, President

### Rebirth

White crystalline flakes,  
Unique in fragility,  
A union of ones,  
Drift in silence,  
Merge anew,  
Alight  
As  
1

~ Ruth Van Alstine

### Triumphant Reconciliation

This is the story that is me  
of what I used to be,  
of what I can become,  
as I pass through who I am.

Then.  
Me, myself and I,  
always a battle,  
never allies.

Me has had some issues,  
I thought of herself.  
Myself always stayed home,  
cleaning off a shelf.

Now.  
I knows me much better,  
strangers nevermore,  
Myself goes more often,  
sure we're not a bore.

Me, myself and I,  
never a battle,  
always allies.

~ Suzanne S. Austin-Hill



Image: Dance About the Fire, Tatiana McKinney, 1984, india ink and cut canvas imprint

#### Next Issue:

#### Editor's Choice Poetry Challenge

Prompt: Image to the left

Form: Petrarchan Sonnet — [Link](#)

Submit by: February 1, 2021

to [Mark@TKOrlando.com](mailto:Mark@TKOrlando.com)

March/April 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

# NEWS, BOOK RELEASES & REVIEWS

## The New Florida State Poet Laureate Still Yet to be Announced

Five Florida poets have been named finalists, but as of this publication's date the selection has not been announced. The finalists are (in alpha order): Carol Frost, David Kirby, Stanley Richardson, Sean Sexton and Virgil Suárez. One of these poets will fill the spot that will be vacated by Poet and FSPA Chancellor Peter Meinke. Peter has served in that role since 2015.

WHALE DAY  
And Other Poems



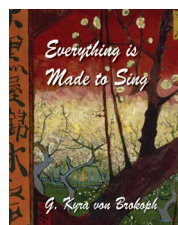
BILLY  
COLLINS

New York Times bestselling author of THE RAIN IN PORTUGAL

## BOOK REVIEW: *Whale Day* — By Billy Collins

Review by FSPA Member Carl Johnson

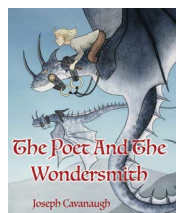
Billy Collins' latest collection of poetry (his 12th) is entitled *Whale Day*. Former US Poet Laureate and now resident of Winter Park, Collins has made a career of writing poetry which is both witty and thought-provoking as well as accessible to the general public. His twists on what he observes in nature make some of the more amusing and welcoming bits of poetry. In his poem, "Life Expectancy," Collins writes, "On the morning of a birthday that ended in a zero, I was looking out at the garden when it occurred to me that the robin on her worm-hunt in the dewy grass had a good chance of outliving me." This statement as well as many others sprinkled through this collection like a gently falling rain, is both amusing and poignant—that we will all perish someday. Until then we have Billy Collins and a refreshing look at poetry in *Whale Day*. [Link to book](#)



## NEW RELEASE:

*Everything Is Made To Sing* — Kyra von Brokoph

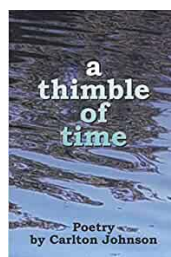
FSPA Member Kyra von Brokoph announces the publication of a collection of poetry. The publisher is Taylor and Seals and it should be available on Amazon.com by the end of December. Jesse Sam Owens and BJ Allgood each have offered a review on the back cover.



## NEW RELEASE:

*The Poet and the Wondersmith* — Joseph Cavanaugh

FSPA Member Joseph Cavanaugh announces the publication of his new children's book. Now available on Amazon.com. It is just in time to be a great gift for your grandchildren or any young person on your holiday gift list. [Link to book](#)



## NEW RELEASE:

*A Thimble of Time* — Carlton Johnson

In this debut collection of verse, Florida poet, Carlton Johnson, who is living with the challenges of Progressive Supranuclear Palsy, invites the reader to share his journey in five chapters—from growing up in Baltimore, to living in Florida, to pondering the ending of everything. These poems are sometimes humorous, sometimes lucid, always provoking and inspiring. It is a collection accessible to all who love poetry and those who just want to get reacquainted. A portion of the proceeds from the sale of this book will be going to the PSP Foundation and Parkinson's Voice Project. [Link to book](#)

Happy New Year Poets ~ Mark Andrew James Terry, editor



# Cadence 2020 is here!



## THE THIRTY-EIGHTH ANNUAL EDITION

of the Florida State Poets Association anthology is now the fourth to wear the name, Cadence. This year's volume of Cadence is published in a difficult time. Cadence is usually introduced as a highlight of FSPA's annual convention in October, but because of the pandemic the 2020 gathering was cancelled. Yet, the quality of the poetry in this latest volume speaks to the health of the word-based arts in Florida. While whirlwinds swirl in the culture, poets are keeping the creative spirit alive, and in so doing are proving that reconciliation remains possible if we will only think with the heart. This truth is more important now than ever.

Readers will notice the front cover has an impressionistic quality caused by the irregular surface of the water on which the scene is reflected. It seemed appropriate for these times in which life in general appears to be not quite in focus.

Find it on Amazon at this [link](#)

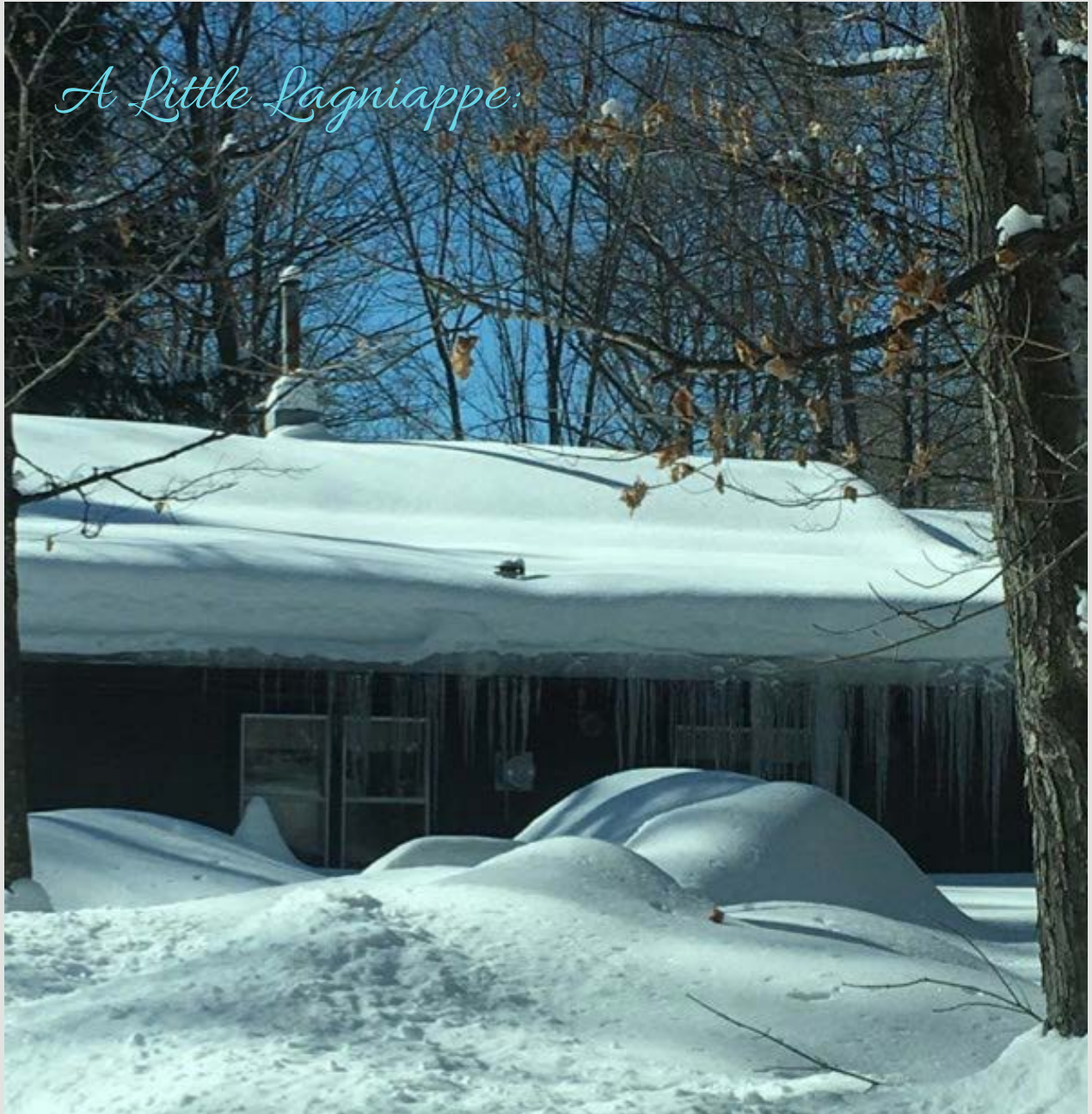
It should also appear on Barnes and Noble and Books a Million as part of Amazon's expanded marketplace.

To order directly from FSPA, send a check for \$15 to:

**Gary Broughman**  
**725 Laurel Bay Circle**  
**New Smyrna Beach, FL 32169**

Or, use paypal to pay FSPA Treasurer Robyn Weinbaum at [FSPA treasurer@aol.com](mailto:FSPA treasurer@aol.com)





*A Little Lagniappe:*

Amidst the bougainvillea,  
Atop the golfing greens,  
Under the spreading spanish moss,  
Forget those wintry scenes!

~ *Mary Ellen Orvis*

Do you have A Little Lagniappe?  
If you have a short poem associated  
with an image that you created, and  
would like them considered  
for publication in *Of Poets & Poetry*,  
please send the poem and image to  
me at [mark@TKOrlando.com](mailto:mark@TKOrlando.com).

# 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:

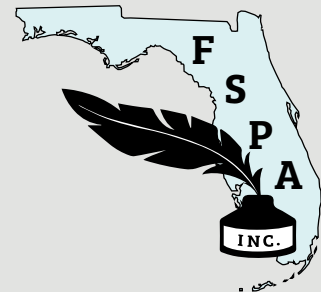
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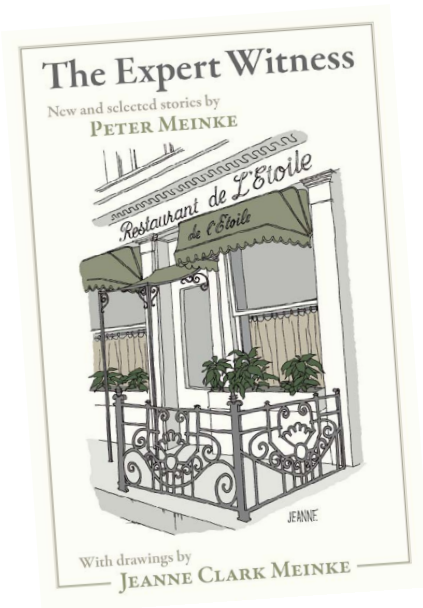
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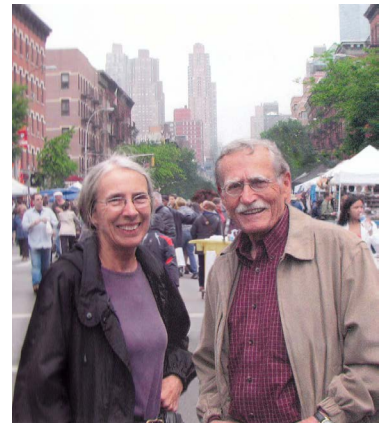
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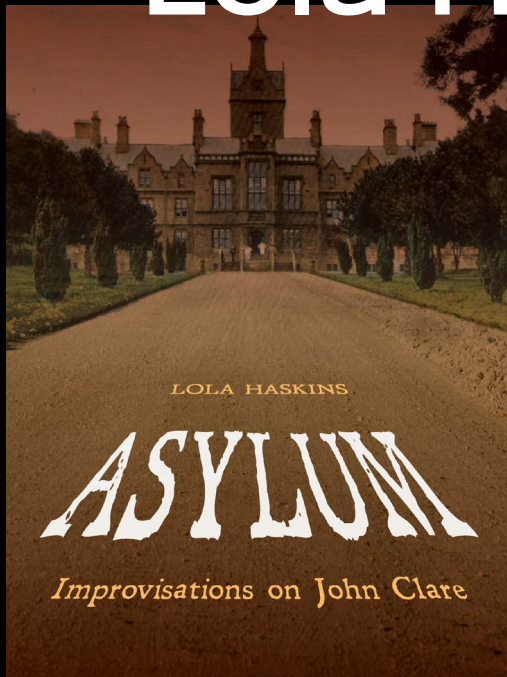
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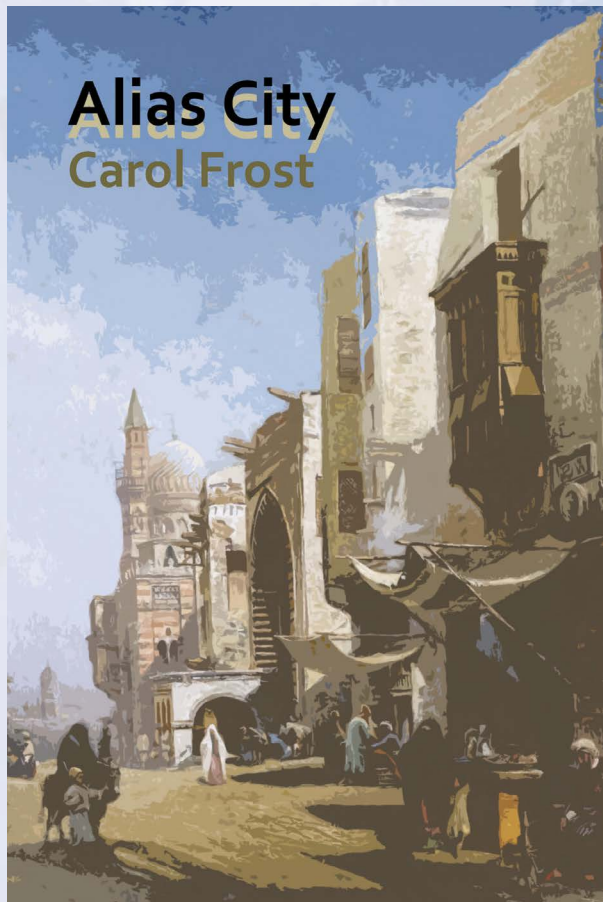


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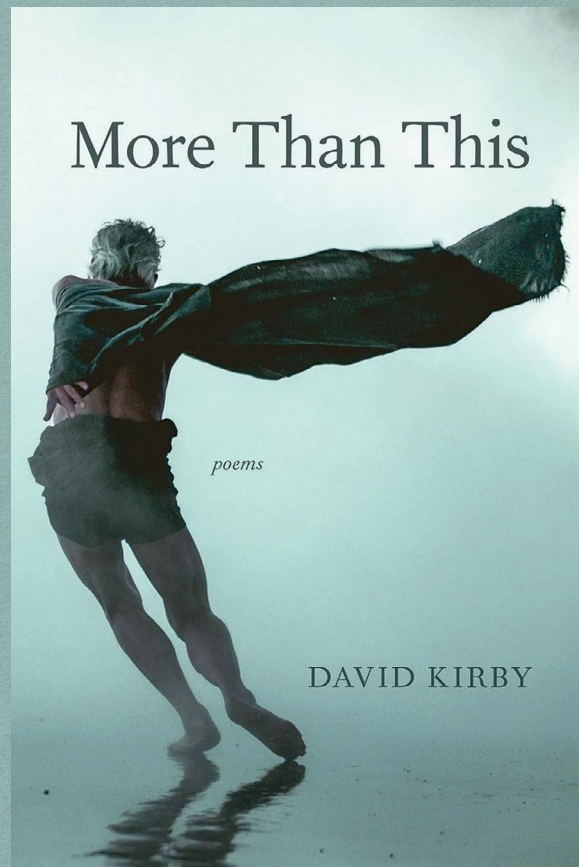
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