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David Selby

Photograph courtesy of David Selby

Cover photograph: self portrait of the poet

FloridaStatePoetsAssociation.org



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INSIDE THIS ISSUE

From The President's Desk	2-3
Letter from the President of NFSPS	5
Profiles in Poetry: David Selby	6-19
FSPA 2020 Annual Conference	21-25
Cadence Order Form	26
FSPA Chancellors	27-43
First Tuesdays Open Mic	44
Zoomies	45
Bridging Poetry	46-55
Student Contests	57
Member Spotlight	59-65
2022 FSPA Contest Sponsorship Form	67
Chapter News & Updates	69-76
Editor's Choice Poetry Challenge	77-78
In the News	79
OPAP Submission Information	79
A Little Lagniappe	80

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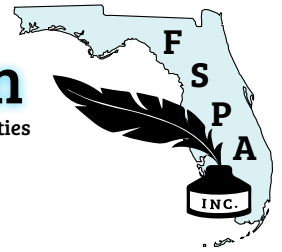
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*Mary Marcelle, President,
Florida State Poets Association*

FROM THE PRESIDENT'S DESK

I'm looking forward to gathering with you this October 15-17 when FSPA finally has our long-delayed convention. It has been a full two years since this organization got together for a weekend of poetry, seminars, contests, and books. Now we're ready to bring live poetry back to Florida.

Like FSPA itself, the convention brings together people who come for different reasons. Some are excited to hear the slate of speakers. Others want a forum to express their latest works in the poetry readings. Some come to hear the results of the poetry contests they entered – maybe even take home some winner's beads. Whether you are buying or selling books at the bookstore (or both), the convention has a lot to offer members.

The convention is where we unveil our yearly anthology, *Cadence*. At the banquet dinner scheduled for Saturday night we will install three FSPA chancellors at once, making up for so much lost time. The convention is where we hold our annual business meetings and have a special meeting for all the attending chapter presidents to address the chapter issues. Best of all, it's just a good opportunity to see, talk, and laugh with other poets from around the state.

All the information you need to register for the FSPA fall convention and reserve your room starts on Page 18 of this issue. The convention will showcase six of the state's finest poets and their work alongside that of our members. I hope you will join us for all the poetry, fun and friends. Our host hotel, the Orlando/Lake Mary Marriott, has been hosting events safely all through the open period of the pandemic with no issues, and we will be following all recommended safety, cleaning, and distancing procedures.

This month, *Of Poets and Poetry* features an in-depth profile of David Selby, features on each of our FSPA Chancellors, and a selection of bridge poetry. All your favorites are here, too: Chapter News, Member Spotlight, and the Editor's Choice Poetry Challenge. Get set for the FSPA Fall Convention while reading all about it. We will see you there!

Take Care,

Mary Marcelle

Papaw's Prayers

Papaw Harless built his narrow house
behind his large vegetable garden,
between the alley and the floodwall
that protected him from the Guyandotte River.

We climbed through the dark, cluttered garage
he'd built years before
over a pit he'd dug
for a cold-war bomb shelter.

With an old dressmaker's dummy
from when Grandma was smaller,
he showed me how to kill a man
with a roll of quarters wrapped in strapping tape.

That night, my cousin and I giggled
in the wrought iron bed as we
heard our grandfather
in the outer room, singing
the prayer he kept for himself.

His voice boomed as
the prayer continued; each phrase
and the accompanying chorus
were the song of a guilty preacher
begging his god for forgiveness.

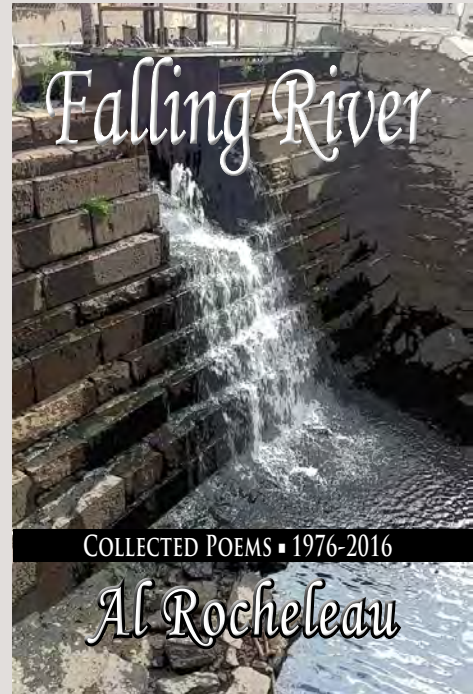
And I knew, as I fell asleep
listening to him wail through his messy tears,
his words would protect us all.
That and a roll of quarters.

~ Mary Marcelle

Falling River—Forty Years of Collected Poems by Al Rocheleau

In *Falling River*, FSPA's past president, poet Al Rocheleau, offers a comprehensive collection of his work, spanning five decades beginning in 1976. Al's verse has appeared in more than eighty magazines in six countries. It can be found at websites as diverse as the Surratt House Museum in Washington, DC and the Saint Bernadette Institute of Sacred Art in New Mexico, and earned honors such as the Thomas Burnett Swann Award from the Gwendolyn Brooks Writers Association, and a nomination for the Forward Poetry Prize in the U.K. *Falling River* offers all kinds of poems of various forms, intents, and levels of ambition, poems heavy and light, sacred and profane. Renowned poet Lola Haskins says of Al's poetry, "These poems, so full of love and seriousness, have a good chance of lasting."

To purchase your copy, click this [link](#).



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*Julie Cummings President,
National Federation
of State Poetry Societies*

Dear Florida Poetry Family,

The last time I wrote you, I promised I would talk with you about the benefits of being a member of your state society and the National Federation of State Poetry Societies.

I explained my journey to membership in brief and I hope that it was similar to yours.

Being a member of my state automatically makes me a member of NFSPS provided my dues are paid to NFSPS via my state. A member list and payment for each member needs to be made to the NFSPS treasurer in January every year, and that list can be updated until March 15 each year. The reason for this is to verify membership for entry in our annual contests. The entry fee for members is greatly reduced and is one of the major benefits provided.

So, what exactly are the benefits provided to you?

- Strophes (Quarterly Newsletter) archived on website
- Reduced entry fee for all contests (Annual, Stevens Manuscript, BlackBerry Peach)
- Fellowship and Networking
- Annual Convention
- National Archives
- Virtual meetings
- Meaningful Volunteer Opportunities
- Speaker Directory
- Contest Judge Directory

My state society, Columbine Poets of Colorado, and more specifically, my chapter, meets weekly. We study poets, forms of poetry, and hold critiques. We also hold business meetings.


The greatest benefit of being a member of my state society is the personal connection with poets in my society. I love meeting with them (even online) and discussing poetry.

Beginning the year it was formed, the National Federation has met once per year as a large group at the annual convention. We met as a small group for business and elections (the plenary) during the COVID lockdowns in 2020 via Google Meet and we held the annual convention via ZOOM this past June (2021). The fellowship I have with my state society poetry family is evident at the national level as well. I have made many lifelong friends through attendance at national convention. I have also made friends with poets I have never met face to face. I have had many meaningful conversations with poets via phone and email. This is one of the reasons I love being a member and contributing to the future of poetry.

As always, I would love to hear from you about any ideas you may have. There are so many exciting things happening! Share your excitement! Do you want to join in my monthly online open mic? Let me know! I love poetry and poets. Thanks for reading this, but more importantly, thanks for your contributions to the poetry world.

Your sister in words,

Julie Cummings, NFSPS President



Would you like to be like Quentin?
That cursed, dashing, sinister rogue
On a never ending road.
That peasant, brooding, laughing loon
Suffering the power surge
Of another full moon,
While longing for a funeral dirge
In the costume that he wore.
Lugging the burden that he bore.
All the way from Collinwood,
A life he never understood.
Only cure for a wandering mind,
Follow where it may go.
You'll never know what you'll find.

~ David Selby
from "Would You Like
to Be Like Quentin?"





David Selby speaking at a *Dark Shadows* event

"There is poetry in all of us...in everything."

David Selby

ACTOR, WRITER, POET

David Selby is a veteran of stage, screen, and television. In addition to many Broadway performances, Mr. Selby has appeared with such regional theaters as the Kennedy Center, Hartford Stage, the Alley Theatre in Houston, The Goodman Theatre in Chicago, and the Ahmanson Theatre, Westwood Playhouse, and Los Angeles Theatre Center in Los Angeles, receiving 2 Drama League awards. He was inducted into the Cleveland Playhouse Hall of Fame and received the Millennium Award from the Shakespeare Theatre in Washington, DC. Feature films include *Up the Sandbox*, *The Super Cops*, *Rich Kids*, *Surviving Christmas*, *Run for Her Life*, *Dying Young*, *Mighty Ducks III*, *White Squall*, and *The Social Network*. Mr. Selby created the roles of Quentin Collins on *Dark Shadows*, Richard Channing on *Falcon Crest*, Michael Tyrone on *Flamingo Road*, and Xavier Trout on *Soldier of Fortune*. He starred on the HBO series *Tell Me You Love Me* and has guest starred on numerous series, such as *Cold Case*, *Raising the Bar*, *Mad Men*, *Legion* and more recently *Chicago Fire* and *NCIS New Orleans*. Mr. Selby starred as Abraham Lincoln in the critically acclaimed *The Heavens Are Hung in Black*, a play commissioned for the January, 2009 re-opening of Ford's Theatre in Washington, DC. He has appeared in two more recent roles as Lincoln at Ford's and does fund raisers there regularly. The author of nine published books, Mr. Selby also has enjoyed his involvement with LA Theatre Works, recording plays before live audiences in Los Angeles for NPR and the BBC.

(Continued on next page)



The American Place Theater



No blue grass
nor gentility
urbanity
eastern shore
buckeye
nor golden triangle
where the Ohio worms
to the Big Snake.
Surrounded
but still the lost island.
I write your name
idle fingers through my hair
years and miles away
cooling shadows across
your moonlit walls
"how majestic and how grand"
still a part of me
you reached the marrow
touched the contours of my soul.

~ David Selby
from "West Virginia"

Mr. Selby recently spent time with FSPA's Al Rocheleau.

AR: Can you compare the artistic expectations and realities of a young man from Morgantown, West Virginia, with those of living and performing in New York City and later, Hollywood?

DS: When my wife and I left West Virginia (Morgantown for me . . . Beckley for her) we had no idea what was ahead. We had no expectations. We went to graduate school and then I went to a general audition in Chicago where I was lucky enough to be offered an apprentice position at the Barter Theater in Abington, Virginia. From there, thanks to noted director, Bill Woodman, who was directing at the Barter at that time, I was offered a job at the Cleveland Playhouse, the oldest regional theater in the country. At that time, it was headed by K. Elmo Lowe, a wonderful man and matinee idol, whose daughter, Stanja, I would later work with. Shortly after arriving in NYC from Cleveland, I started to take a teaching job but my wife said we didn't come to New York for me to teach. So, she took an editing job to pay our rent while I went to open-call auditions, and studied acting with Wynn Handman, a very respected acting teacher who started a very successful theater in NYC, The American Place Theater.

AR: Clearly, the theater had entranced you at an early age, and with your wife at your side you were able to follow wherever the call led. What of the poetry? What place did poetry hold for you early, and later on? In one poem you mention Walt Whitman and Mark Twain. Who are some other poets and writers who influenced you?

DS: Al, there are many writers I read, especially in college, playwrights like Arthur Miller, Tennessee Williams, Eugene O'Neill . . . so many. College was where I became acquainted with literature . . . poetry has always had a place in my life, whether Shakespeare's sonnets, or the simple and profound words of Lincoln: "...his hand and pen, he will be good, God knows when." There was Robert Frost with "Mending Wall," "Stopping by Woods on a Snowy Evening," and "The Road Not Taken."

AR: At 27, you landed on the popular daytime horror / fantasy series, *Dark Shadows*, in the role of Quentin Collins, first as a ghost, and cursed in life as a werewolf, but always a flesh-and-blood heartthrob whose story winds across centuries. Along the way you enjoyed a special relationship with a generation of teenagers, landing you incongruously on the cover of a popular teen magazine. At that point, was it the show itself or your life around it that seemed most surreal?

(Continued on next page)



*So you cast the dice
Knowing the road does not stop
It only bids farewell.*

*~ David Selby
from "Happenstance"*

*David Selby as Quentin Collins in
Dark Shadows Episode 701: The Most
Important Thing About Quentin*

DS: The magazine was *16 Magazine* and headed up by Gloria Stavers. Gloria took me under her wing and helped make Quentin a popular character. The show did not seem unreal. It was a job that I was glad to have because I got to work with wonderful people, cast, crew, writers, directors, producers, and the composer Bob Cobert.

AR: In addition to its gothic and fantasy aspects, *Dark Shadows* attracted millions of children and teens (as well as adults) through brilliant storylines which incorporated aspects of nearly forty classic stories, novels, and myths. It was all there, from Du Maurier and the Bröntes, to Poe and Hawthorne, Lovecraft and Wells, Mary Shelley, Stoker, James, and Wilde, even to the Greek tale of Orpheus and Eurydice, in which you played the former of the lovers. The dialogue of *Dark Shadows* over its five-year span was always literate, even poetic within its gripping melodrama. No wonder children and teachers alike appreciated the show beyond the attraction to ghosts, vampires, and werewolves, to consider the stories themselves as not only magnetic but also deeply *instructive*. More than a few kids, like me, may have partly pursued careers in literature because of it. It's also why those kids, now in their sixties and beyond, are among generations that still revere the show and its cast. With the many remakes and spinoffs of *Dark Shadows* over decades, including a prime-time version with Jean Simmons and Ben Cross, as well as the Tim Burton / Johnny Depp film in which you and other *Dark Shadows* originals played party guests (!), what's it like having that sort of staying power with such iconic, well-played roles?

DS: What can I say? I was blessed. You must remember that no one ever died on *Dark Shadows*. They may have come back from somewhere but they didn't die. How wonderful it has been to have been part of it all. I will be forever grateful to casting director Marion Dougherty for taking me to meet producer-director Dan Curtis.

AR: You have been good to your *Dark Shadows* fan base, making yourself available at various events through the years. Your writer-son Jamison (the namesake of Quentin's beloved nephew on the show) wrote *Return to Collinwood* featuring the original cast. So *Dark Shadows* in some incarnation (pun intended!) just never goes away, does it?

DS: For me . . . no. It will be there all the way. I told you I was blessed.

AR: *My Shadowed Past*, a memoir of your own three years on the show has been hailed as one of the best of its genre, and there have indeed been several good memoirs written on *Dark Shadows* by its main actors. Many fans had been waiting a long time for yours. Was it just time?

(Continued on next page)



David Selby portraying President Lincoln in Ford's Theatre's play *The Heavens Are Hung In Black*.



David Selby at the National Portrait Gallery.
Photo by Scott Suchman

*I have not become what I am
may never pass the night
still God's wind is calling
blowing me towards the light
from my inward fatal flight.*

—David Selby
from "Faith"

DS: At that time, yes it was. And I may have another in mind as well. I wrote another book, actually the first . . . *In and Out of the Shadows*, but it was a limited edition.

AR: Your diction and eloquence of phrase stood out on *Dark Shadows*, even among seasoned actors like Joan Bennett, Louis Edmonds, and Jonathan Frid. You also seemed among the most comfortable at memorizing the daily reams of dialogue. As an actor, did you find it best to break down your lines into individual phrases, not only for memory but for inflection? And did your theater training and personal method better prepare you for such later roles of oratory as that of Lincoln?

DS: My background in theater, like that of most of the actors on the show, was very important . . . not that we were conscious of that. It was just how we were all taught . . . In those days, it wasn't unusual for actors to get their start in theater. Film and television have long profited from the theater world. Perhaps it is time for some payback.

AR: Speaking of the Lincoln connection, over the years you really became identifiable with him, both in stage portrayal and in your writing on his life and persona. I know you have played him in Ford's Theatre (perfect venue!). In fact, you could practically prepare a separate C.V. for Selby-and-Lincoln! Is there something special and personal that attracts you to our 16th president, and the iconic history we all share?

DS: My wife and I went to graduate school at Southern Illinois University. It was there where I was lucky to become acquainted with Mr. Lincoln. My professor-director at SIU, Christian Moe, was the man who started me on the Lincoln path. During graduate school, I did a few plays about young Lincoln. For a couple of those plays, we lived in Petersburg, Illinois while I was performing at New Salem State Park where there is the reconstructed village where Lincoln had lived. I met a couple of folks who related stories about their ancestors . . . some of whom knew Lincoln. Lincoln, as a young man, had surveyed the town of Petersburg and lived in New Salem. This was before his time in Springfield where he lived with his wife. I worked in Springfield doing another piece about Lincoln. Through the years, I continued reading and collecting various books about him. Lincoln did the best he could do and knew the odds were stacked against him, but he formed friendships with people such as Frederick Douglas. Lincoln faced great odds but managed to survive the challenges and save the country. You mentioned Ford's Theatre . . . It is dear to my heart.

(Continued on next page)



David Selby with Susan Sullivan,
Studio press photo for *Falcon Crest*



David Selby with Barbara Streisand,
in *Up the Sandbox*, studio press photo



David Selby with Jane Alexander,
in *Tell Me You Love Me*, studio press photo

AR: About the novels and plays: You have written a Lincoln novel (*Lincoln's Better Angel*) to go with the play (*Lincoln and James*), among your many other books. Can you touch on that urge for expanded narrative, for dialogue and monologue, and what you feel you have accomplished in those genres?

DS: It all goes back to SIU and Chris Moe, my teacher. I would later write *Lincoln and James* because of an article I read in the Washington Post. We did the play at the Lincoln Theater in Washington, D.C.

AR: A word about your turn on *Flamingo Road*, and then your much longer stay on *Falcon Crest*. The so-called “night-time soaps” collected a harmonic of the emotional splash that was brought to evening television a decade earlier by *Peyton Place*, and these shows have never really gone away since. Seems the heartstrings can always be strummed, and personalities can always clash by night. You were certainly in the middle of all that. Comment?

DS: Again, like *Dark Shadows*, I was fortunate to work with very special people. (There was Joan Bennett on DS and Jane Wyman on FC.) There were in fact many, many established stars of film and television on *Flamingo Road* and *Falcon Crest* through the years. Very lucky actor I was to work with them and hear their stories. How the two shows connected for me is I ran into Earl Hamner on set of *Flamingo* one day. Earl was the creator of *The Waltons*... and I had done an episode for him. When *Flamingo* was over, it was Earl who called me about doing *Falcon Crest*.

AR: Going further on this theme, interpersonal relationships, husband / wife, parent / child, are subject vehicles for the poems of most of us, at least in part. They also find a foundation in so much of our stage drama, our novels, and in the drama of real-life which we try so hard to escape, and yet live. In your work you’ve played stoics, rakes, oblivious husbands and sons, charming heroes and anti-heroes, and done it opposite some amazing women in roles for both television and film (Ms. Bennett, Barbra Streisand in *Up the Sandbox*, and Ms. Wyman). Perhaps we who have lived long lives have indeed felt all of that at one time or another, those shifting roles, as life bleeds into art. At the same time, you celebrated your mother and your profound love for her so beautifully in *My Mother’s Autumn*, and you’ve also happily managed a soon-to-be sixty-year marriage, a rarity for actors or writers, or actually, for any of us. Did the art, within all your many expressions of it, and very much including the poetry, eventually help you to maintain a steady life-compass rather than upset it?

(Continued on next page)

DS: My wife has been my “life-compass” from the start. Being an English major and being a college teacher prepared her to tutor me and I have been ever grateful. She is, by far, much better read than I am. She recommends books for me to read. And, she still reads everything I do. We enjoy our conversations about projects.

AR: You’ve played characters like Quentin and also Richard Channing on *Falcon Crest*, men who started out as self-absorbed villains and yet evolved to sympathetic, even heroic characters. You seemed to manage those transformations seamlessly, and beyond the script demands, put aspects of yourself into the roles. Does your poetry, and the incisiveness that is inherent in that art, reflect, or perhaps refract, those facets of who you are?

DS: Yes, I suppose they do. In *My Mother’s Autumn*, it was my reflection of who my mother was and the love we shared.

AR: A speech or monologue can be very close to written poetry in its planned expression. Given your theatrical background and education, did familiarity with that kind of an available dynamic flow help when you decided to write your mother’s poems?



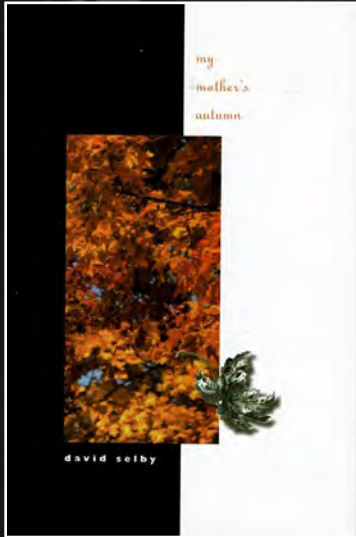
David Selby on the set of *Falcon Crest* with Jane Wyman

DS: Certainly, my finding theater and my continuing in school were important in my finding a voice. But it was my mother’s nudging me along until my wife and I found each other . . . for which I am ever grateful.

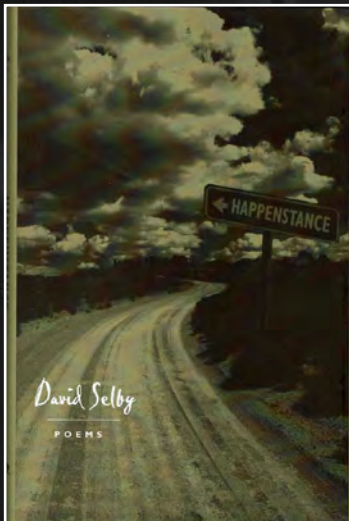
AR: You have shown great affinity in your career for aspects of personal exploration and memoir in various forms—prose, plays, poetry. In writing *My Mother’s Autumn* you chose poetry, in both lyric pieces and in many narrative vignettes, writing some of the most introspective observances of your life. *Happenstance* followed a year later. These books, darting from one facet of time to another as one might create an expansive image out of bits of glass, departs from linear prose memoir in striking ways. While the first collection stayed fairly close to prose utterance, with the exception of the title poem and few others, the second book, combining reminiscences of your childhood with aspects of philosophy gained of life’s experience, moved towards a more expansive lyric. In the case of both books, why make what some in the prose world might consider a dangerous and exacting leap to verse for those particular projects, and at such a vulnerable time for yourself? Or perhaps, was it *just* that vulnerability that drove the risk?

DS: Not sure. For me, I did not find it dangerous or exacting . . . with *My Mother’s Autumn*, I was trying to understand our relationship . . . wanted to understand my regrets . . . our lives seemed, at times, like ships passing in the night. But I always knew she was pushing me on . . . but from a distance. Perhaps it was my fault . . . I wanted to thank her and the words came . . . inspired by my mother who grew up on a small red dog road in a very poor coal mining community. I wanted to make her proud.

(Continued on next page)



[Link to the book](#)



[Link to the book](#)

AR: The title poem departs slightly from the snapshots of direct narrative and poignant second-person address prevalent elsewhere in the first book, to speak transcendently through objects, especially those *red leaves*, that inevitable change of season. Did this grand poem, with its magnificent final strophe, come early in the collection's progress? And when did you know this would be the name of the book?

DS: My mother loved the color red. She was beautiful in her red dress. It was a beautiful fall day . . . the trees had turned. The title poem came early. I wrote all the poems while I was rehearsing Eugene O'Neill's *Long Day's Journey Into Night* with Ellen Burstyn at the Hartford Stage. The poems came quickly and perhaps easier with Ellen's love and O'Neill at my side.

*I've felt so intimate with Mom in her
death. Something I missed in her life.
Something she must have missed in mine.
It wasn't the love we missed.
It was the time.*

~ David Selby
from "Understanding Mother"

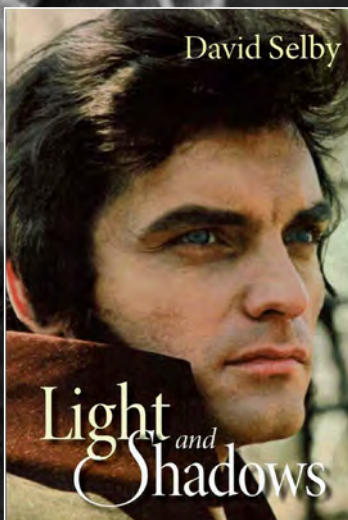
AR: We've touched on the important introspective aspects of *My Mother's Autumn*. The second book, *Happenstance*, dedicated to your wife, Chip, seems to view the world and the fortunate circumstances of a life (yours certainly, but perhaps, in some ways, our own) more *externally*, the how we get from there to here, and yet, the book is no less personal in its focus.

DS: *Happenstance* was definitely a reflection on where I've been, that life is happening wherever you are . . . as a child and later on. *Happenstance* was written because of my wife . . . she happened into my life . . . and that, as they say, made all the difference.

AR: Given that vital force, *Happenstance* seems more than just variations on a theme, or an album of memories. It seems to move from long-ago objective recollections, the images stacked and flashing, to the deepest kind of subjective musing, as shown in "A White Picket Fence." Did *Happenstance* turn out to be a philosophical summation of sorts for you, with that invaluable attainment of love as the undercurrent?

DS: Yes . . . One of the poems . . . "Your Love" (p. 55) is about the constant love my wife has given me that has let my world grow.

(Continued on next page)



[Link to the book](#)

AR: The “how did I get to this place?” seems to be underscored in poems like “Tree of Life,” a truth-is-stranger account of your first meeting with Barbra Streisand and the role of husband Paul in her then-upcoming film, along with that preoccupying *hole in your sweater* that seemed just then to be more than a hole, just as the *large tree in her yard* somehow became more than a tree. Again, life reveals us through objects, and people, and poetry seems to sharpen the lens.

DS: Yes. Poetry allows us to say things that otherwise we might not be able to express.

AR: I’ve always held that poetry as both a force and a substance can be instilled into and then lifted from all kinds of art, and your many multimedia projects, from fiction and biography, stage and audio plays as well as your literary poetry itself, seem to represent that idea. Do you agree that there need not be a hard dividing line between these genres, and how has your progress with so many diverse projects in the arts tapped into a group need for poetic display?

DS: There is poetry in all of us . . . in everything. Today, our world is in turmoil . . . so many awful, tragic, unfair, brutal things we read or hear about on a daily basis. Poetry can help us understand our world, ourselves . . . poetry can help bring us together as a people. Poetry helps us absorb the shock of the latest mass shooting or the turmoil of our internal world . . . what we feel . . . and how we express this.

AR: You came back to poetry, including the song form in 2014, publishing *Light and Shadows*, part collection, part photo scrapbook, which contained a dozen songs and poems for those who loved *Dark Shadows*, relating in its foreword how many fans told you the show had helped them escape the difficult conditions of their young lives. The book included broader pieces, too, including “The Day the Sun Turned Cold,” your poignant response to the Newtown tragedy.

DS: Just as *Dark Shadows* helped many of its viewers, there have been many fans who have given me so much with their love and support.

AR: You are always busy. Is there among your projected work a chance for a new poetry collection, yet another take for David Selby’s current view of the world, the alignment of past, present, and future? (Such a mutable *Dark Shadows*-like question, for a such a seasoned traveler, player, and scribe, ever between stops.)

DS: Perhaps so...as well as a play or two that I have been working on with a director and other actors. I do have a couple of other books in mind. Who knows . . . a Happenstance.



David and Chip Selby have been married for 58 years, they have three children and live in California.



Chip Selby and actor David Selby attend HBO after party for the 59th Primetime Emmy Awards at The Pacific Design Center on September 16, 2007 in Los Angeles. Photo by Michael Tran/FilmMagic

Our Children

Adapted from *A Better Place*

Our children are going forward in a world much more dangerous and unpredictable than it was when I was young.

In this uncertain world, part of me wants my children to stay home.

Yet . . .

they must follow their own paths . . .
paths that could conceal land mines
not of their doing . . .

Where is the light? It will be in the ideas . . .
the grace and love we pass on
to our children and grandchildren . . .

Thoreau's Walden reverberates today.
We all yearn for a secret place,
a retreat from the world . . .

Family has given me courage
and a reason to go on.

~ David Selby

BY DAVID SELBY

EXCERPTS FROM POETRY

Mom loved autumn.
She loved the color red.
Not showy or glaring,
but sort of like the leaves
a soft merlot color,
smooth.

I was thinking I would gather
All these special red maple leaves,
Take them up to her hospital room
And cover her with them.
Prepare her for winter.

~ from "My Mother's Autumn"

That eight by ten piece of immortality
decorates the walls of car washes
body shops, delis, hardware stores
and bad restaurants.
There's the no money, clueless,
straight out of the yearbook headshot,
the no money no hassle taken by a friend headshot,
the hard-earned first professional
old chin in your hand headshot,
the glamour ala Tab Hunter headshot,
the I don't give a damn take me as I am headshot,
the real, cool, suave, sophisticated, stern, sexy, sweet,
pouty,
sensitive, penetrating please God
get me a job
too bad it doesn't look like your headshot.

—from "The Headshot"

They will marvel at you and your
hummingbird wings as you shoot right past them
darting from star to star on your way
into the arms of God.

— from "Face of Death"

BY DAVID SELBY

EXCERPTS FROM POETRY

I have always clung to my Christmas tree
As a child to its mother hoping
Despite my limitations and frustrations
I belonged and someday I would find
My white picket fence.
Well I did find it
when I realized that grace wasn't just
the name of my next-door neighbor
when I accepted grace
as the love and favor of my wife and children
and of my friends.
So if God is everywhere
then God is in each of you
and each of you
is a light on my Christmas tree
and each of you
is a stake
in my white picket fence.

~ from "A White Picket Fence"

Listen to their music
the saw
sander
hammer
chisel
a sprinkle of words
"that's good, that's good"
a grunt of agreement
a straight wall, a level floor, a fine cabinet
is their legacy
their letter in a bottle.

~ from "A Gloomy Wednesday"

On the shelf in their bedroom, Mom kept
Two small brown ceramic bookend bears
I made in the seventh grade.
I asked Dad if I could take them.
"You can take anything you want."
That's the problem with parents,
they'll give you everything.

— from "Face of Death"

BY DAVID SELBY

EXCERPTS FROM POETRY

“Over the years, I have heard from so many how much the original Dark Shadows television show meant to them. Dark Shadows took them away from what, in some cases, was the hard reality of their lives whether it was trouble at home, or at school, or dealing with loneliness, or not fitting in.

“Whatever the reason, Dark Shadows was there as an escape. It was something we could all, viewers and actors alike, look forward to. For me, this was never truer than when those Newtown, Connecticut school children were murdered in 2012.... I was in a dark sadness. I sat down and wrote a poem/song, and called it “The Day the Sun Turned Cold.” During the writing of it, a line came through as though ordained: “Dark Shadows Was One Thing We Could Look Forward To.”... For many, it still is.”

~ from the foreword of *Light and Shadows*

I wanted to lie down and die,
The day the sun turned cold
And heaven was sold.
The devil put nothing down.
That clown was so clever,
The day was like the 12th of never.
Not a crack of light,
No hope in sight.
But something we always knew,
Dark Shadows was one thing we could look forward to.

~ from “The Day the Sun Turned Cold”

BY DAVID SELBY

EXCERPTS FROM POETRY

A MEMORY

When Al mentioned Anne Sexton to me, I remembered meeting her at the American Place Theatre in NYC . . . It was founded and directed by Wynn Handman, a renowned acting teacher. Wynn wanted a way to get American poets and novelists to write for the theater . . . so he came up with the American Place Theater. At that time in the mid sixties, Wynn was my acting teacher and he discussed the American Place. I was searching for a dissertation topic to finish up a requirement for my Ph.D. degree. So, I asked Wynn if I could do my dissertation about his theater and he said yes. It was a hard, busy, but wonderful time. I got to meet writers like Anne Sexton, Robert Lowell, Robert Penn Warren, William Alfred, etc. During the midst of writing my dissertation, I was offered the role of Quentin Collins on Dark Shadows. There ensued a wild time of digging through the files of the American Place . . . along with Wynn's files...talking with Julia Miles...who worked with Wynn. Everyone at the American Place was very gracious with their help and advice. Finally, I would complete writing the dissertation and upon so, received my Ph.D. . . . all the while doing Dark Shadows.

*Throughout my career's journey
I have shared the stage and screen
with many wonderful personalities
and the innumerable talents behind the scenes
who have helped to bring to life
extraordinary stories, all I can say is,
truly, I feel blessed.*

~ David Selby

A Few David Selby Links

www.davidselby.com

<https://www.facebook.com/davidselbydotcom>

<https://www.facebook.com/groups/133278566180>

Poetry ■ Memoirs ■ Fiction ■ Nonfiction ■ Children's Books

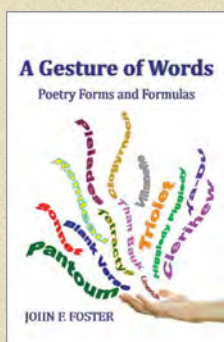
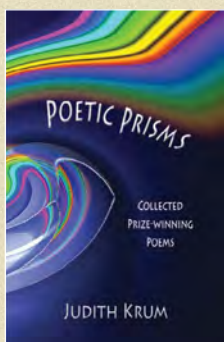
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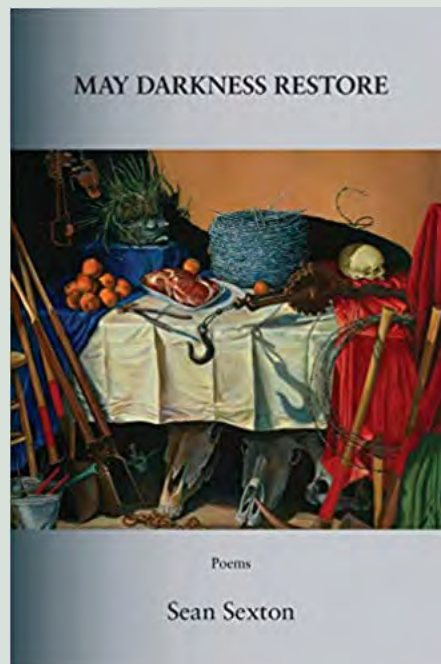
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—Sidney Wade, author of *Bird Book: Poems*

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Florida State Poets Association Annual Conference

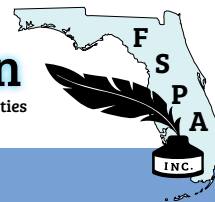
ORLANDO — OCT. 15-17

2021: Giving Vision Wings



Florida State Poets Association

An affiliate of the National Federation of State Poetry Societies



46th FSPA ANNUAL CONVENTION

TO BE HELD AT THE MARRIOTT ORLANDO LAKE MARY

1501 International Pkwy, Lake Mary, FL 32746

SCHEDULE

FRIDAY — October 15th

- 3 PM Registration Opens and continues through the evening
- 4 PM Member open readings
- 5 PM Dinner on your own
- 7 PM Speaker: **Carol Frost**
- 7:45 PM Break
- 8-9 PM Contests Readings (Part 1)
- 9-10 PM Open Poetry Reading

SATURDAY — October 16th

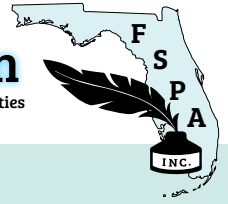
- 8 AM Presidents meeting
- 8 AM Member open readings
- 9 AM General Session
- 10 AM Speaker: **Silvia Curbelo**
- 11 AM Speaker: **Denise Duhamel**
- 11:45 AM Announcements
- 12 Noon **Lunch on your own**
- 1:30 PM Contests Readings (Part 2)
- 2:30 PM Break
- 2:45 PM Speaker: **Virgil Suarez**
- 3:30 PM Break
- 3:45 PM Speaker: **Peter Meinke**
- 4:30 PM Pre-Dinner Break
- 5:30 PM Chancellor's Dinner
- 6:30 PM Chancellor Installations/Chancellor Readings
- 7:45 PM Break
- 8:00 PM Speaker: **Lola Haskins**
- 9:00-10 PM Contests Readings (Part 3 *Cadence* distribution)

SUNDAY — October 17th

- 9 AM Wrap-up / additional *Cadence* distribution
- 10-Noon Member readings and/ or critique circles

Florida State Poets Association

An affiliate of the National Federation of State Poetry Societies



46th FSPA ANNUAL CONVENTION SPEAKERS

FROST



Friday, 7:00 PM, Oct. 15 — Carol Frost Changing Everything — A Revision Workshop

Please bring a poem you are willing to look at again and a sense that, in Emily Dickinson's words, poets may "dwell in possibility" to reach a more perfect version of a drafted poem. Of the many strategies for revision we can talk about in looking at early drafts by well-known writers, changing everything is the technique we will set out to practice.

CURBELO



Saturday, 10:00 AM, Oct. 16 — Silvia Curbelo Unlocking Your Next Poem: Strategies for Creating Fresh, New Work

From variations of old brainstorming exercises to learning new ways of listening to the language in your head, this short class will explore different approaches to finding and shaping your best work.

DUHAMEL



Saturday, 11:00 AM, Oct. 16 — Denise Duhamel Laying the Foundation: Concrete Imagery in Poetry

"Show don't tell" is a mantra often taken as a given in creative writing workshops. But why do we prefer concrete nouns rather than a string of abstractions and continually ask for "details please, more details . . . ?" This workshop will help you discover (or re-discover) the pleasure of concrete imagery.

SUÁREZ



Saturday, 2:45 PM, Oct. 16 — Virgil Suárez An Immigrant's Poetic Journey: How To Make Poetry Out of Memory

Suárez will present a poetic sampler of the process by which immigration and memory combine in the poet's heart to create universal poetry.

MEINKE



Saturday, 3:45 PM, Oct. 16 — Peter Meinke The Laureate's Swan Song

Meinke laments that he already greatly overstayed his appointment as Florida's Poet Laureate, but at last it seems the Legislature has remembered he's still here, and is in the process of choosing a new Laureate. Ready to leave the stage, he thinks the FSPA is the perfect place for his last official reading. Meinke will talk about the position, about poetry, and read some poems, too—which is what he really wants to do.

HASKINS

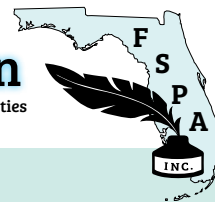


Saturday, 8:00 PM, Oct. 16 — Lola Haskins Honoring John Clare

Haskins will talk about his life and poetry, then explain how his 1844 escape from a lunatic asylum made her most recent book (Asylum: Improvisations on John Clare, University of Pittsburgh Press, 2019) possible.

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46th FSPA ANNUAL CONVENTION

REGISTRATION FORM

Name: _____

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E-mail: _____

Chapter: _____

or Member-at-Large _____ Non-Member _____

FEES

Member Registration: **\$35.00**

Non-Members only: **\$45.00**
(registration includes one-year membership in FSPA)

Oct. 16 Chancellor Dinner Entree Selections (due by October 6)

Tri-Colored Israeli Couscous Blended with Red Quinoa,
Spinach, Garbanzo Beans, Sautéed Vegetables, and
Smoked Tomato Sauce *Vegan **\$28**

Pan Seared French Cut Chicken with Roasted Potatoes,
Fresh Snipped Green Beans with Almonds, and Roasted
Garlic Jus **\$34**

Honey and Lime Glazed Salmon with Wild Rice Pilaf,
Haricot Verts, and Pineapple Cucumber Salsa **\$36**

Herb & Garlic NY Strip Steak with Roasted Fingerling Potatoes,
Grilled Asparagus, and Au Poivre Sauce **\$38**

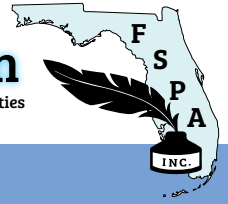
Entrees include salad, rolls, dessert, tea and coffee. **Total**

*Due to the COVID Pandemic, some menu items may not be available
and substitutions could be made at the Hotel's discretion.*

You have two options to pay for your registration:

1. Check or money order—send registration form
and check or money order made payable to:
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Kissimmee, FL 34741
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46th FSPA ANNUAL CONVENTION

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for the 2021 FSPA Annual Conference



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46th FSPA Annual Conference

Friday, Oct. 15 through Sunday, Oct. 17, 2021

Last Day to Book: Friday, September 24, 2021

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Order Your 2021 Cadence by Sept. 15!

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DON'T FORGET TO ORDER Cadence 2021 — Anthology 39!

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Complete the order form below and send with check/money order payable to FSPA, for Anthology 38.

Send order before September 15, 2020. Mail order & payment (check or money order to FSPA) to Gary Broughman (see order form).

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I plan to pick up my anthologies at the October Convention

YES _____ NO _____ (please ✓)

Chancellors

OF THE FLORIDA STATE POETS ASSOCIATION



FSPA Chancellors are selected by vote of the FSPA Board. We have named eight Chancellors. One of them, [Lee Bennett Hopkins](#), noted childrens' poet and anthologist and member of the Florida Artists Hall of Fame, passed away in 2019. His estate continues to support FSPA student contests. Other Chancellors include [Peter Meinke](#), Poet Laureate of the State of Florida, [Lola Haskins](#), [Carol Frost](#), [Silvia Curbelo](#), [Denise Duhamel](#), [Virgil Suárez](#), and [David Kirby](#). These poets are longtime residents of Florida with distinguished records of contribution to the art of poetry and to poetry education in the state. To date, all have been FSPA-sponsored nominees for the State Poet Laureate post, and are in fact recognized to be among the finest poets in the nation. The FSPA Chancellor position is a lifetime appointment. We are proud to count them as mentors and our friends.



Lee

Lee Bennett Hopkins was a distinguished poet, writer, and anthologist whose poetry collections include the highly acclaimed *Hand in Hand: An American History Through Poetry*, illustrated by Peter Fiore, and *My America: A Poetry Atlas of the United States*, and *America at War*, both illustrated by Stephen Alcorn. Mr. Hopkins's numerous awards include the University of Southern Mississippi Medallion for "lasting contributions to children's literature" and both the Christopher Award and a Golden Kite Honor for his verse novel *Been to Yesterdays: Poems of a Life*.

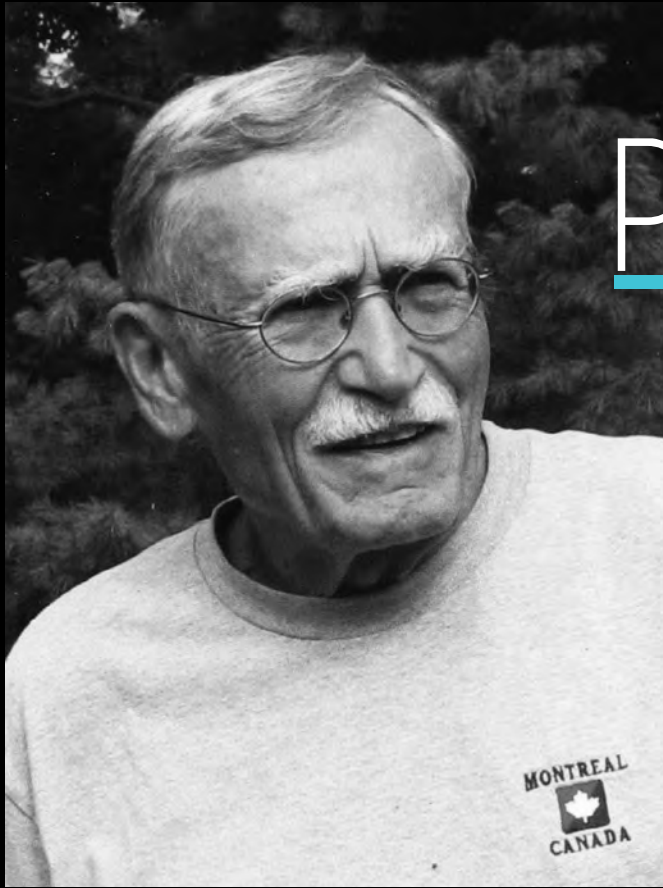


Photo by Jeanne Meinke

Peter

Peter Meinke, recent recipient of Florida Humanities Lifetime Literary Award for Writing, has been both Poet Laureate of St. Petersburg and Poet Laureate of Florida. His latest collection of poems is *Tasting Like Gravity* (U. of Tampa Press, 2018). His book of essays, *To Start With, Feel Fortunate*, illustrated by his wife Jeanne, received the 2017 William Meredith Award. Other books include *The Expert Witness* (2016), a collection of stories, a children's book in verse, *The Elf Poem* (2015), and *Lucky Bones* (2014), his eighth collection in the prestigious Pitt Poetry Series. His work has appeared in *The New Republic*, *The New Yorker*, *The Atlantic*, *Poetry*, and dozens of other magazines. He has published over 20 books of poetry, fiction, and nonfiction. *Truth and Affection*, published by the University of Tampa Press (2013), is a collection of his Poet's Notebook columns with his wife Jeanne's drawings, from Tampa Bay's alternative newspaper, *Creative Loafing*. His poetry has received numerous awards, including two NEA Fellowships and three prizes from the Poetry Society of America. His book of short fiction, *The Piano Tuner*, won the 1986 Flannery O'Connor Award. Mr. Meinke directed the Writing Workshop at Eckerd College for many years and has often been writer-in-residence at other colleges and universities, including a Fulbright Professorship at the University of Warsaw in Poland (when it was still under communist control, but with revolution rumbling in the universities). www.petermeinke.com

Zinc Fingers

Though scientists inform us that criminals
have insufficient zinc I've always believed
it's insufficient gold and silver that gets
them going The man who slipped his hand into
my front pocket on the jammed Paris *Métro*
wasn't trying to make friends His overcoat
smelled greasy and it was unpleasant holding
hands above my wallet pressed in on all sides
like stacked baguettes There was no way to move or
take a swing Still some action on my part seemed
to be called for: we stood nose to nose I tried
to look in his eyes but he stared at my chin
shy on our first date so after a while as
we rattled along toward the Champs-Élysées

I lost concentration and began to think

of our scholarly daughter working at Yale
on a project called Zinc Fingers scanning a
protein with pseudopods each with a trace of
zinc that latch on to our DNA and help
determine what we become This brought me back
to *mon ami* the pickpocket: I wondered
how he chose his hard line of work and if as
a boy he was good at cards for example
or sewing and for that matter what choice did
I have either so when we reached our stop and
he looked up from my chin at last I smiled at
him and his eyes flashed in fear or surprise and
I called *It's OK* as he scuttled away
Tout va bien! though I held tight to my wallet

- Peter Meinke

(from *Zinc Fingers*, 2000) U. of Pittsburgh Press; first published
in *America*, 1998.



Lola Haskins lives in Gainesville, Florida, and Skipton, Yorkshire. Her poetry has appeared in *The Atlantic*, the *London Review of Books*, *London Magazine*, *The New York Quarterly*, *Georgia Review*, *Prairie Schooner*, *Rattle* and elsewhere, as well as having been broadcast on NPR and BBC Radio. She has published fourteen collections of poems, a poetry advice book and a non-fiction book about fifteen Florida cemeteries. Ms. Haskins has been awarded three book prizes, two NEA fellowships, four Florida Cultural Affairs fellowships, the Emily Dickinson/Writer Magazine award from Poetry Society of America, and several prizes for narrative poetry. She retired from teaching Computer Science at the University of Florida in 2005 and served from then until 2015 on the faculty of Rainier Writers Workshop.

Lola

Photo by Charles Brown

The Discovery

On walking, in my seventies, down a leafy street
behind two women in their early forties who
are chatting to each other as companionably
as birds on a limb, and having thought, with
happy anticipation, ah, I'll be their age soon!
it occurs to me that I've lost my mind-- but
just then the clouds evanesce and light pours
through the oaks and ash, to form lace on
the pavement lovely enough to be sewn
into dresses, and I see that time is as
random as the patterns the sun makes on
any given day as it filters through leaves,
and as illusory as a baby being born, and
as strange as the years of our lives that
go by without returning, and as equal as
the one friend's auburn hair and the red leaf
she steps over, which the wind has abandoned
for love of her. And now, having finally
seen that the world is every minute new,
I realize that I'm only a little younger than
those women after all, and I step between
them, and we speak as we walk, and by
the time we part, each of us in her own way
has told the others how lucky she is,
to have been alive in such a beautiful place.

~ Lola Haskins



Photo by Mark Andrew James Terry

Carol Frost was born in 1948 in Lowell, Massachusetts. She studied at the Sorbonne and earned degrees from the State University of Oneonta and Syracuse University. She currently teaches poetry and directs Winter with the Writers at Rollins College in Winter Park, Florida. Frost is the author of numerous collections, including her newest book entitled *Alias City* (MadHat Press). Its signature poem appeared in the November 2015 issue of *Poetry*. Frost has received grants from the National Endowment for the Arts, won several Pushcart Prizes, and has been nominated for many more. She is one of five finalists for the poet laureateship of Florida. As described at PoetryFoundation.org: “Frost’s poems draw on sources from the Book of Genesis to Shakespeare’s *The Tempest* to the poetry of John Donne; she writes of the human body, and her poems are rich with the acutely imagined objects of the natural world—whether found off the coast of Florida or in a beehive. *Honeycomb*, which won the Gold Medal in Poetry from the Florida Book Awards, treats the subject of dementia through a sustained metaphor of the beehive. According to Amy Glynn Greacen in *New York Quarterly Reviews*, “the interweaving of lost and confabulated, confused knowledge is a running theme. In Frost’s deft hands it resonates and echoes through various natural processes and phenomena.” Frost has been praised for her “protean layers of observation,” in the words of a reviewer for the *Women’s Review of Books*, and for her inventive syntax; an interviewer at *Smartish Pace* described Frost’s “encyclopedic approach to subject matter.”

The St. Louis Zoo

The isle is full of noises,
Sounds and sweet airs . . . sometimes voices.
— The Tempest

High, yellow, coiled, and weighting the branch like an odd piece of fruit,
a snake slept
by the gate, in the serpent house. I walked around the paths hearing
hushed air, piecemeal remarks, and the hoarse voice of the keeper
spreading cabbage
and pellets in the elephant compound — “Hungry, are you? There’s a girl.

How’s Pearl?” — A clucking music, then silence again crept past me
on the waters of the duck pond. Birds with saffron wings in the flight
cage

and flamingos the color of mangoes, even their webbed feet red-orange,
made so
“by the algae they ingest,” as angels are made of air — some bickered,

some were tongue-tied, some danced on one leg in the honeyed light.
I thought of autumn as leaves scattered down. Nearby, closed away

in his crude beginnings in a simulated rain forest, the gorilla pulled out
handfuls
of grass, no Miranda to teach him to speak, though he was full of noises

and rank air after swallowing. Smooth rind and bearded husks lay about
him.
His eyes were ingots when he looked at me.

In late summer air thick with rose and lily, I felt the old malevolence;
the snake tonguing the air, as if to tell me of its dreaming: — birds
of paradise

gemming a pond; the unspooling; soft comings on, soft, soft
gestures, twisted and surreptitious; the shock; the taste; the kingdom.

In something more than words, You are the snake, snake coils in you,
it said. Do you think anyone knows its own hunger as well as the snake?

Why am I not just someone alive? When did Spirit tear me
to see how void of blessing I was? The snake hesitated, tasting dusk’s
black

to feel if it was still good. And through its swoon
it knew it. Leaf, lichen, the least refinements, and the perfection.

~ Carol Frost



Silvia Curbelo is the author of two full-length poetry collections, *Falling Landscape* and *The Secret History of Water*, both available from Anhinga Press, and two chapbooks. She has received poetry fellowships from the National Endowment for the Arts, the Florida Division of Cultural Affairs, the Cintas Foundation and the Writer's Voice, as well as the Jessica Noble Maxwell Poetry Prize from *American Poetry Review*. Recently, she was awarded a Professional Development Artist Grant from the Tampa/Hillsborough County Arts Council. Her poems have been published widely in literary journals and more than three dozen anthologies and textbooks, including *Poems, Poets, Poetry* (Bedford/St Martin) and *The Norton Anthology of Latino Literature* (W.W. Norton). She was an editor for *Organica Quarterly: A Magazine of Arts and Activism* for more than 20 years and, along with Gregory Byrd, co-edited the anthology *Glass Bottom Sky: Ten Years of YellowJacket Press*. A native of Cuba, Silvia has lived in Tampa, Florida, all her adult life.

Lincoln Avenue

In the ruined hotel you are the last survivor

The rooms are spare and ordinary
The night takes its time

The usual birds keep moving in
strangely hopeful in their musty overcoats

Each ancient mirror repeats its perfect alibi

The same great loneliness we all aspire to

Years later I'm standing by that dusty road

where angels still guard the old statues, the books
and record albums, letters you never sent

The temporary rituals of this silence

The slash pines lean into the same wind
with no address to guide them

A row of houses and your name on every mailbox



Photo by Amira Hadla

Denise

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.

CLIMATE CRISIS, 2019

“The greatest threat to our planet is the belief that someone else will save it.”
—Sir Robert Swan

*My Uncle Wil in his wicker rocking chair
riding the waves. I'm watching him
from an almost submerged second story window.*
I thought this recurring dream
foretold his death. But after we buried him
the dream kept coming. Eventually
I bought a dream dictionary
which said the flood meant
I might have pent-up sexual desires.
I loved my uncle in a chaste way so this
interpretation made me feel shame—
as did the second definition suggesting
my demands were overwhelming
(flooding) others. Uncle Wil was
an environmentalist, the first person
I knew to get a Vespa—in 1970—saying,
if it was good enough for Gregory Peck
in *Roman Holiday*, it was good enough
for him. My uncle thought, even back then,
we all should be using solar power. Now
the Florida street upon which I live floods
even when the sun is shining. The dream's
window was telling me I needed
to go out into the world and experience
more life, though it's risky to travel through
flooded streets not knowing
what's under the surface. Not until today
did I think to look up uncle
which the dictionary says
might point to powerlessness
considering the say *uncle* idiom.
So maybe the dream foretold not
my uncle's death, but a “second story,”
the impending death of the planet,
corporate greed twisting all our arms
hoping we'll admit surrender and defeat.
What nags me still is that rocking chair,
defined as the wisdom of elders,
as comfort and ease, taking us back
to when we were sleeping babies,
that deep safety, someone else
taking care of everything.

~ Denise Duhamel
(from *Second Story*, University of Pittsburgh Press, 2021)



Virgil

Photo by Carlton Temple

Virgil Suárez was born in Havana, Cuba in 1962. At the age of twelve he arrived in the United States. He received an MFA from Louisiana State University in 1987 and is the author of eight collections of poetry, most recently *90 Miles: Selected And New*, published by the University of Pittsburgh Press. His work has appeared in a multitude of magazines and journals internationally. He has been taking photographs on the road for the last three decades. When he is not writing, he is out riding his motorcycle up and down the Blue Highways of the Southeast, photographing disappearing urban and rural landscapes. His 10th volume of poetry, *The Painted Bunting's Last Molt*, will be published by the University of Pittsburgh Press in 2021.

Vibrational Reciprocity

Doug Anderson, a poet I admire brings
to my attention the Coconut Monk,

“who lived on a floating island on the Mekong
with a huge statue of the Buddha on one end

and another huge statue of Jesus on the other.”
Whose followers included American service men

who went AWOL during the war and to whom
the monk, being a pacifist, provided refuge.

I am reading about the Coconut Monk during
a graduate student’s defense in musicology:

something about how vibrational resonance
affects the human voice, the *Duende’s* blues .

I am 8 years old, I am standing by a huge 55 gallon
drum my father placed in the corner of the patio

to collect rain water so my mother could do
the laundry and wash the dishes. The storms

have passed. Drops fall into the filled drum.
Havana, Cuba 1970, Cuban military advisors

Fighting on the side of the North Vietnamese.
One drop at a time. One plops in and waves ripple

to the brim and return to the center. I see
a boat on a river carrying the remains of pacifists

who died waiting for that war and many others
to end. I see a man on a balcony get shot,

another on the floor of a California hotel kitchen
bleeding out, a man whispering not to let

go into his ear. Another drop. Like this poem
rippling into the world expecting something in return.

~ Virgil Suárez



Photo by Barbara Hamby

David

David Kirby teaches at Florida State University. His collection *The House on Boulevard St.: New and Selected Poems* was a finalist for both the National Book Award and Canada's Griffin Poetry Prize. He is the author of *Little Richard: The Birth of Rock 'n' Roll*, which the *Times Literary Supplement* of London called "a hymn of praise to the emancipatory power of nonsense" and was named one of *Booklist's* Top 10 Black History Non-Fiction Books of 2010. His latest books are a poetry collection, *Help Me, Information*, and a textbook modestly entitled *The Knowledge: Where Poems Come From and How to Write Them*.

Taking It Home to Jerome

In Baton Rouge, there was a DJ on the soul station who was always urging his listeners to “take it on home to Jerome.”

No one knew who Jerome was. And nobody cared. So it didn't matter. I was, what, ten, twelve? I didn't have anything

to take home to anyone. Parents and teachers told us that all we needed to do in this world were three things: be happy,

do good, and find work that fulfills you. But I also wanted to learn that trick where you grab your left ankle in your

right hand and then jump through with your other leg. Everything else was to come, everything about love:

the sadness of it, knowing it can't last, that all lives must end, all hearts are broken. Sometimes when I'm writing a poem,

I feel as though I'm operating that crusher that turns a full-size car into a metal cube the size of a suitcase.

At other times, I'm just a secretary: the world has so much to say, and I'm writing it down. This great tenderness.

~ David Kirby



FSPA First Tuesdays Monthly Open Mic Sept. 7th & Oct. 5th

Peter M. Gordon, a member of Orlando Area Poets, a chapter of FSPA, hosts each month. Peter hosted poetry slams and other events at some of our recent conventions. All members are welcome. We start at 7:30 pm Eastern and end by 9:30 pm. Everyone will have five minutes to read their work.

FSPA will not record the sessions or censor the poems. We do expect all readers to be respectful and understand our audience will be from different parts of the state.

[The link](https://us02web.zoom.us/j/85105752694?pwd=cH-BERVl4U1B4NjdFek55SOZxQllnUT09) and password are as follows:
<https://us02web.zoom.us/j/85105752694?pwd=cH-BERVl4U1B4NjdFek55SOZxQllnUT09>

Meeting ID: 851 0575 2694
Passcode: 815518



Hosted by Peter M. Gordon



Beginner's Mind

**From Shipyard to Harvard Yard:
Embracing Endless Possibilities**

Author: M.B. McLatchey

Winner of The Penelope Niven Creative Nonfiction Award

Publisher : Regal House Publishing (May 15, 2021)
Language : English
Paperback : 230 pages
ISBN-10 : 1646030680
ISBN-13 : 978-1646030682
Item Weight : 1.11 pounds

For more information visit:
<https://www.mbmclatchey.com/books>



Join the **Zoomies** Always Free



Join us **September 14 at 7:00 p.m.** via Zoom for a special presentation with Poet Laureate of Volusia County, M.B. McLatchey, as she reads excerpts from her new book *Beginners Mind* and speaks to the topic of “poets writing prose.” If you have a question you’d like her to respond to during her presentation, you may email her in advance at mbmclatchey@gmail.com, so mark your calendars! — Meeting ID: 898 9662 6002 [link](#)

Maitland Public Library Workshops, led by FSPA Poet **Elaine Person.**

Writing workshops to improve your poetry and prose.

September 11	Saturday at 3:30 p.m.	Writing wrokshop	link
September 19	Sunday at 3:30 p.m.	Writing wrokshop	link
September 24	Friday at 7 p.m.	Quarterly Coffee House	link
October 17	Sunday at 3:30 p.m.	Writing wrokshop	link

North Florida Poetry Hub Poetry Workshops

September 2	Thursday at 6:30-8 p.m.	Open Forum RSVP
September 21	Tuesday at 6:30-8 p.m.	Poetry Hub RSVP
October 7	Thursday at 6:30-8 p.m.	Open Forum RSVP
October 19	Tuesday at 6:30-8 p.m.	Poetry Hub RSVP

RSVP required. Please email Ruth Van Alstine at ruth@northfloridapoetryhub.org to receive an invitation with a Zoom meeting link. Please notate: (ATT: name of event/date in subject line) or RSVP on the North Florida Poetry Hub Facebook events page here: <https://www.facebook.com/northfloridapoetry/events>

Sundays' Poetry Critique led by FSPA Poet **Carlton Johnson**

Bring a poem to share, but only if you want critique. Sundays at 2:00 pm [Link](#)
Please contact Carlton Johnson at ctj.32803@gmail.com

If you have a Zoomie you’d like posted here please send the information to the **Zany Zultan of Zoomieness** at mark@TKOrlando.com. You know you want to.





istock.com image

BRIDGING POETRY

I wanted to do a special selection of poems by FSPA members that related in some way to bridges or bridging, and I found this extraordinary bridge that is near Da Nang in Viet Nam. It is called The Golden Bridge (Vietnamese: Cầu Vàng.) It is a 150-metre-long (490 ft) pedestrian bridge in the Bà Nà Hills. Designed to connect the cable car station with the gardens (avoiding a steep incline), it provides a scenic overlook and tourist attraction. The bridge loops nearly back around to itself, and has two giant hands, constructed of fiberglass and wire mesh, created to appear like stone hands supporting the structure.

The poetry form I selected for this is a traditional Vietnamese form called the lục bát, and what follows are our poet's response to this request . . . as they will, some poets have taken poetic liberties with the form. I hope you enjoy the read.

~ Mark Andrew James Terry, editor

Lục Bát }

Lục bát (Vietnamese: [lùk pát]) is a traditional Vietnamese verse form - historically first recorded in chữ nôm script. "Lục bát" is Sino-Vietnamese for "six eight", referring to the alternating lines of six and eight syllables. It will always begin with a six-syllable line and end with an eight-syllable one.



Toll on the Takers at the Fuller Warren Bridge

At bridge in Jacksonville
one summer, time to fill and cash
to earn, I count my stash.
No fish to see, no catch or oar;
cars and trucks speed and roar
but halt to pay—some more, some less—
“Count the axles! Don’t guess!
Just get it right!” or stress will grow
with tallies—boss will know.
Each day I sweat the flow of change,
hoping my quick exchange
is accurate, in range, and right,
axles all in plain sight.
I never wish to slight the state,
squinting to calculate.
At close of shift we’ll wait and count,
troll tolls (the right amount?)
with hopes to keep the “bounty” till.

~ Holly Mandelkern



Casting Lines,
Color photo
by Nina Heiser



Vietnam Then and Now

Inspired by Cau Vang (the golden bridge)

If our generals knew
when war started, they, too, would lose,
abandon bases, guns, shoes,
chug rivers of cheap booze to sleep,
forget thousands dead, weep.
Would they have tried to keep alive
the fight? Sell us that jive,
freedom will only thrive if we
keep killing? But you see,
our dead remain in the graveyard,
jungles, rice fields, souls scarred.

Above rebuilt Da Nang
huge hands cradle Cau Vang, golden
bridge built to heal, akin
to forgiveness of sin. Sweet grace
reflects from bridge's face.
This is a sacred place. Holy.
Even someone like me,
too young to fight, can see the good
of telling truth. Falsehood
kept us in the war. Could the land
forgive us? Take the hand
that offers the bridge and make true
peace, where ghosts can rest through
eternity, and you, and I
will watch our world go by.
Sun shines on hill and sky and bridge.

~ Peter Gordon



*Lady Bird Lake Reflecting the Austin Skyline,
Austin, Texas, Photo by Allen C. Butt*



FRUSTRATION IS THE MOTHER OF INVENTION

This is so frustrating.
I can't do a damn thing with it,
not even just a bit.
Our router took a hit, I think.
Now there's no I-net link,
no email in the sink for me
to read, nor can there be.
The world's at end you see it seems –
an end to all my schemes.
A delay to my dreams of books
published on the sure hooks
of talent. Now no looks at verse –
could this be any worse?
It seems an endless curse on us.
I really want to cuss
and make an awful fuss out loud
and draw a giant crowd
around me, standing proud, my chin
held high, my pride no sin.
They circle round me in a ring.

~ Marc Davidson

The Bridge of Hope

Have you seen the two hands
rising from earth, a grand bridge of hope?
Have you seen how we cope
within the realm the true scope of love?
Those hands like our own hands
bring gladness as we stand as one
under this golden way.
We reach a space to say, "You friend,
come with me to the end"
Those big stone fingers blend with sky,
all we need is think why.

~ Carlton Johnson



*Foot Bridge, Lake Timucuan,
Bay Pines VA Healthcare System
Bay Pines, Florida.
photo by Suzanne Austin-Hill*



Bridging the Divide

We seek some common ground
which now seems only found in fear--
not based on fact, yet near.
I believe what I hear--to know
about you. Long ago,
what was planted to grow remains
in both of us, your brain
and mine primed to sustain a need
for protecting our seed
from invaders who'd breed an end
to what we must defend.
Vestigial distrust sends away
bridge-building plans today.
This ancient game we play exists
until courage persists.

~ Janet Watson

BRIDGE OF GRACE

Come, walk the bridge with me
together we'll live free beyond
the fear of death's strong bond.
He asks us to respond to grace
lain across the scarred place—
hands welcome to embrace us all
who choose to heed His call
and overcome The Fall's decree.

~ Carolynn Scully



*Incoming tide beneath an Intracoastal Waterway bridge near Cocoa Beach.
Oil pastels on canvas
by Mark Andrew James Terry*



Who Says?

It's a bridge to nowhere
so it seems, but right there many
choices – Got a penny?
Stop and toss it; plenty wishes
throw bread to feed fishes.
At the end there is escape. Go
around, step over. Oh!
By one less traveled¹; show apt road

~ Suzanne Austin-Hill

¹*The Road Not Taken, Robert Frost
Mountain Interval, 1920*

Sleepless in Da Nang

Viet Nam, I'm sighing.
Can't you see I'm trying to sleep,
descent to Ebon's Keep,
a depth so steep no jeep can reach?
I'm stranded, at a breach.
Perhaps, you wish to teach about
this unrelenting drought,
awake day in, day out—Da Nang.

In ancient hands they hang,
your footfalls. How they sang to me
of Viet mystery,
a lullaby, a lee to drift
beyond these thoughts I sift
of Golden Bridge that lifts above
and fits as if a glove
sincerity of love—Da Nang.

~ Mark Andrew James Terry



*This was a fun and
challenging form to
explore. If you haven't
tried writing a luc bat
poem, why not give it
a go?*

100 Thousand Poets for Change



North Florida Poetry Hub recently hosted a Zoomie featuring **Michael Rothenberg**, founder of 100,000 Poets for Change. He sent me these photos. One of Children in Mumbai, India, celebrating the Read A Poem To A Child initiative. The poster image is from a Sheboygan, Wisconsin, virtual event in 2020. People are holding both virtual and face to face events, depending on the COVID conditions. Below is a photo of poets outside in Woodstock, NY, sharing poetry. Inspiring! [Link](#)

100 Thousand Poets for Change, or 100TPC, is an international grassroots educational, 501c3 non-profit organization focusing on the arts. It was founded in 2011 by Michael Rothenberg and Terri Carrion, and provides a platform for a worldwide events each September. The theme of the events center on peace, justice and sustainability. In 2018, 100 Thousand Poets for Change added a literacy initiative, "Read A Poem To A Child." Although the worldwide 100TPC event is scheduled for the last Saturday of September each year, it currently takes place year-round. "Read A Poem To A Child" runs for the week up to and including the global day to allow for school participation. 100TPC can be reached at 100tpc.org, a website archived by Stanford University, and participants can sign up to organize and participate at the website.



Nikki Fragala Barnes
FSPA Student Contest Chair

Student Contest

Greetings and happy new school year!

We are pleased to re-introduce our Student Poetry Contest for the 2021-2022 school year. I am delighted to have been invited to serve as Chair and thankful for the opportunity to (re)introduce myself here.

My name is Nikki Fragala Barnes, member of the FSPA + Orlando Area Poets since 2015. I earned my MFA in Poetry in 2018, and I am an instructor teaching Creative Writing and Poetry Workshop at the University of Central Florida where I am completing my PhD in Texts and Technology. My creative practice incorporates experimental poetry and site-sensitive participatory installations with arts activism.

We will be issuing the call for original student poems in the coming months. We are so excited that we wanted to include a 'Save This Space' announcement and encourage you to share the news with the student poets in your communities.

TIMELINE

Contest submissions will open in September 2021.

The deadline for complete submissions will be 1 December 2021.

RETURNING FROM PREVIOUS YEARS

ELIGIBILITY: Students enrolled in / attending a Florida school and in grades 6 through 12. This includes public, private, home, and virtual schools.

Winners will be published in our spectacular annual anthology, *Cadence*. All winners will receive a bound copy mailed to the address they provide.

LEE BENNETT HOPKINS AWARD FOR FIRST-PLACE WINNERS IN EACH GRADE LEVEL

Lee Bennett Hopkins, of Ft. Myers, was a renowned anthologist and writer of children's poetry who was nominated for Florida Poet Laureate. In October, 2015, he was inducted as an Honorary FSPA Chancellor. At that time he expressed a desire to support FSPA's efforts of promoting poetry among Florida's young people. With a generous donation from his estate, Mr. Hopkins has made a renewable commitment for the next two years, providing cash awards and FSPA youth memberships for all 21 place winners in the seven grade levels of our student competition.

We are most grateful for all Mr. Hopkins has done to encourage our young poets. You are invited to learn more about his efforts on his website: <http://www.lee-bennetthopkins.com>.

NEW THIS YEAR

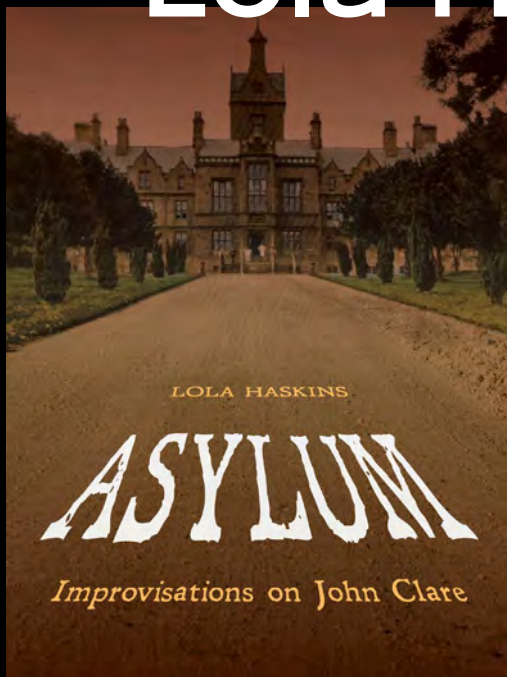
This is an inaugural category for undergraduate poets, enrolled in a Florida college or university. Also included are public, private, home, and virtual colleges and universities.

We are pursuing adding a digital / electronic submission process to increase accessibility for our youth.

Interested in serving as a volunteer? Email nikkifragalabarnes@gmail.com.

~ Nikki Fragala Barnes

Lola Haskins Poetry

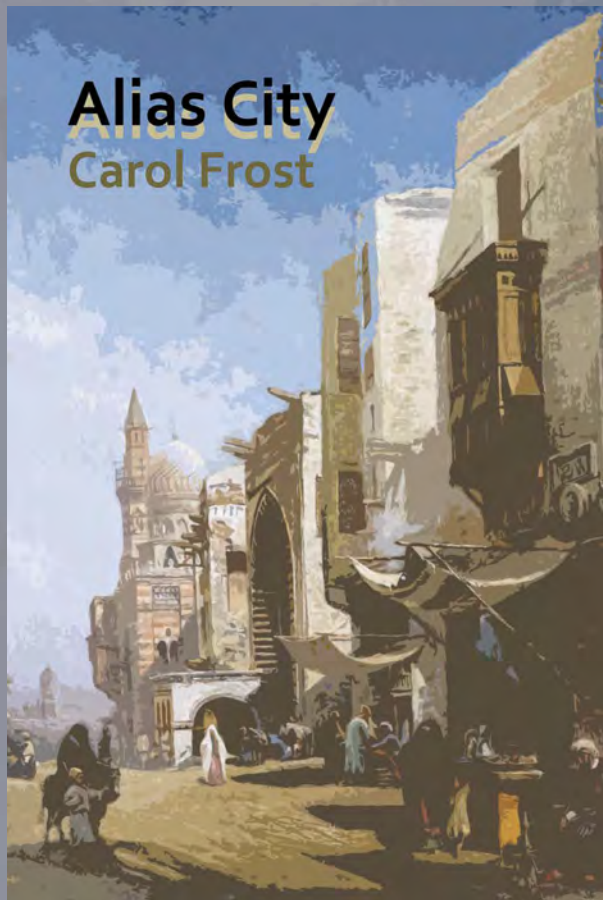


Published by University of Pittsburgh Press

Asylum presents the journey John Clare might have taken in 1841 if, when he escaped the madhouse, he'd been traveling in his head rather than on his feet. Ms. Haskins starts out with as little sense of direction as Clare had yet, after wandering all over the map, she too finally reaches home. The book's four sections are where she rests for the night. The first is a tender look at life and death. The second paints the world through which she walks. The third digresses to the supernatural and in the process is laugh-out-loud funny. In the fourth, she arrives in her dear north-west England, having learned from Clare that she too can be happy anywhere.

Now available on Amazon — Click here.

[Learn more at lolahaskins.com](http://lolahaskins.com)



Alias City by Carol Frost

Now available from MADHAT PRESS



Welcome to Carol Frost's *Alias City*, which is, in the best sense of both words, the city of music.... But it is also a great city of the mind.... The hero of this book is a refugee, a survivor of World War II. She is now losing her memory, trying to recount what happened, giving us brief glimpses into the darkness known as history ... and the healing known as the natural world, of pigeons, doves, and the comic, ridiculous humans. Herein, she remembers the flight, the terror, and the cities torn in two....

—ILYA KAMINSKY, author of *Deaf Republic*

Order at:

madhat-press.com/products/alias-city-by-carol-frost

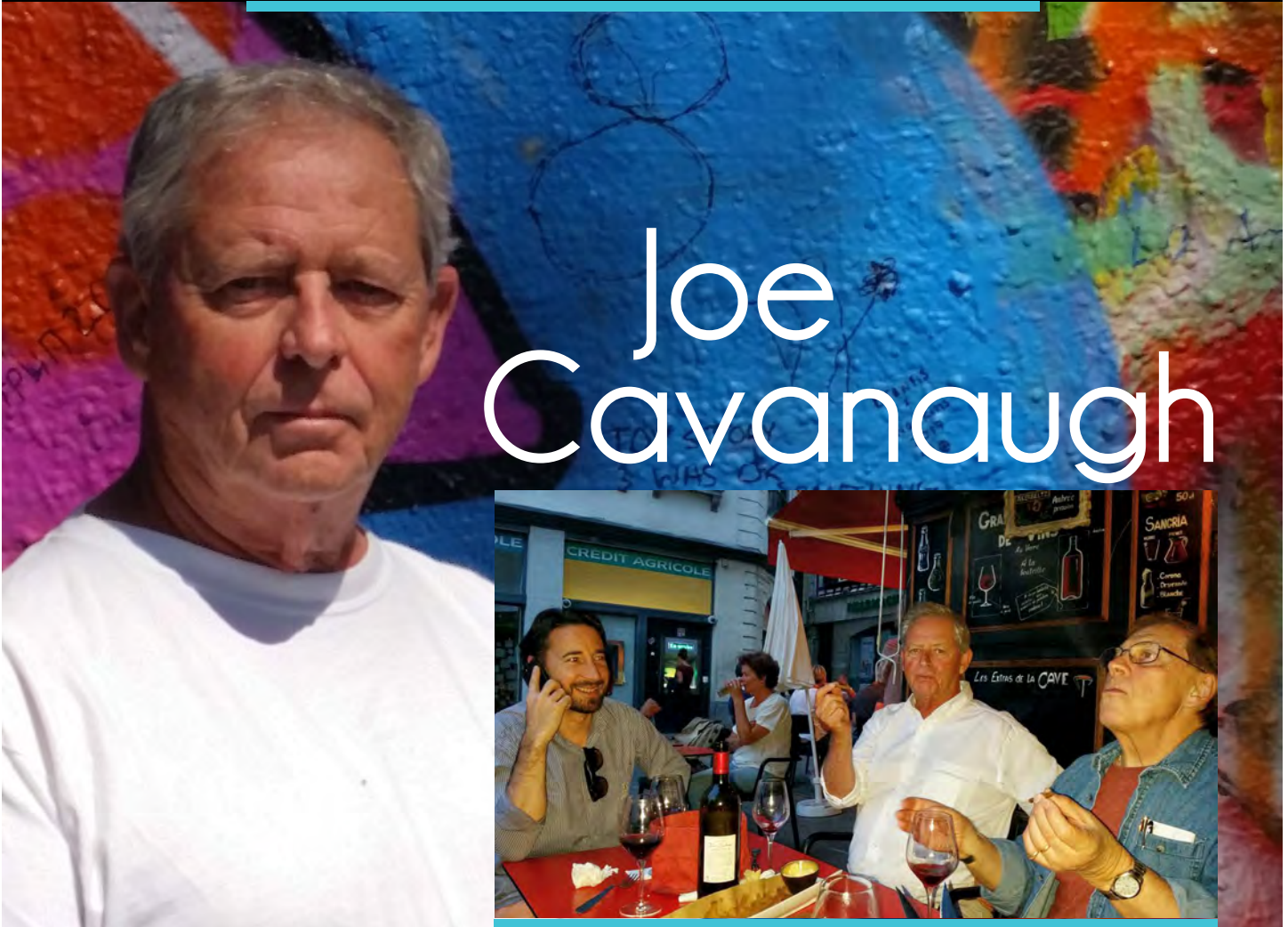


Photo by Shirley Cavanaugh

June 2016 — Enjoying life on a cultural exchange in our Sister City, Bayonne in southwest France, with my friend and surrealist poet Dan Pels and our host artist Erwin Dazelle. We enjoyed our after Tapas cigars and wine discussing art, poetry and having a great time

Joe Cavanaugh's latest book releases:



[Link to book](#)



[Link to book](#)

I am a peace and love advocate and it is the inspiration for a lot of my poetry. I have studied and practiced Tibetan Buddhism for over 50 years and actively embrace new age thinking in my life and ethical standards. I have a deep appreciation for the basic tenants of a Transcendental point of view and it is reflected in my work as a writer and poet. I have chosen a few poems to present here that capture my ideas and illustrate what inspires me. The first 3 poems are from my latest book of poetry, **TRANSCENDENTAL TARGETS, SEARCHING FOR THE ECSTATIC IN A CLOUD OF WHITE BUTTERFLIES**, published by Taylor and Seale Publishing located in Daytona Beach Shores in 2017.

Joe is a long-time Florida State Poets Association member and former President, currently he is Vice President of The National Federation of State Poetry Societies, and Chair of Blackberry Peach Spoken Word Poetry Competition.

WAR NO MORE

SHE CAN'T ACCEPT THAT MIGHT MAKES RIGHT
A FOLDED FLAG HER GIFT OF WAR
HER SON IS GONE. IT'S JUST NOT RIGHT.

POWER AND GREED FUEL A BITTER FIGHT
POLITICAL RHETORIC A REASON TO KILL
SHE CAN'T ACCEPT THAT MIGHT MAKES RIGHT.

MEDIA COMPRESSES WAVES OF LIGHT.
ANGER DRIVES THE NEED FOR MORE.
HER SON IS GONE. IT'S JUST NOT RIGHT.

FEAR IS HERE. WE'RE ALL UPTIGHT.
SHE POURS ANOTHER CUP OF TEA.
SHE CAN'T ACCEPT THAT MIGHT MAKES RIGHT.

THE EASTERN SKY BRINGS A NEW DAY'S LIGHT
A CHANCE TO FORGET THE SEARING PAIN
HER SON IS GONE. IT'S JUST NOT RIGHT

FROM EARLY ON, WE'RE TAUGHT TO FIGHT
SHE SEES THE PATH AND WALKS AWAY
SHE CAN'T ACCEPT THAT MIGHT MAKES RIGHT
HER SON IS GONE. IT'S JUST NOT RIGHT.

This first poem is about the basic human desire to move forward to a peaceful world without the grief and burden of war. It was inspired in a workshop on how to use an "iron couplet" to create a Villanelle, a French poetic form that is similar to the english ballad taught by Peter Meinke, our State of Florida Poet Laureate, and Al Rocheleau, former President of the Florida State Poets Association. We were taught that the central theme of the poem must be based on a powerful couplet which is repeated in different ways throughout the poem. I worked for 6 months to get my ideas about the futility of war properly arranged into the classic form of a Villanelle. The couplet I chose, "SHE CAN'T ACCEPT THAT MIGHT MAKES RIGHT, HER SON IS GONE. IT'S JUST NOT RIGHT" makes a personal statement and offers an alternative course of action. "SHE SEES THE PATH AND WALKS AWAY" withdrawing her support from the basic premise of war, "MIGHT MAKES RIGHT".

A CLOUD OF WHITE BUTTERFLIES

A CLOUD OF WHITE BUTTERFLIES
REMINDS US OF THE GENEROSITY
OF ANOTHER SPRING

AN INSPIRING DISPLAY
OF PROMISED ABUNDANCE
FLUTTERING INTO OUR FUTURE

A LIVING ALTERNATIVE TO
FLICKERING ELECTRONIC IMPULSES
ASSAULTING OUR HARRIED MINDS

PUMPING UP FEAR AND ANXIETY
THE NEED FOR THE NEXT NEW PILL
HIDING FROM HOODED EXTREMISTS

SUDDENLY VIRTUAL INHABITANTS
THREATEN TO HACK AND CRACK
OUR NEW WORLD NEIGHBORHOODS

WHO IS REALLY BEING BEHEADED
IN THIS WORLD OF EXCITED ELECTRONS
CONTROLLING OUR VALUES AND EMOTIONS

WHO IS CREATING OUR REALITY TODAY?
HOW CAN WE KNOW?
HOW CAN WE SAY?

WHERE IS THE MASTER SERVER?
IN THE CLOUD?
UNDER THE KREMLIN?

IN A CHOSEN GOD'S MIND?
IN A RELIGIOUS TRADITION?
IN TONIGHT'S DREAMS?

IN OUR CHILDREN'S WISHES?
IN OUR CALCULATED CHOICES?
IN GRACE IN A TIGHT SPOT?

IN OUR THOUGHTS AS WE WATCH
A CLOUD OF WHITE BUTTERFLIES
FLUTTERING IN OUR SPRING GARDEN?

The second poem is concerned with how the beauty and power of the natural world is being transformed by the contemporary obsession with the electronic media. It urges us to be aware of the power we have to shape our world through our thinking and conscious decisions.

A NEW AGE PRAYER

The law of good flows through me
I am one with the rhythm of life
I feel courageous and centered in faith
God is right where I am

I am at peace with the world in which I live
I am at home with the Divine
I identify myself with abundance
I am immersed in the Spirit

The power of God is with us
This power is our freedom
The abundance of Spirit fulfills
Our every good desire now

We are guided into right action
We are surrounded by love, beauty friendship
We are conscious of Divine guidance
We accept complete happiness

We are aware of our partnership with the infinite
We know exactly what to do in every situation
Every idea necessary for success
In this day is brought to our attention

The doorway to ever-increasing opportunity
For self expression is open before us
Every day brings more blessings and friendships
We allow these words to become our reality
And so it is.

The third poem I have included could serve the reader as a prayer to begin the day. I believe in the power of prayer and the great benefits of a spiritual practice that includes meditation and conscious awareness of our inherent divine nature. I urge you to incorporate these ideas into your day to day life as a poet.

THE POWER OF THE PERFECT POEM

THE POSSIBILITY
OF MORE CLEARLY
LIVING THAT PAST
WE DID NOT LIVE
THAN THE PRESENT
WE LIVE NOW

THE POSSIBILITY
THAT LUSCIOUS WRITTEN WORDS
WRAPPING MOIST THOUGHTS
ARE MORE REAL
THAN THIS MOMENT
OF DISCIPLINED MOVEMENT
CALLED WRITING POETRY

MY COMPLEX BRAIN
BRED ON COMPLEXITIES
ENDLESS CONSUMER
OF ADDITIONAL INFORMATION
SKETCHING IN WORDS
FLASHES OF REALIZATION

SUBTLE FINGERTIPS
CARESSING MY HAIR
PLAYING WITH THE BACK OF MY NECK
KUNDALINI RISING
CREATIVE WAVES
IMPRINTING THE WORDS

A POEM SPINNING OFF
INTO THE SPIRAL OF REALITY
TO BE READ AND REMEMBERED
LONG AFTER THIS DAY
THE DAY IT WAS CREATED
THE DAY OF THE PERFECT POEM

In 2001, in my early development as a poet, I tried to write a poem about writing a perfect poem. I urge you to try. This is from my first poetry book, POETRY JAM WITH TOAST AND TEA originally self published in 2010. A second edition was published by Writers Ink Press of Daytona Beach in 2011.

SPHERICAL HARMONY

In the center of the atom
Space
Suspended particles
Held by the same force
That binds
All things to the center
Gravity love affinity
Fear hate repulsion

Somewhere in this center
A meaning comes
In coming
It's on the way
To the somewhere else
That attracts it
The vectors powerful

Altered only by more
Powerful forces
Bending the line
Turning it spherical
Nothing really going anywhere
Traveling in a spiral
Sometimes perceived as mass
Usually as motion

This energy transfer becomes
The external universe
In ways we can
Perceive from where
We stand becoming
Part of it we move
A conscious component
Of the real power

I am interested in what's happening at the sub atomic level. We don't really know, although massive scientific research and resources have been focusing on it for a long time. Einstein and other luminaries have put forth theories and the principles of quantum mechanics has been developed to help us understand, but to date, even with the help of nuclear coliders we are still trying to figure it out. Eastern philosophy seems to have some potential answers to why and how particles (sai) and waves (jai) interact. From the Writers Ink Press version of POETRY JAM WITH TOAST AND TEA, I offer some speculative ideas about how it works in my poem, SPHERICAL HARMONY.

Queen Palm Dances with the wind

THE ROYAL BED

SHAKING HER LONG LIMBS
SHE RATTLES IN THE WIND
ROLLING WITH HIS RHYTHM
SHE DANCES STRONG WITH HIM

EVERY FIBER RIPPLING
HER TRUNK SENSUOUSLY SWAYING
SHE FURIOUSLY MATES WITH HER POWERFUL LOVER

HER CHILDREN ARE SWEEPED UP INTO THE CLOUDS
GRAVITY GRADUALLY PULLING THEM HOME
BURSTING IN THE TROPICAL HEAT
REPOPULATING THE MOIST DANCE FLOOR

The final poem I picked out is from my 2014 self published book of poetry, LOVE HAPPENS, A TARGET ON MY CHEST. This is a Florida poem, about hurricanes, and the popular belief that 100 days after a hurricane, everything in nature is in full bloom. We have had a lot of fun at poetry readings over the years where volunteers from the audience acted out the words as they were read.

BEYOND WORDS

The journey

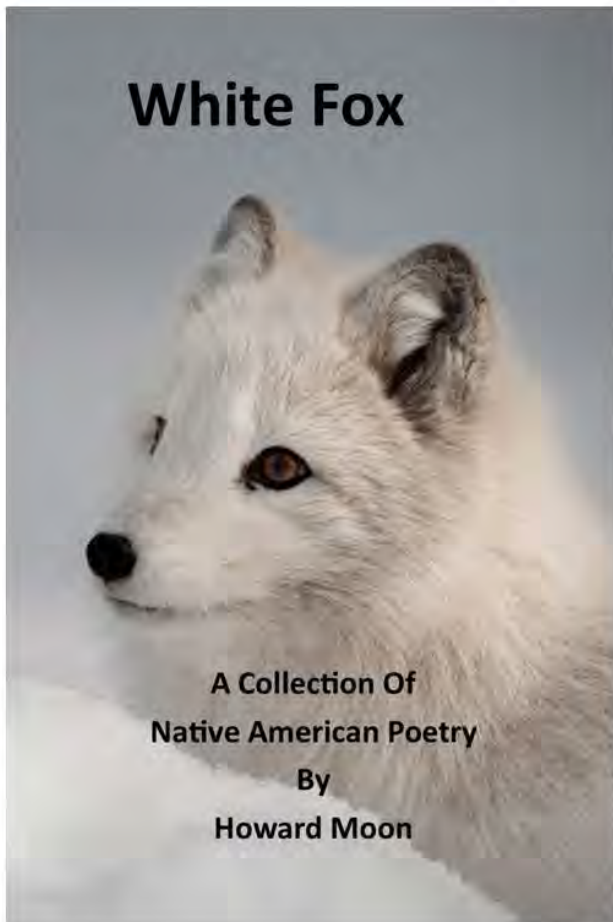


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White Fox



A Collection Of
Native American Poetry
By
Howard Moon

White Fox

A Collection of Native
American Poetry
By Howard Moon

White Fox is a collection of poetry inspired by the Native heritage of the author. His grandfather was of the Fox Nation and was born on the reservation.

His poetry covers many topics facing today's Natives. He also writes about the problems of growing up part Native in a white world.

*Snow and fox try to live together as one
Native and white
White and native*

Available on Amazon in print and Kindle editions.

<http://tiny.cc/whitefox>

Also available on his author page
<https://www.howmoon.com>

You only have a few more days!

DEADLINE: SEPTEMBER 10th!

2022 FSPA Contest Sponsorship Form

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

Marc Davidson
PO Box 730838
Ormond Beach, FL 32173
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.
or pay using [Paypal.com](https://www.paypal.com) to FSPATreasurer@aol.com

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 2022 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
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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

or mail your request to:

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



FSPA CHAPTER NEWS & UPDATES

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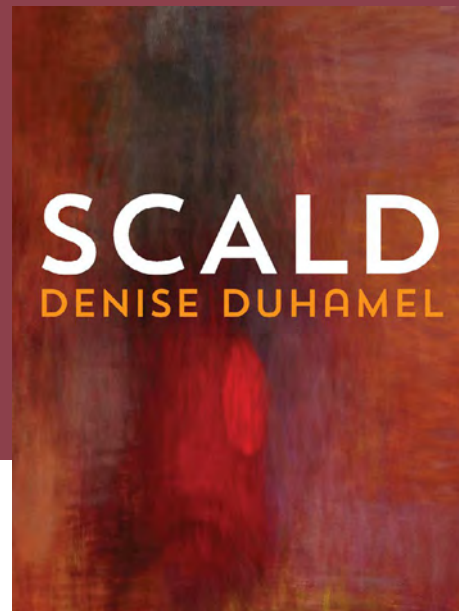
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New River Poets

Gary Ketchum
ketchxxii1@hotmail.com

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• Anyone can sign up for our email list here: [Link](#)



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“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

KUDOS TO MEMBER AT LARGE LINDA EVE DIAMOND

Linda Eve Diamond was honored with two National Federation of State Poetry Societies Founders awards, First Place and Third Place. Her winning poems, *A Thin Line* and *Light Fades* are published in *Encore: Prize Poems 2021*. Her poem, *Art Beats*, which was originally published in *Encore: Prize Poems 2018*, was honored with a 2021 Artists Embassy International Dancing Poetry Award. She will read her winning poem via Zoom for the upcoming Dancing Poetry Festival. Linda Eve recently sent a love letter to Rome, which was published by *Mediterranean Poetry: an odyssey through the mediterranean world*. [Link](#)



Linda Eve Diamond

A Thin Line

The sun is setting and we stand apart
trembling, on a tightrope in the dark.

We both have our stories about how
we ended up here, how the chasm

widened, how the divided states
fractured, how we became small

warring countries within our own
small circles, how common ground

narrowed to this thin line, why
the stakes are raised every day.

But today, we're trying
to see each other again

to recognize the familiar stranger
taking tenuous steps on a thin line

where we juggle topics and avoid
the flaming hoops, at least for now

gravity here centers on lightness
but the light is growing dim

and we're checking our safety nets
again, looking at our phones.

We yawn with clownish exaggeration.
Well, look at the time. We say it's late.

Maybe it's early but it feels late so early
these days, in the noisy, dizzying haze

where we're not the expert acrobats
we'd need to be to get us to safety

and neither one of us likes this routine
or the circus that's sprouted up around us.

~ Linda Eve Diamond



Tere Starr

Miami Poets

Miami Poets let their summertime words sizzle during the monthly Miami Poets Soirée, facilitated by **Tere Starr**. We met remotely each first Wednesday, sharing our poetry and inspiration by Zoom. We also joined **Steve Liebowitz** on second Mondays for virtual poetry critiques. Our August soirée will be held masked and in-person at the Pinecrest Branch Library.

Achievements: **Connie Goodman-Milone's** letter, "Parkland legacies live on in nonprofits," appeared in the *Miami Herald's* editorial page. Her poems, "Legacy" and "Ode to an Angel" were awarded second and third place in poetry in South Florida Writers Association's Writing Contest, and her essay, "Reflections on Modern Haiku," was published on their Blog. **Pat Bonner Milone** was awarded first and second place in the Memoir category for "Snake Cage" and "Predators and Prey." **Zorina Frey** will perform two poetic monologues, "Black Cinderella" and "A Colored Girls Creed," during the virtual program, Femuscripts, Florida: Her Stories. Both poems are published in her book, *Don't Mind Being Black*. **Jo Christiane Ledakis** took part in the first in-person poetry reading in the Geneva, Switzerland garden of *ExTempore's* editor. **Patricia Asuncion** continues to host the monthly Virtual Global Open Mics from Charlottesville, Virginia. She took part in the River City Poets Reading outdoors at Ginter Botanical Garden in Richmond. **Steve Liebowitz**, **Connie Goodman-Milone**, **Ricki Dorn** and **Tere Starr** shared their poems at South Florida Writers Association's first in-person meeting in July. Tere continues to bring poetry to the community by hosting virtual Poetry Soirées for the Brandeis Women's South Miami Chapter. We believe that poetry resonates best when it's shared.

~ Tere Starr, President



Patsy Asuncion



Jo Christiane Ledakis



Connie Goodman-Milone



Steve Liebowitz



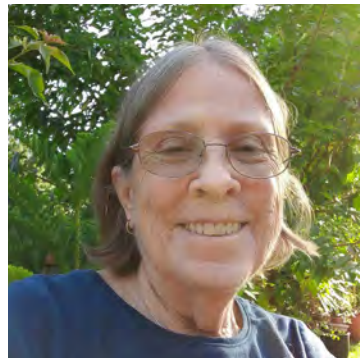
Ricki Dorn



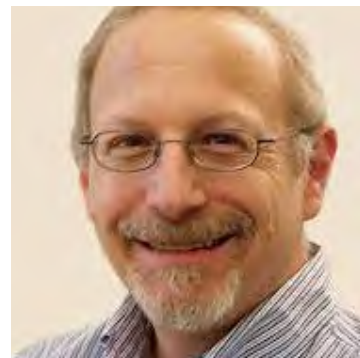
Diane Neff



Shelley Stocksdales



Chris Flocken



Peter Gordon

Orlando Area Poets

The Maitland Public Library National Poetry Month Coffeehouse on June 25 focused on the theme “Lions and Tigers and Bears.” Poets read their themed poetry and learned that the next theme for the September 24 Coffeehouse will be “Between Breaths.”

To prepare for the coffeehouses, **Elaine Person** conducts writing workshops for the Maitland Public Library on the third Sunday of each month, plus additional dates. Details and links are at maitlandpl.org.

The Orlando Area Poets’ latest in-house poetry contest featured poems for children. **Lynn Schiffhorst** proposed the theme, with an anonymous donor providing funding for prizes. Winners announced at our monthly meeting on July 15 were: 3rd place: **Teresa TL Bruce**, “Familiark;” 2nd place: **Carolynn J. Scully**, “Bubble Day;” and 1st place: **Mark Andrew James Terry**, “Dream, Dream, Dream.”

Orlando Poet Laureate **Susan Lilley** was the guest speaker at our July meeting. She discussed her experience as the first Poet Laureate of Orlando, how she approaches her poetry practice, and challenged us to write in the terminal form of poetry. This form takes the last word of each line of an existing poem written by someone else to be the last word of each line, in the original order, of a new poem.

Three of our members had pieces selected for publication in the Florida Writers Association Anthology Collection, *Footprints*, to be published in October. **Fern Goodman**’s story, “Whiplash” was selected to be in the top ten (#4); others selected were **Frank T. Masi**’s story, “Angel Baby” and **Elaine Person**’s story, “Admitting D-Feet.”

Syeeah Jarrule Bashay’s book, *Poetry Unsalted*, was published in July.

Christina Flocken’s unpublished memoir, *Swept Away*, is a semi-finalist in the Florida Writers Association’s Royal Palm Literary Award Competition.

Peter Gordon continued as host for the First Tuesday Open Mic for FSPA on July 6 and August 3. The next scheduled Open Mic is September 7 at 7:30 p.m. on Zoom. The link is found on the FSPA website.

Andrew Jarvis has new reviews of poetry collections by **Yusef Komunyakaa** and **Alice Quinn** published in the *New York Journal of Books*: - <https://www.nyjournalofbooks.com/reviewer/andrew-jarvis>. His poem “Cast Away” appears in *Valparaiso Poetry Review*, and his poem “How Grownups Fire” appears in *Fourth River*.

Shelley Stocksdales shared her poetry with Central Florida painters and Florida photographer, **Clyde Butcher**, based on their Casselberry Art House exhibit, “Living Waters and the Florida Landscape.”

~ Diane Neff, President



Gary Ketchum

New River Poets

Well, we have survived the summer doldrums in Florida with its concomitant high humidity and high temperatures. However, the good news is that we have not had terrible tropical storm and hurricane events affecting our area thus far. I have personally been challenged with some family health issues but otherwise we are doing well and our chapter has even added some very talented poets to the rolls.

New River Poets continue to successfully meet virtually via Zoom. We will have an item on the next agenda to begin discussion of whether we should consider meeting in person again. Nonetheless, in light of Florida's worst-in-the-nation performance during the latest COVID Delta Variant surge, I'm not sure we will approve of face-to-face sessions again any time soon. Even though most all of us are vaccinated, we can still be carriers of the virus and it would present a risk to other family members who have not been inoculated or who have co-morbidity issues.

On a different note, I want to spread the news about a wonderful resource we have in our very own Pasco County. St. Leo University near San Antonio and Zephyrhills, Florida, has for the last eight years conducted the Annual Sandhill Writers Retreat. This offers a wonderful opportunity for any writer to attend workshops on composing poetry, fiction and non-fiction prose. This past year's retreat was done virtually due to the pandemic but an added benefit of that was that recorded sessions were available online to registered participants for some time after the retreat. Valued presentations such as "Painting Poetic Lines," "Anatomy of the Ghazal," and "Using Ekphrastic Techniques . . ." were just a few enlightening programs this year. I will be sure to preview the retreat for Spring, 2022 in our OPAP so anyone interested in attending next year will be able to plan on it.

To all, have a healthy autumn and do keep writing.

~ Gary Ketchum, President



Cheri Herald

Sunshine Poets

Sunshine Poets meets on the last 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**, took a 1st in PA, and judged for Ohio; she also took a 2nd, two 3rds and several HMs in NFSPS's annual national contest. We have been studying the Sette Bello form.

~ Cheri Herald, 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. Open Forum Workshop is the 1st Thursday and Poetry Hub the 3rd Tuesday of each month 6:30-8:00 pm on Zoom. RSVP & get the link on NFPH Facebook Events page. [Link](#)

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. [Link](#)

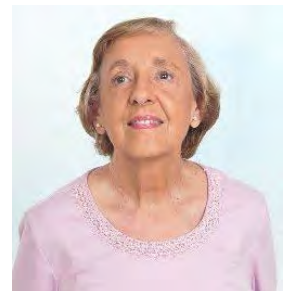
NORTH FLORIDA POETRY HUB

We welcome North Florida Poetry Hub's first international member, **Mehmet Güneş**. He found his way to us via our Facebook Events page, visiting our free poetry workshops on Zoom. An artist and poet—in his own words: "I am a Syrian refugee living in Turkey. Because of the ongoing, yet never-ending conflict in Syria, I may be destroyed but am not defeated. I have made my name as an international English teacher and a man of letters, regardless of being displaced, homeless, having encountered boundless hurdles before and ongoing; yet I survive." His story is one of bravery and courage, his poetry reflecting his experiences. He is working on a documentary that shares the story of his Syrian refugee community in Turkey, an incredible testimony to the resiliency of a displaced, war-ravaged people. He has recently begun work as a director of art and cultural projects nationally and internationally, which is allowing him to work with people worldwide to include Syrian, Iraqi, Turkish, European and those of the US. He has even become a long-distance volunteer for Hope At Hand, our Chapter sponsor. You can follow Mehmet's story on his Facebook page [muhammadshakour.algnash](#) and his YouTube Channel "EveryDay English." [Link](#)



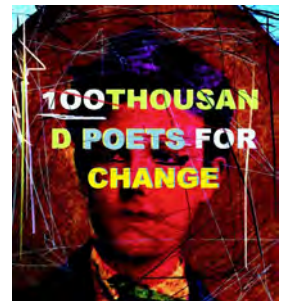
Barrie Levine, our member in Wenham, Massachusetts, has had ten haiku poems under the title "Broom Clean" published in the August edition of the online *"failed haiku Journal of English Senryu."*

Sharon Scholl of Atlantic Beach, Florida has released a new chapbook, *Remains*, a collection of musings on the gifts of age and wisdom, and the unreliability of both. Available via Amazon.com. [Link](#)



Sharon Scholl

In September, we celebrate 100 Thousand Poets 4 Change, when poets and artists all over the world come together to use their talents and raise their voices to promote environmental, social and political change. For the second year, NFPH will be hosting a Zoom open mic for poets, artists and musicians (September 25th) at 3 pm, along with a month-long call to artists in all our communities - which will reach around the globe - to raise their voices, hosting performances live and online; showcasing them on our Chapter website and the new North Florida Poetry Hub YouTube Channel. [Link](#)



Last year our Open Mic was a huge hit, and this year promises to be a phenomenally unforgettable experience! We are excited to be a part of this historic, international artistic event.
(Continued on the next page)



Howard Moon



Following the Global Event, documentation on the 100TPC.org website will be preserved by Stanford University in California, which has recognized 100 Thousand Poets 4 Change as an historical event, the largest poetry reading in history.

North Florida Poetry Hub poets **Shutta Crum, Sharon Scholl, Shani Hall, Ruth Van Alstine, Nuala Molloy Moran, and Howard Moon** are all involved in a creative artistic community project called “PAM-Jam”; a platform where Poets, Artists & Musicians (PAM) come together to inspire, collaborate and create videos that showcase their talents. They have been paired with artists from The Art Center Cooperative of Jacksonville and the Cultural Center of Ponte Vedra Beach along with local musicians. During the Fall months there will be exciting on-line and art gallery events showcasing their “PAM-Jams”. The goal of PAM Jam is to provide hope & healing through the arts...and Spread Joy (Jam) to the World! We’re super-excited to be a part of this fantastic project! Check out all the amazing videos on the PAM-jam website at <https://www.pam-jam.com/>

Tune into our Facebook Events page to keep up to date with all the news and participate in our exciting events at North Florida Poetry Hub this fall and be sure to watch out for our listings on the Zoomies events page!

~ Ruth Van Alstine - President

The Live Poets Society of Daytona Beach



Marc Davidson

The Live Poets Society of Daytona Beach is still ‘meeting’ on the computer, and Vicki Iorio reports she has had poems accepted by several publications. Marc Davidson attended the “Writing to Art” class at the Crealde Art Center in Winter Park, taught by long-time FSPA member Elaine Person. It was a wonderful day, and he encourages any poet who is interested to take the class, which is offered almost every month. Our other members are quietly writing poetry and waiting for more opportunities!

~ Marc Davidson, President

Tomoka Poets



Mary-Ann Westbrook

Tomoka Poets finally held a meeting at the library. It was wonderful to be together, read, discuss and critique poetry. The first and last of anything are always the sweetest. Our library has again closed its meeting rooms to all groups in its endeavor to curb the spread of the new delta strain of the COVID virus. To keep poetry alive we cosponsored a poetry open mic at the Main Street station in Daytona Beach. An afternoon of poetry among old and new poets was a delight. Until we are able to meet again we will continue reading and writing.

~ Mary-Ann Westbrook, President



Charles Hazelip

Poetry For the Love Of It

Poetry for the Love of It (PLOI) continues to meet the 2nd and 4th Mondays of each month. Members who can meet in the 3rd floor conference room of the Tallahassee Senior Center, while others attend via Zoom.

With the absence of chapter president **Charles Hazelip**, his duties have been divided amongst several members.

Members continue to share their original poems, and to examine the life and works of a notable poet each month. Poet, writer and musician **Cornelius Eady** is the notable poet for August.

In an effort to interject humor into our lives, the suggested poetry format for August is the “I Lik the Bred” genre.

~ Linda Whitefeather,
PLOI Chapter Recording Secretary &
Acting Meeting Monitor on behalf of
Charles Hazelip,
PLOI Chapter President



Evelyn Ann Romano

Members at Large

Evelyn Ann Romano was one of several winners of the Tell it Tampa! Poetry contest. The contest was sponsored by the Arts & Cultural Affairs department of the City of Tampa. Poets were asked to write a poem telling why they loved the City. Evelyn’s winning poem was titled, “Love Letter to Tampa.” The poem or parts of it will be included in an upcoming event by the City to promote and highlight the new “destination” city of Tampa. Evelyn’s poetry was also published in *Chasing Light*, a book of poems inspired by Burgert Brothers photographs of the Tampa Bay area.

Evelyn’s chapbook, *RIPE*, published by Finishing Line Press is available from Amazon.com



Family photo: Sue Alexander standing "on the block" in New York City, June 1934. Her daughter, Suzanne Austin-Hill's mother, remains in Florida. Suzanne won't be born in NYC for another eighteen years.

Nonet

Chip:
Scoop,
Salsa cup,
Corny cruncher.
You can't eat just one!
Another beckons with
Delectable saltiness,
Irresistible tastiness,
Priming my tongue for a basketful

~ Mary Ellen Orvis

Chip Off the Old Block

A piece broken off something that's larger;
the chip normally a son, this time a granddaughter.
An object with a mark where a piece went asunder;
the block typically a father, this time a grandmother.

The block was mentor without a doubt;
her behavior, the chip destined to tryout.
Wherever the block went, whether far or near;
the chip noted her kind actions and words so dear.

As mother-in-law and grandmother, the block excelled,
especially as the former, evil myths dispelled.
The chip's father loved her as his own;
no recognition or gift did he postpone.

The block's trail of breadcrumbs, the chip sticks to.
So the chip in these roles knows what to do.
Far from the tree, an apple never will fall.
The chip, close to the block, total recall.

~ Suzanne Austin-Hill

Snack Sensation

Staring at a bag of Lay's
My thoughts in total disarray,

Should I dip each chip
Salsa or Ranch

Flip every chip
Into a bowl

Or skip the chip
My doctor's advice.

Willpower fades as my lips and tongue
wait.
I resolve to add more chips to my plate.

~ Cheryl Licata

Transcending the Humble Spud

I like spicy. I like jalapenos. I like hot sauce.
I like spicy creations, like spicy crunchy
chips that transcend the humble spud.

Plantain fruit make very chippable chips,
and I add hot sauce.

Mother pampered her gardens, which included
beets, the only vegetable I struggled to eat.
The color reminded me of the kidney and when
prepared, convinced me the texture must duplicate it.

Mother, today I make delicious beetroot chips,
and I add hot sauce.

I grew up eating turnip greens, collard greens
and spinach. When I discovered kale, I wanted
to try a recipe unique to me. It's not as healthy
as my tender bland smoothie, but is far tastier.

I discovered scrumptious parmesan kale chips,
and I add hot sauce.

My family carved pumpkins for Halloween.
Mother made pumpkin and sweet potato pies
for Thanksgiving. Ever roasted a pumpkin?
Neither had I until I made the ultimate discovery.

I found a tasty recipe for roasted pumpkin chips,
and I add hot sauce.

My down-home farm breakfasts included organic eggs,
homemade fluffy biscuits topped with butter and jelly,
simmered red tiny taters, and rice, oatmeal or grits. I added
sugar and butter to help me reach the ultimate taste-lift.

I love the delightful rich recipe for cheesy grits chips,
and I add hot sauce.

—Mary Rogers-Grantham

Requiem for a chicken

A dead chicken is in my fridge.
That makes my fridge a kind of morgue.
I go to get an innocent glass of milk
and shudder at the sudden chill of death.
I am not one to kill chickens.
I am not being sentimental.
A chicken lives an ignorant life
and dies harshly, without dignity,
blood spurting out of its hapless neck.
My loved ones enjoy eating chickens.
At least the thing has a silver shroud
of tin foil around its doomed carcass.
The dog stares up at me from the floor.
I close the cold refrigerator door.

~ Dennis Rhodes.

Next Issue:

Editor's Choice Challenge

Prompt: Windmill

Form: Any

Submit by: October 1, 2021

to Mark@TKOrlando.com

November/December 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

IN THE NEWS

SAVE THE DATES! Laura (Riding) Jackson Foundation announce a series of poetry events November 9-18. The series will include former North Carolina Poet Laureate, Cathy Smith Bowers, reading at the Center for Spiritual Care in Vero Beach with Indian River County Poet Laureate, Sean Sexton, 7 pm Thursday, Nov. 11th in a program entitled: "In A Matter of Minutes." The next evening at 7 pm, Alabama Poet Laureate, Jennifer Horne, will join Cathy and Sean for "America Song"—The South, a performance of poetry and music including musicians Andrew Galuska, Jill Truax, Rachel Carter, and Josh Pinnock (and others) in the main Sanctuary of Community Church in Vero Beach. Other events of the week include school visits and a writing workshop (TBA).

Look for more information to come by visiting The Laura (Riding) Jackson Foundation's website. [Link](#)

Poetry Foundation

Open Door Reading Series Online:

Julietta Cheung, Hereaclitus Vernon, Joshua Demaree and Rachel Herman

Tuesday, September 14th — 7:00 PM–8:00 PM CDT

A live virtual reading with Julietta Cheung, Hereaclitus Vernon, Joshua Demaree, and Rachel Herman. [Link](#)

Poetry Foundation

Celebrating the Poets of Forms & Features

Thursday, September 16th — 6:00 PM CDT

A virtual reading and celebration of the diverse voices, rich experiences, and powerful words of poets from around the country, and the world. This poetry workshop and discussion, Forms & Features, will share work created in this online creative community. [Link](#)

Poetry Foundation

Open Door Reading Series Online:

Matt Bodett, Amanda Goldblatt, Isaías Rogel, and Ricardo Mondragon

Tuesday, October 12th — 7:00 PM–8:00 PM CDT

Join us for a live virtual reading with Matt Bodett, Amanda Goldblatt, Isaías Rogel, and Ricardo Mondragon. The Open Door series presents work from new and emerging poets and highlights writing instruction and poetic partnerships. Each event features readings by two Midwest based writers and two of their current or recent students or writing partners. [Link](#)

~ Mark Andrew James Terry, editor
Of Poets & Poetry



A Little Lagniappe:

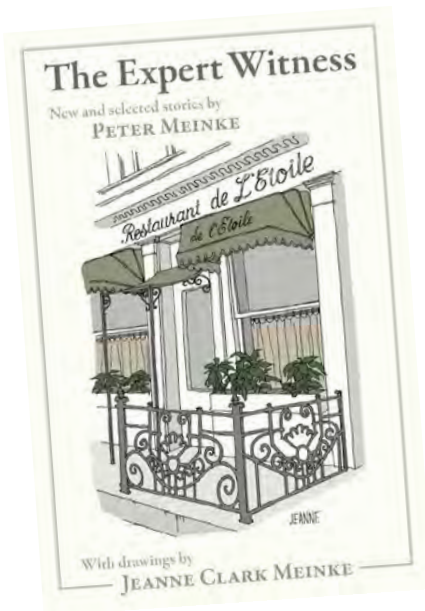


blue-black silhouette
winter cocoon quadrate eye
wax golden welcome

~ Suzanne S. Austin-Hill

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
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PETER MEINKE is an author whose work has been published in *The Atlantic*, *The New Yorker*, *The New Republic*, *Poetry*, *Tampa Review*, eight books of the Pitt Poetry Series, and in two collections of fiction. He is Poet Laureate of Florida. **JEANNE CLARK MEINKE** is an artist whose drawings have appeared in *The New Yorker*, *Gourmet*, *Yankee*, and numerous other periodicals. Together they have collaborated on a previous children's book and many other publications, including *Lines from Neuchatel*, *Truth and Affection*, *The Shape of Poetry*, and *Lines from Wildwood Lane* (a collection of her own drawings), all published by the University of Tampa Press.



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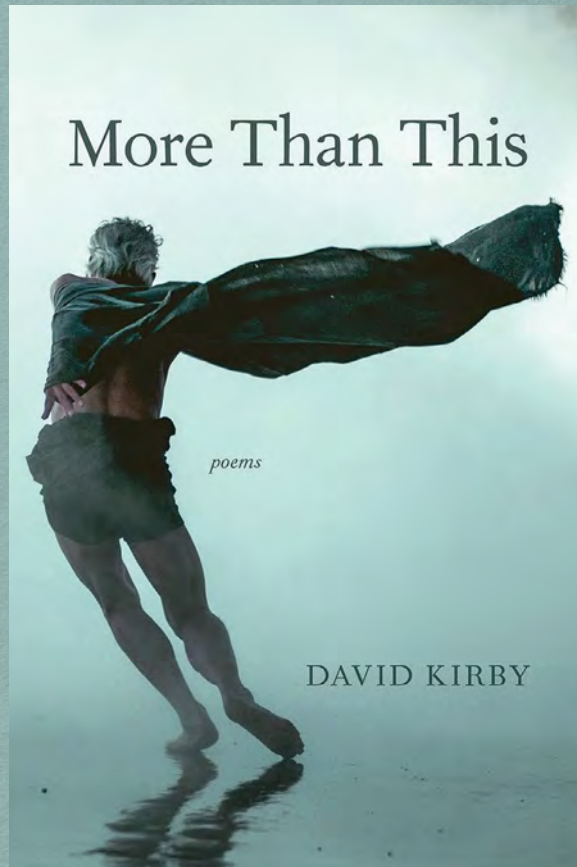
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