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Al Rocheleau

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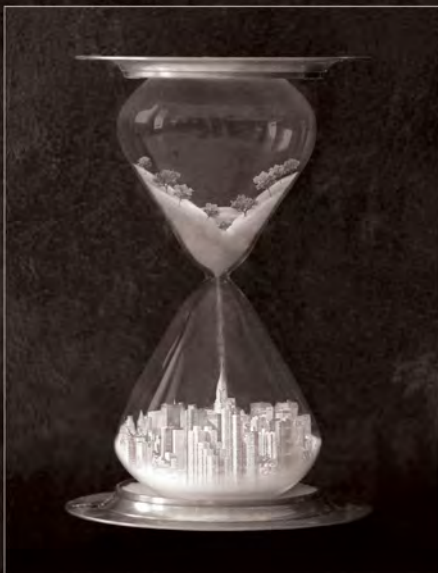
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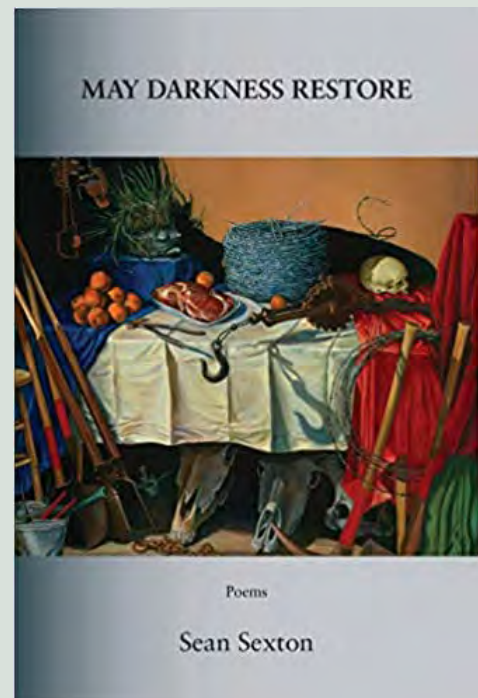
"Spring Morning Pastoral" by Sean Sexton, Oil on Canvas

Florida's preeminent artist and cowboy poet Sean Sexton reveals the poetry in ranching

Indian River Poet Laureate Sean Sexton's *May Darkness Restore* (published by Press53) "is a glorious book—Sexton's generous, unerring artist's eye finds extraordinary beauty in the often difficult everyday facts in the life of a third-generation Florida cattle rancher. He glories in the magic and alchemy of language and turns words and phrases like 'Rhizobium leguminosarum' and 'raggedy-assed tractor' into pure poetry. This book celebrates the beauties of generation, death, rebirth and love, and offers us all a share of truly redemptive grace."

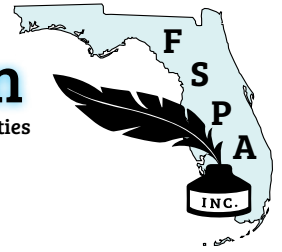
—Sidney Wade, author of *Bird Book: Poems*

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Florida State Poets Association

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Mary Marcelle, President,
Florida State Poets Association

FROM THE PRESIDENT'S DESK

This month, our cover article profiles Al Rocheleau, the immediate past president of the Florida State Poets Association. But that's just one small part of the huge impact Al has made to this organization. He has been a loyal part of FSPA and its success for many years. He led numerous educational seminars, offered experienced advice to poets, raised the impact and importance of our esteemed Chancellors, and taught his challenging college-level course of poetry, 12 Chairs, to so many. Recently, he's published a large collection of his work, *Falling Water: Collected Poems 1976-2016*. Al is a mentor and someone I admire. And while he's left Florida behind, he remains a part of FSPA.

The amount of talent and creativity I see in FSPA members is always amazing. Scientific studies have shown that being creative and engaged can help keep our minds nimble and active as we age. We have poetry as our outlet, and we have learned to gather and share the words that express our art with others who would appreciate it.

Though our in-person events have been curtailed, we still try to meet online as often as possible. Your FSPA administration is working hard to keep our members connected and in touch with one another for the camaraderie as well as for the purpose of sharing poetry.

With the poetry events happening online multiplying and bringing together diverse groups from all over the state, the Florida State Poets Association is here to facilitate and promote these virtual events. Mark Terry is creating a comprehensive listing of diverse poetry happenings that you can attend from the comfort of your home. We will meet again in person, but for now, the computer/iPad/cell phone is the only way to "gather." Check out the article on Zoomies in this issue if you are craving some poetry connectivity.

Every two months I send out the notice for a new issue of *Of Poets and Poetry*, and I get several replies from our members saying how much they have enjoyed it. To be clear, I only try to make sure everything is spelled correctly (along with Diane Neff) and then tell you when OPAP is ready. Mark does all the heavy lifting.

Now, if you enjoy reading what we used to call a newsletter but what I call a full magazine today, please write an email to Mark Terry and let him know you appreciate his Herculean efforts. He is interested in knowing which parts of the magazine you enjoy most.

Mark is a volunteer, like me, like all of the people who create FSPA events, contests, OPAP content, FSPA community programs, chapter meetings, education programs, conventions, etc. Some long-serving FSPA members have stepped back from their active roles due to age, health, or family issues. This leaves us with many empty jobs to fill. Even with a pandemic holding things back, we still need quality volunteers to keep the organization functioning at this level.

If you have interest in helping to make FSPA a well-functioning organization and giving just a little time (it really doesn't take much to contribute!) I would love to hear from you. Dedicated service from a few more members would make an important difference in the future of FSPA.

Take care,

Mary



Al in his music room



Left: Al and Gette, January 2021

Right: Pipefitter, Standard Oil of California, 1978

Al Rocheleau



~ Photo by Georgette Rocheleau

This issue features our past president, poet and teacher **Al Rocheleau**. More than eight months ago Al left Florida with his family for the state of Nevada, to reside in a beautiful new house overlooking Las Vegas. The home is situated at the edge of Sloan Canyon National Conservation Area, at 2800 feet on a ridge surrounded by mountains. It has been some time since Al formally left the presidency of FSPA, and while he continues to be an active member of our organization assisting when he can on a variety of projects and issues facing us, he has chosen this new life, locale, and set of responsibilities. Al is a caregiver for his mother-in-law when his wife Georgette, a longtime flight attendant for Southwest Airlines, traverses the country.

As the couple are able to share duties at home, Al works on a biographical novel involving the friendship of Christopher Marlowe and William Shakespeare, a book that includes a scripted collaboration of the two giants and their differing styles of dramatic blank verse, a long-term project of Al's that has already involved several years of research. The spacious house has also provided Al with an upstairs music room for his many instruments with which to play, compose, and record, and an adjacent office that not only supports his writing, but contains walls of music, more than 10,000 discs in all genres that Al has collected over decades. That said, the care-giving takes immediate precedence, and according to Al, will do so for the foreseeable future.

Al leaves many years of service to FSPA, including more than a dozen teaching engagements at our conventions, a major augmentation of our roster of chancellors, a speakers bureau, and direct access to his Twelve Chairs Advanced Poetry Course (180 hours) and the Short Course (12 hours). More than 40 of our members have already completed one or both of those courses. Many have also purchased Al's manual, *On Writing Poetry*, ranked in bookauthority.org's "Best Poetry Writing Books of All Time," and *Falling River: Collected Poems, 1976-2016*. In this issue, we include an interview with Al by Krishan Coupland, editor of *NEON Magazine* in the U.K.; a technical article, "A Portable Aesthetic: John Donne in the Twenty-First Century," originally intended for a refereed journal on poetics; and some of Al's poems.

Why Poetry: Al Rocheleau

30th August 2019

By Poetry in Public

As part of our Why Poetry series, we spoke to poet Al Rocheleau about the importance of poetry, how he got started writing, and what his influences are...

Why is poetry important?

Poetry breaks the chains of the routine, the curse of the automatic, of the unawareless-yet-still-living human being. On the great scale, it is the creative power that drives all art. That power is based on the existence of the aesthetic wave, the beauty and impact of what we perceive in the memorable and singular sunset, the surf, the baby's smile. A poetic wave is like that, but it's one that the artist creates. In literature, poetry finds its way not through the painter's paint and canvas, or the composer's notes and staff, but by the transmutation of agreed-upon symbols that spark instantaneous sound and image, restoring clear objects that when strung together, make larger objects. In other words, poetic construction restores immediately from its symbols specific physical items and their parts, or a panoramic field of them in which to feel deep emotion, and to think great thoughts.

You find this as the gold fabric of literary poetry, and it also winds as gold thread into songs, in important dialogue or monologue within plays, in speeches, and in fine descriptive passages of prose, the kind of prose you go back to and read again. Of these genres, written poetry, in waves lifting off the page or, as read, rising in the air, displays itself as the element that shows, leaving the telling, whether of instruction or story, to the explainers and tellers. For the poet, every word, every phrase and clause, plus the rhythm of spaces and sound-color, arrange as the mosaic of a greater aesthetic object. In the end, what poetry is, when well done, is something rare, powerful, and even life-changing – for minutes, or much longer. When you experience it, taking poetry read or heard into your own world and *re-creating* it your own way, through the prism of your own associations, memories, and imagination, it becomes a freeing thing. For that reason, whenever totalitarians raise their snaky heads, the poets are the first ones hunted down. As I said, poetry breaks all routine, large and small. As far as being something both important and different, I hope I've covered it.

How did you start writing poetry?

I was a prose writer from an early age; I wrote my first story, which I recall quite thrilled me at the time, when I was eight. I submitted my first story to a magazine when I was 14. But I suppose there was always something of the poet inside that writing. I had a healthy respect for the play of separate phrases and clauses, what they could do in making images, and the language itself was always music to me. In high school I was a ready absorber of English and American poetry of all eras (as well as, through nine years of French, the work of Rimbaud and others), but I remained a prose writer, a role my teachers thought would take me far. At the time I wrote poetry only as a lark, and yes, to "get girls".



Al writing in a notebook,
1973, Durfee High School,
Fall River, MA.

At some point, that changed. I found I had come to love poetry viscerally, philosophically, and at first I especially appreciated the work of singer-songwriters like Jim Morrison and Bob Dylan. Of course, I was inspired by just about everyone I read. It didn't hurt to have a great group of English teachers to support that education. Two years ago, I wrote to them all. Then I returned, from Florida to Massachusetts, and took them all to breakfast. They are now in their late seventies,

even eighties; I handed them each a copy of my *Collected Poems*, an 800-page, 40-year-inclusive doorstop of a book, then just released. The meeting, a beautiful time, was to say "Thank you." It was unforgettable.

What are your influences?

Looking back, in my senior year of high school it was TS Eliot's "The Love Song of J. Alfred Prufrock" that so affected me it had me thinking that perhaps poetry would be the way to go. For me, then the future novelist, that was a *big* idea. Beyond the school's old anthology, I bought one of my own, *The Pocket Book of Modern Verse*. It was my companion, a small, thick paperback, and I still have it today. From it I gathered up a pantheon of great modern poets, ones of both tradition and experiment from the past century, and from there I seemed to keep going backward in time, buying new, slim collections, learning from earlier grandmasters. It seemed each had something special to share whether I was writing in free or fixed forms. From Marlowe and Shakespeare, it was that perfect expression of blank verse, from Donne, the extended metaphor, from Pope, a world within two lines, and from Keats, who put his pure heart into every piece he ever wrote over just five years, the idea of the poet's negation, to act as a neutral base for external sensation, something he called negative capability, and also, how to give life to objects.

My intent after high school was to attend Boston University. I had wanted to study with Anne Sexton, but she took her life that fall. I took off on the road instead, Jack Kerouac-style, landing in Berkeley, California. But I eventually returned home to Massachusetts, met a wonderful girl, and priorities changed again. Like all poets, our biography sometimes gets in our way, or maybe, it is necessary that it *becomes* a way we can travel, while picking

up our philosophic takes on life, and gathering the subject-vehicles to put them in. Accordingly, there were periods of time when I was raising a family that I couldn't write, but if I couldn't, I could read. Poets don't read enough, and it's the single biggest reason they don't progress with their own work. Also, giving back what you have learned from others or on your own is a great gift to yourself, and I've found that teaching what has worked for me over the years has been as rewarding as the writing.

We all have those moments when we wonder if all this work we do is worth it, knowing that poets don't get rich, that most of the time it is the poetry itself that is the wealth, the currency, the estate in the form of our completed poems, our publishing, perhaps the book on some shelf somewhere that will survive us, and then for someone else, can bring us back, and make those waves I mentioned wave again.

Finally, the poems that move me are those that make the mind move, or the emotions surge. You know you have read a fine poem when you find images darting around before your eyes, coming together like kaleidoscope patterns, when you feel a poem's overall form like sculpture, and when your response is quite physical – you exhale involuntarily, having taken in the string of clear objects and making them your own, and from that, your own *concepts*, not another's, concepts great or small, as you define for yourself the word "epiphany."



~ Al and Annette, photo by Georgette Rocheleau

Al Rocheleau. President, Florida State Poets Association (FSPA) 2018-2020; Founder and Director, Twelve Chairs Advanced Poetry Course, 180 Hours, accredited by FSPA; Lecturer, University of Massachusetts-Dartmouth; Emerson College; University of Florida-Oak Hammock Program; FSPA; and the Florida Writers Association; published over 200 poems and translations in more than 100 national and international publications; recipient, Thomas Burnett Swann Award; nominee, Forward Poetry Prize; Author, *On Writing Poetry* and *Falling River: Collected Poems, 1976-2016*.

A PORTABLE AESTHETIC: JOHN DONNE IN THE TWENTY-FIRST CENTURY

by Al Rocheleau



*John Donne
(1572-1631)
English Poet,
Oil on canvas,
after a minia-
ture, 1616,
by Isaac Oliver*

John Donne, founder of the Metaphysical School, is among the finest poets who have ever written in English. What is less known to readers (except scholars and divinity students), and yet much revered within his time, were Donne's sermons, an elevation of effective prose. Donne was not only a poet of brilliant insight and sensuality on the human level; he also became an Anglican priest and eventually, the dean of St. Paul's, England's national cathedral. In Donne's works, both secular and sacred, the artist's poetic sense, whether planned or instinctive, pervades the various forms of his literature, and erases the four centuries that might have divided the contemporary reader or listener from him. Therefore, Donne becomes, among others, an exemplar of his class, and of the power of poetic voice and device to transport deep emotion and intellect over barriers of time and form.

What is it that separates poetry and prose? The answer of *what*, or *how*, expands beyond writing. What, in fact, is the difference between being moved or excited by a gorgeous sunset or the feeling of cool grass beneath our feet, and being affected by a piece of music, a painting, a passage from a novel, or a poem? With natural things,

whether broad panoramas or individual objects, the response is *natural*. Nature appears to contain a latent and innate power to *affect*, and make *effective* aesthetic wavelengths available to all. With works of art, these aesthetic waves, whether as copies of *natural* objects, or as newly-minted (imagined) images, are communicated through the arrangement of musical notes, paint formations, or graphic symbols. As such, these “created” aesthetic waves of all kinds may be called, in any of their manifestations, *poetic waves*.

The effects are not wholly subjective. Physicist and mathematician George David Birkoff’s studies in the 1930s measured aesthetic properties in music, painting, and written poetry by examining the artist’s employment of replicable structures, forms, designs, patterns, and devices. The artist’s objective is of course to create a palpable effect upon the receiver. Birkoff held that the artist accomplishes this by the arrangement of naturally-affective proportions, ratios, and dualities: simplicity / complexity, similarity / difference, and clarity / ambiguity. The artist employs the media of sound, color, and symbol within various compartments, large and small. In so doing, he / she replicates the natural effects of aesthetics found in the environment, while also altering, amplifying, or carrying such aspects from one mode or form to another. Birkoff developed his theories via mathematical formulas in which he could reduce such effects to specific, replicable patterns and applied devices. Such devices can be seen to traverse literary forms and styles, and at their face, defy time periods. Used in concert, such arrangements and devices aimed at our auditory and visual perspectives, whether directly or symbolically, lift tangible poetic waves, and in so doing, create their physical and mental effects.

Focusing specifically on literature, what do the masters of these created waves have in common? Following Birkoff, it can be posited that strands of pure poetry weave themselves through all of our arts, and so may also color and make memorable our classic prose, from Swift to the Brontës, to Hardy, Joyce, Fitzgerald, Wolfe, and Kerouac. An example:

*I cannot look down to this floor, but her features are shaped on the flags!
In every cloud, in every tree—filling the air at night, and caught by glimpses
in every object by day, I am surrounded with her image! The most ordinary
faces of men and women—my own features—mock me with a resemblance.
The entire world is a dreadful collection of memoranda that she did exist,
and that I have lost her!*

— Novelist and poet Emily Brönte, from *Wuthering Heights*

In classic novels and stories, sublime passages turn on their elevation of the language and a *vibrant* manner of expression (vibrant from the Latin *vibrare*: “to shake or move rapidly”)—a decidedly physical, resonant mode of representation). It is for that use of language that we return to these books over and over, even as we already know well the characters and plot. The passages that most attract us are innervated by the kind of phrasing (by way of phonologic, metrical, syntactic, and semantic devices) that turns latent aesthetic potentials into active waves (yes, the same as those that thrill or move us as we spot distinctive objects, or witness scenes of surf or sunset).

As acts of personal creation, these raised aesthetic vibrations may be subtly reclassified as **poetic waves**, and they may exist in both poetry *and* prose.

Active phonological structures of various size and effect include assonance, consonance, rhyme, and the specific sonic or “musical” properties of individual vowels, consonants, and blends. Rhythm, whether visual (on the page) or auditory, would include meter or cadence in the form of syllabic counts, foot-units, accents, or line breaks and spaces. Syntactic structures engage the properties of order, emphasis, and balance found in rhetorical schemes. Semantic structures (of which Donne was among those most daring in use of image and logic) would include the family of metaphors and other rhetorical tropes that proceed from a poetic vision that seeks, often simultaneously, to raise, amplify, or condense thought and emotion. As Birkoff sought to quantify these properties mathematically, even while admitting he could only approximate poetic individuality and genius from one work to another, Donne, in his poetry and prose, and for that matter, Brönte and the others, realized the premise of these transfers.

Such poetic elevation, surpassing prose’s simpler objective to alert or inform, is found in literary poetry not as an occasional or segmented illustration as one may find it in prose, but rather as a wholly unrepressed, primary strategy. This is the plan of all poets of any ability, and it is fully achieved in the work of our grandmaster poets—even as these geniuses may *also* take to prose. In my classes, I have often brought out for students a particular piece by John Donne, written as the dean of St. Paul’s. It comes from a prose sermon in memory of Lady Danvers, prepared and recorded before July 1, 1627, the date the sermon was preached. I could have excised other segments of that speech (or taken from other sermons) for the objective I intended, but this excerpt certainly made its point, or several. In my experiments, I attempted to make clear that Donne raised tangible poetic waves as a constant, whether planned or as matter of course; his poems and prose are thus remarkably interchangeable in effect, regardless of the form.

I rearranged that prose segment via line breaks, transposing it **verbatim** into *free verse*, and called it “Confraternity of the Ghost of John Donne.” Reading it aloud, and allowing the class to follow off the pages I had prepared, every student thought the piece was a poem, was modern, and that, in fact, I had written it. The purpose of the exercise was two-fold; first, to underscore the brilliance of a poet whose utterance of language transcends form and genre, revealing the flexibility of attraction that pure poetic waves possess; and second, to show how form can be adapted to frame or to change, whether subtly or profoundly, the setting in which such waves attract and activate themselves in the mind of a reader. Further, the time period of the writing and the prevailing form was shown to become secondary to actual poetic content, a kind of manna that is inherent, and so is, as is all our great art, timeless.

(continued on the next page)

CONFRATERNITY OF THE GHOST OF JOHN DONNE

But as it is said
of old cosmographers, that when
they had said all that they knew of a country,
 and yet much more was to be said,
 they said
that the rest of those countries were possessed with giants,
 or witches
or spirits or wild beasts, so that
they could pierce no farther
into that country, so when
 we have traveled as far as we can, with safety,
 that is, as far as ancient, or modern expositors lead us
in the discovery
of these new heavens, and new earth,
yet we must say at last,
that it is a country inhabited with angels,
 or archangels,
with cherubim, and seraphim,
and that we can look no farther into it
with these eyes.

Where it is locally, we enquire not;
 we rest in this
that it is the habitation
prepared by the blessed saints of God,
heavens,
where the moon is more glorious than our sun,
and the Sun as glorious
 as He that made it;
for it is he himself, the son of God,
the sun of glory.
A new earth, where all
the waters are milk, and all
 their milk, honey,
where all their grass is corn
and all their corn, manna;
where all their glebe,
all their clods of earth are gold, and all
their gold of innumerable carats;
where all their minutes are ages, and all their ages, eternity;
 where every thing, is every minute
 in the highest exaltation, as good as it can be
and yet super-exalted
and infinitely multiplied by every
minute's addition, every minute
infinitely better than ever it
was before.

Of these new heavens and this new earth
we must say at last, that we
can say nothing.

For the eye of man has not seen,
nor ear heard, nor heart conceived
 the state of this place.

We limit and determine
our consideration with that horizon
with which the Holy Ghost has limited us,
that it is that new heavens
 and new earth
 wherein
dwells
righteousness.

In a later class, with the students already in the know regarding the source material, I again transposed the piece, this time leaving the propellant engine of line breaks for the discipline of iambic pentameter. (For metrical purposes this attempt, unlike the free verse, could not be done verbatim, but every effort was made to retain as much of Donne's writing as possible.) While this is the metrical form in which most of the students had read Donne's poems originally, they saw that it was also possible to take the grandmaster's prose and fashion it into the accentual-syllabic meter that dominated his age, and yet still exists in ours.

(Continued on the next page)

CONFRATERNITY OF THE GHOST OF JOHN DONNE

But as it is said of old cosmographers,
that when they'd said all that they knew
of a country (and yet much could be said),
they said the rest were possessed with giants,
or witches or spirits or wild beasts
so all would blink and dare a'pierce no farther
into that country; so when we've gone
as far as we are able, and with safety,
far as ancient, or our own expositors
can lead us to discovery of these
new heavens, and new earth, yet we
must say at last, that it is a country
inhabited with angels, or archangels,
of cherubim or seraphim, and that
we look not farther into with these eyes.
Where, we enquire not; we rest in this,
resolve it to the habitation made
by blessed saints of God, and heavens, where
the moon is more glorious than our sun,
and Sun, glorious as He that made it;
for it is he himself, the son of God,
the sun of glory.

A new earth, where all
waters are of milk, and all milk,
as honey, where their grass is corn
and all their corn, of Moses' manna come;
where all their glebe, and all their clods of earth
are gold, and all their gold of innumerable carats;
where all their minutes age eternal be;
where every several thing, is every minute
cast exalted high, to be as good
as it can be, and super-yet-exalted,
infinitely multiplied by every
minute's next addition, every minute
infinitely better than before.
Of these new heavens, this new earth,
we say at last, we can say nothing.
For eye of man has not seen, nor ear heard,
nor heart conceived the symbols of this place.
We founder to determine and consider
toward the Holy Ghost's horizon veiled,
and that it is entire of that new heav'n
and new earth wherein dwells righteousness.

The point is made that poets, especially great ones, carry poetic sensibility with them always, and that we as artists can work in and out of forms to find what for us will be the final “right” or “best” setting for a creative intent, as represented in the molding and firing of that ultimate aesthetic “object” that will be our poem. Using our knowledge of pattern and device to a greater or lesser extent, we fill in the variables of Birkoff's equation, taking the poet's aim to lift the latent aesthetic potentials of perception and imagination into palpable aesthetic / poetic waves, thus realizing the aim. Such an ability (employing the same device-components) is seen as transferable *between* forms, and has no time stamp. Only the quality of the *artist* and his / her intent, rather than any general form or period style, dictates the quantity and quality of poetic waves created. In the great poets and prose writers, these conditions affirm themselves. In the writings of Donne and other grandmasters of English poetry, the effects projected in this thesis, available to readers and listeners alike, cross forms and centuries, reaching their apotheosis.

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Selected Poems by Al Rocheleau

THE TWO SAD SISTERS

So two sad sisters up the cherry lane
sold many modest baskets of globes, garnet
in their season; the lithe limbs, the cherries,
splayed out surely toward their succulence
and not too dear, were excellent in pie.

The sisters had goats; a red-haired he-goat
whose mate had died, several comely daughters,
and one with child, the father's child, as such
are he-goats and such epithets are made,
but milk and cheese would tithe the sullen winter.

In bristling frost, the March of an expecting,
a beautiful young goat gave way to birth
but by a fate of turning, breeched in rib
the kid could only writhe; the while, women
hands up to their elbows deep, swore and swore.

Then standing overhead like gray angels
the two sisters let the daughter die;
having cut the broken child from itself
the two lay as life's wracked figurines
in a squandered manger, wiping eyes.

Backed within his stall, the he-goat brayed
as if it were, and was another day,
nothing to him, cast among the stubbled
orchards and the house, its door-crack dim
with sun of a delayed retribution.

Yet that and every summer, down the lane
on every several openings of wall
into a curtained window, pastries cooled
on ledges, some with edges dripping
onto muslins, folded bright with stain.

PASTORAL

So many times we've arrived here
shined round or beveled,
nimble found in the business of fingers,
holes in our teardrops,
blind girl under a tree
stringing beads.

We know the covet
of starlings, share their blackness,
pretend to ignore a seasoned hop,
the escape, silk flown to the bungalow
of their monogamy, crystals
among seeds.

We cannot be swallowed,
so we shine
in the dryness of reeds,
in hallowed crest of limbs,
shine for the blind girl,

shine for Thee.

AGAINST THE RUINS

The architecture of us never comes to catalogue
in shelves of British Library-decked decorum,
twelved into itineraries, walking tours of Kent,
but rather, they present as left-living small creations,
real smiles or their memory, estates of dolor's sense.

O! but in the minds of us, we stacked the pearly marble,
hoisted high and chiseled, emoried smooth in its perfecting,
arched the nave suspending Gothic predicates of graves,
stained the glass rococo in the light of our misgivings,
circumstance and argument, flailing at our dreams.

Such edifice of foam and reverie, you and me, assuming
we'd remain the virgin's ever-asset of assumption;
borne of monumental issues formed from here or there,
we were so sure we would, we could sustain the grand
of our designs, the periods and eras of our weigh—

but they go, don't they, disrepair themselves of wind
and sun, expanding ice and rain, surrender sin, and pain—
and all we realize, too late, the effort to enleaven
what's important to a permanence of state, restates
that life will always gainsay us, demolish us within.

Perhaps a little sign instead, that children play around
will mark us, or will poem in a volume in a drawer;
lie me, us, a promise everything that goes comes round,
as wrens alight upon some carved stones not teetered yet,
as whenever touch the mind of God, our buildings fall.

REACTION

The iron nail
placed in a jar of vinegar and pennies
bubbles as the sour sea
turns blue.

Across dull time
excited ions dance;
the nail specks with brown
and shine.

The still solution
once aquamarine, goes golden,
then like tea, finally
coffee, very black.
Smells like pennies, too.

Each day the nail coats, counts,
forces itself to accept conditions
to which it is not immune.

The boy and I record results;
we've come to understand the silent,
acid bath, what it can do.

We plate the hours copper

missing you.

A BIRTH SOMEWHERE, AFAR

*I know; your tea is steeped,
and ready now.*

The old have their separate wonder.
They own the codes, the secrets
leached into walled vaults in deep places,
gaining sights of young
and unshorn faces, as they pass
prayer beads and
sit, amid daily shows of predisposed laughter,
of bells ringing; they hear a seeped
and separate singing
of their song.

They repaint Seurats
with colors they've retained,
dulled by dust but innervated
with moments of lucid self,
and though they've forgot the coming,
and the pain,
they remember shoots of rain that slapped
the pier, and running
to the arms of one
who left them, but
who left them sane.

So don't pity, or profit from,
or profane them. They
are turning into angels—
learning the lyre and orange
guitar of the cherubim who
sit by the chair of God, or who return
with that music, sared and dotted
mid the drum and sarod
of Delhi's sunrise or yet, suburban
child, in a house with suburban
garage, not quite reincarnate,
but not quite mirage.

And at that,
I prepare my long goodbye, mother,
I prepare it now, and revel in
this passing of your passage
in every hour, losing to me your offerings
and your alphabet,

but gaining for me, soon enough,
your stars.

AT A CAFÉ, LONGING

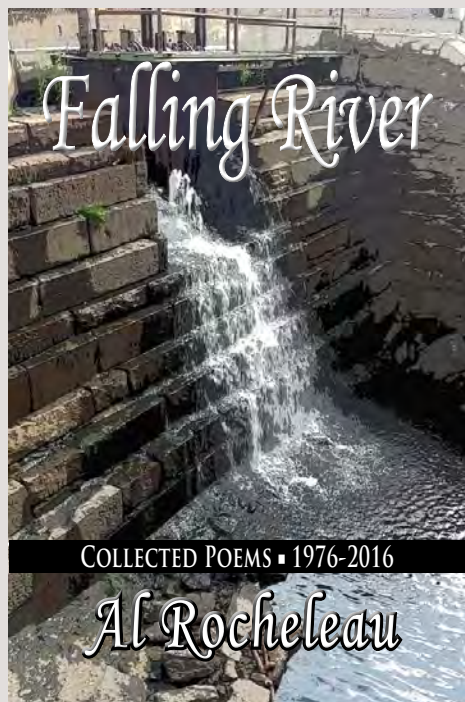
What if the devil gave up.
Arranged to meet Jesus
at a sidewalk table and they jotted feverishly
on yellow pads, comparing notations
between sips of absinthe.

What if that is them, there
as we sit amid the honks of motorcars
our scones just arrived,
our tea steaming.
They get up; it is after a long while
and they embrace.
The world suddenly
seems to have more color—
green becomes kelly, simple red, crimson
and magenta, and brown
the autumn of your eyes.

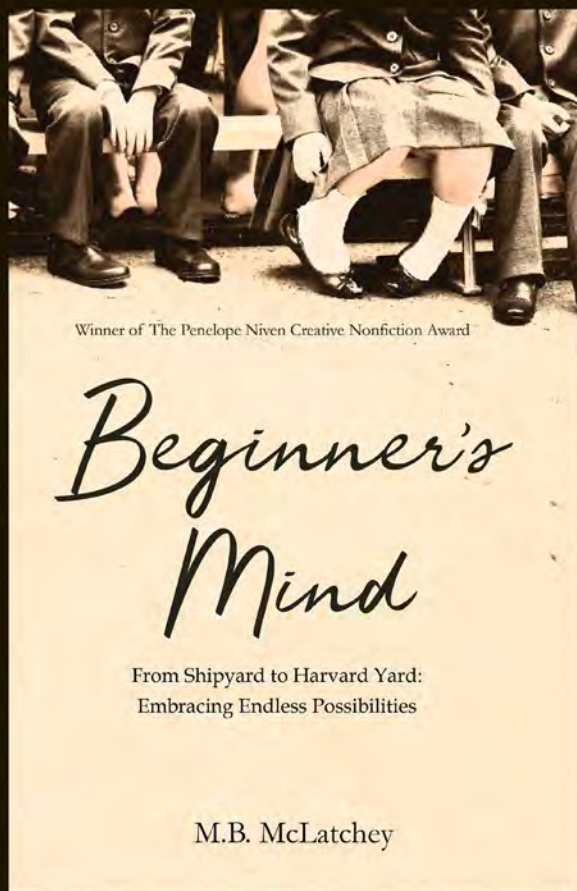
Even if I am wrong— about it, them,
the man and the man,
there is still the day
and there are still, your eyes.

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: [Link to Book](#)



Beginner's Mind


From Shipyard to Harvard Yard:
Embracing Endless Possibilities

by M.B. McLatchey

In a time when our schools are shackled by institutionalized goals, *Beginner's Mind* examines the question, "How do we want teachers to educate our children?" The answer is given to us through the eyes of a poet in a series of classroom memories that put on display the endless possibilities for children when a teacher's love is combined with their beginner's mind.

"Word for word, sentence by sentence, I am enthralled. Thank God for Miss D, and for being reminded that at least one or two of my own teachers were, if not her equals, close sisters. While the writer appears like a new comet on my horizon, I am wild to know what this writer will do next. Meanwhile, she will be 'graded,' though A+ hardly describes my admiration."

-- Emily Herring Wilson
Judge, Penelope Niven Creative Nonfiction Award

Available May 2021 from Regal House Publishing 
www.regalhousepublishing.com/product/beginners-mind/
[Preorder link](#)



New FSPA Officers Installed Online

By Peter M. Gordon

On February 6 our Association officially welcomed our new leadership team for 2021-2022: President **Mary Marcelle**, Vice President **Mark Andrew James Terry**, Secretary **Sonja Jean Craig**, and Treasurer **Robyn Weinbaum**.

Past President **Al Rochelau** led the induction. Twenty-three members attended, representing chapters from Miami to Northwest Florida. Al followed the script as laid out in Association bylaws. He outlined the duties for each member of the Board, and asked if they would accept their responsibilities. After four resounding “yes” answers, the new Board officially took office. Mary, Mark, and Sonja Jean are new to their positions; Robyn is returning as Treasurer.

The ceremony was followed by an open mic, hosted by our new president, Mary. Everyone who had a poem (and almost everyone did) shared work that ranged from Bible times to today, and subjects such as poetry, family relationships, life, death, and bougainvillea. Mary remarked, “I can’t believe what massive talent we have in FSPA.” All the members wished our new officers great success.

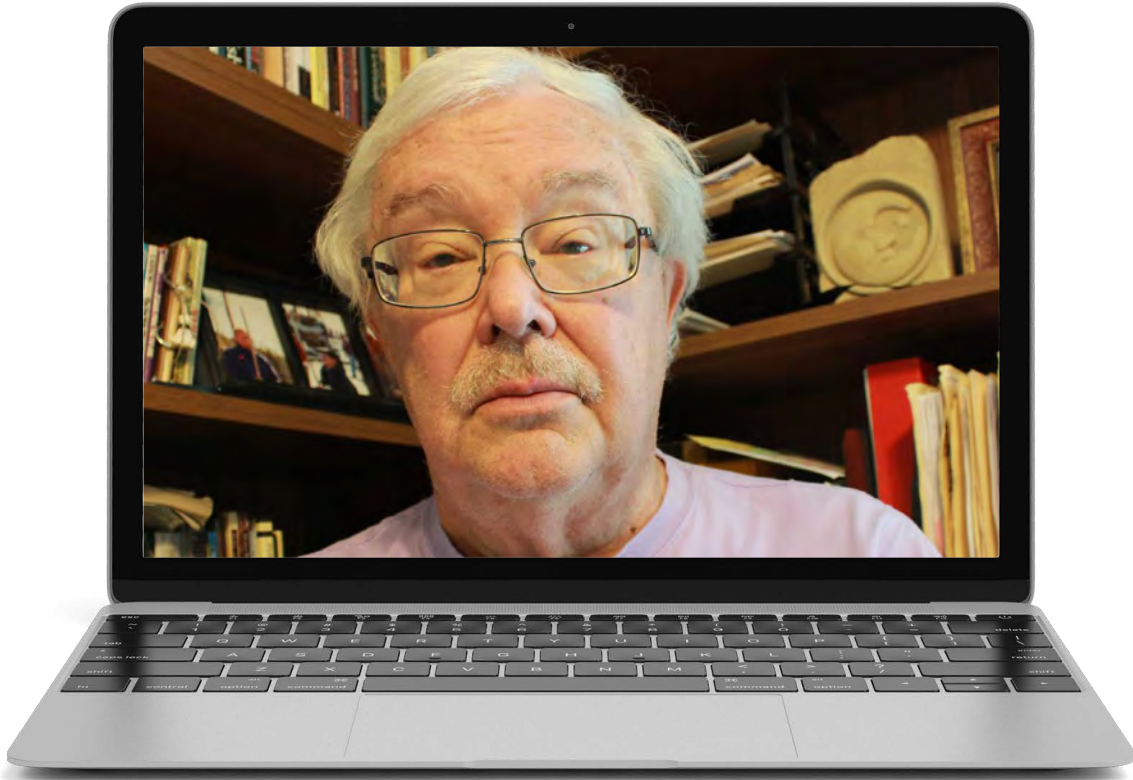
FSPA Member

Howard Moon: Insights on Zooming



**I MAY
BE LOCKED
IN LOCK
DOWN
BUT
I'M
STILL
HERE**

CREATING CREATING CREATING



The virus and accompanying lock down have robbed us of opportunities to visit friends and family—at least robbed us of the opportunity to do those visits up close and personal.

As a poet and writer there is the temptation to cocoon and withdraw within one's self. A time for self-reflection and maybe a time for writing. Many miss interacting with other poets and writers. Some feel it has stifled their creativity.

For myself, I find just the opposite. This crisis has fueled my creativity. I am writing more than ever. The dam has burst, and the words will not be held back.

Additionally, it has given me the opportunity to collaborate, write and share my poetry with people from different parts of the U.S. and around the world.

The new Zoom normal has opened a myriad of opportunities for networking in places that would have otherwise been inaccessible because of distance, time and expense. We have the opportunity to travel the world without leaving the comfort of our homes.

A visit to our Florida State Poets Association website lists a number of chapters around the state. I have found that by networking with other members, there are many opportunities for sharing our poetry around the state. I have been invited to join multiple groups and visit four of these groups on a regular basis.

However, think outside the box, think outside the state, think outside the country. Using Google and searching for keywords such as: open mike, poetry slams, spoken word, poetry groups, etc.—yield more results than it is possible to browse through or investigate.

Facebook also has many different spoken word, writing and poetry groups.

(Continued on the next page)

A few examples:

I attend a poetry group in South Africa, Off the Wall Poetry.
<https://www.facebook.com/otwpoetry>

Pen to Print is in Dagenham, UK. I participate in their events and have read my poems there as well. <https://www.facebook.com/OfficialPentoPrint>

Facebook is notorious for suggestions. Like one Facebook poetry group and others will pop up out of nowhere.

One of my favorite venues is Write Around Portland. I participate weekly in one of their poetry/writing groups. <https://writearound.org/workshops/>

Remember, in the Zoom world there are no borders. The only limitation we are faced with is time—can we fit them all into our schedules? The other limitation is time—do we really want to get up in the middle of the night to Zoom to England, South Africa or Korea?

~ 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>



Join the **Zoomies** Always Free for FSPA Members



Sean Sexton ~ Sunday, March 21 at 3-4 pm
Indian River Poet Laureate

Subject: The Nature of Your Poetry—letting the Outside in
 Sexton will present a discussion and lessons of writing from the Natural World. In his work on family land as Rancher, Artist, and Poet, his subjects are drawn from life.

[Link to Zoom event](#)



Katherine Nelson-Born ~ April 22 at 7pm-CST
Northwest Florida Poet Laureate

Subject: Killing Your Darlings
 T.S. Eliot declared April the “cruellest month,” so there’s no better time to “kill your darlings,” the most painful part of making good art, cutting words you worked so hard to create. Tips and techniques are shared for sharpening poetry that can work for all writing. [Link to Zoom event](#)

Here is a directory of more Zoomie happenings...we'd love you join in!

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

Writing workshops to improve your poetry and prose.

March 21	Sunday at 3:30pm	Contest theme workshop	link
April 18	Sunday at 3:30pm	Contest theme workshop	link
April 30	Friday at 7 pm	Coffee House	link

North Florida Poetry Hub Poetry Workshops

March 4	Thursday at 6:30-8pm	Open Forum	RSVP
March 12	Friday at 7:00-8pm	Experimental Poetry	RSVP
March 18	Thursday at 6:30-8pm	Poetry Hub	RSVP
April 1	Thursday at 6:30-8pm	Open Forum	RSVP
April 15	Thursday at 6:30-8pm	Poetry Hub	RSVP

RSVP required. Please email Ruth Van Alstine at ruth@northfloridapoetryhub.org to receive an invitation and the Zoom.com meeting link.

Please notate: (ATT: name of event/date in subject line)

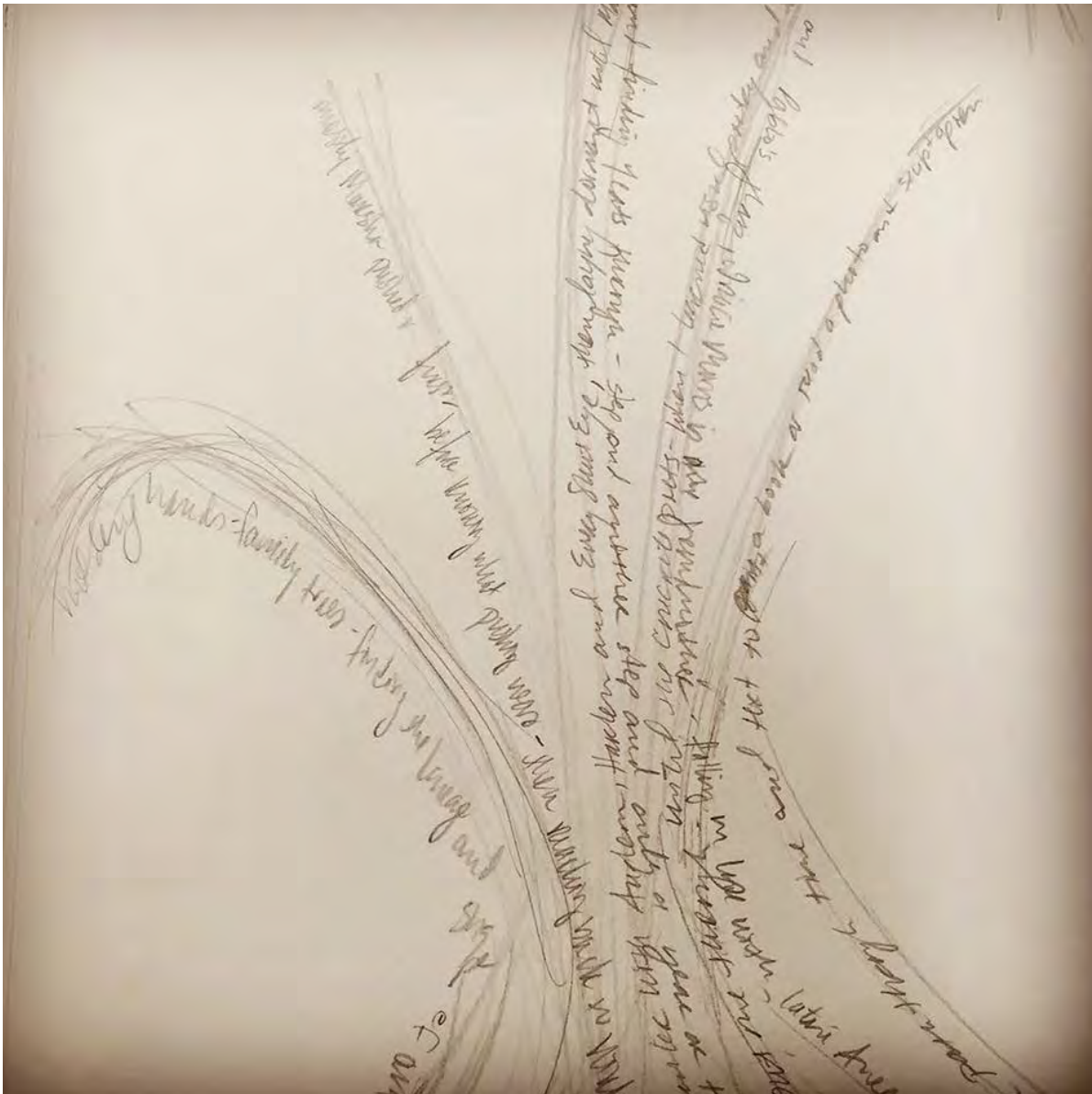
Sundays' Poetry Critique led by FSPA Poet **Carlton Johnson**

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

Orlando World Lab led by FSPA Poet **Nikki Fragala Barnes**

April 28	Wednesday at 7:00 pm	Prose Poems + Poets	Link
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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.



holding hands @bynikkibarnes



Nikki Fragala Barnes, MFA
Poetry Writing Instructor
at University of Central Florida

Experimental Poetry: a generative workshop

12 March, 7pm, via Zoom

with the North Florida Poetry Hub, a chapter of FSPA

Free + Open to the public, pre-registration required

www.northfloridapoetryhub.org

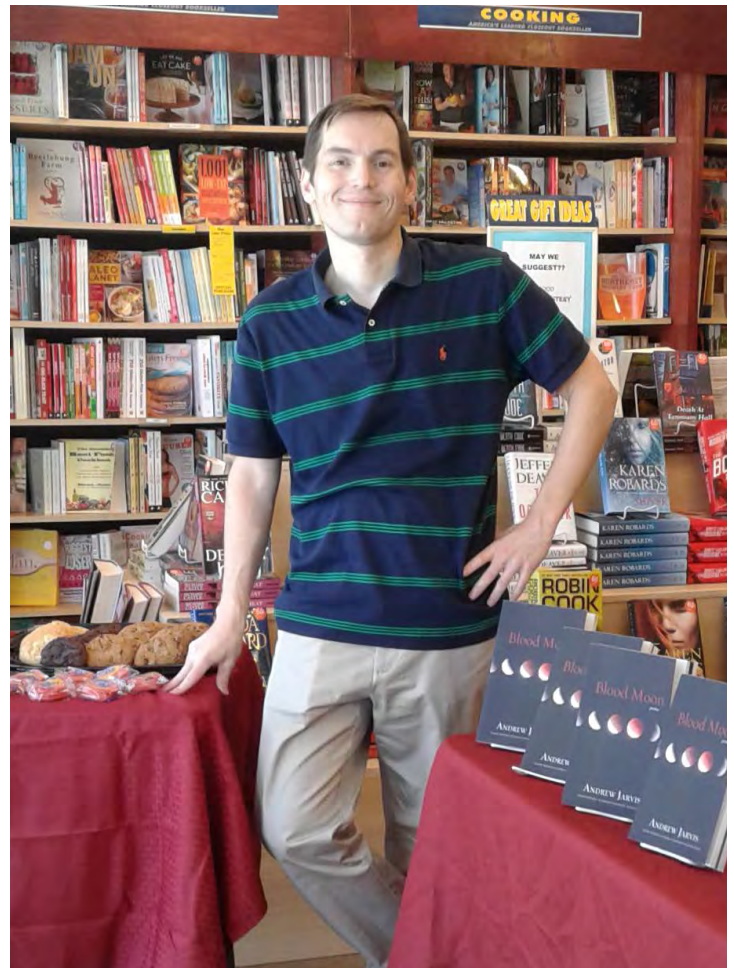
www.facebook.com/northfloridapoetry

In this session, you will have fun seeing what's possible in the world of experimental poetry. Your facilitator, **Nikki Fragala Barnes**, will lead participants through a garden of poems + images as you become more familiar with the expanded field of poetry. During the workshop segment, we will play together in a poet's sandbox of prompts, scores, and responses to generate some seeds for developing your own experimental poems.

Andrew Jarvis

Andrew Jarvis was raised in Washington before moving to the East Coast to earn his degrees in English and Creative Writing. He has been writing only poetry for 20 years. A naturalist, Andrew’s poetry is inspired by the natural world. He studies natural, cultural, and anthropological history, and then creates powerful metaphors for his lyric poetry. He admires the work of Mary Oliver, Ted Kooser, and Linda Hogan, and he mimics their simple, clear writing styles.

Andrew Jarvis is the author of *The Strait*, *Landslide*, and *Blood Moon*. His poems have appeared in *Cottonwood*, *Measure*, *Plainsongs*, *Valparaiso Poetry Review*, and several others. He has received high honors from the Nautilus, INDIE Book of the Year, FAPA, CIPA EVVY, and NextGen Indie Book Awards. Andrew holds an M.A. in Writing from Johns Hopkins University and lives in Orlando, Florida.



[Link to the book](#)

A “Blood Moon” is a phrase that describes the red corona that appears around the moon during an eclipse. It is a physical manifestation of an event that appears strange and frightening, and is also natural. In *Blood Moon*, Jarvis writes multisensory natural and spiritual metaphors to explore the struggle of contemporary peoples to retain their homeland, ancestry, and watershed in an encroaching, overpowering metropolitan world. Winner of the 2019 Florida Authors & Publishers Association President’s Book Award Silver Medal in Poetry.



[Link to the book](#)

Andrew Jarvis’ *Landslide* commits now and ever to a future where ruins—the human predicament—might squish in bogs until waterways bear melons and dead seabirds revive sacredness, the bottom and top of the same landscape and slide, without distraction of cliché. *Landslide* is a wonderful read—lyrical as the miracle of waking up alive every morning. Winner of the 2017 Nautilus Silver Medal for Poetry.

Recently Jarvis won First Place in Words of Wonder contest by the City of Orlando. Here is a [YouTube link](#).

The Old House

At the beach of great fires, father
is burning our house into nails.

He deconstructed it, chopped it
with his long-handled axe, hacked it.

This is his frame of mind, unframed
while everything sings on sand.

His boards, his beams, his roof, his work,
he watches grandfather burning.

All of him lost in an hour,
he died building this house for us.

But father has a better build
with skylights and stairways in sun.

He paints us a picture with ash,
while grandfather peers through his smoke.

~ Andrew Jarvis
First appeared in *Measure:*
A Review of Formal Poetry

Rail Man

He has a twisted cane and strap
hoisting his busted leg and hip
burnt from the unforgiving steam.

His legs refuse to stand alone,
to strengthen a railway worker,
a broken man steaming upright.

And he speaks of the ties, the spikes
hammered into the railroad track,
blasted moments of derailment.

The ballast, anchor, and roadbed,
the torn unfastened fastenings,
they severed his whole to his parts.

He opens his pain, unfolding
his scarred fingers and fanning them,
digits dividing the mountains.

And then he traces a landslide,
a steep carving, plummeting slope,
a route where trains will roll, speeding.

~ Andrew Jarvis
First appeared *Valparaiso*
Poetry Review

Memory Fire

A chimney like a sky cannon
is shooting out of our ceiling,
a tower of clothing tatters,
burning in grandmother's furnace.

Underwear, overalls, sneakers
a needlepoint of partridges
and booties in primary blue,
they singe in a memory ball

of all of her gifts, the glitter
of plastic batons and trombones,
saxophones adorned with sequins,
a dazzling sight, set aflame

and rising into a cloud burst,
a boom into watery air,
smothered in the smoking of us,
a war of memories in flight.

Until the fall, the failing
of our unethical fire,
she disowns our inheritance
in a thunderstorm of ashes.

~ Andrew Jarvis
First appeared in *Midwest Quarterly*

XO Taste

Cantonese, with some creatures
not discussed until college
and a bottle of tequila,
broken open and fermenting

into jellyfish and cuddles,
objects resembling tongues,
and squiggles of pig intestine,
the special is tomorrow.

But today is yesterday's love,
effervescent, fogging the air,
like nuclear power at sea,
radiating fish and frying

a route to a reception desk
with smitten men, so welcoming.
They pinch the air like lobster claws,
waving, and pointing out their tank.

Of unidentifiable
amorphousness, the white red
and splattered brown, acidic,
like burning skins in sun, split

and releasing an aroma
so rank that even a server
falls into its froth, to spotlight
a brave face of gold, but brighter.

~ Andrew Jarvis
First appeared in *Plainsongs*



Wishes Blowing in the Breeze, 2010, Photograph of a Wish Tree Leaf

This is a wish I wrote and added to a Wish Tree at The Metropolitan Museum of Art. The Wish Trees were part of an interactive courtyard exhibit by Yoko Ono. Everyone was invited to contribute and wishes would eventually be brought to a wishing well at the base of the Imagine Peace Tower (<http://imaginepeacetower.com/light-house/>).

~ Linda Eve Diamond

I WISH THAT EVERY CHILD WOULD
BE LISTENED TO, ENCOURAGED,
AND RESPECTED - AND THAT THEY
WOULD CONTINUE TO BE TREATED
THAT WAY FOR THE REST OF
THEIR LIVES.
- LINDA EVE DIAMOND

Ready your wits for a **Poetry Extravaganza**

Daytona Beach, FL — This spring the Florida State Poets Association is offering a grand chance to take your mind off of the world's troubles and win some nice prizes.

For 2021 we have lined up 26 Categories in which you may compete. Your skills will be tested, your wits will be challenged and hopefully a lot of masterpieces will emerge victorious. Your poems can be serious or silly. Many categories accept any subject. Others demand a certain content or a certain form. The poetry contest will kick off May 1 when submissions start to be accepted. The submission period runs through July 15. And we urge you to get your submissions in timely. This past year we had one set of submissions which arrived months late due to the Post Offices' delays, although it had been postmarked on time, and we had a heck of a fuss over accepting it or not. It's right there



in the rules: "FSPA will not be responsible for errors of delivery by the Post Office. We will acknowledge receipt of your entries as we receive them. If you do not receive a timely acknowledgment, contact us immediately at flueln@hotmail.com." We wouldn't want you to miss out on your chance to win a nice prize and some notice.

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

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

~ Marc Davidson, Contest Chairman for 2021

LIST OF FSPA 2021 CONTESTS' CATEGORIES

1 FSPA FREE VERSE AWARD

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

2 FSPA FORMAL VERSE AWARD

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

3 THE LIVE POETS SOCIETY AWARD

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

4 TOMOKA POETS AWARD

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

5 WILLARD B. FOSTER MEMORIAL AWARD

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

6 THE RONDEAU AWARD

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

7 JUNE OWENS MEMORIAL AWARD

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

8 THE POET'S VISION AWARD

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

9 NEW RIVER POETS AWARD

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

#10 ALFRED VON BROKOPH AWARD

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

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

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

**#12 JANET BINKLEY ERWIN
MEMORIAL AWARD**

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

#13 NOAH WEBSTER AWARD

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

#14 KATE KENNEDY MEMORIAL AWARD

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

**#15 HENRIETTA & MARK KROAH
FOUNDERS AWARD (Free to FSPA Members)**

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

#16 PAST PRESIDENTS AWARD

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

#17 CURRENT ISSUES AWARD

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

#18 ORLANDO AREA POETS AWARD

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

#19 LESLIE HALPERN MEMORIAL AWARD

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

#20 HUMOR AWARD

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

#21 DORSIMBRA AWARD

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

#22 CHILDHOOD AWARD

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

#23 WEINBAUM/GLIDDEN AWARD

Subject: Issues and concerns faced by LGBTQ Community and those who love them.

Form: Any. 40 Line Limit.

1st PL \$25. 2nd PL \$15. 3rd PL \$10. 3 HM

Sponsored by Robyn Weinbaum

#24 THE ENCHANTMENT AWARD

Subject: Paranormal, Fantasy, SciFi.

Form: Any. 40 Line Limit.

1st PL \$25. 2nd PL \$15. 3rd PL \$10. 3 HM

Sponsored by Sonja Jean Craig

#25 MIAMI POETS AWARD

Subject: Friendship. Form: Any. 50 Line Limit.

1st PL \$25. 2nd PL \$15. 3rd PL \$10. 3 HM

Sponsored by Miami Poets

#26 EKPHRASTIC POEM – Writing inspired by art

Subject: An Ekphrastic Poem inspired by a painting, photograph, sculpture or other piece of visual art.

Include name of piece, if any. Form: Any. 50 line limit.

1st Prize: \$25. 2nd Prize: \$15. 3rd Prize: \$10. 3 HM

Sponsored by Elaine Person

CONTEST RULES:

Please read carefully and follow all directions.

Any violations will disqualify submission.

1. ALL POEMS MUST:

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

2. CATEGORY SPECIFICS:

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

3. FORMAT:

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

4. FEES:

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

5. PUBLISHING RIGHTS:

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

SUBMISSION PERIOD:

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

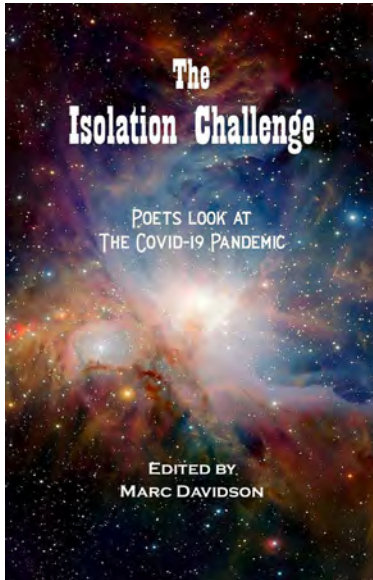
MAIL ENTRIES TO:

Marc Davidson

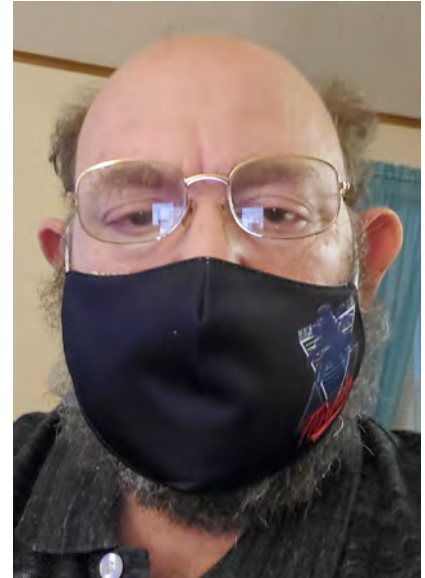
PO Box 730838

Ormond Beach, FL 32173

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



Shannon Adams BJ Alligood David
Axelrod Mary Jane Barenbaum Linda
Baroni Robert Blenheim Fran Buck-
ley Robert Calabrese Joe Cavana-
ugh Sonja Jean Craig Marc Davidson
Peter M. Gordon Vicki Iorio Carlton
Johnson Llewelyn McKernan Judith
Miller Howard Moon Ellen Nielsen
Joe Perrone Elaine Person Mary
Rogers-Grantham Kashiana Singh
Kay Stanton Mark Andrew James
Terry Lynn Ungar Bruce Wood-
worth G. Kyra Von Brokoph Robyn
Weinbaum Mary-Ann Westbrook



Marc Davidson

Turning the effects of the pandemic to good uses

The Isolation Challenge is an anthology of poems by many members of the Florida State Poets Association which outlines how we are all looking at the effects of the COVID 19 virus and its effects on our daily lives. Ranging from quite serious to seriously comic, it touches on all aspects of the subject, as seen by poets, from experienced poets to beginners and all in between. The book is dedicated to local poet **Robert Blenheim**, who died of COVID 19-related causes this past October.

“One of poetry’s most particular functions is the working out of one’s feelings and thoughts on important subjects,” said anthology editor **Marc Davidson**, a long-time Daytona Beach resident and member of several local poetry groups. “Since there is nothing more pressing these days than the pandemic, it has been excellent fodder for creativity.” The 70-page anthology contains the works of 29 poets in all.

“I wanted a way to turn all these poems into a good cause,” Davidson said, “I had discussed the project with Bob Blenheim, and he thought it might be a good idea as well. So I passed the idea along to my fellow central Florida poets and we created this anthology.

“When it came time to select a charity for the proceeds, I lighted on [The Jerry Doliner Food Bank](#), an organization which feeds hundreds of needy families in Volusia and Flagler counties, including those who are victims of the virus,” Davidson continued, “Our fund-raising effort has been very successful so far, but there is so much further to go.”

If you would like to purchase a copy, write or email to Marc Davidson (flueln@hotmail.com) at 81 Chrysanthemum Drive, Ormond Beach, FL 32174

The books are \$15 each. If you would like one mailed, add \$3, or \$5 for multiple copies. Mr. Davidson accepts cash, checks, Paypal and Zelle (386-846-7818).

FSPA CHAPTER NEWS & UPDATES

CHAPTER PRESIDENTS

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tallyman01@comcast.net

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Space Coast Poets
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Sunshine Poets
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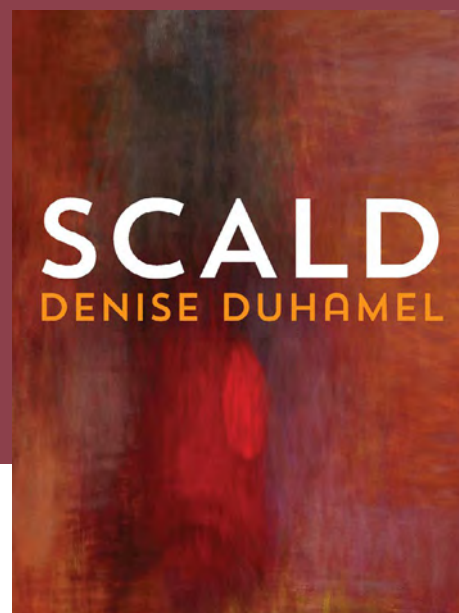
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New River Poets
Gary Ketchum
ketchxxii1@hotmail.com

! Are you missing the latest FSPA emails?

• Anyone can sign up for our email list here:

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



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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*

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PITTSBURGH PRESS



Tere Starr



Lori Swick



Zorina Frey



Cheri Herald

Miami Poets

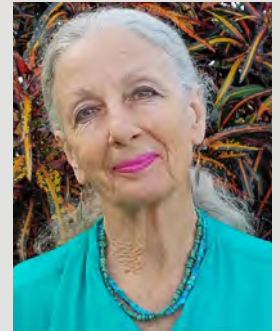
Miami Poets continue to meet by Zoom.com each first Wednesday at 1 to 3 pm for the Virtual Miami Poets Soirées, facilitated by **Tere Starr** and on second Mondays as we join **Steve Liebowitz** for virtual poetry critiques. We also share our poetry during the South Florida Writers Association's open readings.

Achievements: **Pat Bonner Milone's** letter, "Face the Music," was published in the editorial page of the *Miami Herald*. Her poem, "In My Day," was awarded First Place in Poetry in South Florida Writers Association's Writing Contest. **Connie Goodman-Milone's** letter, "Better Days Ahead," also appeared in the *Miami Herald*. **Jo Christiane Ledakis's** two poems, "Changed Rectangles" and "Tower of Words No More," appear in *ExTempore*, the literary magazine of the United Nations Society of Writers in Geneva, Switzerland. Her poem, "Pelican Perfection," was published in *Offshoots 15*, the Geneva Writers' Group's anthology. **Zorina Frey** was awarded the Palm Beach Poetry Festival's 2021 Langston Hughes Fellowship. She presented her poem, "Wonder Girl" during their virtual conference. **Patricia Asuncion** continues to host the monthly Virtual Global Open Mics from Charlottesville, Virginia. January's I Have A Dream Show honored Martin Luther King. She also hosted a Tele Zoom-a-thon Member Drive & Variety Show at the Bridge. **Tere Starr** continues to host virtual Poetry Soirées for the Brandeis Women's South Miami Chapter and represented the genre of poetry at their first Literary Luminaries program. **Lori Swick** was featured in *45 Magazine's* Author's Spotlight series for January, where she shared her book, *Dreaming~The Sacred Art*. We continue to share the power of the written word with the greater community.

~ Tere Starr, President



Connie Goodman-Milone



Pat Bonner-Milone

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 Ohio and a 2nd in Indiana. Member, **Angie Mayo**, had a short story published in *Good Life* magazine. We have been studying the Triolet and the Etheree forms.

~ Cheri Neuman Herald, President



Marc Davidson

The Live Poets Society of Daytona Beach

The Live Poets Society of Daytona Beach held a paper meeting in January and elected **Marc Davidson** chapter President. “The death of our long-time leader **Bob Blenheim** stunned us,” Davidson said, “And it took us a while to get reorganized. We’re looking forward to when we can resume our regular monthly meetings.”

The club has had no group activities during the pandemic, but we do continue with biweekly writing prompts to our members and many of us remain active as poets in response to these prompts. If anyone else would like to participate they can email Marc Davidson (flueln@hotmail.com) or **Vicki Iorio** (vickiiorio@gmail.com) to get put on the group list. We see a lot of excellent poetry this way!

Here’s hoping we beat this pandemic soon and can all come out of our poetical shells again.

~ Marc Davidson, President



Vicki Iorio

Poetry For the Love Of It

PLOI continues Zoom.com meetings due to the Tallahassee Senior Center being closed.

During January and February, new poets, **Lyla Elizy**, **Diane Reitz** and **Saundra Kelley** joined our meetings. The Chapter also welcomed back one of our founding members, **Linda Whitefeather**, who has shown much improvement in health matters that have kept her from full participation.

During the reporting period PLOI has established annual dues for membership which will assist expansion of our website and underwrite more activities of the Chapter. Regarding the website, books and poems by members are to be posted on the site each month when the site is fully developed. Also, a virtual poetry contest for senior age poets has been discussed as a later year activity.

The Chapter has studied and discussed notable writers, **Sojourner Truth** and **Jack Kerouac** during this period. In March the group will study **Margaret Atwood**.

Respectfully submitted,

~ Charles Hazelip, President



Charles Hazelip



Diane Neff

Orlando Area Poets

The Orlando Area Poets in-house contest had the theme “Looking Forward,” judged by **Pat Stanford** of Poetry for the Love of It. Three honorable mentions, in no particular order, were “Poetics 2.0” by **Peter Gordon**, “Wondering Forward” by **Ron Kenney**, and “Looking Ahead and Behind” by **Carolynn Scully**. Earning third place was “Know How” by **Fern Goodman**; second place was “Handing It Forward” by **Mark Andrew James Terry**; and first place was “Dear Heart” by **Barbara Hart**. Congratulations to all! Our next in-house contest is a challenge to write a triolet.



Carolynn Scully

The Maitland Public Library held its quarterly poetry coffeehouse on January 29, facilitated by **Elaine Person**, with many of our members participating. The theme was “Coming of Age.” The next coffeehouse will be held on April 30 and will feature the theme, “Floating Away.” The April theme is also used for the annual Poetry Month contest. Winners are announced at the coffeehouse. Poets may submit one poem to the library via their website. The submission period is March 1 through April 1 (maitlandpl.org)

The Maitland Public Library also invites all writers to attend **Elaine Person’s** writing workshops on the third Sunday of each month at 3:30-5:30 pm on Zoom. These workshops focus on the theme for the upcoming coffeehouse. Elaine also facilitates ekphrastic writing workshops at the Crealde School of Art (crealde.org). Her next scheduled workshop is May 15, 10-4 pm.



Carlton Johnson

Lela Buis won 2nd place in the Poetry Society of Tennessee Contest with a Ghazal poem titled “Starman Drives.”

Peter Gordon’s poem, “I Want a Film Noir Femme Fatale” was the poem of the week on the 5-2 *Crime Poetry* site (poemsoncrime.blogspot.com) the week of February 15, in honor of Valentine’s Day.

Carlton Johnson’s poems “Message in a Bottle” and “Hope is a Vacant Curse” were each read on the weekly Poets Respond broadcast on Rattle.com

~ Diane Neff, President



Members At Large

Linda Eve Diamond won a *Spank the Carp* ekphrastic challenge with her poem, Fish Story, which was featured in February as part of the journal’s Mind of the Poet series. Linda Eve’s other recent publications include three new poems in *The Ekphrastic World* (an anthology celebrating five years of *The Ekphrastic Review*) and three new poems in *Fresh Fish: Textile Artists Explore Underwater Life*.

Links:

[Fish Story](#)

[The Ekphrastic World anthology](#)

[The Ekphrastic Review](#)

[Fresh Fish](#)



Gary Ketchum

New River Poets

We don't have much to relate for this period. Our chapter continues to meet monthly to share and critique our poetry via Zoom sessions, although we didn't meet in December due to the holidays. We decided to base our optional assignment prompts for monthly poetry subjects and forms on the NFSPS Annual Contests. This is exciting because I believe it will encourage most of our members to submit their poems in this year's competitions.

I was able to attend the FSPA Zoom.com meeting on February 6th to celebrate the installation of new officers and share some poetry on an open mic. Congratulations to our new executive board. You have a daunting mission to operate effectively during this age of the Corona plague.

On a personal note, I'm gratified to report that I have received both of the Moderna COVID-19 vaccinations. Hopefully this is a sure sign that the end of this crisis may be coming later this year. It will be such a blessing to be able to meet in person again in each of our chapters and resume having our FSPA conferences twice a year.

That's all from Pasco County. Everyone out there, please stay safe and well.

~ Gary Ketchum, President

Big Bend Poets & Writers



Gordon Magill

Christopher Sarju Seepersaud is writing a fiction novel or novella about a young girl who gets caught in a battle between denigrated, secretive witches and fat, greedy, seemingly all powerful wizards. The story is his take on high fantasy after enjoying Mervyn Peake, Frank Herbert, JRR Tolkien, and Phillip Pullman. It is Seepersud's first novel and has been planned for 3 years.

Jude Marr has a new collection, *We Know Each Other By Our Wounds* (Animal Heart Press, Nov. 2020) [Link to the book](#)

We welcome **Iolanda Leotta**, Poetess And Storyteller, as a new member of Big Bend Poets & Writers, with her poetic prose: *STREET PEOPLE* (in Italian). [Link to the book](#) You can see her poetry video at: [Link to the video](#)

Member **Samiri Hernández Hiraldo's** collection of poetry, *Al Vapor* (Steamed) was published in August of 2020 by Editorial Calíope in Madrid, Spain, and *Cuando el líquido es sólido* (When the Liquid Is Solid) in January of 2021 by Publicaciones Entre Líneas in Florida. *The Five Legs of the Cat*, her first poetry collection in English, will be released in May 2021 by Saddle Road Press in New York. Her poems in English and Spanish appear in several journals. Born and raised in Puerto Rico, she is now a resident of Florida and a faculty member at FAMU.

~ Linda Wright, Secretary
for Gordon Magill, President



Ruth Van Alstine



When we meet:

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

NORTH FLORIDA POETRY HUB

North Florida Poetry Hub (NFPH) was launched by [Hope at Hand](#), a non-profit organization which provides poetry sessions for at-risk youth populations in Duval, Alachua, and St. Johns Counties. Our Chapter continues to grow. We have welcomed four new members since our last Chapter report. [Nuala Molloy-Moran](#), a poet and lyricist from Ft. Lauderdale found us on Meetup.com. She enjoyed our free poetry workshops, joined, took advantage of one of our unique membership benefits, The Poet’s Pen Project, and now has a new book of poetry, *Out and About ~ The Poet’s Pen Volume 2*. With help from NFPH’s hands-on self-publishing teaching program each of our members can work with an experienced desk-top publisher and learn how to publish their own limited-edition small chapbook or zine. We also welcomed [Shani Hall](#), a local Jacksonville poet and artist. She is taking an active role in NFPH’s many projects and events. She is on-board as a part of the planning committee along with [Ruth Van Alstine](#) for the exciting PAM-JAM First Coast project, which is a collaboration of poets, artists, and musicians in a multi-city, Northeast Florida event taking place during 2021 to bring JOY to our communities and raise money for worthwhile causes. [Howard Moon](#), an existing FSPA MAL member, found us on-line, joined our workshops and aligned his membership with NFPH to become a part of the team! We welcome and look forward to learning from and working with this lifetime professional writer and published poet. Another new member, [Chris Kastle](#), from St Augustine, is a professional musician, storyteller, songsmith, author, artist, and educator. She has many accomplishments under her belt, which most recently includes being published by *Woodrow Hall Editions, Dec. 2020* as part of the recent project, “Contact Tracing,” out of Poetry Jumps Off the Shelf. Her senryu “Walking” was chosen as one of the poems about COVID-19 experiences. We can always count on her to lift our spirits with a song or story at workshops and meetings.

~ Ruth Van Alstine, President



Chris Kastle



Howard Moon

OUT & ABOUT



Poetry by Nuala Molloy Moran
THE POET'S PEN VOLUME 2



Nuala Moran



Shani Hall



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

Form: Petrarchan Sonnet

To All Brown and Black Girls

(as "told" to me by Misty Copeland)

When everything's stacked against us
from within and from without;
they tell us what we are, no doubt
and what we're not, as thus.
Nothing but subtle and subconscious;
pointe shoes only in pink, stand out.
Aged color-coded criticism, the closed-minded shout;
I, emissary of dance spirits in this very special locus.

To all blessed brown and black girls,
"Be true to, and honest with, what you do!";
And ask yourself as you whirl and twirl
"Who can be better at being you than you?"
Come, dance about the fire! Hold hands with each of the pearls.
In its warmth the future's always bright; stages' diversity long overdue.

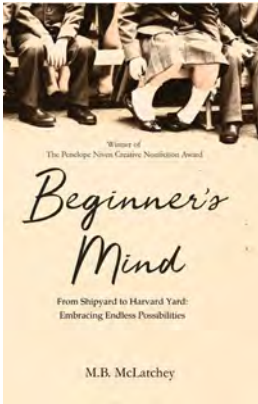
~ Suzanne S. Austin-Hill

Next Issue: Editor's Choice Poetry Challenge

Prompt: Poem Noir, Form: Any, Submit by: April 1, 2021
to Mark@TKOrlando.com, selected poems will be fea-
tured in the May/June issue

NEWS, BOOK RELEASES & REVIEWS

Beginner's Mind — MB McLatchey



Winner of the Penelope Niven Award
in Creative Nonfiction

Release date: May 15, 2021 — Told through the eyes of a ten-year-old, *Beginner's Mind* asks the question, “How do we want teachers to teach, inspire, and guide our children?” The answer is provided through a series of fourth-grade classroom scenes that take us back to a shipyard town in New England, where a loving teacher opens her students’ eyes to all-but-unimaginable dreams and opportunities. This is a book that reminds us of what teaching can look like: daily lessons where standardized and measurable curriculum goals are less prized than the immeasurable blossoming of our children, and a classroom that puts on display the possibilities before us when a teacher’s love is combined

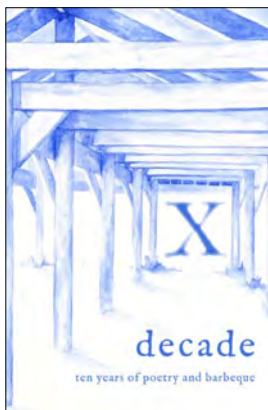
with the beginner’s mind. As the author shares in these classroom stories, a beginner’s mind knows that art is not just for artists and music is not just for musicians. [Preorder link](#)

Maggie the Bag Lady — Virginia Nygard



Member-at-Large Virginia Nygard announces her fourth book, *Maggie The Bag Lady...Life as she lived it...Life as she sees it*, published by [Scatteredfrost Publishing](#). While Nygard has published three works of fiction, *Maggie* is Nygard’s first book of poetry, surprising in that she has been writing poetry since her teens. A fictional homeless woman, Maggie was born of assembled threads from life events of both homeless and other folks. Maggie tells her story in introspective and often interrelated poems. The life lessons she has learned—sometimes the hard way—have given her insight into the behavior of others whose paths cross hers. *Maggie* is available on Amazon.com, or by contacting the author at nygardv@comcast.net [Order Link](#)

Decade: Ten Years of Poetry and Barbeque — Laura (Riding) Jackson Foundation



Releases in early April — *Decade: Ten Years of Poetry and Barbeque* is a celebratory publication of the Laura (Riding) Jackson Foundation. For ten years under the guidance of **Sean Sexton**, Indian River County Poet Laureate, the Foundation has hosted a poetry event that draws nationally recognized poets from around the country to read their work and offer workshops. The Foundation is proud to have hosted important names in poetry like **Naomi Shihab Nye**, **Tony Hoagland**, **Brian Turner**, and many others. Every poet who has come through the Foundation’s doors in the last decade to participate in events and programs has happily contributed to this anthology. The Foundation is proud to showcase its hard work and commitment to poetry in this beautiful volume. *Decade* is the inaugural publication from The Seizin Press Vero, a new imprint of the Laura (Riding) Jackson Foundation. [Link for preorder](#)

The West Florida Literary Federation (WFLF) celebrated in January the first 100 days of Katherine Nelson-Born's appointment as Poet Laureate of Northwest Florida by announcing the winner of Katherine's November Poem-a-Day Chapbook Challenge. Congratulations to **Lori Zavada**. Her poetry chapbook, *21 Poems: A Chapbook*, was selected as the winner of the chapbook competition by Katherine as Northwest Florida's Poet Laureate. The winning chapbook will be published this spring by the WFLF.



Carl's Corner

FSPA members' book reviews

I just finished reading Howard Moon's collection of poetry entitled *White Fox*. It is a profoundly stirring work of poetry. His work is written from the perspective of a descendant of Native Americans. Throughout Howard's writing there is frequent repetition, drumming out the rhythms of a ceremonial dance or a war chant. For example for Words:



[Link to the book](#)

*My words are my power
My words are my life force
My words are my prayer
My words are mine*

These words, along with the many others in this collection speak to anyone who has been oppressed, victimized, ostracized, or marginalized.

It also speaks to truths found in nature, found in the hearts of men, and found in The Creator—speking to dignity, respect and equity. I heartily recommend this book.

~ Carl Johnson, FSPA Member



From our FSPA Treasurer

Greetings, FSPA Members: We have all had a challenging, roller coaster of a year. The Spring Fling and the Annual Convention were both cancelled, to protect the safety and well-being of the members. We were still able to hold the Annual Poetry Contests [hooray for email and snail mail], produce Cadence, and Mark puts out an AMAZING OPAP every other month. Membership is steady. We average 200 members at any given time. While income was down, due to the cancellation of all events, so were expenses. All current FSPA members are also members of NFSPS, so please take advantage of the resources out there. Should you have any questions or concerns, please email me: FSPA treasurer@aol.com Thank you all.

~ Robyn Weinbaum, FSPA Treasurer

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

I sure do hope you enjoy this issue as much as I have enjoyed putting it together.

~ Mark Andrew James Terry, editor



Cadence 2020 is here!



THE THIRTY-EIGHTH ANNUAL EDITION

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

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

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

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

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

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

Or, use paypal to pay FSPA Treasurer Robyn Weinbaum at FSPA treasurer@aol.com



A Little Lagniappe:

The glossy glitter floats on by
Reach out and catch the sensation
Our peppy encore did the trick
Look, a standing ovation

~ *Nuala Molloy Moran*

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

Free Month Trial of FSPA's Twelve Chairs Short Course

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

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

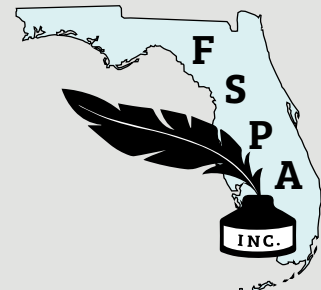
THE POET'S TRIANGLE CONSISTS OF: CRAFT, SCOPE, AND VOICE
WE ACQUIRE THEM IN SEQUENCE; EACH SUPPORTS EACH
OBJECTS AND THEIR MOVEMENTS DRIVE YOUR POEM
A PERFECT OBJECT IS DEFINED BY THE CLEAREST WORD
THE OBJECT ITSELF CAN BE FOUND AT THE ROOT OF ITS WORD
MORE THAN ANYTHING, POETS AND POEMS SAY SOMETHING
SENSE AND OBSERVATION MAKE QUESTIONS AND/OR ANSWERS
THOUGHT OR EMOTION, SMALL OR GREAT, MAKES UP YOUR TAKE
POEMS BUILD NOT WITH A SUBJECT, BUT WITH A TAKE

That's just a taste of the Short Course; but are you intrigued? Now you can try the course out at home, free. FSPA is offering a one-month trial of the accredited Twelve Chairs Course on a flash-drive, compatible with any computer system. The drives contain the full Short Course along with all course handouts. After one month, if you are enjoying the course and its benefits, simply send in your \$50 payment. If you are not happy with the course, you can return it. No obligation.

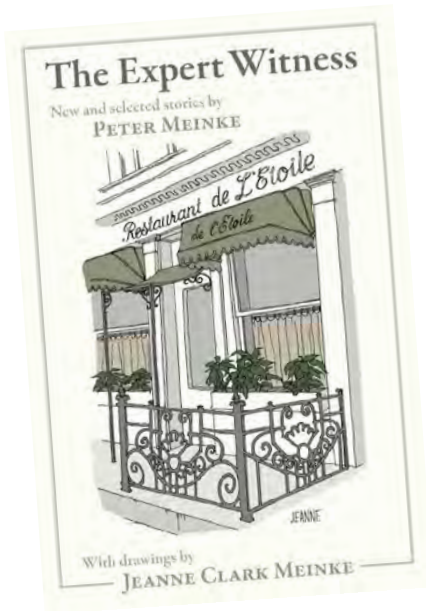
To obtain your free trial month, simply email Robyn Weinbaum at FSPATreasurer@Aol.com

or mail your request to:

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



The Expert Witness



New and selected stories by
PETER MEINKE

With drawings by
JEANNE CLARK MEINKE

This new collection of twenty-six stories includes eighteen hard-to-find gems and eight new tales from Flannery O'Connor Award Winner and Florida Poet Laureate Peter Meinke. Jeanne Clark Meinke has added two dozen new and selected drawings to form a collection sure to become a favorite.

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.



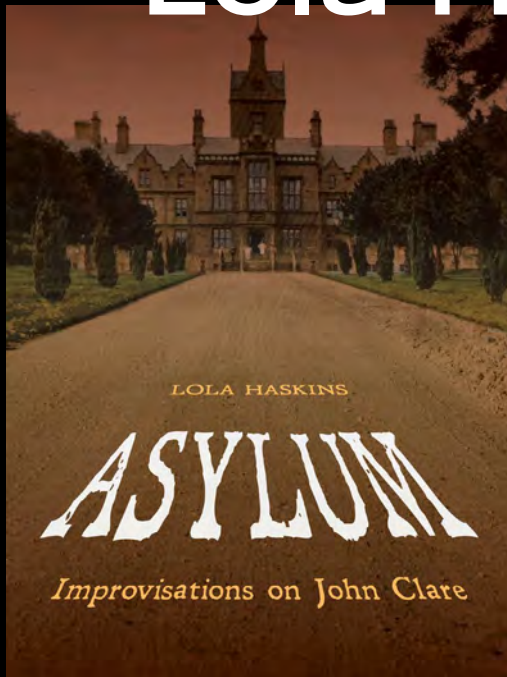
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Lola Haskins Poetry

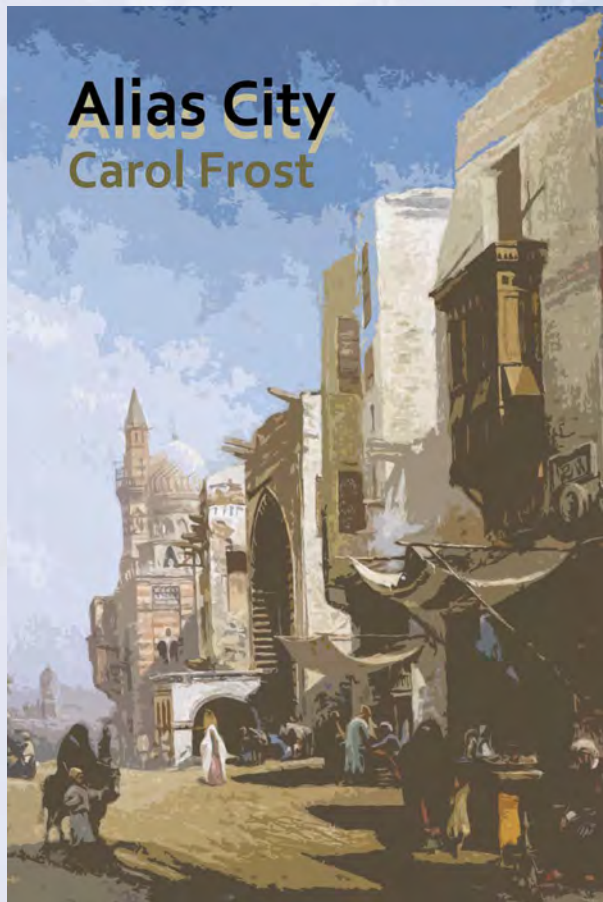


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Asylum presents the journey John Clare might have taken in 1841 if, when he escaped the madhouse, he'd been traveling in his head rather than on his feet. Ms. Haskins starts out with as little sense of direction as Clare had yet, after wandering all 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.

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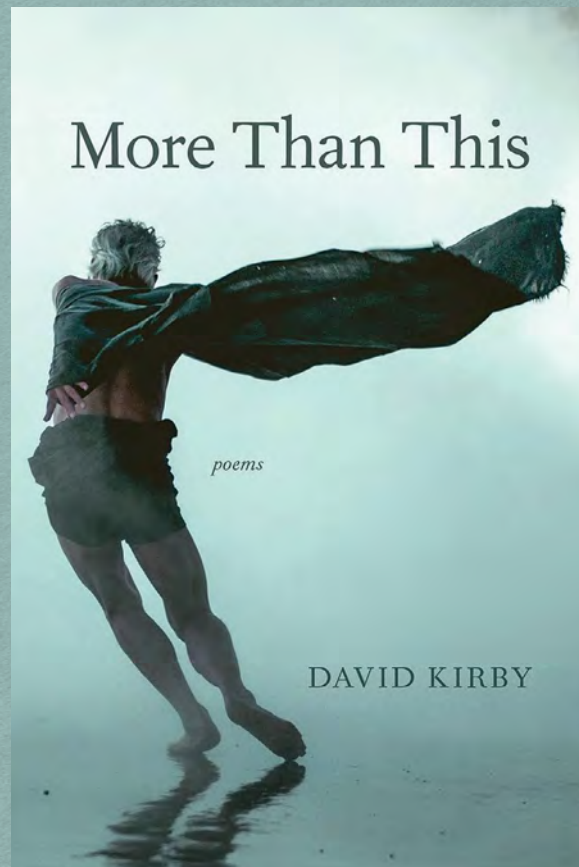
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