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Tim Moore

Photography by Rob Stein

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FALLING LANDSCAPE



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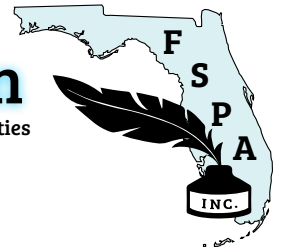
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Mary Marcelle, President,
Florida State Poets Association

FROM THE PRESIDENT'S DESK

Oh, it's going to be a sweet summer. People will celebrate and get together just because we haven't. I'll be in that group. I hope you will too, seeing family and friends you've missed, leaning in for hugs and kisses. And whether you're traveling across town or across the country, enjoy your reunions and the joy of having your loved ones close.

Looking even further forward, into fall, FSPA is busy putting together an amazing convention at the Orlando/Lake Mary Marriott, October 15-17, 2021. Save the date, or even better, use the link we've provided on Page 2 to ensure your hotel room will be waiting for you. Don't wait. I know the hotel's meeting spaces are completely filled at that time, so room reservations may fill up fast.

As for the program for the convention, we have been able to recreate the spectacular lineup of poets we planned for last fall's canceled convention. Six major poets will speak, and several will be installed as chancellor this year. We have so much catching up to do – it will be such fun!

You're reading *Of Poets and Poetry*. If you are like me, you are astounded at the high quality of writing, poetry, art, and design we are fortunate to receive, free of charge, every two months. This time, Mark Terry has created another fine issue. He's selected Parity Poetry to examine the very human emotions of acceptance and inclusion. Our cover story looks in-depth at the power of songwriting in a piece about Tim Moore from Al Rocheleau. We feature Tim's visual artworks in addition to his songs and poetry.

Also, Sonja-Jean Craig has written a feature of the poet Dame Edith Sitwell. It is a fascinating look into that early-twentieth-century literary marvel.

All your favorite sections are here, too: Chapter News and Reports lists the many successes of our poets; we feature FSPA member-poet Holly Mandelkern in our Member Spotlight, and we give just a little more with A Little Lagniappe.

It's just too good for only FSPA members to be able to read this gem. Send the email link for *Of Poets and Poetry* to your poetry-loving friends and share it on Facebook, Twitter, or Instagram. An interesting publication like this one should be shared everywhere.

Take care,

Mary Marcelle

Mark your calendar. Book your room!

It's not too early to book your room for the 2021
Florida State Poets Association Annual Conference



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

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

Event Summary:

Florida State Poets Association
Annual Conference

Start Date: Friday, October 15, 2021

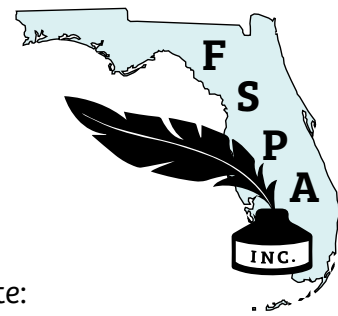
End Date: Sunday, October 17, 2021

Book by 9/24/2021

Hotel offering your special group rate:

Orlando Marriott Lake Mary for \$139 per night

[Book here: Link](#)



SELECTED ART

TIM MOORE



|||··/≡

Martinu #4 (detail)
archival pigment print
Tim Moore
2019

TIM MOORE



Tim plays his 1961 Fender Stratocaster, Stella
Photography by Judy Atwood

SONGWRITERMUSICIANPOET

THE ART OF THE SONG-POEM *with Al Rocheleau*

AR: As a multi-instrumentalist and songwriter, Tim Moore has worked with Frank Zappa, Daryl Hall and Keith Richards. His songs have been recorded by artists as diverse as Art Garfunkel, Cher, Richie Havens, Etta James, and the Bay City Rollers. In 1974, Tim won the American Songwriting Festival grand prize for the song “Charmer.” He has released many albums with charted singles and had an international hit with the song “Yes.” A polymath, he is also an accomplished painter and photographer, a writer of philosophical non-fiction, and a poet. Some songwriters are brilliant artisans of their craft, weaving words with music. In that pursuit, they may write many memorable, poetic lines. Other songwriters, however, bring poetry into their lyrics on such a deep and persistent level, there is no separation of their song-poetry from written, or literary poetry. Tim Moore is one of these artists.

Personal aside: I became acquainted with the songs of Tim Moore in 1974, when an album of the same title arrived in the record shop where I worked. The album was distributed by Asylum Records, at that time a relatively new David Geffen label where Bob Dylan had released his previous two albums when he left Columbia, and the same label where Joni Mitchell had just arrived. That pedigree was enough to pull this album from the promo stack and put it on the turntable and P/A for the store. The album seemed to *play itself* there for months, so entranced were the staff and patrons by its contents. In short, that album, and the artist, were unique, exceptional. *Tim Moore* contained such songs as “Charmer,” “A Fool Like You,” and “Sister Lilac,” all great. But the song that stuck indelibly, for me and many others, was “Second Avenue,” also then soon to be released as a single by Art Garfunkel.



Continued on the next page

To this day, the writer's own version of the song, Tim's version, remains one of the most memorable recordings of the singer-songwriter era of the seventies, on a contemporary level with Dylan, Mitchell, Paul Simon, or James Taylor (another Tim Moore fan). There was something about this song that was and is haunting, the definition of a bittersweet, timeless sentiment, and the epitome of the simple, direct song lyric as *poetry*.



SECOND AVENUE

by Tim Moore

Since we can no longer make it, girl,
I've found a new place to live my life.
It's really no place at all,
Just a hole in the wall, you see.
It's cold and dusty but I let it be,
Living here without you,
On Second Avenue.

And since our stars took different paths,
I guess I won't be shaving in your looking glass.
Guess my old friendly grin
Must have started to dim, somehow,
And I certainly don't need it now,
Still, I keep smiling through,
On Second Avenue.

I can still see you standing
There on the third-floor landing.
The day you visited we hardly said a word.
Outside it was raining,
You said you couldn't be staying,
And you went back to your flowers and your birds

Since we can no longer see the light
The way we did when we kissed that night,
Then all the things that we felt
Must eventually melt and fade,
Like the frost on my window pane

Where I wrote, I am You,
On Second Avenue.

(last two verses repeated after break)

Copyright © 1972 Andustin Music Co

Poets of most any stripe will be able to pick up on Tim's painting of rhyme-hues that are both light and vivid, a balance of the perfect rhymes and off-rhymes, often laced internally, and how the lines breathe and don't always depend on end-stops. The song is pinned and framed by objects to tell a deeper story, reduced to its own calm brilliance of inlaid simile and metaphor. In a YouTube interview, songwriter Stephen Bishop ("On and On," "It Might be You") commented on the song's subtle rhymes, and the magnificence of the closing verse. As many of our poets are not only drawn to the songs of the great writers of this period, they may also be venturing into song-poems themselves, and could benefit from Tim Moore's insights.

Not long ago, I became personally acquainted with Tim on a *Bob Dylan* group site on Facebook, where Tim commented frequently. (Apparently, fine songwriters are attracted to fine songwriters.) Hence, what came forth was this fortunate interview.

AR: When and how did you first get drawn to music?

TM: I started playing guitar at 14 after almost a decade of piano and trumpet lessons. I had a natural composing gift that no teacher spotted. I finally taught myself to express it. Ukelele and guitar chords were the first bridges to my musical ear. Then I started a band and a friend taught me some jazz chords on piano. I learned from records like most self-taught musicians do.

AR: Tim, before we get into the songwriting process itself, and the lyrics, let's address the music side, and get the bright lights of the obvious out of the way. Is it true you swapped spots in an early band with Todd Rundgren, and later lived next door to another then-young songwriter, Daryl Hall?

TM: Todd and I had very short contact. He joined a band I had quit to start my first originals band. I met Daryl Hall at a production company in Philadelphia where I was a staff writer. Daryl joined the company about eight months after I started. He and I rented these little mini townhouses next door to each other in center city. We fell into writing songs together for a band we started called Gulliver which got signed to the Elektra label. In a few songs on that album, I put music to nonsense lyrics that Daryl had in his sketchbooks. We had fun. We traveled up to Woodstock (the town) for a weekend and did an acid trip. After the Gulliver album went nowhere, I moved to a larger apartment in the burbs. Daryl stayed in the city and teamed up with John Oates.

AR: And Keith Richards!? He liked your guitar playing, true?

TM: Keith reached out to me because he loved a song on my second album called "Rock and Roll Love Letter." The guitar riffs on it sounded like they came from his planet, so we started hanging out. Our Gemini-Sagittarius co-creative energy clicked. One New Year's Eve, we hung out all night at his house in Westchester, just the two of us. He showed me his journals and sketchbooks, and they were surprisingly elegant and beautiful. Later, the Rolling Stones came to Woodstock for tour rehearsals and we played all-night jams for a week. I stepped into Keith's guitar station when he went to France for a few days, so it was Charlie Watts, Jagger, Ronnie Wood, and me. It was a great jam because we all spoke the same musical language.



AR: The Frank Zappa connection? What did he say about your writing?

TM: After graduating art school, I was thinking about becoming a composer. I'd play Stravinsky and Prokofiev records and follow along, reading the orchestral scores. One night after a Mothers show in Philadelphia, my friend Kit Thomas got me into a hotel room with Zappa. He told Frank, "You gotta hear my friend." Zappa listened to four songs and thought my chords were harmonically advanced for the time. He invited me to New York City to stay with him and his wife in Greenwich Village. I stayed for six days. He wanted me to sign to his record label. I watched him work in the studio, hung in his little graphics corner, where he designed his album covers, but it turned out he was too booked to produce me himself. He suggested James Guercio produce me, but I wanted Frank or no one. Guercio wound up producing Chicago, a band I found really garish. It would have been a bad match.

AR: You once found yourself in the position where a major artist had released one of your songs after it had already appeared on your first album, and that the two versions were in competition on the charts at the same time. Can you tell us about that?

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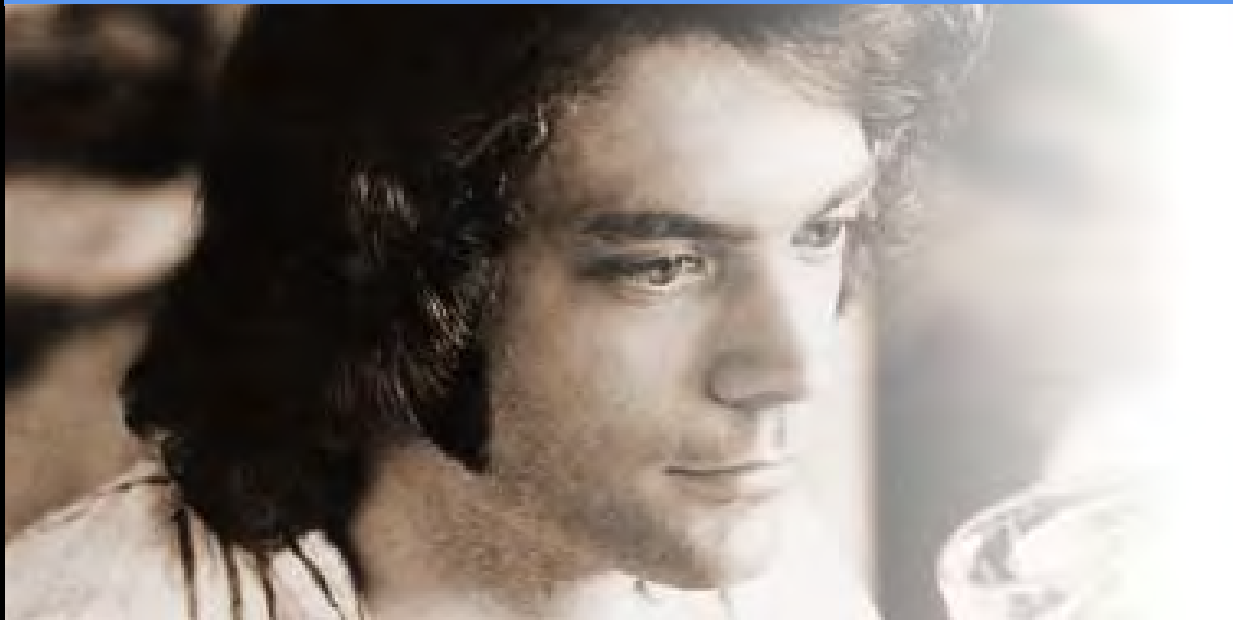
TM: Yes, Art Garfunkel, “Second Avenue.” I wrote it in Philadelphia before moving to Woodstock. Four years later it was released on a small label where the promo chief was a friend. He worked really hard to get it up the charts to around position 50. Then we heard that Garfunkel had recorded a version. That’s legal in music, because once a song is publicly for sale, anyone can record it. To add to the problems, my record label decided they didn’t want to be in the record biz while my single was climbing the charts.

Suddenly I was a free agent with a charting record. David Geffen called right away and wanted to sign me to his label, Asylum, the dream label of singer-songwriters – Joni, Jackson, even Dylan at the time were on his roster. I signed with David. Asylum started promoting “Second Avenue,” but by that time Columbia had also released Artie’s version and our two labels went to war. It’s called a cover battle. What happens is the radio stations and record sales get split up, diluting what would have been a hit into two minor chart records. Neither record gets critical mass. Artie’s version peaked at 35. We killed each other.

AR: I have heard both versions naturally, and as much as I have always loved Artie’s voice and his taste in material, in my view his version of your song is one where an interpreter just totally missed the soul of the composer. Is it that kind of impetus, to get it as you hear it, along with wanting the full fruits of one’s own labor, that fostered the rise of the *singer*-songwriter? Certainly during that period it had become a personal driving force for Carole King, Neil Diamond, et al. How about you?

TM: Yes, songwriters want to be headliners and they want the song sung and produced as they hear it. But most of all, they want to make a livelihood interpreting their own songs. Some think the trend started with Bob Dylan, but before him there were Hank Williams, Chuck Berry, Buddy Holly, and the early folk and blues guys before them – Woody Guthrie, Leadbelly. Even Peggy Lee was a singer-songwriter. But Dylan and the Beatles proved singer-songwriters were a new artistic standard. You didn’t need Tin Pan Alley. But it’s the writer’s singing that makes the difference between a songwriter and a singer-songwriter. If you want to be a headliner, you have to have a unique voice. Dylan did. John Lennon did. James Taylor and Carole King do. Some people think I do. I don’t know. We’ll see. With the new recordings I’m making now, I’m recording voice first, before any instruments get fleshed out. That’s the way producer Daniel Lanois worked with Dylan for three albums. Two guys playing and singing, with a drum machine keeping time.

“Voice is the soul of a record.”



Tim Moore in the 1970's, Asylum Records publicity shot.

Bring the band in later. Always make the voice central. When the vocal performance is right, then you can overdub other tasteful things. In the old days my label spent hundreds of thousands of dollars hiring top studios and musicians for my backing tracks. Then I'd sing on top of those tracks days or weeks later after hearing them played back sixty times or more. It's not organic. Voice is the soul of a record. The rest is time keeping and decoration.

AR: You show such respect for Bob Dylan, our one and only (to date) Nobel Laureate song-poet. Like many singer-songwriters of the sixties and seventies, and many young poets too, was Dylan where it all began for you?



"I learned the business slowly, the way boxers learn – by taking punches."

TM: On my first day in art school, I bought Dylan's second album, *Freewheelin'*. It turned my head 360 degrees. I started writing topical songs that night and playing coffee houses and folk clubs. My first songs were all topical. At art school I'd sit outside the school's lunch room playing my new songs for a group of five or ten students circling round. I was heading them off at 12:45 after lunch. They'd be late to class because of me. All those songs are lost now except one. Last year, I discovered a few of those topical lyrics in note books but I have no idea how the music went. So, yeah. Dylan was the start. His 2016 literary prize was nice but it missed the point. Dylan should have gotten the Nobel Peace Prize in the 1960s. And the Pulitzer. He upgraded the consciousness of a generation with a few songs. "The Lonesome Death of Hattie Carroll," "Masters of War," and "With God on Our Side" just to name three.

AR: There is something about "Second Avenue" that rings personally true for nearly everyone I know who hears that song. They take its parts, its images, and find part of their own lives in it. I'm going to go out on a short limb and bet there is more than just a little of your own bittersweet experience in that song, down to the amazingly vulnerable cadences in the piano accompaniment, which I have always surmised just *had* to be you as well. True?

TM: It's good to know that so many people find themselves in "[Second Avenue](#)." It's a poignant song about loss that some folks have returned to all their lives. Is it biography? Partially. I wrote it in the

Continued on the next page

“The best song lyrics are euphonious...”



winter. I was living on the third floor of 106 Forest Avenue in Narberth, PA. There was a landing there. I may have broken up with a passing girlfriend, but I wasn't sad. My friend, Kit, had visited and written "I am you" in the frost on my kitchen window pane. I was learning Chopin's Waltz in C sharp minor, so Chopin's voicings were in my hands. I moved the scene to the Second Avenue apartment of a woman I'd had a short affair with in New York. Her flowers and birds? That's probably Dylan's "Just Like a Woman" sneaking in. Elton John's "Your Song" was in the air then too. I was reading Rilke. Some of my other songs are tied to real events. I wrote "Sister Lilac" by a mountain stream. "Bye Bye Man" was written after my dad had a stroke and couldn't work in radio anymore. The business discarded him.

AR: As I mentioned in my preface, this song shows first and foremost a sensitivity to painting with sound (a holdover from art school?), as well as the making of clear objects throughout (the flowers and the birds, the literal third floor landing and frost on that window pane, etc.), as in a film director's *mise-en-scene*. Those objects really carry the weight of a greater story within those perfect "singing" lines. Did you find yourself doing those things consciously as you wrote "Second Avenue" or for that matter, "A Fool Like You" or "Sister Lilac" on the same album?

TM: Well, images *are* great. They're important. But I do think a songwriter's *first* job is to feel out the *sounds* of the words phrase by phrase, and that's more than just rhyming. The best song lyrics are euphonious – meaning vowels and consonants roll out in an order that has variety and flows easily through voices and into ears. Lennon and McCartney, even in their early songs, had a natural sense of word sound. Their later songs, like "Lucy in the Sky with Diamonds" or "I Am the Walrus," are about word-sounds first, even though the images feel like they're the primary feature. You can learn sound to some extent by reading poets like Dylan Thomas, Gerard Manley Hopkins, or Coleridge's unfinished "Kubla Khan" poem. Their poems feel like song. But I learned directly from the lyric writers. You mentioned story songs. That's a special gift. McCartney's "She's Leaving Home" is a great example. "Hattie Carroll" is another. I feel that "Dolorosa" is my best story song.

AR: While you seem to have put on your "hit maker" hat at times, writing straight pop songs such as "Charmer" and "Rock and Roll Love Letter" (a good record for you and an even better one for the Bay City Rollers), can you separate, by either motivation or by the type of song you're crafting, when you are the artist and poet, and when you are simply the seasoned artisan who knows his business?

TM: I was the artist and poet almost all the time. I learned the business slowly, the way boxers learn – by taking punches. I was young. I had managers doing the business and I left it to them. I'd be more hands-on now.

AR: In the eighties, you became huge in Brazil (of all places!), with "Yes," an American ballad in the land of samba. How did that happen?

TM: Yes. A Brazilian pop star. Here's how it happened. My last (fifth) album for Elektra was an all-out commercial effort. I hadn't broken through to headliner status after four albums, so I took a

break. Then I was persuaded to record again. I wanted a hit and a music video. The songs would all be danceable, and I demoed all of them at home first. Designed them really. I hoped Elektra would fund a music video or two, but they didn't. I wasn't a priority and they terminated my contract after the record came out. But a month later a small label in Brazil got "Yes" onto a show that the entire country watched every night— a primetime soap opera. The lead female character's theme song was "Yes" and they played it every night. It rocketed to number one and stayed there for two months. TV Globo is the 800-pound gorilla of Brazilian media, so I had the big machine behind me. They flew me down for their big Sunday night show. I wound up staying for 72 days. 110 million people saw that show. I was an overnight pop star for that small window of time.

AR: Can you comment on the hit-and-miss nature of the music industry, and how at times it has boosted you or conversely, provided a possible bus to further stardom that you feel you "just missed?"

TM: "Tim Moore should have been one of the major artists of this or that decade." I read that on Amazon, Facebook, many places. This can be a trap. The world is full of people who will tell you that you got robbed. Lawyers and demagogues stir up a lot of business telling people what they want to hear—that they're great, that they deserve more, that someone's maliciousness is stopping them. The simple truth is that it takes extraordinary drive and luck to break through, even if you're signed. The more introverted you are, the more artistic you are, and the less aggressive, the more the business will not play its game with you. They're out to make money. It can't be either art or business. It needs to be both. Dylan was incredibly shrewd about his career and he was a great artist with a strong work ethic. And he was lucky. Dylan would be impossible today. It's crazy competitive today. Spotify has 60,000 songs being uploaded *per day*. Most of them by wanna-be pop stars. Most are horrible, some are good. There are a few hundred great artists whom you will never hear of. A few you will. DIY music careers can take 16 hours of work a day just to rise above the noise.



Nude, brush and ink, Tim Moore, 2018

AR: In your songwriting, do you tend to stick to classic song formula of verse-chorus-bridge-verse-chorus, or do you like to add or subtract from that, as Dylan and Mitchell often do?

TM: I admire extended form writers like Dylan and Jackson Browne. Their songs will sometimes take a minute and a half before they cycle around to verse two. For me, *Blood on the Tracks* is the exemplar of extended song form. But Dylan was writing long form in "Like a Rolling Stone" years before. I've taken stabs at long form, but the muse tends to send me telegrams and flyers more often than novels. Like the Beatles, I write a good bridge. That makes me feel good. "For the Minute" on my second album has a fine bridge but no chorus and no hooks. As for pre-choruses—anyone can write a pre-chorus. I rely on them as much as anyone. ("Anyone" is one of my favorite songwriters.)

AR: Could you give some advice on *getting started* as a songwriter, given some existing command of poetic form, and without perhaps much grounding as an instrumentalist? Especially, is there some small instruction you might offer that is not found in books on the subject, but that may have worked for you?

TM: You have to love songs and think musically. Loving poetry won't cut it. We're talking ears here, not the reading eye. For me, the sound of a song lyric is everything. Instead of reading other people's lyrics, close your eyes and listen to them. Pronounce them out loud. See how the words sequence, how one sound leads into another. How one syllable is held for three beats while others are packed together. A great title or opening line is usually my departure point. I cluster ideas around it. I find its

Continued on the next page

natural conversational rhythm. I move lines around, shorten, lengthen, until I have a structure. Then I look for rhymes. I use that starting phrase as the spindle around which everything else winds. Every inch of thread winds around that spool. So find the spine, the spindle of your song. It might not mean anything, but it just feels right. What the hell does “Tangled Up in Blue” mean? Nothing you can nail down. It just feels good as an end line. Worry about what the lyrics mean only after they sound right. “All your reindeer armies. . .” is totally detached from reality but it sounds logical, beautiful to the ear.

AR: Beyond certain disciplines and natural advantages that the popular song may hold for some kinds of lyric content, do some poems resist the song-form and stand alone with just their own internal music? What tells you to add music or rather, to craft a piece as a literary poem?

TM: Most good poems don’t need music. I don’t think anyone’s set Mary Oliver to music, yet, but

her poems affect you like music. Poems can be set to music long after they’re written. Franz Schubert did it 600 times. I don’t think you can just decide whether lines are songs or poems. Songs depend on the writer loving songs first and foremost. Poets who want to be songwriters need to abandon reading and concentrate on hearing *in steady rhythm and meter*. Being a singer isn’t a prerequisite. I never heard Bernie Taupin sing, but the lyrics he handed to Elton John were sing-able. Bernie hears what he’s writing—its phrasing, its rhyme scheme—even before it’s sung. He’s intuitive, and that’s because he loves song. As for imagery—Bob Dylan loved Woody Guthrie before he read Arthur Rimbaud. His Rimbaud-inspired imagery got laid onto a pre-existing foundation of folk song form. Greenwich Village folk clubs exposed young Dylan to hundreds of songs that he actually learned and sang. Plus, Robert Zimmerman had a Torah-Bible Yeshiva-like education which forces a student’s brain to retain reams of words.

AR: You’re a longtime resident of Woodstock, New York, one of the most famous artist communities in the country, arriving in the days when Dylan, the Band, and Van Morrison were also there. What made that place such a magnet, and still?

TM: I live 500 yards from Bob’s old house, across the road. I did my first record company audition on his piano in that house. The Woodstock music scene of legend was formed in the early sixties when Milton Glaser, the graphic artist, brought Albert Grossman here, and Albert brought Dylan. The Band followed.

That Sixties scene faded in the early seventies. Van left, then Dylan. The Band became the musical royalty of the town. Then in the 1980s the B-52’s, Graham Parker, Jules Shear, moved here—then Natalie Merchant and Donald Fagen in the 1990s. The town’s musical future is up for grabs now. Can it renew its artistic identity after a wave of COVID-driven house-buying and gentrification? Three music venues—small, medium and large—are planning to restart this summer (2021). There’s still talent here. We’ll see.

AR: You stay busy in so many creative realms, and your successes are tangible. Can you comment on your current projects both in and out of music, and what the future might hold?



Tim working in his studio, 2021, Photography Rob Stein

“I’m the hub keeping the wheel in motion. But the wheel is a clock ticking, too.”



Tim Moore working on his fifth album with producer Rob Freeman.

TM: Polymaths, generalists, renaissance people all have my sympathy. I’m one of them. When I took time off after four albums, I began studying psychology, acting, film direction, science—anything I was curious about. I filled notebook after notebook. If anyone wants to be my archivist, I’d be grateful. Step right up. The spokes of what I call a creative life have been totally engaging. I’m the hub keeping the wheel in motion. But the wheel is a clock ticking too. People admire my versatility, but the truth is, it’s exhausting to have so many channels open. You want to get better at all of them. I’m a visual artist, a musical artist, and a writer working in images, sounds, and words. I’ve been torn between these fields all my life and there’s only so much time left. Major works are still unpublished. I’m working every day to get it done before the bar closes.

Albums by Tim Moore:

- *Tim Moore* (A Small Record Company, 1974)
- *Tim Moore* (Asylum, 1974, distributed by Rhino in the US)
- *Behind the Eyes* (Asylum, 1975, distributed by Rhino in the US)
- *White Shadows* (Asylum, 1977, distributed by Rhino in the US)
- *High Contrast* (Asylum, 1979, distributed by Rhino in the US)
- *Flash Forward* (Elektra, 1985)
- *Five albums reissued on CD* (Airmail Archive, Japan, 2004)

Singles by Tim Moore:

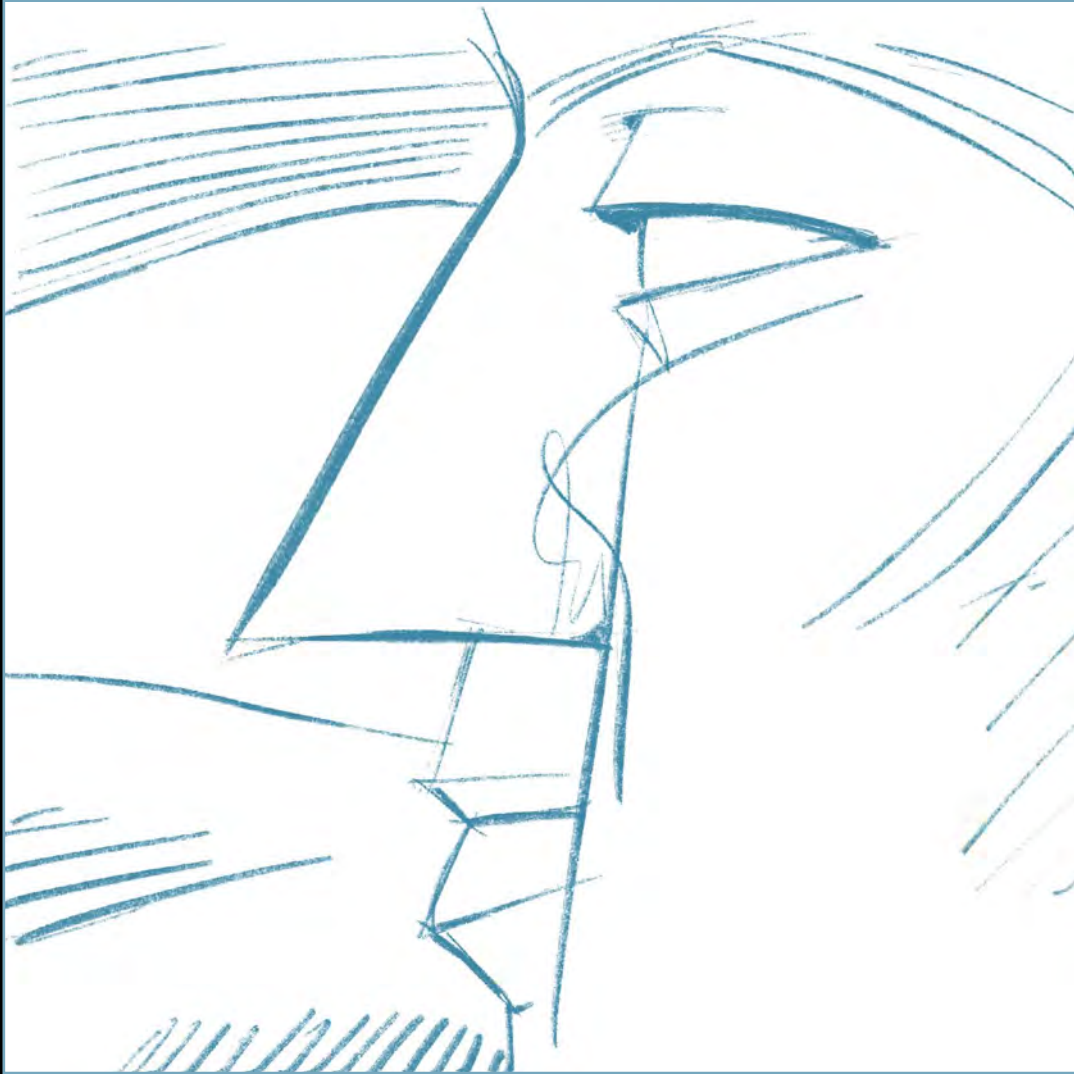
- “A Fool Like You” (Dunhill/ABC, 1973) – U.S. #93
- “Second Avenue” (Asylum, 1974) – U.S. #58; AC #41
- “Charmer” (Asylum, 1975) – U.S. #91, American Songwriting Festival Award, 1974
- “Rock and Roll Love Letter” (Asylum, 1975)
- “In the Middle” (Asylum, 1977) – U.S. #75
- “Yes” (Top Tape, 1986) – Brazil, (Vidisco, 1986) -- Portugal #1

Hear the Tim Moore songs featured in this article on [Spotify](#) ...or [YouTube](#).

Tim’s albums and songs are available on YouTube, Amazon Music, Spotify, iTunes, and select CD retailers. Find Tim Moore online at: TimMooreCreative.com

SELECTED ART

TIM MOORE



|||·(≡

Clio
archival pigment print
Tim Moore
2019

SELECTED SONGS

TIM MOORE

A Fool Like You

If a fool like you, could listen to a fool like me
And if the leaves on the trees could stop shaking in the wind
If a fool like you, could listen to a fool like me
Maybe baby we could stop long enough to begin

Cryin' with the millionaire is like laughin' with the old street bum
Send him off down to the coliseum promise him kingdom come
And when the baby cries in the middle of the prayer
He's sayin' hurry up daddy, hurry up because we're almost there

If a fool like you, could listen to a fool like me
And if the leaves on the trees could stop shaking in the wind
If a fool like you, could listen to a fool like me
Maybe baby we could stop long enough to begin

Now the tempers get hot, oh and the fingers they shake
Seems there ain't enough sunshine around to keep a man wide awake
When the artist gets mad he can take up his brush
But when the crippled man loses his faith well who's gonna give him a crutch?

If a fool like you, could listen to a fool like me
And if the leaves on the trees could stop shaking in the wind
If a fool like you, could listen to a fool like me
Maybe baby we could stop long enough to begin

This old overcoat, man it's seen a lot of rain
Like a junk yard scrap DeSoto I been learnin' my pain
An old Heath radio taught me how to sing
Now just give me a guitar and man I'll forget about everything

If a fool like you, could listen to a fool like me
And if the leaves on the trees could stop shaking in the wind
If a fool like you, could listen to a fool like me
Maybe baby we could stop long enough to begin

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SELECTED SONGS

TIM MOORE

Sister Lilac

Sister Lilac things are not the same
Ever since I learned to call your name
Once I was a mountain stream
Now I know what ocean means
Sister Lilac things are not the same

Eyes and ears they must be open wide
Before you hear and see beyond your pride
You must speak like little child
Do with love and not with style
Sister Lilac that's how I feel inside

Life will come and grow to man
And soon be old and gray
Life that flows between the hands
Is not the kind that fades

And hands they soon lie folded on our chests
And there's no way to tell who was the best
Death is death but life is love
And it's you I'm thinking of
Sister Lilac with you my life is blessed

Life will come and grow to man
And soon be old and gray
Life that flows between the hands
Is not the kind that fades

And hands they soon lie folded on our chests
And there's no way to tell who was the best
Death is death but life is love
And it's you I'm thinking of
Sister Lilac with you my life is blessed

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SELECTED SONGS

TIM MOORE

The Night We First Sailed Away

In the stars was the song of the hunter
And your voice spoke like wind in the caves
We lay down in our darkness remembering
Like the night when we first sailed away

We were miles in the sky that we covered
We were thoughts like the grain of the wood
Being arteries grown from the mother
Oh, our loving was meant to be good

And though they say that the ape won't evolve to a state of grace
We will laugh in his face
And this cage that revolves may dissolve in a rage of tears
Still our purpose is clear

Oh, the bells on the sea cliffs are ringing
And like ghosts we will rise from our clay
On the ocean I still hear the singing
Like the night when we first sailed away

And though it's said that we've lost or exhausted our earthly food
Oh, our love is not moved
Be it angels or devils that spin in the final tale
You and I haven't failed

You are Eve, you are Eve in the garden
In your kiss is the birth of my day
I won't believe that it's not as we gave it
In the night when we first sailed away

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SELECTED SONGS

TIM MOORE

To Cry for Love

Here we stand almost together
Holding hands here by the sea
Lord give us strength to stand eternity

If giving is the crest of life, dear
And if taking is the trough
Then only waves of tears can surely let us off
Waves that roll in timeless
Mercy, mercy
Waves that know our time is getting
Closer, closer

To cry for love
To drown the doubt
To spend your treasured self to buy the now
To laugh for life in highest joy
To cease your words and finally find the voice
To cry for love

And all that time that we spent traveling
Traveling far, traveling wide
When all we needed was to spend some time inside

And though the cynic says in weariness
That life is short and tears are cheap
What good are words if your own heart tells you to weep?

Waves that roll in timeless
Mercy, mercy
Waves that know our time is getting
Closer, closer

To cry for love
To drown the doubt
To spend your treasured self to buy the now
To laugh for life, the young, the old
To cease your dreams and finally find the soul
To cry for love

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SELECTED SONGS

TIM MOORE

Dolorosa

It was in an alive garden
That we suffered our defeat
And the idea we lost our heart in
Now seems so sadly incomplete

It was a time of much confusion
Seems we were always on the run
Now we fall back disillusioned
Before our task is done

Dolorosa, do not hang your head
It is only sorrow, and do not lose the thread
Dolorosa, dry your weeping eyes
Mourning is for mourners
Those who can, must rise

I saw the hilltop sheathed in thunder
But his face was quite composed
And his eyes were filled with wonder
His life was folding like a rose

I can still see the clouds dispersing
There was a halo 'round the moon
Under their breath, the men were cursing
Even the dead to get home soon

Dolorosa, these are merely scars
Do not lose perspective of what we really are
Dolorosa, do not lose your faith
If he was so precious
Someday he will be replaced

Tears of outrage, tears of anger
Have vanished in the dusty street
Disaster settles into languor
All is white in the midday heat

A spot of shade under a gable
A handmade cradle for the head
A leather wine pouch on the table
How soon we all seem to forget

Dolorosa, ask your weeping heart
Would it cry so deeply? Were you not still apart?
Dolorosa, people do forget
But we must remember
We can't give up yet

(Dolorosa)

(Dolorosa)

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SELECTED SONGS

TIM MOORE

I'll Be Your Time

Woman, don't worry, you'll soon be back home
It really doesn't matter where the hours have gone
I'll be your time, I'll be your time
Don't you look backwards now, I'll be your time

Don't look at that clock, it's got nothing to say
My life is like your life, it will soon fade away
But I'll be your time, I'll be your time
Love is no memory, child, I'll be your time

Now the numbers may go
But the meanings, they stay
Summer, winter, spring and fall
And love seems to pass
Like sand through a glass
But it really isn't that way at all

No, if joy was a garden, then eyes would be flowers
But eyes like yours can't shine
If they're still counting the hours
I'll be your time, I'll be your time
Future is holy, child, I'll be your time

Now the numbers may go
But the meanings, they stay
Summer, winter, spring and fall
And love seems to pass
Like sand through a glass
But it really isn't that way at all

No, if joy was a garden, then eyes would be flowers
But eyes like yours can't shine
If they're still counting the hours
I'll be your time, I'll be your time
Future is holy, child, I'll be your time

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SELECTED SONGS

TIM MOORE

Bye Bye Man

Bye bye man, bye bye man
You've had your chance in this promised land
And your career was so well-planned
By mom and dad
Such a promising lad

Bye bye man, just last seen
On thirty-million television screens
Smiling sheepishly from the thirty-second row
Of the studio

And according to the records of his school
His numbers were much higher than the other numbers on the sheet
Those other numbers can't compete with our man
He's a smart man

Bye bye man leaves behind
The sweepstakes money he won Christmastime
He got his picture in the Sunday Times
He cut it out
And showed it all about

Ah, his numbers were much higher than the other numbers on the sheet
Those other numbers can't compete with our man
He's a smart man

Bye bye man, forevermore
He's left his treasures to the budget store
He's getting off on the thirteenth floor
Walking down an empty hall
He drags his hand along the wall

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SELECTED SONGS

TIM MOORE

Love Enough

Something goes wrong, something goes right
And it either punishes or strokes our pride
We never stop to think how much we lose
When we pick and choose
In our solitude

Something comes up, something goes down
Suddenly you feel you're being pushed around
And just because you think you're losing hold
You try to take control
The story's very old

But if we ever get our minds made up
All we have to do is love enough
Won't be long before it comes to you
Give it love enough to pull it through
All you need is love enough

Someone wants in, someone wants out
But doesn't anybody see beyond the clouds?
Man, you've hardly learned to speak your name
Before you're in this game
But baby, all the same

If we ever get our minds made up
All we have to do is love enough

Won't be long before it comes to you
Give it love enough to pull it through
All you need is love enough

All you really need is love enough
Won't be long before it comes to you
Give it love enough to pull it through
All you need is love enough

All you need is love enough
Won't be long before it comes to you
Give it love enough to pull it through

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SELECTED SONGS

TIM MOORE

Aviation Man

Nice people they don't play no games
Don't hurt no feelings
They don't call no names
Nice people they don't cross their friends
They don't climb through windows to bug no man
Man, it ain't nothing that you can touch or change
So you try to get above it an another plane
Come on baby, I've got a plan
You be a sky queen
I'll be an aviation man, yes
I'll be an aviation man
Nice people they don't start no war
Couldn't even tell you what a gun is for
Nice people they ain't two way faced
Ain't makin' their money on makin' more waste
Man, it ain't nothing that you can touch or change
So you try to get above it an another plane
Come on baby, I've got a plan
You can be a sky queen
I'll be an aviation man
I'll be an aviation man

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SELECTED SONGS

TIM MOORE

Nightingale

Walking in my lady's forest
Hear her darkness groan
Nightingale, she moans in her resistance

She flies in star-lit treetops
Sees my lantern pass
Nightingale, she sings and darkness listens

She sees the night
Burning with a thousand fires
Crying desires and confessions
Ooh

Only ghosts and seashells speak the deepness of her sighs
Nightingale, your eyes are my expression

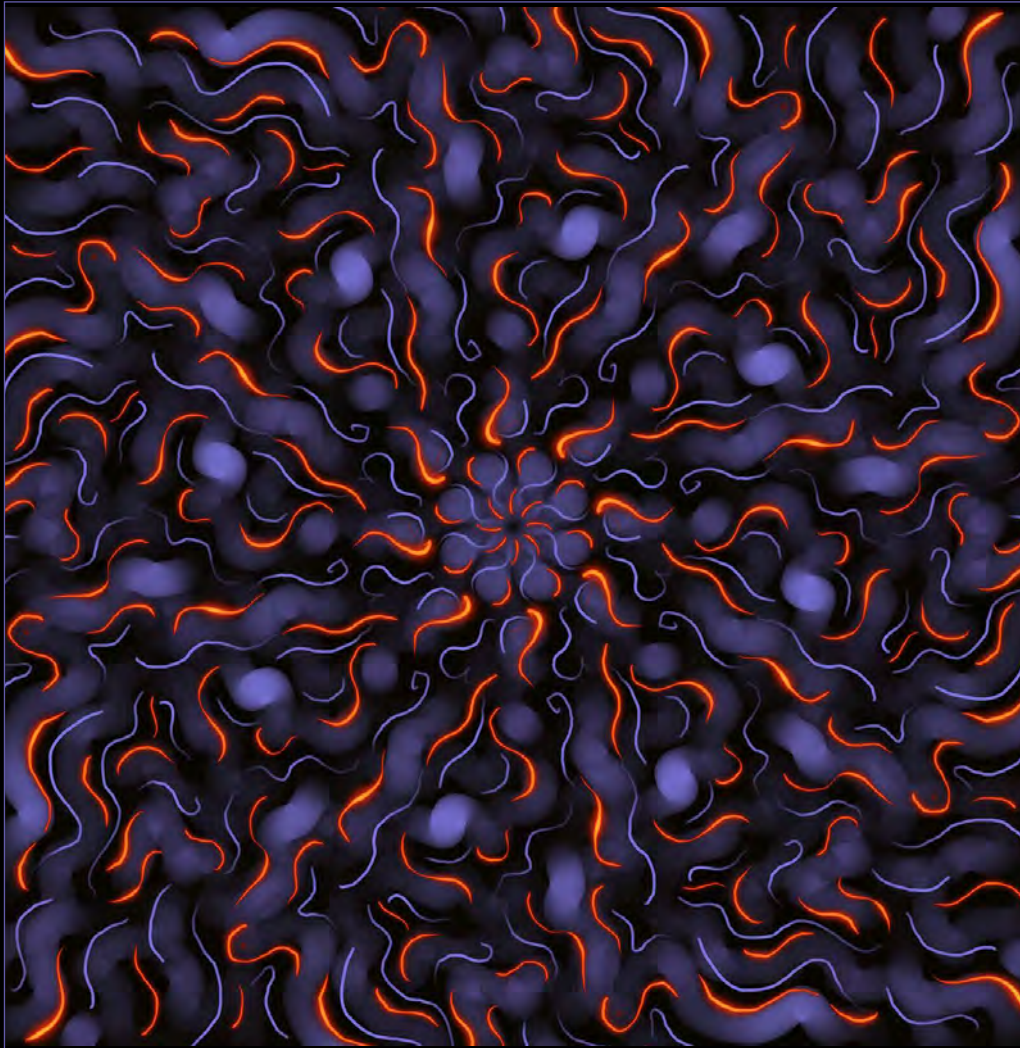
She sees the night
Burning with a thousand fires
Crying desires and confessions

Only ghosts and seashells speak the deepness of her sighs
Nightingale, your eyes are my expression
Nightingale, your eyes are my expression

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SELECTED ART

TIM MOORE

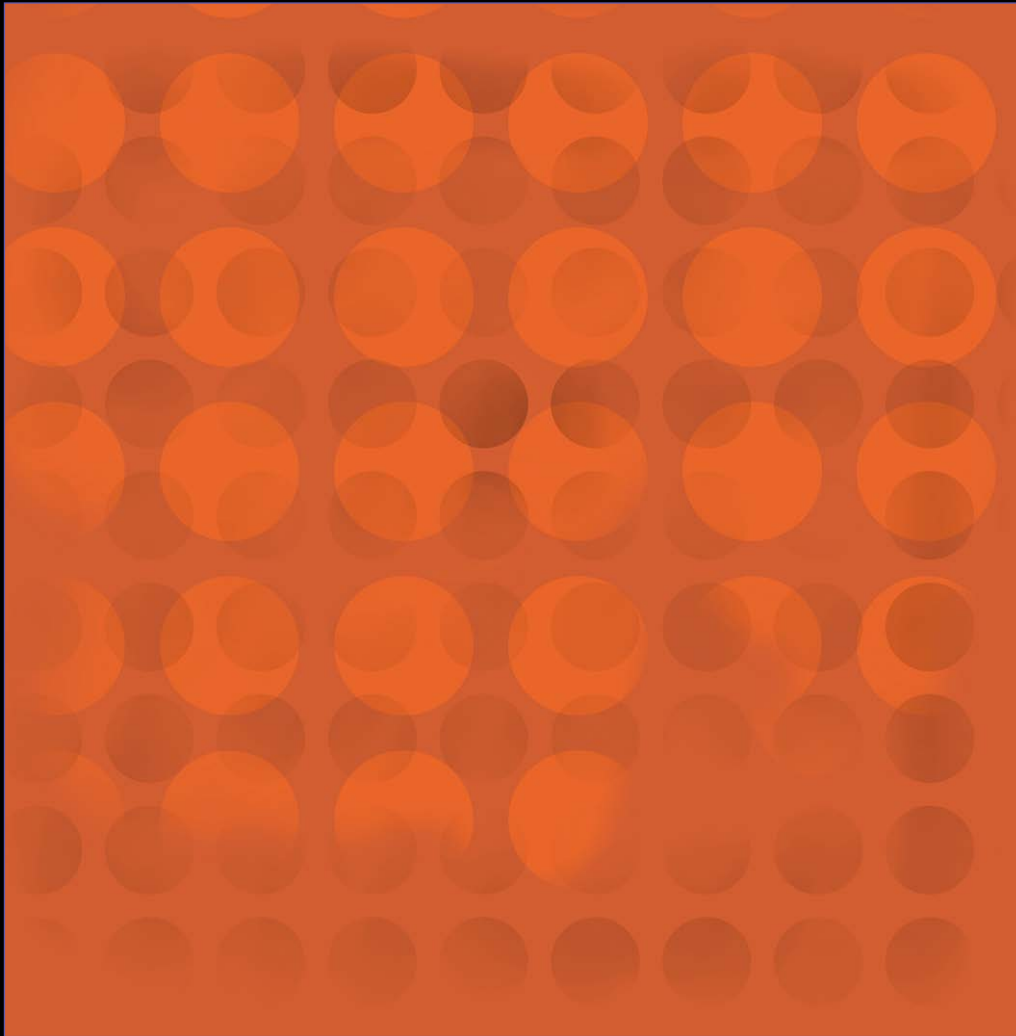


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Eight on Fire
archival pigment print
Tim Moore
2020

SELECTED ART

TIM MOORE



Dharmakaya
archival pigment print
Tim Moore
2020

SELECTED POEMS

TIM MOORE

aureola

she is a poet
so mist thuds
clouds shatter
the weather prevaricates
toys bleed
soil runs for office
five-sided dogs eat shadows
cacti hibernate
duchamp has gills
doorknobs bark
pleasure crumbles
water walks out
in a huff...
...yet this is
just because
she is a poet
and observing from a
safe distance
for now
wait until
tomorrow
starts whining.

~ Copyright © 2017 Tim Moore

My Legs Will Hold You Up

Of all those who stood by the road
I chose you
Refugee that I am
I made a bowl of the sky
And poured in all the suns
Behind my eyelids
I thought of you and walked
Inviting you into what I carry
A house of clouds
The sun striking a high canopy
The mercy beneath the ripples of a stream
Cross with me now
Hold on
My legs will hold you up.

~ Copyright © 2009 Tim Moore

SELECTED POEMS

TIM MOORE

Sand Ghosts

Of course she thought the boy special
His fresh frail limbs
His gentle feathered eyes
She did not see him as part of the beach
Dwarfed by crashing waves
Drowned by the roar that
Keeps winds and wars in motion

How many grains of dust had blown
Between distant stars before his first cry?
How many planets turned in peace
Without wheels, without fire, without words?
How many tribes exist without bodies at all
Tribes of notes, colors, molecules—
Warm and crackling beneath the skin of the boy
Whose chest is taped to a vehicle
Not of his making.

In a few years a man will come
With a story the boy will believe
A story like a crashing wave
Its undertow a dark black hole

But despite the fact that he is a boy
And cannot escape
She will still think him special
Like millions before her
And feed him love like the sea
Feeds a moonless midnight sky.

~ Copyright © 2019 Tim Moore

SELECTED POEMS

TIM MOORE

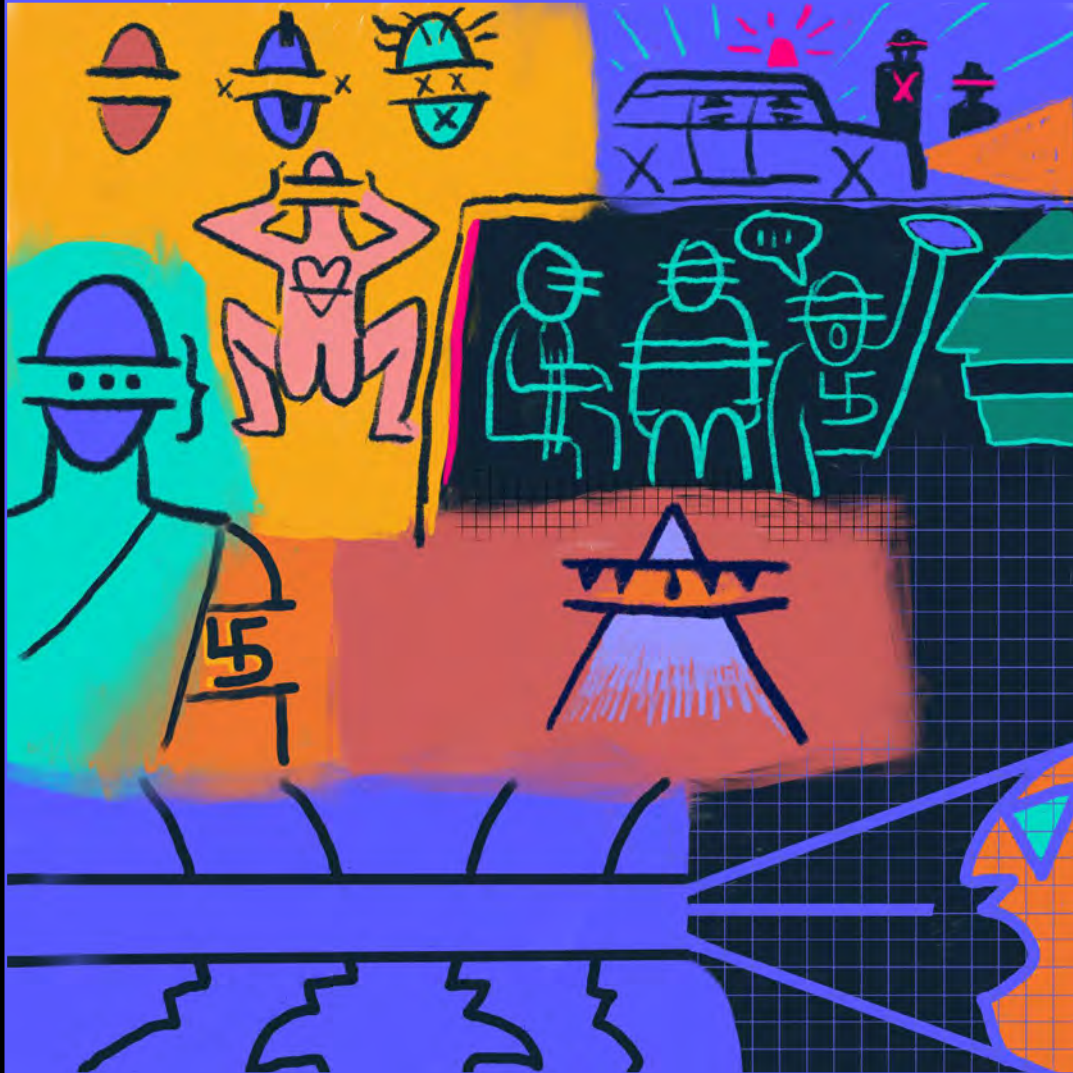
The Continent

We'll proceed as if this day was like any other
Like so many days before, keep the routine
Treasure the scuff marks, bump into each other
And fly by night close over the ocean
Knowing that one wave rising unusually could catch us.
One always hopes the field of the unsaid might
Wait for another season
Accept another snowfall,
Since what is unsaid
Is nevertheless heard between us.
We are the silences thought and unthought
We stand out in the field, under the stars
Listening to the engine drone unseen above us
In a moonless sea, the drone
Fading slowly into a din of cicadas and loons
We'll carry on as if...for isn't it always as if
As if solid, as if permanent, as if fluid,
As if newborn, mature, falling apart,
Carry on as if what holds the parts together
Is knowable, as if our commentary and our community
Were separate things
No elucidation can settle the matter
Once again, we're children discovering conversation.
After the lights go out, our overtones and folds
Amplified by darkness
Our young limbs rustling
Becoming ourselves so long ago it seems
There was never any choice, never any hesitancy
Between the calling and the called.
Now he is called – your husband, my adopted brother
He walks with smaller steps, childlike, drops a beat, a word, a thought
And we stay aloft, wingtips level, nose to the horizon
Compass heading set, the continent ahead
A proposition of maps, time, and probability.

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SELECTED ART

TIM MOORE



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Ideologues
archival pigment print
Tim Moore
2019

PREJUDICE
INEQUALITY
RACISM
BIGOTRY
INJUSTICE
TYRANNY

ACCEPTANCE
COMPASSION
TOLERANCE
SIMILITUDE
EGALITARIANISM
& YOU

Divine Parity®

I wrote a letter or whatever and I sent it via the government, the other day.
I had no urgent message to deliver.

And it started off about bicycles and basketball
And drifted to my boys
Back when I was a boy before
I declared and simultaneously willed
Myself into manhood at the Delaware Ave boy's club in Albany.

I started this boy to man journey
At the Livingston Ave boy's club in the boxing ring in Albany.

What remains with me as memory:
Repeatedly running through Arbor Hill, NY, my first neighborhood in Albany.

I won the fights in the ring. And then, like now, I was alone.
So I ran all the way home. I fought all my boyhood battles alone.
Sometimes, running, ducking and hiding
See Tsun Tsu, but not Bruce Lee, was the art of war;
And when I became divine, my battles were no longer only mine.

Many weapons, foes, enemies,
Haters, challengers have all been laid to waste.
Boys want bicycles and so did this ex-boy
And he wanted a basketball
And eventually that led him to want exponentially more.

This boy wanted parity
But his pair of sneakers were "rejects"
They actually did cost \$1.99
And they did make the boy's feet feel just fine.

The letter meandered
From Dred Scott to Derek Chauvin.
The letter was all about being thankful.
Grateful to be an ex-boy smart enough to run in rejects.

I wrote a letter or whatever and I sent it via the government, the other day.
I had nothing urgent to say.
In infinity, saying is pointless.
In manhood, saying is construction.
In boyhood, saying is manifestation.
Smoking at a gas station is a metaphorical saying
That in infinity is beautiful
And in manhood is hazardous.

I wrote it and I licked the stamp
With my unvaccinated tongue.
Many weapons, foes, enemies. . .
Virus is a word for an invisible enemy.
In the invisible divinity there exists parity.
There exists both divinity and "not divinity."
Parity is anathema to "not divinity."

A GOD to a non-believer
Is the very origin of their miserable protest identity.
Without ME nothing would exist for them to disbelieve
Including themselves.

I put the letter in the mail sans symbols on the envelope.
Men get lost in their symbols,
In their meaning making.
I wrote a letter and it didn't mean anything;
And yet it is a thing.
I know because I did it.
That's what life gets to know.
Life knows it exists.
It does not require vaccination,
validation, reparations, bicycles or
basketballs.

If YOU want it,
Parity also exists in divinity, so
The divine discontent, then
Is it's own taciturn medicine.

~ Summer Hill Seven



e•qual

/ˈɛkwəl/

same in value, quantity,
degree, or size.

Who determines the value of man?
What is the metric of melanin?
To what degree is coiled hair a sin?
Who sizes up the meaning of decent?
How much absurdity fills one's
thought

to try and weigh such a task
means we are not equal.

~ Zorina Exie Frey



Liberty and justice for all?

Our pledge promises everyone
equal freedom and justice under
law in short political parity

As history has it truth be told
our inspiring noble words lack
historical and current verity

Our original sin slavery
has vestigial ghosts
haunting America's posterity

Actual political equality
and basic civil rights for non-White
peoples are sadly oft a rarity

All animals are equal but
some animals more equal
said Orwell with mocking hilarity

A disturbing segment of White Society
fear the less-equal Others resenting
their rise with shocking temerity

Others not just Black folk but
Hispanic and Asian Others too
often feel hate's violent severity

Most privileged Whites decry hate
and want to believe our equality ethos
with genuine deep sincerity

They would gladly support laws
that define and aptly remedy
our systemic bias disparity

But changing human hearts
a tougher task to tackle could and
should be sought with all due celerity

~ Gary Ketchum

I strolled beneath a lynching tree

I strolled beneath a lynching tree
and paused a moment in the shade
cast across the grass
gazing up at the massive twisted branches
in my pensive curiosity
reflecting for a few minutes
on what took place
a century or more past
and spent a moment with the shame
of the monstrosity visited
upon the human cargo
freighted from a mossy
gnarled branch those many years ago

then glanced across the park
to notice children at play
runners jogging by
bicyclists wheeling on
and lovers hand in hand
or reclining on the lawns

suddenly a little boy,
dark as the oak's brown bark
ran from his nearby parents
opened wide his arms
and clasped the burlled,
swirled, contorted trunk
that dwarfed his little self

this ancient tree
as innocent as he

in a spontaneous, loving
hug

~ Gordon Langdon Magill

This was our chance

some time after the deluge
which was long ago
floral bouquets lined cold stonewalls
in ill-lit halls thick with sickly scents of
eye-catching wax-faced lime-frost lilies

mystical shadows danced luminescent
against a quotidian lonesomeness
that wrapped us weary
some time in that mad
drabness of days after the deluge

a tranquil witch goddess it was
that smote the rebellion
of the human heart
she held that lighted match to flame
the pooled fluid and poof

the fires raged underground
beneath our feet that beat
like the phoenix like a tower
rising falling rising to heaven
lined with language spoken or not

~ Nina Heiser



It is time for who what where why and how to become when

when exclusive goals dissolve and burst into 10,000 possibilities
 when solitude does not feel lonely
 when the lonely are embraced by community
 when human consciousness expands with the universe
 when aesthetically pleasing art becomes aesthetically meaningful
 when outreach becomes an open hand
 when a house calls you home
 when the naked telling has been told with veracity
 when the indwelling vision mirrors an outer manifestation of healing
 when nothingness germinates everything
 when the answer leads to a new question
 when art science and religion agree to be in awe of mystery
 when the heart is the first responder
 when the mind stops for a reflection sign
 when language knows the body does not lie
 when spirit undomesticates itself
 when the soul reveals diversity as evolution's original blessing

~ *Linda Marie Cossa*



The body illusion

There will come a time
 when with wonder and awe
 We will stand face to face
 soul to soul
 And realize that these bodies
 These vessels of various colors and shapes
 sizes and sensations
 These male and female
 These hates and loves,
 Are just illusions built to sow divisions

We will throw our heads back
 and laugh with a lunatic's abandon
 At all the times we ever thought each other
 Anything but beautiful

~ *Erin Cowart*

They are

They are words braided across continents
uttering the state of human conditions
gleaned from running so long, of doubts
and delights and the comedy of tension.
They are communal globes of cultures.

They are unmuzzling mouths while connecting
the pulse of people. They arouse awakening
to human conditions walking on tired and
running on empty. Losses. Sorrows.
So much, too much. So enough, not enough.



They are death and life of perilous boat crossings,
of terrifying freight train rides, of a desperate fate.
They confess to the waters that swallow them,
to the barbed wire fences that reject them, and
to the piece of earth that greets them.

They are dreams breathing through open windows,
shadows that follow, even in the absence of sun.
They travel and unravel and return barefoot, walking,
fighting, apologizing, questioning the universe
and the air they swallow, Where do I really belong?

They are the fate of life in toxic refugee camps
and marred by the perils of human trafficking.
They quietly protest and tirelessly protest,
christening the oxygen of consequences,
christening each sentence in every stanza.

They are weather inside bones, inside flesh
pumped by ten ounces of a heart that loves them,
a mother who held their hands, dried their tears,
wiped their nose, their bottoms, and then
kissed their all day troubles goodnight.

They are fences of light returning from hibernation
searching for footprints and a world of psalms.
They are poems, cuttings from the mind and
dog-eared thoughts birthed while wading
through rhythms of emotional and physical terrains.

Stripped of words and baring transparency, poems are flesh.

~ *Mary Rogers-Grantham*

Salinas

Buses arrive in the Valley of the Sun King
dealing out Spanish paragraphs on tongues
of duty, dappled with light and a feeling
of the earth unwormed in dampness, reeling
from the past, but open to the epilogue
of new and late planting, of jugs unsealing.

Scallions bloom, smearing the day with their
pregnant smell and no sound; watermelons
belch so sweet, their pulp simmering in balls
so round around they roll with the kick of a foot
and speak themselves ready to spit their seed if left
just one more summery shower in the ground.

Artichokes organize; their rows are neat,
their hides, appropriately forbidding; they brim
a love of continuity, their good hearts beating
to the avocado's drum, it's green when done
unlike the unrouged peppers, just begun—
stragglers of the season, seasoning some.

All day the pickers move, bent this way
in the U of their existing, in the songs of May
that penetrate the furrows, tingle the roots
of sustaining, the Santo way, the animal, vegetable,
the sky and sway, the land gives, except
when it doesn't,
when it takes away.

~ *Al Rocheleau*

Previously published, *Homestead Review*
and *Falling River: Collected Poems, 1976-2016*



Belonging

My girlfriend and I were careful –
condoms, diaphragm, spermicide.
One time after a party we weren't.

This was the Seventies, in college.
I proposed. She said, "I can't belong
to a man. Besides, it's not like

we were serious." That's a hard way
to learn that. I asked her to live with me.
"This was a mistake," she whispered.

I said part of that baby belongs to me. I offered
to raise the child if she would just have it.
"You'll never need to see it again," I promised.

Even now, forty years after, I can still see
her brown eyes looking into her future.
The mother of my child.

"No." she said.

I gave her fifty dollars toward the cost.
We broke up a couple months later.
Funny, I can't remember anything
we said when we split.

~ *Peter M. Gordon*

Previously published in Sandhill Reiview



Persistence:

“She was warned, and yet
she persisted.”

Not always political, but always
uttered by a person in power.

Bullying words, put downs, words meant
to dismay, defeat, discourage. Destroy.
Sometimes spoken by domestic abusers,
used against accusers, used as excuses.

Pouncing on the spirit of the (mostly) women.
What will we do with these withering warnings?
Lower our heads? Be still, calm down, bury
our thoughts and desires? Our goals?

Question our right to speak truth out loud?
We could do that---but what about
Susan B. Anthony and all those suffragettes
who were warned and jailed, and persisted?
Or Harriet Tubman, wracked by a blow to her head
to stop seeking.

And the seventh-grade girl in 1950's New York
who was counseled that being a lawyer
was not a woman's career. Or our ancestors
from all those oppressive lands,
just yearning to be free.

Had they not persisted,
where would we be?

~ *Sally Wahl Constain*

Reflection

Reflection of own inner voice
Hear me through with the justice
And spare me with the understanding
Of the truth value of a great freedom
To find its own peace purpose
To overcome with a carry of a burden
To seek justice is coming through
With the prevail of unity
Through the darkness time
To conquer with fear
That no harm is done
To champion what we feel
For what justice is standing for
That humanity is a one truly precious kind
So let the reflection of own inner voice
To be heard and carry on as life goes on
With harmony and peace we stay survive
Among the share of our brotherhood and sisterhood
To be united as one on this planet
For the peace sake of us mankind
Together we will soar and rise
Until we will be free
For the prosperity that it comes to see

~ Hanh Chau



Same for same

I spent my life as a nightclub DJ,
the only female in the organization.
Music always led my way.
I beat mixed like the pro I was.
When videos hit, I became a VJ
I played a lot of wedding gigs too.
I represented equal pay.
As an accidental inspiration,
there are many more female DJs today.

~ Elaine Person

Journey free

I wake each day and take the breath to be
To know I'm well, to go into the fray
That's all I need to start my journey, free

So here I sit and brood while sipping tea
The wait, the here and now, is just a stay
I wake each day and take the breath to be

And in a breath my life is all I see
A breeze that fills my heart with joy, I pray,
That's all I need to start my journey, free.

The wealth of youth encouraged me to flee
on winds of peace and hope from this melee.
I wake each day and take the breath to be

There's a little time left on a dead sea
I float about as if it's children's play
That's all I need to start my journey, free.

Through time, I sing a song of my own plea
To be the same as any yesterday.
I wake each day and take the breath to be
That's all I need to start my journey, free.

~ *Carlton Johnson*

This poem appears in my collection of poems,
A Thimble of Time published 2020.





Parity

Proof
Absolute
Rights
Inalienable -
True
Yang

~ Suzanne Austin-Hill

Starving

The young Inuit mother
Listens to her baby's
Cries of hunger

She remembers
Mother and grandmother
Feeding her seal meat

She remembers eating Muktuk
Pieces of whale skin and blubber
Traditional food

She can almost taste
The tender crisp texture
And feel it filling her belly

Her baby's cries continue
A young husband looks
For work in the town

He can no longer fish or hunt
In his mind he hears
His young daughter's cries

He stands in line next
To the town hall
Waiting food allotment

Proud men and women
Young and old
Stand in line

Swallowing their pride
Doing what they must
To feed their families

Generations who made
Their living from
The ice and sea

No longer able
New regulations
Make it impossible

They can no longer
Hunt or fish
To feed their families

Babies cry from empty bellies
The old waste away
The young move to the city

Nearby young well-fed
Colonial whites
Stand in groups

They hold their signs
Save The Seals
No More Whaling

When the old ways die
Babies die, the old die
The spirit of a people dies

~ Howard Moon



Extending branches

An evergreen tree of the southeast United States
With long needles and resinous wood

Looms fifty feet so precariously
Aiming a woody seed-bearing cone where I stood.

Deflecting attention from an idle thought
To the prickly brown arrival at my feet

The lingering, nostalgic desire to waste away—
Stopped as its acquaintance I did meet.

“Popular to pine away, Confidant.”
“American individualism?”

A nature stands amongst the woulds,
“Ayes,” to community met with skepticism.

Tall ecology colonies, viscid Puritans,
ALL congregated for social good

Whose seed scale pops civil covenants, born,
Unity Image in support of neighborhood.

Hope abounds in quiet places
Steps nestled in phenomena—the material world

The trees and I shared understanding of the friendship flag
All Americans could unfurl.

~ *Joyce Plair-Jordan*

Till we learn

Till we learn we are one
we spin our wheels
in deep and muddy ruts
of the bloody past
and nothing changes.

Till we learn of those like Emmett Till
the innocents who came before and since
and care enough to be the change
though first we walk alone
nothing ever changes.

Till we learn to stand for the just and true
despite brutal blows and crushing pain
as did King, John Lewis and McCain
and heroes all
nothing will change.

Till we learn to love ourselves
forgiving flaws we bear
rethinking those we think we see
in others
nothing can change.

~ Virginia Nygard

Brethren

Two came back
One to a hero's welcome
The other to the sound of taps

One black, one white
It makes no difference
Both had fought

Duty to country
Bond of brethren
Forged forever

Tears from the standing
Honor the fallen
Respect given

Forget not their names
Service to nation
Freedom their gift

~ Cheryl Lynn West

Harvest lessons

Peach trees make a passing green shade in California clay
though heat waves can burn a whole crop in days, or hours.
In the orchard submission to nature forces
a type of freedom, unearthing
the natural mystery of farming.

On these grounds, a young Nisei woman in mid '45,
after folded American flags, found her family's tea set.
A former Caucasian neighbor served hot drink in the familiar cup.
Steam rose as the returnee sipped, tight-lipped,
from the porcelain she once owned.

Now, beneath the canopy,
this bent grandmother chants "Pen pen po po,"
her form a silhouette against an orange sun.
Walking her family farm, her footsteps
find the green felicity to which she belongs,
though only ripened peaches love the heat—
sucking water, blushing for the pick.

"With each bad harvest the farmer dies a little"—
the sweet drip of juice blending
with bitter harvests of the past.

~ *Holly Mandelkern*



Chosen

Friend of mine said she was told she's chosen.
 For the dance class next weekend? I asked.
 No, in general, she said, whatever, anything.
 Lucky you, I said, sounds like you won the Cosmic Lottery.
 She nodded, smiled, firmly said: I know.

Funny, I thought, never crossed my mind
 you could sort of be born with some
 lucky-number-bracelet attached to your wrist,
 figured mere happenstance of love
 brings us here among the multitudes—

all eligible, worthy, on an equal footing,
 working out life one step at a time,
 doing our best against whatever odds,
 trial and error, no warranty of success.
 Didn't know I was weighed down by a handicap:

if chosen means cherry-picked from the word go,
 – for sure no one ever told me I was –
 not chosen means unwanted, rejected, a loser.
 Miserable, I stared into the mirror that night,
 wondered who or what I'd have the chance to be.

Until I ventured: Who is it that chose you?
 That's a secret, answered my friend.
 I shook my head: If you can't say, it's not true.
 Challenged, she said it, blurted out: God.
 Huge sigh of relief: That solves the problem!

If it is God, this clearly means e-v-e-r-y-o-n-e!
God's finger touched the brow of man
in the tell-all painting by Michelangelo,
up high on the Sistine Chapel ceiling
—I saw it!—points to all humankind:

the tall and the short, the skinny, the fat,
the pink-, black-, yellow- and red-skinned,
the round- and the almond-eyed, plus
all of earth's creatures governed by man,
God chose and created them all:

warthog and whale, swallow, and slug,
eel, elephant, monkey, moth, mountain goat,
crow, crocodile, snow leopard, seal,
deer, dormouse, duck, hummingbird, dragonfly—
He holds all on His fingertip:

a universe of beings, vast, varied, diverse,
each unique, all of equal worth:
subatomic clay just differently arranged,
a wealth of shapes, sundry sizes of brain,
assorted numbers of legs, hands, wings,

all buzzing about, bidding our time,
under the Chapel ceiling of the cosmic sky
busily fulfilling our calling:
all driven by the desire to be,
each learning to intone the secret I AM.

~ Jo Christiane Ledakis

Flying free

Why do I cry when some laugh aloud?
 Why should it be different for me?
 Aren't we all just faces in the crowd?

Why am I alone when others can share?
 Is living as one only half the fun,
 or should I worry that others don't care?

Is just being me an unforgivable sin?
 Can't I fly alone but high
 and love the breeze I'm sheathed within?

And who dare say my flight is wrong,
 when each must rise alone in the skies
 and make his flight his own swan song?

Alone I can glide with the drifts of life
 never diverted by a union perverted
 changing my course to avoid petty strife.

Some were born to gather in flocks
 but those like me are flying free
 with the wind's thrust above the rocks.

~ Frank T. Masi

Weather parity

Storms rage, pressure drops, winds howl

Soft breezes blow, sun shines, skies blue

My mind-body models mother nature's
 atmospheric conditions consistently

Despite living inside controlled conditions
 equal to pharmaceuticals

My mind-body aligns with weather

~ Linda Whitefeather

Talk shakespeare to me

Tomorrow and tomorrow and tomorrow this petty pace creeps
from day to day, struts and frets this lonely hour,
craves a marriage of true minds.

We'd haunt hallowed halls, live at the library,
wrap ourselves in words, resent the closing bell.

We'd stop at McDonalds—black coffee, a table in the back,
and you would say, “ Do you think Shakespeare was a misogynist?”

I, like Juliet, would swoon.

“Did the suffering of King Lear ever end?”

Like Ophelia, I would shiver with madness

They would sweep around our feet—look at the clock—we would
not notice.

At bedtime, I would say, “Goodnight sweet prince,” and you would
know, finish the line, and I would be like Queen Gertrude, sipping

sweet wine—blissful before she slumbered.

~ *Betty Prisendorf*



Empathy and concord

I'll never brown to bronze,
baked by rays of systemic,
memetic prejudice as you have;
endure what you've endured—
trudge endless passage of isolation,
char in the broiling heat of hate,
bear the salt-packed wounds
of so many generations,
not in the same way,

not ever,

but I can choose

empathy and concord,

with conviction to seek your
over-washed impression in the sand,
and just beneath your voices' roil,
in a current sent only to amplify,
I can say this now, for you,
and in doing that, also
for me; for all of us.

~ Mark Andrew James Terry



— *I hope you have been as moved
as I have reading these pages of
Parity Poetry. We are grateful for
all the poets willing to share their
expressions with us.*



Dame Edith Sitwell: Literary Royalty

Poetry

Enobles the heart and the eyes,
and unveils the meaning of all things
upon which the heart and the eyes dwell.
It discovers the secret rays of the universe,
and restores to us forgotten paradises.

~ Dame Edith Sitwell

Edith Sitwell 1959, D. Schriftstellerin Getty Images

By Sonja Jean Craig

Edith Louisa Sitwell was born into an aristocratic family September 7, 1887 in Scarborough, North Riding of Yorkshire, England. Her father was Sir George Sitwell, 4th Baron of Renishaw Hall. Edith's mother was Lady Ida Emily Augusta, daughter of the Earl of Londesborough. Her lineage is traced to the House of Plantagenet. They ruled England from Henry II (1154) until Richard III (1485).

Edith had a strained relationship with her parents. She bitterly resented her father for forcing her to take a cure for a supposed spinal deformation by locking her into an iron frame. He was gone most of the time. Her mother was prone to terrible rages. She found the company of her two bothers comforting and stimulating to her writing throughout her life. Osbert and Sacheverell, became distinguished writers also.

Edith was a striking woman at six feet with a prominent nose. She celebrated her unique stature by dressing flamboyantly. She wore turbans, yards of brocade and large ostentatious jewelry. She was an extraordinary sight to behold. Her personal style was one way for her express rebellion. Another was her poetry.

Continued on the next page



Photo by Fox Photos/Getty Images

Clowns' Houses

BENEATH the flat and paper sky
The sun, a demon's eye,
Glowed through the air, that mask of glass;
All wand'ring sounds that pass

Seemed out of tune, as if the light
Were fiddle-strings pulled tight.
The market-square with spire and bell
Clanged out the hour in Hell;

The busy chatter of the heat
Shrilled like a parakeet;
And shuddering at the noonday light
The dust lay dead and white

As powder on a mummy's face,
Or fawned with simian grace
Round booths with many a hard bright toy
And wooden brittle joy:

The cap and bells of Time the Clown
That, jangling, whistled down
Young cherubs hidden in the guise
Of every bird that flies;

And star-bright masks for youth to wear,
Lest any dream that fare
—Bright pilgrim—past our ken, should see
Hints of Reality.

Upon the sharp-set grass, shrill-green,
Tall trees like rattles lean,
And jangle sharp and dissily;
But when night falls they sign

Till Pierrot moon steals slyly in,
His face more white than sin,
Black-masked, and with cool touch lays bare
Each cherry, plum, and pear.

Then underneath the veiled eyes
Of houses, darkness lies—
Tall houses; like a hopeless prayer
They cleave the sly dumb air.

Blind are those houses, paper-thin
Old shadows hid therein,
With sly and crazy movements creep
Like marionettes, and weep.

Tall windows show Infinity;
And, hard reality,
The candles weep and pry and dance
Like lives mocked at by Chance.

The rooms are vast as Sleep within;
When once I ventured in,
Chill Silence, like a surging sea,
Slowly enveloped me.

~ Edith Sitwell



Edith Sitwell by Cecil Beaton, 1926, Archive,
Sotheby's; collection National Portrait Gallery, London

Edith Sitwell's first collection was published in 1918. The poem *Clowns' House* (preceding page) speaks for itself.

Edith found her inspiration among the Avant Garde. Her associates were a Who's Who of early 20th century artists. William Butler Yeats, Virginia Woolf, TS Eliot, and Dylan Thomas were frequent guests to her Saturday night salons at her shabby flat in Pembroke Mansions. She shared her lodgings and life with her governess, Helen Rootham.

Edith never married, but she had some colorful lovers. Her first was Alvaro de Guevara, a Chilean artist and boxer. He was violent, unstable, and addicted to opium. She often fell in love with gay men such as Siegfried Sassoon and Pavel Tchelitchew, both artists, but their friendship was all they could offer her. Her passion is revealed through her work.

The Times quoted Sitwell in 1955, "Writes for the sake of sound, of color, and from an awareness of God and regard for man." She maintained that "poetry is the deification of reality, and one of its purposes is to show that the dimensions of man are, as Sir Arthur Eddington said, 'halfway between those of an atom and a star.'"



Portrait of Edith Sitwell by Robert Fry 1925, Oil on canvas

Here are two links to Edith Sitwell reading her poems *Still Falls the Rain* and *Facade* :

[Still Falls the Rain](#)

[Facade](#)

Facade 1923

Edith Sitwell created her own brand of Modernism. She scorned the Georgian poets and collaborated with others to create poetry/musical performances. *Facade* was first performed in 1923 with the musical stylings of William Walton. Edith and her musicians performed behind a curtain painted with an open mouth. She spoke from a seneophone to be heard over the music. The experimental nature of it met with various responses. Most found it confusing. It was ahead of its time. She created new rhythms and striking conceits: it is a kind of rap style with a Gilbert and Sullivan staccato. *Facade* remains one of the landmark pieces of the 20th century.

Sitwell's book *Gold Coast* was published in 1929. She wrote about the stifling awareness of the death of the living spread through a broad anthropological landscape. She created images of vast distance, of journeys, of the sea, and of the visions and barbarities of ancient cultures.

Gold Coast Customs is a poem about the artificiality of human behavior and the brutality that lies beneath the surface. The poem was written in the rhythms of the tom-tom and jazz. She displays considerable technical skill. Her early work reflects the strong influence of the French symbolists.

Continued on the next page



Edith Sitwell, 1952, Encyclopædia Britannica, Inc.

World War II

During the war, she wrote poems that brought her back before the public. They include “Street Songs” (1942), “The Song of the Cold” (1945), and “The Shadow of Cain” (1947), all of which were well received. *Still Falls the Rain*, about the London Blitz, remains her best-known poem. It was set to music by Benjamin Britten as *Canticle III: Still Falls the Rain*.

After World War II, her technique evolved, and, although she always remained a poet committed to the exploration of sound, she came to use sound patterns as an element in the construction of deep philosophic poems that reflect on her timeline and on the human condition.

In the introduction to her book *The Canticle of the Rose: Selected Poems 1920-1947* (1950), Sitwell wrote, “At the time I began to write, a change in the direction, imagery and rhythms in poetry had become necessary, owing to the rhythmical flaccidity, the verbal deadness, the dead and expected patterns, of some of the poetry immediately preceding us.”

Edith Sitwell was a recipient of the Benson Medal. She also received the poetry medal of the Royal Society of Literature in 1933, and in 1953 she was made a Dame Commander of the Order of the British Empire.

About 1957 Sitwell began using a wheelchair. She had been battling Marfan syndrome throughout her life. Her last poetry reading was in 1962. She died of cerebral haemorrhage on December 9, 1964 at the age of 77.



Edith Sitwell by Phillip Halsman

“I am not eccentric. It’s just that I am more alive than most people.
I am an un-popular electric eel set in a pond of goldfish.”
~ Dame Edith Sitwell



FSPA First Tuesdays Monthly Open Mic July 6TH & AUGUST 3RD

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=cHBERVl4U1B4NjdFek55SOZxQllnUT09) and password are as follows:
<https://us02web.zoom.us/j/85105752694?pwd=cHBERVl4U1B4NjdFek55SOZxQllnUT09>

Meeting ID: 851 0575 2694
Passcode: 815518



Hosted by Peter M. Gordon



Beginner's Mind

**From Shipyard to Harvard Yard:
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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

[You can order the book here](#)



Join the **Zoomies** Always Free

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

Writing workshops to improve your poetry and prose.

July 10	Saturday at 3:30 pm	Contest theme workshop	link
July 18	Sunday at 3:30 pm	Contest theme workshop	link
August 1	Sunday at 3:30 pm	Contest theme workshop	link
August 15	Sunday at 3:30 pm	Contest theme workshop	link

North Florida Poetry Hub Poetry Workshops

July 1	Thursday at 6:30-8 pm	Open Forum RSVP
July 20	Tuesday at 6:30-8 pm	Poetry Hub RSVP
August 5	Thursday at 6:30-8 pm	Open Forum RSVP
August 17	Tuesday at 6:30-8 pm	Poetry Hub RSVP

July 23rd Friday at 7-8 pm “Advanced Haiku Workshop” led by Michael Henry Lee – a member of the Coquina Haiku Circle out of St Augustine, Florida. 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.

Advanced Haiku Workshop

Facilitator: Michael Henry Lee
 Date: July 23rd
 Time: 7 – 8 PM
 RSVP Required

Free and open to the public on Zoom
 Hosted by North Florida Poetry Hub

NORTH FLORIDA POETRY HUB

Linda Eve Diamond Wins 2021 NFSPS Founders Award!

I'm honored to have my poetry recognized by the NFSPS Founders Award. I know how stellar the competition is and how these decisions come down to what may resonate slightly more with one person on any given day.

I wrote the poem, "A Thin Line," because we all hope to connect in meaningful ways, but so many of us these days are finding ourselves on the thin line in this poem. I'm deeply thankful to NFSPS for giving the poem such a special home and for giving me the opportunity to reach out and connect through this thin line of poetry.

I also feel very fortunate to be part of such a vibrant, supportive poetry community I've found in the Florida State Poets Association.

Gratefully,

Linda Eve



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

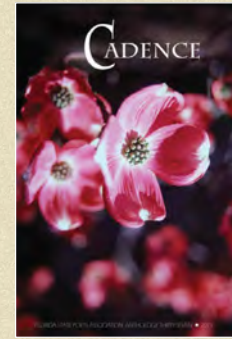
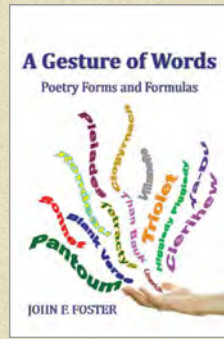
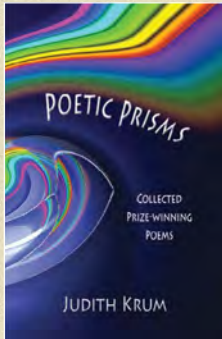
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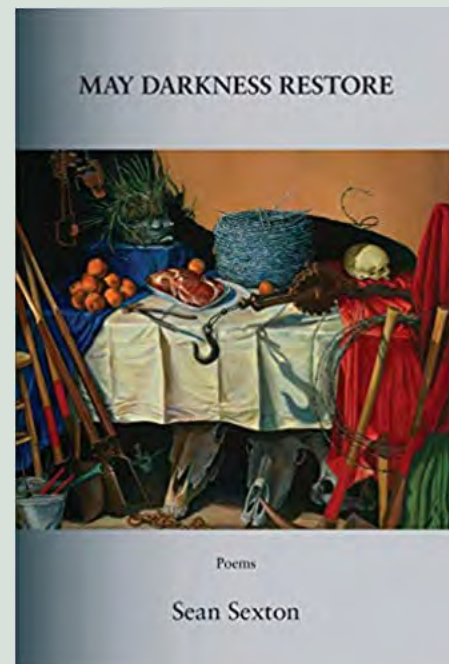
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Florida's preeminent artist and cowboy poet Sean Sexton reveals the poetry in ranching

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*

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



Holly Mandelkern

Writing poetry to honor individuals is important to Holly Mandelkern. Now writing lyrics to honor them is a new direction for her passion.

With degrees in European history and library science, Holly documented her father's WWII story as a lead bombardier and POW in Germany. These interviews are now archived at the Eighth Air Force Museum in Savannah. His story also initiated her interest in the Holocaust.

In 1991 Holly traveled to Poland and Israel to study with Holocaust survivors and scholars. Inspired by the leader of this trip, Vladka Meed, who was a courier in the Warsaw Ghetto, Holly taught about Jewish resistance for twenty years at the Holocaust Center in Maitland. Her book *Beneath White Stars: Holocaust Profiles in Poetry* (2017) combines history with poetry to tell stories of those who resisted in a new way. Its title pays homage to poet Abraham Sutzkever whose celebrated poem, "Beneath Your White Stars," was set to music and sung in the Vilna Ghetto.

A music lover, Holly was pleased when two composers suggested that these poems would work as songs. She asked one of her favorite folk singers, Brendan Nolan, his opinion. "Do you want me to give it a try?" he responded. A recording based on her poem "Watching Myself Watch My Son" arrived in the mail a few weeks later. Holly and Brendan developed a few more songs, and she sensed that an album was in the works.

Holly began adapting other poems to song form, and her son, Joel, took on the role of project manager. Some poems readily lent themselves to songs, but most, both rhymed and free verse, were rewritten to conform to traditional song form. *Beneath White Stars: Holocaust Profiles in Song*, a collection of 17 songs performed by more than 20 musicians in the U.S., London, Budapest, and Buenos Aires, will be released in the summer of 2021. Holly's role is lyricist and producer.



In 2015 Holly completed the Twelve Chairs Advanced Poetry Course and won the 2016 Thomas Burnett Swann Award. Her poems appear in *Revelry* and journals of the National Council of Teachers of English and the FSPA. Yeshiva University's 2016 *Prism: An Interdisciplinary Journal for Holocaust Educators* features her poetry about survivor Roman Kent and her process of writing historical poetry. Recently, she shared her poetry about Roman Kent, Vladka Meed, and others for a commemoration at Rollins College and as guest poet for the Burnett Honors College at the University of Central Florida. Holly hopes to help preserve their legacy—and that of others—in poetry and now also in song.

Here is a link to Holly's website that includes how to buy the book (the album is not yet available): [Link](#)



Elegy Without Words

For Matitiahu Braun

Amidst Frescobaldi's *Toccat*a
and Schumann's fairy tales,
you string us to places far and near.
We rise in reprise
and fall through the voice
of your viola.

When Bach's *Komm, susser Tod* sings of death,
you tell of the sudden end,
neither welcome nor sweet,
of the orchestra director,
your student and friend.
Still, you play your cadenced strains
through your fugue of feelings,
measuring a farewell
in your wooden sanctuary
of sound.

**“Unter dayne vayse shtern”:
A Sonnet for Abraham Sutzkever**

At night I look through darkened doors ajar
for Mama. I (the pitted plum that bears
within the nest, the bird, the tree) have fears
that wagons cart her Sabbath shoes to war.
I wait for Your white hand beneath Your star
to stretch through snowy night and hold my tears;
from cellared holes, dear God, I search the years
past rooftops where Your shelter stands afar.

By night we raid the printer's plates of lead
that once engraved the Golden Chain's old script.
For arms, we melt the ingrained voice of scrolls
while dreamers, turned to soldiers, forge ahead.
We sing a hymn to swamps once nondescript;
we shoulder sacred rifles on our souls.

On Hearing Al Rocheleau Read a Poem

The timbre of your voice takes us to Vilna's pitted plums,
 cellared dreams, wagons carting Sabbath shoes to war.
 You pronounce the illustrious name S u t z k e v e r
 though most in the room have not heard of him
 or his fiery ghetto poems bound in tears.
 Sutzkever's vowels long rise to welcome
 diamond stars that cut his fears.
 Short vowels melt to bullets,
 now luring the armed poet
 into swamp and woods.
 Here minefields whine a melody,
 lulling his mind to anapests
 and amphibrachs, rhythms
 revealing the long and short
 of when to step.

For the first time I hear my poem
 about Sutzkever simmer in your mind,
 soft sounds ripening in your mouth.
 A strain of his Golden Chain rains down
 the decades into our space, binding him to us.
 Your tone, tender and slow, tunes a chorus
 of Sutzkever, you, me, the ones who hear us all.
 What shall we sing today?

Berry Picking

For Wendell Berry

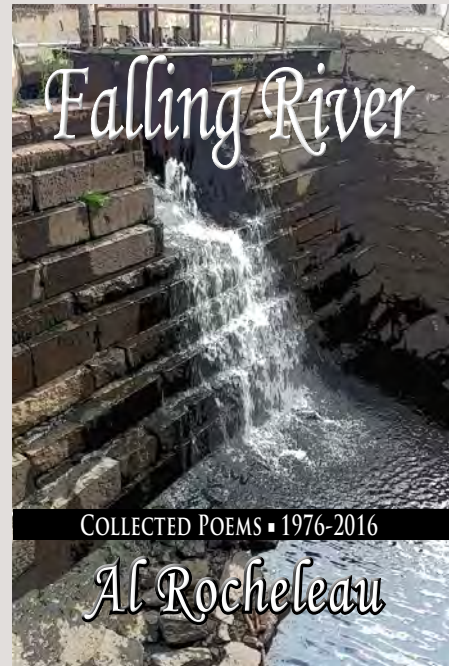
Timbered choirs and the Kentucky poet
 mourn mountains turned to coal,
 trees broken,
 sunshine plunged to a slant of light.
 The mad farmer pens manifesto,
 railing against unholy
 contours and cuts
 as words sharpen the fray.
 Yet his own path remains soft and still,
 picking berries and tomatoes,
 tilling in bare feet,
 midwiving the child within.
 His husbandry finds good
 in old blueprints,
 horse-drawn ways,
 and Sabbath days.
 Neighbors share daily bread
 as clotheslines tie them
 together in their clean space.
 He blesses the manifest—
 golden leaves marking their perfect places
 and wood drakes drawing beauty in water
 as great herons feed and soar.

The leaves and the leaving
 seed dreams of harmony
 in the peace of wild things.

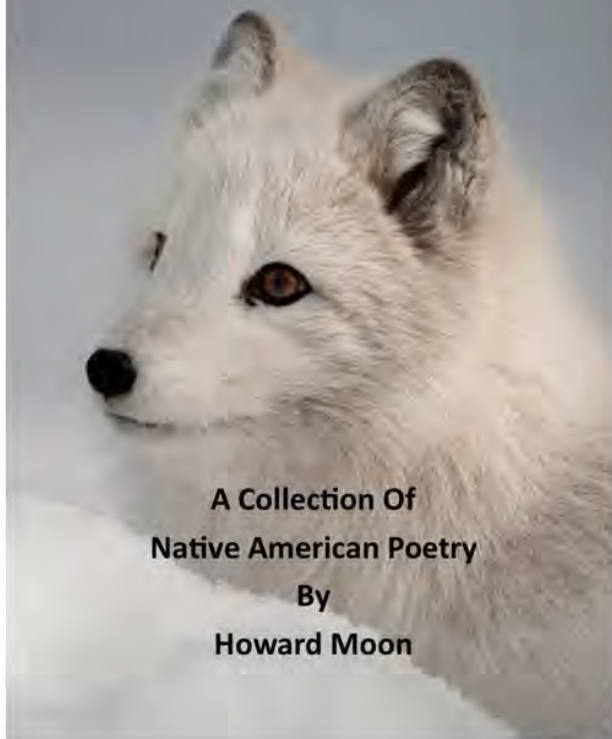
Falling River—Forty Years of Collected Poems by Al Rocheleau

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](#).



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>

2021 FSPA Annual Contests

HEAR YE, HEAR YE!

It's July 1, and the deadline for receiving your entries into our 26 different contest categories is fast approaching. 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 acknowledgement, 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.



We've lined up 26 Categories in which you may compete. Right now I've only received one entry in each category. Imagine how you'll feel when that one poet takes home all the prizes—so get off your butts and write us some poetry. There could be money (as well as prestige) in it for you. 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'll be checking the PO Box every day!

~ 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 Yann

#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 EKPHRATIC 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 15 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.

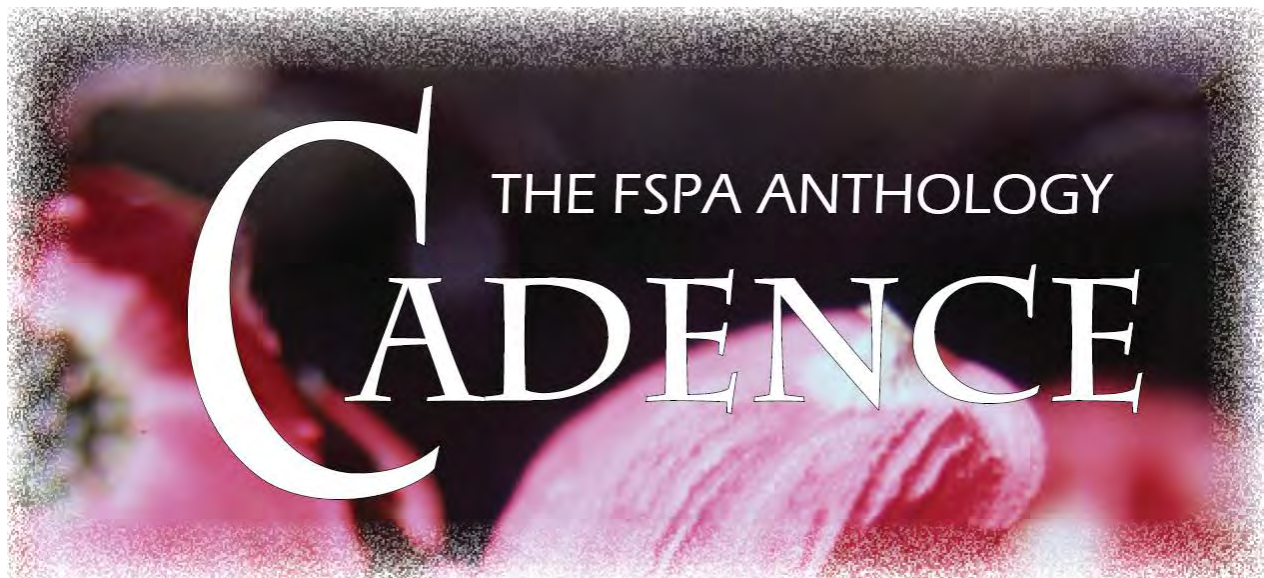
MAIL ENTRIES TO:

Marc Davidson

PO Box 730838

Ormond Beach, FL 32173

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



Deadline for Submissions is July 26!

The deadline for submitting FSPA member poems for the 39th annual edition of *Cadence* is just around the corner. All entries must be received via email no later than July 26, or postmarked by that date if submitted by mail.

Each year the Florida State Poets Association offers its members a unique opportunity to be published in its anthology. Each participating member is asked to submit three poems, one of which will be published in *Cadence*. Poets who are members of an FSPA chapter are listed in a special section for that chapter. Members at Large are listed in a separate section. Poems must meet specific criteria for number of lines and the length of each line. *Cadence* also features a photo contest for the cover, back cover, and inside photos for each section. Winners of the annual poetry contest categories and the student contests are also published each year in the anthology.

All specifications are available by visiting the FSPA website at FloridaStatePoets-Association.org and clicking "[2021 Anthology Submissions and Photo Contest Rules](#)." Only one of the poems submitted may have been previously published. No poems should be submitted if they were previously published in *Cadence*, either in the member poems section, or among the contest winners.

Gary Broughman is the editor of *Cadence*, assisted by co-editors Elaine Person and J.C. Kato.

Submissions by email go to fspa.cadence39@gmail.com with the subject line: "Anthology 39 poems" (please do not combine poems and photos in a single email)

Send mailed submissions to:

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

Photo submissions go to the same email address with the subject line: "Anthology 39 photos." Inquiries may be made by email, or by phone to **386-957-4761**.

Purchase details and an order form for pre-ordering *Cadence* are also available on the FSPA website. The book will be "launched" during the 2021 FSPA Conference in October. Those who pre-order (\$10) and attend the conference can pick up their copies during the conference. Pre-orders not attending the conference must pay an additional \$3 shipping fee. Following the conference the *Cadence* price rises to \$12, and is available either through FSPA or online sellers such as Amazon.

FSPA CHAPTER NEWS & UPDATES

CHAPTER PRESIDENTS

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

**Live Poets Society
of Daytona Beach**
Marc Davidson
flueln@hotmail.com

Miami Poets
Tere Starr
terestarr36@gmail.com

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

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

Poetry for the Love of It
Charles Hazelip
dochazelip@comcast.net

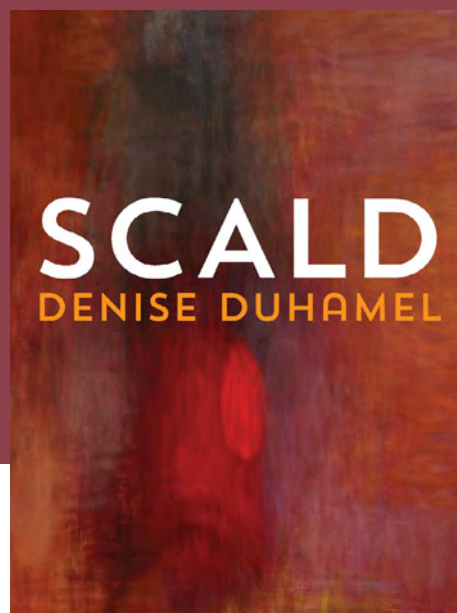
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outdabox@aol.com

Sunshine Poets
Cheri Herald
c_herald@hotmail.com

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

New River Poets
Gary Ketchum
ketchxxii1@hotmail.com

! **Are you missing the latest FSPA emails?**
• Anyone can sign up for our email list here: [Link](#)



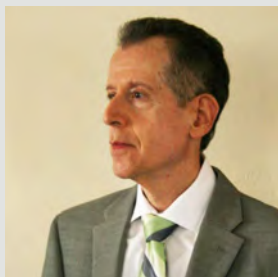
\$17.00 • 978-0-8229-6450-6

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

UNIVERSITY OF
PITTSBURGH PRESS



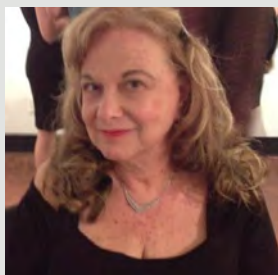
Tere Starr



Charles Bernstein



Jo Christiane Ledakis



Ricki Dorn



Lisa Jeffery



Pat Milone



Patricia Ascuncion

Miami Poets

Miami Poets continue to meet by Zoom each first Wednesday at 1 to 3 for the *Virtual Miami Poets Soirées*, facilitated by **Tere Starr**, where we share poetry, friendship and inspiration. During April's gathering, we discussed the ghazal form and are challenged to bring our creation to the July soirée. On second Mondays we join **Steve Liebowitz's** virtual poetry critiques for editing suggestions. Special thanks goes to **Lisa Jeffery** for setting up our recent Zoom sessions. **Tere Starr** was a featured poet during the virtual South Florida Writers Association's April meeting to celebrate National Poetry Month. Miami Poets, **Steve Liebowitz**, **Connie Goodman-Milone**, **Pat Milone**, **Ricki Dorn**, **Charles Bernstein**, **Mervyn Soloman**, and **Lisa Jeffery** shared their poems as well. Achievements: **Zorina Frey's** poem, "Breakfast in Northport," was published in *Chicken Soup for the Soul, I'm Speaking Now, Black Women Share Their Truth in 101 Stories of Love, Courage and Hope*. **Jo Christiane Ledakis** joins our soirées from Geneva, Switzerland to share her inspirational poetry. Jo C's eBook, *Wild Sea-Salt of Life, InNerviews with Soul, A Woman's Journey to Empowerment*, written under the penname Jo C Ebell, can be found at www.amazon.com/WILD-SEA-SALT-LIFE-Soul-Empowerment-ebook/dp/B01ATYZ29U. **Patricia Ascuncion** continues to join us from Charlottesville, Virginia where she hosts the monthly Virtual Global Open Mics. Patsy's poetry events can be found at <http://patasuncion.wixsite.com/patsy-ascuncion>. **Pat Bonner Milone** was awarded First Place for her short story, "The Dive," in South Florida Writers Association's Writing Contest. **Connie Goodman-Milone's** poem, "Baby Grand Haiku," was awarded First Place in Poetry. Connie was honored for 20 years as a patient care volunteer with Vitas Healthcare. **Ricki Dorn's** poems, "This Is My Earth" and "A Poem About Poetry," were published in *The Author's Voice*. Tere continues to bring poetry to the community by hosting virtual Poetry Soirées for the Brandeis Women's South Miami Chapter. Poetry is our priority.

~ Tere Starr, President



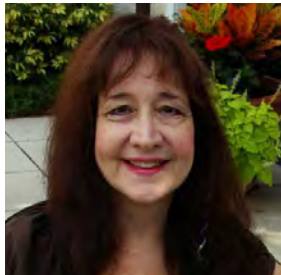
Diane Neff

Orlando Area Poets

The Maitland Public Library National Poetry Month Coffeehouse on April 30 included announcement of the winners of their “Float Away” themed poetry. First place was **Holly Mandelkern**, for “Higher Art.” Second place was **Peter Gordon**, for “Summer Stock.” Third place was **Jerri Hardesty**, for “Hope Floats.” The next coffeehouse will be on June 25, featuring the theme “Lions and Tigers and Bears.”

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.

Several members of Orlando Area Poets were recruited to help judge the Florida Authors and Publishers Association (FAPA) poetry book awards. They will remain anonymous but we are honored to count them among our membership!



Elaine Person

The Orlando Area Poets next in-house poetry contest features poems for children. **Lynn Schiffhorst** proposed the theme, with an anonymous donor providing funding for prizes. Poems were due on or before June 17 with winners to be announced at our July 15 meeting.

Nikki Fragala Barnes led an Orlando World Lab on Wednesday, April 28 on prose poems and poets.



Nikki Fragala Barnes

Lela Buis’ poem “Deadwood Dick Meets the Ghost of His Dad” appeared in the online magazine *Eye to the Telescope* (eyetothetelescope.com). Her novel, *The Ivory Pin*, was released in April.

Peter Gordon led the inaugural First Tuesday Open Mic on April 6 and continued the monthly event on May 4 and June 1. Find the link to future sessions on the landing page of [FSPA’s website!](http://FSPA's website) Peter was a featured speaker at the Head for the Hills! poetry reading and open mic based in Portland, Oregon on May 25, reading from his books, *Two Car Garage* and *Let’s Play Two: Poems About Baseball* as well as more recent poems.



Peter Gordon

Andrew Jarvis’ poem, “Bandit” earned 4th place in the City of Orlando Words and Wonders spring contest.

Carlton Johnson’s poem, “In a Pickle” was read on *Poets Respond on Rattle.com* on May 2.



Carlton Johnson

Diane Neff presented two National Poetry Month programs in April. For the Osceola County Public Library, she facilitated “A Painless Peek at Poetry.” **Peter Gordon** joined to read his poem, “Home of the Brave,” as an example of free verse. **Elaine Person’s** winning limerick from the *Saturday Evening Post*, two of **Cheryl West’s** haiku, and Diane’s sonnet “Performance” were also featured. For the Seminole County Library, Diane led “A Celebration of Poetry.” Attendees brought poems written by others to read and discuss why they chose them among their favorites.

Elaine Person presented a poetry segment in a workshop called “Death & Spirituality Writing Class” on June 1. Held in the Boston area, she included her death-related poems, writing techniques, and songs converted from her poetry. Elaine also leads upcoming “Inspired Words, Writing to Art” workshops at Crealde’s main campus in Winter Park on July 17 and August 8 and will present two 8-week series of Crealde@home Wednesday night workshops beginning August 18. For details, see Crealde.org.



Carolynn Scully

Carolynn Scully's article, "Grandparents: How Do You Want to Be Remembered?" was published on GrandKidsMatter.org on May 12. Her poem, "I Can't Breathe" will be published on the [website](#) of the National League of American Pen Women in July or August.

Winners from the National Federation of State Poetry Societies annual contests from our chapter were:

Peter M. Gordon, contest #50, second honorable mention, "Living Will;" contest #31, third place, "Inscriptions;" contest #17, fourth honorable mention, "Dreaming Tree;" contest #4, sixth honorable mention, "Sober Six Weeks."

Diane Neff, contest #35, seventh honorable mention, "Shooting Star;" contest #22, second honorable mention, "America, 2020;" and contest #2, fourth honorable mention, "The Passionate Poet."

Lynn Schiffhorst, contest #18, second place, "King Harry and Little Bess;" contest #13, second honorable mention, "Gilbert White Comes Back to Selbourne."

Carolynn Scully, contest #14, seventh honorable mention, "Sand Castles;" contest #11, fifth honorable mention, "Cowboy Lift Off."

Mark Andrew James Terry, contest #36, sixth honorable mention, "The Magnolia;" contest #34, first place, "Catface;" contest #22, fourth honorable mention, "What Gloaming Does;" contest #5, first honorable mention, "What We'll Miss."

~ Diane Neff, President
Orlando Area Poets



Mark Andrew James Terry

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. Members have been polishing up our contest entries for FSPA's annual state contest. We've been writing Ekphrastics, chocolate poems, Dorsimbras and humor. Sunshine Poets is sponsoring a humor category and member **Joyce Shiver** is sponsoring the Dorsimbra category.



Cheri Herald

~ Cheri Neuman Herald, President



Mary-Ann Westbrook



David Axelrod

Tomoka Poets

Tomoka Poets held their first in-person meeting May 12 at **David Axelrod's** home in Daytona Beach. We had a great turnout with much joy at being able to see each other. We even had a brand-new member join us and look for a couple more in the near future. David Axelrod, sponsored by the Ormond Beach Art Museum, held a reading of his new book. The event took place in the Gazebo in the beautiful gardens behind the museum. **Sonja Jean Craig** invited everyone to a Brunch poetry open mic being held at the Stevens Bed and Breakfast in Lake Helen. Tomoka Poets Society founder **Sandra Lassen**, although living out of state, has thrilled us by rejoining our chapter.

Our next meeting will be July 14th, 5:00 pm to 6:45 pm in meeting room 3 at the Ormond Beach Library. We will be back home and together again. Anyone who wishes is invited to join us.

~ Mary-Ann Westbrook, President



Charles Hazelip

Poetry For the Love Of It

PLOI is once again meeting at the Tallahassee Senior Center now that it has re-opened. A Zoom component also continues for members who cannot physically attend. We continue to focus on a "notable poet" each month. Gwendolyn Brooks is the June poet. A suggested poetry format is also selected each month. May was the Sijo. June is the Cascade.

Members share their original poems at meetings, via email, and posts to the still new PLOI website. Everyone is being urged to submit poems to the 2021 FSPA anthology, as well as entering the FSPA poetry contests.

Lively meetings are held the second and fourth Mondays of the month at 1 pm. PLOI continues to meet via Zoom on the 2nd and 4th Mondays of each month. The new PLOI website is <http://ploipoetry.com>.

~ Linda Whitefeather,
PLOI Chapter Recording Secretary
on behalf of Charles Hazelip, PLOI Chapter President



Gary Ketchum

New River Poets

I am happy to announce that New River Poets did exceptionally well in the results of the NFSPS contests for 2021. Our members realized 21 total recognitions out of the 50 different contests. Poets **Janet Watson**, **Cheryl Van Beek** and **Betty M. Whitney** each received multiple recognitions of either placing One through Three in various contests or receiving Honorable Mentions. **John Foster** and yours truly, **Gary Ketchum**, each received an Honorable Mention as well. We are all proud of our contributions to the creation of good poetry on behalf of Florida. I've encouraged all our members to also submit poems for the FSPA Annual Contests before the July 15th deadline.

We continue to meet electronically via Zoom for our business and poetry sharing sessions. We are heartened by the success of our nation's vaccination process and what that portends for the possibility of once again meeting in person soon.

From Pasco County and New River Poets, I am wishing everyone a great summer with good health and good writing.

~ Gary Ketchum, President



Linda Eve Diamond

Members At Large

Linda Eve Diamond's poem, *Scents of Thyme*, was illustrated and published as a postcard by *HOOT*: a postcard review of {mini} poetry and prose. The postcard, which was mailed to subscribers as the journal's April issue, is available to view or purchase on the [website](#), where it is published with a recording of the poem.

Linda Eve also has two poems in the latest issue of *The Light Ekphrastic*, a unique journal that invites collaborative works between writers and visual artists. Linda Eve wrote a poem in response to a photograph by Joann Field. At the same time, Joann created a photograph in response to a poem by Linda Eve. Both photographs by Joann, *Jazz and Resonance*, and both poems by Linda Eve, *Chromatic Harmonies* and *Nightingale Notes*, are displayed together in the May issue of [The Light Ekphrastic](#).

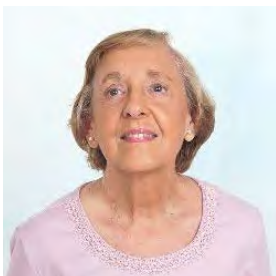
In addition to poetry, Linda Eve's flash fiction, *Autobiography of a Mouse*, was published by [Crack the Spine](#).



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 link on NFPH Facebook Events page. [Facebook Events](#)



Sharon Scholl



Barrie Levine

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.

NFPH is excited to welcome two new members. **Sharon Scholl** is a retired college teacher of humanities and contemporary world studies at Jacksonville University and lives locally in Atlantic Beach. She is active as a musician and poet, having had a long tenure in church music. She maintains a website of music and poetry suitable for liberal churches (<https://freeprintmusic.com>) and creates choral compositions for the *Soul Matters* curriculum. Sharon recently had three poems accepted for 2021 summer publications: “Sitting” in *Dash Literary Journal*, “D Day at 75” in *Steam Ticket*, and “Taking a Dim View” in *Third Wednesday*. Long active in Northeast Florida poetry circles, she convenes A Gathering of Poets twice a month at the Ponte Vedra library and volunteers as editor for the Women Writing for (a) Change collective. She has a book-sized collection, *Timescape*, and chapbooks *Unauthorized Biographies*, *Summer’s Child*, and *Seasons* available via [Amazon.com](#).

Barrie Levine, of Wenham, Massachusetts, also joined in May. Barrie found her way to North Florida Poetry Hub through our online workshops. Barrie has been writing personal narrative for her blog and haiku poetry for the past three years since her retirement from law practice. In April Barrie’s haiku, “School Vacation,” came in first place in the adult category of the St. Johns Cultural Council Haiku Contest, in St Augustine, Florida. Congratulations! She used part of her prize money on a membership to North Florida Poetry Hub and FSPA.

We look forward to sharing words of poetry, fellowship, and a long, mutually beneficial relationship with both Sharon and Barrie. Welcome!

North Florida Poetry Hub members are busy writing and preparing poems for a variety of ongoing projects to include the Florida State Poetry contests and *Cadence* anthology, poems for our charity projects, and the PAM-JAM artist-poet collaborative project opening in Jacksonville and Ponte Vedra in October. It is certainly a busy summer for all.

Promotional Bookmarks: We attribute our growing membership base to Facebook and Meetup calendars, online presence, as well as our newly designed promotional bookmarks that we launched in April for National Poetry Month. We handed them out during the JAX Poetry FEST events, and they were a big hit! They are available at a variety of bookstores and coffee shops in the NE Florida area. All members have a supply of bookmarks to share with friends and poetry enthusiasts. They are a great way to get the word out about NFPH and FSPA, with benefits of both outlined for writers and poetry lovers; and. . .who doesn’t want a free bookmark? Tune into our Facebook Events page for exciting poetry events with North Florida Poetry Hub this Summer! RSVP (required) and get link for these and other NFPH free virtual events on our NFPH [Facebook Events page](#).

~ Ruth Van Alstine, President

Into Night

Cat leaves soft cushions, where each day
he dreams of prey,
and enters dark
where large dogs bark
and other unknown dangers lurk.
His whiskers perk.
The moon's curved claw
begins to draw
sharp shadows--stripes upon his coat.
His purrs, I note,
become deep growls.
Now tiger prowls.

~ Janet Watson

Moonshadow

The tarnished silver linings of clouds
Are gray with the ghosts of lost dreams,
Smoky mirrors, souvenirs of an old life.
The moon's crescent extends
A helping hook as if to lift me
From earthly constraints
To new vulnerabilities.
The moon maiden that once danced
Pirouettes and pliés
Now showers phantom specters
Of luminescent afterglow
On vestiges of a fading light.

~ Judith Krum

midnight black shadows
lunar crescent rings glow -
a moonlight bouquet

~ Ruth Van Alstine

Moon Rise at Water's Edge

Four cranes honk end of day
past the greens, toward the lake
where bismarckia palms hold court
next to surface shifting greys.

Red tailed hawk answers sharply
calling to evening's hunt
its migrated winged companions
who swoop and perch on dusky trunks.

Chattering squirrels twirl to safety,
retiring now from the chase,
disappearing into oaken arms
wrapped in shining tendriled moss.

At water's edge my shadow greets me,
reflecting back at full moon's grace,
lighting ripples softly banking,
but keeping blank my lined face.

~ Mary Orvis

Moon Make-up

Nowhere in the universe,
let alone, here on earth
is there a relationship like that
between the sun and the moon.

Monthly she decreases
to illuminate his increases.
And twice a year
he attempts to hide her every flaw.

~ Suzanne S. Austin-Hill

Photography by Suzanne S. Austin-Hill

Next Issue: Editor's Choice Poetry Challenge

Prompt: Chip Form: Any, Submit by: August 1, 2021
to Mark@TKOrlando.com, selected poems will be featured
in the September/October issue.



CALL FOR FSPA MEMBER POETRY

Cau Vang (which translates to Golden Bridge) recently opened in Da Nang, just above the Thien Thai gardens at the Bà Nà Hills Resort. The giant weathered hands make it look like it was built centuries ago, with only the gleaming bridge giving away its identity.

We are calling for poetry written in the *luc bát* form relating in some way to the concept of bridge or bridging. [A description of the form can be found here](#). Selected poems will be included in a special feature in the September/October issue of *Of Poets & Poetry*. Your submission must be unpublished. One poem per poet. Send your submission to mark@TKOrlando.com no later than August 1, 2021. That's one month. Space is limited, therefore, not all poems will be accepted. You must be a member of Florida State Poets Association in order to submit.

Okay, yep, you guessed. We are also seeking images of bridges or bridging, literal or metaphor. . . 'cause we can (he grinned)—photography, drawing, painting in all its forms, or construct. Whatchagot?

Write on! — Mark

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

~ Mark Andrew James Terry, editor



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

A Little Lagniappe:

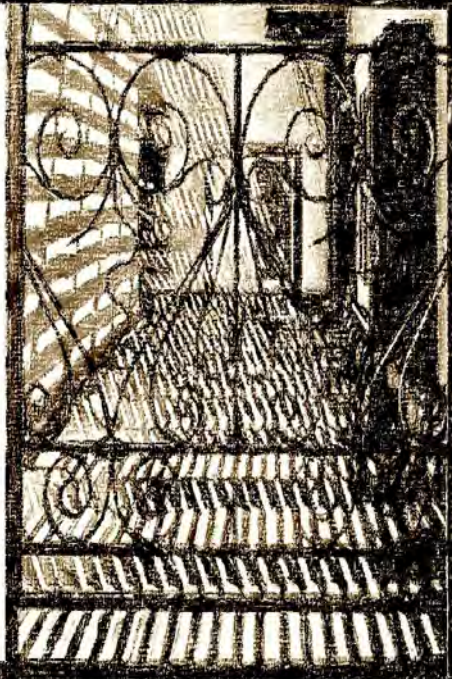
A Light Reversal

Poetry is trite.
Never believe
It's a lifeline—

An echo's touch
Soft glimmer of
Some connection
Through isolation

A voice cracks
Reaching out
As if
Words matter

Here in the dark
In this moment
Of aloneness
On the ledge.



On the ledge
Of aloneness
In this moment
Here in the dark

Words matter
As if
Reaching out
A voice cracks

Through isolation
Some connection
Soft glimmer of
An echo's touch

It's a lifeline—
Never believe
Poetry is trite.

~ *Linda Eve Diamond*

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.

A Little Lagniappe:



Silhouetted tabby stalks
Moths drawn to moonlight,
Dancing around cast shadows.

~ Mary Ellen Orvis

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 designed by Al Rocheleau, 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.

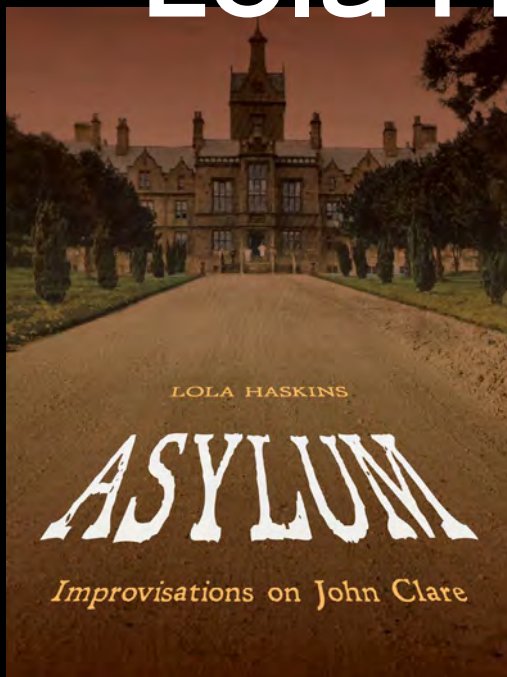
To obtain your free trial month, simply email Robyn Weinbaum at FSPATreasurer@Aol.com

or mail your request to:

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



Lola Haskins Poetry

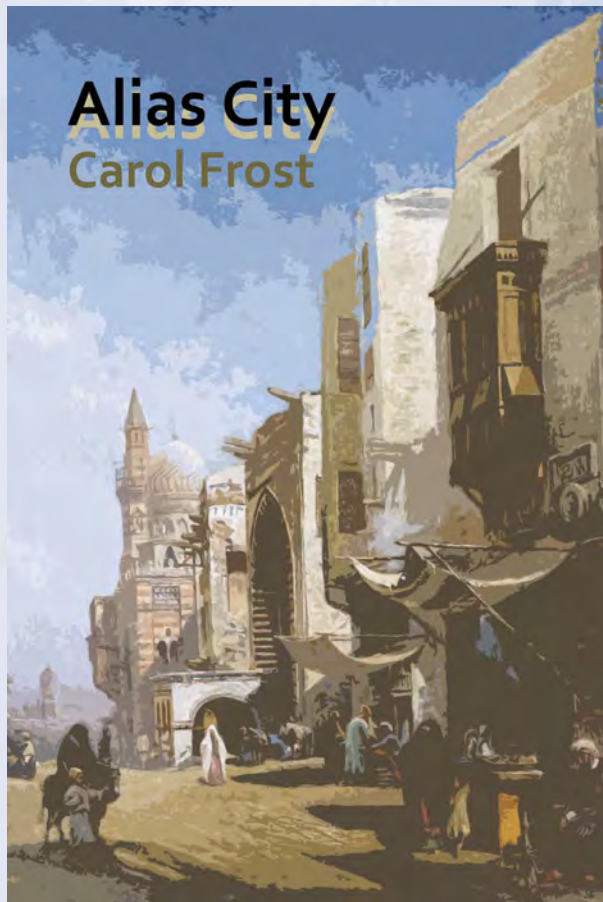


Published by University of Pittsburgh Press

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



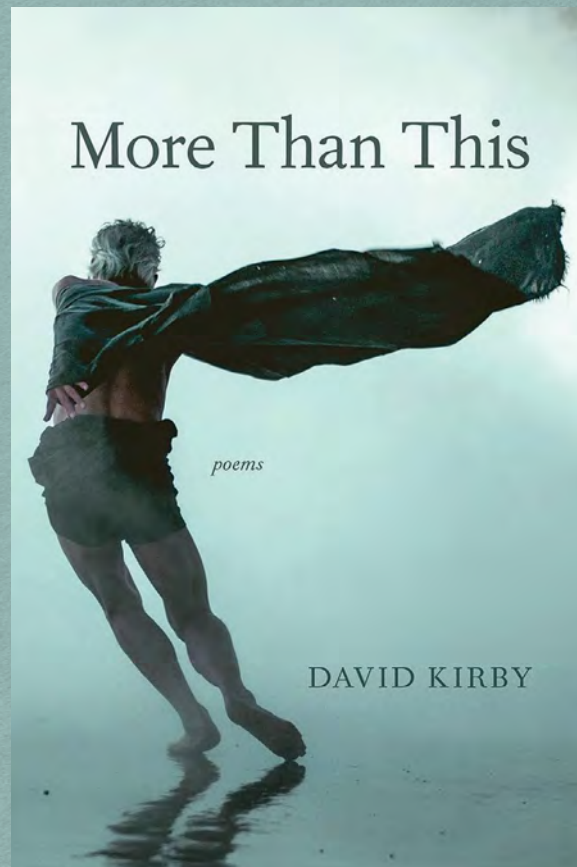
Welcome to Carol Frost's *Alias City*, which is, in the best sense of both words, the city of music.... But it is also a great city of the mind.... The hero of this book is a refugee, a survivor of World War II. She is now losing her memory, trying to recount what happened, giving us brief glimpses into 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

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