

November | December 2021

Of Poets & Poetry

A PUBLICATION OF THE FLORIDA STATE POETS ASSOCIATION
VOL. 48.6



Billy Collins

Photograph by Suzannah Gail Collins
Cover photograph: self-portrait of the poet

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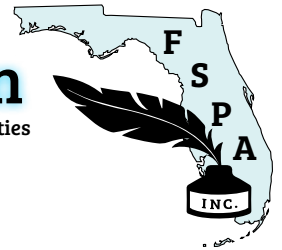
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*Mary Marcelle, President,
Florida State Poets Association*

FROM THE PRESIDENT'S DESK

This issue hits your inbox a little earlier than usual because we're having our 46th Annual Fall Convention online right now. Our cover story is an interview of Billy Collins from our opening convention speaker, Carol Frost. It's an exciting look into his poetry, his edgy sense of humor, and his advice for poets.

We wanted to get this issue to you ASAP so you would have the complete list of FSPA Poetry Contest winners, so I'm writing this letter before our convention takes place. At this point, I can only hope that it's going well.

Like most of you, I was really looking forward to seeing everyone in person after two years away, but I'd rather know that everyone stayed safe. So, the Zoom sessions are on, and I'm glad to see so many have registered for the event.

I would like to be able to take credit for the spectacular lineup of speakers we have, but it's the schedule Al Rocheleau created for last year's cancelled convention, with one additional speaker who was not available at that time. The variety of poets speaking this week and weekend offers much to choose from and an incredible depth of knowledge from which to draw. I hope you are joining us.

In fact, it appears many of you are joining us in our various online events. They have proven quite successful at keeping us connected through the pandemic. Whether you've watched a Zoomie presentation, taken part in a First Tuesday Poetry Reading, or joined in on one of our online chapter meetings, it's you, our loyal members who make the Florida State Poets Association the strong organization that it is. Thank you for being there for FSPA.

Along with the Billy Collins article in this issue of OPAP, editor Mark Terry has included an interesting group of poems from our members he's calling "Epicurious Poets." We have all the latest news and accomplishments from the poets of FSPA in Chapter News, starting on page 62, and Marc Davidson looks at the poet Carl Sandburg on page 48.

It's a big issue, a big convention, and a big weekend for us in the Florida State Poets Association. Let's have fun!

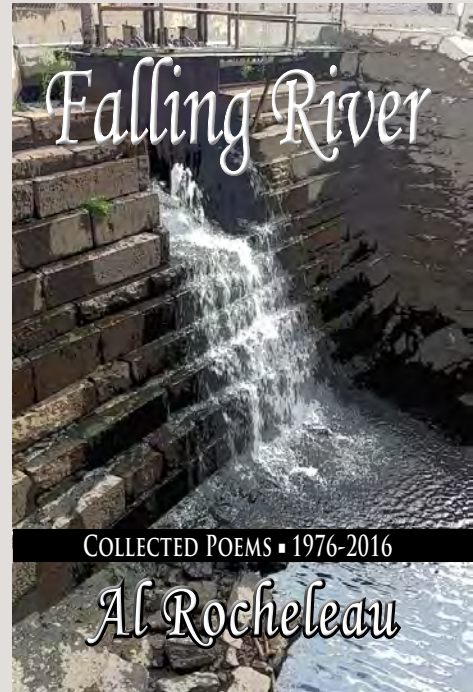
Take Care,

Mary Marcelle

Falling River—Forty Years of Collected Poems by Al Rocheleau

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

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Only Child

I never wished for a sibling, boy or girl.
Center of the universe,
I had the back of my parents' car
all to myself. I could look out one window
then slide over to the other window
without any quibbling over territorial rights,
and whenever I played a game
on the floor of my bedroom, it was always my turn.

Not until my parents entered their 90s
did I long for a sister, a nurse I named Mary,
who worked in a hospital
five minutes away from their house
and who would drop everything,
even a thermometer, whenever I called.
"Be there in a jiff" and *"On my way!"*
were two of her favorite expressions, and mine.

And now that the parents are dead,
I wish I could meet Mary for coffee
every now and then at that Italian place
with the blue awning where we would sit
and reminisce, even on rainy days.
I would gaze into her green eyes
and see my parents, my mother looking out
of Mary's right eye and my father staring out of her left,

which would remind me of what an odd duck
I was as a child, a little prince and a loner,
who would break off from his gang of friends
on a Saturday and find a hedge to hide behind.
And I would tell Mary about all that, too,
and never embarrass her by asking about
her nonexistence, and maybe we
would have another espresso and a pastry
and I would always pay the bill and walk her home.

~ Billy Collins
From The Rain in Portugal



Billy Collins at home. Photograph by Suzannah Gail Collins

FSPA CHANCELLOR CAROL FROST QUERIES Billy Collins

Frost: Is your edgy sense of humor and your ease with narrative related to your family, close or far? What else?

Collins: You know, I've never given much thought to whatever role my family played in my poems, probably because I was an only child and so there wasn't much family to think about. If the humor in some of my poems has a parental source, it would be my father. He was an irrepressibly funny man with a lot of similarly inclined male friends. He didn't tell jokes, rather he had a comic way of looking at things. He poked fun at people. Riding around with him was a real show. But humor was not easily admitted in poetry when I began reading poetry in school. All those bearded men with three names! After a while, reading poems out of school, I discovered poets who were funny with serious intent: Larkin in particular, then Thom Gunn, Kenneth Koch, Stevie Smith, William Matthews. And southern California poets like Ron Koertge and Gerald Locklin. At first, my poems that were humorous were too jokey, maybe an over-reaction to all that humor repression. Only later did the spirit of my mother enter the poems. Then my poems began to have heart. They also became longer and less snide, more capacious so as to make room for the heart. So thank you, Mom and Dad.

(Continued on next page)

Frost: If, as I've heard you say, that many of your poems start at a point of irritation, can you tell what sort of irritation gets you started (other than this list of questions, or including it)?

Collins: Any realization I've ever had about poetry has taken place while I'm writing a poem. I realized that an irritation or annoyance could be a completely adequate source of a poem as I was writing "Another Reason I Don't Keep a Gun in the House," which is about a neighbor's incessantly barking dog, the implication of the title being that if I had a gun, I would've shot the dog—very uncharacteristic of me. That poem was written so long ago, we can be pretty sure that Time has silenced that dog. Either that, or he's about 40 years old not and able to bark very loudly. I encourage young poets to let their faults into their poems. Too many of them want to show only their good sides, like actors having their picture taken. A lot of today's poets are angry but their anger is political, not poetic. They have opinions, which are fixed. The result is poems that are more like rain than snow. They fall instead of flying, to borrow a metaphor from Howard Nemerov.

(Continued on next page)



*Billy and Suzannah Collins. on their wedding day, on a beach in Southampton, New York.
Photograph by Alice Flynn.*

Frost: How can humor turn irritation into something more cosmic?

Do you measure the kind or amount of cruelty in a poem to reach your audience?

Collins: There are hate poems, poems of invective and satirical attack. Martial and Catullus are unsparingly cruel. Augustan satire is nasty and British, but usually not short. Today, poems tend to be against cruelty. That's the message. Being cruel these days risks losing your audience. Unless you wrap the barb in humor.

Frost: Who is your audience?

Collins: I picture my audience as one person, someone with a sense of humor who loves poetry and can enjoy sitting on a bench watching some ducks paddling along the shore of a lake. Luckily, that reader has multiplied into a lot of readers—a lot of benches and ducks!



With a race horse named after him—Billysbirthdaygirl, Ocala, Florida. Photograph by Suzannah Gail Collins

Frost: Is there anyone from the past can you think you'd like to have read your poems?

Collins: That's a very good question and not because I have a good answer. I'd have to think a minute. I'd like to look over Frank O'Hara's shoulder as he paged through a book of my poems. I would add John Donne and Emily Dickinson, but they wouldn't recognize my poems as poems. They wouldn't know what they were. I'd have to explain, which I'd be happy to do. I'd tell them the story of how Rhyme and Meter got lost in the woods and were incinerated in a witch's oven.

(Continued on next page)

Frost: Would artificial intelligence ruin poetry?

Collins: If I knew the future, I would spend a lot of time at Tampa Bay Downs, betting on the ponies.

Frost: How have your poems changed over time?
Is *Whale Day* your most serious book?

Collins: *Questions About Angels* was published 30 years ago, and I'd say the voice in those poems can still be heard in *Whale Day*, which appeared last year. When I was in my mid-30's I happened to find myself with a persona, that is, a voice that seemed to be distinctly mine. Prior to that, I sounded too much like the poets I was imitating. I was heavily under the influence. Now, I had a way of sounding. It was as if a wooden puppet had come to life in the shop of a toy maker. If that voice is like a gear, I'm still in it. And I'm still trying (and failing) to do the same thing I was trying to do back then: perfectly combine in a poem seriousness and comedy so that the reader is simultaneously amused and a little shaken. The near impossibility of doing this keeps me trying. The poem that comes closest to this perfect mix for me is Donne's "The Flea." It's both sexy and hilarious. Give that a try! It's a matter of managing to avoid the extremes of thinking (cerebral poem) and feeling (emotional poem). This is usually accomplished by taking the third way, which is irony. Too bad the down-turned mouth on the mask of Tragedy and the rictus smile of Comedy are not accompanied by the Mona-Lisa-like smirk of Irony.

Frost: Do you have a short list of poetic principles for readers and writers to remember or forget?

Collins: Poetic advice. For the poet, don't get ahead of the reader until it's time. That is, don't make your move too soon.

Also, always bear in mind the Indifference of the Reader. The reader needs to be won over. There are many ways to do this. Charm is one. Landscape is another.

For the reader: 83% of contemporary poetry is not worth reading, so don't be afraid to stop and turn the page. A poem ends where you decide to stop reading it. With poetry, it's an easy bail because you've only invested less than a minute of your time. It's not like looking for a reason to continue when you're on page 155 of a deteriorating novel.

Shop around until you find the good poets (the 17% Club) and read them every day.

By the way, I also think 83% of movies aren't worth watching, 83% of cars aren't worth driving, and 83% of restaurants aren't worth patronizing.

(Continued on next page)

Billy Collins is an author of twelve collections of poetry including *The Rain in Portugal*, *Aimless Love*, *Horoscopes for the Dead*, *Ballistics*, *The Trouble with Poetry*, *Nine Horses*, *Sailing Alone Around the Room*, *Questions About Angels*, *The Art of Drowning*, and *Picnic*, *Lightning*. He is also the editor of *Poetry 180: A Turning Back to Poetry*, *180 More: Extraordinary Poems for Every Day*, *Bright Wings: An Illustrated Anthology of Poems About Birds*, and his most recent offering, *Whale Day*. A former Distinguished Professor at Lehman College of the City University of New York, Collins served as Poet Laureate of the United States from 2001 to 2003 and as New York State Poet from 2004 to 2006. In 2016 he was inducted into the American Academy of Arts and Letters. He lives in Florida with his wife Suzannah.

Carol Frost studied at the Sorbonne and earned degrees from the State University of Oneonta and Syracuse University. She currently teaches poetry and directs Winter with the Writers at Rollins College in Winter Park, Florida. Frost is the author of numerous collections, including her newest book entitled *Alias City* (Mad-Hat Press). Its signature poem appeared in the November 2015 issue of *Poetry*. Frost has received grants from the National Endowment for the Arts, won several Pushcart Prizes, and has been nominated for many more. She is one of five finalists for the poet laureateship of Florida and is a Chancellor of the Florida State Poets Association.



Billy Collins on stage with Carol Frost, at a Winter with the Writers event, Rollins College, Winter Park.



Billy Collins with Chris Calhoun, his agent, at a New York City art gallery.



Carol Frost

BY BILLY COLLINS

POETRY

My Funeral

After the eulogies and this and that
and a blessing
and whatever follows,
as pedestrians outside walk along
under the leaning steeple
on their way to this place or that,
there will come a moment
when everyone will have had quite enough.

Then the fox will tap
a music stand with his bow
and lift his violin,
and the badgers will raise their horns
to their snarling lips,
ready to play what is required,
and the bear will gently set
his paws upon the upright bass.

And their playing will accompany everyone
down the aisle and outdoors
Into the weather of the day,
Whatever it may be,
and down a block or two south,
then around a corner to a bar
with a neon beer sign in the window.

And its interior will be a greeting,
full of blue shadows
with a streak of late-morning light,
so that everyone is glad to be alive
and sorry I couldn't be there,
And it's even okay
that the bartender turns out to be a horse.

And as for me,
gliding off into space,
all I would ask as my final wish
is that you refrain, out of respect,
from shouting over the heads of the others,
now two or three deep at the bar,
"When did the cow sell this place?"

Wait your turn, then order up.
Today is no different in that regard.

~ Billy Collins
From *Whale Day*

BY BILLY COLLINS

POETRY

Species

I have no need for a biscuit,
a chew toy, or two bowls on a stand.
No desire to investigate a shrub
or sleep on an oval mat by the door,

but sometimes waiting at a light,
I start to identify with the blond Lab
with his head out the rear window
of the station wagon idling next to me.

And if we speed off together
and I can see his dark lips flapping
in the wind and his eyes closed
then I am sitting in the balcony of envy.

Look at *you*, I usually say
when I see a terrier on a leash
trotting briskly along as if running
his weekday morning errands,

and I stop to stare at any dog
Who is peering around a corner,
returning a ball to the thrower,
or staring back at me from a porch.

So early this morning
There was no avoiding a twinge
of jealousy for the young spaniel,
tied to a bench in the shade,

who is now wagging
not only his tail but the whole of himself
as a woman in a summer dress
emerged from the glass doors of the post office

then crouched down in front of him
taking his chin in her hand,
and said in a mock-scolding tone
"I told you I'd be right back, silly,"

leaving the dog to sit
and return her gaze with a look
of understanding which seemed to say
"I know. I know. I never doubted that you would."

~ Billy Collins
From *The Rain in Portugal*

BY BILLY COLLINS

POETRY

The Wild Barnacle

*Do not speak, wild barnacle,
passing over this mountain . . .*

—PATRICK PEARSE

In a lullaby by the Irish poet Patrick Pearse, a woman of the mountains begins singing her baby to sleep by asking Mary to kiss her baby's mouth and Christ to touch its cheek, then she gets busy quieting the world around her.

All the grey mice must be still as well as the moths fluttering at the cottage window lit by the child's golden head.

Then, amazing to me— one summer night when I first read the poem— she orders a barnacle, of all things, not to speak as it passes over a mountain. To me, a barnacle came with a shell, lived underwater, and stayed put after silently affixing itself to a rock, but here in the hands of a poet, the small creature is miraculously endowed with the powers of speech and flight.

I could see it now on a mountaintop, its black shell shiny with salt water, no more than two inches tall, but dancing and riotous with joy and rage, shouting the anthem of the barnacle, loud enough to wake up every baby in Connemara and beyond.

But, of course, it is the barnacle goose that Pearse had in mind, I later found out, common in the west of Ireland and quite capable of flight with a honk that could possibly alarm a sleeping baby.

For a moment, I had my own wild barnacle, but the barnacle goose is fact, and so is the fact that Patrick Pearse, known as the schoolmaster, was the one who proclaimed the independence of Ireland from the steps of the General Post Office,

BY BILLY COLLINS

POETRY

and for his trouble he was stood up
with fourteen other insurrectionists—
save Connelly who was seated
due to a recently shattered ankle—

yes, was stood up against the fact of a wall,
in a courtyard of Kilmainham Gaol, Dublin,
and executed by a British firing squad
in his final May in the terrible, beautiful year of 1916.

~ Billy Collins
From *Whale Day*

And It's Raining Outside, Which Always Adds

About a month ago, I bought a small transistor radio in a junk shop
run by a man as tall as a grandfather clock,
a pink plastic one from the nineteen fifties,
which plays only love songs from the past,
as if the radio had a memory and a melancholy disposition.

I like to turn the little bezel with my thumb
so the volume is down so low, the songs
sound as if they're coming from another room
in a boardinghouse in a run-down part of town.
Then I lie down and lock my hands behind my head.

Tonight, "They Say It's Spring"
is making all the boarders in the boardinghouse sad,
but that's the way it is with every song,
whether it's "April in Paris" or "Autumn in New York,"
which were both written by the same guy,

but the boarders are too unhappy to care about that,
the men sitting on the edges of their beds,
and the women looking out the only window at the rain
where a taxicab as yellow as forsythia is turning a corner
to God knows where and God knows who,

and God knows why "You Go to My Head" is playing now,
bringing down all the poor souls in the boardinghouse,
which vanished when I heard someone speak and opened my eyes.

~ Billy Collins
From *Whale Day*

BY BILLY COLLINS

POETRY

Mice

I was normally alone in my childhood,
a condition that gave me time
to observe the activities of the many mice
that had infested our house
one winter night when the house
next door burned to a crisp.

They all ran across the snow-
covered lawn to find places
to hide in their new home;
then later they discovered the kitchen,
which was like Columbus discovering
America, because the kitchen was already there.

I became their only spectator
like someone alone in a movie house.
I could even tell some of them apart,
but I resisted giving them names,
afraid they would all disappear
if our house happened to burst into flames.

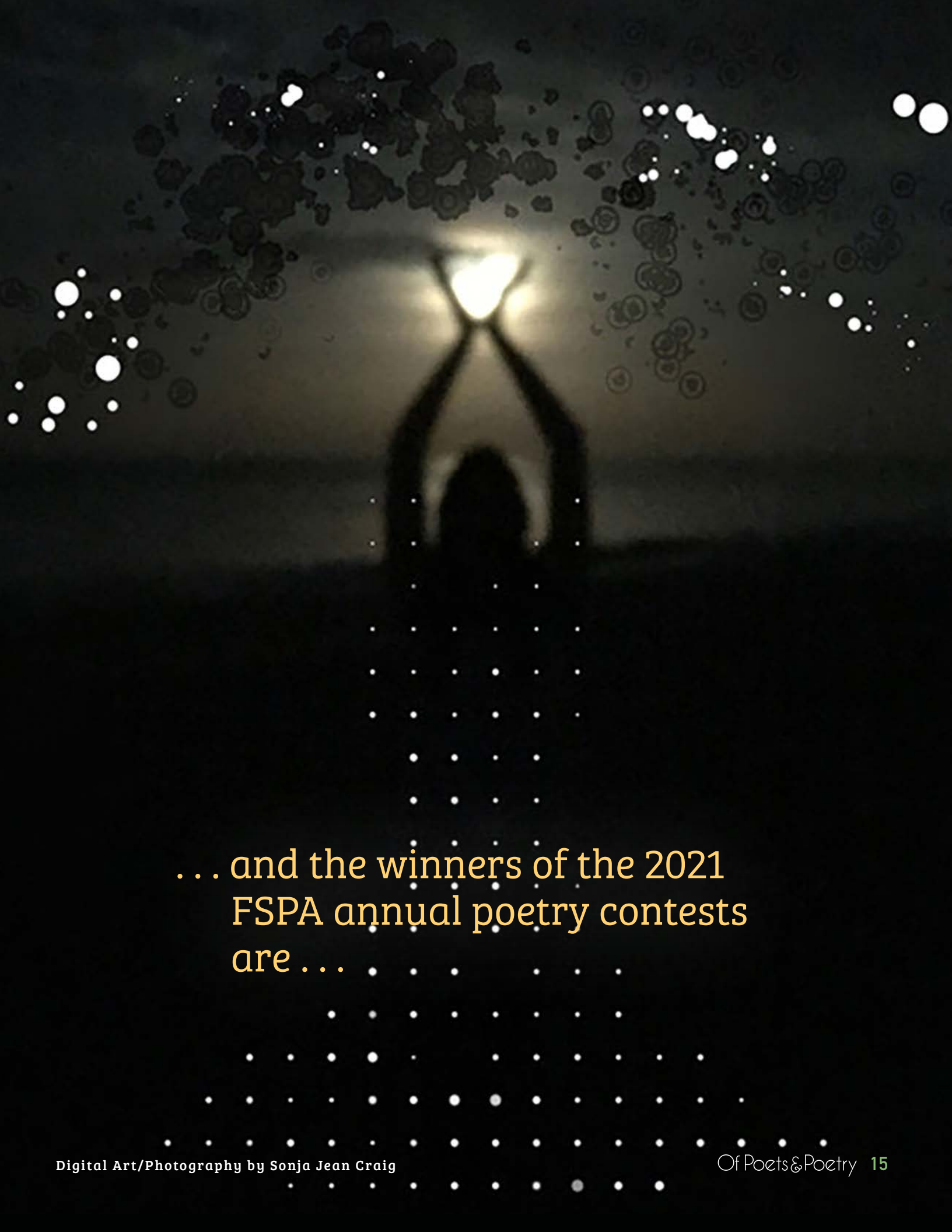
O, anonymous companions,
appearing in a hole in the wall,
always scurrying out of my reach,
so many hours I would watch
your comings and goings,
before someone called me down to dinner;

you were the beginning of cinema for me
and one of the reasons
I am the way I am this morning—
an elderly child with a tummy
full of oatmeal and a mouse on my shoulder,
standing on its hind legs, whispering in my ear.

~ Billy Collins
From *Whale Day*

Here is a link to purchase Billy Collins's book [The Rain in Portugal](#)

Here is a link to purchase Billy Collins's book [Whale Day](#)



... and the winners of the 2021
FSPA annual poetry contests
are ...

FSPA Poetry Contest – Results Report

It was a long stretch, folks, but we made it! And I was surprised and thrilled with the results. Not the least of those thrills is that five of my entries actually were honored with mentions after many years of not a sausage.

But to the details. There were 94 poets from all around the nation who entered one or more poems. Of those, 57 won one or more awards.

Quite few won more than one award. The big winners were **Jerri Hardesty**, of Brierfield, AL and Orlando, FL's own **Mark Andrew James Terry**, who each brought home eight awards. **Barbara Blanks**, of Garland, TX brought home seven wins, and six wins each went to **Shutta Crum** of Ann Arbor, MI, **Judith Krum** of Sanford, FL, and **Cheryl Van Beek** of Wesley Chapel FL.

Five prizes went home with **Diane Neff** (Longwood, FL), **Elaine Person** (Orlando, FL), **Stephen Stokes** (Jacksonville, FL), **Janet Watson** (Crystal River, FL) and (yay!) **me**, in Ormond Beach, FL.

Four awards went to **Sara Gipson** (Scott, AR), **Peter M. Gordon** (Orlando, FL), **Holly Mandelkern** (Winter Park, FL), **Joyce Shiver** (Crystal River, FL), **Beverly Smith-Tillery** (Seminole, FL), and **Robyn Weinbaum** (Kissimmee, FL).

Three awards went to **Gail Denham** (Sun River, OR), **Catherine Moran** (Little Rock, AR), **Mary Ellen Orvis** (Sun City Center, FL), **Lynn Schiffhorst** (Winter Park, FL), **Susan Stahr** (Land O' Lakes, FL) and **Joanne Vandegrift** (Alva, FL).

Thirteen poets brought home two awards, which means by taxing my math skills I can say that 26 more poets brought home one award. I think a national contest where more than 60 percent of those entering take home a prize is a pretty good result.

One other piece of trivia. We pick our judges all from out of state to avoid any sort of conflict. Of the 26 judges, four even won prizes themselves: **Barbara Blanks**, **Gail Denham**, **Sara Gipson**, and **Terry Jude Miller**.

I do so hope that all our poets and judges had as much fun with this as I did. I certainly had no idea when I signed up to be contest chairman that I would enjoy it so much. I hope you are ready to get started on next year's contests. If you'd like to sponsor a contest, just contact me (soon!!) at flueln@hotmail.com and please put "Contest Sponsor" in the subject line. The deadline was supposed to 9/10, but we've extended that. There's a form on the FSPA Website.

~ Marc Davidson, Contest Chair

FSPA CONTEST RESULTS

Cat. 1 FSPA FREE VERSE AWARD

1st	Mary Rogers-Grantham	Palm Coast, FL	One Hundred and Thirty Six
2nd	Judith Krum	Sanford, FL	Ode to Key Lime Pie
3rd	Sara Gipson	Scott, AR	Lost Photograph
1 hm	Jan Hoag Hitchcock	Beverly Hills, FL	The Flowering
2 hm	Marc Davidson	Ormond Beach, FL	Life is Like That, Sometimes
3 hm	Michele Cuomo	Winter Springs, FL	Crone Poem

Cat. 2 FSPA FORMAL VERSE AWARD

1st	Holly Mandelkern	Winter Park, FL	Donne's Time and Our Time
2nd	Diane Neff	Longwood, FL	Winter Solstice at the Pub
3rd	Jan Hoag Hitchcock	Beverly Hills, FL	Restless Spirit
1 hm	Shutta Crum	Ann Arbor, MI	One Winter's Day
2 hm	Stephen Stokes	Jacksonville, FL	Love Sonnet on a Restaurant Napkin
3 hm	Mark Andrew James Terry	Orlando, FL	Ten Arrows

Cat. 3 THE LIVE POETS SOCIETY AWARD

1st	Stephen Stokes	Jacksonville, FL	Dry Run
2nd	Barbara Blanks	Garland, TX	Route 77 to Globe
3rd	Tanya R. Whitney	Sorrento, LA	Caramel Oblivion
1 hm	Peter M. Gordon	Orlando, FL	Sober Six Weeks
2 hm	Gary Ketchum	New Port Richey, FL	Widow's Watch
3 hm	Tim Schultz	Venice, FL	Graveside Vigil

Cat. 4 TOMOKA POETS AWARD

1st	Marc Davidson	Ormond Beach, FL	Ecclesia in Litore
2nd	Joyce Shiver	Crystal River, FL	Swimming in Lake Superior
3rd	Jerri Hardesty	Brierfield, AL	Shoreline at Night
1 hm	Lorraine Jeffery	Orem, UT	Beach Party Pantoum
2 hm	Robyn Weinbaum	Kissimmee, FL	Coney Island Surf
3 hm	Catherine Moran	Little Rock, AR	Twilight at the Beach

Cat. 5 WILLARD B. FOSTER MEMORIAL AWARD

1st	Sara Gipson	Scott, AR	Soup Kitchen
2nd	Barbara Blanks	Garland, TX	Up before the Sun
3rd	Cheryl A. Van Beek	Wesley Chapel, FL	(untitled haiku)
1 hm	Janet Watson	Wesley Chapel, FL	Bread
2 hm	Stephen Stokes	Jacksonville, FL	Warmed by Food
3 hm	Jerri Hardesty	Brierfield, AL	Manna

Cat. 6 THE RONDEAU AWARD

1st	Joyce Shiver	Crystal River, FL	Mother's Motto
2nd	Jerri Hardesty	Brierfield, AL	Just Show Your Love
3rd	Diane Neff	Longwood, FL	Fill Your Heart
1 hm	Suzanne S. Austin-Hill	Ruskin, FL	The Re-Post
2 hm	Sara Gipson	Scott, AR	Choosing a Kindness Act
3 hm	Judith Krum	Sanford, FL	For Kindness Sake

Cat. 7 JUNE OWENS MEMORIAL AWARD

1st	Robyn Weinbaum	Kissimmee, FL	Chris Dance
2nd	Lorraine Jeffery	Orem, UT	Next Gen Storm Dance
3rd	Janet Watson	Wesley Chapel, FL	Learning to Tango
1 hm	Suzanne S. Austin-Hill	Ruskin, FL	She Wasn't No Misty Copeland
2 hm	Barbara Blanks	Garland, TX	October Shines
3 hm	Holly Mandelkern	Winter Park, FL	Dancing with the Stars

Cat. 8 THE POET'S VISION AWARD

1st	Joanne Vandegrift	Alva, FL	The Reverend Sandhill Crane
2nd	Pat Bonner Milone	Redland, FL	Vultures (Tanka)
3rd	Susan Stahr	Land O' Lakes, FL	The Banister
1 hm	Jerri Hardesty	Brierfield, AL	Clown Care
2 hm	Janet Watson	Wesley Chapel, FL	Fruit of the Tree
3 hm	Lynn Schiffhorst	Winter Park, FL	Two Stately Homes in Wiltshire, England
4 hm	Howard Moon	Summerfield, FL	White Man's God
5 hm	Beverly Smith-Tillery	Seminole, FL	The Long Long Road

Cat. 9 NEW RIVER POETS AWARD

1st	Beverly Smith-Tillery	Seminole, FL	Broken Promises
2nd	Ellen Nielsen	Ormond Beach, FL	For Robert Blenheim
3rd	Lynn Schiffhorst	Winter Park, FL	The Bell Ringer's Rhyme
1 hm	Ann Favreau	Venice, FL	Loneliness
2 hm	Elaine Person	Orlando, FL	I Have Never Been Old Before
3 hm	Joanne Vandegrift	Alva, FL	Perfect Memory

Cat. 10 ALFRED VON BROKOPH AWARD

1st	Stephen Stokes	Jacksonville, FL	Your Body's Footprint
2nd	Beth Staas	Oak Brook, IL	A Summer Romance
3rd	Shutta Crum	Ann Arbor, MI	Of Sex and Socks
1 hm	Katherine D. Moshman	Port Saint Lucie, FL	September in the National Gallery
2 hm	Shani Naema	Jacksonville, FL	My Addiction
3 hm	Marc Davidson	Ormond Beach, FL	Symbolists 1 - Lovers 0

Cat. 11 HOWARD & SANDY GORDON MEMORIAL AWARD

1st	Diane Neff	Longwood, FL	Mothering
2nd	Shutta Crum	Ann Arbor, MI	Things Done Wrong
3rd	Cheryl A. Van Beek	Wesley Chapel, FL	Mother of Pearl
1 hm	Nick Sweet	Shepherd, TX	My Grandpa's Woodpile
2 hm	Holly Mandelkern	Winter Park, FL	Digging for Gold
3 hm	Sandra Vaisnoras	Burr Ridge, IL	First Moments
4 hm	Howard Moon	Summerfield, FL	Remembering Grandfather

Cat. 12 JANET BINKLEY ERWIN MEMORIAL AWARD

1st	Shutta Crum	Ann Arbor, MI	The Cat and I Look for Poems
2nd	Chris Kastle	St. Augustine, FL	Greeting
3rd	Sara Gipson	Scott, AR	A Sense of Summer Scents
1 hm	Robert V. Davis	West Haven, UT	Endure
2 hm	Lynn Schiffhorst	Winter Park, FL	Growing Up in a City
3 hm	Beverly A. Joyce	Land O' Lakes, FL	Our Gathering Place

Cat. 13 NOAH WEBSTER AWARD

1st	Catherine Moran	Little Rock, AR	Looking at the Memorabilia
2nd	Judith Krum	Sanford, FL	Dactylography
3rd	Cheryl A. Van Beek	Wesley Chapel, FL	Night Lights
1 hm	Beverly A. Joyce	Land O' Lakes, FL	Responsibility
2 hm	Joyce Shiver	Crystal River, FL	Impossibilities
3 hm	Barbara Blanks	Garland, TX	Psychotherapeutically Speaking

Cat. 14 KATE KENNEDY MEMORIAL AWARD

1st	Steven Leitch	West Jordan, UT	I Hate Chocolate
2nd	Janet Watson	Wesley Chapel, FL	Fighting a Cold War
3rd	Peter M. Gordon	Orlando, FL	Two Scoops Chocolate Ice Cream...
1 hm	Robyn Weinbaum	Kissimmee, FL	Ganache
2 hm	Susan Stahr	Land O' Lakes, FL	Chocolate
3 hm	Stephen Stokes	Jacksonville, FL	The Flavor of a Square

Cat. 15 HENRIETTA & MARK KROAH FOUNDERS AWARD

1st	Carolynn J. Scully	Forest City, FL	Daddy-Daughter Dance
2nd	Mark Andrew James Terry	Orlando, FL	(a senryu)
3rd	Nancy H. MacInnes	Titusville, FL	First Year
1 hm	Janet Watson	Wesley Chapel, FL	Why I Always Cry At Weddings
2 hm	Ann Favreau	Venice, FL	Wildflower Wedding
3 hm	Betty Ann Whitney	Wesley Chapel, FL	Our Nuptial Fete

Cat. 16 PAST PRESIDENTS AWARD

1st	Jerri Hardesty	Brierfield, AL	Oh, By the Way, Which One's Pink
2nd	Robert V. Davis	West Haven, UT	Pleasure or Pain
3rd	Diane Neff	Longwood, FL	Weathering the Chill
1 hm	Shutta Crum	Ann Arbor, MI	Performance
2 hm	Betty Ann Whitney	Wesley Chapel, FL	Baby Girl
3 hm	Beverly Smith-Tillery	Seminole, FL	Regret

Cat. 17 CURRENT ISSUES AWARD

1st	Beverly Smith-Tillery	Seminole, FL	The End of War in Afghanistan
2nd	Mark Andrew James Terry	Orlando, FL	The Loom of Politics
3rd	Judith Krum	Sanford, FL	Who Speaks?

Cat. 18 ORLANDO AREA POETS AWARD

1st	Cheryl A. Van Beek	Wesley Chapel, FL	Backdraft
2nd	Gail Denham	Sun River, OR	The Façade
3rd	Joanne Vandegrift	Alva, FL	Ta-Da
1 hm	Diane Neff	Longwood, FL	The Bond
2 hm	Susan Stahr	Land O' Lakes, FL	Emerald City
3 hm	Marc Davidson	Ormond Beach, FL	Poetic Process

Cat. 19 LESLIE HALPERN MEMORIAL AWARD

1st	Mardi Knudson	Saint Cloud, MN	Magic Story for Falling Asleep
2nd	Gail Denham	Sun River, OR	Goodbye Dream
3rd	Terry Jude Miller	Richmond TX	Awaking within a Dream
1 hm	Elaine Person	Orlando, FL	Bliss
2 hm	Shutta Crum	Ann Arbor, MI	Dream Song
3 hm	G. Kyra Von Brokoph	Ormond Beach, FL	Pomgranate Seeds

Cat. 20 HUMOR AWARD

1st	Peter M. Gordon	Orlando, FL	Cat Scan Report
2nd	Jerri Hardesty	Brierfield, AL	A Grand Plan
3rd	Jayne Jaudon Ferrar	Greenville, SC	What Lies Beneath
1 hm	Elaine Person	Orlando, FL	Don't Dessert Me
2 hm	Barbara Blanks	Garland, TX	Testa Mental Dental
3 hm	Mary Ellen Orvis	Sun City Center, FL	Rhyme of the Ancient Book Lover

Cat. 21 DORSIMBRA AWARD

1st	Barbara Blanks	Garland, TX	Spring Jubilation
2nd	Holly Mandelkern	Winter Park, FL	The Longest Love
3rd	Elaine Person	Orlando, FL	He's Got Drive
1 hm	Gail Denham	Sun River, OR	Daily Hubbub
2 hm	Janice L. Freytag	Souderton, PA	Twists and Turns
3 hm	Mark Andrew James Terry	Orlando, FL	Final Voyage

Cat. 22 CHILDHOOD AWARD

1st	Carolynn J. Scully	Forest City, FL	Little Adventures
2nd	Judith Krum	Sanford, FL	From Dick and Jane to Billy Collins
3rd	Jerri Hardesty	Brierfield, AL	Library Days
1 hm	Robyn Weinbaum	Kissimmee, FL	The Ugly Duckling
2 hm	Peter M. Gordon	Orlando, FL	Bedtime Stories
3 hm	Mark Andrew James Terry	Orlando, FL	Mother's Thrum

Cat. 23 WEINBAUM/GLIDDEN AWARD

1st	Michelle Cuomo	Winter Springs, FL	Islip
2nd	Mary Ellen Orvis	Sun City Center, FL	Downhill
3rd	Marlene Kann	Miami, FL	Leila
1 hm	Marc Davidson	Ormond Beach, FL	Pride Month Limericks
2 hm	Elaine Person	Orlando, FL	(haiku)

Cat. 24 THE ENCHANTMENT AWARD

1st	Cheryl A. Van Beek	Wesley Chapel, FL	Wing Beats
2nd	Mark Andrew James Terry	Orlando, FL	Behind Fay Doors
3rd	Janice Canerdy	Potts Camp, MS	Shhh! Never Tell
1 hm	Mary Ellen Orvis	Sun City Center, FL	The Ghost of Christmas Eve Eve
2 hm	Judith Krum	Sanford, FL	The Velvet of the Night
3 hm	Bruce Woodworth	Port Orange, FL	Time Travel

Cat. 25 MIAMI POETS AWARD

1st	Mark Andrew James Terry	Orlando, FL	At a Friend's Grave
2nd	Sonja Jean Craig	New Smyrna Beach, FL	Playtime
3rd	Terry Jude Miller	Richmond TX	To befriend an introvert
1 hm	Marcy Clark	Sarasota, FL	The Painter
2 hm	Pat Bonner Milone	Redland, FL	The Order of Friendship
3 hm	Cheryl A. Van Beek	Wesley Chapel, FL	To My Friends During the Quarantine

Cat. 26 EKPHRASTIC POEM

1st	Mark Andrew James Terry	Orlando, FL	Those I Never Knew
2nd	Joyce Shiver	Crystal River, FL	Farm Boys Dreaming
3rd	Barbara Blanks	Garland, TX	Still
1 hm	Sonja Jean Craig	New Smyrna Beach, FL	Golden Kiss
2 hm	Catherine Moran	Little Rock, AR	Looking at the Winged Victory
3 hm	Jerri Hardesty	Brierfield, AL	Mona Lisa



FSPA First Tuesdays Monthly Open Mic Nov. 2nd & Dec. 7th

Peter M. Gordon, the president 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

Cadence 2021:

Florida State Poets Association Anthology 39 includes more than 90 select member poems, winning poems in 26 categories of FSPA's national contest, and poems from the association's poetry chancellors. This year's *Cadence* will be available from most online book sellers beginning Saturday, October 16 for \$12. Use the full title/subtitle to enhance your search. The name of lead editor Gary Broughman is also helpful.

Or, if you like, you may order your copies directly from Gary Broughman for \$12 plus \$4 shipping. Your check or money order should be made out to FSPA, and sent to:
Gary Broughman
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Join the **Zoomies** Always Free

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

Writing workshops to improve your poetry and prose.

November 6	Saturday at 3:30 p.m.	Writing workshop	link
November 21	Sunday at 3:30 p.m.	Writing workshop	link
December 4	Saturday at 3:30 p.m.	Writing workshop	link
December 19	Sunday at 3:30 p.m.	Writing workshop	link

North Florida Poetry Hub Poetry Workshops

November 4	Thursday at 6:30-8 p.m.	Open Forum	RSVP
November 16	Tuesday at 6:30-8 p.m.	Poetry Hub	RSVP
December 2	Thursday at 6:30-8 p.m.	Open Forum	RSVP
December 21	Tuesday at 6:30-8 p.m.	Poetry Hub	RSVP

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

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

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

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



Beginner's Mind

From Shipyard to Harvard Yard:
Embracing Endless Possibilities

Author: M.B. McLatchey

Winner of The Penelope Niven Creative Nonfiction Award

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

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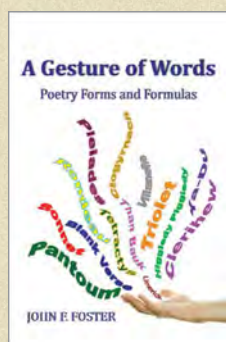
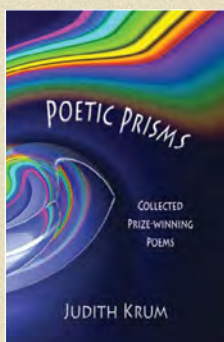
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of *Cadence*, the
Anthology of the
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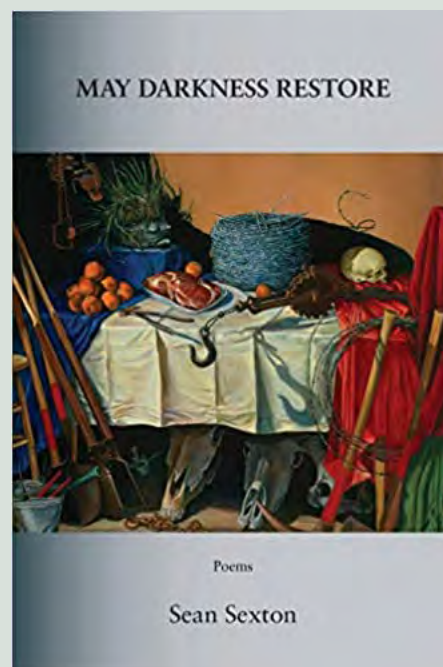
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We reached out to our members requesting they send us poems that can be eaten. That is, poems which are also recipes. As poets do, their submissions flowed into a full pantry packed with poetry.



Summer Blackberry Cobbler

First, wind your way into the nearby woods
where scrub oaks and scrawny pines
give way to swamp sentinels. Bald cypress,
the squish of wet shoes, signal you've arrived.

The banks of the bayou draped in black
mourn their loss, your gain, but not without
the prick and sting warning everything has a price.

Battle the briars until your basket's filled,
mouth rimmed with summer's sweet juice
dribbling indigo dew down your chin,
promise of a summer cobbler calling you.

Scratched hands covered in pink and purple,
sound the retreat. Head for my kitchen's heat,
the heady scents of vanilla, cinnamon,
mixed with almond flour, a cup of fresh milk.

While melted butter coats the cast iron pan,
I'll wash the blackberries, savor again
the berrilicious taste your tongue shares,
your mouth on mine until it's time
to spill the milky flour mixture
into the waiting butter, the berries into the milk,
the pan into the oven, me into your arms.
An hour later, the oven's timer chimes
summer's perfection has arrived.

~ Katherine Nelson-Born

Fried Nice Rice, at a Paltry Price

To a cup of cooked of rice
add a pinch of tarragon spice.
Be generous with chives, parsley, and dill
Although to your own taste, if you will.
In a huge skillet, fry this in butter or oil;
Easy does it; no need to toil.
When hot, add two eggs scrambled well.
Lowered heat, three minutes, the look will tell.
For awhile, set it aside;
'til meatloaf is ready, it will abide.

~ Ricki Dorn



Omelet Fines Herbes

Take a pair of beaten eggs
With a pinch of salt thrown in
and a pinch of pepper's swell.

And to give the taste some legs
You may toss some spices in
Herbs de Province work quite well

Beat the eggs a few more times
till they run right through the fork
(be particular in this)
And then set the eggs aside
now you must prepare your pan
heat it to the right degree

Take these plans, you lucky man
act upon them if you can

Add a tablespoon or more
of your butter to the pan
and then swirl as it grows thin

When the melt begins to foam
then your pan is quite prepared
you can pour your egg mix in

Work your spatula round the edge
fold it in and fill the holes with
remaining liquid egg,
till all's cooked to suit your soul
tilt the pan and fold in three
and then slide on your plate (and not your leg)

Eat your omelet lucky man
And enjoy it if you can

~ Marc Davidson

Bachelor Butter Rice

A sensation of taste
That can be made in all haste

Chun's sticky rice white
Comes in servings just right

One minute no less
It is ready success

Microwave done
Now comes the real fun

With chop sticks in hand
Stir gently as planned

A pat maybe two
Of butter will do

Quick and delicious
Some say it's nutritious

From cupboard to plate
Just two minutes to wait

~ Howard Moon



Friendship Eggnog

This delicious concoction obtained from a special friend,
we've known each other thirty years odd and some then,
attending her celebratory party of yuletide traditions,
include table-laden feast, appetizers, sweets, libations.
A smooth nectar slipped past my lips, across palate,
pleasing radiant warmth of rum filled mouth, paused,
swirled on tongue, relished warm, aromatic nutmeg.
A silky texture, milk, and eggs, whipped frothy blend,
hint of vanilla tinged with faint sugary sweetness.
Delightful to savor, steeped in friendship,
a newly formed shared holiday tradition.

ROSEANNE'S EGGNOG

1 egg
1 cup milk
2 tbsp sugar
¼ tsp vanilla
1 jigger rum (or bourbon)
Mix in blender; sprinkle with nutmeg; serve immediately.

ENJOY!

~ Ruth VanAlstine

Place bread in toaster
Push lever down till ready
Recipe for toast

~ Gary Childress



Cauliflower Rice (Diabetic Friendly)

1 glass of water, cool on the lips,
but never quite enough to quench the everlasting thirst
(sip as needed, reserving half)
A pinch of salt, if you're still allowed the flavor of this small indulgence
and your blood pressure hasn't gone too high
Garlic, 2 to 4 cloves, chopped or sliced - a guilt-free act of wantonness
Rice? No -- Potatoes? No -- Pasta? No -- Quinoa? No, though it was a miracle food
for the western world a few years ago
Cauliflower, riced or freshly grated into the character actor of chameleon cuisine,
able to take the role of nearly anything but so much like an understudy in a marked
performance
Za'atar spice -- this is how you love yourself exotically

In a skillet over medium heat, add half the water and
stare at the small roils of steam as they unfurl,
recalling what it felt like to eat garlic bread without guilt.

Add the salt and the cauliflower and let the brassica become a bed for
unbattered General Tso's or a taco bowl tasting vaguely of
a broccoli-infused attempt at normalcy.

Simmer for five, ten, whoever knows how long it takes
to wish, mightily, that cauliflower could become a club sandwich or fettucini alfredo
or neon orange mac and cheese.

Drain. Everything.

Add the cauliflower back to the pan, toss in the garlic and za'atar spice
and stir for another minute or two. Enjoy as much as you can,
for all adaptations and substitutions are a part of the healing process now.

~ Lydia Malone



The Very Model of a Modern Pan of Baklava

If I were to pretend to you that I did not like baklava
you'd drown me in a river, like the Tiber or the Oklawah.
For this unique confection is the prince of sweets available
I position I contend is absolutely unassailable.
Its method of construction is not complex, merely fiddly
requiring many steps without which you'd end up with diddly.
To start with, lots of filo dough, a product you can't make yourself
so you must hit the freezer case and get some down from off the shelf.
You lay a sheet of filo dough quite gently in your baking pan
and cover it with melted butter brushing gently as you can.
And that is the beginning of the baklava's construction set
and you will soon enjoy it if you follow my instruction set.

Repeat the filo/butter step until you've done it seven-fold.
Remember to keep butter warm but filo must be kept quite cold.
The next step needs some walnuts chopped until they are in little bits
and cinnamon and sugar mixed with them until it gives you fits.
You take the walnut mixture and spread half of it into the pan
then start again with filo working quickly at it if you can.
Repeat the seven layers until you can once again attain
a ready spreading surface for the walnut filling that remains
Then one more set of filo layers to achieve a cover fine
Brush it with melted butter gently for this treat divine
And that is now the middle of the baklava's construction set
and you will soon enjoy it if you follow my instruction set.

First cut the baklava into the pieces that you'd like to see.
Put in the baklava to bake for 50 mins at 350.
And while the baklava is baking make a simple syrup pot
with sugar and with water boiled briefly until very hot
then add some lemon zest and orange zest into the syrup mix
and set the pot aside until the oven has performed its tricks.
You'll take the baklava out of the oven when it's nice and brown
then, 'ere it cools you pour the syrup on it till it seems to drown.
When it has cooled and soaked all up the syrup that you boiled down
you may sprinkle crushed pistachios on to add their flavor as a crown.
And that is the completion of the baklava's construction set
and you will now enjoy it if you followed my instruction set.

~ Marc Davidson



EVEN WALT KNEW KAKA DOESN'T FLY

Walt, when he published his poems, used an Emerson quote without permission to advertise *Leaves of Grass*. That title meant “pages of little value” until Whitman’s own wit rose in esteem. A first edition, now, could bring a half million.

The folks who tend his birthplace, cooked up a book of recipes, *A Taste of Poetry*, to fundraise. Asked, I sent a favorite stir-fry that pleased the many poets I served for fifty years hosting programs on Paumanok.

I called my concoction “Kaka Barley,” consisting of spiced meat, veggies, rice—containing neither kaka nor barley. “You can’t call food that,” the editors protested. If you want your poem in, you’ll have to change the name.

You’ll find me in that book, cooking up a “Poet’s Wordfry.” Whitman also did what he needed to fit in, but not before he was run out of town for railing against slavery or perhaps probing too close to some young man’s kaka.

~ David B. Axelrod

A Taste of Freedom for Hanukkah (*Latkes*)

Grate potatoes, onions, eggs.
Add flour, salt, and oil.
Fry the mix in memory—
a Temple spared from spoil.

We see the hammering Maccabees
who fought to dedicate
the Temple post-Antiochus
and oil to consecrate.

We eat to learn the miracle
and tell the tale with food
as candles burn and lights return—
freedom tastes so good.

~ Holly Mandelkern



Real Texas Chili con Carne

Way down in old San Antonio
where the Medina and Cibola Rivers flow
and the Comanche raiders prevailed you know
where the Old Mission Road meets the Chisolm Trail
where the Tejanos came to stake their claim
to the wide lands between the Gulf and the Rio Grande
there in the ancient city of The Alamo fame
the señoras in the plaza would ladle out their savory dish
crying “Chili con Carne” aloud, aloud
men and boys, one and all, would come ‘a-runnin’ at that call
muleteers and wagon drovers, merchants and soldiers,
vaqueros, cowboys, adobe layers, painters and priests
lining up with a coin in hand to sample the spiciest chili con carne in the land.
Now, some historians say it was the Aztecs that thought it up, cooking hot chiles
and the stringy flesh of captured conquistadors in one huge pot; hmmm, sounds
good but others insist it was all those lanky longhorn steers, millions of ‘em, that
ranged wild (or nearly so) from the Pecos River down into Old Mexico, and all the
way up to the Edwards Plateau—and it took many long strings of dried chiles,
bushels of cilantro, and some cocoa but not sweet; cartloads of onions, barrels
of garlic, and a big bucket of lard to render that longhorn beef tender
and palatable enough to sell on the street.

So with that brief introductory preamble or ramble, let me give you a true
Texas Chili recipe, from which to feed a large extended family or backyard
full of friends and former enemies:

From your favorite butcher, obtain 6 pounds good beef Chuck roast, or if he has it,
venison, bison, or even Texas Longhorn beef, so much the better! Trim the meat,
save and render the fat in a skillet.

Grab the biggest skillet you’ve got (8-Quart will do) or a big cast iron Dutch oven is
ideal. Use 12 dried ancho chiles and 7 pasilla ones, seeds and stems removed, please.
Toast them in the skillet, but use no oil, and do not burn! Cool these red and brown
babies on a rack, and when they’re nice and crisp, grind them all fine on a metate
stone (or an electric coffee grinder works great!) Sieve or strain the powder,
no stones or seeds allowed.

Combine your chile powder with:
2 ½ Tablespoons ground Cumin (Cominos) seeds
1 Tablespoon ground Coriander seeds
1 ½ teaspoon dried Mexican Oregano
2 teaspoons unsweetened cocoa
1 ½ Tablespoons sweet Hungarian paprika
½ teaspoon Cayenne powder
2 teaspoons fresh ground black pepper

Set this concoction aside in a bowl.

(continued on the next page)



Chop or slice the meat into ½ inch dice, but no gambling!

Melt 1/3 Cup of fresh leaf lard, or a good shortening and your beef fat in your big Dutch oven or big ol' cowboy skillet. Get it hot, but not too smokin' hot!

Sear the diced-up meat all over in the fat, stir it around until nice and brown. Add 2 large onions chopped plus 15 garlic cloves chopped. Simmer until they're lookin' clear and juicy.

Pop open a small can of tomato paste and stir it in.

Sprinkle the meat, onion, garlic, tomato mess with the chile and spice mix you've made up.

Stir it all real good. Then add 2 ¾ quarts of chicken stock (or homemade turkey broth), but save out 2/3 cup of stock for later.

Stoke up the flame under your skillet or Dutch oven and bring up the stew to a boil, then settle it into a simmer for an hour and a half or a little longer.

Whisk ½ cup Masa Harina (that's fine ground white corn baked with lime juice for you gringos) into the 2/3 cup of chicken stock and stir that into the pot, mix it up good!

Simmer your chili another half hour or so, until the coals are real low, or your company's kickin' in the front door. Taste the meat, make double-sure it's fork tender (no knives allowed at the table!). If the chili needs salt, add a little, but not too much!

Serve it up hot in bowls with diced onion, avocado slices, chopped cilantro, sour cream, shredded cheese, and baskets of corn chips or sourdough bread!

And don't forget the cerveza and wine, also plenty of fresh, cool water with lime for those whose taste buds haven't been raised on real Texas Chili con Carne.

~ by Gordon L Magill aka Chiliwillie



Libby's Pumpkin Cookies

If you've got a cup of pumpkin
And two cups of flour on hand
Add one cup of sugar
And one teaspoon of ground cinnamon

Adding one teaspoon of baking soda
Will make your cookies rise
With another teaspoon of baking powder
You'll create a delightful surprise...

Add one half cup of shortening
To keep the cookies nice and moist
Add one fourth teaspoon of salt
And you've created a baker's choice

Mix the ingredients all together
Drop by teaspoonful on an ungreased cookie sheet
Bake for ten minutes at 375 degrees
And your pumpkin cookies are ready to eat...

~ Libby (Elizabeth) Weber

My Mother's Sweets

My mother's candied sweet potatoes:
Wash and boil them inside the skins
When fork slides in, skins slide off
Butter, brown sugar sauce
Cut potato cubes
Sweets into pan
Drench in sauce
Short bake
Serve!

~ Chris Kastle



Recipe for the life of pi

magical thinking is a delicious nutrition
it should be eaten every day
genies want out of the bottle
gnomes want their own fashion model
it's time to send red rover right over right over
a protester with animal rights four leaf clover
Jack jumped out the the cultural shoe box he could not fill
and Jill ran away from the queen and king on the hill
magical thinking is a delicious nutrition
fairy tales should be eaten every day
sins of omission pave roads to purgatory
with an unlived inner life of their own story
negation always wears goodie two shoes
imagination wears red high heeled ideals
probiotics go for the gut instincts
a good bacteria knows the difference
magical thinking is a delicious nutrition
outrageous fabrications should be eaten every day

~ Linda Marie Cossa

Menu Moments with Mama

She would stand at the stove cooking
and with all us kids underfoot so eager to eat
that she would make us dance for our dinner with a
rocking ratatouille rhumba or a
wine infused waltz or a
cheesy Charleston - softly stepped for a souffle or a
Tapatio tango for tongue tingling tortillas
then we would finish with a
fruity footstep flair for dessert

~ BJ Alligood



Wasn't That a Dainty Dish?

Forget the rye, and the four and twenty blackbirds.
By the time you've rounded them up
this hunger will have passed.

Instead, get out the stainless-steel bowl
you took from your mother's house when she died.
It's dented and cold to the touch.
Dump 4 cups of unbleached memory into it—you,
warming your hands by a fire. Your mother. The rain.

Stir until they bind together, and you see her
standing lovely by a bonfire—in the rain.
Cut in a bit of her laughter until pea-sized
and it stops pinging around the room.

Temper with a clarified day—stirring thoughtfully.
Did she weep with you when Bugsy died?
Did you once see her kissing the neighbor?

Now, turn it out onto a surface dusted with words
you wish you could take back. Knead, remembering
the baseball games she never came to.
Let it rise in a warm place until doubled.
Then punch it down, and let it rest a few minutes.

Shape it in a way that pleases you.
Reduce some tears until thickened. Glaze.
Bake in the oven of your heart.
When you're ready, plunge your thumb in—
and pull out a plum the size of a vast emptiness.

Consume, accompanied by a good Zinfandel.
One with a complex bouquet, and notes of regret.

~ Shutta Crum



Why Wok Cooking is Better than Sex

Both start cold. Take wok
in hand, feel rounded surface,
seasoned by years of high heat,
older than my oldest son.

Proper preparation leads to
successful seduction and cooking.
Chop one pound chicken breast
in thin strips. Add garlic, salt,

pepper to tingle tongues. Marinate
with rice wine, so flesh softens,
juices flow into crevices. Combine
one cup hoisin sauce and hot mustard,

scoop half cup cashews, clean one
pound snow peas, order them, make
ready to join together. Boil rice,
set to simmer while wok heats up

until water sizzles inside. Add olive oil
to make surfaces slick. Warm nuts first,
but not too long. Remove, then put meat
in oil, smell spicy fragrance. Two to three

minutes – ready for climax. Move urgently,
push together, rub all parts in oil until you
can't tell where one begins, and others end.
After meat pops, turn down heat, drain,

serve over rice. So satisfying to savor
touch, taste, and scents, in afterglow.
I can cook wok at least twice a day, every day.
Each time only deepens flavor, feel,

desire that grows the more we do it.
That's why . . .

~ Peter Gordon



Ratatouille Rhapsody

An instinctive dance led by emotion and palate

Choose a CD carefully: Bach, blues, or Elvis
Get your feet bogeying, hips swaying, nose tingling
Unleash your Mojo.

A splash of olive oil, chopped onion,
fresh green pepper strips, chopped celery
Maybe? Maybe not.
Sauté until soft.

Add garlic to taste, minced, chopped or mashed
Step, stir and sing.

Reach into your persona of the day
for the character of your creation.

Add zucchini, sliced not too thin,
eggplant cut in cubes and
mushrooms thickly sliced.
Sprinkle with paprika.

Adjust the music.

Add bay leaf,

Step, stir and sing.

Remember to sway as you go.

Spices are the steps of the Ratatouille dance:
fine herbs, oregano, lemon
a spot of Salsa? a dab of cinnamon?
Gently dance and cook to let the spices meld.

Adjust the spices.
Adjust the music.
Step, stir and sing.

Take a deep breath.

(continued on next page)



Wine?
Balsamic vinegar?

Add tomatoes; crushed, pureed, diced,
whole-peeled or open a jar of marinara sauce.
Close your eyes inhale.
Fine tune music and spices as necessary.

Finish it off with
capers, kidney beans, garbanzo beans, olives green, black or both;
unspoiled fridge contents - - sniff with great care.

Celebrate with a spaghetti blast
or
Pacify with gentle, fragrant rice.

~Alice R. Friedman

PIECE OF CAKE

Them
and us
they and we
They're bad we're good
That's the way it was
how it always will be
Simple recipe is set
Add a pinch of fear dash of blame
to main batter bitter devil's food
All this baked in the cake high heat long time
Why not sweeten mix with love and hope
Too much to ask a pointless task
We can't trust them and their ways
so stick to safe mixture
and how to bake so
we have our cake
and we can
eat it
too

~ Gary Ketchum – October, 2021



The Recipe

First, you start with memory
It can be hard to measure using a
dash, drop, smidgen, pinch, dollop or wallop
Keep in mind, too much memory takes over the recipe
often times leaves me lost in reminiscing in the kitchen
so, I tend to go by vibration and taste and ease my way
somewhere between the fine line of savor and flavor
Start with rendering the bacon in a large pot
that smoky aromatic brings back dozens of overslept mornings
at grandparents' homes on summer's break or holidays' wake
from there mix in gently the diced Trinity
once those brown down fine then
you find yourself at a crossroad of cuisine
from there you can go Etouffee, Jambalaya or full-on roux for the Gumbo
each meal bringing a backpack of stories in their recollection
But for this I am going with Grits, because they go with everything
from growing up having Grits by the Gulf to the quiet now and all the years between
Add two quarts of golden chicken broth
or even turkey broth from the leftover Thanksgiving or Christmas carcass
but either way, it is best homemade, it is much better for you that way
Scrap and stir the bottom before
adding two cups of fine course grits, yellow or blue
and let it boil to slow for 20 minutes, turn down low and let it go
checking texture every 15 minutes, slowly stirring
add your salt and pepper and hot sauce how you like,
who am I to judge? I know what I like and it leans on the side of hot
But after around an hour they should be smooth and creamy
Like healing over heartbreak, there is no true time to measure
as long as you keep working at it with love
The grits will tell you when they are done
when they are at the perfect texture, add two cups of buttermilk
add a half cup of cream cheese, a cup of shredded Gruyere, a cup of Cheddar
I add more black pepper and hotsauce here as well
while you turn off the heat and you stir
and you stir slow, adding your share of memories as well
from the other pan (did I mention that?)
the turkey kielbasa, diced and crispy should now be folded in to your Grits
Sprinkle some parsley for a dash of color and slowly stir again and again
until it is cooled and ready to be eaten

(continued on the next page)



This can yield enough for 8 to 9 people
and I remember the times when the music was loud and the catfish grilled
and this meal filled all those friends and family in my home
These days, it is just me but I save some for when
my daughters are here for dinner
or packed in mason jar to drop off at a friend's
But then at the end you finish with a memory, or more,
up to your palatable ponderance,
It can be hard to measure whether you use a
dash, drop, smidgen, pinch, dollop or wallop
at this point it is okay if the memories take over with as much sauce as you like
but just as long they are good and makes you feel warm inside
and stir slow, all the burnt bits and creamy bits until The Recipe all comes together
not as separate stories and ingredients but as one whole beautiful bowl
and it is best homemade, it is much better for you that way

~ Gabriel McLeod

Recipe for a Sweet Tart Love Poem

To begin, gather fresh roses for the flour
and a dropperful of genuine tears.

1. Press the petals.
2. Soften with the saltwater extract.
3. Add a bushel of everbearing strawberries.
4. Stir in a measure of immeasurable things.
5. Spice with subtle notes of a secret language.
6. Whisk in a smooth whisper of apple butter.
7. Knead it fully, deeply, with heart.
8. Lay it all out on a blank sheet.
9. Turn on the heat.
10. Bake until crisp on the edges and soft in the center.

To see if your words are fully cooked, offer your lover a taste.
If your sweetheart is undone, your sweet tart poem is done.

~ Linda Eve Diamond



Dorothy's Island Mutton Stew

Dorothy fed her children well
Then they went off to be in their island grass bed

In her stew was red peas too; a dash of salt, garlic and thyme,
the onion chopped up fine. Simmering slowly then the mutton
was added after marinating overnight.

She peeled and diced:

Tanya, sweet potatoes, cassava, pumpkin, yam and the Edo too.
Christophene/Choyte, green bananas, green papaya; healthy in
iron, what a stew!

The lamb chop didn't miss it, even the neck bones got stewed
in too; because Dorothy's Island stew had all the meats for the
week, Sunday to Saturday we had to make do.

Look for the barley in Dorothy's Island stew, it thickened it up
into a chew, and will stick to your ribs so you'll never ask for
second servings; I dare you. It is the meal for one, two, three,
four, five and you!

~ Avis Veronica Simmonds

A Tasty Surprise

Exotic recipes make me queasy
So I always try to keep it easy
Fewer ingredients I extol
Quick and tasty is my goal
A can of Rotel and Velveeta cheese
Cooked 5 minutes, if you please
Three minutes in the microwave
If it's a little time you want to save...
Just serve it to all as a spicy dip
And don't forget the tortilla chips
To serve this... what's my reason?
To be the "Queen of the Holiday Season!"

~ Kay Stanton



Sun, The Moon, And Herbs

The secret is always
the seasoning.

No matter the cut,
the richness of cream,
the searing on wood
that once held naiads,
straddled
as they sunned, naked
in the stream.

It is in the salt of our
better tears;
the tarragon of memory
more pungent with
the simmering,
the odd saffron that
stains the first and
last shame, cilantro
I detest, but endure.

Each dot of poppy-seed
is a day, and some days
catch an alcove in the
ivory, below the lip I kiss
regardless, as we sex after
eating.

Each dried leaf
is a regret that it was not fresh,
each use a reminder that we
were out of cayenne.

For balance,
pull something from
the garden. Radish-greens,
no, kale for a soup
of the Portuguese,

replacing the sonnet I did
not write to you
before you left
the jar empty.

The parsley is plentiful;
we will dress this offering
and pepper it as best
we can

tendering it
to dashes of curry,
of coriander, or the
sandy-looking dry, crushed
something

that forgets
in its forgiveness

one lemon, the zest
of epiphany

the thinking
we knew.

~ Al Rocheleau



Grandma's Apple Crumble

Proud apple tree graces the front yard.
Given with love, collected with care,
we gather its treasure in a wicker basket.

In Grandma's kitchen, I stand with pride
as she graces me with a pink apron—
a perfect costume to sing apple slicing songs.

The oven blazes at 375 degrees
while I line the casserole dish with slices,
sprinkled with a tablespoon of
water and fresh lemon juice.

In the mixing bowl she got from her mother,
a heaping cup of sugar and 3/4 cup of flour blend.
Grandma's palm measures nutmeg, cinnamon and salt—
always "just enough" she winks.
Her sturdy hand mixes in 1/2 cup of soft butter.

I bite my lip with promise
as the mixture coats the apples,
careful not to touch the edge of the dish.

45 minutes passes quickly while it bakes.
Grandma recalls when she first kissed Grandpa
in the shade of the apple tree.

Out of the oven, spice aroma fills the cottage.
In dessert bowls adored with tiny flowers,
a generous dollop of vanilla ice cream and almond slivers
tops off a healthy serving and a grateful heart.

~ Sonja Jean Craig



Indian Pudding

in a large cast iron pot, add
6 cups of milk (whole, no skim,
no almond, no silk)
add 1 cup of cornmeal
2 teaspoons brown sugar
½ teaspoon cinnamon
⅛ teaspoon freshly ground nutmeg
½ teaspoon ground ginger
all the smells gather
collect in your nose stirring up old memories
drizzle in ½ cup of molasses
add in some (optional) maple syrup
though I never do
keep stirring, and stirring
with a wooden spoon
make some chants to the harvest moon
and then
pour into a greased pot
and place into the oven
for a few final hours
serve with a dollop of vanilla ice cream
your smiles will add wonder to this dessert.

~ Carlton Johnson

[Link to recipe](#)



Man-up Recipe: The Oculus Ovum

Reach into the fridge and retrieve one brown, free-range egg. That's the one with a few dark specks labeled "organic" (as if you'd eat one that was plastic,) and it's not really brown, more like the color of the khaki wrinkle-free slacks you wear to work most days, the egg having a few less spots (just sayin'.)

Now, take a slice of that high-fiber, whole-grain bread, (you know she knows you'd rather eat plain white) and with recently washed fingers (go do it!), pinch a two-inch circle from its spongy middle. Roll the pinched portion and flick it into the garbage can. Score! (You get a higher score for a greater distance, try beating five feet);

Slice a healthy chunk (maybe not healthy) from the one stick of butter you squirreled away behind her half-empty blue squirt bottle of It's Not Butter (it's definitely not!). Grab your favorite twelve-inch Teflon frypan, heavily-scratched from repeated use of the metal spatula that's in your hand (swear it wasn't you);

Turn the stove top burner to medium and then toss the butter into the pan, pushing it around with a fork like a sled on snow, (lick the fork if no one is looking). Then, once the butter is all bubbly and fully melted, place the eviscerated bread into the frying pan, and crack the egg into its waiting oculus. (I just love that word.)

Dust dashes of paprika, salt, and ground black pepper over the doomed yellow yolk encased in gooey egg-white, (to be clear, it's clear not white), letting it soak the craggy craters of the bread. Allow the bread to brown (not burn—so put down the phone and pay attention) and serve with a cup of that tasteless BOGO coffee she bought.

Voila! *Oculus Ovum*, *Egg-in-the-Hole*, *Bird-in-the-Nest*, *Hole-in-One*—a tasty portal to a cherished childhood memory of Dad's Sunday offering. My recommendation: Make two, and plan to walk an extra block this evening, if'n you can find your walking shoes, if'n it doesn't rain, if'n a game isn't on, if'n it's not too hot, if'n...(well, you know.)

~ Mark Andrew James Terry



What a blast it has been putting together this collection of epicurious poems. Now, the challenge continues, pick one and then go into the kitchen.



Nikki Fragala Barnes
FSPA Student Contest Chair

FSPA Student Poetry Contests Now Open

We are pleased to open our 2021 FSPA Student Poetry Contest! The contest welcomes Florida students to submit a single, original poem. This year, we are structuring the contest to include three divisions: Grades 6-8 (Junior), Grades 9-12 (Senior), and Undergraduates (College). Students must be enrolled in a Florida school, including public, private, home school or virtual school.

Also, new this year is that we are accepting digital submissions of your text. You may submit directly to FSPAstudentcontest@gmail.com no later than 11:59pm EST on Friday, 3 December. Submissions are open now. Complete guidelines will be available on www.floridastatepoetsassociation.org ([link](#)). Please share this invitation to participate widely.

1st, 2nd, and 3rd place awards will be given in each grade level from 6-12 and also college. Winners will be published in our annual anthology, *Cadence*, and will also receive their own copy.

Part of the mission of the FSPA is to support youth and emerging poets. We are very excited to read your work!

Keep writing,
Nikki Fragala Barnes
2021 FSPA Student Contest Chair

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

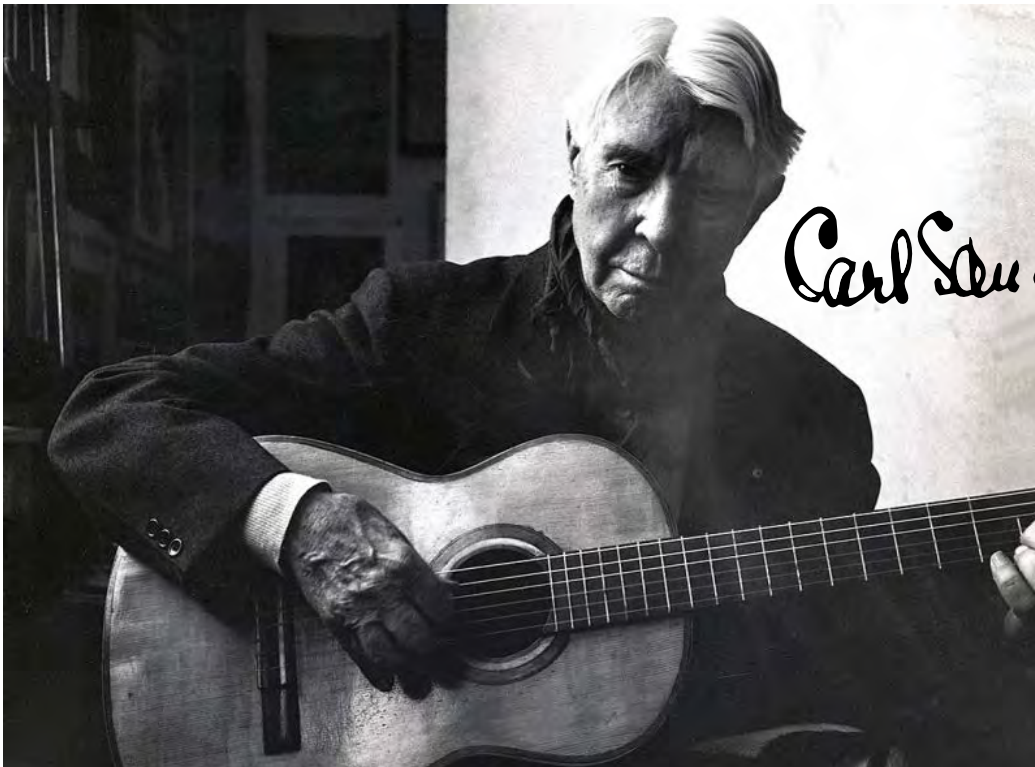


Photo by William A. Smith

He Was America

By Marc Davidson

Carl August Sandburg (January 6, 1878 – July 22, 1967) was an American poet, biographer, journalist, and editor. Scarcely ever has there been a human of such large influence on society, who made such a quiet mark on that society.

He was born in a little cabin in Galesburg, IL and in his busy lifetime moved only within the narrow circle of the midwestern states save an army stint in Puerto Rico during the Spanish-American war, until his final move, in 1945, to a farm in North Carolina. He died of natural causes in 1967 and his ashes rest under a modest monument, the Remembrance Rock, at his birth home – a fitting monument to a hidden giant.

He quit school at age 13 and went to work assembling a resume that screams everyman: milk cart driver, barbershop porter, bricklayer, wheat-field laborer, coal heaver. He spent a brief time at Lombard College in Galesburg, then returned there after his stint in the Army, but left without a degree in 1903.

Though he was a quiet man, he was a man of firm convictions which are reflected in his writings. When he moved to Milwaukee to work for a newspaper, he also joined the Wisconsin Social Democratic Party, where he met his wife, Lillian Steichen (sister of the famous photographer Edward Steichen) in 1907. During their time in Milwaukee he also served two years as secretary to the Socialist Mayor of the city. These experiences led Sandburg to observe that all of his life since had been “the unrolling of a scene that started up in Wisconsin.”

Once his voice was uncorked, though, it could not be recorked. The family moved to the Chicago area in 1912, where he went to work on the *Chicago Daily News* for a number of years. During that time he began publishing his own works. He wrote poetry and prose and collected and published folk tales and songs. During the time, Sandburg wrote *Chicago Poems* (1916), *Cornhuskers* (1918), and *Smoke and Steel* (1920). In 1919 Sandburg won a Pulitzer Prize (made possible by a special grant from The Poetry Society) for his collection *Cornhuskers*. Sandburg also wrote three children's books: *Rootabaga Stories*, in 1922, followed by *Rootabaga Pigeons* (1923), and *Potato Face* (1930). Sandburg also wrote *Abraham Lincoln: The Prairie Years*, a two-volume biography, in 1926, *The American Songbag* (1927), and a book of poems called *Good Morning, America* (1928).

In 1940 he won a biography Pulitzer Prize for the second volume of his Lincoln biographies: *The War Years*. He also won two Pulitzer Prizes in poetry, in 1919 for *Cornhuskers* and in 1951 for his *Complete Poems*.

I became acquainted with Sandburg's work as a child when we bought a record of him reading *The Rootabaga Stories*. His gentle foggy voice told these fantastic stories in a way I've remembered all my life. Once you hear a train ticket described as "a long, slick yellow leather slab ticket with a blue sanch across it" it's hard to forget. These stories were conceived by Sandburg when he felt the need for American fairy tales for his daughters, as he thought the old fairy tales with royalty and knights didn't speak to American children. So the stories are full of pigs, pastures, pepper pickers, pitch forks, and baboons, mice, umbrellas, and corn fairies.

It is unfortunate that the recordings of his reading them have become very hard to get, as they are out of print and have never been released on CD or other media. The books, though, are easily available to you. I recommend them, especially if you have children or grandchildren to read to!

Later we acquired more recordings of Sandburg reading his poetry. These, too, are among my favorite things to listen to. There are a number of recordings available on *YouTube* if you care to search. Start with this short excerpt of his album of *Poems for Children*. https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=eEyvURC_AVc

There are many poems he is famous for. I'm going to include three short ones here so you can get an idea of the wide range of subjects that caught his eye.



Fog

The fog comes
on little cat feet.

It sits looking
over harbor and city
on silent haunches
and then moves on.

Source: *Chicago Poems* (1916)



Photo by Yousuf Karsh

Buffalo Dusk

The buffaloes are gone.
And those who saw the buffaloes are gone.
Those who saw the buffaloes by thousands and how they
pawed the prairie sod into dust with their hoofs, their great
heads down pawing on in a great pageant of dusk,
Those who saw the buffaloes are gone.
And the buffaloes are gone.

Source: *Smoke and Steel* (1922)

Grass

Pile the bodies high at Austerlitz and Waterloo.
Shovel them under and let me work—
I am the grass; I cover all.

And pile them high at Gettysburg
And pile them high at Ypres and Verdun.
Shovel them under and let me work.
Two years, ten years, and passengers ask the conductor:
What place is this?
Where are we now?

I am the grass.
Let me work.

Source: *Cornhuskers* (1918)

In his later life he was awarded many prizes and honors. He addressed a joint session of Congress in 1959, in commemoration of the 150th anniversary of Abraham Lincoln's birth. He was awarded the Silver Plaque Award as a "major prophet of civil rights in our time" by the NAACP, the first white man to receive that honor.

Possibly the finest honor he received was this comment, by President Lyndon Johnson, that "Carl Sandburg was more than the voice of America, more than the poet of its strength and genius. He was America."

Some of Carl Sandburg's thoughts on Poetry:

Poetry
is the synthesis
of hyacinths
and biscuits.

Slang
is language
that takes off its coat,
spits on its hands,
and goes to work.

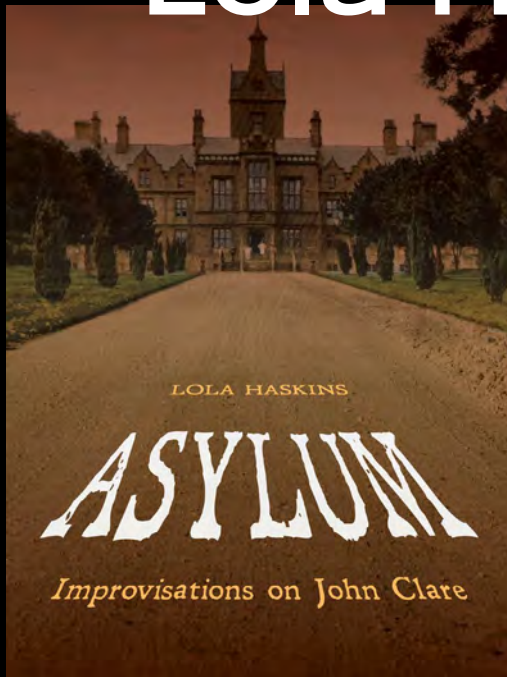
Ordering a man
to write a poem
is like commanding
a pregnant woman
to give birth to a
red-headed child.

Poetry
is an art
practiced
with the terribly plastic
material of human
language.

Poetry
is the opening
and closing of a door,
leaving those
who look through
to guess about
what is seen during
the moment.

Carl Sandburg

Lola Haskins Poetry

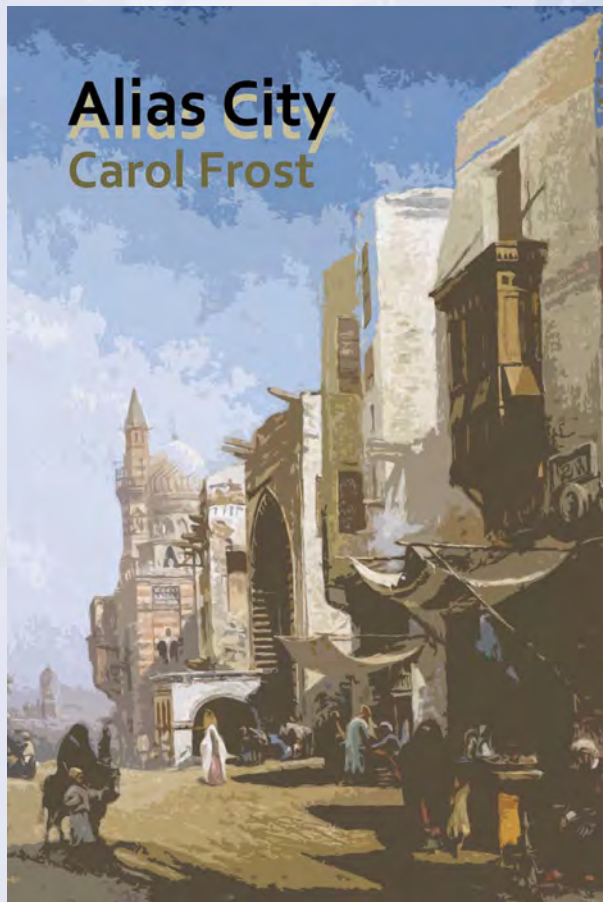


Published by University of Pittsburgh Press

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

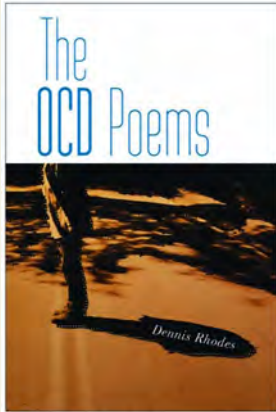


Welcome to Carol Frost's *Alias City*, which is, in the best sense of both words, the city of music.... But it is also a great city of the mind.... The hero of this book is a refugee, a survivor of World War II. She is now losing her memory, trying to recount what happened, giving us brief glimpses into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



[Link to book](#)

Book Review

The OCD Poems by FSPA Member Dennis Rhodes

Obsessive Compulsive Disorder or OCD is the underlying theme of the poems in Dennis Rhodes new book, *The OCD Poems*. This is a bold, 'in-your-face' book of poetry that seems to scream "HEY LISTEN! I HAVE SOMETHING TO SAY HERE ABOUT OCD." At first, when I was given this book to review for *Of Poets & Poetry*, I thought, "How can I relate to these poems, many of which deal with OCD, suicide, HIV?" And yet, I found I could relate. When Mr. Rhodes writes in a poem titled OCD, Explained,

"A thought in my hand as fragile as
a baby, minutes old, wailing,
slimy, survival in the balance—
every thought I have is like that
soft-skulled, impossibly tender
and every idea, a cupped handful
of water I tremble to contain."

I related to the pain and anguish of thoughts slipping like water through a cupped hand. Rhodes has written a fine collection that does not cower in dark closets or behind closed lips as he exposes his own dogged, brash style of poetry for all to read. He writes honestly and succinctly about his condition, and ultimately to what makes us all human, the need to plead for answers and to find our own humanity in the struggle. I highly recommend *The OCD Poems* as poetry and a glimpse into the world as seen through eyes filtered by OCD.

~ Carlton Johnson

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

**Free
Month
Trial
of
FSPA’s
Twelve
Chairs
Short
Course**

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

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

THE POET’S TRIANGLE CONSISTS OF: CRAFT, SCOPE, AND VOICE
WE ACQUIRE THEM IN SEQUENCE; EACH SUPPORTS EACH
OBJECTS AND THEIR MOVEMENTS DRIVE YOUR POEM
A PERFECT OBJECT IS DEFINED BY THE CLEAREST WORD
THE OBJECT ITSELF CAN BE FOUND AT THE ROOT OF ITS WORD
MORE THAN ANYTHING, POETS AND POEMS SAY SOMETHING
SENSE AND OBERVATION 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

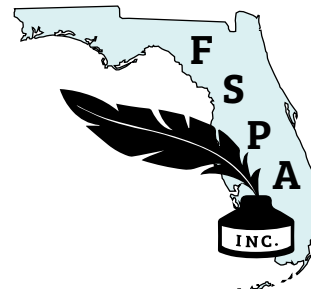




Photo by Jon Westbrook

Mary-Ann started writing poetry when she and her husband were full-time RV travelers roaming the country. Upon settling in Ormond-By-The-Sea, Florida she joined the Tomoka Poets Society in Ormond Beach and rhymed her way into being their President. Enthusiastically, also joining Florida State Poets, she served four years as Secretary and two years as President. To further her enjoyment of the poetry world she was invited to be a board member of Creative Happiness Institute in Daytona Beach where she now serves as Vice President. She is also active in other areas of her community, participating as Secretary of her Home Owners Association, Publicity Chair for AVA Happy Wanderers Walking Club, Head Usher at the Peabody Auditorium in Daytona Beach and an avid kayaker in Florida's creeks, rivers and lakes.

A POETS PRAYER

Elusive Erato
Let my imagination soar
Let my vision see with clarity
Inspire my soul to sing
Let my eyes see beautiful imagery
that I may pass on to others
Let my ears hear rhythm and rhyme
Let my heart have the courage
to speak my mind
Let my mind have the sense
to speak my heart
This I ask you
to bestow on me
a humble poet

~ Mary-Ann Westbrook

NIGHT DANCER

Fog floated in as the countryside slept
eerily, silently on nights breeze it crept
it curled around buildings and old oak trees
crawling over highways and rivers with ease

This mysterious mist had come to play
making this world all soft and gray
building tops floated like castles on clouds
their bottoms lost in cloaking shrouds

Drifting in comfort throughout the night
dampening all sound and obscuring sight
it went where it wished with nothing to fear
dancing and twirling with impish cheer

As the hours passed and dawn drew near
Its travels slowed and started to shear
The rays of heat from the morning sun
ended the roaming and magical fun

Rising and stretching towards the blueing sky
it slowly lifted and whispered by
Thinning and shredding in the rising sun
This ghostly essence reached the end of its run

~ Mary-Ann Westbrook

STOLEN INNOCENCE

Fear stares out the window, hiding
in the murky shadows of
the bedroom curtains. Its pounding
pulse rattles the glass panes trying
to escape the black menace
that holds it in. Despair echos quietly
from wall to wall

DO NOT CRY

NEVER TELL

Lost in the terror, silent tears
like silent words in a silent world
slide down cheeks not yet grown
Outside the darkness guilt
circles in a raging wind
rustling through trees
searching for the Evil that
dares to open the door
and step into the sunlight
Fear and hopelessness
hold hands peek carefully
out of Hell, hide under the bed

And wait.

~ Mary-Ann Westbrook

SELENIC PASSAGE

The silent silvery moon
rose swiftly up the
soot colored horizon
Slipped slowly across
the starry sky scattering
sparkling diamonds over
the saltant sea then slid
sleepily away from
the sneaking sunrise and
set with a satisfied sigh

~ Mary-Ann Westbrook

TWILIGHT ON THE BEACH

White caps curl
over the outer
sandbar spraying
spume into fading
sunlight
Its energy spent
the sea slides
softly over bare
Feet
Ghost crabs and
long legged birds
scatter in
receding tide
strewn seeds
searching
for existence

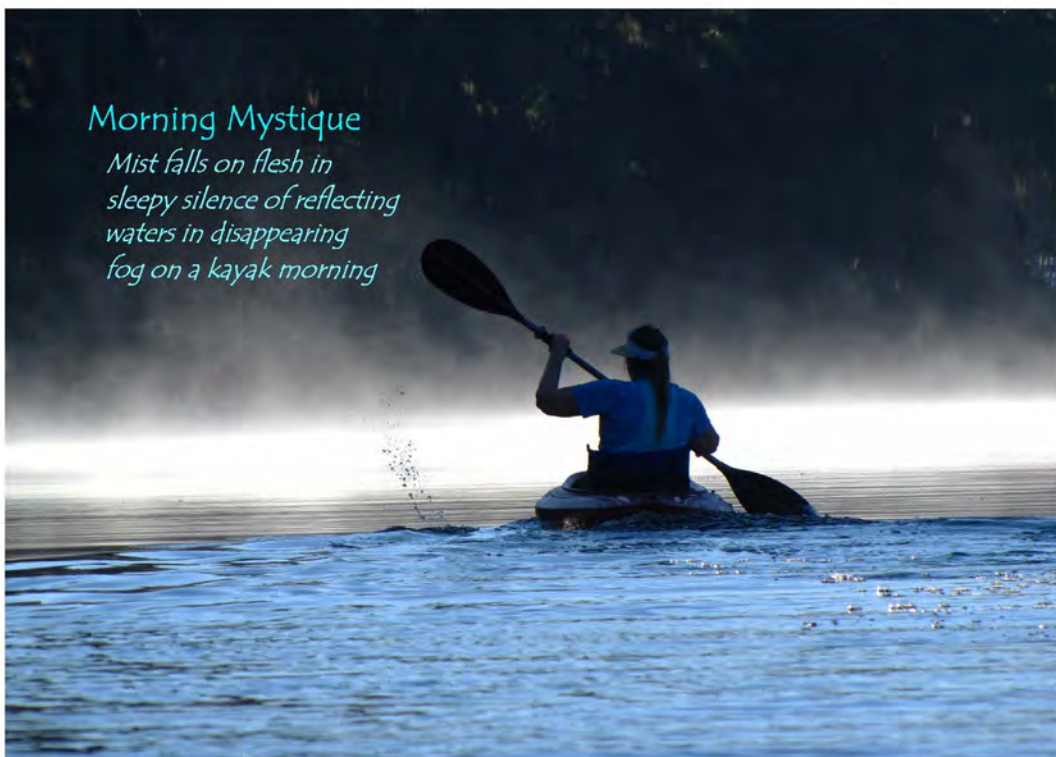
~ Mary-Ann Westbrook

WESTBROOK

POEMS BY MARY-ANN



Nirvana
*Peace is the gift for
those who drift in solitude on
a sea of dreams*



Morning Mystique
*Mist falls on flesh in
sleepy silence of reflecting
waters in disappearing
fog on a kayak morning*

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White Fox



A Collection Of
Native American Poetry
By
Howard Moon

White Fox

A Collection of Native
American Poetry
By Howard Moon

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

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

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

Available on Amazon in print and Kindle editions.

<http://tiny.cc/whitefox>

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



Of Rhyme and Elephants

by Shutta Crum

Let's take a little time and talk about rhyme. So, if I were to take that first line and divide it into two end-stopped lines of poetry: Let's take a little time/and talk about rhyme I'd have the classic end-stopped exact rhyme we were introduced to as children. Rhyme can be that simple—and that ho-hum. However, if used in a more complex way rhyme can heighten the musicality of your writing. There is a great deal one can say about rhyme. But first, we need to address the elephantine question that's lurking in the room—must a poem rhyme to be considered a poem?

Dear Elephant: We love you. However, things change with time. Western poetry is no longer defined only as lines that must be end rhymed exactly. Most poems published today do not. We're sorry. That's just the way it is. The enjoyment of wide-ranging free verse put an end to that. However, this is not to say that rhyming has died out. Oh, no! It's simply become more versatile—even a bit subversive. Let's take a look at some rhyme variations and what we can do with them.

Alliterative rhymes (assonance and consonance): Alliteration is the repetition of sounds within words. Alliteration is most often defined as repeated initial sounds (head rhymes), but its subdivisions include assonance and consonance. Assonance: repeated vowel sounds. Consonance: repeated consonant sounds. Use of assonance and consonance can give your words rhythm. And when continued into the next line, it can link the lines in a lyrical way. Look at these examples:

Alliteration: "...and the trade winds soft through the sighing trees..."

This is a line from *Caged Bird* by Maya Angelou. Why did she insert the word soft? The line would make perfect sense without it. It's because it completes a musical phrase, soft through the sighing, that separates the two T words trade and trees. It also anchors the line by hugging those two internal T words through and the between two S words, soft and sighing. That's four T sounds in one line (two TR sounds and two TH sounds). And counting the final S in winds and trees, we have four S sounds! It's a master class on the technique in a single line. (And we could go on about her use of meter in this line—but meter is a whole other discussion!)

(Continued on the next page)

Assonance: *When I forget to weep
I hear the peeping tree toads
creeping . . .*

These lines are by Ruth Stone from a poem titled Mantra. Here the long double EE plays throughout the poem without any regularity and seldom at the ends of lines. This repetition helps the poem hang together and creates aural pleasure.

Consonance: *I didn't ask
what kinds of things
hide behind black trees . . .*

These lines by Jane Yolen, from her Caldecott winning book in verse Owl Moon, repeat the hard stopped letter "K." This is appropriate as it is a bit of a scary scene for a young child going owling with her father in the middle of the night. This kind of subtle use of consonance adds atmosphere. For even more atmosphere using various forms of alliteration, all you have to do is read some Edgar Allan Poe's The Raven.

*Deep into that darkness peering, long I stood there wondering, fearing,
Doubting, dreaming dreams no mortal ever dared to dream before.*

Internal rhymes: These are rhymes in the midst of a line rather than at the end, such as these by Rowena Bennett in the poem The Witch of Willowby Wood. (Notice the alliteration.)

*here once was a witch of Willowby Wood,
and a weird wild witch was she, with hair that was snarled
and hands that were gnarled, and a kickety, rickety knee . . .*

Many poetic forms actually require an internal rhyme or two. For example, the Vietnamese Lục Bát (Check out the article on Lục Bát in the Sept./Oct. 2021 OPAP), or several of the Welsh or Cornish englynion.

Penultimate rhymes: Words that rhyme on the second to last syllable, such as roaster and toasting are called penultimate rhymes. Listen closely and you'll find this in many song lyrics. This allows for a great deal of leeway as to that final syllable. If sung, or read aloud, the last syllable can be extended/chopped/enjambed (slid into the next line), and the rhyme will still jump out to the listener. Here's an example from Bob Dylan's I'll Be Your Baby Tonight.

*We're gonna forget it.
That big, fat moon is gonna shine like a spoon,
But we're gonna let it,
You won't regret it.*

In Robert Creeley's The Conspiracy the penultimate end rhyme makes use of assonance.

*Things tend to awaken
even through random communication."*

Dactylic rhymes: Dactylic rhymes are rhyming words that have a dactylic beat (hard-soft-soft). Such as terrible and wearable. Look below at the wonderful dactylic rhymes from Nonstop in the play Hamilton. (Note that the penultimate syllables rhyme exactly in two of the words, and pretty dang close in the third!)

*Now for a strong central democracy
If not, then I'll be Socrates
Throwing verbal rocks at these mediocrities...*

(Continued on the next page)

Slight/slant/sprung rhymes: Slant rhymes are syllables/words that almost rhyme. Songs often bring two words that don't rhyme closer to each other by the vocalization of the singer. These rhymes are handy for poets who can still solidify the piece but forego an exact rhyme—knowing that our ears will almost hear it as a rhyme. For example, the two slant rhymes girl and world in Prince's song Kiss:

*You don't have to be rich to be my girl
You don't have to be cool to rule my world.*

Also, slant rhymes can be used where disruption, surprise, or an unsettled feeling is wanted. (It's that subversive ability of rhyme I mentioned earlier.) Here's an example by W. B. Yeats rhyming young with song.

*That is no country for old men. The young
In one another's arms, birds in the trees
– Those dying generations – at their song . . .*

Subversive use of rhyme: Slant rhymes can be used to shake us up a bit. In addition, there are poetic forms that might throw an English speaker/reader for a loop. Some traditional forms require the first syllable of each line to rhyme, not the final syllable. Also, there is a form called the wrenched rhyme which is rhyming a stressed syllable with an unstressed one—such as, caring and wing. And I haven't even mentioned sight/eye rhymes such as good and food. All these techniques, and more, that slightly jostle us off our feet can be used to produce surprise, humor, or disruption.

So, Dear Elephant: Although most American poetry today is not defined by end rhyme, it is still fun to jump in and play with other rhyming techniques. Wanna join me?

Some poetry/songwriting links to further your practice:

<https://www.izotope.com/en/learn/5-types-of-rhymes-you-can-use-in-your-song.html>

<https://oxfordsongwriting.com/stephen-sondheim-on-songwriting-1/>

<https://www.masterclass.com/articles/how-to-write-in-rhyme#10-different-rhyme-schemes>

And see Shutta's handout "Poetry 101," at <https://shutta.com/resources/>

About Shutta Crum: More than 100 of Shutta Crum's poems have appeared in literary journals. These include *Typehouse*, *Stoneboat*, *Better Than Starbucks*, *Nostos*, *Main Street Rag*, *Southern Poetry Review*, *Beyond Words*. Her chapbook *When You Get Here* (Kelsay Books, 2020) won a gold Royal Palm Literary Award. A nominated Pushcart Prize poet she is, also, the author of thirteen picture books and three novels. Several of the picture books are in verse including, *THUNDER-BOOMER!* (Clarion/Houghton Mifflin Harcourt, 2009) a *Smithsonian Magazine* and an American Library Association notable book of the year. In 2005 she was invited to read at the White House. To book as a speaker, or for more info: www.shutta.com.

CONGRATULATIONS SHAWN WELCOME!



Photo by Brian Carlson

The City of Orlando Announces Shawn Welcome as Its New Poet Laureate



Photo by Brian Carlson

Orlando, Florida—**Shawn Welcome** is a long time Orlando resident and University of Central Florida graduate. He has been highly involved in the Orlando community, including facilitating poetic expression since 2006 through “Diverse Word,” a weekly poetry night he launched that features local literary artists from across Central Florida. He has traveled the country sharing his gift of poetry, written NBA commercials for the Orlando Magic, and served youth and fellow poets through local nonprofits like Page 15, where he presented a “Slam

Camp.” As the City’s official storyteller, Welcome will present original poems at City events and youth activities to inspire emerging generations of literary artists and poets. He will continue and expand the city’s “Words and Wonders” Poetry Contest initiated by Orlando’s first poet laureate, Susan Lilley. The contest encourages and rewards residents who share their poetic voices.



Shawn Welcome, Mayor Buddy Dyer and Susan Lilley. Photo by Curtis McKinnon

FSPA CHAPTER NEWS & UPDATES

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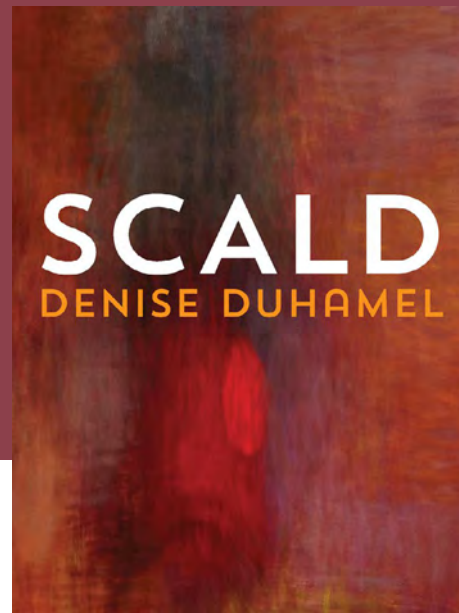
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“Denise Duhamel’s *Scald* deploys that casual-Friday Duhamel diction so effortlessly a reader might think heck, I could write like that, but then the dazzling leaps and forms begin. . . Duhamel’s sentences don’t even break a sweat, sailing on with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

UNIVERSITY OF
PITTSBURGH PRESS



Diane Neff



Elaine Person



Carlton Johnson



Peter Gordon

Orlando Area Poets

The Maitland Public Library's quarterly coffeehouse was held Friday, September 24, with the theme "Between Breaths." Writing workshops supporting the coffeehouse themes are led by **Elaine Person** on Zoom. These are scheduled on the third Sunday of each month plus some bonus sessions. The next coffeehouse will be held January 28, 2022, with the theme "Frozen in Time." See maitlandpl.org for details.

Our chapter accepted the challenge from **Orlando Poet Laureate Susan Lilley** to write "terminal poems." Thirteen poets accepted the challenge for a total of 23 poems.

The City of Orlando Mayor's office announced the winners of their nature-themed poetry contest, "Orlando Words and Wonders," in August. **Teresa TL Bruce's** poem, "Plain to Patterns: Backyard Evolution" won second place, and **Diane Neff's** haiku "Butterfly Ballet" tied for third place. The next contest highlights wisdom, and entries are due by November 19. <https://www.orlando.gov/Our-Government/Departments-Offices/Executive-Offices/Office-of-Community-Affairs/Participate-in-the-Words-Wonders-Poetry-Contest>

Peter Gordon's poem, "Little Lamb," will be published in *Oberon Magazine*. Two of his other poems, "Ben Zobrist" and "Willie Mays on the Mets," will be published by *Turnstyles, the Arts Journal for SABR, the Society of American Baseball Research*.

Carlton Johnson's poems were read on *Rattlecast* online: "The Unrequited" on August 22, and his "terminal" poem "Morning Swim" on September 5.

Elaine Person taught the Crealde School of Art's *Inspired Words* workshops in July and August. She taught Crealde@Home, an 8-week session of virtual writing to prompts and more in August and will repeat the class in October. Two of Elaine's photographs have been accepted to the Crealde School of Art night out in August at Orlando Museum of Art exhibit: "Alexander Hamilton's Great Falls National Park" and "Millie's Thoughts." Her photo, "My Old Fuel Friend" is a finalist in the London Photo Festival. Her photo, "21 N. Lucerne Circle W." was accepted for the 2022 Orlando Historic Calendar.

Lynn Schiffhorst's early reader, novelette, and middle grade novel are all in the semi-finals at the Florida Writers Association contest.

~ Diane Neff, President



Tere Starr

Miami Poets

Miami Poets summoned autumn with poetry, coloring the season with their words. We gather every first Wednesday to share poetry and inspiration at the *Miami Poets Soirée*, facilitated by **Tere Starr**. We also join **Steve Liebowitz** on second Mondays for poetry critiques. Both groups continue to meet remotely, by Zoom. In November, we're planning both virtual and in-person meet-ups during the *Miami International Book Fair*.

Achievements: **Connie Goodman-Milone's** Community Relations column and **Ricki Dorn's** "Grammar Guru" feature and President's Message appear each month in the *Author's Voice*, *South Florida Writers Association's* publication. **Patricia Asuncion** is giving poetry workshops for residents at Morningside Senior Living & Memory Care. She is hosting Live Open Mics at Cville Freedom of Speech Wall by City Hall in Charlottesville, Virginia. **Zorina Frey's** book trailer, "Thecla, A Dark Romance Trilogy," narrated by **Merv Solomon**, has been accepted in the WILDsound Film Festival. Zorina's "Breakfast in Northport" and her "Harley Quinn" screenplay have also been recognized in film festivals. **Tere Starr** continues to host virtual *Poetry Soirées* for the *Brandeis Women's South Miami Chapter*, spreading an appreciation for poetry to the community.



Patsy Asuncion

~ Tere Starr, President



Connie Goodman-Milone



Steve Liebowitz



Ricki Dorn



Ruth Van Alstine

NORTH FLORIDA POETRY HUB

When we meet: The North Florida Poetry Hub Monthly Chapter Meeting is the last Saturday of each month 2-3:30 pm. Open Forum Workshop is the 1st Thursday and Poetry Hub the 3rd Tuesday of each month 6:30-8:00 pm on Zoom. RSVP & get the link on [NFPH Facebook Events Page](#) or email ruth@North-FloridaPoetryHub.org.

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



Shutta Crum

NORTH FLORIDA POETRY HUB

Shutta Crum had two poems that appeared in the October issue of Typehouse Literary Magazine, *"The Pittance"* and *"Baptized at the Creek."* Author, Storyteller, Keynote Speaker and Educator, you can find Shutta's poetry and children's books are available for purchase, and so much more. Visit her website: www.shutta.com



Barrie Levine

Barrie Levine, one of our poets dedicated almost exclusively to the haiku form, has had work accepted for publication these past two months to include *Wales Haiku Journal*, *Cold Moon Journal*, *Stardust Journal*, *World Haiku Review*, and *Haiku Grand Prix*. She recently placed in an annual international contest with the theme of "raging seas."



Shani Hall

Shani Hall of Jacksonville, Florida published several poems these past few months; *"A Faded Rose Glory"* and *"You Are Beautiful"* published in *Joys of Aging*, July 2021 by Poets Choice, and a selection of untitled haikus published in *Tea-ku: Poems About Tea*, August 2021 by Local Gems Press. You can find them the books available on her website www.ShaniNaeema.com



Howard Moon put to press his first North Florida Poetry Hub "Poet's Pen Vol 4" limited edition poetry book, which is a unique design and collection of poems he wrote while sitting in his favorite diner observing the occupants and mulling life's deepest meanings in the way only Howard can. Be one of the first to get this limited edition offering here: <https://howmoon.com/breakfast-poems/>



Throughout the month of September, we celebrated **100 Thousand Poets 4 Change**, when poets and artists all over the world come together and raised their voices to

promote positive change for issues such as environmental, social injustice or political issues. Our **second annual virtual Open Mic** was held September 25th on Zoom and was a huge success. The programs **Open Call to Artists & Poets** and **Read-A-Poem-To-A-Child videos** are showcased on our Chapter website at <https://www.northfloridapoetryhub.org/poetsshowcase> and you can enjoy the awesome video presentations on our YouTube Channel. <https://www.youtube.com/channel/UC1rwPzQ0Wf3C-vMgwUCP-pA>



Sharon Scholl

Our member **Sharon Scholl** shares that the poetry group of “The Gathering of Poets,” who serve the Northeast Florida area, are celebrating fifteen years of activity as a critique group. They meet inside the Ponte Vedra Library the first and third Thursdays of each month at 2 pm. For information contact Sharon Scholl at accidentals@comcast.net Everyone is welcome to join. The Gathering of Poets members are also participating in the Poets, Artists, and Musicians 2021 project (PAM-Jam PVB).

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

Tune into our **Facebook Events** page to keep up to date with all the news and participate in our exciting events at **North Florida Poetry Hub** this fall. Watch for our listings on the FSPA **Zoomies** events page!

Happy Holidays from the North Florida Poetry Hub members to everyone!

~ Ruth Van Alstine - President



Mary-Ann Westbrook

Tomoka Poets

Tomoka Poets will be meeting at **David Axelrod’s** home for the next two months as our library has had to put all group functions on hold due to the level of COVID infections. Along with Daytona Beach Live Poets and Creative Happiness Institute we co-sponsored an open mic at Main Street Station in Daytona Beach. The facility is a covered open air building. Face masks were recommended. What a wonderful time it was seeing friends and hearing their latest words. Had to compete with a motorcycle or two but everyone left happy.

Congratulations to **Sonja Jean Craig** for completing the Twelve Chairs program that is an FSPA program available to all members. Sonja, we are so proud of you. We will again be co-sponsoring the 10th annual Chriskwanzukkah, December 19th, 1:30-3:30 to be held at The Casements in Ormond Beach. Join us for this multicultural holiday celebration, music, poetry, song and a Winter Solstice ceremony. We suggest masks and social distancing. To reserve your spot email Axelrod@creativehappiness.org.

~ Mary-Ann Westbrook, President



Charles Hazelip

Poetry For the Love Of It

Members continue to meet the 2nd & 4th Mondays of each month both in the 3rd floor conference room of the Tallahassee Senior Center and via Zoom. Activities include a “notable poet of the month,” a poetry format challenge, and members’ new poems. November’s notable poet is Stephen Crane. Everyone is looking forward to the holidays and 2021 issue of FSPA’s Cadence anthology.

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



Marc Davidson

The Live Poets Society of Daytona Beach

The Daytona Live Poets did not meet in September, nor did any member report anything of interest. We expect to return to our meeting invigorated from the time off and ready to poetize!

~ Marc Davidson, President



Cheri Herald

Sunshine Poets

Sunshine Poets meets on the **last Thursday** of each month at **10 am** in the **Central Ridge Library in Beverly Hills**. We study a new form each month and gently critique each other’s poems. Member **Joyce Shiver** judged for Poets & Patrons. We have been studying the **Diamante** form.

~ Cheri Herald, President



Linda Eve Diamond

Members at Large

Linda Eve Diamond was honored with an Artists Embassy International award for her poem, *Art Beats*. She was invited to read the poem as part of the 28th Annual Dancing Poetry Festival, which was presented virtually this year. Artists Embassy International has been “promoting intercultural understanding and peace through the universal language of the arts” for 70 years. Find Dancing Poetry Festival information and links at <http://DancingPoetry.com> and find the text of *Art Beats*, along with a link Linda Eve’s reading at the festival, at <http://LindaEveDiamond.com/artbeats>. (*Art Beats* was first published as a National Federation of State Poetry Societies “New York Poetry Forum” award winner in *Encore: Prize Poems 2018*.)



Gary Ketchum

New River Poets

Our chapter opted not to resume meeting in person due to the resurgence of the COVID-19 Delta Variant. We will not revisit the issue until early next year. Meanwhile, we are having valuable poetry sharing time at our monthly meetings via Zoom. With our acquired practice of successfully utilizing this cyber solution, the decision that the FSPA annual conference would be virtual was actually welcome news for many in our group. Some members who would probably not have attended due to cost or time away from home signed up for the virtual conference.

The Illinois State Poetry Society has sponsored a monthly event in Westmont, Illinois for the past decade. Yours truly was honored to have been invited to perform readings of my poetry as a featured poet at a coffee house in suburban Chicago. The format in recent months has been a hybrid of live performance on site plus Zoom connection for participants throughout the state. The program provides an opportunity for the featured guest to read six to ten of his or her poems to the assembled and virtual attendees. Some time is also reserved for other Illinois poets to share their works during an open mic.

The New River Poets wish all our FSPA poets a safe, happy holiday season!

~ Gary Ketchum, President



Janna Schledorn

Spacecoast Poets

Thanks to the dedication and flexibility of Anne-Marie Simonton, Space Coast Poets has continued meeting regularly throughout the pandemic. Anne arranged monthly meetings via Zoom and has continued to grow membership via Facebook and personal contacts. She has stepped in as our acting president. We have moved back to in-person meetings every third Tuesday from 5:15-7:30 pm at the Suntree Viera Library. We hope to continue to grow, read, and share poetry. If you want, check out SWWIM, Supporting Women Writers in Miami: <https://www.swwim.org/> On December 1, Space Coast Poets member **Janna Schledorn's** poem will be featured as the Poem of the Day.

~ Janna Schledorn, Acting President

Editor's Choice Challenge

JIMMY



Harness Draft Horses

-- inspired by Robert Bridges' poem
"The Windmill"

Breathe: inhale, exhale—electric thrill.
Out West, cowboys lasso wild windmills:
fanning farm fields spin tall, wind turbines.
So, go beyond coal, come bend your minds
humankind—wind blows clean, wind blows fair;
toes dance on green grass, lungs balloon fresh air.

Wind wafts wages to pockets, puffs profits, too;
we can count clouds, see our sky beams bright blue.
"Offshore micro-grid, 2030" reach—
even without breeze from Daytona Beach.
Man, defiles planet Earth, this is his sin.¹
Man, toils 'til God's angels hold back the wind.²

~ Shelley Stocksdale

1 Isaiah 24:5 (Holy Bible, New International Version)
2 Revelation 7:1 (Holy Bible, New International Version)

The Windmill at Argenteuil

While we studied Monet's painting
I watched your face,
waiting,
imagining wind wheels above us
fluttering shadows across the Seine.

Later on the banks of the Rhine
when you confessed your love
for me had died last year,
my heart splattered
into the water weeds.

Last night I dreamed you
hugging me,
your smile summer sunshine
reflecting off rotating arms,
wrapping me in shimmering gold.

~ Mary Ellen Orvis

In Holland

Creaking and whooshing,
windmills paddle the delicate light
that nests in soft April air.
Their sails spread this golden butter
onto gingerbread farms
lying fallow in the lowlands
and swirl gauzy gowns
over white-bosomed cherry trees
rehearsing a lusty volksdans.
Gilded drops are sprinkled
upon tidy rows of tulips
that hold up cups to catch them,
and a hazy glow settles on
herds of grazing cows
who will churn this creamy light
into edam and gouda.
When you bicycle by
on an old village path,
watch how windmills work—
creating push and moving water
while weaving patterns
of lemon-yellow lace
in the cool luminosity
of early spring.

--Janet Watson

Next Issue:

Editor's Choice Challenge

Prompt: Personification

Form: Any

Submit by: December 1, 2021

to Mark@TKOrlando.com

November/December issue

In Your Mind!

Round like a **circle** in a **spiral** like a **wheel** within a wheel
Never ending or beginning on an ever **spinning** reel
Like a snowball **down** a **mountain**, or a carnival balloon
Like a **carousel** that's **turning** running rings **around** the **moon**

Like a **clock** whose **hands** are **sweeping** past the minutes of its face
And the world is like an apple whirling **silently** in **space**
Like the circles that you find **in** the windmills of **your mind!**

Like a **tunnel** that you follow to a tunnel of its own
Down a hollow to a cavern where the **sun** has never shone
Like a door that keeps **revolving** in a half forgotten **dream**
Or the ripples from a pebble someone **tosses in a stream**

Like a clock whose hands are sweeping past the minutes of its **face**
And **the world** is like an apple **whirling** silently in space
Like the circles that you find **in** the windmills of **your mind!**

Keys that **jingle** in your pocket, words that **jangle in your head**
Why did **summer** go so quickly, was it something that **you said?**
Lovers walking along a **shore and** leave their footprints in the **sand**

Is the sound of **distant drumming** just the fingers of your hand?
Pictures hanging in a hallway and the **fragment** of a **song**
Half remembered names and faces, **but** to whom do they belong?

When you knew that it was over you were **suddenly aware**
That the **autumn leaves** were **turning** to the color of her hair!
Like a circle in a spiral, like a wheel within a **wheel**
Never ending or beginning on an ever spinning reel
As the **images** **unwind**, like the circles that you find
In the windmills of **your mind!**

~ Suzanne Austin-Hill

Notes

1. The Scream (Norwegian: *Skrik*; German: *Der Schrei der Natur*), Edvard Munc, 1893 Oil, tempera, pastel and crayon on cardboard
2. The Windmill of Your Mind, Les Moulins de Mon Coeur, French: Composer – Michel Jean Legrand; Lyricist Eddy Mornay, English: Lyricist – Alan Bergman, Marilyn Bergman, Released 1968

A Little Lagniappe:



[Haiku]

Autumn full moon flirts,
Shivering palms dip and twirl
Under westbound winds.

~ Mary Ellen Orvis

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

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

FOR SUBMISSIONS

Due Dates:

January: Due by December 1

March: Due by February 1

May: Due by April 1

July: Due by June 1

September: Due by August 1

November: Due by October 1

Submittal Specifications:

Format for text:

Microsoft Word (.doc or .docx),

RTF, TXT, or PDF format files.

Please do not embed your submission in an email.

Format for images:

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

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

Email submissions to:
mark@TKOrlando.com

IN THE NEWS

The Laura Riding Jackson Foundation in conjunction with Community Church of Vero Beach & The Center for Spiritual Care present: **NOVEMBER POET IN RESIDENCE EVENTS**

THURSDAY, NOV 11—"A Matter of Minutes"

7:00 pm: Poetry readings by Cathy Smith Bowers and Sean Sexton, Vero Beach Garden Club, 2526 17th Avenue

FRIDAY, NOV 12—AMERICA SONG—"The South"

7:00 pm: Selected poetry and music of the South, Community Church of Vero Beach, 1901 23rd Street

SATURDAY, NOV 13 — Adult Writer's Poetry Workshop

9:30 am—12:30 pm : with Cathy Smith Bowers
Laura Riding Jackson House and Pole Barn, IRSC Campus

SATURDAY, NOV 13 — Member's Celebration Event

5:30 —7:30 pm: "Decade" Anthology readings by featured poets. Reception to follow. Laura Riding Jackson House and Pole Barn, IRSC Campus

SUNDAY, NOV 14 — VETERAN'S AND MILITARY MOM'S WORKSHOP/ Poetry, Prose and Memoir

9:00—11 am : with Alabama Poet Laureate Jennifer Horne and Sean Sexton

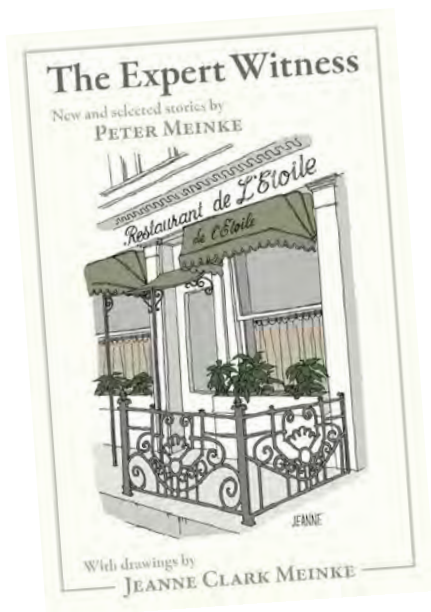
For more information visit The Laura (Riding) Jackson Foundation's website. [Link](#)



The poster features a background of lit candles. The word "Advent" is written in a large, elegant, cursive script. Below it, "ORGAN AND POETRY SERIES" is written in a smaller, sans-serif font. The text "THURSDAYS AT 11:00 A.M." is prominently displayed in a bold, sans-serif font. To the right, the schedule for December is listed: "DECEMBER 2 GORDON JOHNSTON", "DECEMBER 9 SEAN SEXTON", and "DECEMBER 16 LOLA HASKINS WITH ANDREW GALUSKA ORGANIST". At the bottom, contact information is provided: "INFO RACHEL.CARTER@CCOV.B.ORG 772-469-2320 FACEBOOK.COM/CCOV.B.ORG WWW.CCOVB.ORG". A note at the bottom right says "*FREE-WILL OFFERING".

National Endowment for the Arts: An Evening with Joy Harjo Live Online Event, December 3 at 6:30 p.m. Join the national poet laureate Joy Harjo as she discusses her acclaimed writings in this virtual program. Register and attend for a chance to win a free copy of her newest book *Poet Warrior: A Memoir*. [Link to Register](#)

The Expert Witness



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PETER MEINKE

With drawings by
JEANNE CLARK MEINKE

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



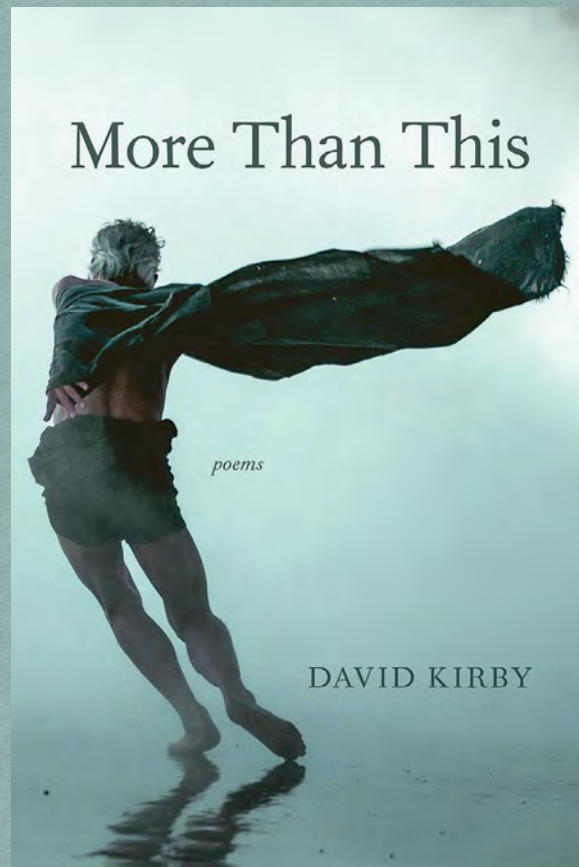
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