

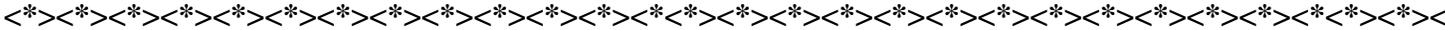


SPARE MULE



Missouri State Poetry Society Newsletter
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PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE

President's Report:



The time sneaked up on me with quiet little feet and shocked me by its siren yell today. I have been spinning thoughts of what I would like to say in my last President's Report and during my daydreams the days slipped out the back without so much as a by-your-leave. Now here I sit at the end of a work day trying to put together coherent thoughts because if you can believe it (and I really can't), it is already July 31st and Don needs this turned in already!!!! Shucks, so much for the fabulous last message. I guess I'm going to have to wing this one. It has truly been an honor to stand as president of such a great society of writers, thinkers, feelers, dreamers, speakers. I bow to the way each one of you faces our

world and let your voices be heard. I have made some valuable connections through this society- precious friendships I will value the rest of my days. I have been truly humbled and honored to be your president and I hope you each know how fabulous you are, because I just don't have the words here to tell you. Thank you all for bestowing this gift to me. It has been one of my most valuable roles I have yet been allowed to play and will continue to be one of my most cherished times. May you all have a wonderful close to our summer, I hope to see you all in September when I pass the baton to the next worthy member of our family of poets.

Your President,
Dawn Harmon

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THANKS TO DAWN HARMON FOR HER LEADERSHIP SERVICE THESE PAST TWO YEARS.

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FROM ANNA: MSPS CONVENTION PREVIEW:

The MSPS Annual Convention will be held in Festus, Missouri, on September 26 and 27 at Mercy Jefferson Hospital Conference Room A. There are four hotel/motels at the intersection of Interstate 55 and Highway A (Exit 175 of I-55). They are a Drury Inn, Best Western, Comfort Inn and a Holiday inn Express. **(SEE LAST PAGE FOR MAP)**

The program this year will be guest poet Tania Runyan who is this years poet for Southwest Baptist University's Barnett-Padgett Literary Artist Series. Ms. Runyan is a Midwesterner and an award winning poet who has several published collections including **Second Sky, Delicious Air, Simple Weight, A Thousand Vessels** and How to Read a Poem. Saturday afternoon's presenter will be Mort Levy who has served as an MSPS contest judge and has studied extensively at several prestigious workshops. He is a member of On the Edge poetry group.

There will be coffee for the evening meeting, a continental breakfast and a sandwich lunch on Saturday at the meeting venue.

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CONVENTION DATES: SEPTEMBER 26 AND 27

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GRIST REPORT

It has been a slow pace this year but the submissions are received and the poems are in the final steps of being processed. Soon we will have a completed book containing the treasures of many wonderful poets' minds and hearts. This is yet again something we can each be proud to be a part of.

There have been a few changes as our printers have sold their business and we are establishing a new relationship with the new gentle hands which help us midwife the next copy of our anthology. This has been a smooth transition and I expect to have Grist 2014 available for pick up or purchase at our convention in September. All pre-orders will still be mailed as soon as the books are received by me.

Another change to this year's anthology is our cover artist. We have enjoyed the talents these past three years of artist Deborah Dunstedter from Rolla, Missouri. This year the mantle falls to our youngest member, Noah Harmon. Mr. Harmon will provide the cover art for Grist 2014-2016. I always enjoy seeing the gifts brought to us by our new artists. Looking back over the years we have been greatly blessed with some amazing talents. I would like to thank each artist involved in the making our our anthologies year after year, both cover and contents artists alike. I am humbled to be a part of something you have helped create.

Keep your pencils sharpened, Ladies and Gentlemen, it won't be long and I will be out asking for new submissions for next year's Grist.

In the meantime, Happy Writing,

Dawn Harmon

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Chapter Report THE RIVER BEND GANG

By Sharon Gibson, Secretary Mar-July, 2014

The last few months have been productive ones for The River Bend Gang in Kansas City. In celebration of National Poetry month, Kelly Hams-Pearson, Susan Ikazaki, Anne Wickliffe and Sharon Gibson gave poetry workshops at two retirement centers. Residents discussed and listened to poetry then collaborated on their own poems. Individual members also received good news in recent months. Anne Wickliffe is being published in *The I-70 Review* and Sharon Gibson placed first in MSPS members winter contest. In June, Susan Ikazaki got to stay in Mark Twain's "hut" in Elmira, N.Y.- a part of the Ctr. For Mark Twain Studies; and Kelly-Hams Pearson completed her VONA fellowship in Berkeley, Ca. . Kelly has since learned that she will be published in the fall edition of *The Crucible Poetry and Fiction Journal*. Way to go gang!

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KUDOS

LEE ANN RUSSELL of Poets and Friends received notice from the president of Whispering Prairie Press, of *Kansas City Voices* where she had received

1st place for her Sestina "Bridges and Doors,"
and 2nd place for her poem, "Who Says Neatness Counts?"

AND for Lee Ann Russell

From Arkansas Writers' Conference

Philip McMath Award - HM for poem, "Who Cares?"

Lucille Longstreth Award - HM for short story, "Resuscitation"

MARILYN SMITH of Poets and Friends

Published a piece "McKinley Plantation in Walnut Grove, Missouri" in the summer issue of the Journal of the Ozarks magazine She also runs a Weekly column, "A Tale Or Two," in the Buffalo Reflex Newspaper.

POEMS BY MEMBERS:

Two poems by **Marie Asner**
Bombadil Poetry Chapter

The Poem Ladies

The ladies who write poems
have a special relationship with heaven
and it helps them walk leisurely through life
with notebooks and pens
watching for special signals
like the scent of myrrh on the twilight air
in a big city or the rounded edge
of a silver desert moon
with Harry James on the radio
or the first glimpse of a morning sun
reflected in dew on the rose
of a neighbor's bouquet tossed out in anger
from a lover's quarrel.

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Time Warp

The bronze of a girl archer,
forever caught in grace and agility,
arrow pointed at the angular-brushed
Dali across the room, dead center
for his turquoise painted rose.
She, once the pride of the museum,
has unspoken words formed in metal
Now? Now?

Marie Asner
Bombadil Poetry Chapter

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Three poems by **Terrie Jacks**

redbud tree

four shafts rise
arms stretching skyward
fingers seek sun's warmth
camouflaged in magenta
my redbud flowers

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buzzard on the highway
consuming – opps
becoming road kill

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Coffee Bits

Bits of coffee bean
Float in my coffee,
Solid little bits.

So when I drink
My coffee
I get a little grit.

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One poem by **Teresa Klepac**
Bombadils Chapter

Free to Soar!

Today, a sparrow came to me
and sat beside a leaf,
extolled in her sweet rising song
expanse of sky-hung fief.

She told me of her little ones,
her nest a great delight.
She knew about pure joy glide
and the ease of quick flight.

She sang of tumbled, fluffy clouds,
Warmed by the blush of spring,
The rush of air against her breast,
wind in the feathered wing.

Leaped to conquer gravity's hold.
Sparrows know no sorrow.
Gone rain, windstorm, and rimed cold
She sang of tomorrow.

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One poem by **Frieda Hoffman Risvold**
Crawford County Bombadil Chapter

In remembrance of
my daughter Kati Dettmer
who died Dec. 25, 2013,
and
my great-grandson Beau Zetsche
who died June 4, 2014,
I offer my haiku version
of the bible verse John 3:16:

God so loved the world
He gave Son that we might live
everlasting life.

Amen.

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One poem by Marilyn Smith
Poets and Friends

SUMMER FARE

Lush vegetable gardens,
Require a great deal of hard work to grow,
From seeds,
And several pardons,
For those darn, pesky things we did not sow,
The weeds.

Tomatoes on the vine,
At least one needs to be picked while still green,
And fried.
Lettuce wilted real fine,
The best was prepared by my mom Irene,
I've tried.

Hot summer's approaching,
Hurry, all those green beans need gathered in,
And canned.
Dry days are encroaching,
Water hoses used, don't let the sun win,
Arms tanned.

Some things like it real hot,
Such as zucchini, it's taking over ...
Take some!
Please ... here ... we've got a lot ...
You suppose we could ship them to Dover?
They're yum!

Filled to the brim cellars,
Sauerkraut in crocks and everything canned,
And those
Farmers' Market sellers,
Jellies, pickles, relish, all made by hand,
Sure goes.

Lots of stuff worth gleaning,
Pull dead vines, gather, remove and burn.
Use rake!
End of season cleaning,
Includes giving the old dirt a good turn.
Take break!

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One poem by by--**Pat Laster**,
Bombadil, Benton AR

Tributes

(a Harper Sonnet)
Flewellen, Belt, O'Bar, McWha, Berlin
dal Santo, Taylor, Kauffman, Chester, Zinn,
Palonis, Sander, Bible, Faires, Finn--
each someone's grandpa lately claimed by death.

Shimerka, Canamore, Barefield and Straight,
Herzog, O'Neal, Donica, Zahm, Fairwait,
Mumbleau, Hinchliffe, Galizza, Friss, Dufrait.
"The best grandpa to ever draw a breath,"

descendants say of each. Centinio,
McCrillis, Waggle, Plant, Culwell, Rossow,
Heironymus, Trux, Tekla, Kebodeaux--
surnames encompass country's varied breadth.

Obituaries trumpet last hurrahs
of family elegies for our grandpas.

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FOUR FIB POEMS by--John J. Han

Doing Exercise

At
night
I plan
to work out
early the next day.
I ski all morning in my dream.

The Best Answer

It's
not
fun to
grade tests but
today one brainy
answer makes my day: "Good question!"

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Silent and Motionless

On
the
autumn
road I pass
by a dead possum
that lies silent and motionless.

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I
kiss
my dog
on the head.

He wags his tail twice
then lies silent and motionless.

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I Ponder

In her e-mail, “a lonely pretty girl” says
that she is my destiny.

I will have
to ask
my
wife.

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One poem by Nancy La Chance

Every Summer

Every summer should taste this great:
Lemonade sipped till you pucker
Corn on the cob slathered with butter

Every summer should smell this great:
Burgers on the barbeque grill
Fresh mowed grass along the hill

Every summer should hear this great:
Kids laughing and splashing at poolside
Fireworks popping in the countryside

Every summer should see this great:
Carnival rides at the county fair
Red roses blooming by the stair

Every summer should feel this great:
Rain showers on your skin
Ice-cream dripping down your chin

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One poem by Brenda Conley
Kansas City Metropolitan Verse

The President Came to Parkville Today

Magic the wand
Magic the day
Up close and personal
Come to the park
We’ll play in the shade
But in the sun
They waited and watched

Long in the sun
A select few invited
20
No, 30
Passed under the rope

Thank you for caring
For women’s rights
You’re welcome, he said
And held her hand

A student, Missouri State
Springfield, MO
I’d like to be in the Secret Service
He smile, responded,
You’ll need to give these guys
Your application

Yes, he’s my son.
He’s so much taller than you, MOM.
I play basketball at Park University
Way to go, he said and moved on.

And me, awestruck held that hand
and said Thank You and
I’ll take this handshake down Main Street
To share with my grand kids.

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Wanda Sue Parrot (on left) sends greetings:

**as I turn eighty
my fat body and flat feet
strive for one last dance**

Love to all,
Wanda Sue Parrott
Monterey, California

MAP OF CONVENTION SITE:

