



SPARE MULE

Missouri State Poetry Society Newsletter
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FROM YOUR PRESIDENT:



Nancy LaChance

April is National Poetry Month. Do something to celebrate. In my local chapter, Lebanon Poets' Society, we sponsor a poetry contest for seventh graders and invite the winners to come and read their poems at our annual Nightingale Reading at the library. This event is open to the public. Our local members share their poetry, too.

I'm told by the weathermen that the snow is over for this season. Many of my friends have had cabin fever and are now ready to get out and do something. Has this been your case in your writing life? Are you ready to get out and do something? In just a few weeks I will be attending a poetry retreat in Eureka Springs, AR. It is a great time to meet old friends and make new ones. I will get to hear a professional poet speak on the writing craft. It is a chance to critique poems and have my poems critiqued. And I get to read my poems at a Read-A-Round.

How about you? Can you find a gathering place to work on your poetry? Keep writing and if you care to, keep sending those poems to contests.

Cordially, Nancy LaChance



CHAPTER REPORTS:

Martha M. Miller, Secretary, Lebanon Poets' Society

In celebration of Poetry Month, we will be holding our annual Nightingale Reading on April 16th at the Lebanon Library starting at 6:30 pm. It will run in conjunction with the Laclede County 7th grade poetry contest winner announcement and poetry reading. Refreshments will be provided. Lebanon Poet's Society members will also be reading some of their work and the public is welcome.

Terrie Jacks, President, On the Edge, DeSoto, Mo.

A small group of members from On the Edge braved the weather to meet at the Winsor Library during the winter. They have discussed what they have written and what they have done poetry- or art-wise, for most of us do many things. One member is a metal sculptor, Don Horstman. He has also written a new chapbook called *Color Me Funny*. It is filled with pictures and witty limericks. His wife, Carol Horstman, is an artist and has done the cover art for the Missouri Baptist University literary magazine *Cantos* for the years 2014 and will also be doing it for 2015 and 2016. She is a member of the Society of Independent Artist and exhibits at various universities and art shows. She does this along with writing poetry. John Han has had some of his haikus accepted by the *Taj Malah Journal*, *Poetry South*, and *Modern Haiku*. He read his haiku during a meeting at Mississippi State University during late January or early February. Another member, who shall remain nameless to protect the innocent, did submit a story to a publisher and received a well written rejection note in return. The note impressed the On the Edge member because it wasn't the usual refusal notice. *Easter* magazine by *Guidepost* has a poem by Faye Adams on page 4. *Easter* is a very lovely magazine with poems, recipes, stories, and pictures. Faye continues to enter and win poetry contests plus, at her book signings, she sold 21 of her books. As for myself, Terrie Jacks, I have a few credits to my name. I had published a haiku and senryu in the January online journal *cattails* and last November had a poem published in the *Oasis Journal* 2014. Several of my poems are posted on the Manchester Arts Council Facebook page honoring some of the local artists that have had paintings exhibited in the Manchester Court Room. I am sure that several of the other members of On the Edge have done something of note; like read somewhere, sent an entry to a contest or just wrote a few hundred poems in the last few months or so but they failed to mention it to anyone. They are the modest, unassuming, silent type.

Brenda Conley, President, Kansas City Metropolitan Verse

Kansas City Metropolitan Verse is celebrating the release of their ninth annual chapter anthology, *Kansas City Metropolitan Verse and Friends** Volume 9 – 2015. All volumes are available on Amazon or from the chapter co-editor, Brenda Conley. Within this year's pages you'll find a fine example of the chosen words of our chapter members. Their *Friends** also provide a story or two to tell in verse. We meet once a month and share our love for poetry by reading published works and discussing the poet, reading our own creations, and write and read a poem at each meeting. National Poetry Month will find us at a book release party, location to be announced.

Missouri State Poetry Society Winter Contest Winners

The MSPS Winter Contest has ended and the results from the judges are in. It was a good contest this year with a lot of very well written entries. Too bad we had to winnow it down to these select few. The judges had a tough time in separating the winners from the near-misses. Remember that the Summer Contest is open and we will be watching for more great poems for that contest.

Bill Lower

CATEGORY 1. RHYMED OR BLANK VERSE

Craft, Caroline Sposto, Memphis, TN
Cameos From Shells, Lucille Morgan Wilson, DesMoines, IA
Audacious Dandelion, Caroline Sposto, Memphis, TN

- 1st Honorable Mention, *Silent Conversation*, Caroline Sposto, Memphis, TN
2nd Honorable Mention, *Atoning Music*, Von S. Bourland, Happy, TX, MSPS Member
3rd Honorable Mention, *Ode to Porches*, Janice Canerdy, Potts Camp, MS, MSPS Member

CATEGORY 2. FREE VERSE

In Yoshino, Timothy Russell, Toronto, OH
The Beauty of the Beast, Barbara Blanks, Garland, TX, MSPS Member
Next of Kin, Caroline Sposto, Memphis, TN

- 1st Honorable Mention, *Submerged*, Lee Pelham Cotton, Locust Hill, VA
2nd Honorable Mention, *Fears*, Pat Laster, Benton, AR, MSPS Member
3rd Honorable Mention, *Bequest*, Caroline Sposto, Memphis, TN

CATEGORY 3. HUMOROUS

Not a Good Fit for Us, Lee Pelham Cotton, Locust Hill, VA
Driven, Lee Ann Russell, Springfield, MO, MSPS Member
Cook's Dilemma, Lee Ann Russell, Springfield, MO, MSPS Member

- 1st Honorable Mention, *Plumb Regretful*, LaVern Spencer McCarthy, Blair, OK
2nd Honorable Mention, *There was a young man from Schenectady*, Becky Alexander, Cambridge, Ontario, Canada
3rd Honorable Mention, *The Christmas Gift*, LaVern Spencer McCarthy, Blair, OK

CATEGORY 4. WINTER SUBJECT

Human Snowflakes, Gordon Smith, Hot Springs, AR
Change, Imogene Hunt, Gettysburg, PA
Barren, Dale Ernst, West Plains, MO, MSPS Member

- 1st Honorable Mention, *Winter of '36*, Lucille Morgan Wilson, DesMoines, IA
2nd Honorable Mention, *Snow*, Dale Ernst, West Plains, MO, MSPS Member
3rd Honorable Mention, *Our Solitude*, Dennis R. Patton, Alexander, AR

CATEGORY 5. POET'S CHOICE

Graven Image, Lee Ann Russell, Springfield, MO, MSPS Member
While She Slept, Nick Sweet, Shepherd, TX, MSPS Member
My Snake, John Crawford, Arkadelphia, AR, MSPS Member

- 1st Honorable Mention, *Henry Tressle*, John Crawford, Arkadelphia, AR, MSPS Member
2nd Honorable Mention, *A Heart-to-Heart Talk*, Janice Canerdy, Potts Camp, MS, MSPS Member
3rd Honorable Mention, *Legacy*, Velvet Fackeldey, Springfield, MO MSPS Member

CONGRATULATIONS TO ALL THE WINNERS!

Thank you to everyone who entered, and please enter our future contests. Remember our Summer Contest with a deadline of September 1, 2015. Entry info can be found at: <http://www.nfsps.com/mo/summer.htm> and in this issue of Spare Mule on page 11.

Missouri State Poetry Society Youth Contest 2015 Winners' List

JUNIOR DIVISION

- 1 Janae Bursey, Lake St. Louis
- 2 Baylee Crow, Mexico
- 3 Michael Pierce, Lee's Summit

Honorable Mentions

Johna Baum, Cape Girardeau
Dalyn Feigenspan, Mexico
Ashley Wuennenberg, Weldon Spring
Christian Daen, Mexico
Hope Westland, Mexico
Luis Ortiz, Kansas City
Natalie Louise Eades, Weldon Spring

SENIOR DIVISION

- 1 Tessa Valleroy, Cape Girardeau
- 2 Janay McKnight, Cape Girardeau
- 3 Ali Schrupp, Columbia

Honorable Mention

Kim Tran, Cape Girardeau
Kaitlyn Long, Mountain View
Lydia Alverson, Exeter
Hannah Wilson, Kearney
Alexander Isgriggs, Columbia
Samantha Graham, Troy
Samantha Wallace, Mountain View



POEMS BY MEMBERS

**Terrie Jacks, On the Edge Chapter,
DeSoto, MO. (3 poems and a photo)**

balloon glow

baskets on the ground
balloons all around
their bags puffed up
waiting

countdown heard
3-2-1
signal horn blasts
ho-o-o-nk
burners ablaze
who-o-osh
balloons glow



spectators
ooh and ahh!

bird beat

flicker on the feeder
hanging upside-down
giving the suet cake
a pound, pound, pound

knee crispies

the crispies in my knees
make a snap-crunch sound
causing a raspy harmony
when movement abounds

**Jean Marie Purcell, Member at Large, Eugene, OR
(2 poems)**

THE OCTOPUS IS CAPABLE OF BIPEDAL LOCOMOTION (International News Item 3/2005)

Savvy scientists tell us he can walk!
Capable of newfound locomotion,
if he, now, finds himself en-coiled in
salty and unsavory commotions

while tromping all squiddishly a-stalk
hopping 'round the bottoms of some oceans--
maybe he's fallen prey to, embroiled in
sinister bipolar induced notions.

HAIKU

Between me and you
I don't like haiku

It's a bit TOO-TOO
Ideas are few

Syntax askew
In my grim view

Those few who do
It drives high-cuckoo

**Teresa H. Klepac,
Crawford County Bombadils Chapter,
Columbia, MO**

Electric Faith

I believe Faith is like electricity
When you turn it on, it's magic
and drives out the darkness.
Love sprinkled generously
sweetens everything,
covers a mound of imperfections,
and heals a soul weighed down
by worry and regret.
Hope builds a better bridge,
even if you can't see across the chasm.
Look up when bowed down
by life's burdens.
It makes the crossing easier
when you can see where you're going.
I believe angels sing and dance
in starlight and we are made perfect
by Grace that we didn't earn
or deserve. I believe forgiveness
mends the heart of the broken
and sacrifice is not for the weak.
God's voice can be heard in the
flutter of a sparrow's wing lifted
on aromatic breezes. He whispers
your name.

Rebecca Stallard, Kansas City Metropolitan Verse

Sometimes writing poetry can be totally fulfilling;
Partly because words enter your mind and you are willing.
Artists write fast and poets write strong !!!!
Recently, some words
Entered my mind and I knew they were not wrong

Much to my surprise, my poetry companions did the same.
Uncanny verse turned words into a game.
Love, peace, hurt, pain, and ... insight.
Every word that came arrived when the time was right.

Frieda Risvold, Member at Large, Des Moines, WA

where goes searching mind
looking for inspiration
to the library

if mind is barren
you can cultivate fresh thoughts
read seed catalogs

when the mind is blank
where do new thoughts congregate
in works of others

**Thomas Laurence, Honorary Member,
Ypsilanti, MI (2 poems)**

THE SEASONS

When you are with me these scenes beneath the trees,
shocking winter ennui into startling green to give us pause,
later wear into such matter-of-fact passing that we make note
of our indifference. Along these streets decked out to celebrate

seasons, we feign a shudder as ghaisties and ghoulies chant
their way to mysterious homes they hope will be haunted.

When electric icicles hang from gutters, trees bloom in the snow
and in living rooms, making us wonder, sometimes in awe,

at such gauche demonstrations of faith, strengthening ours
in each other. We don't always agree, when we take our tours,

on the changing of seasons; you see death in the leafless trees,
the barren bushes, and I find still-life patterns, tracteries

of bare branches that hold beauty while making solemn declarations
that what we had, we will have again with all the coming seasons.

HOLDING TO SEASONS

The only thing that doesn't rush is time
when measured by the coming of the green
of spring, the varicolored fall, the sheen
of icy winter. Seasons change, but I'm
not finished with the one I've come to know;
the summer, autumn, winter, spring hang on
for their apportioned time, and when they're gone
I'm ill prepared. I hate to let them go —
and I don't need to, right away, because
the drawn-out changes leave me time to say
good-bye at leisure which is nature's way:
enforcement by degrees of steadfast laws.
In other aspects, life accelerates;
the coming of the seasons always waits.

**Janice Canerdy, Member at Large
Potts Camp, MS (4 poems)**

Spring

Are those little birds I see now
soaring in the skies above me?
Itchy, weepy, bloodshot eyeballs
strain to see spring's scenes so lovely.

Fragrances of March and April,
gifts sweet springtime now delivers,
permeate my faucet nostrils,
turning streams to raging rivers.

Benadryl is coursing through me,
bringing respite from the season,
rendering me semi-conscious,
itching not, but lacking reason.

Hours from now when I am lucid--
no more groggy, med-head feeling--
symptoms will return with vengeance,
Sneezing fits will set me reeling.

Happy

Fay was quite different from the rest of us.
When I was growing up, I heard folks say
her type just "wasn't right." Some even dared
to use the blunt and cruel word "retarded."

When I first saw her smiling, childlike face
and watched her run and play with five-year-olds,
I felt so sorry for this woman-child.
My sympathy, I learned, was misapplied.

Her glowing innocence and love of life
were evident in every game she played.
Each day she sought the opportunity
to spread her joy to all who crossed her path.

So often those who lack the happiness
and special, wholesome wisdom Fay possessed,
oblivious to their own plight, maintain
such pity for the ones who just "aren't right."

Dreamdance

Come to me and hold me close
The dreamdance music is ours
We are young and empowered.

We will glide forever
unhindered by the shadowy, merged figures
that trudge around us in unison.

Please don't wait for them to join us.
They cannot hear our special music.
Fearing the misstep, they refuse to dance.

They're like a string of paper dolls
made from a pattern,
rising and falling as one.

Come to me. Lead, or we can be equal.
We have to soar above the rest,
refusing to be entangled.

Come back to me. Let's dance now.
The music is fading;
soon it will be just a tinkling sound!

As I watch you drift away
to join the paper-doll string,
I see your eyes go dull, your smile fade.

You beckon to me, saying,
"Come to me" in your dying voice.
I refuse to fill the spot reserved for me.

Shakespeare

Should I emulate the master?
How can I do that?
All attempts to imitate, I
Know, will just fall flat.
Each endeavor, amateurish,
Surely heads for doom,
Perpetrating waste of hours.
Effort's rose won't bloom!
All this pain speaks truth to me:
Relish freedom. Don't you see
Ev'ry bard can't Shakespeare be?

**Bill Lower, Second Tuesday Chapter and
Honorary Member,
Fair Play, MO**

THERE IS A FIFTH DIMENSION. . .

Cutting through the country
on old Route 66
seeking to uncover a safe adventure.
Pretty much between nowhere
and the back of beyond.
Siri's in-dash insistent cousin
announced, scolded and warned.
An oil pressure drop.
Throbbing red instrument panel,
implying imminent catastrophe,
and strangely setting off
"Danger, Will Robinson" mental vibes.

Dropping velocity,
scanning the horizon
fore and aft
for the non-appearing
traveling Samaritan, Good
or even slightly helpful.
Not on this road,
not this time.

Destiny? Grasping for a sign,
Lo! Just past Plew. Perfect!
Tense went past. A road sign up ahead,
between light and shadow,
promising just down this graveled lane--
BOB MCAUBB BODY SHOP.

Inertia gave its all,
and served up a rolling stop
with a final wheeze and stall
at Bob's curious little shop.

Revealed—a disappointingly cute twisted nomenclature.
No grease monkeys here.
But hanging from
hooks, trellises, and netting,
an assortment beyond telling.

Prosthetics unleashed and unbound.
Hands up, down, and all around.
Shoulder to fingertip, some.
Others from elbow, a few from the wrist.
Scattered as if for seasoning,
an occasional calf to toe.

Bob (so it said above his pocket)
inquired from the opened door,
"Need a hand there, Buddy?"
Sorry, sorry, bad joke there.
Step inside, we'll call a tow"

Marveling, the detail and exactitude
of the limbs and digits,
yet--
they all bore the same individual cachet.
"Yes, yes," Bob explained,
"My dear, dear wife, Bette.
Such delicate, but perfect features!
Even her lifecasts never did justice.
Now she's passed, and make do I must"

"Never mind me, now to the phone.
Just follow me, dear Sir.
Right through this old locker door,
That's it, come on in, don't mind the cold.
Hang out with my Dearly Beloved, Mrs. McAubb
from this moment on.
And your perfectly proportioned, well-formed
phalanges will live on and on.

**Faye Adams, On the Edge Chapter,
DeSoto, MO**

WE WELCOME SPRING

After rain obscures her face,
After the snow blanks her eye
After the temp drops subzero
her turn comes to light the sky

Her gleam slices away gloom
glows in diamond dipped dew
Her light glints on every twig
as though the world is born anew

Branches sway to scatter raincoats
Birds feel it and raise their song
My heart thumps in metered rhythm
knowing this is where I belong

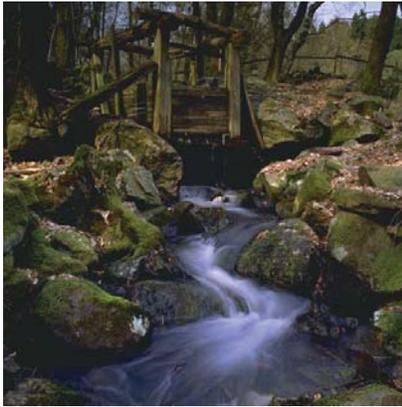
Treating this dirt in my garden
like a poem forming in my hand
with letters dripping one by one
through my fingers into the sand

Fat red tomatoes, green leafy kale
language measuring what is true
that singing birds and warm sun rays
may of themselves mix happiness brew

**Brenda Conley,
Kansas City Metropolitan Verse**

mom,
can you see it? royal blue
floating on the breeze
royal blue the waves
royal blue your eyes
the basket is filled to overflow
stones thrown can't be unthrown
kindness from your heart to mine
buds, bloom, then old they are
she said, my grandma can
surely make them grow
coreopsis seeds in a tiny fold
thinking of you
spring around the corner
love,
your

darling daughter,
maybe you could come on home
to be together one more day my pleasure.
love,
mom



**Ralph Acosta Kansas City
Metropolitan Verse**

Running

Running.

Alone.

Start easy.

Overcome inertia.

In motion.

Muscles moving.

The world starts to slide by.

Running.

Running.

In a crowd.

Adrenaline.

The gun!

In motion.

Crowd moving.

Breaking free.

Running.

**John J. Han: On the Edge
DeSoto, Mo. (3 poems)**

Three Poems by Song Soo-kwon (b. 1940)
Translated from the Korean by **John J. Han**

Eating Alone

It is sad to eat alone—
a spoon,
a pair of brass chopsticks,
the clatter of dishes under the light.

After washing a bowl,
I put it upside down.
It looks like a burial mound.
How many times in my life
will I be able to put this empty bowl
upside down?

The waning crescent seeps through my window.
A plate just fell
to pieces.

Water Flower

Years have passed,
I wonder if I should forget you now.
Again today, I come to the Chaeseok River shore and throw a stone.
The river convulses all over.
It's because the scar is so deep.
It's because the scar is so big.
A stone floats and draws a flower on the water.
It has lost its fragrance, color, and smell,
so I wonder if I should call it a water flower.
Again today, I come to the Chaeseok River shore and throw a stone.

Yi Cheong-jun's Hat

Anyone who has seen the river wind
blow away a hat knows this.
Tangled in the wind, the silver hair looks desolate,
he has no choice but to see his hat float down the river.
With no chance to recover it from the water,
he realizes his life is waning like the disappearing hat.
Startled, the old man stops casting a line into the river.
He sees the hat float far away
until it vanishes without a trace.
The lone sandbank on the other side of the river is ablaze in the setting sun.

Note: The poems above will appear in the collection *Eating Alone and Other Poems* (by Song Soo-kwon, translated by John J. Han, forthcoming 2015).

Karen Knauss Bailey,
Lebanon Poets' Society,
Blanchard, OK



Prayer Candles in the Orchard

Peach trees
blossom-laden

spilled their sweetest fragrance
into an early April day
that warned

of a killing freeze
rushing in with cold north winds.
Haste was made to build

huge bonfires that burned
through the long and sleepless night,
like bright prayer candles

glowing
in the orchard.

With warmth from a new dawn,
tiny green peaches soon revealed
precious
life.

Earth Dwellers

Pieces of shard, bone, seeds,
fibers and talismans
reveal hunters, farmers,
weavers and believers

hundreds of years long past.

Hundreds of years long past

from now, what artifacts
unearthed will speak for us—
what will posterity
learn from our Hatten Mounds.

Marilyn Smith, Poets and Friends, Springfield, Mo.

Cleave poem:

A late winter storm
floating to earth
getting deeper and deeper
at least a foot already
I am so tired of snow.

- with fluffy white snowflakes
- accumulating
- forming a white blanket
- to protect the tender plants.
- Can spring be far behind?

Pat Durmon,
Crawford County Bombdils Chapter,
Norfolk, AR (2 poems)

Homestead, Long Gone

Bone-rock chimneys,
neglected fields,
bright daffodils—
wildly prosperous,
spilling like water
downhill.

Too quickly, we drive past
yellow ruffles
flaunting fragrance,
waving trumpets.

To a passer-by with half an eye,
it's unforgettable,
what's left behind
by a bodiless house.

Flooding

I witnessed it
soon after the dogwoods budded.

The river in its unapologetic way
swelled and splashed through thickets
along the banks and pecked away
at roots and runners
of thick canebrakes leaning east.

Then, sickening words
came from the radio:
more rain was headed our way.

Conversations became short;
eye contact grew scarce.
High waters ran here and there
over roads and into basements
with a menacing growl, spreading
fast with a terrible freedom.
And yet, that same noise
mesmerized
you and me.

A funeral could not have made us
more hollow.

Rich Eskew: Poets and Friends,
Springfield, MO

Thinking's Adieu

We gather, now, my enlightened friends
With scant moments afore the pyre.
Already the lamp oil stains by seep
Through leather covers of our attire.

Our crime of heresy contains no truth,
Our trial vacant as blackened dour.
What sorcery on our vellum varlet
Has brought us to this final hour?
Philosophy you should have known.
Theology why did you not give warn?
Friend Truth where did you falter,
That from our shelves we are torn?
Mere moments left before the balefire
Inspired by Waldensians and Cathars.
We shall share the blazing kindle
Our knowledge alone with the stars.
Faregood, my once-time companions
As I, Thinking, bid thee farewell,
May the heavens write my eulogy
While the angels tear a death knell.

Martha M. Miller, Lebanon Poets' Society (2 poems)

Easter Eggs

Spring is Yellow...
as the bright sunlight
fuzzy chicks and daffodils

Blue...
as the clear pastel sky

Pink...
as the redbud, catalpa
and peonies blossoms

Green...
as the new grass and budding leaves

Purple...
as the crocus
violets and irises

Peach...
as the glowing cheeks
of joy-filled children

White...
as newborn lambs, dogwoods flowering
and fishermen's gins

Gold...
as the goose's egg

Silver...
as the flash of mirror from the convertible
with its top down

And gray...
as the April storms that bring May flowers

Martha M. Miller, Lebanon Poets' Society

Mama's Flower Garden

A place of beauty and peace
where busy minds can find sweet repose
relaxing in the breezes filled with a myriad of scents
feeling the warm sunlight filling you with contentment
while planting or admiring the variety of blooms
filling you soul deep with joy and rejuvenation

In the Spring the warm sunlight and cool breezes
showcase the popping of daffodils and hyacinths
the gentle advent of the purple crocus
red buds, dogwoods and lilacs
tulips gently opening with colors of laughter
the bursting blooms of plunging peonies
the vibrant variants seen in the irises
and the dancing of startled orange poppies

Summer brings forth honeysuckle
climbing clematis covers the archway of the garden gate
crepe myrtle reaching for the sky in cones of glory
roses seen in saturation and profusion
the purple butterfly bush drawing in the butterflies
trying to rule indulgently filling its little corner
hibiscus and day lilies add their voracious contribution
impatiens and geraniums annually added with love
filling empty spaces and wooden flower pots
sunflowers voluntarily growing from Cardinal feed
birds flitting and bees bouncing from blossom to blossom

Migration into Fall with a changing color pallet
to shades of red, gold and burgundy
brilliant burning bushes from fuchsia to crimson
mums and marigolds flourishing in the cooling breezes.
Flowers begin to wilt and fade
except the roses.....
still throwing buds as the first frost feathers the ground
attempting to leach color only to magnify the spectacular
with a glazing of ice crystals that emblazon
brilliance and fragility as the sun strikes sparkles
sending them bouncing blindly into the sky

Finally comes Winter and all fades to hushed secrecy
awaiting the blanket of snow that inevitably falls
dancing lightly through the air like thistle in the breezes
covering everything in wedding cake icing white.
There is beauty in the icicles that drip drop from boughs
amplified in the weak wintery light.
Diamonds glimmer like tiny blue flames in the moonlight
with reflections of dazzling star bursts.
Renewal sleeps silently in replenishment
awaiting the warmth of sunlight and Mama's sweet call.

Mama's garden is a place of beauty and peace
where busy minds can find sweet repose
relaxing in the breezes filled with a myriad of scents
feeling the warm sunlight filling you with contentment
while planting or admiring the variety of blooms
filling you soul deep with joy and rejuvenation

John Crawford, Member at Large, Hot Springs, AR

Tall, Gold Daffodils

Tall, gold daffodils
Shine in early morning sun
All killing winter.

You Are the Sun

You
Are bright
Like the sun,
Sometimes hidden
But always shining
Sharing your energy,
Giving your bright light to all
Who need their darkness broken up,
Like pretty pinks bursting forth from seed.
For this I love you -- you will always be.

The Hummingbird Holds Sway

The hummingbird is one of nature's gifts.
A tiny thing, it flits through azure sky.
One wonders how its wee wings move it on --
How many times they beat to make them fly.

I watch them come to feed in morning light.
With fluttering wings they circle back and fro.
They slip their beaks into the colored pool
And in their turn they put on quite a show.

One sometimes slows its wings and perches low
But keeps on dipping, sipping with each sway.
In awe one wonders how it holds so much --
For it and others come back day to day.

Man often thinks the strong are those on top,
But sometimes small things win with just a hop.

**John Wheeler, Poets and Friends Chapter,
Springfield, Mo. (5 poems)**

The Sad Child

Days begin and end, yet remain
unaltered by the changing season.
Leaves in red, gold and brown fall all around.

The sad child considers his empty wagon.
He wonders why the storybook says,
"love is good" when all he feels is hurt.

His breath forms small clouds in front of him
while growth pauses in unchanging days.
Thinking simply, but honestly, a slight
smile resurrects his face.

He begins placing leaves one by one
into his empty wagon, slowly collecting infinite feelings.

love-unaware

love, silent
deeper thoughts,
than ordinary,
fear unaware.

**John Wheeler: Poets and Friends
Springfield, Mo. (continued)**

Above the Clouds

Out the window I see blue curds of moisture
dancing on currents of air until they coagulate
at the dawn horizon into scalloped clouds.

Below, I see gray blue earth highlighted by
meandering silver blue strands of water,
broken in places by the hands of people
wishing to impede progress in life's cycle,
creating silver tongues of flame shaped tributaries
waiting their chance to find big water.

Occasionally we meet travelers headed other directions.
The speed of our passing allows no thought of greeting.

Today this speed is a gift serving my needs, yet
I long for slow friendly thoughtful encounters.

Broken

We were part of the dirt.
Life came to be with a kiss.
The universe was created.
To let the light out, it was broken.
Life happened because of love.
The world is full of broken things;
broken people, broken children,
broken hearts, broken....

Often times we pass things on
which we did not want to give.
We are broken.
We break in return.
How much brokenness can a universe carry,
before it decides it can endure no more...

Break for break, hurt for hurt, invites
more until only chaos exists.
I have hurt and broken others.
I will try to do this no more.
We were dirt.
We have been kissed.
Life happened because of love.
The world is full of brokenness.

Thinking about Warm

Thinking about (I was)
when warm was warm (once)
holding you (myself)
wrapped in fibers (totally)
enclosed, cocoon, (woven)
thinking about warm (to you.)

**Mike Perkins, Member at Large, Columbia, Mo.
(2 poems)**

Tumbling

in the dream
disguised as
a tumbleweed
I bounced and turned
rolling over
and over
blown this way
and
that way
tumbling rootless
in dark open spaces
thru the void
colliding into
the odd rock
some cactus
once even
a discarded tire
spin gliding
up and down
graded dunes
rocked gullies
slipping and sliding
bouncing
in the purple
shiny of black
we call nite
a thing of
no free will
but rather
the confluence of
natural history
physics & climate
leaving no trace
arriving at
faux destinations
then I rolled
one last time
into the free fall
of awake
twisted in cotton sheet
burial shrouds of bed
where I briefly pondered
who I was
where I was
if I was
colliding with
that brief
abstract of
deconstructed
dream truth
that is the clarity
which dissolves
in sunlight
when consciousness
comes forth while
dreams fade
during the
coming back
to this world
from

the little death
of sleep
knowing that for just a moment
I glimpsed reality
outside of
my control delusions
where I
bounce and turn
rolling over
and over
blown this way
and
that way
tumbling rootless

I Do Care

your side of the bed
with panties and bras on the
floor
where you park your car
the schedule that weaves
in and out of my life

with the two girls
I sometimes overhear your
mysterious conversations
interpreting me and other
confusions

your coming and going
the routines which define our
borders
like matzo ball soup
challah rising on Thursday
lighting the candles on Friday
your laughter at my jokes

you think maybe sometimes

I don't notice
which is true
please though
don't think
I don't care
I am just not
very good at it yet





KUDOS

NEWS/EVENTS

Faye Adams, On the Edge, DeSoto, MO

Reports that she just published an article, "Play the Game to Win," in *The Writers' Monthly Review Magazine*, and received notice that several poems will be published in the 2015 issue of the MBU literary publication, *Cantos*. Editor: our own Dr. John J. Han. Faye Adams also won a contest sponsored by the Jefferson County Library System (seven branches). It's an annual poetry contest, which has student categories. Her poem *A Flighty Fluff* won in the adult category.

Marilyn K. Smith, Poets and Friends, Springfield, MO

Marilyn K. Smith reports that she appeared on KOLR Ozarks First TV in January and she also spoke to the Joplin Writers' Guild in February. Speaking opportunity, on her books "A History of Highway 65, from the middle of the road" and "A Window Pane Inn, and other short stories," March 5, at the Polk County Historical Society, in Bolivar, MO. Marilyn and her husband, Terry, have been asked to portray Mr. and Mrs. Clyde Cathey, gas station and cafe owners, for a documentary, the "Triple Garage Robberies," that will be filmed in Fair Grove between now and the end of May. The robberies took place March 9, 1932. It's possible that the documentary will air on PBS TV. There will be a special premier at the Fair Grove School later this year. She will also be at a book signing opportunity, for local authors, at the Cherry Blossom Festival, Thurs., April 23, at the Marshfield Christian Church and another book signing opportunity at the Fair Grove car show, in May. "My Inheritance," is included in the book "Ellen, a collection of stories and essays, in honor of Ellen Gray Massey." She was asked to write a short piece for "Missouri Humanities Council," magazine, on her Highway 65 book. She also writes a weekly column, "A Tale or Two," in the Buffalo Reflex Newspaper.

Lee Ann Russell, Poets & Friends, Springfield, MO

Lee Ann Russell has two photographs, *Swan Song* and *Alien*, accepted in the Twentieth Annual juried Senior Art Exhibit sponsored by the Gerontology Program at MSU and displayed at Juanita K. Hammons Hall for the Performing Arts, March 18-April 9. Also, entries in the Missouri State Poetry Society Contest received awards for:

- 1st place for "Graven Image" in Poet's Choice;
- 2nd place for "Driven" in Humorous;
- 3rd place for "Cook's Dilemma" in Humorous

Karen Kay Knauss Bailey, Lebanon Poets' Society, Blanchard, OK

Karen reports that she was named POET LAUREATE - 2015 Poetry Society of Oklahoma, and will be the Featured Poet at Shelton House Museum, Waynesville, NC, June 13, 2015. She has Readings and Book Signing for Last Shot Fired event and a Poetry collection, *The Thorny Truth and Their Civil War*. She also won First Place- PRA National Poetry Day, Haiku Award (Poets' Roundtable of Arkansas).

SAVE THE DATE -- MSPS ANNUAL CONVENTION

Plans are underway for the MSPS Annual Convention, which will be held September 25-26, 2015, the last weekend in September. Check the MSPS Web Site for more details and look for information regarding the convention in the August 2015 *Spare Mule*. Information will be finalized at the next MSPS board meeting.

MEETING SCHEDULED: The MSPS Board Meeting is scheduled at the Rolla First Baptist Church on Saturday, May 9th at 10:00 a.m.

PLEASE NOTE: There has been some confusion as to members and dues. It is vitally important that each chapter not only send their dues but a list of members with their addresses. The MSPS treasurer and secretary coordinate this information.

In honor of Sherlu Walpole, one of the world's first Pissonnetees, who died at 90 in Springfield last December, Wanda Sue Parrott is sponsoring a special memorial Pissonnet/Sonnet contest, deadline in May. If enough entries are received, two \$100 awards and various discretionary awards will be given. E-mail Wanda Sue Parrott for information at amykitchenerfdn@hotmail.com. May the muse be with you.

Wanda Sue Parrott



Spare Mule is a publication of the Missouri State Poetry Society, and is published January, April, August and October.

Missouri State Poetry Society Summer Contest 2015

- Deadline:** Postmarked September 1, 2015
- Format:** Submit two copies of each entry, category number and category name in the upper left-hand corner of both copies; poet's name and address in the upper right hand corner of one copy. If you are a member, put "Missouri State Poetry Society" below your address. Put "Non-member" if you are not.
- Limits:** Poems may be 40 or fewer lines. They may be unpublished or previously published if the poet retains the rights to the poem. Poet may enter each category as many times as they wish. No poems will be returned.
- Categories:**
1. Rhymed verse or blank verse (unrhymed iambic pentameter), any subject, serious or humorous.
 2. Free verse, any subject, serious or humorous.
 3. Humorous verse, any subject
 4. Summer subject, any form, serious or humorous.
 5. MSPS members only, poet's choice
- Prizes:** \$25, \$15, \$10, and three honorable mentions in each category.
- Fees:** Non-Members pay \$2.00 per poem. Members pay \$1.00 per poem.



Include SASE for a list of the winners, or check the October issue of Spare Mule online for a list of winners.

Membership: If you do not belong to one of our local chapters but wish to join the Missouri State Poetry Society, pay the \$13 annual member-at-large fee and enter the contest by paying member's reduced contest fees.

Mail Poems and Fees to: Velvet Fackeldey,
2310 W. Chesterfield Blvd. #A101
Springfield, MO 65807

ANNUAL STATE ANTHOLOGY -- GRIST 2015 SUBMISSIONS!

It's that time of year again. Please submit your poems for inclusion by no later than **May 30, 2015**. Send your contributions to:

Dawn Harmon or by e-mail to inafieldofdaisies@hotmail.com. All submissions must include:
Editor - GRIST Poet's Name, City/State, Chapter Affiliation, and Lifetime Membership (if applicable).
351 Oak Road All poems are limited to 35 lines with 60 characters per line including spaces.
Cuba, MO 65453 You may purchase your copy of GRIST 2015 by mailing checks made payable to MSPS to the address listed. Copies are \$8.75 each if pre-ordered. Any copy ordered after **May 30, 2015 Deadline** will be \$10.00 each. (See the flyer sent with this edition of Spare Mule).

SUBMIT A POEM REGARDLESS OF WHETHER OR NOT YOU WANT TO BUY A BOOK

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