



SPARE MULE

Missouri State Poetry Society Newsletter
Vol. 18, No. 3 www.mostatepoetry.com August 1, 2015



Strophes, the national newsletter, is available online at <http://www.nfsp.com/> Click *Strophes* online.

FROM YOUR PRESIDENT:



Nancy LaChance

Hope you have saved the date – September 25 and 26 in Springfield. Our annual Missouri Poetry Convention will take place at the Library Center off South Campbell Ave. Remember to bring your poems for a read-a-round.

I had the opportunity to attend Author Unknown in Bolivar. This is a group of talented students who don't mind being critiqued. I have become part of an online critique group and it has been a good experience for me. I would encourage each of you to find your own critique group if you are serious about improving your poetry.

We are in the midst of record rainstorms and floods. This can be good fodder for a new batch of poems. Have you written one of these yet? My "rain" poem was about the leaky roof in a kitchen.

Will you plan to enter a poetry contest or submit a poem for publication? What fun when mail arrives that you placed in the contest or that your poem has been chosen for publication.

Cordially, Nancy LaChance

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New Web Site Address for MSPS

www.mostatepoetry.com

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

MSPS PUBLICITY CORNER:

Hopefully your summer is going well, and that you have written some fine poetry. As Publicity Director one of the things that I often do is remind folks of our poetry contest, especially our youth contest. I was very happy to hear that one of our young Missouri poets; Dalyn Frigenspan of Mexico Middle School, Mexico, Mo., placed in the top ten (First Honorable Mention) in the Junior Division, of the Manningham Trust Student Poetry Awards. Congratulations to Dalyn and his teacher, Laureen Mattson. I would like to add my name in congratulations to all our winners at every level, and thanks to all the students that entered and their teachers as well. I was also pleasantly surprised at an annual event that I was invited to read at over the years. Tessa Valleroy of Cape Central High School, Cape Girardeau, Mo., First Place Winner in our youth contest, in the senior division, was in attendance, along with her teacher, Abigail Beckwith -- a fellow poet -- who had also participated in the event many times. The young lady is a very promising poet, and I was delighted to hear her read, as well as giving our contest a "plug" -- her word not mine. Three Rivers College, in Poplar Bluff, Mo., holds the annual poetry event in April for poetry month. The event this year was named after Gordon Johnston, a former member of MSPS and the moderator of the event for many years; he retired from the college a few years ago. They invited us both back this year -- especially to honor him; me because I was a long-time participant.

I had always brought handouts with me when I read at the event, covering the things pertaining to college students, but also the youth contest information as well; because at times there were high school students in attendance with their teachers. Of course, I always mentioned MSPS in general as well. So the work does pay off, I am happy to say.

I want to again add my encouragement to please enter our summer contest, if you haven't already -- again, it really helps out with our financial viability. Also, if you haven't already, start making plans to attend our annual convention in September. I will be traveling to the St. Louis area next weekend and will post our convention flyers. Hopefully everyone that can will post them in their area as well.

Looking forward to seeing you all at the convention!

Dale Ernst
MSPS Publicity Director



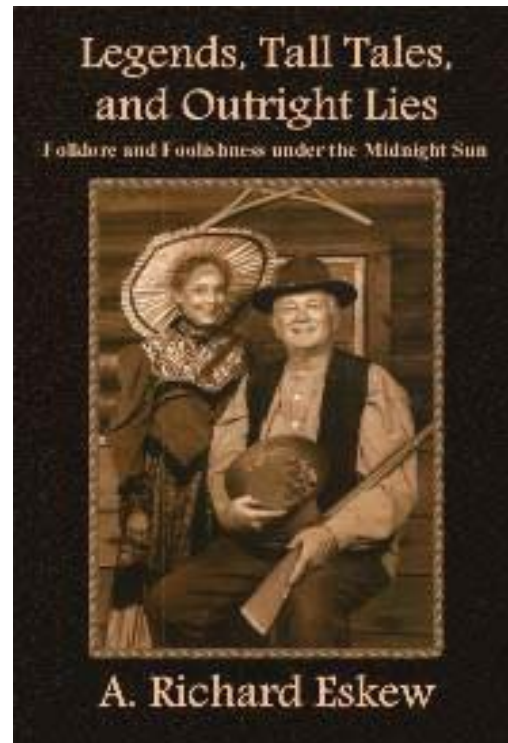
2015 MISSOURI STATE POETRY SOCIETY CONVENTION SPEAKERS



Marilyn Nelson
Award-winning Poet
National Book Award Finalist
Recipient of the Frost Medal

Marilyn Nelson is the author or translator of fifteen poetry books, including, most recently, *How I Discovered Poetry*. She is also the author of *The Fields Of Praise: New And Selected Poems*, which won the 1998 Poets' Prize, *Carver: A Life In Poems*, which won the 2001 Boston Globe/Hornbook Award and the Flora Stieglitz Straus Award, and *Fortune's Bones*, which was a Coretta Scott King Honor Book and won the Lion and the Unicorn Award for Excellence in North American Poetry. Nelson's honors include two NEA creative writing fellowships, the 1990 Connecticut Arts Award, a Fulbright Teaching Fellowship, a fellowship from the J.S. Guggenheim Memorial Foundation, and the Frost Medal. She was the Poet Laureate of the State of Connecticut from 2001-2006.

Robert Service Presentation Rich & Gloria Eskew



In 2014 Shoppe Foreman Publishing released Rich Eskew's *Legends, Tall Tales, and Outright Lies*

Poet and novelist, A. R. "Rich" Eskew was born in Texas, raised in Missouri and re-settled in Alaska. He is a world traveler and lived and worked overseas for fifteen years.

"At age eight, I was imprisoned by the works of Jack London and Robert Service, the two men who eventually carried me along to the Yukon and Alaska and gave me a start to the real adventures of life!"

A modern-day adventurer, Rich has survived in the Alaskan wilderness, trod the Silk Road in the footsteps of Marco Polo and traveled from the heights of the Himalayas to the sands of Rub' al Khali on the Arabian Peninsula.



2015 STATE CONVENTION

Sponsored by

Missouri State Poetry Society

And

Springfield Poets and Friends



Conference Schedule

FRI DAY, September 25th

5:00 to 7:00 p.m. *Registration*

6:00 to 7:00 *Social Hour*

7:00 to 8:00 *Speaker*

Mari Lyn Nelson, PhD

"Poetry Reading by Mari Lyn Nelson"

Winner of the 2012 Frost Medal from the *Poetry Society of America*

8:15 to 8:50 *Read Around*

MUST BE OUT BY 9:00 PM

SATURDAY, September 26th

9:00 to 10:00 a.m. (*Harrison Room*) *Board Meeting*

9:00 to 9:30 a.m. (*Auditorium*) *Continental Breakfast*

9:30 to 10:15 *Read Around*

10:15 to 10:30 *Break & Set Up*

10:30 to 11:45 *Workshop*

Mari Lyn Nelson, PhD

"Tips for Writing Better Poetry"

11:45 to 12:00 *Break & Book Signing*

12:00 to 12:30 *Read Around & Set Up*

12:30 to 1:00 *LUNCH*

1:00 to 1:30 *Contest/Honorary Award*

1:30 to 1:45 *Break & Set Up*

1:45 to 2:00 *Business Meeting*

2:00 to 3:00 *Robert Service Presentation*

Rich and Gloria Eskew

3:00 to 4:00 *Read Around*

MUST BE OUT BY 5:00 PM

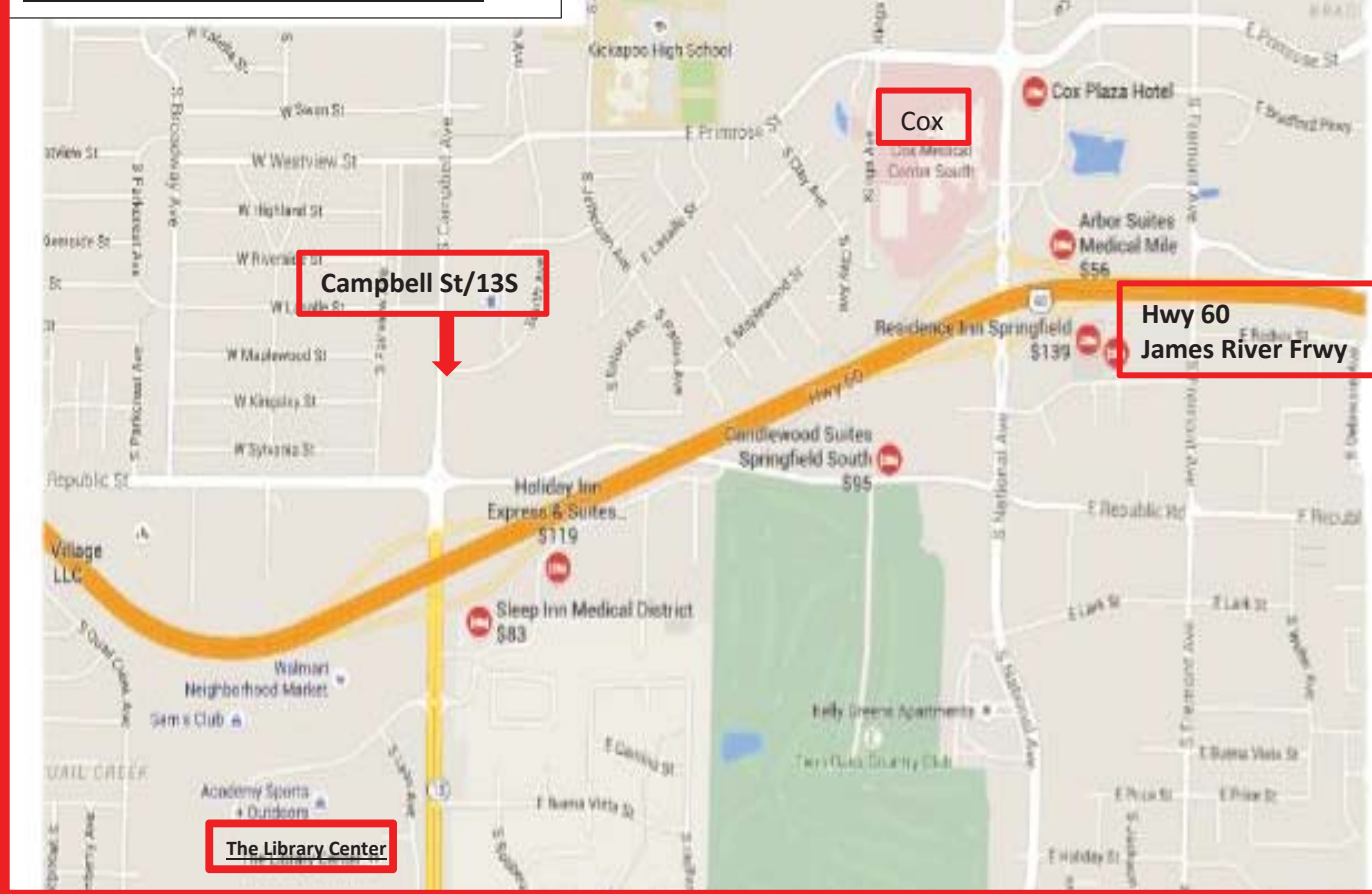
The Missouri State Poetry Society and Springfield Poets and Friends

present

The 2015 Annual MSPS POETRY CONVENTION

at The Library Center in Springfield, MO September 25th & 26th 2015

Map of Location and Nearby Hotels



The Library Center
4653 S Campbell Ave
Springfield, MO 65810
(417) 882-0714

M J Becco, Chairman
(417) 818-5056
mjbecco@hotmail.com

Nancy LaChance, President
lachancenancy@outlook.com

Reservation Return Coupon—DEADLINE--September 18th

Number Attending Conference..... # _____
Lunch Reservation (on site) \$10.00 X _____ = \$ _____
[Pay by Check _____ (Enclosed) or At Registration _____]
Number of 1/2 tables needed for display of Books, etc. (No Charge) _____

NAME/ADDRESS _____

Email address: _____ Phone: _____

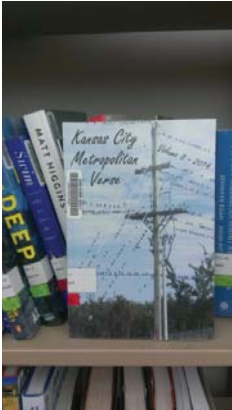
Reservations may be made by email--MJBecco@hotmail.com. Please include all information above.

Mail to: M J Becco, 3025 N East Ave, Springfield, MO 65803 417-818-5056 {Leave a message.}

NEWS/EVENTS



KUDOS



Brenda Conley, President, Kansas City Metropolitan Verse

A copy of Kansas City Metropolitan Verse Anthology vol. 8-2014, appeared on the shelf of the Fairfield, Iowa Library. Really! Right there on the new book shelves.

We are proud to announce Volume 9 made a very successful release in April. It is a good read with talented poets and hopefully will find its way to a library near you.

Lee Ann Russell, Poets & Friends, Springfield, MO

Poets Roundtable of Arkansas Monthly Contest for June 1st place for *Etheree*, "Tranquility." Poets Roundtable of Arkansas: Mary Harper Sowell Contest: Honorable Mention for "Estate Sales," and Verna Lee Hinegardner Contest: Honorable Mention for "Who Says Neatness Counts?"

Lee Ann gave a poetry reading at the Arts Rolla, S&T Department of Arts, Languages and Philosophy and the Missouri Arts Council Annual Community Poetry Reading at PoetSpeak in Rolla, Mo., in celebration of National Poetry Month in April.

Jennifer DiCamillo, Poets & Friends, Springfield, MO

Jennifer DiCamillo was inducted into Strathmore's Who's Who 2015 and given honorary lifetime membership because she has won over 200 writing awards and published (not self published) over thirty books. Strathmore's lists the up and coming individuals in various fields, and by so being recognized as an outstanding writer, poet, and motivational speaker, she is honored quite highly among her peers.

Velvet Fackeldey, Crawford County Bombadils, received Honorable Mention from Lucidity Poetry Retreat for "Geometry From the Air."

CONTEST

Lebanon Poets' Society 9th Annual Poetry Contest

Deadline: Postmarked by Dec. 4, 2015

FORMAT: send two copies of each poem, include category and name of poem on both copies in the left corner; on one copy include name and address in the right corner.

LIMITS: poems should be 36 or fewer lines. Poets may enter as many poems as they wish in any category. Poems will not be returned. Poets retain the rights to their poems.

Enclose a self-addressed stamped envelope.

CATEGORIES:

1. Rhymed or blank verse, any subject
2. Free verse, any subject
3. Poet's choice: any form, serious or humorous

FEES: \$3.00 per poem. Make checks payable to Lebanon Poets' Society

PRIZES: \$25, \$15, \$10, and honorable mention in each category.

Mail Entries to:

Nancy LaChance
14940 Hwy 64
Lebanon, MO 65536



CHAPTER REPORTS:

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

On the Edge has been meeting regularly at the Windsor Library on the Second Friday of the Month. We busily discuss what we have been doing and try to improve what we have written. We shared the things we submitted. Many of us made submissions to the Missouri Baptist University literary magazine, *Cantos*. It recently has been published. Just want to congratulate all who submitted and were published. Keep up the good work. (Now, who was it that told the story about doing what to ???)

Bill and Faye Adams had poems accepted for the Cahaba River Literary Journal, and Faye had a poem published in a book on poverty, edited by Deborah King, plus two poems published in the Spring/Summer issue of *Galaxy of Verse*, edited by Barbara Blanks. Faye's poem, *Sweet Reward*, took first place, with publication in *GOV*, in Marcella Siegel Memorial Contest. Two other poems won honorable mention in the same *GOV* Spring/Summer Contest.



POEMS BY MEMBERS

Dewell H. Byrd, Member-At-Large
Central Point, OR

SEA WASH

The sea stacks part
A butterfly breeze.
Young gulls stitch
A hollyhock sky.
Plovers roam the foam line
For slack tide bounty.

I wait knee deep
In slow water.
Waxing waves escheat
My feet.
Waning flow denudes
My toes.

My breath comes slow...
Inhale, exhale,
I wait for a sign,
A sense of order---
Purpose for my life.

Frieda Risvold, Member at Large,
Des Moines, WA

SOMEDAY

Will you point out the tree house
that you built before I could climb?
Will you show me the path
where the elderberries grow?
Can we walk along the railroad tracks
that run beside the stream,
where the "big one" always got away
at the secret fishing hole?
May we float with the river's current
until we're just above the falls?
You said you'd show me
all these things
---someday---
but the day has come and gone.
Today you sleep eternally
under a blanket of flowers.
If I lie down beside you
can we count the stars again?



Pat Durmon,
Crawford County Bombdils,
Norfolk, AR

In My Neighbor's Yard

All day at home alone under hooded clouds.
From a window, I stand and watch
two deer dancing on back legs, feeding
under apple trees with upstretched necks.
Soon, another doe and fawn walk up
the narrow path from the river and pause
until someone in the distance drops
a galvanized bucket hinged to chance,
breaking the fragile spell, urging sixteen
delicate legs to scatter together
toward steep green woods.

John J. Han: On the Edge, DeSoto, Mo.

How to Write Bad Haikus: A Parody

A haiku is a
Seven-five-seven poem.
Of prime importance

Is the number of
Syllables—again the rule
Is five-seven-five.

This is the process
Of writing an "A" haiku:
Create a title

That dictates what kind
Of lines should follow. Compose
A full sentence of

Only seventeen
Syllables, arrange it in
Three lines, sprinkle some

Beautiful words in
It. Use figures of speech like
"Red as a rose." It

Will impress the reader.
Also, be honest enough
To say something like

John J. Han Author's Note:

The noun word haiku is both singular and plural; haikus is not a word. The parodic sequence above identifies some common mistakes in haiku written by those who are unfamiliar with the conventions of contemporary English-language haiku. Below are two online resources that provide concise, helpful tips on how to write haiku:

St Jacques, Elizabeth. "Haiku Tips for Beginners." 2001. Accessed 28 May 28, 2015.
<<http://startag.tripod.com/HkTips.html>>

Welch, Michael Dylan. "Ten Tips for Writing Haiku." Accessed 28 May 2015.
<http://www.haikuworld.org/begin/mdwelch.tentips.html>

Faye Adams, On the Edge Chapter,
DeSoto, MO

Poems these days are few
I have almost nothing new
Just one tiny 4-line brew
In a form called Clerihew

Not much of a scoop
Tends to slightly droop
But keeps me in the loop
Posted it on Poetry Soup

POET (A Clerihew)

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow
wrote verses ringing mellow
affording noteworthy fame.
Everyone knows his name.

"I am really sad,"
Because haikus are poems
Of self-expression, too.

You should not forget
To CAPITALIZE the first
Letter of each line,

Add exclamation
Points to express strong feelings!,
End the poem with

Some kind of advice
Or exhortation, because
A poem must teach

something'. Also, the
Poem should be easily
Understood. Life is

Busy, poets should
Not burden readers with a
Double entendre.

After all, haikus
Are cute and funny poems
Suitable for kidz.



**Faye Adams, On the Edge,
DeSoto, MO (3 poems)**

Cry Out Loud

I cry for their pain.
They cry alone,
hide their tears

They stepped up --
did their duty,
fought for freedom,
took the hit.

Cry with them,
cry out loud,
they need your tears.
Cry.
Cry out loud.

God's Good Morning

Morning's soft tread
stealthy as a mouse
not even birds stirring
to greet a new day.

Sound inside supplied
by the furnace fan, pushing
air to every corner and closet.

Deck floor, three shades darker
from raindrops peppering, timid
as the kiss of snowflakes.
Front flower garden presents
lush and green when wet.

Reading assignment --
begin the book of Matthew
and poetry from Cantos.
Calm enlarges core,
peace is cumulative.

Thunder rumbles and builds
rolling across the sky as if
God is taking a morning walk.

"I Love a Rainy Night"

The beat of the old song
sets our feet to tapping
out the rhythm.

Whether it's Shift Work,
Back Track, or Stray Cat Strut,
the dance fever hits
when the music sounds.

In rows of four, or five,
we move in tandem;
first left, then right,
our feet performing a symphony
of sound, our bodies a ballet
of movement, our minds
dancing on the high wire.

**Bill Lower, Second Tuesday,
Bolivar, MO**

SWOLLEN HEAD

Lucy the intrepid
cocker spaniel quadruped
whose heretofore main role
was digging fruitlessly for a mole
and yipping sharp and funny
on finding a nestling baby bunny,
challenged a slithering beast
in the weeds to the east.
Her head mightily did swell
but now again all is well.
After engaging the indigenous red adder
she now knows compared to rabbits it is much 'badder'
And unless she wants again powerful druggie meds
to leave alone all angry copperheads.



**Bob Martin,
Second Tuesday,
Bolivar, MO**

THE STRONG WIND

The strong wind
Bends the branches
Flutters the flags
Waves the weeds
White caps the water
Musses the hair
Pushes the slice
Transports the dust
Scuds the clouds
Slams the doors
Dries the clothes
Billows the sails
Complicates the pop-up
Drifts the snow
Loosens the shingles
Fuels the greetings
Sings the wires
Calls the restless
Rolls the trash cans
Piles the leaves
Hunches the shoulders
Spins the vanes
Spooks the deer
Flies the kite
Lifts the skirts
Rearranges the furniture
Bares the trees
Whispers the pines
Shapes the Badlands
Stirs the imagination
Inspires the poet.

**Jeff Alenbrand,
Second Tuesday,
Bolivar, MO**

WHERE THE HEART IS

Grandpa's been gone almost three years now,
Grandma far over twelve. Yet as time passes
it seems like I miss them more and more.

I still have the memories, but there won't be
any new ones. The farm where he was born and
that they shared for 38 years is still there, as is the
house in town that they bought after selling the farm.

But those dwellings belong to other families now,
and I'll never set foot in them again and even if
I did it wouldn't be the same. Yet Lenox, Iowa,
that lovely little town of not quite 1400 will always be mine.

As I walk those streets my memories of all those
summer visits come alive: the stores, the old Christian
church with its aroma of polished decay, and chocolate
malts in the drug store that is almost as old as the town.

All of these are precious to me.

Even the graveyards with the stones bearing the names
of my ancestors, most of whom I never knew, are special
in their own way. All these things combine to provide a
sense of place, a link to the past that can never be broken.

I've never lived in that town, yet Lenox will always be my home
in a way the other places I've lived in can never be. For the old
saying couldn't be more true: Home is where the heart is.

**Tom Padgett, Second Tuesday,
Bolivar, MO**

THE VISIT TO THE PSYCHIATRIST

The only time I visited a psychiatrist
I left his office feeling cheated
because he told me what I already knew.

"We share a common fault," he said.
"I could be the patient seeking help
and you the doctor dispensing it."

He then proceeded to discuss everything
less exciting than head colds resulting
from disputes within his own marriage.

I did not take the job that was offered--
perhaps I found the job unchallenging;
perhaps I found the doctor boring.



**John J. Han: On the Edge,
DeSoto, Mo.**

Four Sets of Not So Serious Haiku
(Adapted from various oral sources)

Thwarted Trip

Two country people
bound for the Walt Disney World
saw the sign that read,

“Walt Disney World Left.”
Disappointed and saddened,
they turned and went home.

Sweet Revenge

The phone blared at 4:00
in the morning—it was a
call from a neighbor,

who complained, “I just
can’t sleep because of your dog’s
barking.” “Thanks for your

call,” this man said, and
then obtained his neighbor’s phone
number. At 4:00 next

morning, he called the
neighbor, saying, “Sorry, but
we don’t have a dog.”

L.A. versus California

Two Korean men
finished touring L.A.
Man A said, “I am

glad we saw this great
city. Now let’s visit our
next destination:

California.” Man
B replied, “I hope it is
as good as L.A.”

San Francisco

Two Korean men
were sightseeing San Francisco.
Having visited

it before, Man A
felt superior, asked Man
B smugly, “My dear

friend, how do you like
San Fran so far?” “I truly
love this place,” Man B

humbly replied.
Man A said, “Wait, and you will
marvel at Cisco.”

Note: When Koreans pronounce “San Fran-
cisco,” they tend to pause after “Fran,” not after
“San.”

Paul Rauch, Second Tuesday, Bolivar, MO

All I seem to hear these days is a lot of racist news.
Blacks on whites and whites on blacks and other colors too.
No one seems to be a human being anymore.
It’s more take from the rich and give it to the poor.

The leaders that we count on have more interest in
Lining their own pockets, not helping fellow men.
Knuckle down and buckle down and don’t you touch our pay
‘Cause we’re important people. At least that’s what they say.

Caviar and prime rib seem to be their fare.
While hot dogs are what we eat, and we must never dare
To reach above our station, for we must never think.
That we deserve to wear clothes of silk and mink.

All men are created equal the Declaration says,
But all we hear today is there’s no way.
We all want to be given a special kind of place.
We’ve forgotten we are all part of the human race.

JFK once said a certain famous truth:
Ask not what you can get; ask what you can do.
So, pull your hand back in and stand up on your own.
For a man to be a man, the man must stand alone.

Janice Canerdy, Member-at-Large, Potts Camp, MS (2 poems)

The Good Times

The twenty-somethings watch the clock.
They bide their time till it strikes five.
The work day’s done. It’s time to rock,
and suddenly they come alive.

They rush away into the night
to meet their friends and have some fun.
The world is theirs. The stars are bright.
Their nightly party has begun.

The sixty-somethings bide their time.
They’re worn out and the clock seems slow.
The thought of rest is so sublime,
and home’s the place they long to go.

Their nightly party is a meal,
a little TV, bath, and rest.
That warm, soft bed holds great appeal,
and early bedtime is the best.

The young and wild, the old and tame--
they all pursue one basic goal.
Although their lifestyles aren’t the same,
each wants to LET THE GOOD TIMES ROLL!

**Terrie Jacks, On the Edge
DeSoto, MO. (3 poems)**

Messy Eater

Can’t eat my lunch
Without spilling on the floor,
Confound these meatballs
That one’s out the door.

Canadian Forest

long, lean trunks
knitted together
peaks of green
reaching for the light
lodge pole pines

Break Fast

Arose this morning
in time to break fast
sorry to say
I came in last.

“ It’s Not Too Late”

They found each other late in life
and now embrace their golden years.
They spend their days in peace, not strife,
and face sunset with smiles, not tears.

Each brought to the relationship
vast wisdom earned through trying days.
Each dealt with disappointment’s grip,
but now they bask in sun’s bright rays.

The simple things that mean so much--
an evening walk, a gentle kiss,
a quiet meal, a loving touch--
are parts of their own special bliss.

Kind talks and actions keep them strong,
for words and deeds go hand in hand.
Each day is a delightful song,
and life for them is never bland.



**Troy Reeves, Poets and Friends,
Springfield, MO**

Trees are Somewhat Like Us

They eat, they drink, they feel, they breathe.
They stand fast. They reach down deep
And reach up high. They are bathed
By April rains. They have enemies:
Red-headed woodpeckers, bag worms,
Web worms, blights, lightning, sleet,
Wind, ice, hail, endless drought,
Merciless heat, the withering sun.
They get wounded, sometimes terribly,
Ordinarily by humans with hand saws,
Chain saws, pruners, axes, and chains
Latched onto old pickup trucks – just
Folk doing the best they know how
To make things better, make the earth
More beautiful, improve values.
Trees rebound or succumb, though
They tend to roll with the punches,
Bend, recoil, rally, and bolt back,
Always in the direction of life.
Just as dying animals look for darkness,
Dying trees, like us, look for light.
Sometimes even the strongest break
From the weight of it all. Like us,
Trees just live their lives: get born,
Grow up, reproduce, and, eventually,
Die. Even in death they leave their
Legacy: roots, stumps, and trunks,
Ringing out the history of their lives
On and on for years, centuries, eons.
Some simply rot, crumble into dust,
But, if we're lucky, they petrify.
Trees do all these things, but they
Do not ponder, worry, or wonder why.
They never philosophize. If trees could
Only learn to think, life as we know it
Would come to a screeching halt.
Thank God trees do not think.

911

Abandoning hell,
A young woman,
Beautiful and strong,
Blesses herself
With the sign of the cross,
Spreads her arms
And leaps –
A perfect 10.

Susie Reeves, Poets and Friends, Springfield, MO (2 poems)

A Slice of Paradise

*Dedicated to my best friend from the seventh through
Twelfth grades, Susan, daughter of one America's most
famous poets. The Five Fighting Furies for Freedom
were a group of girls in the eighth grade who didn't
want to play baseball but played horses instead.*

The twinkle and tinkle of the crystal stars
And the boom of the silvery moon
Cascading down like falling fish
Flashing in a mighty, misty waterfall.
I see the progress of the spotted horses
Running from post to post,
Making their way to the glittery coast.
Susan is riding and taking the lead
Of the Five Fighting Furies for Freedom.
No one can stand before this valiant band,
Galloping through the mountains, darting
In and out of the gusts from the diamond dust.
Neighs and whinnies sounding like jangling pennies,
Manes and tails flying like sideways sails.
Sprinting up the ragged, rocky peaks – and there
Getting a true view of this slice of paradise
Where once we held fast and got what we asked.
But, knowing this – we'll be back soon
To hear the tinkle of the crystal stars
And the boom of the silvery moon.



**Teresa Klepac, Crawford County Bombadils,
Columbia, MO**

The Wren and the Flower

I don't live a life of want
Neither of hunger or longing.

The wren perches on a twig.
His song is a bright trill.
He doesn't give a fig
if it is blue sky or gray.
His wings lift him.
His song soars.

Solomon never dressed so fine
as the fiery day lily
that stretches toward the sun
no petal wrinkled in worry.

Star gazers bow to no one --
I envy the moment.
Open my eyes that I may see.
Lift my heart that I might be
as free as the wren and the flower.

Where the Tall Grass Grows

*A poem about my sister, brother, and
Me as children on a great adventure*

Beginning with the ending of a
Big and wondrous day
Of childhood – being in a place
That we came to at our own pace,
Resting in the tall grass over our heads –
Some we squashed down to make lovely beds.
In our grassy rooms lying curled
Merging with the natural world
There also intertwined the unity
Of a conspiracy among just us three.
Having walked away from the place of civilization
We came to the incredible realization
That our legs could just take us
To an adventure in the wilderness.
So, home we had left behind for a great mystery
And the excitement of a grand discovery.
Reaching the top of the big bluff
We found that we had climbed enough.
Huge boulders and flat rocks there we found,
Then giving the place a good looking-around
We saw what appeared to be
Letters engraved in the rock by my sister's knee.
With squeals of excitement we dug
Off the dead leaves and the mud.
There we found the name every kid knew.
We saw a date carved there too.
My sister, being old and bright,
Thought the date looked quite right
For the time when in history
Daniel Boone was in our part of the country.
After the time of excitement had past
Down the hill we did run really fast.
There we found a secret place hidden from view.
We wondered if Daniel had found it too,
A lovely little waterfall with a cave behind.
The small pool and stream were another find.
Then out into the sun we came again,
And so on quite a bright whim
Down the hill we started to roll.
Then we began to go really slow
Because the tall grass we did hit.
So we just slowed down to a sit
And started our crawling rooms to make
Where naps we did eventually take.
But we awoke with stomachs rumbling.
We ran down the big hill stumbling
Heading for home no more to roam that day,
Hoping Mama had not noticed we had been away.

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!

Poetry submission **deadline extended!** Please submit your poems for inclusion by no later than **August 6, 2015**. Send your contributions to:

Dawn Harmon or by e-mail to inafieldofdaisies@hotmail.com *. 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.

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

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