



# SPARE MULE

Missouri State Poetry Society Newsletter  
Vol. 18, No. 1 [www.nfmps.com/mo](http://www.nfmps.com/mo) Jan. 1, 2015



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



## FROM YOUR PRESIDENT:

The hustle and bustle of Christmas is behind us. Hope you all had a nice holiday. As we move forward into 2015, try getting out of your comfort zone.

How much fun is it to enter a poetry contest? But what is even better is when you get that letter saying you were a winner. If you never enter, you can never win. Take advantage of the contests posted in *Strophes* and *Spare Mule*. I have even experimented with new forms and styles which are categories in some contests. It will stretch your mind.

Nancy LaChance

Look for a place to publish one of your poems. You know we have to toot our own horn at times. It is called marketing. *Spare Mule* is one place you can be published. We will not publish any author until he or she tells us to.

I will be traveling around the state to visit our local poetry chapters during the year. I just attended Poets and Friends chapter in Springfield. During their meeting, they announced winners of the poetry contest they conduct each year.

We need to keep the arts alive. How can you help? Recruit new members, hold poetry readings, and encourage your members to keep writing. Until next time, *Nancy LaChance*



## CHAPTER REPORTS:

### Brenda Conley, President, Kansas City Metropolitan Verse

Kansas City Metropolitan Verse is on winter break from our regular actual meeting but connect virtually. Literally. Poetically. Daily. Through Facebook and email all or some of our membership "meet" and share our love for poetry. Snow nor sleet nor gloom of night will stop these poets from their passion.

Many of us met in October at the Unity Temple on the Plaza to hear/see Billy Collins. Ralph Acosta wins the prize for most miles driven to attend a reading...KC to Fairfield, Iowa and back in one day to share this experience.

Frank Adams, kcmetroverse VP, was nominated by the American Association of University Women- Kansas City Branch- for the Thorpe Menn Award for Literary Excellence for his latest two books of poetry.

At the present we are compiling our 9th annual chapter anthology to be presented at a launch party celebrating National Poetry Month. Hooray for Spring! We look forward to Spring. Spring! Isn't that the time of year when there is little to no snow on the ground... crocus peek out seeking sunlight... feral kitties creep from under the porch in search of food ... Spring! Hang in, it will come.

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

In May I, Terrie Jacks, took over as the leader of On the Edge. I missed a few of the meetings due to some things happening at home, however we are on a roll now. With the new leadership the group moved to a new location, Winsor Library, and had a change in the day the meeting is held. It is on the second Friday of the month. Anyone looking to join a group near that area, please attend one of the meetings, we are very informal. Remember, that is the second Friday of the month, Winsor Library, Barnhart at 10:00 AM.

Now that the commercial is over, the group has a few kudos to brag about, (done alphabetically): Faye Adams has had several book signings for her book *You Want Hushpuppies with That?* She also placed and won prizes in several poetry contests. Dr. John Han held an open mic at Missouri Baptist University and read a number of his Haikus to the students and a few visiting poets. He also is reading his work at the Wolf in Chesterfield. John is the editor of *Canto's*, the Missouri Baptist Literary Magazine. Faye and Billy Adams, Don and Carol Horstman, Terrie Jacks, Elaine Becherer and, of course, Dr. John, all contributed work to the 2014 publication. Linda O'Connell was part of a Second Friday program at Whole Foods several months ago. She entertained the listening audience with a number of her poems.

The Grist for 2014 contained work from Billy and Faye Adams, John Han, Carol and Don Horstman, Terrie Jacks, Mort Levy, Linda O'Connell and Anna Wells.

Those of you who attended the September Conference held by On the Edge know what a great job Anna Wells did organizing and running the show. Thank you.

In December, On the Edge held a small Christmas meeting at Bob Evans. We ate, shared some of our work and exchanged a loved book with each other. It was a pleasant and filling morning.

That's pretty much all we have been up to that the group informed me of. One of members is a snow bird and will be returning to warmer climates. Have fun and be warm.

# Poems by Members

**Rich Eskew: Poets and Friends,  
Springfield, Mo.**



A Collection of Feathers  
My collection is almost complete  
The weathered box – full to lid.  
Perhaps more than two yet to float  
And rest atop my wilted feathers.  
Dad was first to impart the appeal  
With shiny black spines of Raven wing  
Highest on Totem – this astute bird  
Of myth and poetry – the teacher.  
I've held the Jay's blue, tarnished  
By peanut butter – blackberry juice,  
Laid deep in my box beside Owl's  
Speckle plumage, broken by rage.  
Scarlet Cardinal – his trill long silent  
Draws dust even in spring's return.  
Green Mallard and dusky goose  
Dreary in dried, stained blood.  
Would one dare to open before the wind  
For gusts to scatter all – to where?  
Never shall I search to the bottom  
Where yesterday's tears reside. ~

**Pat Laster: Crawford County  
Bombadils, Benton, Ark.**

## JANUARY WEATHER

Dakota deep freeze  
cutting hay with his chain saw  
to keep herd alive  
~~  
river standing  
where the house was  
tree vine dangles  
~~one payment shy--  
the fellowship hall  
now gone  
~~  
school scattered  
beyond the wall  
bearing its name  
~~  
kick-standing bike  
still on the porch--  
house gone  
~~  
after the ice storm  
collegiate grandson calling  
to check on me  
~~  
into the path  
of an oncoming blessing--  
sun's rays through the tree  
~~

**Janetta R. Lower: Author Unknown,  
Bolivar, Mo**

## Shadow Dancer

"Come on in. I can see you're cold. Come closer to the fire. Doesn't it smell good? The cedar burns clean and righteous and its sharp pungency make you feel holy, safe and simple inside our circle, doesn't it? Go ahead. Relax. Stretch your fingers and mind over its warmth as my words pull you closer to its heat. Don't mind the winter storm outside. I know you hear its gritty blasts protesting against our stained glass windows, but you're safe by our fire. Western winds howl above our heads and seeps into our chimney cracks, sending a chilly whisper across your neck and a delicious shiver down your spine. Your pulse thrills as shadows gather in the far corner of our room and an ink-jet of blood stains your cheeks with roses. Please don't worry. You're safe inside our circle; with me, there is nothing to fear. Your first time is my best time to latch rhythm with the right line. But tonight, I won't tell you about the first time, nor scare you with the worse time-when lurching pale and blue: No, wait. I'll hold that terrible true- and share this tale with you:

A tap against my window pane - one dark and stormy night, set my heart to racing, I paled with sallow fright - a glowing specter of a girl poised in baleful woe, floated from the frozen pines and begged to cross the flow. She flung my name into the howls, above the shrieking cry; of banshees thrashing in the woods - where midnight madness grows. Her ruby lips shone in the dark; rose petals wrapped in ice, she longed to press them on my throat; Why? I now suffice. For in the pale milk orphan, a demon spirit grew; it's evil hovered in the night – whose secret I'll share with you. Our pacing marks a frosty thought, a frame of dark conspire; hints of how our story ends, a dance of ice and fire. You see my friend, a frosty wind, hid deep within our eaves, I wrapped my lips around these words and brought you close to me. Perhaps you should have used your mind, before you snuggled close; and used your eyes to check the time, for that's what matters most. A time of warming to the hearth, may not so innocent be; when in your haste you gathered close and placed your trust in me. I failed to see, the icy girl before it was too late, I let loose my window pane and met my chilly fate. Now I see you've done the same, when in your eyes I mattered, and brought a tale upon your heart while on the roof she clattered. Do not try to pull from me, for in your mind I know – you've placed too much in this tale, to ever let it go. Open up your frosty pane, and cry into the night; breach the deep within your grief and rage the frightful sight. The icy girl waits for you, just behind my rhyme; my job was to bring you close through stealth and rhyming line. I hope you wrest a righteous jig - for now I bid adieu - and leave you will the icy girl who longs to dance with you." ~

**Ralph Acosta: Kansas City  
Metropolitan Verse**

## Flying

He wanted to fly.  
Maybe it was Disney's Peter Pan,  
Impressed when he was a boy.  
Maybe it was seeing birds' freedom.

He tried jumping off the porch  
While thinking happy thoughts,  
While flapping his arms.

Trial after trial.  
He never worried about the neighbors,  
He just wanted to fly.

Between launching from the porch  
And hitting the ground  
He barely had time to try.

He needed more time  
For those happy thoughts,  
For the arms to gain traction.

Trees were higher  
But harder to climb  
So he climbed to the garage roof.

It hurt his feet,  
Just looking at the ground,  
But he wanted to fly.

He readied his mind,  
Loosened his arms,  
Lifted them up.

Start the happy thoughts,  
Begin the flapping.  
Leap!

Mind floating,  
Arms a blur,  
Too brief a time.

Squatting there  
On the ground  
He knew it was over.  
A tall building might work.  
But even young,  
He knew that was folly.

Yes, there were planes,  
Loud, large objects,  
Crutches for the wingless.

And jumping with chutes  
Only took you down,  
No better than flapping arms.

He wanted to chase birds through the trees,  
Race them across the endless sky.  
He wanted to really fly.

It didn't happen then,  
Nor in all the decades later.  
But the dream remains.

**John Wheeler: Poets and Friends  
Springfield, Mo. (3 poems)**

**Blue 1950 Chevy Pick up**

Nice truck, I say, what year is it?  
The truck, beautifully restored, metallic blue.

1950, he says, I did it for my oldest son.  
Do you know old Chevy's? he says.

I used to own a 1952 deluxe cab,  
a tractor-trailer rig jack-knifed and totaled it.

The day of the tornado, I was at Camp Pendleton  
bringing the truck home...  
My son was a Navy corpsman assigned to Marine Infantry.  
He did three tours in Iraq, one in Afghanistan;

PTSD caught him at Pendleton.

*I am quiet.*

This place was my Mom and Dad's, mine blew away  
with my wife on May 11th....  
Did the tornado get you?

We just lost a few trees, I say. It just barely went south of us.  
I spent the summer working with volunteers, cleaning debris.

I started to remodel this place, he says, pointing  
toward a wall partially done in vinyl siding.  
I don't know. I don't care much...

*quiet and a gentle breeze*

I miss the trees he says, pointing south.

I do too.

I guess the truck will go to number three son,  
but not until I am done, he smiles and says.

It is a nice truck, I say, very nice.  
I like the blue.

**Anticipation**

Crepe myrtles slap outside my bedroom  
walls, keeping rhythm with discordant beats  
carried on gusting wind. Lightning,  
thunder and hail offer more

percussion as Earth awakens herself  
from the dearth of winter. Pear, elm  
and forsythia open their blooms,  
joining daffodils and jonquils

brightly welcoming life. Winter not  
releasing death's hold, resurrection  
still a month away.

**John Wheeler (cont.)**

**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

**Pat Berge: Kansas City Metropolitan Verse (2 poems)**

**I'LL MISS YOU TREE**

For Gavin

The brim of his safari hat bent  
Against your trunk  
His cheek caressed you  
His eyes closed  
He wrapped his arms around you  
He whispered,  
I'll miss you tree  
I love you  
His tears soaked your bark  
Near the split in your trunk  
Grandma tried to explain,  
We lost two limbs in the storm  
She will have to come down  
He ran down the hill  
Ducked under the railing  
Wrapped around you and held on tight

**GREETINGS ALL**

Four Grands and Amanda, fiancé  
of Tanner, my oldest, and Grandpa, too  
went on our annual tree cutting at a  
local farm open for 80 years.  
Oh what fun!

This one! This one!  
Touching trees. Laughter,  
falling on the ground together,  
playing on century-old tractors,  
and riding on the hay truck!

Loved the 63 degrees!  
Home for hot chocolate and  
lifting out old fav decorations.  
Oh! Remember this one!  
I made it when I was three!

Merry Christmas to all

**Ted O. Badger**  
**Honorary Member**

**CERTITUDE**

*"The coming of the seasons always waits."*  
--Laurence Thomas

On our small speck in the cosmos  
there are two dimensions to life --  
the predictable and unpredictable.  
As has been observed, seasons occur;  
we can count on their arrival yearly,  
prompted by the spinning and tilting  
of the earth as it migrates the universe.

Another certainty that never mutates;  
apples will always fall ground-ward.  
The unseen force holding us to earth  
makes it possible for us to exist here.  
One of the greatest challenges in life  
is dealing with the constant downward  
pull of gravity, starting day we're born.

Another unbending law is reciprocity --  
for every action there is equal reaction.  
If I hammer a nail into a wooden surface,  
my action has a predictable reaction.  
This law makes it possible to drive a car  
as the engine reacts to exploding gasoline;  
makes it possible for airplanes to go aloft.

We experience these cosmic rules early on  
as we go from crawling to walking upright.

**Brenda Conley:**  
**Kansas City Metropolitan Verse**

**They Are a Poem**

they are three  
and he is five  
with trains and pigs  
and bears all around  
toys litter the floor  
words soar through the air

he: don't worry my friend  
the message consoling  
she: but i don't have a choice  
laments her reply  
he: just go! you'll be safe  
urgency demands  
she: but i cant ... i cant leave papa  
she cries

soon they "board" the train  
chug off into the distance  
to the land of the little room  
jingling cow and Odie (the squirrel) in hand.

**Alta Leah Emrick:**  
**Poets & Friends, Springfield, Mo.**

**Bald Isn't Beautiful**

Ten thousands hairs I wish I had upon my head and scalp  
But modern life has placed a price, of this there is no doubt  
Gadgets, doomauggies and such, create a lot of waves  
Like micro, macro, mini, man's definitely out of the cave

There are wondrous things, for every time span has its good  
There are fruitless things, for every time span has its bad  
Since we are, oh! so very sorry for the tiny A-bomb, God  
Couldn't You, for our sake, leave our heads more furrier clad

**Bernita Pettit:**  
**Kansas City Metropolitan Verse**

**The Denim Jacket**

...a year after his death  
it was still hanging  
in a dark corner of the closet  
dad's faded denim jacket

its sagging shoulders clinging  
to an old wire hanger  
bent from time forgotten  
too small for the heavy weight it held

gently pulling the jacket from the closet  
i placed it around my shoulders  
and slowly pushed my hands  
through oversized sleeves

straightened the frayed brown corduroy collar  
and with open palms I  
brushed at the worn denim  
the stale odor of work-sweat stirred

both hands went deep into the flannel lined pockets  
where the remains of dried tobacco leaves  
and the faint aroma of a sweet bourbon blend  
still held its sweetness...

**Freda Baker Nichols**  
**Crawford County Bombadils**  
**Clinton, Ark.**

**Seldom in the Red**

Some poets burn their candles to the snuff.  
It makes me shout that I have read enough!  
I scan their lines for something new to learn.  
They craft their works with words I can't discern.  
They write of politics, expose love scenes.  
In outer space, they claim, they grow green beans.  
They speak of chemo rooms like vintage wine  
and pen a parody on porcupine.  
A freeway runs along the coast to Maine--  
they bus me there through sheets of coldest rain.  
They guide me to the quaint brush arbor meets.  
I pray for soldiers on Iraqi streets.  
The poets tell of trains that dance the rails,  
then paint the ships at sea with wind-torn sails.  
Like wheels, they roll to publish what they know.  
Some win awards and stash their dabs of dough!

**Mike Perkins**  
**Member at Large** (2 poems)

**Each Night**

each night  
he walks with his child at dusk  
pushing a stroller  
still in his office clothes  
I imagine he rushes home  
to eat before dark  
then he gets the stroller  
straps his son in  
leashes up the dog to go with them  
then out the door  
mostly the three of them  
the mom seldom joins in  
but something has gone wrong  
something technical  
with a latin name  
and the boy is broken  
twisted and growing older  
but not growing up  
he will never walk  
but they walk  
the father pushes the son  
who will never push him  
and with each step  
they leave behind  
another dream  
and there is a hush  
as they walk by  
a respectful silence  
dutifulness and a dignified rectitude  
the shadow of an awful aloneness  
what do I say  
after hello?  
as one father to another?  
it is not right to feel pity  
but don't know  
what to do with my sorry  
I refuse to curse G-d  
but don't know  
where to send my anger  
so  
each night he walks  
with his child at dusk  
pushing a stroller  
but something has gone wrong  
something technical  
with a latin name  
and the boy is broken  
twisted and growing older  
but not growing up  
and there is quiet

**Jive**

please don't try to sell me  
or back me into a corner  
with fancy footwork  
leaning forward from the balls of your feet  
as you stretch  
to make the point  
making me back peddle  
before your virtual jabs  
and verbal reproach  
behind questions  
used as statements  
based on predetermined whys  
no soul shines from your eyes  
only the heatless fire  
of the cold blood predator

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

**Doing Math**  
(Cherita)

a fellow Korean has died at eighty  
hoping to reach that age  
I do the math—  
80 minus 58 equals 22  
at the café I order a hot drink  
picking longevity tea

**Baffled Twice**  
(Cherita)

at the bank he counts money three times  
later I notice him  
in a grocery store nearby  
picking a speedy check-out lane  
he dumps  
a cartful of items

**Still Wondering**  
(Etheree)

I  
open  
an e-mail  
from a copy  
center clerk who broke  
his promise to contact  
me yesterday—there is no  
trace of remorse in his dry note  
what puzzles me even more is the  
sender's salutation, which reads, "Hell John"

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

**My Amusing Muses**

I'm giggling with my muses  
my giggling, little muses  
and when my muses giggle  
they tend to tickle me  
and while I'm being tickled  
by my amusing amuses  
uncontrollable giggles  
are gushing out of me.

**Chicken Chatter**

What prowls about the chicken coop  
That makes the chicken squawk?  
What prowls about the chicken coop  
That triggers all their talks?  
What prowls about the chicken coop?  
It's just the neighbor's cat.  
Seems the chickens in the coop  
They don't think much of that!

~~

Here's to you  
And here's to me  
And happy, happy  
New Year's Eve



**Wanda Sue Parrott**  
Honorary Life Member,  
Monterey, Calif.

Good News as I Turn 80

Doctor Chang's dental experts include  
a hygienist whose picks don't intrude  
when she slathers great shine  
on these old teeth of mine.  
I can still chew -- I don't gum -- my food!

**John Crawford**  
**Member at Large**

**Encounter**

When daily moments grow too tense,  
when riot pace is strong,  
I step into a quiet place  
and seek to find a song.  
But human melody is weak  
when man is still the choice;  
the music lacks true harmony  
without the Master's voice.  
Only when I turn to Him,  
when we meet face to face,  
does Heaven seem to open wide  
and share its loving grace.

**Marie Asner**

Crawford County Bombadils (2 poems)

**Reaper**

the quiet battered sun tries so hard  
to form blackness into something tangible  
but night still begins to carve its way  
across the horizon like an tipped over beer can  
sliding across a parking lot

this silence is a thick and midnight curtain  
being slowly pulled across a window

air shivers and birds change direction  
casting shadows in our moonlit minds

we will, in the end, go where we have to go, alone  
and ride the leviathan across a boiling sea  
but, in the meantime, I catch my breath  
in hopes that Reaper’s rumbling pick-up  
on raised tires with dragging chains  
will glide past, leaving me hidden by dirt  
saturated with prayer

way back, when Magi looked into the future  
wondering if their golden presents  
were enough for safe passage home

they barely made it ahead of the spiked whirlwind.

~~

**ladies who write poetry**

The ladies who write poetry  
have a special relationship with the Almighty,  
who helps them navigate life  
with notebooks, watching for that special inspiration  
like a scent of frankincense on the twilight air  
or the rounded edge of a rising golden-coin moon  
with Harry James on the radio  
and the first glimpse of the morning sun  
reflected in dew on the street rose  
of a neighbor’s bouquet tossed out in anger  
from a late night lover’s quarrel

~~

**Todd Sukany**

**Second Tuesday and Author Unknown**

**Airport 2014**

Inside the terminal, people  
peer into their phones  
instead of books. Smart

phones aren’t all that easy  
to hide in, though we manage.



# KUDOS

**Faye Adams**

On the Edge

Faye Adams received word that her essay “I Love Snow” will be included in *Solstice: A Winter Anthology*, scheduled to be published by Rocking Horse Publishing in January 2015. IDEALS Magazine has accepted a poem for publication in their Easter issue, 2015. Also, Faye Adams’ poem “Old Claw Hammer” was published in Ted Badger’s latest issue of *Lucidity*, and her story “an Undeclared War” won first place in a recent war poetry contest.

**MARIE ASNER**

Crawford County Bombadils, and Kansas Senior Poet Laureate, wrote two poems for a special occasion at her church -- the retiring of one minister and the welcoming and installation of the new pastor.

**LEE ANN RUSSELL**

Poets & Friends, Springfield

**POETS ROUNDTABLE OF ARKANSAS**

2nd Place for Sonnet, “Reward”

**INDIANA STATE POETRY SOCIETY**

3rd Place for “After the Storm”

HM for “Crossroads”

**POETRY SOCIETY OF TEXAS**

Honorable Mention for “Sands of Time”

**OHIO POETRY DAY**

Honorable Mention for “Sweet Thing”

**SPRINGFIELD’S POETS & FRIENDS**

1ST place in Free Verse for “Swinging in the Shed”

2nd Place in Formal, Structured Verse for

“Iridescence”

**LEBANON POETS’ SOCIETY**

Honorable Mention in Rhymed or Blank Verse for “Who Says Neatness Counts?”

Honorable Mention in Poet’s Choice for “Bag Lady”

*Other Kudos are contained in the Chapter Reports on page one.*

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

**Announcement:** Please be sure to send in your dues to your local chapter or to [bill.lower@gmail.com](mailto:bill.lower@gmail.com) Deadlines for dues was October 2014

# Missouri State Poetry Society Winter Contest 2015

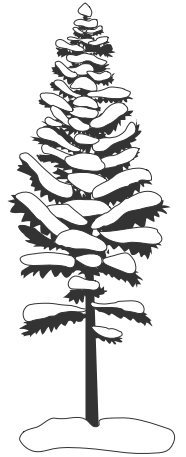
**A word from Bill Lower** -- Everyone who reads this issue of Spare Mule should break out their writing instruments—be they pen, pencil, desktop computer (PC or Apple), tablet (Android, iOS, or Big Chief), or even smartphones. Take them and create one or more poems, transfer them to 8 1/2 X 11 paper (that's the way we still do it here), and send them off to our Winter Contest. February 15 is the postmark deadline.

Okay, Okay, I just looked it up and see that the fifteenth is a Sunday this year. I will grant an Executive Order allowing those postmarked on the sixteenth to be granted clemency and be accepted for the competition. That excuse is now gone.

Now, are you saying that one measly extra day does not give you enough time to get a masterpiece written and in the mail?. Look through your archives. You do have archives, don't you? Scavenge around through them and get some of them in the mail by the deadline. All entries are welcome and wanted, and you just might be one of the winners.

All the info you need can be found on our website. Here is the link that will take you right to the Winter Contest page. <http://www.nfsps.com/mo/winter.htm>

- Deadline:** Postmarked February 15, 2015
- Format:** Submit two copies of each entry, category number and category name in the upper left-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. Note there are special rules for student submissions.
- 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)
  2. Free verse
  3. Humorous verse
  4. Any form, winter subject
  5. MEMBERS ONLY: Poet's choice: any form (including open-field, shaped, or concrete poetry), any subject.
- Prizes:** \$25, \$15, \$10, and three honorable mentions in each category.
- Fees for categories 1-4:** Non-Members pay \$2.00 per poem. Members pay \$1.00 per poem.
- Fees for Category 5:** (Members only) 2.00 per poem. Make money order or check payable to MSPS.
- Mail to:** **Bill Lower, 21010 S. Hwy 245, Fair Play, MO 65649**



---

## 23rd National Annual 2015 Senior Poet Laureate Poetry Competition for American Poets 50 and Older

- Deadline:** June 30, 2015, Published and Unpublished Poems OK  
No limit to the Number of Entries
- Rules and Info:** <http://www.greatspiritpublishing.yolasite.com/golden-words.php>
- Accepted by:** U.S. Mail or Electronically
- Contact:** Barbara Callahan Quin at [bquin@ymail.com](mailto:bquin@ymail.com)
- Open to all American poets age 50 and older who are U.S. citizens regardless of where they are in the world. Native American heritage isn't required, but writing in the spirit of Great Spirit is necessary. Privately administered by Barbara Callahan Quin, sponsored by Great Spirit Publishing, Springfield, Mo.

---

### Officers Missouri State Poetry Society

Nancy LaChance, President Lebanon Poets' Society <a href="mailto:lachancenancy@outlook.com">lachancenancy@outlook.com</a>	Velvet Fackeldey, Vice President Honorary Member <a href="mailto:velpoet@gmail.com">velpoet@gmail.com</a>	Dawn Harmon, Secretary and Editor, Grist Crawford County Bombadils <a href="mailto:inafieldofdaisies@hotmail.com">inafieldofdaisies@hotmail.com</a>	Bill Lower, Treasurer Honorary Member <a href="mailto:bill.lower@gmail.com">bill.lower@gmail.com</a>
<b>Other officers include:</b> Vicki Behl, Youth Work Director	Teresa Klepac Crawford County Bombadils Editor, Spare Mule <a href="mailto:sparemulenewsletter@gmail.com">sparemulenewsletter@gmail.com</a>	Todd Sukany, Webmaster Second Tuesday and Author Unknown <a href="mailto:editor@upstarespress.com">editor@upstarespress.com</a>	Dale Ernst, Publicist Honorary Member <a href="mailto:jian_88@hotmail.com">jian_88@hotmail.com</a>