



# SPARE MULE

Missouri State Poetry Society Newsletter  
Vol. 18, No. 4 [www.mostatepoetry.com](http://www.mostatepoetry.com) October 1, 2015



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

## FROM YOUR PRESIDENT:



Nancy LaChance

2015 MSPS convention is now history. Thanks to Springfield Poets and Friends for hosting this year. We had over 30 in attendance during the two day session. Lebanon Poets will host the 2016 convention.

The slate of officers this next year is President, Nancy LaChance, Vice President, Velvet Fackeldey; Treasurer, Bill Lower; Youth Works Director, Vicki Behl; Grist Editor, Dawn Harmon. Dale Ernst will serve as Publicity Director. MSPS now has their own website and Velvet Fackeldey is our webmaster. We are in need of a secretary. Please contact me if you can be of assistance with this.

I regret that Teresa is stepping down as the Spare Mule editor. Kudos for this past year. We are seeking a new editor. If you know someone who can do this, let me know. Please email me at [lachancenancy@outlook.com](mailto:lachancenancy@outlook.com).

It is vitally important for each chapter treasurer to have your dues to Bill by January 1. One cannot participate in national contests if your name has not been submitted to national. Bill gets checks mailed to him periodically throughout the year. This puts an extra burden on him to get to the bank and make a deposit. Send name of member paying, chapter affiliation, email address, regular mailing address, and phone number. Even though honorary members pay no dues, this information is needed for them also.

MSPS will celebrate its 20 year anniversary in 2018. What can you do to promote the arts in your city? Remember to submit to contests. Winter contest is coming soon. Can we count on an entry from you?

*Cordially, Nancy LaChance*

### In this Issue of Spare Mule Newsletter:

From Your President	1
Kudos	1
News/Events/Contests	2
Chapter Reports	2
Poems by Members	3-7
MSPS Summer Contest Winners	8
Winter Poetry Contest	9
Officers	9
Conference Wrap Up Photos	10

**New Web Site Address  
for MSPS**  
[www.mostatepoetry.com](http://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



**Lee Ann Russell, Poets & Friends, Springfield, MO** -- Co-presented "Understanding Poetry and Poetry You Can Understand" including definitions and examples of different forms with original poetry at the Joplin Writers' Guild's September meeting.

**Von S. Bourland, Member at Large, Happy, TX** -- California State Poetry Society Monthly Contest - Feb. (Romance, Love, Emotions): 2nd Place "*First Steps*"; NFSPS, 34d Place: "*The Migration Suite*" and Honorable Mentions: 4th & 7th. Massachusettes SPS Gertrude Dole Contest: 2nd Place: "*Fed by Foliage*"; Austin Poetry Society: 1st Place: "*Keeping Rhythm*" and 3rd Place: "*The Chase is On!*" and Honorable Mention: 1. Arkansas Writers: 1st Place: "*Retiring in Style*". Poetry Society of Texas Monthly Contests - May: 1st Place, Laugh Lines Contest: "*A State of Mind*" and GOV Prize: General Category. Galaxy of Verse Spring Contests: 1st Place: "*Together Forever*" First Place: "*Texting*"; 2nd Place: "*The Second Time is Charmed*"; 2nd Place: "*Nighthawk*"; 2nd Place: "*Flowing with a Dream*"; 3rd Place: "*April Rain*" and 2nd Honorable Mention (3). Poetry Society of Texas Monthly Contests - July, GOV Prize: "*Three Times Makes a Wish*." Harp Strings Poetry Journal: "*Acquainted with the Night*" Contest, 2nd Place: "*The Shepherd's Plight*." Von had one haiku chosen to be published in the *Haiku Society of America Anthology* and entered many contests, having just recently submitted 96 entries to the Poetry Society of Texas Annual Contests! Way to Go!

**Karen Kay Knauss Bailey, Lebanon Poets' Society, NFSPS National Contest:** 2nd HM "*Acquaintance by Circumstance*." Illinois State Poetry Society Award; Poets' Roundtable of Arkansas: 1st Place "*A Mystery in Black and White*" Mary Harper Sowell Award Poetry Society of Oklahoma: 3rd Place July Workshop, "*A Lingering Impression*", Ekphrastic Poem Award Oklahoma City Iris Garden Club: "*The Oklahoma Rose*" selected to be printed on note card collection. Congratulations!

# NEWS/EVENTS



# REPORTS:

**Martha Miller, Lebanon Poets' Society** -- The members of the Lebanon Poets' Society would like to congratulate one of our members, for her achievements in the MSPS Summer Contest. She placed 1st in the Rhymed/Blank Verse category and placed both 1st and 2nd in the Members Only category. Way to go Karen Kay!!

## 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

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

Once again On the Edge has been meeting and writing, writing and meeting.

Faye Adams is always informing us of various poetry contests and where to submit ones work. She enjoys working on her submissions and having them be selected as a winner. That's her winning formula, submit often. We thank her for continuing to bring those contest submission forms and Congrats on being a winner

Don and Carol Horstman are always busy writing and doing their art. They have been exhibiting frequently and have been at several of the art shows selling both their art and various books. Carol honored me with a picture of an owl that she was working on because I admired it so much. Thank you again and both of you keep your art genes flowing.

John Han is busy finishing all the work for a new book *Maple Colored Moon*, an outstanding collection of classic haiku. He also has finished a book on Song Soo-kwon, *Eating Alone and Other Poems by Song Soo-kwon*. This is a translation of Song Soo-kwon's poetry. It is available at <http://www.cyberwit.net/publications/813>. He is one busy guy.

There were many submissions from On the Edge to the anthology *The Grist*. Thanks everyone for helping to make the 2015 issue a great one.

The Manchester Arts Council had an All Media Exhibit in September and I was fortunate to have a framed copy of two of my poems placed in the exhibit. After being informed of my selection I could be found doing a little happy dance.

### GRIST REPORT

Once again we had a lovely anthology to look forward to, and most of us were pleased with the outcome. I would like to say that it all went off without a hitch, but this year we had a hitch. Two hitches to be exact. Though I cannot pinpoint where I went wrong, I printed the same poem for two authors and cheated Todd Sukany his opportunity to be heard. In a separate error, I am horrified to have to admit, I left another of our authors out completely. My apologies to Brenda Conley, who is so faithful to help other members get their pieces submitted and then did not get to see her own in print this year. I am truly sorry for my errors, both, and hope these artists and all of our members will forgive me.

I will open my doors again next March to receive items for the next anthology and will spend some time this winter looking for a fail-safe to prevent mistakes like this in the future. I hope you all enjoy your publication and I look forward to receiving (and printing) another great collection of poems in 2016. Happy Writing,

**Your Editor, Dawn Harmon**

□ **CHOP CHOP CHINESE COUPLET CHALLENGE CONTEST** -- The challenge is to write a three-line, six word poem that implies a storylet or playlet in three acts summarized as: Line 1--Introduces a problem or challenge; Line 2 -- drama/action taken to solve it; Line 3--resolution/solution to the problem. Format includes one free-floating line (chop chop) that must appear in the poem and be relevant; the other two lines must be comprised of two single-syllable-word internally rhyming lines. No titles or punctuation allowed. Use of capitals is optional.

**CONTEST RULES** -- Deadline: 11-15-15 Entry Fee: \$5/page AWARDS: 1/2 total entry fees divided equally at Judges' discretion. Winners announced in December. Make check payable to Wanda Sue Parrott. Enclose #10 self-addressed stamped envelope and send with entries to: **WANDA'S CHOP CHOP CONTEST, BOX 1821, MONTEREY, CA 93942**. Fill one side of page with between 1 and 10 Chinese Couplets. There is no limit to # of poems or pages you can enter for \$5/page. Place name & contact info in upper right corner of each page. Send ONLY one copy per page. No e-mail submissions.

# POEMS BY MEMBERS



**Carol Louise Moon**  
Crawford County Bombadils

## Leaf-mining

Looks like a child, and not a  
Leaf-miner, has drawn almost  
Legibly in white on this  
Leaf. A female sawfly has  
Laid her eggs and tended her  
Larve. Tiny sawflies have  
Left their scribble art behind.



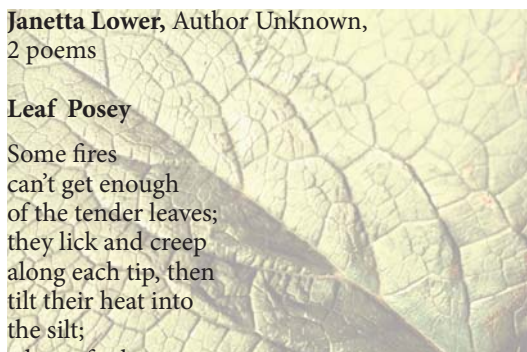
**J. M. Purcell**, Member-at-Large  
Eugene, Oregon

## THE CAMEL

The camel stands out from the pack.  
About pleasing he doesn't know jack.  
Mounting gives fits;  
we all know he spits,  
but we still ride around on his back.

**Janetta Lower**, Author Unknown,  
2 poems

## Leaf Posey



Some fires  
can't get enough  
of the tender leaves;  
they lick and creep  
along each tip, then  
tilt their heat into  
the silt;  
a lace of ash  
or flash of guilt,  
remain and ring  
when flames burn out;  
but when the wind heaves  
up again, they yearn and  
spur another's sin.

## Uncharted

His question reduces them  
into island warriors, squared off on  
separate sides of a gulf; distanced by  
too much ancient history and  
not enough time.

But island life is tough.  
(in the eye of borascas)

Fierce winds chafe the gums with sand,  
and silence warriors into stalemates-  
a glass of ice cold water can unify  
future concerns with simple contentment  
and raise a white flag.

Instinct can save lives.  
(in the eye of borascas)

She steps into the gulf, "Yes."  
Their eyes meet across the navy tablecloth.  
He rises from the table and raises his water glass.  
He toasts, "To new beginnings."  
The moment passes in a chink.

~~ **Martha M. Miller**, Lebanon Poets Society, 2 poems ~~

## In the Clouds

On the way home I saw  
King Arthur kneeling with head  
bowed before Excalibur  
encased in stone, watched  
by the fae Sidhe sneaking  
around on a grassy knoll nearby.  
Zeus pulling down lightning  
from the tormented heavens.  
Guenhwyvar materializing from ebony  
at the call of her drow. Briar Bear  
resting between honey escapades.  
Pegasus breaking free of Calibos'  
binding chains. The leather  
armor encased fist of Thorin  
raised in triumph at the gates  
of his ancestral mountain home.  
Blinding white stalagmites  
reaching for the sky among  
clouds stretched as thin and wispy  
as cotton candy at the State Fair.  
A dragon breathing pearly vaporous  
fire across the azure ether  
her newly hatched offspring  
screaming for its first meal.  
Peter Pan propelled joyously  
by magic. Red Riding Hood's  
grandmother in night cap  
facing down the wolf. Neptune  
swimming across the sky  
trident in hand. A dolphin frolicking  
in the frothy waves of the sea  
following a ship with sails  
bellowing, its captain pointing  
the way with a saber. A blinding  
golden pearl nestled in an oyster.  
Dumbo in first flight ears flapping.

A little girl following a butterfly  
dragging her teddy bear with  
a floppy-eared puppy nipping  
at her heels. A Samurai in headdress  
with katana cross slung. The volcano  
over Pompeii spewing ash  
hours before eruption. The bright  
swirling around God's light  
on Mount Sinai. A phoenix  
fully engulfed in fiery flame.  
King Kong beating his chest  
and roaring at aircraft buzzing  
around his head. A snail,  
a cougar, a grizzly bear, a frog  
on a lily pad. Wild horses  
galloping free across the sky.  
Is it a wonder that I walk constantly  
with my head in the clouds?

## Respite

I sat watching in awe  
ensnared as witness by what I saw.  
The Fairies legal review to decide  
ownership of a dew drop diamond  
gracefully hanging on a single silken thread  
dangling and sparkling in a wondrous web  
capturing the morning glow  
tossing razor edged shards to and fro  
between the spider  
and the fly.  
Whose labor built the trap?  
Whose lunch will be wrapped?  
Whose landing dripped the drop?  
Whose silk caught the plop?  
Whose struggles made it grow?  
Whose life expectancy is low?

Henry M Spottswood, Member-at-Large

### What He Always Wanted

“All I want is to stand there now  
sending logs into that big old saw.”

I felt the tone. His the face of a man  
accepting defeat in the long labor  
of having his defining novel read.

This was my Mississippi cousin Mike.  
He'd pain enough to fill a book, he said.  
They'd rent an old house, it would burn  
and they'd all move across the county  
and double up with someone, a relative  
of some degree, looking for something.  
Most recently they were paid up on rent  
in a good double-wide close to State Line.  
“Ten of us and one bath tub,” he laughed.  
It caught fire and they migrated again,  
to a foreclosed property near Clara.

Mike had landed the job in a mill  
at Citronelle, feeding a brutal saw  
that took the first cuts on each log.  
“That's all I do. All I want to do now.  
I did think about opening a store.”

A year after our last visit an oak slab  
kicked back on him, crushing his shoulder.  
He got full workers' comp, after a legal fight,  
and he sees a doctor at the VA in Gulfport.  
He helps his four boys when things go awry,  
when they get evicted and move, perhaps,  
or one gets fired, breaks a leg, disappears.  
“It's always something. Always.”



Terrie Jacks, On the Edge, DeSoto, Missouri --  
2 poems

### playing won't help

staring at the painting  
the one just finished  
an experiment in colors  
not often used  
colors mute  
lines on a slant  
I think, it needs something  
something is missing  
I pick up the brush  
to dab more paint  
decide to let it dry  
playing won't help

*Art Work by  
Terri Jacks*

### an essential

laundry calls  
piles high  
washer swishes  
dryer tumbles  
folding necessary  
sorting too  
motivation nil  
still clean clothes



Frieda Risvold, Member-at-Large  
DesMoines, Washington

### NAP TIME

Late in my 85th year  
I doze a bit --- quite often.  
Wakened from a morning nap  
to see the bedroom clock  
showing digits 12:34,  
numbers marching in an even row  
measuring my use of time.  
but rest assured, it was not a waste.  
It brought these thoughts  
to wake my mind  
and now I share with you.  
Enjoy!

**Marie Asner, Crawford County Bombadils**  
**2 poems**

**Italian Holiday**

Stars tiptoe into line on the horizon  
Street sounds replacing them

In the garden, mist follows hand-hewn walls  
Shafts of light tendrils around cypress and fir  
Moss tries to hush probing mulberry thorns  
That are gentle to the touch

Noon sun uncovers a stone path  
Amid flowers woven in scarlet and orange  
Birds drink from flagons of blue fire  
While breezes pirouette around a marble sundial

Women leave the fields  
Walking to their homes  
Past roses growing from roots that were thrown out  
To climb the wall from the other side

Darkness approaches and I close the gate  
Dreaming of home with rows of lemon forsythia  
By acres of golden wheat

**Shards of Language**

If I could open a portal, I'd reach up  
and pull down armloads of clouds  
and toss them, but here,  
shards of old language lingers,  
what we knew of the world  
bumps against wood in chaos.

We chose life...and the last time  
I saw the sun it was in a slow march of gray  
across the sky,..a heavy caravan dragging rain.

We must remember words...  
talk to each other  
speak to the ark  
whisper to animals

and never forget  
the sound of a door closing behind us.

**Karen Kay Knauss Bailey, Lebanon Poets' Society**

**From Juke Joints to Concert Halls**

From cotton fields and southern Delta blues  
Came Riley with a sound of soulful blues  
a world of black and white could not refuse

to hear. The jazzy, bluesy, swinging notes  
trilled out in small cafés as velvet notes  
were squeezed from bending strings. Reviews and quotes

from music lovers quickly swore him King,  
the Blues Boy King now known as B. B. King.  
The awestruck crowds knew well that he could sing

as ardently as he could play guitar.  
When he embraced Lucille, beloved guitar,  
their song of purest blues was known afar.

The stage is quiet now, "The Thrill is Gone",  
and yet -- the legend and his blues play on.

**Freda Baker Nichols, Crawford County Bombadils**

**My walk in the Forest**

When wild, soft pink azaleas grow  
where bluebirds sing  
beside the spring  
that starts a sparkling stream to flow  
through ancient hills  
past watermills  
to fill the creek bed to its brink,  
I tiptoe through  
the north bayou  
by water hole where hoot owls drink.

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

Parody of "To the Virgins to Make Much of Time"  
by 17th-century poet Robert Herrick

"To the Sale Lovers to Kick It into High Gear"

Gather ye bargains while ye may.  
The big-sale days are flying.  
If we don't dash to town today,  
tomorrow we'll be crying.  
Before the rising of the sun,  
the battle will be raging.  
Come on! Let's break into a run,  
our own war to be waging.

The time is now. When that first door  
flies open, we'll be leading.  
We'll wildly race from store to store,  
withstanding all stampeding.

Let's grab our credit cards and cash  
and let them work their magic.  
Such chances vanish in a flash.  
Now wouldn't that be tragic?

*published in April '14 Parody Magazine  
--nominated for a Pushcart Prize--*



Parody of Emily Dickinson's poem beginning  
"Because I could not stop for Death"

When I refused to ride with Death  
He tied my hands and feet,  
Then tossed me in with some poor guy  
He'd grabbed up off the street.

Oh, what a hurry he was in!  
He slammed it to the floor.  
We sat in wide-eyed, abject fear,  
Each clinging to a door.

While whizzing past the school, we saw  
The children run and play.  
We passed the fields where tractors hummed  
On this, our judgment day.

We captives introduced ourselves,  
Shook hands, and sadly talked.  
When Death heard unfamiliar names,  
He gasped, slowed down, and balked.

He made a sudden stop beside  
A swelling of the ground.  
He scratched his head, he murmured low,  
And then he turned around.

'Tis centuries until your time!  
I've made a grave mistake.  
Seems I misread the pick-up sheet.  
You're free, for goodness sake!"

*First published in the April '15 issue of  
Parody Magazine*

**Laurence W. Thomas**, Honorary Member  
2 poems

### **COLORS OF RECALL**

Through rose-colored glasses  
sanguine images color the present  
from shades of the past —  
a first saffron crocus braving the snow,  
lights on the tree with packages  
wrapped waiting in expectation,  
candles in carved faces  
and colored eggs hidden and found  
exciting as balloons filling the skies  
with blotches of color or fireworks  
screaming their prismatic paeans  
reflected on faces celebrating  
security in a flood of flashing white  
for enlightenment, red for compassion,  
blue for remembering.

Recalled with the clarity  
time and distance dictate,  
the consternate colors —  
a blue dress with orange apples  
like faces hooked into a rug,  
losing a gold coin in the garden,  
a silver spoon at a picnic  
and bodies gilded for a tableau,  
raw orange revealing an orchard  
burning innocence away  
on the charred altar of delinquency,  
the green water, silver at sunset  
treacherous in the blood of the moon.

### **PANTOUM FOR GETTING TOGETHER**

I try to treat my friends with equal love —  
give them a call or drop a little note  
but sometimes I forget them for a while;  
it takes up time to plan a tête à tête,

to call them up or send an email note  
and plan a luncheon or a glass of wine.  
But wouldn't it be nice to tête à tête  
with those whose thoughts are out of line

with mine. Maybe with a glass of wine  
we could sort out differences, get buzzed  
with those whose thoughts are out of line  
and make us understand each other's views.

Sometimes I forget to see the other side  
and hold too tight to mine forgetting that  
it's possible to grasp each other's views  
and treat my enemies with equal love.

**John J. Han**, On the Edge Chapter  
DeSoto, Missouri

### The World of Ducks: Haiku

standing still—  
they command  
respect

walking around—  
I'm glad I don't have  
their form

spring sunbeam  
a baby duck tries to  
stand in balance

spring melancholy  
a duck sitting  
alone

the way to work—  
I envy the ducks who  
feast all day long

the way from work—  
ducks under sunlight  
eyes half-closed

learning the tao—  
a duck gazes at  
pond water

passing by the pond  
the ducks do not  
notice me

drizzle on the pond  
ducks can't hide their  
excitement

storm brewing—  
ducklings follow mom  
inside

after rain—  
ducks busy catching  
a snack of worms



# Missouri State Poetry Society Summer 2015 Contest

## Category 1: Rhymed or Blank Verse

1st Place	More Than Sacks and Strings by Karen Kay Knauss Bailey	Blanchard, OK
2nd Place	Carry Me High by Judy Davies	Gautier, MS
3rd Place	For Genealogy by Sara Gipson	Scott, AR
1st HM	Waffles Aren't Winners by Emery L. Campbell	Lawrenceville, GA
2nd HM	First Day Of School by Larry Cunningham	Willard, MO
3rd HM	Beacon by Jerri Hardesty	Brierfield, AL

## Category 2: Free Verse

1st Place	Greening by Von S. Bourland	Happy, TX
2nd Place	Jew as Noun by Ellaraine Lockie	Sunnyvale, CA
3rd Place	I Visited The Grave of Marine Michael D. Glover by Vincent J. Tomeo	Flushing, NY
1st HM	Familiar Fear by Kim Lehnhoff	Pevely, MO
2nd HM	False Faced by Becky Alexander	Cambridge, ONT
3rd HM	Auschwitz Birkenau 2003 by Vincent J. Tomeo	Flushng, NY

## Category 3: Humorous Verse

1st Place	At the Night Track by Kolette Montague	Centerville, UT
2nd Place	Closet Talk by Judy Davies	Gautier, MS
3rd Place	Kilmer for Kindling by Barbara Blanks	Garland, TX
1st HM	When an Eye Jumps at You, Grab It by Emery L. Campbell	Lawrenceville, GA
2nd HM	Oops! By Emery L. Campbell	Lawrenceville, GA
3rd HM	A Mortifying Moment at Church by Janice Canerdy	Potts Camp, MS

## Category 4: Summer Subject

1st Place	Refrigerator Days by Gail Denham	Sunriver, OR
2nd Place	Daydreams by LaVern Spencer McCarthy	Blair, OK
3rd Place	Early Morning Stroll by Emery L. Campbell	Lawrenceville, GA
1st HM	"A Quiet Place" by John W. Crawford	Arkedelphia, AR
2nd HM	A Flighty Fluff by Faye Adams	De Soto, MO
3rd HM	Sweet June Has Come by Faye Adams	De Soto, MO

## Category 5: MSPS Members Only, Poet's Choice

1st Place	Morning at the Millpond by Karen Kay Knauss Bailey	Blanchard, OK
2nd Place	Clotheslines, The Storytellers by Karen Kay Knauss Bailey	Blanchard, OK
3rd Place	In the Beginning There Was by Ellaraine Lockie	Sunnyvale, CA
1st HM	After the Grassfire by Von S. Bourland	Happy, TX
2nd HM	Memories by Janice Canerdy	Potts Camp, MS
3rd HM	"There Is A Season, Son..." by John W. Crawford	Arkedelphia, AR



# Missouri State Poetry Society Winter Contest 2016

**Deadline:** Postmarked February 15, 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)
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. See number 6 below for Youth Poetry.

**Prizes:** \$25, \$15, \$10, and three honorable mentions in each category.

**Fees:** Categories 1-4: Non-Members pay \$2.00 per poem. Members pay \$1.00 per poem.  
Category 5: (Members only) \$2.00 per poem

Include SASE or an index card or your e-mail address for a list of the 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.

**Make Money Order or Check Payable to: MSPS | Mail Poems and Fees to: Bill Lower, 21010 S. Hwy 245, Fair Play, MO 65649**

**6. Youth Poetry** -- Division I: Middle School 6th-8th grades; Division II: High School 9th-12th grades Special Rules for Youth Poetry (for Category 6 only):

1. One FREE entry per Missouri student, currently in grades 6-12.
2. Students may individually submit or poems may be submitted by teachers.
3. Any type of poetry accepted except "found poetry."
4. 37 line maximum, including lines between stanzas; lines no longer than 45 characters.
5. Cash prizes for 1st, 2nd, and 3rd place winners. Seven honorable mentions.
6. First place winners will be published in the MSPS Anthology Grist.
7. Winners and HMs will automatically qualify as candidates for MO entries to the Manningham Student Poetry Award Contest, sponsored by the National Federation of State Poetry Societies.
8. Students will be notified of MSPS and Manningham winnings through their school.

**For YOUTH SUBMISSIONS:** Submit TWO TYPED copies (failure to include the following info will result in disqualification)

1. On one, write only "category 6" and the student's grade in top right hand corner.
2. On other copy:
  - a. in top right hand corner, write category 6, student's name, address, and grade.
  - b. on top left hand corner, write English teacher's name and email address, school name and address.
  - c. ALL poems must have the following statement of originality signed by student and attached to the poem:

Statement of Originality: I certify that this poem is my original work, and has not been copied in whole or in part from any author's poems, including poems posted on internet. Student Signature \_\_\_\_\_ Date \_\_\_\_\_

**Mail Youth entries to:** YOUTH WORK DIRECTOR, c/o Vicki Behl, 15 Harley Loop, Tunas, MO 65764 e-mail vickibennett@hotmail.com



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## Officers -- Missouri State Poetry Society

Nancy LaChance, President  
Lebanon Poets' Society  
lachancenancy@outlook.com

Velvet Fackeldey, Vice President  
Honorary Member  
velpoet@gmail.com

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# 2015 MISSOURI STATE POETRY SOCIETY CONFERENCE



Left: Speaker, Marilyn Nelson, former Connecticut Poet Laureate, author of several poetry books, including *The Fields of Praise: New and Selected Poems*, recipient of the Frost Medal and other prestigious awards.



Left: MSPS Officers, Conference Sept. 25-26, 2015, Library Center, Springfield, Mo. Left-right: President, Nancy LaChance, Vice President, Velvet Fackeldey, Secretary/Grist Editor, Dawn Harmon, Publicist, Dale Ernst, and Youth Work Director, Vicki Behl



Photos provided by Lee Ann Russell, Poets and Friends Chapter, Springfield, MO

Above left: Larry Cunningham, Willard attendee -- Center: Lee Ann Russell, Poets & Friends, Registration -- Right: MSPS treasurer, Bill Lower, and his wife, Janetta, from Fair Play, MO.



Above left: John Crawford of Arkadelphia, AR, and Faye Adams, On the Edge Chapter, DeSoto, MO conferring at conference. Center and Right: attendees enjoying the 2015 MSPS conference.



Above left: Bill Martin, Poets & Friends member. Center: Bill Adams, On the Edge Chapter, DeSoto, Mo, and Kate Lacy of Fayetteville, AR, waiting their turn for read around. Right: Cake!



Above left: David Thomas, Honorary Life Member, and M.J. Becco, Conference Chair, Poets & Friends Chapter, Springfield, MO. Center: Rich Eskew, Poets and Friends, presenting historical information and a reading of poet Robert Service's work. Right: Gloria Eskew, Poets & Friends, providing excellent help