



SPARE MULE

Missouri State Poetry Society Newsletter
Vol. 18, No. 4 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.

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

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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



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.

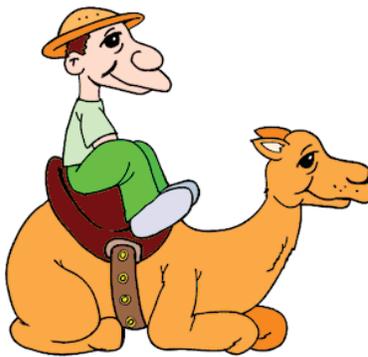
CONTEST RULES -- Deadline: 11-15-15 Entry Fee: \$5/page AWARDS: 1/2 total entry fees divided equally at Judges' discretion. Winners announced in December. Make check payable to Wanda Sue Parrott. Enclose #10 self-addressed stamped envelope and send with entries to: **WANDA'S CHOP CHOP CONTEST, BOX 1821, 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.



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.



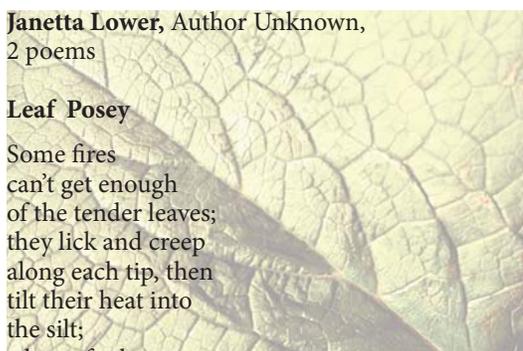
J. M. Purcell, Member-at-Large
Eugene, Oregon

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



Officers -- Missouri State Poetry Society

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

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

Dawn Harmon, Secretary and Editor, Grist
Crawford County Bombadils
inafieldofdaisies@hotmail.com *

Bill Lower, Treasurer
Honorary Member
bill.lower@gmail.com

Other officers include:
Vicki Behl,
Youth Work Director
vickibennett@hotmail.com

Teresa Klepac
Crawford County Bombadils
Editor, Spare Mule Newsletter
sparemulenewsletter@gmail.com

Velvet Faceldy, Webmaster
Honorary Member
velpoet@gmail.com

Dale Ernst, Publicist
Honorary Member
jian_88@hotmail.com

*inafieldofdaisies@hotmail.com is too long to hyperlink to email and will need to be typed into an email

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