

# SPARE MULE



Missouri State Poetry Society  
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## From the President

Dear fellow poets,

National Poetry Month is upon us! Although I like to believe that I recognize the poetry around me year-round, it is nice to have a designated time to note the magic underneath each day's skin. Please be checking our Facebook page for poetry goodies throughout the month, and feel free to share some of your own.

My second challenge poem is a ghazal (pronounced "ghuzzle"), a form of Arabic love poetry often sung by Iranian and Pakistani musicians. Typically melancholy and full of loss, the ghazal consists of five to fifteen couplets. Each couplet should be able to stand alone as a poem in and of itself, like a pearl in a necklace; however, each couplet will repeat a refrain and a rhyme. The first couplet introduces a rhyme followed by a repeated word or phrase.

Subsequent stanzas use this scheme in the second line of each couplet. The final couplet is a “signature” couplet in that it includes the poet’s name or refers to the author in first or third person. There is no meter, though lines are traditionally of similar length.

Please refer to the first two couplets of my ghazal, “Gaps” as an example:

*When talking to women one should **remain** open  
to fears and ghosts, beating hearts **splayed** open.*

*In lightning storms, charged atoms seek the distant earth.  
Opposites attract: earth and **rain**-clouds open.*

Notice that the refrain word, “open,” appears at the end of both lines in the first couplet and is only repeated in the second line of subsequent couplets. The word or phrase before the refrain (in bold above) should rhyme with that in the previous couplet/line.

Below, I’ve “signed” the last couplet of this ghazal by using a first-person reference:

*While you sleep I trace your knees, your chin, your elbows--  
sharp angles, fleshy armor, your thick **frame** rarely opened.*

I like this form because you may bend the rules as you see fit. Changing the poem’s meaning can be as simple as rearranging the order of the couplets.

I look forward to reading your ghazals!

Carla Kirchner  
MSPS President

## Chapter Reports

News from **Lebanon Poets Society:**

In January we met at Chen's Restaurant jointly with Ozarks Pen Masters. We enjoyed a meal and shared our writings with each other.

As April is National Poetry Month, we participate in the Annual Nightingale Reading held at our library. This will be year nineteen of the reading. In addition, our group sponsors a poetry contest for seventh graders in Laclede County. The winners are invited to read at Nightingale. This will be the thirteenth year for us to encourage and recognize student talent.

--Nancy LaChance

The Chapter Report from **Crawford Co. Bombadils:**

Recent months brought the loss of our dear member Claudia Mundell, whom some of our Bombadils are still memorializing. Her memory lives on through her poetry, and of course those who knew her.

The Bombadils have shared writing exercises this year via emails, with Pat Laster sharing cinquains first, followed by Teresa Klepac sharing a writing prompt of winter poems based on a quote from Albert Camus. Carol Louise Moon followed up with a short lesson plan on the poetry form the Kyrielle, with examples. Dawn Harmon was busy, as always, in accomplishing all the administrative tasks in the background.

It is also noteworthy that several of us ended up reading each other's poetry in Ted Badger's LUCIDITY JOURNAL quarterly.

Now, we look forward to reading all our work in the next SPARE MULE ONLINE. Thank God for poets and poetry editors!

--Carol Louise Moon

### The Chapter Report for **On the Edge**:

Ah, life is good and so is On the Edge. We have met several times and read our work. Some suggestions have been given to improve or for us to consider. There were many poems and art work reviewed.

Our group is sponsoring a poetry contest for *Galaxy of Verse*. We will be judging them at the end of April. This is due to many of our members planning to attend the Lucidity Poetry Retreat. We will be returning home on the day we would regularly had our meeting.

Here's hoping Life is Good for you and that you have many sunny days too. Take care and all.

--Terrie Jacks



### The Chapter Report from **Author Unknown**:

Author Unknown is pressing forward Friday by Friday. AU will be entering the "publishing zone" by the end of next month. Be on the lookout publishers.

AU is also preparing for this year's Casebolt Ekphrastic challenge. The Theater Department students wrote character sketches from which the muse of music, arts, and letters will be inspired.

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**Don't forget the SUMMER CONTEST ([more](#))**

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AU was recently honored by a spontaneous visit from Mark and Linda Tappmeyer, famous poets from Indiana, who offered their keen insights over a triad of new works.

--Todd Sukany

## KUDOS

Some KUDOs. I have been nominated for the honor of Poet Laureate of Arkansas. The nomination came from a PRA member, then it went to the PRA committee, from there to the committee of HIGHER EDUCATION. Two nominations from that committee have been sent to the Governor for him to choose. We should know by summer.

My latest book "Female Voices from the Bible" came out in late summer of 2017. I have made 6 presentations of readings at various churches in the area, accompanied by a gospel song to illustrate the female character. No charge for the presentation, but travel costs are expected.

I have been asked by the publisher from PA. to participate in a radio interview. The interview will be broadcast over 4 Christian stations.

--John Crawford

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In April, Pat Laster will present a program on haiku for the Saline Co. branch of Poets Roundtable of Arkansas.

In May, she will do a second book talk from "Hiding Myself Into Safety: Short Stories and Long Poems" for THEOS, a group of widows/ widowers in Benton, AR.

--Pat Laster

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I guess I should mention that I am on the program (along with Nathan Brown) at the Lucidity Poetry Retreat in Eureka Springs, April 10-12. Birma Castle is the director. <http://www.luciditypoetryretreat.com/>

--Barbara Blanks

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Since Spring 2017, John J. Han has published a new poetry book and two poetry books in translation: *And Yet, And Yet—: Haiku and Other Poems* (2017); *Like Dew on the Grass: Chinese Poems of King Yeonsan* (2017); and *Four-Character Proverbs: A Primer for Confucian Living in Chinese, Korean, and English*.

His poems have recently appeared in *Steinbeck Studies*, *Akitsu Quarterly*, *Failed Haiku*, *Taj Mahal Review*, *POMPA: Publications of the Mississippi Philological Association*, *Intégrité*, *Asahi Haikuist Network*, *hanami dango*, *GEPP0*, *A Galaxy of Verse*, *OASIS Journal*, *On Down the Road*, and *World Haiku Review*.

--John Han

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## MISSOURI STATE POETRY SOCIETY WINTER CONTEST 2018 WINNERS

### CATEGORY 1. RHYMED OR BLANK VERSE

1. *Sisters*, Patton, Alexander, AR
2. *A Lincy Shirt for John*, Karen Kay Bailey, Blanchard, OK, MSPS Member
3. "*The Infallible Bridge*", Janice Canerdy, Potts Camp, MS, MSPS Member  
1<sup>st</sup> Honorable Mention, *A Drunk on the Road to Alice*, Becky Alexander, Cambridge, Ontario, Canada  
2<sup>nd</sup> Honorable Mention, *Fickle Wind*, Faye Adams, De Soto, MO, MSPS member  
3<sup>rd</sup> Honorable Mention, *Abandoned Barn*, Becky Alexander, Cambridge, Ontario, Canada

### CATEGORY 2. FREE VERSE

1. *Sometimes*, Dale Ernst, West Plains, MO, MSPS Member
2. *Moving, 2000*, Mary L. Permann, Grimes, IA
3. *Changing Dreams*, John J. Han, Manchester, MO, MSPS Member  
1<sup>st</sup> Honorable Mention, *My Father Was Made of Jazz*, Carol Louise Moon, Placerville, CA, MSPS Member  
2<sup>nd</sup> Honorable Mention, *The Old Book Buyer*, Karen Kay Bailey, Blanchard, OK, MSPS member  
3<sup>rd</sup> Honorable Mention, *Firefly Trees*, Von S. Bourland, Happy, TX, MSPS Member

### CATEGORY 3. HUMOROUS

1. *The Tables Turned*, John J. Han, Manchester MO, MSPS Member
2. *The Woodpecker*, Teresa Jacks, Ballwin, MO, MSPS Member
3. *Ya Shoulda Read the Fine Print*, Bubba, Janice Canerdy, Potts Camp, MS, MSPS Member  
1<sup>st</sup> Honorable Mention. *FLU*, Marilyn K. Smith, Fair Grove, MO, MSPS Member  
2<sup>nd</sup> Honorable Mention, *Misguided Passion*, Faye Adams, DeSoto, MO MSPS Member  
3<sup>rd</sup> Honorable Mention, *When I Was One and Fifteen*, Janice Canerdy, Potts Camp, MS, MSPS Member

### CATEGORY 4. WINTER SUBJECT

1. *Stages of the Season*, Catherine Moran, Little Rock, AR,
2. *Until Sunset*, Carol Louise Moon, Placerville, CA, MSPS Member
3. *Snow by East Wind*, Becky Alexander, Cambridge, Ontario, Canada  
1<sup>st</sup> Honorable Mention, *The Last Chrysanthemum*, Faye Adams, De Soto, MO, MSPS Member  
2<sup>nd</sup> Honorable Mention, *Snow Bird Exchange*, Karen Kay Bailey, Blanchard, OK, MSPS member  
3<sup>rd</sup> Honorable Mention, *Rattler*, Karen Kay Bailey, Blanchard, OK, MSPS member

### CATEGORY 5. POET'S CHOICE

1. *At Eighty*, Claire Scott, Oakland, CA, MSPS Member
2. *Death Haiku*, John J. Han, Manchester MO, MSPS Member
3. *Hope is a Thing With Feathers*, Faye Adams, De Soto, MO, MSPS Member  
1<sup>st</sup> Honorable Mention. *April Rain*, Von S. Bourland, Happy TX, MSPS Member  
2<sup>nd</sup> Honorable Mention. *Great Blue Heron*, Karen Kay Bailey, Blanchard, OK, MSPS member  
3<sup>rd</sup> Honorable Mention. *Ode to Grandfather*, Karen Kay Bailey, Blanchard, OK, MSPS member

### **CONGRATULATIONS TO ALL THE WINNERS!**

Thank you to everyone who entered, and please enter our future contests. Remember our Summer Contest with a deadline of September 1, 2018. Entry info can be found at: <http://mostatepoetry.com/summer.html>

**Pantoum Challenge**



The January 2018 issue of [Spare Mule](#) posted a challenge from MSPS President Carla Kirchner to construct a pantoum. Below are the results.

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### **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

### **Witches Council (PANTOUM)**

The young woman's a witch, I tell you.  
I watched her come from her cabin.  
Her willow branch whispered a curse  
just after the sun rose over the hill.

I watched her come from her cabin

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.

--Laurence W. Thomas  
174 Greenside Up  
Ypsilanti, MI, 48197  
[laurencewt@aol.com](mailto:laurencewt@aol.com)

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## **A PANTOUM**

Ten days after Christmas,  
my kitchen still holds  
an unopened fruitcake  
and mixed nuts in bowls.

My kitchen still holds  
a loaf of gift bread  
and mixed nuts in bowls.

in nothing but her gown, her hair—  
just after the sun rose over the hill  
looked fiery red. Not only that,

in nothing but her gown, her hair  
too short to cover what was naked  
looked fiery red. Not only that—  
her arm rising slowly from her side

too short to cover what was naked,  
beckoned the sun to come follow  
her arm. Rising slowly from her side  
her cat arched its back—then frozen,

beckoned the sun to come follow  
it too, to the porch. A breeze stirred.  
Her cat arched its back. Then frozen,  
the sun stood still at noon, then

it too, to the porch. A breeze stirred  
her willow branch—whispered a curse—  
the sun stood still at noon. Then,  
the young woman's a witch, I tell you.

--Carol Louise Moon Crawford Co. Bombadils

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## **Turn to God**

In misery she sits and sighs  
with all the doors and windows closed.  
She counts her problems, stares, and cries  
in isolation self-imposed.

With all the doors and windows closed,  
she contemplates a world gone gray  
in isolation self-imposed,

I'm just too well-fed:

A loaf of gift bread  
warm, toasted, with ham—  
--I'm just too well-fed.  
The sweet candied yam

and warmed-over ham,  
the now-opened fruitcake  
and sweetness of yam--  
*three weeks after Christmas!*

--Pat Laster

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### **Life in the Day of My Cat**

My cat really wakes up  
to go to sleep.  
He stretches long,  
he curls around

to go to sleep.  
Eyes open, ears twitch.  
He curls around,  
rubbing against my ankles.

Eyes open, ears twitch  
to can-opener buzz.  
Rubbing against my ankles,  
he purrs loudly

to can-opener buzz,  
meows at me to hurry up.  
He purrs loudly,  
anticipating food,

and troubles keep her joy at bay.

She contemplates a world gone gray.  
Anxiety confounds her mind,  
and troubles keep her joy at bay.  
She longs to leave the dark behind.

Anxiety confounds her mind.  
Her love of life has grown so dim.  
She longs to leave the dark behind,  
so once again she'll turn to Him.

--Janice Canerdy

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### **Is Spring Here**

I awake each morning to greet spring  
Winter's gone, I feel it in my bones  
crocuses bloomed, birds sing  
my body stretches with no groans.

Winter's gone, I feel it in my bones  
March snow gave over to April showers  
my body stretches with no groans  
flowers take over garden bowers

March snow gave over to April showers  
Cold artic air holds no more sting  
flowers take over garden bowers  
I awake each morning to greet spring

--Nancy LaChance

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meows at me to hurry up.  
I fill his empty dish.  
Anticipating food,  
he watches me closely.

I fill his empty dish.  
When I place it on the floor,  
he watches me closely  
as he begins to eat.

When I place it on the floor,  
he stretches long.  
As he begins to eat,  
my cat really wakes up.

-- Barbara Blanks 1st Place in an Austin Poetry Society  
contest in 2015, and was published in their anthology.

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### **The Feeder Impasse**

Upon the fence a bird did light  
to gaze upon my yard  
a feeder full is in its sight  
but getting there is hard.

While the bird upon my yard did gaze,  
many cats in it do roam.  
The feeder full it seems a phase  
and the bird considers home.

While the cats mosey about the yard,  
in dozens they are grouped,  
and the bird thinks, "Home is its own reward.  
I'm thankful for my stoop."



### **For the Quarterly Newsletter**

I searched the web high and wide  
to find a pantoum worthy of imitation.  
I liked the advice of hiring someone  
or stealing until one is caught.

To find a pantoum worthy of imitation,  
one must exercise, jumping in the deep end  
or stealing, until one is caught,  
brought before a plagiarism judge.

One must exercise, jumping in the deep end  
to find those cultured thoughts,

The cats had gathered into groups  
and the feeder is in their sight.  
But the bird hangs out on his stoop  
after it left the fence in fright.

--Terrie Jacks

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### **Squirrels Gone Wild**

It's spring break.  
Squirrels gone wild in my ceiling.  
At night, they chase each other, keeping me wide awake.  
We cohabit—me in my bed, the critters in the ceiling.

Squirrels gone wild in my ceiling.  
They never ever sleep.  
We cohabit—me in my bed, the critters in the ceiling.  
Their rowdy party forces me not to sleep.

They never ever sleep.  
Their clatter gives me the chills.  
Their rowdy party forces me not to sleep.  
I need strong sleeping pills.

Their clatter gives me the chills.  
My mind needs a break.  
I need strong sleeping pills.  
It's spring break.

--John Han

brought before a plagiarism judge,  
pleading madness.

To find those cultured thoughts,  
I searched the web high and wide.  
Pleading madness,  
I liked the advice of hiring someone.

--Todd Sukany

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### **A Sow Will Wallow**

A sow will wallow in a muddy pond.  
Of warm water baths with soap, she is not fond.  
In sheer delight, she loves to flip and flop.  
Her taste leans more toward flies and table slop.

Of warm water baths with soap, she is not fond.  
Troughs of sour mash and acorns wait beyond.  
Her taste leans more toward flies and table slop,  
but sometimes, moist leaves and the turnip crop.

Troughs of sour mash and acorns wait beyond,  
the fence and south gate which form a bond.  
But sometimes moist leaves and the turnip crop  
are eaten in early morn, especially the green top.

A big, loblolly will make a smelly sow stop.  
In sheer delight, she likes to flip and flop,  
and coat herself in mud for which she's fond.  
A sow will wallow in a muddy pond.

--Llewellyn S. Brawner

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## Poems from Members

### **The Gold of Heaven**

*(A Salute to William Butler Yeats)*

Had I but sight of heaven's gold  
its streets' transparent sea of light  
with Christ the Son upon his throne  
beside his Father in royal scope . . .

I'd take a brush and dip in hope  
to paint the scene for all to view  
the gold of heaven in holy light,  
such warmth and light as never seen  
in earthly skirts of common green.

I'd plant a hunger in each heart  
for light and love as offered free  
at utmost cost from Father God  
who gave his Son to ransom me

and thee.

--Faye Adams

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### **PROM**

They danced, the rose corsage interfering  
as he held her. Outside the gym  
they kissed in the dark and he was aroused.  
Shall we go steady? she asked  
and he told her there's the army, you know.  
I'll be in it, not knowing what lies ahead,  
the coming out of latent feelings,  
suddenly immersed in a world of toughening up  
among men whose trust I must earn.  
Let's wait till it's over and see  
how I handle the temptations  
of army life, you know, the glamor  
of being in uniform, the rigors of basic training,  
the possibility of facing combat.  
He didn't realize that learning to kill  
means learning to hate, that learning to protect  
means something to love. She only sensed  
she should hold on to what she has  
since separation trumps pledges.

--Laurence W. Thomas

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## **"Uncertainty"**

She asked me "Which do you find it more difficult to imagine, that our universe had some sort of instant of beginning, or that it has existed eternally and always will forever?"

I said to her "Can I get back to you on it? Right now I am bogged down with this poem, over a month now. I can't even decide whether I want a rhyme scheme for the thing. Ask me again in a month or two, OK?"

-- Mary Spottswood

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## **NEWS, 1944**

News conference of news-mongers,  
Newest members including  
Newsboys. Now, contact any  
News agency and you'll get  
Newspeak. Sort it out. Read the  
Newspapers, newscasts, any  
News release. See what I mean.

--Carol Louise Moon

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## **Vietnam Wall**

It's Good Friday  
and the whitest hour of day.  
We look on the marble walls,  
straight and tall, holding names  
of men and women  
who once stood at attention.

A voiceless crowd  
touches names of those long gone.

Like us, many drove miles and miles  
to grope something here,  
to touch a name and grope.

No side-stepping the sadness.

Someone calls names from a platform.  
A whimper in the distance.

No explaining a war.

My imagination runs.  
The souls probably took a leap  
into the dark on dark, found  
a hundred-thousand mercy rays,  
a tender night,  
arms flung open.

Such thoughts today  
reduce me to silence.

--Pat Durmon

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## CATS AND BIRDS

Inside  
all night, the cat  
sits on the driveway as  
if inhaling the sweet air of  
morning.

Or he  
could be sniffing  
for squirrel, or listening—as  
only cats can do—for the ‘cheep-  
cheep’ of

a young  
bird pushed too soon  
--or fallen--from its nest.  
I rescued one such fledgling from  
said cat

who was  
playing ‘toss up’  
with a baby redbird,  
even as Mother protested  
above.

“No, Boots,  
No!” as he heads  
that way again. After  
ignoring me, he finally  
obeys.

--Pat Laster, Bombadil

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## The One Less Traveled By

I met him in a high school class  
one cold, November day,  
when we were told to turn the page  
and read along the way.

The poem began "whose woods these are"  
in simple words and phrase,  
but by the end of "miles to go"  
I learned a man to praise.

His name was Frost and new to me  
but not for very long,  
for "Mending Wall" and "Birches" too  
became my daily song.

His short "Design" and strong "Out, Out . . . "  
spoke to my inner soul;  
and reading slow "Reluctance" then  
helped make me pure and whole.

So when I come to many roads  
and have to choose but one,  
the grassy path that needs more wear  
I know I cannot shun.

For Frost gives word that ages hence  
I may look back and sigh;  
for it has made a difference –  
the one less traveled by.

--John W. Crawford, Hot Springs, AR  
(This poem gave me the honor of being selected  
National Senior Poet Laureate a few years ago.)

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### **Stairs Don't Get Stuck**

I hurried to a nearby town  
to give an interview.  
I knew this perfect job would help  
me start my life anew.

I took the elevator and  
pushed button number eight.  
The car lurched; then it wouldn't budge.  
I cried, "Oh, I'll be late!"

One shrieking nut, two clueless girls  
who texted or played rap,  
one man with body odor, and  
two grouches shared the trap.

I wished I had air freshener,  
handcuffs, nerve pills, earplugs,  
and a repairman. Soon he came.  
Relieved, I gave him hugs!

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To get to my new job, I take  
the stairs; this choice seems wise.  
They never fail; and, anyway,  
I need the exercise!

--Janice Canerdy

\*\*\*\*\*

### **A WINTER STORM (tartoum)**

Put the electric blanket on  
a cold front is heading our way  
with snow in the forecast.

A cold front is heading our way,  
batten down the hatches,  
get out the shovel.

Batten down the hatches,  
bring in another armload of wood,  
stock up on groceries.

Bring in another armload of wood,  
pull your muffler a little tighter,  
grab your sweater.

Pull your muffler a little tighter,  
the north wind is blowing,  
and don't forget your mittens.

The north wind is blowing,  
with snow in the forecast,  
get out the shovel,  
stock up on groceries,  
grab your sweater,  
and don't forget your mittens.

--Marilyn Smith

\*This form called a Tartoum. In this form the last line of each tercet becomes the closing lines in the sestet closure in the order that they fall within the poem. It's a variation of the Pantoum form. Also like the

## Teenage Dream

When music came a-courtin'  
I had to pluck my answer  
Vibration of the six-string sort  
done set my feet a-dancin'

I stood in halls and darkened pubs  
cigarette smoke a-rollin'  
Sang *Mary Jane, Mustang Sally*  
and *I hear that train a-comin'*

But nothin' set my feet a-flame  
as deeply as the swamp ash tele  
plugged directly inna Fender Twin  
cranked loud `nuf to shake my belly

--Todd Sukany

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pantoum, the middle line of each tercet becomes the first line in the next tercet. So it takes a bit of planning.

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## No Writing Today

Can't write  
pen's dry  
no refills  
pencil – dull  
eraser – useless  
crayons – broke  
markers – umph  
out of the question  
messy

Have a feather  
could make a quill  
no ink

It's not my lack  
of creativity  
that's hindering  
my composing

It's my writing instruments  
They're defective

--Terrie Jacks

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## Senryu

judge not—  
he preaches on it  
in a judgmental voice

meal blessing  
a baby awed by granddad's  
fast-moving lips

Bible study  
the girl's left hand hides  
her cleavage

testimony—  
five minutes on his success  
one minute on God

a tied game  
both teams pray  
to the same God

highway coffee shop  
the biggest tippers:  
truckers

a talkative man  
he doesn't know he spat  
on my face

two doctor's bills  
five hundred bucks for the dog  
six bucks for his owner

working hard in the yard  
me aboveground

## Dreaming All Night Long

Monday morning I wake up with my eyes half open after  
dreaming of:

my boss coming my way  
my colleague who doesn't answer e-mails  
my high-rise hotel room  
a panel discussion for which I am not ready

cherry blossoms in Kyoto  
soda fountain spewing their contents on the floor  
then shutting themselves down  
a plastic bridge that has a pattern of rainbow fish

my daughters giggling as babies  
my childhood farmhouse dimly lit  
my mom who gives me a ripe persimmon

a thick fog shrouding a mountain  
snow falling on withered grass

my boss staring at me in the hallway

I am confused. It is Tuesday morning.

--John J. Han, On the Edge

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moles belowground

too much love:  
moles in my yard never  
visit my neighbor's

family photo—  
parents wear big smiles  
children glare

bags under eyes  
choosing round lenses  
with thick rims

--John J. Han, On the Edge

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### **LIFE AND DEATH SURPRISES**

(a pirouette)

He clutched his battered ear,  
"Dad, please, don't throw me out."  
wondering why, when with  
a banshee sort of shout,  
he delivered that box!  
He delivered that box--  
time meant nothing to him--  
uncaring and too late.  
The corpse already mulch,  
the cortege could not wait.

Jean Marie Purcell

\*\*\*\*\*

### **A Point of View**

The dark  
scares us -  
but there's nothing  
in the dark  
that wasn't  
in the light.  
Saints  
walk among us unseen -  
as do devils.

--Frank Adams Member at Large

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# GRIST 2018 SUBMISSIONS

It's that time of year again. I am accepting submissions for our 2018 anthology. Submissions will be accepted now through **May 31, 2018**. Please send your contribution to the following address:

DAWN HARMON  
Editor-GRIST  
351 Oak Road  
Cuba, MO 65453 or via email at: [inafieldofdaisies@hotmail.com](mailto:inafieldofdaisies@hotmail.com)

All submissions **must** include the following information: Poet's Name, City/State, Chapter Affiliation or Lifetime Membership, if applicable, Mailing Address and Phone Number. Please send in PDF format if possible. Submissions received without proper information included will be forfeit.

You may purchase your copy of GRIST 2018 by mailing checks made payable to MSPS to the address above. Copies are \$8.75 each if pre-ordered. Any copy ordered after the **MAY 31, 2018 DEADLINE** will be \$10.00 per copy.

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Todd Sukany--Acting Editor