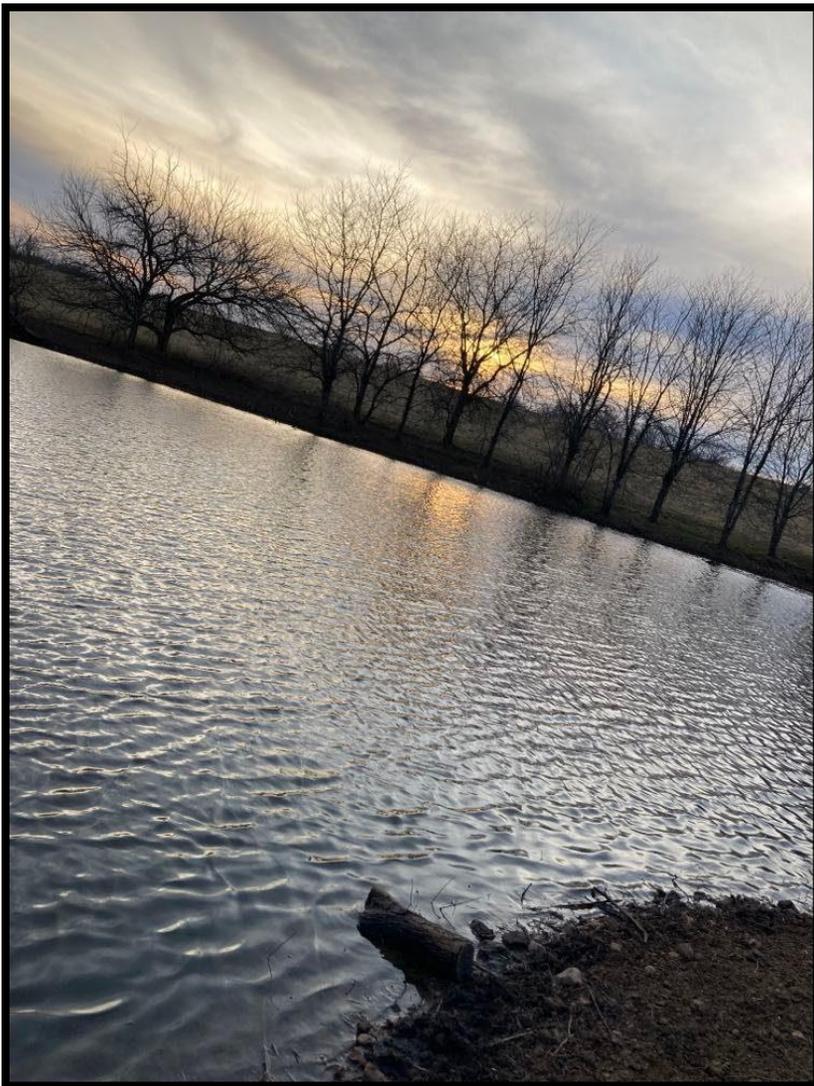


SPARE MULE NEWSLETTER



Newsletter of MSPS | Vol 26 No. 01 | 20 May 2022 | www.mostatepoetry.com
|Photographer and Guest Editor: Julia Munton
New MSPS Logo Designer: Rebecca Foltz



Local Chapters

AUTHOR UNKNOWN

Bolivar, Missouri

THE MERRY BOMBADILS

Cuba, Missouri

KC METROPOLITAN VERSE

Kansas City, Missouri

LEBANON POETS' SOCIETY

Lebanon, Missouri

ON THE EDGE

De Soto, Missouri

Come read our newsletter to learn what exciting things are happening in the Missouri State Poetry Society!

Table of Contents

Table of Contents	2
<i>President's Corner</i>	4
<i>MSPS Contest Winners</i>	5
<i>Winter Contest 2022</i>	6
<i>Youth Contest 2022</i>	7
<i>Editor's Column</i>	8
<i>Chapter Updates</i>	9
<i>Kudos</i>	11
<i>Other Poems</i>	12
<i>Spring on the Prairie—Marie Asner</i>	13
<i>Lies Told to Children as Truth—Frank Adams</i>	14
<i>The Dance Studio—Hank Spottswood</i>	15
<i>A Minute for Spring*—Janice Canerdy</i>	16
<i>Holding Mama's Hands—Janice Canerdy</i>	17
<i>Spring on Where Rice Grows—John J. Han</i>	18
<i>Daffodils to Tulips to Poinsettias—Terrie Jacks, Ekphrastic</i>	19
<i>Mother's Day Ekphrastic—Terrie Jacks</i>	20
<i>The Peace of the Sea—John J. Han</i>	21
<i>Monterey, California—John J. Han</i>	22
<i>On the Return Trip, 6:37 a.m.—Todd Sukany</i>	23
<i>Gospel According to Mark—Todd Sukany</i>	24
<i>Seasonal Sound—Stella Cunningham</i>	25
<i>Caregivers—Dale Ernst</i>	26
<i>Remembering First Friends at Age 88—Wanda Parrott</i>	27
<i>April 1st: Write a poem about a joke or prank from past April 1sts</i>	29
<i>Logan Sends a Message—Terrie Jacks</i>	29
<i>John Crawford, Haiku</i>	29
<i>April 5th: Write a poem titled "Help for the Hopeful."</i>	30
<i>Help for the Hopeful—Todd Sukany</i>	30
<i>Help for the Hopeful—Terrie Jacks</i>	30
<i>April 8th: Write a poem containing the words, "tongue," "precious," "fulfilled," and "lovely."</i>	31
<i>Sweet Delight—Todd Sukany</i>	31
<i>How Lovely the Dawn—Terrie Jacks</i>	32
<i>April 12th: Write a shape poem. For Many—Todd Sukany</i>	33
<i>For Many—Todd Sukany</i>	33

<i>Wider than I am Tall—Teresa Klepac</i>	34
<i>Shape Poem—Terrie Jacks</i>	35
<i>April 15th: Write a nonsense verse poem.</i>	36
<i>Fred’s Butterflies—Terrie Jacks</i>	36
<i>April 19th: Write a humorous poem.</i>	37
<i>Oh Those Golden Moments—Terrie Jacks</i>	37
<i>In Your Hearing—Todd Sukany</i>	38
<i>April 22nd: Write a poem that contains the words, “faithful,” “unknown,” and “triumph.”</i>	39
<i>Faithfully Yours—Terrie Jacks</i>	39
<i>Freedom—Todd Sukany</i>	39
<i>The End of April—Terrie Jacks</i>	40
<i>End of April—Todd Sukany</i>	40



President's Corner

From the President's Desk:

Dear Poets,

Spring has finally sprung. We can get outside more. Maybe some of you will go for walks, plant flowers, attend graduations. Don't forget to keep writing, too. Watch for poetry contests you can participate in. Remember September 23 and 24 we have will our state poetry meeting in Lebanon, MO.

Have a safe and relaxing summer. And remember God loves you and so do I.

Regards,

Nancy

MSPS Contest Winners



WINTER CONTEST 2022

YOUTH CONTEST 2022

Winter Contest 2022

MISSOURI STATE POETRY SOCIETY WINTER CONTEST 2022 WINNERS

CATEGORY 1. RHYMED OR BLANK VERSE

1. *OH, THE THINGS YOU CAN SEE*, Pat Laster, Benton, AR, MSPS Member
2. *Always the division*, Catherine Moran, Little Rock AR
3. *To Gary Snyder*, Pat Laster, Benton, AR, MSPS Member
 - 1st Honorable Mention, *WHAT PRICE BEAUTY?* Pat Laster, Benton, AR, MSPS Member
 - 2nd Honorable Mention, *The Garden Gnome*, LaVerne Spencer McCarthy, Blair, OK
 - 3rd Honorable Mention, *Ghetto Music*, LaVerne Spencer McCarthy, Blair, OK

CATEGORY 2. FREE VERSE

1. *Nightly Topic*, LaVerne Spencer McCarthy, Blair, OK
2. *On The Way To Nowhere*, Gail Denham, Sunriver, OR, MSPS Member
3. *North by Northwest*, Gail Denham, Sunriver, OR, MSPS Member
 - 1st Honorable Mention, *NO TRUE LOVE*, Velvet Fackeldey, Columbus, NM, MSPS
 - 2nd Honorable Mention, *Ordinary, Invisible*, Gail Denham, Sunriver, OR, MSPS Member
 - 3rd Honorable Mention, *Shattered Memories*, Teresa H. Klepac, Columbia, MO, MSPS Member

CATEGORY 3. HUMOROUS

1. *Youth In My Later Days*, LaVerne Spencer McCarthy, Blair, OK
2. *Geezer From Grabbit*, LaVerne Spencer McCarthy, Blair, OK
3. *At the Old Ballgame*, Terrie Jacks, Ballwin, MO, MSPS Member
 - 1st Honorable Mention. *Network Attack*, Gail Denham, Sunriver, OR, MSPS Member
 - 2nd Honorable Mention, *Must be Red, Ruffled and Frivolous*, Terrie Jacks, Ballwin, MO, MSPS Member
 - 3rd Honorable Mention, *Paramour*, Nancy LaChance, Lebanon, MO, MSPS Member

CATEGORY 4. SEASONAL SUBJECT

1. *Almost November*, Becky Alexander, Cambridge, ON, Canada
2. *The Fall*, Jerri Hardesty, Brierfield, AL
3. *Windblown*, Faye Adams, Cherokee Village, AR, MSPS Member
 - 1st Honorable Mention, *the season of . . .*, Terrie Jacks, Ballwin, MO, MSPS Member
 - 2nd Honorable Mention, *Never-Ending Music . . . Begun at Christmas*, Gail Denham, Sunriver, OR, MSPS Member
 - 3rd Honorable Mention, *winter trees*, Terrie Jacks, Ballwin, MO, MSPS Member

CATEGORY 5. POET'S CHOICE, MEMBERS ONLY

1. *Le Litterateur's Jardin*, Pat Laster, Benton, AR, MSPS Member
2. *my old porch*, Terrie Jacks, Ballwin, MO, MSPS Member
3. *The Surge of the Sea*, Teresa H. Klepac, Columbia, MO, MSPS Member
 - 1st Honorable Mention. *No Fear? Tell Me About It*, Gail Denham, Sunriver, OR, MSPS Member
 - 2nd Honorable Mention. *You Know that Person Who . . .*, Terrie Jacks, Ballwin, MO, MSPS Member
 - 3rd Honorable Mention. *I'M WITH THE NEIGHBOR*, Pat Laster, Benton, AR, MSPS Member

CONGRATULATIONS TO ALL THE WINNERS!

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

Youth Contest 2022

Senior Division

1. Micaela Smith—Troy Buchanan High School – Brittany Hosmer
2. Katie Johnson—Jackson High School- Joyce Thiess
3. Haven LaClair—Abigail Beckman- Jackson High School
4. Alex Sterling—Jennifer Lipe- Jackson High School 1st hour
5. Allison King—Myriah Miller- Jackson High School 2nd hour
2. Kris Johnson—Abigail Beckman- Jackson High School 3rd hour

Junior Division

1. Lola Davis -- Good Shepherd Catholic School – Mrs. Rhonda Chiles
2. Ava Sizemore-- Good Shepherd Catholic School – Mrs. Rhonda Chiles
3. Liam Wengert -- Good Shepherd Catholic School – Mrs. Rhonda Chiles
4. Marianne Bullock --Good Shepherd Catholic School – Mrs. Rhonda Chiles
5. Charleigh Hall --Good Shepherd Catholic School – Mrs. Rhonda Chiles
6. Sofia Perez --Archie RV School Dana Martin 3rd hour
7. Bryson Wilkins --Archie R V Dana Martin 4th hour
8. Kyleigh Wilson--Archie RV Dana Martin 4th hour
9. Abigail Sutton --Archie Dana Martin

Editor's Column

Dear MSPS Poets,

Wow! This semester has seemed to fly by. I have so enjoyed working with you all, and I want to take this opportunity to thank you all for the wonderful experience I have had during this internship. During my time as your editor, I have been challenged in many ways, and I feel that I have grown through those challenges. I have always enjoyed poetry, both reading and writing it, but it wasn't until I joined Author Unknown that I started to truly enjoy poetry, and began to look deeper into the hidden meanings, the rhythm and word counts, and the beautiful imagery that comes with poetry. I've written many poems in the last few years, and I've read even more, but while working with you this semester, I have enjoyed every moment of this internship.

Additionally, since I started this internship, I have come to realize how much I enjoy this type of work, and I hope to pursue similar opportunities in my future, and this semester has given me experiences that I believe will help me reach that goal.

Since I will be graduating in May, I will no longer be your Editor, but I hope each of you continue to pursue poetry and bring joy to the world through your work. Thank you for a wonderful experience, and I wish you all the best in your poetry endeavors!

Thank you for all you do.

Sincerely,

Julia Munton

Chapter Updates

The Merry Bombadils Chapter of MSPS

The Merry Bombadils are working on another project writing Triolets and Rondelets. The Round Robin started in January and will continue through the end of 2022. Participants are Carol Louise Moon, Harold Asner, Marie Asner, Pat Laster, and Teresa Klepac. Pat Laster is managing the project this year, which will result in a chap book. The Merry Bombadils are enjoying the start of Spring and the many interesting things that a change in season brings.

Marie Asner – Our very Merry Bombadil, Marie, from March 1, 2022, to May 1, 2022, had 10 poems published in Medusa's Kitchen, one poem published on-line at Illinois State Poetry Society, and on April 4, 2022 a Poetry Reading before a concert of Kansas Landlocked Opera Company, Inc. to celebrate April National Poetry Month and fundraiser for music scholarships. Two of her poems are contest winners published in Rockford Review Spring 2022. A poem was published in Pegasus magazine, spring edition 2022. A poem written to go with Collage Art Gallery Display, Downer's Grove Public Library, Downer's Grove, Illinois. The poem is framed and on display at the library in the art gallery. Harold Asner is busy this Spring with math tutoring. He is also participating in the Round Robin as time permits.

Teresa H. Klepac submitted a shape poem titled Wider than I am Tall for the National Poetry Month MSPS social media. She also read two poems at ForColumbia Prayer Hub on April 30, one titled The Question on Setting Out and the other Faith is Like Electricity. Teresa served as a prayer hub leader through her church membership at Fairview Road Church of Christ. ForColumbia was founded in 2015 to bring Christians together to freely share the love of God by serving our community, side-by-side. We do this by organizing volunteers from Christian churches throughout mid-Missouri to serve individuals, non-profit organizations, and other public venues in an annual city-wide day of service. Teresa continues to be an active member of the Columbia Writers Group, which critiques work by four other authors/poets on a weekly basis and encourages each other to publish.

During National Poetry Month, Pat Laster posted a poem every day on Facebook. In late March, she attended the annual Lucidity Poets Retreat in Eureka Springs while a resident at The Writers Colony at Dairy Hollow. Pat won an Honorable Mention in the Lucidity Awards for a Golden Shovel sequence, using lines from Elizabeth Bishop, Joy Harjo, Mary Oliver, and Rita Dove. She just finished the May cinquain monthly, "At Least There's A Choice," and she critiqued 25 poems of Joe Neely, Ann Arbor MI, at his request.

On the Edge:

We meet, we read, and we review our work.

We have tried to meet monthly but sometimes we can't. We celebrated Christmas with a small party, a few snacks and lots of conversation.

Several of us were in Fireflies Light, an online journal that came out in March.

Poetry month found Terrie Jacks submitting two poems a week for contributions on MSPS Facebook page. Her comment when asked why, "Can't let Todd S. have all the fun."

Things are getting back to "normal", whatever that is, at our meetings. Lots of good discussions.

Second Tuesday Poetry Society

The Second Tuesday Poetry group is meeting on the second Thursday of the month through September of 2022 due to temporary schedule changes.

We have 5 regular attendees at our meetings.

Father Pat Wissman serves as president and Stella Cunningham as vice-president.

Kudos



John Crawford has had several honors to his name in recent months. He won 1st Place in the Howard Kilby Haiku Contest in April, for Ouachita New, and an Honorable Mention for Haiku, for the April Hot Springs Cherry Blossom Festival.

Read from his 2021 book, "Just Off Highway 71: Memories in Lyric." April Ozark Writers League, Branson, where he sponsors two contests each year, one in poetry, one in anecdotal memoir. He has retired from the Board this year. He will be inducted into the Arkansas Writers Conference HALL OF FAME, June 4, NLR, for 50 years of contributions in poetry and prose.

Other Poems



Spring on the Prairie—Marie Asner

Early morning drive
with fresh air through open windows.
From the gravel road, we see
flashes of blue lightning and behind
the wet meadow, hush of morning
as Venus holds the sky alone
then slips into mist.
Breezes murmur about the scent of rain
and furry things nestle in dry leaves
blown there from oaks far away.
The road narrows and we can brush
our fingers on prairie grass
waving hello to visitors.
Sun begins to rise, embroidering
our faces in yellow threads of beams.
The wind begins its morning work
ahead of the car. Unfolding like
bolts of pink satin is primrose country,
being proud and sassy with the
lone milkweed, who wishes he
was somewhere else.

previously published in ISPS

Lies Told to Children as Truth—Frank Adams

Life is fair.

Work hard and you'll always get ahead.

Bad people are always punished.

Good people win in the end.

Beauty doesn't matter.

Money doesn't matter.

Race, sex, social class don't matter.

It's what you know - not- who you know that counts.

You can trust police officers, firemen, teachers,
ministers and priests.

America stands for justice.

The courts are fair.

Politicians look out for our best interests.

Be nice to others and they will be nice to you.

The Dance Studio—Hank Spottswood

Soft romantic lighting.
Faux nightclub tables for two
hug the polished hardwood floor.
Highball glasses, fancy cocktail napkins,
plastic stirrers, plastic ice cubes.

On the walls of wood paneling,
framed photos of contest winners.
Trophies in cabinets by the jukebox.
A microphone stands tall and poised
like a band leader of the grand era.

Business hours are posted in the window.
Glossies of instructors in ballroom poses.
Reflected in the glass, stoop shouldered
now, I see that sweet old heartbreaker
who cut a rug when big bands played.

We danced. Oh, how we danced

A Minute for Spring*—Janice Canerdy

Each spring azaleas—pink, pure white,
and red so bright
join yellow bells
to cast their spells.

It's spring again and Earth's alive.
Bright blossoms thrive.
A balmy breeze
floats through the trees.

Appealing fragrances abound.
The joyous sound
of songbirds' trills
my spirit thrills.

*The Minute Poem has 3 stanzas that are exactly the same: 8,4,4,4; 8,4,4,4; 8,4,4,4 (60 syllables.)
A traditional Minute Poem is written in strict iambic meter. The rhyme scheme is aabb, ccdd, eeff.

Holding Mama's Hands—Janice Canerdy

Today my seeking heart demands
a poem lovely as these hands.

Each wrinkle is a memory.
How strong and sure they used to be!

As fragile fingers bravely try
to squeeze my hand, sweet moments fly.

I know grief soon will have its way,
but now I'll keep my tears at bay.

Today I long to pen for her
sweet words of praise that tears would blur.

Choice words I need now hover near;
I'm trusting God will make them clear.

Spring on Where Rice Grows—John J. Han

(Kyoka prose)

For many years, I knew that Arkansas was the #1 rice grower in the United States. I also knew that rice grew somewhere along the Mississippi River. However, it was unclear exactly where it was growing. While driving through the region, on Interstate Highway 55 and U.S. Route 67, I saw endless stretches of flatland many times but did not see rice growing there. Then, in the fall of 2021, I saw rice stems, tillers, and grains with my eyes. It happened at the Arkansas Welcome Center at Corning, located one mile south of the Missouri border. Adjacent to the center was a crop of rice awaiting harvest. Eureka! The rice resembled the one I had seen in my childhood. After taking several pictures of the field, I texted them to my younger brother in Korea, who grew up with me on the rice fields. A moment of sheer delight in Corning helped solve many years' mystery for me.

a friend
who grew up shoeless
in Kentucky
he tells me the story
again

Daffodils to Tulips to Poinsettias—Terrie Jacks, Ekphrastic

The end of April
well, how do you do?
the flowers are tulips
and dogwoods do bloom

April begot showers
now we drift into May
and off in the woods
mayapples do sway

A fourth of the year
already 's raced by
why before we know it
Happy Holidays we'll cry

Terrie Jacks



Mother's Day Ekphrastic—Terrie Jacks

Happy Mother's Day
these flowers don't wilt
nor does your love
Thanks for being
the mother I love



The Peace of the Sea—John J. Han

(Tanka prose)

According to Confucius, the wise like water, whereas the benevolent like mountains. Living close to the Ozarks has sparked my attraction to hills and hollers in recent years, but I consider myself a water person—a wise man. The fact that I grew up along the shore of the Yellow Sea plays a large role in my love for the sea. Seared in my memory are fishing boats that float offshore, the silky water that glitters under the sun, the gentle waves that come and go, the setting sun that tinges the sky and sea crimson, and the deep mystery the water surface hides underneath. In the beginning was water, and it will continue to stay with us and for us until time ends.

leaving the world
of din for the ocean
whose lexicon
excludes *virus*
and *war*

Monterey, California—John J. Han

(Tanka prose)

Monterey is the setting of several John Steinbeck novels, including *East of Eden*, *Tortilla Flat*, *Cannery Row*, and *Sweet Thursday*. As a literary pilgrim, I visited the city on California's Central Coast in the mid-2010s. Seeing a Steinbeck bust and Doc Ricketts's Lab in person was an unforgettable experience. However, the most long-lasting experience during the visit was to see seagulls flying overhead, gentle waves lapping the shore, and the Pacific Ocean stretching boundlessly. Across the ocean was East Asia, my home, where people who look like me were residing. I thought about the Chinese immigrants in Steinbeck's stories, such as Lee, Lee Chong, and the old, mysterious "Chinaman." A century ago, they moved to the United States for a better life. As people of the Postcolonial Other, they were often vilified and taunted, but they also lived closer to their native land than those who live in the Midwest, like me, and on the East Coast. Big California cities almost feel like East Asian cities with English signs. I came back home with envy for those who lived on the West Coast, but soon I regained my love for the Great Plains and Midwest, where tall grasses grow, the sky is expansive, and smog is a rarity.

pan-Pacific flight
despite the loud talk
and crying babies
happy to be going
home

On the Return Trip, 6:37 a.m.—Todd Sukany

Again yesterday Frisco Trail split
the woods in two. Evidence

of travelers gone ahead runs distinct.
A shoe tread. Aluminum foil. Deer

hooves like little horns
above mouthless eyes.

And ahead fresh, prints push up
from the gravel against the squirrel paws,

First of its breed to appear this season,
I imagine Ol' Red sees us and will hoist

tail up the branch in a moment. But Red waits
on the perch, a slender, internal, executive order,

until we see eye-to-eye about all
the noise going on around us.

Gospel According to Mark—Todd Sukany

"Good people are remembered long after they are gone" --Prov 10:7 CEV

Not that it matters anymore.
The actual Gospel, the Book
of Mark, once covered in finger-
prints and tears, collects dust
on a shelf formerly filled with books.

It is not that the Gospel is ignored
in favor of some broad path leading
to destruction (or something similar);
it is the advance of technology. Why

hold a book when one can hold a screen?
Why care about kangaroo leather covers
and shiny gold leaf? Why not simply
place another name in the contact list,
next to Malachi? I digress.

The actual gospel of mark motivates
the vast majority on the planet every day—
how does one make a lasting impression?

in spring the pelting of the rain on the roof
brings thoughts of all things new the peeps and trills of
hatchlings and baby chicks
announce new life on earth

the plink and plop of summer showers combine with
the crackle of lightning and rolling crash of thunder frogs croak and plop
in the ponds while the ducks quack and
geese honk loudly on the glistening ponds

a crackle of falling leaves and swooshing of wind announce
the coming of nature's sleep bonfires crackle and pop
under a harvest moon
as kids of all ages celebrate the autumn season

in winter the clattering of falling sleet mingles
with the tinkle of bells on hanging wreaths hear the crunching
of the snow underfoot

as one walks along the moonlit side streets

These seasons of sounds in our world are made for our **pleasure** God in His Heaven made them and pronounced them "good."

Caregivers—Dale Ernst

*For all our healthcare professionals
and staff. (We owe them a debt of gratitude.) —*

Bless the caregivers,
those doctors and nurses
offering healing and comfort.

Jesus' parable of the Good Samaritan:
Bandaging the stranger's wounds and
nursing him back to health.

Bless the caregivers,
those easing the suffering of the
mentally and spiritually distraught.

Buddha asked, "Have you seen someone
grievously ill, in pain, unable to rise, and
did the thought never occur to you, that
you are also subject to sickness and death?"

Bless the caregivers,
those showing kindness to the afflicted,
helping with their care and well-being.

Ordinary people becoming selfless
during extraordinarily difficult times.

*Like unto—
Merciful Angels and Bodhisattvas.*

Remembering First Friends at Age 88—Wanda Parrott

When I was young, not yet quite three,
the world was still inside of me;
but shortly before I turned four,
I found it outside our back door.

In Mother's garden, silken strings
were woven by eight-legged things
I heard the universe's sound
among new plants in springtime's ground:

Chirps and purrs and hums of trees--
the blend of weed wind, buzz of bees--
as sunlight candled shells so frail
I viewed each embryonic snail.

Spiders, ants and slugs were charms
I wore like bracelets on my arms;
my silvereen tattoos were hugs
bestowed in slime ink by young slugs.

Lizards, snakes and geckoes, too,
were friends who shared our backyard zoo,
the universe through which I'd roam
without one step away from home.

I lived in Eden; what is sad
was Mother swore my friends were bad,
and Dad spread poison that would kill
the gentle life forms I love still.

I rescue spiders, flies and worms
and have not yet been killed by germs,
but this is the amazing thing:
I've never yet had one bee sting.

—A Note from the Author

"I am in my 88th year and, to date, have never had a bee sting!"

Wanda Sue Parrott

Honorary Life Member

Poets & Friends Chapter

now living in Monterey, CA

National Poetry Month



National Poetry Month is a month to celebrate poetry. MSPS poets celebrated by writing poetry based on prompts from MSPS social media over the month of April. Members then wrote poems based on these prompts and sent them in to be posted on social media. (Facebook, Instagram, and Twitter)

The prompts sent out were as follows:

April 1st: *Write a poem about a joke or prank from past April 1sts.*

April 5th: *Write a poem titled "Help for the Hopeful."*

April 8th: *Write a poem containing the words, "tongue," "precious," "fulfilled," and "lovely."*

April 12th: *Write a shape poem.*

April 15th: *Write a nonsense verse poem.*

April 19th: *Write a humorous poem.*

April 22nd: *Write a poem that contains the words, "faithful," "unknown," and "triumph."*

April 26th: *Write a poem about the end of the month of April.*

April 1st

April 1st: Write a poem about a joke or prank from past April 1sts

Logan Sends a Message—Terrie Jacks

Wall spider.

Logan spies it.

Sends a text message

Grandma calls back

worried it is on the attack.

Asks Logan,

“What did you do?”

Logan replies,

“Hey, I got you,

April Fools.”

John Crawford, Haiku

John Crawford
Saffron Holden leaves
stirring in the gentle wind --
Time's slow clock moves on.

April 5th

April 5th: Write a poem titled “Help for the Hopeful.”

Help for the Hopeful—Todd Sukany

“He winketh with his eyes” -- Prov 6:13

Word on the street about you is
as follows: Settle it with a surge.
Take the dog on a walk
so he can return to purge

his previous spew.
Close your mouth (though hard-pressed)
and keep your pride.
Increase your hours of rest

and dream of the hunter
and the ant. Keep your sorrows in a sack
and know the fire in your hands
cannot burn the clothes upon your back.

Help for the Hopeful—Terrie Jacks

help
for the hopeful
getting lost
in dreams
watching a romcom movie

April 8th

April 8th: Write a poem containing the words, “tongue,” “precious,” “fulfilled,” and “lovely.”

Sweet Delight—Todd Sukany

"And he that was dead sat up, and began to speak." -- Luke 7:15

I've been dead all morning!
I may have started hours ago.
But now my tongue is loosed.
My precious tongue set aglow.

I've been dead all morning!
I heard a mumble or some blather
and *Voila* (yup, I blabbed French
from some dream or movie, I gather).

Bed sores be gone—I could see
a lovely sky interrupted by a dove
sitting in the olive branches. I know.
A Dove. In the midst of the city I love.

Once I focused on mom, I felt like
I'd fulfilled a prophetic word
or at least been served
a pineapple snow cone.

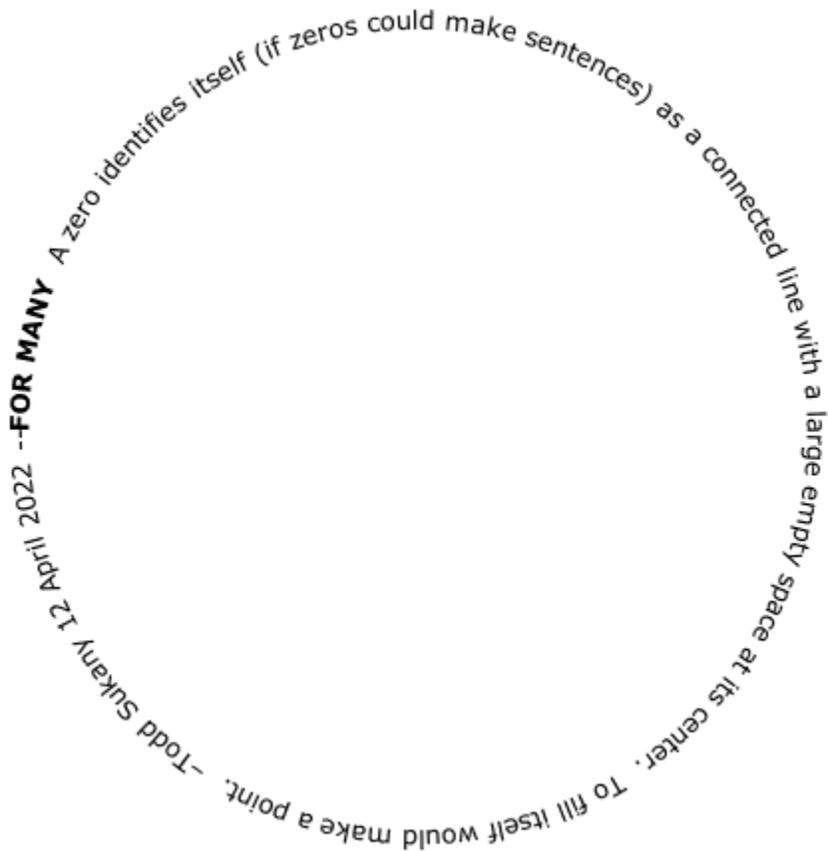
How Lovely the Dawn—Terrie Jacks

Sunrise –
that moment
to me so precious,
to witness the sun glide
above the horizon
has fulfilled last night's wish
upon a shooting star.
The scene proves to be
too lovely, too splendid,
too mesmerizing.
Words desert my lips
my tongue remains silent
in awe

April 12th

April 12th: Write a shape poem. For Many—Todd Sukany

For Many—Todd Sukany



Wider than I am Tall—Teresa Klepac

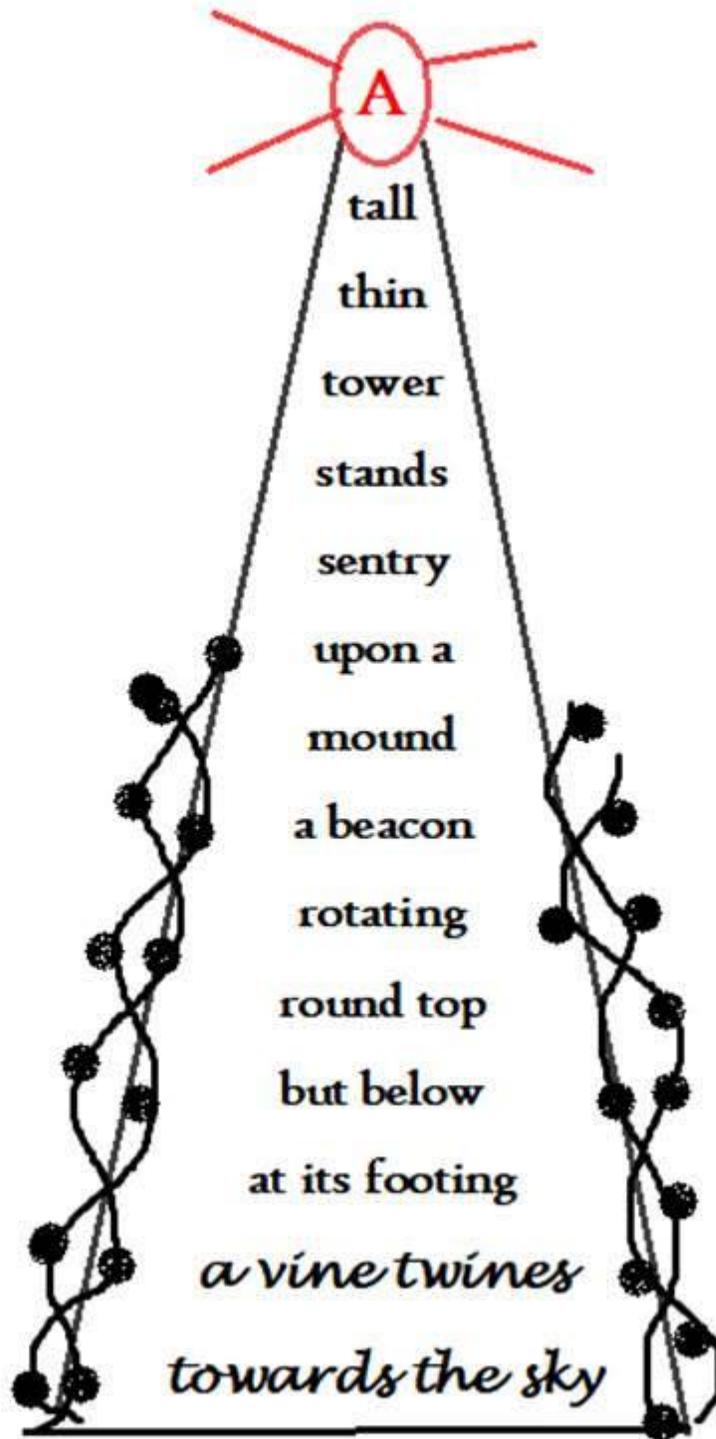
Wider than I am Tall

I am shapely
in a strange
and
peculiar way. My girth has left me
wider than
I am
tall.

My hips are bubbles
of flesh very wide
and wobbly
after all.

Can	I
Fit	in
that	dress?
Maybe.	Maybe
Not I	guess

Teresa H. Klepac
The Merry Bombadils



April 15th

April 15th: Write a nonsense verse poem.

Fred's Butterflies—Terrie Jacks

He tries
to buys
modernized
butterflies

He agonizes
trying to get his butterflies
to colonize
and multiplies

While Fred's family ties
reorganize
his butterflies
Surprise Surprise

They're dragonflies
Fred's traumatized
and mesmerized
Bye-Byes

April 19th

April 19th: Write a humorous poem.

Oh Those Golden Moments—Terrie Jacks

morning fog
locating my glasses
clears the miasma

alarm
the ringing of my ears
wakes me

morning exercise
prepare for it
the morning toot

morning exercise
I get a cramp
in my double chin

new book out
title *old people*
large bold print

the movie
old people
LARGER SUBTITLES

senior moment
the little gray cells
stumble

senior moment
before my time
I forget

senior moment
aaaahhhh...
my thoughts exactly

In Your Hearing—Todd Sukany

"I am not a biologist"

While scrounging through the wood stockpile,
I carried on a chat.

A Little Brown Skink—he or she,
(seems irreverent to call

the reptile an "it")-- was sporting
no tail . . . just exposed flesh

as a caboose. I queried how
the rudder dropped its home

address. LBS says, "Fido,
my man . . . or woman, (since

most skinks can read a collar),
I met your boy, Jackson,

yesterday while running duh-fence.
'Fracture planes' . . . not common sense."

April 22nd

April 22nd: Write a poem that contains the words, “faithful,” “unknown,” and “triumph.”

Faithfully Yours—Terrie Jacks

A bluegrass service
of triumph improvisation
done by the faithful
who travel the unknown
of Rocky Mountain Breakdown

Fast pace and high energy
Appalachian music
offering everyone
a stomping good time
and a heartfelt of joy

Freedom—Todd Sukany

Even the last day of the calendar year
is warm enough in South Carolina.
One can stroll the park, unmasked.

One can enjoy an unknown family dog
walking his people to the edge
of Gibson Pond. One can sense

the triumph of the youngster
off for a swim to the center of the water.
One can feel the panic as Ol' Faithful

refuses the pleading, commanding,
and plethora of executive orders.

April 26th

April 26th: Write a poem about the end of the month of April.

The End of April—Terrie Jacks

the end of April
poetry month is done
pew... so much pressure
my nerves are shot
and my muse needs a holiday

End of April—Todd Sukany

In her heyday, people filled lines,
even on an island, to meet her,
to be welcomed by her. Pictures.

Lines. Stamps. Signatures. Hope.
More pictures and lines. Some
had sold everything. Booked travel

on anything. Endured every hardship
just to stand on her ground. Some
accepted a name change just to pass

through her gates. Lines of hopefuls,
families holding hands. Ready to work
for her, by her, with her.