

# STANZA

## OFFICIAL NEWSLETTER OF THE MAINE POETS SOCIETY

---

VOLUME 31, NUMBER 2

July 2023

---

### NEWS OF OUR NEXT MEETING

#### Our Second Hybrid Meeting

September 30 - 10:00 a.m. to 2:30 p.m.

#### In-Person Component at the Durham Friends Meeting House

Good news! We have been able to secure the Durham Friends Meeting House, located at 532 Quaker Meeting House Road in Durham (where we met in May) for our fall meeting, scheduled for Saturday, September 30. (Driving directions are on Page 2.) Registration will begin at 9:30 a.m. We will send a reminder a few days before the meeting. **Our hospitality chair, Diane Hunt, will be preparing brunch and needs a feel for how many to expect.** Please email any member of the board to let us know if you plan to attend in person. There will be an hour-long lunch break where we'll be away from the online equipment. We suggest that those attending bring a bag lunch. Please also bring paper and pen or pencil for the afternoon workshop.

**What will the meeting entail?** A brief business meeting beginning at 10:00. Then the results of the members only contest by our judge Jim Mello. Next he'll read some of his own work for us. We'll take a break for lunch. We'll reconvene at 1:00 p.m. and Jim will lead a 90-minute workshop: **Writing Revisions: Haiku, Rewrites, and Fragments.**

Many of our newer members may not know that MPS has charged a registration fee for members and guests at in-person meetings to help with the costs of renting a facility and for the refreshments provided (most recently \$12 per person). The board has voted to forgo that for the foreseeable future as we work out the details of hybrid meetings. There will, however, be a donation jar on the refreshment table for those wishing to help offset the cost of this meeting.

### September Members-Only Contest

Times New Roman or Arial font preferred.

(**REMINDER:** Submission to a contest constitutes permission to publish.)

**Deadline, August 30, 2023**

### CONTEST DETAILS

#### Contest Poem — Topic: Music – 30-line limit

The topic is music!: from Bach to Rock, any genre, from any angle...mood, reaction to any artist, ...musicality of poetry, wide open...musical healing, music and spirituality....worship...the beauty or not to our ears, and eyes, and heart...the music of the spheres...etc.

### ABOUT THE JUDGE

**Jim Mello** is bi-vocationally a part time Local Licensed pastor with the Methodist church and a Clinical Supervisor/Licensed Counselor in the addiction field. He has missed the gatherings of the poetry tribe during the last couple of Covid-plagued years and is delighted to be part of the poetry reopening, and has been attending, along with his wife, Alice, herself a budding poet, the poetry readings at the Bailey Library/ Historical Society Ted Bookey Readings in Winthrop, Maine. In July he was one of the featured readers at the library reading.

Jim has been writing during this time and has had several poems accepted for publication by the Jerry Jazz Musician poetry site, and has a sheaf of unpublished poems. He has a chapbook and a book size publication from Moon Pie Press, Early Late Bloom, and All Four Seasons, in addition to one self-published volume. In recent years he has taught addiction studies at UMF as well as been a disc jockey on Colby College radio. He is honored and excited to be part of the September 30 Maine Poets Society poetry contest and workshop.

## HOW TO SUBMIT

**Only current MPS members are eligible and only one entry per person is permitted.** Note that Times New Roman or Arial font is preferred.

**If submitting by USPS:** Mail to: Gus Peterson, 12 Middle Street, Randolph 04346  
2 copies of your poem (ONE with your name; one without) in a letter-size (#10) envelope marked "CONTEST." **Must be postmarked on or before August 30 to be considered.** Please be sure to enclose a self-addressed stamped envelope.

**Email entries** must be sent as an attachment on or before August 30 to Gus Peterson at [glp3324@gmail.com](mailto:glp3324@gmail.com). **Please note this is a different email address than we've used before for contest entries.** Gus will confirm each entry upon receiving it. If you've emailed a poem and not heard from Gus by a week before the August 30th deadline, please reach out. In the upper right-hand corner, include your name, address, telephone number and email address. **Please send the poem in a .doc, .docx or .rtf format. Do not send it as a .pdf.** We suggest **Member Contest Entry September 2023** or something similar in the subject line.

### Hybrid Workshop – 1:00-2:30 p.m. – September 30 Writing Revisions: Haiku, Rewrites, and Fragments

A discussion and practice session on revisions and rewrites...using Haiku and a 10-line rewrite to explore the revision process. Participants are welcome to bring some poems, journal entries, etc. ..." not finished yet" for sharing.

### Driving Directions to the Durham Friends Meeting House

If you are coming from the north – follow I-295 south towards Brunswick. Take exit 28 off 295 and then take Durham Rd. to the location. From the south – take I-295 north to exit 22 for ME-125 N/ME-136N/Mallett Dr. (Freeport). Follow ME-125 N to Quaker Meeting House Rd. in Durham.

### Results of the Unpublished Poets Prize Poem Contest

This year's winner in the previously unpublished poets contest was Jennifer Enders for her poem "Loss." Runners up were Kelly Grenier for her poem "Diffusion" and Peter Beckford for his poem "November Sun." We have permission to print these two and are hopeful that we can share Kelly's poem in the December issue.

#### **The Winner— Jennifer Enders** **Loss**

When I sleep, sorrow dissolves  
like a fishing boat fading in fog,  
  
but it docks at dawn reminding me  
you're gone. You're truly gone.  
  
Then light grieves at the windows  
like a dog whining for home.  
  
The light grieves,  
and the whole ocean feels alone.

#### **Honorable Mention— Peter Beckford** **November Sun**

He showed up late for work today. Again.  
That makes the seventh time this week. I'd say  
He's slowing down and knows he's near the end.  
He's pale and stooped and prefers night to day.  
Of course, I'm glad to quit at four o'clock,  
To watch the faded tamarack turn gold,  
To leave the oak, the saw, the maul, and walk  
Inside where sun's wood heat beats back the cold.  
We've brought in squash, onions, and roots, so let  
The earth freeze up and ice commence its games.  
Dear sun can rest, the stars can't wait to get  
On stage. Tonight: Andromeda in chains.  
We've freely spent the striving summer sun,  
It's time to yield, and let not much get done.

## May 2023 CONTEST WINNERS

### Contest: “Imagistic Poems”—Judge, Cynthia Brackett-Vincent

#### **1st Prize—Gus Peterson Lunch Break**

In the breakdown lane  
the D.O.T. crew gathers  
around an expired pig,  
a reflection of mourners,  
sour, a lemon visibility.  
It must have slipped  
or leapt from the back  
of a truck. All it needs  
is an apple in its mouth,  
one says. How it must  
have tumbled, the grit  
of asphalt polishing away  
hair, feeling, blue gem  
of summer sky cater-  
-wauling in and out of  
sight. Of course it came  
to lay to rest like this,  
ready for a platter’s palm,  
so absurd, so out of place  
as it roasts on blacktop  
and death pours in its  
helium it looks almost  
succulent, as if it would  
-lift off, even dare to fly.

#### **2nd Prize—Nancy Sobanik The Loons**

Crossing the black porcelain  
plate of stilled waters  
shivery wails of the loons  
fletch dreams into flight.  
Living remnants  
of the Eocene,

they call again, bridge  
and tie down the tarn  
from time into time.  
A quiver of arrows  
wild and free,  
loosed into the night.

#### **3rd Prize—Jim Brosnan Swatch of Memory**

A splatter of raspberry,  
pigments of watermelon,  
a splash of lemon,  
shades of red delicious,  
pastel tints of cantaloupe,  
and deep tangerine:  
fractional parts  
of a rainbow, thin threads  
stretched over the horizon  
as counties hide damage  
from lightning strikes  
followed by loud booms,  
evidence displayed  
in strips of bark carved  
from a seventy-foot pine  
under a cloud bound sky,  
its underbelly dark cobalt  
void of visible constellations:  
a sea of white linen now  
only a memory, a glimpse  
back in time on that early  
evening—sacred time  
spent under stars  
on an August night.



Jenny at our May hybrid meeting.  
Photo by Jeanne Julian

**1st Honorable Mention—Jeanne Julian**  
*An Abundance of caution, they say*

as if caution is a collection:  
 well-stocked library,  
 cornucopia a-spill with fruits,  
 satin pillows piled  
 in suggestive disarray.

But in excess, abundance stifles:  
 inventory neverending of ventures untried;  
 words warily unsaid, warehoused;  
 perpetual preparations for unlikely disaster—  
 all out of *an abundance of caution*.

But, better than being bound in *a bundle of nerves*. Like, now. I'm wedged in a heavy sheaf of dread, glum, stuck in a stook wrapped in pricking vine preventing that step too urgent to allow for even a modicum

of caution. Okay: daring is required. I know. *Throw caution to the wind!* they say. Like dust. Okay. But daring never burgeons. It must be pried from mire, Excalibured, blades cleansed of rust, then swung willy-nilly, wielded until

it cuts through. Until the crisis fades. Until the chill of dusk when daring's dwindling leaves us as husks, emptied. To cautiously refill our selves with caution. Gathered like kindling. Caution in abundance.

**2nd Honorable Mention—Sara Eastler**  
*Microcosmos*

Beside the plate of peanut butter-padded celery, the children, sticky fingered still, fasten fabricated stars on their ceiling—trail markers of night light for little seafarers to navigate when lost in dark places.

Before bedtime the children run one last game of tag around their mother—celestial pole, spoon dripping with peanut butter, her waistline, stretched shapeless over the years, still serving as their "safety."

Four-pawed and chilly, darkness crawls out from beneath the bed skirts. The children, tucked snug beneath superhero blankets, lower their lashes on the static constellations anchored in this biosphere. Fireflies in a jar.



**Judge and Workshop Leader, Cynthia Brackett-Vincent.**  
 Photo by Jeanne Julian

**3rd Honorable Mention—Timothy Richardson**  
*On November 22nd*

*Kennedy*

He tuned the Dream till consciences arose.  
 Like frames evoking paper dolls they lack,  
 a granite screen re-stains the bloody scene.

...he waves to a warm sea of signs with sculptured calm... the convertible turns... time aligns...  
 !—breaking the orbit of his skull, it scratches the eyes in the nation's face with disbelief.  
 He is still being shot, clasps the spill,  
 quavers as if the film were stuttering  
 on the second round and slumps down in her lap,  
 his head too hurt to care it's emptying...

*Why* leers through bars of my imagination.  
 The shadow of subtraction has no end:  
 it lies inside, gropes for light and weeps.  
 Otherwise, it would be possible to forget him.

*Oswald*

Thousands of stiffened words float on his soul,  
 glint through the wilderness his puffed eye assumes.  
 What mouthless 'truth' made him the instrument  
 if he did gun down this day to make it live?

Through painful childhood sights, perhaps the slugs  
 seemed butterflies breaking their cocoon (his spite)  
 or he met a radical muse with blanket thoughts  
 and felt the toxic rush of vanity  
 till he lost control of sanity's violent core  
 or he saw his hands, lopping off our head,  
 as an unwinding clock's predestined stroke  
 or his desert image bungled martyrdom.

He slowly curls into that 'O!', once more—  
 collapses; another hole in a dead future  
 as the lengths of an assassin reach him, too.

## RESULTS OF THE 2023 MPS PRIZE POEM CONTEST FOR PUBLISHED POETS

The winner in the published poets contests was Judy Kaber for her poem “Cutting Trees Beside Wescott Stream.” Richard Foerster received an honorable mention for his entries. Both Judy and Richard have submitted their poems for publication in other places. Although we are not free to publish them, we’ve asked them to tell us about their entries, and they have done so. Another honorable mention was for Gerald George, who has given us permission to print his poem here. You’ll find it on page 6.

### From Judy Kaber:

About “Cutting Trees Beside Wescott Stream”

As with many of my poems, this one is grounded in my everyday experience. In the spring I often help my husband cut dead trees on our property and we do live beside Wescott Stream. In approaching the poem, I wanted to focus particularly on the sense of smell (so often overlooked) and you can see this in these lines:

*the winch cable  
a groan of pungent oil, our own sweat containing  
breath and bread, and the hard stink of muscle strain.*

*soft curled fiddleheads, peaty and sweet,  
new shoots of false green hellebore, redolent, skunky,  
wild.*

The other thing I wanted to do in this poem was to express my ambivalence about cutting down trees, even though they were dead. It provides the turn in the poem.

*Still  
who is to say what we pull out to our truck doesn't*

*disrupt the balance, cause cracks in the ecosystem,*

After that, it seemed natural to end the poem with a contrast between the orderly life of books and art and the effects of human destruction, particularly the destruction of war, so often in the news, yet so far from our day-to-day lives.

### From Richard Foerster:

All three of these poems began with writing prompts in an 8-week Zoom workshop I took last winter with Mark Doty. I apologize for not allowing the poems to appear in *Stanza* at this time; they have been submitted to various magazines which require first rights for publication.

For “After Listening with a Friend to Marty Balin Sing ‘Comin’ Back to Me” the prompt was to build a poem around a moment when you’re doing one thing but your awareness is working on something else, to think of the assignment as an experiment in awareness, associative thinking, and the treatment of time.

The seed from which my poem emerged is, of course, Marty Balin’s haunting tune that was a track on Jefferson Airplane’s album *Surrealistic Pillow*, which after more than 50 years remains a favorite of mine. (It can be found on YouTube.) Whenever I hear it, I’m transported back to the lawn of a seaside home on the night of my Senior Prom. Betsy Sholl’s commentary gets to the essence of what I was attempting: a meditation on time and meaning, an adult’s looking back in an attempt to understand identity and desire and his on-going longing to reclaim something “far less tangible” from the past.

The prompt for “Early Gothic Tales” was to write a poem in discrete, seemingly disconnected sections which are then bound together by repetitions and variations from one section to the next. Again, Betsy’s commentary describes exactly what I was setting out to do with sound and allusion. I lifted several words and phrases directly from Poe to suggest a boy’s wonder and terror upon first delving into Poe’s poems and stories. But there is also a subtext of parental abuse. Yes, an allusion to Abraham and Isaac but also the hint of something far more sinister happening to the boy at home.

“Angela” is the name of the aunt who taught me in my early teens how to make spaghetti sauce and meatballs. The poem arose from a prompt asking us to picture an afterlife for a person, animal, or object and to explore our relationship with that entity. My drafts began with a phrase from Stanley Kunitz: “gradually I’m changing to a word.” From there I imagined Giotto’s afterlife embodied in the vivid blues of his frescoes, Sargent in the striking slashes of white that enliven his canvases, and Chihuly ensouled in a bubble of his breath captured in glass. And then how my aunt remains alive for me across the years in the aroma that fills my kitchen each time I prepare the meal she taught me to make.

### When She Walked Away – Gerald George

Walked out between the stockade’s snow-blown gates.  
None of the other inmates, watching her,  
told anyone. Why would they? Hated guards,  
counted on depths of snow to keep all in.  
Even if one wore miserable prison garb  
made thick for wintry labor cutting trees,  
where would a run-away go?  
Nothing but bitter drifts for miles around.  
She’d have to make her way eternally  
before she’d find a place to rest because  
there is none. So the guards returned to dice,  
and she, one night, walked out without a sound.

Yes, a she. An apoplectic judge  
kept yelling: Enemies! The snow so soft  
as if, flying aloft, a myriad birds  
had freed themselves of feathers, sent them floating,  
icy white. “Enemies of the state!  
Ten years, that’s what you get!  
Men, women, take them all away!  
Whirling, swirling, lovely up above!  
How could anything so gorgeous be  
so cold? Hard labor! Go!  
A million trees to fell, she’d never before . . .  
keep going, one more bitter winter night . . .

Slogging along. Morning. Slightest light  
spreads across the snow-scape, sallow, wan.  
No forest to be seen, no sight of camp.  
On the cold surface, snow has overblown  
itself; a hard crust, crystalline, has formed  
over the downy softness underneath.  
Need for sleep—she’s almost overcome.  
Stop now. Burrow down inside a drift.  
So cozy, frosted eyelids start to close.  
Her body, shutting down. Her reddened cheeks  
grow slowly pale. She breathes, but just the least,  
as if her breath alone now slogged along.

At first, she does not hear the summoning sound  
that snowflakes make as they drift in their airy way.  
But soon they plink and sparkle, chime and ring,  
until a whole procession bangs and gongs  
into a great oncoming brave parade.  
Up front the jugglers with their multiple orbs  
bouncing above their heads like obliging stars.  
Then the acrobats do turns and twists,  
lifting as if grave gravity were undone.  
Dancers soon came on, each flying high,  
gracing the sky with their embracing forms.  
Then all are gone. Only the snow stays on.

You cannot say where once  
her body lay in a drift.  
Snow now covers all.  
Not even a little rift  
appears where wind has blown  
across the whitened waste,  
where nothing whatever grows  
and no one can be traced.  
Wind devils swirl in air,  
obscure the bloodless sun.  
Search for a myriad years,  
her epitaph—there’s none.

## Opportunity Grants

We are very pleased to share that Opportunity Grants have been more utilized recently than since they were first offered. As this issue is completed, there is still a balance of \$300 available for 2023. Unused balance is not carried over; but in January of 2024, there will be \$500 available. Grants are for “up to \$100.” Details and grant application forms are available on our website at [Maine Poets Society: Membership](#).

### Reports on the use of Opportunity Grants

#### From Laura West:

I received a grant from the Maine Poets Society to offset the cost of a four-day workshop presented by Maine Writers and Publishers Alliance, the Black Fly Workshops at the Schoodic Institute. Besides poetry there were simultaneously workshops in memoir and fiction. The instructor for the poetry workshop was Christian Barter, Poet Laureate of Acadia National Park among other distinctions. I benefited tremendously from the experience. It has triggered a flood of poems since leaving. Christian Barter is a born teacher, insightful, respectful and humorous. The other four members of the workshop were wonderful as well. Hearing their poetic voices was a great benefit to me. Before arriving we each submitted 3 poems-in-progress to the others. These we workshopped together. We also did writing prompts. In the evenings the instructors read from their work and on the last evening the students could read their work, so it was more than just poetry. The event was well run and the venue was beautiful, the food good but I cannot attest to the accommodations as I was staying with friends in Winter Harbor. If you have the chance at some point to attend a Black Fly Poetry Workshop or take a class with Christian Barter, I highly recommend it. I am most grateful to Maine Poets Society for this opportunity

#### From Anne Rankin:

With an opportunity grant from the Maine Poets Society, I was able to take a two-day workshop through the Maine Writers and Publishers Alliance, “Shaping Art from Trauma—A Memoir Writing Workshop.” Taught by Gina Troisi, each of the Saturday sessions was four hours long. Although this was not a poetry workshop, what we discussed in terms of the basics for writing fiction and nonfiction certainly apply to poetry: gaining and holding the reader’s attention; using syntax as a way to convey tone; creating an authentic experience for the reader; choosing active verbs; incorporating the five senses into our writing as much as possible (i.e., staying in the body when you write); honing in on details (concrete details reflect the interiority of the narrator and can serve as a metaphor for the narrator’s experience); including specific imagery, with an eye towards what an image can symbolize; varying verb tenses and points of view; and balancing exterior action with interior monologue and/or reflection. And as with poetry, in memoir what is *not* being said is just as important as what *is* being said.

One prompt, which I think would be very useful for poems, was to write about an event as if you were giving a report to a police officer. How many specific details can you give? For example, if there was a moon on the night of the experience you’re talking about, there are many ways you could describe that moon which would make a reader feel very different about what happened.

I’ve been working for some time on a chapbook of poems that is also a piece of memoir. I greatly appreciate the opportunity grant from Maine Poets Society, as it helped cut the cost of the workshop and I would not have had the chance to participate without this help.

---

### 13th Annual Maine Postmark Poetry Contest: mail by August 1!

Maine residents and everyone with access to a Maine post office or mailbox this summer are invited to enter a statewide competition happening in conjunction with the 18th annual Belfast Poetry Festival, October 14, 2023. Only submissions received with a **Maine postmark dated August 1 or earlier** are eligible. To enter, submit one poem and a \$5 reading fee. Simultaneous submissions are okay. The first-place winner will receive a \$100 cash prize and publication in *The Maine Review*. Winners will be invited to read the winning poem at the Festival; ten finalist poems will also be announced. For submission details, go to [belfastpoetry.com](#).

---

## Publication & Member News

### Poems

Sara Eastler's poem, "Underbelly of a Woman," has been published in *Cathexis Northwest Press's* July–August edition.

Jeanne Julian's poem, "The Left-field Wall," appears in the summer issue of [Gyroscope Review](#). "Where the Ducks Walk on the Fish" is in the May issue of [Hot Pot Magazine](#).

Robert Allen's poem, "Living in the End Times," was published in the *Dissident Voice* 3 26 23; "Theodore's Bar" was published in *Dissident Voice* 4 16 23.

Richard Foerster has three poems forthcoming in journals: "Plein-Air Sketch" in *Bennington Review*; "Junk Drawer" in *32 Poems*; and "Puppy Piles" in *Jabberwock Review*, where it was awarded a \$100 prize. A poem of his that originally appeared in *I-70 Review*, "Grindadráp, 9/12/21," was recently featured online at *Vox Populi*. "Yet Another Poem at Solstice," which originally appeared in *The Maine Review* and was featured on *Poetry Daily*, was selected by Betsy Sholl for this summer's issue of *The Maine Arts Journal*. And Richard's new collection, from Littoral Books, *With Little Light and Sometimes None at All*, will be launched on September 21 at Back Cove Books in Portland.

Nancy Sobanik has poems in the following journals: "Flying Kites at the Cape" in *Sheila-Na-Gig* (Summer 2023); "Sun Glint" and "Great Blue Heron at Robert's Pond" in *Verse-Virtual* (June 2023); "A Banquet of Beasts" in *The Ekphrastic Review*; and "The Unfolding of the Calyx" in *One Art* (7/15/23).

Gus Peterson's poem, "Fine Print," will be appearing in the MWPA's *Deep Water* series (run by Megan Grumbling) in the *Maine Sunday Telegram* this October.

Jeri Theriault has a poem, "Girlhood Revised," in *Résonance Literary Journal*, 2023. Her poem, "Single Wide," was selected and read by Julia Bouwsma for the Maine Public Radio series, *Poems from Here*, June 17, 2023.

Dr. Jim Brosnan received an Honorable Mention in the Winners' Circle Award competition for his poem, "Welcoming an Iowa Morning," which was sponsored by the National Federation of State Poetry Societies.

Anne Rankin has published poems or has work forthcoming in *Scapegoat Review*, *Comstock Review*, and *MacQueen's Quinterly*, including two Maine-inspired poems, "The Summer of Your Childhood," and "Waiting at Sand Beach."

Janie Gendron's poem, "Pleasure," will be featured in *Deep Water*, edited and introduced by Megan Grumbling, in the July 30, 2023, issue of the *Maine Sunday Telegram*.

### Books

Eileen Herbert Hugo's book, *Not Too Far: A Journey of Words* (2015), is available online from Barnes & Noble, Amazon, and Lulu.

Mike Bove has two poetry collections forthcoming: *EYE* from Spuyten Duyvil Publishing in late 2023; and *Soundtrack to Your Next Panic Attack* from Aldrich Press in early 2024.

Jeri Theriault's new collection of poems, *Self-Portrait as Homestead*, is available from Deerbrook Editions. Join Jeri for her Waterville launch of this book on August 4 at The Greene Block + Studio, Main St., Waterville, 5:00–7:00 p.m.

### Other Member News

Alice Persons notes that her poetry press, Moon Pie Press, has reached the 20-year mark. The press has published 124 books by poets from Maine and all over the country. Full catalog and other information at [www.moonpiepress.com](http://www.moonpiepress.com).

In July, Cynthia Brackett-Vincent facilitated a weekend poetry workshop in the Adirondacks at Pyramid Life Center in Paradox, NY. The workshop focused on haiku and imagistic poems. Because the retreat center is a non-profit, she is able to offer the 3-day workshop including meals and lodging for \$165. Email her at [Brackett-Vincent@encirclepub.com](mailto:Brackett-Vincent@encirclepub.com) if you'd like information on the 2024 poetry retreat.

John Seksay organized a poetry service for his UU church on July 23rd with the theme, "Sanity in a World Insane." Most of the works were original pieces by the church members themselves.





### **President's Ink July 2023**

Long hot summer days (after a great deal of rain...) and I'm almost too hot to even think about writing. Luckily I am taking a set of classes with a wonderful poet, Mark Doty, which has challenged me to my limits with assignments and given me a terrific group to get feedback for them. If you haven't taken classes or workshops, I highly recommend these as a good way to improve your craftsmanship and a way to get productive feedback. It is very gratifying to see from our Treasurer's report that some of our members have made use of our opportunity grants and are using them in this way. I hope you find it interesting to read the reports of their experiences.

I share my poems with my husband as my first reader, and he usually loves them, but I know that his response is to me rather than to the art. Much as I love him, and love getting positive feedback, I also really value the kind I get from a group that says "this poem might work better if..." I don't always agree, of course, and I don't always follow the recommendations because we all need to have some faith in our own ideas, but often it points me in the direction of where a poem could be made stronger or shows me where something that is very clear to me is far less so to another reader.

One of my tactics (as I usually write on the computer rather than on paper) is to keep all my drafts on a single document. When I have got to a point where I feel stuck, or I can feel that a change would make a noticeable difference, I copy that draft and paste it below the previous one, and then continue to work on it. That way I preserve the earlier version as well as making changes. Usually at the end it is quite different from the way it started.

I am a great believer in playing. It's so vital for children, and it's the way they learn, but it's also vital for us as adults. Anything we write is an act of creation. We can always make it different, the way we might go shopping and try on one outfit after another to see which works best for us. What is the worst that can happen if you try something in a poem and it doesn't sound good, or doesn't work well? You can always try it again. And again. And again – all in different ways.

I'm not sure a poem is ever finished. It just gets to the point where you want to let it rest. I'm told that artists feel the same about painting, so I'm guessing that all creative acts work that way. Let's celebrate our own creativity!

I look forward to seeing as many of you as possible in our next hybrid meeting. The last one went well, so we're giving it one more try with borrowed equipment and then we're going to splash out recklessly and buy our own!

Jenny

"The creation of something new is not accomplished by the intellect but by the play instinct acting from inner necessity. The creative mind plays with the objects it loves."

— Carl Jung

STANZA, Maine Poets Society  
16 Riverton Street  
Augusta, ME 04330

FIRST CLASS

---

*Stanza* is the tri-annual  
newsletter of the  
Maine Poets Society  
promoting good poetry  
since 1936

FMI or to join, write  
John Seksay  
72 Green Street  
Augusta, ME 04330

---

<b><u>Board Members</u></b>
-----------------------------

Jenny Doughty, President, [jennydoughty@icloud.com](mailto:jennydoughty@icloud.com)  
Gus Peterson, Vice President & Program Chair, [glp3324@gmail.com](mailto:glp3324@gmail.com)  
John Seksay, Treasurer, [netmote1@gmail.com](mailto:netmote1@gmail.com)  
Jeanne Julian, Secretary, [jmcjulian@yahoo.com](mailto:jmcjulian@yahoo.com)  
Diane Hunt, Hospitality Chair, [DL.Hunt@ATT.net](mailto:DL.Hunt@ATT.net)  
Sally Joy, Newsletter Editor & Membership Secretary, [srjoy43@gmail.com](mailto:srjoy43@gmail.com)  
Dr. Jim Brosnan, Board Member at-large, [opmewriter@gmail.com](mailto:opmewriter@gmail.com)

Webmaster, Lisa Montagna [LMontagna@apitechnology.com](mailto:LMontagna@apitechnology.com)

MPS website ([MainePoetsSociety.com](http://MainePoetsSociety.com))

MPS Facebook page: <https://www.facebook.com/groups/1747588905507733/>. When you indicate an interest in joining the group, Jenny or Jeanne (as Administrators) will be able to confirm your request. You can also search within Facebook for Maine Poets Society. Choose the option that says “public group.”