

STANZA

OFFICIAL NEWSLETTER OF THE MAINE POETS SOCIETY

VOLUME 21, NUMBER 2

Summer 2013

NEWS OF OUR NEXT MEETING

Our next meeting will be Saturday, September 21, 2013, Rockland Library, 80 Union Street, Rockland.

Directions: (Note parking entrance is on White Street.)

From the North (Augusta): Take ME-17 E/Eastern Ave for 40.3 miles. Turn right onto Birch St/U.S. 1A. Continue to follow U.S. 1A then turn left onto Beech Street.

Take the 2nd right onto White Street.

From the South (Portland) : Take I-295 N to exit 28 toward US-1/Coastal

Route/Brunswick Bath. Merge onto U.S. 1 S and keep left at the fork .Turn left onto U.S. 1 N/Mill Street. Continue to follow U.S. 1 N for 51.9 miles. Turn left onto Broadway/U.S. 1A . Take the 3rd right onto Limerock Street and then take the 2nd left onto White Street.

From the East (Bangor): Take U.S. 1A W/Bangor Road. Continue onto ME-3 W/U.S. 1 S/E Main St. Continue to follow U.S. 1 S for 29 miles. Turn left onto Main Street in Camden.

Continue onto U.S. 1 S/Elm Street. Turn right onto Rankin Street. Take a slight left onto Union Street. Turn right onto Beech Street. Take the 1st left onto White Street.

Agenda for Meeting

9:30	Registration and coffee	1:00	PM Contest—
10:00	Business Meeting		FORM: Quatrains
10:30	AM Contest—		Guest judge: Dawn Potter
	SUBJECT: “Poem about another poet “	1:50	Guest judge reads her own work
	Guest judge: Roger Finch	2:30	Announcements and closing
11:20	Guest judge reads his own work	2:45	Reading in the Round
12:00	Lunch and Silent Auction		

CONTEST SUBMISSIONS:

- Jennifer Doughty, 278 Flaggy Meadow Rd., Gorham, ME 04038
- DEADLINE—August 21, 2013
- 1 poem per contest (no fee)
- 2 copies of each poem (ONE of each identified)
- Envelope: Letter-size (long, #10), marked **“CONTEST”**
(*please*, NOT a large manila envelope)
- **INCLUDE SASE!!**

AM Poem—SUBJECT: Judge, Roger Finch

The **SUBJECT** is “Any poem about another poet—living or dead.” (Any form, limit 24 lines.) Specifically, it should be about the poet him/herself, not about an individual poem, though discussion of the poet's body of work might be appropriate.

PM Poem—FORM: Judge, Dawn Potter

FORM is quatrains. Quatrains come in various shapes and patterns—everything will be allowed from ballads to Omar-Khayyam-style rubaiyats (as rendered into English by FitzGerald). They should be rhymed, so choice could be *abab*, *aabb*, or *xaxa*, and either consistent throughout the whole poem (same pattern for each stanza) or changing (*abab*, *cdcd*, *efef*, etc.) Other combinations, of course, are possible. (Any subject, limit 24 lines.)

Meter choice is open, unless ballad or rubaiyat. (The former is usually tetrameter and trimeter alternately, or tetrameter throughout; the latter is iambic pentameter.)

ABOUT THE JUDGES

Roger Finch holds a doctorate in Near Eastern languages and literatures from Harvard University. He moved to Japan, in 1977, where he taught English, American literature, and poetry at Sophia University in Tokyo, and later, as a professor, at Surugadai University in Saitama, Japan. His long experience of living in Japan and traveling widely in the Far East and Europe provides settings and themes for many of the poems in his book, *Stations of the Sun*. He has also published two other collections of poetry, *According to Lilies* (Carcenet, 1992) and *Fox in the Morning* (Leviathan, 2000).

His latest accolade as Maine Senior Poet Laureate was awarded by Amy Kitchener's “Angels Without Wings Foundation,” a non-profit literary society based in Monterey, California. The 18th annual Award was given to 46 poets who represented 45 states and one international award to an American living abroad.

Dawn Potter directs the Frost Place Conference on Poetry and Teaching held each summer at Robert Frost's home in Franconia, New Hampshire. She works extensively as a visiting writer in the schools and as a freelance editor for literary and academic presses.

Dawn's most recent book is an anthology, *A Poet's Sourcebook: Writings about Poetry, from the Ancient World to the Present* (Autumn House Press, 2013). She is also the author of two collections of poetry--*Boy Land & Other Poems* (Deerbrook Editions, 2004) and *How the Crimes Happened* (CavanKerry Press, 2010)--with a third, *Same Old Story*, due out from CavanKerry in 2014. Her memoir, *Tracing Paradise: Two Years in Harmony with John Milton* (University of Massachusetts Press, 2009) won the 2010 Maine Literary Award in Nonfiction. Twice nominated for a Pushcart Prize, she has received grants and fellowships from the Elizabeth George Foundation, the Writer's Center, and the Maine Arts Commission. New poems and essays appear in the *Sewanee Review*, the *Threepenny Review*, *Guernica*, and many other journals in the United States and abroad. Currently Dawn is working on a two new projects: *Chestnut Ridge*, a history-in-verse of southwestern Pennsylvania; and *The Conversation: Learning to Be a Poet*, an anthology and writing guide, due out from Autumn House Press in 2014.

In addition to writing, Dawn sings and plays fiddle with the acoustic band String Field Theory. She lives in Harmony, Maine, with her husband, photographer Thomas Birtwistle and their two sons.

SPRING 2013 CONTEST WINNERS

AM Contest—“Running Away”: Judge, Anne Britting Oleson

First Prize, Anne Hammond

BE THERE

The tall ship calls, Be There, enjoy the law of the wind.

HMS Bounty sails swiftly in gentle seas and heavy weather.
The crew climbs 100-foot masts to hang the sail, reel the canvas in.
When the ship pitches and rolls, hang on,
One hand for the sail, one hand for you, said mariners in the age of sail.

HMS Bounty, built to film Mutiny on the Bounty,
Is 1789 vintage with three masts, square sails in four courses;
Skysail, topsail, two main, a spanker over the stern,
Three jibs on the boom to catch every breath of wind.

The tall ship calls, Be There, enjoy the law of the wind.

She sails the East Coast of America and the Caribbean Sea.
What would it be like to sit on the skysail yard,
Release canvas as the ship heeled on the ocean?
What would it be like to steer a ship careening on waves,
Moving with each turn of the wind?

To sail aboard her is magic, when the sky is blue and the sea sparkles.
What bliss to watch her draw wind and cruise.
In stormy weather, excitement grows; the crew hauls to at a moments notice.
When the rain pours down, one is extraordinarily alive.

The thing is to Be There, enjoy the law of the wind.

Except for the day HMS Bounty tried to sail around Hurricane Sandy.
Off Cape Hatteras, wind 40 knots, waves 18 feet, she foundered.
Fifteen crew rescued, one unresponsive.
The captain was never found.

Second Prize, Maggie Finch

HEADING FOR SPRING

I know you wait for me across the river.
Do you remember, once, we said
We'd skip across the floe: dearest forgiver!—
When, push to shove, I stalled, and pled
I simply could not stand wet feet, cold's shiver:
You understood: we walked to town, instead.

Later, we knew. . . . And now you wait for me,
There, where the sweet sun, lingering,
Deep in the winter woods, gives guarantee—
We will clasp hands and, grateful, wing
Off on the winds of praise—to laugh, and be
Content forever in the Land of Spring.

Third Prize, Margery Kivel
 RUN AWAY BOB

Run Away, Bob
 Bird teeth click, on cir-cles edge, be-hind, the-mind
 did ger-i do says **three short hops**, then-lift!
 run-run running a-way-y, fol low the-beat, kan-ga-roo leap, a-cross, di-vides

me and you, we-dra-a-g our-feet, fol-low the-beat, slow-slow shuf-fle,
 sash-shay tilt, step-ping a-side, noow the-glide!
 left this place, once be fore, you and I,
 a-way-ing run

sooo run-ning a-way
 sooo run-ning a-way.

(words in bold are to be stressed – this is slam poetry)

First Honorable Mention, Dita Ondek

CIRCUMVENTING THE CIRCUMVENTION

1

Here we wait upon the sand, on pinheads
not balanced & fall off our points. She saves
sea shells from the golden apple beaches.
We laugh and toss the cores into the waves.

2

In autumn bleached white bones
are washed up
on the beach.
Already harvested
by seabed foragers
then picked over by gulls
and sand fleas.
Children toss the tibias
like boomerangs
waiting for their return.

3

Here they rock on porches, wrapped in plaid.
Eyes half open, mouths a-gape. No one appears
to be concerned with drool or yesterdays.
They don't flee, laugh or toss tomorrows.

Second Honorable Mention, Sharon Bray

LAST DAY

22° Fahrenheit
water tub frozen solid
snow fills mud holes and hoof prints
snow laces the haylage.
Wagon at the gate
will move animals out after sunrise.

What if they made a break for it—
broke through a briefly shocking fence
toward the overgrown swale to the south
or across the highway
into the hundred-acre forest?

Would some survive as feral cows,
learn to live off acorns and low branch browse?
Would they evade deer hunters?

Their end in any place
comes somehow of trust
and counting on the farmer
to hand out grain or apples.
Hunter, farmer—we all smell the same.

Third Honorable Mention, Marta Finch

MENTAL ESCAPADE

A tiny oval wooden box
sits on my window sill:
it's where I'll make my escape one day
if I can fit inside.

Lifting the lid, I see its purple
lining; and there's a crack
widening along the bottom edge
where I will enter in.

There will be chocolates, a book,
the sun to keep me warm. . . .

One day, you may chance to look
and I'll have disappeared—
a pile of chocolate wrappers left
behind.

At least within
my mind it all plays out that way.

No question—wherever
we go, we still are there: at home
or removed by distant travel.

The only true escape's internal.

PM Contest—Couplets: Judge, Bruce Spang

First Prize, Marta Finch

SPACE TIME CONTINUUM

*—Time is not absolute . . . each individual
has a personal measure of time.*

—Stephen Hawking

Throughout the day from the north wall,
floral-papered, in my front hall,
I hear the old grandfather clock—
One second for each tick, each tock,
the hours taking turns in chime.
Its faithful, cadent, measured time
advances my proclivity
to reject Relativity.
But pour cold coffee in a cup
to see how quickly time speeds up:

60 secs in the microwave
fly by before the cake I crave
is found inside the fridge; and then,
later, laboriously, 10
minutes, by the clock, pass limping-
slow, as I wait for my primping
teen, my coat on, at the door.
Yet have I learned that even more
convincing is our sense of *now*,
its fluidity, and how
time—while we are clutched in the chill
gravity of fear—stops still.

Second Prize, Sally Woolf-Wade

NO MAN'S LAND

The rich build mansions on the shore.
They own the land and still want more.

They love the sound of ocean's growl
where ancient settlers fished and fowled.

They claim the sand above low tide;
they feel that they are justified

to stop our strolls along the beach
as far as surging waves can reach.

We disregard their power play
and track our age-old right of way.

We leave our footprints in the sand
above the tide in No Man's Land.

Cold waves that wet our feet are free.
No wealthy man can own the sea.

Third Prize, Dita Ondek

SHORT *BREAKFAST* COUPLET

(Dita has requested that her poem not be published at
this time due to a multiple submission issue).

First Honorable Mention, Inga M. Potter

HIDDEN WOUNDS

Though not apparent to the eye,
my dragons snort and ache to fly.

These creatures hide my depth of pain;
no overt signs I can't explain.

Some say, "Time heals!", that's just not true!
Too long I've missed the taste of you!

My wounds will heal themselves the day
you ravish me, in your old way.

Second Honorable Mention, James Breslin

AFTER SHOCK TREATMENT

Each of them moves bluntly toward
Different corners of the ward.

Once twin Carnivals of fire-
Now charcoal heaps of cold desire.

Missing picture, empty frame-
Wet paper on a window pane.

Third Honorable Mention (tie), Mollie Schmidt

MODERN COMMUNICATION

To unnerving rings subjected
I'd have not so much expected

that the world would need so much
to be kept in constant touch;

even when one drives a car,
or elsewhere, perhaps, from afar

we need the comforting bell tone
inseparable from our cell phone,

words expressing how we feel,
keeping one hand on the wheel;

words returning to our ears,
creating calm or raising fears;

words, words, words, in rushing torrent
simple silence is abhorrent –

what deep thoughts do we express?
Do voiced feelings count for less?

Or, alone, the radio talking,
endless words in endless squawking!

I'll not change my attitude:
Solitude earns gratitude!

Third Honorable Mention (tie), John Benoit

KEY TO THE CITY

Pine Hill was Bubs favorite route
to coast his truck to town.
He'd turn 'off', the ignition key,
as the road tumbled down.

"Mabel's Shingles and Grump's Gout",
said Chad, the local mechanic!
"That'll lock up the steering wheel,
giving him a pail of panic!"

Misfortune happened just last week
when the key was 'off' too long.
Bub lost control of his truck in town,
prompting angels to sigh a song.

Fenders and strands of Bubs red hair,
along with engine and frame
impacted a statue in the square,
giving Bub posthumous fame.

The accident produced an expected result;
Bub totaled the Studebaker,
seconds before he came to rest
at the door of the undertaker!

MEMBER NEWS

Carol Bachofner has a poem in the recently released anthology, *Unraveling the Spreading Cloth of Time: Indigenous Thoughts Concerning the Universe*. She has also had two poems published in Wes McNair's anthology, *Take Heart*, as well as nine poems in the soon-to-be-released anthology, *Dawnland Voices: an anthology of Indigenous Voices from New England*.

Cynthia Brackett-Vincent had one poem, "Poetry," published in *Decanto* (Number 63, February 2013)

Marta Finch had a sonnet, "industry," published in *Measure: A Review of Formal Poetry* (Volume VII, Issue 1, 2012). It was a finalist in the Howard Nemerov Sonnet Contest. Marta also has two poems, "Palm Puddle" and "Tea with a Friend" in *String Poet*, Volume III, Issue 1 (Spring, 2013), as well as two poems, "Aphid on Lupine" and "Aslant" in *The Lyric*, Volume 93, Number 2 (Spring, 2013).

Tom Lyford had two poems, "Tobacco Road," and "Urban Legend Blues," published in *Nerve Cowboy* (Number 34, Fall 2012)

Share your member news! Send your publication news to Elizabeth at:

eberkenbile@gmail.com

or 186 Main Street, Warren, ME 04864.

Please include your contact information in case of questions.

Deadline for Member News, next *Stanza*:

November 1, 2013.

How to Submit Publication News:

- Members may submit news of recent book publications (books of poetry/books related to poetry), *or* news of books forthcoming to the *Stanza* and the website: www.mainepoetsociety.com.
- For individual poem publications, submit news anytime *after* publication (in print or online).
- Format for submitting book publications (books of poetry/books related to poetry): member's name; name of book (including subtitle if applicable); publisher; date of release.
- Format for submitting poem publications: member's name; name of poem; journal or website name; name of press if different from journal (i.e. "*the Aurorean*; Encircle Publications"); date on journal or website (i.e. "Spring/Summer 2013"); volume and issue number.

Check out our Website!

Please check out the MPS website (www.MainePoetsSociety.com) for all you need to know about the Maine Poets Society: Gatherings, Directions, Membership Application, Contests, Contact Information and Presidents Message, Holding a Reading or Event? Publishing a Book? Winning a Contest? Need a Mentor? Join a Round Robin? Read the *Stanza*?

Submit your information to the Webmaster for the www.MainePoetsSociety.com
dita@dita.org

Notice of Upcoming Event

2013 Roque Bluffs Poetry Festival: The 8th Annual Roque Bluffs Poetry Festival will feature poet Bill Carpenter July 27, 2013. The workshop, founded by the late M. Kelly Lombardi in 2006, continues to be sponsored by the Salt Coast Sages poetry collaborative in Washington County, Maine. Fee for the workshop is \$50. Supper \$9. Public reading by Carpenter and other poets—open at 7 p.m. Workshop space limited—reserve a seat, send \$50 the Salt Coast Sages, P.O. Box 263, Cutler, ME 04626. FMI sharonbray@localnet.com.

VOLUNTEER NEWS!

Margery Kivel has generously accepted the appointment of Membership Chair pending a vote by the Board in September.. Thanks, Margie! We know you'll do a great job.



President's Ink

Thanks to all for a great meeting at U Maine Augusta on May 18th. Thanks to member Ellen Taylor for arranging the meeting space for us and to all who worked on the food. Lunch was delicious and plenty.

As I begin this year serving as your president, I want to first thank outgoing co-presidents Maggie and Marta Finch for all the work they have done for us along with board members and officers who have worked tirelessly to make the Society what it is today. I take the gavel with gratitude to all.

In considering the future, and specifically my role as president, I find myself focused on four things:

1. **Membership** — We are a state poetry society, in a state that has more poets per capita than any other of the New England states, and as such should have a membership that reflects that. We need to grow. To that end, I hereby initiate *Each One Reach One*, whereby members agree to bring in one new member in the coming two years. If we do this, quite simply we double our membership. I think a reasonable goal is to half again our number of members, however. So if we each commit to reaching out to potential members, invite someone new to a meeting, we will easily reach that moderate goal.
2. **Mentoring** — We must reach out to new poets, to nurture their growth as poets. To that end we need to have a solid mentoring program. Don't think that you have nothing to offer as a mentor. Not true at all.
3. **Participation/attendance at meetings** — We cannot enjoy all the benefits of membership if we don't go to meetings. Don't attend only if you have submitted poems to the contests. Go to support the Society, to enjoy the company of other poets, to learn something about your craft. Our meetings are always informative and fun. Make it a promise to yourself to attend at least 2 of the 3 meetings this year. Take part in making the Society something special.
4. **Writing experiences/workshops** — We share writing via Round Robins, at readings in the round, and in entering the contests. But what about writing together? I propose an annual workshop day, in the fall or spring, apart from the regular meetings. The one held two years ago was attended by a dozen people and was a great success. Let's do it again. Let me hear from you on a topic for a writing experience and a time you think would work. My initial thought is one on expanding content in poems. Let me know.

Until we meet again, I wish you good ink.

Carol Bachofner

Board Members

Carol Bachofner, President, Round Robins mim47@me.com
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STANZA, Maine Poets
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FIRST CLASS

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

FMI or to join, write
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