

STANZA

OFFICIAL NEWSLETTER OF THE MAINE POETS SOCIETY

VOLUME 22, NUMBER 1

Winter 2013

NEWS OF OUR NEXT MEETING

Please join us for our next meeting on Saturday, February 8th, 2014,
at the Dyer Library, 371 Main Street in Saco.

Directions:

From the Maine Turnpike: Take Exit 36 onto Route 195. Take Exit 2A – Route 1 south (Main Street). Pass Thornton Academy (on your right). The Saco Museum/Dyer Library is on the left about 8/10 of a mile down Main Street. Turn left into the parking lot – the museum is on the left, the library on the right.

Agenda for Meeting

9:30 Registration and coffee	1:00 PM Contest—
10:00 Business Meeting	FORM: Villanelle
10:30 AM Contest—	Guest judge: Annie Finch
SUBJECT: “ Hibernation “	1:50 Guest judge reads her own work
Guest judge: Henry Braun	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:

(all submissions to contests constitute permission to publish)

- Jennifer Doughty, 278 Flaggy Meadow Rd., Gorham, ME 04038
- DEADLINE—January 8, 2014
- 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, Henry Braun

SUBJECT: Hibernation (any form, limit 24 lines)

PM Poem—FORM: Judge, Annie Finch

FORM: Villanelle (any subject)

ABOUT THE JUDGES

Henry Braun

Henry Braun was born in Olean, New York in 1930 and grew up in Buffalo. After graduating from Brandeis University where he studied with Claude Vigee and J.V. Cunningham, he spent a year in France on a Fulbright, then went to Boston University where he participated in Robert Lowell's workshop. In the 1960s, he organized poetry read-ins against the war in Vietnam and was convicted in a Federal court of tax evasion. His war tax dollars were donated to a veterans hospital and to public schools in Philadelphia. As an organizer of a draft card turn-in at the Justice Department he was an unindicted co-conspirator at the Boston 5 trial.

Most of his career as a teacher of literature and creative writing was at Temple University, including a year at Temple's branch campus in Japan. He has served as coordinator and host of the Poetry Center of the YM-YWHA in Philadelphia. In 1968 his first book of poems, *The Vergil Woods*, was published by Atheneum. His work has appeared in many magazines, including *Poetry*, *The Nation*, *The Massachusetts Review*, *American Poetry Review*, *Prairie Schooner*, and *The Colorado Review*, and in several anthologies. He is presently a Contributing Editor for the *American Poetry Review*. His book, *Loyalty, New and Selected Poems*, is the first offering of Off the Grid Press. He lives with his wife, an artist and family therapist Joan Braun, off the grid in Weld, Maine.

About *Loyalty, New and Selected Poems*---"Poetry too good to be gulped, it is to be relished, to be read slowly and many times. I am so happy to own this beautiful collection! . . . What did Thoreau say about the cost of any great work, that it cost a lifetime? It's an extraordinary lifetime that we feel in this book. . . . What tremendous tact [his] poems all show, never a word too much, nothing insisted on, a light touch that looks easy, but, I think, takes tremendous art to achieve."

—Kate Barnes, former Maine Poet Laureate

Annie Finch

The highly structured villanelle is a nineteen-line poem with two repeating rhymes and two refrains. The form is made up of five tercets followed by a quatrain. The first and third lines of the opening tercet are repeated alternately in the last lines of the succeeding stanzas; then in the final stanza, the refrain serves as the poem's two concluding lines. Using capitals for the refrains and lowercase letters for the rhymes, the form could be expressed as: A1 b A2 / a b A1 / a b A2 / a b A1 / a b A2 / a b A1 A2.

Judge: Annie Finch. Poet, writer, and performer Annie Finch has published more than twenty books and chapbooks of poetry and poetics. Her poetry collections include *Calendars*, *Among the Goddesses*, and most recently, *Spells: New and Selected Poems*. Annie's poetry has been featured on Def Poetry Jam, National Public Radio, and Voice of America, and has appeared in literary journals including *The Paris Review* and in anthologies including *The Penguin Book of Twentieth-Century American Poetry*.

Known for her rhythmic writing and mesmerizing performances, Annie has presented her work across the U.S. and in Canada, Europe, and Africa. Her operas, multimedia poetic dramas, and other collaborations with music, visual art, and theater have appeared at the Metropolitan Museum of Art and Carnegie Hall.

Annie is a graduate of Yale University with a doctorate from Stanford University. Her craft books and anthologies include *Villanelles*; named one of Garrison Keillor's top holiday gift books, and the popular guides *A Poet's Ear: A Handbook of Meter and Form* and *A Poet's Craft: A Comprehensive Guide to Making and Sharing Your Poetry*.

Annie has taught and lectured at numerous universities and served for nine years as Director of the Stonecoast MFA Program in Creative Writing, bringing the program to national prominence. She has presented her popular "Rhythms of the Spirit" workshops to people of all ages and poetic backgrounds.

FALL 2013 CONTEST WINNERS

AM Contest—“Poem about another poet”: Roger Finch**First Prize, Marshall Witten****HOMER'S LEGACY**

When Alexander sacked Thebes, he spared only Pindar's house.

Homer, who are you? One man or many?
The first to master a true alphabet.
We see your shadow, translation filtered, with
Undiminished power to move our hearts.

Unsentimental, riveting war reporter -
Unflinching eye on battle gore
with graphic image, earthy metaphor -
recounting war's horrific harsh beauty.

Studied by Alexander, quoted by Patton.
Some think our foreign policy advisors
should analyze your epics - manuals
of courage, human emotion, chance and fate.

Anthologies are full of master works
of poets long since dead, while you alone
have moved to shelves of politics and war.
Why do you enjoy that special place?

You explain that war is part of man's
condition: risky, costly, inevitable,
with enemies, persons just like us,
caught in the endless circle of death and life.

Second Prize, Elizabeth Berkenbile***IT WAS THE DREAM ITSELF ENCHANTED ME***

after William Butler Yeats

The slender boy, much like a speckled bird,
beguiled by dreams that mapped his fledgling years,
retreated to the thickets in the wild,
to flee the pecking taunts of one-toned peers.

He dreamed of wandering Druids, quiet-eyed,
who mentored him, instructing in the art
of magic that a poet weaves with words,
and ways that words can reach into the heart.

He sipped enchantments from the silver cup
of legend, vision, myth, and faerie song,
inhaled the fragrance of the mystic rose,
searched out the mysteries of the Golden Dawn.

He gave the world his stories, plays, and poems;
this poet who divined the hidden stream,
delivering elixir from the source
that nurtured him, the power of the dream.

Third Prize, Jenny Doughty

I DREAM OF FERNANDO PESSOA

Fernando, I reach out across a dream
in which we pass each other, strangers here
as everywhere, souls accidentally
brushing our ectoplasmic fingertips.
You also knew what it was like to be
uprooted, the sun in your childhood
bones while your adult self walked by the Tagus,
unsure of any difference between
you and the river, or if it mattered.
In my dreams I walk down ancient streets
in the shade of castle walls, am unsure
if I am home or what ghosts that conjures,
and choose, like you, to look through other eyes,
to write as a way of being alone.

First Honorable Mention, Peter Morton

IN THE SHADOW OF MONADNOCK

He gave the
only gift he had,
words written for her.
No, it was more than that,
skin being parchment
where fingers inscribed witness,
and she wrote back,
"let evening come".

At first she didn't know how
to live in the shadow of a mountain,
or if she could be a poet married to a poet.
He, a man of subtle words, chose silence,
yet his heart dared her, dared her
to breath, to cry, to know
the deepness of a voice hers alone.

Then, before it's time,
the sun moved down.
So they abandoned the hoe in the grassy field,
the bottle too in the ditch where it had fallen.
In gathering dusk the moon shown
silver on her hospital gown.
It was him, sitting with her, being her comfort
and weeping granite tears.

Second Honorable Mention, Bill Frayer

BLACK ON WHITE

for Langston Hughes

For those weary Negro eyes peering
 from the shadows of dreams denied,
 he spit his jazz words to twitch and bleed
 in syncopated rage
 on the smooth white page.

The black woman did not see her life in verse
 The white man did not see her life at all.
 The poet needed words to jump and jolt
 and made them dance
 across the white expanse.

He planted the seed: a flower blooming black,
 growing tall in a blinding white light,
 pride emerging in the Harlem rhythm.
 His blue words piercing through
 rigid images, distilled anew.

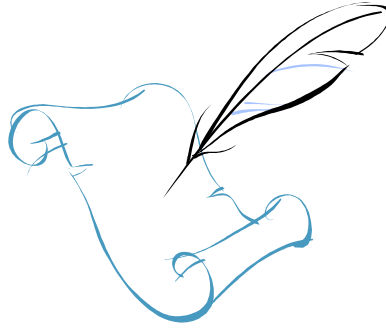
He did not write in privileged verse
 of love lost, nightingales or snowy woods.
 He spoke bitterly, in truth, his black
 into our white, plain as day;
 we were unable to look away.

Third Honorable Mention, Jim Brosnan

UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO, 1928

for George Dillon

That evening our dreamy eyes
 were drawn like hummingbirds
 to nectar as you listened intently
 to my clauses, allusions,
 and metaphors. From behind
 an oak podium, I watched your
 attentive expression, the raised
 eyebrow as an occasional feminist
 viewpoint surfaced like a rogue
 wave over a sea of tranquil verse.
 I flipped through pages in my collection;
 you smiled when I recited recollections
 of my childhood--August afternoons
 atop Mount Battie: scenes of Camden
 Harbor from hills covered in clumps
 of goldenrod, Queen Anne's lace,
 and white daisies. Inspired I wrote
 musical verse for which my fingers were
 not too small. Months later I would
 construct love sonnets like those written
 for the Dark Lady. I would mail you
 a copy of *Fatal Interview*
 with a discreet note of dedication.



PM Contest—Quatrains: Judge, Dawn Potter

First Prize, Dita Ondek

MONHEGAN WASH

Bleached white by the sun, once dusted with flour,
washed in enameled basins with lye soap & gin,
bakers' aprons fly in winds at the noon hour
on the clotheslines propped up with rolling pins.

Monhegan scones, biscuits and sour dough staves
made by old hands, bakers in pinafores
kneading the dough to the rhythm of waves,
water returns seaward & rolls onto shore.

Up on High Street near the Post Office, stands
the schoolyard flagpole waving her colors,
flaps and flutters like sheets shaking hands,
hung by the laundress daily all summer.

Between an old boat shed and *Shining Sails*,
plaid cotton shirts quiver on rigmarole
dancing with ankle socks, white ties & tails,
telling a story of laundry out of control.

Up on Lookout Hill next to the lighthouse,
the keeper's wife hangs flags on pennant strings
strung from yard to shed & thereabouts:
burgees, storm warning flags & white gulls' wings.

On the clotheslines propped up with rolling pins
bakers' aprons fly in winds at the noon hour,
washed in enameled basins with lye soap & gin,
bleached white by the sun, once dusted with flour.

Second Prize, Anne Rosenthal

THE WAY IT WAS

At two, Dr. Dentons with buttoned back door.
 At five, a pink nightie with rosebuds galore,
 and a Mother Goose book and little Go-Cart,
 a sandbox, a pep ball all part of my start.

Then, black patent leathers and long cotton stockings
 and dresses with smocking some even had flocking.
 I learned *thank you* and *please*. With a bow in my hair,
 a ten year old treasure you'd take anywhere.

Galoshes with buckles and snowsuits of wool
 that chafed when you skipped yes skipped off to school.
 Often a tam and some bunny fur mittens,
 charm bracelet to rattle, with puppies and kittens.

By the time I hit high school, a sweater, faux pearls,
 a pageboy, all shining and properly curled
 or a Peter Pan collar and pleated plaid skirt
 with saddle shoes dirty while learning to flirt.

Soon off to college the lipstick was bright.
 Skirts had gone South, earrings screwed tight.
 Then oh, the first strapless and I, all aglow,
 so daring yet proper no cleavage could show.

And somehow I've come from the there to the here,
 touched the bases the real stuff and all the veneer.
 In my comfortable pants and my lavender tee,
 looking back on it now was that really me?

Third Prize, Walter Skold

THE TOWN WHARF

The breeze is blowing Westerly against the slapping flags;
 The tide is crawling inwardly along the mossy crags.
 The waves are slapping lazily against the red steel pier;
 The day is ending hazily though all the coast is clear.

The loons are bobbing hungrily around the battened flock;
 The wharf is holding stoically against tide's grinding clock.
 The masts are creaking mournfully o'er gently mocking hulls;
 The traps are gazing jealously to catch the last few gulls.

The sky is falling openly, sweet nectar on her lips,
 As clouds sail by majestically, the ghosts of Clipper Ships.
 The crews who sank so fearfully in coffins made for waves
 Have no one to stand reverently aside their sunken graves.

The elders come here wistfully to dream of distant shores;
 The lovers come here kissfully on swells of sweaty pores.
 The sweep Monet swings dancingly in colors lobster bright;
 The dusk is swooping wingfully upon the docks tonight.

First Honorable Mention, Jim Breslin

AT THE CAMP AT LAKE ST. GEORGE

We sit here two combatants growing old.
We make our tired truce by candle light.
I pass to you a shawl against the cold.
Bats like petals flutter in the night.

Second Honorable Mention, Marshall Witten

FOUR FROG VIGNETTES

The ice is off the pond. With sunlit days
the peepers pulsing mesmerizing beat
is background rhythm, calling up the moon
and celebrating sun's renewing heat.

Four frogs five inches each in mating fever,
glugging, swapping mates and bumping chests.
A floating Bacchanalian orgy
with tag teams sporting flashing yellow vests.

Tiny tree frog, with booming voice, trills shrilly
behind our shutter, across the pond to mates
in forests thick and dark. They echo back -
but I cannot tell how they meet for dates.

In cool September rain, the headlights frame
a slew of frenzied frogs joy-jumping on steaming
pavement. Their jiving every which way
suggests an *al fresco* nightclub, hopping, teeming.

Some say that frogs are on the brink of becoming
extinct. Is that cause for apprehension?
In olden times when, in the deepest mines,
canaries died, the miners paid attention.

Third Honorable Mention, Carol Bachofner
 LONGING (VARIATION ON A GLOSA)

*How like a winter hath my absence been
 From thee, the pleasure of the fleeting year!
 What freezings have I felt, what dark days seen!
 What old December's bareness every where!*

— lines from Shakespeare's Sonnet #97

What old December's bareness everywhere
 that opens me to love's abandoned prayers,
 for all the drawings on the frosted glass
 are code for what could not be made to last.

What freezings have I felt, what dark days seen.
 You stole away my heart, then killed its dream
 and made me live forever without hope
 as ghosts of kisses prickle on my throat.

From thee, the pleasure of the fleeting year
 has faded me from happiness to drear,
 will n'er be more than ashes on the grate
 that flutter there as I in vain hope wait

for one who will not utter words of love.
 I fade to dawn, hear croonings of the doves
 in sadness on the icy wire. They keen:
How like a winter hath my absence been.

MEMBER NEWS

Sally Woolf-Wade had two poems, "Empty Swings" and "North Haven Autumn," published in *Goose River Anthology*, Goose River Press (Vol. vii, 2012). Her poem, "Sleeping Under Mosquito Netting," was published in *Off the Coast*, Resolute Bear Press (Vol XIX, Number 2, Spring 2013). Additionally, she recently had two poems, "Making the Turn" and "They All Come Back," published in Wes McNair's *Take Heart, Poems from Maine*, Down East Maine (2013).

Elaine McGillicuddy's book of poems, *Sing to Me and I Will Hear You – The Poems*, was published in 2012 by Carritas Communications. It recently led to an interview with Dr. Lisa Belisle on the Dr. Lisa Radio Hour and Podcast, as well as an interview published in the Wellness column of *Maine* magazine (November 2013).

Margie Kivel had three poems, "Putting Life By," "Timing," and "Out in the Mind Field," published in *Nourish* magazine, www.nourishpublication.com (October 2013)

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:

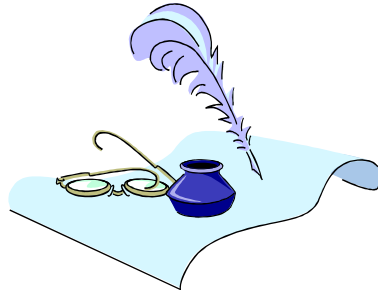
- Members may submit news of recent book publications (books of poetry/books related to poetry), *or* news of books forthcoming to the *Stanza* and the website: www.mainepoetsociety.com.
- For individual poem publications, submit news anytime *after* publication (in print or online).
- Format for submitting 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 Aureorean*; 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

President's Ink



Good fall/winter to all of you. I hope that this message finds you bent over the page, hovered over the keyboard. I hope that fresh and exciting words and lines and stanzas are your constant companions as we hunker down for cold weather and the inevitable: snow.

Our September meeting was a great success. We had 25 members present despite the change of meeting date. The food was great, and a big thanks to the people of Atlantic Baking Company! This was (I think) the first time we have had soup! What a great soup it was, vegetarian so all could enjoy. I think that was a good welcome to the colder weather!

As we head into this season, please mark your calendars for our February meeting. Feb. 8th is the date, and the location is the wonderful Dyer Library in Saco. I go down the day before and hole up in a hotel so I am there early and refreshed. If anyone is also doing that and wants to meet for dinner and libations, let me know. I can make reservations at a nice restaurant.

One idea was offered at the September board meeting: grants (do we want to offer grant opportunities to members for attending special conferences?). Be thinking about this and feel free to email me with your thoughts. We'd like to address this at the Feb. board meeting and make a plan (or not). By the way, did you know that you can attend (but cannot vote) our board meetings? They are held an hour or so before the regular meeting starts. It is a good way to see your board in action.

Until February, I wish you great ink. Get those villanelles going and that poem on hibernation.

Warmly,

Carol Bachofner

Board Members

Carol Bachofner, President, Round Robins mim47@me.com

Jenny Doughty, Vice President jmdought@maine.rr.com

Deborah Neumeister, Secretary, Hospitality lady Slipr622@yahoo.com

Anne Hammond, Treasurer ahammond5@comcast.net

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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

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