

STANZA

OFFICIAL NEWSLETTER OF THE MAINE POETS SOCIETY

VOLUME 22, NUMBER 2

SPRING 2014

NEWS OF OUR NEXT MEETING

Our next meeting will be Saturday, May 17, 2014, Room 218, Randall Student Tech Center at the University of Maine, Augusta. **Directions to the Augusta campus:**

From the North: Take Interstate 95 south to exit 112, turn left off exit ramp.
Go about .75 miles and turn right at the UMA entrance sign.

From the South: Take Interstate 95 north to Exit 112 A, turn right off exit ramp.
Go about .75 miles and turn right at the UMA entrance sign.

Agenda for Meeting

9:30	Registration and coffee	1:00	PM Contest—
10:00	Business Meeting		FORM: Sonnet
10:30	AM Contest—		Guest judge: <u>Marita O’Neill</u>
	SUBJECT: “ Mirrors “	1:50	Guest judge reads her work
	Guest judge: <u>Sally Rowe Joy</u>	2:30	Announcements and closing
11:20	Guest judge reads her 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: April 17, 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, Sally Joy
SUBJECT: Mirrors (any form, limit 24 lines)

PM Poem—FORM: Judge, Marita O’Neill
FORM: Sonnet (any subject). All variations of the sonnet are acceptable:
slant rhyme, true rhyme, English, Italian, or modern adaptations of either.

ABOUT THE JUDGES

Sally Rowe Joy

Member **Sally Rowe Joy** will judge poems on the subject of “Mirrors” – any form, 24-line limit. Her poems have appeared in several anthologies and in a variety of periodicals, including “Science of Mind” and “Unity” magazines, “Off the Coast,” “Northern New England Review” and “Wolf Moon Press Journal.”

Marita O’Neill

Marita O’Neill received her MFA in poetry from Vermont College Fine Arts Program. She has published two chapbooks. Her most recent chapbook is *Evidence of Light*, published by “MoonPie Press.” She is an English teacher at Yarmouth High School.

WINTER 2014 CONTEST WINNERS

AM Contest—Subject: Hibernation; Judge: Henry Braun

First Prize, Lynda La Rocca

THE STILLNESS BETWEEN

That pot of tiny daffodils in the window
is what saves me.
Spiked with green,
the blooms open smooth as butter,
brighter than a million suns,
and I remember that spring comes,
although sometimes unwilling.
If I could just sit motionless
long enough,
I think that I might catch
the instant of each opening.
But the blossoms sneak by me.
I look away and there’s a burst.
I look away and life shoots by.

Outside, the snow turns fierce,
perfect, infinite,
its wind-whipped glass scouring, spewing,
spinning all colors clean as flesh-peeled bone,
as ancient death,
while I boil water to brew mint tea,
steaming open my skin,
dripping honey on my tongue
like a sacrament.

Second Prize, Gus Peterson

DEVELOPMENT

-*"If we wanted to travel to some point in outer space that took 100 years, how could we possibly do it?" Krystal said. "We would have to induce a period of hibernation..."*

Is what they called it, sticking the needle in the arm
of the marsh that winter, drawing out the water,

asphyxiating the slumbering peepers.
It is less a genocide when they're already asleep,

which is why we have the good sense
to stun the quaking cow to a punch drunk daze

before tearing her apart;
because we are not animals, we who have

extended the day, conquered climate's see-saw;
traveled beyond to float the airless void that soon,

they say, we'll develop the know-how to swim.
So, perhaps, recalling with developed minds an old drip

of memory – heavy eyelids, windows down,
sun spiced summer air whooshing those notes

in and out of speeding ears – we'll turn to them for inspiration;
but that chorus is long silent, no vinyl or audio file available,

just the faint remembering of an old time ear
of a song – a melody we can hum but can't name

a face we know but can't place
in the album of development.

-*"Could Lemur Hibernation Answer Space Travel Questions" by Geoffrey Mohan, LA Times, September 4th, 2013*

Third Prize, Margaret Finch

I'LL CALL IT THAT

What can I call this passage of my life
But “hibernation”? Now I am asleep,
Yet know the magic beauty of a knife
That love is will return—to keep.
The people that I pass seem in a dream
And, bodiless, so easy to forget:
How can I greet them, hold them, when they seem
Already past the doorway of Not Yet?
But, oh! This time shall fade and I will wake
As fresh as any bear, and feel the air
Zooming into my nostrils for life’s sake,
Alive again—again to feel love’s care:
For soul to soul can never fail to soar—
Finding the heart beyond the open door.

First Honorable Mention, Susan van Alsenoy

HIBERNATION

Today I laid the winter holidays down for their long nap,
pulled the plug on the jubilation of their lights,
buried stars and angels back into a box,
took candles from windows.

To remove the candles seemed so sad to me. In the dark and cold shouldn’t we
leave one alight? But my not-so-well-off neighbors might think the energy
expended too painful.

Tinsel, of course, remains strewn throughout the house, shining from dark corners,
sparkling on rugs, getting caught on shoes. Soon the sucking effort of vacuums
will put that to rest, too.

What do they dream of, these bits and pieces of celebrations,
as they rest and gather strength for future miracles?

Second Honorable Mention, Karie Friedman

PART TUBER, PART BEAR

Some of us are darkness lovers. ... We are partly tuber, partly bear.

Donald Hall

Seasons at Eagle Pond

The house is sinking under white waves,
wind whistling like the soundtrack from
a shipwreck movie, and if the common wisdom
around here is true—lay in extra stovewood,

fill pots of water, and you'll be fine—
I'm ready for the sky to fall
or blow sideways, as it's doing now,
proving to no-one in particular winter is not

an emergency—it happens every year.
But in my cooling bones I'd rather burrow
under covers than carry on by candlelight,
drowse through the long night, patient

as a crocus or a mole, stirring little,
adopting the minimalism of bare trees.
Reading in the easy chair, I sense
my own thin aura, only warm

if I stay still, float like an icebound carp
inside its envelope of thaw. Lights blink
twice, go out, refrigerator silenced
in mid hum. Why resist this gift?

Bears sleep in dens, foxes in winter coats,
I'm folded under quilts in blessed dark,
the house so still I almost hear,
down cellar, potatoes push out sprouts.

Third Honorable Mention, Jenny Doughty

HIBERNATION

Inside the mother the child
hibernates until world-welcome, dayspring.

Inside the girl the woman
hibernates until breastbud, bloodflow.

Inside the boy the man
hibernates until wetdream, voicebreak.

Inside the woman the mother
hibernates until lovemeet, lifespark.

Inside the man the father
hibernates until lovemeet, lifespark.

Fourth Honorable Mention, Sharon Bray

LONG WINTER'S SLEEP

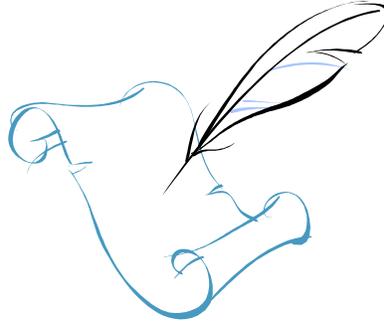
Bears do not hibernate

stated the sister who knew
about such science.

Her wintersworth of explanation
lost me somewhere between mud
turtles and earth
worms.

She never mentioned how
bears hold it like school teachers—
don't pee all winter (according
to Ed Grabianowski).

Thinking, maybe, to save energy
for spring planting,
my sister settled into her own
February hollow log.
Being neither nighthawk nor toad,
she forgot to wake up,
metamorphored into ashes
scattered on the Penobscot River.



PM Contest—Villanelle; Judge: Annie Finch

First Prize, Doug (Woody) Woodsum

AFTER THE STACKING

A stack of wood will buckle, slowly sway
 while partnering both weather and the ground.
 Parts of the careful whole fall off; parts stay.

The weight of snow and ice will have its way
 as surely as frost makes level land a mound.
 A stack of wood will buckle, slowly sway.

A woodchuck dug one corner stone away
 and corner splits slid off without a sound.
 Just parts of the whole fall off; most of it stays.

The boy who plows was sick, stayed home one day
 leaving his younger brother to make us frown:
 His plow-blade nicked the stack and made it sway.

Old Earl says, "Each chore's part of the grand fray."
 He's minding less and less the mortal round.
 Parts of the careful whole fall off; parts stay.

The cooling woodstove ticks and seems to say
The young step up when the old are slowing down.
 A stack of wood will buckle, slowly sway.
 Parts of the careful whole fall off; parts stay.

Second Prize, Carol Bachofner

EVANESCENCE

This is the way of our dear dead,
gone but leaving a trace behind,
a waft of her perfume in your bed;

just below your window, a tread
mark in the garden, a sure sign.
This is the way of our dear dead:

not gone at all. You're not mislead
by an etched stone. Wait for the shine,
a waft of her perfume in the bed

where you lay for years, fed.

Third Prize, Jim Breslin

THE VILLANELLE

Poor Madelon remembers well
She'd published in a magazine
A deft well-crafted villanelle.

She'd planned to write and even sell
Encouraged by the college dean
Which Madelon remembers well.

Soon after that the Market fell.
Work left no room for useless dreams,
For her writings and her villanelle.

She married Jim against her will,
Got pregnant, wrote no more it seems.
This Madelon remembers well.

When nurses come they hear her tell
She'd won a prize when just nineteen
For her well-crafted villanelle.

They're kind, polite, professional
And go about their fixed routine
While Madelon remembers well
Her writings and her villanelle.

First Honorable Mention, Jenny Doughty

A FORMAL PROTEST

I'm angry and you turn away in silence.
 I storm and your resistance fogs my brain.
 Although I know you'll never turn to violence

It leaves me with a sense of constant grievance,
 like navigating some involved chicane:
 when I'm angry, you turn away in silence.

You hold your forces back with icy patience –
 a war-worn general planning his campaign.
 Although I think you'll never turn to violence

You still expect my ultimate compliance
 and when my white flag bears the sad refrain,
 "I'm angry!" then you turn away in silence.

And then I wonder – should I place reliance
 on patience, on the way you self-restrain?
 Although I hope you'll never turn to violence

do we have here some monstrous misalliance?
 Some unfought battle neither of us gain?
 I'm angry and you turn away in silence,
 although I pray you'll never turn to violence.

Second Honorable Mention, Sally Rowe Joy

THINKING OF GRANDCHILDREN

WHO RECENTLY LOST THEIR MOTHER TO CANCER

It was not fair their mother had to die.
 Like other Mom's, she'd told them life's not fair.
 It really does not help to question why.

There are some things that money cannot buy.
 Her leaving did not mean she didn't care.
 It was not fair their mother had to die.

Petitions surely reached the Lord on high.
 They know that many friends held her in prayer.
 It really does not help to question why

the answer was that they must say good-bye
 without the time to process or prepare.
 It simply was not fair she had to die.

When death comes, there's no choice but to comply.
 They feel her presence often, anywhere.
 And yet it does not help to question why.

While grief is something they cannot deny,
 they have good memories that they can share.
 It was not fair their mother had to die.
 It really does not help to question why.

Third Honorable Mention, Bill Frayer
UNREMARKABLE

He gazed at her with blue eyes rimmed in red
over tea and eggs to start another day.
She'd left her dream unfinished on the bed.

Were they spent? Was all affection dead?
They nibbled, sipped, not knowing what to say.
He gazed at her with blue eyes rimmed in red.

Those eyes, so sexy, on the day they wed.
So thrilled, in sated afterglow they lay,
but she'd left her dream unfinished in the bed.

She'd wandered once, he knew, but later fled
back to their life, unremarkable and grey.
He gazed at her with blue eyes rimmed in red.

She'd wanted a child, yet every month she bled.
They tried each time but could not find the way;
she'd left her dream unfinished on the bed.

All eggs now gone, all words now had been said.
Forty years in this kitchen; they decided to stay.
He gazed at her, his blue eyes rimmed in red.
She'd left her dream unfinished in the bed.

CONTESTS THAT MIGHT BE OF INTEREST:**2014 String Poet Prize**

Information is available at their website: www.stringpoet.com. The winner receives \$1000, publication in String Poet, and composition of original music by a professional composer inspired by the winning poem. Submission deadline is May 20, 2014.

The Maria W. Faust Sonnet Contest

Information is available at www.grsf.org/sonnet. Cash prizes, totaling \$1,200 will be award in a number of categories. Submission deadline, July 1, 2014.

REMINDER:

Part of your annual enrollment fee in the Maine Poets' Society (MPS) also pays for your enrollment in the National Federation of State Poetry Societies (NFSPS). The NFSPS National Convention will be held in Utah June 26-29. For more information please go to their website: www.nfspd.com. The current deadline for contests is March 15, 2014. You can enter 49 contests for only \$10.00 – sent to one address.

Share your member news!

Send publication news to Elizabeth Berkenbile 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*:

July 1, 2014

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.mainepoetssociety.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.

**WE ARE IN NEED OF A NEW STANZA EDITOR BEGINNING SEPTEMBER 2014.
PLEASE CONTACT CAROL BACHOFNER OR ELIZABETH BERKENBILE IF YOU ARE
INTERESTED IN LEARNING MORE ABOUT THIS POSITION.**

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



Congrats to all who braved the cold and attended our warm and inviting meeting in Saco. Thanks to the Dyer Library for hosting us and to all who worked to make the meeting a success.

As I ponder what is ahead, I'd like to take a moment to remind everyone in a Round Robin that your birds need to keep flying. Several are stalled (are they hovering in roosting boxes to stay warm?) and need to be put back in flight. Shortly, I will be sending out letters to EVERYONE in RRs as a reminder, but please search through the stacks of poems on your desks and see if there is a robin nesting there.

We are looking at making small grants available to members who might have a special project that needs a bit of financial push to finish. Over the next few months we will be creating a set of guidelines and deciding upon an amount and the number of grants available per year. These grants will be "juried" by the board and the applicants notified yeah or nay. Stay tuned for more on that.

Our next meeting is at the University of Maine Augusta on May 17th. Get those contest submissions to Jenny Doughty. Remember to enclose SASE for return of poems with comments by the judges. See full guidelines on our web site.

See you all in May. Hopefully we will have some decent (SPRING!!) weather and be able to attend minus all the cold weather gear.

Get good ink!

Carol Bachofner

Board Members

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since 1936

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