

WPA

Board of Directors

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Check out the website
for their photos & bios.

Future Board meetings

July 14

September 15

(Olympic Peninsula)

November 10

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**A Letter from Victory**

Hi, Everyone,
For the past five years the projects of the WPA and the tasks of co-founding and co-directing Burning Word have been my main work. It has been a challenging, hard-working time and it's been a lot of fun.

Co-founding and co-creating the first Burning Word, with John Burgess and Stephen Roxborough (and the help of a lot of other people!) is a project I will never forget. The festival, which just completed its fourth year, continues to grow and improve, making us all proud.

The rewards and gifts of this work have been many. I've met fascinating people, made good friends, and learned so much.

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BAM!

June 10th! Save the date!

Hope you're not reading this too late . . .to attend a wonderful Sunday's reading of award-winning poetry. This year's contest winners plus a few words from the judges will be the fare at the Bellevue Art Museum (BAM), 510 Bellevue Way NE, Bellevue, from 2-4 p.m. (If you go to their website, www.bellevuearts.org, click on "admissions" and then "directions" you will find a clear map to follow.) But wait—there's more! Starting at 1:00 p.m., same day, same place, the annual membership meeting of WPA will be conducted. Your vote does count. See you there!

Just an additional note: these events are taking place in the first-floor public area and as such, are free. However, if you want to tour the rest of the museum either before or after these events, the usual ticket prices do apply. Information can be found on their site cited above.

WORD!, the newsletter of the Washington Poets Association, is published four times each year. The next issue will be published in September. The deadline for submitting material for consideration in that issue is August 24, 2007. Please read the submission guidelines that are on the web site and if you have any questions, contact the editor at newseditor@washingtonpoets.org. WPA—"Celebrating the Power of Poetry"

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The WPA's board is a working board, quite literally. To serve on this board is to roll up your sleeves and jump in. The good news is the board is comprised of smart, big-hearted people who don't bring a lot of ego to the table, but rather open creative minds and a desire to serve poetry and the people of Washington State.

When people like that work together, good things start happening. As I leave the WPA board and step back from Burning Word, I am excited and hopeful about both of their futures.

For the past fourteen months I've had a painful back injury and flare-up of an old illness dogging me. Once the busyness of Burning Word 4 was over, I realized I had to clear my desk and change my focus. I could see it was time for me to slow down and concentrate on healing fully. I'm grateful this time is possible for me, and I hope to use it well.

My thanks to the WPA board members and volunteers with whom I have worked over the last five years. It has been an honor and a pleasure, and I trust our poetic paths will keep crossing in the months and years ahead.

With warm regards,

Victory

P.S.

If this kind of service sounds like a match for you, get in touch with a board member to talk more. Click on "Board Members" on the WPA website and you'll get a list of board members with email addresses. Seats on the board open up regularly, and there are other levels of involvement available.

Victory Lee Schouten has served as President of the Executive Board of WPA. Constrained by health issues from completing her term of office, she recently resigned from that position and this letter is a brief summary of her time in office.

—For Gov. Chris Gregoire on the signing of SHB 1279 establishing the position of Washington State Poet Laureate

—April 19, 2007

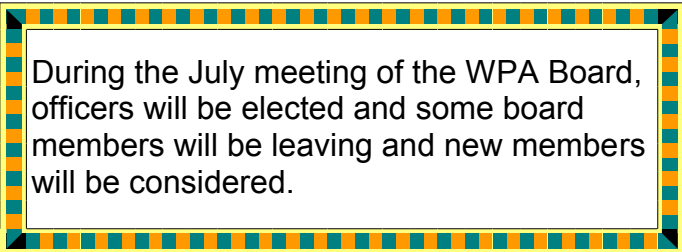
Waiting for the Poets

They will come bearing words
and I will be here with my yearnings,
this aching need to speak from my heart
about what I wish for this world.
Together, we will weave a poem,
a constellation of sounds
that will fall like cooling rain
along the parched margins of the way.
I have waited so long,
I have been patient,
but now the poets are coming.
They will help me say what it is that I need to say.

—Ed Stover

Ed Stover and Karen Bonaudi, WPA members, were present when Governor Gregoire signed the Washington Poet Laureate bill into law. State Reps. Lynn Kessler, Mary Skinner and Pat Lantz were there (they were instrumental in pushing this through), as were Sen. Jim Clements and Sen. Jim Honeyford.

For Bonaudi it was a happy ending to ten years' effort. For Stover this final push to signature meant many miles traveled back and forth from the Yakima Valley. The three organizations who worked for passage—the Arts Commission, Humanities Washington and WPA—will work together to establish the program, etc. As Stover realistically pointed out, "Anyway, now the hard work begins.... fundraising, planning the selection process, etc."



During the July meeting of the WPA Board, officers will be elected and some board members will be leaving and new members will be considered.

Interview with Kelli Russell Agodon

Part I

by Maggie Kelly

I was reading my most recent issue of *Poets and Writers* when a couple of familiar names leaped out at me from a winner's list. One of them was the name of WPA member Kelli Russell Agodon who graciously gave me so much of her time that this interview is a two-parter, with Part II coming in the September issue.

Congratulations, Kelli, on receiving one of the Dorothy Sargent Rosenberg poetry prizes for 2007! Those of us who are already acquainted with your poetry are not surprised at the award. . . could you tell us about any other prizes or awards you have received?

Most recent was winning the *Atlantic Monthly* Student Writing Contest for poetry, open to graduate students across the US. It was the last year I could apply—I finish my MFA this year—my poem "How Killer Blue Irises Spread" won first place and will be published in the *Atlantic Monthly* this summer. *The Atlantic Monthly's* always been one of the top five places I'd love to be published in, so it's been quite a thrill for me.

You have been widely published, haven't you? What are some of the journals, etc. that your work has appeared in?

Other places where my poems have appeared in (or will soon be appearing) are *Prairie Schooner*, *5 a.m.*, *Rhino*, *Meridian*, *Image*, *32 Poems*, *Calyx* and in Garrison Keillor's second anthology, *Good Poems for Hard Times*. That's published by Viking Press.

My impression is that your subject matter is quite varied. Are there subjects that you write about more than others or do you have particular sources of inspiration?

I like this question. It makes me look deep into my "obsessions," what continues to appear in my work. Many of my poems tend to ask questions of or about God. Growing up in a Catholic home with its rituals and traditions, I'm fascinated by the icons and images of the church. On the other side of that, I write a lot about words, poetry, and other writers. I've always been fascinated by language, so exploring sounds and wordplay is something I enjoy doing in my poems.

Also, I'm a writer who works from home and the mother of a soon-to-be seven year old, so I find I write a lot about daily life, family, and the garden. The challenge with these poems is how to make

them fresh and memorable, to be poignant without being sentimental or clichéd. Sometimes these topics may appear "simple," but I find it challenging to write about common things.

When did you first know or recognize or feel that you're a poet? Was there a particular poem or a particular time that was a defining moment for you?

As a child, I always wanted to be a writer, but I am a Capricorn and the child of a businessman, so when people would ask, "What do you want to be when you grow up?" I'd say I wanted to be a dental hygienist. It was one of those answers that garnered considerable praise and compliments from adults. I never believed my answer, though, and would always add, "I'd also like to be a writer or artist" after the compliments and praise of what a smart girl I was.

I apparently wanted to be a poet in second grade as my mum found an old paper I'd written back then suggesting such an occupation. Though, I think if I could choose the moment when I felt as if I was actually becoming a poet was when I was an undergraduate at the University of Washington in a poetry class taught by Linda Bierds. I had written a poem called "Walking Home" and she suggested I submit it to *Bricolage*, the university's literary journal. I don't think it was so much the act of the submitting, but more her encouragement that I may have written something strong enough for publication that excited me. I did submit the poem and it was accepted and I thought, "Hey, this is easy." But as I soon learned, there would be many, many rejections after that and more still to come. . .

You have your MFA, don't you? . . . Which poets/mentors/instructors would you list as the most influential in your writing? . . . What was the influence of each?

Yes, I just finished graduate school and will be graduating from Pacific Lutheran University's Rainier Writers Program this year with my MFA. It's been an incredible experience.

During my three years in the program I worked with Sharon Bryan, Albert Goldbarth, and Peggy Shumaker. Each poet brought something different to my experience. Sharon Bryan taught me the art of critical writing. Albert Goldbarth taught me how to trust my own voice and to believe in my own vision—in his words, "Art is not a Tupperware party." Peggy Shumaker has incredible insight when looking at a poem. She's helped me move my poems to a deeper level.

(Look for Part II, the conclusion, in our Sept. issue.)

Poetry and U.S. history re-visited

by Roger Hancock

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, on the 85th anniversary of the battles of Lexington and Concord, wrote the now famous "Midnight Ride of Paul Revere" on April 19, 1860. The poem boosted patriot Paul Revere into the forefront of the revolutionary period of American History. Longfellow intended to boost patriotism in the New England states with the mounting unrest of the southern states. The poem gained popularity rather quickly, propagating the inaccuracies of Longfellow's poetic license.

The "Midnight Ride" was first published in the *Atlantic Monthly* in January of 1861. Longfellow included the poem in his *Tales of a Wayside Inn* in 1863. Schools picked up on the poem as a means to instill some sense of history in the young students.

Prior to the legend created by Longfellow's poem, Paul Revere was just a Massachusetts silversmith who was not widely known. One story has it that Longfellow, surprised at the popularity of the poem, had voiced regret at the liberties he took in writing the piece.

Paul Revere, although completing his mission to warn John Hancock and Samuel Adams in Lexington, was arrested enroute to warn the Concord minutemen. William Dawes rode the same mission as Revere, taking a different route. Revere and Dawes, joined by Prescott, did not complete the ride to Concord. It was Prescott who was able to continue to Concord allowing a successful first victory against the British regulars.

Longfellow's "Midnight Ride..." is an example of the fact that care in accuracy should be considered when writing poetry of an historical event. Longfellow is noted for a famous but inaccurate poem that has become a part of American heritage.

One must evaluate the weight of poetic license when writing about actual events. Minor details of an event may be inconsequential but the people involved should be given greater consideration. There were several

riders that were sent to warn the colonists of the countryside, not Paul Revere alone. I have read that Longfellow had written, "Midnight Ride of Paul Revere," as just a fun piece, never imagining the future impact on American lore.

Roger W Hancock, a member of Auburn's Striped Water Poets, has written a more accurate poem "Liberty Ride of Dawes, Revere" that can be read at his website, www.PoetPatriot.com.

Roadshow is a success

In March Elizabeth Austen took the WPA Roadshow to three colleges in March and April: WSU-Tri-Cities, Grays Harbor Community College in Aberdeen, and Big Bend Community College in Moses Lake. She had enthusiastic turn-outs at all three stops. Her final appearance will be in the fall at Longview Community College in the fall, on a date still to be determined.

Annual Gathering of WPA and the Oregon State Poets Association

On Saturday, July 7, state lines will be crossed as the WPA and Oregon State Poets gather for their annual picnic and poetry sharing. Bring something of both and be prepared for a good time!

The target beginning time is 11:00 am at Vancouver Lake Park (there is a nominal parking fee of \$2-6, depending on vehicle).

Directions: Take I-5 to Exit #1C Mill Plain Blvd/Port of Vancouver. If driving north on I-5, then turn left onto E. Mill Plain (West-SR 501). If driving south on I-5, turn right onto Mill Plain. Continue driving west on this road as it goes up and over the railroad tracks, then bears right to a "T" at a stoplight and Lower River Road. Turn left following SR 501. The road will slowly curve (right) to the north. When you come to the "Y" in the road, stay right. The Main Entrance to the park is straight ahead on your right approximately 5.5 miles from the I-5 exit.

From I-205: Driving north, take the first Vancouver Exit #27 onto SR 14. Drive west on 14 to I-5 and take the "Seattle" on-ramp. Once on I-5, take the very next exit, Exit # 1-C, to Mill Plain Blvd. and follow the directions above.

Contact Christopher Luna at 360-694-9653 or christopherluna@earthlink.net for more information.

POETRY AND PLACE

Pennsylvania and beyond: looking for my Slovak heritage in words

by Susan Casey

While I was growing up in Eastern Pennsylvania, I shuttled back and forth between the Allentown suburb of Emmaus and Freeland, the tiny immigrant town in the Poconos where my Slovak grandfather lived his American life.

What my grandfather rarely shared with me was words; he was a quiet man, staunchly running his own shop, Andy's Meat Market, selling the *kolbasi* sausages I loved beyond words. I spent many Sundays in his smokehouse, across the yard from his house, where he stirred the fires under long ovens, the dangling sausage links spitting and crackling as they cooked. He might as well have been seasoning me, rubbing my skin with pepper and fennel seeds, making sure the stories he didn't tell flavored my life.

This is how I became a poet. My grandfather's gaze drifted past the fires, past the smokehouse, and looked beyond to worlds I didn't know—giving me direction.

In 2001, I went to Slovakia for the first time. My grandfather had mentioned the town of Kosice to me, the largest city on the eastern side of the country, and that's where I landed. I marveled at the language I might have known if the fifties hadn't been the fifties. I ate *bryndzove halusky*, potato dumplings, just like the ones my family had eaten every year on Christmas Eve. I saw old men in weathered caps with long, dangling earlobes, men who looked just like the men I'd met out in the streets of Freeland. Looking up at St. Elizabeth Cathedral and the old government buildings in the center of the city, I tried to imagine my grandfather there, ninety years earlier, just fourteen, passing through on his way to America.

One day on a bus ride north toward Bardejov, I sat gazing out over rolling green hills. My grandfather had told me that he used to herd cows, sharing his lunch with a

Hungarian neighbor, the two of them exchanging words for *bread* and *sky* in their respective languages. I started writing a poem, thinking about how one world can shift into another, how words shift in the same way. Is it any surprise that it was at that point in the road, a few miles to the east, that my grandfather's hometown sat quietly—waiting for my return?

Last summer I traveled back to the Poconos, back to Freeland, and looked around my grandfather's old property, peeking in through the windows of the smokehouse. His old scale was still there, larger than life, silent, the same one I'd jumped on as a kid. My grandfather's world still held its weight—it wasn't a passing notion. Poems tumbled out of me, one after another, on the plane ride home.

This summer I'll fly to Slovakia again. It's time to learn my grandfather's language, to learn his words, to step foot in his true hometown for the first time—and write.

Susan Casey was a member of the 2006 Jack Straw Writers Program; she teaches at Seattle Central Community College and the University of Washington. A decade ago this month, she was in the process of moving from Paris to Chiba City, Japan.

Dalit poetry

by Suma Subramaniam

Dalit Poetry is one of the most popular genres of contemporary Indian literature. It was born out of the differences in the caste system practiced in India in the past millennia. "Dalit" is the latest politically correct term used for the former "untouchables" of Indian society, who are looked down upon by people of the higher castes. In Marathi, "Dalit" means ground, crushed, broken down and reduced to pieces. It is indicative of the oppression that existed as a part of the caste hierarchy. The Dalits include the Harijans (such as Mahars), Mangs, Mallas,

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POETRY AND PLACE

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Chambers and Pulayas. Offensive terms used mostly in the past include *chura*, *bhangi*, *neech*, *kanjar*, and *mirasi*. While the terms *chura* and *bhangi* are profession-based terms for scavengers, they can serve as general terms for the low-born; others are actual names of the caste.

Dalit poetry is not merely a protest against all forms of exploitation based on class, race, caste or occupation, but it also includes the emotions of love and surrender echoing in the voices of the people who live in appalling and underprivileged conditions in Indian Society. The diction of Dalit poets is rebellious, challenging the traditional Indian notions of linguistic decency. It focuses on the superiority that the Dalit community faces, a reality merged in the abyss of total darkness by other people who claim to be higher castes.

"Dalit poetry is purposive as the poets speak about and for the community."

Some of the prominent Dalit poets today are: Arun Kamble, Yaswant Manohar, Arjun Dangle, JV Pawar, Namdeo Dhasal, Daya Pawar, Prakash Jadhav, Bhujang Meshram and Meena Gajabhiye of Marathi, the poetry that is the forerunner of all contemporary Dalit poetry; Joseph Macwan, Jayant Parmar, Mangal Rathod, Kisan Sosa, Praveen Gadvi and Raju Solanki of Gujarati, and Siddhalingaiah of Kannada and NT Rajkumar of Tamil.

Dalit poetry is purposive as the poets speak about and for the community. In the context of contemporary Indian poetry, these poets shout in their writing to identify, unite and direct the Dalit political movement

while working to create a positive identifiable Dalit culture.

Here is a poem by N T Rajkumar, a Tamil Dalit poet. (Translated by Anushiya Narayanan, Assistant Professor of English at Southern Illinois University in Edwardsville)

For the family
to gain religious merit
in the next life,
they fed the poor full of rice.
Then, when the girl from Kollathi
began to wash the dishes
in the back lot,
she was forced into intercourse.
After feeding on her
the Brahmin promised to come
in his next life, too.
She killed herself and
now comes
as the goddess of Kollangottu,
screaming for human sacrifice.
Lusting after women and gold,
he married the dancer with lies of love
then stoned her to death
amid the thorns
of the cactus fields.
You are my witnesses, she cried
to the cacti as she died.
The dark-blue goddess of the cactus fields
demands blood-filled rice,
transmogrifies into the midnight
goddess Isaki.

(For more information see: www.dalitindia.org.)

Suma Subramanian describes herself as an aspiring poet and writer from India, and member of the editorial board of a web-based journal called *Kritya*.

Note: Look for future articles about poetry that is generated in India.

POETRY GROUPS

Chowder Marching Society

by Nancy Tally

We are the CHOWDER MARCHING SOCIETY. We began our gatherings at Hugo House and moved to my home on the East side when my injured back no longer allowed regular trips to Seattle. Carla Griswold, poet; Jess Mills, poet; Eryn Huntington, poetry and prose; and Nancy Talley, poetry and prose— when health and family obligations allow, we gather each week for writing, talk, reading, food, poetry, and wine. We have lost a member to distance: Priscilla Maynard, poet and sumi artist. As Priscilla's eyesight faded, she began to write poetry.

We come from differing writing backgrounds; we have published some and received some awards. We met in various places: classes with Shelley Tucker and Claudia Mauro, a poetry class through BCC, and studying painting.

Open Mike Poetry

by Christopher Luna

In November 2004, I founded a monthly open mike poetry reading at Ice Cream Renaissance, Vancouver. After approximately one year, featured readers participated as well. The goal was twofold: to create a space in which poets of all ages and backgrounds could feel comfortable sharing their work and to have an opportunity to teach.

It has not been necessary to impose time limits on readers. Our open mike readers are respectful enough that we have time for featured readers, music, and even readings of poems by our poetic elders. It is gratifying to report that we have a group of six to twelve readers who have attended nearly every reading since we began more than two years ago.

Recently several local teens have begun attending the reading, which allows for some interesting intergenerational communication. For example, in February, Spokane's Tom

Davis read his poetry with musical accompaniment by pianist Jim Templeton. The teens really enjoyed his performance, and he seemed excited by their work as well.

Our featured readers have been both widely-published authors and emerging writers from Washington, Oregon, California, and Baltimore, Maryland. On June 14, we will host our first international reader, British poet, David Hill.

In January 2007, we relocated to Cover to Cover Books, 1817 Main Street, Vancouver, WA. Since then, attendance has grown considerably. I think that some readers disliked reading at the ice cream shop because it was loud, and many of the customers were not there to hear poetry. Cover to Cover stays open after hours just for us, and so the entire audience is there to hear poetry.

It has been a pleasure to make a small contribution to the PNW poetry scene with this reading series.

Whidbey Poets On-line

by Julian Taber

Whidbeypoets@googlegroups is a small, on-line poetry critique group open to members of the Whidbey Island Writers Association. This is a private email list, and our archives are open to only list members. Active participation by members is expected. We may be of interest to those who do not drive, live at a distance from Whidbey, or cannot attend other poetry groups because of time or family demands.

WIWA members who wish to join should contact the list minder at: jtaber-at-whidbey.net (substitute the usual at sign for -at-, which is used here to defeat spam harvesters) or contact the WIWA office in Freeland, WA at 360-331-6714.

Speaking of Whidbey Island, Greenbank Farm is already secured as the site for the next Burning Word to be held on April 26, 2008.

Intergenerational poetry magic in the borderlands, Part I

by R.D. Shadowbyrd

Around 8 pm., each Monday of the year, an aggregate of 100 to 150 begins to assemble within the long, narrow confines of Fantasia Espresso & Teas, filling chairs and couches, the overflow positioning themselves on carpets or along walls.

Dozens are poets, a handful musicians—the rest audience. The show starts about 8:30 p.m. and runs near midnight. It's Poetry Night in Bellingham; the best venue in Washington draws people down from Vancouver, up from Seattle, and far beyond.

Most are local. A succession of outstanding young poets is sprouting, seemingly overnight, alongside the mushrooms of Whatcom County. And the community that occupies Fantasia has everything to do with that phenomenon. Local traditions and people are key to the unique atmosphere at Fantasia.

Interdisciplinary art abounds, with poetry, theatre and music often combined. The roots of today's Fantasia scene grew from a few friends, circa 1995, who shared commonality as decent poets also having backgrounds in theatre. Thus began a legacy of solid writing supercharged with sterling performance values; this leads people to turn off their televisions to go see and hear poets.

It's a predominantly college crowd—the median age hovers in the low 20's—but the full age range is from high school age to pushing 80. A demographic hole appears from early 30 until the curve rebounds around 50, but devotees include a strong post-60 cadre.

In addition to age diversity, there's a tremendous stylistic variety among these poets. Everyone pays attention to everyone else, so much is absorbed quickly. This is especially true of the young poets. Week to

week their development here can be an amazement bordering on spiritual experience.

Space precludes listing all under-25's who seem to be destined to become nationally known. However, there is an exception, one who has already achieved some renown. That person is Ryler Dustin, a Western Washington University senior who, at 22, has a fine chapbook and represented not only Bellingham but Seattle at national slam events, despite his decision to eschew slam manipulations and cliché by competing with honest poetry. This led to an invited feature tour of several major eastern cities during the summer of 2006.

A non-judgmental ambience verging on literary anarchy appears to foster cross-generational communication at the Fantasia. Nobody's there in a formal teacherly or parental role. Stunning as it is, the way the young learn from their elders, we should be perhaps as shocked that Fantasia seniors also listen to their juniors. It's a perfect symbiosis; one group expands wisdom and experience, while the other maintains edge and enthusiasm.

The ringmaster of this improbable circus, Robert Huston, has no agenda beyond a palpable love for poetry and those he shares it with. He never reads, and doesn't even introduce himself, so if you're new and wonder who the great emcee is, you have to ask.

How refreshing is that?

R.D. Shadowbyrd haunts poetry venues from Tacoma to Vancouver, B.C. Although he is sometimes taken for a biker or a Viking, many think he resembles a poet.

OLIO

Untitled [Intersection], 2007, is a relatively new (Feb. '07) monthly poetry and contemporary performance art series in Seattle. It meets on the 4th Friday of every month, 7-9 p.m. Experienced and experimental performance artists work alongside two guest poets. Designed to strengthen the Seattle arts community by cross-fertilizing, fostering dialog between genres and bringing fresh talent to the fore, we help both artists and the public to better understand the direction of art in Seattle.

Phinney Center Gallery, 2nd floor of Phinney Neighborhood Association; directions: <http://www.phinneycenter.org/directions.shtml>, Tel: (206)783-2244.

Distinguished Writers Series welcomes Derek Sheffield as featured reader for *June 8th*. July and August are open mic programs. Kings Books, 218 St. Helens, Tacoma, 7:00; open mic sign-up at 6:30.

Open Mike Poetry, Cover to Cover Books 1817 Main Street, Vancouver (McLoughlin Blvd. & Main Street) 7:00 p.m., Thursday, *June 14*, 2007 (and every second Thursday). For more info call 514-0358 or 694-9653 June's featured reader: David Hill.

Poetry First is an on-line workshop led by Sarah Zale. The fee-based, 5 week workshop will be accepting students for the new cycle that begins on *June 15*. See www.sarahwrite.com.

Lana Hechtman Ayers' latest book *Dance From Inside My Bones* (Snake Nation Press) is the recent winner of the Violet Reed Haas Award.

Olympia Poetry Network showcases winners of the Jeanne Lohmann Prize competition on *June 20*, Traditions Café, 5th and Water St., Olympia, 6:30 p.m.

Wednesday, *June 21* at 7 p.m. SoulFood Books, 15748 Redmond Way, Redmond, WA. Poetry dynamos Paul Hunter and J.W. Marshall read. Followed by open mic. Contact book store at 425-881-5309.

Poetry Uncorked, will be at Bookwalter Winery in Richland on Saturday, *July 21*, at 7:00 PM. To get a feel for the space, check out <http://www.bookwalterwines.com/bookwalter/index.jsp>.

BOOK REVIEW

by Gerald A. McBreen

Love Is a Weed

by Lana Hechtman Ayers

\$12:00

Finishing Line Press

P. O. Box 1626

Georgetown, Kentucky 40324

finishinglinepress.com

Why can't real-life love be as good as the illusion? This seems to be the underlying theme of Lana's collection of mystifying erotica. In poem after poem, the poet leads us to the knowledge that even lovers with the best intentions must take care to weed their gardens of love.

Greek myth, the Bible, and sheer fantasy are woven throughout these delightful pages teasing us to enjoy while challenging us to think.

In "Diner Waitress" she takes a tough slap at the plight of a teen whose dreams are shattered by an unexpected pregnancy. We see her in middle age worrying over her own teenage daughter: "--- there are frying pans under her eyes."

"Eve Proves God is a Woman" most succinctly summarizes the complexity of Lana's offerings: "Man is merely what sprung to life from dirt when God's lips spoke a curse, probing the darkness for something to light her cigarette."

Gerald McBreen is a long-time member of Striped Water Poets, Auburn (formerly SPLAB), and his love poetry is widely published in periodicals.

Final Word

by Maggie Kelly, Editor

It has been a year—four issues—since I first came on board as editor of this newsletter.

It seems appropriate to observe that by thanking all the members who have contributed items and articles for publication here.

I would also like to thank Victory Schouten, Ed Stover, and David Rizzi for their vigilant assistance.

Any suggestions, questions, comments or concerns you might have about the newsletter can be sent to me at newseditor@washingtonpoets.org or to any Board member whose contact information is listed on the WPA website.