



The Legend

West Florida Literary Federation, Inc.

www.wflf.org

August 2014

WFLF Honors Pensacola Native as Poet Laureate of Northwest Florida

Jamey Jones, a fifth generation Pensacolian, has been named the new Poet Laureate of Northwest Florida by West Florida Literary Federation. Jones, 50, will be formally inducted at a public event on Saturday evening, October 11 at Artel Gallery.

Jones, who holds a Masters of Fine Arts in Creative Writing from Long Island University in New York, is well known in national and local poetry circles. He taught at Long Island University and has worked with some of the most influential figures in contemporary poetry, but never lost touch with his place in Pensacola. His book of poetry *Blue Rain Morning* (Farfella, 2011) resonates with the meaning of place, beginning and ending in Pensacola.

After two and a half years of studying, teaching, writing and editing poetry in New York, he returned to Pensacola teaching at Ferry Pass Middle School, Pensacola State and University of West Florida. He currently teaches American Literature and English Composition at Pensacola State. In the last five years, he has worked with major contemporary poets including Barbara Henning, Bernadette Mayer, Lewis Warsh and Anne Waldman. A decade earlier, he studied under Allen Ginsberg and Joanne Kyger. As poet laureate, Jones hopes to draw national attention to the diverse poetry community of Northwest Florida by bringing international poets to Pensacola for readings and workshops. He also wants to connect residents through public poetry workshops and readings, especially in hospitals, assisted living facilities and schools.

Scott Satterwhite, a UWF English instructor, published poet and a member of Open Books collective, says Jones embodies the idea of a public poet more than anyone else in the area. In fact, Satterwhite has often called Jamey Jones the unofficial poet laureate of Pensacola. For a lengthy article on Jones and his book *Blue Rain Morning*, Satterwhite interviewed nationally

acclaimed poet Lewis Warsh, who says Jones literally put Pensacola on the poetry map and connected Pensacola to the rest of the poetry world.

Jones has been a longtime advocate for poetry in the area. In 1986 he was instrumental in founding the Back Door Poets with Leonard Temme, the second Poet Laureate of Northwest Florida. Later as a student at PSC, he edited the award-winning literary magazine and won the Walter Spara Poetry Award. He organized two summer poetry series for teenagers and a reading-workshop series for the West Florida Regional Library. From 1998-2002 he organized workshops for Subterranean Books/Good Neighbor Coffee House. Jones has read for open mics, benefits, poetry evenings and official events from New Orleans to Fairhope to Pensacola. As guest editor of New Orleans' *Fell Swoop: The All Bohemian Review*, he designed and edited a Pensacola issue.

While teaching at Ferry Pass, he implemented the Dream Flag Project, an international program in which students study the dream poetry of Langston Hughes, write their own dream poems, transfer them to fabric, and display them like Nepalese prayer flags. He also organized and advised the school-wide Poetry Club.

Along with his book *Blue Rain Morning*, Jones has written several poetry chapbooks including *Twelve Windows* (brown boke press, 2009), *the notebook troubled the sleep door* (brown boke press, 2008), *If you see an ocelot, please remove this letter* (brown boke press, 2007). His poems have appeared in magazines and literary journals including *Emerald Coast Review*; *Eoagh*; *Downtown Brooklyn: a Journal of Writing*; *The Brooklyn Rail*; *Zen Monster*; *Portable Boog Reader #5*; *With + Stand*; and *Big Bridge, New Orleans Anthology*.

Though some contemporary poets classify Jones' poetry as avant-garde, he says his work is not limited to that category. Jones describes his poetry "as a

representation of a conscious means of actively engaging with the day-to-day world and the experience of being alive.”

The poet who put Pensacola on the poetry map becomes the seventh Poet Laureate of Northwest Florida. He follows former laureates Adelia Rosasco-Soule (1986), a world traveler and author of several books including *Panhandle Memories*; Leonard A. Temme (1989), PhD, a research physiologist with Naval Aerospace Medical Research Lab; Mary Hood (1992), PhD, a professor of microbiology at University of West Florida; Laurie O'Brien (1995), the Director of the Creative Writing Program and Associate Professor of English at University of West Florida; Henry Langhorne II (2003), MD, a Pensacola cardiologist; Juliet Zachary

DeMarko, MA, (2009), a former restaurateur, chef and author of two memoir cookbooks and a poetry collection, *Blue Ridge Childhood*.

The Poet Laureate of Northwest Florida is an area resident honored by West Florida Literary Federation for his or her record as a published poet and whose work is regarded by the community as representative of this region. Poet Laureates are appointed for a three-year term and may be reappointed for an additional term.



August 19 THIRD TUESDAY

Join us to meet and welcome our new
Poet Laureate of Northwest Florida

Jamey Jones
Who will be our guest reader at August open mic

Area poets and writers are invited to share their own works following Jones's presentation. Come to listen or read. Open to the public. Pensacola Cultural Center, 400 S. Jefferson, Second Floor, Board Room.

6:30 Pot Luck Refreshments
7:00 Readings Begin with Jamey Jones
Followed by Open Mic
Second Floor, Pensacola Cultural Center

Like This
for Steve Bailey

it's like this
the life of a stone has its own advantages
ants are unaffected
sun pounds down with indescribable force
wind shifts everything around
sand pollen sticks leaves
until the sky drops
and the rain comes
and the house floats away

as if space let loose its livestock
as if hammers were singing
to become rivers
leading into oceans
turning into space
humming
for no
particular reason

similarly
the hawk as seen
from the kitchen window
tries to correct its botched attempt
at snatching the squirrel from the yard
but in the end that doesn't work
it underestimates the squirrel's
obliviousness
and its own inability to maneuver
amongst the limbs of crape myrtle
however, its talons match
the intricate yellow fractals
of the turtle's head and shell
as it steps and stops and blinks
in the grass
in time
charting its course
tuned into the edges of shade
and song, buzzing numbers
of continental drifts

or the abandoned eggs in the mailbox
dear postal person
they say there's no rhyme
or reason to things
but you sometimes have to wonder
which connects to our decision
to remove the nest and its two

unhatched eggs from the box
for whatever reason
the mother never returned
you may go back to putting
the mail in there now
thanks for your cooperation
we've placed the eggs
on the windowsill
they are beautifully speckled
and seem to have a plan
feel free to have a look
if you're so inclined

Jamey Jones
from Blue Rain Morning pp 108 – 109

PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE

Thank You, Welcome, Congratulations

Aiming to engage my audience like a Toastmaster, I planned to open this message with a joke about committees. When I went to the internet to find the punchline I'd forgotten, I realized the joke's on me. I'd never associated Lady Bird Johnson with words. To me, she was highway beautification, rainwater conservation and Texas wildflowers. But the former First Lady perfectly describes our Poet Laureate Selection Committee, which was no joking matter. As Lady Bird says, "Any committee is only as good as the most knowledgeable, determined and vigorous person on it. There must be somebody who provides the flame."

Each person on WFLF's Poet Laureate Selection Committee was knowledgeable, determined and vigorous. Katheryn Holmes, the chair, provided the flame. Committee members represented UWF, PSC, Friends of the Library, and the WFLF community. The group worked for more than seven months soliciting names of area poets, contacting literary figures and organizations, reviewing applications, meeting, discussing, reading personal statements and vetting candidates. The committee recommended a group of finalists to the WFLF Board for consideration as the Seventh Poet Laureate of Northwest Florida. The Board accepted the recommendations and four Board members

composed the Interview Committee, led by Jeff Santosuosso. After much consideration and hearing the Interview Committee's Report, the Board voted unanimously to honor Jamey Jones as the Seventh Poet Laureate of Northwest Florida.

After reading the front page article in this Legend, I'm sure that all of you agree how fortunate the literary community of Northwest Florida is that Jamey has accepted the three-year appointment. As the article says, Jamey put Pensacola on the poetry map. WFLF hopes to help him keep our vibrant poetry community alive.

His official induction ceremony will be Saturday evening, October 11. Before then, you may send your congratulations to Jamey at jonesin4words@yahoo.com or welcome him in person at August's Open Mic.

We are indeed honored to have a poet of Jamey's stature continue our distinguished line of poet laureates. Lady Bird Johnson would have approved. She liked America most when the land spoke its own language in its own regional accent. Jamey, a fifth generation Pensacolian, is a poet who speaks like no other of this place, Pensacola.

Diane Skelton, President

FROM THE BOARD...

**WFLF thanks Bingo Paradise
4469 Mobile Hwy, Pensacola, FL 32506
(850) 457-0067
for its continued financial support!**

WELCOME NEW MEMBER

Rovena L. Hillsman

NEWS

Ora Wills is currently volunteering with kids at the Woodland Community Center on Thursdays from 10:00 till 11:30. Adult volunteers are working on a collection of very short children's stories or poems for children, aged 2-5. The

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Writers Weekly Workshops

Room 210 at the Cultural Center

MONDAY PURE POETRY LOUNGE 6 – 8 p.m. Suite 212 Pensacola Cultural Center. A poetry class focusing on both critique and assignments designed to break class participants out of "comfort zones" led by Susan Lewis and Katherine Nelson-Borne. New experiences, old lessons with a different twist and in the end, hopefully the ability to see poetry from a new perspective. All you have to do is show up with a great attitude and a willingness to work together.

TUESDAY WRITING FOR PUBLICATION 10 ~ 12. For seasoned writers and members of WFLF who are working on book-length manuscripts seeking publication. Manuscripts and written critiques are emailed within members of the group and then members discuss their comments each Thursday from 10 ~ 12 in the WFLF office. The group is limited to seven writers ~ Ron Tew tewsdays@bellsouth.net (**temporarily rescheduled from** Thursdays 3 – 5)

TUESDAY WRITERS' GUILD 4 - 6. Each writer brings work, primarily prose, to read aloud and takes others' work home to critique. ~ Andrea Walker andrea48@aol.com

WEDNESDAY PORTFOLIO SOCIETY ~ This goal-oriented workshop, facilitated by Jeannie Zokan and assisted by Diane Skelton, runs from 9:30 -11:30 on Wednesday mornings. Each participant is working on one or more yearlong projects. Sessions involve timed discussions for each participant. WFLF membership is required; the group is limited to seven members. Work may include any genre. If you are interested in the Portfolio Society, contact Jeannie Zokan by email 4zokans@att.net.

THURSDAY WILD WRITING POETRY WORKSHOP 9:30 ~ 11:30 a.m. Come write, play, and explore the world of poetry in this writing workshop ~ Julie DeMarko

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stories will be recorded so the kids can experience having been read to if their parents don't do it themselves. Ora will be glad to hear from you and welcomes your very short stories. Contact her at [owills@bellsouth.net](mailto:owills@bellsouth.net)

**Jeff Santosuosso, Jeanne & Ron Tew and Andrea Walker** attended the Alabama Writers

Conclave Writing Conference in Fairhope July 9 – 11. Friday evening Pulitzer Prize Winner Rick Bragg, author of *It's All Over But the Shoutin'*, was the keynote speaker. Saturday and Sunday consisted of a variety of workshops on poetry, the fictive essay, agent insight, fiction writing, playwriting, query letters, historical writing, rules of engaging, haiku, and many more. Most workshops were small, intimate, informal, and encouraged participation. Networking with fellow writers from near and far was invaluable.

**WFLF ANNOUNCES SEPTEMBER  
POETRY CHAPBOOK CHALLENGE  
OFFERS CASH & PUBLICATION**

:

SAVE THE DATE! JOIN THE WFLF SEPTEMBER  
POEM-A-DAY CHAPBOOK CHALLENGE!

Here's what you need to know:

- SEPTEMBER 1-30, 2014, WFLF will post each morning on its Facebook page a daily poetry prompt.
- POETS/CONTEST PARTICIPANTS (do not have to be WFLF members) are challenged to write a poem each day (no matter where you may be on the planet) within 24 hours (or so) from when the prompt is posted. Don't worry: If you fall behind or start late, you CAN play catch up (**NO PREVIOUSLY PUBLISHED POEMS PLEASE**).
- Poets do NOT have to register or post anywhere to participate.
- Contest is limited to the first 50 submissions.
- The challenge will conclude 24 hours after the final prompt is posted.
- This challenge is unique because poets are expected to take all the material they've written in SEP and create a chapbook manuscript during the month of OCT 2014. (Yes, you can revise material, and yes, the chapbook should be composed of poems written for the challenge—WFLF is using the honor system.)
- Poets have until 11:59 PM CENTRAL TIME FRI 24 OCT 2014 to **submit a manuscript of 15-25 pages in length (not including table of contents, title page, etc.) with no more than one**

**poem per page.** So if you wrote 50 poems in SEP 2014, you have to narrow them down to **your best 20** (or fewer).

- Submit manuscripts online to WFLF with \$15 fee and the subject line: **2014 WFLF SEP PAD Chapbook Challenge.** (The subject line is very important.)
- The goal will be to announce a winning manuscript by WFLF 3<sup>rd</sup> Tuesday Open Mic NOV 2014.

ENTRY FEE: \$15

PRIZE: \$150 PLUS FIVE (5) copies of chapbook (may also be available via "print on demand" for a small fee).

CONTACT: **Katherine Nelson-Born;**  
[bcs.editor@gmail.com](mailto:bcs.editor@gmail.com); (850) 221-6275  
(wireless)

SAVE THE DATE

**Richard Hurt's** launch for his book *A Wounded Angel* is scheduled for October 2 at Pensacola Cultural Center.

Are you good at planning parties and events? A good cook or decorator? Great at welcoming people or introducing guests? The Board is calling for volunteers to help plan and orchestrate the induction gala literary event of the year for our new poet laureate Jamey Jones. Please volunteer to help make it the grandest literary event of the year. It's scheduled for the evening of **October 11 at Artel Gallery.** Please contact **Dale Fairbanks at [dc@dalefairbanks.com](mailto:dc@dalefairbanks.com) to volunteer.**

**Wanted: WFLF Open Mic Coordinator** for Third Tuesday evening of each month. Duties: cover tables, hang banner, set out wine, paper plates, plastic cups, napkins for open mic. Help

participants set out their food items. After event, return items to office and lock up.

**Jack Beverly and Jack Fabian** read to residents of Carpenter's Creek on Sunday afternoon July 20. The residents seem to enjoy the stories and fellowship. Several came up to them after the activity, thanked them and asked them to return.

Member **Tom Turner's** book *Front Porch Philosophy* will be officially released September 16 by Tate Publishing of Oklahoma and available on Amazon and Barnes & Noble soon after that date. Pre-release copies are available from Tom or from Tate Publishing. Member Bevin Murphy assisted with the editing of the book.

## CREATIVE WRITING

### Flying

I fly a few footfalls above the dusty road  
Speeding along with the wind in my hair.  
I ride above every tree and abode,  
Undaunted, knowing I can go anywhere.

I hop out the window of my house at night  
From the second floor as the clouds drift by.  
I sail along toward stars sparkling bright,  
And salute the moon as I climb on high.

I always knew that I could fly;  
I accepted the sky as my special right,  
And never did think to ask myself why  
A world of my own, reached only through flight

*Charlotte Crane*

### A' scalloping We Will Go

With forty little blue-green eyes  
it comes to me as no surprise  
my hand is empty when I look  
and it has scammed the little nook.

I go back up to get some air  
and snorkel out to find its lair.  
Aha I think I see some more  
afloat the grass toward the shore.

My flippers splash and shoot me there  
to all the scallops in their lair.  
I look and look and then decide  
I'll never find out where they hide.

Hey - now I'm here and now I'm not  
you'll never get me for the pot.  
I think they're right and I know where  
I'll go ashore and buy them there.

*Marilyn Miller Howard 4/30/2008*



A live specimen of *Argopecten irradians*, the Atlantic Bay scallop, photographed at the Marine Biological Laboratory in [Woods Hole, Massachusetts](#)

On the near eve of 09-16-04

### **Imagine**

Being a refugee from a storm,  
somewhere in a distant city  
glued to the weather channel  
watching the tarantula storm crawl with its  
deadly arms and poison sting  
eager to devour your possessions.  
Up all night to catch any veering of the eye.  
Zombie sleep with startles to wake you  
Finally news that your area was a direct hit.

Imagine  
The trip home.  
Eight hours of agony to hear  
of the extent of the devastation.  
The call that your friend did not want to answer.  
“Oh, I thought you knew. I didn’t want to be  
the one to tell you.”  
Unable to tell what roads would be open  
to take you back to the place where you live.  
Was the 35 foot wave your past’s eraser?

Imagine  
Coming into the edge of the once brilliantly  
lighted city  
seeing total darkness without stars or moon.  
Not a glimmer of light.  
Missing the road home – signs gone -  
retracing your route to search for  
anything familiar

Imagine  
Barricades to your area, police cars  
with throbbing lights on top.  
Stern officers guarding the road  
from would be fortune hunters -  
ghouls of catastrophe -  
giving polite but guarded advice.  
“You are not to travel by night  
and you must observe the curfew.”

Imagine

driving into a friend’s driveway  
house dark with dim candles inside  
and being greeted by  
“Come in – you can stay as long as you need.”  
The warmth contrasted to the  
unknown cold world it had become.

Imagine  
The next day, picking your way  
through fallen trees,  
remnants of homes,  
to find your street.

Imagine  
The approach  
to your last place of existence  
seeing the side away from the water first  
It doesn’t look too bad.  
But what are all those things on the lawn?  
Small objects - our wedding album, pistols  
from the bedroom.

Imagine  
Getting out of the car with  
some hope left, stomach churning,  
walking through papers, baskets, silverware,  
salad bowls  
to the front door  
still securely locked.  
Dining room windows blown out with  
seaweed hanging on the sills.  
Looking in the hallway stacked with end tables,  
lamps, chairs  
All thrown there by the wave.

Imagine  
The walk to the water side  
through bricks from the empty bedroom  
six foot Sony screen in the neighbor’s yard,  
pool equipment gone.  
Now the final picture  
which would imbed itself in  
your mind’s recesses forever.  
The front windows all gone,  
master bedroom’s furniture and carpet gone  
plus its west and south wall.



The storm shutter Folkers came to fix just  
before the storm  
disappeared with the wall

Imagine  
Walking around the wreckage  
Kitchen counters ripped out and thrown about.  
Furniture in the family room  
Piled on top of each other and some  
Just disappeared

Imagine  
The stench of sea water and dead fish  
and inches of mud from the sound  
and the stinging blow flies  
attacking your legs  
and more,  
just not able to go on.

*Marilyn Miller Howard*

### **lavender**

yours is named of place of green  
keeping us from  
hurricane

left leaving  
such  
a bloody stuffy  
spill

none but us can  
sing  
until

i remember the tastes of  
your inner thigh

raspberry

my broken bad the doctors sent me long  
without  
my mother  
or my  
dad

why did they do that?  
so convinced with they that a begonia might  
stand in their way  
for her scent may  
pick them  
too

and would shut out  
the room

so love might  
abide  
like a  
long slow tide  
where no one could hear  
the terrible tune

of me against  
your broken  
way song  
song  
song

*jae bevin murphy*

### **CONTESTS**

**Check out *The Pinch*.**

**A journal of fiction, poetry, essays and visual art  
produced by the MFA Program at the University of  
Memphis. Submissions will be accepted between  
August 15 and April 5.**

**<http://www.thepinchjournal.com>**

**Make note of the first *Pinch* Audio Contest.**

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2014 Renew/Join with the West Florida Literary Federation

Dues:

For your first year, prorated for the month you join plus for the number of months remaining in the year:

Individual \$2.50/month ~ Couple \$4.25/month ~ Student \$1.25/month

Subsequent years, due annually January 1<sup>st</sup>:

Individual \$30 ~ Couple \$50 ~ Student \$15 ~ Two years ~ individual \$50 ~ couple \$85

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