



The Legend

West Florida Literary Federation, Inc.

www.wflf.org

December 2016

CHRISTMAS OPEN MIC DECEMBER 20

Bring something to read, a snack to share,
and a friend.

Join us at 6:30 for camaraderie.
Readings begin at 7.

Prose is as much fun as poetry (5-minute time
limit for everyone so we all have time to read).

Come to listen and/or to read.



Free and open to the public.
Pensacola Cultural Center
400 South Jefferson Street room 201
Pensacola, FL 32502

WELCOME NEW MEMBERS

Joanne Blakely
Michael Cole
Carolyn Shealy Freligh
Sen Huynh
Jessica Khalil
Sue Walker

Jami Buck
Gina Cooke
Sofia Hordiiuk
Sarah Jernigan
Mabel Tinoko

MEMBER NEWS

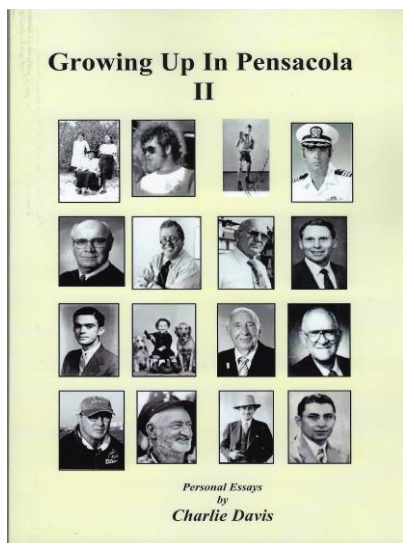
SAVE THE DATE

Karen McAferty Morris and her husband Randy, who is a digital artist, will have a show at Artel Gallery in The Vault. Called *Luminous Language*, it will feature Karen's poetry and his art. The show will run Jan. 10 - Feb. 17, 2017, with the opening reception **Thursday, Jan. 19, from 6:00 – 8:00.**

Looking for Christmas ideas? You might consider books by our writers – poet (and former) laureates, students, members. We have some good ones!

Henry Langhorne's latest poetry book, *In Search of Solitude*, is available at the WFLF office for \$15.00. All proceeds go to the WFLF. Copies of several of his previous books are also available for \$5.00 each with proceeds also going to WFLF.

Remember Charlie Davis' memoir *Growing Up in Pensacola*? The sequel is out *Growing Up in Pensacola II*.



Like the first book, the sequel is about local people, places and events the author has known during his eighty-four years "growing up in Pensacola." Each chapter is a story, a memory or a tribute to an individual or group. Meet local leaders in sports, radio, military, banking, politics, commercial fishing, the maritime industry, education and the legal profession. Discover local heroes and some of the people who have made

Pensacola the great city it is.

<http://www.charliesandradaavisbooks.com>

CALL FOR SUBMISSIONS

It's time to get in your submissions for *Emerald Coast Review XIX*. We are looking for your best new poems, stories, essays, art, or photography. Submissions open on December 1st and end on May 1st. Complete submissions guidelines are available at wflf.org. Our special section this year is "Life in Your Time." Accepted submissions will be paired up in the section to show the diversity and correspondence of our lives from decade to decade, generation to generation, and across historical moments. We also need 2 more people to help read submissions. If you are interested in being a reader or have any questions about submitting, please email Gina Sakalarios-Rogers at emeraldcoastreview@gmail.com.

~ CREATIVE WRITING ~ HAIKU COLLAGE from Barbara Henning's workshop "Walking with Basho"

Twenty Minutes on Zaragoza Street

Crepe Myrtles weep pink.
A train whistle echoes dusk.
Brown grass waves welcome.

Katherine Nelson-Born

A spider's embroidery shudders
A water-spout walks on waves
Acorns cup the earth.

Katherine Nelson-Born

A damp gulf wind
clanks the flag's cord
against the pole.

Barbara Henning

A sheet of white paper
held in the teacher's hand
holds Basho haiku.

Sue Walker

her earrings dangle
as she reads
the Haiku lesson

Joanne Blakely

A swinging green branch
sighing with the breeze
has twelve leaves.

Sarah Jernigan

In a tall white building
Where once the condemned were hanged
Poets now hang out

Charlotte Crane

a dusty brown honda
reversing in the parking lot
train whistle blows

Sarah Jernigan

The two cars pass,
their songs
Untwine.

Leonard Temme

Scattered grey clouds
above a concrete bench
beckon a tired butt.

Sue Walker

Sails take wing in wind
The horizon sinks a boat
Gulls scream at the sky

Katherine Nelson-Born

A large hawk
soars over tall elm
in a hazy sky

Jami Buck

White-haired couple
Take pics of ancient houses;
Twilight looms.

John Baradell

an orange-backed spider
climbs the gnarled limb
of a rusting myrtle

Diane Skelton

A loud lorry
roars past a leafy tree
wanting a breeze.

Sue Walker

On crepe myrtle's trunk
Sand-size ants detour around
Pebbled ladybug

Karen McAferty Morris

on a cloudy evening
a swooping hawk
the rabbit's cry

Joanne Blakely

In the white bed
how thin and shallow
the last breath of Mother

Jami Buck

A brown leaf
on the damp cement--
A tiny ant visits.

Barbara Henning

An old woman,
playing piano, stops
and gazes out a window

Jami Buck

an orange-bellied spider
crawls on a gnarled myrtle
lifting spindly legs

Diane Skelton

Black rubber shoes squeak
A cicada clicks its wings
Night curtains the sky

Katherine Nelson-Born

blue plastic flags
surround an antique lamp post
marking history's progress

Diane Skelton

The path forked
in the same direction
again

Leonard Temme

A gust of wind whistles
Red-gold leaves leap in the air
Ballerinas on a blue stage

Katherine Nelson-Born

Times are yet tougher
With much work still to be done
Graves to dig, jails to run

Charlotte Crane

The leaves chase
over the lawn
from the wilderness.

Leonard Temme

The present
Between now
And now.

Leonard Temme

I am a late poem

verse symbolic, something authentic
a lilac, something
a bird, a hermit
a song, a self
in the blades, I push my fingers
in the blades, I press my right palm
last month, I found a cicada
an empty husk, I could hear it
a rat snake in my yard, it slipped into the shed
a bear is out there,
I use a chant to scare it away
I am reading

miles democratic, something magnetic
a throttle, something
a jacket, a shield
a song, in my helmet
in the air, I let my fingers
in the air, I hold my left palm
last year, I met a deer
with yearlings, I heard her stomp
the rabbit, stretched out long
a tarantula crosses the highway, I turn my head to creosote
I am riding

words prolific, something frenetic
a rose, something
a tattoo, a cover
a kiss, a steal
in the sheets, I push my fingers
in the sheets, I press my palms
last time, I saw a liar an empty skin,
I tolerated him tall
the dog, nuzzled my knees
a hummingbird flies at my head, I watch as it has a heart
attack
I am falling

smells medicated, something cinematic
an azalea, something
a bed, a river
a hug, the same
in the yard, I drag my feet
in the yard, I press my legs
last time, I found cancer
with fluid full, I held his hand
the green heifer, a christmas tree
a black crow is on the porch, I sit with it all night
I am moving

Felicia E. Gail

Greening pines guard the boundaries of my thirsty
yard.
Easter lilies bow, threatened by late snow.
Brown ground patiently waits for its blanket.
Tulips wrestle a choke-hold on their borders,
determined red-coats flapping in the wind.

I am an old box left unguarded in the garden,
secrets leaking out. Something keeps breaking
inside me like rusted wire fencing
around my backyard. Rabbits scramble
through gun-metal blue Agapanthus
resembling the filigree on my wedding portrait,
elegant even in decay.

The photo's blue '52 Ford truck
took us up Highway 1
for a summer among the Sequoias,
now a burnt memory
like the carcass of the *Queen Elizabeth*
at the bottom of Victoria Harbour.

The pine pods are ready to pollinate.
Yellow dust gilds my white porch.
A chattering squirrel, disturbed by the cat,
spews his cache of pebbles and acorns,
scolding his way up a pine. The pebbles
glow, gold nuggets I scoop into my palm.
Rolling them about, I cast them out
like dice, like children I have birthed.

In the dusky hour, pond frogs burp,
echo across the nearby marsh
where earth first oozed up to be tamed
by hollowed bone, stone tools, stone alters.

Blue stones lean into the sarsen circle
of my grandmother's grandmother.
In the marshland leading out to sea
behind the backyard
rides the carved bark of a dark barge.
Gray waves spit over the bow
a chest tossed up from restless waters.
Daughter of Pandora, I people the earth
casting stones.

Katherine Nelson-Born

Untitled

The wind is cold and I am old
But in my youth I walked green
Meadows spread with dandelions
Squishing cow dung warm and wet
between my toes
Enjoying the soft warmth no other thought
Climbing the giant oak
To catch the wild cat with blazing yellow eyes
Allowing itself to cradle in my arms
With calm assurance that it could be done
Both wild young beings –
I trudged toward home
The porch door welcomed us
But once inside my quiet friend
Became a true wild beast and
Climbed the walls to be released
The wind is cold and I am old.

The unrelenting wheels of life grind on, my friend
You know of my eccentricities but
Love me to the end.

Marilyn Howard

Letter to Members

Dear Poets,

Last week while watching the local news, I caught the announcement for your open mic night, and I decided to drop in, introduce myself and share a couple of my poems with you.

My name is Andrew Collins – friends call me Noah – and I’m currently in the veteran’s dorm of Santa Rosa Correctional Institution Reentry Program, which is a volunteer program that offers self-help courses to men who are towards the end of their sentences.

Poetry is an extremely important part of my life. Writing poetry is for me as much an exercise in self-discovery as sharing those inmost findings. Oftentimes, it’s quite a cathartic process, umm, depending, I suppose, on the muse! But what began as a means of tapping into the roots of my decisions and my unlabeled emotions, in an attempt to identify them and better understand myself, has grown into a passion that colors every aspect of my life. I do read as much poetry as I can, and right now I’m getting familiar with Sylvia Plath’s work – incredible.

I’ll keep this brief. I hope you have a wonderful turnout and if you find my work worthy, please share it. Please let me know if you ever have themes or like to address specific issues. Perhaps I can contribute in a part-at-large sort of way.
Peace and love. Be well.

Noah

I write

In the face of this
assigned irrelevancy
poetry is the only answer

I have for the tornado of
questions and relentless thoughts
provoked by such a covetous void

For the doubts
that take root
in abstraction.

So I may ask my soul to be still
in the midst of this tumult
I tune out to tune in

and embrace hope which is
quite ironically
cultivated inside The Wait.

Noah

Review of *Isabel in the machinery of night* by Sarah E. Jernigan Slumbering Boulevard Press

In her chapbook *Isabel in the machinery of night*, Sarah Jernigan, a fresh voice, finds poetry in the mundane. Jernigan’s poems may vacillate wildly from painful self-discovery to madness and abuse, punctuated with an occasional poem of comfort, but the writing remains steadily steered by the poet’s obvious worship of words. “Epeolatry” employs an obscure vocabulary to describe themes the writer addresses throughout the collection, whether “halcyon dreams” or “lightning strikes” (“Poem”). With language “embracing the crazy,” Jernigan’s poems also find “peace in the release” (“Alice”). Whether it’s attracting others by personal magnetism and charm or placing tranquility and peaceful

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dreams side by side with unintelligible language and confusion of noise, her poems find “joy in the deranged reality” that is poetry.

The writer is influenced by the beat poets and fits well with the experimental writing that is popular today. Much of the poetry is brutal, and all of it is painfully honest. While some lines are visceral and difficult to read, Jernigan’s poetry is also lyrical albeit in small doses.

Jernigan’s poetry echoes confessionism, reflecting sadness, abuse, unhealthy relationships, substance abuse, and a floundering reality buoyed by “the musicality of everything” (“How to Grade a Poetry Class”).

Jernigan mentions in the introduction to her chapbook that some of her inspiration comes from life experience. As a budding poet, she states her goal is to be lingua franca, and in *Isabel in the machinery of night* she successfully achieves that medium of communication.

Andrea Walker

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

Writers Weekly Workshops Think about this for the New Year ~ Let’s revitalize these workshops OR Start something new.

MONDAY PURE POETRY LOUNGE 6 ~ 8 p.m.
temporarily suspended until further notice.
susanlewisbooks@yahoo.com

TUESDAY WRITING FOR PUBLICATION 10 a.m. ~ noon. For seasoned writers and members of WFLF who are working on book-length manuscripts and seeking publication. Manuscripts and written critiques are emailed within members of the group and members discuss their comments. The group is limited to seven writers ~ Ron Tew,
tuesday@bellsouth.net

THURSDAY PORTFOLIO SOCIETY
The Portfolio & Exchange Society Critique Group meets every Wednesday, 9:30-11:30, at the library of the First Presbyterian Church on Gregory Street in Pensacola. The group is limited to seven members, but currently has an opening since a member left for a writing retreat and book promotion. We're a lively group looking for writers who have a project for a year -- no matter the genre, memoir, poetry, fiction, nonfiction -- 12 months to complete a project. Since the conception of the group in January 2014, four members have published books and a fifth writer's manuscript is being finalized for press. The name has evolved from Portfolio Society (after Christina Rossetti's group) to Portfolio & Exchange Society since out-of-town members call in for critiques, plus the participants are notorious for exchanging writing tips, novels, paintings, and garage sale items. For more information contact dianaskelton@att.net

At least two potential members have shown an interest in attending a workshop after work hours.



VICE PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE

Foo Foo Festival and Writing off the Wall are now history. Many thanks to the WFLF board of directors, members and students who helped make it possible. We all learned a great deal working together on this project, what worked, what didn't.

I am abundantly grateful to Susan Feathers, Diane Skelton, John Baradell, Tom Turner, Janet Thomas, Charlotte Crane, Katherine Nelson-Born, Karen McAferty-Morris, Patricia and Joe Edmisten, Elizabeth and Bob Holmes, Jeff Santosuosso, and Ed Stanford. Thanks to student volunteers Sarah Jernigan, Michael Cole, Mabel Tinoko, Jessica Khalil, and Sen Huynh.

Thanks to Jamey for procuring guest poets Barbara Henning and Lewis Warsh who became so human through their writing and reading and endeared themselves to me immediately. Thanks to pop-up poets Lachelle McCormick, Rachel Reese, and members of First City Shakespeare who all took their assignment and ran with it. They made poetry on the streets fun.

Finally, as Janet reminded me Sunday morning at the brunch/interview, "When I looked around the room, everyone was smiling."

Now we're immersed in the joy of the holidays. Despite the fun, circumstances often bring irritations and frustrations. How we allow things to affect us is, of course, up to us. Many of you who are reading this have learned that your journal will always help you by being readily accessible, listening without judgment, and allowing you to express everything. We write for clarity; we write our challenges, our plans and dreams, our impressions, our responses. We write because writing is an undeniable part of our creative selves. Our writing must come out of us, so we pour forth eagerly. We find other ways to nourish our souls as well.

Recently I attended a noontime concert at Old Christ Church with fellow member Karen Morris. The autumn sun poured into the 19th century church through tall clear panes highlighted at the front by intricate stained glass. Outside an orange tree stood heavy with ripe fruit. Before the music began, the church hummed with soft conversation

of anticipation. Then we were treated to an hour of classic pieces and traditional songs, spiritual, humorous and pop. Sopranos, tenors and baritones, all UWF students, were exquisite accompanied by piano, marimba, viola, violins, guitar and saxophone. Everyone was smiling.

After a quick lunch and dodging a serious downpour, we met at Gulf Coast Kids House to wrap Christmas gifts. For an hour and a half, I lost myself in the joyful task of wrapping Barbie dolls and various playsets in bright red paper stamped with marching penguins and Santa Clauses. I'm sure my step was lighter when I left.

Saturday evening I attended *The Nutcracker* by the Pensacola Youth Ballet at Washington High School. From the beginning, the music swept me away as I knew it would. Tchaikovsky wrote the most romantic melodies in musical history. At all skill levels, the dancers ranged from tumbling mice, sheep and poodles to graceful flowers, enchanting Clare and the sugar plum fairies and the strong Nutcracker Prince himself. The performance was aesthetically pleasing and just plain cute. By the final pas de deux, I was hopelessly enveloped with the Christmas spirit.

We must do whatever it takes to nourish our souls.

Andrea Walker

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WEST FLORIDA LITERARY FEDERATION

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andrea48@aol.com

Check out our website at www.wflf.org and "Like" us on Facebook, (under) West Florida Literary Federation.

<http://www.facebook.com/pages/West-Florida-Literary-Federation-WFLF/255101747857712?ref=hl>

West Florida Literary Federation ~ Join or Renew ~ 2017

Memberships are good for one calendar year beginning January 1 and ending December 31.
Individual membership is \$30/year. New members joining after July 15, pay \$15 or may pay \$45 which also pays for the following year. Subsequent years are due annually by January 1.

One Year ~ Individual \$30 ~ Couple \$50 ~ Student \$15 ~ Two years ~ Individual \$50 ~ Couple \$85

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Circle the items you **do not** want published in the WFLF "members only" directory:

1) address 2) phone or 3) email. If no item is circled, we will include all your information in the next published directory.

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West Florida Literary Federation, Inc.

Pensacola Cultural Center

400 South Jefferson Street Suite 212

Pensacola, FL32502