



The Legend

West Florida Literary Federation, Inc.

www.wflf.org

November 2016



Writing off the Wall

Hurry! Register for workshops and brunch if you haven't already!

Beginning next week: watch for pop up street poets – familiar faces as well as new!

Thurs, Nov. 10, 7 p.m. – 8:30 Reading at Artel by Barbara Henning opened by contest winner Felicia Gail

Fri, Nov. 11, 10 a.m. – noon – “Walking with Basho: from Haiku to Prose Poem” workshop with Ms. Henning at the Bowden Building, 120 Church Street - *At 10 a.m., attendees will need to enter from the north rather than Bayfront Parkway, which will be closed for the Veteran's Day Parade at 9 a.m. and a ceremony at 10:45 at Veteran's Park.*

Fri, Nov. 11, 7 p.m. – 8:30 Reading at Artel by Lewis Warsh opened by contest winner Emily Proctor

Sat, Nov 12, 10 a.m. – noon – “Writing in the Moment” workshop with Lewis Warsh at the Bowden Building

Sun, Nov. 13 10 a.m. – noon – Brunch/interview with Henning and Warsh hosted by NW Florida Poet Laureate Jamey Jones at Voices of Pensacola, 117 E. Government Street (*across from Seville Quarter*)

OPEN MIC CANCELLED TUESDAY NOVEMBER 15

Check this out instead: As part of the "Experience UWF Downtown" lecture series, award winning contemporary poet **Dr. Raquel Lanseros** is presenting "**Different Languages, Different Names: Poetry as a Universal Fact and the Power of Translation**" at 6 p.m. at the Museum of Commerce, 201 East Zaragoza Street. Guests are welcome at 5:30 for drinks and hors d'oeuvres. Free and open to the public.

VICE PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE

Despite being interrupted by the fire alarm and having to evacuate for at least 30 minutes, we enjoyed a great open mic in October with Gina Sakalarios-Rogers. Have you thought about your entry for next year's *Emerald Coast Review*? Gina, who continues to edit our anthology, spoke with us about basic plots and myriad variations. It made me think anything can happen.

Which leads me to my 50th high school reunion the same week. At first I stood around in a daze. Who are these people? Despite our name tags with 1966 year book pictures, most of us did not recognize each other, only the picture. So it was like making new friends. Strangely, I appreciated leafing through the binder of deceased classmates. So many, and weren't they too young? Anything can happen.

Saturday, October 29 was a joyful day. We happily launched, *When I'm Alone*, the student poetry book Susan Lewis worked on with such dedication. Along with the awards ceremony each April, this event is one of our most worthy endeavors. Have we stopped to think about how Susan's passion propels these students into the future? The book is beautiful, and the children (see photo below) have something that will inspire them all their lives. Thank you, Susan. Anything can happen.

Methinks we need to add a workshop. Several potential members have expressed an interest in an after work hours group. Workshops are a vital part of our organization. Let's reorganize and see what happens.

So we're counting down now for "Writing off the Wall" with under a week to go. I'm excited about meeting the poets whose names have been in the forefront of my activities these last few months. If you haven't registered for something, what are you waiting for? Anything can happen.

Andrea Walker



CREATIVE WRITING

from *You, Me, and the Insects*

Later, while I am walking across the street to dump my garbage in and around the corner, I realize that, yes, I am alone here, and I am already planning my next trip--for at least six months next time--and why, if I am so alone. Because I want to learn how to live and die with some kind of understanding, to reduce the suffering, to enjoy my life without drama, and coming to India is a way of stopping the mindless tasks of everyday life and concentrating on this--yes, this life, everything about it, constantly changing, lost, found, transformed--and nothing you have now, you love now, nothing will be here in the future exactly as it is now, this loved one, this shirt, this dress, this ring, all gone in the heap of change, like the amazing, disgusting garbage which the cow eats as she ages and gives milk, walking down the street, swaying back and forth. So much drama.

Barbara Henning

In the cicada's cry
There's no sign that can foretell
How soon it must die.

Basho

ONE FOOT OUT THE DOOR

Maybe life can be defined by the things you didn't do. The days of amnesty, a pin-up on the door of the locker, the combination safe and all the pleasure that comes from staying indoors when the sun is shining.

"At its apex," you might say, describing nothing. For once in your life you're at a loss for words. There's a new library, named after yours truly, at the dark end of the street. Located between the dump and the cemetery, just so you know.

Lewis Warsh
from *Alien Abduction*

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Why so scrawny, cat?
starving for fat fish or mice . . .
Or backyard love?

Basho

Frog

Splayed against my window
Fingers out-stretched to grip the glass
Baleful eyes staring at me
Neon pulsating bubble throat
What brings you to peer in my pane?
Oh –lights and bugs!

Marilyn Howard

LIFE’S JUST A BOWL OF JOULES

As life and death would have it -
the reprieve was brief.
my dying got reignited.

Unconscious again.
Not breathing.
Pulseless.
Curtains.

Jaws of gawkers dropped
as if unhinged.
Rest of their bodies frozen.
An uninvited rescuer
drops to his knees aside me.
Hands atop my chest.
A familiar feel.

Ambulance sirens at a distance.
A fire truck, blares to the south
not close enough,
The five minute game of life
in play again.

A thinking bystander
runs into the bank.
Automatic doors
open all too slowly.
AED spied on the wall. (Automatic External
Defibrillator).
The instrument detached from its’ lynch

And hustled to the quivering heart.
Thrusting rescuer whisked to the side
like a tumbleweed.
It’s defibrillator time!

The green “On/Off” button is pushed.
The machine talks.
“Analyzing heart rhythm, do not touch patient.”

“Shock advised, stand back.”
Rescuer,
“Stand back. Get the hell back.”
The box prompts:
“Shock now. Press the red button now.”

My body quakes from the electric bolt.
Many joules to save the jewel - my life.
I heave like California’s best Richter’s.
death dust shed for the time being.

Defib box:
“Analyzing heart rhythm,
do not touch the patient.”
“No shock advised,
it is safe to touch the patient.”

The metaphoric coffin opens.
Eyes blink.
Moving lips not in synch with brain.
I grunt.

My bladder breaks loose like Hoover.
A circle of wetness surrounds my fly.
I really don’t care.
Thank God I’m alive!

Days later I feel a gummy residue
on my chest from the pads.
I’ll let time dispose of the gummy stuff
If only to remind me
Of my promises.

Now, where did I put those damn resolutions?

*Jozef Holowieszko
aka Dr. Joe Howard*

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Dry cheerful cricket
chirping, keeps the autumn gay . . .
Contemptuous of frost

Basho



The Worm Redux

If worms went to high school
They would be voted "Most Popular."
Is that laughter? Scorn not the worm. Harken.
Robins patrol frosty early morning
Grass for this preferred protein breakfast.
They're draped on many a hook for fancy
Fish feasts, enticing, wiggly, sexy.
Poe hailed it "conqueror," Shakespeare
Called the viper Cleopatra plucked from
The fatal basket a worm (highly exalted).
Intellectuals are dubbed "bookworms,"
Lofty space may have tunnels called
"Worm holes" (though, please, who
Understands *that*). Worms become suffixes
For many a noun: ring, pin, tape, heart, and hook.
Absinthe is made from wormwood, favored of
Artistic types like Hemingway and Picasso,
And a worm may reside in that bling bottle
Of tequila: Hail the worm! Bottoms up!

Karen McAferty Morris

Karen McAferty Morris was awarded first place in the Alabama State Poetry Society's Fall Contest for her poem "The Blessing" in the category sponsored by the Alabama Animal Advocacy (animals.org). In the Florida State Poets Association Fall Contest, she won the following: 3rd place in The Crescendo Award-Music category for her sonnet "The Troubadour Stood on the Stage"; 1st HM in the Tomoka Poets Award-Nature category for "The Middle of the Bay"; and 3rd HM in the Adrienne Rich Memorial Award-Lover/Ghazal category for "The Arc."

2016 Poetry Contest Winners

Jeff Santosuosso's poem "Yesterday" received first place in the Florida State Poets Association's Fall Contest in the Past Presidents Award category, theme of Yesterday.

CONGRATULATIONS to Marc Livanos whose poems have been published in these college affiliated poetry journals: *Straylight Magazine* Spring 2016; *Poet's Espresso Review* Spring, Summer & Autumn 2016; *Old Red Kimono* Spring 2016; *Ship of Fools* Spring 2016; and *Foliolate Oak* May 2016

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.

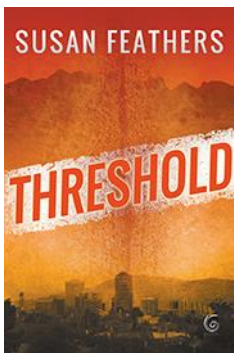
Richard Hurt is presenting a two-part series for the UWF Leisure Timers. November 9, Richard will discuss being an author and share some of his works. November 16, Leisure Timers are invited to share their works. Both programs will be from 1:00-2:00 p.m. on the second floor of the Archeology building across the street from the Fish House.

Panoplyzine has reached its 10,000th visitor. The ezine has also had 26,000+ page views from 111 countries from Albania to Zimbabwe. The editors encourage you to visit www.panoplyzine.com by Nov 20 to submit for Issue 5. Thanks!

**WFLF thanks Bingo Paradise
4469 Mobile Hwy, Pensacola, FL 32506
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for its continued financial support!**

**New Book Release From Fireship Press—
*Threshold***

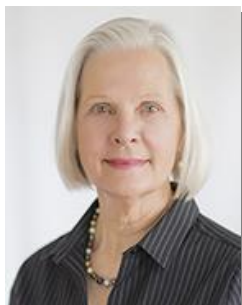
A fictional novel exploring the dramatic effects of climate change in the desert community of Tucson, Arizona



In the darkness of a moonless night, the ghost cat creeps across the U.S.–Mexico border and through a farmer's field just as a small child wanders into its path. Not far away, Sonya Morales, a border agent, struggles to escape from her drug cartel kidnapers. Confronted by crisis in their own

world—climate scientists, politicians, and desert museum curators face the biggest challenge man can encounter—no water, anywhere. In the barrios, families and community leaders, band together as they face unbearable heat and the crushing weight of the gangs that intimidate them. Amidst the turmoil, three teens navigate adolescence to become leaders in a new world. With shifting sand underfoot, characters follow their intuition and learn new skills as they chart a way into a viable future. *Threshold* will make you think while it celebrates the enduring nature of communities as they search for what is lasting and true.

"In a riveting, multi-stranded plot, *Threshold* translates the conceptual worry over climate change into immediate, interpersonal dramas." —**Mary Lawlor, Muhlenberg College**



About the Author

The Legend November 2016

Susan Feathers is a writer and educator with 30 years of experience communicating science to the public. She served as the Director of Education at the Sonora-Arizona Desert Museum. Her writing focuses on the importance of place in forming character and destiny. Susan is an excellent speaker with years of experience delivering programs to the public. Her blog, WalkEarth.org, now in its 7th year, has an active following.

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Review of Susan Feathers' *Threshold*

For many of us global warming is a fact we live with without having a clear picture of just how global warming works. And while we know the effects will dramatically change environments everywhere, we don't have a vision of what daily life might be like once the current levels of greenhouse gases multiply to immediate crisis proportions. Susan Feathers' new novel, *Threshold*, is a compelling account that fills in both of these gaps.

Threshold makes an enormous contribution to contemporary literature by teaching readers—in engaging and utterly consumable terms—about the physics of “the planet’s human induced fever.” Susan Feathers stages the need to know as part of the narrative dynamic. Key characters —academics, school teachers, museum biologists—understand only too well the processes by which the earth is growing hotter, while others don't. The latter are in some cases too young or inexperienced to know; in other cases they're complacent or too far in denial to face them. Those who know teach those who don't. Through lively dialogues concerning, for example, how sunlight gets converted to electricity; or how oceans absorb solar energy; or how

neighborhoods can set up electrical generating systems, we learn along with the characters. We're invited to go through the same processes of recognition and assimilation that the various students in the story experience.

Threshold begins with a map. The author's opening gesture to her readers is visual: she asks us to see the region and the particular places where her story unfolds. The map of the Madrean Sky Islands—the mountain range that spans the border south of Tucson—is the first indication that this environmental novel engages readers' senses as much as it emphasizes the scientific facts of climate change. The smells, sounds, tastes and touch of *Threshold's* landscapes evoke a sensory richness and a vivid drama of place.

The place Susan Feathers gives us is, literally, hot. You can feel the rising temperature and the parched bodies of plants, animals and humans trying to live with minimal water resources. In these bare, ever constricting conditions, Feathers' human characters—and the jaguar Duma—come alive on the page. I'll give one example here: an adolescent burdened with family and personal problems tries to keep from succumbing to gang pressures: *The heat bore down on Enrique as it bore down on the desert cities. It bore down without a cloud to cool burning skin.*

www.marylalor.net

Mary Lalor, Muhlenberg College

To read the entire review, go to

http://members.authorsguild.net/desertscribe2015/threshold_129830.htm

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Writers Weekly Workshops 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, tewsdays@bellsouth.net

WEDNESDAY 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 dianeskelton@att.net

West Florida Literary Federation ~ Join or Renew ~ 2016

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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West Florida Literary Federation, 400 South Jefferson Street, Suite 212, Pensacola, FL 32502



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